

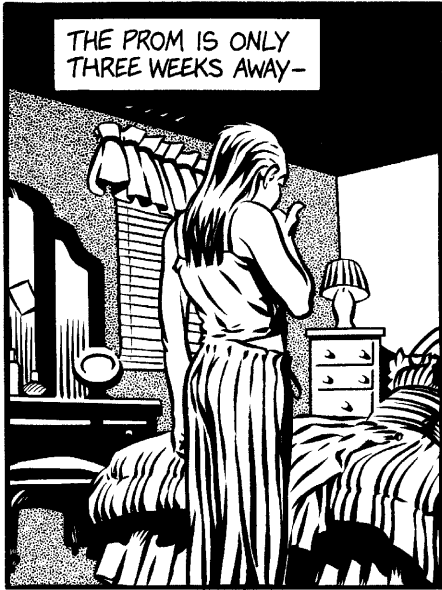


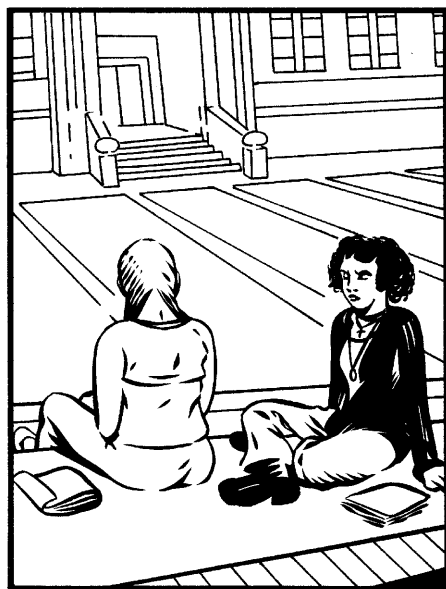
story:
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and
james a. moore

PROM
QUEEN

art:
leif jones
and
alex sheikman

Lettering by Leif Jones







... SO YOU SHOULD BE HOME BY NEXT THURSDAY?

NO, THINGS ARE FINE HERE. I'M A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT COURTNEY THOUGH.

WELL, SHE HASN'T BEEN FEELING WELL.

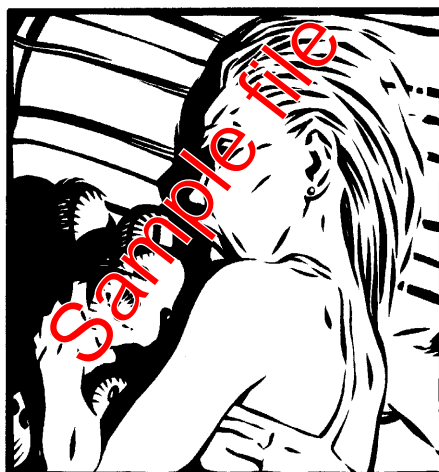
NO, I DON'T THINK IT'S A COLD OR FLU. IN FACT, I THINK IT MIGHT BE PSYCHOLOGICAL.



WELL, SHE SEEMS UPSET ABOUT SOMETHING. I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE PROM.

NO, SHE HAS BEEN ASKED. SHE EVEN GOT A CALL EARLIER TODAY, BUT SHE JUST DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE. SHE SAID SHE'D CALL HIM BACK LATER.

I THINK SHE HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH AMANDA. NEITHER OF THEM HAS CALLED THE OTHER IN THE PAST COUPLE OF DAYS, AND THAT NEVER HAPPENS.

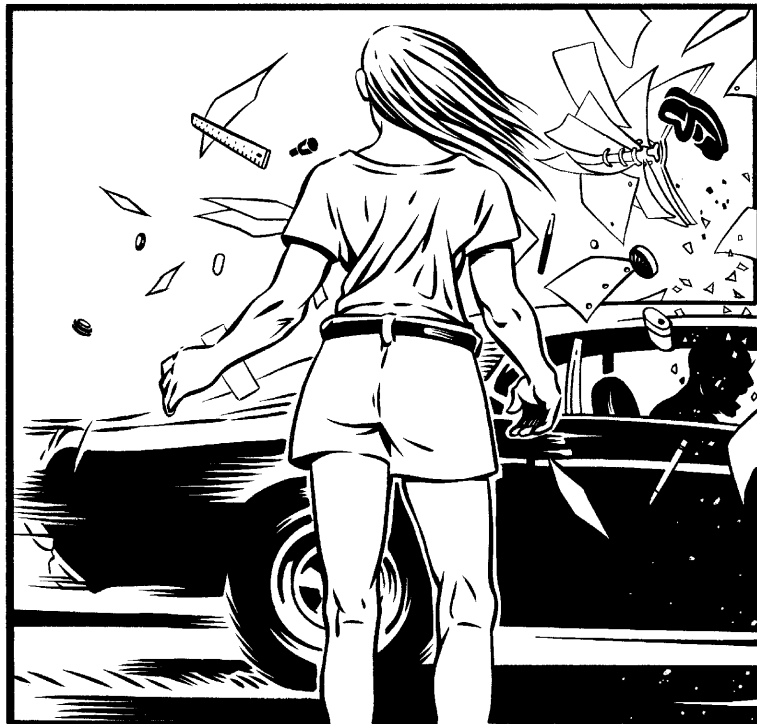


WELL, I THINK SHE MIGHT BE GOING THROUGH SOME KIND OF CHANGE.



WELL, WHATEVER THE CASE, SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW. WHEN SHE NEEDS TO TALK TO US ABOUT IT, SHE WILL.

I LOVE YOU TOO, DEAR. I'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK. 'BYE.

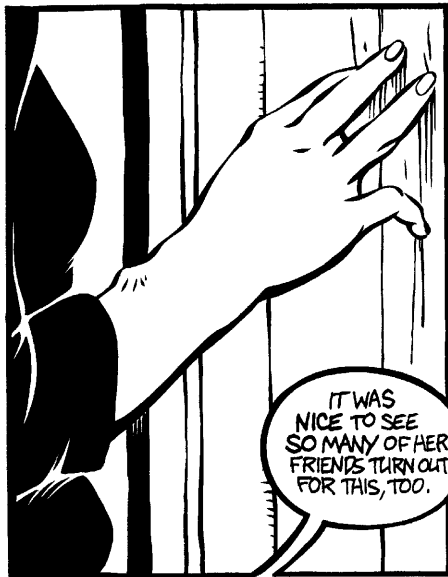




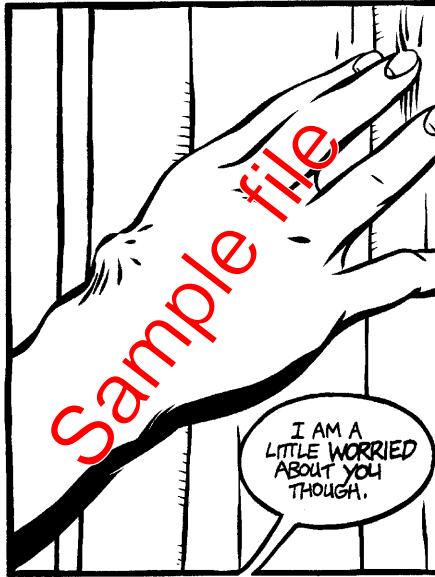
IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SERVICE, COURTNEY.



SHE LOOKED SO NICE.



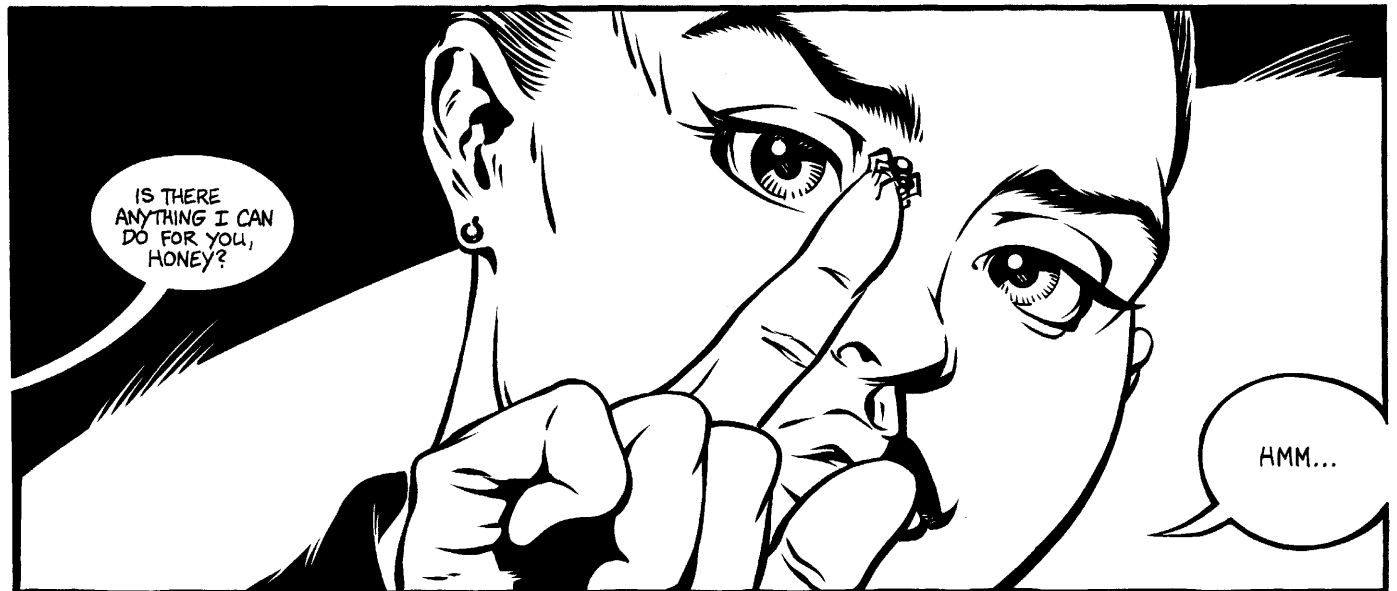
IT WAS NICE TO SEE SO MANY OF HER FRIENDS TURN OUT FOR THIS, TOO.



I AM A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT YOU THOUGH.



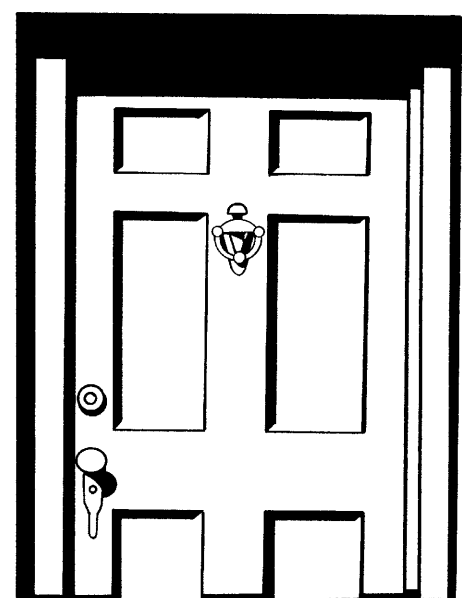
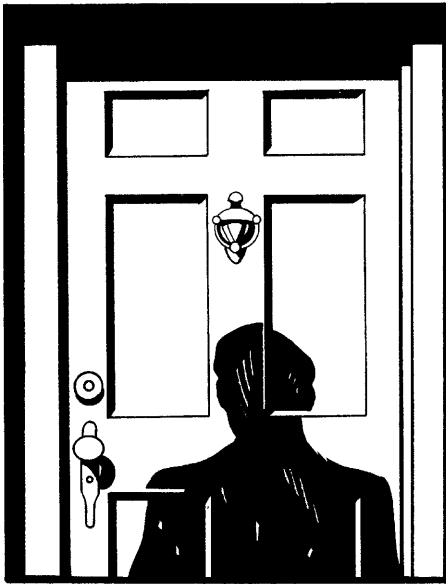
YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING DURING THE WHOLE CEREMONY.



IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, HONEY?

HMM...





ANANASI™

Fangs of the Mother-Queen

By Brett Brooks and James A. Moore

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Justin “Credible” Achilli, for missing the card due to a debilitating injury.
Conrad “Whipwreck” Hubbard, for bravely stepping into the land of beaks and feet.
Rebecca “Hitmonchan” Schaefer, for insisting on making it to the stadium on opening day.
Phillipe “Mr. Popularity” Boule, for discovering that you get a lot more visitors with a dog in your cubicle.



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From James A. Moore: So many people to thank, and so little space....

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ANANASI™



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Introduction: In a Madly Sacred Place

Sample file

They'd traveled a great distance in some cases, half a world or more as often as not. The trip was sometimes easy, often difficult and extremely necessary. They'd managed long enough on their own, second-guessing what they'd become, trying as best they could to learn about why they were and what made them so different from their peers in both spider and human society. Now at last they would have their answers, or they would know why.

The procession moved nimbly over the great strands of calcified webbing, following their silent guides and gazing

with curiosity at their surroundings. In every case, this was their first time away from the earth and into the realm of spirits. The great frozen strand of web spanned on for eternity, reaching to the horizon and beyond, ever branching and expanding. From time to time they saw strange things moving in the distance, and once a spider-thing that stood almost 20 feet in height moved past them at a speed that was simply not possible in the physical realms. The creature took notice of them and moved slightly in their direction, but turned away again when it recognized them as brethren. That was just as well; they hadn't wanted to kill it.

