



IT'S BEEN A FEW WEEKS SINCE THE INCIDENT. BUT I STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TALK ABOUT IT.

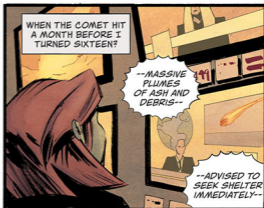
I WAS ENCOURAGED TO START KEEPING A JOURNAL. IN HOPES OF FINDING THE WORDS.

BUT I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHERE TO START. IT'S HARD TO SAY WHERE THIS STORY BEGINS.



HAPPY HALLOWEEN, DARCY.

WHEN I WAS BORN ON THE MOST INADVERTENTLY APPROPRIATE OF HOLIDAYS?



WHEN THE COMET HIT A MONTH BEFORE I TURNED SIXTEEN?

--MASSIVE PLUMES OF ASH AND DEBRIS--

--ADVISED TO SEEK SHELTER IMMEDIATELY--



OR SEVERAL MONTHS OF DARKNESS LATER, WHEN WE LEARNED THAT VAMPIRES WERE REAL?



I DUNNO. I'VE BEEN THINKING LATELY OF ANOTHER DAY ENTIRELY, NOT QUITE SO LONG AGO, ALMOST A YEAR INTO THE IMPACT WINTER...



I'D SOMEHOW TALKED
MY WAY INTO COMING
ALONG ON A FUEL RUN.



IT WAS MY SISTER'S
BIRTHDAY, HER FIRST
SINCE THE IMPACT. I
WANTED TO BRING
HER SOMETHING BACK,
ANYTHING THAT MADE
IT FEEL NORMAL.



I'D BEEN
WARNED NOT
TO WANDER OFF
ON MY OWN.

BUT I WAS STILL
TOO ANGRY TO
BE AFRAID.

TROUBLE DIDN'T SCARE ME.



I WANTED TROUBLE.



KNEW WHAT IT WAS AS SOON AS I SAW IT. JEP CALLS THEM BIRTHING PITS.



HE SAYS THEY BURY THE ONES THEY WANT TO TURN. A PERSON WOULD GO INTO THE GROUND, AND SOMETHING ELSE CAME OUT.

HE SAID IF I EVER SAW ONE, TO RUN AND FETCH HELP STRAIGHT AWAY.

SSSSRRRRRRRR



BUT I THOUGHT I COULD HANDLE IT. I THOUGHT I COULD HANDLE ANYTHING...



I WAS SUCH
AN IDIOT.



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