

Art: MEZZO Story: PIRUS
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Edited by Kim Thompson. Production by Paul Baresh and Adam Grano. Lettering by Brittany Kusa and Michael Litven. Special logo relettering by Mezzo. Associate publisher Eric Reynolds. Published by Gary Groth and Kim Thompson. *King of the Flies* Volume 1: *Hallorave* © 2005 SEFAM. This edition © 2010 Fantagraphics Books. All rights reserved; permission to quote or reproduce material for reviews or notices must be obtained from Fantagraphics Books, in writing, at 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115. Visit the Fantagraphics website at www.fantagraphics.com. Distributed to bookstores in the U.S. by W.W. Norton and Company, Inc. (212-354-5500); distributed to comics shops in the U.S. by Diamond Comic Distributors (800-452-6642); distributed in Canada by Canadian Manda Group (416-516-0911); distributed in the U.K. by Turnaround Distribution (208-829-3009). First edition January, 2010. Printed in Hong Kong. ISBN 978-1-60699-320-0

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 SKELETON -- HE'D PAINTED BONES ON A BLACK LEOTARD -- AND SAL WAS A CAT.



AND I WAS THE KING OF THE FLIES.



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.



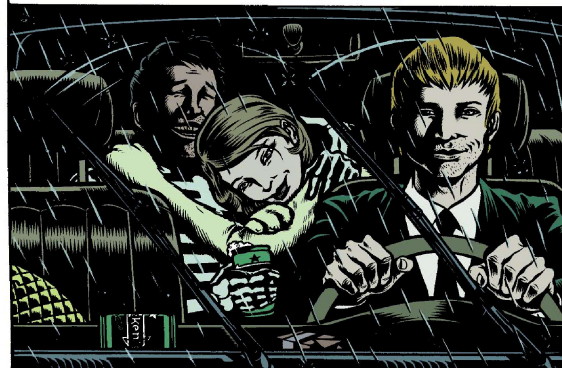
I WAS GETTING HARD AND WHEN I ASKED HER WHY THE FUCK SHE WAS STILL WITH THAT ASSHOLE, SHE STARTED TEASING ME AND WOULDN'T STOP THE WHOLE TIME DAMIEN WAS TAKING PICTURES. JUST A FEW INCHES AWAY FROM US!



AFTER THEY LEFT, THE SKY OPENED UP AND IT WAS FALL. JUST LIKE THAT. UNDER MY MASK, MY HEAD WAS BURNING.



THE FOLLOWING EVENING, I WENT TO PICK UP SAL AND DAMIEN. MY MOTHER HAD LET ME BORROW HER CAR AND WE WERE CRACKING UP, THINKING ABOUT THE POOR BASTARDS WHO HAD TO TAKE THE BUS, WEARING THEIR LAME COSTUMES.



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.



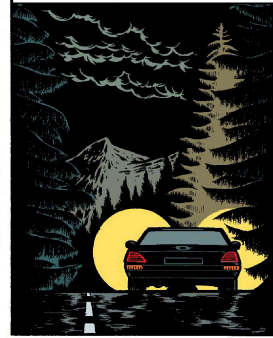
THEY KEPT MAKING OUT, HANDS ALL OVER EACH OTHER, AND I COULDN'T TELL IF SAL HAD ALREADY FORGOTTEN WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN US OR IF SHE WAS JUST COVERING UP.



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 THE WHOLE FUCKING HALLOWEEN TRIP. SO I HIT THE PEDAL TO BLOW OFF SOME STEAM AND THAT'S WHEN DAMIEN YELLED STOP, WE'RE THERE.



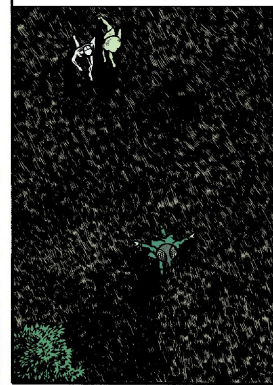
ACTUALLY, WE WEREN'T THERE YET, BUT THE REST OF THE WAY WAS ON FOOT. IT WAS GOOD TO GET OUT OF THE CAR. IT CALMED ME DOWN SOME. THE RAIN WAS LETTING UP AND THE AIR HAD MELLOWED.



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.



THEY KICKED IN MIDWAY THROUGH THE FIELD.



LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE COUNTRYSIDE WAS FILLING UP WITH PEOPLE. SOME HAD FLASHLIGHTS AND THEY LOOKED LIKE A MOVING CONSTELLATION.



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.

