



LEES
CORMACK
CORMACK
LEE



SINK

#6



LEES
CORMACK
CORMACK
LEE

SINK

#6





“Death and the Midden”

STORY BY JOHN LEES

**ART BY
ALEX CORMACK**

**COLOURS BY
ALEX & ASHLEY CORMACK**

LETTERS BY SHAWN LEE

LOGO BY TIM DANIEL



Tyler James, Publisher
Steven Forbes, Editor-in-Chief
Joe Mulvey, VP Creative
Matt Zolman, Logo Design
facebook.com/comixtribe
@comixtribe
www.ComixTribe.com

Sink #6.

2018 Published by ComixTribe. All associated characters and groups, and their likenesses are © John Lees & Alex Cormack. All rights reserved. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities between names, characters, persons and/or situations with those of any living or dead person or institution, without satiric intent, is purely coincidental. Now just try to get out of the van.





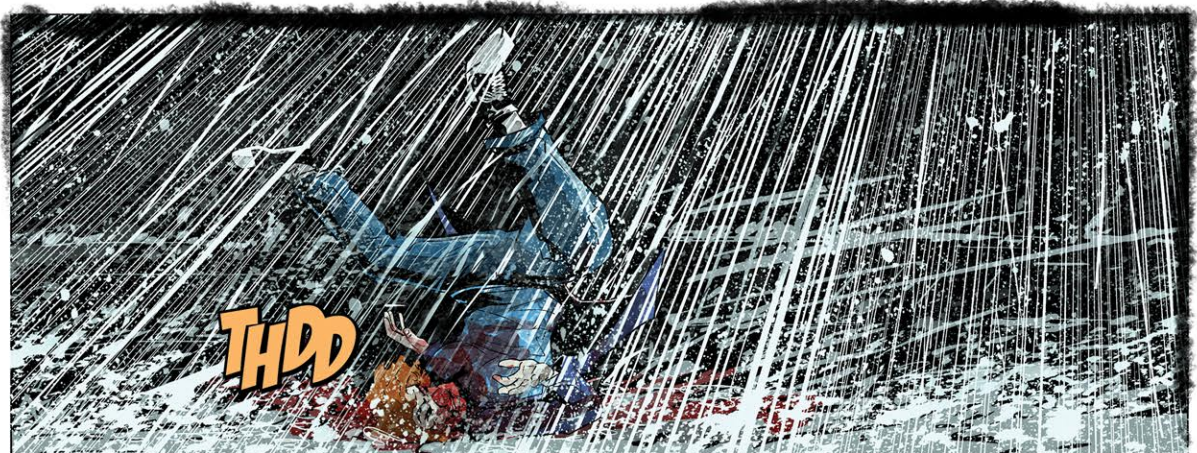
THOOP



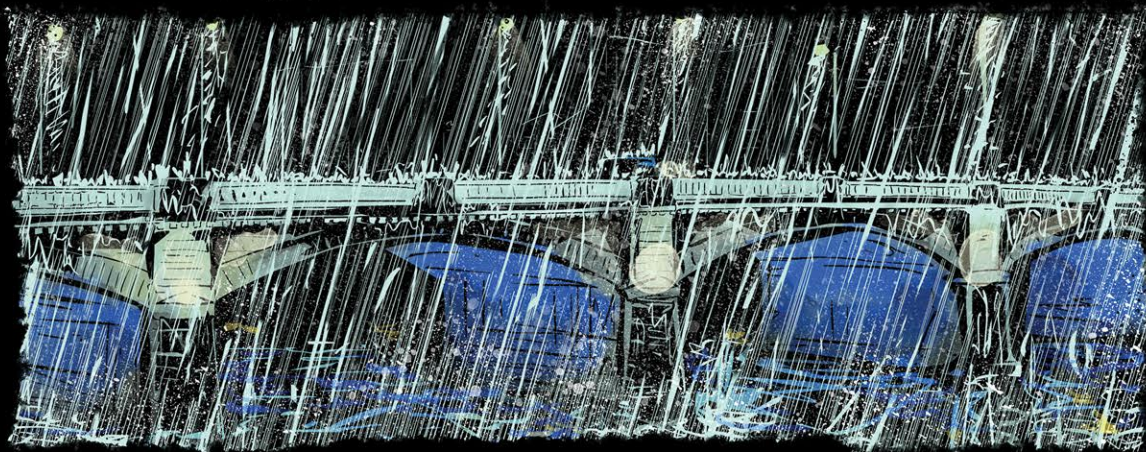
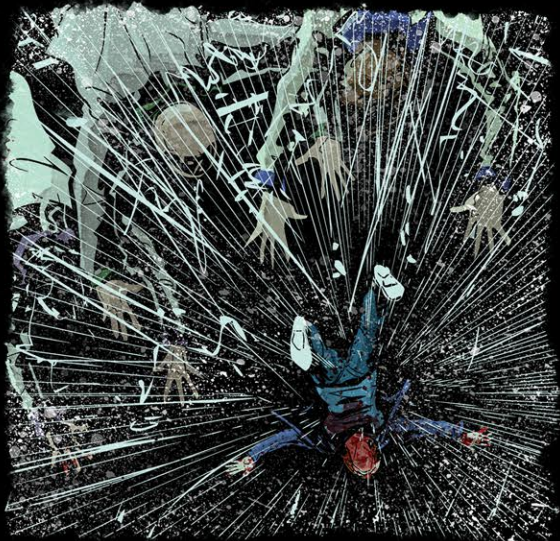
WHAM

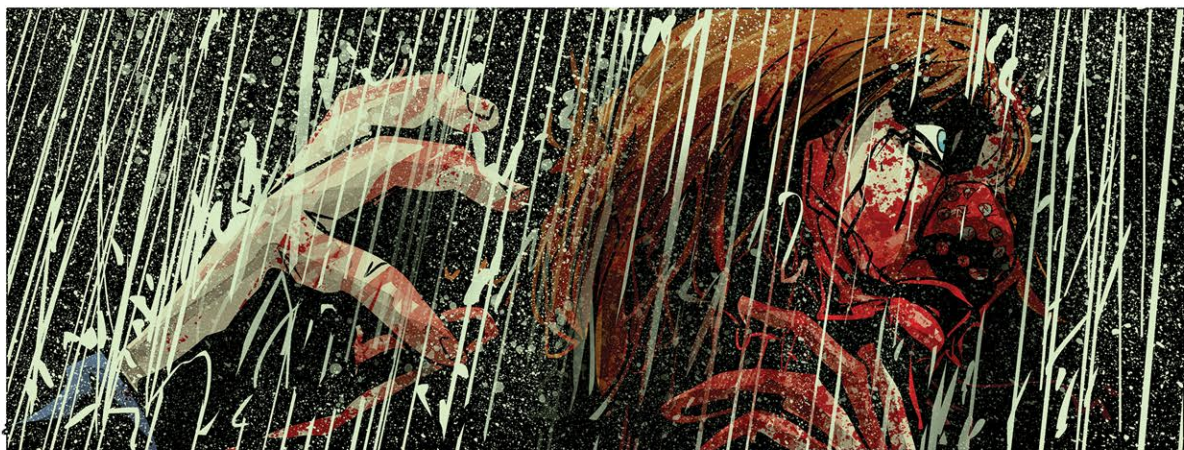
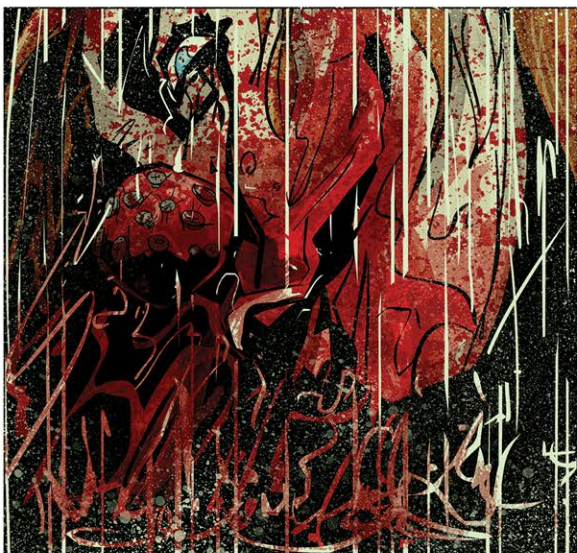
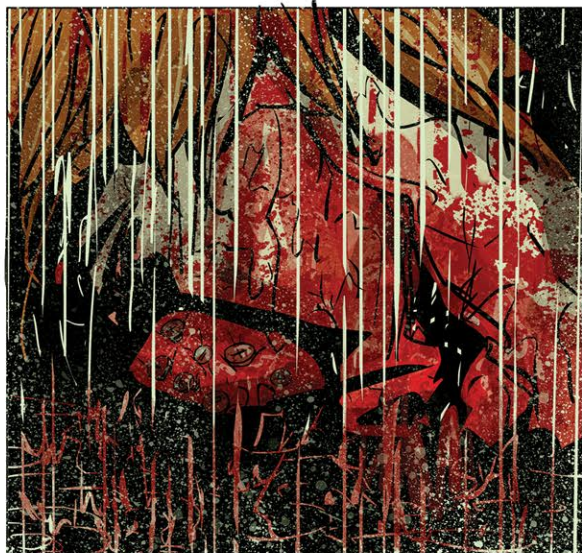


THDD



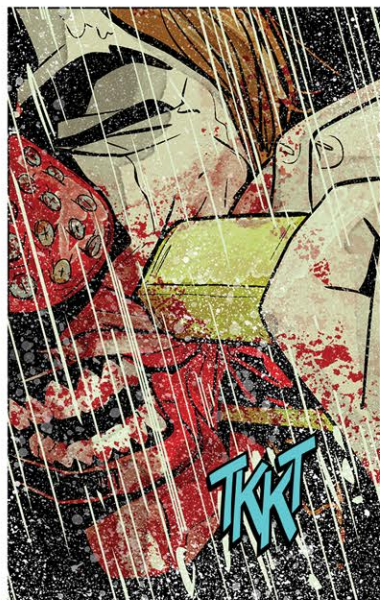


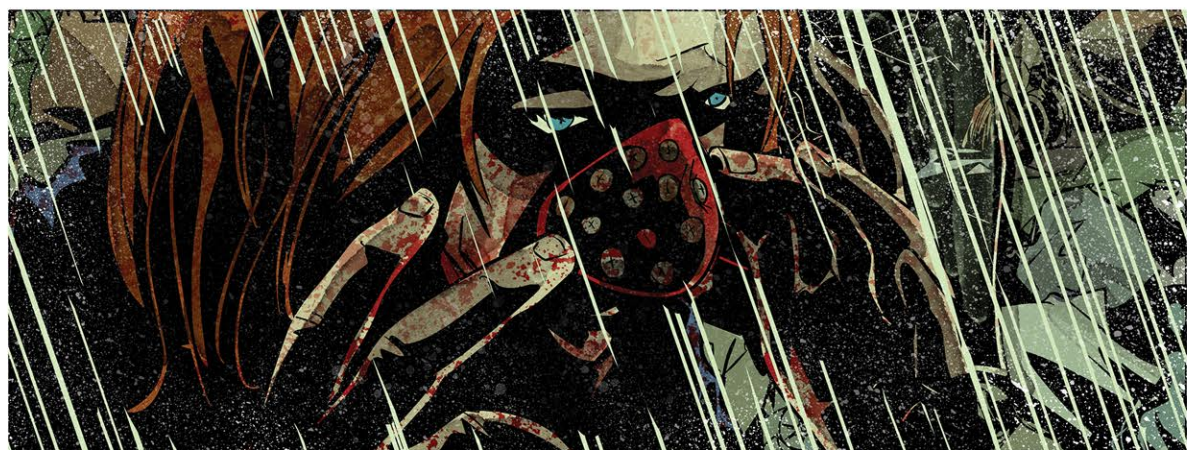
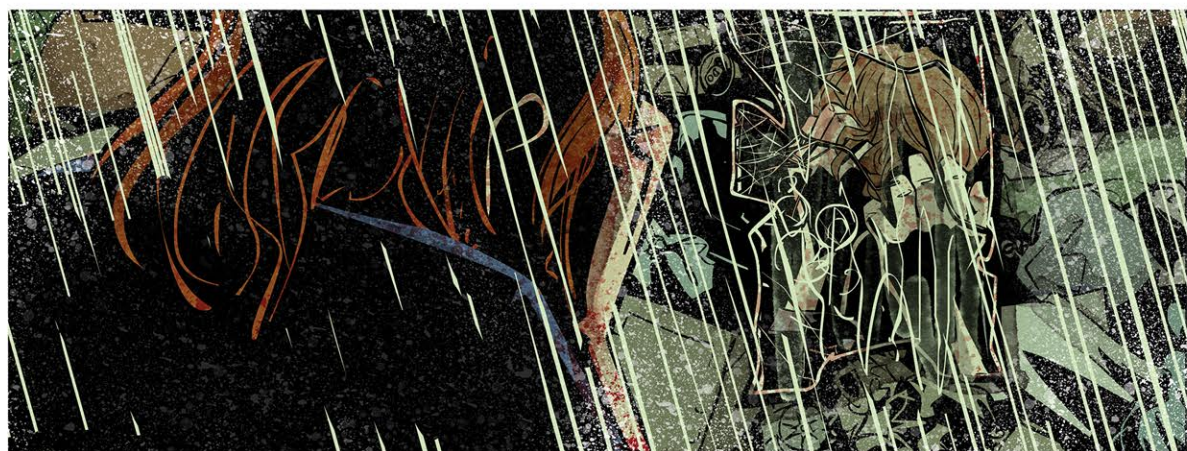


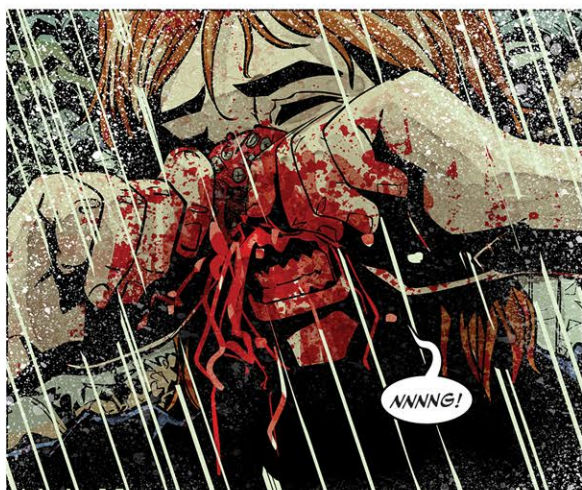
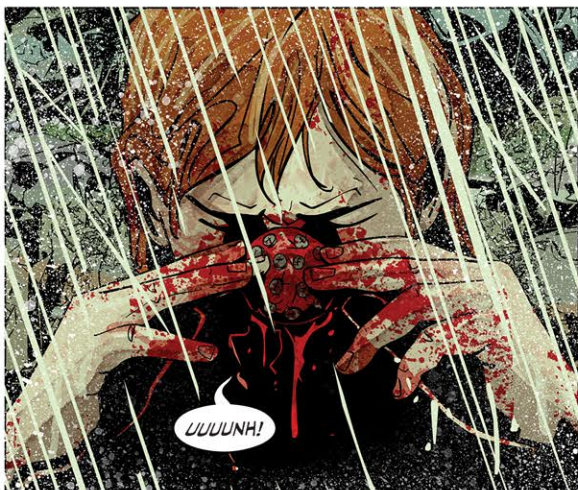
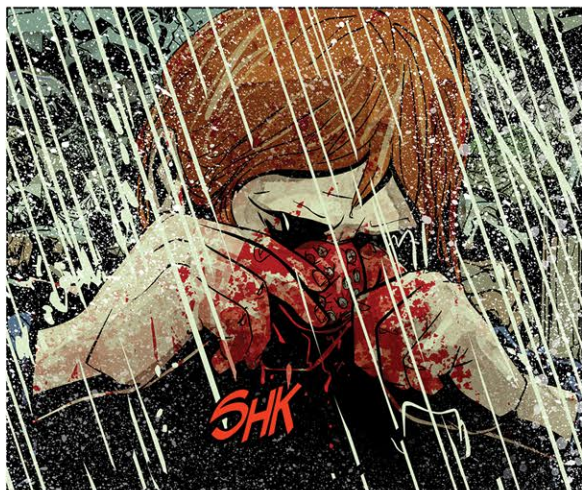


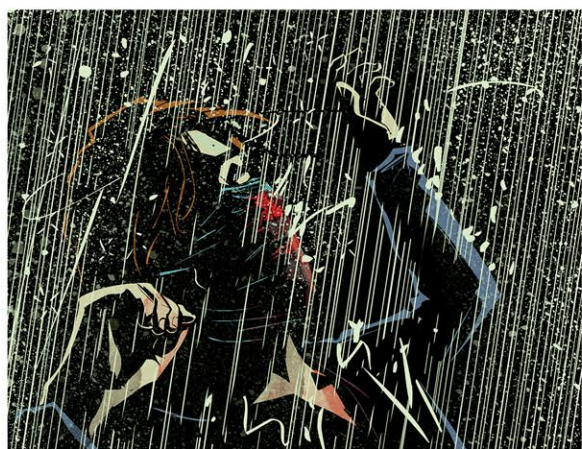
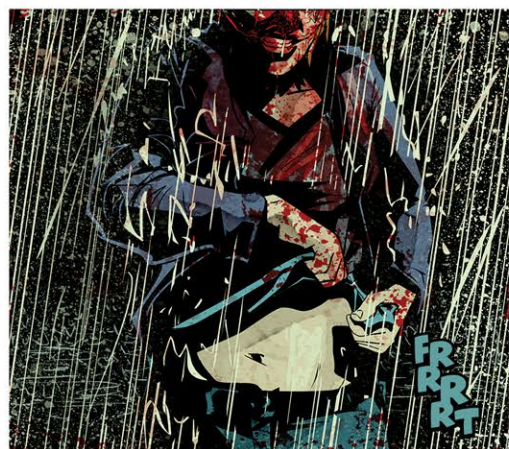
















CRUNK

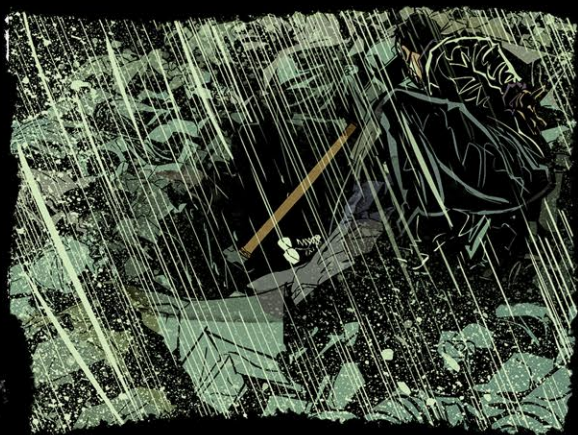
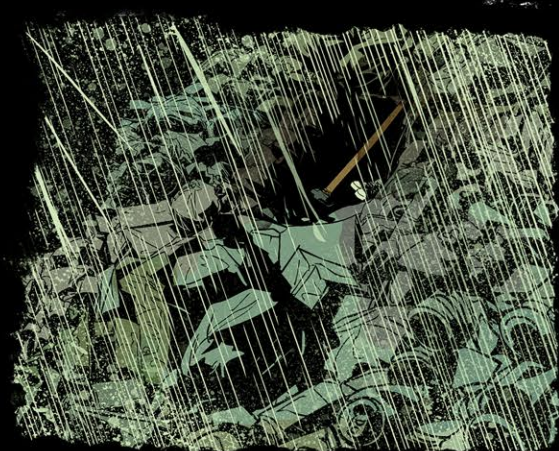
SCHLICK

CRUNK

CRUNK

CRUNK





FNNF FNNF



FNNF FNNF



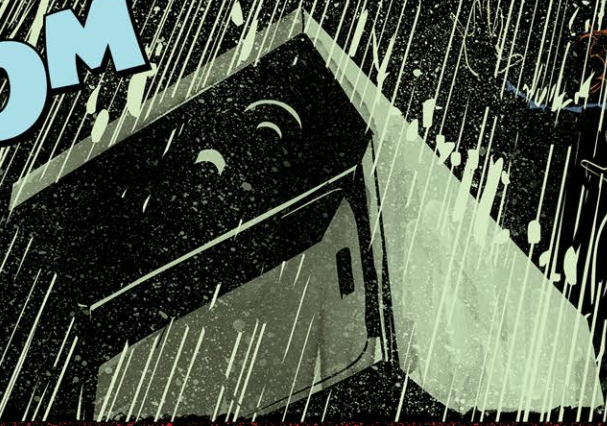
**FNNF
FNNF
FNNF**



FNNF



FWOOM



WEEEEEE...

FUKKT







SSSSSSSSSS

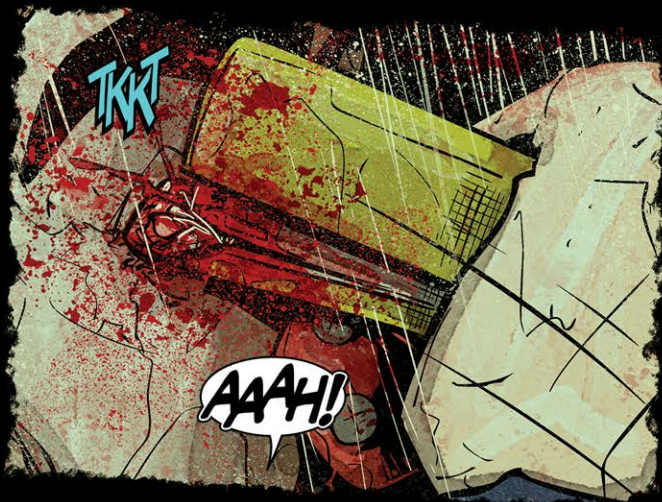


SSSSSSSSSS



SSSHHHH...

SSSSSSSSSS



AAAH!



SSSSSSSSSS

HUH-
HUH-HUH-
HUH-HUH-
HUH...



SSSS

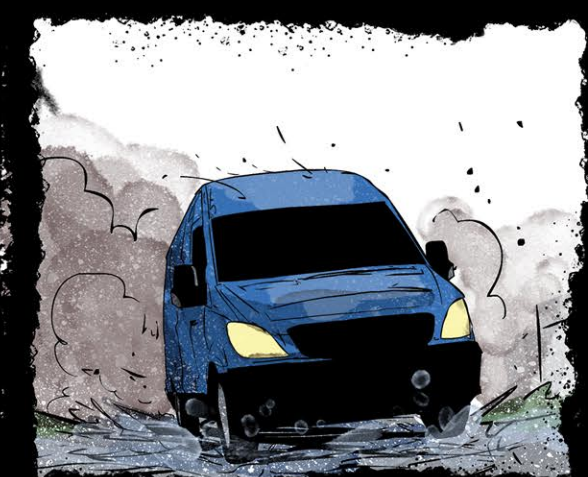
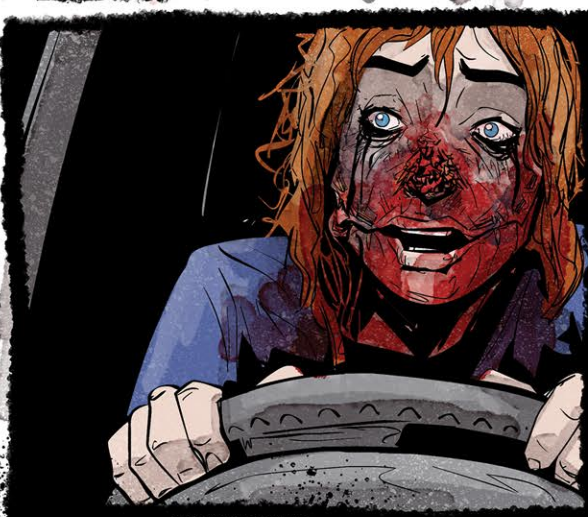
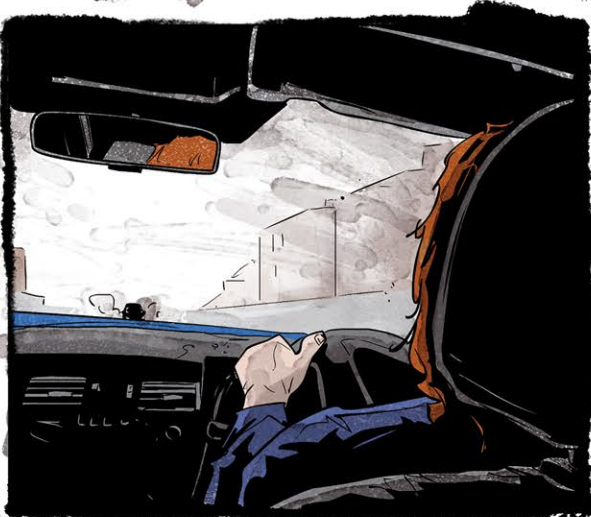
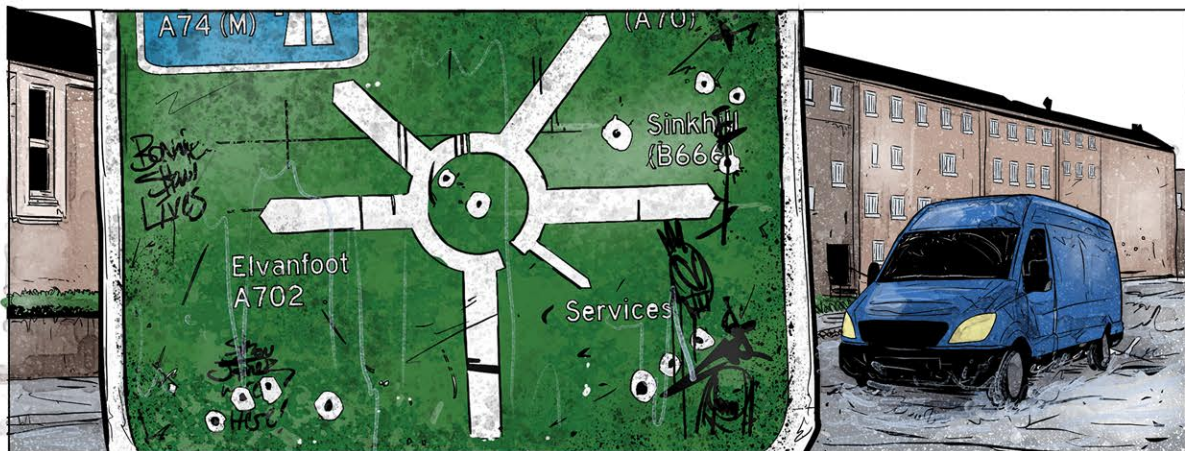
HUH-HUH...
HUH... HUH...
HLLKKKT...

SSSSS













FLATS A SINK TALE

STORY BY JOHN LEES
ART BY BRIAN LEVEL
LETTERS BY SHAWN LEE

NOT MUCH ATTRACTS PEOPLE TO SINKHILL, BUT ITS HIGH-RISE FLATS DRAW IN PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER GLASGOW AND BEYOND.

THEY COME HERE TO DIE.

LIKE AOKIGAHARA IN JAPAN OR AMERICA'S GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, FOR YEARS, THE SINKHILL FLATS HAVE BEEN A NOTORIOUS SUICIDE SITE.

SOME SAY THESE BUILDINGS FEED ON DESPAIR AND HOPELESSNESS, AND PROJECT THEM EVER OUTWARDS.

FOR RESIDENTS OF THESE FLATS, THIS IS A COMMON EVENT, A GRIM INCONVENIENCE.

IT HAPPENS SO OFTEN THAT POLICE RARELY EVEN CONSIDER THE NOTION OF SUSPICIOUS DEATH.

THOUGH PERHAPS THEY OUGHT TO LOOK AT SOME A LITTLE MORE CLOSELY.



BLUE VAN RUIN: THE POWER OF SILENCE



One element that I've kept coming back to in the writing of *SINK* is the balancing act between the genres of crime and horror. In many ways, they are very similar, both dealing extensively in the realms of death and violence. But where do they differ? It's not as simple as saying it's down to the choice of subject matter, as not all horror revolves around vampires, zombies, ghosts and ghouls. I'd say it's a matter of framing, pace and perspective. Mark Kermode's recent BBC series, *SECRETS OF CINEMA*, made the excellent analogy of comparing the respective meetings of the protagonist with Hannibal Lecter in *MANHUNTER* and *SILENCE OF THE LAMBS*. In the former, it's a clinical white room, Brian Cox and William Peterson trading contemptuous barbs. In the latter, it's a descent into a Gothic dungeon, with Anthony Hopkins as the eerily still monster at its heart. This stark difference in approach to what is essentially the same scene is indicative of how one film is a crime procedural, while the other is firmly in horror/thriller terrain.

I find it fascinating, exploring that murky twilight realm where one genre will begin to shift into another, and the techniques on display that push it in one direction or the other. One particularly compelling example is *BLUE RUIN*. Writer/director Jeremy Saulnier garnered significant acclaim a couple of years back for the excellent *GREEN ROOM*, but the earlier *BLUE RUIN* remains his finest work to date for me. To read the plot synopsis, you'd think it was fairly conventional crime movie fodder: our protagonist, Dwight, learns that the man who killed his parents - part of a dangerous crime family - has been released from prison, and seeks revenge. But the execution is very different from the expectation.

The violence, when it comes, is blunt, ugly and joyless, devoid of any grace or catharsis. But *BLUE RUIN* is less concerned with the violence itself than what comes after and before. The film dwells at length on the aftermath of violence, not just in terms of moral consequence, but on the physical cost. We suffer with Dwight in excruciating detail through the injuries he picks up. While someone might just shrug off a bullet wound in an action movie, here we are made to feel the pain and the trauma it inflicts on the human body.

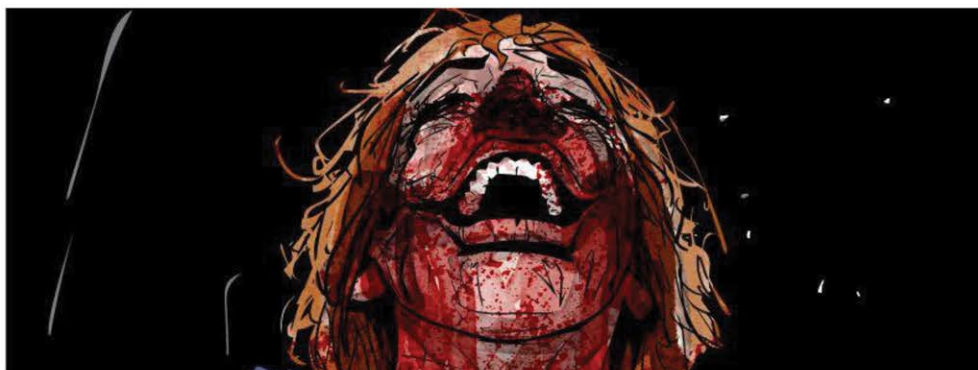
But it is before the violence that **BLUE RUIN** crafts knuckle-whitening amounts of tension. With the dire impact of violence in the world of this story firmly established, we are thrust in at ground-level with a frightened Dwight, camped out in darkened rooms, waiting for the killers to come. There's no music, no quips, just long stretches of agonising quiet. In this silence, every movement becomes drawn out and heightened, the anticipation of something horrible about to happen. It's suspense amped up to near horror levels.

I wanted to tap into that quality in the writing of *Death and the Midden*. Like with **BLUE RUIN**, the story beats could probably work in a straight crime narrative: woman escapes from violent criminal gang and has to fight back and kill them. But I wanted to present it in a manner that would be as tense and frightening as possible. Obviously, when said gang happens to be monstrously deformed clowns, a lot of the work has already been done for me! But what other techniques could I apply to put readers on the edge of their seats?

That's where the silence comes in.

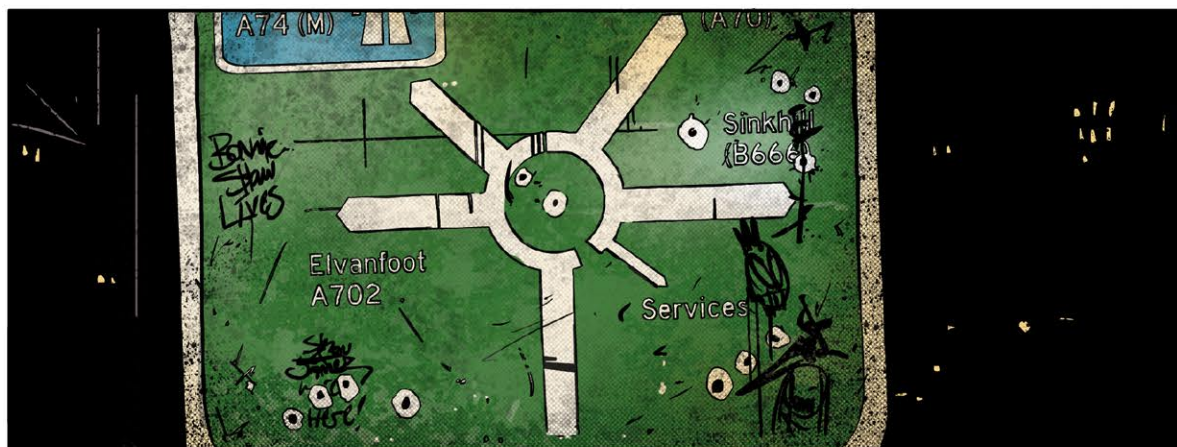
Of course, comics is by its nature an inherently "silent" medium. But by stripping away all the dialogue and forcing the reader to focus entirely on the images, I hoped to emulate that **BLUE RUIN** effect of drawn out quiet, lingering on every moment. It required Alex Cormack to do even more of the narrative heavy lifting than usual in this particular chapter, but I'm sure we can all agree he knocked it out of the park!

Earlier, I talked about horror being defined by framing, pace and perspective. And the lack of dialogue shapes the pace, slows everything down, makes the reader focus on every figure emerging from the rain, every flash of light in the dark, and every click of a stapler. With perspective, much like how **BLUE RUIN** draws tension by placing us firmly in Dwight's shoes and letting us feel every moment of pain and fear he experiences right there with him, in *Death and the Midden* we are right with Charlotte for almost the duration. This in turn shifts the framing of the story's fight for survival into something more akin to horror, with the threat Charlotte faces from the clowns being monstrous and unknowable, because our understanding of what is happening is limited to *her* understanding.



NEXT:

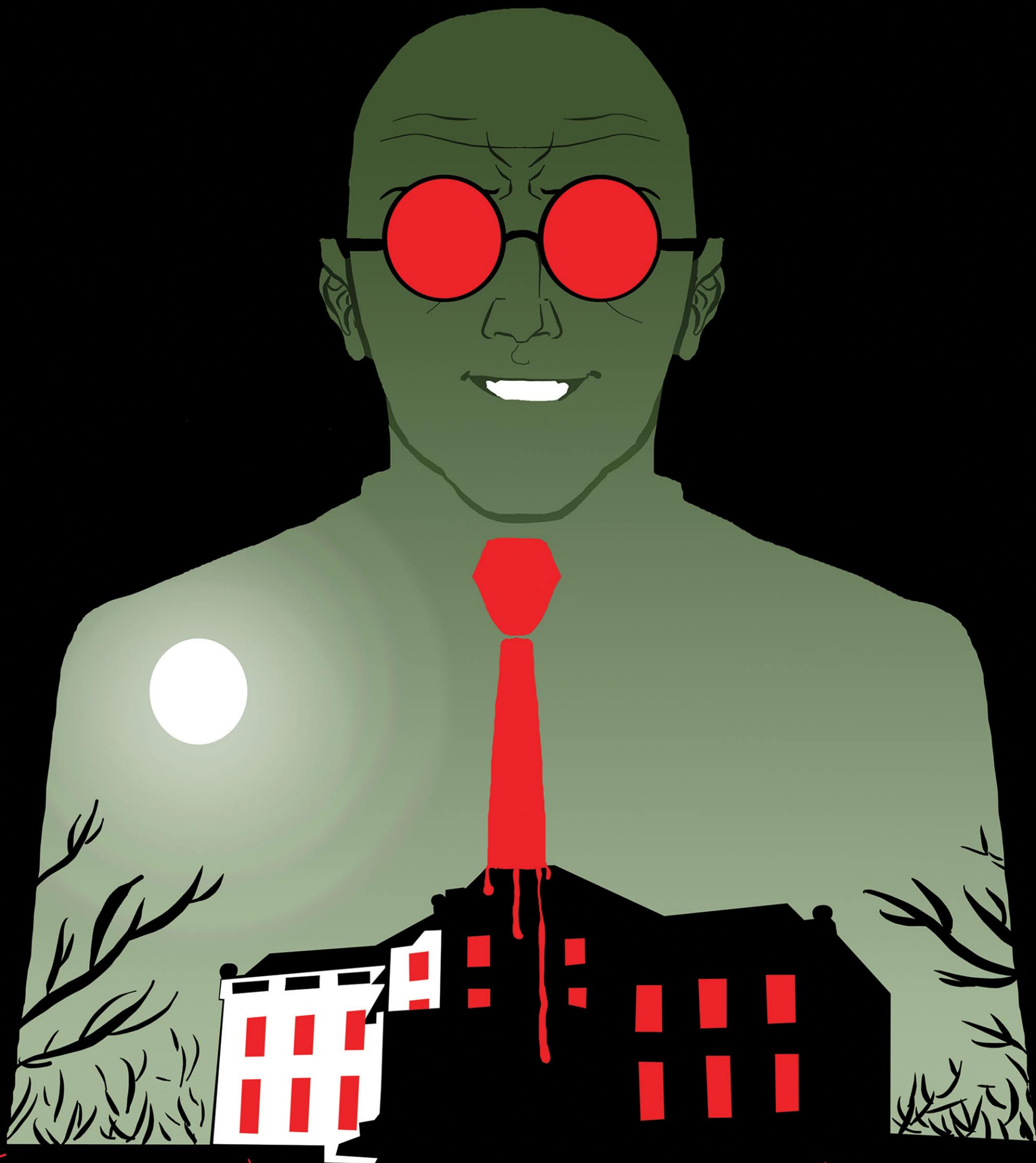
LEAD BALLOON



Jordan is a member of one of Sinkhill's most notorious gangs. He also happens to be a kind-hearted, gentle soul, out of place among his vicious peers.

But now Jordan has one week to find his mean streak, or he'll be subjected to a mysterious ritual known only as "The Lead Balloon."

Featuring a variant cover from George Kambadais (Short Order Crooks).



SINK

KAM
BAD
12

Death and the Midden

*A young nurse wakes up in the back of a blue van, surrounded
by murderous clowns... And the night only gets worse from there!
But in her fight to survive, she'll discover just how resourceful -
and dangerous - she can be.*

