

PAGE EIGHT (3 PANELS)

HEMATO TOMATO SITS BY A TOMBSTONE IN THE GRAVEYARD OF
DOWNTOWN CHATTANOOGA.

A MARIACHI AND FLAMENCO PLAYER OFFERS HIS HAND TO HEMATO TO
PLAY A FUNERAL MARCH.

Dance, to the rhythm of death.

In this kingdom by the wavy seas.

ONE MUSICIAN PLAYS THE ACCORDION, ONE A FADO GUITAR, AND THE
OTHER A FLAMENCO TAP DANCER.

HEMATO
For me and my Anna-Marie.

The final epitaph of the damned.

HEMATO IMAGINES AN EMPTY ALTER, WITHERED WITH AGE, AND A
PORTAL TO HEAVEN, WHERE THEY MARRY IN DEATH.