



MY FATHER
DIED WHEN I
WAS SIXTEEN.



FORTY YEARS IN
THE MINE HAD
FINALLY CAUGHT
UP TO HIM.



COAL DUST HAD TURNED
HIS LUNGS BLACK AND HIS
BODY AGAINST HIM.



HE'D ALWAYS TALK ABOUT HOW HE WAS WORKING TO GET OUT OF THE HOLE.



ONLY LATER DID HE REALIZE HE'D ONLY BEEN DIGGING IT DEEPER.

TOO DEEP TO GET OUT.



IT TOOK DEATH KNOCKING ON THE DOOR FOR HIM TO SEE THAT.



HE TOLD ME, "SOMETIMES THE PORCHLIGHT CALLING YOU HOME..."



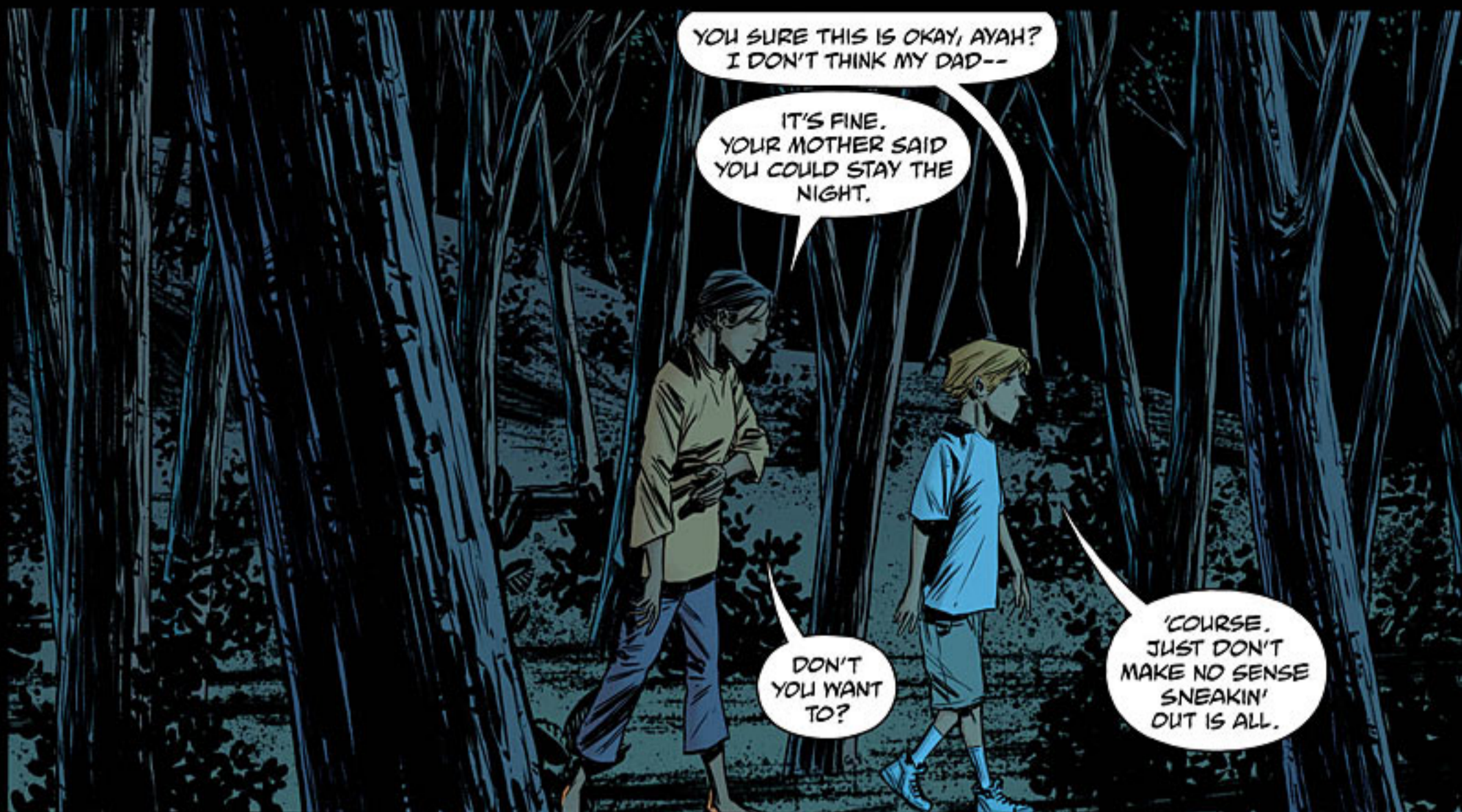
"...IS JUST
A FIRE
BURNING IT
ALL DOWN."

THE DARK & BLOODY

PART 5: IS THAT FIRE UP AHEAD?

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YOU SURE THIS IS OKAY, AYAH?
I DON'T THINK MY DAD--

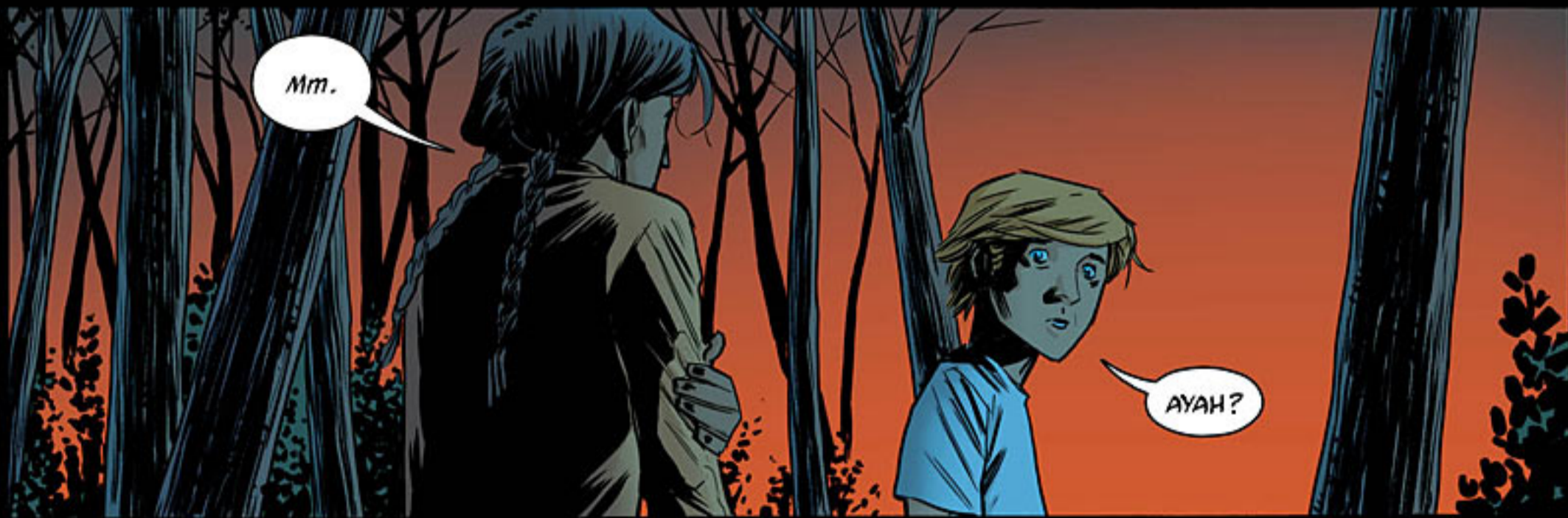
IT'S FINE.
YOUR MOTHER SAID
YOU COULD STAY THE
NIGHT.

DON'T
YOU WANT
TO?

'COURSE.
JUST DON'T
MAKE NO SENSE
SNEAKIN'
OUT IS ALL.



IT'S
PART OF
THE FUN,
BUT WE
SHOULD
HU--



Mm.

AYAH?



I'M FINE,
SHILOH. LET'S
JUST KEEP
MOVING.



WE'RE
HERE.

Uh,
WHERE'S YOUR
HOUSE?



RIGHT
THERE.
WHERE THE
LIGHT IS.

YOUR
GRANNY
LIVES IN A
CAVE?



I
HAVE
SO MUCH
TO TELL
YOU.



SO
MUCH TO
SHOW
YOU.