MORRISON · ROBERTSON

HAPPY!™

DARICK 2012

HAPPY!

WRITTEN BY
GRANT MORRISON

ART BY
DARICK ROBERTSON

CHAPTERS 1-2 COLORING BY
RICHARD P. CLARK

CHAPTERS 3-4 COLORING BY
TONY AVINA

LETTERING BY
SIMON BOWLAND

DESIGN BY
DREW GILL

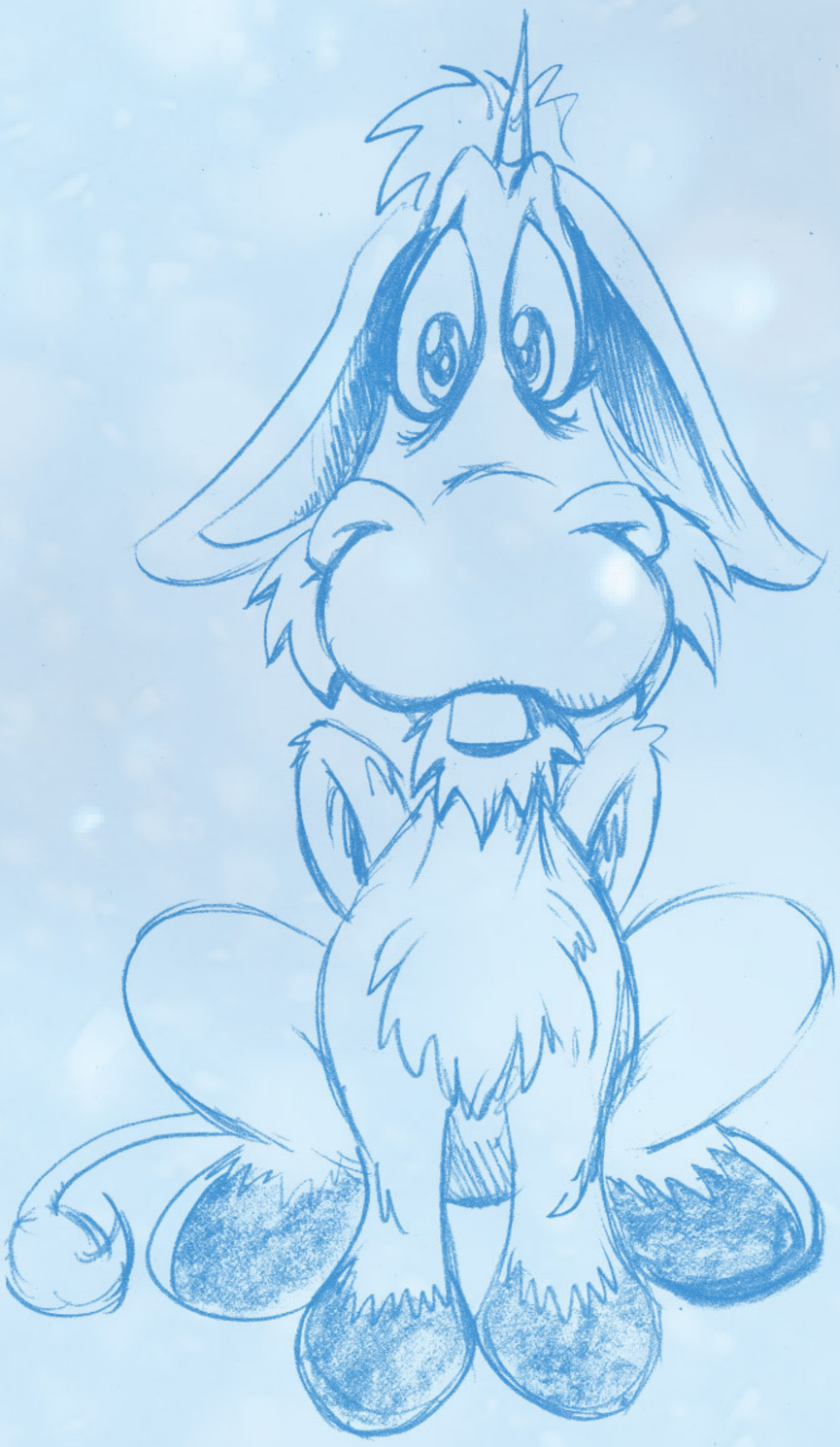
IMAGE COMICS, INC.

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
RON RICHARDS • DIRECTOR OF BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT
JENNIFER DE GUZMAN • PR & MARKETING DIRECTOR
BRANWYN BIGGLESTONE • ACCOUNTS MANAGER
EMILY MILLER • ACCOUNTING ASSISTANT
JAMIE PARRENO • MARKETING ASSISTANT
JENNA SAVAGE • ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
KEVIN GAN YUEN • DIGITAL RIGHTS COORDINATOR
JONATHAN CHAN • PRODUCTION MANAGER
DREW GILL • ART DIRECTOR
TYLER SHAINLINE • PRINT MANAGER
MONICA GARCIA • PRODUCTION ARTIST
VINCENT KUKUA • PRODUCTION ARTIST
JANA COOK • PRODUCTION ARTIST

WWW.IMAGECOMICS.COM

HAPPY! First Printing. April 2013. ISBN: 978-1-60706-677-4. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2001 Center Street, Sixth Floor, Berkeley, CA 94704.

Copyright © 2013 Grant Morrison & Darick Robertson. Originally published in single magazine form as HAPPY! #1-4. All rights reserved. HAPPY! (including all prominent characters featured herein), its logo and all character likenesses are trademarks of Grant Morrison & Darick Robertson, 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 Grant Morrison & Darick Robertson, or 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. Printed in the U.S.A. For information regarding the CPSIA on this printed material call: 203-595-3636 and provide reference # RICH – 477978. For international licensing inquiries, write to: foreignlicensing@imagecomics.com



UNREAL.

SO HOW COME IT TAKES *FOUR GUYS* TO KILL *ONE* LONE PRICK?

A PRICK? *Nah.*

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN WE'RE HERE TO *KILL.*

NICK SAX IS A *CUNT.*

A CUNT?

YOU KNOW, LIKE SOME MEN ARE *PUSSIES.*

SOME ARE *DICKS,* OR *ASSHOLES.*

NICK SAX IS A PROFESSIONAL CAST-IRON *CUNT.*

THERE'S *NO SHIT* WE COULD RAIN DOWN ON *THIS* EVIL BASTARD, NO MATTER *HOW* DARK OR HOW FUCKED-UP--NOTHING HE DON'T *DESERVE* A HUNDRED TIMES OVER.

MIKEY, HONESTLY, YOU DON'T *BELONG* HERE.

WAY I SEE IT, MURDER IS THE FAMILY BUSINESS.

I SPENT THE LAST THREE YEARS PICKING FUCKING *GRAPES* IN GRAN'PA'S VINEYARDS ON *SICILIA.*

NOBODY'S GONNA TAKE ME *SERIOUSLY* UNTIL I LAY MY BALLS ON THE LINE.

THE BALLS ARE *ALL YOURS,* BRO, BUT JESUS...

EVERYBODY HAS TO LEARN ABOUT *REAL LIFE* SOMETIME.

RIGHT?

Methadone Clinic Entrance

Merry Christmas

LIVE! THE MIXER FRIDA

NNRN!

THE *FUCK,* YOU!

HOW 'BOUT SOME BASIC FUCKING *RESPECT?*

FUCKING *ASSHOLE!*

JESUS CHRIST, IT'S *SANNACLAUS,* FOR FUCK'S SAKE!

You want the little kiddies get *none?*

...I WOULDN'T LET MY KIDS WITHIN A *HUNDRED FUCKING MILES* OF THAT *PERVERT FUCK!*

FUCK SHOWS HIS FACE AT MY FUCKING *CHIMNEY,* HE DIES.

SANTA FUCKING DIES!

YOU DON'T *HAVE* A FUCKING CHIMNEY.

TONE IT THE FUCK *DOWN,* WILLYA?

WE CAN DO THIS WITHOUT ALL THE FUCKING *LANGUAGE.*

LIGHTEN UP, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

IT'S *CHRISTMAS,* FOR CRYING OUT LOUD.

IT'S A TIME FOR *GIVING.*

...THAT'S IT.

THAT'S THE WAY.

THEY PROVED USING *RESEARCH*--DETAILED FIGURES--HOOKERS LIKE *YOU*, SEASONAL--WHORES--WORKING *PEAK PERIODS*--

-Fffp-

-Ffoooh-

THEY PROVED *WHORES* WERE THE *SAME* AS *SANTA CLAUS.*

SO EMPTY MY FUCKING

...SACKS...

NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING.

Huh.

MAYBE IT *IS* CHRISTMAS AFTER ALL.

Uhhn FUCK

FUCK

AW SHIT SHIT

NEW YORK POST

HARD CANDY CHRISTMAS!

MISSING CHILD

CHILD ABDUCTIONS ON THE RISE

-Thht-

I'M *DRENCHED* IN THIS MAN'S *BLOOD* AND *SEMEN* AND YOU--

YOU'RE JUST *STANDING*-- JUST--

I'M FUCKED.

NOT TONIGHT, JOSEPHINE.

SEE, *NOW* YOU'RE GRATEFUL.

I GAVE YOU A *FREEBIE.*

NOW HOW ABOUT TAKING YOUR MIND OFF ALL THE *HORROR* AND INJUSTICE IN THIS WORLD BY DOING THE SAME FOR *ME?*

YOU'VE BEEN PARTYING WITH A FREAK THE PAPERS CALL *JACK THE HAMMER.*

I'D HAVE BEEN FIVE SECONDS *LATER,* ALL THAT BLOOD WOULD BE *YOURS.*

...WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS?

I'M PRETTY WASTED.

OBEY ONE SIMPLE FUCKING INSTRUCTION.

JESUS.

...IT'S OPEN.

WE COOL WITH THIS?

PAULIE AND TONY GOT HERE A HALF HOUR AGO.

JUST--BE CAREFUL, BRO.

THOSE FUCKERS LEFT IT OPEN, RIGHT?

NOW WE WAIT FOR SAX TO COME HOME--

GUYS?

GERRY, THE FUCK--

OH, FUCK.

OH FUCK FUCK FUCK--

PAULIE.

TONY!

FUCK! FUCK!

ANSWER THE FUCKING PHONE

Aw, SHIT
THEY'RE ALL FUCKED-UP.
HIS PHONE'S RINGING--
SHUT THE FUCK UP AND DON'T MOVE!
ANSWER THE FUCKING PHONE
FUCK AM I TALKING TO?
...BEHOLD A **HEAVENLY MESSENGER** COME WITH **GLAD TIDINGS** THIS CHRISTMAS, GERRY.
HALLE-FUCKIN'-LUJAH!
PAULIE TOLD ME YOU WERE A *PUSSY.*
AND *TONY?*
YOUR BROTHER WEPT LIKE A *PRINCESS.*
SAX.
Ah, SHIT.
SHIT.
SEE, A BAD MAN HIRED *ME* TO KILL THE *FRATELLI BROTHERS.*
BUT YOU'RE THE *THREE MUSKETEERS,* RIGHT, AND I'M THE ONE *LAZY MOTHERFUCKER.*
MY *PROBLEM:* HOW TO GET *ALL* OF YOU RIGHT WHERE I *WANT* YOU.
SOLUTION? *HOW ABOUT I* ***HIRE*** *THE* ***FRATELLI BROTHERS*** *TO CLIP THAT FUCKING ASSHOLE* ***NICK SAX?***
LINE 'EM ALL UP IN A RENTED ROOM.
TURKEY SHOOT.

FUCK IS GOING ON?

THE *WINDOW?*

WHAT *ABOUT* THE FUCKING WINDOW?

WHAT *IS* THAT?

WHAT--AM I SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO *READ*--

OH FUCK.

CHRISTMAS CAME EARLY.

?

THE FUCK HOLE *YOU* CRAWL OUT FROM?

I ONLY CONTRACTED FOR *THREE.*

FUCK YOU.

FUCK!

THAT'S MY BROTHERS, YOU FUCKING CUNT!

HNNG!

FUCKING FUCKING CUNT!

DDF

A TIP FROM AN *OLD PRO*--

--TO A PROMISING *NEWCOMER*--

WHEN IN DOUBT--

CK CK

AIM FOR THE HEAD.

OH FUCK.

I DON'T WANT TO DIE.

I DON'T WANT TO GET SHOT AGAIN--

I'LL *PAY* YOU NOT TO SHOOT ME.

OUTTA BULLETS AND SUDDENLY YOU'RE A FUCKING *PHILANTHROPIST.*

YOU CAME HERE TO *KILL* ME.

I *PAID* YOU MERCENARY FUCKS TO KILL *ME.*

NO, BUT THERE'S *MONEY.*

LOTS OF MONEY WHEN--MY GRAN'PA PASSED AWAY.

I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO *BE* HERE, PLEASE-- THIS *MONEY*--

THIS MONEY--THERE'S AN ACCOUNT ONLY ME AND MY BROTHERS *KNEW* ABOUT--

THERE'S A *PASSWORD.*

I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE PASSWORD.

THAT WAS IT?

THAT WAS YOUR SHOT?

FUCKING PASSWORD, MY ASS.

GNN

FUCK!

NAH, NAH, NAH.

AUGHH!

NGUHH

KEEP IT TOGETHER.

THIS AIN'T FUCKING HAPPENING.

NNNGH

FUCK.

FUCK *EVERYTHING!*

FUCK IT *ALL!*

EVERY LAST LIVING THING.

FUCK THE WHOLE FUCKING

THING

7899

NYPD

...SO WE'RE *EVEN* NOW, MISTER BLUE?

SAX IS TUCKED UP TIGHT, THE BAD BOY BROTHERS ARE *HISTORY.*

EVEN?

MAIREADH-- YOUR DEBT TO ME IS *NEVERENDING.*

NOW YOU HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR MY POOR IGNORANT *MIKEY.*

I'D HATE TO READ ABOUT HOW SOME SICK **BAD BOYS** SURPRISED YOUR MOMMA IN THE **SHOWER** SOME NIGHT, UH?

TALK TO HIM.

IT'S UNCLE STEFANO, MIKEY--

...told him--

...sax-- sax knows-- get sax--

YOU LISTENIN'?

SENIOR PORN IS HOT RIGHT NOW.

YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE.

MIKEY FRATELLI IS STILL *ALIVE.*

get sax -ccchh-

-ikt-

FUCKING POLICE.

WE'LL LET THE POWER OF MEDICAL INSURANCE BRING MR. SAX BACK FROM THE *DEAD.*

AND THEN IT'S OVER TO *YOU,* MR. SMOOTHIE.

MY TEAM CAN BE READY WITHIN THE HOUR.

NO EARTHLY AGENCY CAN PROTECT THIS MOTHERFUCKER NOW.

YOU WATCH.

HE'S WEARING A *VEST.*

GET THE FUCKING THING *OFF* HIM!

BREATHING'S FUCKED.

FDNY PARAMEDIC

CITY OF NEW YORK

HIS HEART'S GONNA *POP* AGAIN ANY SECOND!

SOMETHING ONNA ROOF!

YOU *HEAR* THAT!

SOMETHING'S KNOCKING ON THE ROOF!

NITROGLYCERIN

SOMETHING WANTS *IN.*

FUCK YEAH!

FUCK YEAH!

F.D. N.Y. 183
AMBULANCE
KEEP BACK
MORPHINE DRIP.
NITROGLYCERIN
HE'S STABILISED.
NITROBLIPPTIY
BLOP
THE FUCK.

HEY!

HEY, *YOU!*

YOU *CAN* SEE ME!

I *KNEW* YOU COULD SEE ME!

THIS IS *GREAT!*

HANG ON IN THERE, NICK!

FDNY PARAMEDIC
CITY OF NEW YORK

WE'RE ALMOST *THERE,* PAL!

DON'T LET THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTER IN YOUR LIFE GET STARTED *WITHOUT* YOU.

STAY WITH ME, NICK!

...ON SITE, MISTER BLUE, *IN MEDIAS RES*, AS THEY SAY.

EMERGENCY

P.D. N.Y.

AMBULANCE

KEEP BACK

MY TEAM AND I SPECIALISE IN TORTURE WITH A ***NEW AGE*** SLANT.

TORTURE THAT GUARANTEES POWERFUL RESULTS.

NICK FUCKING SAX IS THE ONLY MAN ALIVE WHO KNOWS THIS ***PASSWORD.***

HE ***MUST NOT DIE*** UNTIL HE GIVES UP THE ***PASSWORD.***

WE'RE ***CLEAR*** ABOUT THAT, SMOOTHIE?

YOU KNOW MY REPUTATION.

I CAN KEEP THEM ***ALIVE*** AND ***IN PAIN*** AS LONG AS IT TAKES.

YOU SAY HE'S A ***HARDASS.***

HE'D BE THE ***FIRST*** BIG MAN I COULDN'T ***BREAK.***

WAKE UP, NICK!

WAKEDY-UPPIDY, PARTNER!

MUCHO PRONTO TONTO!

NICK!

NICK.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SAX?

SEEING *SPOOKS?*

I *HOPE* SO.

OTHERWISE IT REALLY *IS* YOU.

MAIREADH McCARTHY.

HOW'D *YOU* WIND UP IN THIS FUCKING PRODUCTION?

GENTLEMEN, MISTER *NICHOLAS SAX.*

WHERE DID IT *ALL GO,* NICK?

DON'T ACT LIKE YOU →*Nng*← GIVE A *FUCK.*

WHO'S *BEHIND* ALL THIS?

SOME FUCKER SET ME *UP.*

OFFICERS, *THIS* TRAGIC, PARANOID HUSK OF A MAN USED TO BE THE BEST DETECTIVE IN THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT.

MEDALS. CITATIONS. A BEAUTIFUL *WIFE,* AND A *GOLDEN CAREER.*

BEHOLD THE MAN.

WHAT IS THIS?

A FUCKING CELEBRITY ROAST IN HELL?

WHAT'S HE *DOING* WITH THAT THING?

THAT'S JUST SOMETHING TO CALM YOU DOWN.

SOME GOOD, GOOD PEOPLE SAVED YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE AND YOU GOT NOTHING TO *SAY,* NICK?

SAVING MY LIFE IS DOING ME A *FAVOR* HOW, MAIREADH?

GO AWAY.

GO THE FUCK AWAY.

WHAT IS IT?

THERE'S NOTHING THERE.

FUCK THIS.

THERE YA GO!

AT LAST!

THE FUCK.

NOW I GOT YOUR ATTENTION.

NICK, *STARE* INTO MY EYES.

TRUST ME, NICK, AND *LISTEN*...

WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU *DO* TO ME?

LOOK AT THE *STATE* OF HIM.

YOU'RE *SEEIN'* THINGS, NICK.

IT'S A BLANK WALL BROUGHT TO LIFE WITH *MORPHINE.*

JESUS, YOU'RE A *HUMAN WRECK.*

YOU'RE STINKING OF BOOZE AND DOPE AND GOD KNOWS WHAT.

AND ALL THAT MESS FLAKING OFF YOUR FACE LIKE *SNOW*--

MY *ECZEMA* FLARES UP IN THE PRESENCE OF SANCTIMONIOUS *ASSHOLES.*

WHY COULDN'T YOU LEAVE ME IN THE STREET TO DIE?

WHY? BECAUSE EVER SINCE MIKEY FRATELLI BLED TO DEATH YOU'RE THE ONLY FUCKER IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS HOW TO GET TO THE FRATELLI FORTUNE.

I CAN *STILL* GET YOU OUT OF HERE ALIVE.

TELL ME THE PASSWORD.

THAT MONEY BELONGS TO THE *CITY* ANYHOW.

THE PASSWORD-- GUESS WHAT?

FUCK YOU.

REMEMBER, I TRIED.

YOU'LL *REGRET* THIS, NICK.

WHEN I'M GONE, YOU'RE ALL *ALONE* IN HERE.

HOW I FUCKING

WISH.

CHALK IT UP TO CRAZY *MEDS* IF THAT MAKES IT EASIER.

DEAL WITH IT *ANY WAY* YOU WANT!

EVEN *I* HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT YET--

BUT THERE'S ONLY *ONE OTHER PERSON* IN THE WHOLE *WORLD* WHO CAN *SEE* ME AND IT'S *YOU,* NICK!

SO YOU AND ME ARE GONNA SAVE HAILEY!

GET YOUR PANTS ON!

HOW DOES THIS HAPPEN?

YOU'RE A FUCKING CARTOON-- A *HALLUCINATION.*

OH, I'M ABOUT 1-2-3-4-5 GRADES *ABOVE* A *HALLUCINATION,* NICK.

I'M AN IMAGINARY FRIEND!

I'M *HAILEY'S* IMAGINARY FRIEND AND SHE'S IN *BAD TROUBLE!*

IT'S *ME*, NICK!

HAPPY THE HORSE!

I'M YOUR *NEW PARTNER*, PARTNER--

-Kkakk-

-Splaff-

LITTLE PRICK!

YOU *OKAY* IN THERE, SAX?

FINE.

I'M FINE.

I *GET* IT, LET'S JUST SAY *I'M* NOT REAL.

BUT YOU'RE IN A ***MOB HOSPITAL,*** THEY TOOK YOUR ***WEAPONS,*** SEDATED YOU AND ***NOW*** THEY'VE SENT A ***TORTURE SQUAD*** TO SCREW SOME KINDA ***PASSWORD*** OUT OF YOU.

MY ADVICE?

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE.

PAY ATTENTION TO THE TALKING HORSE!

MY UNBRIDLED *ENTHUSIASM* FOR THIS LINE OF WORK IS LIKE UNTO A PILLAR OF BURNING PIG *IRON*, BOYS AND GIRLS.

TONIGHT, TORTURE IS MY MISTRESS.

THE MARK'S DOPED UP GOOD.

MY DIAGNOSIS SUGGESTS HE'LL RESPOND STRONGLY TO HAVING *SALAMI SLICES* CUT FROM HIS *PENIS*.

AS A HAUNTING ACCOMPANIMENT TO OUR BUSINESS, I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST ROGER PAYNE'S *"SONGS OF THE HUMPBACK WHALE"*.

AHHH, *NOTHING* WILL SAVE THIS ASSHOLE FROM SUCH UNHOLY AGONIES AND MARTYRDOMS AS ONLY *SAINTS* ARE FIT TO ENDURE.

NURSE.

SCALPEL.

YERKS!

FIVE OF EM!

NICK, THEY HAVE KNIVES!

AN' CREEPY RUBBERY GLOVES!

Shh!

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

LET ME THINK.

SO THINK!

ONLY YOU CAN SEE ME, NICK!

ONLY YOU CAN HEAR ME.

THEY GAVE YOU SOMETHING TO KNOCK YOU OUT!

DON'T FALL ASLEEP, NICK!

HUH?

HEY!

FUCK.

FUCK.

UK!

FUH

FUHH

FUCK

YOU!

-HM-

LOOK OUT, NICK!

LEFT!

ONNA LEFT!

THAT'S THE STYLE!

THE OL' ONE-TWO!

TEN O'CLOCK, CHAMP!

GNUU

-:-

GIVE 'EM HELL!

ULLP!

QUEENSBERRY RULES, BIG GUY!

ikkt

AUGH!

VIOLENTE!

YOU!

FUCKING *DEAD!*

NICK!

COP ON THE STAIRS!

oh shit

NICK!

NICK!

IT'S A MOB HOSPITAL!

YOU HAFTA GET OUT!

NO *TIME* FOR VENGEANCE.

DUCK AND COVER!

Shh!

ONE MAN'S STILL ALIVE.

EVERYBODY ELSE...

Oh my God.

PANTS AND SHOES OR I PERFORM EMERGENCY *BRAIN SURGERY!*

3 Intensive Care

DON'T.

OUTSTANDING WORK, BIG GUY!

NO, SERIOUSLY!

THIS WAY!

WILL YA JUST *FOLLOW--*

WOOP!

LEFT!

GUNF

WHAT THE FUCK ARE *YOU* PEOPLE LOOKING AT?

-SNNFF-

COFFEE.

COFFEE, YOU BASTARDS!

SMART THINKING, MAESTRO!

RESOURCEFUL, TOO!

KEEP GOIN' NICK!

I'M WITH YA ALL THE WAY!

AND IT'S THIS WAY.

LMM

OOK!

SCALDING!

I NEED A FUCKING CAR!

DEAD AHEAD!

BLUE TOYOTA IN THE LOT. KEYS IN THE IGNITION.

NEW YORK PLATE *83F J69.*

YOU REALLY ARE A *REMARKABLE* GUY, NICK, CAN I *CALL* YOU NICK?

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE *STARS* WE'RE GONNA BE *PALS.*

I HAULED YA RIGHT OUTTA THE *WORST* TROUBLE *EVER,* HUH?

DIDN'T I?

ALL THEY WANT IS THEIR *PASSWORD.*

JESUS, NICK, YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT WARMED UP IN A SHOVEL.

THERE'S *NO* FUCKING PASSWORD.

YOU *REALLY* THINK THIS IS THE *RIGHT* THING TO DO, MAIREADH--

SHOOT ME AND GET IT THE FUCK *OVER* WITH.

...WHAT HAPPENED?

FUCKING COP CUNT!

STOP HIM!

BULLETS, NICK!

START THE CAR!

CLUFF

CUNNNT!

...MR. BLUE WILL HAVE YOU FUCKING *FLAYED.*

HE GOT RIGHT *PAST* ME.

BASTARD'S *LIKE* THAT.

LEFT!

WOHH!

LEFT!

NO, RIGHT!

RIGHT!

Uhh

Oh, HOME, HOME ON THE STRANGE!

WHAT A *TEAM!*

MISSION

EMERGENCY WAITING AREA

--MY BRIDGEWORK.

MY *TWENTY FUCKING THOUSAND* DOLLARS WORTH OF SPECIALISED ENGINEERING--NO, I *CAN'T* HAVE IT RE-DONE, NOT TO *STANDARD*--

I *KILLED* THE FUCKING *DENTIST,* IS WHY--

ICE PACK!

YOUR TEETH PLAY A VERY *SMALL* PART IN MY GRAND DESIGN, SMOOTHIE.

NICK SAX.

HE HOLDS THE KEY TO MIKEY FRATELLI'S *LAST WORDS.*

FIND SAX.

MIKEY GAVE HIM A *WORD.*

I *WANT* THAT WORD.

I WANT IT *NOW.*

...ARE YOU EVEN *LISTENING?*

YOU HAFTA *HELP* ME!

I JUST *SAVED* YOUR LIFE AND YOU *OWE* ME!

WHAT FUCKING KID?

WHAT *IS* THIS?

WHY ARE YOU *STILL HERE?*

I KEEP TRYING TO *TELL* YOU!

I CAN *TAKE* YOU TO HER!

NICK, IT'S *THIS* WAY!

YOU'RE GOING THE *WRONG--*

FUCK YOU!

JUST FUCK THE FUCK OFF!

I'M *HAILEY'S IMAGINARY FRIEND*, NICK.

YOU AND *ME* ARE GONNA *SAVE* HAILEY! IT'S SIMPLE AN' *EASY TO UNDERSTAND.*

DIDN'T I JUST GET YA OUTTA *TROUBLE?*

I GOT *MYSELF* OUTTA TROUBLE, YOU LITTLE IMAGINARY FUCKING PRICK!

ENOUGH!

GAH!

OW!

?

MESSED UP SOME GOOD *BRAIN CELLS* THAT TIME, NICK.

THOSE GUYS ARE *NEVER* COMING BACK!

FUCK!

YOU!

WHAT?

SHIT.

MARKET

DELI

SERVER AUDIO-VIDEO

THEY CAN'T SEE *YOU.*

HOW *ELSE* COULD I GET AWAY WITH LOOKIN' LIKE *THIS?*

OPEN 24 HOURS

MERRY CHRISTMAS

...IS THIS WHAT A *BRAIN TUMOR* FEELS LIKE?

HOW MUCH *MORE* DOES THE FUCKING WORLD *HATE* ME?

I ALREADY *HAD* A *HEART ATTACK* TONIGHT.

AND THE GREAT THING IS, YOU'RE A *DETECTIVE,* RIGHT?

I HEARD THE REDHEAD LADY SAYING...

MERRY CHRISTMAS

WAS.

I'M A *KILLER.*

I KILL PEOPLE FOR *MONEY* TO BUY BOOZE, SEX AND ECZEMA MEDICATION--

O'BRIEN HOTEL

DAILY WEEKLY HOURLY MONTHLY

YOU *NEVER* LOSE THOSE SKILLS, NICK.

IT'S LIKE A FISH RIDING A BIKE!

DRAG THE NET, FIND THE *CLUES,* ROUND UP THE *SUSPECTS!*

LET'S ME AND YOU *POUND THE CITY BEAT,* PAL!

NICK?

MERRY XMAS

...*I* GET IT.

YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT.

YOU NEED TO TAKE A *BREATHER.*

ALL I NEED IS *SLEEP.*

I CAN SLEEP YOU OFF.

BUT WE ONLY HAVE *FIFTY-TWO HOURS,* NICK!

NI-ICK!

READY?

DON'T LOOK IN THE *TOILET,* NICK.

SOMEONE'S DROWNED A *GIANT BROWN SQUIRREL.*

AW SHIT.

SHIT.

WHAT THE *FUCK* IS HAPPENING TO ME?

WHAT?

DON'T MAKE ME GO THROUGH ALL THIS *AGAIN.*

THIRTY-FIVE HOURS, NICK!

I'VE BEEN *ALL OVER* WHILE *YOU* WERE ASLEEP.

NOBODY CAN *SEE* OR *HEAR* ME BUT *YOU!*

CAN WE START SAVING *HAILEY* NOW?

GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!

THAT'S THE COLLEGE SPIRIT!

ALL BETS ARE OFF!

IT'S THE LAST NOEL!

BOY, YOU'RE A *TOUGH* AUDIENCE, NICK.

WHAT DO I HAVE TO *DO* TO PROVE I'M *REAL?*

PROVE IT?

OKAY.

I GOT AN *IDEA.*

WE NEED SOME MONEY, RIGHT?

SO TONIGHT IS POKER NIGHT AT LeDIC's...

...YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING A *SHIT* SHAT OUT.

LONG TIME, NICKY.

A LONG, LONG TIME SINCE YOU *FUCKED* ME OUT OF *TWO AND A HALF Gs*...

CAREFUL I DON'T FUCK YOU *AGAIN*, LeDIC.

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR FUCKERY TONIGHT.

LeDEEK, ASSHOLE.

Le.

DEEK.

TAKE A *SEAT*, WHY DON'T YOU?

JUST DEAL, AMIGO.

I'M GOOD FOR WHATEVER'S IN THE POT.

YOU FINALLY MADE SOME JUICE, NICKY?

WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU POP THE FUCKING *PRESIDENT?*

TRIPLE HEADER.

THE CHECK'S IN THE MAIL.

SO THOSE RUMORS WE HEARD IS *TRUE*--

I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT'S GERRY *FRATELLI'S* EMPTY CHAIR YOU'RE SITTING IN--

Hmmm

SOMETHING *WRONG,* NICK?

YOU'RE TWITCHY.

MONEY ON THE SLAB OR LEAVE--

EIGHTEEN CARAT *GOLD.*

YOU DON'T GET RID OF ME THAT EASY.

DEAL ME IN.

"... TO MY DARLING NICK FOREVER..."

COLD SHIT, NICK.

YOU SURE YOU'RE PSYCHOLOGICALLY PREPARED FOR A HIGH STAKES GAME?

WELL, IT'S A *STRUGGLE.*

JABBA THE FUCKING HEBREW OVER THERE, I DON'T WANNA MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES IN CASE I TRIGGER A FUCKING *FLESHQUAKE* AND KILL US *ALL.*

AND ON MY RIGHT HERE IS--*WHAT?*

IGNORE THIS IGNORANT HEATHEN, GENTLEMEN.

HE THINKS HE CAN PSYCH YOU OUT.

I RAISE FIFTY.

TWO PAIR!

JACKS HIGH!

rrrr

PSYCH HIM OUT?

ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THIS FUCKING THING'S *ALIVE?*

AND A BIG HANDFUL OF *NOTHIN'* OVER HERE!

FOLDING.

SOME ACT, LeDIC.

IT'S LIKE YOUR LIPS AIN'T MOVING.

FULL BOAT WITH LADIES, ASSHOLE.

PUT YOUR BALLS ON THE LINE.

"My darling Nick forever..."

HOW ABOUT WE BRING SOME CLOSURE TO YOUR *OBSESSION* WITH MY *BALLS?*

BEHOLD.

FOUR OF A KIND.

I THINK THAT STATES MY INTENTIONS.

YOU'RE WAY *TOO FUCKING HAPPY,* SAX.

THE KINDA SHIT WE HEAR YOU'RE IN?

SOMETHING'S WEIRD.

LIKE WHAT?

CRAZY FUCKING FROG.

YOUR *TELLS.*

EVERYBODY GOT TELLS, YOU RACIST PRICK.

MR. LUDOVICO THERE HAS A *TIC* AT THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH WHEN HE'S READY TO *FOLD.*

feh

APPLEBAUM'S THUMB *TWITCHES* WHEN HE CAN'T *DECIDE* BETWEEN TWO OPTIONS.

EVERYBODY GOT *TELLS.*

BUT *YOURS*-- THEY'RE ALL *FUCKED UP* AND I DON'T *LIKE* IT.

YOUR EYES ARE ALL OVER THE FUCKING ROOM--

I'M WASTED ON *DRUGS* AND *BOOZE.*

MAKES IT HARD TO GUESS WHAT'S *GOING ON* IN MY HEAD, HUH?

I GOT NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE AND NOTHING BUT *LUCK* ON MY SIDE TONIGHT.

SO UNLESS YOU'D RATHER BELIEVE A *LITTLE BLUE HORSE* WITH *WINGS* IS SITTING ON YOUR *HAT,* TELLING ME YOUR *HAND.*

YOU BETTER BELIEVE I'M TAKING YOU TO ALL TO *SCHOOL,* LeDIC.

A

WHAT?

MADE YA LOOK.

SEE, HE'S OVER *THERE* NOW.

LITTLE BLUE BASTARD.

->snicker<-

YOU TOOK A SHIT TON OF DRUGS AND ALCOHOL TO PLAY *POKER* WITH *ME?*

THIS IS A FUCKING *MAN'S GAME,* NICK.

BLUE HORSE, MY ASS.

CAREFUL...

YOUR *TELLS* ARE SHOWING, LeDIC.

I DON'T *HAVE* FUCKING TELLS.

HE'S A *MANIAC!*

HE DON'T BELONG IN A ROOM WITH *CIVILIZED* PEOPLE.

THERE *HAD* TO BE A REASON I'M HANGING WITH *YOU GUYS.*

MIND IF I DRINK TO *LUCK,* AMIGOS?

TAKE. THE MONEY. AND RUN. NICK.

I'LL RAISE YOU FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS.

I DON'T NEED ANY BLUE HORSE TO WIN THIS GAME.

Uh-oh!

SEE HIS EYES!
HIS *EYES!*
YOU USED TO *BE* SOMEBODY, NICK.
LOOK AT YOU.
STARING, SWEATING LIKE A PRIEST IN KINDERGARTEN.
SHIT.
LET ME *GUESS.*
YOUR LUCKY LITTLE HORSE RODE AWAY OVER THE RAINBOW.
YOU'RE *WRECKED,* NICKY, AND YOUR *SKIN* ALREADY WENT AND DIED *AHEAD* OF YOU.
SO GO AHEAD.
RISK EVERYTHING.
ON A FUCKING *HALLUCINATION...*
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, NICK!
I'M-1-2-3-4-5 GRADES ABOVE A HALLUCINATION--
FUCK HAVE I BEEN *TALKING* TO ALL NIGHT?
NOW I *KNOW* YOU'RE FUCKING FRIED.
THERE IS NO. FUCKING. BLUE. HORSE. NICK!
I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* YOU TOOK--
ALL I KNOW IS YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE *COME* HERE.
NOW IT'S ALL OR NOTHING.
YOU AND ME.
YOU MADE HIM DISAPPEAR!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO MAKE HIM *DISAPPEAR,* YOU PRICK?
WELCOME HOME TO REALITY, NICKY.
I SEE YOUR FIVE UP A HUNDRED.

I'M *OUT!*

I DON'T NEED *THIS* SHIT.

JUST LET ME WATCH THIS ASSHOLE GO DOWN, IS ALL I ASK.

WELLLL?

LOOKS LIKE--

LOOKS LIKE A *SHOWDOWN,* HUH?

YOU GUYS ARE GONNA WISH-- GONNA WISH YOU *ALL* HAD LITTLE BLUE HORSES OF YOUR *OWN.*

I MEAN LIKE REALLY.

REALLY.

WISH.

NOW YOU WANT ME AROUND!

IF *I* HELP *YOU,* YOU HELP *HAILEY.*

PROMISE?

SURE.

SURE.

LeDIC'S BLUFFING, NICK.

HE'S HOLDING A LOW WHEEL.

CALL IT, PARTNER.

THE FUCK.

I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW I WON THIS FAIR AND SQUARE.

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN LUCKY IN YOUR LIFE.

WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU JUST *PULL?*

YOU SAID IT YOURSELF.

GOTTA WATCH THOSE *TELLS.*

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE, LADIES.

BUT I HAVE APPOINTMENTS TO KEEP--

YOU WON'T *GET* FAR.

BLUE *KNOWS* YOU'RE HERE.

SIDDOWN AND LAY IT ALL ON ONE MORE HAND--

SAX.

I INSIST.

REACH FOR A WEAPON, I PUT YOU DOWN.

WHAT KINDA WEAPON IS A *PEN?*

SAX?

THERE'S NO WAY THAT *PHYSICAL WRECK* DID THIS TO *FOUR GUYS.*

YOU'D *THINK* THAT, WOULDN'T YOU?

THIS?

I DON'T THINK HE WAS *TRYING.*

HE'D OVERDONE THE *DRINK,* YOU CAN TELL.

SLOPPY.

NONE OF THE PRIDE HE *USUALLY* TAKES IN HIS WORK.

SO WHY WOULD HE NEED THE *MONEY* IF--

Ah shit

ALWAYS ONE STEP BEHIND *DETECTIVE McCARTHY.*

WHY DON'T YOU EXPLAIN IT TO MR. BLUE *YOURSELF?*

I KNOW HE'D *LOVE* TO HEAR HOW YOU LET SAX *GET AWAY...*

AGAIN.

I SEEM TO BE MISSING SOME *PLOT* TWIST HERE, NICK.

THE *TRAIN STATION?*

WE DON'T NEED A *TRAIN* TO SAVE HAILEY!

ME, I'M SAVING *MY OWN ASS.*

YOU?

THAT'S *YOUR* FUCKING PROBLEM.

PROBLEM?

HAILEY'S IN *TROUBLE!*

WHAT KIND OF A GUY GOES BACK ON HIS *WORD* AT A TIME LIKE *THIS?*

FUCK *YOU* AND FUCK *HAILEY!*

HE PROBABLY FUCKED AND *STRANGLED* HER BY NOW.

SO HAILEY'S NEVER GONNA GROW UP A *BITCH* AND MAKE SOME POOR SLOB'S LIFE *HELL,* BOO-FUCKING-HOO.

IF HAILEY *DIES,* SHE WON'T BECOME A FAMOUS *DOCTOR.*

SHE WON'T FIND THE CURE FOR--FOR *ECZEMA* AND IT'LL BE *YOUR FAULT!*

CAN'T YA JUST *ACCEPT* THIS AS A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS *MIRACLE?*

WHYDJA HAVE TO BE SO *MEAN* ALL THE TIME?

NICK. I GOT *NO-ONE ELSE* TO TURN TO, NICK.

I'M HAILEY'S LAST CHANCE!

I KNOW THERE'S A *HERO* INSIDE YOU, NICK!

I *PROMISED* HER!

"DON'T *WORRY,"* I SAID--

--"NICK'S ON THE WAY."

"TOYLAND, TOYLAND.

Here's Wishing You A Christmas Prayer Of Peace And Love, Goodwill And Cheer! ALL STAINED WITH BLOODNPISS N HAIR

"LITTLE GIRL AND BOY LAND.

"WHILE YOU DWELL WITHIN IT, YOU ARE EVER HAPPY THEN.

"CHILDHOOD'S JOYLAND.

"MYSTIC, MERRY TOYLAND.

"WHEN YOU LEAVE ITS BORDERS--"

-schlllorp-

"YOU CAN NEVER RETURN AGAIN."

HE WAS TALKING TO HIS OWN *REFLECTION.*

SOMETHING ABOUT...WELL...

SOMETHING ABOUT STRANGLING A *KID*...

HE CALLED HER A LITTLE BITCH.

I WAS... WAS URINATING AND...MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS AND...

...AND HE PUT THIS *HAT* ON MY HEAD.

POLICE DEPARTMENT CITY OF NEW YORK

I MISSED MY TRAIN TALKING TO YOU GUYS.

I WOULD LOVE TO GET *HOME* FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

SAX IS THE KIDDIE SNATCHER TOO?

FIND OUT HOW MANY TRAINS LEFT IN THE LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES.

NYPD

IS THE STETSON SOME GAY THING?

DO I LOOK GAY?

FUCK!

I *KNOW* YOU CAN STILL *SEE* ME!

TALK TO ME, NICK!

YOU GOTTA STOP *FOOLING* AROUND!

FUCK.

NEW YORK POST
LATE CITY FINAL
SILENT NIGHT
Page Six

FUCK THIS.

MIND IF I CATCH UP WITH THE *JETS*, BRO?

UH... T-TAKE IT, DUDE.

HOPE YOU LIKE HORROR STORIES.

NOT TONIGHT--I'LL BE THERE ON TIME.

ZZZ

THIS IS GONNA BE THE *BEST* CHRISTMAS PARTY!

PROMISE.

YOU'RE GETTIN' OFF THE TRAIN, NICK!

AT *LAST!*

"NOW IS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY!"

TICKETS, MY MAN.

AND HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO *YOU* TOO!

FUCK CHRISTMAS.

THE MIKERS

New Album In Stores Now

AH

SHIT.

GAH!

...LOOK DEEP IN YOUR SOUL, NICK!

BE THE *MAN* INSIDE!

GET OFF THIS TRAIN!

I'M LEAVING TOWN.

I'M SAVING MY SKIN.

IT'S GONNA TAKE MORE THAN LEAVING TOWN TO SAVE SKIN LIKE *YOURS,* NICK!

THERE'S NO *YOU* IN THE *MIRROR.*

YOU'RE IN MY *HEAD.*

YEAH, I'M *IMAGINARY,* EINSTEIN!

IMAGINARY!

Durr!

I JUST NEED YOU TO DO THIS ONE THING, NICK.

STOP A BAD MAN FROM HURTING SOME *KIDS.*

IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?

I GO BACK THERE, I SPEND CHRISTMAS HAVING MY NUTS LOVINGLY AMPUTATED BY EXPERTS.

HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT SOME KINDA DEATH WISH?

OH SURE, I'M A LITTLE BLUE *DEATH WISH* WITH WINGS!

OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WHO COULD HAVE SEEN ME...

I HAD TO GET *YOU!*

WHAT'S IT TO *YOU* IF ONE MORE KID DIES?

WHAT THE FUCK DOES A CARTOON HORSE KNOW ABOUT LIFE AND DEATH AND FUCKING PAIN?

IF HAILEY DIES, *I* DIE TOO.

IF SHE STOPS BELIEVING IN ME-- I *DIE,* NICK.

BUT YOU...

HOW DO YOU GET TO BE *YOU,* NICK?

ME?

WELL, MY *PARENTS* WERE GUNNED DOWN ON THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF ME--I WAS BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE FUCKING *ASSHOLE...*

WHAT DO *YOU* FUCKING THINK?

YERKS!

"WITH ALL MY LOVE, FOREVER."

FAREWELL, MISS HANSEN.

...YOUR NEW PARTNER.

DETECTIVE McCARTHY.

MEET OUR WONDER BOY FROM ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.

PINING FOR ARLINGTON, NICK?

JUST DON'T TAKE THIS SHIT HOME.

YOU NEVER *TALK* ANYMORE, NICK.

I FEEL I'VE DONE SOMETHING TERRIBLE.

MERR
FUC
CHRIS
G.
MAS

FUCK.

HOW CAN FUCKERS DO THE SHIT THEY DO?

...THANKS, MAIREADH, I CAN'T *TALK* TO HER ABOUT *ANY* OF THIS SHIT.

Cocktails

Pabst

SHE--SHE HAD A HARD TIME WITH *DEPRESSION.*

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO TELL HER THE WHOLE WORLD IS JUST... IT'S ALL JUST...

IT'S GIFT WRAP ON A FUCKING SKULL.

YOU AND YOUR TALK OF SKULLS.

OH FUCK, NICHOLAS.

Oh SHIT.

SOMETIMES THE SHINE ON THE GIFT WRAP'S ABOUT THE BEST WE CAN HOPE FOR.

...MR BLUE HAD AN ARRANGEMENT, YOU SEE.

WE WORKED *CLOSELY* WITH YOUR PREDECESSORS.

I MEAN, NOT AS CLOSELY AS *YOU TWO* HAVE BEEN WORKING TOGETHER... BUT...

CLOSELY, NONETHELESS.

I DON'T DO ARRANGEMENTS.

GO FUCK YOURSELF WITH GARDEN TOOLS.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT UP EVERY FUCKING TIME.

YOU SMELL DIFFERENT, NICK!

NICK, I'M STRESSED TO FUCK.

THEY HAVE *PICTURES*-- HOTEL RECEIPTS-- EVERYTHING.

IF I LOSE MY JOB, I'M FUCKED.

MY MOM'S FUCKED!

PLEASE CAN'T YOU JUST DO WHAT THEY *SAY*, NICK?

WORDS OF WISDOM.

STOP FUCKING WITH MR. BLUE'S BUSINESS--

--AND WE'LL LET YOU CARRY ON FUCKING WITH YOUR PARTNER BEHIND YOUR SWEET LITTLE *WIFE'S* BACK, DETECTIVE.

THE OFFER I CAN'T REFUSE, Huh?

WELL, I GOT A *REPLY* FOR YOU THAT NEVER GETS STALE.

FUCK YOU.

FUCK BLUE.

Ahhhh

I'M SORRY.

I'M SO SORRY.

YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE TO *APPEAL,* NICK BUT THIS LOOKS BAD.

THEY HAVE *EVIDENCE* AND McCARTHY'S STORY CONTRADICTS *YOURS.*

RIGHT NOW I NEED YOUR *BADGE.*

Schaefer
BEER

THIS ONE'S ON ME, MR. SAX.

I HEAR YOU'RE DOWN ON YOUR LUCK.

AND YOU HAVE A TALENT FOR *KILLING.*

THAT'S *IT?*

YEAH, *LIFE* IS HOW YOU GET TO BE ME.

SO YOU KEEP SMILING.

STAY HAPPY.

HOMELESS AND ARMED FUCK FACE

SURE IS A *SAD STORY,* NICK.

YOU AND YOUR WIFE AND THE ABSURD LACK OF *COMMUNICATION* AND ALL.

IN A LOT OF WAYS YOU DIDN'T REALLY *DESERVE* WHAT HAPPENED... BUT YOU *KNOW* WHAT I THINK?

HAILEY DOESN'T DESERVE WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO HER!

SO HOW ABOUT TURNING THIS INTO THE HEARTWARMING TALE OF *REDEMPTION* IT'S *SUPPOSED* TO BE?

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

WE'RE *STOPPING!*

WHY THE FUCK ARE WE STOPPING?

WE'LL GET Y'ALL MOVIN SOON AS WE CAN--

FUCKING *SNOW* ON THE LINE.

WE *CANNOT* BE LATE TO THIS PARTY!

IF WE'RE LATE, IT'S *YOUR FAULT* FOR TAKING THIS TRAIN.

WHAT?

I'M WHAT?

AN *AFFAIR?*

AAAAAAAAA

Shh!

NOT *YOU!*

WHY THE FUCK DID WE *STOP?*

WILL YOU *SHUT UP!*

FATE STOPPED THE TRAIN--

IT'S A *SIGN,* NICK!

...YOU'RE *SURE* IT'S SAX?

I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT HIS FUCKING *REP*--BLUE HAS *FIFTY GRAND* ON THIS PRICK'S NUTS.

EH?

I DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO THE STUPID PARTY IN THE FIRST PLACE!

I HATE YOU.

AN *AFFAIR?*

AAAAAAAA

ENOUGH!

I WORK MY FUCKING *ASS* OFF FOR YOU, I GET *THIS?*

EXCUSE *ME!*

RESTROOM

SHUT UP, LADY.

MR. SAX!

I NEED TO SEE YOUR *TICKET,* SIR.

"MR. SAX".

JESUS.

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M HAVING A MAJOR FUCKING *HEART ATTACK* HERE?

RESTRO

Oh FUCK.

YOUR HEART, DADDYFUCKER.

SILENT NIGHT

unkt

aa

YOU *SEE* THAT?

THIS MAN'S *PACEMAKER* EXPLODED.

I'M A *DOCTOR.* I'VE SEEN THIS SHIT BEFORE AND IT *NEVER* ENDS WELL!

ah
ah
HOW MUCH FUCKING LONGER WE HAVE TO *WAIT,* ASSHOLE?
Asshole?
I'M HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH *DEENA SELTZER* ON A FUCKING CROWDED TRAIN?
AAAAAAAA
IT'S CHRISTMAS, NICK!
THINK OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT--
THINK OF HAILEY'S *MOM* AND HOW HAPPY SHE'LL BE TO SEE HER LITTLE GIRL SAFE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS...
FUCKER'S STILL *KICKING.*
YOU NEED ANY *MORE* PROOF THE WORLD'S A FUCKING *TOILET* THAT WON'T FUCKING *FLUSH?*
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO *BE* THIS WAY, NICK...
TOO BAD IT ALWAYS *IS.*
SPARE ME THE FUCKING JIMINY CRICKET *BULLSHIT.*
GET THE FUCK *OUT* THERE AND TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ALL THE HAPPY, SMILING FACES.
GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I OUGHTTA CARE ABOUT *ANY* OF THESE JABBERING FUCKWITS!
FUCKING CHRISTMAS.
OKAY!
OKAY, I WILL!

ahhh

HEY, FOLKS!

LET'S SHOW THAT OLE MEANIE NICK SAX--

WHAT A HAP-HAP-HAPPY

-ulp-

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

looks like.

FUCK YOU!

FUCK YOU TOO!

FUCK ALLA YOU PEOPLE!

FUCK CHRISTMAS AND THE WHOLE FUCKING THING!

NEWS

OI, THAT PHONE'S UNHEALTHY!

BLAME IT ON THE WEATHERMAN

Seniors

A Life on Two Continents

WHAT'D I TELL YA?

EVERY BRIGHT-EYED KID GROWS UP IN THE END TO BITCH AND MOAN ABOUT *EVERYTHING.*

NOTHING'S *GOOD ENOUGH*--NO *JOB,* NO *MARRIAGE,* NO DREAM COME TRUE--

OKAY.

YOU WIN.

FUCKING *RIGHT* I FUCKING WIN!

YOU AIN'T SO FUCKING HAPPY *NOW,* Huh?

AND YOU KNOW WHAT *ELSE?*

HORSE?

YOU'RE AN *ASS!*

AN UGLY, STUPID-LOOKING, PAIN IN *MY FUCKING ASS!*

YOU CAN'T GIVE ME ONE FUCKING REASON WHY I OUGHTTA GIVE A FUCK ABOUT *"HAILEY",* CAN YOU?

YOUR STUPID *VOICE,* YOUR LITTLE FUCKING *WINGS.*

NOTHING YOU *SAY* OR *DO* CAN EVER MAKE ME CARE ABOUT ANYTHING BUT *ME,* YOU UNDERSTAND?

I GET IT, NICK.

BUT... WELL... SEE THAT *NEWSPAPER?*

I THINK I JUST FIGURED OUT WHY *YOU*--OUT OF *ALL THE PEOPLE* IN THE WHOLE CITY--CAN *SEE* ME--NICK--

SILENT NIGHT

NEW YORK POST

HAILEY'S YOUR DAUGHTER.

THE FUCK.

NY POST

CITY FINAL

www.nypost.com

NIGHT

#3: HAILEY HANSEN

FUCK.

RESTROOM

The Best Sports In Town

NO FAKERS

ah

WE STARTED UP AGAIN.

YOU KNOW, I'M ACTUALLY QUITE TOUCHED YOU THINK I'M *CAPABLE* OF AN AFFAIR.

WE'LL MAKE IT--I TOLD YOU.

YOU *KNOW* I LOVE YOU.

HAHAHA

I DON'T *HAVE* A DAUGHTER.

SON KEELER #3: HAILEY HANSEN

AILEY HANSEN

I DON'T--

NEW EARLY 10mIU/mL DETECTION LEVEL

• Easy to use

pregnant

not pregnant

ILEY HANSEN

HANSEN

...I'M JUST GIVING YOU A WARNING, MR. SMOOTHIE.

HE'S A *DETECTIVE* AND *SURE,* RIGHT NOW *YOU'RE* AFTER *HIM.*

IF IT TURNS OUT *HE* COMES AFTER *YOU,* GOD HELP YOU.

→Tchaa←

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU LET SAX SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS TONIGHT?

THREE TIMES IS THE CHARM.

BLUE WANTS *YOU.*

AS I WILL *NEVER* TIRE OF REMINDING YOU, YOU HAVE A VERY VULNERABLE, ELDERLY MOTHER.

FUCK YOU.

GIVE ME THAT PHONE.

MR. BLUE.

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY--

SAX IS ON THE *NEXT* TRAIN.

I'M ON THE TRAIN.

SOME LADY JUST *FAINTED.*

EVERYONES HELPING OUT.

RESTROOM

SUGAR?

SODA.

Huh?

RESTROOM

!

HEY!

HEY YOU!

Emergency Brake
Open this cover
Pull handle down

Unf!

PRICK!

KAH!

Oh SHIT

FUCK SHIT FUCK.

GET BACK HERE!

HAPPY, YOU BASTARD!

HAPPY!

HOW COULD YOU *DO* THIS TO ME?

WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?

I DIDN'T MEAN WHAT I SAID!

I KNOW YOU'RE REAL!

GIMME A SIGN!

ANYTHING.

?

HAPPY, WHERE ARE YOU?

ARE YOU THERE?

HA- HAPPY?

Shh!

LIGHTS.

TAKE A *LOOK,* MR. BLUE.

THE *LONE NUT'S* A THING OF THE PAST.

THESE FUCKERS ARE ALL *CONNECTED.*

HO HO HO

WHICH LITTLE PRESENT I OPEN *FIRST?*

THE NETWORK KNOWS WHAT IT *WANTS* AND WE'RE HERE TO *DELIVER.*

AWRIGHT.

LEMME TRY THE LINE AGAIN.

Heh

PEOPLE PAY TO SEE SOME SICK FUCKING SHIT THESE DAYS...

...ONE *FAILURE* AFTER ANOTHER IN A DISMAL *SUCCESSION* OF FAILURES.

A *TRAIN OF DISAPPOINTMENT,* DETECTIVE McCARTHY.

THE *TICKET COLLECTOR* SAW SAX BACKTRACKING INTO THE CITY, SMOOTHIE.

...IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S HEADED *YOUR* WAY AGAIN, MR. BLUE.

SEE THAT *SNEER* IN YOUR TONE?

GO HOME TO MOMMY.

START LOOKING FOR A NEW JOB ON YOUR FUCKING KNEES.

...MERRY CHRISTMAS...

HEY.

ANYBODY HOME?

ANYBODY?

INRI

YOU NEED TO FIX YOUR *LOCKS.*

PLACE IS A SECURITY--

--NIGHTMARE.

HOLY JAYSUS!

NOBODY COMES IN HERE!

CAN I *HELP* YOU, MY SON?

RESTROOM

I'M A TROUBLED MAN, PADRE.

I'M STRUGGLING WITH A *THEOLOGICAL BURDEN* THIS CHRISTMAS.

YOU EVER HEAR OF *ANGELS* APPEARING AS *TINY BLUE HORSES?*

WITH LITTLE BLUE *WINGS?*

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO *BE* HERE.

I'M NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL RELIGIOUS BUT I'VE SEEN SOME SHIT TONIGHT I CAN'T PUT IN ANY OTHER BOX.

YOU BELIEVE IN *VISIONS?*

SIGNS?

NEW YORK POST

SILENT NIGHT

Close Window

SOMETHING *BROUGHT* ME TO YOU!

IT'S CLOSE TO *MIDNIGHT;* YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.

I CAN'T *HELP* YOU WITH VISIONS, MY SON.

THE CHURCH IS *CLOSED*-- FOR REPAIRS.

WHERE *ELSE* AM I SUPPOSED TO GO FOR SPIRITUAL ADVICE ON CHRISTMAS?

THE FUCKING *ZOO?*

WHAT YOU LOOKING AT?

SOMETHING ON YOUR *MIND*, PADRE?

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO *TELL* ME?

LET GO OF ME!

YOU'LL *REGRET* THIS.

SEE, I NEED A WAY TO CONTACT SOMETHING THAT DON'T *EXIST.*

THAT'S WHAT *YOU DO* FOR A LIVING, RIGHT?

IF I WAS *CHOSEN*... YOU'D *KNOW*... YOU'D...

...WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU *LOOKING* AT?

THE *FUCK* IS THIS SHIT?

THIS FUCKING THING IS *LIVE?*

THESE KIDS ARE *LIVE,* YOU FUCK!

WHERE *IS* THIS?

Ah SHIT.

I DON'T KNOW!

I SWEAR!

IT'S RESEARCH--IT'S A WEBSITE FOR PERVERTS I FOUND--

THIS IS *IMPOSSIBLE.*

MY FUCKING *DAUGHTER* IS THERE.

AND IF *SHE'S* THERE...

HAPPY.

YOU LITTLE FUCKER.

I ASKED FOR A *MIRACLE,* YOU LITTLE FUCKER.

THE THINGS I'M HEARING IN THE CONFESSIONAL THESE DAYS.

THE SOUL FESTERS.

YOU SEE THAT *BLUE LIGHT?*

THAT'S A FUCKING MIRACLE RIGHT THERE.

HAPPY, IT'S *ME!*

IT'S *NICK.*

HAPPY!

JESUS!

WHERE THE *FUCK* HAVE YOU *BEEN?*

UGLY.

STUPID-LOOKING.

ASS.

YOUR WORDS.

EVERYTHING'S CRAP AND *NOBODY'S* WORTH SAVING.

I GOT THE *MESSAGE,* NICK-- *NOW* WHAT?

AH, WHAT DO *I* KNOW?

YOU'RE THE FUCKING *SUPERNATURAL* ONE!

SUPERNATURAL?

I'M AN *IMAGINARY FRIEND.*

IMAGINARY.

WHAT'S *YOUR* EXCUSE FOR EXISTING?

LOOK, I DIDN'T *BELIEVE* IN YOU BEFORE BUT I *DO* NOW.

I NEVER EVEN BOTHERED TO ASK YOU WHAT THE FUCK YOU REALLY *ARE...*

I'M *HAPPY THE HORSE.*

IT'S SIMPLE.

A LITTLE GIRL LOST HER *DADDY* AND MADE *ME* TO KEEP HER COMPANY.

YOU THINK I DON'T *KNOW* IT'S A CRUEL, ROTTEN WORLD?

FIFTEEN MINUTES TO SAVE THESE KIDS AND I HAVE TO RELY ON *YOU?*

I MAY BE AN UGLY, STUPID LOOKING ASS, NICK...

BUT I'M *HOPE.*

ALL SINGING, ALL DANCING-- *HOPE.*

DOING MY BEST TO BRIGHTEN UP THE OLD *GRAVEYARD* WHILE YOU WHINE AND MOAN AND STATE THE *OBVIOUS...*

DON'T FUCKING LECTURE ME!

NOW I REMEMBER HOW MUCH I *HATE* YOU.

WHERE THE FUCK IS *HAILEY?*

THREE DAYS, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU!

FIFTEEN MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT!

WHEN *CHRISTMAS* COMES, *SANTA* COMES!

SO WHAT'S THE *PLAN,* NICK?

ARCHITECTURE'S *LOCAL*--A TENEMENT APARTMENT.

THE WAY THE *LIGHT'S* FLASHING ON AND OFF BEHIND THE BLINDS?

NARROWS IT DOWN TO *TWO* OF FIVE BARS.

WOW.

THE GREAT DETECTIVE *FINALLY* TURNED UP FOR WORK.

SHH!

GIMME A SECOND TO NARROW THIS DOWN--

HA!

IT'S SMITH STREET, NICK!

YOU.

I FORGIVE YOU.

Ouch.

...JESUS!

DOES *EVERY* KID HAVE AN IMAGINARY FRIEND?

...I'VE SEEN A *FEW*--IF I EVER FLEW *FAST* ENOUGH OR *FAR* ENOUGH TO LOOK FOR MORE, I GUESS I'D *FIND 'EM!*

I DUNNO.

WERE *YOU* NEVER A KID?

UUUINNN

FUCK!

MY-- FUCKING-- HEART!

NICK!

HEY, LOOK ON THE *BRIGHT SIDE!*

NOW WE KNOW YOU'VE *GOT* ONE.

ON YOUR FEET, NICK!

...THERE YOU ARE.

YOU LEFT ME YOUR *CELLPHONE,* MR. SMOOTHIE.

WITH YOUR BOSS' *NUMBER.*

THIS ONE'S FOR *YOU,* NICKY SAX.

HEY, MOTHERFUCKER!

HEY, YOURSELF.

...I NEED A *GPS* ON THIS NUMBER...

...I *KNOW* I'M OFF DUTY BUT THIS INVESTIGATION GOT MASSIVE... EPIC...

A FULL SQUAD, ALL THE TRIMMINGS.

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE FINALLY GOT HERE.

YOU REALLY HAD ME IN A SWEAT!

MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL.

TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE.

"... WHEN YOU LEAVE ITS BORDERS...

"YOU CAN NEVER RETURN AGAIN."

EW!

->HHRUNT<-

FUCK.

UNNN

GAWAY!

GEDDAFUCK!

WAY!

WHERE'S THE FUKKEN BATH SALTS?

UM'FUCKIN

Hmm

UMWASTED.

UM REDDY FR A FKKN CLOSE UP.

NICK!

HE CAN *SEE* ME AND HE SAYS HE'S *"WASTED"*.

IT'S SANTA CLAUS ON DRUGS, NICK!

THE FUCK.

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME--

LEFT!

SMOOTHIE...

YOU DON'T *DIE!*

NOT!

TILL!

I!

TELL!

YOU!

FUCK!

YOU!

...CUNT...

...CUNT...

YOU *LIKE PAIN?*

...CUNT...

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY.

FUCK ALLA YOU!

KUK KUK

FUCK.

YEAH?

YOU'LL NEVER STOP SANTA CLAUS WITHOUT BACK-UP!

NICK

I GOT AN *IDEA!*

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, HAPPY!

I'M *BLEEDING* TO *DEATH!*

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY BACK-UP!

AH FUCK.

THE FUCK *IS* THIS?

HAPPY?

AH FUCK.

TALKING THE FUCK TO MY*SNDT*

zd

AH SHIT.

FUCK THIS.

THIS FUCKING LIFE...GIVES YOU ONE LAST FUCKING THING TO DO...

HOW *DARE* YOU, NICK.

YOU KNOW HOW MANY HIGH-ROLLING PERVERTS I GOT *WAITING* OUT THERE WITH THEIR *DICKS* AT THE READY?

YOU'RE THE GRINCH WHO *RUINED CHRISTMAS.*

SORRY... I GOT... BLOOD...

...ON YOUR KIDDIE FUCKING... PORNO SET.

YOU *HIRED* ME, BLUE.

WHAT THE FUCK?

YOU HIRED ME TO KILL THE BROS.

YOU THINK I'M *INTO* THIS SHIT?

I MEAN-- *EVERYBODY* GETS OFF ON SEEING SOME WIDE-EYED FUCK *SCREWED* SO *HARD* THEIR *EYES POP* BUT THIS--

THIS IS *SUPPLY AND DEMAND.*

FUCK YOU, SAX.

FUCK YOU.

YOU CONTRACTED FOR *THREE,* NICKY.

THEN YOU KILL MY INNOCENT NEPHEW MICHAEL FOR *WHAT?*

FOR FUCKING SPORT?

WE WERE SPLITTING THE OLD DON'S MONEY RIGHT DOWN THE *MIDDLE.*

MIKEY GAVE *YOU* THE *PASSWORD.*

YOU WANT THE FUCKING PASWORD?

PHTHOO

Gn

TOUGH GUY.

NOW I'M GONNA FUCK YOU UP MENTALLY BEFORE I SHOOT YOU IN THE *HEAD.*

YOU'RE HERE, YOU CAN *WATCH* THE SHOW.

AAAAA

GAUHH!

ADDS MORE *JUICE* TO THE STORYLINE--

HERE'S THE *KIDDIES SAVIOUR* DYING.

HE KNOWS HE *FUCKED UP*--HE'S LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS--

SEEING THINGS.

I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN *SEEING THINGS,* NICK.

HALLUCINATIONS.

KKHHNNN!

HALLUCINATIONS?

HA!

GNAH!

I'M 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 GRADES ABOVE A HALLUCINATION!

I FLEW *FASTER AND FURTHER* THAN I EVER FLEW *BEFORE,* NICK.

HAPPY!

I ROUNDED 'EM UP!

I BRUNG *ALL* OF 'EM, NICK.

I BRUNG BACK-UP!

AWAY FROM ME!

GET THE FUCK AWAYYYY!

YOU AND ME, NICK!

NOW WE GOT HIS ATTENTION!

MOVIE!

STAR!

AUUGHH!

HERE'S SOME MORE *JUICE* FOR YOUR FUCKING STORYLINE.

GONNA FUCK YOU UP THIS CHRISTMAS.

A BIG, BAD MAN BREAKS THE EVIL SPELL AND SETS THE CHILDREN *FREE.*

HE TELLS 'EM; *"DON'T BE SCARED."*

"HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?"

GONNA FUCK YOU RIGHT UP.

"THERE IS NO FUCKING SANTA CLAUS."

CHRISTMAS CAME EARLY.

...DON'T BE SCARED.

HAILEY, RIGHT?

IT'S OKAY, I'M...FRIENDS WITH YOUR *MOM.*

I'M WITH *HAPPY*...HAPPY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU.

YOU'RE *SAFE,* KID.

IT'S *NICK, SEE?* LIKE I SAID.

I *KNEW* HE'D COME THROUGH!

DIDN'T I SAY?

WE'RE OUTTA HERE, HAILEY, COME ON.

EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE--

NAAAUUU

FUCK!

DON'T TURN YOUR *BACK* ON ME, NICK.

DO I LOOK *DONE* WITH YOU YET?

YOU FUCKING *TURN* ON ME LIKE THIS.

FUCKING LAW UNTO YOURSELF.

FUCKING UP OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES.

PUT THE GUN DOWN, BLUE.

PUT IT DOWN OR THE FUCKING *PASSWORD* DIES RIGHT HERE.

SEE THIS?

FOLLOWING THE TRAGIC FUCKING DEMISE OF *SANTA CLAUS*, YOURS TRULY IS THE OFFICIAL SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS, YOU SUBSTITUTE-FOR-A-COCK-SUCKING CUNT.

LET THE KIDS GO, WE'LL NEGOTIATE.

ASK *ANY ONE* OF THESE LITTLE FUCKERS WHAT THEY WANT TO BE.

AN *OVERNIGHT STAR* ONLINE WOULD BE *NUMBER ONE* ON THE FUCKING LIST.

CUNTS LIKE *ME* RULE THE WORLD, NICK.

...AND CUNTS LIKE ME SHOOT CUNTS LIKE YOU IN THE *BACK.*

IT ALL EVENS OUT IN THE END.

YOU'D THINK IT WAS FUCKING *KARMA.*

JESUS, NICK...

DON'T TELL ME.

I LOOK LIKE... SHIT...

THE PARAMEDICS ARE ON THEIR WAY.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU JUST *DID*, YOU MAD BASTARD?

NICK?

...YOU HAVE TO *PROMISE*...

FOR *YOU*... AND YOUR MOM... FOR MY KID...

PROMISE YOU'LL LOOK AFTER MY WIFE... MY KID...

THAT'S MY *KID*, MAIREADH.

HAILEY.

...THE PASSWORD...

...SWEETHEART.
WE HAVE TO GO NOW.
YOUR MOM'S WAITING.
I *KNOW* THAT MAN.
SHH!
LEMME GO *TALK* TO HIM.
NICK!
NICK!
HAPPY.
NICK.
LOOK AT ME, NICK.
YOU SHOWED *ME* HOW IT FELT TO BE *YOU.*
...THIS IS THE LEAST I CAN DO.
HAPPY.
YOU LITTLE FUCKER.
ALWAYS... GOTTA BE... HAPPY...
ALWAYS.

GIACCHERINI'S

CIRO'S
FINE WINE-LIQUORS-IMPORTS

444

FINE WINE-LIQUORS-IMPORTS

CIRO'S

CIRO'S
FINE WINES-LIQUORS-IMPORTS

444

OPEN

NEW YORK POST

KIDS FOUND!

THE DON SENDS A MESSAGE.

"LA PIUMA AZZURRO", SIGNORE.

BLOODY DOWNTOWN MASSACRE EXPOSES KIDDIE PORN RING

CONFESSIONS

Joran van der Sloot thinks he'll get away with murder — again

THAT'S RIGHT.

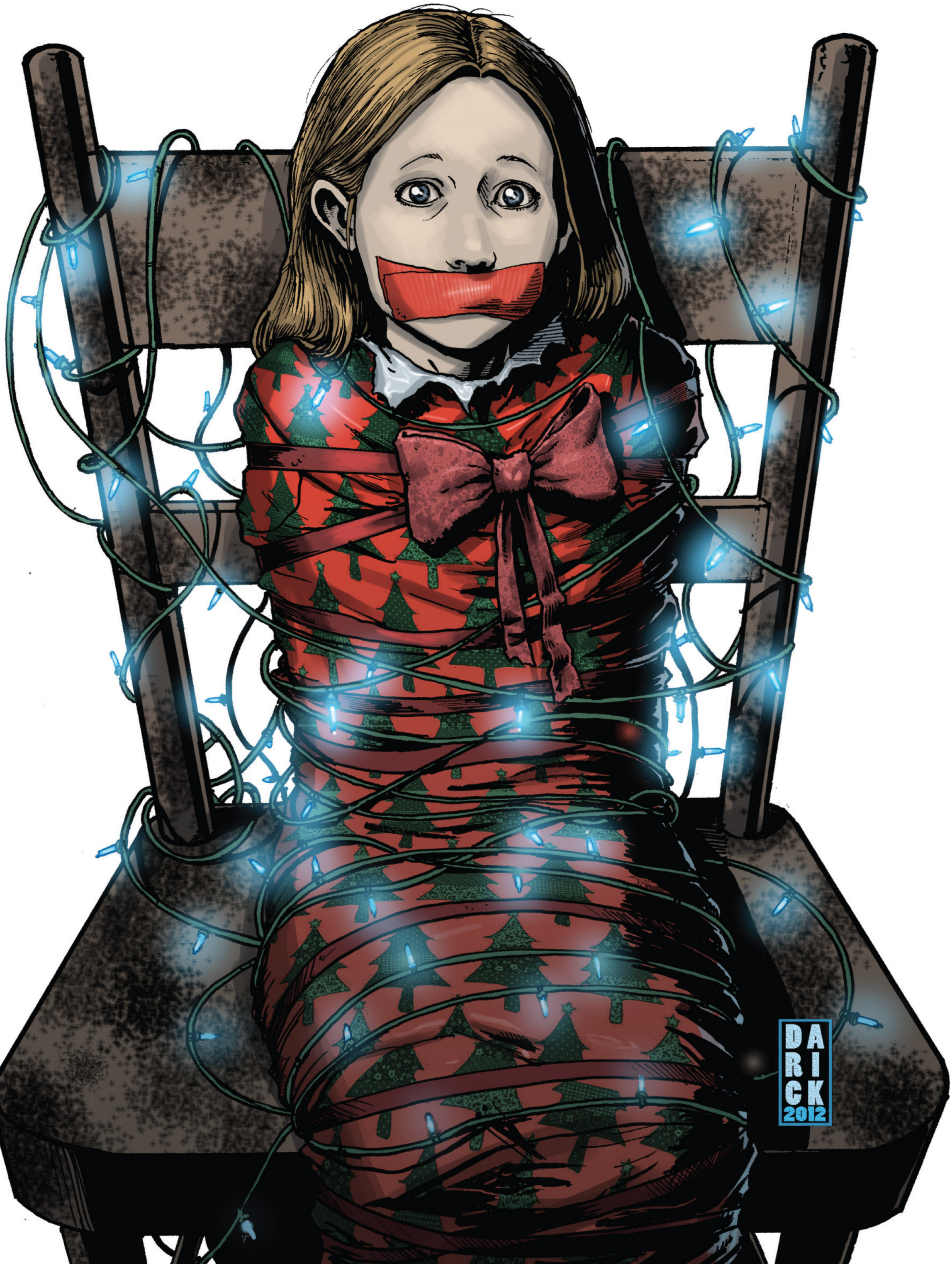
AND A *HAPPY NEW YEAR* TO YOU TOO.

THE END

DA
RI
CK
2012

DARICK
2012

DARICK
2012


DARICK
2012

DARICK
2013

"A gleefully gonzo-sick crime comic."
— Entertainment Weekly

"Happy! is just the latest example of two artists thriving when given complete freedom."
— The Onion A.V. Club

"Happy! is a comic book that is drawn to near perfection."
— IGN

"Morrison neatly unpacks the tropes of crime noir without leaving his voice out in the cold."
— iFanboy

"The clash of styles and tones is brilliant as both Morrison and Robertson seem to be enjoying the hell out of bringing together the cheerful and repulsive all in one read."
— Complex

Happy! brings together for the first time the New York Times Best-Selling author Grant Morrison *(Batman, The Invisibles)* and artist Darick Robertson *(The Boys, Transmetropolitan)* to create a gritty crime black comedy with a twist in its tale.

Nick Sax is a corrupt, intoxicated ex-cop turned hitman, adrift in a stinking twilight world of casual murder, soulless sex, eczema and betrayal. With a hit gone wrong, a bullet in his side, the cops and the mob on his tail, and a monstrous child-killer in a Santa suit on the loose, Nick and his world will be changed forever this Christmas.

By a tiny blue horse called Happy...

IMAGECOMICS.COM

RATED □ / MATURE

DIGITAL EDITION
CRIME / ACTION