Our Father

Preface

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This issue is the culmination of four different storylines. Three children of Lucifer are on a posthumous quest to meet God. The story flashes back to their lives on Earth. Each timeline has different art styles. This is the issue where they kill God. At the same time, we flash back to the protagonists' deaths in life. Wulfhild is speared through the head at his sister's wedding by a Roman soldier. He is drawn in the style of Blondie. Martin's heart gives out on the football field. His death is shown in the style of Dan DeCarlo's Archie Comics. Blair bleeds out on the church floor after an attack that took place before the beginning of this excerpt. I created a style between that of EC comics and Will Eisner's work. In the main storyline, they have snuck into a heavenly palace on bingo night. It is in a minimalist style.

Each sibling has a different motivation for meeting God. Heaven has been closed for hundreds of years and has caused overpopulation problems in Hell. Blair wants to speak with God to find some sort of solution to the political turmoil. Wulfhild wants revenge for the violent death of his family members and to regain the leadership position he had in life. Martin is distressed by the world he has been flung into. The God he hears about in Hell is not the one he was taught about on Earth. He believes that there must be some sort of mistake. By talking it out with God, he can secure not only his place in Heaven but thousands of others. He also cannot remember his death and is hoping to get his memory back. Each sibling carries heavy baggage from their lives.

They arrive in heaven on bingo night. The trio quickly realizes Heaven has been under the control of the angels. God appears to be a senile old man. They need to come up with a new plan to reach their goals.

Our Father Prose Descriptions

Page One

It's 1964. Blair opens the doors of a small church. Her body casts a long shadow across the center aisle.

In ancient times, Wulfhild's sister walks down the aisle at her wedding. Her family stands up to greet her at the end.

In heaven, Blair, Wulfhild, and Martin peek into the grand hall. It's bingo night. The angels have set up simple tables and a buffet.

Blair spots God standing next to an angel with a bingo cage at the end of the room. "There he is," says Blair.

"Where?" asks Martin, trying to get a better look but too scared to really put his head out.

"By the bingo spinner," replies Wulfhild.

"I'm tired," God says.

The angel next to him can't even be bothered to look up, "Go lay down in your room, Dad." "The stairs hurt."

"Go find someone to help you, then.

Or maybe try the buffet," says the angel. The bingo caller is a coveted position.

There he is.
Where?
By the bingo spinner.
I'm tired.
Go lay down in your room Dad.
The stairs hurt.
Go find someone to help you then.
Or maybe try the buffet.

Page Two

Wulfhild's sister smiles widely. This is one of the days you wait your whole life for.

In heaven, Blair and Wulfhild argue in the hallway.

"It's so simple. We lure him out, kill him, and proclaim my rightful place as leader," Wulfhild says matter-of-factly.

"You want to end up eternally suffering up here? We just need to talk to him. He clearly doesn't know what's going on. I mean, the angels run this place.

Wulfhild's sister stops smiling. Her face contracts in pain and horror.

"Coward," Wulfhild says to Blair. "You think the angels remember how to fight? They just know how to lock the doors and hide. They are the people you conquer."

"Excuse me," says a voice.

In ancient times, Wulfhild rises from his chair at the end of the aisle. His mother and the groom step back, wide-eyed. Blood smatters their clothing.

"Can you help me to my room?" asks God. "I know the way, but I just need a bit of help."

The trio freezes.

"I've got you," Martin grabs God's arm and begins guiding him down the hall. Wulfhild stays behind.

"Come on. It's a miracle we haven't gotten caught yet," says Blair.

Wulfhild stares off, "There's just one more thing I have to do."

He rushes into the grand hall. “Angels! Bow to me!” he yells.

It's so simple. We lure him out, kill him, and proclaim my rightful place as ruler.
You want to end up eternally suffering up here? We just need to talk to him. He clearly doesn't know what's going on. I mean, the angels run this place.

Coward. You think the angels remember how to fight? They just know how to lock the doors and hide. They are the people you conquer.
Excuse me.

Can you help me to my room? I know the way, but I just need a bit of help.

I've got you.
Come on. It's a miracle we haven't gotten caught yet.
There's just one more thing I have to do.

ANGELS! BOW TO ME!

Page Three

Wulfhild's sister has been speared through the chest. Flowers from her bouquet float to the ground.

In the hall, Blair is pissed. Martin is annoyed, but strangely not surprised.

"Can we go to my room now?" God asks.

Wulfhild jumps onto a table, scattering bingo boards. The angels crowd around him.

"For too long you have sat here in luxury. You are not just complacent with the suffering of the world below; you've cut it off entirely. You have failed your people. You've failed all people. And so, since you are so busy sitting up here already, it is time for a rightful ruler to take your place."

In ancient times, Wulfhild's sister falls to the ground. Roman soldiers pan out around the room.

In 1964, Blair crawls down the aisle, blood gushing from her open back wounds.

Can we go to my room now?
WARRIORS
13
For too long you have sat here in luxury.
You are not just complacent with the suffering of the world below, you've cut it off entirely. You have failed your people. You've failed all people. And so, since you are so busy sitting up here already,
It is time for a rightful ruler to take your place.

Page Four

Blair, Martin, and God run up the stairs. Martin and God lead the way. Blair looks behind them, waiting to be attacked.

“I’m sure it’s this way,” God says. He is frail and slow.

They make it into the bedroom, and Blair slams the door behind them.

Martin sees his chance, “I understand you’re very important, but I think there are some things going on you don’t know about.”

“You too,” says God.

In 1964, Blair climbs up a small flight of stairs. There is an obscured object surrounded by candles above her.

In heaven, God puts his hands on the side of Martin's face. Martin can see his past.

I'm sure it's this way.
I understand you're very important, but I think there are some things going on you don't know about.
You too.
WARRIORS
13

Martin's mother grabs his shoulders, "Martin."

"Mom," he is weak.

"Do you want to tell me what you are?"

"I don't feel- "

"Martin."

"I'm a warrior," he says.

"So why aren't you out there?"

"It hurts."

He thinks back to just minutes before. Vomiting uncontrollably. His coach stands behind him, "Babe, I'm getting kind of worried about him."

His mom isn't worried, though.

"What does a warrior do when he gets hurt?" she asks.

Martin sees himself at the line of scrimmage, looking around as he begins to bend down.

"Mom- "

She cuts him off, "What does he do.

"He keeps fighting." Martin is in the middle of the game now, catching a ball.

"What are you, Martin?"

Martin throws the ball. His form is perfect, despite the pain he's in. It's a shining moment.

"I'm a warrior," he says.

"And what do you do?"

Martin clutches his chest. His limbs contort. His heart begins to stop.

"I keep fighting."

Martin-
Mom-
Do you want to tell me what you are
I don't feel-
Martin
I'm a warrior
So, why aren't you out there?
Babe, I'm getting kind of worried about him.
"It hurts."
"What does a warrior do when he gets hurt?"
"What does he do?"
"Mom-"
"He keeps fighting."
"What are you, Martin?"
"I'm a warrior."
"And what do you do?"
"I keep fighting."

Page Six

Martin sits down on the field. Her words play over the top of him like a song.

“Good,” she says. “Now go out there and make me proud.”

In heaven, Wulfhild is a dot in a sea of angels, “And now that we’ve kidnapped God, you will-“

“We?” one of the angels asks.

“Who’s we?” asks another.

“They got Dad?” says a third.

“THEY GOT DAD?” One realizes.

In ancient times, Wulfhild sits on his throne, staring glassy-eyed into the crowd. A battle still wages around him. His sister’s blood is still on his face.

He looks up, and a Roman soldier jumps toward him with a spear. He does not move.

"Good."
"Now get out there and make me proud."
And now that we've kidnapped God you will-
We?
Who's we?
They got Dad?
WHERE'S DAD?
P13
W8
AHH
W9
(W10) 6

Page Seven

Wulfhild's screams can be heard upstairs in God's bedroom. Martin stands, shell-shocked, still processing the events of his death.

Blair leads God away from Martin and towards a window.

In Martin's past, he is covered in sweat, his eyes are tired and he gasps for air. His helmet is becoming his tomb.

"Blair, stop," God puts a hand on her shoulder. She's locked in, scanning the surrounding area.

"Do you know another way out?" she asks.

"All is how it should be," he replies.

We don't have time.

13

Blair stop.

Do you know a better way out.

All is as it should be

Dad?

DADA

Father...

DAD?

DAD!

The angels run down hallways, slamming open and closed doors. They all call out for their father.

Martin looks out his helmet on the football field. The other kids stare at him. “Is he okay?” one asks.

Blair looks God dead in the eye and grabs a pillow on the bed, “Don’t you dare say that to me.

On the football field, Martin looks up at the side. His coach rushes to help him. His mom stands with her hands on her hips, “Come on. No one even hit you.”

M9
Don't you dare say that to me.
Come on. No one even hit you.

In heaven, Blair pushes God down onto the bed and smothers him with a pillow.

In ancient times, Wulfhild's corpse lay pinned to his throne. The spear has gone through his central eye and into his brain.

In 1964, Blair reaches out to God, but he is nowhere to be found. She dies at the foot of a cross, just inches out of reach.

P18

In heaven, God stops struggling. Blair picks up the pillow and tries to process what she's done.

On the football field, Martin's coach starts CPR. "Why isn't he getting up?" She asks. She clutches her chest, unable to accept what is already done.

Why isn't he getting up?

"Good."
"Now get out there and make me proud."
And now that we've kidnapped God you will-
We?
Who's we?
They got Dad?
WHERE'S DAD?
AHH
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