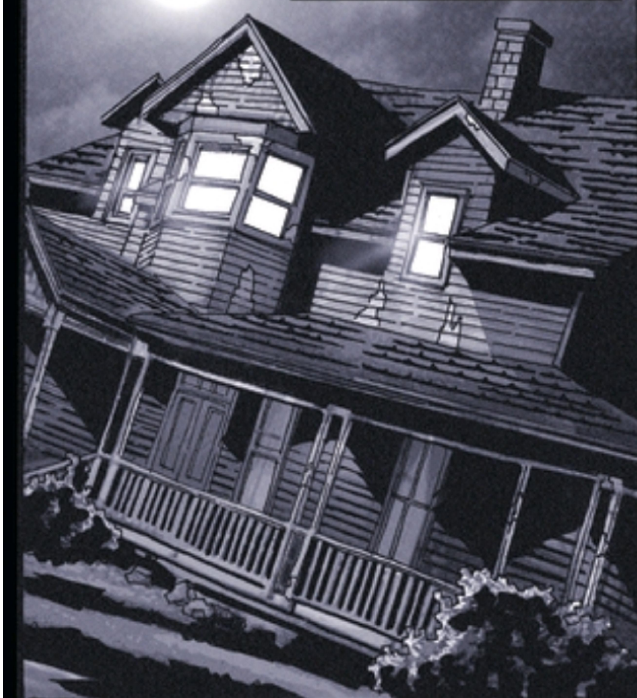


VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.
SEPTEMBER 5, 1999.

A grim wind blows across the fields of Vicksburg bringing whispers to the children.



DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO BE LISTENING TO METAL? I AM A FAN HONEY, BUT BEFORE BED, I DON'T THINK THIS IS THE TIME.

COME ON MEGAN, YOU KNOW THIS IS MY FAVORITE GROUP.

SURE, WHATEVER. LAST WEEK IT WAS SINATRA. I'M GONNA TUCK IN THE KIDS.



DON'T FORGET TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS.

OK, WE WON'T.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR BIRTHDAY, SANAA. ME AND YOUR DADDY ALWAYS MADE A WAY. THROUGH GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE.

I KNOW MOM.





Watching from the darkness
with an unnatural mouth,
the dark figure giggles...



HE HAS
NO POWER
HERE.



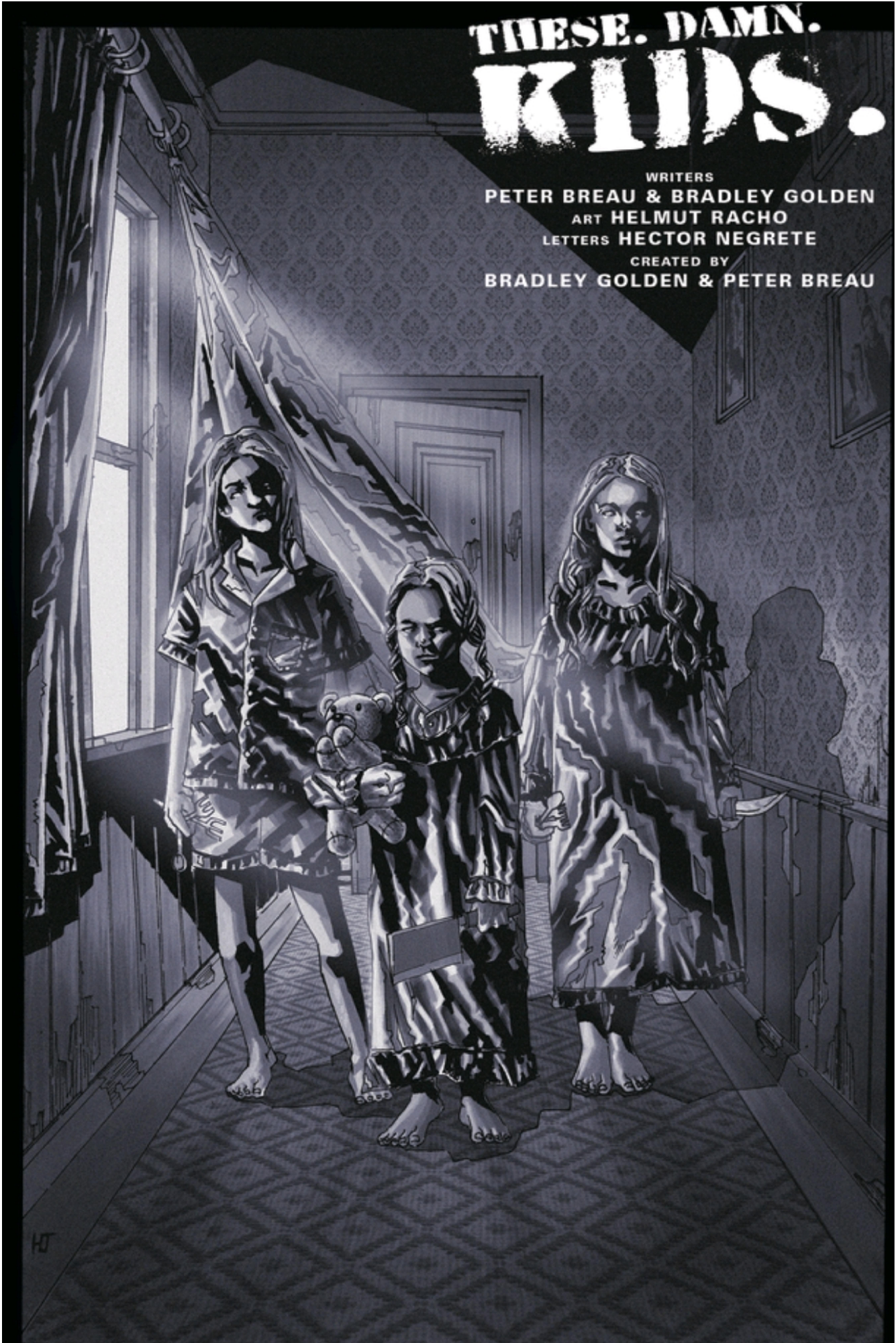
Something giggles
and whispers...

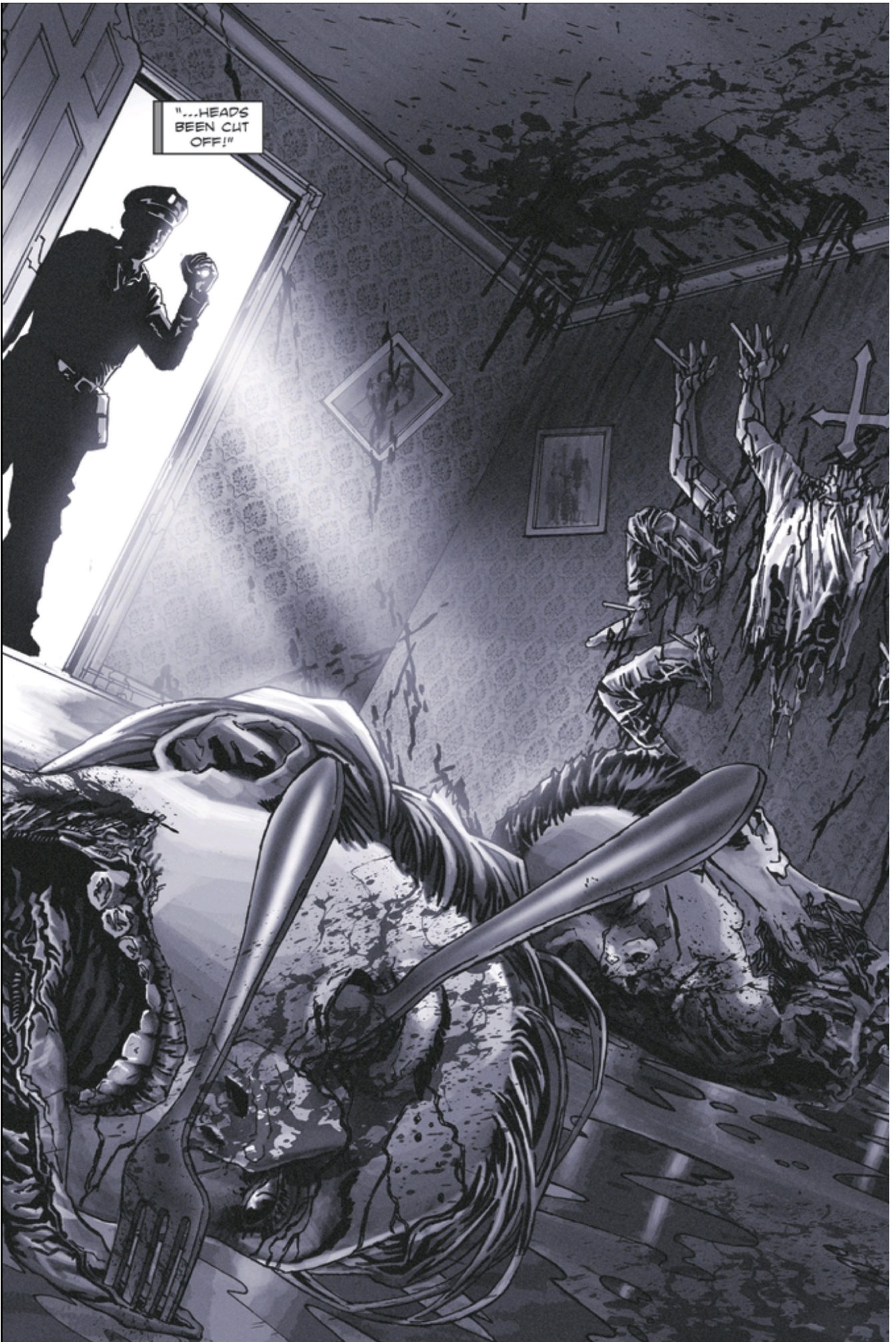


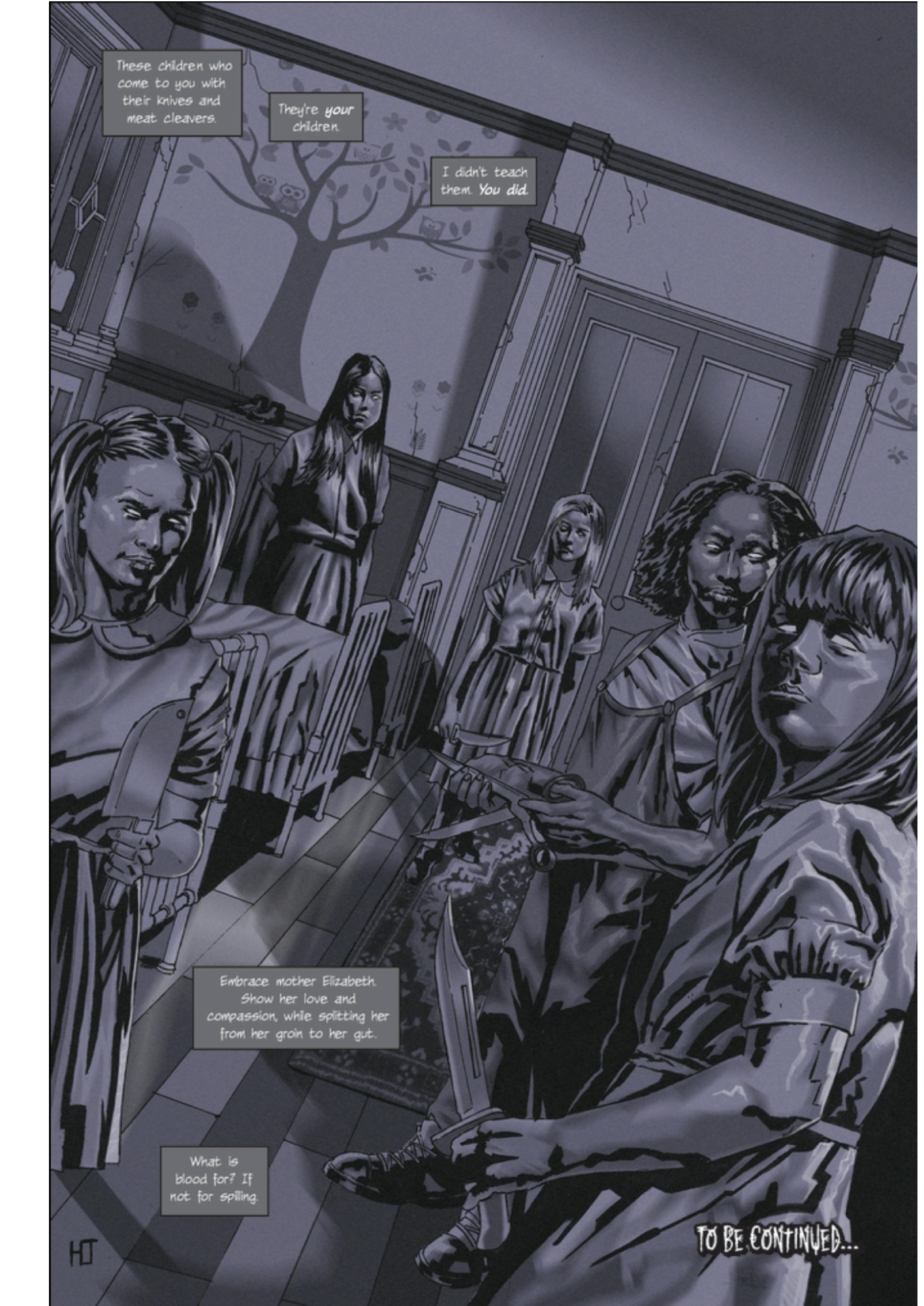
HOLD
MY HAND AND
COME PLAY
WITH ME.

THESE. DAMN. KIDS.

WRITERS
PETER BREAU & BRADLEY GOLDEN
ART HELMUT RACHO
LETTERS HECTOR NEGRETE
CREATED BY
BRADLEY GOLDEN & PETER BREAU







These children who
come to you with
their knives and
meat cleavers.

They're *your*
children.

I didn't teach
them. *You* did.

Embrace mother Elizabeth.
Show her love and
compassion, while spitting her
from her groin to her gut.

What is
blood for? If
not for spilling.

HT

TO BE CONTINUED...

MORE LIKE
STEPPING INTO
A MADMAN'S
NIGHTMARE!

WHAT DOES IT
ALL MEAN?

IS IT A
MESSAGE?

OR JUST RANDOM
ACTS OF VIOLENCE?