

LONDON.
MANY YEARS
AGO.

AAAHHH!

MOMMY!
DADDY!

OH, EDWARD,
DID YOU SEE IT
AGAIN?

EVERY
TIME I CLOSE
MY EYES.

I'M SO
SORRY.

I WISH I
COULD TAKE THAT
NASTY IMAGE *OUT*
OF YOUR HEAD AND
THROW IT AWAY SO
YOU'LL *NEVER*
HAVE TO SEE IT
AGAIN.

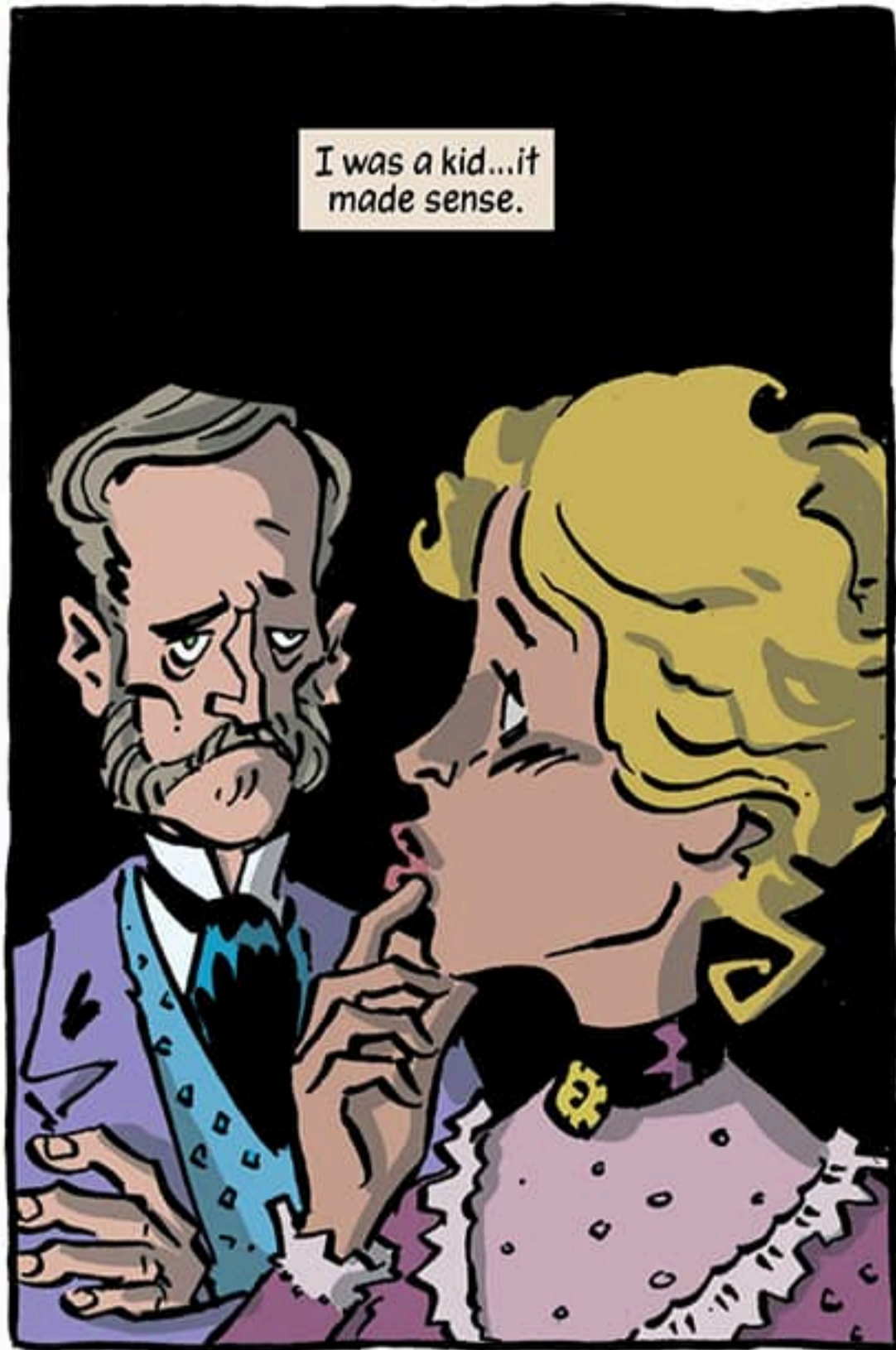
WELL, YOU HAVE TO
TRY TO GO TO SLEEP. YOU
CAN'T JUST STAY AWAKE
FOREVER.

CAN'T
YOU SEE HE'S
TRYING?

MOMMY?
MAYBE I *CAN*
GET IT OUT OF
MY HEAD.



I thought if I were to *paint* the thing in my head, I would get it out of there and it'd leave me for good.



I was a kid...it made sense.



When I showed the painting to my parents, my mom made my dad get *rid* of it at once.



She didn't want something so *vile* in our house.

I wasn't sure it had worked until...



...I finally slept. And I've slept well every day of my life since.

I didn't know what I'd painted and I didn't know that it would affect me for the rest of my life. I just knew it was gone and I was *happy*.

THE BOY WHO PAINTED DEATH

POPISM Interlude

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Lower East Side,
New York City.
Today.



GOOD SHOW, GUYS.
BUT NEXT TIME YOU COMPLETELY
RIP OFF *THE DOLLS*, YOU MIGHT
WANNA TRY AND PLAY IN THE
RIGHT KEY.

IT
COMES
OFF AS
LAZY.

JUST
SAYIN'.



WHOOOSH





SON OF A BITCH. THERE'S NOTHING *HERE*. PROBABLY JUST HEARD A--



WHAT THE HELL?

WHOOOSH

