

# TABULA·ROSETTA

DANCE WITH ME, LOVE



I'LL BE LEAVING SOON.

Y.I.



W

E·ARE·NEVER  
SO·DEFENSELESS  
AGAINST·SUFFERING  
AS·WHEN·WE·LOVE.  
--SIGMUND FREUD

TABULA ROSETTA VOLUME 2, ISSUE 7.  
©2018 THE BLACKWORK ORGANIZATION.  
PUBLISHED BY BLACKWORK PRESS.  
PRODUCED AT BLACKWORK HQ, BRUNSWICK, ME.  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

FOR A CATALOG OF ALL CURRENT BLACKWORK  
PUBLICATIONS, OR TO CONTACT THE AUTHOR,  
PLEASE EMAIL [SKETCHREED@GMAIL.COM](mailto:SKETCHREED@GMAIL.COM),  
OR VISIT US AT [BLACKWORK.ORG](http://BLACKWORK.ORG).

TO READ THE SERIES ONLINE OR TO PURCHASE  
BACK ISSUES, PLEASE VISIT [TABULAROSETTA.COM](http://TABULAROSETTA.COM).

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT.



**Fig. 06: Rebuild.**



# TABULAROSETTA

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF SARAH ALLEN REED  
VOLUME 02 · ISSUE 07 · NOVEMBER MMXVIII AD

2. FIG. 06: REBUILD

(PORTRAIT OF THE  
ARTIST IN A STATE  
OF DISREPAIR)

4. INTRODUCTION

(BRUNSWICK, ME.  
NOV. 6, 2018.)

8. THE WASTE SAGA:  
NEVER ANOTHER  
COLD NIGHT PT. 2

25. BARREN  
CHAPTER 1



SARAH ALLEN REED  
AUTHOR & ILLUSTRATOR

## VISIT US

TABULAROSETTA.COM

BLACKWORK.ORG

SKETCHREED.COM

INSTAGRAM: @SKETCHREED

## WRITE US

...AND YOUR LETTER COULD BE  
RESPONDED TO IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF TABULAROSETTA!

BLACKWORK   
PO BOX 122  
BRUNSWICK, ME  
04011-0122 

BLACKWORK HQ  
BRUNSWICK, ME.  
NOVEMBER 6, 2018.

*Dear Reader...*

THANK YOU FOR PICKING UP  
THIS FIRST INSTALLMENT IN  
VOLUME TWO OF THIS SERIES.

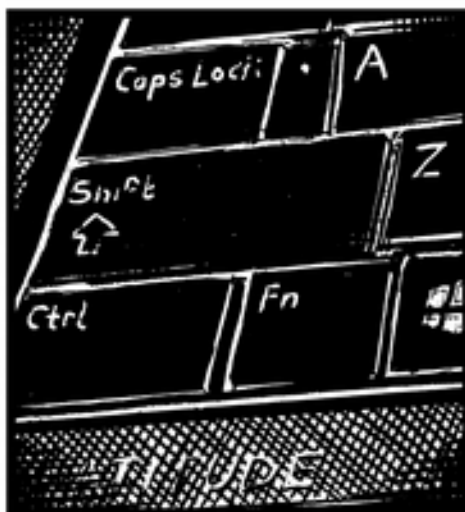


I KNOW MANY OF YOU  
WERE HOPING FOR THIS  
ISSUE TO BEGINTO ANSWER  
SOME OF THE *PRESSING*  
QUESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE  
HAD WHEN WE LAST LEFT OFF.

UNFORTUNATELY I CANNOT  
ASSURE YOU THAT YOUR  
QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED.

I CAN, HOWEVER, ASSURE YOU THAT  
I FULLY INTEND TO RAISE MORE OF THEM.

THERE IS A *STORY* THAT I WISH TO *TELL* YOU, MY DEAR READER--A *STORY* THAT WILL BEGIN IN *THIS* ISSUE AND, IDEALLY, WILL *CONCLUDE* WITH THE *CLOSE* OF VOLUME TWO.



IT IS A *STORY* THAT *SHOULD* EXPLAIN A TAD MORE OF THE WORLD IN WHICH THESE TALES TAKE PLACE; *HOWEVER*, IT IS A *TALE* THAT *WILL* TAKE THE PLACE OF THE SHORT *VIGNETTES* YOU HAVE BEEN *ENJOYING* THUS FAR.



IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN UP TO THIS POINT, I *IMPLORE* YOU TO READ EACH NEW ISSUE *IN ORDER OF RELEASE* SO YOU CAN STAY ABREAST OF WHERE WE ARE--THERE WON'T BE MUCH IN THE WAY OF *STANDALONE* *STORIES* FROM HERE ON OUT.



GRANTED, I WILL STILL DO MY *BEST* TO KEEP YOU *UPDATED* ON MY TRAVELS, WHEREABOUTS, AND OTHER SUCH THINGS; *HOWEVER*, THAT WILL MORE THAN LIKELY BE *IT* INsofar AS *TANGENTS* ARE CONCERNED.



AS ALWAYS, THERE MAY BE SOME THREADS THAT CANNOT BE TIED UP IN THE SPAN OF FOURTY-ODD PAGES, AND THESE THREADS WILL CONTINUE TO UNWRAP IN THE PUZZLE BOXES THAT EXIST OUTSIDE THESE BOOKS.



HOWEVER, SOME OF THOSE THREADS--SUCH AS THAT OF THE BUFFERER AND THE WITNESS--MAY FIND THEIR WAY INTO THIS VOLUME AS WELL, IN VARIOUS FORMS.



ALSO, THE WASTE SAGA WILL NOT BE KEPT FROM YOU--THIS ISSUE, IN FACT, WILL PICK UP THE STORY OF CYANIDE GIRL ON THE PAGES FOLLOWING THIS HUMBLE INTRODUCTION.



I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN ABOUT OUR CHILDREN OF THE BARREN WASTE, DEAR READER; I SHOULD HOPE THAT YOU HAVE NOT, EITHER.





I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS MOMENT TO THANK SYDNEY, PENELOPE, ARTEMIS, TINEA, FINN, VALERIE, SAMANTHA, NAURA, WILLOW, JOANNA, AND EVERYONE ELSE WHO HAS CHECKED UP ON ME OR GIVEN ME FOOD OR A PLACE TO STAY OR PARK. SINCE WE LAST *SPOKE* (SO TO SPEAK), I HAVE FOUND MYSELF LIVING IN A SMALL TOWN IN MAINE, WHERE I EXPECT TO SPEND THE REST OF THE WINTER. *DO NOT WORRY ABOUT ME-- I AM SAFE, AND AM RELATIVELY TAKEN CARE OF FOR NOW.*



AS ALWAYS,  
MY DEAR READER...

THANK YOU FOR BEING HERE,  
AND ENJOY THE SHOW.

SINCERELY &  
WITHOUT RESERVE,

*Sarah Allen Feed*  
XOXO (C)

THE TRAGEDY OF THIS WORLD  
IS THAT NO ONE  
IS HAPPY,  
WHETHER STUCK IN A TIME  
OF PAIN OR JOY.  
THE TRAGEDY  
OF THIS WORLD  
IS THAT EVERYONE  
IS ALONE.

--ALAN LIGHTMAN,  
"EINSTEIN'S DREAMS"

WHEN WE LAST LEFT  
OUR CHILDREN  
OF THE BARREN WASTE...

...THE CYANIDE GIRL, ON THE RUN FROM  
FORCES FAR MORE POWERFUL AND NUMEROUS  
THAN SHE HAS COMMANDEERED A VESSEL TO  
FAUCILITATE HER FLIGHT-- A HOUSE-VAN,  
ORIGINALLY OWNED BY A RAPIST WHO WAS  
QUICKLY DISPATCHED BY THE TOXINS IN CYANIDE  
GIRL'S SKIN, RENDERING HIS AMORAL ACT  
A DEATH SENTENCE...NOW, HUNDREDS OF  
MILES FROM CIVILIZATION, SHE HAS FOUND  
THAT THE VAN SHE STOLE WAS NOT EMPTY...

...IT CONTAINED  
A SECOND  
PASSENGER...

...AND A DECIDEDLY  
MORE INNOCENT ONE,  
AT THAT...

WHO...

WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

WHERE'S  
MY DADDY?

NEVER  
NOWHERE  
COLD  
NIGHT PART 2



SHE STARED... SHAKING...  
NOT WANTING TO ANSWER...



THE LAST THING SHE WANTED  
WAS AN INNOCENT LIFE  
ON HER HANDS...



...ON HER CONSCIENCE...



IN A SPLIT SECOND  
IT ALL SET IN--

GIRLFRIENDS? DADDY?



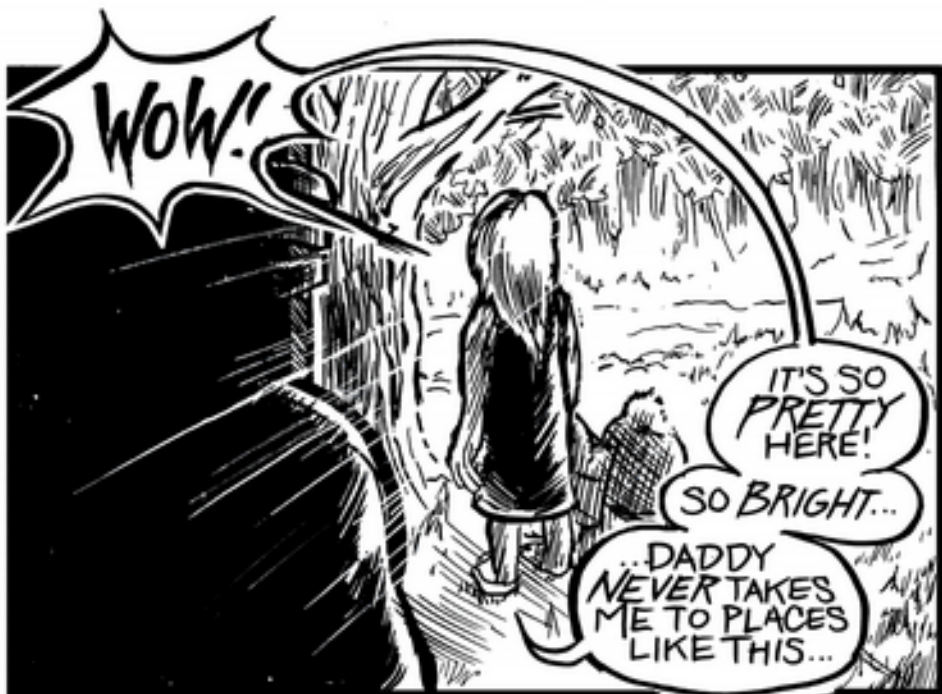
THE MAN WHO TRIED TO  
ASSAULT HER--



THIS-THIS GIRL IS HIS--

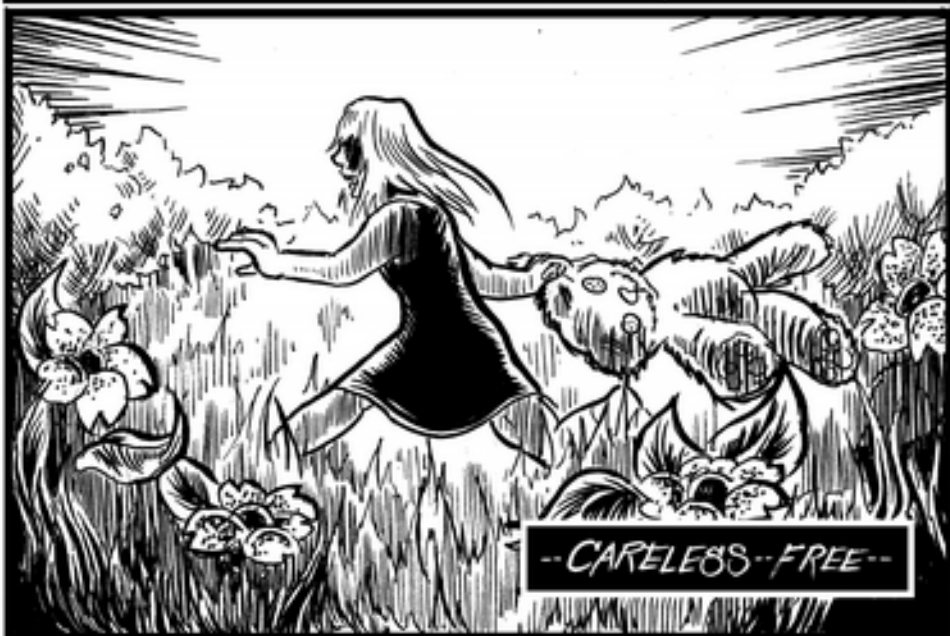








THE CHILD BOUNDS OFF-- HER SMALL STUFFED BEAR  
BOUNCING THROUGH THE WEEDS AS SHE RUNS TO THE CREEK--



-- CARELESS -- FREE --

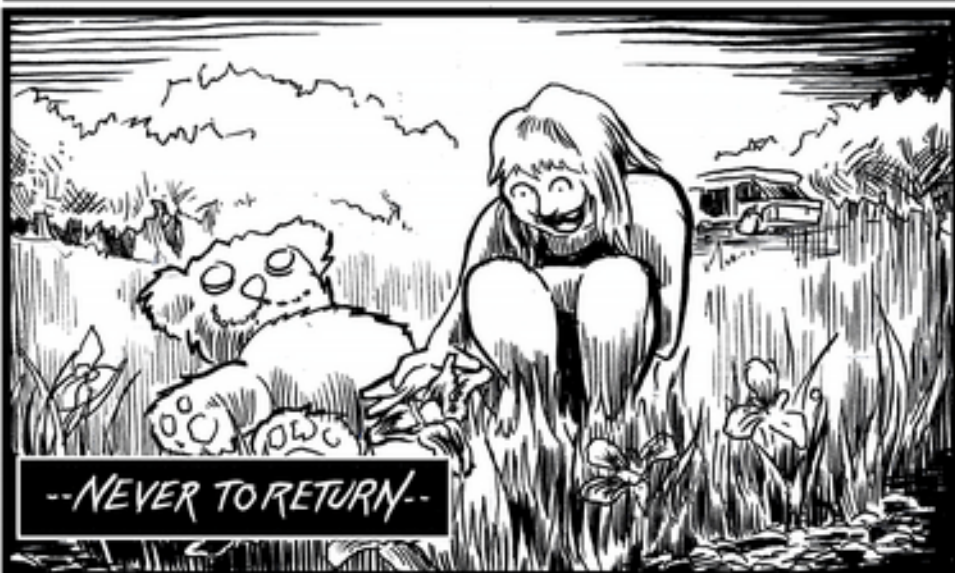
THE CYANIDE GIRL WATCHES FROM THE SHADE OF  
THE VAN-- TWISTING HER BLOOD-SOAKED HOODIE  
BETWEEN HER NERVOUS, SHAKING HANDS--



-- THE BLOOD FROM THE GIRL'S  
FATHER SOAKING HER GLOVES --



HER OWN MOTHER EXISTED SOLELY IN FRAGMENTED MEMORIES--A SMILE, A LINE FROM A LULLABY--THIS CHILD COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE ANY OLDER THAN SHE ONCE WAS WHEN HER MOTHER LEFT HER IN THE WOODS--



BUT THE CYANIDE GIRL REMEMBERED A TIME, LONG, LONG AGO, WHEN SHE WAS THIS HAPPY-- THIS FREE-- WAITING FOR HER OWN PARENT TO COME HOME-- PLAYING IN THE LEAVES-- RUNNING THROUGH THE TALL GRASS-- UNTIL HOURS WENT BY-- THEN DAYS-- WEEKS-- UNTIL REALIZATION REARED ITS HIDEOUS HEAD--



--SOMETHING SHE  
CAN'T ALLOW TO  
HAPPEN AGAIN.

IN THIS  
MOMENT  
THE CYANIDE  
GIRL MAKES  
A DECISION--



SHE WILL  
TAKE CARE  
OF THIS  
CHILD--

GIVE HER A FAMILY--  
A FRESH START--

AND PERHAPS-- IN THE PROCESS--  
GIVE HERSELF THESE THINGS  
AS WELL--



SHE TAKES A STRING AND CLIPS OUT OF HER POCKET AND HANGS THE HOODIE TO DRY--DREAMING AS SHE DOES--



SHE DREAMS--ABOUT LOVE, ABOUT MOTHERHOOD, ABOUT A NEW LIFE-- SHE DREAMS OF WHAT SHE COULD TEACH THE GIRL-- WHAT SHE COULD SHOW HER--DREAMS OF NOT BEING ALONE--



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME--PERHAPS EVER-- SHE SMILES--LOST IN THE GLOW OF A REVERIE...

SHE HURRIEDLY DIGS HER GLOVES OUT OF THE POCKET OF THE DEFILED HOODIE--



-- PUTS THEM ON AND DASHES TO THE RIVERSIDE--

SHE KNOWS IF THE GIRL TOUCHES HER TOXIC SKIN--



THE CHILD WILL DIE-- JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS--



AND SO SHE PLUNGES THE CLOTH INTO THE WATER-- OVER AND OVER-- TRYING TO MAKE IT CLEAN AGAIN--

BUT THOSE REVERIES ARE QUICKLY INTERRUPTED...







THIS FOREST HAS SEEN MANY THINGS.

IT HAS SEEN SEASONS COME...



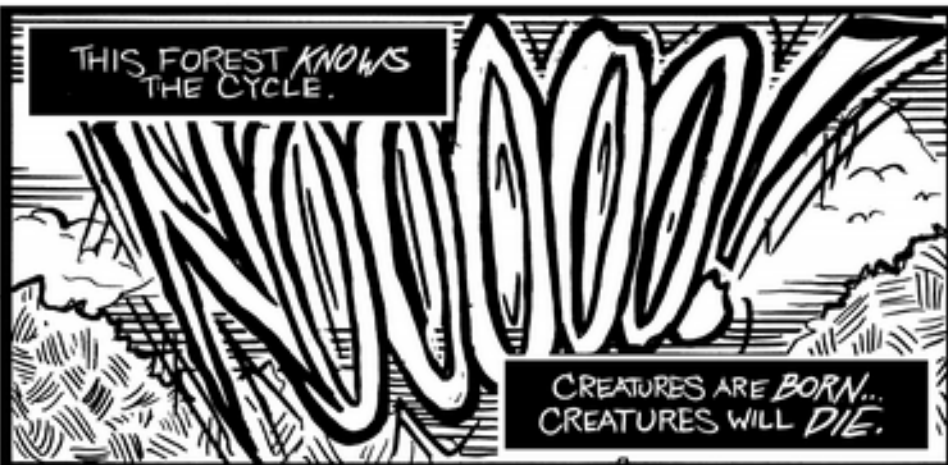
...AND SEASONS GO.

IT HAS SEEN THE EBB  
AND FLOW OF TIME  
AND LIFE ALIKE...



...AND ITS SOIL HAS  
BORNE BIRTHS AND  
SUSTAINED SLAUGHTERS.

THIS FOREST KNOWS  
THE CYCLE.



CREATURES ARE BORN..  
CREATURES WILL DIE.

TODAY...

LIKE MANY  
OTHER DAYS...

...please...

... Say  
something...

...A CREATURE *DIES*.







BUT TODAY  
IS DIFFERENT...

BECAUSE  
UNLIKE SO MANY  
OTHER TIMES  
BEFORE...





THE FOREST IS NOT  
THE ONLY ONE WATCHING...

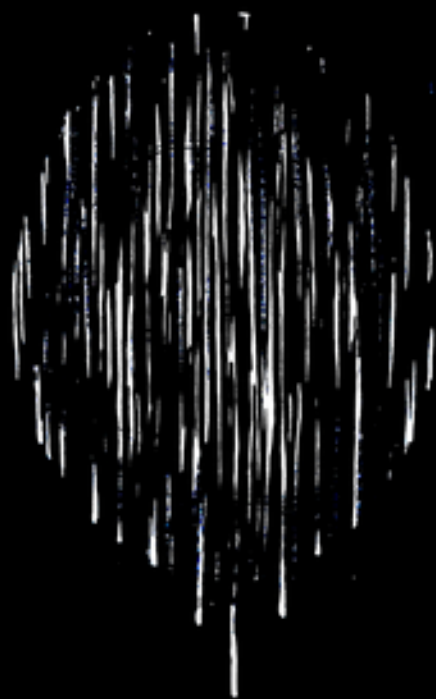
... FOR TODAY...

... ITS MOTHER  
HAS PAID A VISIT...

TO BE CONTINUED!

"HOW DREADFUL  
THE KNOWLEDGE  
OF THE TRUTH  
CAN BE  
WHEN THERE'S  
**NO HELP**  
IN TRUTH..!"

--SOPHOCLES,  
"OEDIPUS REX"



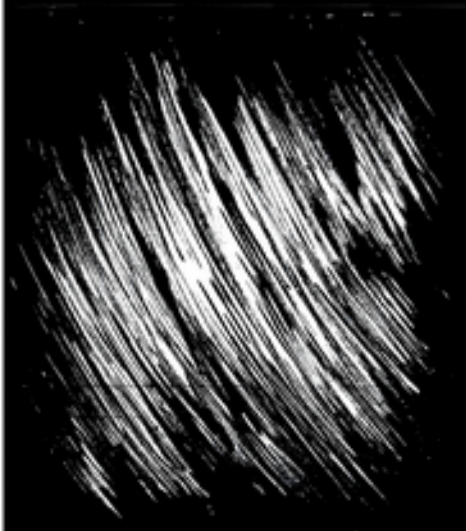
**TABULA ROSETTA PRESENTS**



THE SAME RAINS  
HAVE BEEN POURING DOWN  
FOR YEARS.

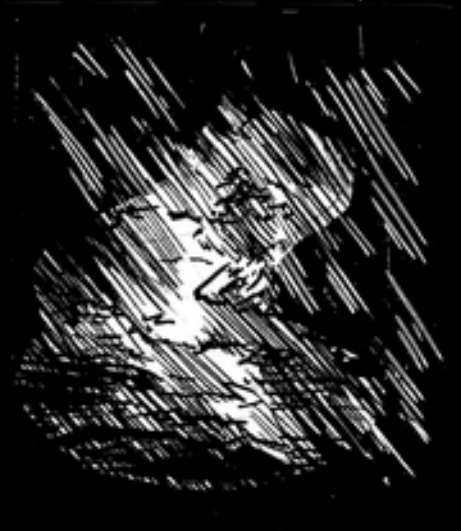


IT'S SIMPLE SCIENCE,  
THEY TELL US--



THE RAINS FALL  
FROM THE HEAVENS ABOVE--

--THE LAKES AND CREEKS  
COLLECT THE RAIN--



--WELCOMING IT,  
MAKING IT  
ONE WITH THEMSELVES--

THEN THE  
SUMMER HEAT COMES--



--EVAPORATING IT--  
--MAKING IT  
ONE WITH THE SKIES--

--UNTIL THE WEIGHT  
BECOMES TOO MUCH  
FOR EVEN  
THE HEAVENS  
THEMSELVES--



--AND SO THEY  
OPEN UP  
ONCE MORE--

--COMPLETING  
THE CYCLE--

--BEGINNING IT  
AGAIN--

--CONNECTING US  
ONE AND ALL  
TO LIVES  
AND SOULS  
MILLENNIA  
PAST--

--AND IT IS THE SAME RAINS THAT CONNECT  
YOU AND I THAT CONNECT US HERE-- TO A  
MADONNA AND CHILD IN A 1974 CHEVORLET,  
YEARS AGO AND MILES AWAY...



BARRREN

PART I



THE CHILD CRIES OUT--  
UPSET BY THE RAINS--



THE HARSH NOISES OF  
THE WAVES OF WATER ON METAL--  
THE BLASTS OF LIGHTNING--

HE HASN'T LIVED ENOUGH--  
DOES NOT UNDERSTAND  
THIS CYCLE--



--THIS PROCESS THAT  
MAKES THE FLOWERS HE  
LOVES SO MUCH GROW--


THE MOTHER COMFORTS HIM--  
SHE HAS SEEN  
THESE RAINS BEFORE--



UNDERSTANDS WHERE  
THEY COME FROM--




--BUT SHE FEARS THEM  
NONETHELESS--



THE TIRES ON THE TRUCK  
CRUNCH THE WET GRAVEL  
BENEATH THEM--

THEY ARE OLD AND WORN--  
THEY HAVE LITTLE TREAD  
LEFT IN THEM--



THE MOTHER AND HER  
HUSBAND, THE FARMER,  
ARE POOR--THEY HAVE  
LITTLE TO FIX THIS WITH--

--LIKE THE TIRES,  
THEY LIVE ON HOPE--  
ON BORROWED TIME--

THE CHILD DOES NOT  
KNOW THIS-- DOES NOT  
UNDERSTAND THE DANGER--

-- BUT HE  
FEELS IT--

HE FEELS THE  
POUNDING OF  
THE TORRENT--

THE SWAYING AND  
SHAKING OF THE  
SUSPENSION--

HE FEELS--  
AND CRIES OUT--



THE MOTHER  
REACHES OUT TO  
HOLD HER CHILD--

SHE, TOO, FEELS--  
AND SHE UNDERSTANDS--

SHE KNOWS  
THE TRUTH-- KNOWS  
WHY THE BRAKES  
SLIP-- WHY THE TIRES  
SLIDE AND THE CAB SHAKES--

BUT SHE KNOWS THERE  
IS NOTHING SHE CAN DO  
BUT STEER AS BEST SHE CAN--  
AND PRAY THAT THE TIRES  
GIVE THEM A LITTLE MORE TIME--





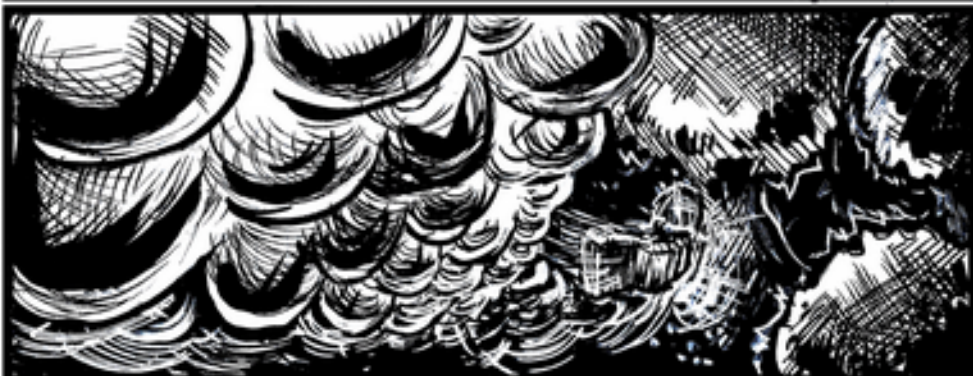






--BUT THEIR TIME IS UP.

THE IMPACT IS AS SUDDEN AS THE BLOWOUT THAT CAUSED IT,  
BUT THE DISTANCE BETWEEN SEEMS TO TAKE YEARS.



THE TIRES ARE AIRBORNE FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.  
THE STEEL FRAME BUCKLES AND CONTORTS AGAINST AN OAK  
IN THE TIME IT TAKES PERSEPHONE TO GO HOME AND RETURN.



THE WINDSHIELD SHATTERS AS THE FROST BREAKS. THE  
SHARDS OF GLASS THAT SHRED THE WOMAN'S FACE TO RIBBONS  
TAKE THE PLACE OF THE SPRING RAINS.



THE CHILD'S CRIES ECHO FOR YEARS,  
HIS TEARS FALL WITH THE WEIGHT OF DECADES.



THE SHARD OF WAYWARD GLASS THAT OPENS HIS NECK  
TAKES THE HANDS FROM THE CLOCK AND TOSSES THEM AWAY.



TIME HAS CEASED TO BE MEASURABLE. HER HEAD HITS THE GRASS.  
THIS INSTANT HAS TAKEN TWO LIFETIMES TO COME AND GO.



THE FINALITY IS INFINITE.



HER BODY LIES THERE  
ON THE COLD, WET GROUND.



STILL, LIFELESS,  
AND TORN TO SHREDS.

HER BREATH  
HAS BEEN  
RIPPED FROM HER



BUT HER  
SOUL REMAINS



AND SLOWLY



HER SOUL  
OPENS ITS EYE

SHE BEGINS  
TO SEE



AND UPON SEEING  
SHE KNOWS



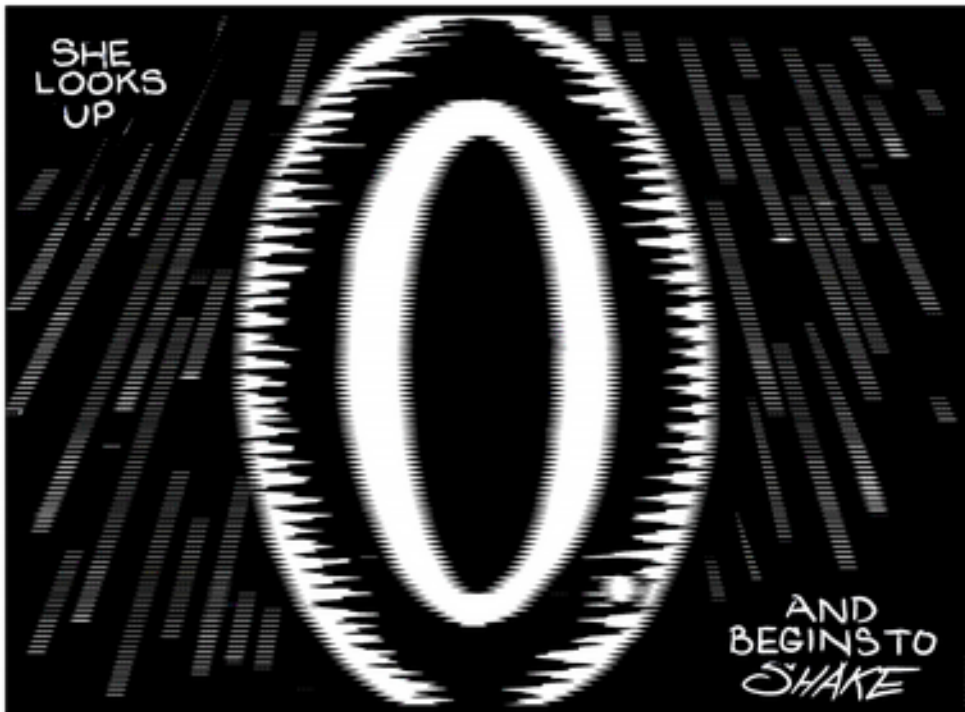
**HE** HAS COME.

SHE ATTEMPTS TO SCREAM  
BUT NOTHING COMES OUT



HER HANDS SINK  
INTO THE MUD

SHE  
LOOKS  
UP



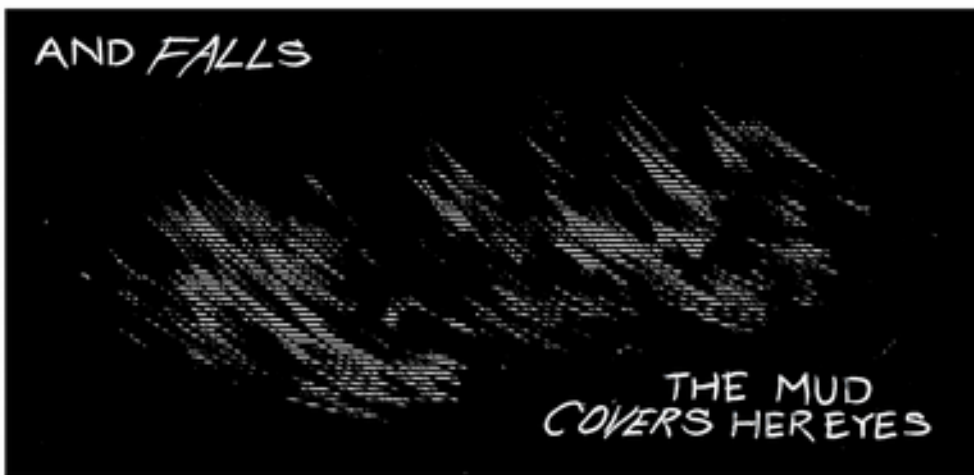
AND  
BEGINS TO  
SHAKE

HE LOOKS AWAY



SHE TRIES  
TO STAND

AND FALLS



THE MUD  
COVERS HER EYES



SHE REACHES UP  
TO WIPE  
THEM CLEAN



BUT ONLY RUBS IT  
DEEPER IN



BLINDING HER

BUT THE RAIN FLOWS



RESTORING HER SIGHT  
AND AS IT DOES

SHE REALIZES



HE DID NOT  
COME FOR HER--



--BUT FOR *HIM*...

CONTINUED IN CHAPTER 2!



THAT'S HOW YOU MAKE A GHOST...

NOW AVAILABLE ON AMAZON

# TRIAGE

THE COLLECTED TABULA ROSETTA



VOLUME ONE - 196 PAGES - ISSUES ONE THROUGH THREE  
CODEX WITH SYMBOLISM EXPLANATION - SKETCHBOOK PAGES  
INTRO BY JASON PAYNE- OUTRO BY RICHARD VAN INGRAM



NOW AVAILABLE ON AMAZON

# TRIAGE

THE COLLECTED TABULA ROSETTA



VOLUME TWO - 202 PAGES - ISSUES FOUR THROUGH SIX  
CODEX WITH SYMBOLISM EXPLANATION - SKETCHBOOK PAGES  
INTRO ESSAY "ON MADNESS" - DELETED PAGES  
OUTRO BY COLE CLOSSER

BLACKWORK.



PURVEYORS OF FINE LITERATURE  
MADE BY THE SOULS WHO STAND  
ON THE FRINGES OF INSANITY

BLACKWORK.ORG





# ISSUE NO. SEVEN

PUBLISHED · NOVEMBER · MMXVIII, A. D.  
THE · BLACKWORK · ORGANIZATION  
PRINTED · BIMONTHLY · COMPILED · YEARLY  
— & · MISUNDERSTOOD · UNIVERSALLY · —

Contains "Fig. 06: Rebuild (Portrait Of The Artist In A State Of Disrepair", "Introduction (Nov. 6, 2018), "Never Another Cold Night, Part 2", and chapter one of the graphic novel "Barren.

This series contains bleak and challenging content and is suggested for mature readers.

BLA  
CKW  
ORK,  
blackwork.org