

MIDNIGHT RADIO

These days I just leave the radio on every night, hoping to hear it.



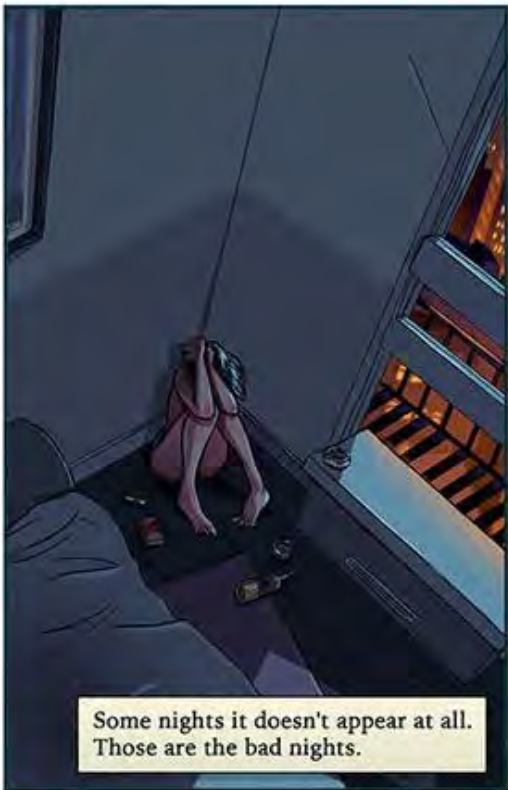
Some nights the signal is crystal clear.



Other nights, I can barely hear it through the static.



Some nights it doesn't appear at all.
Those are the bad nights.




It always happens at midnight.




The station jingle appears out of nowhere and the radio starts playing the most beautiful, haunting songs I've ever heard.

I don't recognise a single song but I'm mesmerised by the music.



A woman with short dark hair, wearing a dark tank top and shorts, is sitting on the edge of a bed in a dimly lit bedroom at night. She is looking towards the camera with a thoughtful expression. The room features a bed with a grey blanket, a framed picture on the wall, and two windows showing a city skyline at night. A vanity table with a mirror and a chair is visible in the background.

Then, before the sun comes up, it disappears.
Leaving me alone in the silence.

The same woman is now sitting on the floor in the same bedroom. She is leaning against the bed, looking out the windows with a pensive expression. The lighting is slightly brighter, suggesting dawn. The room's details, including the bed, framed picture, and vanity, are consistent with the previous panel.

Leaving me wondering if I'll ever hear it again.

Those of us who find the station end up scouring the world for others like us.



HAVE YOU HEARD
THE MIDNIGHT RADIO
STATION?
DO YOU KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT IT?
CALL
555-3297251

Desperately searching for answers
where there are none.



No one knows where the station is.

what it is.



No one knows a goddamn thing.

One night it happens.



A song ends and a voice starts whispering numbers.





Latitude and longitude.



Coordinates to a place.

I get on my bike and leave the city behind.



Suburbs turn into
small towns.



Thriving small towns
turn into dead ones.

Finally, the road ends and
the desert takes over.

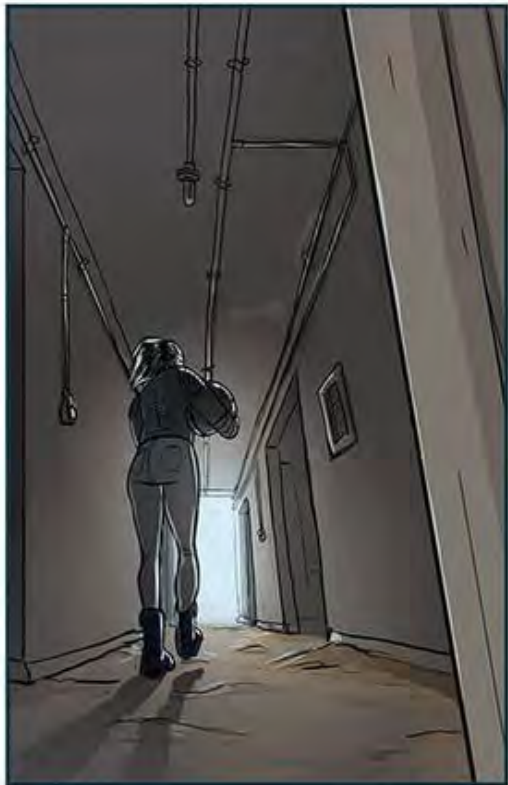


I keep going.



I reach the place late at night.







The man turns to look at me.



Content, he crumbles into dust.



I sit in his place and put on the headphones.

They fit me like a glove.



I turn the knob and the music fills my ears, clearer and more beautiful than ever before.



I am home.

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