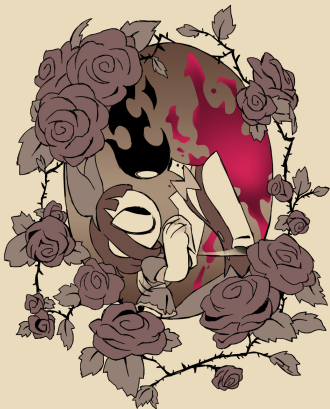


ellipsis

R:18



by teebly



My textbooks tell me

"Animals don't feel"

*but I think their
fear is realer*

*than any
human's*



8:49pm.

he comes home.

(hide the evidence)

Out of breath,
moreso than usual?

(frantic)

Work was bad, then.

It's going to
hurt today.

He speaks to me -
-no, speaks at me.



He doesn't want a response.
(don't react)



The ticking of the
grandfather clock

is deafening

tick

tock



and I'm wishing
it was louder.

tick

tock



I'm wishing it would
drown out more.

Dinner is wordless.

He can't look at me.



*Guilt rises like bile
in his throat.*

*I work on my
arithmetic.*



And tonight
is no different

from any other.

Tomerrow-

SPEAK

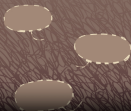
... who's there?

Father has a guest.

(so late? unusual)



Hushed voices.



What are they saying?

I creep a little



closer.



I can't see
them clearly.

He sounds
like a man...?

Something
about my
schoolwork.

My father is
acting polite.

It's not convincing.



That's odd...



... I've never seen



this man before.





...

... what...?

(father...?)
What *is* that?
(monster...?)

b-dmp
b-dmp

{STAGGER}



I-
Some kind of...
trick...?
(am I dreaming?)



...

How strange.

That man was an animal

on the inside, too.



Does he want me?

*(that makes (he hasn't
sense...?) killed me yet?)*



...?



**How does he
want me?**

*(should I ask?)
(my throat is
closing up)*



I can't read his face

(what is he thinking?)

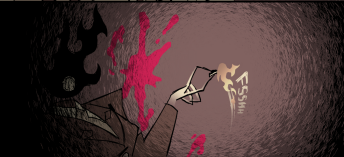




I've never seen anything



like you before



Will you be



the last thing I ever see?



I've never
been to a

place like
this before.



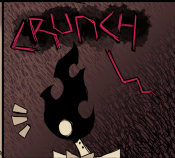
The man at
the counter



seems unperturbed.
(recognizes him?)



Is it just me?



He washes the blood
from my clothes.



He doesn't react
to my body.



Can something like
that even...?



... no, best not to
think about that.



There's one bed
in this room.



He pins me
with blankets.



It's strange
and confusing
(can't escape)



Where will he sleep?
(what will he do?)



I close my eyes,
feigning slumber.



My chest



is pounding.



...

I wake up.

He watches me eat.
(did he already...?)



It seems we'll
be going out.



I could run.

I could cause
a scene.



But where
would I go?



Do all murderers



*buy clothes for
their victims?*




*... do all children with
murdered fathers*




*feel nothing
but relief?*






He wants me to stay.



Where is he going?



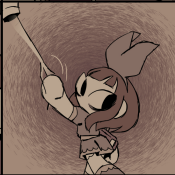
Will I see him again?

(do I want to?)



Is there a book
that can tell me

what to do in
this situation...?



...

He smells like blood.

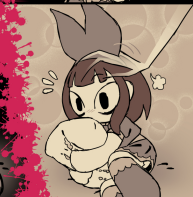


Who did he kill?
(did I know them?)

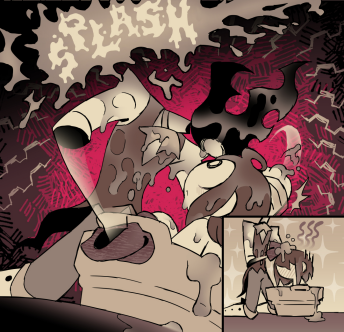


How did he do it?
(was it painful?)

What does it feel like



to kill a person?



The morning
paper

has a few

sentences

SLICED BREAD
IN VOGUE
...ives Best
... Of Best

about my
father.

House Fire in XIX
Single Father, XX
XXX XXXX

I am
presumed
dead.











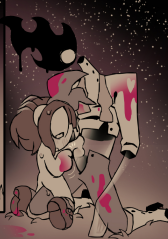
I remember,
at last



?

to ask for
his name.







*I still have
many questions*

*he's yet
to answer.*



*but I can
be patient.*



After all...

... where
we're going.



we don't
need words.



fin.

Author's Note

Hello, this is Teeb, and thank you so much for reading *Ellipsis*! I hope you had fun learning about Zieg & Ada. They've been very dear to my heart ever since I created them.

While it's not quite as long as some of my previous works, *Ellipsis* was extremely challenging to make nonetheless. Not only was I trying a completely different narrative style, but the color palette was very intentionally restrictive. Zieg & Ada also just don't emote very much, which was another layer of difficulty... finally, I had to learn to work around some significant burnout I was still dealing with (which is mostly why this comic took much longer to complete than my other projects).

With all of that said, I really enjoyed working on this. I feel like I've learned a lot. Especially about the 1920's. I did so much research into incidental background details... by the way, *Ellipsis* is set in a bit of a pastiche ranging from 1900-1930 in the USA. It's not intended to be strictly historical, but Zieg is really the only truly fantastical thing about it.

I was very careful to keep Zieg's motivations and intentions mostly mysterious, even to myself. It's an easy thing to do, isn't it? Fleshing out the monster. But it's so much harder to remain afraid of the monster once you understand it...

Anyway, as usual, you can find me on Twitter or Baraag as [@teebzly](#) & [@teebnsfw](#).

Ta-ta for now! *xoxo*



Thanks for
reading!
-teeb