

**ED BRUBAKER
SEAN PHILLIPS**



**Houses
of the
Unholy**



Sometimes I still dream about it.

I'm a little kid and I'm in a cave with hand-drawn symbols on the wall...

Crosses and pentagrams and unreadable words - the language of Hell?

All of it, painted in blood.



Sometimes it's tunnels, not a cave... but everything else is the same...

The adults chanting... Kneeling... Naked...

The shape moving inside the shadows, crawling towards us all...



That's when I usually wake up.



But sometimes it's later... after I feel its claws tearing into me.



WHAT ARE YOU, A JUNKIE OR SOMETHING?

NO... I JUST SMOKE A LOT OF POT...



WHY?



THERE'S A LOT OF NOISE IN MY HEAD...

JUST LIKE THERE IS IN YOURS...



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN MY HEAD.



YEAH, WELL... NEITHER DO YOU.

Jesus Christ, do I hate kids...

Well, teenagers at least...

Teenagers need to be beaten more, like they were back in my day...



That's what I'm thinking about when I find the first camera...

HEY.

How much I want to go slap that stupid kid.

OH ■■■■■...

GOD DAMN IT.

■■■■■... THAT
■■■■■...
CREEP.

WHAT IS
IT?

WHAT
HAPPENED??



WE HAVE TO MOVE, NOW.

WHY? WHAT'S GOING ON?



JUST SHUT UP AND LET ME THINK...



WAIT - ARE YOU PUTTING ME BACK IN THE TRUNK?

NO NO - PLEASE - DON'T!



YOU CAN RIDE IN THE PASSENGER SEAT...

BUT IF YOU GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE...



YOU!



I go blind for a second from the pain...

...THAT STUPID LITTLE ...



But I can hear the kid running out the door...



And I know I'm already...

GOD DAMN HER...



I wipe the tears away and run after her anyway.