

BOOM!
STUDIOS

SIMON SPURRIER CHRIS WILDGOOSE ANDRÉ MAY

NO. 1

ALIENATED

TM



BOOM!
STUDIOS

ALIENATED™

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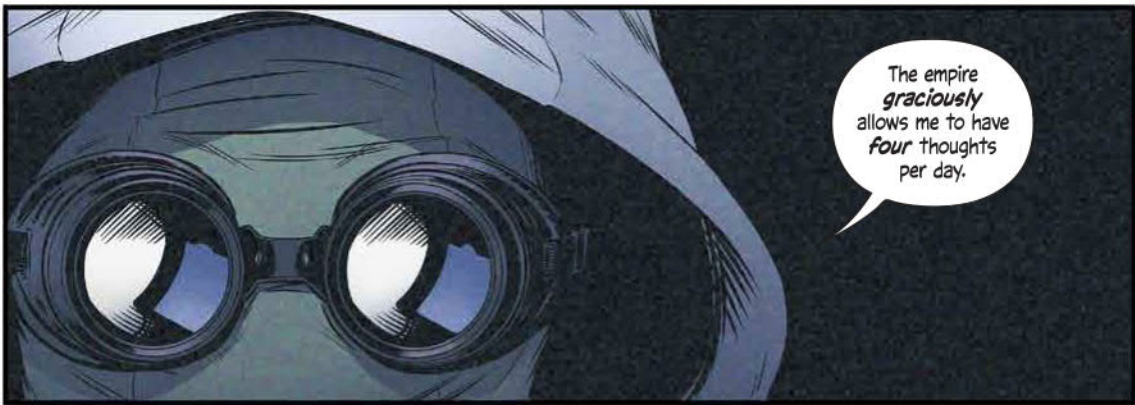
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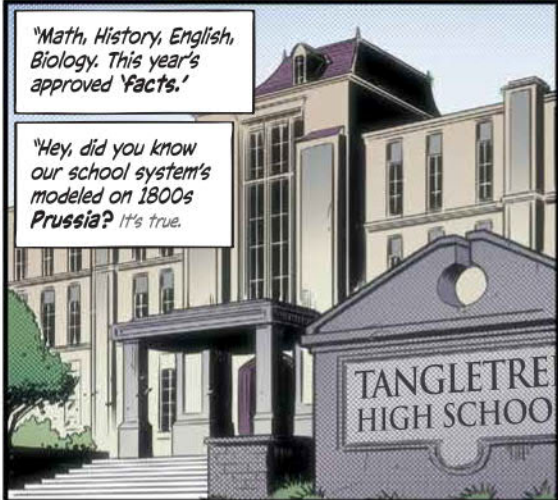
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The empire *graciously* allows me to have *four* thoughts per day.



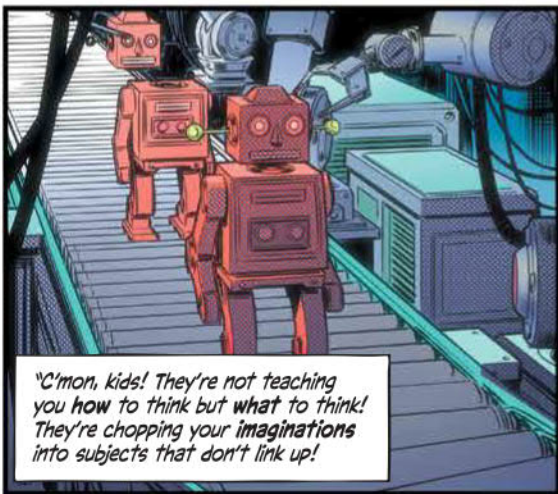
"Math, History, English, Biology. This year's approved 'Facts.'

"Hey, did you know our school system's modeled on 1800s Prussia? It's true.

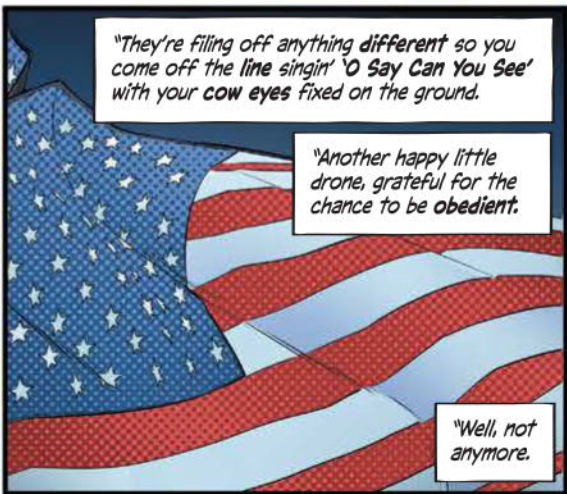


"You think those guys wanted to nurture unique minds?"

"Or did they want a generation of robots to go fight Napoleon?"



"C'mon, kids! They're not teaching you how to think but what to think! They're chopping your imaginations into subjects that don't link up!"



"They're filing off anything different so you come off the line singin' 'O Say Can You See' with your cow eyes fixed on the ground.

"Another happy little drone, grateful for the chance to be obedient.

"Well, not anymore.



It's *our* future, not *theirs*. It's time to wake up! It's time to rage and roar and take back the world!

It's time--



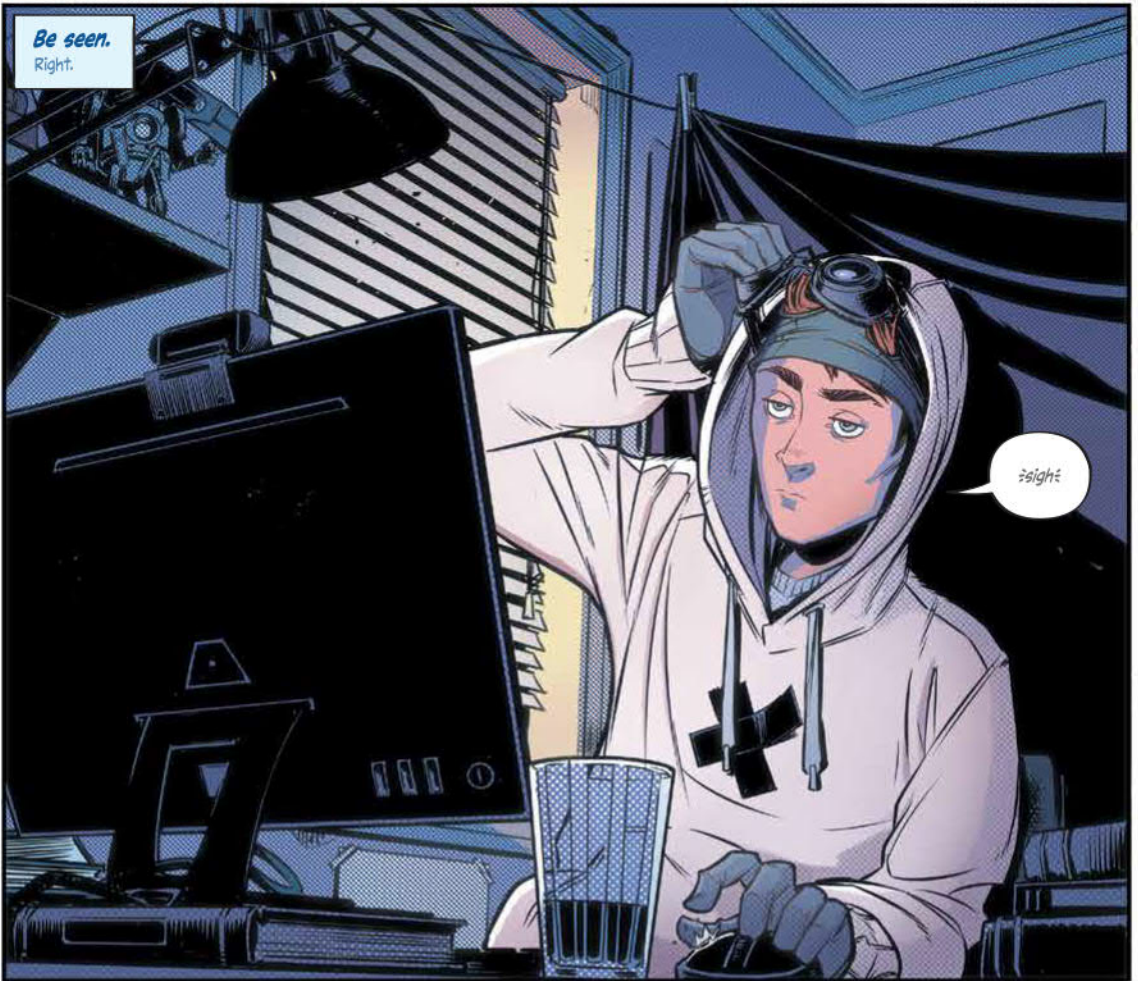
--to be seen.



UPLOAD

KLK

Be seen.
Right.



Weekly average of *forty-three* views.
Not exactly *world-shaking*, huh?



Got a couple new *subscribers*,
though--*that's* cool. Better a
few inquiring minds than a
billion dumb clickers.

...what's the
alternative?



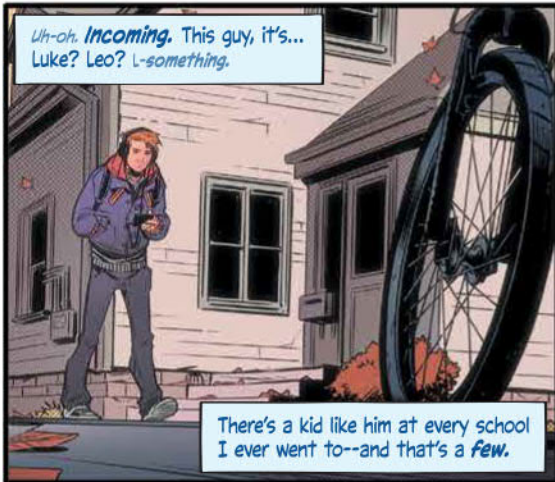
"*Factions speak louder than herds*"--
that's one of the
golden rules.

The others are
"*Don't read the
comments*"
and
"*Keep the
damn content
flowing, dummy.*"

Because...c'mon.



Anonymity?



Uh-oh. *Incoming*. This guy, it's... Luke? Leo? L-something.

There's a kid like him at every school I ever went to--and that's a *few*.



Kind who feels *persecuted* when anyone *else* gets a *win*. A *grudge* with shoes, basically.

Hey. Newbie.



I said h--

Uh, *sorry*, I'm kinda--can't *hear* ya! Watchin' a *thing*, y'know?

Easy to get *tainted* by association, little town like Tangletree. That's another *golden rule*, I guess:

Probably got a shopping list of *small arms* in the pocket of his favorite trenchcoat. One of *those* guys.

Just my luck he's the only one so far who even *noticed* me.

S A M U E L



Better anonymous than unappreciated.



Six more months.

College. New state.
New crowd.

Six more months.



Six more m--

##%&.



Hey--
uh, L-Leon?
It's **Leon**,
right?

C-could you tell the
driver to *wait*? I had to
walk the neighbor's *dog*
and I'm running
la--

You talkin'
to *me*,
princess?



It rhymes with
"shore."

That's
the last
one, pal.
Nobody else
comin'.

He slows the bike
and he says that's
the first time I ever
said his name.

I'm about to
apologize for that
--I'm blushing, even--
when he meets my eye
and says a *word*.

S A M A N T H A



Six more months.



Okay. Okay, sure. I will caffeinate his homophobic ass. **NBD.**

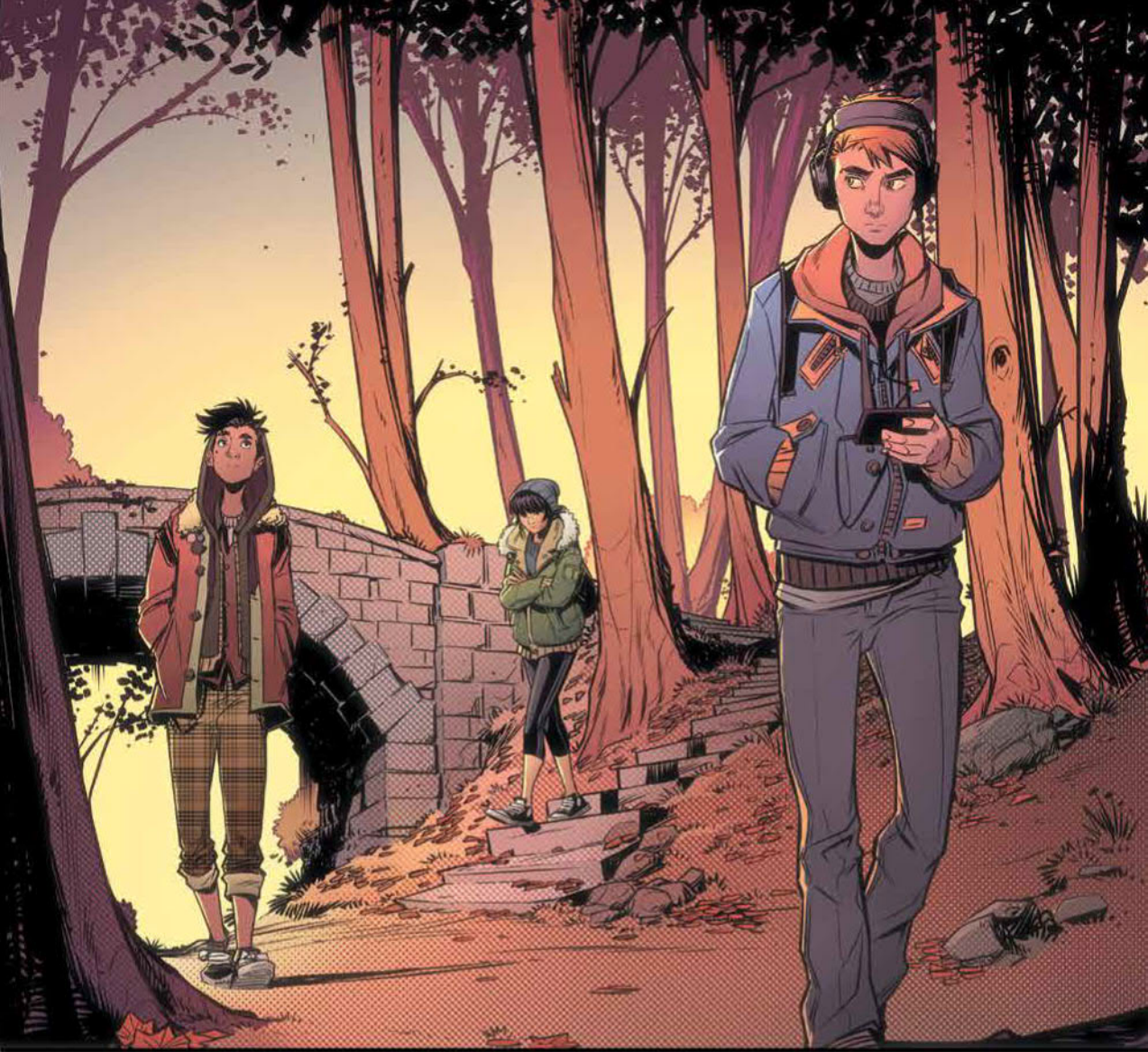
I don't need to be nice to Leon. **Everybody** hates him. I'll--what? I'll shout "you want whip with that?" and I'll throw it at his head. Yeah.

I don't *have* to be, y'know. **Liked.** Not by **everybody.**



S A M I R





Chapter 1: THREE KIDS CALLED SAM GO WALKING IN THE WOODS

