

SIRENS





presents

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written and illustrated by
Steven A. Ross





This world, this dying nightmare City, that I am forced to return to time and again, of all the places I have known, be they glorious or horrific, this one, more than any other, deserves to be known as 'Hell'.

—Sebastian Shaw

PROLOGUE

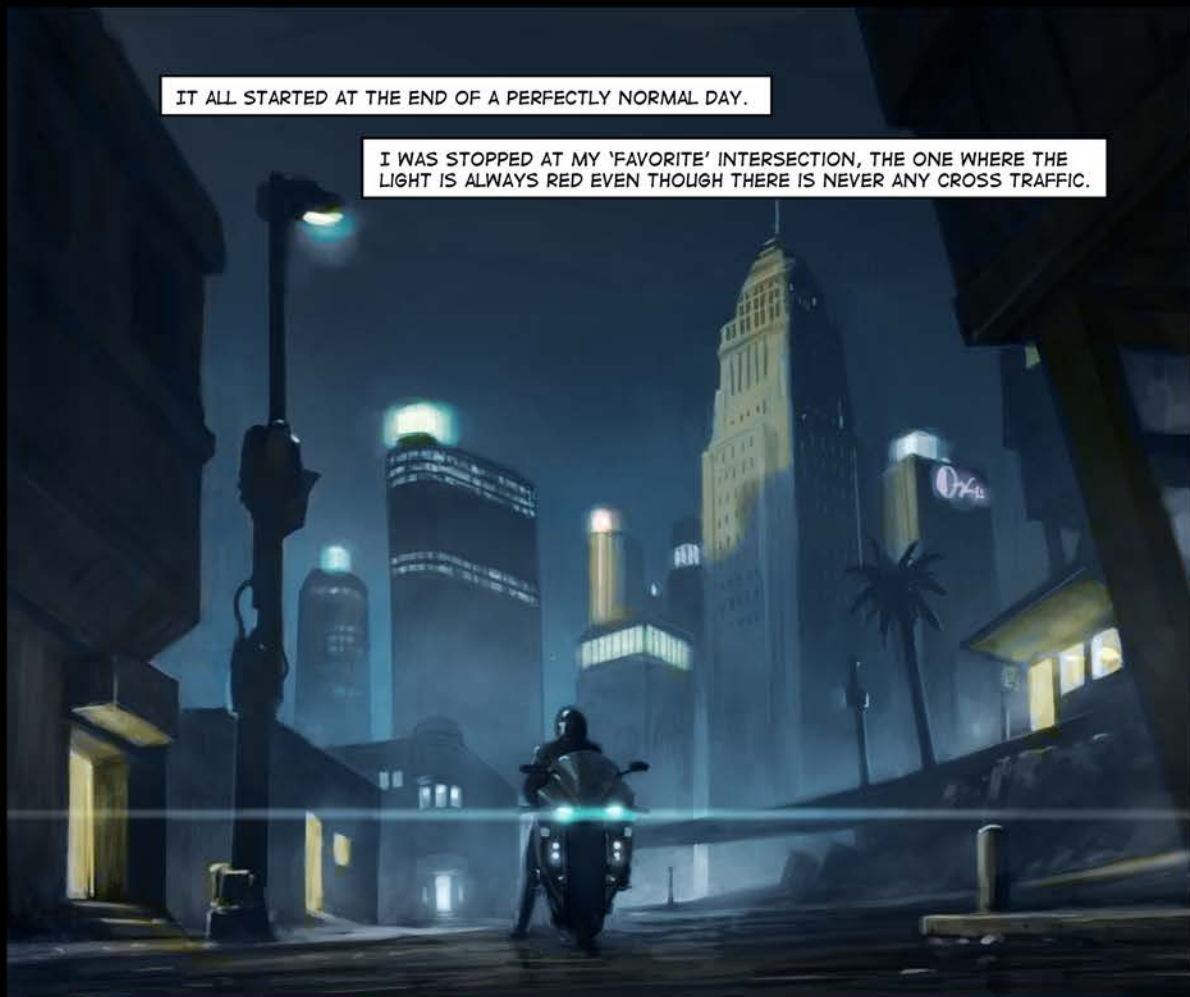






IT ALL STARTED AT THE END OF A PERFECTLY NORMAL DAY.

I WAS STOPPED AT MY 'FAVORITE' INTERSECTION, THE ONE WHERE THE LIGHT IS ALWAYS RED EVEN THOUGH THERE IS NEVER ANY CROSS TRAFFIC.



IT WAS A CRAP DAY ABOUT TO GET MUCH, MUCH MORE CRAPPY.



SHIT!







YO BITCH!

THAT WAS MY PIMP,
AND HE'S GONNA COME
BACK WITH HIS WHOLE
POSSE, DUMBFLUCK!

OH SHIT, SHE WAS A GIRL!
HOW DID I MISS THAT?!



YOUR
PIMP!?

WHAT!?

HOW OLD
ARE YOU,
THIRTEEN?



FUCK YOU!

YOU'RE SO
FUCKED YOU DON'T
EVEN KNOW IT!

YOU AND
HEMORRHOID
OVER THERE ARE
BOTH GOING TO
BLEED!



AH!
MY
ANKLE!

HELP
ME UP!



HEY!

WHERE THE
FUCK ARE YOU
GOING?

EVEN AFTER THE RAIN OF SHIT THAT
WAS ABOUT TO FALL ON ME I STILL
FEEL BAD ABOUT HITTING THAT GIRL.

THAT'S
RIGHT BITCH!
RUN AWAY!

FEELING LIKE A SHIT. EYES WATERING BECAUSE I BROKE MY VISOR. AND THEN THERE WAS THE LADY DANCING NAKED IN THE STREET.

AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, IT WAS DISTRACTING.



MORE SO, WHEN I NOTICED THAT THE DANCING LADY'S FEET WERE NOT TOUCHING THE GROUND.



AND HER HAIR, FLOATING WEIGHTLESSLY LIKE SHE WAS UNDERWATER.



THEN THERE WAS THAT SONG. HAUNTING. BEAUTIFUL. BUT THE SADDEST THING I'D EVER HEARD.



IT FILLED MY HEAD, PULLING MY ATTENTION.

TAKING MY EYES OFF THE ROAD.



SHIT!!





HERE'S A TIP; WHEN SPEEDING DOWN A DARK STREET, ON A CRAP BIKE, DO NOT FOCUS ON THE STUFF BEHIND YOU.





SO YEAH, I CRASHED.



OR MAYBE I DIDN'T.



AFTER WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, I'M NOT SURE
IF I'M EVEN STILL QUALIFIED TO TALK ABOUT
WHAT THE HELL IS REAL AND WHAT ISN'T.





IMAGINE WAKING UP WITH
THE WORST HANGOVER
YOU'VE EVER HAD.

NOW TRIPLE THAT PAIN.



NOW IMAGINE WAKING UP IN A PLACE
YOU KNOW YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TO.





WAKING UP AFACE TO
FACE WITH SOME
NIGHTMARE REACHING
OUT TO YOU.

HOLY...

OH GOD...

OH GOD!




HUH?

MY FIRST LOOK AT THE CITY WAS LIKE AN UNEXPECTED PUNCH IN THE CROTCH.

THE PLACE WAS ANCIENT AND TRULY EFFED UP. I COULD TELL THAT MUCH.

IT WAS QUIET TOO; JUST THE
SOUND OF THE WIND, THE
CREAKING OF OLD STRUCTURES,
AND THE OCCASIONAL CRACK AND
RUMBLE OF DISTANT THUNDER.





I STOOD THERE FOR A WHILE.
JUST STUNNED YOU KNOW?
I MEAN WTF RIGHT?

CLACK!

THEN I CHECKED MY PHONE. BRICKED.
DIDN'T STOP ME FROM TRYING TO
TURN IT ON DOZENS OF TIMES.

FINALLY, I JUST SAT DOWN, TOO SHIT
SCARED TO DO ANYTHING BUT WAIT. I
MEAN, SOMETHING HAD TO HAPPEN.

SPLOOSH!



I'VE SEEN INTO
YOUR MIND
GENERAL.

I KNOW WHAT YOU
DO DOWN IN YOUR
HIDDEN PLACE.

YOUR ATTEMPTS TO
CREATE A MACHINE
CAPABLE OF CREATING
ENHANCED SOLDIERS,
CREATING AN ARMY TO
FREE YOU FROM YOUR
BONDAGE TO THE
DAEMON.



I KNOW TOO,
THAT IT WILL
NEVER WORK.



YOU KNOW
THIS HOW?





BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN
HERE BEFORE, BUT IN A
TIME THAT YOU WOULD
THINK OF AS THE FUTURE.
I WAS SHOWN MANY
THINGS THEN.

I CAN TELL YOU OF
EVENTS, SOON TO PLAY
OUT, THAT WILL
CULMINATE IN YOUR
FREEDOM IF YOU PLAY
YOUR PART.



I WILL LISTEN.
IF, HOWEVER, I AM
NOT SUFFICIENTLY
INTRIGUED, YOU WILL
REGRET EVER HAVING
SOUGHT ME OUT.



THIS TOO, I
HAVE SEEN.

MY THOUGHTS WERE A CRAZY JUMBLE OF DISBELIEF, TOTALLY BAT-SHIT FEAR, AND LIKE, HOW THE FUCK DID I GET HERE? WHERE **WAS** HERE?

IT WAS JUST SO HARD TO BELIEVE.

I DIDN'T MOVE AWAY FROM THAT AREA BECAUSE I HAD THIS CRAZY HOPE THAT WHATEVER BROUGHT ME HERE WOULD COME BACK AND BRING ME HOME. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

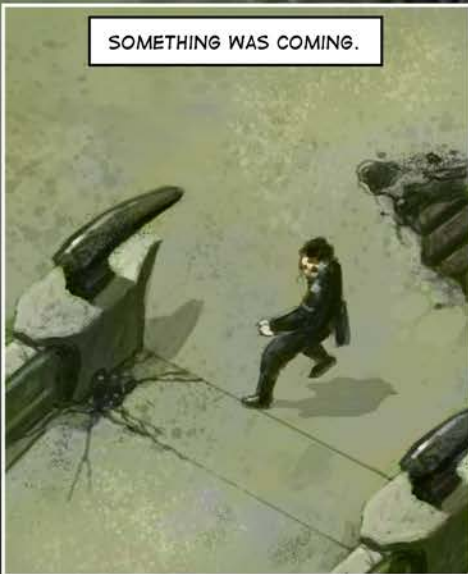
AS I WAITED I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT CRASH OVER AND OVER; WHO WAS THAT WOMAN? COULD I HAVE AVOIDED THAT BUS? COULD I HAVE SOMEHOW JUST NOT ENDED UP HERE?

THEN I HEARD
SOMETHING
THAT SOUNDED
LIKE VOICES.

THAT GOT
ME GOING.

SOMETHING WAS COMING.

SOMETHING SCARY.



YOU WOULD HAVE HIDDEN TOO.

ONCE WHATEVER IT WAS
PASSED, I SCAMPERED OFF
IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

BEFORE LONG I REALIZED THAT I
DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO FIND MY
WAY BACK TO WHERE I WOKE UP.

I KEPT HAVING THIS FEELING
THAT I WAS BEING WATCHED.

I WANDERED FOR HOURS
BEFORE STUMBLING ACROSS
A STREAM OF WATER.

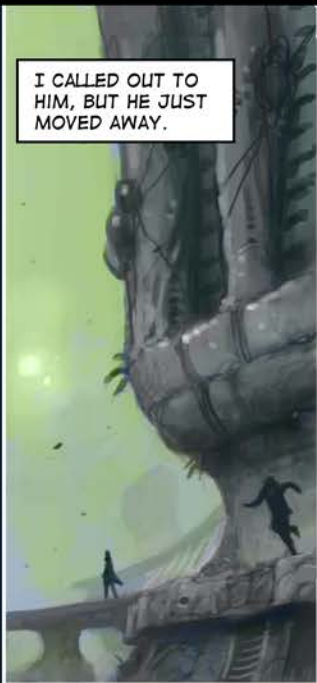
SHIT TASTED LIKE
BATTERY ACID.

GAYAGGH!

HUH?

THAT'S WHEN I NOTICED THE
MAN. HE WAS JUST STANDING
THERE, SILENTLY WATCHING ME.

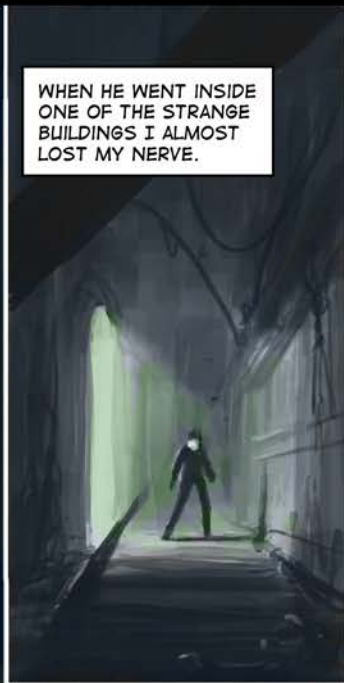
I CALLED OUT TO HIM, BUT HE JUST MOVED AWAY.



NO MATTER HOW FAST I RAN HE JUST KEPT GETTING FARTHER AWAY.



WHEN HE WENT INSIDE ONE OF THE STRANGE BUILDINGS I ALMOST LOST MY NERVE.



THERE HE WAS JUST STANDING. WAITING.



THEN, AS I GOT CLOSER, HE JUST FADED AWAY.



THAT'S WHEN I FIRST LAID EYES ON THE JOURNAL.



BEFORE I COULD EVEN LOOK INSIDE I HEARD A GIRL'S CRY COMING FROM OUTSIDE.



THERE WAS A GIRL BEING CHASED BY WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN OLD MAN ATTACHED TO SOME WEIRD MECHANICAL HARNESS.



HE CHASED HER INTO A BUILDING.



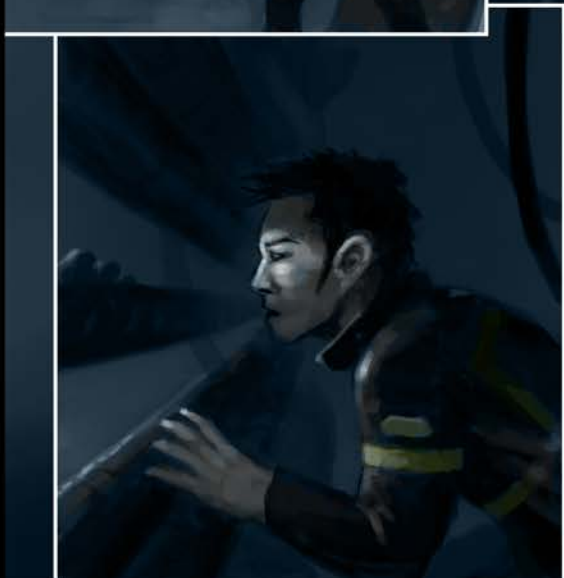
DAMN BUT I REMEMBER NOT WANTING TO GO IN THERE.



INSIDE I COULD HEAR A WHEEZY, GRUNTING SOUND.



IT WAS THE WORST HORROR I'D SEEN YET.



He was muttering to himself while playing with her organs.

Is there somebody here with us?



It's not nice to spy.
my young friend.



It looks
like Jack is going to
have to kill you!







NO MATTER HOW FAST I RAN, I
COULD HEAR THE HORRIBLE TAPING
OF HIS METAL LEGS AND HIS
EXCITED, BREATHLESS GIGGLES.



HE WAS WEARING ME OUT!



WHEN I REALIZED THAT I
WOULD NEVER OUTRUN HIM
I CRAWLED INTO A TIGHT
SPACE UNDER A BUILDING.



HA!
YOU THINK TO
HIDE FROM OLD
JACK DO YE?

NORMALLY I'D
JUST WAIT YOU
OUT YOU SEE?

BUT THIS IS
NOT THE TYPE OF
NEIGHBORHOOD TO
BE CAUGHT OUT IN.

NO MATTER,
PERHAPS SOME
OTHER TIME
THEN.



THE TAPPING OF HIS
STEPS RECEDED INTO
THE DISTANCE.

I WAS NEVER GONNA
COME OUT OF THERE.



AFTER A FEW HOURS I DECIDED
TO LOOK AT THE BOOK.

HELL?

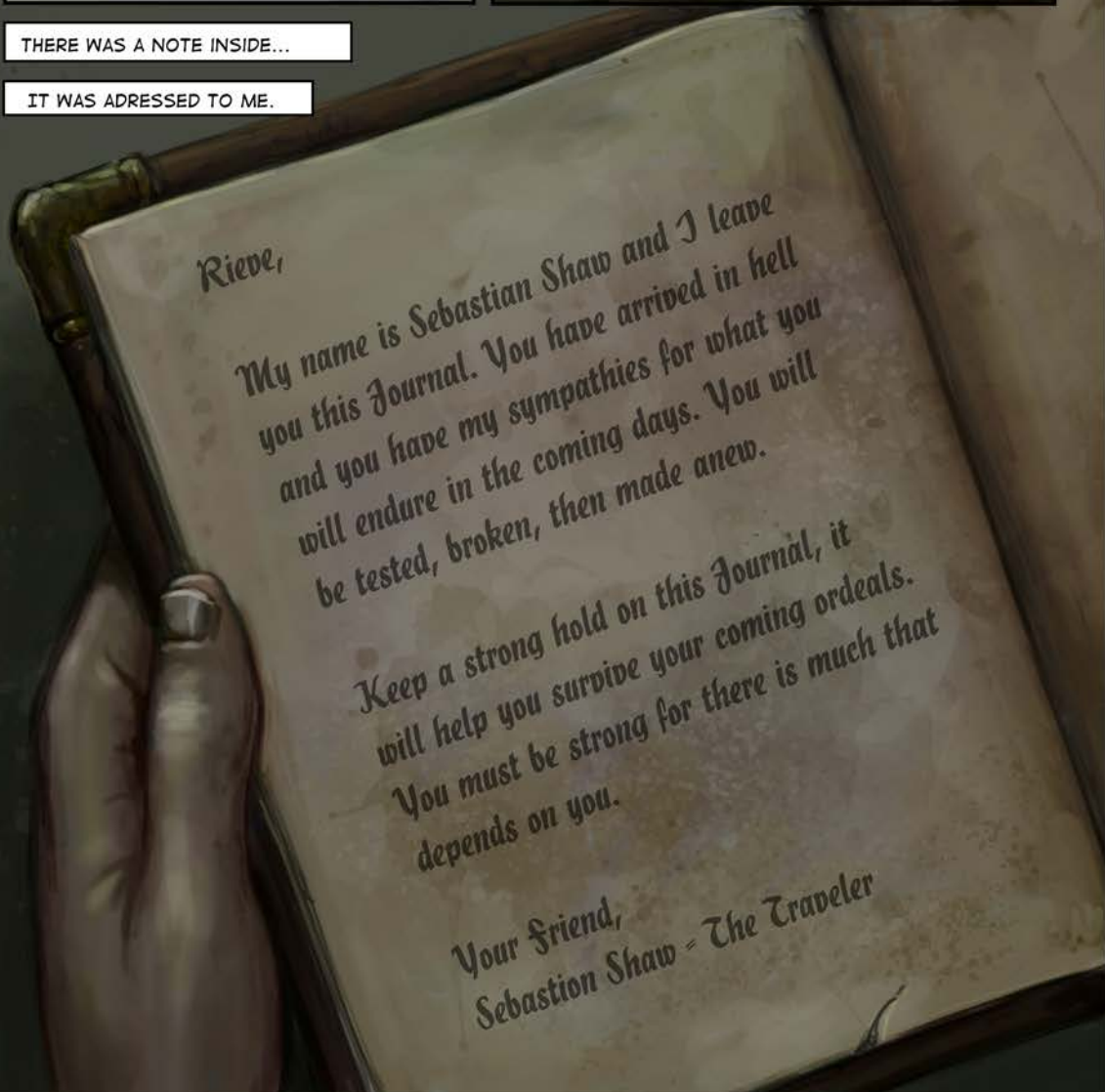
WHAT.

THE.



THERE WAS A NOTE INSIDE...

IT WAS ADRESSED TO ME.



Rieve,

My name is Sebastian Shaw and I leave
you this Journal. You have arrived in hell
and you have my sympathies for what you
will endure in the coming days. You will
be tested, broken, then made anew.

Keep a strong hold on this Journal, it
will help you survive your coming ordeals.
You must be strong for there is much that
depends on you.

Your Friend,
Sebastian Shaw - The Traveler