



Issue 11

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POSITIVELY
NO
PARKING
IN THIS
CORNER

PEDESTRIAN
PARKING // J.
Greville



ED HELLION: EMPTY CITY

// J. Greville

A DEATH WOUND ONE-SHOT

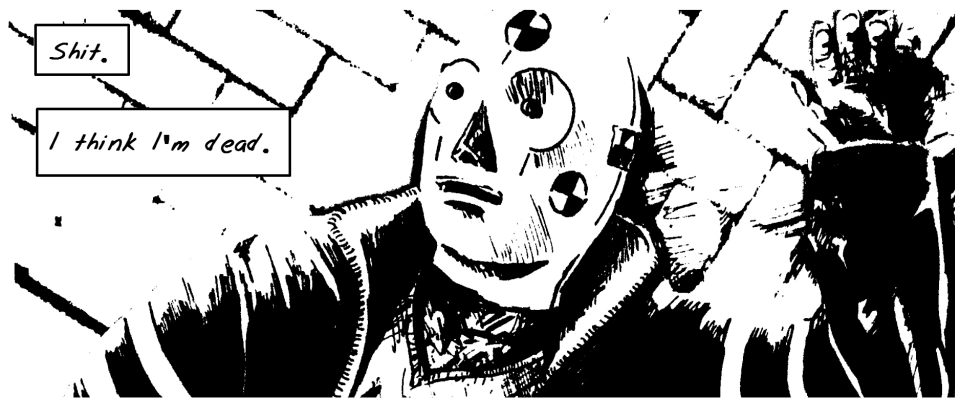
Donny Rush was what they called him at the orphanage. Ed Hellion was what his fans screamed as he burned on stage. The Scarred Man, Young Scratch, Saint September, Black Donald—he's called many things now. After selling his soul to a seven-horned demon, Donny survived the fire, but lost something precious: every time he dies he comes back to life, but always with a new face, and always from a new death wound. As Ed Hellion he wears a mask to keep himself sane, to insure that the face in the mirror is always familiar. Now, the former rocker works as a curse hunter, discerning and removing harmful hexes by suffering through them himself, often dying in the process.

Magic exists. Hexes exist. Heaven and Hell and the boogeyman all exist.

And Donny wants his face back.

2016

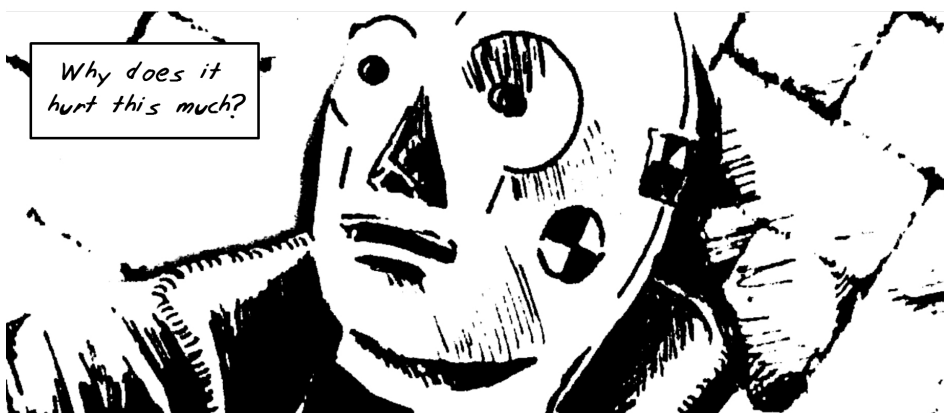
ED HELLION



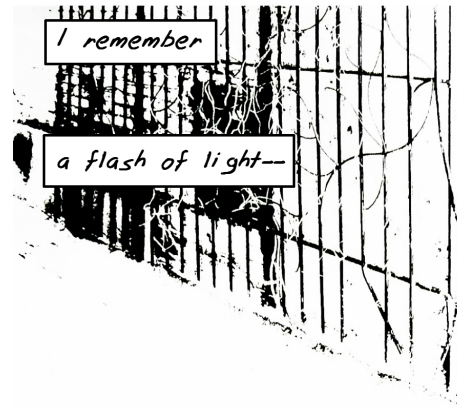
Shit.

I think I'm dead.

EMPTY CITY



Why does it hurt this much?



I remember

a flash of light—



followed by

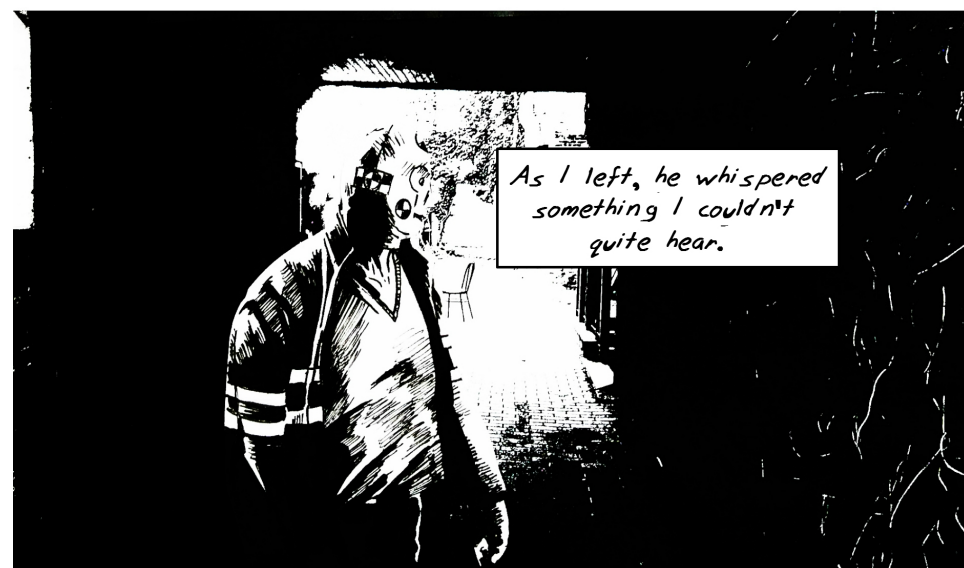
a looming shadow.



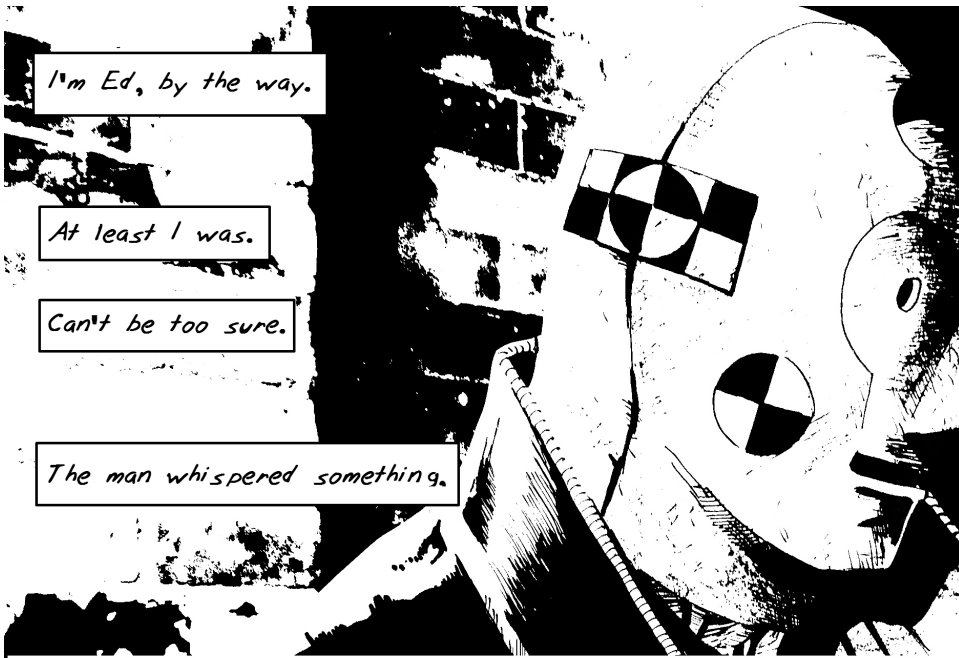
The man in the alley was no help to me.

Another dead end.

Still have to wear this damned mask.



As I left, he whispered something I couldn't quite hear.



I'm Ed, by the way.

At least I was.

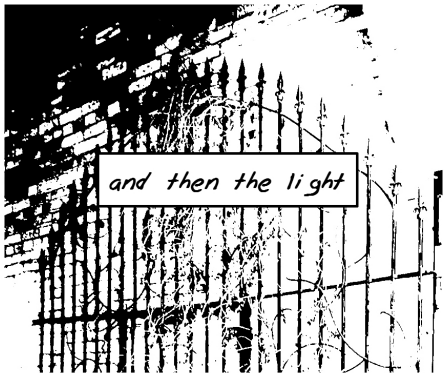
Can't be too sure.

The man whispered something.



Don't remember how long I stumbled.

Don't think I got very far.



and then the light



and the dark



Gut was on fire.

Hot all over, then cold where the breeze caught my wound.



*and the blood.
And the pain.*



*S'okay.
Died before.
No big deal.*



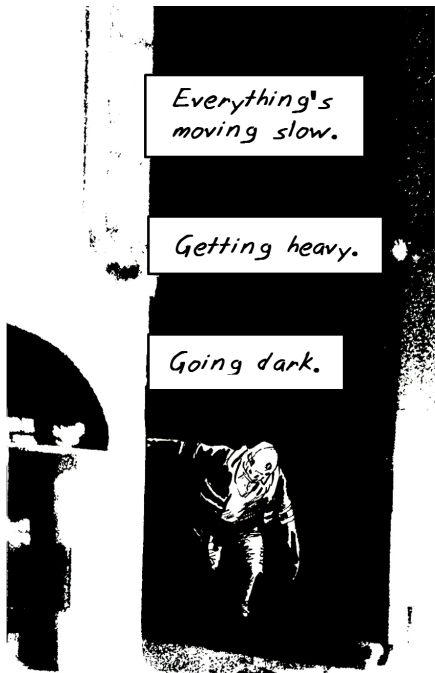
But why was it taking so long this time?



The man in the alley
whispered something.

Then this happened.

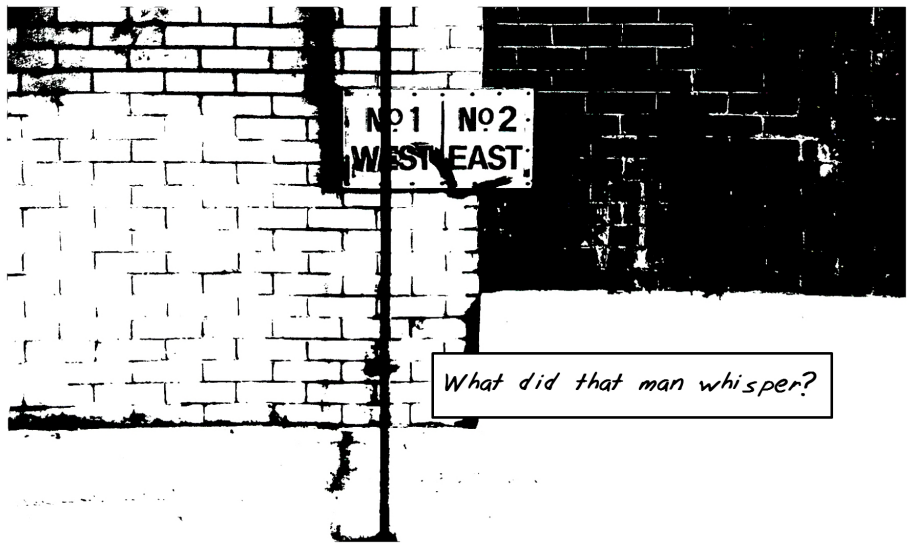
Whatever this is.



Everything's
moving slow.

Getting heavy.

Going dark.



What did that man whisper?



ALL MEN DIE ALONE, ED HELLION.

Oh yeah.

He whispered that.

Good idea.

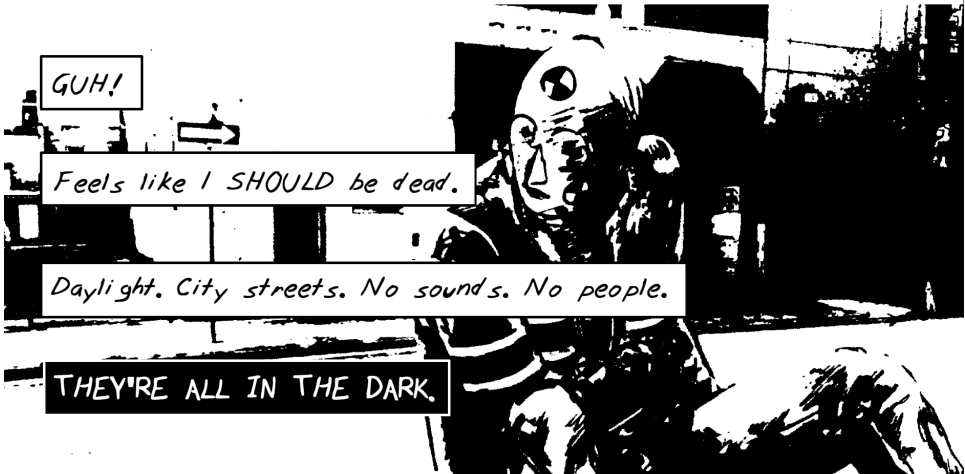
Think I'll try it.



And now we're caught up.

Shit.

Feels like I'm dead.



GUH!

Feels like I SHOULD be dead.

Daylight. City streets. No sounds. No people.

THEY'RE ALL IN THE DARK.



JOIN THEM.

Hmph. Damn it.

Dying would've been easier.



Okay, Ed. Find the voice, find the people. Find the people, then find your face.

Every time I die, I come back looking different.



Immortality with a catch. Mask is all I got.

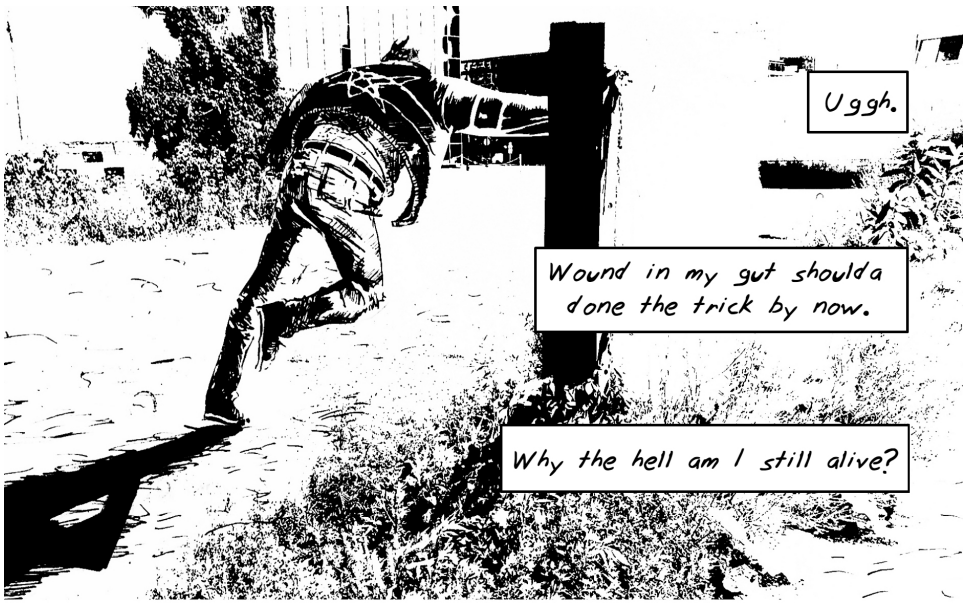
JOIN THEM.



Was just trying to get my face back.

JOIN US.

It's a whole thing.



Ugh.

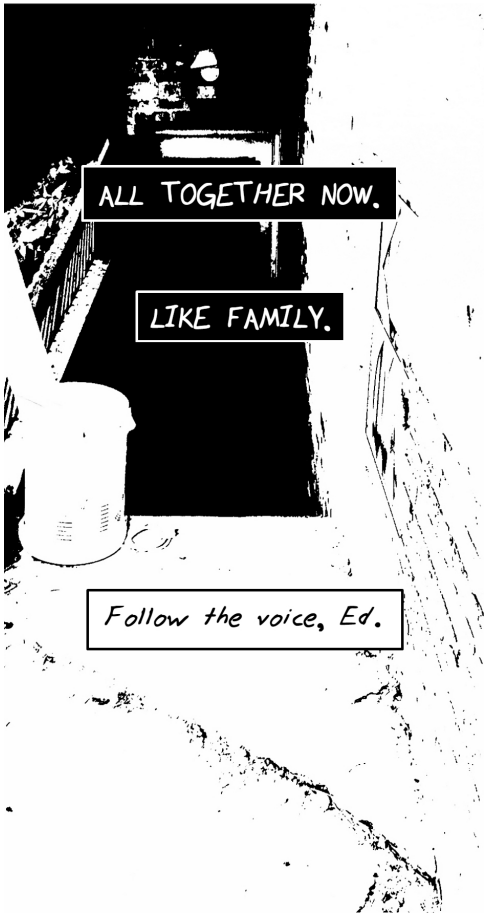
Wound in my gut shoulda done the trick by now.

Why the hell am I still alive?



Teela's apartment.

Old friend, from back when I was touring.



ALL TOGETHER NOW.

LIKE FAMILY.

Follow the voice, Ed.



Keep moving.

Try the old spots.

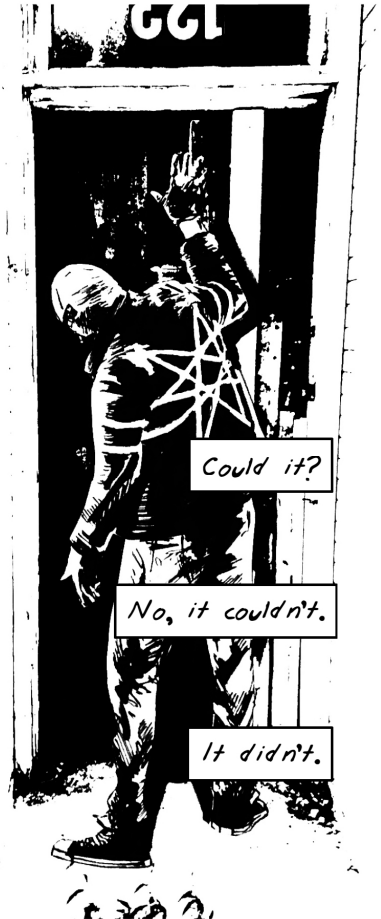


Grubby little rock star wannabe.

Me, not her.

This place was protected.

Whatever took the people couldn't get her.



Could it?

No, it couldn't.

It didn't.

It took me. Of course it did.

The people weren't taken.

I was.

*Teela's spells would have saved her,
but this isn't Teela's. Not really.*

This isn't real.

Or at least... I don't know.

Don't know where I am.

ALL MEN DIE ALONE.

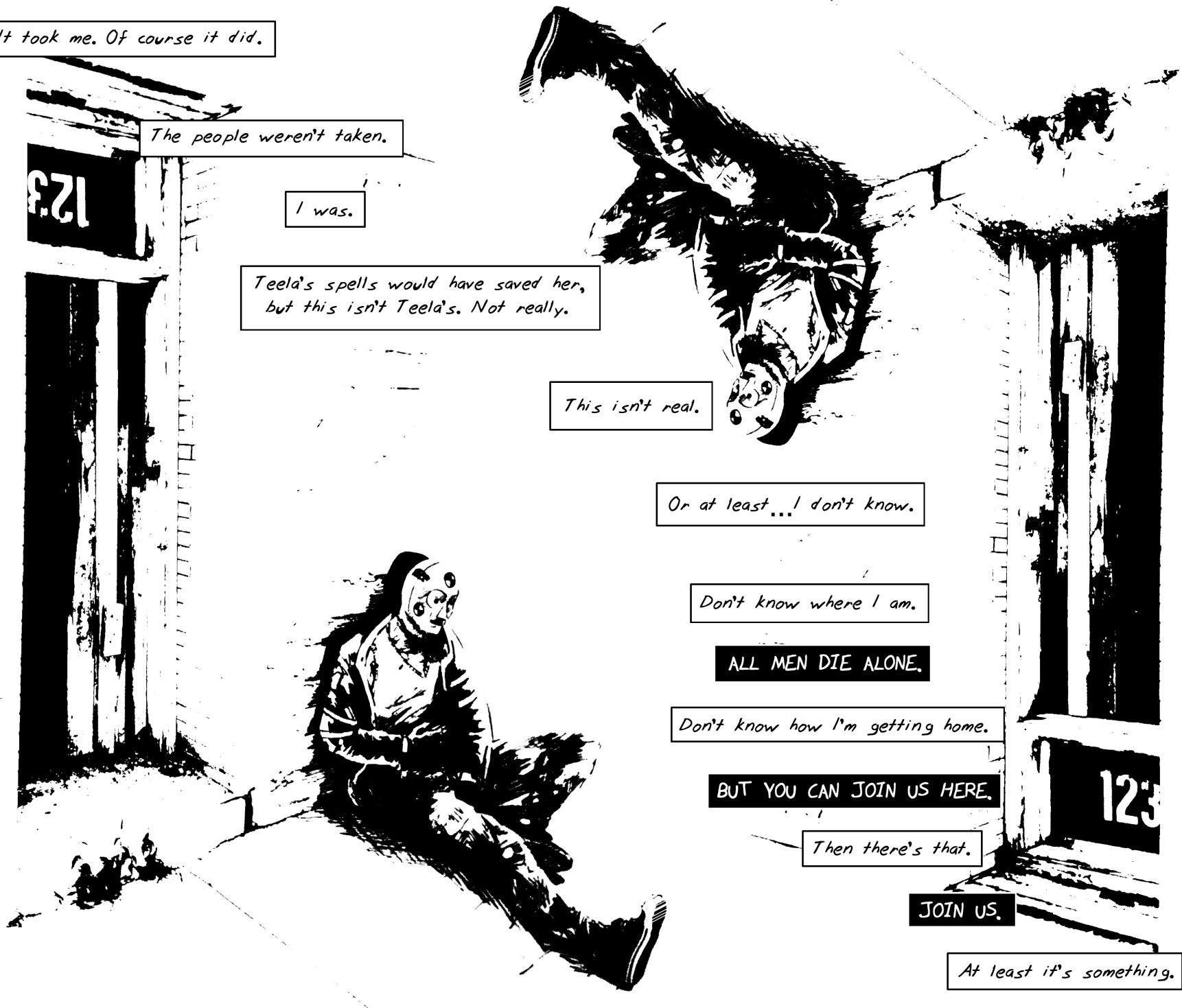
Don't know how I'm getting home.

BUT YOU CAN JOIN US HERE.

Then there's that.

JOIN US.

At least it's something.

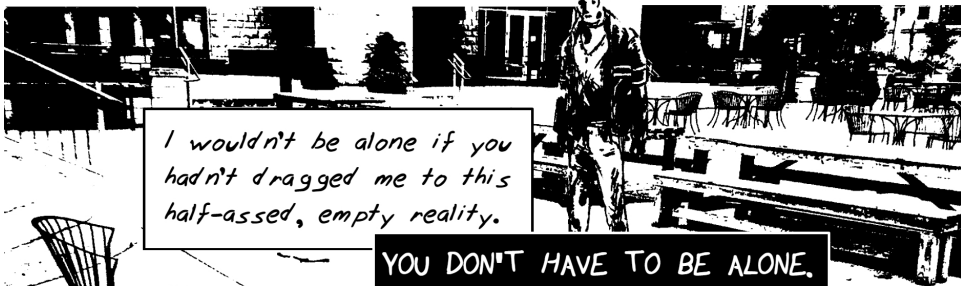




Follow the voice, Ed.

YOU'RE SO ALONE.

Stupid friggin' voice.



I wouldn't be alone if you hadn't dragged me to this half-assed, empty reality.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ALONE.



I agree.

I'm coming for you, bud.



This is all I do.

COME FIND ME.

Waste immortality searching for bullshit.

WHERE THE LIGHT MEETS THE DARK --

Like a voice in the dark.

AND BLINKS.

Or a pain in my ass.

COME FIND ME.

Ugh. Damn this hurts.

*Don't have long. Might not survive
my wound in this place.*

THAT'S IT, ED.

Wherever this is.

WHERE THE LIGHT --



Falling. I can barely stand.

Shaking, cold. Getting dizzy.

This place isn't real.

But it feels familiar.

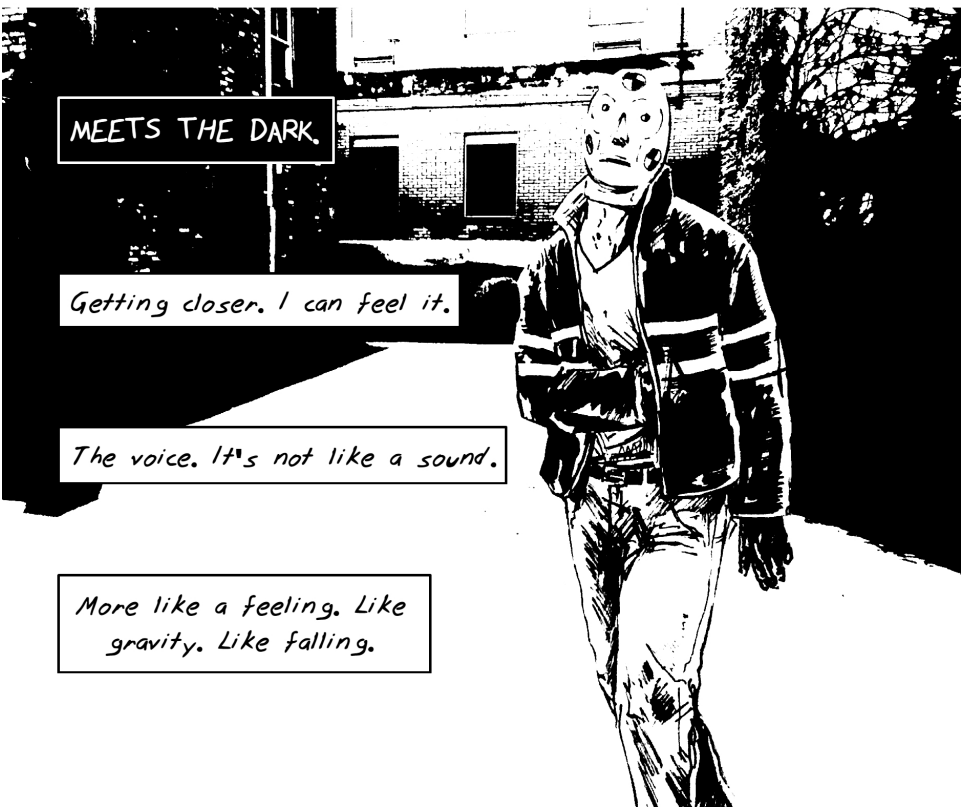


MEETS THE DARK.

Getting closer. I can feel it.

The voice. It's not like a sound.

*More like a feeling. Like
gravity. Like falling.*



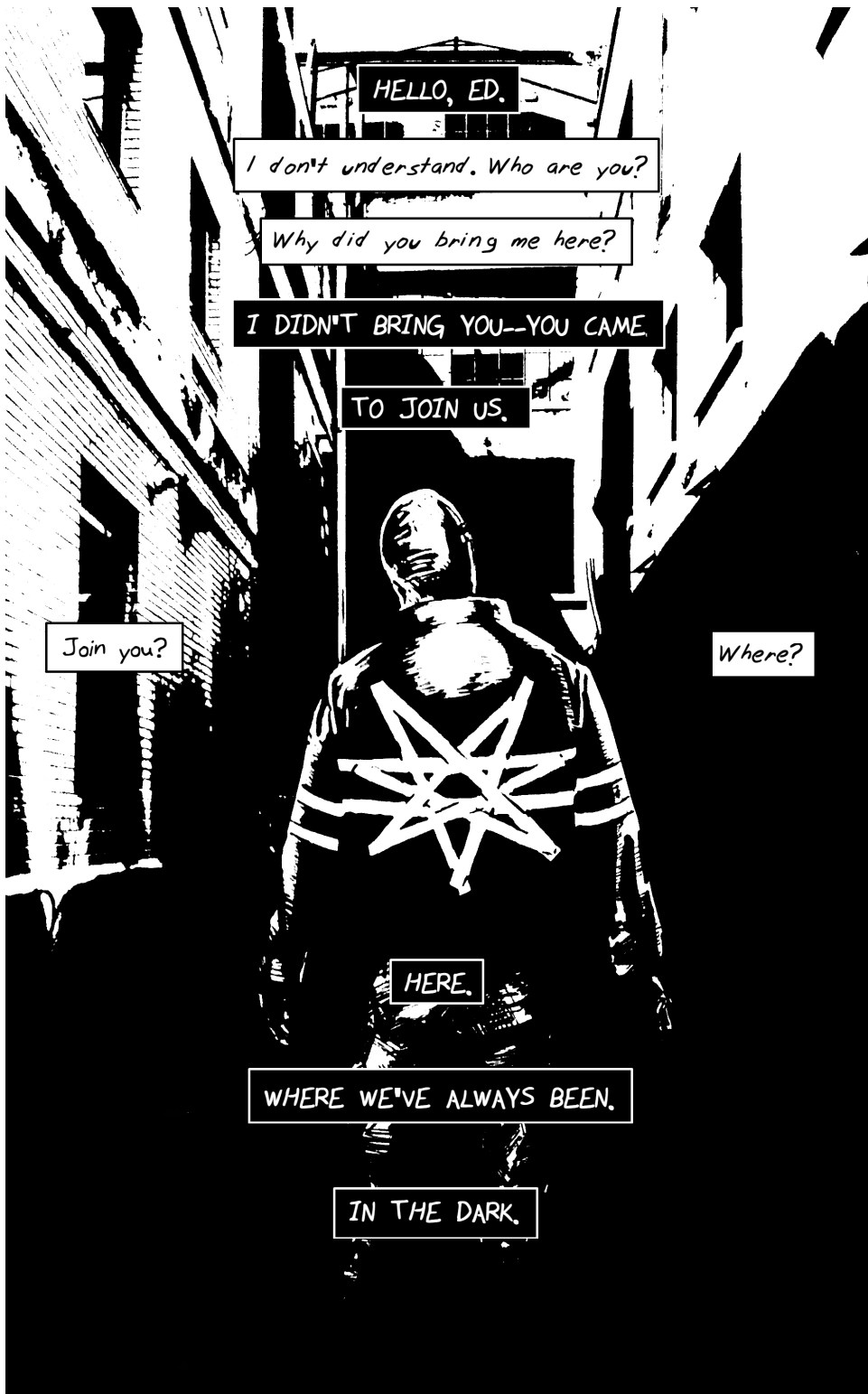
Feels like falling.

INTO THE DARKNESS.

Feels like going home.

DON'T BE SCARED.





HELLO, ED.

I don't understand. Who are you?

Why did you bring me here?

I DIDN'T BRING YOU--YOU CAME

TO JOIN US.

Join you?

Where?

HERE.

WHERE WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN.

IN THE DARK.



I don't want to join you.

YOU ALWAYS SAY THAT.

Ugh.

YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

TAKE OFF YOUR MASK.

I'll die with my mask on.

THEN YOU'LL DIE WITHOUT A FACE.

TAKE OFF YOUR MASK, ED HELLION.



This is--

I KNOW.



GIVE ME THE MASK, ED.

THAT'S IT.



It's been so long.



All at once, I remember.

So long.

So long that I'd forgotten --

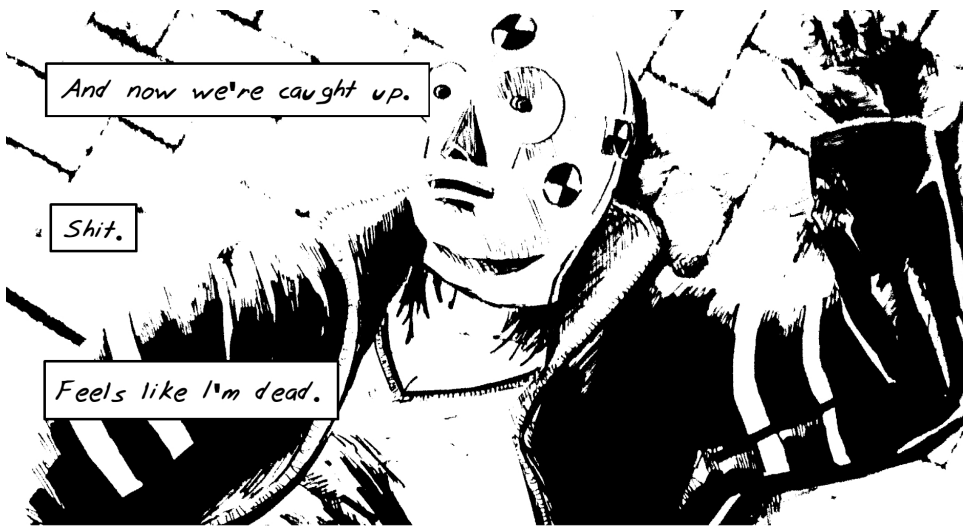


what it was like to look into a mirror.



SO LONG, ED.

So long.



And now we're caught up.

Shit.

Feels like I'm dead.



GUH!

Feels like I SHOULD
be dead.

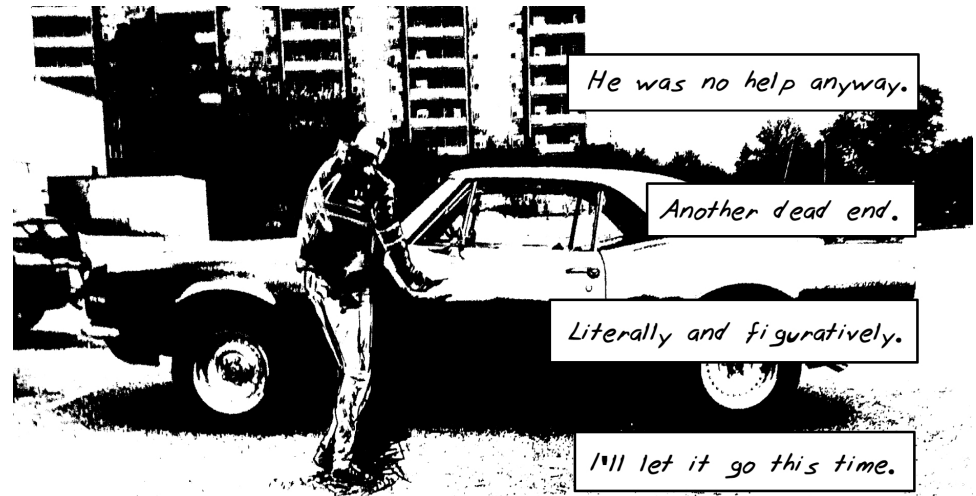
But no such luck.



The man in the alley whispered something.

Then he shot me.

The manners on some people. Rude.

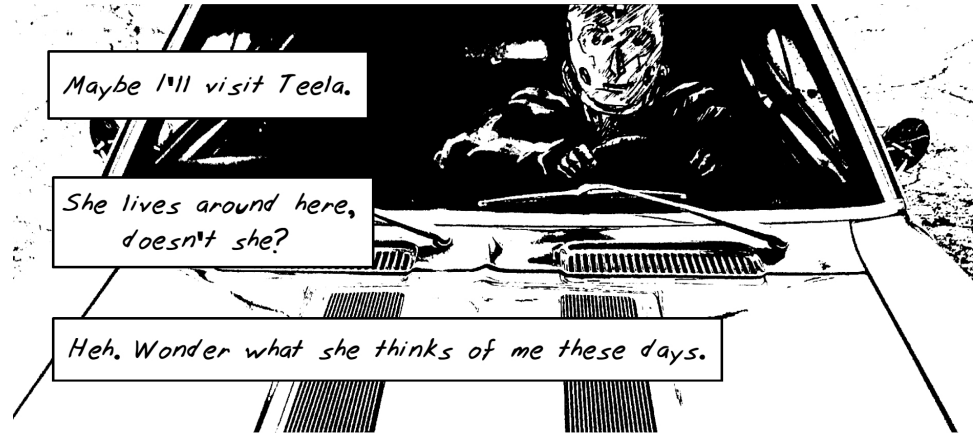


He was no help anyway.

Another dead end.

Literally and figuratively.

I'll let it go this time.



Maybe I'll visit Teela.

She lives around here,
doesn't she?

Heh. Wonder what she thinks of me these days.



Grubby little rock
star wannabe.

END

So... that was something, eh?

Maybe not much of something, but what you have just read is the very first published story of Ed Hellion, former rock star and modern day curse hunter. It gives a very big clue to what will eventually (hopefully) become the central mystery surrounding his character—just what the hell happened to his face.

This comic was made using a mixture of pen and ink art with the same style of high contrast black & white photography that's been used throughout the first volume of PEDESTRIAN PARKING. Each page was done first as a physical collage, and then scanned digitally to clean it up and apply lettering. In the end, it's still just words and pictures—that's all this zine has ever been, and that's often all you need.

I hope you've found something to enjoy so far, and I hope that you'll stick around for the final issue of the first volume of PEDESTRIAN PARKING, due out next month.

All the best,

-J

