

SIMON M.

SCRIPT
PANEL LAYOUT
COVER

TRANSLATION
(SORRY, ENGLISH SPEAKERS)

ATANA S.

PENCILS
INK

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Dear W.

I could go on for hours and hours about biology, all these different strange, this underdeveloped country, but precarious economic state

my husband

In brief

the two languages should

and about that, investigation; the castle is quite a secret.

and
re three
cret room
just one a
horror fes



no way of passing through
psychic attack was beyond
but we need it if we pretend
Santiago, the cursed city

of a horrific hand of Satan and
release wicked think it worked
depression and protection system
I don't think In brief, there
it's going to work.

Santiago cannot be the only way of controlling the beast;
I would need the hand of Satan to enter there, and I
don't think I'm able to handle it. Do you know what

type of person has to be
one without scruples, with
a licentious, out-of-control

immoral

lazy

haggard

unstable

and decadent





WHAT'S YOUR POWER?

YOU ARE A MAGE, RIGHT? SELF-TAUGHT, BUT A MAGE NONETHELESS.

HM?

I SAW YOU DID THE RITUAL OF THE DOOR.



WHAT TALENT DID YOU GET, IN THE RITUAL?

I'M SUPPOSED TO ANSWER TO YOU?



I'M AWARE THAT YOU READ MY MIND.

YOU'RE NOT AWARE OF YOUR SITUATION, HM?

AND YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT.



SO, YOUR TALENT IS BEING A MORON.

I CAN TALK WITH THE INORGANIC WORLD.

BEING SUCH A MORON THAT THE FACT THAT YOU'RE STILL BREATHING IS A MAGICAL ACT IN AND OF ITSELF.



INORGANIC WORLD?

WALLS. FURNITURE. THINGS.

THEY TALK TO YOU?

SOME-TIMES.

NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

THEY TALK TO YOU OR YOU THINK THEY TALK TO YOU?



MMM...

I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT THAT WAY.

THEY'VE ALWAYS GIVEN ME USEFUL INFORMATION.

DO YOU THINK IT'S JUST ME?

TALKING TO MYSELF?



WHO KNOWS.

HOW'S IT GOING WITH THAT SHIT?

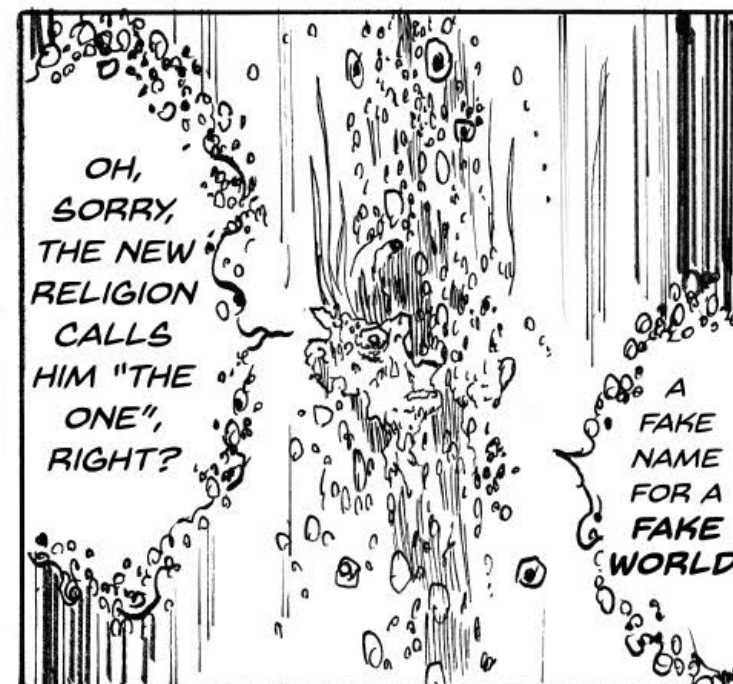
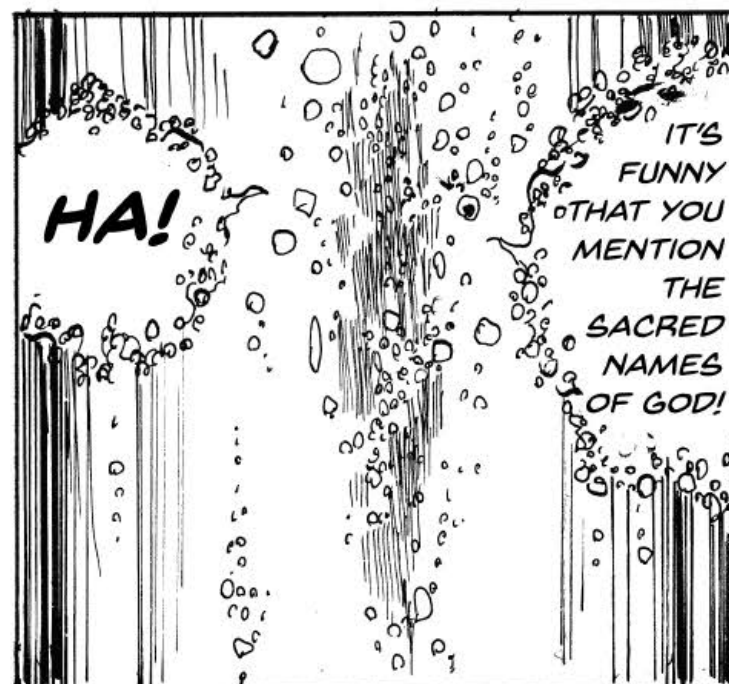
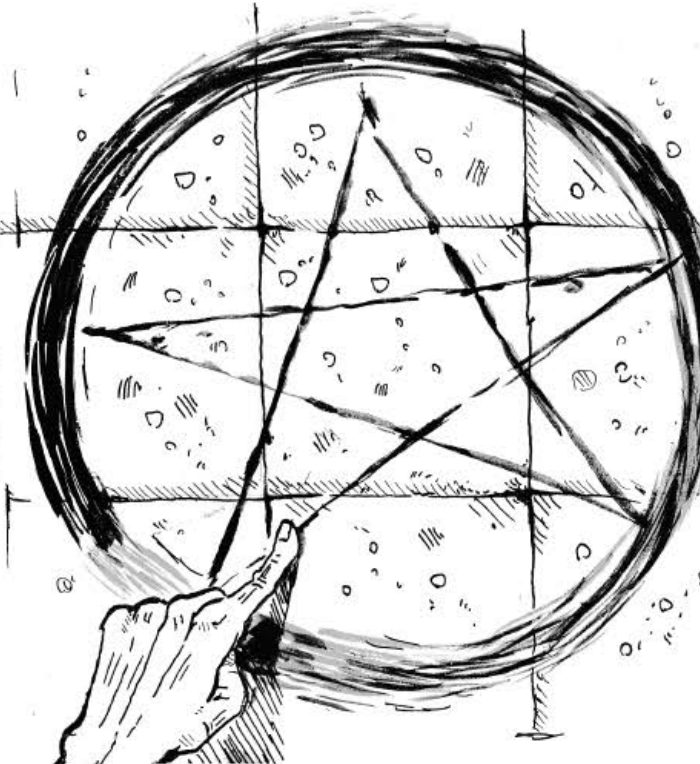
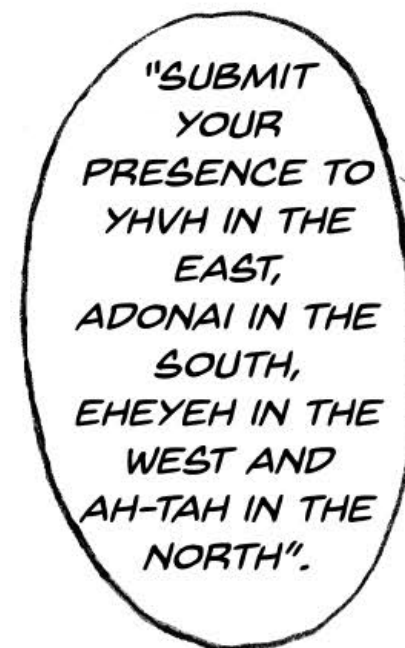
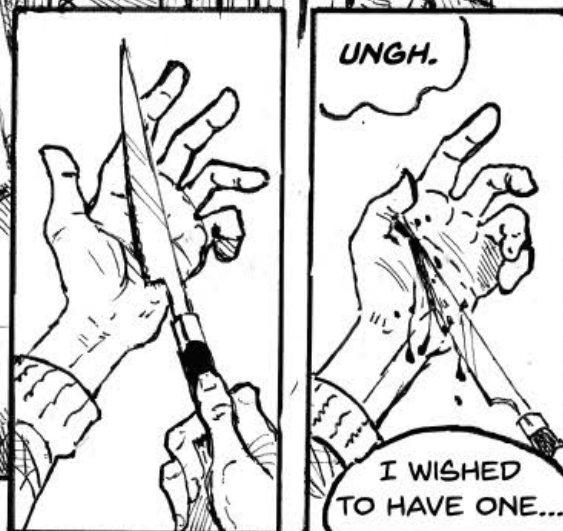
CAN YOU TAKE IT OFF?

NO.

BY THE WAY...



*SHE'S ACTUALLY SPEAKING IN ENGLISH FROM HERE ON OUT.





DO YOU
KNOW ME?



ELLEN,
PLEASE...

YOUR GROUP HAS GAINED
QUITE THE **REPUTATION**
AMONG MY COMRADES.



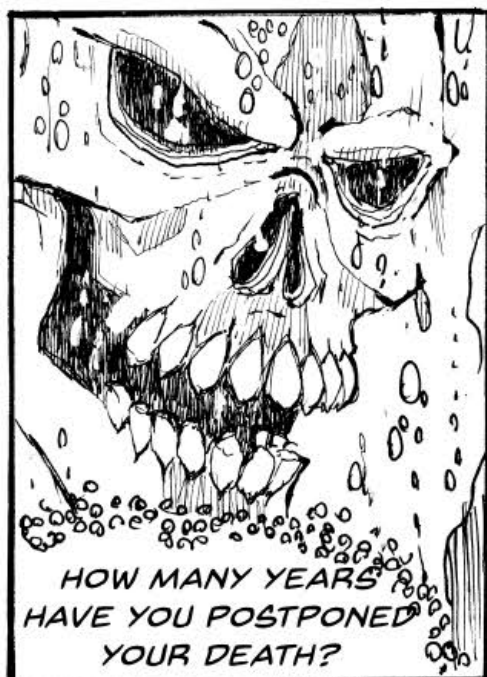
AND EVEN IF I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU, YOU REEK OF
NAPHTHALENE...



DO YOU BELIEVE
US TO BE SO
STUPID THAT WE
WOULD FALL
INTO DEMONO-
LOGY...

...WITHOUT
TAKING THE NE-
CESSARY **PRE-**
CAUTIONS?

I THOUGHT
DEMONS
WERE SMAR-
TER THAN
THAT.



HOW MANY YEARS
HAVE YOU POSTPONED
YOUR DEATH?



AND YOUR
HUSBAND'S?

ENOUGH
OF THIS.



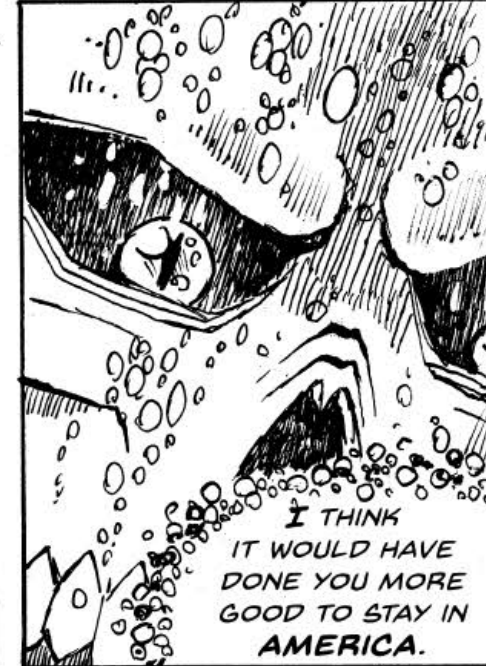
WHAT WERE
YOU DOING HERE?
WERE YOU IN SEARCH
OF REVENGE?



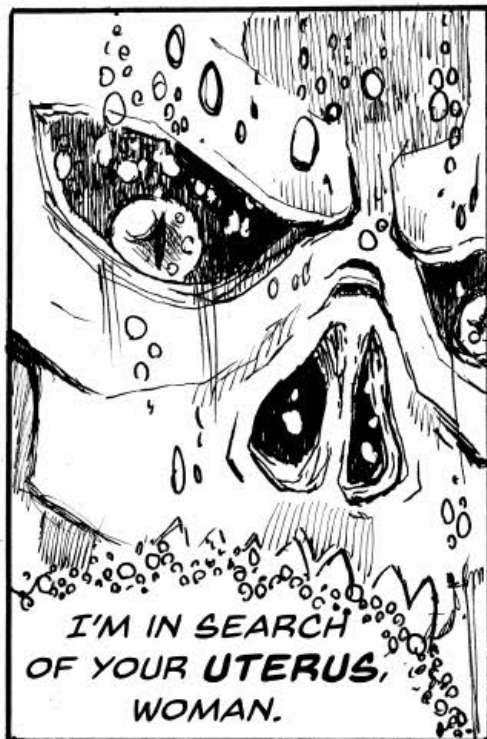
IT WOULD
HAVE DONE
YOU MORE
GOOD
TO STAY
IN **HELL**.



OH,
REALLY?



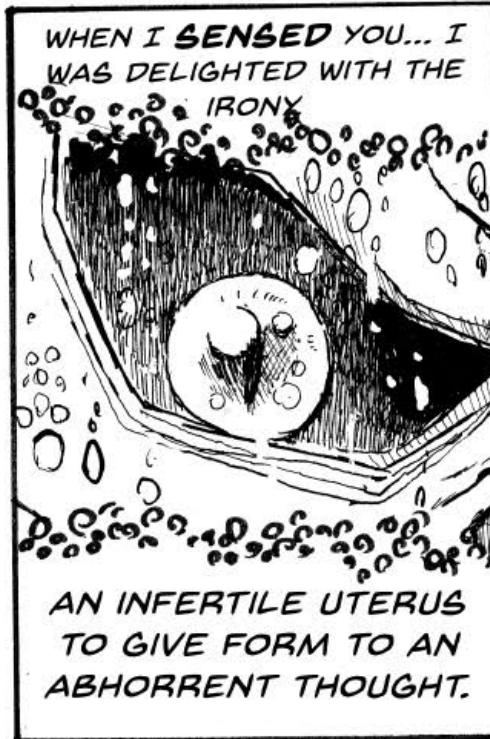
I THINK
IT WOULD HAVE
DONE YOU MORE
GOOD TO STAY IN
AMERICA.



I'M IN SEARCH
OF YOUR **UTERUS**,
WOMAN.



I'M STILL MORE
FICTION THAN
REALITY.

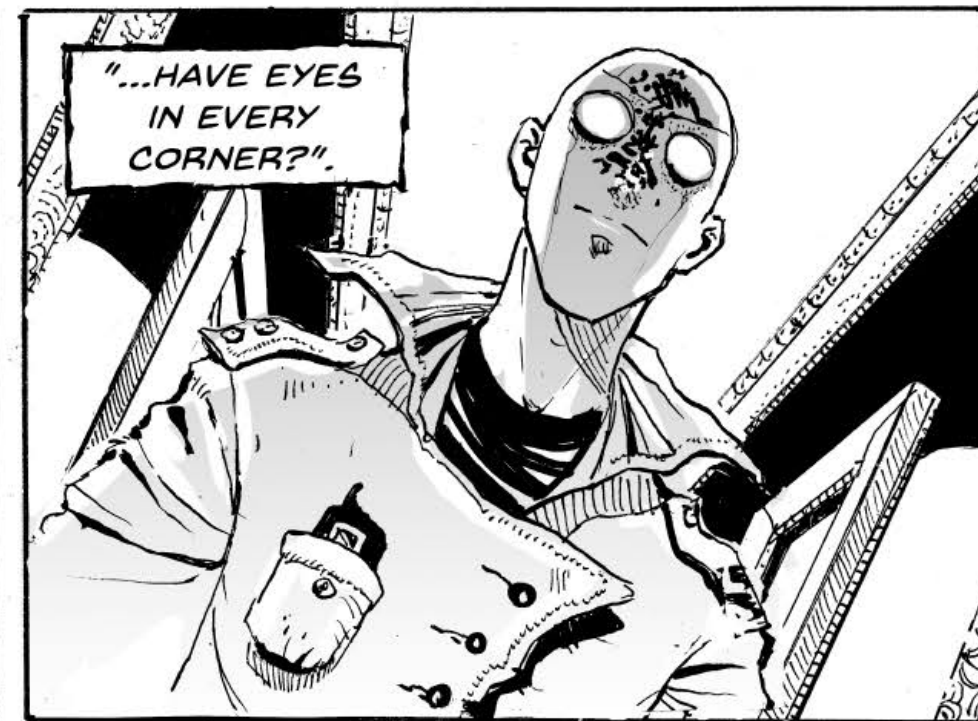


WHEN I **SENSED** YOU... I
WAS DELIGHTED WITH THE
IRONIC

AN INFERTILE UTERUS
TO GIVE FORM TO AN
ABHORRENT THOUGHT.



"HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN THAT
WE DEMONS..."

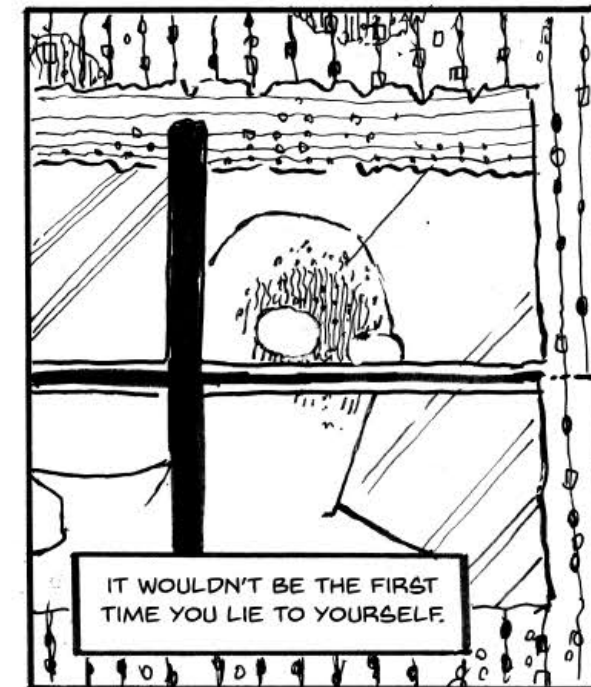


"...HAVE EYES
IN EVERY
CORNER?"



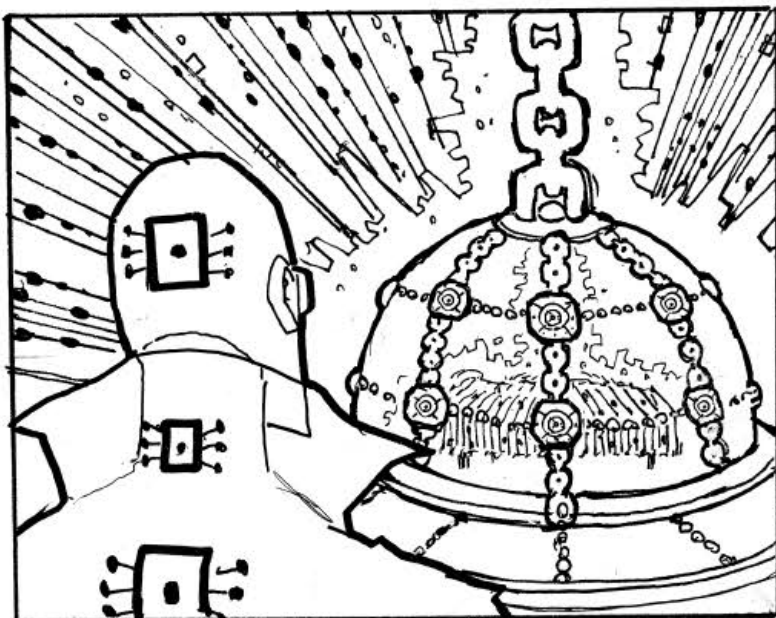
THE ATTIC SMELLS OF ABRASIVE JUNK: ROTTEN TURPENTINE OR HYDROCHLORIC ACID OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I TAKE A LOOK, AS I RELAX SO MY EYES USE THEIR **POWER** TO TRANSCEND THE **MATERIAL PLANE...**

THERE ARE INVISIBLE CURVES IN THE AIR, FROZEN GESTURES OF STRANGE RITUALS. MAYBE THAT EXPLAINS THE CORRUPTION OF THE HOUSE. ALTHOUGH, OBVIOUSLY, HOW WOULD I KNOW IF WHAT I SEE IS WHAT **IT IS?**

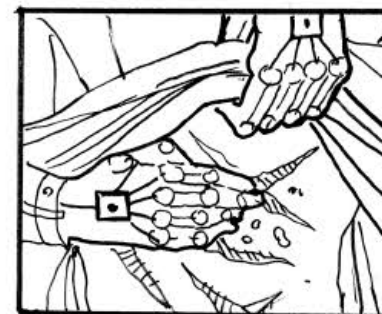
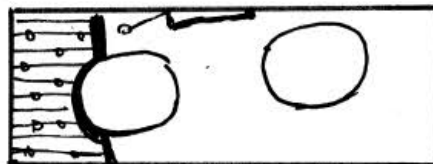


IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME YOU LIE TO YOURSELF.

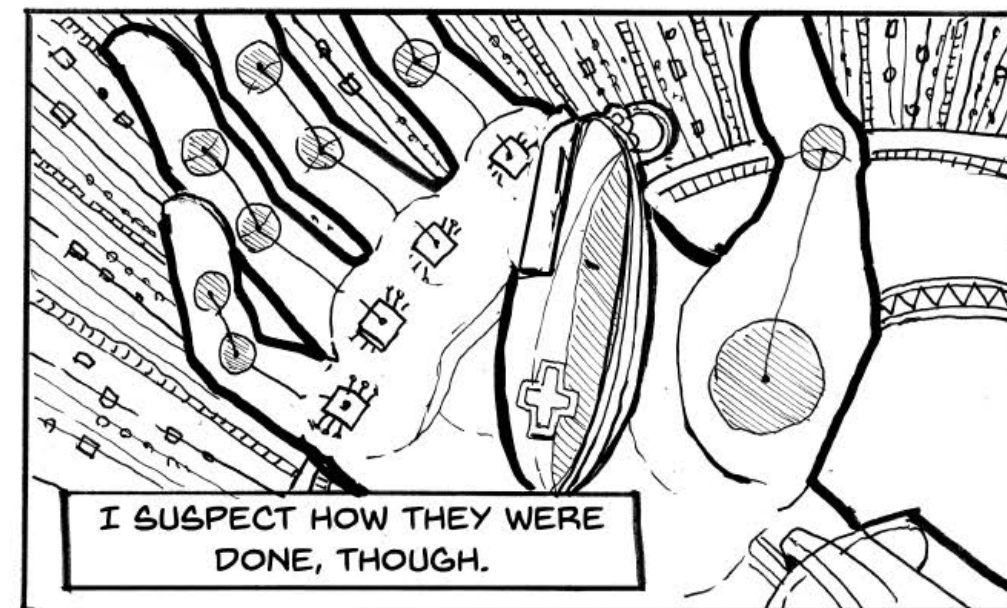
IT'S AS IF THE PLACE IS FILLED WITH **ANTIMATTER**. IT EMANATES FROM AN ORB, CREATED WITH SIGILS WRITTEN IN BLOOD, ON THE FLOOR.



I SENSE SOMETHING STRANGE. PART OF THIS POWER COMES FROM SOMETHING AWFUL THAT HAPPENED **LONG AGO...**

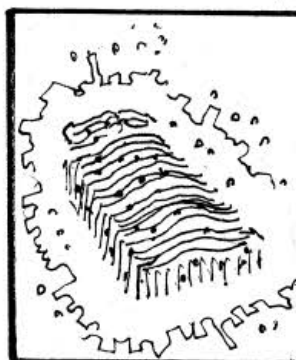


I CAN'T SEE WHAT IT WAS, BUT IT'S DAMAGING ENOUGH TO REOPEN WOUNDS I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD.

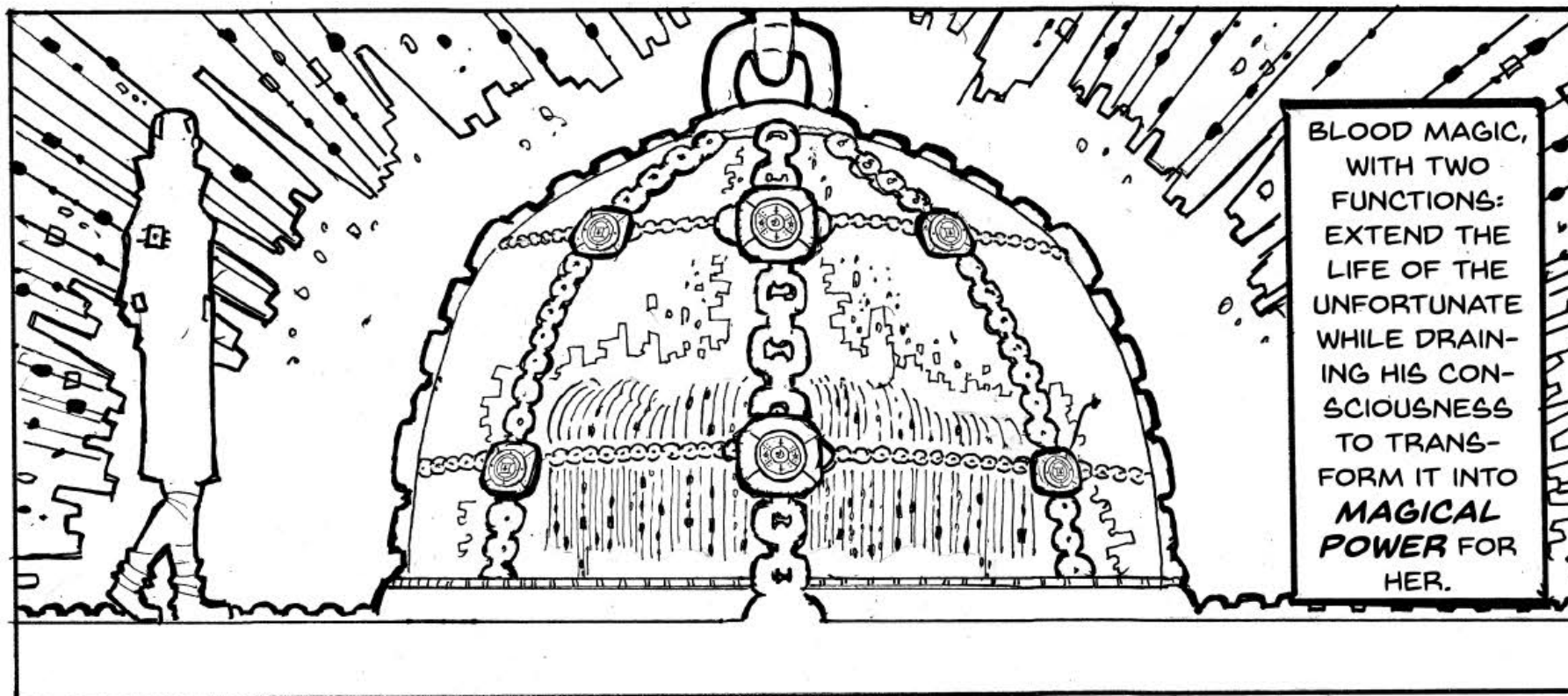


I SUSPECT HOW THEY WERE DONE, THOUGH.

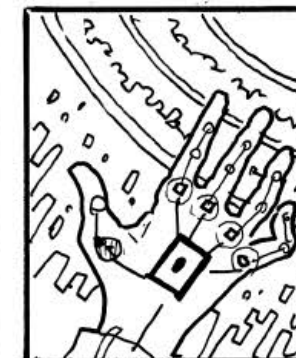
I APPROACH THE ORB. A HORROR WAVE SHAKES MY BACK-BONE.



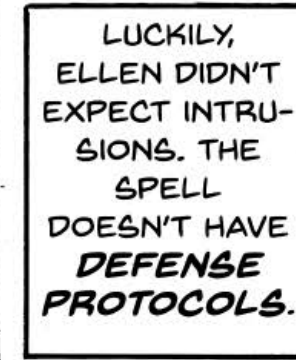
IN THE CENTER OF THE ORB, A BED. IN IT, A MAN. OLD. ASLEEP? NOT EXACTLY...



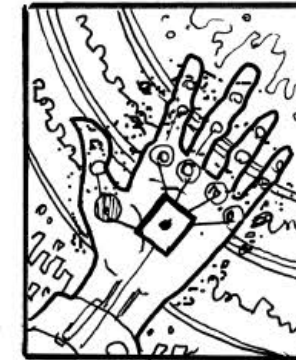
BLOOD MAGIC, WITH TWO FUNCTIONS: EXTEND THE LIFE OF THE UNFORTUNATE WHILE DRAINING HIS CONSCIOUSNESS TO TRANSFORM IT INTO **MAGICAL POWER** FOR HER.

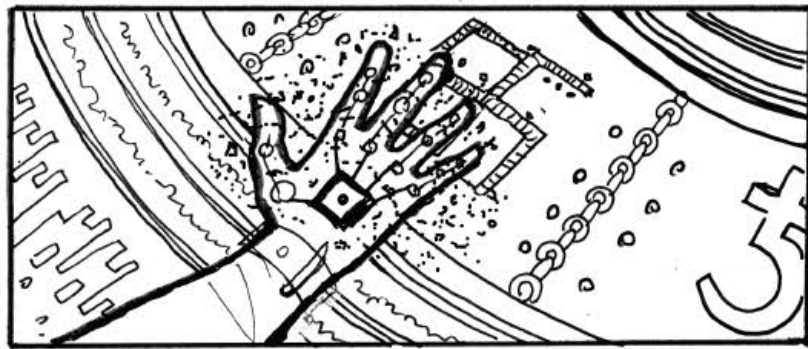


THE MAN IS CADAVEROUS; HIS SKIN SO PALE ONE HAS TO WONDER HOW IS HE STILL **ALIVE**.



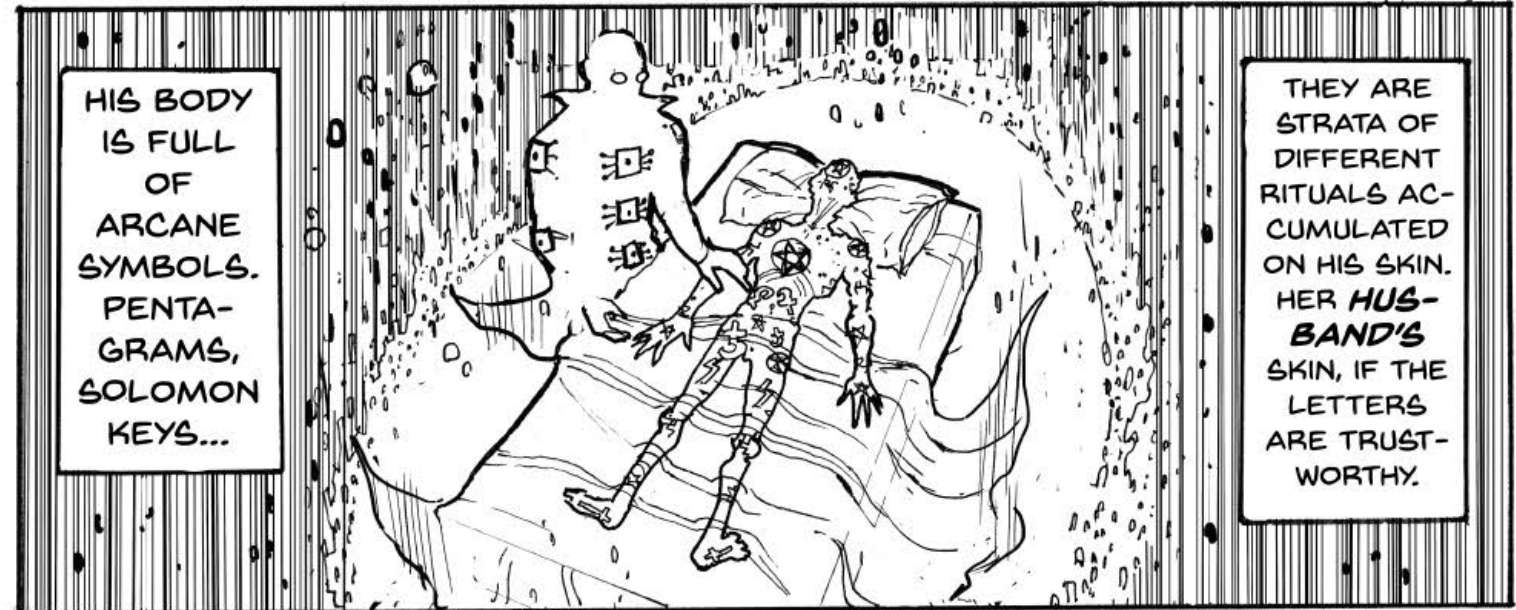
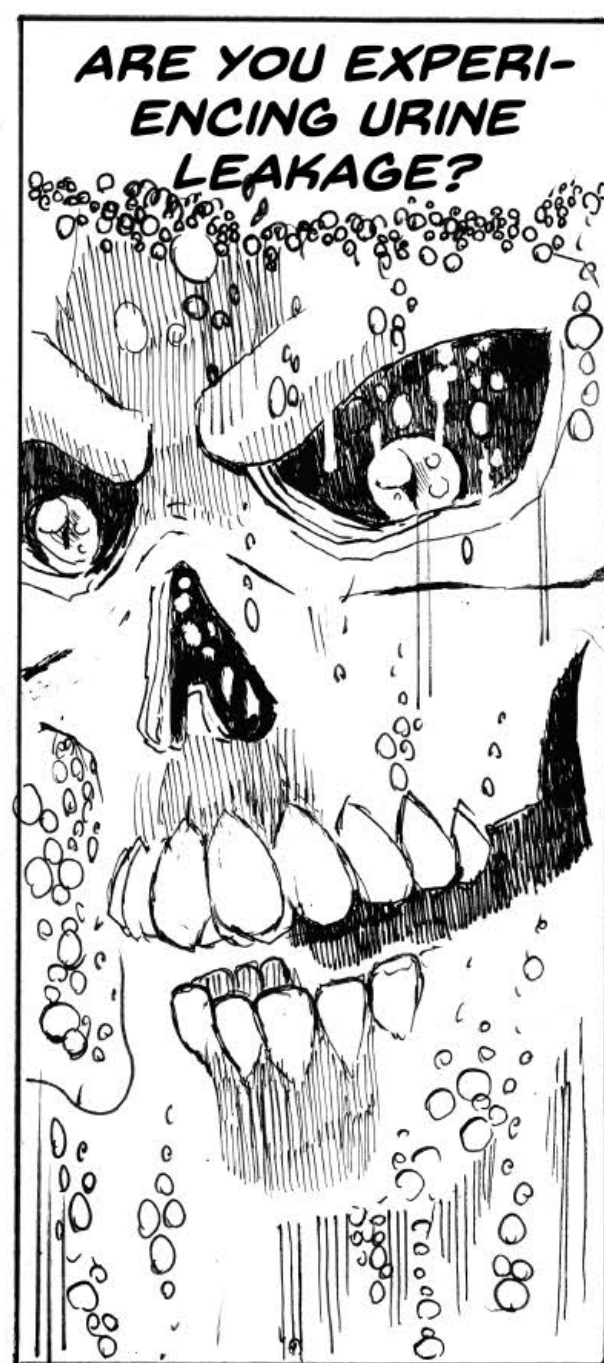
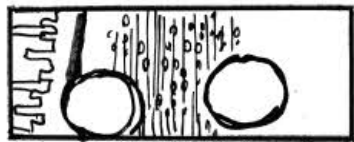
LUCKILY, ELLEN DIDN'T EXPECT INTRUSIONS. THE SPELL DOESN'T HAVE **DEFENSE PROTOCOLS**.



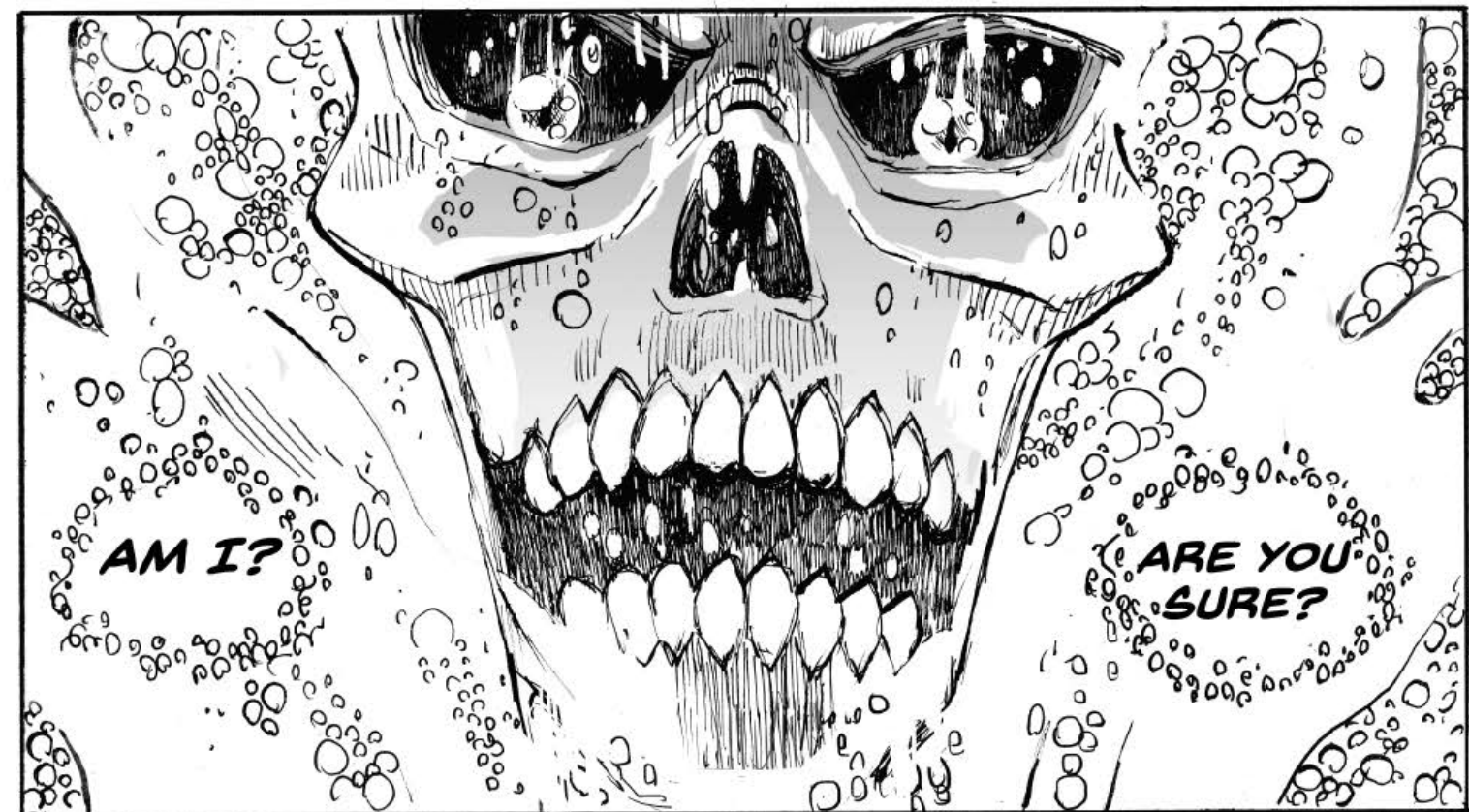


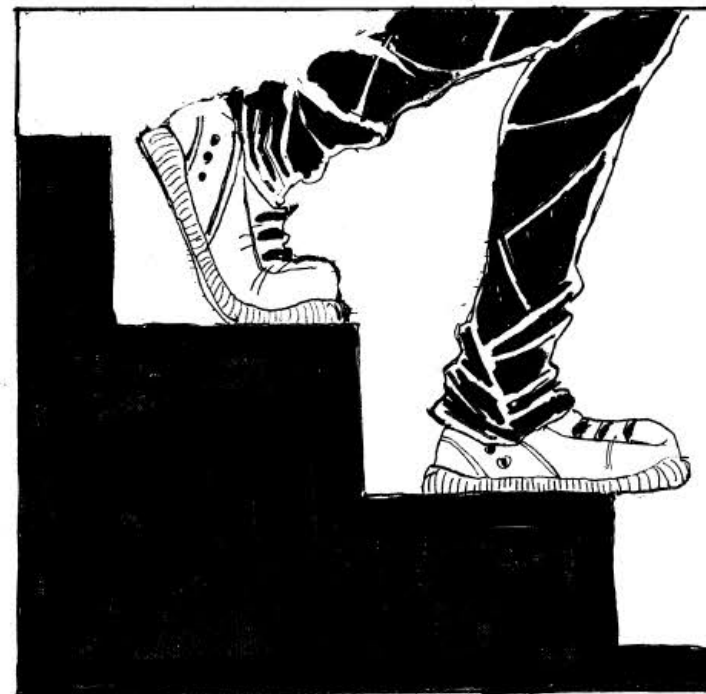
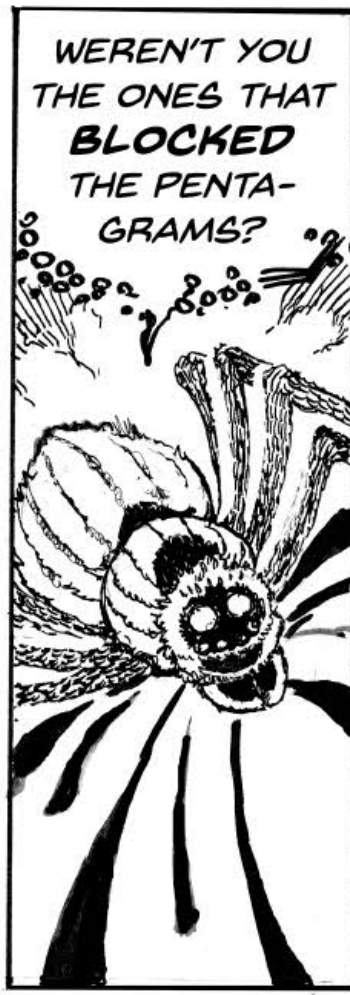
AND WHEN YOU KNOW THE TRICK...

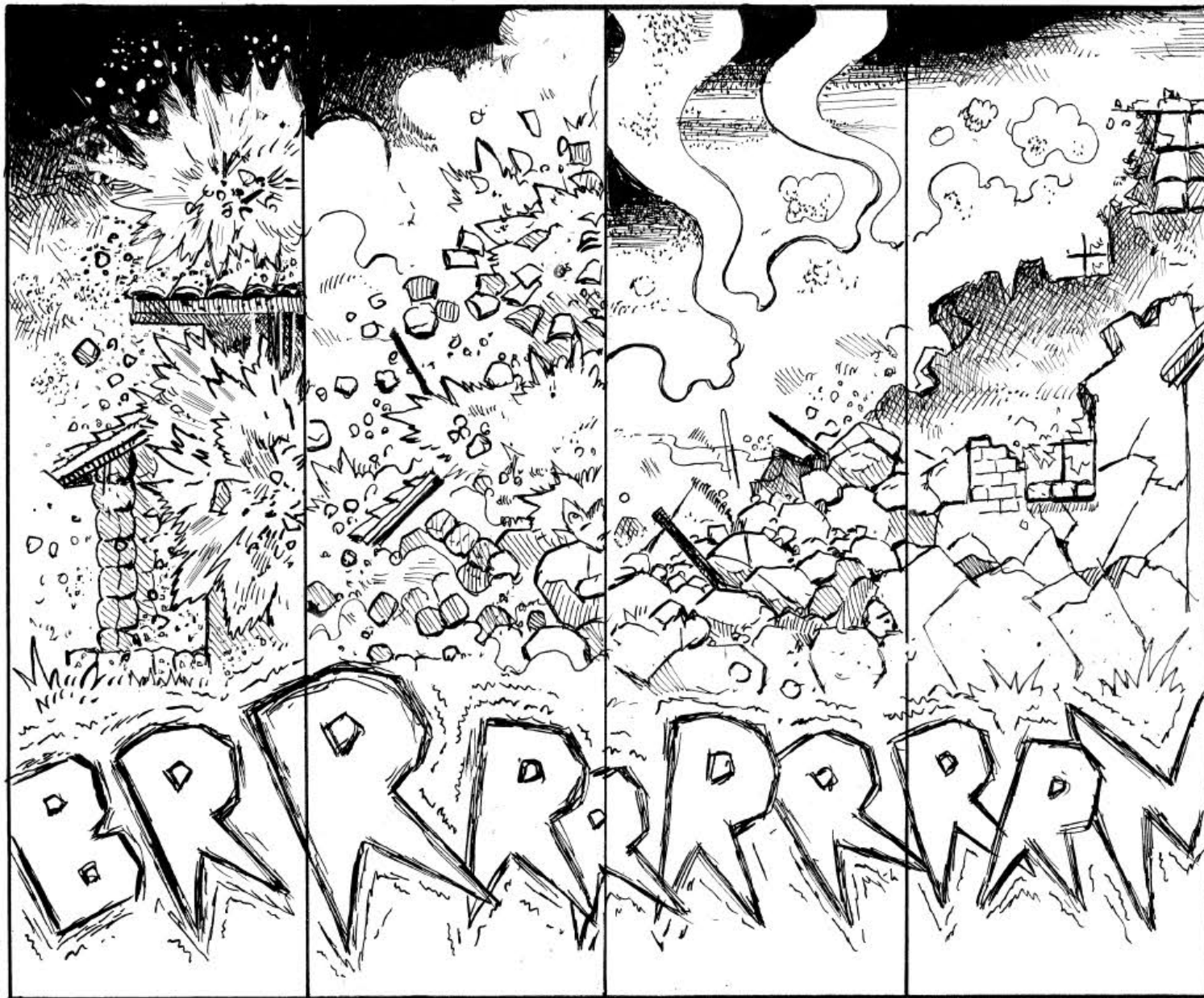
...THE MAGIC IS GONE.

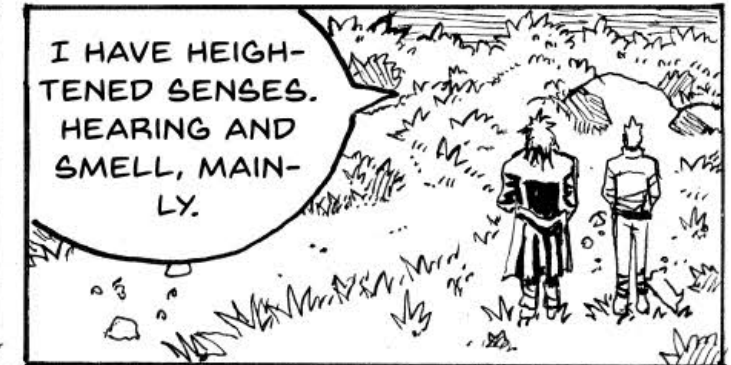
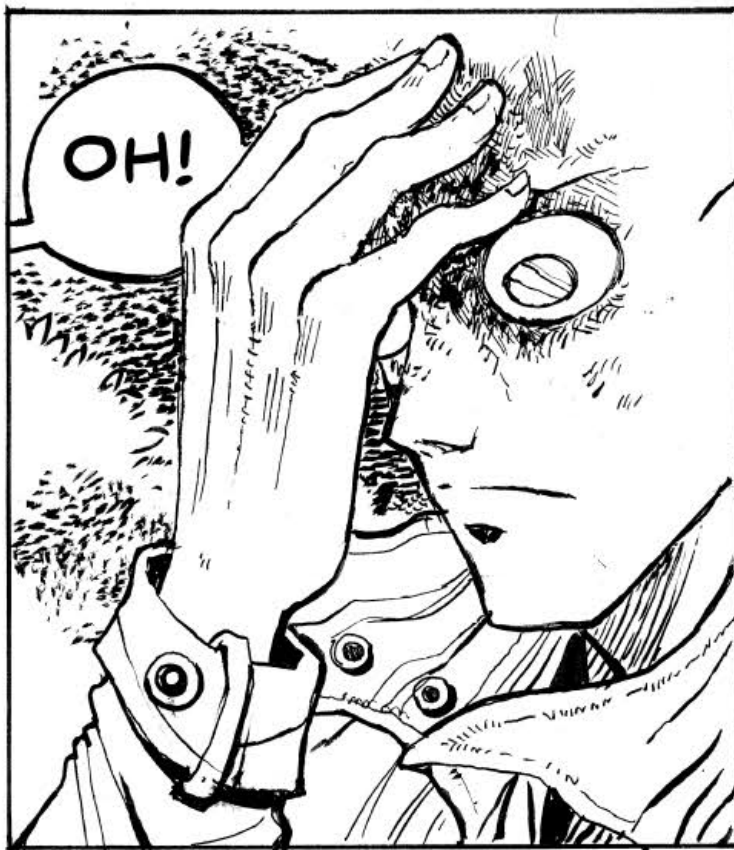
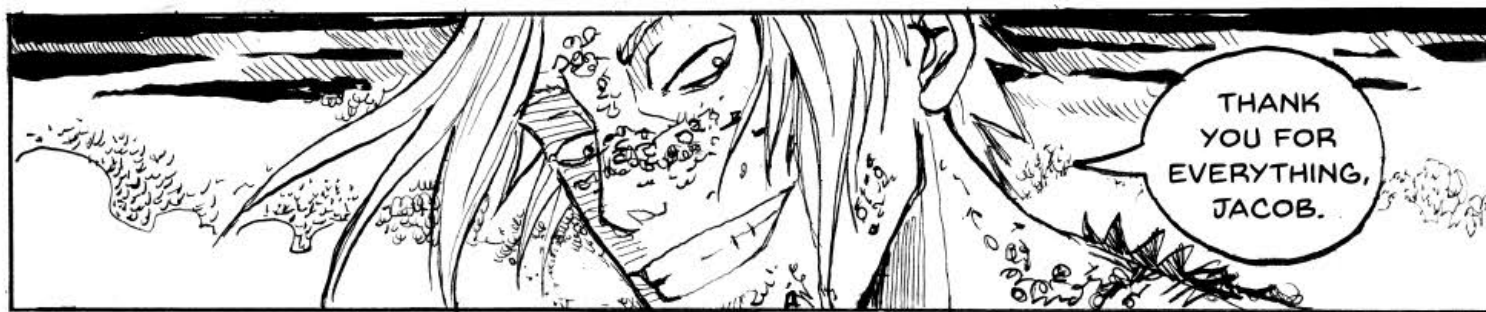
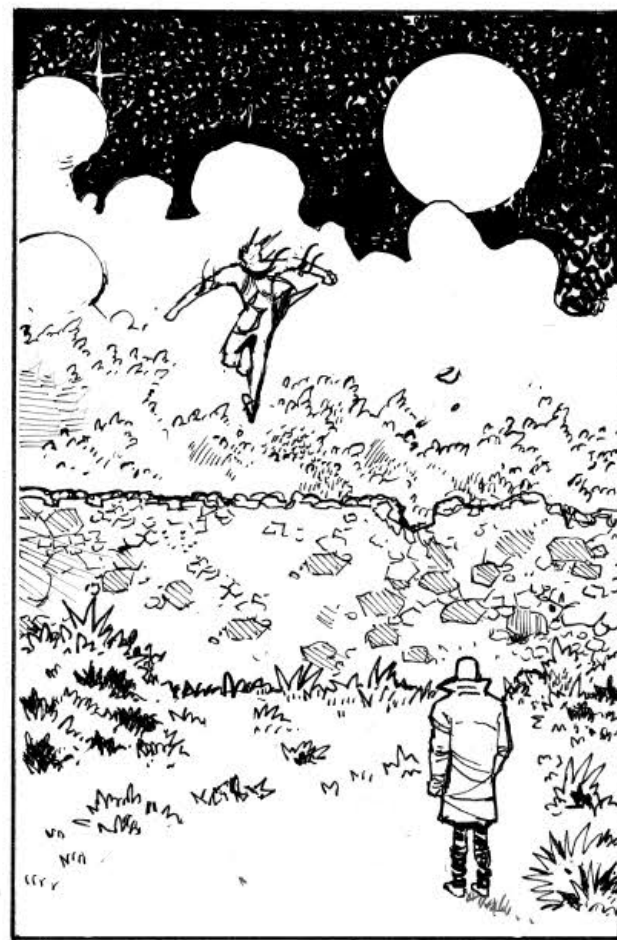


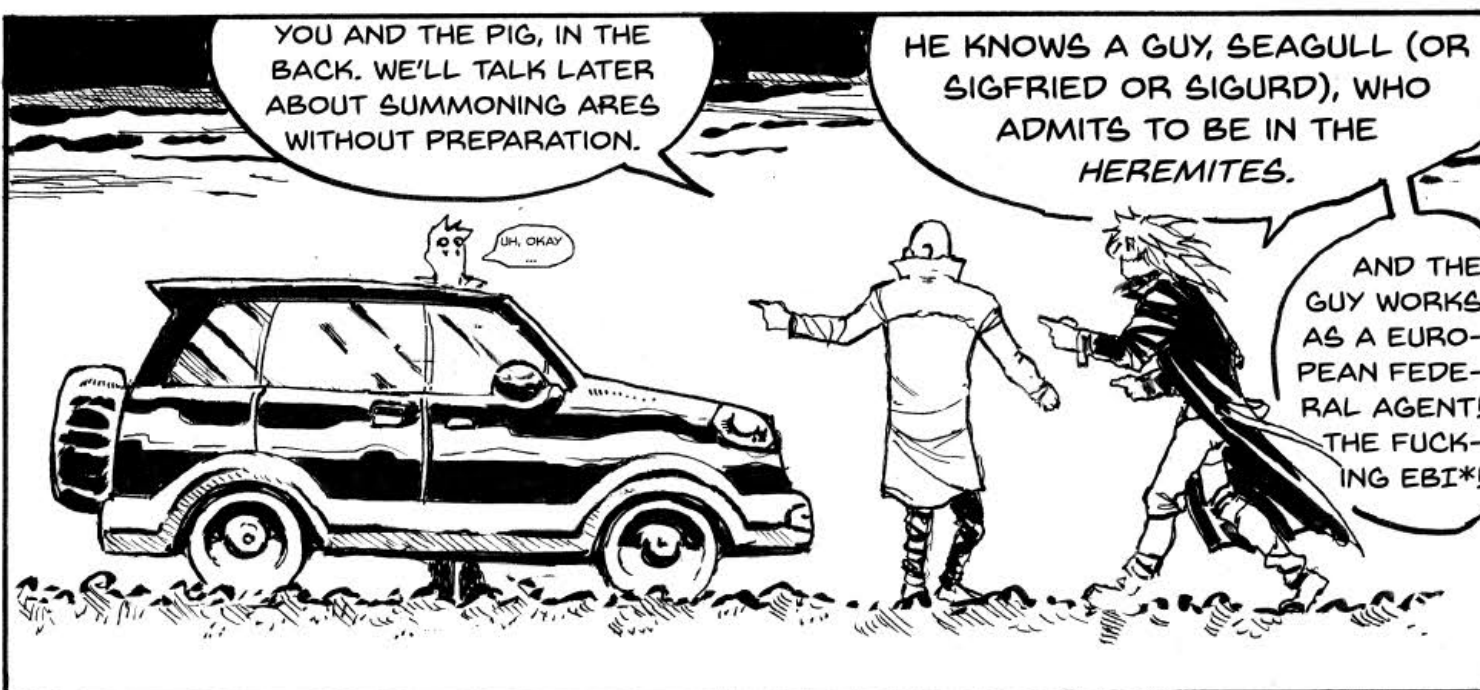
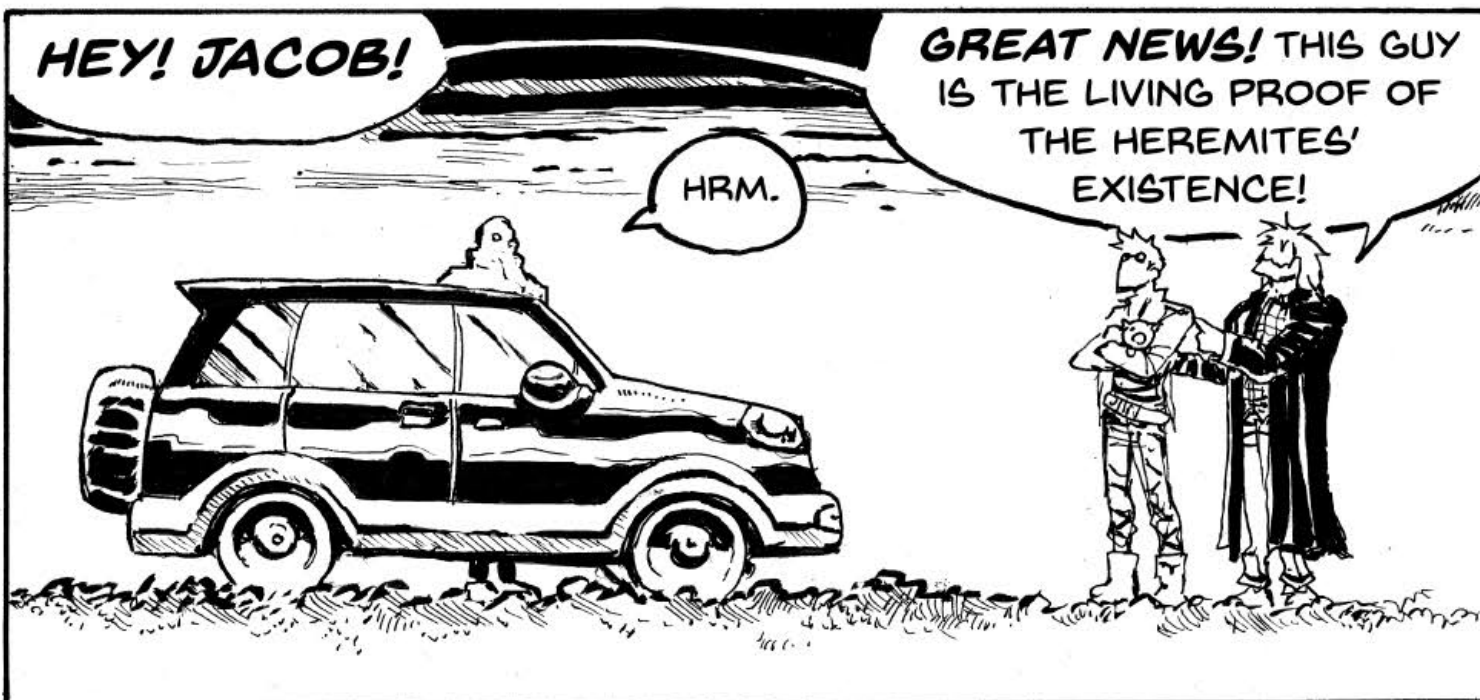
THEY ARE STRATA OF DIFFERENT RITUALS ACCUMULATED ON HIS SKIN. HER **HUSBAND'S** SKIN, IF THE LETTERS ARE TRUST-WORTHY.











*EBI: EUROPEAN BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.



...TO BE CONTINUED

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