

LUCY DREAMING™

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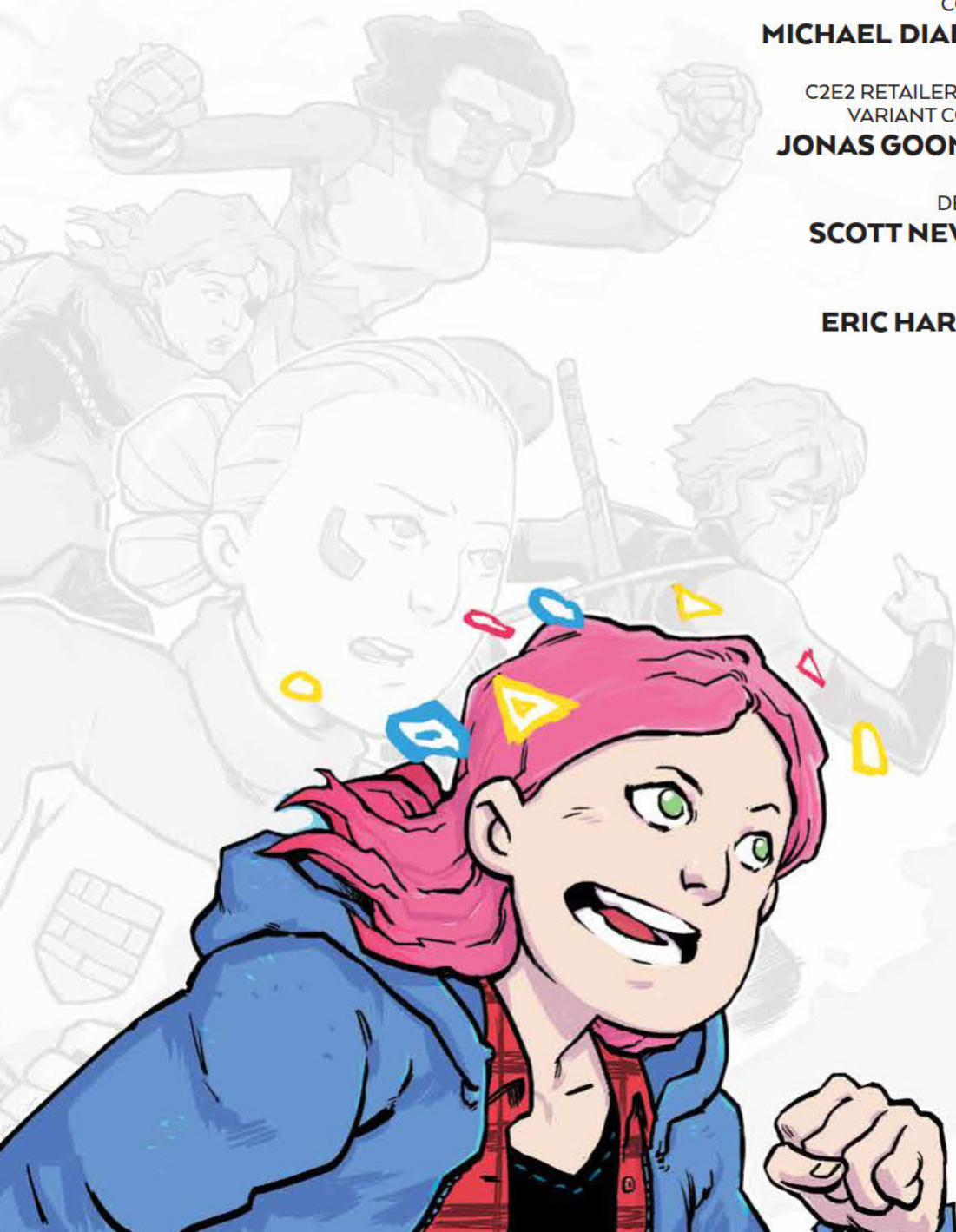
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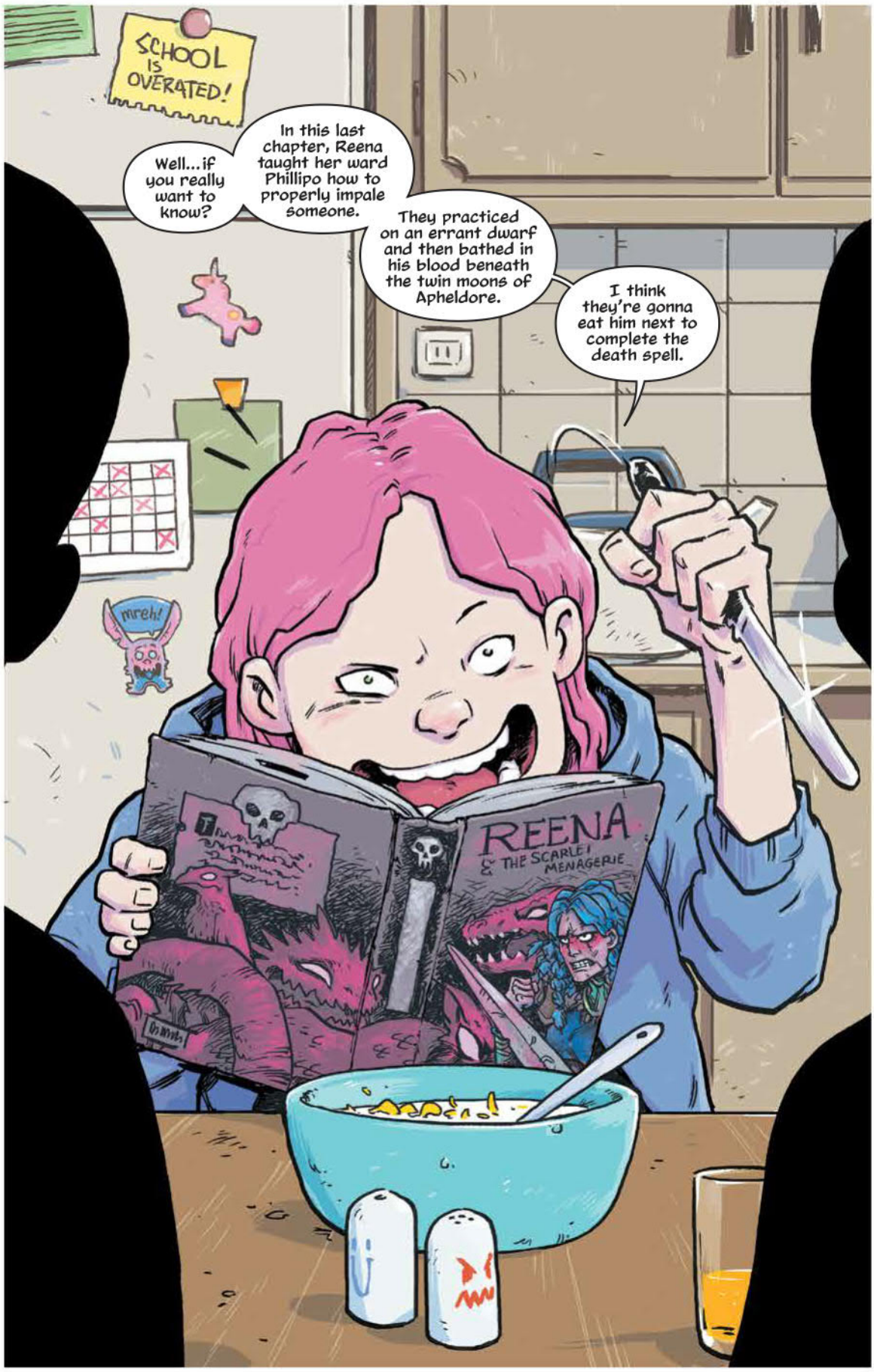
SCHOOL
IS
OVERATED!

Well...if
you really
want to
know?

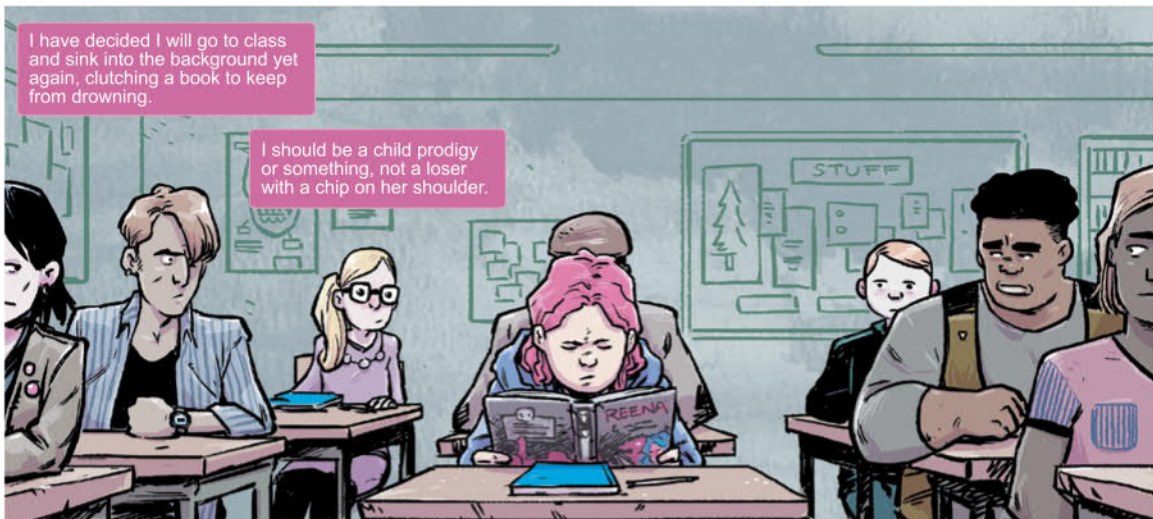
In this last
chapter, Reena
taught her ward
Phillipo how to
properly impale
someone.

They practiced
on an errant dwarf
and then bathed in
his blood beneath
the twin moons of
Apheldore.

I think
they're gonna
eat him next to
complete the
death spell.







I have decided I will go to class and sink into the background yet again, clutching a book to keep from drowning.

I should be a child prodigy or something, not a loser with a chip on her shoulder.



There I'll be. Endlessly being taught things I don't need to know. Freaking out on the inside while the world appears to be at peace with itself.

Vibrating in my skin, my heart speeding up and slowing down to match a wildly chaotic thought process.



I will question myself, then feel superior.

I'll hate everyone, and then fantasize about body-snatching them.

Mona Keyes will despondently judge me, flatlining gracefully into another win.



I can see it now. Sycamore Blevins will be distracted from eating his booger by her outfit.

Remember when people started naming their kids crap like "Sycamore"?

We're basically teenagers now. Thanks for that, Generation X.



I'm not *trying* to be some goth cliché.



I'm just...I'm genuinely angry that I can't stop feeling feelings.



And I'm too weak to put my book down and just plunge into the conformity I pretend to despise.



Don't get me wrong, I actually respect the girls around me who, like, kick butt at sports or debating things they don't know about or are way into...barf...science...

...I just think all of that's wack and boring.

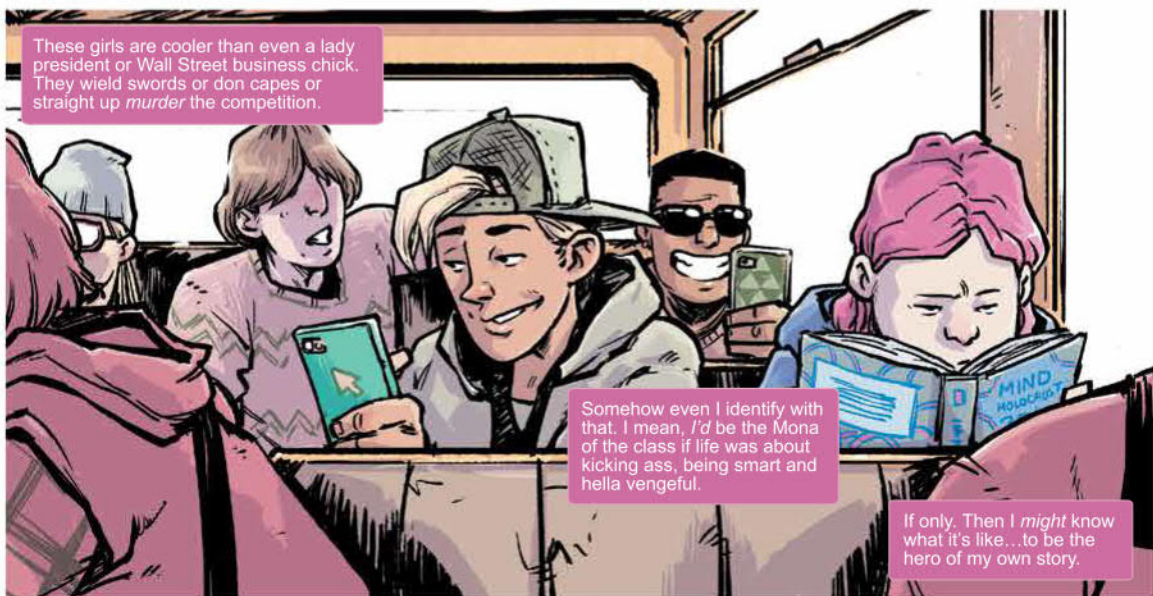


The only thing I can get down with is English class, the only place where I feel challenged.

I can live in the stories and nothing exists without my observation and selective appreciation.

I tend to favor super powerful chicks conveying an inner strength, overpowering the crap the world has buried them in.

Shocking, right?



These girls are cooler than even a lady president or Wall Street business chick. They wield swords or don capes or straight up murder the competition.

Somehow even I identify with that. I mean, I'd be the Mona of the class if life was about kicking ass, being smart and hella vengeful.

If only. Then I *might* know what it's like...to be the hero of my own story.

