



Paper Girls



Paper Girls 1

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Welcome to Heaven.



You're her.

You're **Christa McAuliffe**.

That's right. Everyone from the *Challenger* is here. And so is your Gram. But not your fish, okay?



My fish. I drowned, didn't I?

No, it was the Russians. They got almost everybody.

Then... where's my sister?



Oh, Missy is in Hell.





WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I've had this dream before.

It...it isn't even real, so it doesn't count if I swear in here.



INCORRECT.



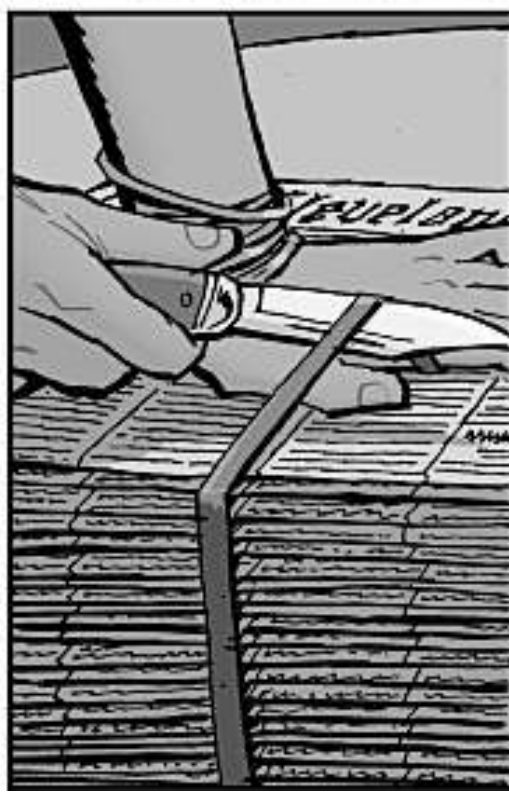
Please.



WE WARNED YOU... NEVER EAT FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

















Teenagers.



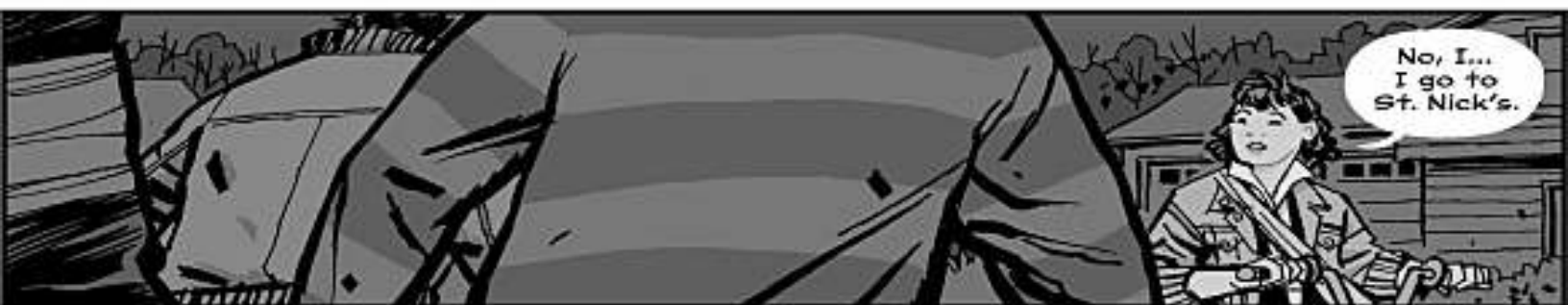
Say what?

Um, what's your family's address?



Um, none of your business.

You're not a Stony Middle chick, are you?




No, I... I go to St. Nick's.



Yum, Catholic schoolgirl.


She's, like, eight, man.

Grass on the field...



I'm twelve.

And I have to get back to work.



Not until you give me a goddamn paper.


Lucas Kurzenberger!

Cool costume, faggot.












Hey, I was the first altar girl long before Mac took over her brother's route.




Yeah, Tiffany's like the Amelia Earhart of crap that doesn't matter.



You guys are both in private, too?




Uh-huh.




I'm at St. Pete's, but KJ goes to Buttonwood Academy with the rest of the heathens.


That is so anti-Semitic.



You rich girls want to compare report cards all night or can we get back to business?




So you three deliver together?



Just for All Saint's, 'cause there are so many crazies still out.



We met last Halloween, decided to team up. You can totally join us, too, if you want?



No, it'll take too long for all four of us to do the entire development together. We'll split up into two groups.

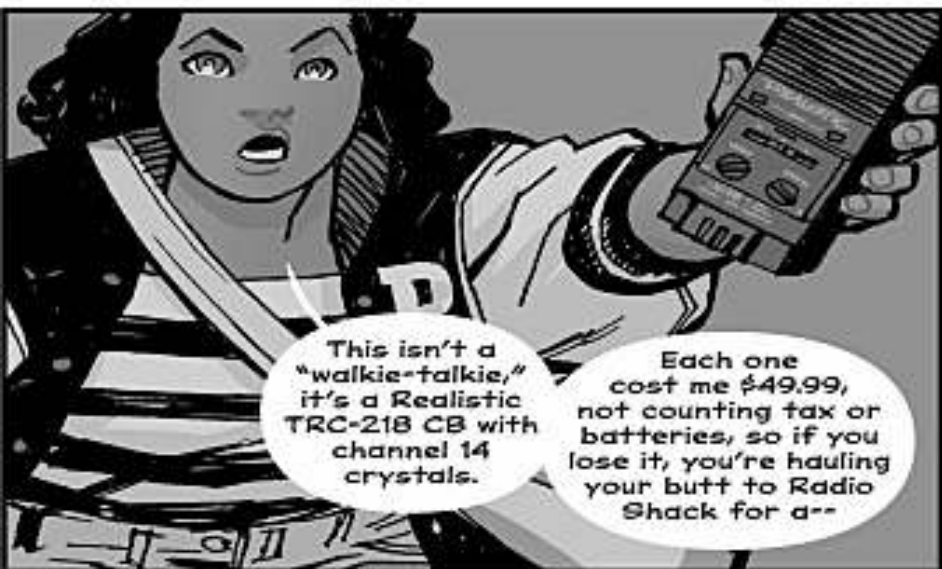
New kid can ride with me.



Um, it's Erin.

My name is--

Tiff, can we borrow one of your walkie-talkies?



This isn't a "walkie-talkie," it's a Realistic TRC-218 CB with channel 14 crystals.

Each one cost me \$49.99, not counting tax or batteries, so if you lose it, you're hauling your butt to Radio Shack for a--



KRAKOOM



Perfect.

Forecast didn't say anything about rain today.

Like our paper ever gets the weather right.

Let's just get this over with. We'll meet back here at dawn.



Keep up, new kid.







You know what would be cool? Still being asleep right now.

Well, I'm glad you're out here, Mac.

You, like, opened a door for lots of us.



Like it matters.

We're the last of a dying breed anyway.



What do you mean?

My dad says there's no future in newspapers.

We pretty much used up all the trees on the planet, so in a few years, everyone's just gonna get their news off the TV.



What, like *The Today Show*?

My mom likes Jane Pauley, but she thinks Bryant Gumbel is a--

COYLE!



Shit.



What the hell are you up to?

My job?



Bull.

I got multiple reports of someone *smashing windows* in this development.

So what?



So, you getting into the family business?

I don't know what you're talking about, man.



You address me as *Officer*, young lady.

And put out that cigarette before I write you up.



There's no law against me having smokes.

But there is one against underage brats like you *buying* them.

Good thing I got these trick-or-treating.

Ah, I've been with Mackenzie all night, Officer. She...she hasn't done anything wrong.







Who cares where these losers came from?

They're not getting away with this.

Mrs. Drobneck over on Acorn is usually up by now. We can ask her to call the police for us.



The same cops who think I'm a criminal?

Yeah, Stony PD is the worst.

I tried to report this weird lady following me in her station wagon one time, and the 911 operator just told me to call back when I had an "actual emergency."



So what do we do?

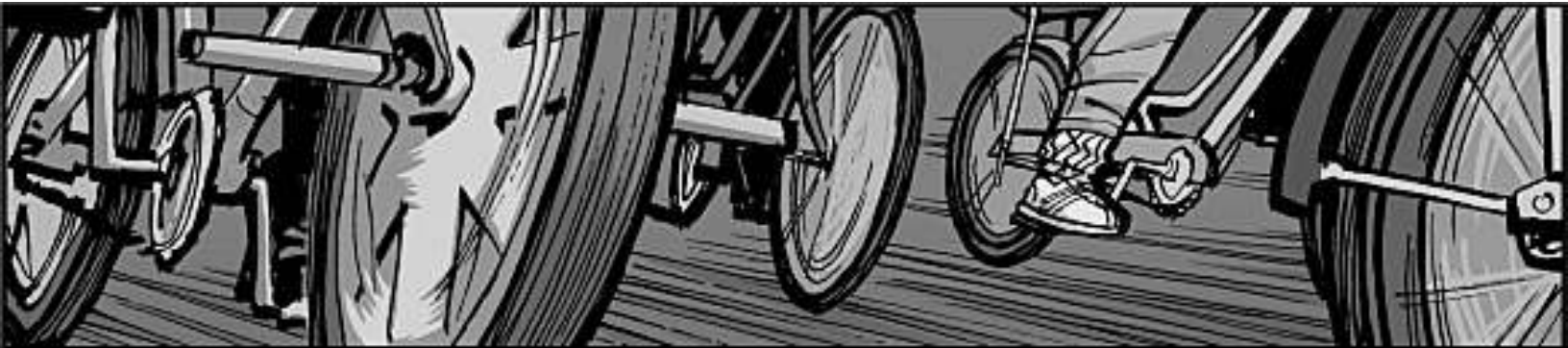
What do you think?



Hey, whichever dumb fucks just robbed our friend, if you can hear this, get ready...



... 'cause we're coming to get our shit back.



You sure they went this way?

Pretty sure.

But it happened so fast. By the time Tiffany hit the pavement, they were almost to the woods.

Maybe they're hiding out in one of these unfinished houses.



My sister and I have snuck into some before.

There are always beer cans and stuff left over from people partying.



Check it out.



Score.





Hello?
Dickweeds...?



Whoa.



The heck is that?



Help me get this sheet off.

Ew.

It feels kinda like... skin?

Yep, goodbye.



Tiffany, wait!

Nuh-uh. Flesh sheet?

That's some Texas Chainsaw bullshit.



It's not really skin... but it's not a sheet either.


It's connected to this thing.



Like a parachute.




Jesus.



It's like
some kind of...
modern art.

Yeah, it's
terrible.

Where
the hell did
it even come
from?



Outer
space.



Shut up.

I'm not kidding.

This thing looks a lot like an old *Apollo capsule*.



I thought NASA was just using shuttles these days.

They are.

But maybe this thing came from Russia or something.



Or something?

Erin... what if it's *alien*?



Oh, come on. You dummies seriously don't realize what this is?

Am I the only one who actually reads the thing we deliver?



What are you talking about?

This is the fiftieth anniversary of War of the Worlds.



That stupid new TV show?



It was on the radio long before that.

This actor named, like, Orville Wright tried to trick everyone into believing there was a real alien invasion going on, and the whole country freaked out.



This is obviously just a rip-off of that hoax.

The guys who took Tiff's walkie wanted us to come here and find this stupid prop they built in shop class.

klang
klang



Why?

Because we work for the newspaper.

These dorks figured we'd tell the *Preserver* that we found E.T.'s ship and help get them on TV's *Bloopers & Practical Whatever*.



But, how'd they even get it down here?

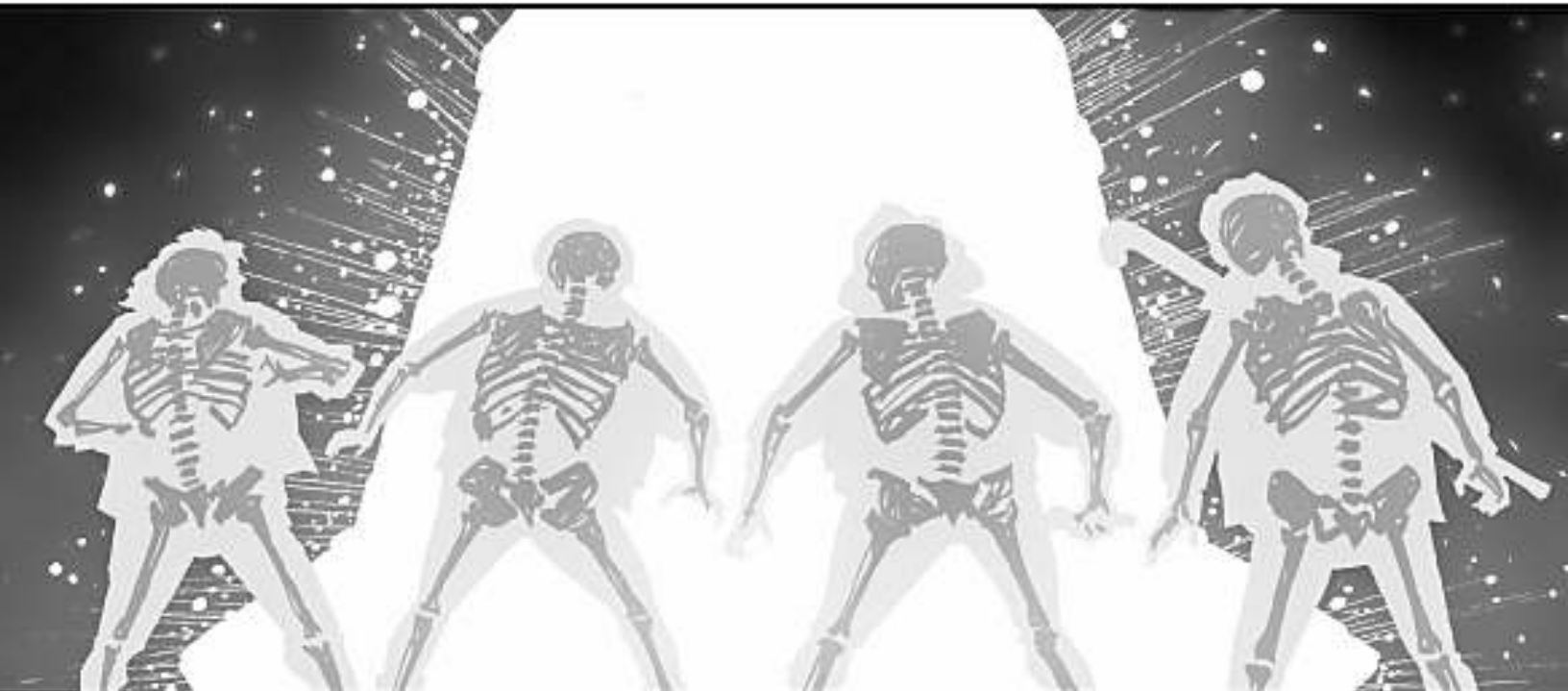
There's no way this thing could fit through that--

YMMMMMM



You hear that, right?

It's definitely getting--



Everybody okay?

No. And what happened to my--

MMMMMMMMMMMM



RUN.





They're booking!

Kaje, wait!



They're booking!



They're booking!

They're booking!



Why are you doing this?!

Just give us back our--



They're booking!



您非阿明哥不成





Put... her... Put... her... Put... her... Put... her... Put... her...



gghh



Put.



Put... her...









It's an apple.

P



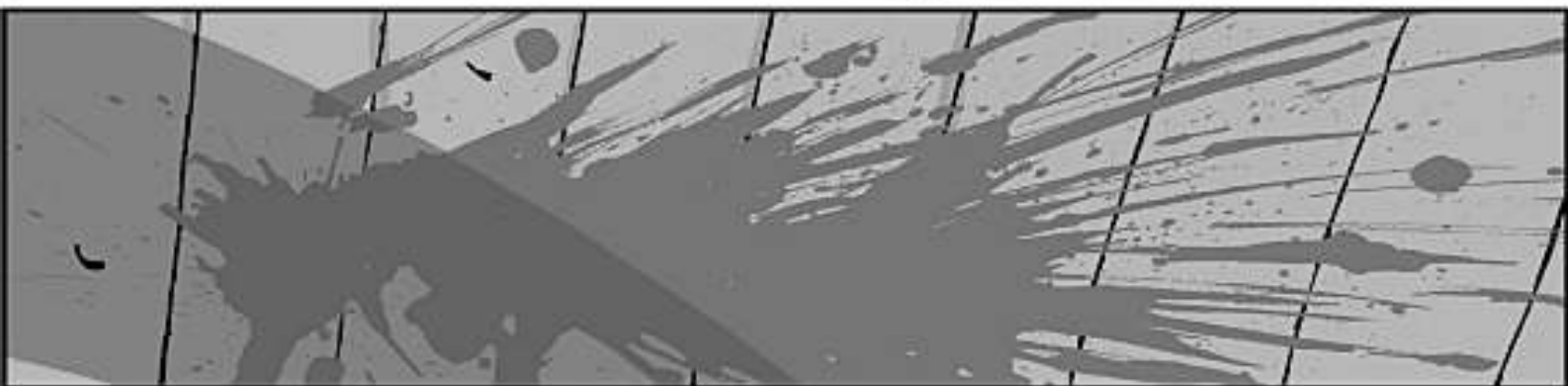
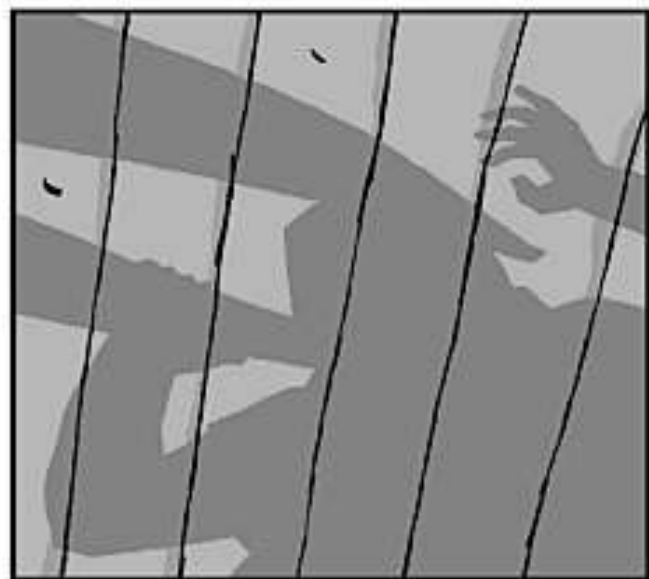
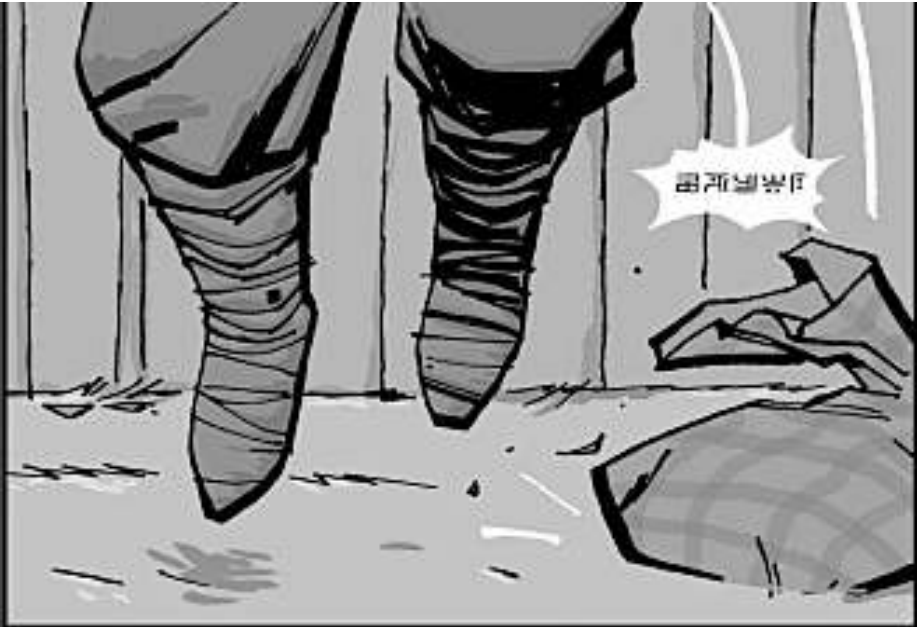




VUR VUR VUR VURRRRRRRRRRR



已非我死用









It almost sounds like... laughing?

So now those evil freaks are taunting us?

What do I say back?



Nothing, Tiffany.

This is the part where we call the police.



Way ahead of you.



But there's no dial tone, just that emergency broadcast sound.

I'm telling you, everybody must have gotten the order to evacuate.



And they left without us?

Maybe our folks figured one of the dispatch trucks already picked us up.

Like in the blizzard last year?



Either way, we should get to my house.

My dad has a gun.



A gun?
Like, a *real*
one?

What other
choice do we have,
Tiff? Those things
obviously aren't
scared of KJ's
shillelagh.

My
what?

Hold on,
what was the
very first thing
The Preserver
told us when
they gave us
our bags?



We aren't the news,
we don't even *report*
the news, we just get
the news where it
needs to be.

If we see bad
stuff happen, we're
supposed to stay back
and let the adults
handle it.



The adults
already blew this
popsicle stand,
new kid.

So you can hide
out here and wait for
those Frankensteins to
break in and rape your
face, but *I'm* gonna find
a way to defend
myself.



Who's
with me?





Because of that fruity thing they dropped?

It has a logo a lot like the one on the **computer** my school got last year.

I've been thinking, what if this is some kind of...*micro* version of it?

How would you fit an entire computer inside something the size of a Klondike bar?

Well, thirty years ago, computers used to fill up entire rooms.

Maybe they'll get even smaller in the **future**.

Back up, you think we're being invaded by, what...*time travelers*?

And that's less dumb than monsters **how**, Erin?

It's at least *sort of* scientifically possible. I mean, what if the people who jumped us used that *capsule thing* we found to slingshot around the sun?

You know, like in *Star Trek IV*?

Yeah, sorry, I'm not really into science fiction flicks. Unless you count *Peggy Sue Got Married*?

That's actually more of a *fantasy* time travel story than--

Hey, Siskel and Ebert, would you please zip it?

We're supposed to be keeping our eyes peeled for--

GUYS!







We just want to know what the heck is going on.

Where did everybody go?



Don't make me rip that stupid thing off your--

VUR VUR



Oh, no.

That's the sound... the sound that scared off that other freak-show.



Where the hell is it coming from?!

All around us!



No.

Not around us.











That mouth of yours is probably why you're still here.



Alice?

You know this lady?

She'd better.

I'm MacKenzie's mom.



Actually, Alice is my stepmother.

She met my dad in A.A.

Which part of *anonymous* don't you understand?



I don't know, which part of *not drinking* don't you understand?

Hn.

What difference does it make now? Don't know if you and your friends have noticed, but the G.D. world is ending.



Um, your...your stepdaughter said we could hide from those creatures in here, ma'am.

Kid, I have no idea who you are, but don't ever call me the M-word.

Makes me feel a thousand years old.



And those things aren't "creatures," they're *demons*.

Demons from Your Know-Where.



Alice, where's my dad?



He's gone.

Forever.



What are you--

I was dozing next to him in bed when this, this awful sound woke us both up, and then...

...then I watched my husband just, just vanish. Disappeared into thin air.



Wallace.



Your father was a good man, which is why he got sucked up to Heaven.

See, 'cause of Dukakis and... and all those people, we're finally living through that Bible thing that predicted this was gonna happen.

What the hell are you talking about? What Bible thing?



I forget exactly what it's called.

Maybe if I'd ever opened the damn book...



...I wouldn't be stranded here with the rest of you sinners.



Alice, please.

Please put that down.

There's only one thing the Lord wants us to do here, you understand that, right?



Look, we don't know exactly what's happening out there, but it doesn't have anything to do with God.

Trust me, I...I've gone to Catholic school my whole life.

Yeah, I thought I knew everything when I was your age, too.



I hated being twelve. Back in '65, I just wanted to grow up fast so everything would finally be good, you know?

But truth is, life was actually way better back then. Turns out, the older you get...the more everything just turns to *shit*.



You girls are lucky you'll never find that out.



DON'T!





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八
九
十



I am tripping my face off.

TERRY!







Scruddy teenagers.











Nuh-uh!

We are *not* bringing that thing with us!

What are you, MacGyver? It's the whole reason we came here!



And look how that turned out!

This wasn't my fault, Tiffany!

Besides, there are still deformed freaks and... and *giant killer birds* and who knows what other horrible--

Guya?



I'm gonna vofe...no more bullets... please...



Yeah, Yeah, right.

You just hang in there, okay, new kid?



You're in awesome hands.









这不
就是你们吗



这就是你们说的
那具尸体吗



这尸体
就是你们
说的那具
尸体吗
你们说
尸体回
到这

尸体回
到这
尸体回
到这



尸体回
到这
尸体回
到这





Why is God letting this happen to me?



We know the answer to that.

We've known since you realized it about Santa.



I miss fifth grade.



That's because you had *friends* back then.

I still do.

Your little sister doesn't count.



...what about Wendy?

Your pen pal?

That's just sad, Erin.



Now come on, you have an important job to do.



Remember your papers.













Get back!

我们不是外星人
我们是人

我们不是
外星人 我们是
普通人



What is wrong with you alien dicks?!

This guy was going to help us!



我们不是
外星人



Trust us, help is the last thing these old-timers would have given you.



And we're not aliens.

Then... what are you?



We're just like you.

我们不是

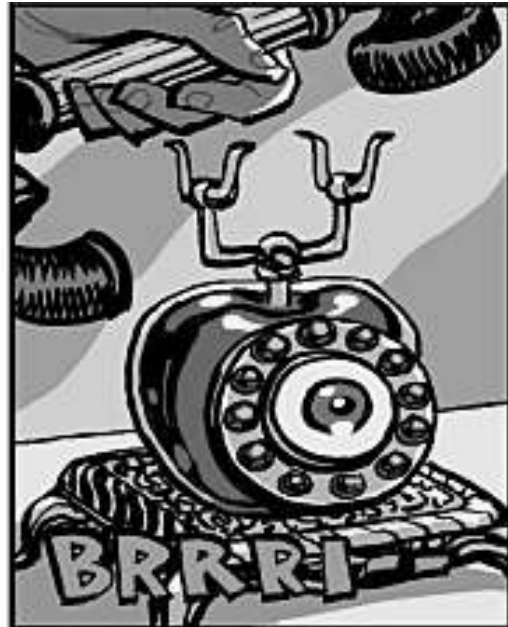


We're teenagers.



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Aye up,
Cardinal
here.

Maxima for
callz, sir, but
troubles.



Alister's ben
unmoored.



¢ de masters
what did him hav
ghosted.

Badder,
they maytooken
stragglers.

*Bloody
hell.*



Best call
down an
Editrix.







We're not wading through another inch of this diarrhea until you tell us who you are and, and...and where you're taking Erin.

KJ, right? KJ, people call me Heck and my mate is Naldo.

And the sooner you quit waving that thing at us, the sooner we'll be able to get your friend to a device that can heal her.



That's what the last guy promised us...before you murdered him.

I didn't murder anyone.

I executed an evil son of a bitch.



Murder is what he did to my boyfriend.



Your...?

Eww.

Mac!



Don't worry about it.

You guys are from an effed-up time.



So Erin was right?

You're really, like...time travelers?

Well, "travelers" makes us sound like tourists... but close enough.



Hold on, if this is all for real, why don't you just turn back the clock to save your...whatever he was?

That's not how it works, Mac.

Your ending is your ending, no matter what.



But can we maybe start at the beginning?

When are you even from?

Thirteen.



Thirteen... the year?

Oh, right, we kinda rolled back the odometer after Calamity ended all the--

...papers...



...please don't forget... my papers...



Stay calm, new kid. We brought your bag, just like you begged.

Not that anybody's gonna care. Today's news pretty much blows this edition out of the--

AAA A O A A A A O A O A O



이제야 알아듣는구나
이제야 알아듣는구나
이제야 알아듣는구나

No way, we're dirty. And these chicks somehow escaped the wash, too.

How could it even find us?



Slow down, how could *what* find us?

It's called an Editrix.

This won't translate, but it's a Poincaré construct that can...



...no.

Their stupid translator. It's been tracking us!



Heck, wait!

What are you so afraid of?!

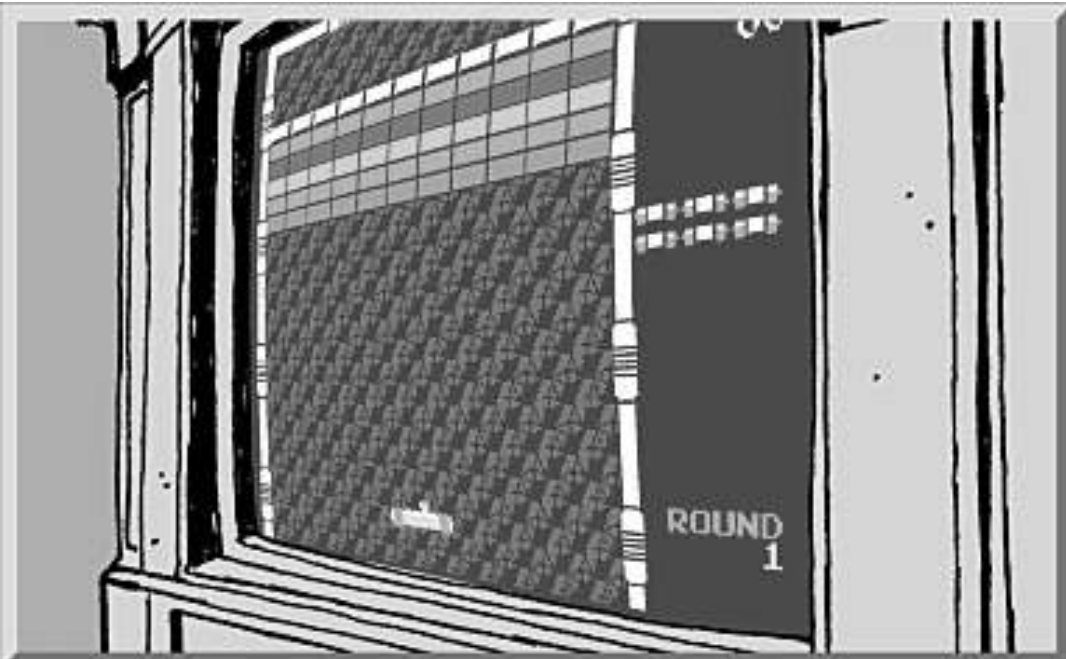


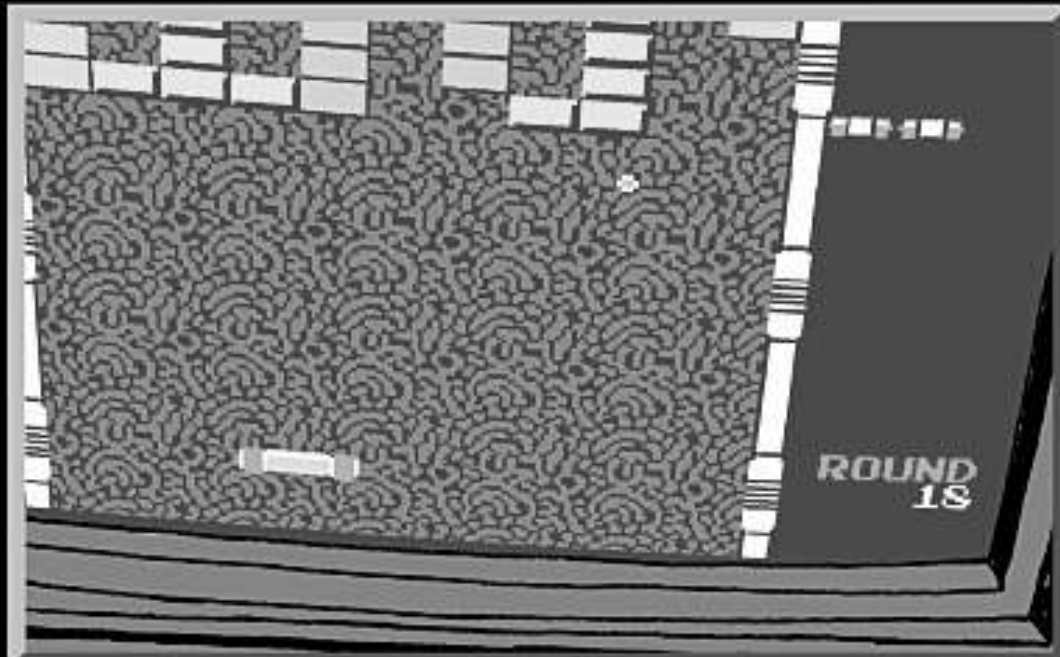
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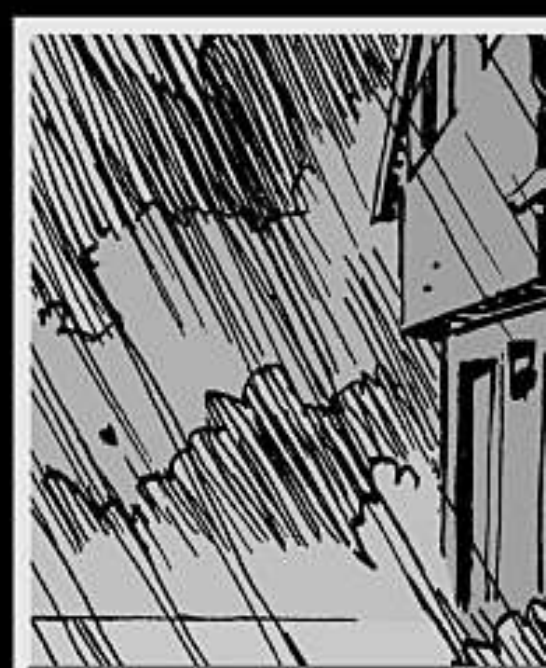
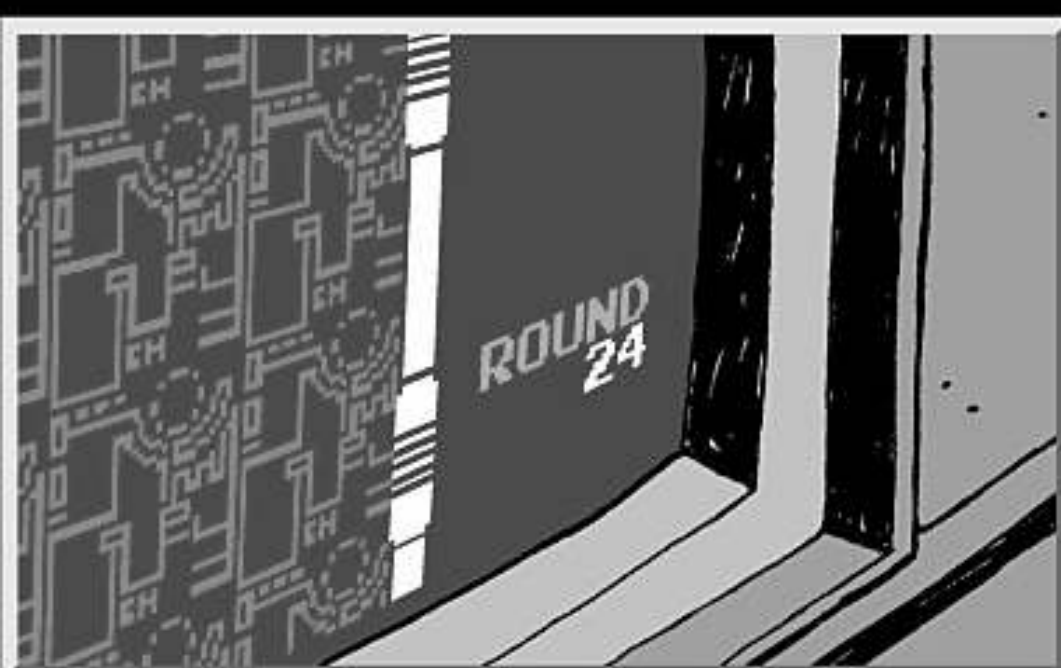
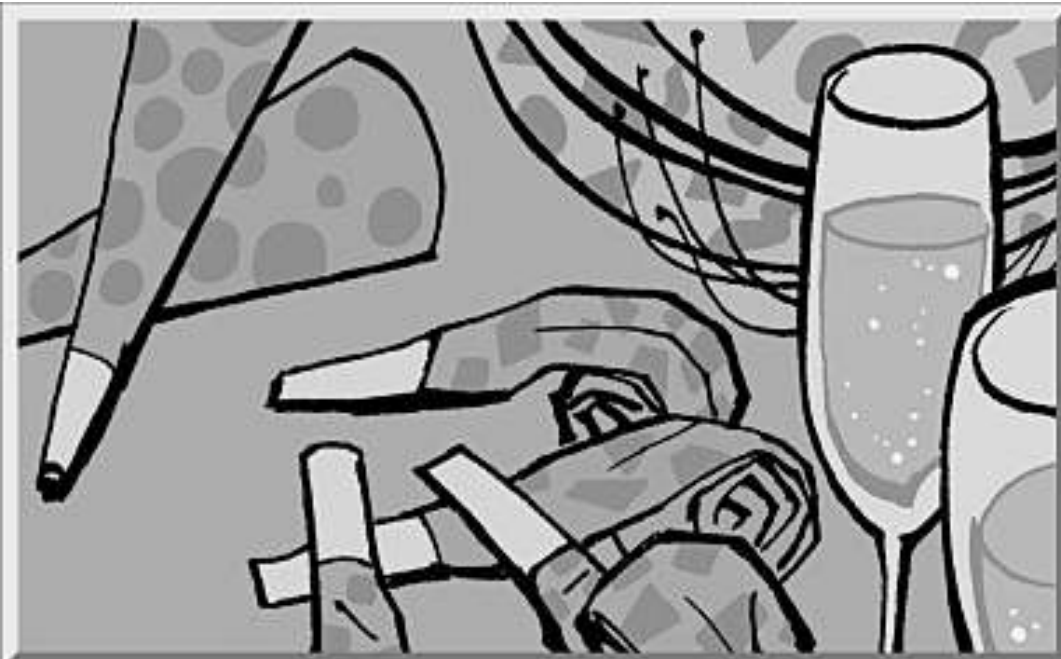




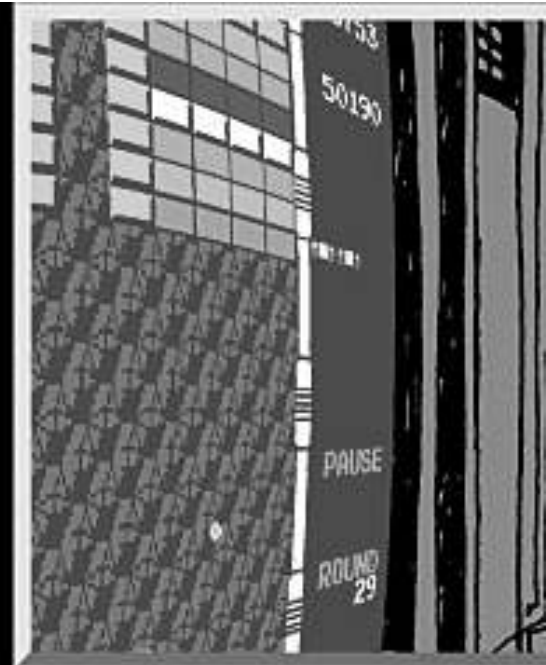






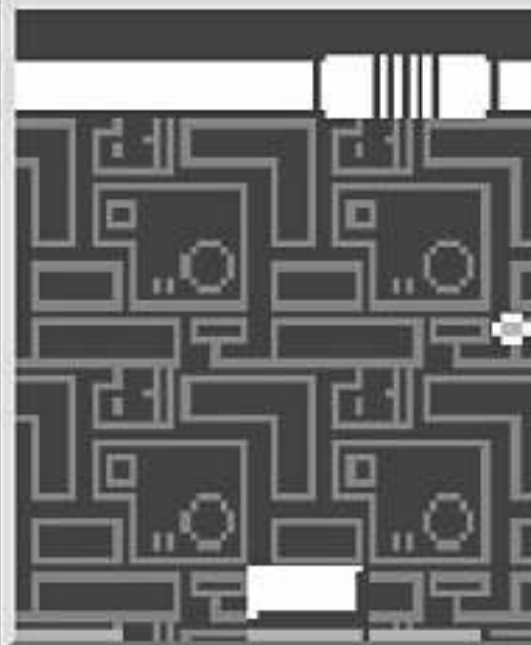
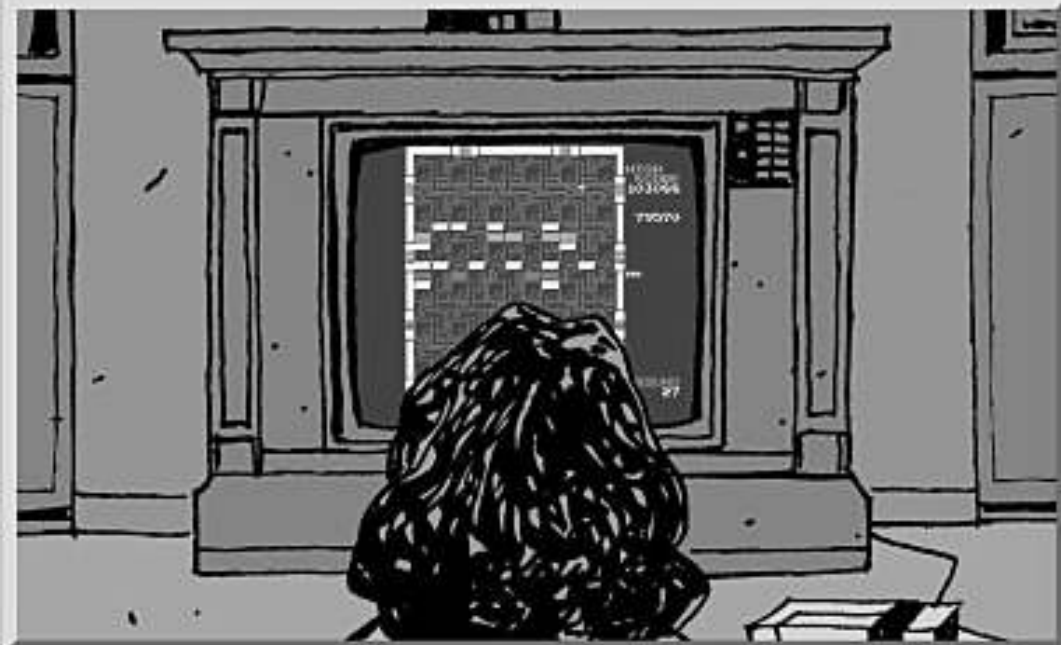


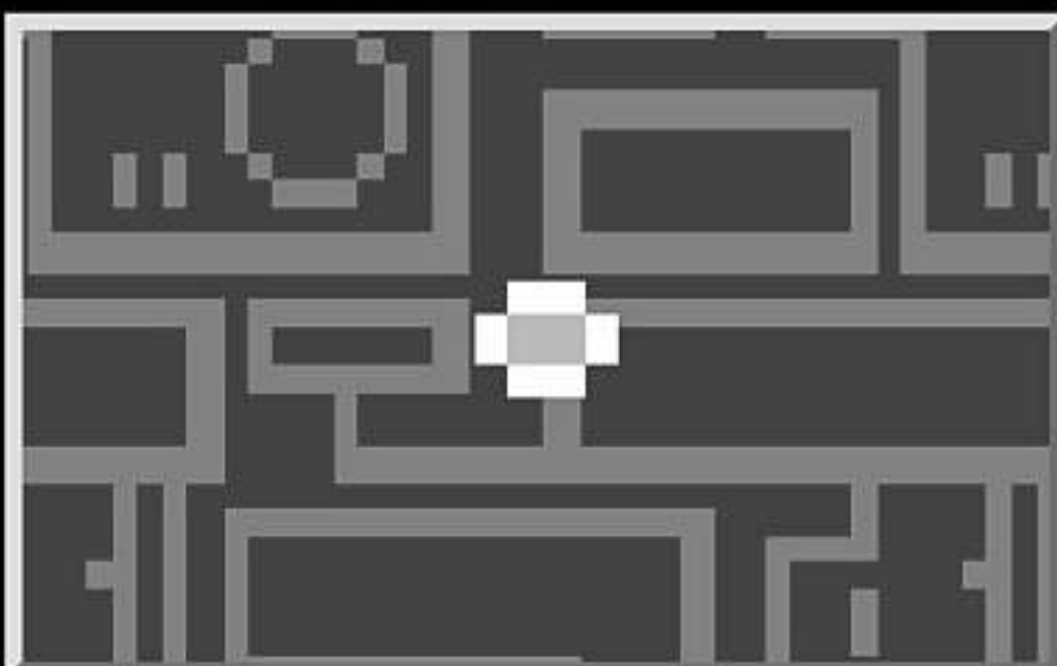
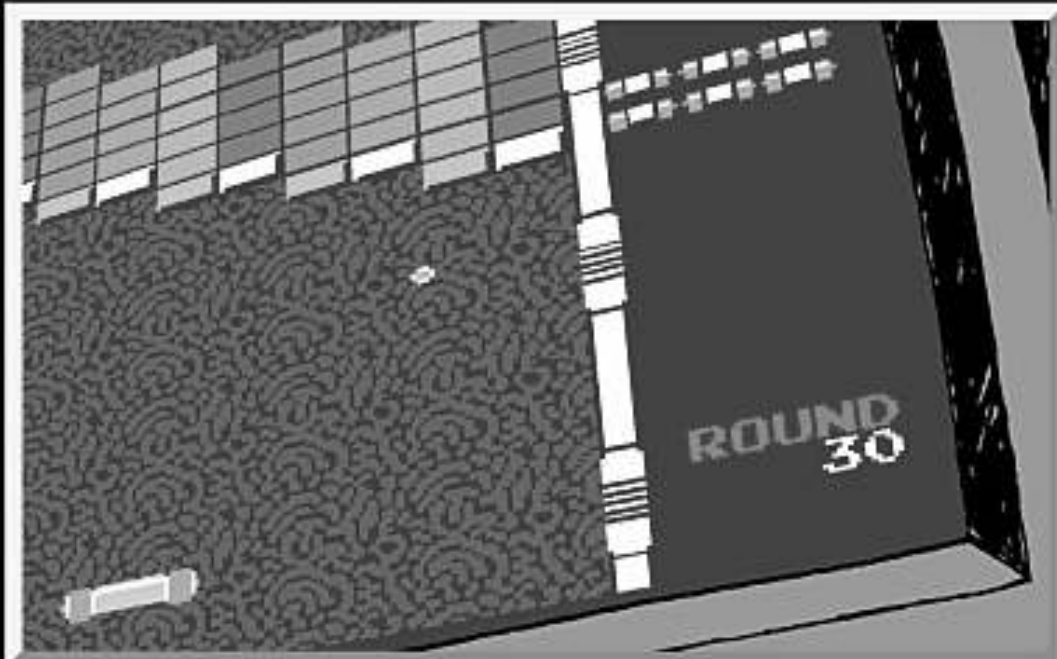


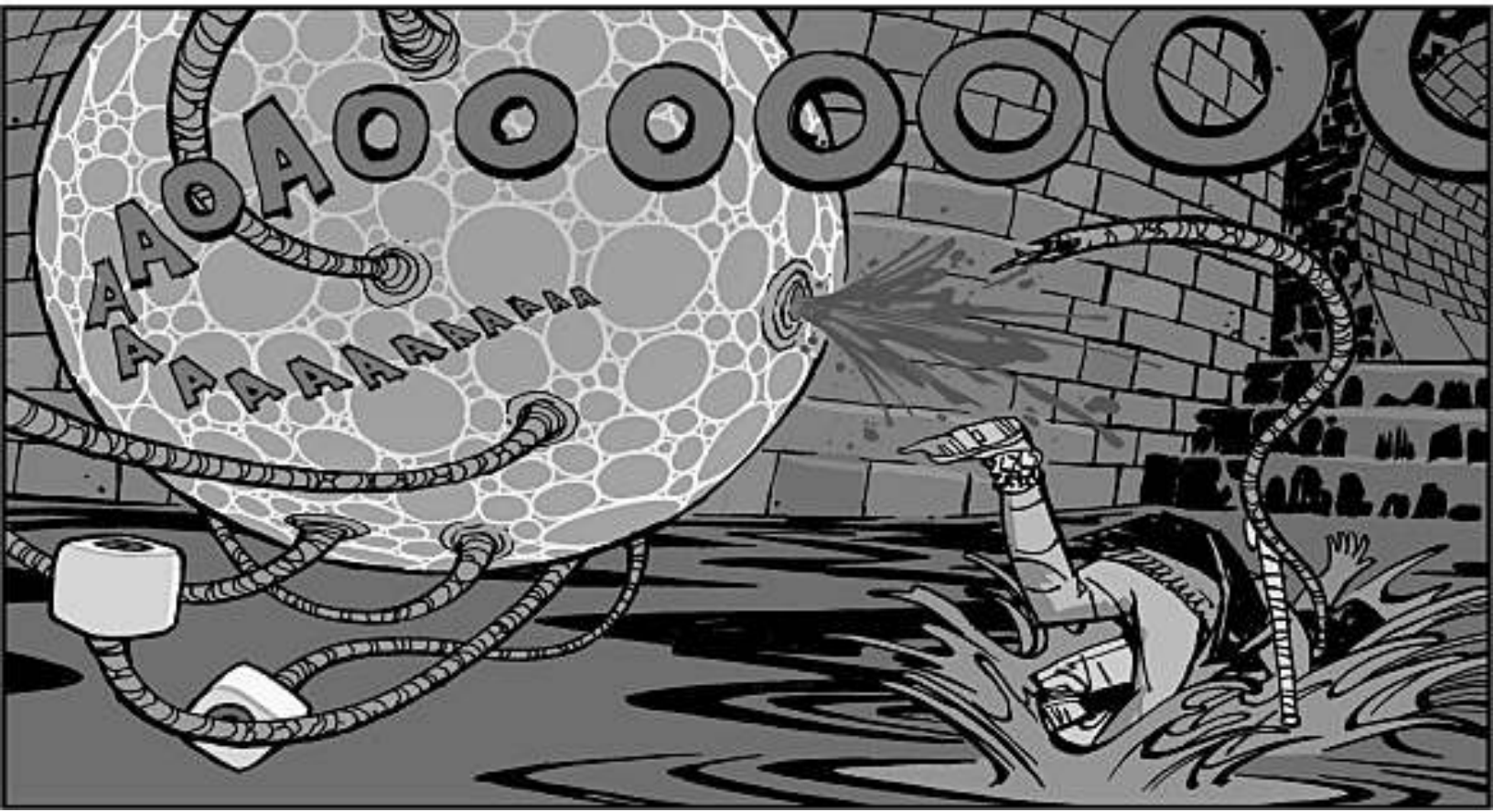




ROUND
1











You're not dead?

Everybody's not dead...?



넌
아직 살아
있잖아?
모두
살아
있잖아?



I'm guessing he just told us to *move*.

Kaje.

My... my *life* just flashed before my eyes.



No shit, but we're okay now, and we have to keep--

I mean, when that thing touched me, I started, like, *reliving* my past.

It was *hell*.



Most of it was just me playing the same dumb game. I didn't even think I liked it that much, but now I realize I...I basically *wasted* my entire existence.

God, I can still hear it.



I can still hear that *crappy* music.



Is that really such a good idea right now?

I'm sorry, did you not experience what we just experienced?

...why didn't I stop when I was stuck at Level 2B...?



Fair.



別說
這些話



So we're really following two perverts into the woods at night? You know how this joke ends, right?

Will you quit it with that? You sound like my racist uncle.

Besides, these "perverts" just saved our lives.



Maybe. Or maybe it was all part of some evil plan to get us on their side.

All I'm saying is, whether those two are into dudes or not, they're still *teenage boys*. Even my brother says they can't be trusted, and he *is* one.

So go back to the nightmare tunnels if you want, but I do trust these guys.



Hn.

Where in the Stream are we, anyway?

Right behind the new country club, I think.



Not that my family are members or anything. I'm just supposed to have my *bat mitzvah* party there.

What the hell is a bat--

別說
這些話



這回
北氏回
北氏回
北氏回
北氏回



Is that...?

Looks exactly like the thing we found in that basement.

Your "device" can really make Erin better?



北氏



北氏回
北氏回
北氏回
北氏回
北氏回



Now what? We're just supposed to wait out here while they play Seven Minutes of Heaven in there?

I understood as much of that as you did.

We should probably keep lookout until they can finish whatever--

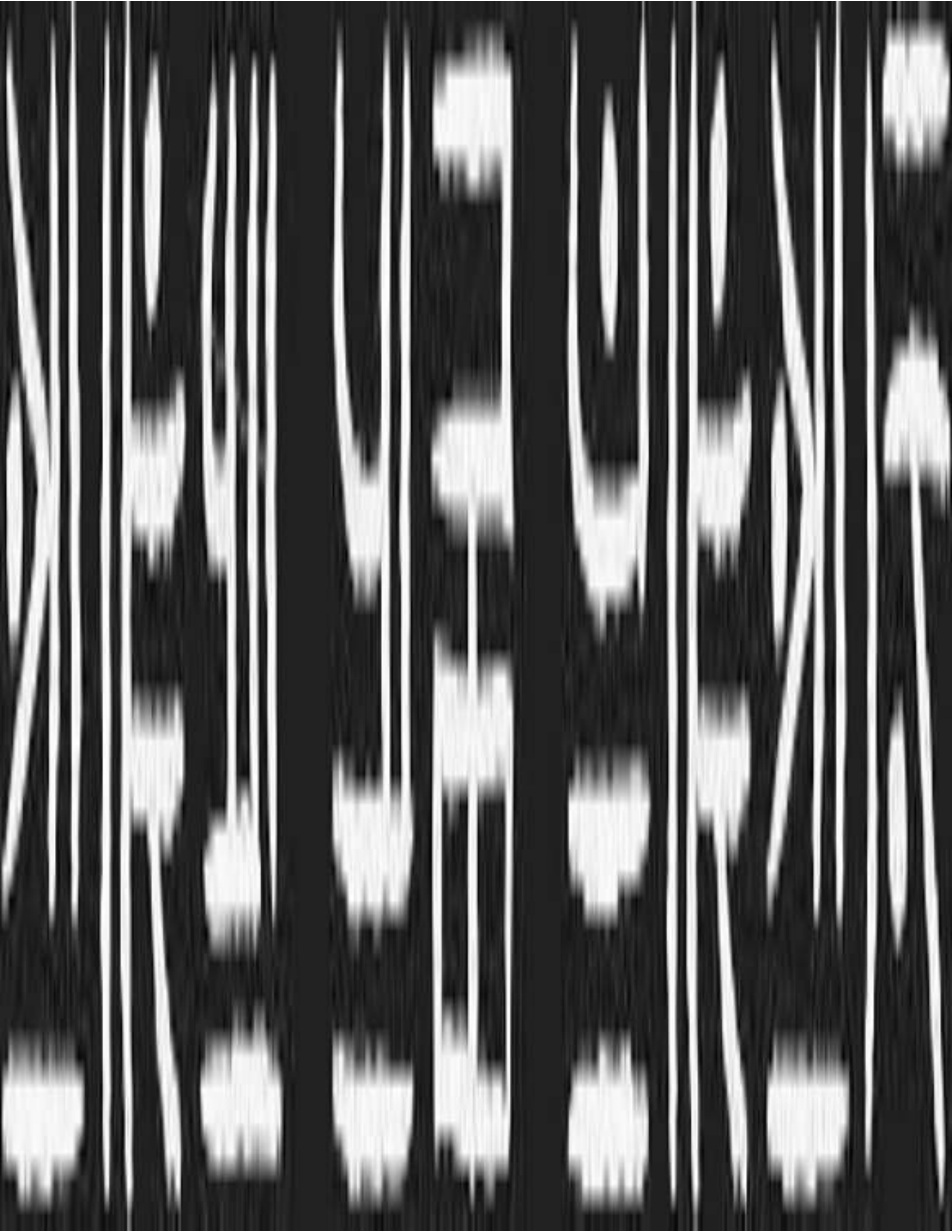




And now
we're all
alone.









Where...?



She's coming to.

Better grab a SquawkBox for yourself, pal.

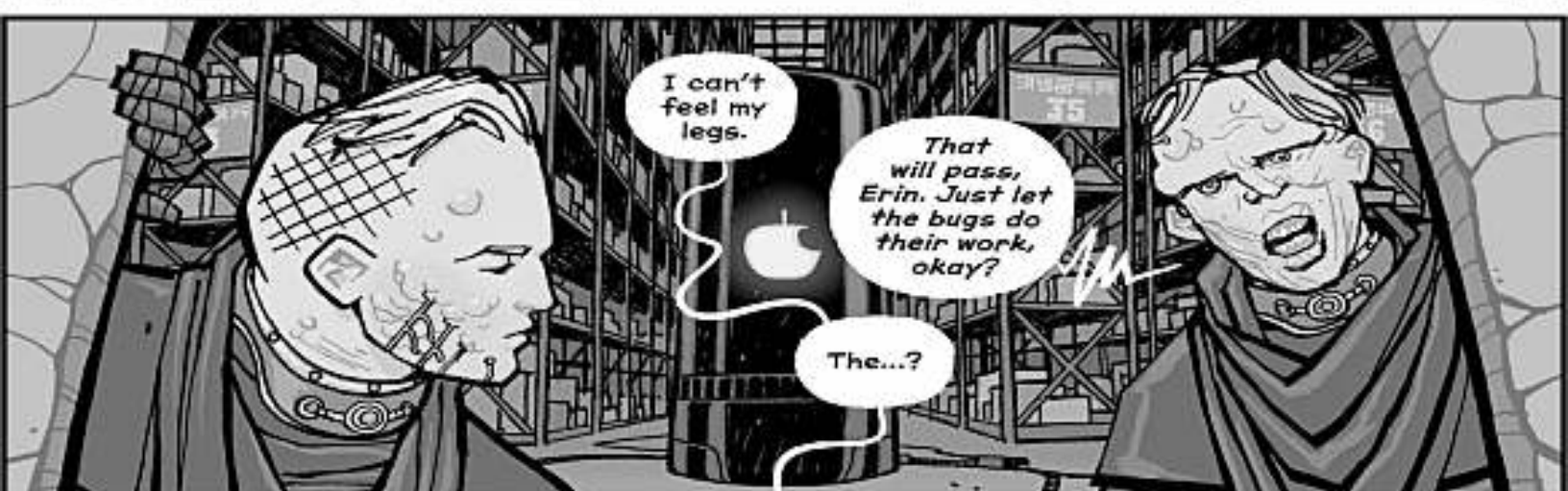
나도 하나
사줄게



Who... who are you?

Don't freak out, beautiful.

My name's Heck, and me and my guy Naldo brought you to our Whenhouse. We had to find some junk in here to patch you up.



I can't feel my legs.

That will pass, Erin. Just let the bugs do their work, okay?

The...?





...I think I'm gonna throw up.

Not on the *insecs!*

You have no idea how hard those were to boost!



Right.

You're the guys who *stole* our walkie-talkie.



We're more scavengers than thieves, really.

"Yesterday's trash is tomorrow's treasure!"

Yeah, can you believe we found this badass spaceship in some dump?



Spaceship? I...I thought you were *time travelers*.

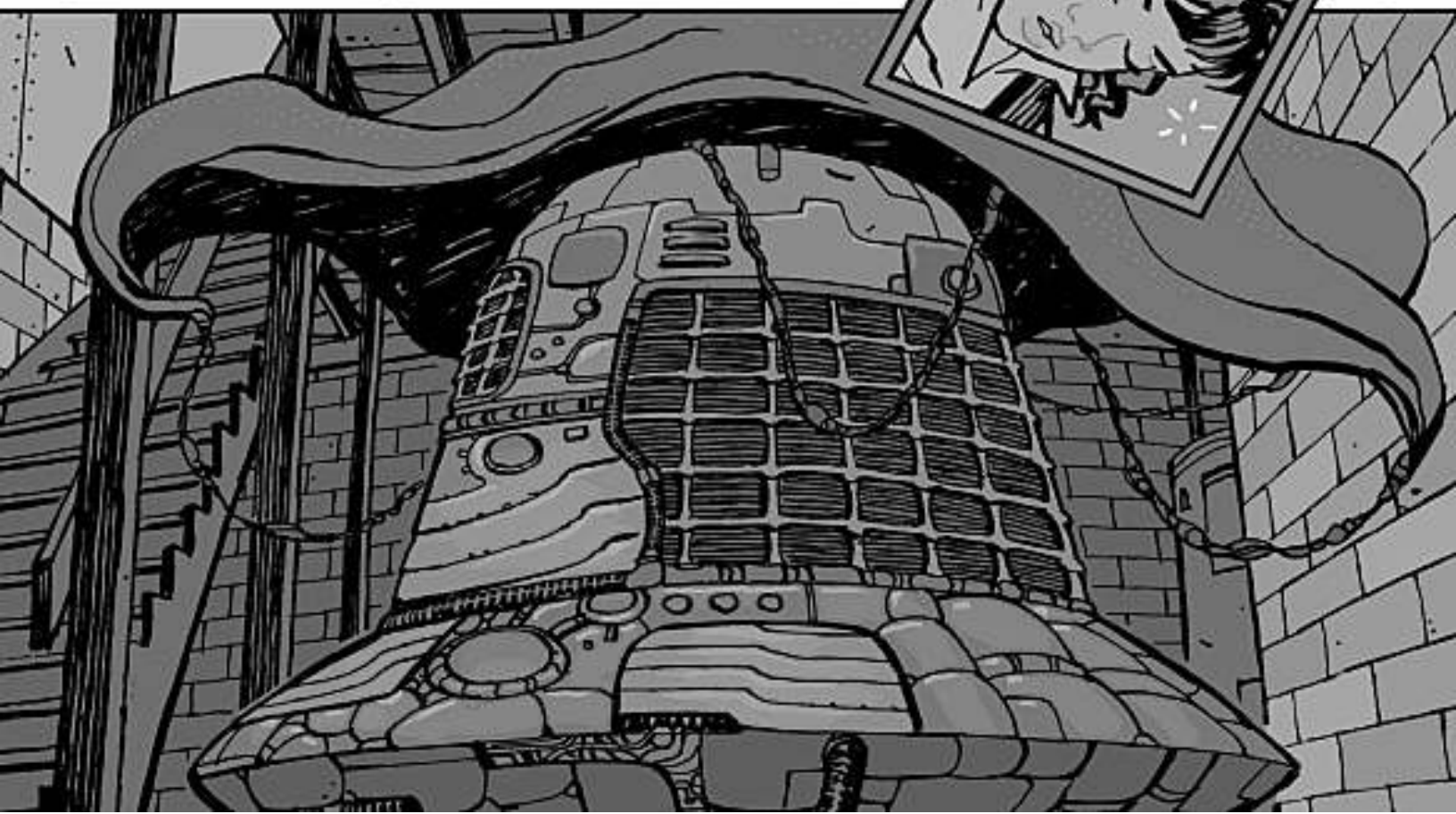
Well, since Earth never stops moving, it's a bad idea to travel through time without also considering location.

Say you're standing in the middle of *Stony Stream* and you jump straight back one hour, you'll just end up floating in the frozen vacuum where the planet is about to be.



Anyway, congrats, you're about to become an astronaut.







Wait a goddamn second.

The basement.



...is this a game, too? Am I in it all over again...?

Mac, listen, we have to get back to where we first saw one of those... whatever the hell it was that just disappeared.



Why? You think we can use that other capsule-thing to chase after the one they used to kidnap Erin?



No, I'm thinking there never was an other.

What if the capsule-thing we found this morning was the exact same capsule-thing those guys just left in with the new kid?



I actually get what Kaje is saying.

If those guys really came here from the future, maybe that weird escape pod of theirs could--

Awful deep waterz, lassie.



Come ashore peacenik now, aye?



JESUS CHRIST!

Please don't kill us!

We... we totally give up!



Actually.



We don't.



Tiffany,
what are
you--

I'm not going to
stand here and
be eaten by some
bitch's *dinosaur*.
I am finally *doing*
something with
my life.

No more
Arkanoïd,
got it?



Arkawho?



Stay
back!

Common,
grrl, clear
yain't de kind
what can *end*
a human's
being.



If you're saying I
can't kill a person,
you're...you're
probably right.

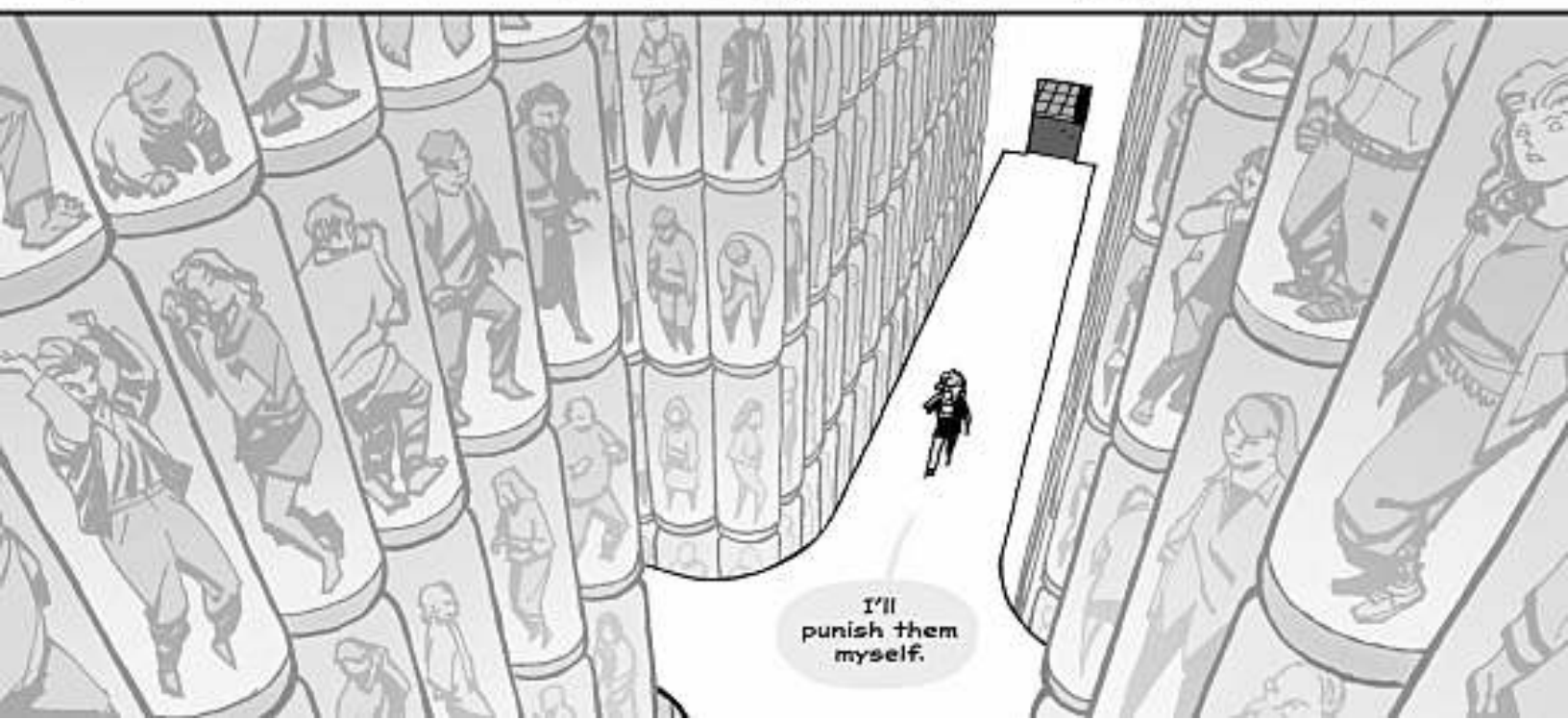


But I've got
no problem
killing *it*.

AWWWWK



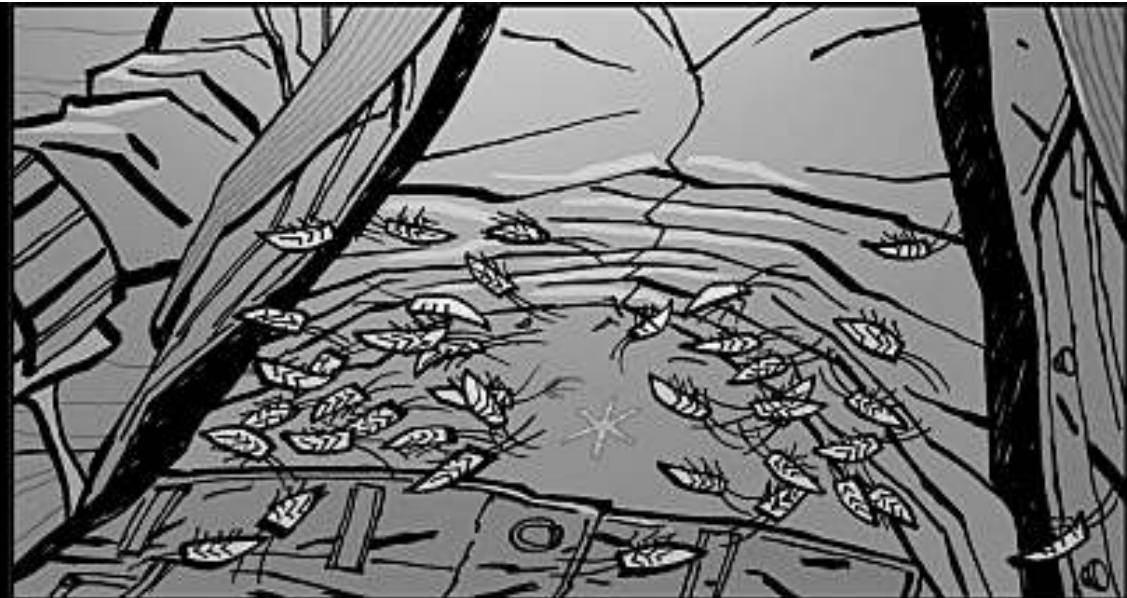








hhhh



I'm alive.

I'm really--

...hey...



...you're awake...





Heck...?



원래는 네가 네가
네가 네가 네가 네가 네가 네가
네가 네가 네가 네가 네가 네가



How do I get out of this thing?!



AHHH!



Erin?



Holy crap,
I was right!

Back up,
does that mean
new girl was in there
the whole time she
was also down
here with--

Who cares,
she's here.



Those fruitcakes
didn't hurt you,
did they?

...no.

Heck
and Naldo
saved me.



And now
they're
dead.





Listen to your elders and come outside this instant!



I'm sure you're confused, but whatever those *juvenile delinquents* in there told you is completely untrue.

You have waded deep into a very old... generational conflict.

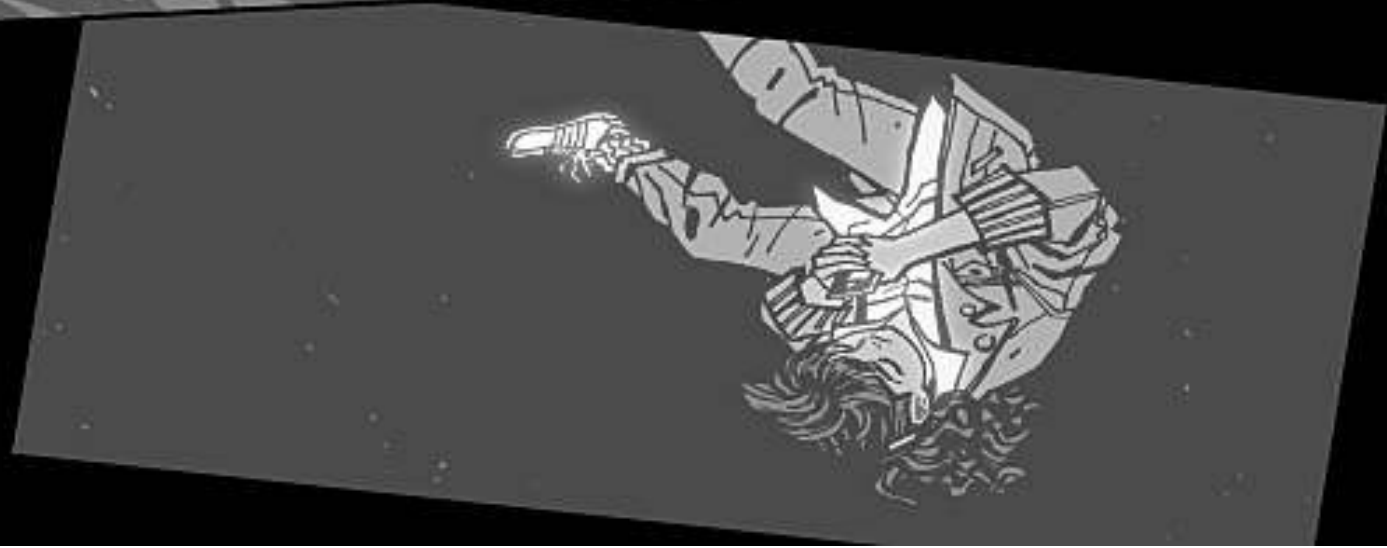
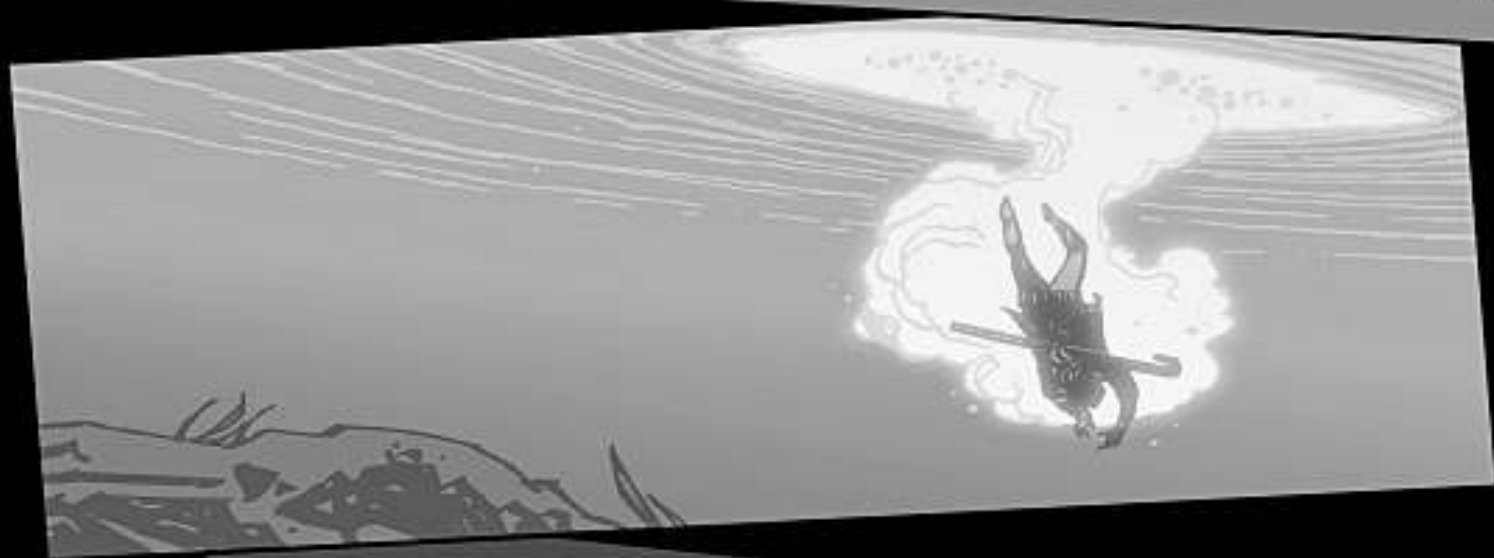
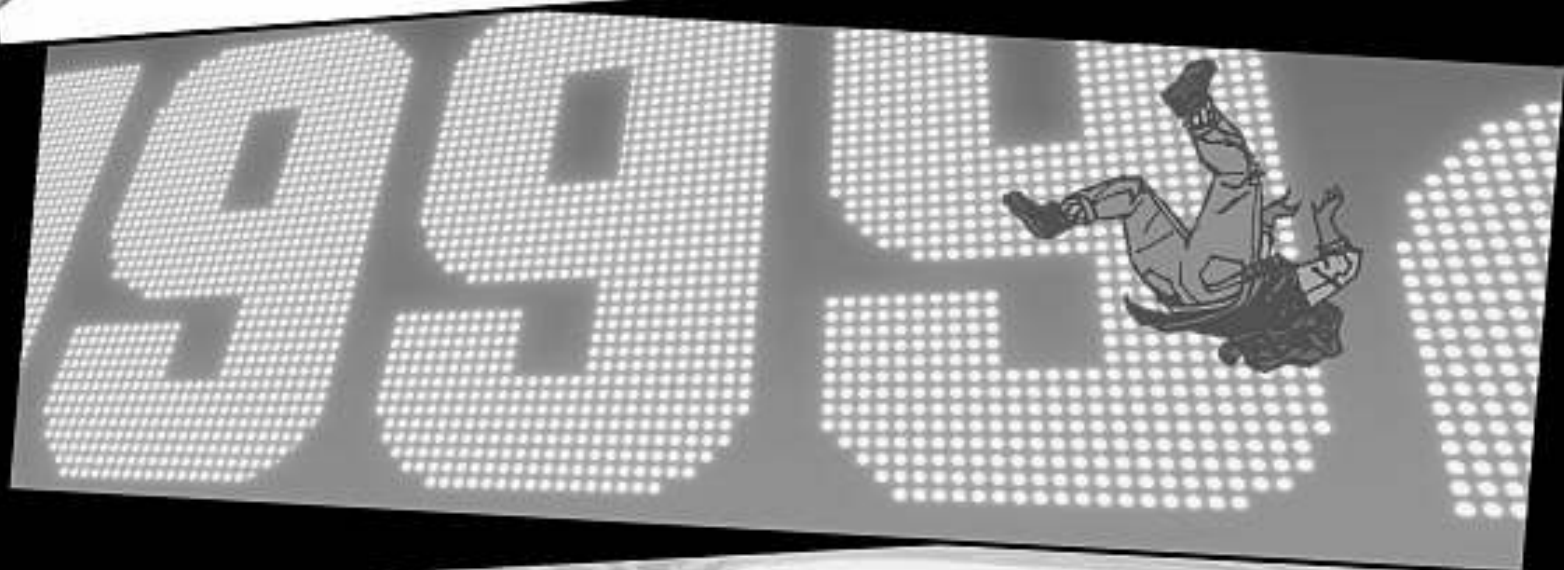


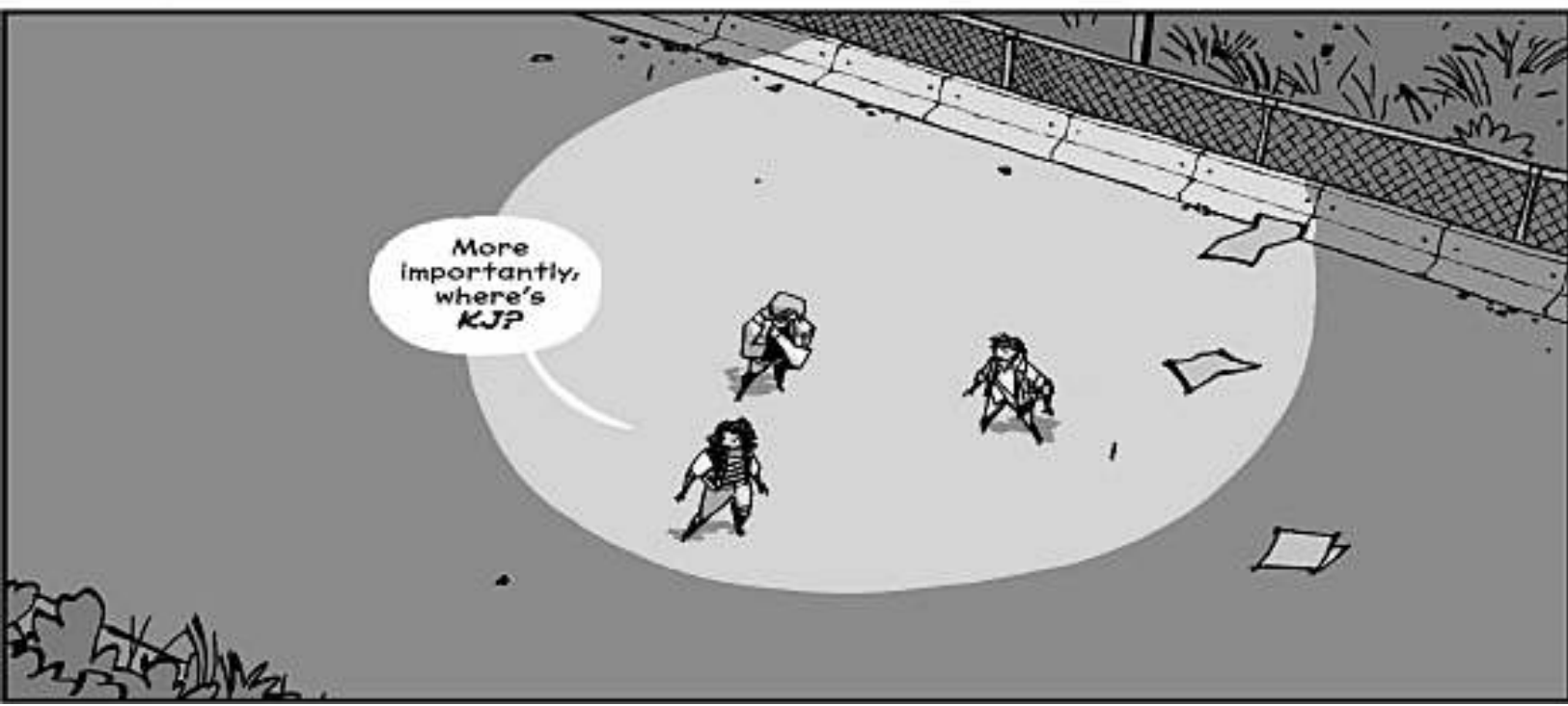
Those boys fancy themselves Robin Hoods, stealing from the past to fund the future, but they're just a murderous gang of thugs.




Get far away from them before someone gets hurt.











My name is
Erin Tieng.

TO BE CONTINUED

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가장 중요한 이야기를 발견하는 순간을 다룬다.
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