

**GH**  
GRAYHAVEN  
COMICS

\$3.99

Test  
Drives  
2014

GRAYHAVEN COMICS PRESENTS

# TEST DRIVE

**A TRY-OUT CONTEST COMIC**

THE  
GRINNING  
MAN



DREAM  
SHARDS



High school.

The teachers keep on telling us that we're here at school to learn things.

Important things.

Things that will help us out later in life.

Like sine and cosine.

Or Newton's Third Law, also called the Law of Action and Reaction.

Things like ribosomes and mitochondrial nucleoids.

But why is it they never teach you about death?

Or about love?

Things that might actually prepare me for the real world.



Adelaide. The City of Churches.

I've lived here all my life.

I know the twists  
and turns of this city.

But I wonder--

--does it know mine?

Mindy's Funeral  
has been taken  
care of.

All of the  
hospital bills  
have been paid  
for as well.

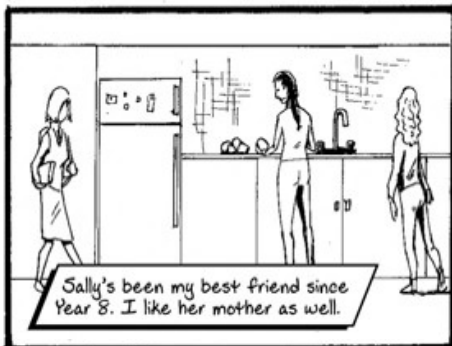
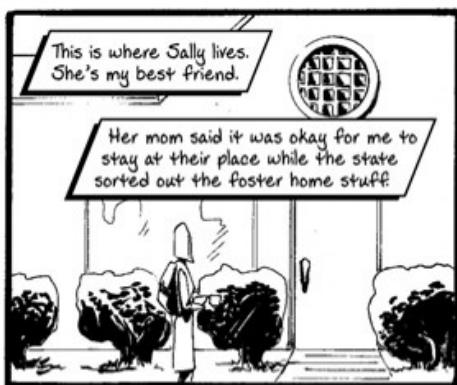
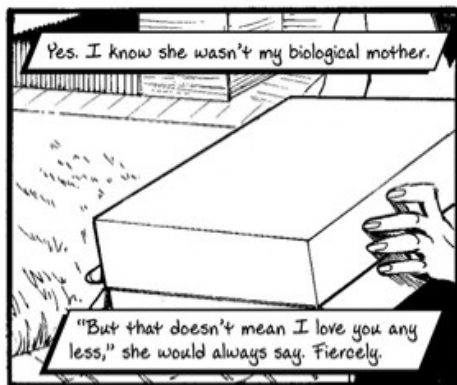
She left the house  
and the car to her two  
surviving children,  
Karl and Rachel.

But she did leave  
*one thing* in  
her will for you.

Here  
you go.

A box?





These are my drawings. From when I was a kid.



But I thought she'd  
thrown them all away.



Friends from my  
imaginary world--



The Ice Princess--

The handsome  
young knight--



The young sorceress--



She could walk on water  
and talk to the moon.

Knights and damsels  
in distress.



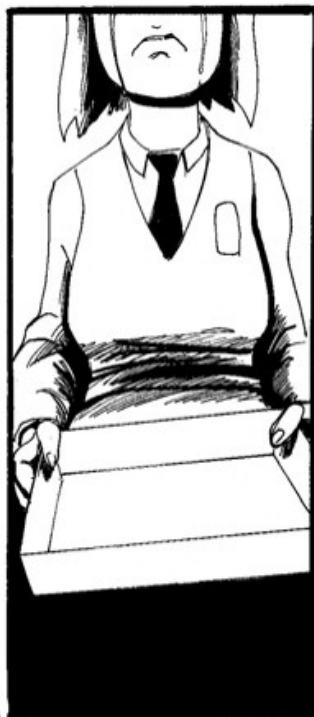
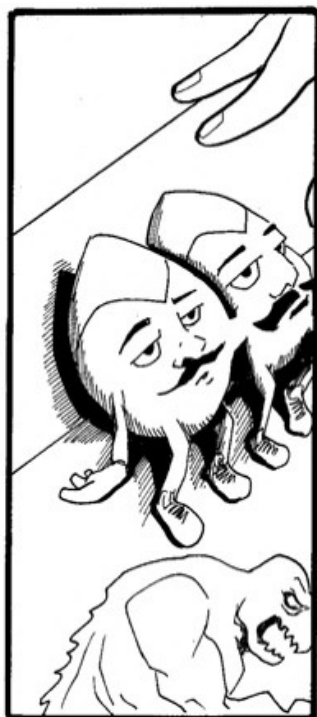
Heroes and adventurers.

Made-up stories. They were  
fun. When I was a kid.



But now--

When can I start having  
my own stories?



Mrs. Cringey's class was yawn-inducing.

I think I'm just going to head back to Sally's now.



We'll probably just watch the Dark Crystal reruns again.

Maybe I'll cut through the park.

Haven't been through here for a while--

--and the walk will help clear my head.



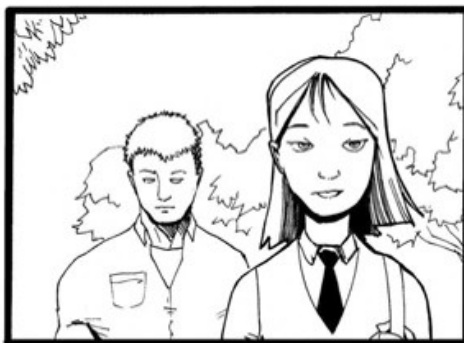
Hmmm.

I think they cut down some of the trees.



It doesn't quite look the same anymore.









He's smiling. But I can feel the *desperation*, hidden in the recesses of his voice. So tiny, but it's there.



Listening carefully to the music in the background, it sounds *wrong*. Like a child playing his first piece. Without emotion.



There's something strange about how everything looks, as if someone hastily painted one picture over another, and you can still see parts of the original.



Are you alright, Jinxy?

I don't like it here. I need to get out!



What the--?



**NO!**



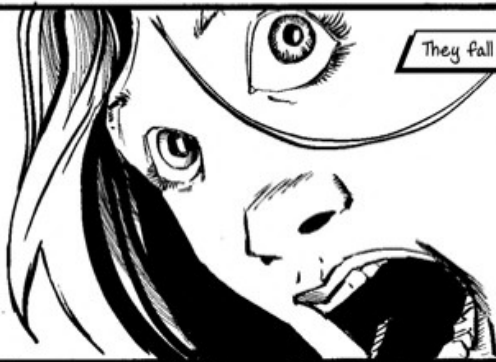
**YEARGH!**



They fall from the sky.

I know them.

But how--?



They were the heroes in my made-up stories.  
No more than crayon lines cobbled together.



And now they're here!





