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**"HALLOW
EVE"**

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Meredith,

I know you'll forgive all
my sins when I return
with the greatest
of prizes. The
equipment here is
too crude to allow
certainty, but if my
beating heart is
any judge--

--I've FOUND
her.



Six months
searching and
she was right
UNDERFOOT.

The old bone
white so
melted into the
grey dirt, you
almost had to
IMAGINE it
was there
just to see
it.



As I dusted the
sand and stared,
I thought of YOU
and our young
child and what a
marvelous **GIFT**
this life is.

I've been
locked in the
past too long.
Now the only
thing I want is
to be with both
of you again!

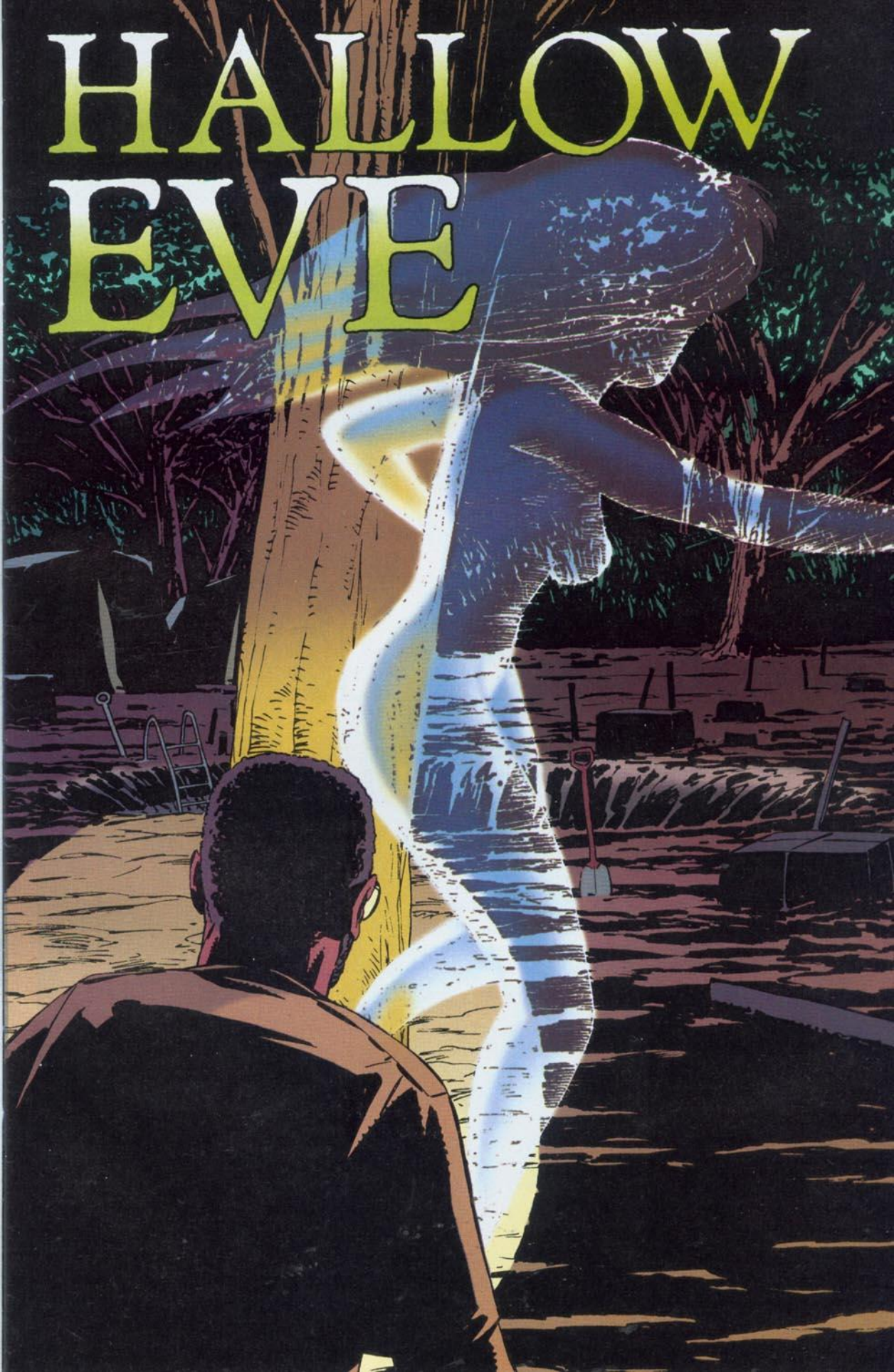


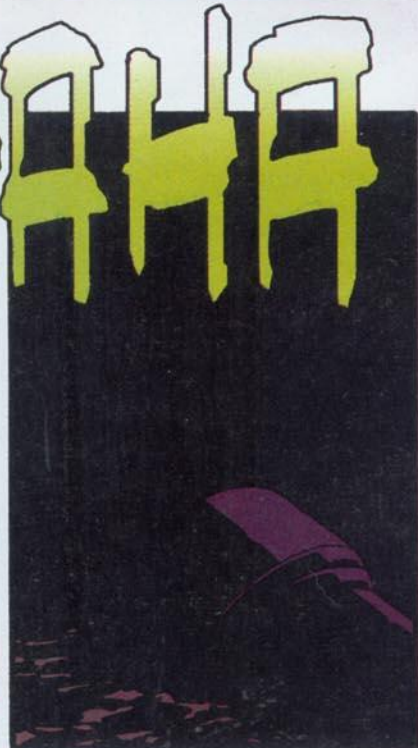


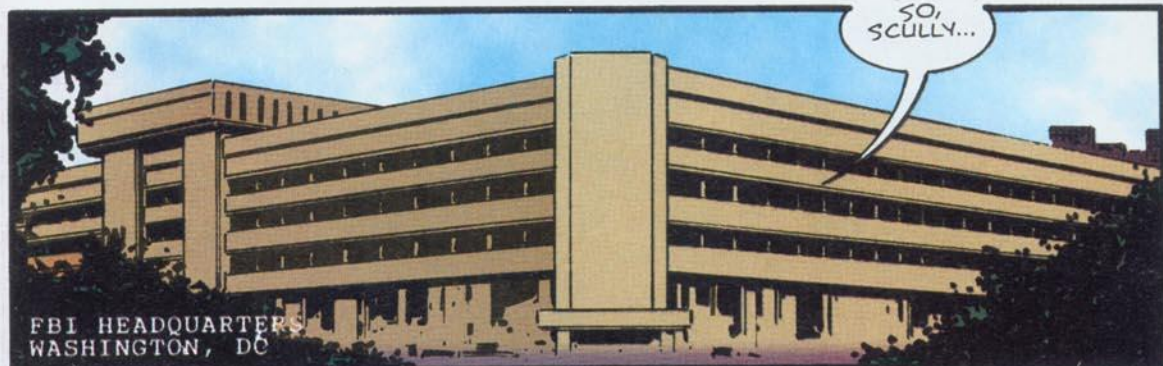
THE BROCKFORD DIG SITE
AFRICA



HALLOW EVE







FBI HEADQUARTERS
WASHINGTON, DC

SO,
SCULLY...

DO YOU
BELIEVE IN
GHOSTS?



COME ON--AFTER ALL
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH?

YOU'VE SEEN
CREATURES
FROM SPACE...
HELD AN
ALIEN FETUS
IN YOUR
HANDS!

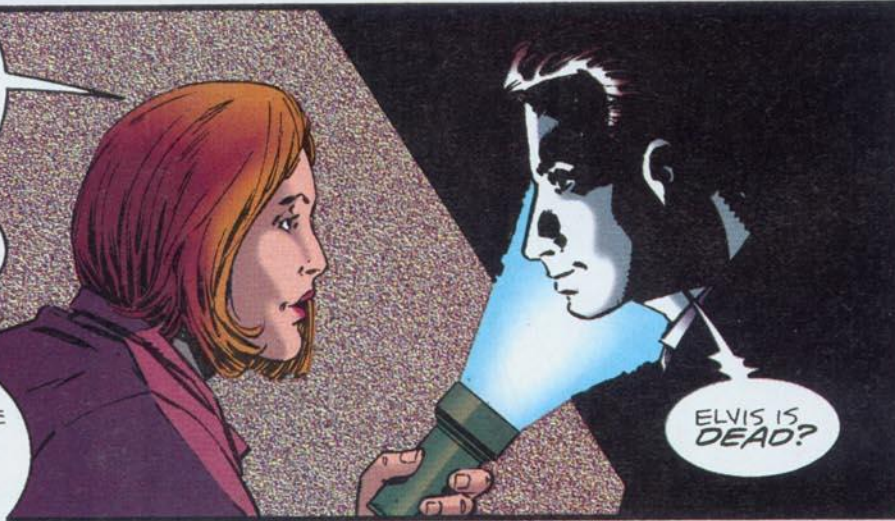
HOW CAN
YOU STILL
CLING
TO THAT
WORLD-
VIEW
ACCORDING
TO HOYLE?



MULDER...FIRST
OF ALL, SCIENCE
IS NOT A VISION
OF THE WORLD,
IT'S A METHOD
OF PROCESSING.
SECONDLY, YOUR
REASONING IS
OFF.

ONE UNKNOWN
ENTITY DOESN'T
MEAN THERE'S
LIFE ON VENUS.

ONE CONSPIRACY
DOESN'T MEAN THE
WORLD IS RUN BY
MIBs AND ONE
BANNER HEADLINE
DOESN'T MEAN
ELVIS IS ALIVE!



ELVIS IS
DEAD?

"WELL, I HOPE YOU AT LEAST BELIEVE IN GHOST STORIES BECAUSE HERE'S A GOOD ONE.

"TWO DAYS AGO, THE SEASONED CAPTAIN WILLIAM JAMES WAS TRANSPORTING CARGO ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. HE WAS NEARING THE FLORIDA COAST WHEN HE HIT FOUL WEATHER."

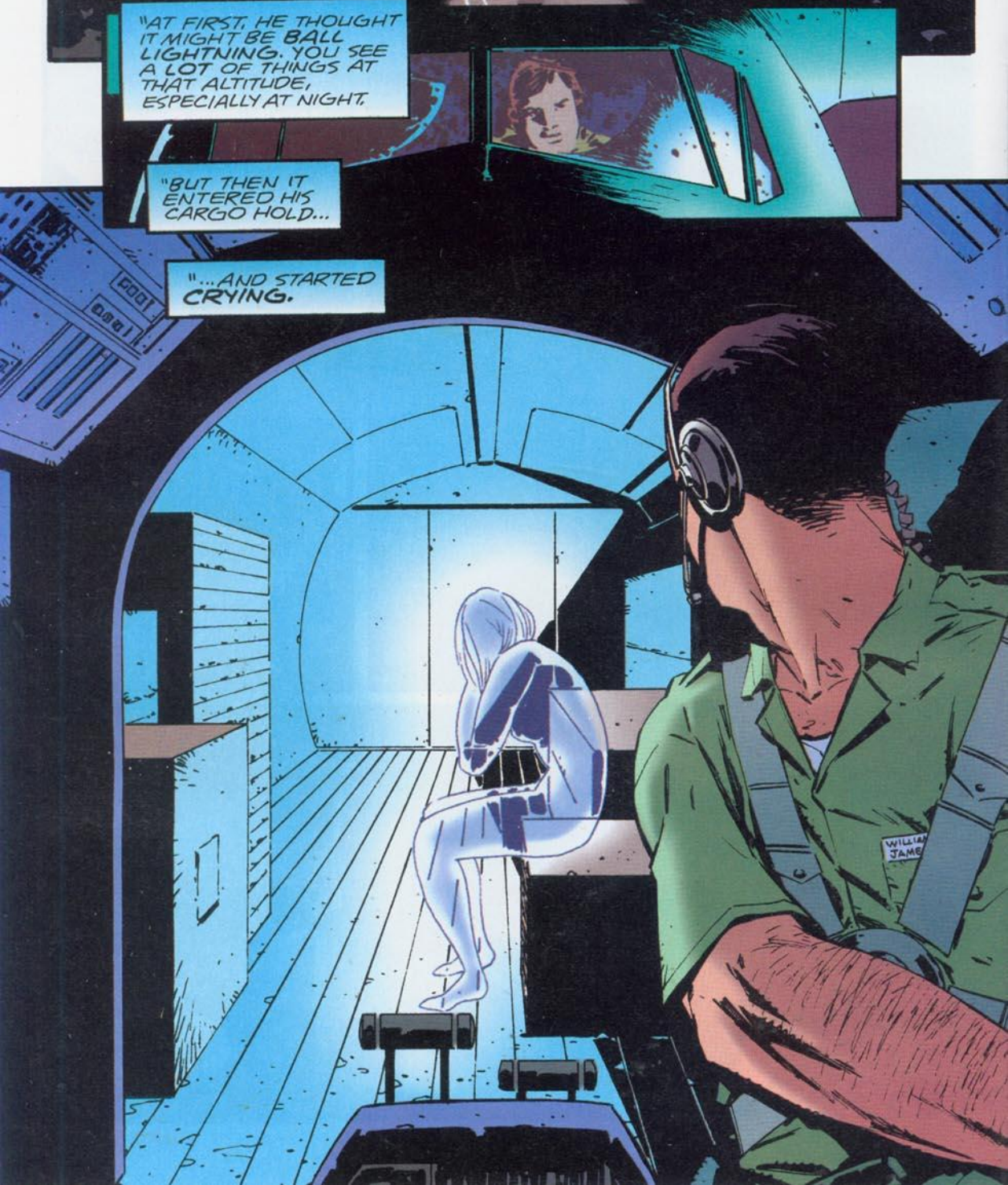
WHAT THE HELL...

"UNFORTUNATELY, SOMETHING ALSO HIT HIM.

"AT FIRST, HE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE BALL LIGHTNING. YOU SEE A LOT OF THINGS AT THAT ALTITUDE, ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT.

"BUT THEN IT ENTERED HIS CARGO HOLD...

"...AND STARTED CRYING.



"WHAT HAPPENED
NEXT ISN'T COM-
pletely CLEAR.

"WITHIN MINUTES,
COMMUNICATION
WITH THE PILOT
WAS LOST--AND
THE PLANE WENT
DOWN."

NICE.
ANY
PROOF
?

ON THIS
TAPE,
ACTUALLY.

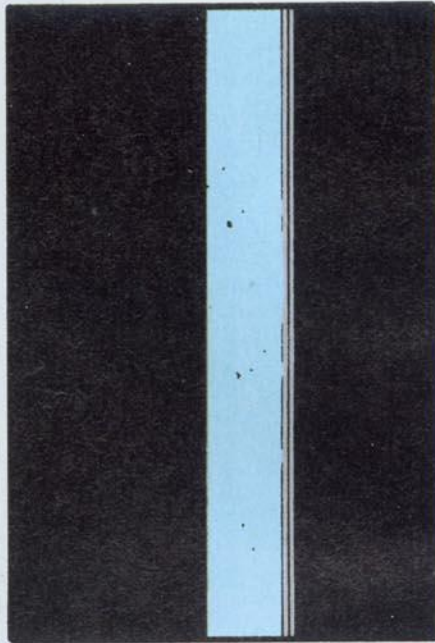
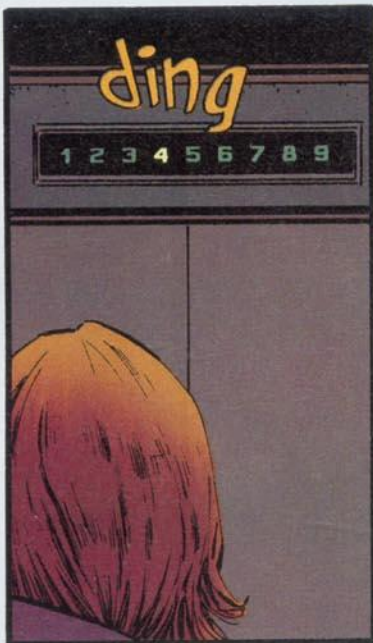
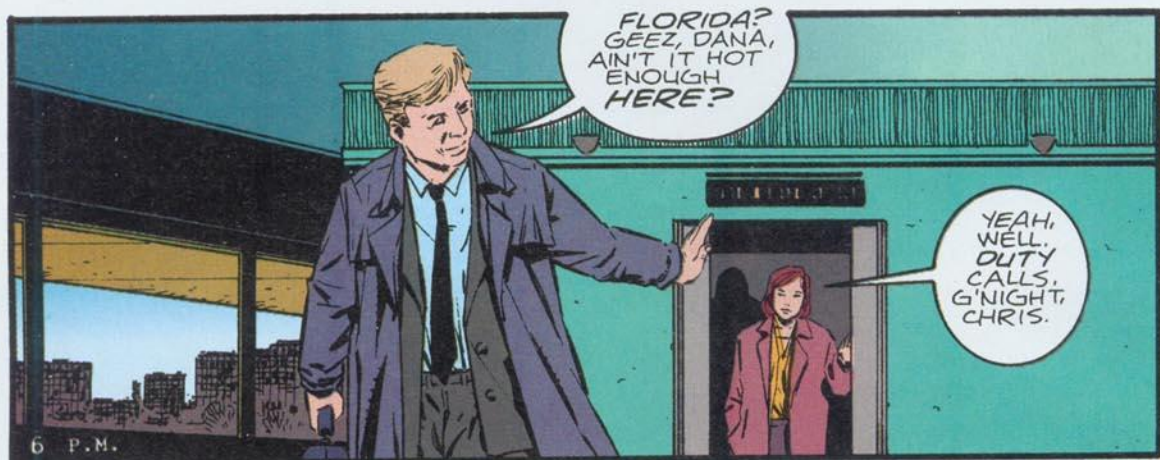
IT'S A COPY OF
THE **BLACK BOX**
RECORDING FROM
THE
DOWNED
FLIGHT.

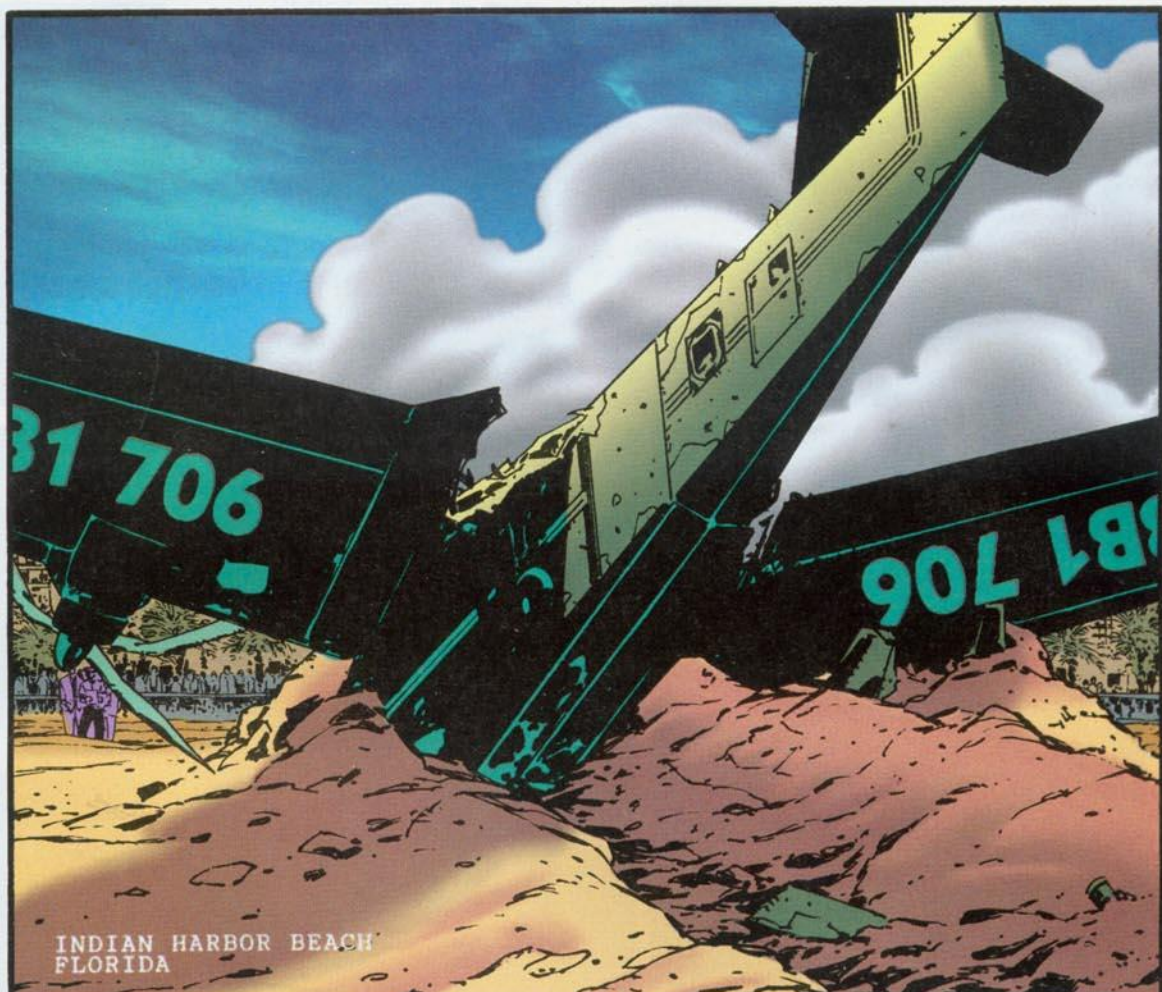
~SKRK~
SOMEONE
HERE...A
WOMAN
~SKRK~
DON'T KNOW
HOW, BUT...

MAYDAY!
MAYDAY!
I'M GOING
DOWN! I'M...

WHO
RRR0000

PACK YOUR
THINGS. WE'RE
HEADING TO
THE **CRASH**
SITE TO-
MORROW!





INDIAN HARBOR BEACH
FLORIDA

CORONER LISTED CAUSE
OF DEATH AS **HEART
FAILURE**. NOT UNUSUAL,
BUT I'LL HAVE THE BODY
SHIPPED BACK FOR A
CLOSER LOOK.

WHAT WAS
THE PLANE
CARRYING?

MERCHANDISE,
SUNNY KNICK-
KNACKS, AND
SOME OLD
BONES EN
ROUTE TO
MASSACHU-
SETTS.

UNIVERSITY WAS
PRETTY ANXIOUS
TO GET THEM.
TRUCKER PICKED
THEM UP
YESTERDAY.

PHOTOS WERE
TAKEN AND THE
INSURANCE PEOPLE
LOOKED THINGS
OVER.



DIDN'T
HAVE ANY
REASON TO
SAY NO.



AND IF I DIE TODAY,
I'LL BE THE HAPPY PHANTOM
AND I'LL GO CHASING THE NUNS
OUT IN THE YARD

ROUTE 17
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
2 A.M.



THE SUN IS
GROWING DIM
WILL WE PAY FOR
WHO WE'VE
BEEN?

HEL-LO!



HI, HONEY.
NEED A
RIDE?

SURE IS A LATE,
UGLY NIGHT TO
BE WANDERING
ALONE OUT
THERE.

FRIENDS
PLAY A
TRICK ON
YOU?

DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU
MIGHT
PICK
UP.



UH--HOW
OLD ARE YOU,
ANYWAY?



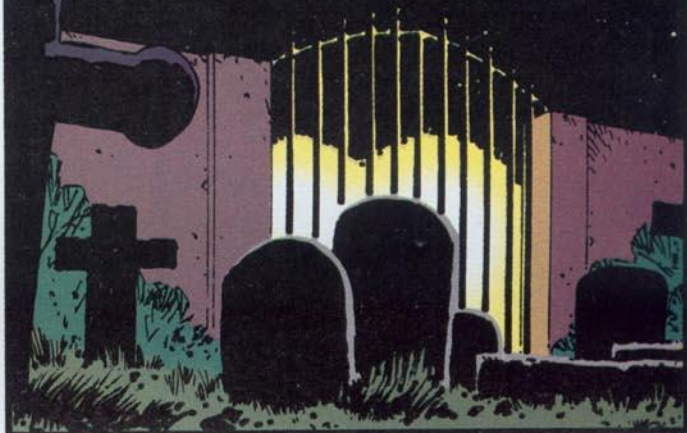
OLD AS
TIME,

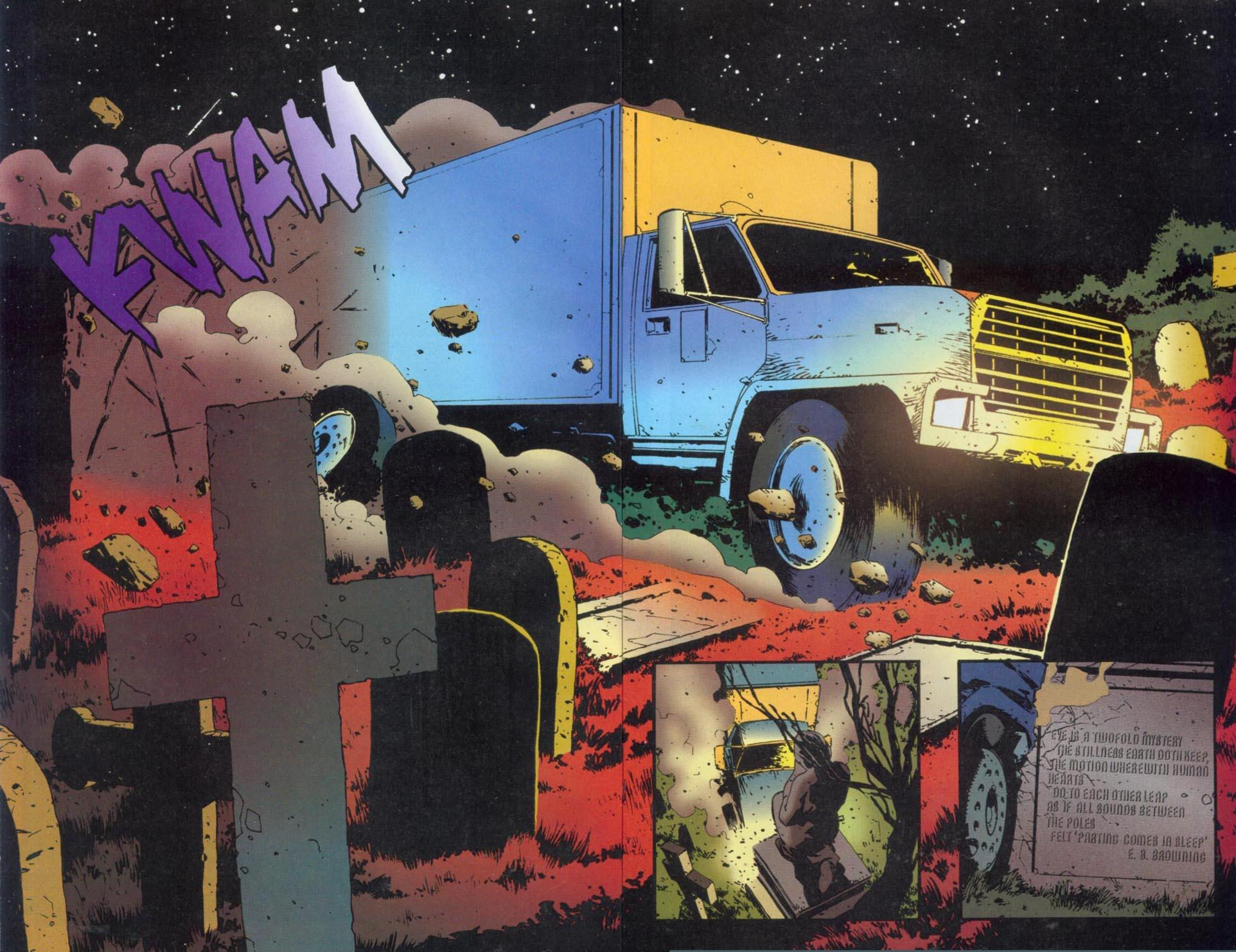
I'M HOME
NOW, THOUGH.
YOU CAN
STOP HERE.

WHAT? WHAT
ARE YOU TALK-
ING ABOUT?
THIS IS THE
MIDDLE OF
NOWHERE.

THERE'S
NOTHING
OUT
THERE
BUT AN
OLD...

GRAVEYARD.

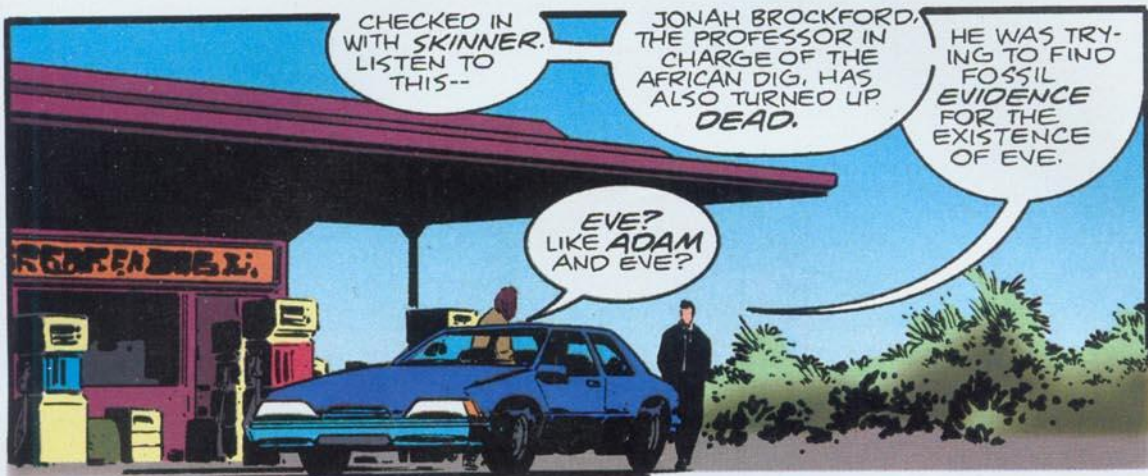




KRUNAM



EYE IS A TWOFOLD MYSTERY
THE STILLNESS EARTH DOETH KEEP,
THE MOTION WHEREWITH HUMAN
HEARTS
DO TO EACH OTHER LEAP
AS IF ALL SOUNDS BETWEEN
THE POLES
FELT 'PARTING COMES IN SLEEP'
E. B. BROWNING



MORE LIKE DARWIN AND EVE.

SOME GENETICISTS BELIEVE ALL MANKIND CAN BE TRACED BACK TO A SINGLE FEMALE HOMINID - NICKNAMED "EVE."

MAYBE WHEN BROCKFORD UNCOVERED HER BONES...

...HE DISTURBED THE SPIRIT OF THE MOTHER OF HUMANITY.

THAT DOES SOUND PRETTY SILLY, DOESN'T IT?

RELATIVELY.

Brippt

MULDER.

MAYBE IT'S NOT ALL THAT SILLY...

...THEY FOUND THE TRUCK, WITH THE DRIVER DEAD...

...IN A GEORGIA GRAVEYARD.



MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY
ARKHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

YOUR SYMPATHY IS APPRECIATED. I'LL HELP ANY WAY I CAN.

BUT I'M A LITTLE CONFUSED AS TO WHAT INTEREST THE FBI MIGHT HAVE IN JONAH'S DEATH.

THE PILOT AND THE TRUCKER HIRED TO BRING EVE'S BONES HERE...

ANTHROPOLOGICAL
DEPARTMENT

...ARE BOTH DEAD.

ARE YOU SUGGESTING MURDER? I WISH SOMEONE HAD BEEN THAT INTERESTED WHEN WE WERE RAISING FUNDS.

AS IT WAS, WE WERE BARELY ABLE TO SEND MY HUSBAND.

FORGIVE ME, PROFESSOR, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TERRIBLY UPSET BY YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH.

MY HUSBAND WAS OBSESSED, EMOTIONALLY DISTANT, AND ARGUABLY INSANE.

I FINISHED MOURNING HIM YEARS AGO.



UM--COULD YOU TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT THE EVE THEORY?

"OF COURSE. USING MITOCHONDRIAL DNA SAMPLES FROM HUMANS ALL OVER THE WORLD, RESEARCHERS RECENTLY USED A COMPUTER TO CONSTRUCT A FAMILY TREE FOR MANKIND."

"WHAT THEY FOUND WAS THAT ALL THE INDIVIDUALS IN THEIR SAMPLE SHARED A COMMON ANCESTOR, WHOM WE MOLECULAR ANTHROPOLOGISTS LIKE TO CALL EVE."



"SHE WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY A WOMAN WHO LIVED IN AFRICA BETWEEN 285,000 AND 143,000 YEARS AGO. THAT STUDY ALL BUT PROVED THAT WE ARE ALL, LITERALLY, RELATED."

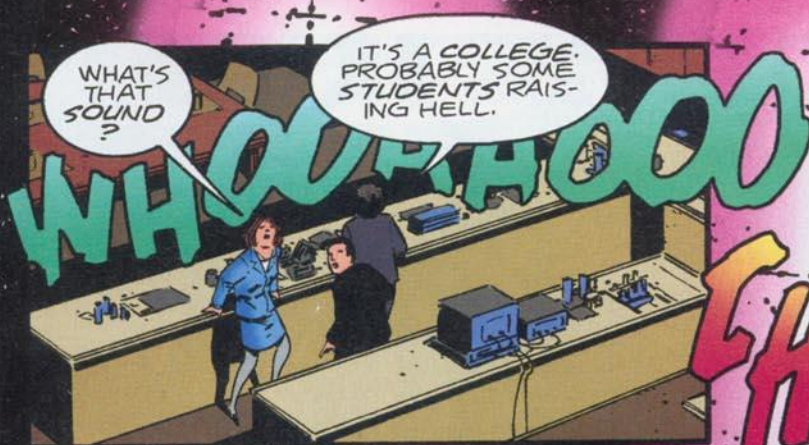
POOR, MAD JONAH BELIEVED THIS WAS HER.

THE ODDS, OF COURSE, ARE ASTRONOMICALLY AGAINST THAT POSSIBILITY, BUT TESTING WILL TAKE MONTHS.

IF SOMEONE WAS AFTER THIS, THEY'RE NOT DOING A VERY GOOD JOB.



IT WAS RECOVERED FROM BOTH CRASHES.



WHOOO
HOOO
LKS SHH



WHAT DID YOU MAKE OF MEREDITH?

DEFINITELY A CHILL IN THE AIR, BUT IT WASN'T FROM ANY GHOST.

SHE CERTAINLY DIDN'T WANT US IN HER HUSBAND'S OFFICE. HAD TO GET THE KEY FROM AN ACADEMIC VP.

WHAT'S SHE HIDING?

MAYBE SOMETHING INCRIMINATING, MAYBE SOMETHING EMBARRASSING.



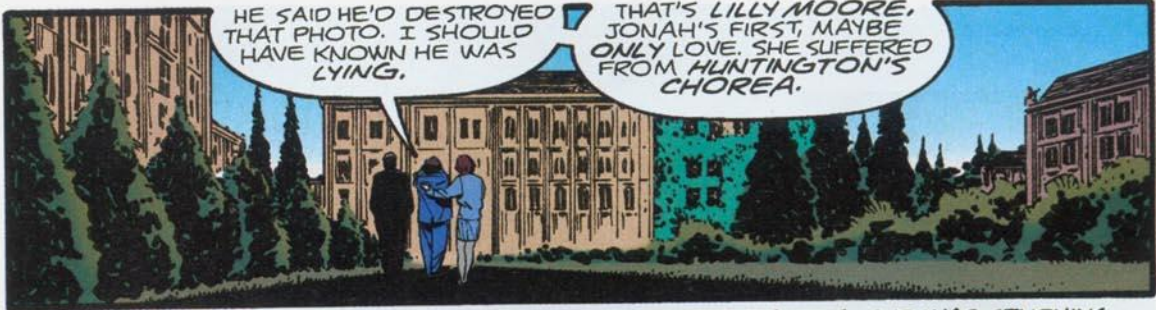
Commonwealth
UNIVERSITY

BE IT KNOWN THIS
5TH DAY OF May
IN THE YEAR 1972
THAT THE SCIENCE
DEPARTMENT OF THE
UNIVERSITY DOES

EMBARRASSING?



LIKE AN AFFAIR?



HE SAID HE'D DESTROYED
THAT PHOTO. I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN HE WAS
LYING.

THAT'S LILLY MOORE,
JONAH'S FIRST, MAYBE
ONLY LOVE. SHE SUFFERED
FROM HUNTINGTON'S
CHOREA.

THAT'S A GENETIC
DISEASE THAT ATTACKS
THE BASAL GANGLIA IN
THE BRAIN. DEATH
GENERALLY OCCURS
IN THE TWENTIES.

YES. SHE WAS STUDYING
GENE THERAPY IN THE
HOPES OF FINDING A CURE.
JONAH WAS WITH HER
WHEN I MET HIM.

I KNEW
THEY HAD NO
FUTURE. ALL
I HAD TO
DO WAS
WAIT.

"THEN ONE LOVELY
AUTUMN, SHE LEAPT
OUT OF THAT THIRD
STORY WINDOW
THERE, A ROPE
TIED AROUND HER
NECK.

"JONAH TRIED TO
CONTINUE HER
WORK, BUT HE
WAS A TERRIBLE
SCIENTIST. HE
THOUGHT THE
PURITY OF EVE'S
GENETIC CODE
MIGHT PROVIDE
A CURE.

"HE SAID HE WAS
LOOKING FOR EVE,
BUT HE WANTED
TO FIND LILY."

WHERE
IS SHE
BURIED?

BACK
HOME, IN
GEORGIA.

SHE'S BECOME
SOMETHING OF A
LEGEND TO THE
STUDENTS. MUCH
TO MY CHAGRIN.

Lilith
lives
forever

"WITH MULDER IN GEORGIA, I'VE RETURNED FOR A CLOSER LOOK AT THE BODIES."

"ALL THREE DIED OF HEART FAILURE."

FBI HEADQUARTERS
FORENSICS FACILITY
WASHINGTON, DC

"THIS IS VAGUELY ODD IN THE CASE OF JONAH BROCKFORD, WHO HAD NO FAMILY HISTORY OF HEART DISEASE AND WHO SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN IN PERFECT HEALTH."

"IT IS NOT, HOWEVER, UNUSUAL FOR ACCIDENT VICTIMS TO DIE, NOT FROM THE IMPACT, BUT FROM FEAR."

"THE AWARENESS OF IMPENDING DEATH IS, ITSELF, OFTEN ENOUGH TO KILL."

"IN SUCH INSTANCES, SECONDS USUALLY PASS BEFORE THE TIME OF DEATH AND THE IMPACT OF THE CRASH."

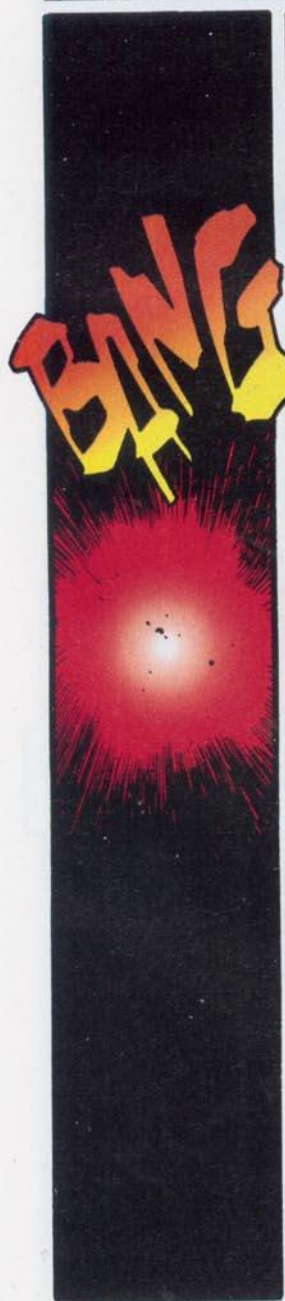
"WHILE IT'S DIFFICULT TO GAUGE WITH ANY ACCURACY, ESTIMATES INDICATE THAT BOTH THE PILOT AND THE DRIVER DIED A FULL FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THEIR CRASH."

"THE TIMES OF THESE ACCIDENTS WERE DETERMINED THROUGH A SHATTERED CLOCK IN THE TRUCK AND RADIO CONTACT BETWEEN THE PILOT AND AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL."

"TIME OF DEATH--THROUGH THE LIFECYCLE OF INSECT LARVAE FOUND FEEDING ON THE CORPSES."

"LEADING TO THE POSSIBILITY THAT SOMETHING ELSE FRIGHTENED THEM BOTH TO DEATH."







THE BROCKFORD HOME

MMM-- NIGHT-
MARES AGAIN,
HONEY?

I MISS YOUR
DADDY, TOO,
BUT YOU KNOW,
SOMETIMES IT'S
NICE TO SEE HIM
IN MY DREAMS.

YOU
FEEL
SICK,
BABY?

YOUR
HAND
IS SO
COLD.



MOMMY?



WHO
ARE YOU
TALKING
TO?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
MOMMY?

CLICK

WHERE
ARE WE
GOING
?

GIVE ME
MY
BACK
MOTHER



SCREEEE



"DAMN YOI,
JONAH!"

"CAN'T YOU EVER
LEAVE ANYTHING
BURIED WHERE IT
BELONGS?"

AIEEEEE!

MOMMY?



MULDER!

I JUST GOT SOME
PRELIMINARIES BACK ON
THE **BLOOD** SAMPLES
YOU RECOVERED.

GENETIC
IRREGULARITIES,
RIGHT?

YES!

COULD BE
HUNTINGTON'S
CHOREA?

WILL YOU
STOP
THAT?

SORRY.

NO. IN FACT, I'M
CALLING IN A
PSYCHIC.

YES!

SO YOU THINK
LILITH
MOORE'S STILL
ALIVE AND
YOU'RE
ORDERING
HER BODY
EXHUMED.

ARE YOU
READY TO ADMIT
MAYBE THERE'S
NO GHOST?

WHAT?

LILLY'D BE IN
HER FORTIES BY
NOW, SO EVEN IF
SHE'S NOT DEAD, SHE
SHOULD BE. I THINK
IT WOULD BE
WISEST...

...TO PURSUE
BOTH AVENUES.

"ESPECIALLY SINCE LAST
NIGHT... WHILE HER
DAUGHTER WATCHED...
MEREDITH BROCKFORD
DROVE OFF A CLIFF,
FLEEING A GHOST.

"SHE'S
DEAD."

LILITH
MOORE



AM I TO BE LED TO BELIEVE THAT THE F.B.I. WANTS TO HOLD SOME SORT OF "DANCE" IN THE ANTHROPOLOGY DEPARTMENT?

SEANCE.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY

IT'S AN, UH, ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD IN AN EFFORT TO DETERMINE WHY THEY MIGHT BE HAUNTING A PARTICULAR LOCATION, DR. BEECH.

I SEE.

YOU SEEM LIKE A SHARP YOUNG WOMAN.

DO YOU THINK THIS WILL HELP STOP THESE PECULIAR INCIDENTS?

I THINK I'D PREFER TO HAVE THE RESULTS OF A CERTAIN AUTOPSY BEFORE I REACH ANY CONCLUSIONS...

BUT AGENT MULDER, AS ALWAYS, HAS MY FULL SUPPORT--AND I THINK IT WILL, IF NOTHING ELSE, PROVE INTERESTING.

VERY WELL, THEN--A DANCE IT IS.

SCULLY, THIS IS WALPOLA, OUR TRANCE MEDIUM.

BABE, DON'T SAY A WORD. YOU DON'T LIKE MEDIUMS, YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN MEDIUMS-- AND YOU THINK I'M SOME LONG ISLAND DIVA.

AM I RIGHT? AM I?

ACTUALLY, I WAS THINKING OF THE NUMBER SEVEN.

LOOK, I KNOW SHE'S FLAMBOYANT, BUT SHE'S ALSO GOT AN INCREDIBLE TRACK RECORD.

ASIDE FROM BEING AN EXPERT MEDIUM, HER POWERS HAVE HELPED NAIL...

...OVER TWO HUNDRED CRIMINALS.

I'M SENSING SOMETHING!

I'M DEFINITELY SENSING SOMETHING!

WELL, SHE HAS!

KEEP THE GAIN ON THAT BABY UNDER 908. INFRARED CAN WORRY ABOUT ANY MANIFESTATIONS.

SPENT TWO MONTHS ONCE THINKING SOMEONE'S CIGARETTE LIGHTER WAS A LOST SOUL.

ANTHROPOLOGY
LABORATORY

3 P.M.

I HEAR THEY IDENTIFIED THE EXHUMED BODY AS LILITH MOORE, AGENT. READY TO EMBRACE THE SPIRIT WORLD NOW?

MULDER ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT CAMPUS SECURITY...

...HAS THE BUILDING PERIMETER SECURED.



TELL ME, IS IT THE IDEA THAT THERE MIGHT BE LIFE AFTER DEATH THAT DISTURBS YOU, OR JUST THE NOTION THAT THERE ARE THINGS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND?

DAMN CCU NEEDS TWEAKING. HAND ME THAT JEWELER'S SCREWDRIVER, WILL YOU?



YOU'RE QUITE A SET OF CONTRADICTIONS, WALPOLA.

SO ARE YOU-- MAKING A LIVING STUDYING THE UNKNOWN, THUMBING YOUR NOSE AT IT AT THE SAME TIME.



DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS? LOOK AT THAT-- I GET VIBRATIONS UP THE WAZOO JUST THINKING ABOUT IT.

A SCILLION YEARS AGO, THAT ROCK GAVE BIRTH TO HUMANITY. YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF SPIRITUAL RESONANCE WE'RE TALKING?



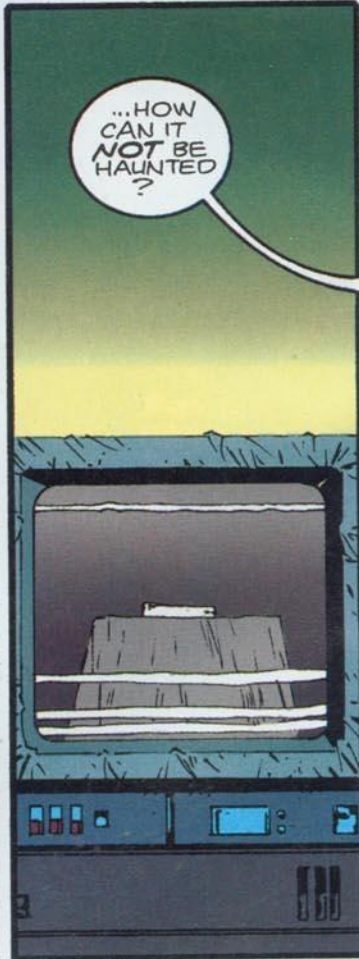
I MEAN, ON A PURELY PRACTICAL LEVEL, WE ALL CARRY AROUND OUR PARENT'S VOICES IN OUR HEADS--RIGHT?

IN A SENSE, BUT--

BUT NOTHING. IF WE ALL CAME FROM THIS LITTLE HUNK OF STONE...



...HOW CAN IT NOT BE HAUNTED?



BA-
BOOM

WHAT
IS THAT--
SALT?

LITTLE
OF THIS,
LITTLE OF
THAT.

LOCAL
BUTCHER
WAS OUT OF
LAMB'S BLOOD
--BUT THIS
SHOULD DO IN
A PINCH.

MIDNIGHT

ROLL TAPE,
BOYS. IT'S
SHOW-
TIME!

I KNOW THIS
SOUNDS LIKE
MUMBO JUMBO,
BUT THERE'S
GOING TO BE A
LOT OF ENERGY
PASSING THROUGH
US-- SO WHATEVER
YOU DO, DON'T
BREAK THE
CIRCLE.

AT WORST,
YOU'LL GET
SUCKED INTO THE
ETHER. AT BEST,
I'LL GET A PSYCHIC
HEADACHE. SO
PLAY NICE.

OKAY, CAN THE
LIVING QUIET DOWN
A BIT? THERE'S
SOMEONE ELSE
HERE.

I KNOW YOU'RE
HERE, HONEY. I FELT
YOUR ANGER FROM
MILES AWAY--NOW I
CAN FEEL YOUR
PAIN.

YOU'RE
NOT LIKE US,
ARE YOU?
NOT LIKE US
AT ALL.



GOT A SHARP
DIP IN THE
ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC
FIELD!

THE
NEEDLES
ARE
GOING
NUTS!



POWER'S
DOWN!
SWITCHING
TO BACK-
UP!

KATHUNK



WE'RE
BACK ON
LINE!

YOU'VE
GOT A COLD
SPOT, WALPOLA
--ABOUT 20.3
DEGREES
FAHRENHEIT.

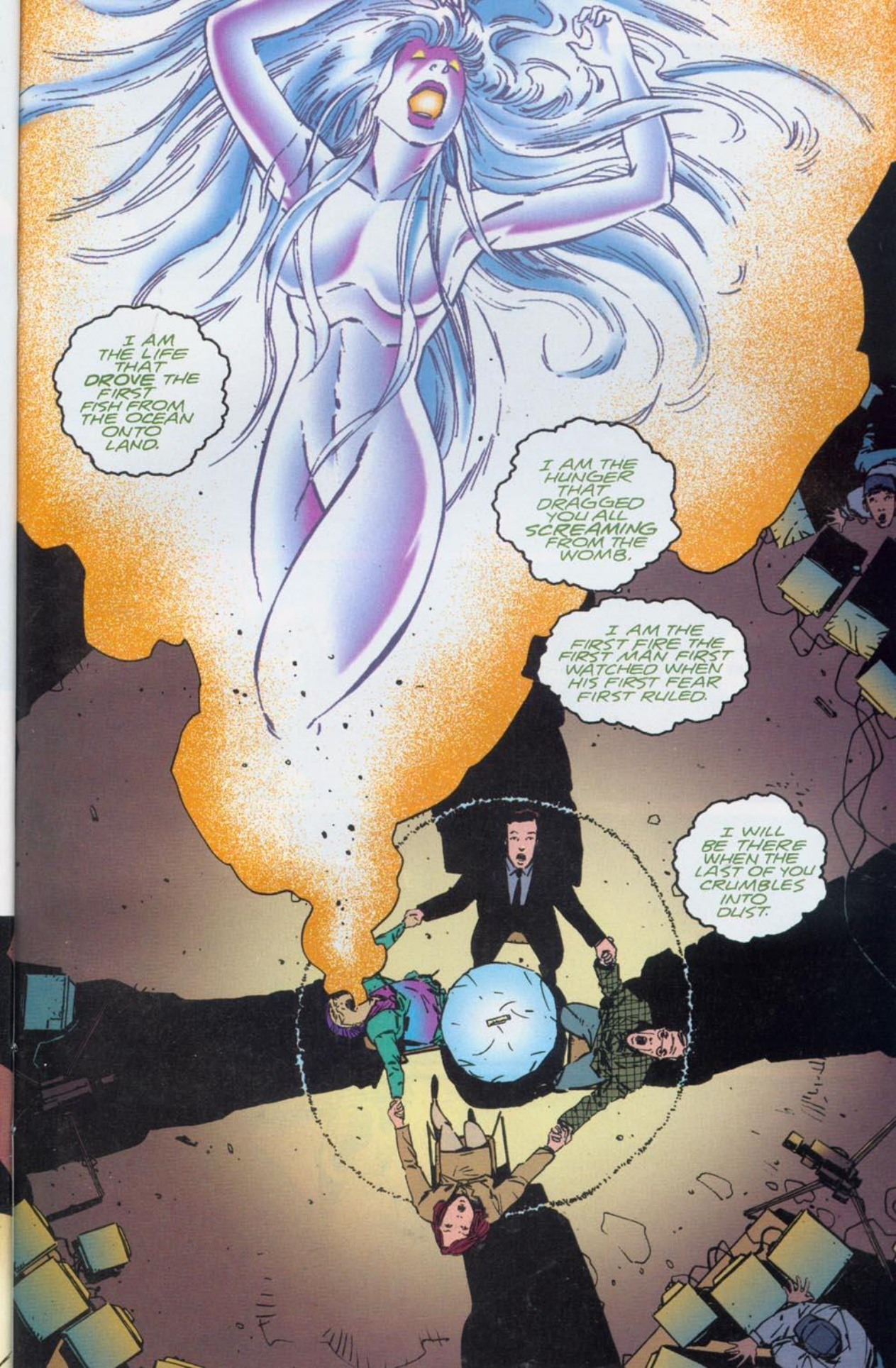
ROUGHLY
SEVEN INCHES
IN DIAMETER--
MOBILE, HEADED
YOUR WAY.

YOU

HAVE

FOUND

ME



I AM
THE LIFE
THAT
DROVE THE
FIRST
FISH FROM
THE OCEAN
ONTO
LAND.

I AM THE
HUNGER
THAT
DRAGGED
YOU ALL
SCREAMING
FROM THE
WOMB.

I AM THE
FIRST FIRE THE
FIRST MAN FIRST
WATCHED WHEN
HIS FIRST FEAR
FIRST RULED.

I WILL
BE THERE
WHEN THE
LAST OF YOU
CRUMBLES
INTO
DUST.

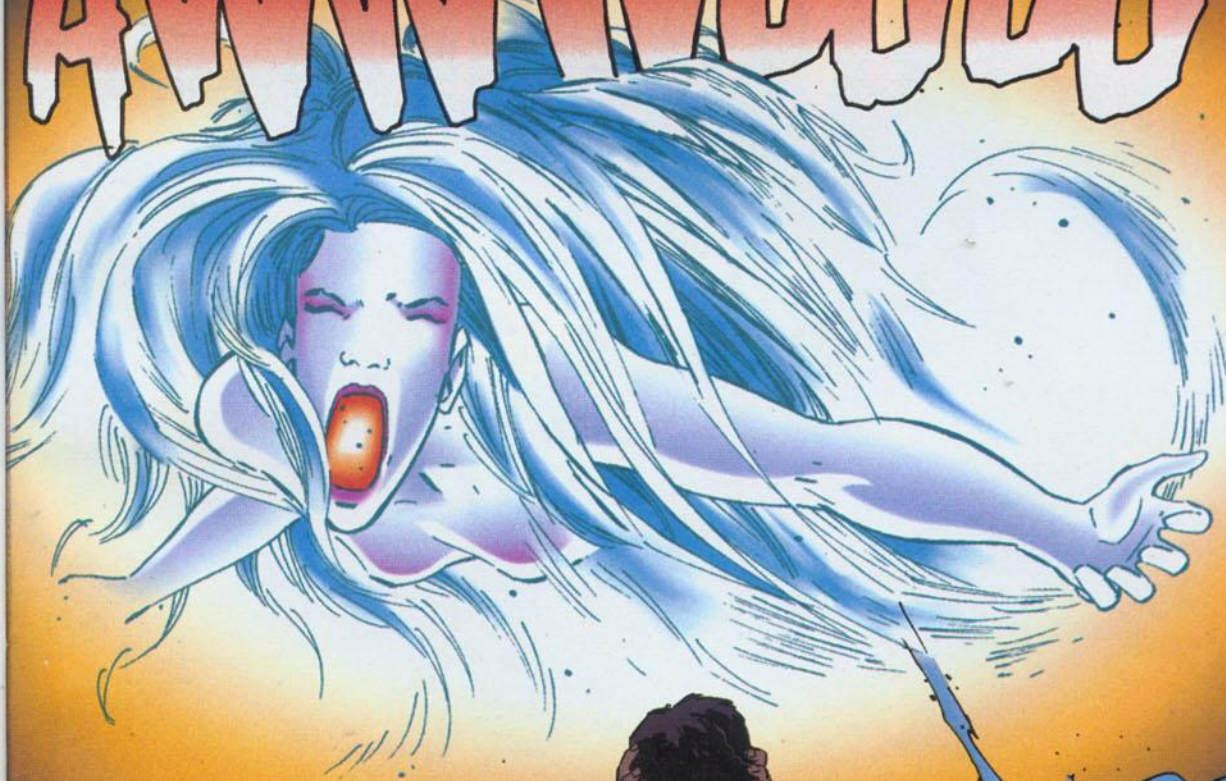


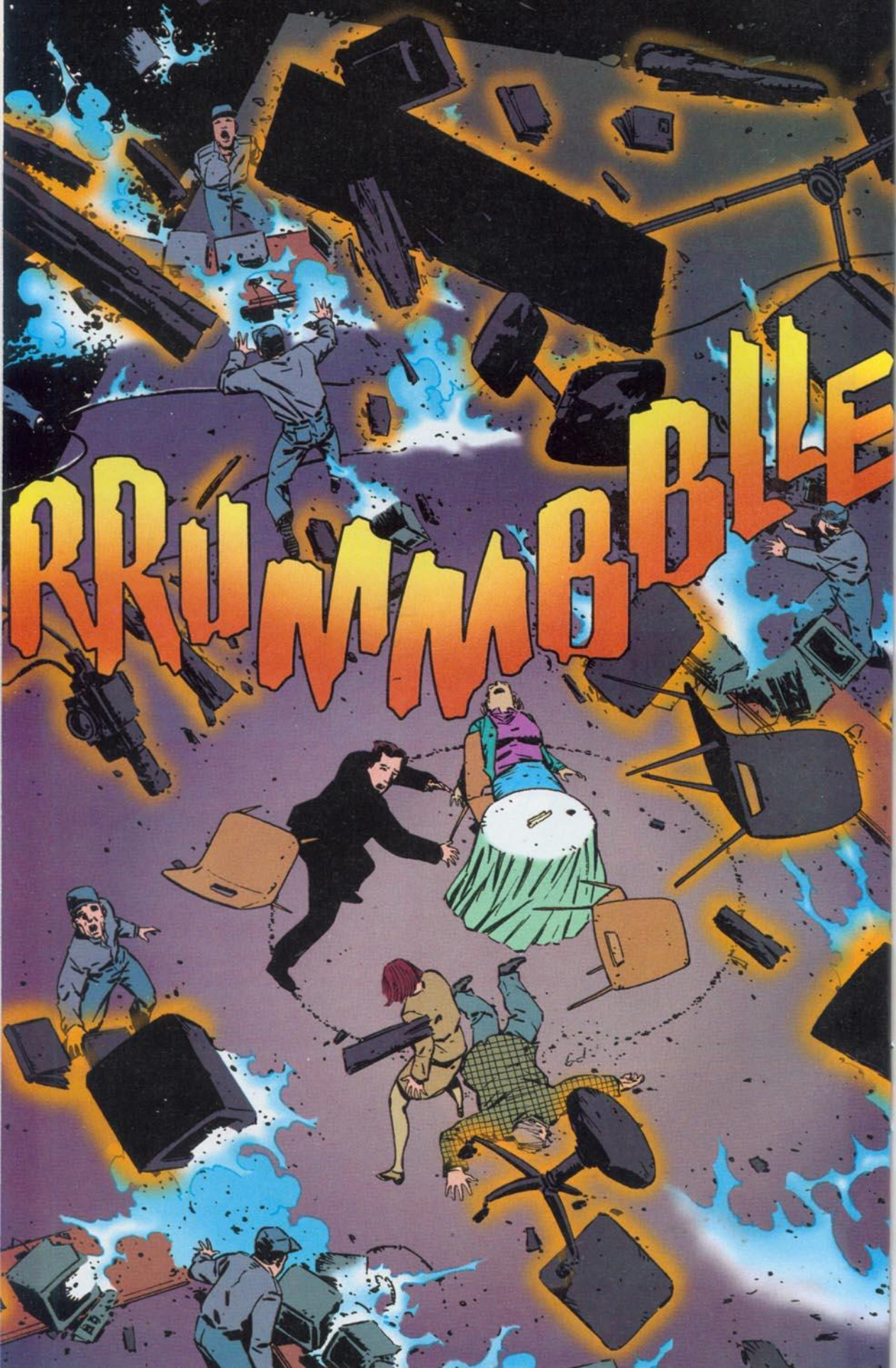


KSHR KSHRKK

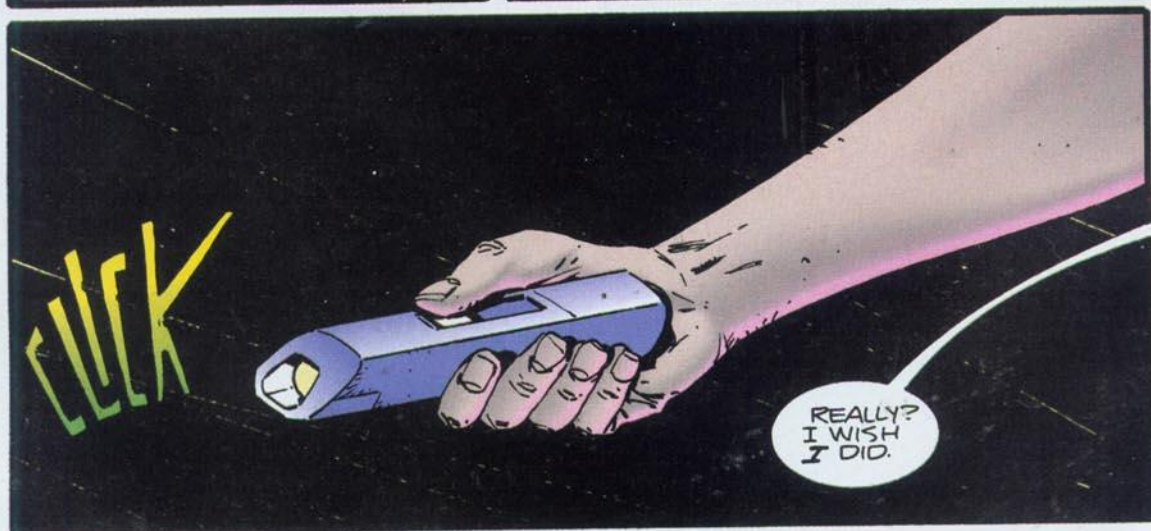


AHHH WOOOO











THE FORENSIC REPORT
REVEALED THAT LILITH
MOORE HAD BEEN
PREGNANT.

SHE MUST HAVE
BEEN *DEEPLY*
SADDENED TO LEARN
SHE'D PASSED ON
HER FATAL
DISEASE.

TO HER
DAUGHTER.

I DIDN'T
MEAN TO
HURT ANYONE,
REALLY.

I WAS ONLY
LOOKING FOR
MY MOTHER.

DID JONAH BROCKFORD KNOW ABOUT YOU? WAS HE YOUR FATHER?

I'M NO ONE'S CHILD. I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A NAME.

WERE YOU TRYING TO GET THE BONE TO CONTINUE YOUR MOTHER'S SEARCH FOR A CURE?

WERE
YOU TRYING
TO GET THE
BONE TO CON-
TINUE YOUR
MOTHER'S
SEARCH
FOR A CURE?

YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN THEM THREE TIMES--WHY DIDN'T YOU?

I DON'T HAVE PARENTS.

EXCEPT FOR HER, THE MOTHER OF US ALL IS EVEN THE MOTHER OF ME.



EXCEPT
FOR HER,
THE MOTHER
OF US ALL
IS EVEN
THE MOTHER
OF ME.

SO CLEAN. SO PURE. EVERY TIME I GOT NEAR HER, I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO TOUCH HER.

THE REST WAS EASY. PROJECTORS, RECORDINGS --I EVEN HYPNOTIZED WALPOLA IN HER SLEEP.

THE REST
WAS EASY.
PROJECTOR'S
RECORDINGS
--I EVEN
HYPNOTIZED
WALPOLA
IN HER
SLEEP.

I KNOW YOU'VE GOT HER. I CAN FEEL IT. GIVE HER TO ME.

LISTEN... YOUR DISEASE PRODUCES INCREASED LEVELS OF DOPAMINE, A BRAIN HORMONE ASSOCIATED WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA!

YOU NEED HELP.

LISTEN...
YOUR DISEASE
PRODUCES
INCREASED
LEVELS OF
DOPAMINE, A
BRAIN
HORMONE
ASSOCIATED
WITH SCHIZO-
PHRENIA!

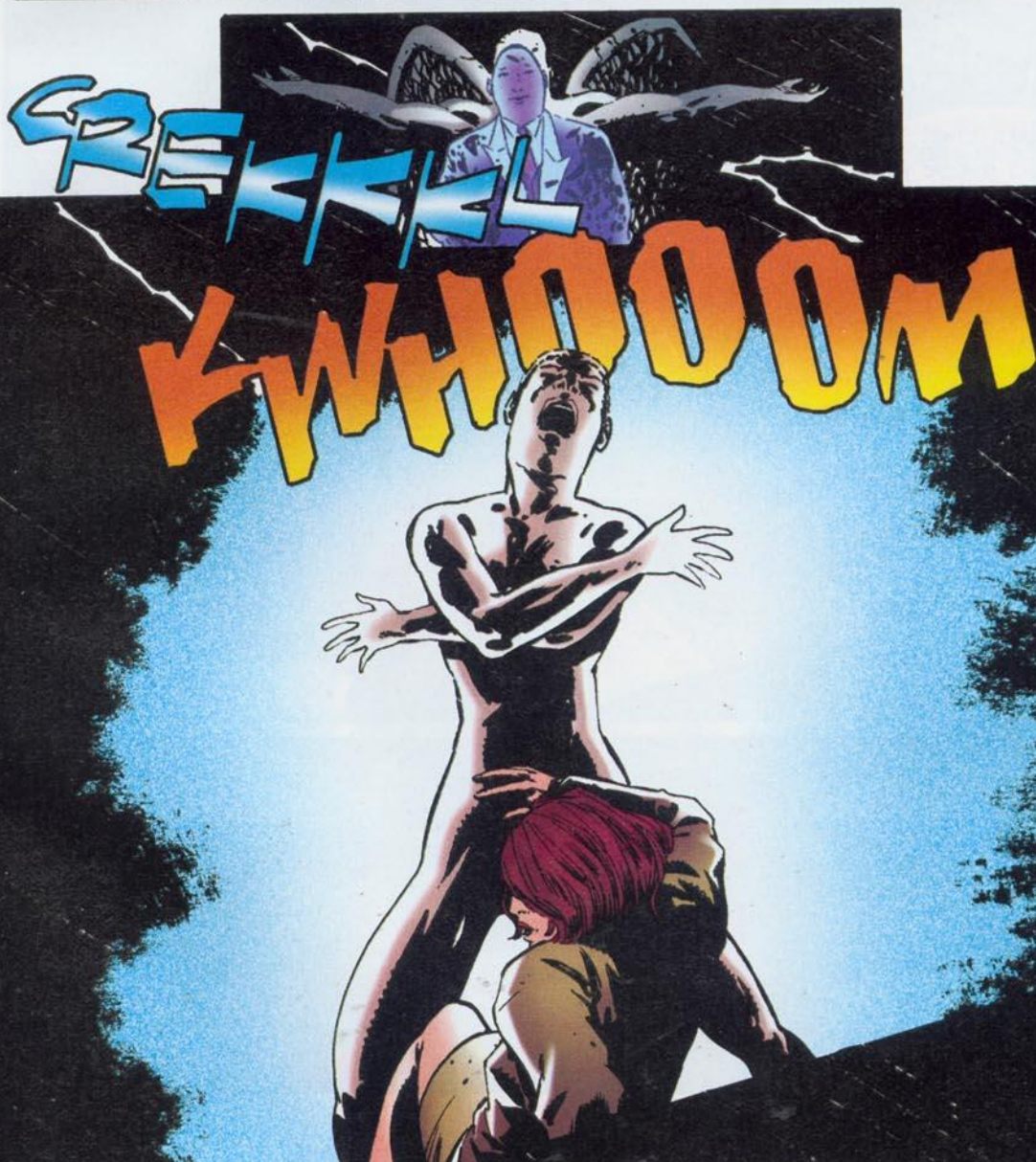
YOU
NEED
HELP.

YOU NEED HELP.

A comic book panel depicting a tense moment on a rooftop. A woman with short red hair, wearing a brown jacket, is shown from the waist up, aiming a handgun with both hands. She has a determined and urgent expression. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "I NEED MY MOTHER!". In the foreground, a man wearing a grey trench coat is crouching low to the ground, his back to the viewer. He appears to be looking towards the woman. The rooftop surface is visible with some debris, and the background is dark and indistinct.



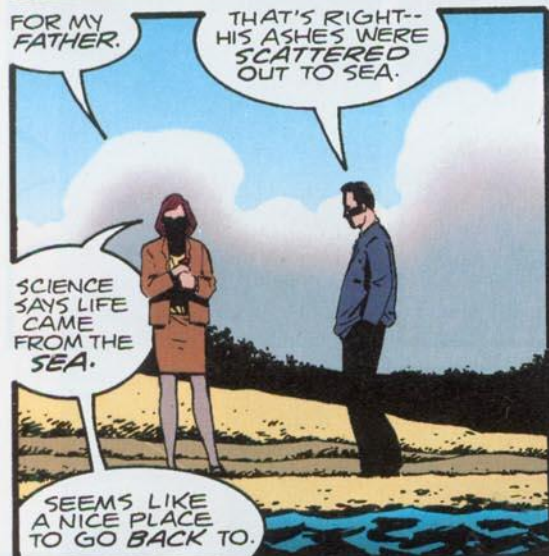
I'M GLAD YOU'RE DYING, YOU KNOW? I MEAN, I THINK YOU DESERVE IT FOR KEEPING A CHILD FROM ITS MOTHER!





GOOD
SAILING,
AHAB.

ROSES
FOR THE
OCEAN?



FOR MY
FATHER.

THAT'S RIGHT--
HIS ASHES WERE
SCATTERED
OUT TO SEA.

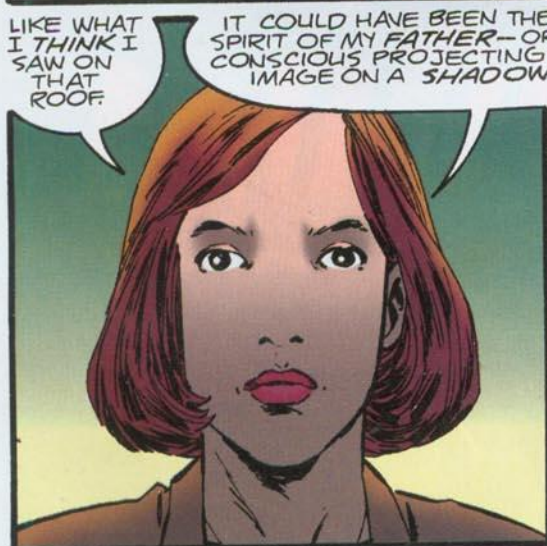
SCIENCE
SAYS LIFE
CAME
FROM THE
SEA.

SEEMS LIKE
A NICE PLACE
TO GO BACK TO.



YOU WERE RIGHT
AFTER ALL--NO GHOST.
I APPRECIATE YOUR
NOT SAYING, "I TOLD
YOU SO."

WELL, THERE WERE
A FEW THINGS I
COULDN'T EXPLAIN.



LIKE WHAT
I THINK I
SAW ON
THAT
ROOF.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE DEAD
SPIRIT OF MY FATHER--OR MY SUB-
CONSCIOUS PROJECTING HIS
IMAGE ON A *SHADOW*.

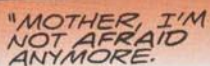


GHOSTS
OF THE
LIVING.
GHOSTS
OF THE
DEAD.

DOES IT
MAKE THAT
MUCH OF A
DIFFERENCE
?

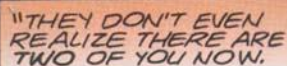
"NOT
RIGHT
NOW."

"NO."



"MOTHER, I'M
NOT AFRAID
ANYMORE.

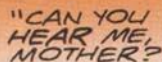
"AND I'M
NOT ALONE.



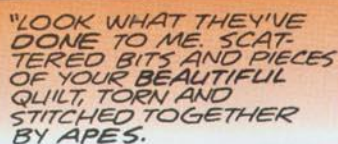
"THEY DON'T EVEN
REALIZE THERE ARE
TWO OF YOU NOW.

"OR THAT I CAN
CONTROL THE
MUSCLES MADE
FROM YOUR FLESH
IN WAYS THEY
NEVER DREAMED.

"EVERYTHING WORKS SO WELL IN
THIS BEAUTIFUL MACHINE, IF
ONLY YOU KNOW WHICH BUTTONS
TO PUSH.



"CAN YOU
HEAR ME,
MOTHER?



"LOOK WHAT THEY'VE
DONE TO ME. SCAT-
TERED BITS AND PIECES
OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL
QUILT, TORN AND
STITCHED TOGETHER
BY APES.

"LOOK WHAT
THEY'VE DONE
TO US ALL.

THE FOUCAULT
INSTITUTE FOR
THE CRIMINALLY
INSANE

"BUT I'M NOT
ALONE NOW."

"I CAN HEAR THEM,
ALL MY DEAD SISTERS
CRYING ALL AT ONCE.
ALL MY MOTHERS."

"THEIR VOICES ECHO
IN MY HEAD. I KNOW
THEY'RE ONLY IN MY
HEAD."

"BUT THE FEAR
I HEAR AT THE
EDGE OF EVERY
TEAR..."

"...ECHOES BACK
TO THE DAWN OF
TIME."

