



HOW ARE YOU, M'BOY? WRITTEN ANYTHING PROFOUND AND STIRRING RECENTLY?

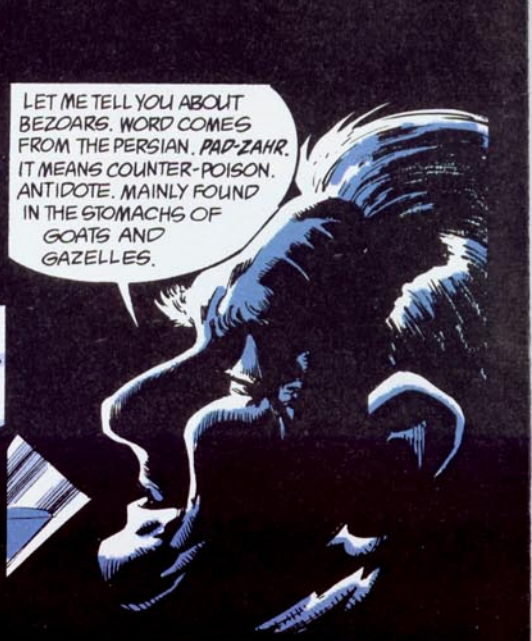
YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T, MR. FRY.

NO. WE'LL GO INTO MY STUDY, AND YOU CAN SHOW ME MY PRESENT.

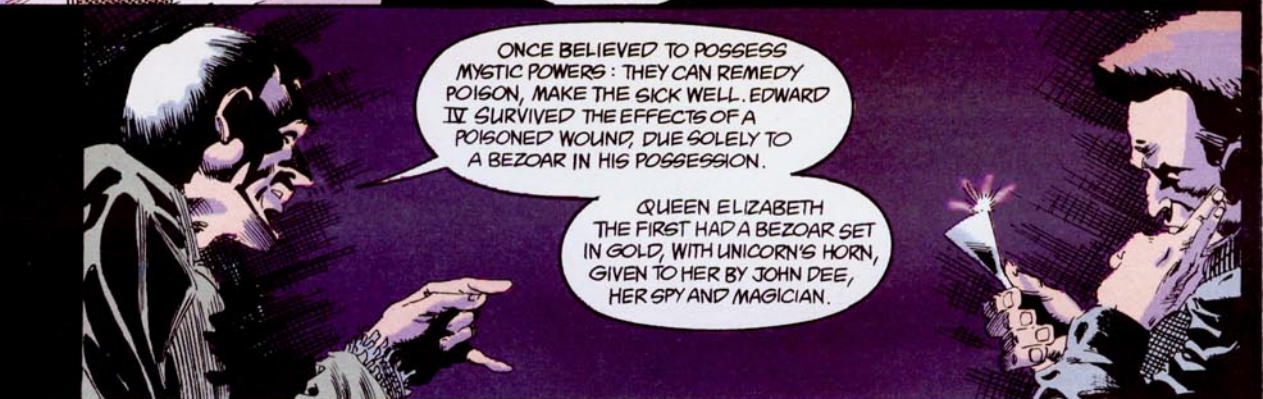


AH-- AN EXCUSE FOR A SHERRY.

CHEAP STUFF, OF COURSE. I'M NOT WASTING THE GOOD STUFF ON A LITTLE SHIT LIKE YOU.



LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT BEZOARS. WORD COMES FROM THE PERSIAN. PAD-ZAHR. IT MEANS COUNTER-POISON. ANTIDOTE. MAINLY FOUND IN THE STOMACHS OF GOATS AND GAZELLES.



ONCE BELIEVED TO POSSESS MYSTIC POWERS: THEY CAN REMEDY POISON, MAKE THE SICK WELL. EDWARD IV SURVIVED THE EFFECTS OF A POISONED WOUND, DUE SOLELY TO A BEZOAR IN HIS POSSESSION.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE FIRST HAD A BEZOAR SET IN GOLD, WITH UNICORN'S HORN, GIVEN TO HER BY JOHN DEE, HER SPY AND MAGICIAN.



FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE, APOTHECARIES WOULD LEND OUT BEZOARS AT EXTORTIONATE RATES, FOR A WEEK, OR A FORTNIGHT...

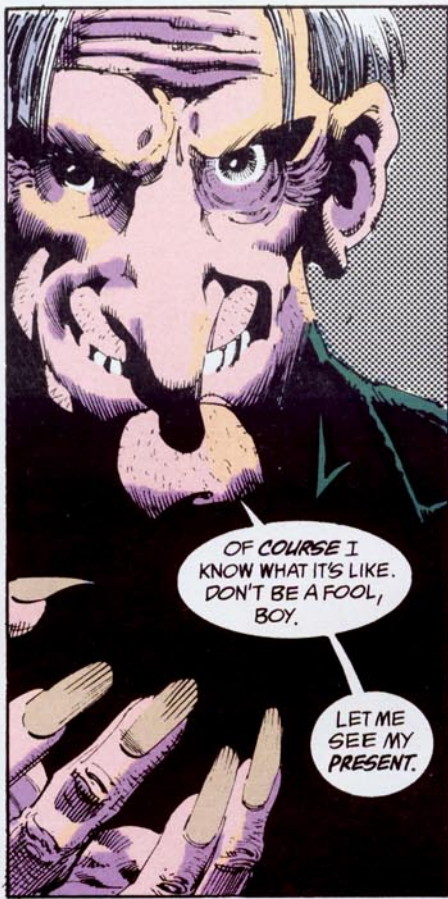


WILL YOU SHUT UP? I HAVEN'T WRITTEN A WORD IN A YEAR--NOTHING I HAVEN'T THROWN AWAY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'S LIKE?

WHEN IT'S JUST YOU, AND A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER?



WHEN YOU CAN'T THINK OF A SINGLE THING WORTH SAYING, A SINGLE CHARACTER THAT PEOPLE COULD BELIEVE IN, A SINGLE STORY THAT HASN'T BEEN TOLD A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE...



OF COURSE I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE. DON'T BE A FOOL, BOY.

LET ME SEE MY PRESENT.



OH YES. RAPUNZEL, LET DOWN YOUR HAIRBALL. A GENUINE TRICHINO-BEZOAR. THE SMELL COMES FROM THE PARTLY DIGESTED PARTICLES OF FOOD, TRAPPED IN--

I'M SORRY. I'M LECTURING AGAIN. AN OLD WRITER WITH NO ONE TO TALK TO GETS FOND OF THE SOUND OF HIS OWN VOICE...



I WILL PUT THE BEZOAR WITH THE REST OF THEM. I SUPPOSE THAT YOU WANT HER NOW.

DID YOU BRING ANY CLOTHES?

CLOTHES? I DIDN'T KNOW I...

NEVER MIND. I HAVE AN OLD COAT YOU MAY USE.



I CAUGHT HER ON MOUNT HELICON, YOU KNOW. 1927. GREECE. I WAS 27. I'LL BE 87 NEXT YEAR.

SHE WAS BATHING IN A SPRING, AND I CAUGHT HER AND BOUND HER WITH MOLY--SORCERER'S GARLIC, AS IT'S SOMETIMES CALLED--AND WITH CERTAIN RITUALS.



THE HARDEST PART WAS GETTING HER BACK TO ENGLAND.

I DON'T NEED HER ANY MORE, MADOC. AND YOU DO.

THEY SAY ONE OUGHT TO WOO HER KIND, BUT I MUST SAY I FOUND FORCE MOST EFFICACIOUS...

HERE SHE IS.

AFTER ALL, I GOT THE FAME AND THE GLORY. I CREATED THE NOVELS, THE POEMS, THE PLAYS...

HER NAME'S
CALLIOPE.

C A L L I O P P E



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KAREN BERGER
EDITOR

FEATURING CHARACTERS
CREATED BY
GAIMAN, KIETH & DRINGENBERG



WHAT WOULD YOU WITH ME NOW, ERASMUS? AM I NOW TO PERFORM FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT? IS THIS MAN TO BE OUR AUDIENCE?



DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP, CALLIOPE.

NO, THIS IS RICHARD MADOC. HE'S A NOVELIST--OR AT LEAST, HE'S WRITTEN ONE EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL FIRST NOVEL, AND HAS FOUND HIMSELF QUITE UNABLE TO WRITE ANYTHING ELSE.



RICHARD, THIS IS CALLIOPE. THE YOUNGEST OF THE NINE MUSES. SHE WAS HOMER'S MUSE, SO SHE OUGHT TO BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

CALLIOPE, I'M GIVING YOU TO RICHARD. YOU'RE HIS NOW.



BUT YOU SAID-- YOU TOLD ME, YOU PROMISED THAT YOU WOULD FREE ME BEFORE YOU DIED. YOU SAID I COULD HAVE MY FREEDOM...

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES, MY DEAR.

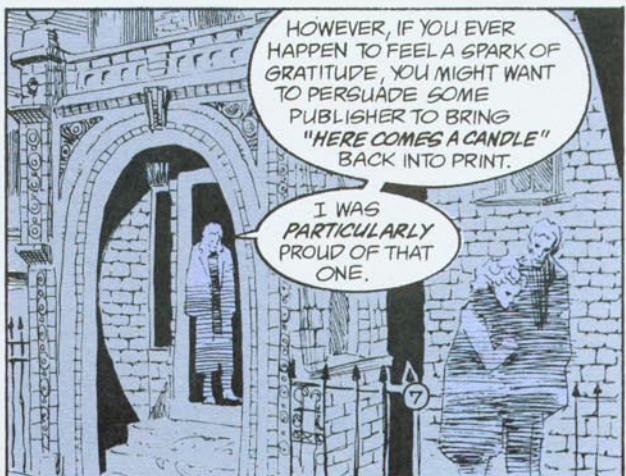


NOR IN AN AGING AUTHOR WHO HAS NEVER BEEN WHAT ONE MIGHT CALL A SHINING EXAMPLE WHEN IT CAME TO KEEPING HIS WORD...

WRITERS ARE LIARS, MY DEAR. SURELY YOU HAVE REALIZED THAT BY NOW?



TAKE THE LITTLE COW AWAY, MADOC. I NEVER WANT TO SEE EITHER OF YOU AGAIN.



HOWEVER, IF YOU EVER HAPPEN TO FEEL A SPARK OF GRATITUDE, YOU MIGHT WANT TO PERSUADE SOME PUBLISHER TO BRING "HERE COMES A CANDLE" BACK INTO PRINT.

I WAS PARTICULARLY PROUD OF THAT ONE.