

*“Interesting, collage-y cinematic art
and a sun-drenched Johannesburg
revenge aesthetic, make for a compelling
little zombie mining-noir.”*

Nikhil Singh, Author of *Club Ded* (2020)

P
P

ISBN 978-1-991219-15-2



9 781991 219152



WRETCHED EARTH

BOOK 1



In a forgotten time, in the desolate town of Abilene, a tragic mine collapse leaves Finn and his crew trapped, awaiting a rescue that may never come. Amidst a plague of crop-devouring white worms, the farmer Jim Fredericks frantically prospects his own land in an effort to stave off the conniving Henry Cheales and the expansion of his AngloFields mine. As day turns to week, hope diminishes for Finn and his beloved Belle, whose plans to leave Abilene and her father's tyrannical clutches come crumbling down along with the mine shaft. As the miners confront a curse buried deep within the earth, and within themselves, Jim is forced to test the limits of his own morality, while Belle yearns to escape a life she never asked for. In the struggle to survive, their fates will entwine, but here on this wretched earth, where no man's hands are completely clean, survival always comes at a cost...

This is a work of fiction.
Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

First printed in Johannesburg 2021

Copyright © 2021
by Phasmid Press

Layout by Haroon Gunn-Salie

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or used in any manner without written permission of the copyright owner

For more information contact
phasmidpress@gmail.com

ISBN
978-1-991219-15-2

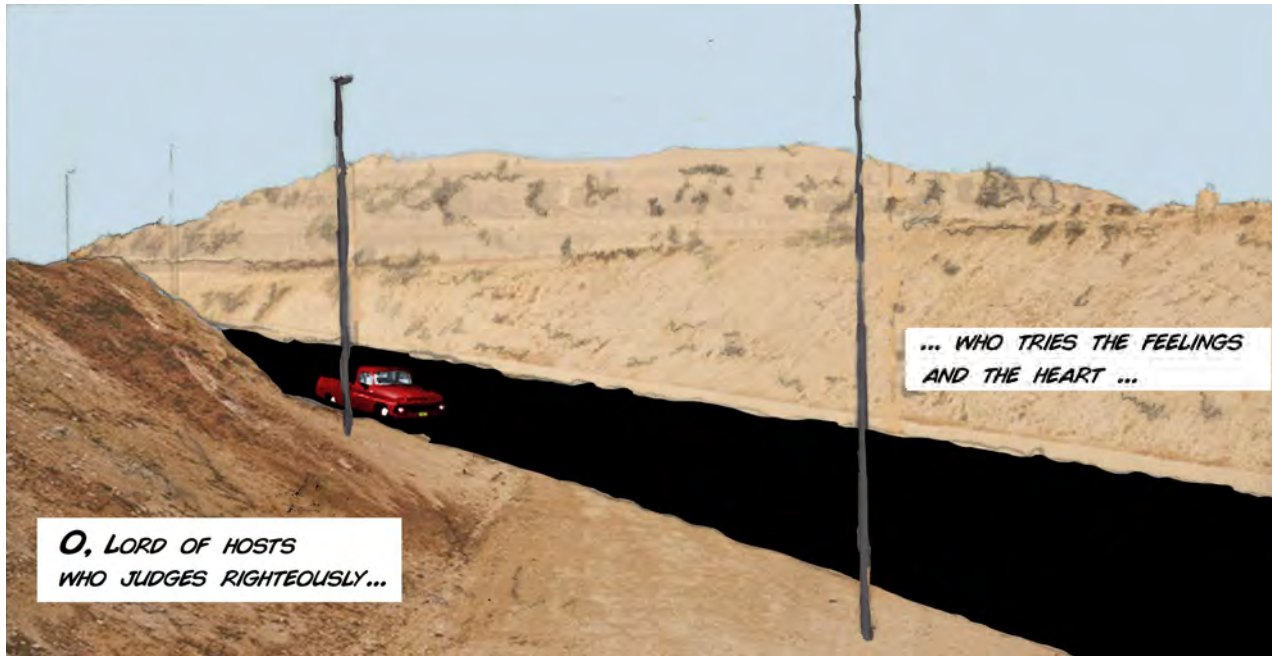
www.phasmidpress.org

about the author

Hailing from Johannesburg, Robin Scher's interests range widely from politics to pop culture and film. He holds a masters in International Relations (University of Cape Town) and Journalism, specialising in Cultural Reporting and Criticism (New York University). Wretched Earth is a culmination of these various pursuits. As co-founder of Phasmid Press, Robin is proud to publish this first volume of his ambitious broader project. And no less on the 60th anniversary of its namesake's release, The Wretched of the Earth by the legendary Frantz Fanon.

*“Zombies, believe me,
are more terrifying than colonists.”*

Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth* (1961)



O, LORD OF HOSTS
WHO JUDGES RIGHTEOUSLY...

... WHO TRIES THE FEELINGS
AND THE HEART ...



AND FOR THOSE THAT DO WRONG -
BE AFRAID ...



LET ME SEE YOUR
VENGEANCE ON THEM ...



FOR TO YOU HAVE WE COMMITTED OUR
CAUSE AND WE ARE BUT YOUR SERVANTS...



FOR WE DO NOT BEAR OUR SWORD IN VAIN

AND AS HIS SERVANTS ...



WE WILL CARRY OUT HIS
WRATH ON THE WRONGDOERS.



MAN, I COULD GO IN FOR A TENDER THIGH ABOUT NOW...

SOON ENOUGH, BROTHER.

DON'T BE WEAK, ROBERT.

WEAK?



YOU CAN'T SEE IT KALEB... BUT IT'S CONSUMING YOU.



I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER.



I HAVE BEEN CONSUMED. OR YOU COULD SAY, FILLED...WITH THE BURNING 'FLAME OF RETRIBUTION' PASSED ON TO US BY OUR SAVIOR.

YOU MEAN THE DECEASED FOREMAN WE ATE?



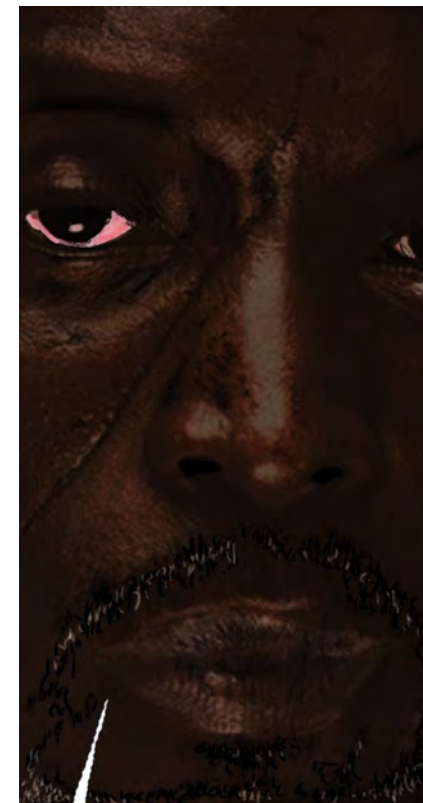
OURS IS A STRENGTH GIFTED TO US BY HIS GOOD GRACE. WITH IT WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN OUR RIGHTEOUS PATH, AND TOMORROW, WE SHALL CONTINUE TO BE LEAD DOWN IT.

YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT SHIT?



WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM PHINEAS? CAN YOU NOT SEE THAT WE HAVE BEEN BLESSED? WHAT BOTHERS YOU ABOUT OUR PLAN?

I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT YOUR 'RIGHTEOUS PATH'. I HAVE MY REASONS FOR JOINING YOU TOMORROW BUT THEY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOURS...



TOMORROW WILL BE A BEAUTIFUL DAY, BROTHERS. I KNOW SOME OF YOU ARE NERVOUS, BUT I WANT TO ASSURE YOU... IT WILL BE GLORIOUS



I WISH YOU COULD SEE WHAT I DO, BROTHER. THEY ARE NOT FOR US AND WILL NEVER BE. YOU THINK BECAUSE YOU HAVE YOUR WHITE BITCH, THAT MAKES YOU BETTER THAN US?

FOR THE FIRE THAT BURNS WITHIN US IS A SACRED ONE... DO NOT FIGHT IT, LET IT OUT BROTHERS. JUST LOOK WHAT IT'S ALREADY DONE... IT'S GIVEN US STRENGTH, HOPE... ANOTHER CHANCE. IT'S WHAT GOT US OUT OF THE EARTH AND TOMORROW, WE SHALL BASK IN THE RADIANCE OF OUR WELL DESERVED JUSTICE...



MAN, THIS WHOLE THING IS FUCKED. YOU SEE THAT, RIGHT?

EARLIER THAT DAY...

YEAH.



I HAVE NO CHOICE. THAT THING INSIDE US, SAM. I CAN'T LET... WHATEVER IT IS, I JUST CAN'T LET IT HURT HER.

SO?



GUESS I'LL CATCH YOU BACK AT THE RANCH, THEN?

GUESS SO.

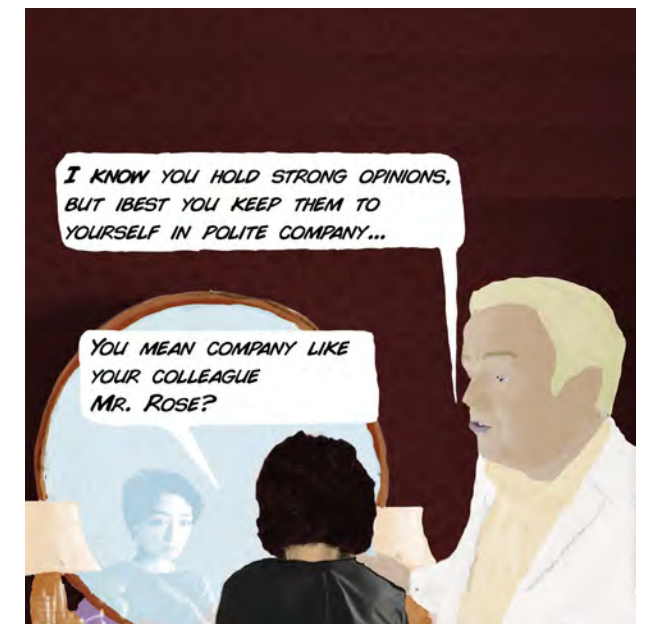


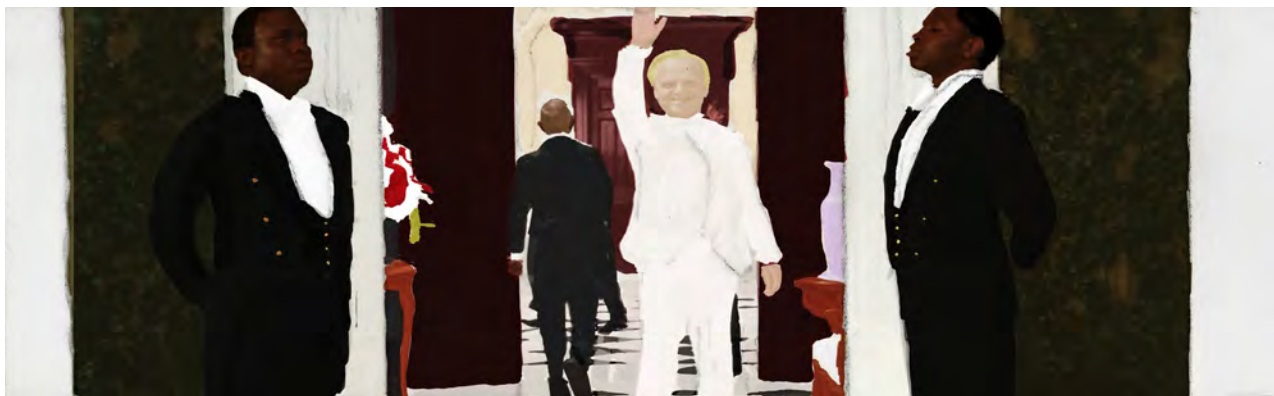
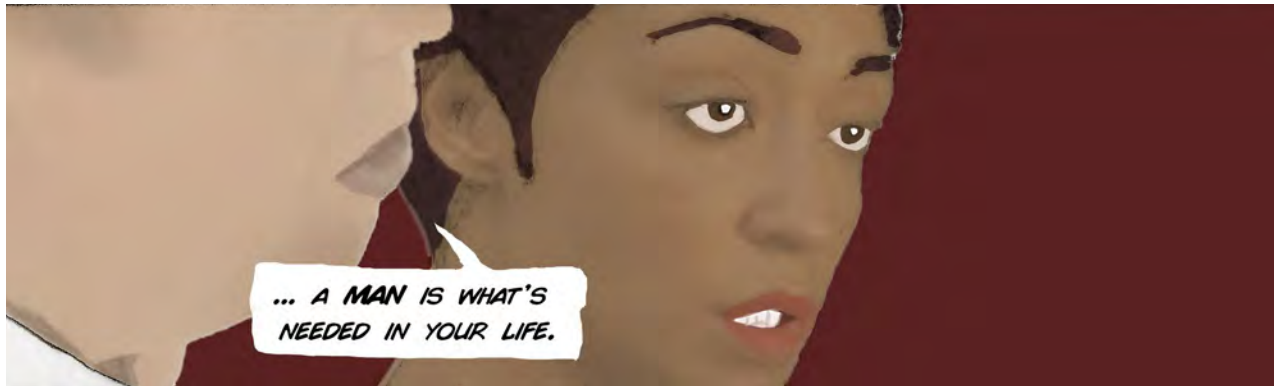
IS SHE REALLY WORTH IT?

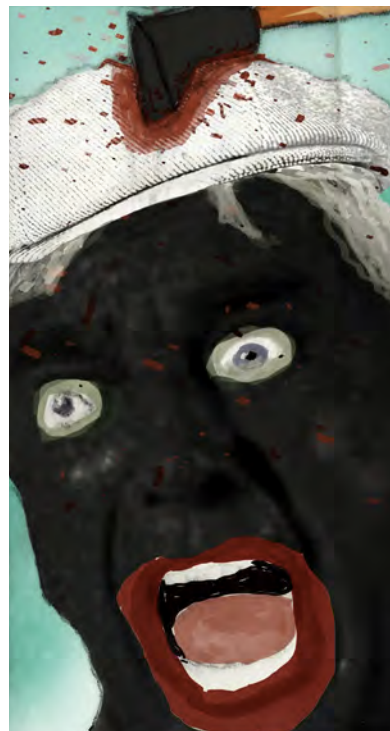
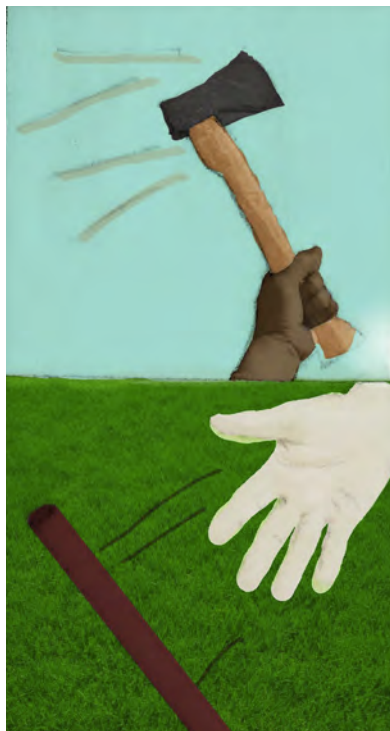
PRESENT

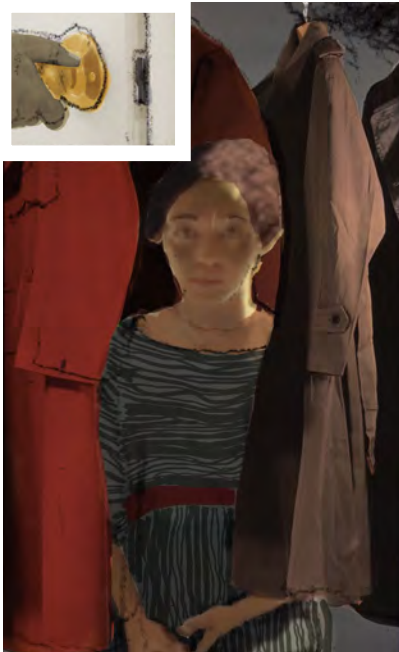


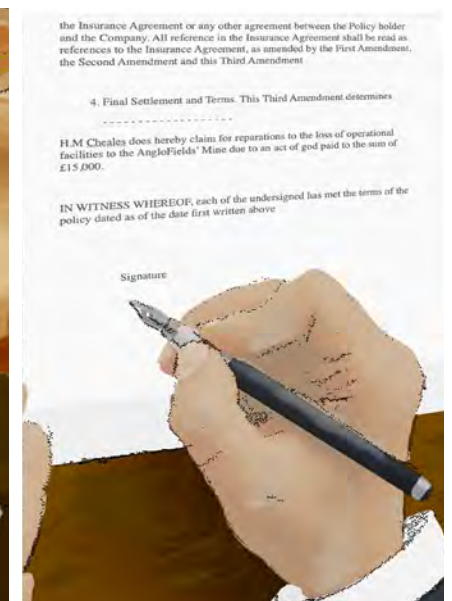
RIGHT, SEE YOU BACK HERE. ONE HOUR.

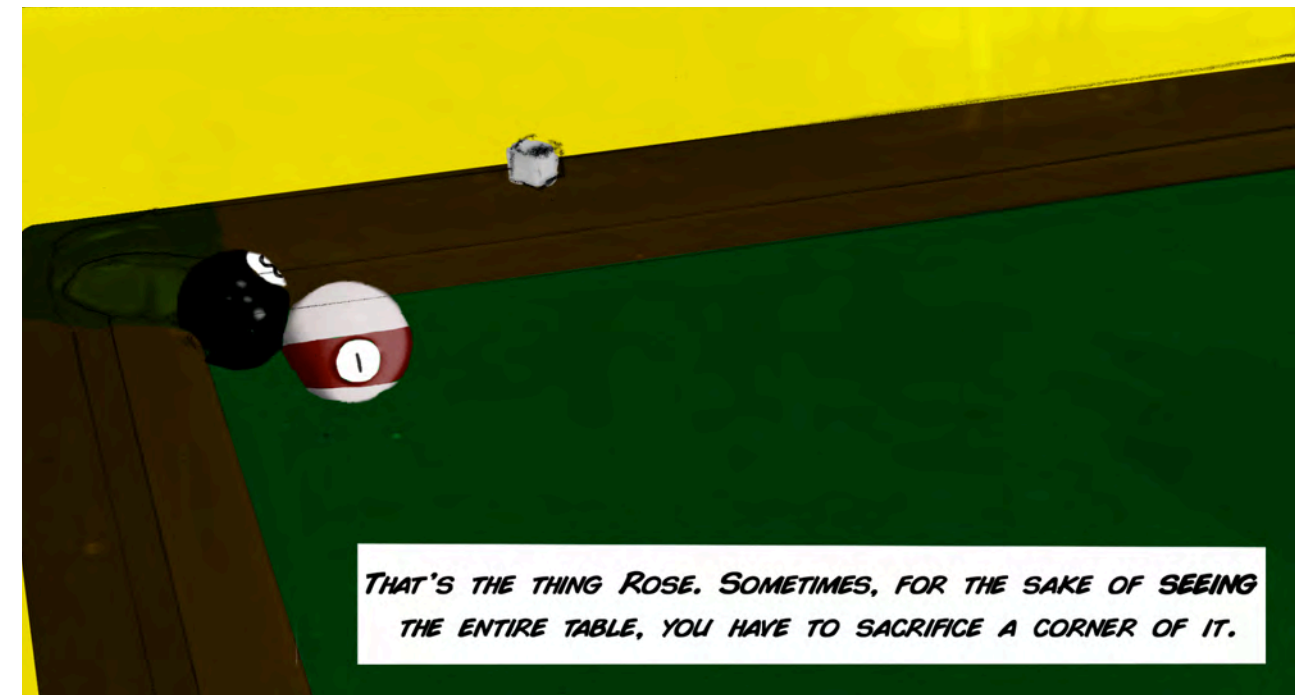


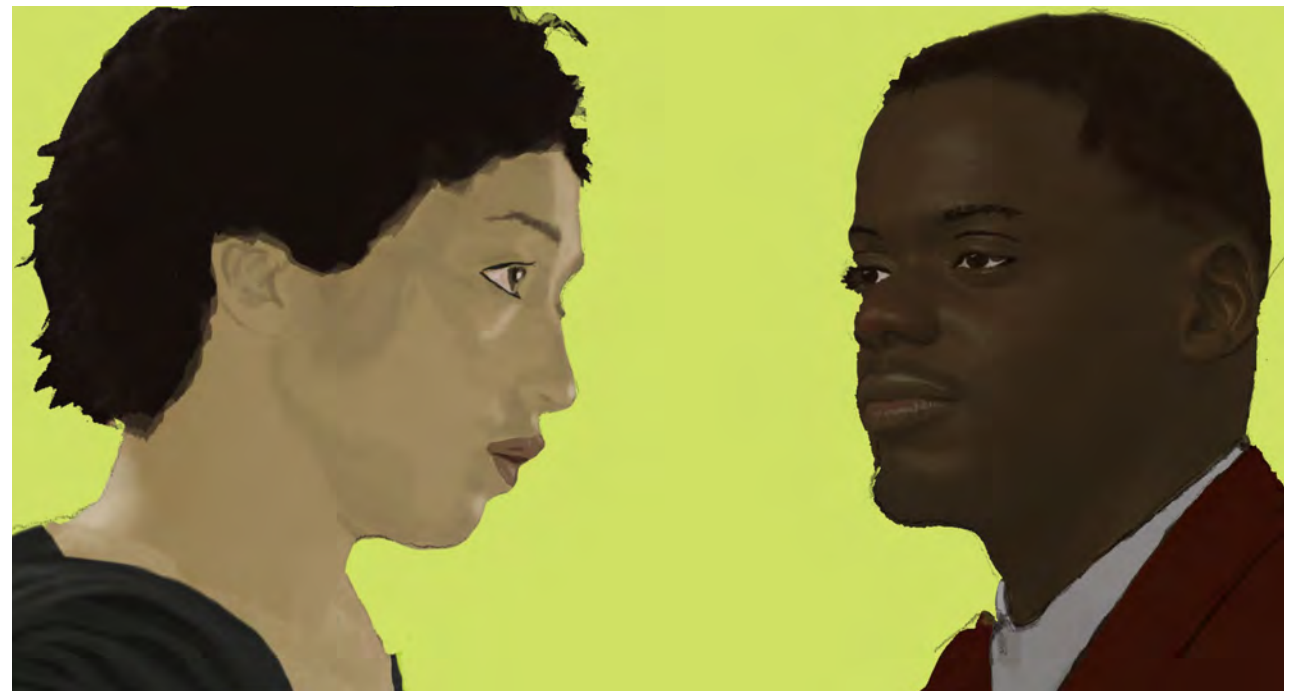
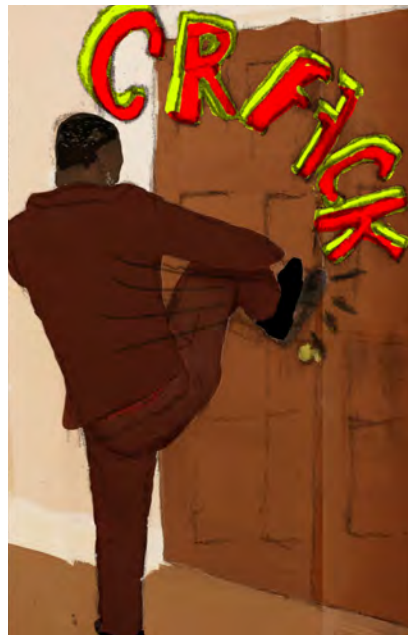
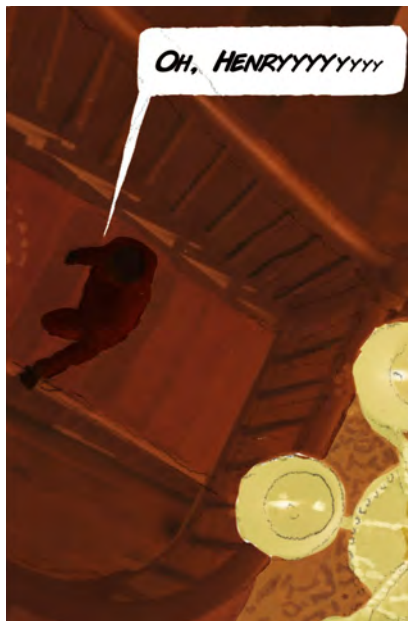


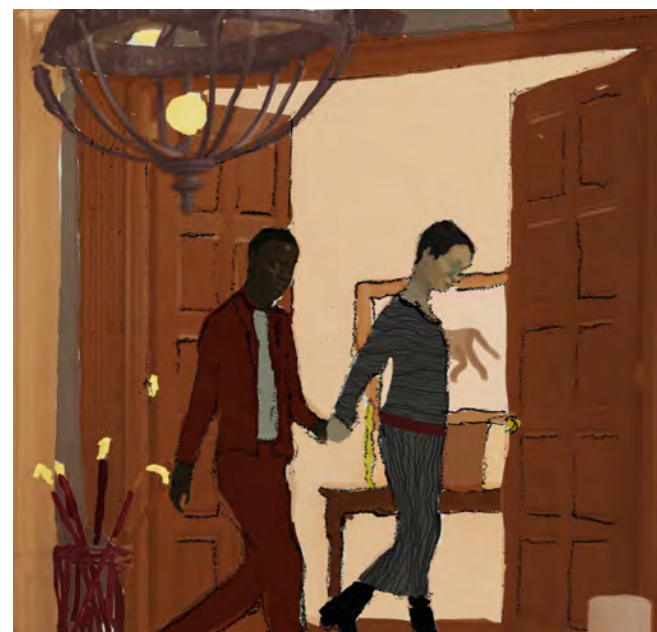
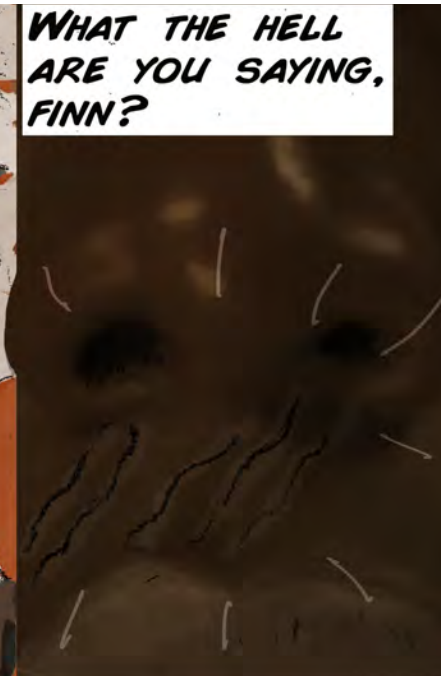


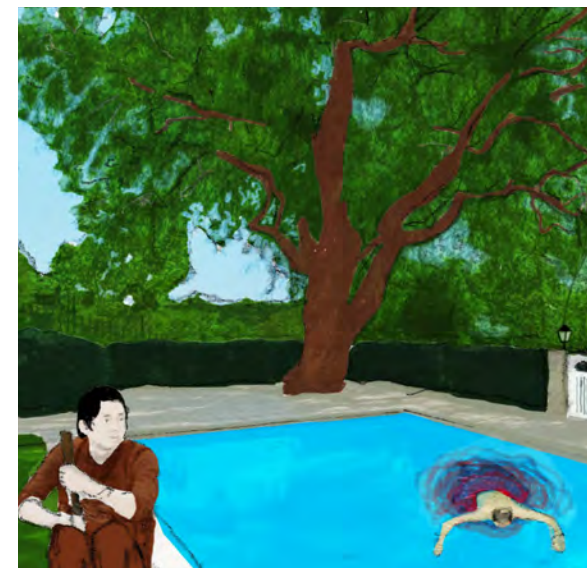












TO BE CONTINUED...

