

NAILBITER™

VOLUME TWO

"BLOODY HANDS"

WILLIAMSON • HENDERSON • GUZOWSKI • HILL









“ B L O O D Y H A N D S ”

# N A I L B I T E R

V O L U M E T W O

*Story by*  
JOSHUA WILLIAMSON

*Art by*  
MIKE HENDERSON

*Colors by*  
ADAM GUZOWSKI

*Letters & Book Design by*  
JOHN J. HILL

*Edited by*  
ROB LEVIN

*NAILBITER Created by*  
JOSHUA WILLIAMSON &  
MIKE HENDERSON





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## NAILBITER VOL. 2: BLOODY HANDS.

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# ISSUE SIX







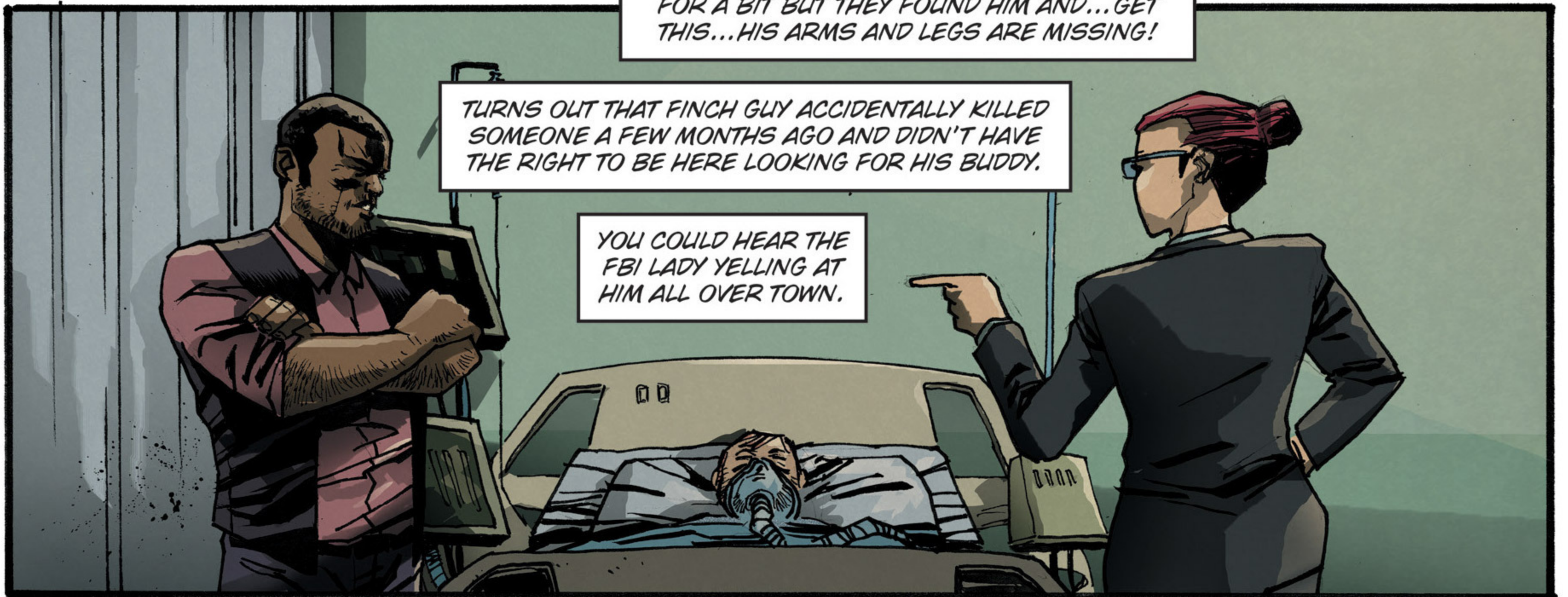




CAN'T WAIT TO LEAVE  
THIS STUPID TOWN.

THANKFULLY THE LAST FEW  
WEEKS HAVE BEEN LEANING  
MORE ON THE NUTTY SIDE.  
NOT YOUR NORMAL HIGH  
SCHOOL DRAMA.

THAT ONE FBI AGENT WHO WAS LOOKING INTO  
THE BUCKAROO BUTCHERS DISAPPEARED  
FOR A BIT BUT THEY FOUND HIM AND... GET  
THIS... HIS ARMS AND LEGS ARE MISSING!



TURNS OUT THAT FINCH GUY ACCIDENTALLY KILLED  
SOMEONE A FEW MONTHS AGO AND DIDN'T HAVE  
THE RIGHT TO BE HERE LOOKING FOR HIS BUDDY.

YOU COULD HEAR THE  
FBI LADY YELLING AT  
HIM ALL OVER TOWN.



CRANE IS TOO BUSY  
DEALING WITH THE  
PRESS TO REALLY CARE.  
THE MEDIA CIRCUS HAS  
STARTED TO SHOW UP  
AGAIN. IT SUCKS BUT  
ISN'T AS BAD AS WHEN  
THE NAILBITER WAS  
FIRST RELEASED.



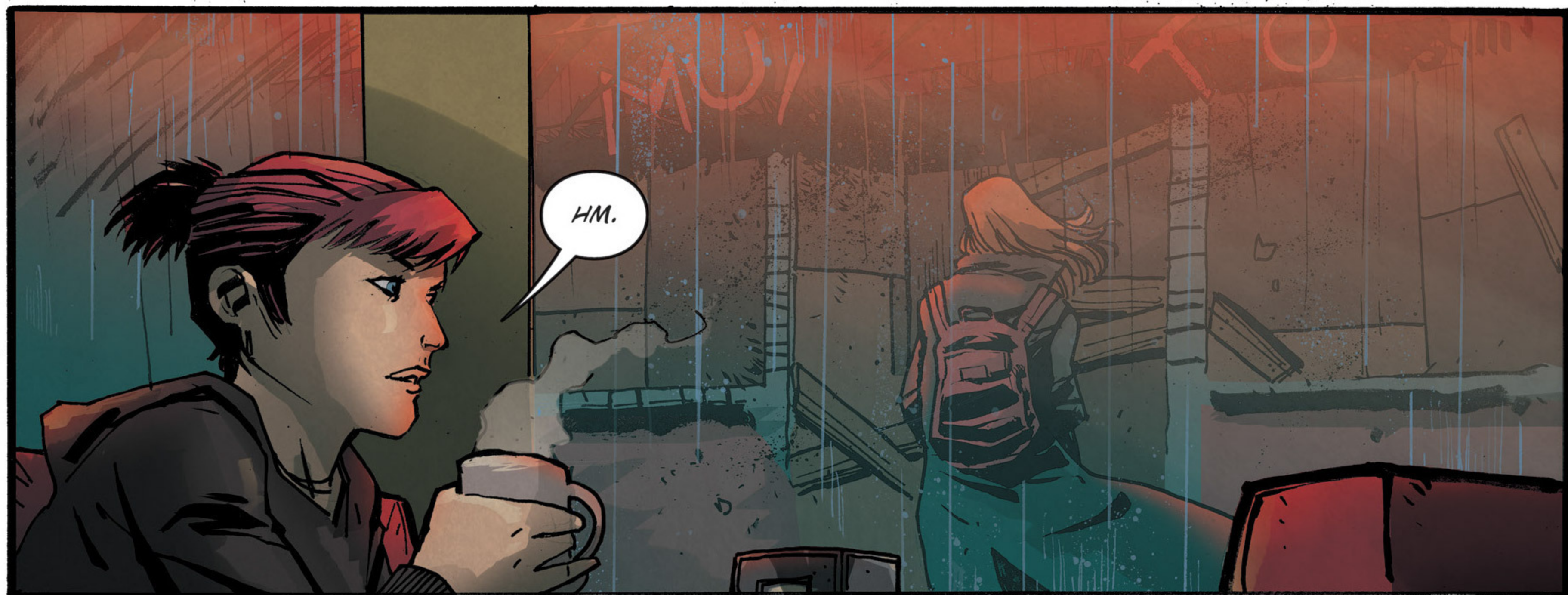
OTHER THAN THAT...  
THINGS ARE PRETTY MUCH  
BACK TO NORMAL...



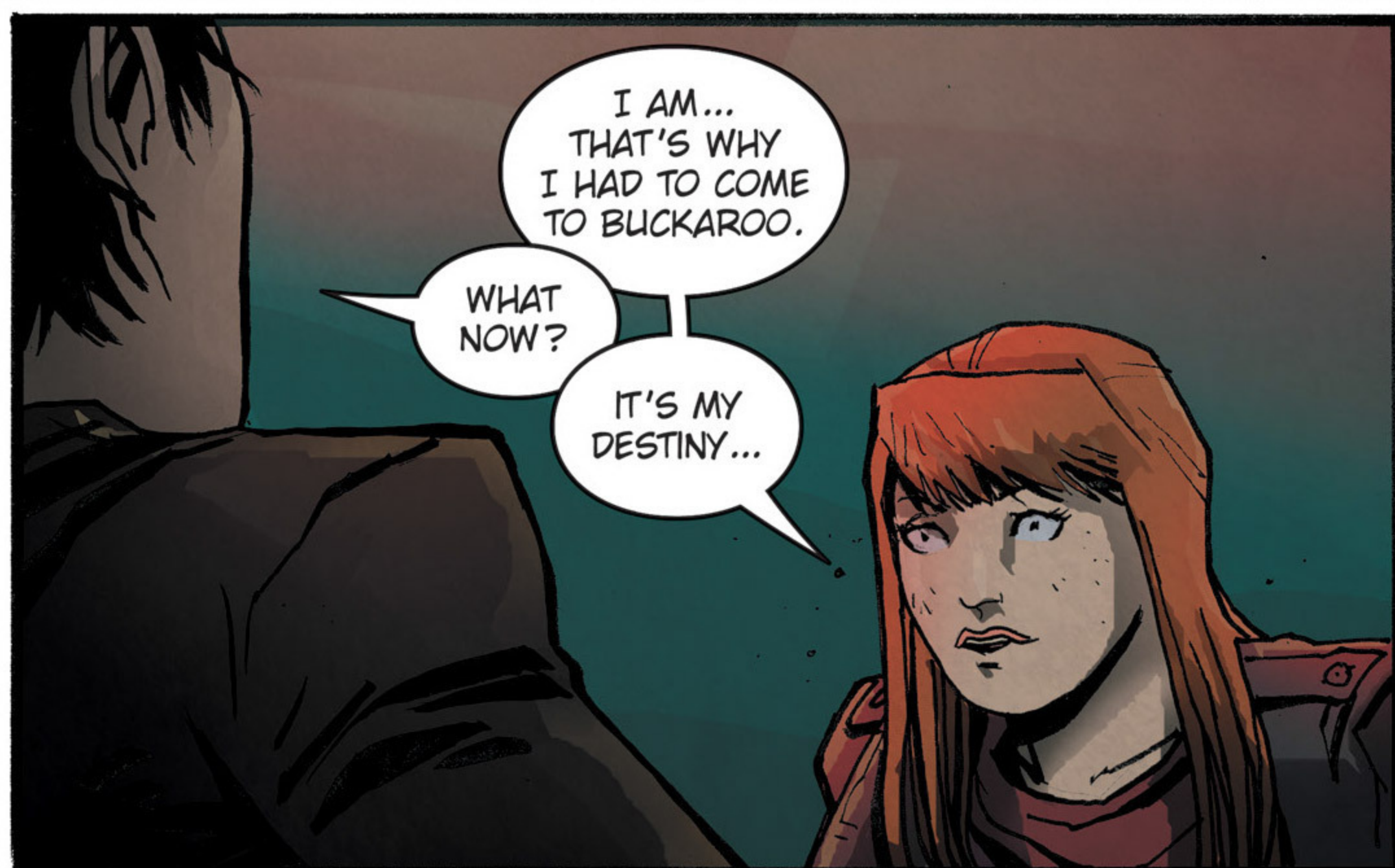
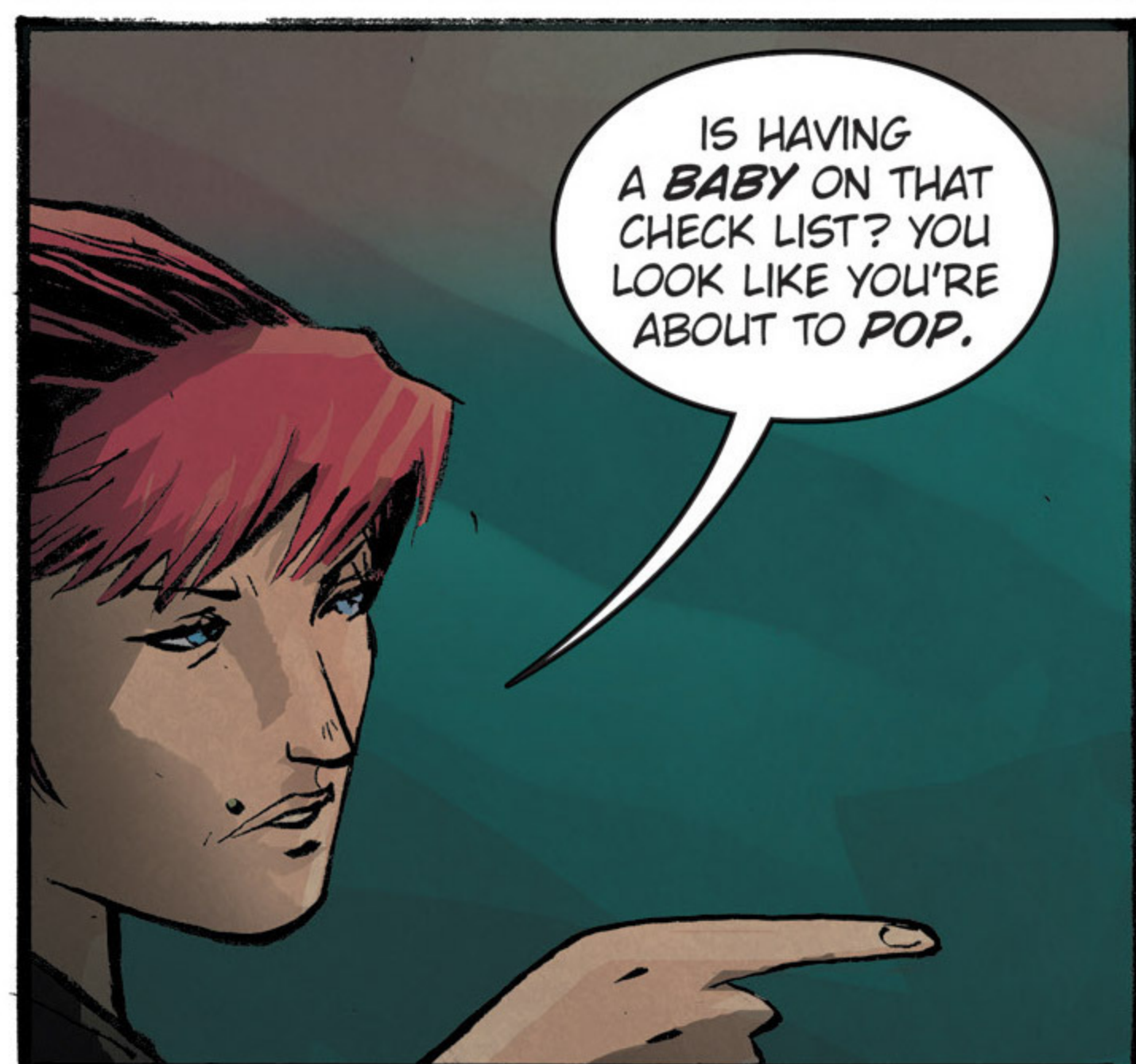
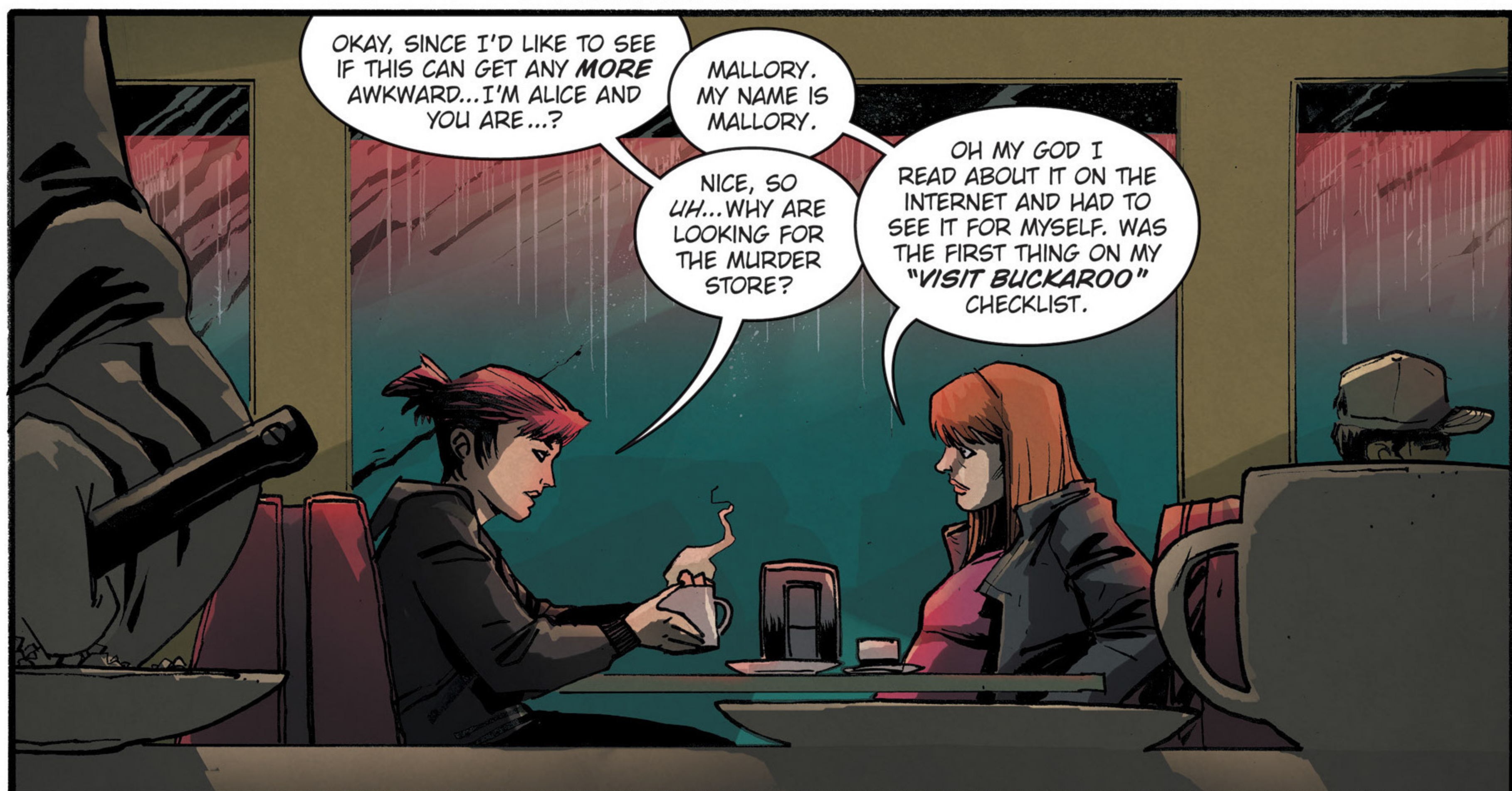
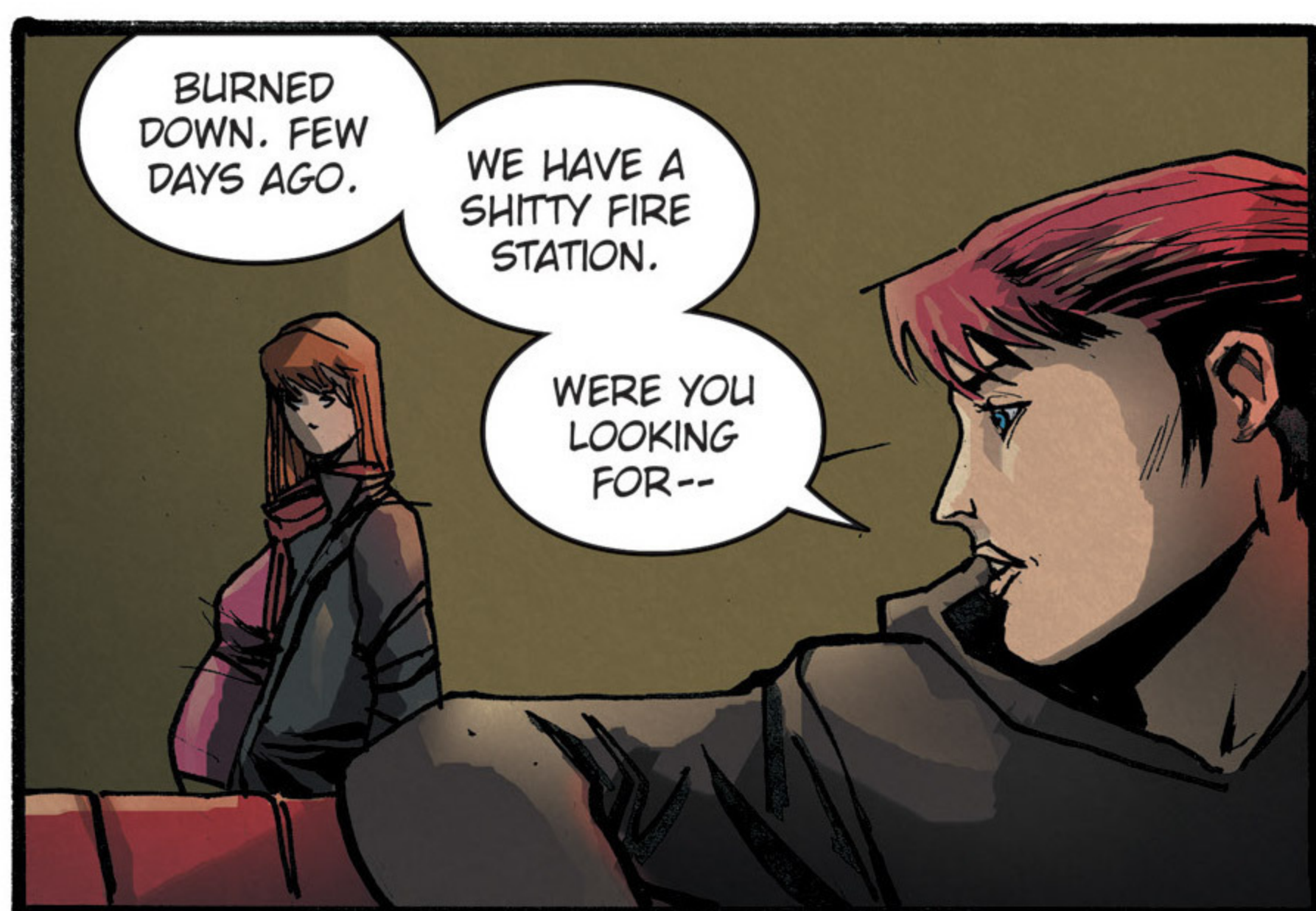
EXCEPT THAT  
ONE THING.



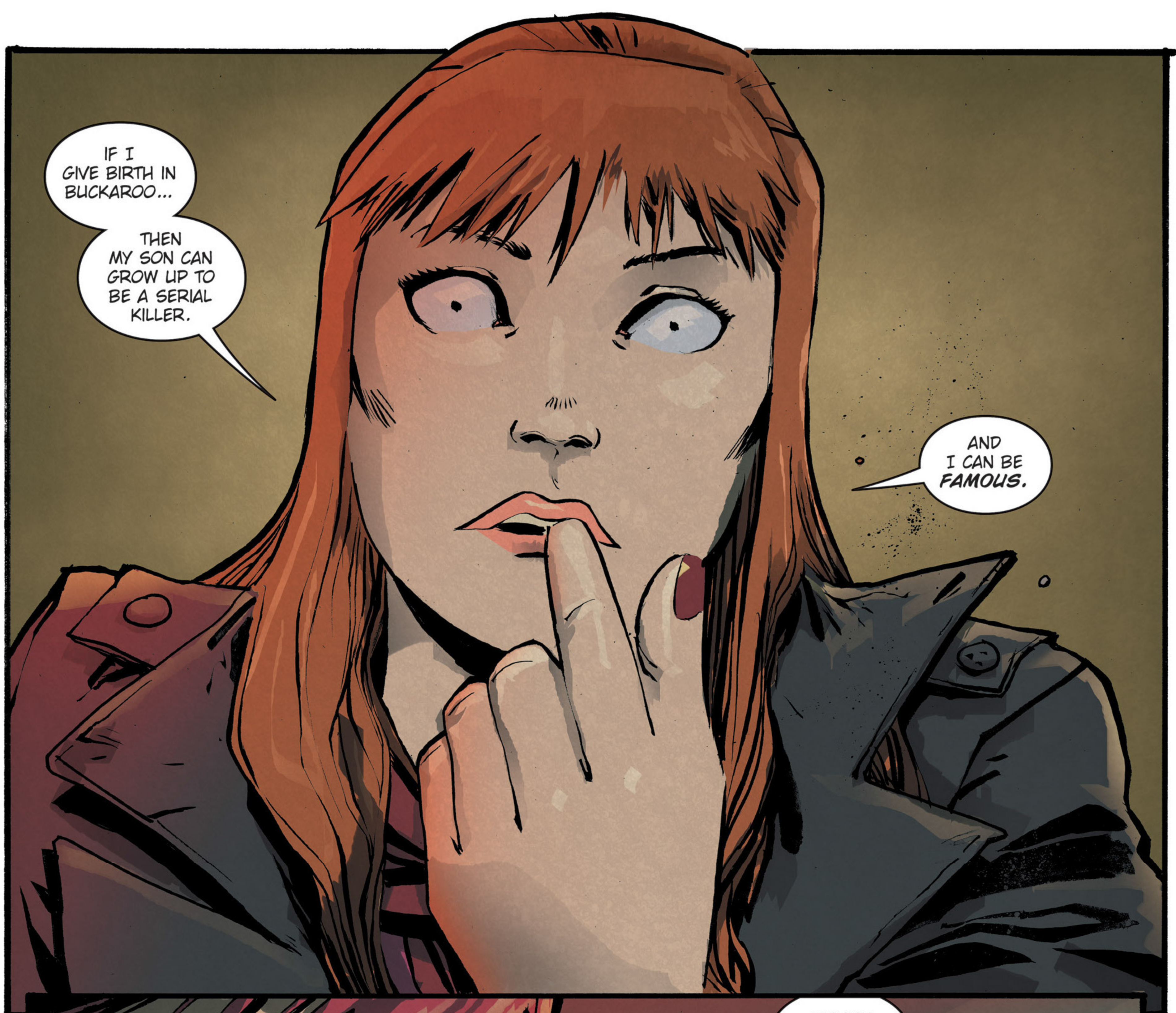
HM.







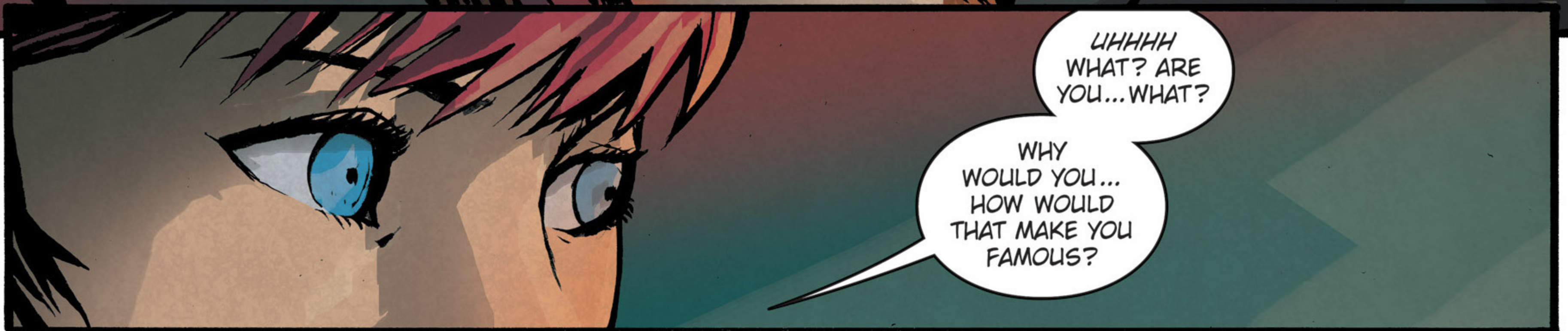




IF I  
GIVE BIRTH IN  
BUCKAROO...

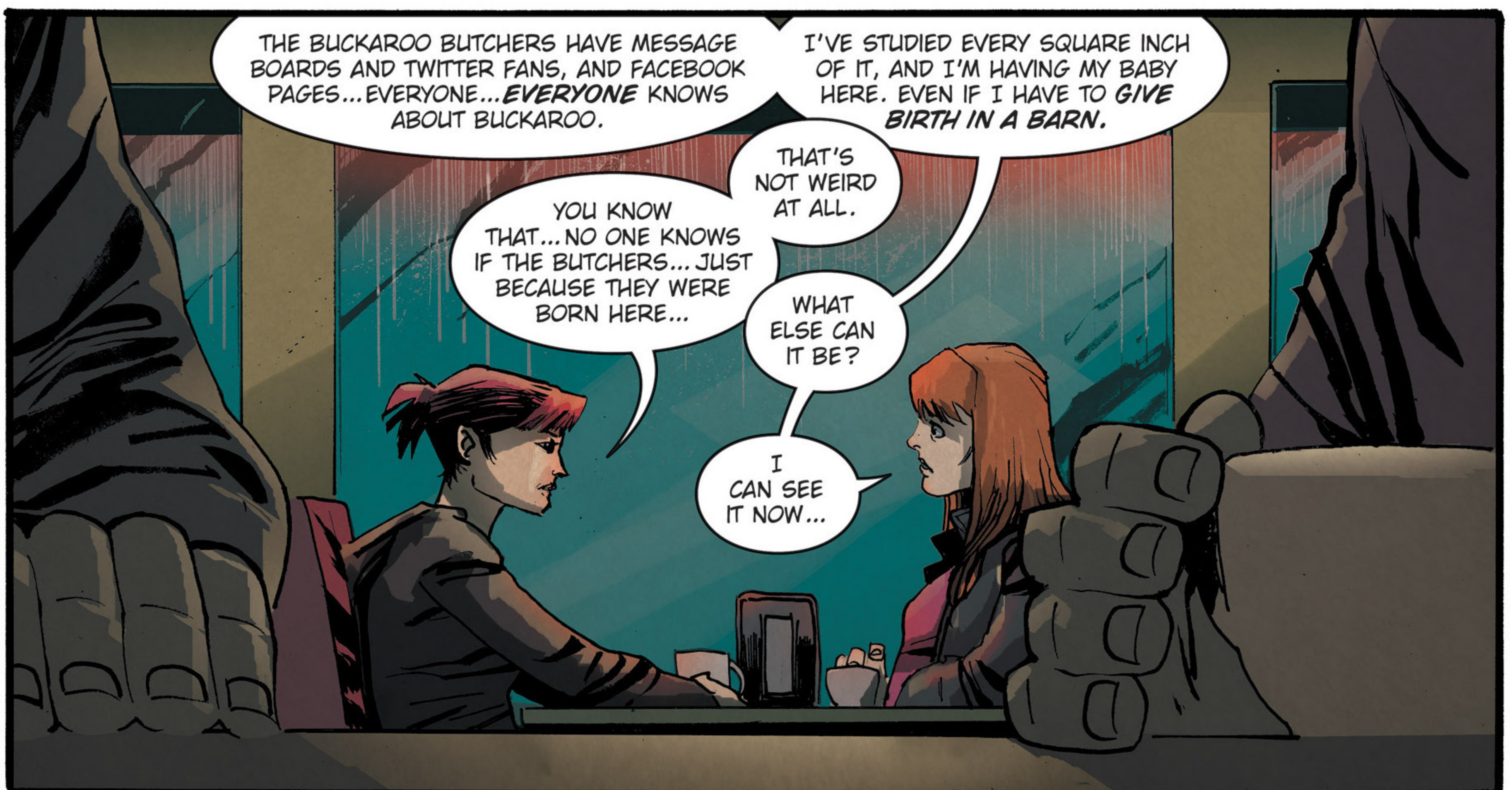
THEN  
MY SON CAN  
GROW UP TO  
BE A SERIAL  
KILLER.

AND  
I CAN BE  
FAMOUS.



UHHHH  
WHAT? ARE  
YOU...WHAT?

WHY  
WOULD YOU...  
HOW WOULD  
THAT MAKE YOU  
FAMOUS?



THE BUCKAROO BUTCHERS HAVE MESSAGE  
BOARDS AND TWITTER FANS, AND FACEBOOK  
PAGES...EVERYONE...**EVERYONE** KNOWS  
ABOUT BUCKAROO.

I'VE STUDIED EVERY SQUARE INCH  
OF IT, AND I'M HAVING MY BABY  
HERE. EVEN IF I HAVE TO **GIVE  
BIRTH IN A BARN.**

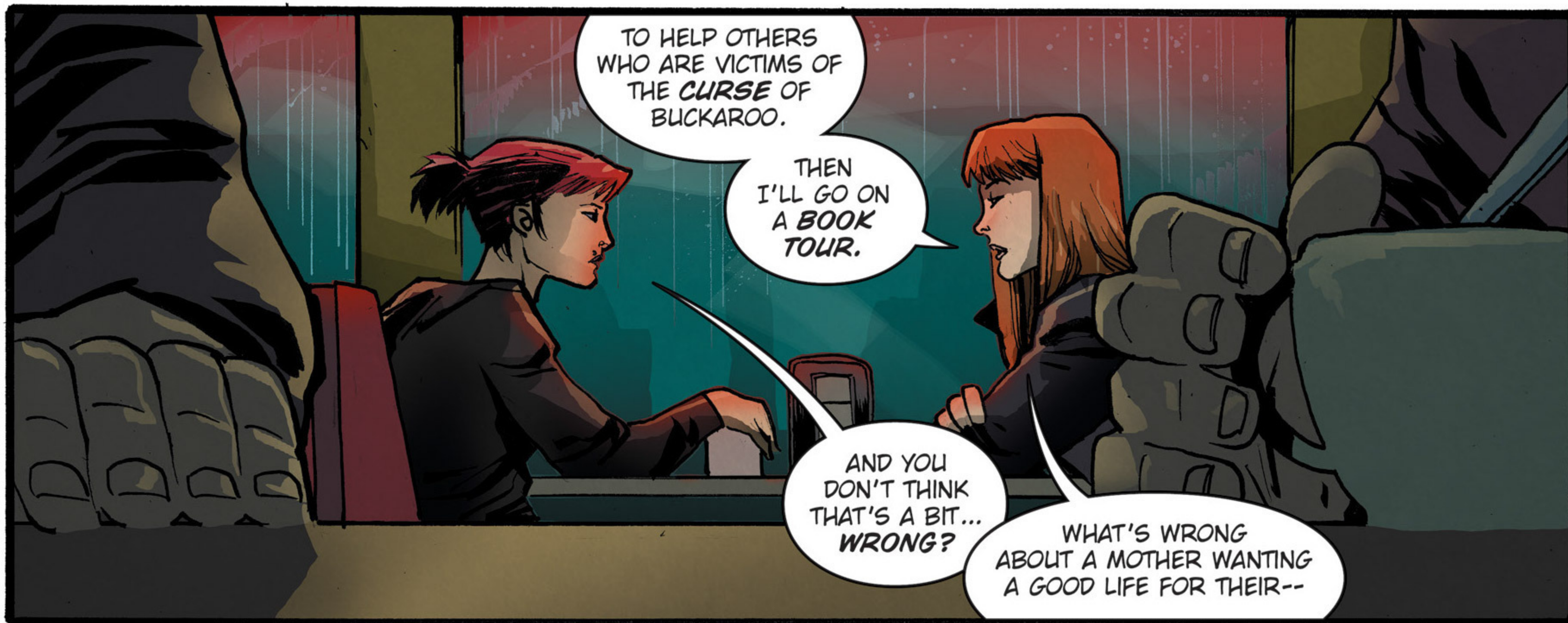
THAT'S  
NOT WEIRD  
AT ALL.

YOU KNOW  
THAT...NO ONE KNOWS  
IF THE BUTCHERS... JUST  
BECAUSE THEY WERE  
BORN HERE...

WHAT  
ELSE CAN  
IT BE?

I  
CAN SEE  
IT NOW...

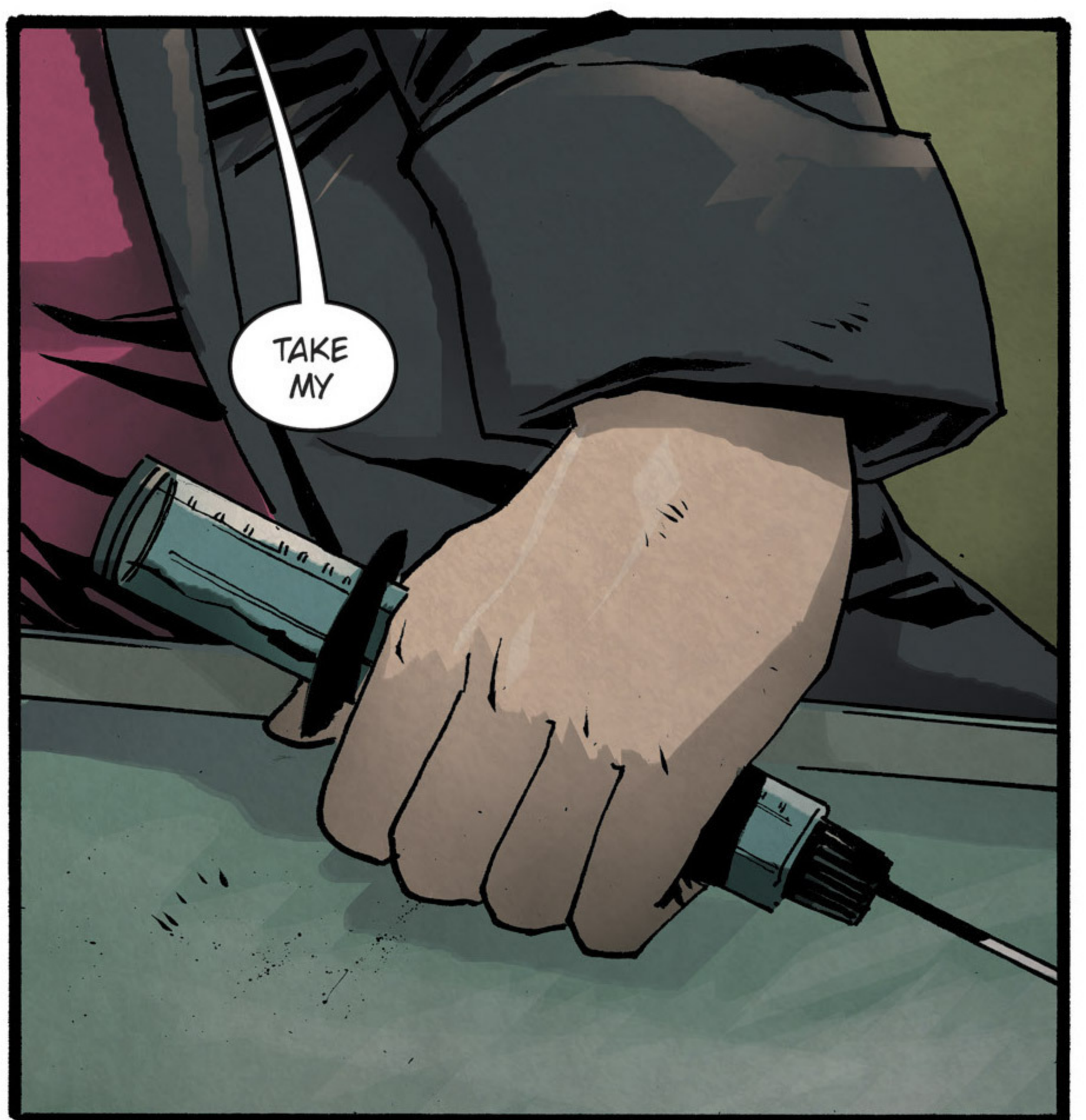
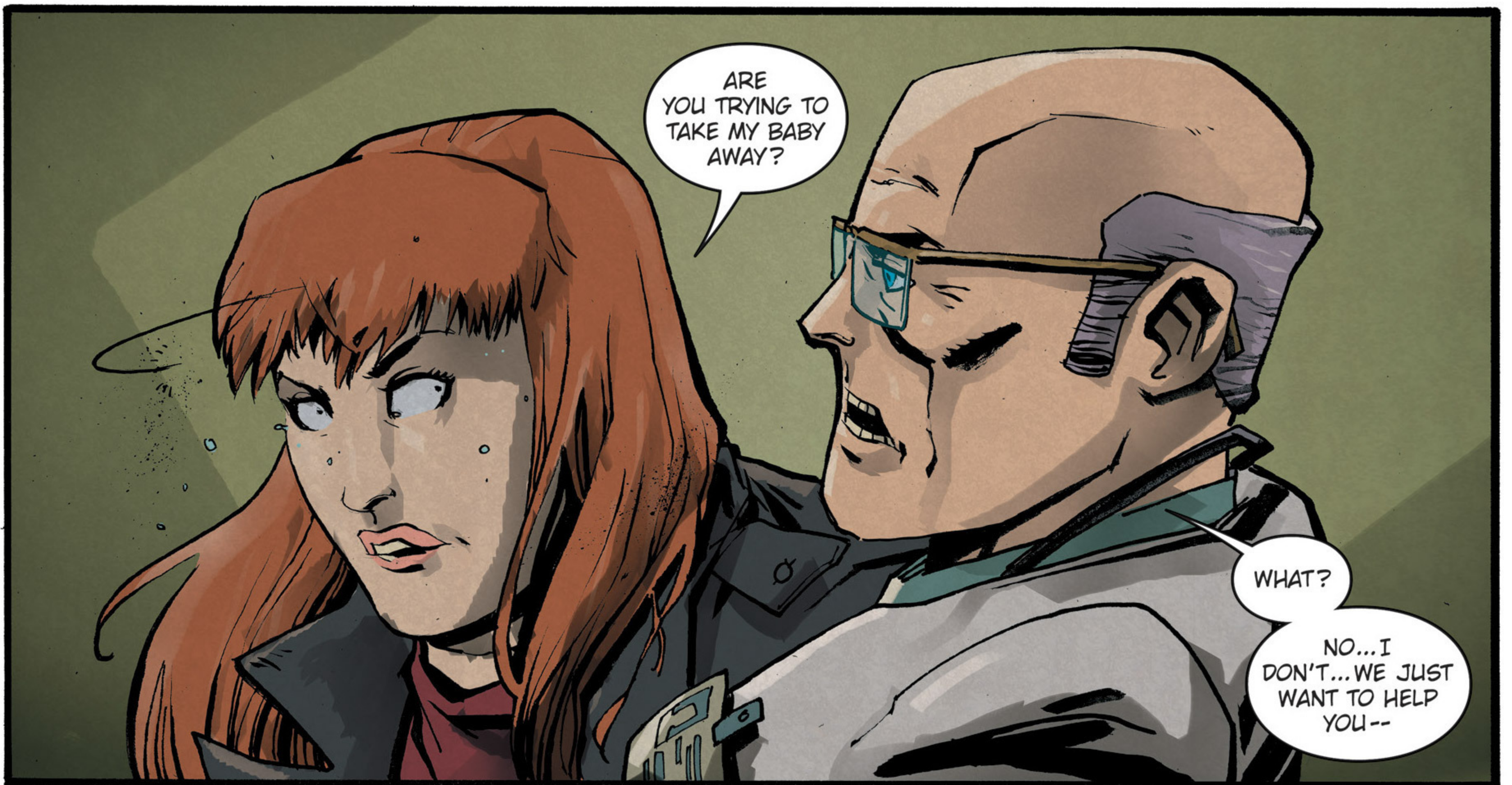




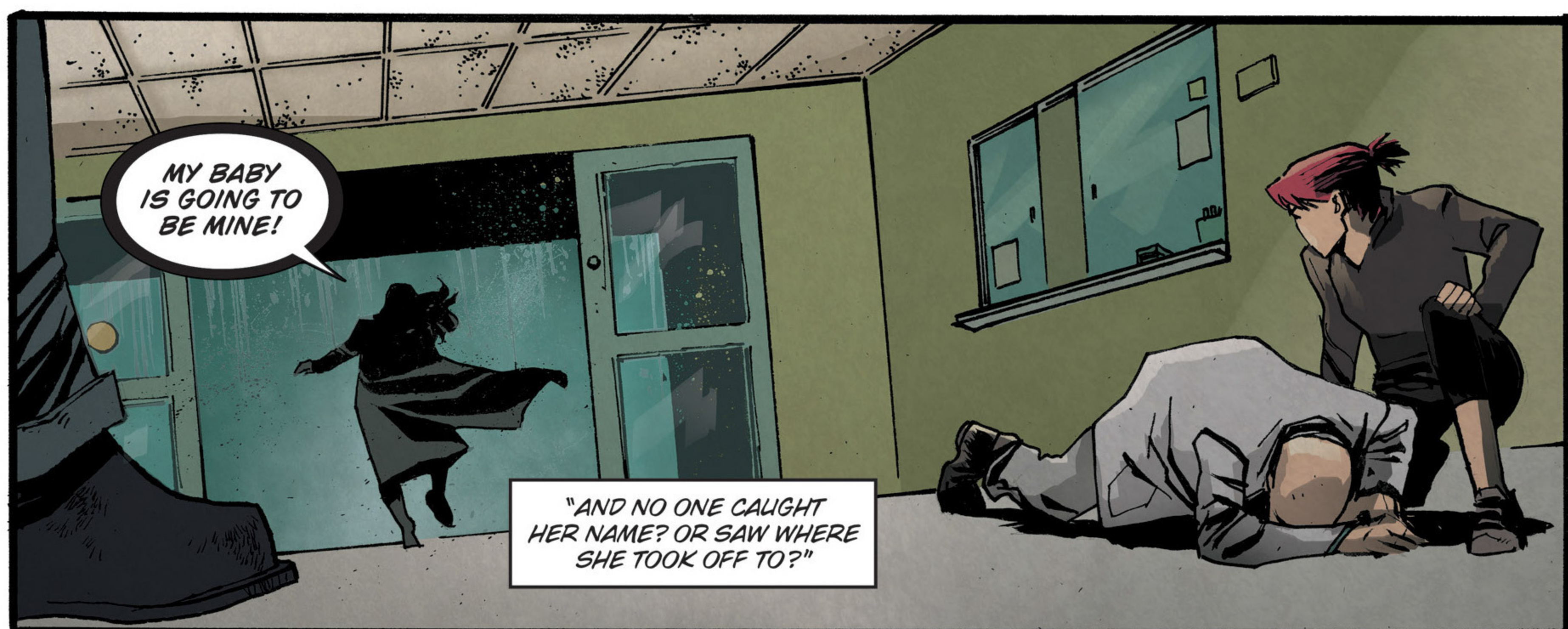
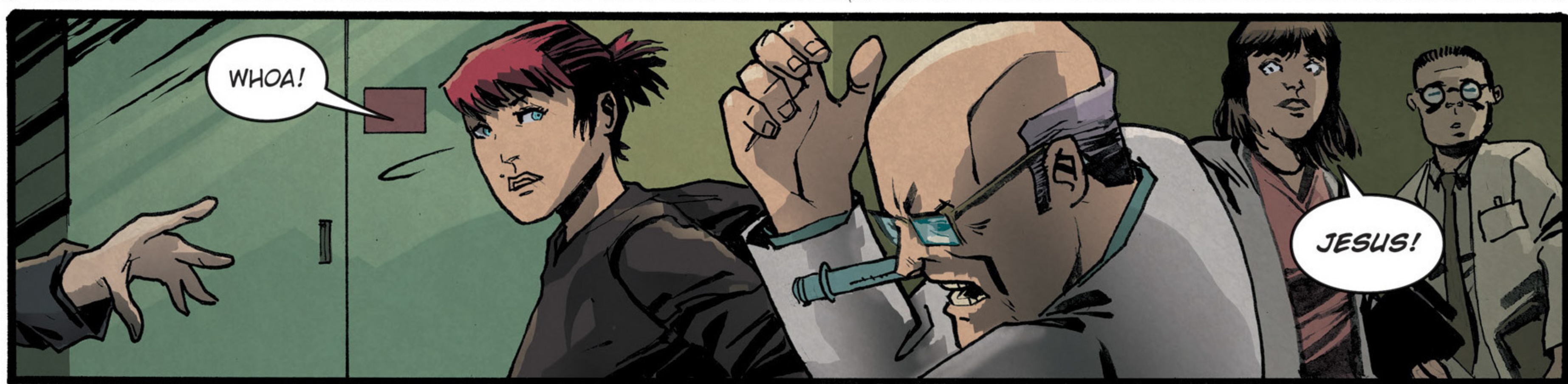




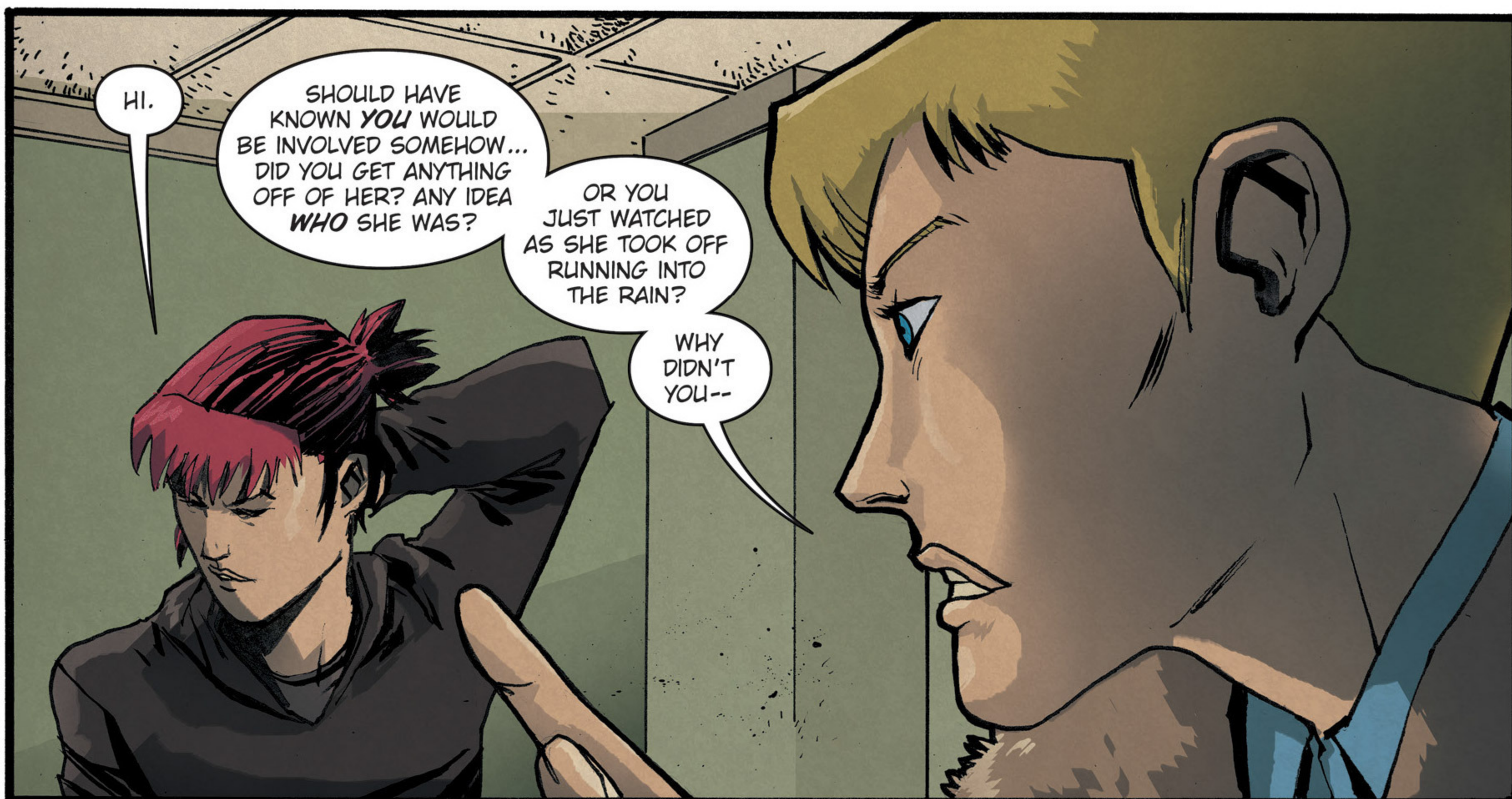
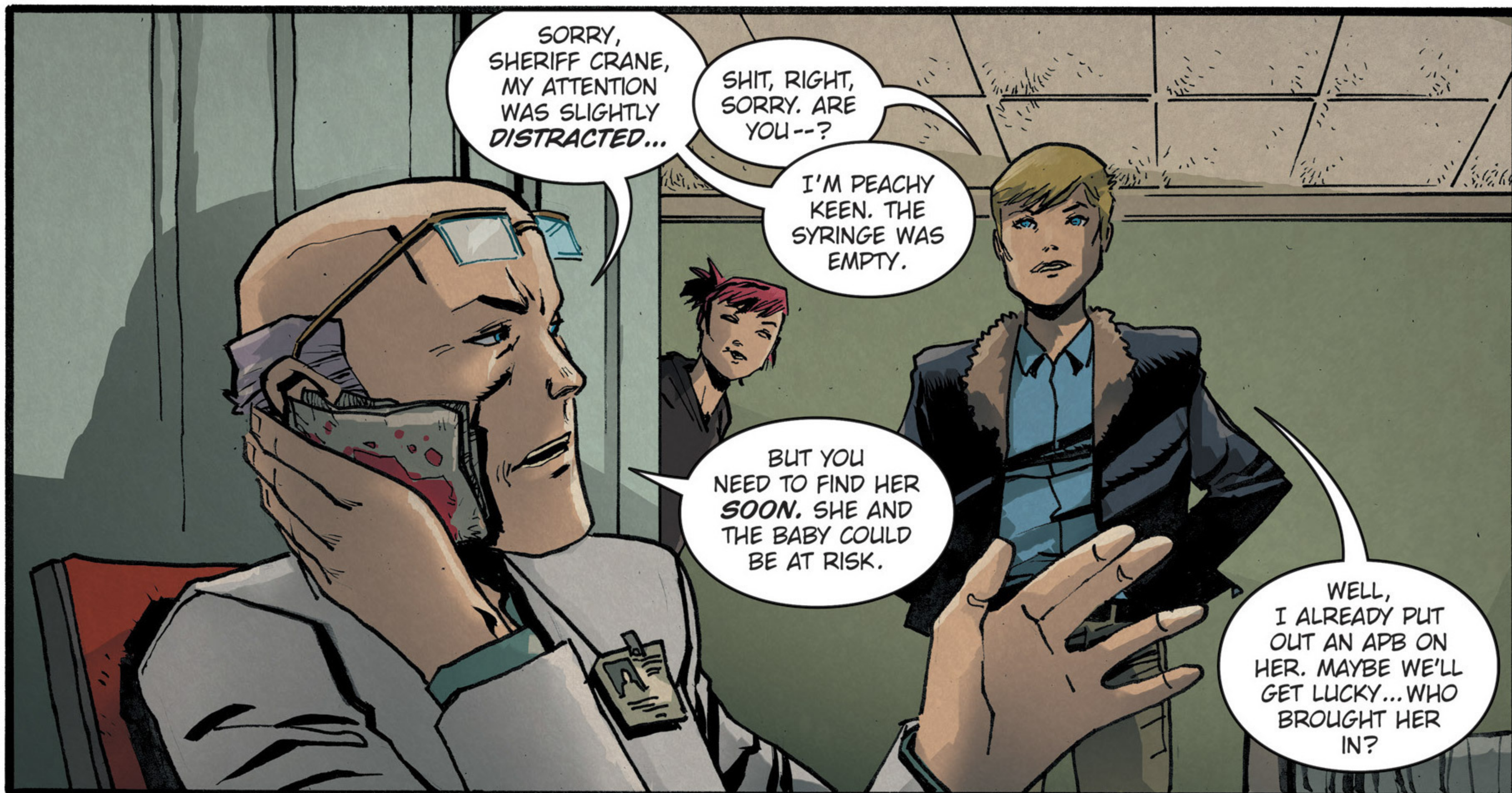




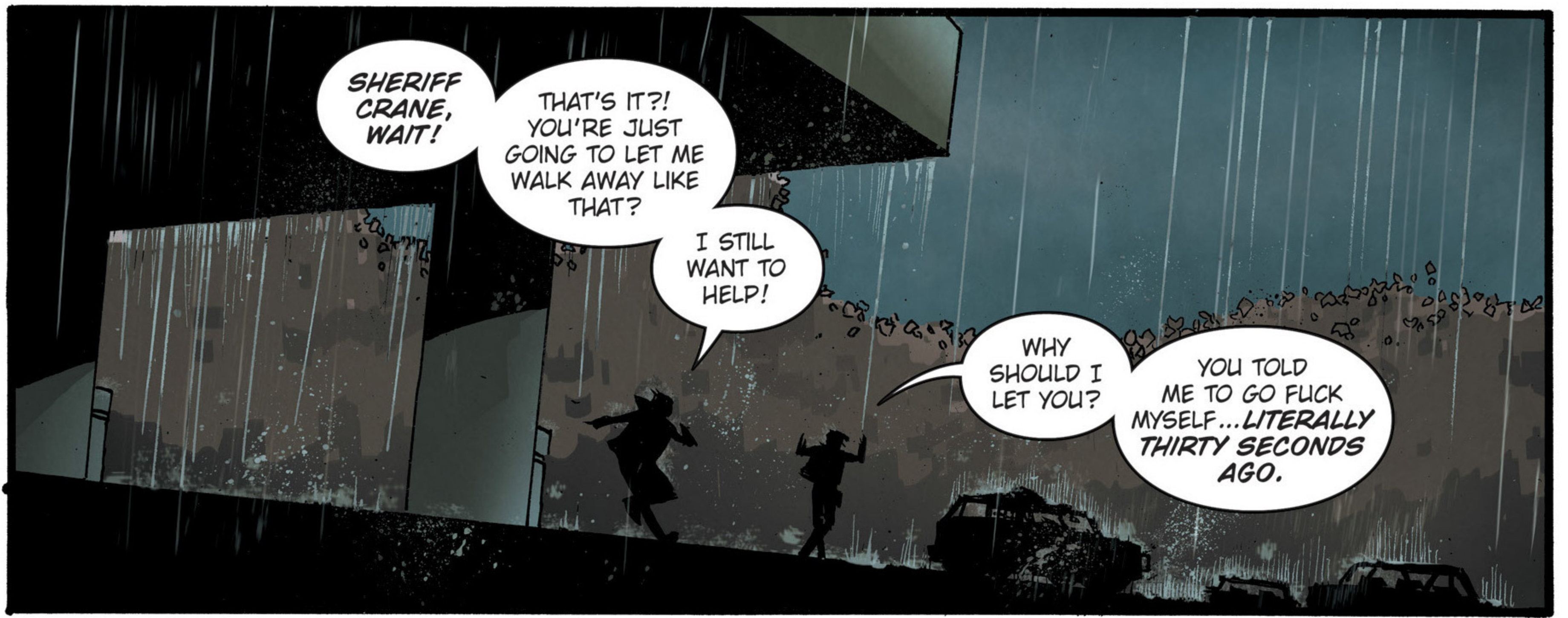












SHERIFF  
CRANE,  
WAIT!

THAT'S IT?!  
YOU'RE JUST  
GOING TO LET ME  
WALK AWAY LIKE  
THAT?

I STILL  
WANT TO  
HELP!

WHY  
SHOULD I  
LET YOU?

YOU TOLD  
ME TO GO FUCK  
MYSELF...*LITERALLY*  
*THIRTY SECONDS*  
AGO.



BECAUSE  
SHE...

THIS ISN'T  
ABOUT *ME*... SHE NEEDS...  
SOMEONE TO LISTEN TO  
HER. SHE ISN'T... ALL  
THERE. KIND OF. BUT SHE  
WANTS US TO HELP  
HER. I CAN TELL.

AND YOU  
KNOW THIS  
HOW?



I  
JUST *DO*,  
OKAY?

WHY ARE  
YOU ALWAYS  
*ON* ME?

IT'S GETTING  
A LITTLE  
RIDICULOUS.

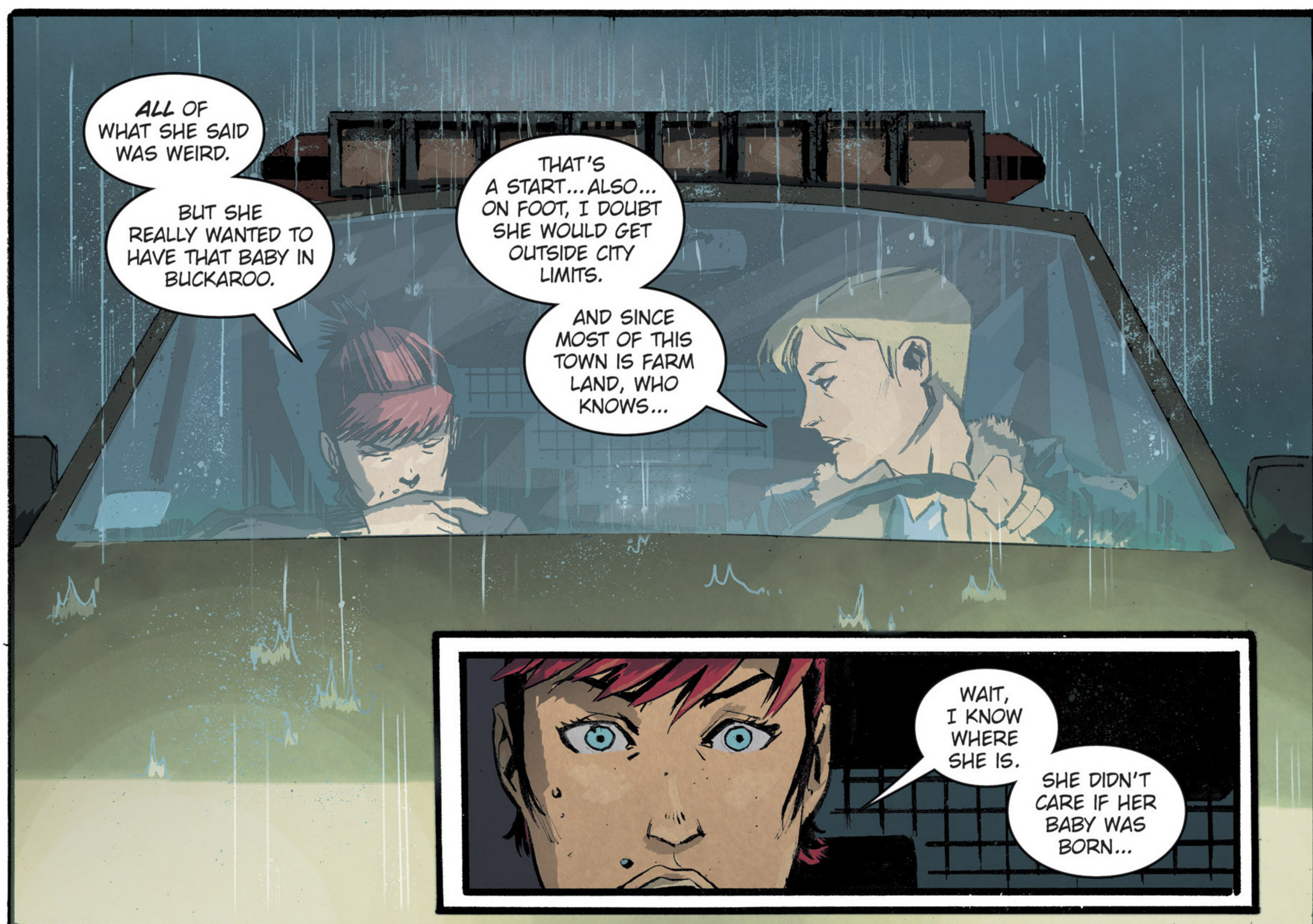
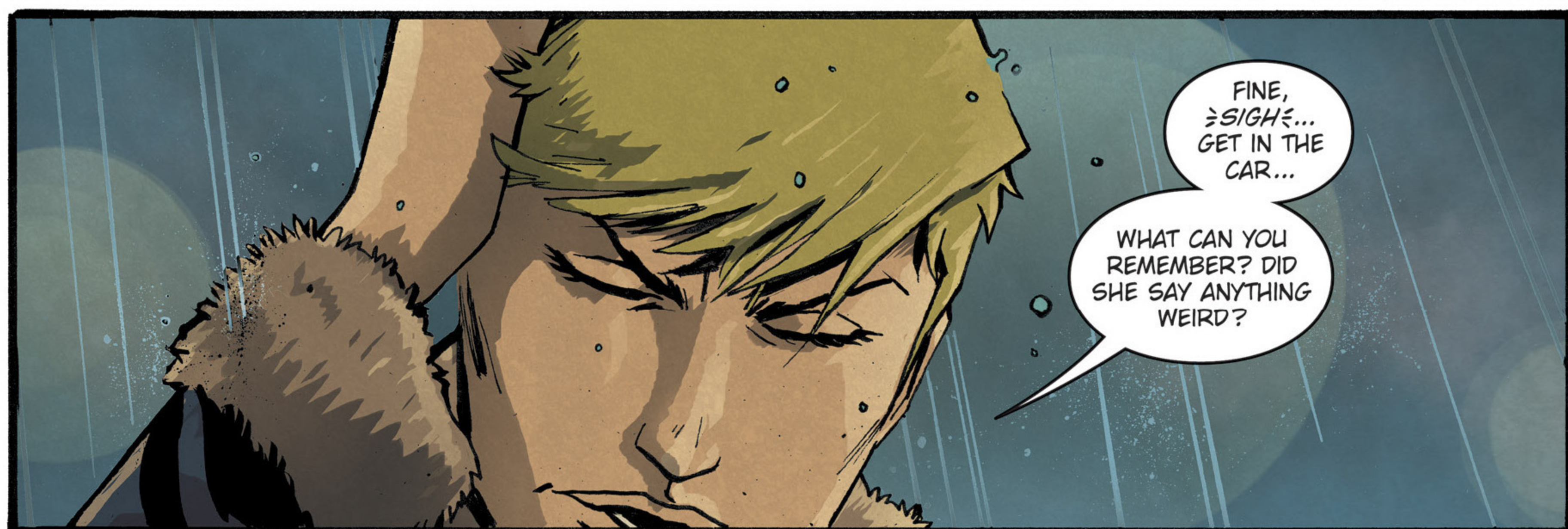


BECAUSE I  
WANTED --

I WANT  
SOMETHING  
BETTER FOR  
YOU, OKAY?!

THIS TOWN  
*TRAPS* PEOPLE... AND  
YOU DESERVE *BETTER*.  
BUT YOU NEED TO STOP  
TRYING TO SHOW OFF  
THIS ATTITUDE THAT YOU  
USE AS A FRONT AND  
*GROW UP!*







"...IN A BARN."

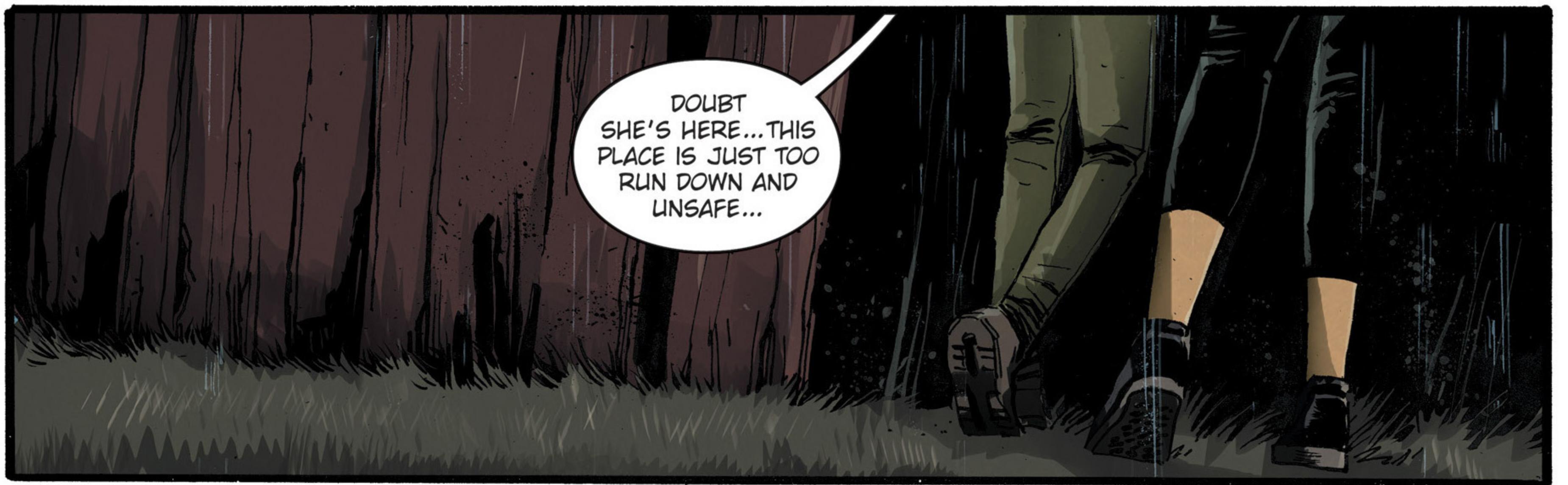


THIS IS  
THE LAST  
ONE.

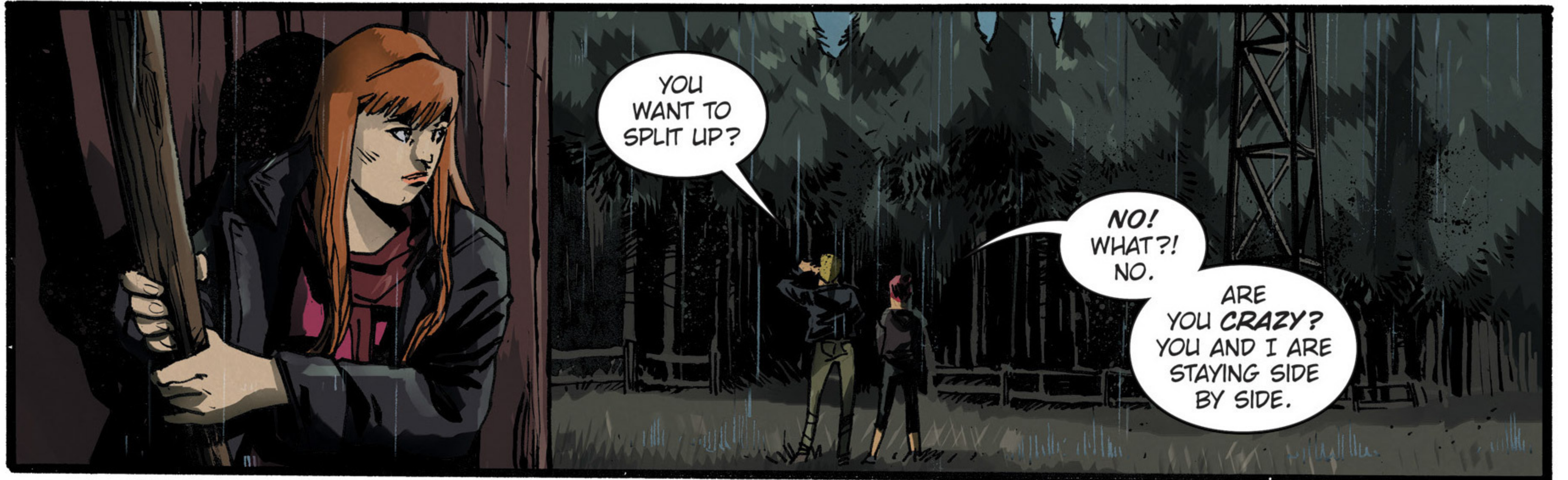
THIS  
FARM HAS BEEN  
SHUT DOWN SINCE THE  
BLONDE WAS ARRESTED.  
RUINED HER FAMILY'S  
BUSINESS.







DOUBT  
SHE'S HERE...THIS  
PLACE IS JUST TOO  
RUN DOWN AND  
UNSAFE...



YOU  
WANT TO  
SPLIT UP?

NO!  
WHAT?!  
NO.

ARE  
YOU **CRAZY**?  
YOU AND I ARE  
STAYING SIDE  
BY SIDE.



MAYBE  
SHE LEFT  
TOWN?

BUT...SHE WAS  
PRETTY ADAMANT  
ABOUT HAVING  
THE BABY HERE IN  
BUCKAROO.



**KAW**

WHY  
HERE?

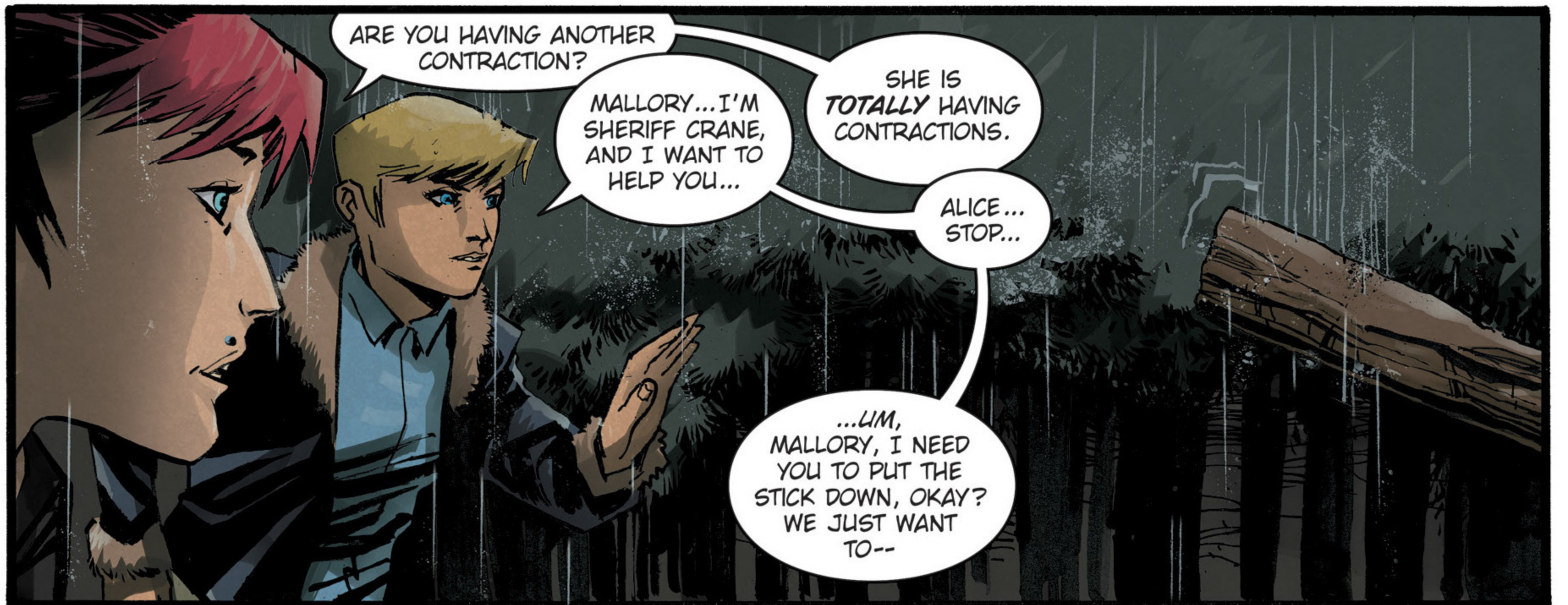
WELL, SHE  
SAID SHE WANTED  
HER BABY TO GROW  
UP TO BE A SERIAL  
KILLER.



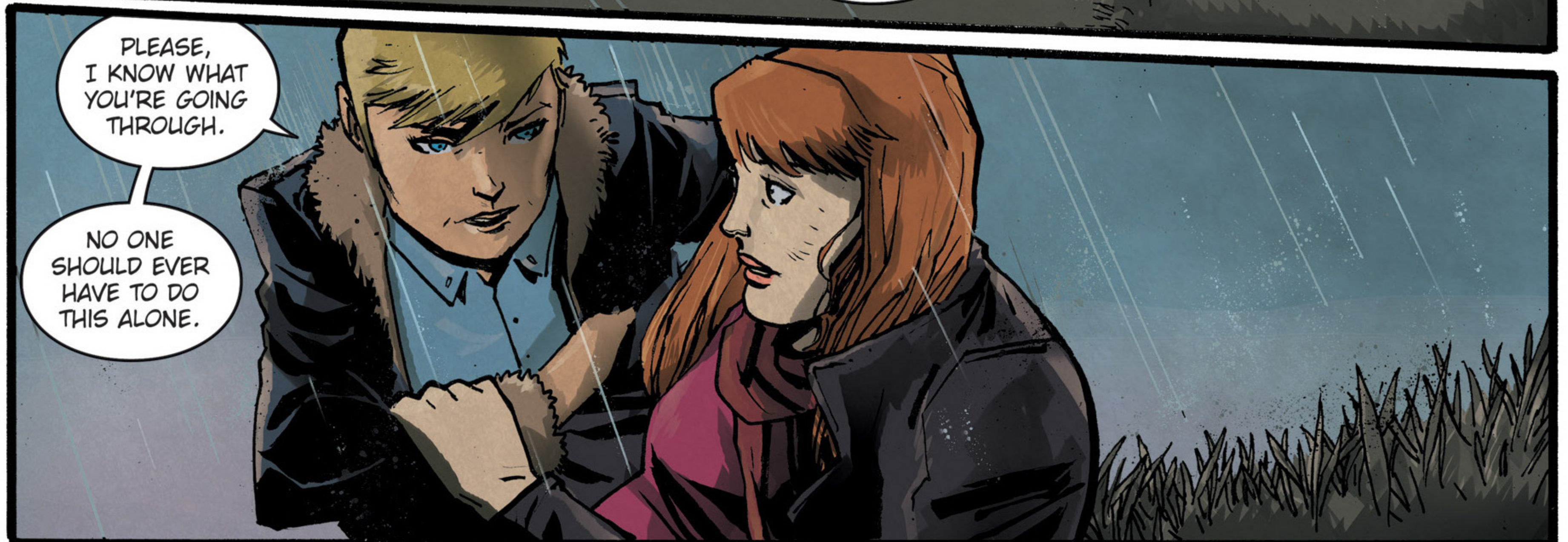
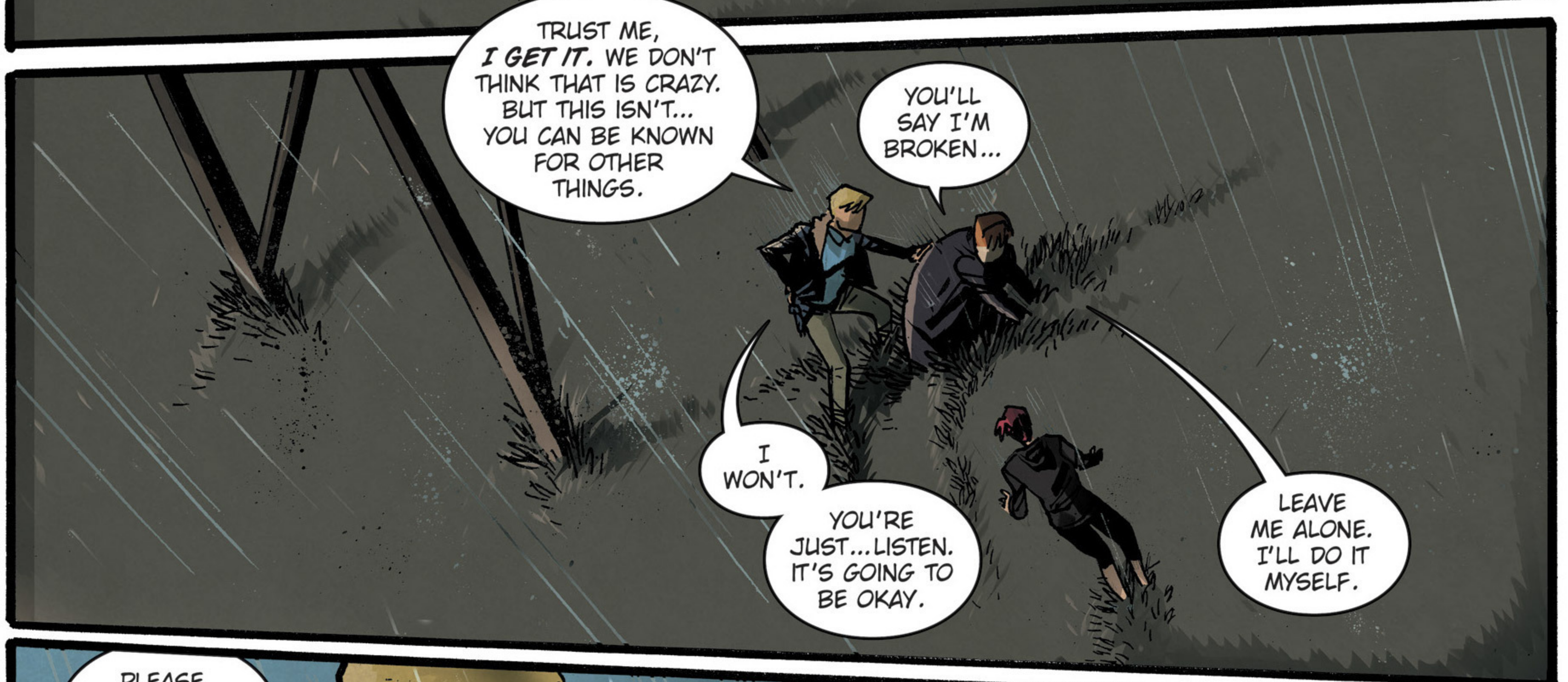
YOU'RE...  
YOU'RE **JOKING**,  
RIGHT?

I DON'T  
THINK SHE  
MEANT IT.  
SHE JUST  
WANTED--

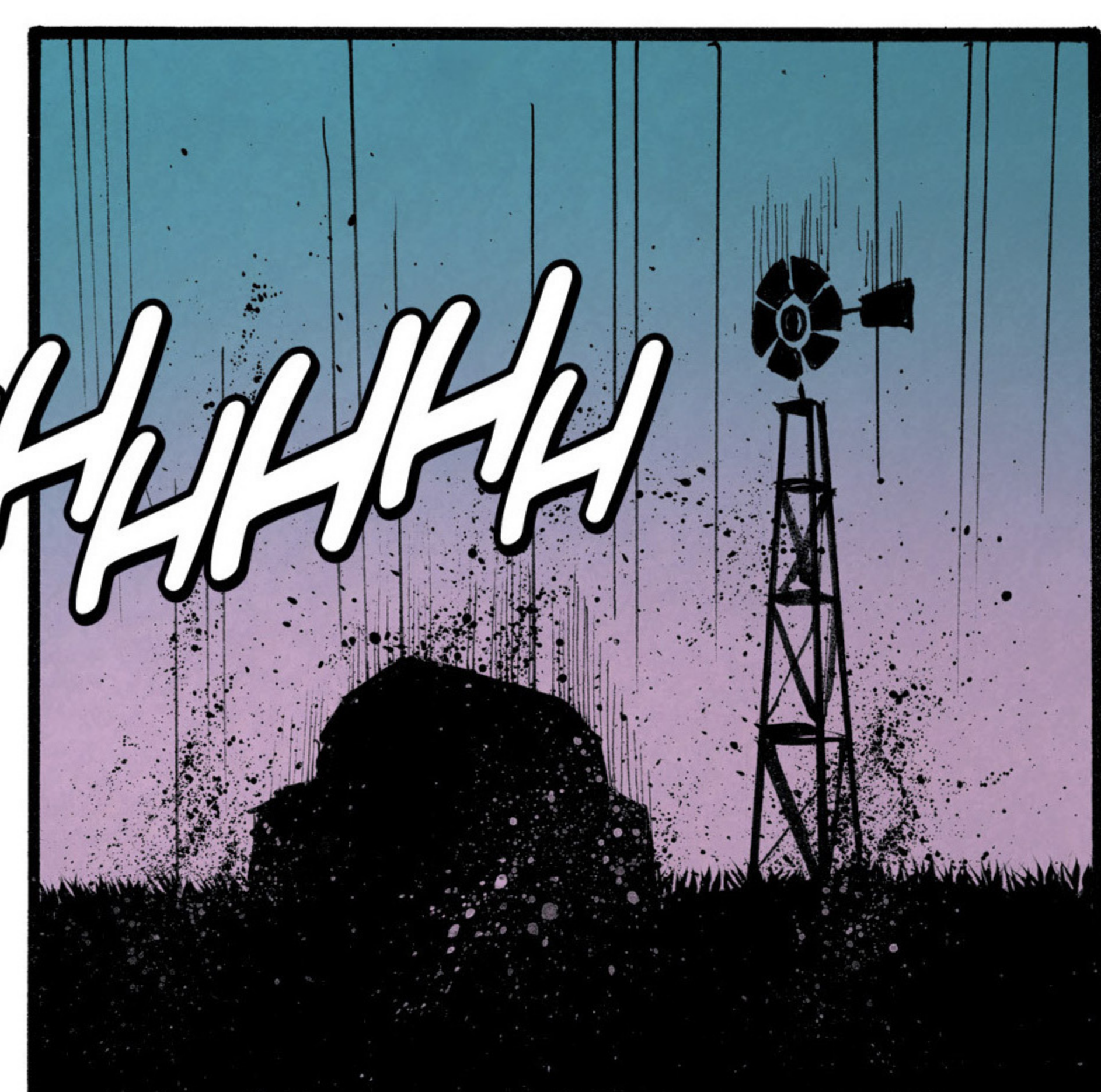
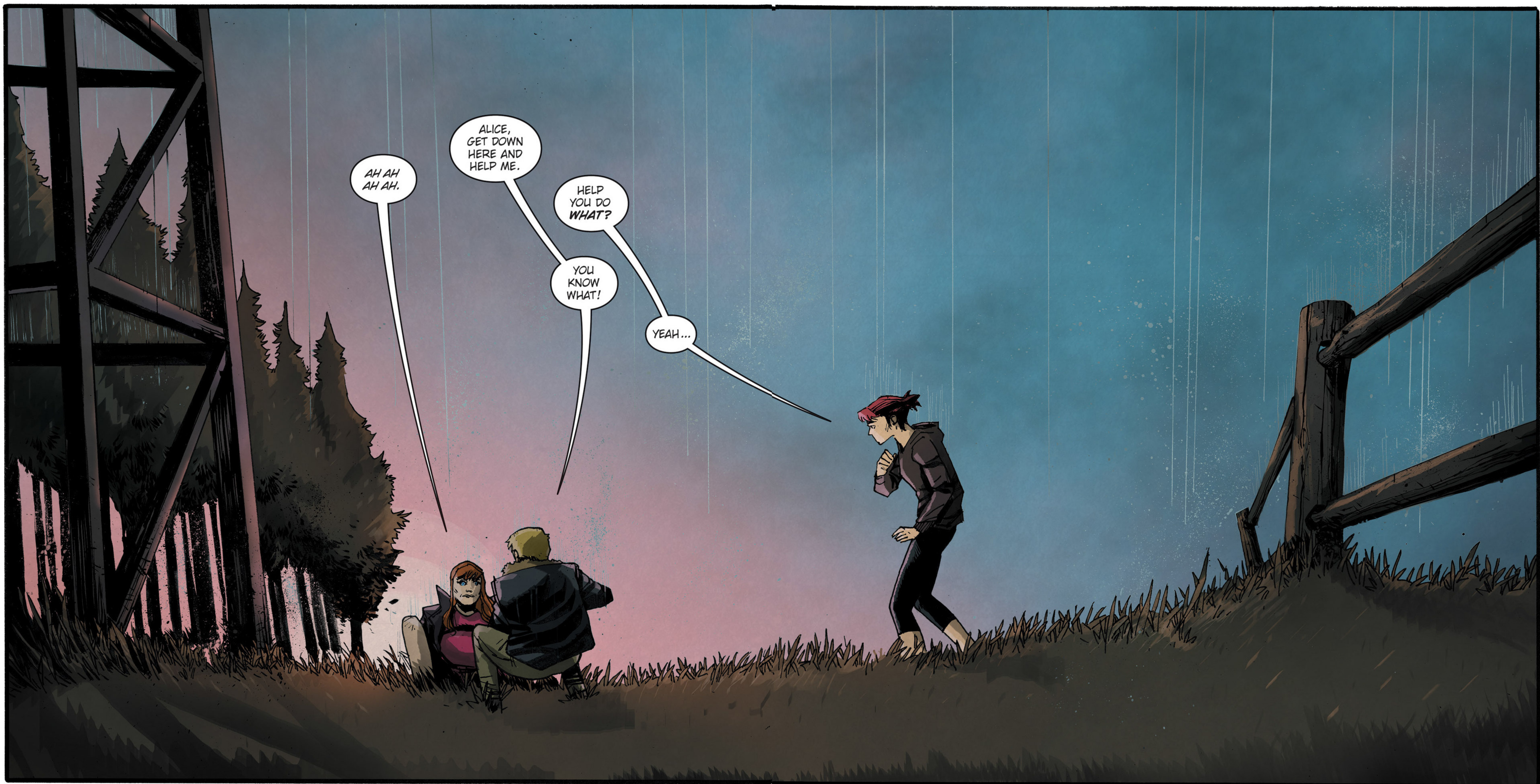




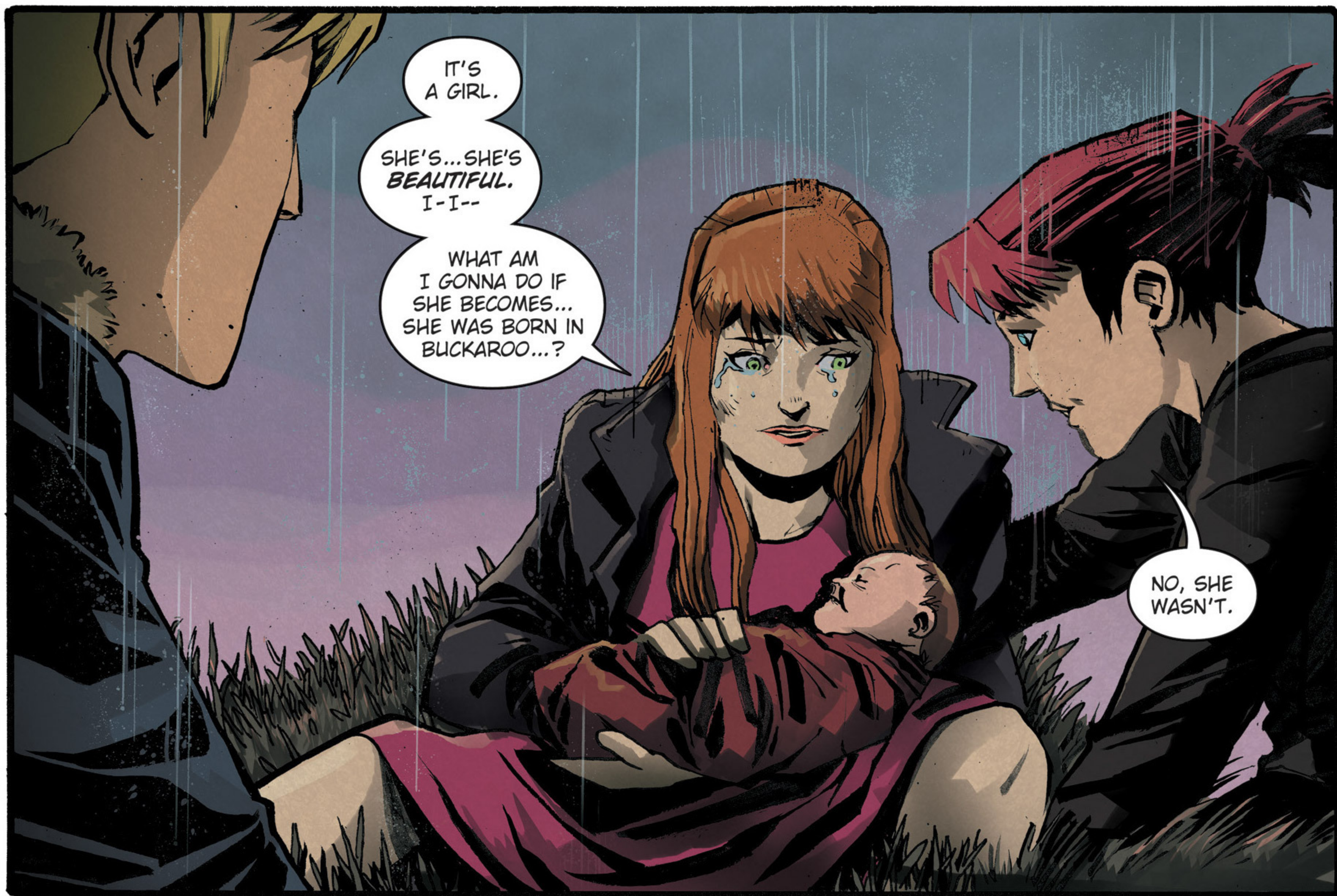










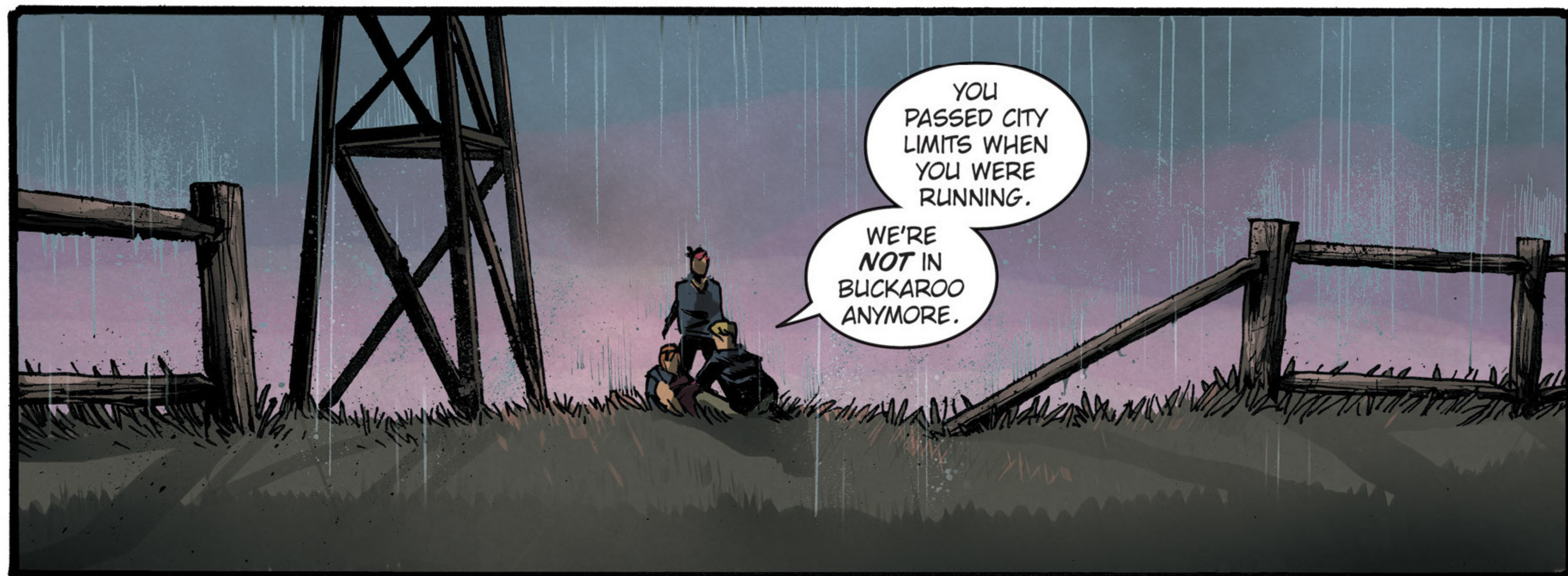


IT'S  
A GIRL.

SHE'S...SHE'S  
**BEAUTIFUL.**  
I-I--

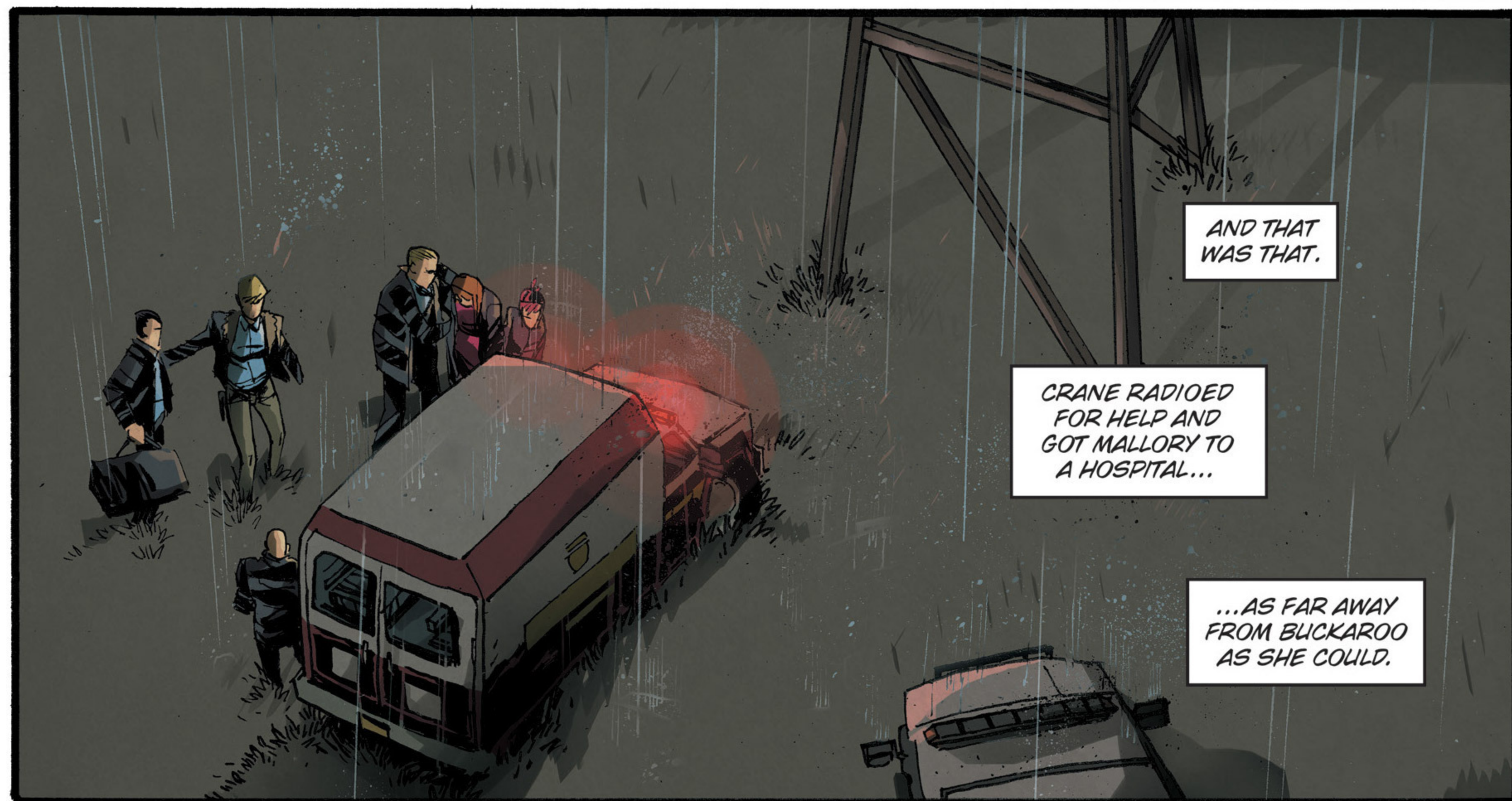
WHAT AM  
I GONNA DO IF  
SHE BECOMES...  
SHE WAS BORN IN  
BUCKAROO...?

NO, SHE  
WASN'T.



YOU  
PASSED CITY  
LIMITS WHEN  
YOU WERE  
RUNNING.

WE'RE  
**NOT** IN  
BUCKAROO  
ANYMORE.



AND THAT  
WAS THAT.

CRANE RADIOED  
FOR HELP AND  
GOT MALLORY TO  
A HOSPITAL...

...AS FAR AWAY  
FROM BUCKAROO  
AS SHE COULD.





MALLORY WAS ABLE TO GET SOME HELP.  
LOTS OF HELP. IT'S STILL ONGOING.

SHE WASN'T BROKEN. JUST LOST, Y'KNOW? IT'S LIKE IF YOU  
LOSE YOUR CAR KEYS, THEY ARE JUST MISSING... YOUR CAR  
DIDN'T BREAK DOWN. YOU JUST NEED TO FIND YOUR KEYS.



SHE EVEN  
GETS TO KEEP  
THE BABY.  
NAMED THE  
LITTLE VOMIT  
AND POOP  
MONSTER  
BETH.

THEY'RE  
GONNA LIVE  
IN PORTLAND.  
MALLORY IS  
PROBABLY  
GOING TO  
BECOME A  
HIPPIE NEXT.

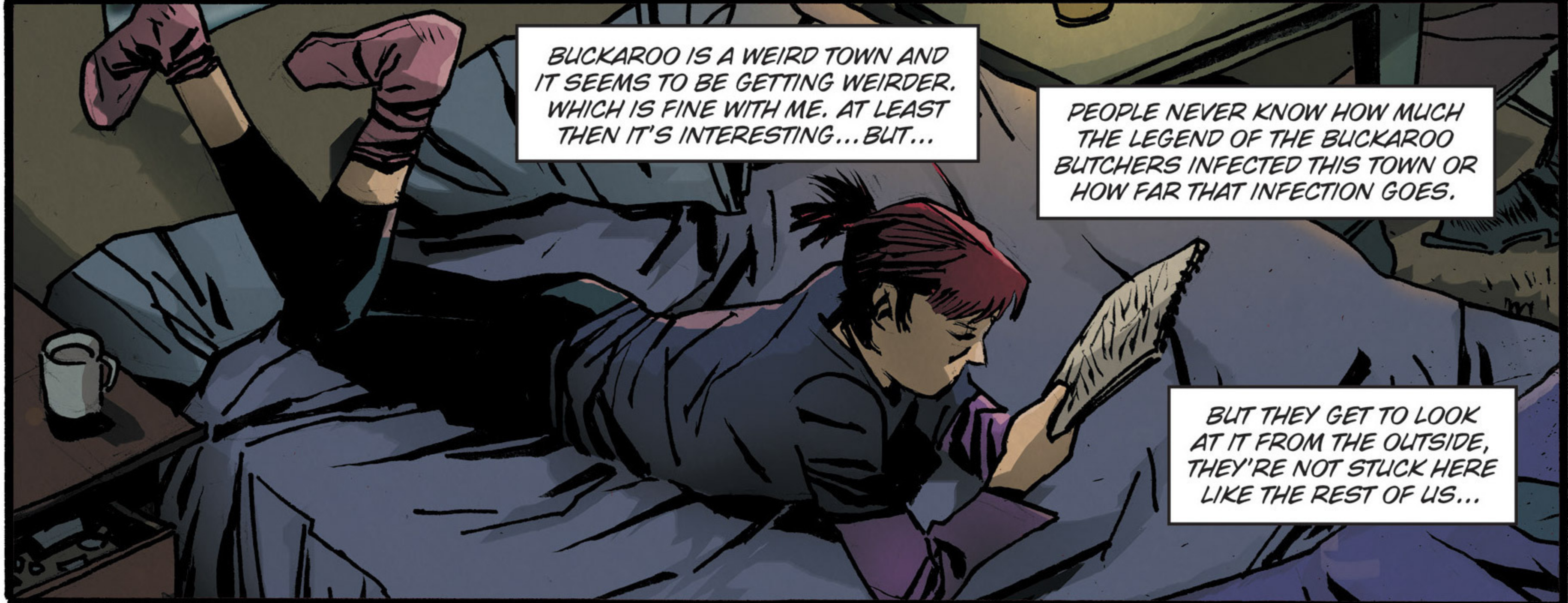


AS FOR  
CRANE...

ALICE...  
YOU DID  
WELL TODAY  
AND...

I'M  
PROUD  
OF YOU.

UH...  
THANKS.



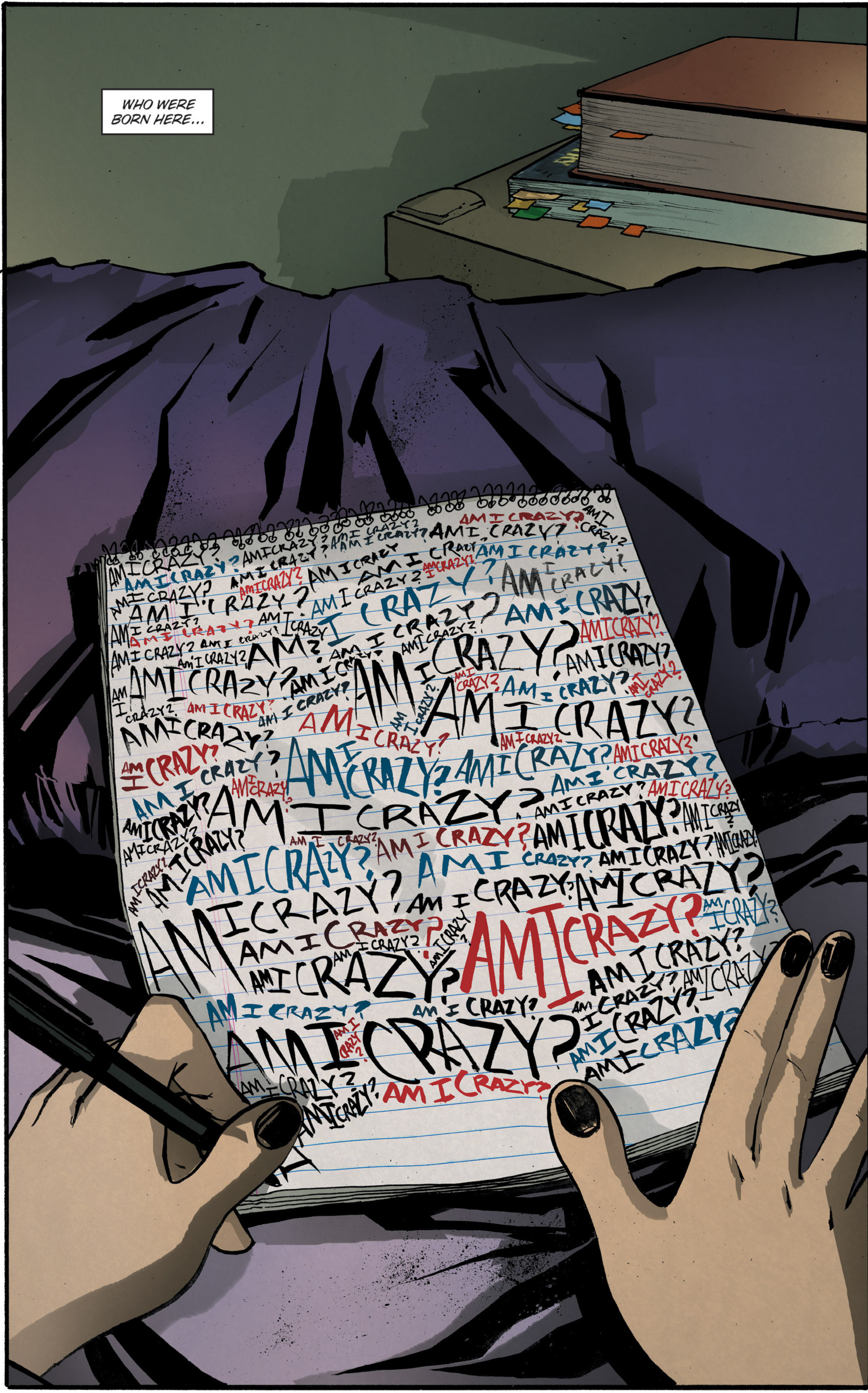
BUCKAROO IS A WEIRD TOWN AND  
IT SEEMS TO BE GETTING WEIRDER.  
WHICH IS FINE WITH ME. AT LEAST  
THEN IT'S INTERESTING... BUT...

PEOPLE NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH  
THE LEGEND OF THE BUCKAROO  
BUTCHERS INFECTED THIS TOWN OR  
HOW FAR THAT INFECTION GOES.

BUT THEY GET TO LOOK  
AT IT FROM THE OUTSIDE,  
THEY'RE NOT STUCK HERE  
LIKE THE REST OF US...



WHO WERE  
BORN HERE...





# ISSUE SEVEN



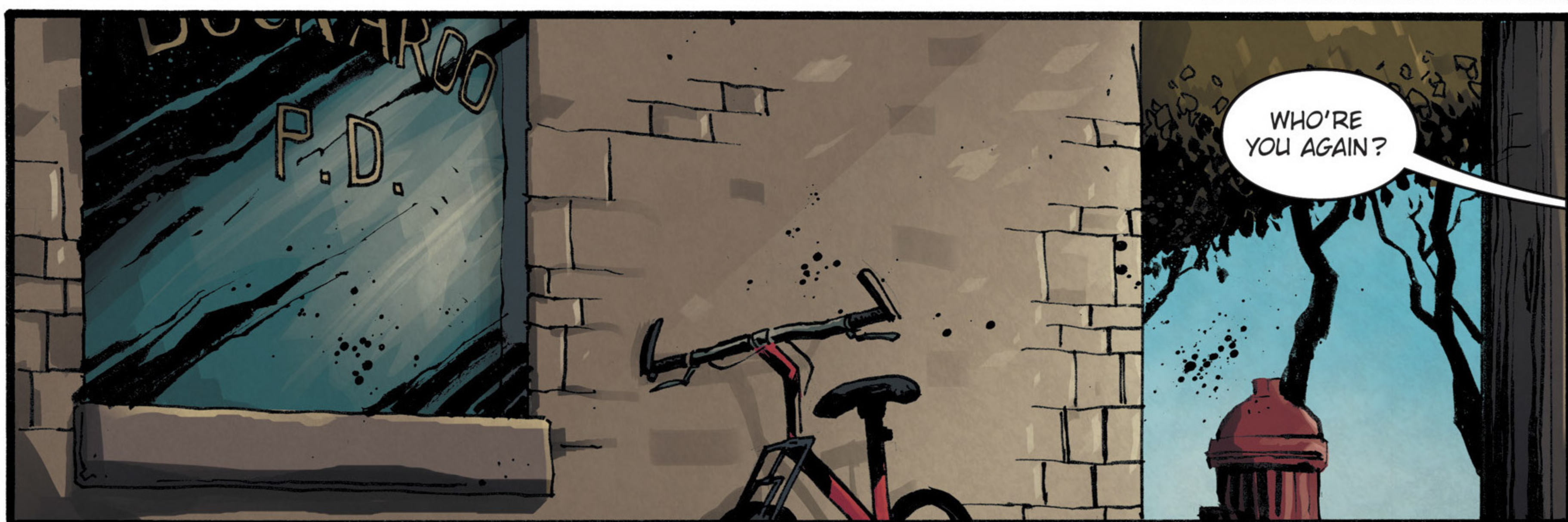
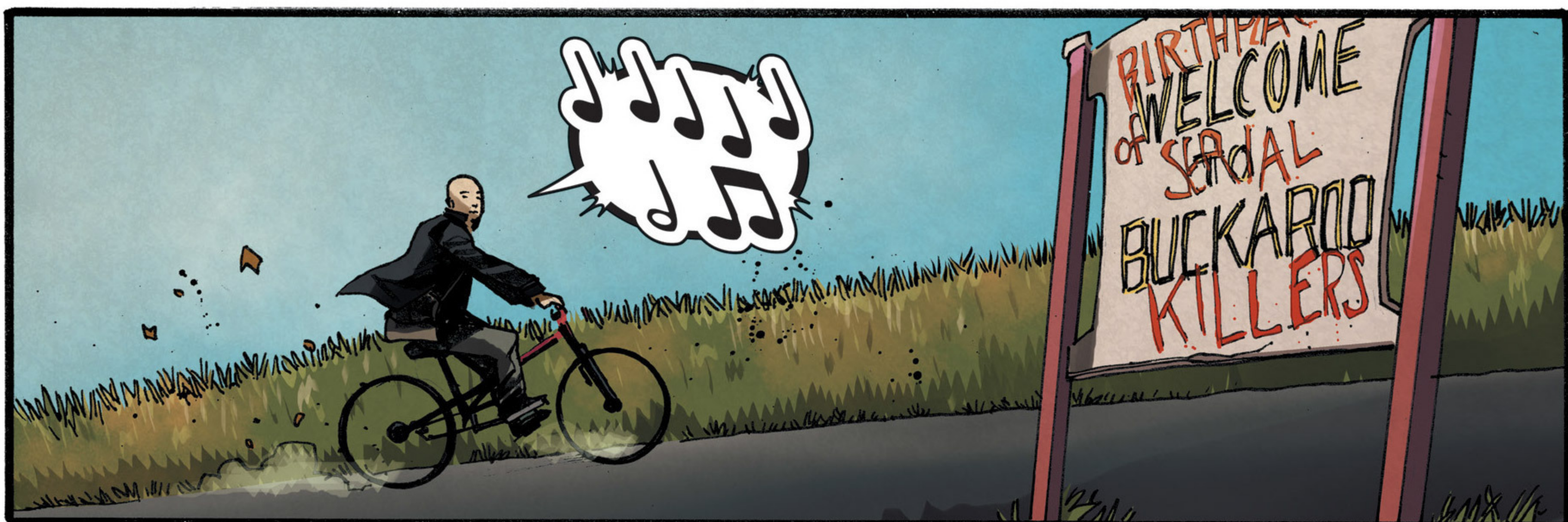
















BRIAN  
MICHAEL BENDIS...  
COMIC BOOK  
WRITER?

MOSTLY  
FOR MARVEL  
COMICS, BUT I DO A  
HEALTHY AMOUNT OF  
CREATOR-OWNED  
AND --

DID  
YOU SEE *THE*  
AVENGERS?



NEVER  
HEARD OF  
YOU. SORRY.

BUT WE...  
UH... *JUST*  
TALKED ON  
THE PHONE  
*YESTERDAY*.



YOU TOLD ME  
IT WAS OKAY THAT I  
*INTERVIEWED* YOU AND  
A FEW OF BUCKAROO'S  
CITIZENS ABOUT A COMIC  
BOOK I'M WORKING  
ON.

A...  
Y'KNOW...*RIDE*  
*ALONG?*

TODAY'S  
NOT GOOD FOR ME.  
YOU'RE FREE TO TALK  
TO PEOPLE IN TOWN, BUT  
IF I GET A SINGLE CALL  
ABOUT YOU HARASSING  
ANYONE... YOU ARE  
*GONE*.

AND BE  
CAREFUL, MISTER  
BENDIS. YOU  
KNOW WHAT THEY  
SAY.



"WHEN  
YOU LOOK  
INTO THE  
ABYSS..."

*SLAM*

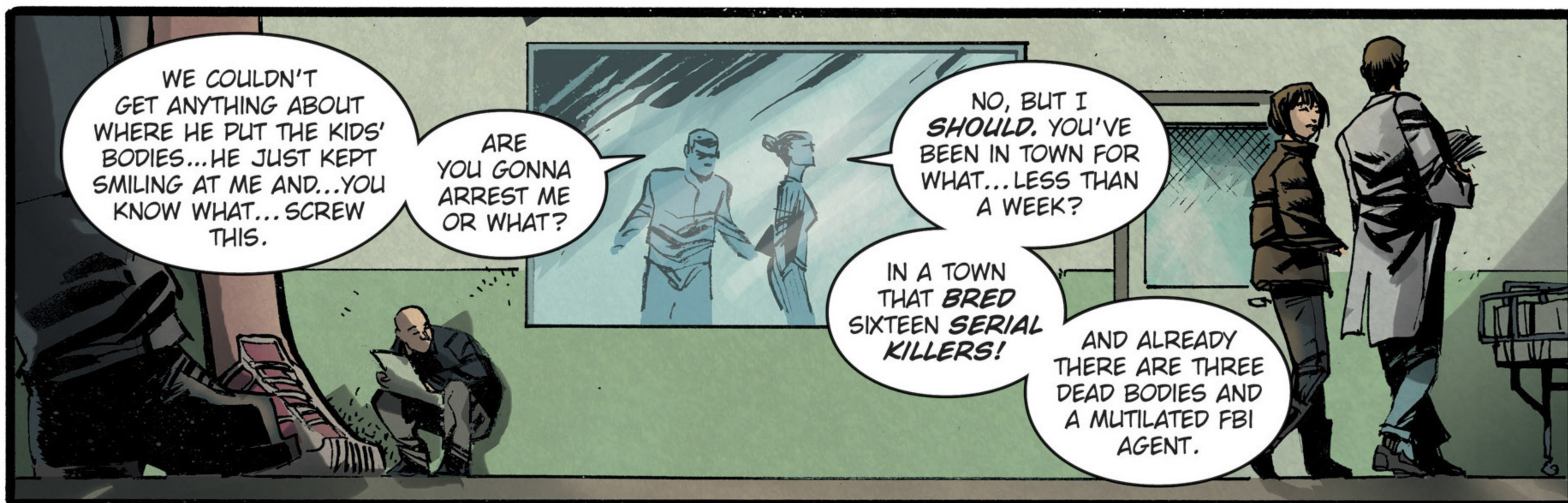
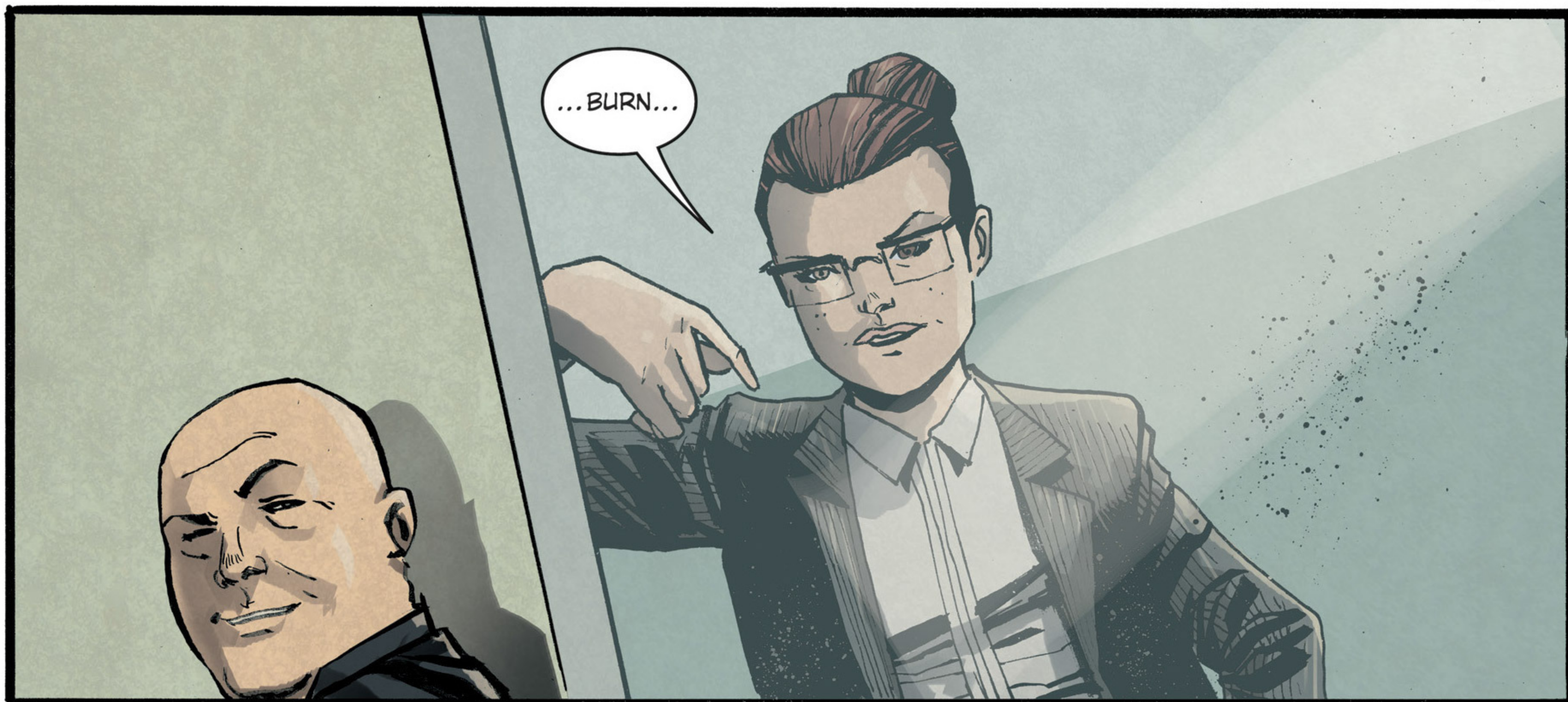


DID SHE  
JUST QUOTE  
*NIETZSCHE*  
AT ME?

I  
LOVE THIS  
TOWN.

"YOU KILLED  
A MAN!"

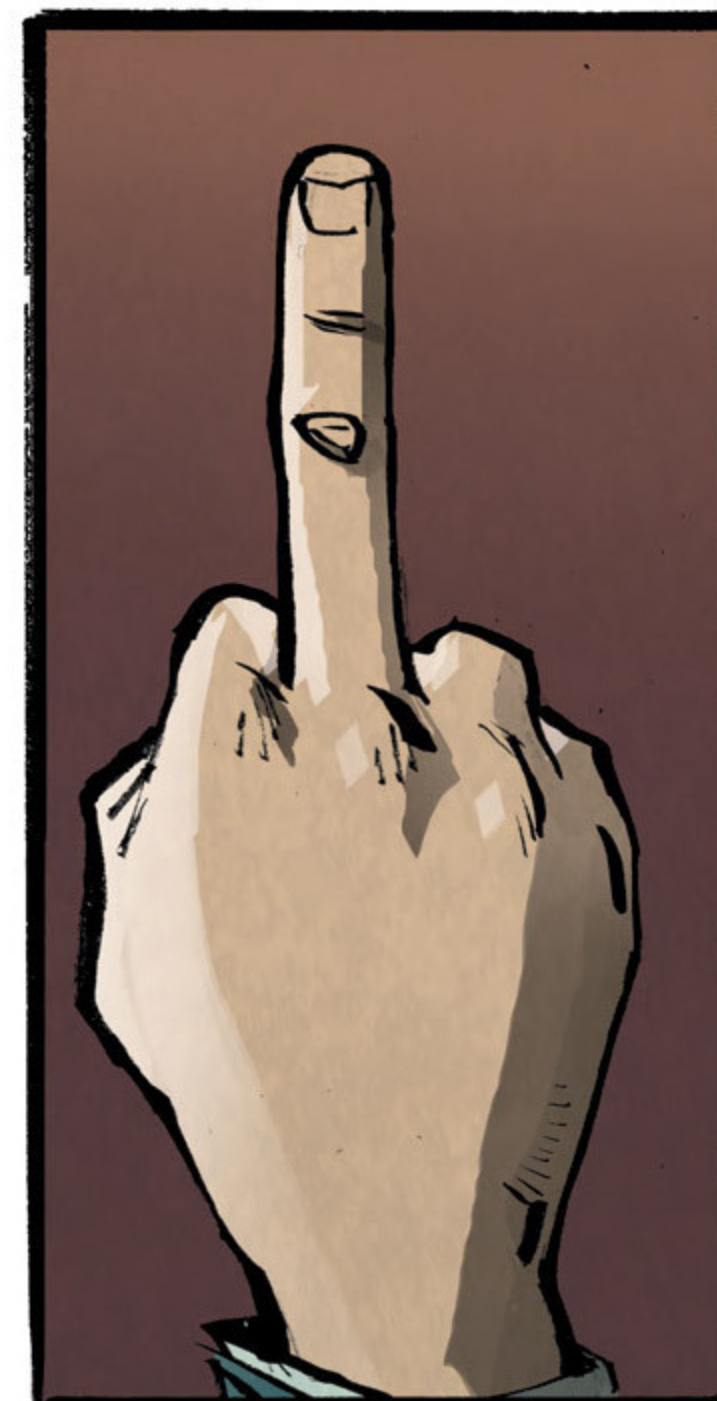
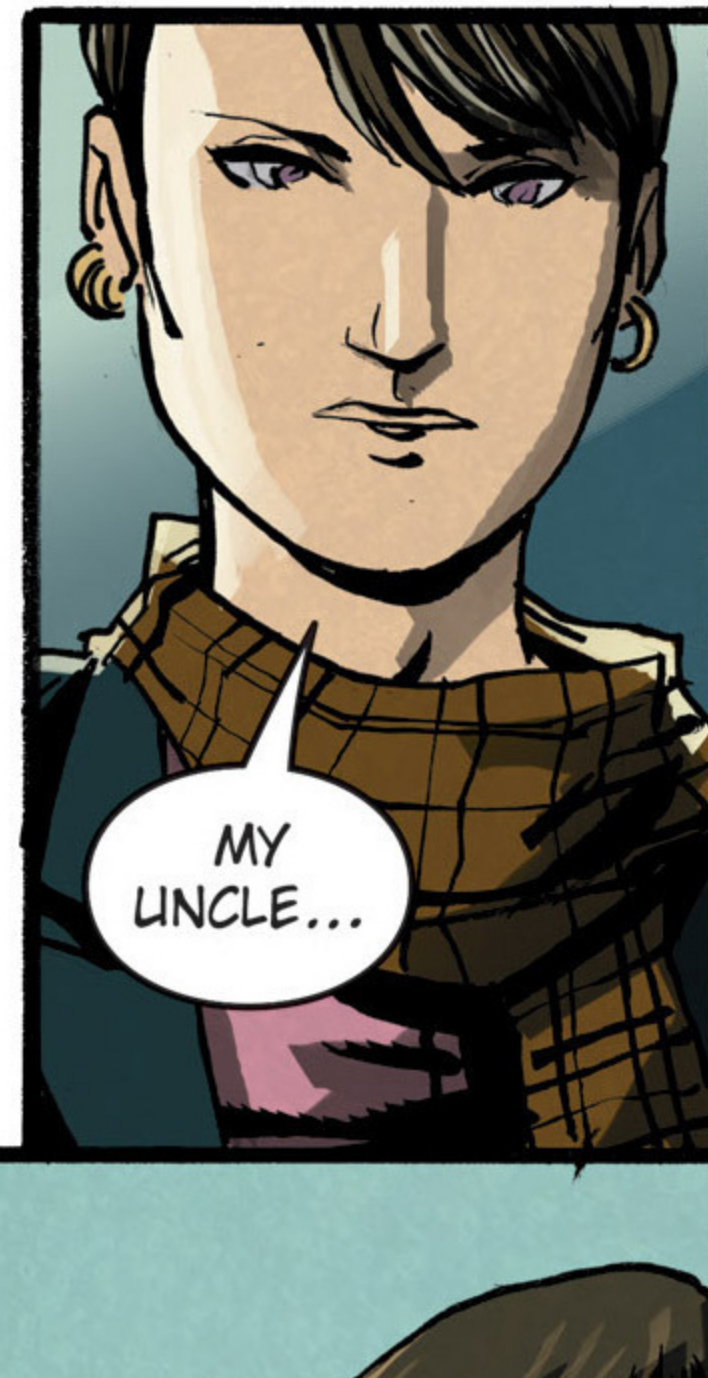
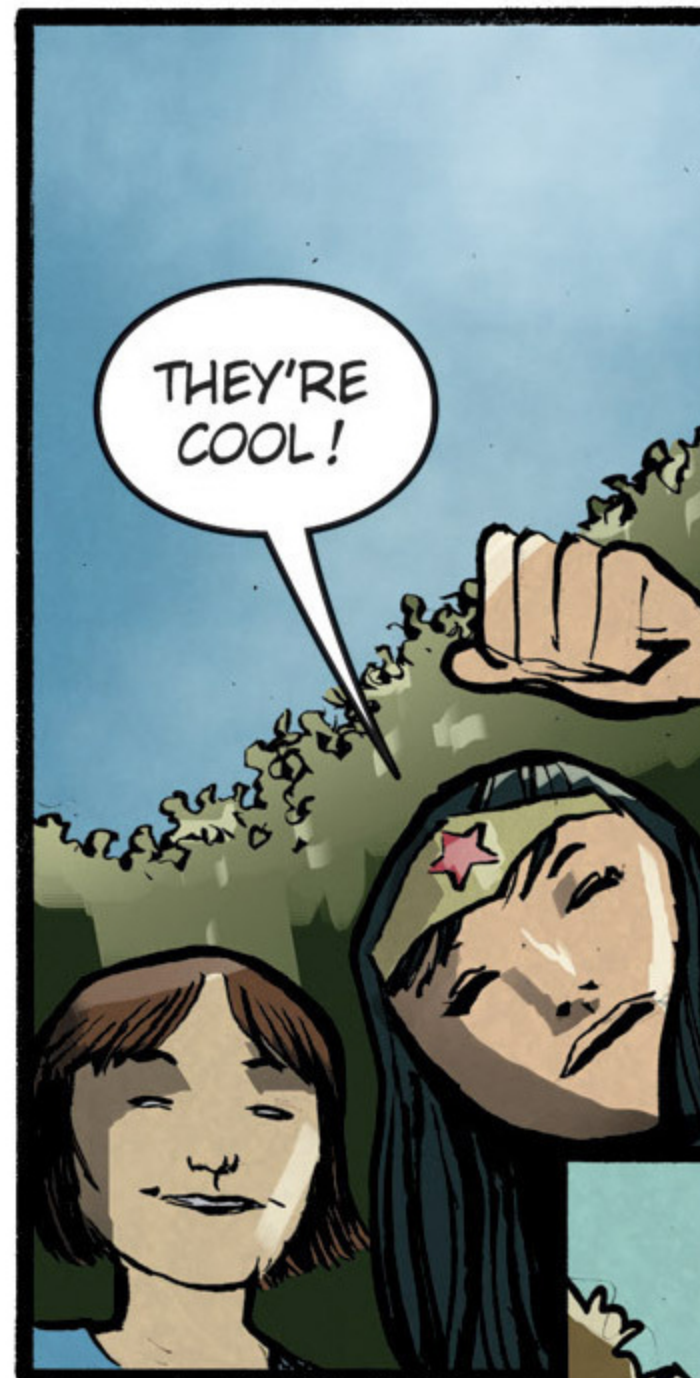
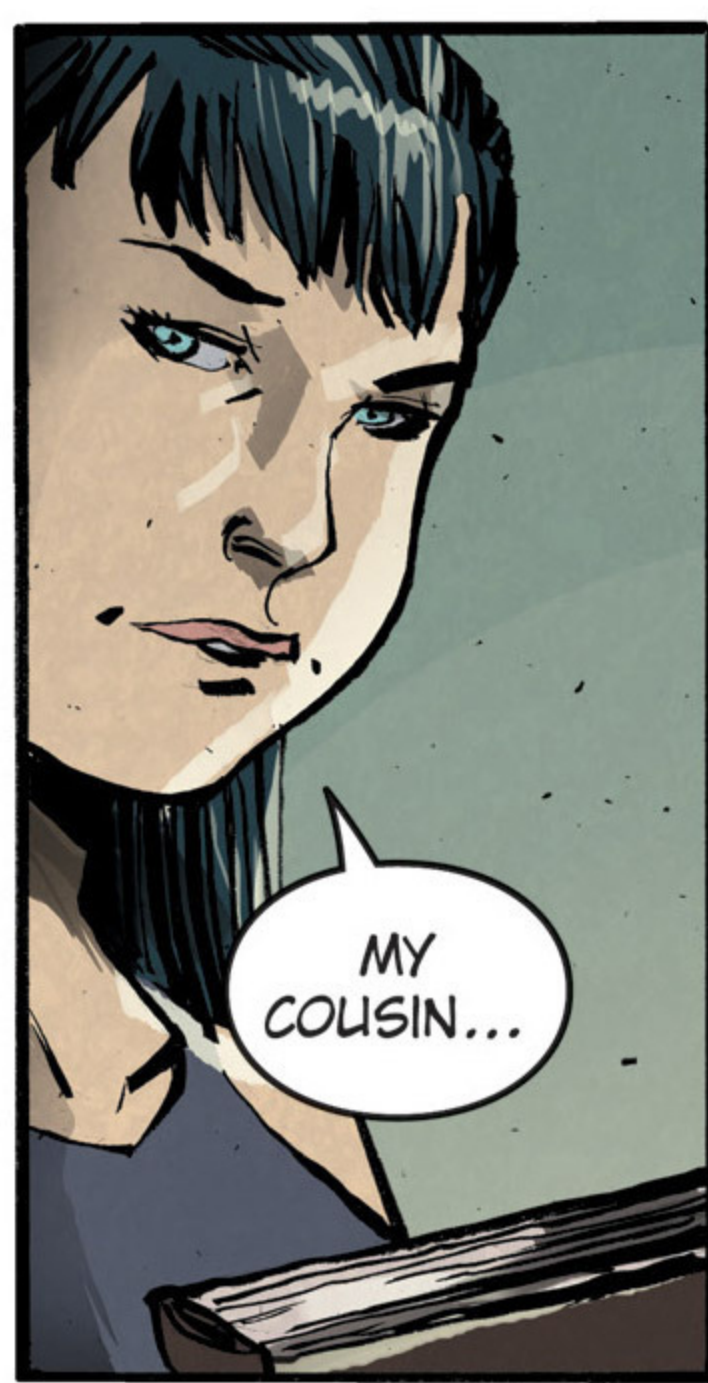
















"HE WAS 'THE WHISTLER.'"

"HELD TEN PEOPLE CAPTIVE DOWN IN FLORIDA AND TORTURED THEM TO DEATH, UNTIL ONE ESCAPED AND MADE IT TO A PAY PHONE."



SHE... THE VICTIM, SAID HE USED TO... "WHISTLE WHILE HE WORKED"?

THAT WOULD BE HIM, YEAH.

IT RUINED OUR FAMILY, Y'KNOW?

I CAN IMAGINE.

CAN YOU? I MEAN I KNOW YOU'RE A WRITER AND THAT'S SORT OF YOUR JOB, BUT IT'S NOT JUST SOME STORY TO ME... IT'S...

NO MATTER WHAT I DO, THE MOMENT WE FOUND OUT THAT MY BROTHER WAS A SERIAL KILLER IT BECAME THE BIG BANG OF A WHOLE NEW WORLD FOR US.

WHEN PEOPLE SEE US... THAT'S THE **FIRST THING** THEY THINK ABOUT.

WHY DOESN'T EVERYONE JUST LEAVE BUCKAROO? GO SOMEPLACE NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE YOU.

THIS IS OUR HOME. AND... THE BUTCHERS DIDN'T START KILLING UNTIL THEY MOVED AWAY FROM BUCKAROO. WE MIGHT ALL BE **PARANOID**... BUT IT'S HAPPENED TO SO MANY PEOPLE HERE... **EVERYONE UNDERSTANDS.**

MY SON IS YOUNG ENOUGH HE **DOESN'T REMEMBER** EVER HAVING AN UNCLE. I KNOW ONE DAY I'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM, I'M JUST GLAD IT'S NOT TODAY.









I'M A  
BIG FAN.

WAS HOPING  
WE'D GET A CHANCE  
TO MEET BUT I FIGURED  
YOU MIGHT BE TOO BUSY  
GALLIVANTING AROUND TOWN  
CHECKING OUT THE MORGUE,  
THE BURNED DOWN MURDER  
STORE, THE CRAZY CHURCH  
OR THE **SERIAL KILLER  
GRAVEYARD...**

SORRY...  
I RAMBLE  
WHEN I'M  
NERVOUS.

WOULD YOU  
MIND SIGNING  
SOME COMICS  
FOR ME?



OY  
VEY.



I DON'T HAVE MANY SINGLE  
ISSUES ANYMORE. MOST OF  
MY COMICS COME IN THE  
MAIL, BECAUSE OF...  
**Y'KNOW?**

BUT DIGITAL  
HAS MADE MY LIFE A LOT  
EASIER, LET ME TELL YOU...  
ALL OF THE COMICS AT MY...  
**FINGERTIPS... TWENTY...  
FOUR... SEVEN.**

EDWARD  
CHARLES WARREN  
"THE NAILBITER" **READS  
COMICS...** I'M GLAD  
**THAT** ISN'T PUBLIC  
KNOWLEDGE. WERTHAM  
WOULD BE DANCING  
IN HIS GRAVE.





IF  
MY *TASTE* IN  
ENTERTAINMENT  
OFFENDS YOU...

...MAYBE I  
SHOULD SHARE MY  
COMICS WITH *THE*  
CHILDREN.

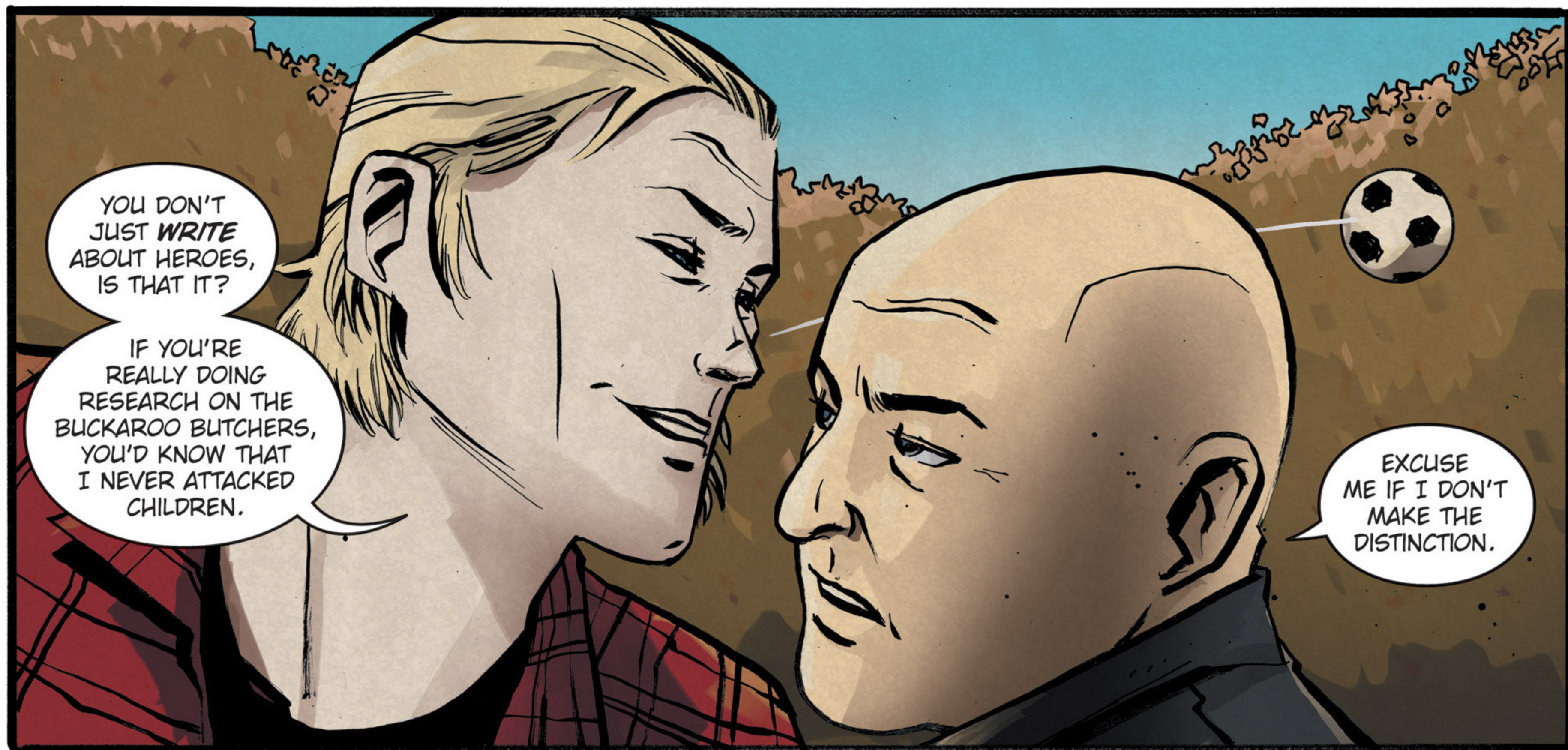


HEY.

HEY.

YOU'RE  
NOT GOING  
ANYWHERE  
NEAR THOSE  
KIDS.

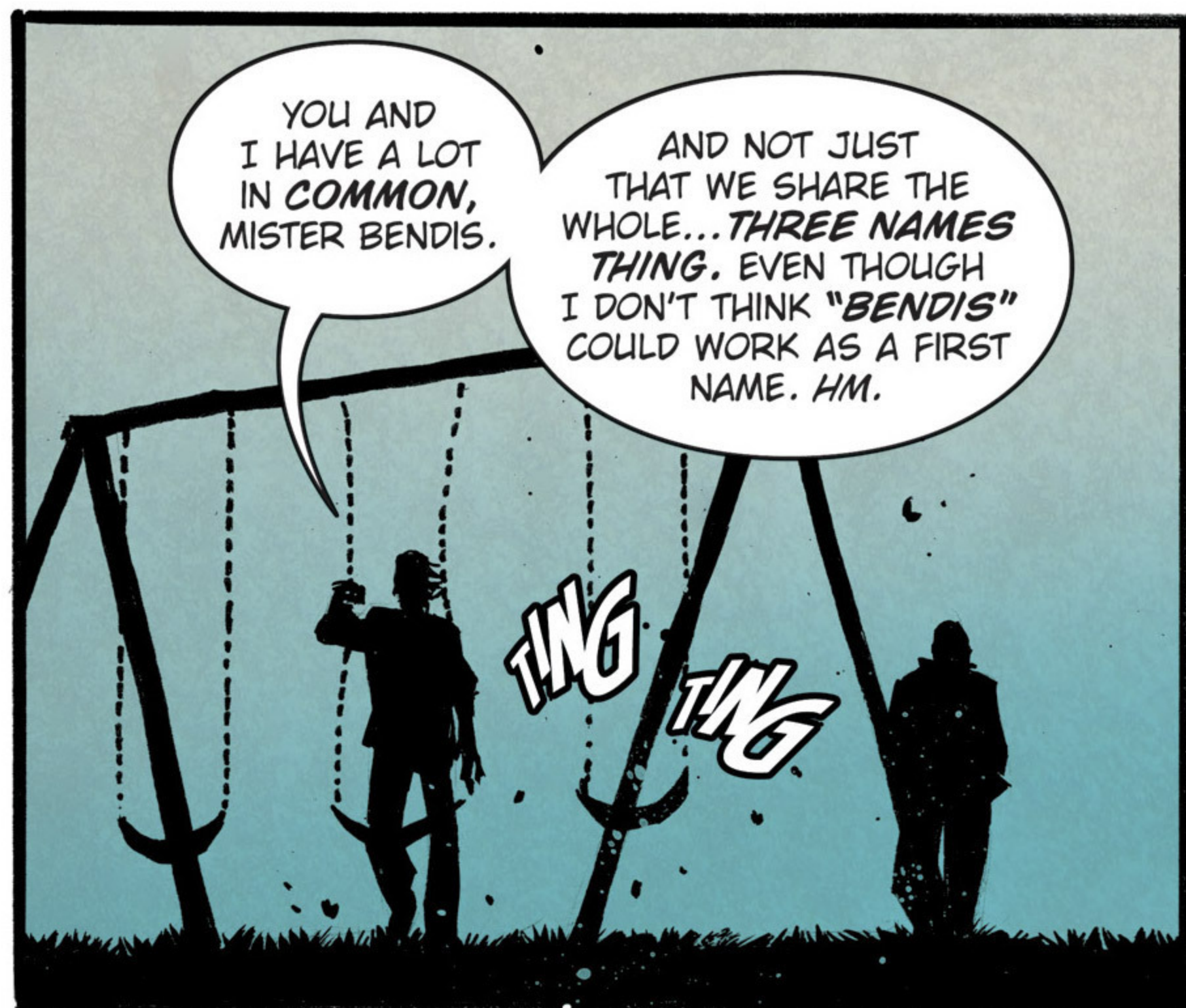
NO.



YOU DON'T  
JUST *WRITE*  
ABOUT HEROES,  
IS THAT IT?

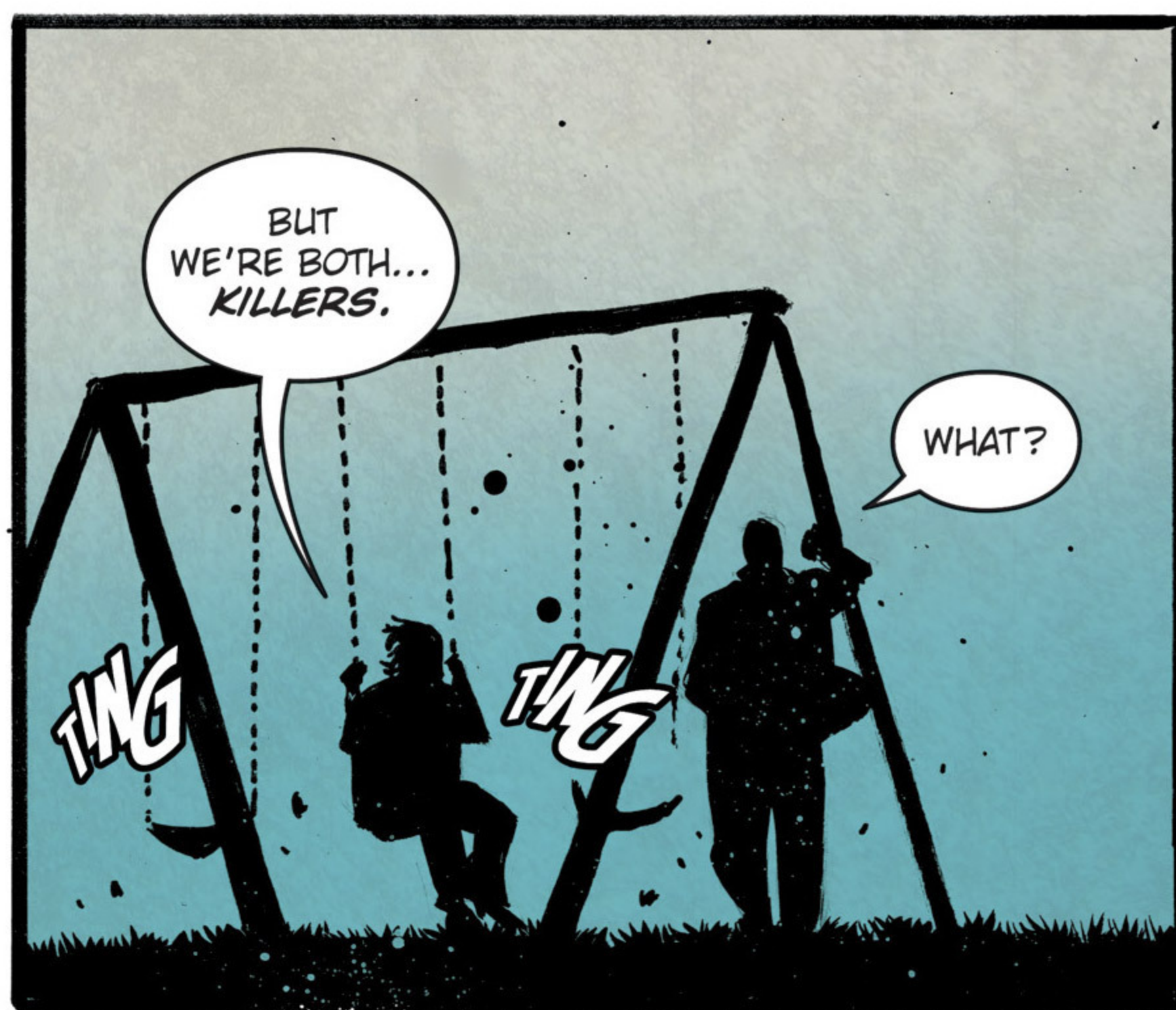
IF YOU'RE  
REALLY DOING  
RESEARCH ON THE  
BUCKAROO BUTCHERS,  
YOU'D KNOW THAT  
I NEVER ATTACKED  
CHILDREN.

EXCUSE  
ME IF I DON'T  
MAKE THE  
DISTINCTION.



YOU AND  
I HAVE A LOT  
IN *COMMON*,  
MISTER BENDIS.

AND NOT JUST  
THAT WE SHARE THE  
WHOLE...*THREE NAMES*  
*THING*. EVEN THOUGH  
I DON'T THINK "*BENDIS*"  
COULD WORK AS A FIRST  
NAME. *HM*.



BUT  
WE'RE BOTH...  
*KILLERS*.

WHAT?



YOU  
KILLED  
PETER  
PARKER.

OH  
C'MON...

AND ALPHA  
FLIGHT AND ARES  
AND SCOTT LANG AND  
PROFESSOR X AND JACK  
OF HEARTS AND THE  
WASP AND HAWKEYE...  
ALTHOUGH YOU DID  
BRING SOME BACK.

YOU EVEN  
GOT TO PULL THE  
TRIGGER ON POOR  
OLD **UNCLE BEN**  
WITH HIS ULTIMATE  
PONYTAIL...

YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU DID--  
AND WHAT I  
DO IS **VASTLY**  
DIFFERENT.

ALL OF  
THOSE PEOPLE  
WERE **LOVED**  
BY OTHERS. AND  
CREATED BY  
OTHERS.

THEY'RE  
FICTIONAL  
CHARACTERS.

HAVE YOU  
NEVER CRIED DURING  
A MOVIE BECAUSE OF  
THE ACTIONS OF A  
CHARACTER? **OR THEIR  
DEATHS?**

IF THE  
CHARACTERS ARE  
NOT MAKING YOU  
REACT EMOTIONALLY,  
THEN THE WRITER  
ISN'T DOING THEIR  
JOB RIGHT.

**EXACTLY.**

THE POINT  
I'M TRYING TO  
MAKE IS THAT I'M  
GLAD IT'S **YOU**  
WRITING A BOOK  
ABOUT SERIAL  
KILLERS.

YOU MIGHT  
HAVE **INK** ON  
YOUR HANDS INSTEAD  
OF BLOOD BUT YOU  
STILL KNOW WHAT IT  
MEANS TO **KILL**.

MANY PEOPLE  
HAVE TRIED TO WRITE  
ABOUT THIS TOWN AND  
**FAILED**... EVEN I HAVE  
COME DOWN WITH A CASE  
OF THE WRITER'S  
BLOCK.

I DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IN--

SO YOU'VE  
SAID... BUT LET ME  
GIVE YOU A TIP FROM  
ONE **WRITER** TO  
ANOTHER.

DON'T GO  
DOWN THE **RABBIT  
HOLE** THAT ALL THE  
OTHERS BEFORE  
YOU HAVE GONE  
DOWN.

AND THAT  
WOULD  
BE?

EVENTUALLY YOU  
WILL FIND YOURSELF  
NOT TRYING TO FIND THE  
"WHY DID THE KILLERS  
KILL" IN YOUR STORY...  
INSTEAD YOU WILL START  
TRYING TO FIND THE  
**WHY** IN LIFE.

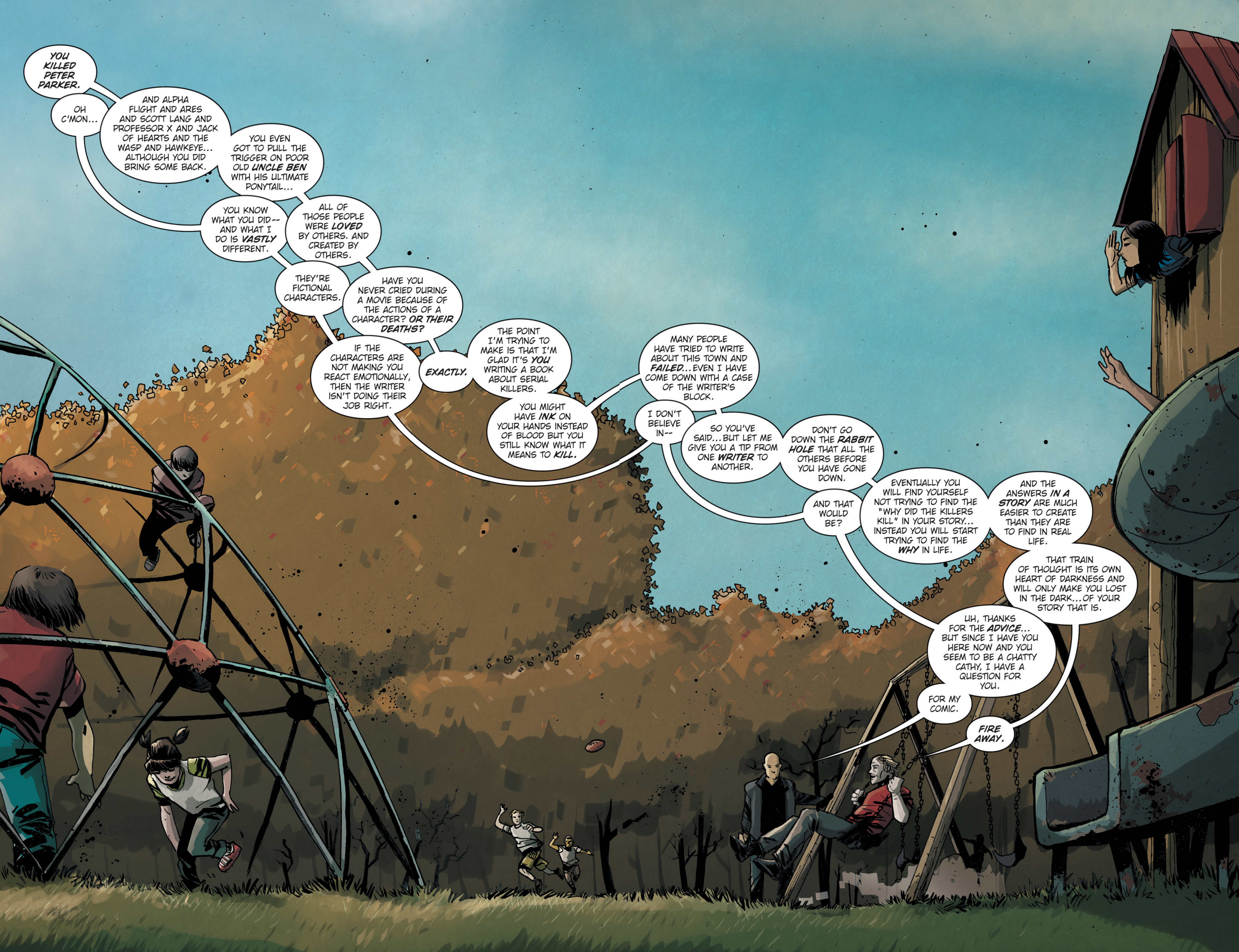
AND THE  
ANSWERS **IN A  
STORY** ARE MUCH  
EASIER TO CREATE  
THAN THEY ARE  
TO FIND IN REAL  
LIFE.

THAT TRAIN  
OF THOUGHT IS ITS OWN  
HEART OF DARKNESS AND  
WILL ONLY MAKE YOU LOST  
IN THE DARK... OF YOUR  
STORY THAT IS.

UH, THANKS  
FOR THE **ADVICE**...  
BUT SINCE I HAVE YOU  
HERE NOW AND YOU  
SEEM TO BE A CHATTY  
CATHY, I HAVE A  
QUESTION FOR  
YOU.

FOR MY  
COMIC.

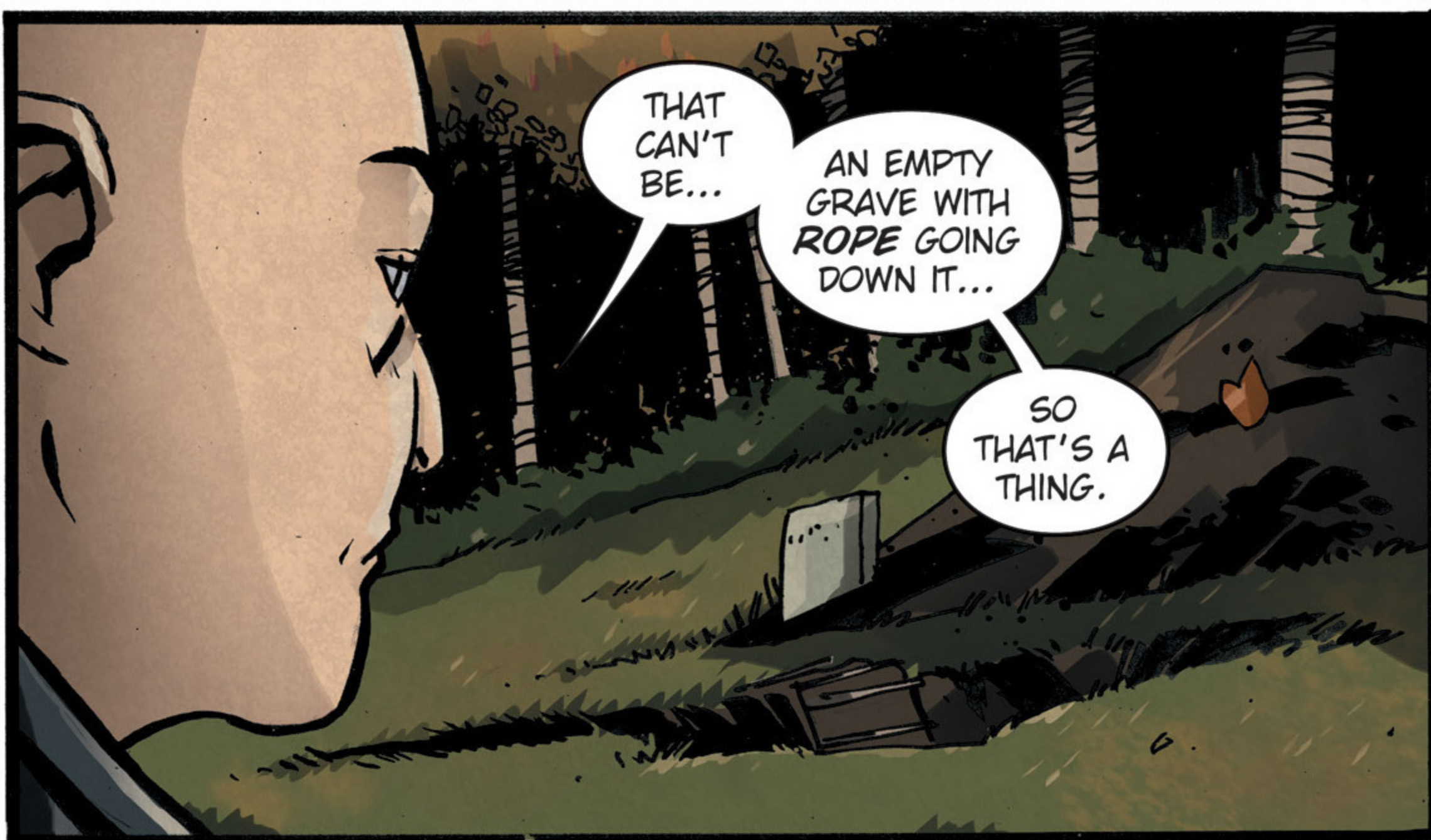
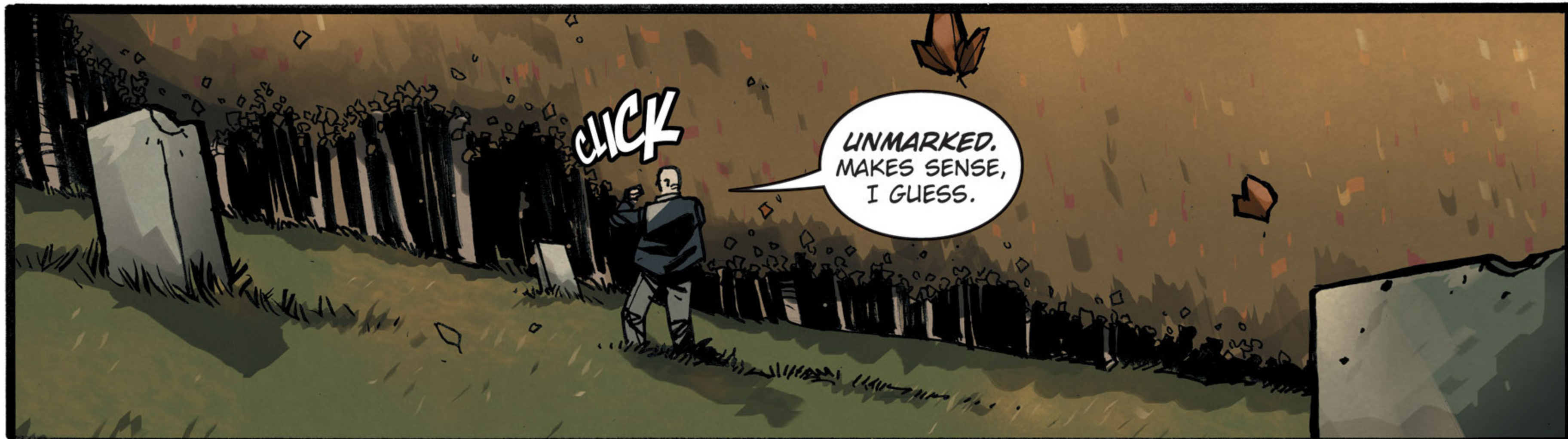
**FIRE  
AWAY.**























HEY  
NOW.

IS THAT  
DUDE CHASING  
THAT DUDE?

THIS...  
ISN'T OLD.

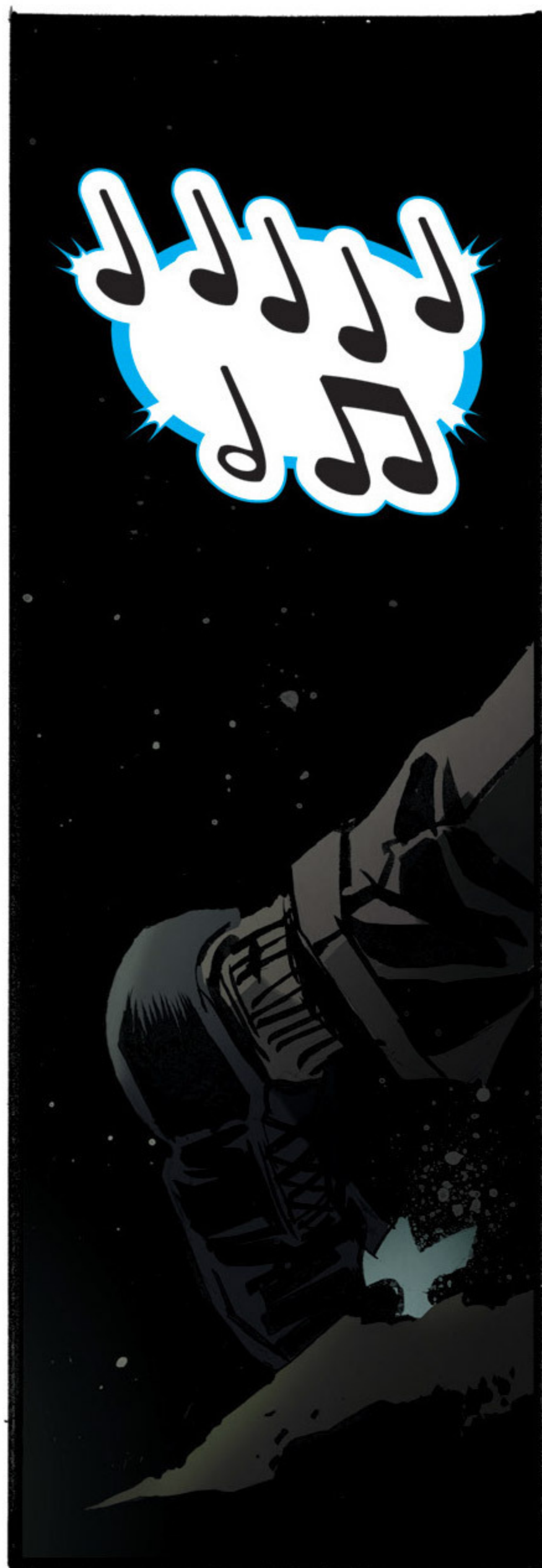
THIS  
IS FRESH  
PAINT?



IT'S  
BLOOD.



WHO  
SAID--OH  
MY GOD!



AH!



MY  
PHONE...

WHERE  
DID IT--









AH!

BENDIS?!

WHAT THE HELL?!

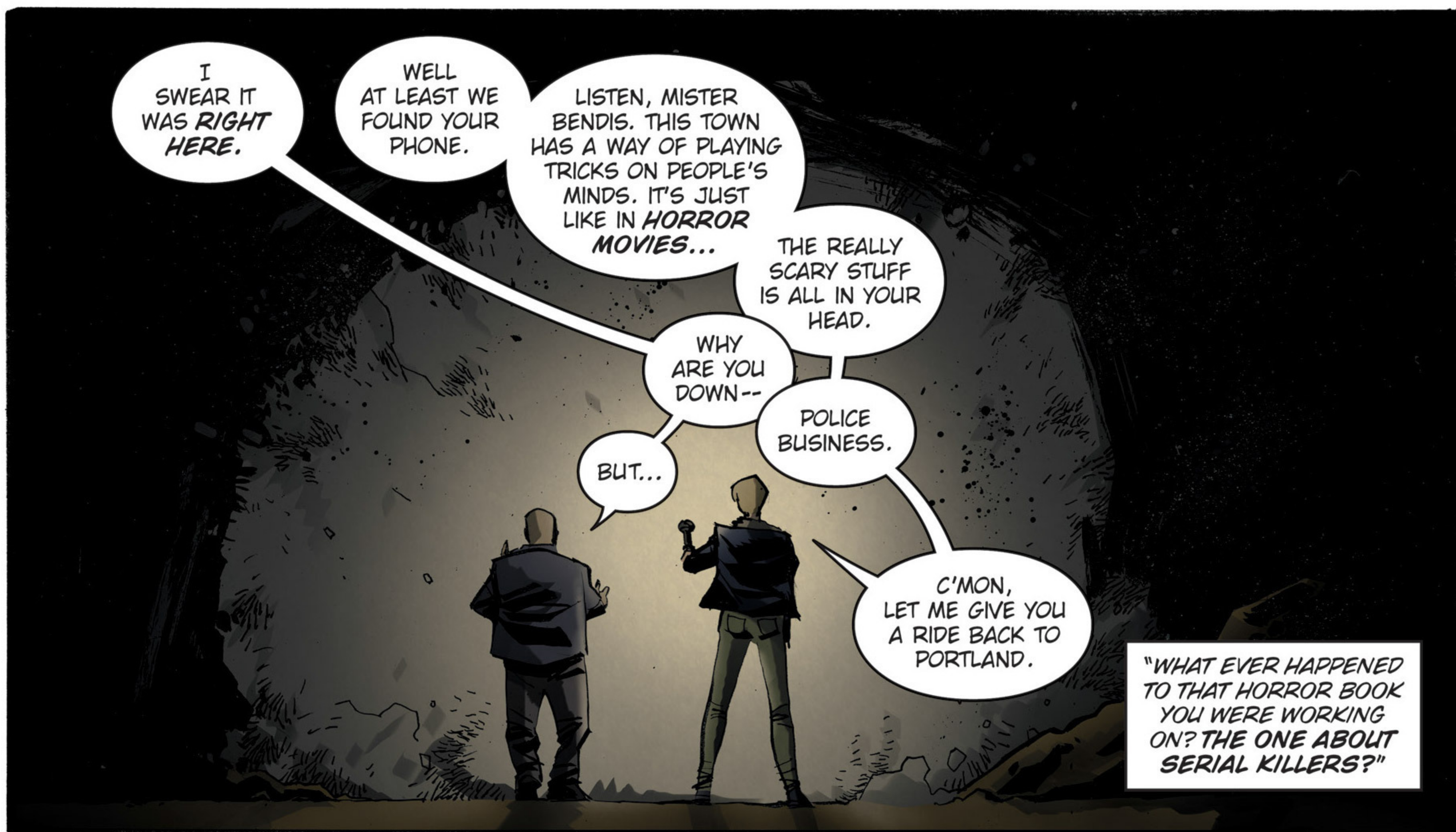


SOMEONE WAS CHASING ME, AND--

CALM DOWN. NO ONE IS DOWN HERE BUT YOU AND ME. AND HELL... YOU SHOULDN'T BE DOWN HERE AT ALL.

BUT-- BUT--I SAW A CAVE PAINTING...

SHOW ME.



I SWEAR IT WAS *RIGHT* HERE.

WELL AT LEAST WE FOUND YOUR PHONE.

LISTEN, MISTER BENDIS. THIS TOWN HAS A WAY OF PLAYING TRICKS ON PEOPLE'S MINDS. IT'S JUST LIKE IN *HORROR MOVIES*...

THE REALLY SCARY STUFF IS ALL IN YOUR HEAD.

WHY ARE YOU DOWN--

POLICE BUSINESS.

BUT...

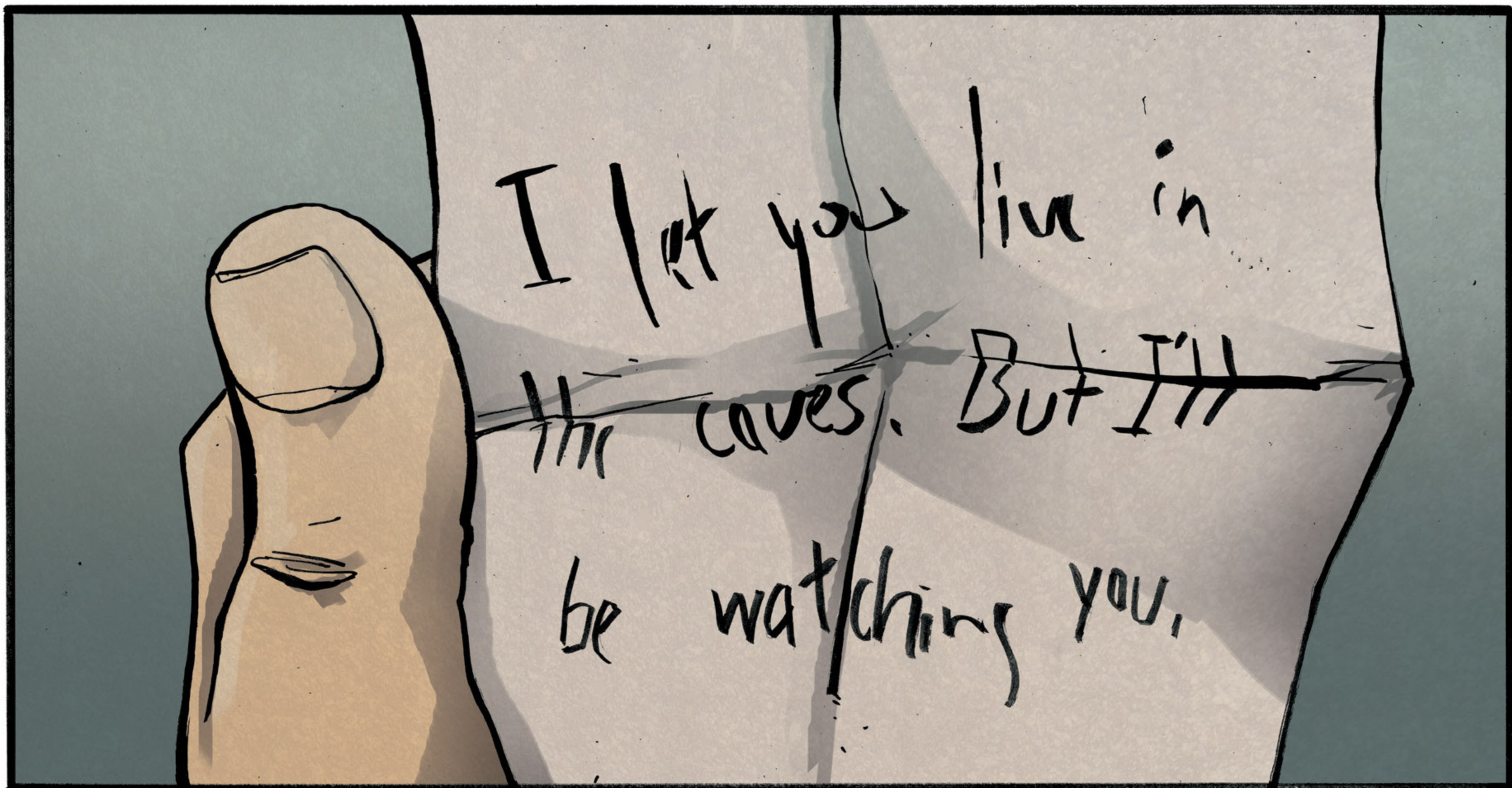
C'MON, LET ME GIVE YOU A RIDE BACK TO PORTLAND.

"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THAT HORROR BOOK YOU WERE WORKING ON? THE ONE ABOUT SERIAL KILLERS?"

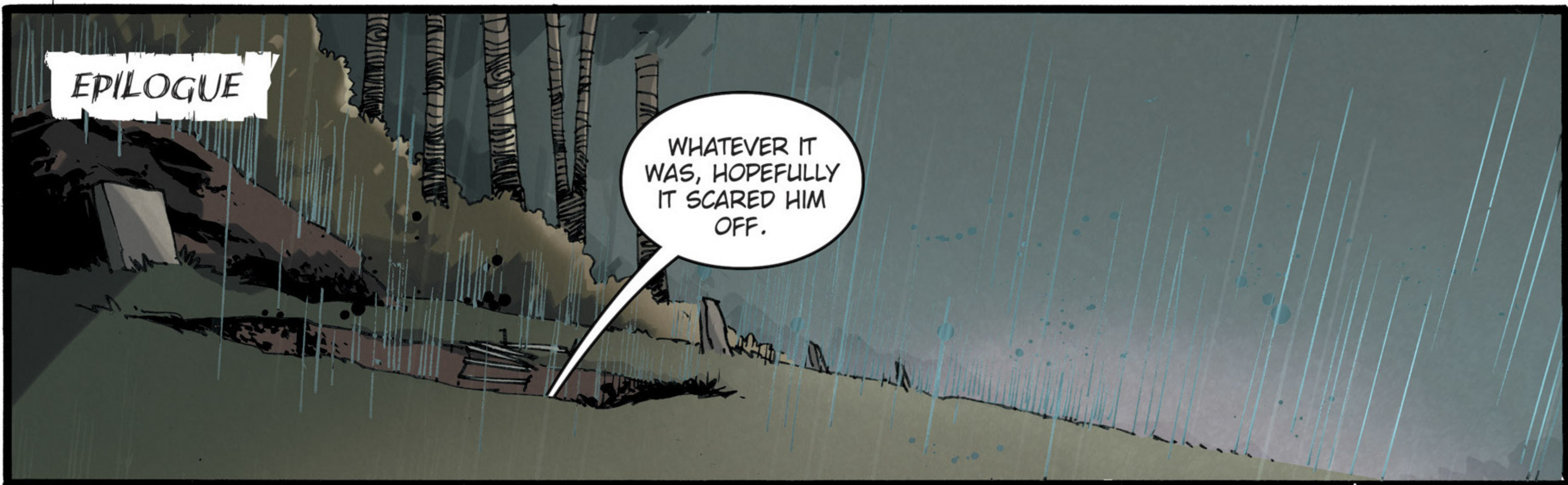












EPILOGUE

WHATEVER IT WAS, HOPEFULLY IT SCARED HIM OFF.



YOU WERE ABLE TO DITCH AGENT BARKER?

SHE COULDN'T HOLD ME. MY TRIAL ISN'T FOR A FEW MORE WEEKS... BUT... SHE KNOWS WE'RE *HIDING* SOMETHING, AND WILL BE KEEPING AN EYE ON US.



WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BE EXTRA CAREFUL IF I'M GOING TO FOLLOW CARROLL'S NOTES AND FIND THAT NEW BUTCHER WHO HURT HIM.

THE WRITER SAW THESE?

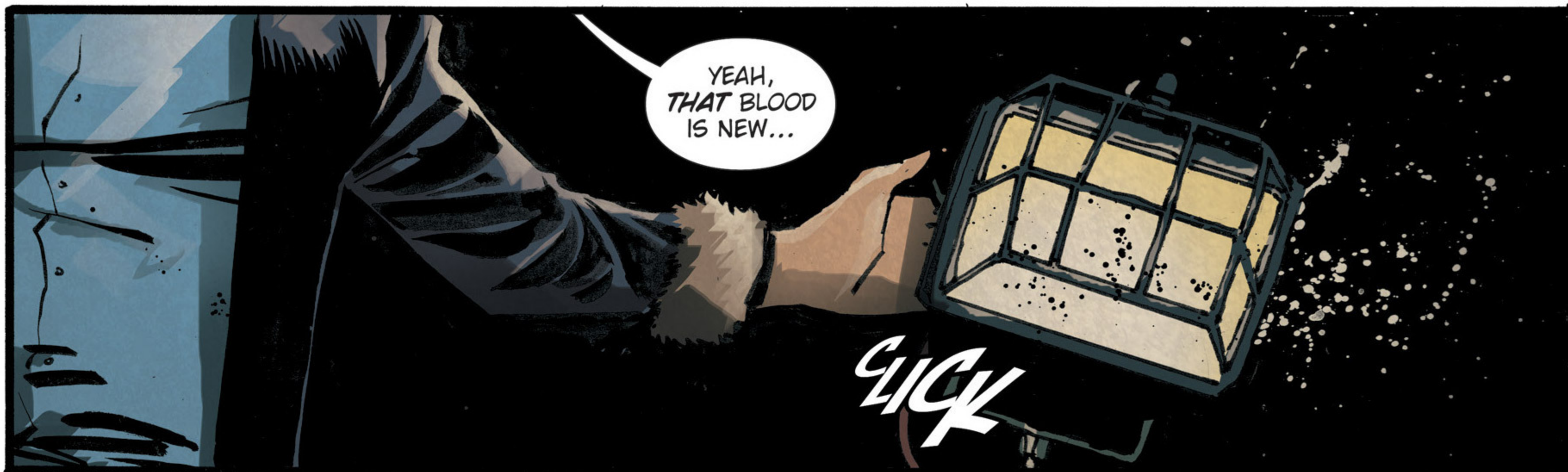
HE GOT TOO CLOSE... WE CAN'T HAVE ANYONE ELSE FIND THESE TUNNELS, Y'KNOW?

NOT UNTIL WE KNOW MORE ABOUT THEM.



HM.

THIS BLOOD *IS* FRESH.



YEAH, *THAT* BLOOD IS NEW...

CLICK





THIS  
BLOOD IS  
OLD.

REALLY OLD.  
THESE PAINTINGS  
HAVE BEEN HERE FOR  
A BIT. BEFORE THE  
BUCKAROO BUTCHERS  
STARTED.

WHILE  
YOU FIGURE THAT  
OUT, I'M STICKING  
TO CARROLL'S  
NOTES...

I'M NO  
INVESTIGATOR,  
SO I'M GOING  
TO DO THE ONE  
THING I'M  
GOOD AT.

OR  
AT LEAST  
*USED* TO  
BE.

WHAT'S  
THAT?



GETTING  
PEOPLE TO  
*CONFESS*.

JUST  
DON'T GET US  
IN ANY MORE  
TROUBLE.

*CLICK*



# ISSUE EIGHT



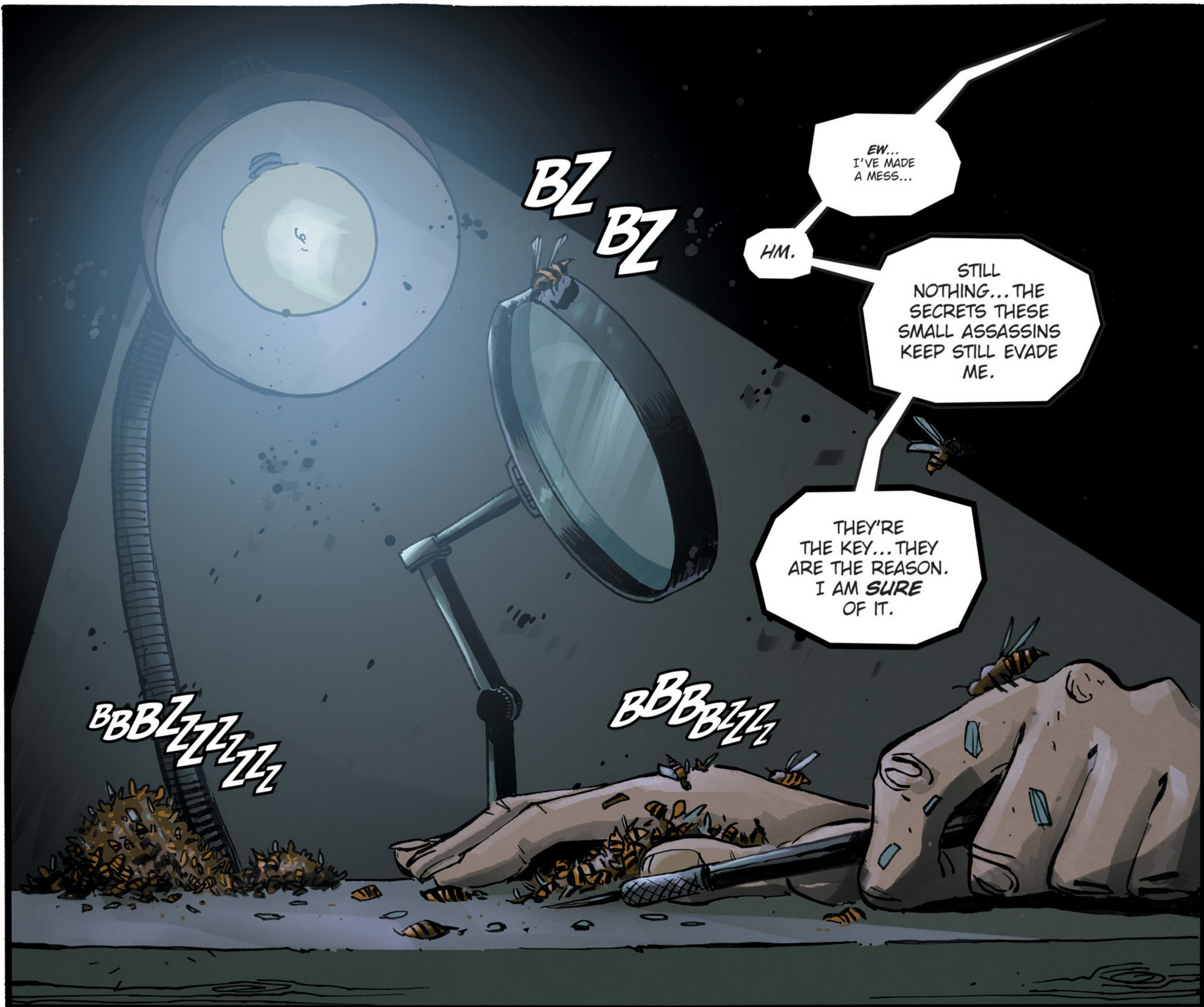




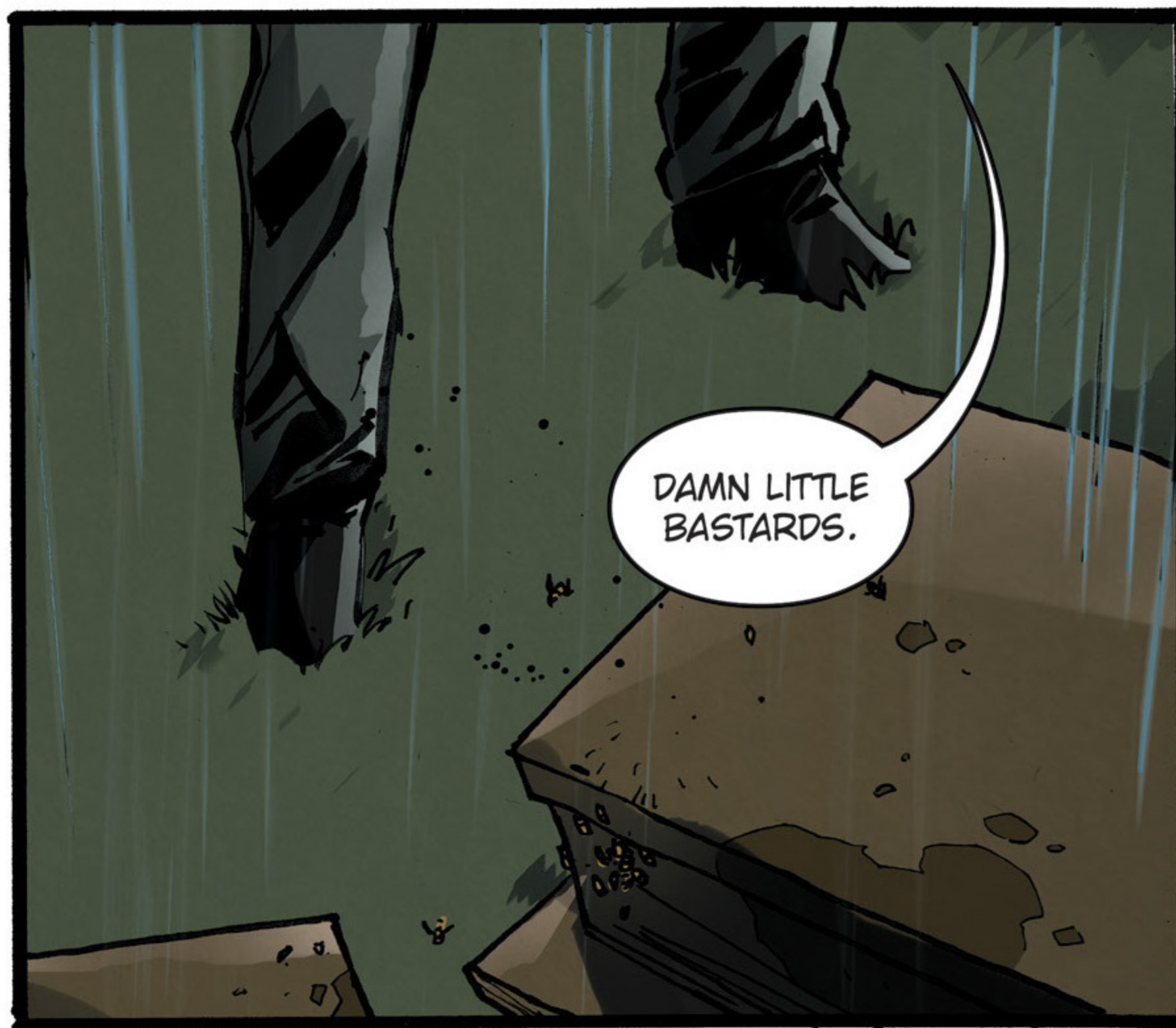








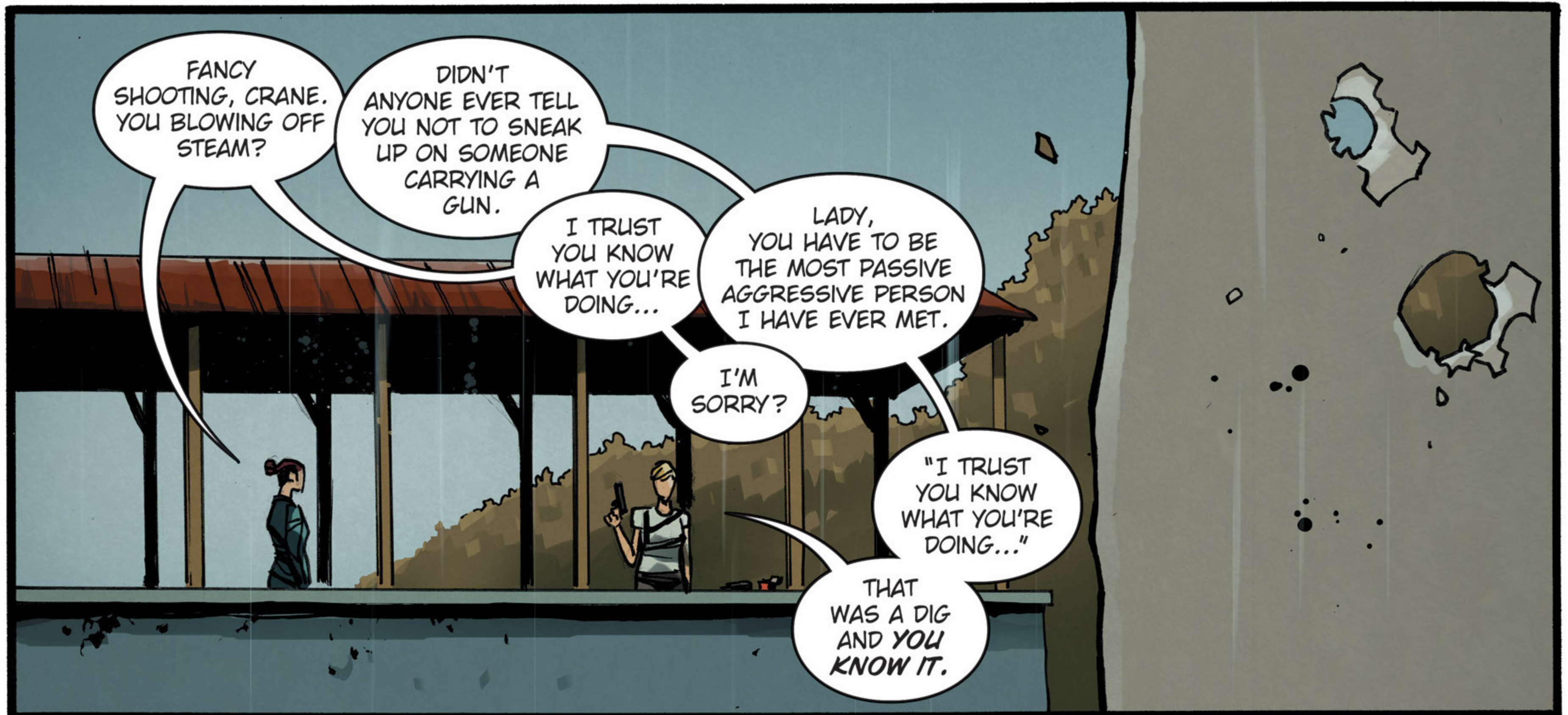




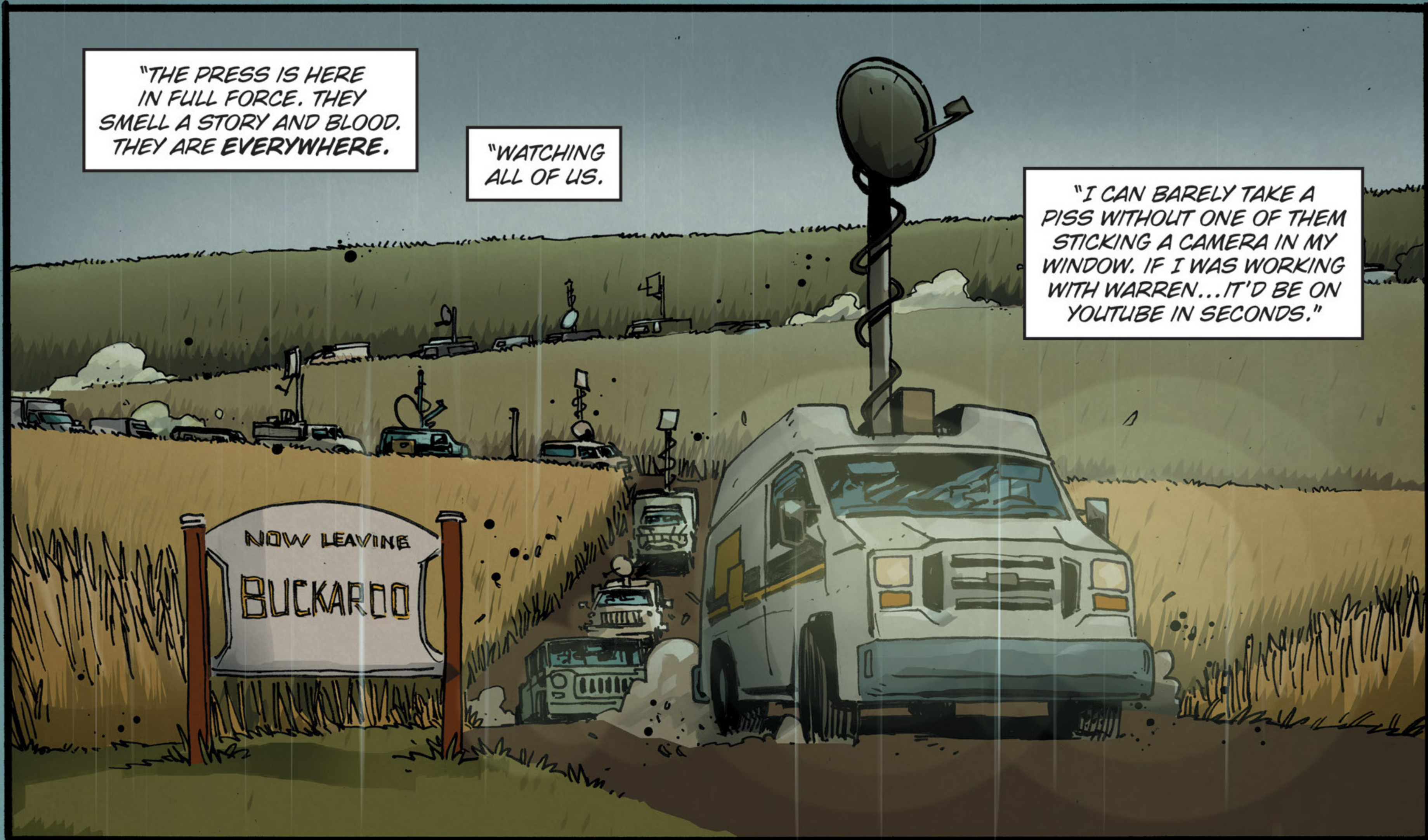












"THE PRESS IS HERE  
IN FULL FORCE. THEY  
SMELL A STORY AND BLOOD.  
THEY ARE EVERYWHERE."

"WATCHING  
ALL OF US."

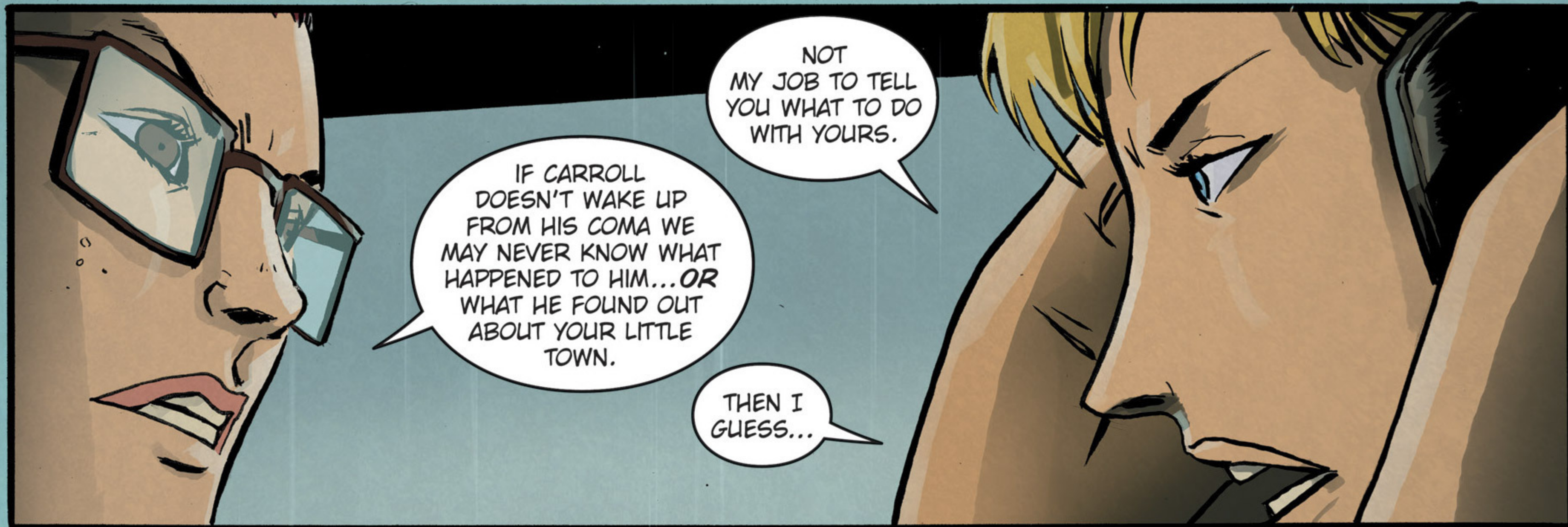
"I CAN BARELY TAKE A  
PISS WITHOUT ONE OF THEM  
STICKING A CAMERA IN MY  
WINDOW. IF I WAS WORKING  
WITH WARREN...IT'D BE ON  
YOUTUBE IN SECONDS."



YOU MAY NOT BE  
COVERING FOR YOUR HIGH  
SCHOOL SWEETHEART BUT  
I KNOW YOU'RE HIDING  
**SOMETHING.**

WHERE  
DO YOU  
SUGGEST?

YOU  
SHOULD REALLY  
BE DIRECTING  
YOUR EFFORTS  
ELSEWHERE.



NOT  
MY JOB TO TELL  
YOU WHAT TO DO  
WITH YOURS.

IF CARROLL  
DOESN'T WAKE UP  
FROM HIS COMA WE  
MAY NEVER KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED TO HIM...OR  
WHAT HE FOUND OUT  
ABOUT YOUR LITTLE  
TOWN.

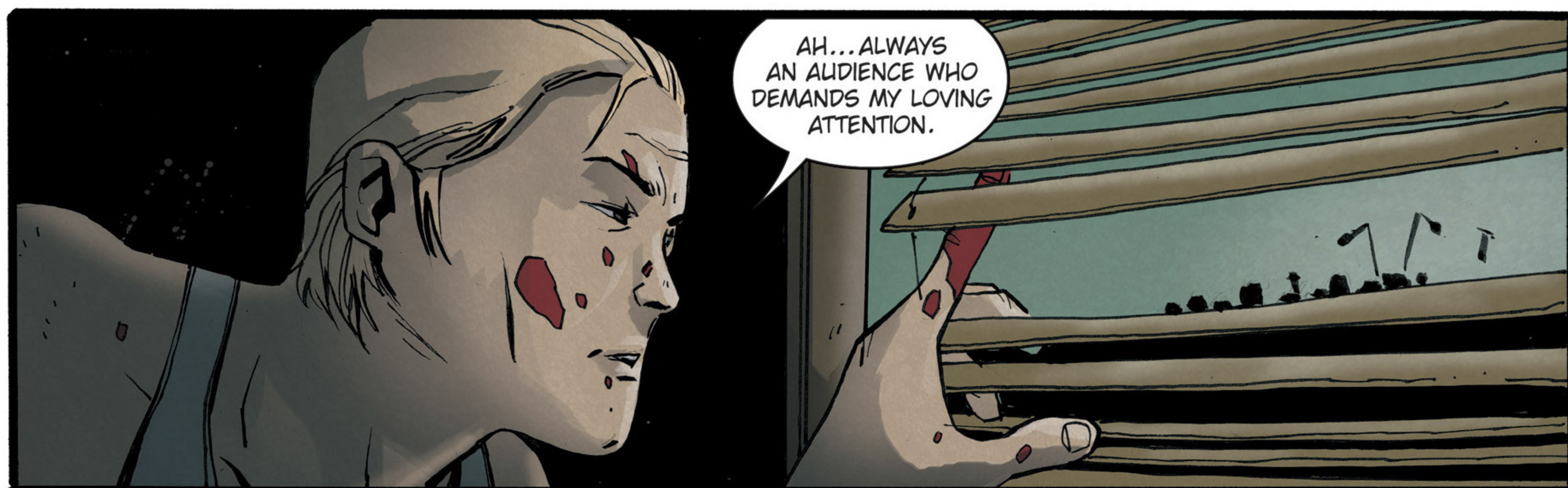
THEN I  
GUESS...



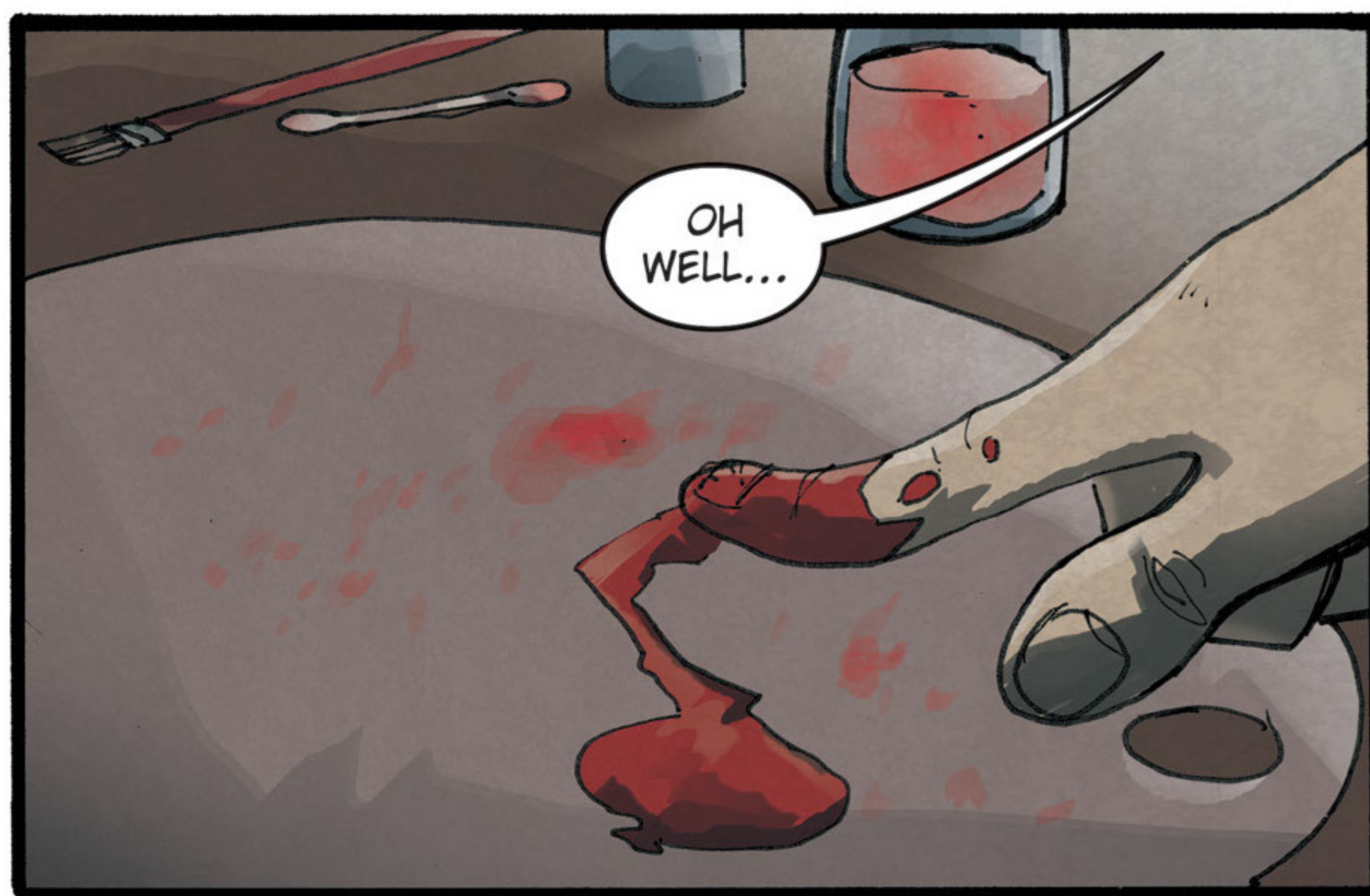
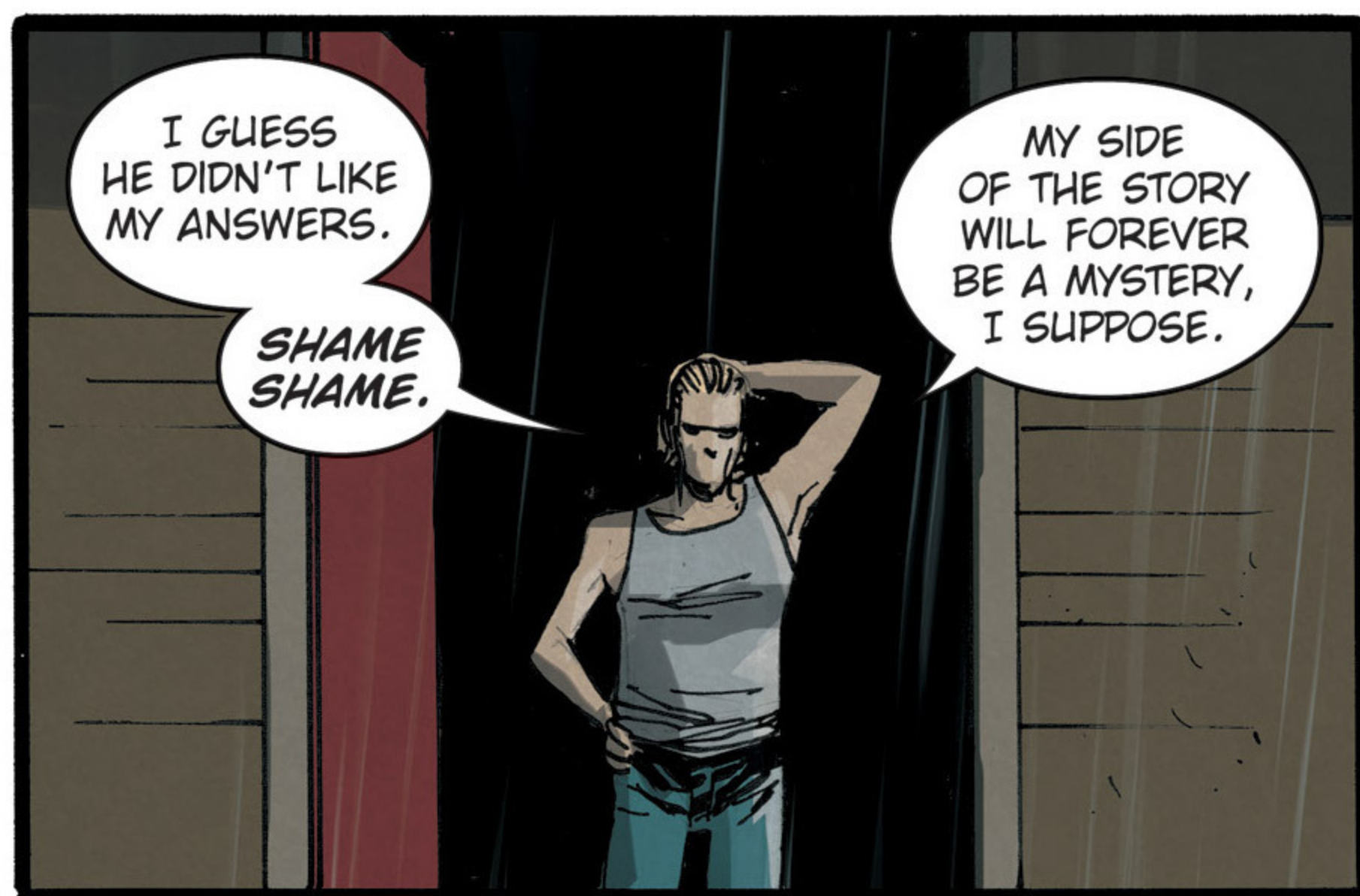
...WE  
WAIT UNTIL  
HE WAKES  
UP.

**BANG  
BANG  
BANG**













AT THE BURNED  
DOWN MURDER  
STORE

BECAUSE  
**WE** HAVE  
ALLOWED THIS  
TO GO ON.

**WE** LET  
THIS CURSED  
TOWN TAKE  
MY SON!

MY POOR  
SWEET BOY, HANK,  
WAS STRUCK DOWN IN THE  
PRIME OF HIS LIFE BY ONE  
OF THESE **MONSTERS**...  
CRUCIFIED AT THIS  
VERY SPOT!

AND  
WHY?



BECAUSE  
**WE** LET IT!



**OUR** SINS  
AS A COMMUNITY  
HAVE CREATED  
THESE SERIAL  
KILLERS!

THE DEVIL  
HIMSELF MUST  
HAVE FALLEN HERE  
FOR THE AMOUNT  
OF HIS AGENTS  
TO BE BORN IN  
BUCKAROO!



AND THE  
LORD ABOVE...  
HE IS WATCHING  
US. **JUDGING**  
US.

AND  
PUNISHING  
US FOR OUR  
**SINS**!



I ASK  
YOU TO JOIN  
ME IN HELPING  
THIS TOWN  
BE A BETTER  
PLACE.

SO YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO  
GO THROUGH WHAT  
I WENT THROUGH  
WHEN I LOST MY  
PERFECT HANK.

OH GIVE  
IT A REST,  
WILL YA...?





HANK WAS A BULLY AND A SHITHEAD.

YOU ACT LIKE YOU KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING, REVEREND FAIRGOLD... BUT WE ALL KNOW YOU *DON'T*.

YOU JUST SIT UP ON YOUR SOAP BOX AND SPEW TRASH.

SHERIFF CRANE WILL FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED... I KNOW SHE WILL.

ALICE...



WELL, WELL, WELL... I AM SO GLAD WE HAVE THIS LOVELY *LADY* HERE TO PROTECT US.

EVEN THOUGH SHE HAS STILL *YET* TO CATCH THE MAN WHO KILLED MY SON.

SIGH...

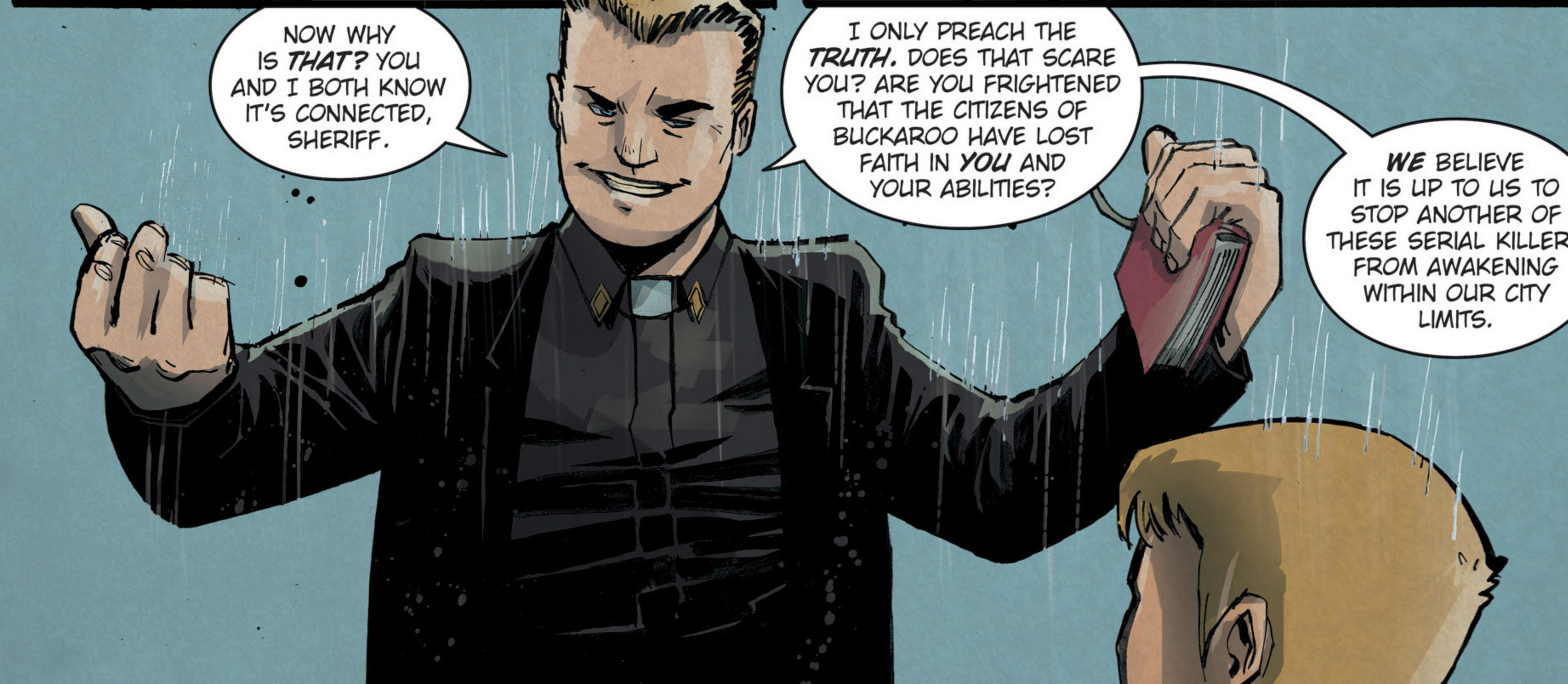


I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW, REVEREND FAIRGOLD.

I'M SORRY ABOUT HANK. I AM.

BUT THIS IS AN ONGOING INVESTIGATION.

THAT BEING SAID... THE BUCKAROO BUTCHERS ARE *NOT* PART OF THAT INVESTIGATION.



NOW WHY IS *THAT*? YOU AND I BOTH KNOW IT'S CONNECTED, SHERIFF.

I ONLY PREACH THE *TRUTH*. DOES THAT SCARE YOU? ARE YOU FRIGHTENED THAT THE CITIZENS OF BUCKAROO HAVE LOST FAITH IN *YOU* AND YOUR ABILITIES?

*WE* BELIEVE IT IS UP TO US TO STOP ANOTHER OF THESE SERIAL KILLERS FROM AWAKENING WITHIN OUR CITY LIMITS.





AND  
SO, UH... WHAT  
BRIGHT IDEA DO  
YOU HAVE TO  
STOP IT?



WITH  
PRAYER.

AND BY  
POLICING OURSELVES.  
BY WATCHING OUT FOR  
THE SINNERS WITHIN  
OUR NUMBERS.



THERE ARE WAY  
TOO MANY SECRETS  
IN THIS TOWN... SO  
THAT IS WHERE OUR  
NEW MISSION WILL  
BEGIN.

NO MORE  
SECRETS!

SO YOUR  
**BIG PLAN** IS TO  
START SPYING ON  
EVERYONE... IS  
THAT IT?



HOW ABOUT  
YOU, SHANNON  
CRANE? YOU WERE  
THE **LOVE** OF THE  
NAILBITER'S LIFE...  
HIS HIGH SCHOOL  
SWEETHEART...

WHAT SINS  
DID **YOU** COMMIT  
TO DRIVE HIM INTO  
THE **ARMS OF**  
THE **DEVIL**?



YEAH?!

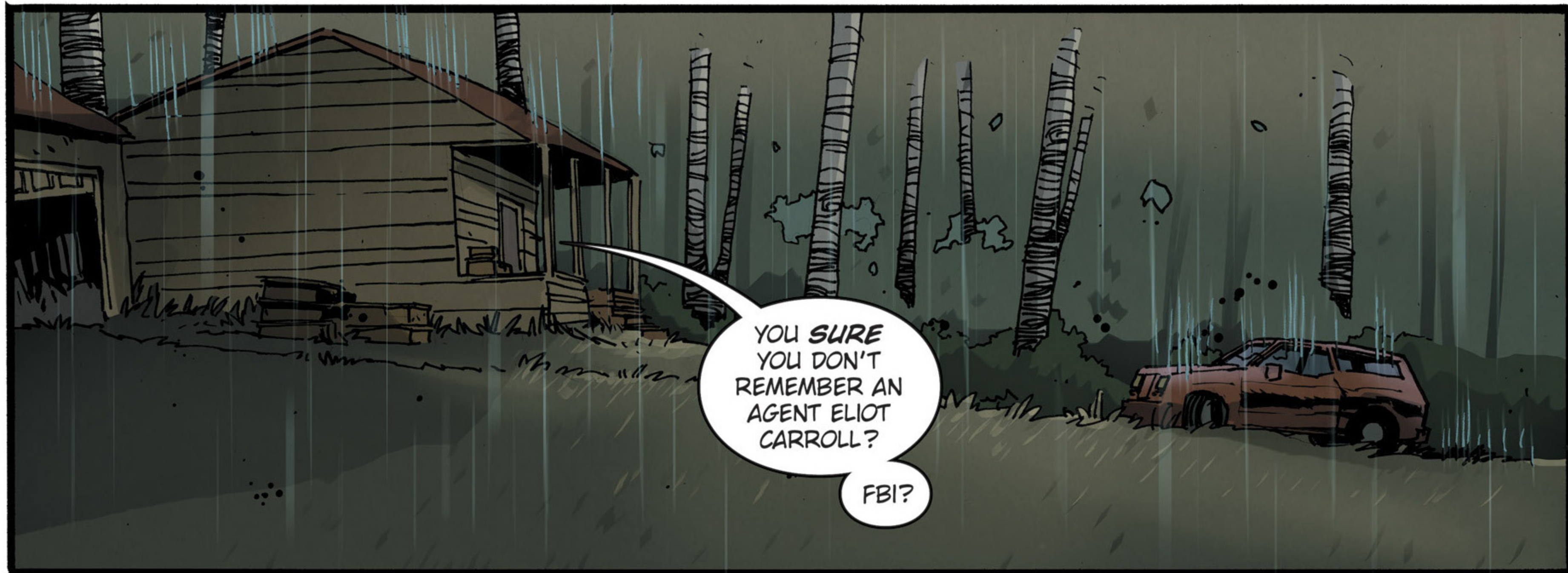
SON OF  
A BITCH.

WHAT  
DID YOU  
DO?

HOW CAN  
WE TRUST  
YOU?

"SORRY, BUT THAT'S  
ALL I KNOW..."





YOU *SURE*  
YOU DON'T  
REMEMBER AN  
AGENT ELIOT  
CARROLL?

FBI?



HE WAS  
INTERVIEWING  
EVERYONE IN  
TOWN.

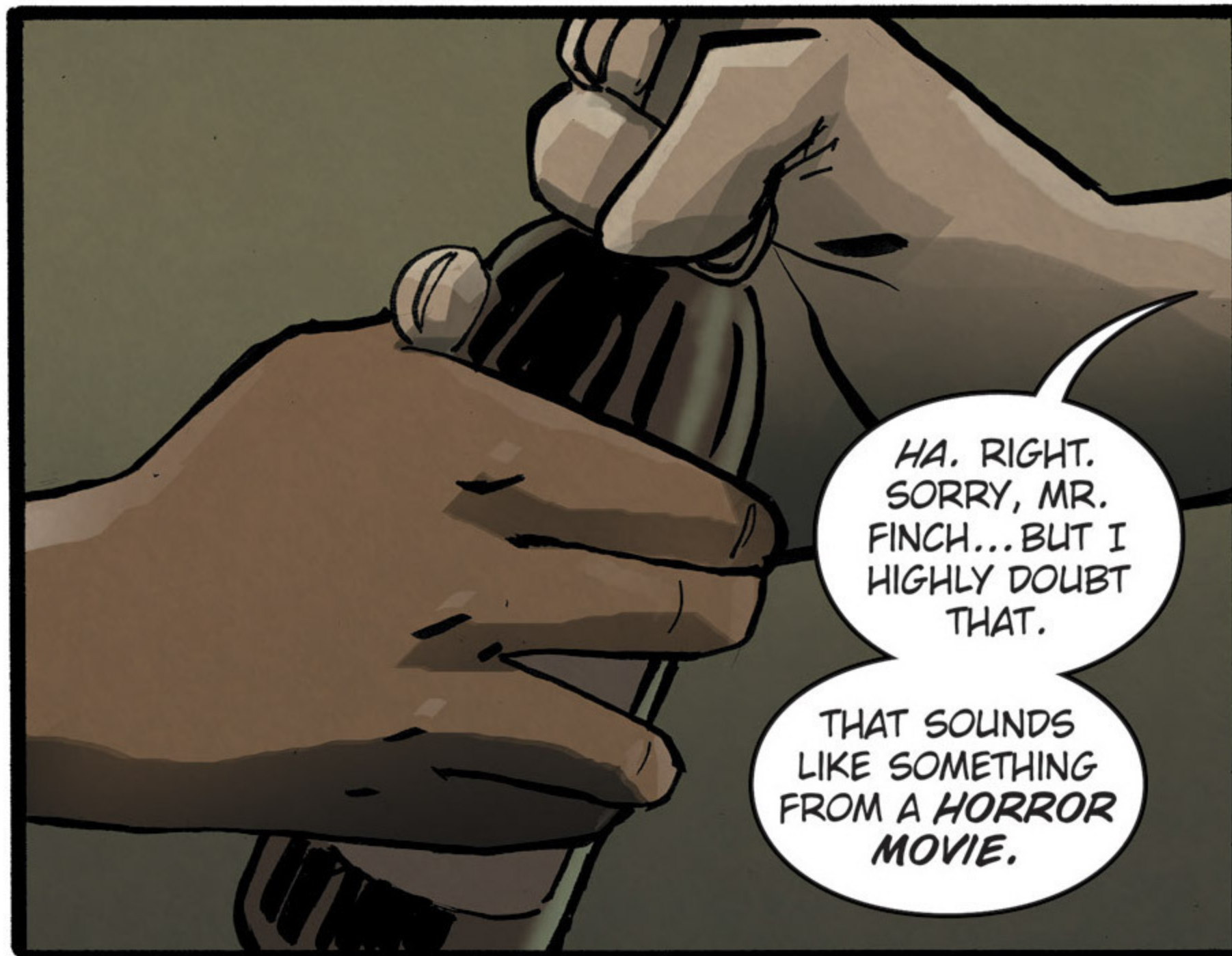
TRYING TO FIND  
A *RELATIONSHIP*  
BETWEEN ALL  
THE BUCKAROO  
BUTCHERS?

Y'KNOW...I  
DID HEAR RUMBLINGS  
ABOUT AN FBI AGENT  
POKING AROUND BUT HE  
NEVER MADE HIS WAY  
OUT HERE.

WHAT MAKES  
YOU THINK HE WOULD  
BE INTERESTED IN ME  
OR MY FARM?



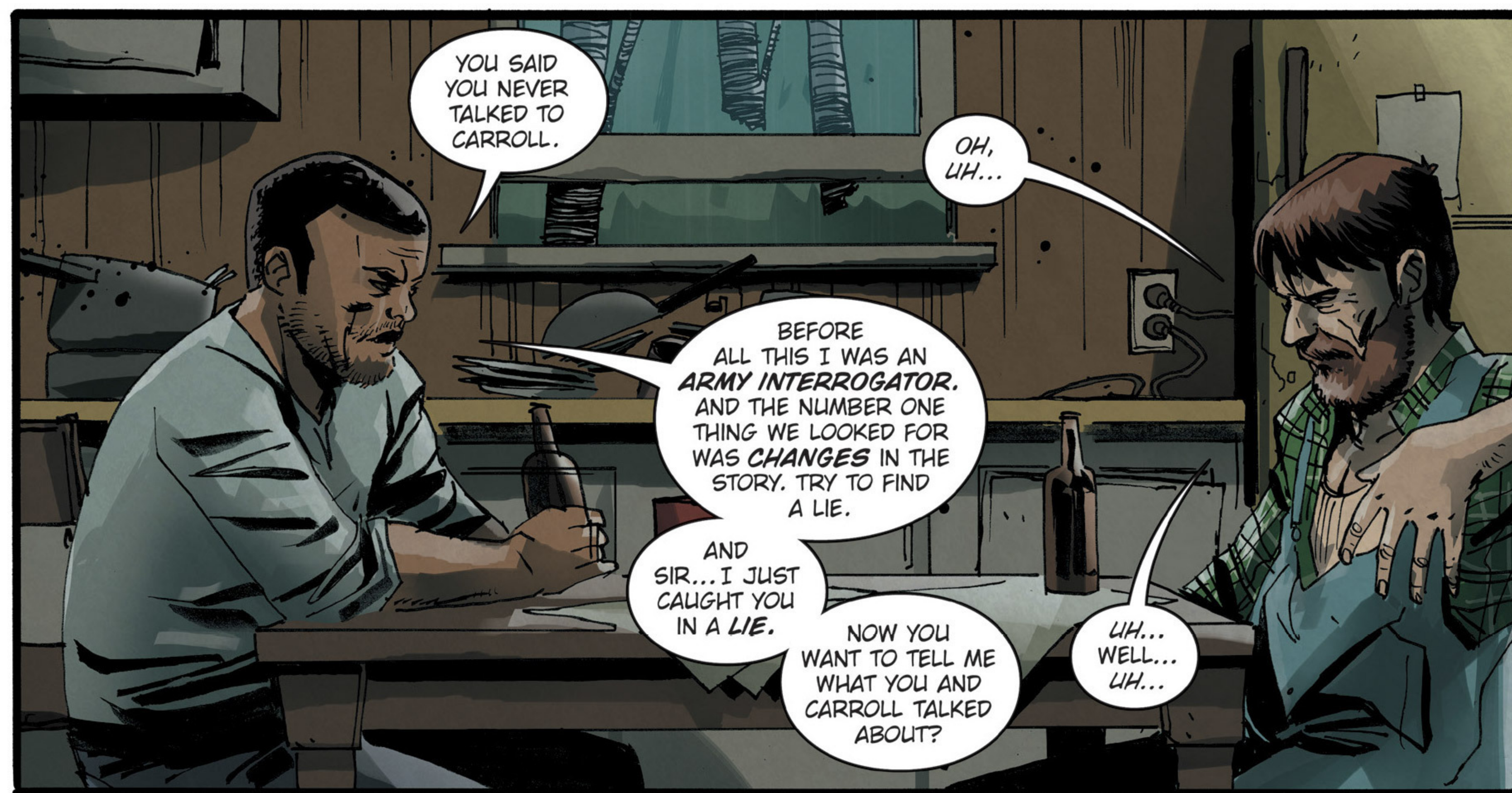
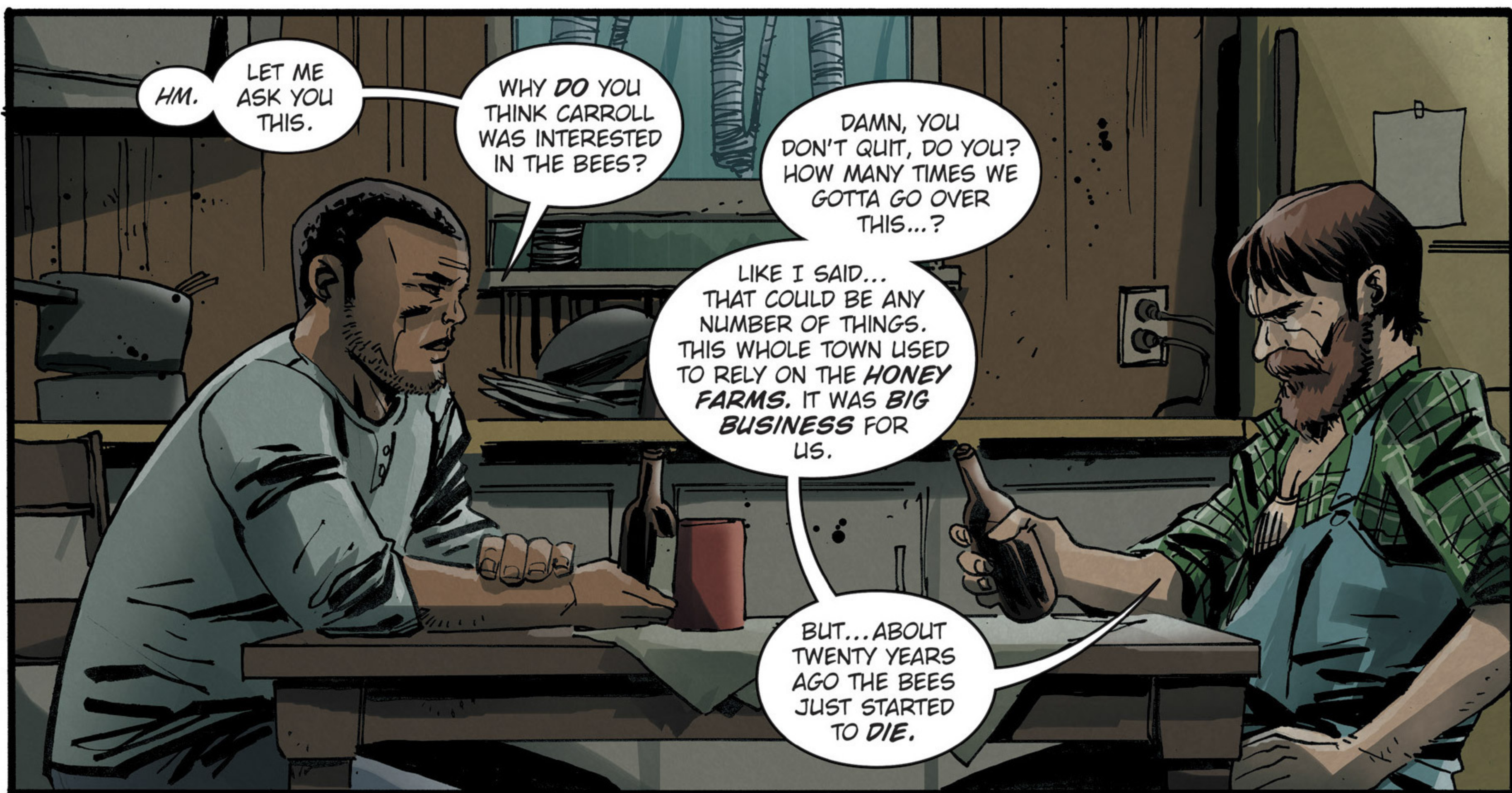
MAYBE  
CARROLL THOUGHT  
THE *BEES* WERE  
CONNECTED TO THE  
BUCKAROO  
BUTCHERS?



HA. RIGHT.  
SORRY, MR.  
FINCH... BUT I  
HIGHLY DOUBT  
THAT.

THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE SOMETHING  
FROM A *HORROR*  
MOVIE.









WHAT  
WAS THAT?

I  
DIDN'T HEAR  
NUTHIN'.

THUD



UH-  
HUH.

WHO  
ELSE IS  
HERE?

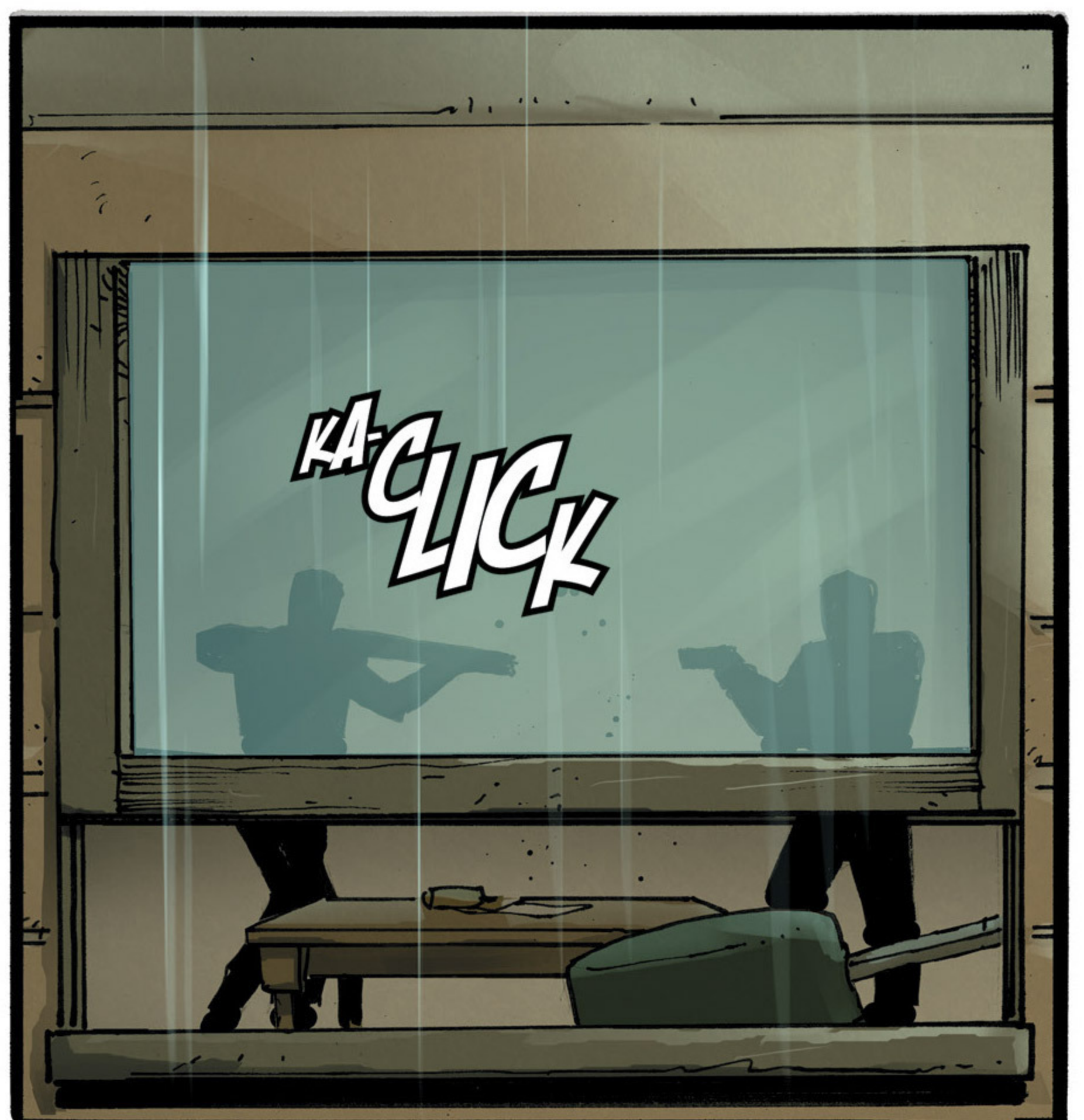
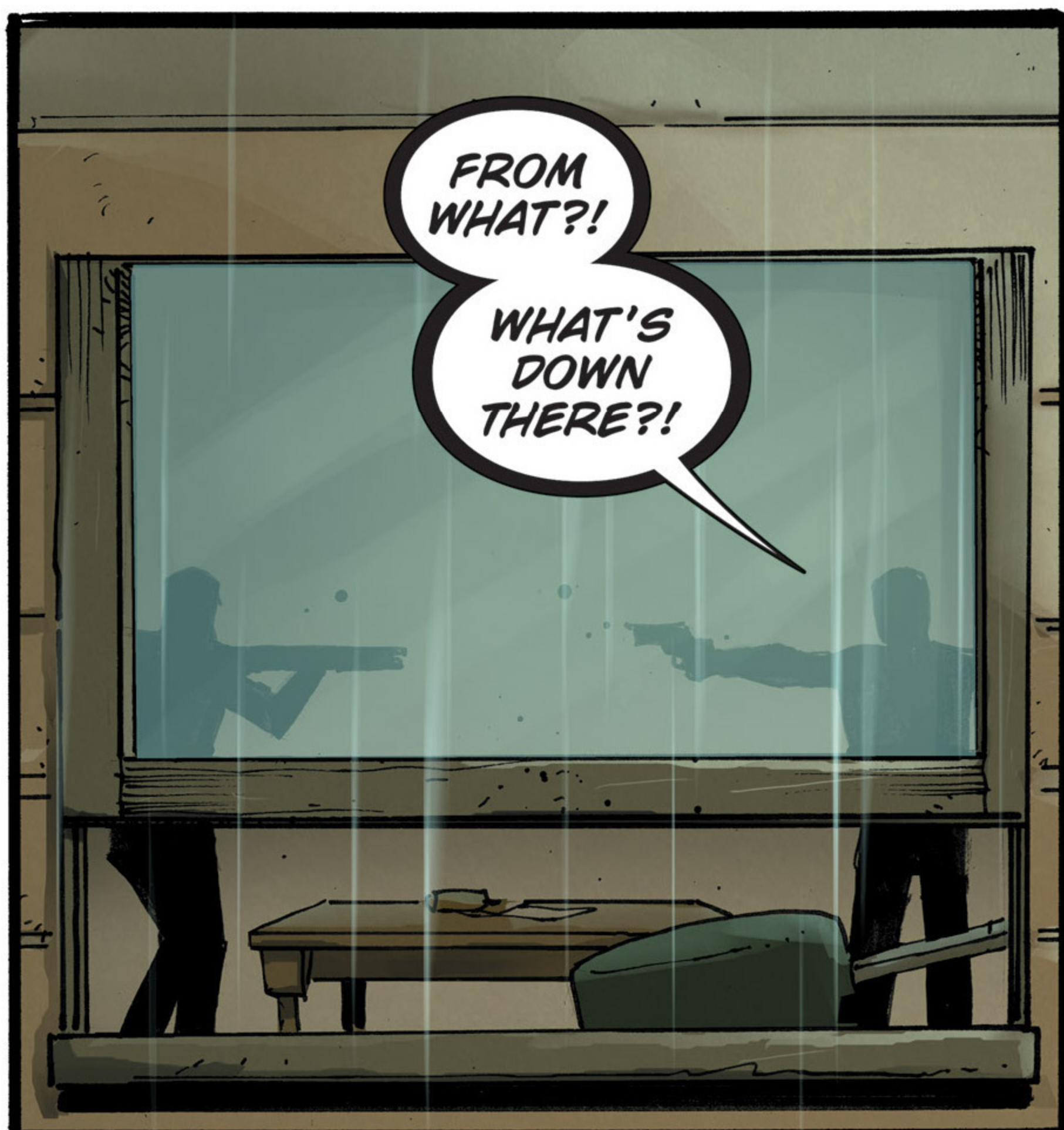
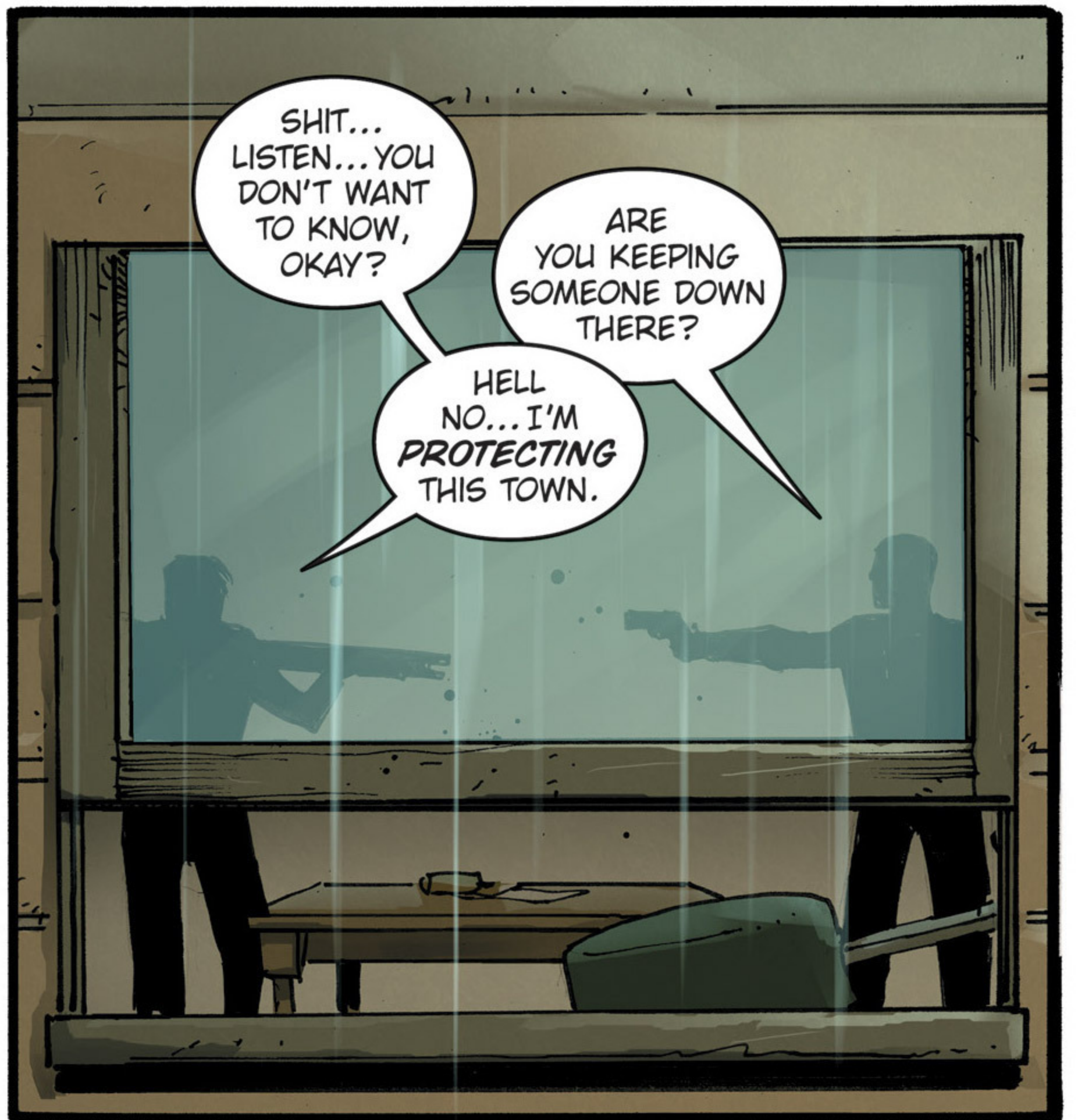
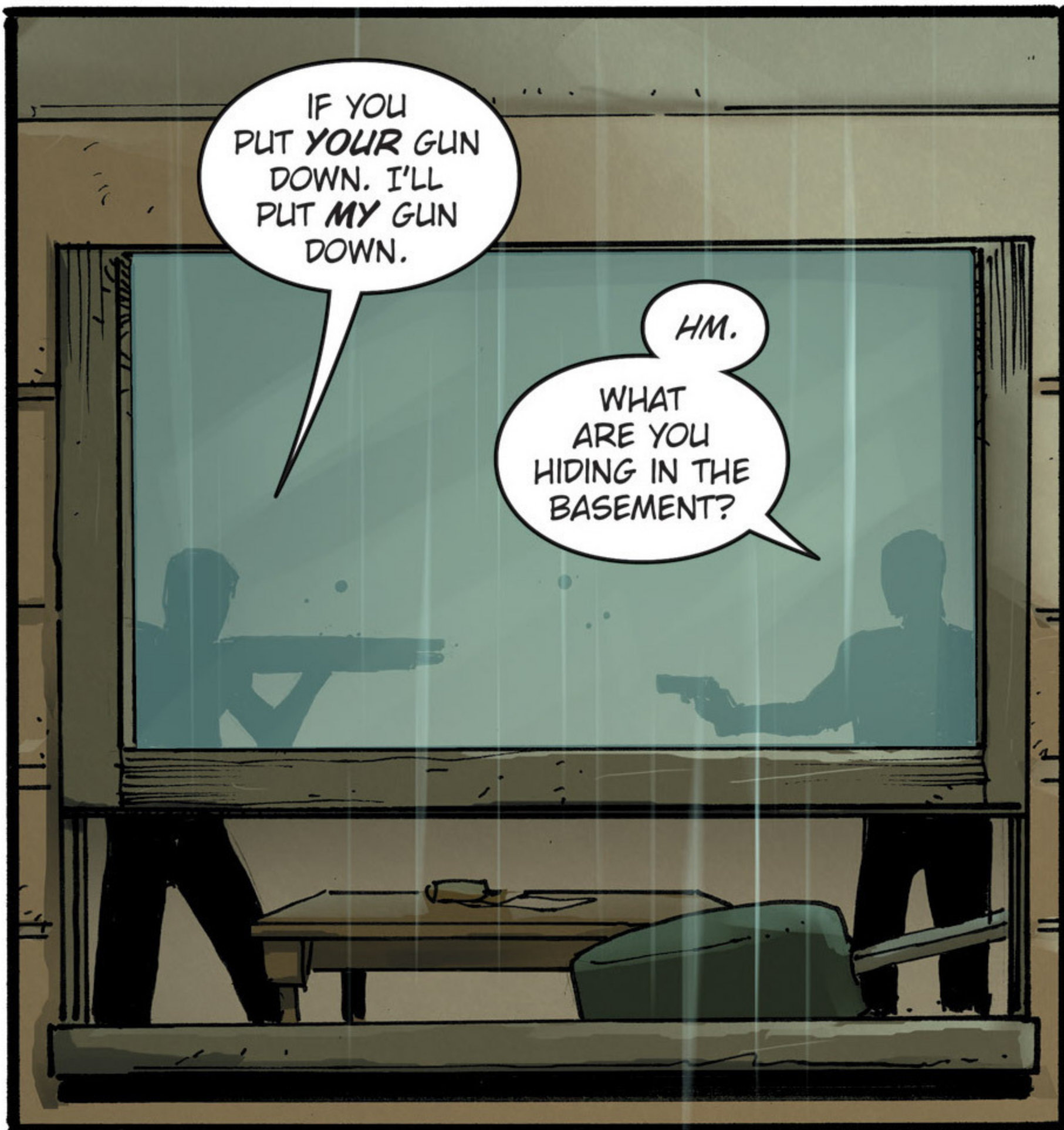


MISTER... IT IS  
IN YOUR BEST INTEREST  
THAT YOU BELIEVE YOU  
DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING,  
AND GET OUT OF MY  
HOUSE.

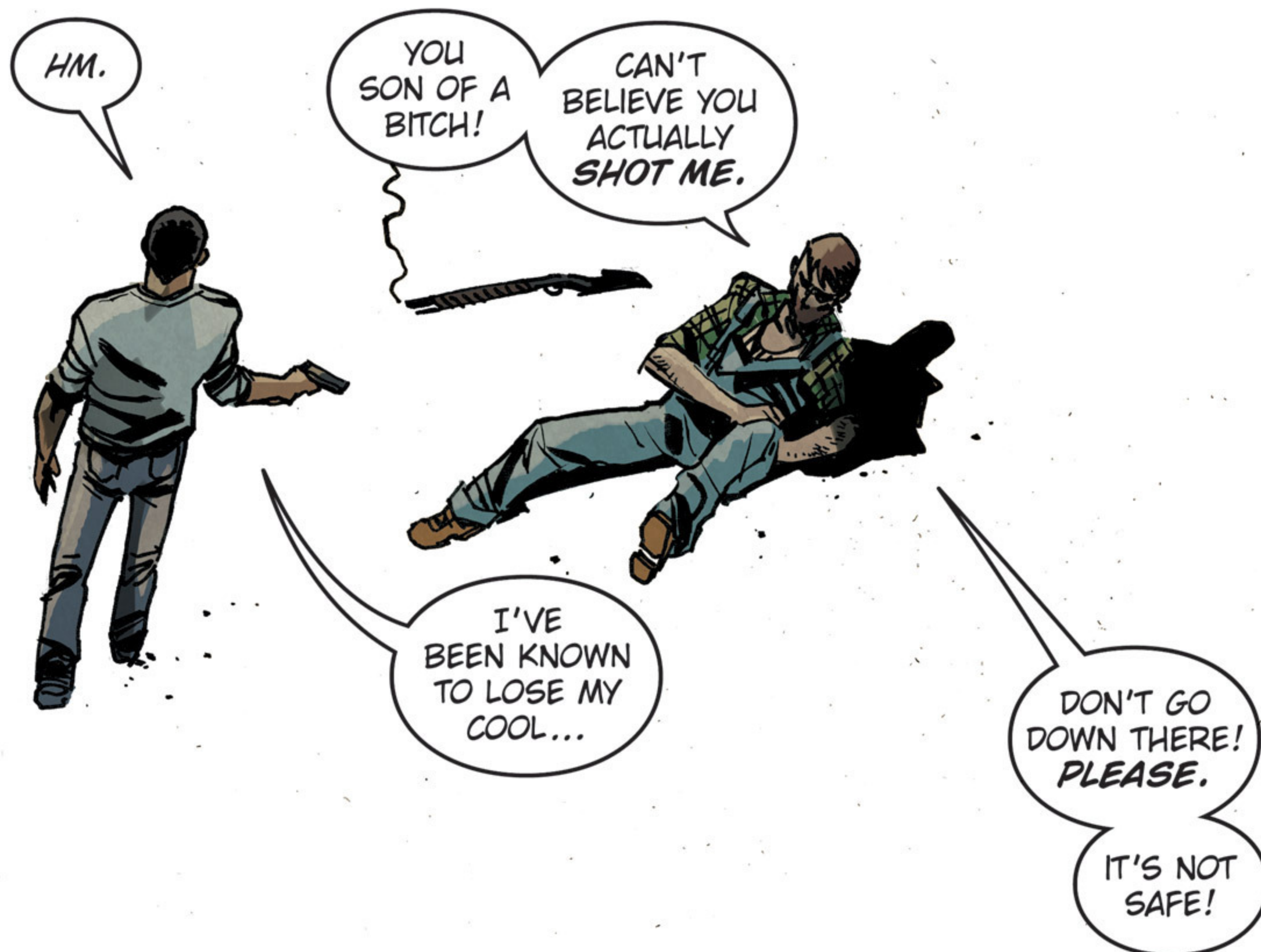
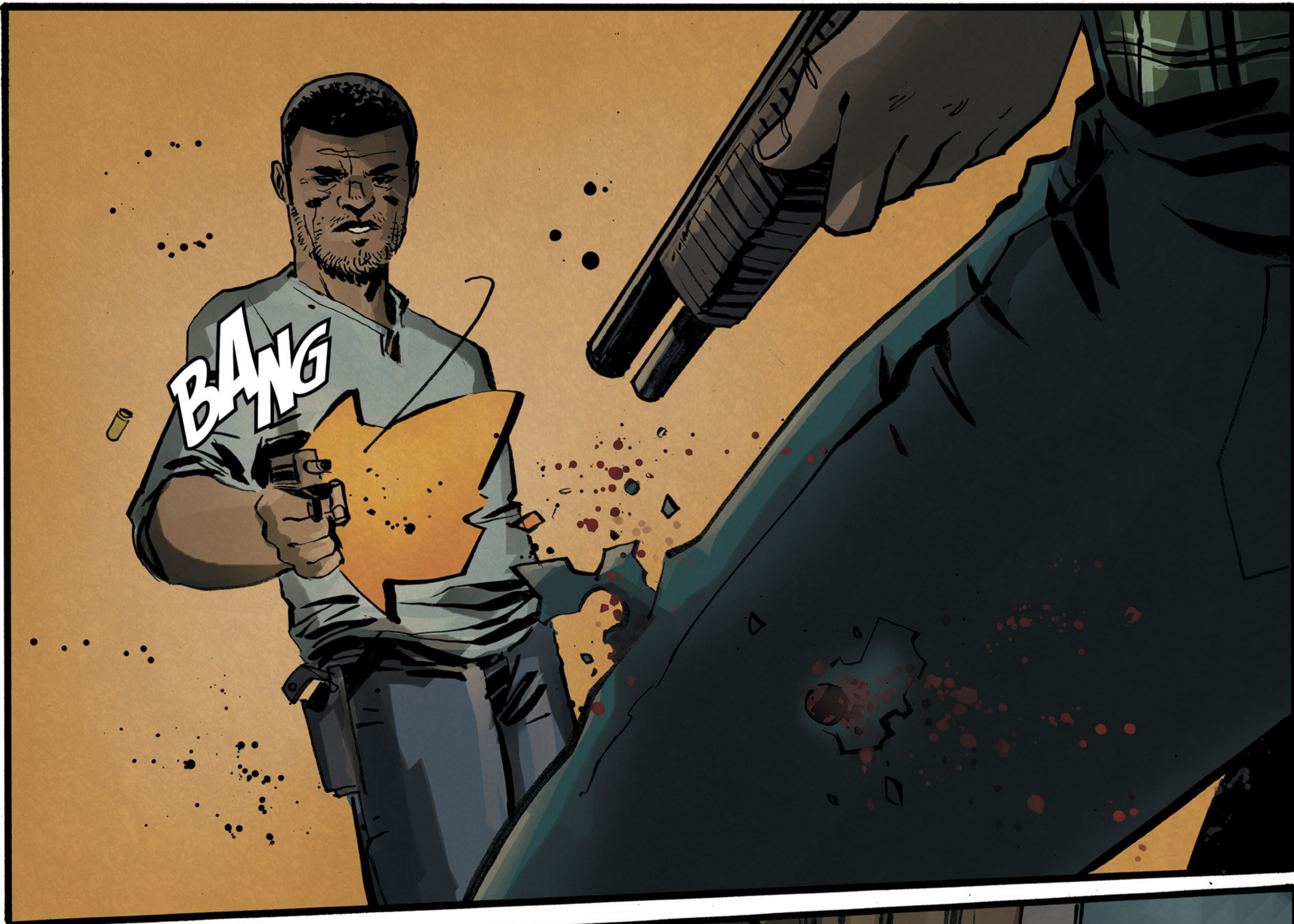
YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

LOWER  
YOUR WEAPON.  
NOW.

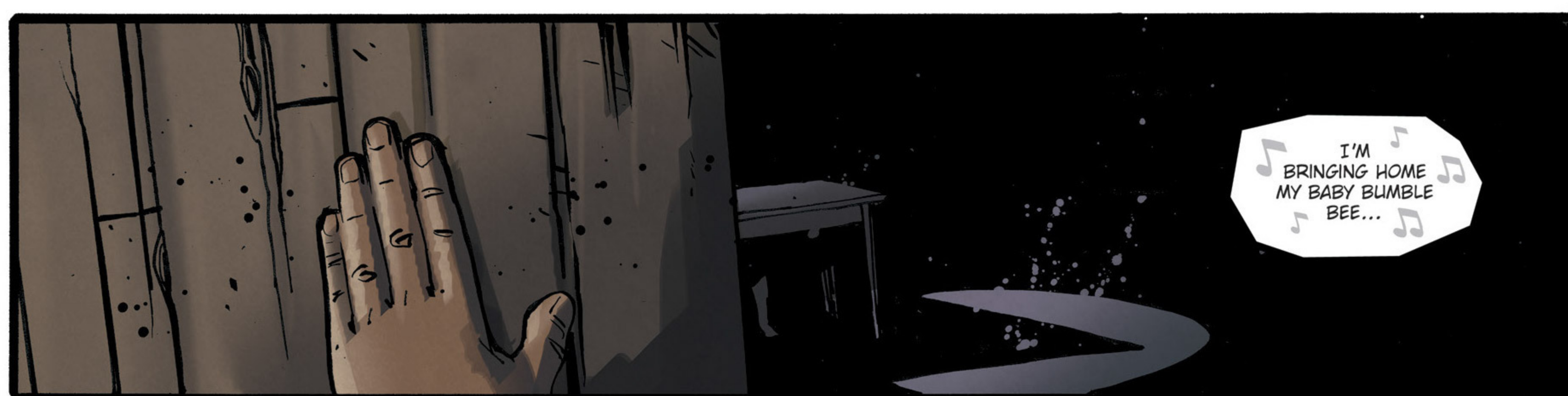
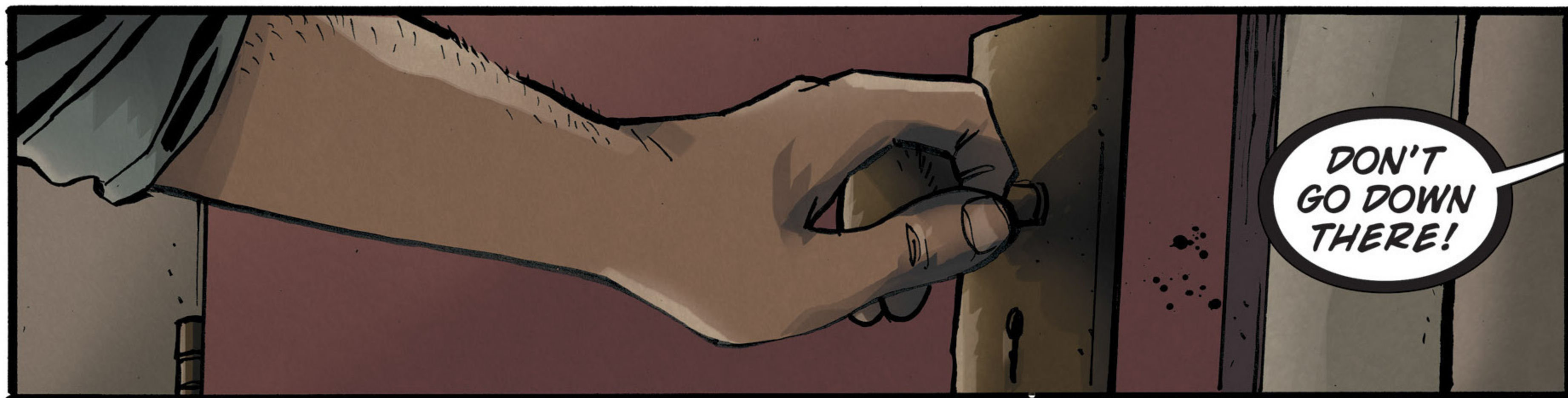




















WHAT KIND OF PREDATOR WOULD **SACRIFICE ITSELF** SO THAT IT COULD KILL ANOTHER?

JUST TO PROTECT ITS HOME...



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GOING ON ABOUT?! HOW ABOUT YOU SIT DOWN AND--

NOW WASPS AND HORNETS... THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER STORY, IN FACT...

THEY SECRETE **PHEROMONES** WHEN THEY ARE IN DANGER TO ALERT OTHERS TO COME AND HELP THEM.



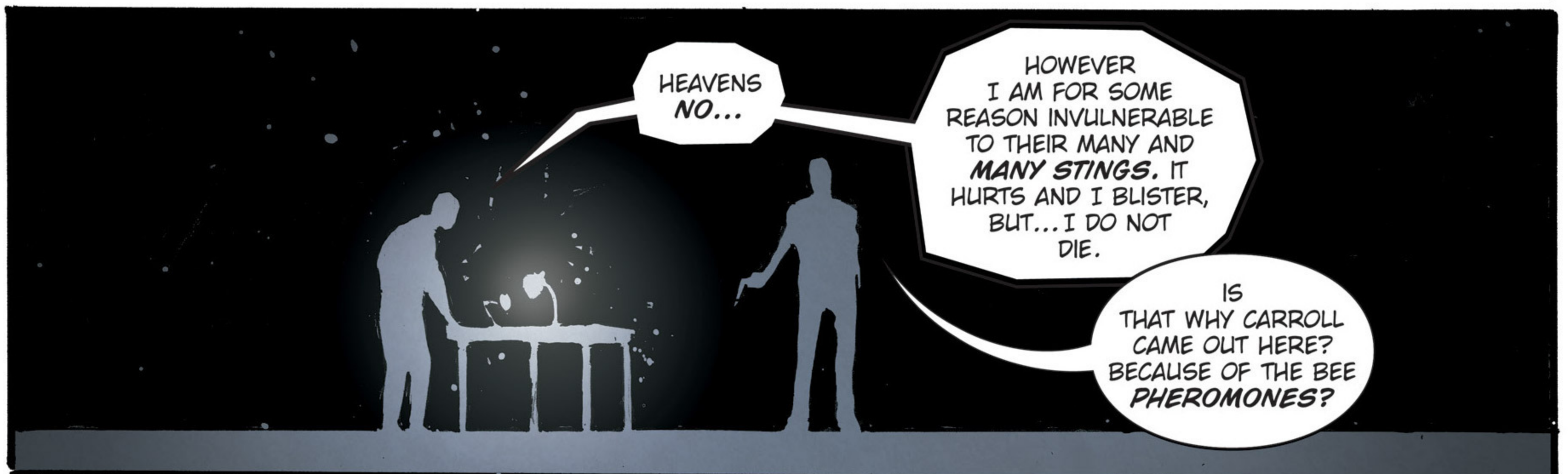
THE BEES OF BUCKAROO HAVE BEEN IN **DANGER** FOR YEARS... THEY ARE **ALL** SCARED...

THEIR PHEROMONES ARE IN THE AIR... **CAN'T YOU SMELL IT?**



YOU'RE STUDYING THE BEES...?

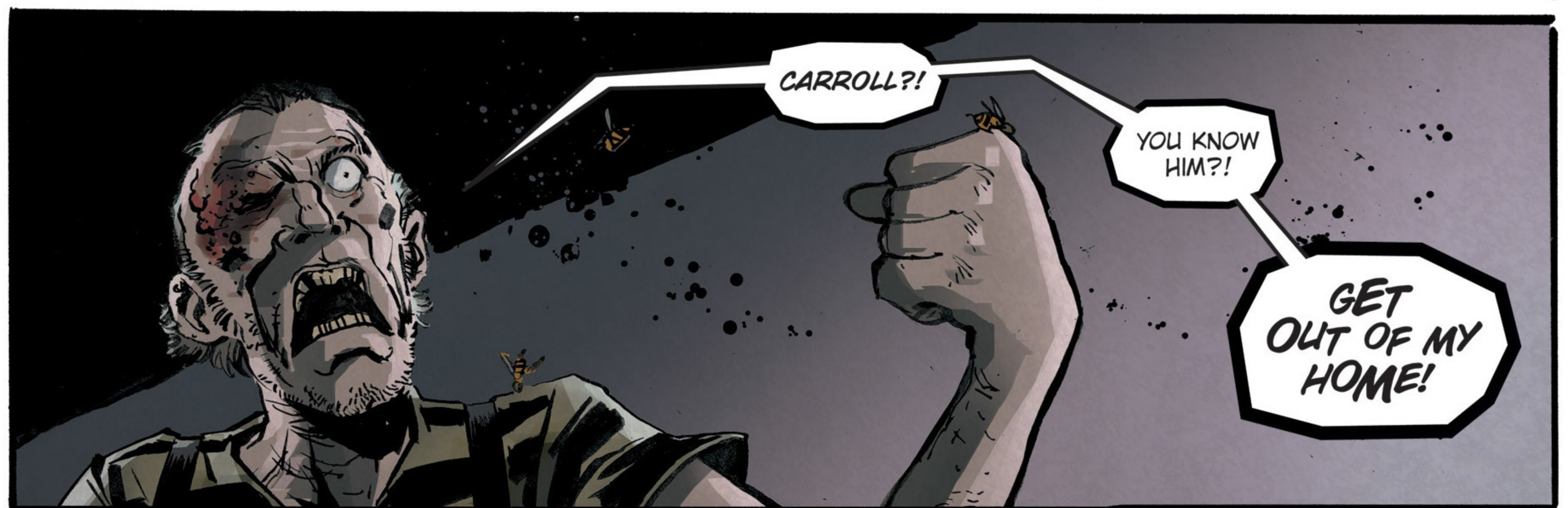
HAVE YOU BEEN... **TRAINING THEM?**



HEAVENS **NO...**

HOWEVER I AM FOR SOME REASON INVULNERABLE TO THEIR MANY AND **MANY STINGS**. IT HURTS AND I BLISTER, BUT... I DO NOT DIE.

IS THAT WHY CARROLL CAME OUT HERE? BECAUSE OF THE BEE **PHEROMONES?**



**CARROLL?!**

YOU KNOW HIM?!

**GET OUT OF MY HOME!**



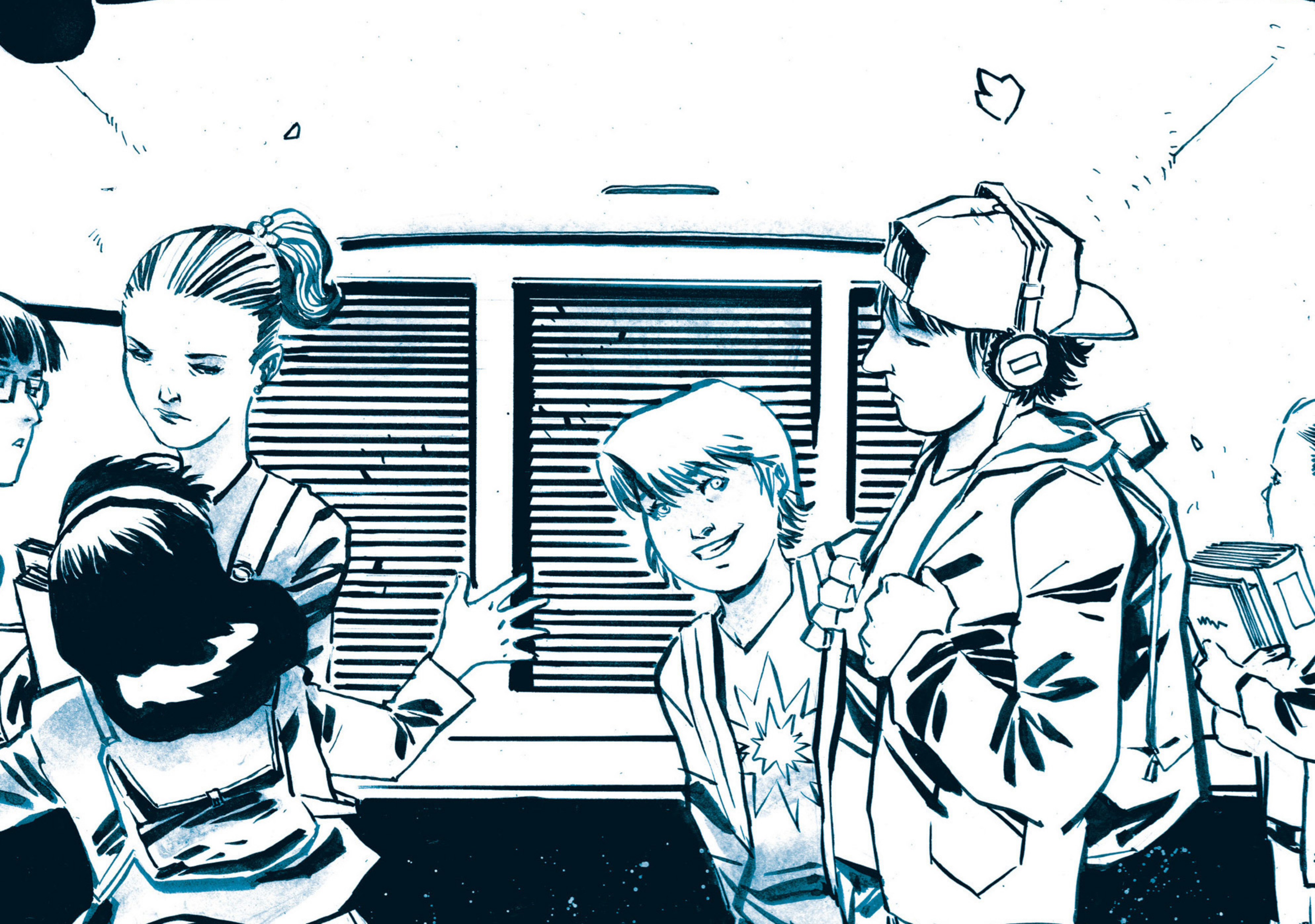
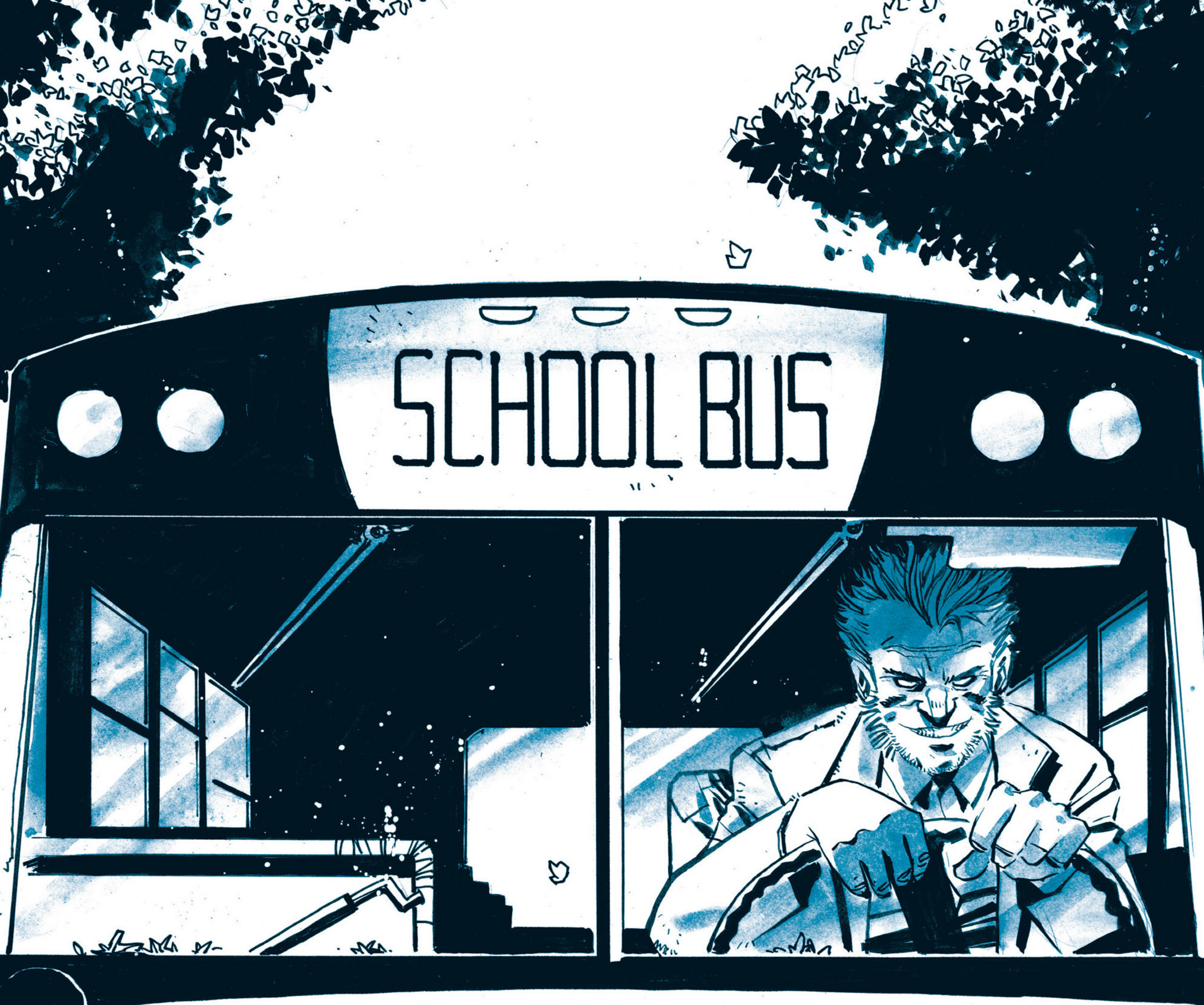




# ISSUE NINE









FROM THE JOURNAL  
OF ELIOT CARROLL:

1978. MISTER FATAL. BELIEVED TO  
HAVE MURDERED FORTY PEOPLE.  
ONE OF THE MOST BRUTAL AND  
HORRIFIC OF THE BUCKAROO  
BUTCHERS. NEVER CAUGHT. MANY  
AT THE BUREAU THINK OF HIM  
MORE AS BOOGIE MAN NOW.

HEY  
MISTER CROWE!  
THANKS FOR THE  
RIDE!

GOOD  
MORNING,  
BILLY!

1989. THE BLONDE. MURDERED  
TWENTY-TWO MEN WHO CATCALLED  
HER ON THE STREET. HAS  
BECOME A BIT OF A MODERN ICON.

HI,  
MISTER  
CROWE!

HEY,  
LAUREN.

1996. THE NAILBITER.  
THE WORST OF THE  
BUCKAROO BUTCHERS.

UMM...THANKS  
FOR...THE  
RIDE...MISTER...  
CROWE.

WARREN.

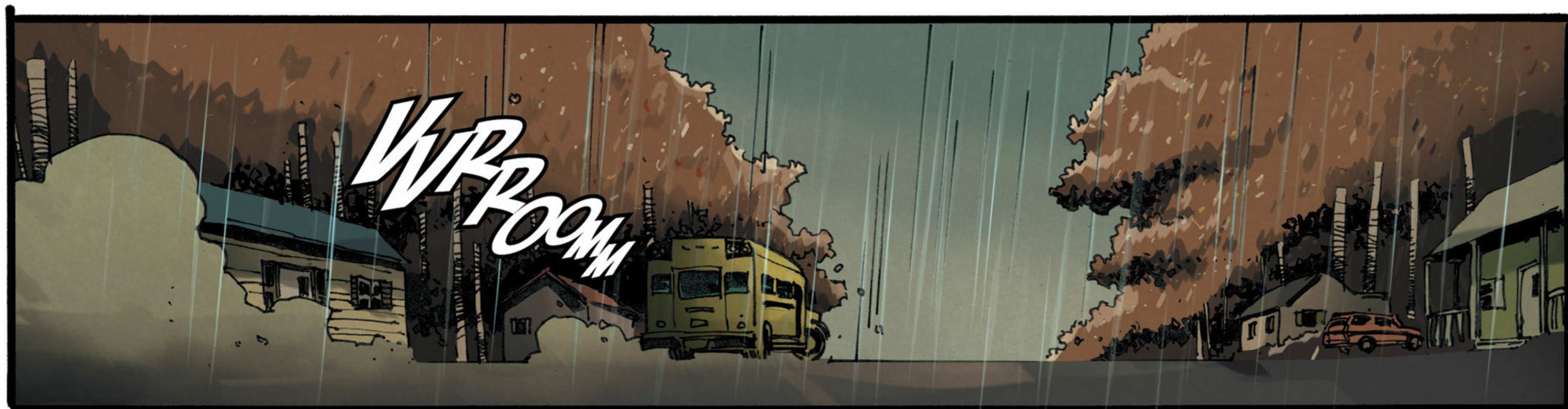




TODAY.

WHAT'S UP, MISTER CROWE?!

HM.



VROOM



TIM!  
DID YOU GET IT?

YEAH,  
YEAH...MY DAD  
HAD IT *HIDDEN* IN  
A DRAWER OF HIS  
DESK. BUT I FOUND  
THE KEY!

RAD.



CHECK  
IT OUT.

SO  
FAR MY FAVORITE  
IS...THE *LUCHA*  
ELIMINADOR.





"THE LUCHA  
ELIMINADOR WOULD  
TRAVEL FROM CITY TO  
CITY WITH HIS WRESTLING  
LEAGUE AND USE HIS  
WRESTLING MOVES  
TO KILL PEOPLE!"



SO  
COOL...

POWER  
BOMB!

HAHA  
CUT IT  
OUT!



HM.



HEY...  
WE'RE GOING  
PAST THE  
SCHOOL...



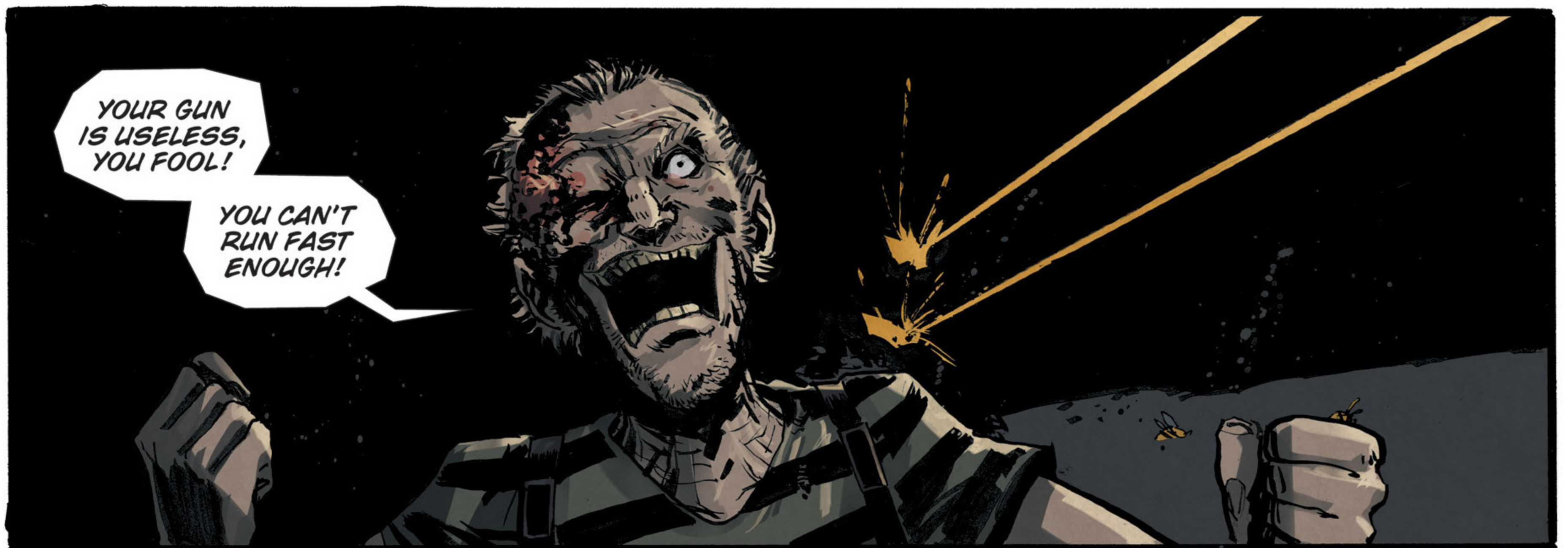
YEAH...

MISTER  
CROWE...  
WHERE ARE  
WE GOING?



MISTER  
CROWE?









WHAT  
THE HELL,  
MAN?!

HE'S CRAZY!  
I WAS TRYING  
TO PROTECT THE  
TOWN! DAMMIT!

HE'S  
ONE OF  
THE--



OUCH!



C'MON!



AH!



BBBBZZZ

AH!  
AH! AH! IT  
HURTS!

FUCK...  
HOLD ON I'M  
COMING...





...HELP...  
ME...  
PLEASE...

BBBZZZ

BBBZZZZZZ



I'M...  
SORRY...



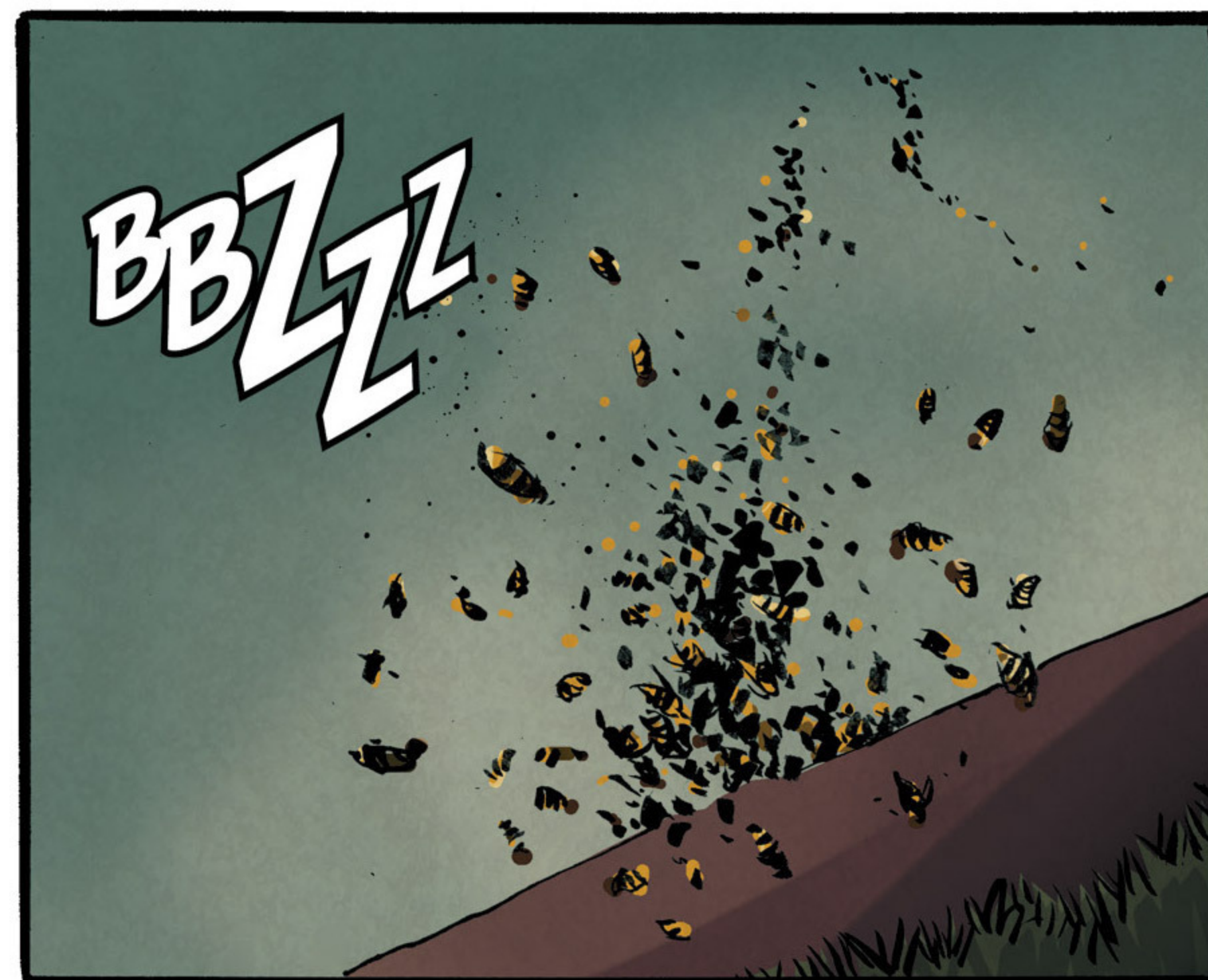
BZ  
BZ

BBZZZ

BBBZZZZZZ

BBBZZZZ







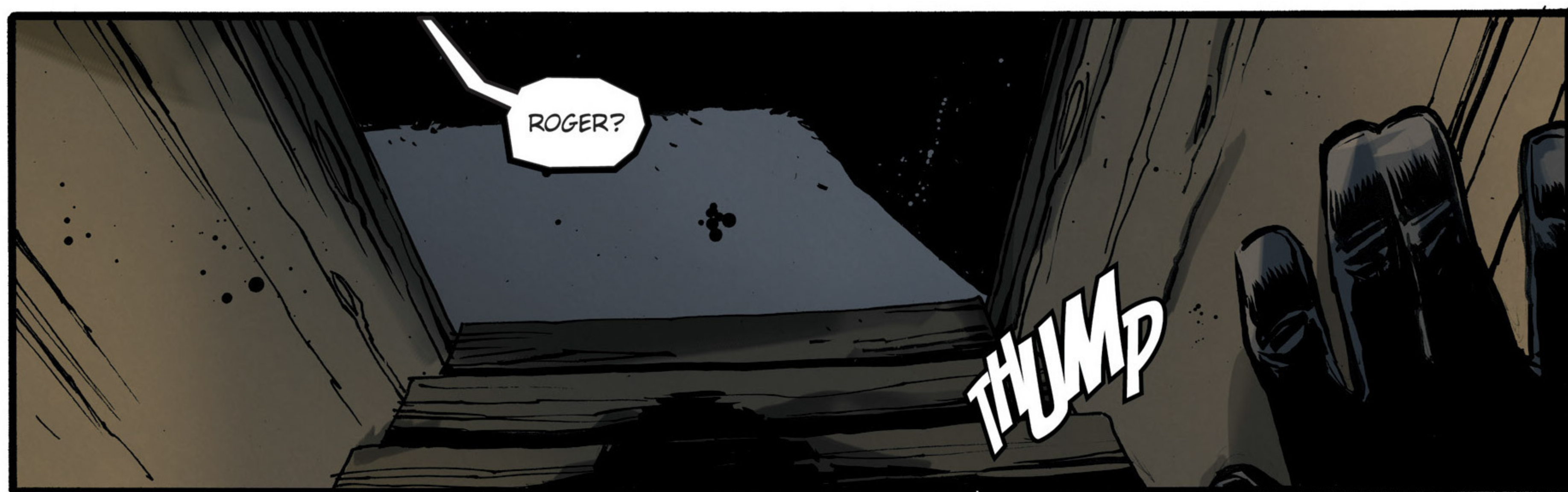






HAHA...  
THAT'LL TEACH  
THOSE DAMN COPS  
TO STOP DIGGING  
INTO THIS TOWN.

ROGER...  
YOU UP THERE?  
COME HELP YOUR  
GRANDPA.



ROGER?

THUMP



YOU!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING IN  
MY HOUSE?!

YOU CAN  
JUST TELL YOUR  
MASTER TO GO  
FUCK OFF! I AIN'T  
PLAYING YOUR  
DAMN--



WAIT  
WAIT WAIT...  
YOU CAN'T  
DO THIS...



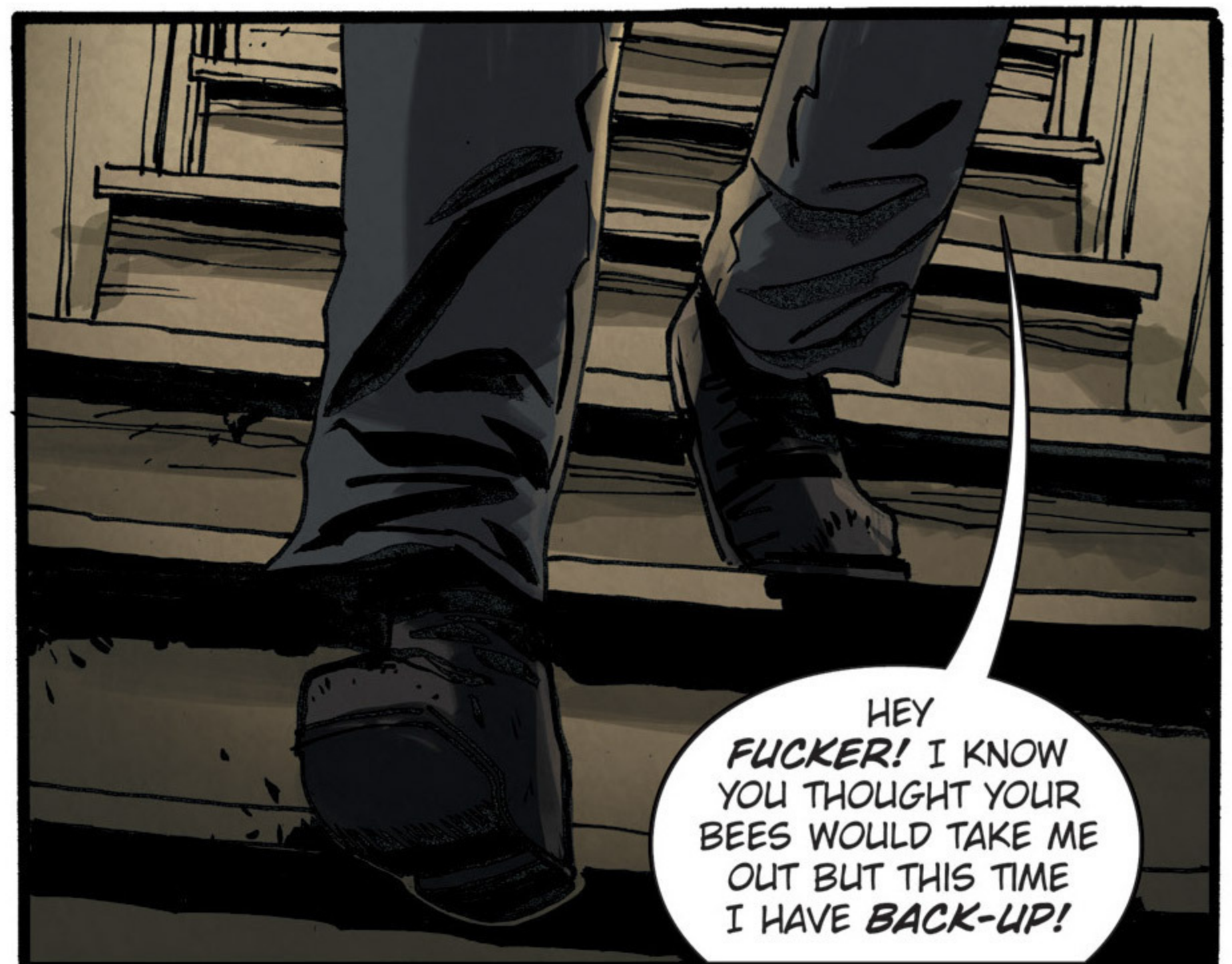
I WAS  
JUST A *BABY*!  
I DIDN'T KNOW  
ANY BETTER!

NO...  
NO...





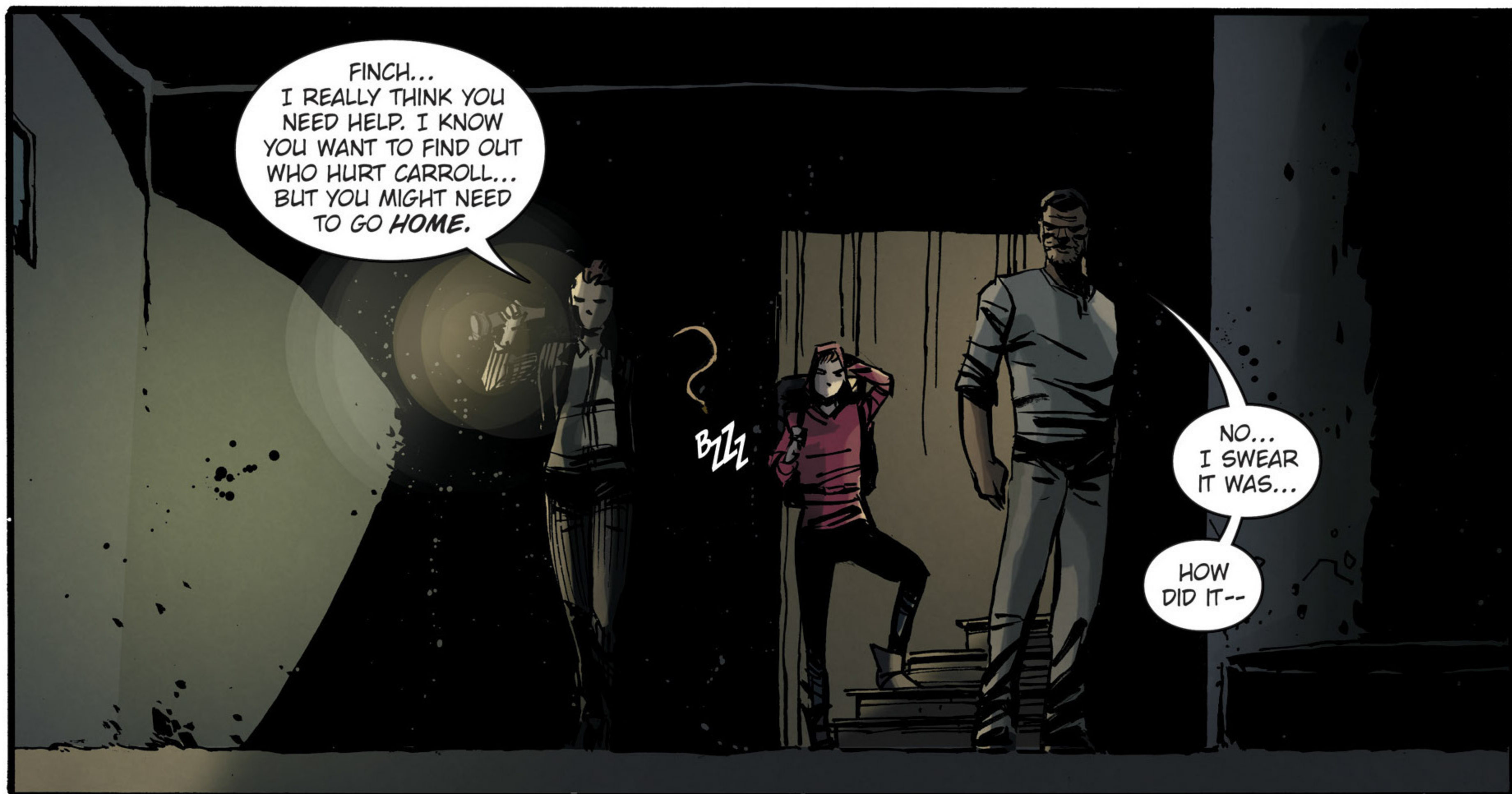








HM.



FINCH...  
I REALLY THINK YOU  
NEED HELP. I KNOW  
YOU WANT TO FIND OUT  
WHO HURT CARROLL...  
BUT YOU MIGHT NEED  
TO GO HOME.

BZZ

NO...  
I SWEAR  
IT WAS...

HOW  
DID IT--



SMACK

SIGH









WERE YOU  
EXPECTING  
SOMEONE  
ELSE?

AN  
EX-BOYFRIEND  
PERHAPS.

ONE  
WHO LIKES  
TO **CHEW**  
NAILS?



WHAT  
ARE YOU

DOING  
IN MY

**HOUSE?!**



THE DOOR  
WAS **ALREADY**  
**OPEN** WHEN I  
GOT HERE, SO  
I LET MYSELF  
IN.

THAT A  
PROBLEM?

UH...  
YEAH?

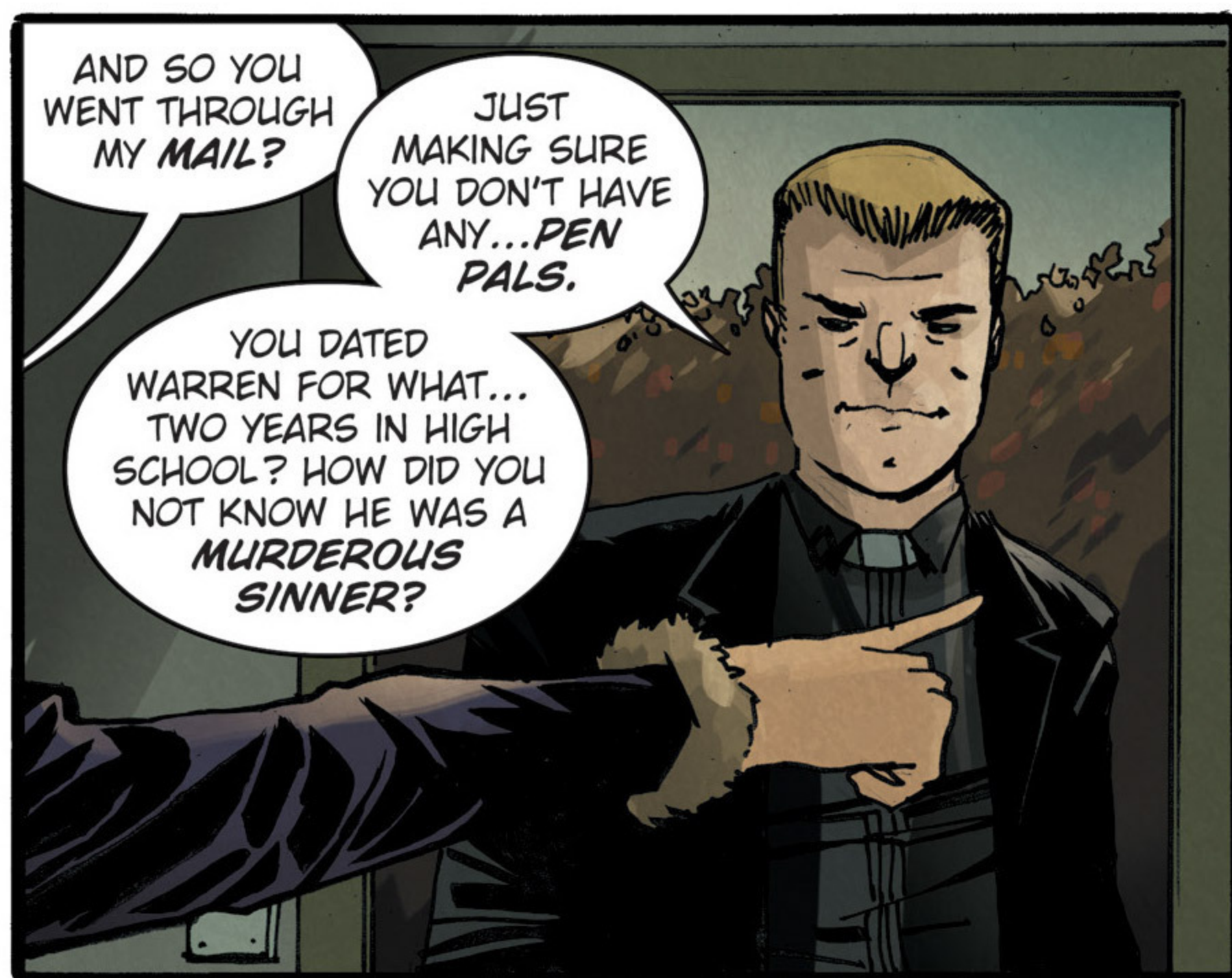
I SHOULD  
ARREST YOU  
ON THE SPOT,  
FAIRGOLD.



AND I  
WOULD JUST SAY I  
WAS A **CONCERNED**  
**CITIZEN** WHO THOUGHT  
YOU MIGHT NEED  
HELP.

WE LIVE IN  
**DANGEROUS**  
TIMES.

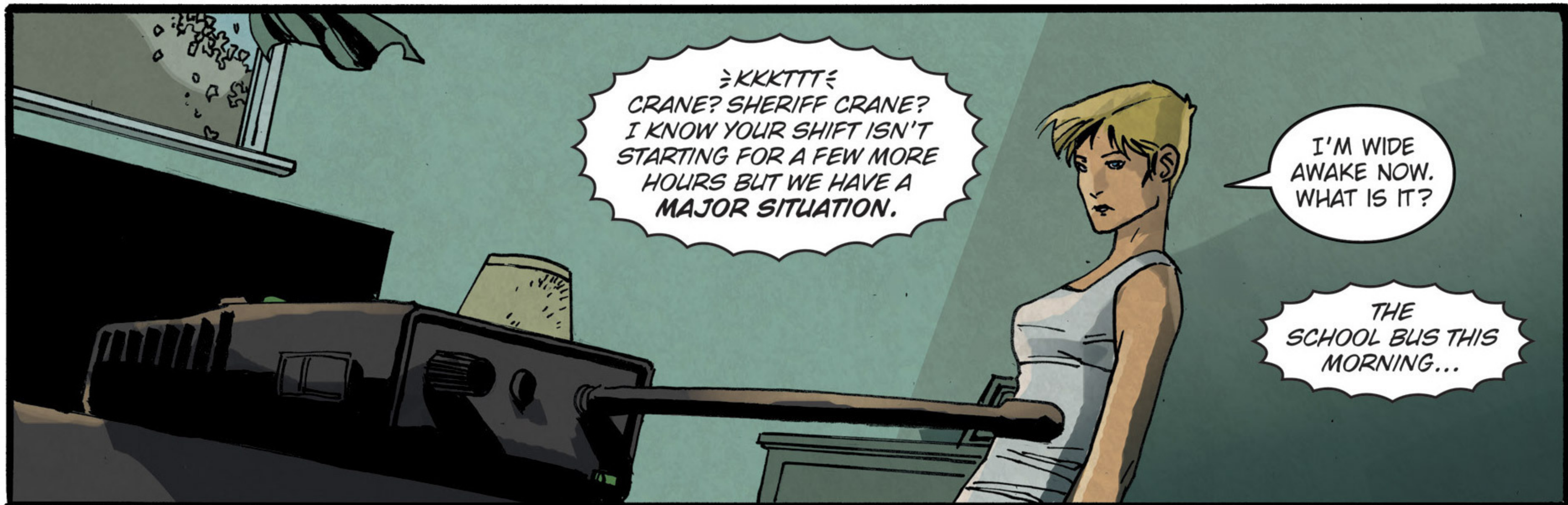
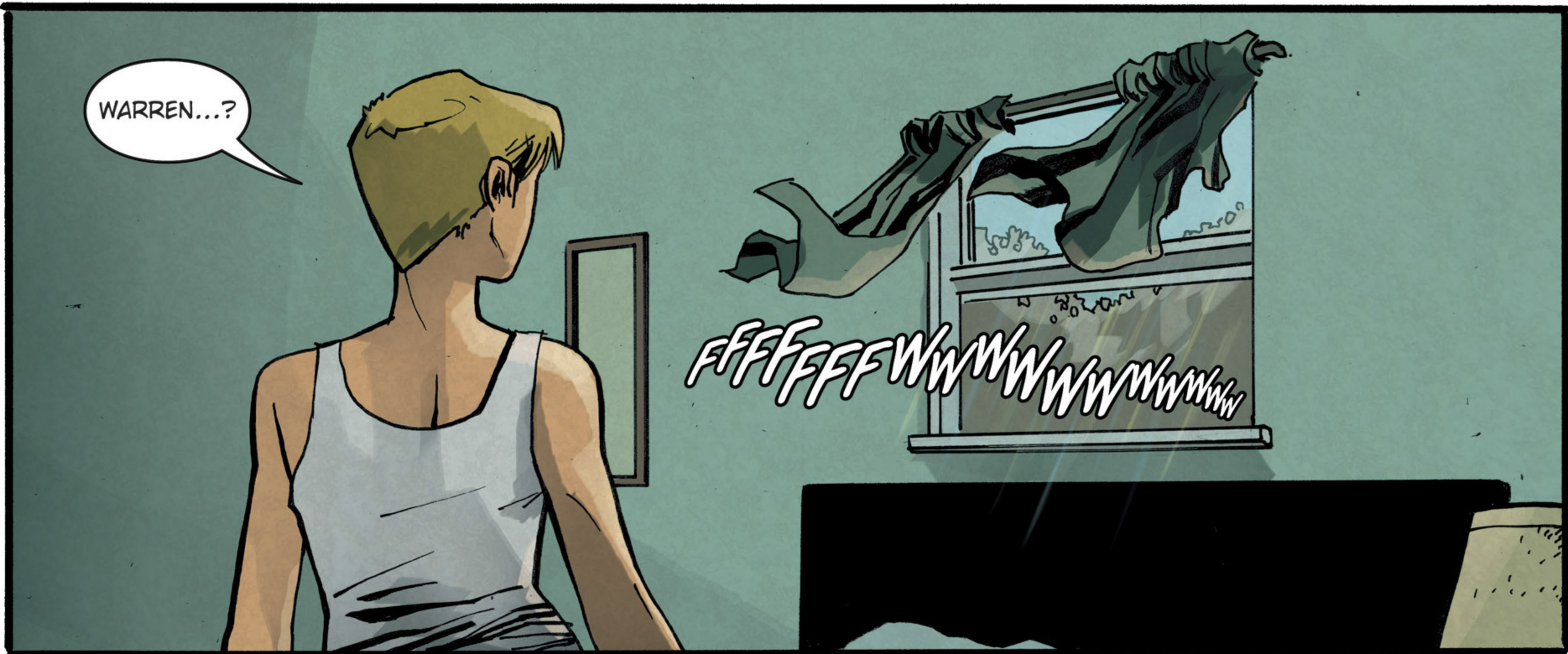
















"...NEVER  
SHOWED UP..."

AAAAAAHHHH  
=SNIFF= HUH HUH  
AAHH...

I WANT  
TO GO  
HOME!



I'M SORRY, MY  
CHILDREN...

BUT  
I CAN'T ALLOW  
YOU TO GO BACK  
TO THE ARMS OF  
YOUR PARENTS...  
I CAN'T.



BUT...  
BUT...  
WHY?



IN MY TIME AS  
A BUS DRIVER...  
I HAVE DRIVEN  
AT LEAST **EIGHT**  
OF THE BUCKAROO  
BUTCHERS TO  
SCHOOL.

YOUNG MINDS  
WITH SO MUCH  
PROMISE THAT WERE  
**CORRUPTED** BY  
THIS TOWN...



WHO WENT  
ON TO TAKE THE  
LIVES OF THE  
INNOCENT.

INNOCENTS  
LIKE **YOU ARE**  
**NOW**. AND I CAN'T  
LET THAT HAPPEN  
AGAIN.

WHETHER  
IT'S THIS TOWN  
OR YOUR PARENTS...  
**THE DEVIL** HAS A  
GRIP ON BUCKAROO'S  
SOUL... THE CYCLE  
MUST **STOP**...





WITH THIS  
CLEANSING  
WATER.

AND  
IT WILL END  
**HERE.**

MAYBE  
WE CAN SAVE  
YOUR **SOULS**  
AS WELL.



THIS IS  
THE **ONLY**  
WAY.

THE ONLY  
WAY I CAN MAKE  
SURE **NONE** OF YOU  
GROW UP TO BE  
SERIAL KILLERS.



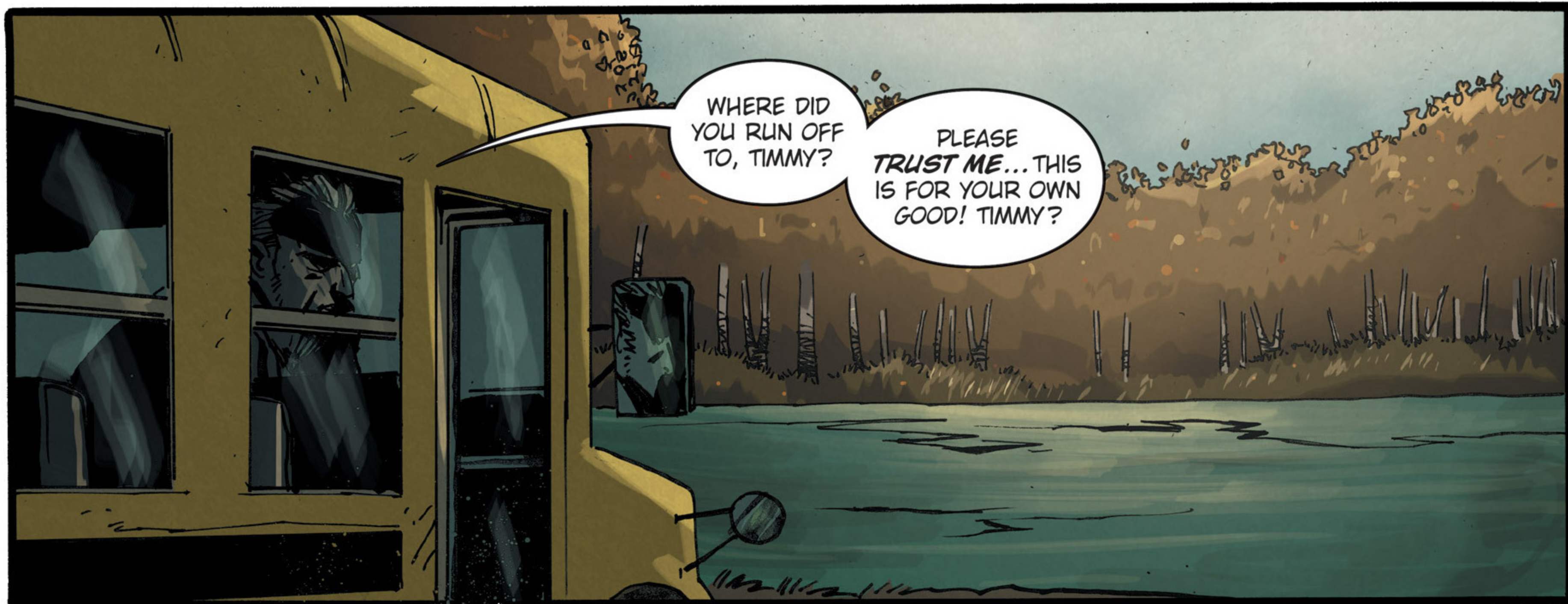
# ISSUE TEN







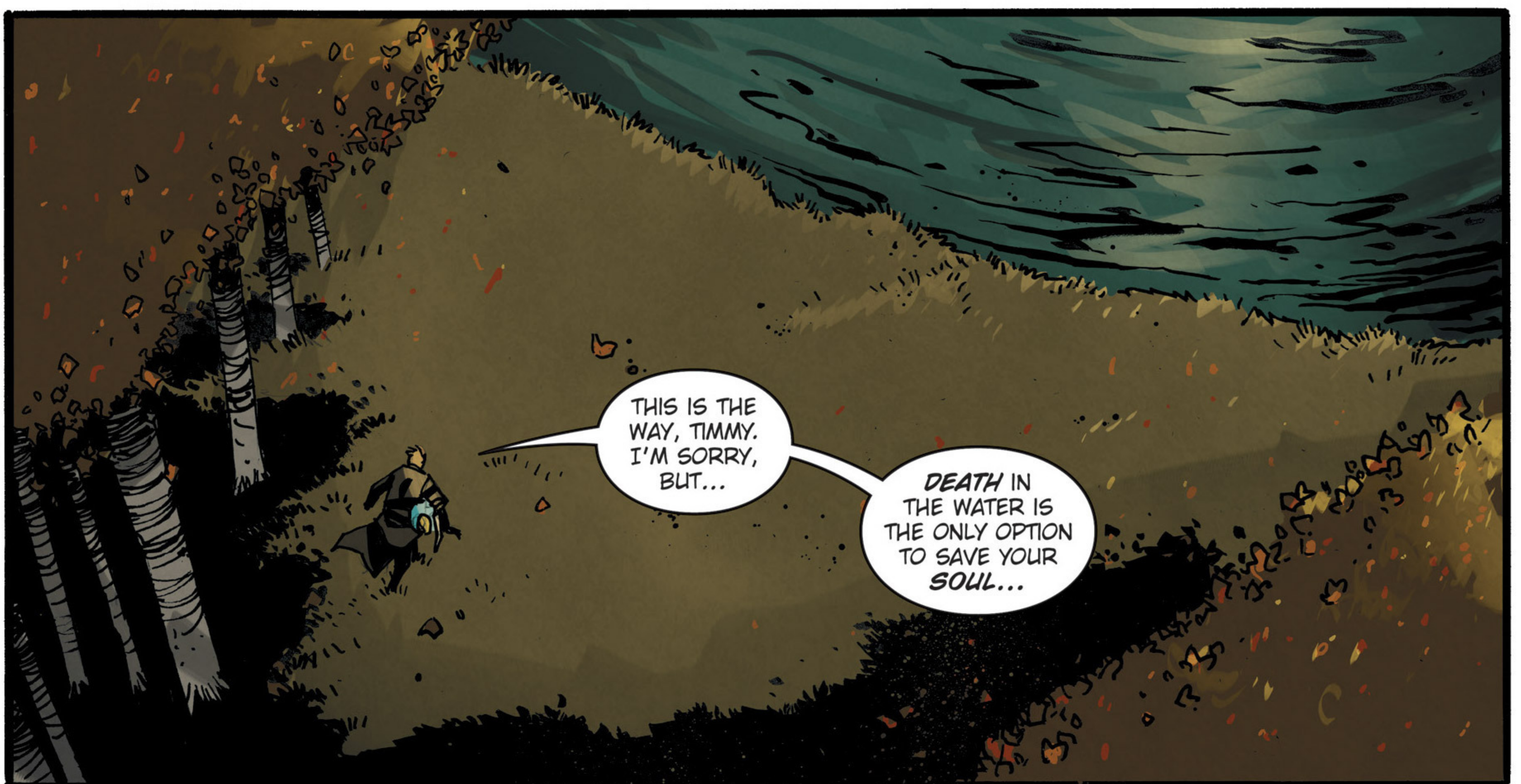




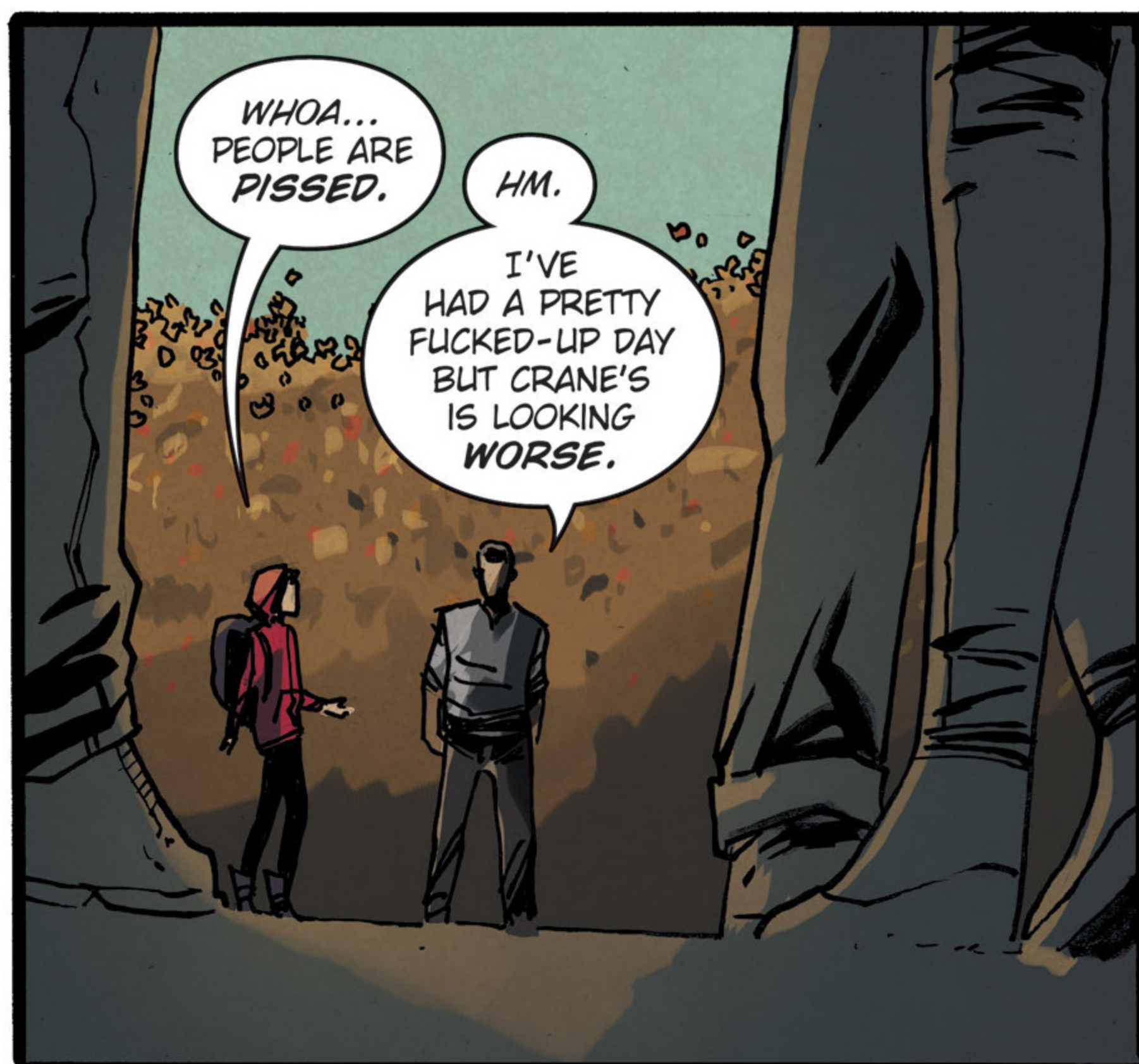
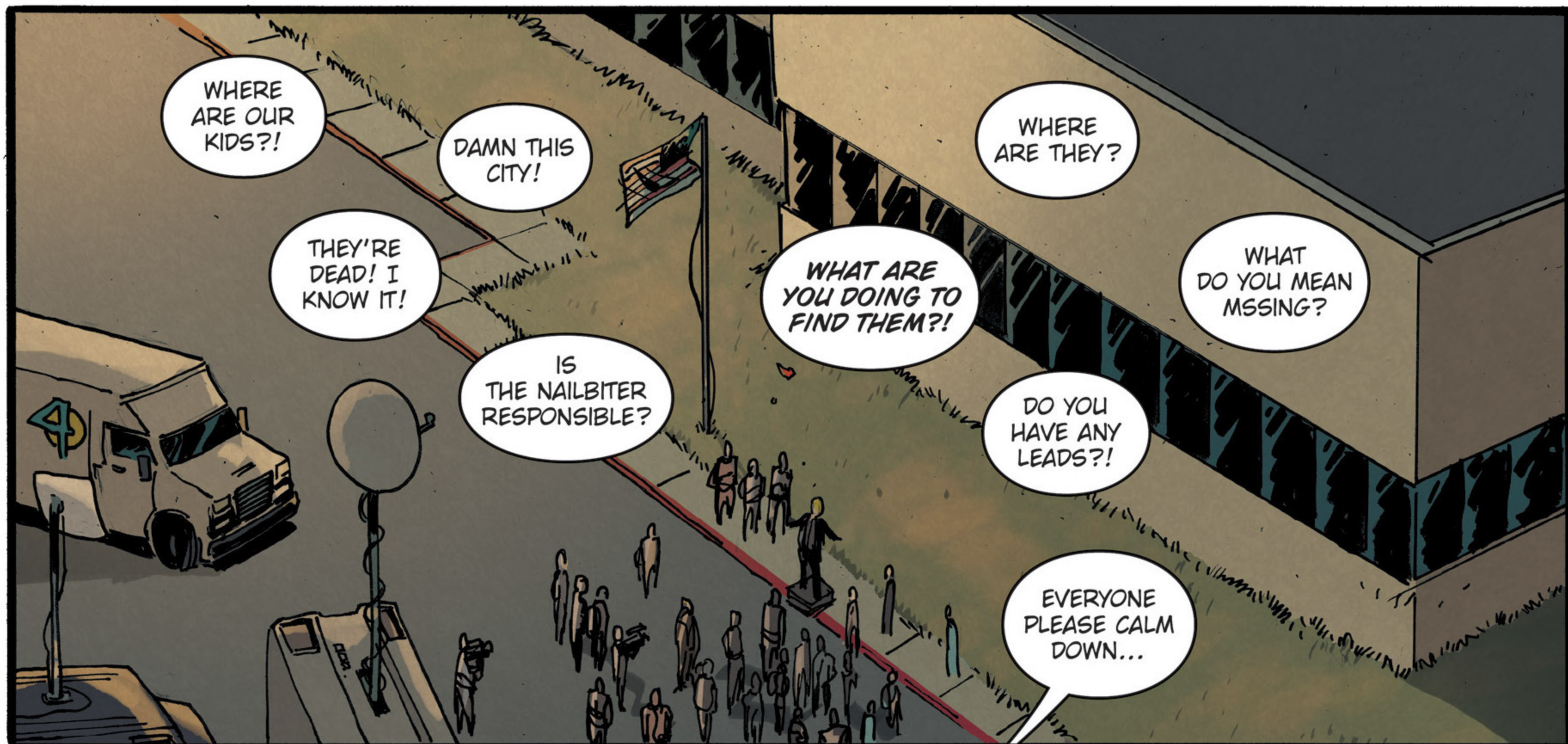








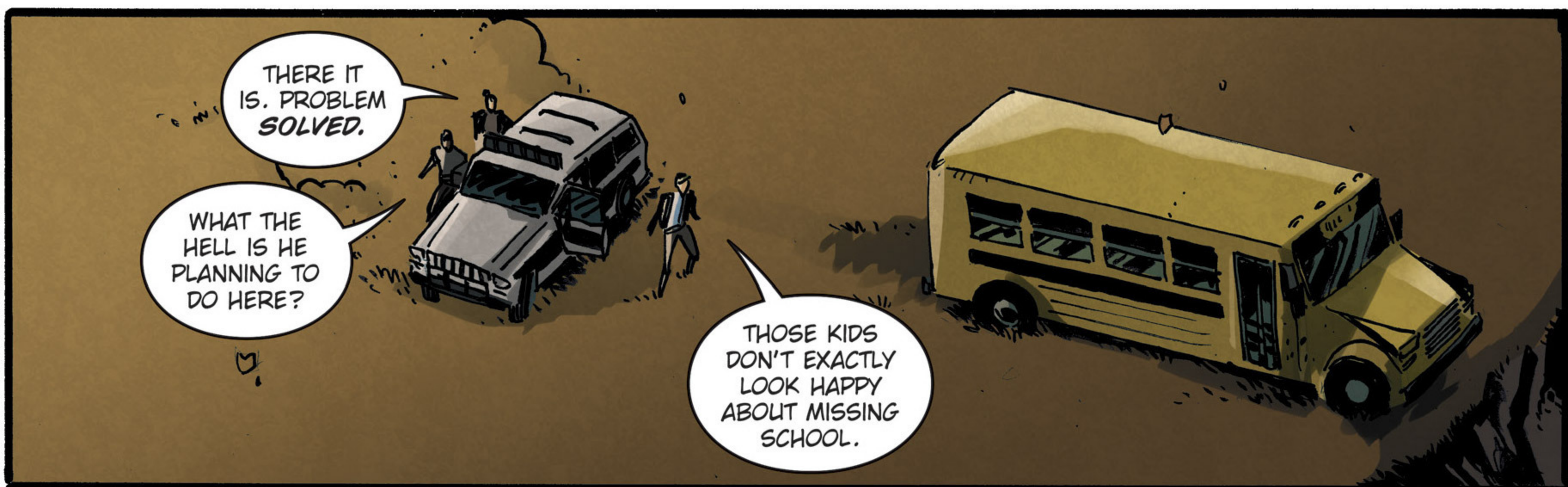
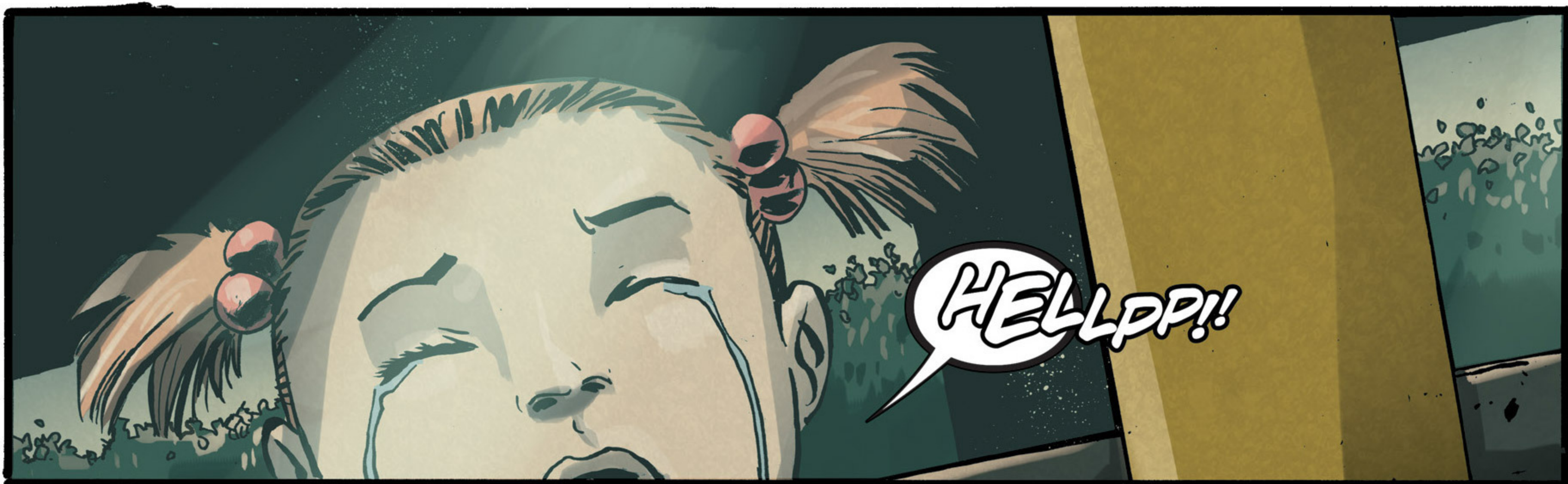




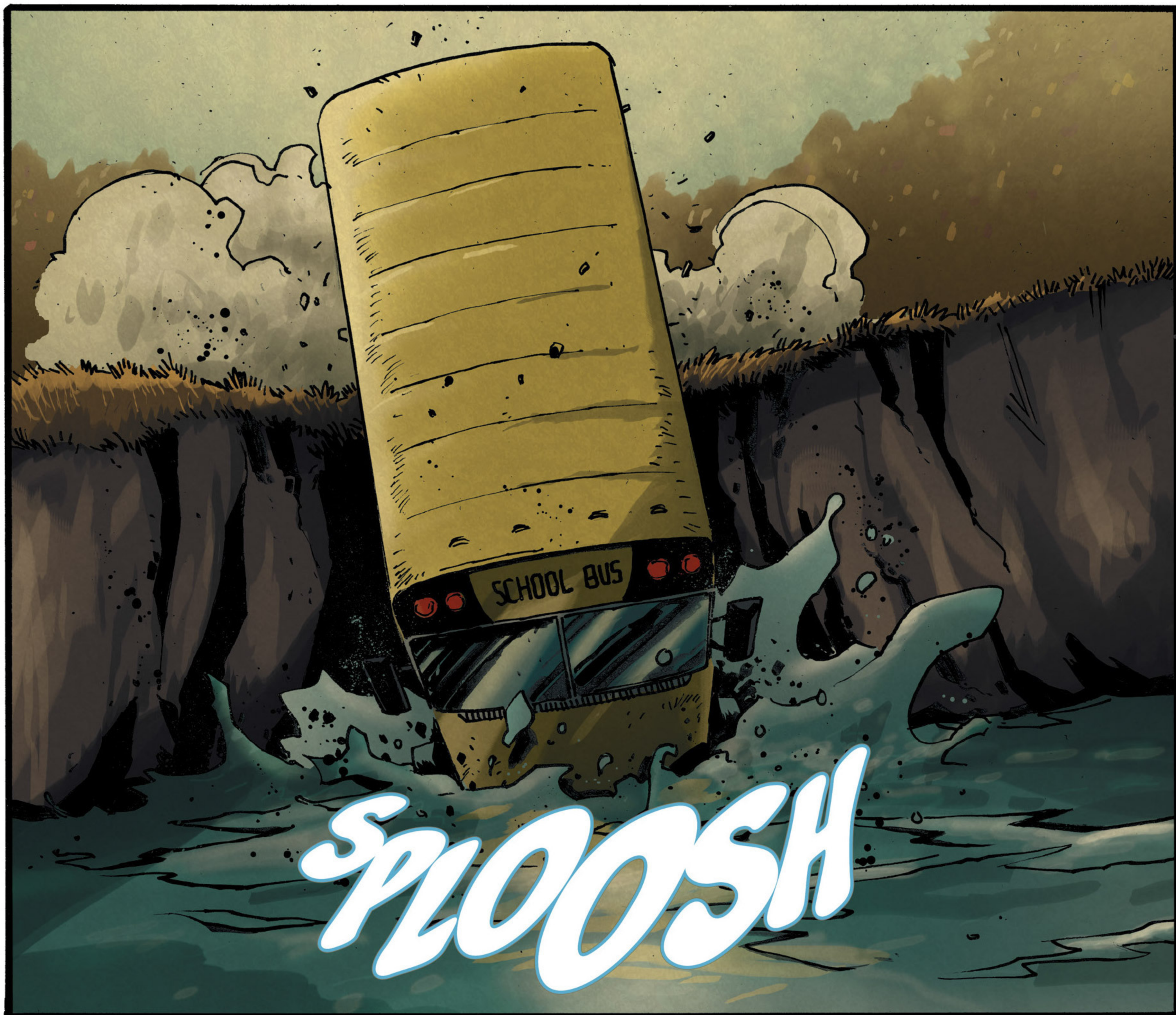




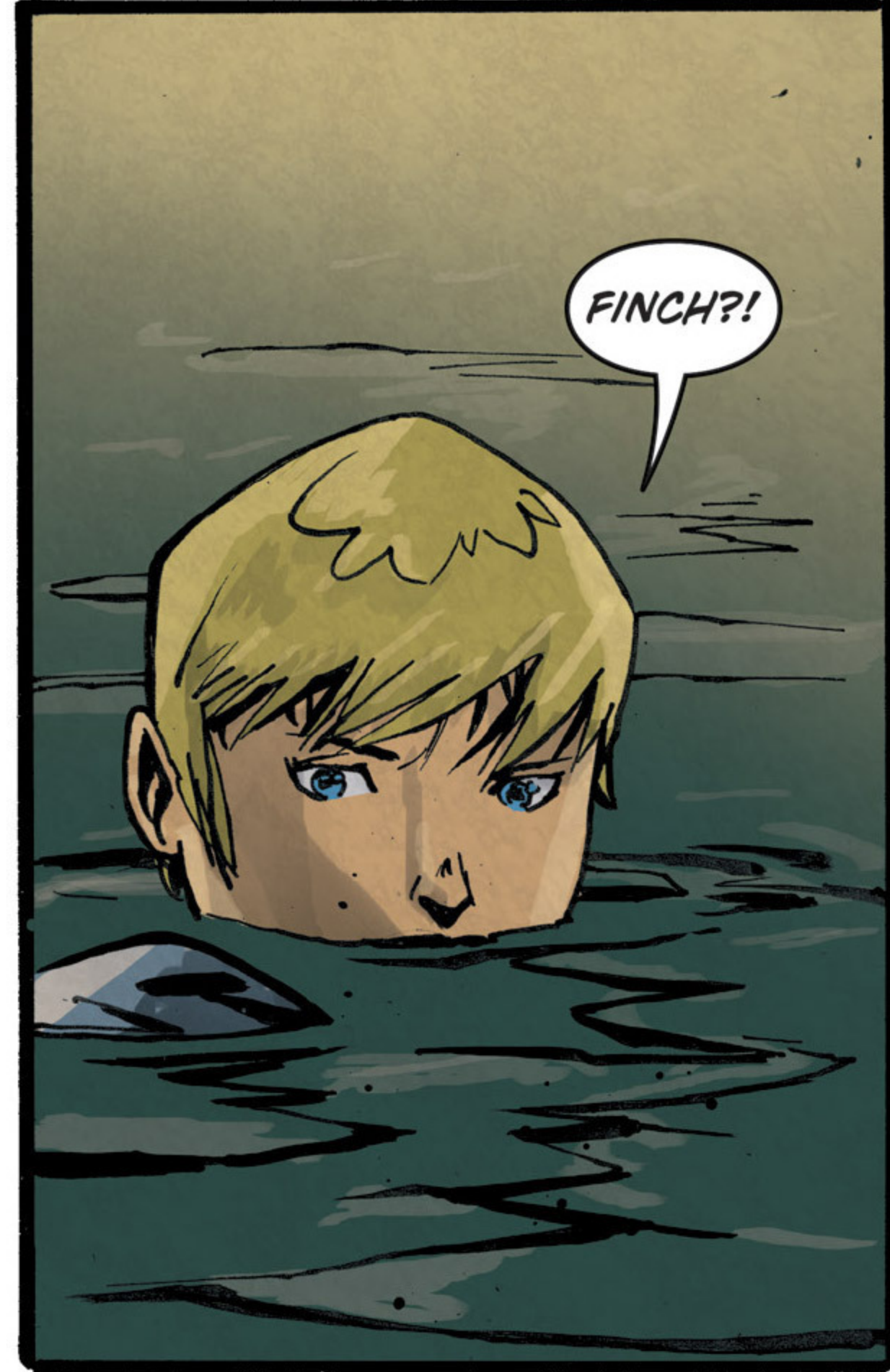
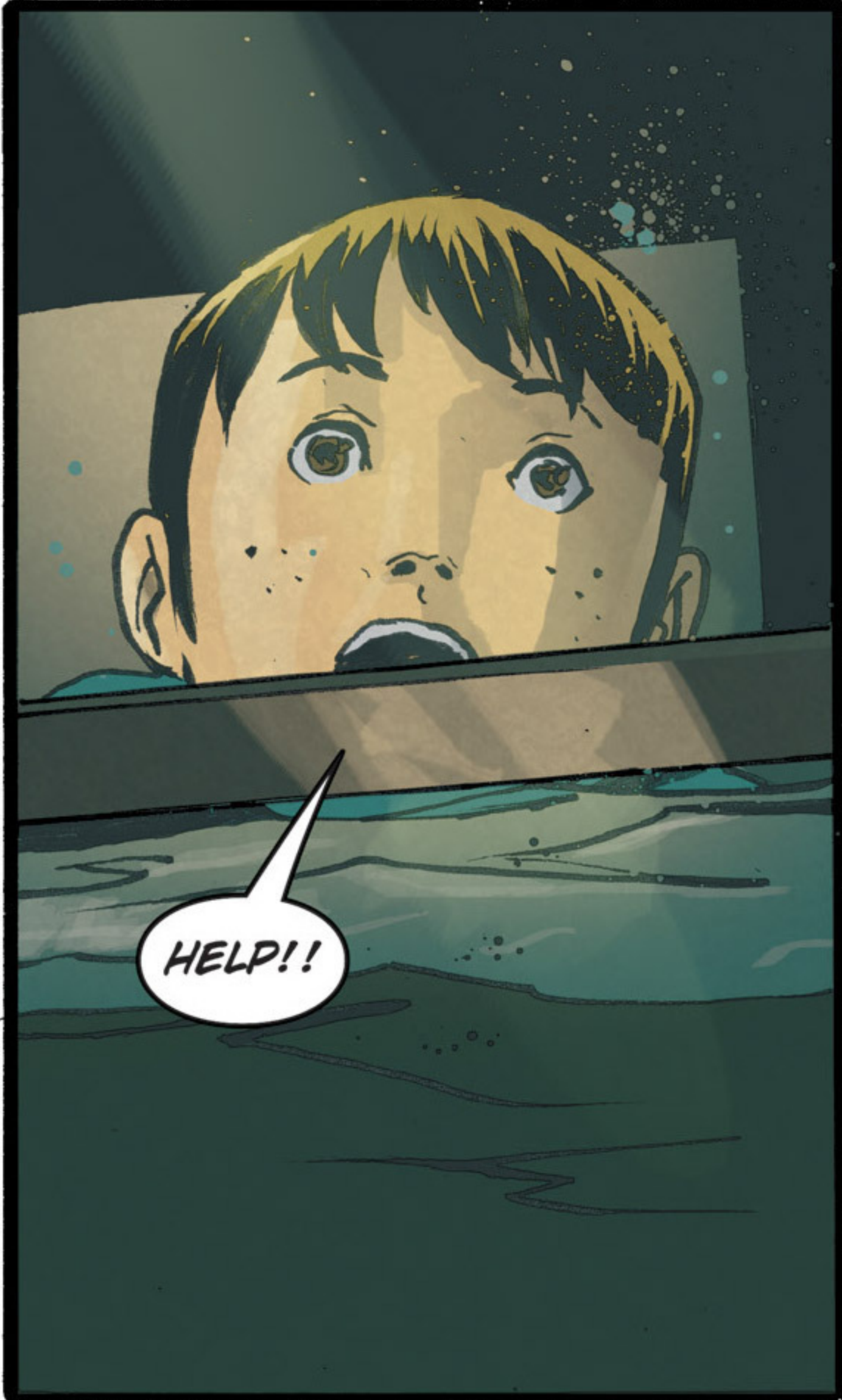




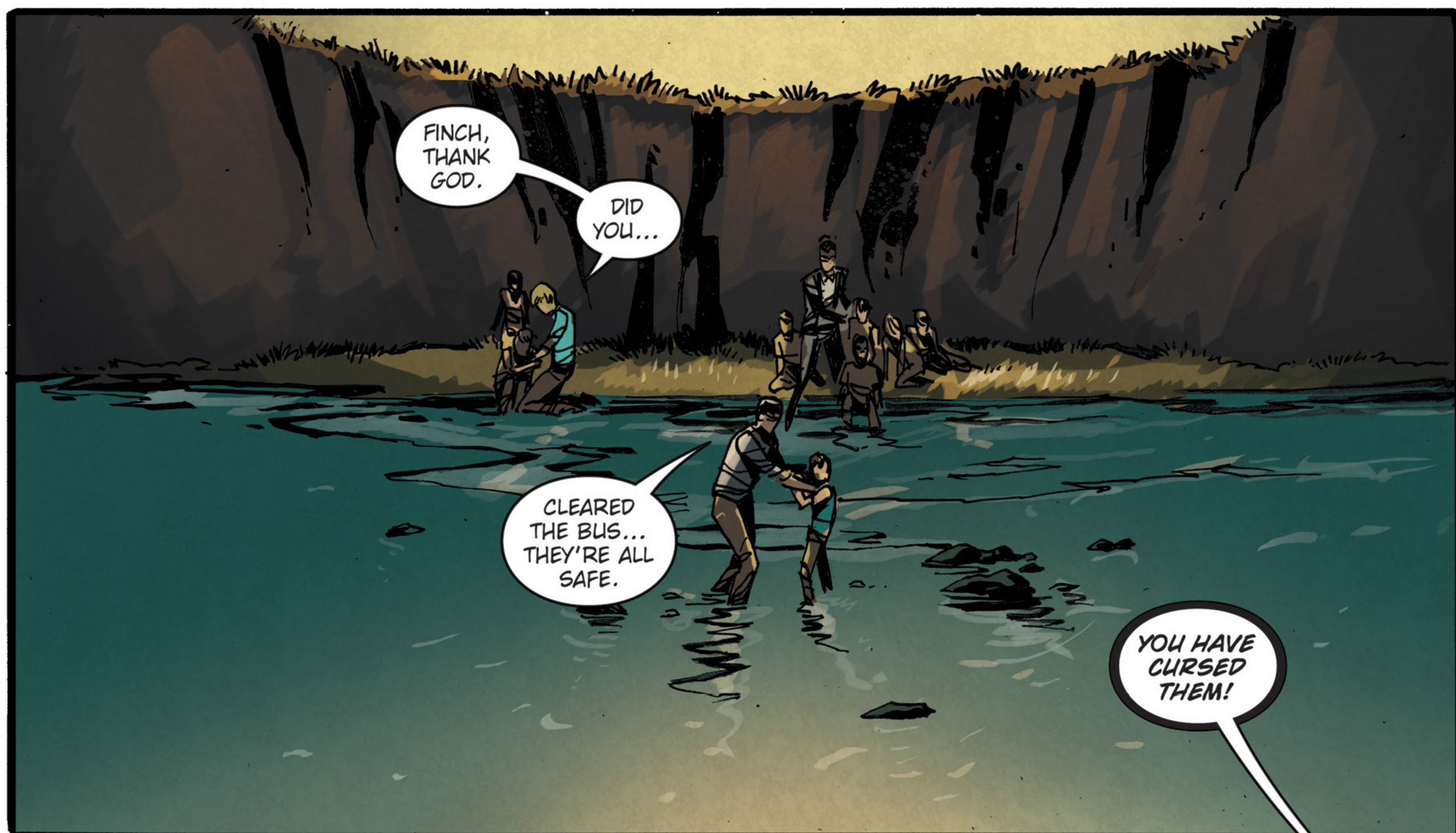




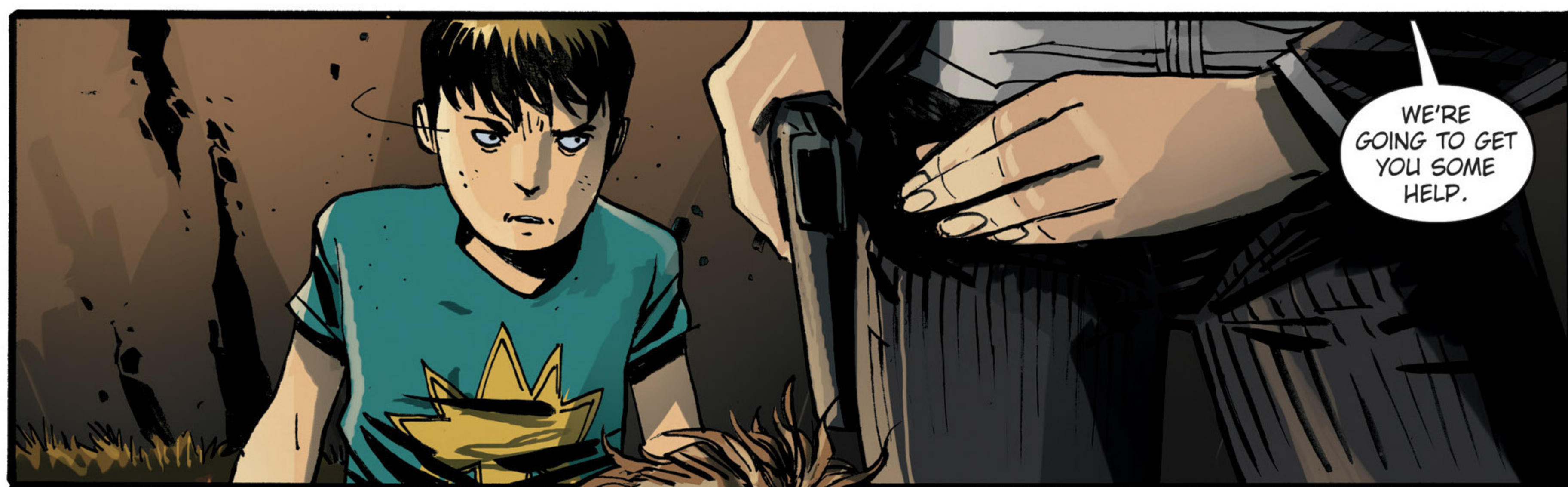
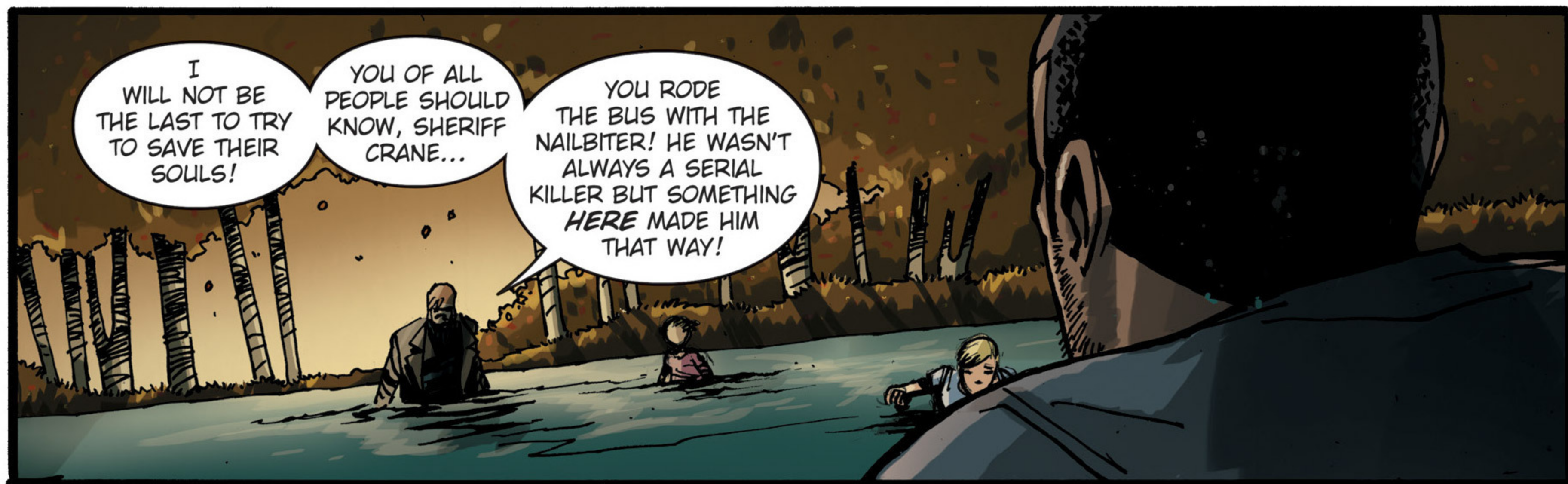








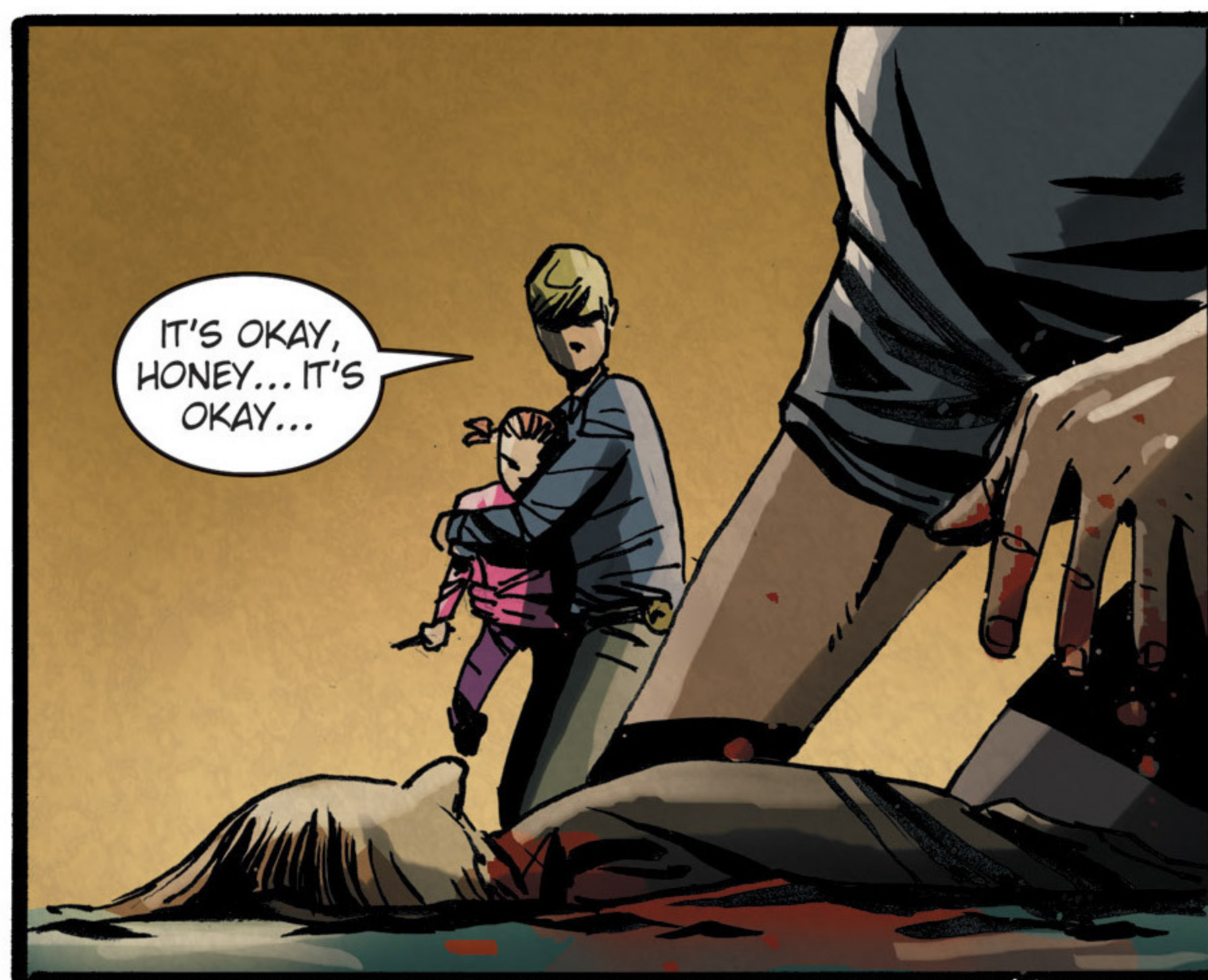
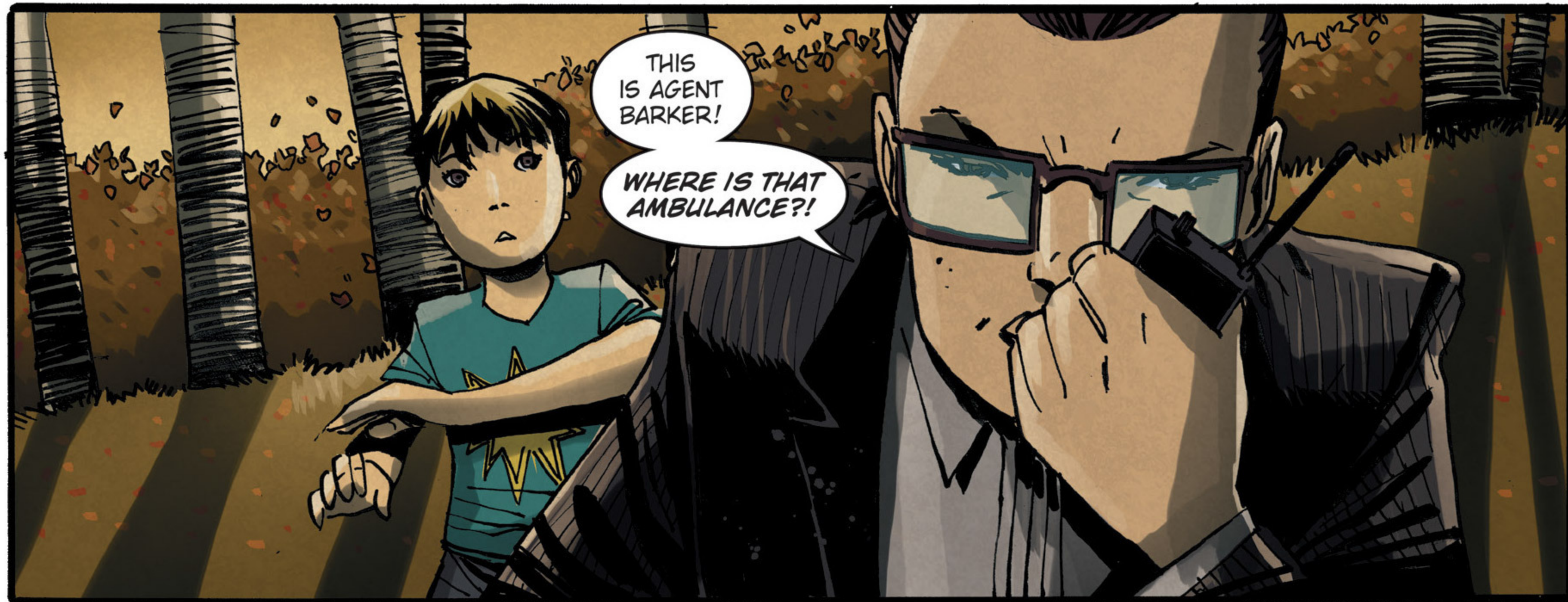
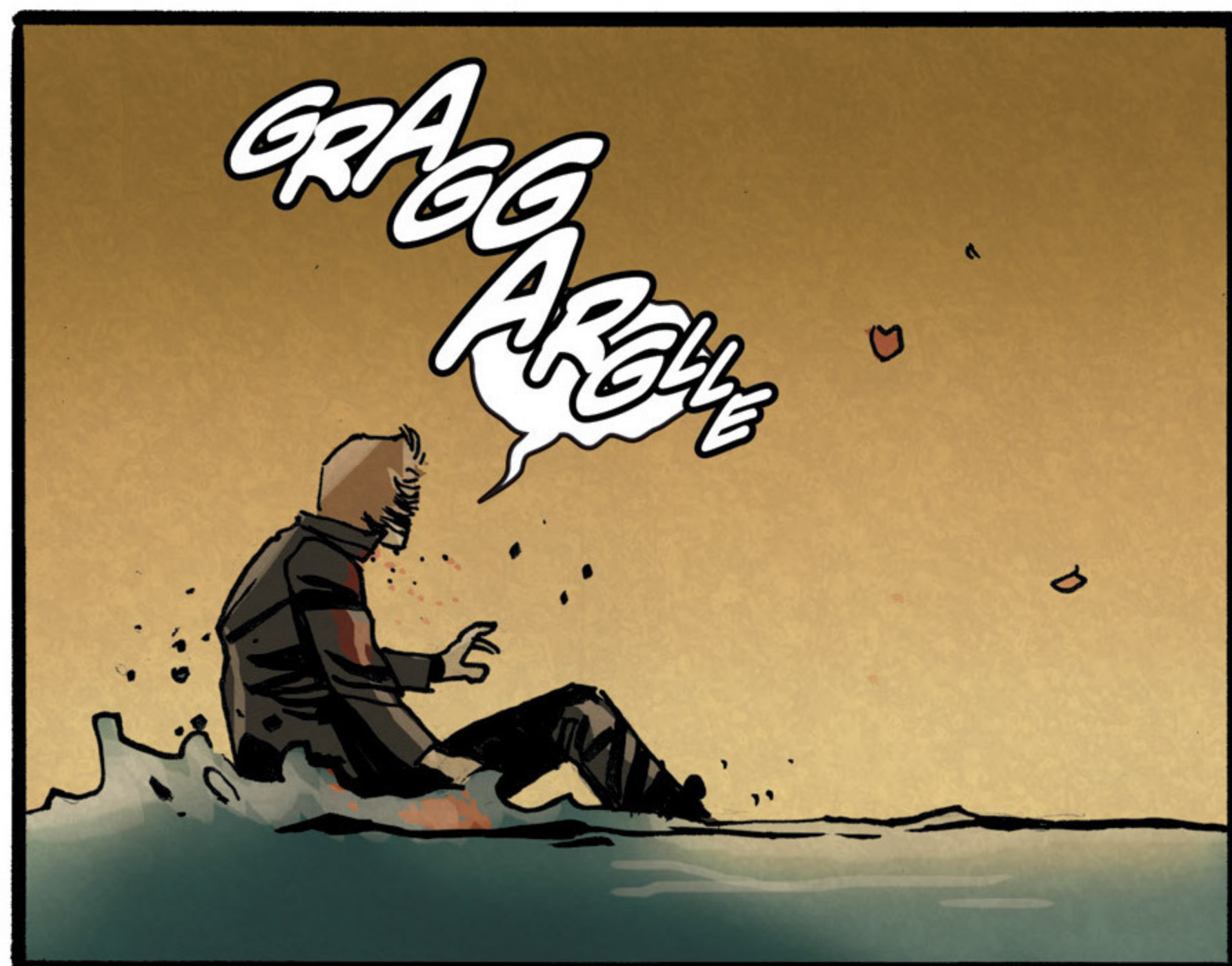




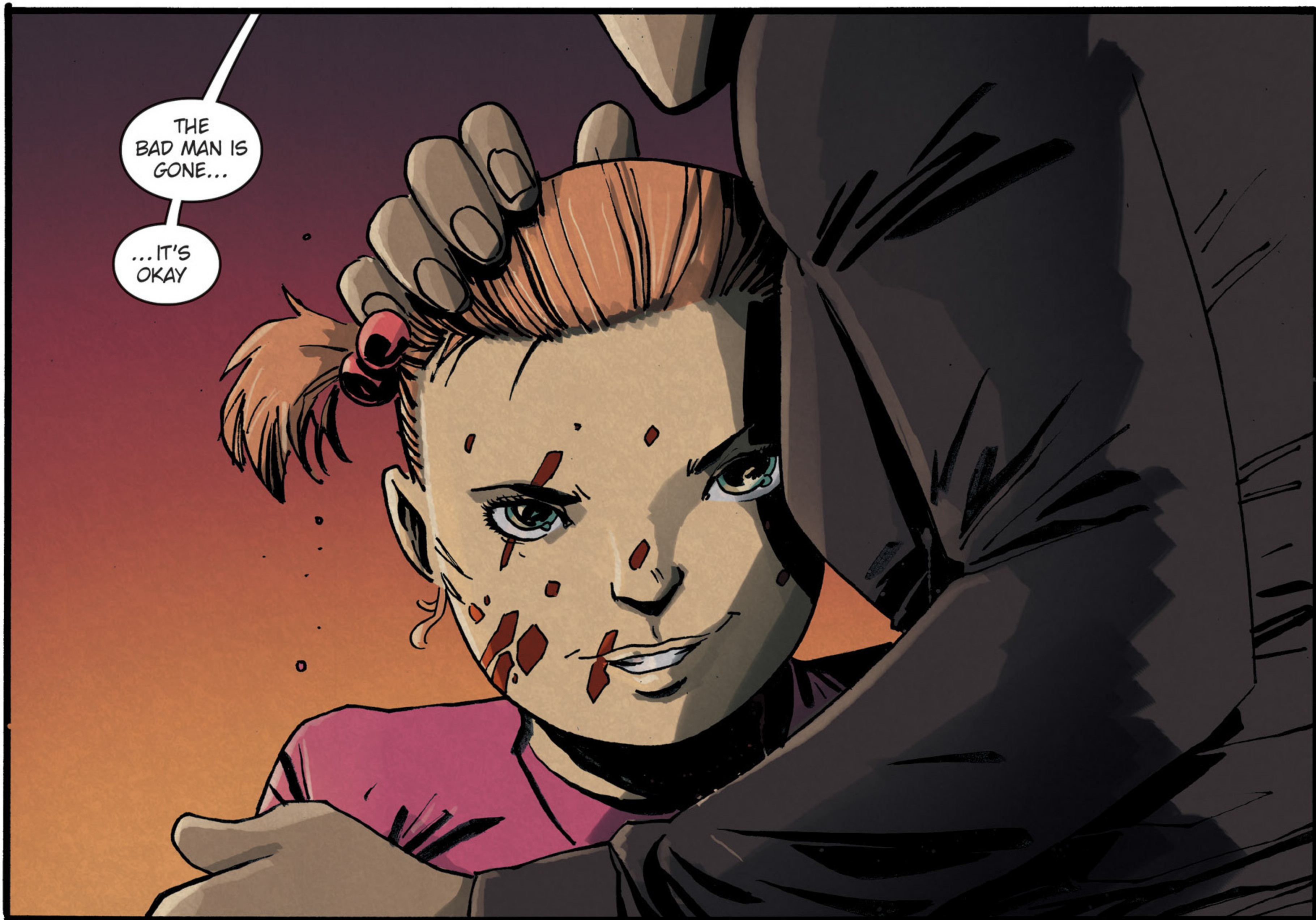






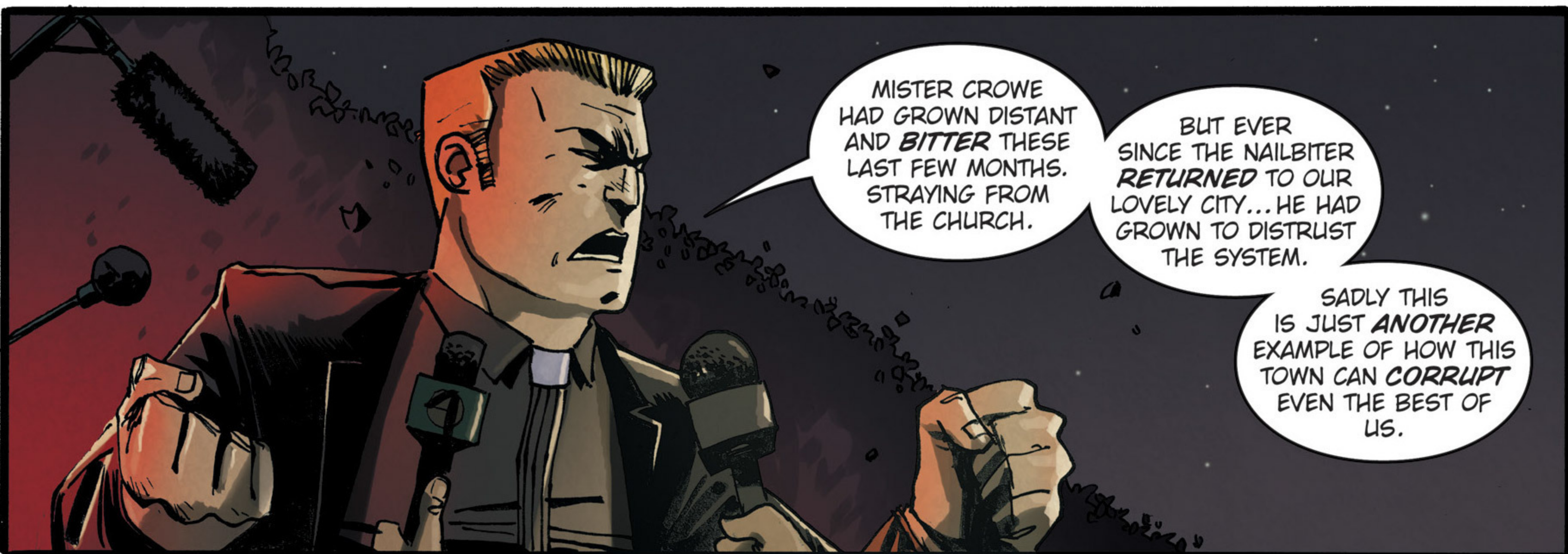






THE  
BAD MAN IS  
GONE...

...IT'S  
OKAY

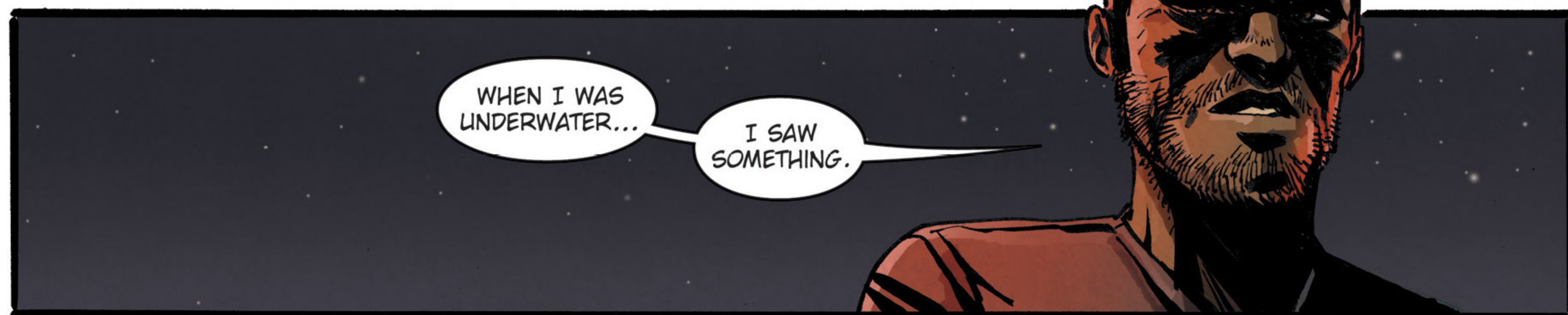
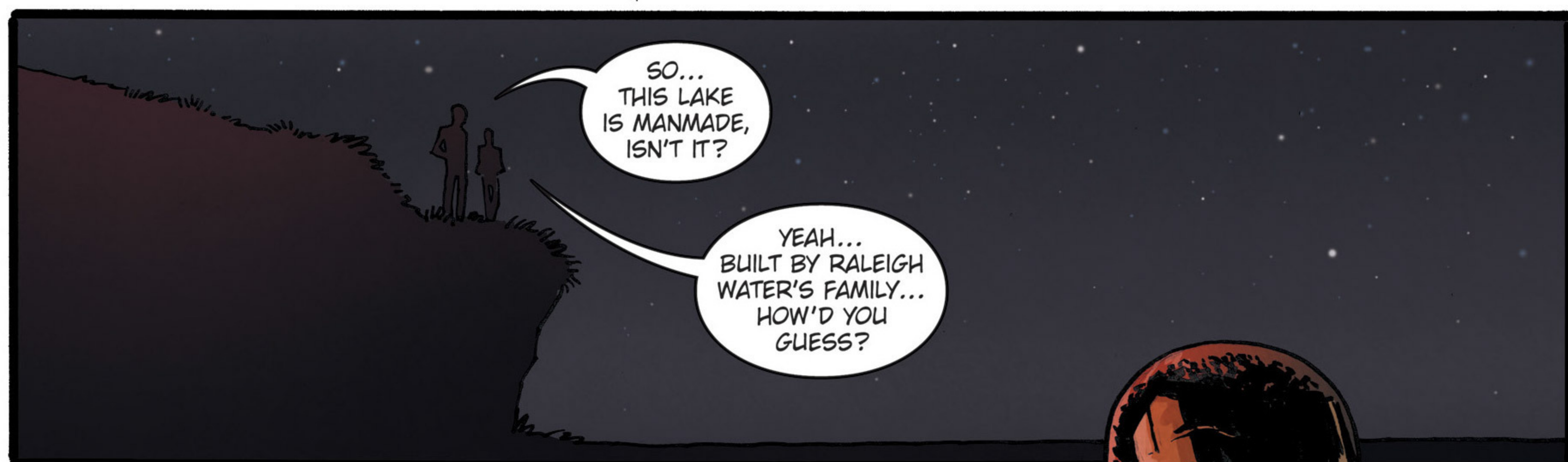
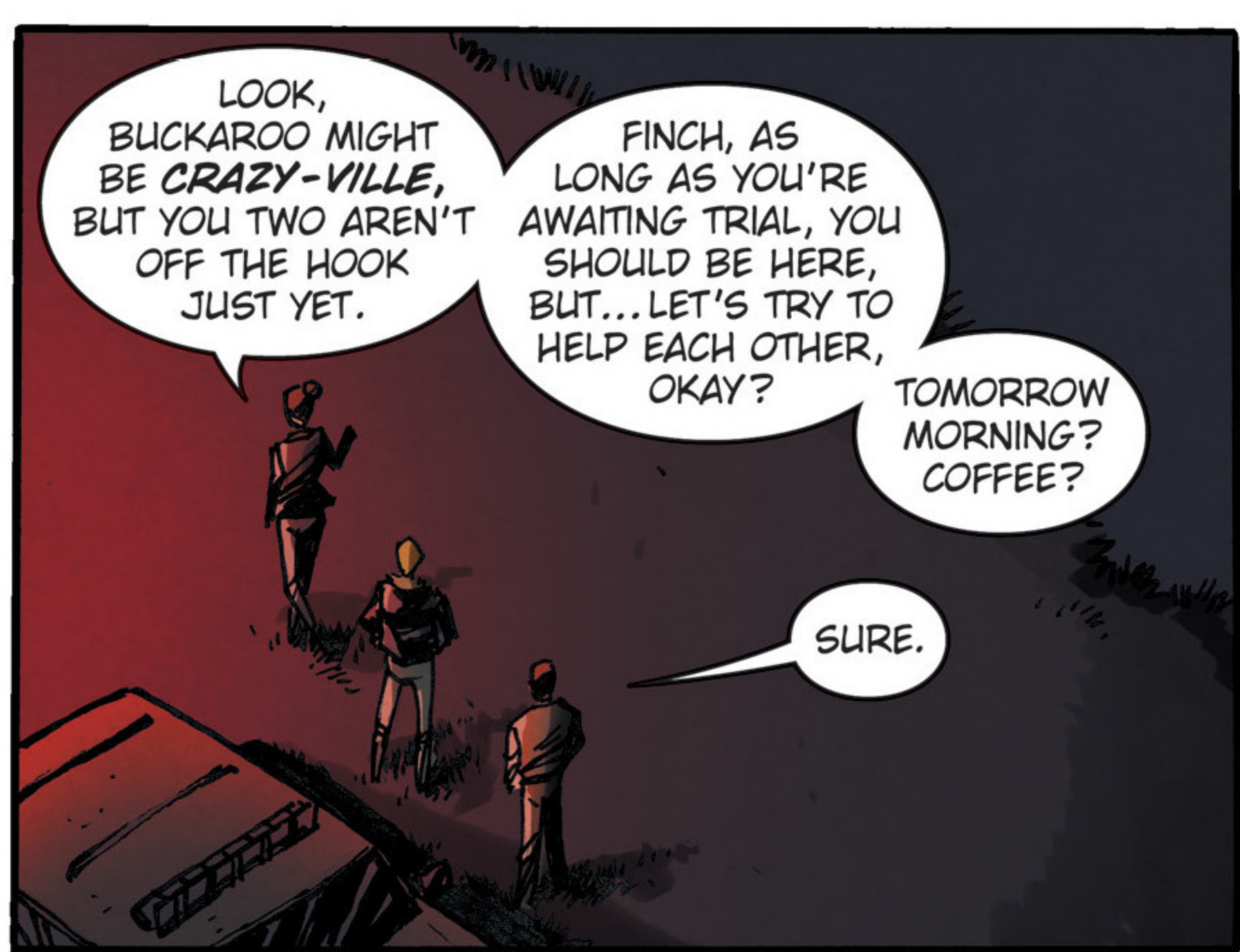
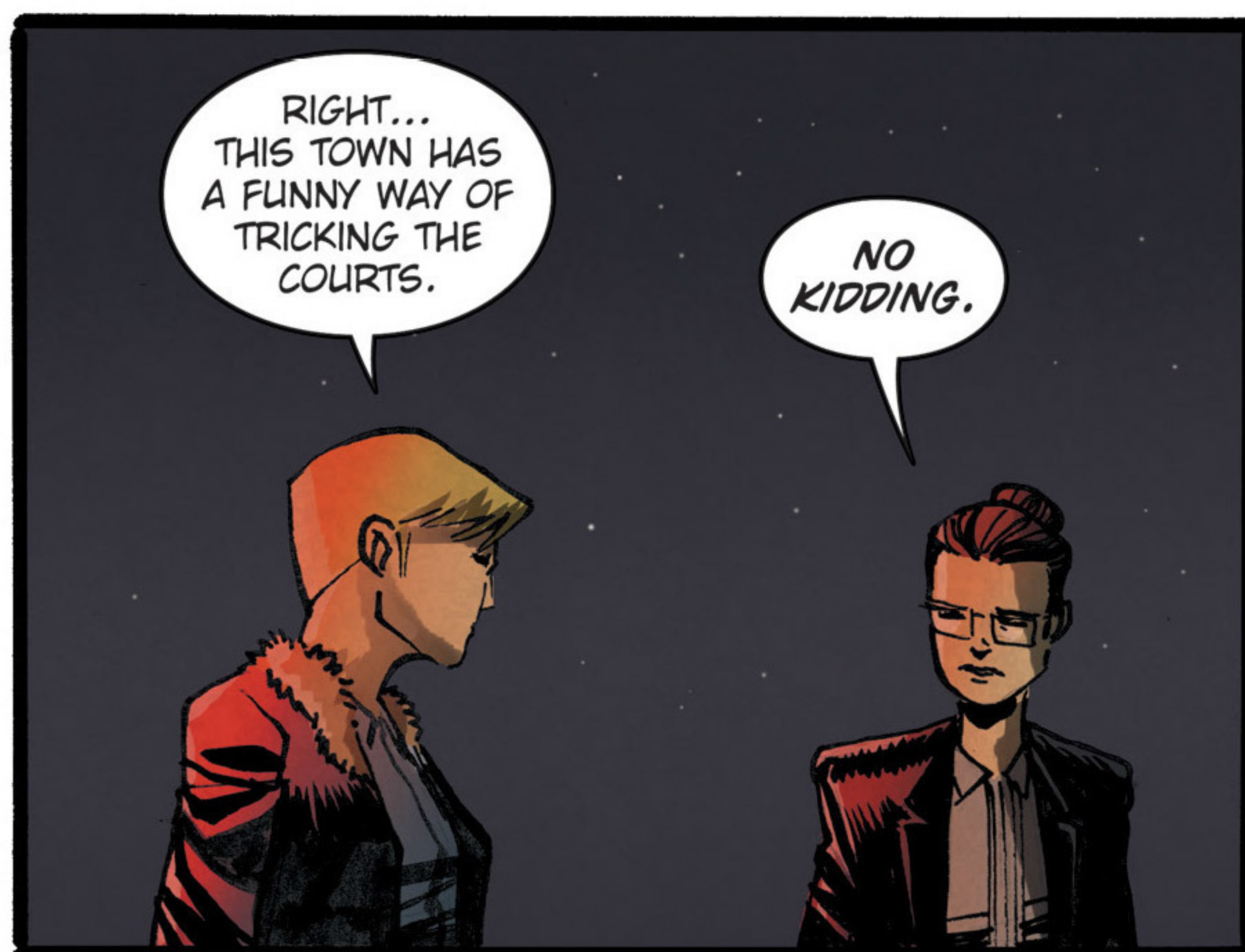
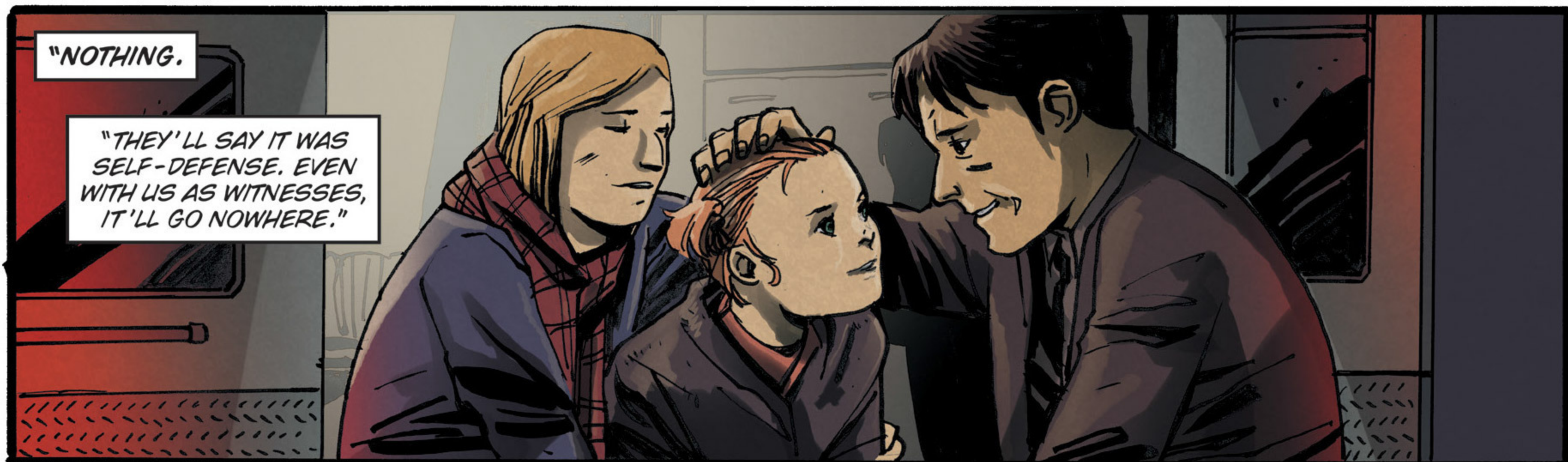
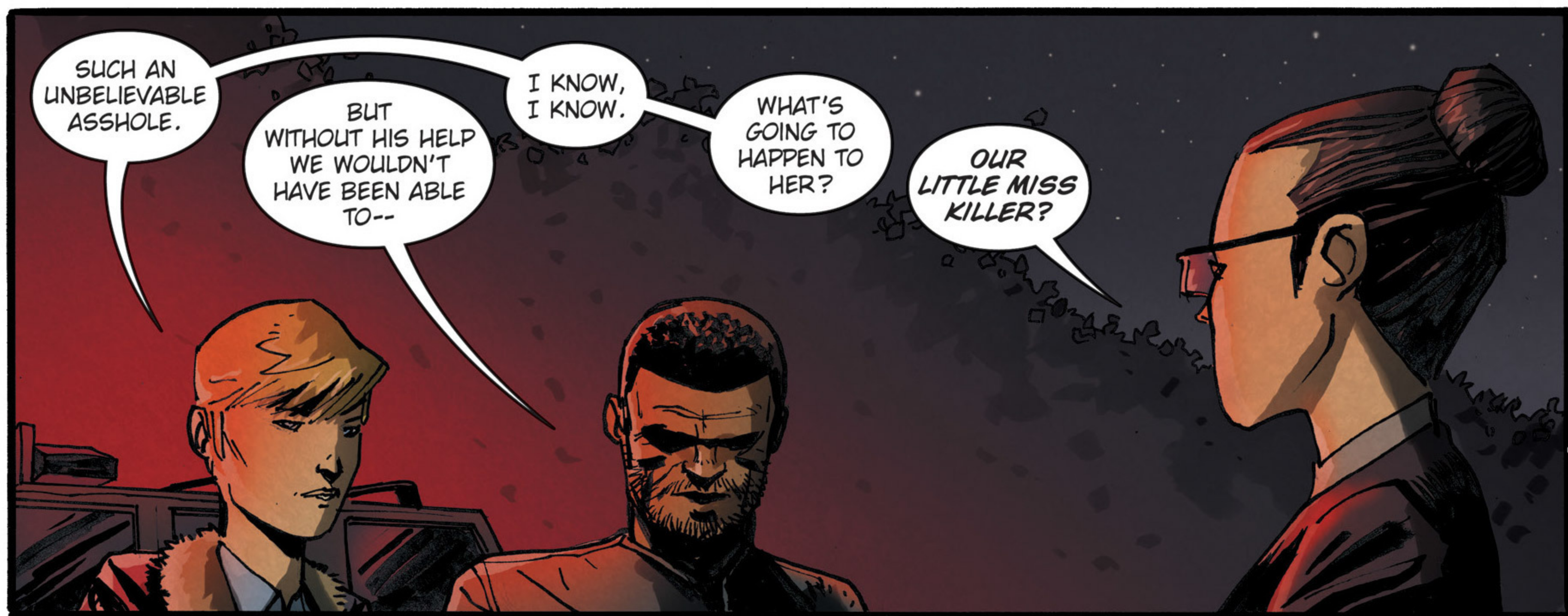


MISTER CROWE  
HAD GROWN DISTANT  
AND **BITTER** THESE  
LAST FEW MONTHS.  
STRAYING FROM  
THE CHURCH.

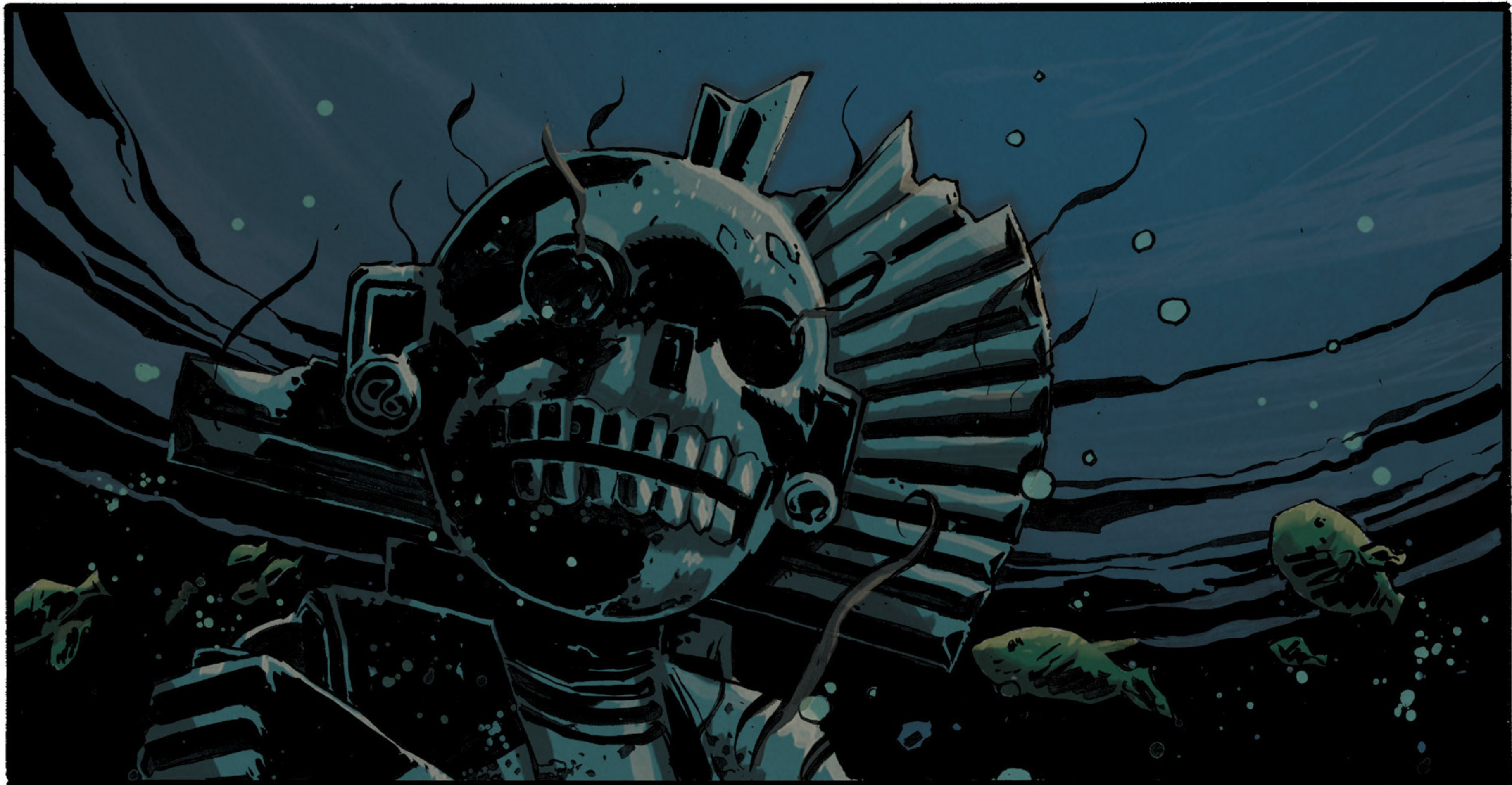
BUT EVER  
SINCE THE NAILBITER  
**RETURNED** TO OUR  
LOVELY CITY... HE HAD  
GROWN TO DISTRUST  
THE SYSTEM.

SADLY THIS  
IS JUST **ANOTHER**  
EXAMPLE OF HOW THIS  
TOWN CAN **CORRUPT**  
EVEN THE BEST OF  
US.

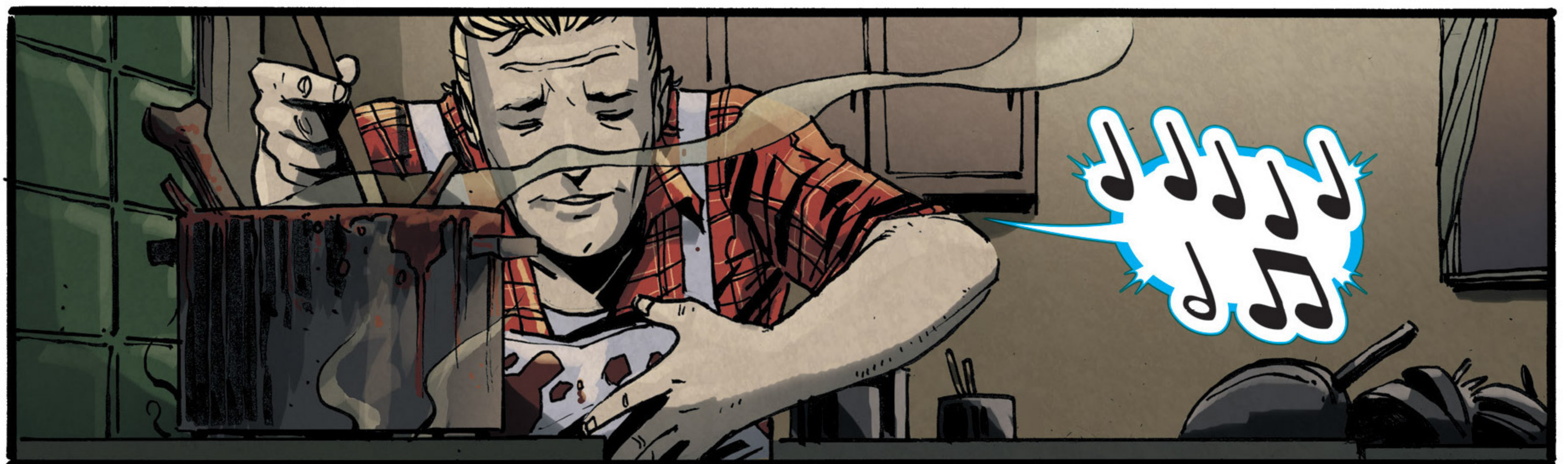




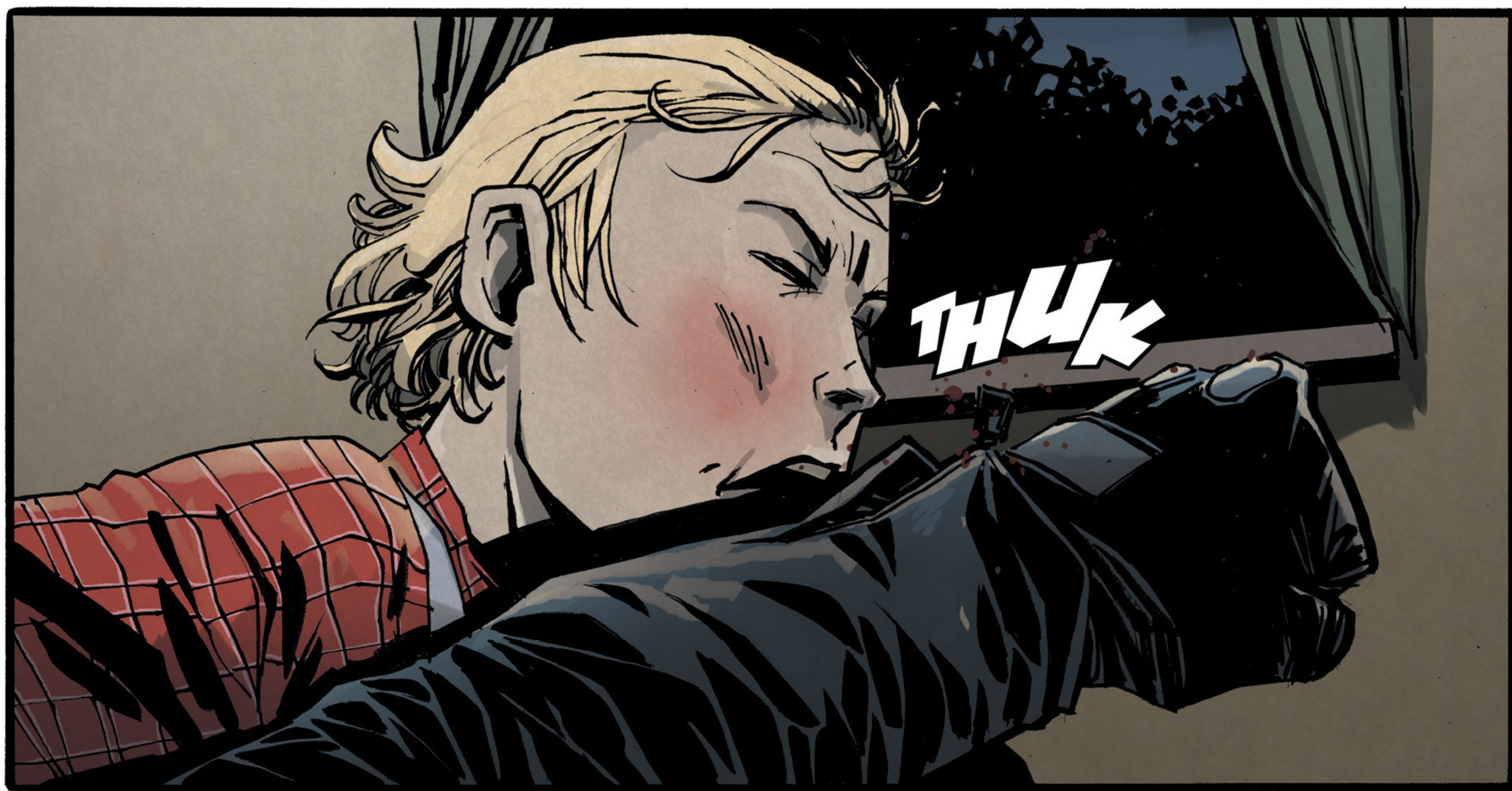












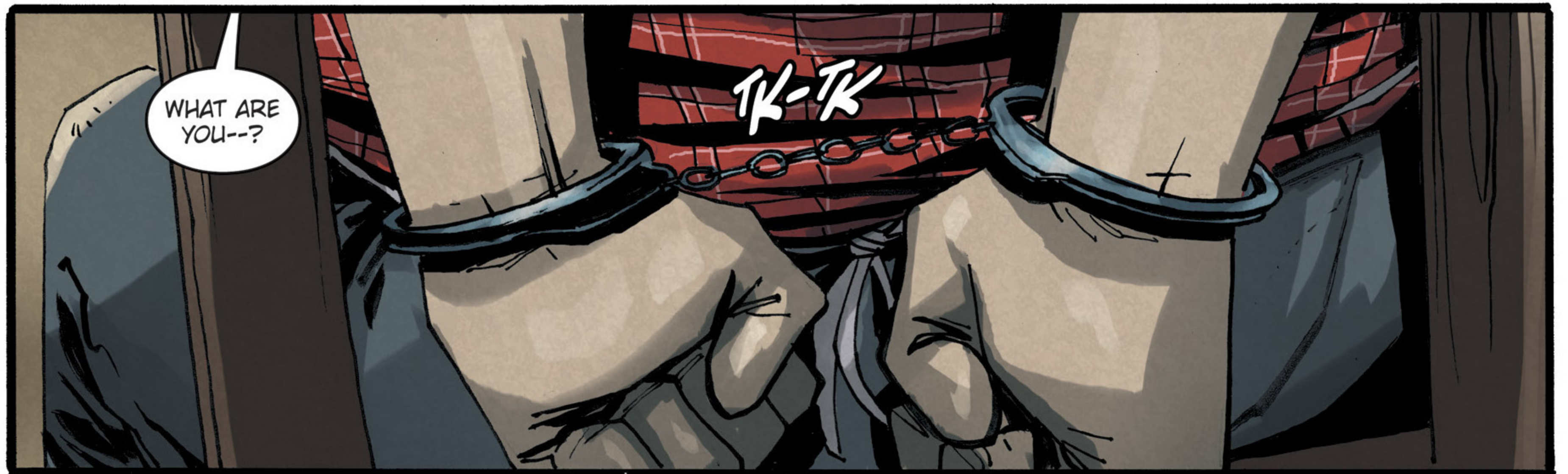




AH,  
GOD!

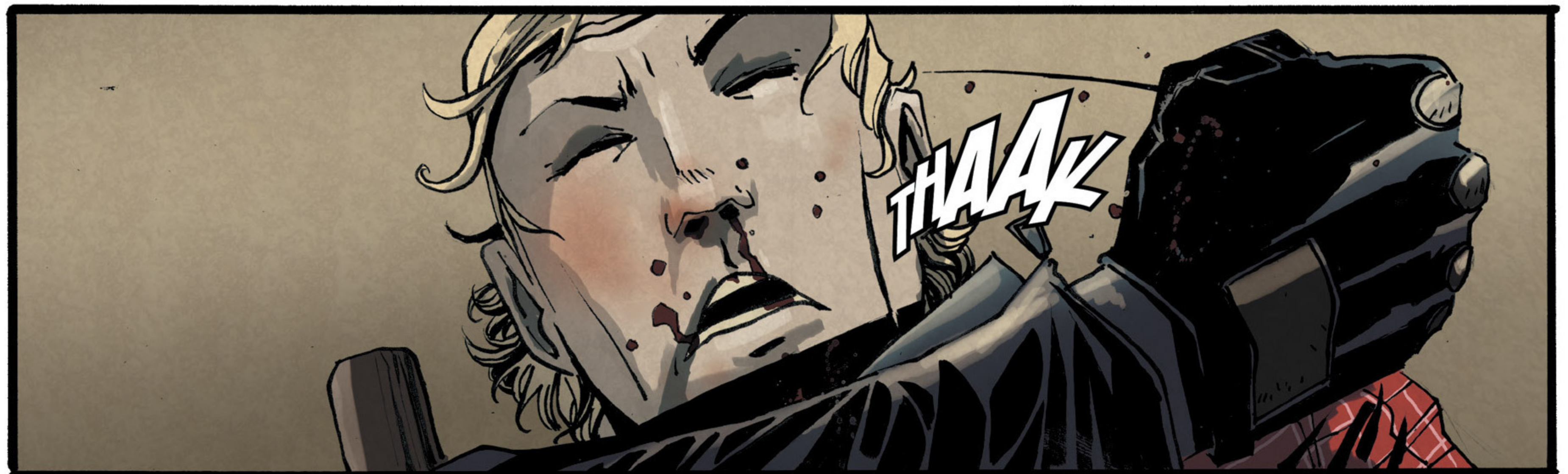


SIT  
DOWN!



WHAT ARE  
YOU--?

TK-TK



THAAK

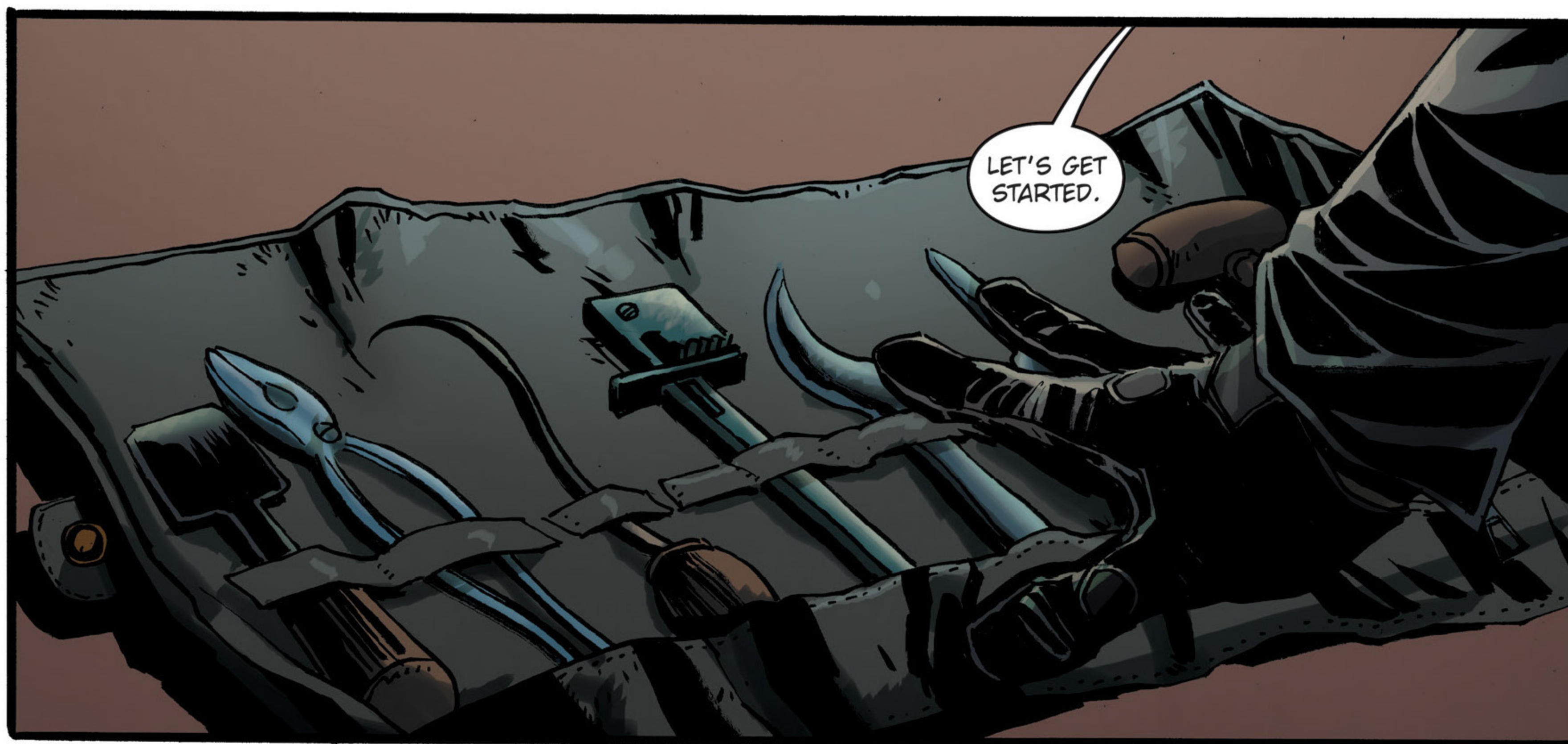


HA...

WELL,  
YOU GOT ME  
WHERE YOU  
WANT ME...

WHAT NOW,  
BROWN  
COW...?







DISCOVER THE SECRETS OF THE

# NAILBITER

IN THE HORRIFYING ONGOING SERIES FROM





# **PIN-UPS & BACK-UP CREDITS**

## **119- BEE-MAN**

by Adam Guzowski

## **120-THE NAILBITER**

by Joe Mulvey

## **121-CRANE**

by Jim Towe

## **122- THE BUTCHER**

by Matt Fletcher

## **123-126- "MIDNIGHT SNACK"**

written by Joshua Williamson

art by Dennis Culver

colors by Adam Guzowski

letters by John J. HILL

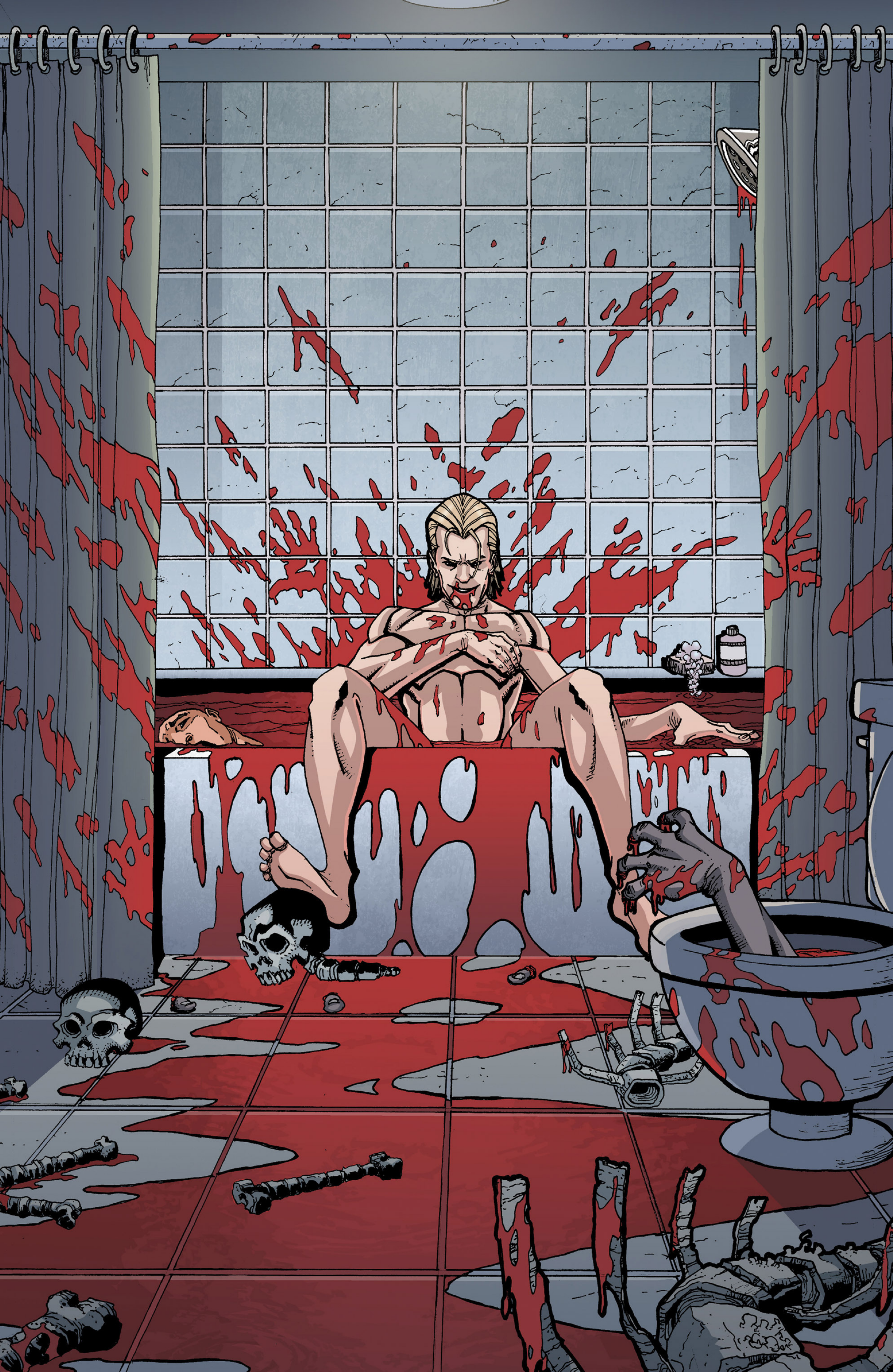
## **127-"IT'S A GIRL!" BONUS**

At one point we talked of having this be a variant cover but decided against it last minute.

















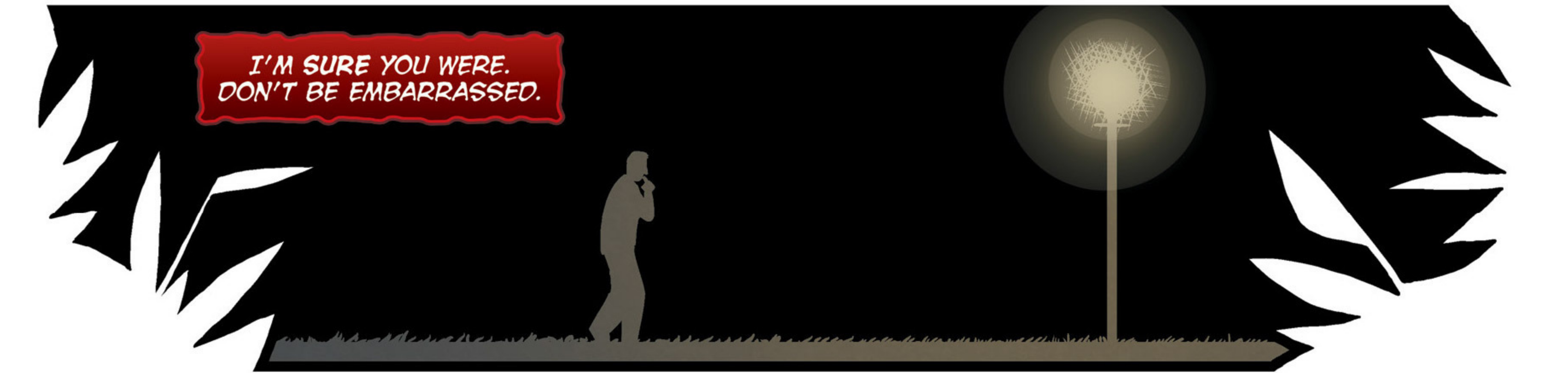




MY DREAMS ARE FILLED WITH MURDER.



IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING...



I'M SURE YOU WERE. DON'T BE EMBARRASSED.



EVER SINCE MY BAD HABITS WERE... DISCOVERED... ONE OF THE TOP TEN QUESTIONS I GET ASKED IS...



"HOW DO YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT?"





LIKE A BABY.

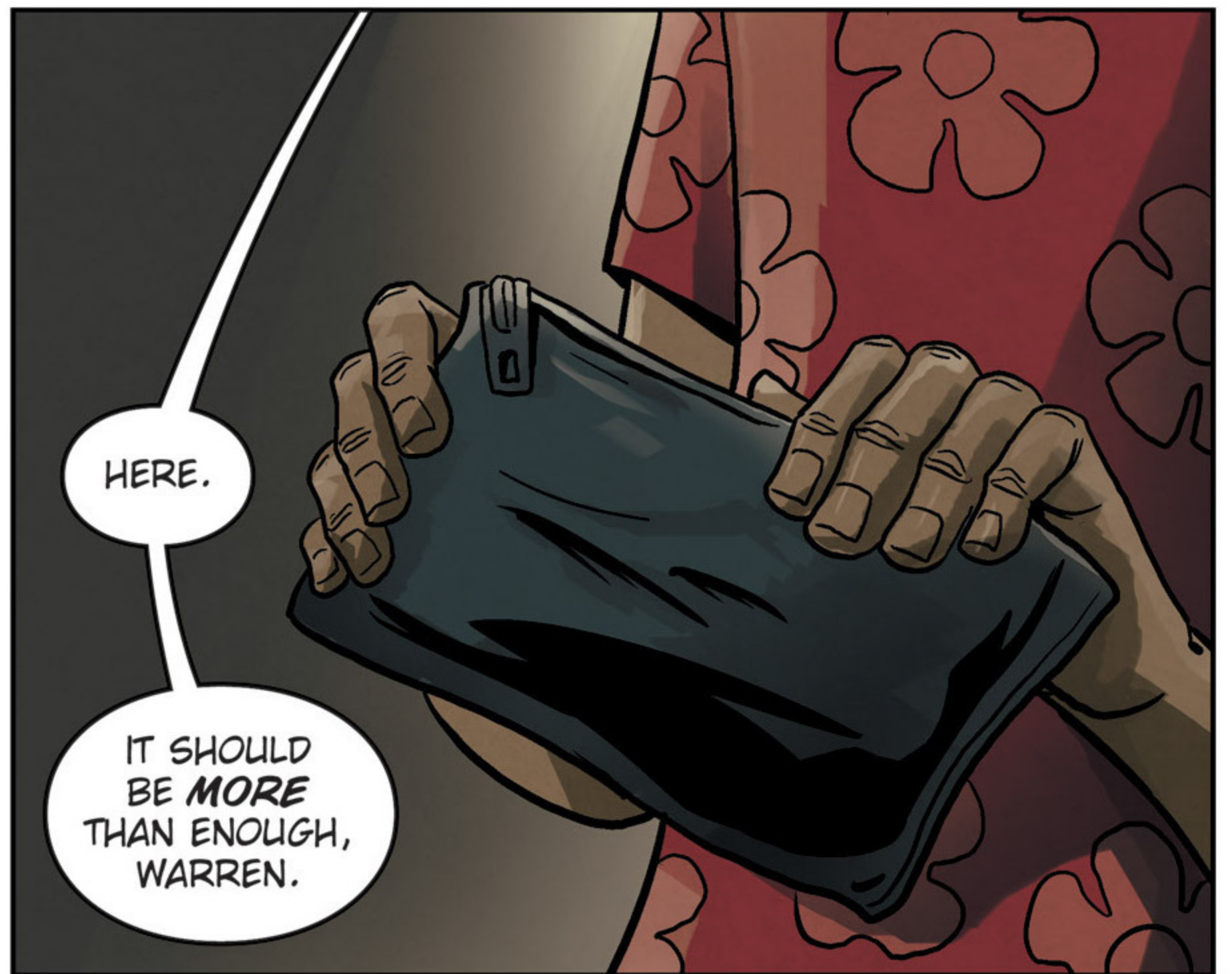
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

JESUS CHRIST!



YOU SCARED ME, MORTY.

WHICH I MUST ADMIT WAS A **FUN** CHANGE FROM THE NORM.



HERE.

IT SHOULD BE **MORE** THAN ENOUGH, WARREN.



HAPPY, HAPPY, JOY, JOY.

ANY TROUBLES GETTING IT PAST MY **BABYSITTER** ON PATROL OUT THERE?

HE WENT TO GET COFFEE.







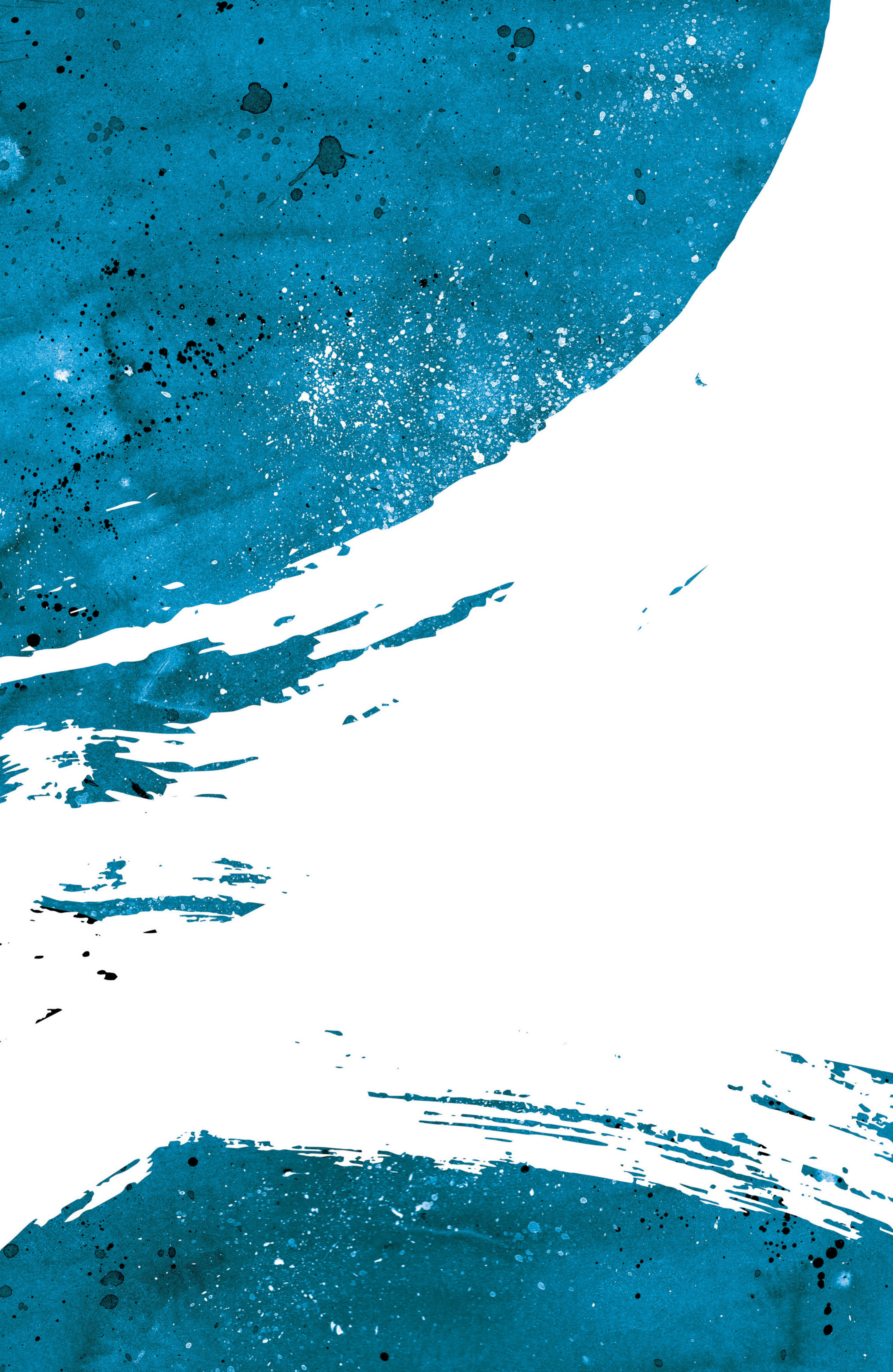




**IT'S A GIRL!**









## USA TODAY'S BEST HORROR COMIC OF 2014

"**NAILBITER** is the pinnacle of horror in comics right now"  
*TORIN CHAMBERS - Bloody Disgusting*

"Josh Williamson and Mike Henderson have created a creepy, fast-paced horror story.  
Definitely one of the best new books of 2014."  
*DAVID PEPOSE - Newsarama*

"**NAILBITER** is like reading a new version of **Silence of the Lambs** every single month.  
This is a comic that every horror fan should be reading "  
*JAMES FERGUSON - HorrorTalk.com*

"Williamson is in his element as a horror writer."  
*Publishers Weekly*



Joshua Williamson (*Ghosted*) & Mike Henderson (*Venom*, *TMNT*)  
deliver a mystery that mixes *TWIN PEAKS* with the horror of *SE7EN*!

Buckaroo, Oregon has given birth to sixteen of the vilest serial killers  
in the world. An obsessed FBI profiler investigating the town has  
suddenly gone missing, and now an NSA Agent must work with the  
notorious serial killer Edward "Nailbiter" Warren to find his friend  
and solve the mystery of "Where do serial killers come from?"



IMAGECOMICS.COM  
Horror/Mystery  
RATED **M** / MATURE