REMENDER • CRAIG • LOUGHRIDGE

DEADLY CLASS™



1988

KIDS OF THE BLACK HOLE


EST
1637
IN VITAM MORTEM

DEAD

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MARCH 1ST, 1988
SAN FRANCISCO

I NEED TO SEE SOMEONE.

FREE CLINIC

FREE CLINIC

I'M SORRY, THE CLINIC IS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT.

OPEN

WE'RE OPEN AGAIN TOMORROW AT EIGHT, PLEASE COME BACK.

OPEN

WHAT IF IT'D BEEN A *REAL* 'MERGENCY?

I-I'M SORRY?

WHAT IF MA PUSSY WAS GONNA BLOW UP 'LESS YOU GET IN THERE?

I-I'M JUST A VOLUNTEER. I'M NOT A DOCTOR.

I-IF THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU... THERE'S AN EMERGENCY ROOM UP ARGUELLO, NORTH OF HAIGHT--

NAH-- I WAS JUST FUNNIN' YA!

MY PUSSY'S FINE.

YOU WANTS 'TA TAKE A LOOK-SEE?

NO... I-I'VE GOT TO GET HOME TO MY GIRLFRIEND...

YOUR GIRLFRIEND ***AIN'T*** GOT WHAT I GOT DO.

I'M FROM THE ***DIFFERENT*** SIDE OF THE TRACKS.

YOU KNOW, THEM TRAILER PARKS YOU DRIVE BY?

LOOKIN' DOWN YOUR NOSE AT.

PLACE WHERE ***REAL*** PEOPLE LIVE--

--WHERE REAL WOMEN PARTY!

RAHH--!

CRAZY FUCKING--

PWOKK

--AIN'T SO SOFT.

OL' JIMMY JOHN GOTS A MASCULINE TOUCH.

SHOULDA' JUST LET SUE ANN PARTY ON YOU THE WAY SHE LIKE.

SHE'S RIGHT YOU KNOW.

WAY JIMMY JOHN GONNA DO IT--

March 2nd, 1988

DEPRESSION IS A BIG FUCKED-UP MONSTER.

EVERYONE GETS A TURN, WHETHER OR NOT THEY WANT TO OWN UP TO IT.

IT'S A HARD FIGHT THAT FUCKS YOU TOP TO BOTTOM. DRAINS YOU HOLLOW.

AND WHEN YOU'RE FINALLY RID OF IT, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING OVERCOME IT THAT ROBS YOU OF COMPASSION.



IT'S NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE TO DEAL WITH SOMEONE ELSE WHO'S STILL FIGHTING THE SHIT YOU JUST BEAT.

SECRETLY, IN THE DARKEST PITS OF YOUR SELF-CENTERED SUBCONSCIOUS...

...YOU'RE JUST HAPPY IT'S NOT YOU ANYMORE.

THE BLACK DOG MOVED ON.

MARIA'S BEEN DOWN IN IT FOR MONTHS NOW.

SINCE LAS VEGAS.

SHE OSCILLATES BETWEEN SUICIDAL DEPRESSION...

...AND MANIC ECSTASY.

SHE'S TOO MUCH.

MORE THAN JUST CHICO DISAPPEARING. EVERYONE THINKS SHE'S LOSING HER MIND.

EVERYONE CAN TELL SOMETHING IS WRONG.

AND HER MOODINESS ISN'T HELPING KEEP IT A SECRET.

WHAT KIND OF A SHITHEEL BREAKS UP WITH A GIRL WHO KILLED HER BOYFRIEND TO BE WITH HIM?

WHO AM I KIDDING? I'M NOT BREAKING UP WITH HER.

I LOVE HER.

I DO.

AND THE SEX IS GREAT--

--BUT IT'S REALLY ABOUT HAVING SOMEONE.

ERASERHEAD

I'M SO FUCKING NEEDY, SO DESPERATELY AFRAID SHE'S THE ONLY GIRL WHO WILL EVER LIKE ME.

HEARING HER TELL ME SHE WANTS ME IS LIKE A DRUG.

WHAT KIND OF AN ASSHOLE WOULD THROW THAT ASIDE BECAUSE HIS GIRL IS HAVING A HARD TIME?

SHE'S DOING HER BEST TO KEEP IT ALL A SECRET.

IF ANYONE IN SOTO VATOS FINDS OUT WE'RE TOGETHER THEY MIGHT FIGURE OUT WHY CHICO'S MISSING.

AFTER ALL SHE'S BEEN THROUGH, HOW CAN I BE SO SELFISH?

SHE LIVES IN TERROR OF CHICO'S FATHER FINDING OUT IT WAS HER.

THE STORIES SHE TELLS ME ABOUT HIM...

HE'S A REAL-LIFE MONSTER. THE KIND THEY MAKE MAFIA MOVIES ABOUT.

AND SHE'S IN THIS SITUATION BECAUSE OF ME.

SHE TELLS ME SHE LOVES ME.

BUT I DON'T BELIEVE HER.

HOW CAN ANYONE LOVE ME WHEN I CAN'T FIND A SINGLE REASON TO LOVE MYSELF?

DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE YOU'VE GIVEN YOURSELF AWAY? LET THE WORLD DRAIN AWAY EVERY IMPORTANT THING ABOUT YOU?

WHY CAN'T ANYTHING EVER JUST FEEL... NORMAL?

SEE YOU TONIGHT.

LOVE YOU.

UGH. BOO-FUCKING-HOO.

I'VE GOT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, A GROUP OF FRIENDS AND A JOB AT A COMIC BOOK STORE.

BEEN COMPLAINING FOR SO LONG MAYBE IT'S ALL I KNOW HOW TO DO.

THE COMICS SHOP IS A NICE REFUGE FROM IT ALL.

I WORK AFTERNOONS AND EVENINGS. WILLIE GOT ME THE JOB. HE WORKS THERE ON ALTERNATING DAYS.

SOMETIMES WE GET TO WORK THE SAME SHIFTS.

WE DON'T GET A LOT OF WORK DONE ON THOSE NIGHTS, JUST ARGUE OVER SUPER HERO TRIVIA AND ARTISTS.

THE OWNER, BLAIN, IS A SMART GUY WITH A BIG HEART, DECEPTIVELY SO GIVEN HIS APPEARANCE.



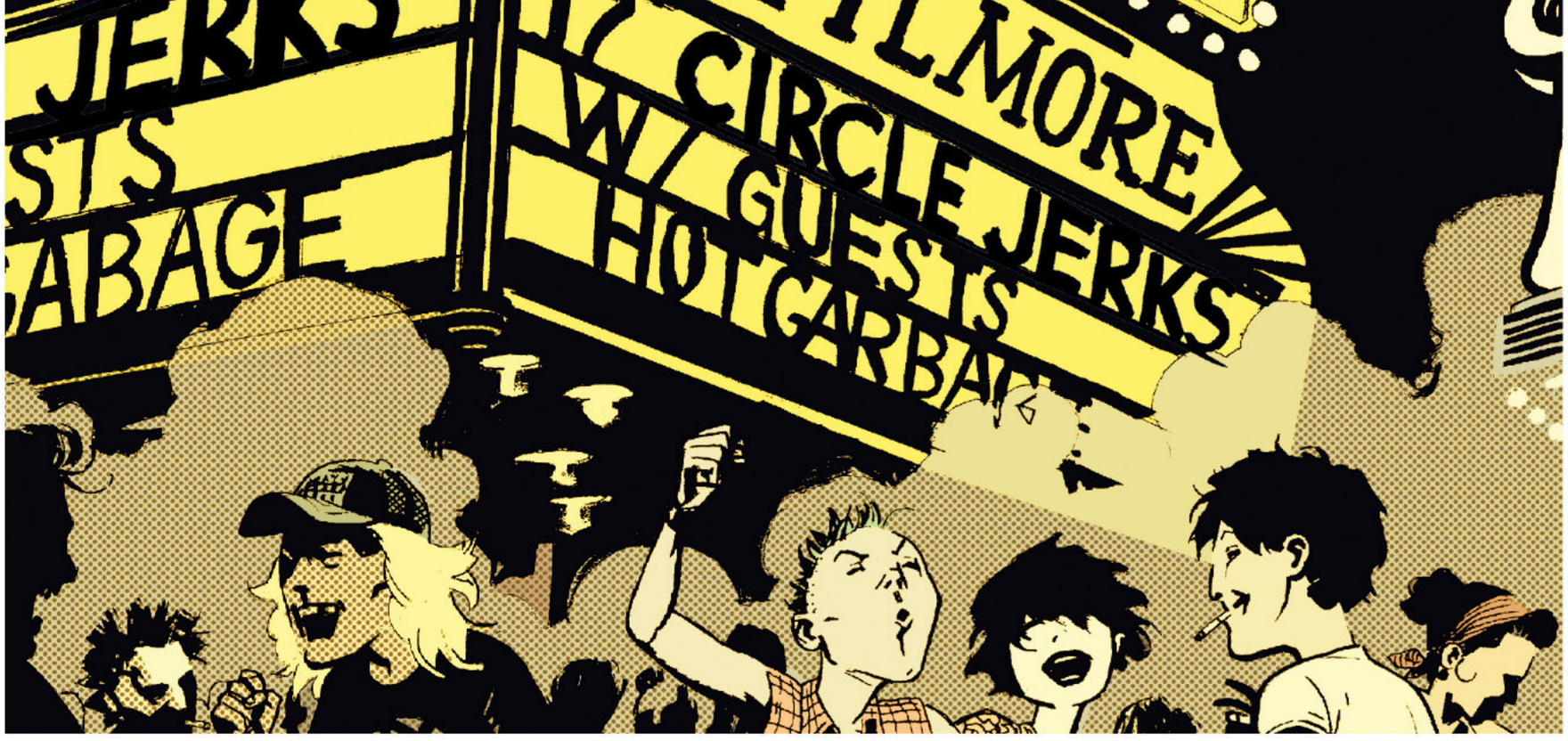
HE WASN'T GOING TO HIRE ME UNTIL WILLIE TOLD HIM ABOUT MY PARENTS.

BLAINE'S MOM SHOT HERSELF IN THE HEAD WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, LEAVING HIM AN ORPHAN AS WELL.



TONIGHT'S ASSIGNMENT IS A COLLECTION OF 'WEIRD FANTASY' AS HE HELPS ME DETOX FROM THE MAINSTREAM COMICS I WAS READING AND "GET HIP TO THE REAL DEAL."





THE JOB PUTS MONEY IN MY POCKET AND AS LONG AS OUR GRADES ARE HIGH ENOUGH MASTER LIN ALLOWS US RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES ONCE A WEEK.

BUT IT'S ALL A DIVERSION. A CARD-HOUSE WAITING TO TOPPLE.

CHICO'S BODY IS STILL OUT THERE...

WITH HIM.



SAYA SAYS SHE'LL FIND HIM. FIND OUT WHAT HE DID WITH CHICO'S BODY.

SAYS SHE'LL KILL ANYONE HE'S TOLD.

AND WE ALL JUST TRUST THAT SHE WILL, BECAUSE...



...SAYA'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT THAN THE REST OF US.

SOMETHING REAL.



YOU CAN JUST SEE IT IN HER EYES.

SHE SEES THROUGH YOUR SHIT.

SIZES YOU UP IN A SECOND.

AND JESUS FUCK, SHE'S GORGEOUS.

MASTER LIN'S BEEN QUIET ABOUT CHICO'S DISAPPEARANCE. NO INQUIRIES AMONGST THE STUDENT BODY.

BUT RUMORS HAVE BEEN SPREADING, SOME OF THEM INVOLVING "CRAZY MARIA."

IF THAT BASTARD STILL HAS CHICO'S BODY, IF HE SOMEHOW FIGURES OUT WHO HE IS, WHO WE KILLED...

...THAT JUST CAN'T HAPPEN.

OPEN UP!

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

YOU EXPECTING SOMEBODY, SHABNAM?

NO... I MEAN, NOT THIS LATE.

Bettie Page

JESUS. BANGING LIKE A COP.

WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING? IF YOU GET *CAUGHT* OUT OF YOUR DORM--

SHUT UP, SHABNAM.

IT'S TRUE, DUDE. ZIP IT.

DUDE, LEX IS THROWIN' A PARTY, MAN! IT'S GONNA BE *KILLER!*

I THOUGHT THAT GUY WAS STRAIGHT EDGE?

NO, THAT'S DAN.

WHATEVER, THOUGHT THEY WERE BOTH STRAIGHT EDGE.

NO, LEX IS LIKE AN OLD-SCHOOL OI PUNK, HIS UNCLE WAS IN THE DAMNED OR SOMETHING.

THE SMITHS

HIS PARTIES ARE LEGENDARY, MAN-- *WE HAVE GOT TO GO!*

The Clash

ALL RIGHT.

LET ME GET MY SHIT.

HEY, *UMM...*

...THINK IT'D BE COOL IF I HITCHED ALONG?

ELRIC

UH...

I'LL FEEL IT OUT FOR YOU, MAN.

GET AN IDEA OF WHAT THESE GUYS ARE LIKE, YOU KNOW?

YOU CAN COME WITH NEXT TIME, OKAY?

SHUT

Bettie Page

SURE.

BRANDY LYNN--YOU ***PROPER*** COUNTRY-MORON-MIDDLE-OF-AMERICA-DUST-FARMING-COUSIN-FUCKER.

IT'S ***NINETEEN-BLOODY-EIGHTY EIGHT.*** WHAT KIND OF A DUMMY GIVES ANY SORT OF SHIT ABOUT GOD, COUNTRY AND HORSES?

HEY EVERYONE, QUIET--AN ASSHOLE IS TALKING.

TOO ***BUTCH,*** STEPHEN--WORKS AGAINST THE WHOLE FEY-YET-STRAIGHT, MOD REVIVALIST, CONTRIVANCE, YOU SCOOTERBOY TURDS WORK SO HARD TO CULTIVATE.

AND SPEAKING OF ***OUTDATED COSTUMES***--HOW LONG DID IT TAKE YOU TO GET DONE UP LIKE A GOTHIC GHOULY TONIGHT, PETRA LOVE?

OH, POOR, SAD POET. THIGH-CUTTING, CLOVE-SMOKING, ***MARDY FUCKIN' BAUHAUS*** LISTENER...

JOY DIVISION IS LOWER HANGING FRUIT, LEX.

ANYONE MAJORING IN ***TORTURE*** TAKE NOTE--YOU ***EVER*** NEED TO SQUEEZE INTEL OUT OF ME, ALL IT'D TAKE IS A NIGHT WITH PETRA AND HER DEAD CAN DANCE DISCOGRAPHY.

GET SOME HEALTH IN YOUR DIET, SPEND A DAY AT THE PARK, FEED THE SODDING SQUIRRELS--LIFE'S NOT SO BAD.

WHAD'YA SAY, WILLIE?

DON'T START ON ME, BUTTERMILK. JUST MOVE ON DOWN THE LINE.

NEVER. WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE. ***RAP*** COMES FROM THE SAME PLACE AS ***PUNK.*** IT'S ALL POOR KIDS WITH SOMETHING HONEST TO SAY ABOUT THEIR CIRCUMSTANCE. HOMEGROWN PHILOSOPHY WITH STONES.

COLOR ME FUCKIN' RELIEVED YOU APPROVE.

Y'ALL HAVE FUN.

DAMN. YOU GOT 'EM ALL PEGGED, LEX.

YOU ***REALLY*** LET EVERYBODY KNOW HOW HARDCORE YOU ARE.

HOW ABOVE EVERYONE YOU ARE.

BUT TRUTH ABOUT YOU PUNKERS--IT'S JUST A ***COSTUME*** TO MAKE YOURSELF FEEL ***SAFE,*** LIKE YOU'RE PART OF SOMETHING--

--JUST LIKE ***EVERYBODY ELSE.***

CAREFUL. IT'S SNOW-CAPPED.

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT ***POSE*** IS ALL ABOUT, LEX?

DYIN' TO HEAR, MARCUS.

IT'S ***COWARDICE.***

SEE, THE ***TOUGHEST*** GUY IN THE ROOM, SAME AS THE ***SMARTEST*** GUY IN THE ROOM-- HE ISN'T SELLING THE NOTION.

YOU'RE NOT THE ***SMARTEST*** OR THE ***TOUGHEST*** GUY IN THE ROOM--***YOU'RE THE MOST DESPERATE.***

ALL NIGHT, ***ALL YOU'VE DONE,*** LOOKING DOWN YOUR NOSE AT EVERYBODY ELSE, TALKING LOUD, ***BULLYING*** PEOPLE--

ISN'T THAT WHY YOU HATE THE ***JOCKS*** AND THE ***PREPS?***

ISN'T YOUR SCENE SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT ***INCLUSION?***

HOW ARE YOU ***ANY DIFFERENT*** THAN A DICK JOCK?

ONE TINY DIFFERENCE.

I ***KILL*** ANY PONCE CUNT DUMB ENOUGH TO POP OFF TO ME.

THERE IT IS-- JUST LIKE THE ***FRAT JOCK DICKHEAD*** YOU ARE!

WHEN SOMEONE CALLS YOU ON YOUR ***BULLSHIT*** YOU GO RIGHT TO ***VIOLENCE***--BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO ***FUCKING STUPID*** TO WIN THE DEBATE ANY OTHER WAY!

SHUT UP.

YOU'RE ***A FUCKING POSER, LEX.*** A FUCKING ELITIST DICK WITH BAD HAIR AND A BICYCLE CHAIN AROUND YOUR NECK--!

SHUT UP.

FUCK THAT GUY. WHO THE ***FUCK*** DOES HE THINK HE IS?

LEX MILLER. SON OF A VERY MURDER-Y UK CRIME SYNDICATE BOSS.

I'M SORRY.

GUYS LIKE THAT DRIVE ME CRAZY.

YOU *CAN'T* TALK SHIT UNTIL YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING SHIT TO.

LEX'S BARK HAS *BITE.*

WHATEVER.

NO, NOT WHATEVER. HE'S A BOMB EXPERT, MASTERED AT *LEAST* SIX FORMS OF SILENT DISEMBOWELMENT.

WHEREAS *YOU,* MY FRESHMAN SPONSOR...

...YOU'VE LEARNED *NOTHING* YET.

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF CAUSING *TROUBLE.*

DID YOUR MOUTH BUY YOU THIS SCAR?

MRS. RANKS AT THE BOYS HOME.

STRAIGHT RAZOR. SLID SLOWLY, NO TEARING.

SHE DECIDED TO LEAVE YOUR EYE.

SHE WAS *VERY* GENEROUS.

"I BET IT USED TO SEEM ***REALLY*** IMPORTANT TO YOU WHAT SHE DID."

USED TO?

HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED HOW EVERY YEAR THAT GOES BY YOU CARE LESS AND LESS ABOUT MOST THINGS?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

LOVE, PAIN, NOSTALGIA... YEAR-BY-YEAR IT ALL SEEMS LESS SIGNIFICANT THAN WHEN YOU WERE YOUNGER. ***DULLED.***

MRS. RANKS LEFT QUITE AN IMPRESSION.

"SURE...

"BUT IT DOESN'T HURT ***SO MUCH*** ANYMORE, RIGHT?"

IT DOESN'T ***REALLY*** CARRY MUCH EMOTION WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

NOT LIKE IT ***USED TO.***

WHATEVER EFFECT IT HAS ON YOU AS A PERSON, IT'S MIXED INTO YOU NOW, LIKE ***DYE,*** ONCE YOU DROP IT IN...

"...NO CHANGING THE COLOR ***BACK."***

TWUNG

PLKK

GHA--!

YOU'LL SEE.

IT'S ***WILD*** THE SORTS OF THINGS YOU CAN GET USED TO.


FUCKIN' LEX.


MARCUS, DON'T--
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "DON'T?"
HE JUST TRIED TO KILL ME!


SOMEONE DID...







PIECE OF SHIT!
I'M GONNA--
MARIA?
WHAT THE FUCK?!
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!
I KNEW SHE WOULDN'T LET THE ARROW HIT YOU.
SAME AS I KNEW SHE'D TRY AND STEAL YOU.

YOU--

YOU'RE ***INSANE!***

SHE WASN'T TRYING TO ***STEAL ME***--SHE WAS MAKING SURE I DIDN'T GET INTO A KNIFE FIGHT WITH LEX!

OH, YEAH, SHE'S ***SO*** CONCERNED FOR YOU.

BUT JUST AS A ***FRIEND,*** RIGHT?

'CAUSE THAT'S HOW IT WORKS IN THE REAL WORLD, GUYS LOVE HOT GIRLS THAT ARE *"JUST FRIENDS."*

BUT YOU DIDN'T GO OFF INTO A DARK CEMETERY WITH HER TO BE ***FRIENDS.***

WAIT A MINUTE-- YOU--***YOU'RE MAD AT ME?!***

MY GIRLFRIEND JUST TRIED TO KILL ME BECAUSE I WAS TALKING TO A FRIEND AND NOW ***SHE'S*** MAD AT ***ME?***

FUCK THIS. I'M DONE.

I'M ***BORED*** OF YOUR DEPRESSION... I CAN'T DEAL WITH YOUR CRAZINESS.

I'M OUT.

ARE YOU ***BREAKING UP*** WITH ME?!

YOU TRIED TO ***KILL ME,*** MARIA.

I WAS JUST ***SCARIN'*** YOU, BABY.

LET SAYA KNOW I WAS ON TO HER.

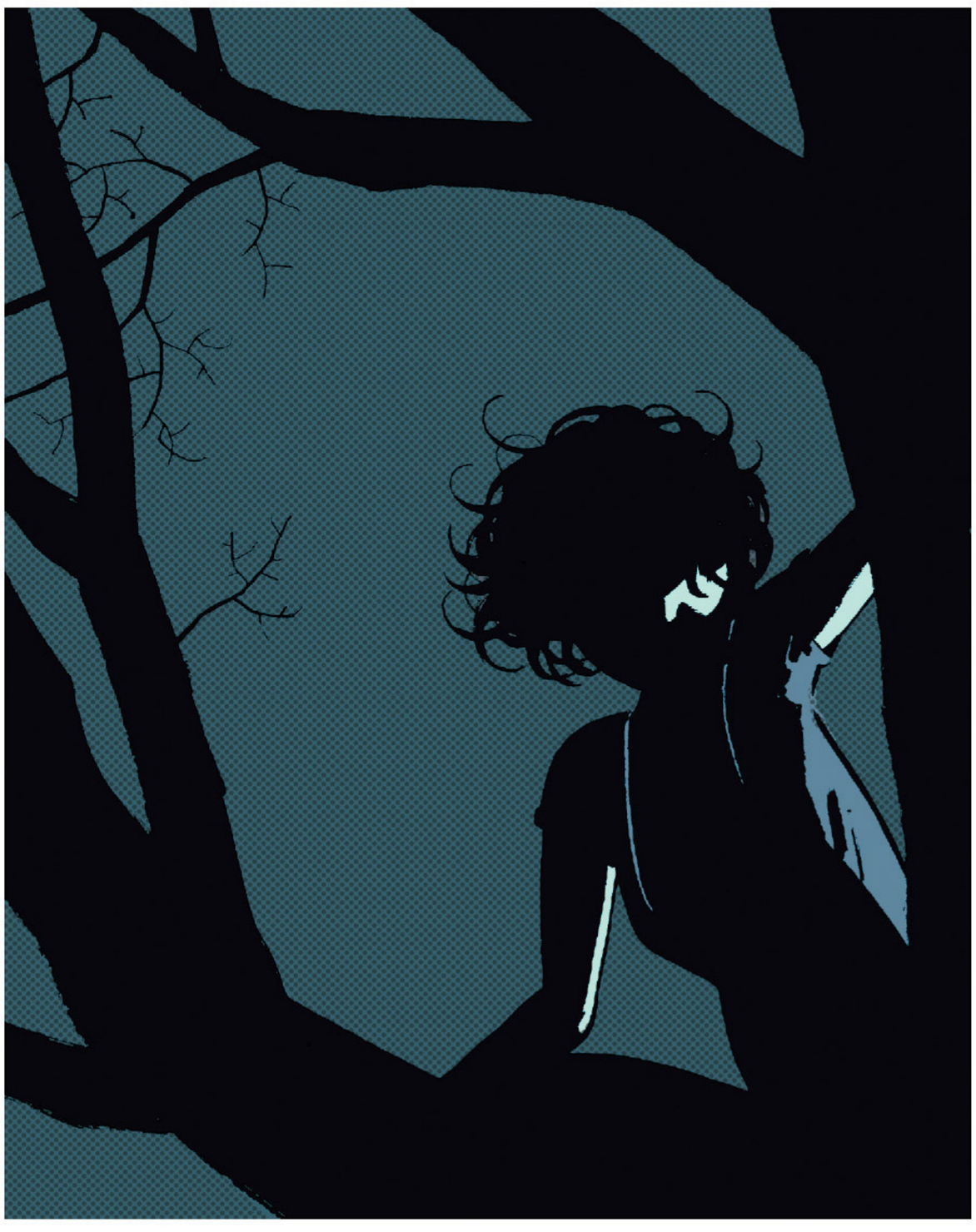

I WAS STAKING MY CLAIM.
LET HER KNOW YOU'RE MINE OR YOU'RE NO ONE'S.


SHE IS SO CRAZY.


I AM SO FUCKED.







THE TENDERLOIN

YOU GONNA GIT MOMMA UP OFF O' THIS COUCH? NOT HAPPENIN' **CHICKEN-NOT-SO-LITTLE!**

PLOP

YO COUSIN, THE DEED IS ***DONE.***

BLED HIM OUT LIKE A PIG, *UM-HHM*, YOU KNOW, LIKE YOU SAID.

SUE ANN PLAYED WITH HIS DICK A TAD WHILE HE WAS DYIN'.

THAT FREAKED HIM OUT.

AIN'T NEVER SEEN NOBODY SO UPSET TO CUM.

BUT I RECKON I AIN'T NEVER SEEN NOBODY CUM WHILE THEY'RE BLEEDIN' OUT THEIR NECK EITHER!

AN' HIS NOSE?

OH, WE SAWED THAT MOTHERFUCKER OFF.

THE PAINT?

YOU PAINT MY NAME ON THE WALL?

UHH...

YOU FORGOT THE SIGNATURE?

YOU'RE A STUPID, STUPID FUCKIN' MAN, AREN'T YOU?

HELL, MAN, COME ON...

I AIN'T KILLED ***NOBODY*** IN MY LIFE--I GOT THAT PART ***RIGHT***--THAT WASN'T NO SMALL THING.

CUT ME SOME SLACK HERE, FUCKFACE.

THING IS, MAN WANTS TO GET ***FAMOUS*** BEIN' A ***KILLER*** HE GOTS TA DO THINGS ***JUST*** RIGHT--

--SHIT HAS TO BE JUST SO.

EVERY KILL'S GOTTA BE 'XACTLY THE SAME!

THEN YOU START BUILDIN' A ***REPUTATION.*** GET ***FAMOUS!*** GET ***TV*** AN' ***BOOK*** DEALS!

YOU TRYIN' TO FUCK ME OUT OF MY BOOK DEALS?!

SPLSH

NO MORE :GAGG: NO MORE POO...

YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF ***USELESS*** TO THIS ORGANIZATION JIMMY JOHN.

I RUN MY SHIT LIKE A FORTUNE 500, YOU CAN'T CUT THE BIG LEAGUES--

PLEASE...

:GASP!:

--YOU CAN'T DO THE JOB?

YOU GET FUCKIN' ***FIRED.***

AMERICAN WAY O' THINGS.

I TOLD HIS ASS TO PAINT THE DUDE UP--

?

THE SHIT--?

HEY!

I SEEN SOME FUCKER--!

OUT THERE ON THE ROOF!

!

KINGS DOMINION











HAS ANYONE ELSE SEEN THIS?

NO, SIR.

DOES ANYONE ELSE KNOW YOU TOOK IT?

NO, SIR.

RETURN THE JOURNAL TO WHERE YOU FOUND IT-- QUICKLY.

HE CANNOT KNOW IT HAS BEEN DISTURBED.

AND WHAT ARE MY INSTRUCTIONS MOVING FORWARD, MASTER?

CONTINUE TO EARN HIS TRUST.

CONTINUE TO TELL ME *ALL* YOU HEAR AND SEE.

I PLEDGE MY DUTY AND HONOR, MASTER LIN.

YOU ARE A FINE PUPIL, SHABNAM.

YOU WILL ACHIEVE MUCH IN THIS SCHOOL.

V

V

V

V

FEBRUARY 1ST

SO TIRED FROM THE CLIMB I CAN'T ENJOY THE VIEW.

IMPOSSIBLE TO ENJOY A QUIET MOMENT. SOME ASSHOLE IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD KEEPS REMINDING ME IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY.

CONSTANTLY WAITING FOR THE NEXT FUCKED-UP THING TO HAPPEN.

SOMETIMES, REMEMBERING A MOMENT IN YOUR LIFE CAN PHYSICALLY HURT AS YOU RELIVE EVERYTHING THAT MATTERED TO YOU THEN, AND REALIZE HOW FAR GONE IT IS NOW.

I USED TO SIT BACK AND THINK ABOUT MY PARENTS, FOCUSING ON EVERY GOOD MEMORY I COULD HARVEST.

USED TO MAKE ME WEEP LIKE A BABY. AND I LIKED IT. MADE ME FEEL LIKE I WAS STILL HUMAN.

BUT THAT'S GONE NOW. TWISTED MYSELF UP INTO TOO MANY KNOTS.

LOST THE CAPACITY TO CRY.

THINK IF I STARTED AGAIN NOW--

--I MIGHT NEVER STOP.

HEY. YOU GOT A MINUTE?

YEAH.

I FOUND HIM.

YEAH?

HIS NAME IS...

CHESTER WILSON.

YEAH... HE LIVES WITH A CREW OF HAYSEEDS IN AN ABANDONED BUILDING IN THE TENDERLOIN.

WHEN DO WE GO?

IT WON'T BE SOME SIMPLE THING.

THERE ARE GOING TO BE RISKS INVOLVED.

NO CHOICE. HE'S GOT CHICO.

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL-- *IS IT?*

WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU TWO?

IF I'M RISKING MY LIFE, I DESERVE TO KNOW.

Z Z I I P

HERE.

MARCH OF '86.

YOUR JOURNAL...

THIS IS PERSONAL SHIT, MARCUS.

I DON'T KNOW IF, YOU KNOW, I SHOULD READ THIS.

IT'S NOT SOMETHING I CAN TALK ABOUT...

IT'S JUST...

I TRUST YOU.

YOUR FUNERAL.

MARCH 1, 1986

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO IF THIS WORKS.

BUT I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO IF IT DOESN'T.

AND I'M NOT READY FOR THAT YET.

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'M NOT.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER I'M GETTING OUT.

THE OTHER KIDS HAVE ALL JUST ACCEPTED THAT WE'RE GOING TO BE WORKING IN THIS SWEATSHOP, THAT THERE'S NO OTHER OPTION FOR US, BUT THIS CROOKED ORPHANAGE AND THESE DECREPIT PERVERTS WHO RUN IT.

BUT TODAY I'LL SHOW THEM DIFFERENT.

AND THEY'LL NEVER SEE IT COMING.

WAP

MEET YOUR QUOTA OR YOU'LL BE SORRY, LOPEZ.

WAP!

WAP!

THE LORD REWARDS THE INDUSTRIOUS-- HE PUNISHES THE INDOLENT.

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES.

THEY WON'T BELIEVE IT.

I'LL SHOW THE WORLD WHAT THEY DID HERE.

WAP!

KEEP THOSE HANDS SEWING.

FOR THIRTEEN HOURS A DAY, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.

FOR NINE YEARS-- MOST ALL OF MY LIFE HERE.

BUT AFTER TODAY, IF I CAN PULL THIS OFF, I'LL BE FREE...

...OR I'LL BE DEAD.

WHADDA WE GOT HERE?

TAKIN' A NAP, SONYA?

YAAHH--!

LYAP!

RISE *AND* SHINE, SWEETHEART!

THE *FUCK* YOU LOOKING AT, BEAN DIP?!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS I'LL KEEP MY HEAD DOWN.

BIDE MY TIME.

NOTHING.

SORRY, SIR.

TODAY I'LL HAVE ENOUGH NEEDLES.

I MIGHT'VE HAD ENOUGH LAST WEEK--

--BUT IT'S BETTER TO BE SURE.

BE SURE THAT I HAVE ENOUGH TO GET THE JOB DONE.

ONE MORE ROUND OF PINPRICKS IN MY CHEEK.

A SMALL PRICE.

WOMP

ALL RIGHT, YOU LITTLE SHITS--*DAY'S DONE!*

TIME TO PACK SOME GRUB IN YOUR FACE AND GET RESTED FOR ANOTHER HAUL TOMORROW.

HOLD UP A SECOND, HANK.

NEEDLES MISSING FROM MARCUS' STATION.

WHOLE SHITLOAD.

STEALIN' NEEDLES?

NO SIR.

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A COUPLE OF FIBBERS, VICTOR.

KNOW WHAT THE GOOD BOOK SAYS ABOUT LIARS, BEAN DIP?

NO. DO *YOU?*

SONYA WAS THE ONLY OTHER PERSON SITTIN' CLOSE ENOUGH TO STEAL 'EM.

I *DIDN'T* TAKE 'EM! I SWEAR TO GOD.

DON'T YOU TAKE THE GOOD LORD'S NAME IN VAIN TO MASK YOUR LIES.

YOU GONNA LET THAT LITTLE BALL-BAG TALK TO YOU LIKE THAT, HANK?

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS WE GOTTA DO, RIGHT?!

FROM THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES I THINK THEY *DO* KNOW.

YOU LITTLE RATS ARE ABOUT TO TAKE A TRIP...

"...TO MISTRESS RANK'S OFFICE."

HEAVENS TO BETSY!

IS IT TRUE?

WE SEARCHED HIM BUT WE COULDN'T FIND THE NEEDLES, MRS. RANKS.

BUT THEY WERE MISSING FOR ***SURE.***

LEAST TEN OF 'EM.

LORD KNOWS I ***HATE*** A LIAR.

CAN'T RUN AN ORPHANAGE WITH CHILDREN WHO DON'T TELL THE TRUTH.

SONYA, I'M FRANKLY SURPRISED TO SEE ***YOU*** IN HERE...

...WITH THIS FILTHY PARASITE. OF COURSE ***YOU'LL*** LIE TO ME, MARCUS. NONE OF ***YOU PEOPLE*** RESPECT AUTHORITY.

SNUCK INTO MY COUNTRY TO LIVE OFF OF THE RESOURCES OF MY ***GREAT*** NATION.

I TAKE CARE OF YOU, I FEED AND CLOTHE YOU-- AND YOU ***LIE*** TO ME.

HANK, TAKE THOSE AMERICAN CLOTHES OFF OF THAT NICARAGUAN.

LET'S SEE ***WHERE*** HE'S HIDING THE CONTRABAND.

TURN SONYA TOWARDS HIM.

SHE CAN HELP US GET A ***CLOSE*** LOOK.

DO YOU SEE ANYTHING, SONYA? ANYTHING OUT OF PLACE?

NO, MRS. RANKS.

HMMH. SPREAD YOUR LEGS, MARCUS.

C'MON BOY, LET'S GET A LOOK AT YOUR HIDIN' HOLE.

ALRIGHTY.

KEISTER LOOKS CLEAR.

HMMH.

SUCH A PRETTY BOY.

SMACK

WATCH HOW YOU LOOK AT ME!

IT APPEARS THAT I'VE MISJUDGED YOU, MR. LOPEZ.

GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM.

WE'LL DEAL WITH THIS LITTLE LIAR.

HOW YOU DOIN' OVER THERE, FAGGOT?

SOME SCENE IN THE WORK HALL TODAY.

MADE ME NERVOUS YOU MIGHT'VE GOTTEN DISTRACTED AN' FORGOTTEN ME.

PEDAL PUMPER

I DIDN'T FORGET.

SWEET SALLY MARMALADE-- WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR?

MAKIN' ME CHASE IT OUT OF YA?

I GOTTA CUT YOU *EVERY* TIME?

HAM AND CHEESE.

LUCKY YOU REMEMBERED ME TODAY, LOPEZ.

I AIN'T BEEN IN SUCH A GOOD MOOD.

GOT A LETTER FROM MY AUNT, SHE STILL WON'T TAKE ME IN.

THINKS I KILLED MY PA.

YOU BELIEVE THAT?

THINKS HE CAUGHT ME DOIN' SOMETHING *"SINFUL"* SO I DROPPED THE TRANS AM ON HIS HEAD WHEN HE WAS DOIN' THE OIL.

THINKS THAT ABOUT HER OWN NEPHEW. SOME PEOPLE... *YEECH!*

YOU KNOW, THIS SANDWICH TASTES LIKE A HOT PILE OF SHIT-- *BLACH!*

THE FUCK--?!

THE FUCK DID YOU FEED ME, FAGGOT?!

THE FUCK DID-- =KOFF=

=HURKK!=

KAKK--

MURGHLE...

THUMP

CHOKK!

YIKES.

SOMETHING THE MATTER, CHESTER?

I THOUGHT YOU LOVED HAM AND CHEESE?

OH, SHIT. I FORGOT--

IT WAS *FUCKING POISONED!*

HOW COULD I BE SO *FUCKING STUPID,* CHESTER?!

YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE CONTROL OF YOUR BODY NOW, YOU SADISTIC PIECE OF SHIT.

BUT DON'T WORRY--YOU'LL BE ***WIDE*** AWAKE FOR WHAT'S COMING NEXT.

I WOULDN'T LET YOU MISS IT.

NOT FOR ***ANYTHING.***

NOT AFTER ***ALL*** YOU'VE DONE FOR ME.

SO MANY ***MEMORIES,*** CHESTER.

ALL THESE YEARS OF BEING FUCKED WITH BY YOU.

GAKK--

I FOUND THE INSTRUCTIONS IN YOUR *ANARCHIST COOKBOOK.*

TOOK MONTHS TO MAKE IT.

BUT I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE WORTH IT.

JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE.

SOMEONE ***HELP!***

MY ROOMMATE'S HAVING A SEIZURE!

HE'S DYING!

THE FUCK IS GOING ON IN HERE?!

HOLY SHEEP SHIT!

GAKK-

AKK--!

THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING, LOPEZ?

YOU THINK THAT MATTRESS IS GONNA KEEP ME FROM YOU?

YOU'RE NOT WHAT I'M HIDING FROM.

PSHHHH

BOOM

WHAT THE--

FUUUUUUUUCK-!

GUESS YOU KNOW WHERE THE NEEDLES WENT.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BLAM

WE CAN'T CALL THE POLICE, YOU MORON!

GET OUT THERE AND SEE WHAT THE HELL IS GOING--

BLAM

SWEET LORD JESUS!

BLAM

NO JESUS...

...JUST ME.

MY GOD, BOY...

THE DEVIL'S TAKEN YOU!

PLEASE DON'T DO THIS, MY SWEET BOY.

BUT I

IT'S ALREADY DONE.

RISE AND SHINE.

HMMH...

WHAT...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

I *WAS* GONNA KILL YOU.

IT'S ALL I DREAMT OF.

IT'S WHAT YOU DESERVE.

BUT THEN I REALIZED...

...HOW MUCH WORSE IT WOULD BE TO LET YOU *LIVE.*

TO OPEN THE DOORS-- LET THE OTHER KIDS OUT.

WHEN THE COPS COME THEY'LL HEAR ABOUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE.

THEY'LL TRY YOU AS AN ADULT.

THEY'LL FRY YOU.

-KLIKK-

THEY WON'T FIND ME--

CHNK

CHNK

--BUT THEY'LL SURE AS FUCK FIND YOU.

I COULD HEAR THE OTHER KIDS TEARING APART THE GUARDS.

IT MADE ME HAPPY.

THEY GOT THEIR TURN.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED UNTIL THE NEXT DAY.

WHAT THE GUNSHOTS I HEARD WERE.

FUCKIN' FAGGOTS.

A MASSACRE.

THE NEWSPAPER SAID THAT **EVERYONE** IN THE HOME HAD BEEN KILLED...

...THE BUILDING BURNT DOWN.

KWOK

AND IT ALL GOT PINNED ON ME.

THE SUNSET CHILDREN'S HOME DESERVED TO BE BURNED DOWN.

AGAINST US, PURGED IN FIRE.

BUT THE OTHER KIDS WERE SUPPOSED TO GET OUT.

MRS. RANKS WAS SUPPOSED TO LIVE TO SEE THE WORLD LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT HER.

BUT INSTEAD THEY ALL DIED...

...AND THOUGH IT WASN'T BY MY HAND...

...IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN.

I'VE JUST LET EVERYBODY GO ON THINKING IT WAS ME.

I'VE JUST--

I'M SO SORRY.

WHAT ARE YOU SORRY FOR?

MARCUS WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU.

ABOUT SOMEBODY FINDING CHICO.

BUT IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY.

I FOUND THE GUY I WAS LOOKING FOR.

WE HAVE NO GOAT CHEESE. NO COMPLAINING, GILBERT!*

SOON I WILL BUY YOU A DURANGO GOAT, LETICIA!

*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH

JUÁREZ MEXICO 1979

FORGIVE ME, MARIA.

GO BACK TO BED.

YOU'RE TOO LOUD.

PAPA...?

RUB

DON'T WORRY, SWEETNESS.

PAPA'S GOING TO MAKE EVERYTHING--

KNOCK KNOCK

COVER IT!

WHAT DO *YOU* WANT?

FRESH TORTILLAS?

GO AWAY, BOY.

BUT NOT ALL YOU *DESERVE.*

WE HAVE *ALL* WE NEED.

GILBERT--!

BANG

"AND FIRE CAME DOWN FROM GOD OUT OF HEAVEN--

"--AND *DEVOURED* THEM."

AAAIIIIEEEEE--!

KILL THAT SON OF A--

GRAAAH--!

...MY WIFE-- HELP HER!

"AND I SHALL CAST THEM INTO THE FURNACE OF FIRE.

"THERE SHALL BE WAILING AND A GNASHING OF TEETH."

HMMH.

WOMP

PLEASE...

PLEASE!

MY DAUGHTER IS STILL IN THERE!

CITIZENS-- PLEASE, YOUR ATTENTION!

DO NOT LOOK AWAY!

IT IS *IMPORTANT* THAT YOU ALL SEE.

IMPORTANT YOU WITNESS THE FATE OF ANY MAN WHO WOULD *STEAL* FROM *ME.*

ME!

THE BRINGER OF ALL THINGS GOOD!

CLEAN WATER, FOOD, PROTECTION-- YOU HAD *NONE* OF THIS BEFORE *ME.*

IS *THIS* HOW I AM REPAID FOR MY PHILANTHROPY?

DOES MY SON NOT *ALSO* DESERVE FOOD AND SHELTER?

WOULD YOU TAKE THAT FROM HIM?

WHAT KIND OF FATHER WOULD I BE TO ALLOW A RAT TO SNATCH SUSTENANCE FROM MY CHICO'S MOUTH?

PLEASE...

IT WAS SO LITTLE!

ONLY ENOUGH TO PROVIDE FOR MY FAMILY.

YOUR FAMILY IS NO LONGER A CONCERN, THIEF.

BEHIND MY BACK YOU, MY NEIGHBORS, CALL ME *"EL ALMA DEL DIABLO".*

TIME I LIVED UP TO IT.

"MEN DO NOT DESPISE A THIEF IF HE STEALS TO SATISFY HIMSELF WHEN HE IS HUNGRY...

RAARGH!

"...BUT WHEN HE IS FOUND, HE MUST REPAY SEVENFOLD.

"HE MUST GIVE ALL THE SUBSTANCE OF HIS HOUSE!"

PAPA!

NO--!

LET HIM DOWN!

PLEASE! LET HIM DOWN!

PLEASE, *EL ALMA DEL DIABLO,* ***PLEASE*** SHOW HER MERCY.

WITH THIEVING SO PREVALENT, WE CANNOT SUSTAIN A WRETCHED ORPHAN.

NO!
STOP!
THIS GIRL IS IN MY SCHOOL, FATHER.
I'VE PLAYED WITH HER--SHE'S CLEVER.
USEFUL.
YES.
THE TYPE OF FACE NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT.
FINE. BRING HER.
I LOVE YOU, MARIA!
YOUR PAPA LOVES YOU!
DO AS THEY SAY NOW--
NO!
PAPA!
ALWAYS DO AS THEY SAY...

I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU, MARIA!

SLAM

YOU CANNOT *HIDE* FROM VIKTOR!

YOU CANNOT RUN!

IS TOO EASY...

CREAK

SLAM!

SHIT.

HUHƵ!

SWISH

GHA--!

OOF--!

WAK

ENOUGH!

SHNK

BRAVO, LITTLE SPIDER.

:KOFF:

VIKTOR-- YOU OKAY, MAN?

A *PERFECT* EXAMPLE OF MISDIRECTION.

MARIA'S GOT THAT DOWN FOR SURE.

WHAT VIKTOR DID WRONG WAS, WELL, *EVERYTHING.*

TOTAL OVERCONFIDENCE-- A LOUD, DUMB BULL RUSHING TO HIS SLAUGHTER.

WHEREAS MARIA HAS CLEARLY BEEN TRAINED SINCE A YOUNG AGE TO SNEAK AND STRIKE WITH THE INSTINCT OF A BORN KILLER.

DA. JUST ASK CHICO.

WHAT WAS THAT?

I COULDN'T HEAR YOU OVER THE QUIVER IN YOUR THROAT.

MARIA?

GET OFF!

EMOTIONS CAN RUN HIGH IN TRAINING.

ADRENALINE SURGES AS IF IT WERE REAL.

MUST BE IT.

I GOTTA SEE IF SHE'S OKAY--

DUDE, YOU GO RUNNING AFTER HER EVERYONE WILL KNOW YOU'RE TOGETHER.

SHE'LL BE *SCREWED.*

SHE KEEPS THIS UP...

"...WE'LL *ALL* BE."

COULD I PLEASE GET SOME EXTRA TATER TOTS?

THAT'S DOUBLE ALREADY.

THEN I'D LIKE TRIPLE.

LISTEN, SHABNAM... I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT THING WITH LEX'S PARTY, I WAS THINKING ABOUT IT...

...THAT WAS REALLY LAME OF ME.

YOU'RE MY ROOMMATE, BUT YOU'RE ALSO A FRIEND AND I DON'T GIVE TWO FUCKS WHO KNOWS IT.

THANKS... I THINK?

NEXT TIME I'LL BRING YOU. I PROMISE.

I DIDN'T REALLY EVEN WANT TO *GO...*

I JUST WANTED TO BE *INVITED.*

THOSE SCENESTER POSEURS ARE *SO* FUCKING CLIQUEY YOU WOULDN'T HAVE HAD FUN.

THE WHOLE NIGHT TURNED OUT TO BE A BUST AFTER MARIA TRIED TO--

WHAT?

DID SOMETHING HAPPEN?

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT YOU KNOW THAT I THINK YOU'RE A *SMART* GUY WITH A *GOOD* HEART.

YOU WERE NICE TO ME WHEN NO ONE ELSE WAS AND I'M NOT GONNA FORGET--

MARCUS?

HELLO? ALREADY FORGOTTEN?

HEY. WHAT'S UP?

YOU'RE WHITE AS A REPUBLICAN.

IT'S YOUR FRIEND, CHESTER.

THOUGH NOW, APPARENTLY, HE GOES BY *"FUCKFACE."*

THERE'S MORE THAN THEY'RE REPORTING.

I GOT MY HANDS ON SOME OF THE CRIME SCENE SHOTS.

San Francisco Chronicle

EXPLETIVE KILLER STILL AT LARGE

FACE

CITY WALLPAPER

VICTIMS ARE ALL RACES, ALL TYPES. NOSES CUT OFF. POSED MASTURBATING.

HE DOESN'T DO IT HIMSELF-- SENDS HIS GANG. BAD DNA PECKERWOOD TYPES.

WE NEED TO SPEED THINGS UP.

JUST THE VEGAS CREW. CAN'T TRUST *ANYONE* ELSE.

MARCUS, IF MASTER LIN FOUND OUT...

HE'D CONNECT IT WITH CHICO.

JESUS. WE STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT GETTING PAST THE ALARM SYSTEM IN HIS HOUSE-- THE PEEP CAMERAS.

THAT'S OUR NEXT STOP...

NO. JESUS FUCKING CHRIST. HE CAN'T BE THE ONLY EXPLOSIVES GUY ON CAMPUS.

ONLY ONE WE HAVE ANY HOPE OF TRUSTING.

HOW THE FUCK ARE WE GOING TO CONVINCE HIM TO HELP ME?

AN APOLOGY?

YOU'RE FUCKING WITH ME.

SOMEBODY HAS TO TAKE THIS GUY OUT.

HE'S A MAD DOG, LEX.

SAYA'S FOUND WHERE THE GUY LIVES, BUT IN ORDER TO GET IN WE NEED A BOMB EXPERT AND...

YOU'RE THE BEST IN THE SCHOOL.

THE BEST? IS THAT RIGHT?

AN AWFUL DIFFERENT SONG FROM THE ONE YOU SANG LAST TIME WE HUNG OUT, NEW FRIEND.

I GOT BULLIED A LOT AS A KID.

WHEN I SEE PEOPLE GETTING PUSHED AROUND I FEEL LIKE I NEED TO SAY SOMETHING.

THIS GUY IS KILLING WOMEN, CHILDREN... PEOPLE'S PARENTS--

FUCK THIS VIGILANTE ***BULLSHIT.***

IT'LL GO TITS UP.

IF I'M GOING TO DO A HIT I GOT MY ***OWN*** FUCKING LIST.

C'MON, MARCUS. LET'S GO.

YOU WERE RIGHT-- HE'S ***ALL BARK.***

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, NEW FRIEND?

I THINK THAT WHEN I FIRST MET YOU TOLD ME YOU WANTED TO CHANGE THE WORLD WITH A BULLET.

I THINK YOU TALK A LOT ABOUT DOING SOMETHING GOOD WITH WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TAUGHT HERE.

SOMEDAY.

IN THE FUTURE.

BUT YOU'VE NEVER ***ACTUALLY*** DONE IT.

AND ***RIGHT NOW*** IS A CHANCE TO CHANGE THAT.

I THINK IF YOU'RE AS GOOD AS YOU SAY YOU ARE--

"--IT'S TIME TO PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR LOUD-FUCKING-MOUTH IS."

I *CAN'T* BELIEVE THAT WORKED.

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE THE PLEDGE.

MEN ALWAYS HAVE A HARD TIME MANIPULATING OTHER MEN.

IT MEANS YOU HAVE TO PLAY SUBMISSIVE. SHOW YOUR BELLY.

THE BEST WAY TO GET WHAT YOU WANT OUT OF SOMEBODY LIKE LEX IS PLAYING THEM AGAINST THEIR OWN EGO.

HOW CAN WE BE SURE HE WON'T TELL ANYBODY?

RIGHT NOW HE'S MORE FOCUSED ON PROVING TO US WHAT HE *CAN* DO.

ONCE WE'VE DONE IT HE'LL REALIZE HE CAN'T TELL ANYBODY OR MASTER LIN WILL CUT HIS DICK OFF.

FOR A SMART GUY YOU ASK SOME PRETTY STUPID QUESTIONS, MARCUS.

I NEVER SAID I WAS SMART.

WELL, THAT'S GOOD, BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT.

YOU'RE A REAL DUMMY.

HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT?

STEVEN CANCELED ON ME--I'VE GOT TICKETS TO GO SEE HOT GARBAGE AND THE ADOLESCENTS TONIGHT.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I... *UH*, I'D LOVE TO, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET UP EARLY TOMORROW.

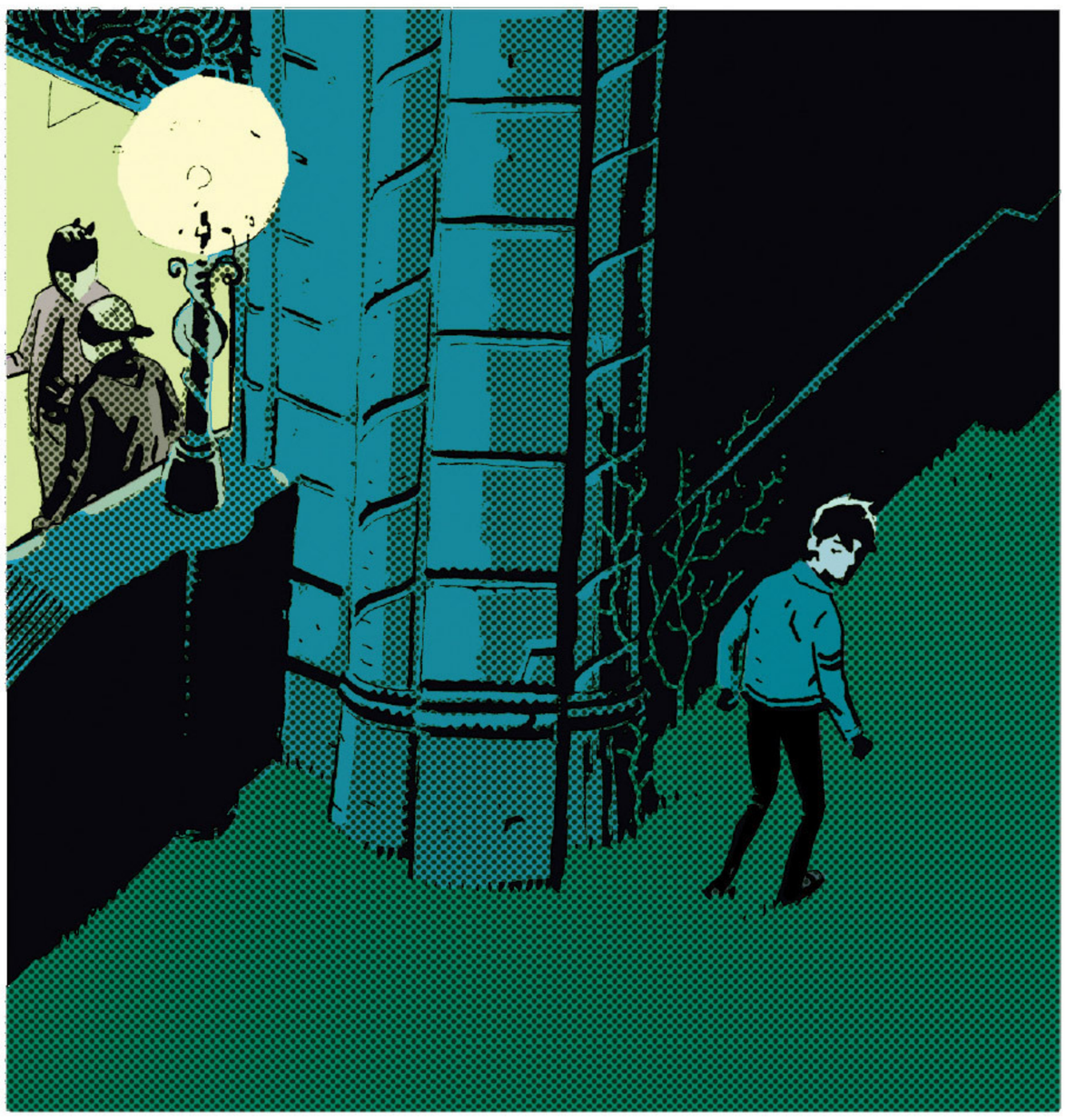
THE COMIC SHOP IS HAVING A HALF-PRICE SALE AND IF I'M NOT THERE TO OPEN UP IN THE MORNING THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS ARE GOING TO TEAR ME APART.

PLUS, I SHOULD GO SEE HOW MARIA'S DOING.

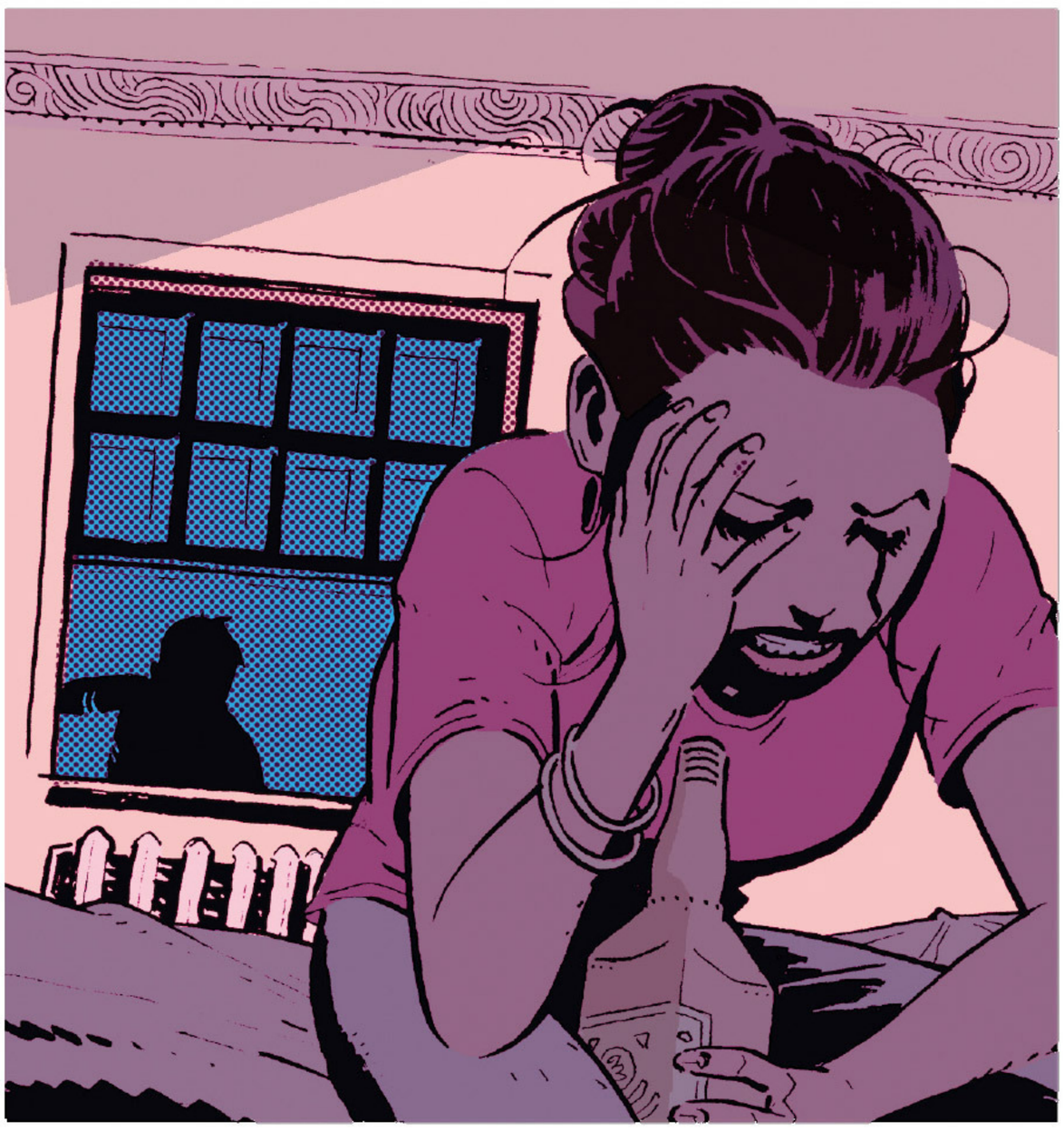
SHE SEEMED REALLY UPSET TODAY AFTER CLASS.

WELL, DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO, ROMEO.

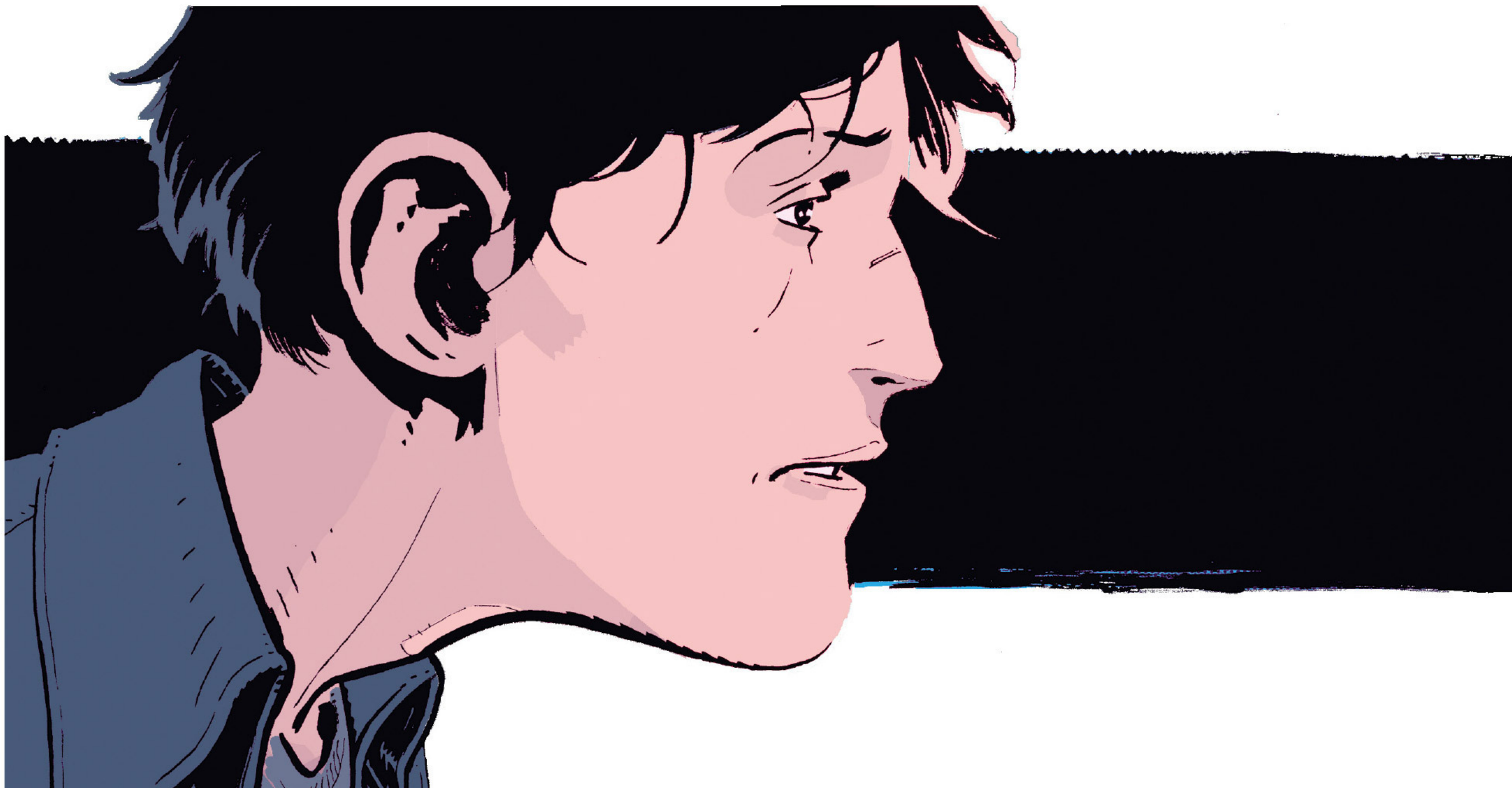
STRAIGHTEN HER OUT BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO NEED HER HELP TO TAKE DOWN FUCKFACE AND HIS GANG TOMORROW.











KIDS IN A FAST LANE LIVING FOR TODAY!

NO RULES TO ABIDE BY AND NO ONE TO OBEY!

SEX, DRUGS AND FUN IS THEIR ONLY THOUGHT AND CARE!

ANOTHER SWIG OF BREW ANOTHER OVERNIGHT AFFAIR!

HOUSE OF DESTRUCTION WHERE THE LURKERS ROAMED!

HOUSE THAT BELONGED TO ALL THE HOMELESS KIDS--

KIDS OF THE BLACK HOLE!

GLAD YOU DECIDED TO COME!

MARIA WAS ASLEEP, FIGURED WHY NOT.

YOU EVER SLAM DANCE BEFORE?

DIDN'T EVEN KNOW PEOPLE STILL DID THIS.

NOT REALLY INTERESTED IN GETTING BEAT UP BY A BUNCH OF STRANGERS TRYING TO SELL HOW AGGRESSIVE THEY ARE.

ASSHOLE.

IT'S NOT LIKE THAT.

IT'S A PURE EXPRESSION OF THEIR ENTHUSIASM AND JOY FOR THE MUSIC.

IT LOOKS VIOLENT BUT IT ISN'T. IT'S PLAY-FIGHTING.

IF YOU LOOK CLOSE--

"--IT'S A DANCE OF CAMARADERIE AND EXUBERANCE.

"IT'S THE DANCE OF THE WEIRDOS AND FREAKS, UNCORKING ALL OF THEIR FRUSTRATION."

QUIT BEING SO ***FUCKING*** JUDGMENTAL OF EVERYTHING AND YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE SOME FUN FOR A CHANGE.

CONTRARY TO WHAT YOU SEEM TO THINK--

--LIFE IS SUPPOSED TO BE ***ENJOYED.***

FILLMORE

HOLY SHIT THAT WAS FUCKING *AMAZING!*

THAT WAS NOTHING LIKE WHAT I THOUGHT.

I GOT KNOCKED DOWN AND THE SCARIEST GUY IN THERE PICKED ME UP, PATTED ME ON THE BACK, WRAPPED HIS ARM AROUND ME, AND WE BEGAN TO RUN AROUND TOGETHER!

I SWEAR TO GOD I HAD *GOOSE BUMPS!*

LIKE I TOLD YOU--

--CAMARADERIE.

WE GOT LUCKY THERE WERE NO METALHEADS THERE.

THE PANTERA KIDS SHOW UP, THEY MISUNDERSTAND THE WHOLE THING-- THROW PUNCHES, START FIGHTS.

SAME AS THE SKINHEADS. THEY START BEATING ON THE MOHAWKS, IT'S RIDICULOUS.

I'M GLAD YOU WENT IN.

GLAD YOU GOT TO EXPERIENCE IT.

LET ME HAVE ONE OF THOSE.

YOU NEVER TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FINGERS.

IN FACT, YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME... ***ANYTHING*** ABOUT YOU.

THAT'S A REAL DISCREPANCY IN OUR RELATIONSHIP GIVEN THAT YOU KNOW ***EVERYTHING*** ABOUT ME.

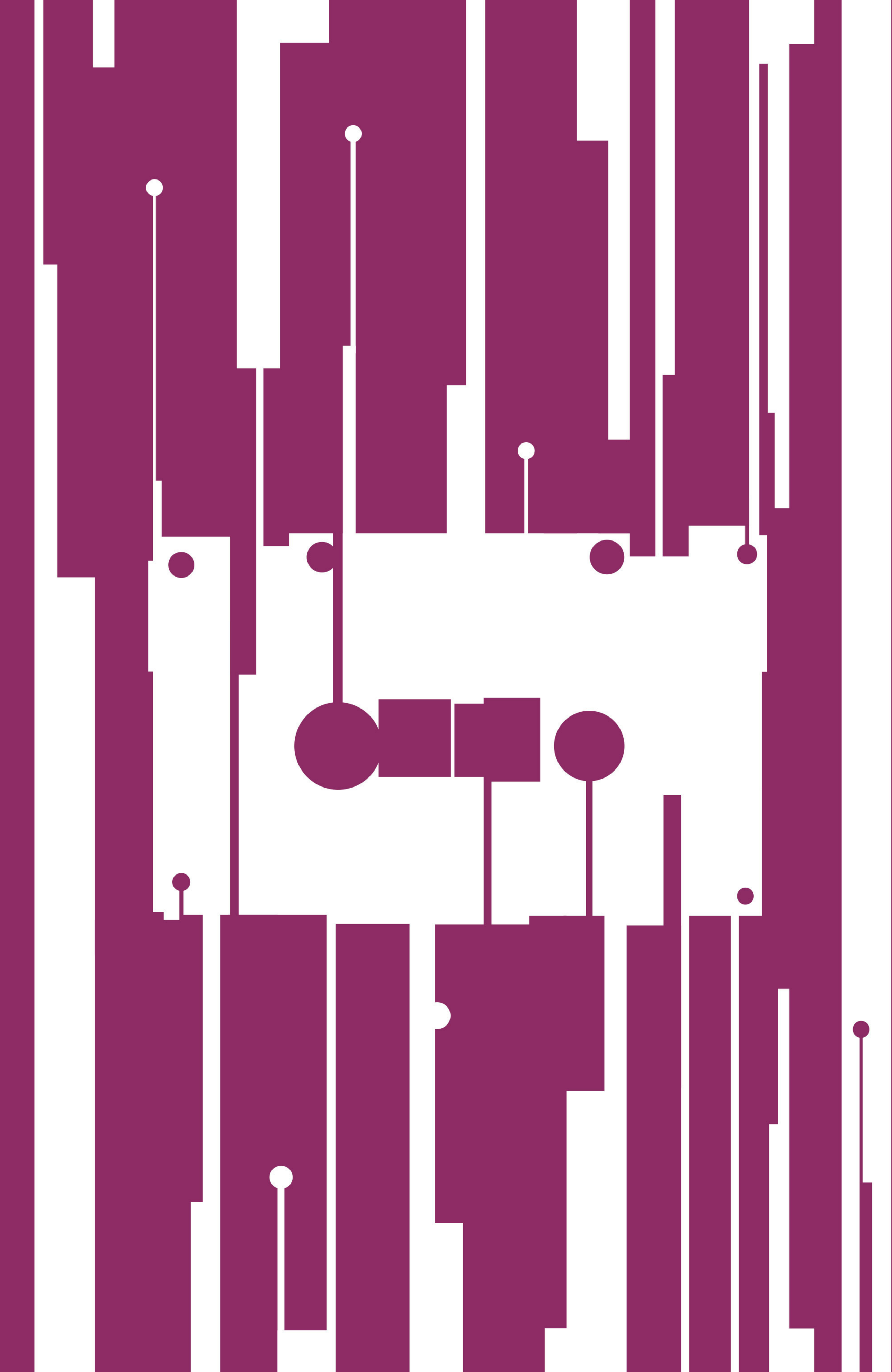
C'MON, DARK AND MYSTERIOUS, GIVE ME A LITTLE BIT OF SOMETHING ABOUT YOU--

FOR A SECOND I THINK ABOUT MARIA.

WHAT AN ASSHOLE I WAS TO LEAVE HER THAT WAY.

FOR A SECOND.

BUT IT PASSES.



MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT WAS **FUCKED** BY A **GIANT.**

EVERYTHING HURTS.

SPINNING. HARD TO **BREATHE.** A **BLOODY** ASHTRAY IN MY MOUTH.

EYES OPEN LIKE **SANDPAPER.**

HER HAIR SMELLS LIKE **SNOW.**

NOT MARIA'S HAIR...

NOT MARIA...?

NO.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

TRUTH HITS ME **QUEASY--**

--CHEATED ON MY GIRLFRIEND WITH A DEADLY JAPANESE ASSASSIN.

ALCOHOL. SOMETHING CHEAP WITH HIGH PERCENTAGE.

FUCKED **EVERYTHING** UP.

SOMETHING ELSE GNAWING...

SOMETHING **IMPORTANT.**

THE COMIC SHOP--
THE BIG SALE--

--STARTED TWO HOURS AGO!

WHERE THE *FUCK* ARE *YOU* GOING?

THE BIG SALE!

NO SALE IS WORTH HOW PISSED I'LL BE IF YOU LEAVE ME HERE, *FUCKHEAD!*

FUCKING SALE.

STORE MAKES MOST OF ITS MONEY ON THESE SALES.

BLAINE LIVES ON THE SALE MONEY.

BLAINE TRUSTED ME.

FUCK. *HATE TO LET PEOPLE DOWN THAT DEPEND ON ME--*

MARIA.

WHAT DID YOU ***DO,*** ASSHOLE?

JESUS CHRIST--

SAYA.

SO DRUNK. STILL DRUNK.

SUNLIGHT BURNS THROUGH TO MY SKULL.

MY HEAD ***POUNDING--*** *THROW MYSELF UNDER THE BUS. EASIER.*

CHINE FOOD

GROOVY TIMES

PANT!

*JESUS CHRIST--**SAYA.***

*JESUS CHRIST--**ASSHOLE.***

MARIA WEEPING IN HER ROOM.

I'M THE KIND OF PERSON I HATE.

SPARE ANY CHANGE, MAN?

NO-- SORRY-- I REALLY CAN'T!

SCUMBAG ASSHOLE.

GIRLS: MORE TROUBLE THAN ***ANYTHING*** *ELSE.*

I WAS ***BETTER OFF*** *ALONE.*

I WAS ***FINE*** *ALONE.*

SO MANY MISTAKES.

GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER--START THINKING THROUGH DECISIONS.

GLORFF!

NEVER EXPERIENCED **ANYTHING** LIKE THAT.

HEY WATCH OUT--!

*HER EYES **BURNED** ME.*

*SHE SEEMED TO **REALLY** KNOW EVERYTHING I WANTED.*

LIKE SHE COULD FIX EVERYTHING.

HONK!

GHA!

SHE COULD TAKE ON THE CHORE OF BEING WITH ME.

SORRY!

*SHE COULD BE **GOOD ENOUGH.***

*SHE COULD MAKE ME **WHOLE--***

*--HELP ME GET TO **FREE.***

KROOOM

LIGHTS FLASH--

WORLD GOES DIGITIZED. LIKE STARING AT THE SUN TOO LONG--

--ANOTHER ACID FLASHBACK.

ONE HORRIBLE NIGHT IN VEGAS THAT SET THIS ALL OFF.

THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE IN THAT NEON SHITHOLE. THAT INTENSE FEAR.

I'M SUCH A WEAK PUKE.

ALL THOSE YEARS TELLING MYSELF I DIDN'T CARE--

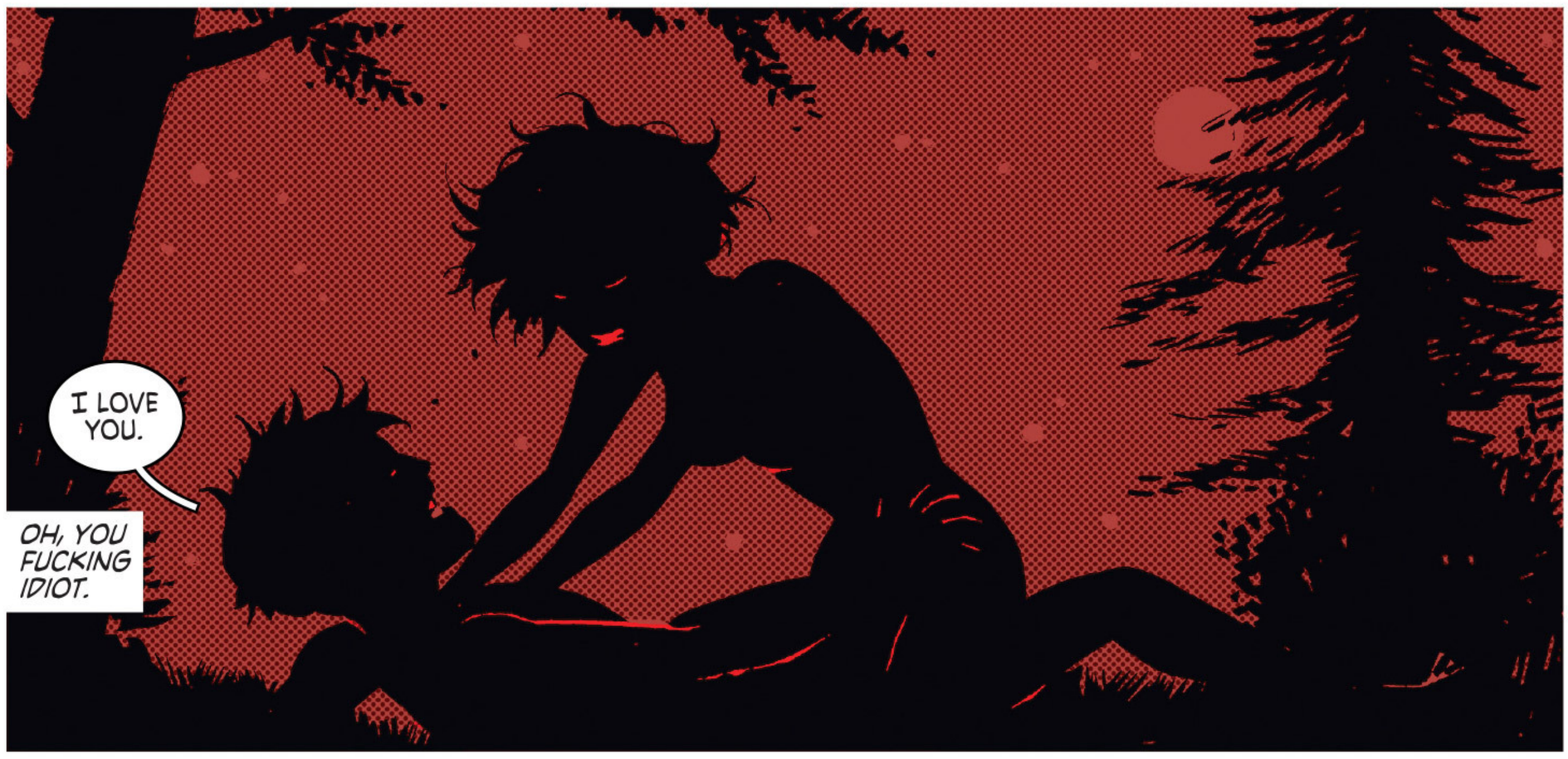
--TOTAL BULLSHIT.

FUCKING **IDIOT.**
BETTER OFF **DEAD.**

FEATURE FILM OF LAST NIGHT.
PLAYS BACK IN FLICKERS.

SOUND CATCHES UP--
GUTS **TWIST.**

JESUS CHRIST, TELL
ME I DIDN'T SAY IT.



JESUS FUCKING CHRIST--
WHAT DID I DO?!

YOU TERRIBLE FUCKING IDIOT.
YOU WEAK, NEEDY, WORTHLESS
PIECE OF SHIT.

HOW **LAME** DID I SOUND?



--WORRY IF YOU **MEANT**
WHAT YOU SAID.





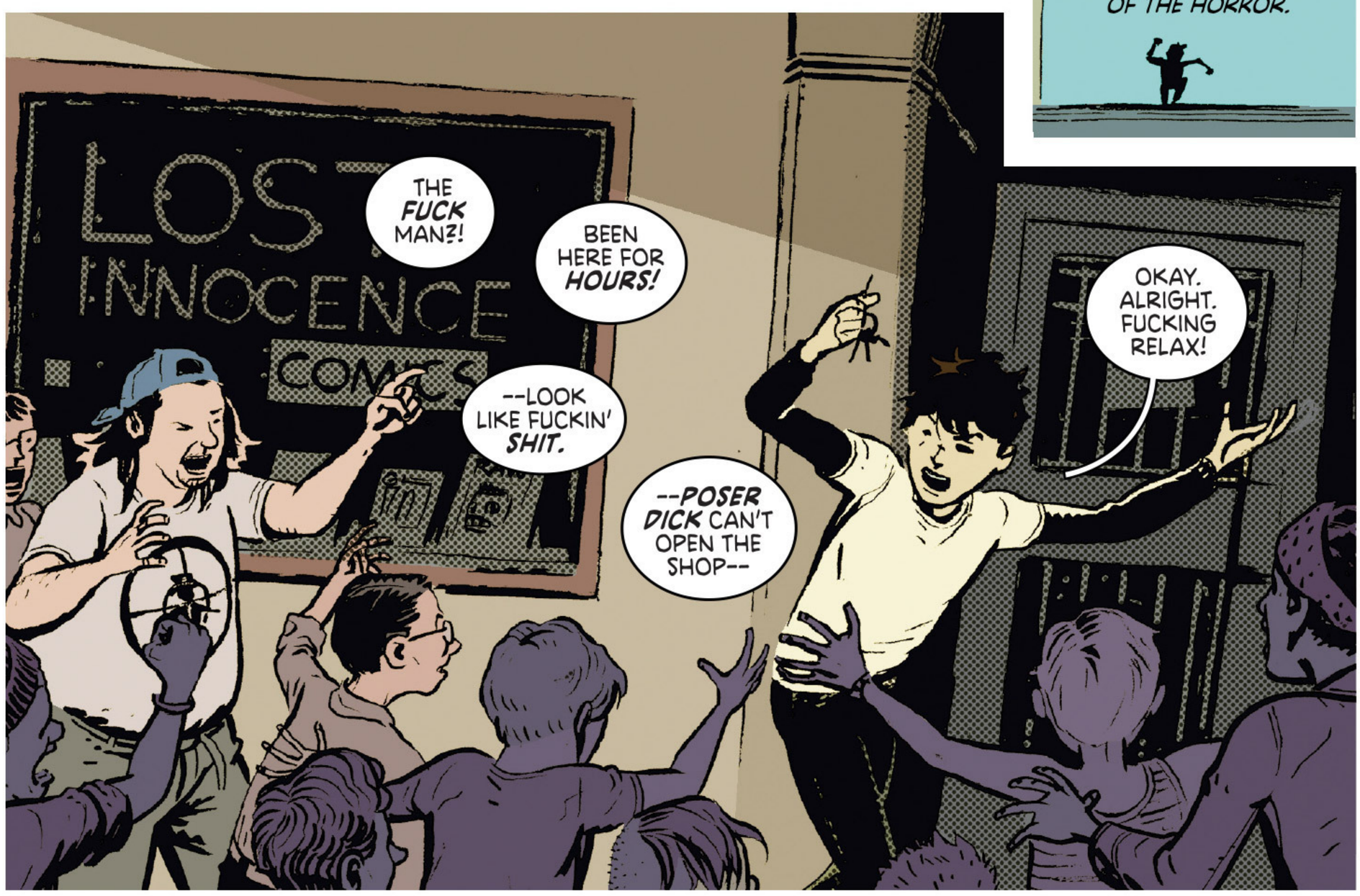




JUST WANT
SOMEONE
TO CHASE.

SOMEONE TO PUSH OFF...
SOME UNOBTAINABLE THING.

MARIA LOVES ME. TAKES CARE
OF ME. KILLED CHICO FOR ME.



CUNT
FUCKIN' DIPSHIP
GAYWAD
YOU OWE ME A SPIDER-MAN FIGHTING SABRETOOTH, MARCUS.
YOU PROMISED ME!
NOT NOW, MIKE.

MARIA ONCE TOLD ME THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN **OLD** FRIENDS AND **NEW** FRIENDS IS THAT NEW FRIENDS JUST HAVEN'T LET YOU DOWN **YET.**

SHE TOLD ME THAT EVERYONE HAS LET HER DOWN...

...EXCEPT FOR **ME.**

AND ALL I COULD THINK WAS, "GIVE ME TIME."
YOU GUYS TRADE SINGLE CARDS?
MOVE!
--GETTING THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE--
--NEAR-MINT COPY OF MILLER'S *RONIN*--

I FEEL THEIR NOISE.
EVERY SCREAM. EVERY QUESTION.
A DEAFENING TORNADO OF ENTHUSIASTIC KIDS AND OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVE BODY ODOR FARMERS.
SCREAMING RAZOR BLADES THROUGH MY BRAIN.
COMICS
50% OFF

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE HUNG OVER!
YOU TOLD ME IF I BROUGHT YOU A ***SANDWICH*** YOU'D DRAW SABRETOOTH FIGHTING SPIDER-MAN TODAY.
YOU PROMISED.
OH *:KOFF:* FUCK OFF, MIKE.

PLEASE FUCK OFF.
BUT HE DOESN'T.

NEXT TO ME ALL DAY. GRIPING.

HOURS CREEP.

EACH ONE TAKES LONGER THAN THE LAST.

THE HANGOVER GETS **WORSE.**

IT'S SO HOT. WHY IS IT SO **FUCKING** HOT?

THE SWAMP COOLER SPUTTERS WARM MIST.

EVERY SOUND BRINGS PAIN. EVERY MOVE HURTS.

AND THEY **YELL.**

AND THEY **BICKER** OVER TRIVIA.

AND THIS IS ***CLEARLY*** VERY FINE, OVERSTREET SAYS IT'S WORTH NO MORE THAN SIX DOLLARS--

AND THEY TRY AND ARGUE WITH ME ABOUT WHO THE BEST INKER IS.

HOW LITTLE I REALLY KNOW ABOUT DOOM PATROL.

HOW MUCH BETTER PAUL SMITH IS THAN JOHN BYRNE.

THEY HAGGLE OVER **PEDANTIC** NONSENSE IN **SHRILL** VOICES.

THE INDIE NERDS POP CAPS ON THE MAINSTREAM NERDS. VICE VERSA.

JUST LIKE ANYONE ELSE, PECKING ORDERS ESTABLISHED--ELITISM IN EVERY SOCIAL SUBSET.

THEY GANG UP AND SINGLE OUT.

TEEN TITANS

NEW X-MEN

GUURGHLE

OH, THAT GODDAMNED BURRITO.

GAS PAINS LIKE A BALL OF SPIKES.

THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO HIDE THIS FART.

YOU *PROMISED* ME YOU'D DRAW IT *TODAY!*

THIS THING IS GOING TO BELLOW LIKE A DYING ELEPHANT.

MIKE'S FACE...

--I CAN LITERALLY FART RIGHT INTO HIS MOUTH.

HEY, MIKE.

WHAT?

GET A LOAD OF THIS.

A BROKEN SLURPY MACHINE.

A TORRENT OF HOT LIQUID.

THERE WAS NO FART.

WHAT THE FUCKƵ!

TWO GALLONS OF DIARRHEA.

AND IT'S NOT DONE.

WHAT THE FUCK IS THE MATTER WITH YOUƵ!

MARCUS JUST SHIT HIMSELF!

ON PURPOSE!

OH, GROSS!

FOR REALƵ

EWWW!

RUN THE STORE, MIKE!

MAKE SURE NO ONE STEALS ANYTHING!

OR WHATƵ YOU'LL SHIT AT THEM, TOOƵ

THIS IS FATE.

SOAKED DOWN TO MY SHOES.

PAYBACK.

KARMA.

GALLONS OF IT.

SHIRT IS SPACKLED.

I DESERVE THIS.

C'MON!

WATER PRESSURE IS FUCKED.

A TINY STREAM OF WATER MAKES A TINY CLEAN AREA.

I'M COVERED HEAD TO TOE--

--AND THERE'S NO TOWEL.

BLAINE

BLAINE

MARCUS?

THAT MY SHIRT?

HOT

I BETTER NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!

BUDS

SLAM

WE CATCH YOU AT A BAD TIME, MAN?

IT'S TIME.

YOU READY FOR THE BIG RAID?

THE TENDERLOIN.

OKAY. WE'RE SET.

THE BIG ONE WENT OUT FOR PORK RINDS BUT CAME BACK THIRTY MINUTES AGO.

I CAN'T LOOK MARIA IN THE EYES.

*SHE DOESN'T ASK **WHY** I DIDN'T SHOW UP LAST NIGHT.*

*DOESN'T ASK **WHERE** I WAS.*

DOESN'T SAY A WORD.

JUST KEEPS HER DISTANCE.

*BUT THERE'RE OTHER REASONS FOR **THAT** PRESENTLY.*

HOLY BALLS, ARGUELLO-- YOU SMELL LIKE A ***TURD*** FUCKED A ***FART!***

MARCUS' STENCH ASIDE, EVERYTHING ELSE IS RIGHT ACCORDING TO PLAN.

FUCKFACE AND HIS GANG ARE ALL IN THERE. IT'S TIME.

THIS IS HOW IT'S GOING TO GO DOWN.

"MAILMAN LEX WALKS UP TO THE FRONT DOOR OF FUCKFACE MANOR.

DOOR

LEX

"WHISTLING, CALM, CHEERFUL.

"JUST A ***HAPPY*** MAILMAN WITH A ***NOT-SO-HAPPY*** DELIVERY."

PO BOX
FUCK YOU
SAN FRANCISCO
USA

"GARBAGE MEN WILLIE AND BILLY PULL UP IN BACK IN THEIR STOLEN GARBAGE TRUCK.

"WILLIE IS THE GETAWAY DRIVER, HE'LL STAY BACK.

BILLY

WILLIE

"WHEN IT'S ALL OVER FALL BACK, HIDE IN THE GARBAGE TRUCK, AND KEEP ***QUIET.***"

LEX

(BOMB)

"BILLY DELIVERS THE BACKDOOR PRESENT IN THE GARBAGE.

"THE BACKDOOR BOMB'S SET TO GO OFF THIRTY SECONDS AFTER THE FRONT DOOR.

"BILLY SNEAKS UP BEHIND ANY HILLBILLIES FOCUSED ON THE FRONT DOOR BLAST--

"--AND KILLS THEM ***DEAD.***

"DISTRACTION TIME.

MARCUS

MARIA

"MARIA DRIVES THE VAN FULL OF FIREWORKS, STOLEN FROM CHINATOWN, TOWARDS LEX'S MAIL TRUCK."

"MARCUS POPS OUT OF THE BACK OF THE VAN ***BEFORE*** IMPACT."

"I'LL BE TOP SIDE.

"WAITING FOR THE CUE TO ENTER--"

"--THE FIREWORKS SHOW.

"THE POINT WHERE THERE IS NO ROOM FOR FUCK UPS."

"THE POINT THEY'LL KNOW *WE'RE COMING.*"

FRONT DOOR'S OPEN.

AND WE'RE ALL *REALLY* IMPRESSED, LEX.

BOKK

--YOU AIN'T GONNA MAKE IT, SNOWFLAKE!

KRASHH

THE WHAMDANGO IS UPON YOU!

WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY?!

SAYA SAID THEY WERE HERE...

OH, FUCK.

EMPTY...

TITS UP!

JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU!

QUIET. WE NEED TO--

GIT YER CUNT THROATS SLIT!

YERAGH--!

MARCUS--!

DISCO TIME.

KRAKK

UGHH!

ALRIGHT, FUCKERS--

--TIME TO DIE!

OH, SHIT--

RA

RA TA TA T

RA TA T

RA T

--IT'S A FUCKING AMBUSH!

PULL DOWN THE FRIDGE!

BWOK--!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

TITS UP, MAN!

TITS FUCKING UP!

TO THE LEFT! THEY'RE COMING OUT THE WALLS!

EMPTY.

LEX SCREAMING OVER NUMEROUS SHOOTERS.

WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE EMPTY.

HIDING--

MARCUS?!

HOO-WEE!

YOU STEPPED IN THE SHIT NOW, OL' PAL.

AIN'T NO POISON SANDWICH CAN SAVE YOU THIS TIME.

BLAM BLAM

RONALD MCDONALD, LORD OF THE SEVEN KINGDOMS!

PLOK

OOF--!

JAW BREAKS.

Y'ALL FAGGOTS GONE AN' MARCHED INTO THE FESTERIN' BROWN BUTTHOLE OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

FAST--TOO FAST--

--THREE FINGERS SNAP--

TOO STRONG FOR HER SIZE--MEANING--

PCP!

PCP!

PCP!

SKOK

SCREAMS FROM DOWNSTAIRS.

MY FRIENDS DYING.

MR. ROGERS'S *RAISINS!*

RONALD MCDONALD'S *RED SACK!*

RONALD REAGAN-- *IT'S ALL CONNECTED!*

TOO FAST--

DARTING EYES--

CRAAAZY EYES--

PCP DECODER RING!

GET IT NOW, YELLAZ

MORE SCREAMS FROM DOWNSTAIRS--

YOU FEEL THE LORD OF THE GOLDEN ARCHES AS HE MARCHES UP YOUR ASS!

COLD METAL STINGS THROAT--

NO WAY TO GET UP--

SHE SHOULD BE HERE--

SHE IS.

PERCHED--

YELLOW AND RED!

YELLOW AND RED!

--WATCHING.

YOU FUCKED HIM, DIDN'T YOU?

THERE'S A SLEEPY DREAM-LIKE QUALITY TO MY LIFE.

LIKE IT'S **NOT REALLY** MY LIFE.

LIKE IT'S ALL JUST PRACTICE.

BUT THE REDNECK SMACKED OUT ON ANGLE DUST: **REAL ENOUGH.**

THE SWORD OPENING MY THROAT: **TRÈS REAL.**

AND FUCKING MARIA **REALLY** ISN'T GOING TO HELP--

GOING TO LET ME **DIE** OVER A BOY.

AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH, AIN'T NO VALLEY LOW ENOUGH--**TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM YOU!**

BLAP

POW

POW

POP

SKK

TWG

PNG

POP

LET ME DIE FOR DOING HER THE BIGGEST FAVOR **EVER.**

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

BOOM

ALRIGHT, YOU TRAILER PARK PAINT-HUFFERS--

--GET READY TO MEET SKYNARD--

THUMP

OOF--!

GO, MAN!

SOUNDS LIKE FUCKING *BEIRUT* IN THERE!

BOMB DIDN'T DO *SHIT!*

DOOR'S THICKER THAN WE THOUGHT.

KWUNGG

OH, GODDAMN SON OF A FUCK...

"YA'LL EXPECTIN' COMPANY?"

COMIN' IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR MAYBE?

HELL, MARCUS, YOU MUST THINK I'M SOME KIND OF *DING-A-LING.*

BACK DOOR'S FORTIFIED WITH TWO FEET OF REINFORCED STEEL.

POW BLAP POP POP POW TWG PNG SKT

WELDED BY THE *DICK OF JESUS CHRIST!*

'FRAID ANYONE THAT'S GONNA COME IN HERE IS COMIN' IN THROUGH THE FRONT, LIKE A *GENTLEMAN!*

MARCUS?

PAL?

ALRIGHT, COUSIN JIM. RUSTLE 'EM OUT.

I'M THE DEVIL'S GIBLETS!

GO ON AN' EARN YER MESC!

I'M THEM SWEATY BALLS ON THE DEVIL'S LEG!

HOT AN' STICKY-- VINIGER AN' PISS--

YOU FLUFF BOYS 'BOUT TO LEARN THE STICKY DICK LESSON OF OL' COUSIN JIM!

AH, FIDDLESTICKS--

FSHHHH--

OOF--!

YOU MOTHER FUCKER--

--YOU WERE GOING TO LET HER *KILL ME!*

YOU WERE MY BEST FRIEND!

I LOVE HIM!

EXACTLY WHY THAT SHIT HAS TO *END.*

TWO O' YOU PRETTIES FORGETIN' SOMEONEƵ!

SUE ANN LIKES TO FUCK AN' DANCE AN' SKITTER AN' HOWL AN'--

URKK--

THK!

IT'S TIME TO *GROW THE FUCK UP,* MARIA!

YOU'RE GETTING *SOFT.*

NEWKIDS ON THE BLOCK

THUMP!

PEOPLE *DON'T* FALL IN LOVE.

SURE THEY DO.

JUST NOT WITH YOU!

KRAK

UNG--!

YOU CAN'T *STAND* TO SEE ANYBODY ELSE *HAPPY!*

AND YOU *ALWAYS* NEED TO BE A *VICTIM!*

MUD PEOPLE IN MY HOUSE?!

AIN'T NO RAIL YARD 'FER WORK HERE, YELLA!

AIEEEE-!

AN' GRAN GRAN DOES HER OWN CLEANIN', *SEÑORITA!*

SHF

I AIN'T COOKIN' MORNIN' BISCUITS WHERE YOU DONE FILTHED!

CUNT! GET YOUR *BLOODY* ELBOW OUT OF MY FUCKING *ARSE!*

THE DOOR'S *STUCK!*

KICK IT THEN, YOU BALL BAG!

GET OFF OF ME!

THIS SHIT'S GONE *TITS UP!* I'M GETTING THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

C'MON, FAGGOT, PARTY'S MOVING DOWNSTAIRS.

GOD DAMN IT.

COVER ME.

THAT'S CLEARLY A TRAP, LOVE.

I KNOW-- *JUST COVER ME!*

OKAY, SGT. FUCKING ROCK!

YOU GOT ONE MINUTE.

BLAMM BLAMM

CRSH!

CRK!

BILLY, THEY'RE RADIO SILENT--YOU HAVE TO GET IN THERE!

HOW?

YOU HEAR ALL THAT GUNFIRE?

THE FRONT DOOR IS *SUICIDE!*

RA-TA

SEND ALL AVAILABLE UNITS.

POLI

SAYA'S **RIGHT.**

YOU **NEED** SOMEONE TO HATE--

CRK!

--TO FUEL THE MACHINE.

GLORK--!

MANIPULATION: THAT **BULLSHIT** ABOUT KILLING CHICO FOR HIM--

YHRAAAA--!

BUT YOU USED IT TO GUILT TRIP MARCUS INTO STAYING.

GHRAGHH!

YOU'D HAVE KILLED CHICO ANYWAY.

THE BOY YOU THINK WILL **FINALLY** BE DECENT--

--AND THE FRIEND YOU THINK YOU CAN **FINALLY** COUNT ON.

NO MORE MOPING.

NO MORE SELF-PITY.

FLNK

FLNK

FLNK

YOU DON'T NEED **ANY** OF THEM.

YOU KILLED MY GRAN GRAN!

MURDERER!

REAL LIFE BAD HORROR MOVIE.

HATE THE DARK.

HATE NOT BEING IN CONTROL.

HE'S DOWN HERE--

--SOMEWHERE--

--WITH ME.

GHA--!

BARK

BA

BARK

BARK BARK

HIS DOGS... JESUS...

DON'T THINK ABOUT **THAT.**

DON'T PICTURE **THAT--**

WHO...

WHO'S THERE...?

BARK

BARK BARK

BARK BARK

BARK

BARK BARK BARK BARK

M-

MA-

MARCUS...?

MY SWEET BOY?

IS THAT YOU?

BARK

MRS. RANKS?

FUCK HIM, MY BULL GOD!

FUCK THE BOY WITH YOUR MURDER STICK!

DING-DONG, GOOD BUDDY.

BARK BARK BARK

SLASH

HOW 'BOUT *THAT* SHIT?

SORT OF GREAT, *RIGHT?*

YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW LONG I'VE KEPT HER DOWN HERE SO WE COULD SHARE THAT, FAGGOT?

AN' THAT'S *JUST* THE BEGINNING.

NOW WE'RE GONNA HAVE THE *BIG* FUN.

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN CYNICAL LIKE SAYA.

I *AM* PORTLY.

I AM FROM THE DEEP SOUTH, FROM A TRAILER PARK HOMING COMMUNITY.

CYNICAL WOULD HAVE KEPT YOU **ALIVE.**

WOULDN'T HAVE LET IT **HURT.**

WOULDN'T HAVE LET YOURSELF **CARE.**

WHY IS IT STILL ACCEPTABLE TO HURL SLANDER AT MY GODLY PEOPLE?

MARCUS--WAS ALONE TOO.

THOUGHT HE'D **SEE.**

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER--

--CAN'T COUNT ON ANYONE.

OH.

GET OFF OF HER, YOU REDNECK PIECE OF SHIT.

WHY IS SPITE TOWARDS TRAILER FOLK THE LAST SAFE REFUSE FOR HATE SPEECH?!

AM I NOT DUE *SOME* RESPECT?

YOU HATE US FOR OUR SIMPLE WAYS.

KWOK

URKK

OUR PURE COUNTRY ETHICS.

OUR EARNEST CONNECTION WITH THE EARTH.

YOU DECRY MY SOFT NOBILITY--

--BUT I AM A *MESSIAH!*

PROPHET OF THE HILLS!

I AM THE SALT OF THIS EARTH!

AND YOU *FILTH,* YOU CITY *SAVAGES--*

YOU WILL SEE.

THERE IS A PRICE FOR TREADING TOO CLOSE TO THE *REAL* AMERICA!

YEAH...

...THEY CALLED IT *"HEE-HAW."*

BANG! BANG!

--ALL UNITS, RESPOND TO A VEHICLE BLAZE. NO SIGNS OF EITHER DRIVER.

POSSIBLE HIT AND RUN.

"ALL THIS FOR A GIRL?!"

I DONE SOME DIGGING, TURBO--SHE'S NOT SO NICE.

"CARTEL AFFILIATED ASSASSIN" WAS THE SHIT KEPT COMING UP.

HER PEOPLE?

THEY AIN'T THE KIND YOU WANT TO CROSS!

BANG!

SO NATURALLY I CONTACTED 'EM.

GONNA SELL 'EM THAT HEAD-- GONNA GIVE 'EM THE NAME O' YOUR GIRL!

SEE, EVEN IF SHE GETS OUT OF HERE-- ***SHE'S DEAD!***

DEAD BECAUSE YOU STOLE MY REP!

LET 'EM ALL THINK IT WAS *YOU* KILLED UP THAT SCHOOL OF FUCKERS!

BANG

BUT I'M GETTING' BACK WHAT'S MINE!

FAME! I'M GONNA LIVE FOREVER!

AND YOU'RE GONNA DIE HERE.

ALL TO PROTECT SOME GIRL.

YOU REALLY ARE A FAGGOT, BUDDY.

-KLKK-

I DIDN'T DO THIS FOR MARIA.

BARK

BARK

BARK

THIS IS FOR *ME.*

BARK

BARK

PEPPERMINT-- *NO!*

GHRA--

IT HAPPENS TOO QUICKLY.

ONLY SLIGHT SATISFACTION REGISTERS.

A DULL HALF-CLAP FROM SOMEWHERE UGLY.

:CHOCKK:

:FA:

:FHAG:

:FAGGOT:

AND HE'S JUST GONE.

NEVER LIKE THE MOVIES.

NEVER ANY REAL DRAMA.

JUST THE END TO AN **INCONVENIENCE.**

AND IT FEELS LIKE **NOTHING.**

IS THIS YOUR TRUCK?

GUY CAME OUTTA NOWHERE! PLOWED RIGHT INTO THE TRUCK AS I WAS FINISHING LATE DELIVERIES!

I WENT TO PHONE THE BOSS TO TELL HIM BUT THERE ISN'T ANYONE HOME--

I'M GOING TO LOSE MY JOB OVER THIS!

IT WAS STILL FULL OF MAIL!

ALL THOSE LOST LETTERS TO LOVED ONES!

CHECKS FOR THE NEEDY!

ALL I EVER DID WAS LOVE YOU, MARCUS.

I NEVER ASKED FOR THAT.

NO.

YOU DIDN'T.

AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT ANYMORE.

I AM SORRY, MARIA. I FUCKED UP.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME.

I NEVER PLANNED ON IT...

AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE FOR YOU, CAN YOU JUST DO ME ONE *SMALL* COURTESY?

STOP LYING.

MARIA.

I WAS HOPING TO ASK YOU IF YOU HAD SEEN MY SON.

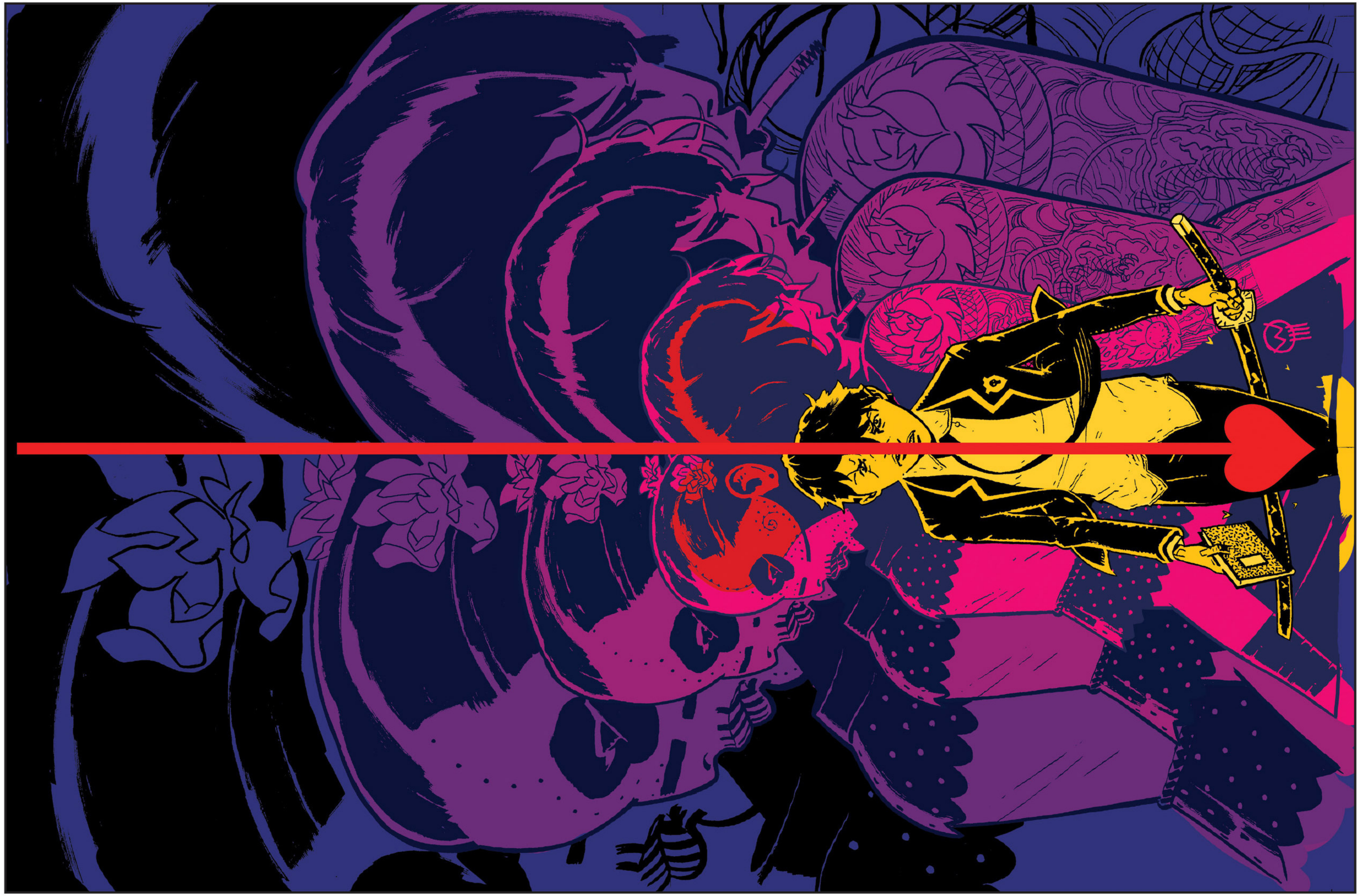
I SEE THAT YOU HAVE.


EST
1637
IN VITAM MORTEM

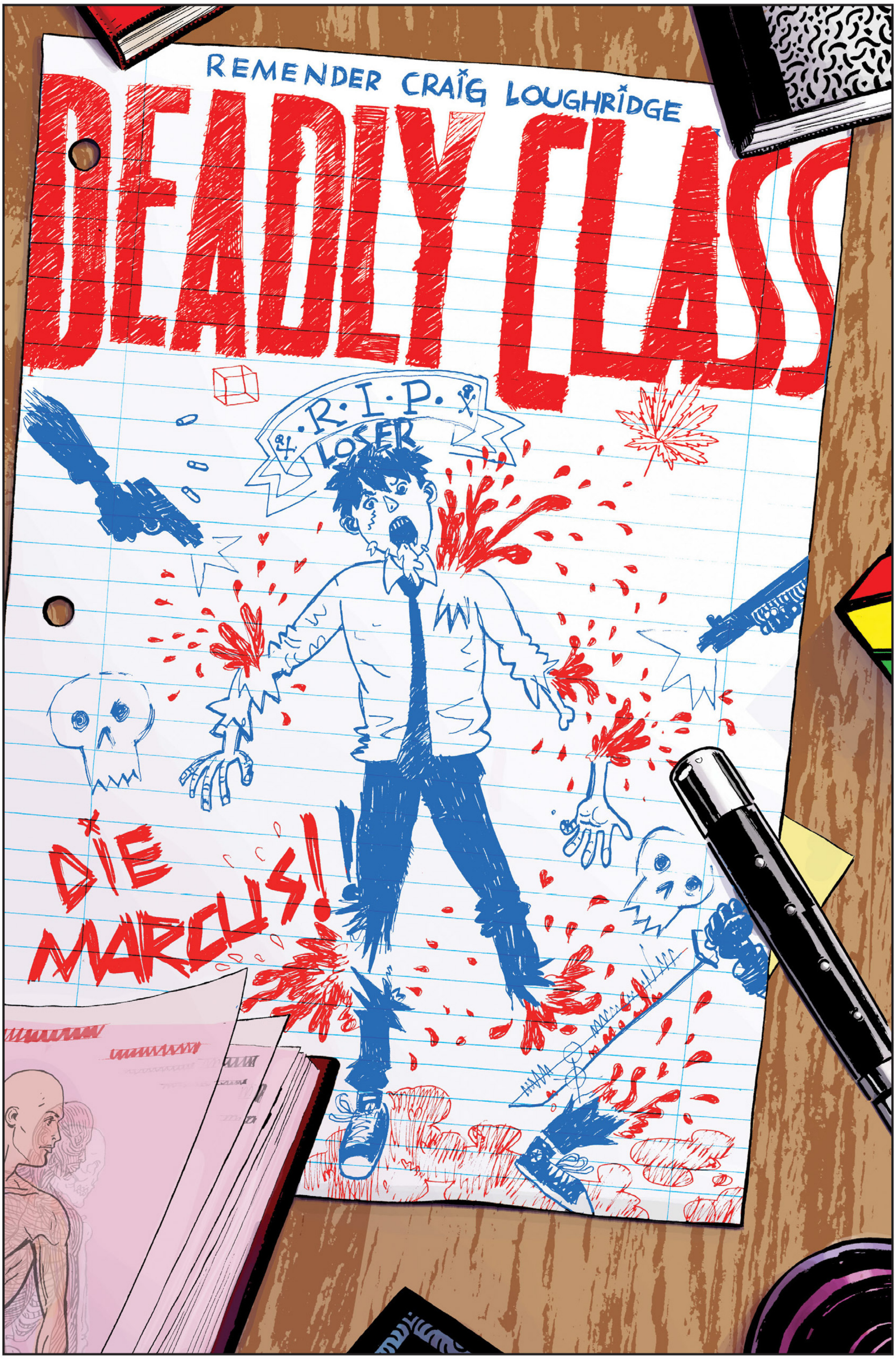
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#8 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**



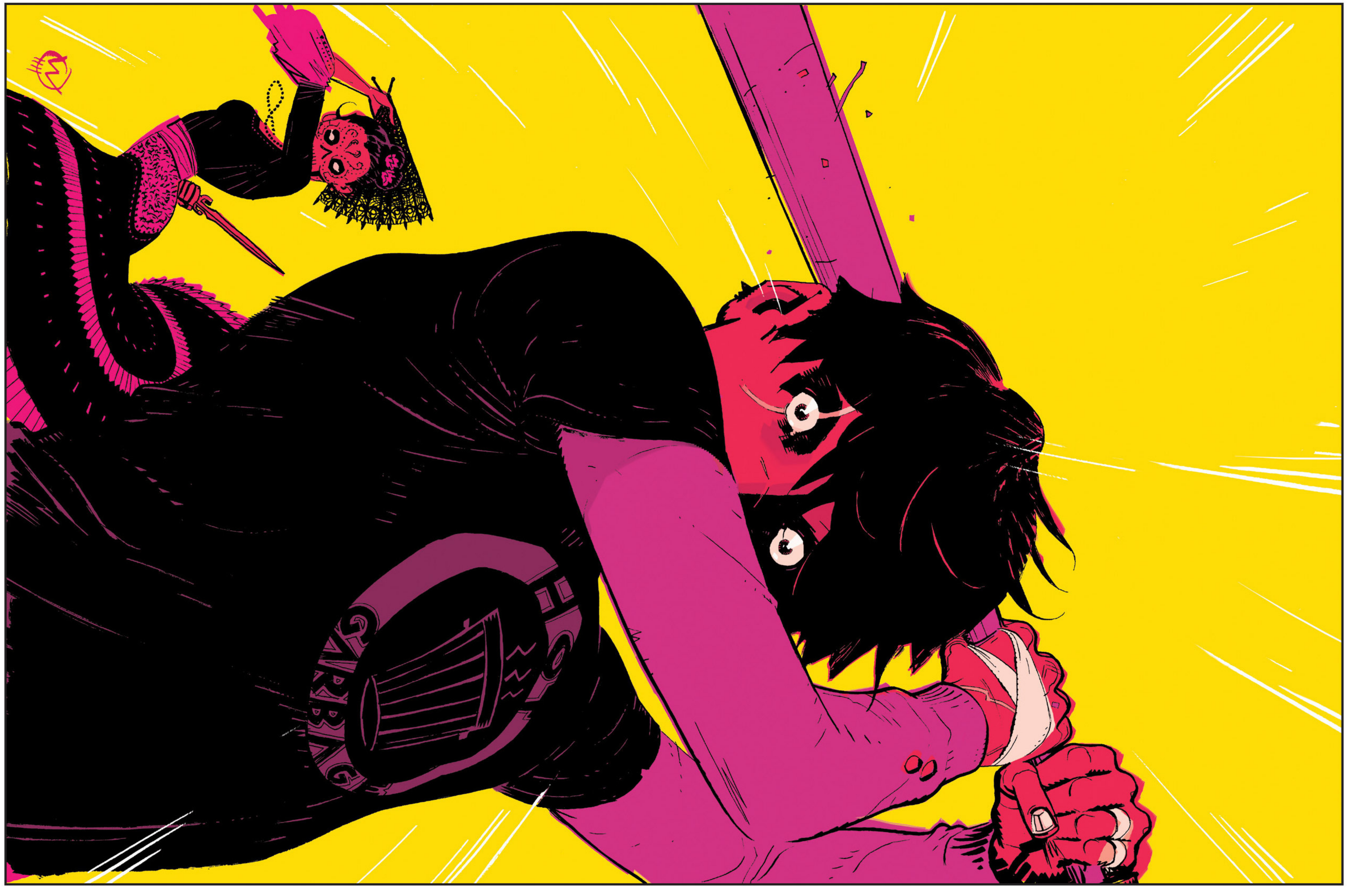
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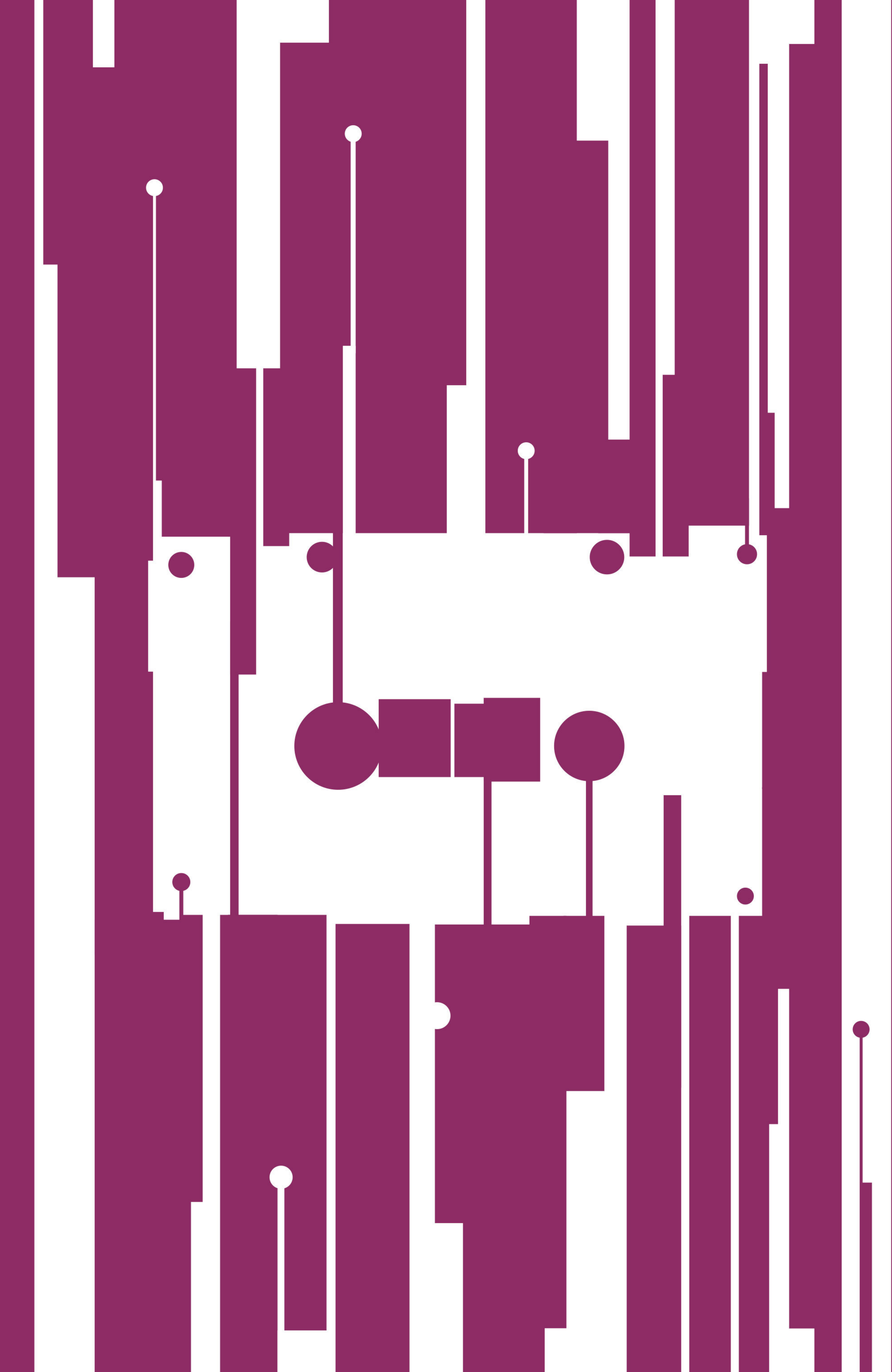


#10 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**



#11 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**






EST
1637
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