

NUMBER 13

CHAPTER ONE



ROBERT LOVE
CO-WRITER AND ARTIST

DAVID WALKER
CO-WRITER

MICHELLE DAVIES
COLORS

DIEGO SIMONE
COLORS

THOMAS MAUER
LETTERS

I OFTEN WONDER HOW LONG HE HAD BEEN OUT THERE, LOOKING FOR THE ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS MOST OF US TAKE FOR GRANTED. WHO AM I? WHERE DO I COME FROM?

I WONDER WHAT SORT OF THINGS HE SAW AS HE LOOKED FOR THOSE ANSWERS. I WONDER HOW MUCH OF THIS BROKEN, DECAYING WORLD PASSED BEFORE HIS EYES AS HE SEARCHED.

HE SNAPPED AT A MOSQUITO.

HE SNAPPED AT A FLEA.

HE SNAPPED AT A MINNOW.

AND HE SNAPPED AT ME.

RUN

HE MUST HAVE SEEN SO MUCH.

THUN

CRASH

HE CAUGHT THE MOSQUITO.

HE CAUGHT THE FLEA.

HE CAUGHT THE MINNOW.

BUT HE DIDN'T CATCH ME!

AT LEAST SO MUCH OF WHAT LITTLE THERE IS LEFT TO SEE.

SNAP

I WONDER IF HE UNDERSTOOD ANY OF IT.

DARK WHATSIT
OF THE UNDERWORLD

THE WRATH



