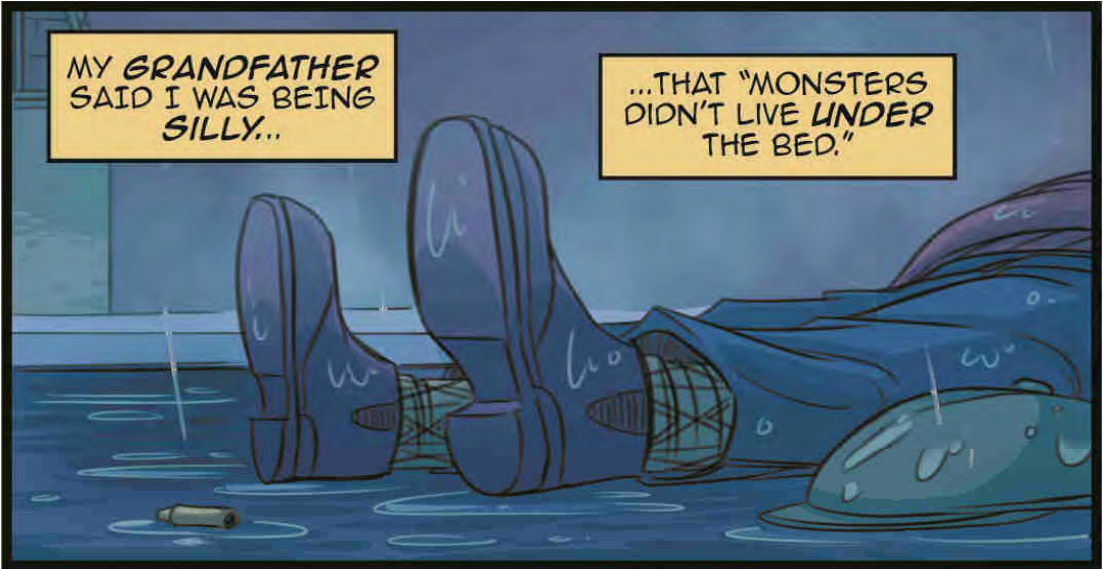




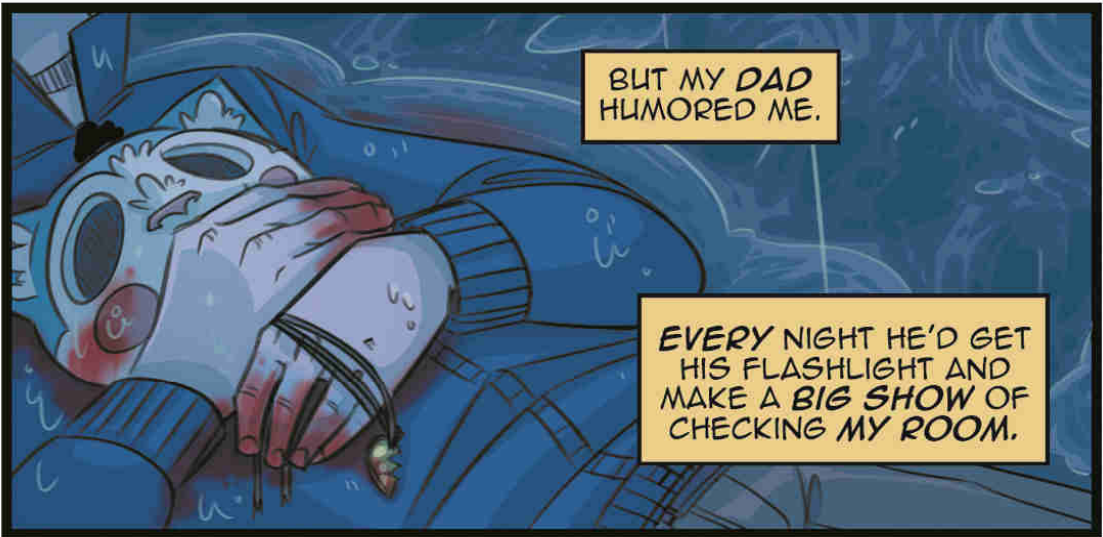
I USED TO BE AFRAID OF MONSTERS.

THEY LIVED IN THE **DARK PLACES** UNDER THE BED AND ATE LITTLE GIRLS WHEN THE **LIGHTS** WENT OUT.



MY **GRANDFATHER** SAID I WAS BEING **SILLY...**

...THAT "MONSTERS DIDN'T LIVE **UNDER** THE BED."



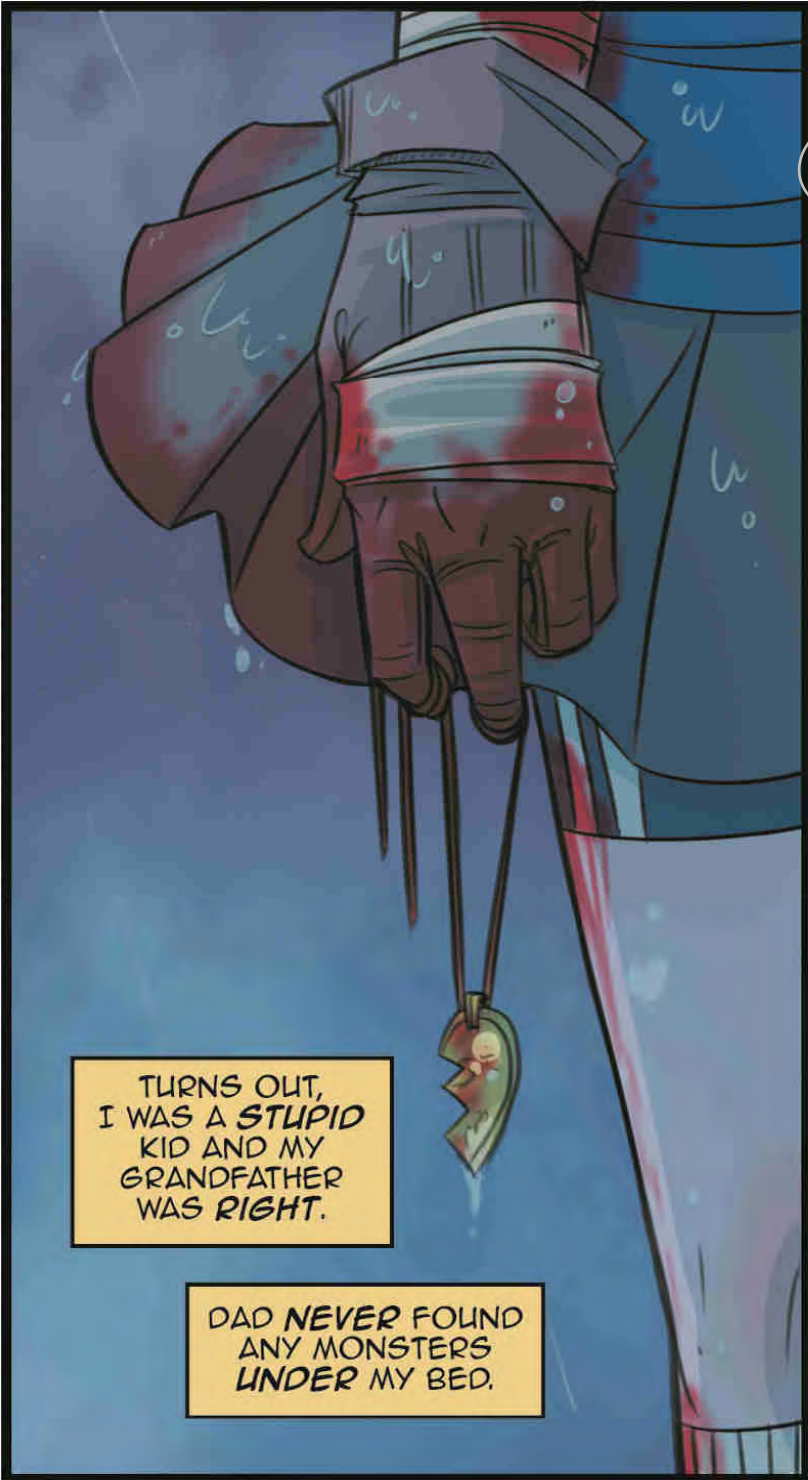
BUT MY **DAD** HUMORED ME.

EVERY NIGHT HE'D GET HIS FLASHLIGHT AND MAKE A **BIG SHOW** OF CHECKING MY ROOM.



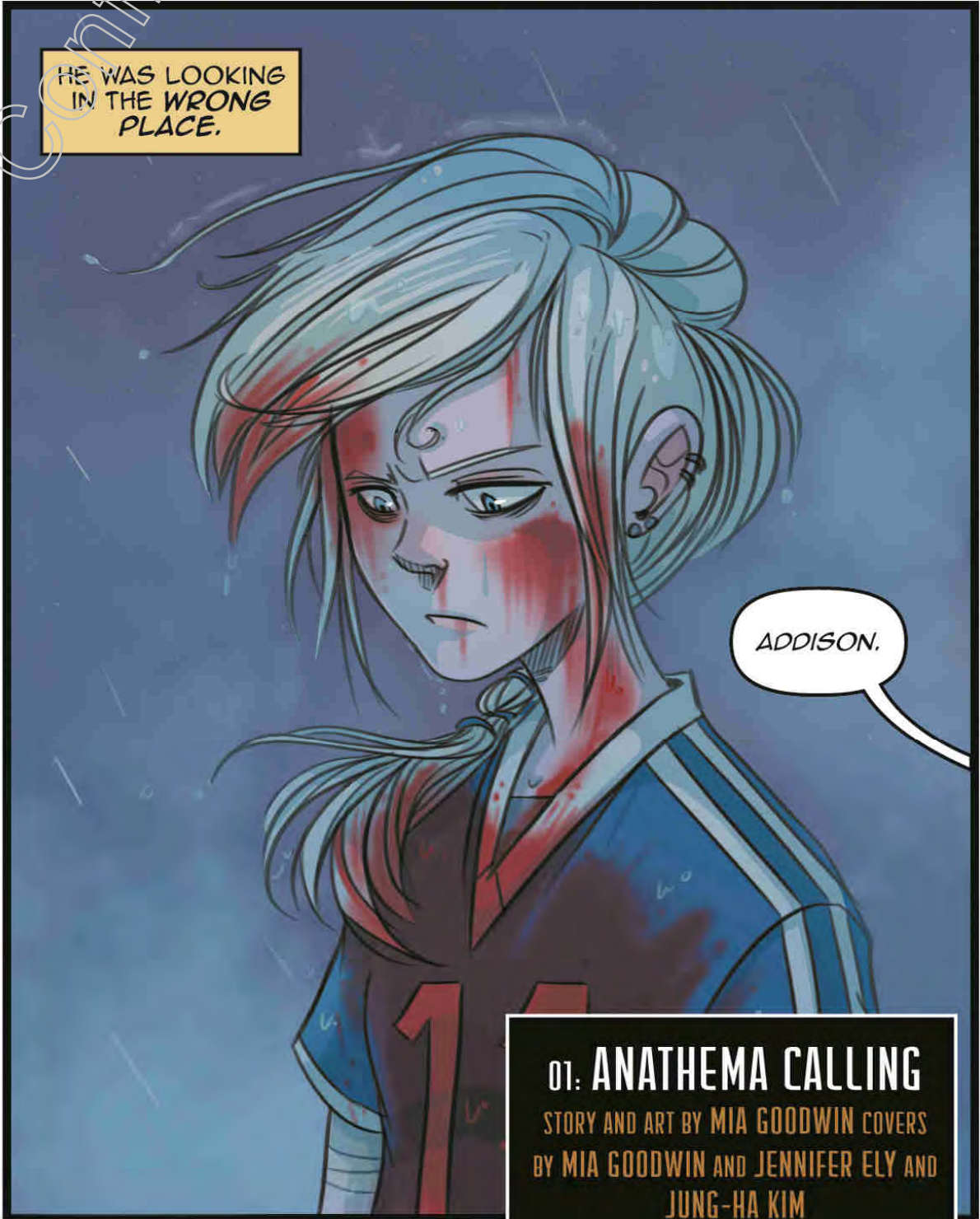
I FELT **SAFE** AFTER THAT.

I **SLEPT.**



URNS OUT, I WAS A **STUPID** KID AND MY GRANDFATHER WAS **RIGHT.**

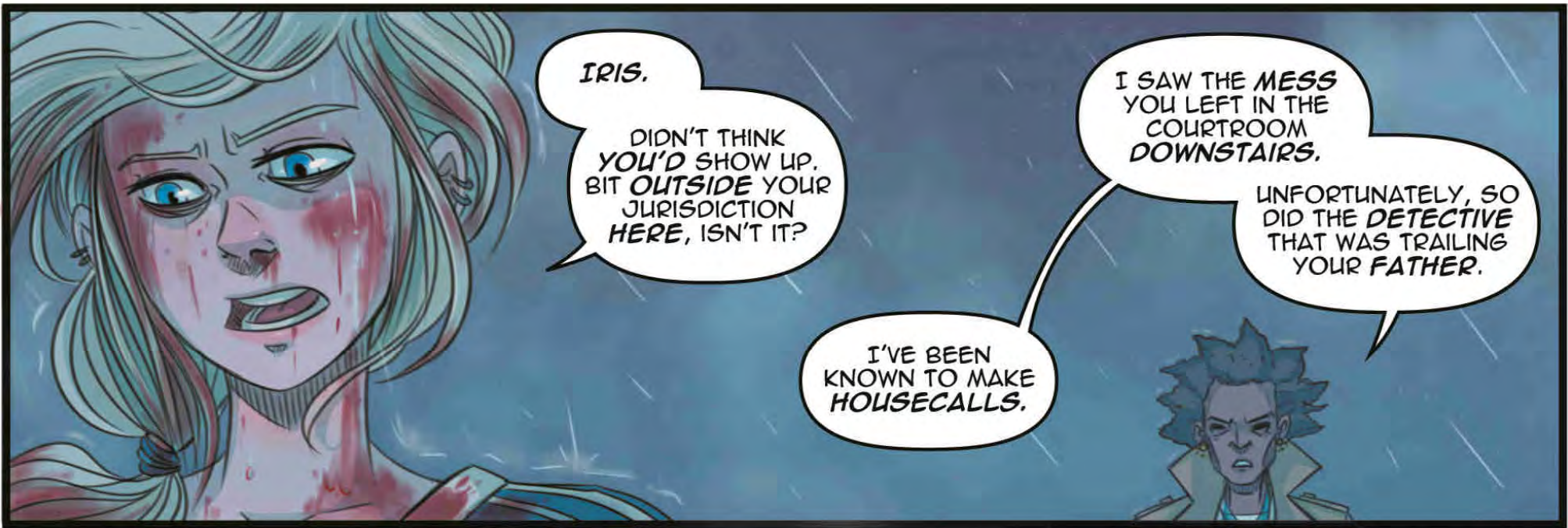
DAD **NEVER** FOUND ANY MONSTERS **UNDER** MY BED.



HE WAS LOOKING IN THE **WRONG** PLACE.

ADDISON.

01: **ANATHEMA CALLING**
STORY AND ART BY **MIA GOODWIN** COVERS
BY **MIA GOODWIN** AND **JENNIFER ELY** AND
JUNG-HA KIM



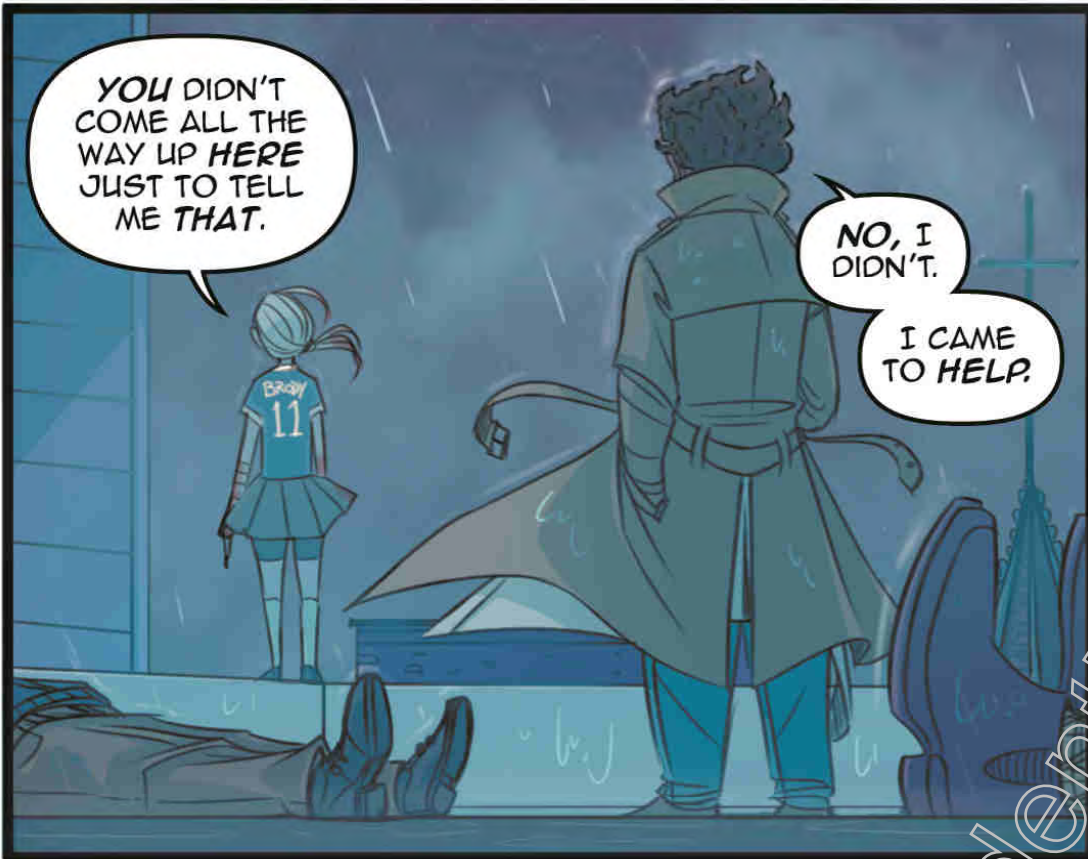
IRIS.

DIDN'T THINK
YOU'D SHOW UP.
BIT **OUTSIDE** YOUR
JURISDICTION
HERE, ISN'T IT?

I SAW THE **MESS**
YOU LEFT IN THE
COURTROOM
DOWNSTAIRS.

UNFORTUNATELY, SO
DID THE **DETECTIVE**
THAT WAS TRAILING
YOUR **FATHER**.

I'VE BEEN
KNOWN TO MAKE
HOUSECALLS.



YOU DIDN'T
COME ALL THE
WAY UP **HERE**
JUST TO TELL
ME **THAT**.

NO, I
DIDN'T.

I CAME
TO **HELP**.



YOU'RE **SICK**,
ADDISON.
SICK AND
SUFFERING.

AND YOU'RE
HERE TO PUT ME
DOWN, RIGHT?

BECAUSE
THAT'S WHAT
YOU DO.



YES.

THAT **IS**
WHAT I
DO.



HELL, IT'S
PROBABLY LESS
PAINFUL THAN
JUMPING,
RIGHT?

GOD...
THIS IS SO
MESSED UP.
HOW DID WE
EVEN GET
HERE?

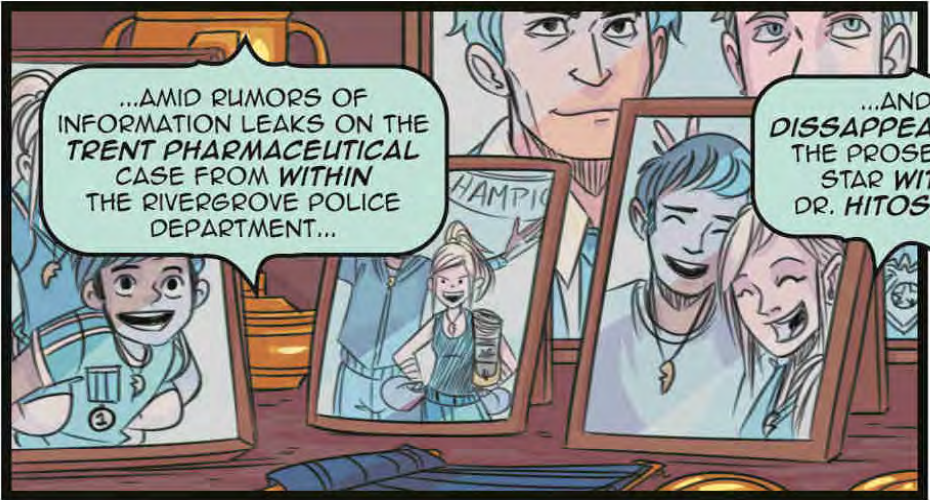


"EVERY
THING I
DID..."

"...IT WAS
SUPPOSED
TO BE FOR
NICK."

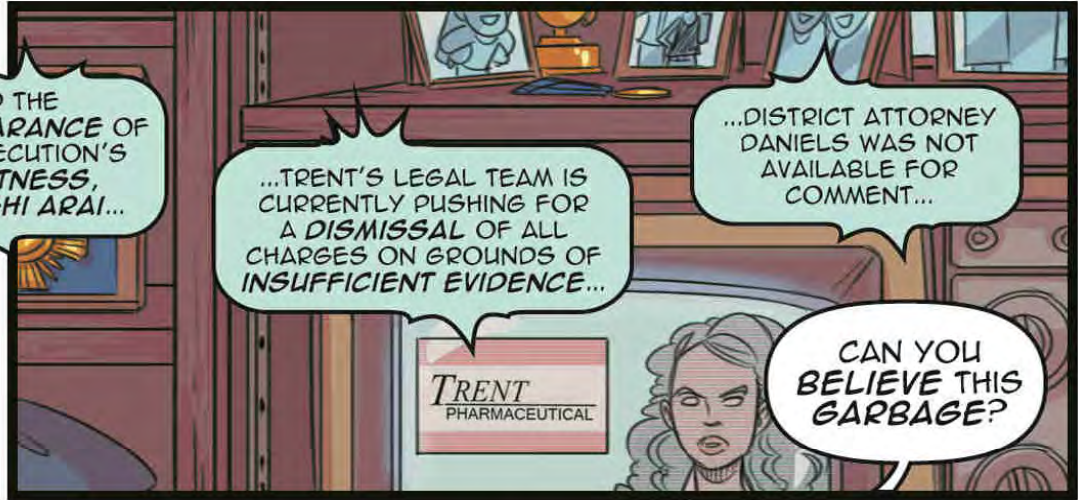


AT LEAST...
I THOUGHT
IT WAS FOR
NICK.



...AMID RUMORS OF INFORMATION LEAKS ON THE TRENT PHARMACEUTICAL CASE FROM WITHIN THE RIVERGROVE POLICE DEPARTMENT...

...AND THE DISSAPPEARANCE OF THE PROSECUTION'S STAR WITNESS, DR. HITOSHI ARAI...



...TRENT'S LEGAL TEAM IS CURRENTLY PUSHING FOR A DISMISSAL OF ALL CHARGES ON GROUNDS OF INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE...

...DISTRICT ATTORNEY DANIELS WAS NOT AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT...

CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS GARBAGE?



THAT TRENT WOMAN IS A CRIMINAL AND EVERYONE KNOWS IT!

INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY... IT'S ALL PART OF DUE PROCESS, DAD.

DUE PROCESS, MY ASS.

BACK WHEN I WAS CHIEF, YOU EITHER PUT 'EM BEHIND BARS OR YOU PUT 'EM IN THE GROUND!



AND YOU RODE IN WITH YOUR POSSE ON HORSEBACK, GUNS AND LIGHTS A BLAZIN'!

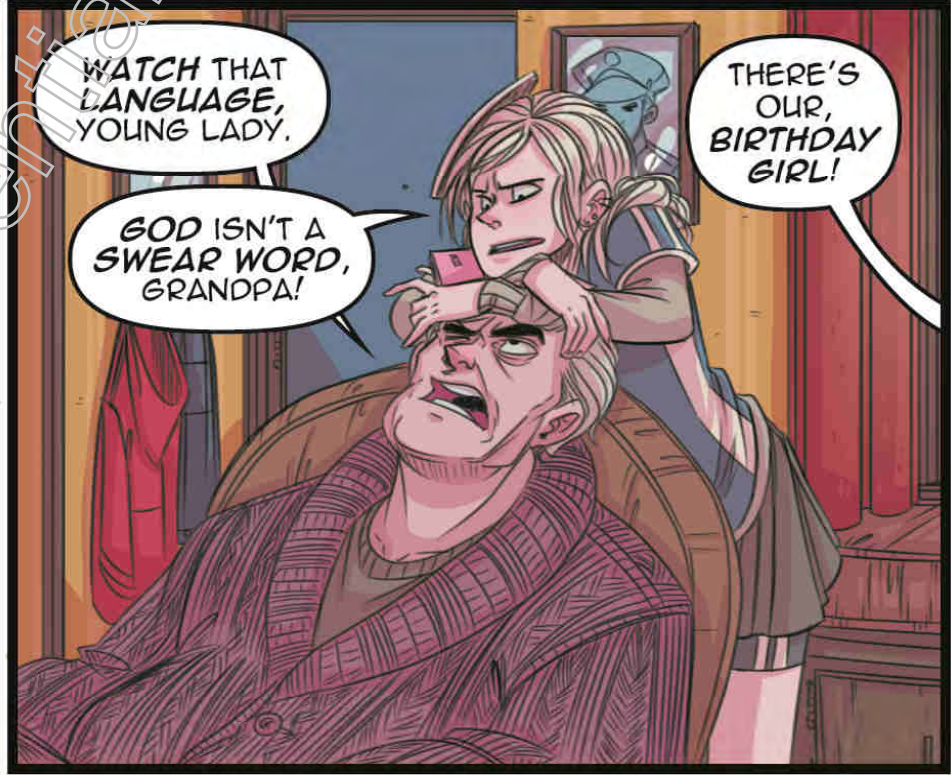
DON'T SASS ME, SON. YOU'RE NOT TOO OLD TO PUT OVER MY KNEE.



HEY, NO FIGHTING!

GOD, YOU GUYS CAN'T EVEN MAKE IT THROUGH BREAKFAST...

≥HPMH≤



WATCH THAT LANGUAGE, YOUNG LADY.

GOD ISN'T A SWEAR WORD, GRANDPA!

THERE'S OUR BIRTHDAY GIRL!



MORNING, DADDY.

SWEET SIXTEEN ...WHERE DID THE TIME GO?

HOPE YOU'RE HUNGRY.

THERE'S A MOUNTAIN OF PUMPKIN PANCAKES IN YOUR NEAR FUTURE.



YOU UNDERESTIMATE HOW MANY PANCAKES NICK AND I CAN EAT WHEN THERE'S PUMPKIN INVOLVED.

YOUR BOYFRIEND IS RUNNING LATE TODAY.

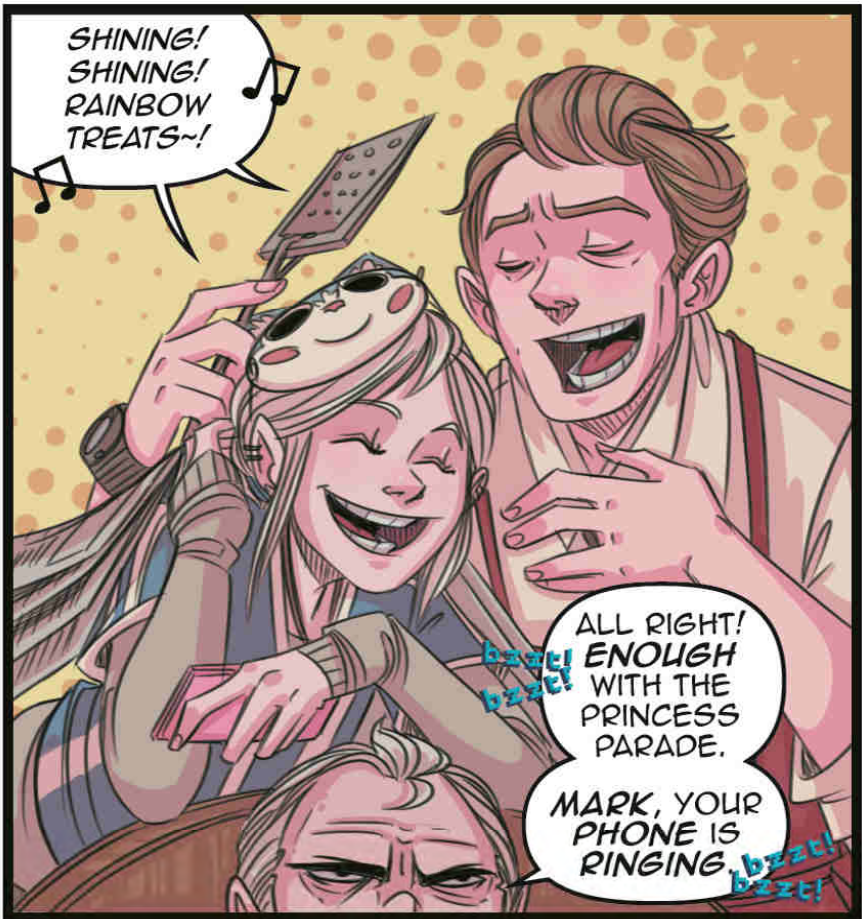
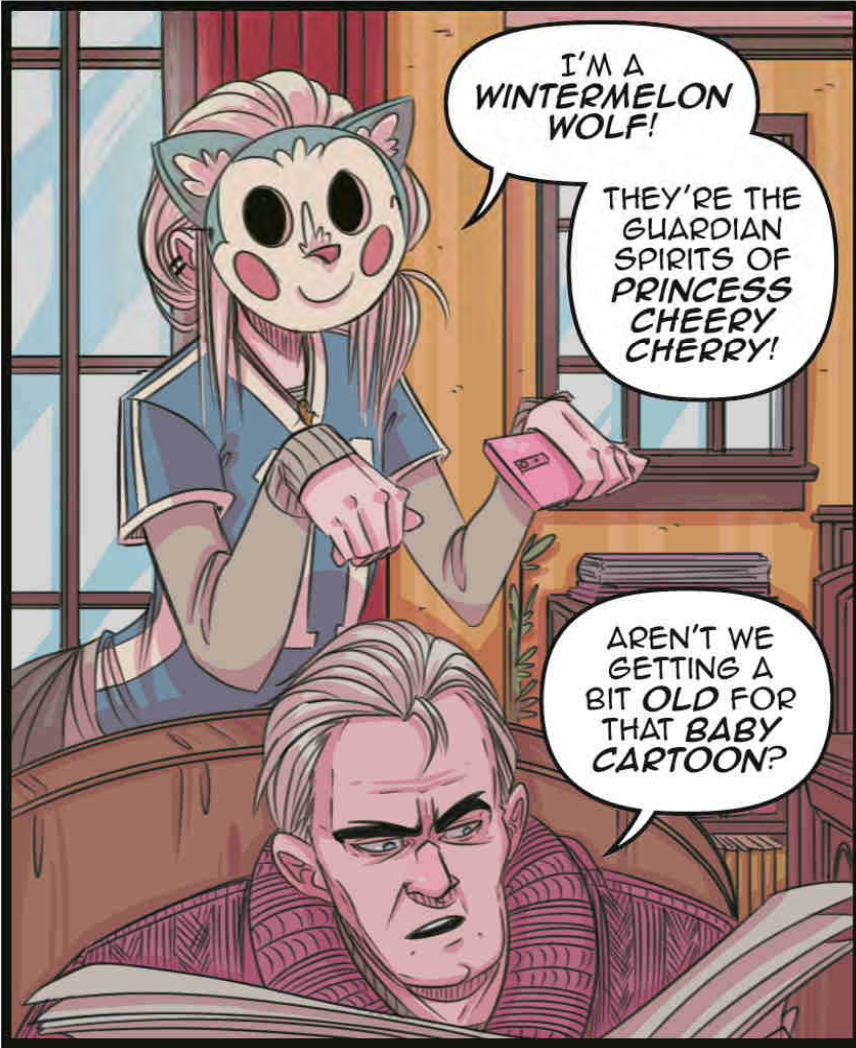
NO ONE RANG THE DOORBELL AT THE CRACK OF DAWN.



HE'S NOT MY BOYFRIEND, GRANDPA, HE'S MY BEST FRIEND.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

NOT FOR MEN, SWEETHEART.

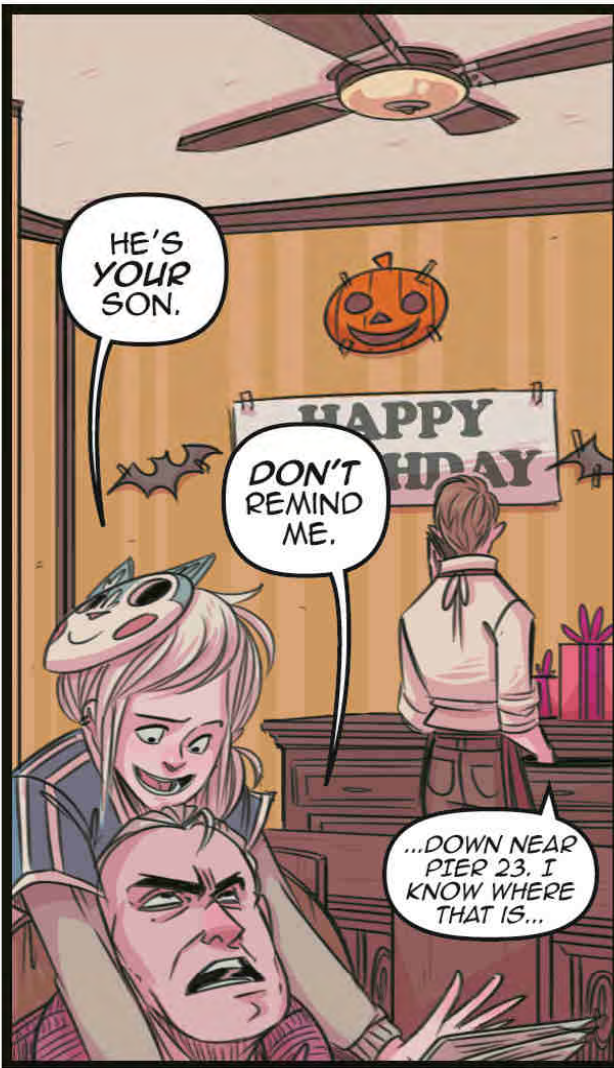




BETTER CUT GRANDPA SOME SLACK BEFORE THE PRUNES START FLYING.

BRODY HERE.

IF YOU COME HOME TODAY AND YOUR FATHER IS DEAD, YOU'LL KNOW WHY.



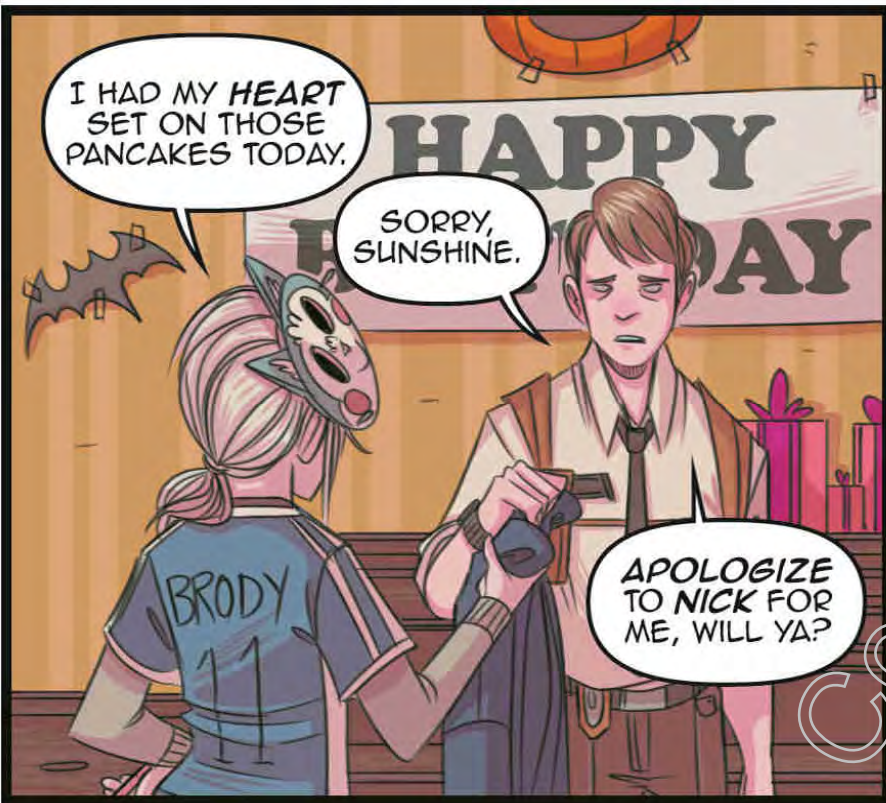
HE'S YOUR SON.

DON'T REMIND ME.

...DOWN NEAR PIER 23. I KNOW WHERE THAT IS...



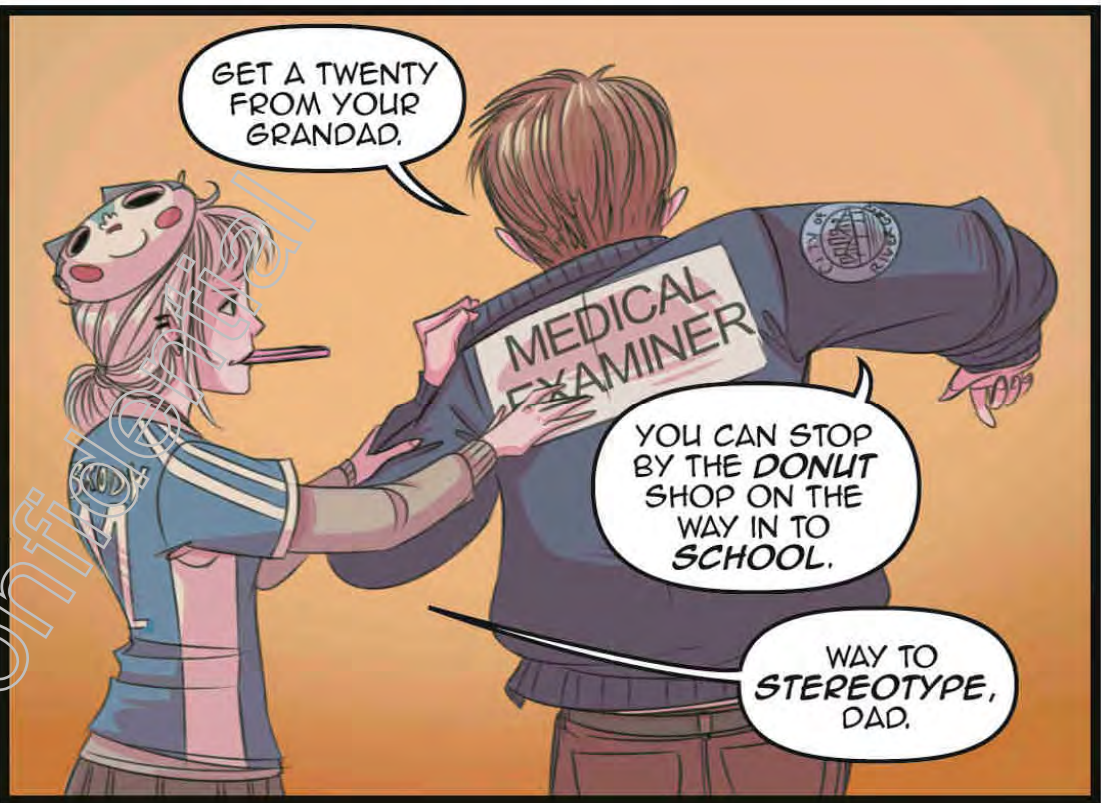
... HENRI IS ALREADY THERE? NO, IT'S FINE...DON'T LET HIM TOUCH ANYTHING... YEAH, I'M HEADED OUT NOW...



I HAD MY HEART SET ON THOSE PANCAKES TODAY.

SORRY, SUNSHINE.

APOLOGIZE TO NICK FOR ME, WILL YA?

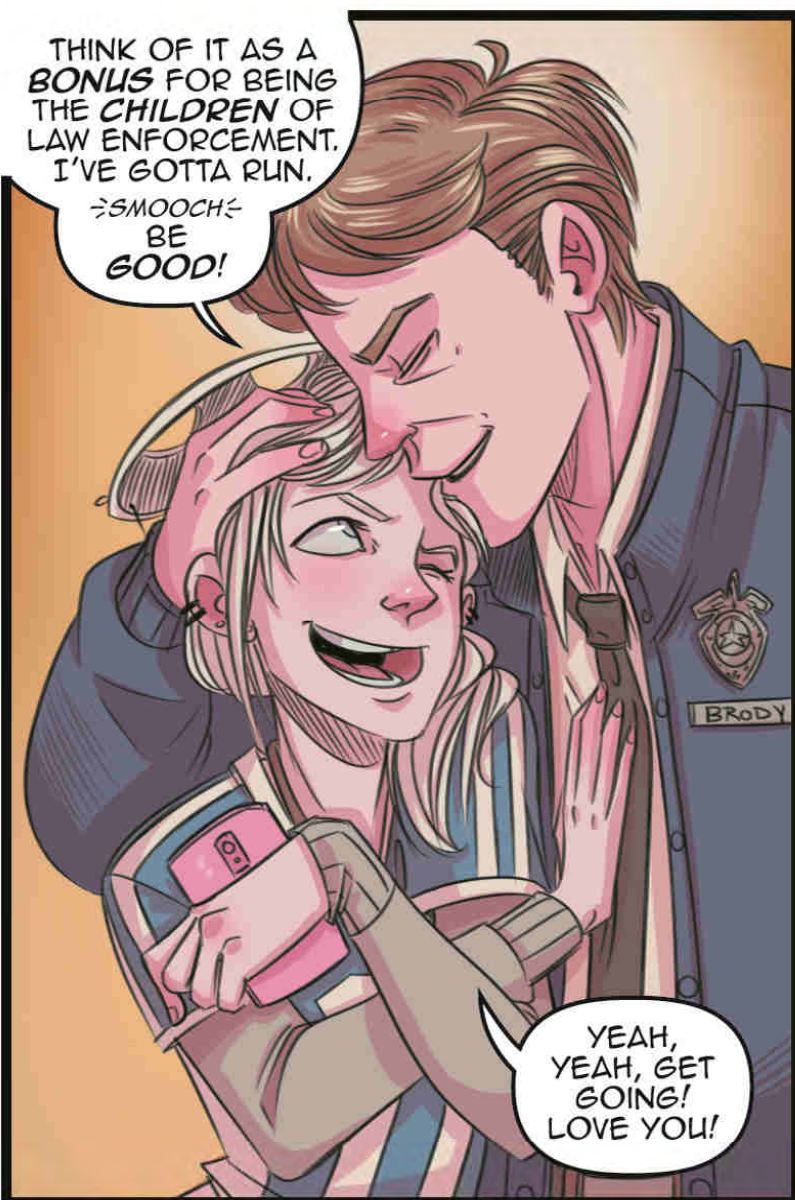


GET A TWENTY FROM YOUR GRANDAD.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

YOU CAN STOP BY THE DONUT SHOP ON THE WAY IN TO SCHOOL.

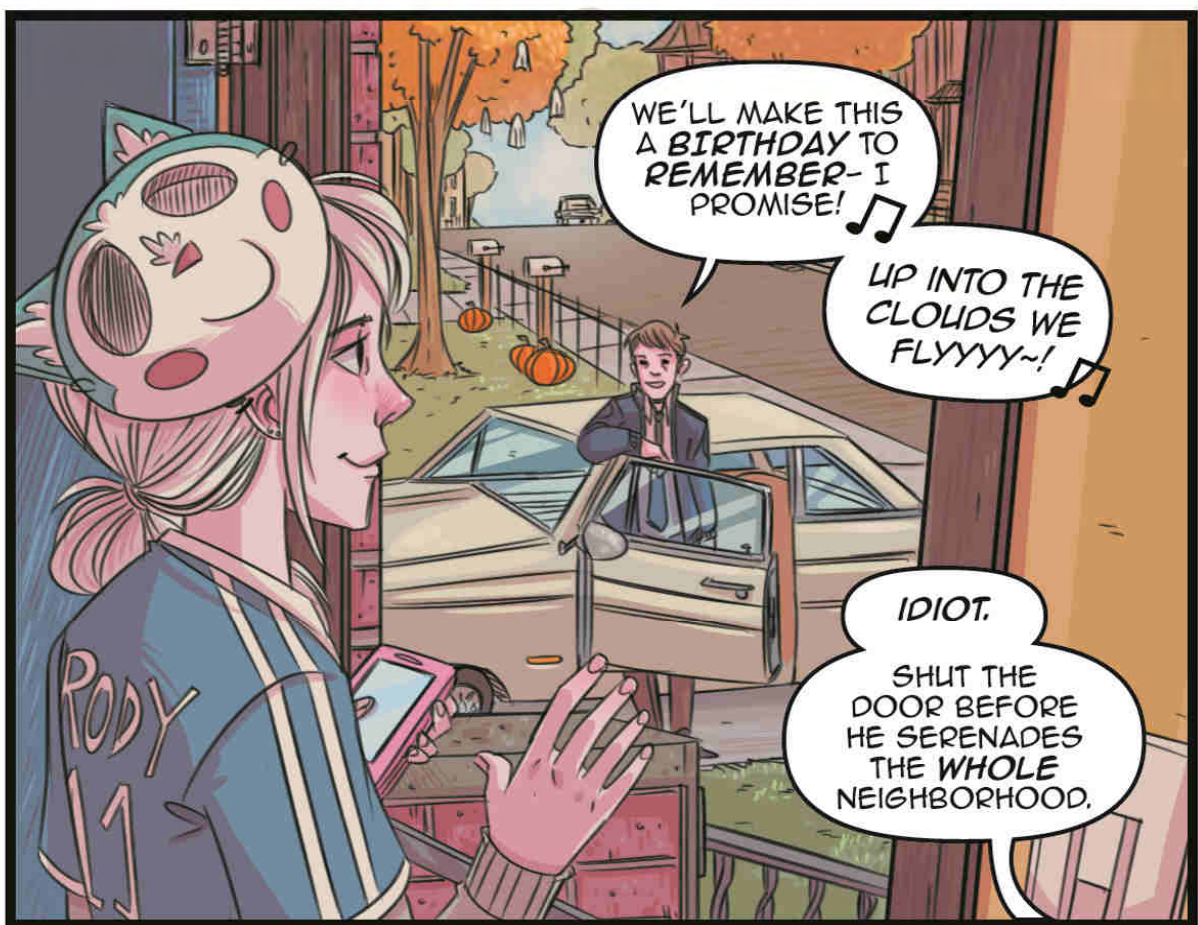
WAY TO STEREOTYPE, DAD.



THINK OF IT AS A BONUS FOR BEING THE CHILDREN OF LAW ENFORCEMENT. I'VE GOTTA RUN.

SMOOCH BE GOOD!

YEAH, YEAH, GET GOING! LOVE YOU!



WE'LL MAKE THIS A BIRTHDAY TO REMEMBER- I PROMISE!

UP INTO THE CLOUDS WE FLYYYY~!

IDIOT.

SHUT THE DOOR BEFORE HE SERENADES THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD.



SEE U TOMORROW <3
GOOD MORNING!
DID YOU FORGET
YOUR COSTUME?
WHERE R U
NICK?



MORNIN',
DOC. COLD
AS BALLS
TODAY.

SNOW'S ON
THE WAY, TOO.
WE'RE IN FOR
A LONG
WINTER.

HOW'S
THE
BABY?

MOBILE, TEETHING,
AND SCREAMING
ALL NIGHT.



SOUNDS
TERRIFYING.
GET YOURSELF
SOME COFFEE.

MAYBE
LATER.

TICO'S GROUP IS
STILL FINISHING UP.
THEY'LL HAVE HIM OUT
OF THE WATER FOR
YOU SOON.



FLOATER?

...DUNNO.

BETTER HURRY,
THOUGH. HENRI IS
ITCHING TO GET A
BETTER LOOK AT
THE STIFF.

IT'S HIS
FIRST FIELD
CASE.

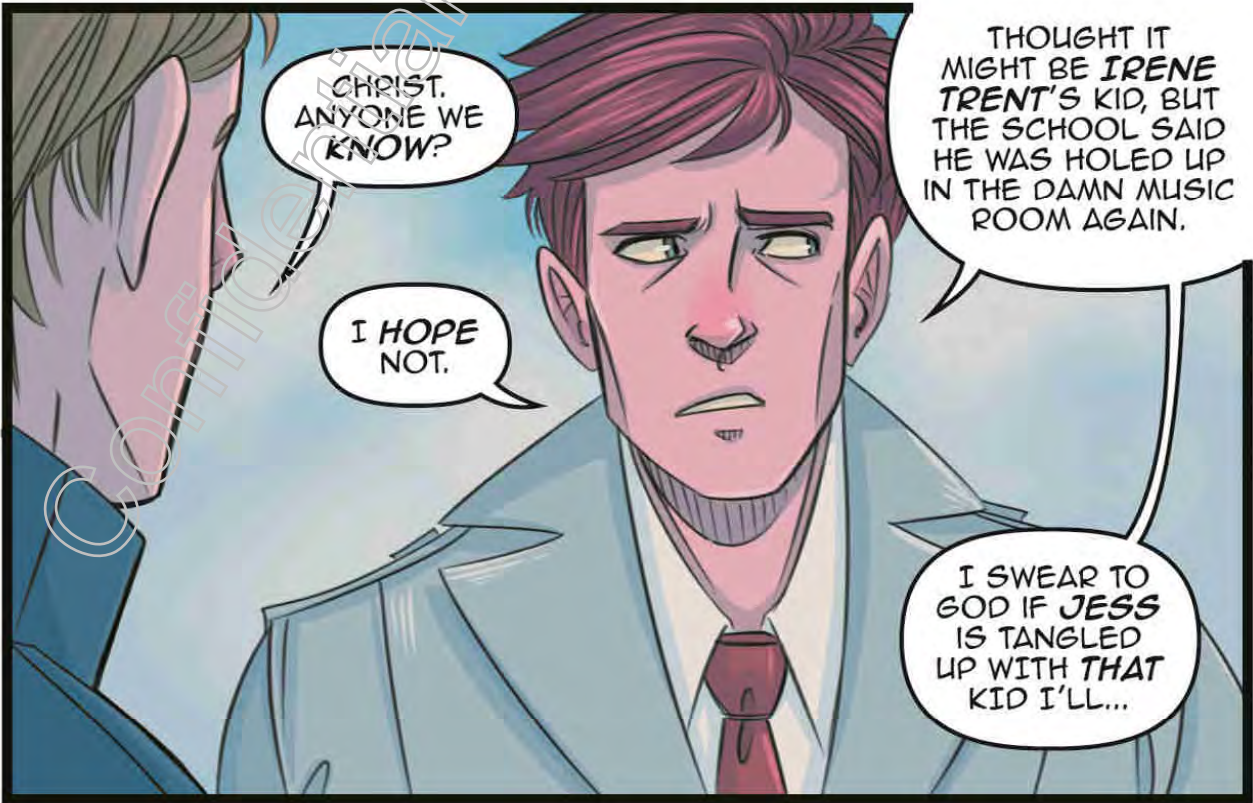
MARK!



WARREN? DIDN'T
EXPECT TO SEE THE
D.A. UP THIS EARLY
IN THE MORNING.

DOING SOME
GROUND CONTROL
FOR THE MAYOR
RIGHT NOW BEFORE
THINGS GET OUT OF
HAND.

THE BODY OVER
THERE IS WEARING
A UNIFORM FROM
OUR LADY OF
SORROWS.



CHRIST.
ANYONE WE
KNOW?

I HOPE
NOT.

THOUGHT IT
MIGHT BE IRENE
TRENT'S KID, BUT
THE SCHOOL SAID
HE WAS HOLED UP
IN THE DAMN MUSIC
ROOM AGAIN.

I SWEAR TO
GOD IF JESS
IS TANGLED
UP WITH THAT
KID I'LL...



CAN'T KEEP HER LOCKED
UP FOREVER, WARREN.
IT'S A PAINFUL TRUTH
OF FATHERHOOD—
YOUR BABY IS GOING
TO GROW UP WHEN
YOU'RE NOT LOOKING.

YEAH, WELL, I'M
STILL LOOKING.
HEADS UP, HERE
COMES YOUR
ROOKIE.

DOCTOR
BRODY!



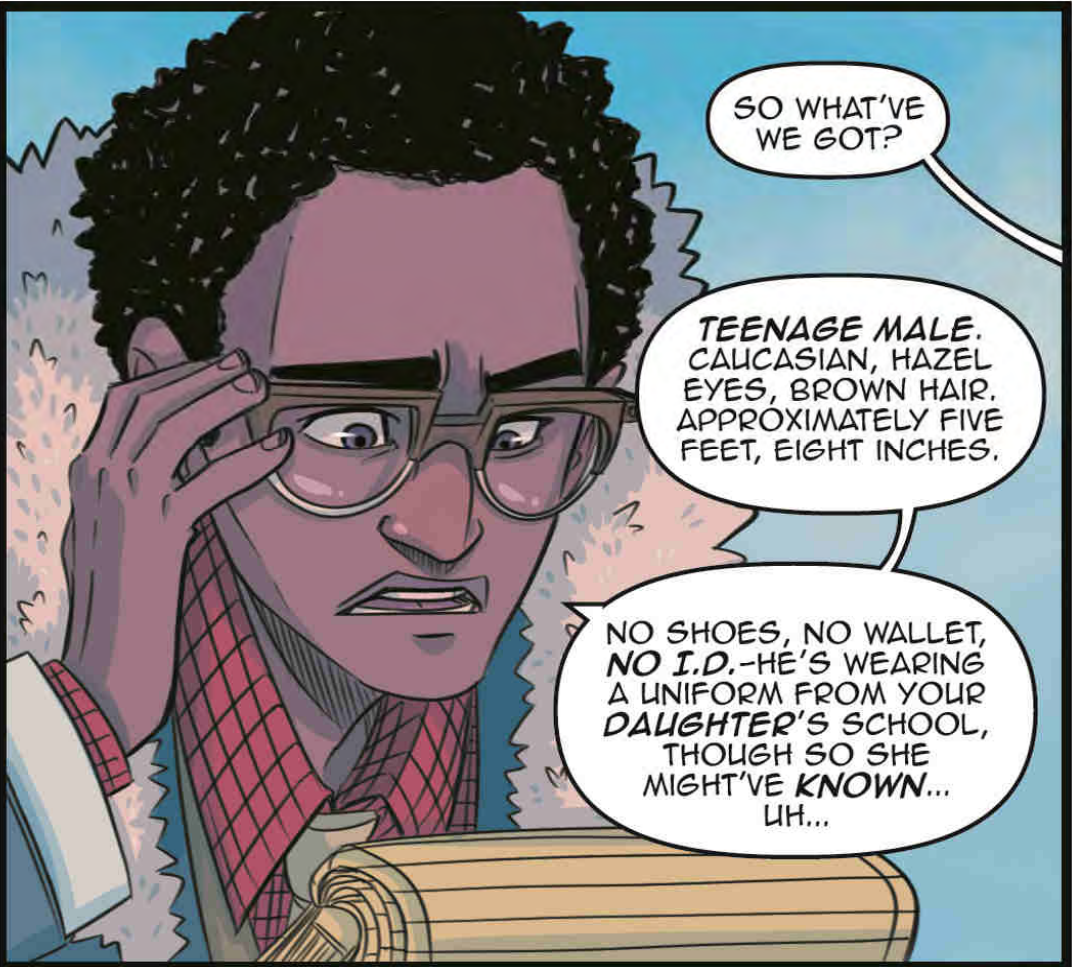
LET'S KEEP IT TO "MARK" TODAY, HENRI.

SORRY...DOC-ER-MARK...

...PERMISSION TO BRIEF YOU, SIR?

JUST RELAX. YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK PERMISSION.

...RIGHT.



SO WHAT'VE WE GOT?

TEENAGE MALE. CAUCASIAN, HAZEL EYES, BROWN HAIR. APPROXIMATELY FIVE FEET, EIGHT INCHES.

NO SHOES, NO WALLET, NO I.D.-HE'S WEARING A UNIFORM FROM YOUR DAUGHTER'S SCHOOL, THOUGH SO SHE MIGHT'VE KNOWN... UH...



KEEP IT TO THE FACTS.

... RIGHT. S-SORRY.

UH... JOGGER FOUND HIM IN THE WATER THIS MORNING...

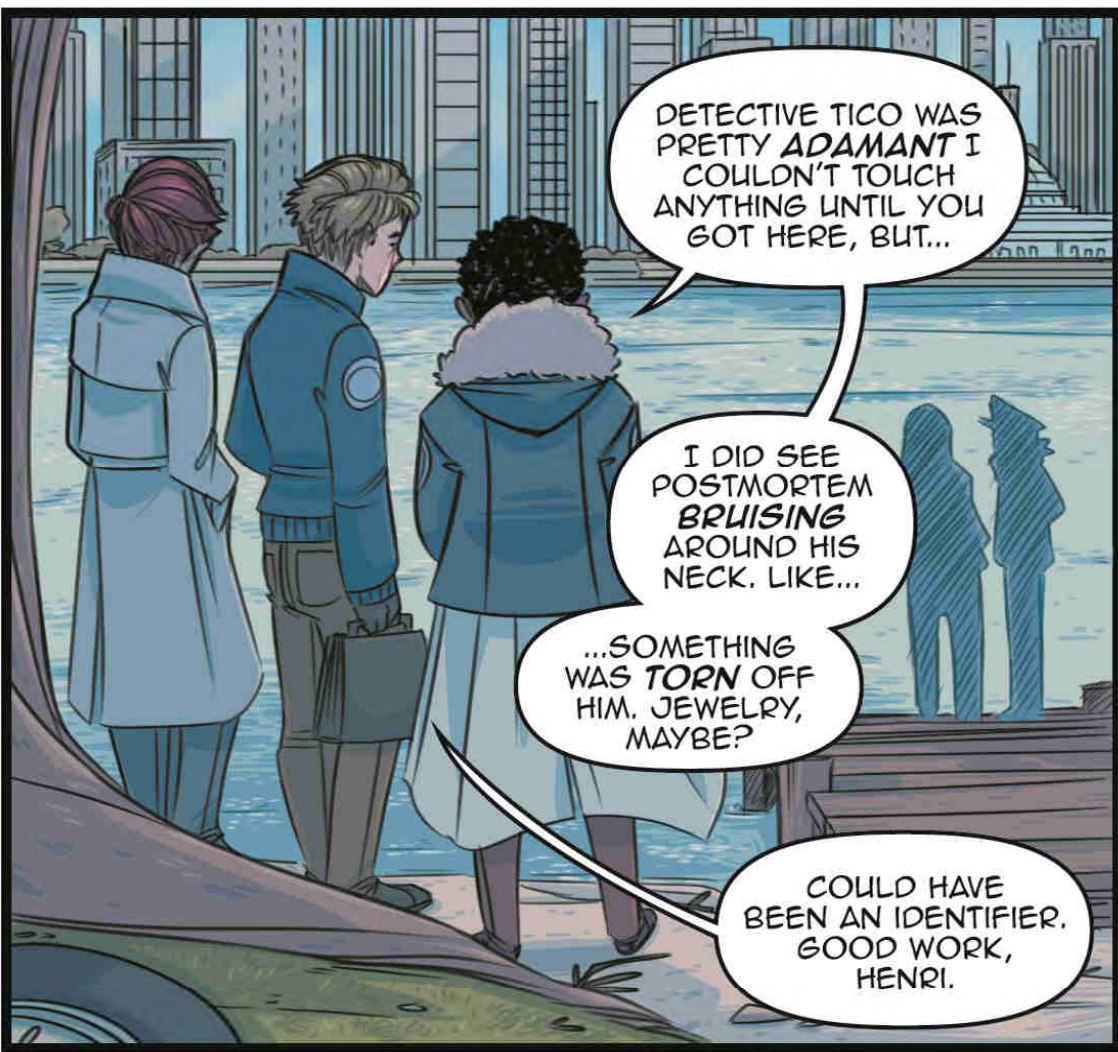
...THERE *APPEARS* TO BE A GUNSHOT WOUND TO THE *FOREHEAD*... WHICH, UH...



...PROBABLY *KILLED* HIM.

RIGHT.

ANYTHING ELSE FOR ME?



DETECTIVE TICO WAS PRETTY *ADAMANT* I COULDN'T TOUCH ANYTHING UNTIL YOU GOT HERE, BUT...

I DID SEE POSTMORTEM *BRUISING* AROUND HIS NECK. LIKE...

...SOMETHING WAS *TORN OFF* HIM. JEWELRY, MAYBE?

COULD HAVE BEEN AN IDENTIFIER. GOOD WORK, HENRI.



FANCY A LOOK BEFORE WE DRY DOCK HIM, BRODY?

SURE, SURE. JUST LET ME GET THIS *THING* GOING.

