



WILSON  
DORRIS

SIMON M.

ATANA S.

SCRIPT

PENCILS

PANEL LAYOUT

INK

COVER

TRANSLATION

(SORRY, ENGLISH SPEAKERS)

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THE LIGHT... IT'S TOO...



WHAT DO YOU SEE, BOY?

SEE?

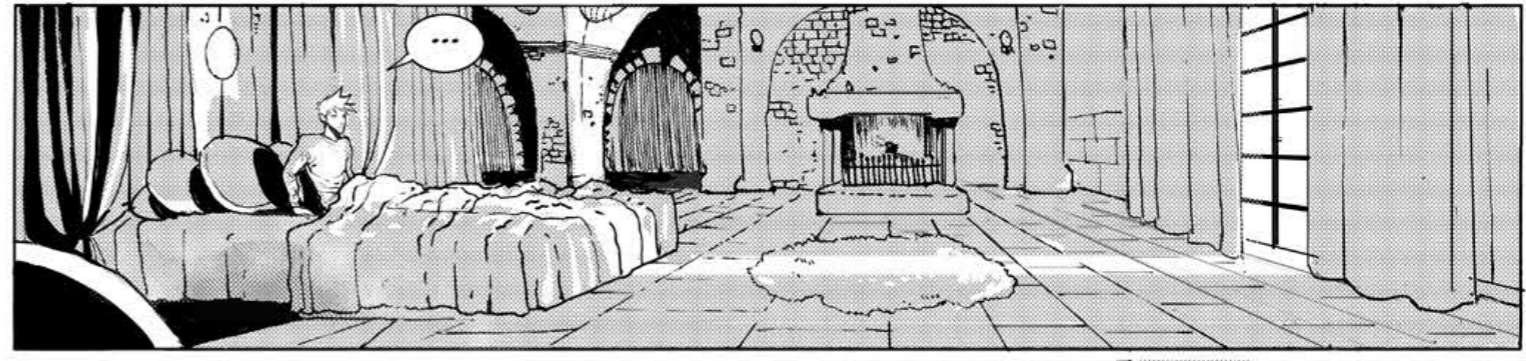


I-I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.

THE FIRE'S TOO BRIGHT, I...



HG!



...



...



KATY!\*

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME!



YOU CAME FOR CHRISTMAS?

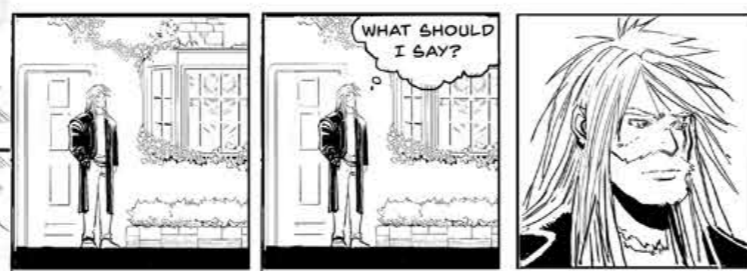
YEAH, I COULDN'T MAKE IT LAST YEAR.



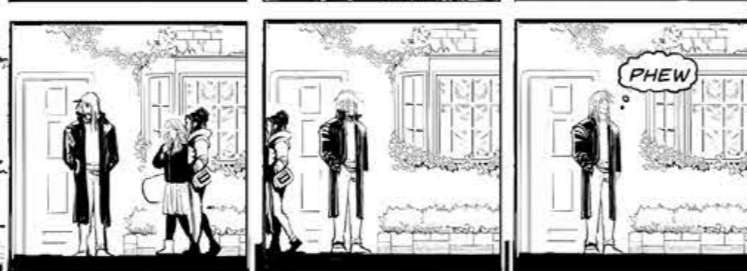
OH, KATY AND LIZA.



HOW ARE THINGS GOING AROUND HERE?



WHAT SHOULD I SAY?



PHEW



BEEN MONTHS, EH, DAD...?

REMEMBER WHEN JOE...?

I MISSED YOU ALL SO MUCH.

OH, IS AUNT MAE COMING TODAY?





WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE ENGLISH BREAKFAST? I WONDERED IF IT WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR YOUR MEDITERRANEAN CONSTITUTION, BUT IN THE END I TOLD MAGGIE TO DO IT.

I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO LEAVE ENGLAND WITHOUT SUFFERING A COUPLE OR THREE HEART ATTACKS!



YOU HAVE TO FEEL AT HOME, RIGHT, ADAM?



WELL, TO BE HONEST...

ENGLISH FROM SPAIN, HAHAHA, WHAT A WORLD!



YOU'RE A DESCENDANT OF... WHAT WAS IT, PRISONERS FORCED TO ATTACK SOUTHERN SPAIN? SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

1750, RIGHT?



BEFORE, ACTUALLY. IT WAS...



ANYWAY, I'M GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE. AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE, JARKO AND HIS FRIENDS VISITING ME ON THE DAY OF THE END OF THE WORLD.



OH, YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THE MAYAN CALENDAR STUFF?

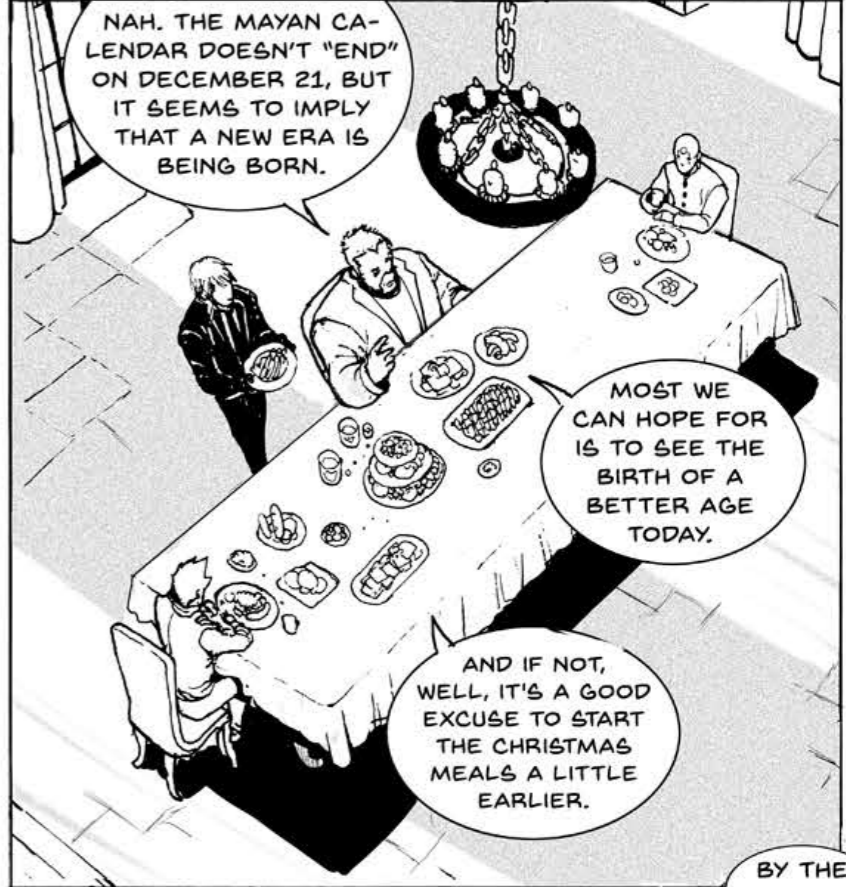


HEY, I GOT RICH READING THE STARS. A SIMPLE ASTROLOGICAL READING LED ME TO INVEST IN NEOFIBERS FOR SOLAR PANELS...

OF COURSE I AM INTERESTED IN A CULTURE THAT PLACED SO MUCH IMPORTANCE IN LOOKING AT THE STARS.



SO YOU THINK THE WORLD IS ENDING TODAY?



NAH. THE MAYAN CALENDAR DOESN'T "END" ON DECEMBER 21, BUT IT SEEMS TO IMPLY THAT A NEW ERA IS BEING BORN.

MOST WE CAN HOPE FOR IS TO SEE THE BIRTH OF A BETTER AGE TODAY.

AND IF NOT, WELL, IT'S A GOOD EXCUSE TO START THE CHRISTMAS MEALS A LITTLE EARLIER.

BY THE WAY...





"WHERE IS YOUR SON?"

Ho Ho Ho

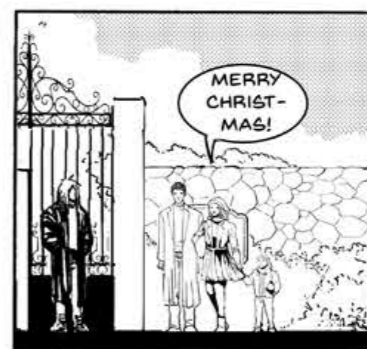
BROADWAY CEMETERY



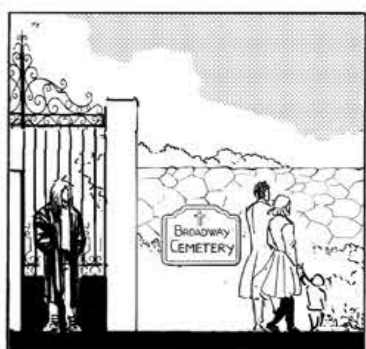
YES, "SANTA" IS FORCING US TO WEAR THE HATS ALL THE TIME, OTHERWISE IT'S NOT CHRISTMAS.



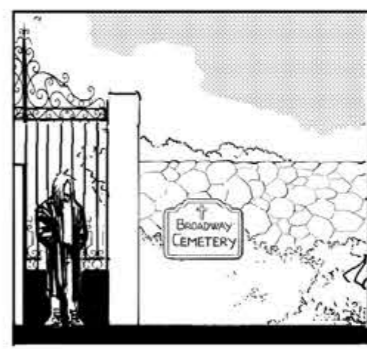
ANYWAY, I GUESS WE WILL BE SEEING EACH OTHER AROUND.



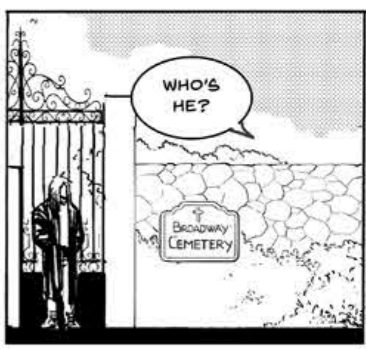
MERRY CHRISTMAS!



BROADWAY CEMETERY



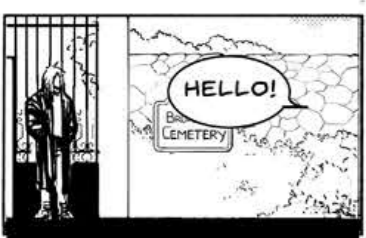
BROADWAY CEMETERY



WHO'S HE?



JARKO?



HELLO!



HE... HELLO.

WHAT A NICE SURPRISE!

SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!

YOU WERE VISITING DRUNK JOHN'S GRAVE?



NI...



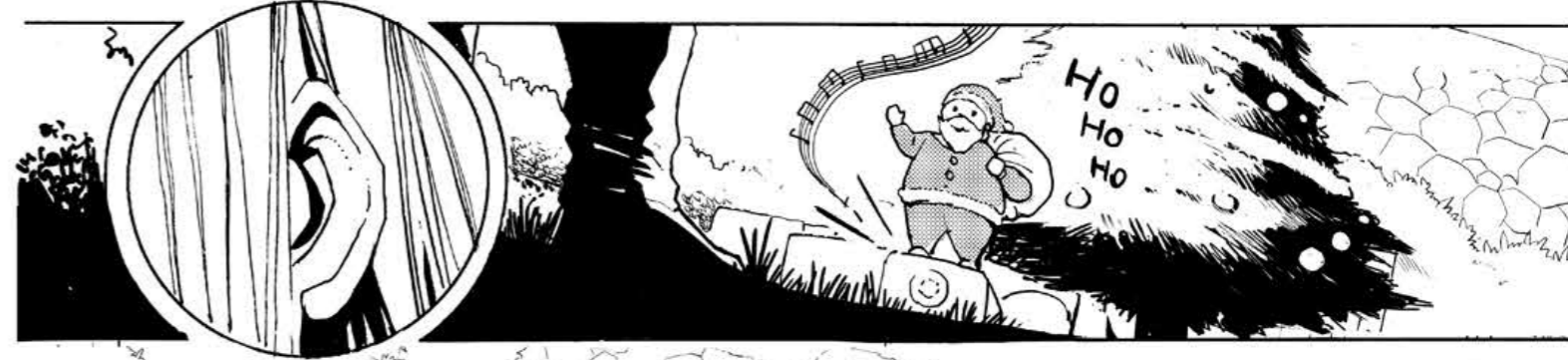
...NICE KID.



AH, RIGHT, OF COURSE, YOU DON'T KNOW HIM, DO YOU?

EDWARD, SAY HELLO TO JARKO.

HI I SAW SANTA IN LONDON.





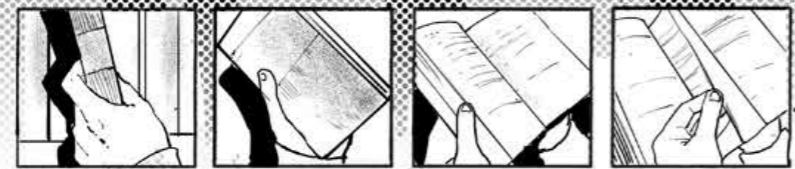
NICE LIBRARY.

ESSEX TOLD ME YOU MADE HIM READ A LOT OF LITERATURE, PARTICULARLY THE CLASSICS.

YES.

CERTAIN THINGS... THERE IS NO WAY TO PUT IT INTO HIS HEAD...

BOOKS... ALL THE KNOWLEDGE OF A LIFETIME, CONDENSED IN A FEW PAGES.



THIS IS SOMEONE'S LEGACY. A MAN DID THIS.

IF NO ONE READS IT, WE ARE DISHONORING THEIR ACT... AND WASTING ALL THIS VALUABLE INFORMATION.



WILLIAM.

CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?

WHY DID YOU ADOPT HIM?

STRAIGHT TO THE BONE, EH?



...I DON'T KNOW. I WAS IN FINLAND...

IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS THAT MY DREAMS WERE NOT ABOUT MY WIFE'S DEATH.

WHAT?



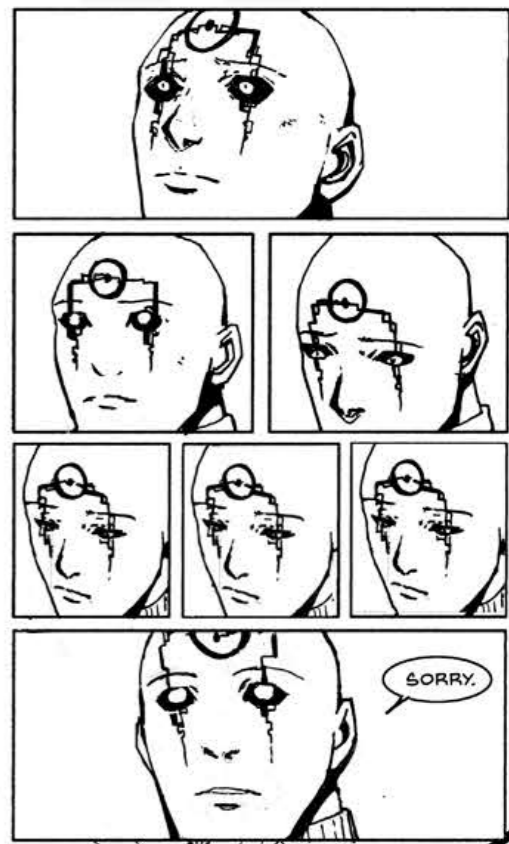
YES, THE DREAMS WERE DIFFERENT, AND STRANGE. I WAS GOING THROUGH EMPTY CITIES, AS IF HUMANITY HAD DIED, BUT THE SUN WAS SO WARM... SOMEHOW, IT FELT NICE AND INVITING.

I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHEN THE ADOPTION PROCESS ACTUALLY STARTED; I DON'T THINK I WAS IN HELSINKI ANYMORE...



I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT ONE DAY I WOKE UP AND DECIDED TO VISIT THE LOCAL ORPHANAGE.

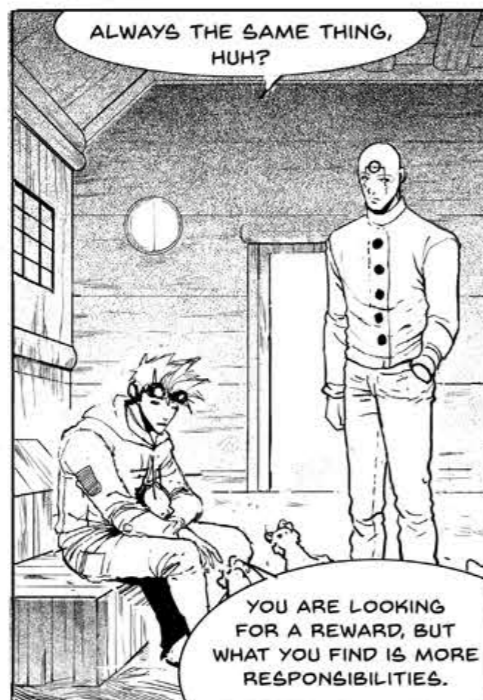
IN ANY CASE, I SAW HIM AT THE ORPHANAGE AND KNEW INSTANTLY THAT HE NEEDED ME. HELEN NEVER WANTED TO ADOPT, BUT I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT SHE... AH...



SORRY.

...I'LL GO SEE IF ADAM... SORRY.





HEY. THE GARDENER TOLD ME THAT...

I SAW YOU WEIRD DURING BREAKFAST.

YES. WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT THAT YOUR BOOK ABOUT MULTIOR-GASMIC FAPPING...  
...TAOIST PRACTICES...  
...NOT A SINGLE MULTIOR-GASM AND ON TOP OF THAT I GET THESE BAD DREAMS.

WHY DO YOU WANT TO REPLICATE THAT EXPERIENCE WITH THE PRIESTESS?

...I DON'T KNOW, I'VE NEVER... I'VE NEVER FELT SO... **CONNECTED.**

HMM. AND HERE I WAS PICTURING YOU IN THE FRONT ROW TO GO TO THAT FANCY WHOREHOUSE ESSEX MENTIONED.

HEY. SMELLS AWFUL, HUH.

THOSE DREAMS AGAIN?

I WARNED YOU.

...BUT HIS HOME IS A FUCKING CASTLE AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN HIM.

NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, I WAS SICK OF THE ARMPIT SMELL OF THE PIRATES BACK AT THE CABALIST BASE, BUT DAMN.

I MEAN... HE COULD EXPLAIN TO US WHY WE HAVEN'T ASKED HIS **MILLIONAIRE** FATHER FOR HELP BEFORE, RIGHT?

THESE PRACTICES RAISE YOUR SPIRITUAL ENERGY, YOUR **CONSCIOUSNESS**...

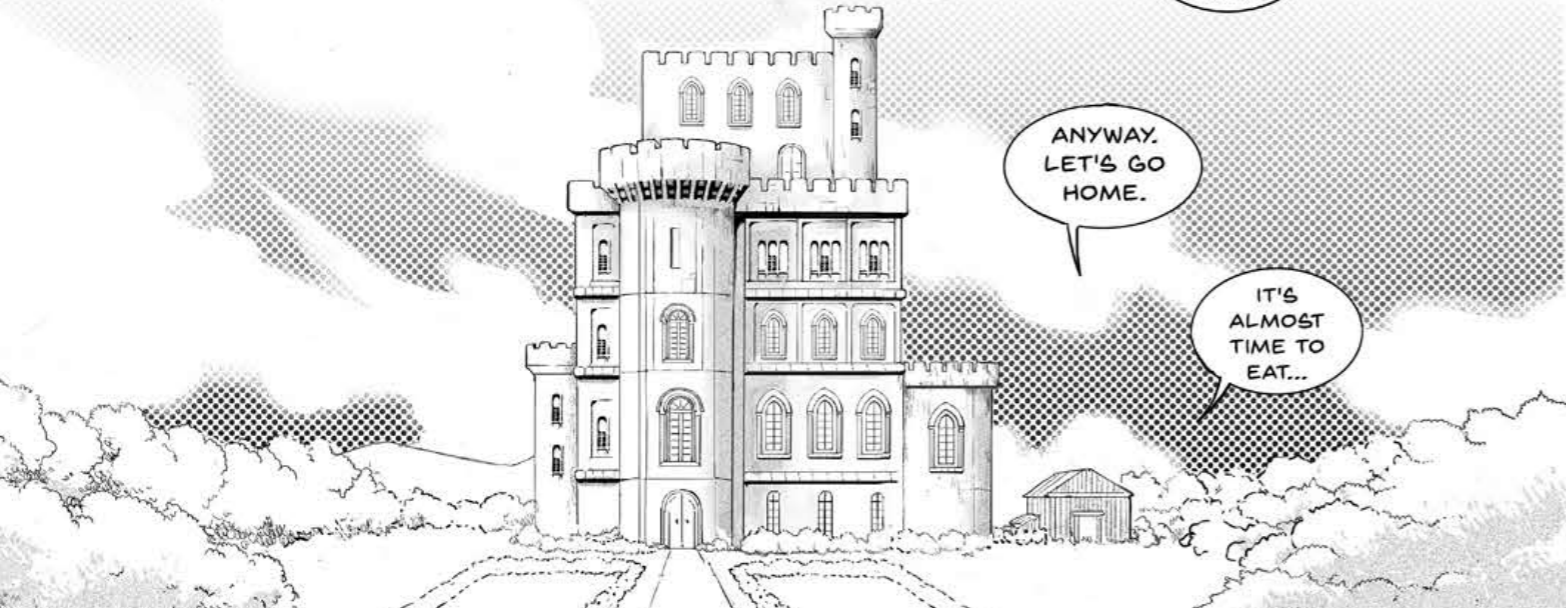
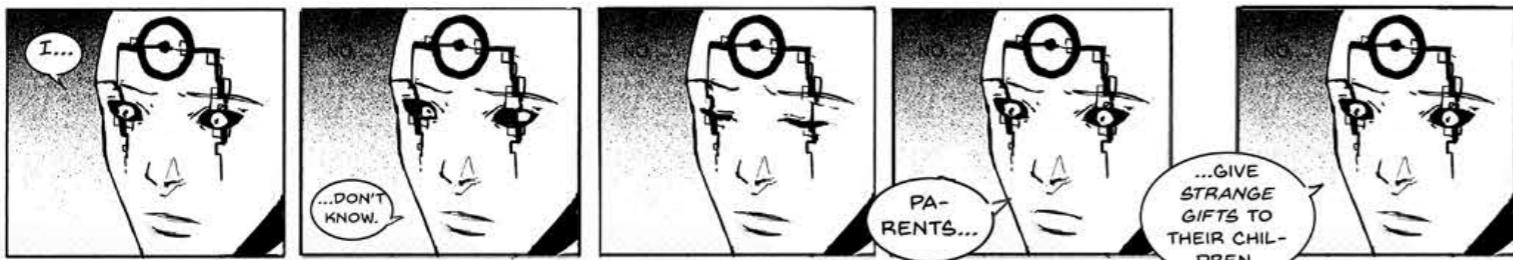
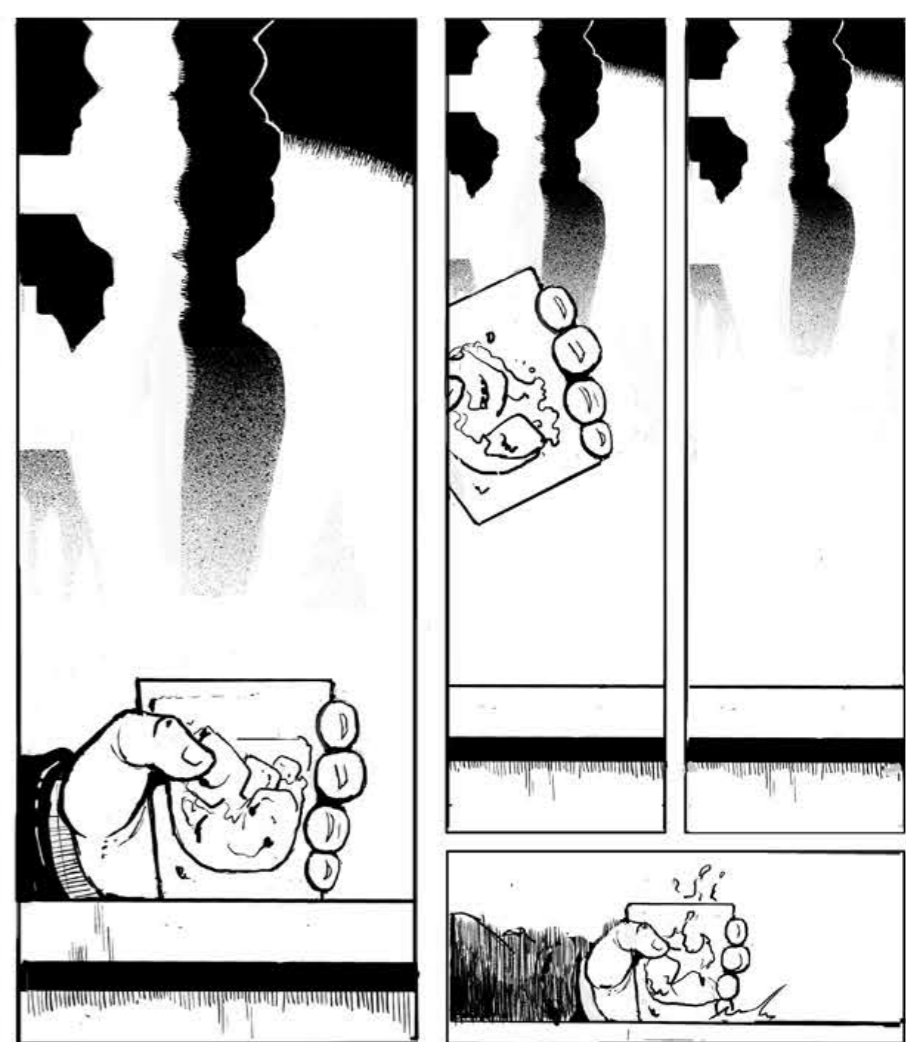
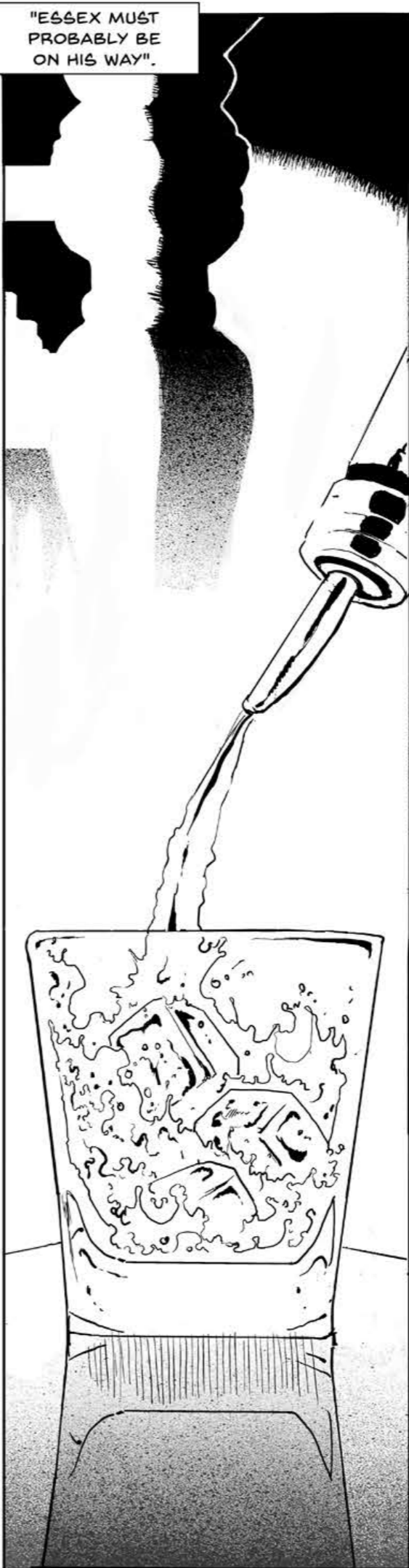
LOOK HOW HAPPY THE CHICKENS ARE. I WISH MY LIFE WAS THAT SIMPLE.

HE SAYS TO SPEND THE DAY OF THE END OF THE WORLD AT HIS HOUSE...

YOU MAY BE REVEALING UNDERLYING BLOCKAGES.

MILLIONAIRE, JACOB! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.



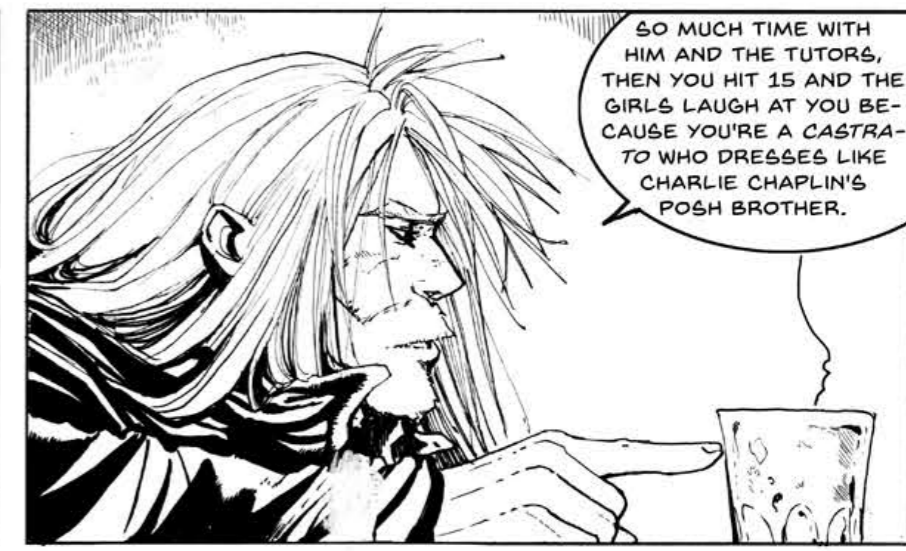
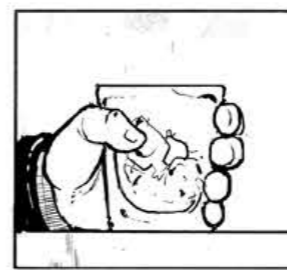




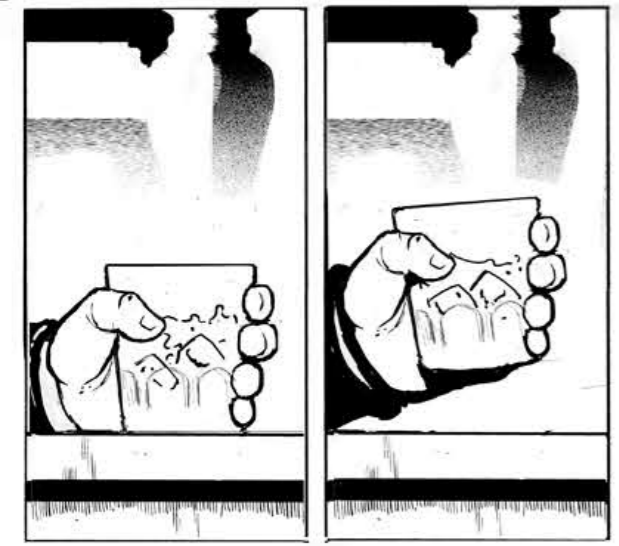
YES, BUT THE SON OF A BITCH AS SOON AS I WAS EIGHTEEN KEPT POURING, HUH? EVERYONE LIKED TO LAUGH AT THE RICH KID.

HEY, HEY.

YOUR FATHER STRAIGHTENED YOU OUT, IN THE END, RIGHT?



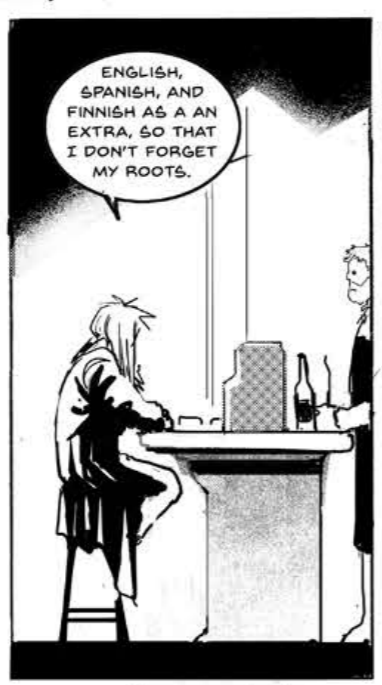
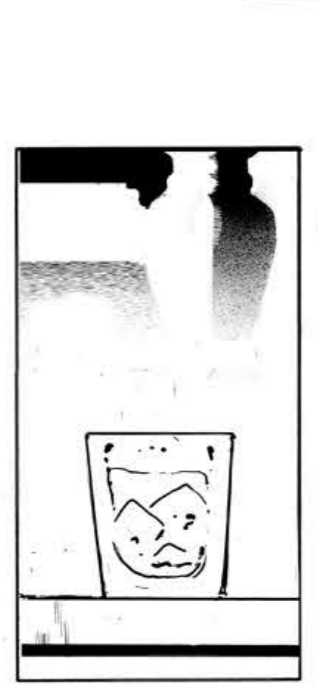
SO MUCH TIME WITH HIM AND THE TUTORS, THEN YOU HIT 15 AND THE GIRLS LAUGH AT YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE A CASTRATO WHO DRESSES LIKE CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S POSH BROTHER.



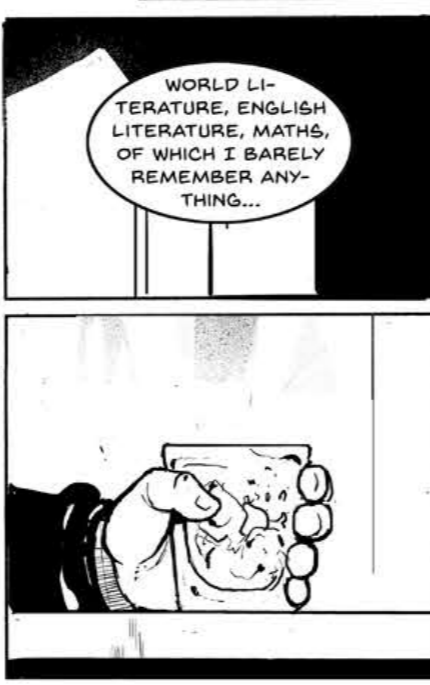
WELL, IF BY STRAIGHTENING YOU MEAN LIKE THE DAY HE EXPLODED AND PUSHED ME AGAINST THE WALL, FORE-ARM ON MY NECK...



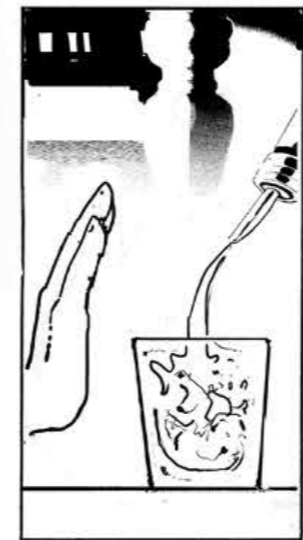
BASTARD GAVE ME 10 HOURS OF LESSONS AT HOME, MONDAY TO SATURDAY.



ENGLISH, SPANISH, AND FINNISH AS AN EXTRA, SO THAT I DON'T FORGET MY ROOTS.



WORLD LITERATURE, ENGLISH LITERATURE, MATHS, OF WHICH I BARELY REMEMBER ANYTHING...



HUGH! YOU LEAVING?



GOING HOME, RIGHT?



I THINK YOU KNOW HOW THIS GOES.



YES.



WHY?



THANK YOU!



OF COURSE.

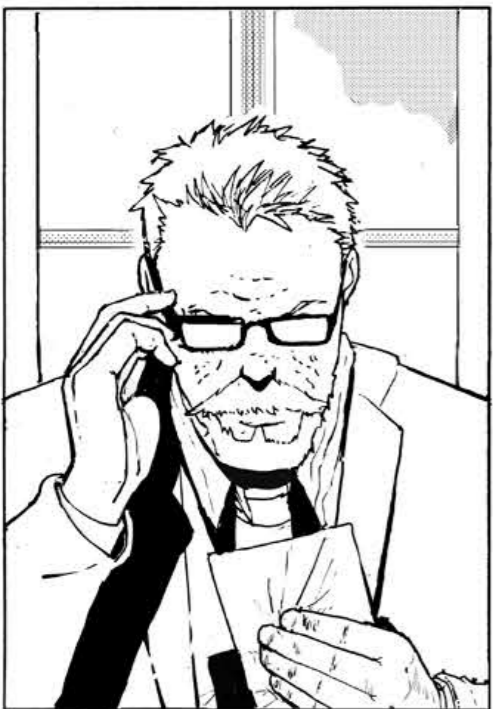
OF COURSE THE BASTARD WOULD HAVE HIS RED ENVELOPE MOMENT.



WHAT... WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHAT'S GOING ON? SAME AS EVERY OTHER TIME, EVERY FUCKING REUNION.

"YOU HAVE TIL MIDNIGHT BUT I DOUBT YOU CAN GET OFF THE COUCH YOU FAT CUNT!"



NO, SIR. I'M SORRY.

I TAKE IT THAT YOU HAVE NOT SEEN IF HE WAS THE ONE WHO LEFT IT.



FUCKING RED ENVELOPE.



>HJJM<



SEE, THIS IS WHAT I HATE ABOUT THIS KID.



HE WROTE WITHOUT PUNCTUATION JUST TO FUCK WITH ME!



WHAT DOES THAT ME...

IT MEANS THAT WE DON'T EAT!

GET UP!



"ESSEX" HAS CHALLENGED US TO FIND HIM BEFORE MIDNIGHT. IF HE WINS, THE BASTARD WILL DISAPPEAR FOR DAYS, OR LEAVE THE COUNTRY ALTOGETHER!

SO WE DON'T EAT?

NO!



# ...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!

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