

PROLOGUE

It's a midsummer's evening, seven fifty-eight to be exact.

The setting is a historical estate in southern Georgia; it's a sprawling, beautiful place—the boyhood home of such and such a senator. There are fields and oaks, wooden fences, disappearing lanes, and covering it all like cheese is that rare breed of tranquility that can only be achieved when humidity is at one hundred percent.

A wedding!

There's a wedding tonight!

The guests are arriving. A band is playing. The world is full of peace, small talk, and sherbet tones...

But there's a snag in the serenity: that Garden. Lord Zod. Who commissioned that?

Scythe-like fronds replace feathery oaks. Paths are small and graveled. It's labyrinthine. Deep. Huge. Walked into like a church.

And at the center
of this Garden
is a Pond.

Yuck!

And at the center
of this Pond
is a Statue.

Eww!

And a storm is coming too...

What will happen when the Zodiac Women arrive? Will they behave? Or will they choose to revel in the wilds of the night, the Garden, the storm, and ultimately themselves?

Oh Venus Night.

Oh zither me standing.

Oh holy Zod in Zen.

It's eight o'clock, ya'll.

The Zodiac Women are here.

May Zod help us.

May Zod help us, every one.

This is...

Sketches by Zod: The Wedding