

THE TWO SPIRIT'S TALE



CHIVALRY HAD ITS DAY AND MAKES FOR A TIDY ENDING, BUT IT'S CAUSED AS MUCH HARM AS IT'S RESCUED DAMSELS IN DISTRESS

OH COME NOW SENORITA ER SENOR... HMM I DON'T WISH TO OFFEND BUT I'M NOT SURE WHICH YOU ...



IF YOU PREFER THAT I DIDN'T, SENOR ...



NO NO, GO AHEAD PLEASE, IT'S LATE AND I'M ABIT CRANKY

AS YOU WISH



MY TALE IS ABOUT A YOUNG WOMAN LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE



ONE IS A LIFE SHE'S BEEN FORCED INTO AND JUST MUDDLES ALONG IN.

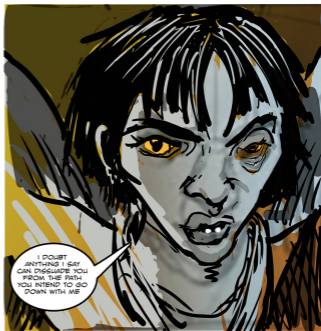


THE OTHER IS A LIFE WHERE SHE EXCELLS

IT STARTS IN THE MEXICO CITY OF THE 1680S WHEN MEXICO WAS STILL PART OF THE DOMINION OF SPAIN



YOLOTTI CALDERON, YOU MUST FOREWITH CONFESS TO YOUR WITCHERY AND COLLABORATION WITH SINISTER AND OTHERWORLDFORCES.

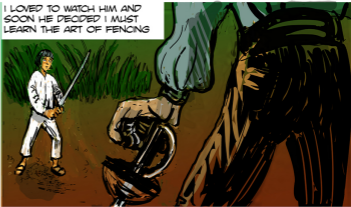




PAPA HAD BEEN A CAPTAIN DURING THE PEASANTS' REBELLION AND STILL PRACTICED HIS FENCING



I LOVED TO WATCH HIM AND SOON HE DECIDED I MUST LEARN THE ART OF FENCING



I LEARNED QUICKLY AND GOT BETTER, BUT HE WAS A DEMANDING TASK MASTER



BY THE TIME I TURNED 13, I WAS BESTING HIM REGULARLY BUT THAT ONLY GAVE HIM PLEASURE



HE OFTEN TOOK ME WITH HIM ON COLLECTION RIDES TO HIS TENANTS. IT WAS HARD TO SEE HOW POOR THEY WERE, KNOWING THAT I HAD COME FROM THE SAME LIFE.



THE DROUGHT SENOR. I'LL HAVE IT ALL NEXT MONTH

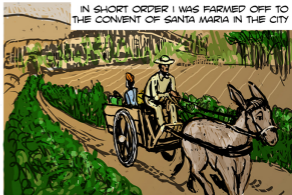




WHEN I WAS 15, MY FATHER DIED OF THE POX, PROBABLY CONTRACTED ON HIS RENT COLLECTION VISITS



I, OF COURSE, HAD NO SAY IN THE MATTER



IN SHORT ORDER I WAS FARMED OFF TO THE CONVENT OF SANTA MARIA IN THE CITY



THE SISTERS SEEMED TO KNOW LITTLE OF WHAT TO MAKE OF ME, AS I DID OF THEM.



QUICKLY MY LIFE SETTLED INTO A SLOW, STEADY STREAM OF MASS AND PRAYER











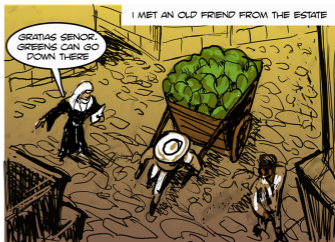




SOON AFTER I WAS SENT TO HELP WITH ORGANIZING PRODUCE FOR THE UPCOMING FEAST OF SANTA ANNA



I MET AN OLD FRIEND FROM THE ESTATE







AFTER RECORDING ALL THE PRODUCE FOR THE FEAST DAY CELEBRATION, TIMOR SANCHEZ DE SEVILLE FOLLOWED ME BACK TO THE CHURCH HALL.



UNSURPRISINGLY, PADRE FILLIPO AGREED TO HIS REQUEST FOR SPECIAL RECOGNITION AND EVEN BLESSED HIM.



PAOLO TOLD ME THAT EVEN THOUGH HE'S THE EX-MAYOR, SANCHEZ TAKES PEOPLE IN HIS TOWN FOR PROTECTION AGAINST HIS OWN GANG.



WHAT IS IT?

AAHHH!
THE FOOD ISN'T EVEN HIS TO GIVE. HE AND HIS GANG AMBUSHED MY PAPI ON THE WAY TO MARKET, BROKE HIS ARM.



THEY SOLD THE REST OF OUR MAIZE TO MARKET VENDORS AND WE GOT NOTHING.



OH PAOLO! I PROMISE YOU...

I WILL DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS.



I'LL TALK TO THE ABBESS TO SEE IF WE CAN FIGURE OUT A PLAN.



CAN I COUNT ON YOU TO HELP ME OUT IF I NEED SOME ADDED SUPPORT?

YOU SURE CAN YOU!





I RETURNED TO MY ROOM LIVID,
RIPPING OFF MY HABIT

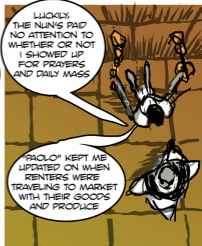
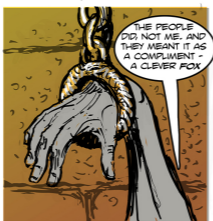


I NEVER WORE IT
EASILY, BUT NOW IT
HAD BECOME A
STRAIT ACCKET



AND SO, WITH NO WITCHERY NOR EVIL SPELLS
NOR SATAN'S MANIPULATION, ZORRA IS BORN





AFTER SEVERAL MISSES I CAUGHT SANCHEZ WITH HIS GANG IN THE ACT OF HUSTLING A GROUP OF FARMERS



