

BLOODSUCKERS

WRITTEN BY J.M. FREY
ART BY RYAN C. COLE

JULY 29, 1793.

I DIED YESTERDAY.
KILLED BY A BEAR.
OF A SORT.

TODAY YORK WAS
PURCHASED FROM
THE MISSISSAUGA AND
BECAME THE RIGHTFUL
PROPERTY OF THE
BRITISH.



APRIL 27, 1813.

DIED AGAIN.

TODAY THE AMERICANS
TRIED TO TAKE FORT
YORK. SO I BLEW UP
THE MAGAZINE STORE.



ME TOO. BUT YOU KNOW THAT NEVER STICKS.

DECEMBER 7, 1837.

LORD ALMIGHTY, I'M
GETTING SICK OF DYING.

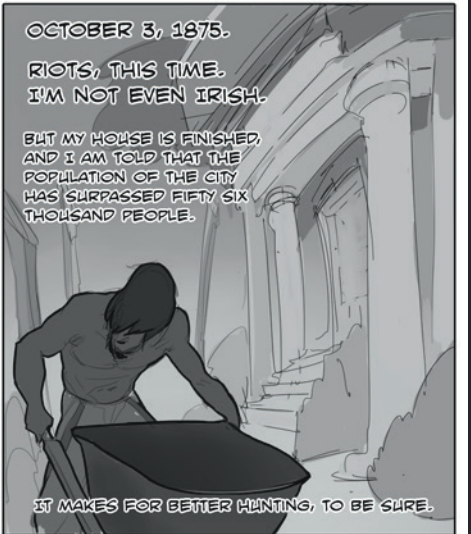


THAT FOOL, WILLIAM LYON
MACKENZIE. I OUGHT TO
RUN A BAYONET THROUGH
HIS GUTS IN THE MIDDLE
OF A TAVERN AND SEE
HOW WELL HE LIKES
FIGHTING FOR HIS
'TORONTO' THEN.

OCTOBER 3, 1875.

RIOTS, THIS TIME.
I'M NOT EVEN IRISH.

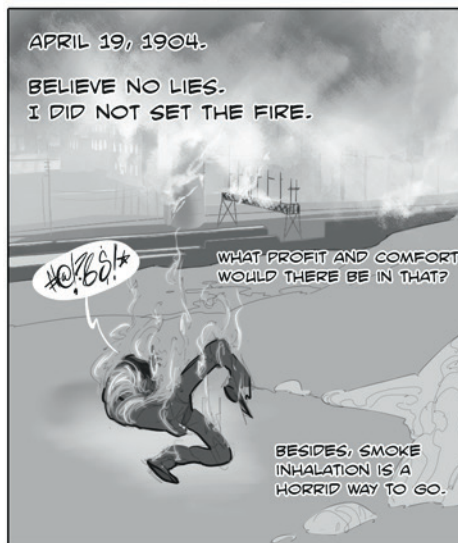
BUT MY HOUSE IS FINISHED,
AND I AM TOLD THAT THE
POPULATION OF THE CITY
HAS SURPASSED FIFTY SIX
THOUSAND PEOPLE.



IT MAKES FOR BETTER HUNTING. TO BE SURE.

APRIL 19, 1904.

BELIEVE NO LIES.
I DID NOT SET THE FIRE.



WHAT PROFIT AND COMFORT
WOULD THERE BE IN THAT?

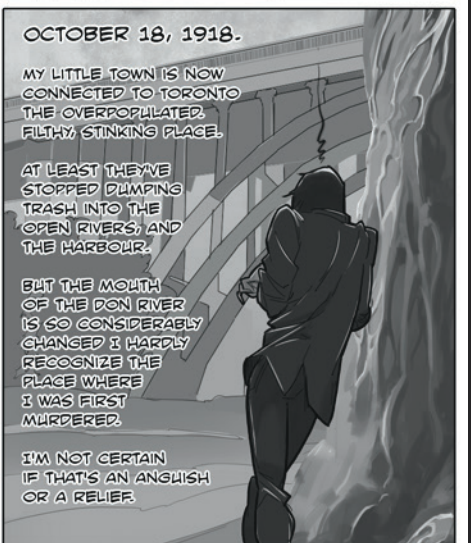
BESIDES, SMOKE
INHALATION IS A
HORRID WAY TO GO.

OCTOBER 18, 1918.

MY LITTLE TOWN IS NOW
CONNECTED TO TORONTO
THE OVERPOPULATED,
FILTHY, STINKING PLACE.

AT LEAST THEY'VE
STOPPED DUMPING
TRASH INTO THE
OPEN RIVERS, AND
THE HARBOUR.

BUT THE MOUTH
OF THE DON RIVER
IS SO CONSIDERABLY
CHANGED I HARDLY
RECOGNIZE THE
PLACE WHERE
I WAS FIRST
MURDERED.



I'M NOT CERTAIN
IF THAT'S AN ENGLISH
OR A RELIEF.

JANUARY 1, 1998.

WE ARE AMALGAMATED. TORONTO, IN ONE PLACE.
TWO MILLION STRONG. HUNTING IS GOOD. IT IS EASY.

SO MANY LOST SOULS THAT NOBODY CARES ABOUT.

I CARE.

JULY 31, 2008.

SARS MAKES IT HARD TO HUNT IN HOSPITALS.
IT WAS A GOOD CONCERT, THOUGH.

HIGH STUDENTS TASTE MARVELOUS.

AUGUST 14, 2008

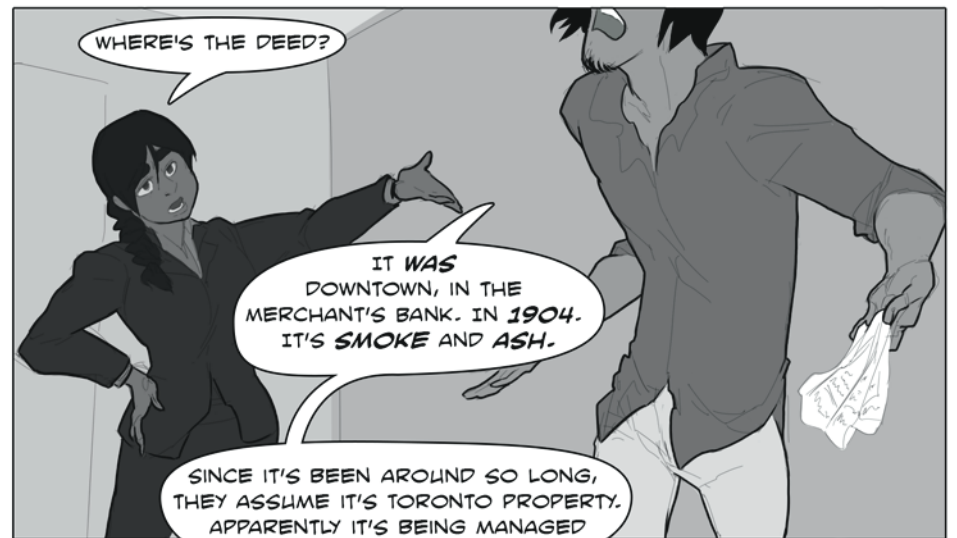
ARE YOU F@%#ING KIDDING ME?

JULY 8, 2013

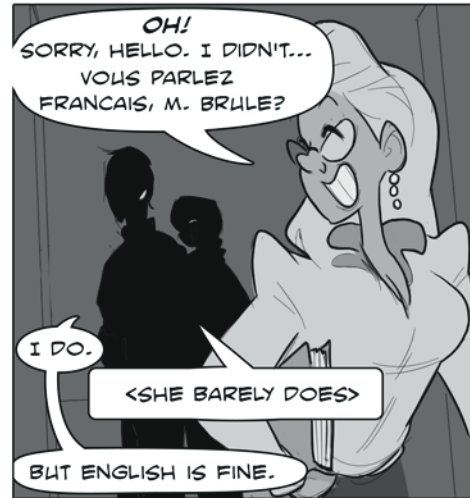
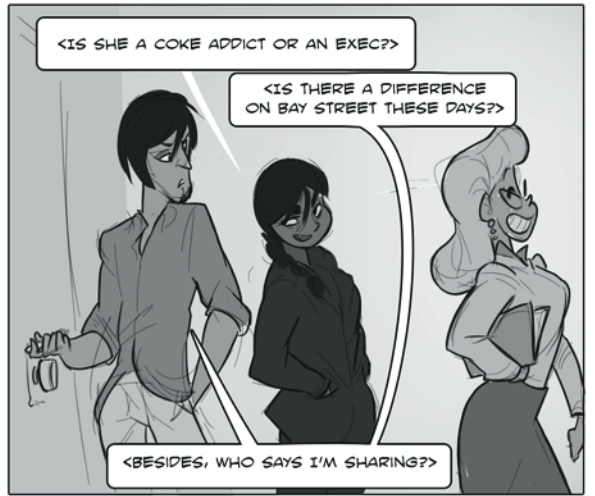
NO, SERIOUSLY. ARE YOU F@%#ING KIDDING ME?

SEPTEMBER 30, 2016.

THEY THINK WE'RE *SQUATTERS*.









I'VE GOT THE DOCUMENTS RIGHT HERE, MR. BRULE.

WE WERE HAPPY TO HEAR THAT YOU AGREED TO THE PROPOSAL FOR RELOCATION.

I HAVE NOT.



I AGREED TO SPEAK TO YOU. I AGREED TO VIEW THE PROPOSAL. I DID NOT AGREE TO SIGN IT.

NOW, MR. BRULE. PLEASE, BE REALISTIC. WE BOTH KNOW THAT THERE'S VERY LITTLE TO DISCUSS.

OH? NO ONE CAME TO MY DOOR TO ASK ME IF I WANTED TO SELL.



THE CITY'S DOOR.

MY DOOR.

NOT ANYMORE.



I LIVE HERE.

NOT ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS.

<NOW WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE?>



>YES. YOU CAN SHUT UP IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE HELPFUL.<



I.. UH.

THAT WASN'T FRENCH.

ANISHINAABE.

WHAT? I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE SPOKE THAT, ANYMORE.



NO ONE DOES.



YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY BUSY RIGHT NOW. BAD TIMING.

I CAN COME BACK LATER

LET ME GO BACK TO MY MANAGER, AND WE'LL REVISE THE TERMS OF RELEASE.



NO.



TH-THEN YOU'LL SIGN NOW?

NO.

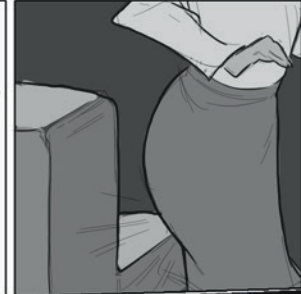


MR. BRULE... I ...

SORRY, CAN YOU TAKE A ...

SIR, TAKE A STEP BACK, PLEASE.

I ...

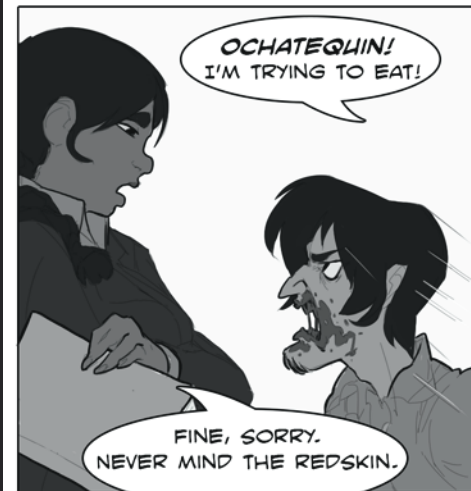


No



HELP! GET HIM OFF ME!

WHY WOULD I DO THAT?



THIS IS WHAT SHE WANTED YOU TO SIGN? IT'S ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING. NO CONSIDERATION FOR THE AESTHETIC VALUE, THE PROPERTY. DID YOU SEE THIS ARTIST'S RENDERING? IT LOOKS LIKE A GLASS TUMOUR GROWING FROM THE ROOF OF THE HERITAGE SECTION.



SO YOU'LL HELP ME FIGHT IT? WE ARE EATING OUR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE?

