



ROB
GUILLORY'STM

FARMHAND



VOLUME 4

THE SEED

Rob!

"A perfect fusion of high concept and relatable drama. (5/5)"

Comicbook.com

"Infectious and engaging."

AIPT

"Guillory has an immense amount of control on this world, right down to the background gags, wrangling the various aspects together into a well-paced package."

Newsarama

Jedidiah Jenkins was a simple farmer. But his cash crop wasn't corn or soy. He grew fast-healing, highly customizable human organs, which he used to heal the world.

But it was all a lie.

What Jedidiah planned for good, a dark supernatural entity has used to transform humanity into something monstrous. Only Jedidiah's children stand in its way.

Not all of them will survive.

Eisner Award-winning creator Rob Guillory (CHEW) presents the fourth chapter of the hit series about science gone sinister and agriculture gone apocalyptic.

Collects FARMHAND #16-20

ROB GUILLORY'S FARMHAND

VOLUME 4
THE SEED

Image
DYSTOPIAN / HORROR / HUMOR

RATED M / MATURE



VOLUME 4
THE SEED

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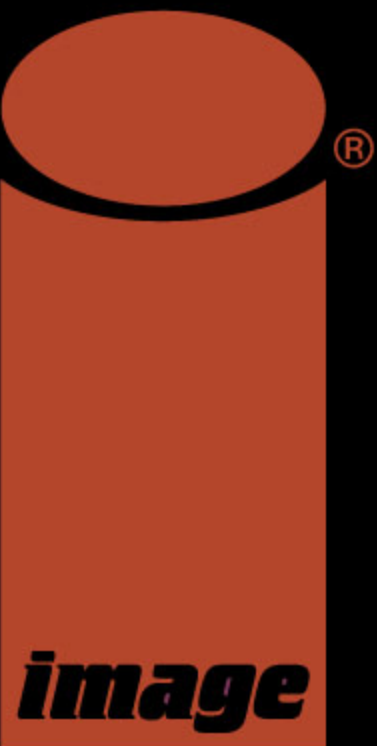


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DEDICATION

For my friend Shane.

Special Thanks:

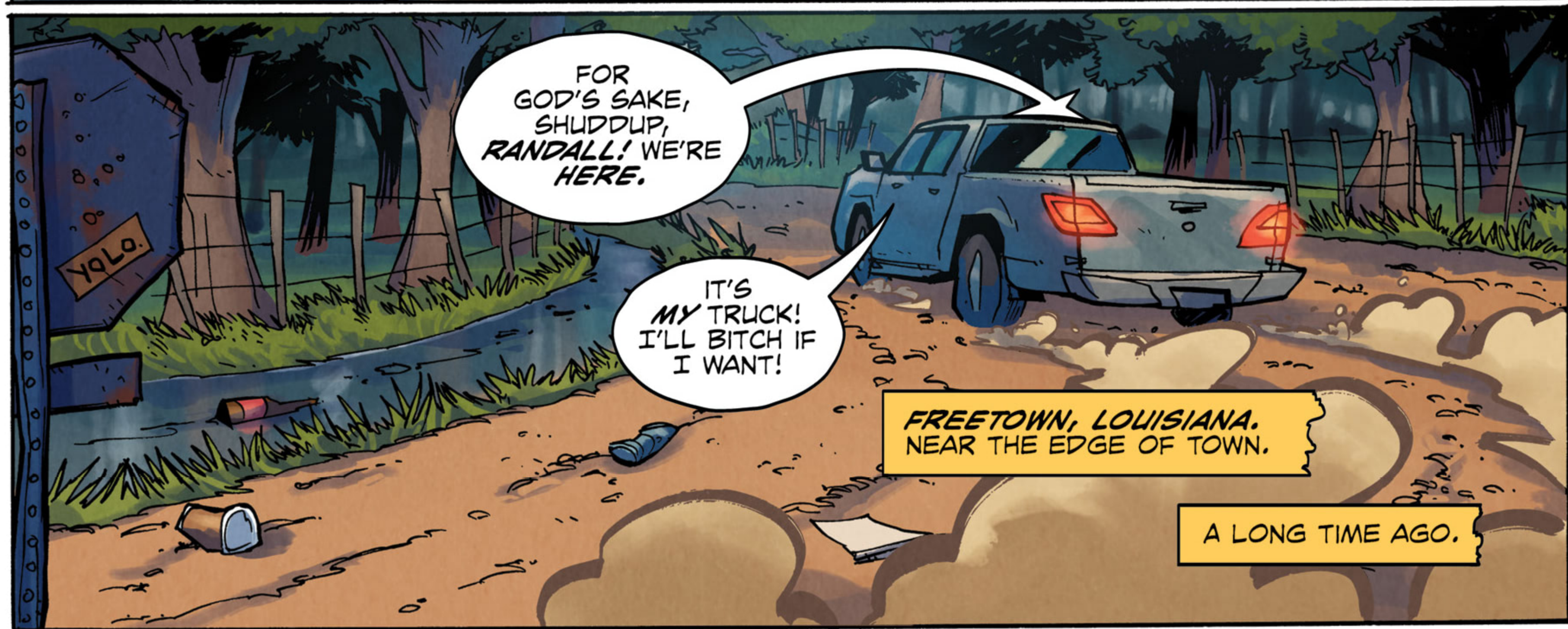
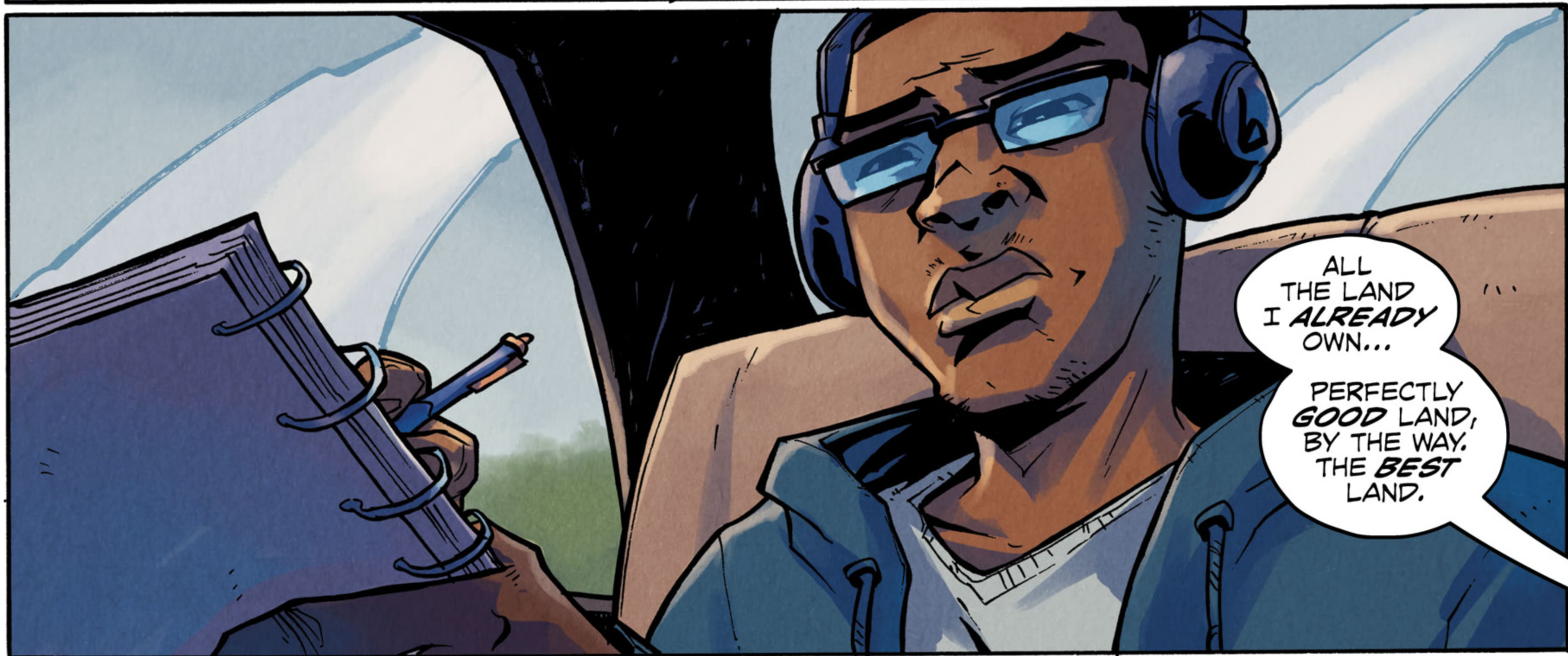
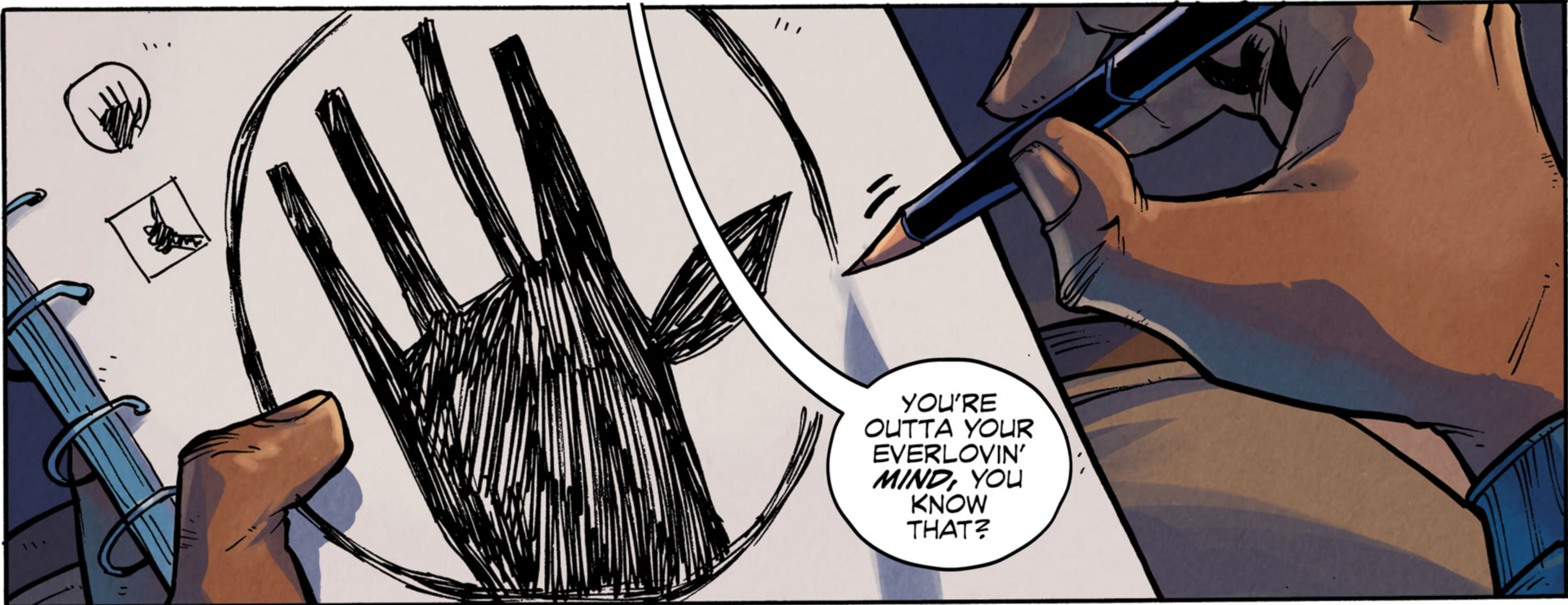
Ben Bender, for the good eye.

John Layman, for the encouragement.

And April, for putting up with the insanity of Comics.

CHAPTER 16







THIS IS IT.

THIS IS IT?

JEDDY, IT'S A FRIGGIN' **DUMP**. ALWAYS **HAS** BEEN SINCE WE WAS KIDS. IT'S THE LAST PLACE YOU'D WANT TO BUILD AN **ATTRACTION**.

NO ONE'LL COME HERE. THEY STILL REMEMBER WHAT **HAPPENED**.

YOU'RE **WRONG**.

ONCE FOLKS SEE WHAT WE'RE ABOUT TO **BUILD**, THEY'LL FALL ALL OVER THEMSELVES TO COME.

WE'LL BE BIGGER THAN **DISNEY**.

'CEPT WALT DIDN'T BUILD HIS PARK ON LAND WHERE HIS GRAND-DADDY GOT **LYNCHED**.

OF ALL THE PLACES TO BUILD THE **FARM**, WHY'RE YOU SO DEAD SET ON **HERE?**

WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' TO **PROVE?**



MY
GRANDDADDY
BUILT THIS TOWN,
AND WHAT'D HE
GET FOR IT? A
NOOSE.

I TRY TO
RUN MY FARM, AND
THEY DO EVERYTHING
THEY CAN TO PUT ME
OUTTA BUSINESS SO
SOME WHITE MAN CAN
TAKE MY **LAND.**

NOW I GOT
SOMETHING THEY
DON'T HAVE. SOMETHING
SPECIAL. WHEN THEY
SEE WHAT WE BUILD
HERE, THEY'LL
KNOW--



**THEY
LOSE.**


**I
WIN.**

**FUCK
'EM.**

**JEDIDIAH JENKINS WAS
A SIMPLE LOUISIANA FARMER.**

**BUT HE BECAME
SO MUCH *MORE.***





WHILE TENDING HIS FARM, HE EXPERIENCED A *MYSTERIOUS VISION* THAT GIFTED HIM WITH THE *BLUEPRINT* FOR A NEW TYPE OF *STEM CELL BIOTECHNOLOGY*.

UNTIL AN *INCIDENT* ENDED THEIR PARTNERSHIP.

AND MONICA'S *LIFE*, IF NOT FOR THE *SEED*.

HE HOPED TO LEVERAGE THIS GIFT TO PROVIDE FOR HIS YOUNG FAMILY--

BUT FATE HAD *BIGGER PLANS*.

NEWLY HEALED WITH SEEMINGLY NO MEMORY OF THE INCIDENT, MONICA LEFT THEIR PARTNERSHIP TO PURSUE A SIMPLER LIFE.

BUT IT WAS ALL A *LIE*.

WITH THE HELP OF BIOENGINEER *MONICA THORNE*, JED CREATED THE *JEDIDIAH SEED*, A TRANSGENIC SEED COMBINING *HUMAN* AND *PLANT DNA* THAT PRODUCED *HUMAN ORGANS* CAPABLE OF BEING *GRAFTED* ONTO PATIENTS.

IN TRUTH, THE SEED *CHANGED* MONICA INTO SOMETHING *INHUMAN*.

THEY PLANNED TO *HEAL* THE WORLD--

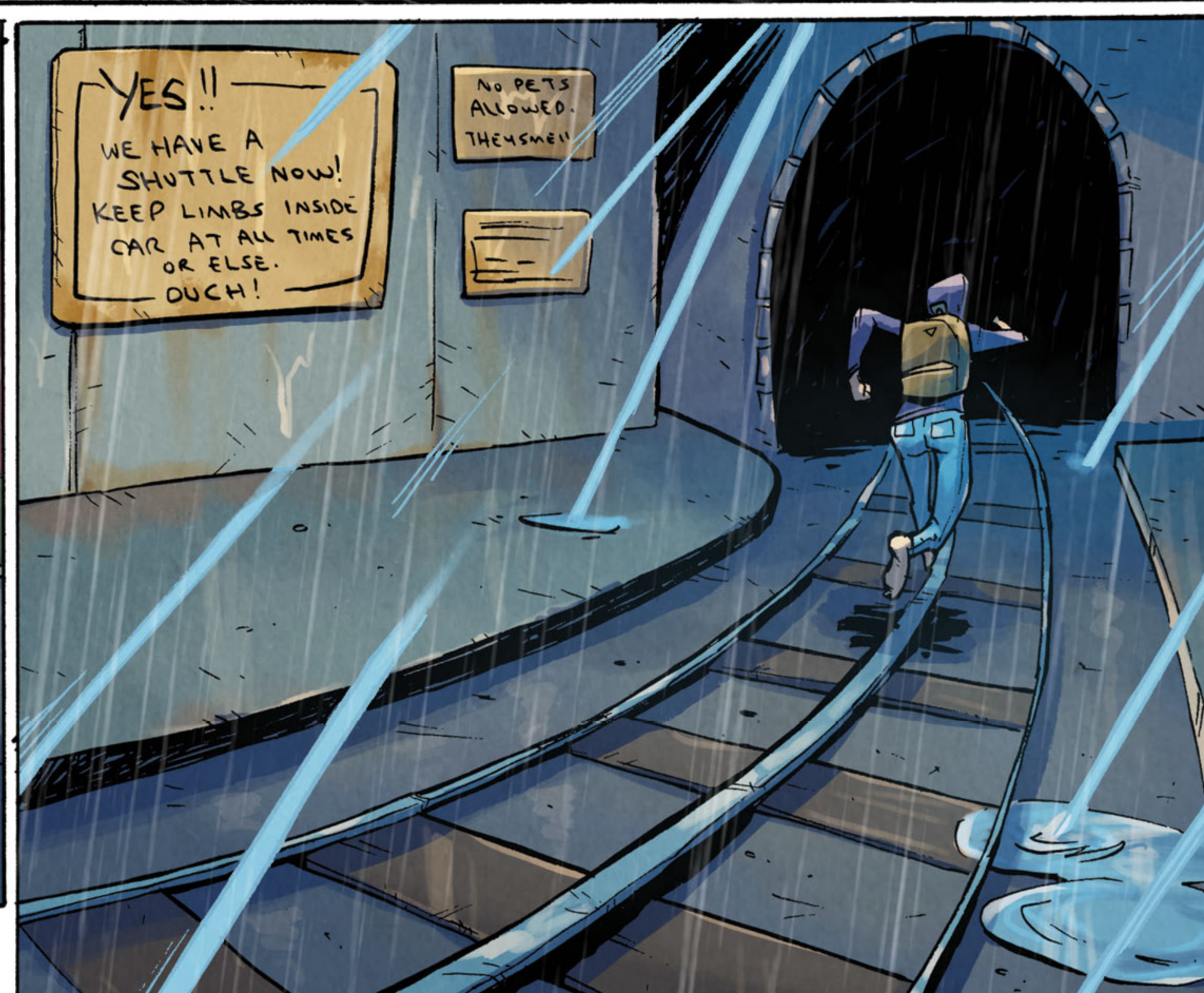
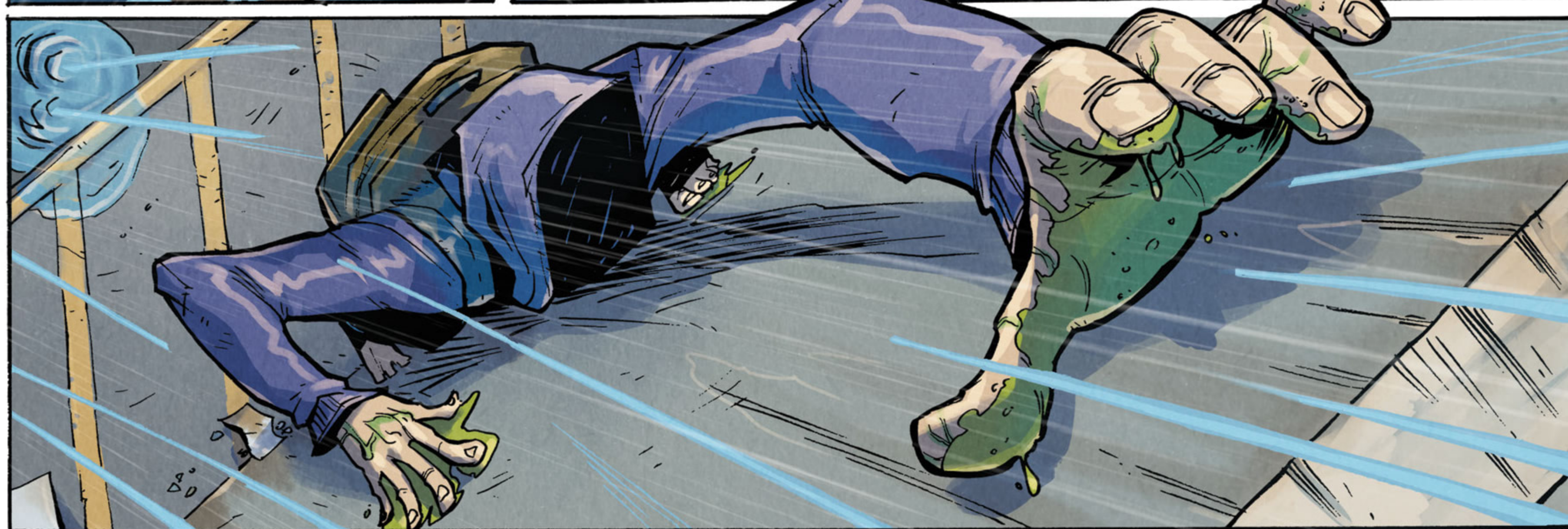
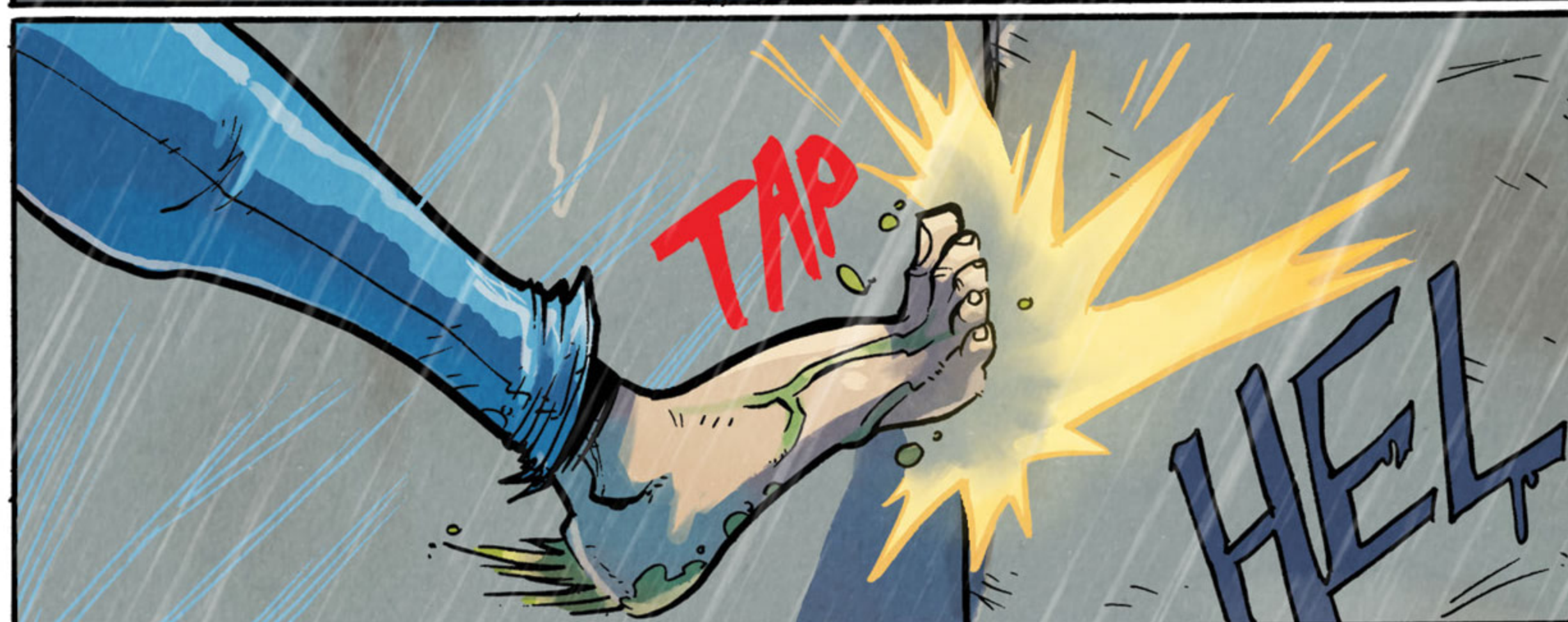
SOMETHING WITH *DARK CUNNING* AND *GRAND AMBITIONS*. SOMETHING DRIVEN BY A *HIDDEN PURPOSE* AND WANTING ONLY ONE THING...

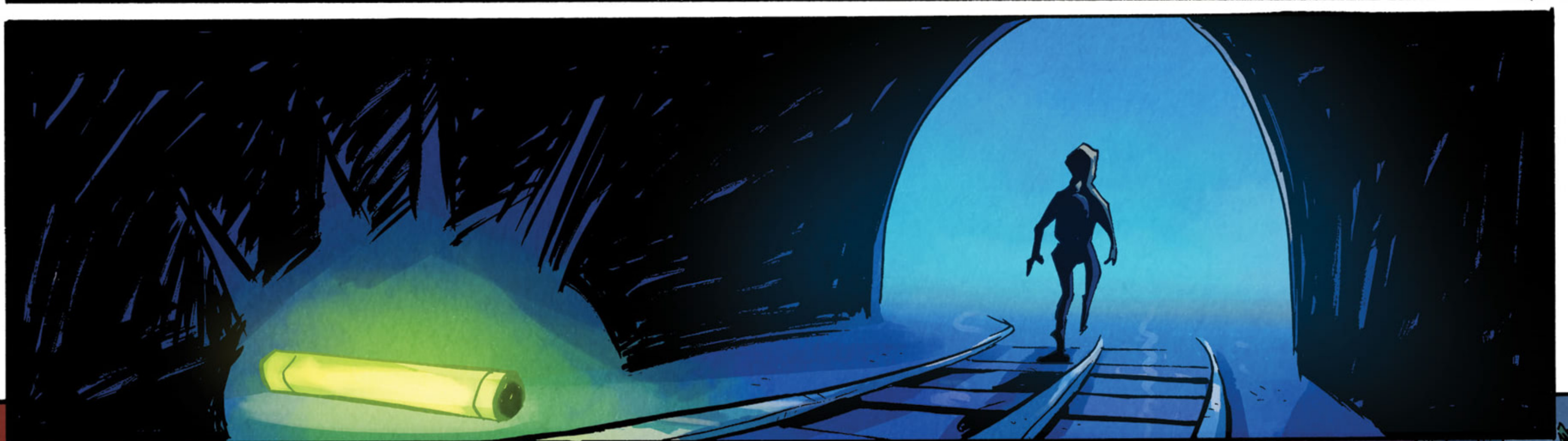
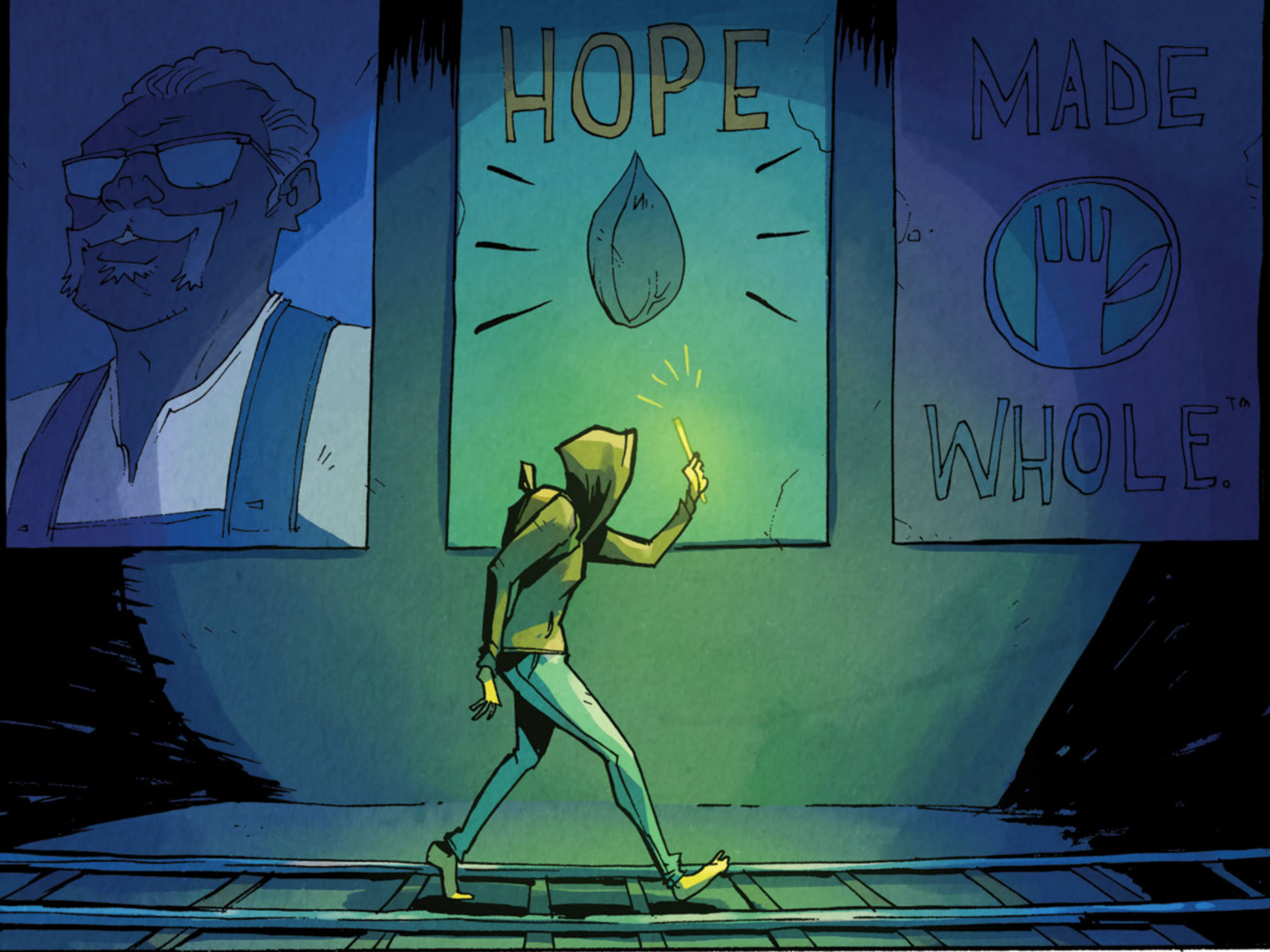
TO *SPREAD*.

AND SPREAD IT *DID*.



CHAPTER 16: **FALLOW EARTH.**











YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE HERE.



OOF!

FUMP



I
HAD
THIS!

SURE
YOU DID.

WHO ARE
YOU? ARE
YOU ONE OF
THORNE'S?



N-NO...
PLEASE...

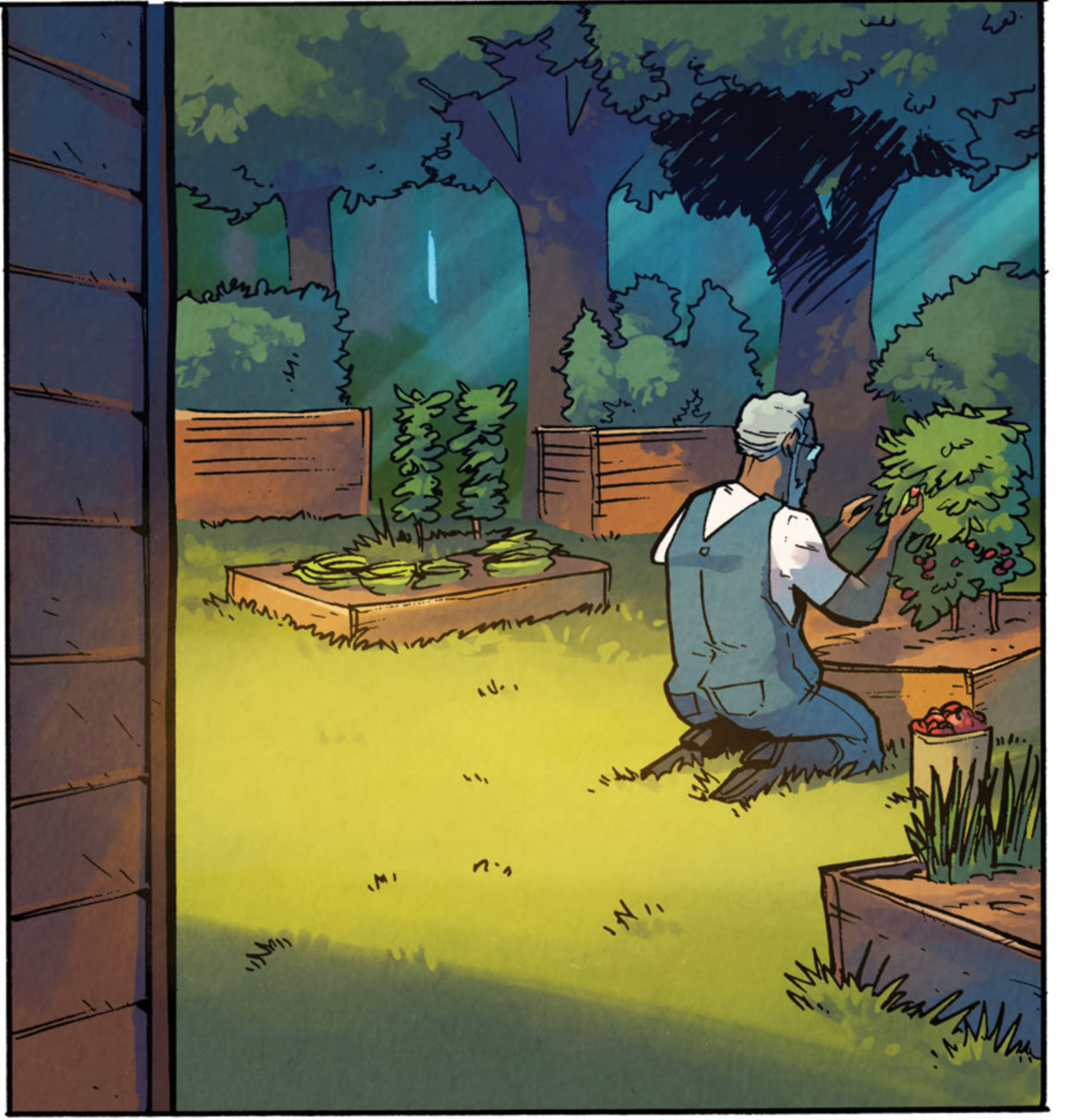
I
HEARD...
THERE'S
A CURE
HERE.



IS IT
TRUE?

CAN MR.
JED HELP
ME?

FILES -
HUMAN
ORGANS

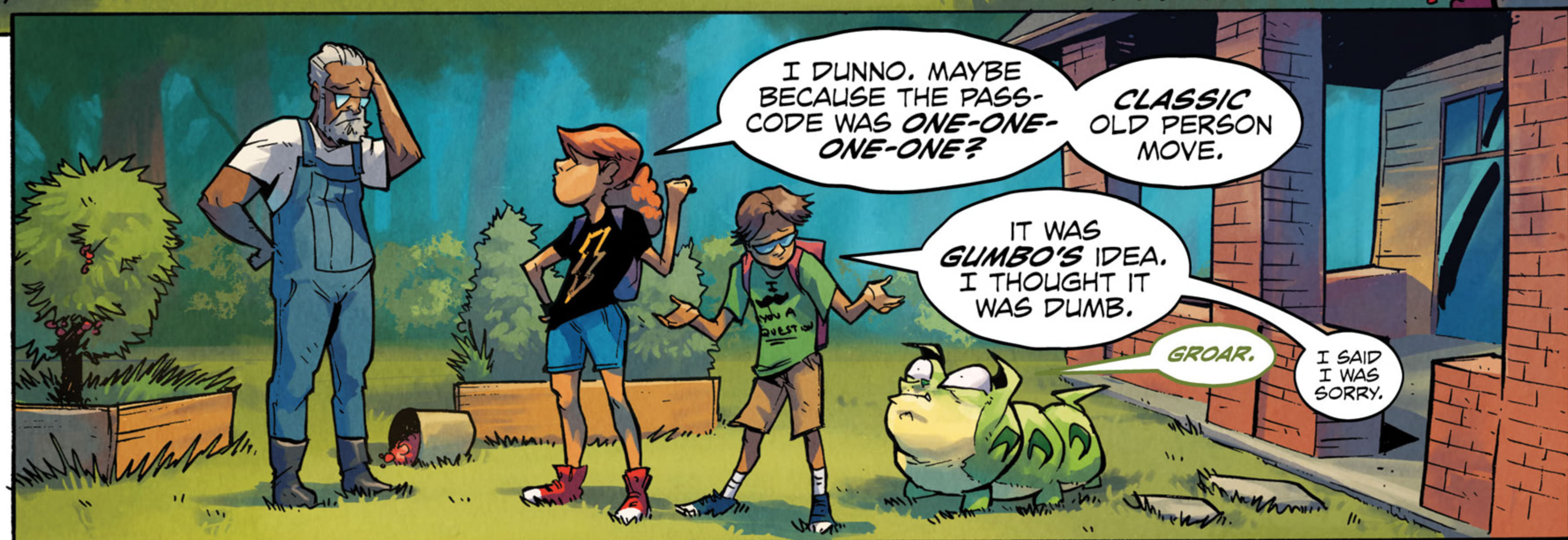




HOLY CRAPDON'T MURDERUS GRANDPAWYOU MANIAC!!!

ABIGAIL? RILEY..?

WHAT THE HELL'RE YOU **DOING** HERE SNEAKING UP ON ME?!! HOW'D YOU GET PAST THE **GATE**?



I DUNNO. MAYBE BECAUSE THE PASS-CODE WAS **ONE-ONE-ONE-ONE**?

CLASSIC OLD PERSON MOVE.

IT WAS **GUMBO'S** IDEA. I THOUGHT IT WAS DUMB.

GROAR.

I SAID I WAS SORRY.



YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE. IT'S NOT **SAFE**.

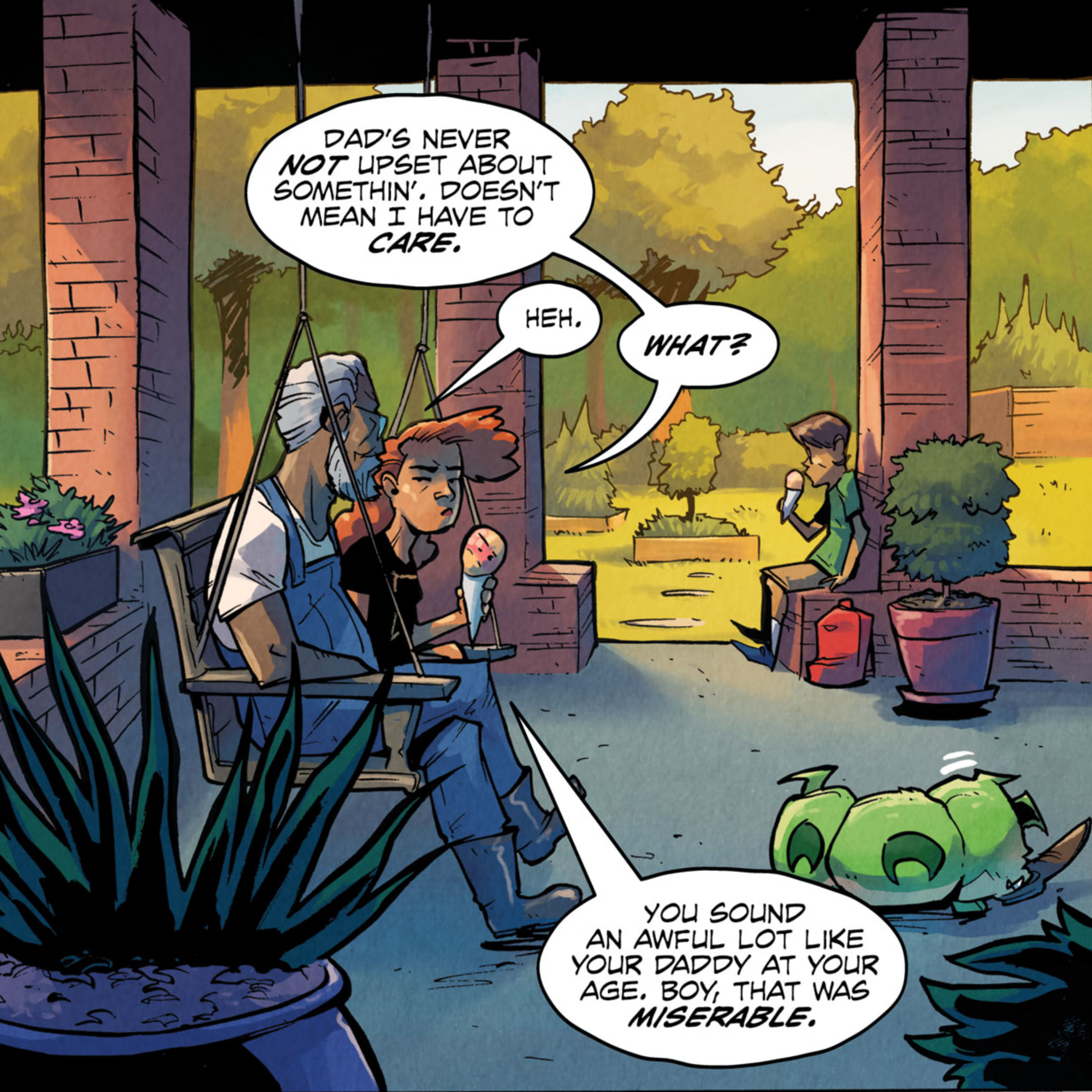
MAYBE NOT...

BUT WHERE **ELSE** ARE WE GONNA GET THE WORLD'S BEST **SNOW-BALLS**?

LATER.

YOUR FATHER'S GONNA HAVE A CONNIPTION.

SO WHAT ELSE IS **NEW**?

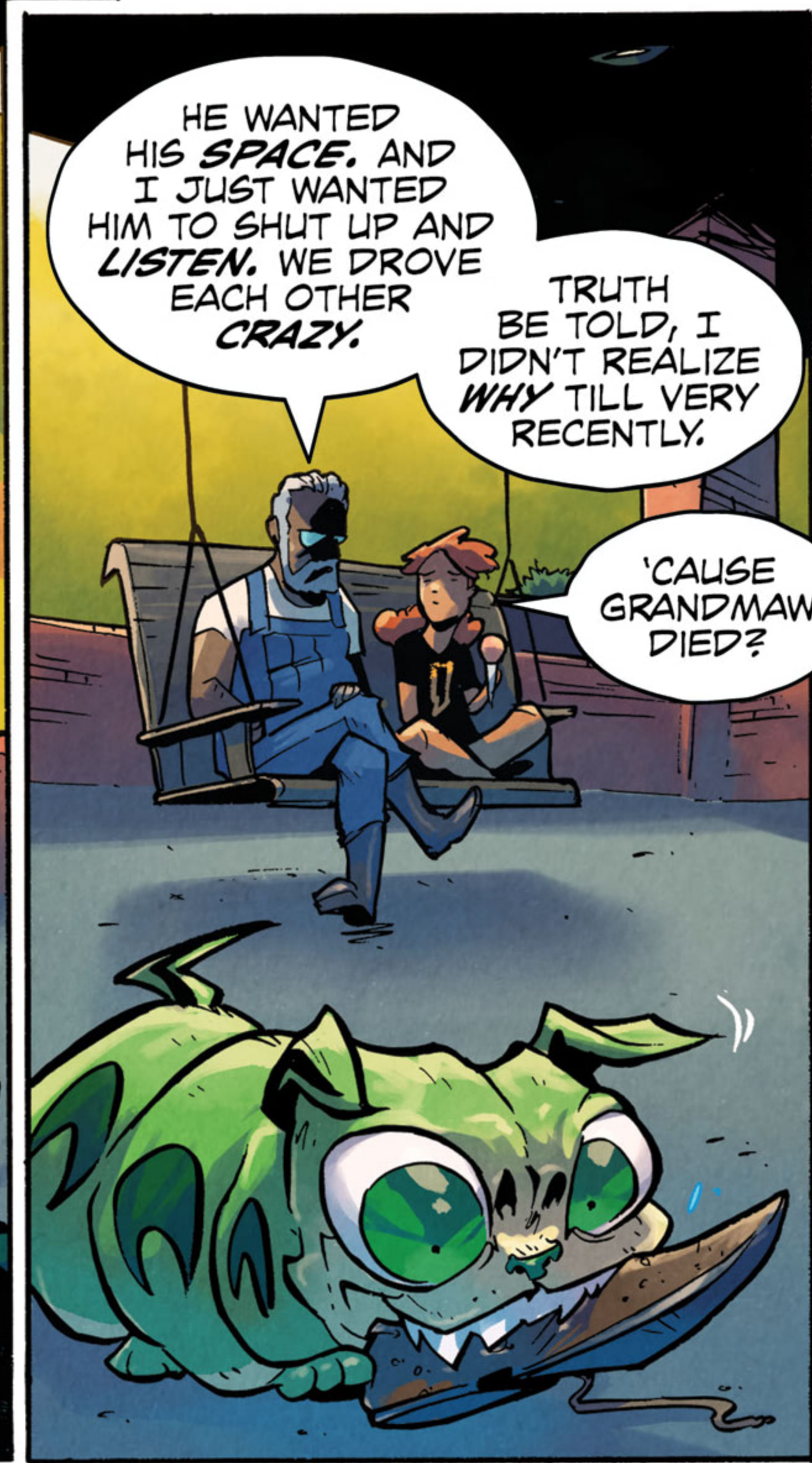


DAD'S NEVER *NOT* UPSET ABOUT SOMETHIN'. DOESN'T MEAN I HAVE TO *CARE*.

HEH.

WHAT?

YOU SOUND AN AWFUL LOT LIKE YOUR DADDY AT YOUR AGE. BOY, THAT WAS *MISERABLE*.



HE WANTED HIS *SPACE*. AND I JUST WANTED HIM TO SHUT UP AND *LISTEN*. WE DROVE EACH OTHER *CRAZY*.

TRUTH BE TOLD, I DIDN'T REALIZE *WHY* TILL VERY RECENTLY.

'CAUSE GRANDMAW DIED?



'CAUSE SOMETIMES THE PEOPLE WHO RUB US THE RAWEST ARE THE PEOPLE MORE *LIKE* US THAN WE'D LIKE TO ADMIT.

I'M *NOTHING* LIKE HIM.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SOMEONE WOULD SAY--



I AM

NOTHING

LIKE

HIM.

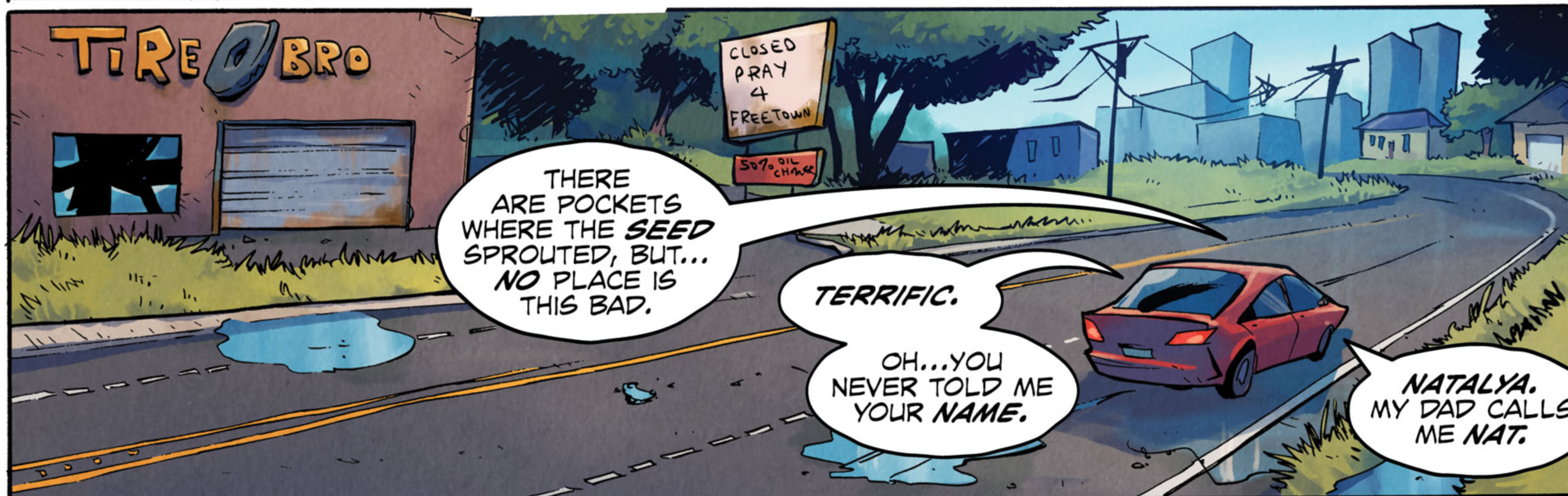


"HOW *BAD* IS IT EXACTLY?"



OUT IN THE **WORLD**, I MEAN. COMMUNICATION WITH THE OUTSIDE'S BEEN SPOTTY SINCE THORNE LOCKED DOWN THE **BORDERS**.

DID IT **SPREAD** AS BAD AS HERE?



THERE ARE POCKETS WHERE THE **SEED** SPROUTED, BUT... **NO** PLACE IS THIS BAD.

TERRIFIC.

OH...YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOUR **NAME**.

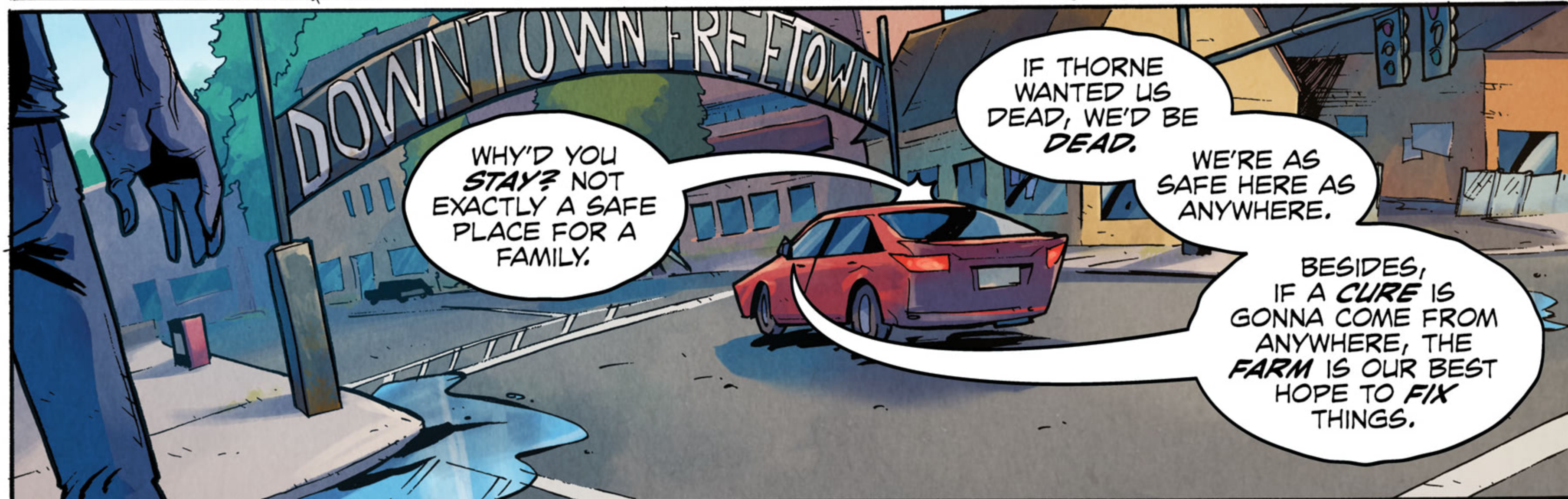
NATALYA. MY DAD CALLS ME **NAT.**



HE TEACH YOU THOSE **NINJA** MOVES, TOO?

DOES IT MATTER NOW?

...GUESS NOT. MOST FOLKS SKIPPED TOWN ONCE THORNE WENT **PUBLIC**. ONLY FOLKS COMING IN ARE PEOPLE LIKE **US**.



WHY'D YOU **STAY**? NOT EXACTLY A SAFE PLACE FOR A FAMILY.

IF THORNE WANTED US DEAD, WE'D BE **DEAD**.

WE'RE AS SAFE HERE AS ANYWHERE.

BESIDES, IF A **CURE** IS GONNA COME FROM ANYWHERE, THE **FARM** IS OUR BEST HOPE TO **FIX** THINGS.



HOW DO YOU FIX **THIS**?





ARE YOU ONE OF THE **GOOD** ONES OR ONE OF THE **CRAZIES**?

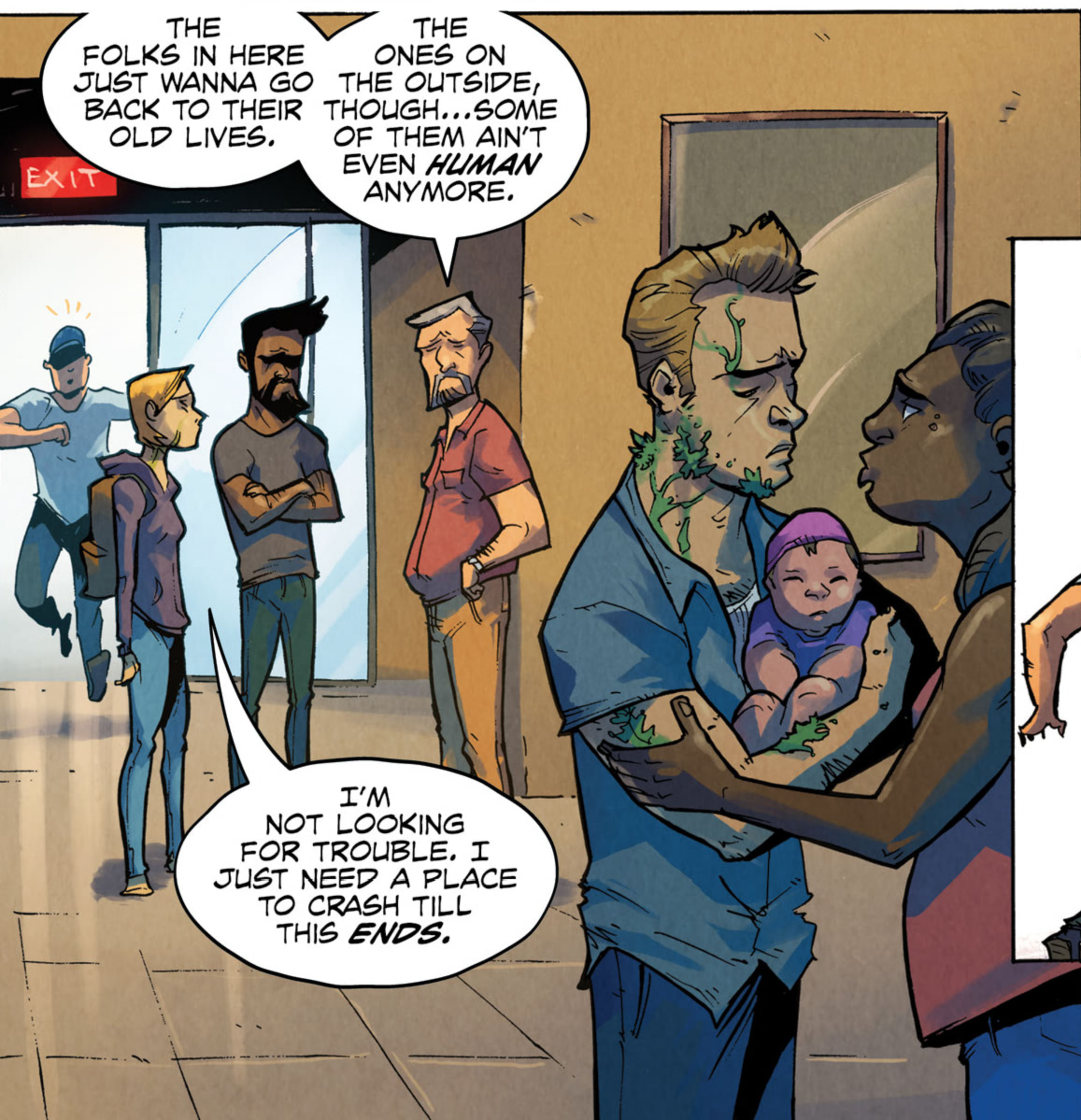
'CAUSE I HAD MORE THAN MY FILL O' **CRAZY**.

NAME'S **RANDY LAFAYETTE**. USED TO BE **MAYOR** BEFORE THAT OLD **WITCH** TOOK OVER.

PROBABLY **BRAINWASHED** HALF THE TOWN TO GET ELECTED.

THIS IS **MY** PLACE. AIN'T MUCH, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN SLEEPING UNDER A **BRIDGE**.

I WASN'T KIDDIN' BEFORE. WE CAN'T LET JUST **ANYONE** IN.



THE FOLKS IN HERE JUST WANNA GO BACK TO THEIR OLD LIVES.

THE ONES ON THE OUTSIDE, THOUGH...SOME OF THEM AIN'T EVEN **HUMAN** ANYMORE.

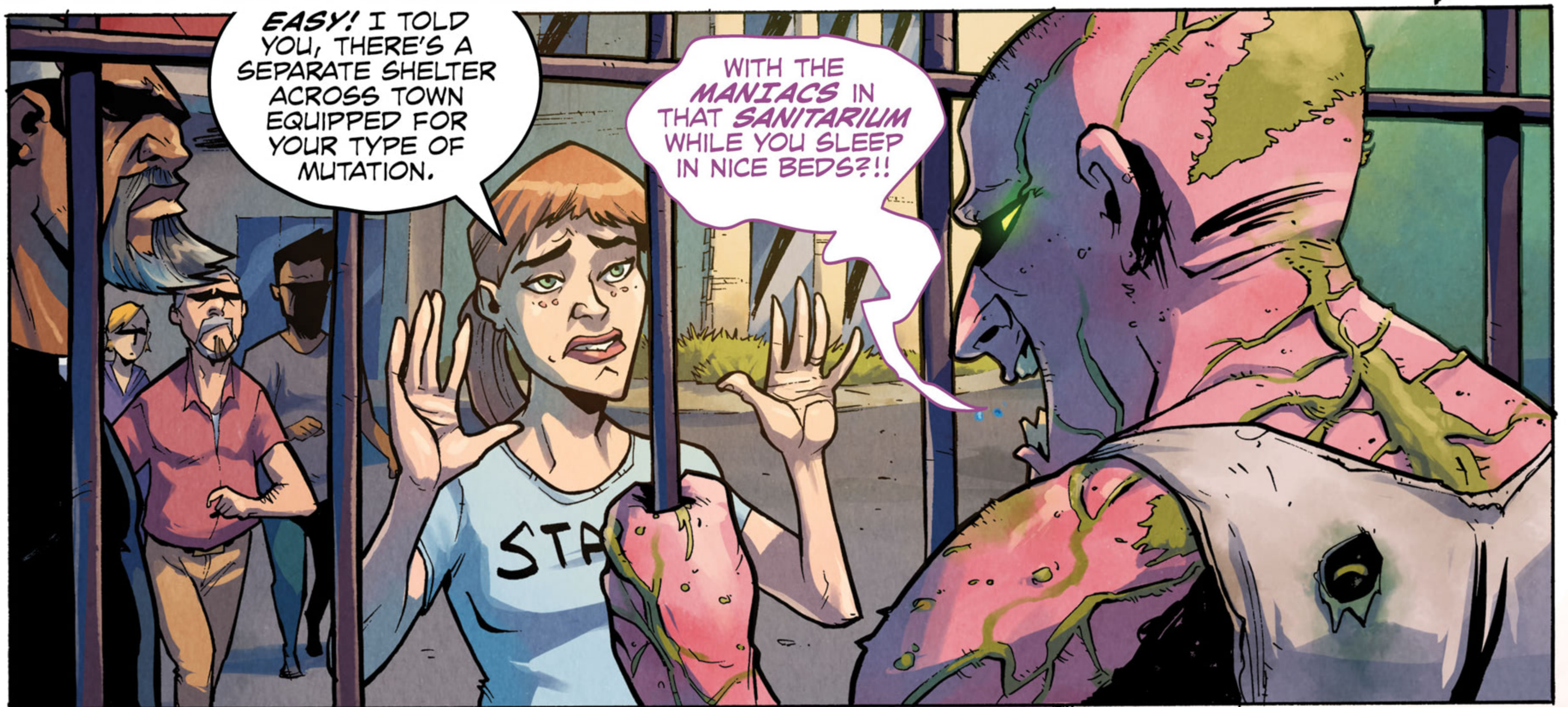
I'M NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. I JUST NEED A PLACE TO CRASH TILL THIS **ENDS**.



IF IT ENDS--

WE GOT US A **POISON-WOOD** AT THE GATE, **RANDY**!

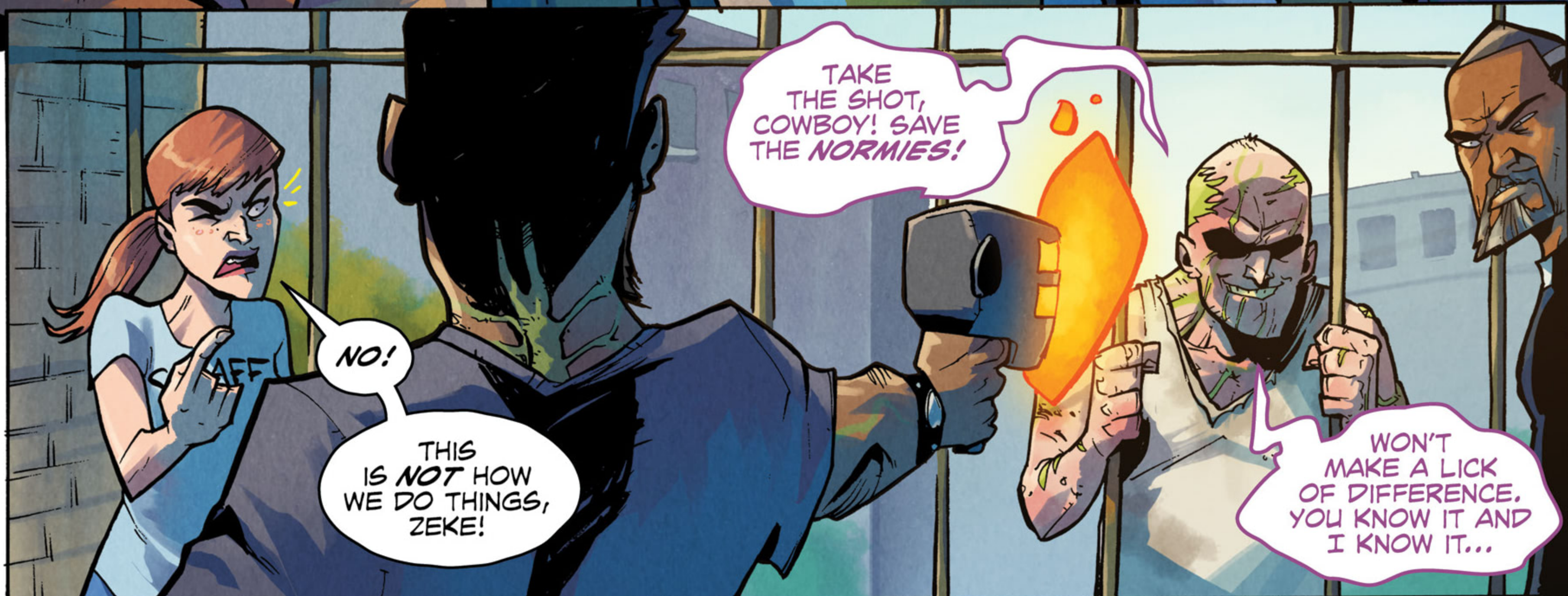
HELL, HERE WE GO.





GOT A *THIRD* OPTION.

I SHOOT A *DEHYDRATOR* PELLET INTO YOUR FACE AND DRY YOU UP LIKE A *DEAD* LEAF.



TAKE THE SHOT, COWBOY! SAVE THE *NORMIES!*

NO!
THIS IS *NOT* HOW WE DO THINGS, ZEKE!

WON'T MAKE A LICK OF DIFFERENCE, YOU KNOW IT AND I KNOW IT...



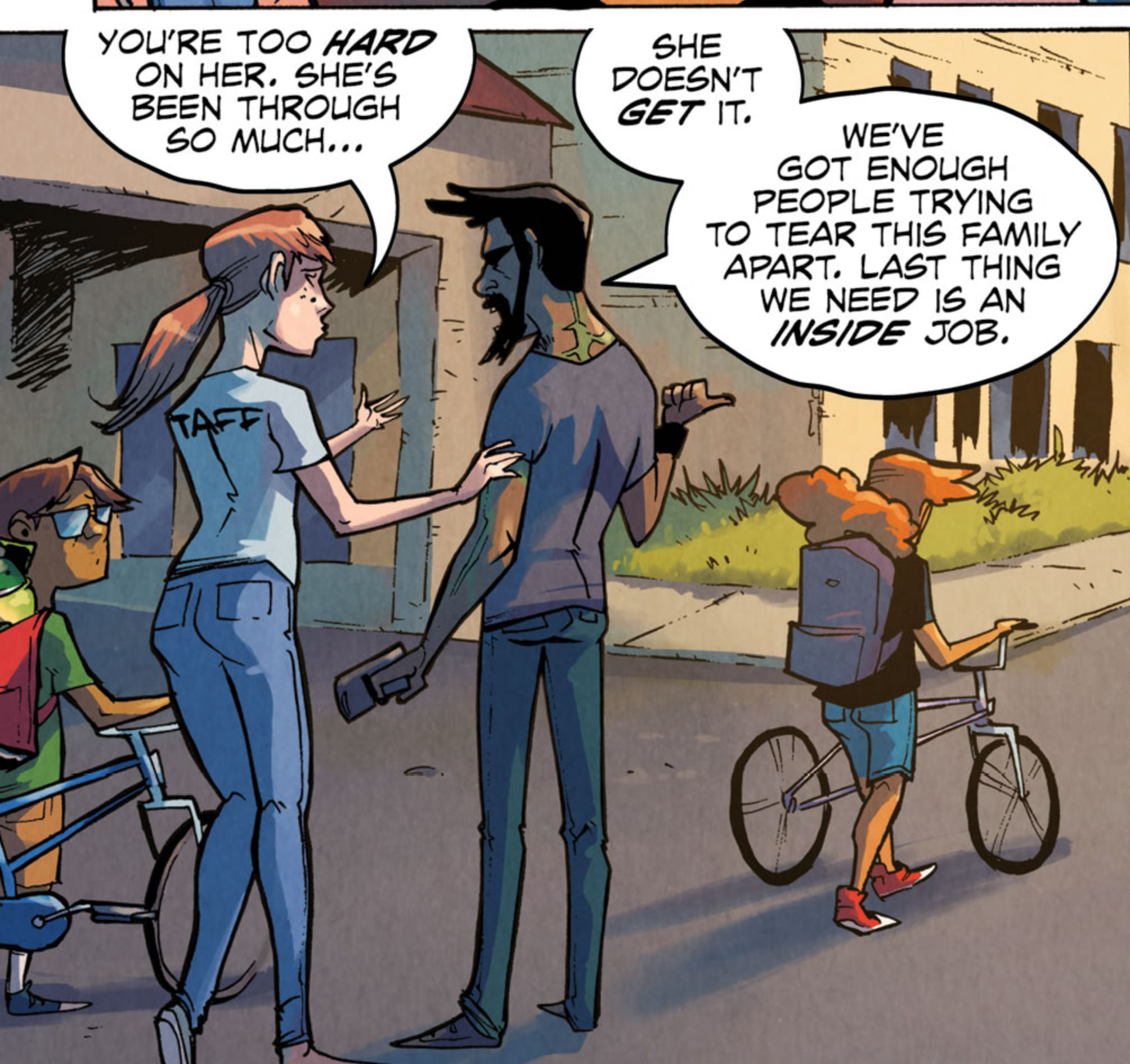
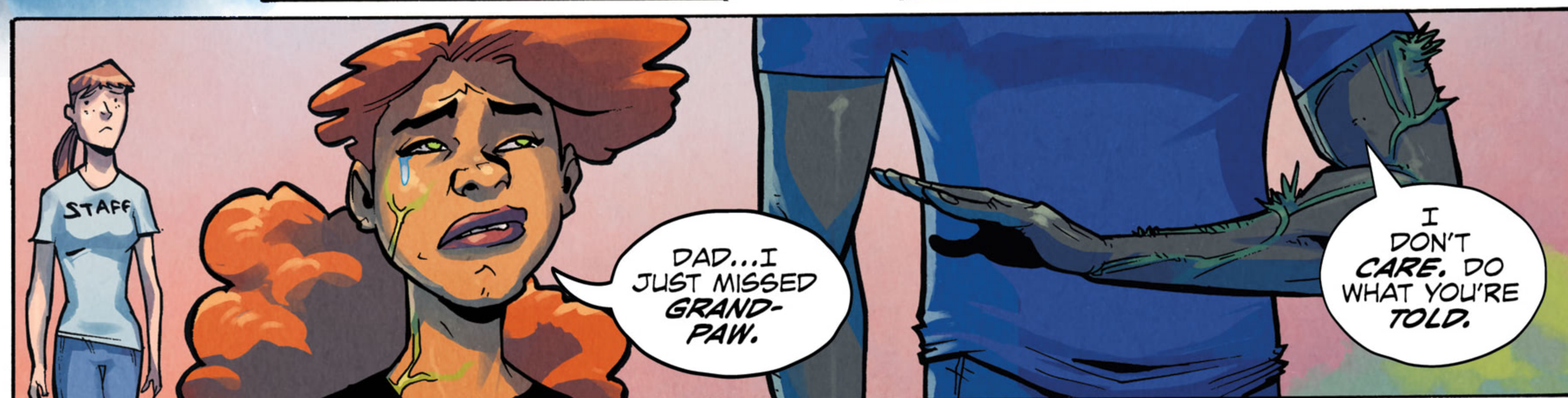
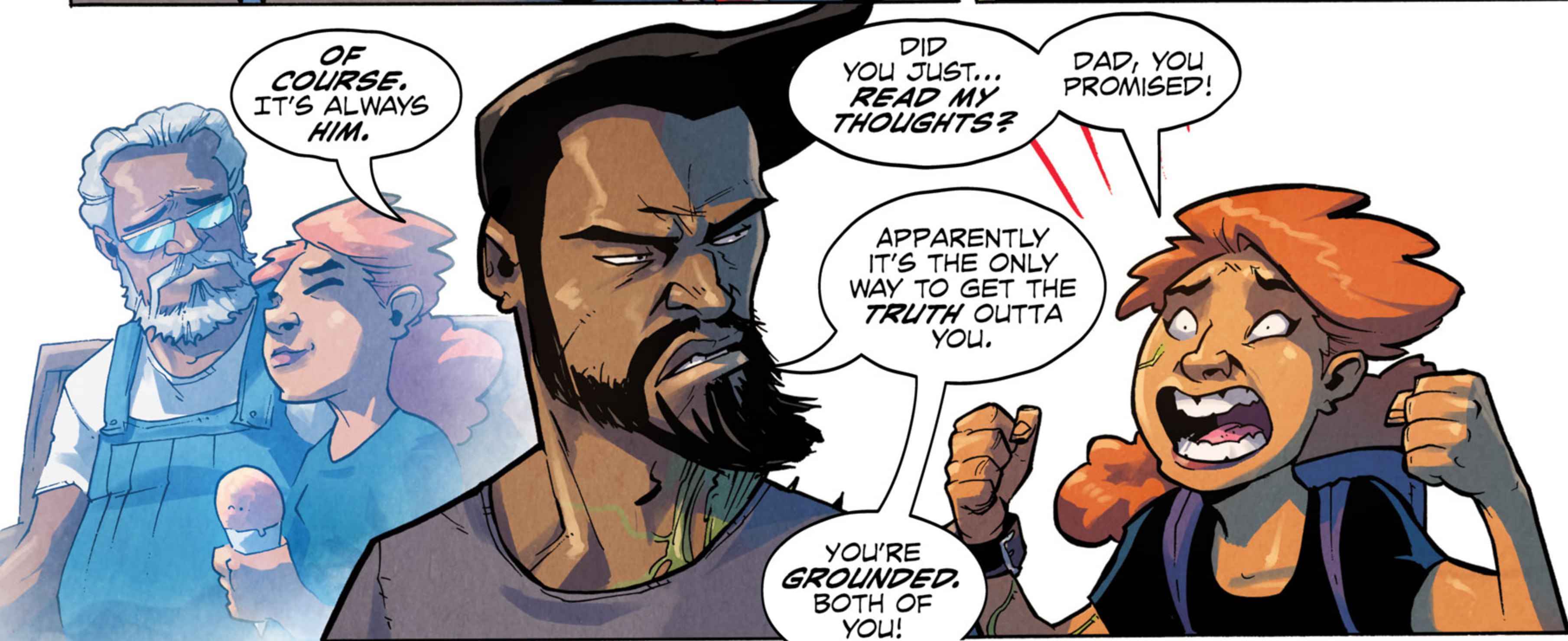
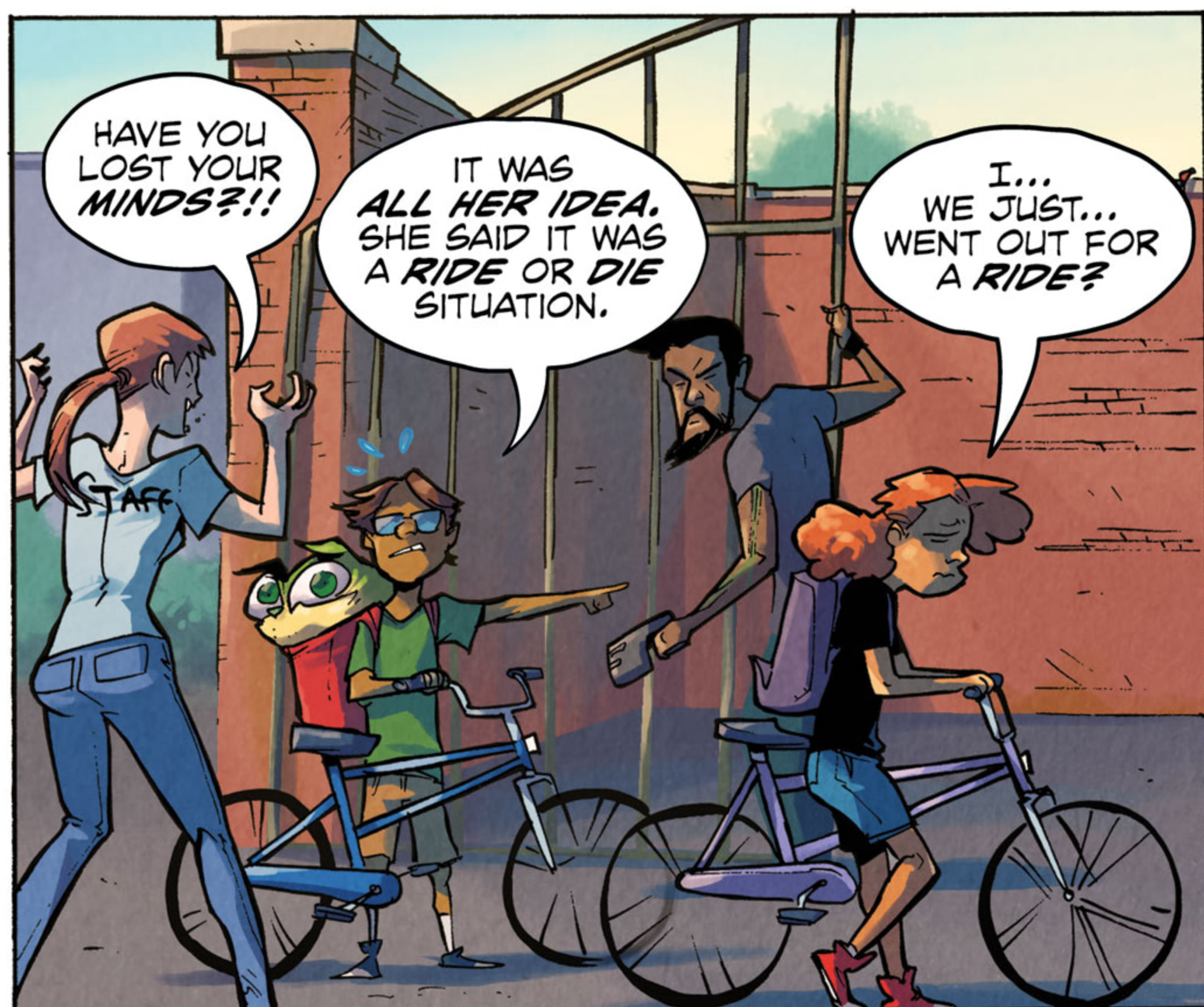
THESE "PEOPLE" ARE GOING THE WAY OF THE *DINO-SAUR*.

OUR KIND... WE'RE THE *FUTURE*.











...BUT
I DO.

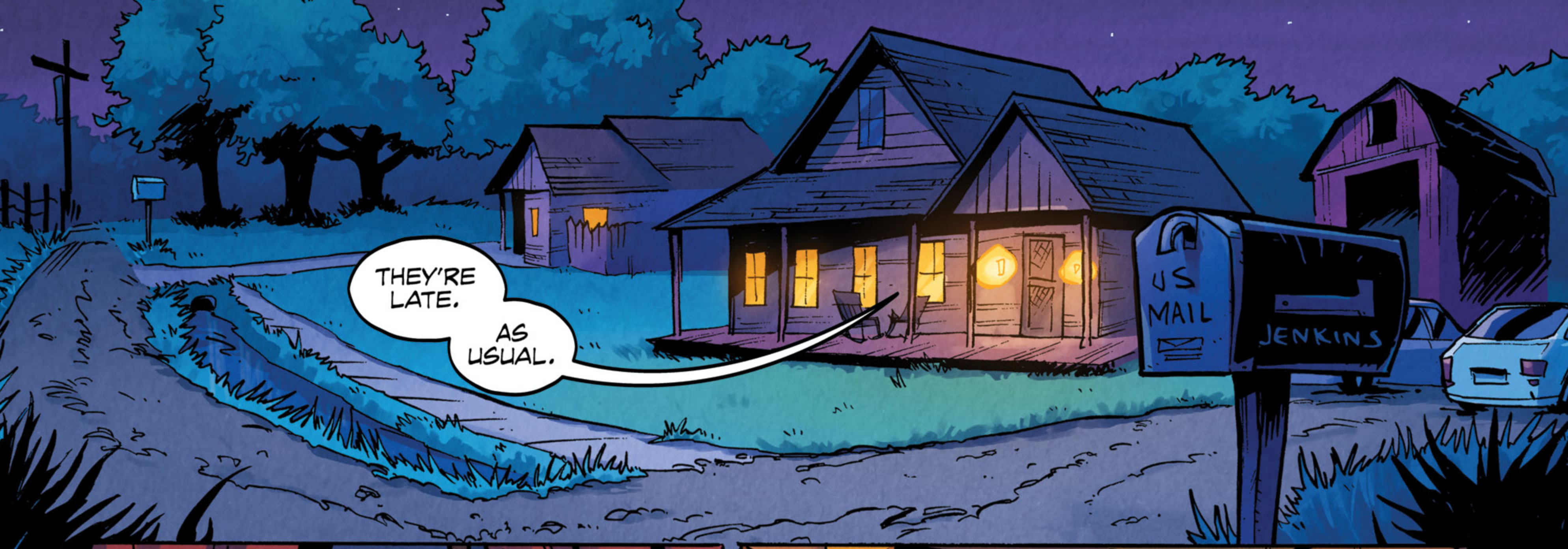


END CHAPTER 16



CHAPTER 17





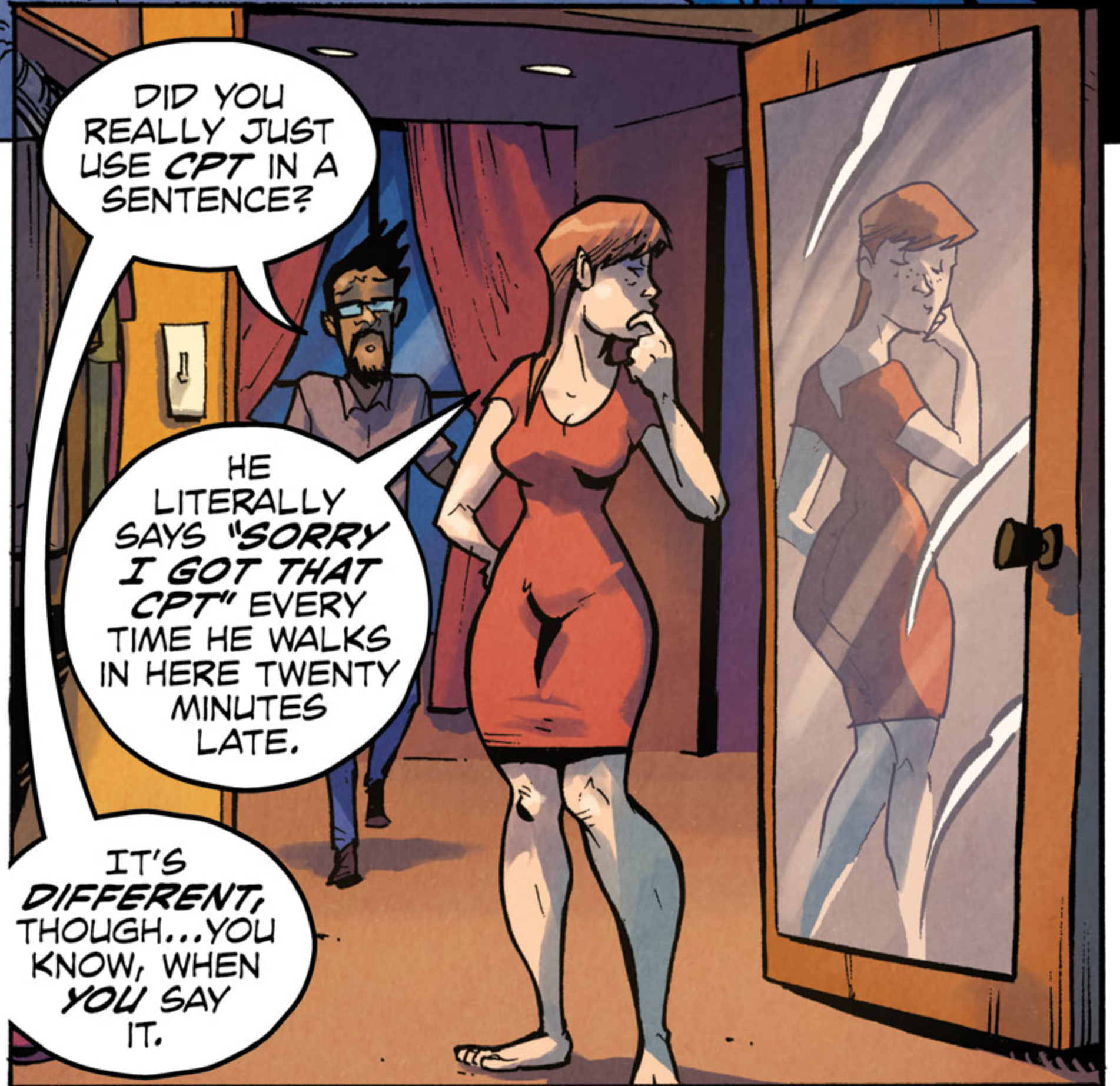
THEY'RE LATE.

AS USUAL.



A FREE SITTER'S A FREE SITTER. SO WHAT IF THEY'RE A FEW MINUTES LATE?

BESIDES... YOU KNOW YOUR FATHER'S WATCH IS SET TO *CPT*.



DID YOU REALLY JUST USE *CPT* IN A SENTENCE?

HE LITERALLY SAYS "*SORRY I GOT THAT CPT*" EVERY TIME HE WALKS IN HERE TWENTY MINUTES LATE.

IT'S DIFFERENT, THOUGH... YOU KNOW, WHEN *YOU* SAY IT.



YOU REALLY WANNA GO DOWN THIS ROUTE BEFORE OUR HOT SEXY DATE?

TOUCHÉ.



THEY'RE HERE! THEY'RE HERE!!



SORRY WE'RE LATE, SON.

GOT THAT *CPT*, HA HA.

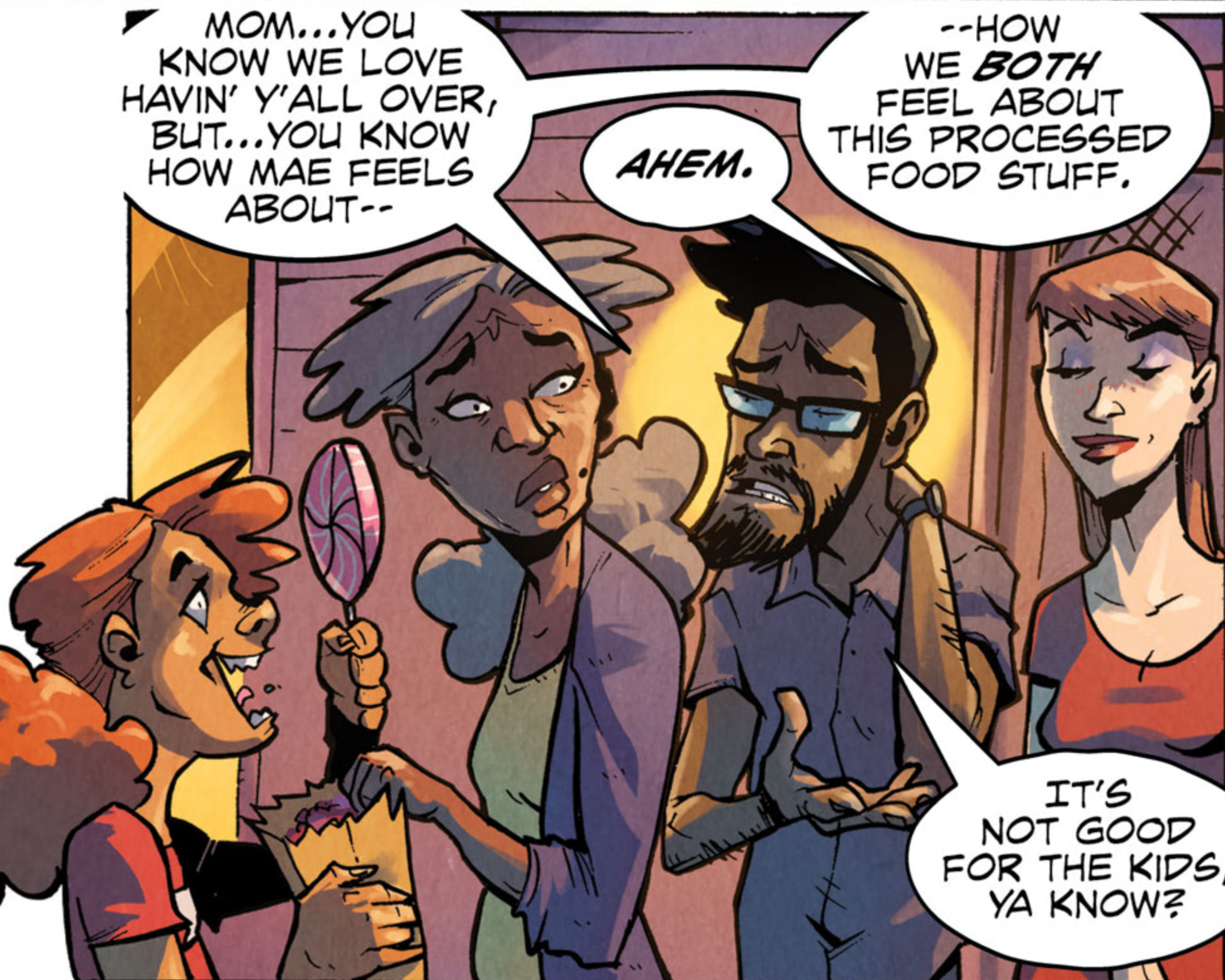
NOT A WORD.

HEEEY, GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT...



YOU KNOW WE WOULDN'T MISS TIME WITH OUR GRANDBABIES FOR THE WORLD.

WHO WANTS CANDY?



MOM...YOU KNOW WE LOVE HAVIN' Y'ALL OVER, BUT...YOU KNOW HOW MAE FEELS ABOUT--

AHEM.

--HOW WE *BOTH* FEEL ABOUT THIS PROCESSED FOOD STUFF.

IT'S NOT GOOD FOR THE KIDS, YA KNOW?



OH C'MON. YOU ATE THIS STUFF ALL THE TIME GROWING UP AND YOU WERE--

FAT, DAD. I WAS FAT.

YOU HAD *BIG BONES*.

BONES DON'T JIGGLE.



ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO. I HATE SEEING YOU *FIGHT*. WE'LL RESPECT THE RULES OF YOUR HOME IN THE FUTURE, HONEY.

DEAL?

CHOMA!



DEAL, MOMMA. LOVE YOU.

THIS IS HOW THE JENKINS FAMILY *WOULD'VE* TURNED OUT.

IN A *PERFECT* WORLD, THAT IS.

BUT IT *ISN'T* PERFECT.





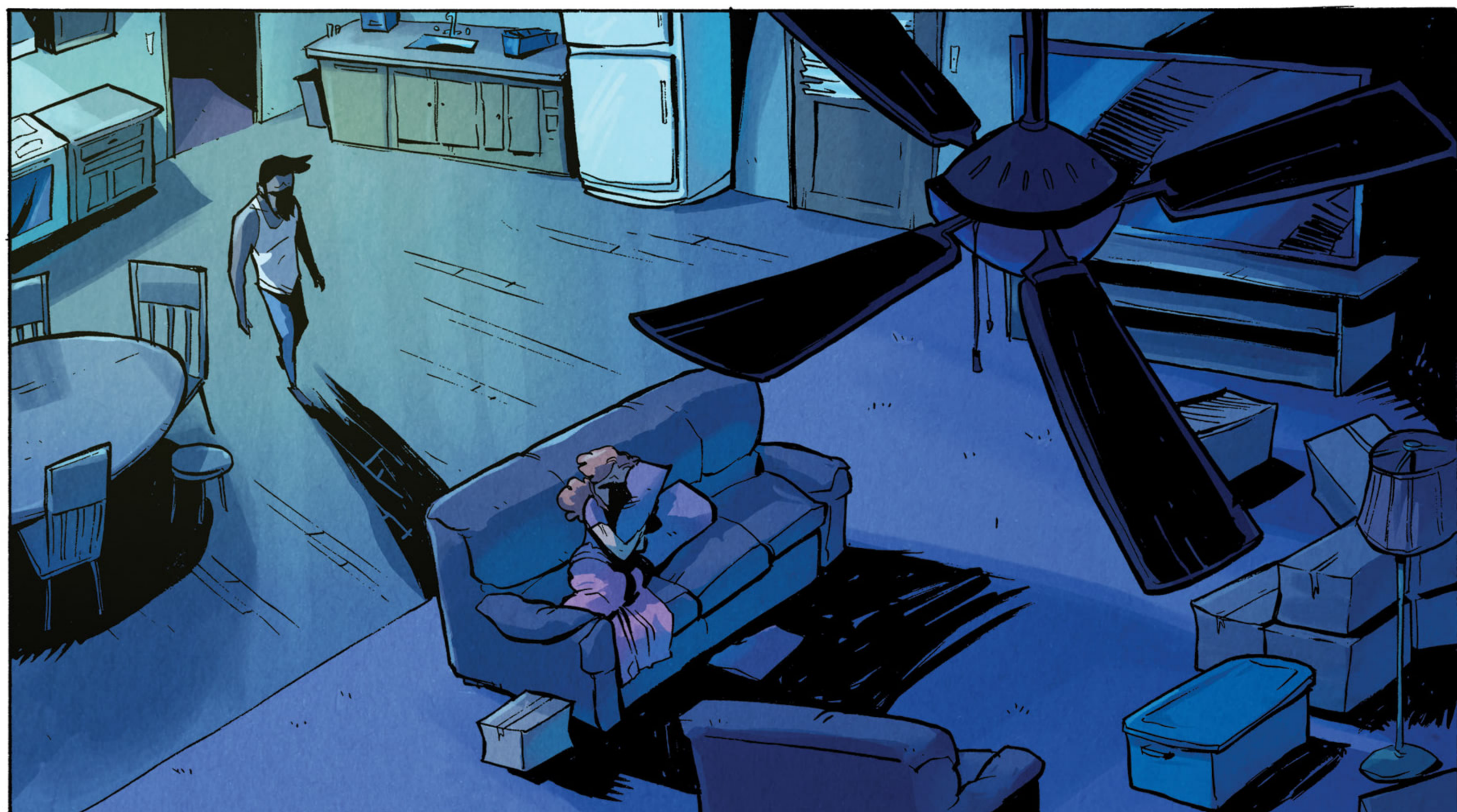
WHASSAT?
WHAT'S WRONG?
CAN'T SLEEP
AGAIN?

...

SORRY...



S'OKAY.
GET SOME
SLEEP.



WHA...
DAD?

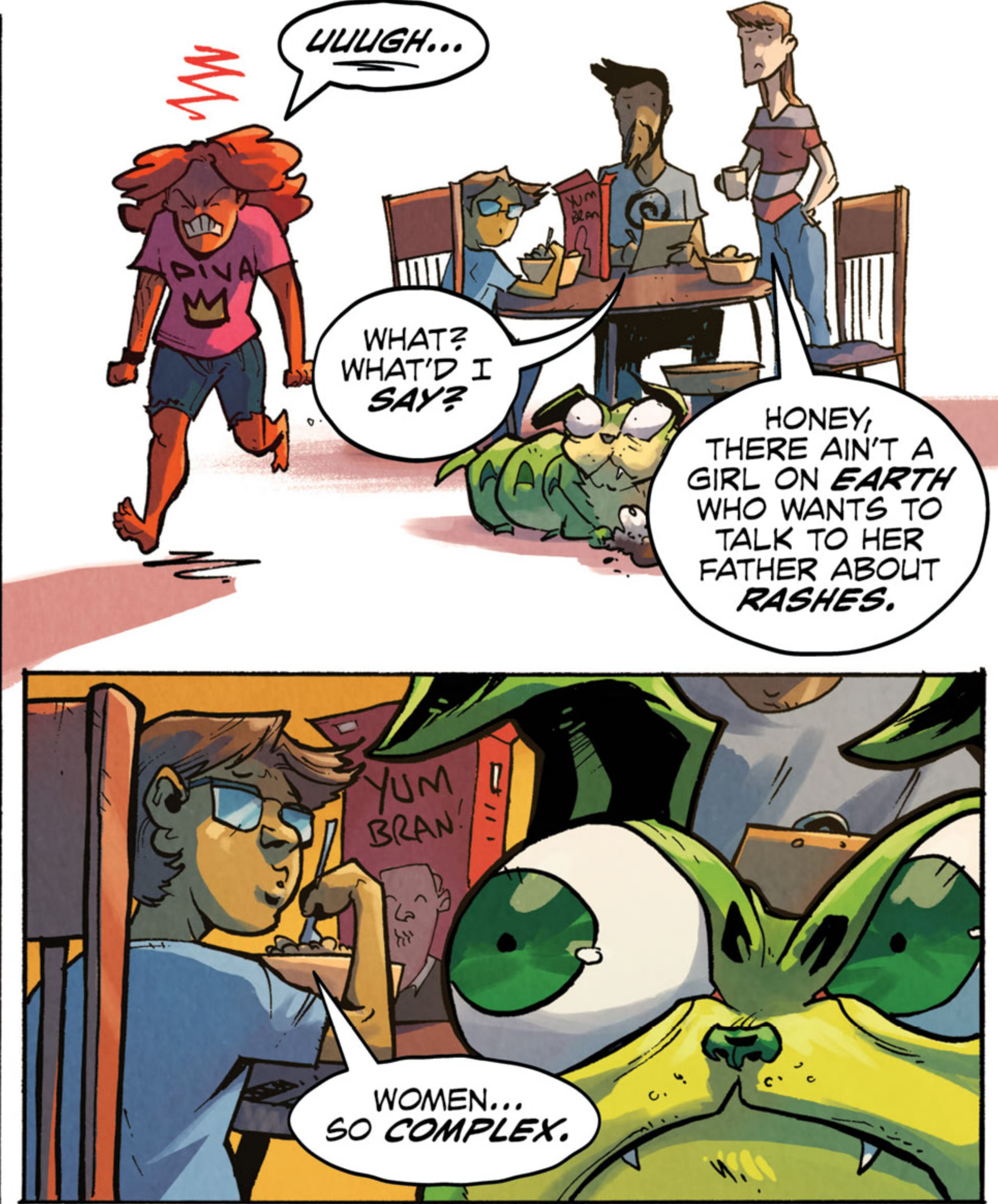
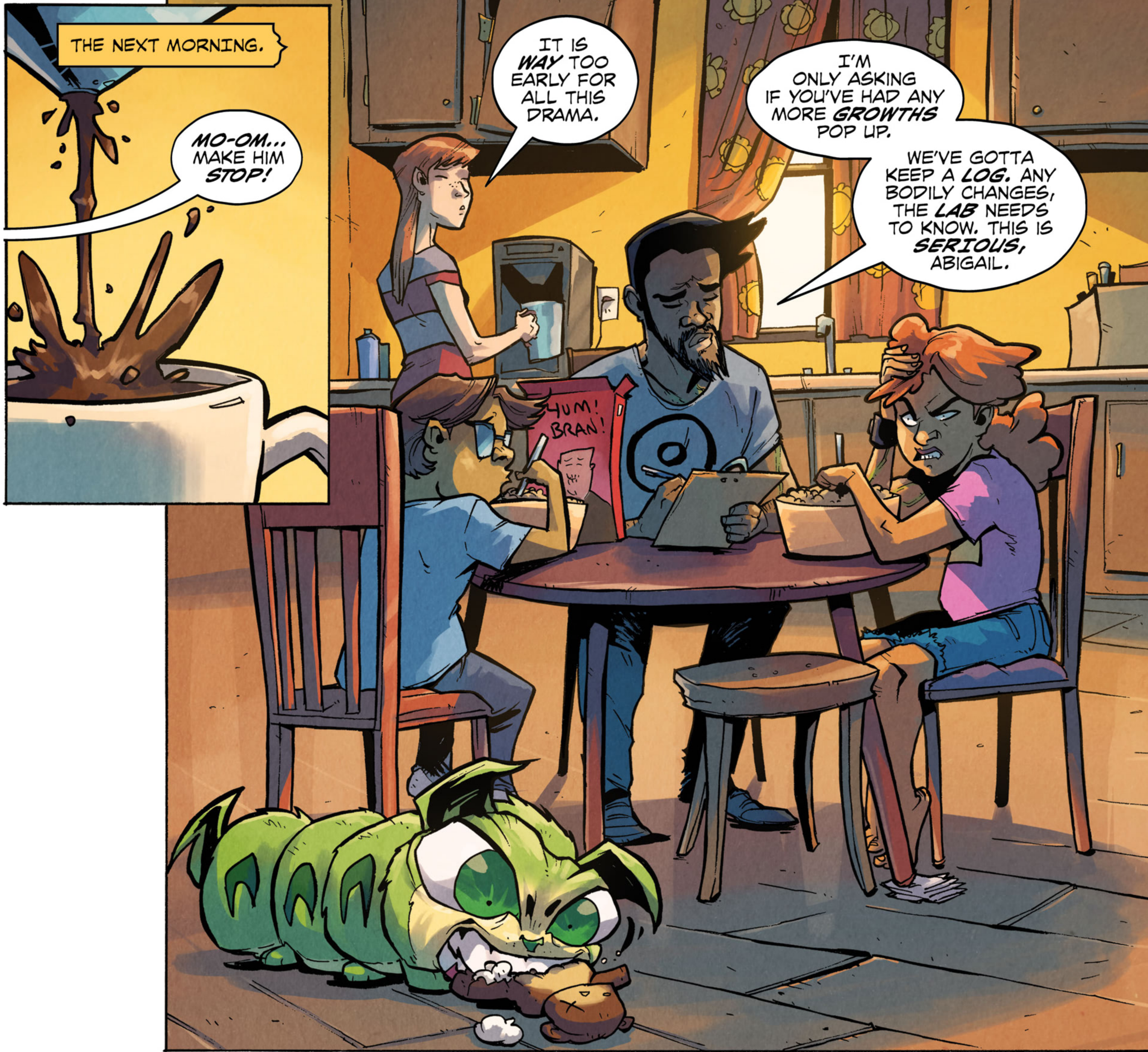
COULDN'T
SLEEP...

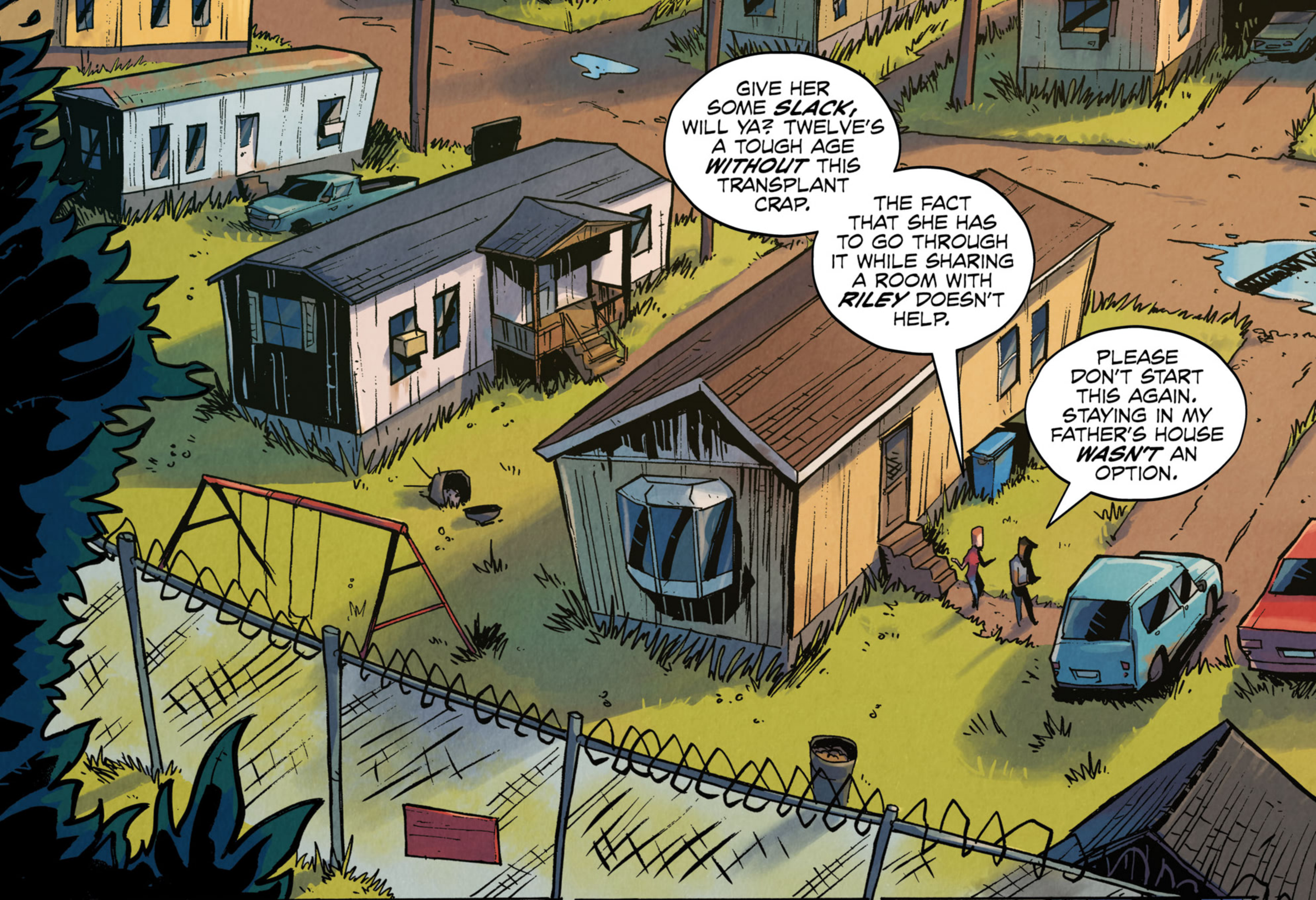
SSSHH.
I KNOW,
BABY.



ME
NEITHER.

CHAPTER 17: THE BRIDGE.





GIVE HER SOME **SLACK**, WILL YA? TWELVE'S A TOUGH AGE **WITHOUT** THIS TRANSPLANT CRAP.

THE FACT THAT SHE HAS TO GO THROUGH IT WHILE SHARING A ROOM WITH **RILEY** DOESN'T HELP.

PLEASE DON'T START THIS AGAIN. STAYING IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE **WASN'T** AN OPTION.



WASN'T IT, THOUGH?

I DON'T WANT **ANY-THING** FROM HIM.

YOU'RE STILL **WORK-ING** FOR HIM. ALL THAT'S CHANGED IS OUR LACK OF LIVING SPACE.



IT'S TEMPORARY.

ONCE THE **LAB** CRACKS THE **CURE**, WE END THIS, END **THORNE** AND GET THE HELL **OUTTA** HERE.



I'M SORRY. I JUST KEEP WAITING FOR THIS NIGHTMARE TO END SO WE CAN GET BACK TO **NORM--**

OW!!!

WHAT IS IT?!!



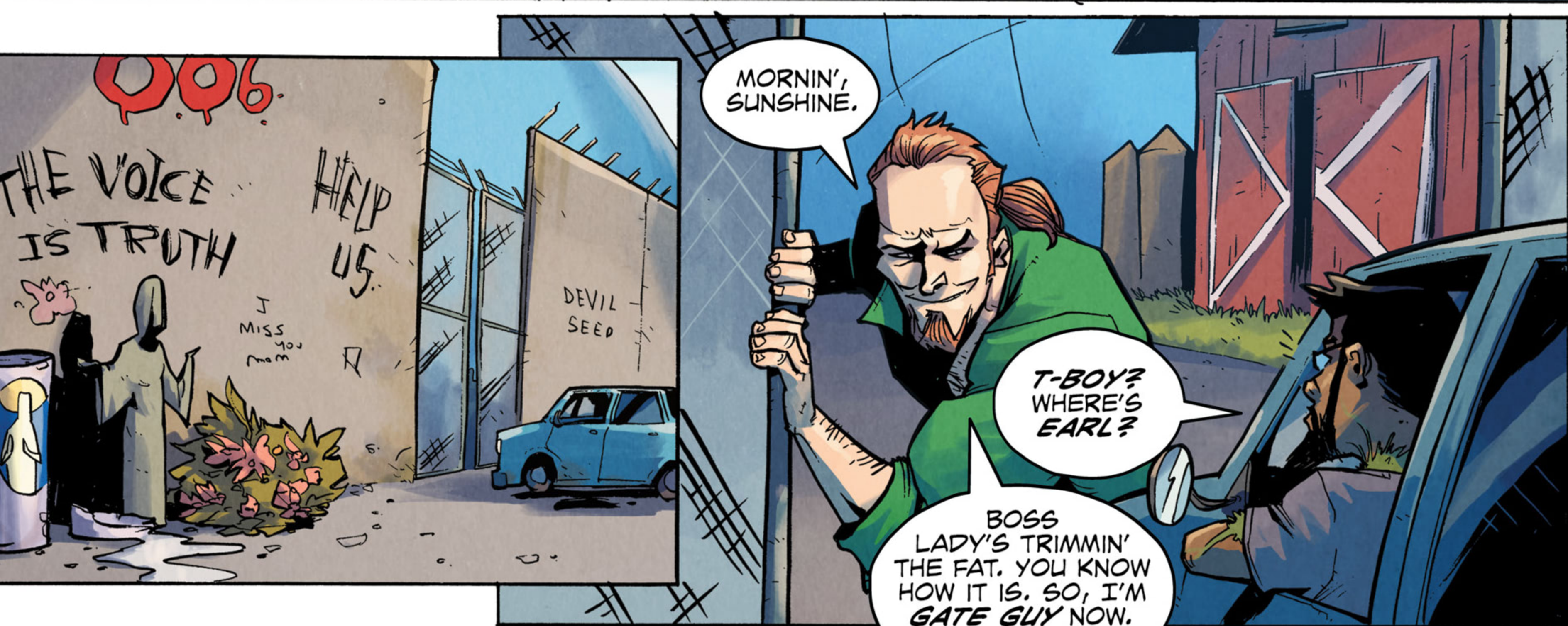
...SHIT.

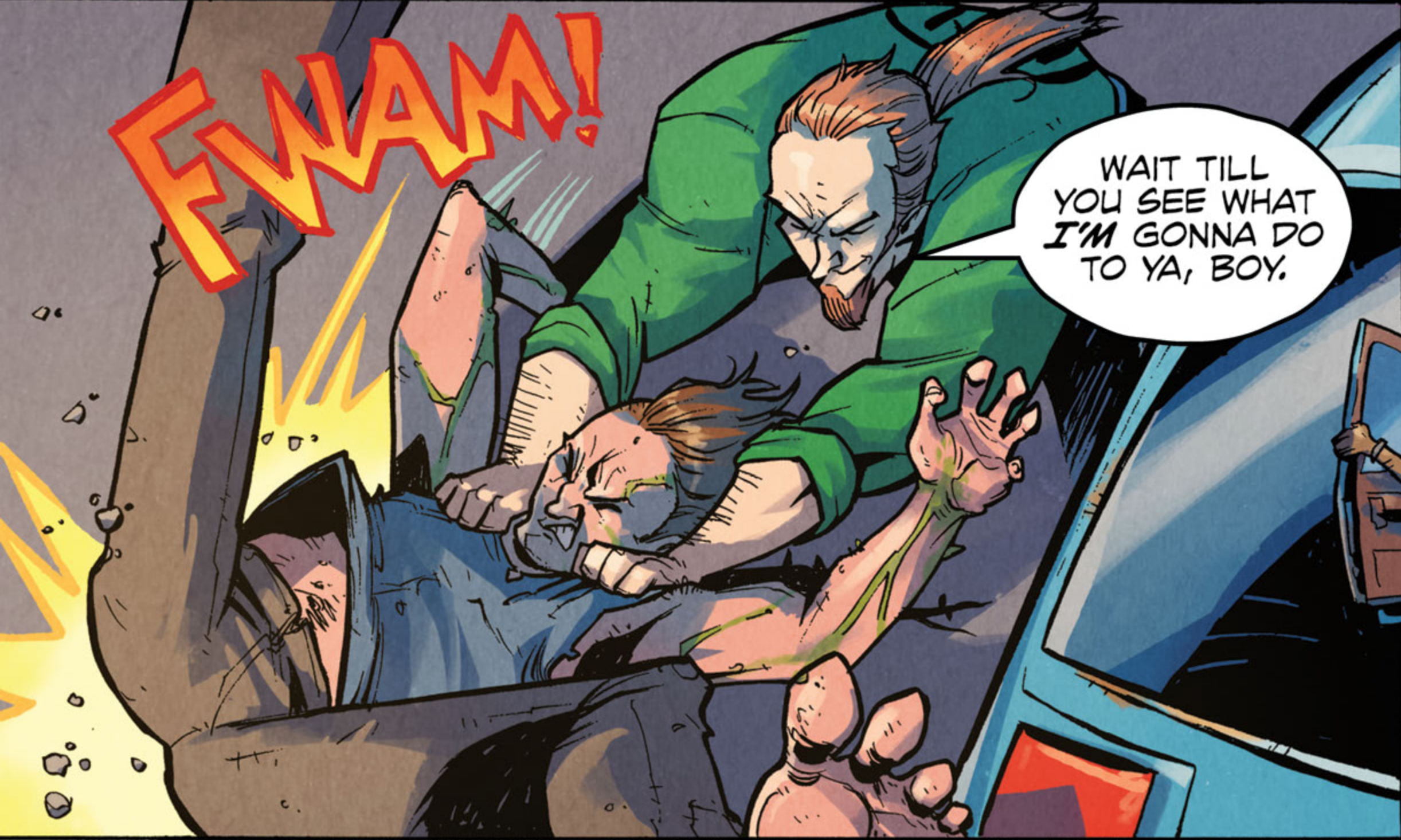
I'M OKAY. IT'S ALL RIGHT...

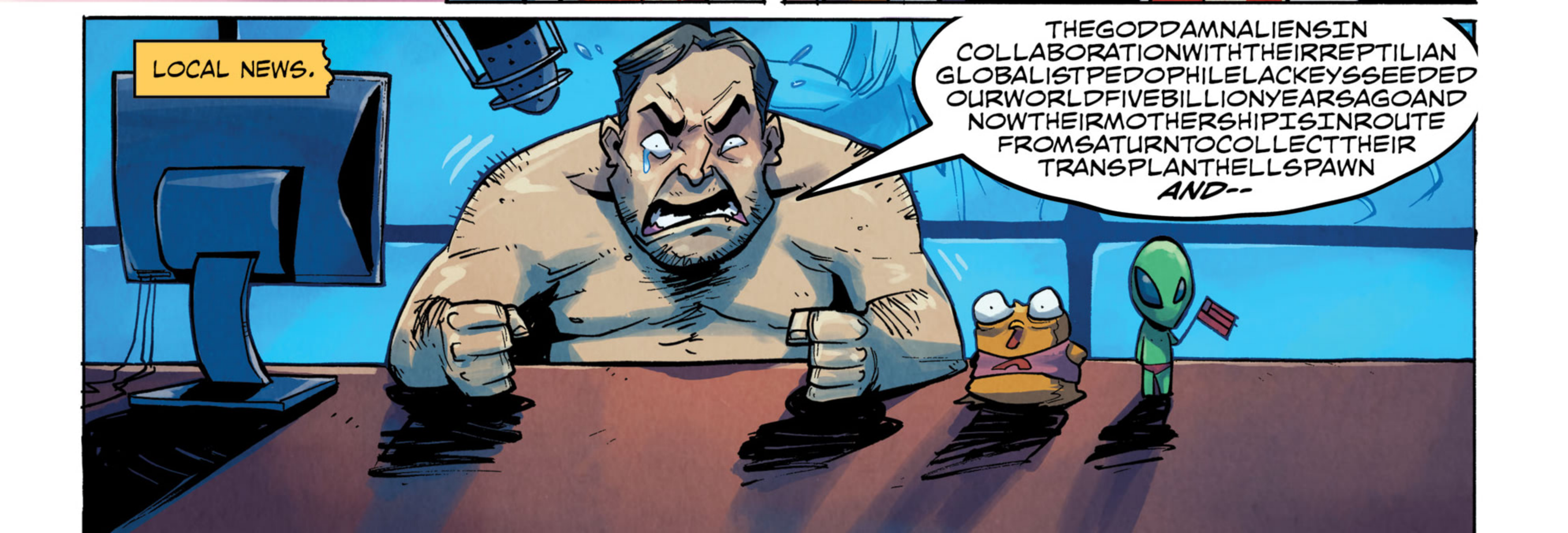
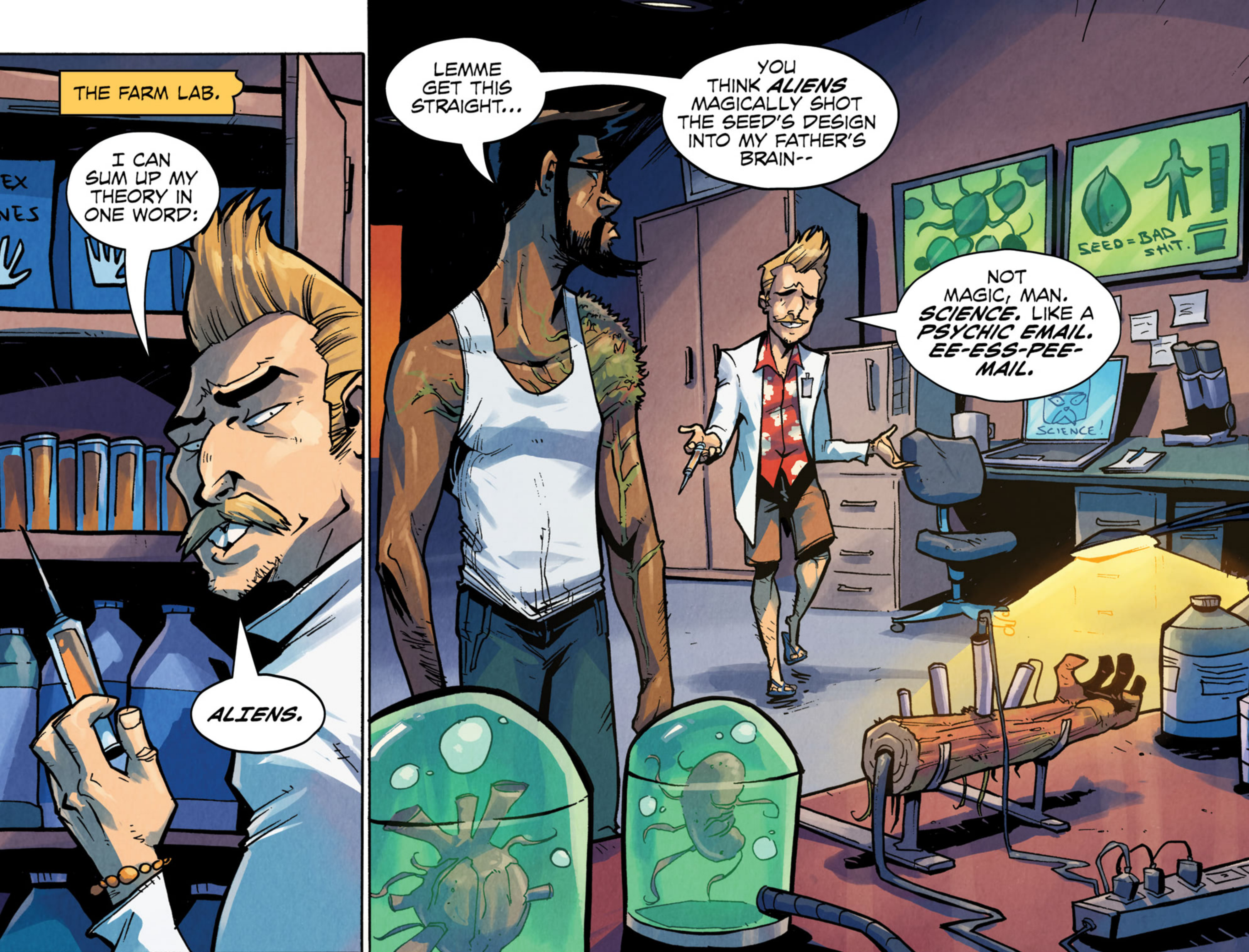
NO...

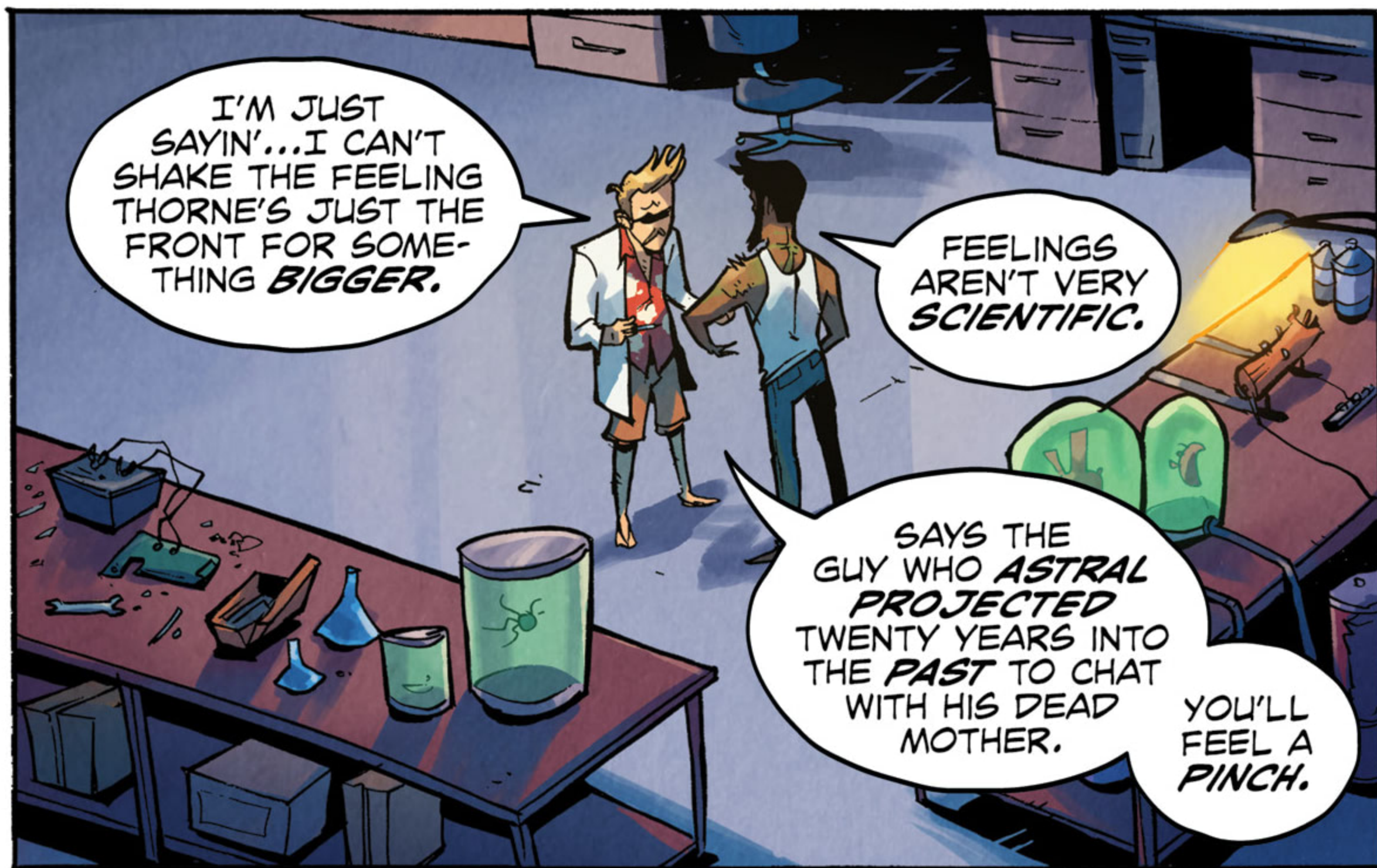


IT'S **NOT**.









I'M JUST SAYIN'...I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THORNE'S JUST THE FRONT FOR SOMETHING **BIGGER**.

FEELINGS AREN'T VERY **SCIENTIFIC**.

SAYS THE GUY WHO **ASTRAL PROJECTED** TWENTY YEARS INTO THE **PAST** TO CHAT WITH HIS DEAD MOTHER.

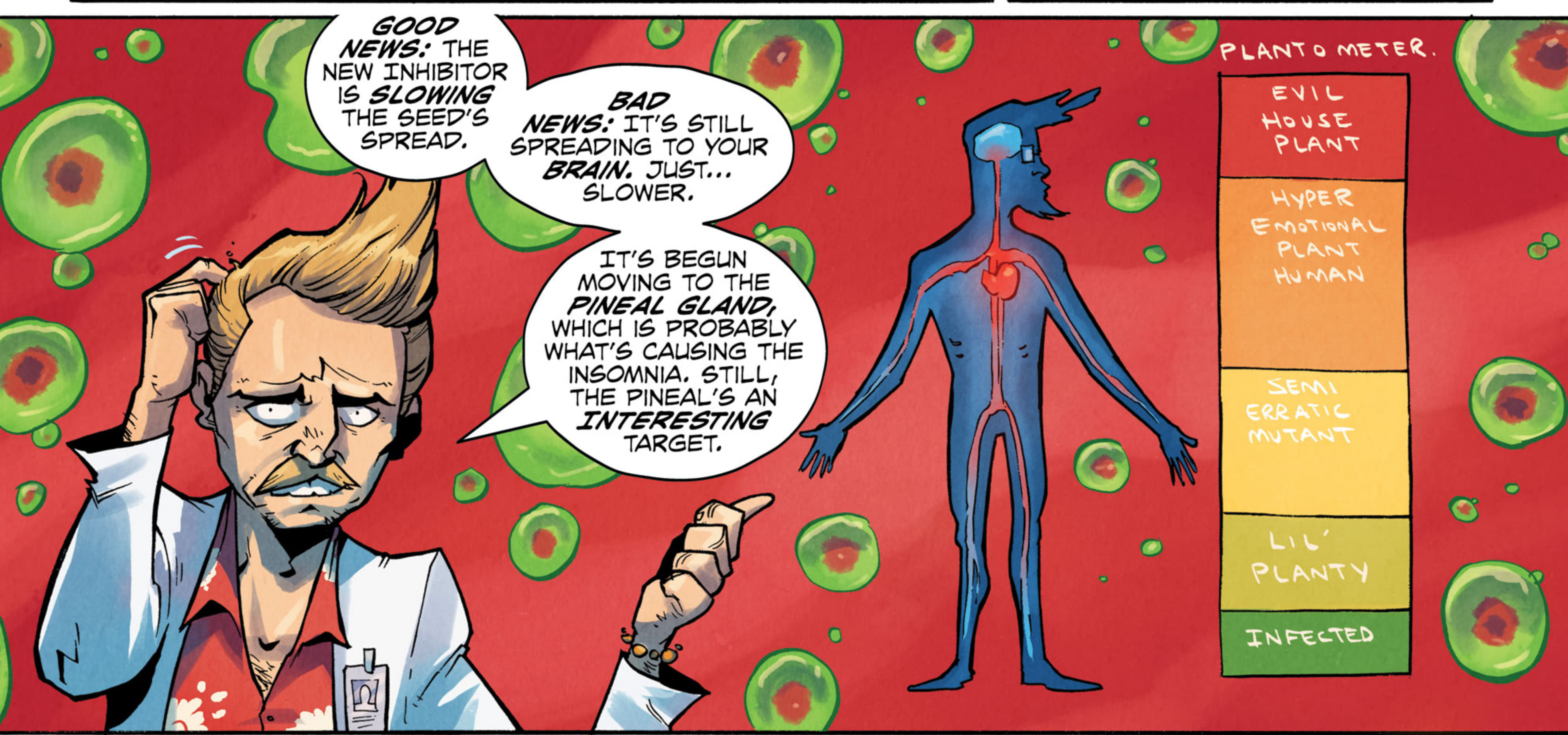
YOU'LL FEEL A **PINCH**.



INHIBITOR'S BEEN TAKING THE **EDGE** OFF?

A BIT. NOT HELPING THE **INSOMNIA**, THOUGH.

YEAH... ABOUT THAT...



GOOD NEWS: THE NEW INHIBITOR IS **SLOWING** THE SEED'S SPREAD.

BAD NEWS: IT'S STILL SPREADING TO YOUR **BRAIN**. JUST... SLOWER.

IT'S BEGUN MOVING TO THE **PINEAL GLAND**, WHICH IS PROBABLY WHAT'S CAUSING THE **INSOMNIA**. STILL, THE PINEAL'S AN **INTERESTING** TARGET.

PLANTOMETER.

- EVIL HOUSE PLANT
- HYPER EMOTIONAL PLANT HUMAN
- SEMI ERRATIC MUTANT
- LIL' PLANTY
- INFECTED



I'M GLAD MY DEATH WILL BE **INTERESTING**.

THE PINEAL'S SORTA **MYSTERIOUS**. FOR YEARS SCIENTISTS BELIEVED IT WAS JUST SOME KINDA EVOLUTIONARY **REMNANT**. THEN PEOPLE STARTED THINKING IT MORE **VITAL**.

IT'S HAD DIFFERENT NICKNAMES. THE **THIRD EYE** OR THE **AJNA CHAKRA**. OR THE **SEAT OF THE SOUL**.



IT REALLY MAKES YOU WONDER, IS THAT WHAT MONICA'S **AFTER**?

TRIPPY SHIT, EH, ZEKE?

...ZEKE?



OH HEY! I
THREW A FEW
EXTRA VIALS IN FOR
ABBY. SUPPLIES ARE
TIGHT, BUT...I'M
DOING MY *BEST*
HERE, MAN.



I
KNOW...

THANKS,
WALTER.

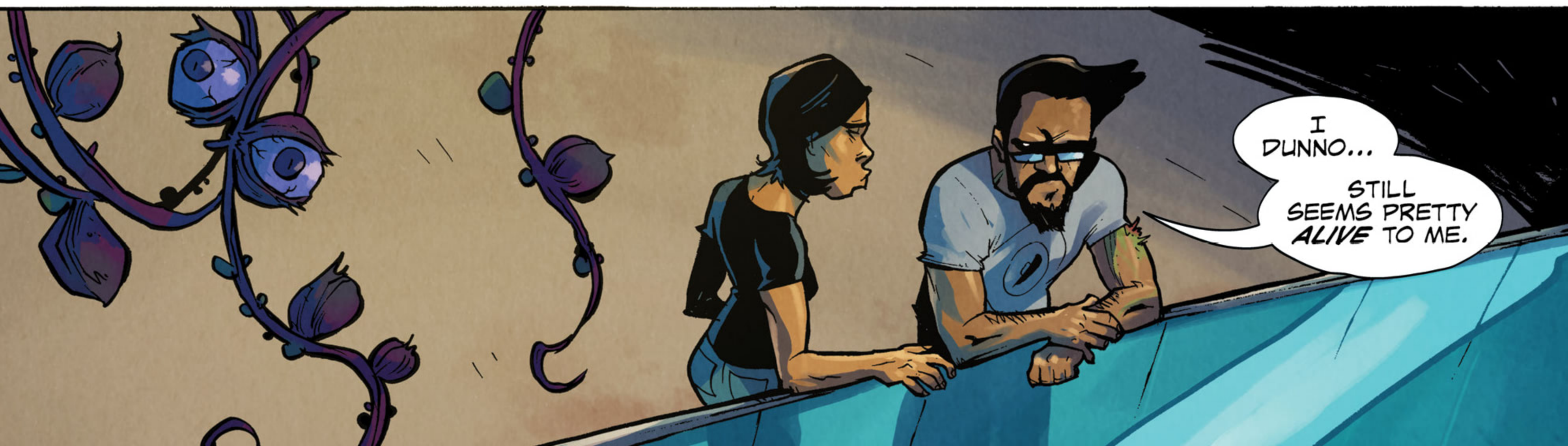


WEIRD SEEING
IT THIS WAY,
RIGHT?



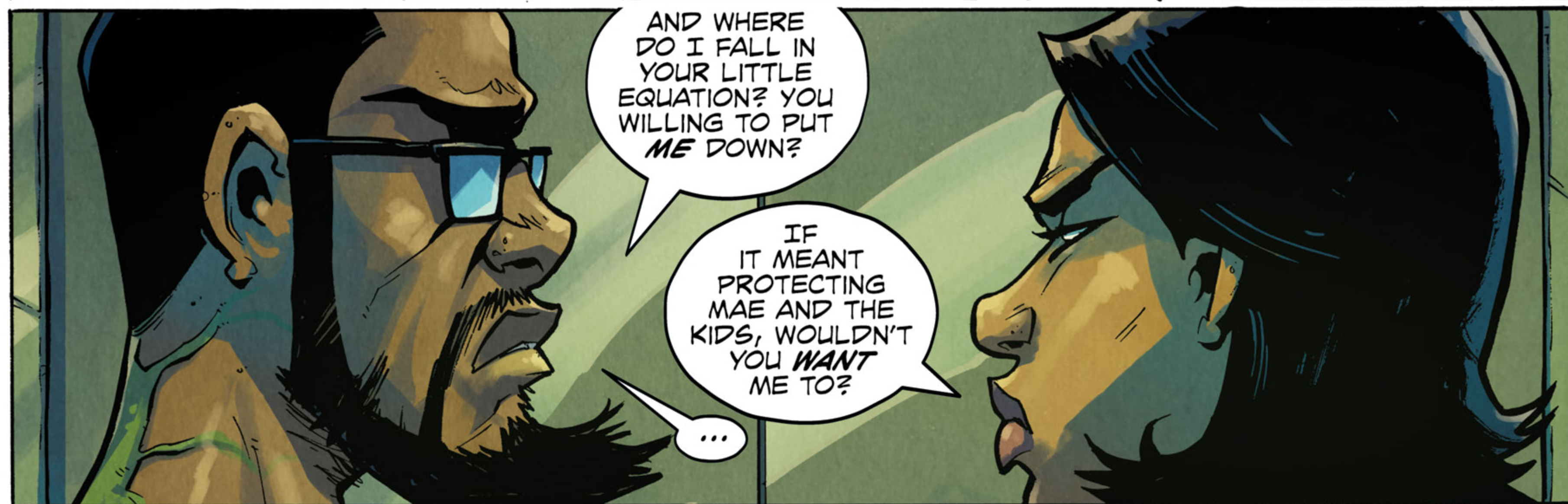
WITHOUT ALL
THE FARMHANDS
BUZZING AROUND
OR THE TOURISTS
SNAPPING
SELFIES...

THIS PLACE
JUST FEELS
DEAD.



I
DUNNO...

STILL
SEEMS PRETTY
ALIVE TO ME.



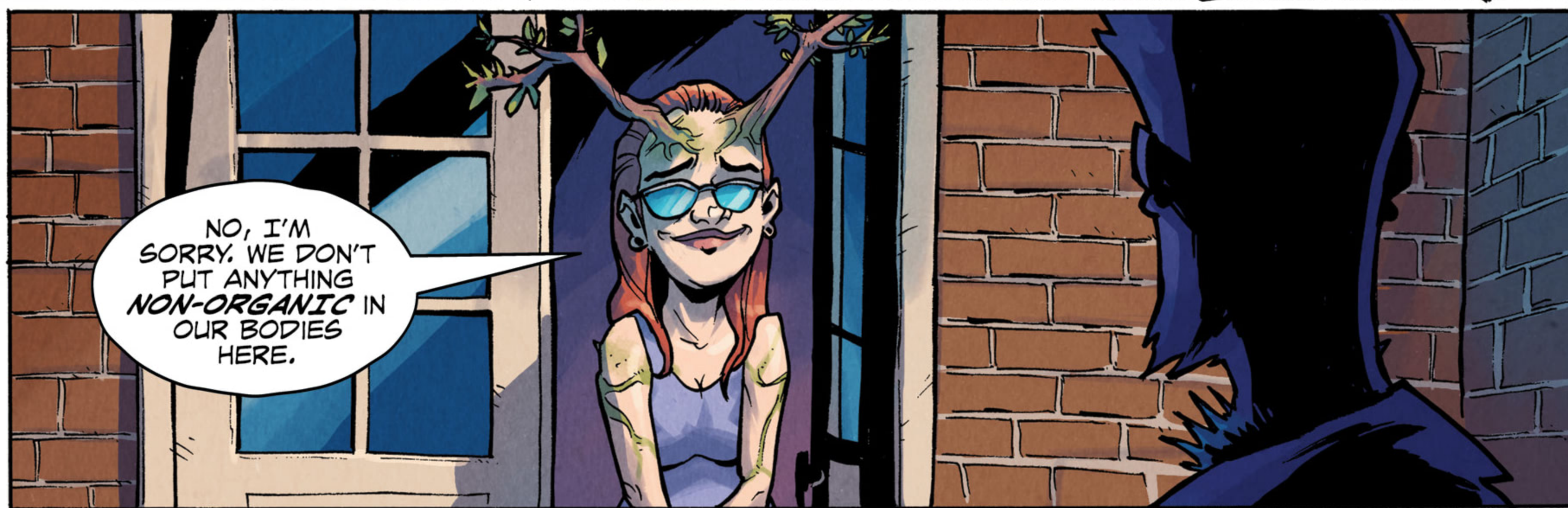


WEEKS AGO, THE FARM BEGAN OFFERING SMALL BATCHES OF *INHIBITOR* TO LOCALS AFFECTED BY THE SEED'S SPREAD.



IT WENT ABOUT AS WELL AS YOU'D EXPECT.

GET THE HELL OFF MY PORCH BEFORE I *SHOOT* YOU IN THE ASS.



NO, I'M SORRY. WE DON'T PUT ANYTHING *NON-ORGANIC* IN OUR BODIES HERE.



NICE TRY, KID.

THE GOOD LORD GAVE ME ALL THE INHIBITOR I NEED. IT'S CALLED AN *IMMUNE SYSTEM*.



I *GOTTA* GET THE HELL OUTTA THIS TOWN.

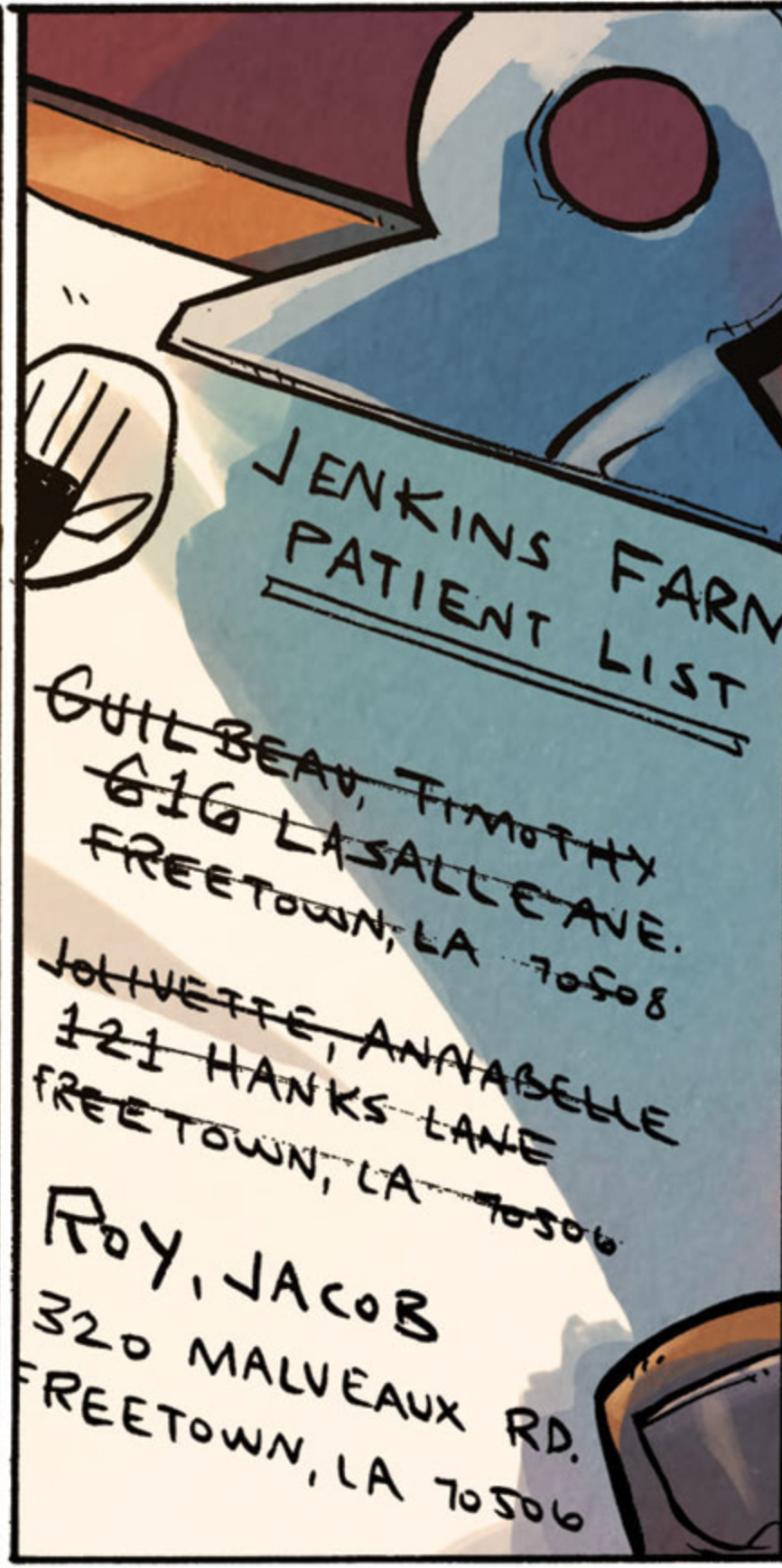


THE LAST STOP.

DING DONG!



PLEASE DON'T BE CRAZY!



**JENKINS FARM
PATIENT LIST**

~~GUILBEAU, TIMOTHY~~
~~616 LASALLE AVE.~~
~~FREETOWN, LA 70508~~

~~LOUVETTE, ANNABELLE~~
~~121 HANKS LANE~~
~~FREETOWN, LA 70506~~

ROY, JACOB
320 MALVEAUX RD.
FREETOWN, LA 70506



OH SH--

IS THIS ABOUT MY HUSBAND?



DID YOU FIND MY JACOB?



JACOB ROY.

UH...NO,
MA'AM.

NOT
YET.

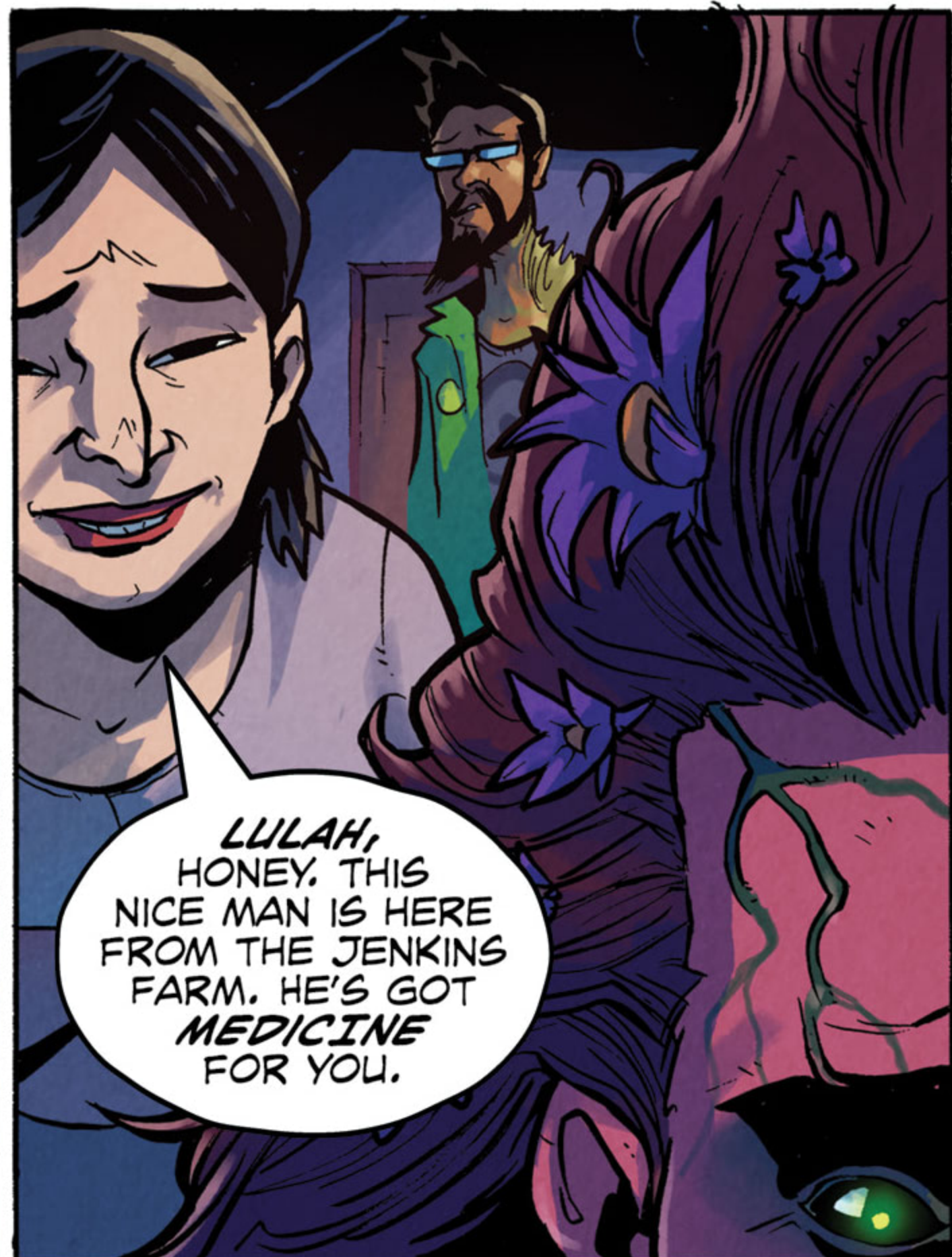




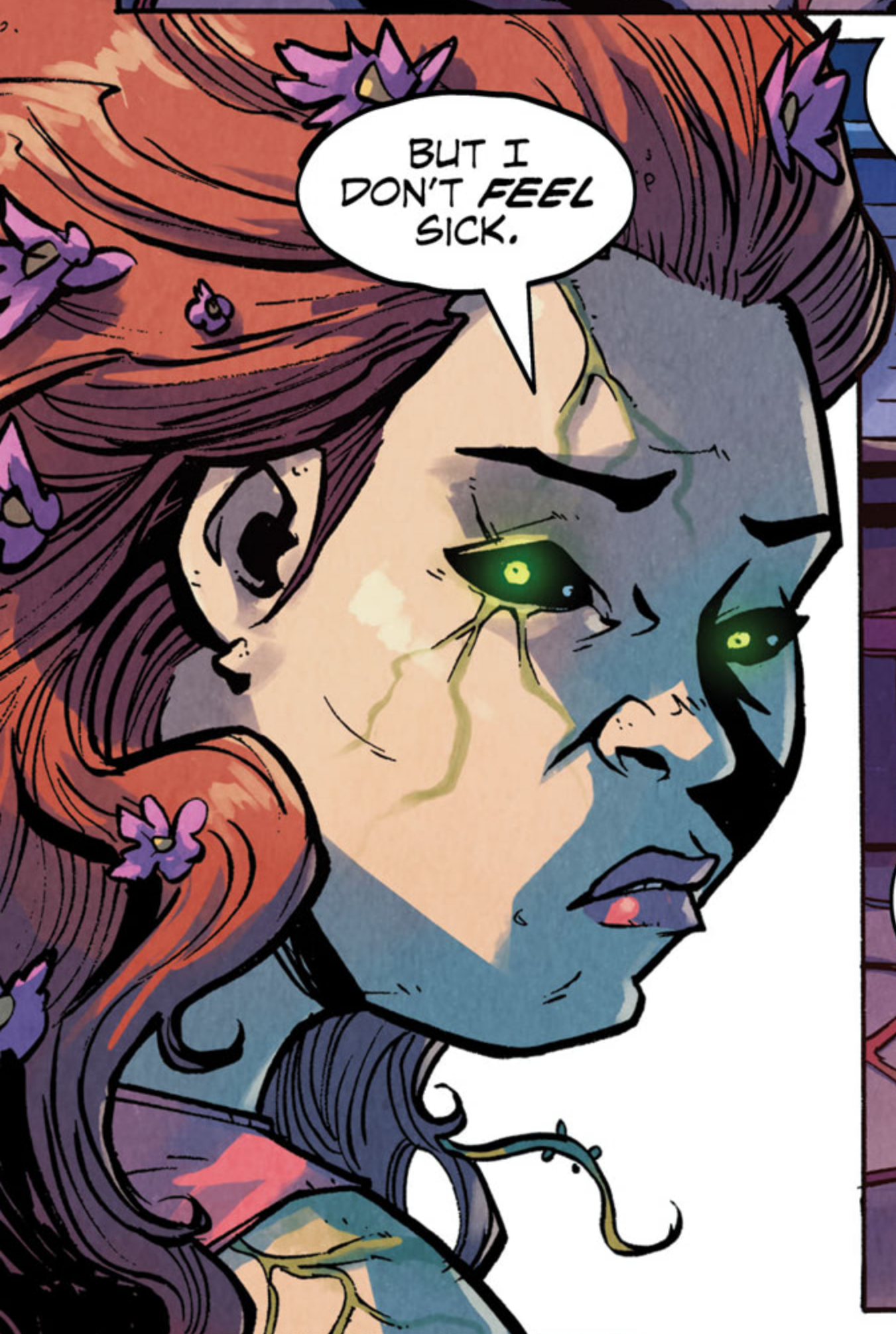
YOUR DAUGHTER... SHE'S NOT IN OUR *FILES*.

SHE *NEVER* GOT A TRANSPLANT. SHE *CAUGHT* IT. MAYBE FROM MY HUSBAND.

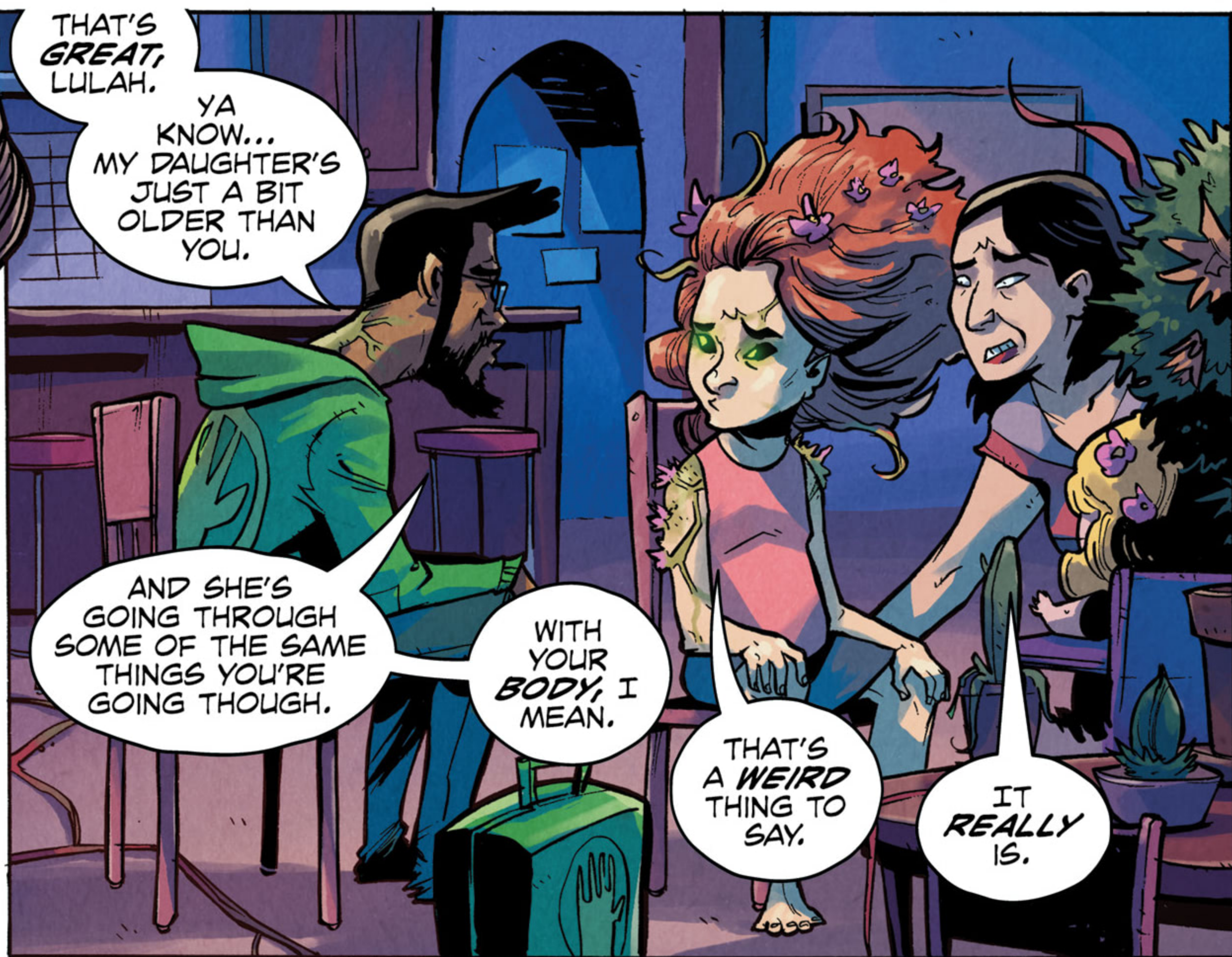
STARTED GROWING THESE *THINGS* WHEN EVERYONE ELSE IN TOWN DID.



LULAH, HONEY. THIS NICE MAN IS HERE FROM THE JENKINS FARM. HE'S GOT *MEDICINE* FOR YOU.



BUT I DON'T *FEEL* SICK.



THAT'S *GREAT*, LULAH.

YA KNOW... MY DAUGHTER'S JUST A BIT OLDER THAN YOU.

AND SHE'S GOING THROUGH SOME OF THE SAME THINGS YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.

WITH YOUR *BODY*, I MEAN.

THAT'S A *WEIRD* THING TO SAY.

IT *REALLY* IS.



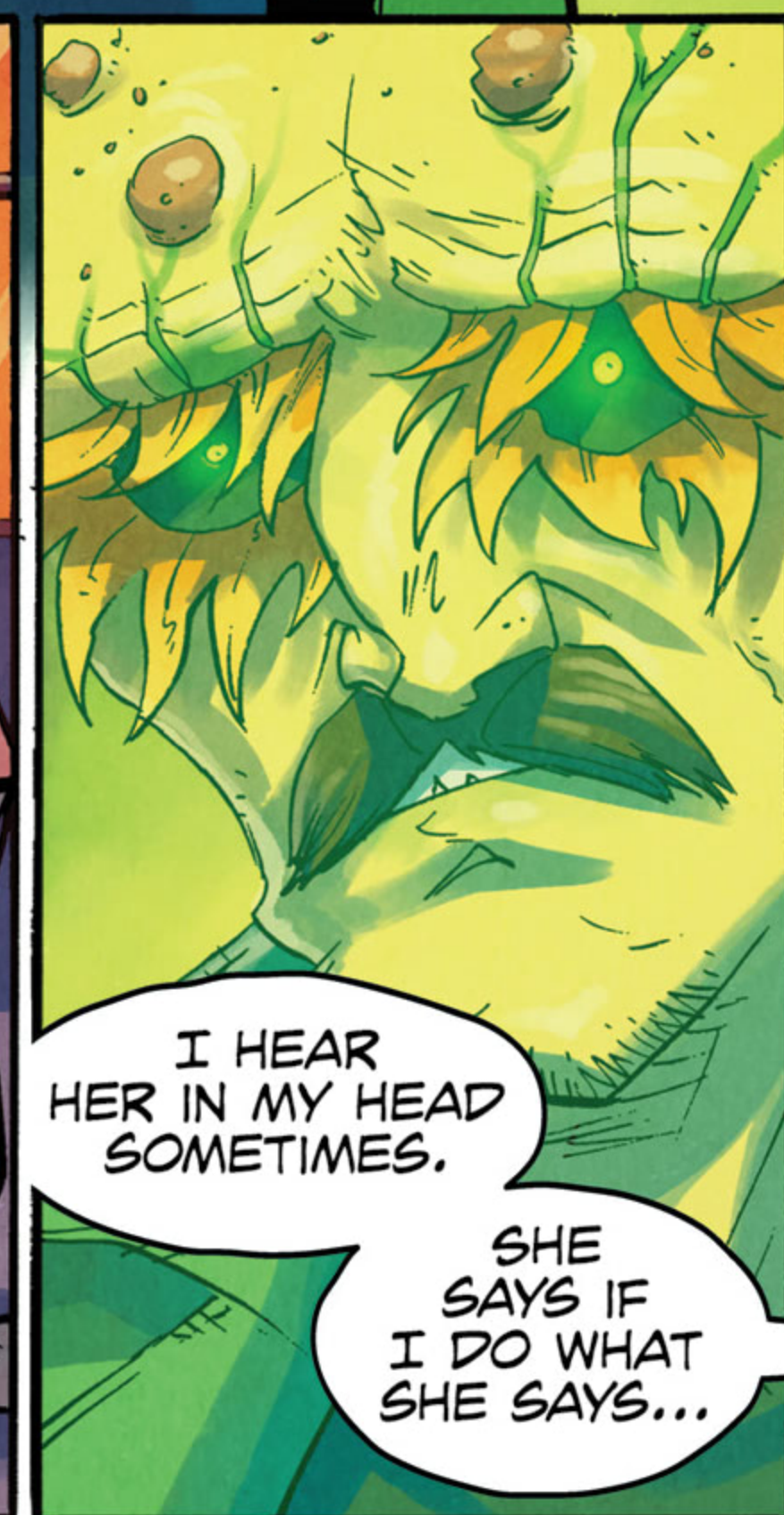
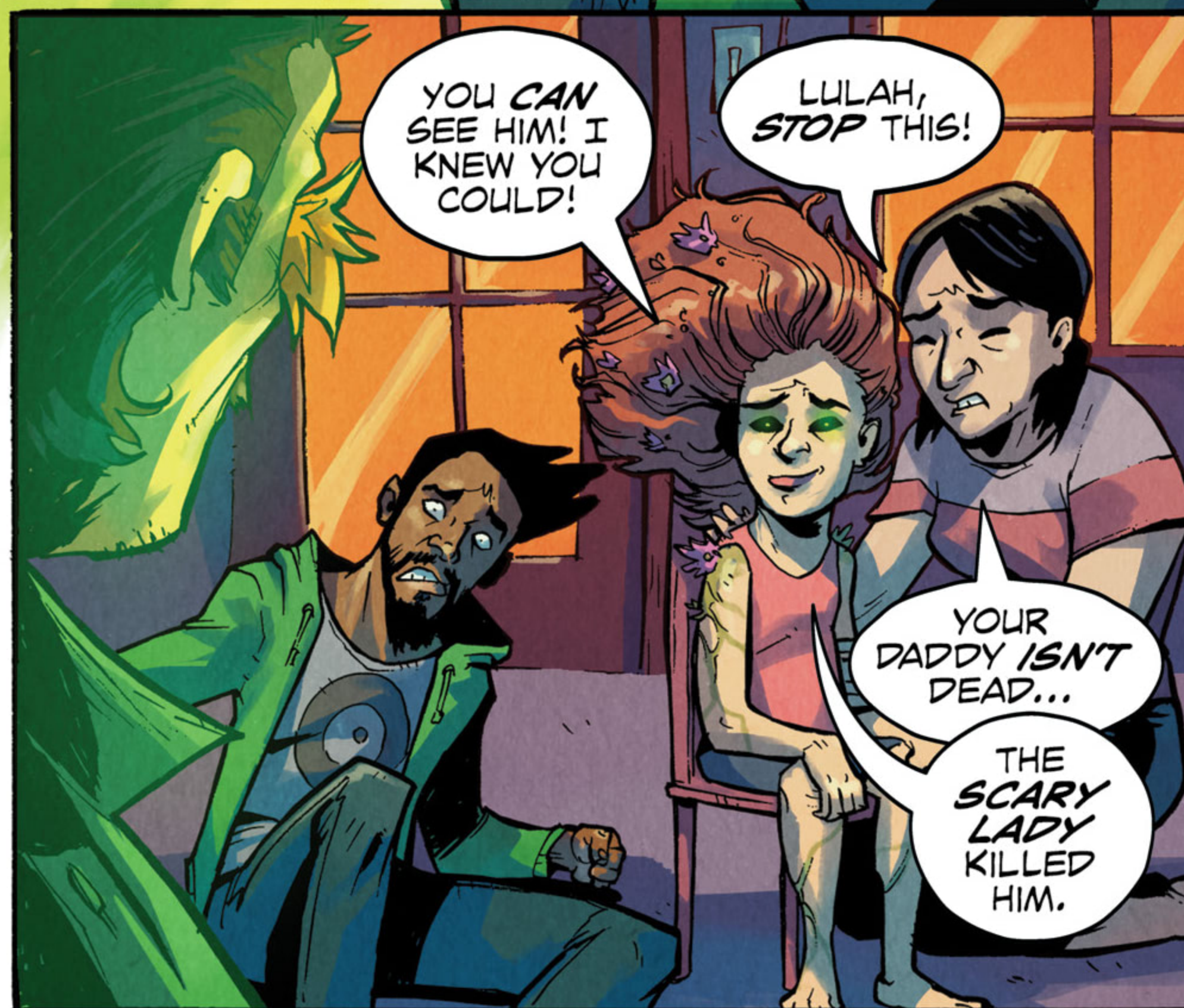
WHAT I MEAN IS, WE CAN HELP *SLOW* WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU.

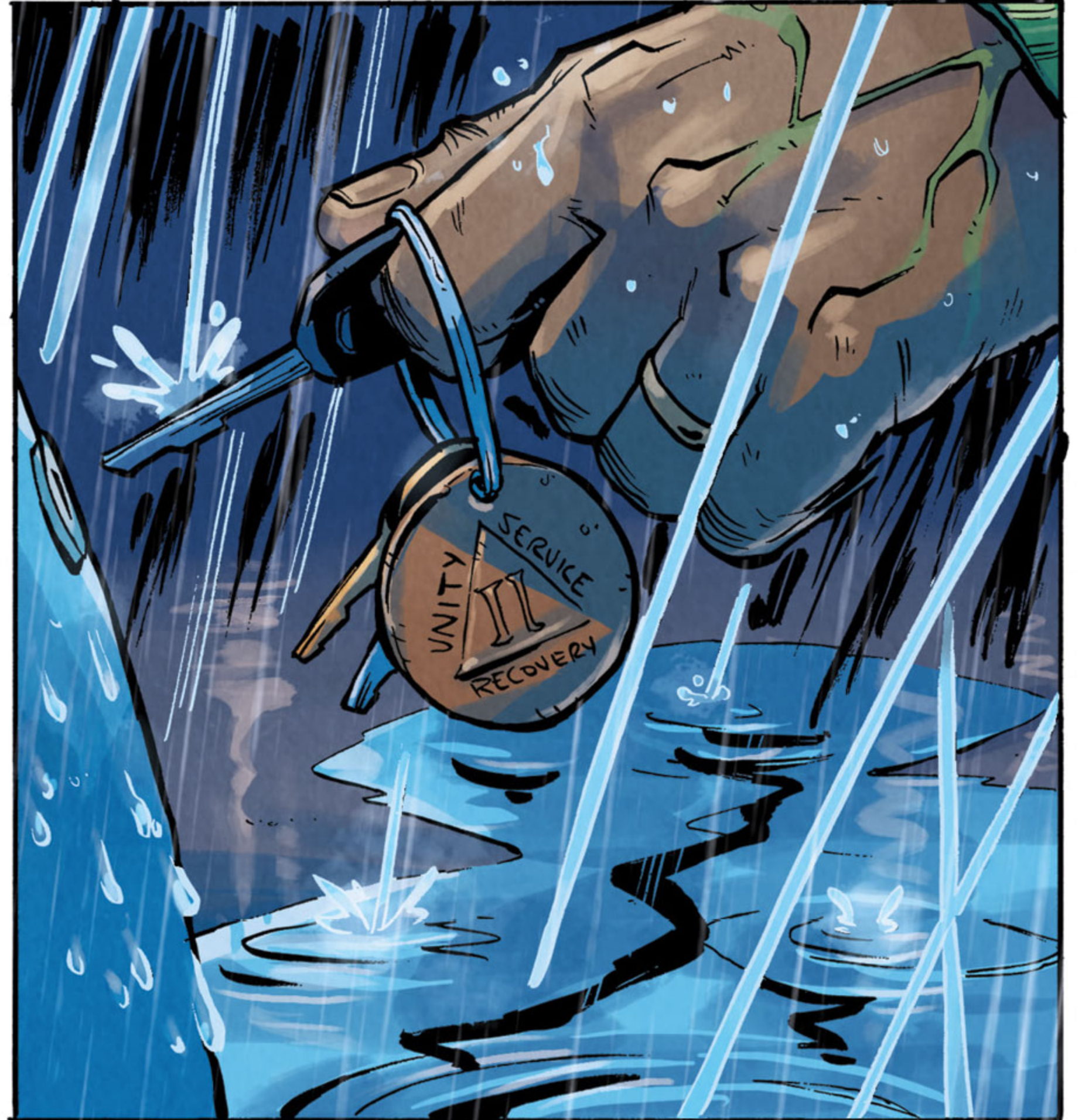
AT LEAST UNTIL WE CAN MAKE IT *STOP*.



WHY WOULD I WANT IT TO *STOP*?

IF IT STOPS, I WON'T SEE *DAD* ANYMORE.



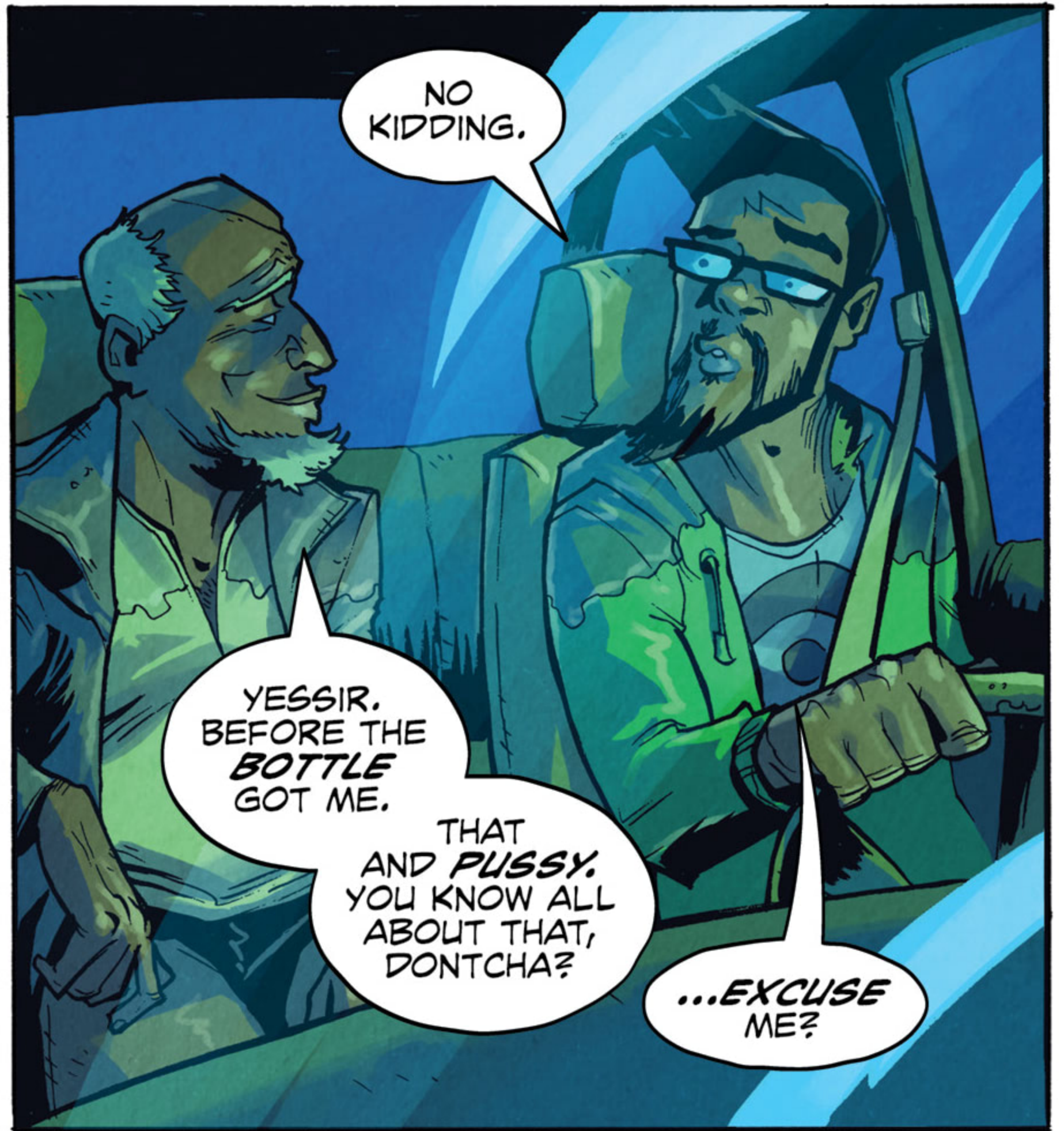




WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

JOE. JOE THIBODEAUX.

USED TO BE CITY COUNCILMAN ROUND HERE, BELIEVE IT OR NOT.



NO KIDDING.

YESSIR. BEFORE THE **BOTTLE** GOT ME.

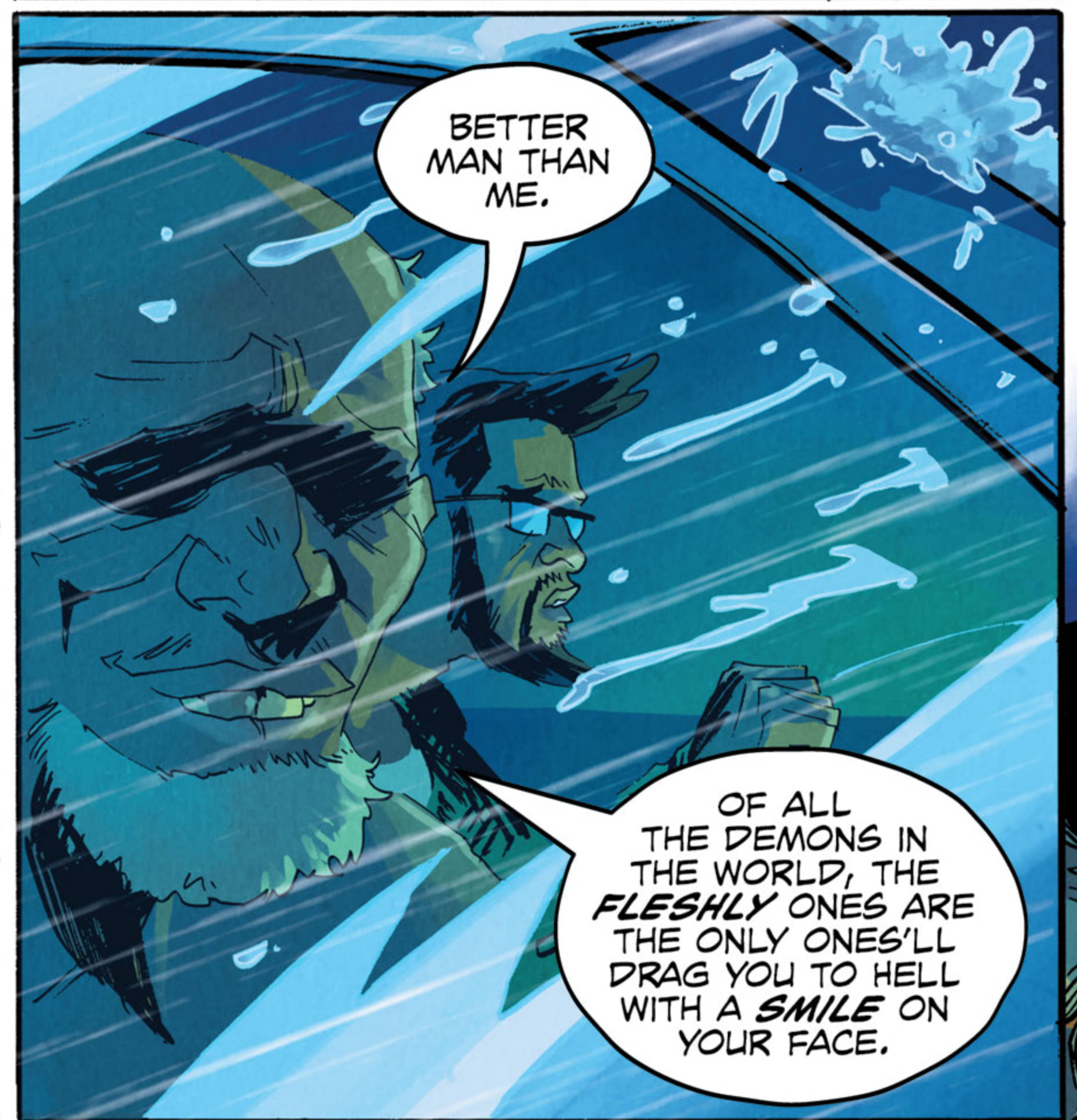
THAT AND **PUSSY**. YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT, DONTCHA?

...EXCUSE ME?



YOUR MEDALLION. TWO YEARS SOBER.

ACTUALLY, IT'S **THREE** NOW. AIN'T BEEN TO A MEETING IN A WHILE.



BETTER MAN THAN ME.

OF ALL THE DEMONS IN THE WORLD, THE **FLESHLY** ONES ARE THE ONLY ONES'LL DRAG YOU TO HELL WITH A **SMILE** ON YOUR FACE.



THIS IS **ME**. CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH.

GLAD TO HELP. I BEEN THERE.



YOU SURE **HAVE**, HAVEN'T YA? TURNED YOUR LIFE AROUND...AND ALL BECAUSE OF **HER**.

THE WOMAN WITH THE **BUTTERFLY** TATTOO.



YOU SLEPT WITH HER WHILE YOUR WIFE WAS PREGNANT WITH YOUR SON.

SHE WAS YOUR **ROCK BOTTOM**, WASN'T SHE?



WHAT
THE
FU--?

YOU'RE A *GOOD*
MAN, ZEKE. THAT'S
WHY YOU'RE *SCARED*
SHITLESS. YOU SEE THE
WORLD CHANGING AROUND
YOU, BUT IT'S THE WORLD
INSIDE YOU THAT'S
REALLY GOT YOU
HUNG UP.

YOU
GOTTA LET
THAT *GO*.

IT'S OKAY.
AIN'T NO MORE
SECRETS NOW. THE
THORNE WOMAN
PUT AN END TO
THAT.

I CAN
SEE EVERY DARK
CORNER OF YOUR
HEART CLEAR AS
DAY. IF YOU TRIED,
YOU'D SEE *MINE*
TOO.

SEE
THAT HOUSE?
IN THERE LIVES
THE COLDEST,
MOST UNGRATEFUL
BITCH YOU'LL
EVER MEET.

I SPENT
HALF MY LIFE
TRYING TO MAKE
HER *HAPPY*.

TRYIN'
TO DO THE
RIGHT
THING.

AND YA
KNOW WHAT
THORNE
SHOWED
ME?

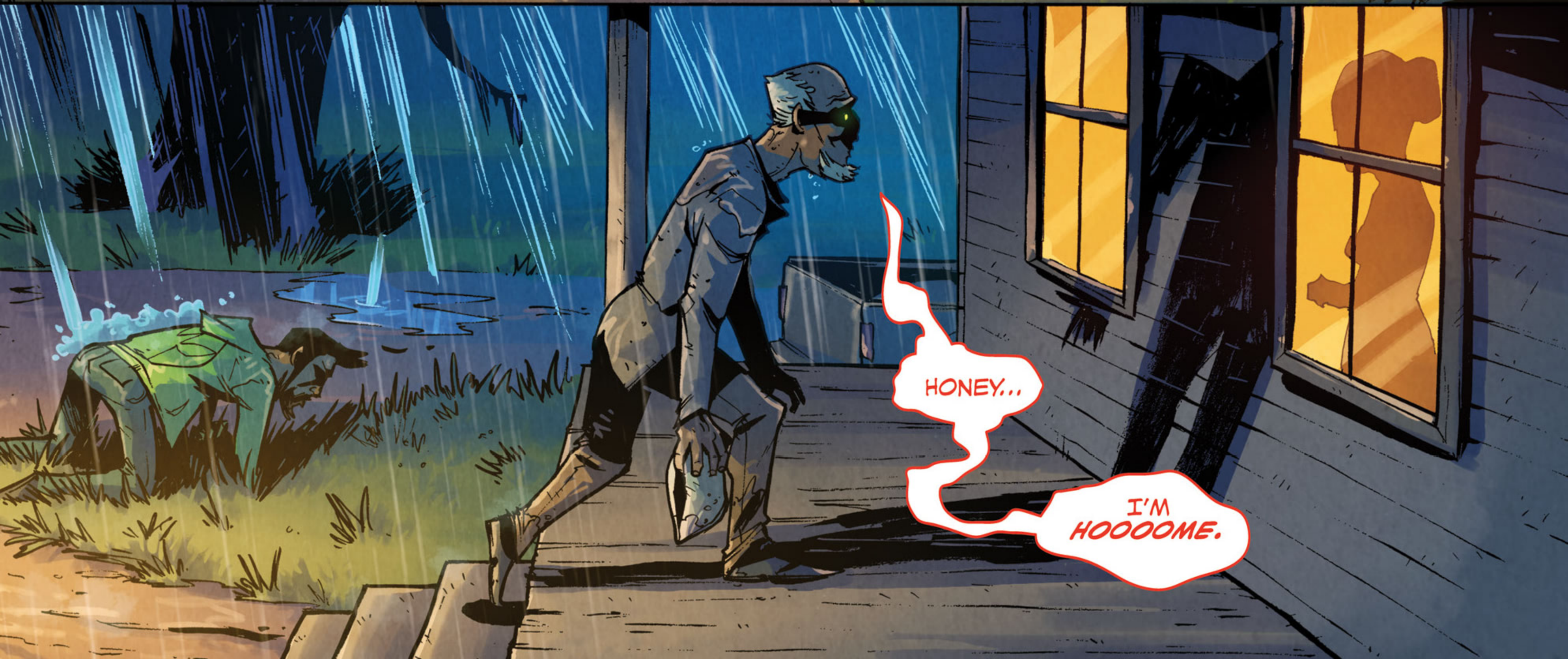
MORALITY
IS AN *OLD* WAY
O' THINKING.

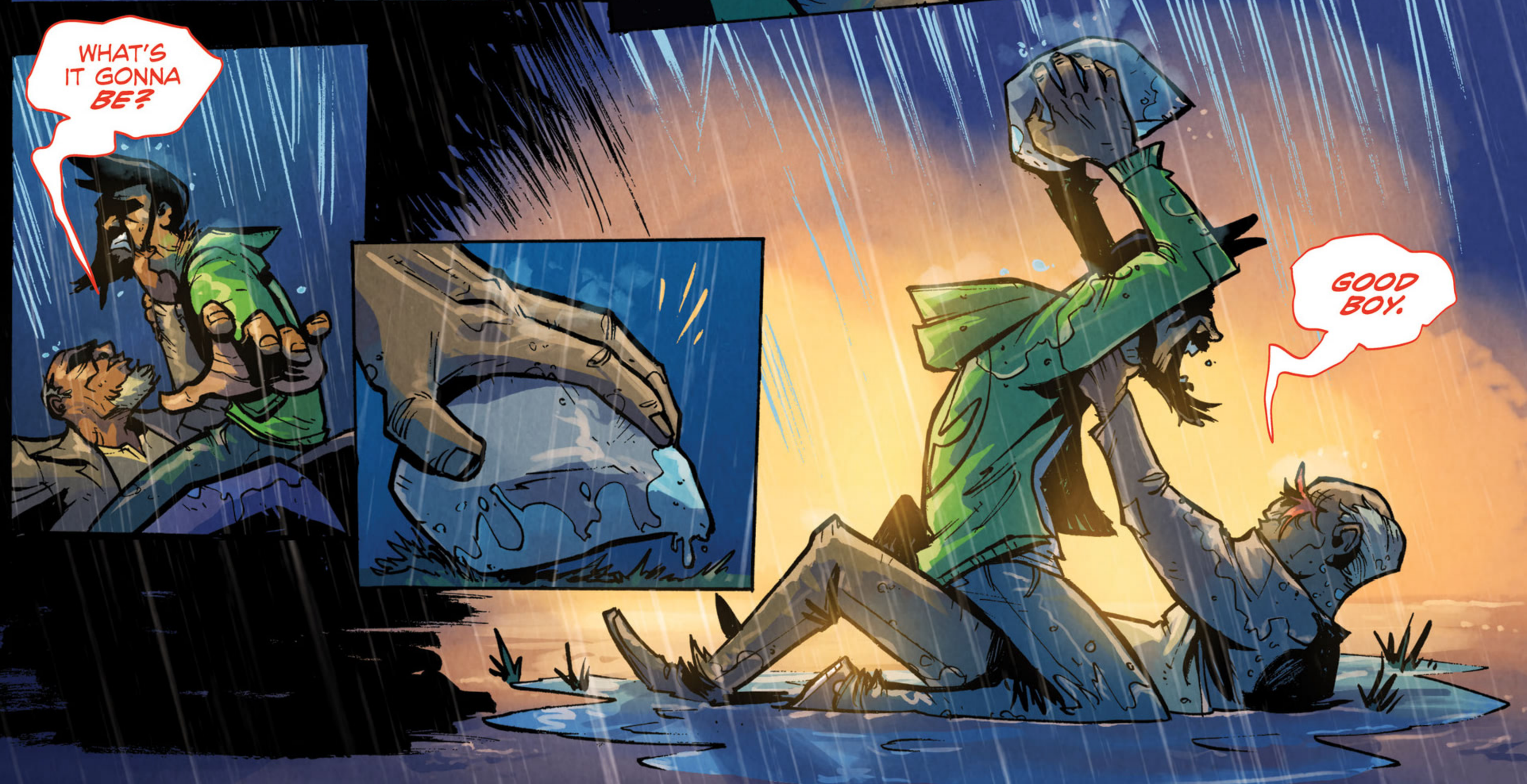
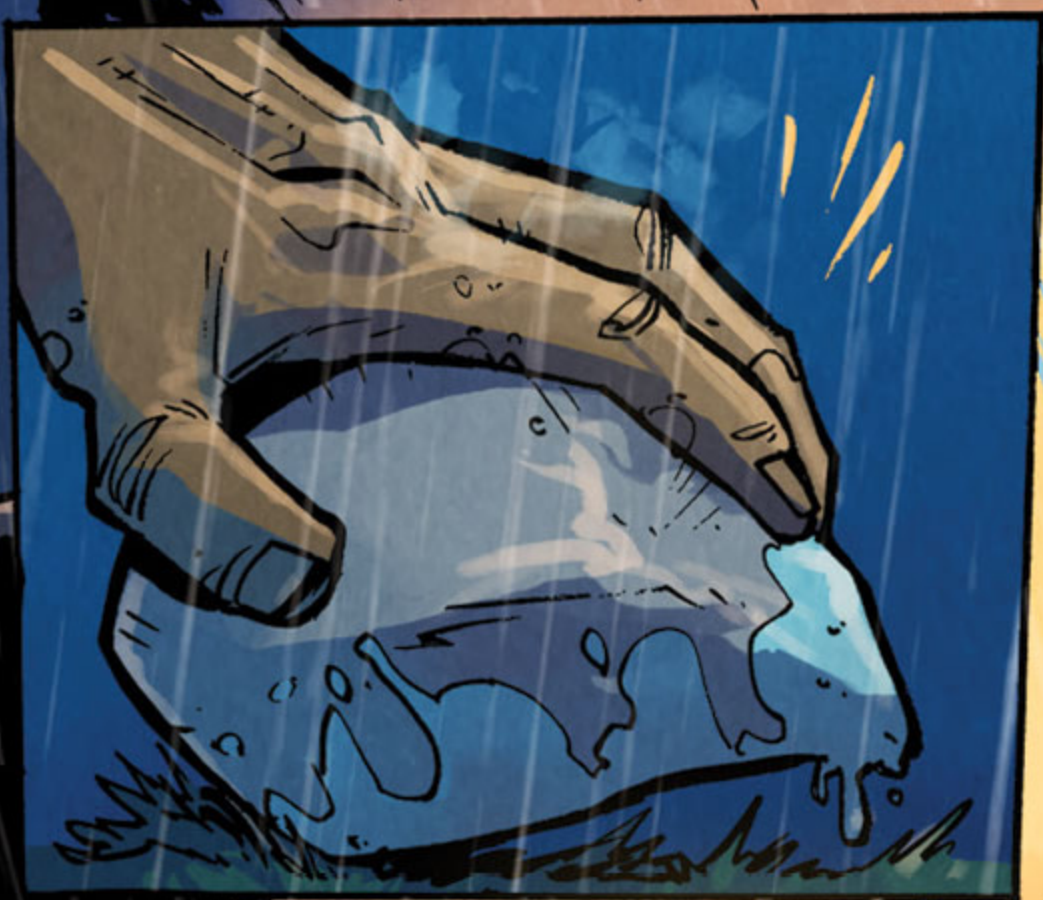
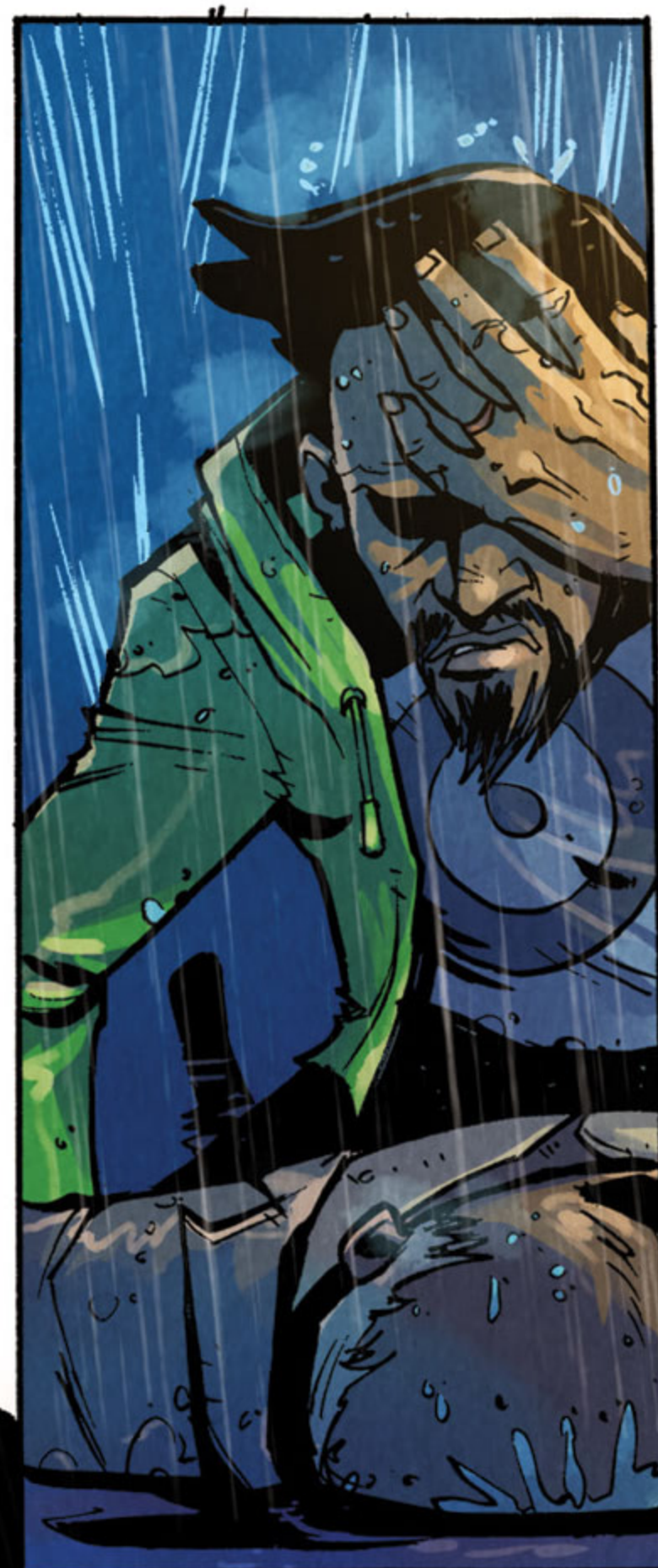
AND IF
IT MAKES ME
HAPPY TO GET
OUTTA THIS CAR
AND RIP THAT
BITCH'S HEAD
CLEAN *OFF*.

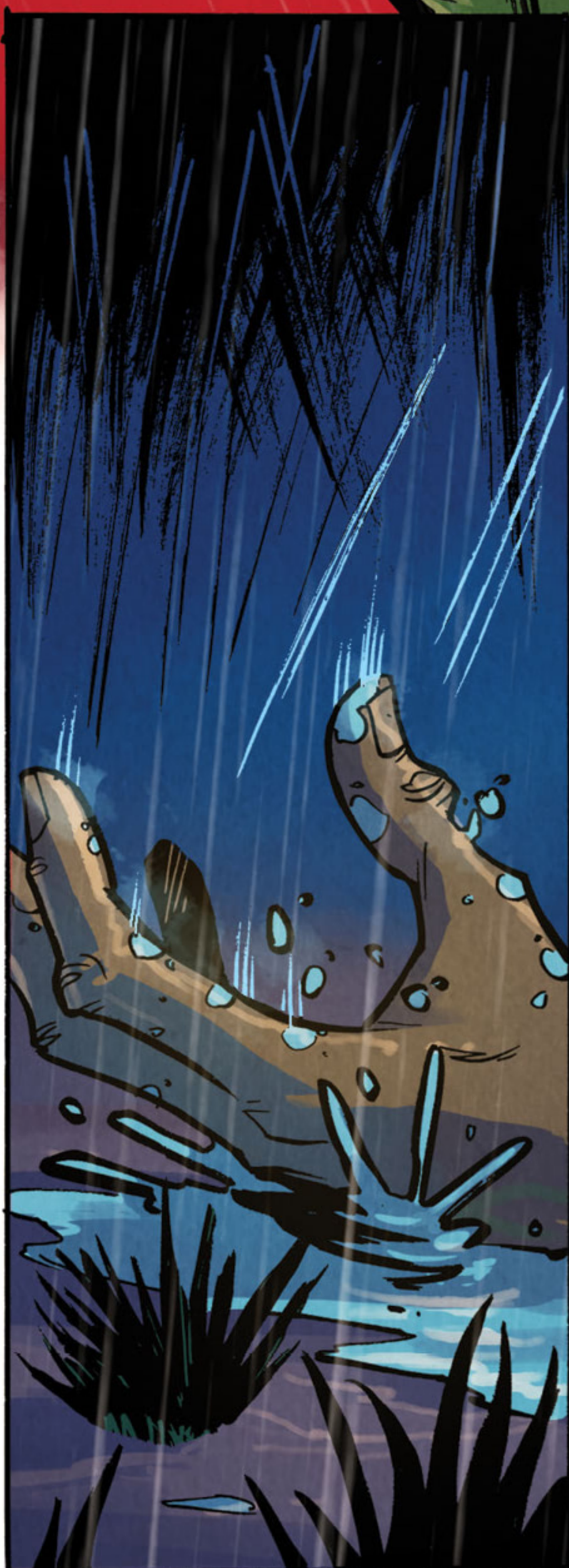
WELL
THEN...
THAT'S
A-OKAY.

IT'S
A *NEW*
WORLD,
ZEKE. NEW
RULES.

THANKS
FOR THE
RIDE, KID.









I
COULDN'T BE
MORE **PROUD** OF
YOU, ZEKEY. I KNEW
YOU HAD IT IN YOU.
I **ALWAYS**
KNEW.

YOU
JUST NEEDED
A LITTLE
PUSH.

HAVE YOU
CONSIDERED MY
LITTLE **OFFER?**
I KNOW YOU
HAVE.



I CAN GIVE
YOUR **MOTHER**
BACK TO YOU.
MAKE YOUR FAMILY
THE WAY IT WAS
SUPPOSED
TO BE.



YOU...
YOU DID
THIS? YOU
SET ME
UP?

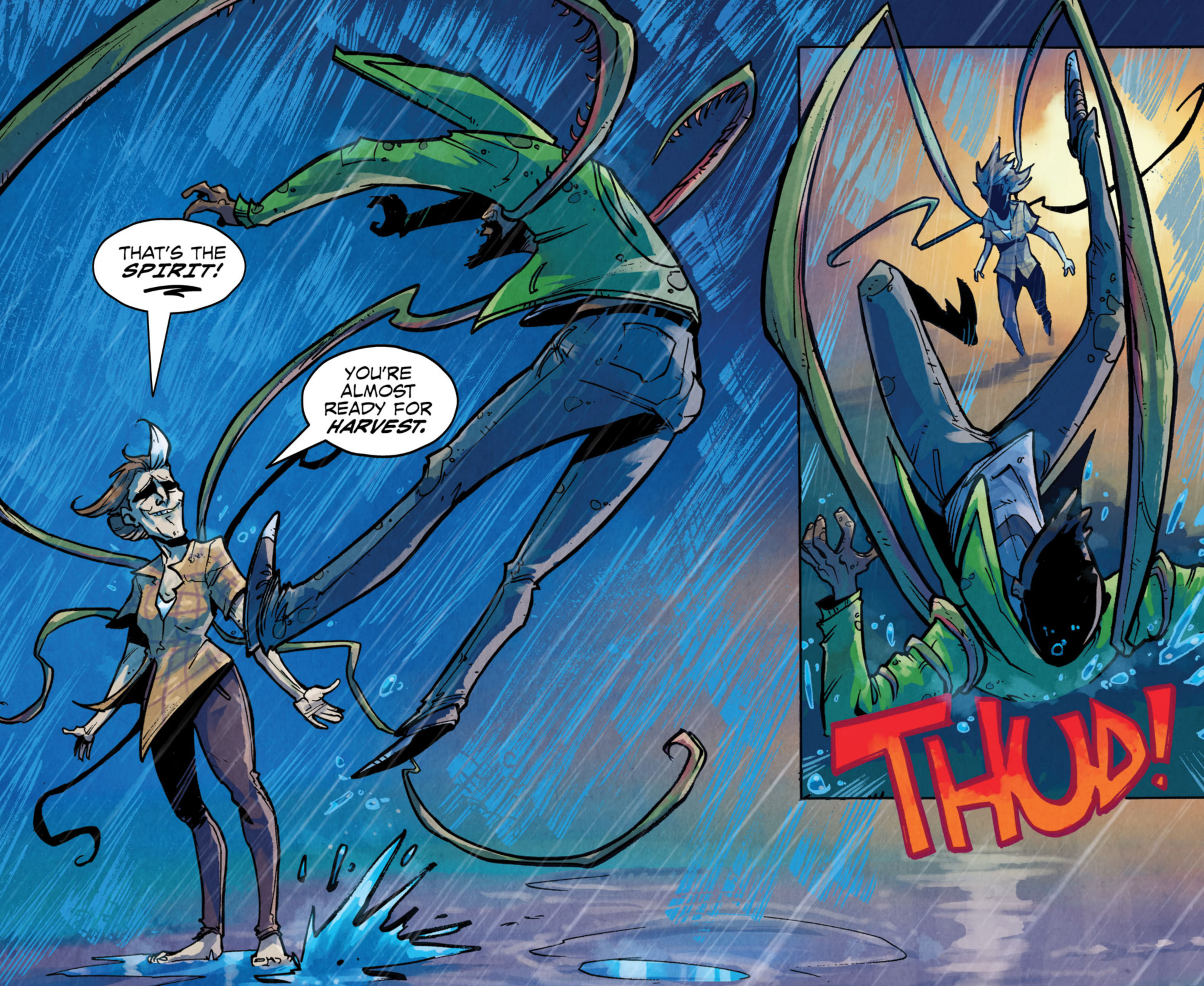
THINK
OF IT AS
A **TEST.** ONE
YOU **PASSED**
WITH FLYING
COLORS.

DON'T FEEL
BAD FOR POOR
JOE HERE. SOME
BRANCHES MUST BE
PRUNED FOR THE
GOOD OF THE
TREE.



YOU...

I'M
GONNA **KILL**
YOU, YOU
BITCH.



THAT'S THE
SPIRIT!

YOU'RE
ALMOST
READY FOR
HARVEST.

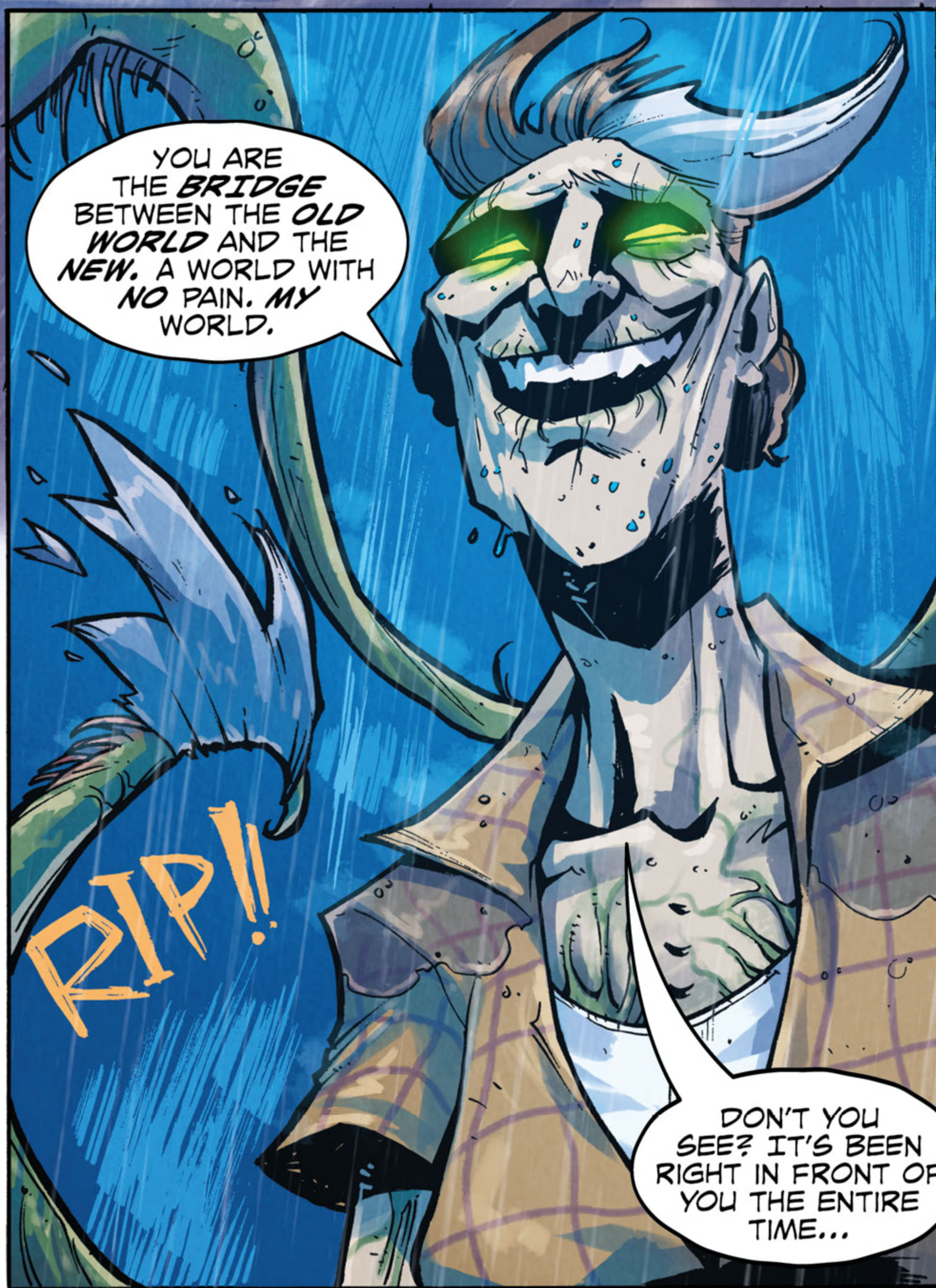
THUD!



WHY...
WHY ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?

BECAUSE
YOU'RE *SPECIAL*,
MY DEAR. IF YOU
ONLY KNEW HOW MANY
YEARS OF CAREFUL
CULTIVATION HAVE
LED TO YOU.

A LITTLE
SNIP OF YOUR
BLOODLINE
HERE. A LITTLE
THERE...



YOU ARE
THE *BRIDGE*
BETWEEN THE *OLD*
WORLD AND THE
NEW. A WORLD WITH
NO PAIN. MY
WORLD.

RIP!!

DON'T YOU
SEE? IT'S BEEN
RIGHT IN FRONT OF
YOU THE ENTIRE
TIME...



YOU
ARE THE
SEED.

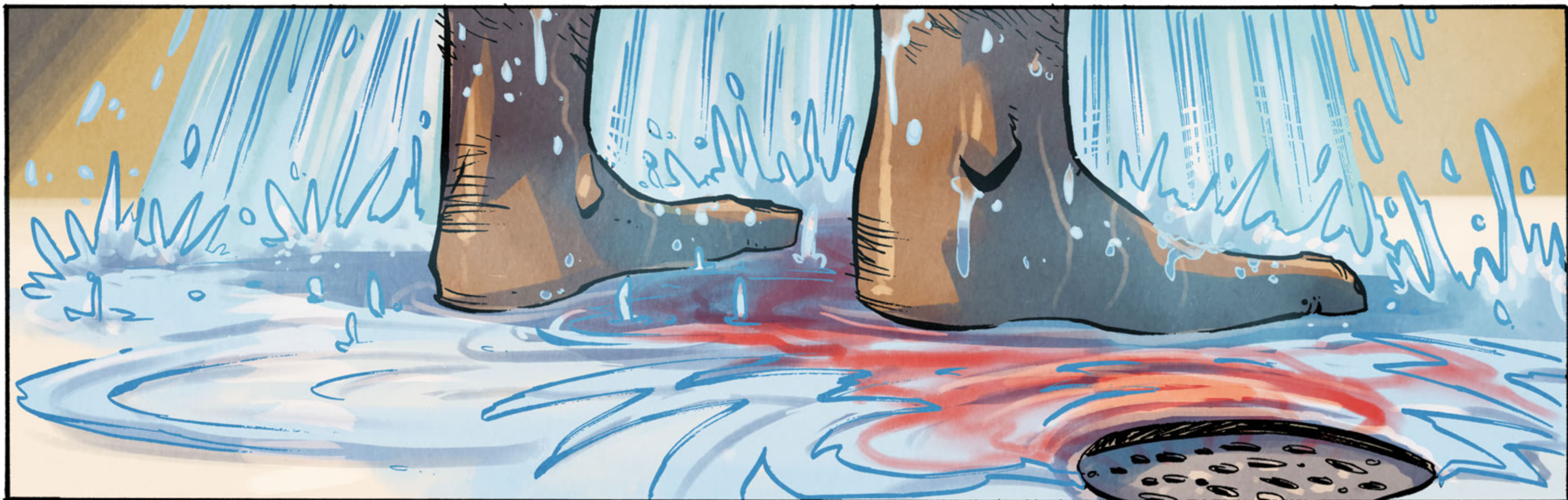


END CHAPTER 17



CHAPTER 18

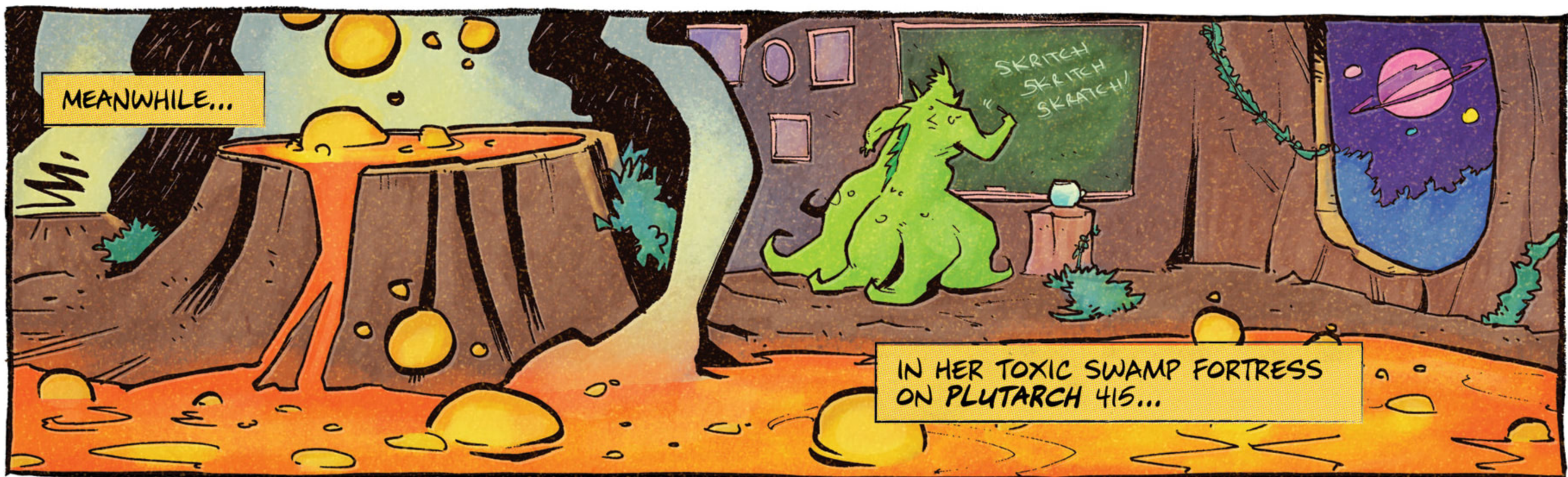




LAFAYETTE PARK,
DOWNTOWN FREETOWN.



CHAPTER 18: ALLERGY SEASON.



MEANWHILE...

IN HER TOXIC SWAMP FORTRESS
ON PLUTARCH 415...



THE EVIL MADAME VON
MONSTERBUTT PLOTS TO
TAKE OVER THE KNOWN
UNIVERSE.

DECENT, BUT
BARELY
COMPETENT

AGAIN.

HOW I'M GONNA TAKE
OVER THE UNIVERSE
PLAN # 4,565

SPACE ROCK

EQUALS

I'M
PLOTTING
TO TAKE OVER
THE KNOWN
UNIVERSE!
AGAIN!

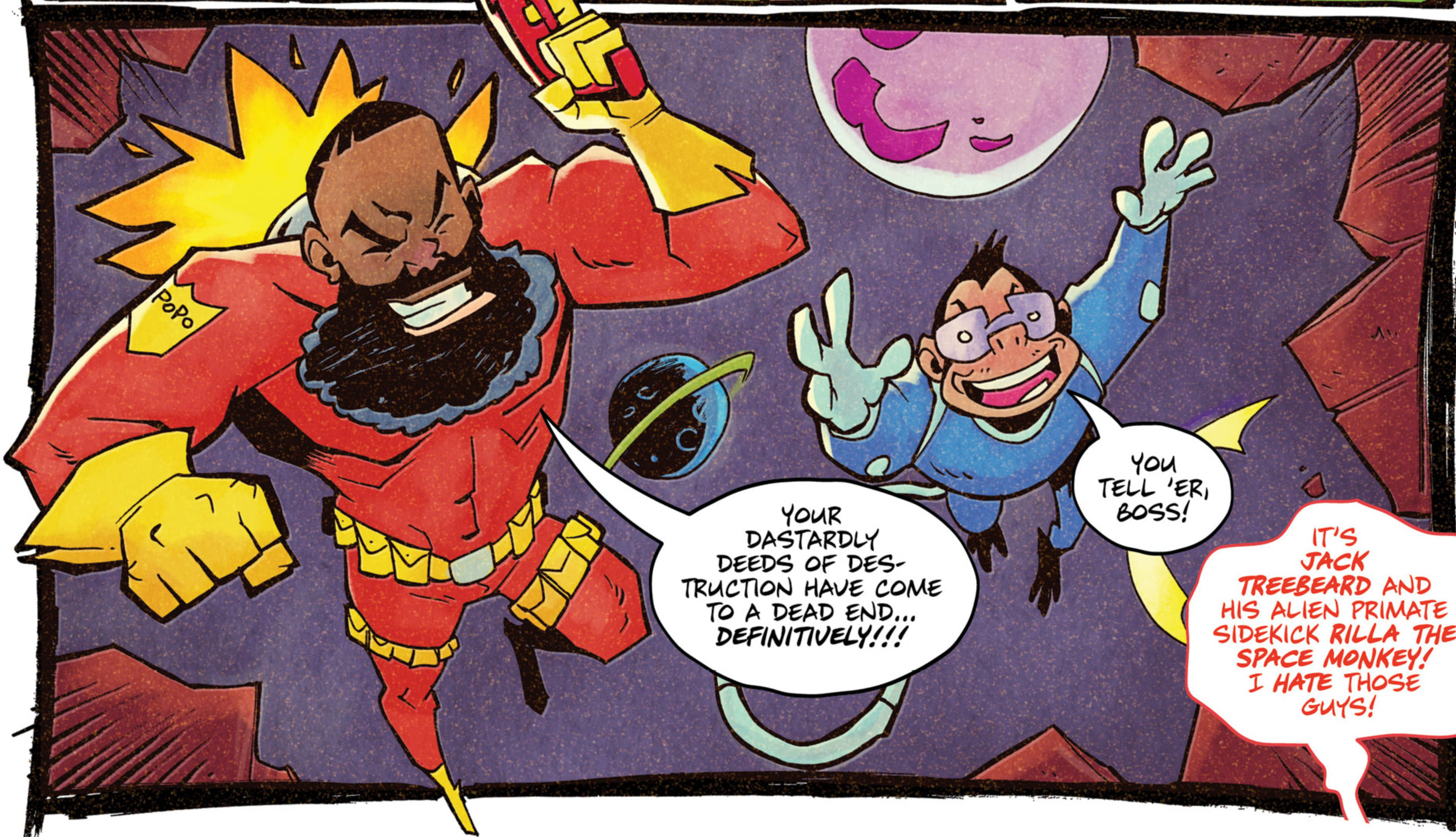
SURELY
NO ONE CAN
THWART MY SINISTER
SCHEMES OF SUCH
SINISTERNESS!

SPACE
COFFEE



WHAT
THE--?!!

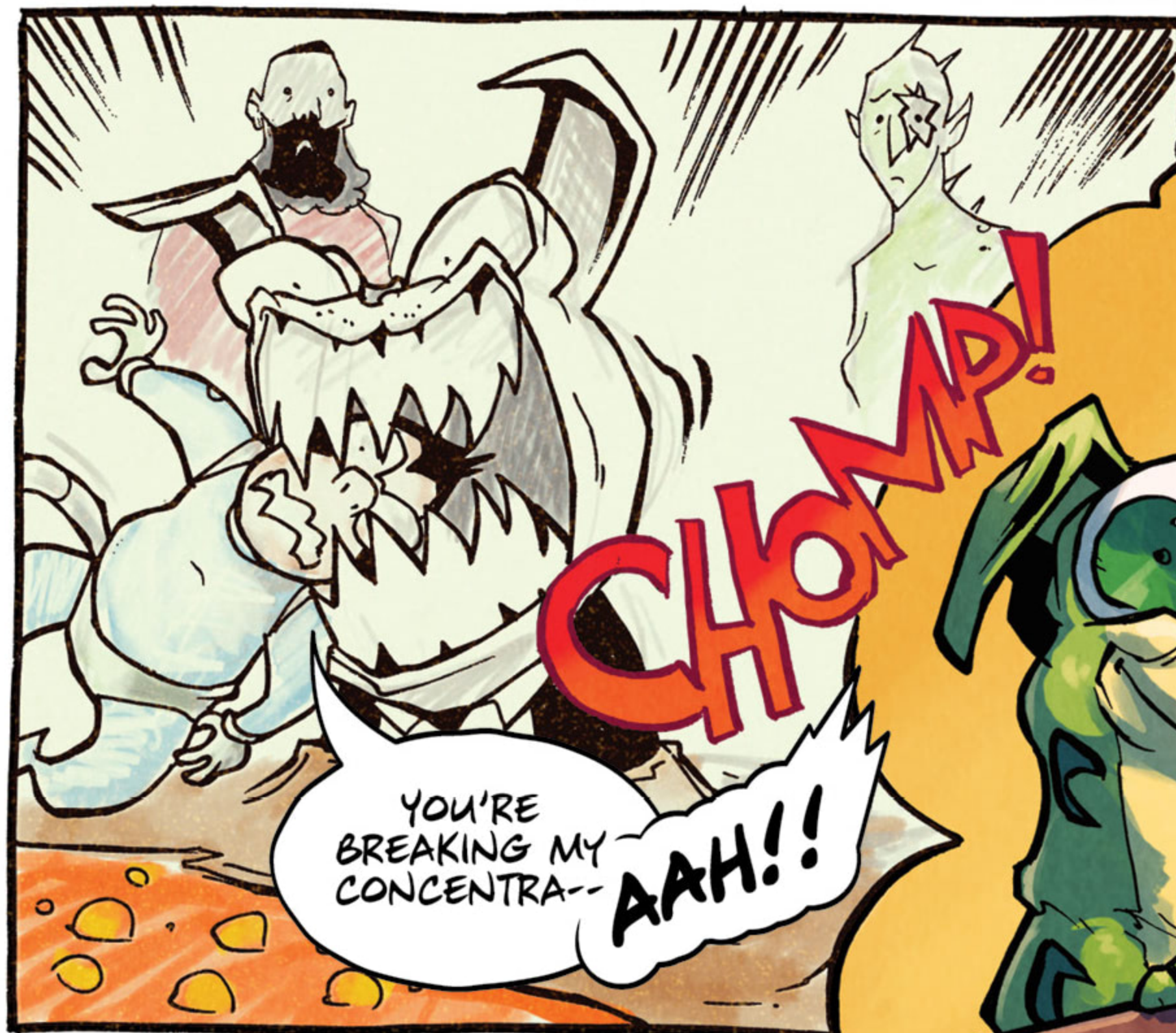
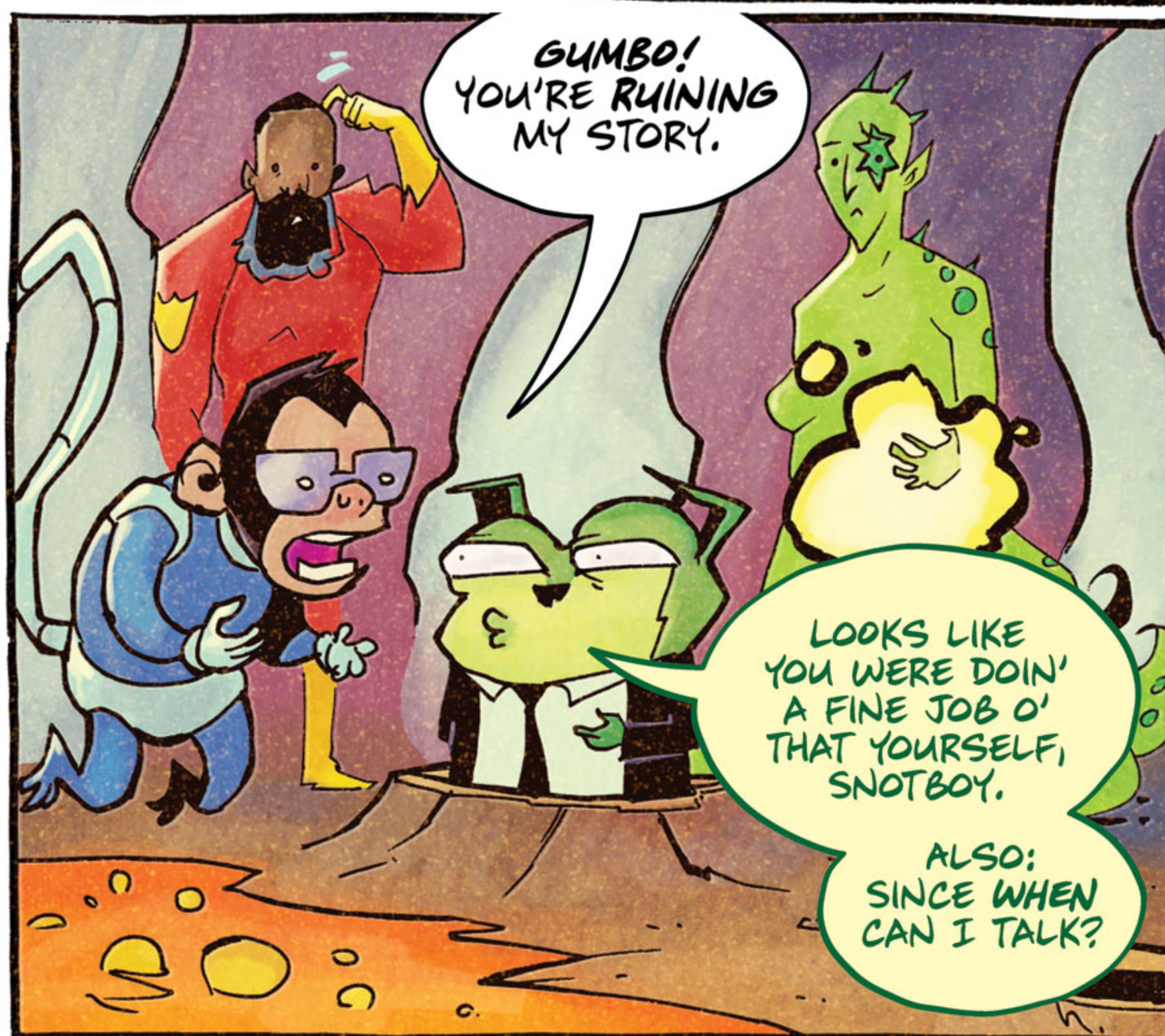
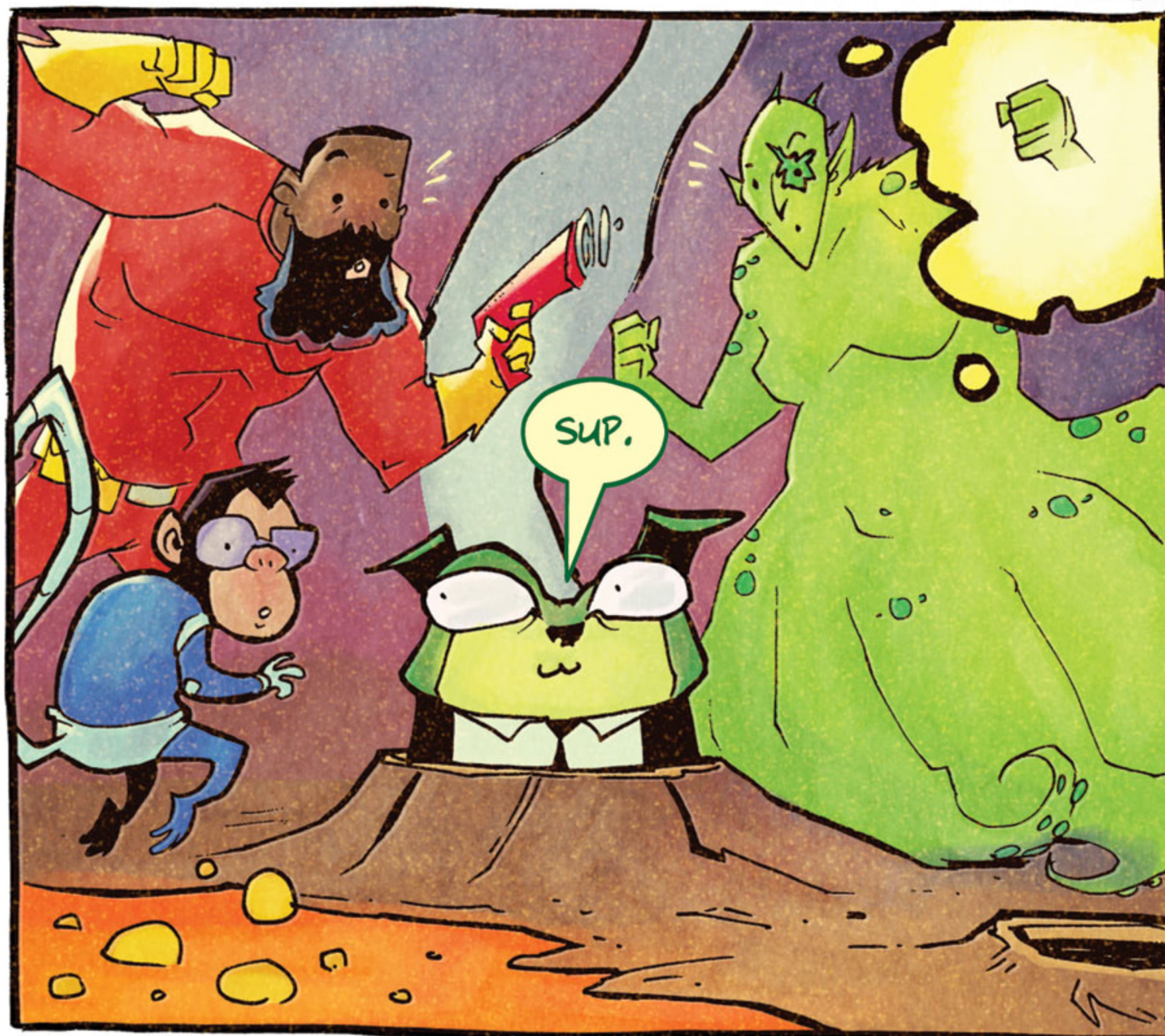
KABLOOY!

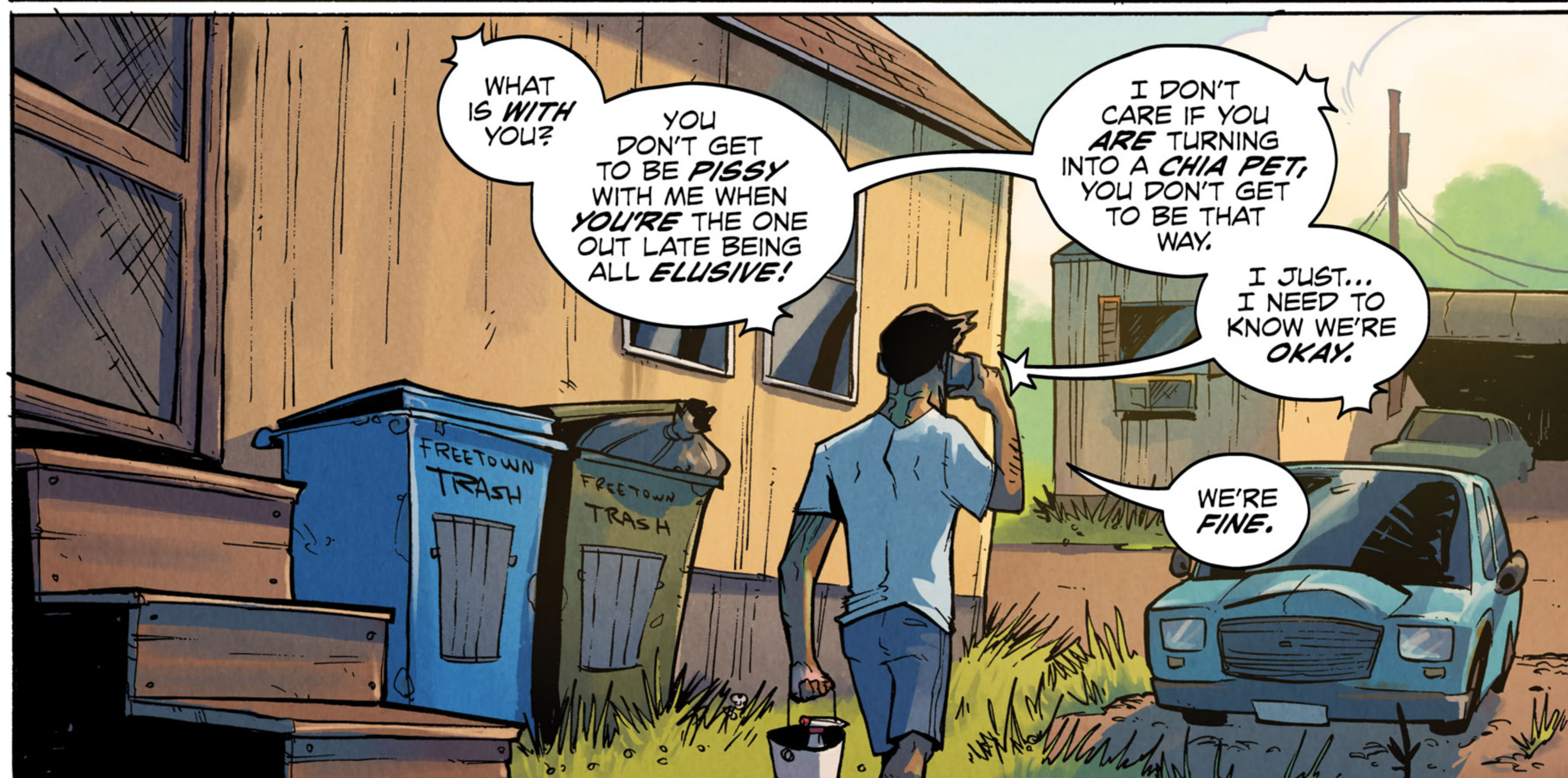


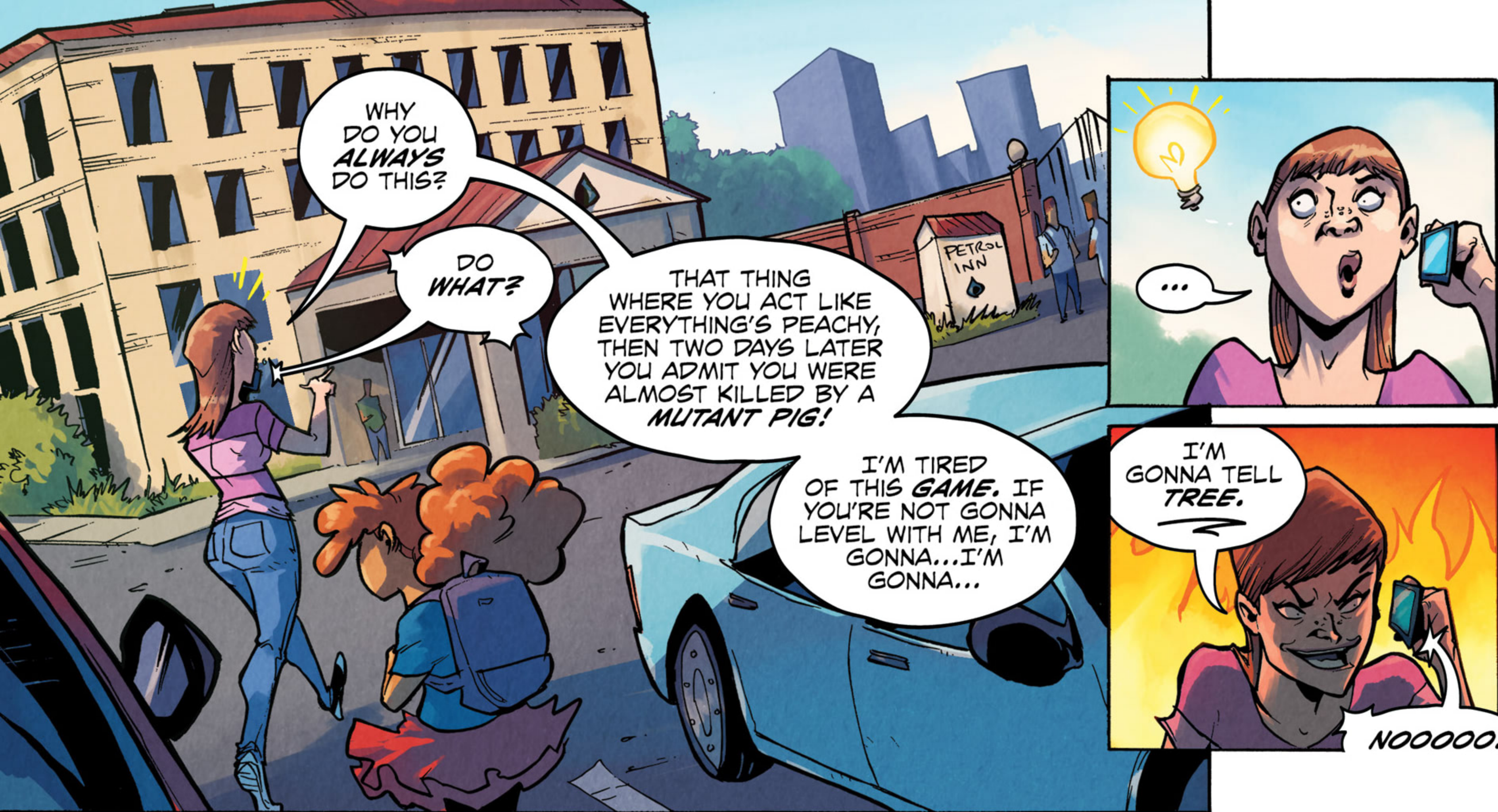
YOUR
DASTARDLY
DEEDS OF DES-
TRUCTION HAVE COME
TO A DEAD END...
DEFINITELY!!!

YOU
TELL 'ER,
BOSS!

IT'S
JACK
TREEBEARD AND
HIS ALIEN PRIMATE
SIDEKICK RILLA THE
SPACE MONKEY!
I HATE THOSE
GUYS!







WHY DO YOU ALWAYS DO THIS?

DO WHAT?

THAT THING WHERE YOU ACT LIKE EVERYTHING'S PEACHY, THEN TWO DAYS LATER YOU ADMIT YOU WERE ALMOST KILLED BY A **MUTANT PIG!**

I'M TIRED OF THIS **GAME**. IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA LEVEL WITH ME, I'M GONNA...I'M GONNA...



I'M GONNA TELL **TREE**.

NOOOOO.



BABY, PLEASE... DON'T.

I'M--I'M JUST GOIN' THROUGH SOME THINGS--

TOO LATE. DON'T WANNA TALK TO ME? **FINE.**

I. AM. TELLIN'. **KLIK!**



MOM... MARRIAGE IS **DUMB**.

QUIET, YOU.

OUTTA MY WAY!



BUMP!

GAH!!!

ABBY!



THE HECK WAS **THAT** ABOUT?

I SHOULD'VE SKIPPED TOWN WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!

SCREEEE!!





WE GOT US A PROBLEM.

A BUG PROBLEM.



I FIGURED IT WAS JUST THE USUAL PESTS THESE TRANS-PLANT FOLKS ATTRACT.

BUT WHATEVER IT WAS SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUTTA THAT POOR MAN.

THE VOLUNTEERS NOTICED A BUNCH O' PESTS BUZZING ABOUT THE THIRD FLOOR THIS MORNIN'.



WHAT DO YOU THINK HE SAW?

IF IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A GROWN MAN RUN OUTTA HERE WITHOUT HIS EQUIPMENT, IT AIN'T NOTHING NICE.



MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE ANDREA SEND SOMEONE FROM THE FARM OVER--

ACHOO!!!

SNIFF-- FARM'S GOT BIGGER THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT THAN A FEW BUGS, NANCY.

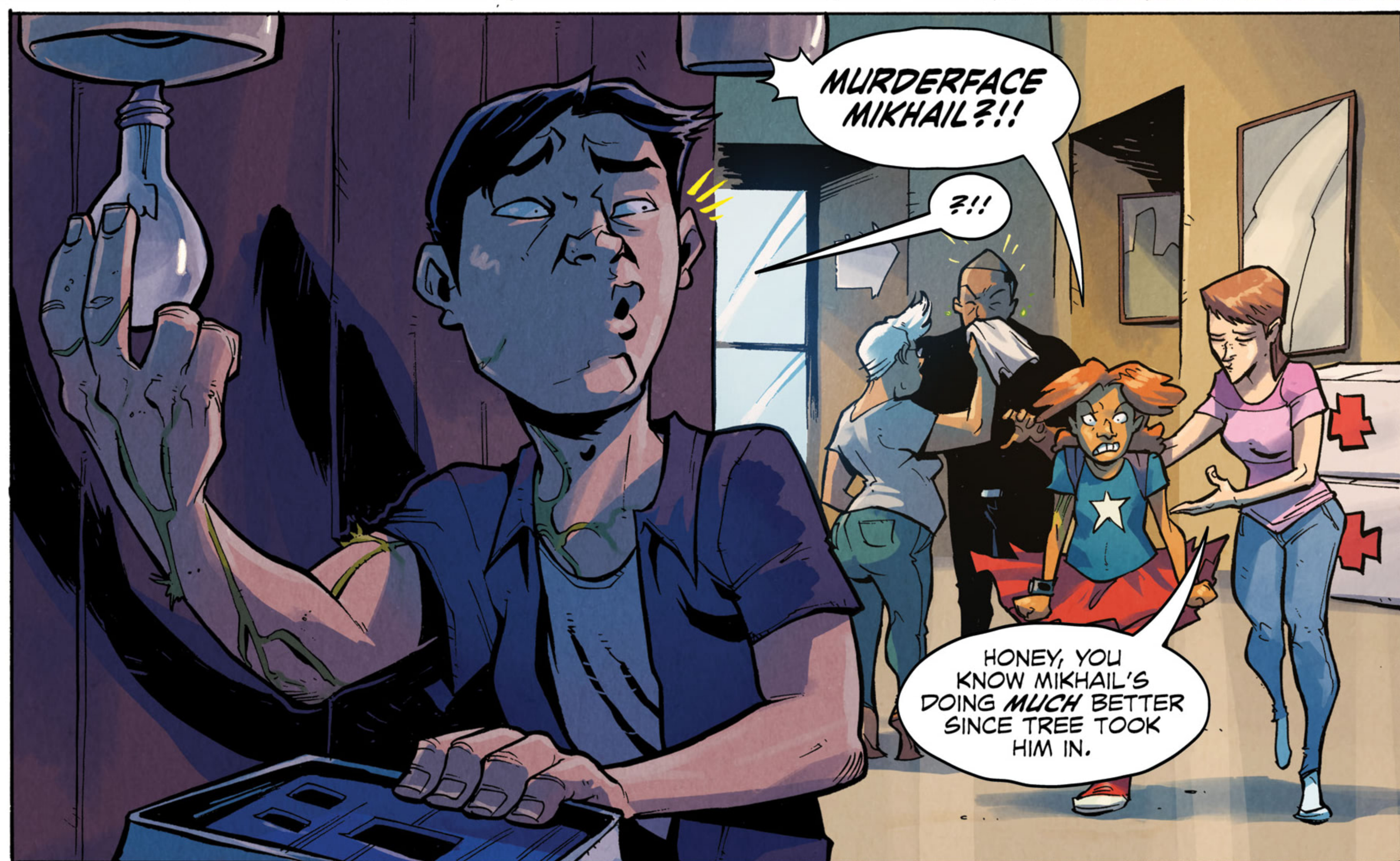
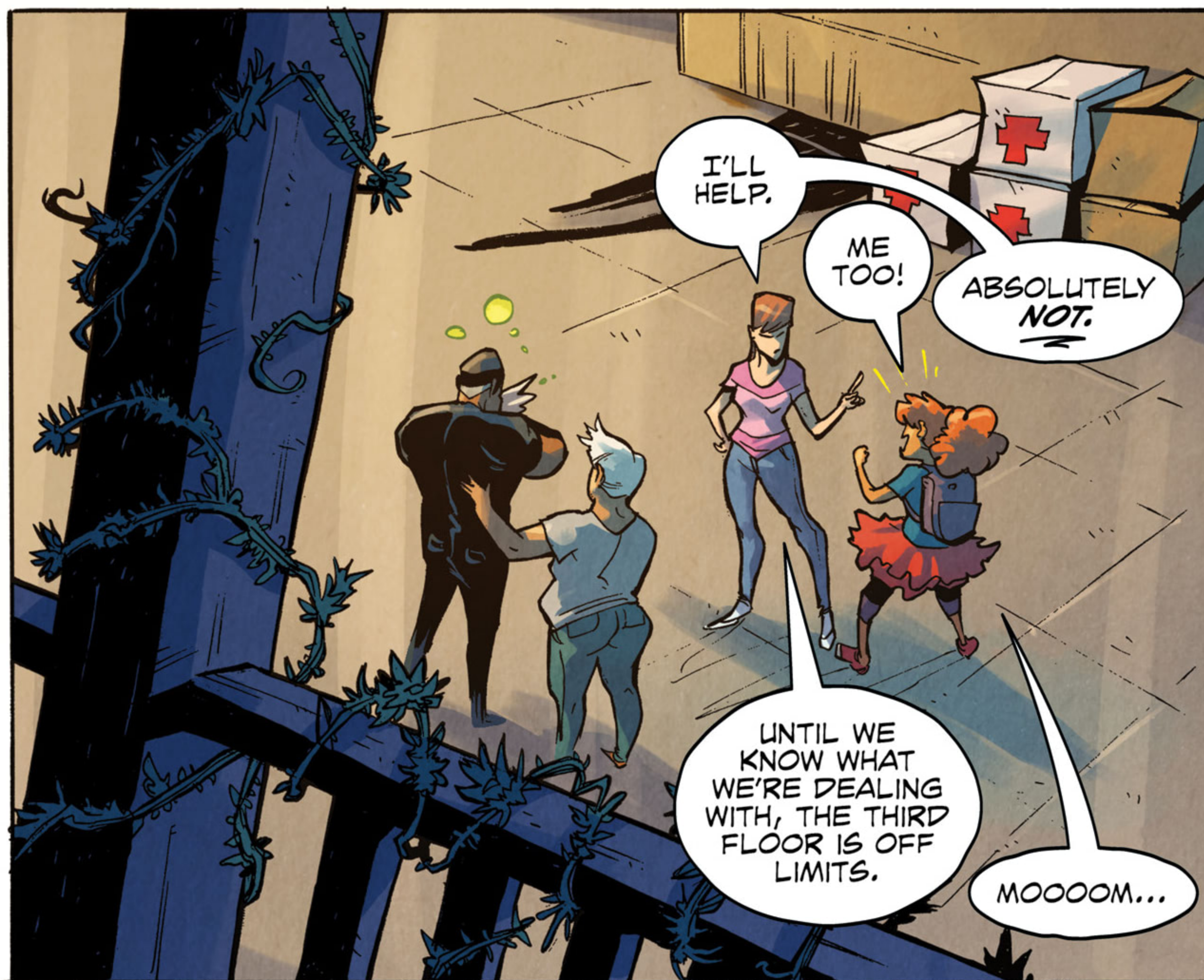
I-- SNIFF-- I GOT THIS.



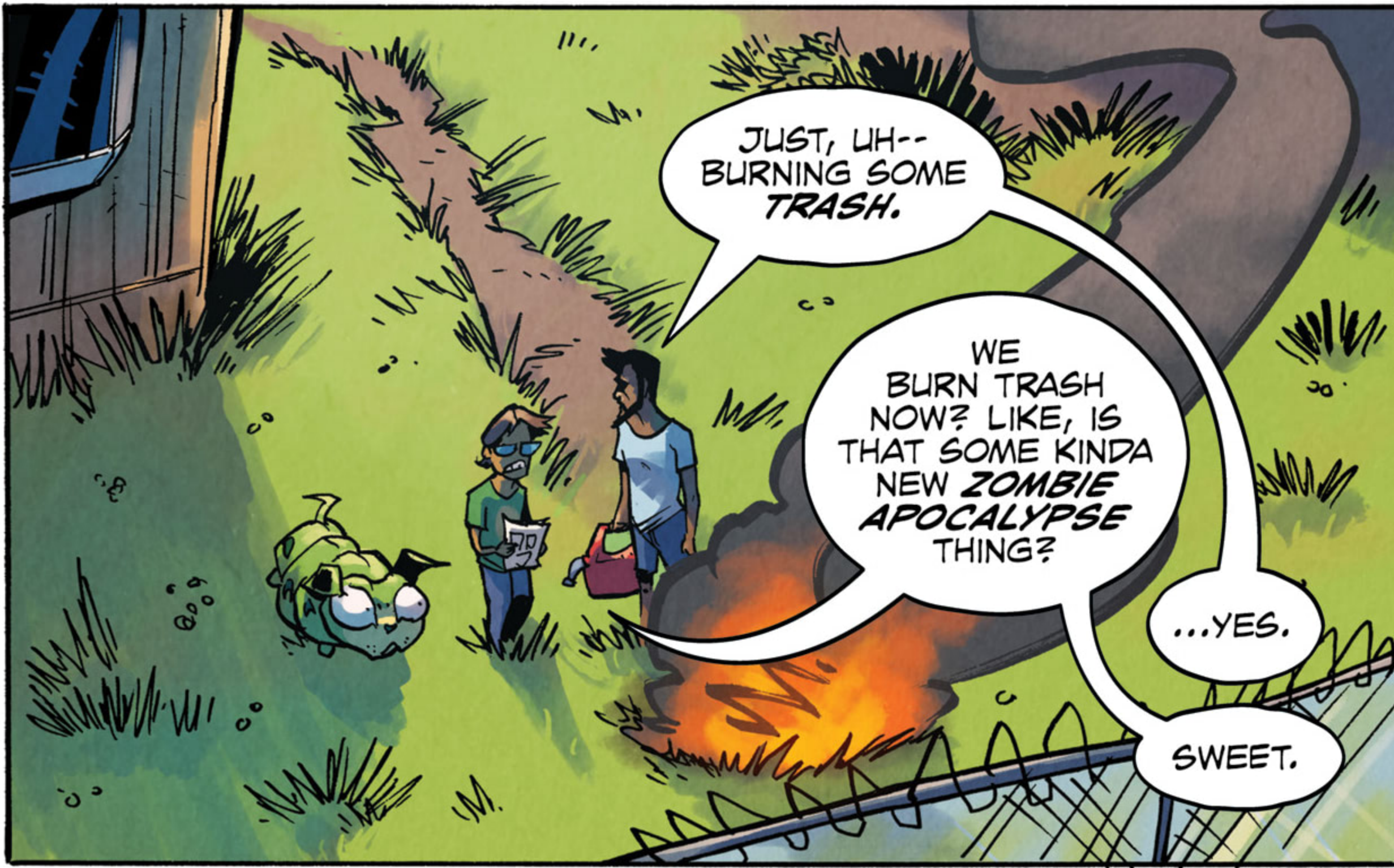
WITH YOUR ALLERGIES? YOU LOOK LIKE THE WALKIN' DEAD, JOHN!

I'VE PLAYED SUPERBOWLS WITH WORSE!

LIKE I AIN'T HEARD THAT BEFORE.







JUST, UH--
BURNING SOME
TRASH.

WE
BURN TRASH
NOW? LIKE, IS
THAT SOME KINDA
NEW **ZOMBIE
APOCALYPSE**
THING?

...YES.

SWEET.



SO...I WAS
WONDERIN' IF
YOU COULD HELP
ME WITH THIS
THING.

YOU
MADE A
COMIC?



YEAH, IT'S
JUST THIS IDEA
FOR A THING I HAD.
I MEAN, IT'S NOT
THAT **GOOD** OR
ANYTHING.

SOMEBODY
ATE A BUNCH OF
PAGES.

SNIFF
SNIFF

ANYWAY,
IT'S KINDA
HARD, SO I WAS
THINKING, MAYBE
YOU COULD...
I DUNNO...
TEACH ME?

SINCE
YOU USED
TO **MAKE**
'EM AND
STUFF.



THAT--
THAT WAS A
LONG TIME AGO,
BUDDY. AND I'M
REALLY BUSY
RIGHT NOW--

GUMBO,
GET AWAY FROM
THERE!

GROAR.



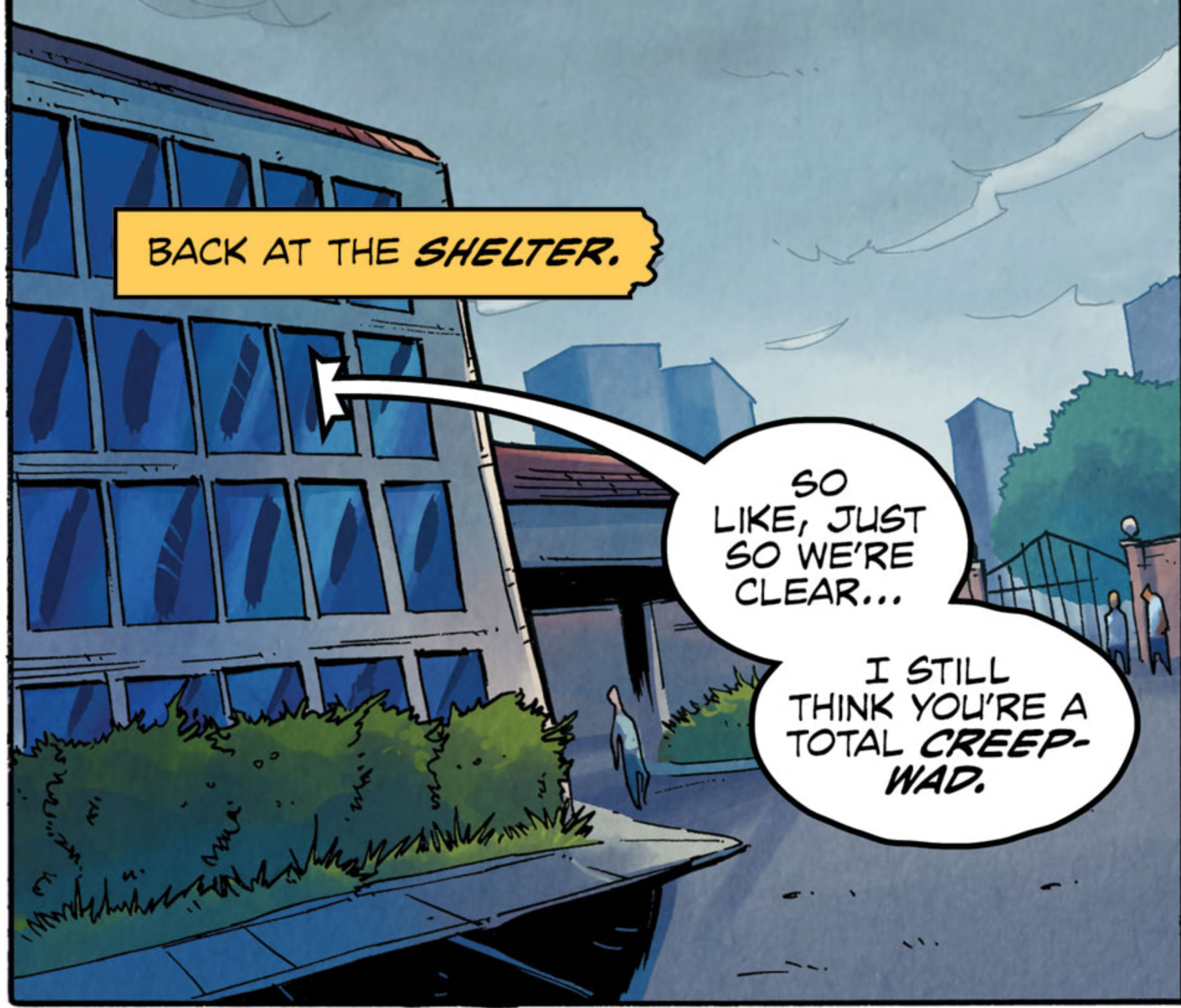
O-O-KAY...
THAT'S
COOL.

...DAMMIT.



HEY,
RILEY...

MEET
YOU AT THE
KITCHEN TABLE
IN TEN MINUTES.
DEAL?



SO
LIKE, JUST
SO WE'RE
CLEAR...

I STILL
THINK YOU'RE A
TOTAL **CREEP-
WAD.**

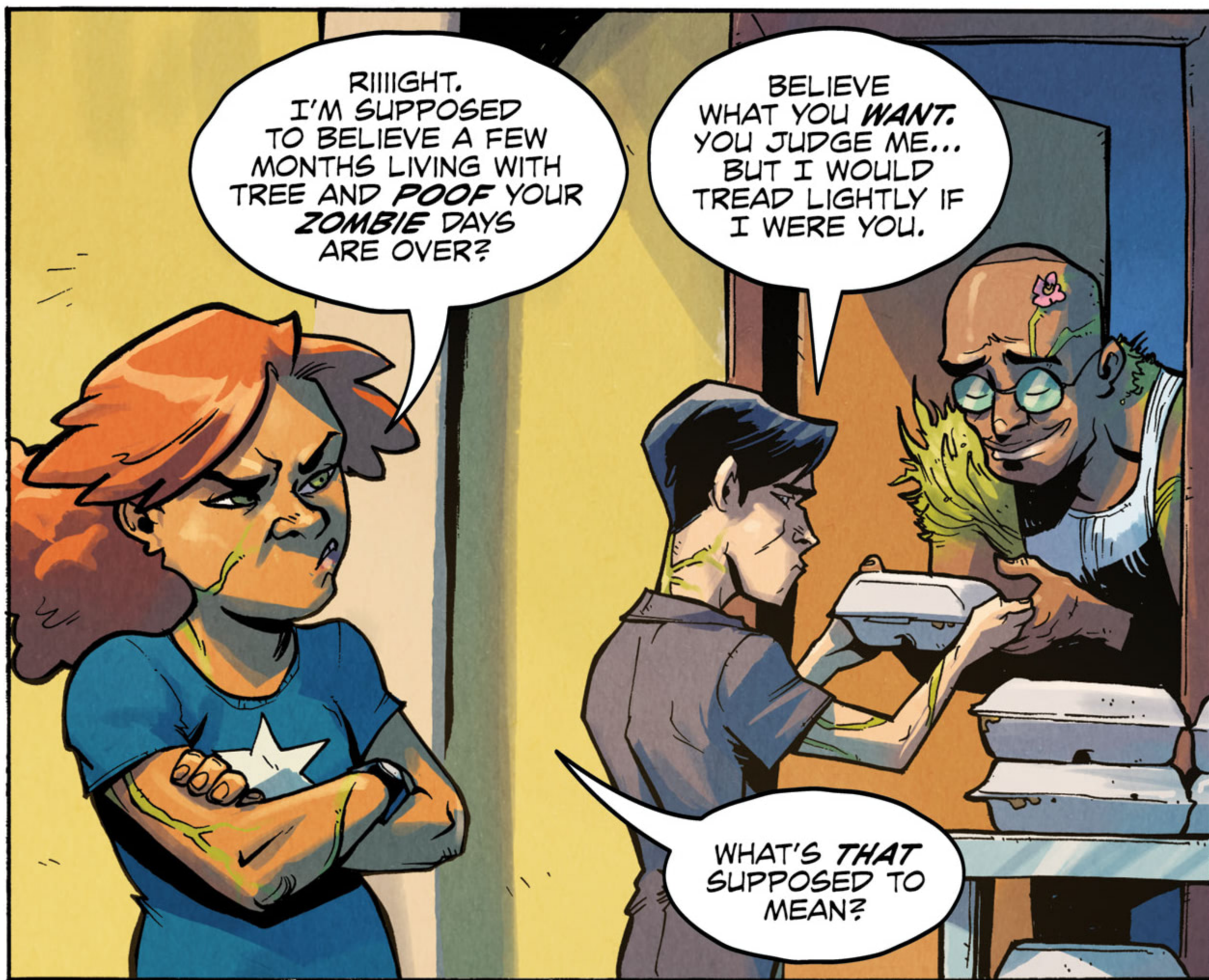


I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
CREEPWAD IS,
BUT I ASSURE YOU
THE FEELING IS
MUTUAL.

THE LAST
TIME I SAW
YOU, YOU TRIED
TO **BITE** MY
FACE OFF.



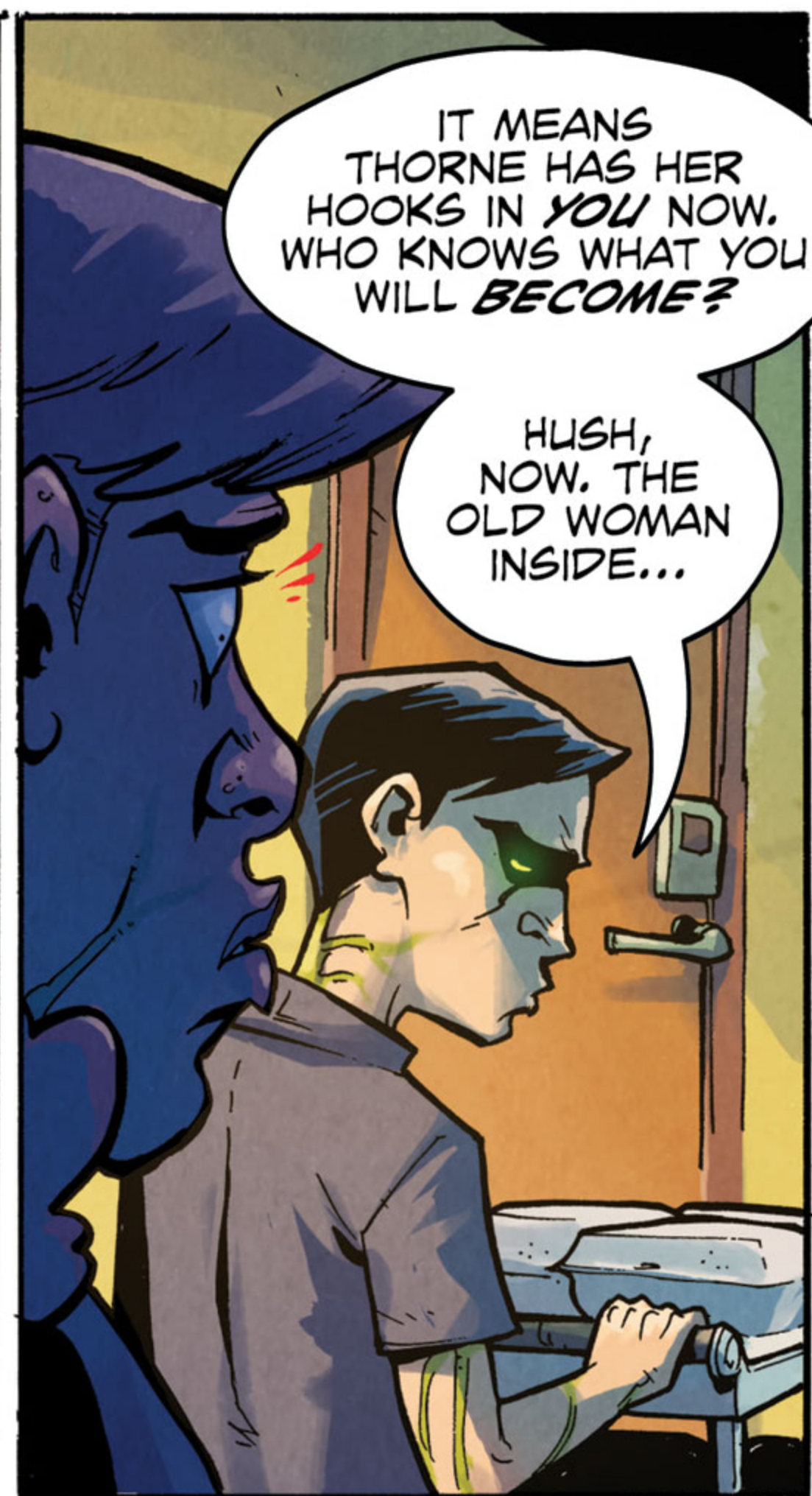
...I WAS
NOT MYSELF.
THE THORNE WOMAN
HAD HER **HOOKS**
IN ME. BUT I AM
BETTER NOW.



RIIIIGHT.
I'M SUPPOSED
TO BELIEVE A FEW
MONTHS LIVING WITH
TREE AND **POOF** YOUR
ZOMBIE DAYS
ARE OVER?

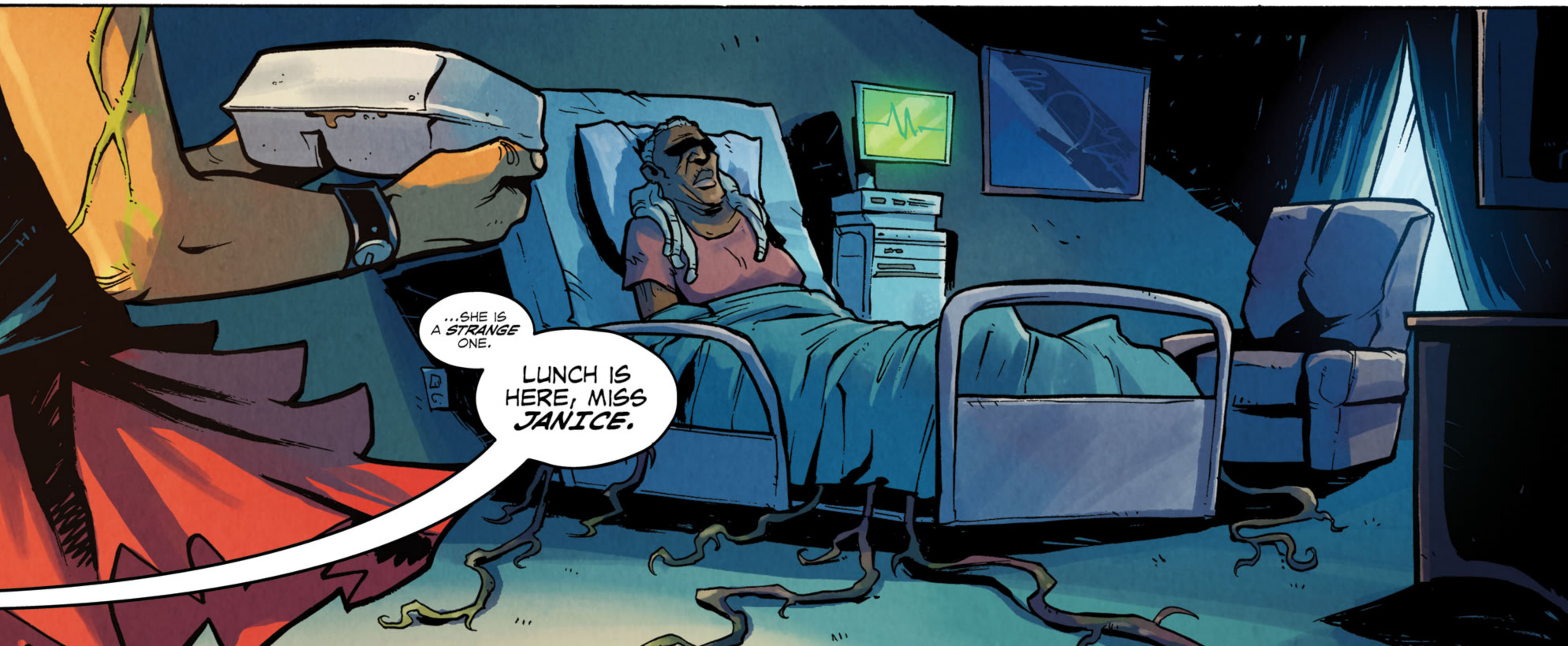
BELIEVE
WHAT YOU **WANT**.
YOU JUDGE ME...
BUT I WOULD
TREAD LIGHTLY IF
I WERE YOU.

WHAT'S **THAT**
SUPPOSED TO
MEAN?



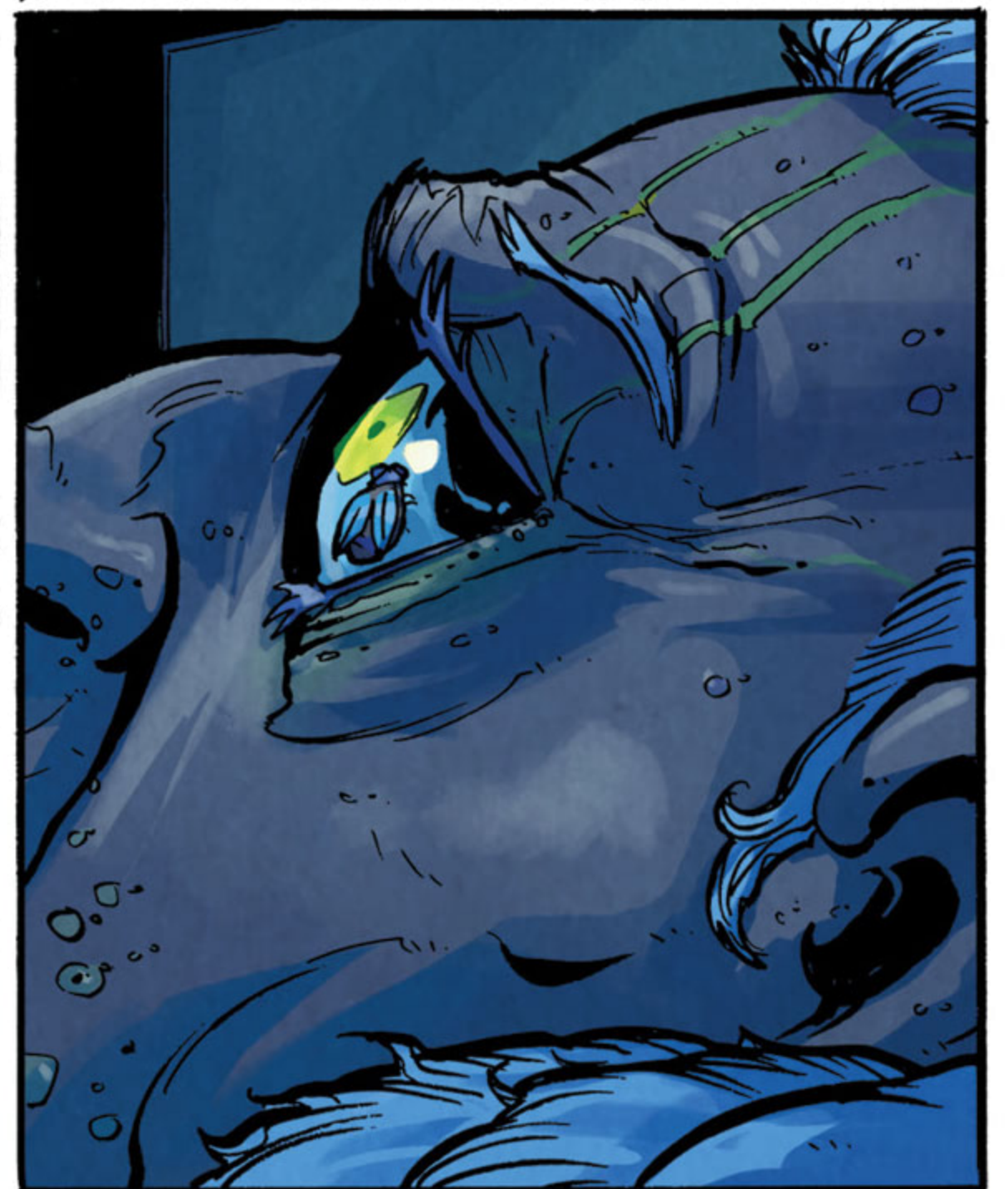
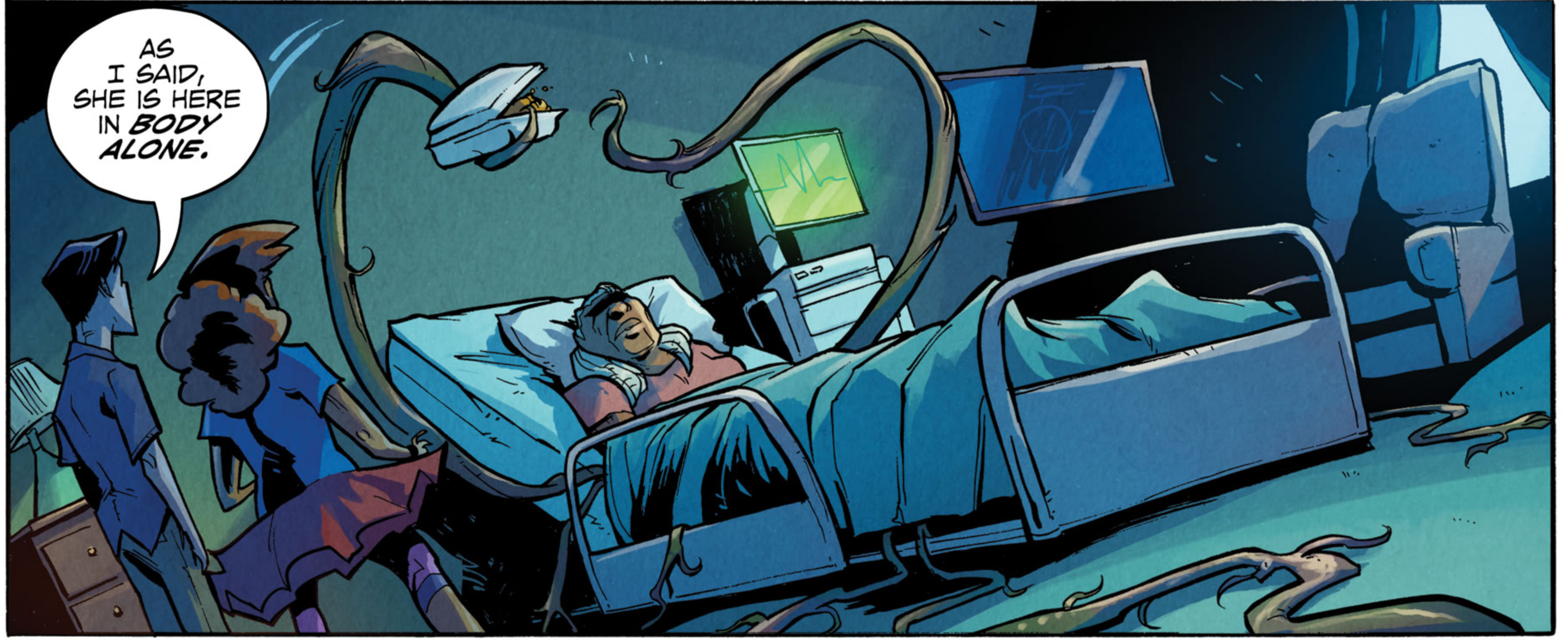
IT MEANS
THORNE HAS HER
HOOKS IN **YOU** NOW.
WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU
WILL **BECOME**?

HUSH,
NOW. THE
OLD WOMAN
INSIDE...

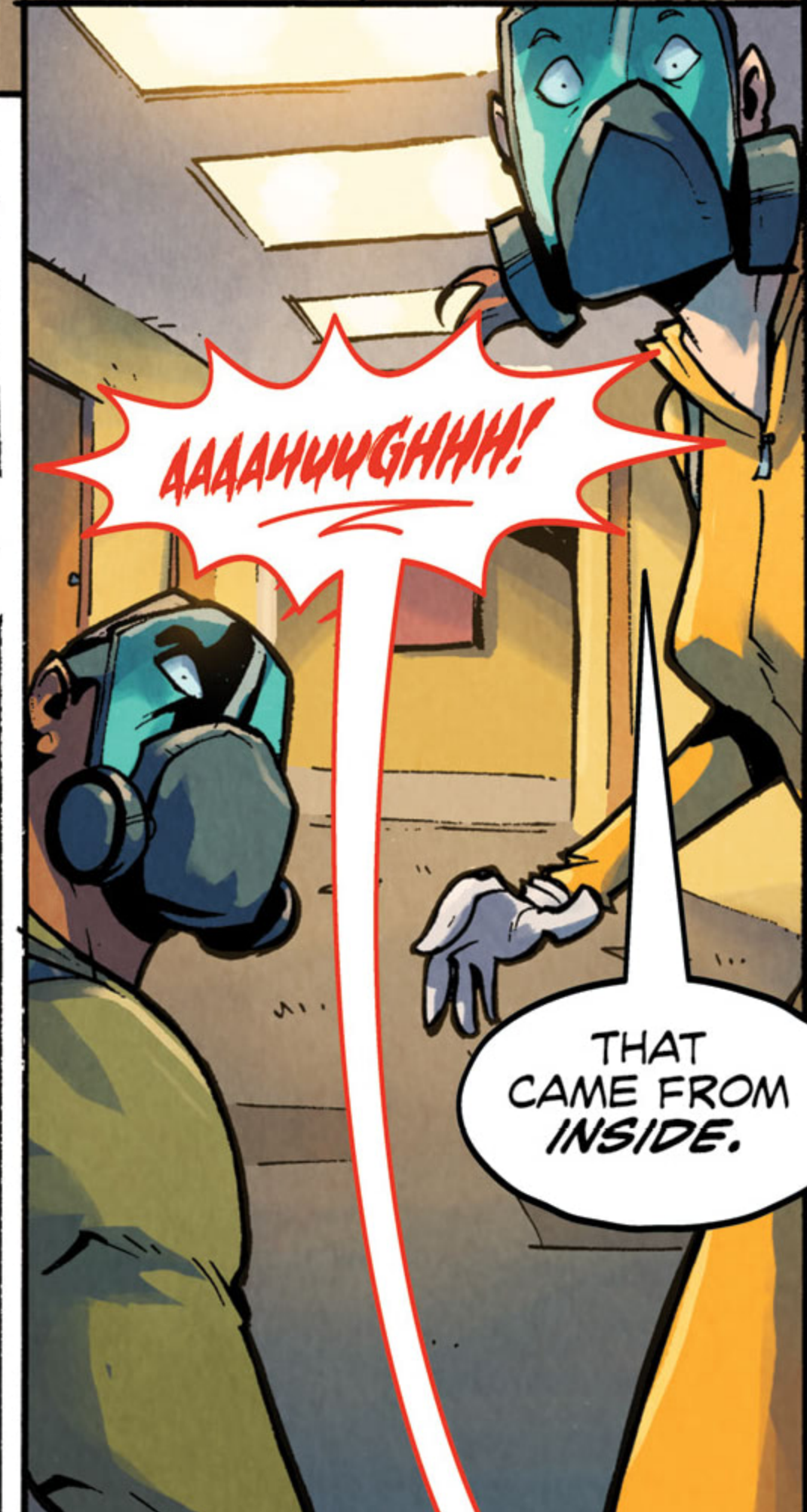
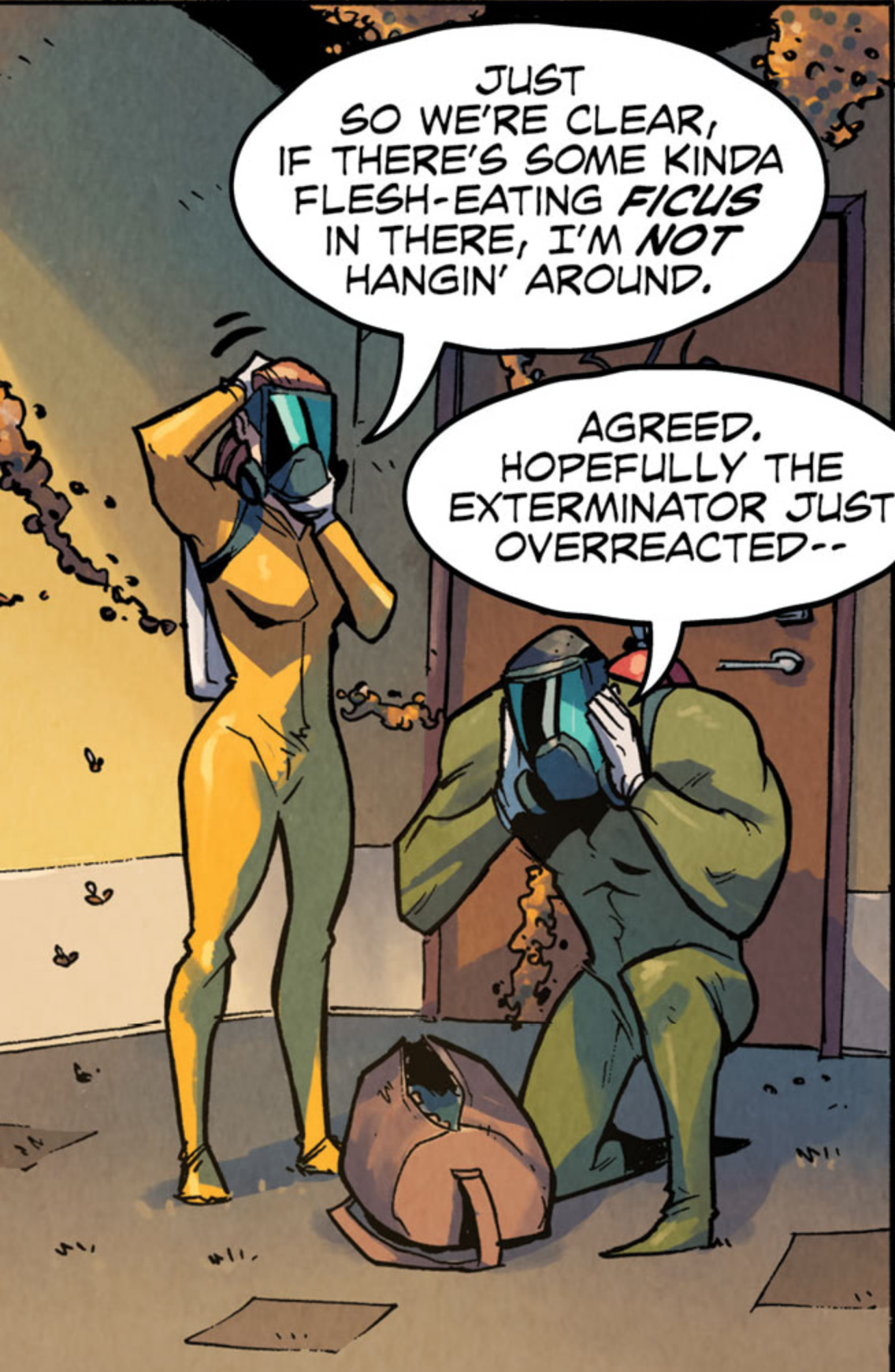
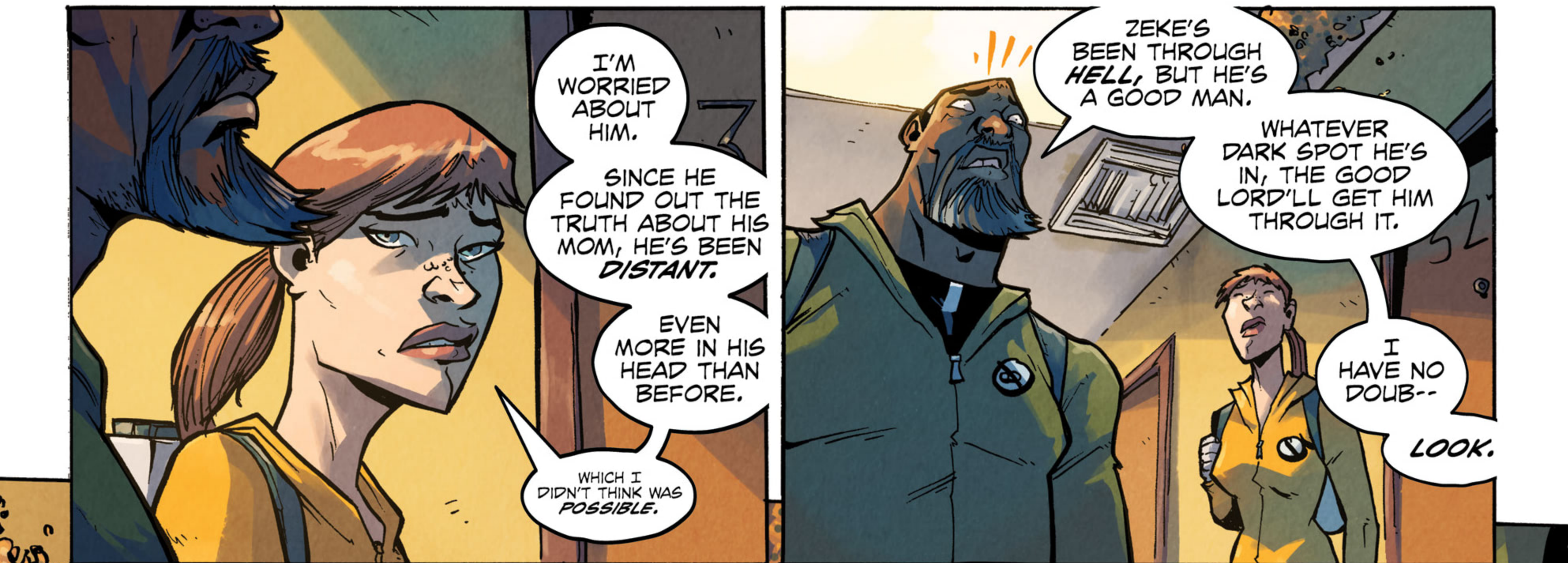


...SHE IS
A **STRANGE**
ONE.

LUNCH IS
HERE, MISS
JANICE.









YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE COME.

OH. THAT WAS A *HAPPY* SCREAM.



SNFF

--POLLEN.

EWWWWW...

COFF..!
WHAT IS THIS
STUFF?



YOU
ARE ONLY
HUMAN.

**WE ARE
THE TWO.
PROPHETS
OF THE LADY
THORNE.**



ACK!



COFF!
HAK!

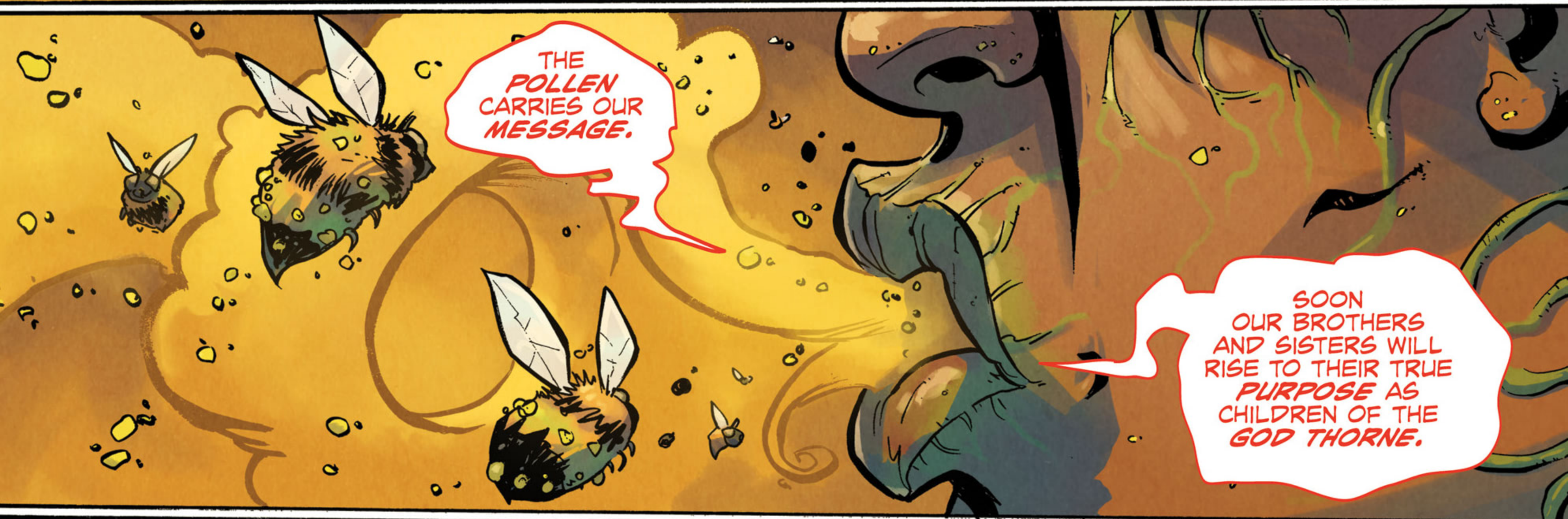
MASKS...
AREN'T
WORKING!

CAN'T...
BREATHE...!



THE ONES
YOU SHELTER
HERE--THEY ARE
ASLEEP.

OUR LADY
SENT US TO
AWAKEN
THEM.



THE
POLLEN
CARRIES OUR
MESSAGE.

SOON
OUR BROTHERS
AND SISTERS WILL
RISE TO THEIR TRUE
PURPOSE AS
CHILDREN OF THE
GOD THORNE.

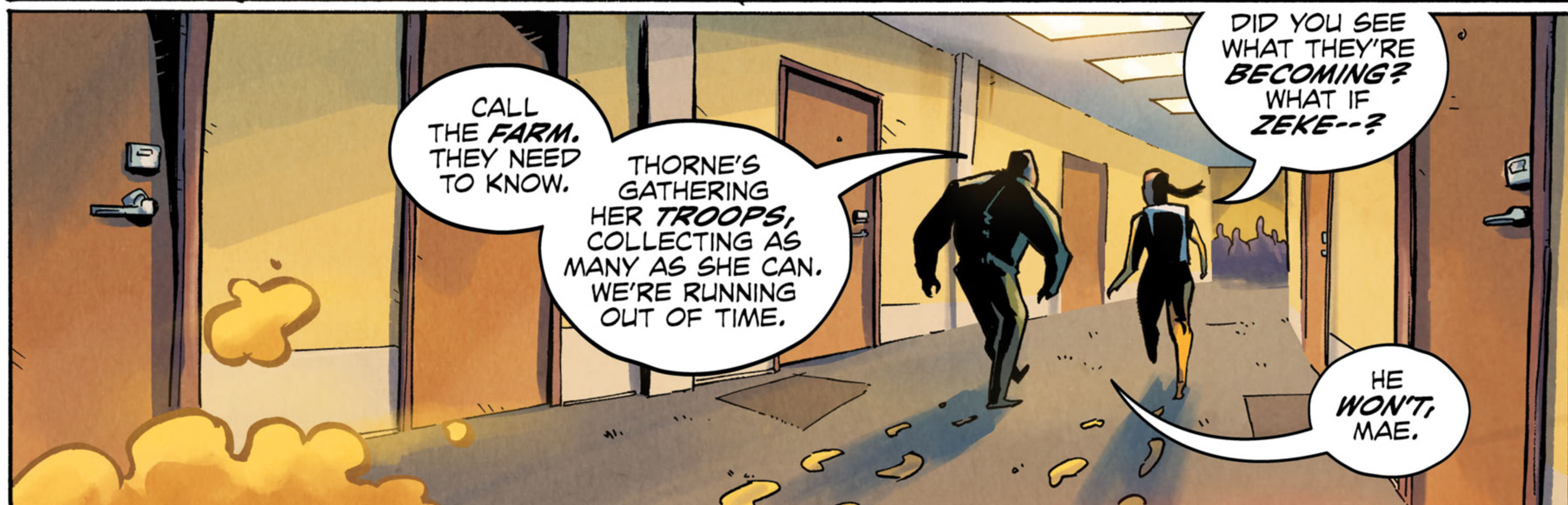


SOON
THOSE LIKE
YOU WILL BE
PRUNED AND
CAST INTO THE
FIRE.

I
THINK... I'LL
PASS.

KLIK!







LATER. THE JENKINS HOME.

I NEVER SAID I LIKED HIM! I SAID MIKHAIL WAS **LESS MURDERY** THAN EXPECTED.



I'M JUST SAYING... MAYBE IT'D BE GOOD TO HAVE SOMEONE AROUND WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.

WHO *ISN'T* YOUR FATHER, I MEAN.

PFFT... RIGHT.



I'M SERIOUS. YOU'RE **NOT** ALONE, ABIGAIL. MAYBE STOP ACTING LIKE IT?

...
MAYBE.



--OLD WERE YOU WHEN YOU MADE THESE?

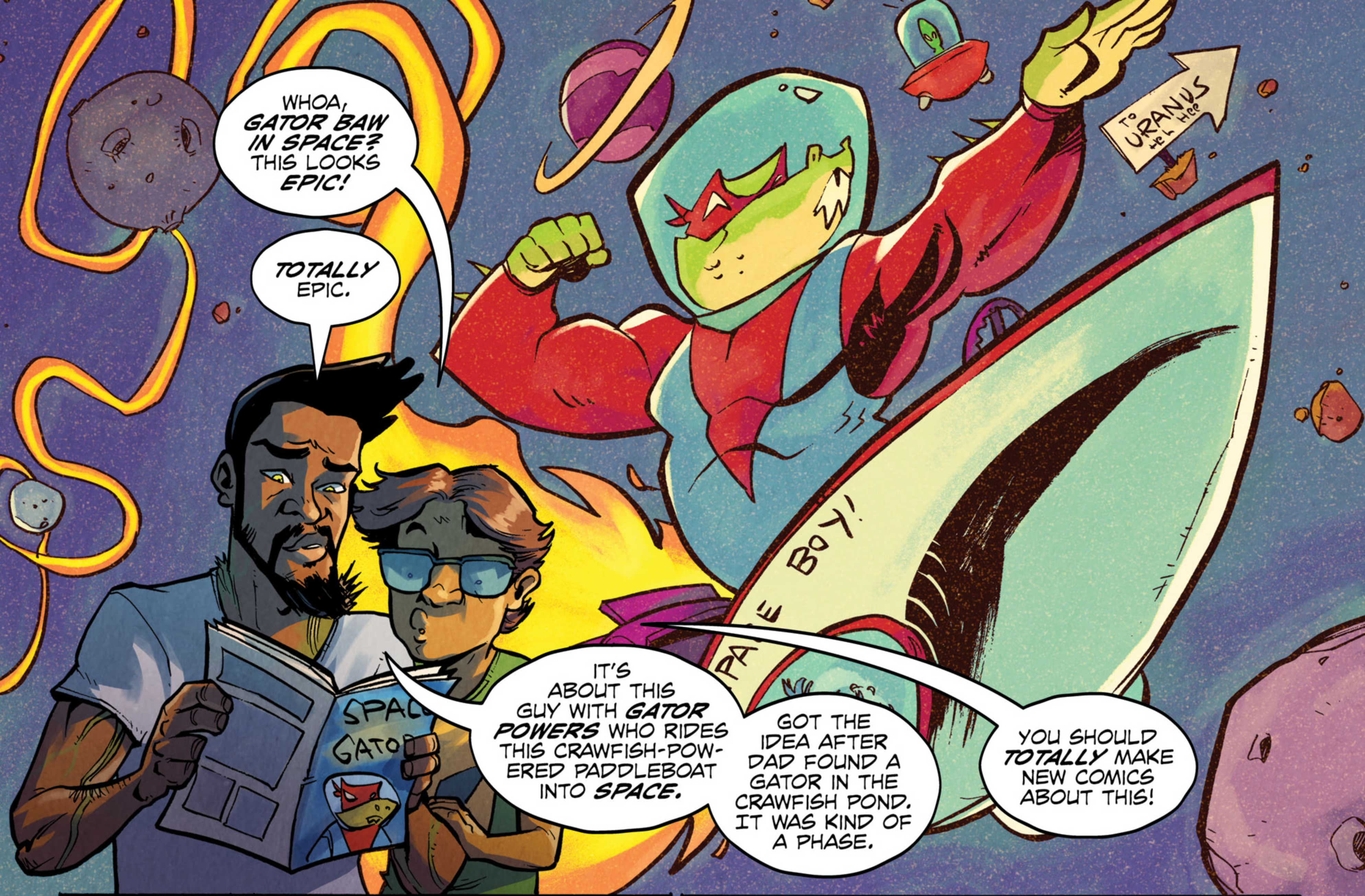
ABOUT YOUR AGE. LITTLE OLDER, MAYBE.

THERE'S SO MANY! DID GRANDPAW HELP?



NAH, YOUR **GRAND-MOTHER** WAS MORE THE CREATIVE TYPE.

THIS IS THE ONE I WAS TALKING ABOUT. MAYBE IT'LL HELP YOU THROUGH YOUR CREATIVE BLOCK.



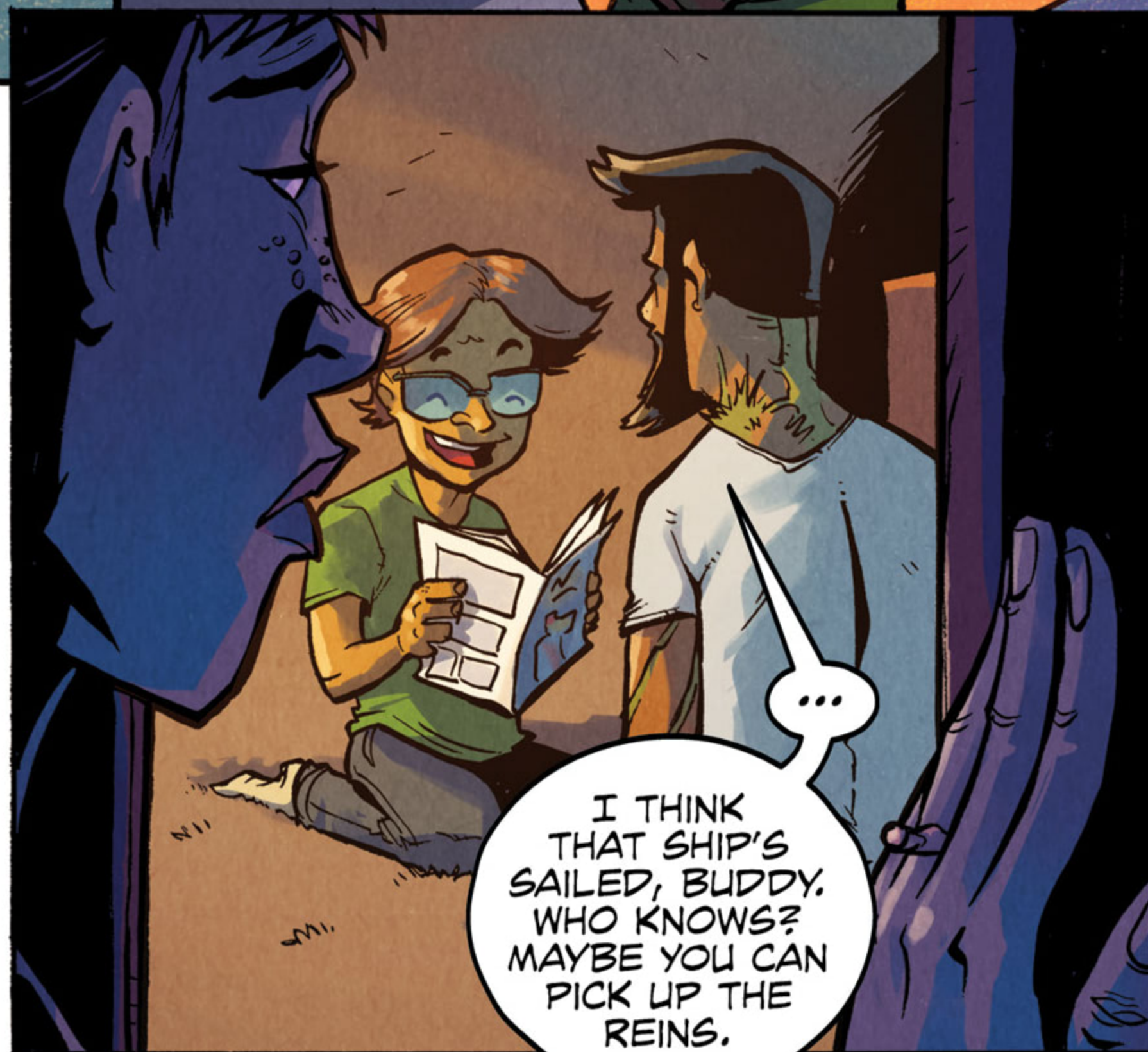
WHOA,
**GATOR BAW
IN SPACE?**
THIS LOOKS
EPIC!

**TOTALLY
EPIC.**

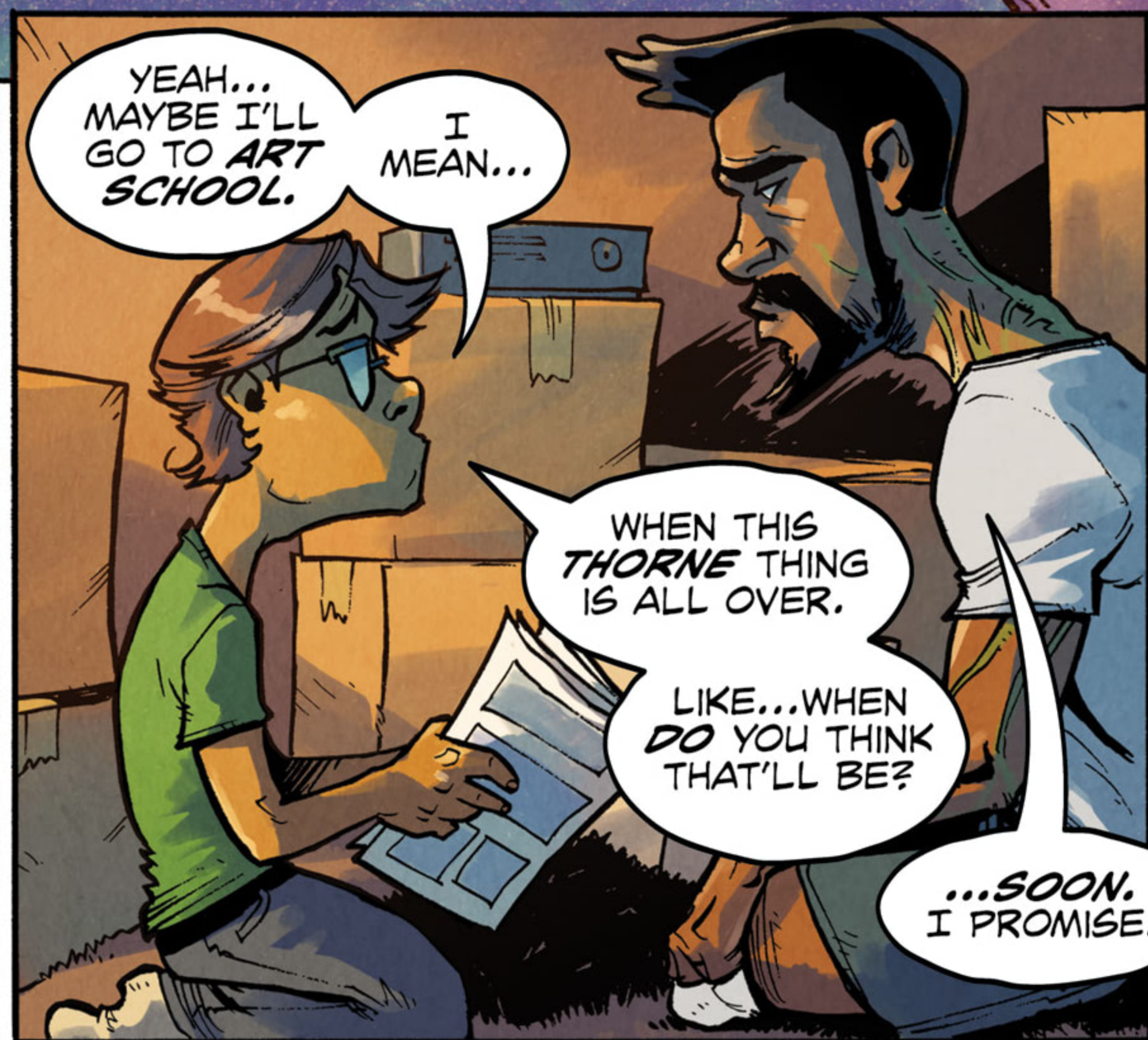
IT'S
ABOUT THIS
GUY WITH **GATOR
POWERS** WHO RIDES
THIS CRAWFISH-POW-
ERED PADDLEBOAT
INTO **SPACE**.

GOT THE
IDEA AFTER
DAD FOUND A
GATOR IN THE
CRAWFISH POND.
IT WAS KIND OF
A PHASE.

YOU SHOULD
TOTALLY MAKE
NEW COMICS
ABOUT THIS!



I THINK
THAT SHIP'S
SAILED, BUDDY.
WHO KNOWS?
MAYBE YOU CAN
PICK UP THE
REINS.



YEAH...
MAYBE I'LL
GO TO **ART
SCHOOL**.

I
MEAN...

WHEN THIS
THORNE THING
IS ALL OVER.

LIKE...WHEN
DO YOU THINK
THAT'LL BE?

...**SOON**.
I PROMISE.

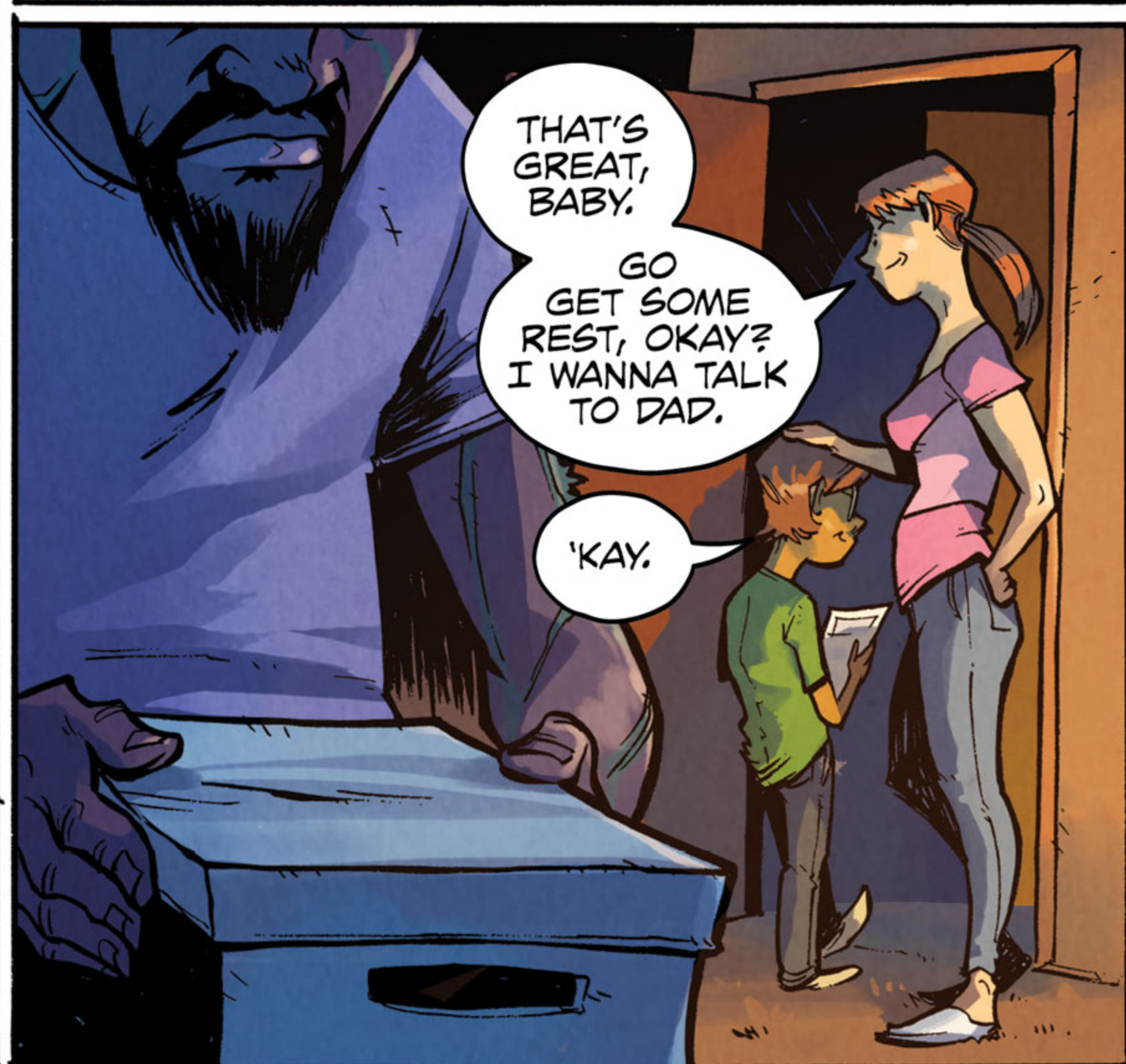


'KAY.

OH...
HEY
MOM.

HEY,
KIDDO.
YOU AND
DAD HAVE
A GOOD
DAY?

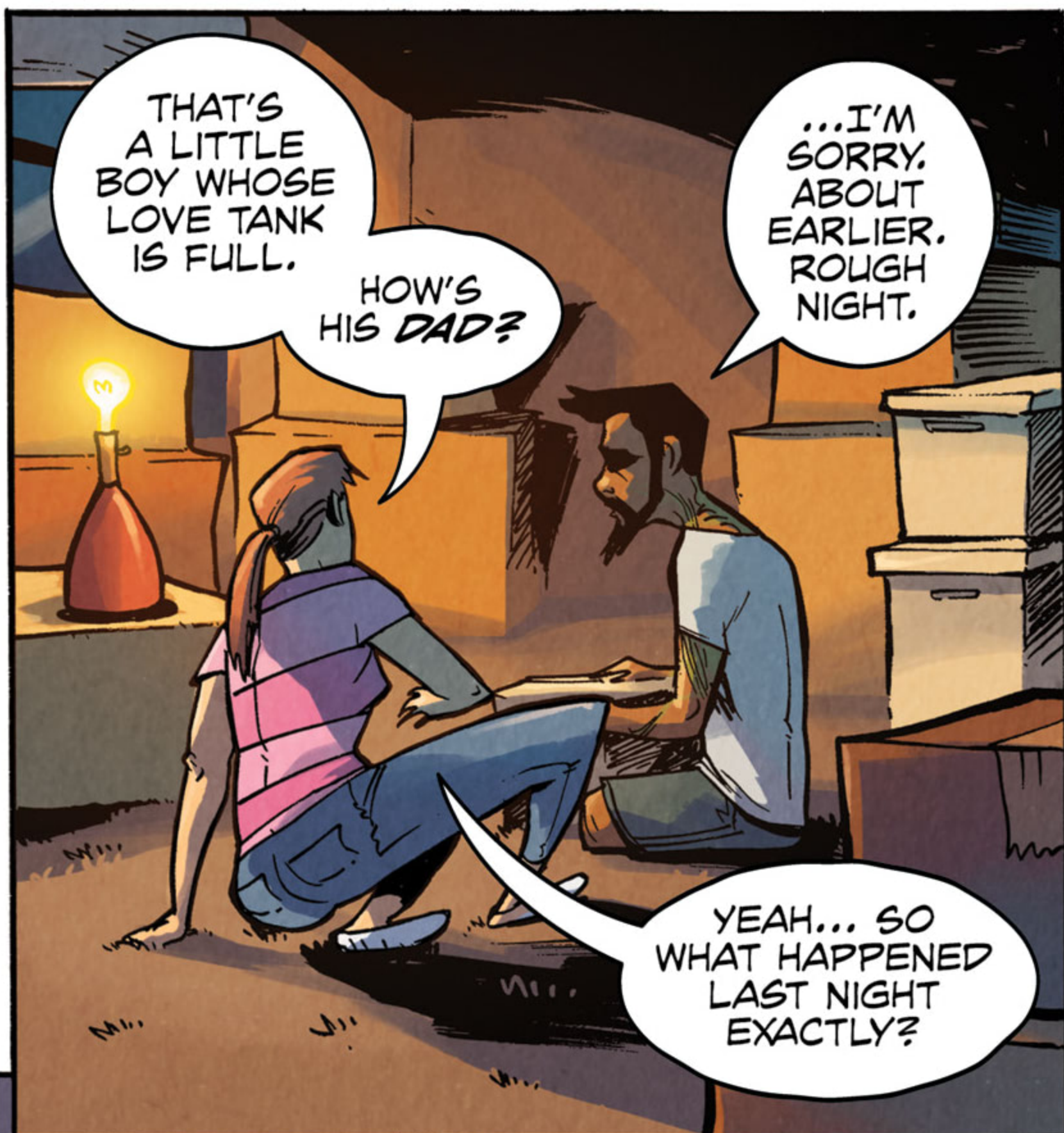
IT WAS
AWESOME.



THAT'S
GREAT,
BABY.

GO
GET SOME
REST, OKAY?
I WANNA TALK
TO DAD.

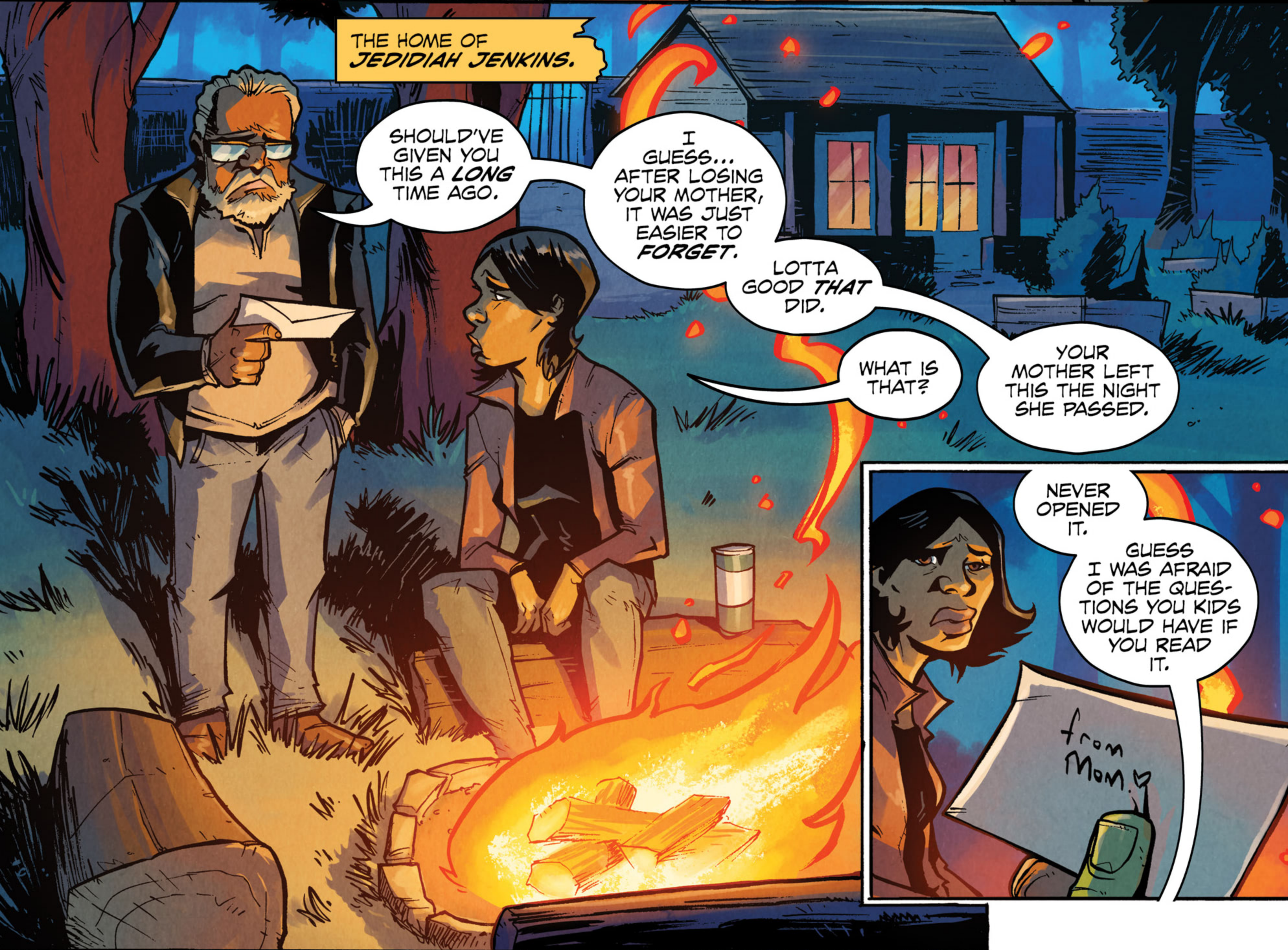
'KAY.





I WANNA LET YOU IN.

NO MORE **SECRETS**. I MEAN IT THIS TIME.



THE HOME OF JEDIDIAH JENKINS.

SHOULD'VE GIVEN YOU THIS A **LONG** TIME AGO.

I GUESS... AFTER LOSING YOUR MOTHER, IT WAS JUST EASIER TO **FORGET**.

LOTTA GOOD THAT DID.

WHAT IS THAT?

YOUR MOTHER LEFT THIS THE NIGHT SHE PASSED.



NEVER OPENED IT.

GUESS I WAS AFRAID OF THE QUESTIONS YOU KIDS WOULD HAVE IF YOU READ IT.



I WAS **WRONG**.

MAYBE... MAYBE THIS CAN START TO MAKE THINGS **RIGHT**.



THIS IS TRULY **TOUCHING**.



TRULY.
PLEASE FORGIVE MY INTERRUPTION.

YOU!!!

MONICA?!!



BITCH, YOU GOT A LOTTA NERVE COMING HERE!

PLEASE...



LET'S NOT DO THIS.



FWIT!

ACK!!!



ANDY!!!
WHAT THE HELL'D YOU DO TO HER?

JUST A SEDATIVE.
FOR HER GOOD,
I ASSURE YOU.



WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?

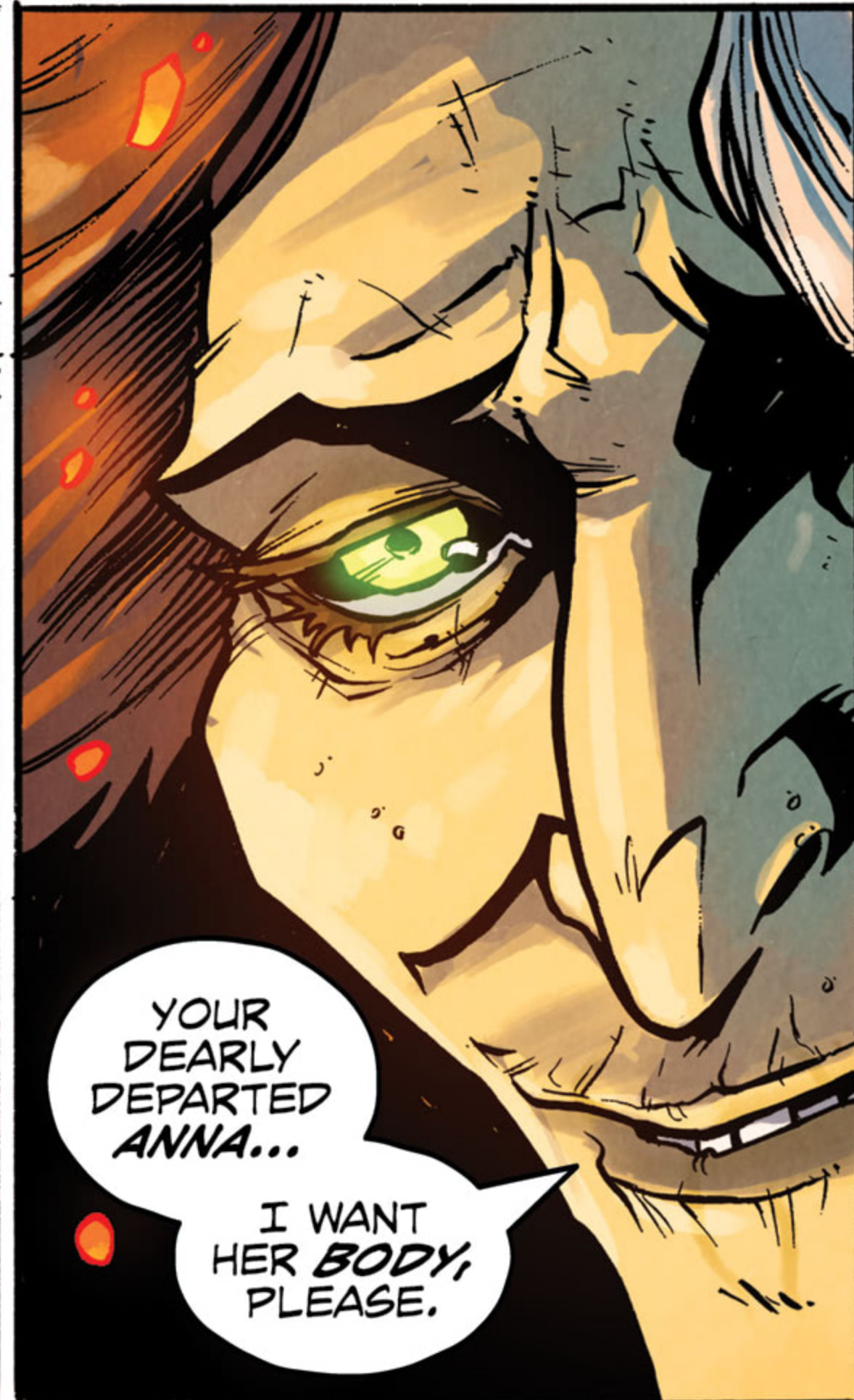
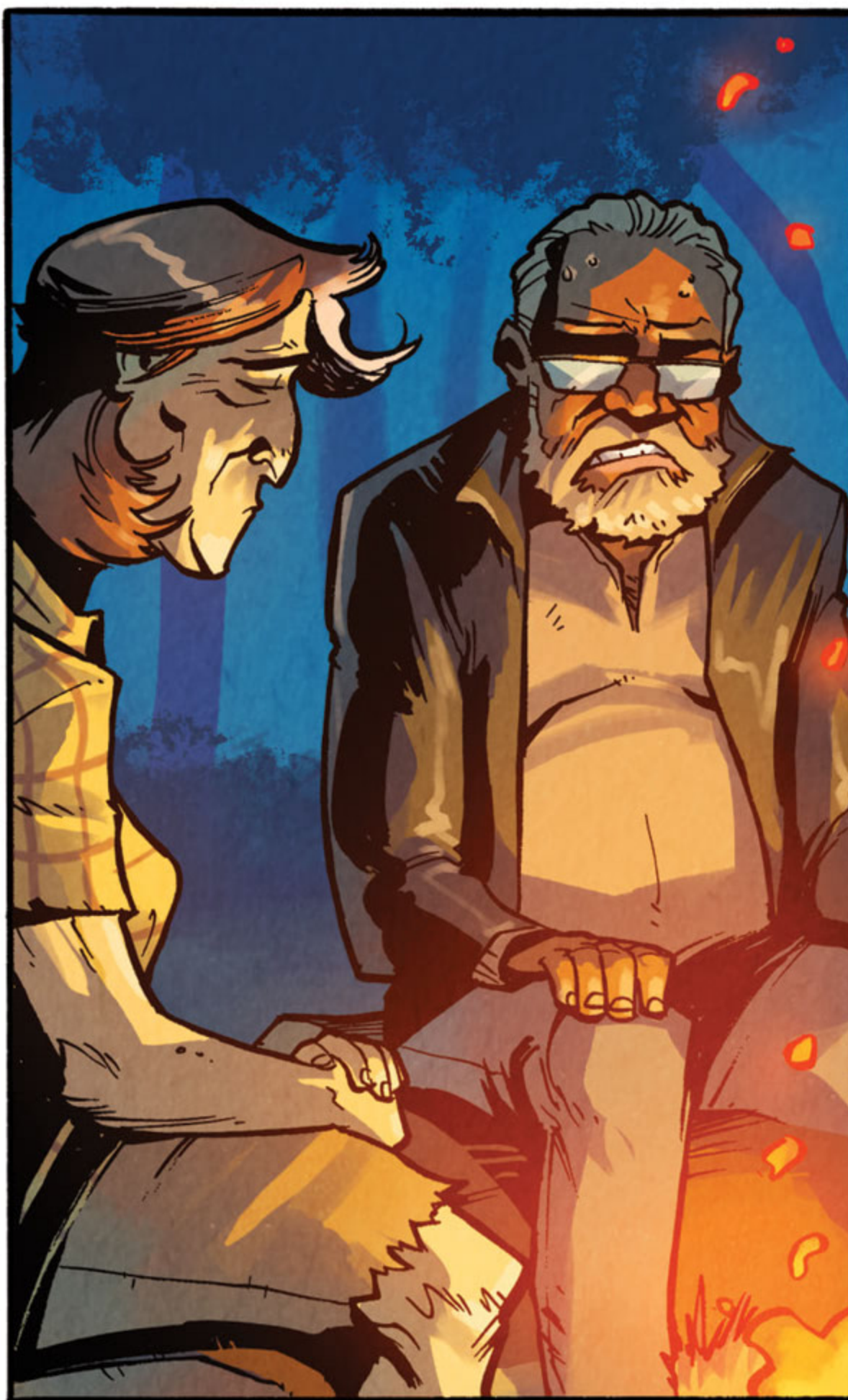
WHY DON'T YOU STOP SCREWING WITH US AND JUST KILL ME ALREADY?



KILL YOU?

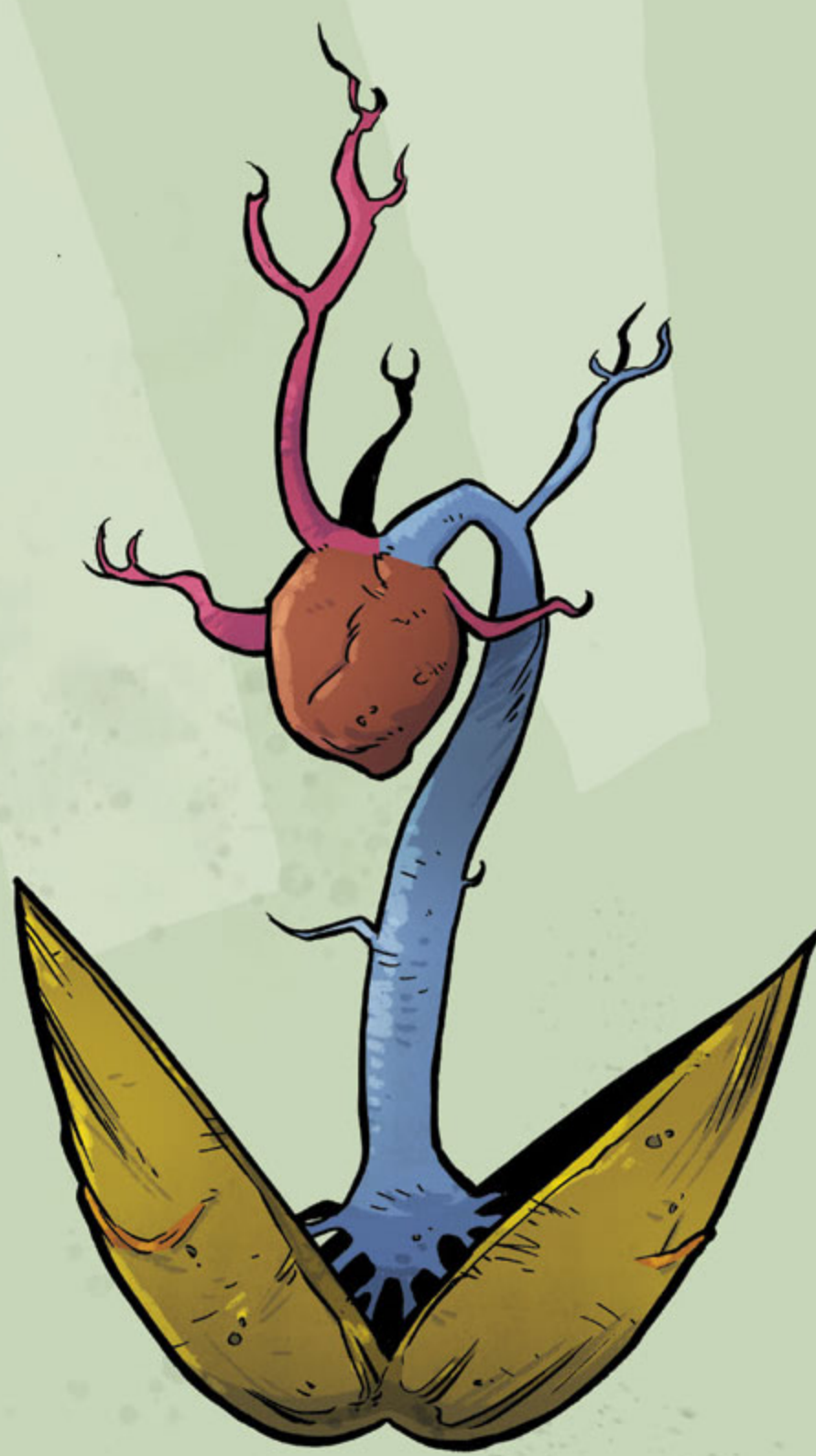
YOU'VE MORE THAN EARNED YOUR FAMILY'S SAFETY, JED. YOU OPENED THE WAY FOR ME. WHY, YOU'RE MY JOHN THE BAPTIST.

PLEASE... SIT.





END CHAPTER 18



CHAPTER 19





9:30 PM.

KRUNK!

DAMMIT!!!

PICK UP...
PICK UP...
PICK UP...

PLEASE
PICK UP.

RIIING!
RIIING!



THIS IS
PASTOR JOHN
MOORE. I'M NOT
AVAILABLE AT THE
MOMENT, BUT IF
YOU LEAVE--



DAMMIT!



PICK UP,
TREE! IT'S
THORNE--



"--SHE'S COMING
RIGHT AT YOU!"

IT'S NOT
YOUR FAULT,
ZEKE.

THE CHURCH.

THAT *THING*
INSIDE MONICA
IS *TOYING*
WITH YOU.

IT WANTS
YOU TO THINK
YOU'RE SOME
MONSTER WITH
NO CHOICE BUT
TO GIVE IN
TO IT.

IT'S
A DAMN
LIAR.

I
KILLED A
MAN...



YOU
DEFENDED
YOURSELF.

IT HAS BEEN
MANIPULATING
YOU FOR A
LONG TIME.

WHATEVER
ITS PLAN IS,
YOU'RE **CENTRAL**
TO IT.

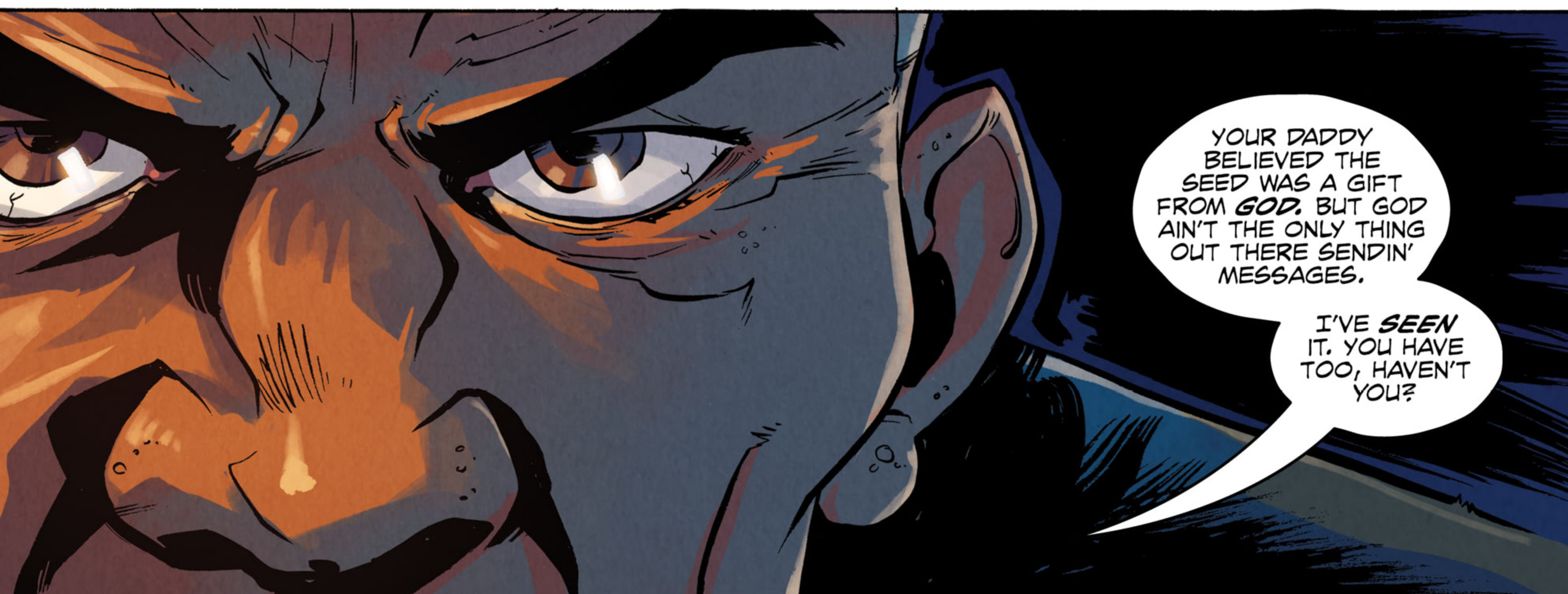
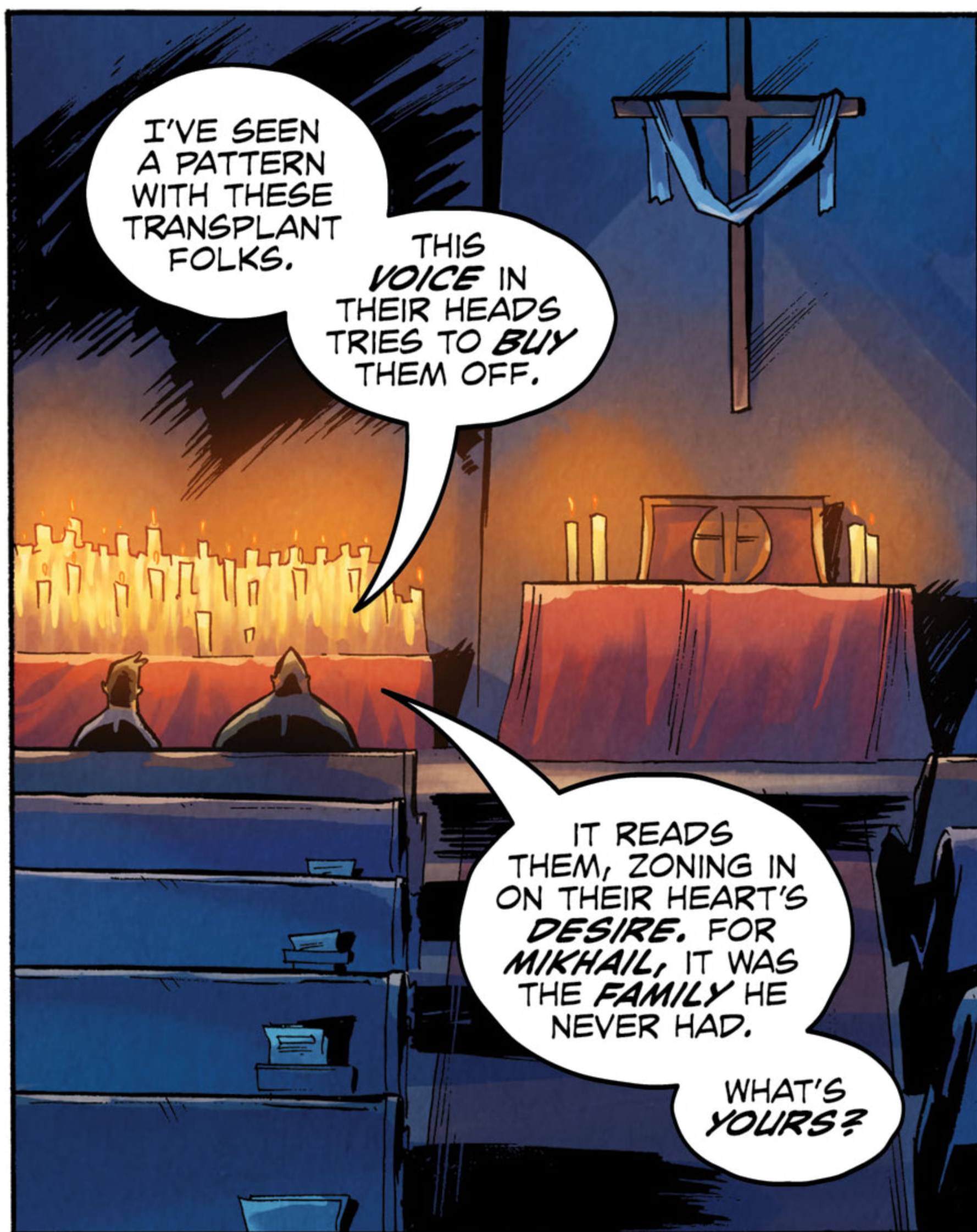


IT'LL
SAY ANYTHING,
OFFER ANYTHING
TO GET ITS WAY.
TELL ME...

WHAT'D
IT **OFFER**
YOU?



...WHAT?





A TREE.
WITH THREE
EYES.

WHAT
IS IT?

IT'S A
DEMON,
ZEKE. A TREE THAT
COUNTLESS MEN
HAVE DIED UPON. IT'S
WHAT KEPT OUR
ANCESTORS IN **CHAINS**
FOR GENERATIONS AND
KEEPS MEN IN CHAINS
TO THIS VERY
DAY.

IT'S WHAT
RIGHTEOUS
MEN LIKE OUR
GREAT-GRANDFA-
THERS **BLED** TO
OVERCOME.

IT'S BEEN
WAITING. LOOKING
FOR ANY INROAD TO
TAKE BACK THIS
TOWN.

IT USED
YOUR DADDY.
IT USED MONICA.
NOW IT WANTS TO
USE **YOU**.

YOU
KNOW HOW
INSANE YOU
SOUND RIGHT
NOW?

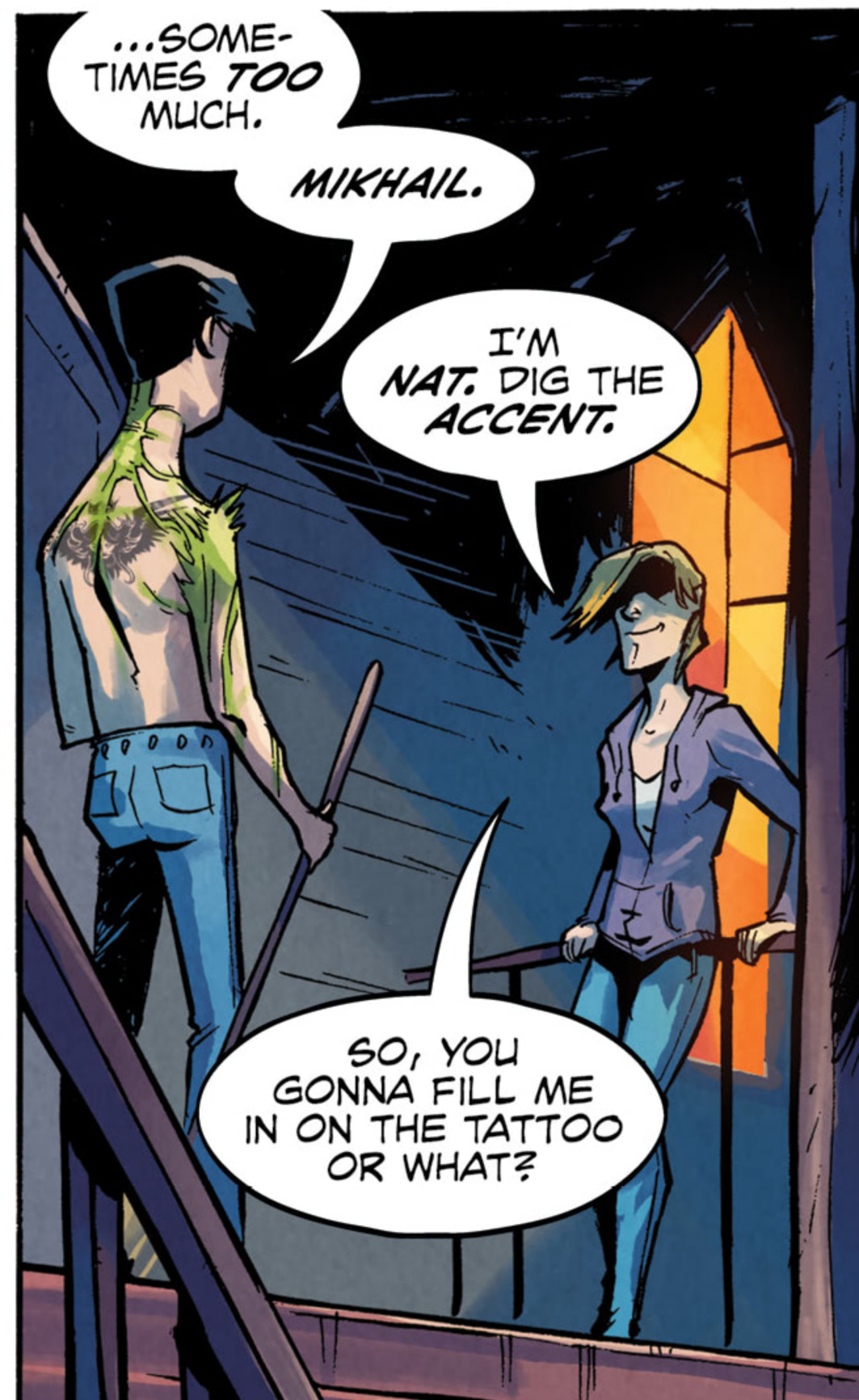
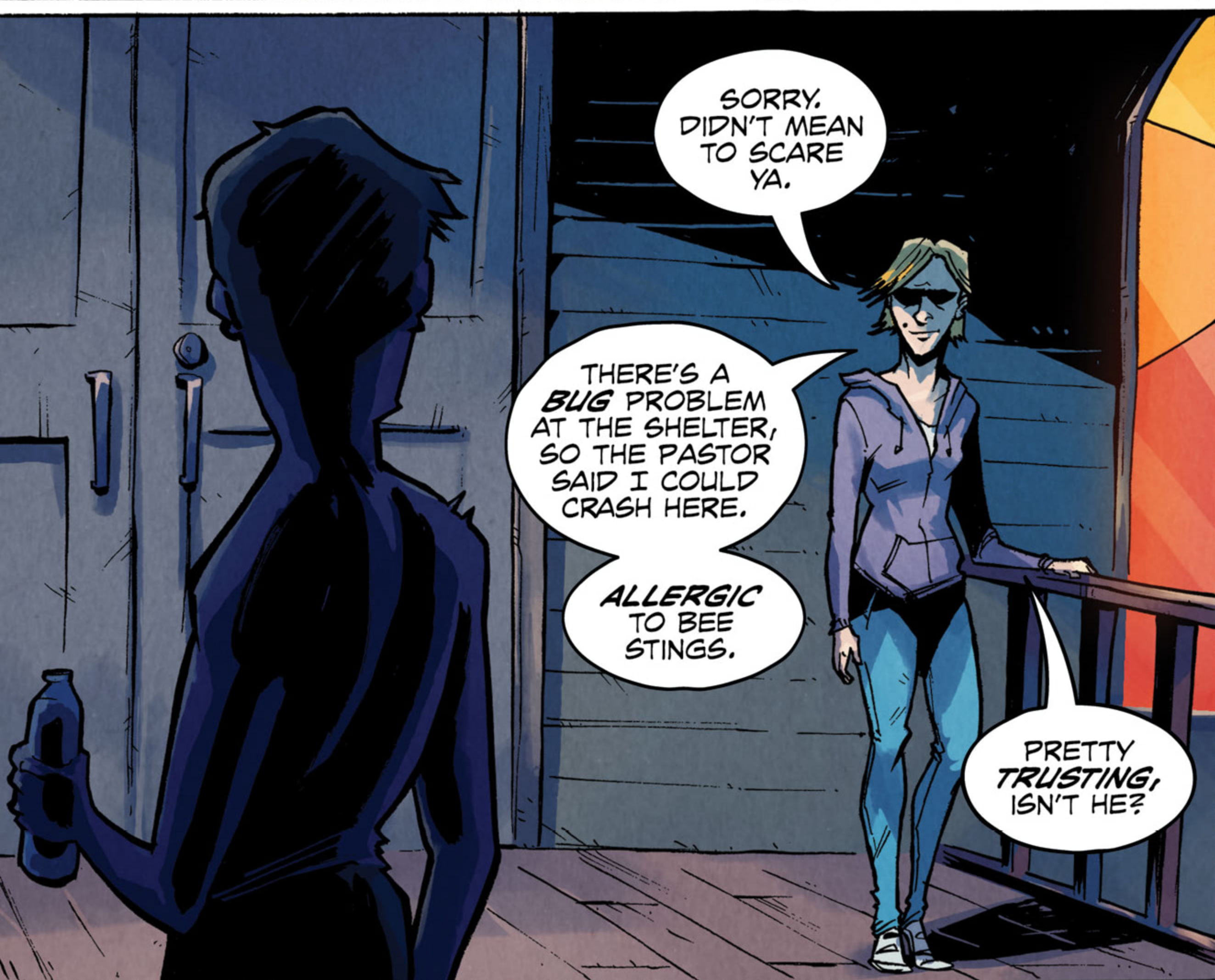
THINK
OF WHAT
WE'VE **SEEN**,
EZEKIEL!

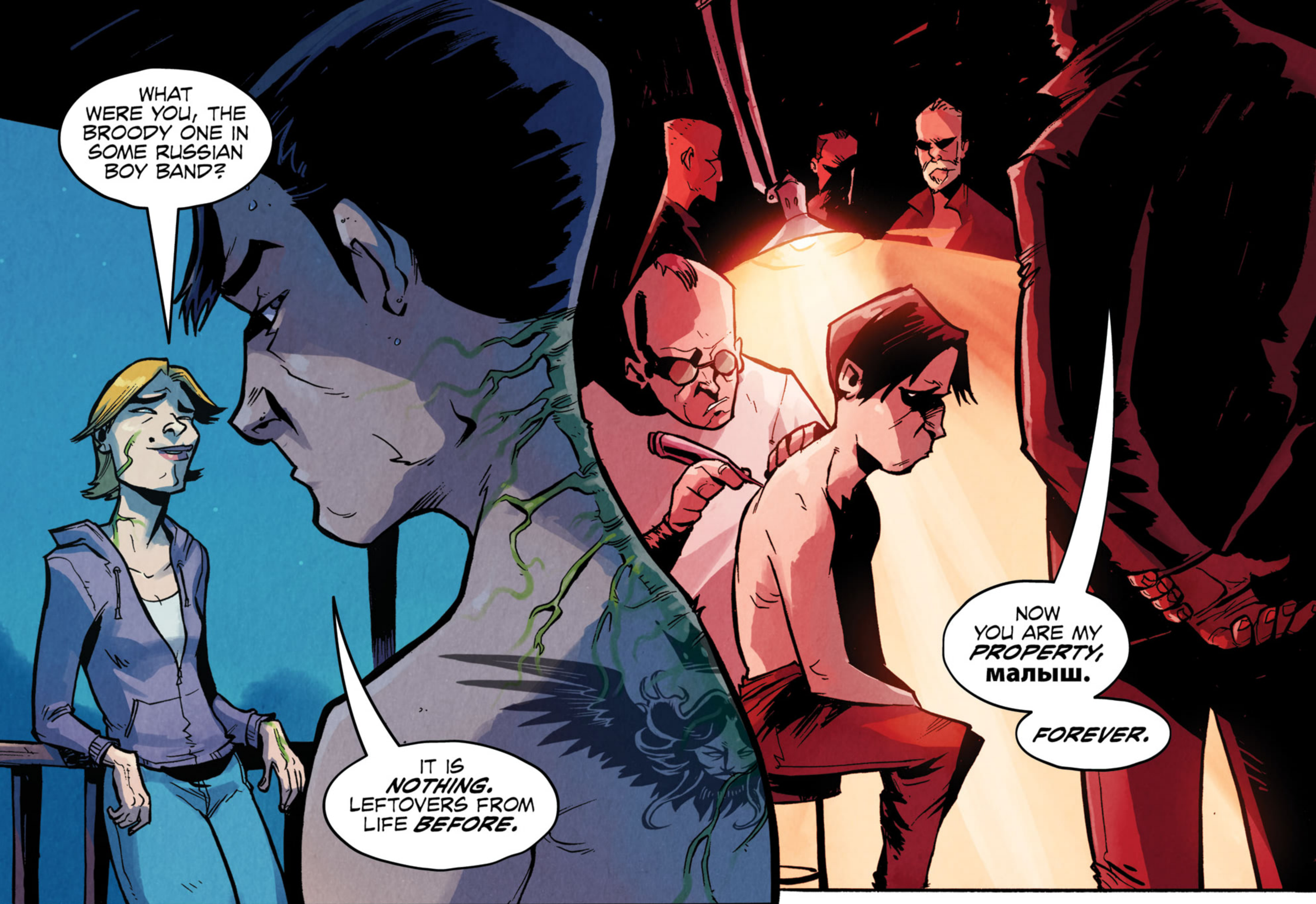
WE
CAN'T JUST
FIX THIS WITH
A **PILL**.

THIS IS
MORE THAN
SCIENCE GONE
WRONG.

THIS IS A
SPIRITUAL
WAR.

CHAPTER 19: MOMMA'S BONES.





WHAT WERE YOU, THE BROODY ONE IN SOME RUSSIAN BOY BAND?

IT IS *NOTHING*. LEFTOVERS FROM LIFE *BEFORE*.

NOW YOU ARE MY *PROPERTY*, *МАЛЫШ*.
FOREVER.



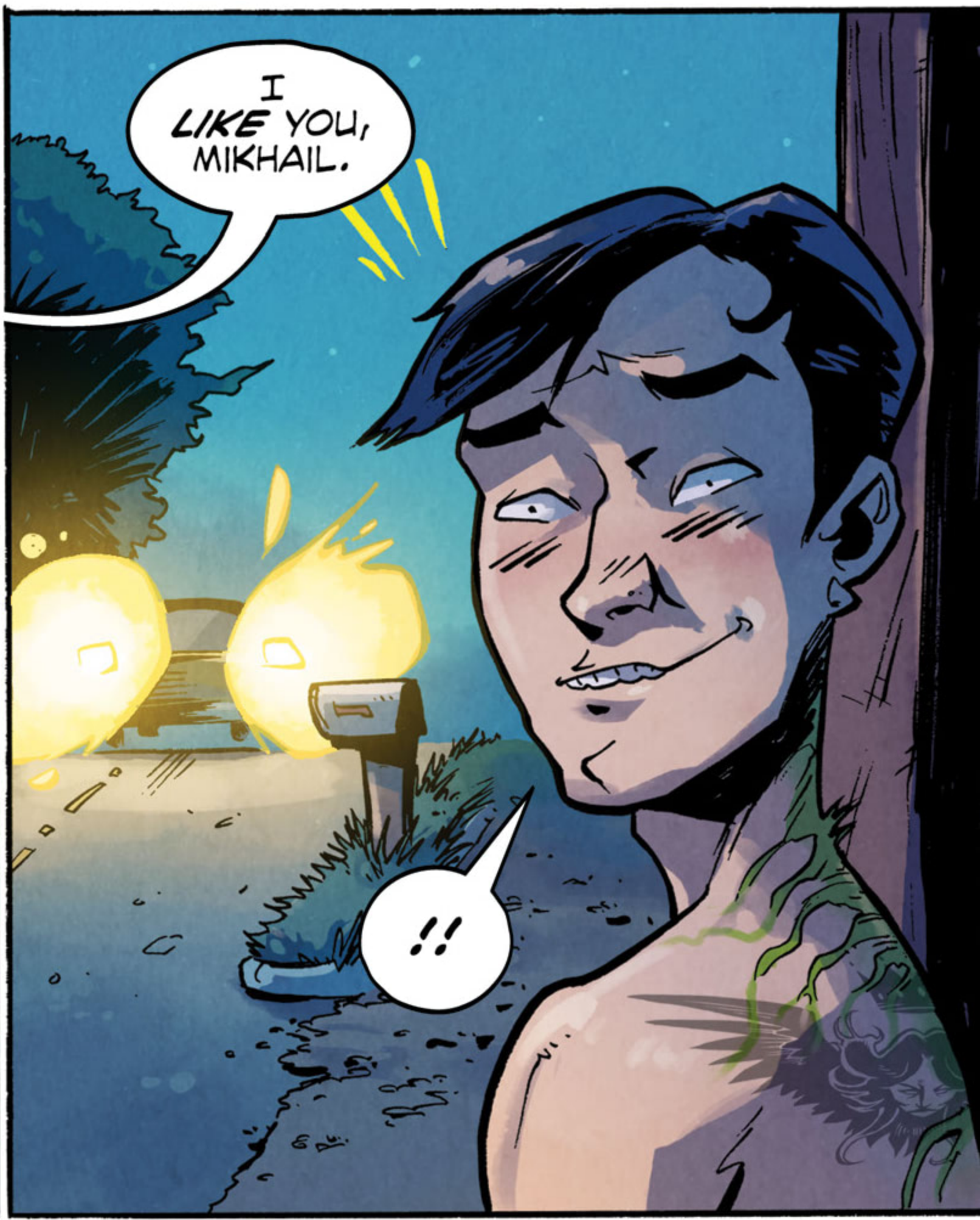
I SHOULDN'T HAVE PRIED--

IS *OKAY*. IS LIKE *TREE* SAYS:

"THE PAST IS PASSED. IT IS UP TO US TO CHOOSE WHETHER WE ARE ITS *SLAVE*."

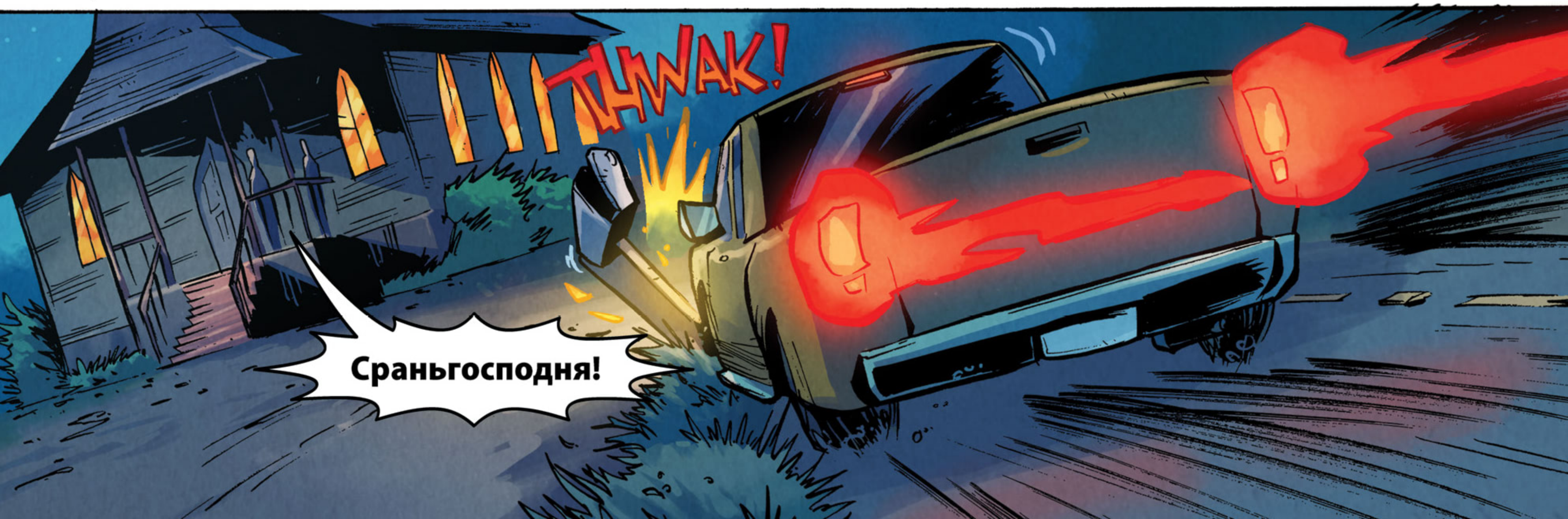


YA KNOW, YOU'RE PRETTY SHARP.
FOR A KID, I MEAN.

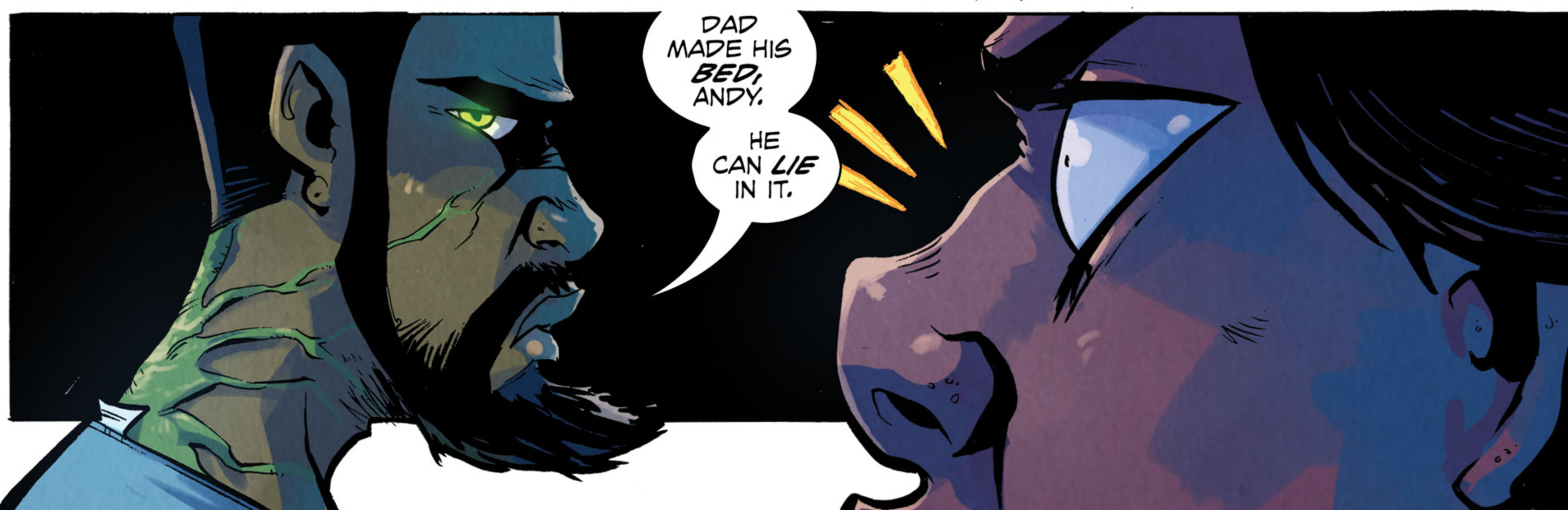
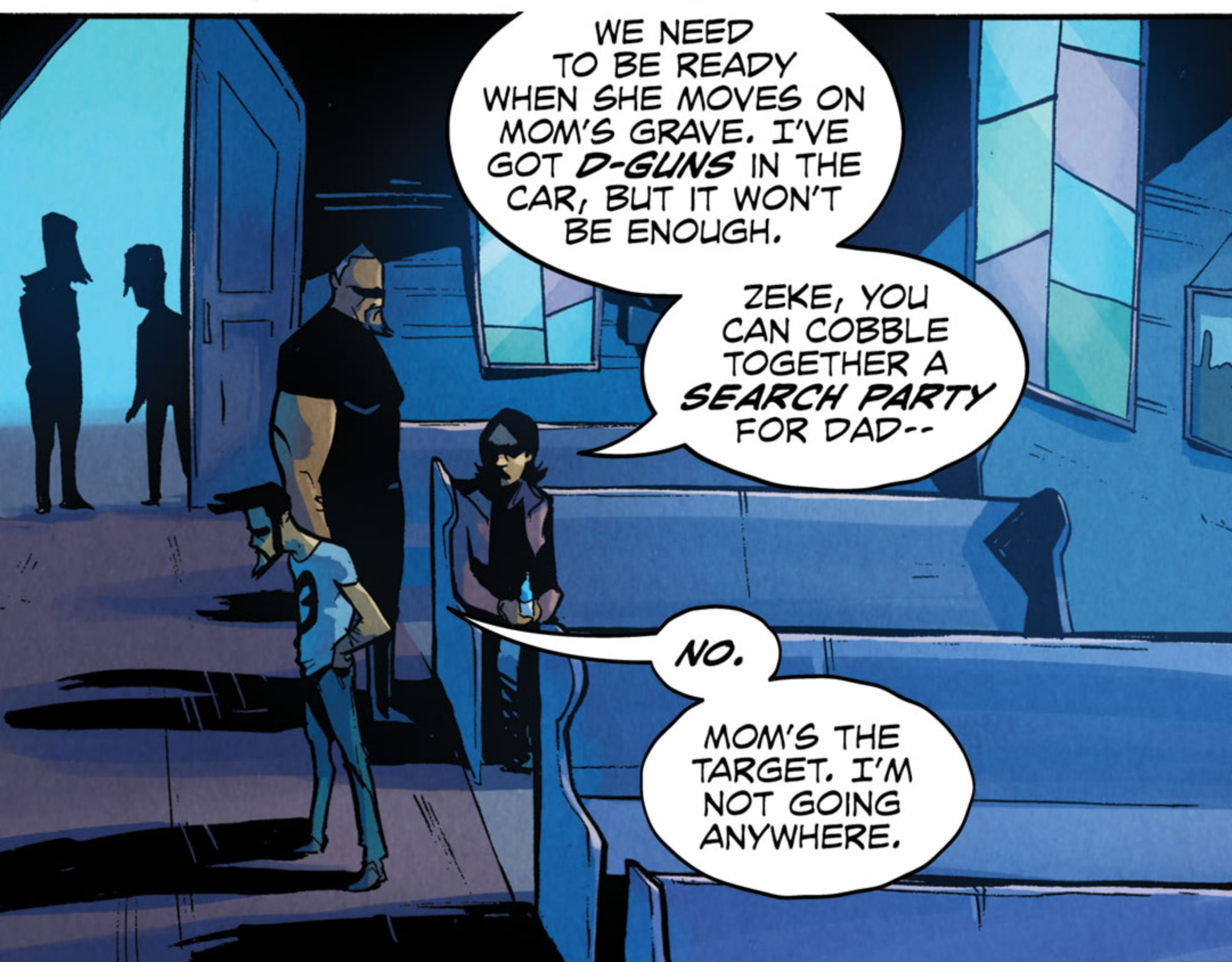
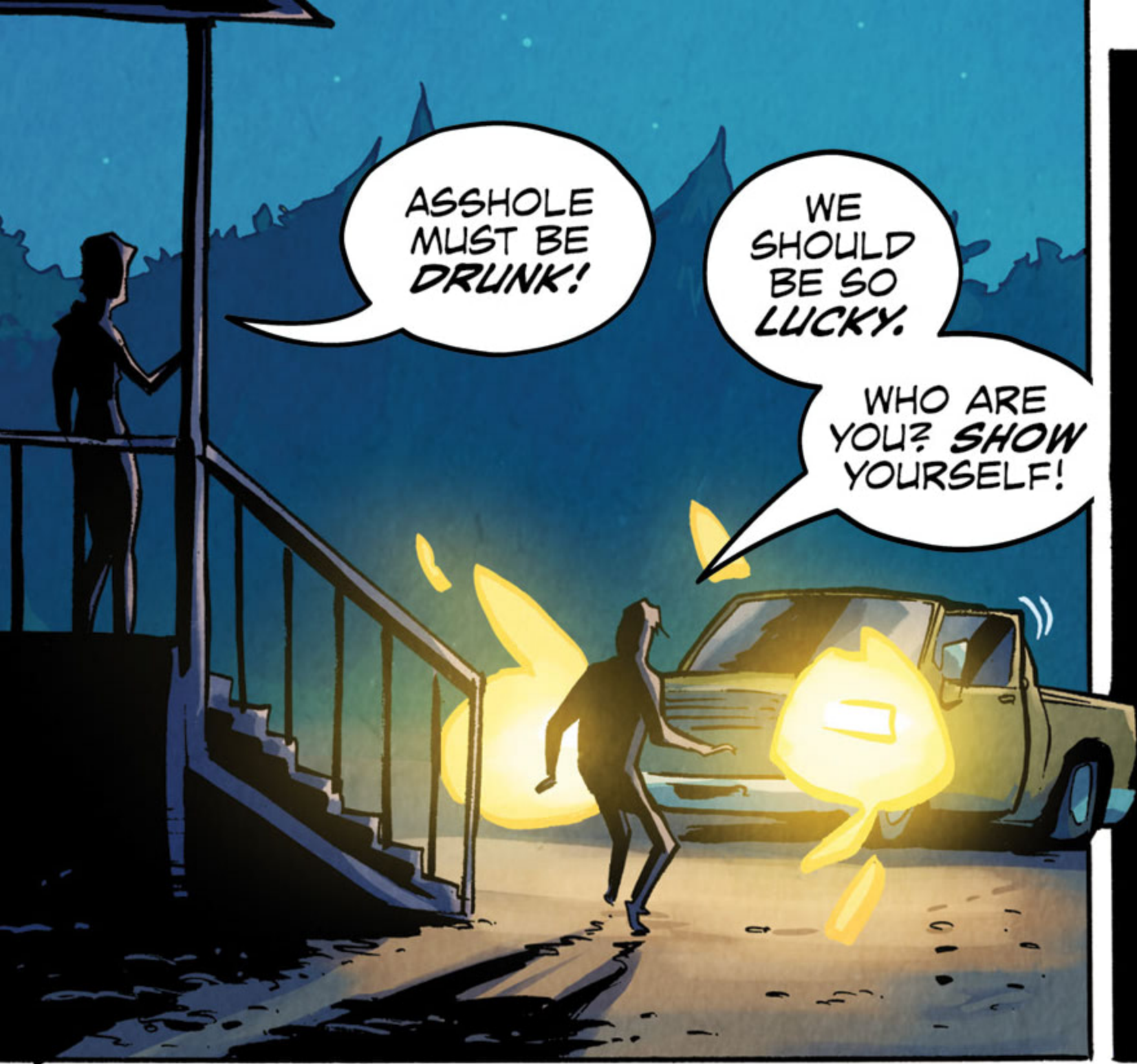


I *LIKE* YOU, MIKHAIL.

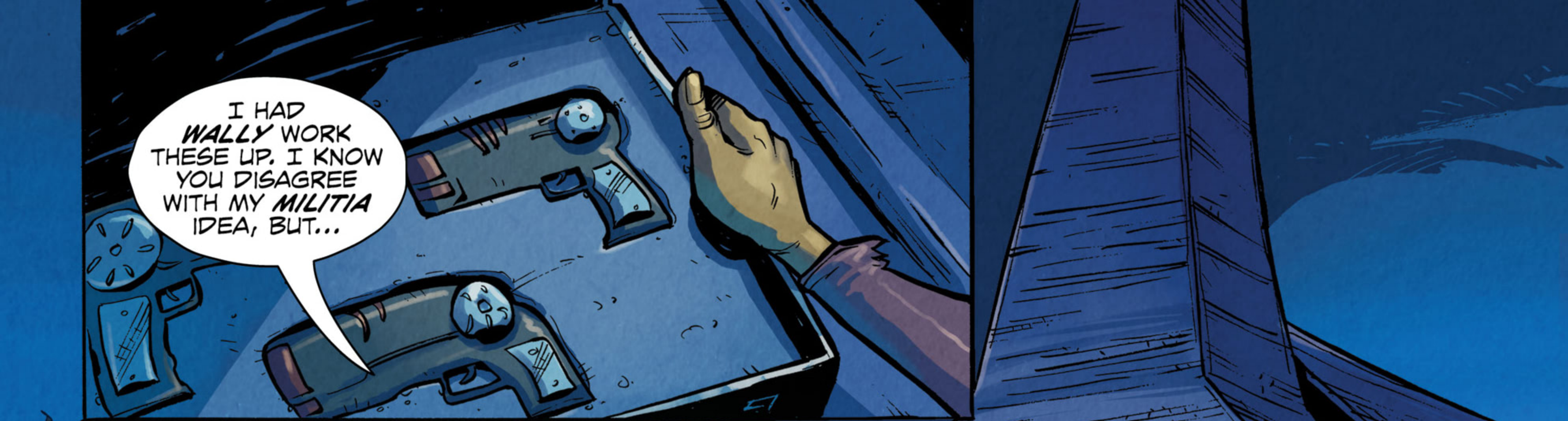
!!



Сраньгосподня!







I HAD **WALLY** WORK THESE UP. I KNOW YOU DISAGREE WITH MY **MILITIA** IDEA, BUT...



AFTER THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, I'M COMIN' AROUND TO IT.

SORRY I HIT YOU, EVEN IF YOU WERE BEING A **DICK**.

WE GOT BIGGER FISH.

I'M COMING WITH.

A **RUSSIAN CHILD ASSASSIN** MIGHT COME IN HANDY.

FINE. NAT..?

I, UH... I DON'T **DO GRAVE-YARDS**.



DON'T BE **SHY**, JENKINS FOLK...





'FRAID NOT,
BUTTERCUP.

BOSS LADY
WANTS THESE OL'
BONES, AND WHAT
SHE WANTS, SHE
GETS.

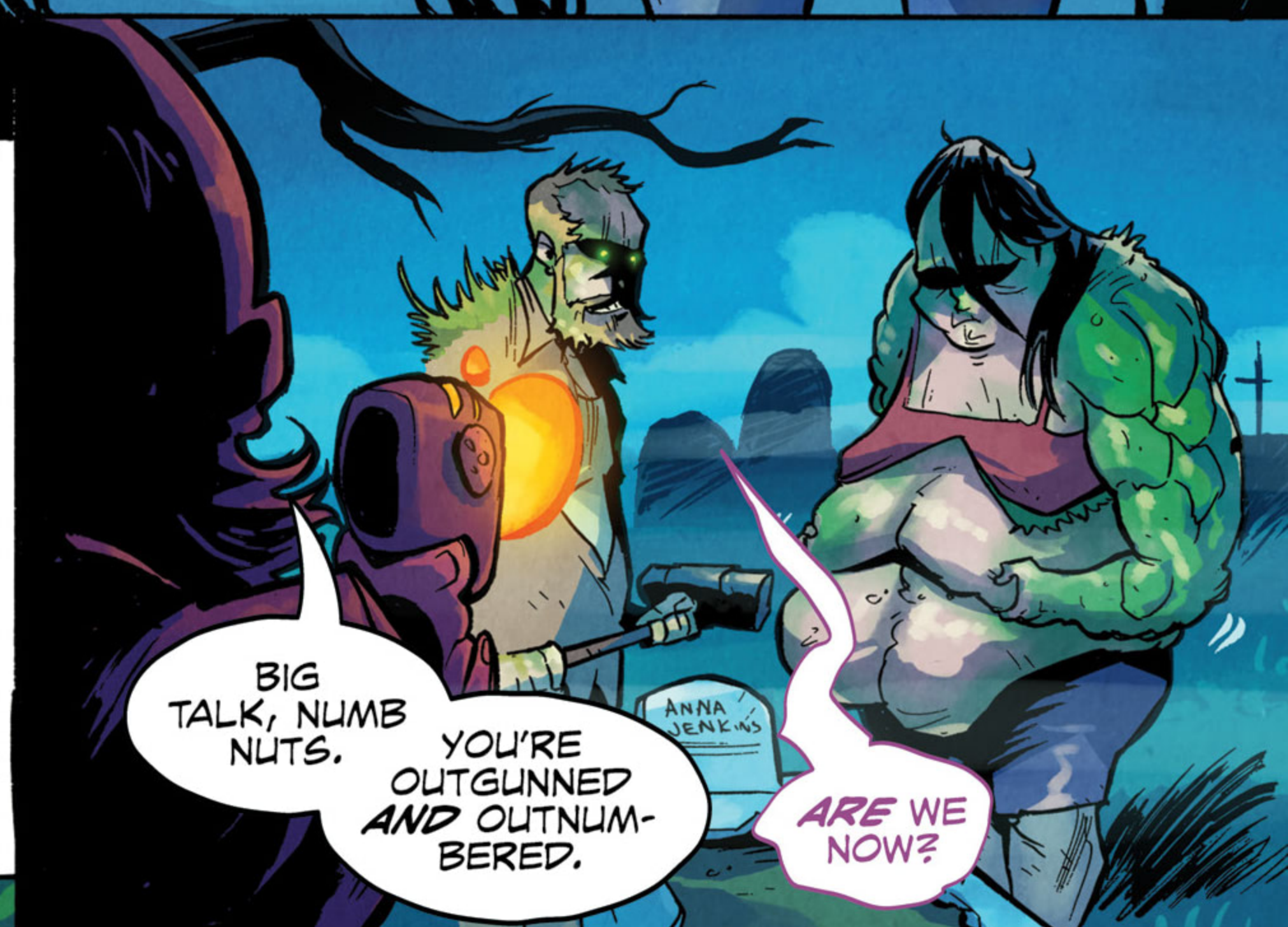
YOU'RE
NOT TAKING
ANYTHING.

DON'T *DO*
THIS, KID.
LISTEN...



THE
OLD LADY'S
LET Y'ALL LIVE
IN *PEACE* IN
YER LITTLE
SHELTER.

BUT YOU
GET IN HER
WAY AND, WELL...
FOLKS COULD
START *DYIN'*
REAL QUICK.



BIG
TALK, NUMB
NUTS.

YOU'RE
OUTGUNNED
AND OUTNUM-
BERED.

*ARE WE
NOW?*



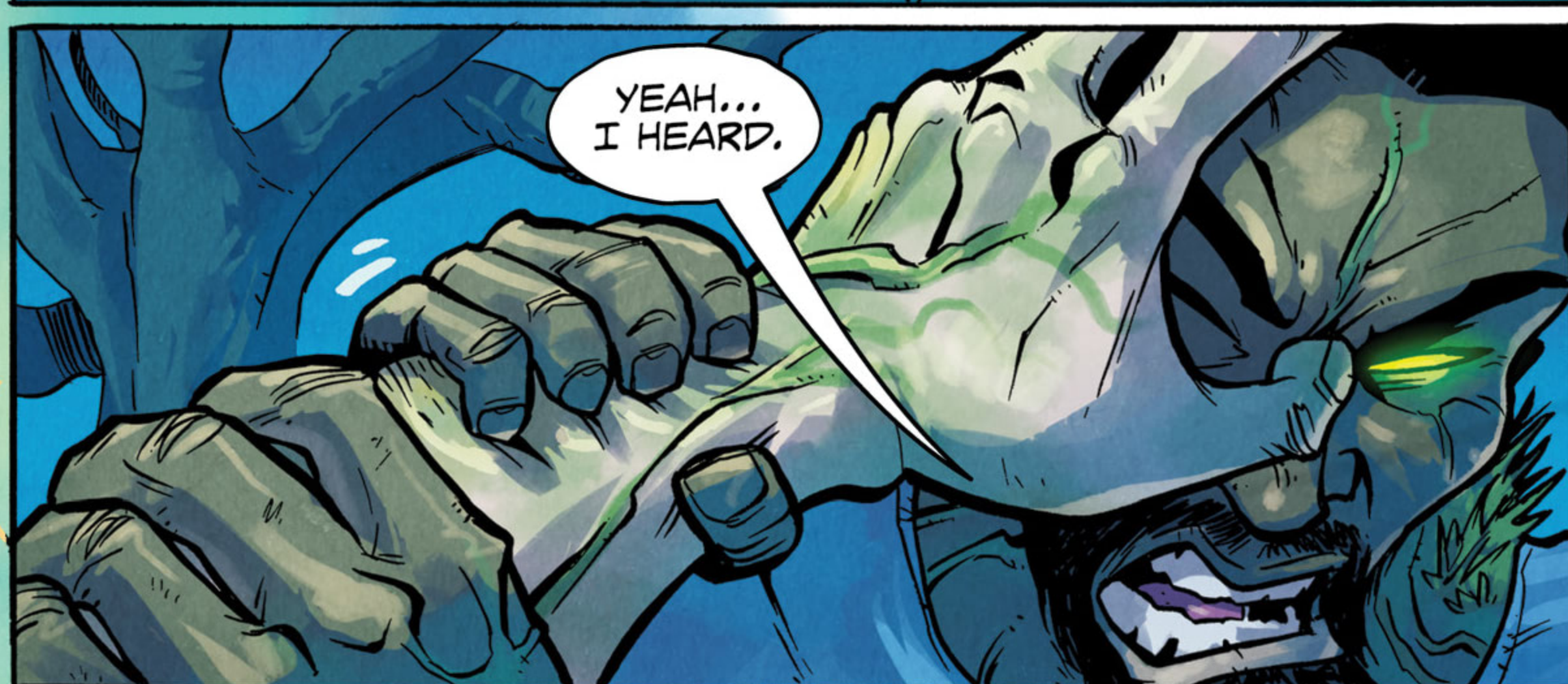
HOLY--!!

KIDS...

DON'T
HURT 'EM *TOO*
MUCH.

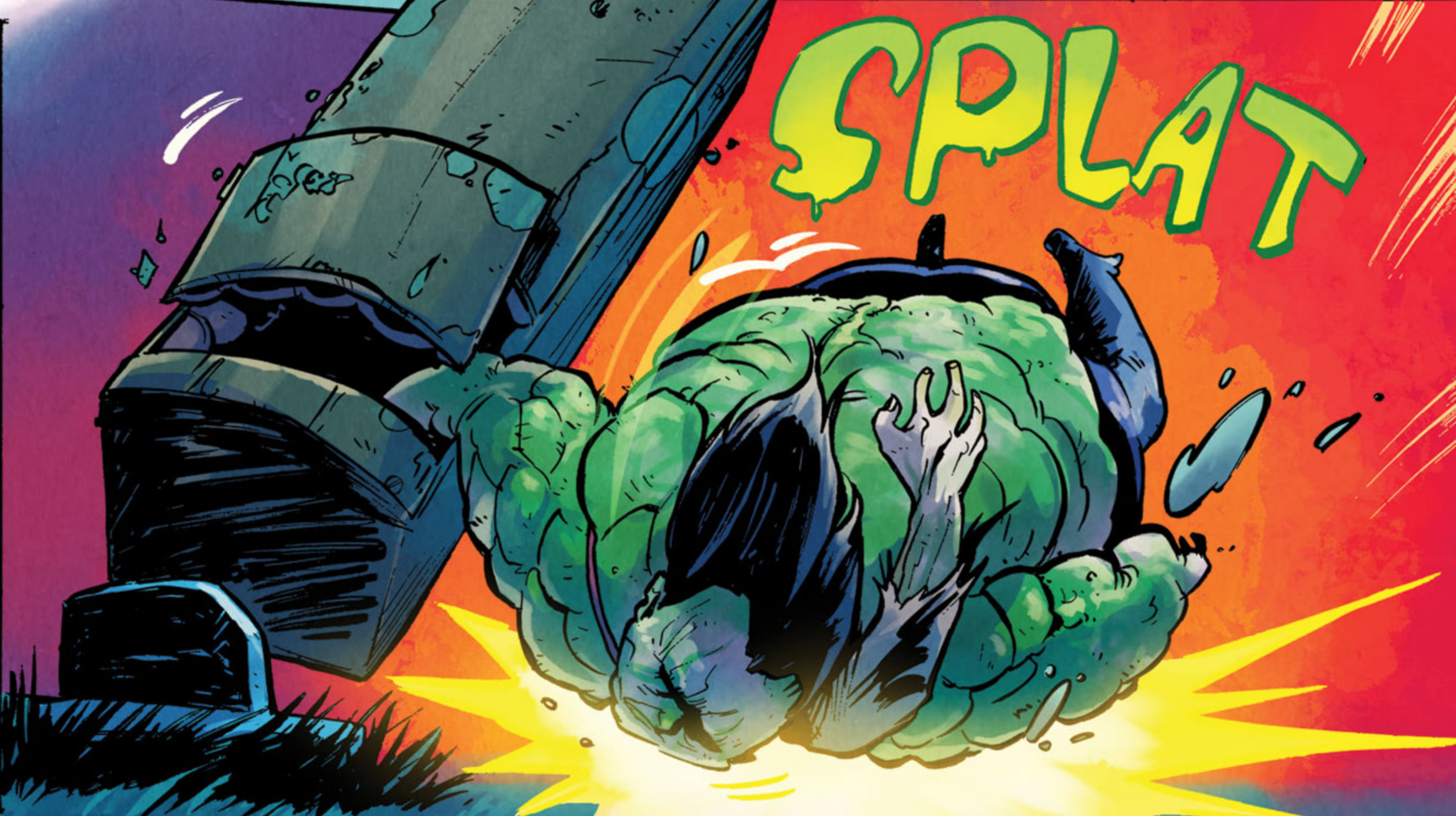
















BANG! BANG!

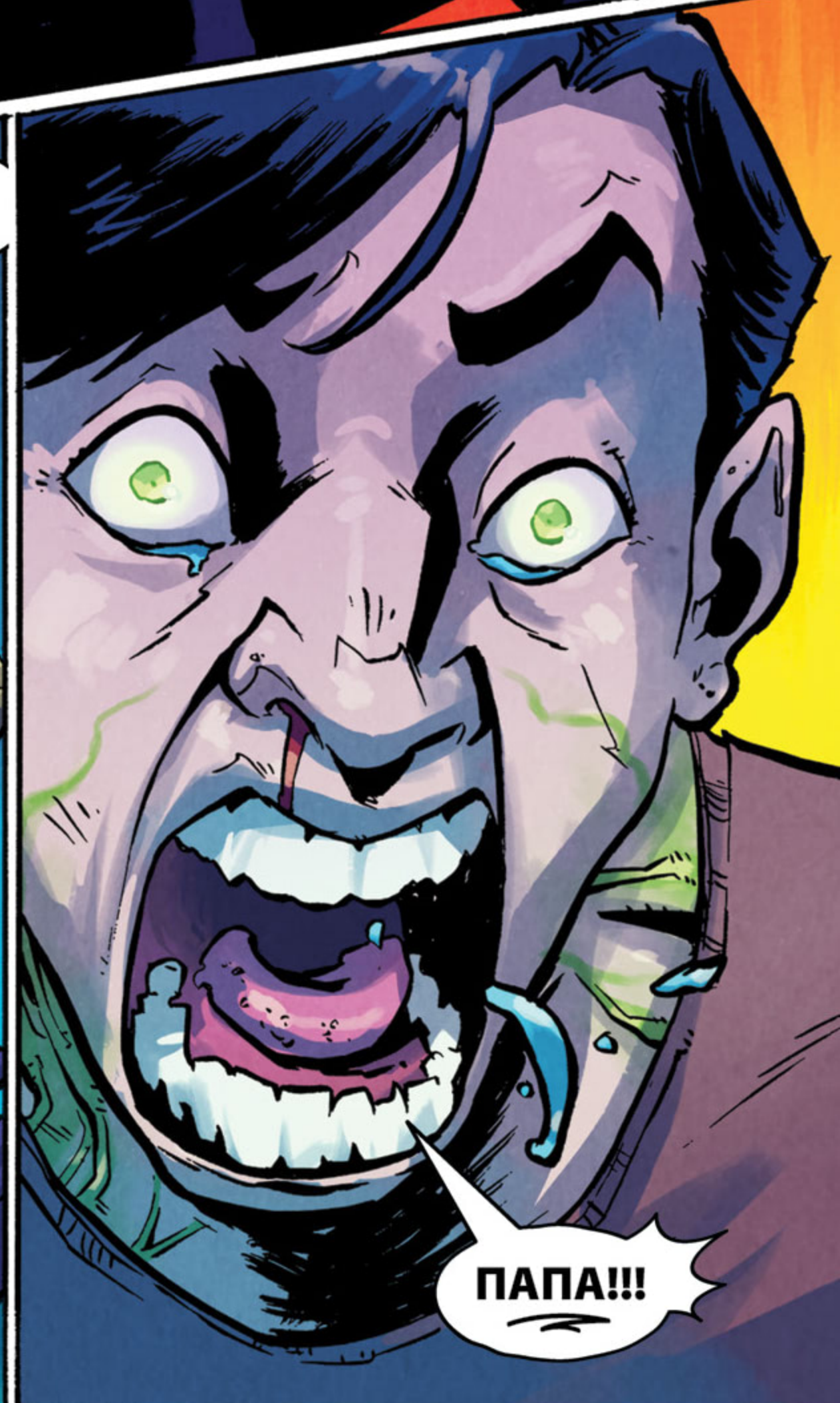


THAT'S
RIFLE
REPORT.
WHO--?

MY
HEAD...



NO.



ПАПА!!!



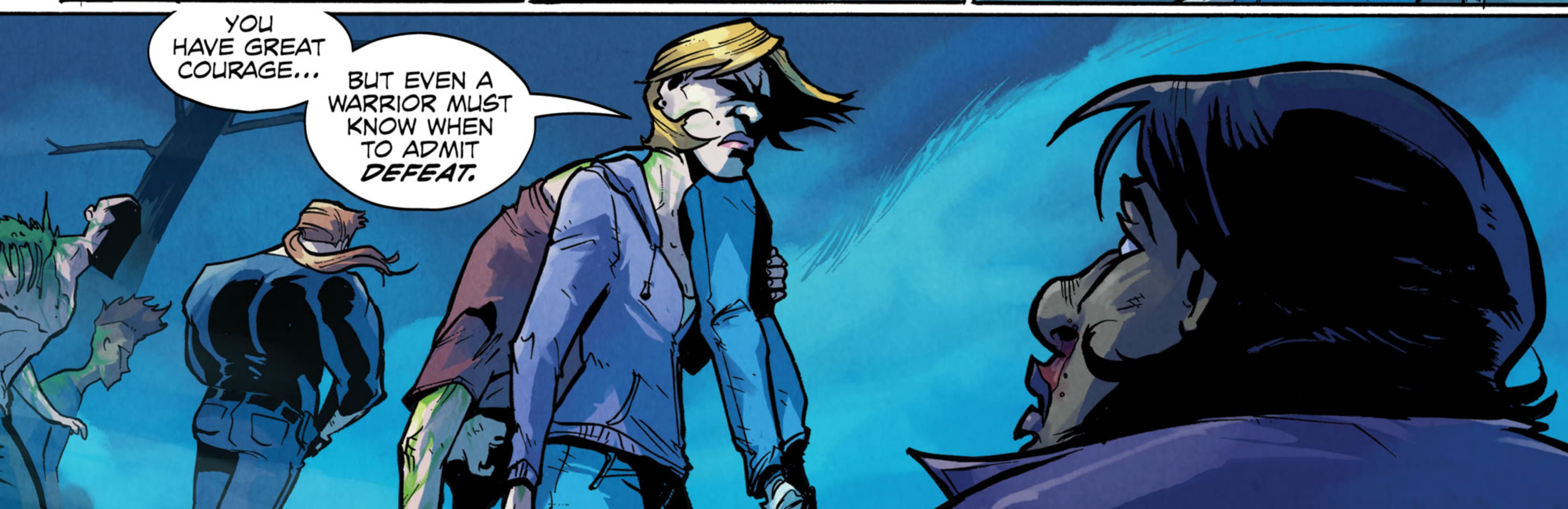
AUGH!!!

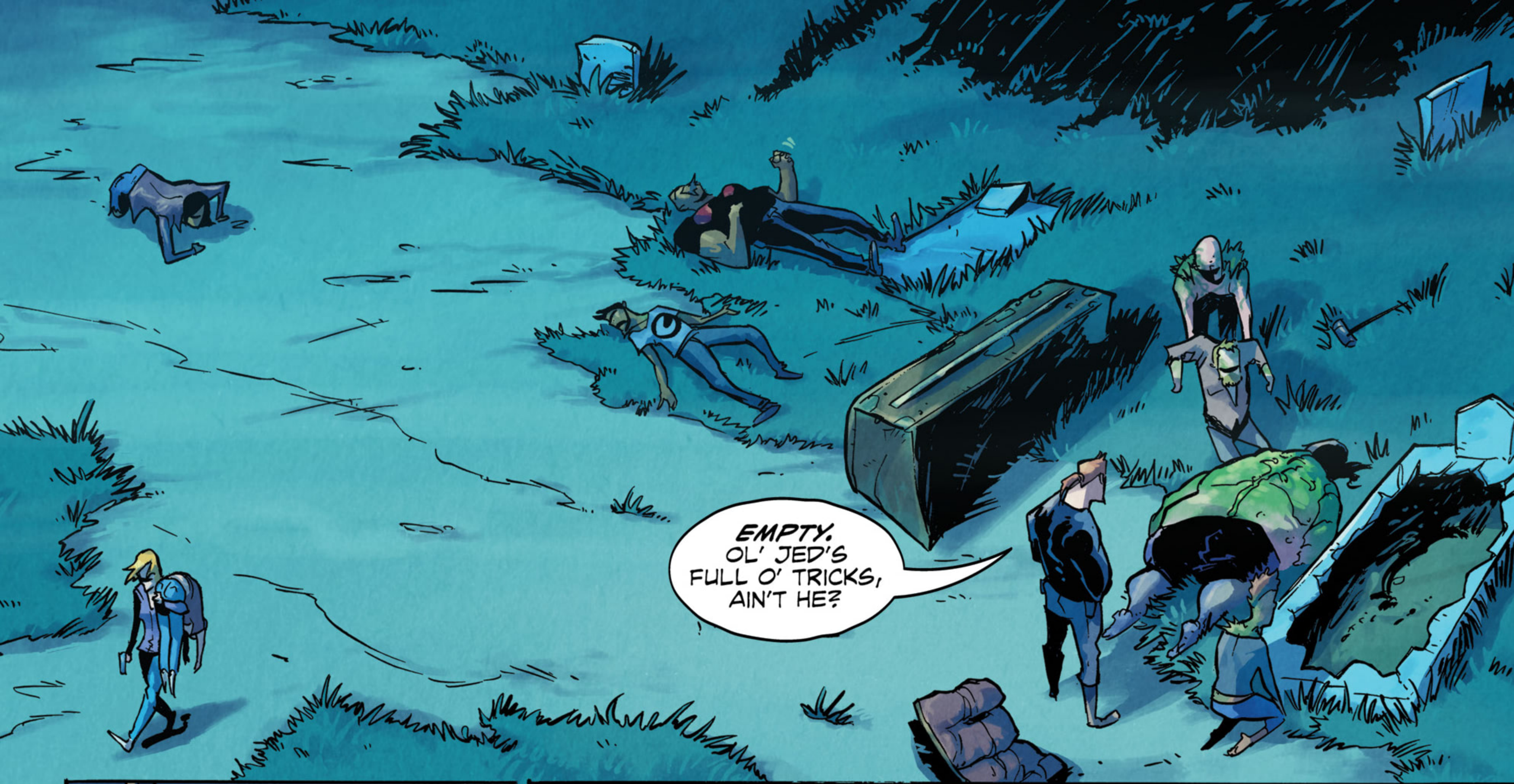
TREE!
I'M HERE!
EASY...

REALLY
SCREWED
THIS ONE UP,
DIDN'T YA?

TRIED
TO TELL
HER...







EMPTY.
OL' JED'S
FULL O' TRICKS,
AIN'T HE?



REALLY
SCREWED
THE POOCH
HERE.

BOSS AIN'T
GONNA LIKE
THIS, COMEAUX.
MIGHT EVEN *KILL*
YA, FOR ALL
I KNOW.



YOU DIDN'T
COME THROUGH
ANY BETTER
THAN I DID,
SHIT-FOR-
BRAINS!

SOME
BACKUP
YOU TURNED
OUT TO
BE!



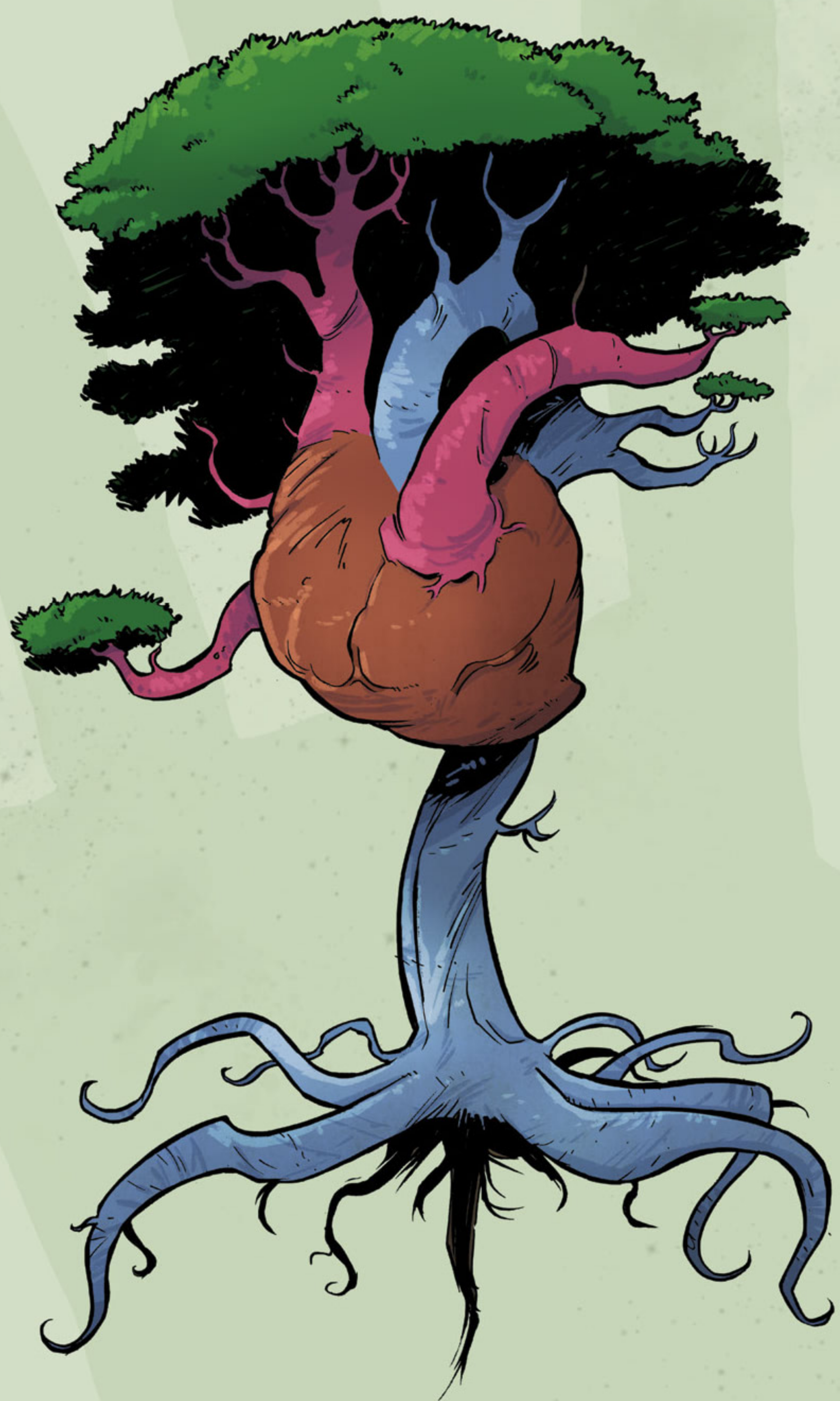
I AIN'T
BACKUP,
DUMBASS.

YOU'RE
HERE FOR
ONE BODY.



I'M
HERE FOR
ANOTHER.





CHAPTER 20



I
TOLD YOU,
BOY.

IT'S
ALWAYS
BEEN JUST A
MATTER OF
TIME.

NO
MATTER
WHAT YOU
DO...

..HOW
FAR YOU
GO...

THERE IS
NO *ESCAPE*
FROM ME.

AFTER
ALL THESE
YEARS, CAN YOU
FINALLY SEE
THE *TRUTH?*

DO
YOU NOW
UNDER-
STAND?



CHAPTER 20: THE PROVING GROUNDS.



NOW.

YOU FRIGGIN'
JENKINSES...

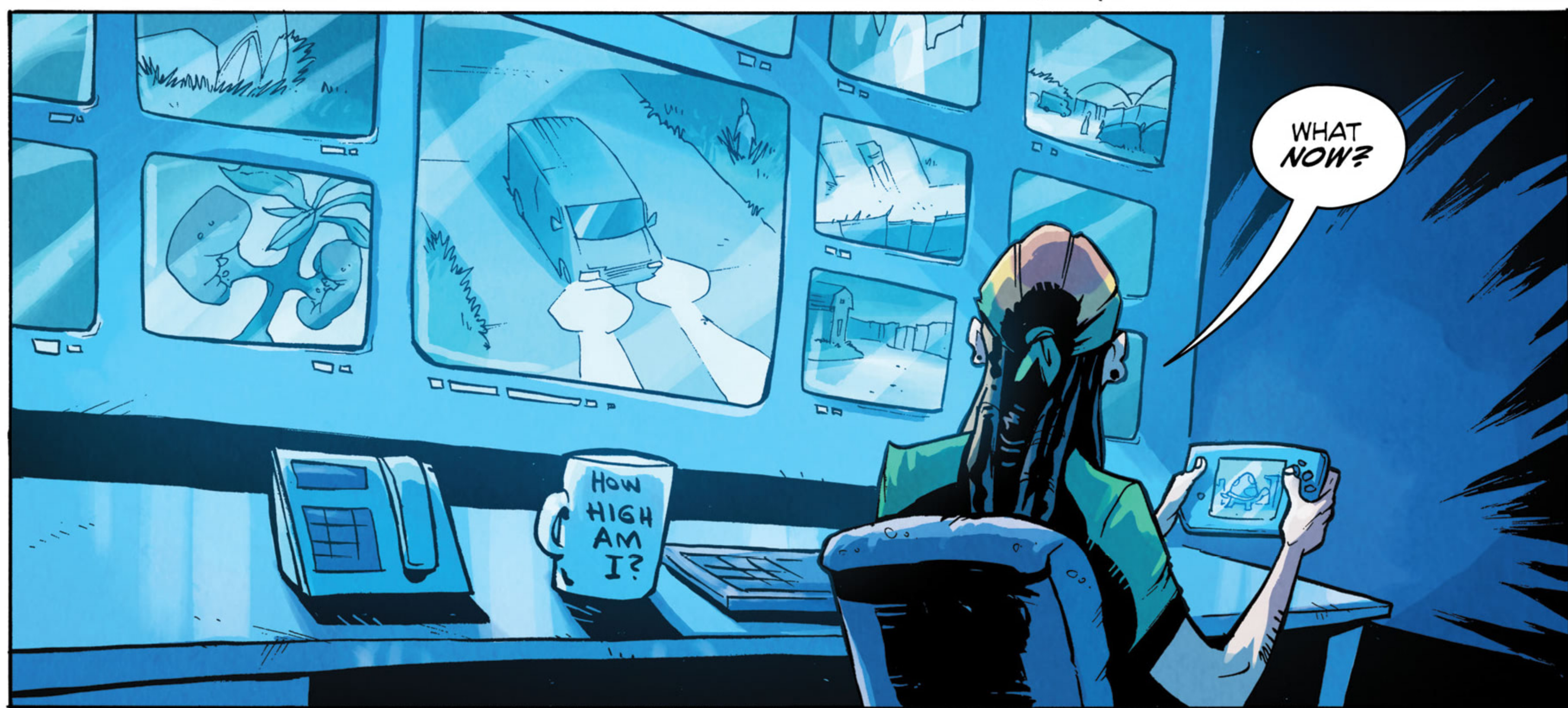
ALL THE
SHIT YOU
PEOPLE'VE
DONE, ALL THE
PAIN YOUR
DADDY'S
CAUSED...

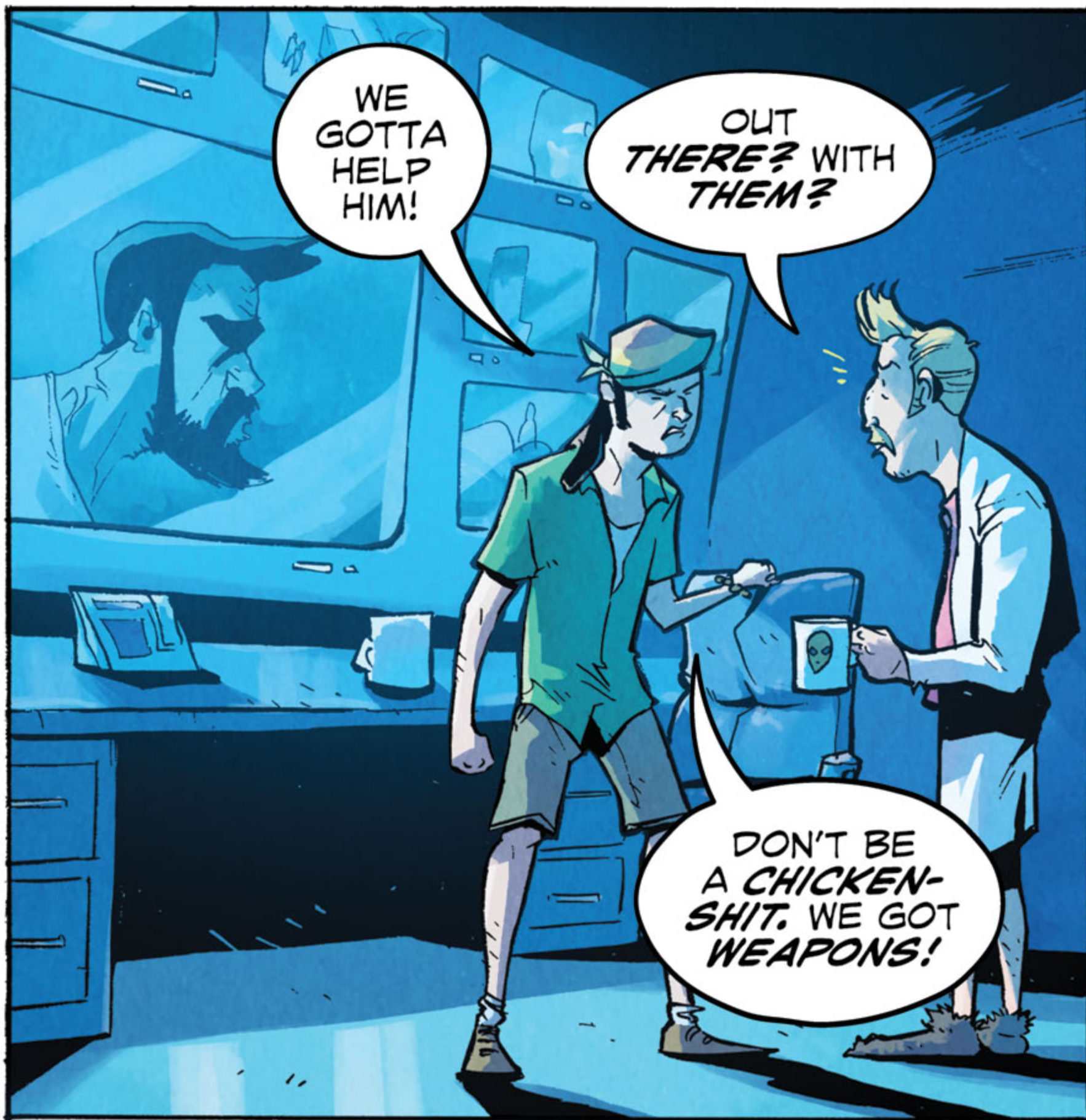
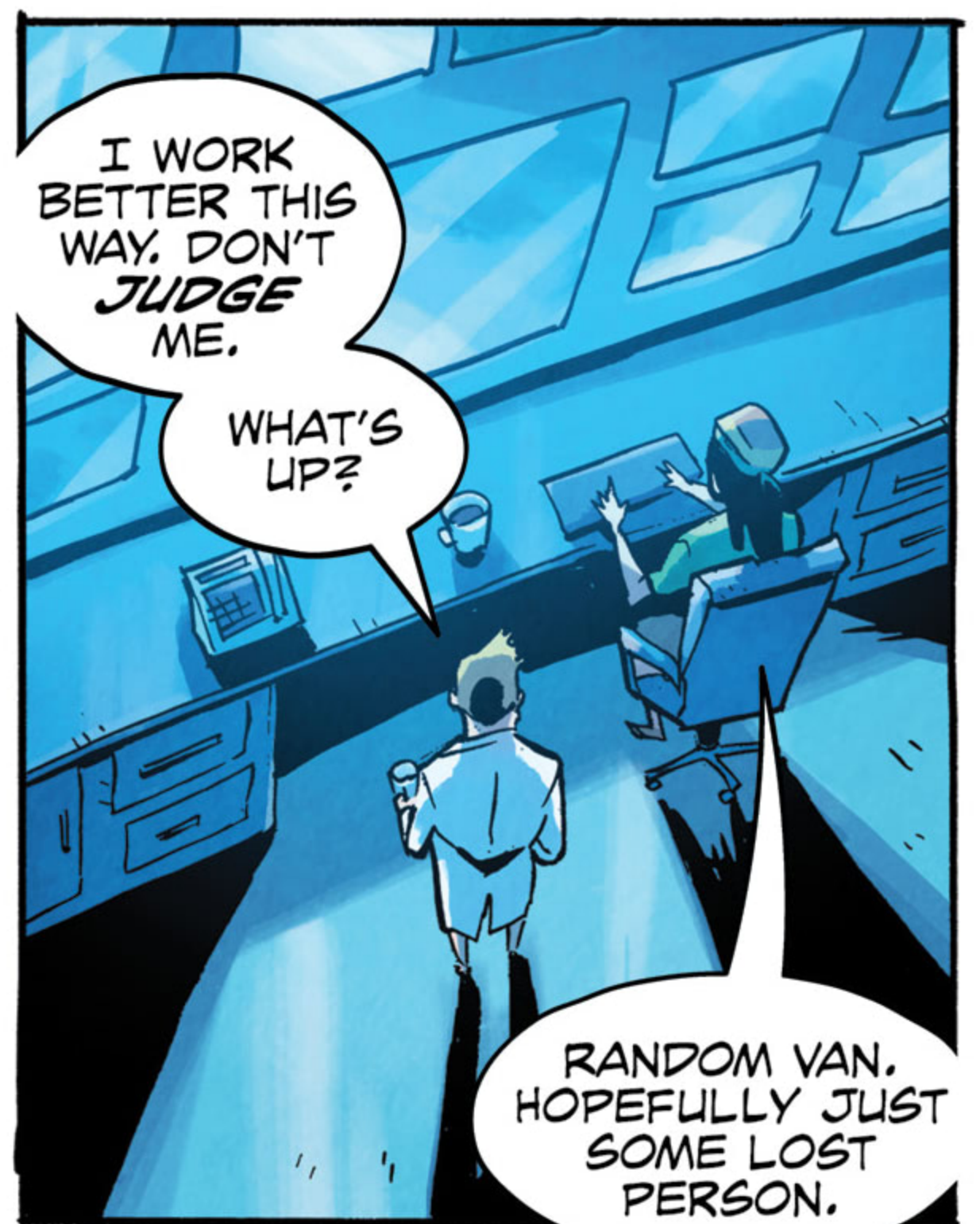
AND SHE
CHOOSES *YOU*
TO START THE
NEW WORLD.

UNBELIEVABLE.

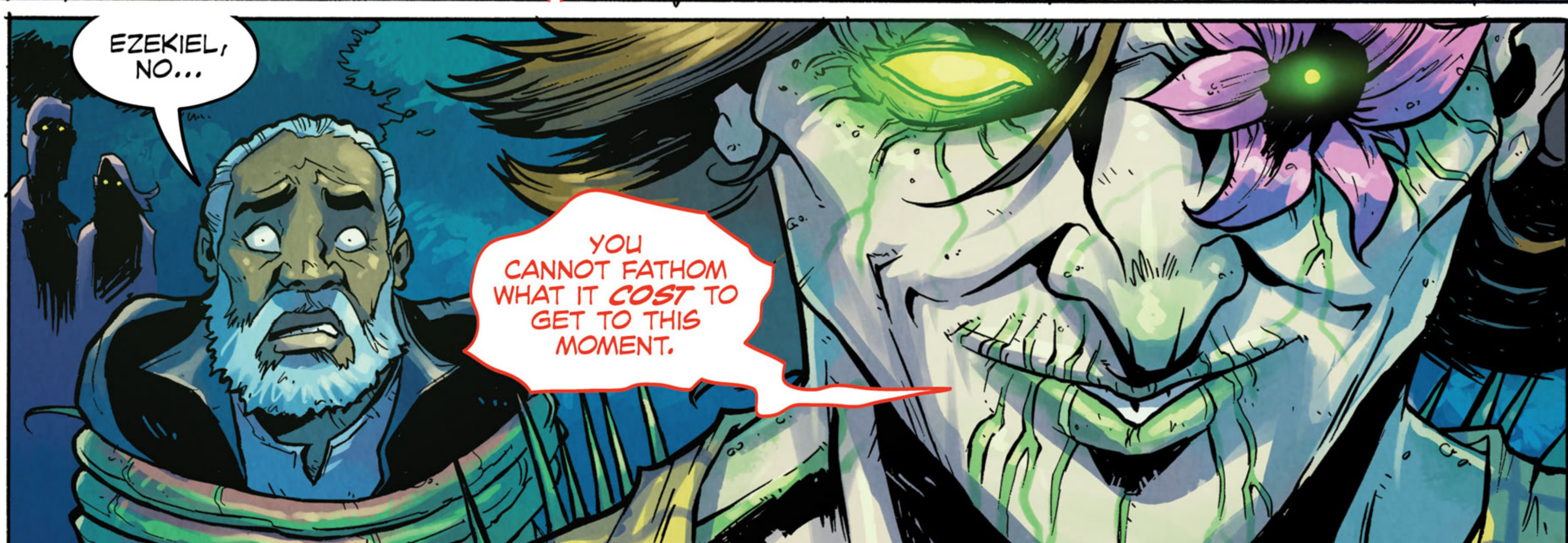
WH-WHERE
YOU *TAKING*
ME?

TO WHERE
THIS ALL
STARTED...









IF YOU
KNEW THE
PATIENCE
IT TOOK TO
CULTIVATE **JUST**
THE RIGHT
SOIL--

BIT
BY BIT.

CHOICE BY
CHOICE.

GENERATION
BY GENERATION.

A **NUDGE**
HERE, A **WHIS-**
PER THERE. AN
IDEA SEEDS AT
JUST THE RIGHT
TIME.

WITH
ENOUGH
PATIENCE, YOU
CAN **MOLD** THE
HUMAN HEART
INTO WHATEVER YOU
LIKE.

WITH
ENOUGH **PAIN**,
ENOUGH **HATRED**
AND ENOUGH
BITTERNESS--

--YOU
CAN GROW
A **TREE**.

A **TREE**
THAT IS SO
MUCH **MORE**
THAN A
TREE...





IT'S A DOOR.
ONE I'VE BEEN TRYING TO OPEN FOR SO. VERY. LONG.



SNIP



IN YOUR HEART YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED THIS. HIS SINS ARE MANY--
--AND THEY MUST BE PAID FOR IN BLOOD.

NO! I NEVER WANTED THIS! SON--!



SON, PLEASE--

STOP.



SHE DIDN'T DESERVE TO DIE...



THE BLOOD OF AN OLD AGE, GIVING BIRTH TO THE NEW.

BUT TO OPEN THIS DOOR, YOU NEED A KEY. A KEY MADE OF BLOOD.



KILL HIM, ZEKE.

...WHAT?

REMEMBER ALL THE PAIN. ALL THE LOSS.

ALL BECAUSE OF HIM.



IT SHOULD'VE BEEN YOU.



WHUD!

AGH!!!



NO... PLEASE...

I'M SORRY...FOR EVERYTHING I EVER DID TO YOU.

I JUST WANTED TO HELP PEOPLE, DAMMIT!!



WHERE DID YOU BURY HER?!!

KRAK



COFF!

I... COULDN'T BURY HER THERE. I-I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN...

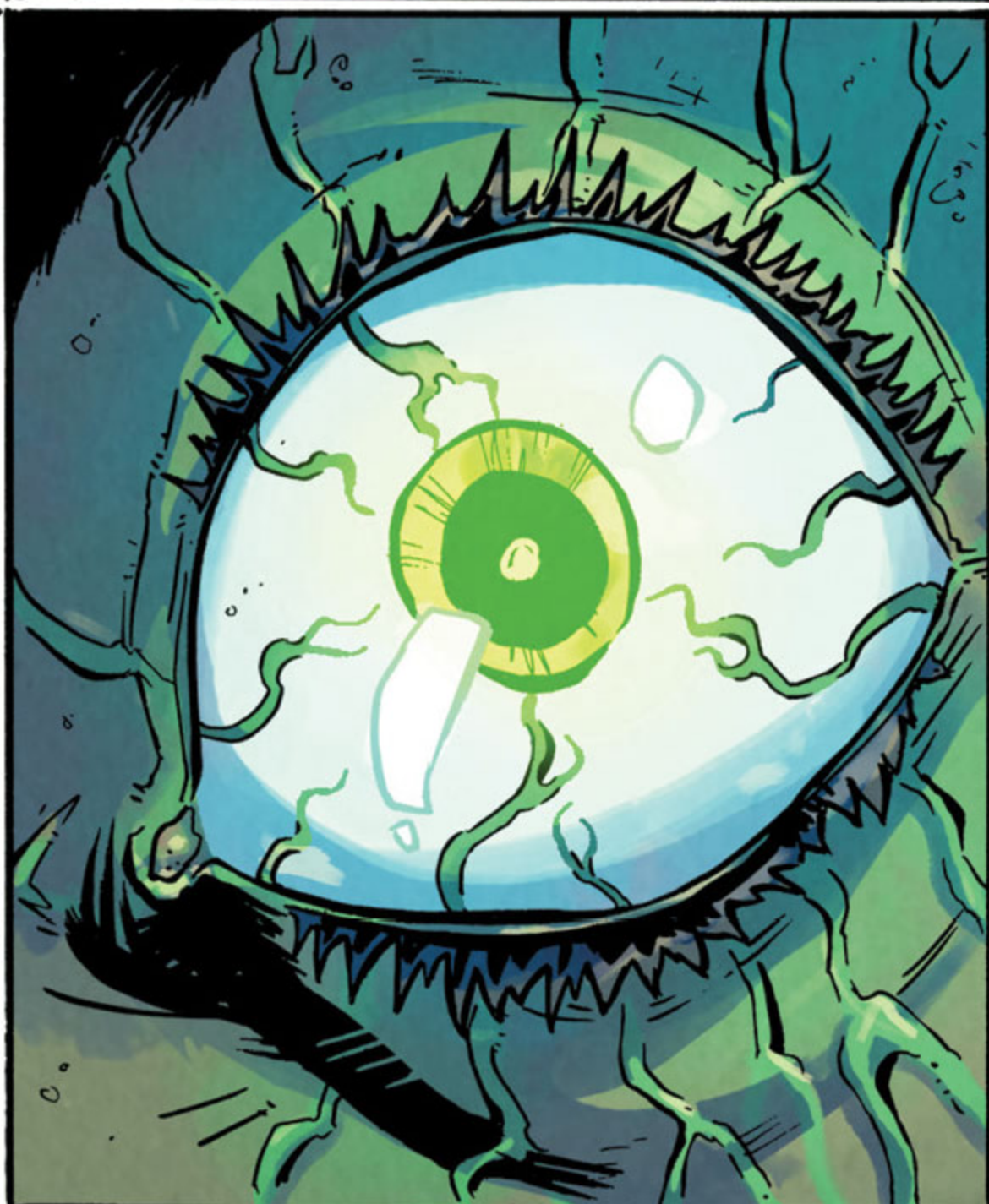
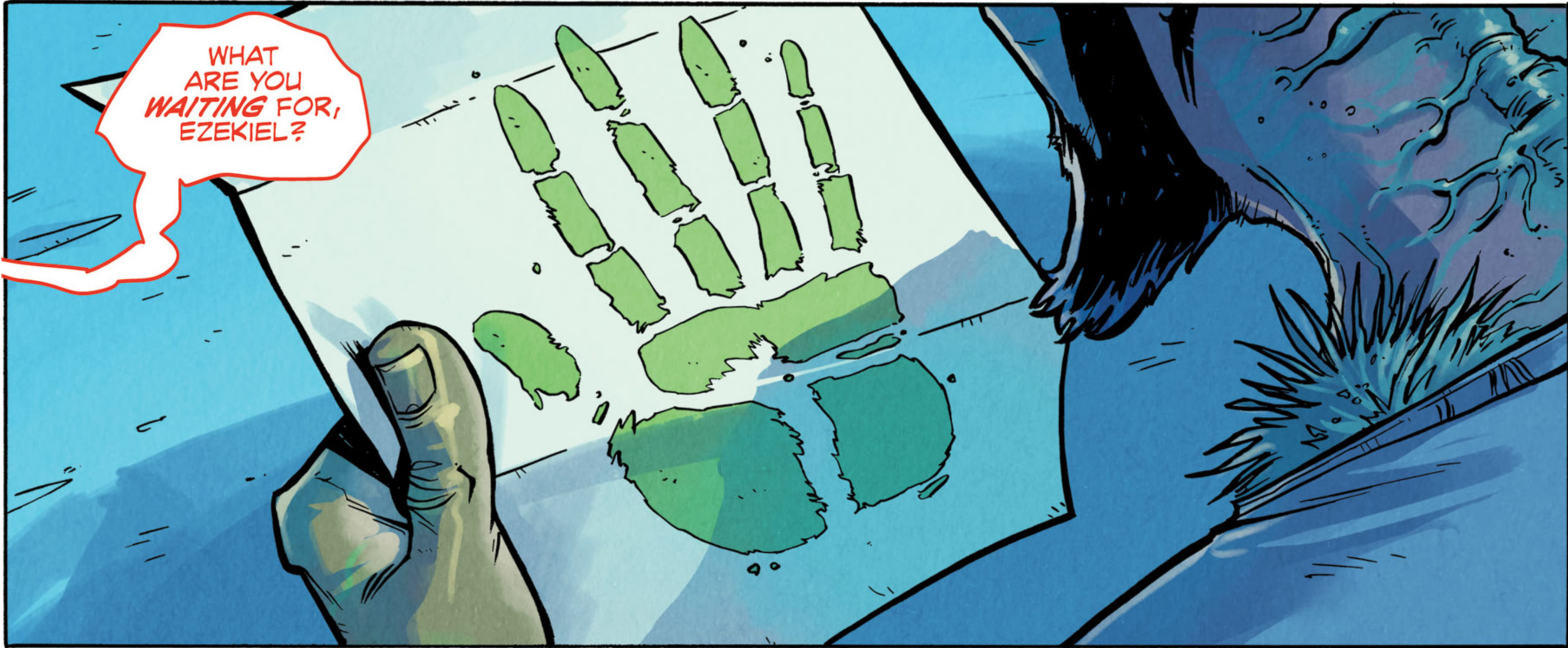
HAK!

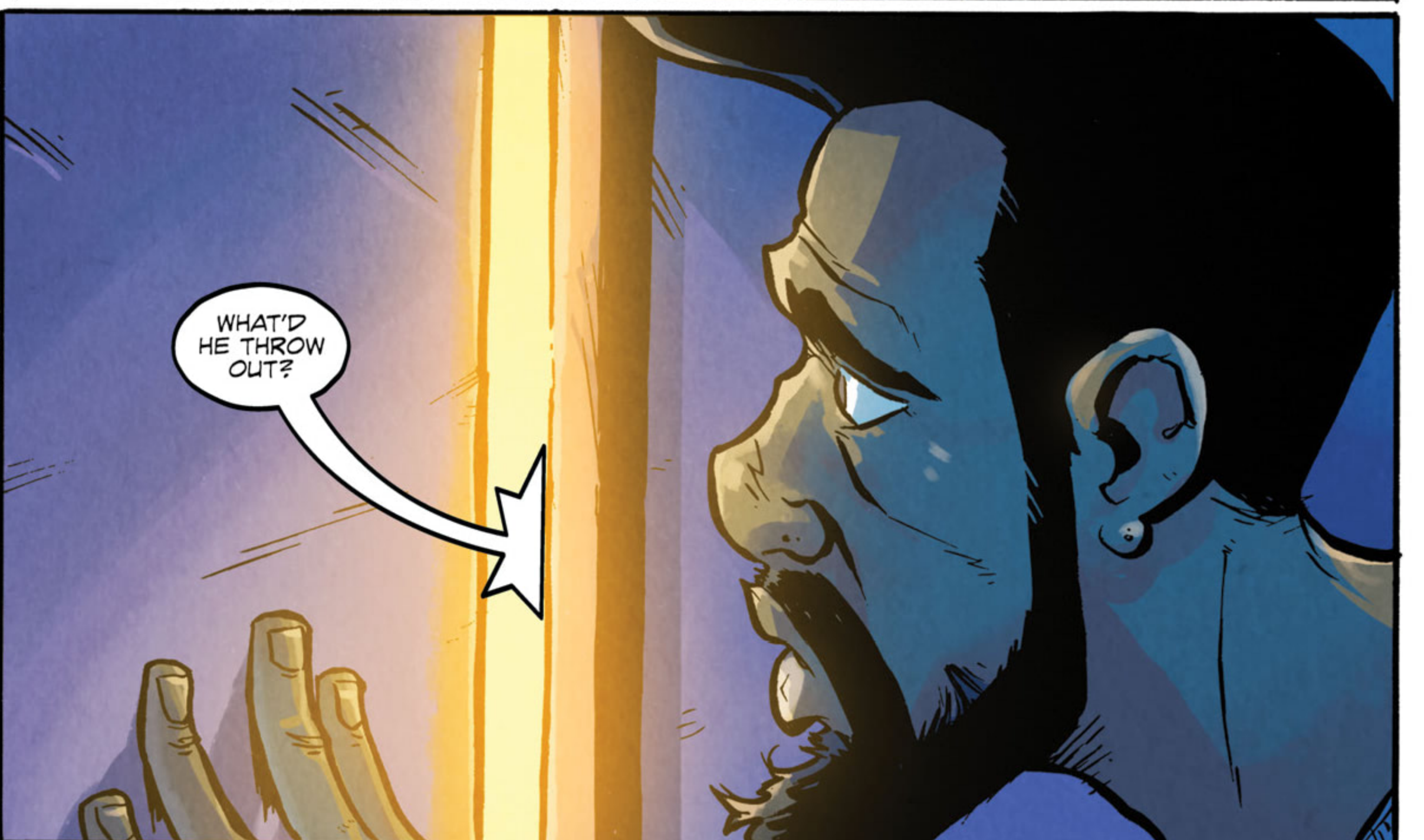
YOUR MOTHER... SHE WAS CHANGING... SHE..

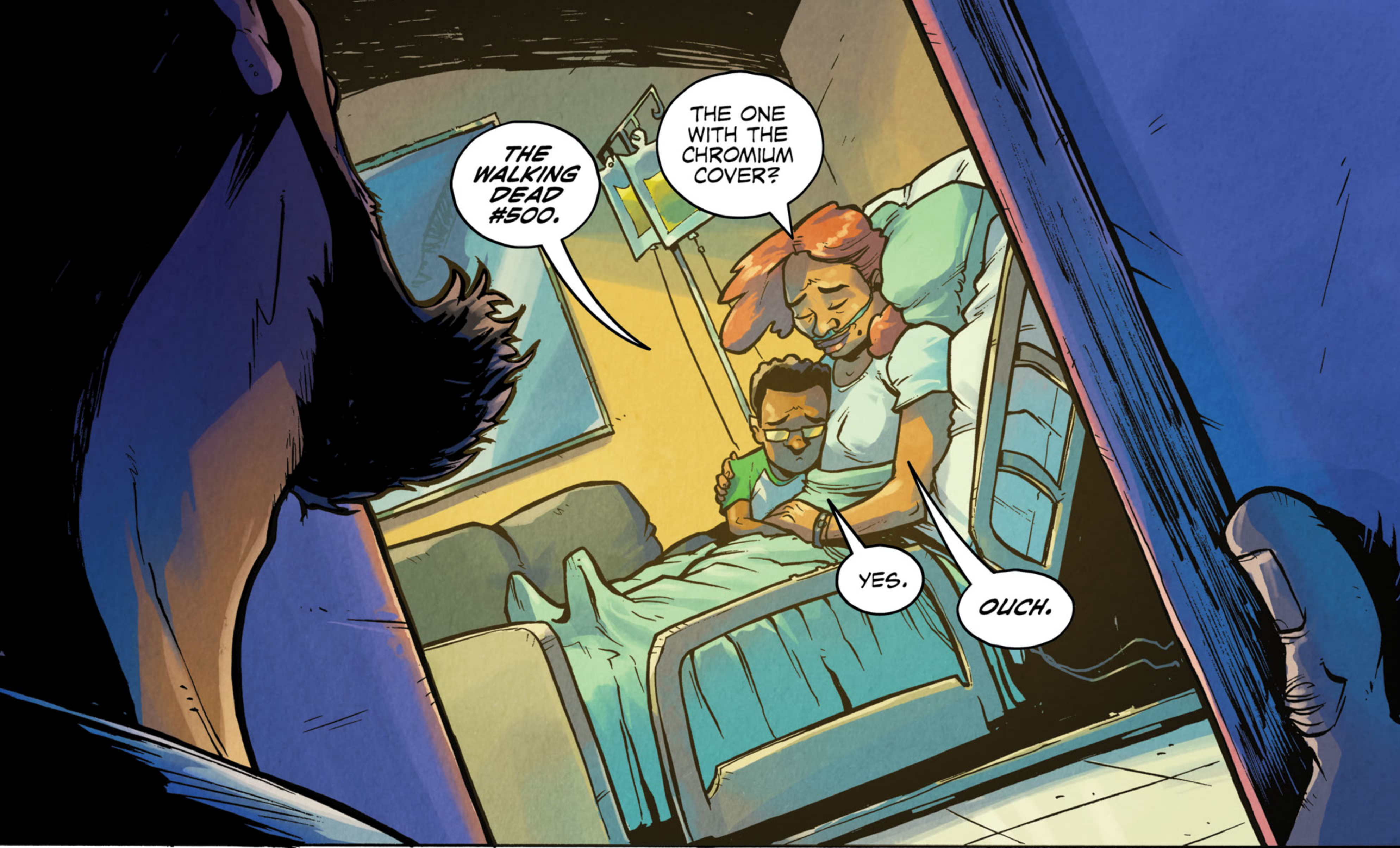


SHE WANTED YOU TO KNOW THE TRUTH.

Letter from Mom





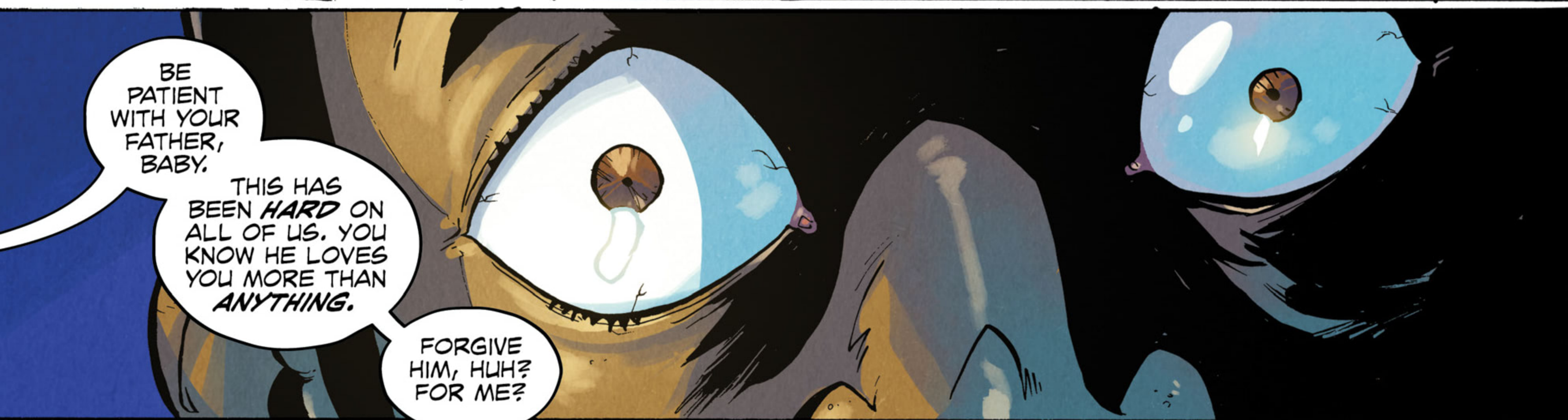


THE WALKING DEAD #500.

THE ONE WITH THE CHROMIUM COVER?

YES.

OUCH.



BE PATIENT WITH YOUR FATHER, BABY.

THIS HAS BEEN **HARD** ON ALL OF US. YOU KNOW HE LOVES YOU MORE THAN **ANYTHING**.

FORGIVE HIM, HUH? FOR ME?



I'LL TRY.

GOOD BOY.

NOW...CAN YOU GET ME SOME **WATER**? I'M PARCHED.

BUT I SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOU...



DON'T BE AFRAID, BABY. I'LL BE ALRIGHT.

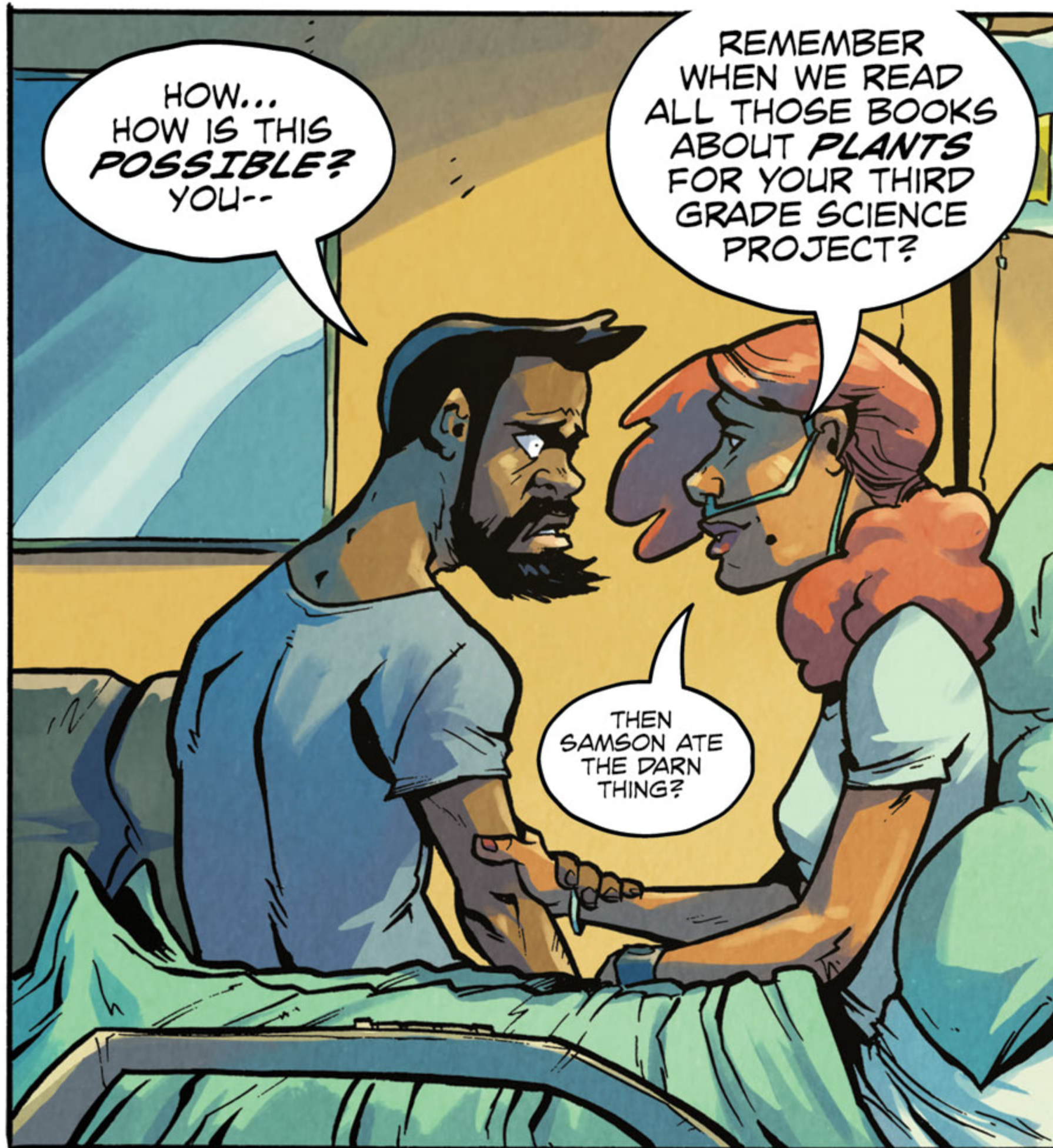
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME.



C'MON IN...I KNOW YOU'RE THERE.

LET ME GET A LOOK AT YOU.





HOW...
HOW IS THIS
POSSIBLE?
YOU--

REMEMBER
WHEN WE READ
ALL THOSE BOOKS
ABOUT **PLANTS**
FOR YOUR THIRD
GRADE SCIENCE
PROJECT?

THEN
SAMSON ATE
THE DARN
THING?



REMEMBER HOW
COOL YOU THOUGHT IT
WAS THAT PLANTS COULD
COMMUNICATE THROUGH
CHEMICALS?

YOU
EVEN MADE
A FUNNYBOOK
ABOUT IT.

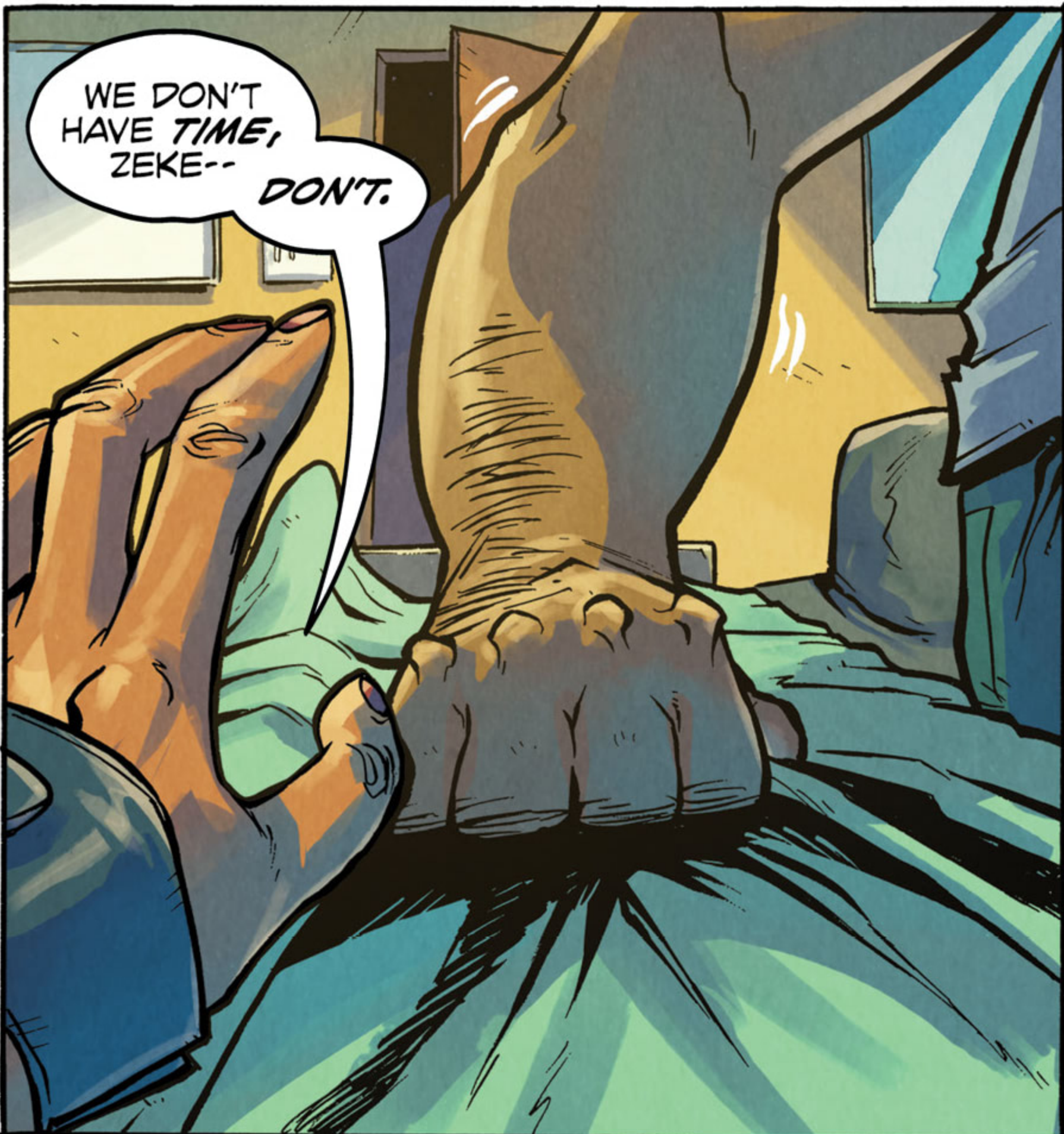


MY
LITTLE
ARTIST.



Y-YOU'RE
MUTATING.
THE SEED...

WHAT'D
HE **DO** TO
YOU?



WE DON'T
HAVE **TIME,**
ZEKE--

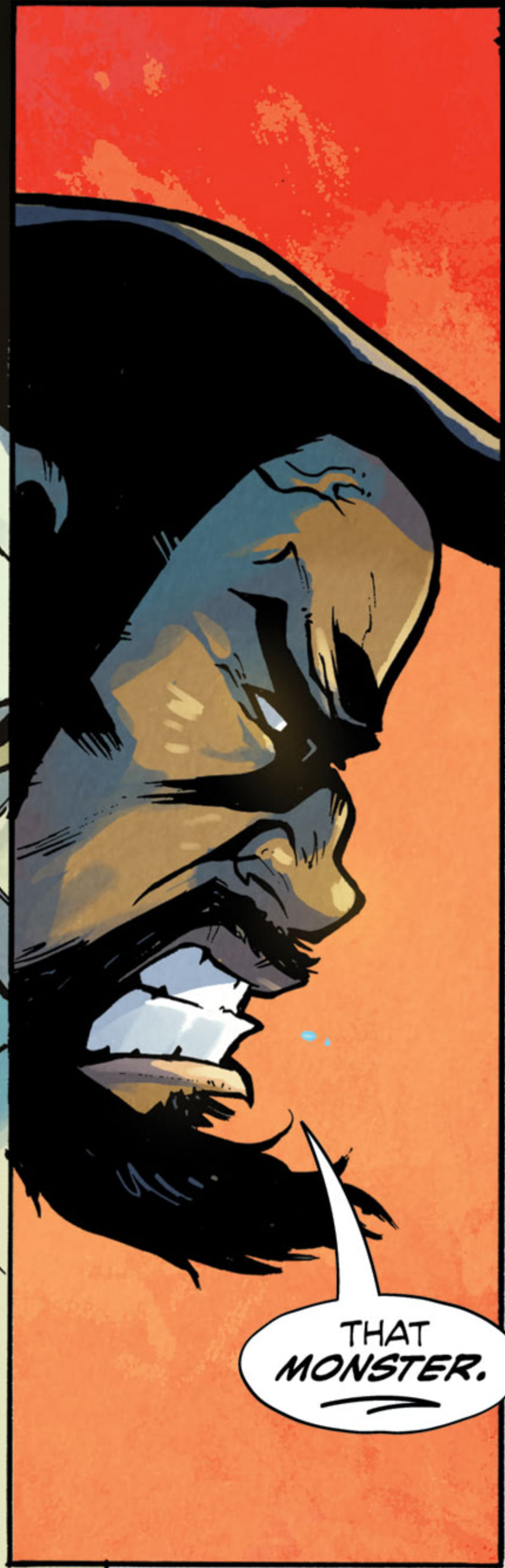
DON'T.





AW...

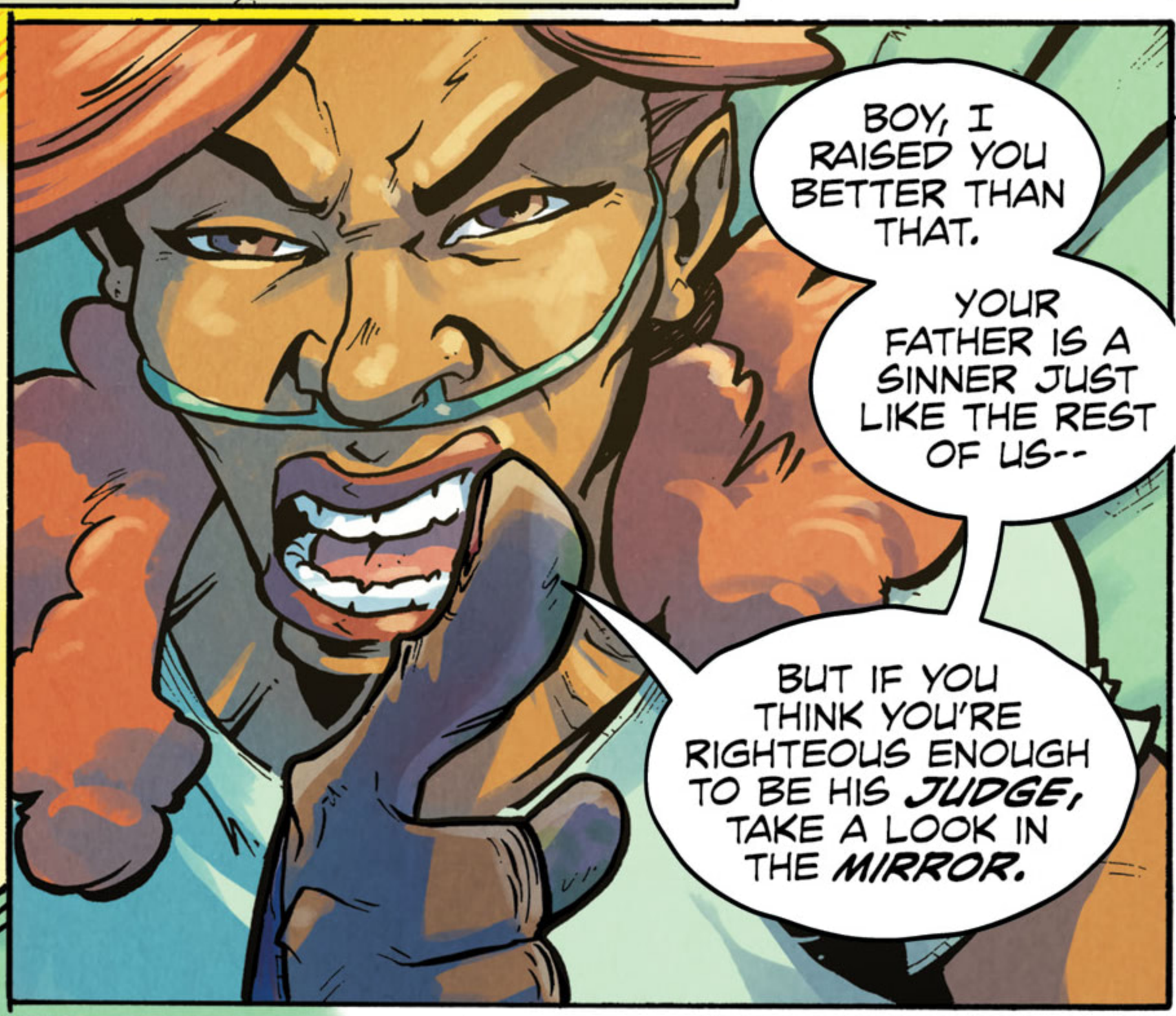
WHAT'D HE *DO* TO YOU, MOMMA?



THAT *MONSTER*.



SMACK!!



BOY, I RAISED YOU BETTER THAN THAT.

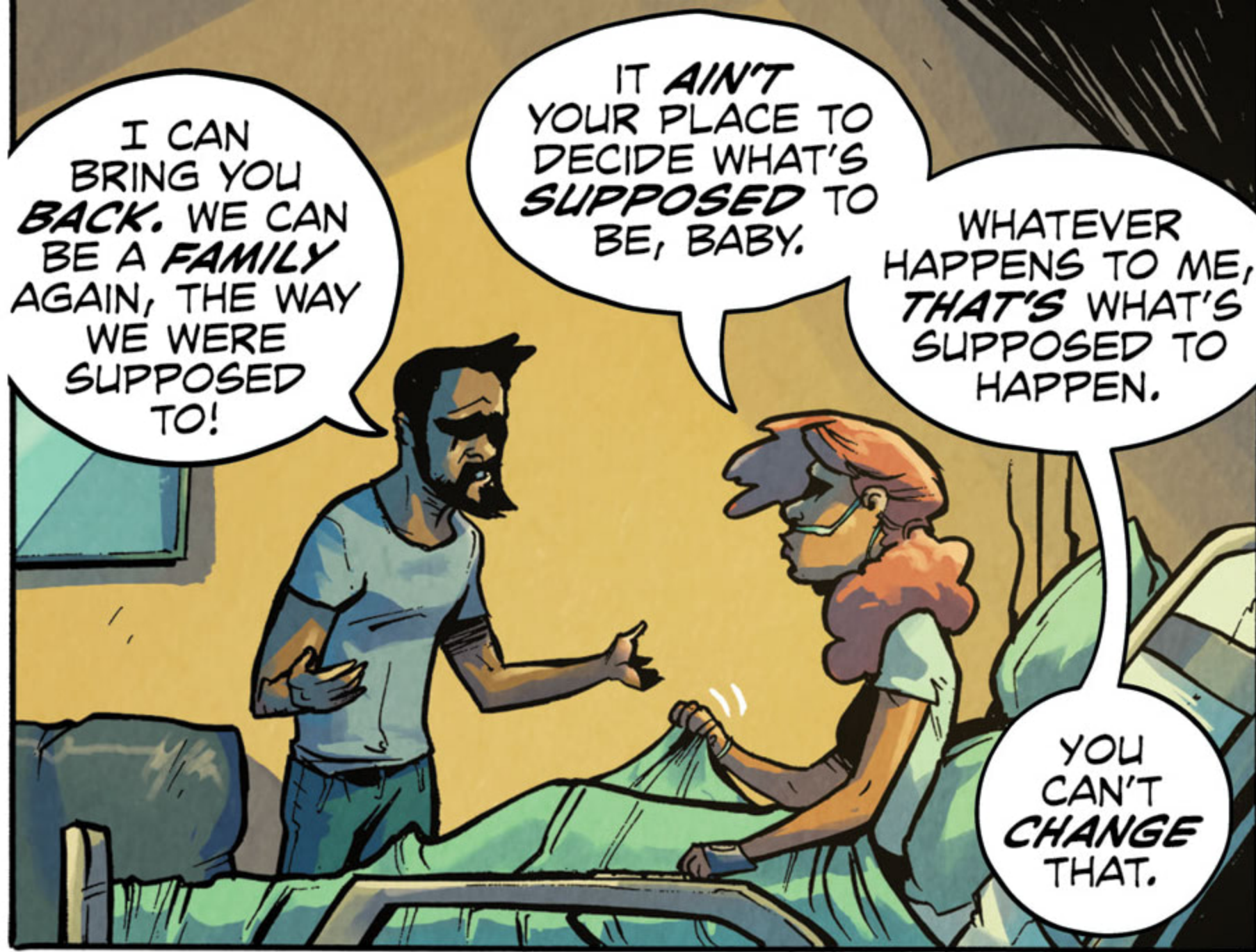
YOUR FATHER IS A SINNER JUST LIKE THE REST OF US--

BUT IF YOU THINK YOU'RE RIGHTEOUS ENOUGH TO BE HIS *JUDGE*, TAKE A LOOK IN THE *MIRROR*.



IT...IT ALL FELL APART WITHOUT *YOU*.

ALL OF IT. BUT I FOUND A WAY... A *WAY* FOR US TO BE TOGETHER AGAIN.

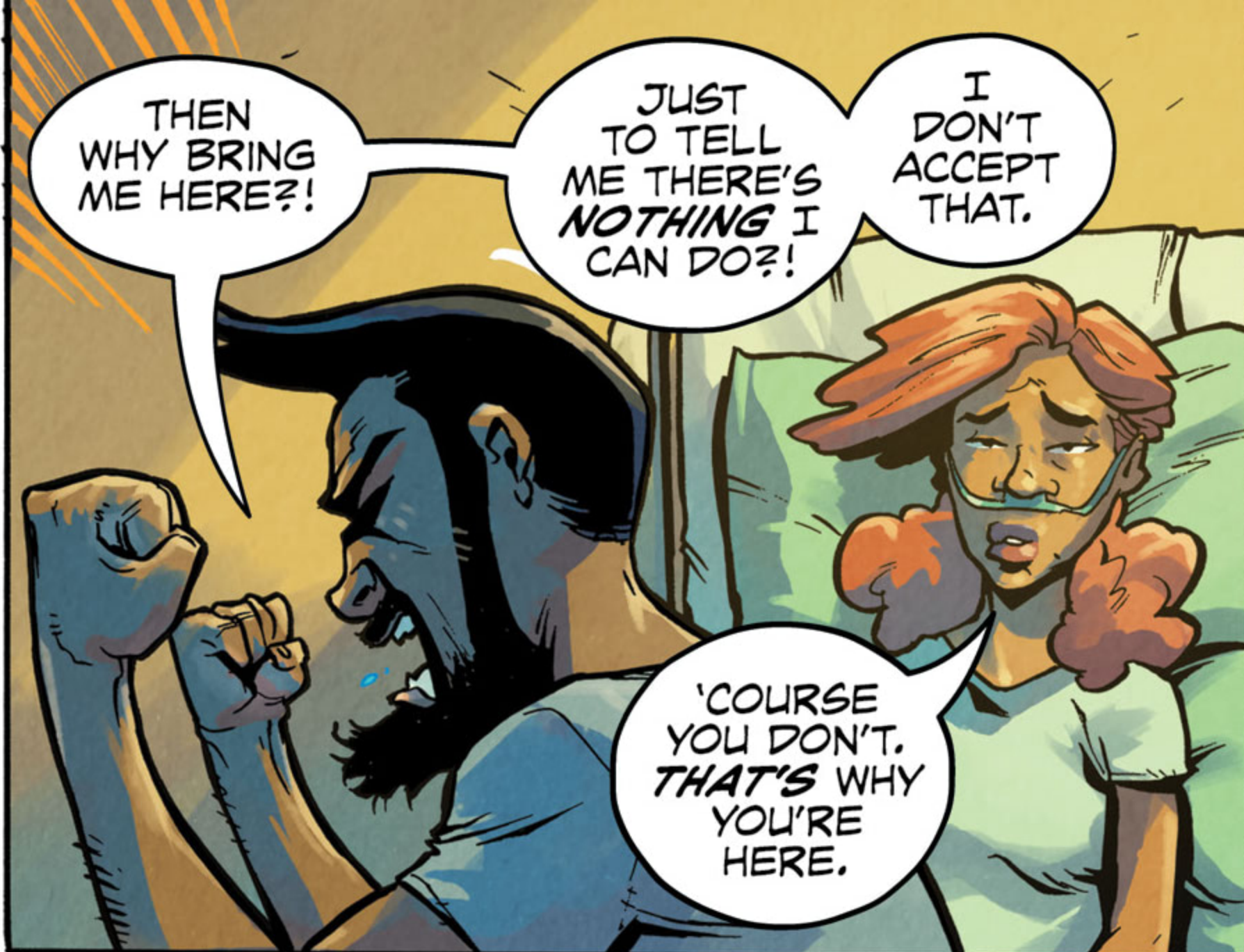


I CAN BRING YOU **BACK**. WE CAN BE A **FAMILY** AGAIN, THE WAY WE WERE SUPPOSED TO!

IT **AIN'T** YOUR PLACE TO DECIDE WHAT'S **SUPPOSED** TO BE, BABY.

WHATEVER HAPPENS TO ME, **THAT'S** WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN.

YOU CAN'T **CHANGE** THAT.



THEN WHY BRING ME HERE?!

JUST TO TELL ME THERE'S **NOTHING** I CAN DO?!

I DON'T ACCEPT THAT.

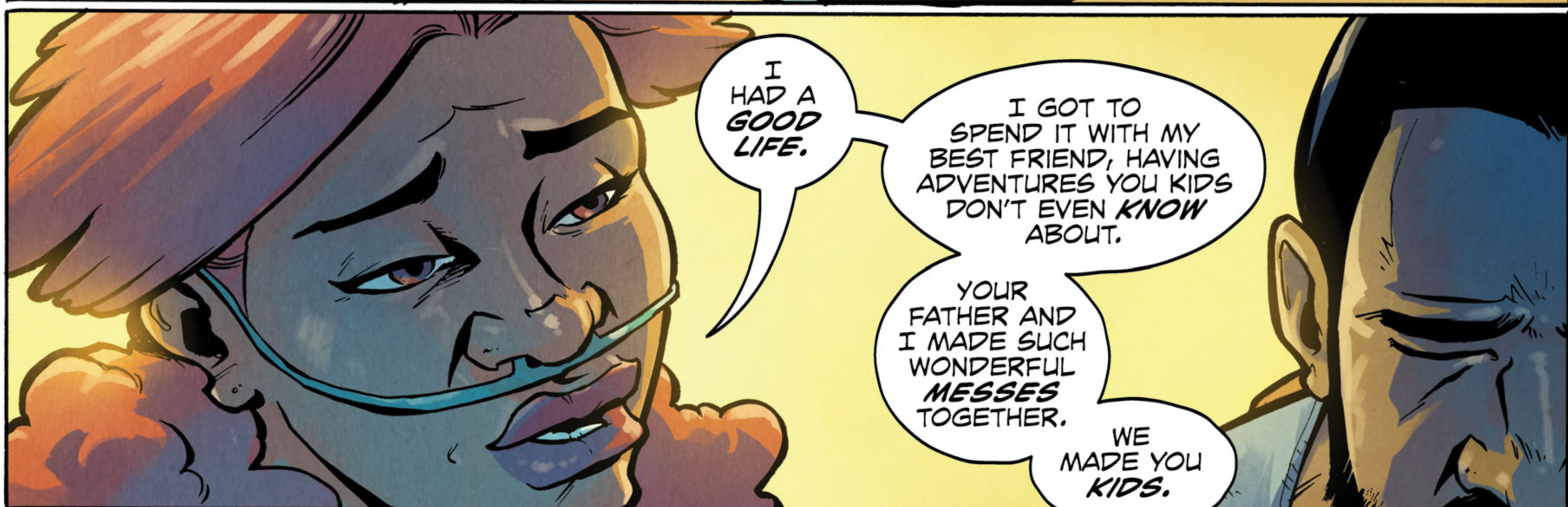
'COURSE YOU DON'T. **THAT'S** WHY YOU'RE HERE.



I KNOW YOU, BABY. I **KNOW** HOW BEAUTIFUL, HOW TALENTED AND HOW **HARD-HEADED** YOU ARE.

I KNOW THE ONLY WAY YOU'D LET THIS LIE IS IF YOU HEARD IT FROM **ME**.

SO LISTEN TO ME...



I HAD A **GOOD** LIFE.

I GOT TO SPEND IT WITH MY BEST FRIEND, HAVING ADVENTURES YOU KIDS DON'T EVEN **KNOW** ABOUT.

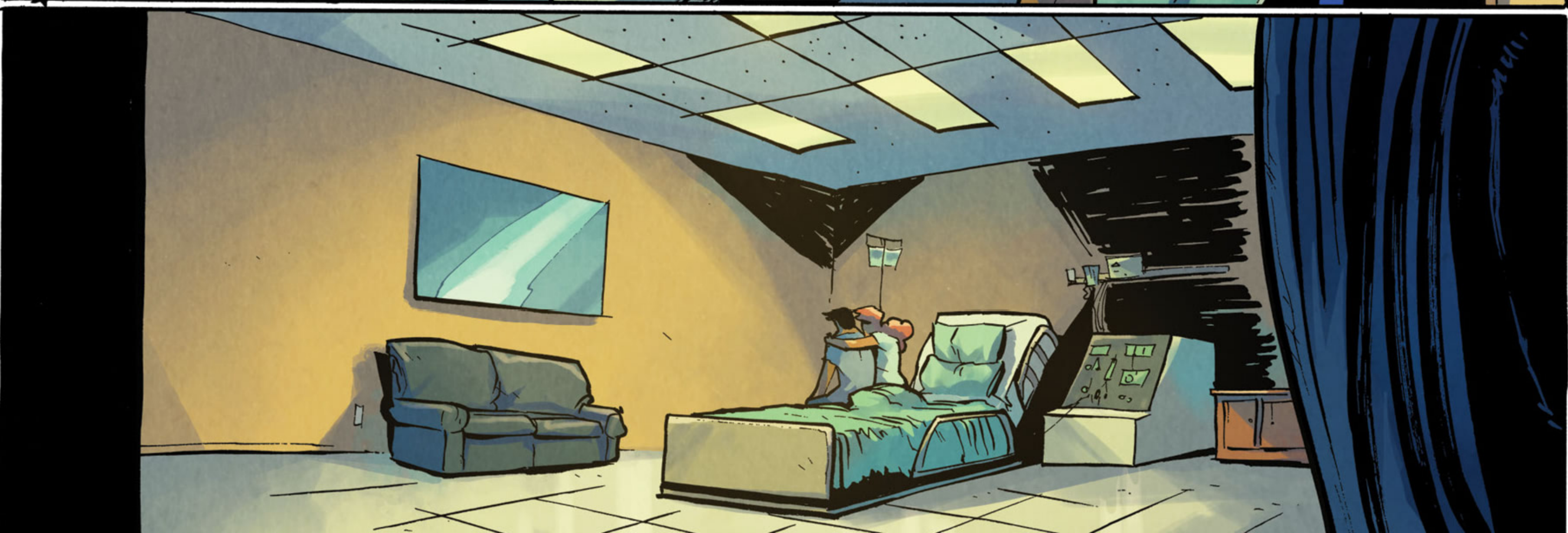
YOUR FATHER AND I MADE SUCH WONDERFUL **MESSES** TOGETHER.

WE MADE YOU **KIDS**.

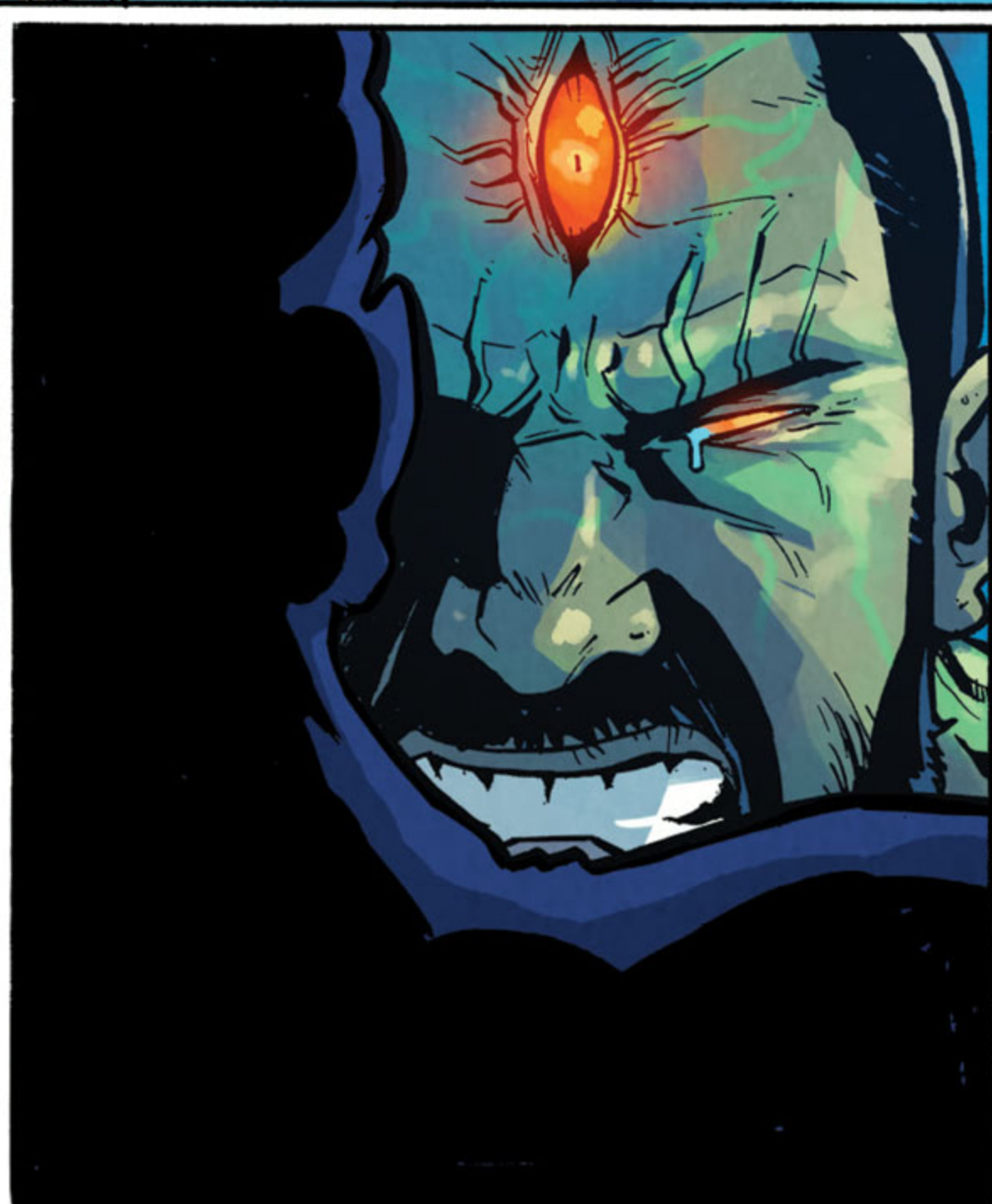
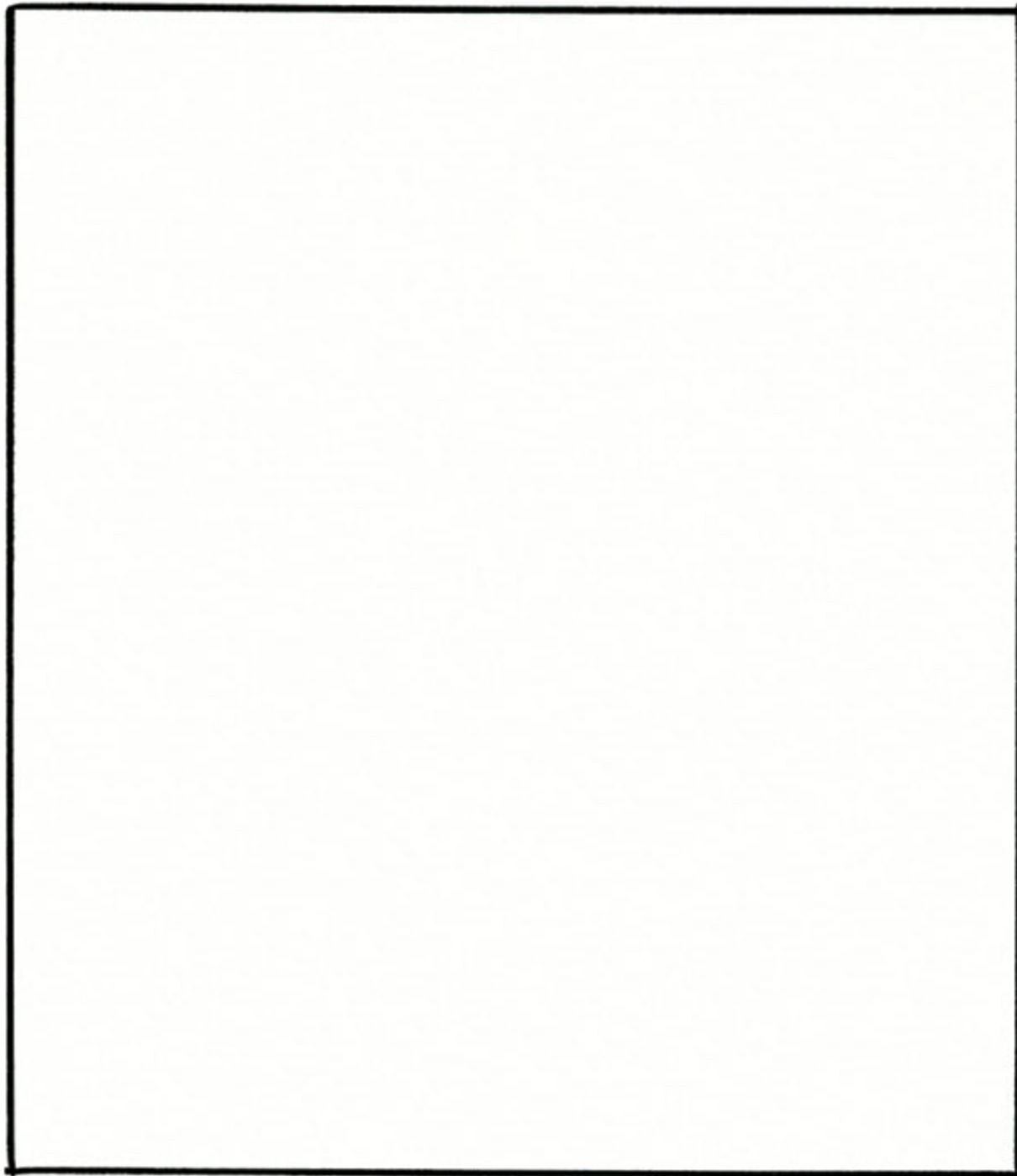


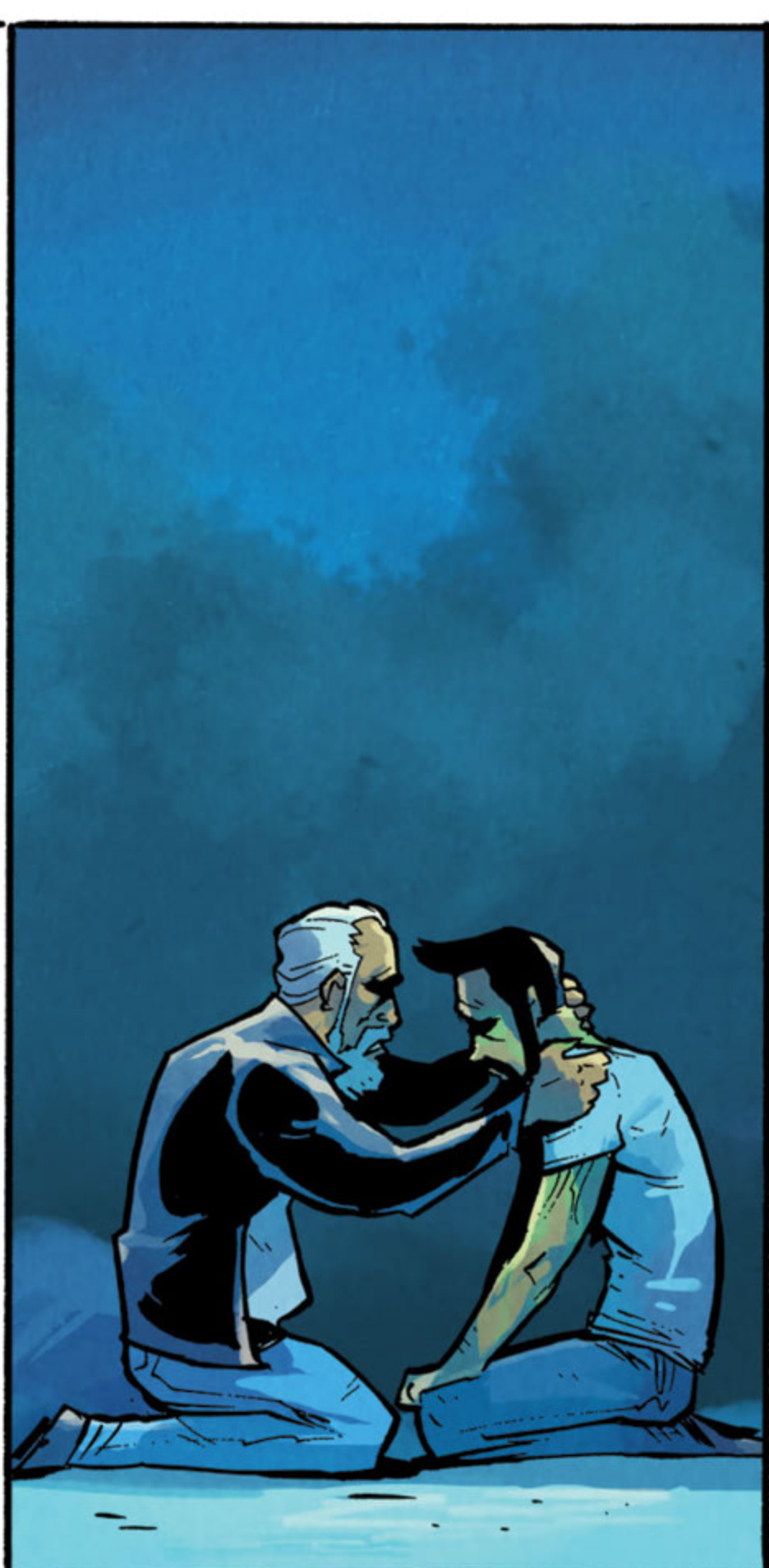
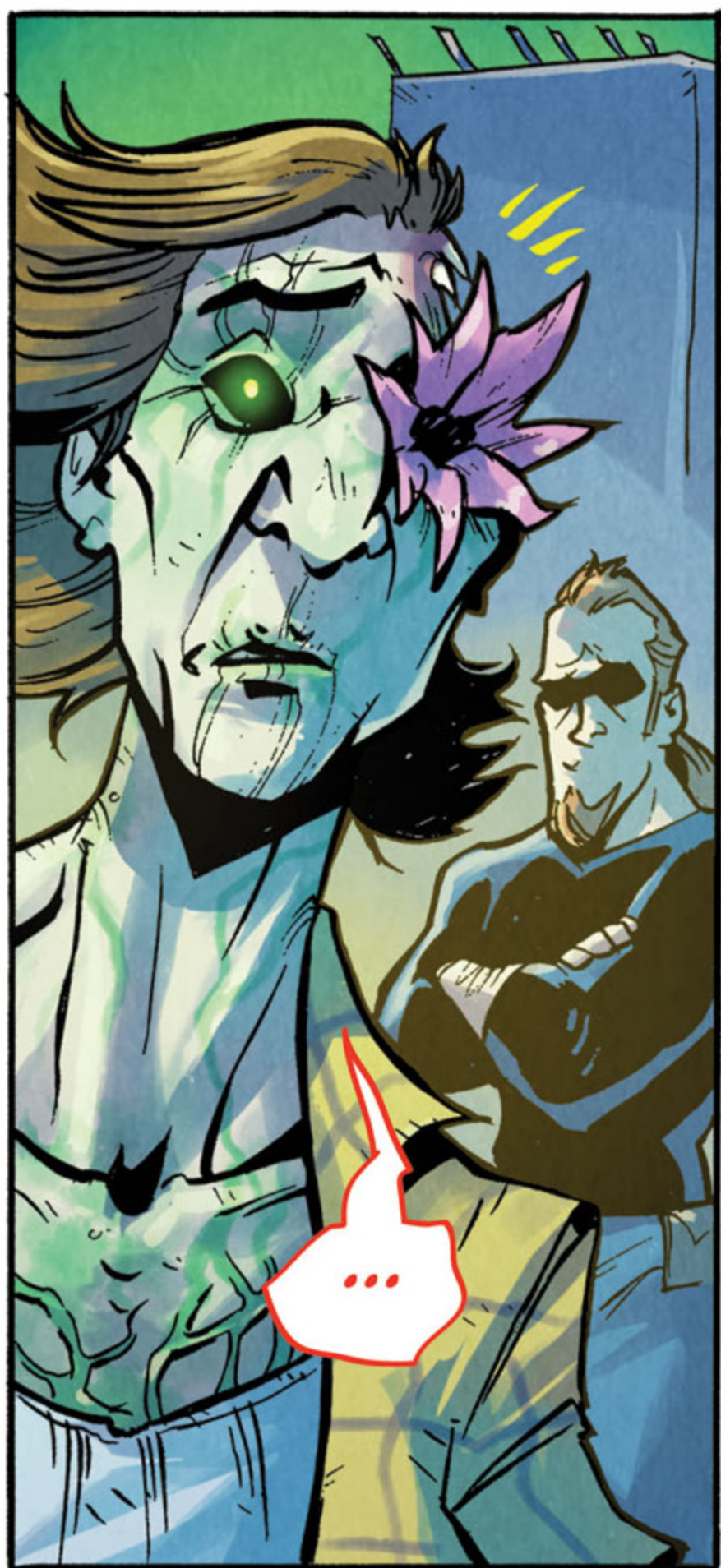
AND THE GOOD LORD GAVE ME ELEVEN GLORIOUS YEARS TO BE YOUR MOMMA.

I WISH WE HAD LONGER. BUT IF **HE** SAYS THAT'S ENOUGH... WHO AM I TO TELL **HIM** OTHERWISE?



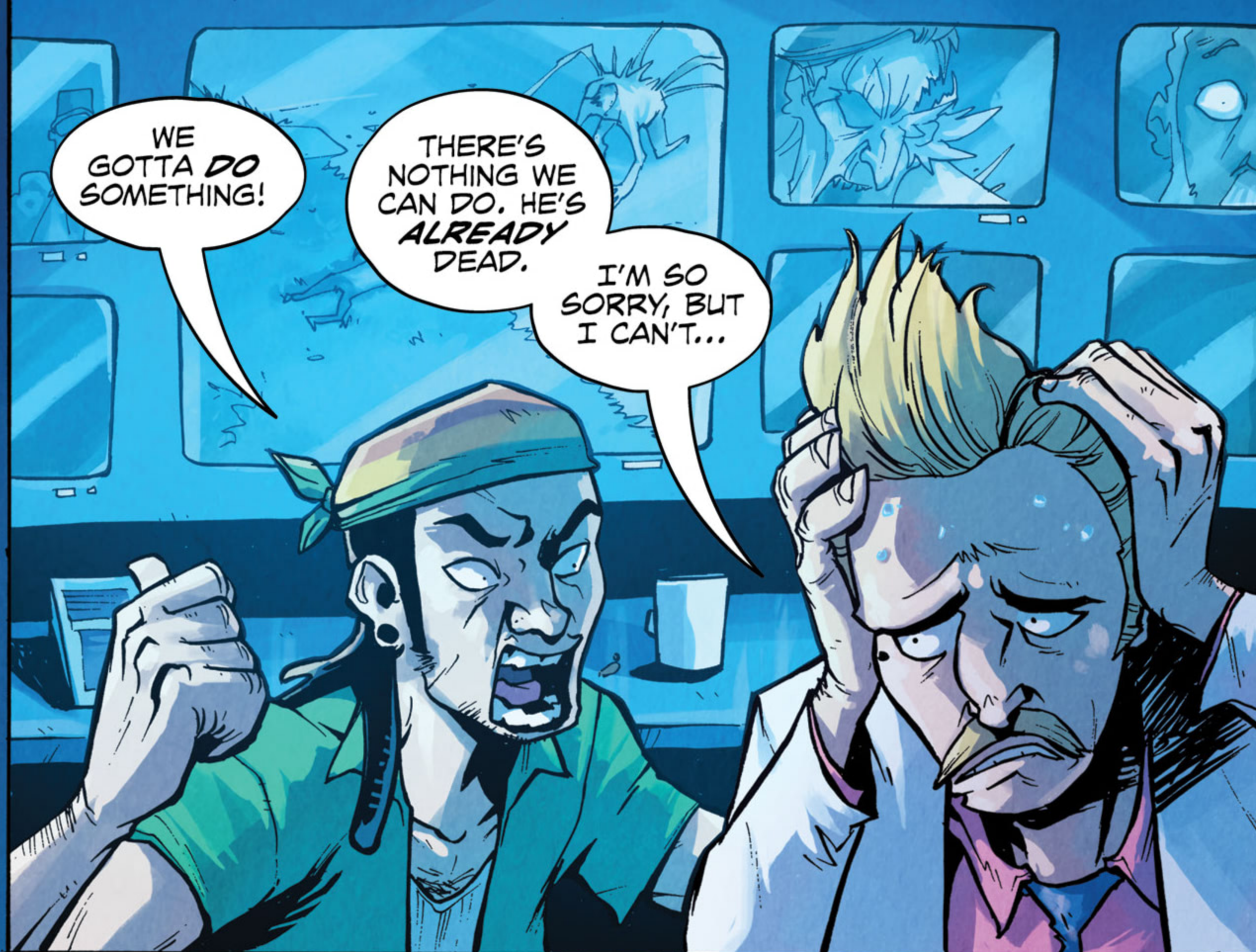












WE GOTTA *DO* SOMETHING!

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO. HE'S *ALREADY* DEAD.

I'M SO SORRY, BUT I CAN'T...



I CAN'T FACE *HER*.



STOP THIS, MONICA!

DAMN YOU!



UHK!

AND YOU...
OF ALL THE *VESSELS* I COULD HAVE CHOSEN, YOU ARE BY FAR THE MOST *PATHETIC*.



AT
LEAST YOUR
ANCESTOR
HAD FIRE IN
HIS SOUL.

EVEN WHEN
I HUNG HIM
AND HEARD HIS
BOWELS *EMPTY*
ONTO THIS VERY
SOIL.

BUT
NOT YOU.
ALL IT TOOK WAS
A LITTLE *POWER*,
AND YOU GAVE ME
EVERYTHING I
WANTED--

COFF...
HAK...HAH...

NAH...



YOU...
YOU'RE
THE
PATHETIC
ONE.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE...
I WAS EVER
AFRAID O'
YOUR ASS.

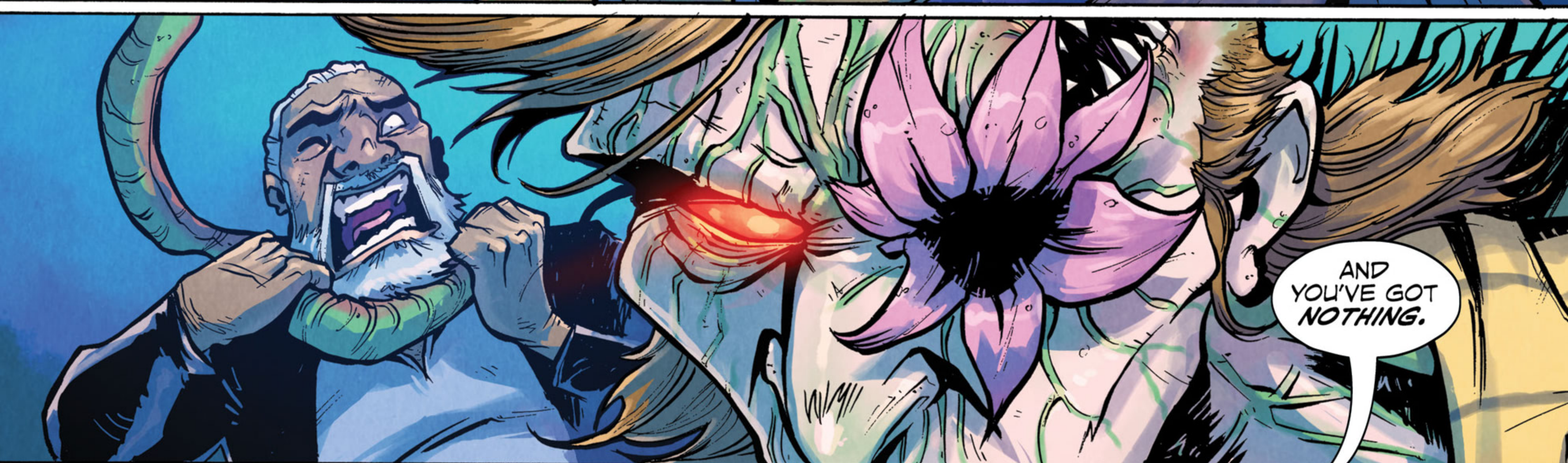


ALL THAT
POWER... AND
YOU CAN'T DO A
DAMN THING
WITHOUT US...



YOU
NEEDED--
COFF-- YOU
NEEDED
HIM... YOU
NEEDED
MONICA... YOU
NEEDED
ME.

ALL THAT
TALK, ALL THE
SCHEMES--

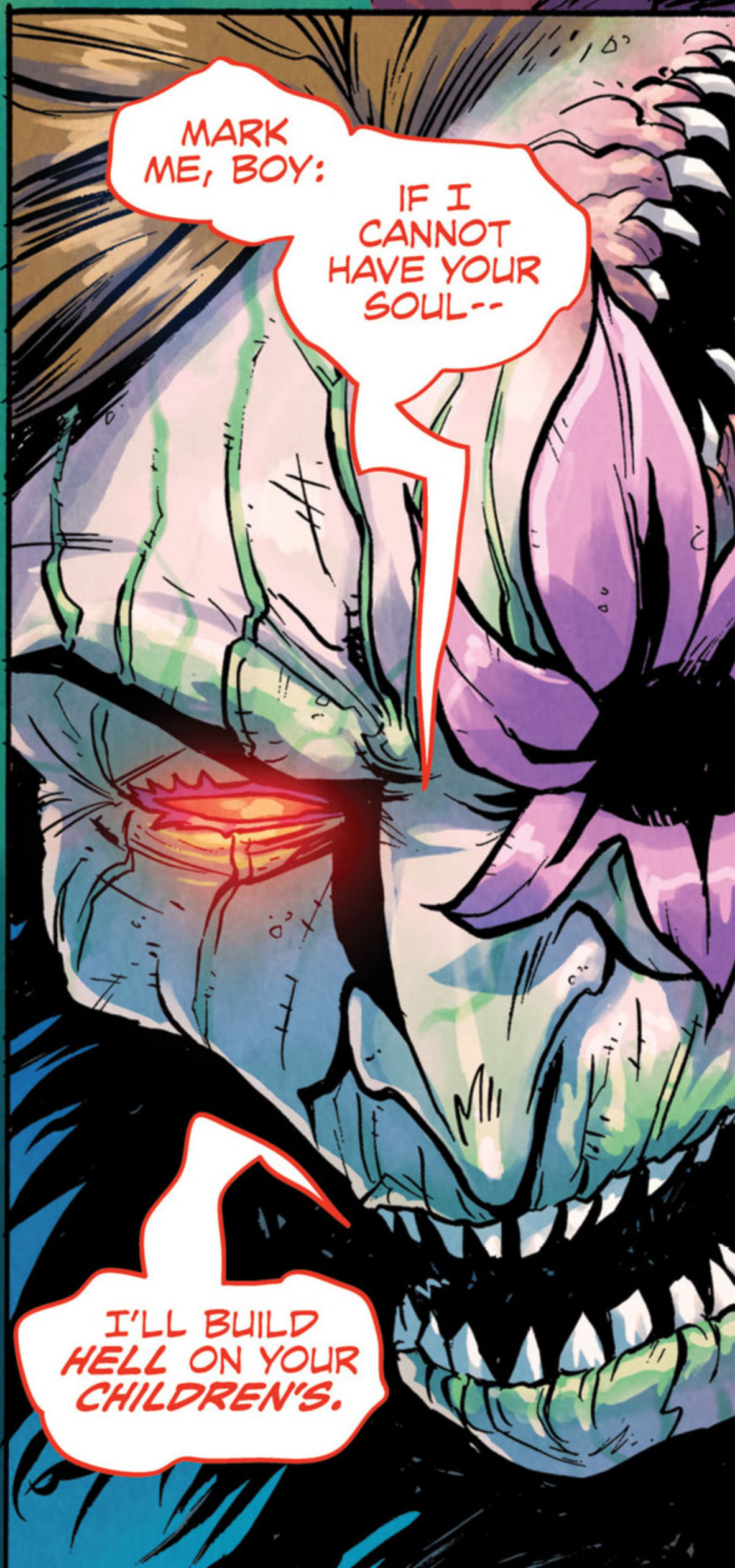
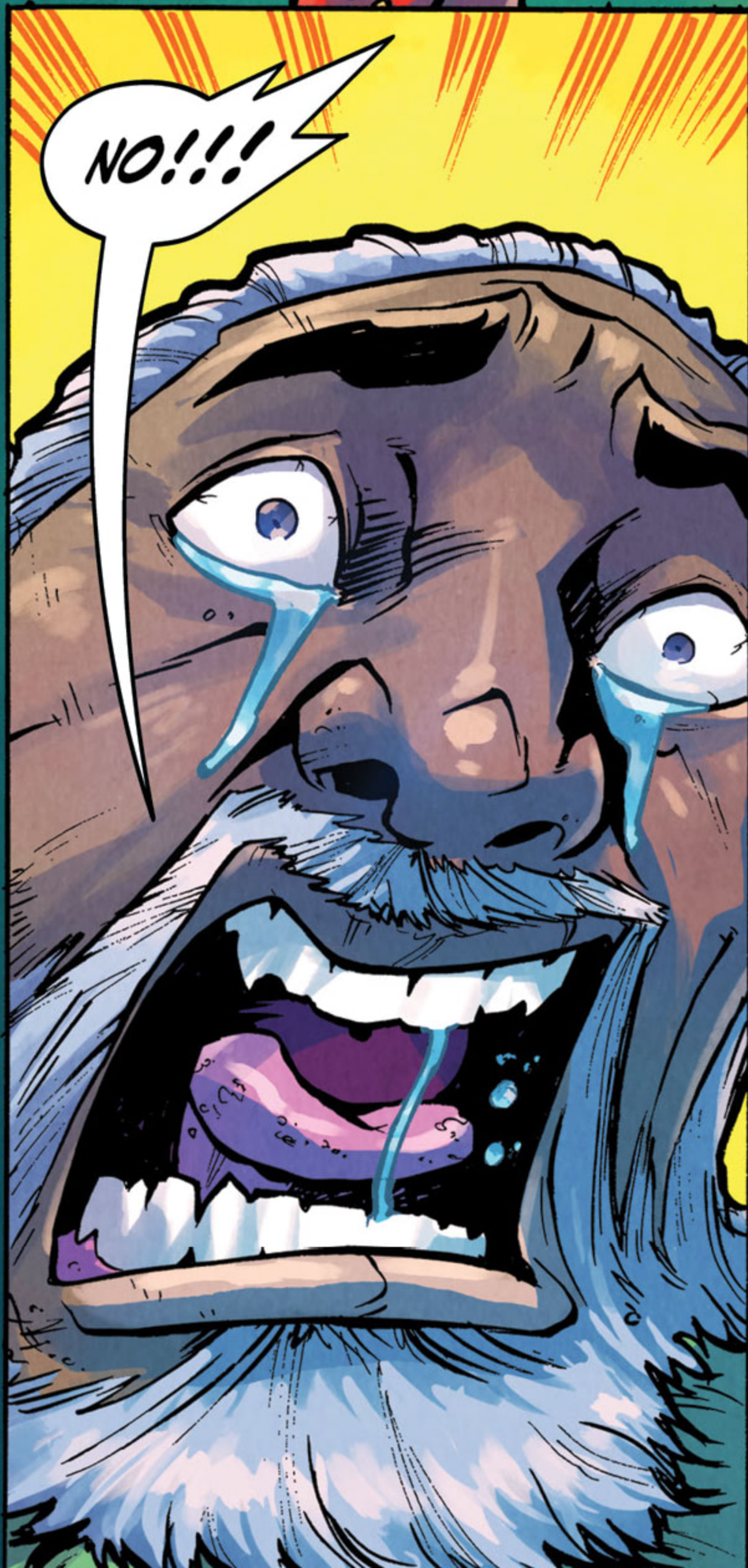


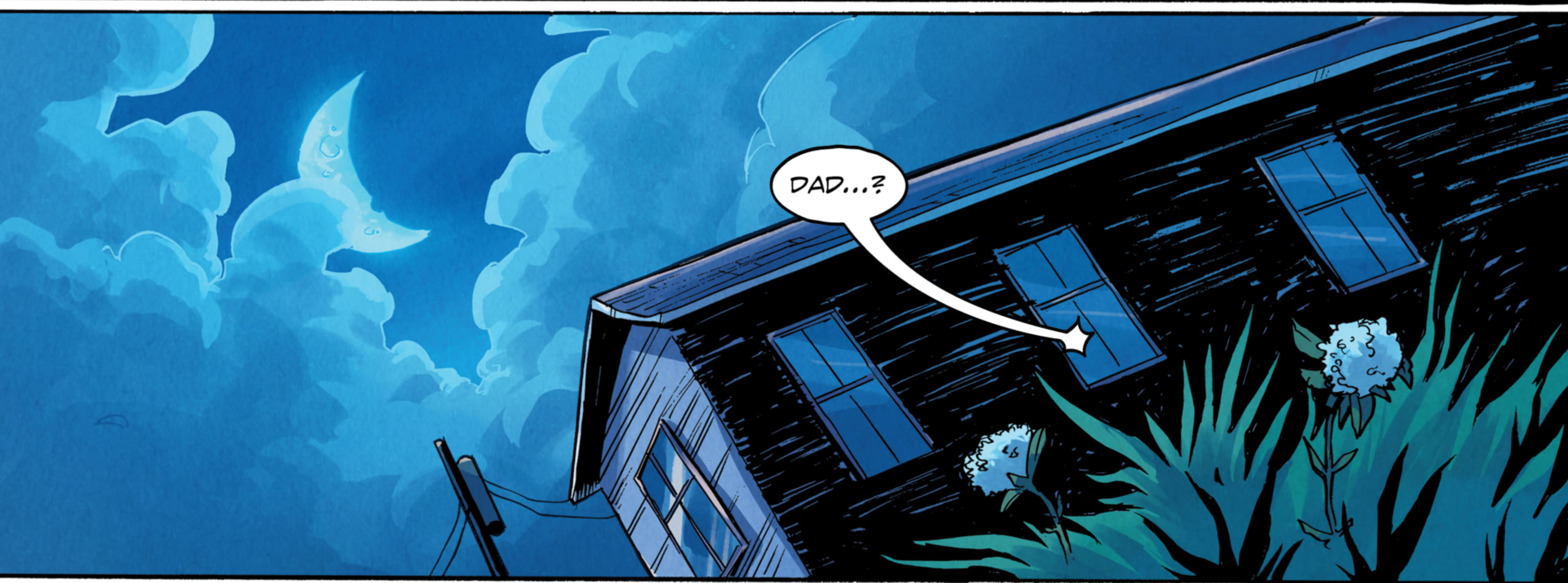
AND
YOU'VE GOT
NOTHING.



YOU *ARE*
NOTHIN--

SLURK!





TALK
TO ME.
PLEASE...



END CHAPTER 20
— END BOOK 4



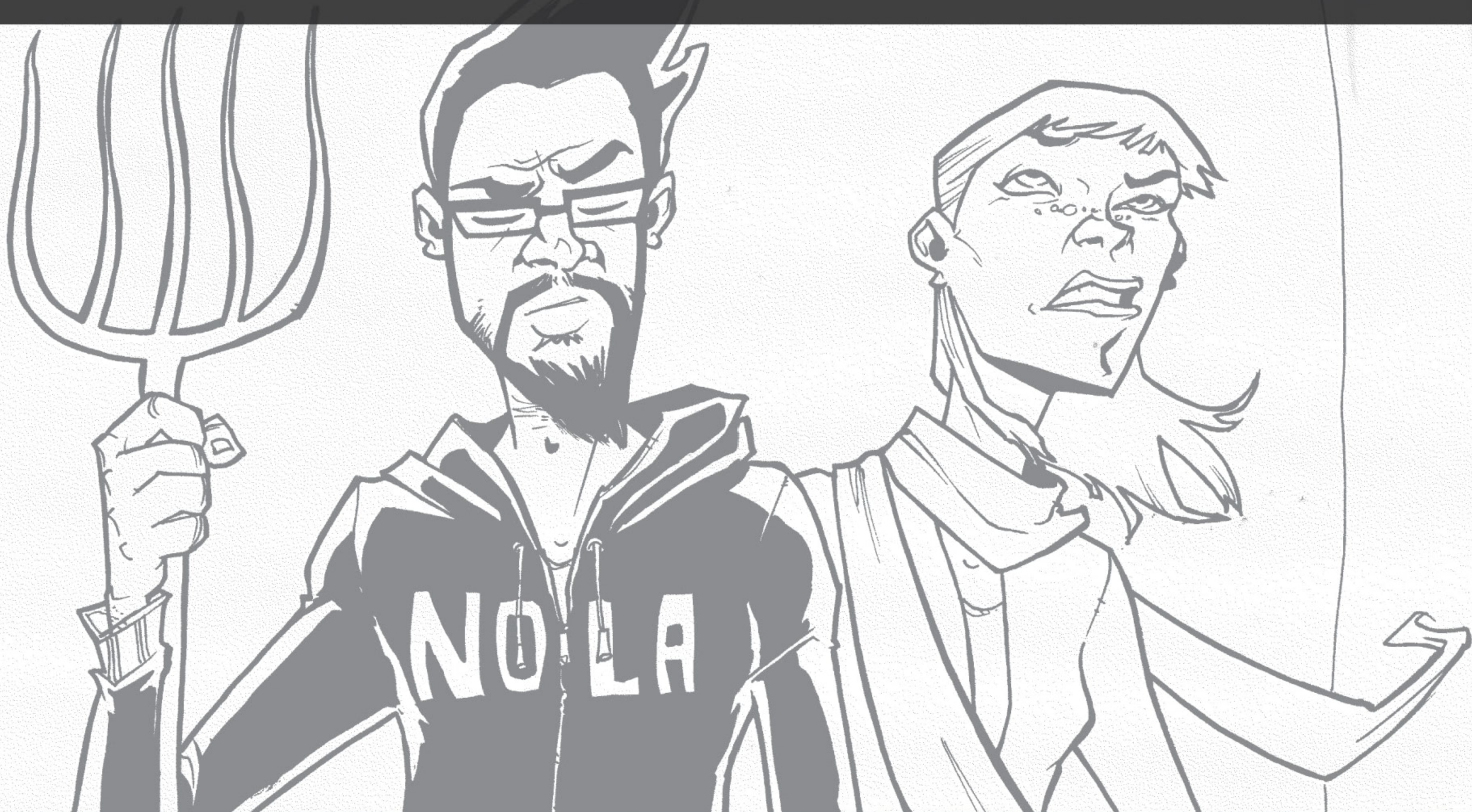
To everything there is a season,
and a time for every purpose under heaven:
a time to be born and a time to die,
a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to kill and a time to heal,
a time to break down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh,
a time to mourn and a time to dance,
a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,
a time to search and a time to count as lost,
a time to keep and a time to discard,
a time to tear and a time to mend,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
a time to love and a time to hate,
a time for war and a time for peace.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

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GRASSROOTS

The Official FARMHAND Letters Column!

Accepting fan mail, gardening tips, haiku poems and random pictures of your dog.

You can email letters to:
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