

*"I didn't do it."*

*It's what they all say.*

*I say it too from time to time.*

*Only thing is...  
I'm telling the truth.*

## THE CHAIR


**PETER SIMETI**  
WRITER, INKER, LETTERER, COVER COLORS

**KEVIN CHRISTENSEN**  
PENCILS, COVER


**ERIN KOHLT**  
EDITOR

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When I think of how I got here... four years of trials, two appeals... it's kind of ridiculous.




I guess this is where my tax dollars went.



Putting innocent people in prison for years and years.



--who am I kidding?!



These fuckers are nowhere near innocent.



Murderers.



Rapists.



Child killers.



Terrorists.



Serial killers.



Monsters that look like you and me.



--Monsters that  
are anything  
but you  
and me.



HEY SULLIVAN!

RISE  
AND SHINE,  
BITCH!

IT'S  
MEAL  
TIME.



At least I'm not hungry.  
That asshole likes to piss in the food.

I'll just eat tonight.  
That guard only  
spits in the food.

It's not too bad...  
once you get used to it.

*I've been in here  
for so long that  
I almost forgot  
what life was like  
before all of... this.*

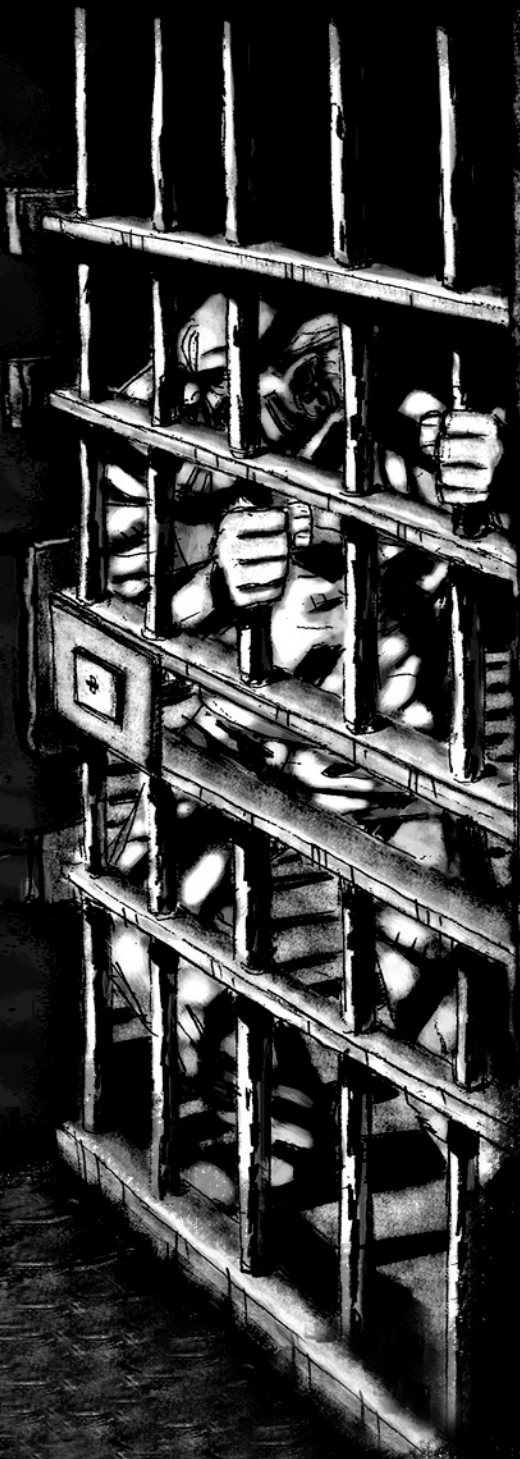



*I had a  
great job.*

*--an  
even better  
family.*



*All of it --gone --  
in the blink of an eye.*





I left work early after an ugly argument with my boss. I wanted an early retirement and he disagreed.

The next thing I knew, I was being charged with murder -- twelve counts.

Some sick fuck killed twelve kids in the building's daycare center and since my boss' kid was one of them, I became the prime suspect.



The killer left a note with the words "fuck your future" ...but it didn't even match my handwriting!

The police interrogated me for what seemed like weeks.



Finally, they decided to lock me up -- permanently.

The whole thing has been just one giant foggy nightmare.

