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# ROWANS RUIN™

CREATED BY  
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TRANSCRIPT OF EMERGENCY  
CALL RECEIVED 01.33 AM,  
23rd JULY.

"EMERGENCY. WHICH  
SERVICE, PLEASE?"

"POLICE! I WANT  
THE POLICE!"

"CAN YOU GIVE US YOUR  
LOCATION, CALLER?"

"I'M AT ROWANS  
RISE."



"BUT I CAN'T STAY  
HERE. I CAN'T--"

"--I'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT!"



"IS THERE SOMEONE  
THERE WITH YOU,  
CALLER?"

"SOME THING!"

"SOME THING IS  
WITH ME!"



"IT'S COME  
BACK."

"BACK TO WHERE IT  
STARTED OUT."



"IT ALWAYS HAD  
TO. I SHOULD  
HAVE KNOWN."

"I SHOULD  
HAVE SEEN IT  
COMING."



"THIS IS WHERE IT  
WAS BORN."



"CALLER, ARE YOU  
IN IMMEDIATE  
DANGER?"

"YES! YES,  
I AM!"




"BUT YOU KNOW  
WHAT?"

"I'M DAMNED IF I'M  
GONNA BE THE  
ONLY ONE."



"JUST--IF YOU GET HERE  
AND I'M DEAD, DON'T LET  
ANYONE TELL YOU IT WAS  
AN ACCIDENT."

"OR A HEART  
ATTACK, OR  
SUICIDE."



"ALL THE DEATHS AT  
ROWANS RISE. EVERY  
LAST ONE. THEY WERE  
MURDERS."

"MR. AND MRS. COLES.  
DYLAN FITCH. AND ALL  
THE DOGS."

"WHY DID NOBODY  
EVEN ASK ABOUT  
THE DOGS?"

"BECAUSE IT WON'T  
BE ANY OF THOSE  
THINGS."



"THEY ALL WENT  
THE SAME WAY."

"AND THE THING  
THAT KILLED  
THEM--"



**BARAKO BLOOM**

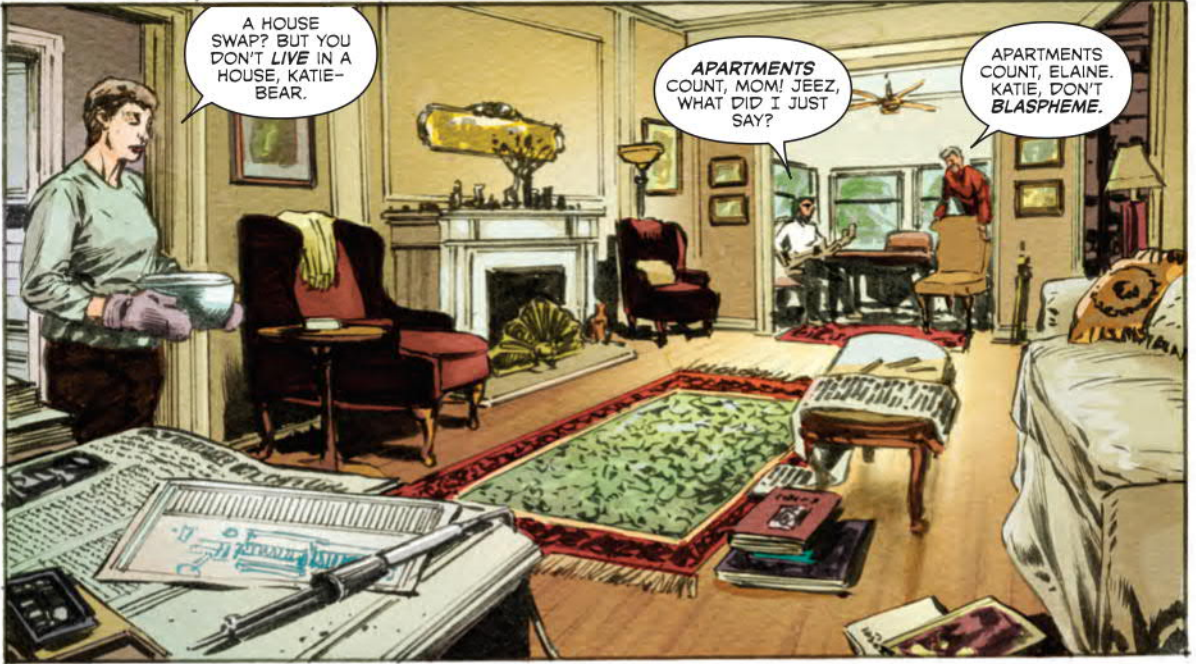


"CALLER?"

"HELLO?"

"CALLER?"

SIX MONTHS EARLIER.



A HOUSE SWAP? BUT YOU DON'T LIVE IN A HOUSE, KATIE-BEAR.

APARTMENTS COUNT, MOM! JEEZ, WHAT DID I JUST SAY?

APARTMENTS COUNT, ELAINE. KATIE, DON'T BLASPHEME.



YOU GUYS--MUCH AS I LOVE YOU-- WOULD MAKE THE BUDDHA USE NAUGHTY WORDS.

LOOK AT THIS. I GOT, LIKE, A HUNDRED HITS IN THE FIRST HALF HOUR.



BUT HAS ANYONE ACTUALLY OFFERED TO SWAP WITH YOU?

NOT YET.

WELL, MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE A **STUDIO APARTMENT** IS NOT A HOUSE.

MOM, WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP RUBBING THAT IN?!



ANYWAY, I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND **SOMETHING** THAT WILL SUIT YOU.

OH EM GEE! I JUST DID!

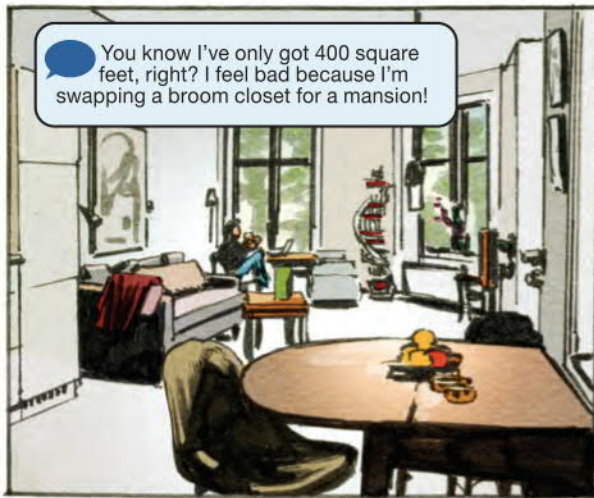
ALTHOUGH IT PROBABLY WON'T BE A **HOUSE**.

IT IS **SO MUCH** HOUSE!



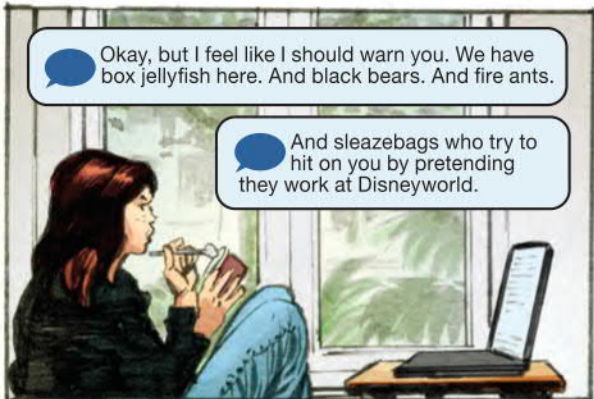
MOM. DAD.

I THINK I'M IN LOVE!



You know I've only got 400 square feet, right? I feel bad because I'm swapping a broom closet for a mansion!

Don't be silly. Your place looks wonderful. It's so close to Mission San Luis, and the state park. I want to get out into some wide open spaces. I want that very much.



Okay, but I feel like I should warn you. We have box jellyfish here. And black bears. And fire ants.

Thanks for the warning. We have Marmite. And five feet of annual rainfall.

And sleazebags who try to hit on you by pretending they work at Disneyworld.

And sleazebags who try to hit on you by pretending they're in the RSC.



Well that is clearly a much better class of sleazebag and I cannot wait.

And

I'm in.



# **b** u-blog!

## NEW ADVENTURES OF KATIE



**K**

Drumroll, please. I just touched down in England--the first time I've ever left American soil (unless Canada counts, which hey, newflash, it doesn't). First impressions?



SO

COOL!

DAMN

The key was in the vestibule, where Emily said it would be. Plus I now know what a vestibule is, and I plan to drop it into pretty much every sentence.

She left me a note, too.

*Welcome to Rowans Rise, Katie.  
Please remember to water the  
Christmas cactus.*

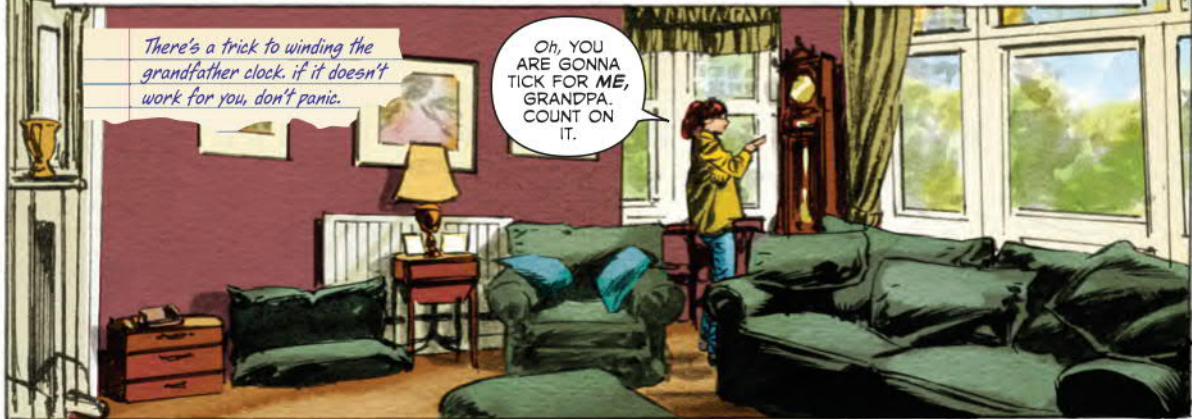
WELL OF  
COURSE.

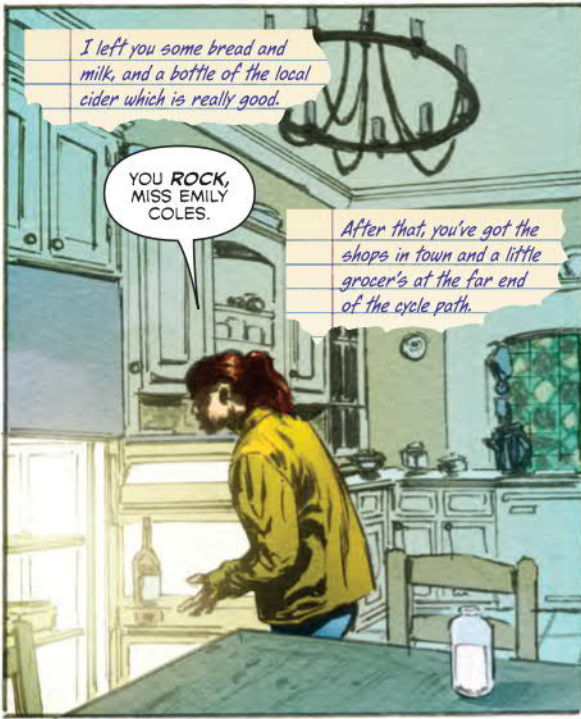
*And to bolt the front  
door at night, both top  
and bottom.*

IN CASE  
SOMEONE  
**STEALS THE  
CHRISTMAS  
CACTUS?**

*There's a trick to winding the  
grandfather clock. if it doesn't  
work for you, don't panic.*

OH, YOU  
ARE GONNA  
TICK FOR ME,  
GRANDPA.  
COUNT ON  
IT.

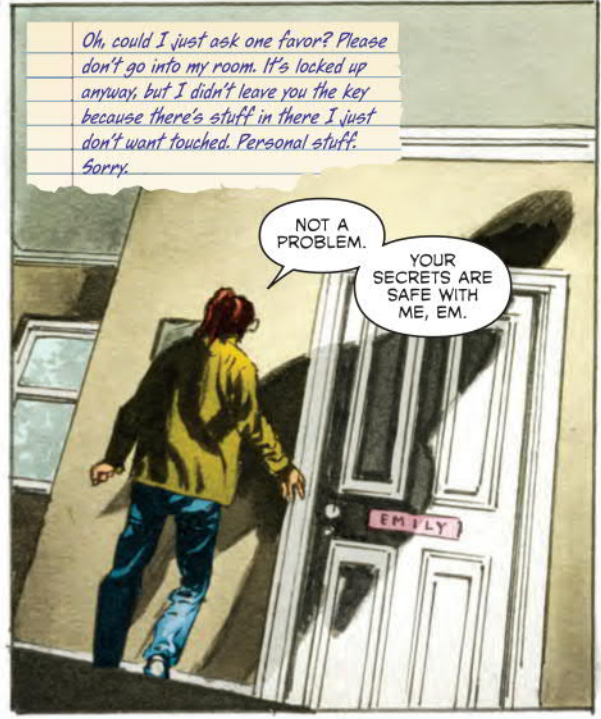




I left you some bread and milk, and a bottle of the local cider which is really good.

YOU ROCK, MISS EMILY COLES.

After that, you've got the shops in town and a little grocer's at the far end of the cycle path.



Oh, could I just ask one favor? Please don't go into my room. It's locked up anyway, but I didn't leave you the key because there's stuff in there I just don't want touched. Personal stuff. Sorry.

NOT A PROBLEM.

YOUR SECRETS ARE SAFE WITH ME, EM.



**K**

You know what's weird about England? It's old. Everything. Even the air. You're breathing ancient air.

How does anyone ever manage to be young here?!



I'M KATIE. I JUST MOVED IN AT ROWANS RISE.

UFF.

I NEED A BOX OF MATCHES. THE KITCHEN OVER THERE HAS GOT AN AGA.

HNNF.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT AN AGA IS? I'M TOTALLY LOOKING FOR CLUES.

NEH.



THANKS FOR ADDING TO THE LOCAL COLOR, BY THE WAY.

YOU WILL LIVE FOREVER IN MY BLOG.



SO I'M GONNA GIVE YOU GUYS A GUIDED TOUR, OKAY?

MOM, SOME OF THE TRACKING SHOTS ARE GONNA BE A BIT WHIPLASH-Y, SO YOU BETTER BE SITTING DOWN. DON'T WANT YOUR VERTIGO TO KICK IN.

THE OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE YOU ALREADY SAW, BUT I'M GONNA TRY AND ZOOM IN ON--

--WAIT A SECOND.

AAAAAND MAYBE ANOTHER SECOND.

NOT THAT. SORRY. THAT'S THE WINDOW OF EMILY'S ROOM.

OR BLUEBEARD'S CHAMBER, OR WHATEVER. BUT OVER TO THE RIGHT HERE--



YES, THERE! HOUSE MARTINS. THAT'S A HOUSE MARTIN NEST. NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL "QUITE GOOD."

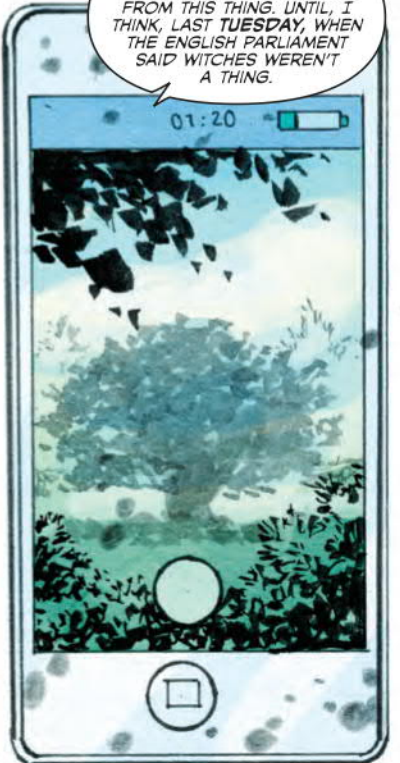
POPULAR MUSIC REFERENCE, DAD. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

WE ARE SO REMOTE HERE. HEART OF THE COUNTRY. STRATFORD'S JUST FIVE HUNDRED YARDS THAT WAY.

BUT LOOK WHAT'S IN BETWEEN. I MEAN, SERIOUSLY. YOU ARE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS.

THE DULE TREE. THAT'S OLD ENGLISH FOR GRIEF OR LAMENTATION.

THE GUIDEBOOK SAYS THEY HANGED WITCHES FROM THIS THING. UNTIL, I THINK, LAST TUESDAY, WHEN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT SAID WITCHES WEREN'T A THING.



FROM THE COMMON, THE HOUSE LOOKS LIKE THIS.

I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING THAT MEASURES WUTHERS, BUT THAT'S PRETTY DAMN WUTHERING, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?



ALL OF THESE OUTBUILDINGS BELONG TO ROWANS RISE, FROM BACK WHEN IT WAS A WORKING FARM.

WHICH WAS ABOUT FOUR CENTURIES AGO. CRAZY! THE USA WASN'T EVEN INVENTED WHEN THESE SHEDS WERE BUILT.



BUT ANIMAL CRUELTY WAS. THESE ARE BIRD BONES. SET IN THE MORTAR OVER SOME OF THE DOORS.

A LOCAL CUSTOM, APPARENTLY, FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU WITCH HANGINGS...



Oh HEY, DAD, I WANTED TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.

REMEMBER THE HUMANE TRAP YOU SET FOR THE RACCOON THAT TIME? YEAH?



WELL, IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND, THEY HAD THEIR OWN WAY OF HANDLING THAT STUFF.

AND HUMANE DIDN'T GET A LOOK IN. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE?



Oh GREAT. AGAIN!

SOMETHING AROUND HERE JUST EATS ELECTRICITY.





BUT ARE YOU HAVING A GOOD TIME, PUMPKIN? THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.

YEAH, FOR SURE. I MEAN, I'M A LITTLE **TIRED**. I'VE HAD A FEW BROKEN NIGHTS.

BUT MAN, AM I SOAKING UP THE **CULTURE!** JUST CHECK OUT THESE LEGWARMERS.



BROKEN NIGHTS? IT'S NOT...THE OLD PROBLEM, IS IT?

IT'S JUST A LUMPY MATTRESS, MOM.

HOW'S EMILY DOING?



WELL, I THINK I'D SAY SHE'S DOING **OKAY**.

"OKAY"? WHAT, IS SHE **DYING**? "OKAY" IS NOT A GOOD WORD IN YOUR VOCABULARY.

NO, NO. SHE'S FINE.



SHE JUST SEEMS A LITTLE SHY, THAT'S ALL. AND, WELL... NERVOUS.

I'D EVEN SAY **HAUNTED**. HAS THERE BEEN ANY SADNESS IN HER LIFE, KATIE? ANY LOSS?



KATIE? SWEETHEART?

I SAID--



SORRY, MOM. JUST WOOL-GATHERING. BUT YOU'LL KEEP AN **EYE** ON HER, RIGHT?

OF COURSE WE WILL, DEAR. I MADE HER A POT ROAST. AND WE'VE INVITED HER OVER TO **DINNER** TOMORROW.

COOL. YOU'RE THE **BEST**. LISTEN, I'M GONNA SIGN OFF NOW.