







SNURFFP

I WONDER SOMETIMES...  
IF WE WOULD HAVE BEEN  
SAFER TO IGNORE THE  
EVACUATION ORDER AND  
STAY IN NEW YORK. WE  
WERE FRIGHTENED, SO  
WE FLED TO NEW JERSEY  
WITH EVERYONE ELSE.

EVERYONE SAID,  
"HOW WILL YOU  
SURVIVE?" AND  
"WHAT WILL YOU  
EAT?"

AS IT TURNED OUT...  
THE ANSWER TO THAT  
QUESTION WAS THE  
SAME...ON BOTH  
SIDES OF THE RIVER.

**LAST RITES**

WHERE THE SHADOWS RUN FROM THEMSELVES



APRIL 9, 1968

PITT ISLAND...IT LOOKED SAFE ENOUGH. AT FIRST. A MAN NAMED NED GRANDY LED US THERE FROM THE REFUGEE CAMP THE GOVERNMENT HAD SET UP ON STATEN ISLAND.

HE TOLD US HE HAD FRIENDS THERE. SWORE THAT THEY WOULD TAKE US IN...HELP US.

THERE'S A GOOD SPOT OVER HERE!

I MANAGED A JAR OF PEACHES AND SOME LIMA BEANS THIS TIME.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL SNEAKING INTO THAT ROOT CELLAR, FAYE. THAT WOMAN AND HER SON... THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS.

I AM NOT AFRAID OF ARDELIA BROWER.

YEAH? AND WHAT ABOUT THAT HAIRY MOUNTAIN SHE GAVE BIRTH TO?

HE...IS A DIFFERENT STORY. LORD, THOSE TATTOOS!

MMM... CROSSHAIRS OR BULL'S EYES. I'VE SEEN THAT SYMBOL SOMEWHERE BEFORE. CAN'T PLACE IT THOUGH.

EITHER WAY, I... HEY!

IT WAS A COMMUNE OF SORTS. HIPPIES, BIKERS, RUNAWAYS... THE PEOPLE WHO OWNED THE ISLAND TOOK IN ALL MANNER OF STRAYS.

EXCEPT FOR SHELLY AND HER FATHER LOU, JOE AND I KEPT MOSTLY TO OURSELVES. WE SNUCK AWAY EVERY CHANCE WE GOT.

AND THEIR DIET...ALWAYS WITH THE LARGE HELPINGS OF MEAT! SEEMED ODD TO US TO DINE SO WELL IN A TIME OF SUCH CRISIS. WE AVOIDED MOST OF THEIR MEALS.

JOE? WHAT IS IT!

IT WAS ON ONE OF OUR PICNICS...A CHILLY DAY IN APRIL...WHEN JOE'S SUSPICIONS ABOUT ARDELIA BROWER AND HER SON KENNY WERE CONFIRMED.





IT'S THE KAHUNA, FAYE!  
GRANDY'S BOAT!

MY GOD...  
H-HOW?



SOMEBODY  
MOVED HER!  
MOORED HER OVER  
ON THIS SIDE OF  
THE ISLAND, UNDER  
THESE TREES  
WHERE NO ONE  
WOULD SEE!

OH JOE!  
OH DEAR  
GOD...!



NO SIGN OF  
NED. ALL I COULD  
FIND WERE THESE,  
SHOVED UP UNDER  
THE STEERING  
PANEL!

W-WHAT  
IS ALL THIS?



DRUGS, FAYE!  
THESE PEOPLE  
WEREN'T NED  
GRANDY'S FRIENDS.  
THEY WERE HIS  
CUSTOMERS!

AND NED?  
WHERE IS  
NED?!



MY GUESS  
WOULD BE THE  
FARM. THAT  
SLAUGHTERHOUSE  
THAT KENNY IS  
SO PARTICULAR  
ABOUT.

THOSE  
SCREAMS...

PIGS, THEY  
SAID. LONG-PIG  
MORE LIKE. THAT'S  
WHAT SOUTH  
SEAS CANNIBALS  
CALLED HUMANS.

OH JOE...  
I'M GOING TO  
BE SICK.





WE RAN AS FAST AS WE COULD. JOE SHOUTED TO ME AS WE WENT, TOLD ME TO GET LOU AND SHELLY, GET THEM BACK TO THE BOAT.

NED HAD TAUGHT ME HOW TO PILOT THE KAHUNA ON OUR TRIP DOWNRIVER AND I WAS GOING OVER AND OVER IT ALL IN MY HEAD, HORRIFIED THAT I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MAKE IT GO.



WHAT IS IT JOE? WHY ARE WE...?

HSST! SOMETHING'S WRONG, FAYE! IT'S DESERTED! AND THERE'S NO SMOKE COMING FROM THE TENTS.

IT WAS NEARLY SUNDOWN AND FAR TOO COLD FOR THE CAMP TO BE WITHOUT FIRES IN THE STOVES. JOE'S FINGERS NEARLY BROKE MY HAND.



I'VE NEVER BEEN SO TERRIFIED. EVEN THE WEIGHT OF THAT RIDICULOUS WEAPON DIDN'T COMFORT ME.

JOE WAS ONLY TEN FEET AWAY, BUT I FELT COMPLETELY ALONE. MY BLOOD RAN ICE COLD.

IF ANYTHING MOVES, KILL IT!



SWEET JESUS...!

INSIDE THE TENT... THE BLOOD RAN EVERYWHERE.





GLAAGG!

F-FAYE...  
WE'VE GOT TO...  
THEY'RE ALL...

IT HAD TO BE POISON.  
IN THAT LAST EVENING'S  
DINNER. AT LEAST THAT'S  
WHAT JOE FIGURED.



FAYE!!

HE FIGURED KENNY POISONED  
THE MEAT, KILLING THEM ALL  
WITHIN AN HOUR OF EATING  
IT. WE GUESSED THE LUNATIC  
RETURNED LATER, HACKING  
THEM ALL UP SO THEY COULDN'T  
COME BACK AS ONE OF THOSE...



...DEAD THINGS!

GRAWWL!

AAAAGGGH!

BUT KENNY WASN'T  
AS THOROUGH IN HIS  
BUTCHERY AS HIS  
MOTHER WOULD HAVE  
HAD US BELIEVE. TURNED  
OUT...HE'D MISSED ONE.