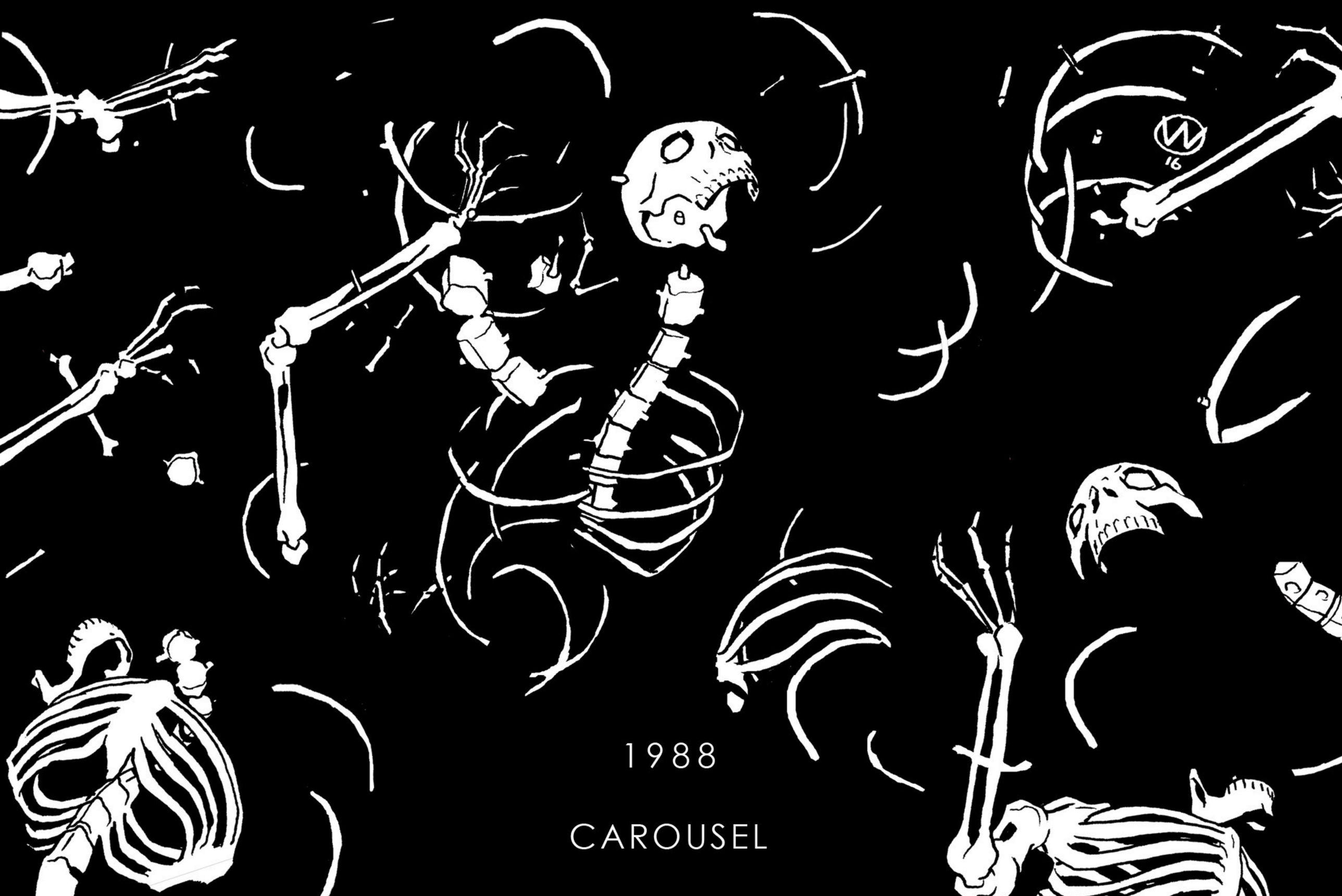
REMENDER • CRAIG • BOYD

DEADLY CLASS™





1988

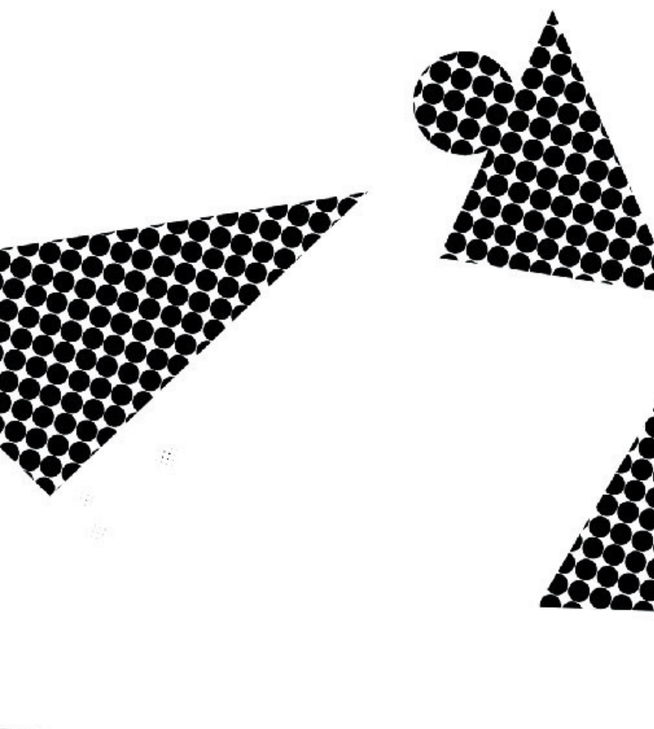
CAROUSEL


EST
1637
IN VITAM MORTEM



DEAD CITY

RICK REMENDER
writer • co-creators • WES CRAIG
artist











DIY

JORDAN BOYD
colorist

RUS WOOTON
letterer • logo design

SEBASTIAN GIRNER
editor

CLASS





IMAGE COMICS, INC.

Robert Kirkman • Chief Operating Officer
Erik Larsen • Chief Financial Officer
Todd McFarlane • President
Marc Silvestri • Chief Executive Officer
Jim Valentino • Vice-President
Eric Stephenson • Publisher
Corey Murphy • Director of Sales
Jeff Boison • Director of Publishing Planning & Book Trade Sales
Chris Ross • Director of Digital Sales
Kat Salazar • Director of PR & Marketing
Branwyn Bigglestone • Controller
Susan Korpela • Accounts Manager
Drew Gill • Art Director
Brett Warnock • Production Manager
Meredith Wallace • Print Manager
Briah Skelly • Publicist
Aly Hoffman • Conventions & Events Coordinator
Sasha Head • Sales & Marketing Production Designer
David Brothers • Branding Manager
Melissa Gifford • Content Manager
Erika Schnatz • Production Artist
Ryan Brewer • Production Artist
Shanna Matuszak • Production Artist
Tricia Ramos • Production Artist
Vincent Kukua • Production Artist
Jeff Stang • Direct Market Sales Representative
Emilio Bautista • Digital Sales Associate
Leanna Caunter • Accounting Assistant
Chloe Ramos-Peterson • Library Market Sales Representative

imagecomics.com

JEFF POWELL
collection design

GIANT GENERATOR

DEADLY CLASS VOLUME 5: CAROUSEL. First Printing. March 2017. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2701 NW Vaughn Street, Suite 780, Portland OR 97210.
Copyright © 2017 Rick Remender and Wes Craig. All rights reserved. Originally published in single magazine form as DEADLY CLASS #22-26. DEADLY CLASS™ (including all prominent characters featured herein), its logo and all character likenesses are trademarks of Rick Remender and Wes Craig, unless otherwise noted. Image Comics® and its logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for review purposes) without the express written permission of Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. **DIGITAL EDITION.** For international rights inquiries, contact: foreignlicensing@imagecomics.com.

SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1988

MASTER LIN WELCOMES A NEW CLASS USING THAT VOICE, THE ONE THAT MIMICS HUMAN WARMTH.

PERIODIC FARTS OF CRINGE-INDUCING FEEDBACK FROM THE GYM'S OLD SPEAKER SYSTEM INTERRUPT LIES ABOUT THE EXCITING CURRICULUM, TRIALS, TRIBULATIONS, AND NEW FRIENDSHIPS THEY HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

KING'S DOMINION

FRESHMAN · MIXER

NONE OF YOU ARE STRANGERS TO VIOLENCE.

HE LEAVES OUT SO MANY IMPORTANT DETAILS.

IT IS THE ENGINE THAT MOVES MANKIND :SQUARK: YOU ARE HERE TO BECOME THE ENGINEERS OF THAT PRIMAL AND ETERNAL MACHINE.

HE LEAVES OUT THAT HE'S THE DEVIL.

MY JOB IS TO TRAIN YOU.

A MONSTER WHO WILL DO WHATEVER HE HAS TO DO...

...TO TWIST YOU THE FUCK UP.

YOUR JOB IS TO BECOME **USEFUL** :SQUARK: AIDING YOUR FAMILIES OR ORGANIZATIONS IN PROTECTING THEMSELVES AND THEIR INTERESTS...

...BY ESTABLISHING BOUNDARIES FROM THOSE WHO WOULD DO HARM.

HE HOPES THE RETURNING SOPHOMORES HAD A "NICE SUMMER".

WHAT HE MEANS IS THAT HE HOPES WE'VE FOUND A WAY OF GETTING THROUGH THE NIGHT...

WE ME!

...AND SOMEHOW CLOSE OURSELVES OFF FROM THE GHOSTS OF OUR FRIENDS.

ON A NIGHT OF REVELRY, IT CAN BE EASY TO GET CARRIED AWAY.

LET ME REMIND YOU OF THREE VERY IMPORTANT RULES.

NO DRUGS.

BETRAY EVERYONE.

NO SEX.

FLUSH YOUR SOUL.

DO NOT HARM ANOTHER STUDENT.

UNTIL **I** TELL YOU TO.

THEY'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.

I FEEL LIKE A FOOL IN THIS DRESS.

'YE LOOK NICE, ZENZELE.

LIAR.

KNOWN 'YE FOR TEN WHOLE MINUTES AN' YER QUESTIONING MY HONOR?

FAIR ENOUGH, I'M A SHITE LIAR.

IS THERE A REASON THEY FORCE US TO LISTEN TO THIS *VOMIT* MUSIC?

NOT A FAN OF *LADY IN RED*?

WHO?

QUAN.

IT AIN'T QUAN, IT'S FECKIN' CHRIS DE BURGH.

ME. ***I'M*** QUAN.

THE DICK WHO SINGS THIS SONG.

WHO IS CHRIS DE BURGH?

IS HE RETARDED?

CHRIS DE BURGH?

NO, LURCH HERE.

I JUST MET 'IM.

WHY DO YOU KNOW WHO SINGS THIS BULLSHIT?

WHAT IS THIS YOU'RE DOING?

A BAD THREE STOOGES ROUTINE.

THE STOOGES WOULD NEVER DRESS UP LIKE SUCH ASSHOLES, TUXEDOS, AND CUMMERBUNDS.

WHO'S THE GIANT GODDESS OF FERTILITY WITH THE WONDERFULLY SARCASTIC MOUTH?

WRONG GIRL, SLICK.

MAYBE I COULD GET THEM TO PLAY SOME POGUES OR U2...

OR SIMPLY HAVE THEM DROP ME INTO A PIT OF ***SHIT***-COVERED ***BROKEN GLASS*** AND GET IT OVER.

OR, BETTER STILL, GROW A PAIR OF ***MAN'S BALLS*** AND DEMAND MUSIC IN PRAISE OF SATAN.

THE SCORPIONS, HELLOWEEN, KREATOR, SODOM--SOME HARD FUCK OF THE METAL DICK, JA?

DIDJA JUST SAY *"SOME HARD FUCK OF THE METAL DICK"*? YOU MANKY FEKKIN' KRAUTS 'RE A ***RIOT.***

I AM NOT SOME FUCKING KRAUT, I AM HELMUT FROM THE EAST GERMAN NATIONAL PEOPLE'S ARMY, YOU PALE, BRIAN ENO-LISTENING GUINNESS SWILLER.

FUCK THE POGUES AND ***FUCK*** BONO SHAKING HIS BUBBLE BUTT, WAVING A WHITE FLAG.

ABSOLUTELY NO MUSIC HAS COME OUT OF YOUR COUNTRY WORTH CONSIDERATION.

YEAH?

WHAT DOES GERMANY EXPORT OTHER THAN WORLD WARS?

ACCEPT IS A GOOD ENOUGH BAND TO DECIMATE ***ANY*** VIETNAMESE CONTRIBUTION TO CULTURE.

HARD TO ARGUE GIVEN I'M MOSTLY INTO AMERICAN ROCKABILLY SOUNDS.

C'MON, DON'T BE A WET RAG.

I AIN'T CRUISIN' FOR NO BRUISIN'.

LISTEN, I'VE GOT A FLASK OF RICE WINE FROM BACK HOME HIDDEN IN MY ROOM.

WHAT SAY WE BLOW NOWHERESVILLE AN' GO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER.

NOT OFTEN A HEP CAT INVITES SQUARES TO COME HANG.

GETTIN' IN TATTERS ON RICE WINE WITH A BUNCH O' LOSER FRESHMEN AN' A STOOK WHO SELF-APPLIES *"HEP CAT"* DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE ***BEST*** ROAD 'TA LONGEVITY AROUND HERE, LADS.

MY DA WAS THE FIRST MEMBER O' THE IRA TO GRADUATE WITH HONORS FROM KINGS DOMINION.

HE TOLD ME TA FIND THE MAN IN CHARGE O' THE SOPHOMORE CLASS AN' SHOW ***RESPECT.***

SO, SUCK UP TO MANAGEMENT.

SIMPLY MAKIN' THE ***RIGHT*** FRIENDS, YA ARSE.

WAY I UNDERSTAND IT, THE FINE FELLOW WHO CALLS THE SHOTS IS ***SHABNAM...***

...MY FUTURE NEW ***BEST*** MATE.

NOW YOU ENJOY GIVIN' EACH OTHER A GOOD WANK.

I'LL BE BEFRIENDIN' ***IMPORTANT*** PEOPLE WHO CAN ***HELP ME.***

I DIDN'T HEAR THE EARLIER CONVERSATION. IS THERE A GROUP WANKING PLANNED FOR LATER?

CAN I PICK MY OWN PARTNER?

I WILL WANK IT RIGHT OFF.

NICE.

UMM... I THINK YOU MEANT TO SAY ***"YANK".***

WHENEVER I NEEDED TO FEEL HUMAN I USED TO SIT BACK AND THINK OF MY MOM.

IT ALWAYS MADE ME CRY. I LIKED IT. IT WAS REAL.

BUT IT DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE. IT'S GONE. I SEE A FACE BUT IT HOLDS NO MEANING.

SOMETHING IS BROKEN.

LIKE A CAR THAT GETS REBUILT AFTER A WRECK...

...IT NEVER RUNS QUITE THE SAME.

WHY SO GLUM?

PETRA?

HOW ARE YOU?

I HAVEN'T REALLY TALKED TO ANYBODY SINCE...

WELL, YOU KNOW... *FINALS.*

DID YOU GO HOME FOR THE SUMMER? I WENT BACK HOME AND VISITED MY DAD IN SANTA CRUZ.

HE TOTALLY HELPED ME PROCESS WHAT WE DID. IT WAS PRETTY CRAZY STUFF, *HUH?*

YOU KNOW WHAT--*KEEP IT INSIDE.*

SOMETIMES THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE DO, RATHER THAN DUMP ALL OF THEIR NEUROSES OUT FOR EVERYONE ELSE TO NAVIGATE.

I'M ***NOT*** CRAZY, SAYA.

IT WAS JUST, LIKE, CLEARLY TIME FOR A CHANGE.

I DID WHAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO, SO, THAT'S A PRETTY ***NORMAL*** THING, AND IF I'M ***NORMAL...***

...I FIGURE I'D LOOK THE PART.

WE'RE A LOT ALIKE NOW, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

WE'RE ***NOTHING*** ALIKE, PETRA.

OH, THAT'S NOT TRUE...

"...WE'RE BOTH ***MURDERERS.***"

OH, ***GAWD!*** DIANA THINKS SHE CAN GET AWAY WITH ***THAT*** DRESS?

WE CAN SEE THOSE GOLFBALL-SIZED CELLULITE DIVOTS, SWEETHEART.

YOU KNOW CLAY GRAHAM HAD BUTT SEX WITH HER OUT BEHIND THE SNACK BAR.

SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE, WAY I HEAR IT.

YOU THINK YOU NEED MORE TO EAT, SHABBY?

YOUR CUMMERBUND'S THE SIZE OF AN INNER TUBE.

I'M HUNGRY.

HAVE SOME. PLEASE, TAKE A NIGHT OFF FROM THIS ***DAMNED*** DIET.

I... NO. I'M DOWN TWO SIZES, AND I'M NOT DONE.

WE ***RULE*** THIS SCHOOL NOW.

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO RESPECT US IF WE'RE A COUPLE OF SLUGWORTHS.

IS NOT TO WORRY--

NO ONE IN SCHOOL RESPECTS EITHER OF YOU REGARDLESS OF WEIGHT.

IS VIKTOR THEY LOVE!

I KNOW YOU'RE ***JOKING,*** BUT WATCH THE WAY YOU TALK TO SHABNAM IN FRONT OF EVERYONE.

AN' WHAT'S ***FAGGOT STEPHEN*** DOING SITTING AT MY TABLE, *HUH?*

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG, BRANDY...

...IT'S ***OUR*** TABLE.

YOU'RE JUST A COATTAIL-RIDER FOR SHABNAM TO FANTASIZE ABOUT.

OR AM I FORGETTING A RAT ***YOU*** KILLED?

BE HAPPY! IS JOYFUL TIME FOR VIKTOR. MANY PLANS FOR CHANGE.

NO MORE LOSERS TO CHIDE VIKTOR.

STRENGTH WILL BE RESPECTED AGAIN.

YES, VIKTOR, OF COURSE. WE'LL DO EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO TAKE ALL OF YOUR DESIRES TO HEART WHEN ***WE*** MAKE ***OUR*** DECISIONS.

BAHAHAHA!

YOU?!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

TROLL AND TURD TELLING ME THEY WILL ***CONSIDER*** MY ***WISHES.***

IS ***VERY*** FUNNY.

W-WE HAD A DEAL.

A ***TEMPORARY*** DEAL FOR ***TEMPORARY*** ALLIANCE.

FOR FINALS.

DID YOU THINK THAT WHEN WAS OVER YOU WOULD BE ***BIG MAN*** ON CAMPUS?

MORE LIKE ***FAT*** MAN ON CAMPUS, RIGHT VIKTOR?

YES, PAULY. IS JOKE I ALREADY MADE.

WELL, ACTUALLY, WHAT YOU SAID WAS--

NOW, VIKTOR DOES NOT FORGET FRIENDS, NO.

YOU TURNIPS ARE WELCOME TO BE A PART OF VIKTOR'S FUTURE...

...BUT IS BETTER FOR FAT BOOGERS IF QUICKLY COME TO LEARN ***PLACE.***

VIKTOR KILLS ANYONE DUMB ENOUGH TO STAND IN VIKTOR'S WAY.

VIKTOR IS MAN OF ACTION. HE DOES NOT MANIPULATE WITH WORDS, DOES NOT HIDE IN DARK ROOMS AND SCHEME.

SPEAKIN' O' YOURSELF IN THIRD PERSON IS A SIGN OF ***NARCISSISTIC PERSONALITY DISORDER.***

WE LEARNED IN CLASS.

THAT'S AN EXPLOITABLE ***WEAKNESS.***

ANOTHER EXPLOITABLE ***WEAKNESS*** IS BEING A HOPELESSLY STUPID REDNECK, BRANDY.

HELL, I BET WE COULD JUST LURE YOU INTO A TRAP WITH SOME MOONSHINE AT A KKK PLEDGE DRIVE--

AND PUBLIC BICKERING EXPOSES ***GREAT*** WEAKNESSES IN YOUR COUNCIL.

BUT OF COURSE, A GATHERING OF MY STAR PUPILS WOULD KNOW *THAT.*

MASTER LIN, WE WERE--

IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO KNOW THAT RIVALRIES CAN BE PUT ASIDE ONCE THE FINALS ARE *OVER.*

TO SEE MY STUDENTS WORKING TOGETHER WHEN IT *SUITS THEIR PURPOSE.*

SHABNAM, MY BOY, IT IS NORMALLY THE VALEDICTORIAN I CHOOSE TO GIVE THE INTRODUCTION SPEECH TO THE FRESHMEN.

THANK YO--

BUT SINCE YOU AND SAYA ARE TIED IT MADE THE CHOICE *DIFFICULT.*

SAYA HAS EXPRESSED NO INTEREST IN STUDENT BODY GOVERNANCE.

WOULD *YOU* BE WILLING TO GIVE A CONVIVIAL SPEECH TO THE NEW FRESHMEN?

WELL, I MEAN, I HAVEN'T--

HE'D BE *HAPPY* TO.

AFTER ALL, HE IS TIED FOR *VALEDICTORIAN.*

UNLIKE *VIKTOR.*

YOU LOOK LIKE A GIRL WHO COULD USE A DRINK.

SILLY ME, I ACCIDENTALLY SPIKED TWO CUPS OF PUNCH.

THOUGHT I'D SHARE WITH THE BEST-LOOKING GAL IN THE ROOM.

C'MON, EVERYBODY LIKES FRUIT PUNCH.

IT'S SO SWEET.

RIGHT-- *FUCK IT!*

I DON'T LIKE PUNCH EITHER.

WA-Y TOO DELICIOUS.

I LIKE THINGS THAT ARE A LITTLE MORE *BITTER.*

MY NAME'S QUAN. I'M NEW. YOU PROBABLY GUESSED THAT.

I MOVED HERE A FEW YEARS AGO FROM VIETNAM TO LIVE WITH MY MOM.

OKAY, ENOUGH BULLSHIT. I ACTED LIKE I ***DIDN'T*** KNOW WHO YOU WERE, BUT I DO.

EVERYONE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE.

YOU'RE ALL THE FRESHMEN TALK ABOUT.

YOU'RE THE GIRL WHO KILLED HER BOYFRIEND.

MAN, THAT'S ***HARDCORE*** SHIT. I'M NOT JUDGING, JUST SAYING.

THEY TOLD ME NOT TO TALK TO YOU, BUT I GOT THIS WEIRD THING...

...I'M ATTRACTED TO DANGER.

I'M NOT JUST SAYING THAT TO SELL MYSELF AS SOME SORT OF TOUGH GUY.

IT'S JUST SORT OF THE TRUTH.

I GET BORED ***REAL*** EASY.

I GOT A THEORY ABOUT DANGEROUS, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

YOU'RE NOT UNOBTAINABLE, IT'S JUST MOST DUDES LACK THE COURAGE TO GO UP AND TALK TO YOU.

I'M NOT GOING TO LOOK BACK ON MY LIFE HAVING BEEN THE DUDE WHO WAS AFRAID TO TALK TO THE GIRL HE WANTED.

I'M JUST GOING TO COME RIGHT OUT AND ASK...

OH.

PROJECT ***STRENGTH,*** SHABBY.

YOU GO UP THERE AND LET THEM KNOW ***YOU'RE*** THE MOTHERFUCKER IN CHARGE.

OKAY.

WHO'S THE MOTHER-FUCKER?

I AM.

PEOPLE DON'T RESPECT SOFTNESS, KINDNESS AND WARMTH. THEY SAY THEY ***DO*** BUT THEY DON'T.

THEY INSTINCTIVELY KNOW THOSE ARE THE PEOPLE THEY CAN PUSH AROUND AND FUCK WITH.

I DON'T NEED YOU TO COACH ME ON ***EVERY*** LITTLE THING.

I'M NOT LOOKING TO CUT YOUR BALLS OFF, SHABBY, I ***LOVE*** YOU.

I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO GO UP THERE AND FEED INTO WHAT EVERYBODY IS SAYING ABOUT YOU.

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHO'S... WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

THAT YOU'RE STRESS EATING BECAUSE YOU CAN'T HANDLE A POSITION OF POWER, THAT NOBODY RESPECTS YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE A COWARDLY FAT BLOB OF SHIT.

BUT YOU'VE GOT IT ALL COVERED.

YOU DON'T NEED MY ADVICE.

HEY, MAN. SORRY TO INTERRUPT.

LIN WAS RIGHT, WE SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO FIGHT AMONGST OURSELVES.

VIKTOR CAN BE A DICKHEAD, BUT IT DOESN'T DO US ANY GOOD TO GO AT EACH OTHER.

I WANTED YOU TO KNOW...

... I'M NOT TAKING A SIDE IN THIS.

PUBLIC SPEAKING IS NERVE-WRACKING STUFF.

A LITTLE SPIKED PUNCH TO WET YOUR WHISTLE FIRST?

I'M NOT LOOKING FOR ANY MORE STATIC.

THERE'S A LOT OF US WHO *DO* RESPECT YOU AND APPRECIATE YOU TAKING COMMAND DURING FINALS.

THANK YOU, STEPHEN.

I'VE GOT THIS.

SLAM!

TAP

TAP

IS THIS THING ON?

AH, HELLO.

STP

RIGHT. OKAY.

MOST OF YOU WHO KNOW ME KNOW THAT I'VE WORKED HARD ALL MY LIFE, HARDER THAN MOST, OR THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

I'VE EARNED WHERE I'M AT BECAUSE I STUDIED.

THE CURRICULUM WORKS IF *YOU* WORK IT.

WHEN I CAME HERE, I WAS :SQUARK: WELL...

I, UM, I DON'T KNOW ANY OF YOU FRESHMEN YET...

...BUT YOU'LL LEARN TO RESPECT ME...

LIKE THE REST OF THE STUDENTS HAVE.

I'M CONFIDENT THAT-- WELL, MAYBE NOT ENTIRELY CONFIDENT--I HAVE MY BAD DAYS...

YOU KNOW THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS, IT'S HARD TO BE ON TOP.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

EVERYONE'S GUNNING FOR YOU AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU CAN TRUST OR WHO JUST WANTS THINGS FROM YOU.

YOU *NEVER* KNOW IF ANYONE LIKES YOU FOR WHO YOU ARE.

IT'S A SHITTY THING TO HAVE TO LIVE THROUGH AND...

I DON'T *REALLY* TRUST ANY OF MY FRIENDS.

MY GIRLFRIEND DOMINATES ME AND TREATS ME LIKE SHIT... SO I EAT ALL NIGHT.

I EAT ALONE BECAUSE IT GIVES ME FIVE MINUTES OF HAPPINESS, SOME KIND OF A BREAK FROM HER INCESSANT--

HAHAHA!

OH, SHABBY, YOU'RE ALWAYS THE *FUNNY* ONE, AREN'T YOU?

GET THE *FUCK* AWAY FROM ME!

I'M ONLY WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE THE FIRST GIRL WHO'D LET ME TOUCH HER BOOBS, AND THEY'RE NOT EVEN GOOD!

THEY'RE FLOPPY, AND ***YOUR NIPPLES ARE TOO BIG!***

THIS IS ***MAGIC.*** WHAT IN HELL DID YOU GIVE HIM?

IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, IT'S ***TRUTH SERUM,*** MY FRIEND.

AND TRUTH IS FRIEND TO NO ***MAN.***

Y'ALL NEED TO GET THIS UNDER CONTROL.

OH, HEY-- LOOK, IT'S BRANDY THE COCK TEASE RACIST WHO ***PRETENDS*** TO BE MY FRIEND SO SHE CAN SHARE IN MY ***POWER!***

AREN'T WE ALL SUCH ***GOOD*** FRIENDS?

YOU KNOW, FRESHMEN, THE ***REAL*** TRUTH IS--

NONE OF THESE PEOPLE ARE YOUR FRIENDS!

STOP ***IT!***

EVERYBODY WANTS ***SOMETHING,*** AND AS SOON AS YOU CAN'T GIVE IT ANYMORE, THEY'LL CAST YOU ***ASIDE.***

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET TO LIVE WITH!

LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER, CONSTANTLY WORRYING HOW PEOPLE ARE ANGLING ON YOU AND WHEN THEY'LL FINALLY TRY AND ***TAKE*** EVERYTHING FROM YOU!

AND THEN THEY-- *WHOA!*

SLAM

THE *HELL'S* WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?

THE MAN'S HAD AN ACCIDENT.

LET ME HELP YOU, SHABNAM.

HELP ME?

YOU THINK I NEED HELP?! THAT I'M *WEAK?!*

IS *THAT* WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SAYING?!

NO! I JUST--

SMAK!

YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER *SYCOPHANT* LOOKING TO CLIMB *MY* LADDER!

DON'T YOU *EVER* PUT YOUR *FUCKING HANDS* ON *ME!*

C'MON, ANGEL.
SHABNAM'S JUST HAD A ROUGH NIGHT, GIVE 'EM SPACE.
I-I WAS JUST TRYING TO--
I DON'T NEED ***YOUR*** HELP, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE ***BEGGING*** FOR ***MINE,*** IRISH!
KILLER SPEECH.
GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, VIKTOR ***LOVES*** HUGE NIPPLES.
ASSHOLE.
UGH...
I DIDN'T MEAN TO UPSET 'IM...
SHABNAM DIDN'T MEAN NONE OF THAT, HE'S UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE IS ALL.
HE'S NORMALLY SWEET AS PIE.
JUST LIKE ME. I'M BRANDY BY THE WAY. YOU'RE IRISH, RIGHT?
I AM. NAME'S CORMAC.
SO COOL. I ***LOVE*** LUCKY CHARMS.
UM... THE CEREAL?
YOU'RE CUTE.
YOU WANNA GO SMOKE A JOINT WITH ME?
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN GET SOME ***LUCK*** WITH THAT CHARM.
GET THE CLAP, DICKHEAD.
UH, THIS NEXT ONE IS BY THE SCORPIONS.
BY ***ADAMANT*** REQUEST.

SO, YOU RUN THE DIXIE MOB.

NICE 'TA SEE THE AMERICAN CULCHIE GIVIN' UP ON YER HATE O' THE IRISH.

ENOUGH BROWN TRYIN' 'TA MUDDY THINGS UP, FAR AS I'M CONCERNED WHITE IS WHITE.

THAT'S... *UH*, VERY BIG OF YOU.

YOU SEEM ***NERVOUS.***

YOU'RE A VERY FETCHIN' LASS.

HOW ABOUT SOME TENSION RELIEF?

'YE REALLY THINK SHABNAM IS... FIT 'TA RUN TINGS?

SEEMS A RIGHT EEJIT. AN' THAT VIKTOR IS A REAL BIFFO.

ALWAYS ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

MIGHT BE I COULD HELP A YOUNG MAN WITH THE RIGHT ***AMBITIONS.***

AN' ALL KINGS NEED QUEENS.

TOBESURETOBESURE.

pf

COUGH COUGH

DOG'S BOLLOCKS!

OH, SWEETIE, YOU OKAY?

KOFF ***STRONG*** SHITE.

SHOULD'VE WARNED YOU, DIXIE MOB DON'T SMOKE NO MEXICAN DIRT WEED.

LEFT ME A BIT LEGLESS IS ALL..

I'LL GO GET YOU SOME PUNCH.

COUGH COUGH

KEEP IT TOGETHER AN' YE MIGHT GET A RIDE, CORMAC OL' BOY.

IN THE FIRST WEEK AT SCHOOL!

COUGH!

AN' WITH A LASS WHO HAS HERSELF A SEAT AT THE BIG TABLE.

DA'S GONNA BE SO PROUD OF...

WILLIE LEWIS 1972-1988

BILLY BENNETT 1973-1988

MARIA SALAZAR 1972-1987

MARCUS LOPEZ ARGUELLO 1973-1988

LEX LLER 71-1988

'YE LOOK A BIT IN THE DUMPS.

JOIN ME IN SOME POLLY?

I NEVER THOUGHT TO SEE THIS RECORD BROKEN--

BUT NOW I'VE FINALLY HAD A STUDENT STUPID ENOUGH TO GET HIMSELF EXPELLED IN THE *FIRST* WEEK.

E-EXPELLED?

I-I CAN EXPLAIN, SIR!

I WAS ONLY HOLDN' IT... BRANDY GAVE THIS TO ME, I'D *NEVER--*

AN IDIOT *AND* A SNITCH.

IF NOT FOR YOUR FATHER'S LEGACY, THIS WOULD GO *MUCH* WORSE FOR YOU.

NO-- *PLEASE!*

DO NOT LINGER AMONG THE GHOSTS, SAYA.

YOU THINK THEY ARE HARMLESS...

"...BUT THERE ARE MANY WAYS IN WHICH THE DEAD CAN CLAIM THE LIVING."

PLEASE! I'M SORRY!

MY DA 'LL FLAY ME!

Y'ALL GET THE PICTURE?

THAT PADDY DICK PISSED OFF THE BOSS.

SO YOU SET HIM UP.

NOT AS DUMB AS YA LOOK. Y'ALL PARTNERED UP WITH THE WRONG DINK.

WE JUST MET HIM--

DON'T GET UPPITY.

GONNA HAVE TO EARN YOUR WAY BACK INTO OUR GOOD GRACES. YER LITTLE CREW O' MONGRELS IS ***OFFICIALLY*** UNDER MY THUMB.

YOU'RE MY DOGS NOW. YOU'LL DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.

AND LIKE ANY GOOD DOG YOU DON'T ***SHIT*** ON YOUR MASTER'S RUG...

...OR I'LL RUB YOUR NOSES IN IT.

OCTOBER 5TH, 1988
TOKYO

-DING-

<I'LL BE WITH YOU IN JUST A-->*

*TRANSLATED FROM JAPANESE

<HOW ARE YOU, SHIN?>

<MR. KUROKI!>

<I-I DID *NOT* EXPECT-->

<BUSINESS LOOKS GOOD.>

<SO *MANY* CUSTOMERS.>

<I DIDN'T ANTICIPATE A *FULL* SHOP...>

<WELL, WE HAVE-->

<...ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.>

<AND NO ONE CAUSING YOU TROUBLE, YES?>

<I-I WILL MAKE GOOD, KENJI.>

<I ALWAYS CATCH UP... NEVER LET YOUR FATHER DOWN, NOT IN FIFTY YEARS.>

<MY FATHER NO LONGER RUNS THE KUROKI-GUMI.>

<HE AND ALL THE OLD-TIMERS, THEY SAW THEIR WORK AS A ***SERVICE*** TO THE COMMUNITY.>

<THEIR INDULGENCE TRAINED SOME TO CASUALLY ***DISRESPECT.***>

<I ASSURE YOU-->

<I LOOK AROUND THIS BEAUTIFUL CITY, AND ALL I SEE IS ***OPULENCE.*** EVEN ***FOOLS*** ARE RICH THESE DAYS.>

<THIEVES HAVE EATEN INTO MY INVENTORY.>

<WE'VE BEEN LIVING OFF OF ***VERY*** LITTLE, SCRAPING TOGETHER THE MONEY-->

<WE KUROKI PROVIDE A STABLE CITY, PROVIDE THE SOIL FOR THIS ***AFFLUENCE.***>

<YET MY COLLECTIONS ARE LATE, CAUSING PEOPLE TO SEE ME AS WEAK.>

<THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY ME.>

<NO ONE THINKS YOU ARE WEAK-- ***NO ONE!***>

<WE'VE GIVEN ALL WE ***HAVE!***>

<WE WILL ***FIND*** THE MONEY.>

<PLEASE, FOR FIFTY YEARS WE HAVE NEVER FAILED TO MAKE GOOD ON OUR DEBTS.>

<***PLEASE.***>

<I WOULD TELL YOU THAT THIS IS NOT PERSONAL, IT'S BUSINESS.>
<BUT THAT IS *BULLSHIT.*>
<*ALL* BUSINESS IS *PERSONAL.*>
<WHAT IS MORE PERSONAL THAN MONEY AND REPUTATION?>
<FAMILY.>
<YOU HURT MY REPUTATION, AND YOU HURT MY *FAMILY.*>
<THEN STOP TALKING AND DO THE RIGHT THING.>
<WHICH FORCES ME TO HURT *YOURS.*>
<IT'S MY RESPONSIBLY, KENJI. I ACCEPT THIS.>
NO.

<QUICKLY.>

<WIFE'S SPENT THE DAY MAKING ME OYAKODON, AND WILL BE CROSS IF I AM LATE.>

<NO!>

<PLEASE, SHIN!>

<WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?>

<FOR ME TO DO IT?>

<STEP CLOSER, LAZY OLD MAN-- *FINISH!*>

<YOU...>

<YOU ARE NOTHING LIKE YOUR FATHER.>

<WHEREAS YOU...>

<...REMIND ME SO MUCH OF HIM.>

YURKK!

SHWKK

<SHIN!>

<NO! OH, NO...>

<PATRONS, I HAVE THE ***DISPLEASURE*** TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE FREQUENTING A SHOP THAT HAS NOT PAID ITS INSURANCE.>

<YOU SHOULD NOT GO TO SUCH ***UNSAFE*** PLACES.>

<YOU-- COME HERE.>

<M-ME?>

<DO ***YOU*** UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM SAYING HERE?>

<Y-YES...>

<CAN YOU ENSURE EVERYONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD UNDERSTANDS THAT THEY SHOULD NEVER SPEND MONEY IN UNSAFE PLACES?>

<Y-YES.>

<I CAN.>

<YOU MAY GO.>

<LIFE MUST BE REFRESHED TO THRIVE. THE OLD CANNOT ADAPT TO THE NEW AND SO MUST BE SWEPT AWAY.>

<IT IS A DIFFICULT TRANSITION-- BUT IT IS *NECESSARY.*>

<STILL, IT MAKES FOR A *SHITTY* DAY, DOESN'T IT?>

<WELL, ALLOW ME TO ADD SOME LIGHT TO YOUR DARKNESS, KENJI.>

<OUR SERVANT IN THE STATES HAS FOUND *YOUR SISTER.*>

<AND MY FATHER'S KATANA?>

<WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU IN A MATTER OF DAYS.>

<MAKE SURE THE OPERATIVE UNDERSTANDS, IT IS NOT *ONLY* THE SWORD I WANT...>

<"...I WANT SAYA BROUGHT HOME.">

I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU.

BECAUSE YOU ARE ***CAGED*** IN BY ETHICS.

HERE WE CANNOT AFFORD TO SUFFER ***MALLEABLE*** CONSTRUCTS BUILT ONLY TO MAKE ONE FEEL SUPERIOR.

YOU ARE WEAK, OR YOU ARE STRONG-- ***CHOOSE.***

ETHICS SERVE ONLY

TO MAKE YOU

VULNERABLE.

THE REAL WORLD ***DOES NOT*** RUN ON ETHICS.

WUK

OOF!

ETHICS HELD YOU BACK BECAUSE OF MY ***AGE*** AND SIZE.

THAT IS MY STRENGTH.

BEING ***UNDERESTIMATED*** IS A ***GIFT.***

IT FORCES YOU TO WORK ***HARDER,*** ACCOMPLISH ***MORE.***

I HAVE NOT TAUGHT HAND-TO-HAND IN MANY YEARS, ALWAYS RELYING ON MASTER ZANE.

PERHAPS HE FAILED YOU.

REGARDLESS, ZANE IS NO LONGER WITH US.

YOUR PLEDGE SAW TO IT THAT.

I'M SORRY, MASTER.

NEVER APOLOGIZE.

YOU AVENGED YOUR SENSEI, DISCIPLINED YOUR WAYWARD PLEDGE.

IT IS WHY YOU STILL DRAW BREATH.

I KNOW WHAT SUCCESS IN THIS PROGRAM MEANS TO YOU.

TELL ME, WHAT WAS YOUR ***GREAT*** MISTAKE LEADING INTO THE FINALS?

I GREW CLOSE TO OTHER STUDENTS.

AND WHAT DID THAT CLOSENESS EARN YOU?

VULNERABILITY AND PAIN.

DO YOU LAMENT THE LOSS OF THE ***FILTHY*** RATS YOU'VE KILLED?

CLEARLY, YOU ***DO.***

UHN!

IT IS THE MOST DIFFICULT ASPECT OF THE ROAD WE TRAVEL.

YOU MUST ALWAYS GO FORWARD IN ***ISOLATION.***

THAT'S WHY YOU ALLOWED ME TO PLEDGE MARCUS.
WHY YOU SENT ME TO BRING HIM IN.
YOUR FIRST GREAT TEST.
THE RATS WERE ***HERE*** FOR YOU TO GROW CLOSE TO.
TO MAKE YOU ***WEAK.***
TO TEACH YOU THAT IN THIS LIFE YOU MUST BE PREPARED TO DO ***ANYTHING...***
...EVEN HURT THOSE YOU ***LOVE.***
YOU ARE DESTINED FOR ***GREAT*** THINGS, SAYA.
BUT THE HIGHER YOU ASCEND, THE MORE ***ENVY*** YOU WILL EXCITE.
AS YOU GROW, YOU WILL SEE THAT FRIENDS NO LONGER HAVE YOUR BEST INTEREST AT HEART.
MANY WILL NOT WANT YOU TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT THEY COULD NOT.
OTHERS WILL WANT YOU OUT OF THEIR WAY.
LEADING US TO YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT.
YOUR NEW PLEDGE.

SO, HOW DO YOU USE SIMPLE HUMAN WEAKNESS TO GET TO YOUR TARGET?

HOW DO YOU TURN A HOSTESS, OR A VALET, INTO SOMEONE YOU OPERATE?

YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO MAKE THEM ***LIKE*** YOU.

THE WORLD RUNS ON NEEDS.

PEOPLE NEED THE ACCEPTANCE OF OTHERS.

THEY ***NEED*** TO FEEL LOVED.

THERE IS ***NO GREATER*** WEAKNESS TO EXPLOIT.

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY.

EVERYONE WANTS TO BE FRIENDS WITH A WOMAN WHO LOOKS...

...THE WAY ***YOU*** LOOK.

OH, QUAN, YOU UNDERESTIMATE YOURSELF.

YOU MUST DO AWAY WITH THIS FALSE HUMILITY.

IT WON'T SERVE YOU IN THE LIFE YOU WILL LEAD.

YOU ARE AN ***ABSOLUTE*** KNOCKOUT.

I--I, UH...

HOOF!

POINT TAKEN?

I'M HIP.

YES, SEXUALITY IS THE EASIEST MANIPULATION.

BUT MORE ATTRACTIVE TO OTHERS THAN MERE PHYSICALITY IS ***CONFIDENCE.***

QUAN'S PROBLEM WASN'T THAT HE FLIRTED WITH ME--

"...IT WAS HIS ***NEED*** OF MY RECIPROCATION."

HA HA HA! YOU FOOL!

WATCHED THAT HOT FOR TEACHER VIDEO TOO MANY TIMES!

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, QUAN. MS. DELUCCA IS EXCEEDINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

DON'T BE FOOLED...

...SHE'S ***GRANITE*** ON THE INSIDE.

YOU ZENZELE?

YES.

I'M SAYA.

YOU'RE MY NEW PLEDGE.

I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND.
HELPING?
I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU. I'LL BE HELPING YOU THROUGH YOUR FRESHMAN YEAR.
ANSWERING QUESTIONS, SHOWING YOU AROUND, HELPING WITH YOUR HOMEWORK.
I SO DO NOT NEED ANY HELP. THANK YOU.
WHAT'S UP, *RUDE?*
WHY DON'T YOU COME TO HELMUT'S ROOM TONIGHT AND PLAY *DUNGEONS & DRAGONS* WITH US, SAYA?
GEEK SQUAD COULD USE A BEAUTIFUL GIRL...
I MEAN *ANOTHER* BEAUTIFUL GIRL.
YEAH.
OKAY.
SURE.
IT'S IMPORTANT I GET TO KNOW ZENZELE.
BUT DON'T GET ME WRONG...
...IT'S NOT SO IMPORTANT I GET TO KNOW THE REST OF YOU.
THE FUCK?!
WHY DID YOU INVITE *HER?*
I'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT HER.
IT'S GOING TO BE *FUN.*
SHE'S GNARLY. BASICALLY MASTER LIN'S PET STUDENT AND HALL MONITOR.
THEY SAY THAT SHE MURDERED HER BOYFRIEND.
YES, THEY ALSO SAY SHE EATS FIRE AND DRINKS THE BLOOD OF THE INNOCENT TO STAY YOUNG.
I DON'T KNOW IF SHE EATS FIRE, BUT I KNOW SHE'S HOT, *SMOKING HOT.*

WHY SIT AROUND WITH YOU KOOKS CHASING DRAGON *TALES* WHEN I CAN CHASE SOME REAL *TAIL.*

METALLICA

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

MISFITS

CANNIBAL CORPSE

CANNIBAL DM

METAL

SKATE

EVERYONE FINISHED ROLLING?

YES.

GOOD. NOW YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I TAKE BEING DM *SERIOUSLY.*

WE WILL PLAY *EVERY* WEDNESDAY NIGHT UNTIL I SAY OTHERWISE. WE PLAY BY THE *BOOK.*

I RECOMMEND YOU CHOOSE AN ALIGNMENT THAT RESEMBLES WHO YOU *REALLY* ARE.

SO YOU CAN PLAY MORE TRUE TO YOURSELF.

PRETTY FAR FROM BEING TRUE TO ANY PART OF MYSELF RIGHT NOW.

DON'T BE A SNOB. THIS IS GOING TO BE THE MOST FUN YOU'VE EVER HAD, AND YOU'LL FEEL LIKE AND ASSHOLE LATER HAVING TO REWIND ON YOUR PUNK ROCK APATHY.

C'MON, MAN.

RELAX.

IT'S JUST A KID'S GAME.

IT IS ***NOT*** A KID'S GAME-- IT IS A WINDOW INTO WHO PEOPLE TRULY ARE-- THE CHOICES THEY MAKE UNDER PRESSURE.

TOSAHWI, ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO ROLL UP A CHARACTER?

FUCK.

NO.

SOUNDS GREAT!

YOU'RE A REAL BARREL OF LAUGHS, ROOMMATE.

OKAY, LET'S BEGIN!

BE READY TO DO ***WHATEVER*** IS NECESSARY WITHOUT HESITATION.

YOU ARE ENTERING THE BORDERLANDS OF ***KORTOL THE BLOODFUCKER!***

EXCUSE ME?

ARE YOU ***CERTAIN*** THERE ISN'T ANYTHING SATANIC ABOUT THIS?

YES. THIS IS HOW SATANISM WORKS, ZENZELE.

LET'S GET GOING. MY CHARACTER'S NAME IS--

SQUANT THE SECRETIVE!

HALF GOBLIN AND HALF HUMAN. A THIEF WHO STEALS JEWELS *AND* HEARTS. I LOVE POISON KNIVES AND THINK MAGIC IS BULLSHIT.

MY CRIMSON CAPE, CREATED DEEP IN THE NINE HELLS, DOUBLES MY STEALTH.

MY ALIGNMENT: *CHAOTIC NEUTRAL.*

GLADERON, KNIGHT PRIESTESS.

I USE THE *BRIGHT SWORD* THAT HEALS MY COMPANIONS AND REVEALS DARK TRUTHS WITH THE POWER OF *POSITIVE LIGHT.*

MY ALIGNMENT IS *GOOD,* AND I AM A SOLDIER OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST.

WHAT?!

NO.

YOU CAN'T-- THERE IS *NO SUCH THING* AS A CHRISTIAN GOD IN THIS WORLD.

THERE'S A CHRISTIAN GOD IN *EVERY* WORLD.

FINE, YOU ARE A LUNATIC WHO WORSHIPS A MADE-UP GOD THAT LEADS TO BOUTS OF SUPERIORITY.

WHEN YOU PRAY, YOU GAIN THE POWER OF HYPOCRISY AND DELUSION CASTING.

SAYA?

TELL US ABOUT YOUR CHARACTER.

SIGH

UM... ALL RIGHT, I GUESS MY NAME IS SAYA THE EMBARRASSED.

I'M A TIRED HUMAN.

AND?

WHAT ARE YOUR ***WEAPONS?*** WHAT ARE YOUR ***RELICS?*** WHAT ARE YOUR STRONG ***ATTRIBUTES?***

I, *UH,* I WIELD THE ANCIENT SWORD OF MY ANCESTORS.

IT CUTS STUFF.

WHAT IS YOUR ***ALIGNMENT?***

WHAT KIND OF PERSON ARE YOU?

I...

CAN WE ***PLEASE*** JUST GET ON WITH THIS?

I'VE BEEN IN HERE FOR HOURS, AND WE'VE DONE ***NOTHING!***

FINE. WE'RE ALMOST READY. THERE IS ONLY ***ONE*** FINAL RITUAL--

--TO SMOKE FROM ***VÁR, HALLOWED PIPE OF VALHALLA!***

Six Hours Later

"The long trail to the altar is suddenly swarming with ogres and hobgoblins.

"They learned about the campaign's mission when Squant the Secretive was running his mouth to anyone who'd listen back in the ransacked village."

RETURN THE RELIC!

WHAMDANGO!

WAMDAZ

YERAGH!

PUSH FORWARD! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

YOUR *FOUL* SOUL IS RETURNED TO HELL!

"SQUANT MAKES IT TO THE TOP OF THE HILL TO FIND THE RED OGRE.

"WHAT DO YOU DO?"

I'M GOING TO CHARM HIM. REMIND HIM I TRADED HIM THAT SWEET RING WE FOUND FOR A DATE WITH HIS BAR WENCH.

"ROLL 2D6.

"THE RED OGRE IS NOT CHARMED, AND HE CUTS SQUANT'S ARM CLEAN OFF."

WHAT?!

"THERE IS A DARKNESS GROWING AROUND THE STEPS. THE RED OGRE CAN BE HEARD CHANTING."

I RUN UP TOWARDS THE RED OGRE, KATANA PULLED.

FRT

FRT

I GUARD THE ROTTEN RELIC!

THIS IS SOME *BULLSHIT!*

MY CHARISMA IS THROUGH THE ROOF! I GAVE THAT DUDE THE RING HE WAS AFTER!

"SQUANT SPENDS HIS TURN SCREAMING AT THE RED GIANT. AS HE DOES THE GIANT MURMURS SOMETHING INTO THE RING...

"...AND LIFTS IT AT SQUANT."

YOUR KING WILL BE *DEAD!*

YOU WILL NEVER SACRIFICE THE RELIC!

GRERELLLLLO

"THE GROUND GROWS UP, GRABBING YOU EACH BY THE LEGS AND LOCKING YOU IN POSITION.

"NO ONE CAN MOVE--YOU LOSE YOUR TURNS--

"--ALLOWING THE RED OGRE TO CLAIM THE ROT RELIC!"

TUCHAS THE SKATE TURD IS MINE!

DUDE.

LEAVE ME THE *FUCK* OUT OF THIS.

I TOLD YOU I'M NOT PLAYING.

I KNOW YOU'RE NOT.

TUCHAS, THE SKATE TURD, IS A MAGIC RELIC I FOUND IN THE DEMONS AND DEMIGODS MANUAL, IT BEARS NO RESEMBLANCE TO YOU.

HAHAHA!

THRUMP

*G.I. JOE, THE NAM, THE PUNISHER-- **UNGH.***

GUNS, SWEAT AND MACHO SILLINESS.

YOU BOYS ARE SO OBSESSED WITH YOUR ***BLOODY*** GUNS.

ALL YOUR ROLE MODELS ARE COWBOYS OR SOLDIERS.

WHAT IS IT WITH YOU?

I DO NOT JUDGE YOU FOR YOUR FEMININE WAYS.

YOU SHOULD NOT SHAME ME FOR MY MASCULINITY.

I WILL NOT APOLOGIZE FOR BEING BORN A MAN.

I DID ***NOT*** ATTACK MASCULINITY; I SIMPLY DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE OBSESSION WITH VIOLENCE THAT SEEMS IRREVERSIBLY TETHERED TO IT.

SCHWARZENEGGER AND STALLONE, COPS AND ROBBERS, COWBOYS AND INDIANS, ALWAYS GUNS, GUNS, GUNS ALWAYS KILLING, KILLING, KILLING.

NAM

THE NAM IS A GOOD COMIC WITH GREAT ART, MICHAEL GOLDEN AND JOHN BEATTY ARE THE ***BEST.***

YOU SHOULD READ BEFORE YOU JUDGE.

I MEAN *"GREAT"* MIGHT BE RELATIVE. I READ ONE.

IT PORTRAYED VIETNAMESE SOLDIERS AS SOULLESS MONSTERS.

THE AMERICAN IS ***ALWAYS*** THE HERO.

THAT'S BECAUSE THERE'S ONLY ***ONE*** SIDE OF HISTORY-- ***THE WHITE SIDE.***

THE WHITE MAN CHOOSES TO LIVE IN A CAGE AND MAKES UP RULES, AND THEN INSISTS EVERYONE ELSE GET IN WITH HIM.

AND WHEN ANYONE REFUSES...

...THEY ARE LABELED SAVAGES AND KILLED.

IT'S NOT JUST ***MASCULINE*** TO BE OBSESSED WITH GUNS--IT'S ***AMERICAN.***

THE COWBOYS WANT EVERYONE ARMED, RIGHT?

TELL MY UNCLE WHO DARED LEAVE THE RESERVATION WITH A RIFLE IN HIS TRUCK.

WENT TO FILE A COMPLAINT ABOUT A ROTTEN SHERIFF SELLING DRUGS ON OUR RESERVATION.

VISIT HIS ***GRAVE*** AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT THEIR SECOND AMENDMENT ***REALLY*** MEANS.

WHAT THEY REALLY WANT IS ALL THE WHITE PEOPLE ARMED AND THE REST OF US IN LINE.

BUT FUCK THAT. NOT ME.

I'LL LEARN HOW TO USE THEIR GUNS. AND WHEN I GO BACK HOME...

...I'M GONNA KILL THAT FUCKING SHERIFF.

DUDE.

YOU NEED A HIT OF THIS.

SORRY.

I FORGET THAT IT'S HARD FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T BEEN FUCKED WITH TO UNDERSTAND PEOPLE WHO HAVE.

WE'VE ALL BEEN FUCKED WITH.

WE ALL WANT SOME KIND OF REVENGE.

BUT LET ME TELL YOU, IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK.

YOU THINK YOU'LL FEEL SO ***GOOD*** WHEN YOU FINALLY CRUSH THE PIECE OF SHIT THAT CAUSED YOU PAIN.

THE PROBLEM IS, ONCE YOU SEE ANOTHER HUMAN BEING SUFFERING, YOU FEEL ***COMPASSION.***

ALL YOU END UP FEELING IS ***SAD,*** AND ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS ***HELP*** THEM.

REVENGE ONLY WORKS FOR SOCIOPATHS.

KNOCK KNOCK

CCREEAK

SO

SO

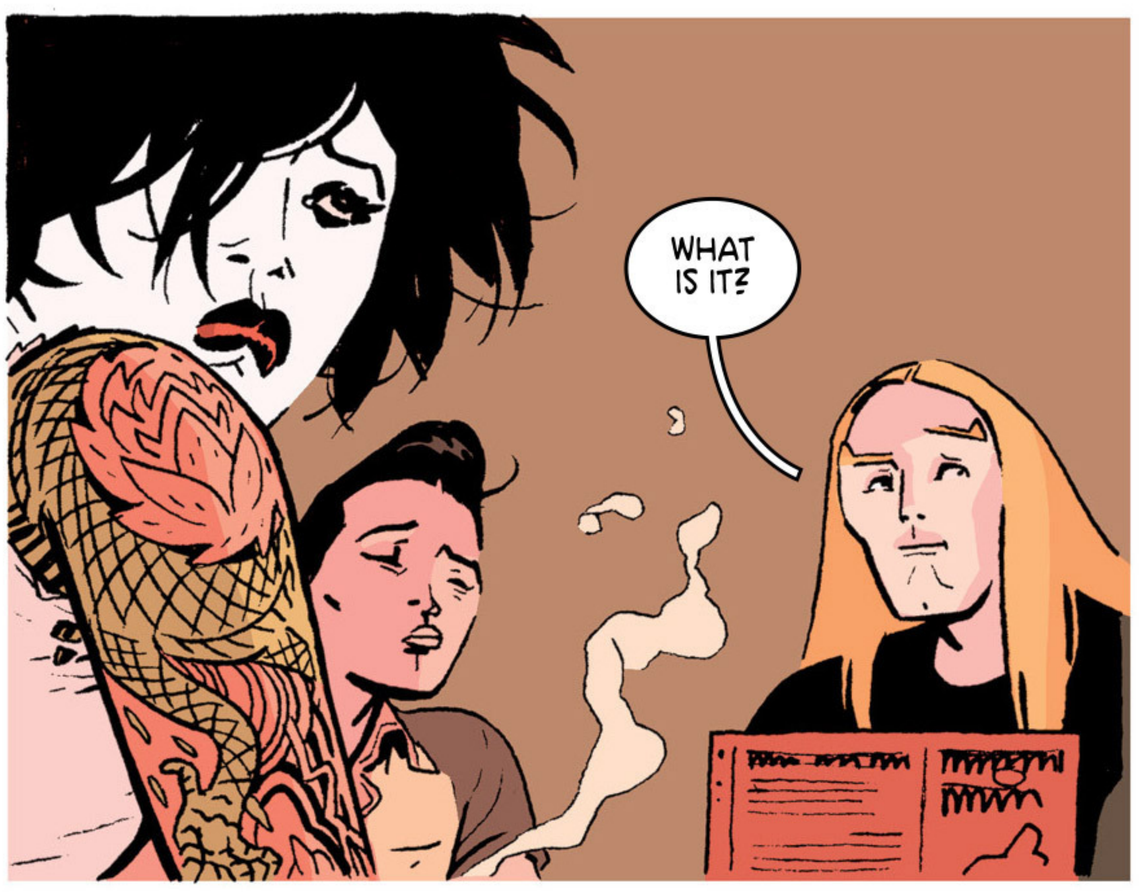
HIGH

WHAT'S THIS?

SLAM

OKAY.


ODD.


WHAT IS IT?

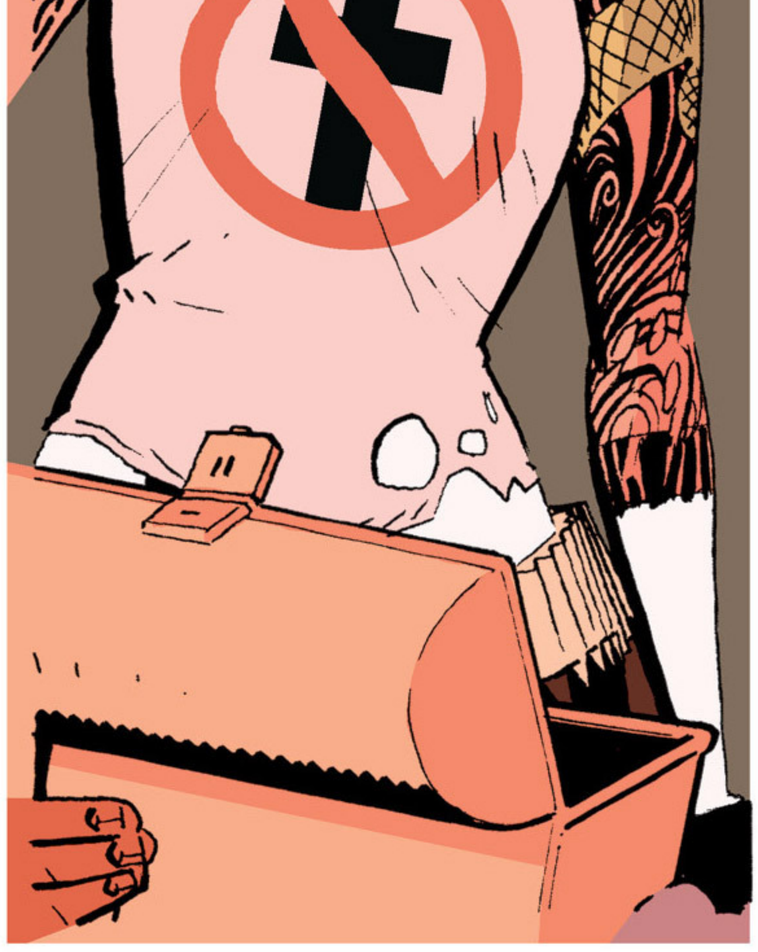

UH, SAYA...

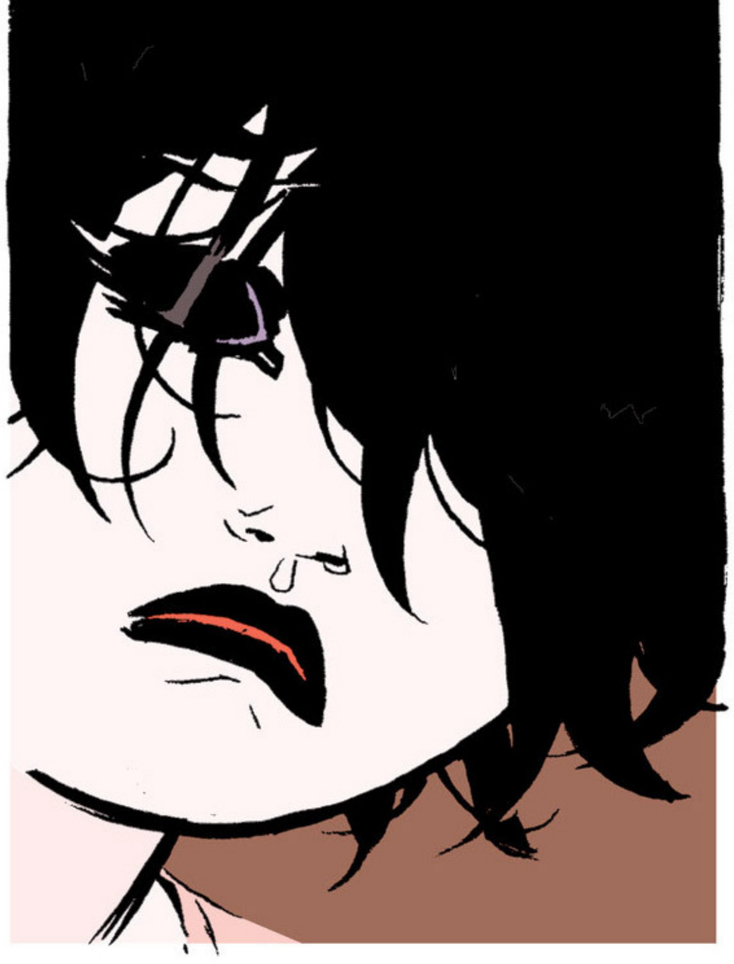

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

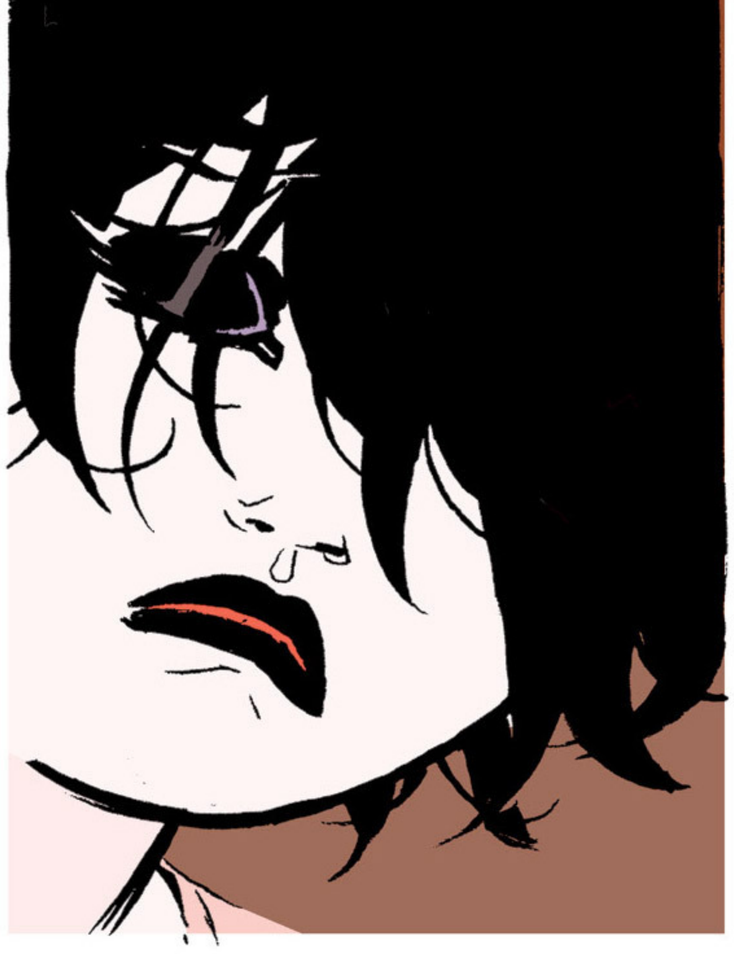


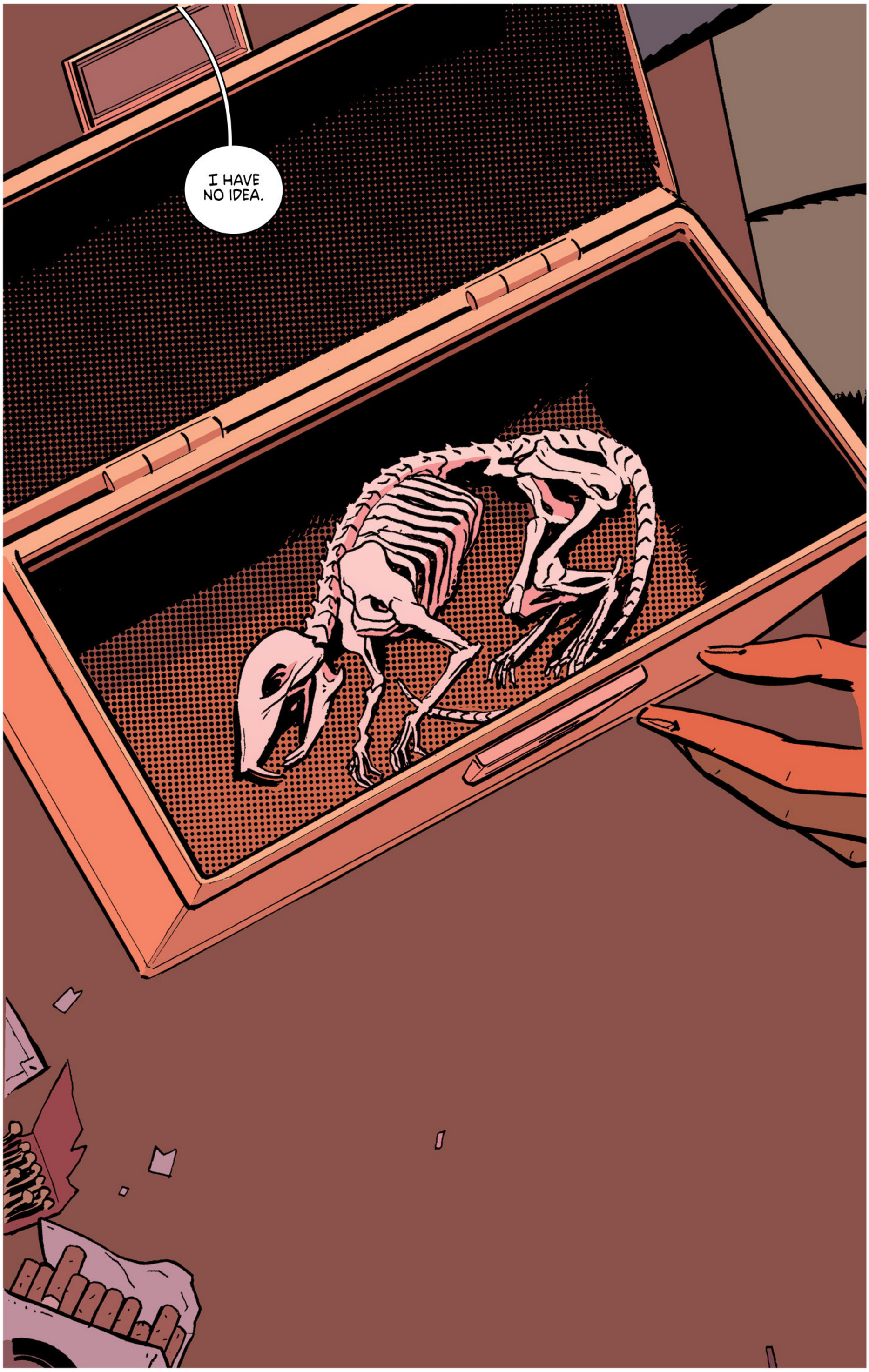



NO.








I HAVE NO IDEA.

STUDENT COUNCIL ASSEMBLY ROOM

THIS ***SPINELESS*** LUMP LETS HIS ***DESPICABLE*** PIG OF A GIRLFRIEND LEAD HIM BY THE NOSE TO DO WHATEVER SHORTSIGHTED, SELFISH ***BULLSHIT*** SHE FEELS LIKE, AND WE'RE JUST EXPECTED TO WHAT? ***FALL IN LINE?***

WHILE WE HAVE LEADER MEETINGS AND TALK ABOUT SHIT THAT WILL ***NEVER*** HAPPEN, SHE'S FILLED THE POWER VACUUMS IN THE SOTO VATO, THE ITALIANS, AND THE FINAL WORLD ORDER WITH ***HER*** FRIENDS.

TELL US, SHABNAM, ARE WE SUPPOSED TO LET THE TROLL RUN THE SCHOOL BECAUSE SHE'LL STOMACH TOUCHING YOUR DICK?

UGH. I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS KIND OF ***MISOGYNY*** FROM YOU, STEPHEN.

STOP THAT.

STOP USING REAL ISSUES AS ARMOR FOR YOUR ***BLATANT*** SELF-INTEREST.

SERIOUSLY, TELL US--***HOW*** DID YOU GET HERE--***WHAT*** DID YOU ***DO*** TO ***EARN*** THIS?

SAT BEHIND A DESK EATING PIZZA ROLLS WHILE WE WENT OUT AND DID ***UGLY, HARD*** WORK.

I... I'M AFRAID I AGREE... I DIDN'T MAKE A DEAL WITH GROGDA.

NICE PETRA.

POP

BOTTOM LINE IS ***NONE OF US*** AGREED TO WORK WITH ***YOU.***

NONE OF US ***WANT*** TO WORK WITH YOU.

WE THINK YOU SHOULD ***FUCK OFF*** OUT OF THE LEADER MEETINGS.

MHHM.

LOOK, IT'S A GREAT POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY WE WIELD.

WE'RE THE ***ARCHITECTS*** OF THIS HALLOWED HOUSE. WE DECIDE WHAT HAPPENS, WHO RISES AND WHO FALLS.

AND WE ***ALL*** EARNED OUR SEATS HERE IN DIFFERENT WAYS.

NOW, IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE THE TABLE, YOU CAN, STEPHEN, BUT TRUST ME--

--YOU'LL ***DIE*** OUT THERE ON YOUR OWN.

WITHOUT THIS ***TABLE***-- WITHOUT ***US***--YOU ARE ***NOTHING.***

SO, WHAT'LL IT BE?

RIGHT.

SO, NOW, ONTO ***ACTUAL*** BUSINESS-- PRIMARILY, HOW TO ***GET*** WHAT WE ALL ***WANT.***

TO GRADUATE WITH HONORS, HAVE OUR VOICES ***OBEYED, DOMINATE*** THE HERD AND TO ONE DAY RETURN TO OUR RESPECTED BUSINESSES AND ORGANIZATIONS PREPARED TO ***LEAD.***

IF WE QUIT THIS ***PETTY*** SQUABBLING AMONG OURSELVES, WE CAN WORK ***TOGETHER*** TO ACCOMPLISH THAT.

THANKS TO THE WORK WE'VE DONE, THE OTHERS HAVE ALL FALLEN INTO LINE.

WE'RE THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN.

ANYONE WHO WAS VYING FOR POSITION, OR STOOD IN OUR WAY, IS NOW ***DEAD.***

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ***ONE.***

AND SOMEONE NEEDS TO ***KILL HER.***

K-KILL SAYA?

PETRA, IF YOU COULD WAIT TILL I'M DONE--

I JUST DON'T THINK SHE'S GOING TO BE ANY TROUBLE.

I MEAN... SHE KILLED STRAIGHT-EDGE DAN AND M-MARCUS.

HOW CAN SAYA HURT US?

SHE DOESN'T HAVE LOYALTY TO ***ANYONE.***

YEAH, SHE AIN'T THE ***ONLY ONE,*** IS SHE, PETRA?

Y'ALL KNOW MY DIXIE MOB IS SELLIN' WEED TO THE WHOLE SCHOOL.

WELL, WE AIN'T TAKIN' IN MONEY, WE'RE TAKIN' ***INFORMATION.***

GOT IT ON ***GOOD*** AUTHORITY MASTER LIN IS ASSIGNIN' SAYA A NEW FRESHMAN PLEDGE.

GIVIN' HER ALL KINDS OF ***SPECIAL*** TREATMENT.

HE'S SWEET ON HER.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS INTO ***BOYS,*** BUT MAYBE HE JUST LIKES THE ***YOUNG 'YELLAS.***

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, SAYA'S THE ***HEIR APPARENT.***

HE'S GROOMING HER!

DON'T YOU ALL SEE THAT?

HE'S GROOMING HER TO TAKE MY, *ER...* ***OUR*** SPOT!

WE THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF PETRA OR STEPHEN WOULD STEP UP AND TAKE CARE OF THIS BITCH.

THEY'VE BOTH SHOWN TO BE ADEPT AT ***BETRAYAL.***

WE CAN'T RISK GETTING CAUGHT OR MASTER LIN... WELL, YOU ***KNOW*** WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

UPSETTING MASTER LIN GOES AGAINST OUR PURPOSE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

EXCUSE ME.

I WOULD LIKE TO CALL THE BULLSHIT.

YOU THINK IT SHOULD BE ***HOMOSEXUAL*** BOY OR ***SCHIZOPHRENIC*** GIRL?

YOU DO NOT THINK VIKTOR IS BEST SUITED TO DEAL WITH SMALL, TATTOOED FREAK?

HONEY, STEALTH AIN'T ***EXACTLY*** YOUR GAME.

I... I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS.

MAYBE VIKTOR COULD HELP STEPHEN?

HELP?!

VIKTOR DOES NOT NEED HOMO TO HELP HIM KILL GIRL!

SLAM

VIKTOR WILL KILL SAYA, IS ***NO PROBLEM,*** NO ONE WILL KNOW I DID IT, BUT WHEN I AM DONE...

...NO MORE FAT BOY HOLDING ***ALL*** THE COOKIES.

OKAY.

MEETING IS, *UH,* ADJOURNED.

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

NEVER GIVE A DIRECT ORDER, ALWAYS MAKE THEM THINK IT'S ***THEIR*** IDEA.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT.

I'VE BEEN GOOD, HAVEN'T I?

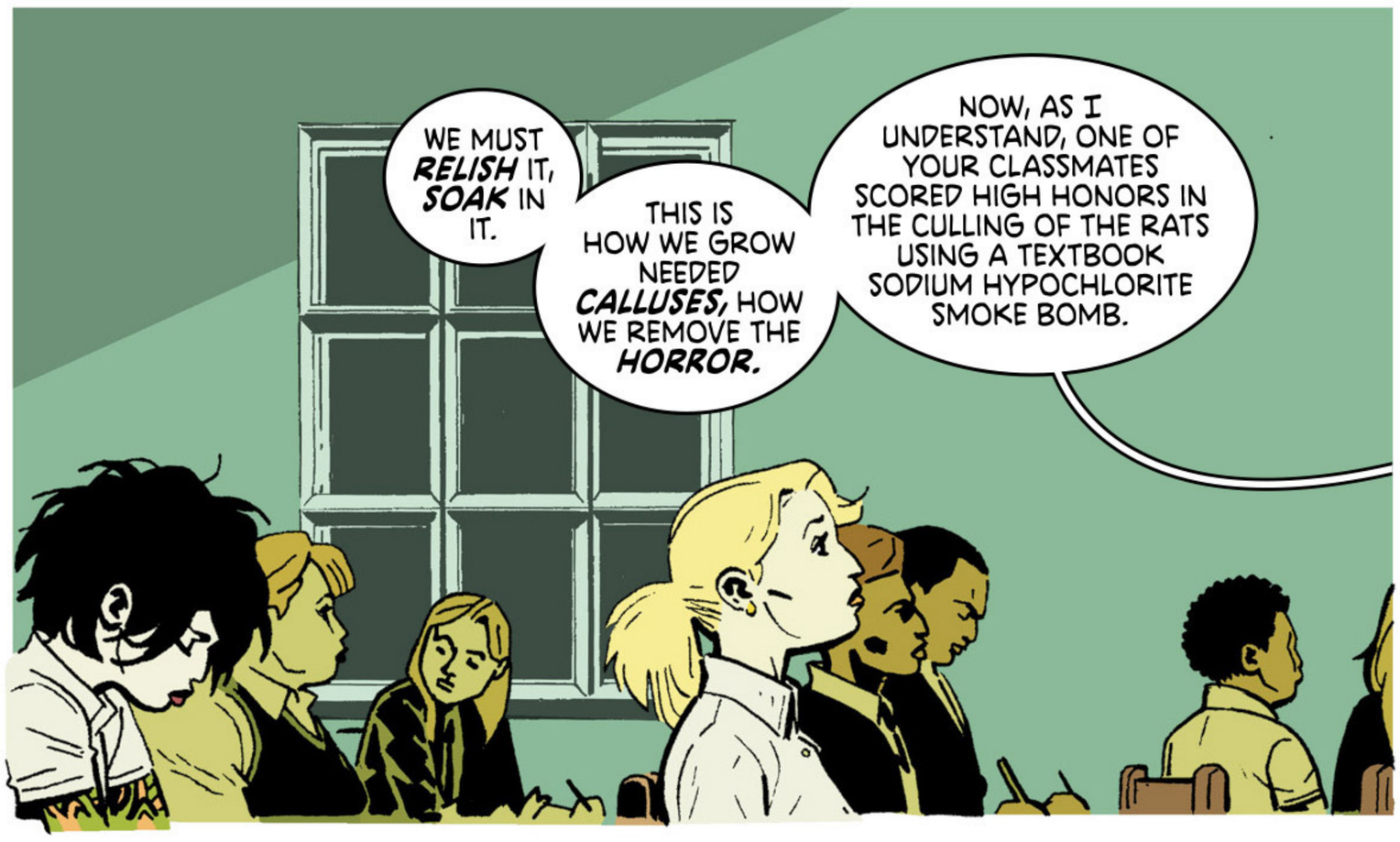
LET ME HAVE A TOUCH, JUST A LITTLE SQUEEZE.

TOUCH A TIT AND LOSE YOUR HAND...

"...YOU CAN COP A FEEL WHEN THAT BITCH IS DEAD."

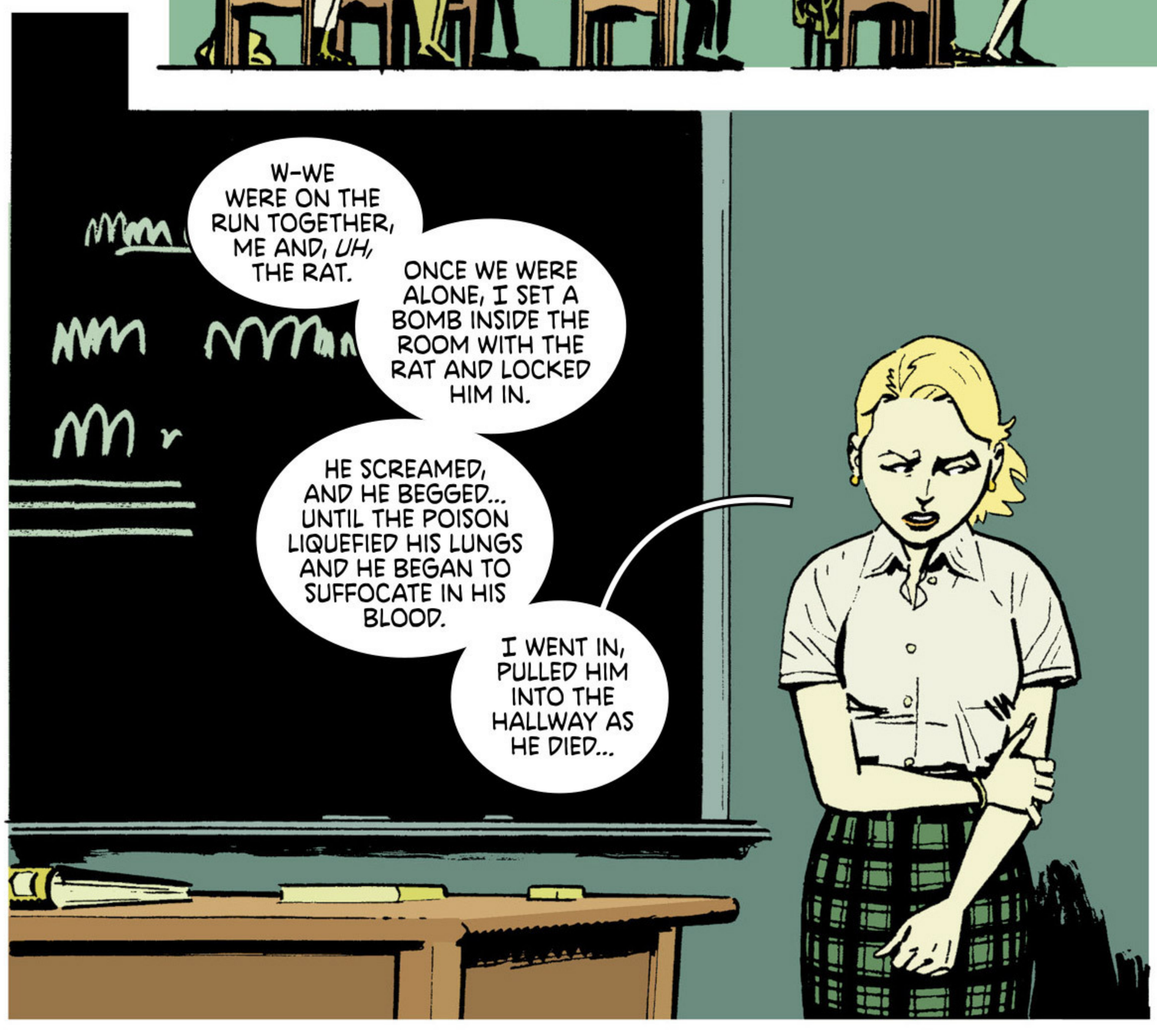
FOR THOSE OF US NOT ***FORTUNATE*** ENOUGH TO BE BORN ***SOCIOPATHS,*** WE MUST LEARN TO PROCESS OUR KILLS IN A FASHION THAT SLOWLY TURNS US ***INTO*** ONE.

TRADITIONALLY WE ARE TAUGHT TO AVOID THINKING OF DIFFICULT EXPERIENCES, BUT IN THE CASE OF KILLING SOMEONE WE KNOW, OR A PARTICULARLY GRUESOME EXECUTION, IT IS ***BETTER*** TO HOLD THE MEMORY.











WELL, OBVIOUSLY THEY'RE PLAYING US, BUDDY.

THEY CLEARLY WANT SAYA TO KILL US, GET US OUT OF THEIR WAY.

NO SHIT? IS WHY I THROW ***TANTRUM.***

BETTER TO HAVE THEM ***THINK*** I'M IN HALF-WITTED SCHEME WHILE ***WE*** DECIDE NEXT STEP.

I MEAN, LOOK, WE'RE NOT EXACTLY IN A POWER POSITION, WE HAVE TO DO WHAT WE HAVE TO DO...

IS BETTER I KEEP NEXT STEP TO SELF, STEPHEN.

WE HAVE TO TRUST EACH OTHER, VIKTOR.

IS NOT ABOUT ***TRUST,*** IS ABOUT ***SURPRISE.***

WHEN THEY ASK WHAT IS HAPPENING, YOU WILL NOT KNOW, ***GENUINELY*** NOT KNOW.

THIS WILL HELP SELL--

RGHA-!

SLAM

CLUMSY.

KGB.

ASSHOLE.

OH, SHIT!

CLOWNED HIS ASS!

YOU FALL HARD...

...JUST LIKE YOUR FUCKING WALL WILL.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU STUPID FRESHMAN FUCK?

SAME AS I DO BACK IN EAST GERMANY.

FUCK WITH KGB FOR FUN.

STOP.
YOU FIGHT A FRESHMAN IN THE HALLS, MASTER LIN WILL HAVE YOUR BALLS, VIKTOR.
WHAT BALLS?
FUCK THE RULES.
TAKE YOUR SHOT, COWARD.
STOP.
IT.
NOW.
JAPANESE DOING NAZI DIRTY WORK.
IS LIKE HISTORY REPEATING SELF!
CALL ME A NAZI AGAIN, COMMUNIST FUCK! I DARE YOU!
SHUT UP.
VIKTOR WON'T BE ABLE TO LET THAT SLIDE.
GOOD.
YOU DID IT IN FRONT OF TOO MANY PEOPLE.
I CAN'T BE IN THE SAME BUILDING AS THAT PIECE OF SHIT. ONE OF US HAS TO GO.
SHIT-HEAD.
NOW EVERYONE KNOWS IT.
SO EVEN IF SOMETHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO VIKTOR--WHO WOULD THEY BLAME?
LET THEM BLAME.
WHEN I KILL KGB PIGS, NO ONE EVEN FINDS A BODY.
YOU COULD SAY IT'S MY SUPER-POWER.
LIKE SUPERMAN BUT INSTEAD OF THE GIFT OF FLIGHT...

"...I KILL COMMUNISTS AND DISPOSE OF THEIR BODIES ***SUPER*** WELL."

...SO, I SAID, BRENDA, YOU HAVE TO JUST ***GET OVER*** YOUR FEARS AND GO AFTER WHAT YOU WANT.

SO, I WENT IN AND DID MY BEST, AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

THE CHEER DEATH SQUAD TURNED ME DOWN!

I WAS, LIKE, ***TOTALLY*** DEVASTATED.

I HOPE I'M NOT BEING CARELESS, ZENZELE, LIKE, MY TRIVIAL PROBLEMS MUST SEEM SO, WELL, ***TOTALLY TRIVIAL,*** COMPARED TO WHAT YOU MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH BACK HOME.

I SAW YOUR HAMMERS... I CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT YOU HAD TO DO WITH THEM.

WE'RE ROOMMATES, YOU CAN OPEN UP TO ME.

WAS IT, LIKE, A WARLORD AND MACHETE-WIELDING MONSTERS THAT ATTACKED YOUR VILLAGE?

WAS, LIKE, EVERYONE STARVING LIKE ON TV? I SENT MONEY TO THAT BY THE WAY, TO ETHIOPIA.

YES. THAT IS IT.

I FOUGHT OFF STARVING ETHIOPIAN WARLORDS WITH HAMMERS.

NOW THAT YOU'VE PIECED IT TOGETHER, CAN YOU DO ME A ***SMALL*** KINDNESS?

DO NOT TALK TO ME.

LIKE, ***EVER?***

THAT RIGHT THERE, THE ***TALKING,*** THAT IS WHAT I WAS ASKING YOU TO ***NOT*** DO.

TALKING?

RIGHT. LET'S START THE NEW SYSTEM NOW.

OCT 30TH, 1988

DEAR MOTHER. DEAR FATHER.

I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T WRITTEN IN THE LAST WEEK. THE WORKLOAD IS QUITE ARDUOUS.

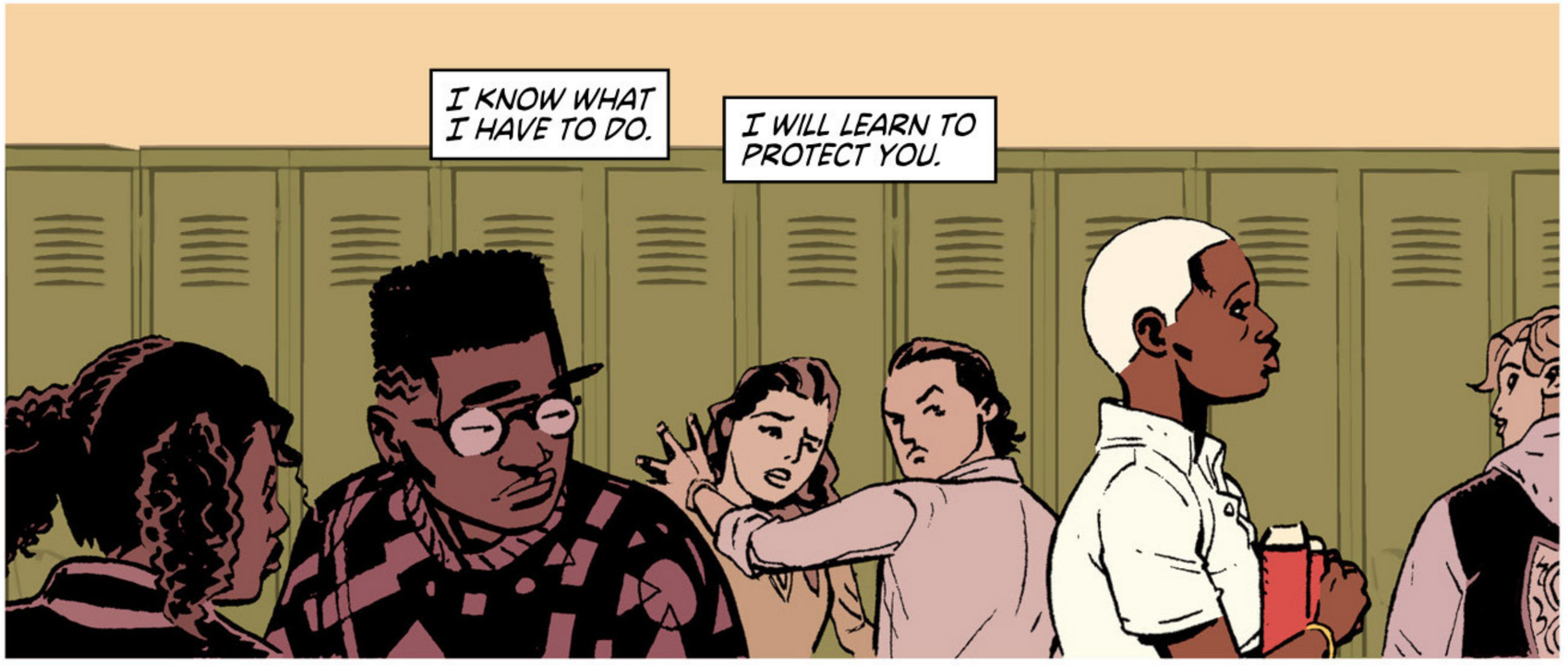
MUCH IS AS YOU SUSPECTED HERE IN AMERICA.

THEIR ASSUMPTIONS OF ME ARE ALL BASED ON MISINFORMATION FROM TELEVISION AND THE MOVIES.



THE AMERICAN STUDENTS KNOW NOTHING OF THE REST OF THE WORLD, AND EVEN LESS OF AFRICA.

I HAVE NEVER FELT MORE HOMESICK OR DISPLACED. I FIGHT THE URGE TO RETURN TO YOU EVERY HOUR, BUT I THEN REMEMBER WHAT IS AT STAKE, AND WHY I MUST STAY.



I WISH I COULD REPORT HIGH MARKS, BUT IN MANY CLASSES, I AM FAILING. THE INSTRUCTORS THINK I AM WEAK. BASED ON MY PERFORMANCE I UNDERSTAND WHY.

I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE RAGE THAT DROVE ME THAT DARK NIGHT. I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW I CALLED ON IT.

THEN I REMEMBER WHAT YOU'RE ENDURING.



GIVEN YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH TO HOLD ON IN SUCH DANGER, I CAN SURELY FIND THE STRENGTH TO ACHIEVE WHAT I MUST IN THIS PLACE.

BUT IT IS HARDER THAN I IMAGINED.

THE CLASS I AM HAVING THE MOST TROUBLE WITH IS NINJA STEALTH. IF I AM TO BE ANY USE TO YOU, I RECOGNIZE I SHOULD REMEDY THIS.

OUR INSTRUCTOR IS UNIMPRESSED WITH MY ATTEMPTS. HE INSULTS ME AND ASKS WHY I AM HERE. OF COURSE, I CANNOT TELL HIM THE TRUTH OF THINGS.

HE CLEARLY DOESN'T LIKE ME, BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE ANYBODY LIKES ANYONE ELSE IN THIS PLACE.



THE FUCK YOU TOUCHIN' MY TATERS TOTS, MOTHERFUCKER?!

YOUR TOTS'RE *MY* TOTS, *PENDEJO!*

THEY ARE ALL SO AMBITIOUS. SO EAGER TO GET RID OF ANYONE FEEDING FROM THE SAME TROUGH.

THE COMPETITION NEVER CEASES. EVERYONE SEEMS DRIVEN BY NEEDS INSTILLED IN THEM BY THEIR PARENTS OR SOMETHING ELSE.

THEY CHASE SUCCESS AT ANY COST.

...CHANGING PEOPLE'S MINDS THROUGH REPETITION OF SOCIAL SHAMING...

MY PROPAGANDA INSTRUCTOR HAS CONFIRMED EVERYTHING PAPA EVER SAID ABOUT GOVERNMENTS.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS MOROSE AND UNNECESSARILY PESSIMISTIC ABOUT MANKIND, BUT PERHAPS HE WAS RIGHT. PERHAPS WE ARE CRUEL AND SELFISH CREATURES--PERHAPS THE DEVIL IS WINNING.

I PRAY FOR UNDERSTANDING HOW I CAN SERVE GOD WHILE LEARNING SUCH AN EVIL TRADE...

...I NO LONGER HEAR AN ANSWER.

*PAT BROWN, TRIED TO RUN THE COPS DOWN! HE'S NO **ZERO**--HE'S A FUCKING **HERO!***

I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU THAT I HAVE MADE FRIENDS, BUT THAT IS NOT A WORD THAT CAN BE APPLIED TO ANY OF THE PEOPLE I'VE MET.

I WOULD CALL THEM "ACQUAINTANCES OF CONVENIENCE." I WONDER WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT ME. HOW THEY MISINTERPRET MY INTENTIONS, IF THEY CONSIDER ME AT ALL...

...OR IF I'M JUST THERE TO OBSERVE THEIR ANTICS.

HEY, Z--COME TELL THIS DICKHEAD WHAT A STUPID DRAWING THIS IS.

QUAN IS SLICK, FLIRTATIOUS AND CHARMING, BUT HE'S ALWAYS COWERING BEHIND HUMOR.

HIS MOTHER WAS A US MEDIC DURING THE WAR, HIS FATHER A VIETNAMESE SOLDIER SHE SAVED AND BECAME PREGNANT BY. NOT ABLE TO FACE THE SOCIAL STIGMA, SHE LEFT QUAN WITH HIS DAD IN CAMBODIA.

QUAN'S OBSESSED WITH AMERICAN GREASER CULTURE. I THINK HE FEELS ABANDONED AND ATTACHES TO HIS MOTHER'S WORLD TO BECOME THE CHILD SHE WANTED.

YOU SEE THIS MOTHER COMING FROM ABOVE-- KISS YOUR ASS GOODBYE, FRIENDS!

BALLBATH THE ORGAN MASHER WILL FUCK ALL HOLES!

THERE IS AN EAST GERMAN BOY NAMED HELMUT, A LEGACY SENT FROM THE STASI. HE CARRIES THE WEIGHT OF HIS COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

HE IMMERSES HIMSELF IN FANTASY GAMES, WHICH HE CONTROLS. CONTROL ISN'T SOMETHING HE SEEMS TO HAVE HAD MUCH OF BACK HOME.

I HAVE TRIED TO WARN HIM AGAINST HIS SINFUL DEVIL MUSIC, BUT HE HAS BEEN CONSUMED BY IT.

THEN THERE IS THE NATIVE AMERICAN, TOSAHWI. PERHAPS THE LEAST LIKABLE PERSON I'VE MET. SELF-RIGHTEOUS AND PIOUS DON'T EVEN BEGIN TO DESCRIBE HIM.

HE'S THE KIND OF PERSON WHO MAKES FUN OF PEOPLE AT A DANCE. WHAT A JOKE IT ALL IS, HOW BENEATH HIM IT IS. BUT WHAT EVERYONE ELSE HEARS IS CLEAR:



HIS NAME MEANS "WHITE KNIFE," AND HE IS DESCENDED FROM COMANCHE WARRIORS.

HE IS THE ANGRIEST PERSON I HAVE EVER MET, AND OF ALL THE STUDENTS HERE I BELIEVE HE IS THE MOST DANGEROUS.

HE SEEMS TO HATE EVERYTHING EXCEPT SKATEBOARDING...



...AND BELITTLING OTHERS.

HE HANGS OUT WITH US ALMOST BY DEFAULT. HE HAS NO ONE ELSE, SO HE BUZZES IN OUR PERIPHERY.

HE'S FROM A RESERVATION IN NORTHERN TEXAS WHERE HIS FATHER IS THE CHIEF, BUT APPARENTLY, HE IS A WEAK MAN, LETTING THE RESERVATION FALL APART.



AMERICAN SHERIFFS SELL DRUGS AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE WOMEN THERE.

AND I CAN SEE THAT TOSAHWI HAS SOMETHING BACK HOME TO SET RIGHT, A TRUE INJUSTICE. STILL, NO ONE LIKES HIM.



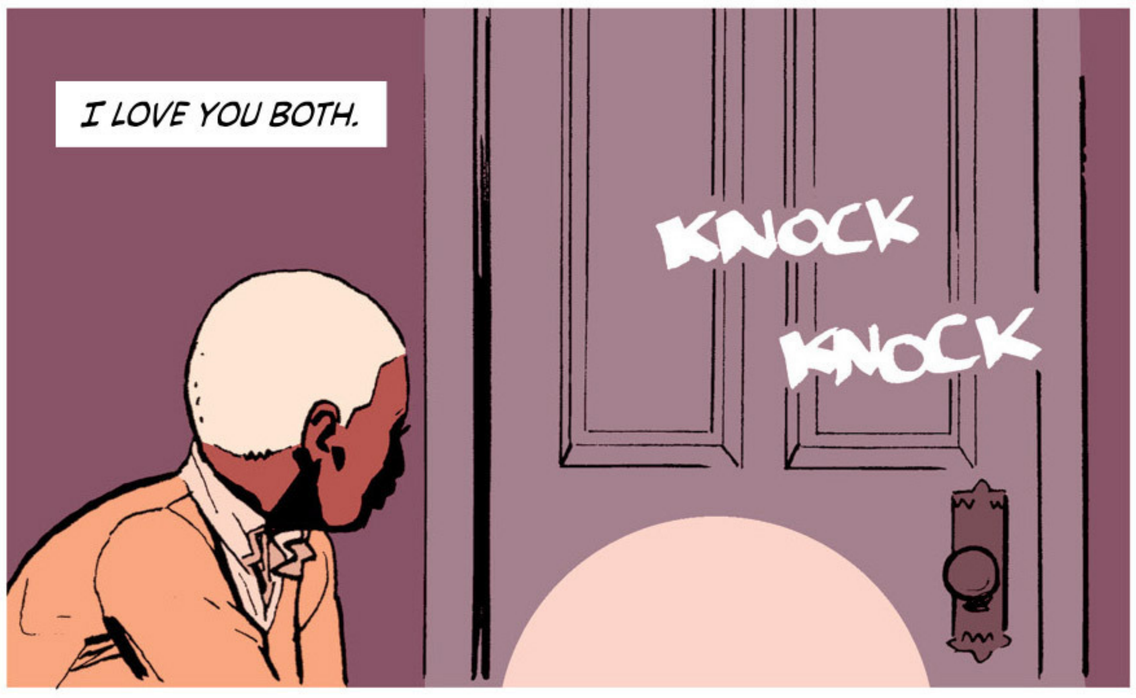
AS FOR ME, I'M SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE BUT ALWAYS FEEL ALONE.

MAMA, I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO SMELL YOUR BOBOTIE SIMMERING, TO SIT WITH FATHER AND HEAR HIS TALL STORIES.

I PROMISE YOU BOTH THAT EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT, AND AS SOON AS I HAVE LEARNED ALL I NEED...

...WE WILL BE SAFE AND TOGETHER AGAIN.





QUAN?

IT'S ***HALLOWEEN.***

YES.

I'M GATHERING THE CREW.

AND?

AS IN, YOU'RE A PART OF THE CREW SO GET YOUR SHIT AND LET'S GO HEAD OUT FOR BIG COSTUMED MISCHIEF?

I...

I HAVE NO COSTUME.

JUST GO AS AN UPTIGHT CHRISTIAN.

YOU KNOW, THE USUAL.

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, SMART MOUTH.

P.S.--WELL, I WAS ONCE AGAIN TOO QUICK TO ASSUME THE WORLD WOULD DISAPPOINT ME.

THOSE KIDS I MENTIONED BEFORE, THEY JUST INVITED ME OUT FOR HALLOWEEN!

THEY CONSIDER ME A PART OF THEIR "CREW"!

I AM MAKING FRIENDS AFTER ALL.

IF I ***WAS*** ALLOWED TO TALK I'D BE ABLE TO TELL YOU THAT HANGING OUT WITH THOSE ***GOONS*** ISN'T GOING TO HELP YOU HERE.

BUT YOU'RE NOT, SO DON'T.

OKAY, AS PER QUAN'S REQUEST, TONIGHT'S CAMPAIGN WILL TAKE US OUT INTO THE REAL WORLD FOR REAL ADVENTURE.

QUESTION IS, *WHERE?*

I ALREADY TOLD YOU, WE'RE GOING TO JAPAN-TOWN.

I GOT CONNECTIONS AT A BAR I CAN GET US INTO WITH NO I.D.S.

I'M SORRY TO BE A WORRIER BUT... IF SAYA DISCOVERS THAT I'VE SNUCK OUT, SHE'LL BE CROSS...

I AM HER PLEDGE.

C'MON. WHO CARES WHAT SHE THINKS? SHE'S A TOTAL WET BLANKET.

BECAUSE SHE ISN'T INTO YOU.

NO. NOT JUST THAT. *FUCK* SAYA.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM: YOU *CAN'T.*

BUT, IF, *UH,* IF YOU GUYS ARE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE ELSE...

I'D BE DOWN.

YOU KNOW.

I'VE WANTED TO GO OUT PAST JAPANTOWN A BIT TO THE RICHMOND DISTRICT-- THEY FILMED SOME GREAT STUFF FROM *POWELL II* *FUTURE PRIMITIVE* THERE.

YEAH. SURE, TOSAHWI.

GNARLY.

THERE'S THIS SCENE WHERE TOMMY GUERRERO BOMBS A HILL. WHEN I WAS A KID IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

GOT ME INTO STREET SKATING.

I'M *SUPER* STOKED TO GO HIT IT AND...

...GUYS?

THAT WAS *MEAN.*

IT'S HIS OWN FAULT. THAT CAT IS TOO MUCH.

NEGATIVE PEOPLE, THEY INFECT THE GROUP, WORK AGAINST THE CHANCES FOR *FUN.*

PESSIMISTIC VIEWS OF THE FUTURE HAVE BEEN SHOWN TO HELP PEOPLE TO BE PREPARED...

GUNS!

...FOR THINGS THOSE WEARING ROSE-COLORED GLASSES ARE *NOT.*

I GET IT. EVERYTHING IS IN HOW YOU LOOK AT IT.

SOME MIGHT SEE THIS AS JUST A *GIN BOTTLE* STUCK IN *POO,* BUT I SEE THE FEARLESS ART OF A *GENIUS...*

"...A PURELY UNINHIBITED SOUL UNBURDENED BY THE IDEA OF *SHAME.*

"WALKING DRUNK DOWN THE STREET, OUR PROTAGONIST REALIZES HE NEEDS TO RELIEVE HIMSELF."

"SO HE JUST *DOES*--ON THE STREET--IN *PUBLIC.*

"JOYFULLY UNSHACKLED FROM THE IMAGINARY DICTATES OF HUMAN SOCIETY."

"AND WHEN HE'S DONE, DOES HE RUN?

"*NO.* HE TURNS AND PLANTS HIS EMPTY BOTTLE OF GIN IN HIS LEAVINGS LIKE A BRAVE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER'S FLAG.

"A PERFECTLY *UNBOUND SPIRIT* LIVING IN THE *MOMENT.*"

"A SHADOW HERO FINDING WILD FUN IN THE MOST MUNDANE TASKS WHILE THE REST OF US FRET AWAY EVERY HOUR.

"RICH IN WAYS WE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND.

"A TRULY *GREAT* AMERICAN."

LIVE FREE LIKE THE HOBO!

KCLNK

IT'S A *GOOD* SLOGAN FOR OUR CAMPAIGN. WE WILL KNOW OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHEN THEY SPEAK IT.

HOW DID YOU KNOW WE'D GET IN HERE WITHOUT I.D., QUAN?

THE OWNER IS A FRIEND OF THE GUTTER WOLVES, MY THIEVES' GUILD BACK HOME.

STEALING IS HOW FAILURES AND COWARDS ACQUIRE WEALTH.

EVERYTHING IS STOLEN, Z, DOWN TO THE GROUND YOU STAND ON.

NOT A COUNTRY ON EARTH WASN'T *STOLEN* FROM SOMEONE ELSE.

THE QUESTION IS WHO SENT YOU TO KD WITH A HEAD FULL OF NOBLE GOD NONSENSE?

LEMME GUESS, YOU'RE AN ORPHAN HAND-PICKED BY A TRIBAL WARLORD, DUE TO YOUR SIZE. YOU DON'T WANT TO BE HERE BUT SOME FAMILY MEMBER IS IN DANGER BACK HOME SO--

I'M READY TO GO.

IF SAYA FINDS OUT I SNUCK AWAY, SHE'LL BE *FURIOUS.*

THAT'S ON YOU. SHE ALREADY HATES ME.

YOU TOO? WHY?

LAST FEW WEEKS THE CURRICULUM HAD BEGUN TO CAUSE ME STRESS, AND I HADN'T BEEN SLEEPING VERY WELL.

WHEN I CAN'T SLEEP, I EAT BRATWURST.

BRATWURST?

IT COMFORTS ME. MY MOTHER SENDS IT FROM HOME.

WE WERE IN ANTISOCIAL STUDIES WHEN IT CAUGHT UP WITH ME.

MR. PERPARIA HAD ASKED ME TO PREPARE A REPORT DESCRIBING MY LIFE IN EASTERN GERMANY TO THE REST OF THE CLASS...

"AND AS I DID, IN THE MIDDLE OF MY REPORT, I BEGAN TO FEEL A ***TERRIBLE*** BALL OF GAS EXPANDING IN MY STOMACH.

"I TRIED TO CONTINUE ON, BUT THE PAIN BECAME SO INTENSE. A ***DARK GOD*** OF ***ANGRY FLATULENCE*** WAS TRYING TO BURST OUT OF MY STOMACH."

"I COULD TELL THAT IF I DID NOT ***LEAVE,*** AND ***RIGHT*** THEN, I WAS GOING TO RELEASE THE AGONY OF 1000 ***BRATWURSTS*** UPON THE CLASSROOM."

GRRRUMBLE

"RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A SENTENCE I GRABBED THE ROLL SHEET, INSISTING THAT IT WAS DUE TO THE ADMIN OFFICE, AND I RAN OUT.

"CLENCHING WITH THE WILL OF ODIN TO CONTAIN THE GREAT BEAST WITHIN ITS CAGE.

"MY ***PLAN*** WAS TO RELEASE THE DEVIL IN THE ELEVATOR..."

"...BUT AS SOON AS I GOT IN, IT FILLED WITH PEOPLE.

"I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THERE WERE SO MANY. SHOULDN'T THEY BE IN CLASS?

"DID THE GREAT BEAST CALL THEM TO WITNESS HIS ARRIVAL?"

"BUT I PERSEVERED, I HELD HIM IN.

"I DELIVERED THE ROLL SHEET, BUT THE ADMINISTRATION BATHROOM WAS BARRED FOR CLEANING.

"BY NOW THE ***TERRIBLE*** WIND WAS TEARING MY INSIDES APART. IF IT DID NOT COME OUT SOON, I WOULD ***SURELY*** PERISH.

"BUT, UNLIKE QUAN'S HOMELESS HERO, I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO RELEASE SUCH A FRIGHTFUL BURDEN ON THE PUBLIC."

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.

"I RETURNED TO THE ELEVATOR OF TORMENT, BUT AGAIN THE BEAST SUMMONED AN AUDIENCE..."

GRUMBLE

...WITNESSES TO MOCK MY ***GREAT*** SUFFERING AT THE ***GHASTLY*** WIND DEMANDING RELEASE.

MY, GOODNESS!

THERE WAS NO GOODNESS IN ME THAT DAY, ZENZELE...

"...DARKNESS HAD CONSUMED ME. GOD HAD TURNED HIS BACK ON ME.

"NOW, THE ADMINISTRATION OFFICE IS ON THE EIGHTH BASEMENT LEVEL.

3

4

5

6

7

8

"I HAD TO SOMEHOW CONTAIN THE PLAGUE LONG ENOUGH TO REACH THE FIRST FLOOR, AT WHICH POINT I WOULD DAMN WHATEVER UNFORTUNATE TRAVELER IN THOSE DOOMED HALLS."

"BUT THE DARK GOD SHOWED LENIENCY.

"BY THE FIFTH LEVEL, EVERYONE POURED OUT OF THE ELEVATOR."

WE'RE ALL GOING TO SEE *PUMPKINHEAD* TONIGHT IF YOU WANT TO COME.

WORD. IF YOU'RE LUCKY, I'LL SHOW YOU MY PUMPKINHEAD.

"THE IMMENSE STORM DEMANDED RELEASE."

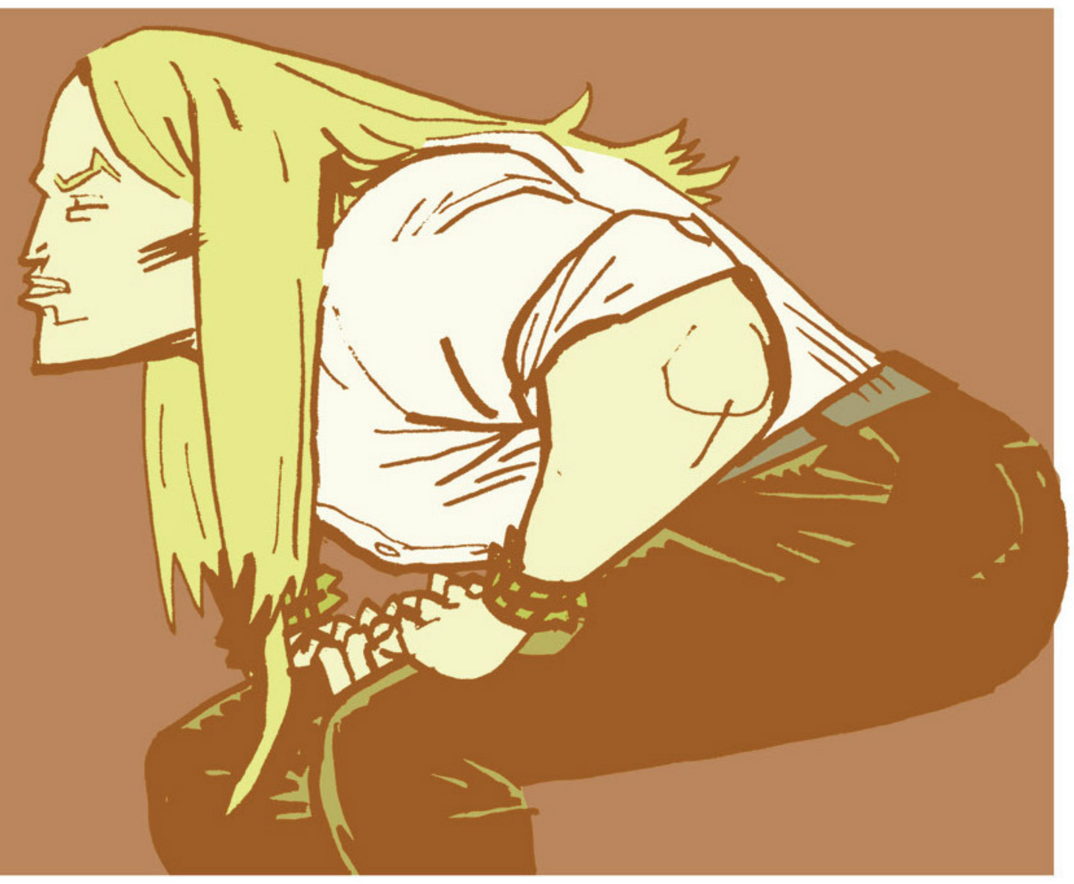
THAT'S REALLY ***GROSS,*** JOSE.

"AS THE DOOR CLOSED I BEGAN TO SLOWLY UNCLENCH, TO TEMPER THE HORRIFIC BIRTH OF THE DEVIL'S WIND FROM SHREDDING MY MORTAL SPHINCTER."

"I PLANTED MY FEET WIDE.

"HELD MY KNEES FOR LEVERAGE SO THAT THE GUST WOULD NOT THRUST ME FORWARD.

"AND I OPENED MYSELF."



"A HUNDRED DYING ELEPHANTS BELLOWED IN GRIEF."

"THE GROTESQUE SOUND GREW IN TENOR..."

"THE GHOSTS OF MY SADNESS SUNG OF THEIR ORDEAL..."

"...AND WERE ***FINALLY*** SILENCED, LEAVING ONLY A THICK MEMORY HANGING IN THE AIR.

"YOU CANNOT KNOW THE RELIEF I FELT UPON PASSING THIS GAS. I WAS SO DELIGHTED TO BE FREE, TO HAVE SURVIVED.

"BUT THERE WAS AN EVENTUALITY I HAD NOT CONSIDERED--"

-DING-

"THE LEVEL 2 LIGHT ILLUMINATED."

"SOME UNSUSPECTING SOUL WOULD SOON JOIN ME IN THE FETID ELEVATOR AND DRAW WHAT WOULD CERTAINLY BE THEIR FINAL BREATH.

"HOWEVER, WHOEVER WAS ENTERING THE ELEVATOR WAS GETTING IN TO GO UP ***ONE MEASLY*** FLOOR.

"A PERSON SO LAZY SURELY ***DESERVED*** THE GREAT CURSE THEY WERE GOING TO WALK INTO."

"THE DOOR OPENED.

"BUT THERE WAS NO ONE THERE.

"I THOUGHT PERHAPS SOMEONE HAD PRESSED THE BUTTON ON ACCIDENT--"

"--WHEN SHE CAME RUSHING OUT."

JESUS.

CHRIST.

SORRY!

"SAYA HAD BEEN STANDING BEHIND ME THE WHOLE TIME."

HAHAHA-- YOU-YOU--

YOU FARTED ON SAYAZ!

HAHAHA!

THOSE STEALTHY NINJA SKILLS OF HERS BACKFIRED FOR *SURE.*

SHE PROBABLY STILL SMELLS OF MY SHAME.

SHE DOESN'T.

BUT SOMETHING AROUND HERE STINKS.

THE LOOSE SCREW

WHOSE *IDIOT* IDEA WAS IT TO COME *HERE?*

YOU HAVE ANY IDEA *WHERE* YOU ARE?

HOW *DANGEROUS* THIS PLACE IS?

WE ONLY MEANT TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN.

WE DIDN'T INTEND TO CAUSE TROUBLE--

BULLSHIT.

I INTENDED *NOTHING* BUT TROUBLE.

HOW THE *HELL* DID YOU EVEN FIND US?

YOU SHITHEADS TOLD TOSAHWI WHERE YOU WERE GOING BEFORE YOU *DITCHED* HIM.

GET UP.

WE'RE LEAVING.

YOU'RE NOT THE FUCKING DUNGEON MASTER OF *ME!*

THIS IS OUR CAMPAIGN FOR FUN AND ADVENTURE, AND YOU DON'T GET TO FUCK IT UP.

SAYA...

IT'S FUNNY WHAT A DICKHEAD YOU BECOME WHEN YOU KNOW A GIRL'S GOT NO INTEREST IN SLEEPING WITH YOU.

STAY. GET YOURSELF IN ALL THE TROUBLE YOU WANT.

ZENZELE IS *MY* PLEDGE, AND I'M TAKING HER BACK BEFORE YOU DRAG HER DOWN WITH YOU.

MIGHT BE TOO LATE.

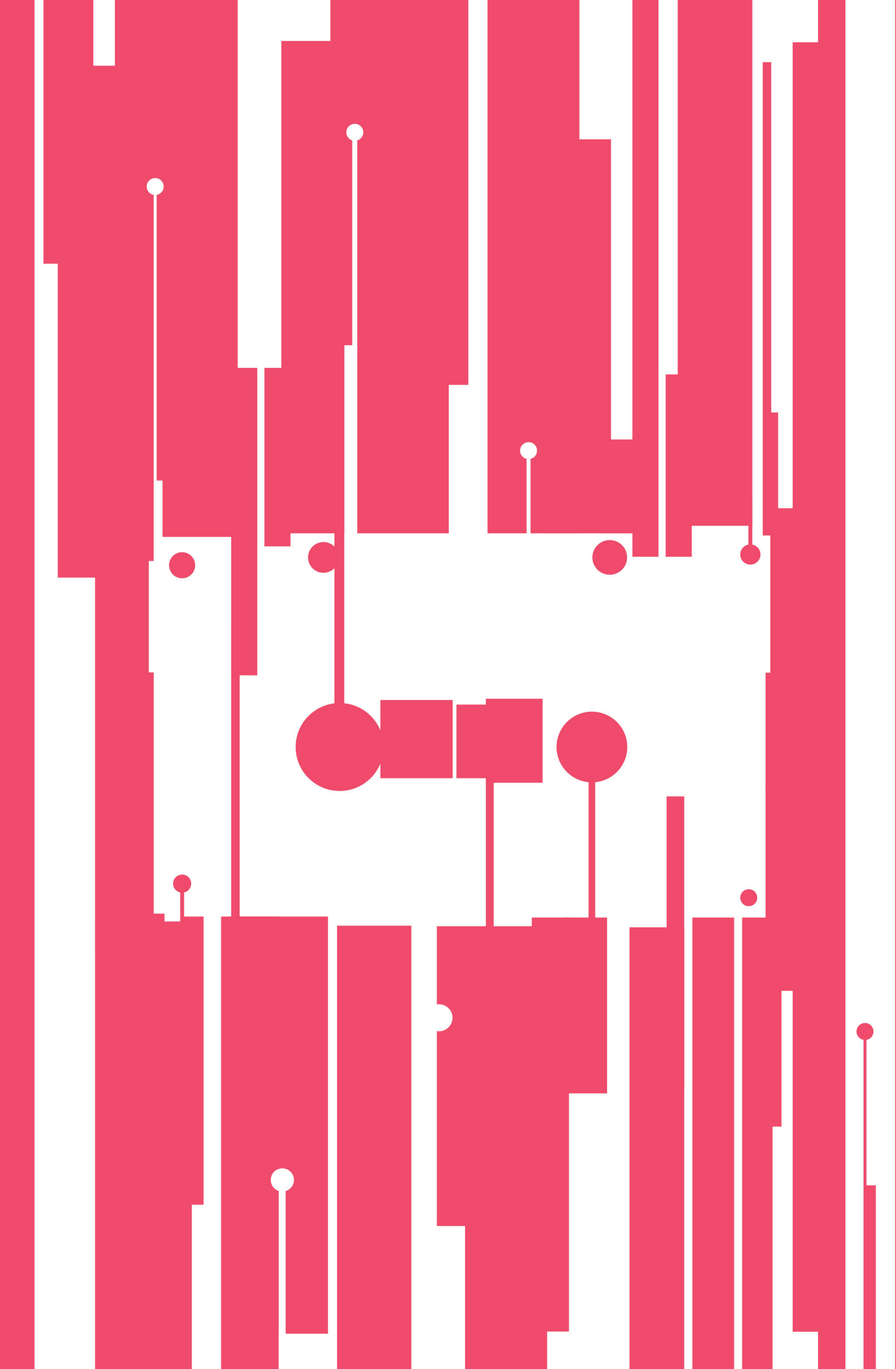
SAYA KUROKI!

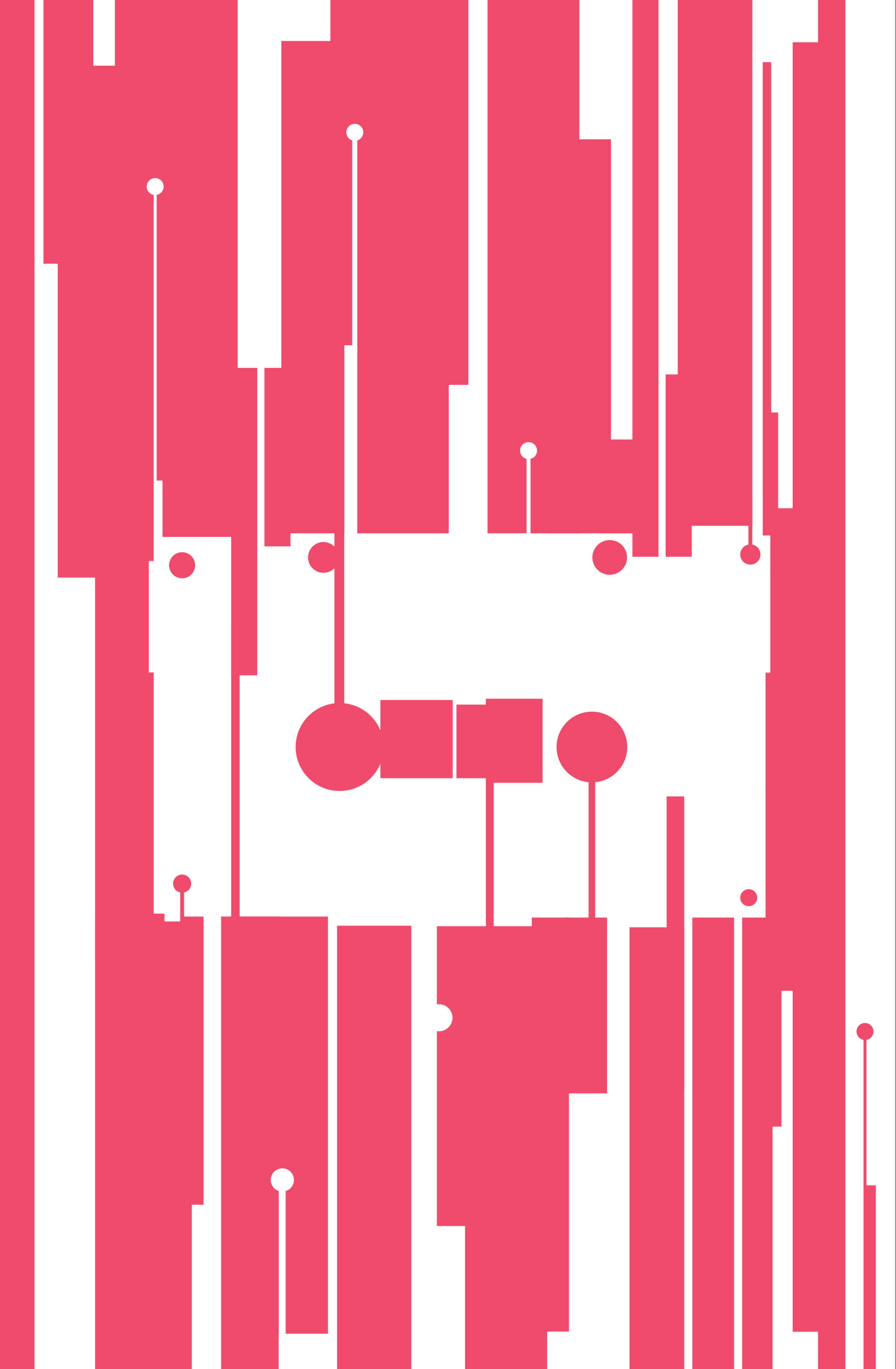
PARTY GIRL COME FOR DANGER?

YOUR BROTHER WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK.

TAKE HER.

KILL HER FRIENDS.





QUAN'S FATHER, BAO, BELIEVED THAT DURING THE VIETNAM WAR THE ONLY INTELLIGENT THING THE AMERICANS DID WAS TO RUN.

HE TAUGHT HIS SON THAT THE DISEASE OF **"HONOR"** HAD NEARLY BROUGHT THE US TO ITS KNEES.

"A FOOL WILL LOSE **EVERYTHING** FOR THE SAKE OF HONOR, QUAN.

"HONOR IS A **DISEASE** OF THE MIND, CLOUDING REASON. IT MAKES YOU THINK YOUR ACTIONS ARE SIGNIFICANT.

"BUT WE ARE NOT PRECIOUS SNOWFLAKES..."

TRAY DAYS

FUCK!

WAR

OOF

"...ONLY SMALL AND PETTY THINGS LIVING SHORT AND UNIMPORTANT LIVES."

"HONOR IS A **DRUG** TO MEDICATE US FROM THE PAIN OF THAT OBVIOUS TRUTH."

SHITHEAD!

COME BACK!

QUAN?!

CLANG

CLANG

CLANG!

"DO **NOT** BE HONOR'S VICTIM."

WE BRING YOU DEATH.

I BRING YOU METAL.

KILL THE STONER!

DRP YOU'LL TAKE MY LIFE--

--BUT I'LL TAKE YOURS TOO!

YOU'LL FIRE YOUR MUSKET--

--BUT I'LL RUN YOU THROUGH!

PNGH!

GHRAH!

SSHK!

SO WHEN YOU'RE WAITING FOR THE NEXT ATTACK--

THUK!

YOU'D BETTER STAND--

--THERE'S NO TURNING BACK!

THE BUGLE SOUNDS!

THE CHARGE BEGINS!

BUT ON *THIS* BATTLEFIELD--

"--NO ONE WINS!"

ENTIRE BAR FULL OF SYNDICATE--ALL LOYAL TO KENJI.

ZENZELE YELLING--QUAN MAKING A BREAK FOR THE BACK ENTRANCE, ABANDONING HIS FRIENDS--

HE'LL BE DEAD BEFORE HE MAKES THE STREET.

HIGHLY TRAINED KILLERS DETERMINED TO SLAUGHTER ANYONE I'M FOUND WITH.

TO SEND ME HOME BROKEN.

ALL OF THEM READY TO DIE--

GOOD.

I NEEDED THIS.

TOTAL PANDEMONIUM--

CRASH!

-- THE FIRST SERENITY I'VE FELT IN MONTHS.

DROP THE FUCKING SWORD.

SOMETHING I CAN CONTROL.

THE **ONE** THING I'M ANY GOOD AT--

KILLING.

THE SYNDICATE FIGHTS AS A GROUP.

CAREFUL NOT TO HURT ONE ANOTHER.

WHEREAS I CAN STRIKE AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES.

LET'S GO!

ZENZELE CAN'T HIDE HER REACTION.

HER **DISGUST** AT WHAT I AM.

THE THING THAT'S GOING TO GET HER **THROUGH** THIS.

WHAT THE ***HELL*** IS GOING ON!?

THEY WORK FOR MY BROTHER.

THEY ***KNEW*** WE WERE GOING TO BE HERE!

IT LOOKS THAT WAY.

HOW DID THEY--

I DON'T KNOW.

IT ***DOESN'T*** MATTER RIGHT NOW.

THIS IS NO FUCKING JOKE-- THEY HAVE ORDERS TO ***KILL YOU.***

I ***WON'T*** LOSE ANOTHER PLEDGE.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT HELPING ***ME...***

...OR HOW THIS WILL REFLECT ON ***YOU?***

NOTHING WORSE THAN THE SUDDEN REALIZATION THAT YOU'RE A SELF-CENTERED ASSHOLE.

JUST-- ***SHUT UP!***

RUN SOUTH. PAST GEARY THERE'S AN OLD CHURCH.

HIDE NEAR THE BASKETBALL COURT. I'LL FIND YOU--

YOU WILL ***NOT.***

SHE WILL BE *GONE.*

CONSUMED BY THE *KAMIGA BROTHERS.*

CHILDREN OF THE *CROCODILE* GOD.

BORN OF ONE *GOLDEN* EGG.

CHASERS OF *THUNDER.*

KEEPERS OF *FIRE.*

K-SH!

VOICE OF THE KUROKI SPIRIT!

SLAM!

YOU'VE BEEN AWAY FROM THE FAMILY *FAR* TOO LONG, COUSIN SAYA.

NO.

YOUR BROTHER MISSES YOU.

YOUR MOTHER MISSES YOUR DISLOYAL EYES.

THEY WANT YOU HOME.

BUT FIRST--

--THEY WANT YOU ***BROKEN.***

*IN A NEARBY ALLEYWAY, THE KUROKI SYNDICATE MISTAKE HELMUT FOR **EASY** PREY.*

THE LAST MISTAKE MANY WILL EVER MAKE.

THEY SURROUND HIM, PLAYING INTO HIS HAND--ALLOWING HIM TO WINDMILL HIS MIGHTY AXE, CLEAVING HIS WAY THROUGH.

CROM, I HAVE NEVER PRAYED TO YOU BEFORE! I HAVE NO TONGUE FOR IT.

NO ONE, NOT EVEN YOU, WILL REMEMBER IF WE WERE **GOOD** MEN OR **BAD.**

WHY WE FOUGHT, OR WHY WE DIED. ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT I STOOD AGAINST MANY.

THUK!

HE HACKS WITH A PRECISE, WELL-TRAINED HAND.

WITH EACH SWING OF HIS AXE, THEY DIE INSTANTLY, NO TIME TO MAKE ANY SOUND.

STILL HE FACES DOZENS OF TRAINED ASSASSINS--

--AND HE IS ONLY ONE MAN.

AND THEY HAVE BLED HIM.

LIGHTS FLASH IN FRONT OF HIS EYES--DARKNESS MOVES IN FROM THE PERIPHERY--

--AND A SOUND IN THE FAR BACKGROUND QUICKLY APPROACHING--

THAT'S WHAT'S IMPORTANT!

THOK

VALOR PLEASES YOU, CROM...

SPLCH

...SO, GRANT ME ONE REQUEST.

SLCH

FK

GRANT ME REVENGE!

AND IF YOU DO NOT LISTEN--

--THEN TO ***HELL*** WITH YOU!

MIGHTY HELMUT SMILES.

THE DICE ROLLED--

--HIS SAVING THROW MADE.

WRRR

SLICH!

THWP

TO YOUR FEET, ***SQUANT THE SECRETIVE!***

WE ARE BESIEGED BY GOBLIN ASSASSINS!

GOBLINS? A-ARE YOU USING YOUR DUNGEON MASTER VOICE?

YOU MUST SAY THE CRAZY STUFF YOU'RE THINKING IN ORDER FOR SIMILAR FREAKS TO FIND YOU.

YEAH, WELL, FINE--BUT I AIN'T NO FREAK.

REINFORCEMENTS!

MORALE CHECK-- DO THE TWO ADVENTURERS ***FIGHT,*** OR DO THEY ***FLEE?!***

FLEE.

I'M NOT DOING A FINAL STAND IN SOME DANK ALLEY.

A GOOD DM RESPECTS A PLAYER WHO KNOWS WHEN THEY'RE OUTMATCHED.

WHEN WE'RE UP TOP, RUN LEFT.

CHILL OUT! QUIT BARKING ORDERS--

"--YOU'RE NOT THE DM OF ME OUT HERE."

I YELL FOR ZENZELE TO RUN--

IT DOESN'T REGISTER. SHE'S IN SHOCK.

FROZEN, MUTTERING TO HERSELF--

--NO BUSINESS IN A SCRAP.

THWAK!

KENJI KNOWS WHY I'VE COME HERE.

KNOWS WHAT KILLING MY PLEDGE MEANS--

KNOWS MY PLANS WHEN I GRADUATE.

LIKE MY COUSINS HERE--

--KNOWS MY INTENTIONS BEFORE I MAKE A MOVE.

PM

CRK

TRAINED TO MAKE MY LIFE SUCK.

--KEEPING ME OFF-BALANCE--

--MOVING CLOSER TO THE TARGET.

FROZEN ZENZELE.

TWAK!

EACH USING A DIFFERENT TECHNIQUE--

MASTER LIN'S VOICE--

"ETHICS ONLY SERVE TO MAKE YOU VULNERABLE."

CRFCK!

FUCK HIM.

NOT HERE TO KILL YOU, JUST HAVE TO ROUGH YOU UP--

FUCK THAT.

CRAK

GUARD ZENZELE AT **ALL** COST.

NO ONE ELSE DIES BECAUSE OF ME.

CRASH!

NO ONE.

I **WON'T** FAIL.

SACRIFICED TOO MUCH ALREADY.

GET UP!

RUN!

I'M NOT RUNNING.

O-OH, SHIT...

OPEN UP.

KNOC KNOC

T-THE W-WINDOW, IT'S BROKEN--

SMASH

IS NOW.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LIED.

SAYA!

THAT MAN--!

WE *HATE* LIARS.

=HURK=

COUSIN KENJI IS ***RIGHT*** ABOUT HER.

PERHAPS WE GO TOO FAR?

MAYBE SHE SHOULD HAVE AN ACCIDENT?

WHY RISK BRINGING HER--

KRSH!

FUCK YOU!

I'LL FUCKING ERASE YOU!

KSH

HOOOONK

BROTHER...?

BURN ALL YOU LOVE!

THOK

FEED ON YOUR HOPE!

I WILL FUCK YOUR SOUL!

THSPLCH!

HUH!

HUH!

I TOLD YOU BEFORE.

I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP.

FMP

NEARBY...

YOU KILLED MANY OF MY MEN.

I *TOLD YOU* TO RUN *LEFT*, QUAN

C'MON, MAN, WE *COULDN'T* HAVE MADE THAT JUMP.

INSTEAD, WE'RE GOING DIE IN A *MUCH* MORE BRUTAL FASHION.

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOUR KRAUT ASS SCREAM IN AGONY.

THEN WHEN SAYA COMES TO YOUR RESCUE...

...SHE FINDS YOU IN PIECES.

STILL ALIVE, BUT, YOU KNOW, NOT FOR LONG.

OPEN THE BIG ONE'S STOMACH.

MAKE BABY *CRY.*

THIS ISN'T WHAT YOUR BOSS WANTS, THOUGH, IS IT?

YOU KILL HELMUT, YOU REAP THE FURY OF THE STASI-- EAST GERMAN SECRET POLICE ISN'T A FIGHT KUROKI SYNDICATE CAN WIN.

HMM.

FINE, KEEP HIM ALIVE.

CUT OFF HIS HANDS.

I TRIED.

DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.

I'M GOING DOWN IN A BLOODBATH.

SOMEBODY IS.

SLCH!

KCK!

FNT!

JUMP FOR IT!

SHIT!

GOT YOU!

GO-- GET OUT OF HERE!

IF WE LEAVE YOU--

I'LL MEET YOU AT THE SCHOOL-- *GO!*

THANK YOU...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR BROTHER IS WORRIED ABOUT.

YOU'VE LEARNED NOTHING AT THAT SHITHOLE SCHOOL.

SAME PREDICTABLE WEAKNESSES.

YOU WANT TO TRUST PEOPLE.

SPLCH.

SPLCH.

I TRIED TO DO THIS THE SOFT WAY.

TRIED TO GET CLOSE TO YOU.

BUT YOU HAD TO BE A BITCH.

CR$H

SPLASH

MY END OF THE DEAL.

KENJI WILL REWARD YOU.

GO. COLLECT HER.

"HER BROTHER IS EXPECTING HER."

FERNLEY, NEVADA

'BOUT FUCKING TIME.

GOT US A *REAL* SHITTY PROBLEM.

WELL, THAT'S MY KIND O' PROBLEM, CHIEF.

GIVE US A SEC TA GET SUITED UP AN' WE'LL SEE WHAT'S WHAT.

HAPPENED EARLY THIS MORNING.

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

DULCE MADRE DE DIOS...

SHITTER JUST UP AND EXPLODED.

FUCKIN' THING NEARLY KILLED DUNCAN.

NOW, THIS IS MORE THAN JUST CLEANUP...

...NEED YOU TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE ***HELL*** THIS EVEN HAPPENED.

SUMBITCH REALLY BLEW UP.

DUNG EVERYWHERE.

SEPTIC SYSTEM? GAS BUILD-UP?

COOL YER BRITCHES, ROOKIE.

THIS HERE'S A BRAND-NEW SYSTEM.

NO WAY IN HELL ANYTHIN' COULD SPARK DOWN THERE TO IGNITE...

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

LOOKS LIKE SOME KINDA IGNITION SWITCH, LIKE SOMEONE DID THIS ON PURPOSE...

SOMEONE DID.


CHOK

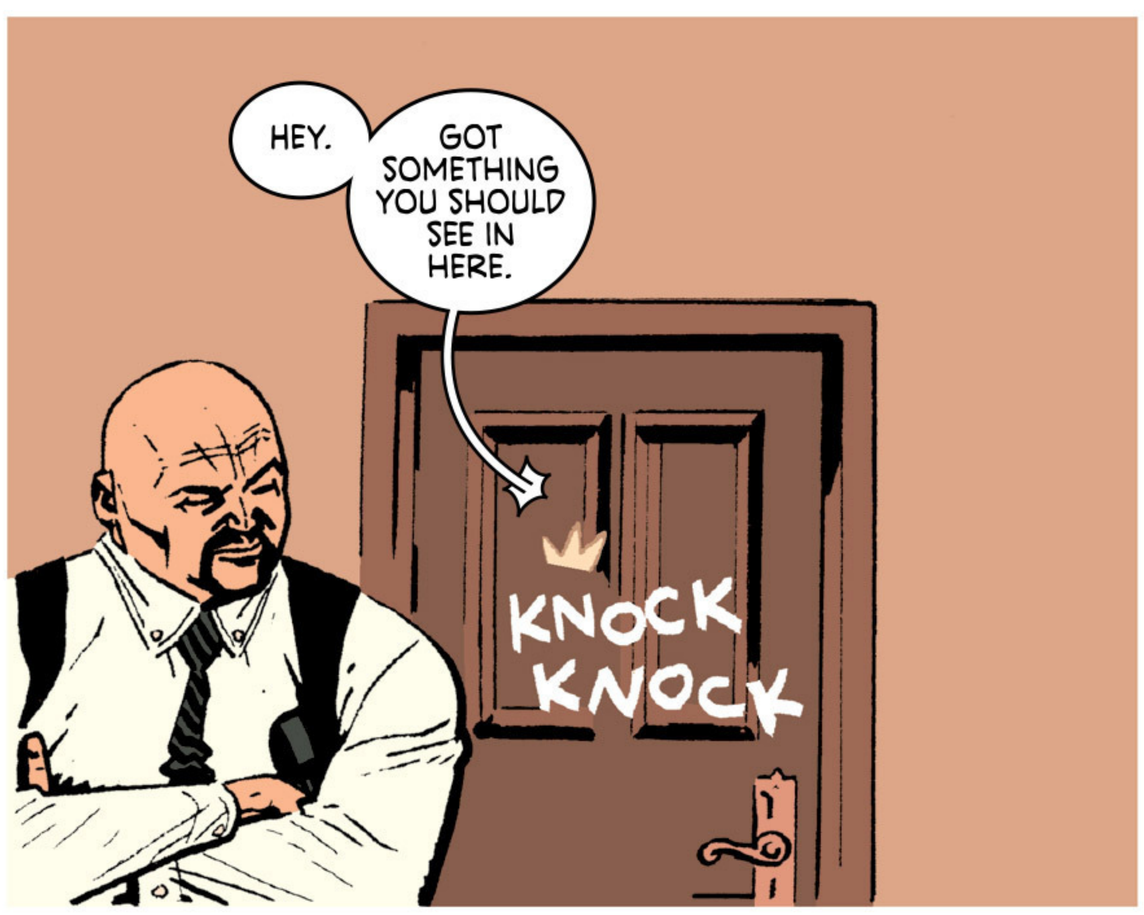

SORRY, CHUCK.
SPLRT


YOU JUST REST.
DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE YOU LYING IN SHIT.




-KLIK-


AND YOU'LL BE BETTER OFF NOT SEEING THE REST.


HEY.
GOT SOMETHING YOU SHOULD SEE IN HERE.
KNOCK KNOCK


WHAT DO WE GOT?

A REAL SHIT-SHOW.

HOLY--

BANG!

AK

1G

BANG!

GUNFIRE ON THE GROUND FLOOR!

LOCK DOWN! KEEP QUEEN BEE IN HER ROOM!

THE FUCK...?

BLAT

BANG!

BANG!

RATTAT

KRK

FNT

¡PRISA!

COME ON OUT, MOTHER FUCK!

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU--

UGH!

BANG

P-PLEASE... WE DON'T WANT TROUBLE...

W-WE'RE JUST HER...

GIGOLOS.

GO. AND IF YOU WANT TO AVOID SEEING ME AGAIN...

"...DONATE EVERY PENNY SHE'S PAID YOU TO CHARITY."

OO-EE-OO-EE-OOOH! BALLS BE HANGIN' TWEEN MY LEGS, SINGIN' ME A TURKEY TALE LIKE EVERY DAY!

I KNOW THE LIFE, I KNOW THE DREAMS, I KNOW HOW THE LITTLE TATES LIKE THEM CREAMS!

WE DO HAVES THEM SWEET LICKINGS, THEM LONG FUNS, YOU AN' ME.

OL' TIME *GOOD* JUST LIKE REAL CHUMS.

YOU *SAD?*

YOU KIN TELL OL' JIMBO JANKINS.

YOU SAD 'BOUT THEM CRIMES?

THEM *TERRORS* YOU DONE?

THEY TOLD YA SHIT LIKE YA GONNA LIVE IN PAIN *FOREVER.*

YOU NEVER THOUGHT THAT WAS THE FOR-REAL-MEAL-DEAL!

YOU *DIDN'T* BELIEVE IT, DIDJA?

YA PROBABLY FIGURE YA DESERVE A BREAK TODAY--

--BUT YOU AIN'T GETTIN' IT!

YOU GONNA JIGGLE AN' WIGGLE FER JIMBO!

AHRGHHHHH!

TOLD YA.

TODAY'S A WHOLE NEW SET OF SAD.

NO HAPPY MEAL HERE, LIL' TATERS.

COO COO, CLUCK CLUCK, LITTLE, SLIMY SALAMANDER DON'T GIVE A **FUCK!**

COOK YOU UP, **FRY** THAT CHICKEN, WHEN I'M DONE THIS BITCH AIN'T GONNA BE **FINGER LICKIN'!**

ME AN' THEM OTHERS, WE GOT A BET ON YA.

SEE WHO GOT THE GOODS TA GET YA TO BEG FOR A LITTLE BREAK.

SO WHY NOT GIVE IT TA ME?

ASK ME REAL *PRETTY* PLEASE THAT I DON'T SHOCK YA AGAIN AN' I WAIT LIKE FIVE MINUTES.

BUY YA A LIL' REST.

YOU GOTTA ADMIT, I TREAT YOU THE BEST, HURT YA *SO* DAMN GOOD.

ASK ME FOR A BREAK.

ALL IT TAKES.

SMELL THAT ARMPIT.

BIG JIMBO SMELL.

SWEET AN' MUSKY MAN OILS.

C'MON.

YA DON'T WANNA GET COOKED NO MORE.

SURELY YA WANT A BREAK TODAY.

SHE *IS* GETTING A BREAK TODAY.

AND DON'T CALL HER SHIRLEY.

THE FUCK--

FUGGERIGG

URAKK

URGGGAR

URAGG...










UHH...


OKAY.


IT'S OKAY.

I'M HERE TO HELP YOU, MARIA.

CAN YOU STAND?

W-WHAT IS THIS?

MORE OF HER *FUCKING* GAMES?

IT'S NO GAME.

COME OUT, PUTO!

¡YA VALIO MADRE!

CABALLO AMARILLO...

H-HE'LL KILL US...

GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR GUNS.

I BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING *BETTER.*

HOW MANY WERE THERE?

J-JUST ONE...

WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

HE WAS WEARING A MASK, AMANTE JAEL.

H-HE WENT IN THERE... IN THE ROOM, YOU KEEP LOCKED...

Ak

WHILE YOU *FLED.*

GIVING ME NO WARNING.

YOU MIGHT FUCK LIKE A *CHAMPION,* JAMES...

BUT YOU ARE A *COWARD.*

CRIK

I WANT HER *ALIVE.* SHE HASN'T YET PAID FOR HER BETRAYAL OF MY SWEET CHICO AND HIS GOOD FATHER.

KILL THE ONE WHO TOOK HER.

WELL?

CREEPY GRINGO IS DEAD. THE GIRL'S GONE.

TOLD YOU THAT ROOM NEEDED ANOTHER GUARD.

EASIER THAN LOOKING AT ONE'S OWN STUPIDITY AND CONFESSING TO IT IS TO ADOPT A BELIEF THAT INTELLECTUALS ARE THE PROBLEM.

BUT DOESN'T THAT JUST GO TO SHOW THE DAMAGE STUPIDITY BRINGS?

WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO ACCEPT THAT ONE IS IGNORANT OF THINGS AND TO SEEK OUT FACTS THAN TO BE SO TERRIFIED OF BEING WRONG THAT WE ATTACK THOSE WHO HAVE?

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

GO, YOU CUNTAS ESTÚPIDO!

KILL THIS MAN WHO HAS INFILTRATED MY HOME!

NOTHING HAPPENS TO MARIA.

SHE'S GOING TO HAVE A LONG, ***LONG*** LIFE.

UNLIKE YOU.

JOIN CHICO AND YOUR PIG HUSBAND IN HELL!

SWISH

AAIIEEEE!

SKSHH

FWSH

WOOSH

AWKK...

MAMAZ

FALLEN TO PIECES.



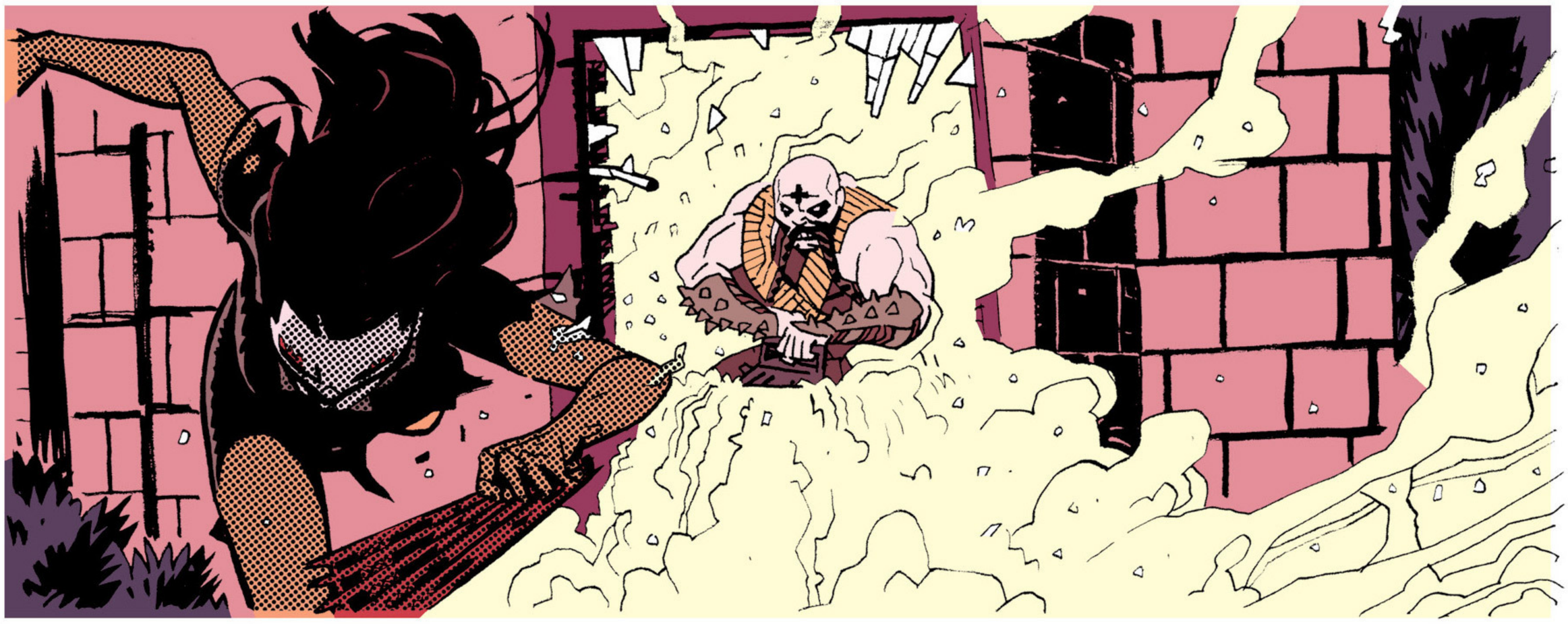
FWOOSH

RACHET

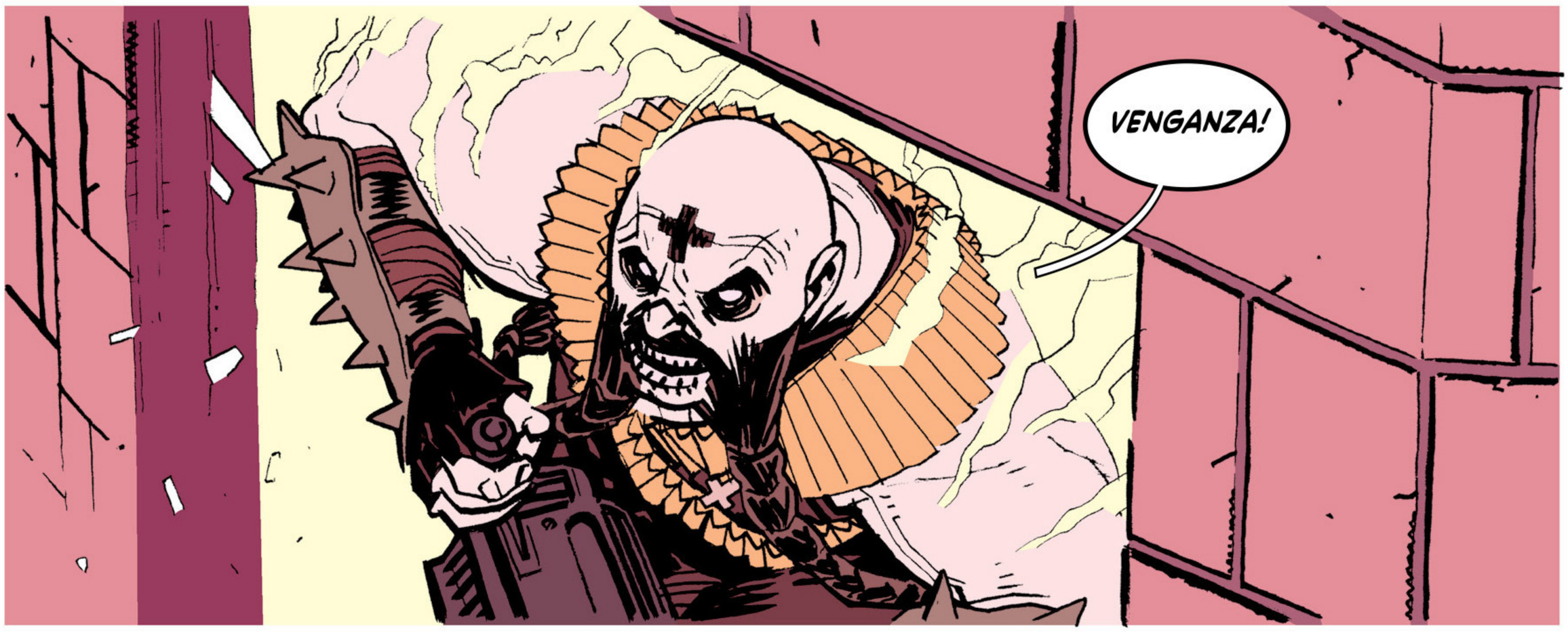
RA-TA-TA-TA!

CRSH

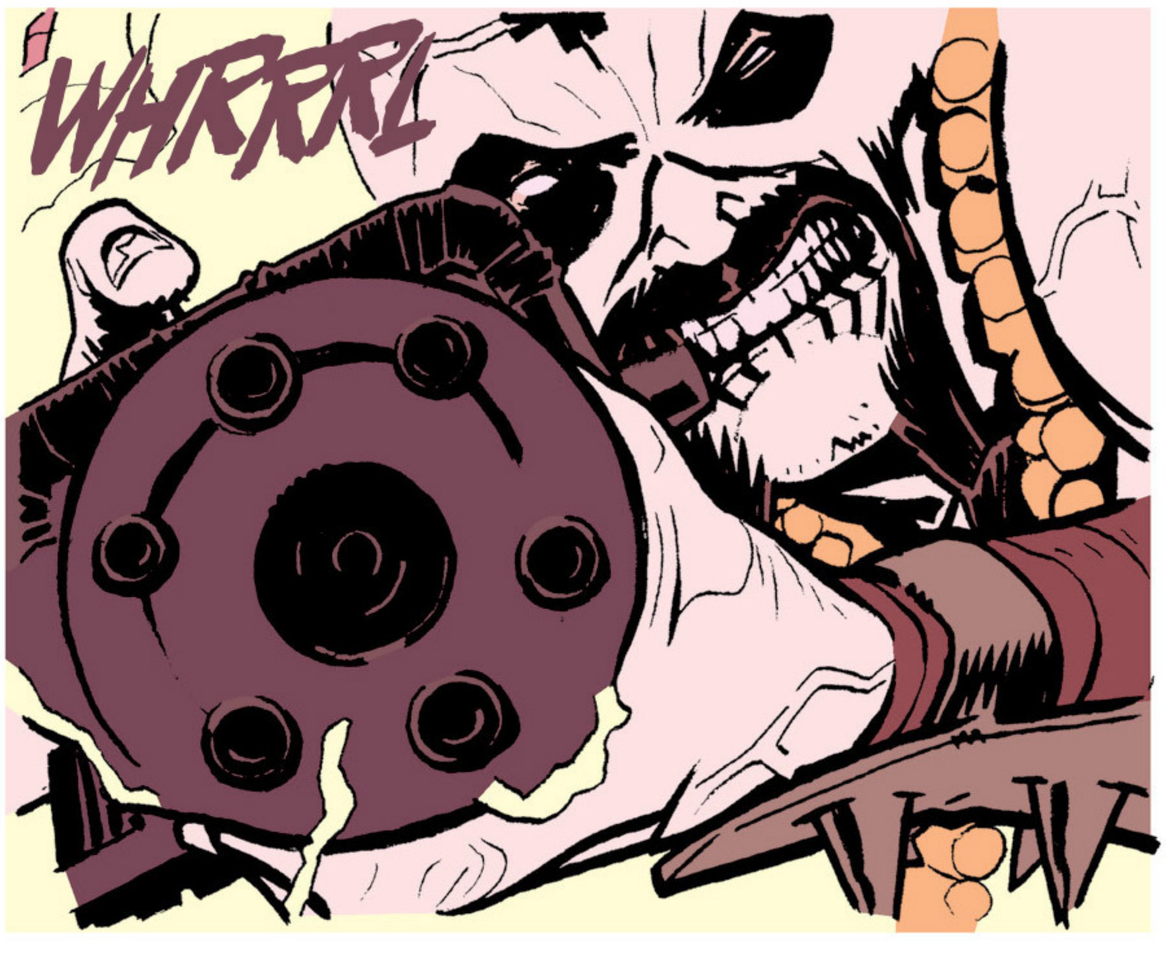
K-RSH






VENGANZA!




WHRRRL

WA

HEY.

REMEMBER ME, MOTHER-FUCKER?

FWSHP

KRADWOOM

DEAD...

FINALLY DEAD...







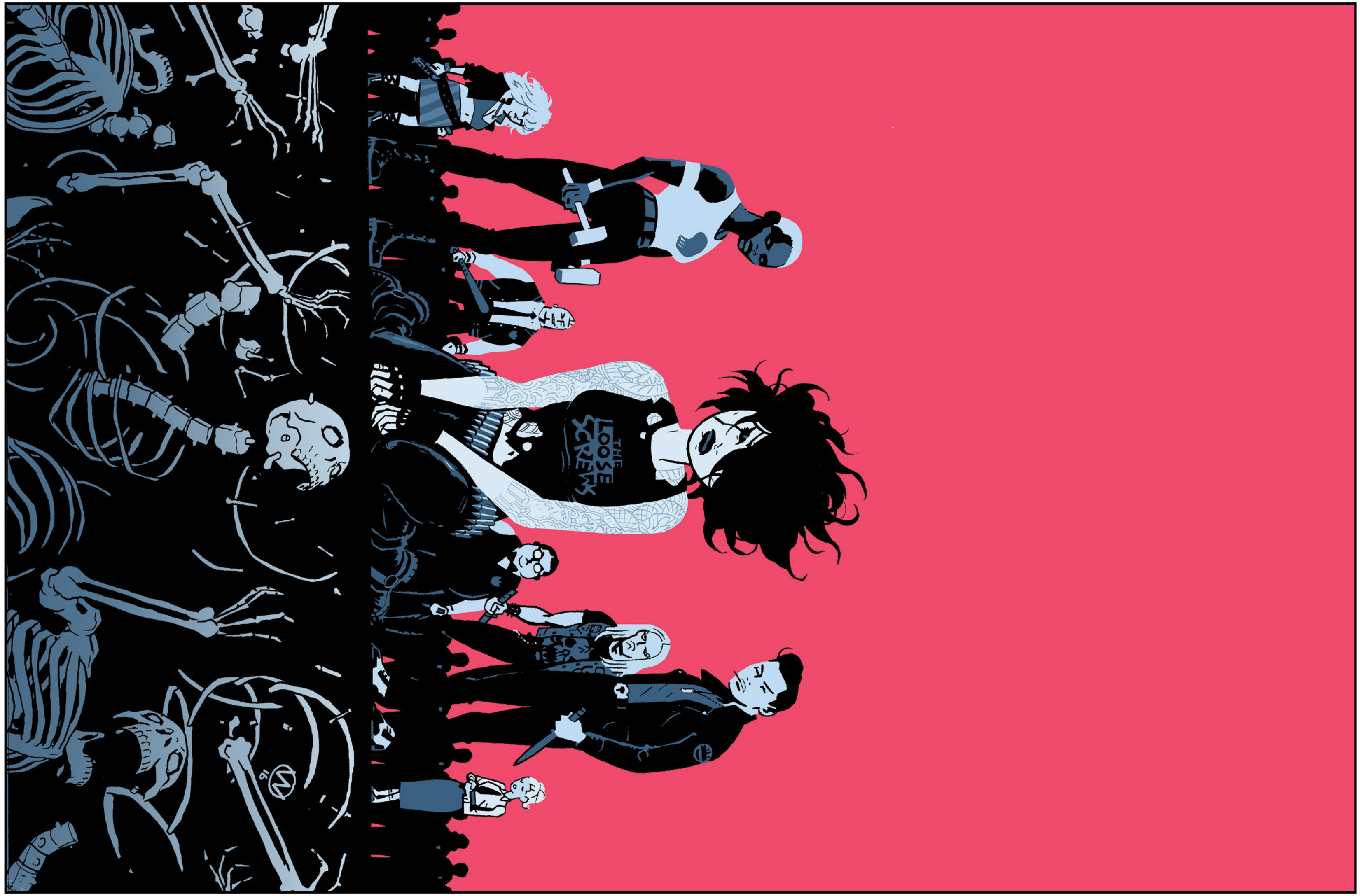


BALLAD OF MARCUS & MARIA: A PROLOGUE

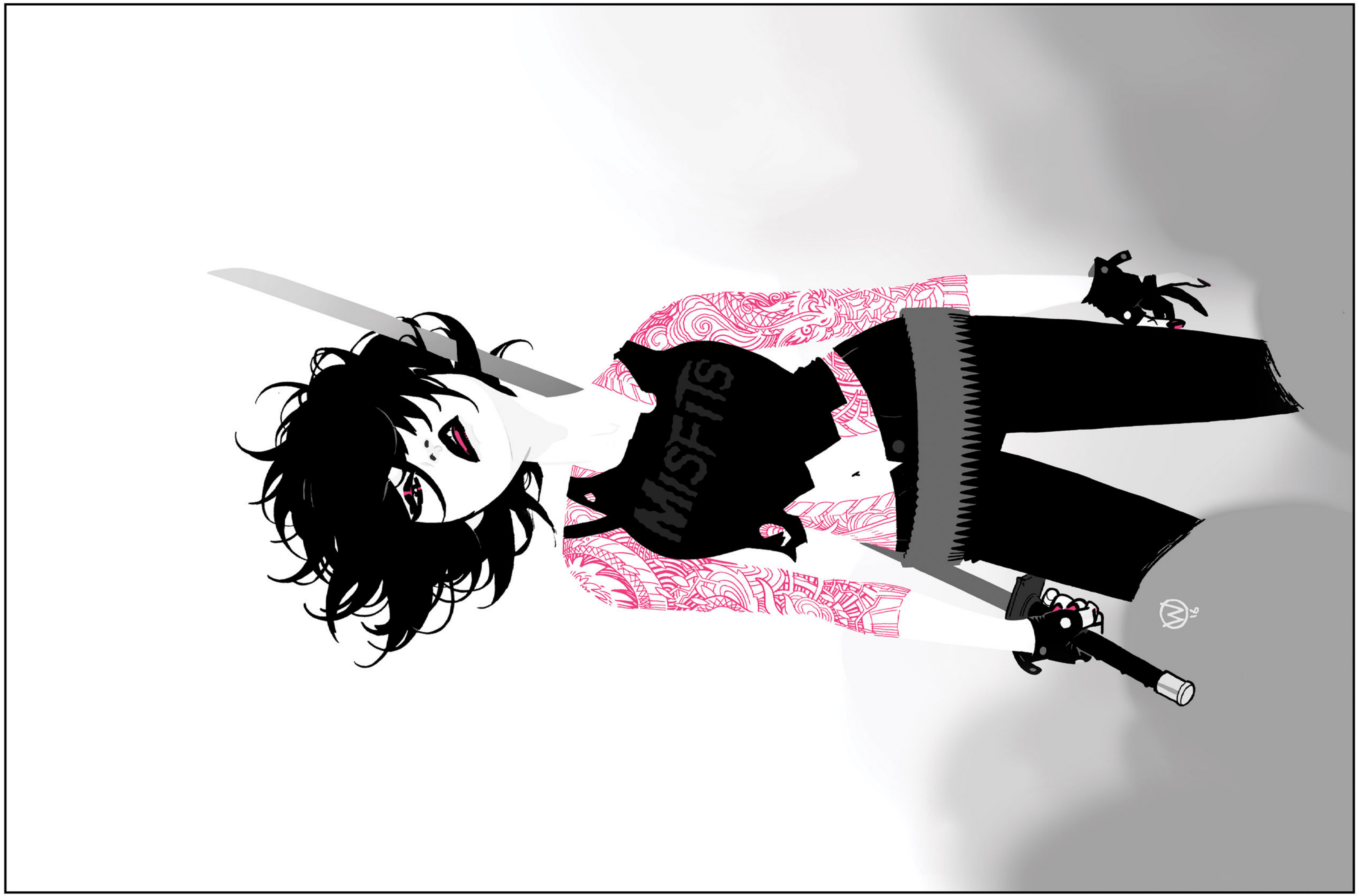
REMENDER · CRAIG · BOYD · WOOTON · GIRNER

COVER GALLERY

#22 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**



#22 VARIANT BY **WES CRAIG**



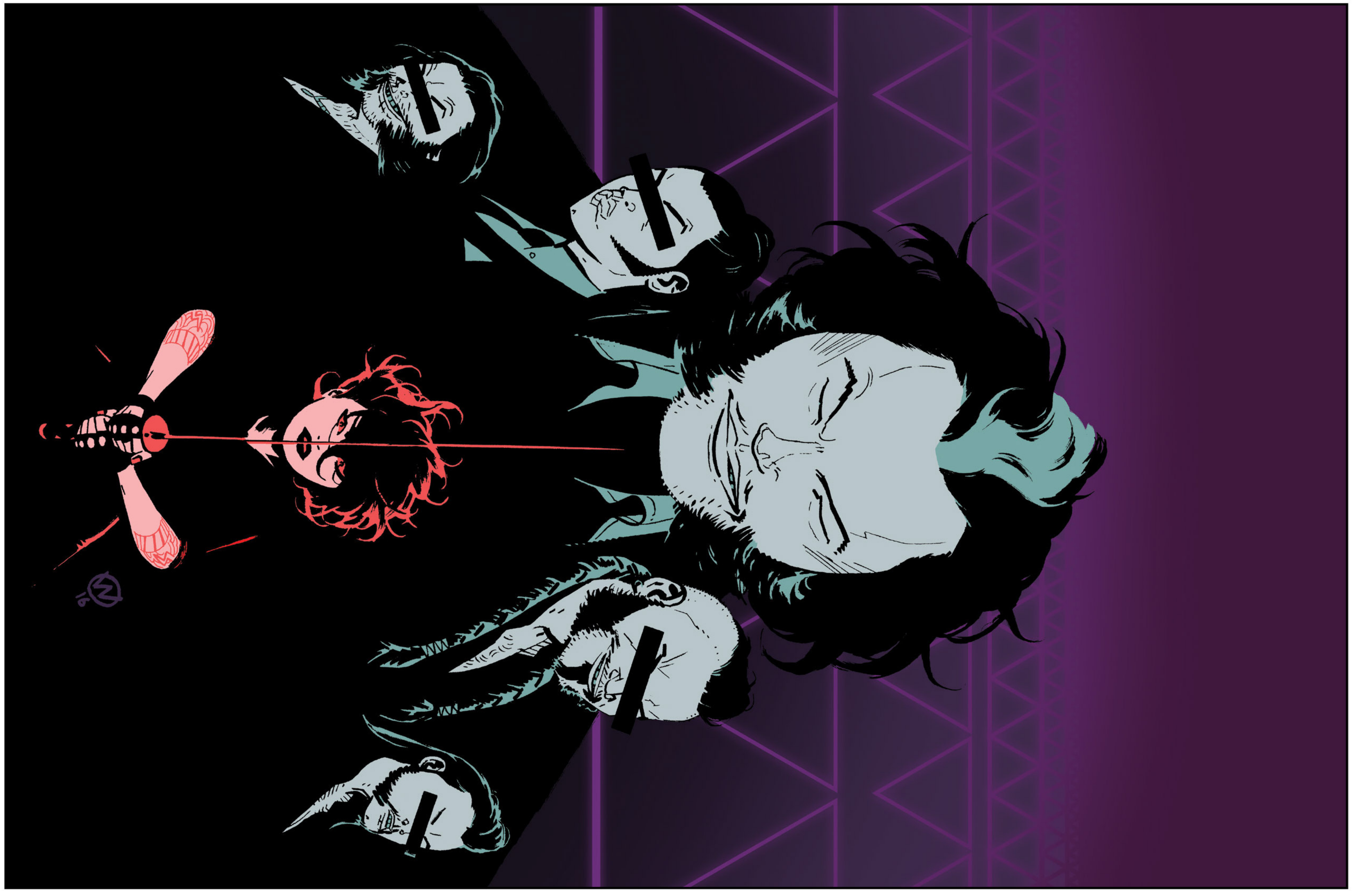
#23 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**



#24 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**



#25 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**



#26 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**









RICK REMENDER is the writer/co-creator of comics such as *LOW*, *Fear Agent*, *Tokyo Ghost*, and *Black Science*. For Marvel he has written titles such as *Uncanny Avengers*, *Captain America*, *Uncanny X-Force* and *Venom*. He's written video games such as *Bulletstorm* and *Dead Space*, and worked on films such as *The Iron Giant*, *Anastasia*, and *Titan A.E.* He and his tea-sipping wife, Danni, currently reside in Los Angeles raising two beautiful mischief monkeys.

WES CRAIG is the artist and co-creator of *Deadly Class* with Rick Remender, and the writer-artist of *Blackhand Comics*, published by Image. Working out of Montreal, Quebec, he has been drawing comic books professionally since 2004 on such titles as *Guardians of the Galaxy*, *Batman*, and *The Flash*.

Despite nearly flunking kindergarten for his exclusive use of black crayons, **JORDAN BOYD** has moved on to become an increasingly prolific comic book colorist, and has worked on *Astonishing Ant-Man* and *All-New Wolverine* for Marvel, *Invisible Republic* and *Deadly Class* for Image, *Devolution* at Dynamite, and *Suiciders: Kings of HelL.A.* for DC/Vertigo. He and his wife, kids, dogs, hedgehogs, and fish currently live in Norman, OK.

"A wonderfully well-realized reinvention… that fundamentally alters characters without taking them off the playing field and it makes for one Remender's best reinventions in years."
—Jeff Lake, *IGN*

"The payoff within these pages is executed with such skill and craft you can't help but just marvel at the talent on display."
—Benjamin Bailey, *Nerdist*

The brutal Freshman Finals at Kings Dominion School of the Deadly Arts have created a new status quo. The Student Council has eliminated all its enemies and rules the halls with an iron fist. Into this shark tank comes a new class of kids, fresh blood for a fresh start.

There is Quan, a Vietnamese rockabilly, quick with his knives and a comb. Helmut, an East German metalhead with a hatred for communists. Zenzele, a hammer-swinging refugee of a brutal African civil war, and Tosahwi, a Native American skate punk with a whole nation's history of violence to pay back.

And then there's Saya, who alone of her group of friends survived the finals and who stands poised to becomes the school's deadliest student. But when her dark past comes back to haunt her, will she ride the torrent of blood she's unleashed or end up drowning in it?

It's morning in America, and a new era of RICK REMENDER (*Seven to Eternity*, *Black Science*) and WES CRAIG's (*Black Hand Comics*) DEADLY CLASS begins.



IMAGECOMICS.COM

Collecting *Deadly Class* #22-26.

RATED **M** / MATURE
CRIME / ROMANCE / SHOEGAZE

image®