



SIMON SPURRIER JAVIER BARREÑO

CROSSED

Wish You Were Here



INKS:
GARY ERSKINE

COLOR:
JUANMAR



YOU THINK YOU'VE
SEEN EVERYTHING.

YOU'VE SEEN THROUGH
THE MILE, YOU KNOW?

YOU'VE SEEN TRAUMATIZED, FUCKED-UP...
YOU'VE SEEN MORE FRIGHTENED THAN
ONE CRISPY LITTLE HEART CAN BEAR...

AND IN THE NORMAL WORLD—
OHA, SORRY!

—IN THE OLD WORLD, YOU'D BE A
TIT-SUCKING WANDERER-READING
MONSTER INSIDE 6 MONTHS.



"BUT AT LEAST," YOU
TELL YOURSELF... "AT
LEAST NOTHING'LL EVER
SURPRISE ME AGAIN."

THE
FLICK'S
BUILT.

THEN YOU GLANCE UP AT THE
INCOMING MOMENT AND SPOT A
BLOKE LUNGFRUCKING A DOLPHIN
WHILE SCREAMING FOR HIS MA.

I'M
COMIN'
RABBIT AA HA
HA

SAME FOR
YES HIS BOY

SAME,
POERTT GOO

POERTT GOO
AA HA HA
POERTT GOO





I SHOULD PROBABLY HAVE
BOUNDED THE BELLS
STRAIGHT AWAY, RIGHT?

IT'S WHAT I WAS THERE FOR,
AFTER ALL— FREEDING MY
TITS OFF UP A TELEGRAPH
POLE WITH NOTHING BUT
SHEEPING FOR WORTH.

BLOODY LOOKOUT SHIT.



PLUS, THERE WERE GOATS
OUT— INHERITERS ON THE
ROOFS— DON AND THE VEG-
PICKERS ON THE PLAIN.

WE WERE SORTA
EXPOSED, YOU KNOW?

BUT THEN,
THERE'S
ALWAYS THE
CHANCE.

ALWAYS THE HOPE THE EVIL
LITTLE SHIT'S TOO INTO HIS
BUSINESS, TOO PREOCCUPIED
TO LOOK AROUND.

TOO BLAY TO
GEE THE ISLAND.

BLONDER DA DA
DA "BLONDER"
YI KENT "BLONDER"
JUNE

THAT'S
A POY
HARRY DA DA
DA DA

LAUGH YEE
HEH HE
PPOOPE HERE

HE CALLED
HIMSELF...

TOO CRAZY TO
NOTICE WHAT
WE'RE EAT HERE.

BEFORE- I'D
BEEN PUTTING OFF
STARTING THE
DIARY FOR AGES.

OH- NOT FOR WANT
OF SPARE TIME.
THERE'S SUNDAY-ALL
BLUE, SOME DAYS.

NO- THE PROBLEM
WAS KNOWING HOW
TO START IT.

WHEN YOUR LIFE- OR
WHATEVER YOU WANT TO
CALL IT- IS A SHARPLY
FUCKING ROUTINE MADE OF
BOREDOM AND PAIN-
GIVING TERROR, IT FEELS
SORT OF ARBITRARY
PICKING A "CHAPTER ONE".



PLATE 1







FUCK KNOWS
WHERE HE CAME
FROM. NOW HE
GOT THE BOAT.

FUCK KNOWS HOW HE
CAUGHT THE BLOODY
DOUBLIN. AT THAT- YOU
LEARN NOT TO WONDER.



THESE DAYS,
IMAGINATIONS
JUST A WASTE OF
BRAINSPACE

SHIT
SHIT
SHIT



AND DREAMERS
NEVER LAST.



THE KID WAS CALLED VINCENT. FOR THE RECORD, A SCOTCHER, I THINK- I'M SURE WITH ACCENTS.

HE WAS STILL PRETTY NEW, ALL THINGS TOLD. CAME BACK WITH THE LAST SCOTCH FROM THUSAND, FORTY LITTLE GUY, PROBABLY WATCHED HIS PARENTS GET BUSHED TO DEATH- SCOTCHERS LIKE THAT.

I NEVER ASKED.



WHAT I DID DO- THIS AND AGAIN- IS TELL THE LITTLE FISH NOT TO GET TOO FAR OUT.

AND TO STOP WEARING THAT TRICK FLYING ART OVER HIS EARS.

VINCENT?

VINCENT, ANY CUB?



TURNING OUT THE POOR
GOD COULDN'T ROW
FOR TORRES BRASS.



TAKE
THE
SHOT.

GRACE.

GRACE—
TAKE THE
SHOT!!



SHUT
UP.

NOW NOW
NOW

I KNOW
MY GUNNIE
ELISA— PLUCK
OFF.





BEFORE YOU THINK
NO, THAT'S NOT WHY
THEY CALL ME GARYX.

FOOTLOOSE

ONE







"THERE ARE
TWO TYPES OF
DWARVES IN
THIS WORLD,
AND WHAT
THEY HAVE IN
COMMON IS:



?

"THEY DON'T LIE."



BARTAGON
HEARD THE
GACYS...

BEEN
OUT THE
CACKLE



ARE, AH...
AH KEEP THAT
BOAT ON
STANDBY TOO, IN
CASE THE LAD
WINDS UP
GET CL-

DON'T BE
DAFT,
CHIEF.

HE'S
OUT.



WHICH YOU WILL.



REALLY, I
KNOW THIS. IN
THIS WORLD,
SUCKING OUT
LATER— YOU
GET CARRIED.



ALWAYS,
ALWAYS,
ALWAYS.



AND THEN THERE'S
SUNNING TO:
THERE'S NOT MUCH
OF THAT ABOUT,
THESE DAYS.

THAT'S ON ACCOUNT OF-- IF
YOU'RE SUNNING TO
SOMEBODY-- YOU'D
BETTER BE DAMN SURE
IT'S WORTH THE JOURNEY.



...AND THERE'S
PICK-ALL
PLACES LEFT
LIKE THAT.



SO, THIS IS THE DIARY OF GUYA
IN THE DENSELY ARID-SPLATTER
OF SCOTLAND THAT USED TO BE
THE CROMVY ISLES.

IT'S WHERE A BUNCH OF US
STOPPED RUNNING, AND IF
THAT SOUNDS TOO FUCKING
HOLLYWOOD--

SHARGE!

--TOO MUCH LIKE
THE STRIKEBACK
STAFFS HERE!--
THEN DON'T PRET.

THIS ISN'T A
STRIKEBACK.

THIS ISN'T
LAST.



JUST A COMMUNAL BLOODY TANTEUR, IF YOU PLEASE. JUST TWO-DOZEN POOR BASTARDS—
TOO TIRED OR SCARED OR ANGRY TO KEEP ON MOVING—





PEOPLE CALL ME
"BRODY" BECAUSE I
USED TO BE A NOTED
"WAKESPACE", GEE?



CORRIG, OF ALL THINGS,
A NOVEL OR TWO.
NOTHING YOU'D CALL
FUCKING LITERATURE



MY WHOLE LIFE
WAS ABOUT
DREAMING GET
UP, THEN WRITING
IT DOWN.

NOW I WRITE A JOURNAL.
NOBODY'LL EVER READ,
AND TRY EVERY BLOODY
DAY NOT TO DREAM AT ALL.



SO FUCK THE POETIC
STUNT, YEAH? AND FUCK
THE HAPPY ENDING SONG
OF THIS'LL GET.



DAVIDSEANERS
NEVER LAST.