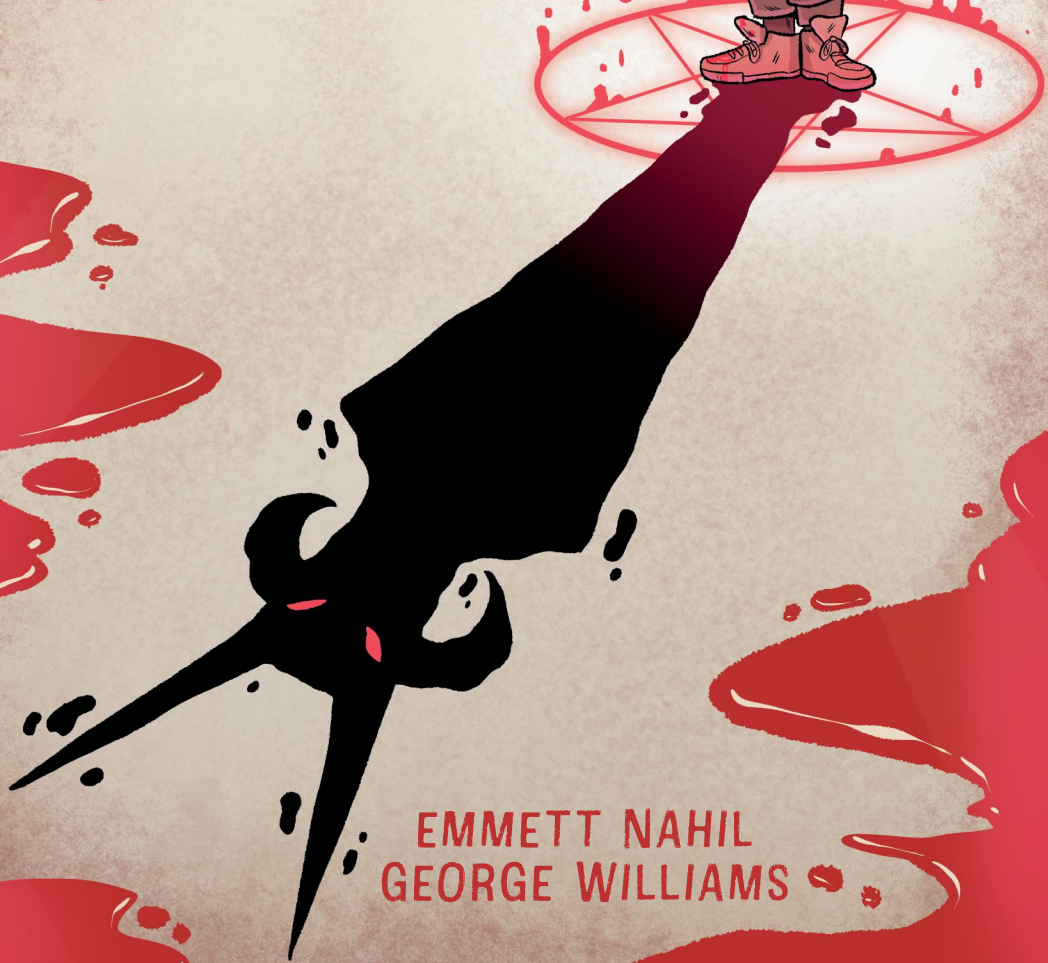


LET ME OUT

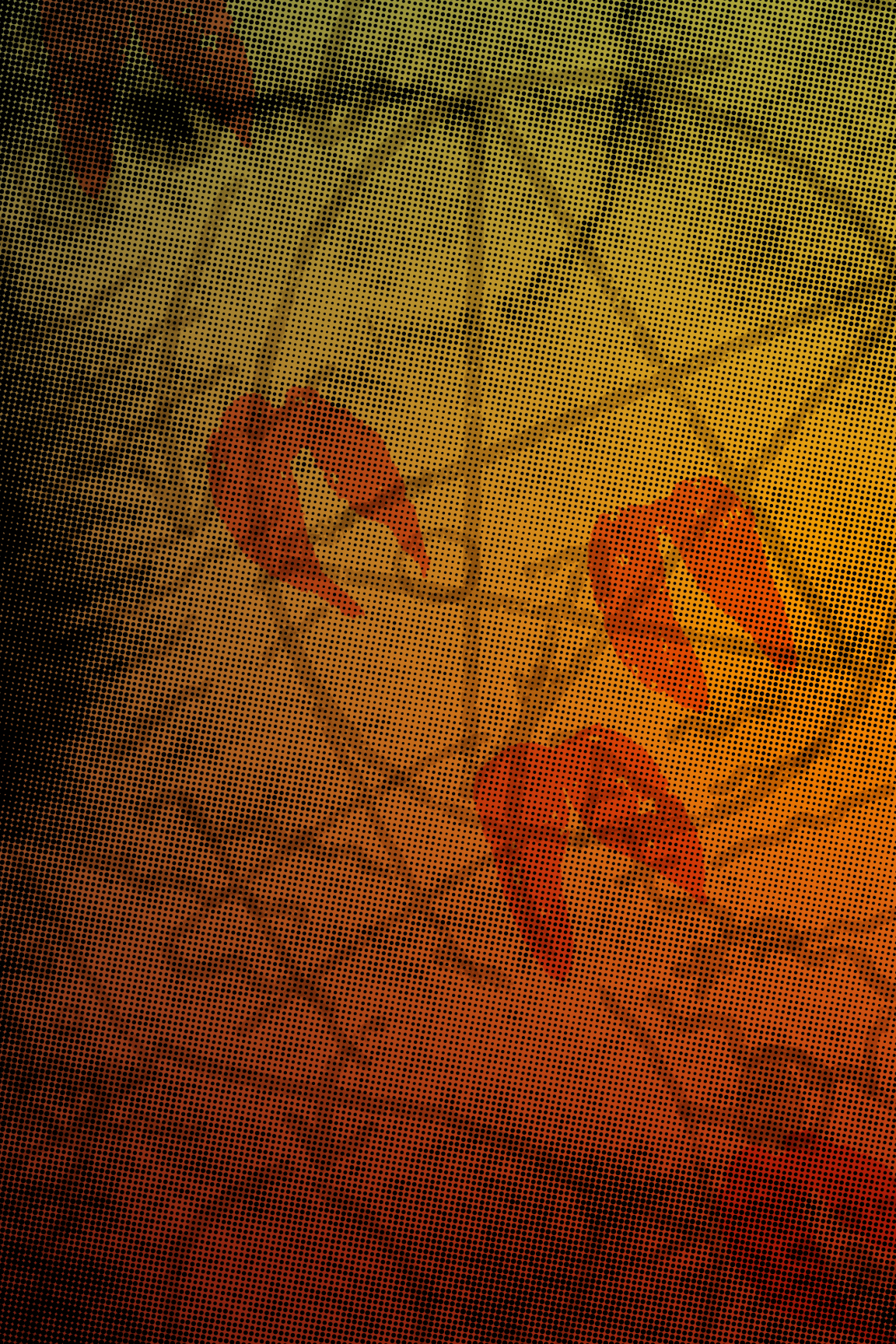


EMMETT NAHIL
GEORGE WILLIAMS

LET ME OUT



AN ONI PRESS PUBLICATION



LEFT ME OUT

EMMETT NAHIL
GEORGE WILLIAMS

**EDITED BY
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CONTENT WARNING

Let Me Out is an adult queer horror graphic novel, and some elements of the story might be triggering or distressing. *Let Me Out* contains discrimination against queer characters, transphobia including the use of deadnames, misgendering, gory violence, and strong language throughout. For readers, please take care when reading.





If I'd known what was coming, I'd never have gone to the YMCA.

WHUMP

WHUMP!

Or maybe I
would've anyway.

Just to piss
'em off.

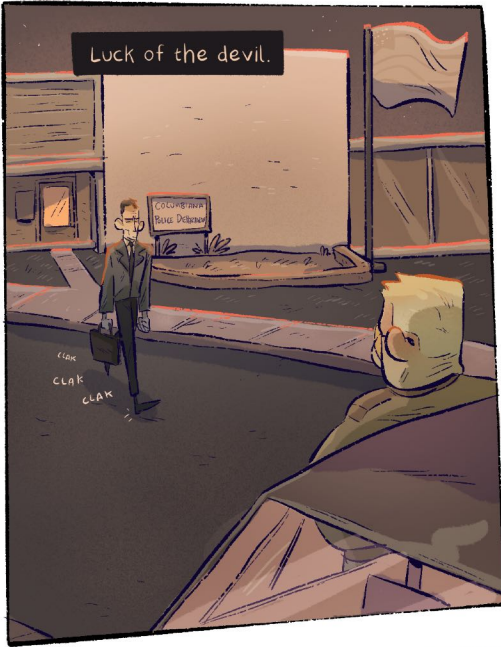
FSWH!

Who knows, really.

CRUNCH!

AGHH!

I probably would've got those
three broken ribs anyway.



Luck of the devil.

CLAK
CLAK
CLAK



I wasn't sure you'd make it out given how things look right now.

Shit.

Shit is right, Garrett. Shit is incredibly fucking right!



You people really screwed the pooch.

Sheriff, I'm perfectly aware-

Oh, well you're about to be even MORE aware. Don't you worry about that.



I can't be responsible for your mistakes.

OR your little experimental fuck-ups.

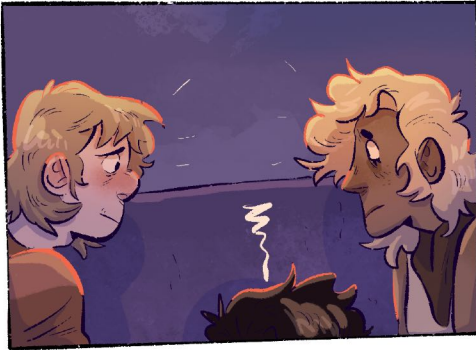




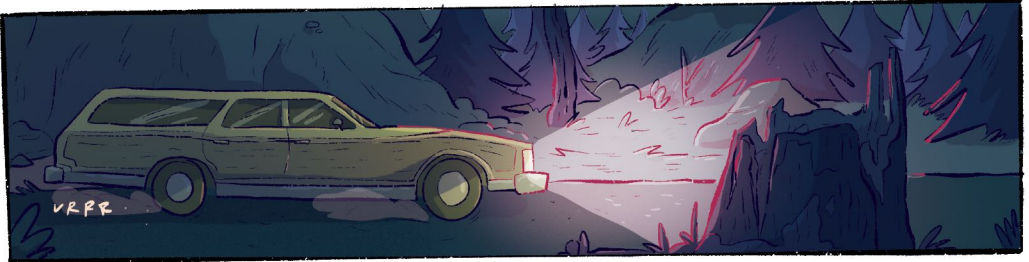
After a fashion, yes.
Not that I'd expect you to
empathize with the bureau's
position on these things.

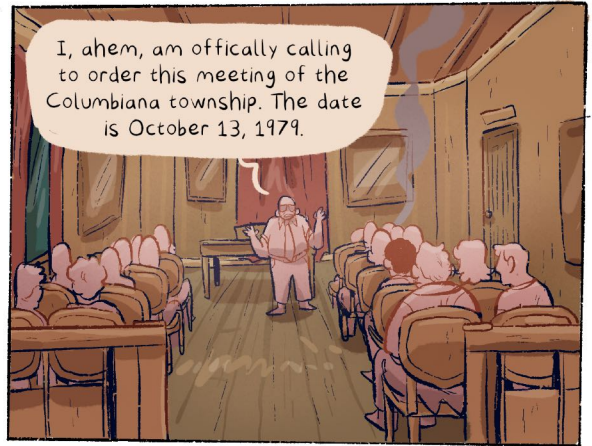












Hello, ladies and gentlemen. I'm so glad to see so many friendly faces in attendance today!



Well, there's been some improvements to the highway, as some of you folks might have noticed.

The project began about two months ago and is finally being finished this week.

And, ah, there've been more than a few instances of...vandalism recently near Eastman High, so if you could pay close attention to your kids, it'd be much appreciated in curbing that...



I'm...sure you folks are ready for this year's Harvest Festival, which will be taking place over the south lawn of New Springs Park... There's going to be face painting and pumpkin carving for the kids...



...And it sounds as if there are some folks who have comments, so we'll be taking questions a bit earlier than usual-



Yeah, I got a question!

...Yes?

How come you haven't done jack shit about the fact that a woman's been missing for three days?

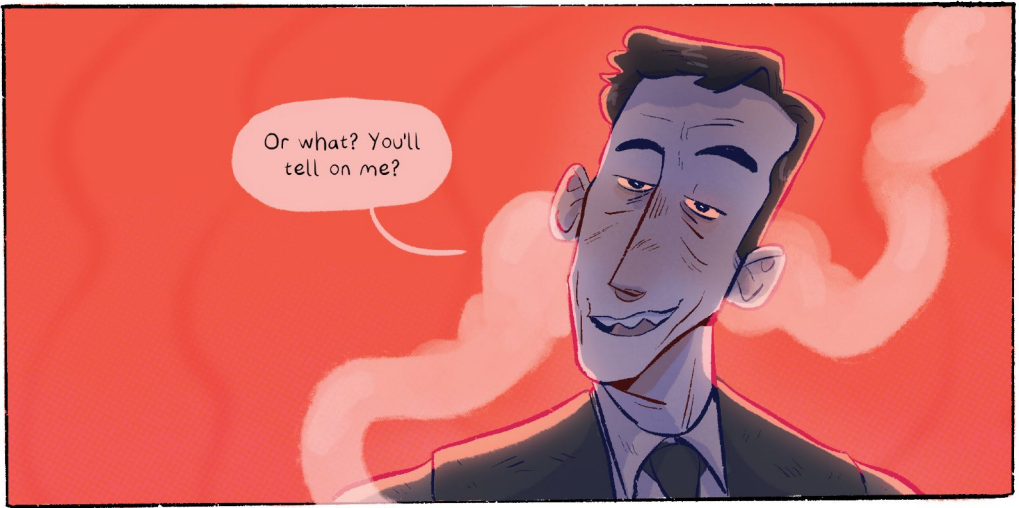
That's right!

What's been done?!













Is that Michelle?
It's late!

Your Baba's
right. It IS late.

I had an
accident.

...An accident.



That's right. It was
really lucky I was there.

Yeah, I got
hit. By a...car.



A car...
Ya allah, I'm not sure
if you think I was born
yesterday or what, but-

Did she say hit
by a car?!

Hit, by a CAR.

Huh.
Sounds bad.



It was
real bad.

I didn't even
see what
happened.

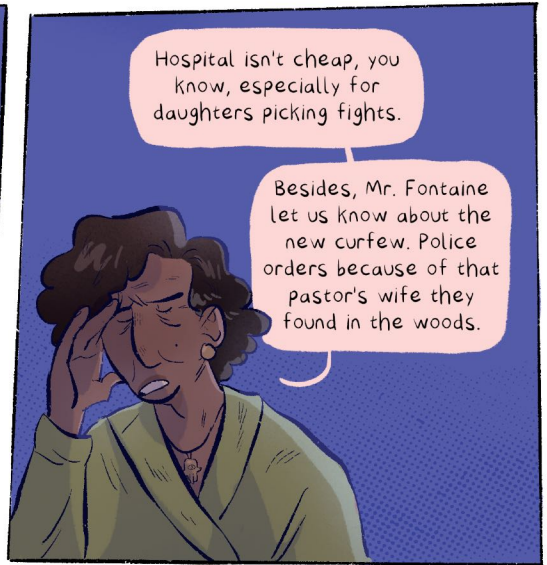
It all happened
so fast.

I was going home from
the grocery and I saw
hi-....her, crossing over
from Central Street
and some guys came
out of nowhere.

I just saw them
clip her side.



That's terrible, Habibti.
I'll open the laundromat on
Saturday, so you can take
the day off, how about that?







This is dogshit.

But why won't they let him go to the hospital?

They think he's lying. This is like...I dunno, punishment. Also, I dont think they have the cash. They had to replace two washers last month.

Just because it's two-for-one doesn't mean it's not total DOGSHIT.



Did you just learn to cuss yesterday or what?

But he could be seriously injured. Like, for real for REAL.



I dunno. He's too proud to tell them what really happened, even if they would help.

At least he's not concussed.

We have to go check on him, right?

Oh yeah, for sure.



He seemed weird, though. Like, he was still really angry.



I should hope he was.

You...hope he was weird?

No. Angry.





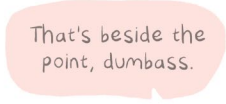
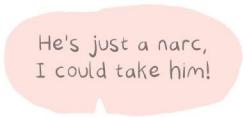
Or what?


Are you tryna threaten me? Fucking trans-



Wh-wh-what the FUCK is wrong with you?!

HEY!






Now we have to avoid him for the rest of the shift.


I mean, I don't have to...

Babysitting is above my pay grade. Hey, Lupe? You ok?




Yeah. I'm good...

Why would he call the cops on us if they're so damn busy looking for that murderer?




Don't know. Imbecile minds work in mysterious ways.


My dad was saying the sheriff was cracking down hard on it. He was pretty shook up...but I guess everyone's freaked about it.



I guess so...I mean, it's creepy as hell.




We've still gotta go check on him, curfew or not.




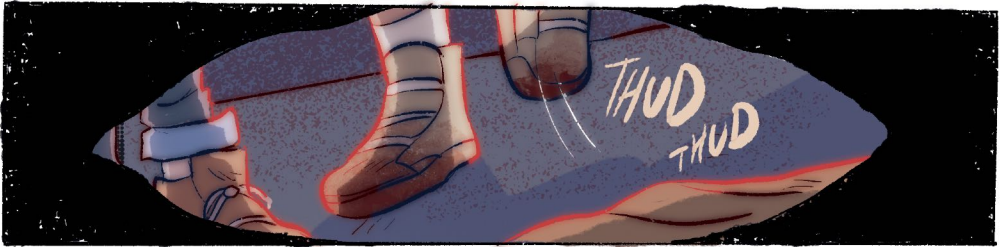
Well, I'll grab my first aid kit anyway, just in case.

We can all get up to his window, right?



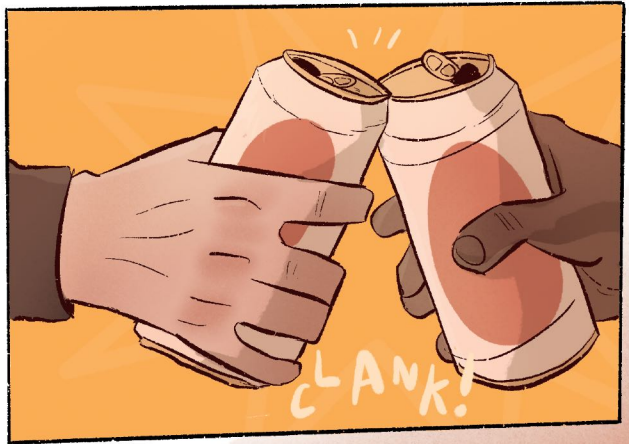
Look, I know I'm the old lady here, but I can still scale a drainpipe.

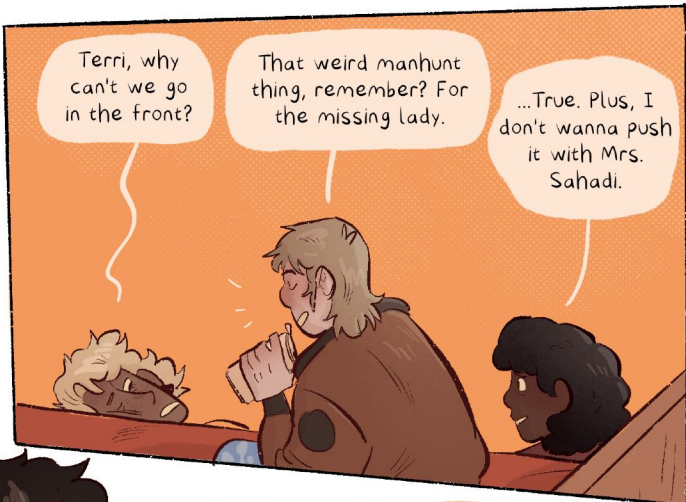












Terri, why can't we go in the front?

That weird manhunt thing, remember? For the missing lady.

...True. Plus, I don't wanna push it with Mrs. Sahadi.

Yeah, last night was rough.



There's only so many lies I can get away with in a twenty-four-hour period. House rules.



Oh yeah, Mitch, you missed it.

Missed what?



Yours truly almost knocked Colin Nelson's block off.

Why?

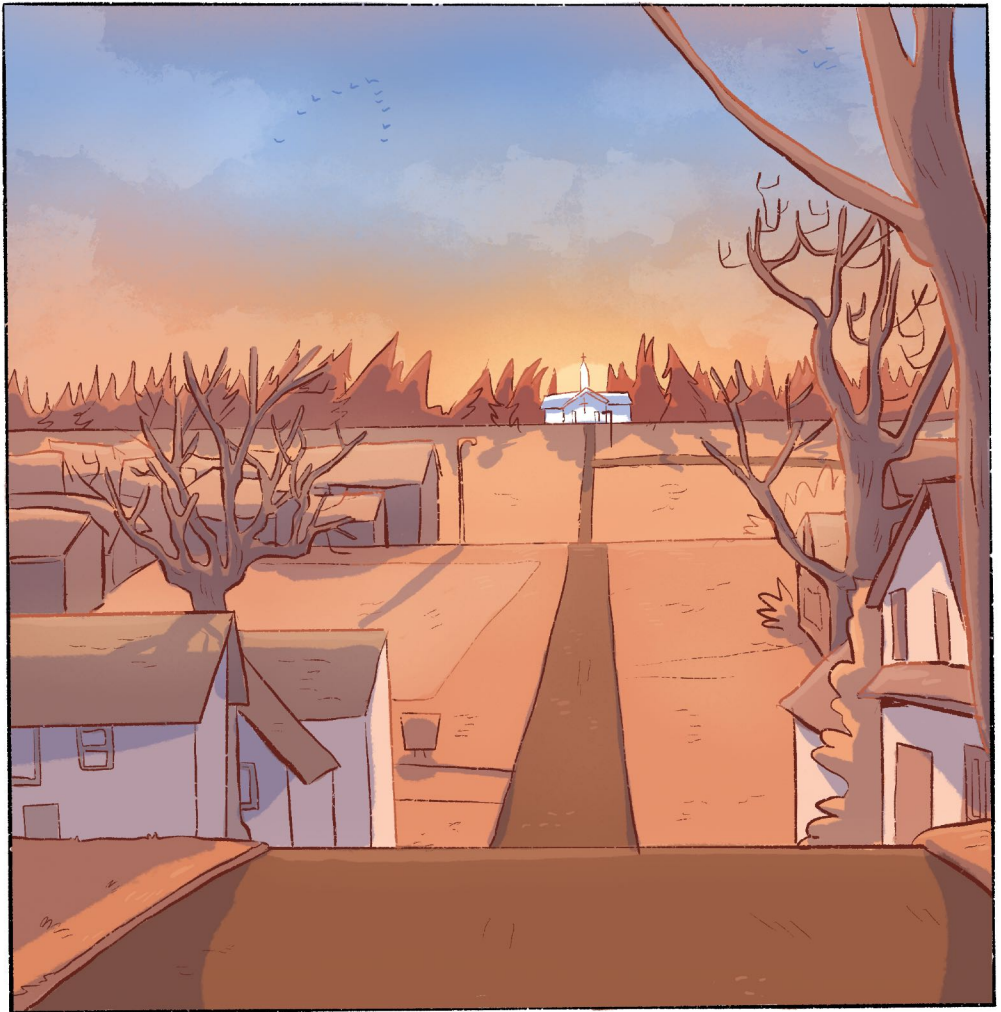


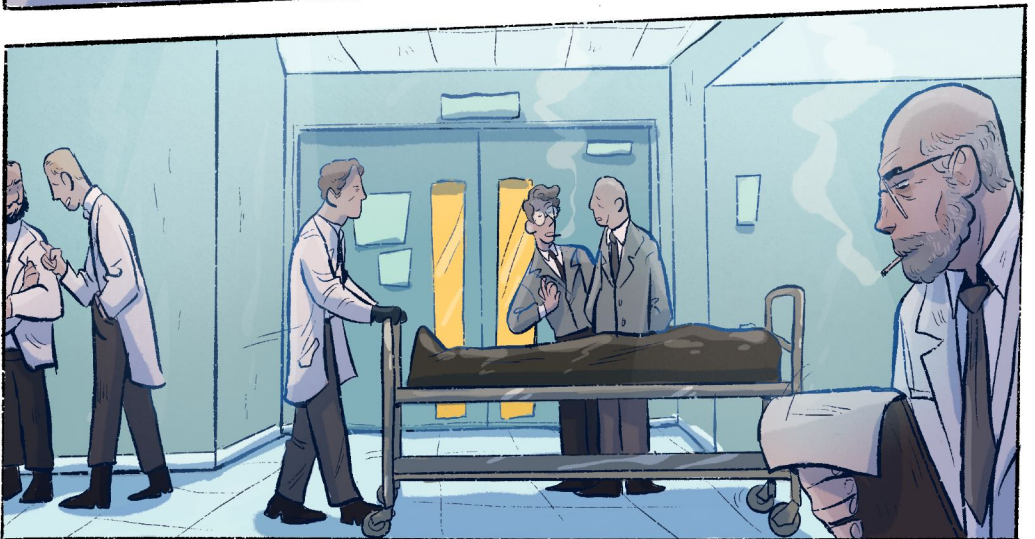
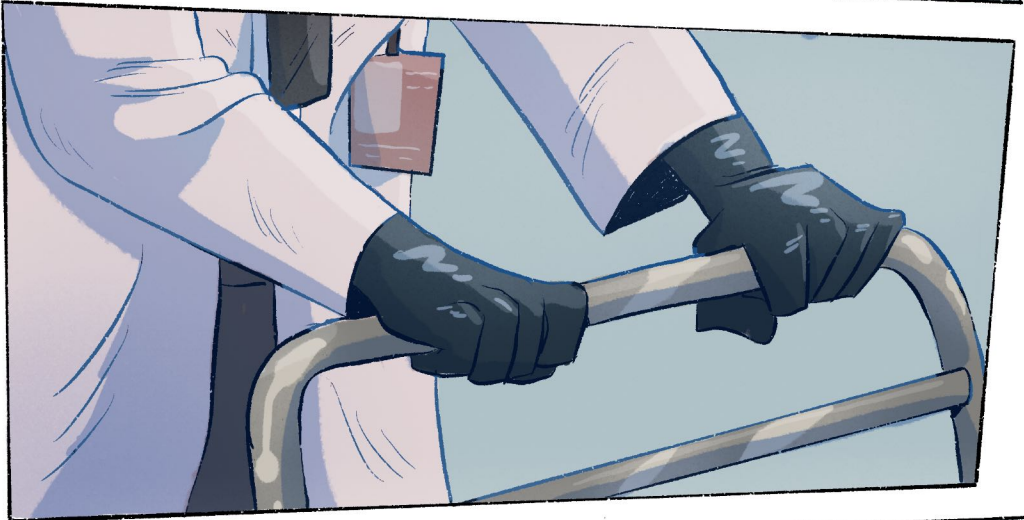
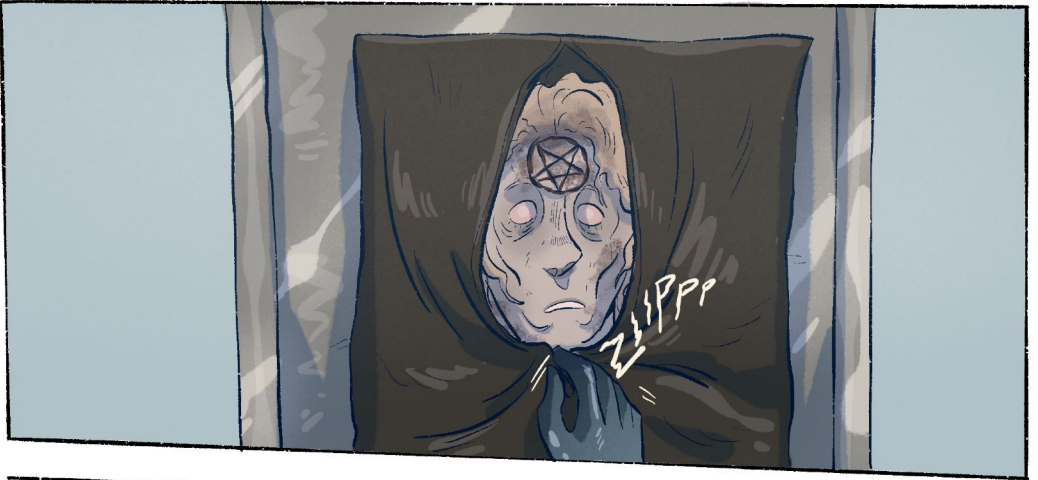
Same old same old.

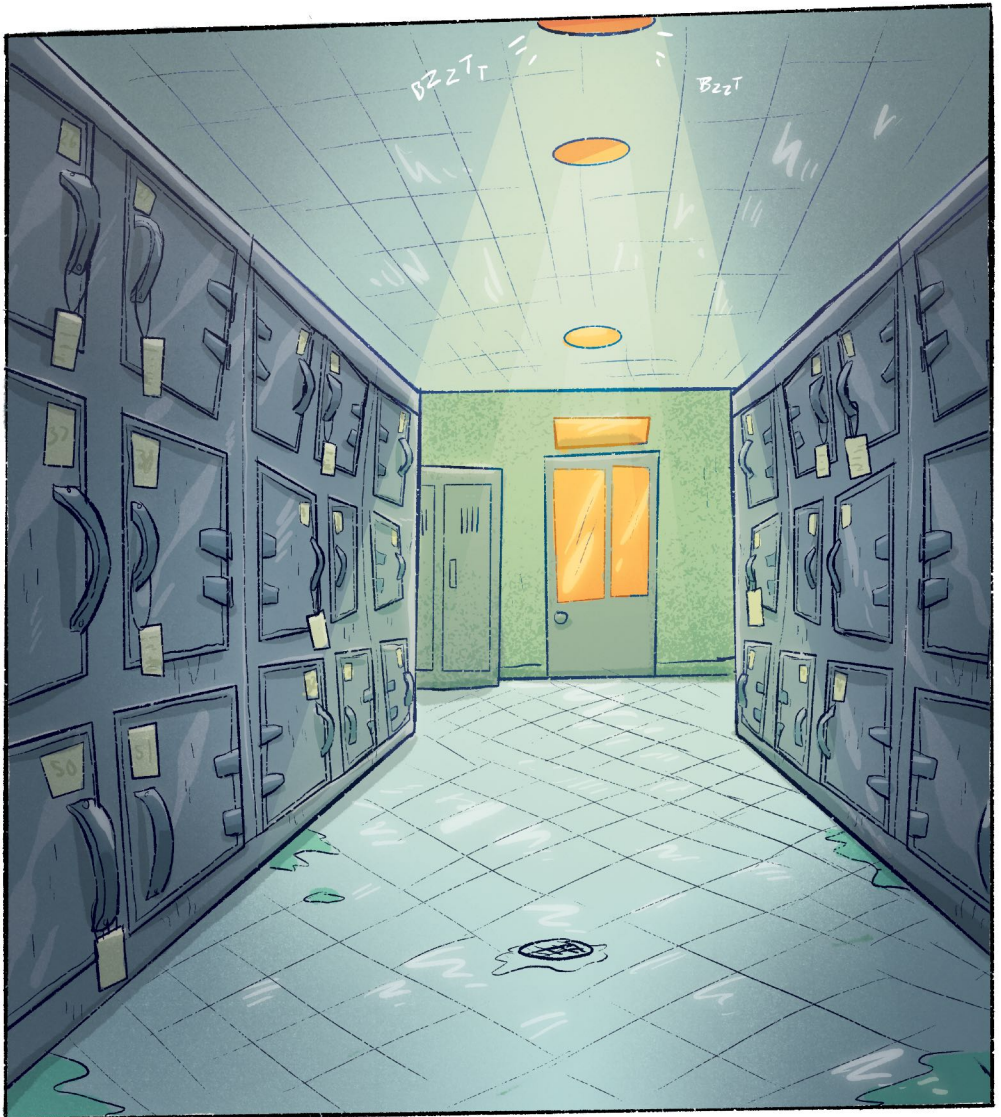
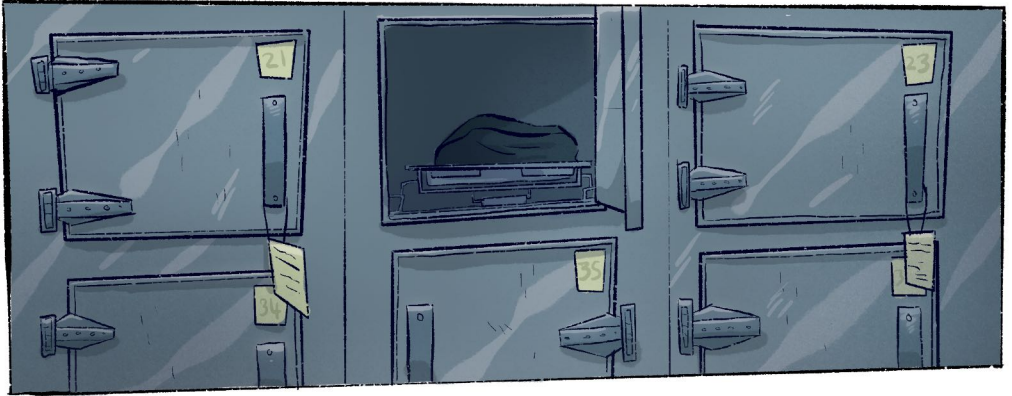
Y'know...

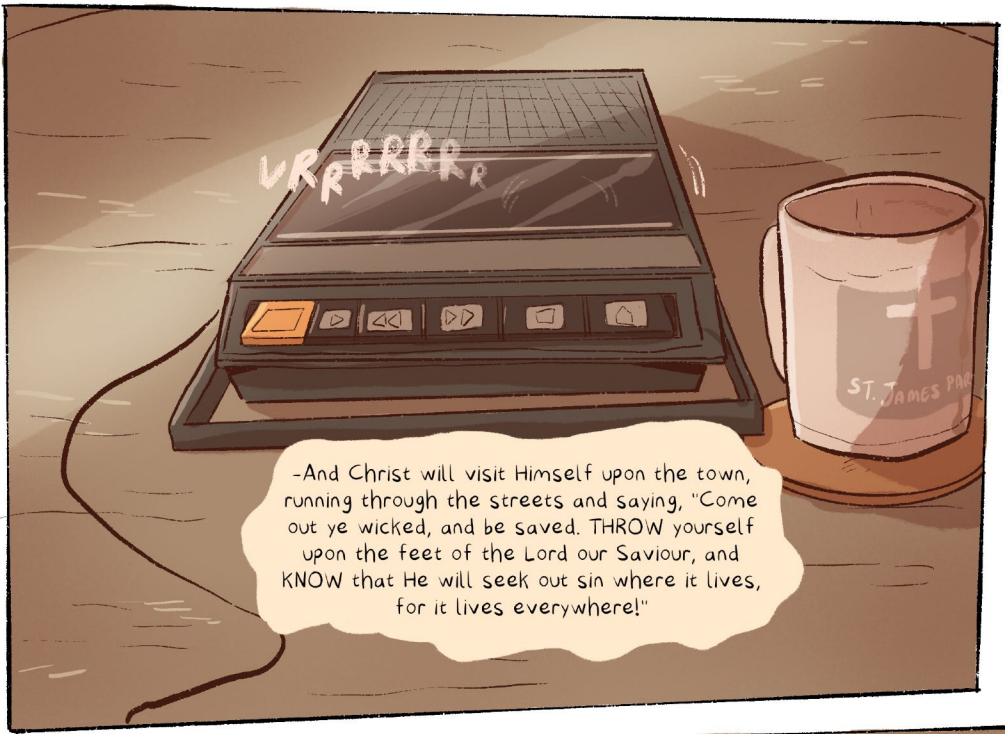
...I'm sorry, Lup. Wish I was there.















No. It's about theology. After a fashion.

Smoke?



I guess you wouldn't, right?

...Either way, I was curious if you think it's moral to keep your sermons to yourself.



To...myself?

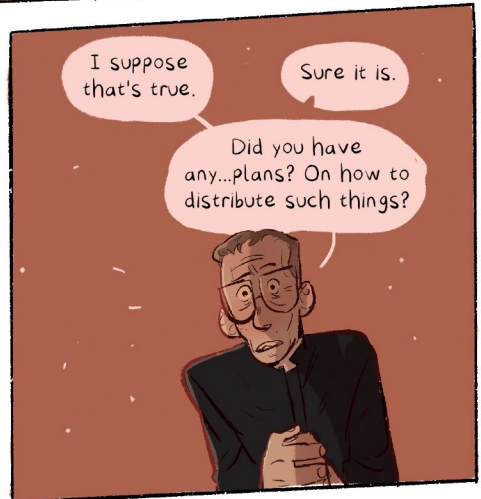
Sure, you're doing excellent work in the church every week, can't deny that.

Thank you. I suppose I do try.



I've heard tell that you've been recording additional material. And I personally think it's just a cryin' shame to keep your wisdom to yourself.

It's dark times, you know. The flock need guidance.



I suppose that's true.

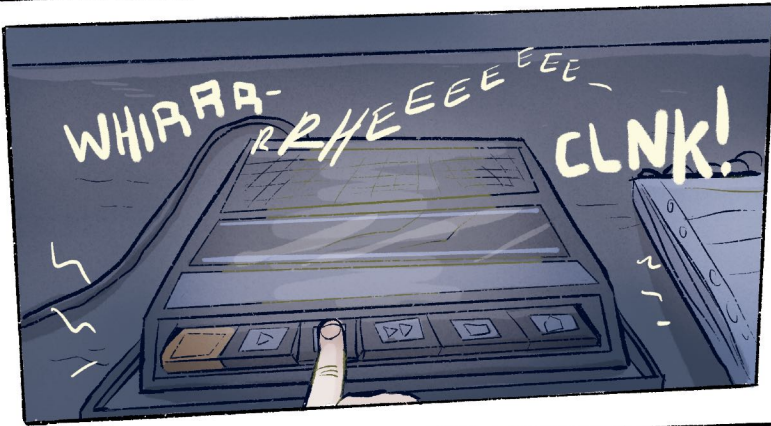
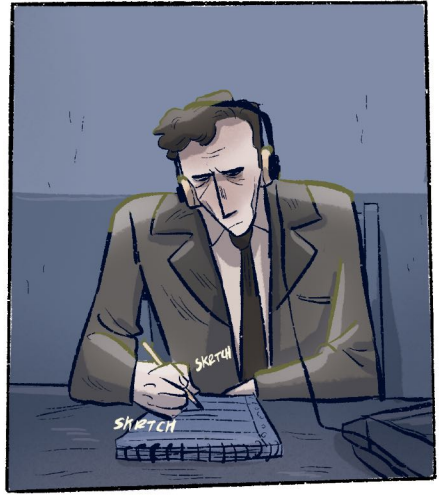
Sure it is.

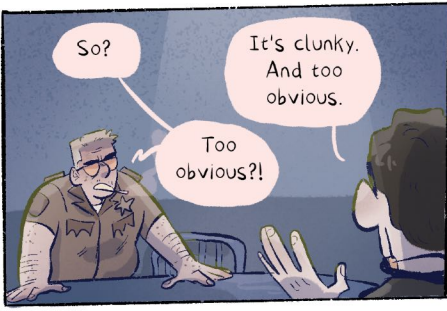
Did you have any...plans? On how to distribute such things?



HEH HEH

I do.





So?

It's clunky.
And too obvious.

Too obvious?!



Look, if it wasn't the subject's husband, I'd say it might possibly work, but-

Agent, all due respect, but you don't know this town like I do. They're primed for something like this.

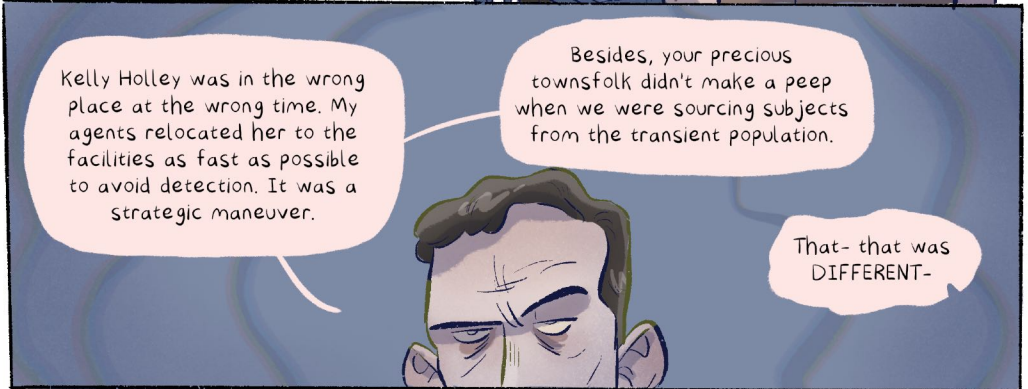


They won't trust just anyone. If they're going to be convinced of any particular explanation for why Kelly died, who's more convincing than her husband?



...Regrettably, we've never come up against this...particular issue before.

What the hell does that mean? I thought the bureau has a long history of successful experimentation-



Kelly Holley was in the wrong place at the wrong time. My agents relocated her to the facilities as fast as possible to avoid detection. It was a strategic maneuver.

Besides, your precious townfolk didn't make a peep when we were sourcing subjects from the transient population.

That- that was DIFFERENT-

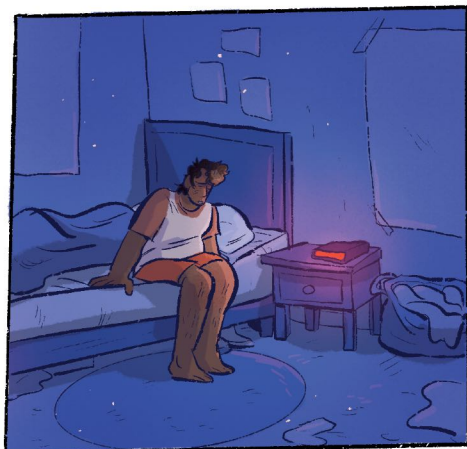


Unless you have a better suggestion, this is the best we're going to be able to do.

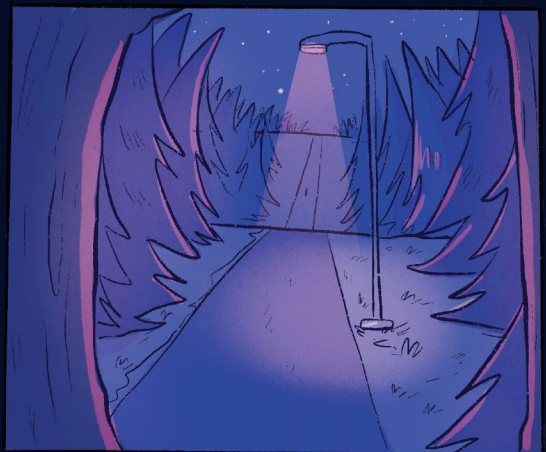
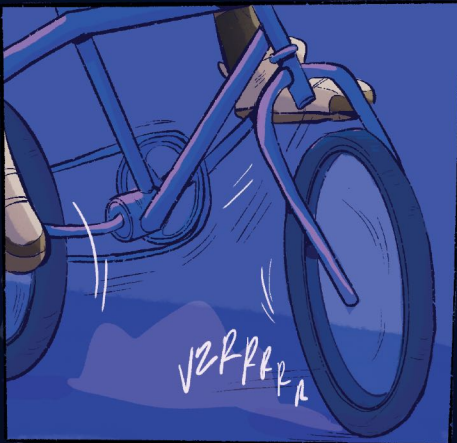
Fine. Fine. If this is truly the best you can do, I don't see a better option myself.




Trust me. This town needs a distraction. Badly.











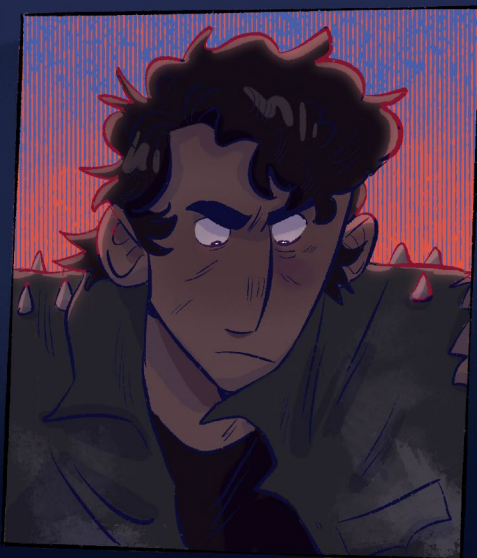
When I felt my ribs crack, I knew.



I knew it was letting something out.



It wasn't fear.
It wasn't sadness.




It was rage, leaking outta me onto the concrete.
Rage, and something else I didn't have a name for.



Not yet, at least.








I...went back to the parking lot.


Y'know, where it happened...




Oh, come ON.

Dude!!!

Pendejo-



I was trying to settle things! In my head, y'know?



You're so full of shit. What would you have done if they were back there?

I woulda taken care of it.

What, like you "took care of it" the first time?!



I thought you weren't this dumb.



I'm not sure what else he's supposed to do.



I mean, what's the best case here? He goes to the cops and THEY do something about it?



And now there's this stupid curfew shit.

If they did know the long and short of it, they'd just assume I picked a fight.

As long as I'm not totally messed up, they think I'm learning my lesson.

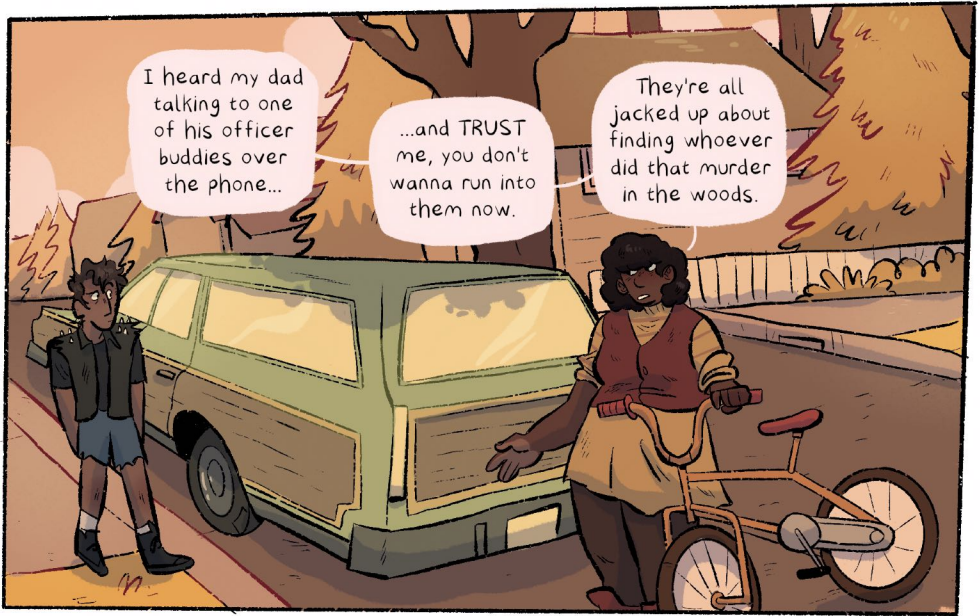


Look, I'm not telling you not to be pissed.

But it can't just be Mitch alone. If you don't get into it with one of them, you might get into it with the cops.



I mean, wouldn't be the first time for us.





Temperatures forecast for the southern region will be a high-

And IIII will always love y-

I hope I die before I get old-

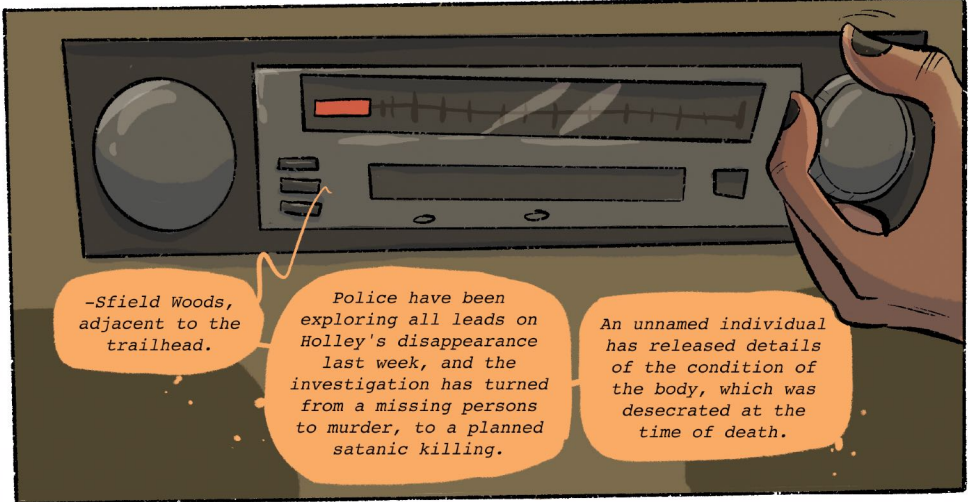
-ritual murder previously found in the northwestern corn-



Hold up, hold up, back one.

What, the news?

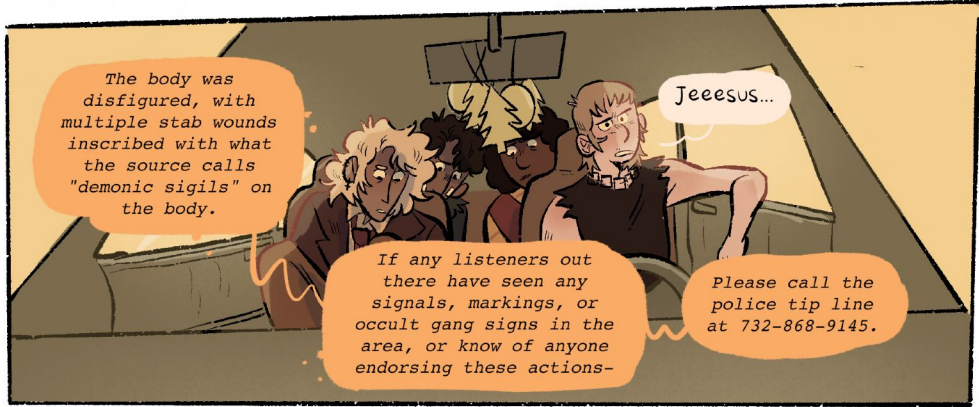
Yeah, the news.



-Sfield Woods, adjacent to the trailhead.

Police have been exploring all leads on Holley's disappearance last week, and the investigation has turned from a missing persons to murder, to a planned satanic killing.

An unnamed individual has released details of the condition of the body, which was desecrated at the time of death.

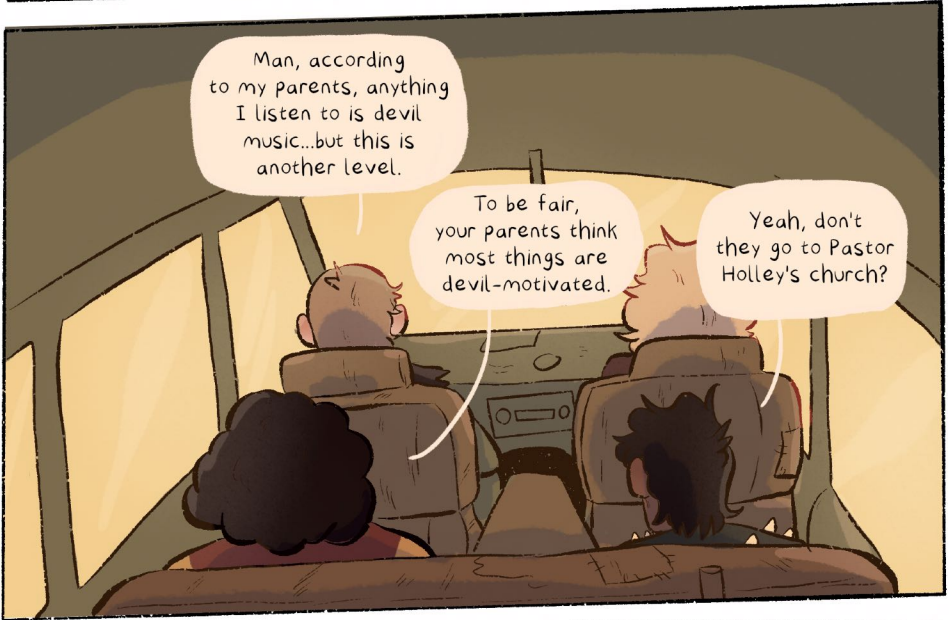


The body was disfigured, with multiple stab wounds inscribed with what the source calls "demonic sigils" on the body.

Jeeesus...

If any listeners out there have seen any signals, markings, or occult gang signs in the area, or know of anyone endorsing these actions-

Please call the police tip line at 732-868-9145.





I thought Terri said errands first, specifically?

...Thinking about evil makes me hungry.

My car, my rules, eat shit.

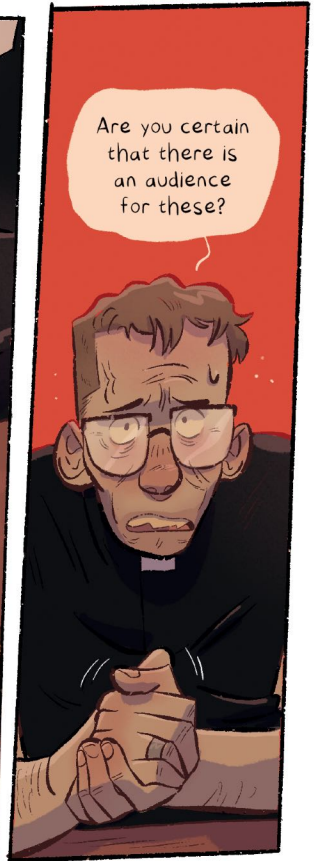


CULT IN COLUMBIANA?
THE DEVIL
NEXT DOOR-



...Cool, super cool.











I don't really need to do errands today if you don't feel up to it.



I need to ring Greg to get ready for the Bowl Busters show anyway. We need to finish the set list.



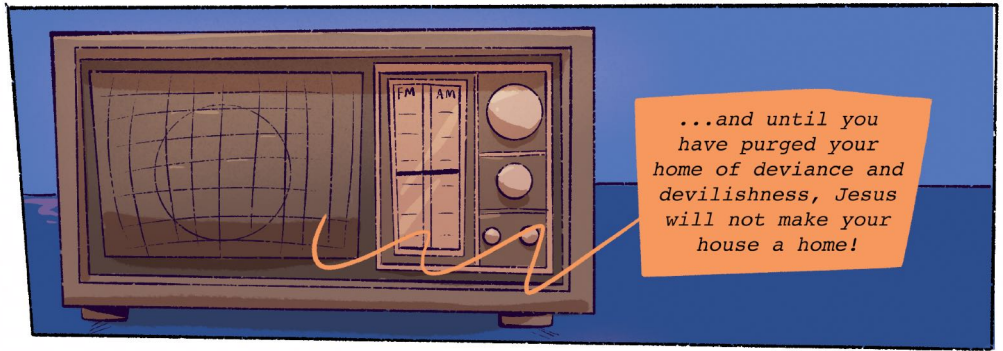
I should probaly get home and give Luna her dinner, now that you mention it...since we're going to be out.



I gotta head home, but you two could go feed the cat...



Yeah, I guess.



...and until you have purged your home of deviance and devilishness, Jesus will not make your house a home!



Dad?



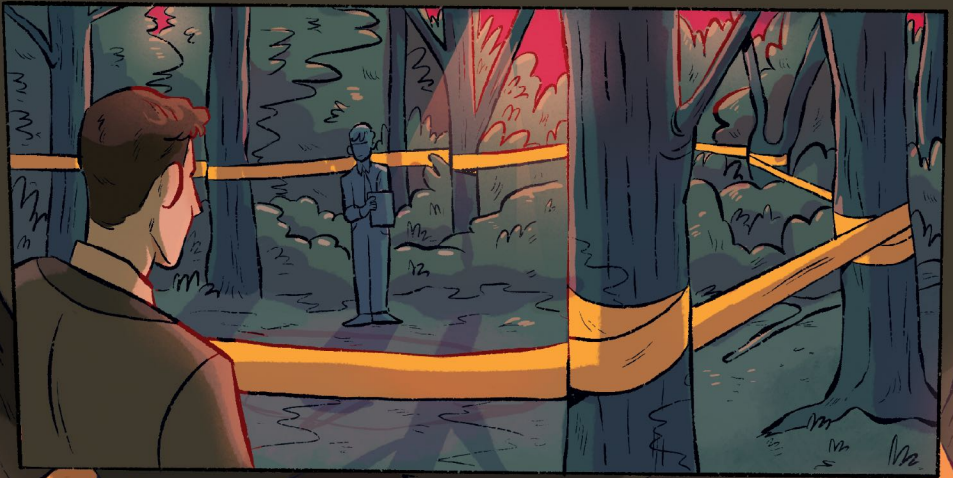
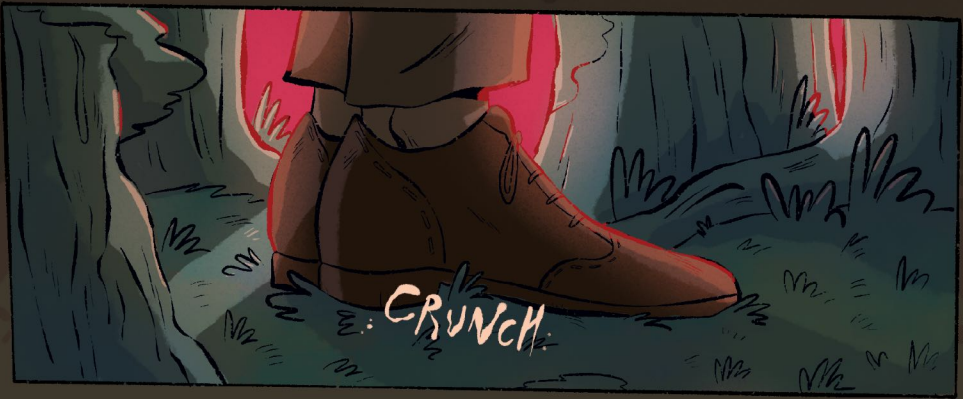
...Dad?

He will see all, and He will know by which means you have sinned...



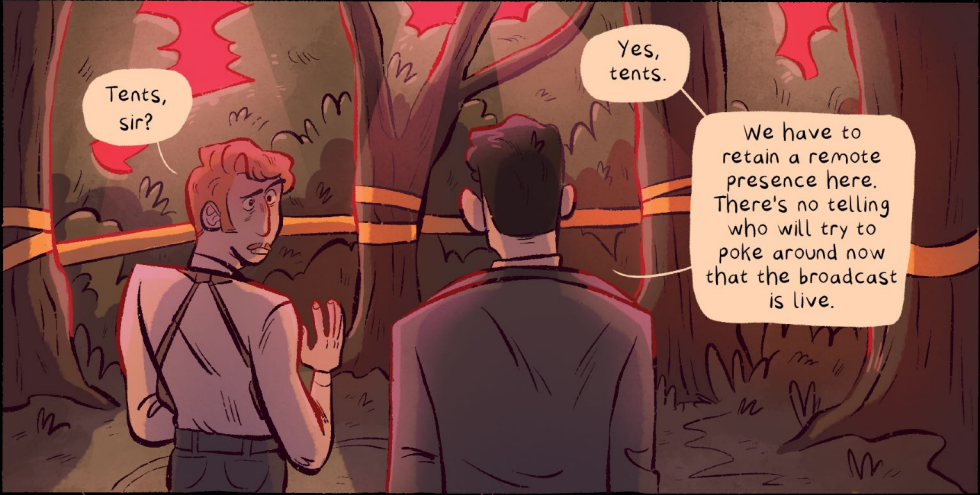
Your brother's speech for Mayor Farrell is tonight. I hope you're not planning on going anywhere...

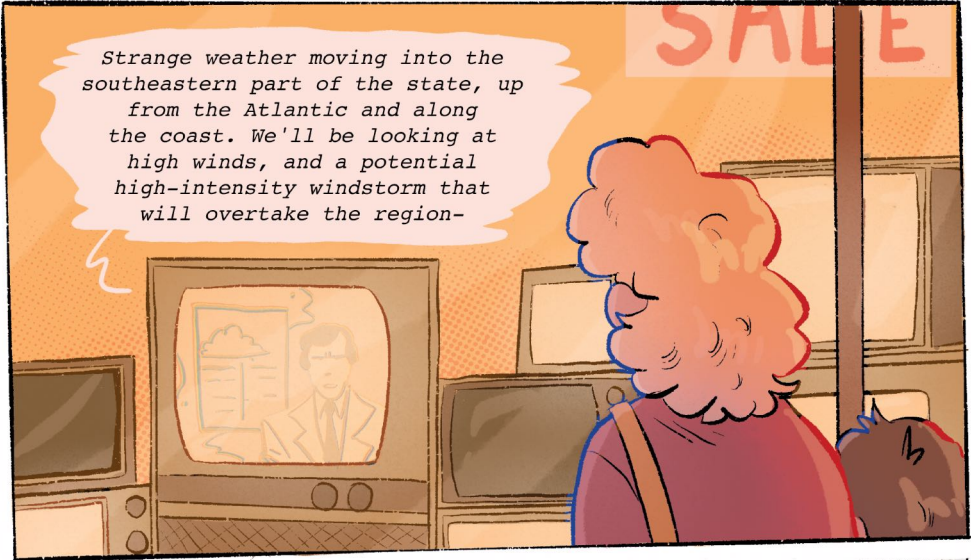


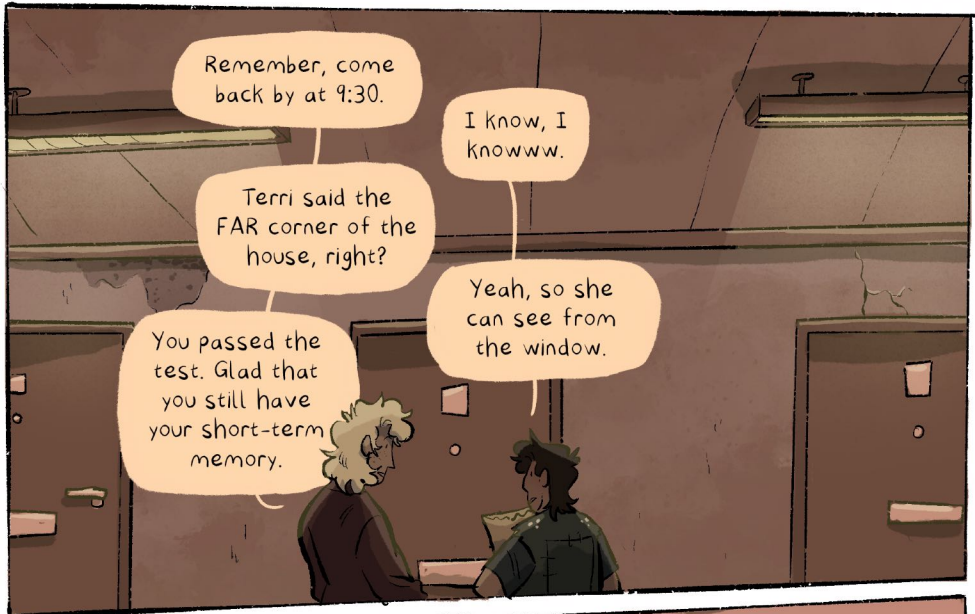


I'd like to set up
some tents.









Remember, come back by at 9:30.

I know, I knowww.

Terri said the FAR corner of the house, right?

Yeah, so she can see from the window.

You passed the test. Glad that you still have your short-term memory.



I promise, I don't have a brain clot.

PRRRRRR



Huh?

Hey. What if it...gets worse?

I mean, with everything that's going on?



...I don't really see how it could get much worse than it already is.



Yeah...I guess you're right.

All else fails, at least we've got the show tonight. You hear me?

Yeah, yeah, I hear you, Lup.

MRRR!







You're running late, Tear Bear!

Yeah, yeah!

Yeah, you better hurry!



I hope she makes it.

She'll make it. They won't go on without her.

WE'RE RAW, BUT MOST
IMPORTANTLY, WE'RE REAL!
WE'RE THE REAL DEAL!
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!



WE DON'T WANT NO AB-SO-LUTION!
WE DONT NEED YOUR REV-O-LUTION!
WE GOT A RAW DEAL!
RAW DEAL!











We've got less than a third of the attendees. Plus, what seems to be one of the organizers here...



Yeah, it was just as we thought. Illegally occupying the space, breaking curfew, facilitating a gathering of ten or more without a permit...

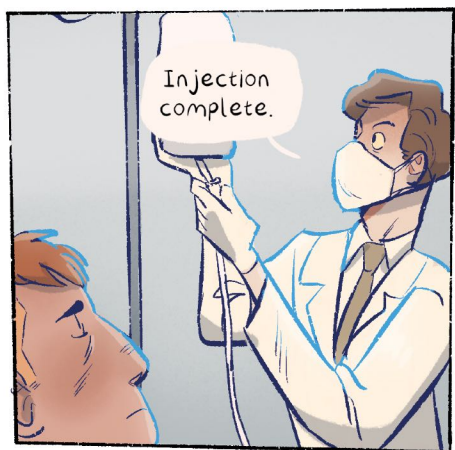
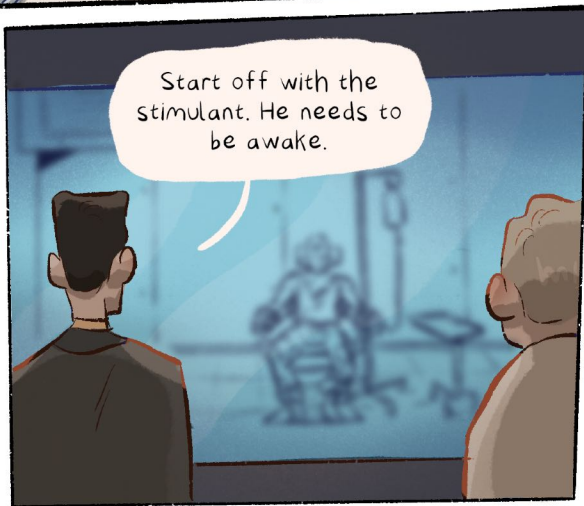
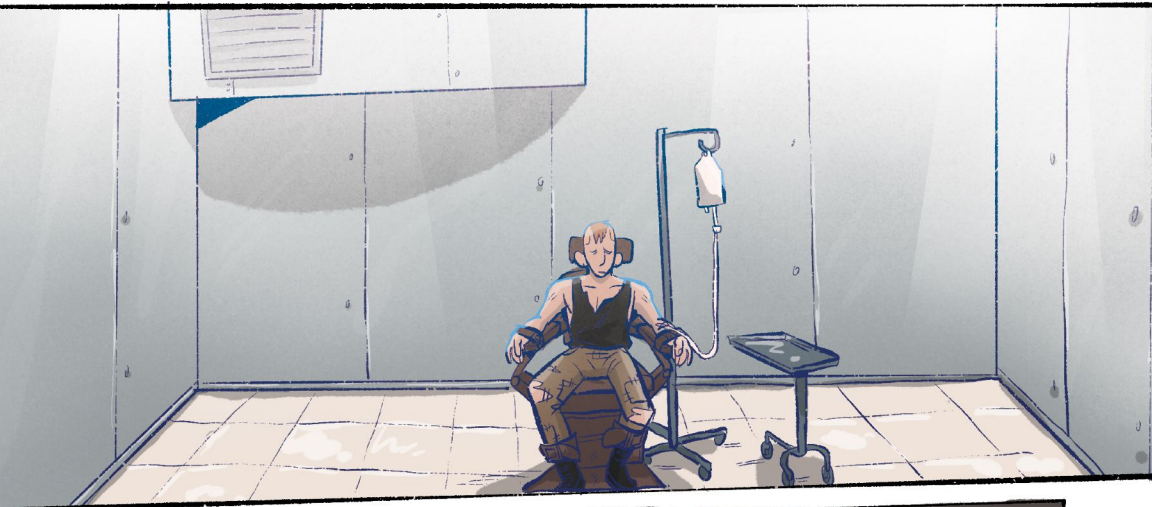
...breaking and entering, resisting arrest, destruction of property...



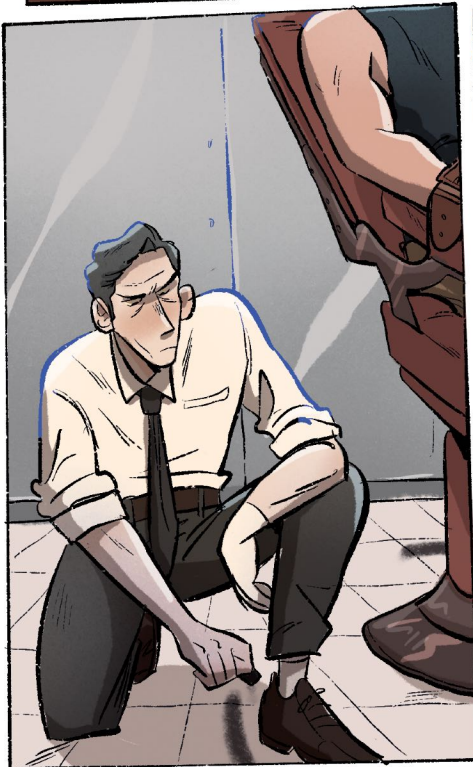
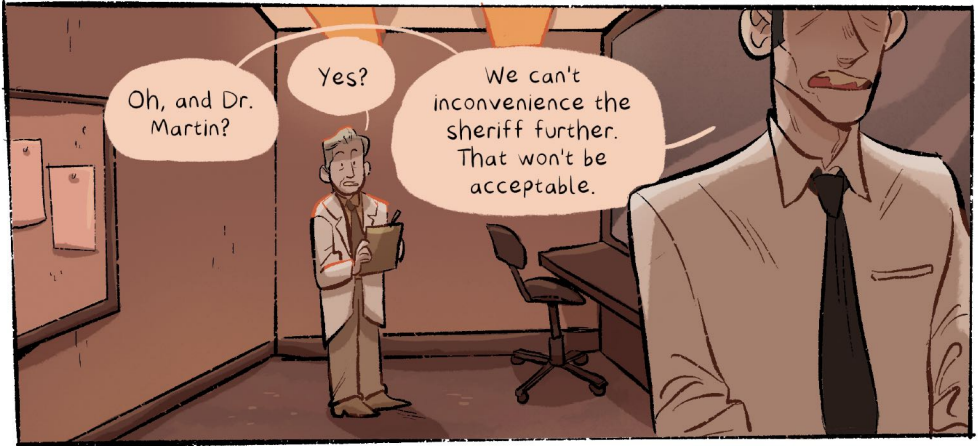
...Resisting arrest, huh?

Bring 'em in.

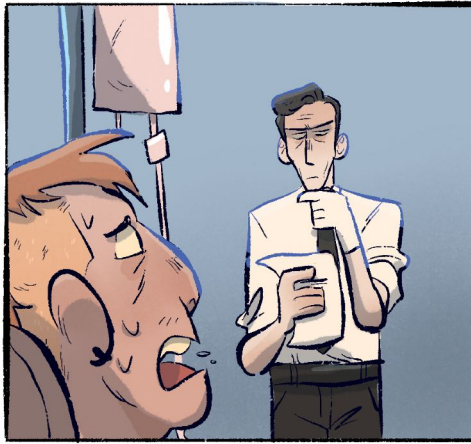








People are gonna be looking for me.



Actually, I'm not sure that anyone will.



SHF-



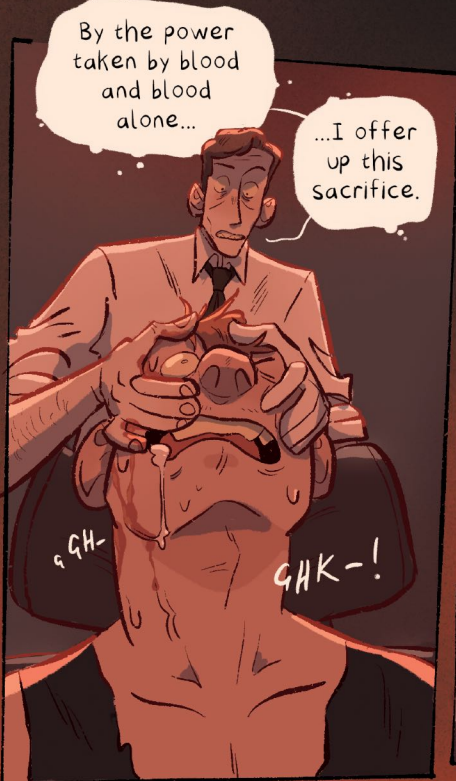


BWOOOMM-

We've lost power?



...Please continue, doctor. Nothing to fear.



By the power taken by blood and blood alone...

...I offer up this sacrifice.

GHH-

GAK-!



AAA AUGHHH!!







Something shifted in all of us that night.



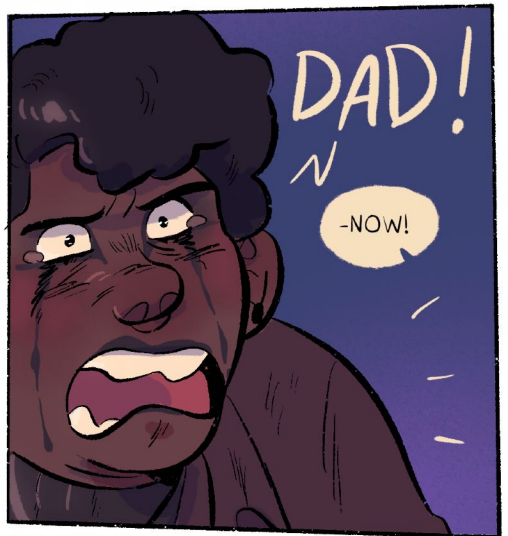
We didn't quite realize it then...

CREAK

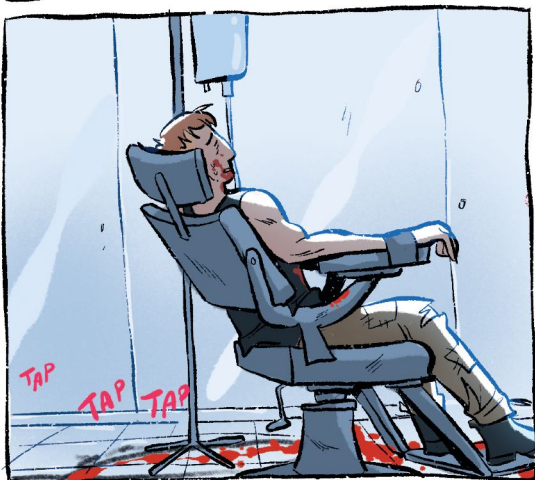
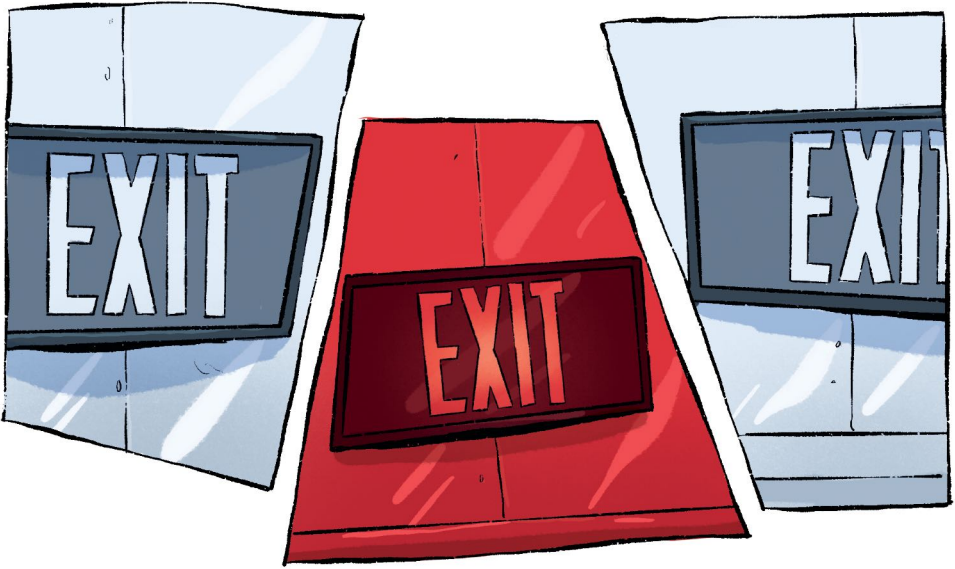


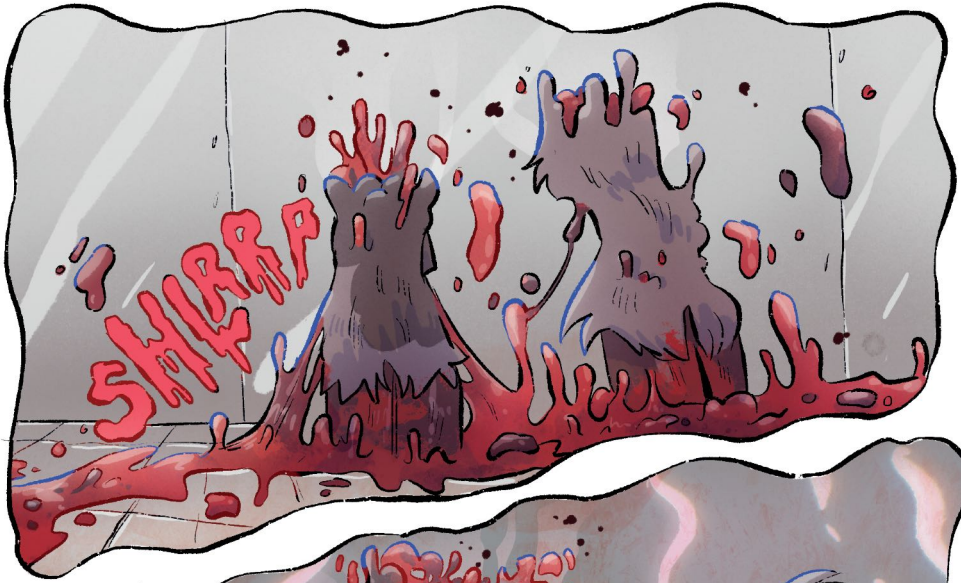
...but it wouldn't take long.





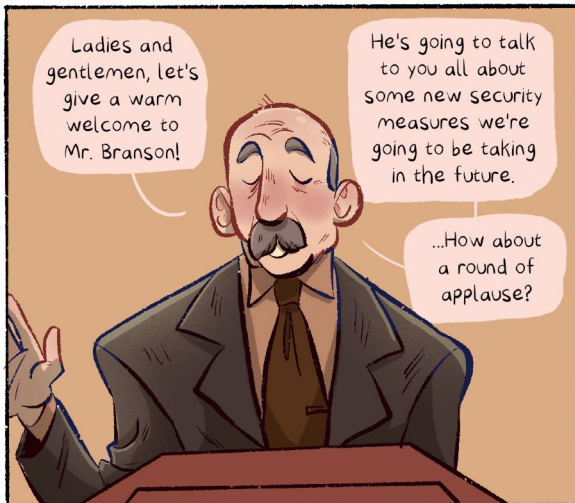
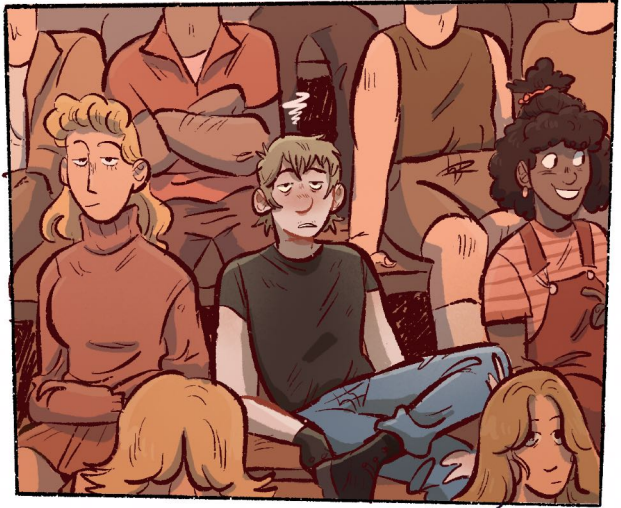






Of course,
my lord.





Wow. Thanks, Principal, for that nice warm welcome!

First off, I'd like to introduce myself. As the principal said, my name is Mr. Branson, and I work with the Federal Secure Wellness Bureau.

I'm sure a lot of you have a lot of questions about the case, and about what it's like to work for the bureau-



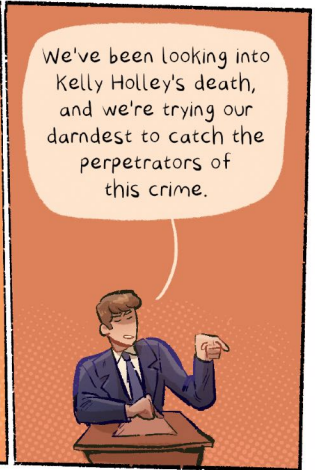
-but I'm here to talk to you about something a little different.



I won't pretend that there hasn't been quite a bit going on here in Columbiana for the past week.

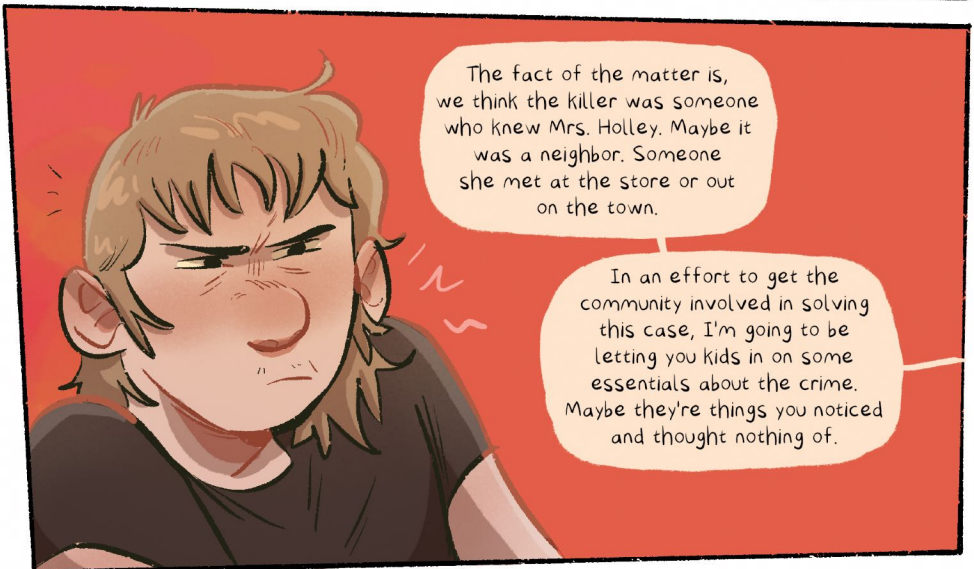


We've been looking into Kelly Holley's death, and we're trying our darndest to catch the perpetrators of this crime.



The fact of the matter is, we think the killer was someone who knew Mrs. Holley. Maybe it was a neighbor. Someone she met at the store or out on the town.

In an effort to get the community involved in solving this case, I'm going to be letting you kids in on some essentials about the crime. Maybe they're things you noticed and thought nothing of.



The last person to see Mrs. Holley alive was her husband, who had left her alone for the evening.

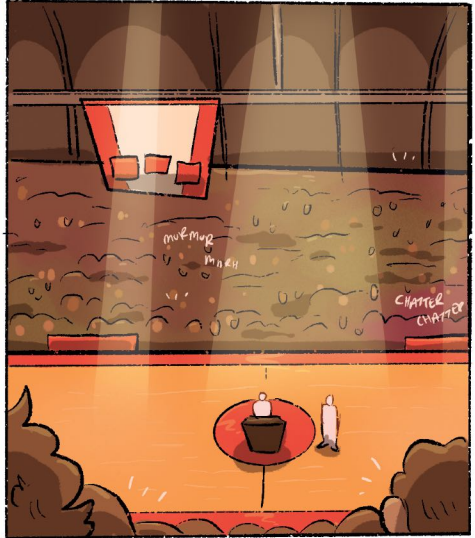
We've been able to track her movements that far, and know that she intended to drop off some food and provisions at the St. Lawrence Shelter the next day.



We believe that Mrs. Holley was kidnapped by someone, or more likely, by multiple people looking to do her harm...
...from her home sometime after eight p.m. on Thursday evening.

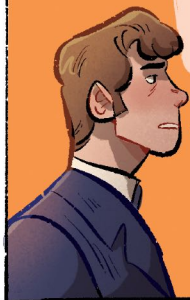


We firmly believe there are satanic, occult influence in this crime.



The nature of Mrs. Holley's injuries, as well as the circumstances of her disappearance, and her position in the community, have greatly concerned the FSWB.

And we're relying on you not only to be the eyes and ears of the bureau during this trying time...



...but to actively fight dangerous, occult influence around you at all times.





You might know someone who's been acting strangely. Who's been hanging out with new friends lately.

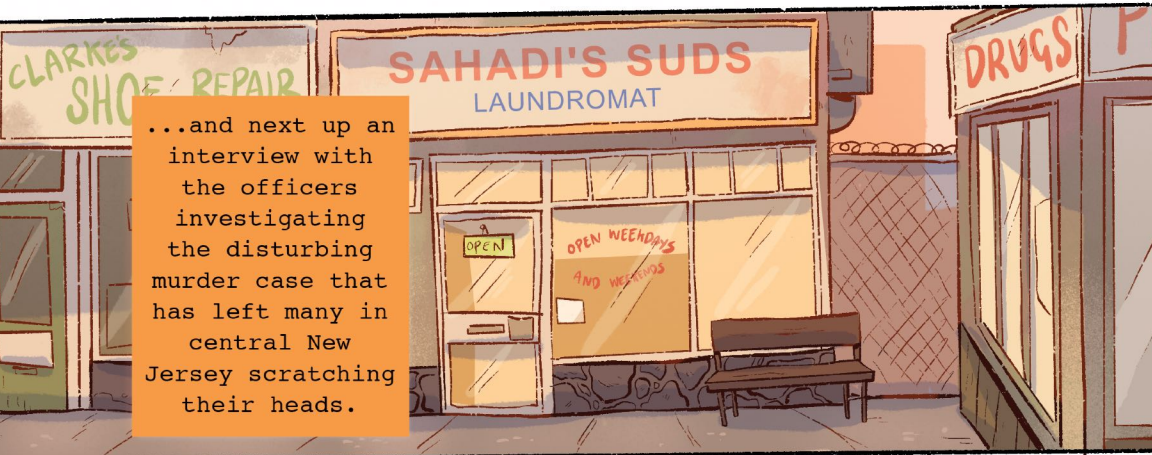
You might know someone who's suddenly gone missing from school. Who's started listening to violent music. Who's been dressing strangely.



If you suspect that person isn't well, that they've been subject to satanic influences, or even if there's a possibility that they're going to do bad things...



It's your responsibility to let us know.



...and next up an interview with the officers investigating the disturbing murder case that has left many in central New Jersey scratching their heads.

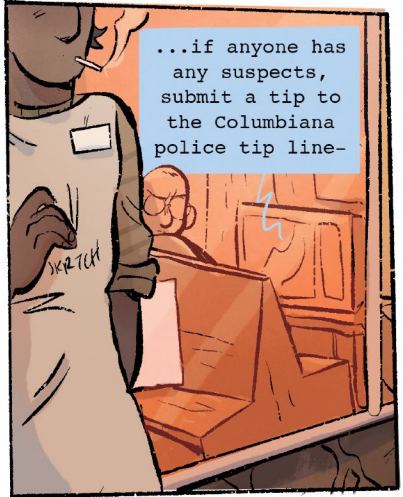
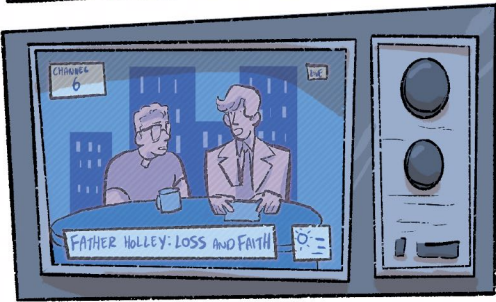


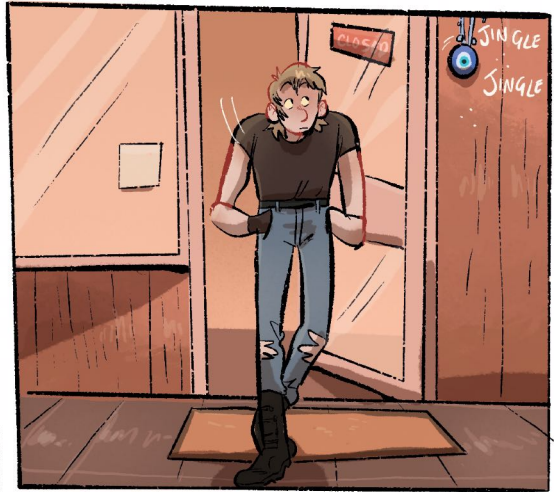
Sheriff, thank you for joining us for a moment; what is the current state of the case? What can you tell us?

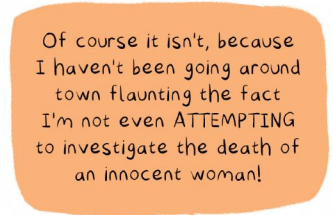


Well, I'm not specifically at liberty to say much at all at the moment.

-but I can tell you we've brought in federal agents to assist with the case. We owe as much to the good people of Columiana and to Reverend Holley.









I truly hope you realize the gravity of the situation for the both of us if any element of your little gambit doesn't work.

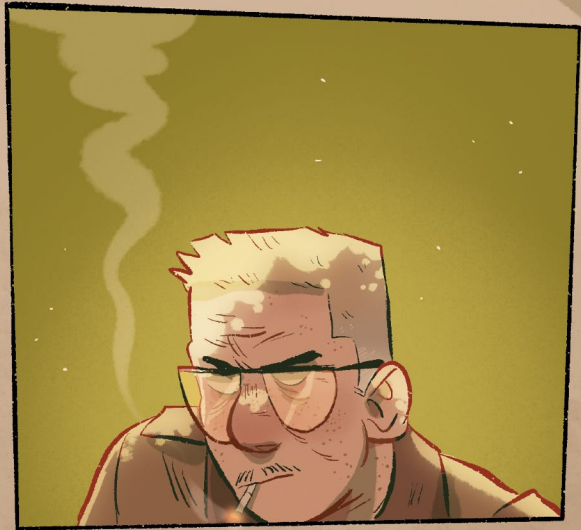
And lest you forget, sheriff...

...there is no world in which you're not immediately, infinitely replaceable.

So here is what we will do. You will allow Branson, as well as my other agents, to continue to operate within Columbiania in place of your officers.

You will treat them as superior officers, with the full authority of the federal government behind them, which they are.

You will only ever go on TV again if I say you can, and if and when you do, you will sell your asinine story about teenage cult worship to whoever will listen.



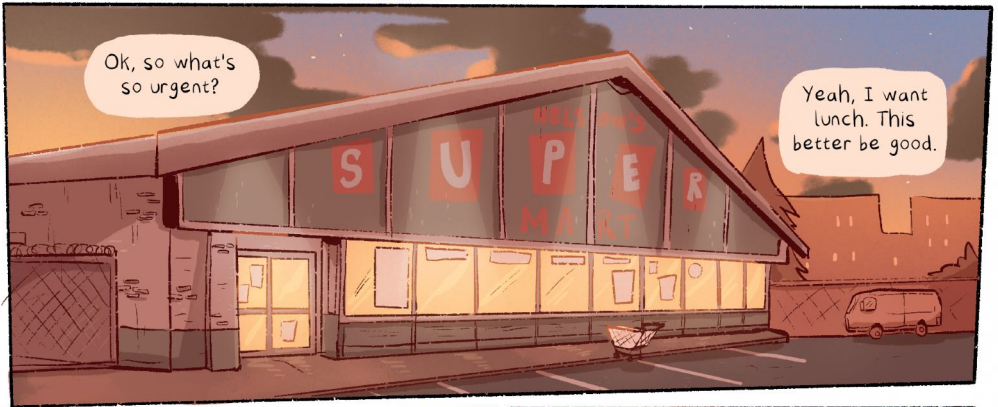
And you will get that preacher to convince his flock, as well as everyone else, before he goes completely off his fucking rocker.

Are.
We.
Clear?



...as crystal.





Ok, so what's so urgent?

Yeah, I want lunch. This better be good.



Ok, so bear with me, first of all...

Don't like the sound of that-



Shut it! Ok, so there was an all-school assembly thing today-

Boy howdy. An assembly-



Now we've done it.

GUYS-

C'mon, let him finish.



That's rich, coming from you.

Sorry Jackie.



Hey, hey, now.

FINE. When I was at the assembly, there was this fed there.



Like an actual, honest-to-god federal agent, at school to investigate Kelly Holley's murder.

...huh?

Yeah. I mean, he said he was there to investigate, but it was mostly about how people should turn anyone in who they think is up to no good.

...Are you sure?



Oh yeah. But it was stranger than that.

He was saying some weird shit about being from the "Federal Secure Wellness Bureau", whatever that is.

And they thought whoever killed Mrs. Holley and carved a pentagram into her was someone who knew her from town.



But everyone knows her from town.

...Why was he telling the high school that?

I dont know...but it sounded like he was trying to get people to snitch.

Something about how you should call the tip line if someone is "acting strangely" or "listening to violent music."





Are you serious?

It's what he said. He seemed...way too intense about it.



And you're telling me he wasn't laughed off the stage.

...That's the problem. Everyone else was just...listening.



I don't like that one bit.

...Me neither.



They can't expect people to call in good faith, right?



...This has to be related to the raid on Bowl Busters.

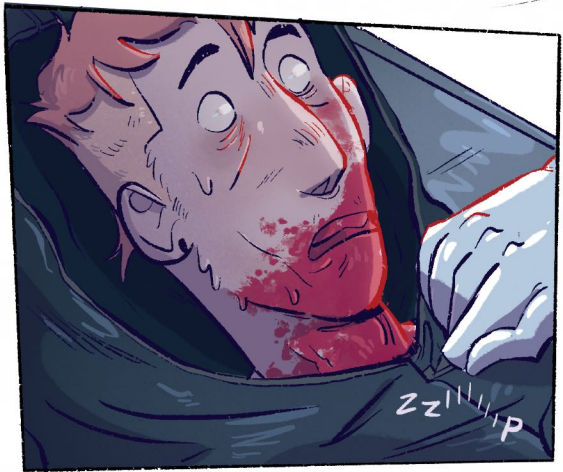
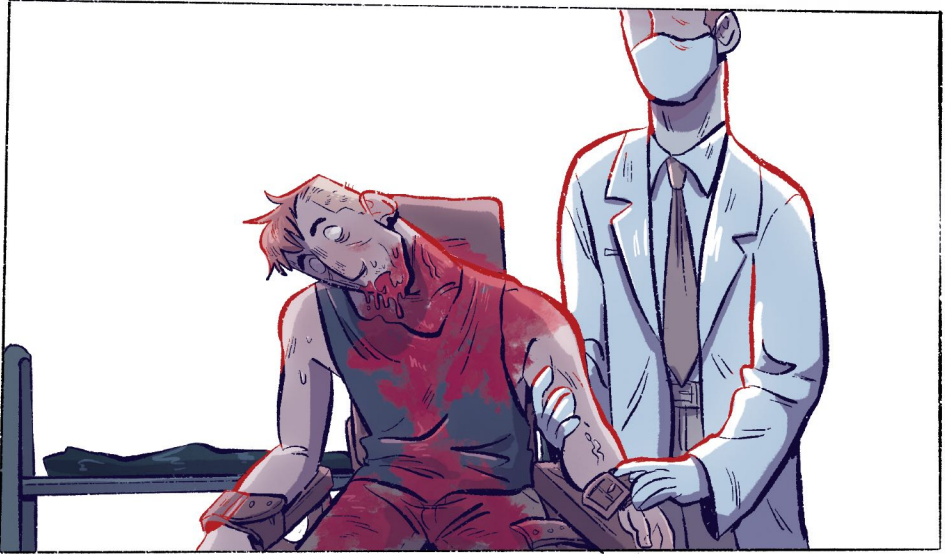
Odds are good, yeah.

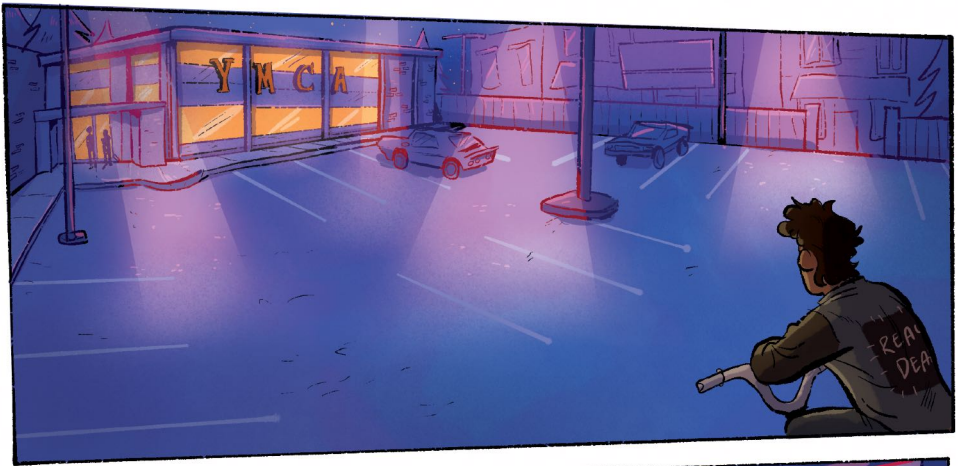
What else did he say?

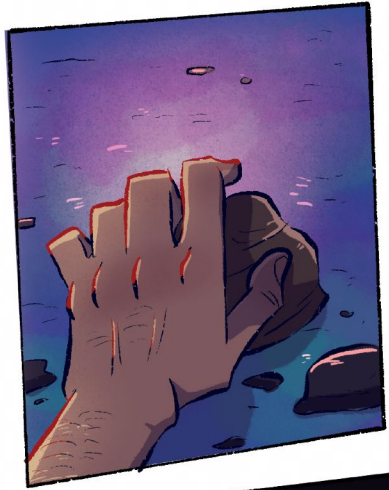
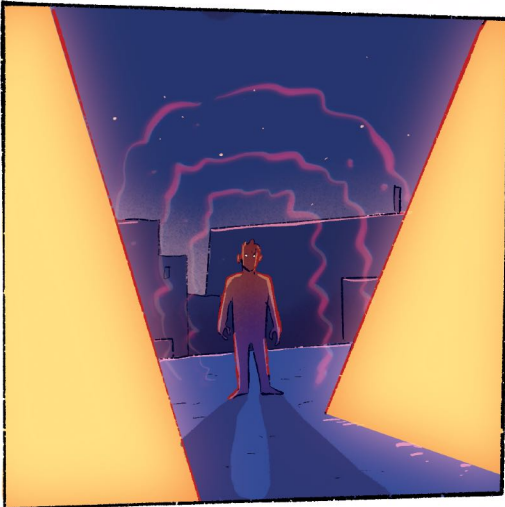


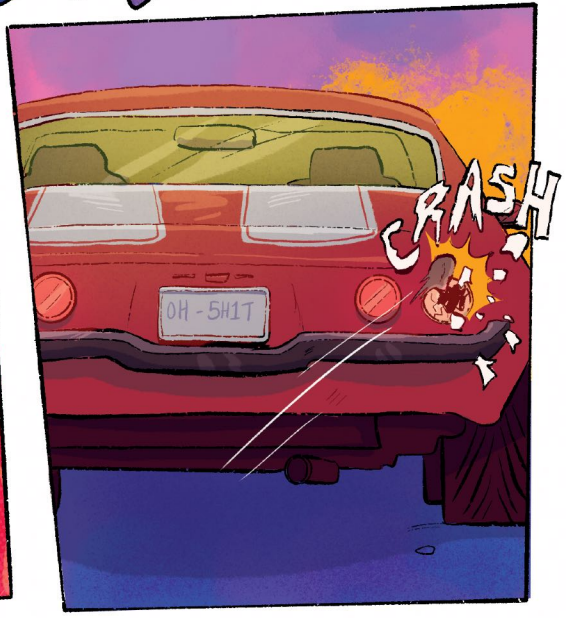
...He seemed concerned that there were people who weren't "well."

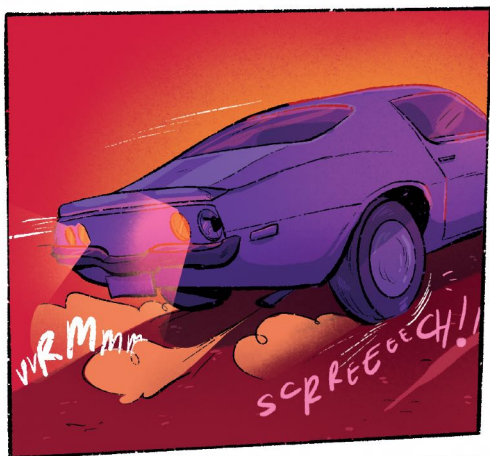


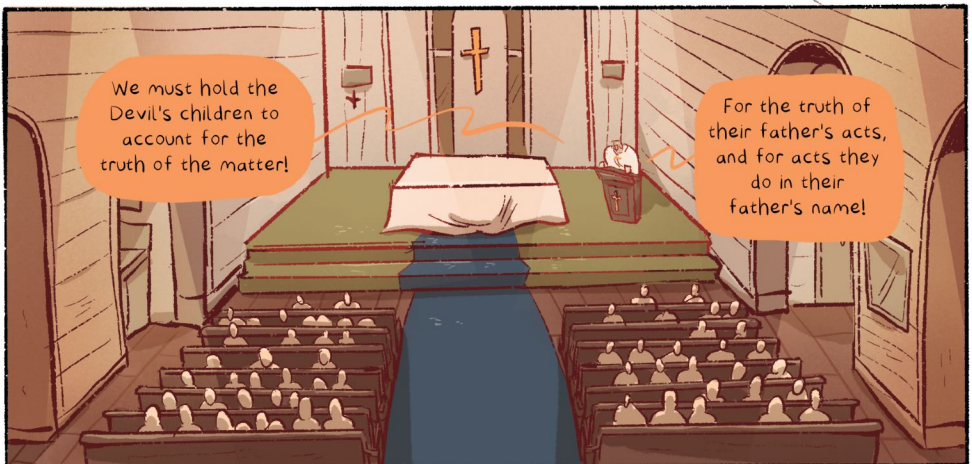
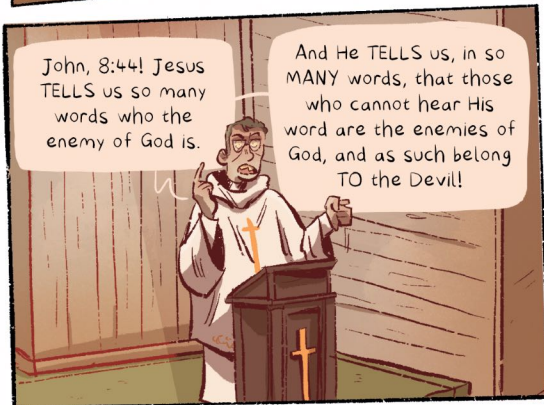
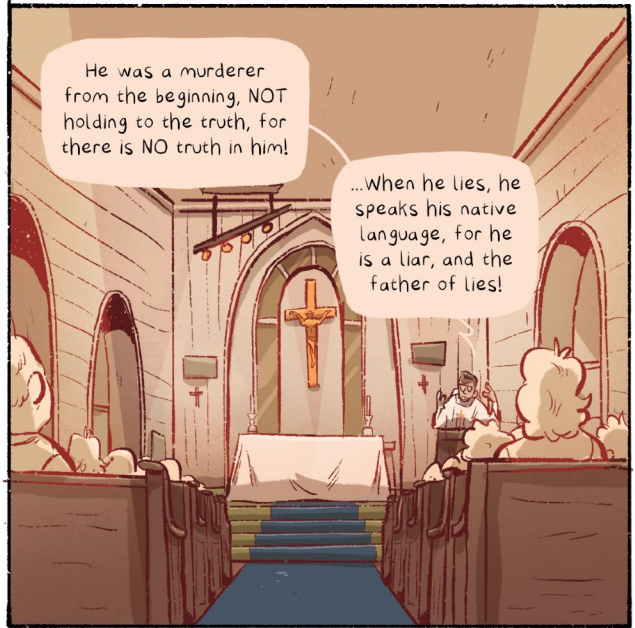
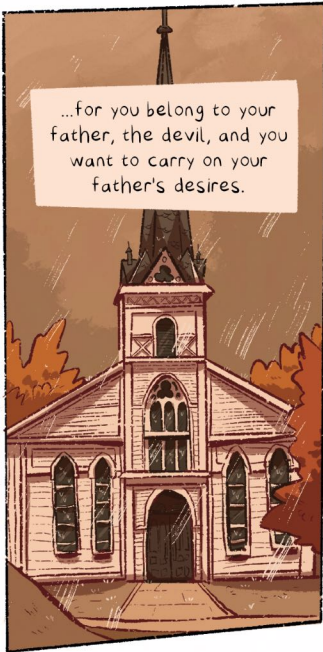


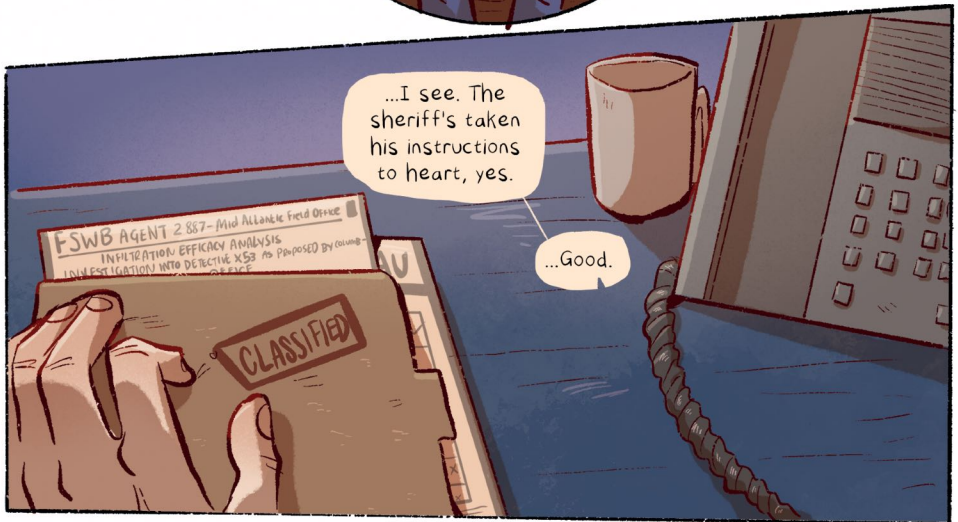
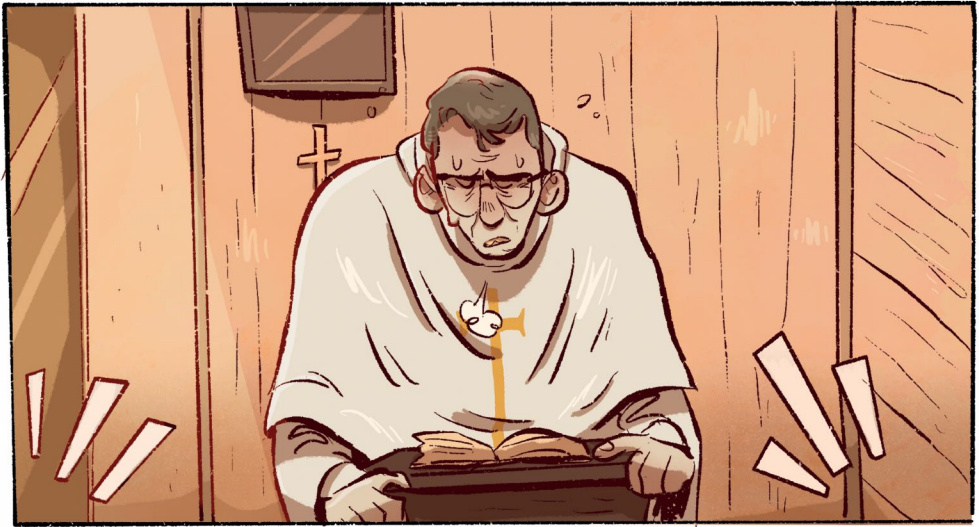










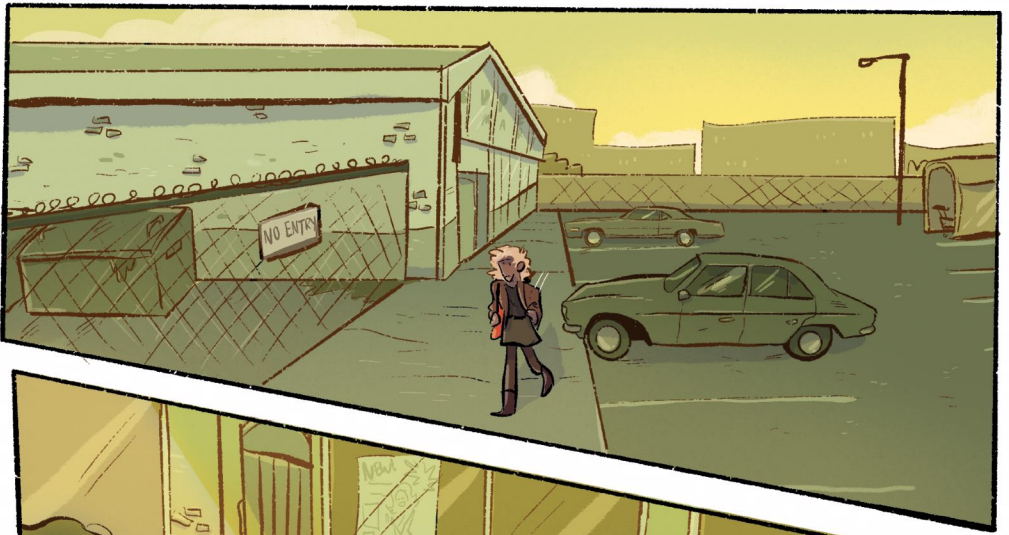






Goddamn it.

















(I don't want to go to jail-)

(I got it, hide, NOW).



Police!
If anyone's in there, open up!

C-coming!



Columbia PD... Is this the Perez residence?

Uh...yes. You have a war-

Alright kid, settle down.



We're looking for a...Lonnie? Lupe?

It was Lupe.

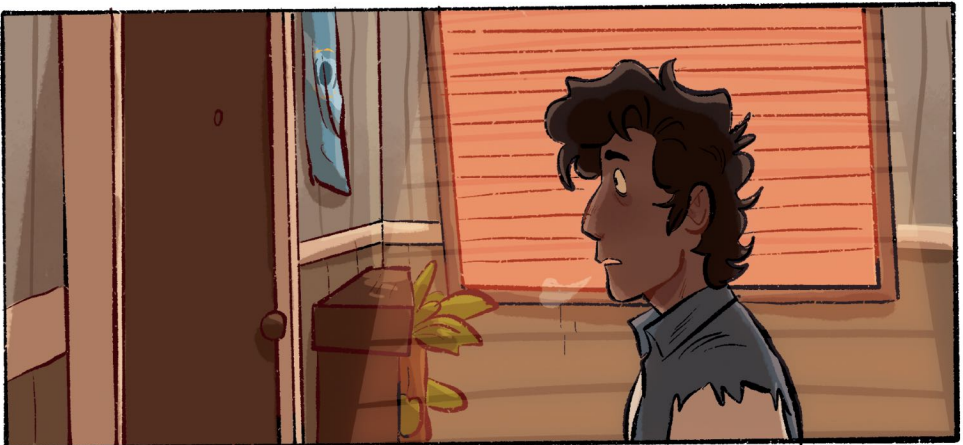


I don't have to talk to you...

I haven't seen Lupe since Wednesday. I'm...cat-sitting.

Your...pal's wanted for premeditated assault. I don't care if you don't wanna talk to us.



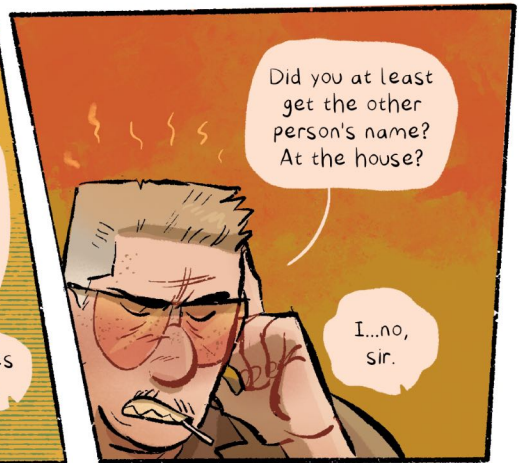


We have to call the others.



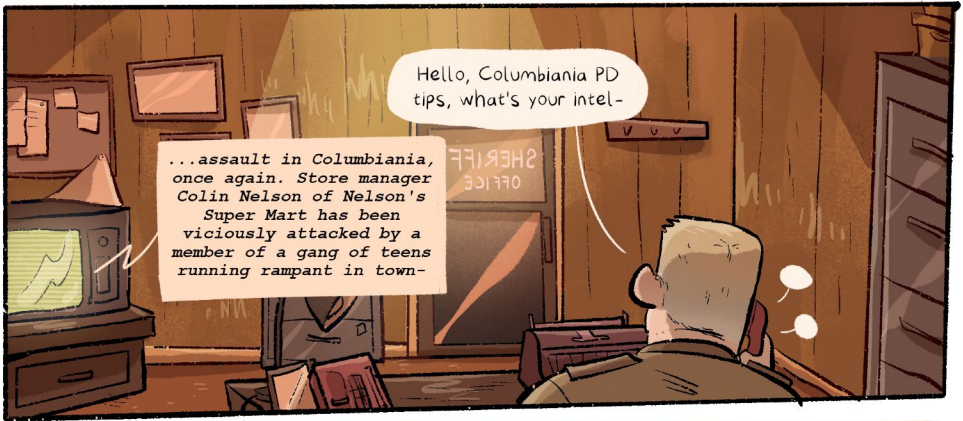
This is gonna get bad.











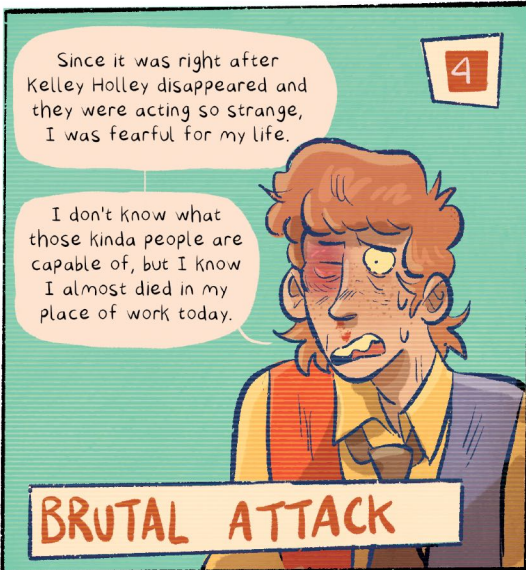
Hello, Columbiania PD tips, what's your intel-

...assault in Columbiania, once again. Store manager Colin Nelson of Nelson's Super Mart has been viciously attacked by a member of a gang of teens running rampant in town-



-Pérez was a disgruntled employee at Nelson's until recently, when Nelson tried to take disciplinary action against Pérez and his friends.

"I don't know what happened, but I was scared for my life. They came in with their friends a few days ago and threatened me."



Since it was right after Kelley Holley disappeared and they were acting so strange, I was fearful for my life.

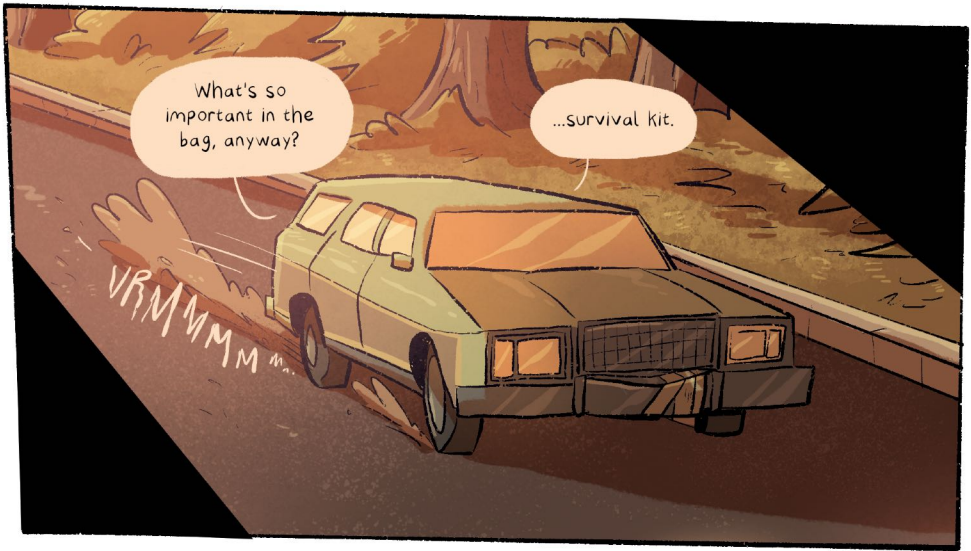
I don't know what those kinda people are capable of, but I know I almost died in my place of work today.

BRUTAL ATTACK



...Here we go.





What's so important in the bag, anyway?

...survival kit.



Ever since the raid on the show, and the shit at Nelson's, I figured we weren't gonna be safe just wandering around town.



You didn't think the rest of us would want a go bag?

Brought enough to go around.



I got my own.



If we're gonna be laying low for a while, we at least gotta know exactly what we're up against. See if anything's on the radio.



-an urgent announcement from Sheriff Mullen of the Columbia Police Department from Town Hall. The sheriff has sent out an APB on the Colin Nelson and the missing subject this morning.

The suspect is accompanied by a gang of cultists suspected of affiliation with an illicit music scene.

We now take you over to Denise Lyle, with a live recording of the sheriff's bulletin.

Thank you, Jonathan. And here we have Sheriff Mullen, with his public announcement.



"The nature of this assault gives us reason to believe that Pérez was acting in defense of a group who can be best described as violent anarchists."

"They have been a noted presence around town for some time, with some of their party caught in a recent raid on an illegal, highly violent punk rock concert, which officers have informed me was decorated with anti-Christian insignia."

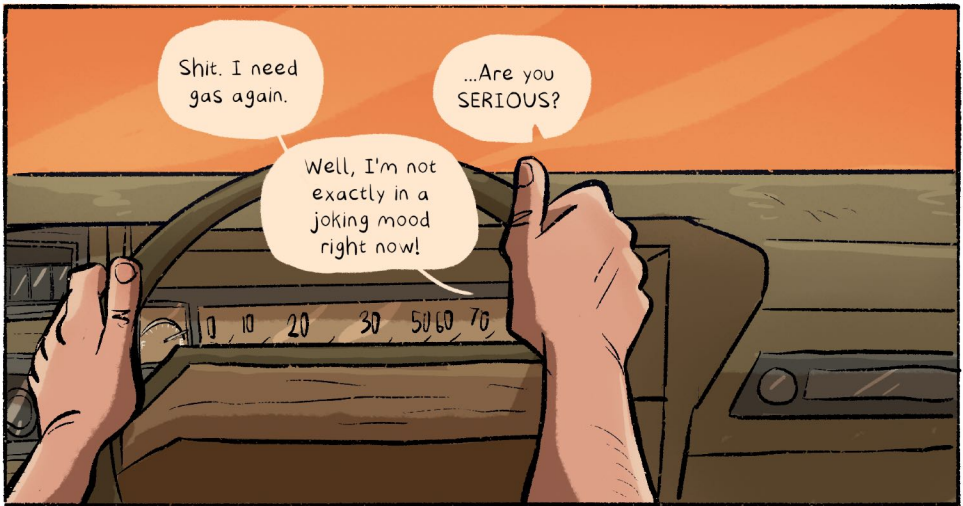


"This attack is not only violence, but it is a horrific assault on every God-fearing member of Columbia with terroristic intent."



"I'd like all of our fellow townspeople to help us in hunting down the perpetrators of this satanic crime-wave."





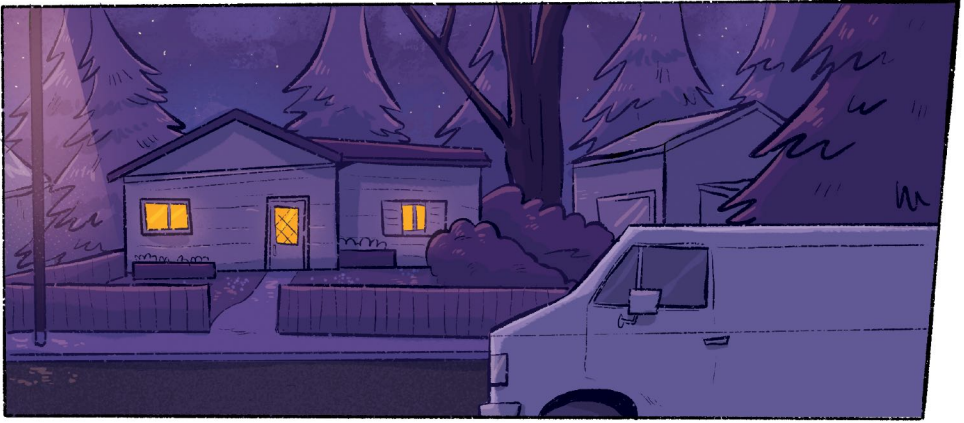
Shit. I need gas again.

...Are you SERIOUS?

Well, I'm not exactly in a joking mood right now!







Hello there.
I'm wondering if you
could assist me with something?

I was told
that the Holleys
could help me.

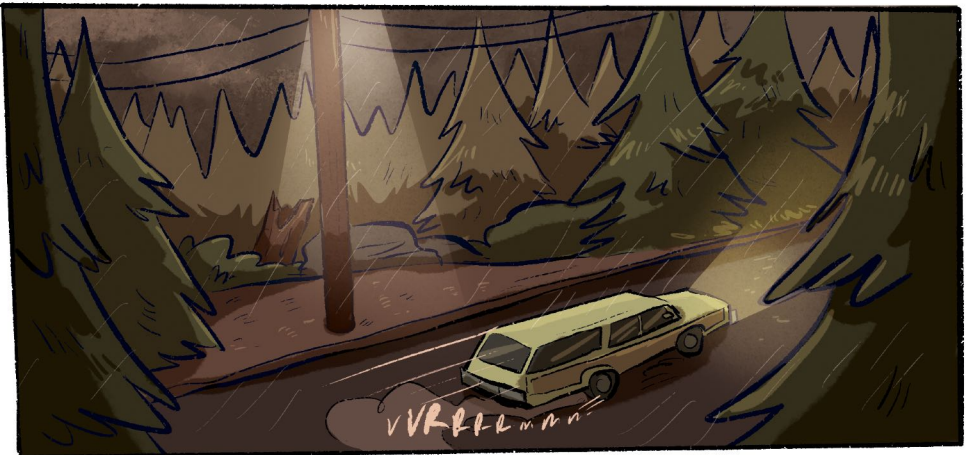


Of
course...

...What's the
problem,
dear?





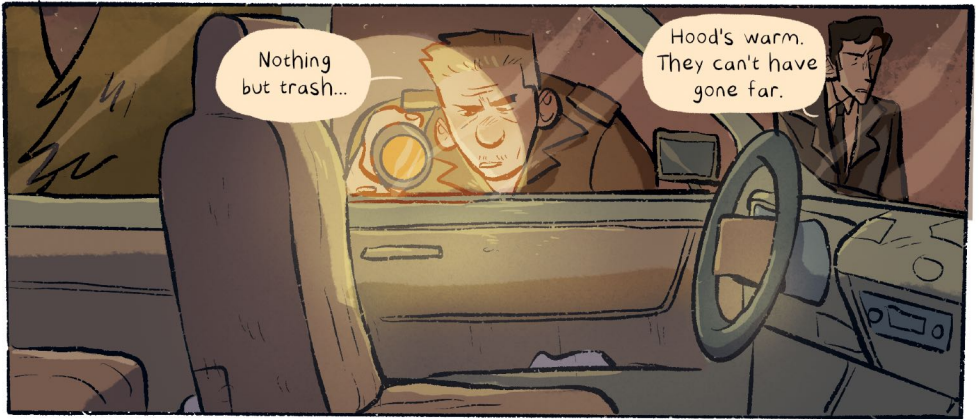
















I can't, I-

Theresa. You can still turn back, I promise. It's not too late, you won't be in trouble-



I...I don't believe you!



You're coming HOME!



GET OFF OF ME!!!



URGH!!!

DON'T BOTHER WITH THE ARMS
LEFT LEG..





WOULD YOU LIKE TO KILL HIM FOR ME?!









I don't like this.
S'too quiet.

They're not going to
be sneaky. There's at
least three of them,
is what Fontaine said.

CRUNCH CRUNCH



If you
say so.

CRUNCH SNAP!



...Aren't we
heading to the
clearing?

Shit.

CRUNCH CRUNCH



If we get him outta there, you won't kill him.

I COULD BE PERSUADED NOT TO



IN THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY, THAT IS

Fine. But you have to show yourself to the others.



CAN'T. RIGHT NOW, THAT IS. BUT A LITTLE BLOOD MIGHT HELP ME WITH THAT

How much is...a little?



OH, YOU'LL KNOW







...How much blood did it say it needed again?

It wasn't specific.



Why in the hell do we think this is a good idea?

We don't.



I've never seen him looking like that.

If it's enough to send my dad running...



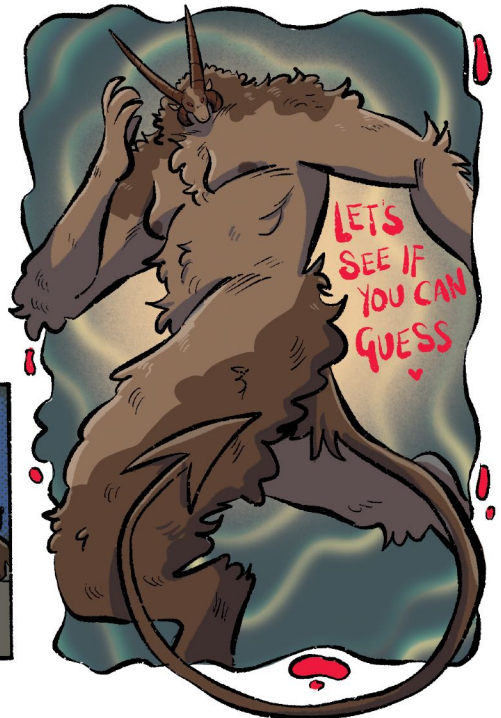




NOW,

ISN'T THIS
MUCH
BETTER?





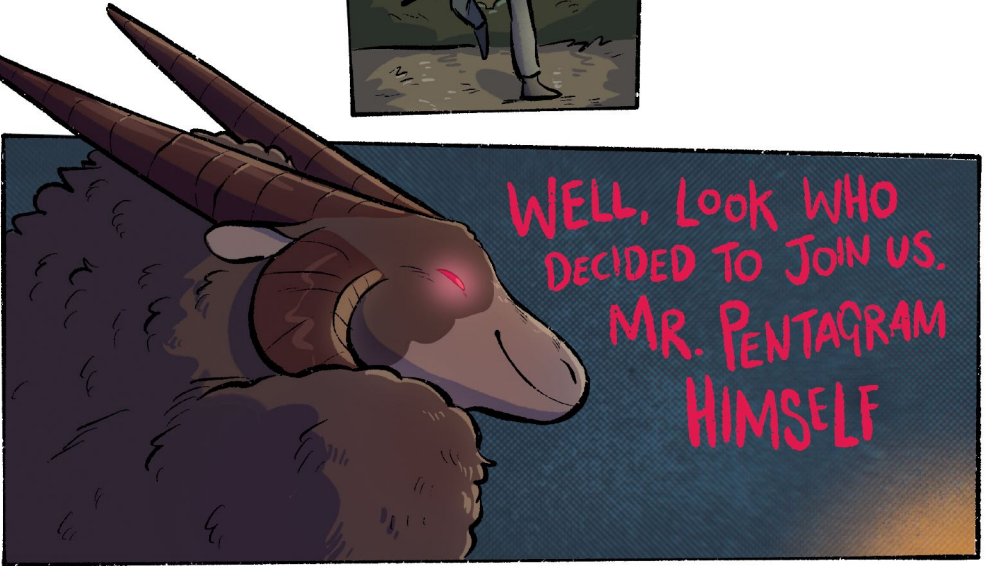


NOBODY.



MOVE.

WELL, LOOK WHO
DECIDED TO JOIN US.
MR. PENTAGRAM
HIMSELF



What are you
doing-



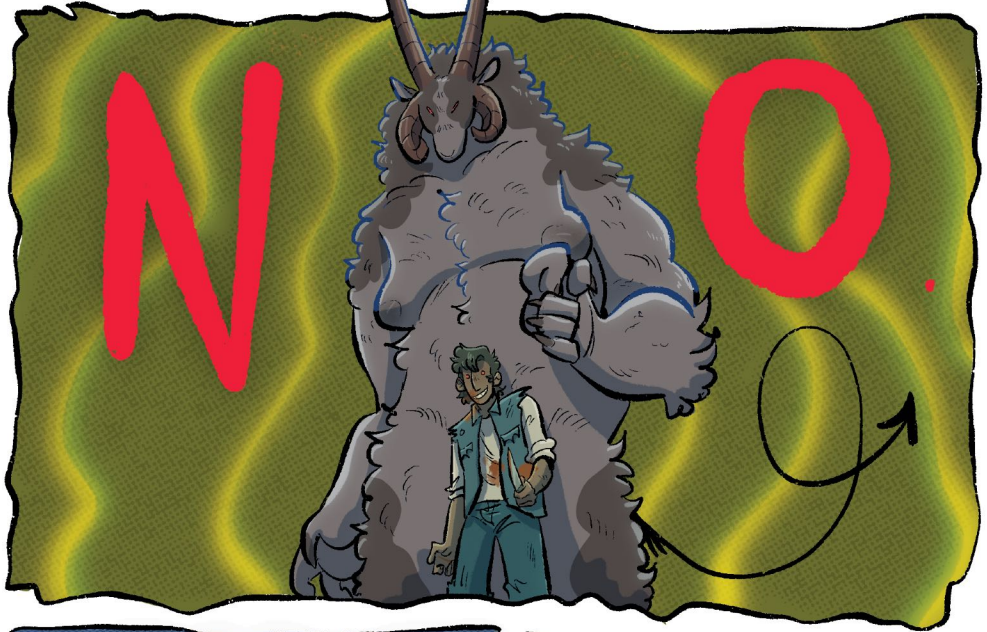
HAVING SOME
FUN!









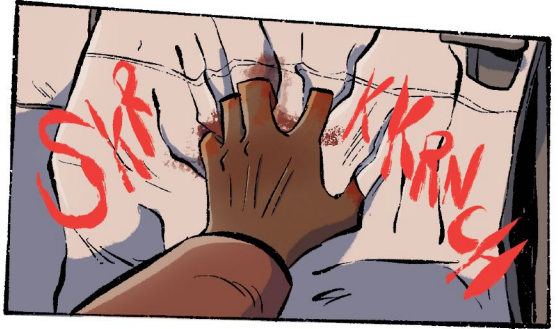






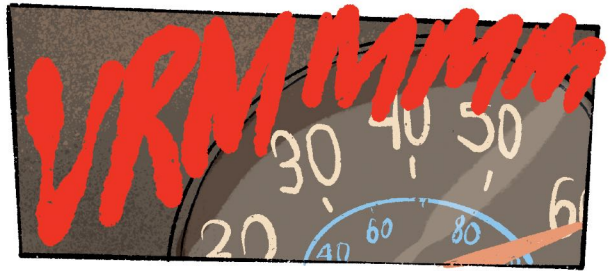
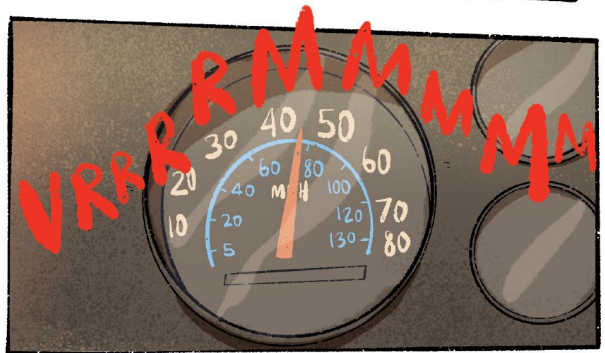




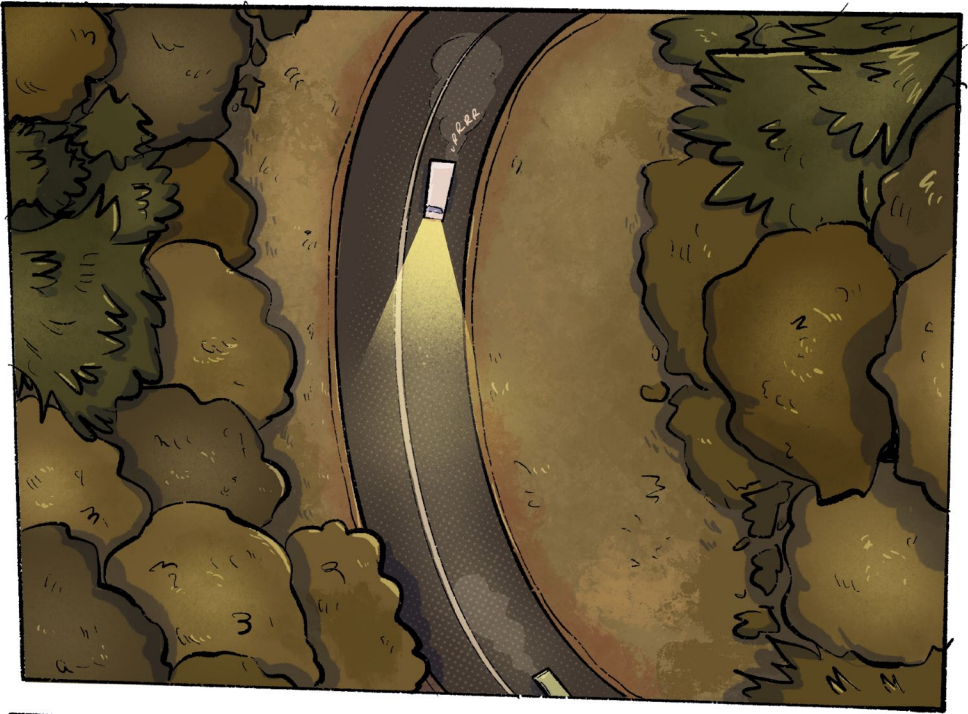


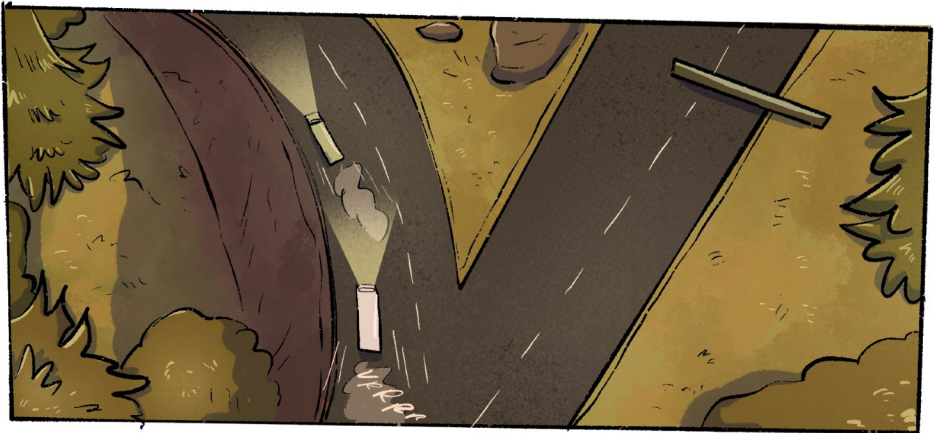


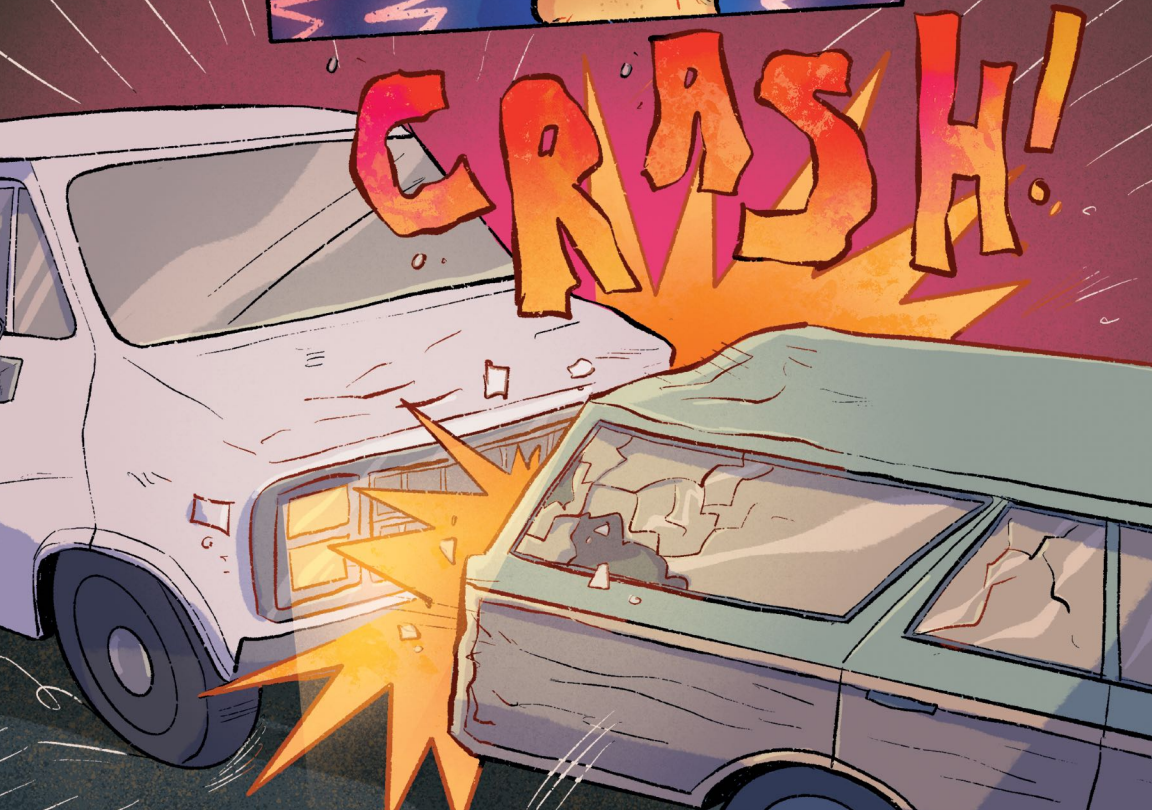
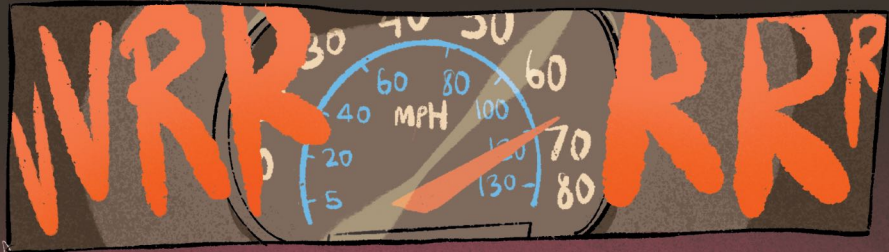








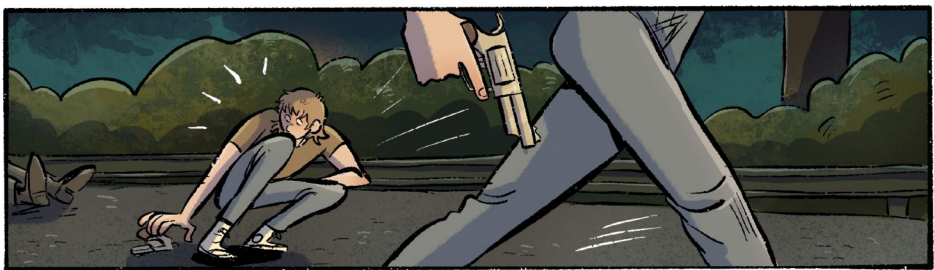
















I JUST CAN'T IMAGINE WHY HE'S SO OBSESSED WITH ME. I'D ALMOST BE FLATTERED IF HE WASN'T SUCH A BLESSED FUCKING PAIN, TRYING TO TRAP ME IN SUMMONING CIRCLES...

... AND IN A HUMAN FORM, TOO. SO MESSY AND COLD.



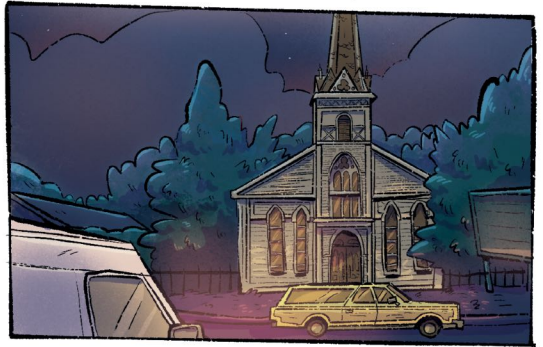
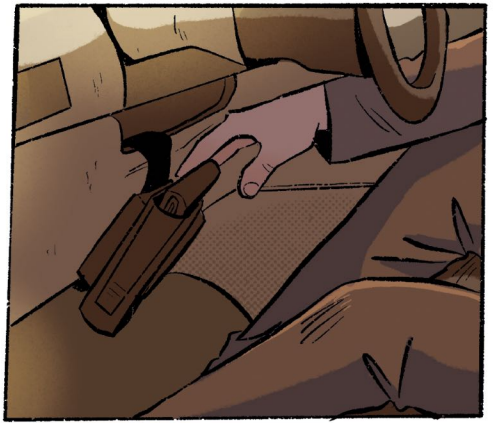
I-I can offer you something...

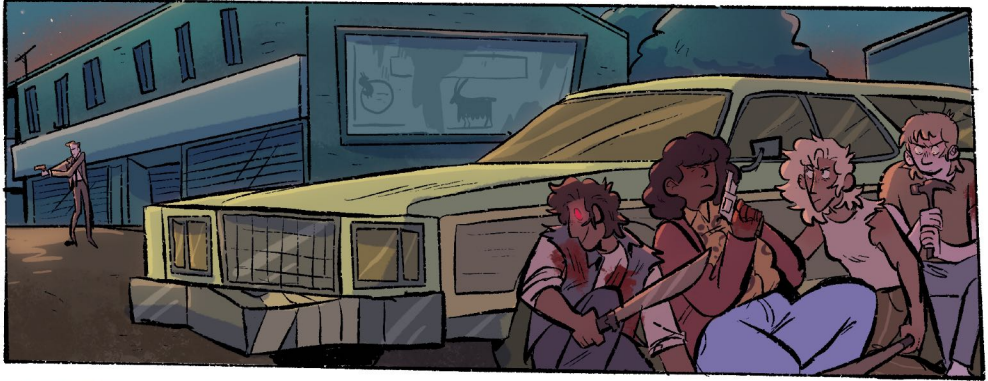
...if you take care of whatever the fuck is going on...



I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE HEARD...

BUT I DO LOVE A DEAL

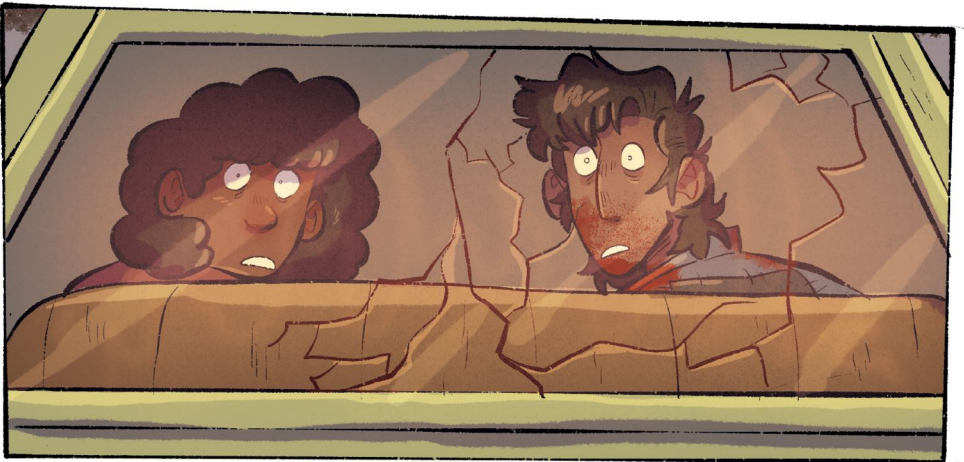














Hiss



Let's get
outta here...

...THE END?



Set List: LET ME OUT

- "SECONDSKIN" — THE GITS
- "BLACKMAGIC" — T.S.O.L.
- "I'M SO BORED WITH THE USA" — THE CLASH
- "A HISTORY OF BAD MEN" — MELVINS
- "CIA MAN" — THE FUGS
- "SPELL BOUND" — SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
- "WALKING WITH THEE" — CLINIC
- "A VILLAIN'S MONOLOGUE" — BLOOD COMMAND
- "NEW KIND OF KICK" — THE CRAMPS
- "IN EVERY KIND OF WAY" — ROXY MUSIC
- "WHERE DID YOU SLEEP LAST NIGHT?" — SLEIGH BELLS
- "ORCHID" — BLACK SABBATH

SKETCHES & DESIGNS



BY GEORGE WILLIAMS

SKETCHES & DESIGNS

MAYOR FARRELL



MAMA



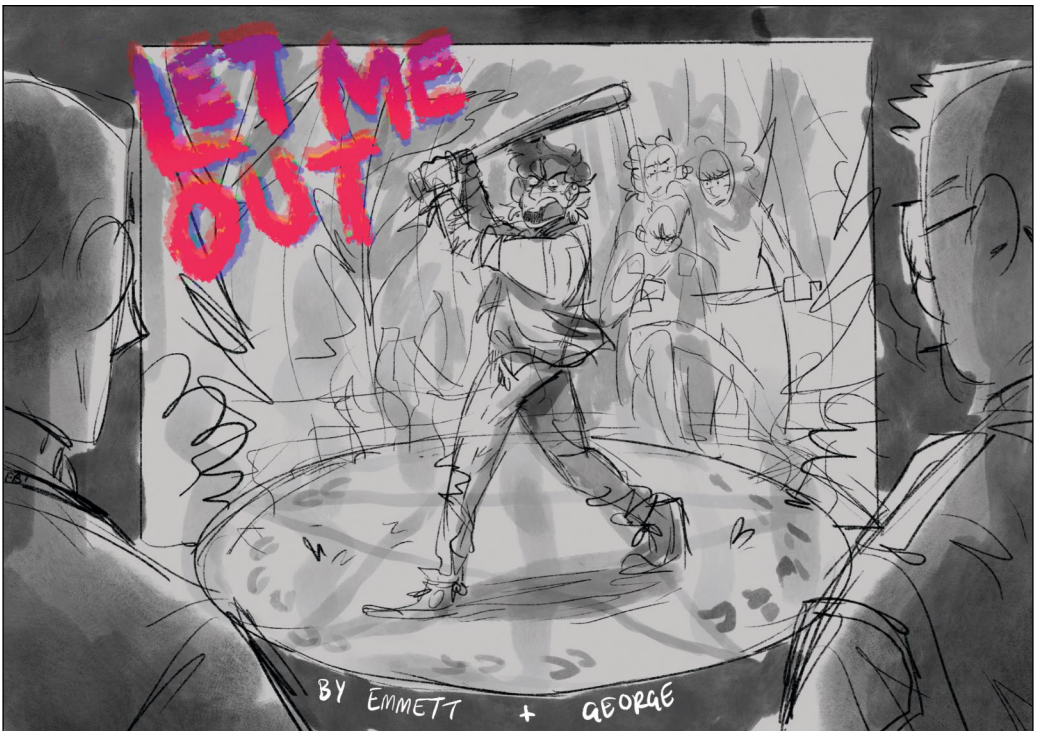
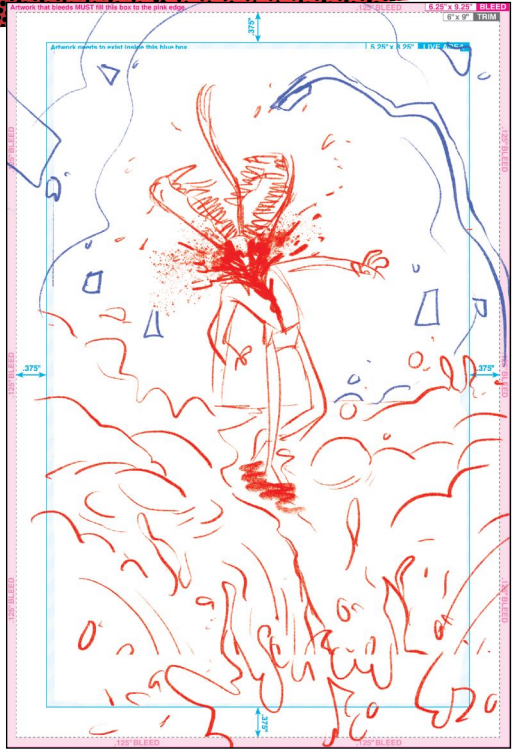
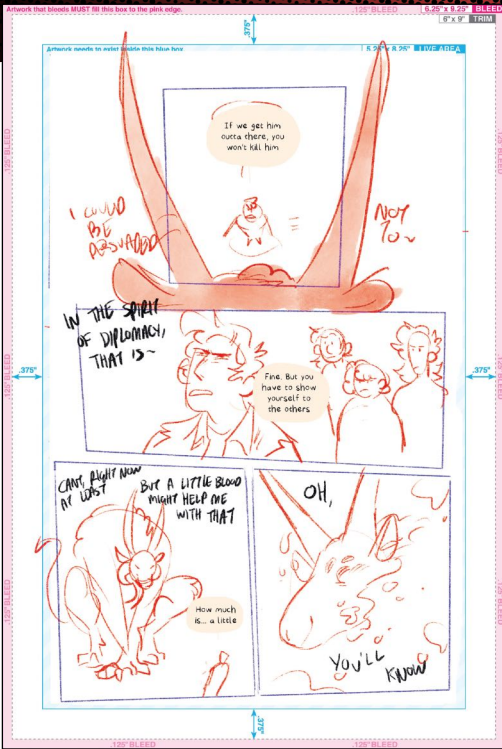
SHERIFF MULLEN



AGENT GARRETT

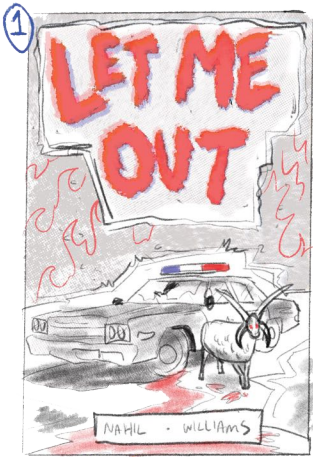


SKETCHES & DESIGNS

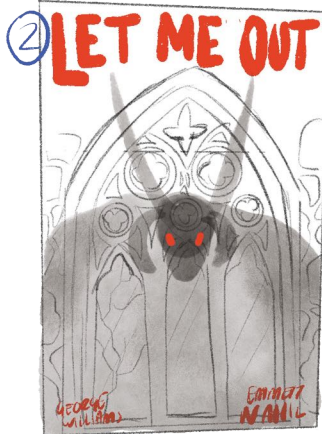


BY GEORGE WILLIAMS

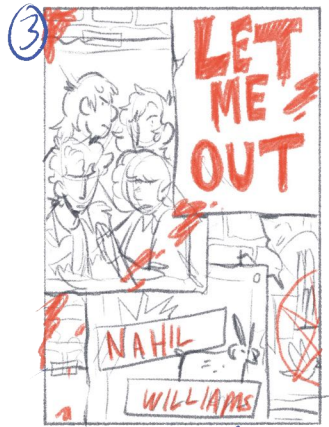
COVER SKETCHES



COP CAR + BLOOD + GOAT



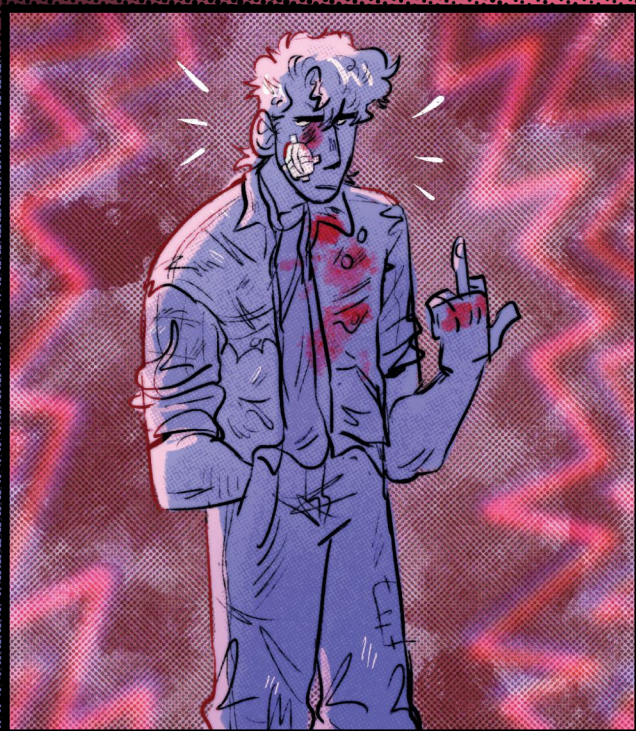
CHURCH + SATAN SHADOW



BLOODY POSTERS



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



As much as writing and illustrating a graphic novel can sometimes feel like the most grueling match of doubles tennis imaginable, the reality is that it takes a village to make a comic.

First and foremost, we would love to thank our agent, **TAMARA KAWAR**, for being a guiding light in the long and winding road to getting *Let Me Out* into the world. Your belief in the project and steadfast positivity has pushed us forward since the beginning, and we're eternally grateful for that.

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We'd also like to thank our families and friends for being constant pillars of support from beginning to end—specifically to **CHRIS and JULIE NAHIL**, **KARYN WILLIAMS**, **MOMO**, and the Syndicate.

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To the reader who's gotten this far—queer horror is the future. Thank you for coming with us on this road to hell.

—**EMMETT NAHIL & GEORGE WILLIAMS**



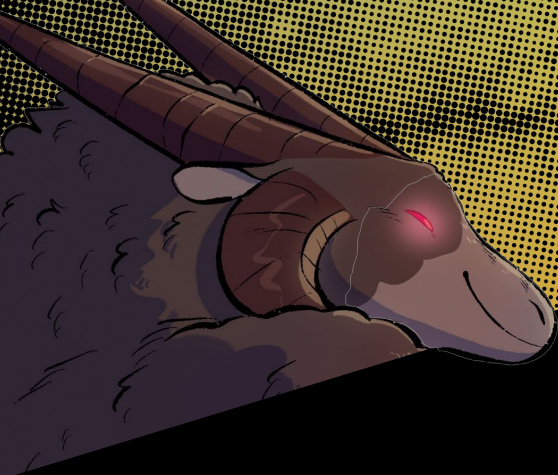
EMMETT NAHIL

is a writer, narrative designer, game developer, and literary jack-of-all-trades living in a haunted town north of Boston, Massachusetts. He's interested in intersectional analysis, diverse representation for other queer Middle Easterners, and bringing more nuanced work to genre fiction. He's been known to favor horror, along with sci-fi, fantasy, and really weird speculative literature. *Let Me Out* is his debut graphic novel.



GEORGE WILLIAMS

is a trans comic artist and colorist from the North West of England. He's been making comics since 2016, and spends a lot of time out on walks with his two dogs, Henry and Mabel, as well as taking care of the small army of birds that visit his garden.



ONLY THE DEVIL WOULD MAKE THEIR HOME IN NEW JERSEY.

When Pastor Holley's wife, Kelly, is found murdered, FBI agent Garrett takes on the case with local Sheriff Mullen. Together, they and the local pastor start drumming up a convenient satanic-flavored scapegoat to cover up their own murder and misdeeds.

The scapegoat comes in the form of four friends: Mitch, Terri, Lupe, and Jackson. The punks, the queers, and the outcasts. After an altercation between Lupe and her bigoted boss, she's pinned as the prime suspect in Kelly's murder by Garrett and Mullen.

Now on the run from Garrett and Mullen, the group finds themselves in the midst of a deal with the devil himself.

Check out the mayhem in this bloody and delightful debut graphic novel from Emmett Nahil and George Williams!

