

FROM THE CREATOR OF *YOU PROMISED ME DARKNESS* AND *FOLLOW ME INTO DARKNESS*

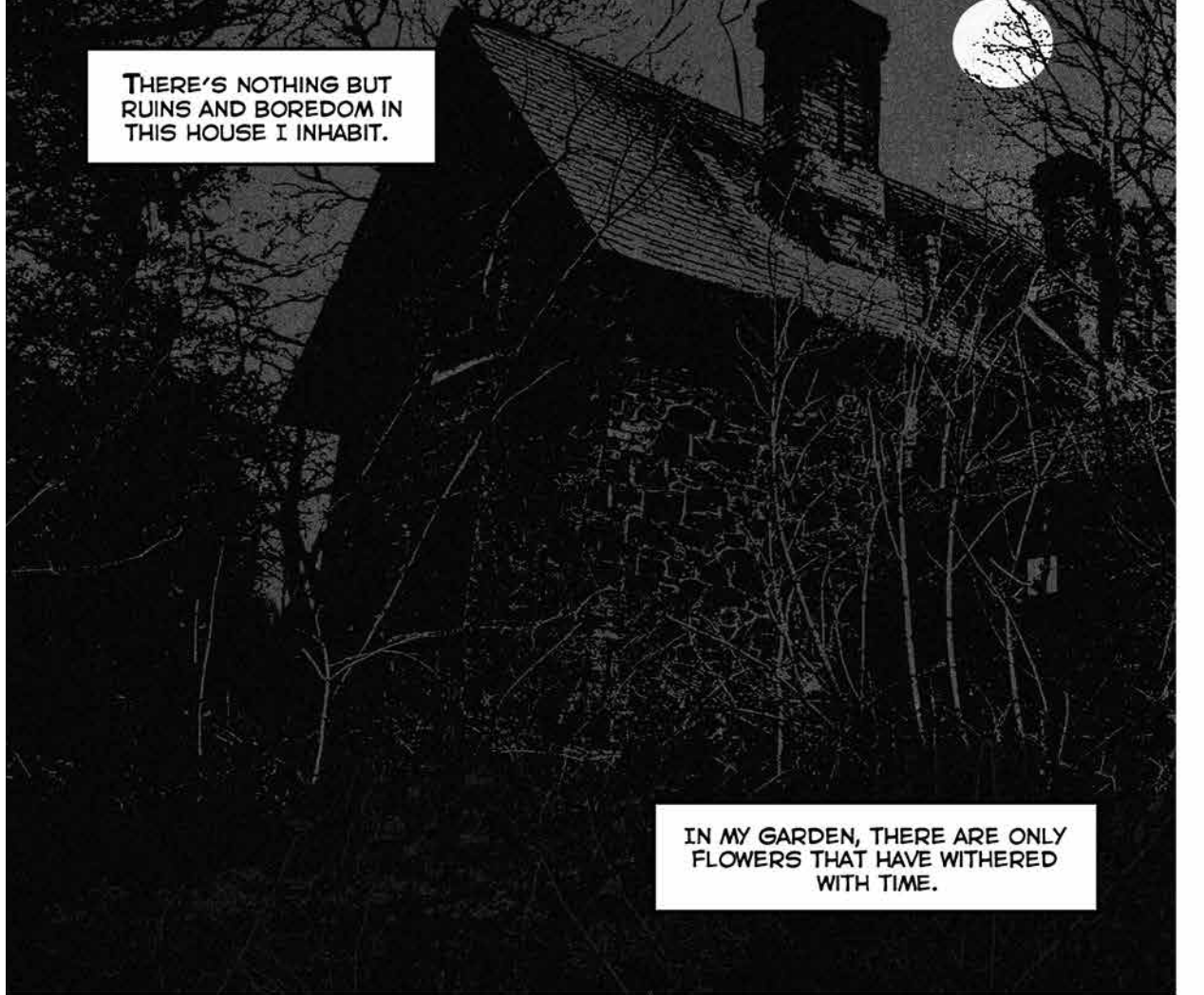
BLOOD, LOVE, GHOSTS, AND A DEADLY SPELL



A NEW COLLECTION FROM

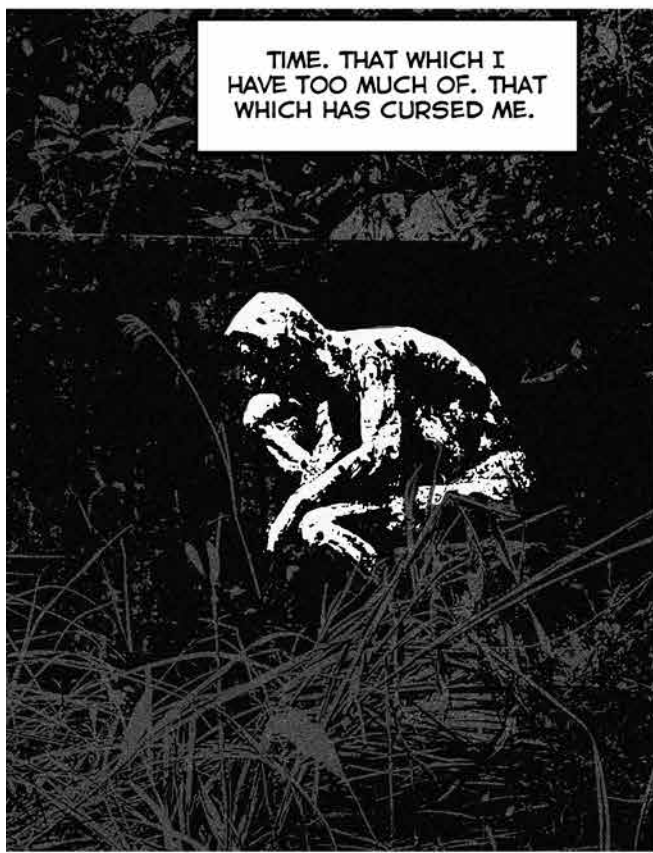
DAMIAN CONNELLY

ALIEN BOOKS



THERE'S NOTHING BUT
RUINS AND BOREDOM IN
THIS HOUSE I INHABIT.

IN MY GARDEN, THERE ARE ONLY
FLOWERS THAT HAVE WITHERED
WITH TIME.



TIME. THAT WHICH I
HAVE TOO MUCH OF. THAT
WHICH HAS CURSED ME.



YOU FIRST ARRIVED A FEW DAYS
AGO AND ALREADY THE SCENT OF
YOUR SKIN MAKES ME TREMBLE.

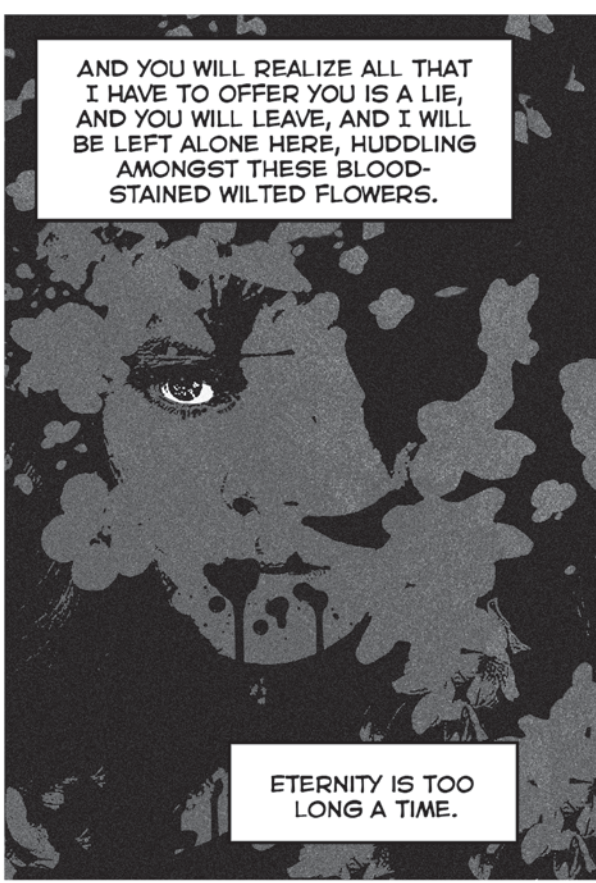


WE SPEND ENTIRE NIGHTS
HIDING OUT IN THE ABAN-
DONED GUESTHOUSE.

YOU ASKED ME IF I WANTED
TO SEE THE SUN AGAIN, AND
I SAID I WAS HAPPY JUST
SEEING YOUR SHADOW IN
THE DOORWAY.



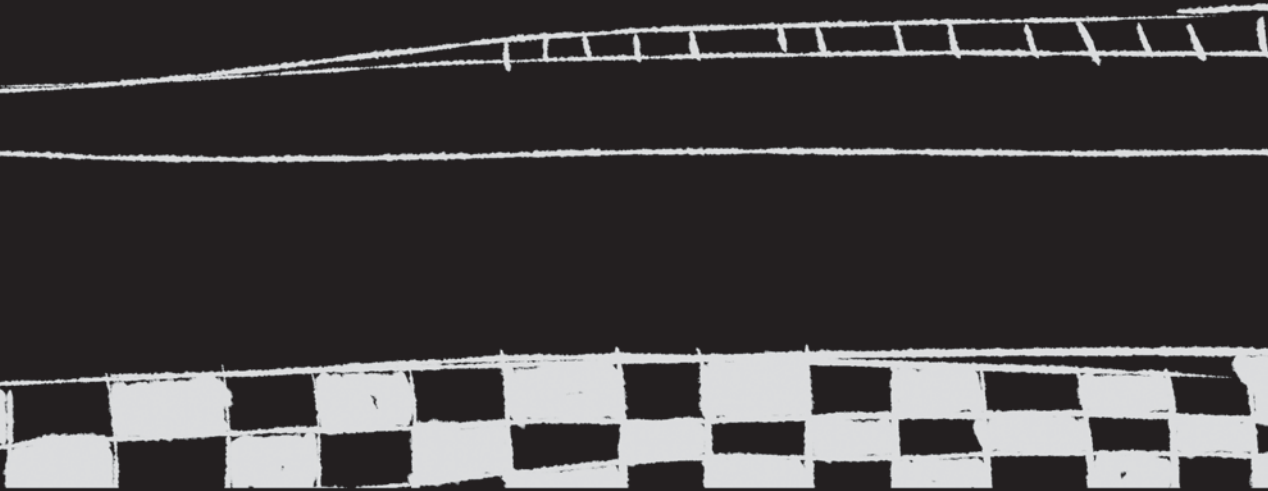
I CANNOT CONTROL MYSELF ANYMORE,
AND IN MY ROTTED GARDEN I WILL GIVE
YOU ETERNITY.



AND YOU WILL REALIZE ALL THAT
I HAVE TO OFFER YOU IS A LIE,
AND YOU WILL LEAVE, AND I WILL
BE LEFT ALONE HERE, HUDDLING
AMONGST THESE BLOOD-
STAINED WILTED FLOWERS.

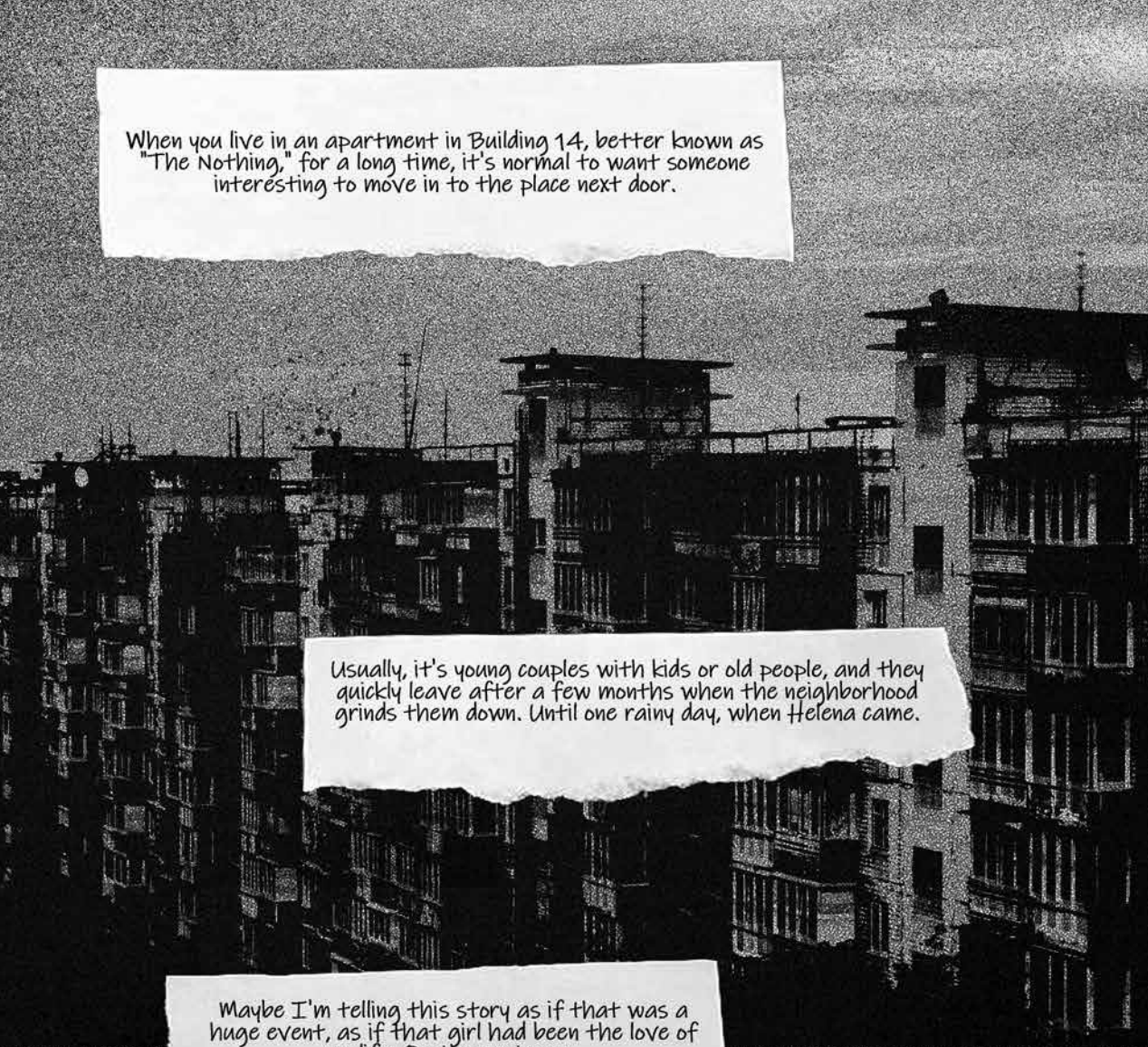
ETERNITY IS TOO
LONG A TIME.

HELENA



What's the worst that I can say?
Things are better if I stay
So long and goodnight
So long and goodnight


Helena, My Chemical Romance



When you live in an apartment in Building 14, better known as "The Nothing," for a long time, it's normal to want someone interesting to move in to the place next door.

Usually, it's young couples with kids or old people, and they quickly leave after a few months when the neighborhood grinds them down. Until one rainy day, when Helena came.

Maybe I'm telling this story as if that was a huge event, as if that girl had been the love of my life. On the contrary...



I was 18 years old, and it all began when she moved in.



GO GET MY
CIGARETTES!
HURRY UP!

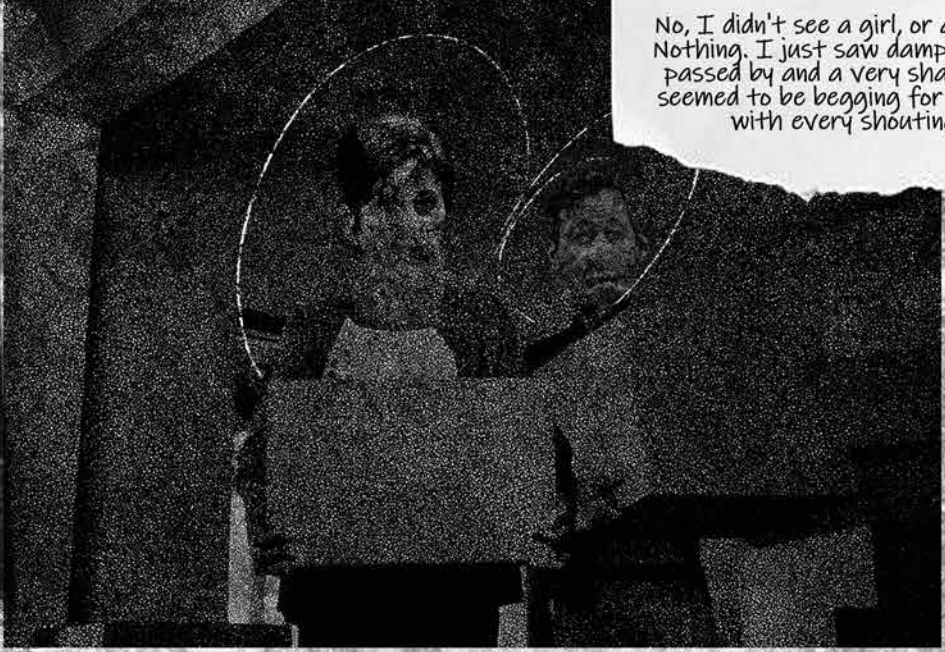
ALL RIGHT,
GRANDMA, ALL
RIGHT. I'M DOING
SOMETHING RIGHT
NOW!




COME ON, GET
YOUR ASS IN
GEAR! AND YOU
CAN ONLY SMOKE
ONE!




No, I didn't see a girl, or a dog, or a cat...
Nothing. I just saw damp furniture that
passed by and a very shady couple that
seemed to be begging for the apocalypse
with every shouting match.






The days passed, and no one knew anything about that family. I asked my Grandma about them and she gave me her customary answer...

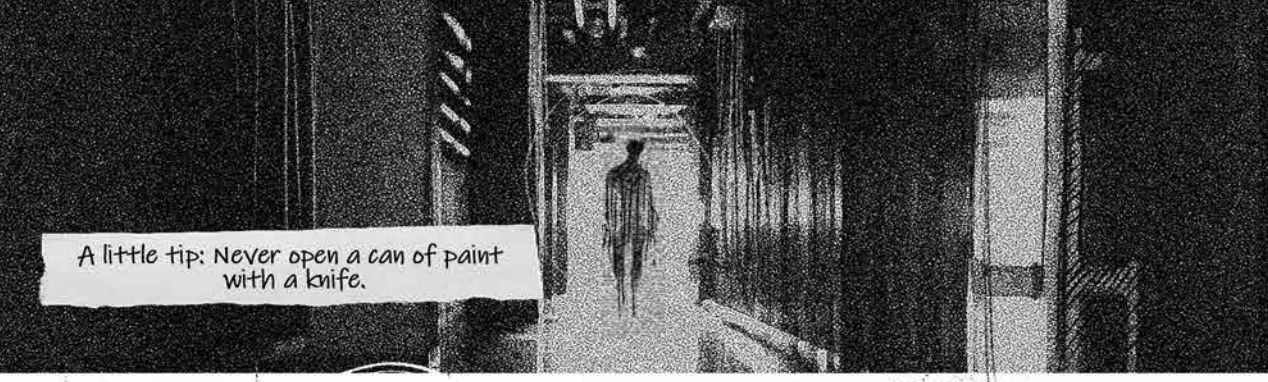


AND WHY THE HELL DO YOU CARE?


Then July came and Grandma decided that it was time to paint the apartment. She insisted on hiring someone, but my 13-year-old pride kicked in, trying to prove God knows what, and I told her I'd take care of it, that it was just a matter of buying the paint and getting it done.



Everything was going fine until I needed to open a new can of paint.

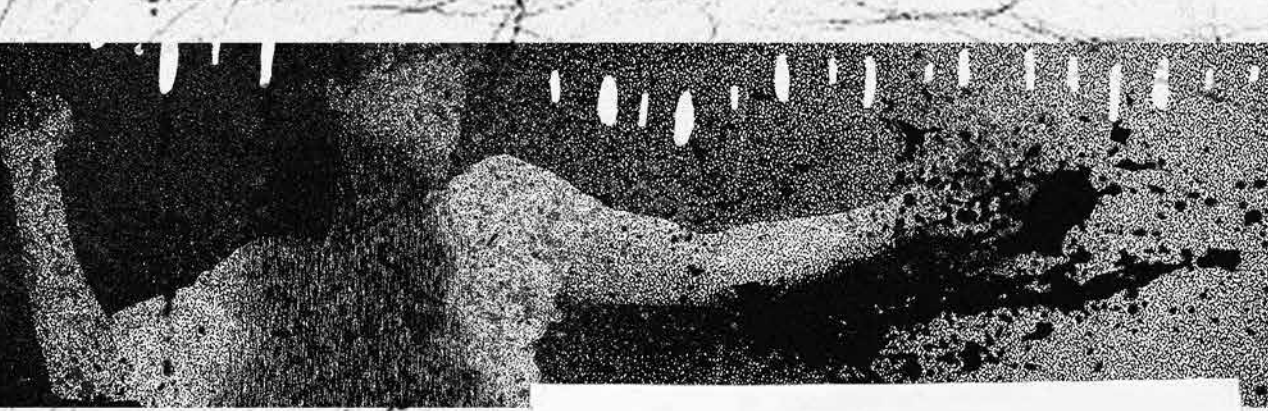


A little tip: Never open a can of paint
with a knife.

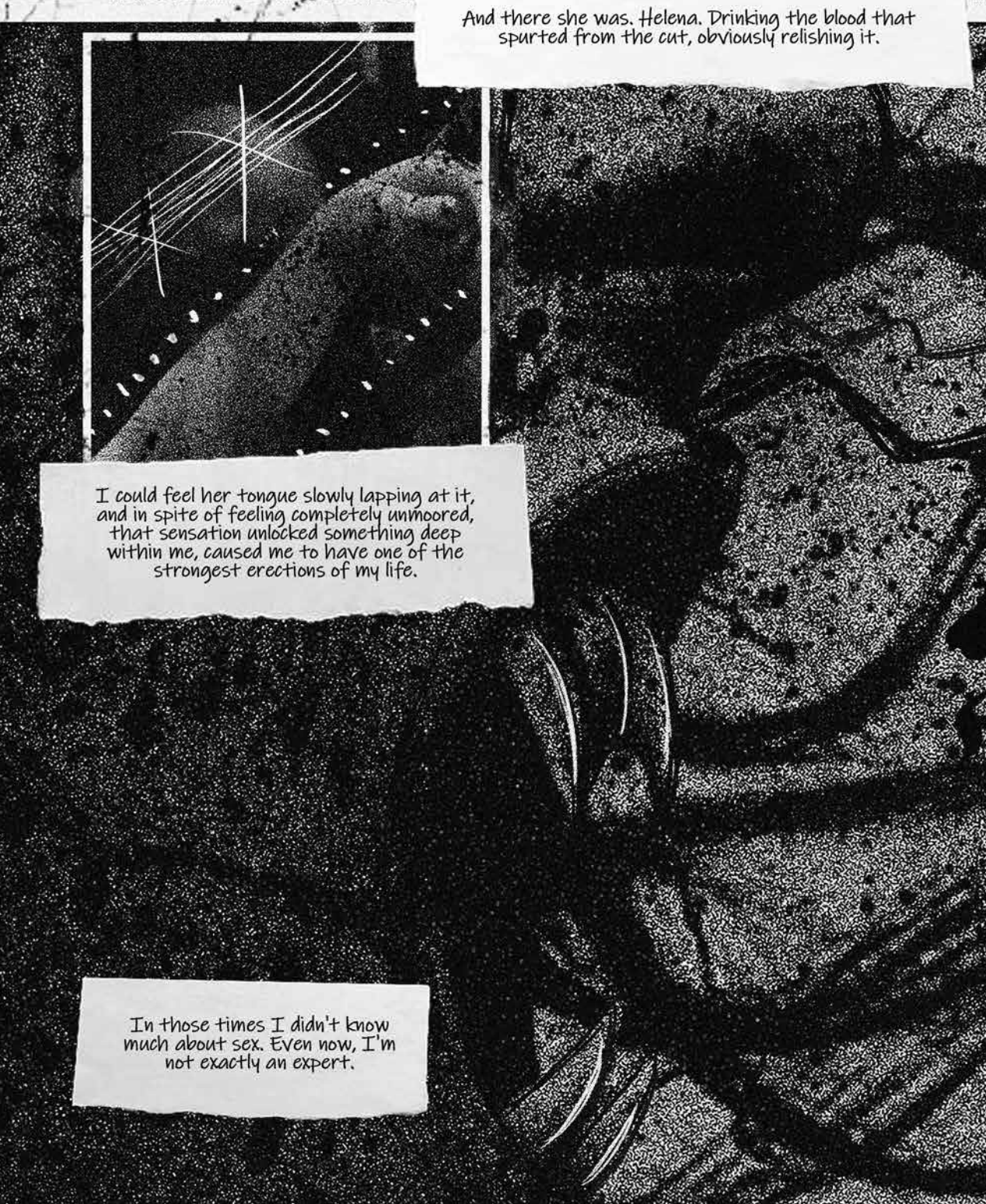


The blood, the smell of the paint, the dizziness... I lost control and an
otherworldly force led me to the hallway. That force... Its aroma, its venom...



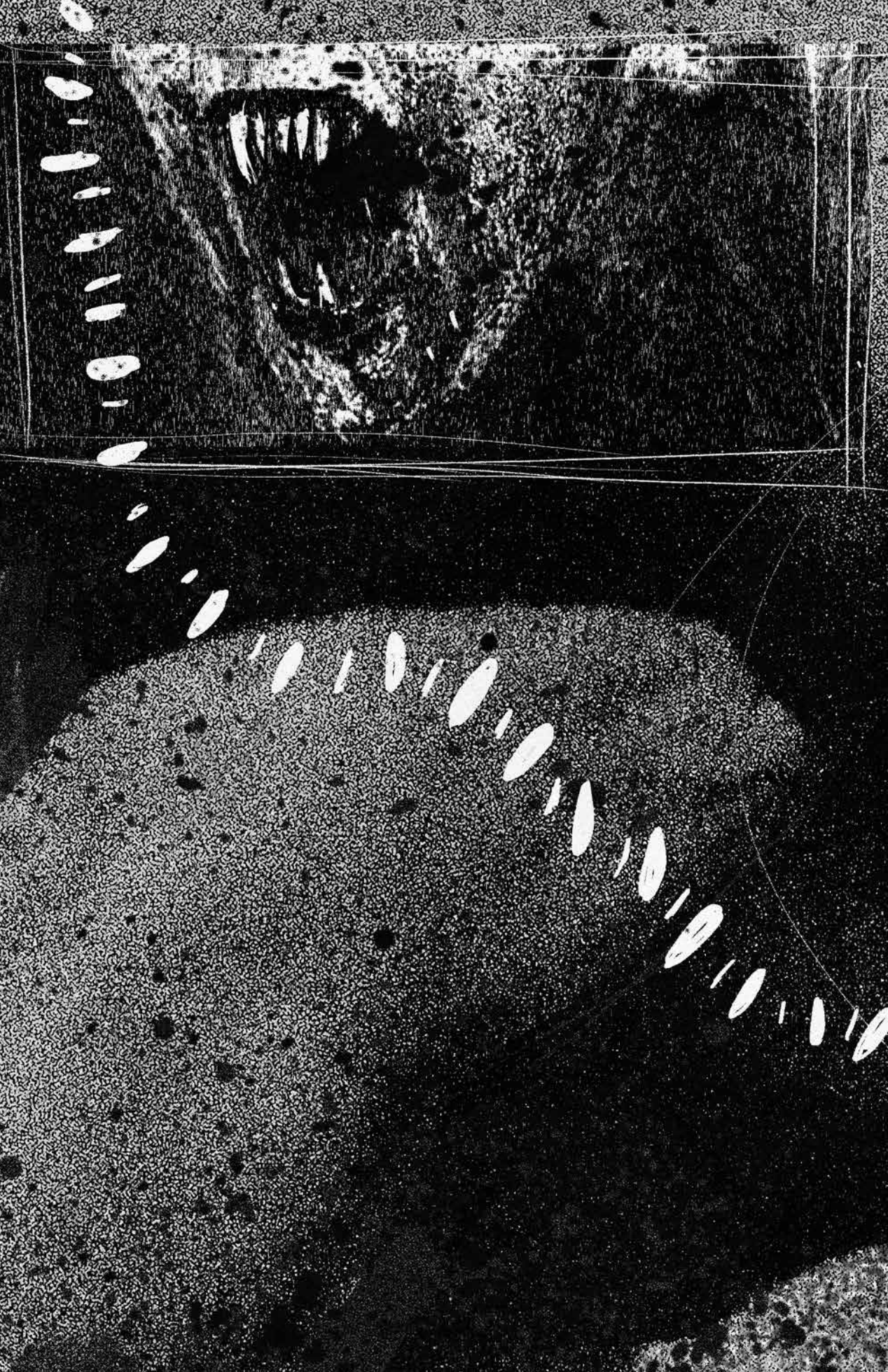


And there she was, Helena. Drinking the blood that spurted from the cut, obviously relishing it.




I could feel her tongue slowly lapping at it, and in spite of feeling completely unmoored, that sensation unlocked something deep within me, caused me to have one of the strongest erections of my life.

In those times I didn't know much about sex. Even now, I'm not exactly an expert.







When I saw that pale, emaciated face, I became totally paralyzed. Those black, limpid eyes, and that mouth, so red, stained with my own blood.

Her teeth horrified me, yellow and shark-like, similar to a piranha's, with her yellow tongue, her lips quivering as if she had just eaten the finest meal of her life.