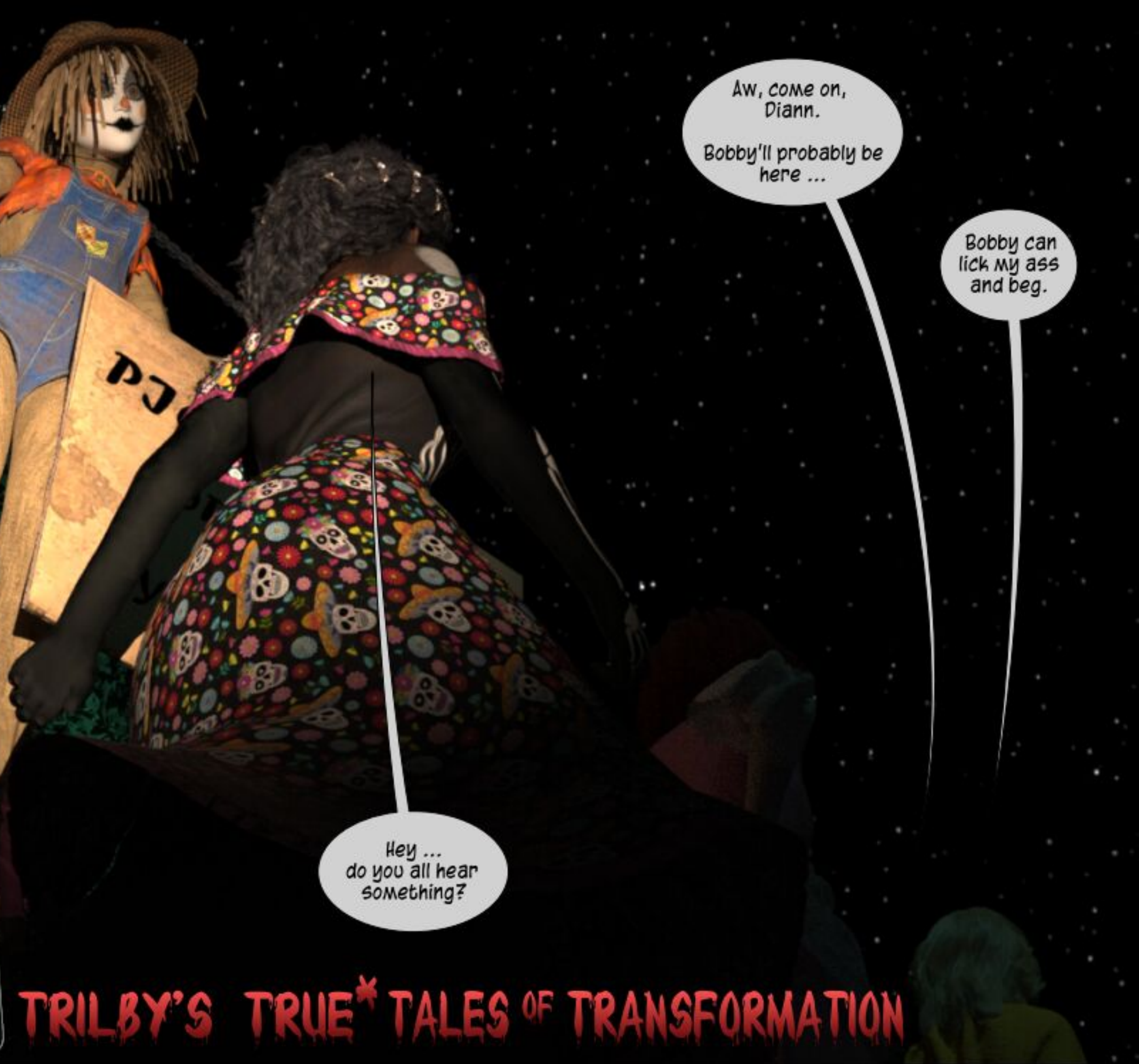




I can't believe you got me to do this.

It'll be fun!

It'll be stupid.



Aw, come on, Diann.

Bobby'll probably be here ...

Bobby can lick my ass and beg.

Hey ... do you all hear something?

TRILBY'S TRUE* TALES OF TRANSFORMATION



MUH!

I don't hear anything. Losing it already, Zizi?

Yeah, probably.

Thought I heard a voice for a second ...



I just think there's got to be something better to do on Hallowe'en.

In this town?

If you find it, tell us.

SENT TO THE CORNFIELD

STORY AND IMAGES BY TRILBY
*CONTAINS LESS THAN 2% TRUTH BY VOLUME



I mean, I guess ...

It's a costume! I'm a jack-o-lantern! Are you blind?

OK, OK ...

You're going to really mess up that dress. This place looks muddy.

It's falling apart anyway. Came out of the attic. Mom says she doesn't even remember whose it was.



How is it?



Pretty good. Better than I expected.

Yeah, it feels busy. Sorry June flaked on us ...

It's OK. It's not so bad I can't run the door by myself. You need to keep an eye on the guests.

But come check on me now and then. I may need to pee.



So we just walk around a cornfield in the dirt and get lost, and every so often there's a jumpscare?

Not even gonna try to enjoy it, huh?



Oh, sure, I'll try.

But this is the last time I let Milly pick what we do.





This is weird ...

I should be out of it, but they're still a long way off ...

... and everything feels so ...

... big.



That's cheating.

Yeek!!

I knew you would. You always cheat.



I can't believe you did that!

I lent you my notes because I wanted to help you, and you stole my essay!

Now Ms. Jenks thinks I stole mine from you!



Of course she does! Nobody expects you to be able to write. You're useless! Haven't you gotten that by now?

I don't know why you even care about your grades. It's not like you're going to do anything after you graduate except keep growing corn or whatever it is you grow.

It was a good essay, though. Might as well go to somebody who'll get some use out of it!



There!

Milly! Zizi!

You've got to help me! She did something to me --



skweek!



Oh!

What?

Saw something. Mouse, I think. Or maybe a rat.

Rat? In a cornfield? Imagine.

Do rats eat corn?

I think they eat anything they can get.



Wait!

I can't keep up with you! Don't leave me here!

I don't want to be --



-- EEEEEEE!



Huh. I think somebody else saw that mouse too.

Doin' her job. Bon appetit, kitty.

PRRR



