

He had killed others. Burned them in the sunlight.

They were scorched, and because they had no root.

Matthew

The priest who didn't burn in the sunlight himself. Didn't burn like the rest of us.

I had always felt relatively safe until he came for me.

And he would have killed me...

...if my new protector hadn't stopped him.

Hadn't saved my life.

Before that, my father had been my protector. Every day since that day. The day the sun turned on us.





THE NIGHT OF THE FLARE.  
10 YEARS AGO.



WE WERE SO WORRIED.



DADDY...



...WHAT HAPPENED?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED. EVERYTHING IS FINE. I'M HERE NOW, AND YOU'RE SAFE.



My father had always protected me, sheltered me with a good life. But even though the killer was gone, and the experience over, I didn't feel safe anymore.

ROSEP

CIELO.  
IT'S CIELO,  
DAD.



WHAT  
ARE YOU  
BURNING?

SOME  
OF MY CLOTHES.  
THEY'RE TOO  
NICE. I DON'T  
WANT THEM  
ANYMORE.



WE'LL GET  
YOU SOME YOU  
DO LIKE. YOU'LL  
NEED THEM FOR  
SCHOOL.

YOU'RE  
GOING BACK  
TOMORROW.



I'M...NOT  
READY.



IT'S OVER,  
ROSE. IT'S TIME  
TO GET BACK  
TO A NORMAL  
LIFE.

BUT WHAT  
IF SOMEONE  
ELSE COMES  
AFTER US?  
OTHER MEN  
LIKE THAT?

SOMEONE  
ELSE WHO  
WANTS TO  
HURT ME OR  
YOU--



YOU  
DON'T NEED  
TO WORRY  
ABOUT THOSE  
THINGS. ALL  
YOU NEED TO  
KNOW IS YOU  
ARE SAFE.  
TRUST ME.