

TRESPASSER

Justin M. Ryan - story

Kristian Rossi - art

DC HoPkins - letters



DO YOU FEEL BETTER?



MM HMM.

YOU NEED A DOCTOR.

YEAH? WHERE AM I GONNA FIND ONE OF THOSE?

NEAREST THING LOOKS LIKE CIVILIZATION IS THE **MILITARY CHECKPOINT** UP IN JEFFERSON, IF IT'S EVEN STILL THERE.



THEY HAVE DOCTORS, RIGHT?

YEAH, THEY DO. **MILITARY DOCTORS.**

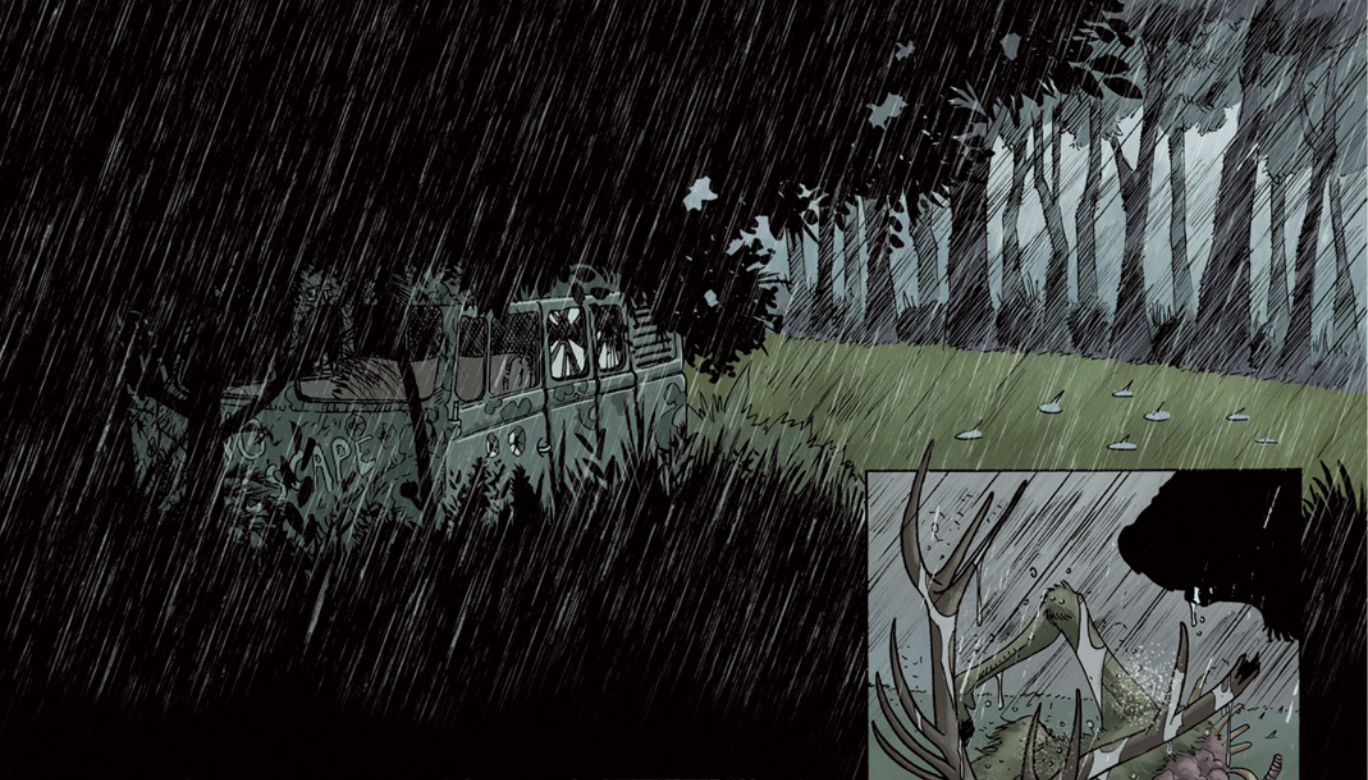


THEY DON'T DO ANYTHING FOR **FREE**, AND WE AIN'T GOT A **THING** WORTH TRADING. BESIDES, YOU KNOW HOW FAR AWAY IT IS?



FAR.





STEADY, EASY
BREATHS.

AIM FOR THE
BIGGEST TARGET,
CENTER MASS.



ROOAAAR

BOOM



HANG
BACK A
SECOND,
MARIA.





ALRIGHT,
YOU CAN
COME OVER.
HE'S OUT.

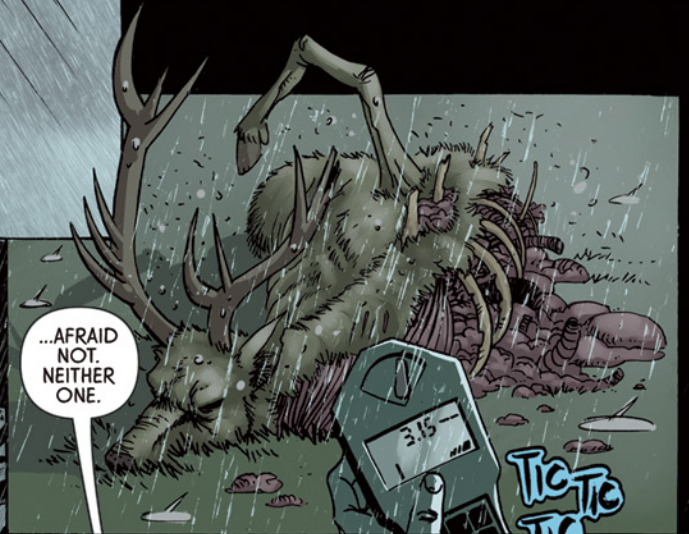


YOU ALWAYS
CHECK YOUR
FOOD BEFORE
YOU EAT
IT, IF...

TIG
TIG
TIG



IS IT
OKAY?



...AFRAID
NOT.
NEITHER
ONE.

TIG
TIG
TIG



DAMN
IT.

GOD
DAMN
IT!





I KNOW WHAT YOU DID! I KNOW WHAT THE FOOD WAS, AND I--

I JUST KNOW ALL OF IT, OKAY, SO DON'T LIE TO ME!



MARIA... LOOK...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE *EATEN* IT! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MADE *ME* EAT IT! I DIDN'T WANT TO AND YOU MADE ME!

WHAT THE HELL WAS I *SUPPOSED* TO DO? HUH? LET YOU STARVE?

YOU THINK I AIN'T SUFFERIN' ENOUGH? *LOOK AT ME.*

YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO *HELP* HIM! YOU LIED TO HIM AND TO *ME!*



NO! OF COURSE NOT.

THE HELL KIND OF QUESTION IS THAT?

YOU'RE... MY DAUGHTER.

THAT THING... IT WASN'T EVEN *HUMAN.*

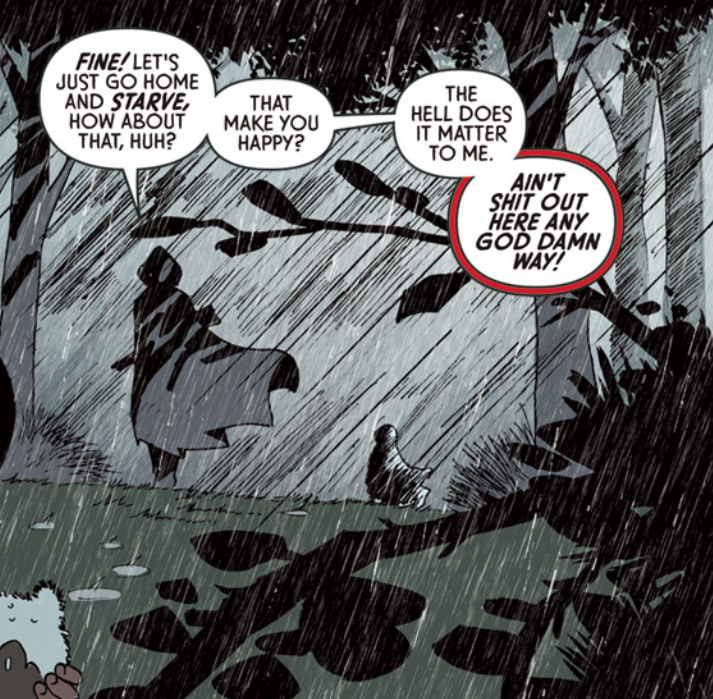


I'M SORRY, BUT HE DIED. THERE WAS NO SENSE IN LETTING THE CLEANEST FOOD I'VE SEEN IN TEN YEARS GO TO WASTE.

WOULD YOU EAT ME IF I DIED?



I WANT TO GO HOME.



FINE! LET'S JUST GO HOME AND STARVE, HOW ABOUT THAT, HUH?

THAT MAKE YOU HAPPY?

THE HELL DOES IT MATTER TO ME.

AIN'T SHIT OUT HERE ANY GOD DAMN WAY!