Art: MEZZO Story: PIRUS

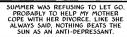
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Colors: RUBY (Don't take your love to town)
Translation: Helge Dascher and John Kadlecek



FLIES IN MID-OCTOBER, THAT'S THE FIRST THING THAT COMES TO MIND WHEN I LOOK BACK, FLIES, AND MURDEROUS HEAT.







HER SECOND DIVORCE. SHE'D NEVER PAID LESS ATTENTION TO ME AND I WAS TAKING FULL ADVANTAGE.



I WAS KING. THE LORD OF THE FLIES, MY MOTHER CALLED ME -- A REFER-ENCE TO SOME BOOK SHE'D READ.



SAL AND DAMIEN WOULD PROP BY. WE'D SPRAWL OUT ON COUCHES HAULED DOWN FROM THE ATTIC TO REPLACE THE GARDEN FURNITURE THAT HAD VANISHED ALONG WITH MY STEPFATHER. SOMEONE WAS THROWING A RAYE FOR HALLOWEEN, AND WE'D GET FUCKED UP ON WHISKEY AND PILLS TO HELP US COME UP WITH COSTUME IDEAS. ME, I WAS FULL OF IDEAS FOR SCREWING SAL.



SHE WAS GOING OUT WITH DAMIEN, BUT I WANTED HER, I'D WANTED HER SINCE THE DAY HE INTRODUCED US, AND SHE KNEW IT. THE NIGHT BEFORE HALLOWEEN WE THREW BACK A FEW TO CELEBRATE OUR COSTUMES. DAMIEN WAS A SKEL-ETON -- HED PAINTED BONES ON A BLACK LEOTARD -- AND SAL WAS A CAT.





WE WERE WASTED. DAMIEN WANTED TO TAKE PICTURES OF US WEARING OUR MASKS. SAL SAT ON MY LAP. I COULD FEEL THE WARMTH OF HER THROUGH MY PANTS, RADIATING UP INTO MY BELLY.



I WAS GETTING HARD AND WHEN I ASKED HER WHY THE FUCK SHE WAS STILL WITH THAT ASSHOLE, SHE STARTED TEASING ME AND WOULDN'T STOP THE WHOLE TIME DAMIEN WAS TAKING PICTURES. JUST A FEW INCHES MUST FROM US!



IT WAS POURING, SAL ASKED ME WHY I WAS DRIVING SO FAST.
I SAID I WANTED TO MAKE SURE I NAILED GENE KELLY, AND SHE AND DAMIEN LAUGHED LIKE FOOLS.





THEY KEPT MAKING OUT, HANDS ALL OVER EACH OTHER, AND I COULDN'T THE IF SAL HAD ALREADY FORGOTTEN WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN US OR IF SHE WAS JUST COVERING UP.



EITHER WAY, I WAS SICK OF IT. SICK OF THE SKELETON AND CAT FOOLING AROUND IN MY REAR VIEW MIRROR.



SICK OF BEING KING OF THE FLIES. SICK OF BEING KING OF THE FLIES.
SICK OF THE WHOLE FUCKING
HALLOWEEN TRIP. SO I HIT THE
PEPAL TO BLOW OFF SOME STEAM
AND THAT'S WHEN DAMIEN YELLED
STOP, WE'RE THERE.



THEY KICKED IN MIDWAY THROUGH

ACTUALLY, WE WEREN'T THERE YET, BUT THE REST OF THE WAY WAS ON FOOT. IT WAS GOOD TO GET OUT OF THE CAR. IT CALMED ME DOWN SOME. THE RAIN WAS LETTING UP AND



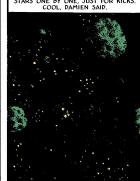
THERE WAS A FIELD TO CROSS. I HADN'T TAKEN ANYTHING BEFORE WE LEFT SO I KNOCKED BACK THREE PILLS TO MAKE UP FOR IT.





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I TOLD DAMIEN NEXT TIME WE'D BRING GUNS, STAKE OUT ON A HILL AND KNOCK OFF THOSE WALKING STARS ONE BY ONE, JUST FOR KICKS. COOL, DAMIEN SAID.



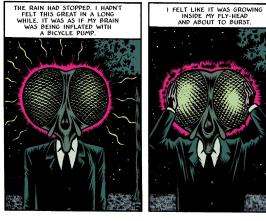














I STARTED LAUGHING, AND SAL AND DAMIEN JOINED IN. I TOLD SAL I LOVED HER.



AND STILL LAUGHING I TOLD DAMIEN I WAS JEALOUS AND THAT THE SECOND HIS BACK WAS TURNED I WAS GONNA SCREW HER, JUST SO SHE'D SEE WHAT A GOOD FUCK WAS REALLY LIKE. HA! RA! HA!

TRY IT AND I'LL CUT OFF YOUR PRICK! HA! HA! HA! AND WE FED EACH OTHER PILLS -- IT'S SOMETHING WE WOULD DO, FOR THE SURPRISE OF IT -- ME TO SAL, AND SAL TO DAMIEN.





AT THAT POINT WE WERE COMING UP ON A BARN PACKED WITH PEOPLE DANCING, SAL AND DAMIEN WENT TO JOIN THEM. I SPAT OUT THE REMAINS OF THE CAPSULE.



THEY WERE COATED WITH BLOOD. THEY WERE COALED WITH DELOD.
STUPID ASSHOLE, I THOUGHT. LET HIM
KEEP THE BITCH, WHAT THE HELL DO
I CARE! IT'S NOT LIKE THERE WAS A
SHORTAGE OF GIRLS AT THE PARTY.



MY FEET WERE FREEZING. THEY WERE SOAKED AND I WAS STARING AT THEM LIKE A MORON. I WAS COMING DOWN.













WE RAN OUT OF THE BARN BLINDLY, INTO THE FIELD. I WAS HOLDING HER HAND.

THE MOON WAS LIGHTING UP THE COUNTRYSIDE. A BREEZE HAD SWEPT THE CLOUDS AWAY. A WARM BREEZE. SUMMER WAS PLAYING ITS LAST CARD FOR US.



