



MONSTERS LIVE AMONG US;

HERE ARE THEIR STORIES

CROWFIELD, MD

2014

MY NAME IS
ATTICUS WYRMWOOD,
BUT MY PROFESSIONAL NAME
IS ATTICUS E. PARKER.



ATTICUS WORMWOOD

I'M AN
AVERAGE SMALL
BUSINESS OWNER,
WITH MAXIMALIST
SENSIBILITIES IN INTERIOR
DESIGN, AND A TASTE FOR DARK
HARDWOOD FLOORING. I'M A
GUARDIAN OF TWO LOVELY
CHILDREN, AND I WOULDN'T
TRADE THEM FOR
ANYTHING.

I'M JUST
LIKE ANY
AUNT.... A COOL
AUNT IN FACT,
BUT I'M ALSO A
VAMPIRE; AND I
COULD ARGUE,
THAT MAKES
IT EVEN
BETTER.



TRANSLATION

[MY FRIENDS CALL ME BONES, I'M 19, AND
I WORK AS A CASHIER FOR MY AUNT... I
DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO SAY...]



BONES PARKER

I'M TY.
STILL HIM, BUT
NORMAL.



TYLER A. PARKER

I'M NESSIE
PARKER, I'M
CURRENTLY
10.. NO, 11! I'M
11 YEARS
OLD...



AGNES PARKER

AND I WAS
BORN IN A FIELD!
MY MOMMA WAS A GOAT AND
I DON'T KNOW THE REST. I LOVE
READING WOLF QUESTERS AND THE
BIBLE, AND MY FAVORITE GAME IS
MARIO KART WII. I HAVE TWO POINTY
HORNS BUT I'M JUST LIKE
ANY OTHER GIRL.



"HOW CROWFIELD GOT IT'S SPARKLE"




IN THE SPRING OF 1991, I MOVED TO CROWFIELD; THANK BILL FOR SHOWING ME AROUND. WONDERFUL FRIEND. I ONLY THOUGHT OF EATING HIM TWICE. TY, DO YOU REMEMBER THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS HE USED TO GIVE? NO? WELL, YOU WERE TOO YOUNG ANYWAYS.

AFTER BILL MOVED BACK TO HIS FAMILY'S FARM UP IN HAGERSTOWN, I OPENED WYRMWOOD ATTIC.

BACK IN 2003, THE HISTORICAL DISTRICT WAS MUCH SMALLER THAN IT WAS NOW.


WYRMWOOD ATTIC WAS MY PASSION PROJECT, MY DARLING OF A DREAM, TURNED TO REALITY! IT DIDN'T MAKE ME RICH, THE BUSINESS WAS SLOW, BUT DAMN IT ALL, I'M DOING IT!





BUT OF COURSE, IT COULD BE BETTER.

BILL VISITED POINT PLEASANT AND TOLD ME ABOUT THIS:
A MOTHMAN MUSEUM! SOME OWL TURNED INTO A HARROWING
MONSTER BY THE LIVELY IMAGINATION.



NOW, IMAGINE THIS PHENOMENON BUT CLOSER TO HOME?
BRING IN THE NICHE TOURISM! COMMEMORATIVE SHIRTS!
SNOW GLOBES! STATUES!

CROWFIELD, MD

I VISITED
CROWFIELD
M.D

STRANGE BEAST OF THE

NOW, BILL MENTIONED THAT SOME NEARBY CITY HAD TWO CRYPTID SIGHTINGS; THE "JABBER BAT". IT WAS ALLEGEDLY SOME WINGED CREATURE THAT LOOKED LIKE A MANGY COYOTE WITH CHICKEN FEET, AND SCREAMED LIKE HELL. ON EARTH!

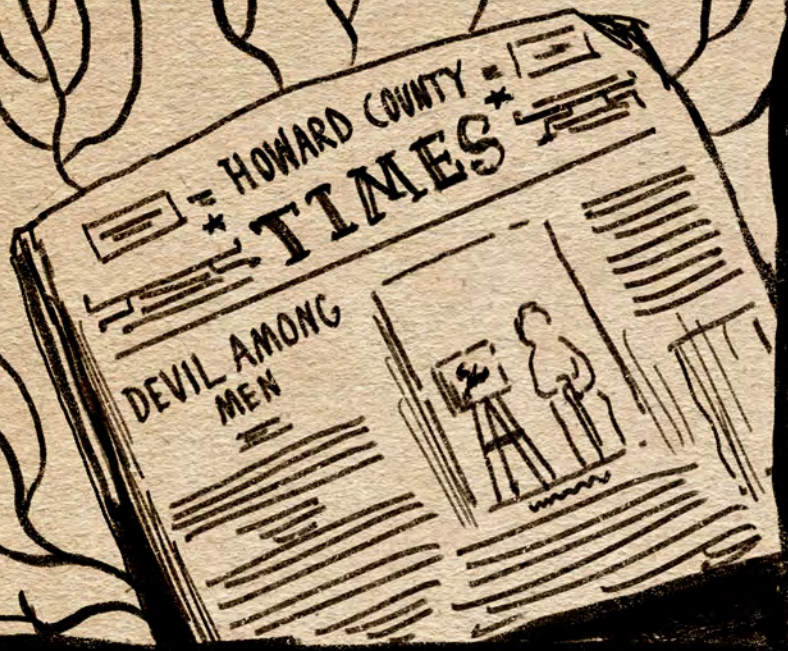


THIS OLD MAN FROM HAROLDSVILLE CLAIMED TO HAVE SHOT ONE BACK IN THE 60S, AND I MANAGED TO OBTAIN THE MUMMIFIED HEAD FOR MY OWN KEEPING. THIS WILL COME INTO PLAY LATER...

THERE HASN'T BEEN A SIGHTING SINCE 1964, BUT I WAS GOING TO CHANGE THAT, AND THIS TIME, CROWFIELD WAS ITS NEXT TARGET.



IN 2004, I PRETENDED TO BE THE JABBER BAT.
I SUBTLY REVEALED MYSELF TO AN OLD LADY.
POLICE WERE CALLED;
NO JABBER BAT TO BE FOUND.



OH YES!

IT WAS MISS WENDY!
I THANK HER FOR
DOING MOST OF
THE WORK FOR
ME.

SO, IT'S
NOT REAL?



IT'S REAL
IF YOU WISH
TO THINK
SO

AND
MAYBE IT WAS,
DEAR! YES, SO THE
CROWFIELD BAT ISN'T
REAL, ETCETERA,
ETCETERA

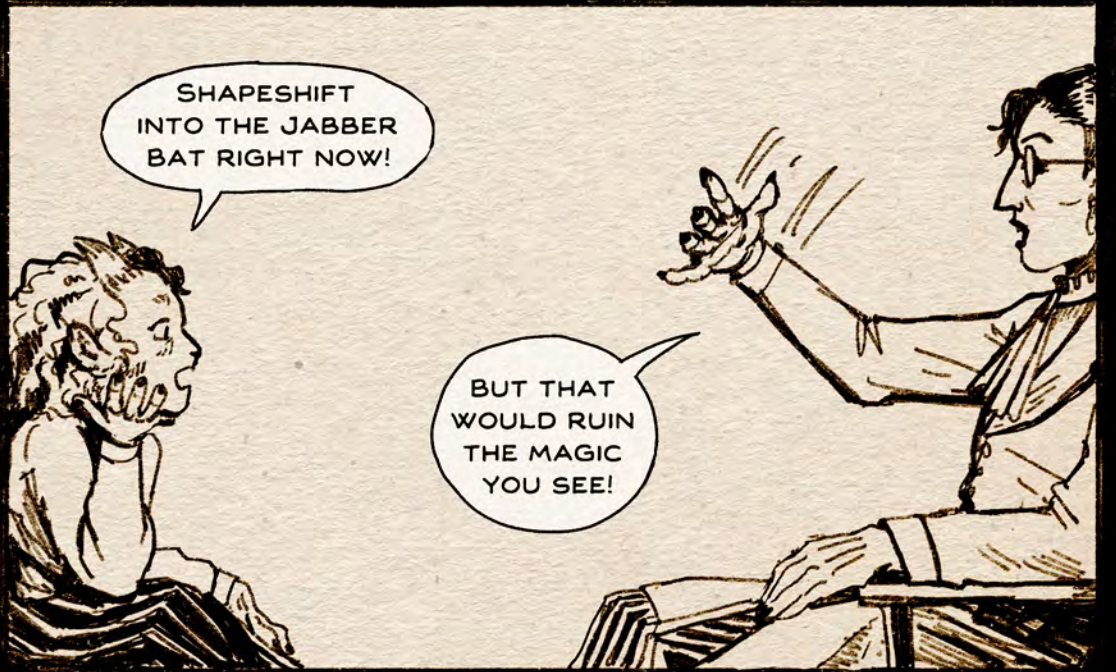
YOU TOLD
ME IT WAS
REAL!

I SWOOPED AT A COUPLE MORE CARS—
THIS TIME, ON MAIN STREET. OUR STORE
IS LOCATED ON MAIN STREET, ALONG
WITH A MAJORITY OF MY FAVORITE
ESTABLISHMENTS. BRINGING THE SIGHT
CLOSER TO BASE WAS THE PLAN!





PAUSE, I THINK NESSIE'S CONFUSED AGAIN.



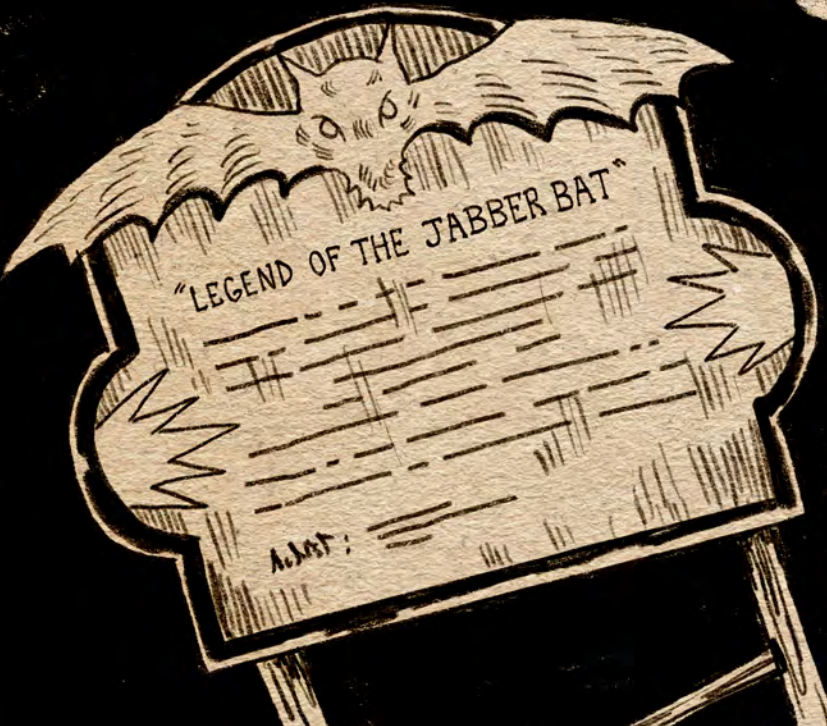
SHAPESHIFT INTO THE JABBER BAT RIGHT NOW!

BUT THAT WOULD RUIN THE MAGIC YOU SEE!

JABBER BAT STRIKES AGAIN? UNKNOWN CREATURE LURKS MARYLAND! THE SCREAMS, THE HORROR!

I STOPPED SWOOPING AT PEOPLE BY THE SUMMER, AND THE CROWFIELD HERITAGE SOCIETY WAS HAVING A HELL OF A BLAST.

LOOK! DO YOU SEE THIS DELICIOUSLY PAINTED SIGN? IN 2012, THEY FINALLY ERECTED IT IN THE HEART OF MAIN STREET.



"LEGEND OF THE JABBER BAT"

A. J. B. T.

I NEARLY FAINTED FROM MY SURGE OF DELIGHT.

I MENTIONED THE MUMMIFIED HEAD, YES?
I DUSTED OFF AN OLD FISH TANK AND
TURNED IT UPSIDE DOWN. I PULLED AN
OLD TABLE I NEVER USED AND BOUGHT
MYSELF A METAL PLAQUE



NO, THE THING THAT WAS PROBABLY A MANGY COYOTE.
IT WAS NOT SHOT IN CROWFIELD- ALSO I SAID "NEAR".
IT WAS HAROLDSVILLE, BUT THE OLD MAN DIED OF A STROKE.
HOW TRAGIC!!



WAS HE GOING TO COMPLAIN? UNLESS HE
ROSE FROM THE GRAVE, HE CANNOT!
AND NEVER WILL!

I NAILED A WOODEN SIGN; PAINTED A MASTERPIECE MYSELF. NOT THERE ANYMORE. SOME RAT STOLE IT.



I'M BETTING IT WAS KELLER'S KID.



I THINK AROUND THAT TIME, I REPLACED THE STORE SIGN WITH WYRMWOOD ATTIC: ANTIQUES & MYSTERIES. IT ADDS MORE GLAMOR, DON'T YOU THINK?

I AGREE!
I ESPECIALLY LOVE
THE EXQUISITE
CRAFTSMANSHIP

THANK YOU FOR AGREEING
WITH ME, ME!



EVERYTIME I SEE AN ENTHUSIAST VISIT THE STORE
AND LOOK AT THAT DECREPIT MUMMIFIED HEAD...



IT FEELS INVIGORATING TO HAVE PUT SOME MYSTERY
AND EXCITEMENT INTO THIS DISGUSTINGLY UNEVENTFUL
TOWN. I CRAFTED THIS PLACE WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS.





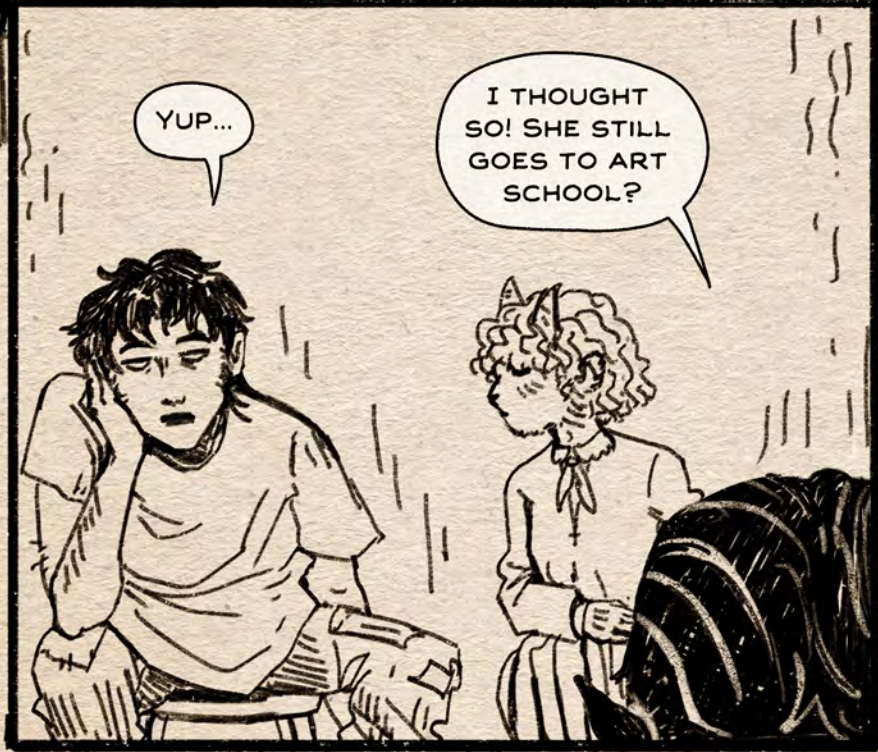


ALRIGHT, STORY OVER. HOLD THE APPLAUSE! I KNOW, I KNOW! THANK YOU, ATTICUS!



AND TY, I WAS MEANING TO HIRE YOUR FRIEND TO DRAW US UP A NEW SHIRT DESIGN.

HER NAME IS KIM, YES?



YUP...

I THOUGHT SO! SHE STILL GOES TO ART SCHOOL?



UM. WHY WOULDN'T SHE? SHE'S A SOPHOMORE NOW.

OH, JUST CHECKING.

I'M NOT SURE IF SHE FOLLOWED YOUR FOOTSTEPS.





"BIRTHDAY MONSTER"



I TURNED 19 ABOUT... TWO WEEKS AGO.
AM I INCLUDING DATES, SINCE ATTICUS DID?
I GUESS, I DON'T KNOW. NOVEMBER 14TH, 2014.

ATTICUS LET ME CLOSE SHOP FOR THAT DAY.
IT'S NOT LIKE WE COULD MAKE NESSIE WORK,
SINCE THAT'S CHILD LABOR.

ALSO TO PREFACE, THIS STORY HAS
NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FULL MOON.
NOTHING... I DON'T TURN INTO A WOLF.

IS THIS STORY TOO
FUCKING BORING?

UH... ACTUALLY I DON'T
CARE. I'M DOING IT ANYWAYS.

WHILE WAITING FOR MY LITTLE
GET-TOGETHER AT FIVE...

I BROKE THE SHIT
OUTTA MY CD!

IT WAS A KB ALBUM.

FONDELLA TO BE EXACT.
THE VERY FIRST ONE I
BOUGHT! AND ITS BROKEN!

YEAH.....SO I WENT DOWNSTAIRS TO GET A SNACK.

IS
THE CD
IMPORTANT
TO THE
STORY?

NO, I'M
JUST MAD.

SHIT
I DON'T
EAT

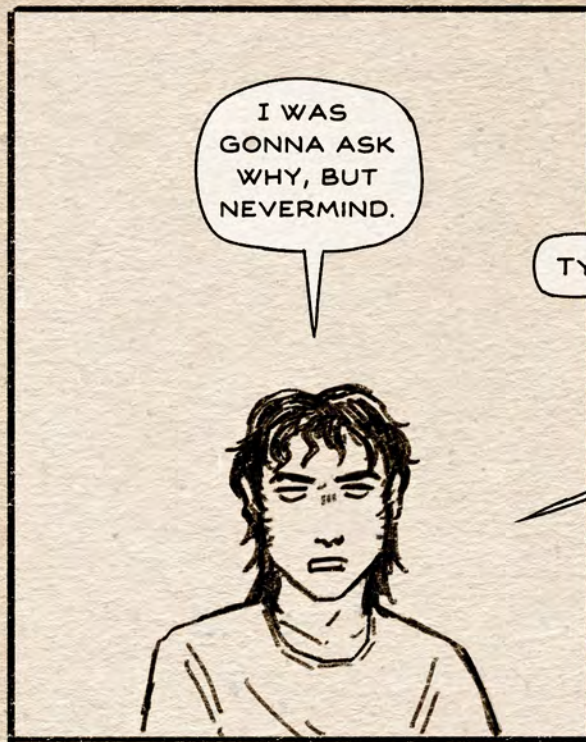
TWO
BOLOGNA SLICES

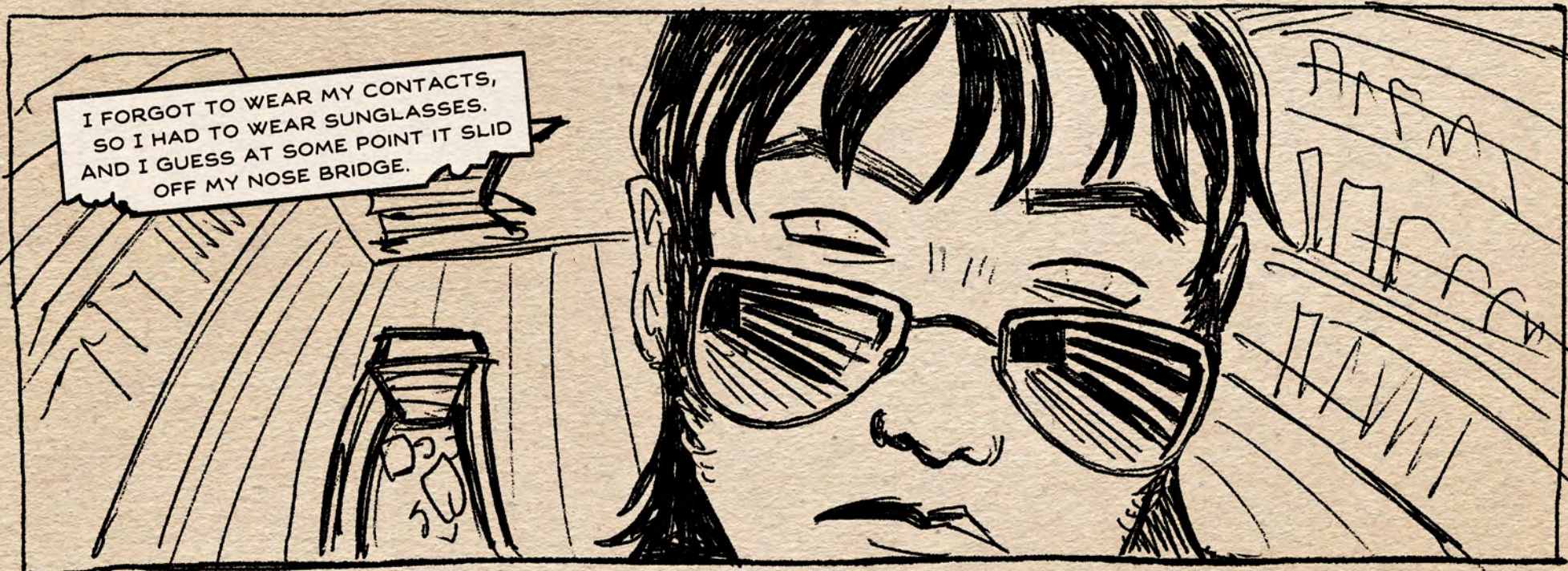
SOY

MOLDY
BREAD

FUCK MY LIFE.







I FORGOT TO WEAR MY CONTACTS, SO I HAD TO WEAR SUNGLASSES. AND I GUESS AT SOME POINT IT SLID OFF MY NOSE BRIDGE.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR EYES, BOY?



"WHY DID YOU DROP OUT?"

"DO YOU HAVE ANY CAREER PASSIONS?"

"WHAT'S UP WITH YOU? LIKE, IN GENERAL AND SHIT."

"WHY DID YOU EAT YOUR CAT IN MIDDLE SCHOOL?"

"WHY DID YOUR HAND JUST BECOME EXTREMELY HAIRY?"



AND ANOTHER CLASSIC: "WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR EYES?"

THIS ISN'T RELEVANT TO THE STORY EITHER. IT JUST FUCKING HAPPENED.



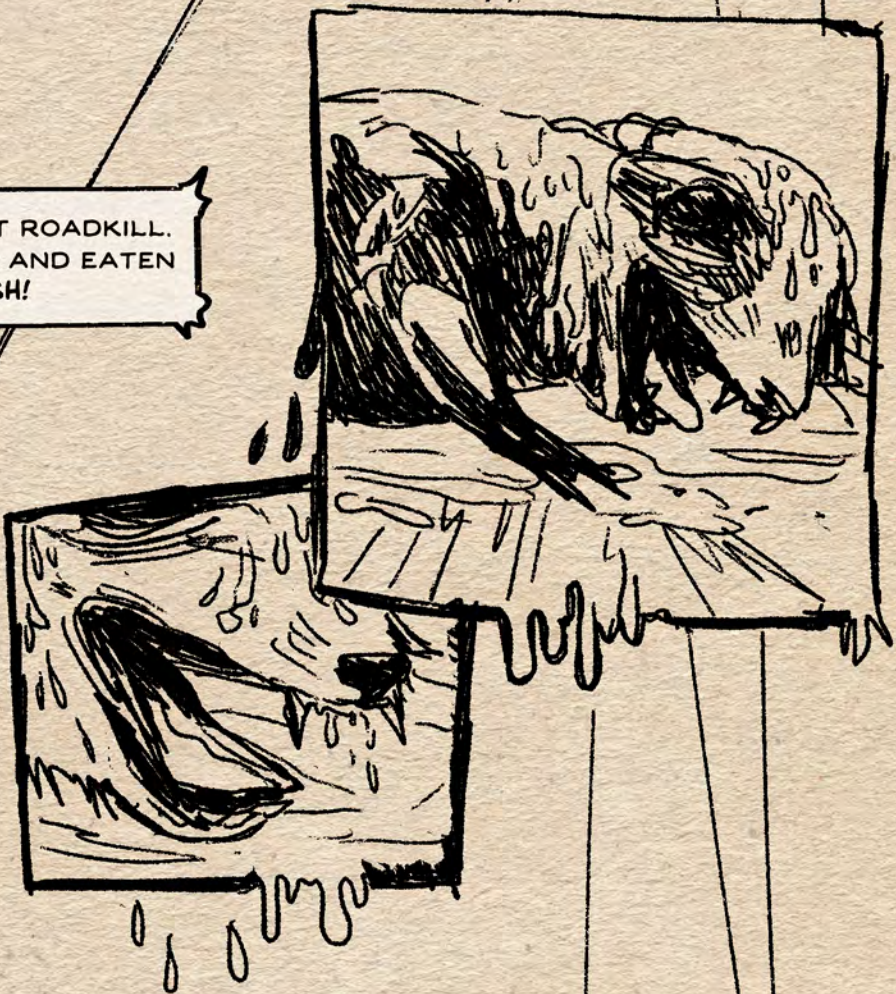
5.25
Today's price: 3.75

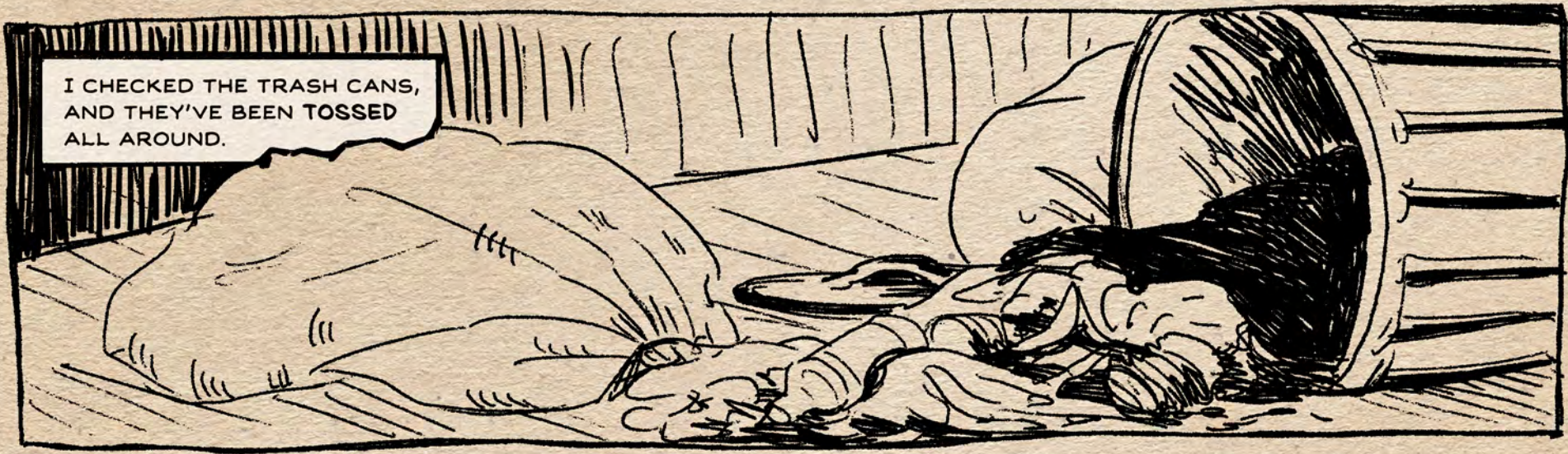
SO, I WAS DRIVING BACK HOME, AND I SAW WHAT LOOKED TO BE NASTY ROADKILL NEAR OUR PARKING LOT.

AND I WAS LIKE, "WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT THING?", LIKE HOW MOST PEOPLE WOULD SAY.

IT WAS WEIRDLY SLIMY. IT WAS DISGUSTING EVEN FOR MY STANDARDS.

AND IT WASN'T ROADKILL. IT WAS KILLED AND EATEN FRESH!





I CHECKED THE TRASH CANS,
AND THEY'VE BEEN TOSSED
ALL AROUND.



BUT SUDDENLY, IT WAS FIVE...



AND I'VE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN
ABOUT MY PARTY.



MILO
(FRITZ'
co-worker)

I FORGOT

EITHER
NATHAN
OR
NATHANIEL

KIM

FRITZ

BONES,
YOU AGED!
HOW DOES IT
FEEL LIKE
TO ROT?

PRETTY
GOOD.

LEMME
HELP YOU
UP OLD
MAN!

DID YOU FORGET
YOUR CONTACTS?

YEAH.



YEP. IM 19 NOW. AND SOME DAY, I'LL
BE 21. AND THEN I'LL BE 50. AND THEN
I'LL BE 80. AND THEN I'LL BE DEAD.



YOU
HAVE NOT
SEEN THE
LIKES OF
OLD.



FUCK BEING 14, BUT GOD
DO I MISS NOT BEING
RESPONSIBLE.



BY THE TIME THE PARTY DWINDLED OUT,
IT WAS ONLY ME, KIM, AND FRITZ OUTSIDE.



I SAW THIS... "THING".

SMALL, HAIRLESS.

FETUS
LOOKING ASS.

UNIDENTIFIABLE
CREATURE.



AND UHH... IT RAN AWAY...

AND WE COULDN'T FIND IT AGAIN.

THERE'S NO OTHER "MONSTERS" BESIDES US, SO FRET NOT!

CONCLUSION?

WE HAVE MONSTERS ROAMING AROUND CROWFIELD

MAYBE IT WAS A SMALL DOG?

IT WASN'T JUST A SMALL DOG! THE LEGS LOOKED STUMPY AND IT MOVED TOO STIFF, AS IF ITS LEGS WERE CHOPPED TO THE KNEE!

I THINK A LOT OF SMALL DOGS ARE LIKE THAT.

NO THEY'RE NOT, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN A DOG IN PERSON! WE SHOULD FIND IT, HIDE IT-

-BEFORE THAT CRYPTID HOBBYIST CLUB MAKES A HUGE DEAL OUT OF IT! AND SOON THEY'LL FIND US.



THAT IS QUITE THE ASSUMPTION!

OKAY, I GET IT! CLEARLY YOU DON'T CARE CUZ YOU MADE UP A TOWN MONSTER FOR FUN. I GUESS NESSIE GETTING CAUGHT BY THE CHURCH WAS JUST A SILLY, FUN GAG.

OH YEAH!

THE CHURCH...



DON'T THREATEN YOUR SISTER!

OH, AND WE AREN'T ALONE. I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR LIKE 23 YEARS BUT YOU'RE WRONG-


I'M GONNA EAT YOU.

AH... WAS THE PUPPY CUTE?



"NESSIE'S DAY OUT"





I DO HAVE CATHOLIC DRAMA, YEAH!

EVERYBODY ALREADY HEARD IT, THOUGH.

TELL IT AS IF WE'RE HEARING IT FOR THE FIRST TIME, OR LOOK AT THE INVISIBLE AUDIENCE.

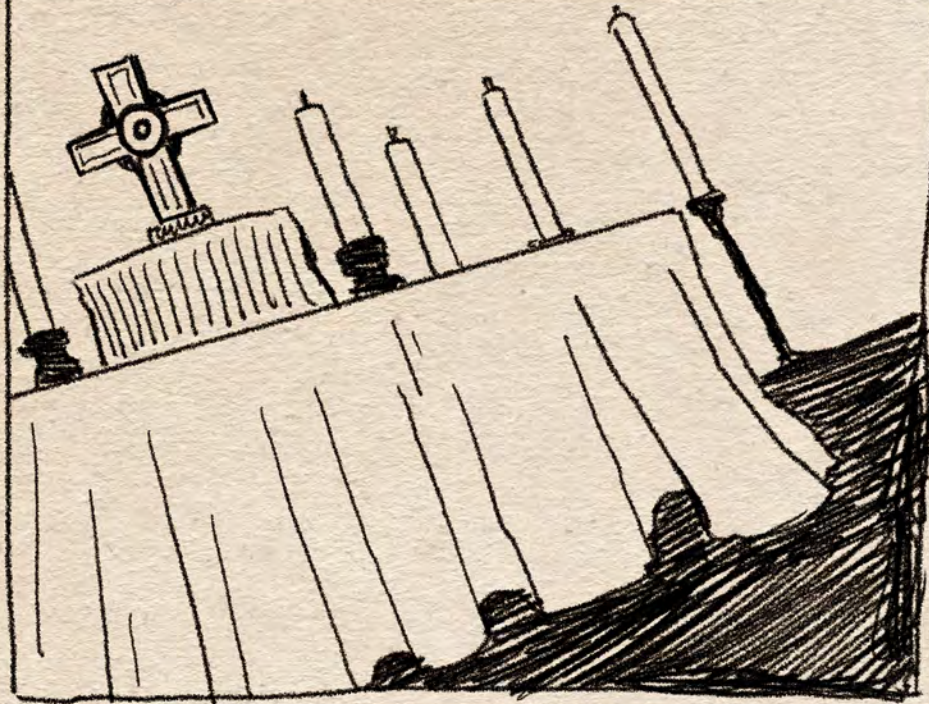
THE AUDIENCE?

THE WONDEROUS AUDIENCE! THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOUR STORY!

OH, I GET IT! THE SAINT'S HEAR ME... ALRIGHT THIS STORY IS ABOUT A CHURCH WHO HATES REGULAR GIRLS LIKE ME...

ERM, LET ME THINK. I SHOULD START WITH THE BACKGROUND.

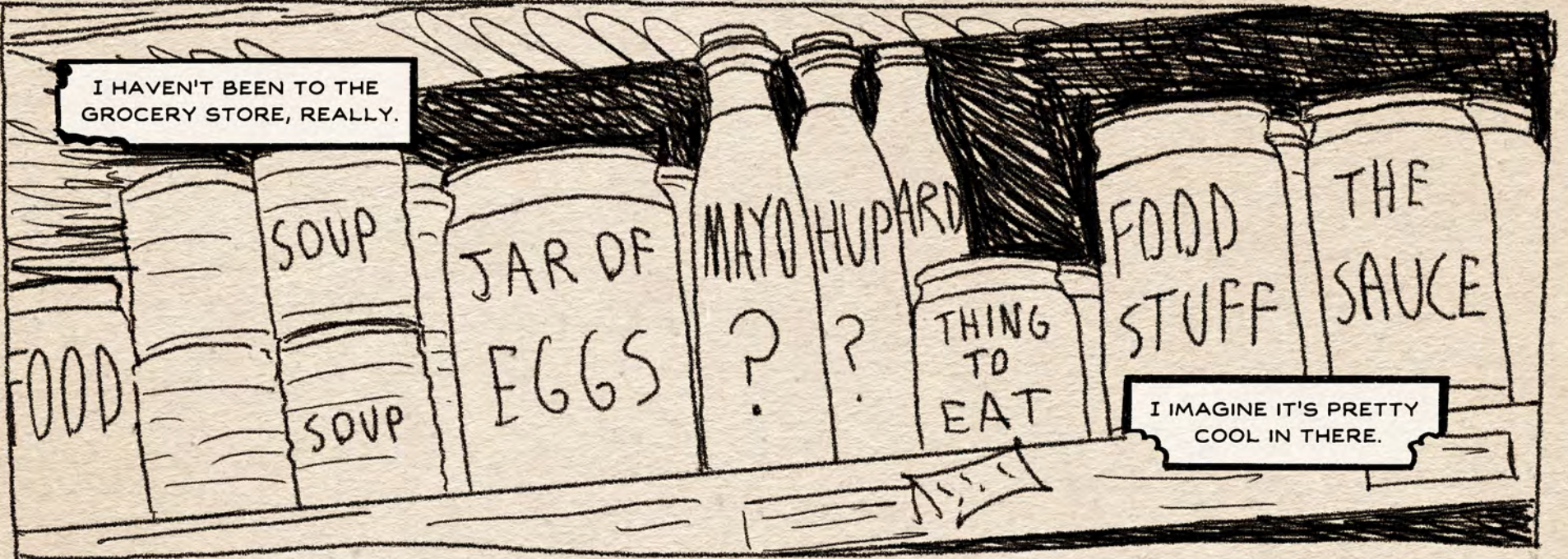
I HAVEN'T BEEN TO CHURCH BEFORE.
I'D LIKE TO, BUT YOU'LL SEE WHY THAT
WON'T EVER HAPPEN...



I HAVEN'T BEEN TO A SCHOOL EITHER.
TY ALWAYS TOLD ME I WASN'T MISSING OUT.



I HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE
GROCERY STORE, REALLY.



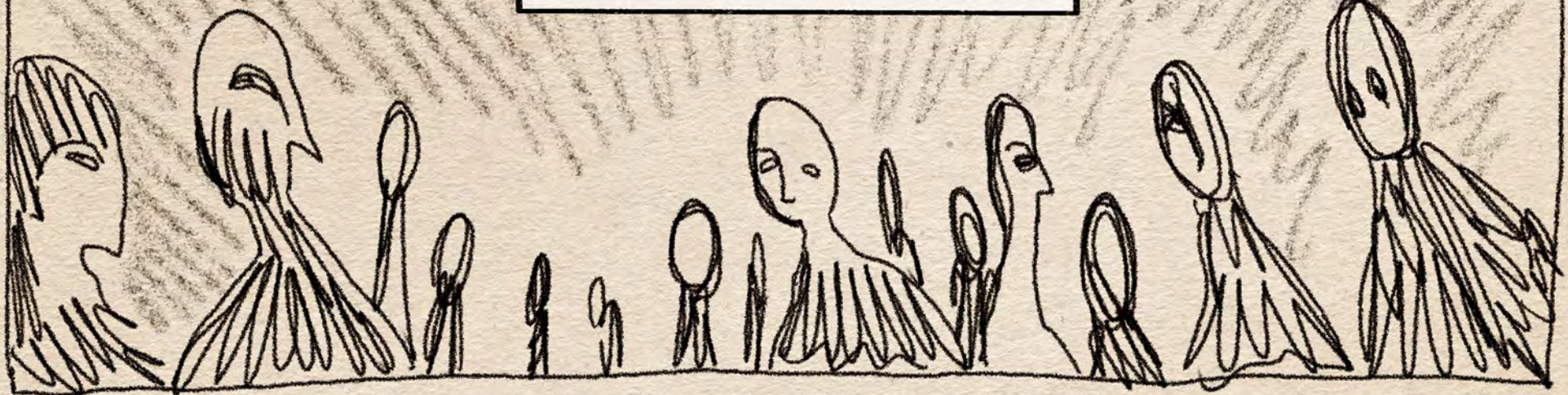
I IMAGINE IT'S PRETTY
COOL IN THERE.

YOU NOTICE I DON'T LEAVE MY HOME...
AT ALL... BUT I GOT FRIENDS; MY PLUSHIES
ARE FRIENDS! MY ROBOTS! MY DS!



MY MARY STATUE IS HERE.
SHE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF
MINE, I'D SAY. UH, YEAH.

BECAUSE I CAN'T GO OUT IN PUBLIC
OR ELSE SOMETHING WILD WOULD HAPPEN.



SOMETHING TERRIBLE, LIKE GETTING
BURNED ON THE STAKE!



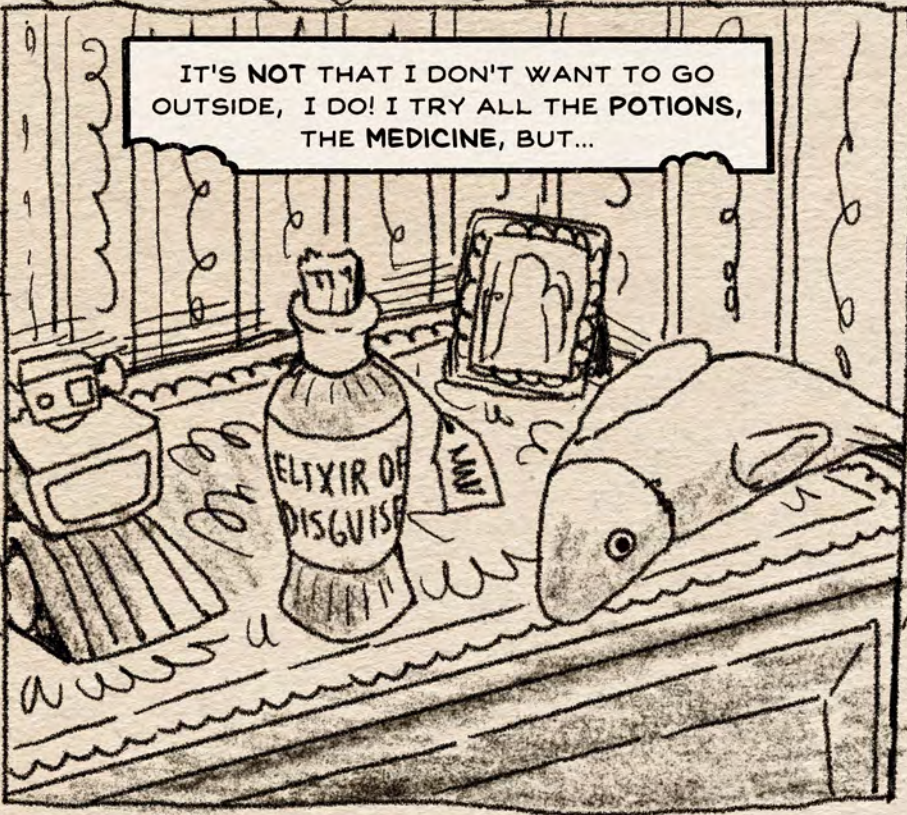
OR WHAT IF COPS ARREST ME?

100 YEAR TO
LIFE SENTENCE,
NO PAROLE.

I NEED
MY LAWYER!



IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T WANT TO GO OUTSIDE, I DO! I TRY ALL THE POTIONS, THE MEDICINE, BUT...



I'M JUST "TOO HAIRY" THEY SAY... UNLIKE MY BROTHER, I'M ALWAYS THIS WAY... ALWAYS...

USUALLY IF I WANT FRESH AIR, I PUT ON THESE.



HOODIE }



MASK }



SUNGLASSES }



GLOVES }



UH, SO, THE STORY. THE STORY
RELATES TO ALL THIS.

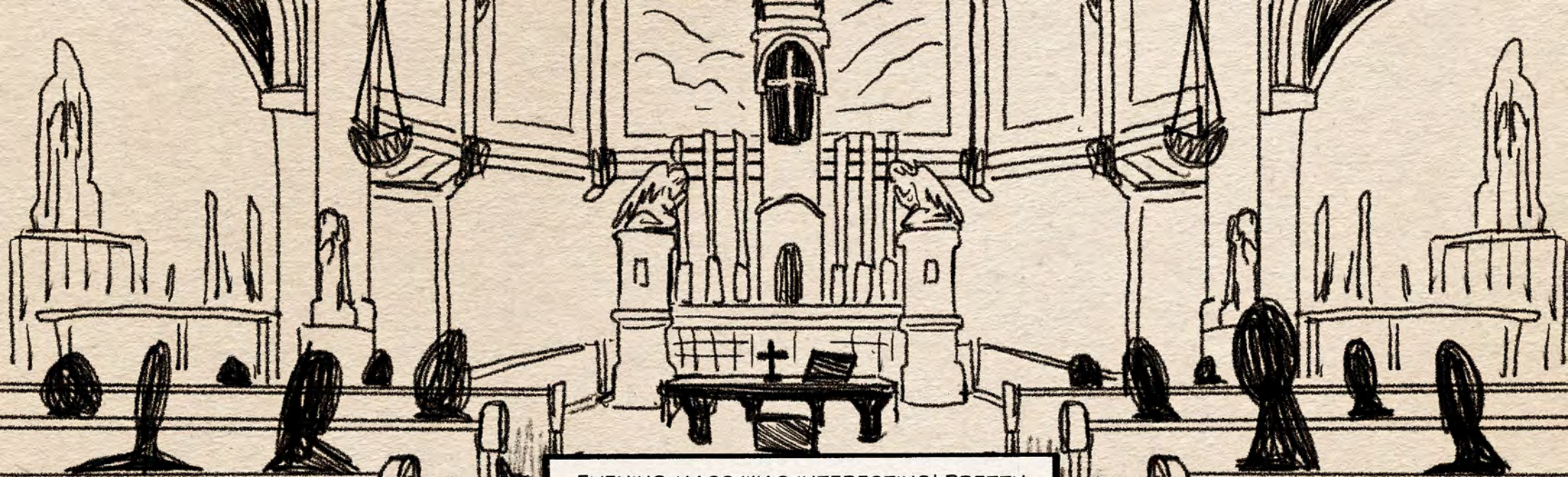


I USED TO NOT BE AS CAREFUL, AND I
THOUGHT OF THIS STUPID IDEA ONE DAY...



I WAS GONNA ATTEND MASS
AT OUR LADY OF MERCY.





EVENING MASS WAS INTERESTING! PRETTY MUCH NOTHING HAPPENED. I FELT NO CLOSER TO GOD, BUT IT WAS... ALRIGHT!

BUT I GOT CLOSER TO MY FELLOW CHRISTIANS.

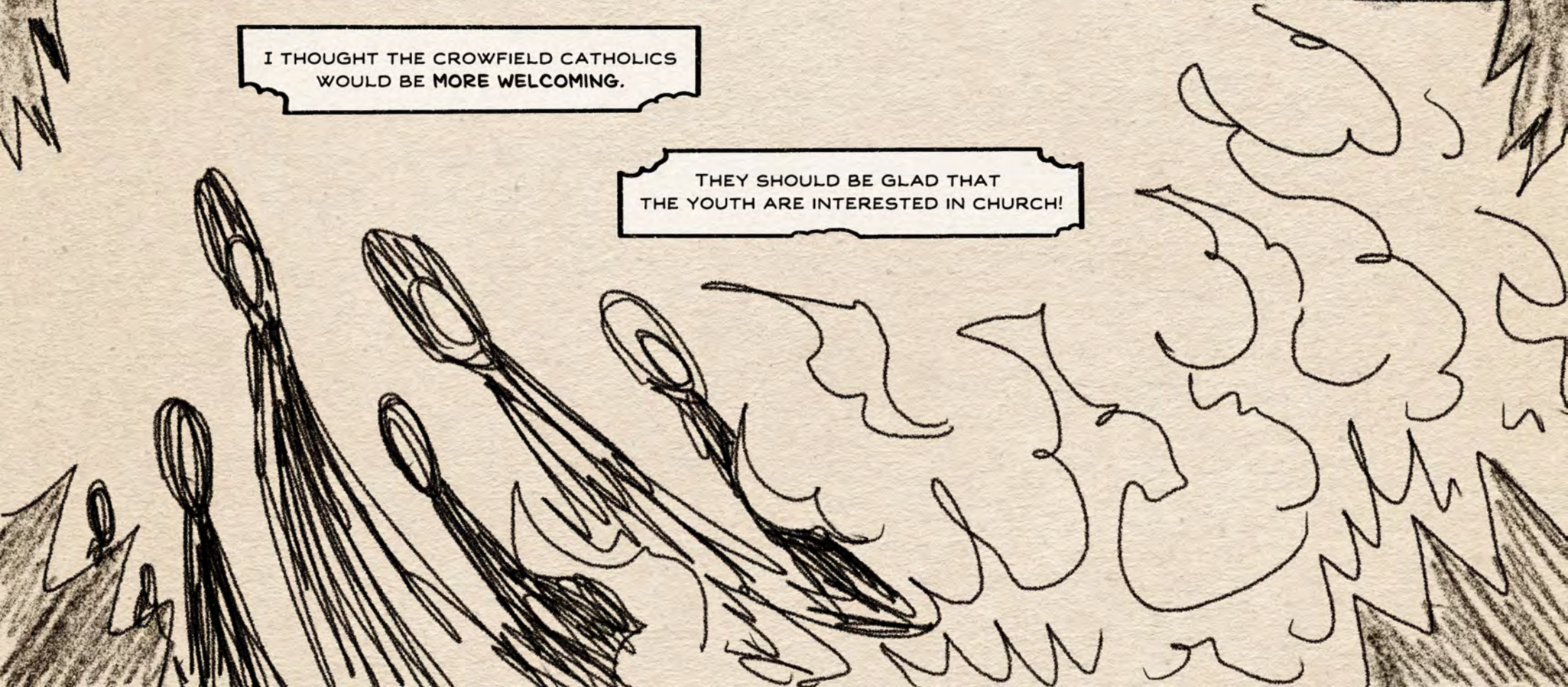


AND THEY GOT CLOSER TO ME.



I THOUGHT THE CROWFIELD CATHOLICS WOULD BE MORE WELCOMING.

THEY SHOULD BE GLAD THAT THE YOUTH ARE INTERESTED IN CHURCH!





OH, I
TOOK THAT
OFF TOO; IT
WAS STUFFY
AND HUMID
OUTSIDE.



RUMORS REACHED PRETTY MUCH EVERYWHERE,
AND UH... SOMETHING ABOUT THE DEVIL CURSING
THIS TOWN.

IT WAS CRAZY. THEY HATED ME
FOR BEING TOO HAIRY...



TURNS OUT, THIS CHURCH WAS ANTI-JABBER BAT TOO, SORRY
ATTICUS. THEY DON'T LIKE OUR T-SHIRTS, BUT THEY DO LIKE
OUR PEZ DISPENSERS.







ATTICUS,
DO YOU THINK
I'M HALF ANGEL?



YOU CAN
BELIEVE WHATEVER
YOU DESIRE! NIGERIAN
DWARF GOAT, AND AN
ANGEL OF THE LORD. BUT
I WILL COMMENT: IT IS
SACRILEGE TO
PROCLAIM HOLY
HERITAGE.



YEAH, IT'S
SACRILEGE.

YOU'RE
SACRILEGE.
BITCH.

YOU JUST
FUCKING TOLD
US THAT JESUS
TALKS TO YOU!



THAT'S NOT
WRONG! HE DOES
THAT TO EVERY
CHRISTIAN.