

IN THE CRACKS



EPISODE 4: SUBURBIA

WE'RE NOT SUBURBIA
PEOPLE. WE'RE CITY
RATS. SURVIVORS. WE
MAKE OUR HOME IN
THE CRACKS WHERE
THE LIGHT DOESN'T
QUITE REACH...

EVENUALLY, KIERA DECIDED SHE WANTED TO MEET HER MUM- I'M WASN'T REALLY GOOD AT THIS RELATIONSHIP STUFF. FROM WHAT I'D HEARD, HER MUM WAS THE EPITOME OF 'MIDDLE ENGLAND'. GOD KNOWS WHAT SHE WOULD THINK OF ME. THE OLD INSTINCTS URGED ME TO RUN.

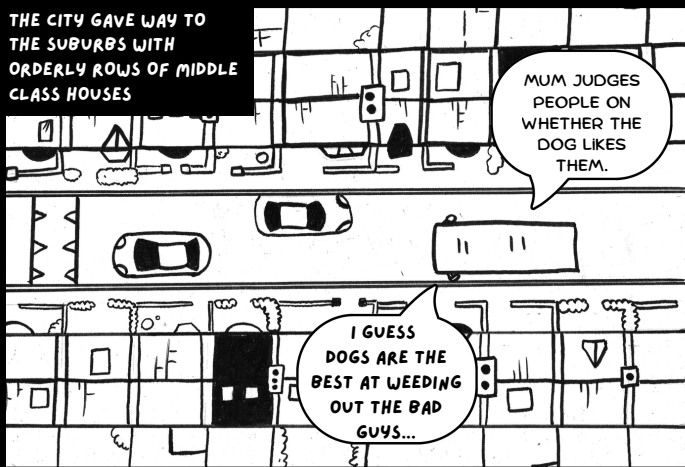
I DIDN'T RUN, THOUGH. WE GOT ON THE BUS THAT WOULD TAKE US OUT OF THE CITY AND AWAY FROM MY COMFORT ZONE.



IT FELT LIKE I WAS HEADING OFF FOR A JOB INTERVIEW.

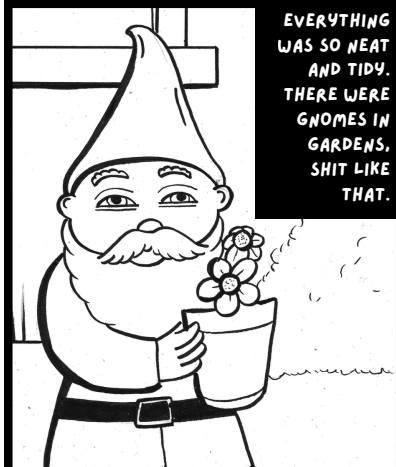


THE CITY GAVE WAY TO THE SUBURBS WITH ORDERLY ROWS OF MIDDLE CLASS HOUSES



I GUESS DOGS ARE THE BEST AT WEEDING OUT THE BAD GUYS...

EVERYTHING WAS SO NEAT AND TIDY. THERE WERE GNOMES IN GARDENS. SHIT LIKE THAT.



THIS IS OUR STOP



AM I GONNA HAVE TO PRETEND TO BE NORMAL?



BIT LATE FOR THAT

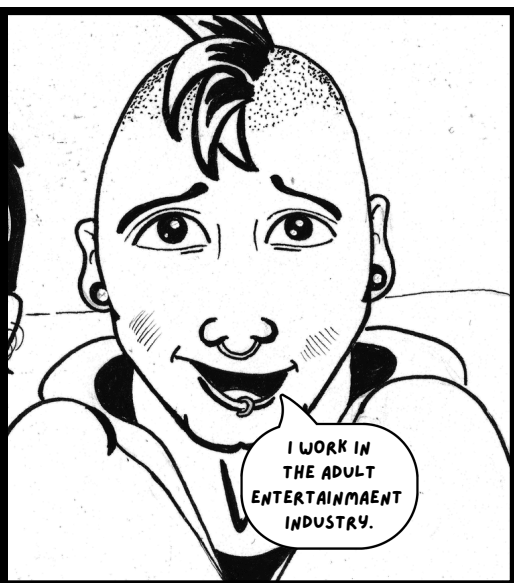


WELCOME TO SUBURBIA



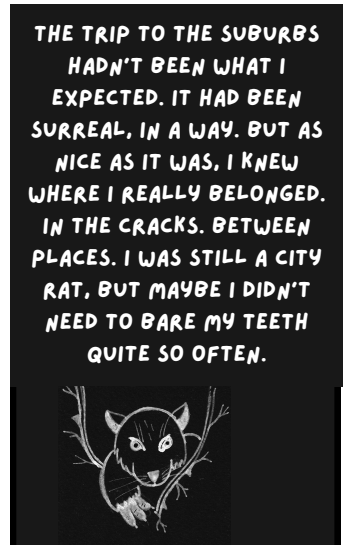
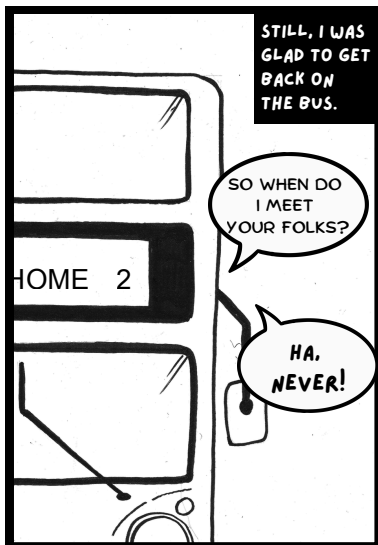
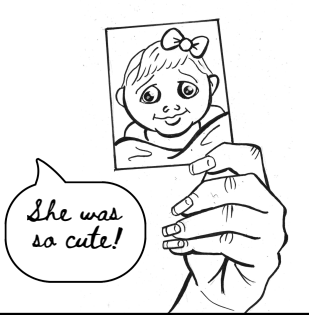


I THINK SHE FELT BETRAYED BY THE DOG'S POSITIVE REACTION TO ME, AND AS WE SAT AND DRANK TEA SO POLITELY IN HER PRISTINE LIVING ROOM THE AWKWARD QUESTIONS STARTED...



MAYBE SHE HAD BEEN SAFER JUST TO SAY 'CONTENT CREATOR,' BUT IT JUST SORT OF SLIPPED OUT, AND FROM THERE I JUST KEPT TALKING.

GLOSSING OVER MY AWKWARD ADMISSION, MRS K MOVED ON. SHE TOLD KIERA SHE SHOULD EAT MORE, REFILLED THE TEA CUPS AND EVENTUALLY GOT THE BABY PICTURES OUT.



THANK YOU FOR READING THIS COMIC. IT IS PART OF AN
ONGOING GRAPHIC NOVEL PROJECT CALLED 'IN THE CRACKS'
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RAVEN TAYLOR. TO FOLLOW MY
WORK SCAN THE QR CODE.



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