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# VOICES in my HEAD™

PRUETT • DOE • GAYDOS • HESTER • ROBINSON

ROLAND



KRISTANTINA • MAJOR • McCORKINDALE • McCREA • MYERS • SHARPE



NO MATTER *WHOSE*  
BALL IT WAS.

YES, MISS PENELOPE  
*ADORED* THE DEVOTION OF  
HER GENTLEMAN CALLERS...

...AND ENJOYED  
THE *LITTLE GAMES*  
THAT SHE WOULD  
PLAY FOR HER OWN  
AMUSEMENT.

SHE HAD HER CHOICE OF  
ESCORTS AND SHE *THRIVED*  
ON THEIR INFATUATION.



MISS PENELOPE HAD THE LUXURY  
OF BEING AS *PARTICULAR* AS  
HER LITTLE HEART DESIRED.

SINCE SHE  
HERSELF  
WAS THE  
*DEFINITION* OF  
UNBRIDLED  
PERFECTION...

...HER CHOSEN  
MATE MUST  
ALSO MEET SUCH  
*IMPECCABLE*  
EXPECTATIONS.



NO ONE WAS,  
NOR *EVER* WOULD BE,  
GOOD ENOUGH FOR  
HER ELEGANTLY,  
*IRREPROACHABLE* HAND.

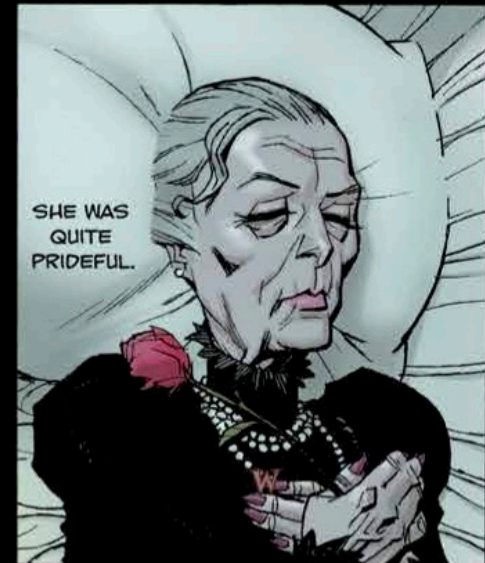
EVENTUALLY, HER SUITORS' ADORATION WANED AND THEIR ENTHUSIASM FADED.



IN TIME, HER GENTLEMEN CALLER'S NO LONGER CALLED. MISS PENELOPE DID NOT CARE.



SHE WAS QUITE PRIDEFUL.



SHE NEVER SUFFERED THE INDIGNITY OF MARRYING BELOW HER STATURE.

THOUGH SHE LEFT BEHIND NO LOVED ONES, NOR FOR THAT MATTER, ANY FRIENDS TO SPEAK OF...

...ASIDE FROM A *DISTANT* COUSIN, THrice REMOVED, SHE MET ONCE AT A GREAT UNCLE'S WILL READING (SHE DIDN'T RECEIVE *ANYTHING* FROM THAT ASININE DONKEY'S OTHER END)...

...MISS PENELOPE COULD STILL TAKE SATISFACTION THAT SHE *NEVER* SETTLED FOR ANYTHING LESS THAN THE ABSOLUTE *FINEST* IN ALL THINGS.

IN DEATH, MISS PENELOPE DISCOVERED THAT ONE'S PHYSICAL APPEARANCE RETURNS TO ITS *HEIGHT* OF PERFECTION, WHICH WAS MOST *ASSUREDLY* DELIGHTFUL.



SHE NEVER PARTICULARLY CARED FOR WRINKLES AS SHE FELT THEY RUINED HER ALABASTER SKIN.

*I was born awake.*

# FOUR

PRUETT story  
HESTER pencils  
McCORKINDALE inks  
MAJOR colors  
SHARPE letters



*Not "woke" in the way that the youth of today consider themselves as crusaders of social injustice. That came later in life.*



*No, I mean I was aware of my surroundings from the moment of birth*

*Totally.*

*Aware.*



*Years later, my mother--may she rest in peace--dismissed me when I told her the name of the assisting nurse at my birth was "Camille."*



*She had to research for herself to learn that I was correct.*

*That was when she knew, without any reservations, that I was something beyond the definition of "normal."*



*My mother tried her best. She truly did. She so badly wanted me to be "just like the other kids."*

*She was delusional.*



*School bored me. Not because I was smarter than the other children.*

*I was.*



*But because the adults, whose profession was to inspire me, were incapable of doing so.*

*What they thought they knew of philosophy, history, science, or any of the other pillars of life was, if I had to be completely honest, embarrassingly child-like in their understanding.*

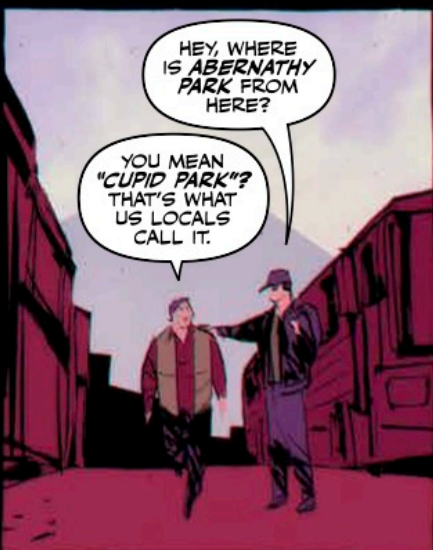
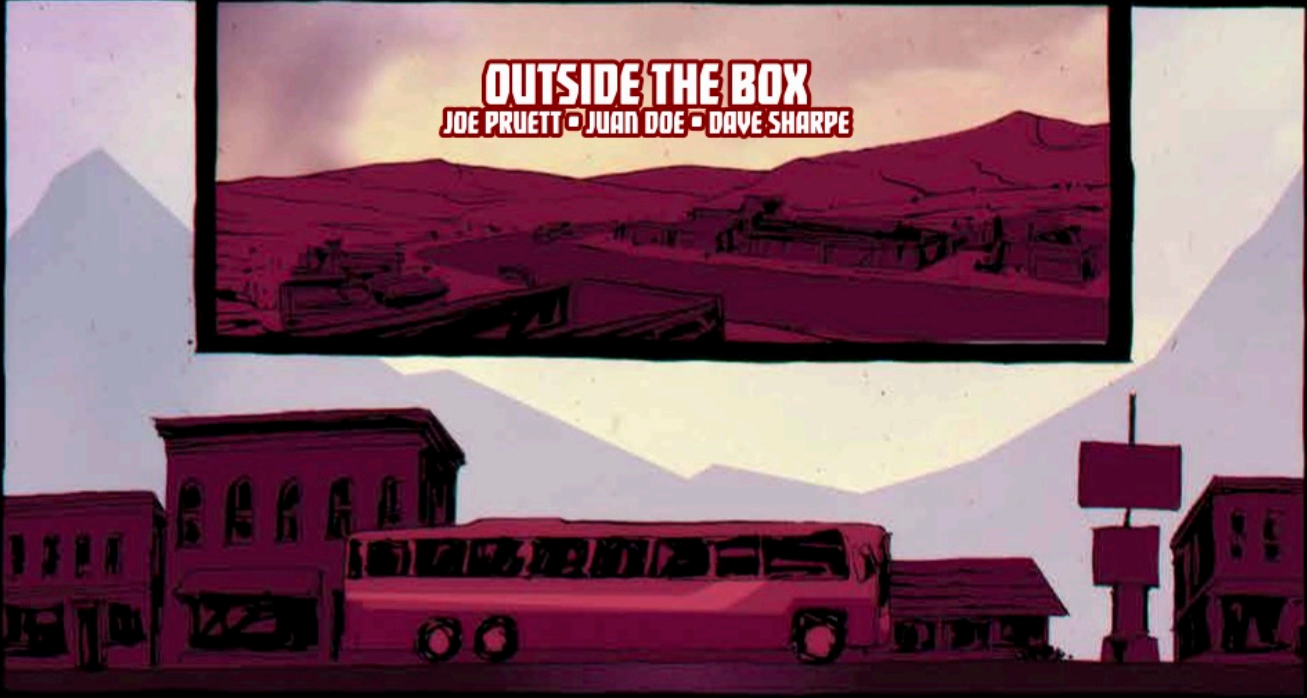


*At the age of seven, my childhood ceased.*

*The doctors became my surrogate family and the laboratory became my bedroom walls.*

# OUTSIDE THE BOX

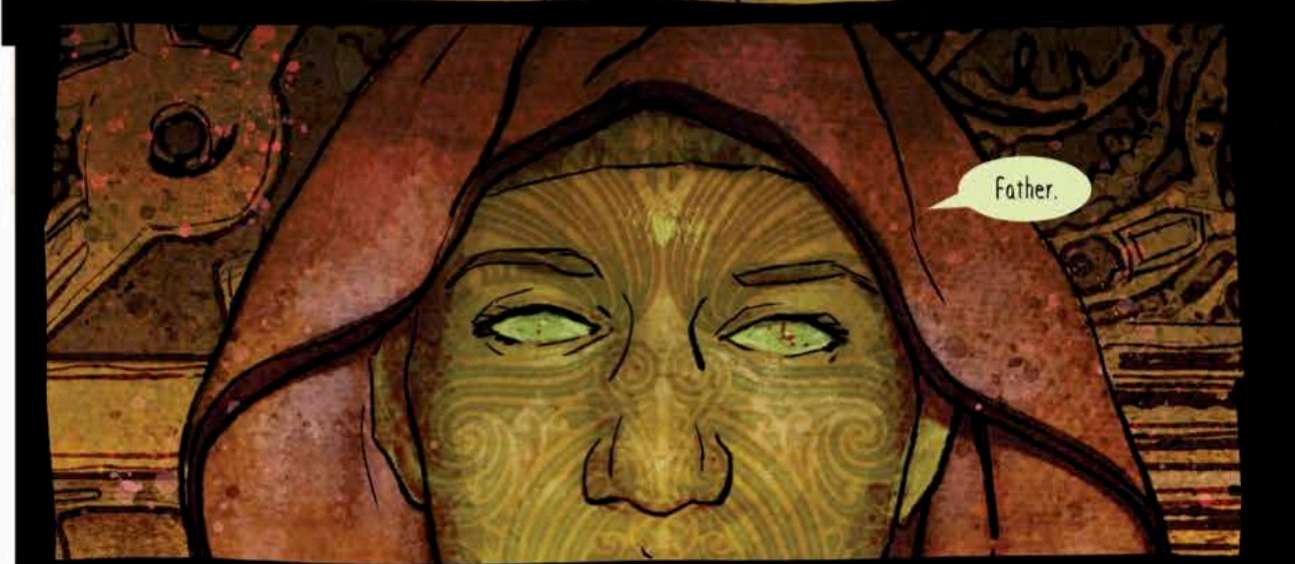
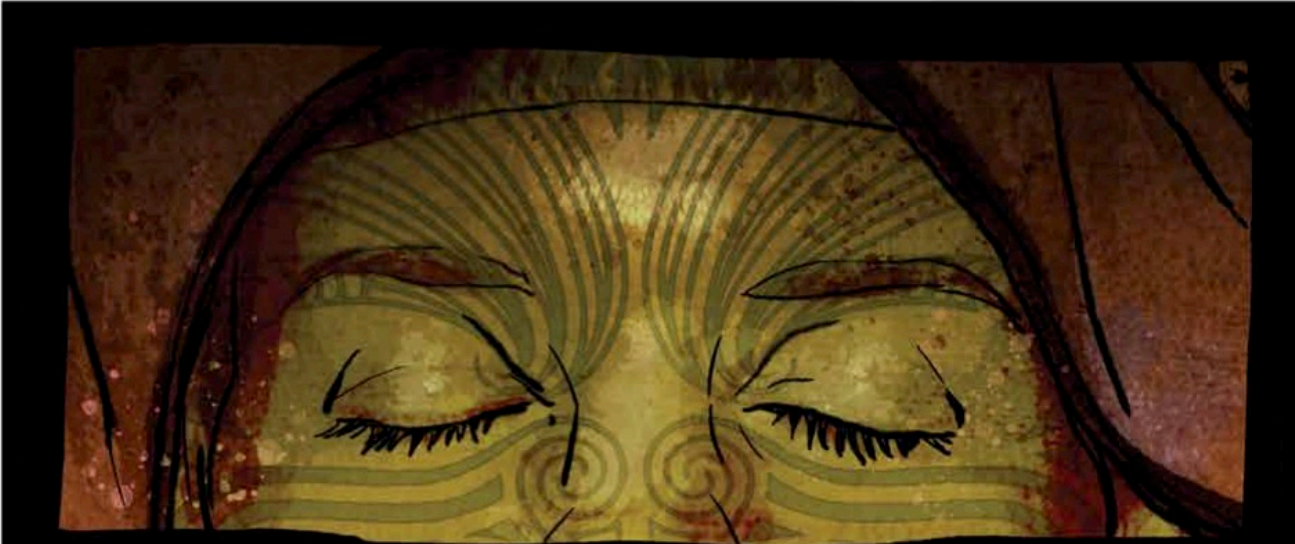
JOE PRUETT • JUAN DOE • DAVE SHARPE











GERMANY, 1942.

THROUGHOUT THE AGES  
AN EVIL HAS WALKED...

# KILROY ~~WAS~~ HERE IS

JOE PRUETT: WRITER  
BIL RUTH: ILLUSTRATOR  
ROXANNE STARR: LETTERER

“The first requisit for immortality is death”

—Stanislaw J. Lec

KILROY IS HERE, all characters and concepts © Joe Pruett, art © Bil Ruth

GERMANY, 1992.

