

S.P.



DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT IT.

I'M A *VERY* GOOD SHOT.

NOPE, OUR STORY DOESN'T BEGIN HERE. YOU NEED TO READ *RESIDENT ALIEN #0* BEFORE READING THIS.



AHA, IT'S *ME*...DR. VANDERSPEIGLE...

...WE MET THE OTHER DAY.

PLEASE... PUT THE GUN DOWN.





ON SECOND THOUGHT, I THINK WHAT **YOU** NEED IS SOME CHAMOMILE TEA...

IT SHOULD HELP TO RELAX YOU.

I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.



YOU SEEM TO KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND HERE PRETTY WELL...

YES, I MOVED INTO THE GUEST ROOM A FEW DAYS AGO.

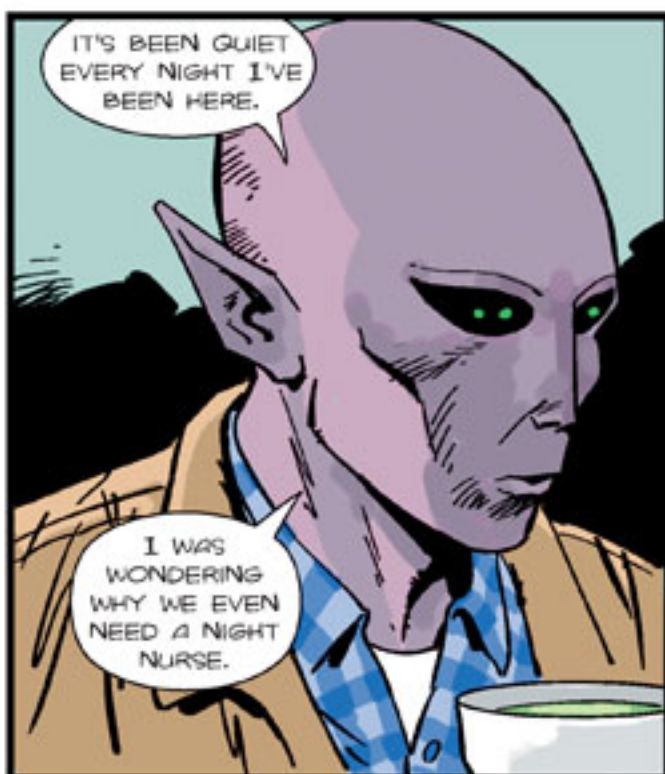
EASIER THAN DRIVING BACK AND FORTH TO MY PLACE ALL THE TIME.



HERE YOU GO...

THANKS.

LET'S HOPE IT'S **QUIET** TONIGHT.



IT'S BEEN QUIET EVERY NIGHT I'VE BEEN HERE.

I WAS WONDERING WHY WE EVEN NEED A NIGHT NURSE.



WELL, **MOSTLY** THAT'S THE WAY IT IS.

I USUALLY SPEND MY SHIFT DOZING ON THE COUCH AND WATCHING OLD HORROR MOVIES...



...BUT SOME NIGHTS IT GETS ROUGH--JUST **NONSTOP** EMERGENCIES...

CAR ACCIDENTS, BAR FIGHTS, THAT KIND OF THING.



SOMETIMES A HIGH-SCHOOL KID'LL GET SO **OUT** OF IT ON SOMETHING THAT THEIR FRIENDS GET WORRIED AND DUMP THEM ON OUR PORCH TO HAVE THEIR STOMACH PUMPED.

GET QUITE A FEW **BIRTHS** IN THE EARLY HOURS, TOO.



ONE NIGHT **ALL** THE NURSES GOT CALLED IN TO HELP OUT WITH A DIFFICULT ONE, AND THE DOC ENDED UP DOING A C-SECTION.

WHICH WAS KIND OF GROSS, BUT FASCINATING. THE HUSBAND PASSED OUT.



OKAY, I TAKE IT ALL BACK. I **DO** NEED YOU HERE.

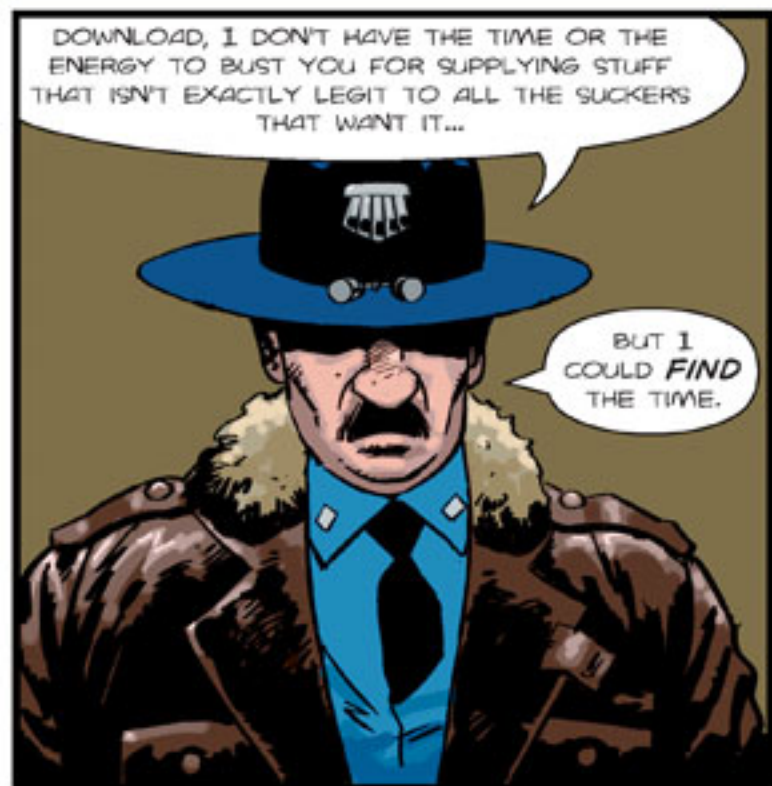
DO YOU **ENJOY** THE WORK?



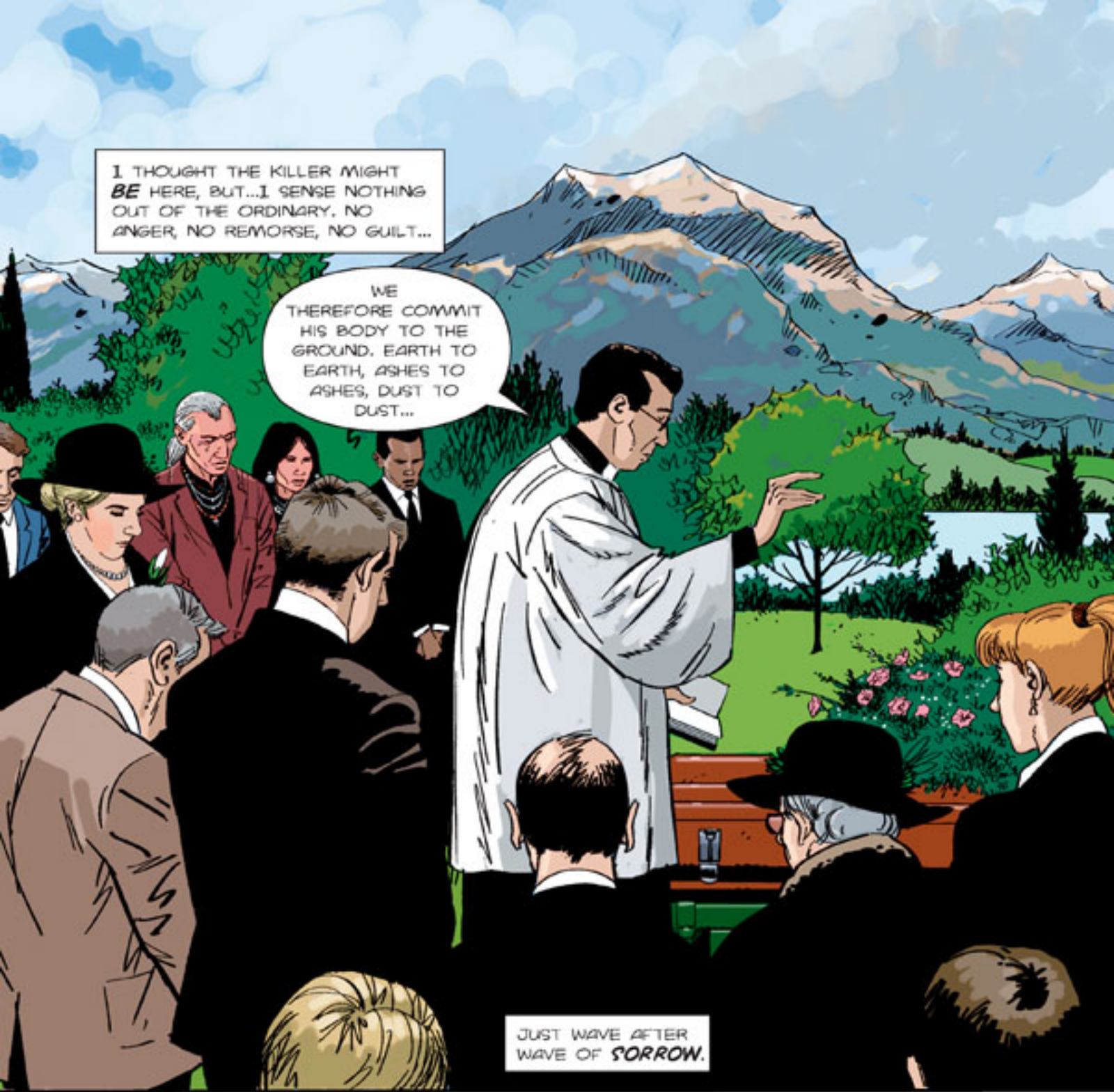
YEAH, I REALLY DO.

IT'S NICE TO **MEAN** SOMETHING, Y'KNOW? TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE...










I THOUGHT THE KILLER MIGHT **BE** HERE, BUT...I SENSE NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY. NO ANGER, NO REMORSE, NO GUILT...

WE THEREFORE COMMIT HIS BODY TO THE GROUND. EARTH TO EARTH, ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST...

JUST WAVE AFTER WAVE OF **SORROW**.



IT'S OVERWHELMING... SO MANY PEOPLE...

I CAN GO NO CLOSER.