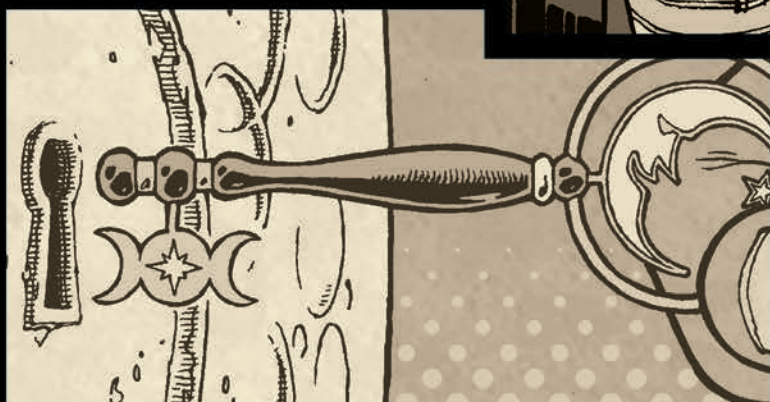


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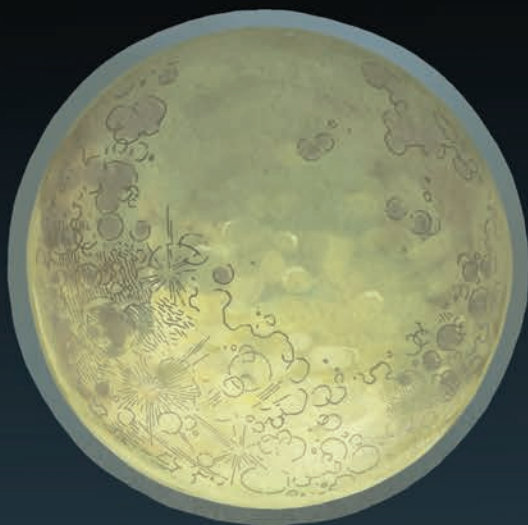
HEAVEN AND EARTH

LOCKE & KEY

WRITTEN BY
JOE HILL

ART BY
GABRIEL RODRIGUEZ

"WHAT DO YOU THINK THE MOON LOOKS LIKE ON THE OTHER SIDE, FATHER?"



"THERE IS NO OTHER SIDE."

THE SIDE WE SEE IS THE ONLY SIDE THERE IS.

IF YOU WENT BEHIND THE MOON, YOU'D FIND ALL THE PULLEYS AND WIRES AND LEVERS AND COGS AND FLAMDoodles THAT RUN THE WHOLE THING.

OH, YES. YES. THIS IS SOME GOOD FOOLISHNESS, FATHER. WHAT'S A FLAMDoodle?

WELL, A FLAMDoodle IS A COMPLICATED SORT OF PNEUMATIC TUBE. IT KEEPS THE SKY MOVING. ALL THE SKY IS A CLEVER BACKDROP OF SHIFTING SILKS AND CANVAS, THAT ROTATES AROUND US.

IT IS AS IF WE STAND AT THE CENTER OF A CAROUSEL AND THE STARS AND THE MOON AND THE SUN ARE THE HORSES.

I HAVE ONE WORD FOR YOU, FATHER: GALILEO. I HAVE LEARNED ALL ABOUT HIM FROM HARLAND.

GALILEO TOLD ONE TRUTH. I'M TELLING YOU ANOTHER.

THERE CAN'T BE MORE THAN ONE KIND OF TRUTH.

ARE FEELINGS TRUE? ARE THE THINGS YOU UNDERSTAND IN YOUR DREAMS, THAT DISAPPEAR WHEN YOU WAKE—ARE THOSE THINGS TRUE?

WHAT'S TRUE IN THE DUST AND HARD LIGHT OF DAY MAY NOT HOLD IN A BALLOON, LATE AT NIGHT, CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE MOON TO REACH OUT AND TOUCH IT.



I WISH I COULD GO UP IN A BALLOON SOMETIME!

EVERYONE IN OUR FAMILY DOES EXCITING THINGS. GRANDFATHER WON ALL SORTS OF BATTLES IN THE CIVIL WAR AND RANGERED IN THE WILD WEST.

I HAVE ONLY EVER SEEN THE WILD WEST IN PICTURE SHOWS!



I'M SORRY YOU NEVER MET HIM, IAN. YOU WOULD'VE LIKED YOUR GRANDFATHER CLINT LOCKE VERY MUCH. AND I KNOW HE WOULD'VE LIKED YOU.

BEN AND MIRANDA LOCKE FOUGHT IN THE REVOLUTION. OCTOBER LOCKE LIVED WITH BEARS.



YOU WENT TO JAPAN AND A SHOGUN GAVE YOU HIS SWORD!

BUT I AM SO POORLY I NEVER GO ANYWHERE OR DO ANYTHING!

I WANT TO SEE GREAT THINGS LIKE YOU, AND DO GREAT THINGS LIKE THE OCK-LIKE THE

OCK-AUUN-LIKE

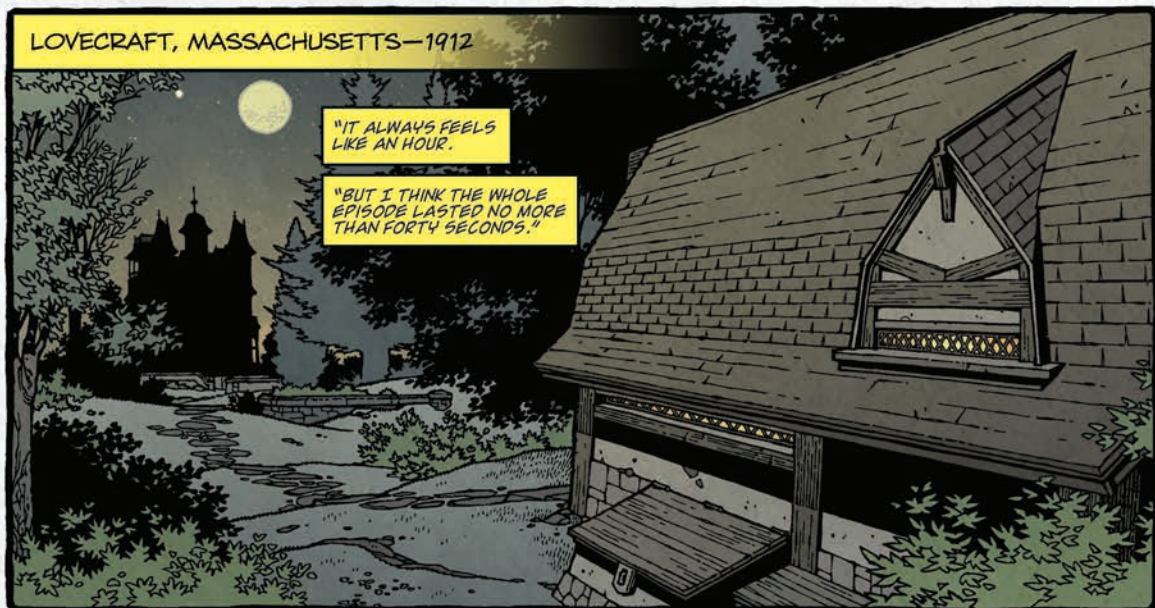


RAUHHANNNG-DA-WINNNNG



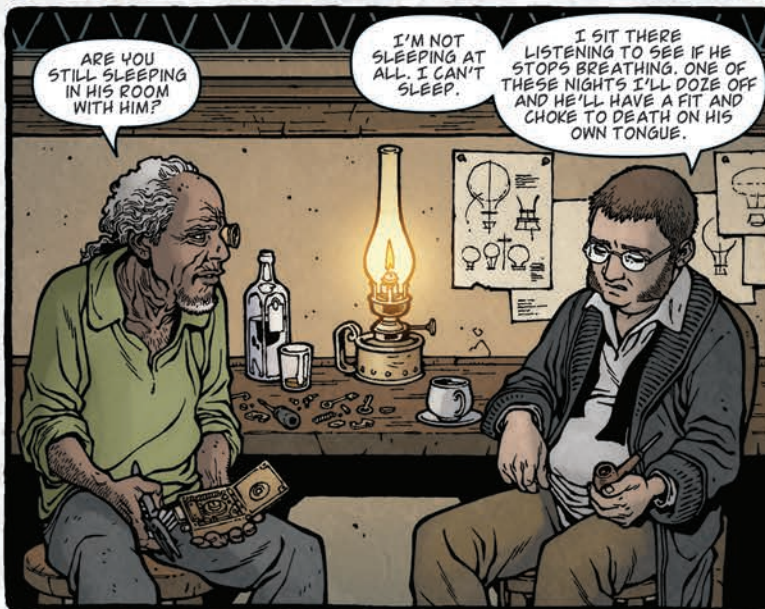
I'M HERE. I'M RIGHT HERE, IAN. IT'S ALL RIGHT.

HOW LONG?



"IT ALWAYS FEELS LIKE AN HOUR."

"BUT I THINK THE WHOLE EPISODE LASTED NO MORE THAN FORTY SECONDS."



ARE YOU STILL SLEEPING IN HIS ROOM WITH HIM?

I'M NOT SLEEPING AT ALL. I CAN'T SLEEP.

I SIT THERE LISTENING TO SEE IF HE STOPS BREATHING. ONE OF THESE NIGHTS I'LL DOZE OFF AND HE'LL HAVE A FIT AND CHOKE TO DEATH ON HIS OWN TONGUE.

IAN NEEDS THE—NN—MENDING CABINET. MAYBE WE BOTH DO. I FEEL THAT BALL IN MY CHEST MORE'N I USED TO. EVERYTIME I INHALE DEEP.

THAT IGNORANT SOUTHERN BASTARD SAID HE'D SHOOT ME DEAD AND HE WAS GOOD AS HIS WORD. IT'S JUST TAKEN HIS BULLET AN UNUSUAL LONG TIME TO FINISH THE JOB. GOIN' FIFTY YEARS NOW.



THE MENDING CABINET MIGHT OUGHT PUT HIM RIGHT. WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SET HIM IN IT?

YESTERDAY MORN.



I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING THE MENDING CABINET COULDN'T FIX. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. DO YOU?



