

Boy With NailS for Eyes



Volume 1: Bobby



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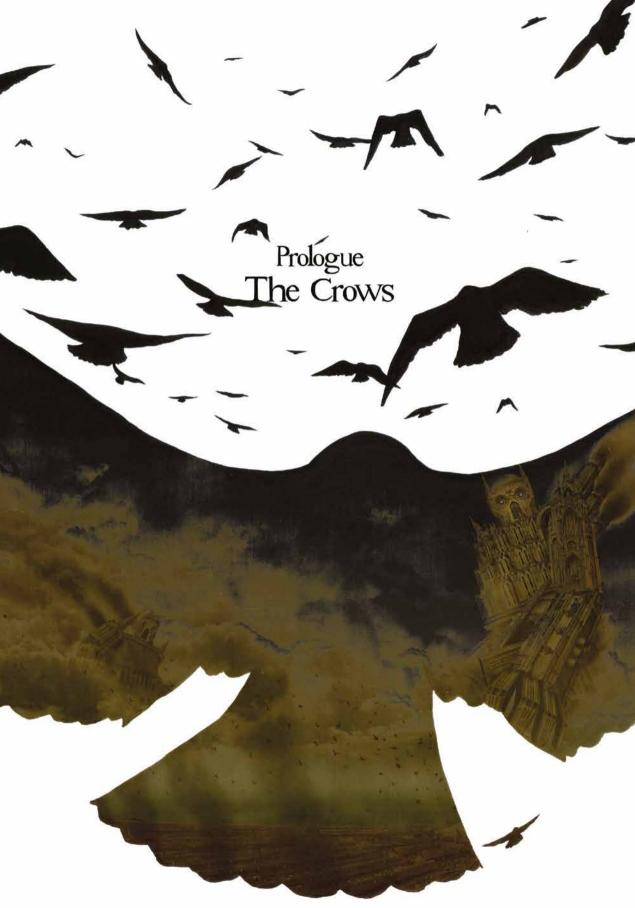
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"each pleasure and pain is a sort of nail which nails and rivets the soul to the body, until she becomes like the body, and believes that to be true which the body affirms to true"	ю
Plato, <i>Phaedo</i>	













he day the crow came began like any other.

The black-belching chimneys serrated the sky.

Boats swelled on the up-turned underbelly of the stagnant, sea-dogged sea.

The hunched, dawn-defying shoulders of the town shrugged plumb-lines of dew through a skin of soot, and gave no sign that it noticed the bird hopping

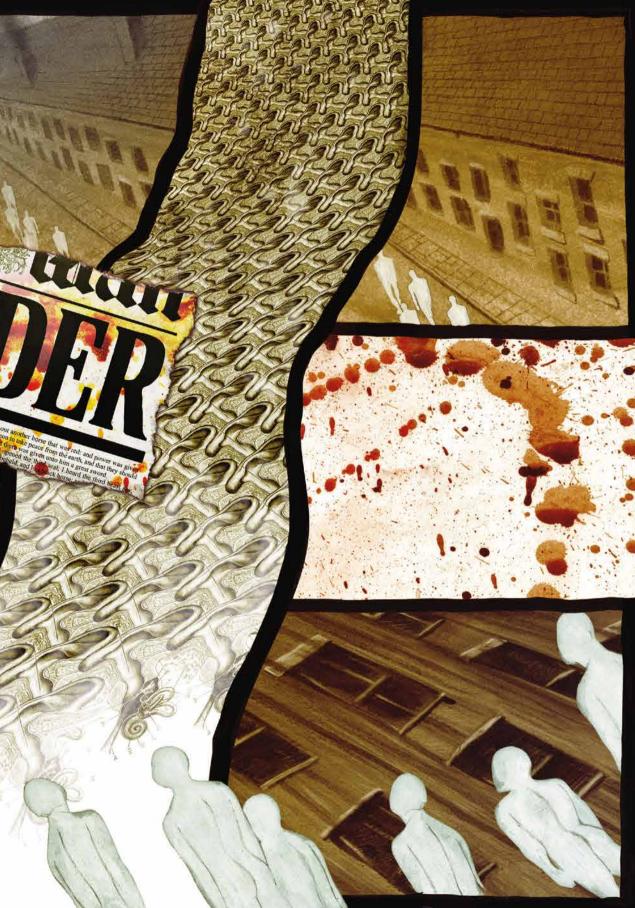
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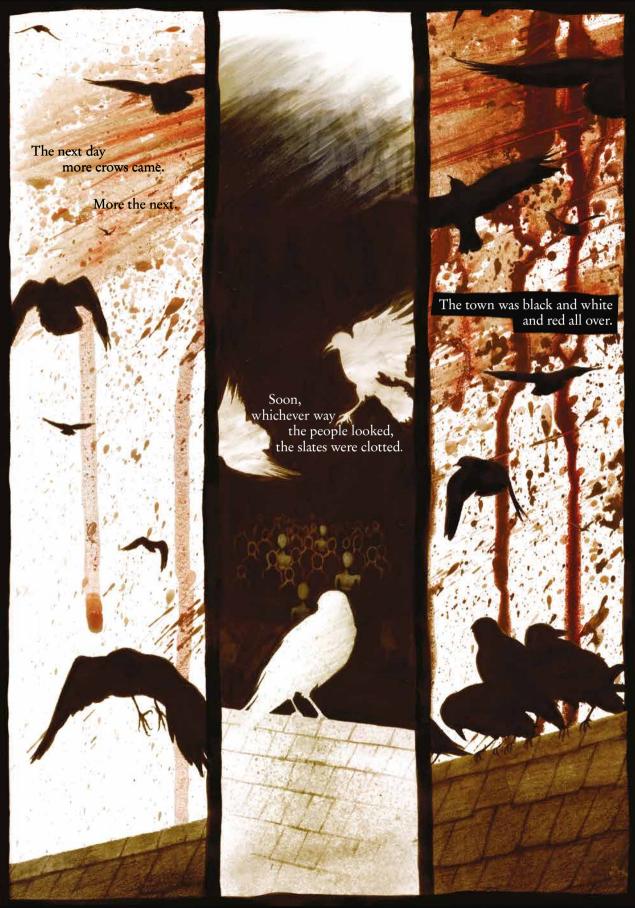
its rooftops.

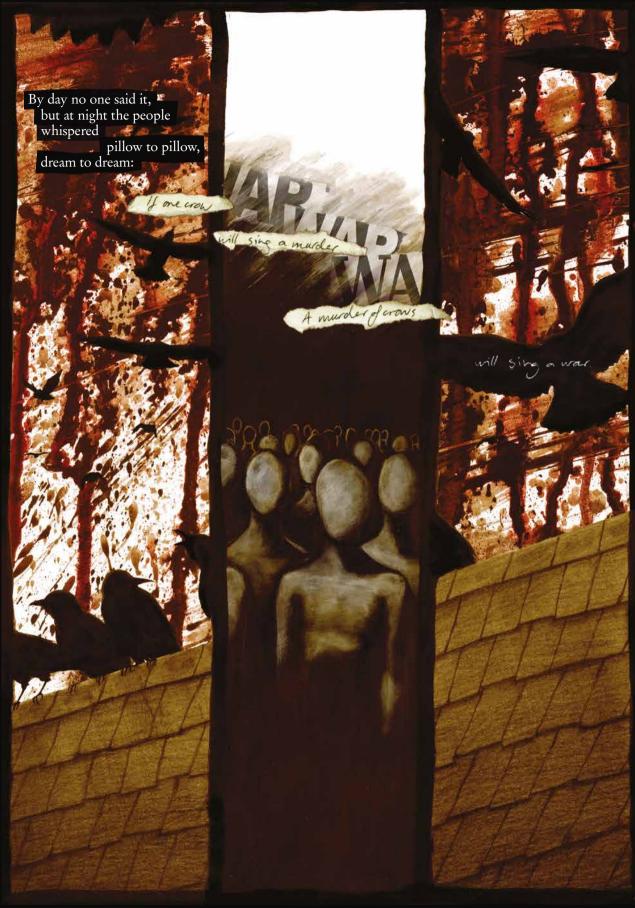


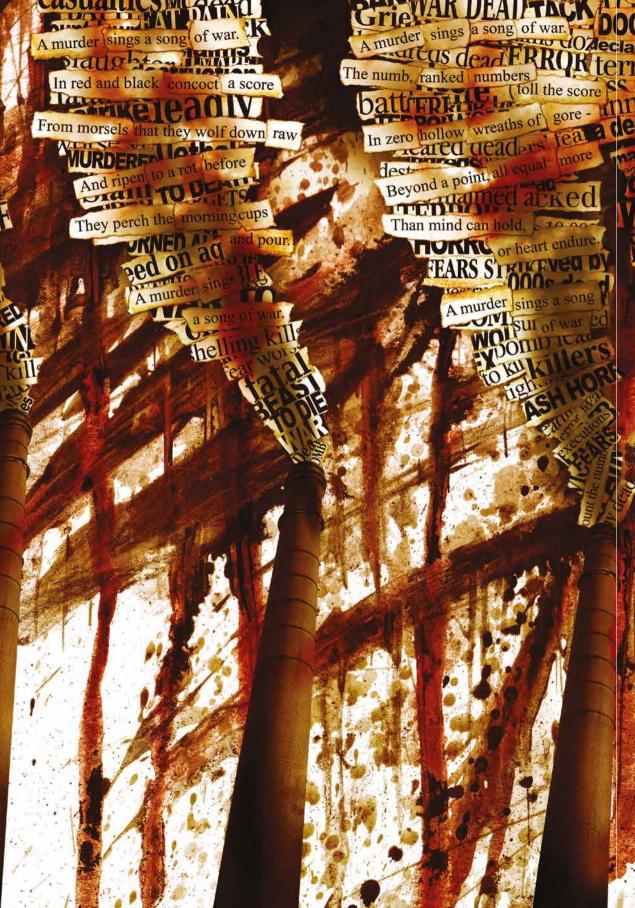
Its call when it came cracked the morning. It wrung the town from its damp sleep.



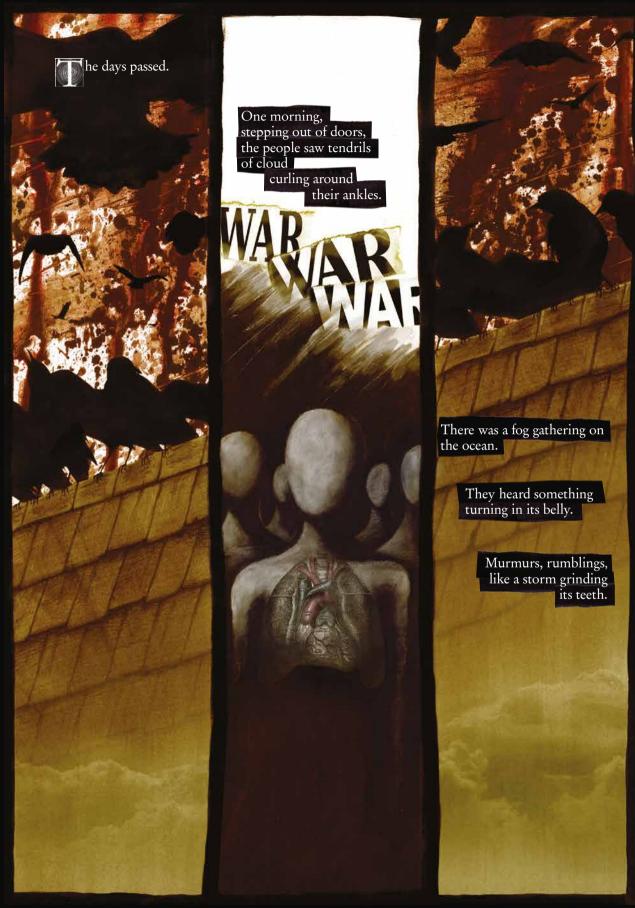














They said: it is the cackle of many guns.



The fog rolled across the waves.

It seeped through the town from seashore to smokestack, and rising above the fog the people saw







Still, the days passed.

They became used to it:

the windows rattling in their frames,

the spoons jangling in their breakfast bowls.

Everything fell into the background;

they became used to it all.

But at night.



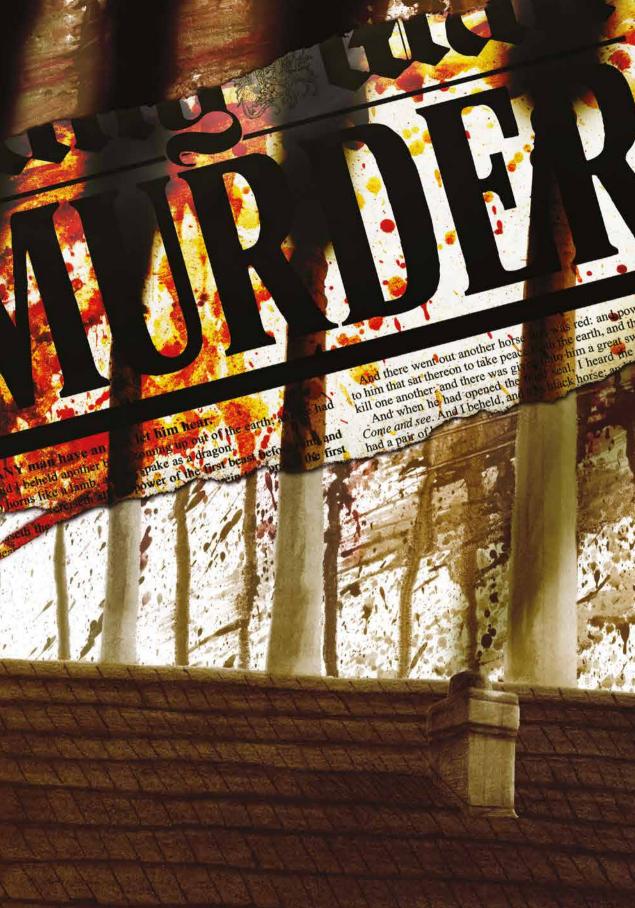


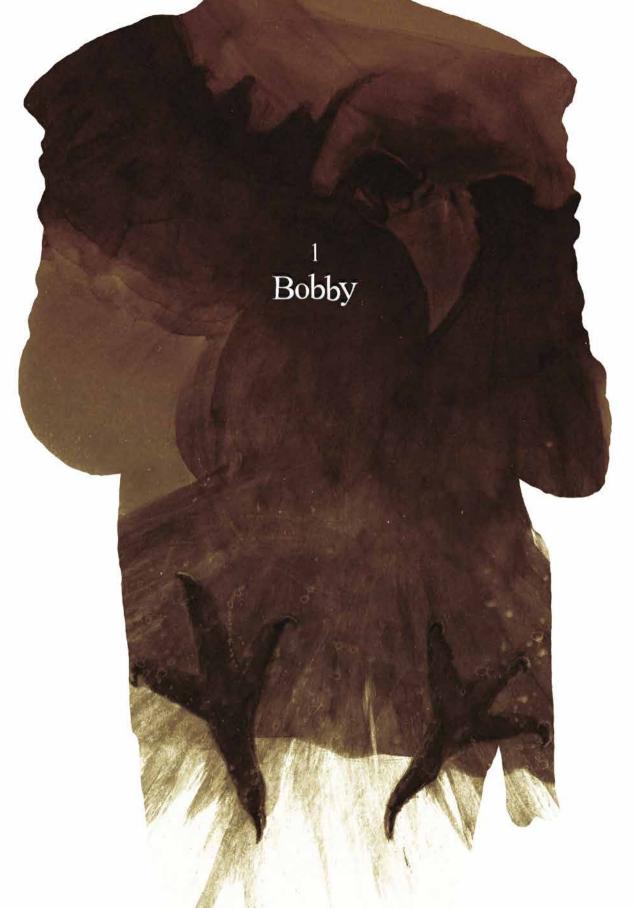


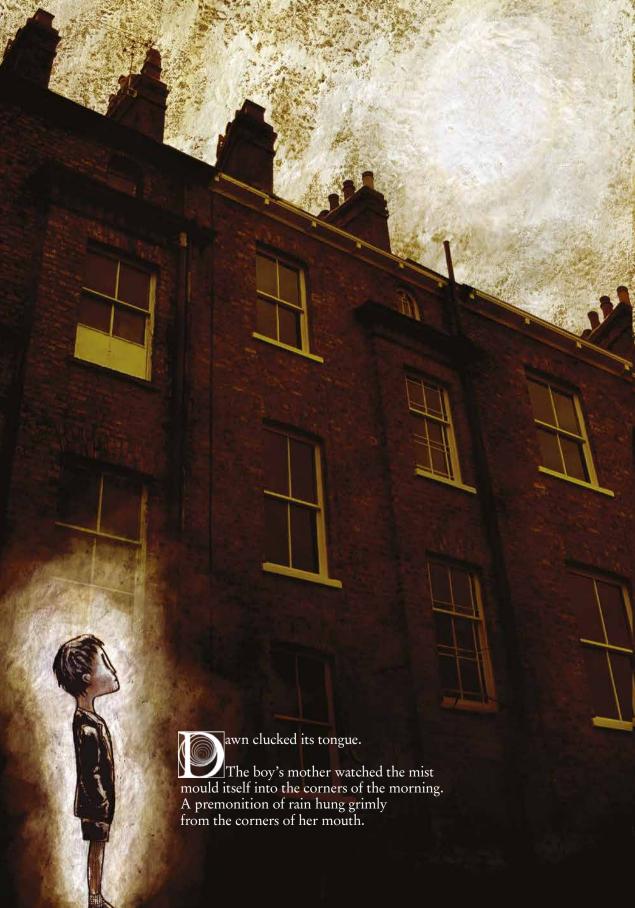












When the boy appeared he was late, but she saw with approval that he was already in his uniform. He clutched his satchel nervously. Her son. Pale, silent -She detected on him almost a ghost. the faint, conspiratorial scent Last night she thought she had of illness. heard him moving around the The boy's mother tied a house. plastic shopping bag over each For weeks now, after he had of his shoes. She instructed left for school, she had found him not to untie them until his bedclothes knotted in a the bell rang. pattern of violence, TURNITAN CHEAT OF STATEMENT OF the tracks of a sleep tangled with bad dreams. She thought of coughs, colds, The boy's name was Bobby. poisons in the bone, mangled or broken limbs, the frayed stair of the veins where the blood's feet go, the eggshell of the heart, the brittle twigs of the nerves, and every sea-danger besetting

this fragile hull, and its fragile engine.

She thrust two more bags,

for the walk home.

neatly folded, into his hands,

She eyed her son as a general eyes terrain.



few weeks ago, at school, a girl whose name he didn't know gave Bobby his first kiss.

It was just before the bell, standing in line, waiting.



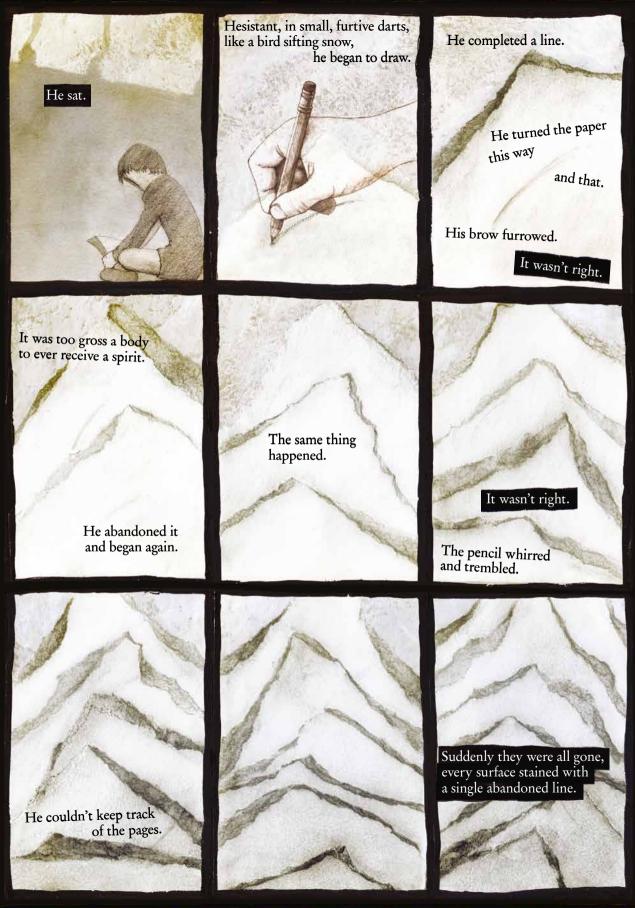
She swept in and grazed his cheek, just lightly, with her lips.



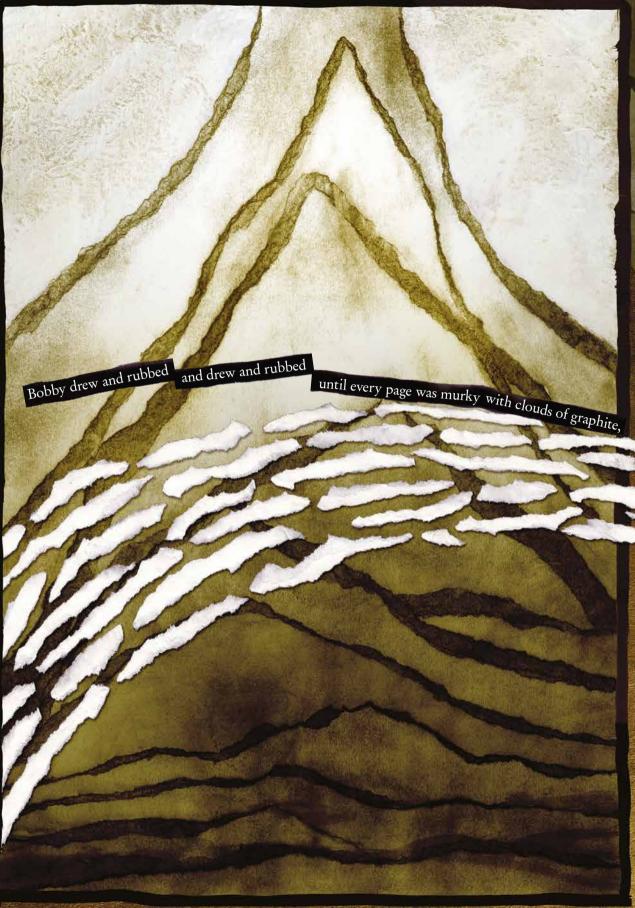
Bobby woke from the moment as if from a dream. A report of the mind, made to itself, of a thing it had not witnessed. Yet the very indistinction of that rapturous moment fixed it upon him. He returned to his place in the line. A voice called his name.

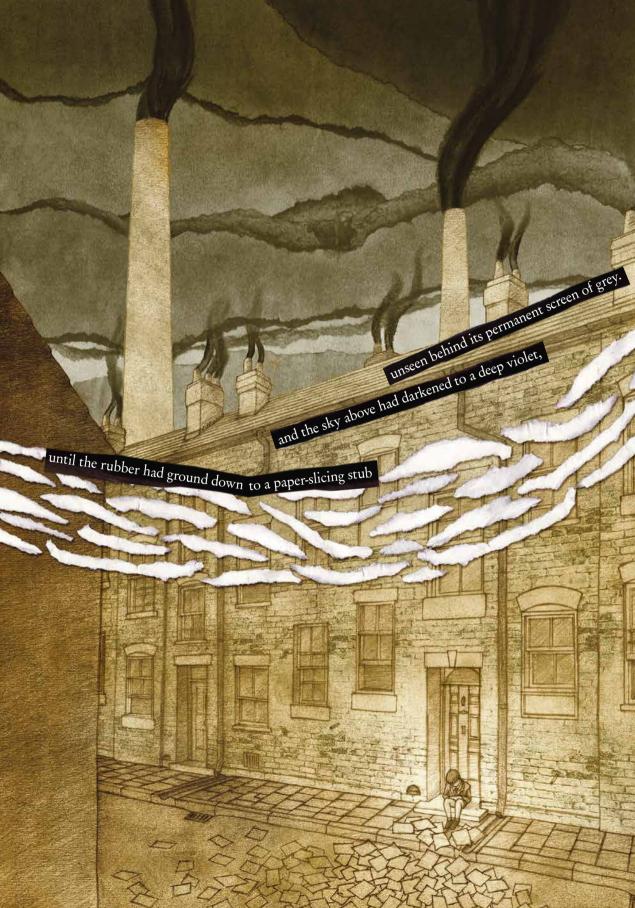


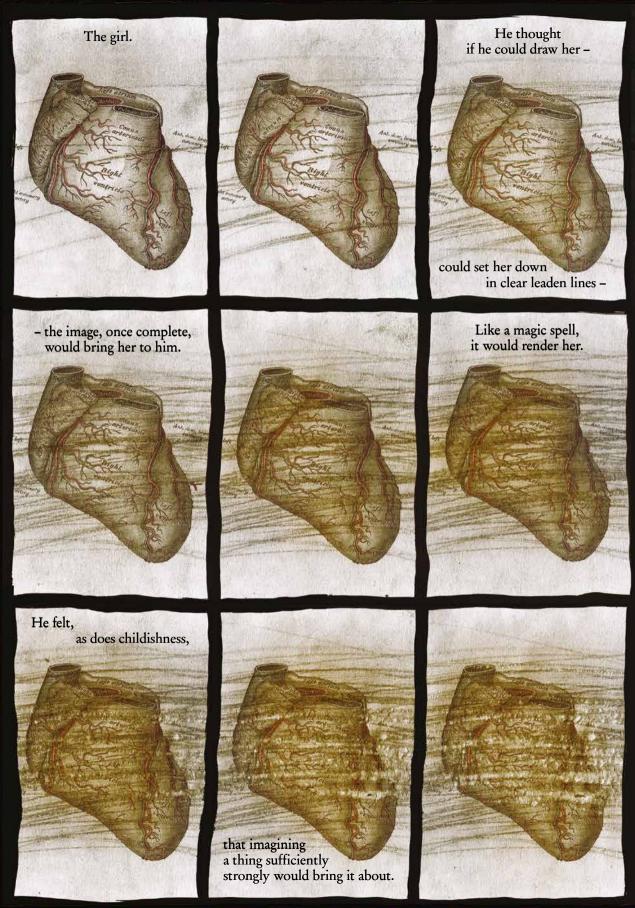
He fled the table. Upstairs to his room then straight back down again through the front door clutching in his hands a sheaf of paper and a pencil and onto the front step, where he stopped.

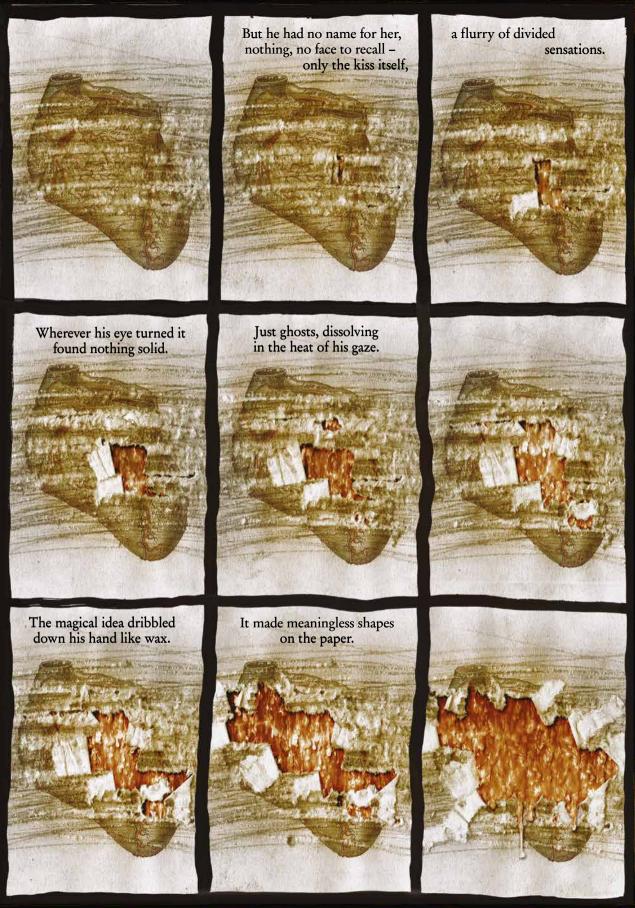


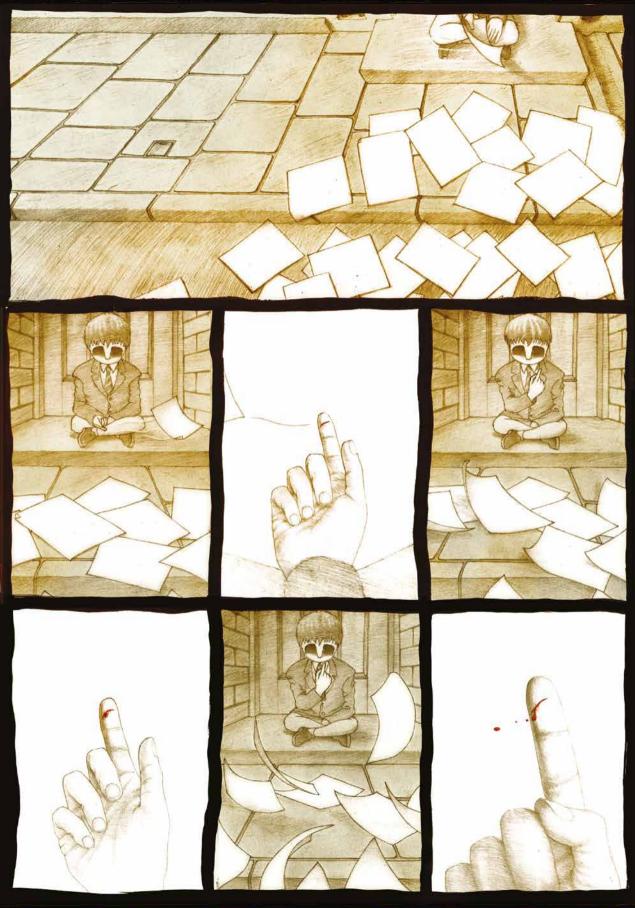
He turned the pencil over and attacked the old pages, They left grey ghosts behind them trying to restore them to pristine, untouched blankness. haunting But they wouldn't rub clean. the rough ineradicable trenches he had ploughed the paper.

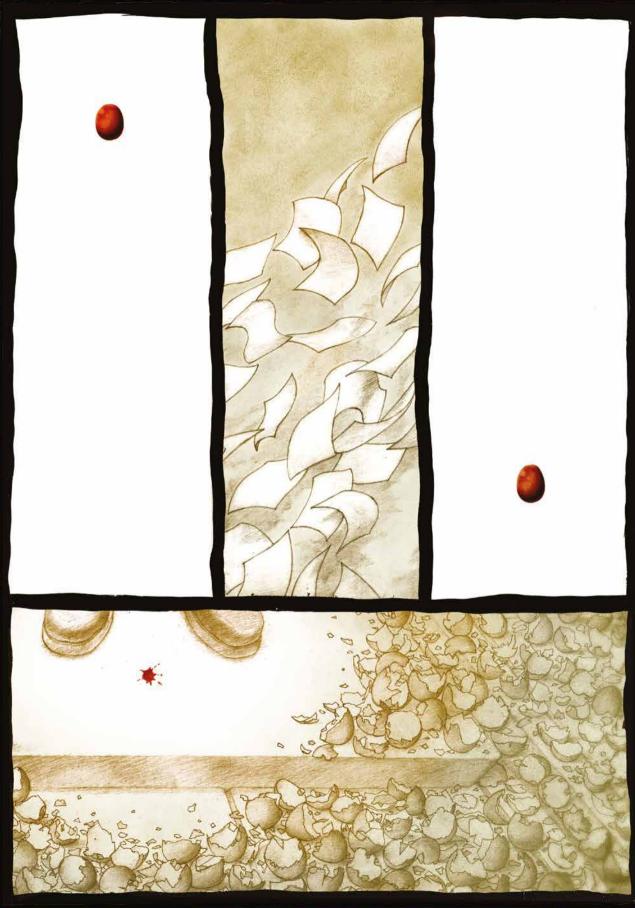


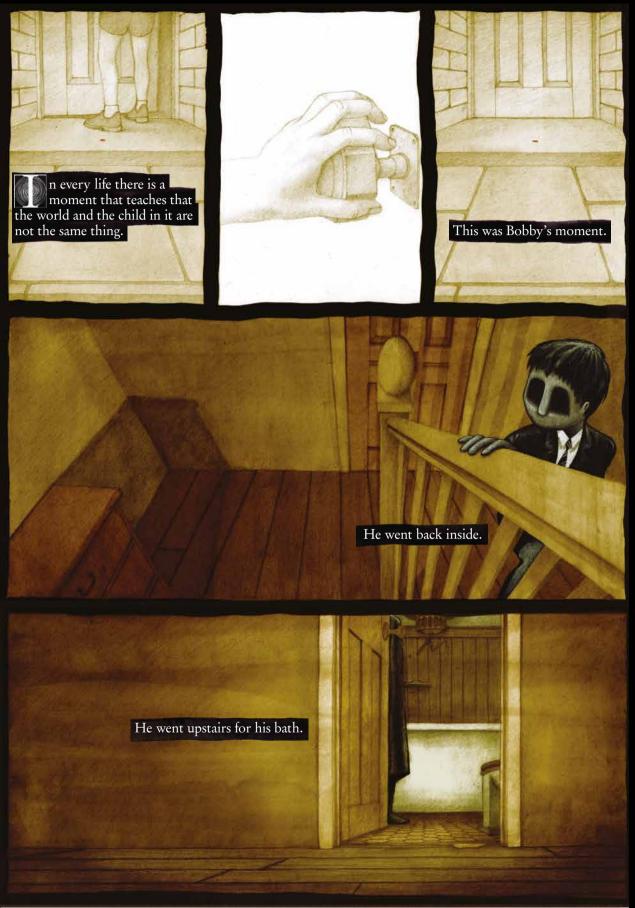


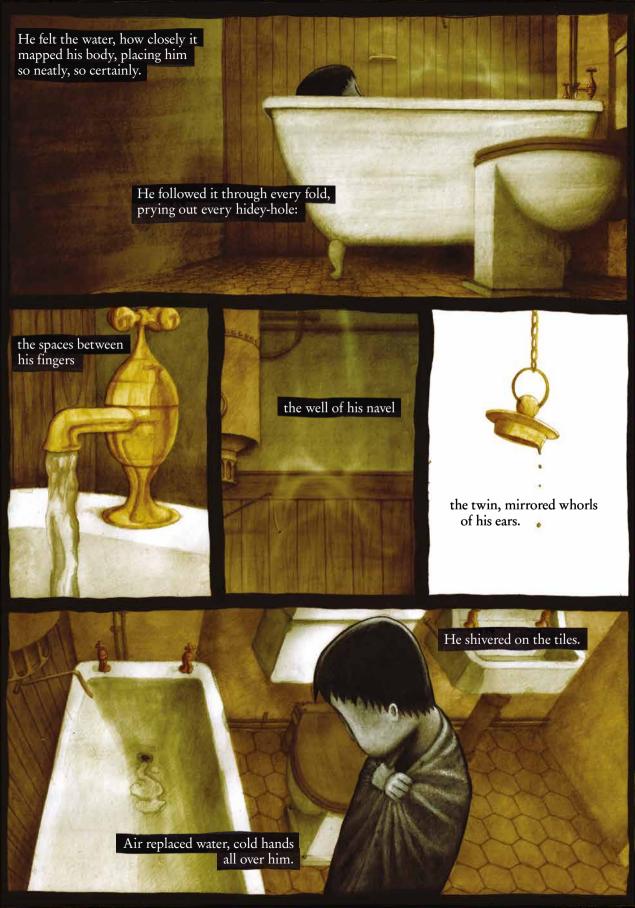




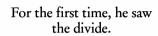




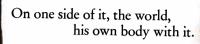




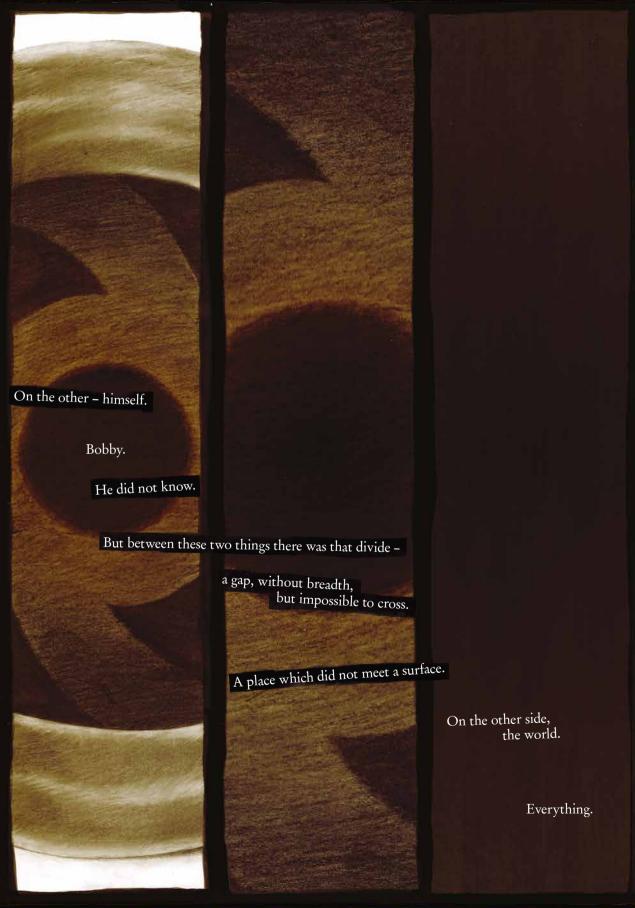
He felt his body like the water, the air, gather around him.

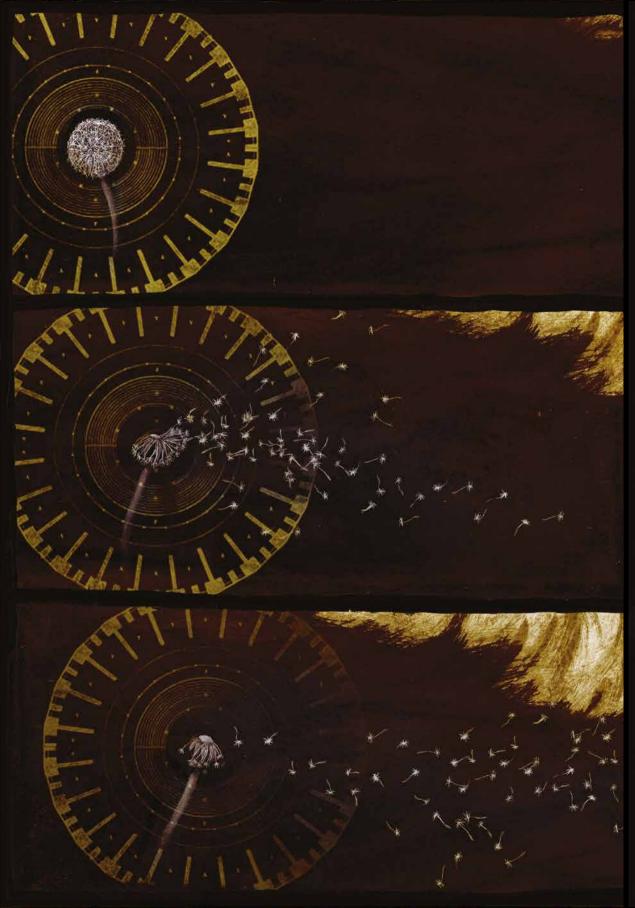


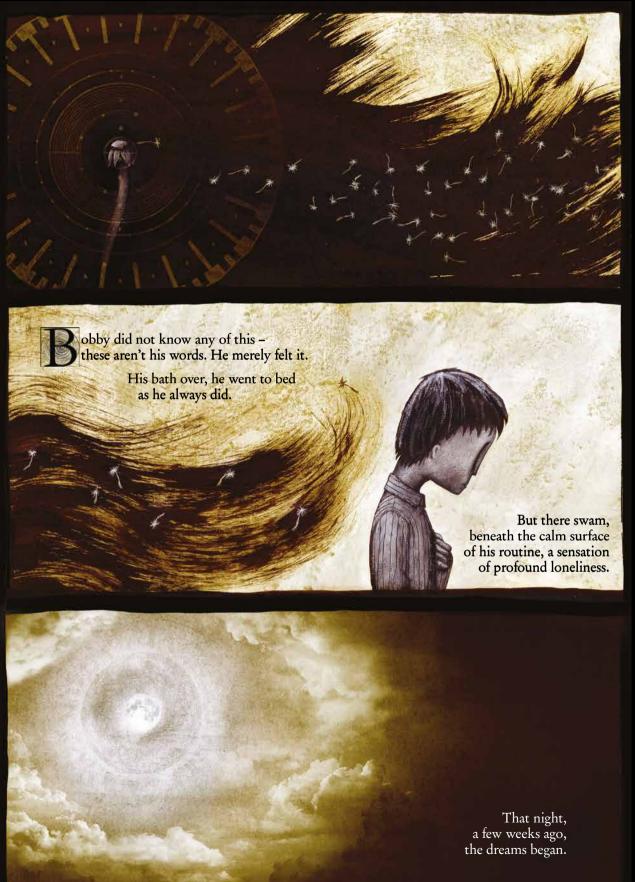


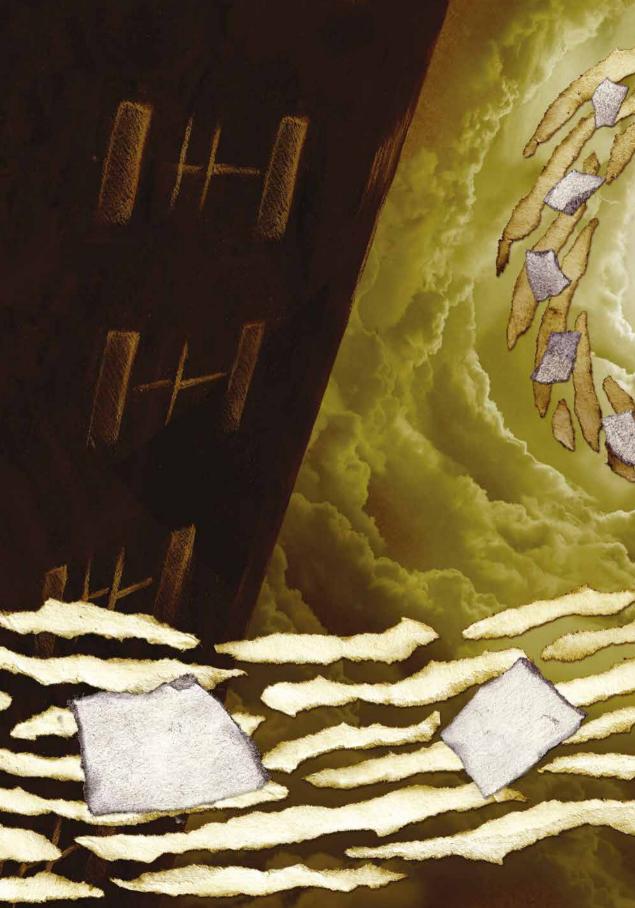


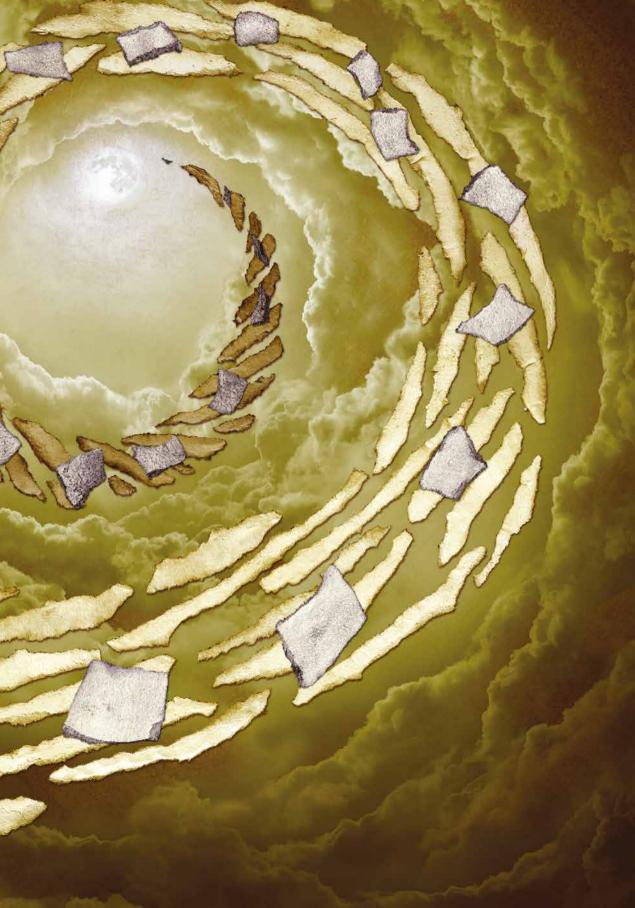




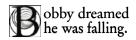




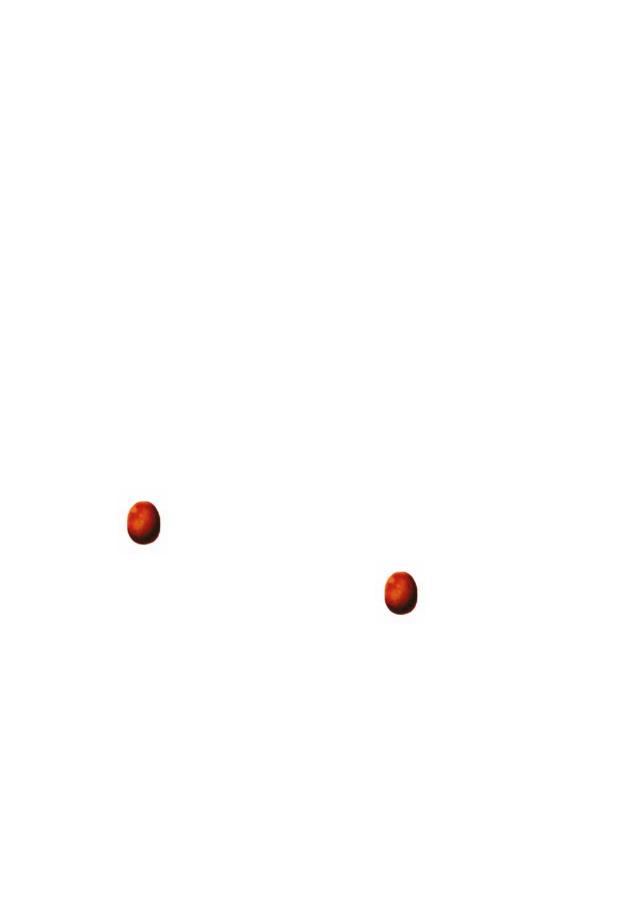




















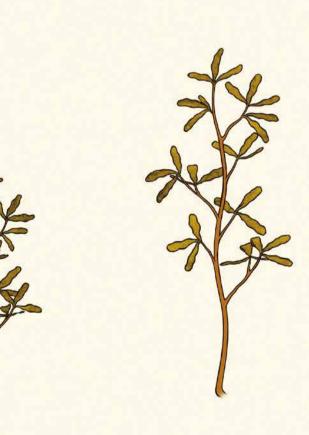






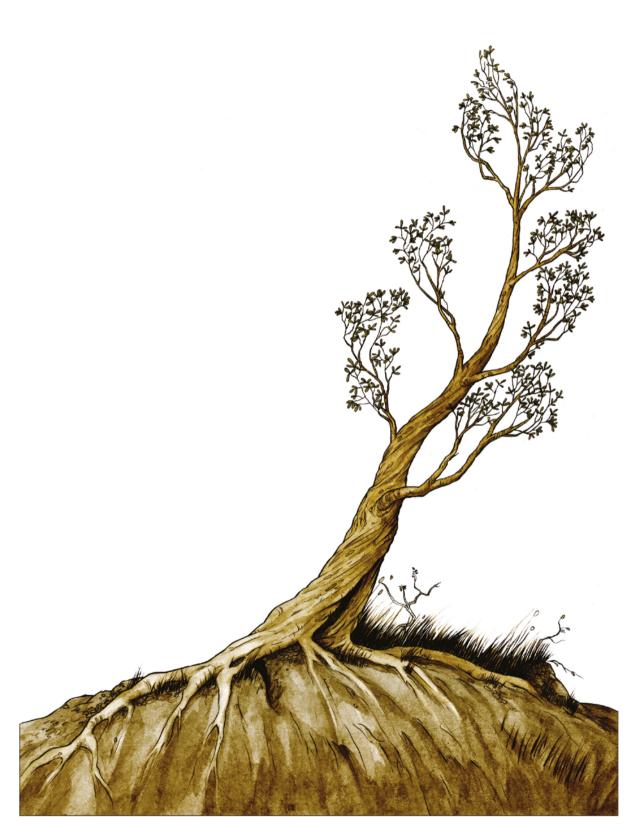






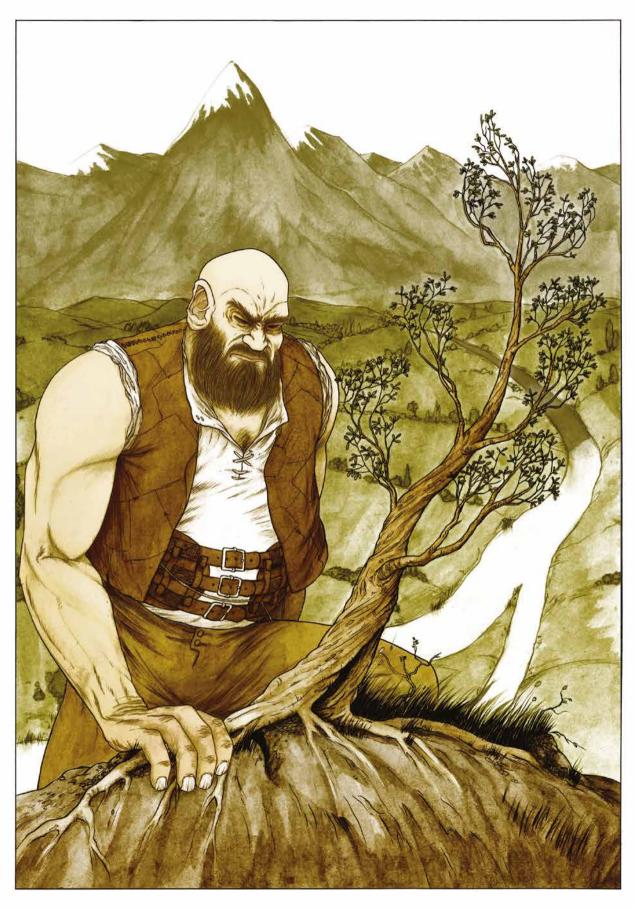






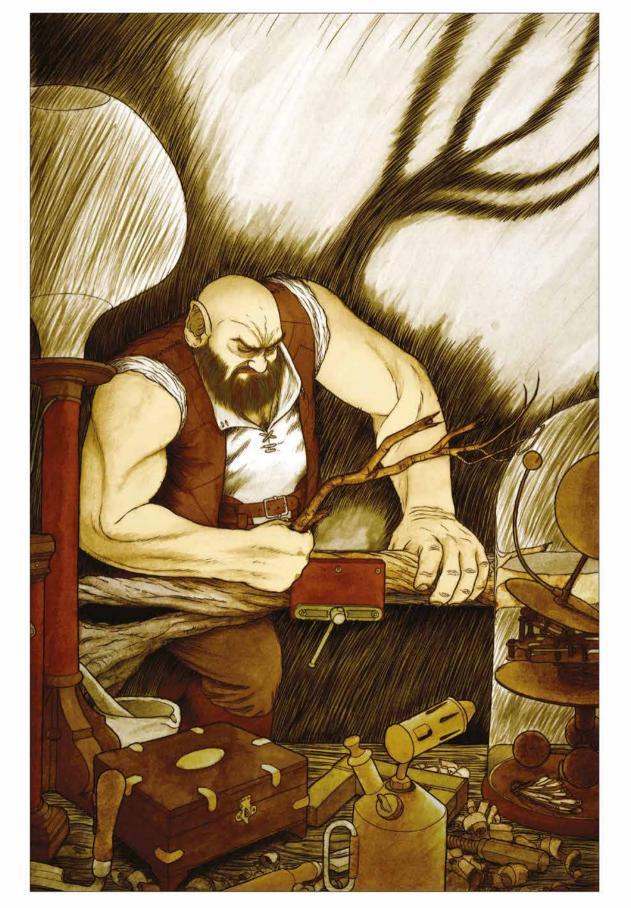


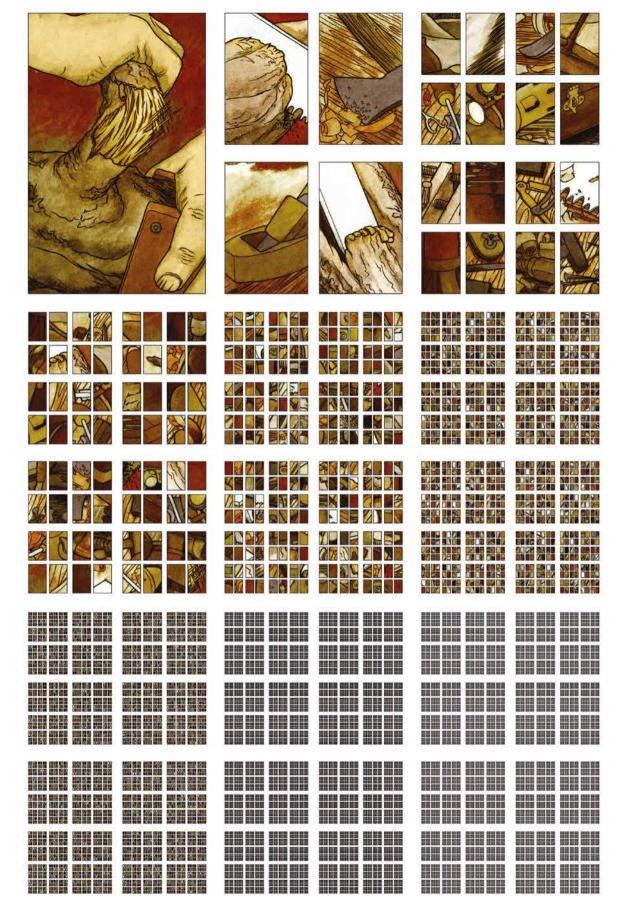








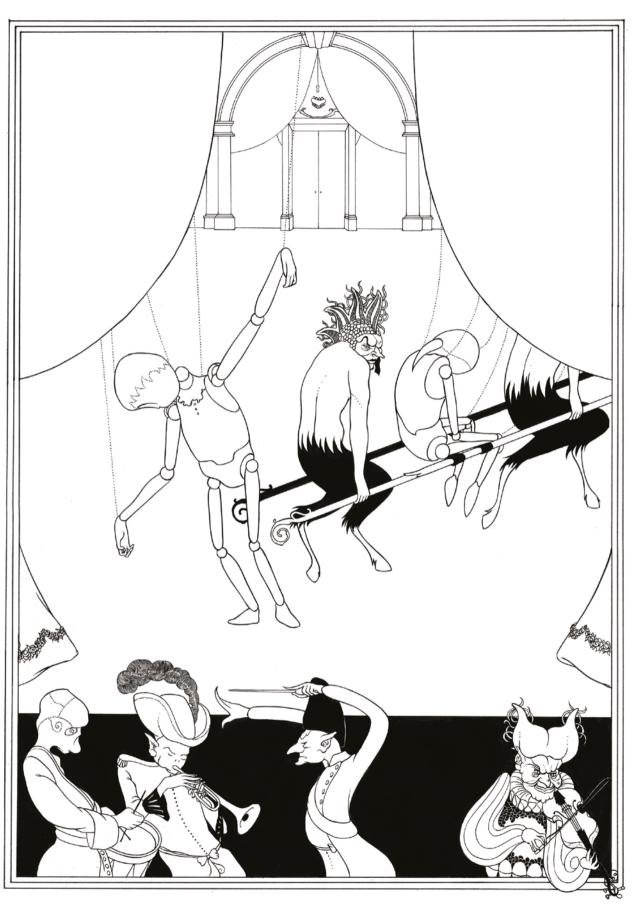


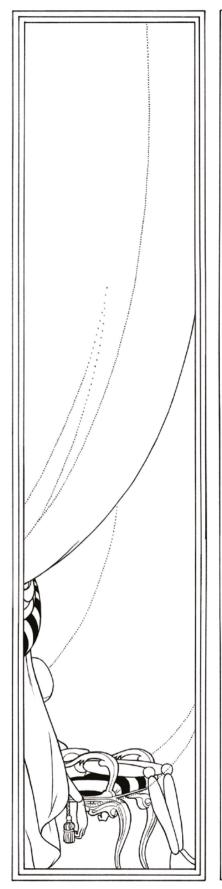




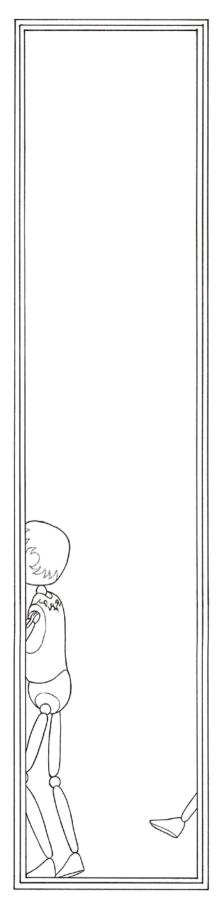


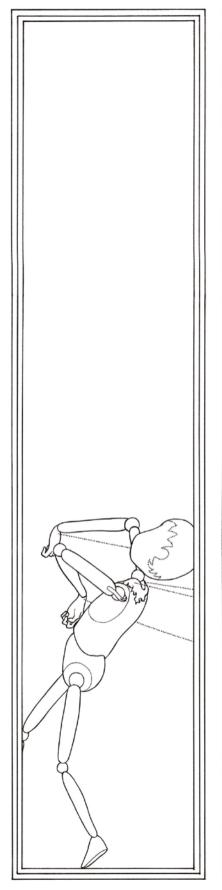


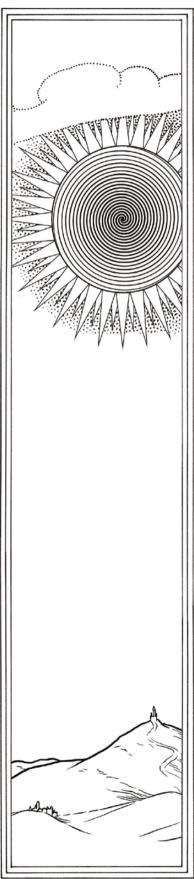


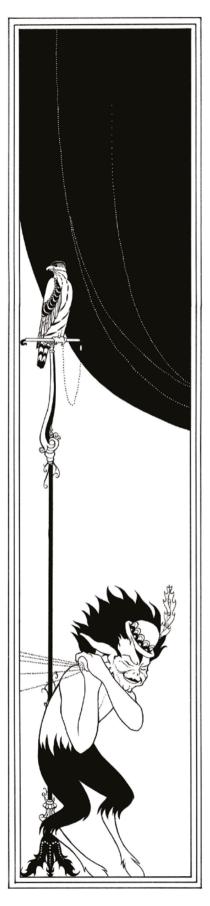








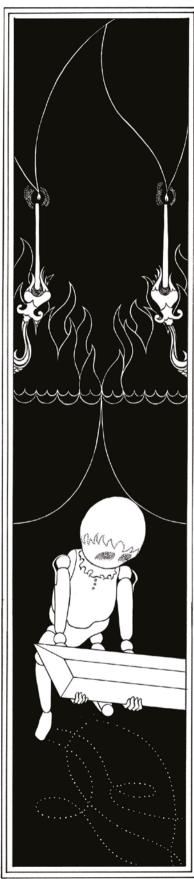


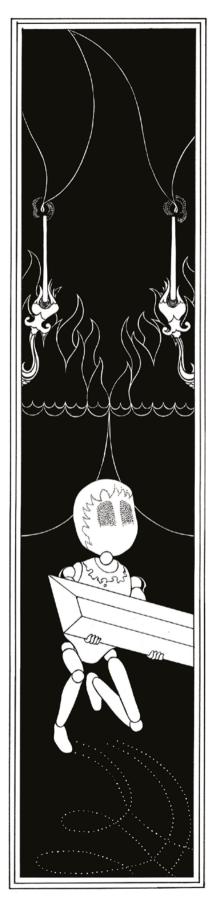


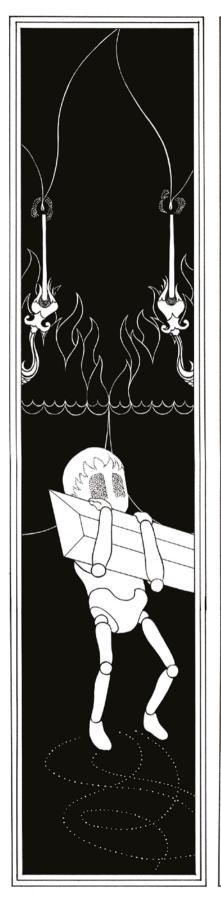


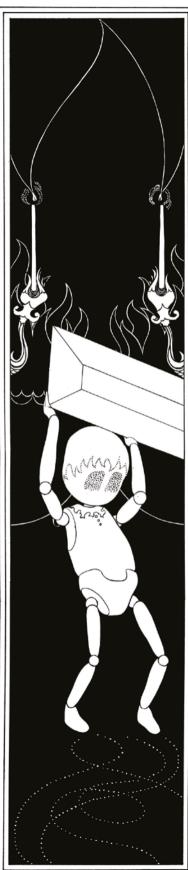








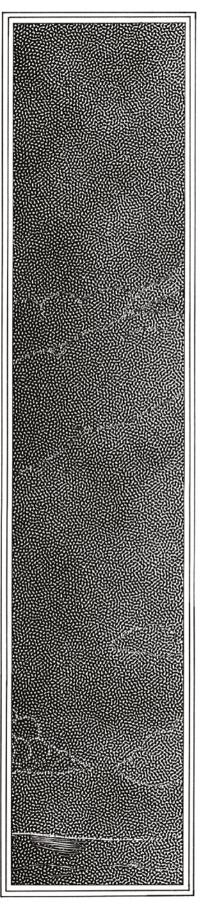


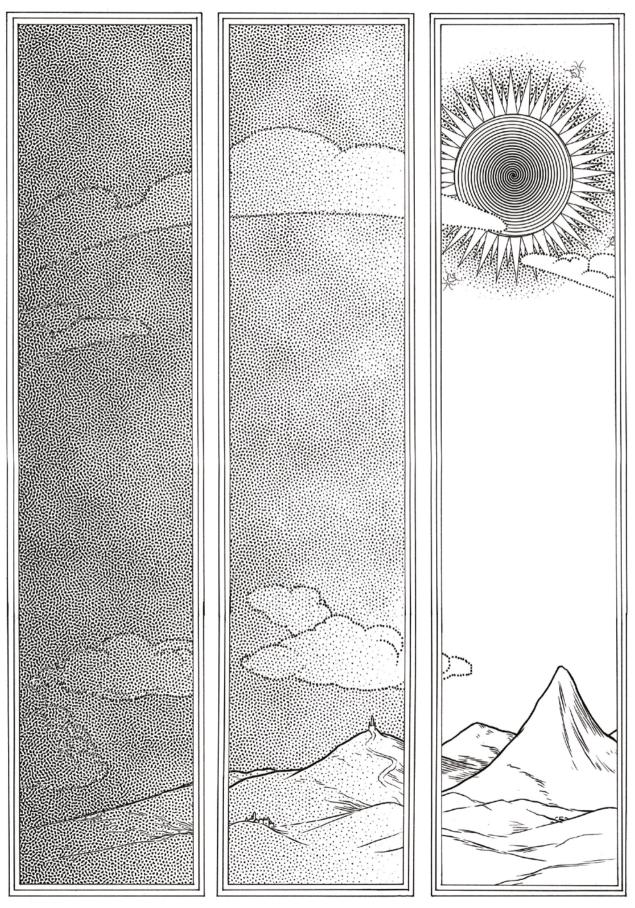




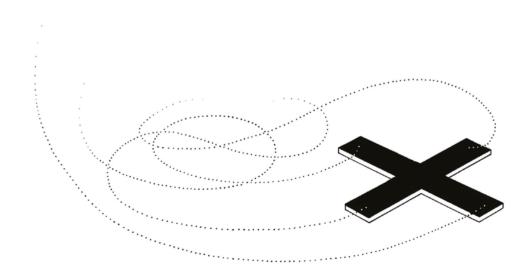








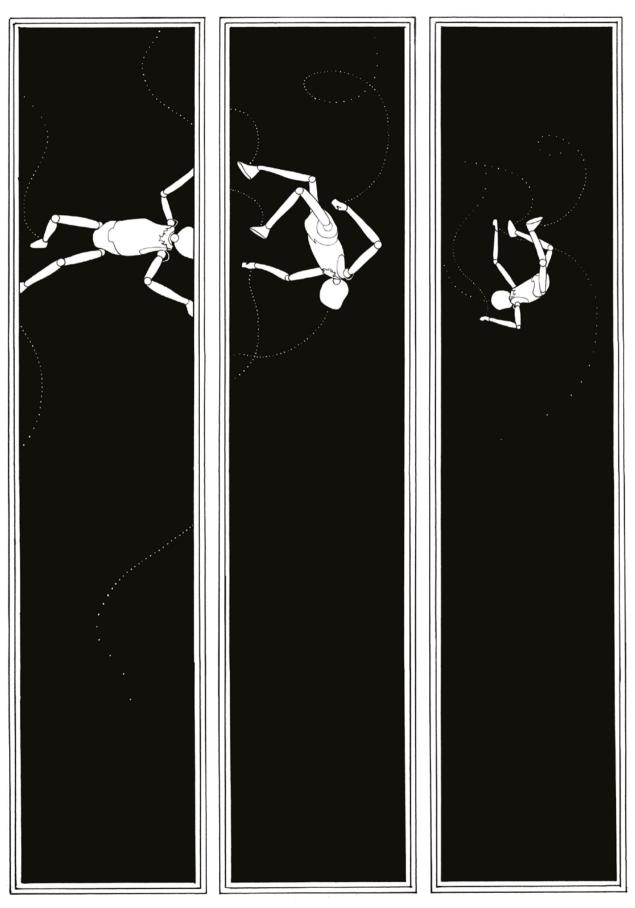


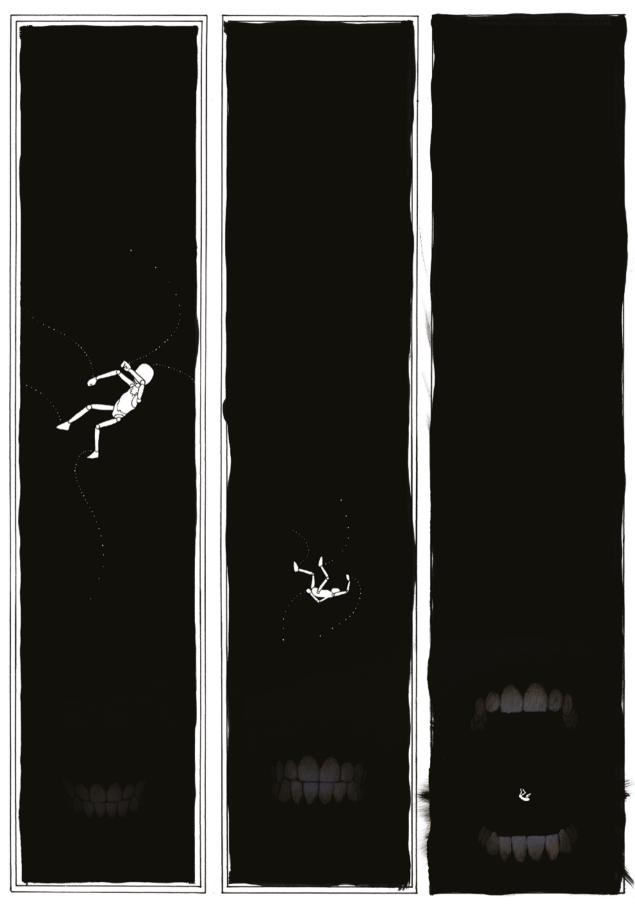




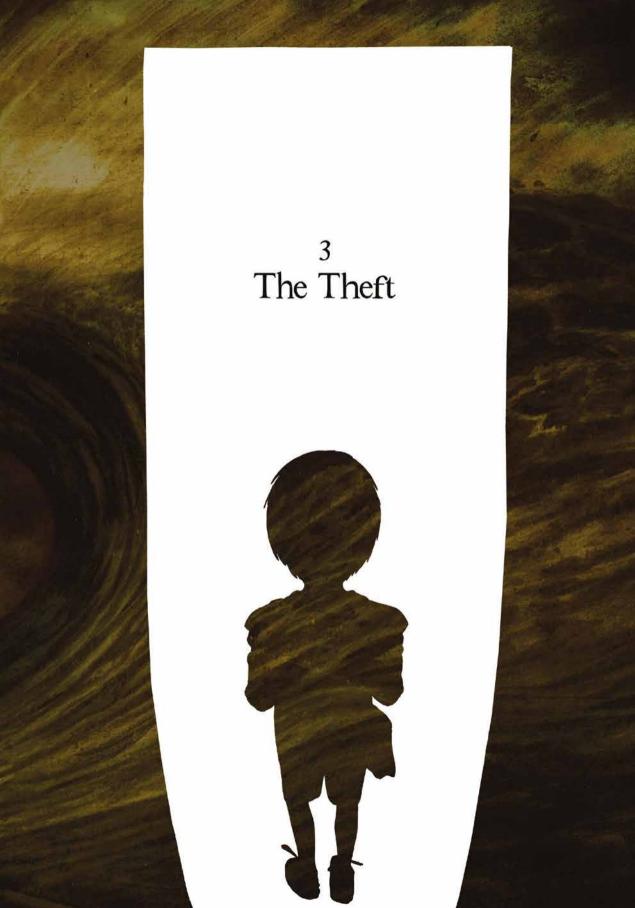


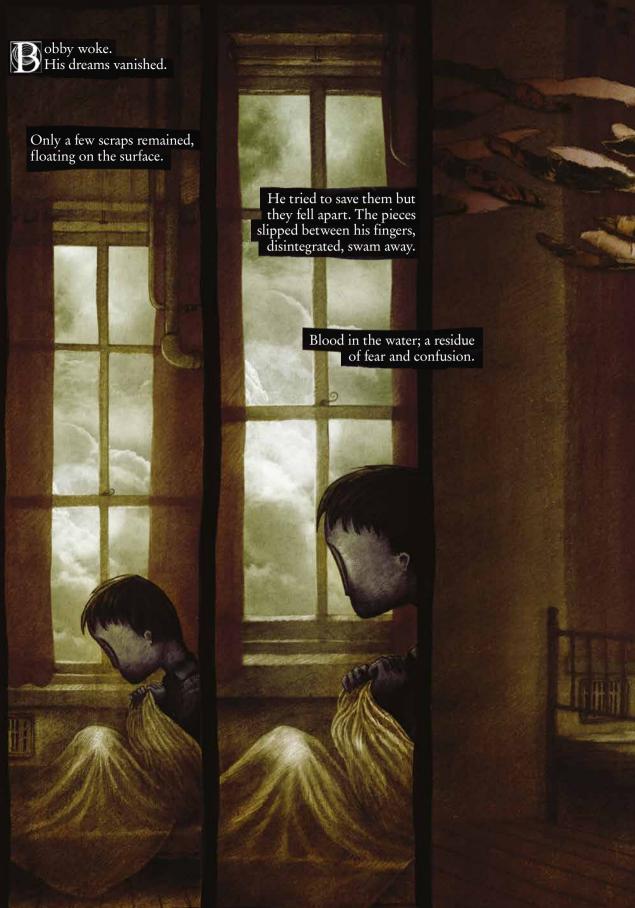












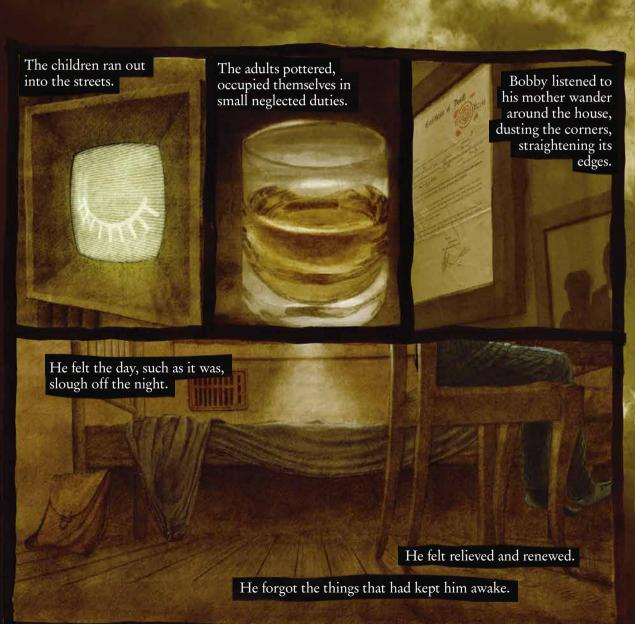


he next morning things were unusual.

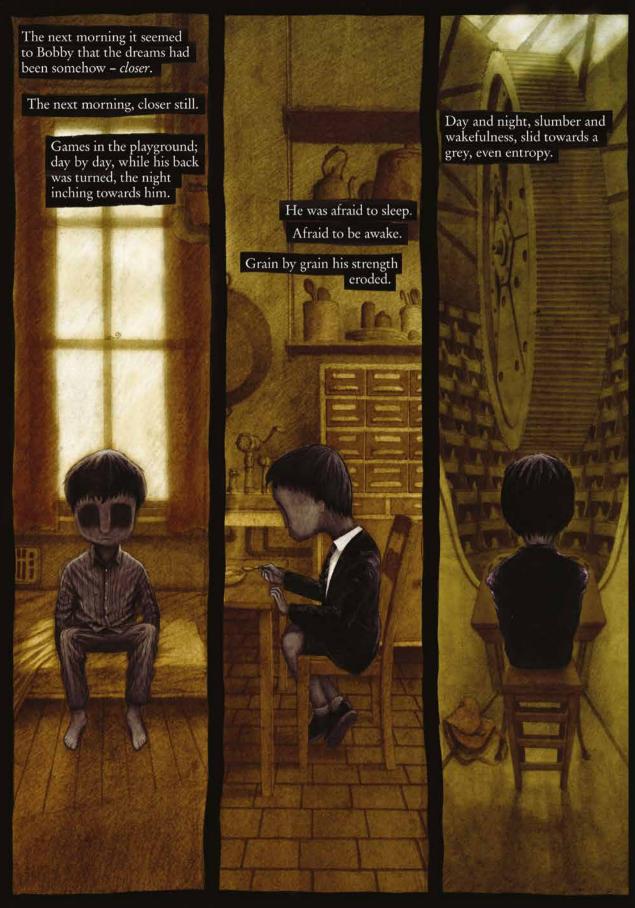
The clouds broke.

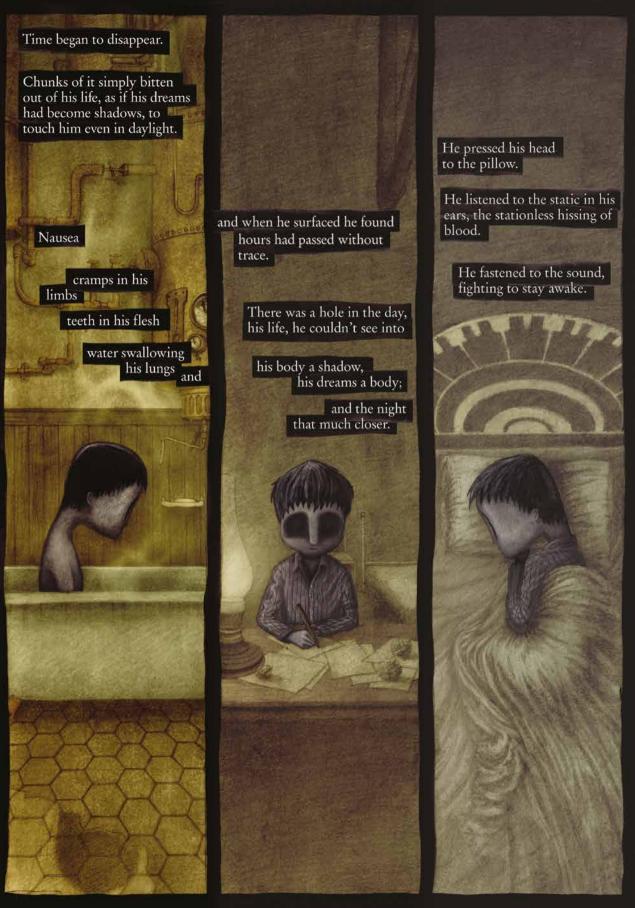
The distant, hazy sky this revealed was the nearest to a clear day the town had seen for months.

The eyes of the screens stayed shut: a rest day.

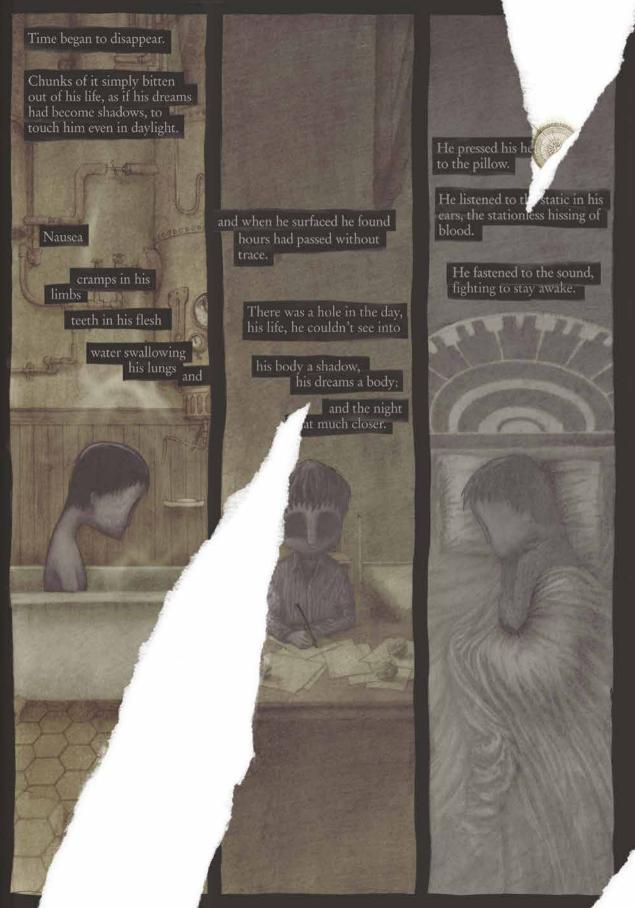


























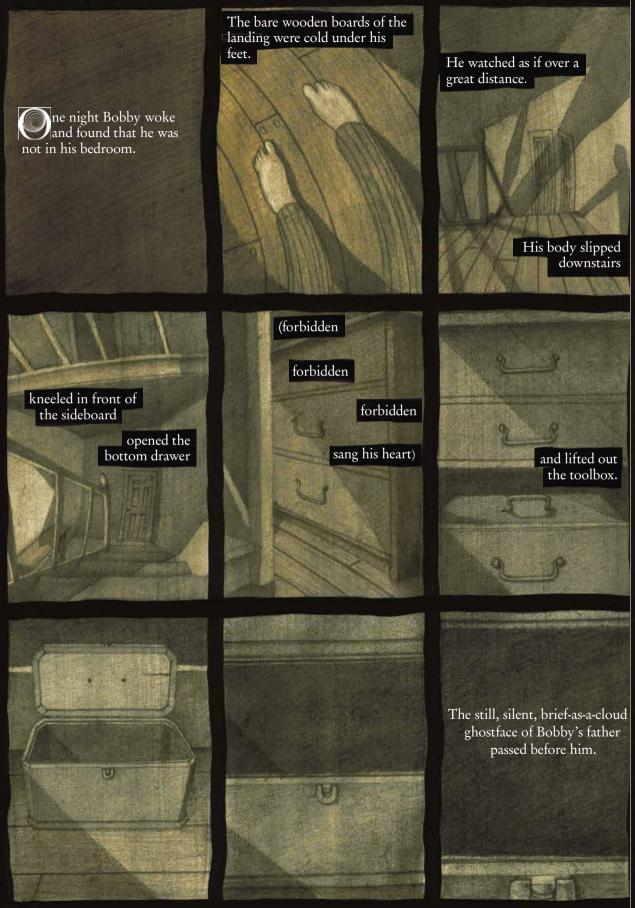


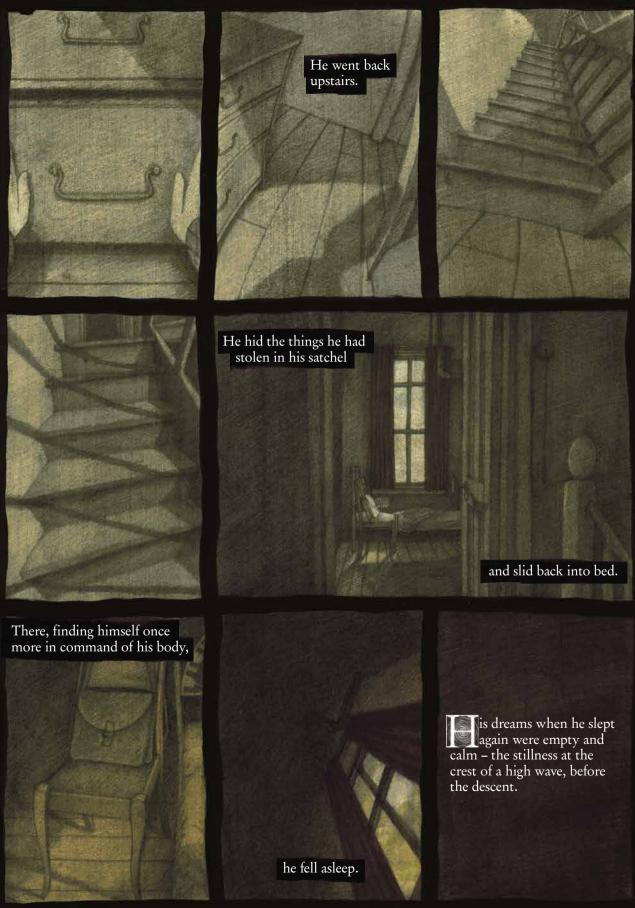


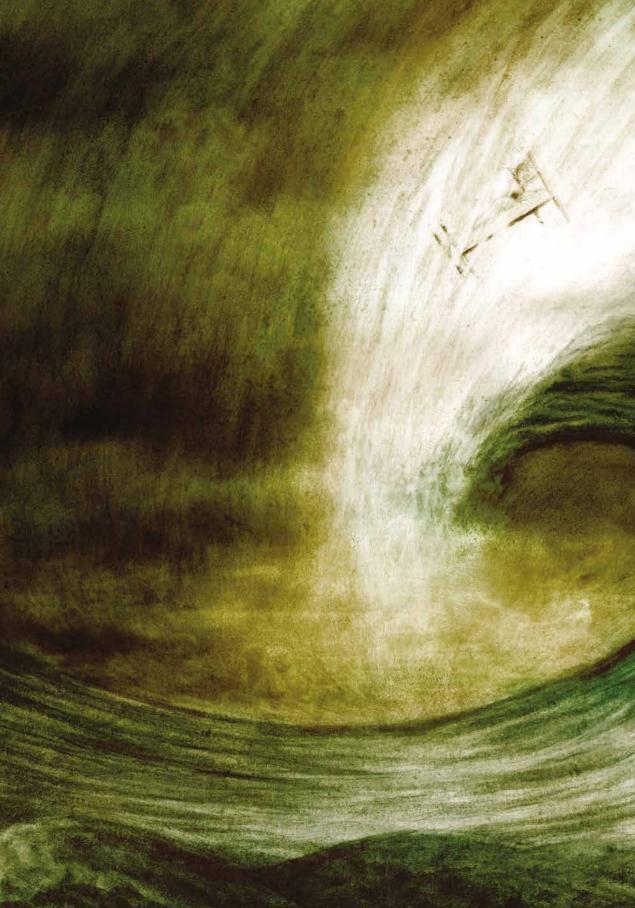


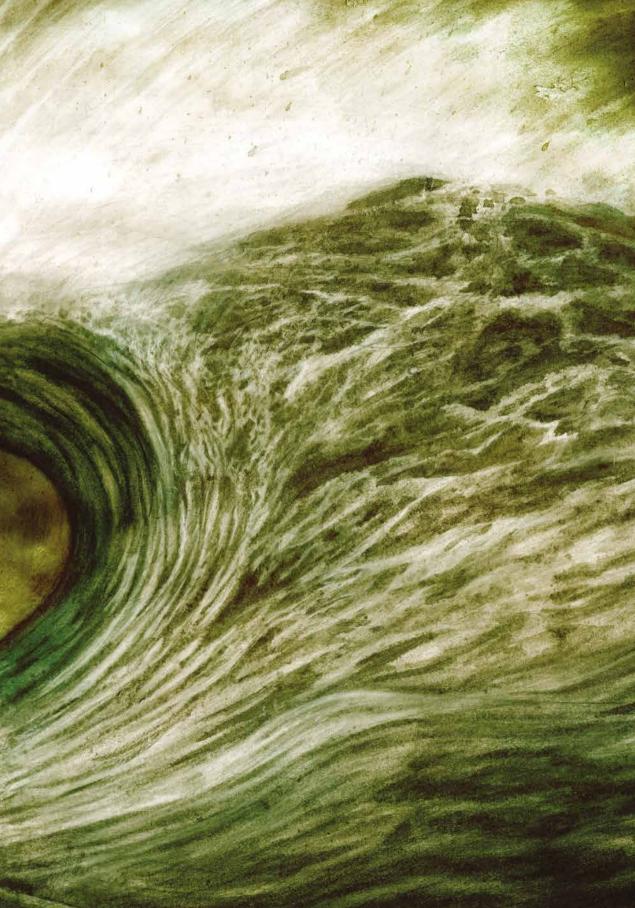


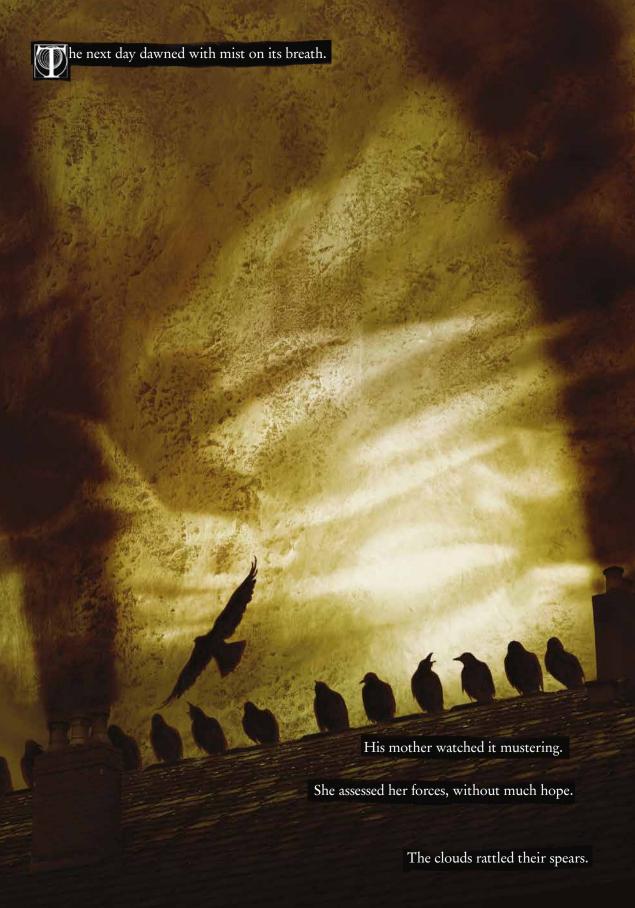


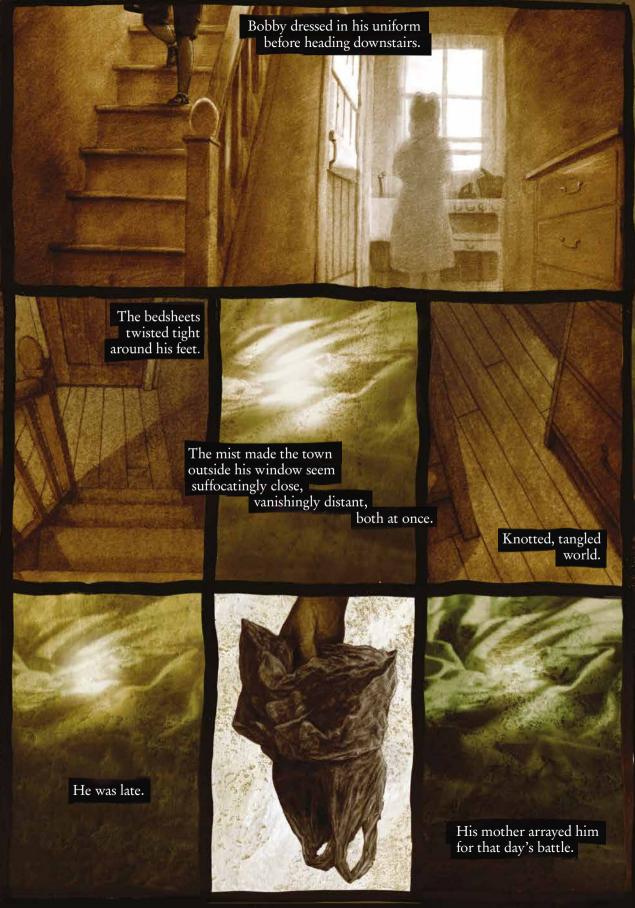


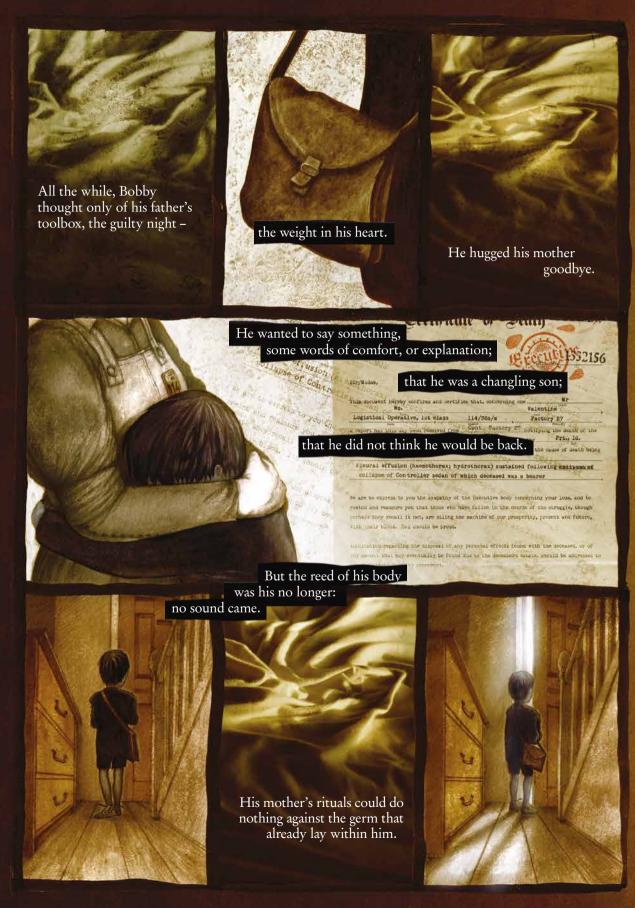


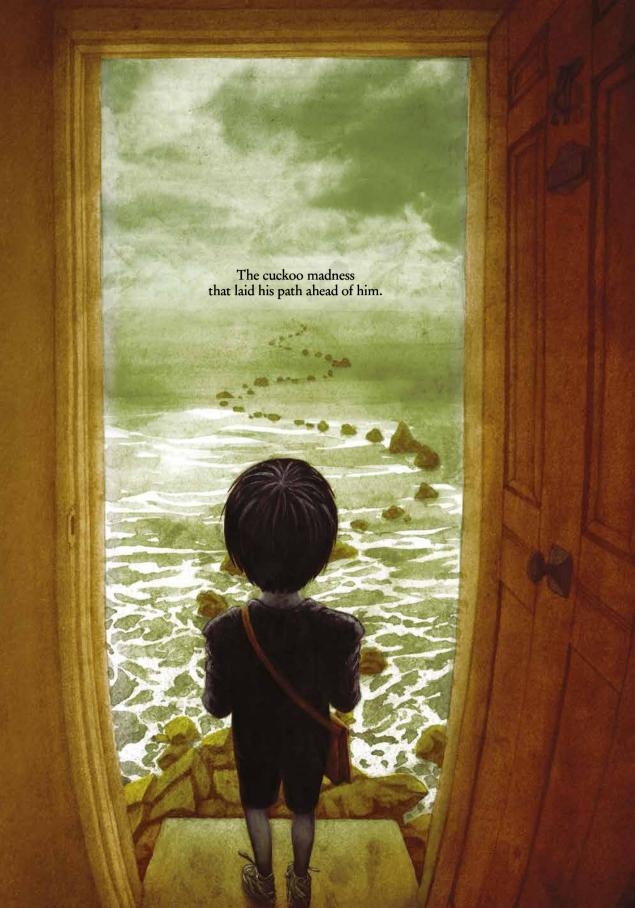








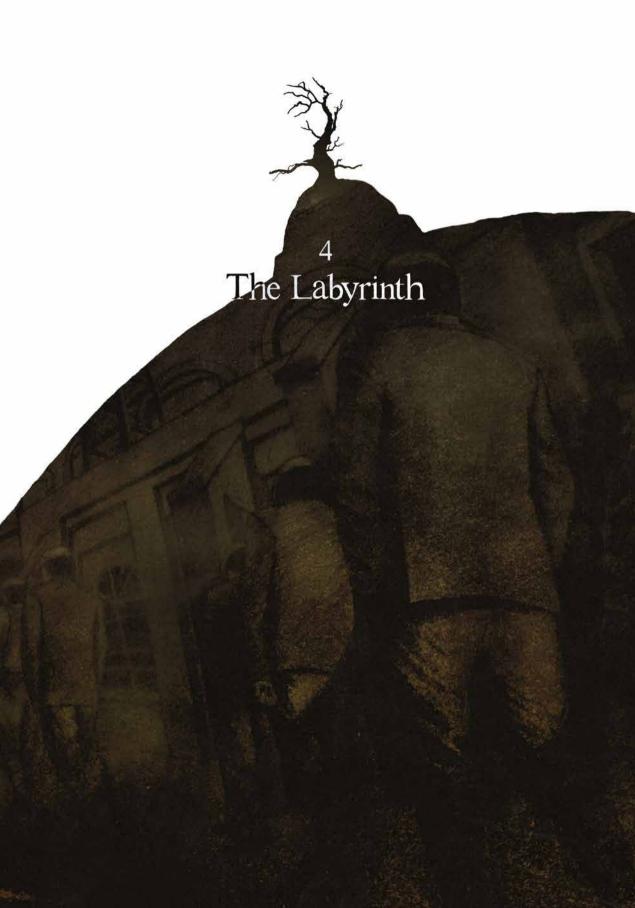






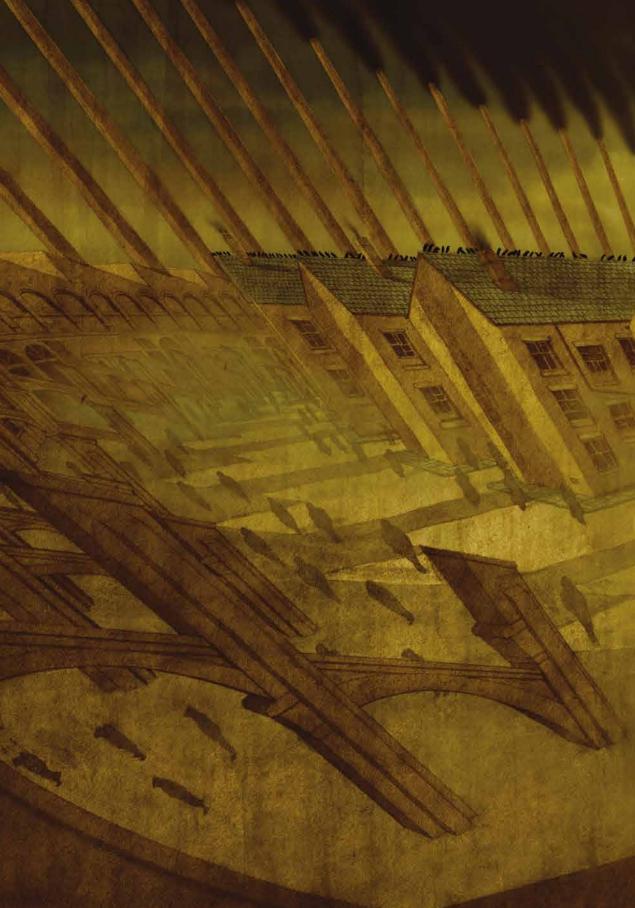






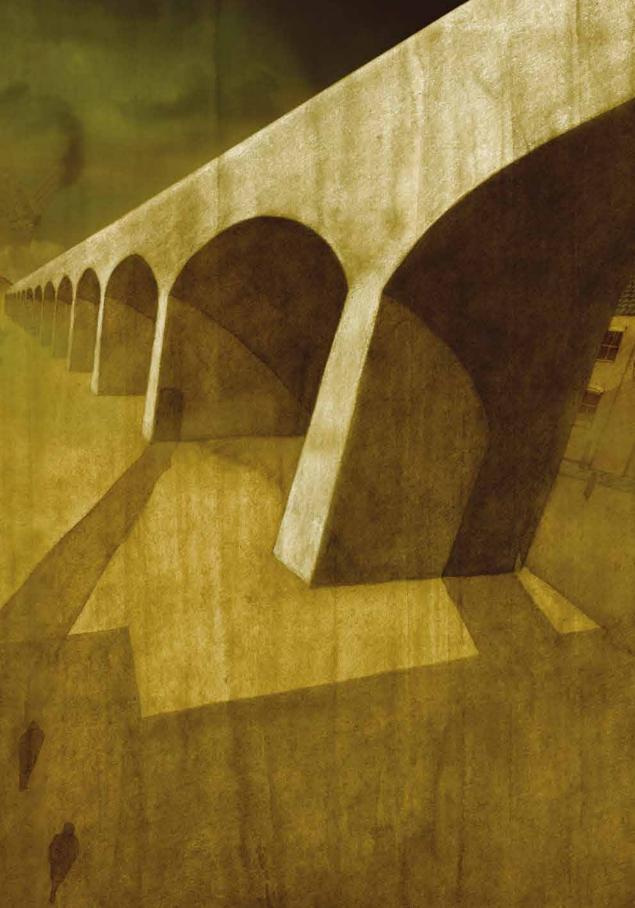




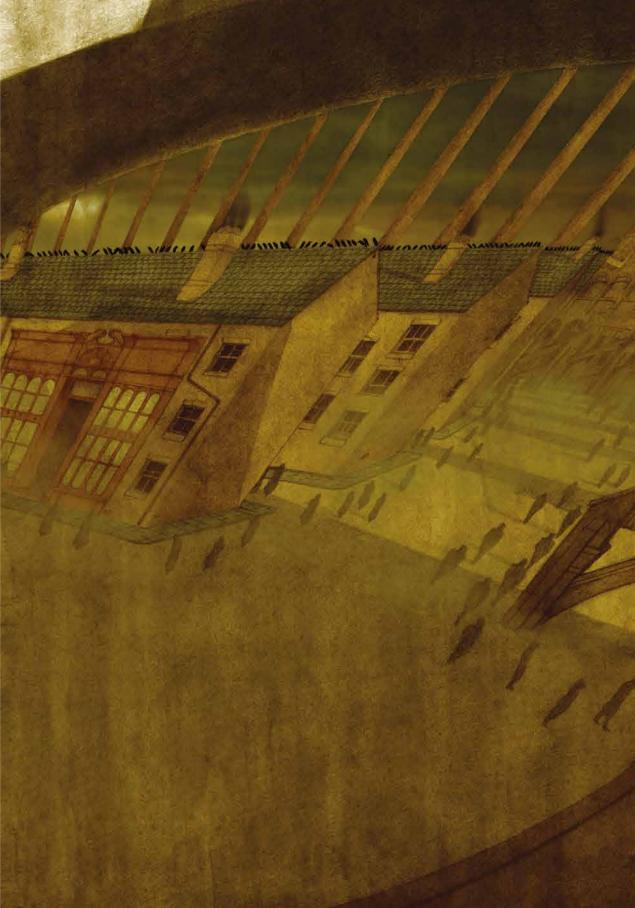










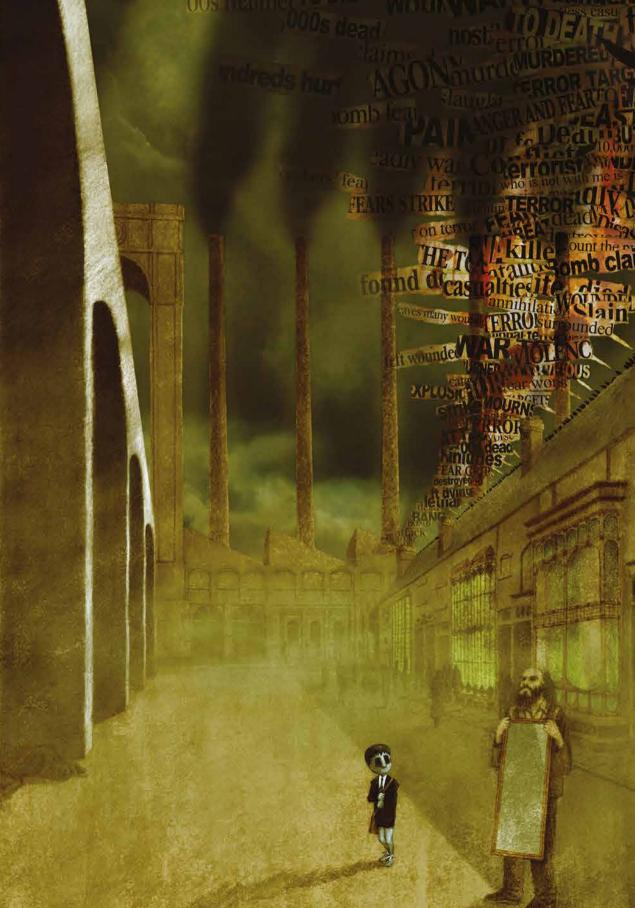


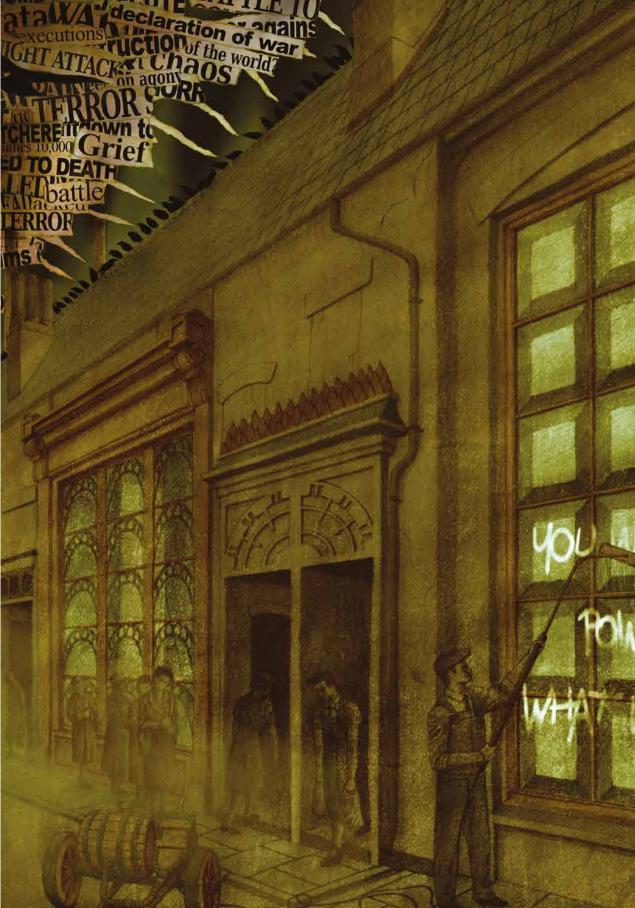










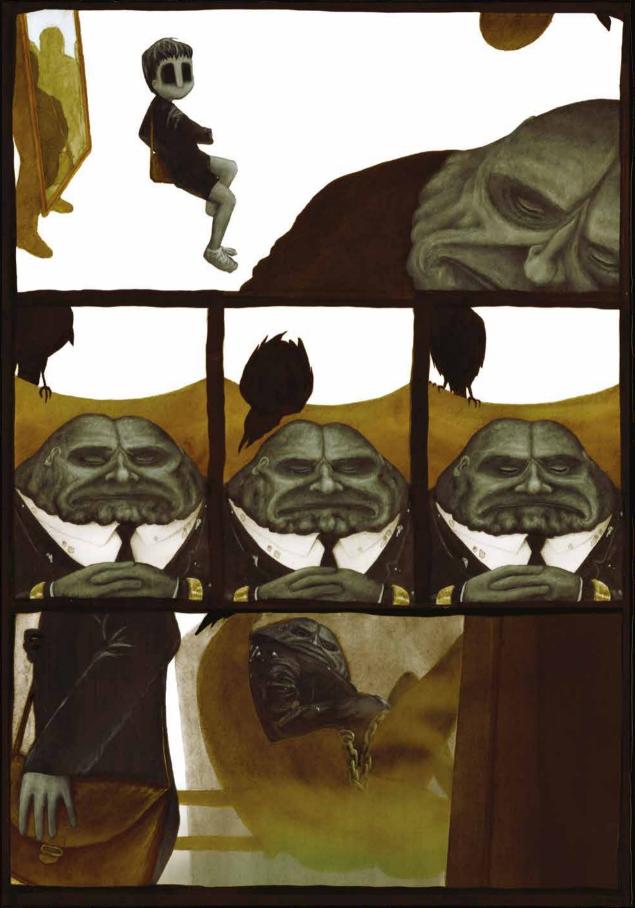


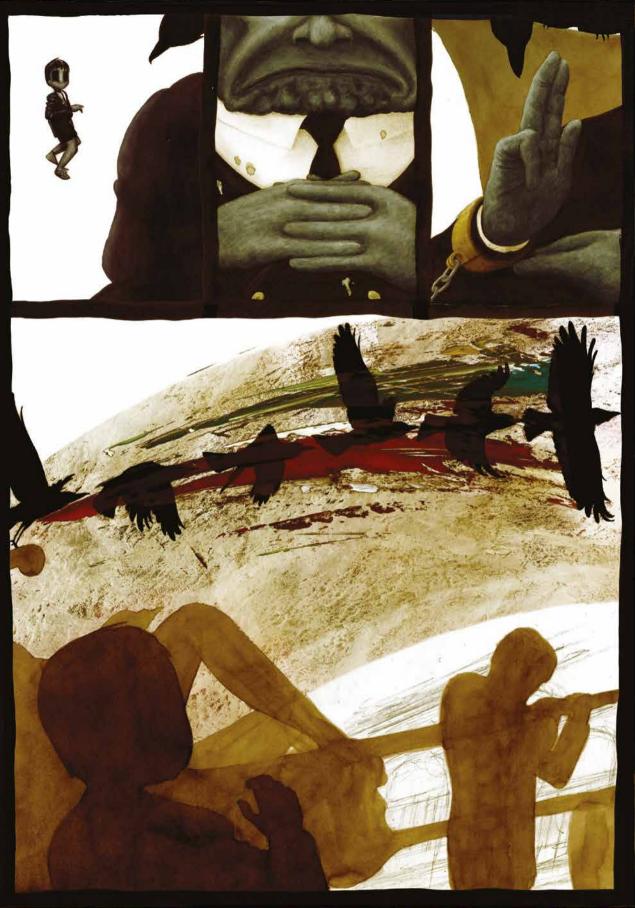


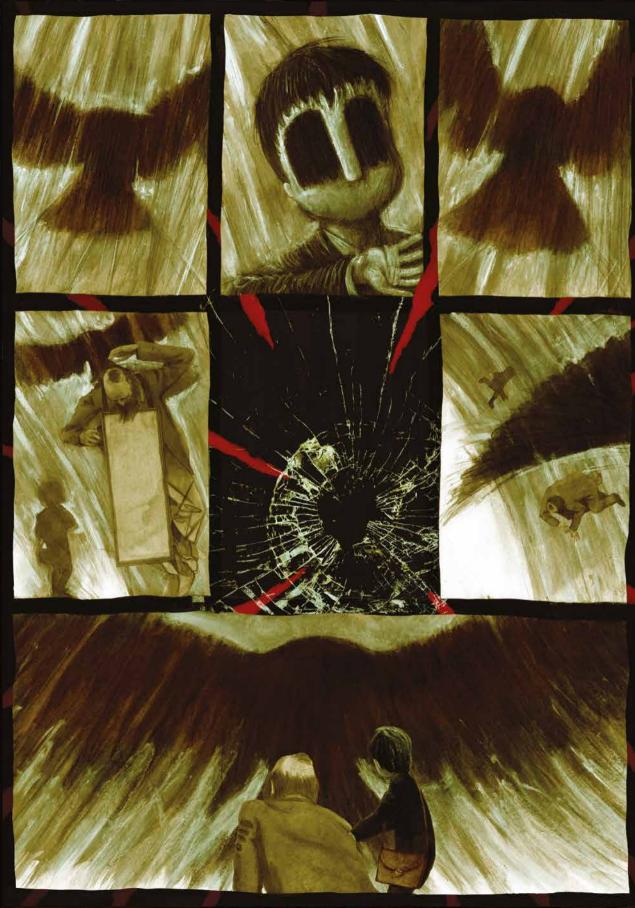
























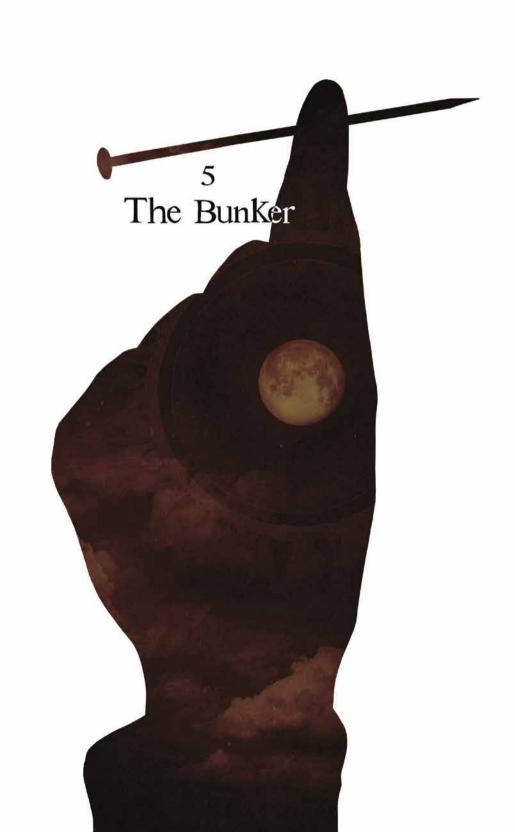












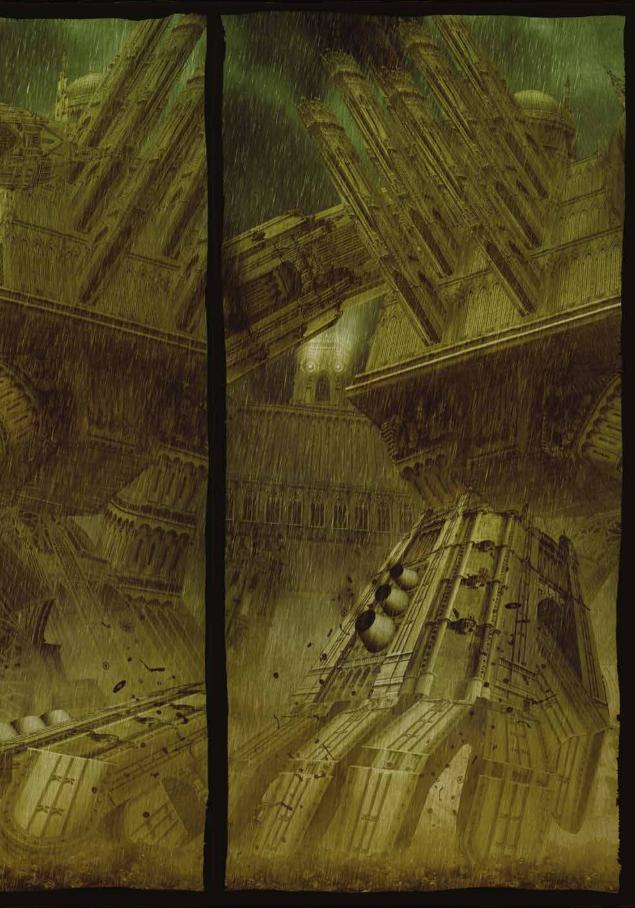


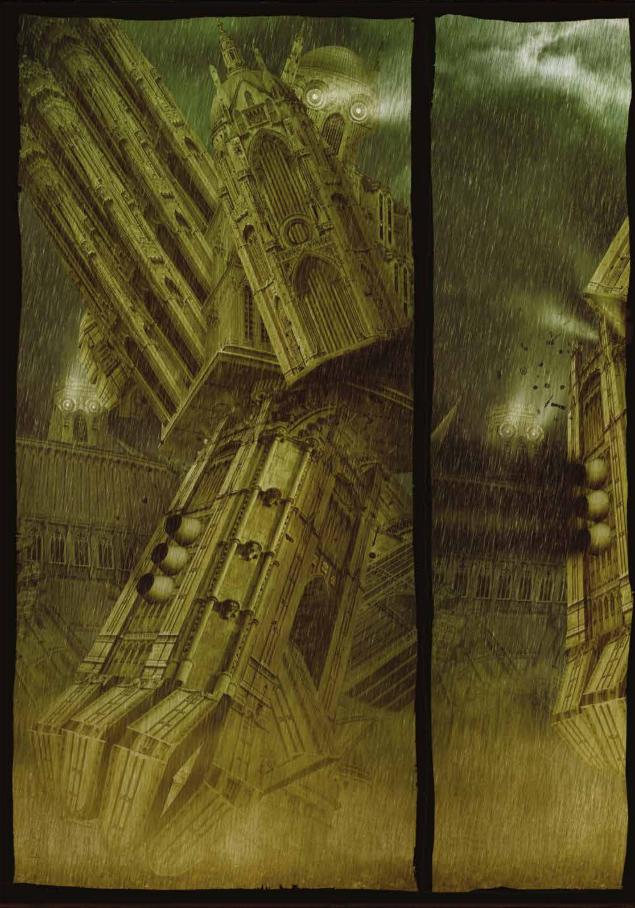




























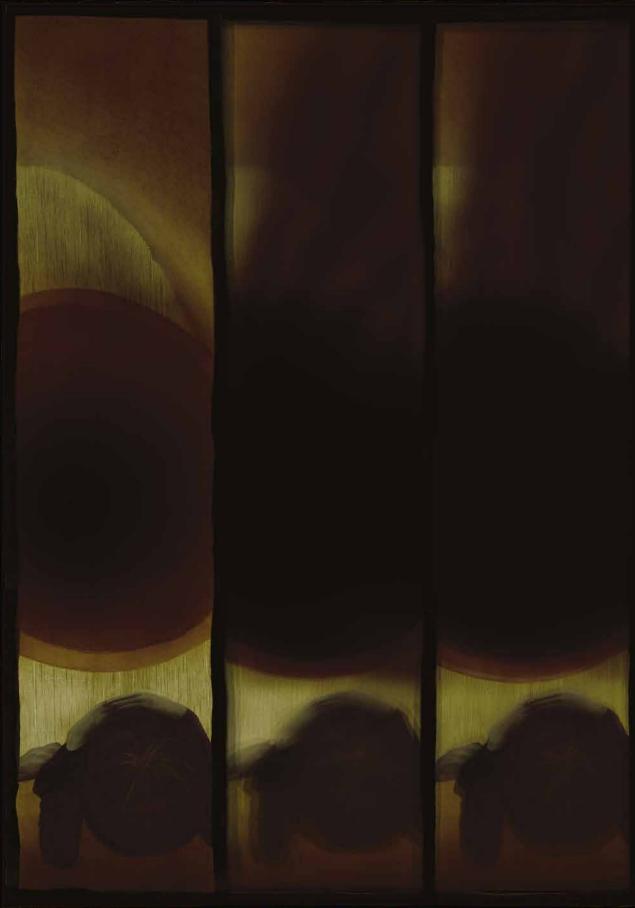
















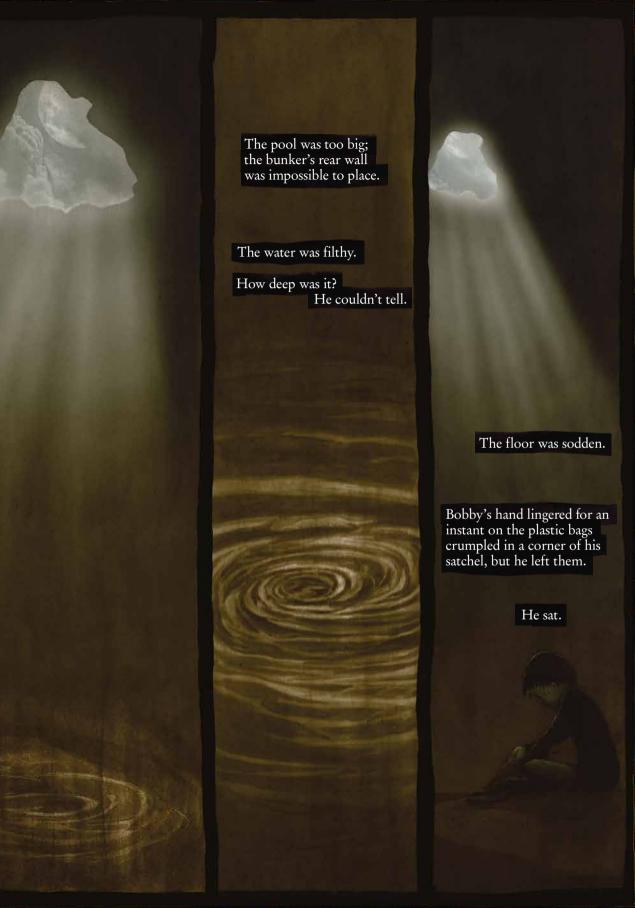


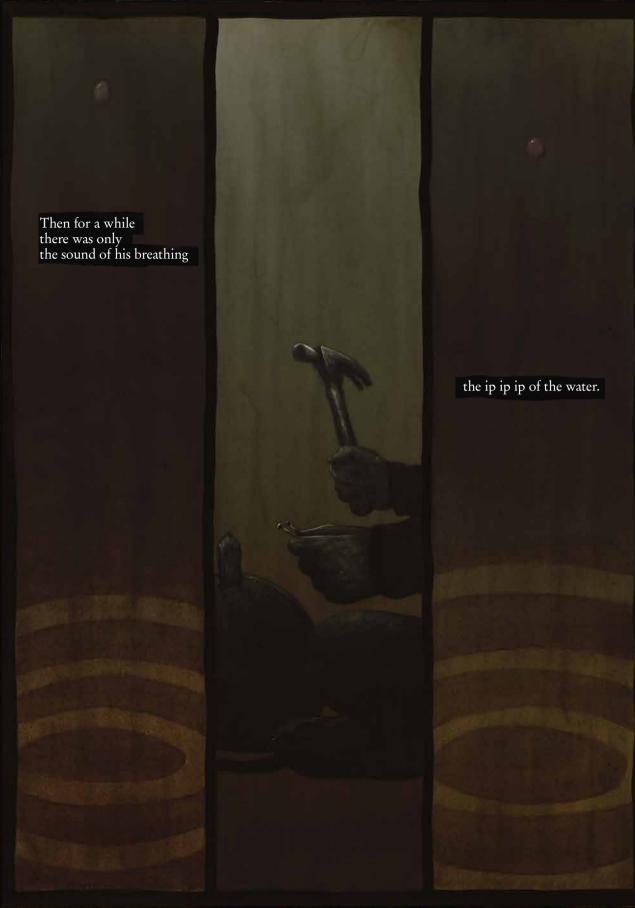
Bobby walked for a long time.

The sound of the rain diminished.

He heard trickles of water in the quiet.

Eventually a feeble worm-light illuminated a wide pool, blocking his way.























The impact of the hammer on the nail made a quiet sound that disappeared quickly



"However much it eludes the despairer, however much [...] the despairer has succeeded in altogether losing his self, and in such a way that the loss is not the least way noticeable, eternity will nevertheless make it evident that his condition is that of despair, and will nail him to his self, and it will be evident that his success was an illusion."

Søren Kierkegaard, The Sickness Unto Death

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Russell Walker

Ellie Warren Emma Watts

Jamie White

Nate Whitten Ben Whitworth

Jim Williams

Shz Williamson

Reuben Willmott Freyja Winter

Tom Woodman



The next day more crows came. More the next.

Soon, whichever way the people looked, the slates were clotted.

The town was black and white and red all over.

By day no one said it, but at night the people whispered pillow to pillow, dream to dream:

If one crow will sing a murder, a murder of crows will sing a war.

UNIOUE & INTRIGUING

One of the few comics I've read recently that made me think about it days after I put it down

— COMIC BOOK YETI

Mixes the nightmarish world of Guillermo Del Toro with the elaborate world building of Neil Gaiman & the artwork of Shaun

Tan or Dave McKean MARVELOUS

— PIPF DRFAM COMICS

MESMERISING

One of the most disturbing things I've ever seen and I cannot wait to see more

- COMICS FOR ALL PODCAST

Truly EXQUISITE — (IMI) STENF

SUBLIME

— LUORI D COMIC ROOK REVIELU

