

Somewhere Inbetween



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
GELIDSPACE

Somewhere Inbetween

A ONE-SHOT COMIC BY @GELIDSPACE



Somewhere Inbetween is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Title font "Stranger Back in the Night" used under non-commercial license
Lettering font "Wild Words" used via free license for ePub distribution from Monotype.


ZIT...



ZZZT...

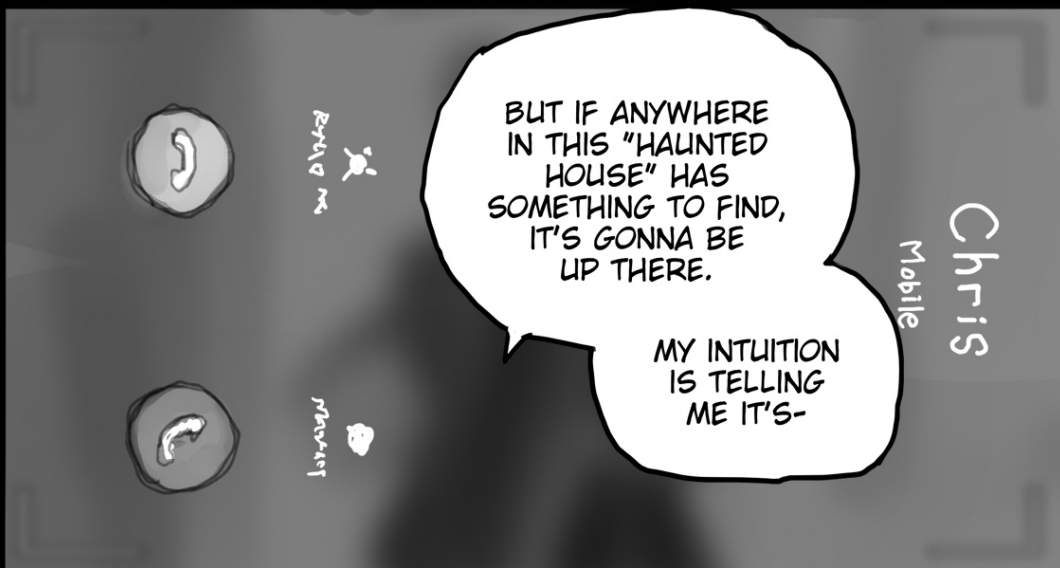


'KAY.
GO.



SO, WHAT
DO YOU GUYS
THINK? WAS
THE ENTITY
REAL, OR JUST
ANOTHER HOAX?

THE FORMER
RESIDENTS
AREN'T AROUND
TO TELL US ANY
MORE, SO...
WHO KNOWS?





GONNA
BE, UH...
...



OH GODDAMMIT, I
WAS IN THE POCKET
ON THAT ONE...
WHAT HAPPENED?



CHRIS IS
CALLING.
YOU WANNA
TAKE IT?



MMH.
FORGET
IT.

YOU
SURE?

YEAH.



ANY TIME HE CALLS THIS LATE HE'S JUST BEGGING FOR A FAVOR.

LET HIM PESTER SOMEONE ELSE FOR GAS MONEY OR WHATEVER.

FINE BY ME. HEY, YOU THINK HE WANTS TO HELP WITH FILMING AGAIN? YOU SHOULD LET HIM, IT'D BE HILARIOUS.

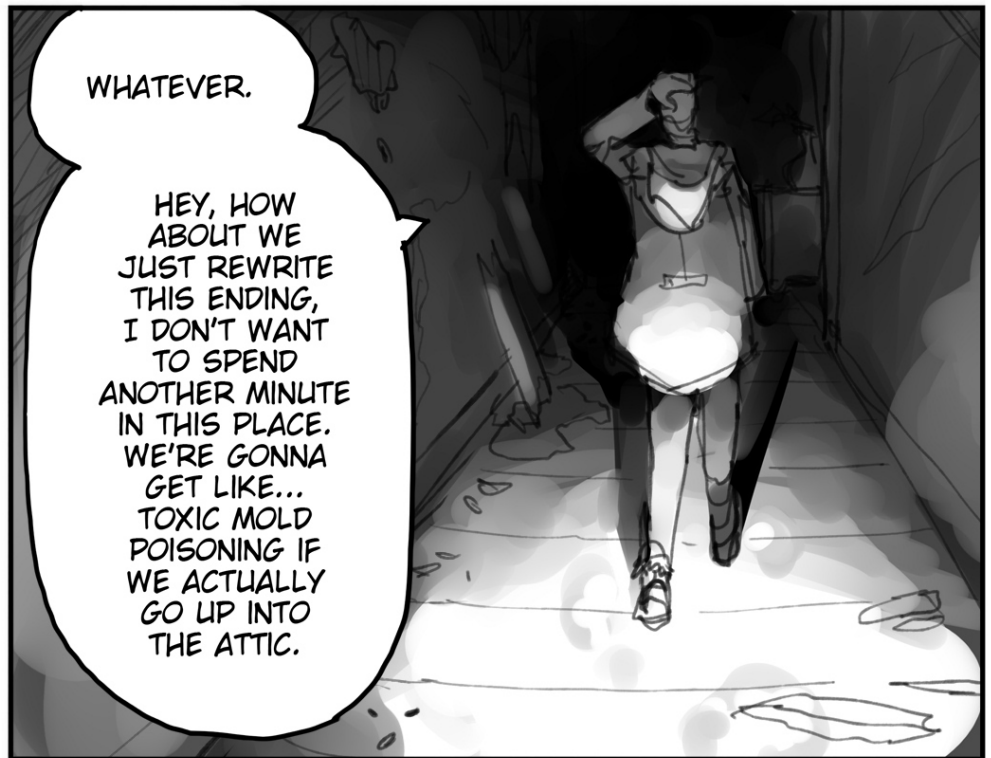


YEAH, 'CAUSE YOU WOULDN'T BE THE ONE DEALING WITH HIM.



JESUS. HE SURE IS HIGH STRUNG, HUH.

LOOK AT HIM GO.

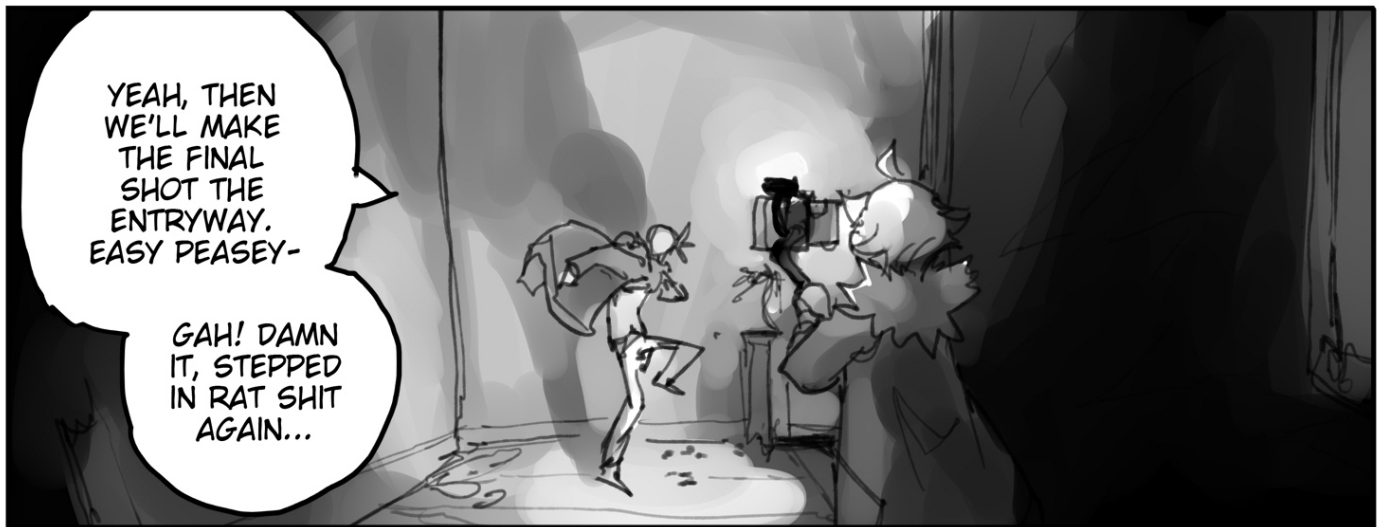


WHATEVER.

HEY, HOW ABOUT WE JUST REWRITE THIS ENDING, I DON'T WANT TO SPEND ANOTHER MINUTE IN THIS PLACE. WE'RE GONNA GET LIKE... TOXIC MOLD POISONING IF WE ACTUALLY GO UP INTO THE ATTIC.

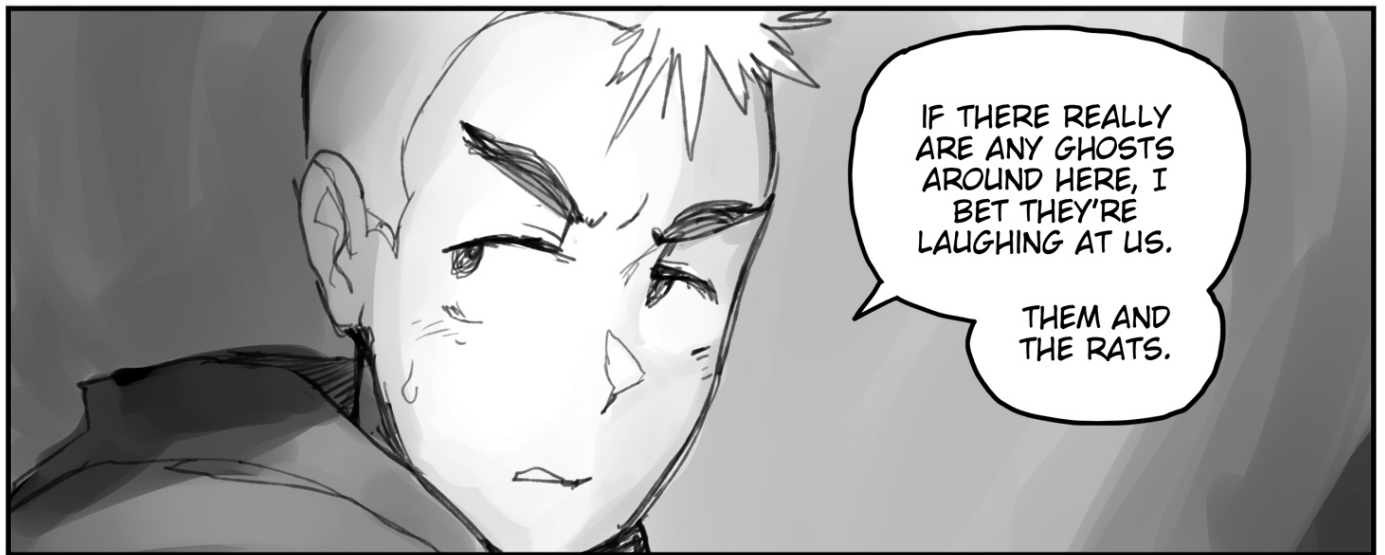


SURE. THE PPE IS STILL AT JEN'S, ANYWAY. LET'S REDO THE CORNER SHOT REAL QUICK.



YEAH, THEN
WE'LL MAKE
THE FINAL
SHOT THE
ENTRYWAY.
EASY PEASEY-

GAH! DAMN
IT, STEPPED
IN RAT SHIT
AGAIN...



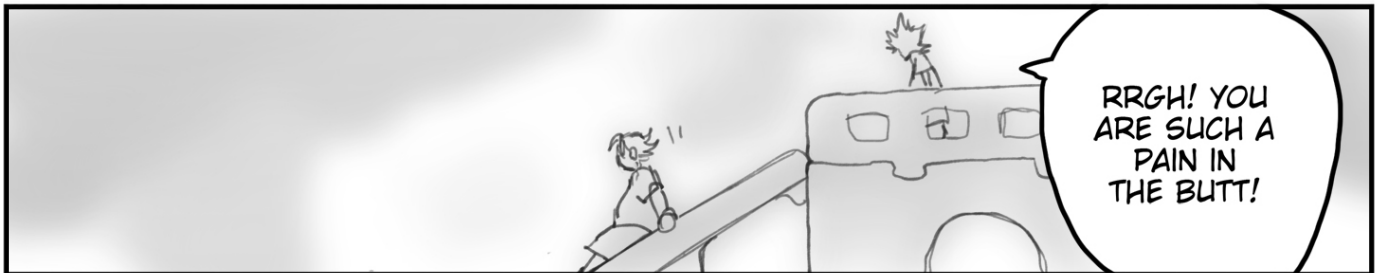
IF THERE REALLY
ARE ANY GHOSTS
AROUND HERE, I
BET THEY'RE
LAUGHING AT US.

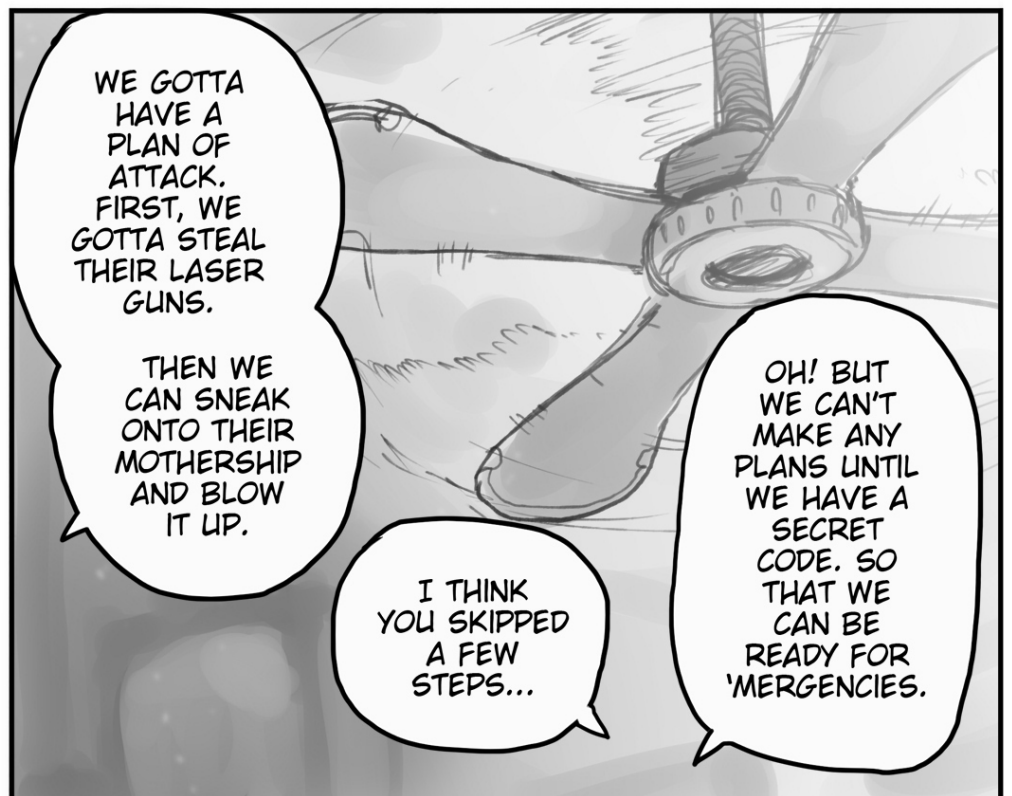
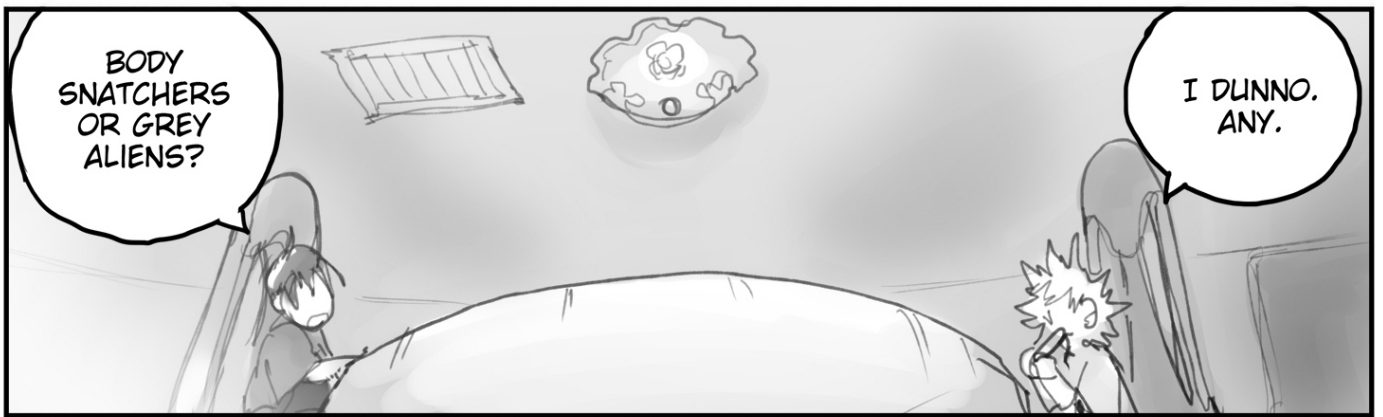
THEM AND
THE RATS.

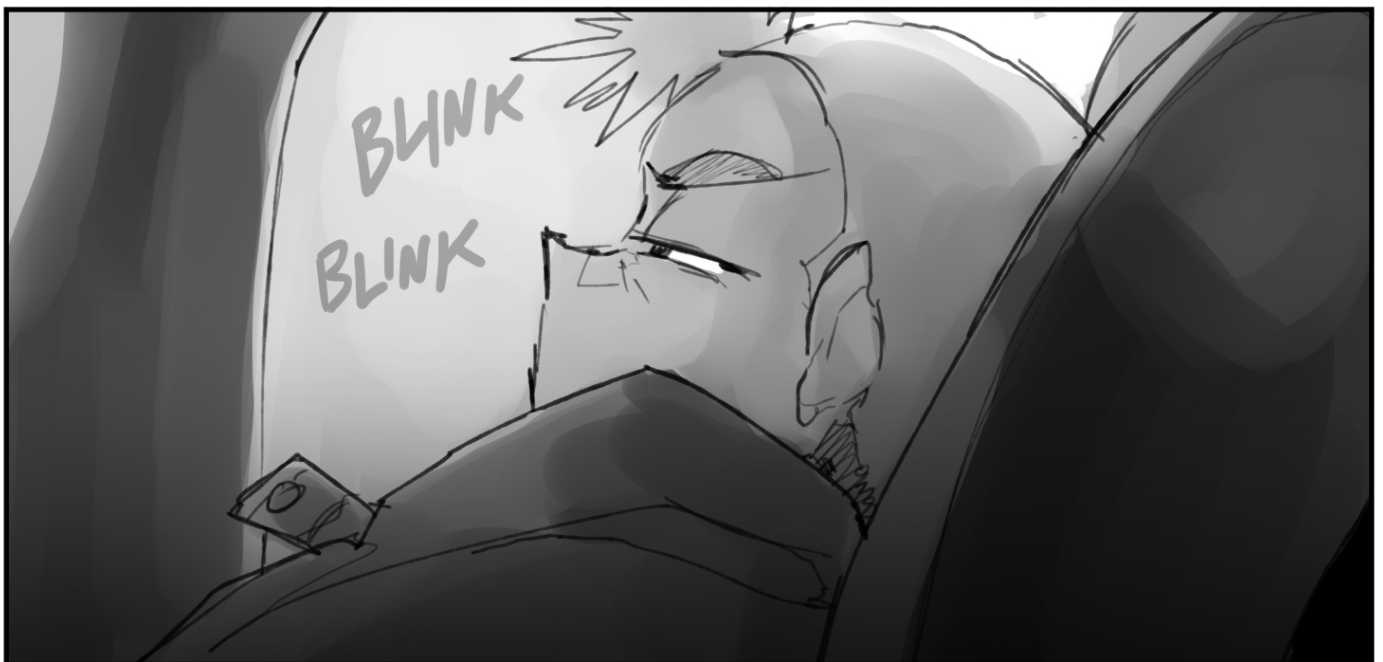
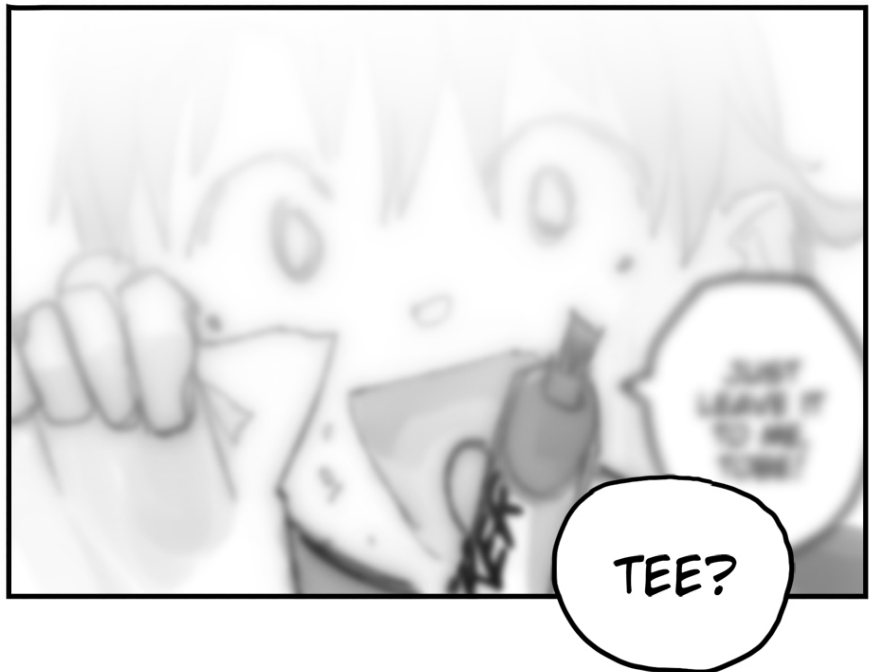
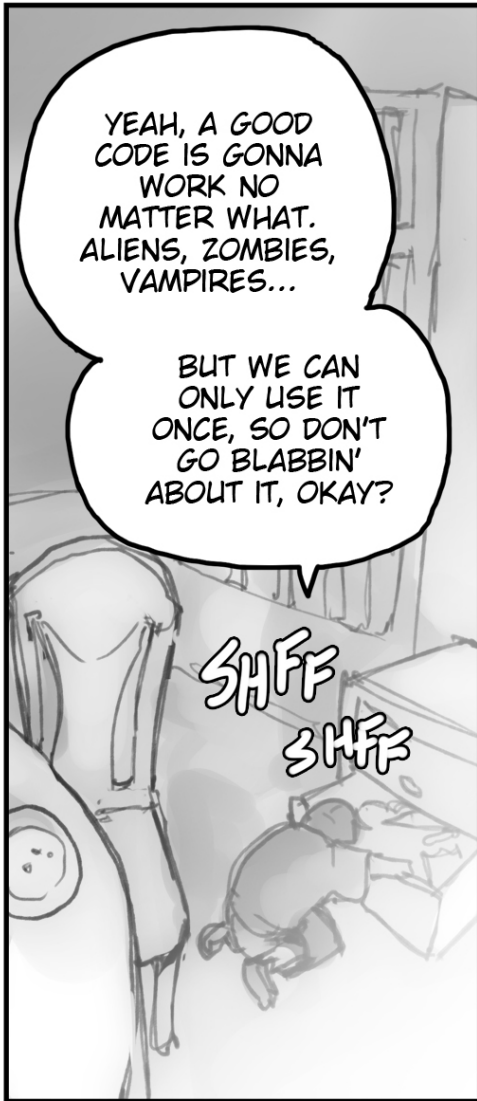


THEY'RE ALL
OVER THE
PLACE! WHAT
DO WE DO?!

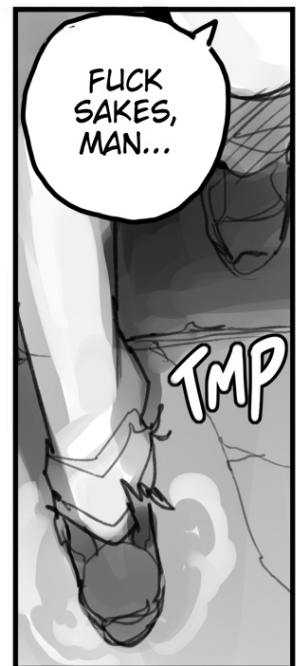
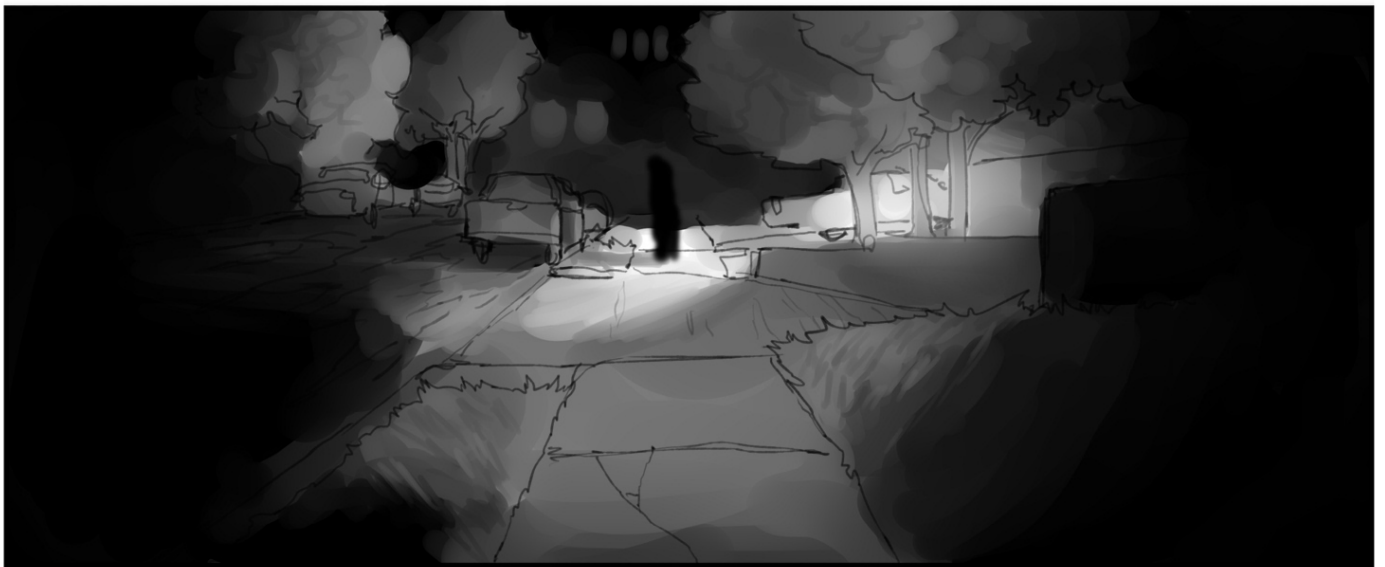
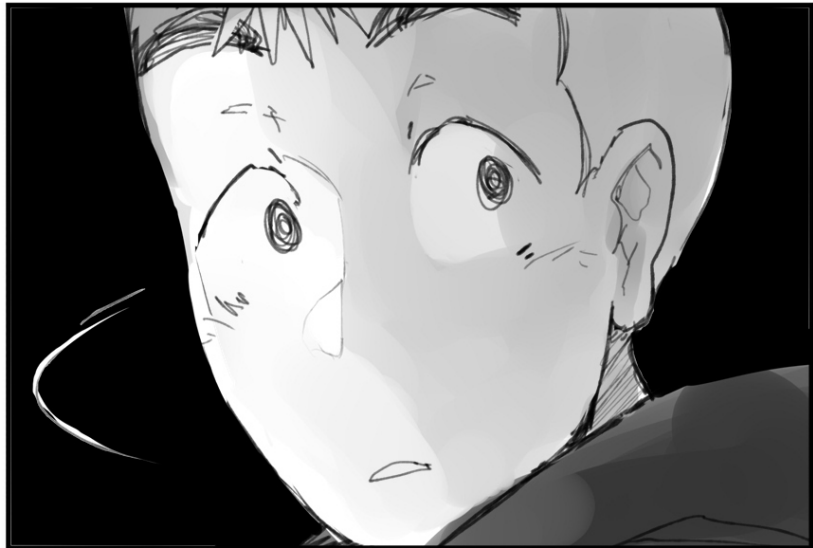


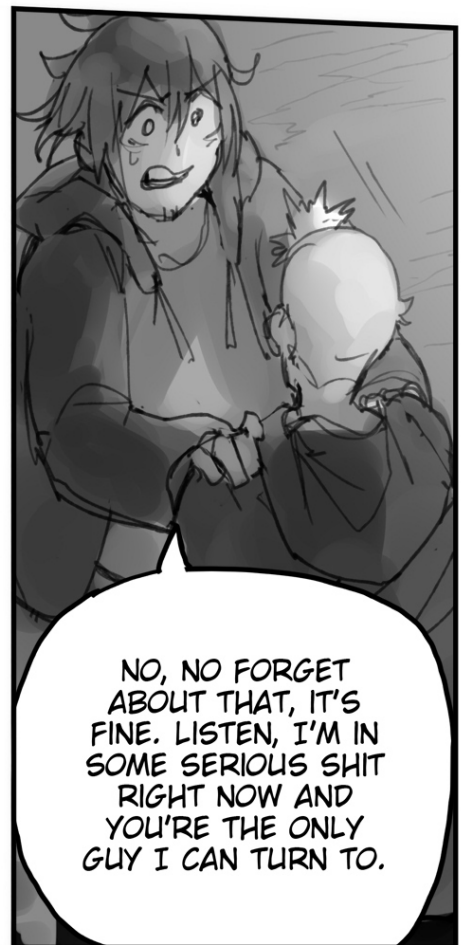
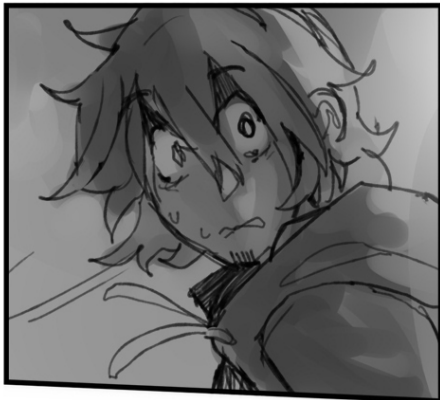


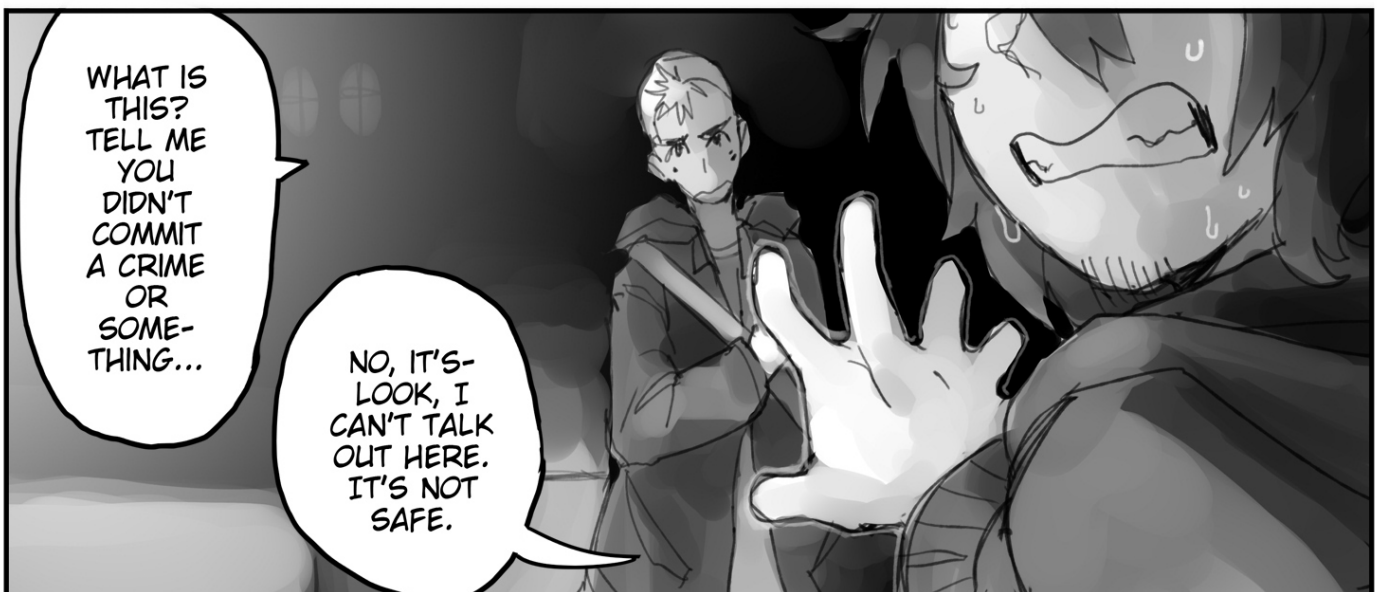
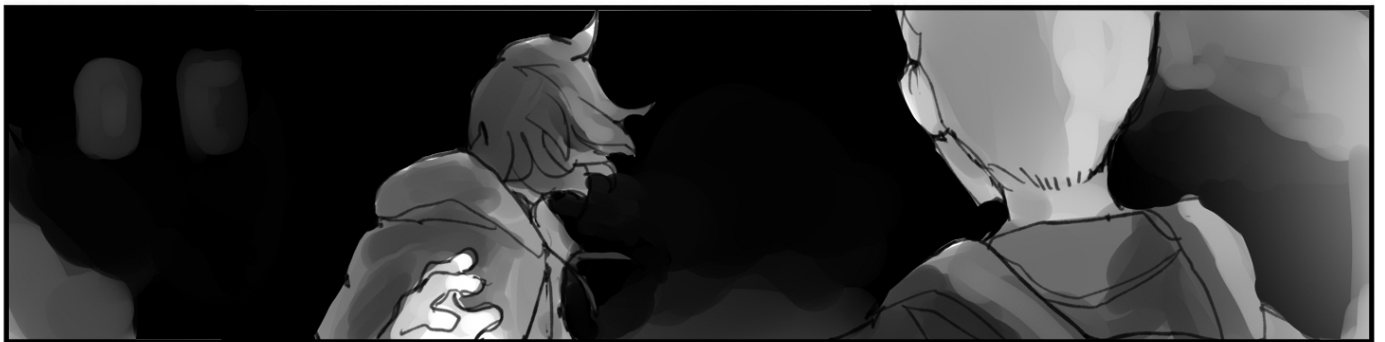
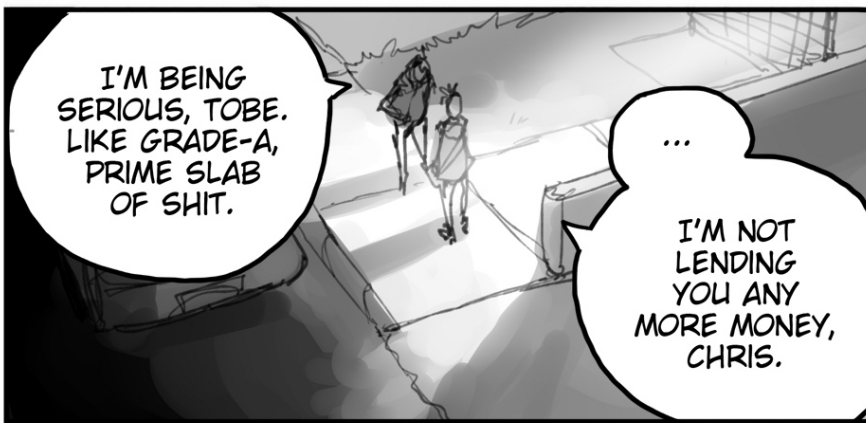


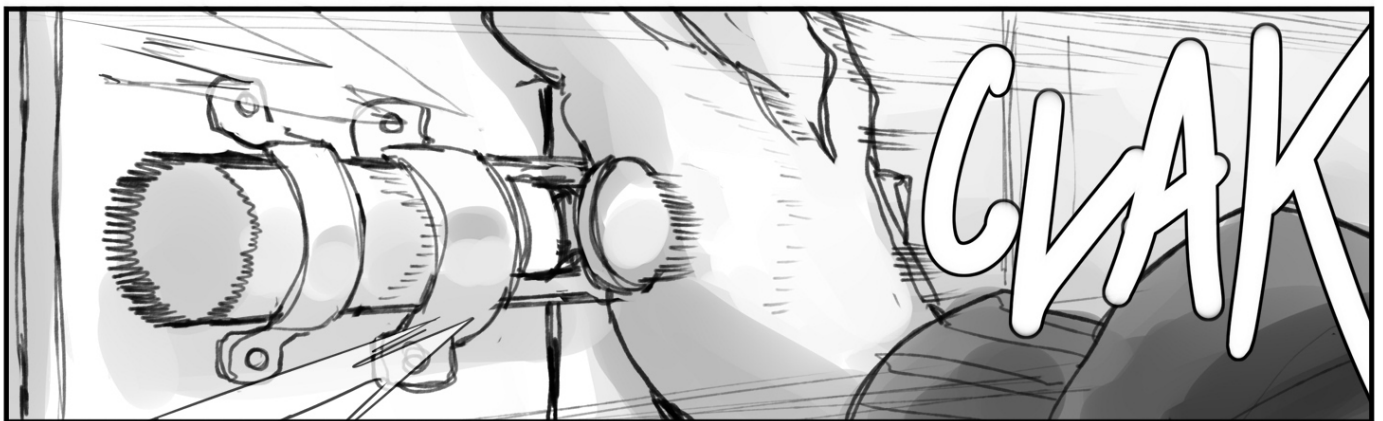
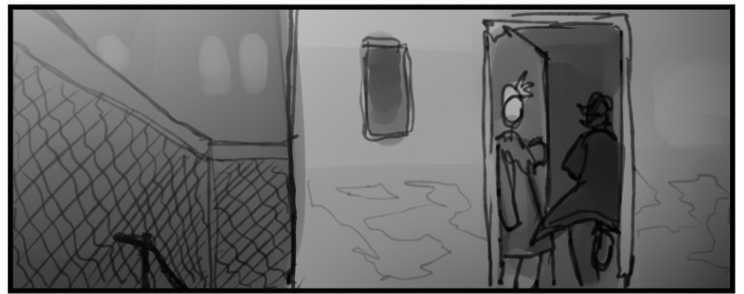


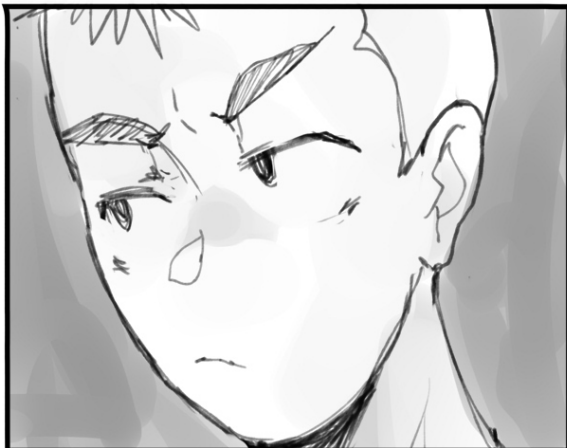




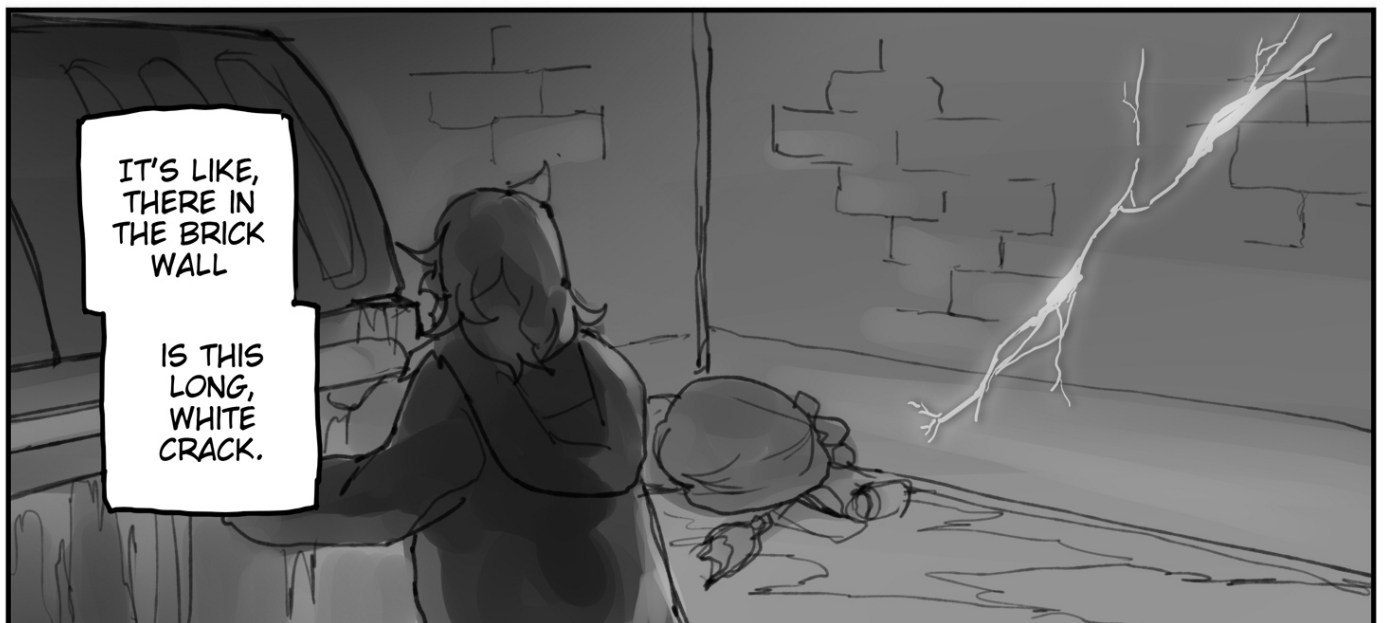
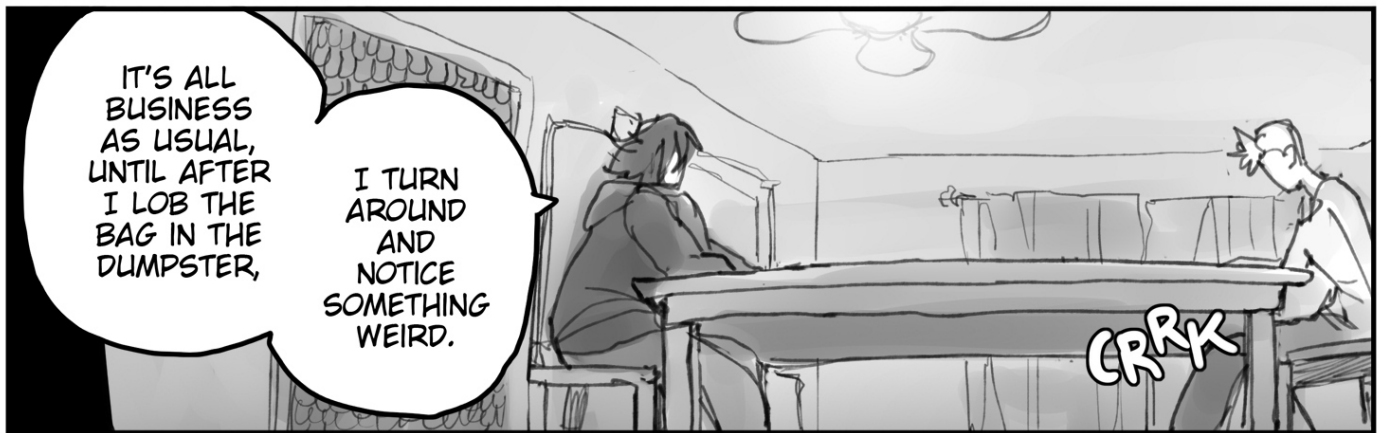















THE WALL
HAD A
CRACK.

YEAH, BUT IT
WAS LIKE... I
COULD SEE
SOME LIGHT
COMING THROUGH
FROM THE OTHER
SIDE OF IT. A
REALLY SERIOUS
CRACK.

I THINK "WHOA,
WEIRD" RIGHT? SO I
FEEL COMPELLED TO
TAKE A CLOSER
LOOK. LIKE, TO SEE
IF MAYBE THE
BUILDING'S FALLING
APART OR SOMETHING.


BUT WHEN I LOOK,
IT'S NOT LIKE THE
STUFF INBETWEEN
THE BRICKS HAD
CRACKED, IT WAS
LIKE... LIKE...



LIKE THE CRACK
WAS IN THE WALL
ITSELF, AND NOT
ON THE BRICKS.



WHAT?



I DON'T KNOW,
MAN THAT'S THE
BEST WAY I CAN
DESCRIBE IT. IT
WAS REALLY
FUCKING WEIRD.

AND IT GOT
WEIDER
ONCE I...



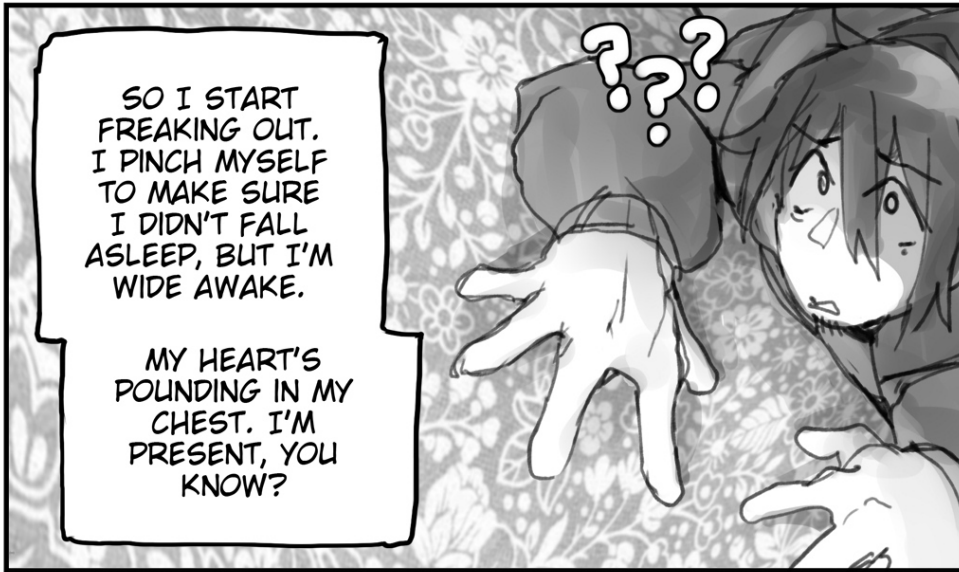
...

TOBE, I... I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO EXPLAIN THIS. I
DON'T, MAN. I'VE NEVER
BEEN GOOD AT EXPLAINING
THINGS, YOU KNOW THAT.

BUT PLEASE, PLEASE
PROMISE ME YOU'LL
LISTEN ALL THE WAY
THROUGH. I'M
BEGGING YOU.







SO I START FREAKING OUT. I PINCH MYSELF TO MAKE SURE I DIDN'T FALL ASLEEP, BUT I'M WIDE AWAKE.

MY HEART'S POUNDING IN MY CHEST. I'M PRESENT, YOU KNOW?



LOOK AROUND, I'M IN SOME SORT OF STOREROOM.

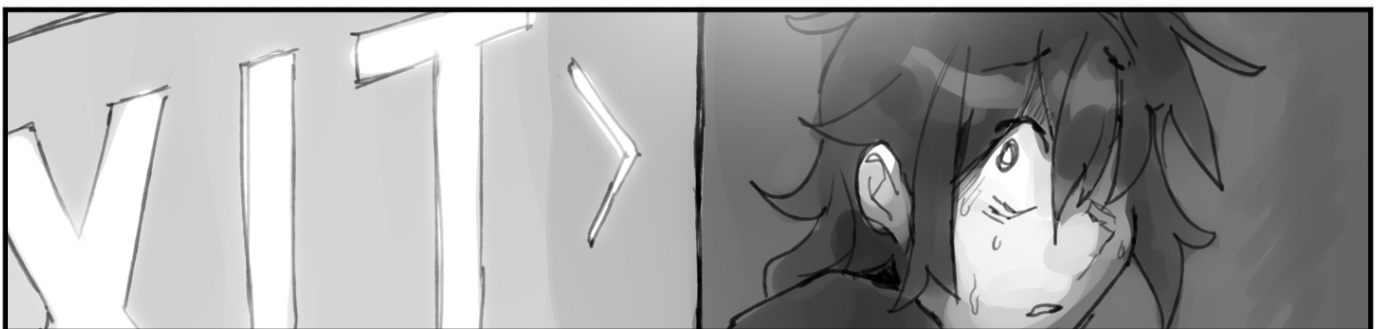


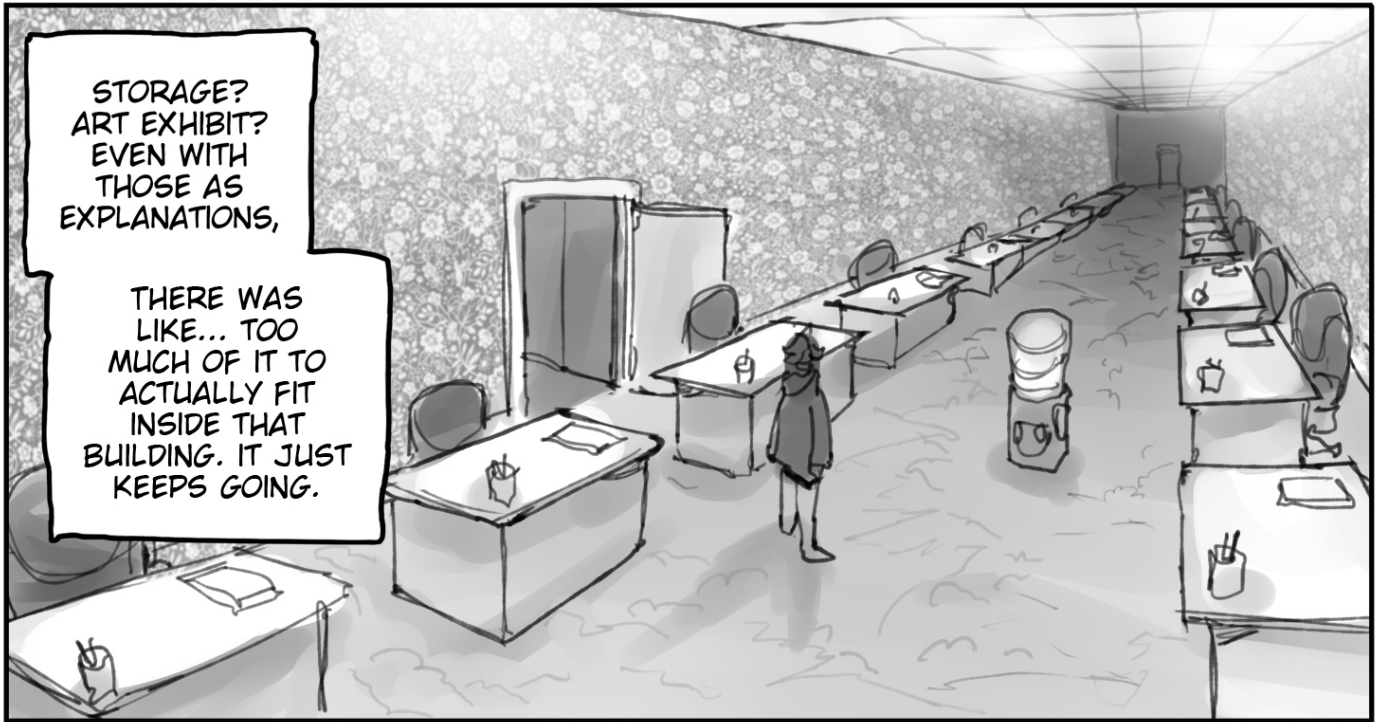
IT WAS REALLY QUIET, JUST THE BUZZING OF THE LIGHTS. I REMEMBER THINKING IT WAS LUCKY THEY WERE STILL ON THIS LATE. WAS THIS AN OFFICE, A WAREHOUSE? I HAD NO IDEA. I'D NEVER BEEN IN THIS BUILDING BEFORE.

I WAS TRYING HARD NOT TO PANIC, SO I DECIDED TO GET MOVING. THE DOOR HAD TO BE CLOSE BY THERE, AND MAYBE I'D RUN INTO A SECURITY GUARD OR SOMETHING.



BUT OUT IN THE HALLS, THERE'S NOT A SINGLE SOUL. AND I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND ANY EXITS.





STORAGE?
ART EXHIBIT?
EVEN WITH
THOSE AS
EXPLANATIONS,

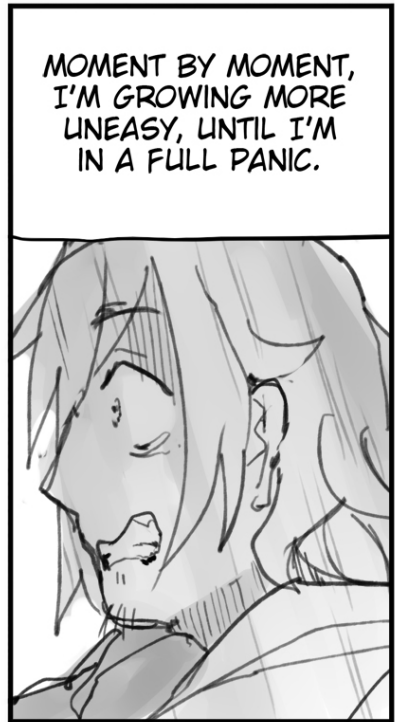
THERE WAS
LIKE... TOO
MUCH OF IT TO
ACTUALLY FIT
INSIDE THAT
BUILDING. IT JUST
KEEPS GOING.



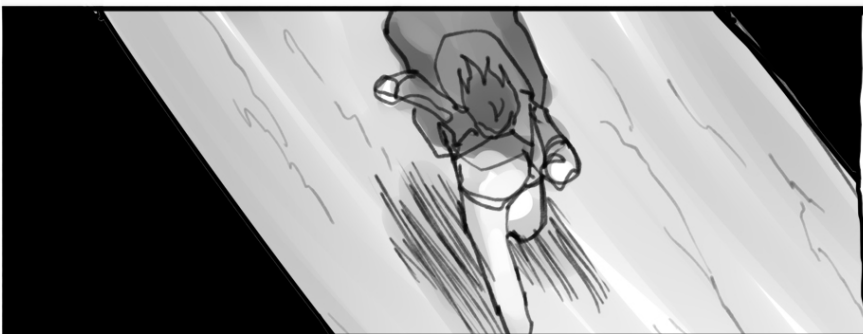
EVERY WINDOW JUST
SHOWS ANOTHER
ROOM, OR MORE
HALLWAYS.



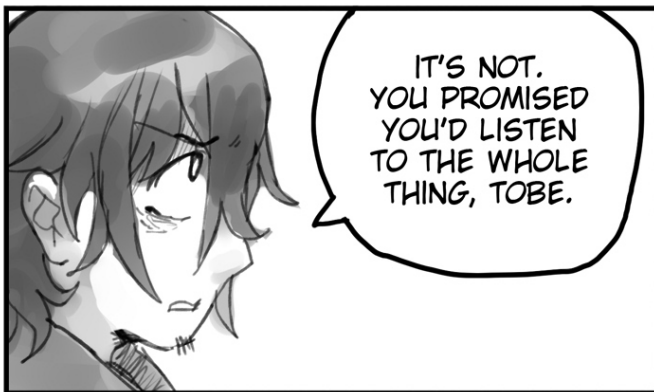
AND EVERY EXIT
SIGN JUST LEADS
TO MORE DOORS.



MOMENT BY MOMENT,
I'M GROWING MORE
UNEASY, UNTIL I'M
IN A FULL PANIC.



AND BY NOW, I'M
RUNNING. JUST
TRYING TO FIND
SOMETHING, OR
SOMEONE. I DON'T
KNOW HOW LONG I
WAS THERE FOR, BUT-





RIGHT,
THE
TRASH...

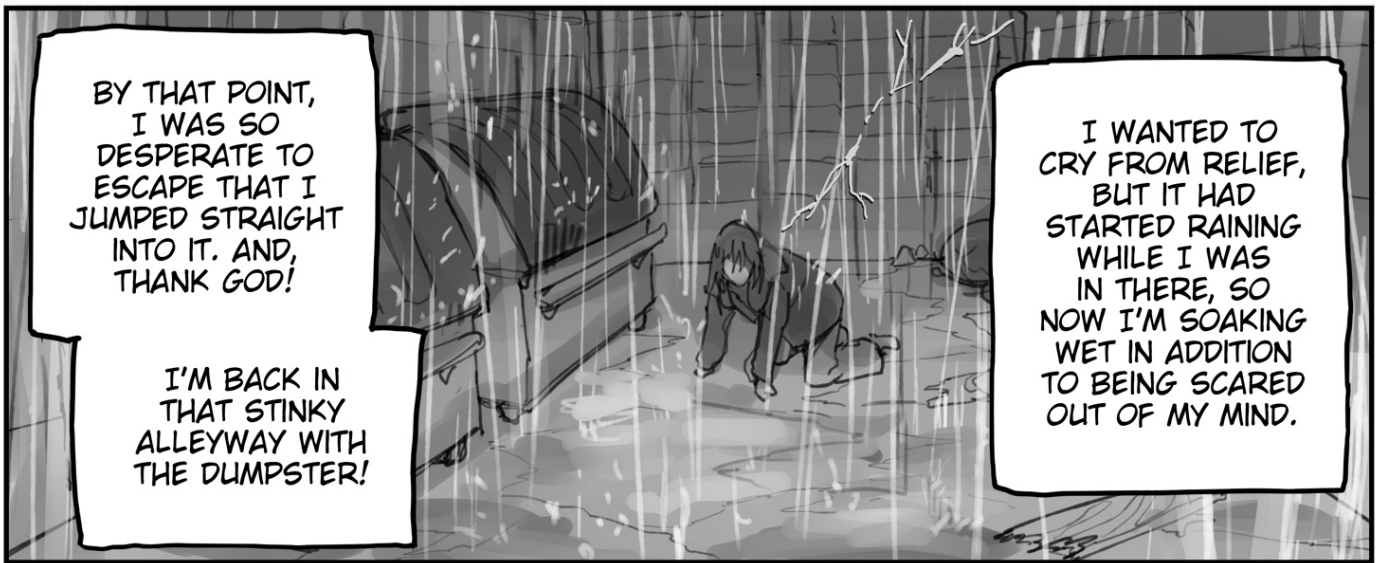


ANYWAY LISTEN,
MAN, THAT'S
NOT EVEN THE
BEGINNING OF IT.



I DON'T KNOW
HOW MUCH LATER
IT WAS, BUT I
FOUND ANOTHER
CRACK IN THERE.

HALLELUJAH.



BY THAT POINT,
I WAS SO
DESPERATE TO
ESCAPE THAT I
JUMPED STRAIGHT
INTO IT. AND,
THANK GOD!

I'M BACK IN
THAT STINKY
ALLEYWAY WITH
THE DUMPSTER!

I WANTED TO
CRY FROM RELIEF,
BUT IT HAD
STARTED RAINING
WHILE I WAS
IN THERE, SO
NOW I'M SOAKING
WET IN ADDITION
TO BEING SCARED
OUT OF MY MIND.



CHK
CHK

MY BRAIN WAS
WAY TOO FRIED
TO TRY AND
THINK ABOUT
WHAT JUST
HAPPENED TO
ME, I JUST
WANT TO GET
BACK TO MY
APARTMENT
AND COLLECT
MYSELF.

SO I
GO BACK
TO MY UNIT,
AND GET
THIS... MY
KEY DOESN'T
TURN IN
THE LOCK.

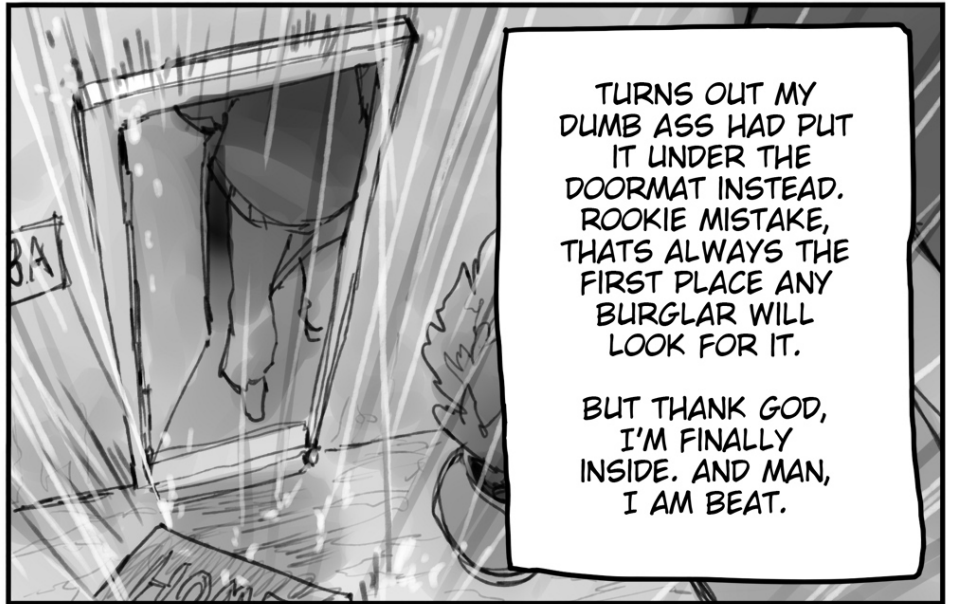
ON AUTOPILOT, I TRY THE OTHER KEYS AND NONE OF THEM WORK EITHER.



I'D HAD A SPARE READY UNDER THE PLANT NEXT TO THE DOOR, BUT IT WAS MISSING.



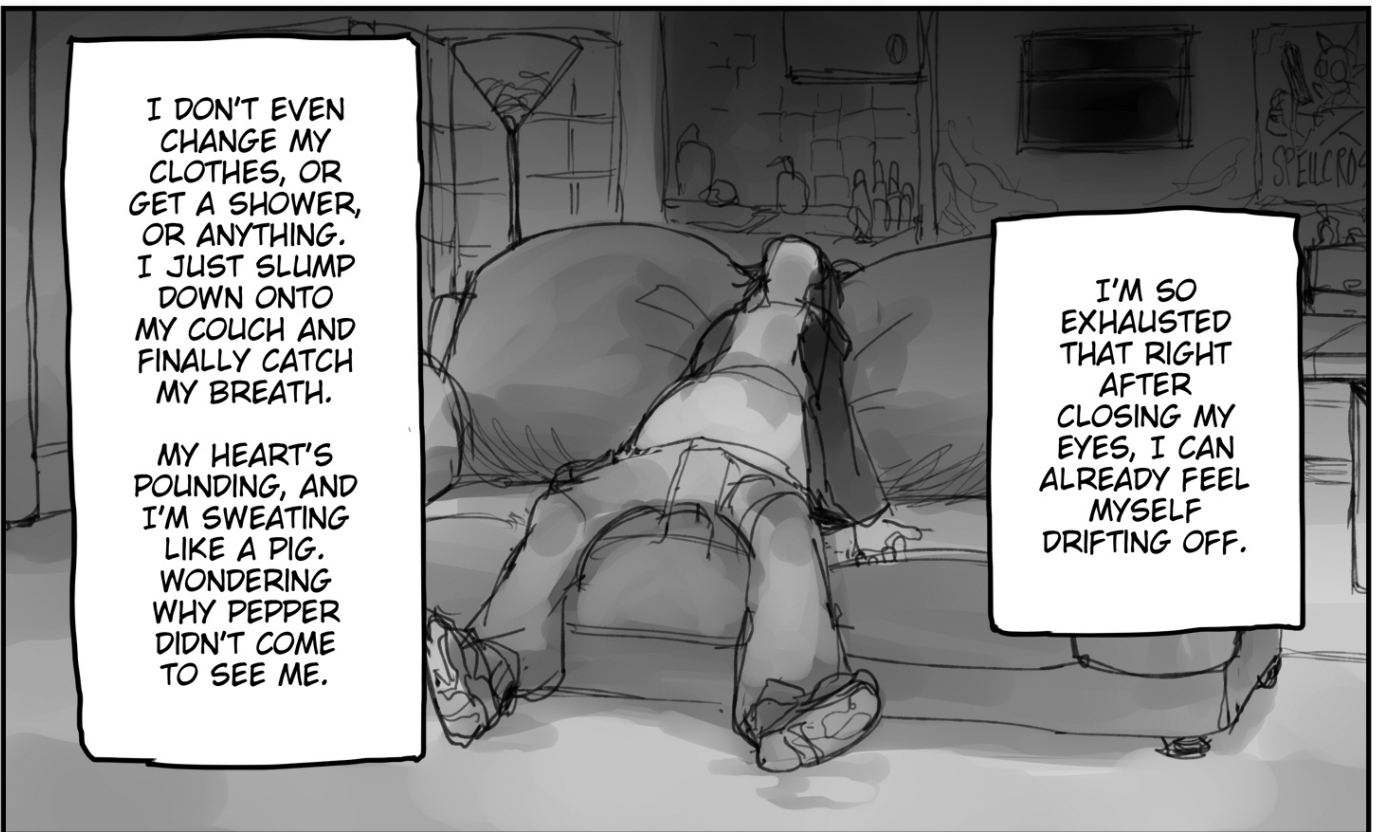
URNS OUT MY DUMB ASS HAD PUT IT UNDER THE DOORMAT INSTEAD. ROOKIE MISTAKE, THAT'S ALWAYS THE FIRST PLACE ANY BURGLAR WILL LOOK FOR IT.



BUT THANK GOD, I'M FINALLY INSIDE. AND MAN, I AM BEAT.

I DON'T EVEN CHANGE MY CLOTHES, OR GET A SHOWER, OR ANYTHING. I JUST SLUMP DOWN ONTO MY COUCH AND FINALLY CATCH MY BREATH.

MY HEART'S POUNDING, AND I'M SWEATING LIKE A PIG. WONDERING WHY PEPPER DIDN'T COME TO SEE ME.

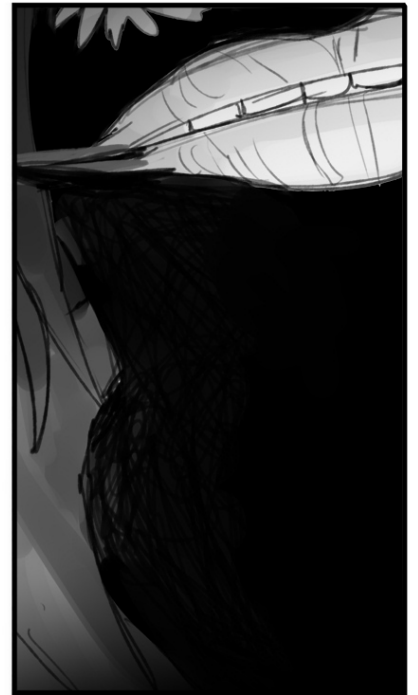


I'M SO EXHAUSTED THAT RIGHT AFTER CLOSING MY EYES, I CAN ALREADY FEEL MYSELF DRIFTING OFF.



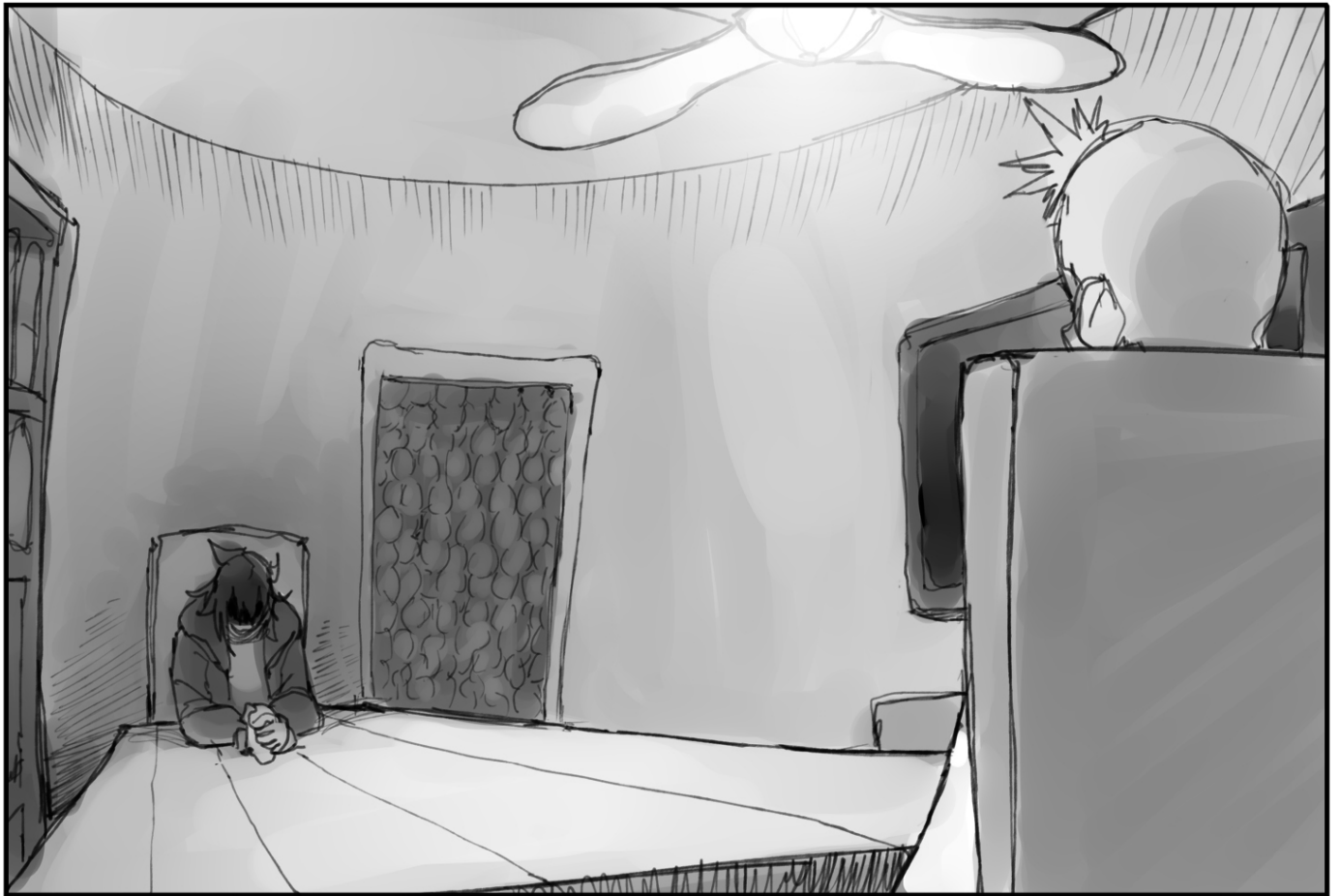
WE'VE GOT THE
SAME BUILD,
SAME HAIR.
EVEN OUR
CLOTHES ARE
EXACTLY THE
SAME, FRAYED
IN THE SAME
PLACES. HE'S
MY EXACT COPY.

EXCEPT... HIS
FACE WASN'T
MINE. IT
WASN'T
ANYTHING.



IT WAS
LIKE
WHEN YOU
LOOK
INTO A
MIRROR,
IN A
DREAM.







I GET LUCKY, THOUGH, AND SLAM HIM THROUGH MY COFFEE TABLE, SHATTERING THE GLASS TO PIECES, AND I BOLT RIGHT OUT THE OPEN DOOR.

I'M NOT EVEN THINKING STRAIGHT AT THAT POINT. IF MY HOME ISN'T SAFE, THEN WHERE COULD I GO? I'M CERTAIN HE'S CHASING ME, SO I JUST KEEP RUNNING.

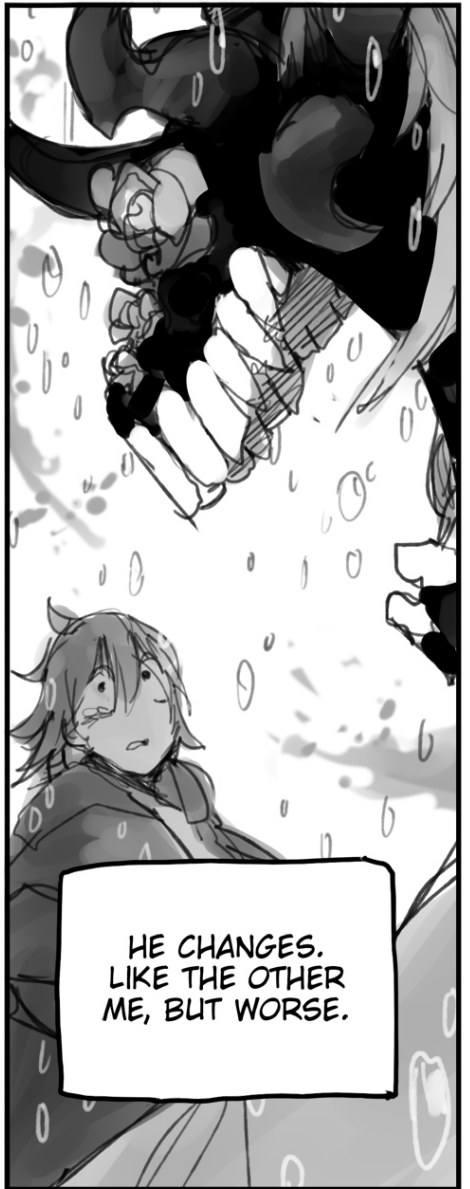
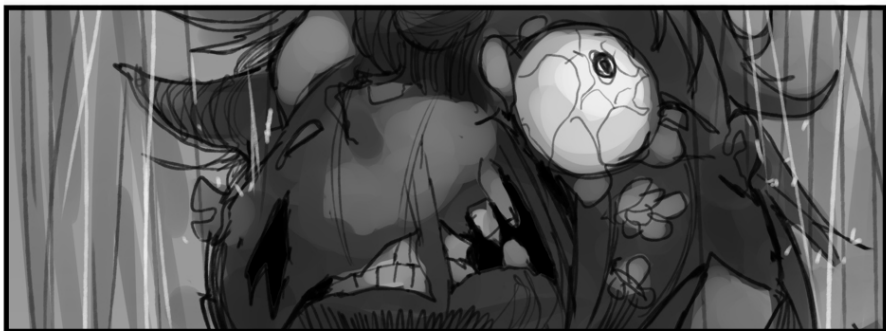


HARDLY ANYONE IS OUT THIS LATE, BUT DOWN THE MAIN STREET I SPOT SOMEONE.

I SCREAM TO HIM THAT I NEED HELP, THAT SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KILL ME.



BUT AS SOON AS HE HEARS IT,

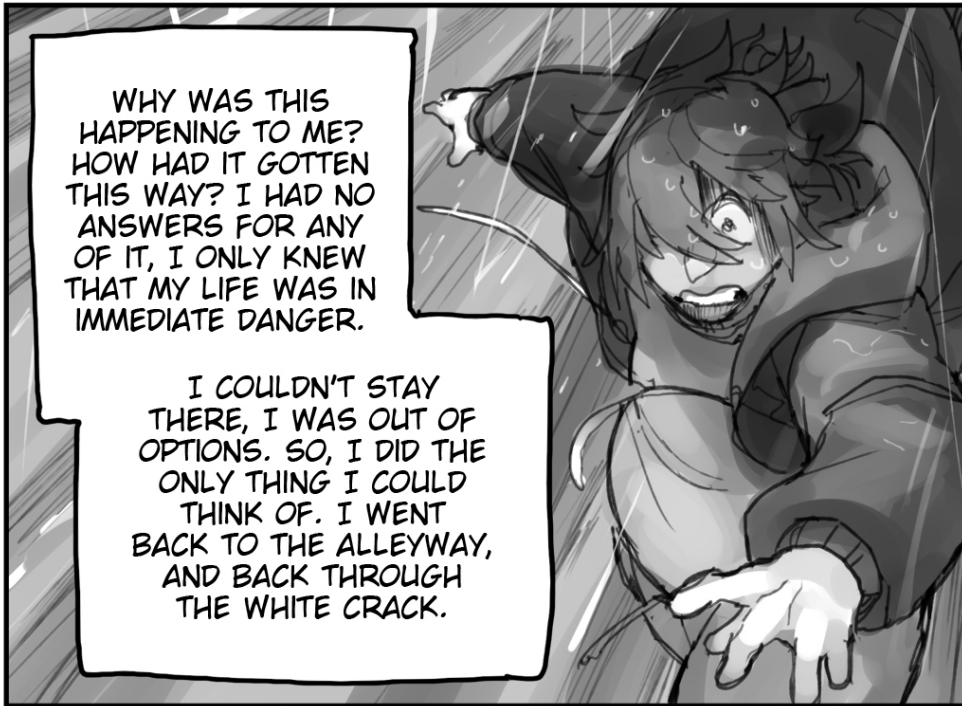


HE CHANGES. LIKE THE OTHER ME, BUT WORSE.



I
KNEW
THEN

THAT
SOMETHING
HAD GONE
TERRIBLY
WRONG.

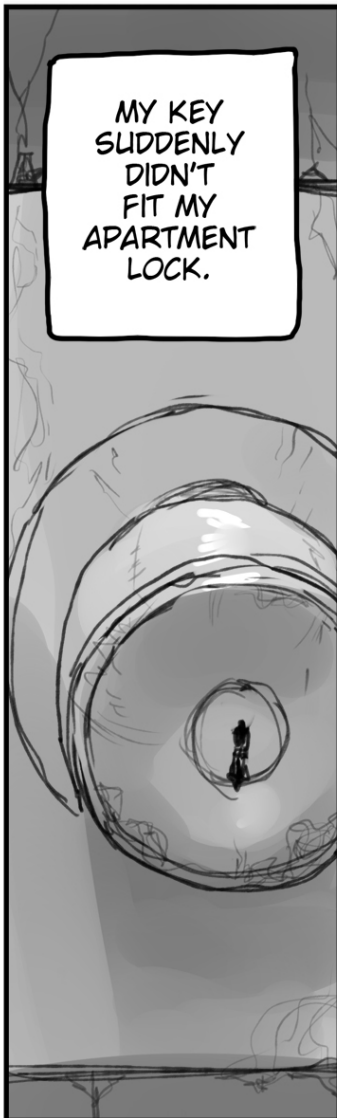


WHY WAS THIS HAPPENING TO ME? HOW HAD IT GOTTEN THIS WAY? I HAD NO ANSWERS FOR ANY OF IT, I ONLY KNEW THAT MY LIFE WAS IN IMMEDIATE DANGER.

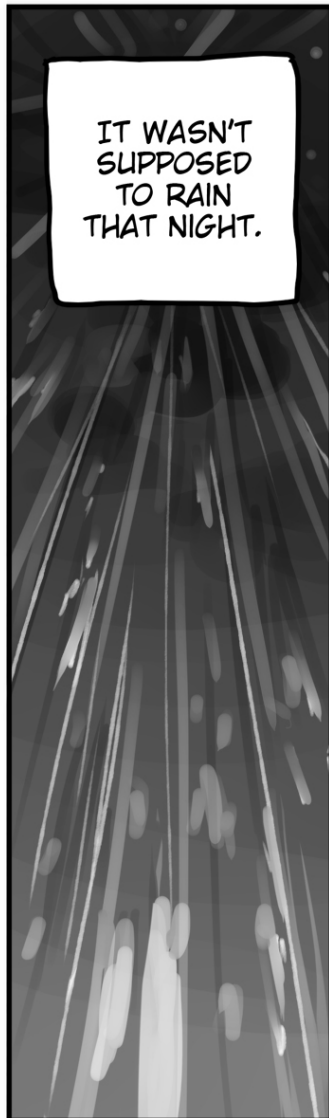
I COULDN'T STAY THERE, I WAS OUT OF OPTIONS. SO, I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK OF. I WENT BACK TO THE ALLEYWAY, AND BACK THROUGH THE WHITE CRACK.



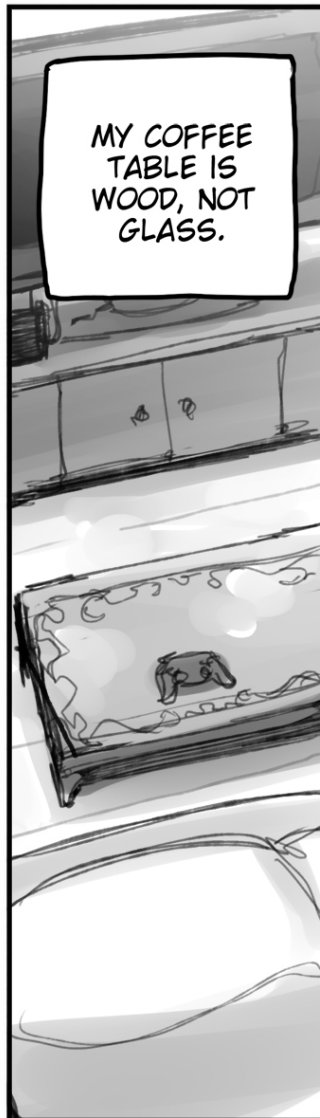
AND AS I'M WANDERING AGAIN, STILL SCARED OUT OF MY MIND, THE PIECES START FITTING TOGETHER.



MY KEY SUDDENLY DIDN'T FIT MY APARTMENT LOCK.



IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO RAIN THAT NIGHT.



MY COFFEE TABLE IS WOOD, NOT GLASS.



AND PEPPER DIDN'T COME TO GREET ME WHEN I CAME HOME. I DON'T THINK SHE EVEN EXISTED THERE.

THAT WASN'T
MY HOME. EVEN
THOUGH IT
LOOKED JUST
LIKE IT, ALL THE
LITTLE DETAILS
WERE WRONG.

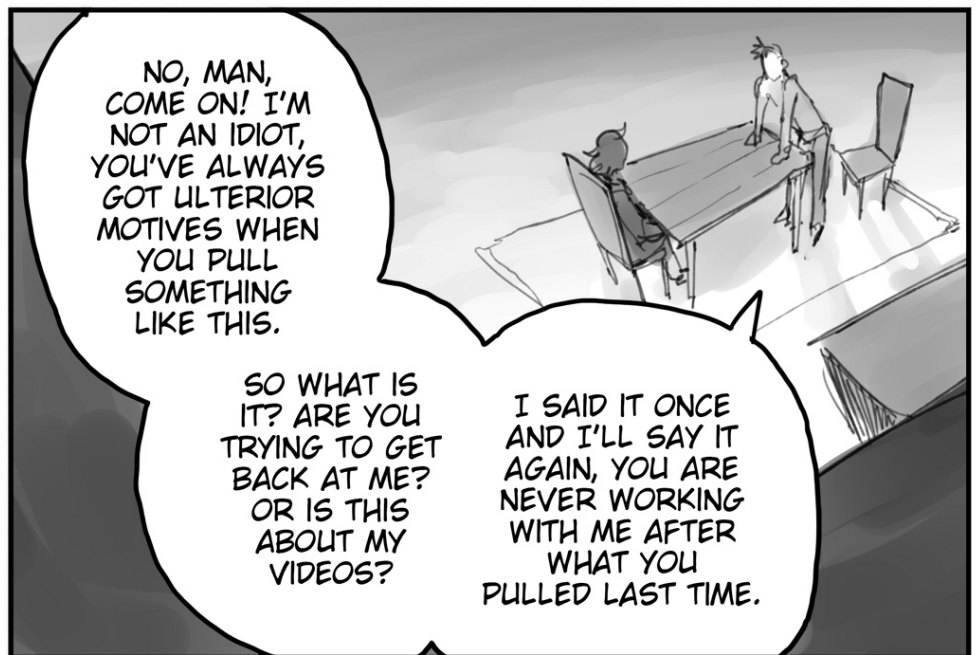
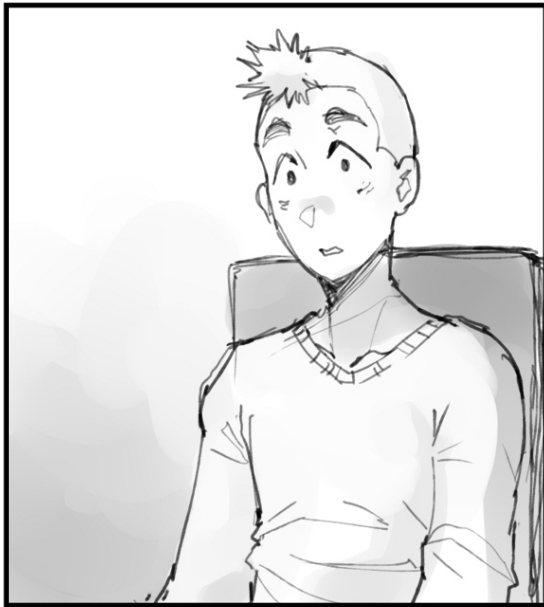
THAT PLACE
PAST THE
CRACK... IT'S
A TUNNEL
THAT LEADS
TO OTHER
WORLDS.
PARALLEL
WORLDS.

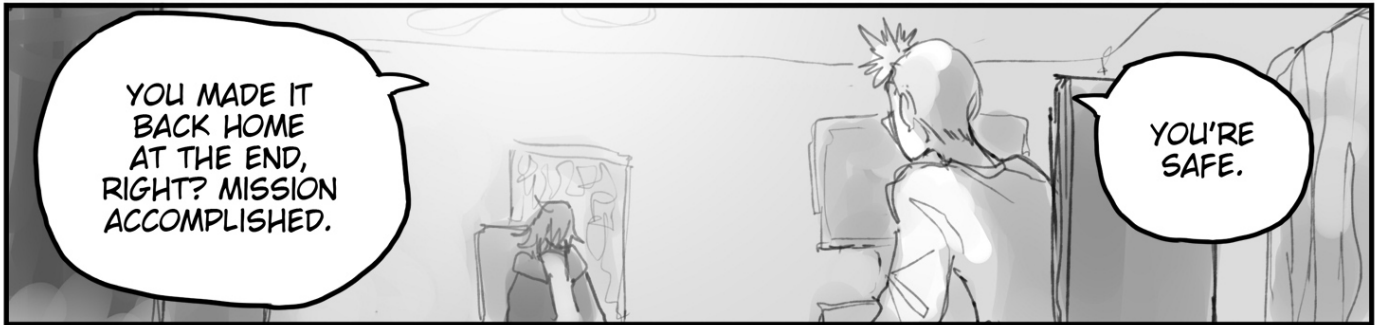
AND SINCE I
WAS FROM A
DIFFERENT
WORLD, THE
FAKE CHRIS,
OR ANYONE I
DISTURBED, WAS
AUTOMATICALLY
GONNA TRY
AND KILL ME.

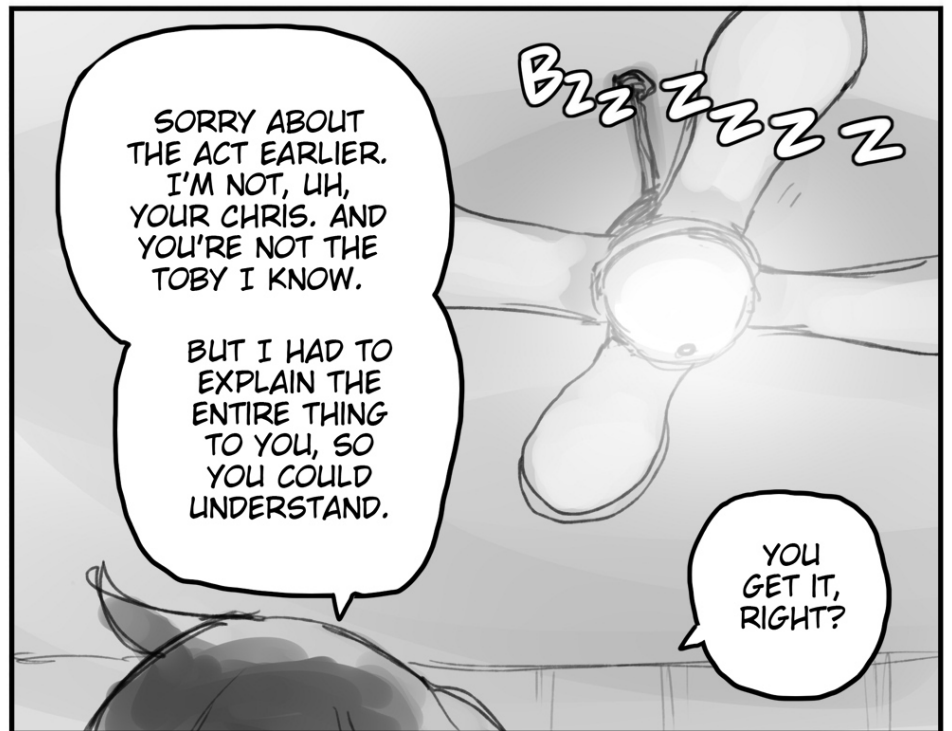
MAYBE TO
THEM, I WAS
AN INVADING
ORGANISM.
AGAINST THE
NATURAL
ORDER. LIKE,
A VIRUS
GETTING
TARGETED BY
THE BODY'S
IMMUNE
SYSTEM.

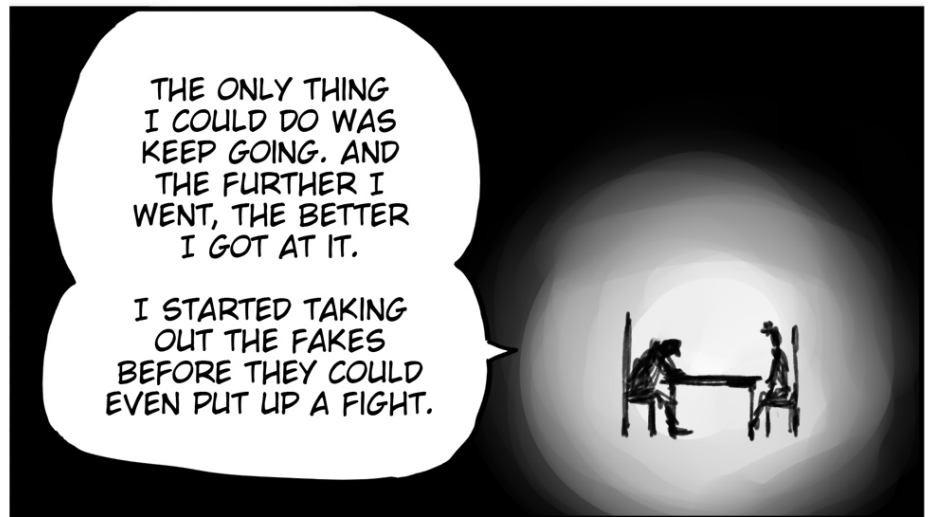
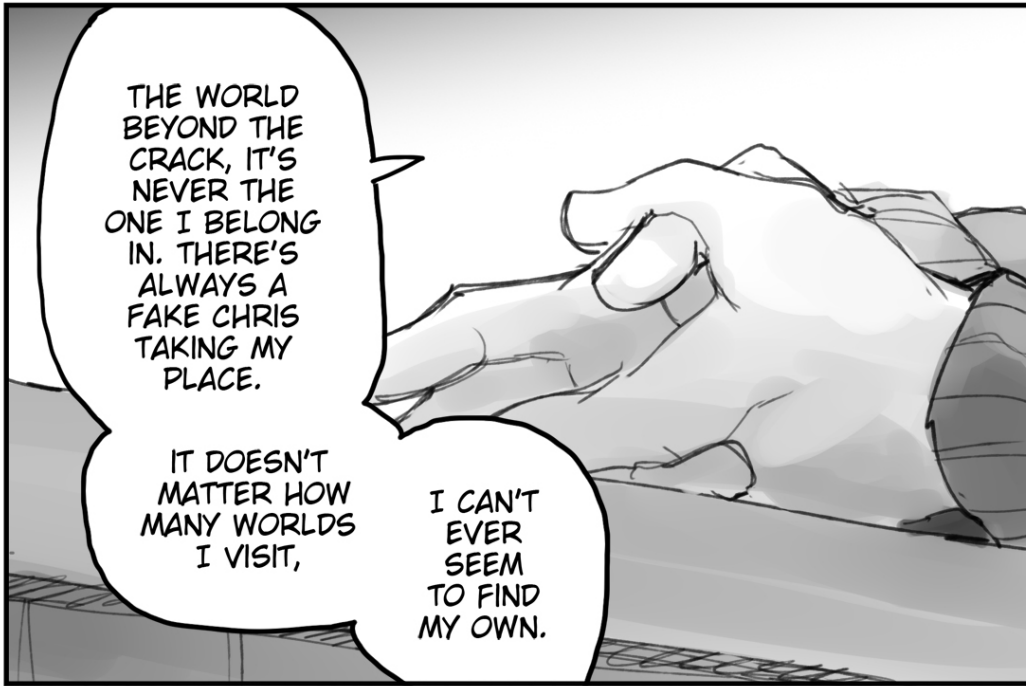
THATS WHY I'VE
BEEN TRYING
TO FIND MY WAY
BACK TO MY
WORLD. THE ONE
I BELONG IN.

AND... THAT'S
HOW I ENDED
UP HERE.
TALKING
TO YOU.



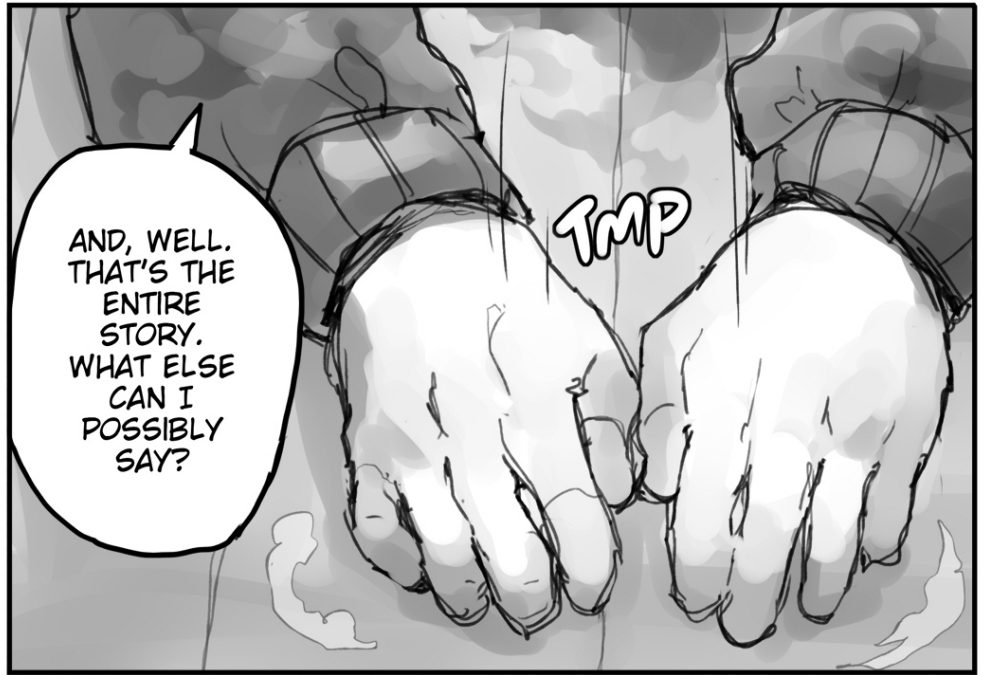








CHRIS IS CALLING.
YOU WANNA
TAKE IT?



AND, WELL.
THAT'S THE
ENTIRE
STORY.
WHAT ELSE
CAN I
POSSIBLY
SAY?

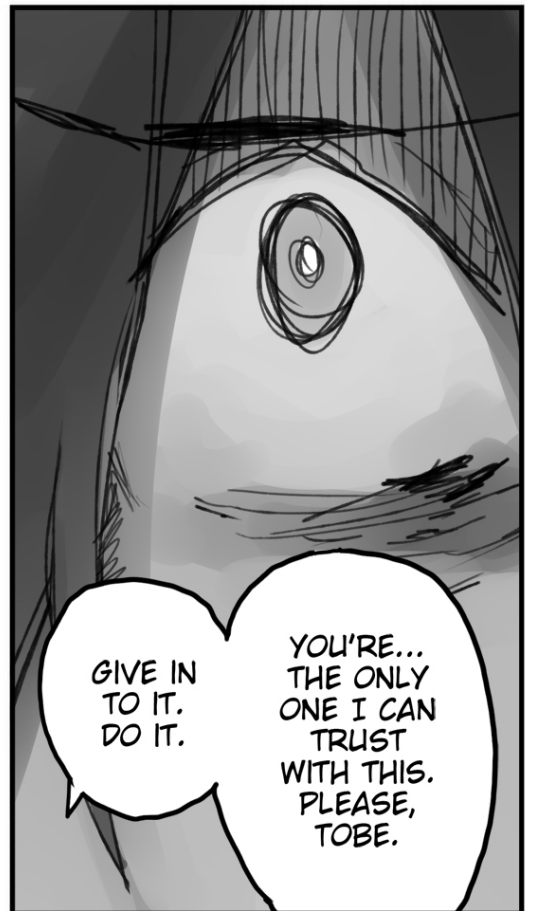
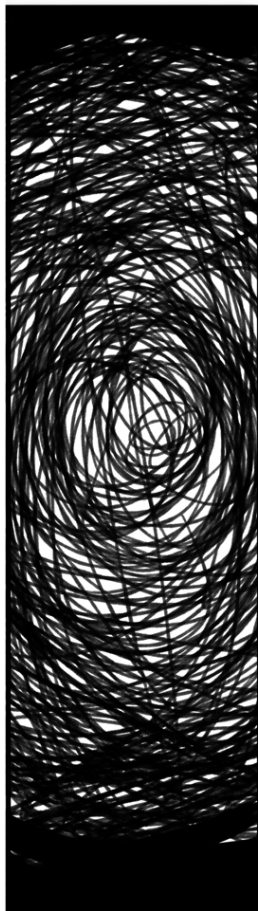


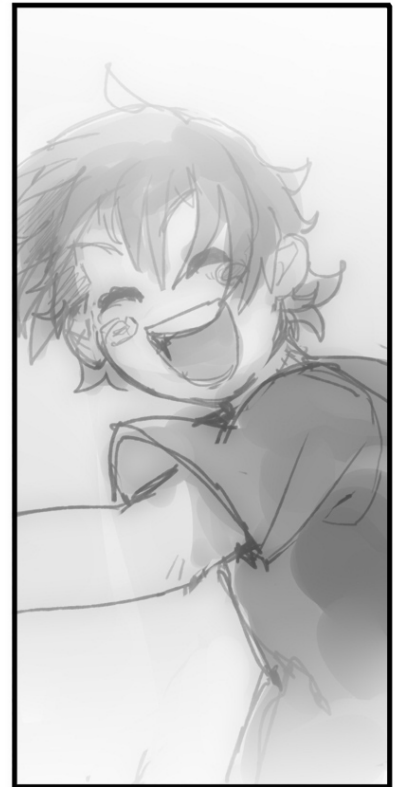
YOU
GET IT.



RIGHT,
TOBE?

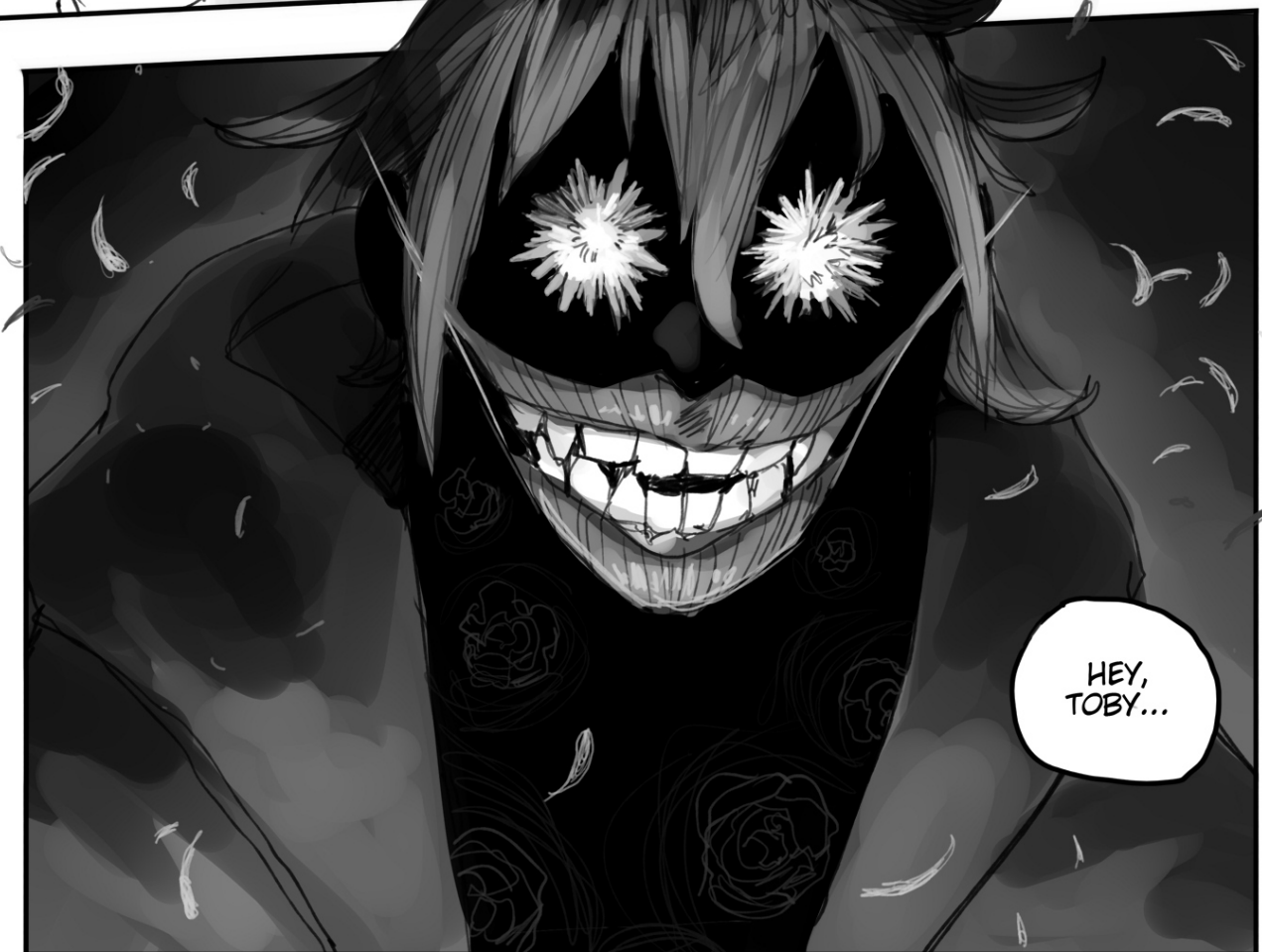
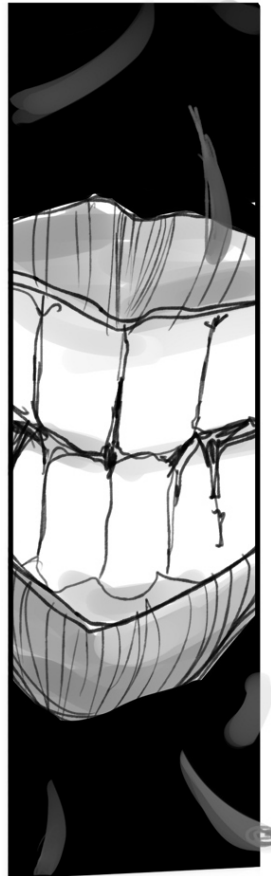




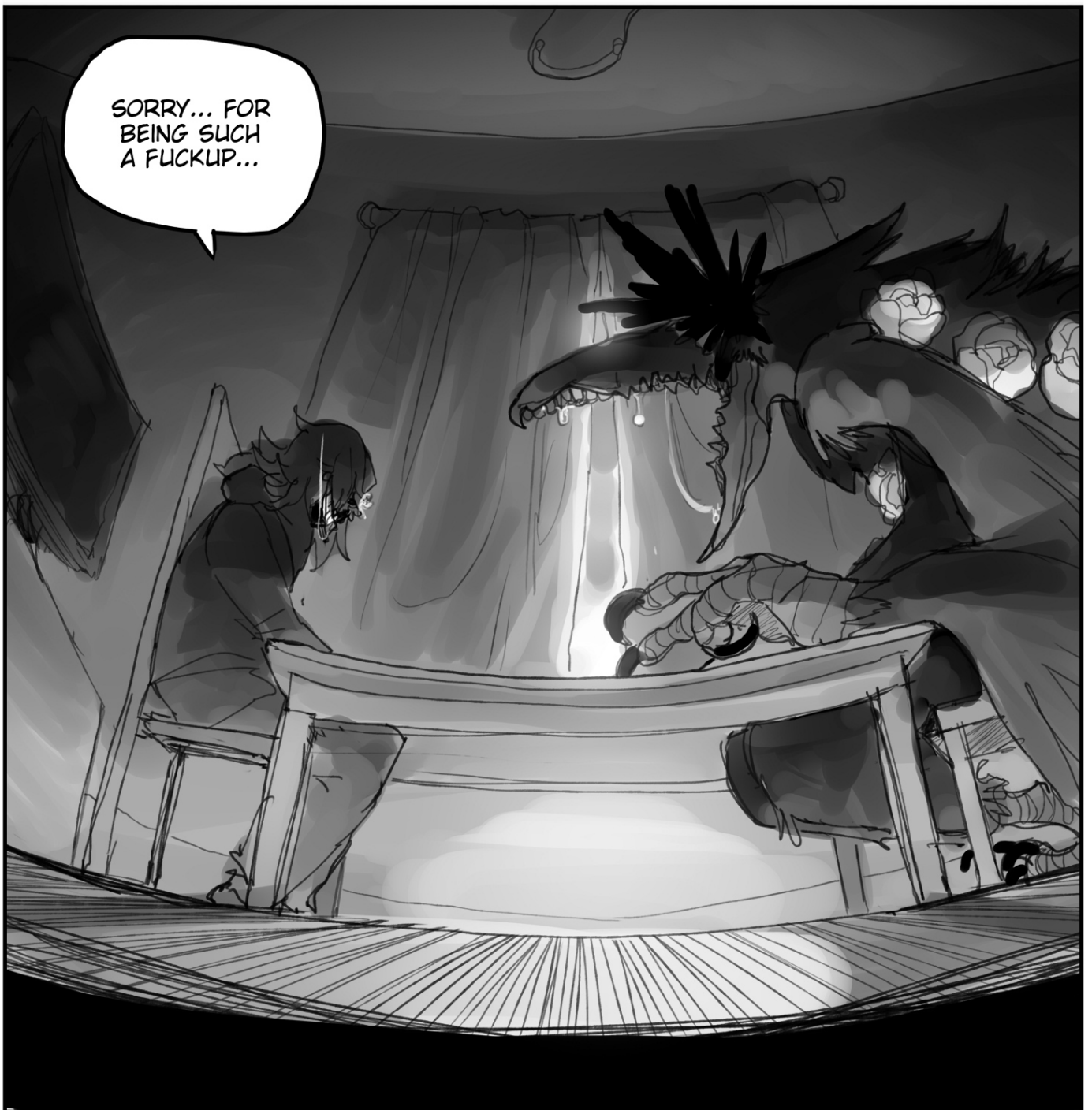
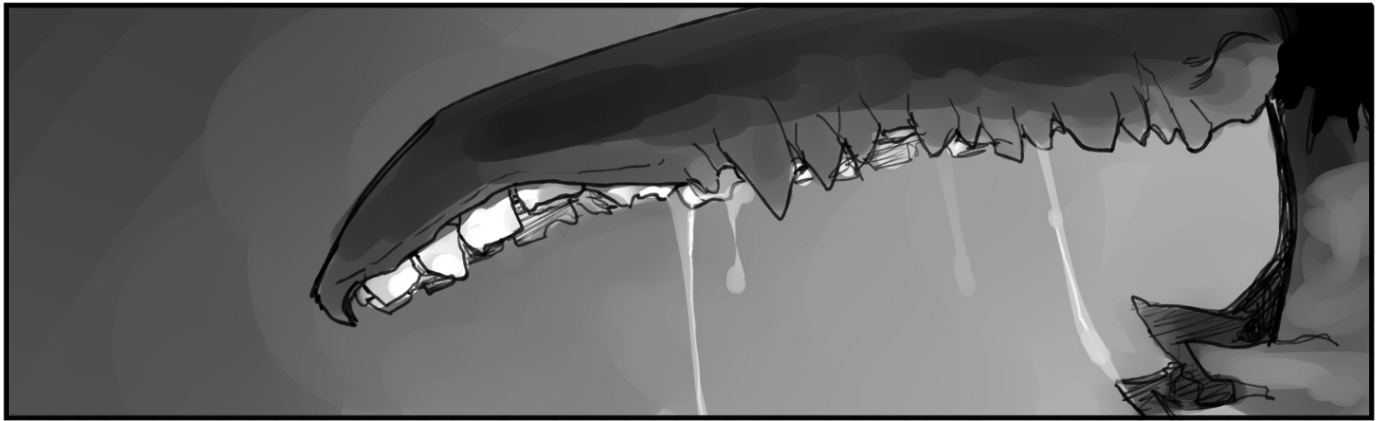


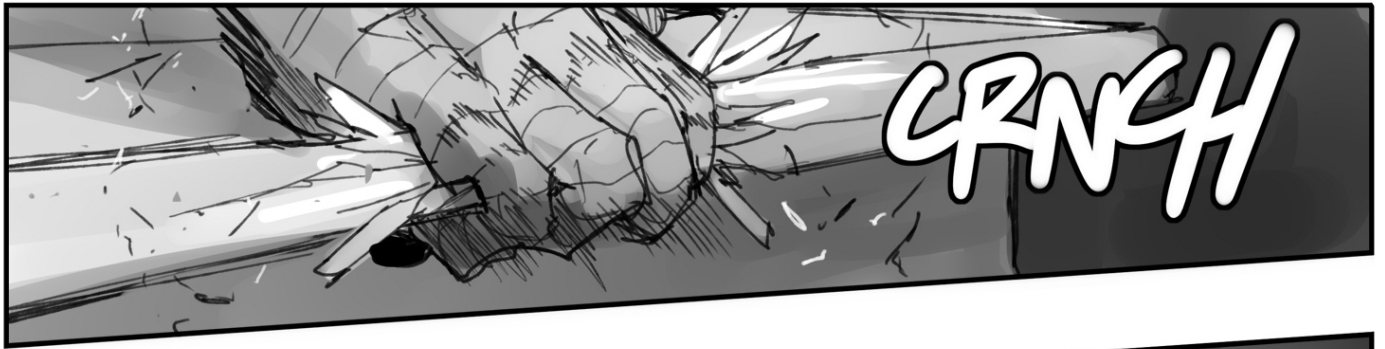


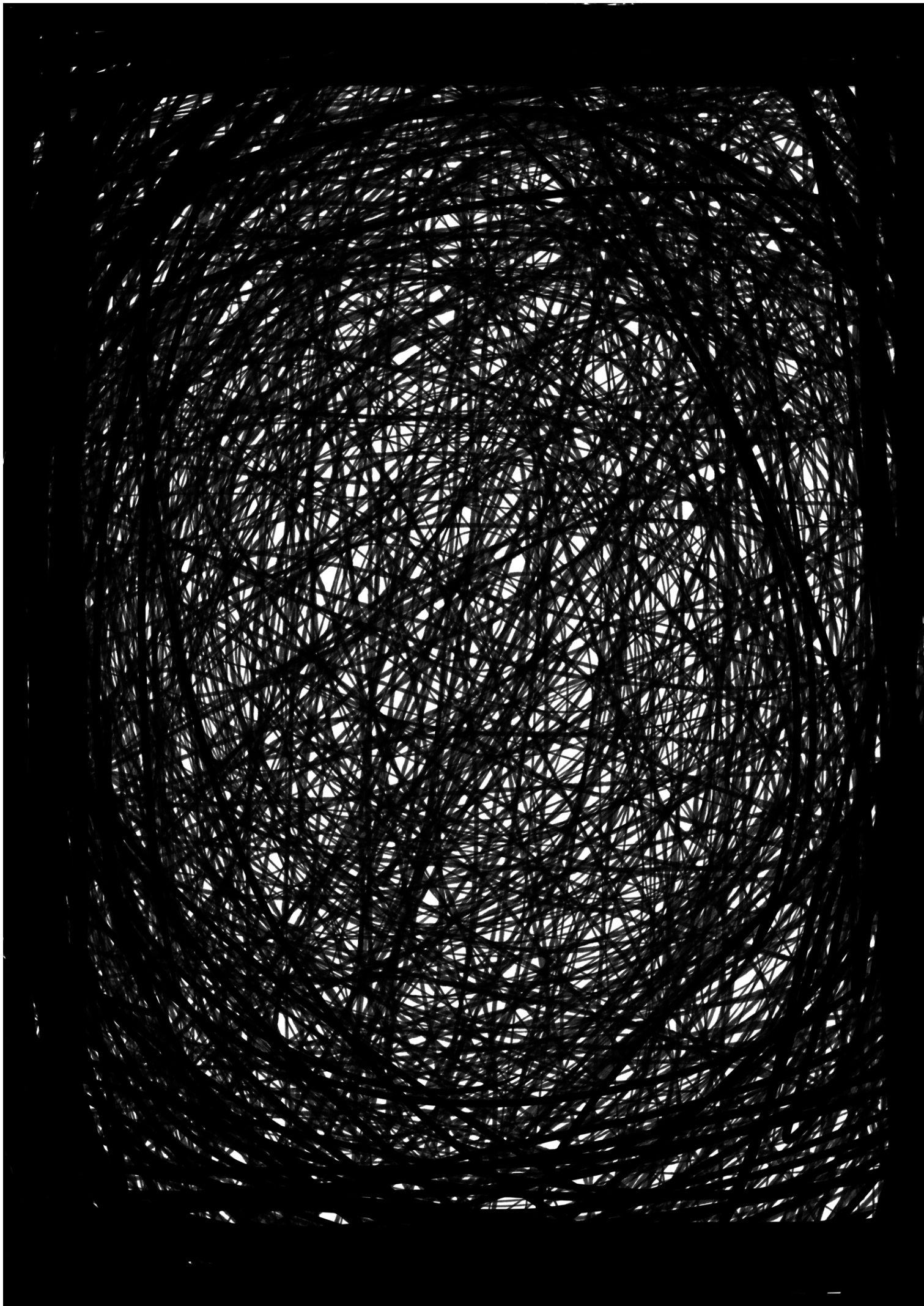
YOU'RE BLUFFING,
THERE'S NO
WAY THAT YOU-
YOU...

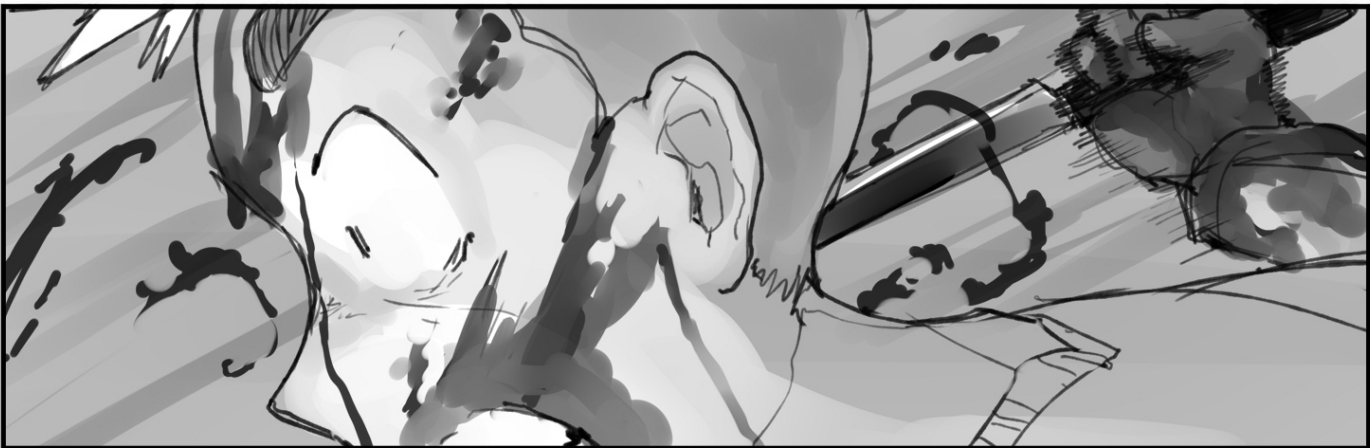
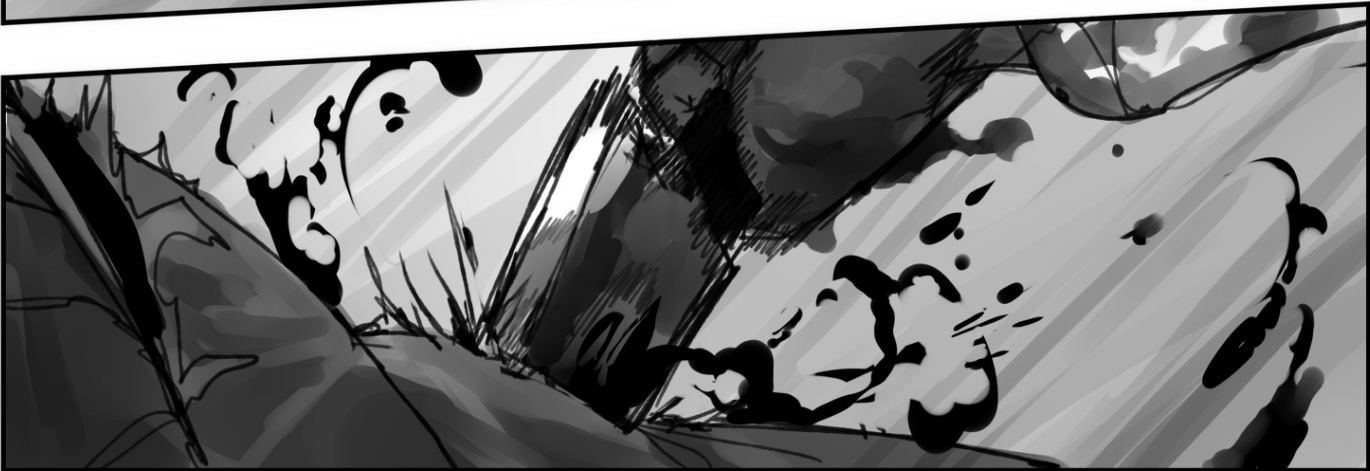
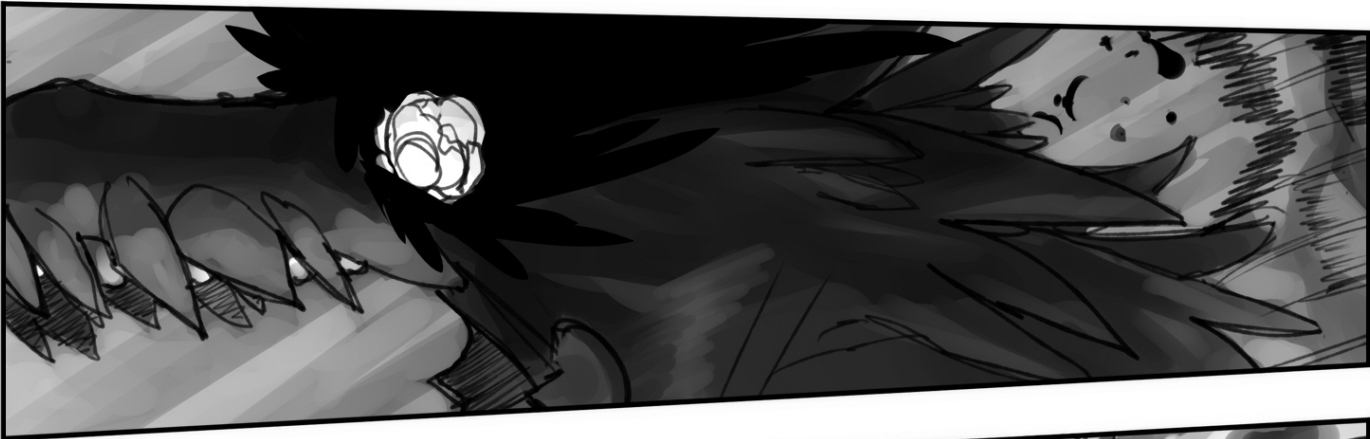
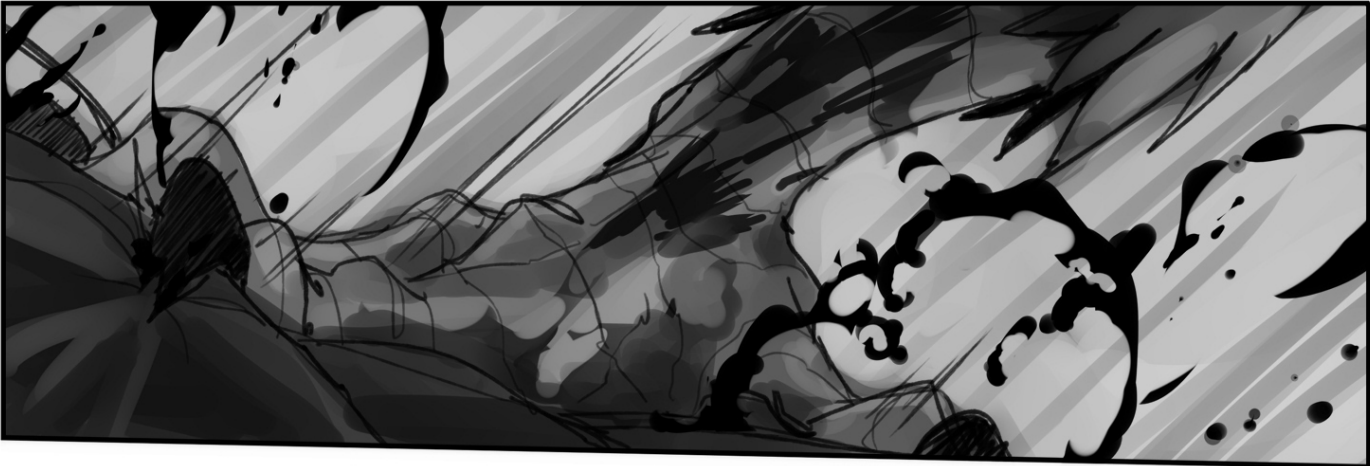


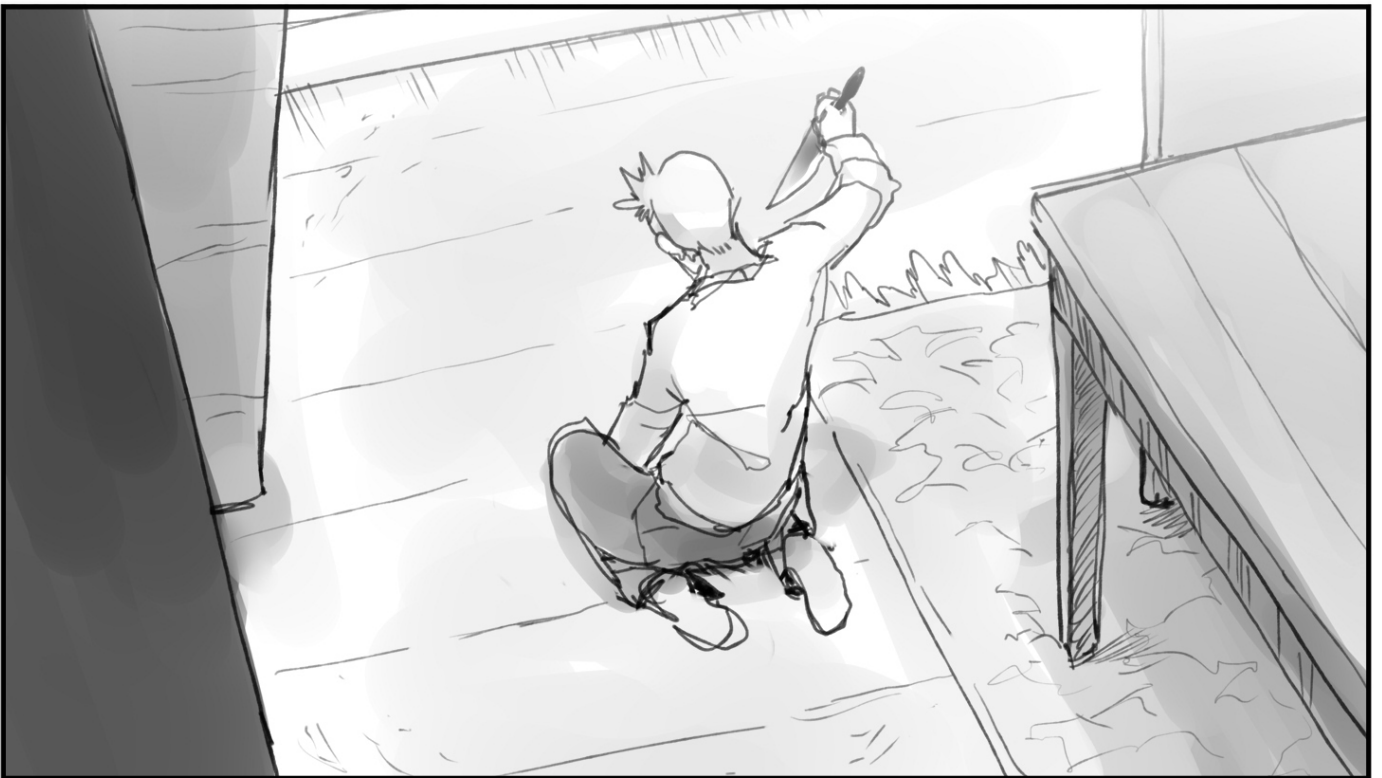
HEY,
TOBY...



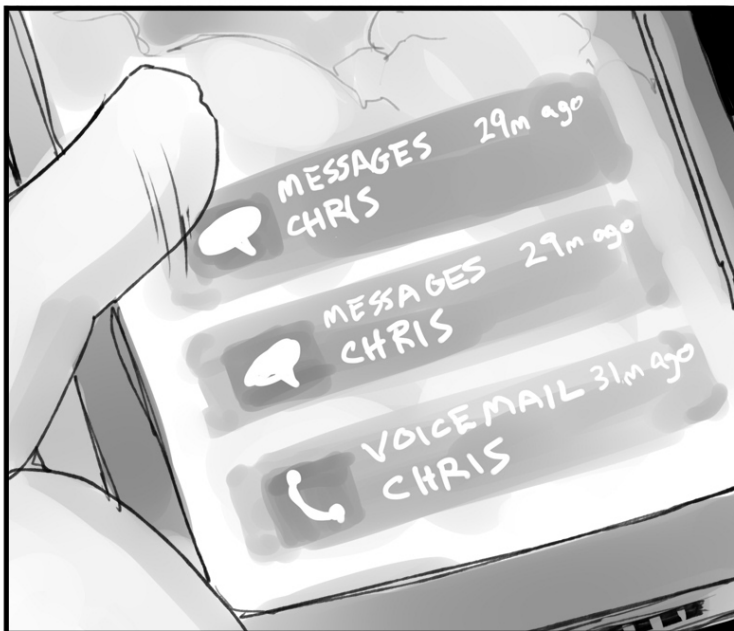
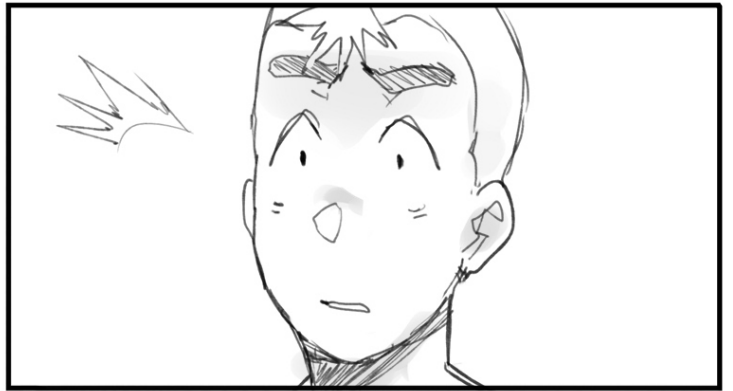




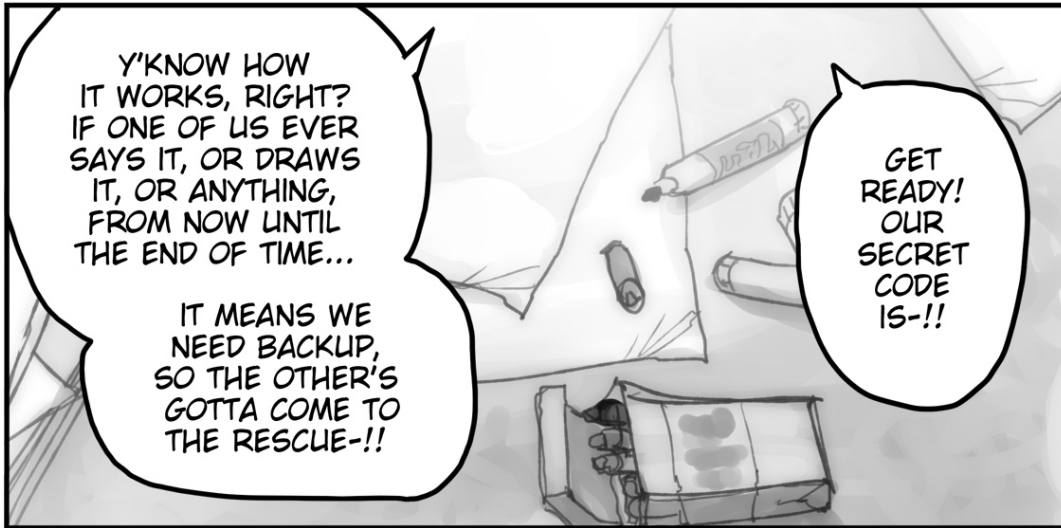








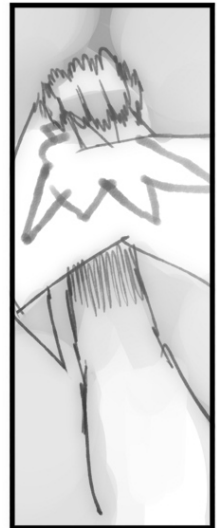




Y'KNOW HOW IT WORKS, RIGHT? IF ONE OF US EVER SAYS IT, OR DRAWS IT, OR ANYTHING, FROM NOW UNTIL THE END OF TIME...

IT MEANS WE NEED BACKUP, SO THE OTHER'S GOTTA COME TO THE RESCUE-!!

GET READY! OUR SECRET CODE IS-!!



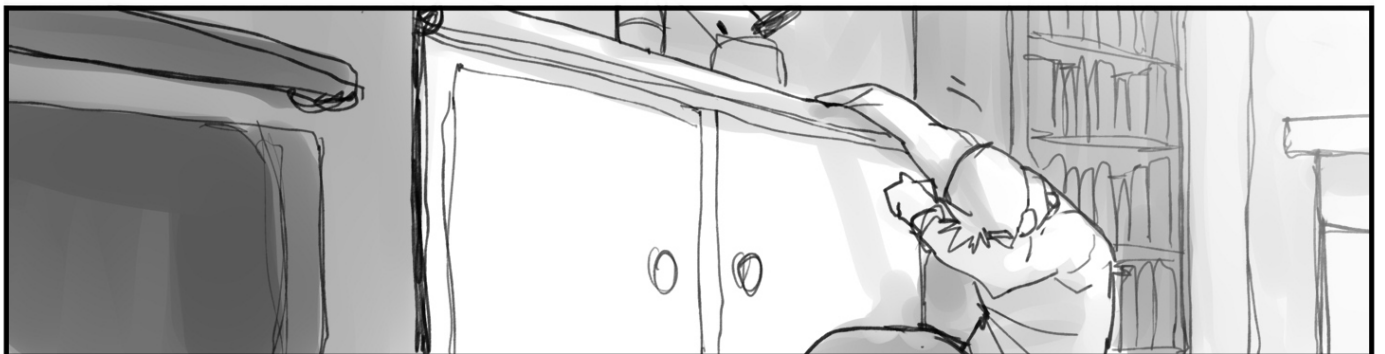
BALD BALD EAGLE!

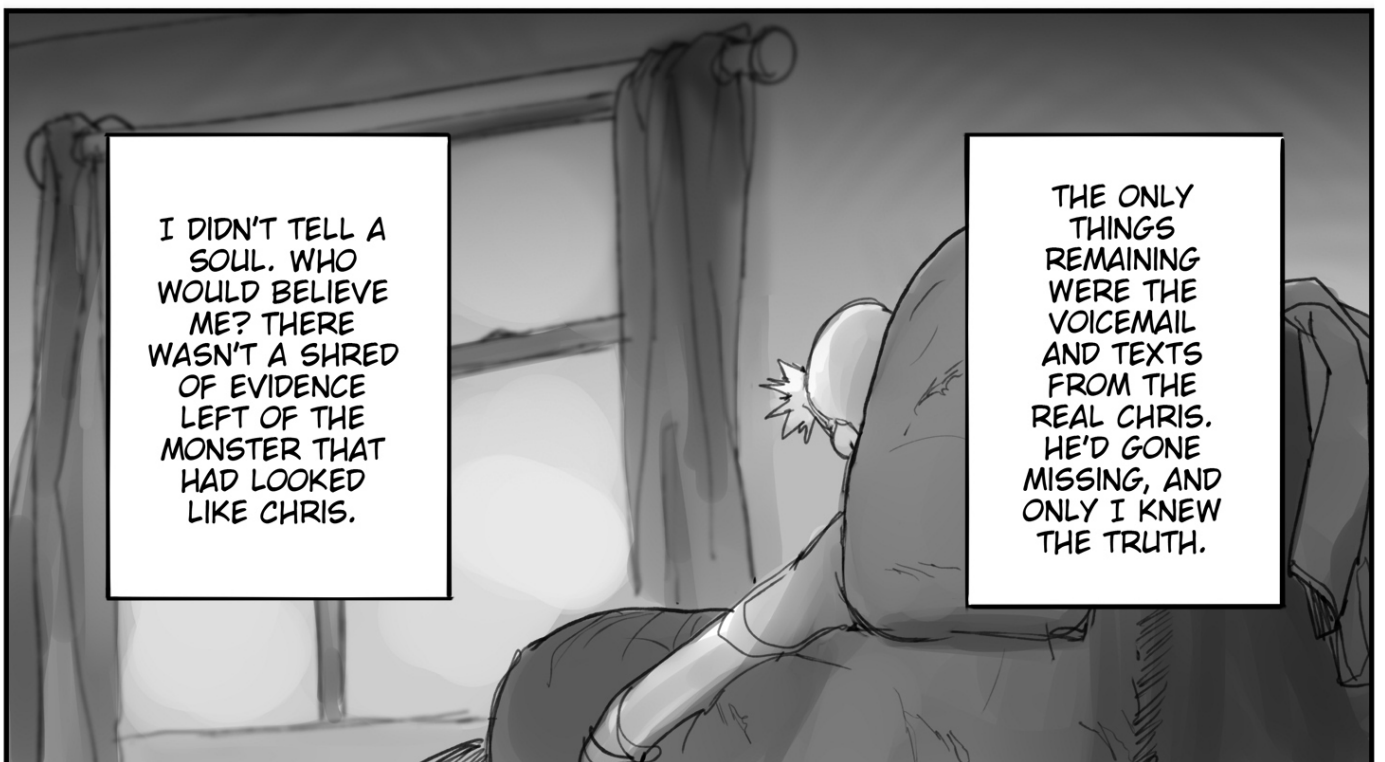
BALD BALD EAGLE.



GYAHAHA HAHA HAHA-!!

THAT'S SO DUMB! ONLY YOU COULD COME UP WITH SOMETHING LIKE THAT, MAN!

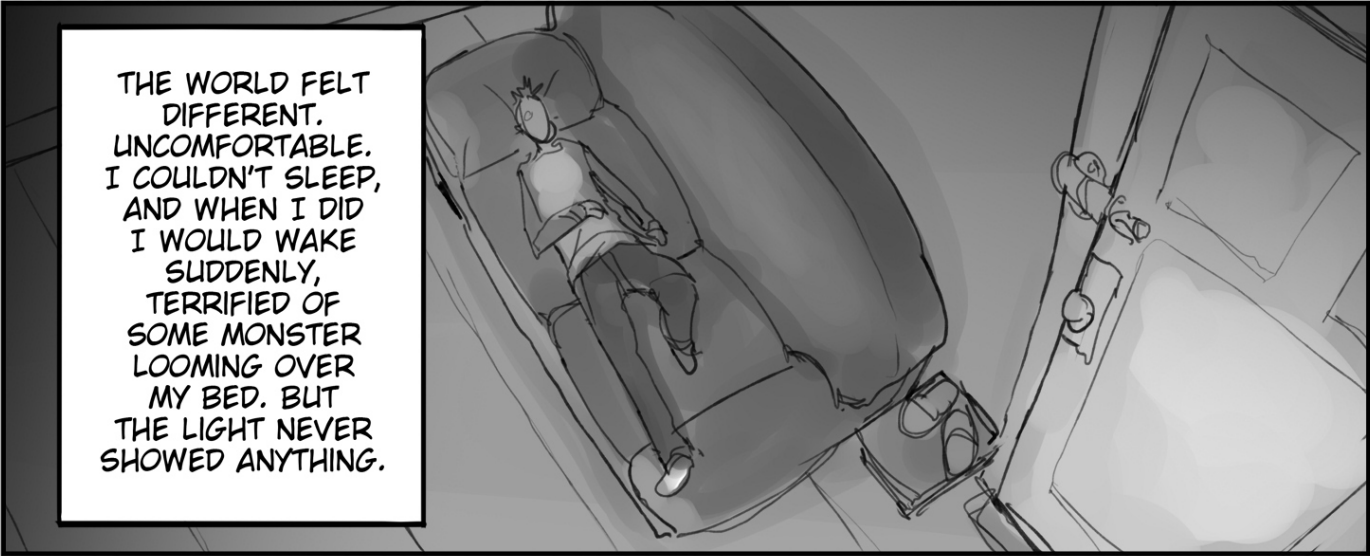




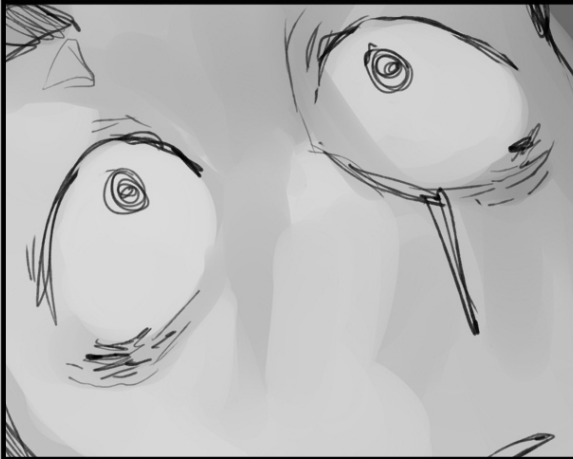


THE POLICE
CAME THE NEXT
DAY, SINCE I
WAS THE LAST
PERSON CHRIS
HAD CONTACTED.
BUT I HAD
NOTHING TO
SAY, AND
THERE WAS
NOTHING FOR
THEM TO FIND.

CHRIS WAS
GONE. I'D
NEVER
SEE HIM
AGAIN. AND
I COULDN'T
EVEN
UNDERSTAND
WHY ANY
OF IT HAD
HAPPENED.



THE WORLD FELT
DIFFERENT.
UNCOMFORTABLE.
I COULDN'T SLEEP,
AND WHEN I DID
I WOULD WAKE
SUDDENLY,
TERRIFIED OF
SOME MONSTER
LOOMING OVER
MY BED. BUT
THE LIGHT NEVER
SHOWED ANYTHING.

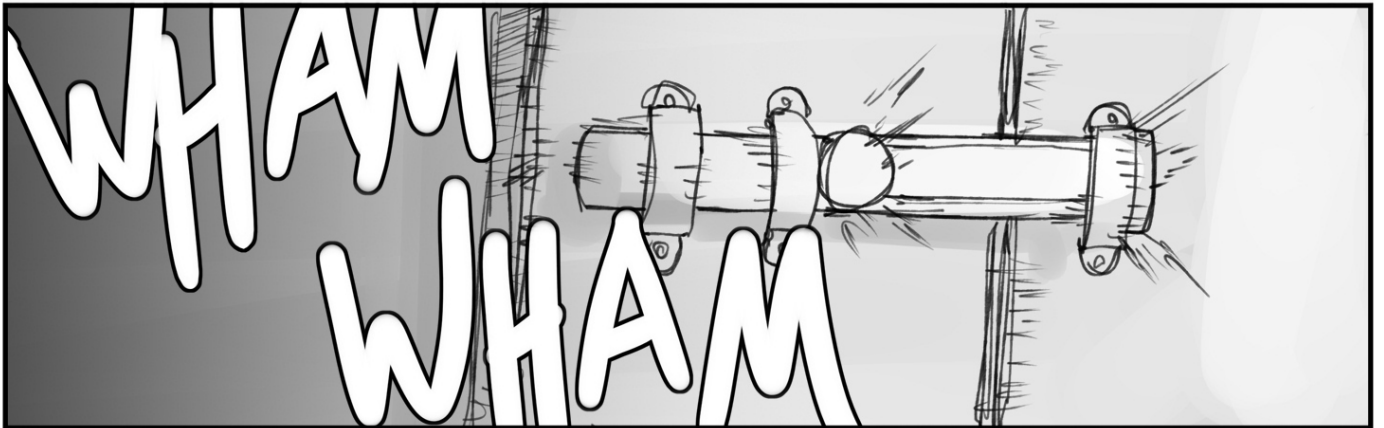


CHRIS HAD FOUND
THAT INBETWEEN
PLACE THROUGH A
GLOWING CRACK.
BUT HOW COULD I
BE SURE THAT I
HADN'T ALSO BEEN
DRAWN THERE IN
SOME OTHER WAY,
NOW THAT I KNEW?

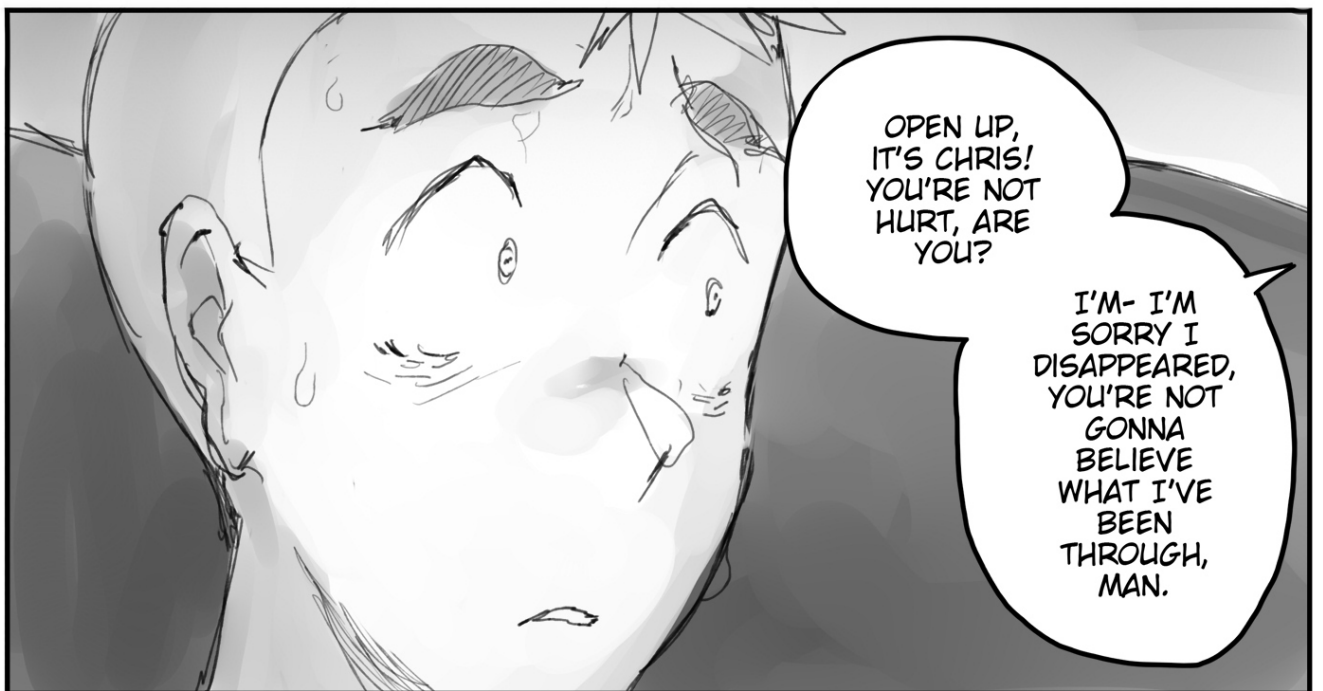
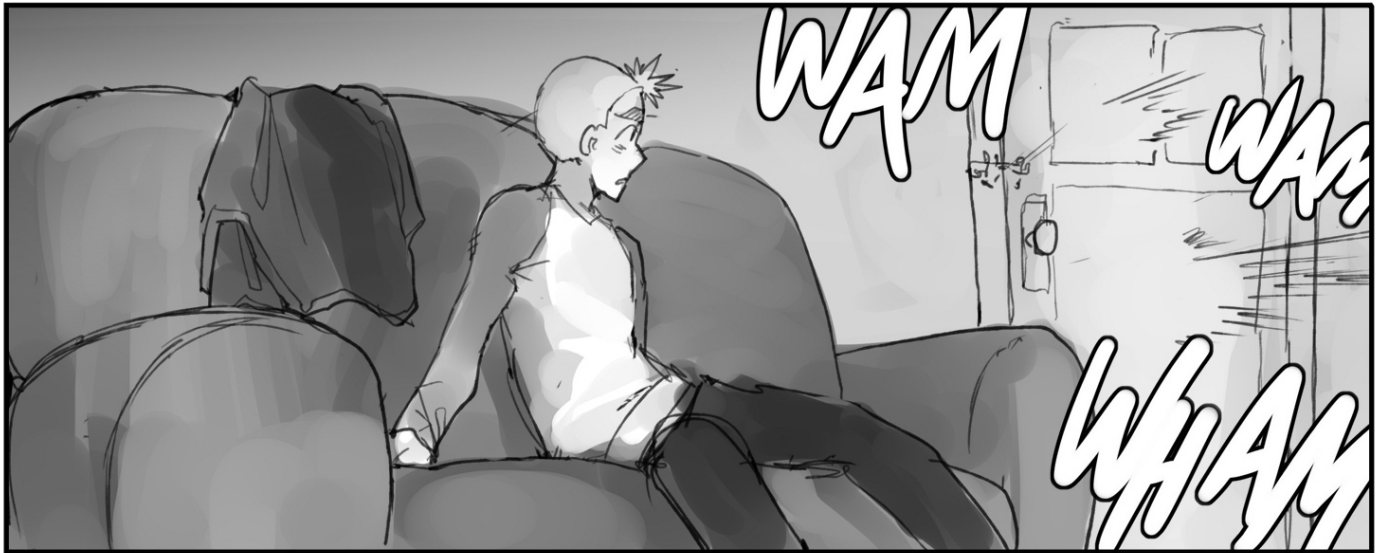
HOW COULD I BE
CERTAIN THAT THIS
WAS MY WORLD,
AND THAT I WAS
MYSELF? MY MIND
KEPT SPINNING
ENDLESSLY.

TWO DAYS
PASSED IN
THE BLINK
OF AN EYE.

AND IT
WAS THEN,
WHEN I
LEAST
EXPECTED
IT,



THAT I
HEARD A
FRANTIC
KNOCKING
AT THE
DOOR.



LET ME IN
AND I'LL TELL
YOU THE WHOLE
THING. OKAY?

TOBY?

C'MON
MAN,
OPEN UP
ALREADY.

IT'S
CHRIS,
COME ON!
OPEN THE
DOOR!

TOBY-!!

NOV

29	30
5	6
12	13
19	20
26	27

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN - END