

IDW

#4 • CVR A

**SCOTT
WESTLAND
SMITH**

JOE SCHREIBER'S
**CHASING
THE DEAD**



DOS





EVER!



RINGING



WAKE UP,
SUSAN.
YOU WERE
DRIFTING.



TELL ME
ABOUT THE
WITCH.

AH, IT
SEEMS YOUR
MR. YATES KNEW
MORE THEN I'D
EXPECTED.

I KNOW
ABOUT THE
ROUTE,
TOO.

AND THAT
YOUR BODY
IS SCATTERED
ACROSS THE
COUNTRYSIDE.

SO WHO WAS
IT THAT ATTACKED
PHIL AND I WHEN WE
WERE KIDS?

THAT
WAS GIDEON...
AND I.



HE DIED
OF CHOLERA
IN 1840.

HIS SISTER
WAS TAKING HIS
BODY BACK HOME
FOR BURIAL AND
FOLLOWED THE ROUTE
YOU'RE DRIVING
NOW.

HE WAS MY
FIRST PORTAL
BACK INTO THIS
WORLD.
MY
EMISSARY.
MY NEW
FLESH AND
BLOOD.

WAIT, IF
HE WAS ALREADY
DEAD ALL THOSE
YEARS AGO...



...WE
COULDN'T
HAVE KILLED
HIM WHEN WE
WERE KIDS.

SO WHY LEAVE
HIM IN THE GROUND
FOR ME TO DIG UP
TONIGHT?

FINALLY
WE'VE ARRIVED AT
THE IMPORTANT
QUESTION.

IF YOUR
BODY IS STILL
IN PIECES...

...AND
GIDEON'S
BODY IS IN
THE BAG...



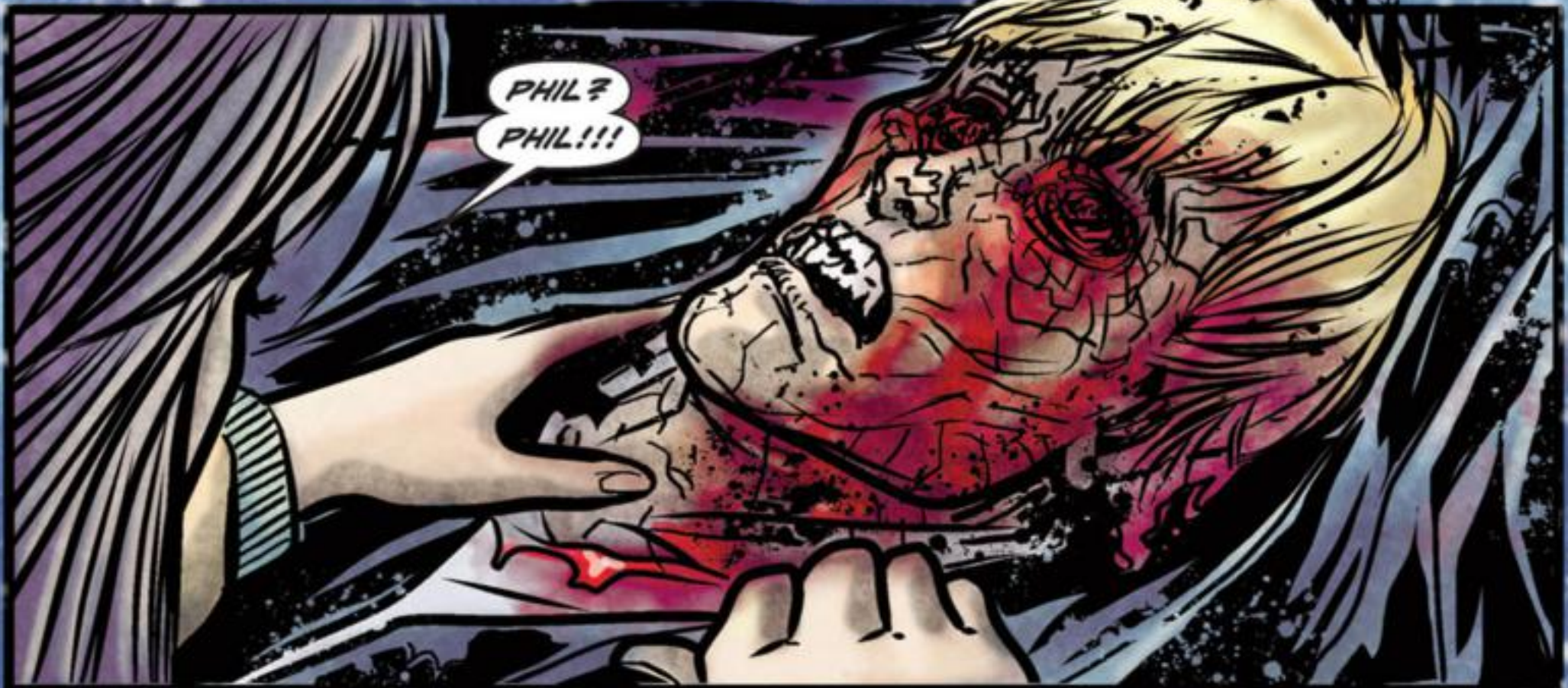
...THEN WHO
HAVE I BEEN
TALKING TO ALL
THIS TIME?

HA HA
HA HA



SCREEECH











THERE'S NOWHERE YOU CAN HIDE FROM ME.

FROM... FROM OCEAN STREET TO OLD WHITE'S COVE--



--ACROSS THE VIRGIN LAND HE DROVE.

URGH! YOU BITCH!

TO PAINT EACH TOWN AND HAMLET RED WITH THE DYING AND THE DEAD.

HE WALKED THROUGH WICKHAM AND NEWBURY...

...IN ASHFORD OR STONEVIEW HE MIGHT TARRY.



TO CALL A CHILD TO HIS KNEE.

WHERE HE SLEW IT-- ONE! TWO! THREE!

AH! AHHHHHH!!!

ARGH!!!

THEN FROM WINSLOW TO GRAY HAVEN,

WHERE HE MAY BEGIN AGAIN.

BEDECKED IN HIS HOLY SHROUD, TO PAINT THE COMMONWEALTH WITH BLOOD.



PANT PANT PANT

SUE? HONEY?

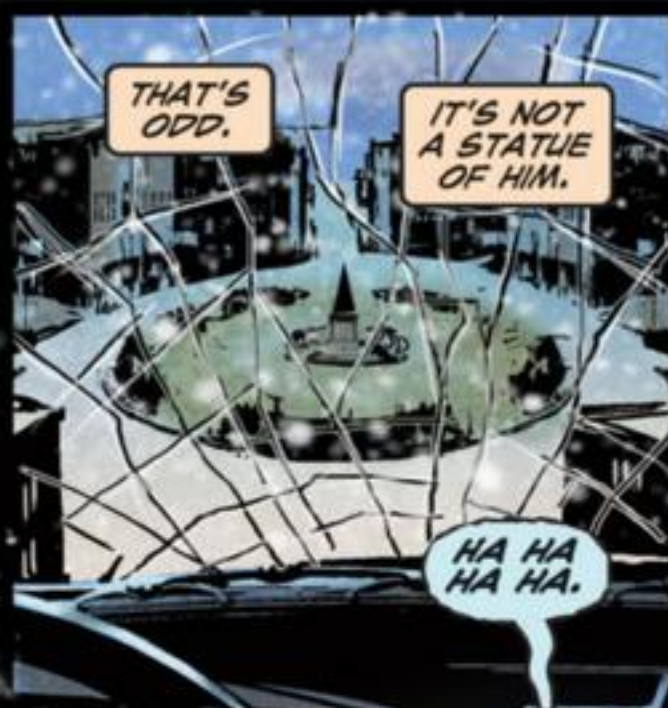


PHIL? IS IT-- REALLY YOU?



YES, BUT IT WON'T BE FOR LONG.



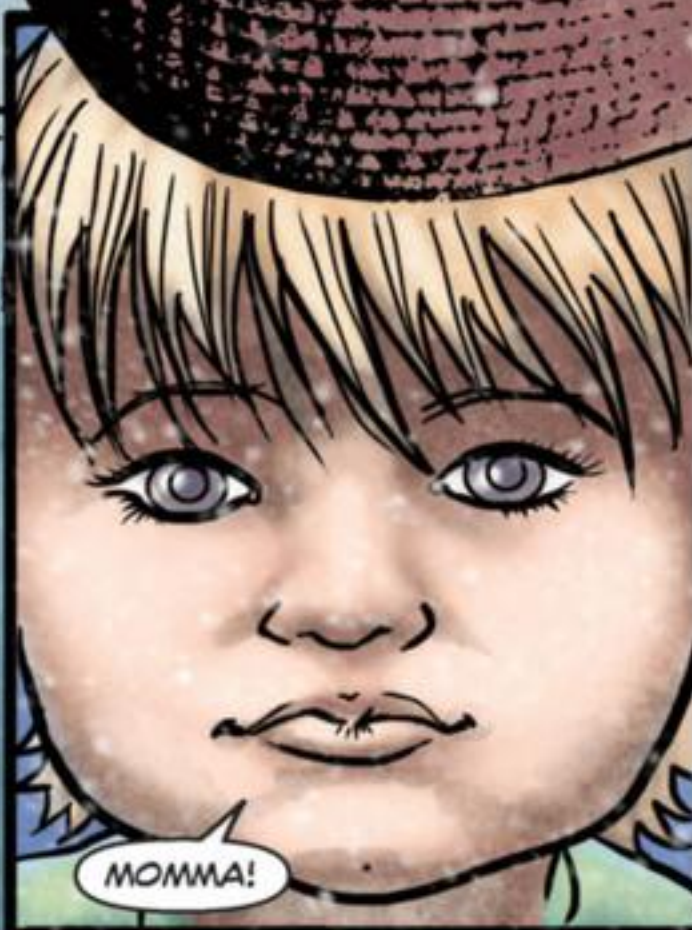




OH
BABY, IT'S
REALLY
YOU!
I'M SO
SORRY.



LILY?
BABY?



MOMMA!



OH,
THANK
GOD!



I MISSED
YOU SO
MUCH!



I LOVE
YOU.
AND I'LL
NEVER LET
YOU OUT OF
MY SIGHT
AGAIN!



LET'S GO
HOME.



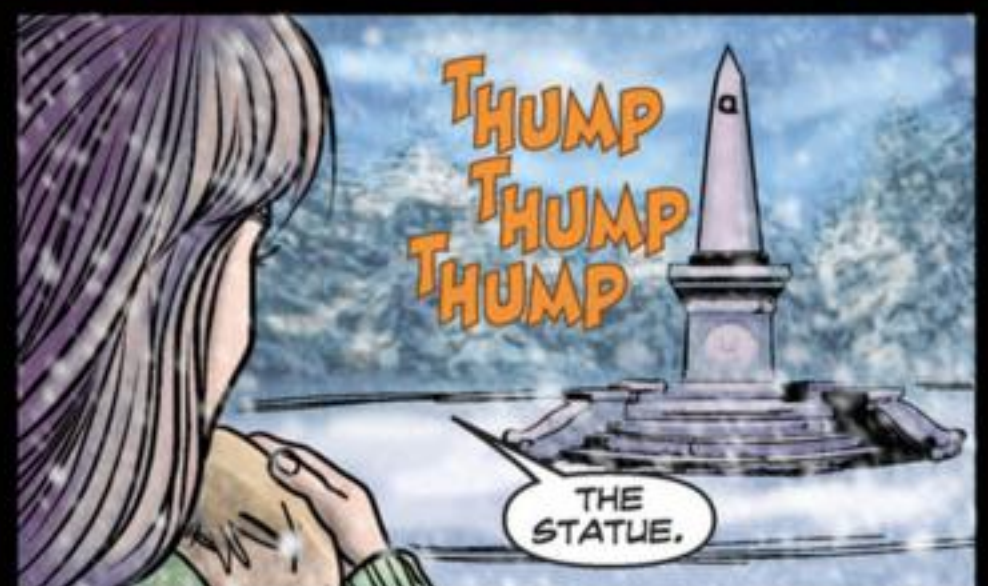
WHAT?

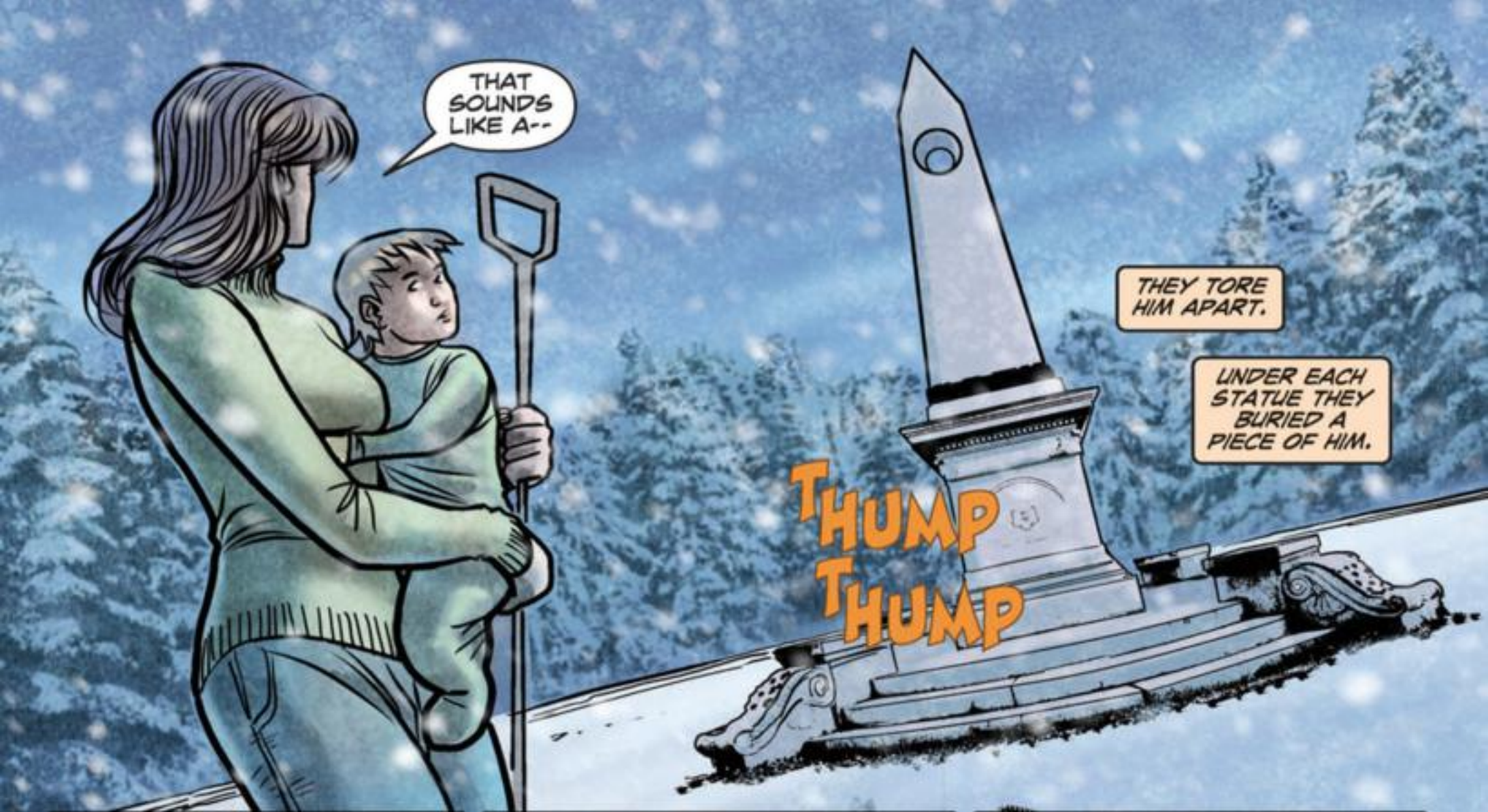
RIIIING











THAT
SOUNDS
LIKE A--

THEY TORE
HIM APART.

UNDER EACH
STATUE THEY
BURIED A
PIECE OF HIM.

THUMP
THUMP



THUMP

THUMP

MY GOD.



THUMP
THUMP

THIS MUST
BE WHERE
THEY BURIED
HIS HEART.



THUMP
THUMP

IT'S
THE KEY.



THUMP
THUMP

IF I CAN
DESTROY
THAT...



ZZZZZZ

... THE NIGHTMARE
WILL BE OVER.



THUMP
THUMP

COME ON,
COME ON!



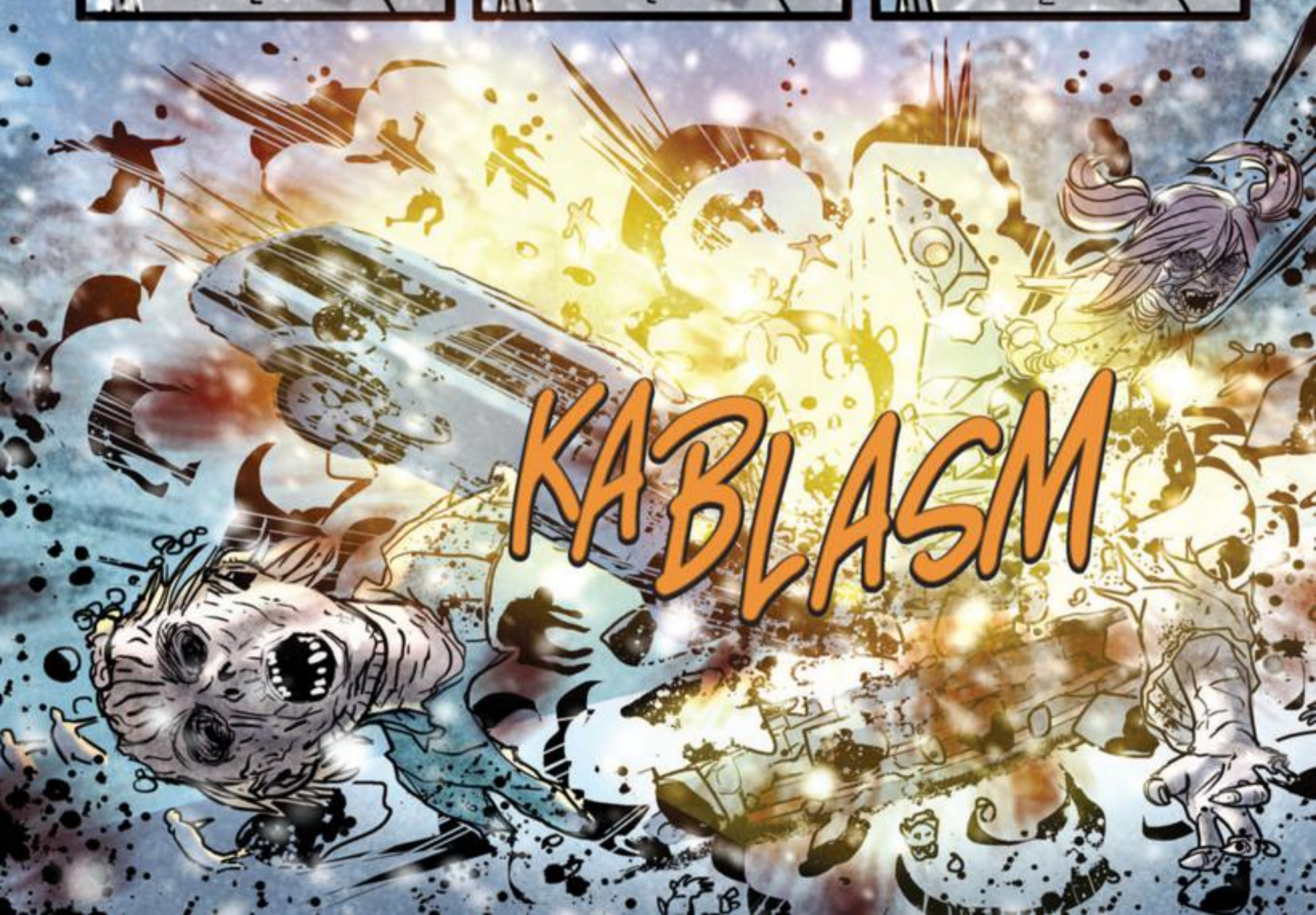
ZZZZZZ













BUT--

--WHERE IS THE HEART?



SIX MONTHS LATER.

MAUI, HAWAII



WHAT'S THE VERDICT?

THEY'RE BACKING OFF. FOR NOW.



THERE ARE JUST TOO MANY ASPECTS OF YOUR CASE THAT THE POLICE CAN'T EXPLAIN...

...LET ALONE BLAME ON YOU.

THE BODIES KEEP TURNING UP IN WHITE'S COVE.

SOME OF THEM LOOK LIKE THEY'RE HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD.



THEY FOUND SOMETHING ELSE TOO...

...THE EYES OF HIS VICTIMS.

THEY'RE ALL FINALLY FREE OF HIM.



DO ME A FAVOR?
ANYTHING.

GIVE THEM A PROPER BURIAL. THEY DESERVE IT.

ALREADY WORKING ON IT.



SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH, YOU KNOW--IT?

I'M BACK IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS, AND MR. HAMILTON NEEDS A NEW HOME.



I FIGURE WE'LL DO A LITTLE DEEP SEA DIVING, AND NO ONE CAN EVER TRAVEL HIS ROUTE AGAIN.

GOOD GIRL. NOW DO ME A FAVOR.

ANYTHING.



MAKE SURE YOU GIRLS HAVE SOME FUN AFTER YOUR BUSINESS IS DONE.

THANKS, YATES. WE WILL.



EMPIRE

DARKNESS

