

NATURE CONCRETEFURY

WRITTEN BY LUCIANO SARACINO

LETTERING BY SHAWN LEE

TRANSLATION AND EDITS BY CARLOS GUZMAN

PUBLISHER TED ADAMS

ARTWORK BY ARIEL OLIVETTI



COVER A ART BY ARIEL OLIVETTI



COVER B ART BY ARIEL OLIVETTI

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I AM MR. THOMAS S. WOLF. I HOPE YOU REMEMBER ME.

CUT

C

A FEW DAYS AGO, I ORDERED A SMALL JOB THAT HAS NOT BEEN COMPLETED. SADLY, I HAD TO PRESENT MYSELF TO CARRY IT TO TERM.

I REGRET THE SITUATION IN WHICH WE FIND OURSELVES, BUT YOU'VE LEFT ME NO CHOICE.

KATHY?

MEANING... ONE CAN'T ENTER A MAN'S HOUSE AND SAY "HELLO, I'VE COME TO ASK THAT YOU COME WITH ME AND WILLINGLY SUBMIT YOURSELF TO THE MOST ABHORRENT EXPERIMENTS YOU CAN IMAGINE."

SO WHAT ONE DOES IS STEP IN AND END THIS MAN'S LIFE.



Darkness protects me.

When there's no more reason to open your eyes. When the world has become a mouth that chews you up endlessly. When there is no hope of ever leaving the abyss...

...We can always embrace the darkness. For in the dark, at least, we have the privilege of not seeing when seeing hurts.

They say, those who've never seen a cuckoo bird, that cuckoos live in darkness. Poor fools. Do you see anything around me? All black-like death-all around me. No cuckoos.

Of course, nothing stops hurting. But the darkness at least makes it bearable.

The deep shoal.



The backs of all that lights our life.

The end of all stories.

The site you arrive at when the pain makes it irresistible.

> Because it protects you.

> > Darkness protects.





