

"WILL BURROW UNDER YOUR SKIN AND HAUNT YOU" — BEN WHEATLEY

THISTLEBONE

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION



**T.C.
EGLINGTON**

**SIMON
DAVIS**

'IT STARTED OUT
AS A COMMUNE,
APPARENTLY.'

'THEY WERE TRYING TO
BE SELF SUFFICIENT,
LIVE IN BALANCE WITH
NATURE, RETURN TO AN
OLDER WAY OF LIFE.
YOU KNOW THE SORT
OF THING.'

'BENEATH
THE WAXING MOON,
RIPEN KIN AND SWELL
THE FRUIT...'

'IT
SOUNDED
NICE.'

'HANG HEAVY
THE BRANCHES,
AND DRINK DEEP
THE ROOT...'

'EITHER WAY, SOMETHING
TOOK HOLD. A GROUP
PSYCHOSIS, DELUSIONAL
BELIEFS, WHATEVER YOU
WANT TO CALL IT.'

'LET FOX AND
STAG LEAD THE
CHASE TO BLESS THESE
FIELDS AND BLESS
THESE FOLK.'

'FOR WHAT
WE'VE TAKEN WE
NOW GIVE BACK TO
OLD THIRSTLEBONE
OF THE OAK.'

'MAYBE THE WEIRD
BELIEFS IN PAGAN
STUFF CREEPT IN WITH
HILLMAN. OR MAYBE
THEY WERE THERE ALL
ALONG AND HE JUST
FIGURED OUT A WAY
TO EXPLOIT THEM.'



'I REMEMBER ONCE
READING ABOUT THE
MANSON CLAN AND
HOW THE PEOPLE IN IT
THOUGHT THEY WERE
DOING THE RIGHT
THING AT THE TIME.

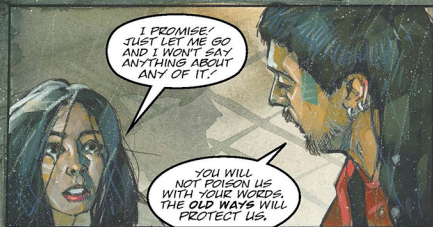


'TO THEM, KILLING WAS PART OF A
REVOLUTION. THEY THOUGHT THEY
WERE TRULY FREE AND EVERYONE ELSE
WAS BRAINWASHED BY SOCIETY.

'HILLMAN'S CULT WAS LIKE
THAT. THEY THOUGHT THEY
WERE PURE. I WAS THE ONE
THAT WAS CORRUPTED.'

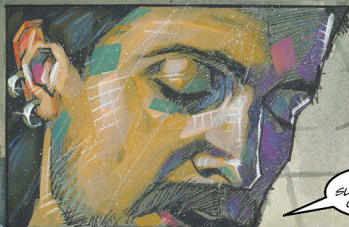


PLEASE..
PLEASE, I WON'T
TELL.



I PROMISE!
JUST LET ME GO
AND I WON'T SAY
ANYTHING ABOUT
ANY OF IT.

YOU WILL
NOT POISON US
WITH YOUR WORDS.
THE OLD WAYS WILL
PROTECT US.



FOUJ
SUSHILSO
CHITRU.



LEW
CUMNITPEU
SERVE.

PLEASE,
I JUST WANT TO
GO HOME.



EIGHT DAYS THEY KEPT ME THERE.

AVEL:
IF YOU'RE NOT COMFORTABLE WITH THIS, WE DON'T HAVE TO DO IT NOW...

NO, IT'S OKAY. IT'S JUST SOME OF THIS STUFF... I ONLY EVER TALKED TO THERAPISTS AND COUNSELORS ABOUT IT.

I'M FINE, REALLY.

'MORNING AND NIGHT THEY CARRIED OUT THEIR RITUALS, CHANTING, MOSTLY.

'SPEAKING IN TONGUES, I GUESS YOU WOULD CALL IT. JUST THIS BROKEN-UP BABBLE OF WORDS.

GAMBOLMIN
CHOURTUSOF...
HANIETHOREAM...
GULLFULOMAN...



'IF YOU LISTENED FOR LONG ENOUGH, YOU STARTED TO HEAR STUFF IN IT. WEIRD MESSAGES BUBBLING UP OUT OF IT.'

STUGHBUPELOMIE...
YOU'NOT THIS STUPID GIRL
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE... AVVELL...
TELLING STORIES... TELL TRUTH!...
AVVELL... BIENNIT...
BIENNITAVEL...





IT'S HARD
TO DESCRIBE, BUT
IT WAS LIKE FEELING
YOUR MIND COME
UNDONE.

MAYBE IT WAS WHY I COULD
SENSE SOMETHING WAS WRONG
ON THAT FINAL NIGHT...

LISTEN,
AH'M NO BONNY
HUET YE, BUT
YE HAV TAE
TRUST ME.

'MAIRI HAD BEEN NICE TO ME,
BROUGHT ME FOOD
A FEW TIMES.

HERE,
CUT YERSEL
FREE.

IT NEEDS
TO LOOK LIKE
YE ESCAPED
ON YER OWN OR
I'LL BE THE ONE
GETTIN' IN TROUBLE.
USE THE PATH
THROUGH THE
WOODS.

HURRY!

I DID WHAT
SHE SAID...

...EVEN THOUGH
IT WAS A TRAP.

BY HER
OWN HAND, IT
IS DONE. OUR
QUARRY RUNS
FREE.



HUH...?



OH.



N-NO-!



THE WORST THING WASN'T THE BEATINGS, OR BEING LOCKED UP, OR BEING STARVED, OR EVEN WHAT THEY PLANNED TO DO TO ME...

UHNN-?