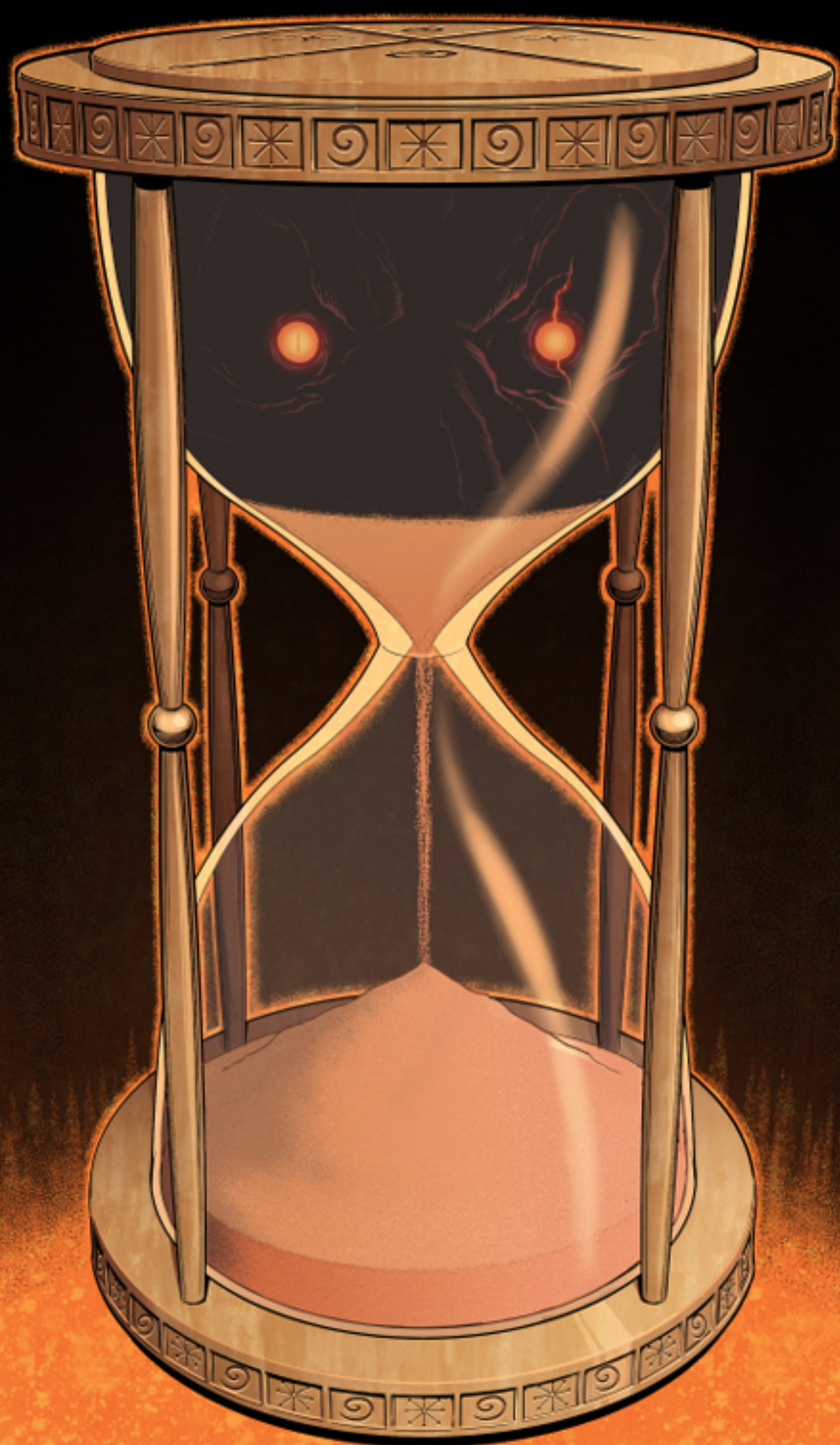




BORROWED TIME



Tyrone Long

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Isai Munake

BORROWED TIME

Issue 03 - DEATH'S RED SMILE

Tyrone Long

Creator and Writer

Spike O'Loachdha

Artist, Letterer, and Colorist.
BORROWED TIME

Isai Munake

Colorist: DEATH'S RED SMILE

SPECIAL THANKS:

Paulene "Susie" Sharp

You turned ashes back into fire and brought warmth to all those around you. Warrior. Caregiver. A light to the world. I love you. I am proud to be your son.

Our Readers

For joining us on our favorite issue yet.

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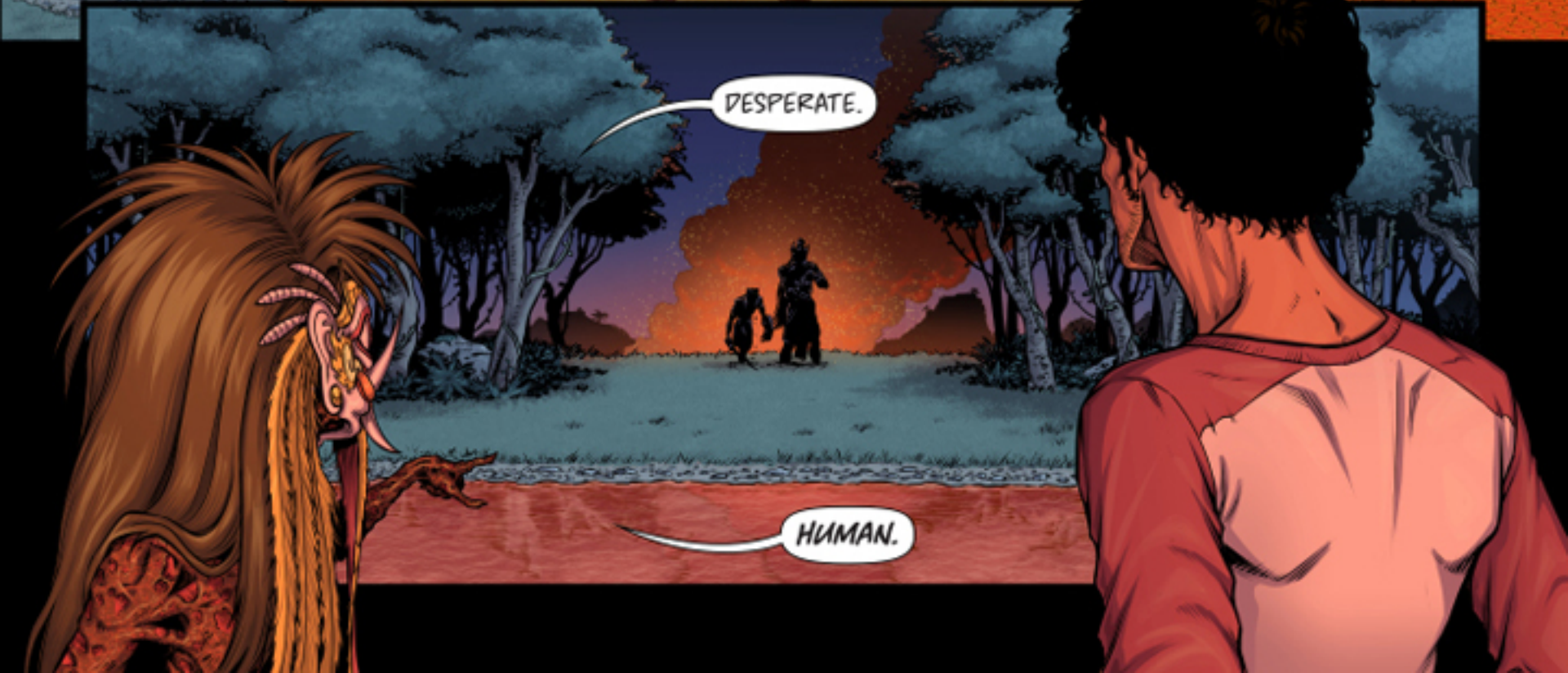
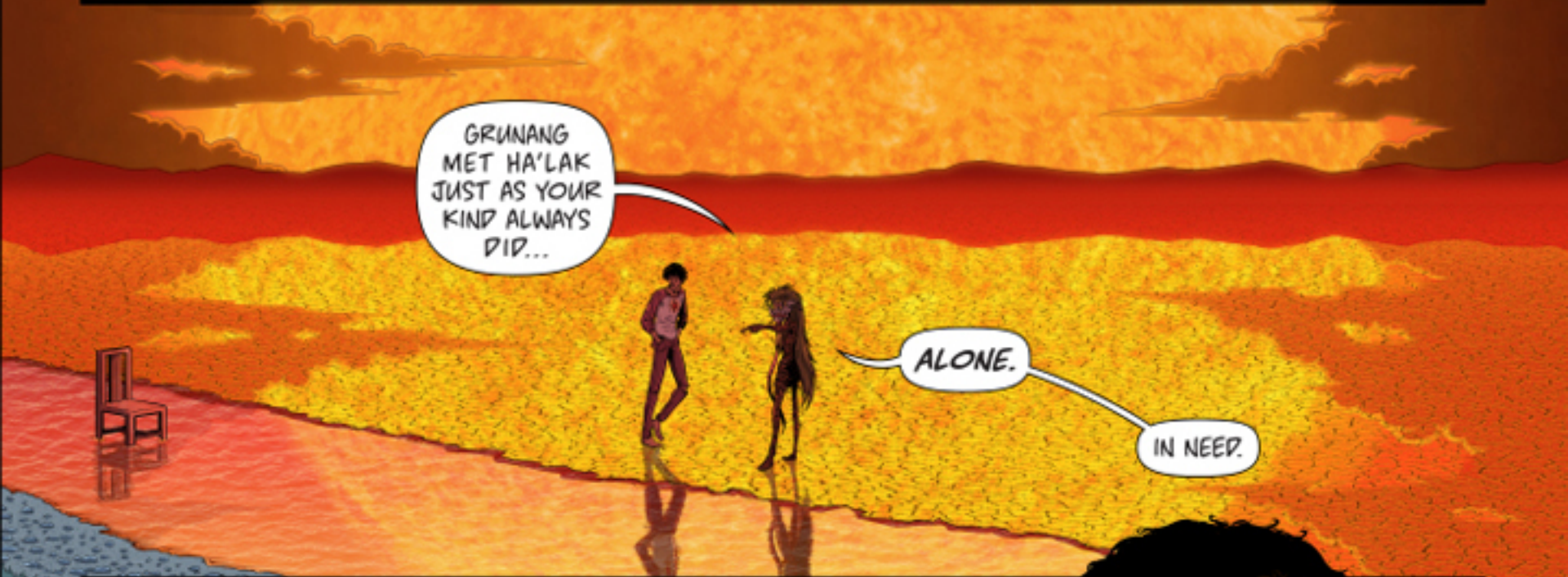
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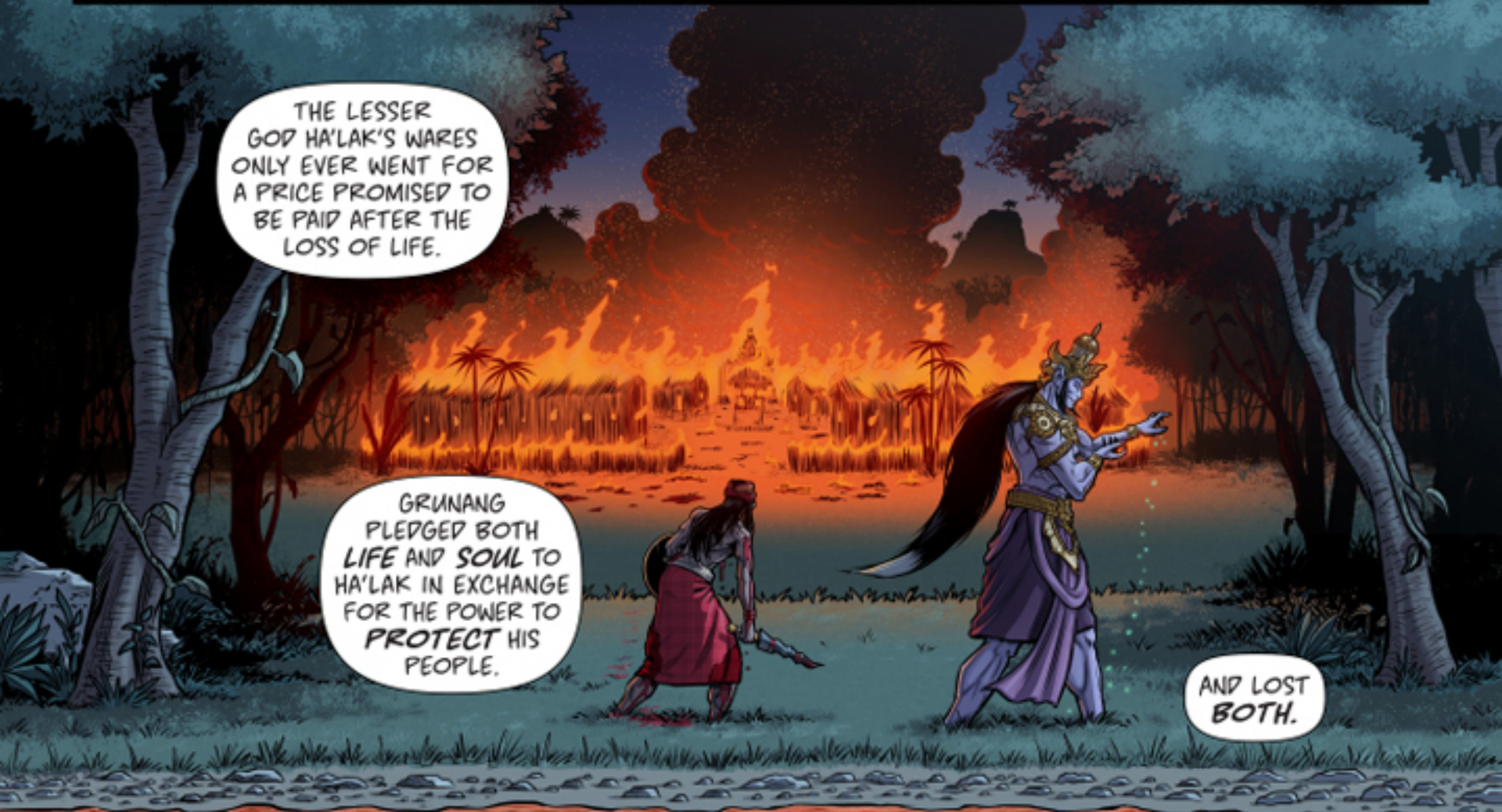
Forty-six and Two





GRUNANG WAS BORN TO A SMALL TRIBE DURING YOUR 13TH CENTURY IN THE LAND YOUR TIME CALLED INDONESIA.

A TRIBE BESET ON ALL SIDES BY PREDATORS.



THE LESSER GOD HA'LAK'S WARES ONLY EVER WENT FOR A PRICE PROMISED TO BE PAID AFTER THE LOSS OF LIFE.

GRUNANG PLEDGED BOTH LIFE AND SOUL TO HA'LAK IN EXCHANGE FOR THE POWER TO PROTECT HIS PEOPLE.

AND LOST BOTH.



LIKE MANY MEN BEFORE HIM AND COUNTLESS AFTER...

...HE LET FEAR CONTROL HIM.



AND YOU DON'T KNOW FEAR?

NO. SHOULD WE?



I DON'T KNOW...

MAYBE.



SO...

...WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?



HE GOT WHAT HE BARGAINED FOR...



...AND MORE.

AN ENEMY HAD TO BUT **THINK** HIS NAME...

...AND HE WOULD **APPEAR** BEFORE THEM WITH **BLOODLUST** IN HIS EYES.



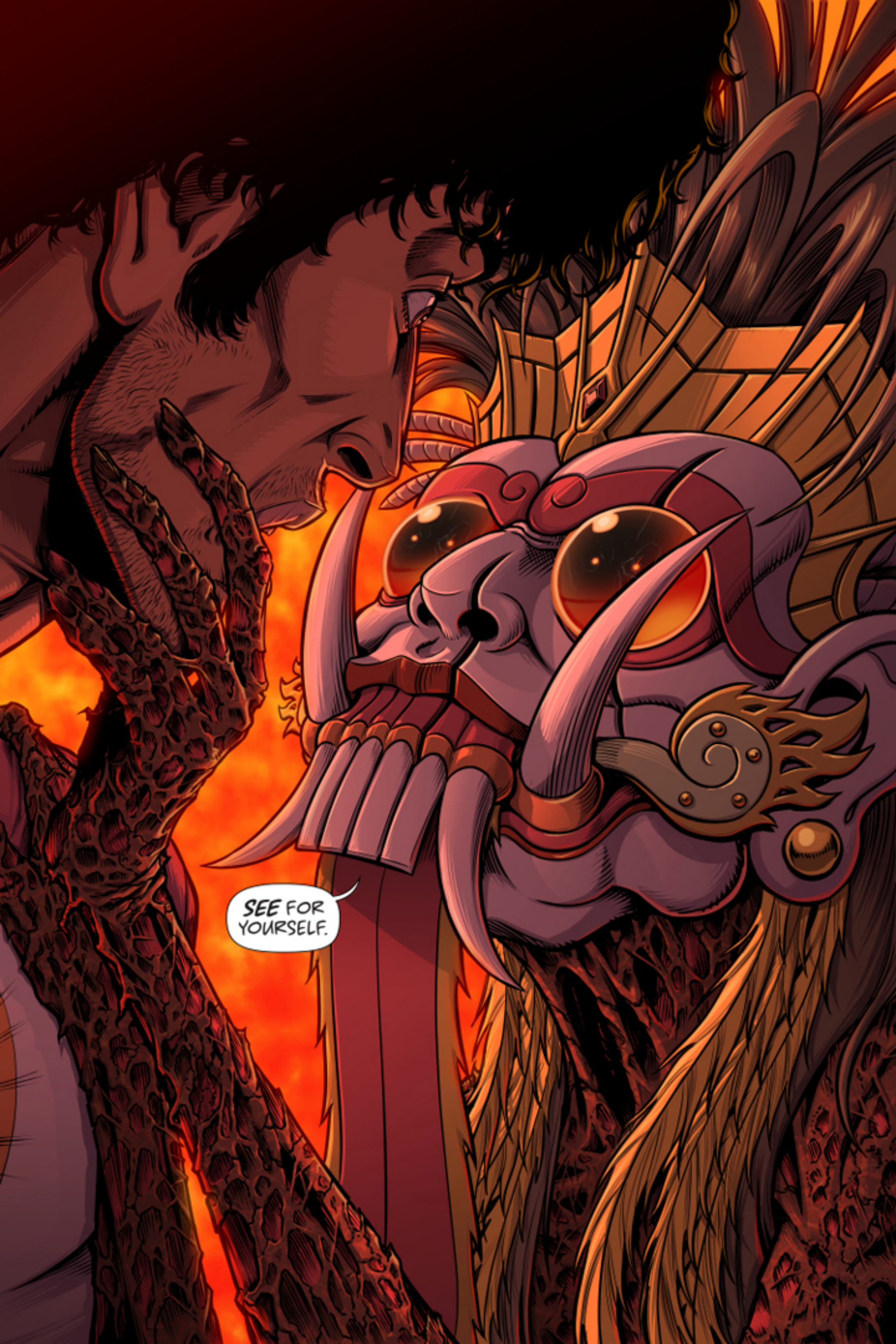
EACH TIME HE WAS SUMMONED...

...HE **LOST** MORE OF HIMSELF...

...UNTIL **ALL** THAT WAS LEFT WAS WHAT THEY MADE OF HIM.



WHICH WAS WHAT?



SEE FOR YOURSELF.

LAST NIGHT,
I DREAMT
OF AUTUMN
EMBERS...



...DANCING
IN THE AIR.

THE PULSATING
GLOW LIGHTS UP
THEIR PLASTIC
FACES.



THEIR CHEEKS
SPECKLED WITH
BLOOD.



SOME OF
IT FAKE.

A BUNNY.




A BABY.



A CLOWN.





OUTSIDE
THE CIRCLE
OF SALT...

...THERE
ARE TWO
FIGURES.



HIS JAWBONE
LIES SOMEWHERE
IN THE FIRE.

THE
SECOND...

...IS A WARM
SHADOW.



TRADITION DICTATES
THAT WE GATHER EVERY
HALLOWEEN TO TELL
GHOST STORIES.

I MISSED
THE LAST SIX
GATHERINGS.



SO
TONIGHT...

...I WENT
FIRST.

LIKE I WASSH
SSHAYING...

THE SSHALT
WILL KEEP
IT OUT.



THE TRIBE
HAD BEEN
LOSSHT...

...HAD HIDDEN
IN A REMOTE PART
OF INDONESSHIA FOR
GENERATIONSSH.



WE WERE
THERE ONLY TO
OBSERVE.

TO BEAR
WITNESS.

BUT
THEN...

THE MASS
SUICIDE...

THEY ALMOST
DESTROYED IT.



THE AIR IS THICK
WITH THEIR HESITANT
ACCEPTANCE OF WHAT
JUST HAPPENED.

WHAT THEY
FORCED
ME TO DO.

TEN
MINUTES
AGO...

THE BUNNY, THE BABY, THE
CLOWN, AND THE CORPSE
WERE UNIMPRESSED.

THEY
NEEDED A
BODY.

I DREAMT OF
THISSH MOMENT
AND
THE MOMENTSSH
TO FOLLOW.

GRUNANG HASSH
COME A LONG
WAY FOR THISSH.

IT HASSH
COME FOR
ME.

IT HASSH
COME FOR
YOU.

IT WILL
COME FOR
USSH ALL.

MY VOICE ECHOED
THE NAME "GRUNANG"
OFF THE WALLS OF
HIS INSIDES.

I WAITED FOR A PART
OF HIM TO WHISPER IT
BACK TO THE WORLD.

THE
BEGINNING:
A GROWL
LINGERING
IN TALL
GRASS

THE END:
A CLICK,
A LOCK,
A FATE
SEALED.

IN MY
DREAM
LASSHT
NIGHT...

...I
SSHAW
USSH
DIE.

AND YOU
DIE FIRSSHT.

!!



AA
AA
HH
HH
HH!!





Now...



YOU SSHEE...
IT FEEDSSH ON FEAR.



AND THERE ISSH NO FEAR...



...LIKE THE FEAR OF A VIOLENT DEATH.



GRRUGHH...



THERE WASSH THISSH ONE LITTLE GIRL IN THE TRIBE...

...I NEVER SSHAW HER INTERACT WITH ANY ADULTSSH IN A WAY THAT SSHUGGESTED SSHHE HAD PARENTSSH.

TWO YEARS AGO...

I WAS TAKING MY NIGHTLY STROLL AROUND THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING WHEN I SAW HER STANDING THERE.

I PLANNED TO OFFER HER MY OTHER PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICH...

WAIT... FUCK!

NO!



I'M ALLERGIC TO PEANUTS.



OR WAIT...

NO...
...NO I'M NOT.



DID YOU HURT YOURSELF MAKING THE DOLL?



I SAW THAT SHE HAD USED HER OWN HAIR TO TIE IT TOGETHER.



I COULD BARELY MAKE OUT THE PLAYFUL SHOUTS OF THE BOYS CHASING EACH OTHER...

WHAT'S YOUR DOLL'S NAME?

...BUT A SINGLE WORD KEPT ECHOING IN THE CHAOS.



IS THAT GRUNANG?



CRACK



GASP!

THUD



THE DARKNESS BEAT LIKE A HEART AT REST. A WARMTH CREPT THROUGH THE KNEE-HIGH GRASS.

THE SILENCE WAS OPPRESSIVE...
...LIKE A STEADY HAND HAD CRUSHED THE WIND PIPE OF EVERY LIVING THING INSIDE THAT JUNGLE.



?



CAK! CAK!

CAK! CAK!

CAK! CAK!

CAK! CAK!

CAK!

BY MORNING...



...THE
DOLL HAD
BECOME
MINE.