

WHERE DID YOU SLEEP



TOM MULARZ
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**WRITTEN BY
TOM MULARZ**

**ART, COLORS, COVER BY
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**LETTERING BY
ANDWORLD DESIGN**

SEATTLE.
1987.

WITH ALL THAT'S
CREPT UP FROM
THE RAIN-DROWNED
GROUND OF THIS
PLACE...

PINKY'S
WE ROCK MUSIC

SILICON
SORCERERS,
A SKYLINE
SYRINGE...

DISPATCH
SAID THE VIC'S
IN THE BACK
ROOM OF THIS
DIVE.

DARK ROAST COFFEE
AND THE DARKER
HEARTS OF A DOZEN
SERIAL KILLERS...

GREEN RIVER KILLER:
THE NEXT TED BUNDY?



DAMN
HORROR SHOW
IN THERE,
OFFICERS.

DETECTIVES.

STILL ONE THING
THIS CITY'S NEVER
GIVEN RISE TO...



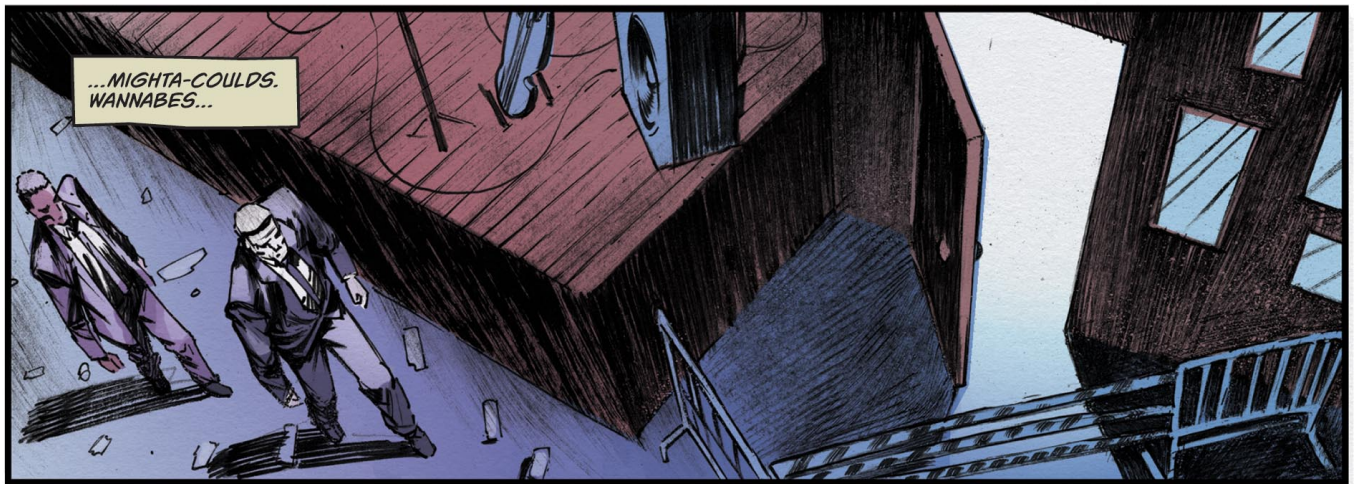
THERE'S NEVER BEEN
A ROCK STAR
FROM SEATTLE.

THIS WAY,
JIMMY.



NOT THAT THERE
AIN'T BEEN A
MUSIC SCENE.

PUGET SOUND'S
HAD ITS SHARE OF
ONE-HIT WONDERS...



...MIGHTA-COULD'S.
WANNABES...



...MYSELF
COUNTED
AMONG
THEM, ONCE
UPON A TIME.

OVER
HERE,
JIMMY.



YOU KNOW THAT AIN'T MY NAME, MERCER.

SURE. OVER HERE, **JAMES.**

THIRTY YEARS OF ROCK 'N ROLL, AND NO LOCAL GUITAR HERO HAS EVER MADE A BIG-TIME NAME FOR HIMSELF...



...AND THIS ONE WON'T BE THE FIRST.

HOLY HELL...



WHAT'S THAT NEAR HIS SHOULDERS?



SEEN IT BEFORE...



DREAMT IT? FLUTTERING, FLICKERING...

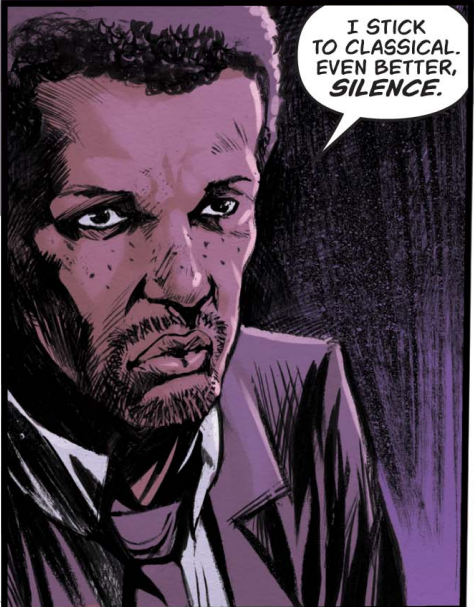


...LITTLE WINGS.



VIC'S NAME IS BLAINE COREY, FRONTMAN FOR A GROUP CALLED CHROME TYGER, EVER HEARD 'EM?

JIMMY HERE SWEARS ELECTRIC GUITAR MAKES HIM NAUSEOUS. WANNA SEE BLACK TURN GREEN, CRANK UP SOME SKYNYRD.



I STICK TO CLASSICAL. EVEN BETTER, SILENCE.



SO, BAND'S 'SPOSE TO GO ON AT TEN. COREY SHOWS UP A COUPLE HOURS EARLY TO LEECH OFF THE BACKSTAGE BOOZE. IN THERE ALONE, UNTIL, APPARENTLY, HE WASN'T. CLUB MANAGER FOUND HIM.



COULD BE ANY OF THESE FREAKS WENT IN AND CARVED HIM UP.

AND THEN STUCK AROUND? NOT A DROP OF BLOOD ON 'EM? DOUBT THAT.



REAL PITY THE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT WAS CANCELED...

WHY DON'T I INSPIRE SOME SINGING.



THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU GUTTER PUNK SATANISTS ARE INTO? SLASHING A BODY UP TO SUMMON YOUR DARK LORD?

YOU WANT THE DEVIL, HERE I AM.

TOLD YOU MAN, I DIDN'T DO OR SEE--



--NOTHING!



I'M THE BEST FRIEND A CROOKED SADIST CAN HAVE.

START TALKING, YOU PIECE OF A SILENT PARTNER.



SEEMS I WAS THE MUSE HE NEEDED.

HE REMEMBERED SOMETHING.



"I WAS WASTING SOME QUARTERS AND SOME VIET CONG WHEN I SEEN A GUY COME HAULING OUT OF THAT BACKSTAGE ROOM..."

"LOOKED LIKE BLOOD ON HIS HANDS."

"MIGHTA SEEN A BLADE, TOO."



"...DUDE TOOK OFF INTO THE NIGHT."



GUY YOU SAW, KNOW WHO HE IS? SEEN HIM BEFORE?



YEAH. PIECE OF TRASH DRIFTED UP FROM BUMFUCK ABERDEEN. LURKS AROUND SNIFFING THE BANDS' JOCKS.



HIS NAME?



HE TOLD ME ONCE. SAID HE WAS GONNA BE FAMOUS. NAME SOUNDED LIKE A PAINKILLER...



"...KIRK
CODEINE OR
SOME SHIT."