

#1

DARKCHILD[®]



death of
my past...



Gaynor • Guillaume • Howell
Jean-Louis • Remus III



**DESIGN
STUDIO**

Presents:

DARK CHILD



Editor/Creator

Kenneth Gaynor Wilson Guillaume Milton Howell

Colors

Kenneth Gaynor Wilson Guillaume Milton Howell

Pencils

Schiller Jean-Louis

Inks

Remus Gaynor III


Letter

Kenneth Gaynor Wilson Guillaume

Writer

Wilson Guillaume Nadeje Felix

Dark Child is a registered copyright © of G7 Design Studio, LLC. 2016 All Rights Reserved. The entire contents of this book is also a copyright © of G7 Design Studio, LLC. 2016. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. None of the contents of this book may be reprinted in any form without the permission of Kenneth Gaynor, Wilson Guillaume, Milton Howell or Design Studio, LLC.

A dark-skinned child with long, wavy white hair and glowing white eyes. The child is holding a small, light-colored doll with a face. The background is a textured, reddish-brown surface with dark, cracked lines. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

I am a child
of a dark land
once filled with light,
can you see me shine?

My eyes illuminating my soul,
my heart pumping the blood
of my ancestors.

I am living today in the death of
my past.

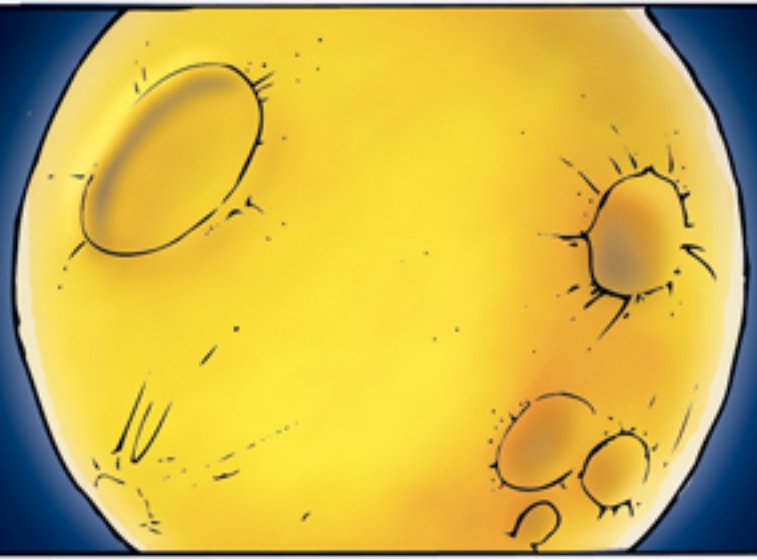
Set me free.

For I am not what I appear to be.

- Dark Child

SEGUIN, HAITI - 1994
SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE WOODS,
ON THE NIGHT OF THE FULLMOON...

SITTING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE
CITY, REST AN OLD RICKETY CABIN.



THE FOREST BEGAN GROANING, AS THOUGH IT
WERE A GRIEF-STRICKEN MOTHER BEREAVING
THE LOSS OF ITS ONLY CHILD.



...THIS IS THE STORY OF
THE NIGHT I SAW A MONSTER.



THE MOON FIXES ITS GAZE OVER THE NIGHT SKY
AND SURVEYS WHAT EMERGES FROM OUT OF THE
RAMSHACKLED BUILDING.





<< DAMNIT!
OUT OF CLEAN
WATER AGAIN.
IT'S GONNA TAKE
AT LEAST HALF THE
NIGHT TO GET TO
THAT TOWN. >>

<< AS IF I DON'T
GOTTA START
WORK EARLY IN
THE MORNING.
GREAT! >>

<< WHAT ELSE
COULD GO WRONG
TONIGHT? >>*

**AN UNINTENDED TREK WAS MADE INTO
THE LAMENTING WOODS THAT NIGHT.**

***TRANSLATED FROM
HAITIAN CREOLE.**



NEAR BY, THE RUSTLING BUSHES BROUGHT CAUSE FOR ALARM.



FOREST EYES SUSPICIOUSLY SURVEYED THE INTRUSION.





<< JUST WAIT
TILL I GET
MY-->>



<< THERE
YOU ARE. >>



MEROOOOOOOOOO
AAAAAAAAAAAAA

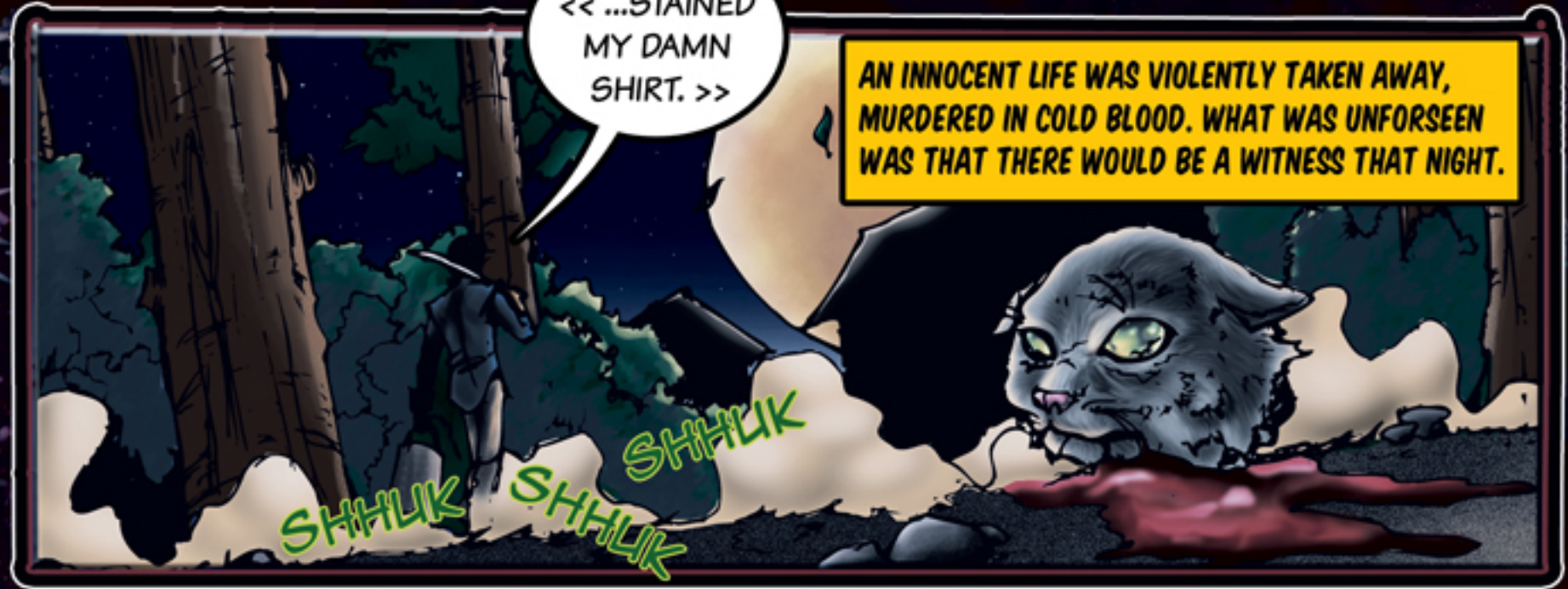



<< LIKE I
SAID... >>

<< ...DON'T
SCREW
WITH ME!!! >>




SHHHINGGGG





<< ALL THIS FOR A BUCKET OF WATER. >>



<< DAMN CAT! WHAT A NUISANCE. CREEPING AROUND MY PROPERTY, AND KEEPING ME UP AT NIGHTS. >>

<< LITTLE BASTARD! >>



WITHOUT ANY SIGNS OF REMORSE, THE DESOLATE TOWN WAS ENTERED.



<< DAMN THIS TOWN IS A FREAK'N HELLHOLE! >>

<< CAN'T WAIT TO LEAVE THIS WASTELAND. >>



THE MOON RENDERED ITS VERDICT AS THE JOURNEY CONTINUES DEEPER INTO OBLIVION.

THERE WAS AN UNNERVING PRESENCE IN THE AIR.



« I SEE THE REAL YOU... »



« I SEE YOU AS THE MOON SEES YOU... »

THE LONG AND MISERABLE JOURNEY
HAD FINALLY COME TO AN END.

<< RAIN!!?
YOU'RE KIDDING
ME RIGHT? >>

>KOFF<

<< WHERE THE
HELL WAS THE
RAIN WHEN I
NEEDED IT
EARLIER? >>



>KOFF<
>KOFF<

<< I KNEW I
SHOULD'VE
INSTALLED THAT
DAMN PUMP! >>

Skreech
Skreech

THE HEAVENS WEPT AS A CHILD EMERGED
FROM OUT OF THE BITTER COLD.

>Sniff<
>Sniff<

SHHHHHUUUUHHH






HUHHH...???



⇒ SNIFF ⇒
⇒ SNIFF ⇒

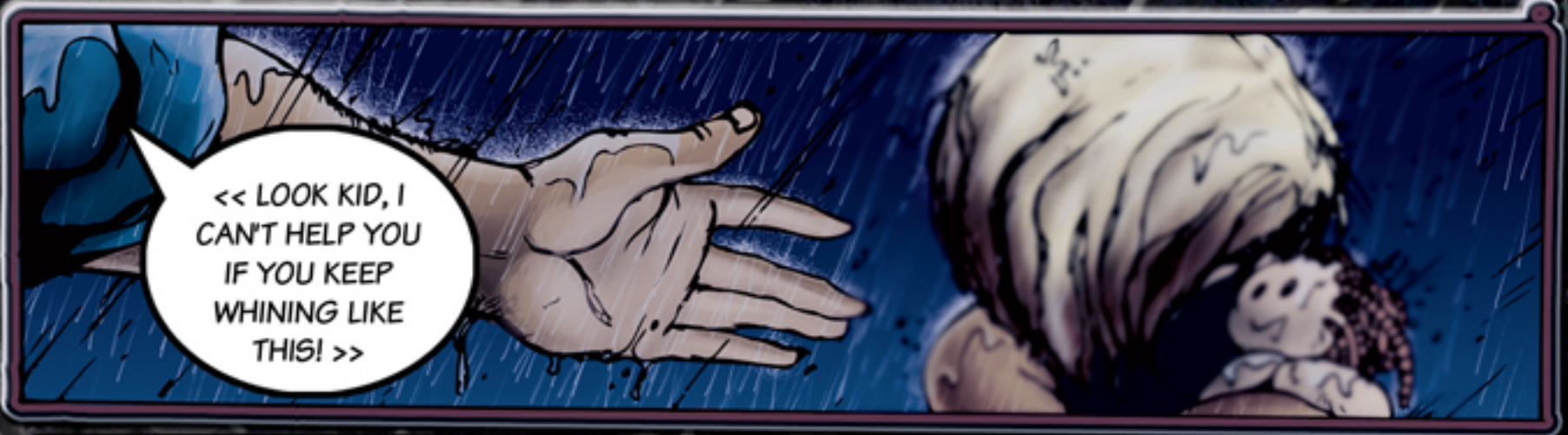


<< HEY KID, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ALL BY YOURSELF? >>



<< WHY ARE YOU CRYING, WHERE'S YOUR MOTHER? >>

WHAAAAAAAA!!!



<< LOOK KID, I CAN'T HELP YOU IF YOU KEEP WHINING LIKE THIS! >>

EVEN WITH ARM OUTSTRETCHED TO QUELL THE WEeping CHILD, WHO COULD HAVE FORESEEN THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING LURKING BEYOND HER MENACING GAZE?



⇒ << I SEE THE MONSTER IN YOU... >> ⇐



<< HHHH... HOLY JESUS, SHE'S A >>
***LOUGAROU!**

<< ...NOW SEE THE MONSTER IN ME!!! >>

<< SEE ME AS SHE SAW YOU!!! >>



<< SEE THE TERROR IN ME AS SHE SAW THE TERROR IN YOU!...SEE DEATH IN MY EYES THE WAY MY MOTHER SAW DEATH IN YOURS!!! >>

THE LIFE HE THOUGHT HE TOOK THAT NIGHT...

...THIS MAN WILL NEVER KNOW THAT IT WAS THE ONLY ONE TO EVER CHERISH ME.

AMMWE!!!AAAAAHHHH!!!

*PRONOUNCED (LOO-GA-ROO)

THAT WAS THE NIGHT
I SAW A MONSTER...



...IT NOT ONLY
STOLE MY PAST...



...IT WAS COVETING
MY FUTURE.

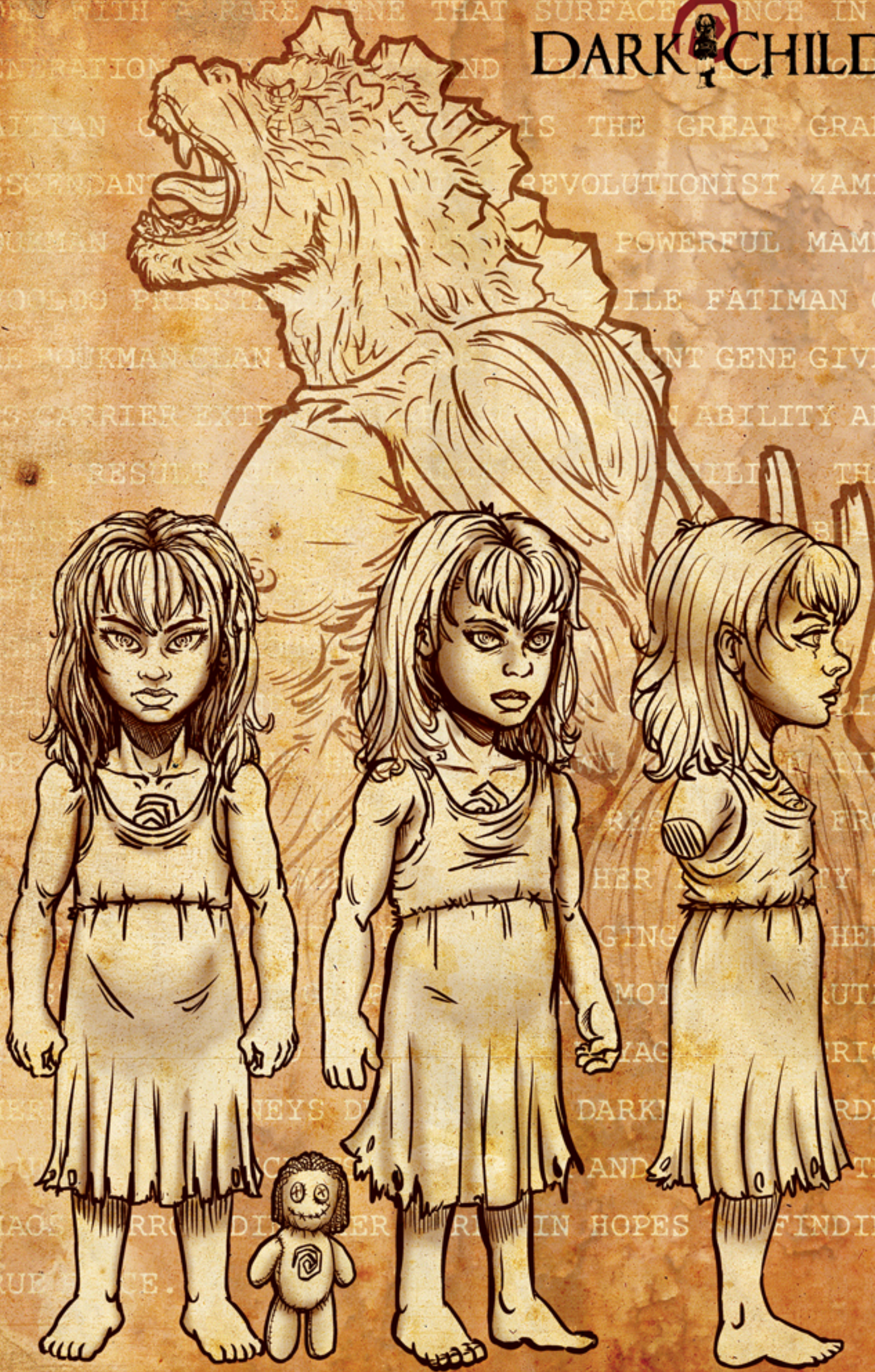
WOMMMMM!

NEXT ISSUE, VOYAGE TO AMERICA.



TO BE
CONTINUED.

DARK CHILD



NADIA FATIMAN

VOYAGE TO AMERICA PART 1



Wilson
GUILLAUME

Kenneth
GAYNOR

Milton
HOWELL

Elvis
VALDEZ

**NOW
AVAILABLE**

**ISSUE
#2**

DARK CHILD[®]

Visit us online @
WWW.G7COMICS.COM

Dark Child is a registered copyright © of G7 Design Studio, LLC. 2016 All Rights Reserved. The entire contents of this book is also a copyright © of G7 Design Studio, LLC. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. None of the contents of this book may be reprinted in any form without the permission of Kenneth Gaynor, Wilson Guillaume, Milton Howell or G7 Design Studio, LLC.

