

# THE LIFE AFTER

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Written by  
**JOSHUA HALE FIALKOV**

Illustrated and colored by  
**GABO**

Lettered by  
**CRANK!**

Designed by  
**KEITH WOOD**

Edited by  
**JAMES LUCAS JONES &  
ARI YARWOOD**



AN ONI PRESS PUBLICATION

THE SUN RISES AT 5:58 EVERY DAY, WAKING ME UP JUST A TINY BIT BEFORE MY ALARM WOULD GO OFF, ROBBING ME OF THREE MINUTES OF SLEEP.

FOR SOME REASON I NEVER MAKE IT TO MY NOT QUITE COMFORTABLE BED, AND I USUALLY SLEEP ON THE SLIGHTLY LESS COMFORTABLE COUCH.

WE HAVE A SUNRISE IN SECTOR FORTY-FIVE EIGHTY-NINE.

IT'S ALWAYS A LITTLE TOO HOT, UNTIL YOU TAKE OFF THE BLANKETS AND THEN IT'S A BIT TOO COLD.

ADJUSTING PLEASURE COMPENSATION—

AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE THERMOSTAT IS.

THE TOOTHPASTE TASTES LIKE STRAWBERRY-FLAVORED CHALK DUST.

TRANSIT HOUR BEGINNING IN THREE... TWO...

THE SUBWAYS BEEN OUT OF ORDER FOR...

Well, ever, it seems...

THE BUSES ARE FIVE MINUTES LATE, BUT THEY MAKE UP TIME DEPENDING ON TRAFFIC.

TRAFFIC JAM IN THREE... TWO... ONE...

THERE'S ALWAYS TRAFFIC.

I'VE WORKED AT MY JOB FOR JUST LONG ENOUGH TO BE ALMOST READY TO PROMOTE.

I HAVEN'T MADE FRIENDS WITH ANYONE EXCEPT FOR STEVE WHOSE LAST DAY WAS YESTERDAY.

OR...

I FILL OUT FORMS WHICH ALLOWS SOMEONE ELSE TO FILL OUT A FORM THAT IN TURN ALLOWS SOMEONE ELSE TO FILL OUT ANOTHER FORM.

CLIK  
CLAK  
CLAK--

AND EVERY DAY SHE DROPS HER HANDKERCHIEF--

I WANT TO PICK IT UP SO BADLY, JUST HAND IT TO HER, MAYBE OUR HANDS WOULD TOUCH, AND I'D FEEL ALIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS...

INSTEAD, IT'S HOME TO DRIFT BUT NEVER REALLY SLEEP AND DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

DO PEOPLE STILL CARRY THOSE?

THIS IS MY LIFE.



OR WAS THAT THE DAY  
BEFORE YESTERDAY?

IT'S EXTREMELY  
NECESSARY BUT  
NOT IMPORTANT.

THE DAYS END AND I RIDE HOME  
ON THE SAME BUS, WHERE I SEE  
THE SAME GIRL EVERY DAY.

AND AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

THIS IS ALL OF OUR  
LIVES, I SUSPECT.

BUT, ME? I HAVE... HER.



I DON'T KNOW THAT I'VE  
EVER SEEN HER FACE.

MAYBE A CHEEK...



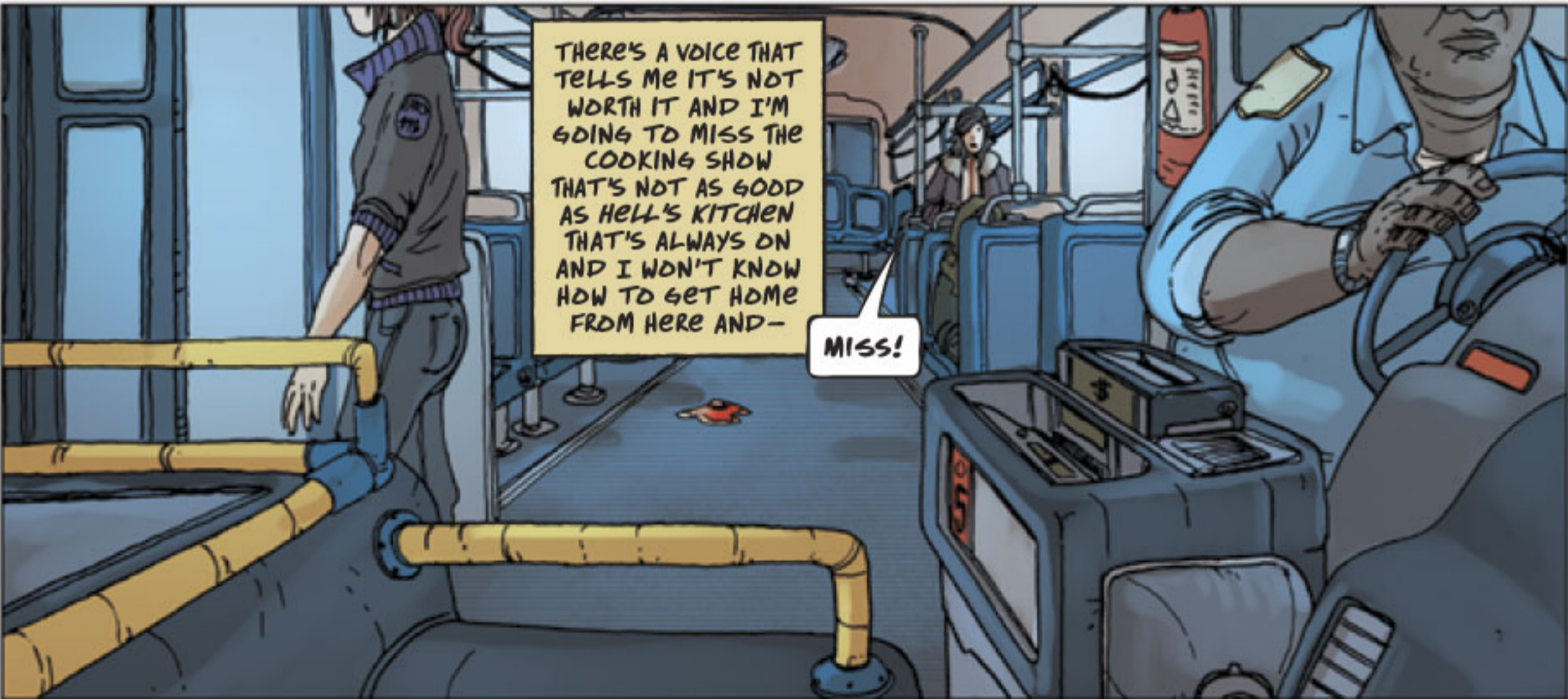
AND EVERY DAY I PUSH MYSELF, I STRAIN  
TO TRY AND OVERCOME THE FEARS AND  
SELF-LOATHING THAT KEEP ME FROM  
OPENING MY STUPID FUCKING MOUTH—

AND EVERY DAY I WATCH HER GO.



EVERY DAY I  
WONDER WHAT  
SHE'S LIKE AND  
HOW SHE COULD  
MAKE MY LIFE  
BETTER, EVEN  
IF ONLY FOR  
A MOMENT.

I SWEAR TO MYSELF I'M  
GOING TO STAND UP, GO  
AFTER HER, FALL IN LOVE,  
LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER—



THERE'S A VOICE THAT  
TELLS ME IT'S NOT  
WORTH IT AND I'M  
GOING TO MISS THE  
COOKING SHOW  
THAT'S NOT AS GOOD  
AS HELL'S KITCHEN  
THAT'S ALWAYS ON  
AND I WON'T KNOW  
HOW TO GET HOME  
FROM HERE AND—

MISS!

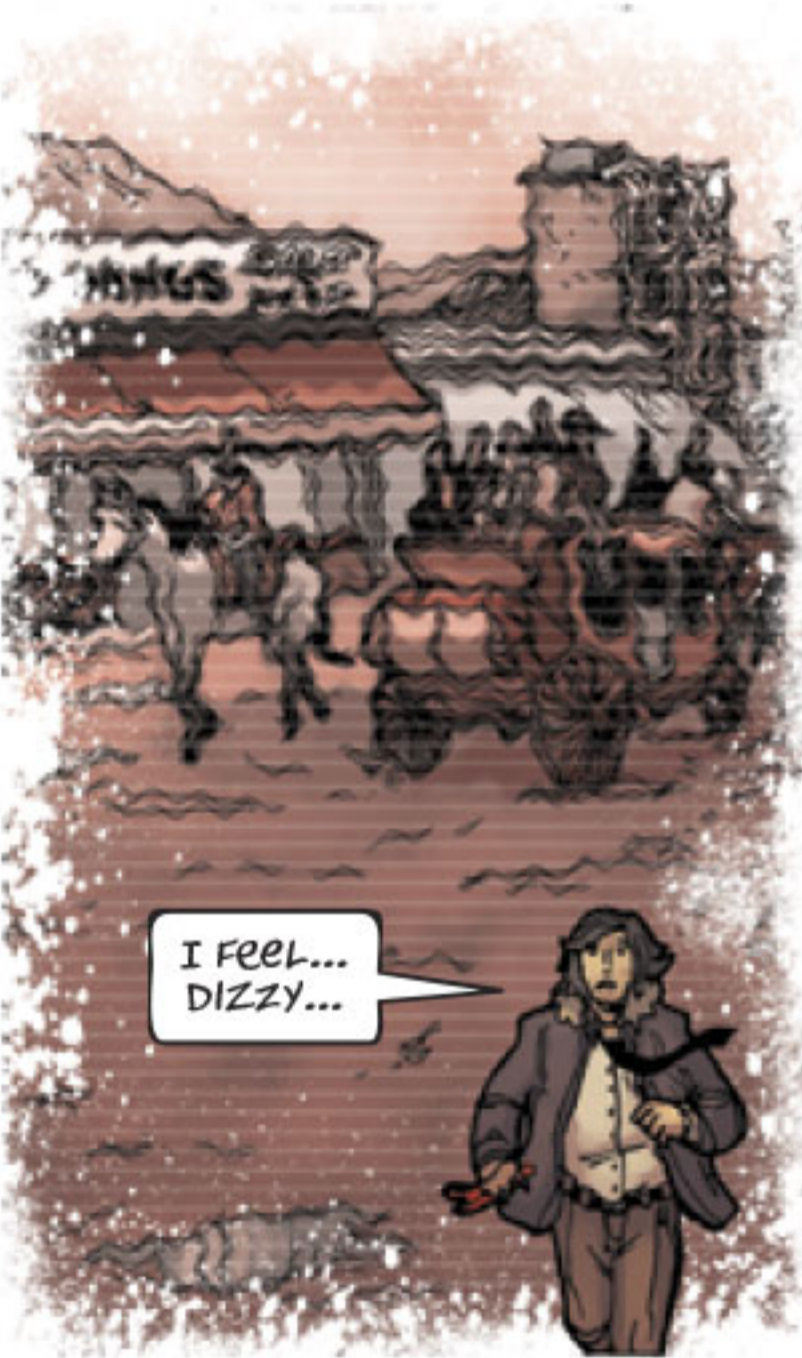


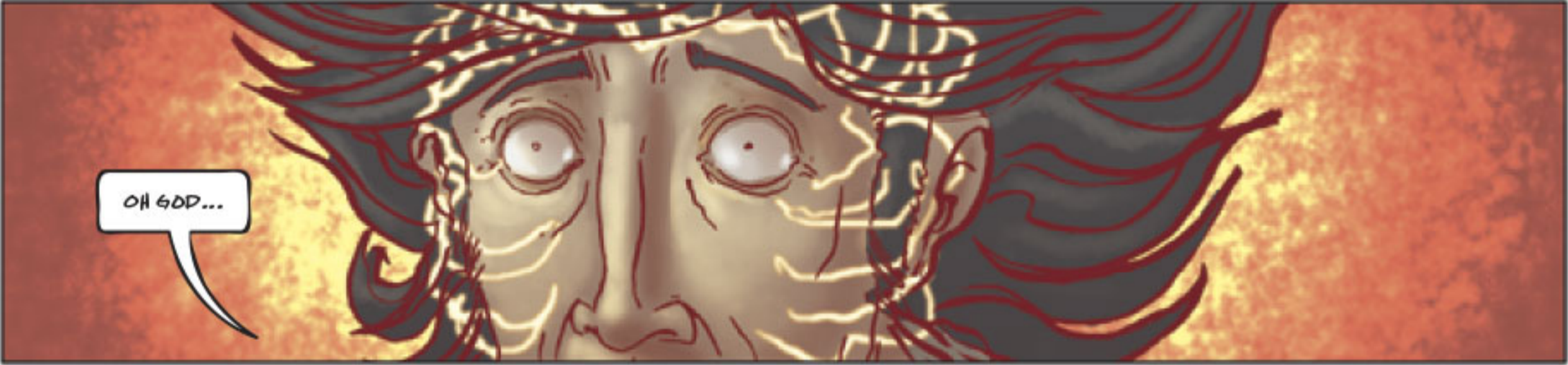
WE HAVE AN  
UNSCHEDULED  
SERVICE  
DISRUPTION  
ON PUBLIC  
BUS 4235...

OVERRIDE,  
FORCE IT.









# CAN JUDE AND HIS FRIENDS AVOID DEMONS, ANGELS, AND BUREAUCRACY TO CHANGE THE FATE OF BILLIONS OF SOULS?

Jude's life is nothing special. It seems like every day is just a repeat of the last, until one day, he meets a woman named Nettie. When they touch, he can suddenly see into her past—revealing that they, and everyone around them, are actually in purgatory for suicides. After his realization, Jude joins up with the only other person who seems to be awake: the legendary Ernest Hemingway.

Now the duo is on the path to change things in the afterlife for the better. Of course, shaking up the system might not sit very well with the bigwigs up above... or down below.

*The Life After:*  
Volume One collects  
the first five issues of the  
Oni Press ongoing series  
by writer  
JOSHUA HALE FIALKOV  
and artist  
GABO.

*The Life After* is a  
wondrous and intriguing  
debut that gets better  
with every page.  
—IGN

9.5/10

LITERATURE

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