

Marc Silvestri · Raymond Gay
Arif Prianto · Troy Peteri

THE DARKNESS



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JAN US



GIBRAN



JACKIE??



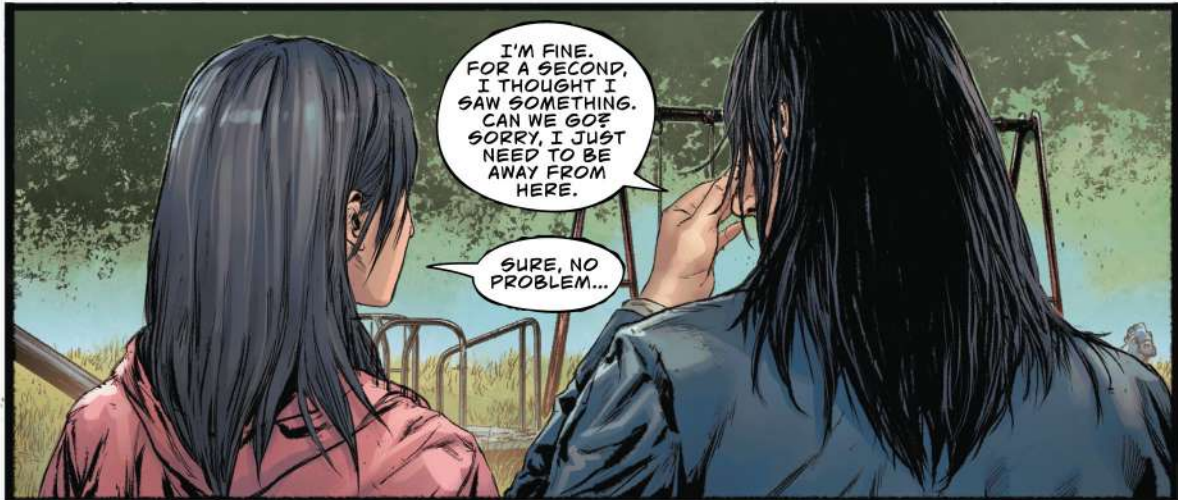
BEWARE THE LIGHT, JACKIEEE... IT WILL DESTROY YOUUUU.

JACKIE??



HUH?

ARE YOU OKAY? YOU'RE SWEATING.



I'M FINE. FOR A SECOND, I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING. CAN WE GO? SORRY, I JUST NEED TO BE AWAY FROM HERE.

SURE, NO PROBLEM...



"...WE CAN GO."

I THINK IT'S GREAT THAT YOU WANT TO HELP KIDS.

THE PETERSONS RAISED ME RIGHT, I GUESS.

YOUR FOSTER PARENTS DON'T SEEM TO LIKE ME ALL THAT MUCH, ESPECIALLY YOUR DAD.

HE'S AN EX-COP WHO LOVED HIS JOB.

NEVER MISSED A DAY OF WORK IN HIS LIFE, UNTIL A BULLET FORCED HIM INTO RETIREMENT.

THE GUY WHO SHOT HIM WAS IN BUSINESS WITH YOUR UNCLE, JACKIE.

NONE OF THAT HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME, JENNY. BESIDES, WHAT YOU HEAR ABOUT MY UNCLE IS MOSTLY JUST MADE-UP BULLSHIT ANYWAY.

East 49th

REGARDLESS, IT'S AN ISSUE. AND I HAVE TO RESPECT THAT, BECAUSE IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE PETERSONS, I DOUBT I'D EVEN BE HERE TODAY.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FEELING OF LYING IN THAT HOSPITAL BED. I WAS SO ALONE AND IN SO MUCH PAIN THAT EVERY NIGHT I WOULD PRAY NOT TO WAKE UP IN THE MORNING.

AND THEN ONE DAY, THE PETERSONS CAME, AND THEY BROUGHT ME INTO THEIR HOME.

AND EVEN WITH ALL THE DOCTOR VISITS AND MEDICAL BILLS, THEY NEVER COMPLAINED. ALL THEY WANTED WAS FOR THIS BURNED AND BROKEN LITTLE GIRL TO FEEL LOVED.

MUST BE NICE. NOT EVERYONE'S SO LUCKY.

YEAH, I GUESS MY FAMILY'S A LITTLE DIFFERENT THAN YOURS.

I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT ME.

I'M SORRY, THAT WAS A MEAN THING FOR ME TO SAY.

BRRRRRING
BRRRRRING



YES, SIR.

REPORT.

THEY'VE LEFT THE ORPHANAGE AND ARE NOW HEADING TOWARD 3RD AVENUE...



...NO SIGN OF HOSTILES.

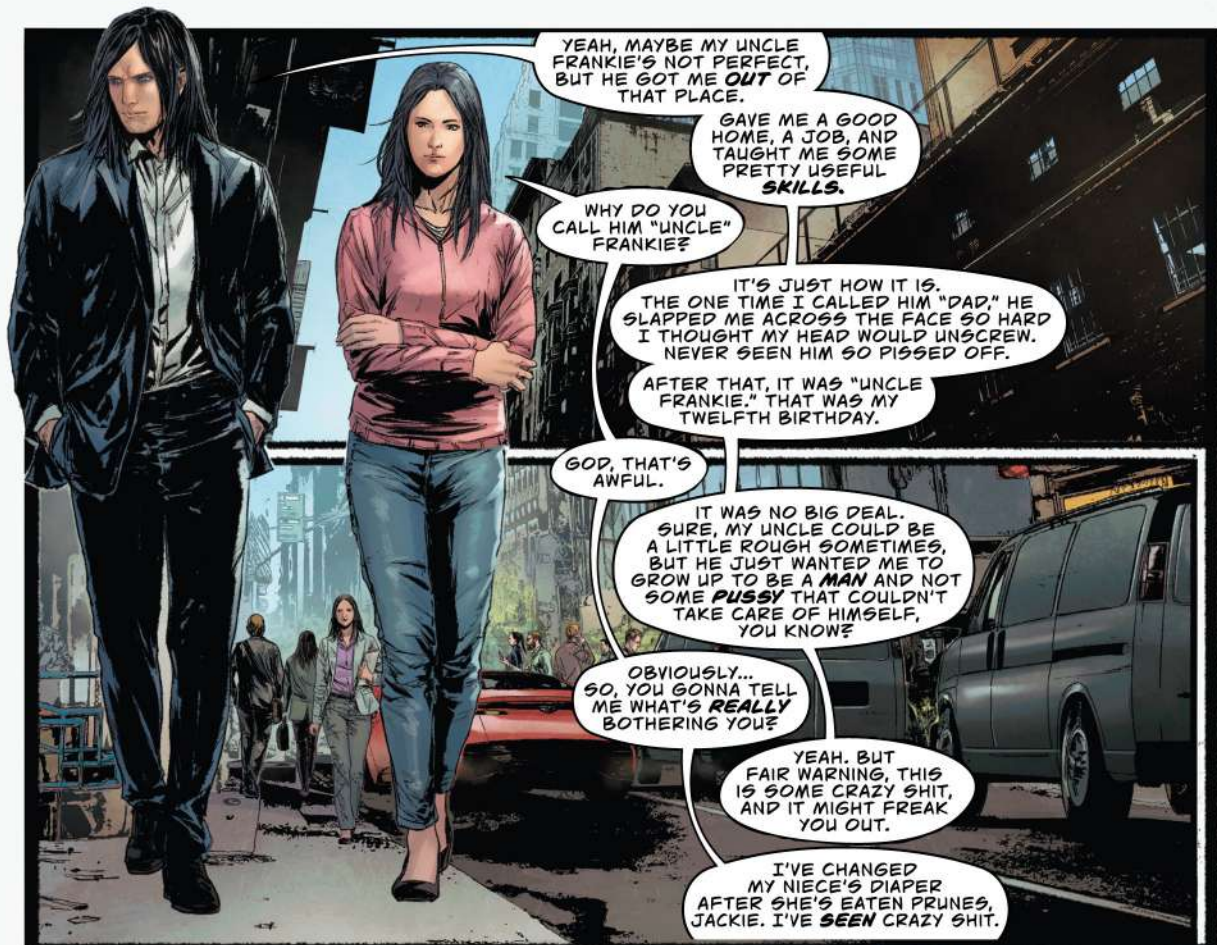
THAT'S ABOUT TO CHANGE.

WE'RE APPROACHING THE UNITED NATIONS, SIR.

READY YOUR MEN, COMMANDER...



...I'LL BE AT MY OFFICE.



YEAH, MAYBE MY UNCLE FRANKIE'S NOT PERFECT, BUT HE GOT ME **OUT** OF THAT PLACE.

GAVE ME A GOOD HOME, A JOB, AND TAUGHT ME SOME PRETTY USEFUL **SKILLS**.

WHY DO YOU CALL HIM "UNCLE" FRANKIE?

IT'S JUST HOW IT IS. THE ONE TIME I CALLED HIM "DAD," HE SLAPPED ME ACROSS THE FACE SO HARD I THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD UNSCREW. NEVER SEEN HIM SO **PISSED OFF**.

AFTER THAT, IT WAS "UNCLE FRANKIE." THAT WAS MY TWELFTH BIRTHDAY.

GOD, THAT'S AWFUL.

IT WAS NO BIG DEAL. SURE, MY UNCLE COULD BE A LITTLE ROUGH SOMETIMES, BUT HE JUST WANTED ME TO GROW UP TO BE A **MAN** AND NOT SOME **PUSSY** THAT COULDN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, YOU KNOW?

OBVIOUSLY... SO, YOU GONNA TELL ME WHAT'S **REALLY** BOTHERING YOU?

YEAH. BUT FAIR WARNING, THIS IS SOME CRAZY SHIT, AND IT MIGHT FREAK YOU OUT.

I'VE CHANGED MY NIECE'S DIAPER AFTER SHE'S EATEN PRUNES, JACKIE. I'VE **SEEN CRAZY SHIT**.



IT'S JUST THAT THINGS HAVE BEEN TURNED **COMPLETELY** UPSIDE DOWN. IT'S NUTS.

A FEW DAYS AGO, I WAS ~~BEING~~ **KILLING** IT. I HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT. MONEY. CARS. WOMEN. EVERYTHING.

WOW, SOUNDS LIKE YOU AND THE DALAI LAMA HAVE THE SAME LIFE COACH. YOU GUYS SHOULD HANG OUT.



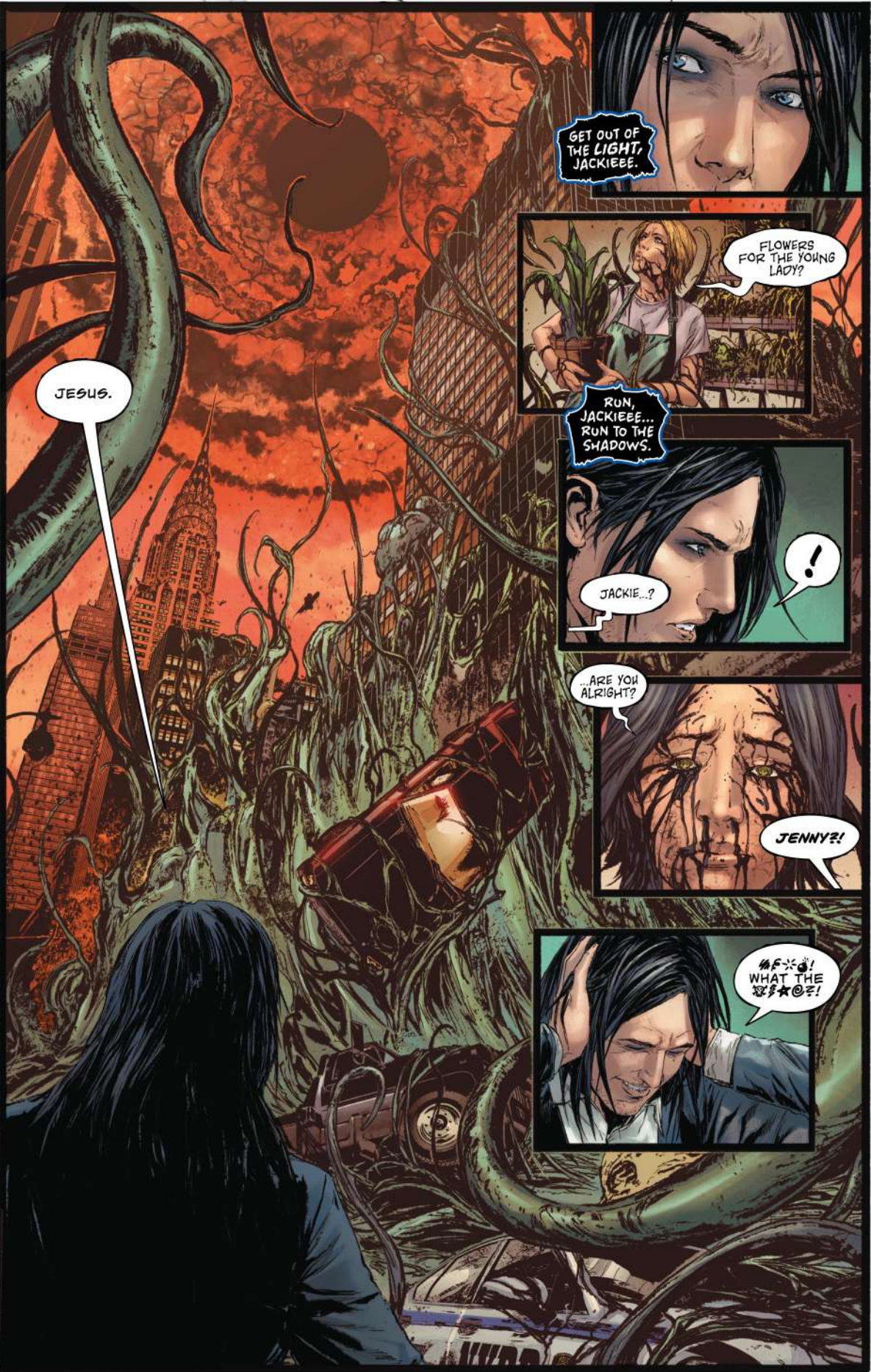
I'M SERIOUS, JENNY, I WAS **HAPPY**.

REALLY? BECAUSE I SAW YOU HAPPY ONCE, BACK WHEN WE WERE KIDS PRETENDING TO BE SUPERHEROES. DON'T **THOSE** MEMORIES MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

LIKE I SAID, I DON'T **SAVE** ANYTHING.



BUT THAT'S NOT--



JESUS.

GET OUT OF THE LIGHT, JACKIEEE.

FLOWERS FOR THE YOUNG LADY?

RUN, JACKIEEE... RUN TO THE SHADOWS.

JACKIE...?

!

...ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

JENNY?!

#\$%&! WHAT THE @\$%&?!

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THE DARKNESS[®]



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