

SIMON M.
SCRIPT
PANEL LAYOUT
COVER
TRANSLATION
(SORRY, ENGLISH SPEAKERS)

ATANA S.
PENCILS
INK

EMAIL: UPSURGECOMICS@GMAIL.COM

WEBPAGE: WWW.UPSURGE.ES/ENGLISH

THIS COMIC IS PUBLISHED UNDER AN ATTRIBUTION-NONCOMMERCIAL-NONDERIVATIVES CREATIVE COMMONS LICENSE, AND IS OWNED BY ITS AUTHORS, SIMON MONOGATARI (SERGIO RODRIGUEZ FUNGUEIRO) AND ATANA SUMI (CRISTINA ERRAEZ CASTELLTORT).



Dear W.
I could go on for hours and hours about
strange, this underdeveloped country, but

sometimes I would like
biology, all these different
precarious economic state
the two languages should

my husband
and about that,
investigation; the
castle is quite a
sects.

In brief

no way of passing through
psychic attack was beyond
but we need it if we pretend
Santiago, the cursed city

and
the three
cret room
just one
horror fest



l horrific hand of Satan and
release wicked think it worked
depression and protection system
I don't think In brief, there
it's going to work.

type of person has to be
one without scruples, with
a licentious, out-of-control

Santiago cannot be the only way of controlling the beast;
I would need the hand of Satan to enter there, and I
don't think I'm able to handle it. Do you know what

immoral
lazy
haggard
unstable
d decad





WHAT'S YOUR POWER?

HM?

YOU ARE A MAGE, RIGHT? SELF-TAUGHT, BUT A MAGE NONETHELESS.

I SAW YOU DID THE RITUAL OF THE DOOR.



WHAT TALENT DID YOU GET, IN THE RITUAL?

I'M SUPPOSED TO ANSWER TO YOU?

...

YOU'RE NOT AWARE OF YOUR SITUATION, HM?

I'M AWARE THAT YOU READ MY MIND.

AND YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT.

SO, YOUR TALENT IS BEING A MORON.

BEING SUCH A MORON THAT THE FACT THAT YOU'RE STILL BREATHING IS A MAGICAL ACT IN AND OF ITSELF.



I CAN TALK WITH THE INORGANIC WORLD.



INORGANIC WORLD?

WALLS. FURNITURE. THINGS.

THEY TALK TO YOU?

SOME-TIMES.

NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

THEY TALK TO YOU OR YOU THINK THEY TALK TO YOU?



MMM...

I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT THAT WAY.

...

THEY'VE ALWAYS GIVEN ME USEFUL INFORMATION.

DO YOU THINK IT'S JUST ME?

TALKING TO MYSELF?

WHO KNOWS.

BY THE WAY...

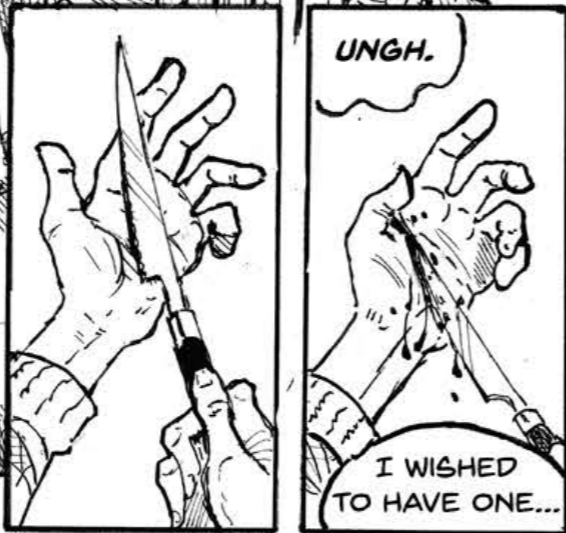
HOW'S IT GOING WITH THAT SHIT?

CAN YOU TAKE IT OFF?

NO.



*SHE'S ACTUALLY SPEAKING IN ENGLISH FROM HERE ON OUT.



"SUBMIT YOUR PRESENCE TO YHVH IN THE EAST, ADONAI IN THE SOUTH, EHEYEH IN THE WEST AND AH-TAH IN THE NORTH".

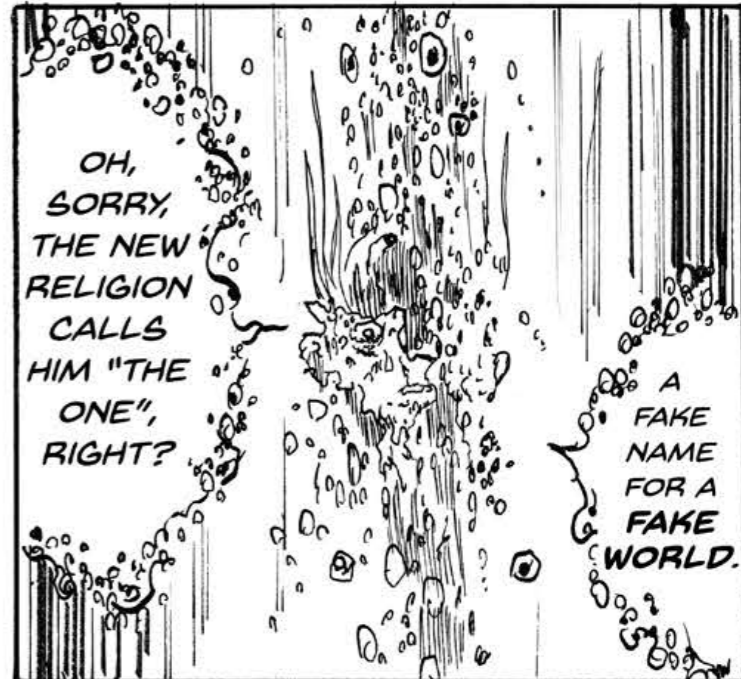
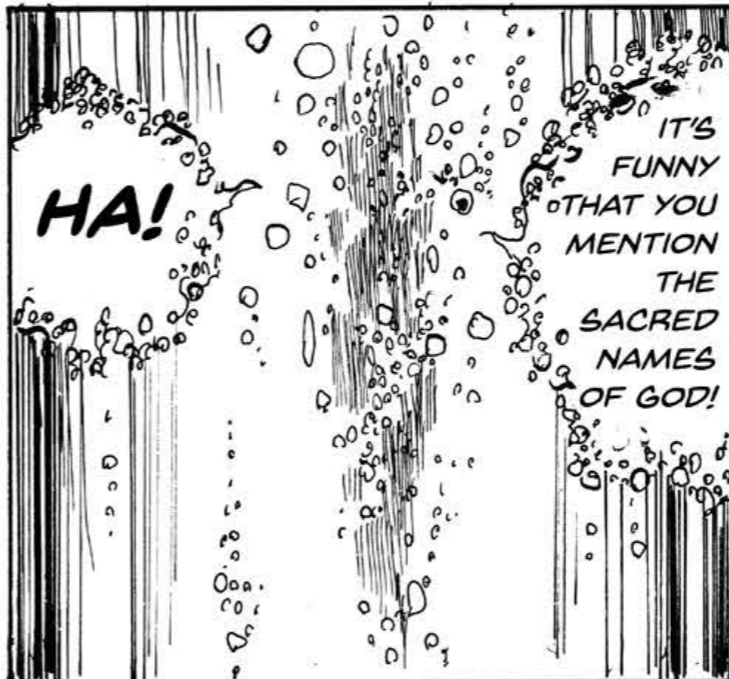


"RETURN TO THE FIRE, RETURN TO THE WATER, RETURN TO THE AIR, RETURN TO THE EARTH".

...THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.



AND YOU ARE A THIRD-RATE DEMON IF YOU BELIEVE THAT WEARING THE SKIN OF THAT FRUSTRATION WOULD WEAKEN ME.





DO YOU KNOW ME?



ELLEN, PLEASE.

OUR GROUP HAS GAINED QUITE THE REPUTATION AMONG MY COMRADES.



AND EVEN IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU, YOU REEK OF NAPHTHALENE...



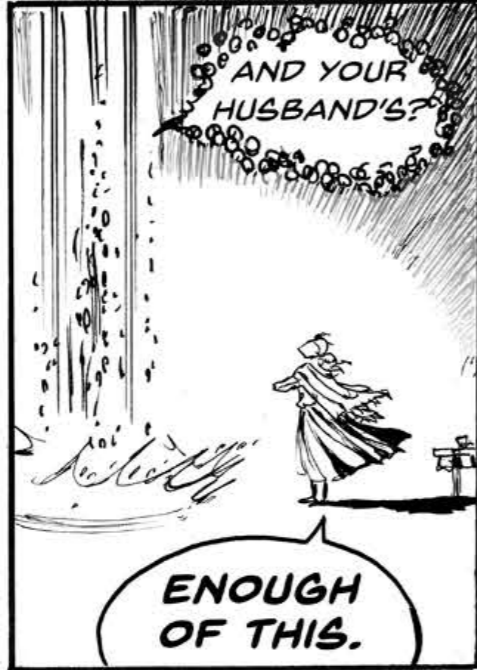
DO YOU BELIEVE US TO BE SO STUPID THAT WE WOULD FALL INTO DEMONOLOGY...

...WITHOUT TAKING THE NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS?

I THOUGHT DEMONS WERE SMARTER THAN THAT.



HOW MANY YEARS HAVE YOU POSTPONED YOUR DEATH?



AND YOUR HUSBAND'S?

ENOUGH OF THIS.



WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE? WERE YOU IN SEARCH OF REVENGE?



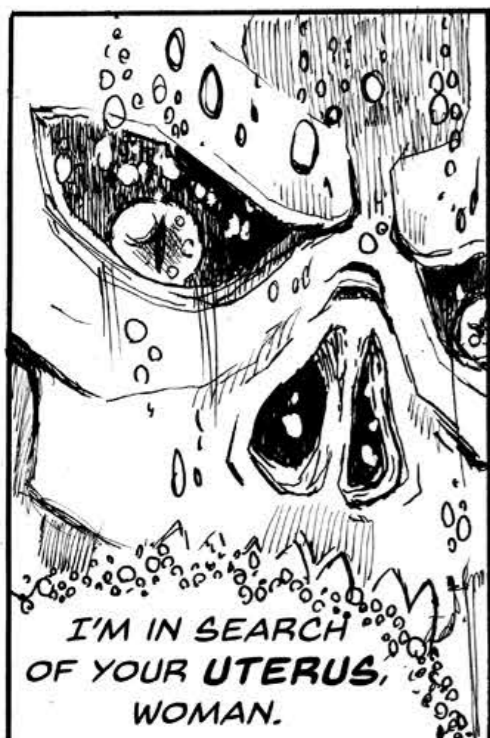
IT WOULD HAVE DONE YOU MORE GOOD TO STAY IN HELL.



OH, REALLY?



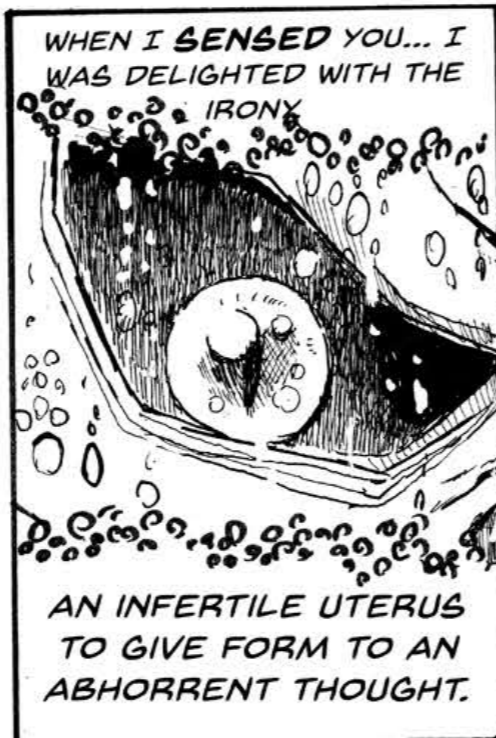
I THINK IT WOULD HAVE DONE YOU MORE GOOD TO STAY IN AMERICA.



I'M IN SEARCH OF YOUR UTERUS, WOMAN.



I'M STILL MORE FICTION THAN REALITY.

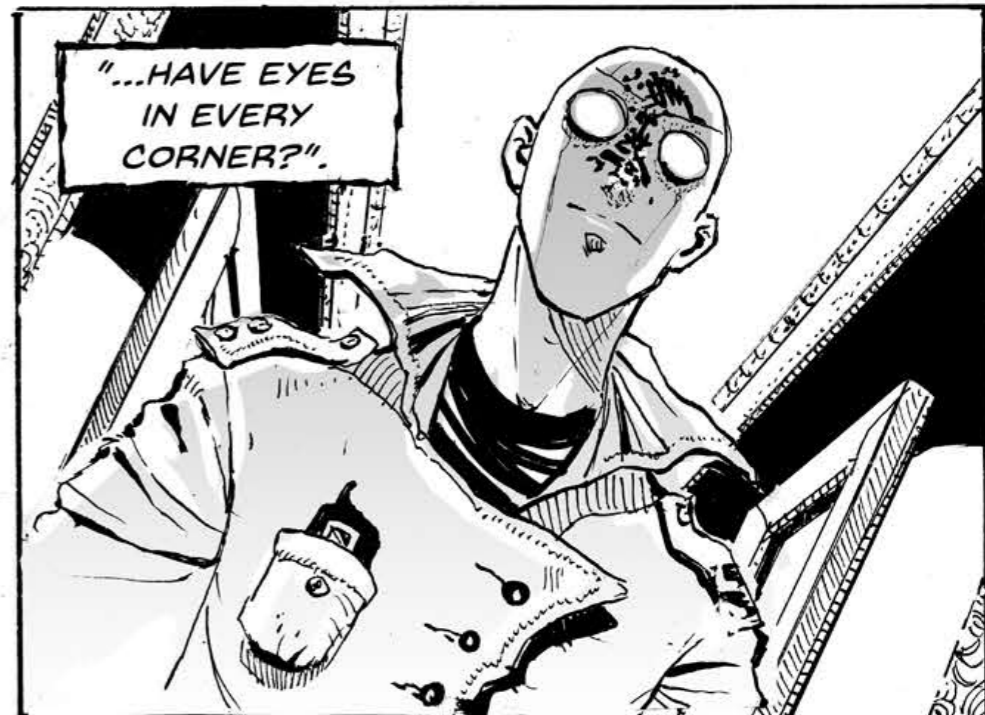


WHEN I SENSED YOU... I WAS DELIGHTED WITH THE IRONY

AN INFERTILE UTERUS TO GIVE FORM TO AN ABHORRENT THOUGHT.



"HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT WE DEMONS..."

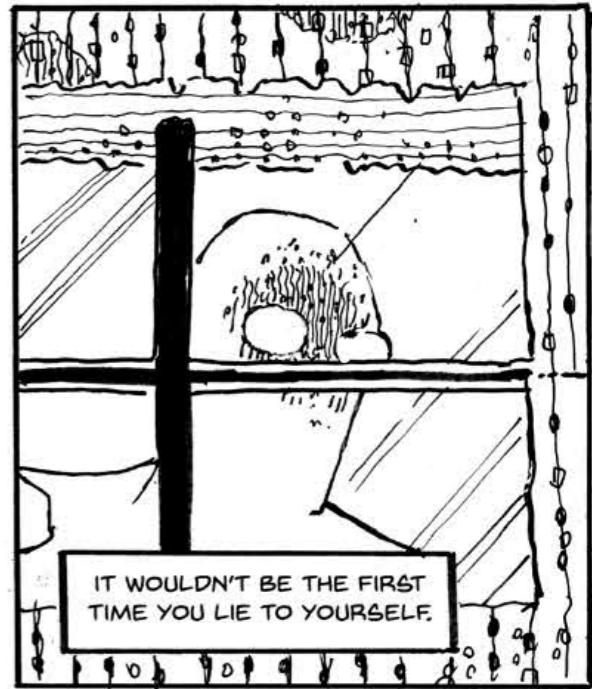


"...HAVE EYES IN EVERY CORNER?"



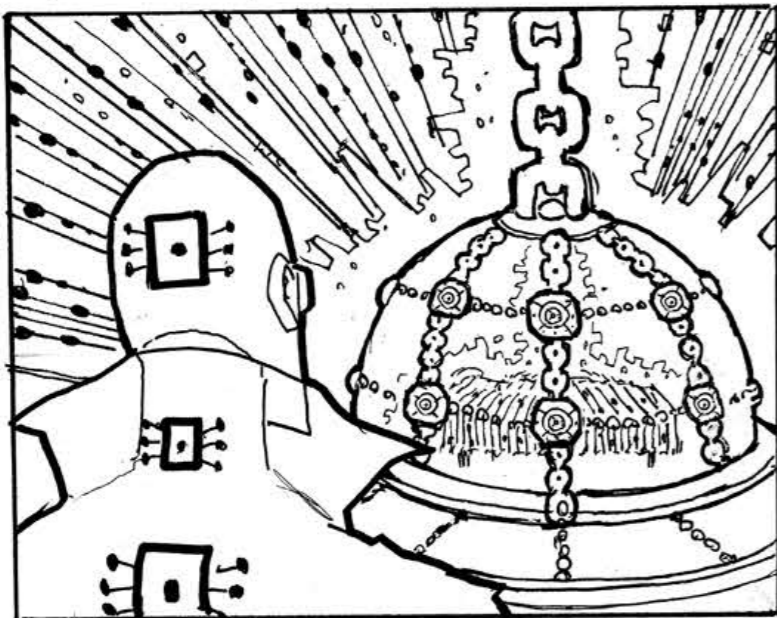
THE ATTIC SMELLS OF ABRASIVE JUNK: ROTTEN TURPENTINE OR HYDROCHLORIC ACID OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I TAKE A LOOK, AS I RELAX SO MY EYES USE THEIR **POWER** TO TRANSCEND THE **MATERIAL PLANE...**

THERE ARE INVISIBLE CURVES IN THE AIR, FROZEN GESTURES OF STRANGE RITUALS. MAYBE THAT EXPLAINS THE CORRUPTION OF THE HOUSE. ALTHOUGH, OBVIOUSLY, HOW WOULD I KNOW IF WHAT I SEE IS WHAT **IT IS?**

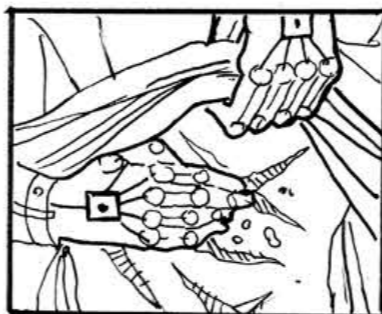


IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME YOU LIE TO YOURSELF.

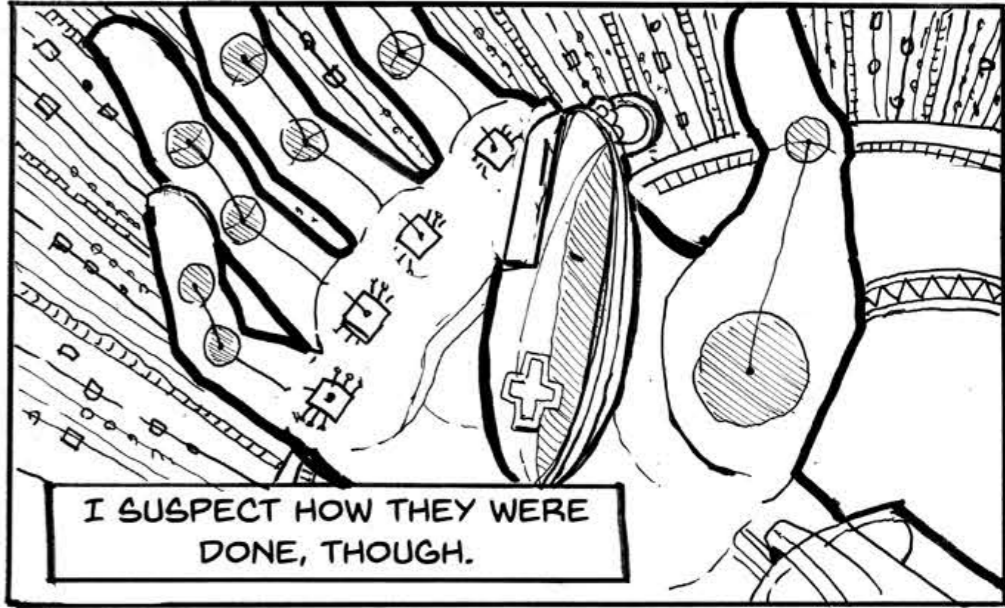
IT'S AS IF THE PLACE IS FILLED WITH **ANTIMATER**. IT EMANATES FROM AN ORB, CREATED WITH SIGILS WRITTEN IN BLOOD, ON THE FLOOR.



I SENSE SOMETHING STRANGE. PART OF THIS POWER COMES FROM SOMETHING AWFUL THAT HAPPENED **LONG AGO...**

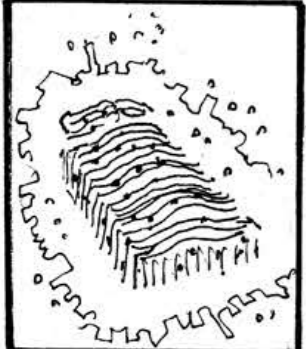
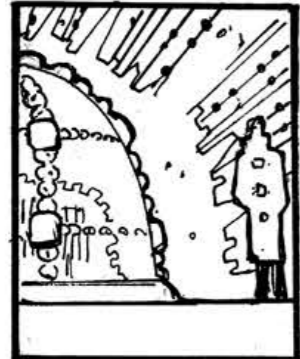


I CAN'T SEE WHAT IT WAS, BUT IT'S DAMAGING ENOUGH TO REOPEN WOUNDS I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD.

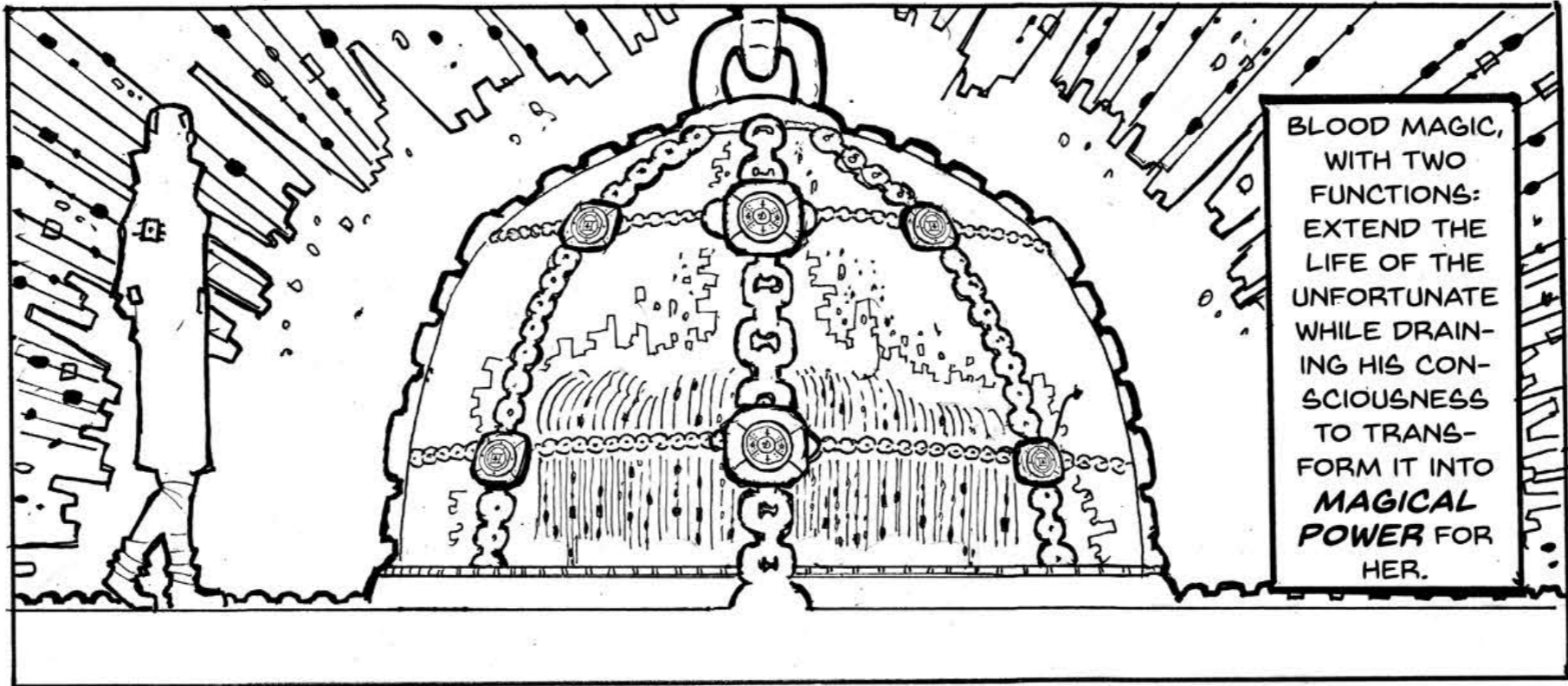


I SUSPECT HOW THEY WERE DONE, THOUGH.

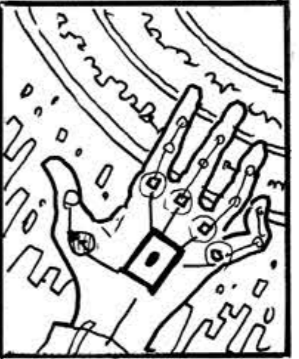
I APPROACH THE ORB. A HORROR WAVE SHAKES MY BACKBONE.



IN THE CENTER OF THE ORB, A BED. IN IT, A MAN. OLD. ASLEEP? NOT EXACTLY...

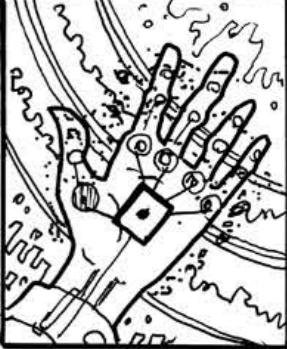


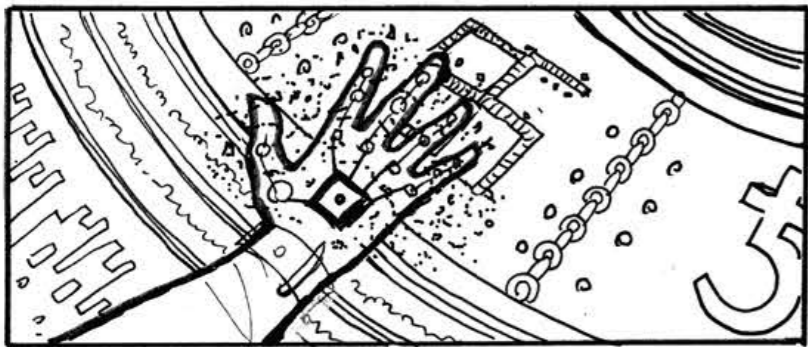
BLOOD MAGIC, WITH TWO FUNCTIONS: EXTEND THE LIFE OF THE UNFORTUNATE WHILE DRAINING HIS CONSCIOUSNESS TO TRANSFORM IT INTO **MAGICAL POWER** FOR HER.



THE MAN IS CADAVEROUS; HIS SKIN SO PALE ONE HAS TO WONDER HOW IS HE STILL **ALIVE**.

LUCKILY, ELLEN DIDN'T EXPECT INTRUSIONS. THE SPELL DOESN'T HAVE **DEFENSE PROTOCOLS**.





AND WHEN YOU KNOW THE TRICK...

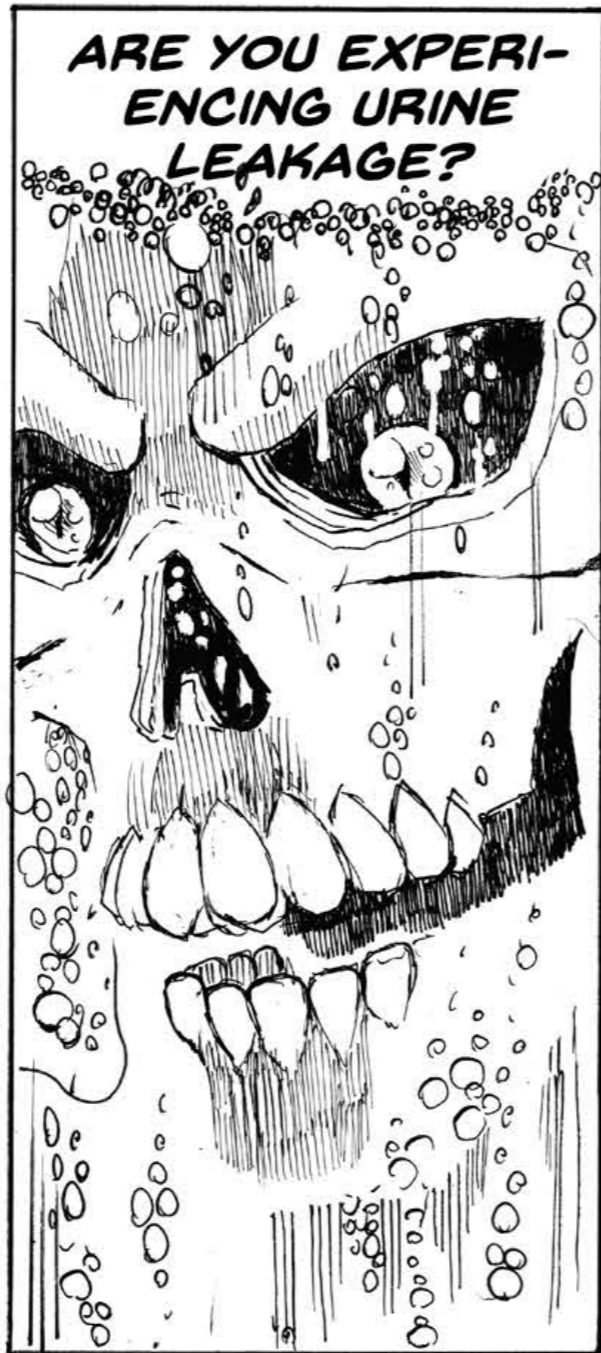
...THE MAGIC IS GONE.



-NGG-



PROBLEMS?



ARE YOU EXPERIENCING URINE LEAKAGE?



HIS BODY IS FULL OF ARCAINE SYMBOLS. PENTA-GRAMS, SOLOMON KEYS...

THEY ARE STRATA OF DIFFERENT RITUALS ACCUMULATED ON HIS SKIN. HER HUSBAND'S SKIN, IF THE LETTERS ARE TRUST-WORTHY.



DON'T RUN AWAY.

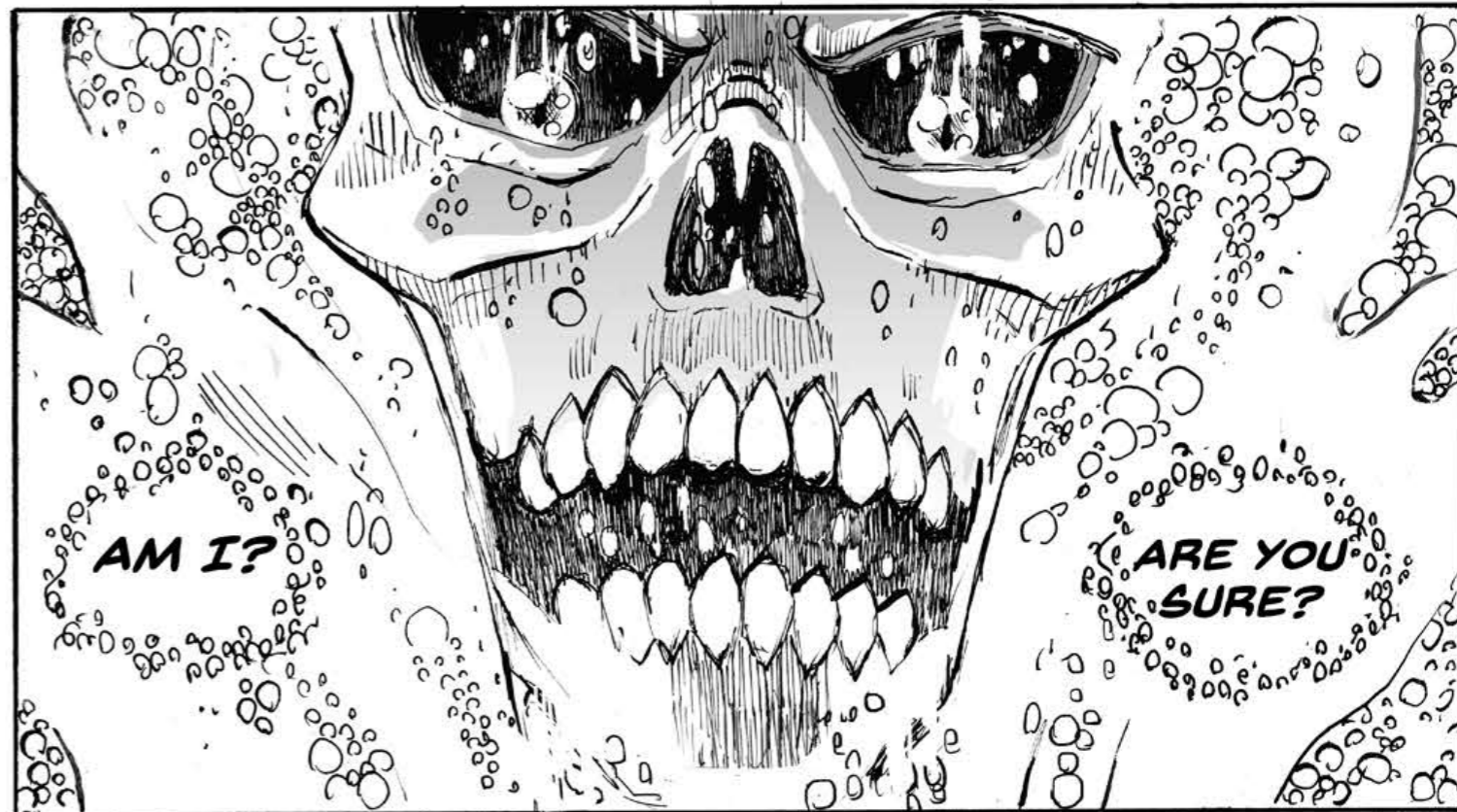


N-NO ...

...NO REASON TO FLEE...



YOU ARE TRAPPED.



AM I?

ARE YOU SURE?



YOU
HAVE
DRAWN A
PENTA-
GRAM.



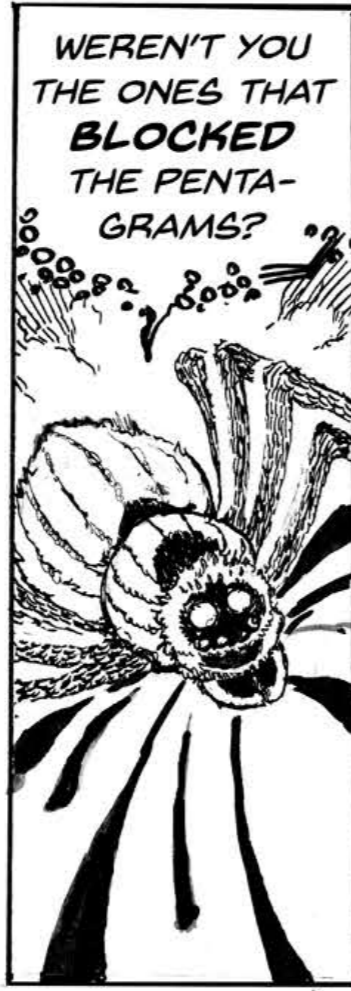
BUT I'M THE BEAST OF
THE HEXAGRAM.



NO!



YOU ARE
TRAPPED!

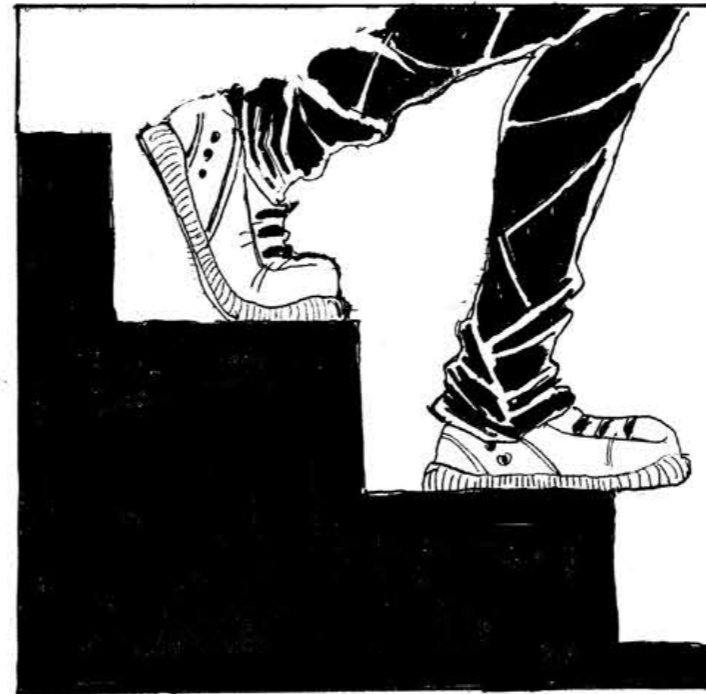


WEREN'T YOU
THE ONES THAT
BLOCKED
THE PENTA-
GRAMS?



HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN YOUR
FEATS, WITCH?

HAS YOUR
MIND AL-
READY SUC-
CUMBED TO
ALZHEIMER'S?

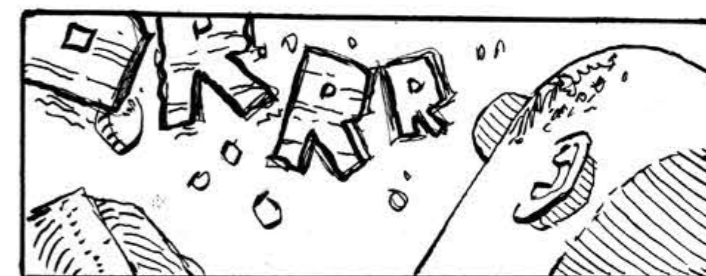
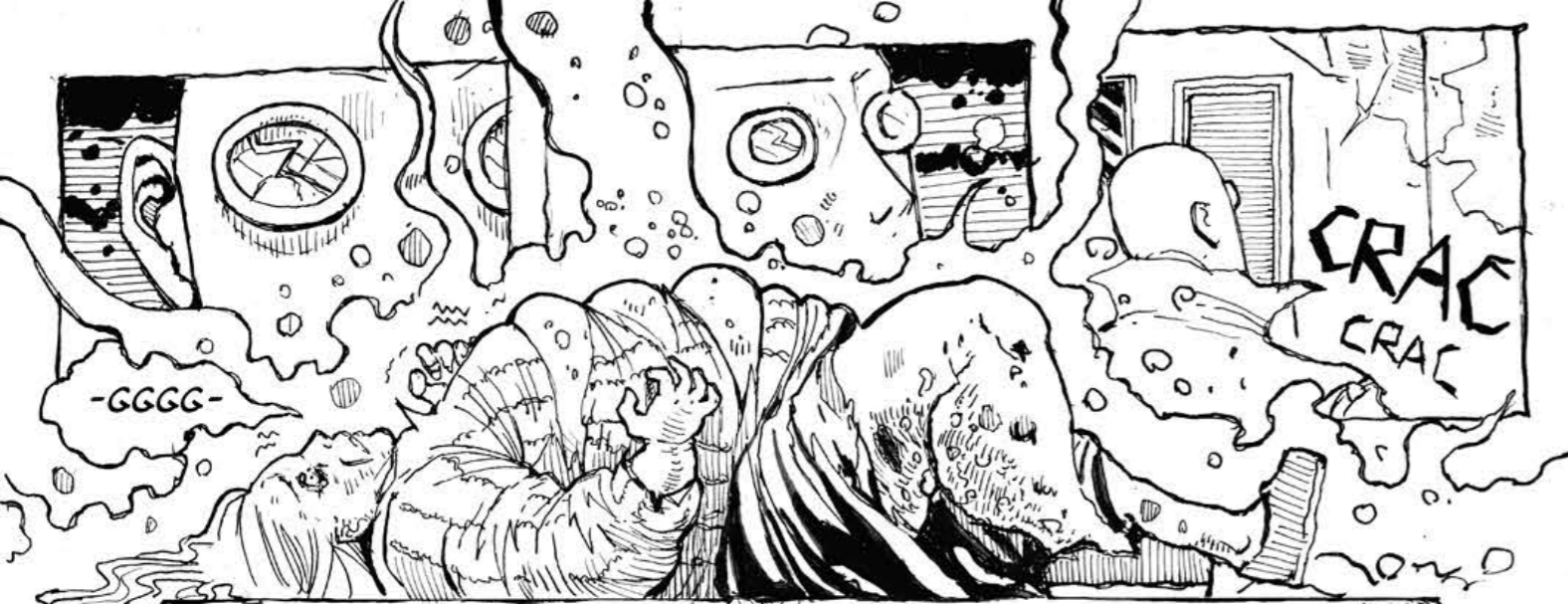


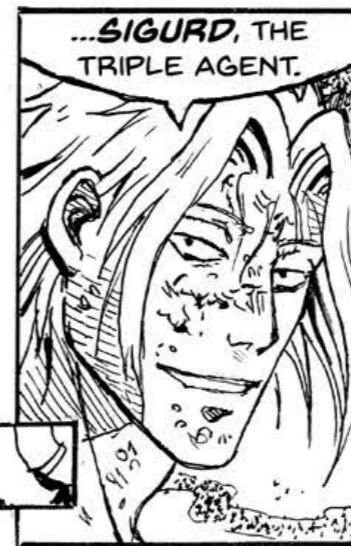
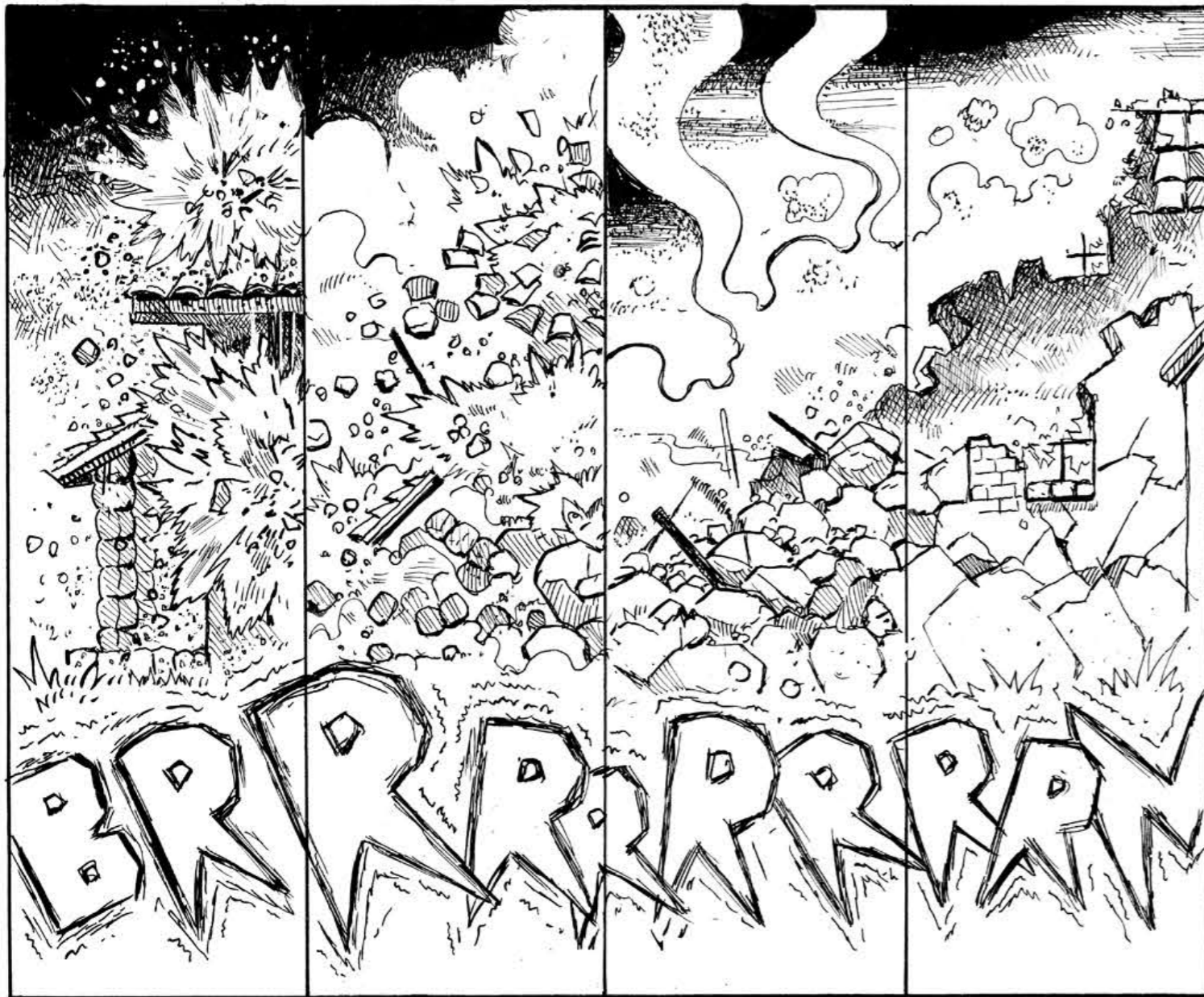
-GGG-

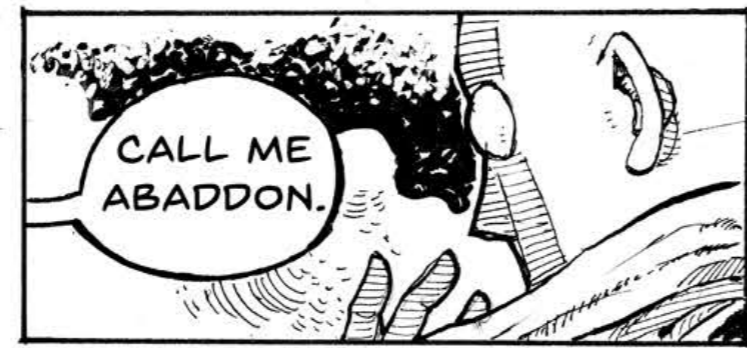
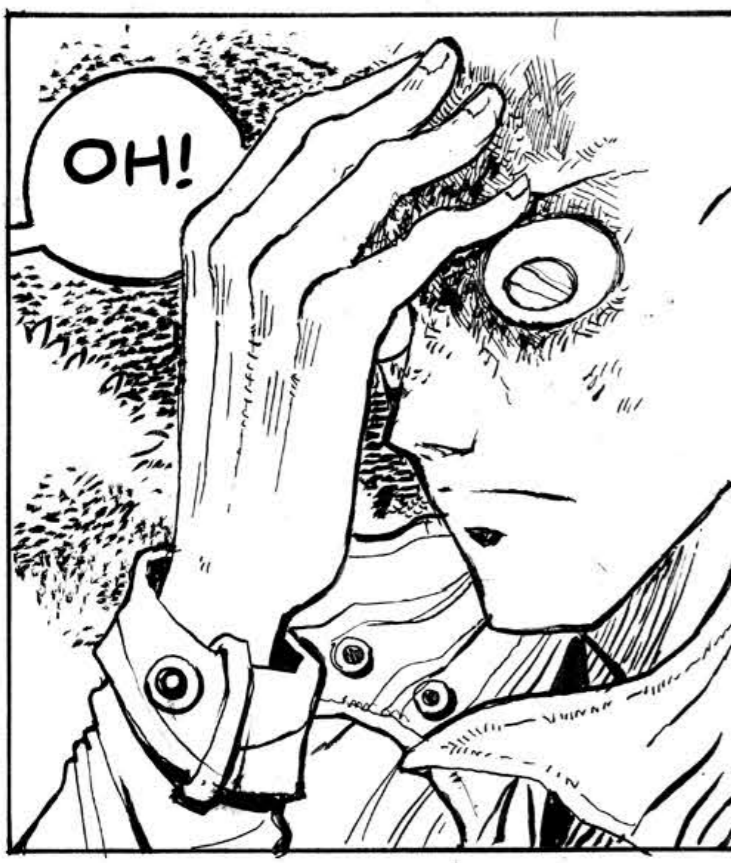
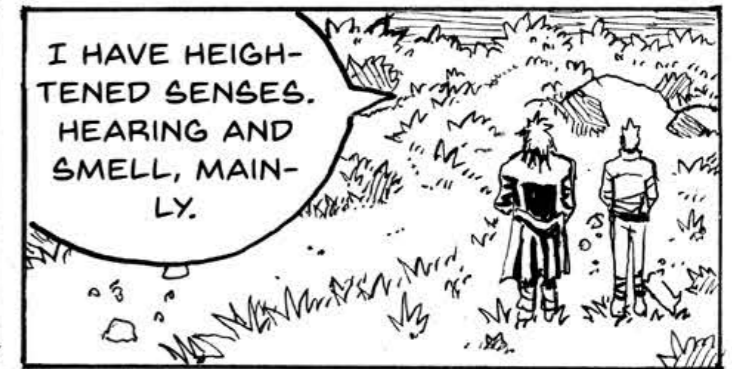
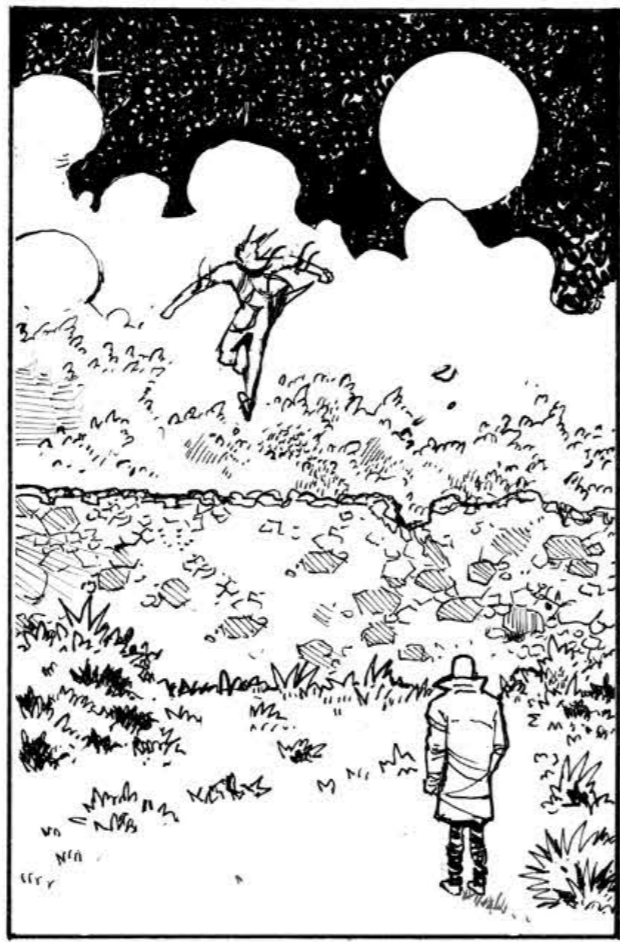
-TT-

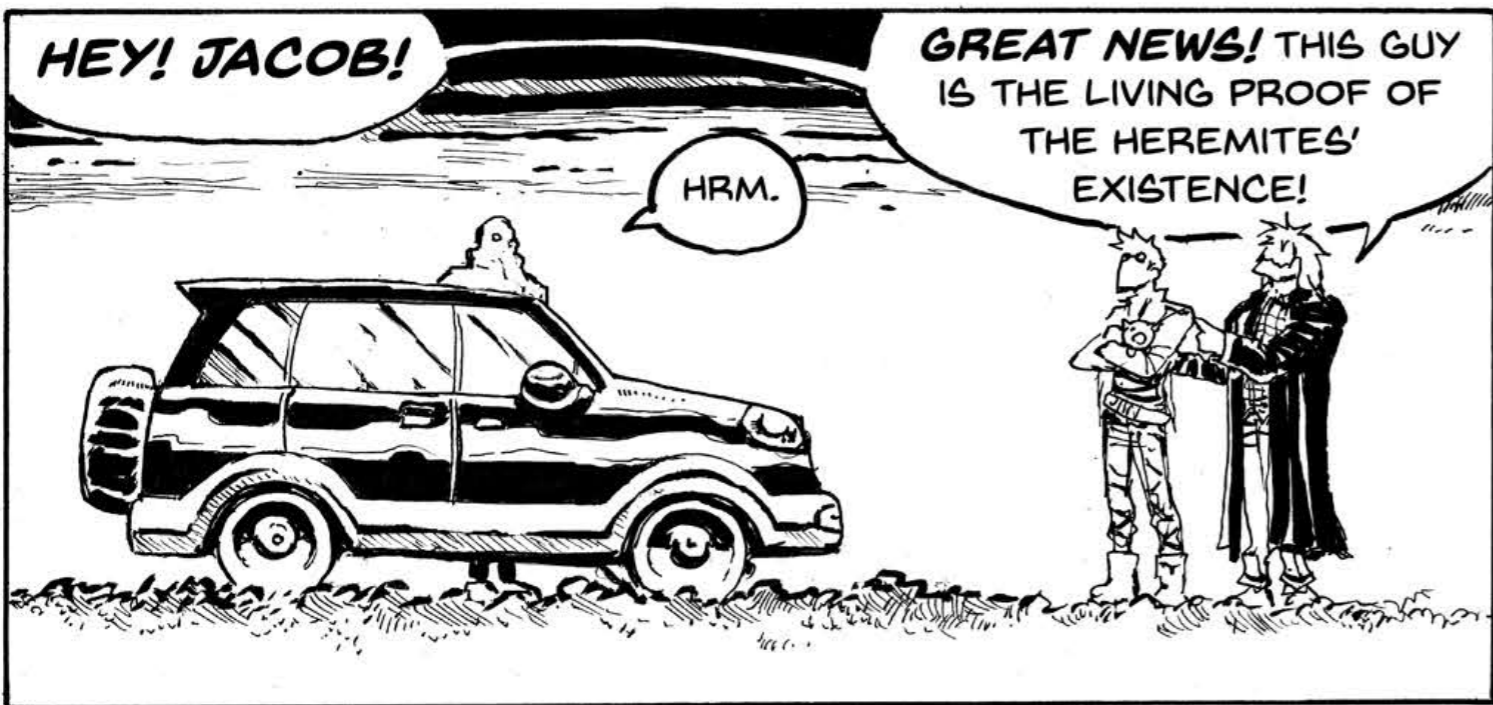


GGG!





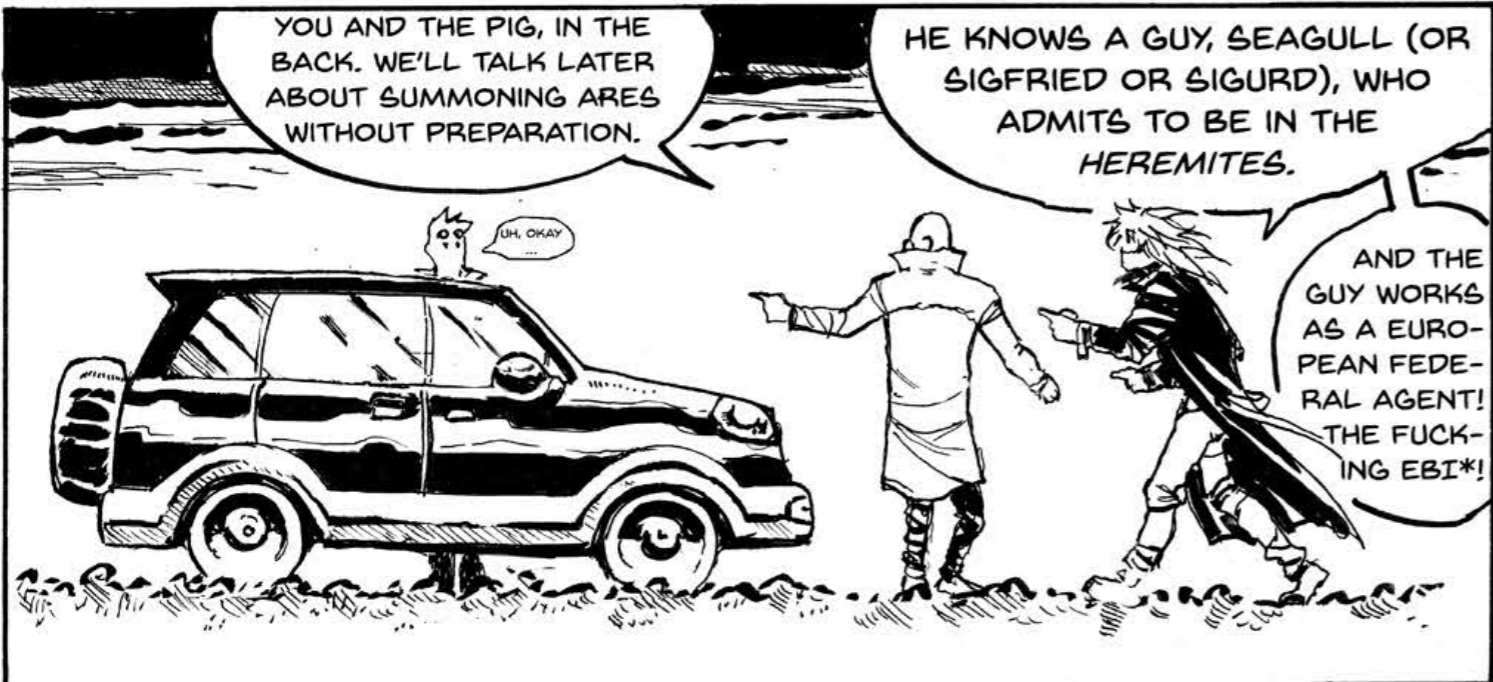




HEY! JACOB!

HRM.

GREAT NEWS! THIS GUY IS THE LIVING PROOF OF THE HEREMITES' EXISTENCE!



YOU AND THE PIG, IN THE BACK. WE'LL TALK LATER ABOUT SUMMONING AREAS WITHOUT PREPARATION.

UH, OKAY

HE KNOWS A GUY, SEAGULL (OR SIGFRIED OR SIGURD), WHO ADMITS TO BE IN THE HEREMITES.

AND THE GUY WORKS AS A EUROPEAN FEDERAL AGENT! THE FUCKING EBI*!

*EBI: EUROPEAN BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.



YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

LET'S GO.

MY INTUITION WAS CORRECT! WE HAVE TO DO WHAT WE SAID, OPEN A PRIVATE INVESTIGATION, BEYOND THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, AND THEN...

LET'S GO!

...TO BE CONTINUED

UPSURGE IS AN ALMOST MONTHLY (40 DAYS) SERIES THAT STILL HAS A LONG WAY TO GO TO REACH THE INTENDED ENDING. HOWEVER, WE CAN'T KEEP DOING IT FOR "FREE" INDEFINITELY. IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN HELPING US WHILE ALSO GETTING **EARLY ACCESS** TO AN ISSUE, **PREVIEWS** OF FUTURE EPISODES, OR **VIDEOS** AND TEXTS ABOUT OUR CREATIVE PROCESS, PLEASE CONSIDER SUPPORTING US THROUGH PATREON AT THE 3\$ PLEDGE LEVEL (LINK BELOW). IF WE HAVE ENOUGH HELP, WE'LL TURN UPSURGE INTO A **MONTHLY** SERIES. THANK YOU!

LINKS:

OUR PATREON -> [PATREON.COM/UPSURGE](https://patreon.com/upsurge)

OUR FACEBOOK -> [FACEBOOK.COM/UPSURGECOMIC](https://facebook.com/upsurgecomic)

THROW SOME PEANUTS TO THE APE -> [TWITTER.COM/SIMONOGATARI](https://twitter.com/simonogatari)

