

THE SIRE OF SORROW

ANNIE FISH PRESENTS

2nd Printing

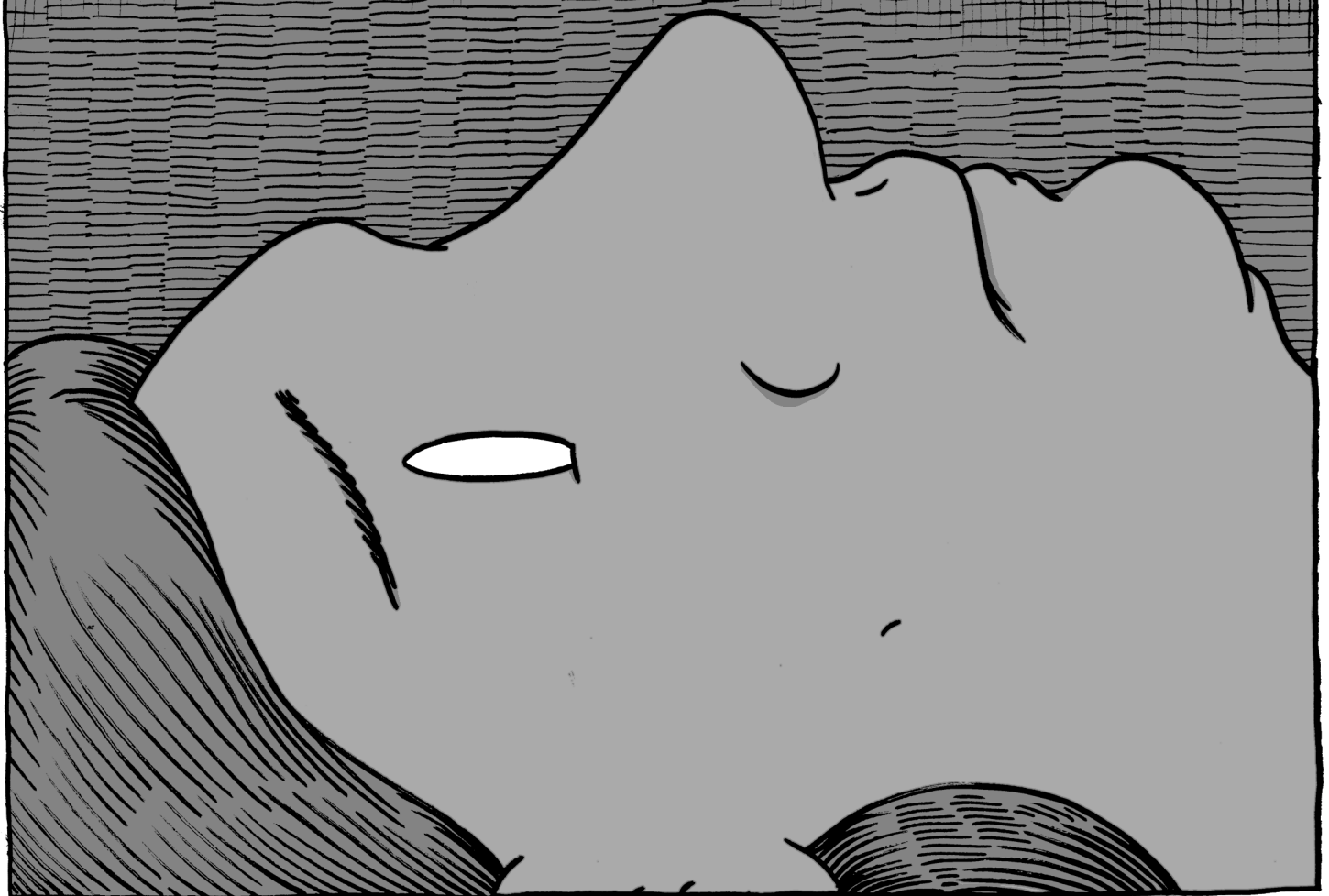
January 2025



Part One: Desert Debauchery

ANNIEFISH.NET

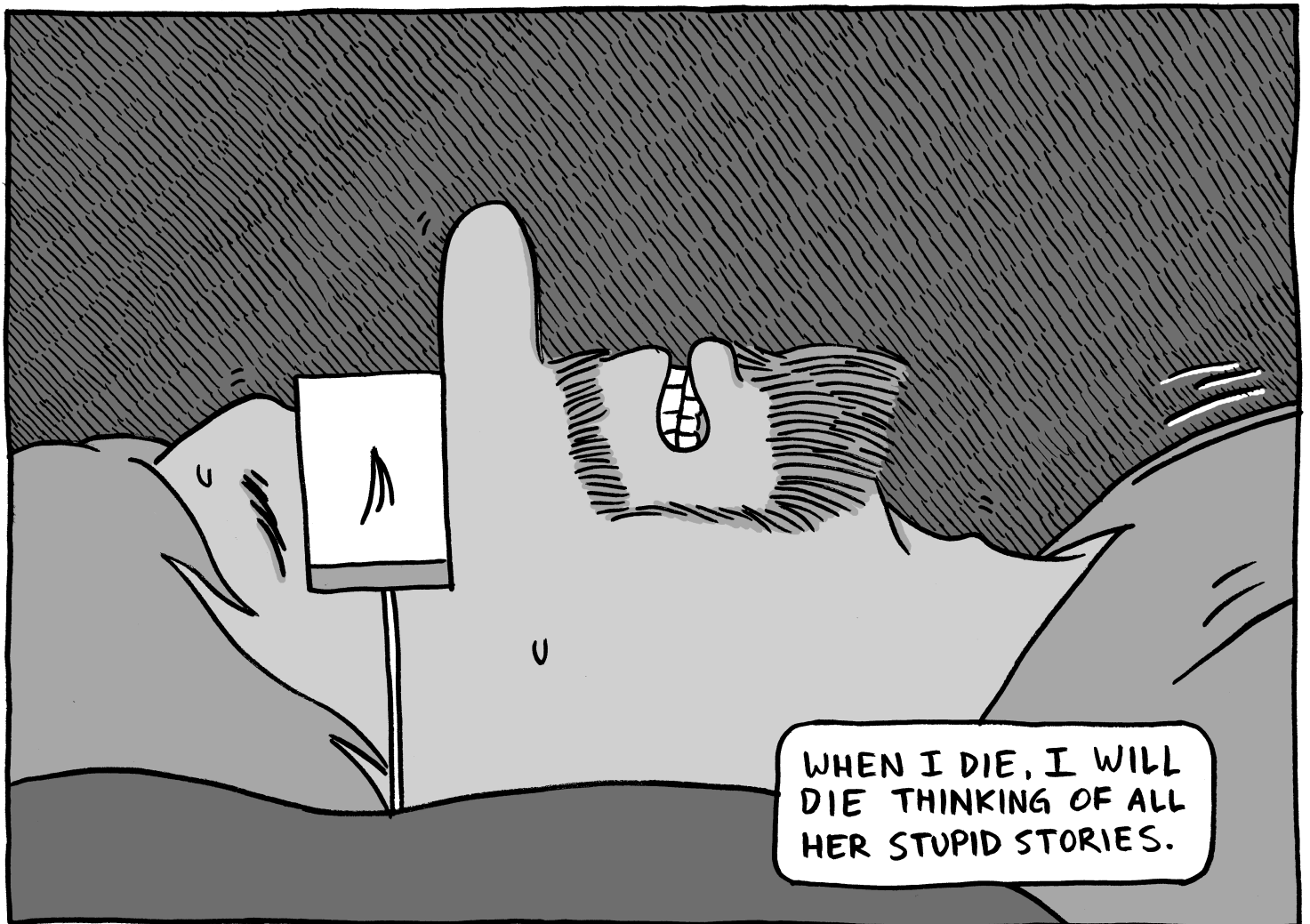
I AM THINKING OF MY SISTER.



I AM THINKING OF
EVERY STUPID STORY
SHE EVER TOLD ME.



WHEN I DIE, I WILL
DIE THINKING OF ALL
HER STUPID STORIES.



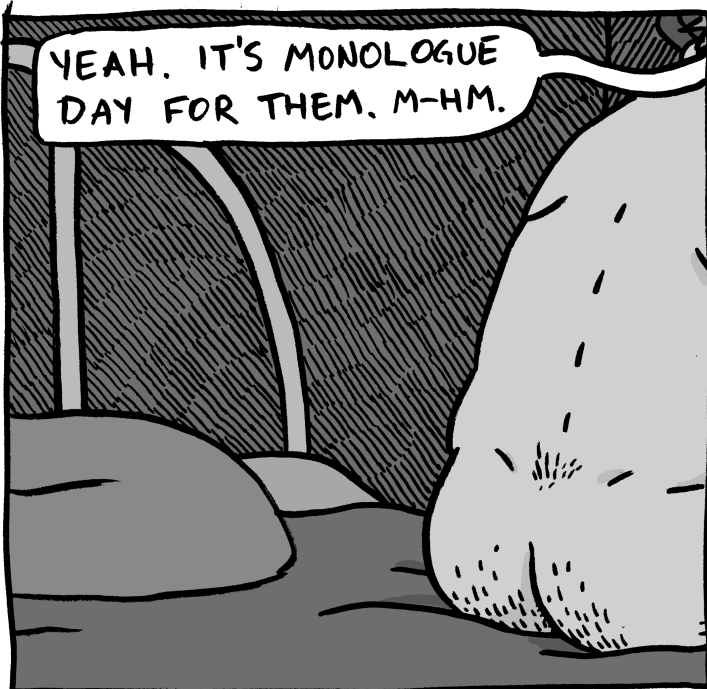
SORRY LOVE, I
DON'T HAVE MUCH
TIME THIS MORNING.



I HAVE TO GO TO
UH... A PREP SCHOOL?



YEAH. IT'S MONOLOGUE
DAY FOR THEM. M-HM.



YOUNG THESPIANS
AGAIN, YEAH.



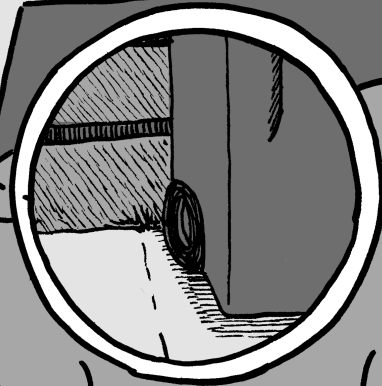
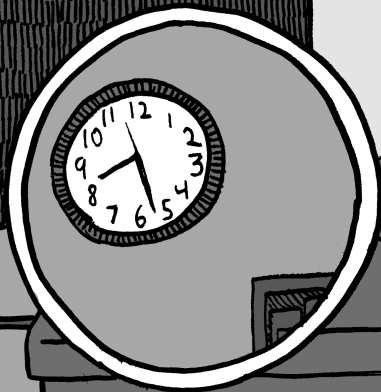
NO, I DON'T MIND.
IT'S ALWAYS FUN.



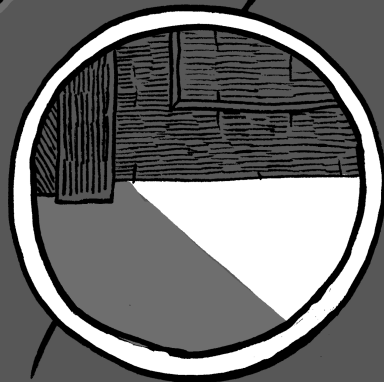
BUT I AM MADE
OF STORIES, TOO.



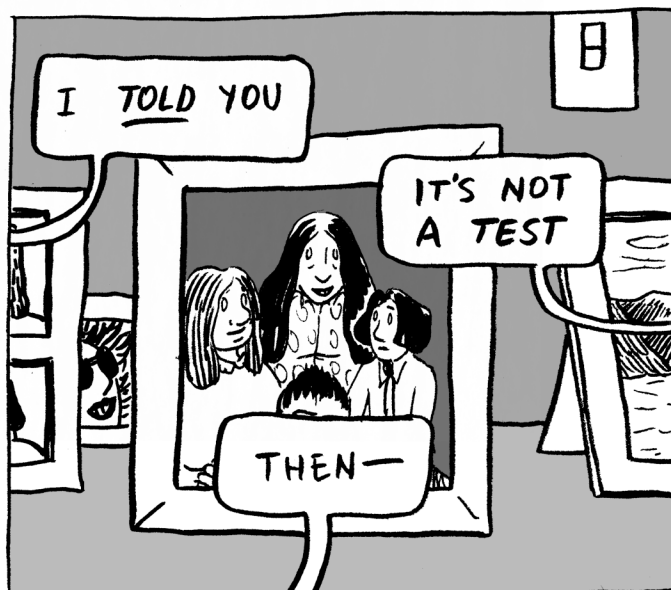
WHEN MY SISTER DIES,



WILL SHE THINK OF MINE?



I'M JUST WORRIED.



IT'S A ROTATION,
MOM. EVERYONE
HAS THEATER AT
ONE POINT DURING
THE YEAR.

PARADISO,
BUFFINGTON,
+ BORG.
ATTORNEYS
AT LAW.

1120 N EARLHILE AVENUE #3A
ALBANY, N.Y. 12206. 518-434-XXXX

SEPTEMBER

OH DO THEY? AND
NOW YOU'VE GOT
A MONOLOGUE?
WHAT DOES THAT
EVEN LOOK LIKE?



IT'S LIKE A SPEECH
YOU DELIVER TO
YOURSELF, BUT IN
FRONT OF PEOPLE.



SO YOU'RE RECITING
SOME SPEECH IN
FRONT OF YOUR CLASS?



YEAH, BUT I
WROTE IT.

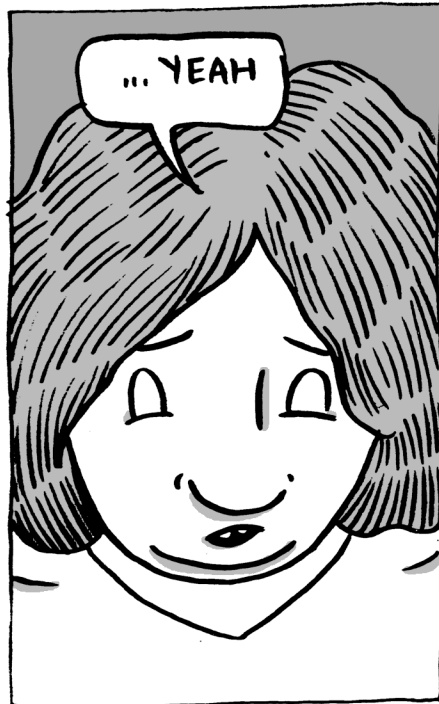
YOU-



-REALLY?



... YEAH



I-



WELL THEN,,,
GOOD LUCK?

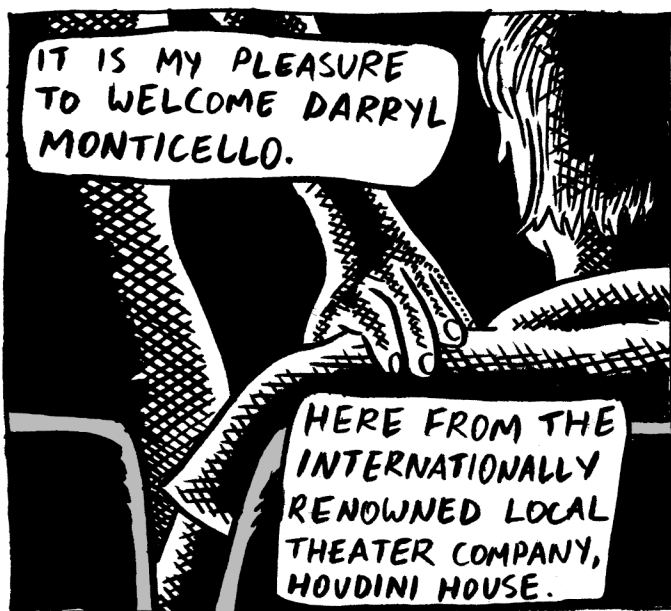


A black and white comic panel showing a theater audience from behind. In the foreground, a woman with short, wavy hair and a man with dark hair are seated. The man is looking towards the stage with his hand near his face. The stage is covered by a large, dark curtain. A speech bubble originates from the curtain, containing the text "O-KAY, LET'S GET STARTED". The theater's ceiling with two light fixtures is visible at the top.

O-KAY, LET'S
GET STARTED



FIRST, LET ME INTRODUCE
OUR SPECIAL GUEST TODAY,
WHO IS HERE TO GIVE YOU
INVALUABLE FEEDBACK ON
YOUR SOLD PIECES.



IT IS MY PLEASURE
TO WELCOME DARRYL
MONTICELLO.

HERE FROM THE
INTERNATIONALLY
RENOWNED LOCAL
THEATER COMPANY,
HOUDINI HOUSE.



AN HONOR AS ALWAYS, CHERI

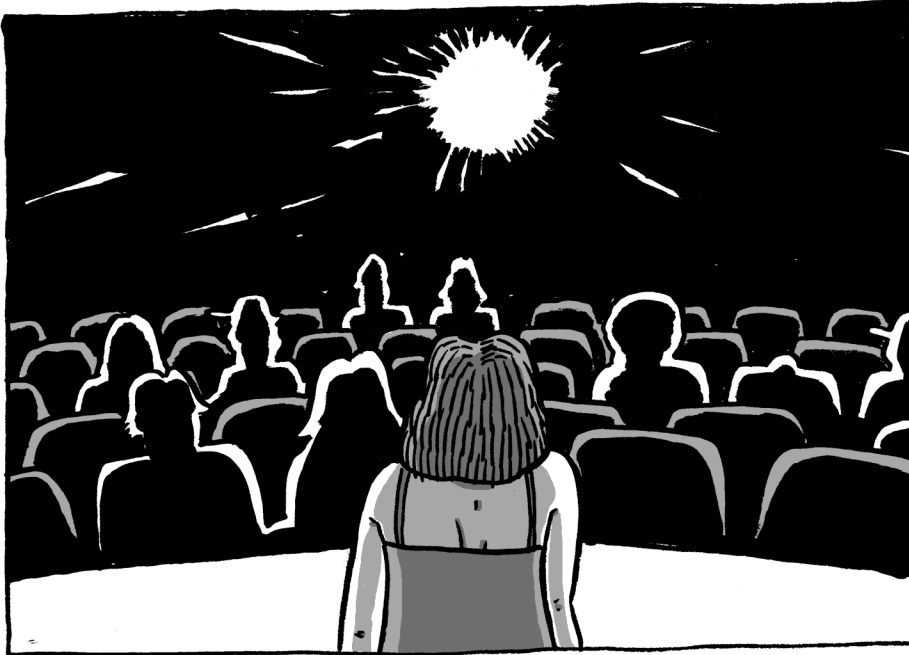


I'M DEEPLY LOOKING FORWARD
TO SEEING WHAT YOU YOUNG
THESPIANS HAVE IN STORE.

SO WHO'S FIRST?



OH, LET'S GO
WITH... SYLVIA P.



I WOKE UP.

THERE WAS A
TASTE... OF DUST,
OF... OF DIRT...

... IN MY MOUTH...

I WOKE UP AND I
DIDN'T SPIT, THERE
WAS DIRT, BUT...
I WANTED IT.

AND INSTEAD OF
SPITTING, I
MOVED IT AROUND

I DESERVED IT,
I DESERVED IT,
WHERE DID THAT
COME FROM?

I WANTED
IT THERE

THAT THOUGHT?
THAT FEELING...
THAT KNOWLEDGE

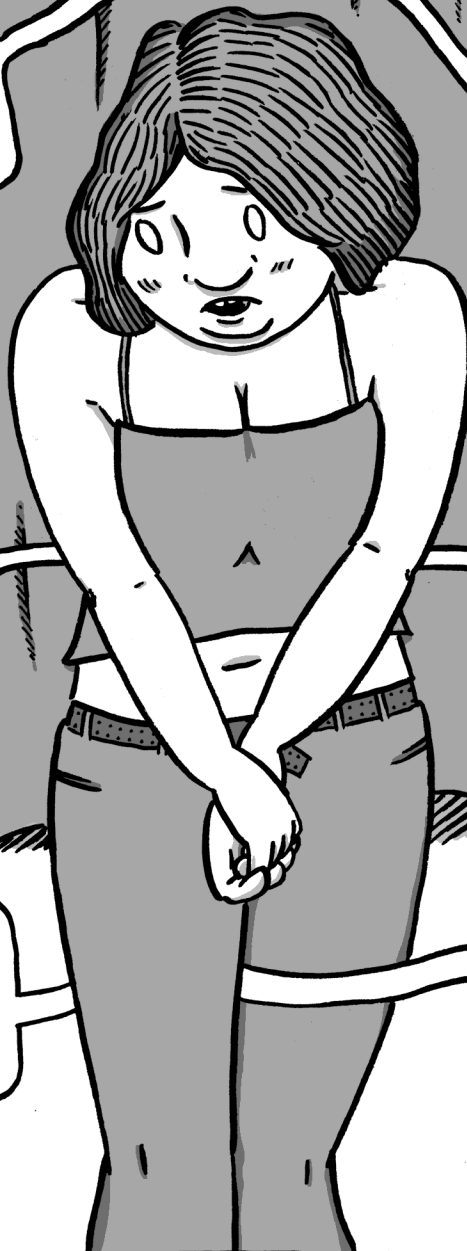
... AND THE GRIT
BETWEEN MY TEETH
AFTER A HARD DAY


I ROLLED OVER
AND I SAW HIM
IN MY BED

... AFTER
ANY DAY...

I SAW HIM AND I
KNEW HE HAD PUT
THE DIRT IN THERE

I KNEW IT WAS HIM





HE TOOK ME BY THE JAW AND
HE TOOK A WELL-CAKED
TROWEL IN THE OTHER HAND

AND HE LIFTED MY
CHIN AND TOLD ME
TO BE A GOOD GIRL

THEN THERE WAS DIRT. IT
WAS IN MY MOUTH. I WAS
SWALLOWING IT. IT HAD
MOVED BEYOND MY TEETH,
IT WAS ON MY TONGUE...

... IT WAS MY TONGUE

THE DIRT AND THE DUST
AND THE GRIT AND IT
WAS MIXING WITH MY
BLOOD AND IT WAS
BELOMING ME, BELOMING
A PART OF MY BODY...

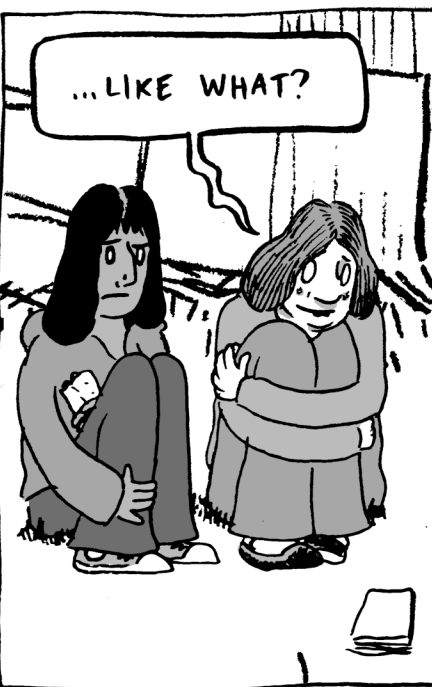
... AND -
I NEEDED IT.
I ...
WANTED IT.

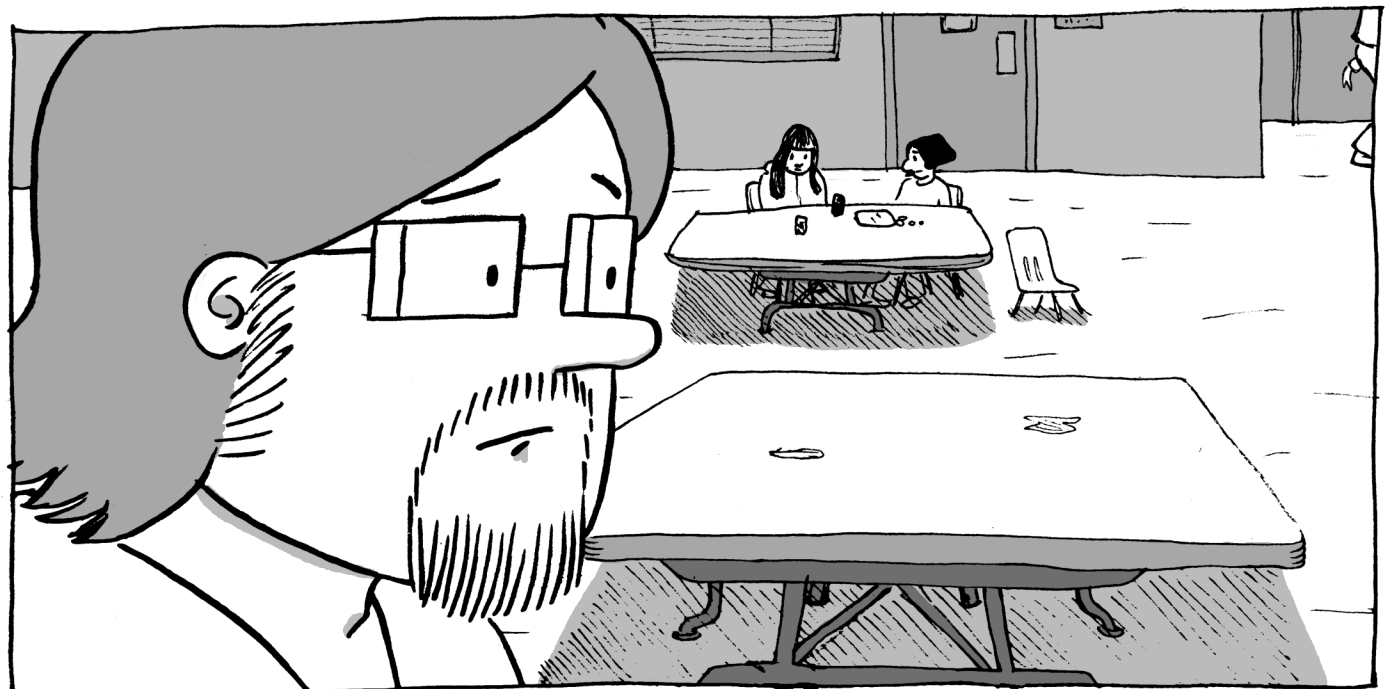
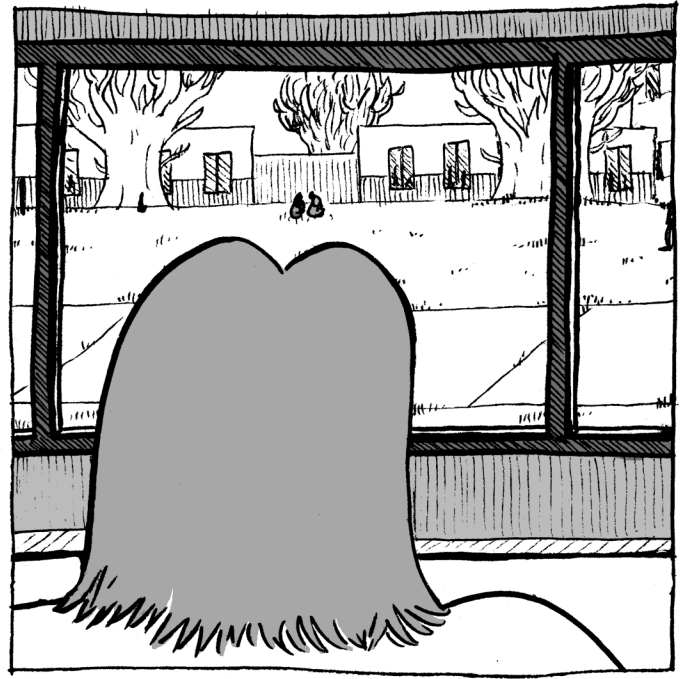
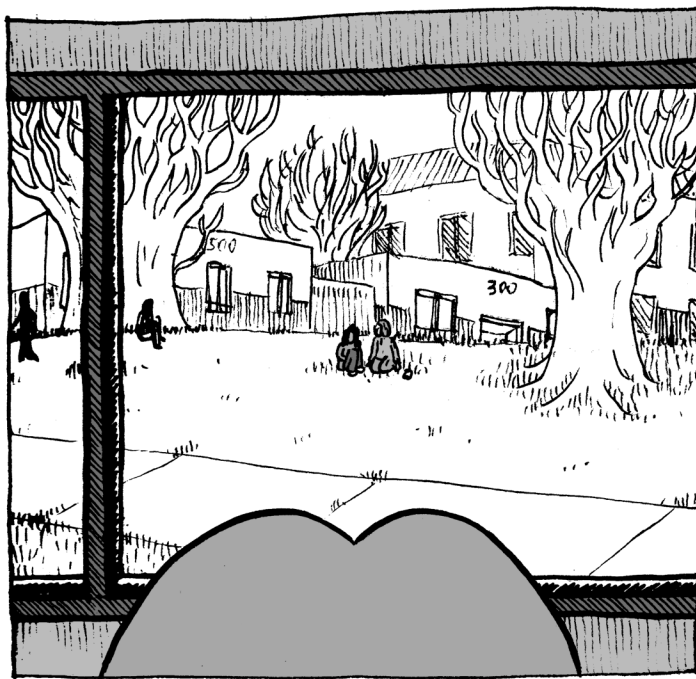
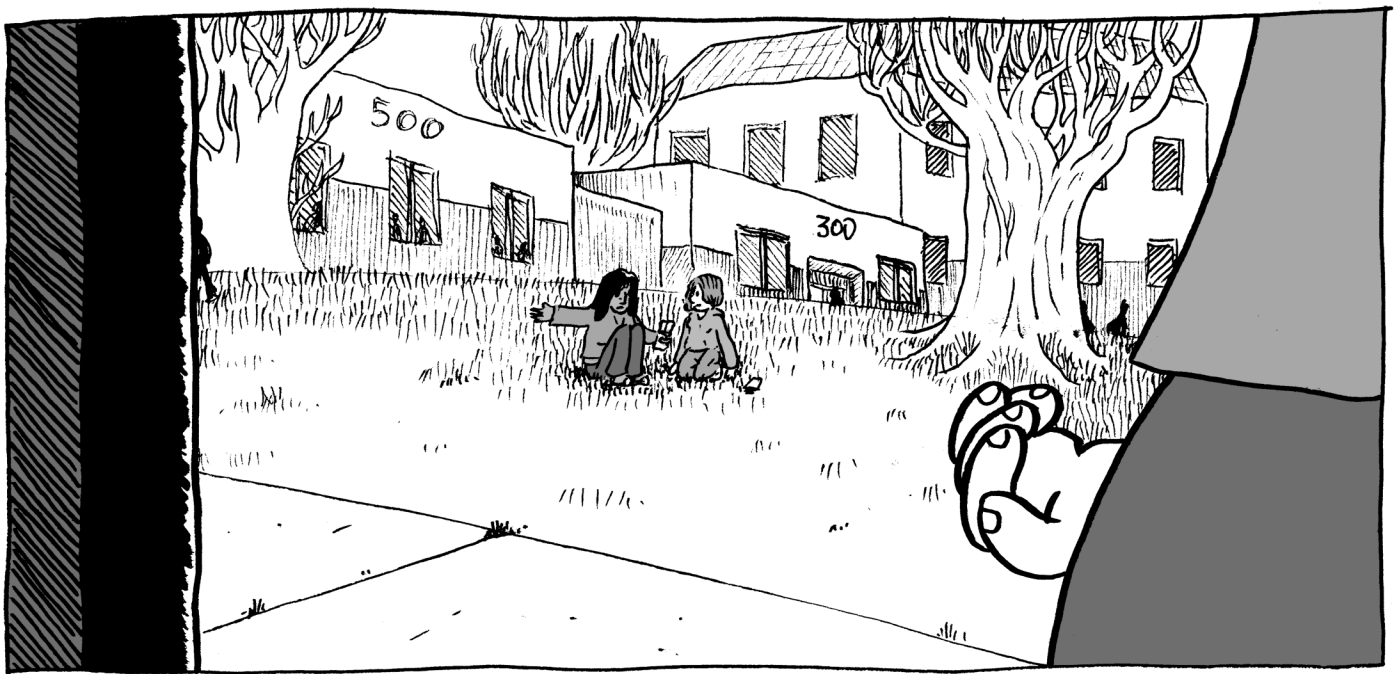
I KNEW I DESERVED THIS
BLOOD AND THIS DIRT- A
LONGING, FOR HIM, FOR
THAT HAND. FOR THAT
DESIRE. AND THEN HE -

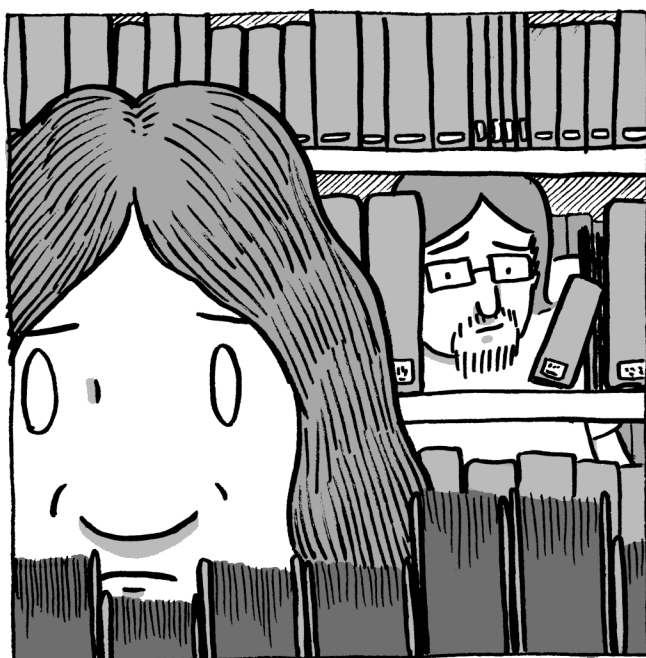
... NEVER
MIND.



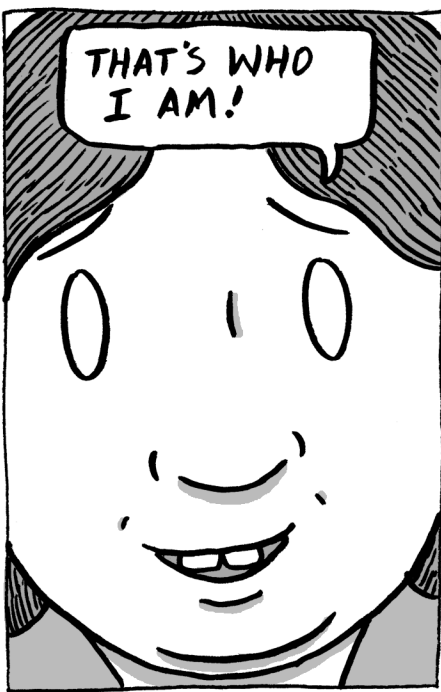




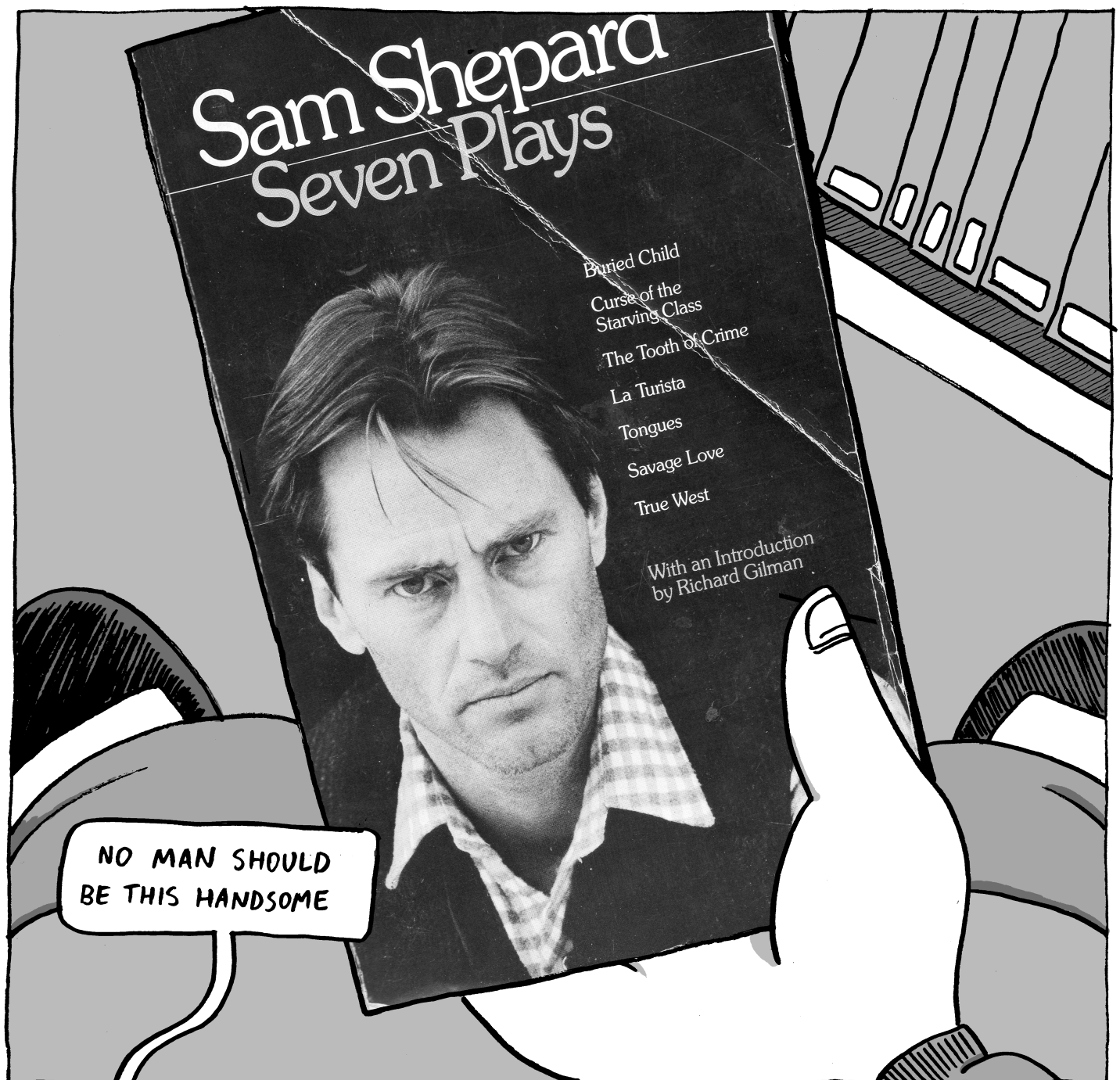


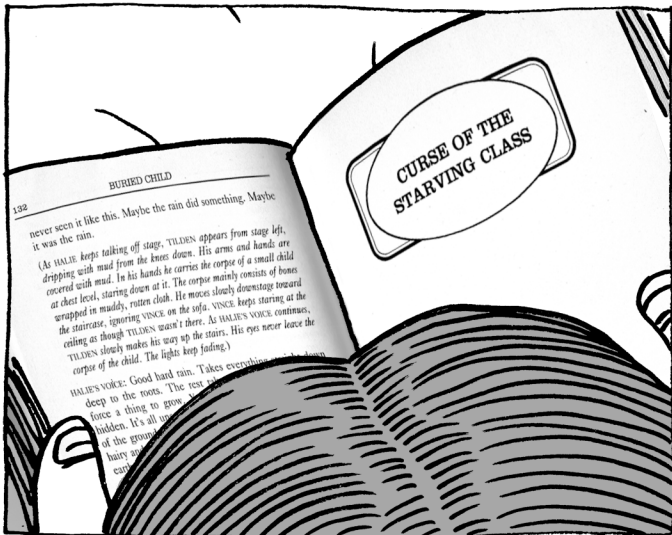






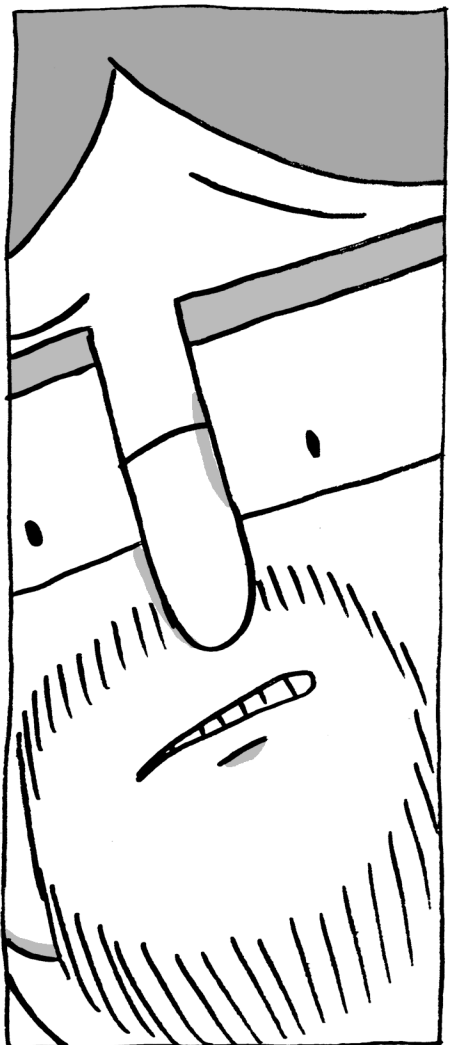
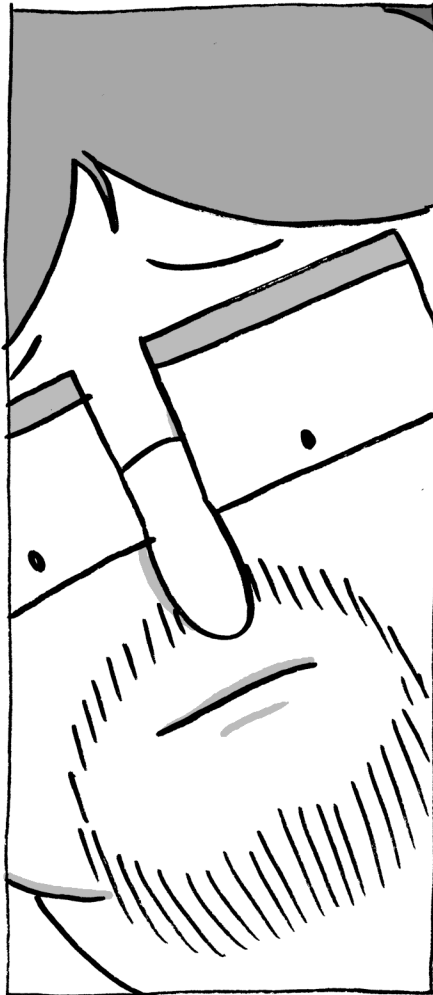


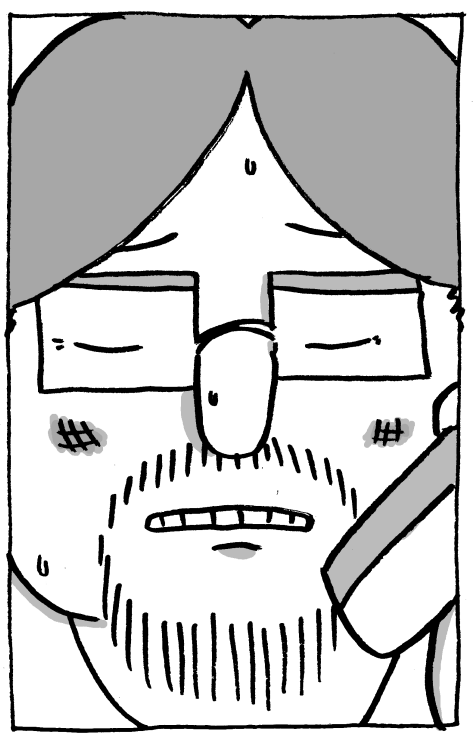
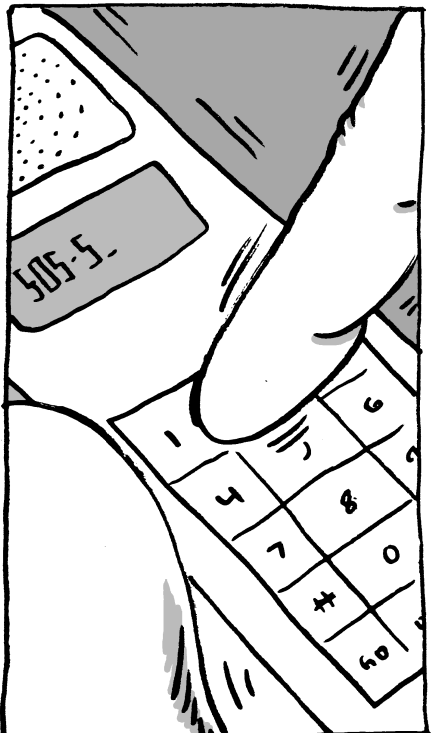


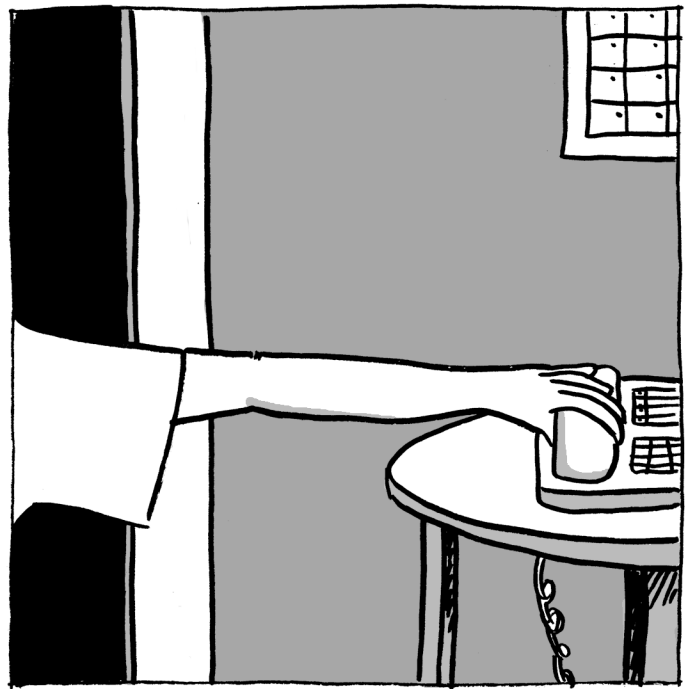


















“...no man should be this handsome.”