Précis:

Impending Doom
THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Precis: IMPENDING DOOM: THE EARLY YEARS

Written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE - drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

Wealthy 24 year old sophisticate, Phoebe Zeit-Geist...

daughter of a Serbian aristocrat...

raised in Northern Tibet...
where she mastered the mysteries of oriental combat arts... studied ballet in Monte Carlo with one whom many still refer to as Israel's 'greatest male ballerina' (and who, at this time, remains nameless).

MAGNIFIQUE! FORMIDABLE! SUPERBE!

danced briefly with the Grand Ballet du Marquis Cuevas.

and then, upon the insistence of her sister (her mother having perished of tuberculosis in 1947)...

A TE, CONDOTTIERO DEL DOLMABAHCE... ORA ORA DIAMO LE SPLENDENTI TORCE DELLA RESPONSABILITA! POSSA TU PORTARLE ORGOGGIOSAMENTE COME TI AVANA!...

...completed her education at an exclusive Jewish finishing school...
Our story opens during one of those elegant garden parties in Antwerp...

Didn't we meet in Madrid, Summer of '54?

I spent '34 in Bombay!

Perhaps it was Budapest, Autumn of '27?

I was in Sydney, watching the dog races!

I have it! Hong Kong, Spring of '39!

All that spring I was playing Jai-alai in Mexico City!

Could it have been Khartoum?

Everyone is there —

CARE FOR A CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTE, MY DEAR?

— Who matters

I tell you, Infanta, this time Courrèges has gone too far!
Without warning, the guest of honor, Phoebe Zeitgeist, is slipped a drugged poisse-cup...

Gloved hands expertly spirit her away and place her in a wicker portmanteau...

The past is balefully recalled...

On her 11th birthday, she had been allowed to attend the Tavistock Goose Fair... alone!

She had enjoyed herself immensely and, after a day filled with frolic and amusement, was about to depart for home. When she noted a sinister tent set off in an obscure corner of the fair grounds...

The curtains parted... come in, my child!

Allow me to introduce myself. I am Madame Tzany, the world’s only Clairvoyeur; that is to say, I can foresee erotic acts of the future!

Her curiosity was aroused...
Phoebe entered...
I'll now gaze into the crystal balls and disclose what sensual delights the future holds for you!

The jaded old gypsy blushed...
Out! Out! Get out of here you shameless hussy!!

The incident left a scathing impression on the pubescent girl, since that day Phoebe Zeit-Geist has been afraid to know the love of man...

Or woman...

But one can't expect to frustrate destiny forever!!