



**THE
CORPSE**

KENNY PORTER

IÑAKI AZPIAZU

THE CORPSE

KENNY PORTER.....STORY

IÑAKI AZPIAZU.....ART & LETTERS

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

DOUBLE-CHIN!



The only thing he switches up once in a while is the sandwich he takes to work.

Albert has walked the same route to work every night for the past five years.

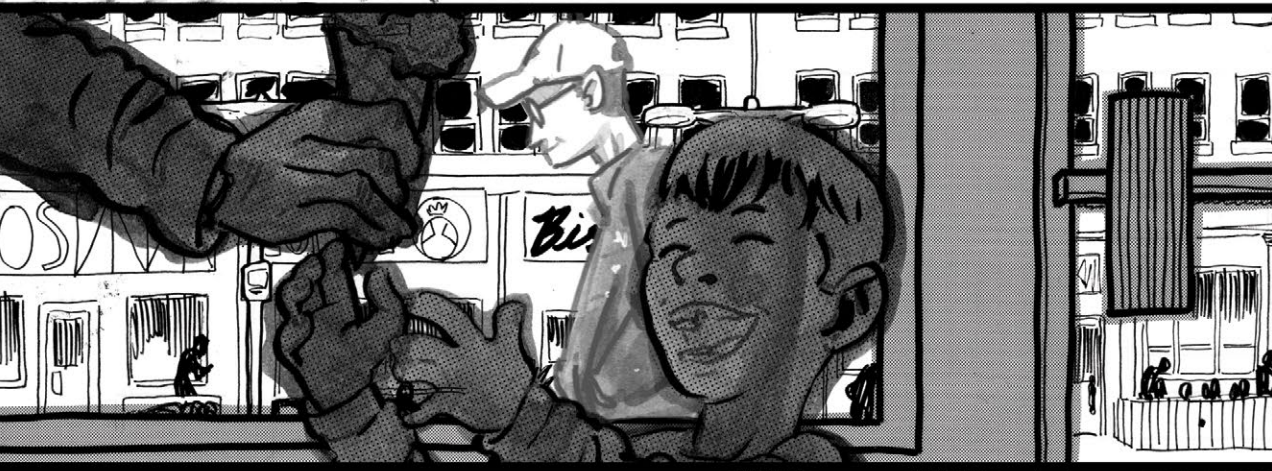
Tonight, it's from Double-Chin. Pulled pork with spicy slaw.



He's been working at the Kent County Medical Examiner's office for the better part of a decade.

There are a dozen faster ways to get to work from his apartment.

CLOSED



But this is the one he makes sure to take every night.

THANK YOU...



CLOS



Kent County Medical Examiner Building.

It's the usual tonight. A couple of John and Jane Does.

People who died on the street without their families or friends

People who were forgotten.

Albert does his best to try to give them some history before they leave his care.

But what he's never told anyone is that he's really only looking for one man's name... his father's.

DR. COOK!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE TAKING THE NIGHT OFF.

NO SUCH LUCK, GOSS.

DR. TRIGGER HAD A FAMILY EMERGENCY-- HIS WIFE GOT HIM TICKETS TO THE RED WINGS GAME.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME TONIGHT?

Toss



JOHN DOE.
DIED JUST A
COUPLE OF
HOURS AGO.

TRAFFIC
ACCIDENT.
ALTHOUGH
TRAGEDY
IS MORE
LIKE IT.

POOR
BASTARD.

WAS HE
TRYING TO
CROSS THE
STREET?

THE GUY
WAS TRYING
TO CROSS
EVERYONE
IN HIS PATH.

I GOT A
CALL ABOUT A
DISTURBANCE.
A CRAZED MAN
BOTHERING
PEOPLE.

I FIGURED
HE WAS JUST
GOING TO BE
SOME DRUNK,
YOU KNOW?
BUT NO SUCH
LUCK.



2 Hours Earlier.

"THEY SAID HE HAD BEEN AT IT FOR HOURS. SCREAMING AND SHOVING HIS WAY UP IONIA AVE.

STOP IT! STOP KNOCKING!

I HEAR YOU @\$\$HOLES!

STOP!

SCREEE

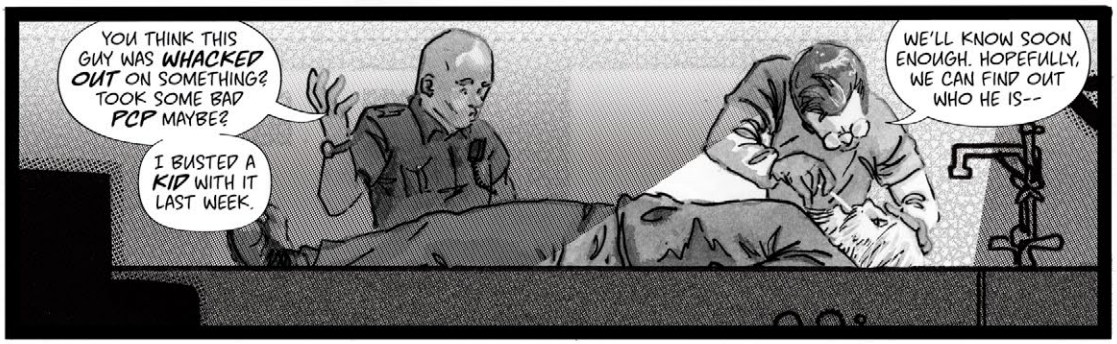
"HE KEPT YELLING AT PEOPLE TO STOP KNOCKING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, BUT SOMETHING TRIGGERED THIS GUY.


"I TRIED TO GET TO HIM. YOU KNOW, GET THE POOR GUY SOME HELP.

"I WASN'T FAST ENOUGH."

NO
NK

NO
NK



A black and white comic panel showing a man with glasses and a mustache, Albert, looking at a body in a morgue. The body is lying on a table, and Albert is leaning over it. The scene is dimly lit, with a circular light source visible in the background.

Albert feels his stomach flip upside down and inside out.

He's checked dozens of corpses over the years. Each one was too tall, too short, or the wrong build.

He checked them anyway... he had to know.

But this one... he's five foot eleven, his hair color is brown, but most importantly--



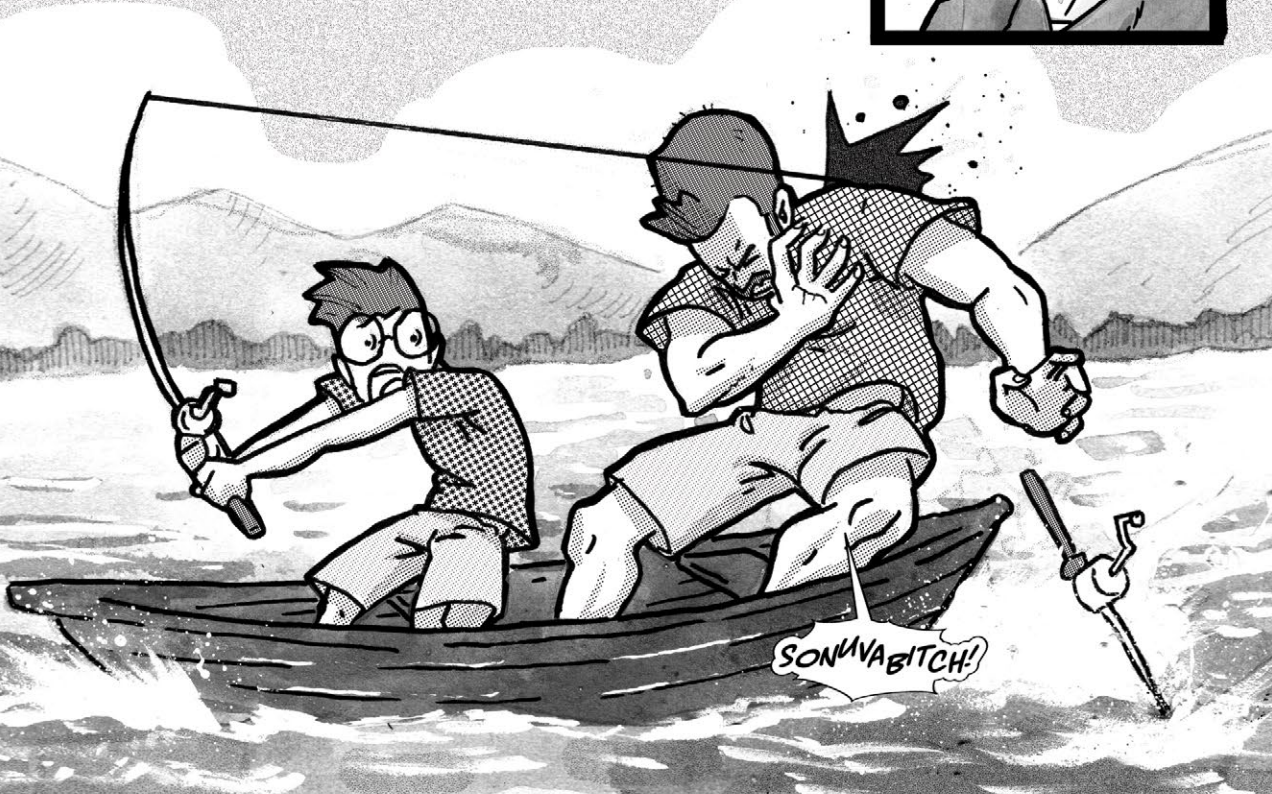


--He's got the scar he gave his father on Lake Michigan in 1994.



SONNVA BITCH...

Lake Michigan--1994.



SONNVA BITCH!



It'll take a while to come back with a match.

After all this time, he's not sure he's ready to see the name "Mike Cook" on that computer screen.



His mind swirls like a whirlpool... memories come flooding back like a dam's just been struck by a cannonball.

The times they had...



They were good. At least a few of them were...




But the bad ones...



There were too many to count.





He tried to forget about his dad. He really did.

He got through his first fistfight, his first breakup, and his high school graduation without a father.

Mike Cook didn't show his face much after the divorce. If people saw his frowning mug, it was usually behind an empty bottle.

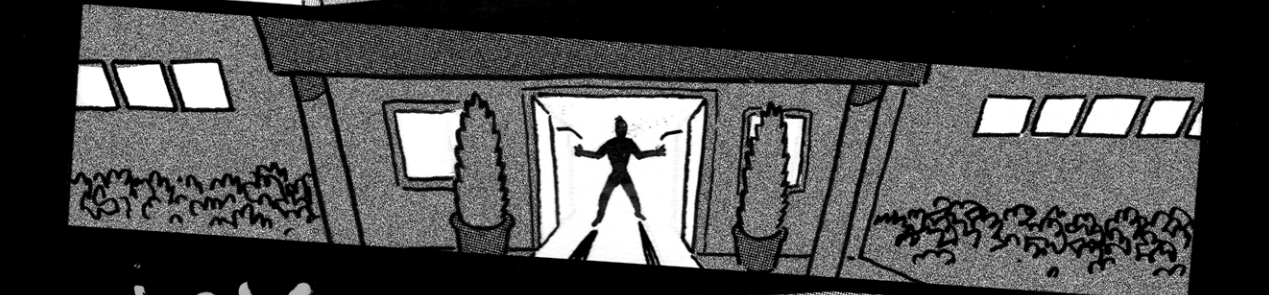
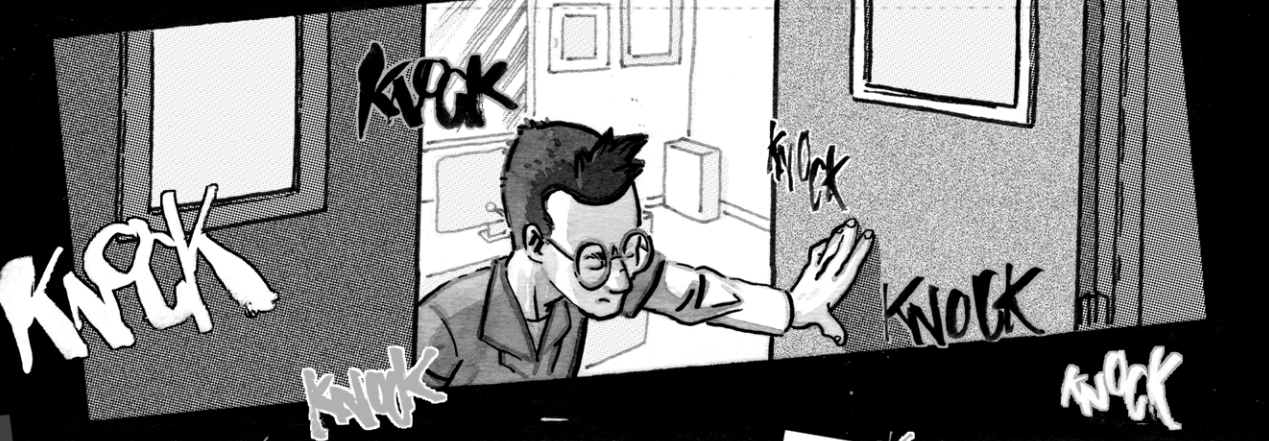
Albert had never been to the townhouse that his father bought, but he did hear about it when it burnt down.

The last he heard, his dad had lost his job at the auto dealership. Albert's friends said they saw Mike on the street once. He didn't even ask for money, he just kept walking.

That's why Albert takes the longer route to work.

He has to know--why did he toss him aside like one of those empty bottles?





THE GUY DIDN'T GET BACK UP AND TRY TO BITE YOU, DID HE?

ZOMBIES I COULD HANDLE-- THIS IS EVEN WEIRDER.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SOUND?

IT'S COMING FROM HIS CHEST.

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU-- THAT KNOCKING HE WAS SCREAMING ABOUT?

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE.

I DON'T THINK IT'S A BOMB, BUT SOMEONE MIGHT'VE PLAYED A SICK JOKE AND DID SOMETHING TO THIS POOR GUY.

JESUS CHRIST... OKAY, LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU FIND. I CAN BE RIGHT THERE OR I CAN SEND SOMEONE.

DR. COOK? ALBERT? ARE YOU THERE?

COME ON, MAN-- WHAT DO YOU SEE?









KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

To be continued.