

THERE IS A STREET, JUST AROUND THE CORNER, BOTH FAMILIAR AND UNKNOWN. A STREET BRANCHING OFF EVERY SMALL-TOWN SQUARE AND CUTTING THROUGH EVERY BIG-CITY AVENUE.

IT IS A PLACE WHERE THE WICKED AND CRUEL ARE DRAWN, TO THE CROSSROADS OF MORALITY AND MADNESS, WITH THE INEVITABLE DESTINATION OF NOT MERELY DEATH...BUT SOMETHING FAR WORSE.

IT IS A PLACE WE CALL...

HYDE STREET

RRR.

I WANT NOTHING FROM YOU, MR. ODDMAN.

I DIDN'T COME FOR HELP... ONLY TO MAKE SURE THE REAL MONSTER REMAINS WHERE HE BELONGS.



TAKE ME TO
THE BUTCHER
OF HYDE
STREET.

BEFORE THE
SCOREKEEPER
KNOWS I'M
HERE.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE
BECAME A RESIDENT
LONG BEFORE I ARRIVED,
FORTY-SIX YEARS EARLIER,
WHEN NEW YORK DECIDED
THAT FORTUNE TELLERS
WHO CHARGED A FEE
WERE NOT PROPHETS...
BUT CRIMINALS.

THE LAW CALLED
IT FRAUD; TEAROOMS
AND PARLOR READERS
WERE RAIDED, WRISTS
CLIFFED, AND CRYSTAL
BALLS CONFISCATED
UNLESS THEIR VISIONS
CAME STAMPED
"FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY."

CLARISSA HOOD
NEVER DEALT IN
AMUSEMENT.

SHE DEALT IN GRIEF.
SHE SOLD COMFORT
BY THE INCH--AND WHEN
THE PRICE ROSE, SHE
CHOSE PROFIT OVER
MERCY...AND BETRAYAL
OVER FAMILY.

DON'T EVER TURN
YOUR BACK ON
SISTER HOOD.

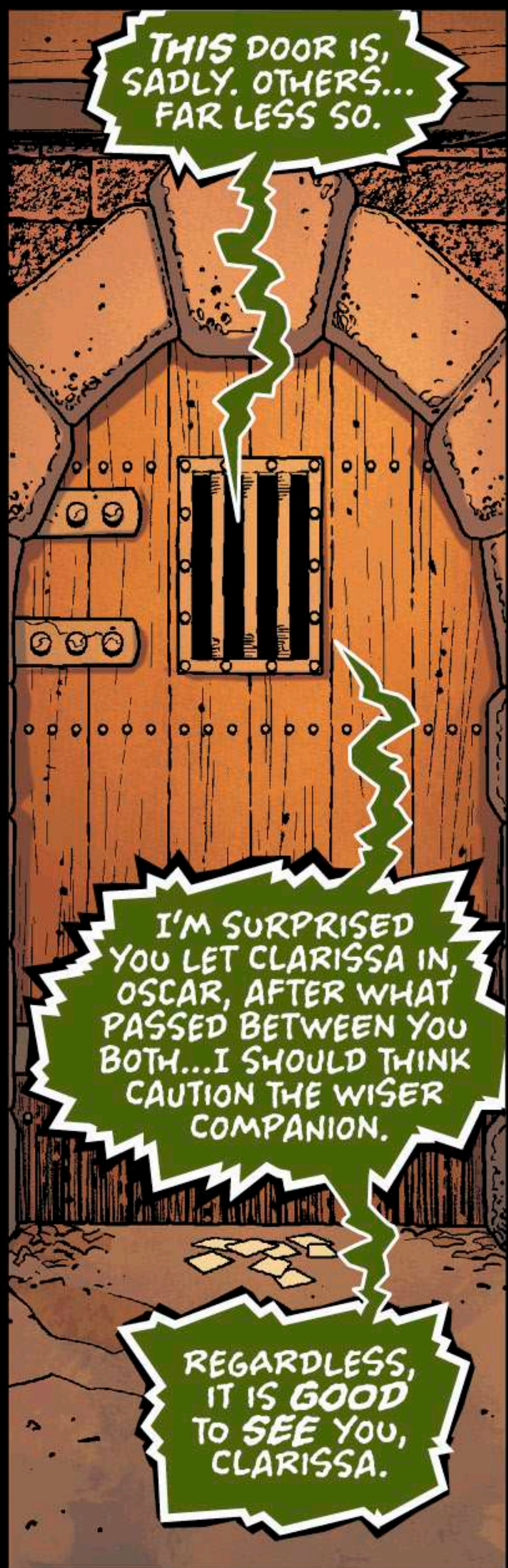


IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN... JUST LIKE THE LAST TIME.

THE BUTCHER'S CARD TURNED DURING A STORM.



IS THE DOOR SECURE?



THIS DOOR IS, SADLY. OTHERS... FAR LESS SO.

I'M SURPRISED YOU LET CLARISSA IN, OSCAR, AFTER WHAT PASSED BETWEEN YOU BOTH... I SHOULD THINK CAUTION THE WISER COMPANION.

REGARDLESS, IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU, CLARISSA.



BEAST.



...NO GREETING IN RETURN? IT'S BEEN A LONG WHILE... AT LEAST TIME WOULD HAVE ME BELIEVE.

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS BLUR TOGETHER IN THIS PRISON YOU'VE STUCK ME IN. TELL ME... HOW MANY OF YOU ARE LEFT? ARE THERE NEW RESIDENTS? THERE MUST BE...

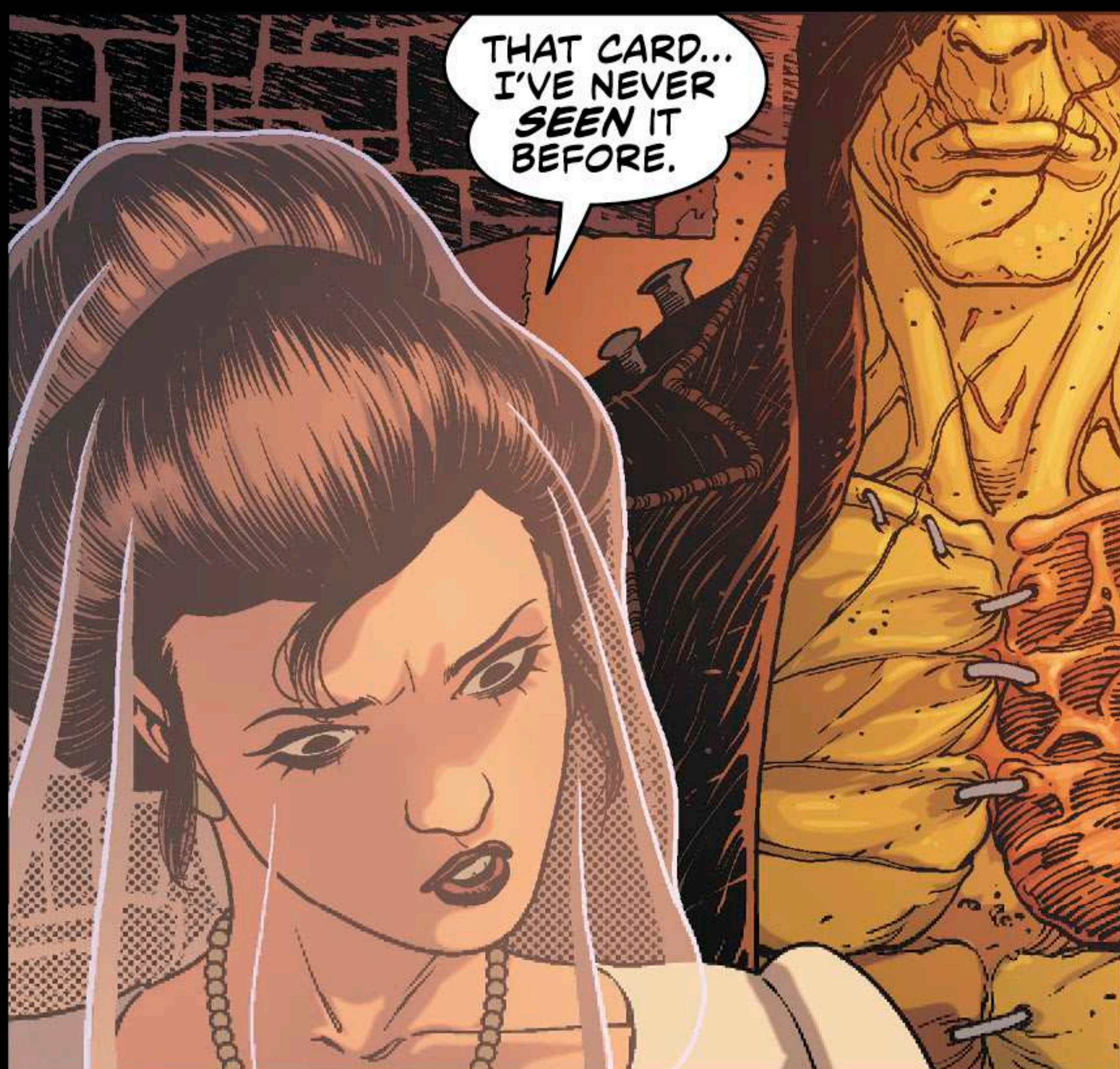
...WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM... AND WHAT DO THEY KNOW ABOUT ME...?



DON'T LET HIM CRAWL INSIDE YOUR HEAD, MR. ODDMAN.

YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN.

RRR.



THAT CARD... I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE.



WHO IS THIS GIRL...?

THERE IS A TREMOR IN HYDE STREET, CLARISSA, AND IT IS NOT ME.



DO YOU HEAR IT?

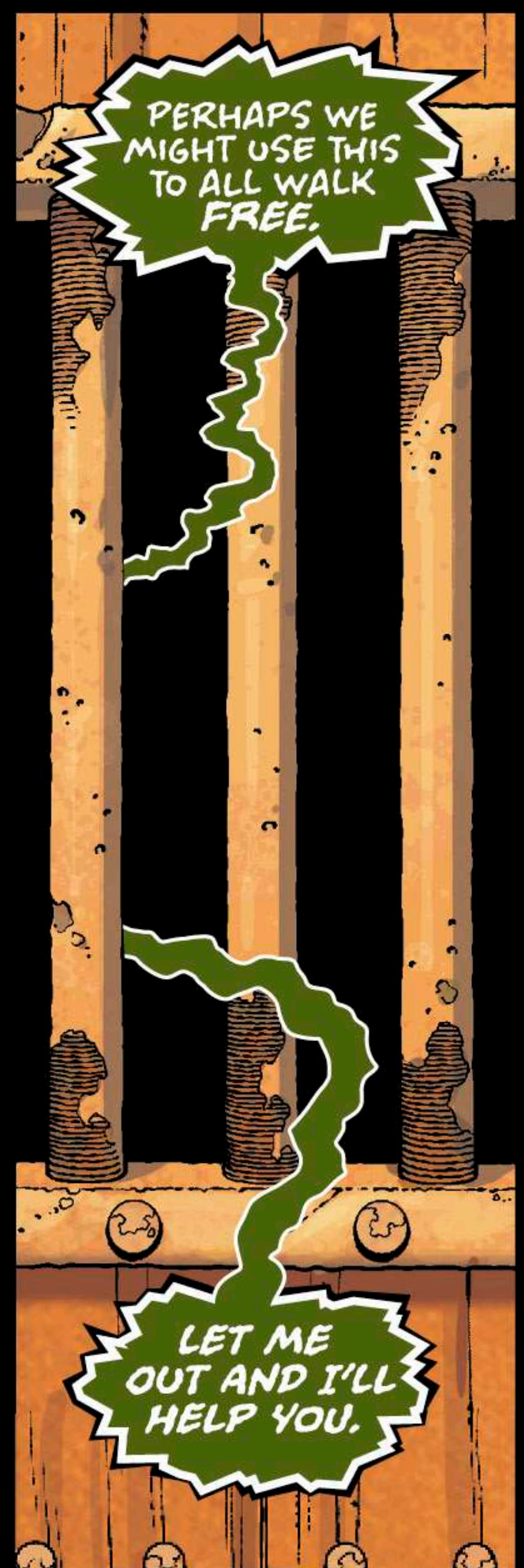


THERE IS A KNOCKING ON ANOTHER DOOR...

...FROM THE OUTSIDE.



FOR THE FIRST TIME... SOMEONE UNINVITED TO HYDE STREET SEEKS ENTRANCE.



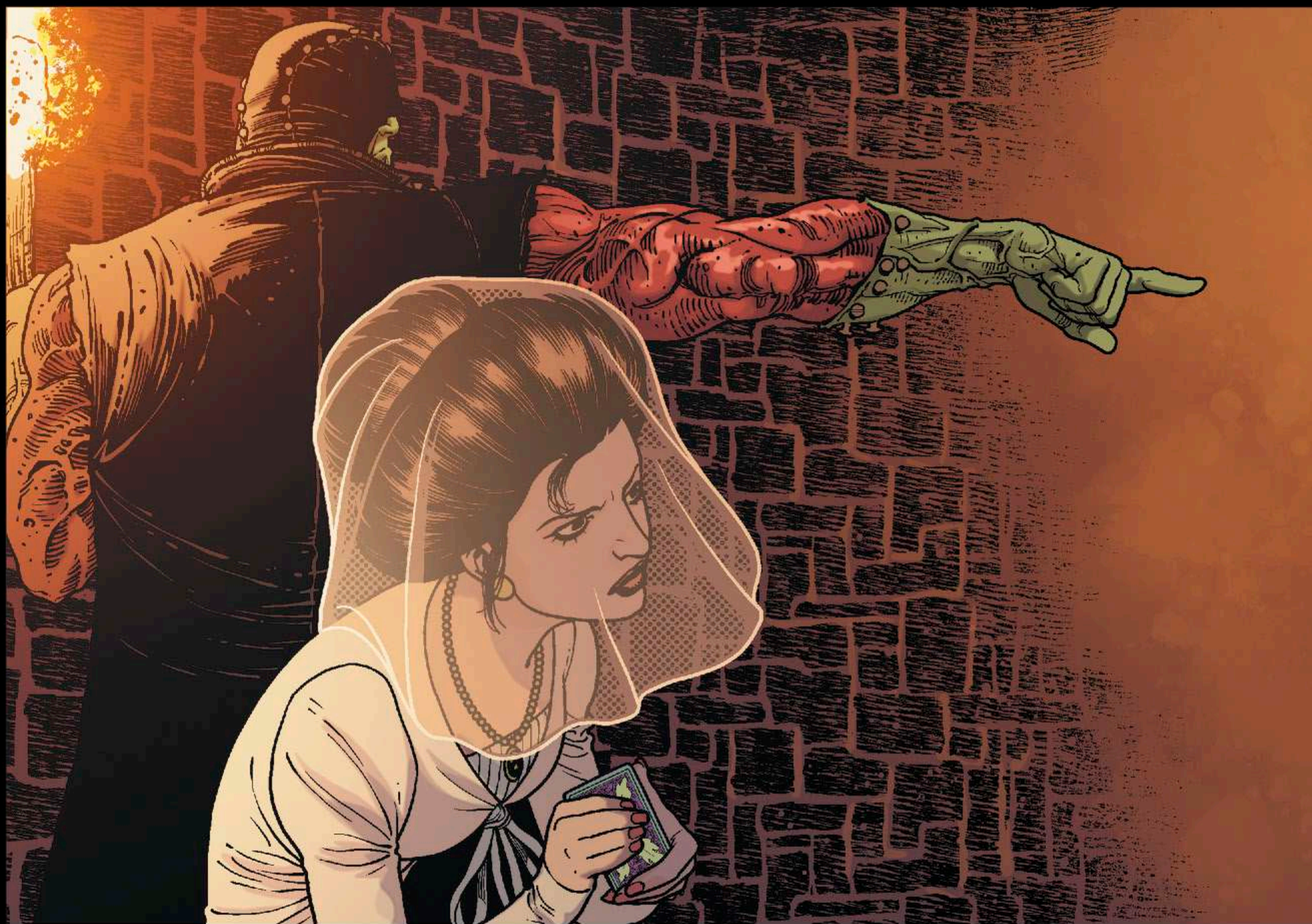
PERHAPS WE MIGHT USE THIS TO ALL WALK FREE.

LET ME OUT AND I'LL HELP YOU.



WAIT. I'M MISSING A CARD.

WHERE IS IT?



YES. THE CARD IS WITH ME.

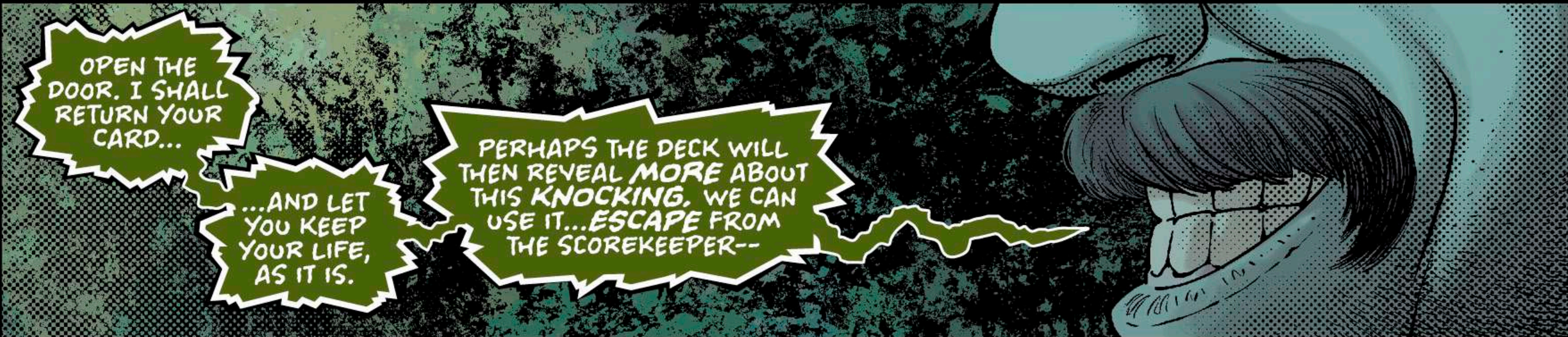


...THE DECK'S WORTHLESS IF IT'S NOT WHOLE.



YES, CLARISSA. I AM AWARE.

UNTIL THE DECK IS MADE WHOLE, IT WILL REVEAL NOTHING FURTHER.



OPEN THE DOOR. I SHALL RETURN YOUR CARD...

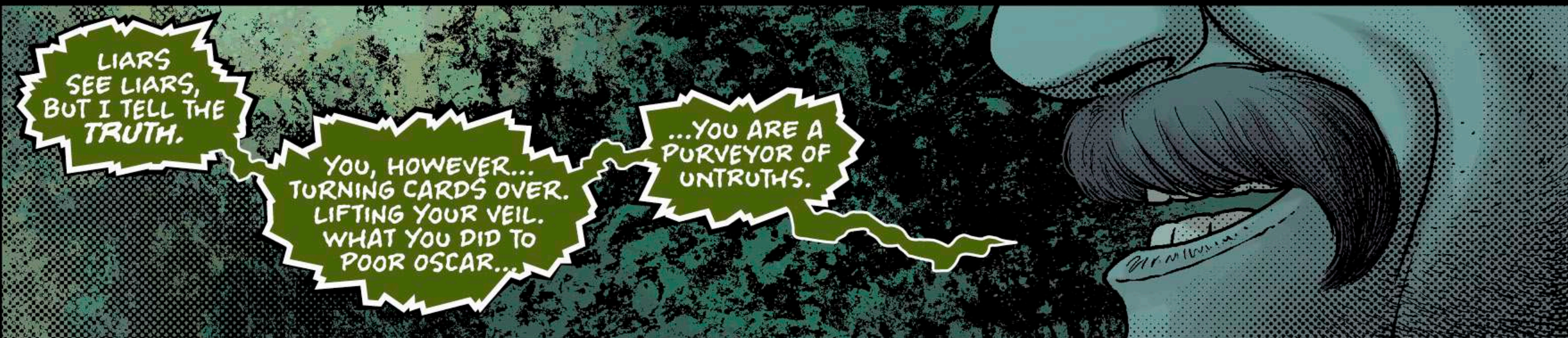
...AND LET YOU KEEP YOUR LIFE, AS IT IS.

PERHAPS THE DECK WILL THEN REVEAL MORE ABOUT THIS KNOCKING. WE CAN USE IT...ESCAPE FROM THE SCOREKEEPER--



LIAR.

THIS IS YOUR DOING.



LIARS SEE LIARS, BUT I TELL THE TRUTH.

YOU, HOWEVER... TURNING CARDS OVER. LIFTING YOUR VEIL. WHAT YOU DID TO POOR OSCAR...

...YOU ARE A PURVEYOR OF UNTRUTHS.



ASK YOUR SISTER.



RRR.