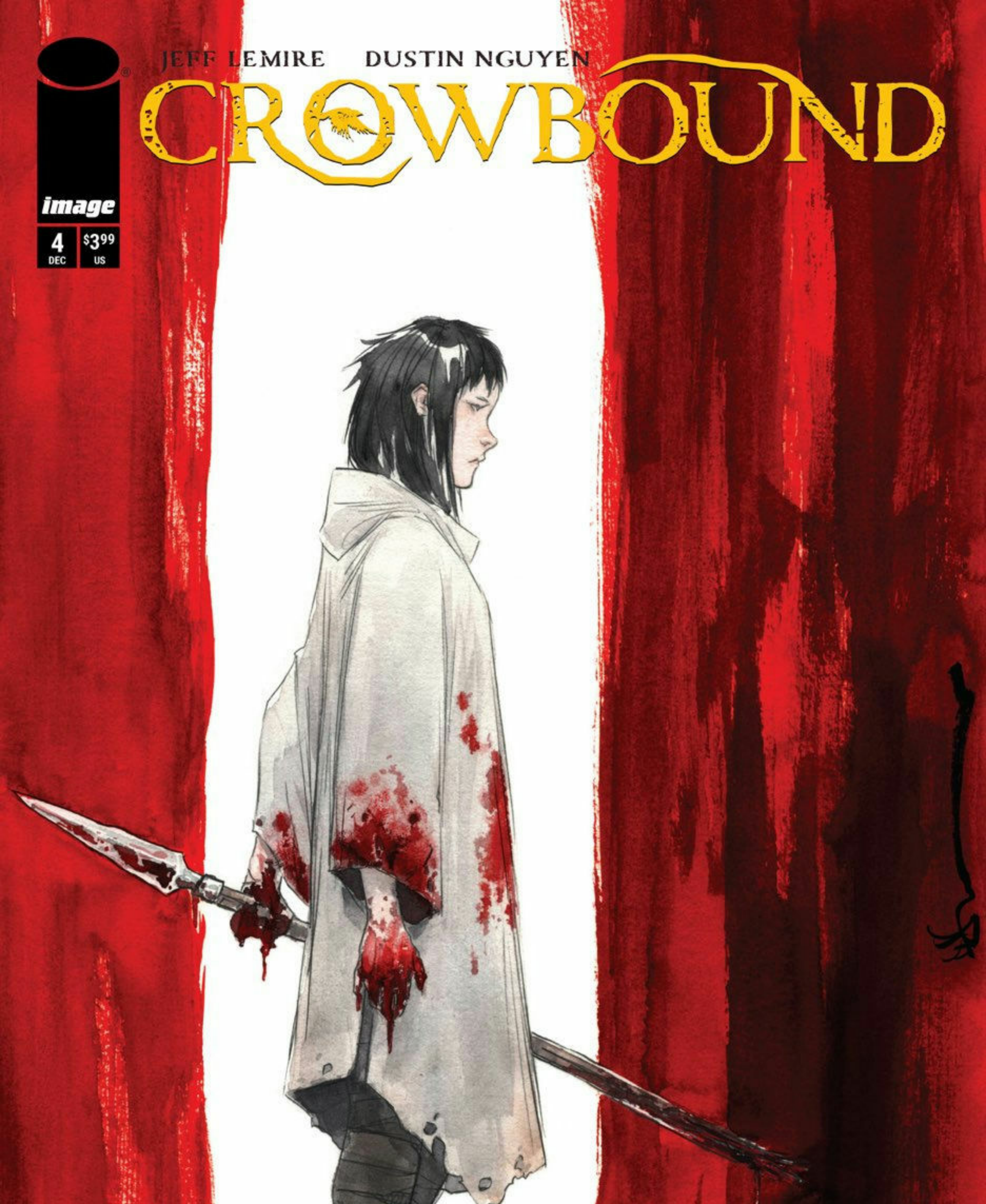
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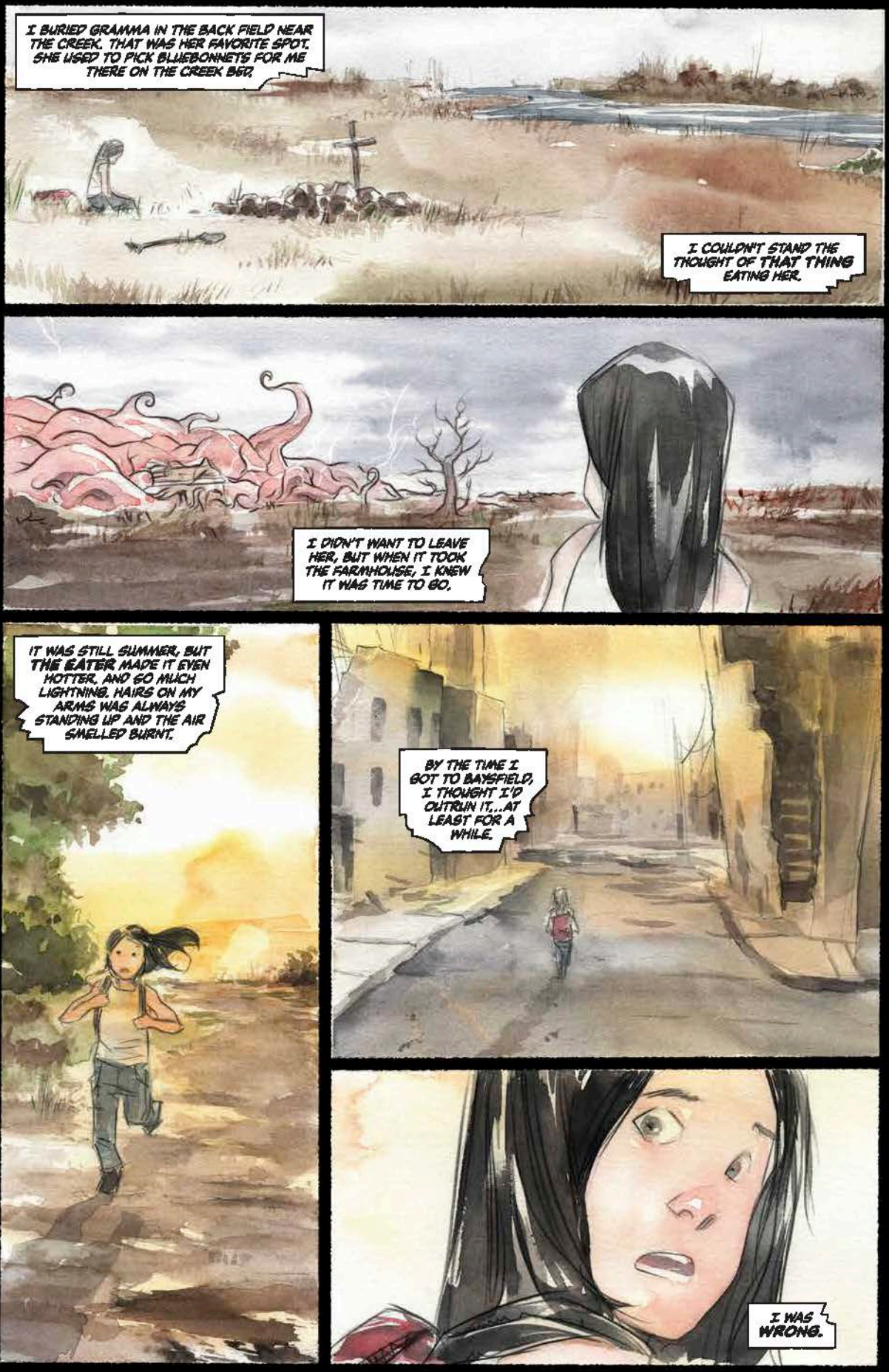
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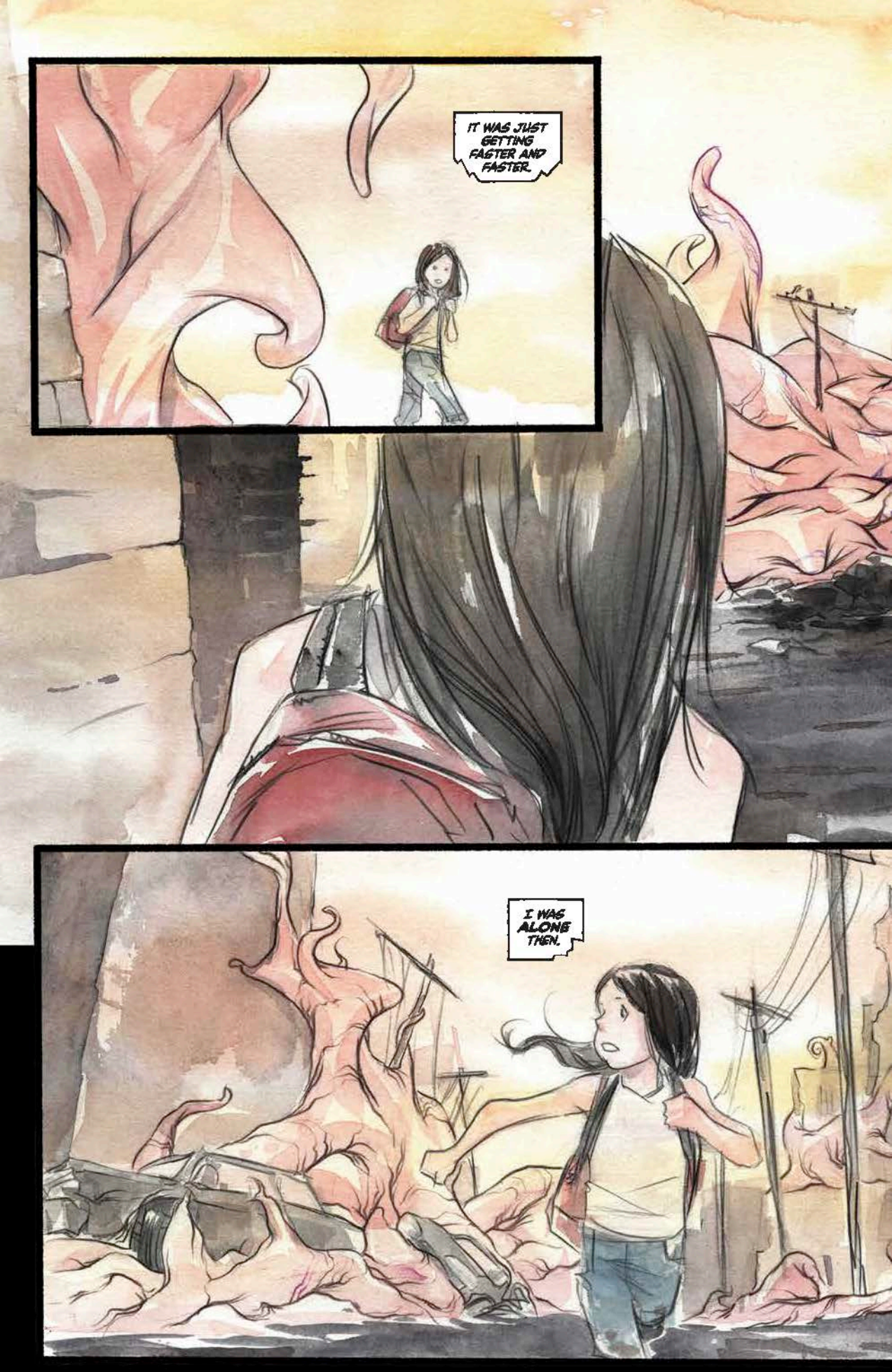
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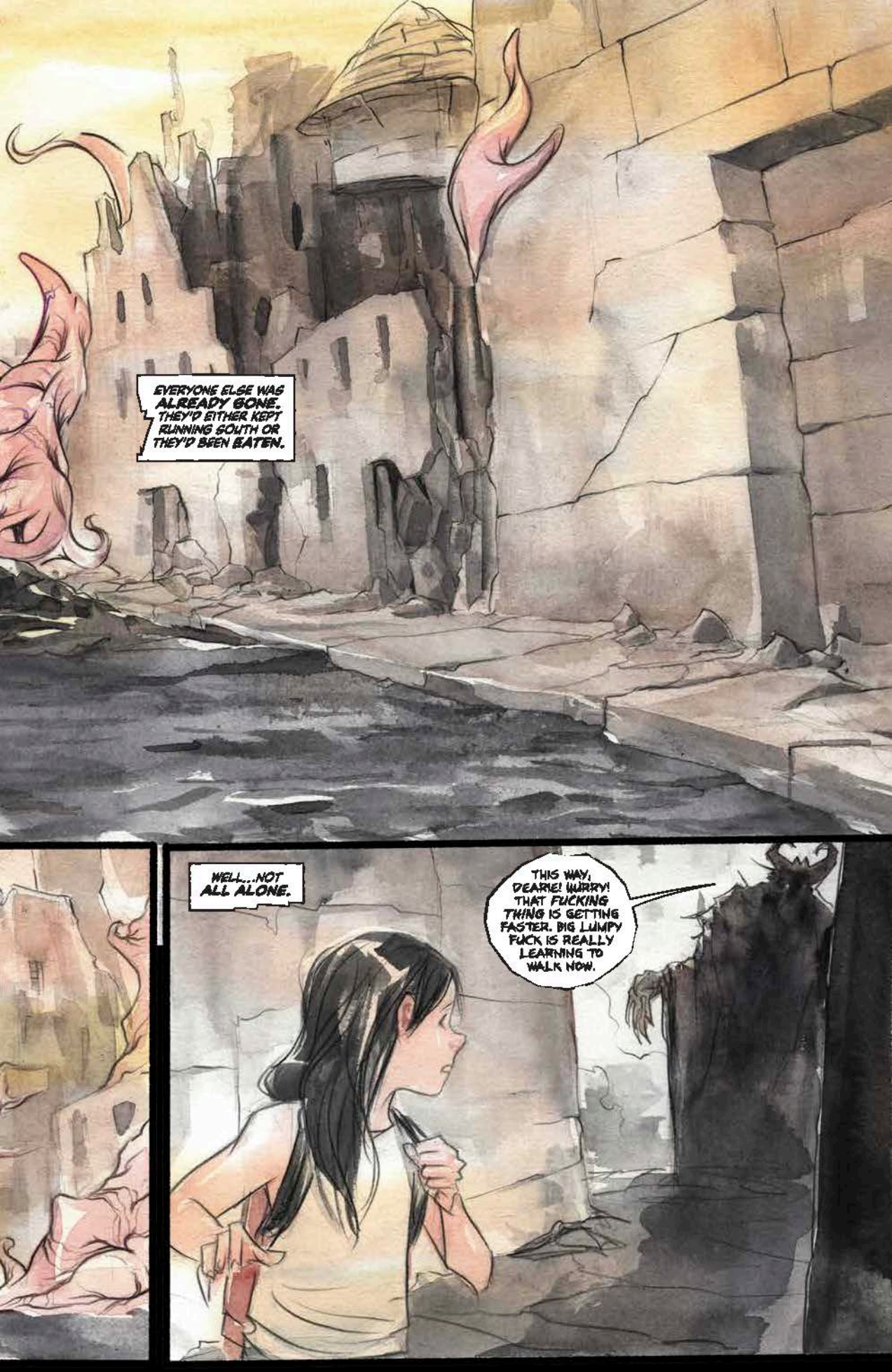
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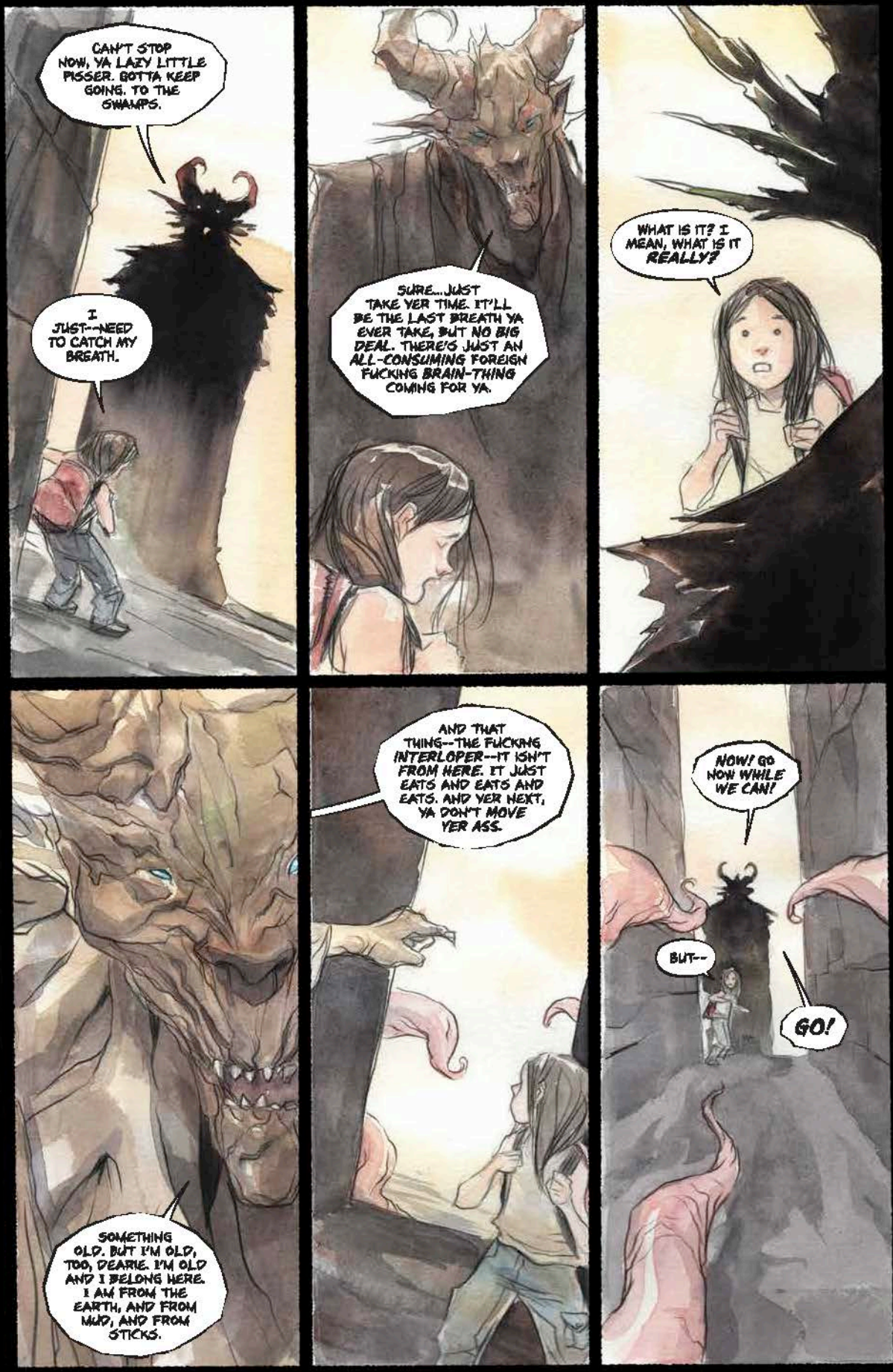
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I BURIED GRAMMA IN THE BACK FIELD NEAR THE CREEK. THAT WAS HER FAVORITE SPOT. SHE USED TO PICK BLUEBONNETS FOR ME THERE ON THE CREEK BED.
I COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF THAT THING EATING HER.
I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE HER, BUT WHEN IT TOOK THE FARMHOUSE, I KNEW IT WAS TIME TO GO.
IT WAS STILL SUMMER, BUT THE EATER MADE IT EVEN HOTTER, AND SO MUCH LIGHTNING. HAIRS ON MY ARMS WAS ALWAYS STANDING UP AND THE AIR SMELLED BURNT.
BY THE TIME I GOT TO BAYSFIELD, I THOUGHT I'D OUTRUN IT...AT LEAST FOR A WHILE.
I WAS WRONG.


IT WAS JUST GETTING FASTER AND FASTER.
I WAS ALONE THEN.


EVERYONE ELSE WAS ALREADY GONE. THEY'D EITHER KEPT RUNNING SOUTH OR THEY'D BEEN EATEN.
WELL...NOT ALL ALONE.
THIS WAY, DEARIE! HURRY! THAT FUCKING THING IS GETTING FASTER. BIG LUMPY FUCK IS REALLY LEARNING TO WALK NOW.


CAN'T STOP NOW, YA LAZY LITTLE PISSER. GOTTA KEEP GOING. TO THE SWAMPS.
I JUST--NEED TO CATCH MY BREATH.
SURE... JUST TAKE YER TIME. IT'LL BE THE LAST BREATH YA EVER TAKE, BUT NO BIG DEAL. THERE'S JUST AN ALL-CONSUMING FOREIGN FUCKING BRAIN-THING COMING FOR YA.
WHAT IS IT? I MEAN, WHAT IS IT REALLY?
SOMETHING OLD. BUT I'M OLD, TOO, DEARIE. I'M OLD AND I BELONG HERE. I AM FROM THE EARTH, AND FROM MUD, AND FROM STICKS.
AND THAT THING--THE FUCKING INTERLOPER--IT ISN'T FROM HERE. IT JUST EATS AND EATS AND EATS. AND YER NEXT, YA DON'T MOVE YER ASS.
NOW! GO NOW WHILE WE CAN!
BUT--
GO!


JEFF LEMIRE
DUSTIN NGUYEN
CROWBOUND
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FORNÉS

