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“ B L O O D I N T H E W A T E R ”

N A I L B I T E R

V O L U M E T H R E E

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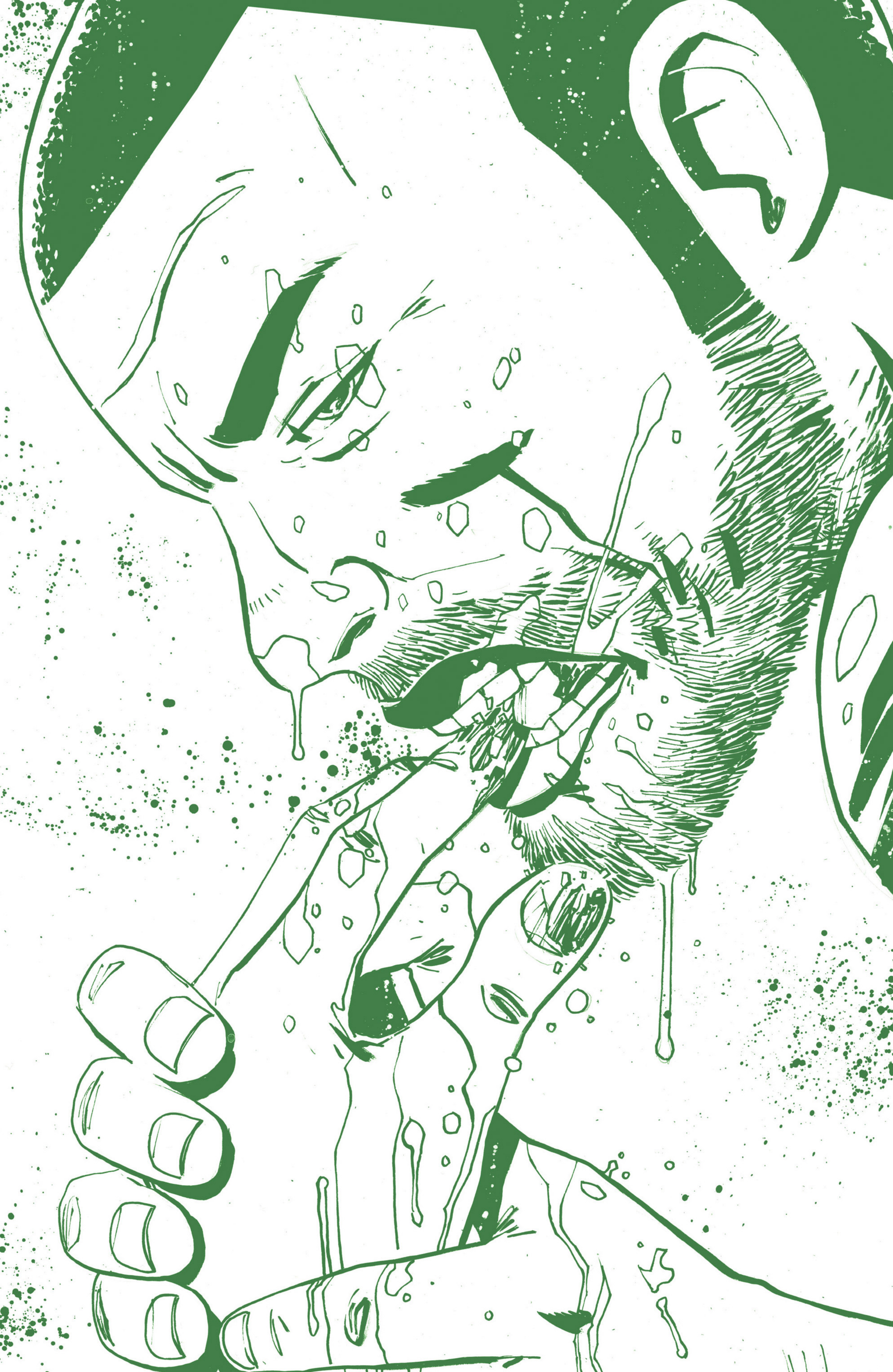
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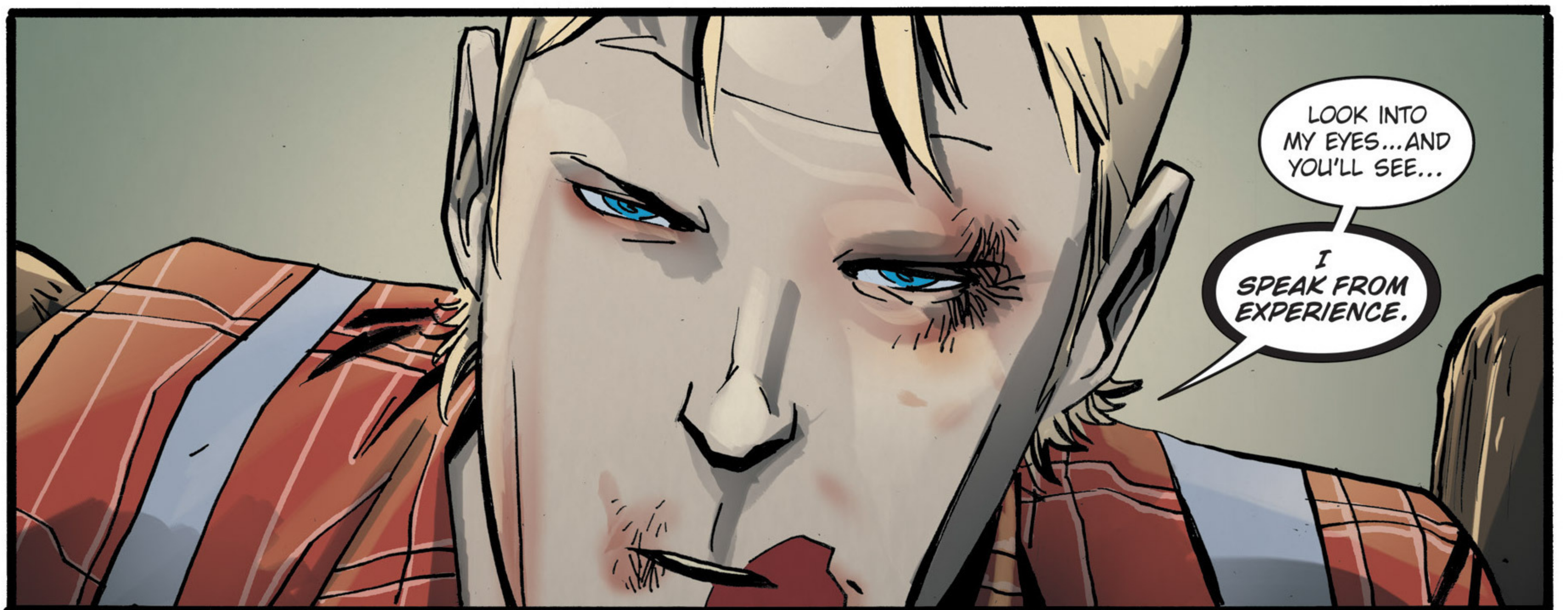
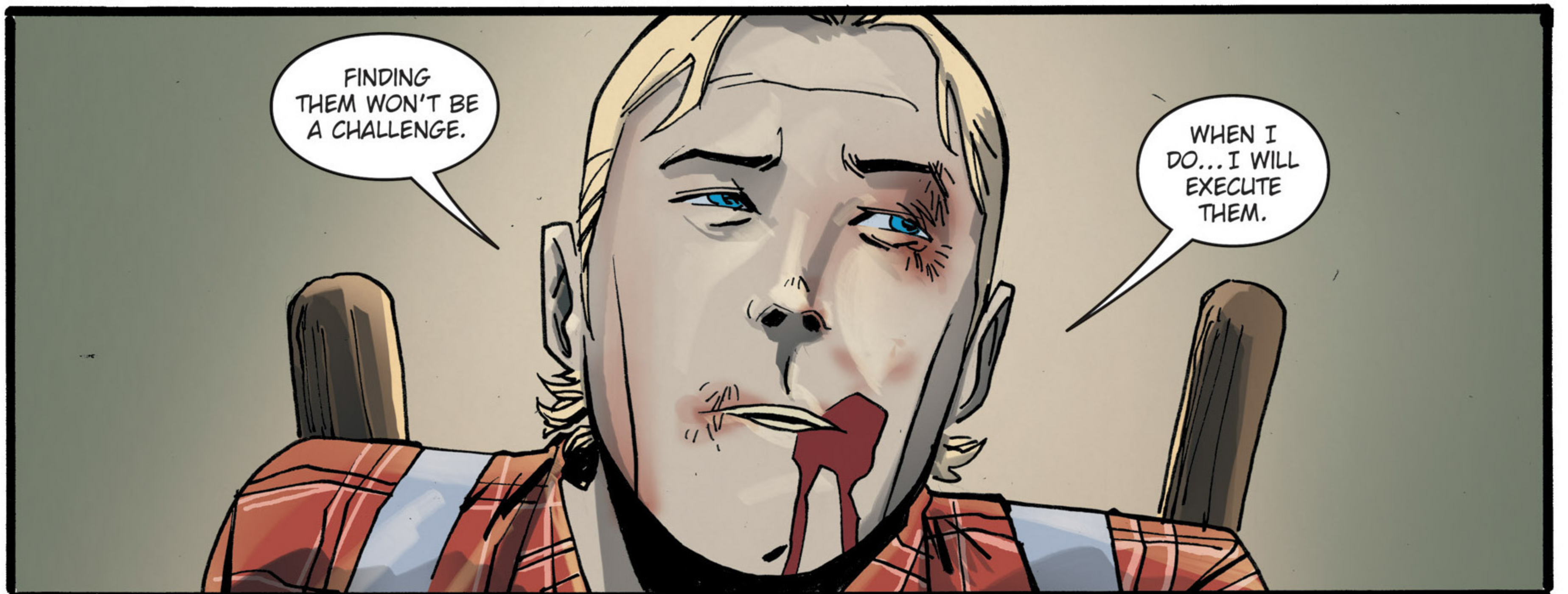
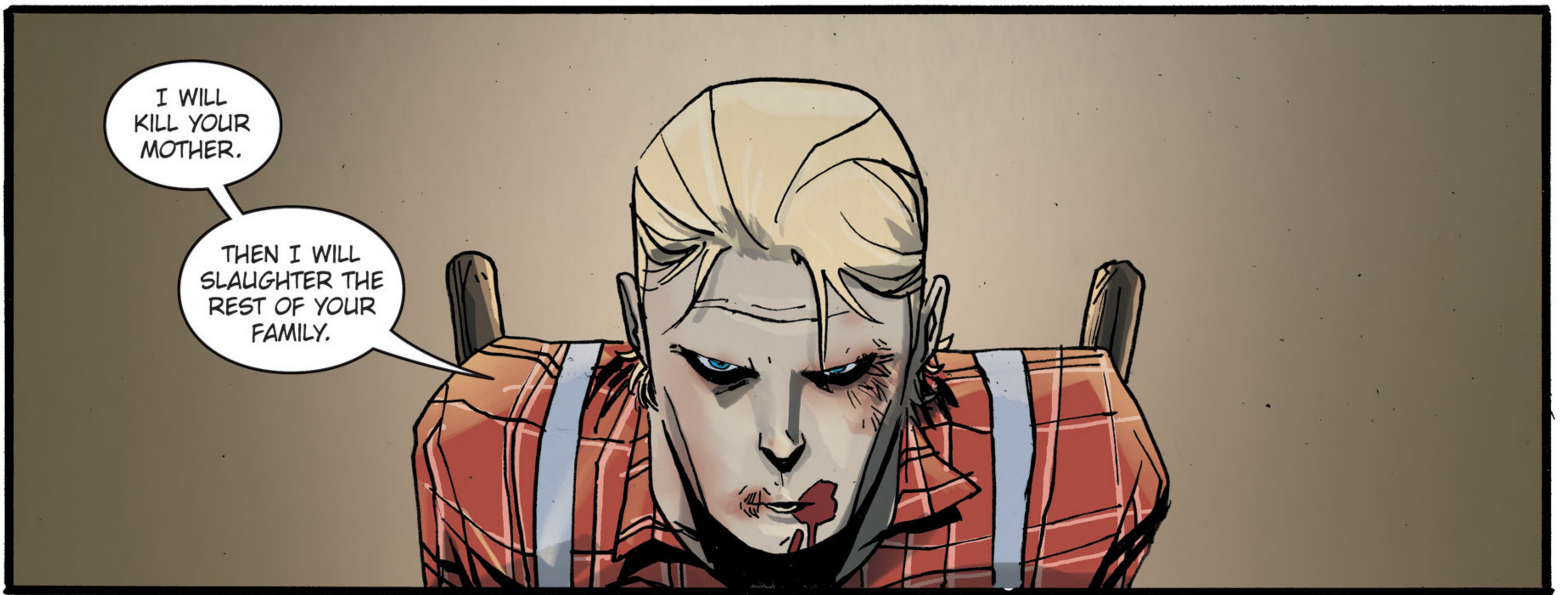
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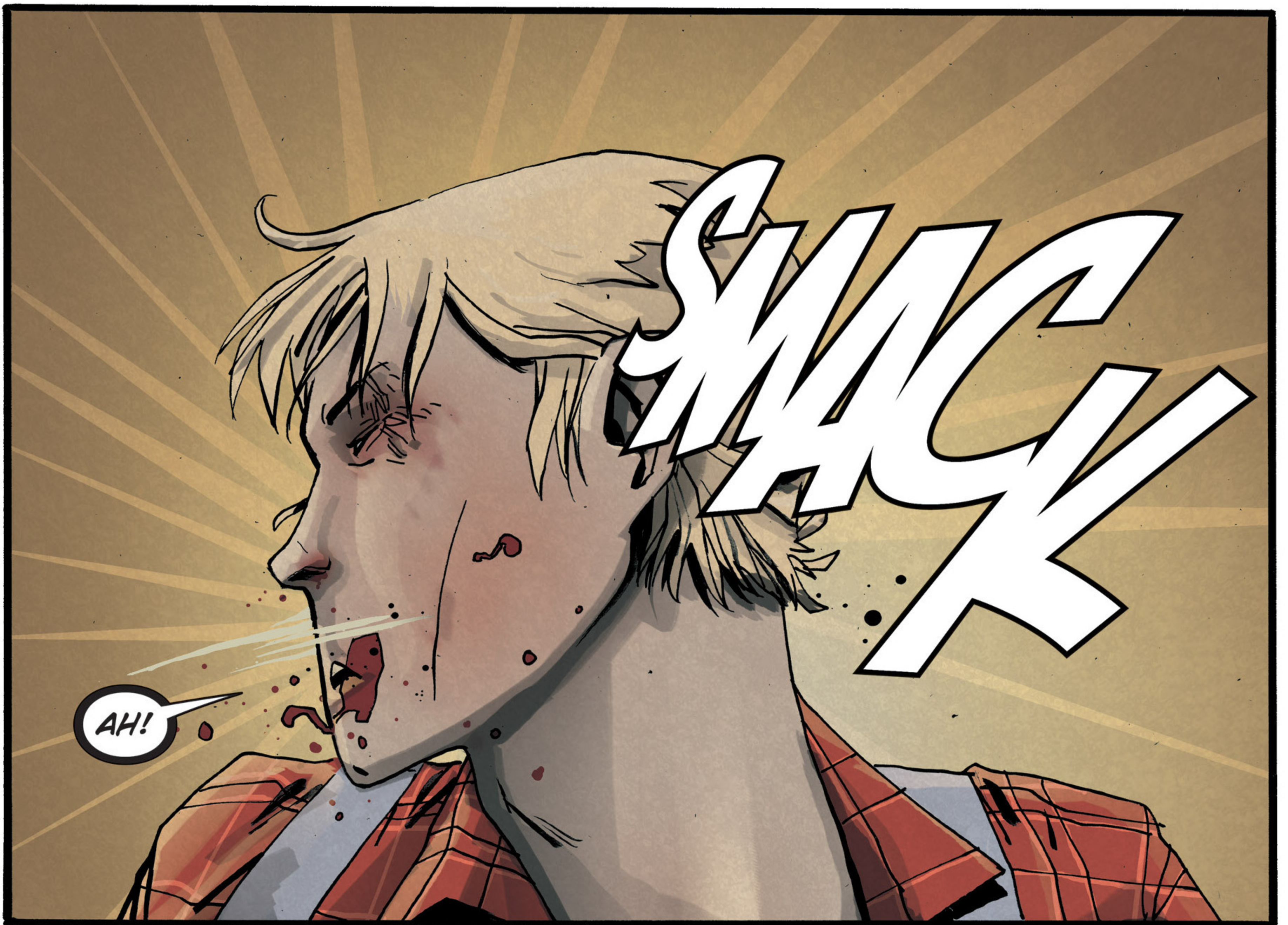
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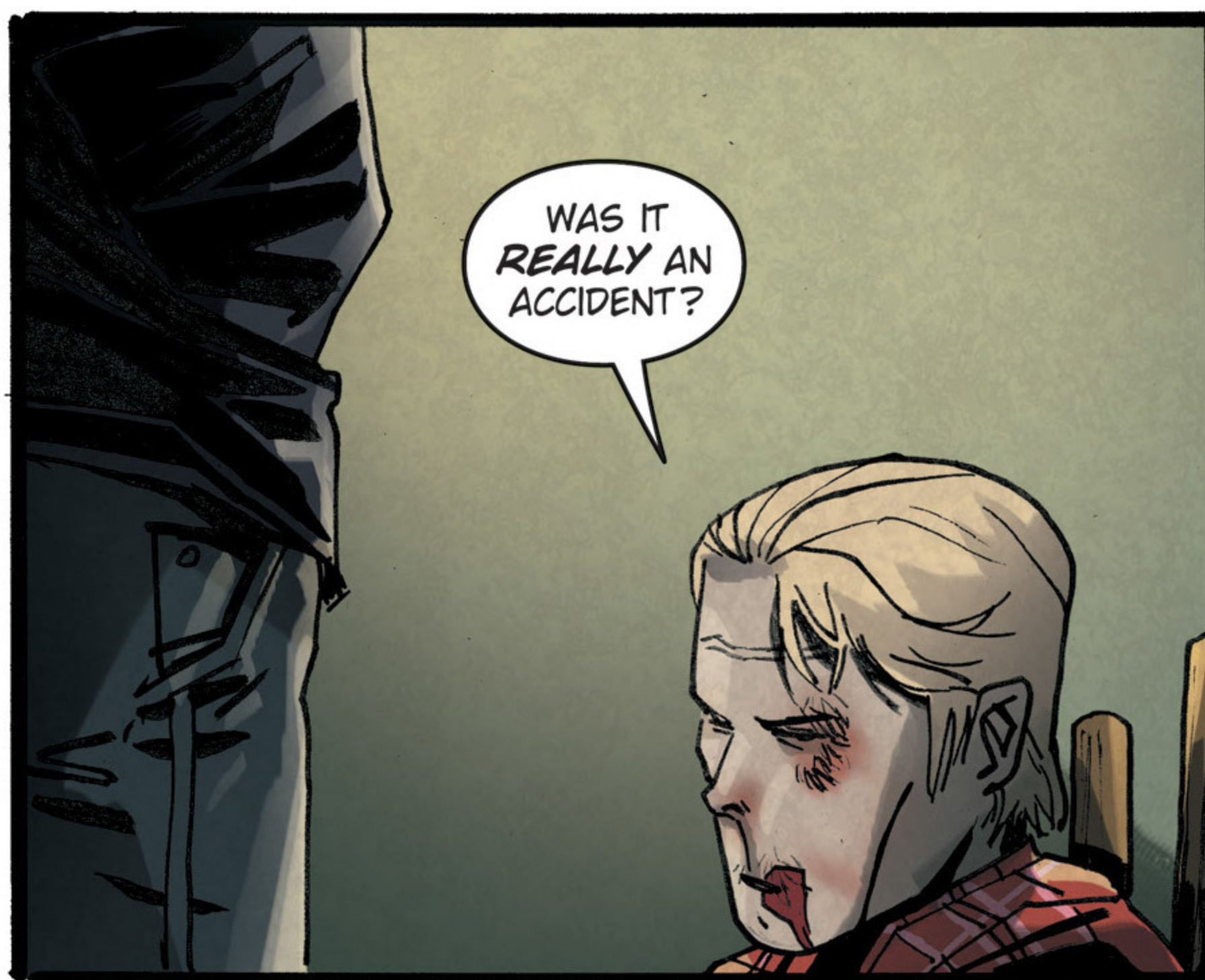
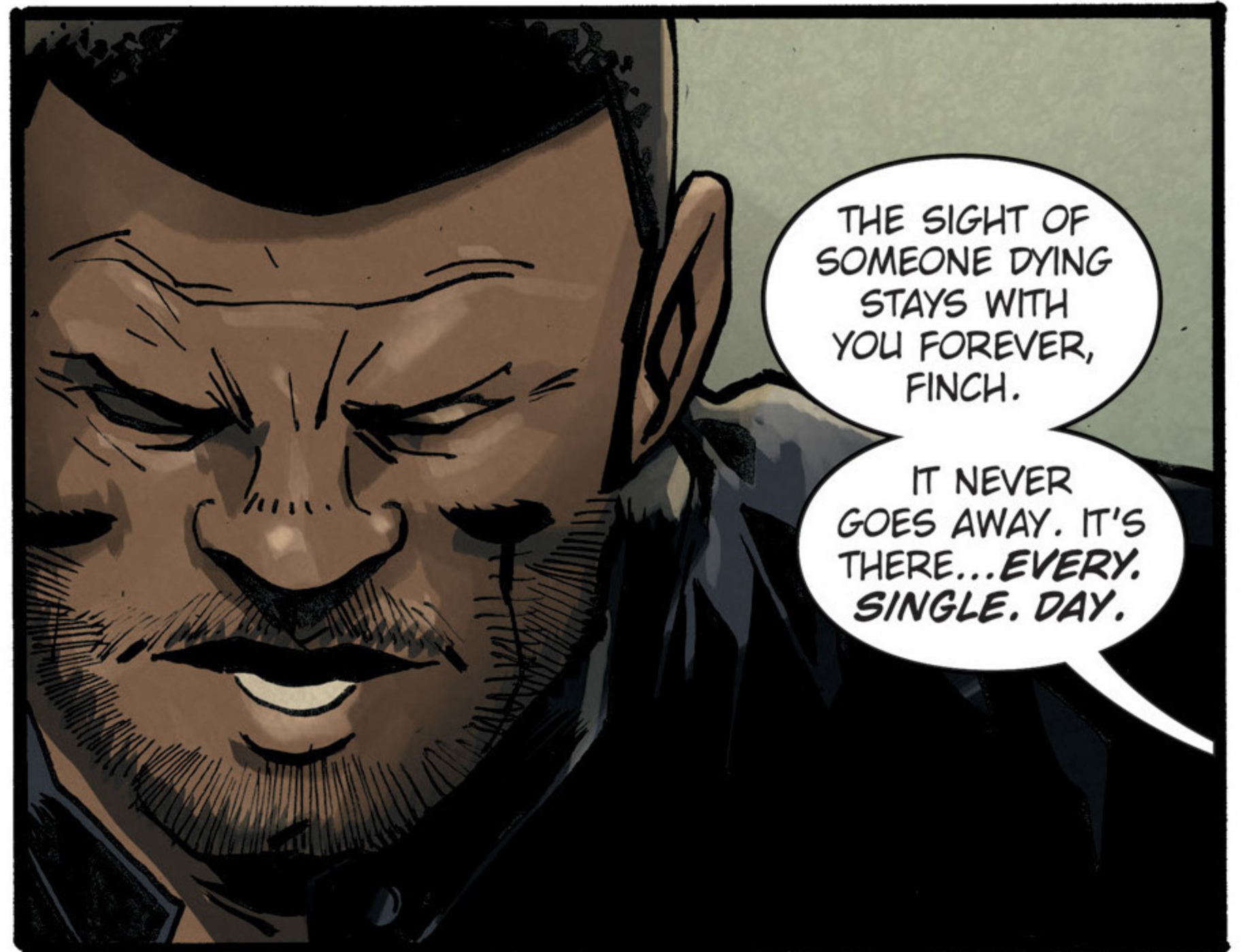
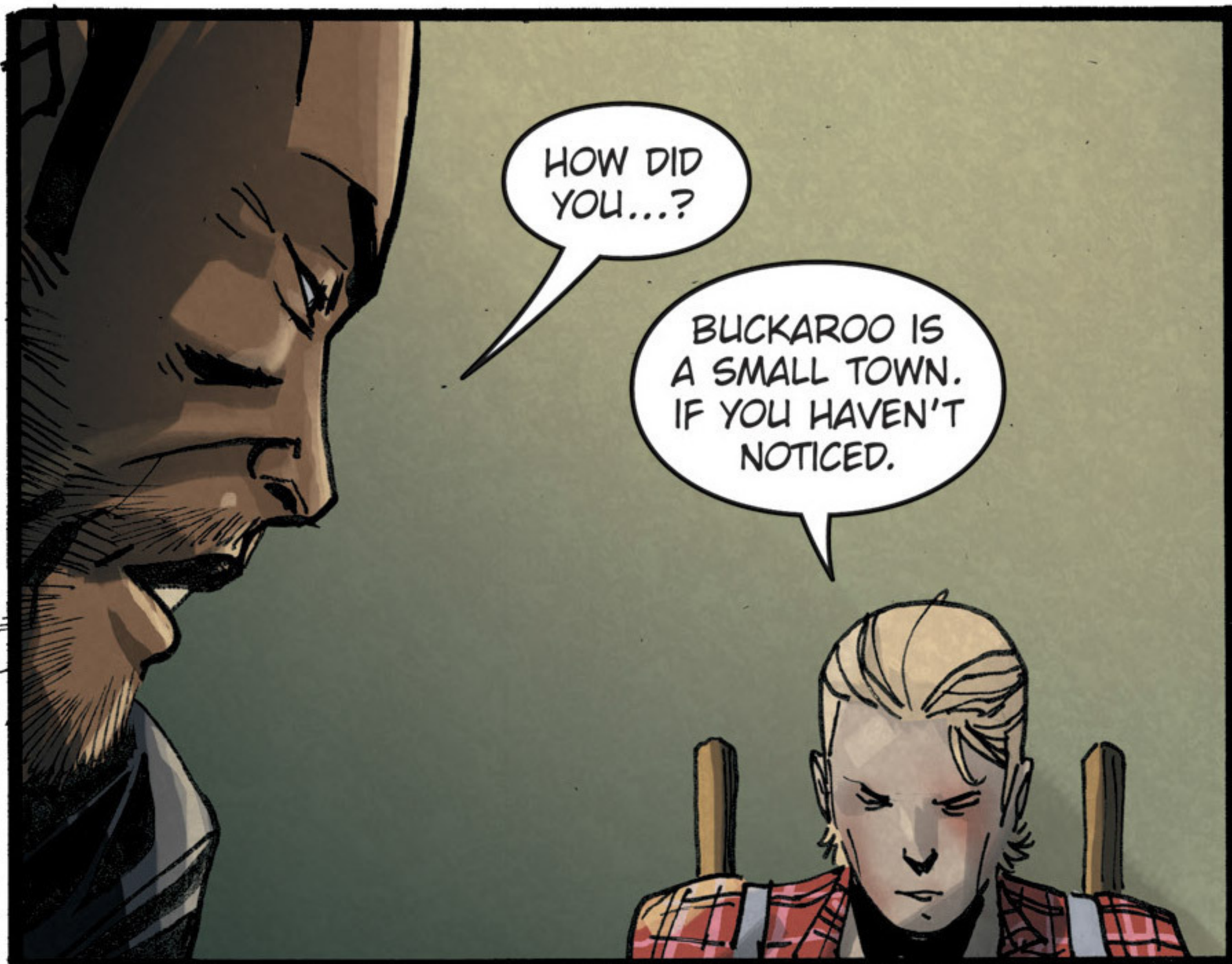
ISSUE ELEVEN

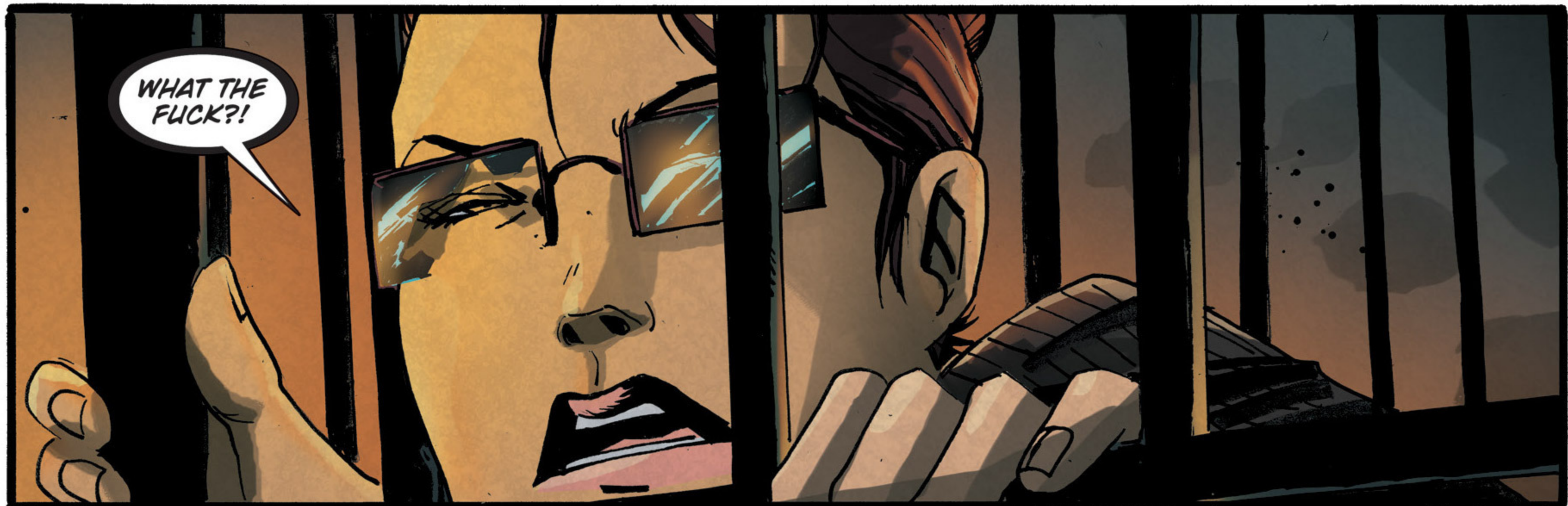


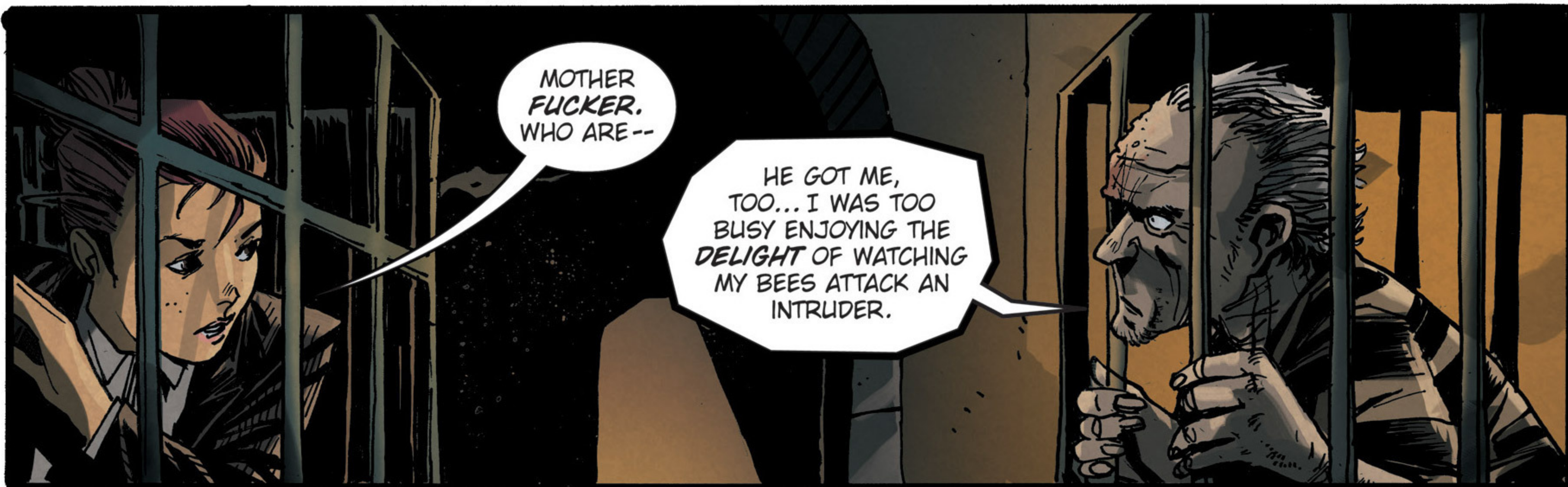
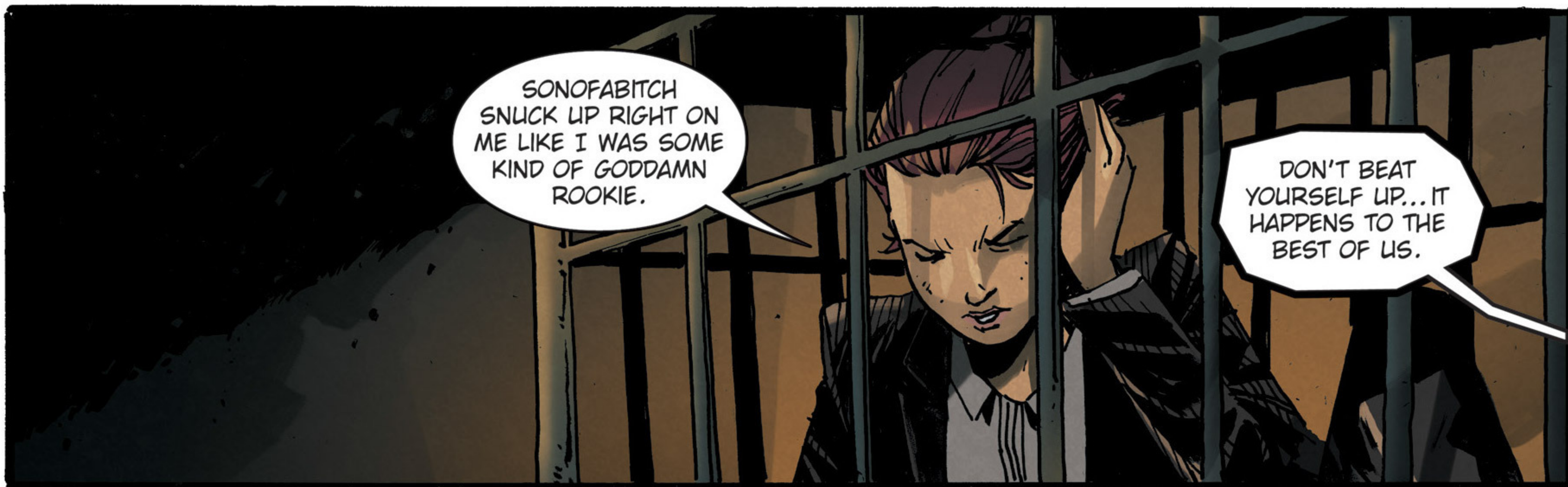










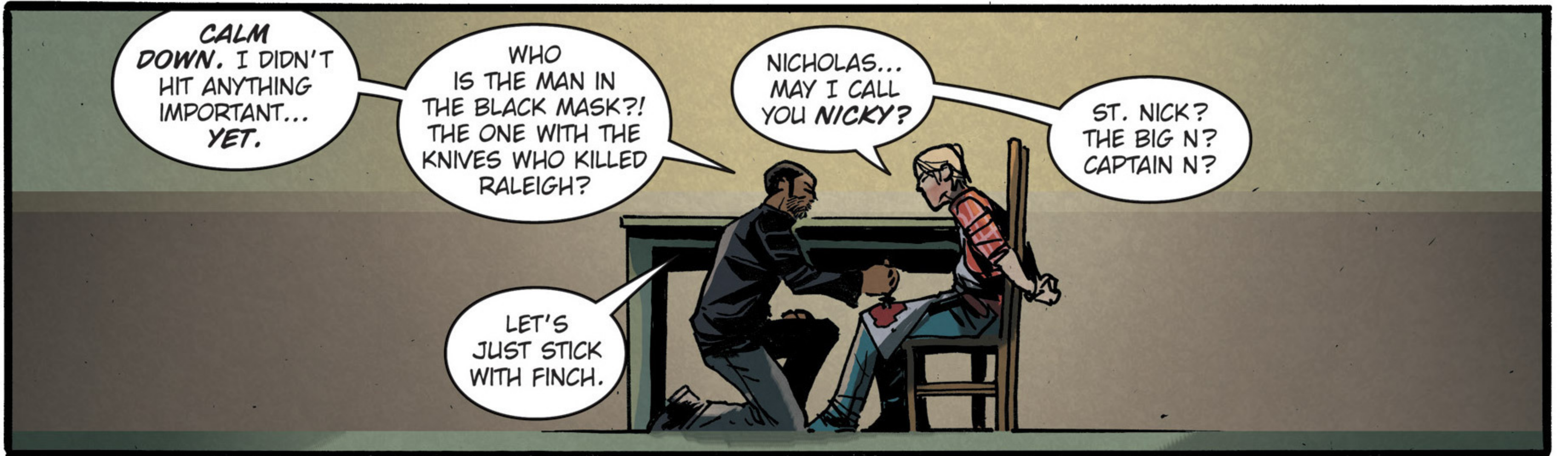




"BUCKAROO'S DIRTY SECRET."

WHO *HURT* CARROLL?!

AHHHH!
MY LEG!



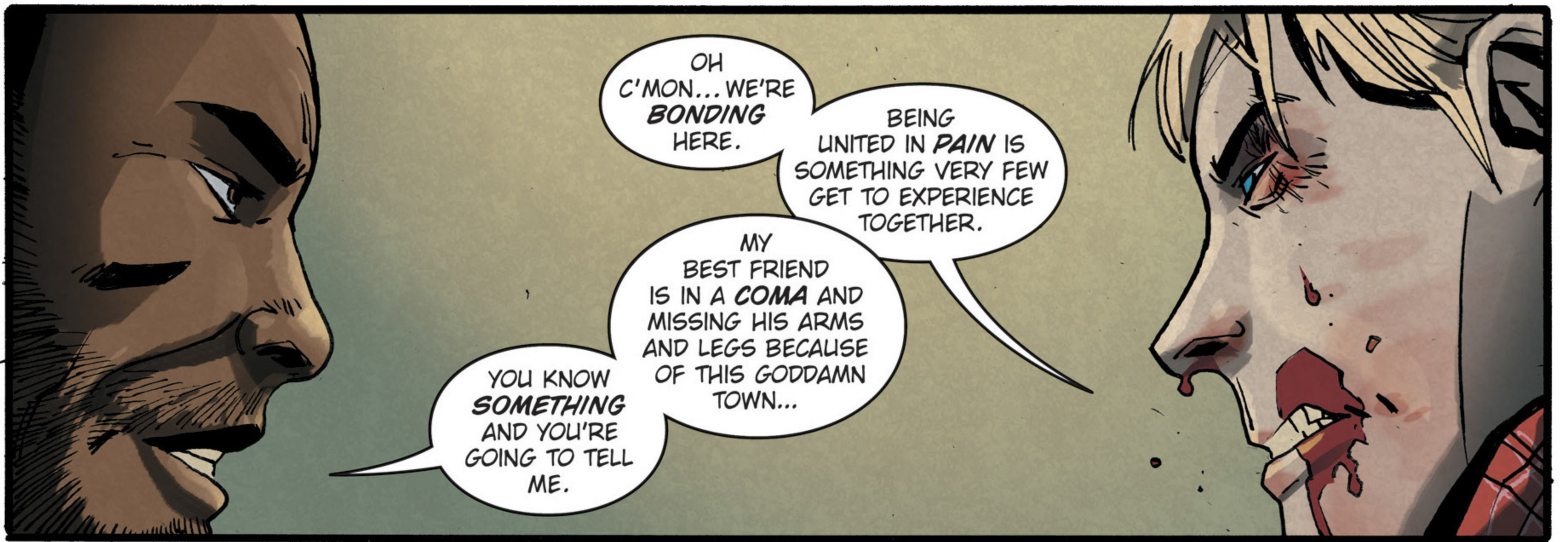
CALM DOWN. I DIDN'T HIT ANYTHING IMPORTANT... YET.

WHO IS THE MAN IN THE BLACK MASK?! THE ONE WITH THE KNIVES WHO KILLED RALEIGH?

NICHOLAS... MAY I CALL YOU *NICKY*?

ST. NICK? THE BIG N? CAPTAIN N?

LET'S JUST STICK WITH FINCH.

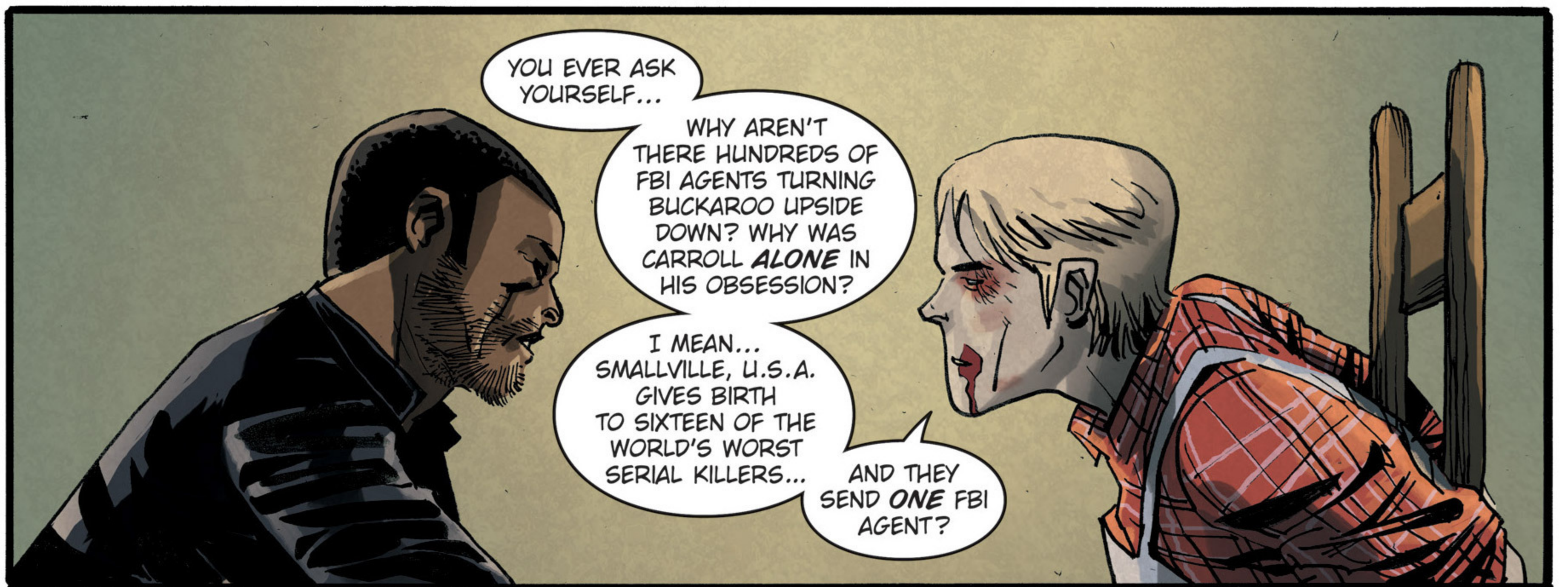


OH C'MON... WE'RE *BONDING* HERE.

BEING UNITED IN *PAIN* IS SOMETHING VERY FEW GET TO EXPERIENCE TOGETHER.

MY BEST FRIEND IS IN A *COMA* AND MISSING HIS ARMS AND LEGS BECAUSE OF THIS GODDAMN TOWN...

YOU KNOW *SOMETHING* AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME.

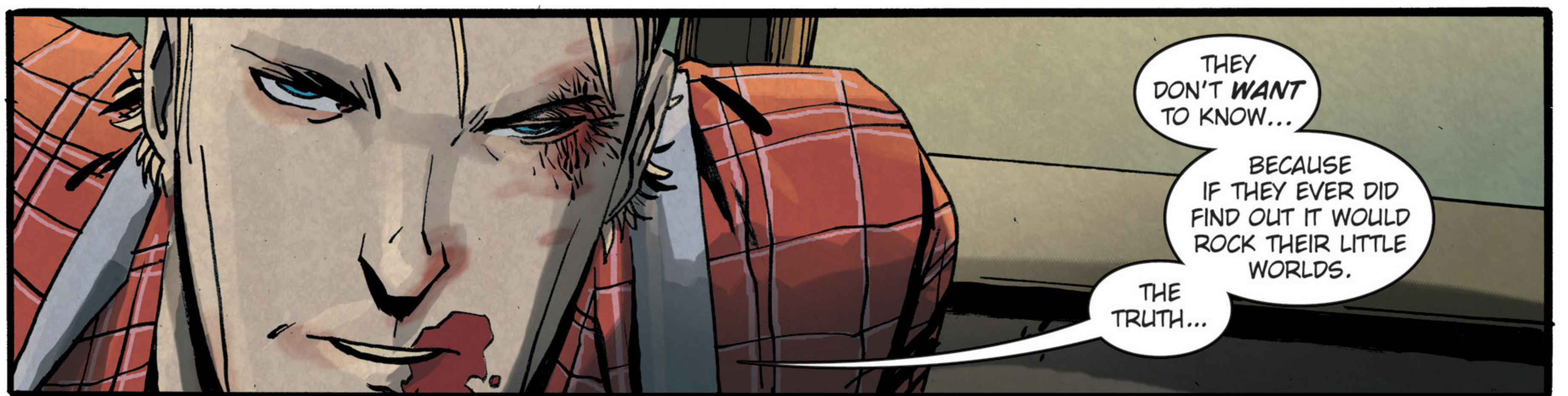


YOU EVER ASK YOURSELF...

WHY AREN'T THERE HUNDREDS OF FBI AGENTS TURNING BUCKAROO UPSIDE DOWN? WHY WAS CARROLL *ALONE* IN HIS OBSESSION?

I MEAN... SMALLVILLE, U.S.A. GIVES BIRTH TO SIXTEEN OF THE WORLD'S WORST SERIAL KILLERS...

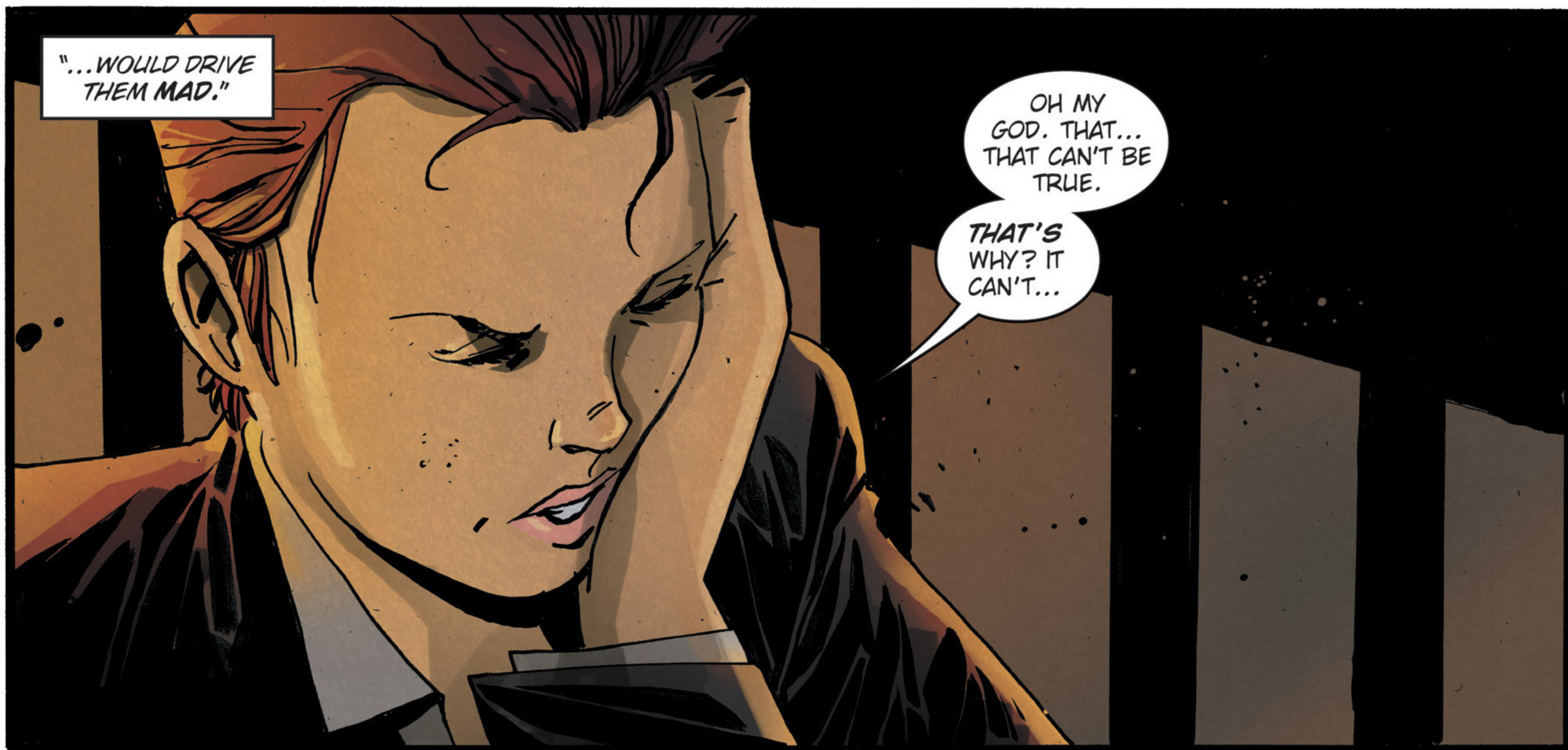
AND THEY SEND *ONE* FBI AGENT?



THEY DON'T *WANT* TO KNOW...

BECAUSE IF THEY EVER DID FIND OUT IT WOULD ROCK THEIR LITTLE WORLDS.

THE TRUTH...



"...WOULD DRIVE THEM MAD."

OH MY GOD. THAT... THAT CAN'T BE TRUE.

THAT'S WHY? IT CAN'T...



BUT IT IS, MY DEAR.

IF *THAT* EVER GOT OUT... IT WOULDN'T JUST AFFECT BUCKAROO...

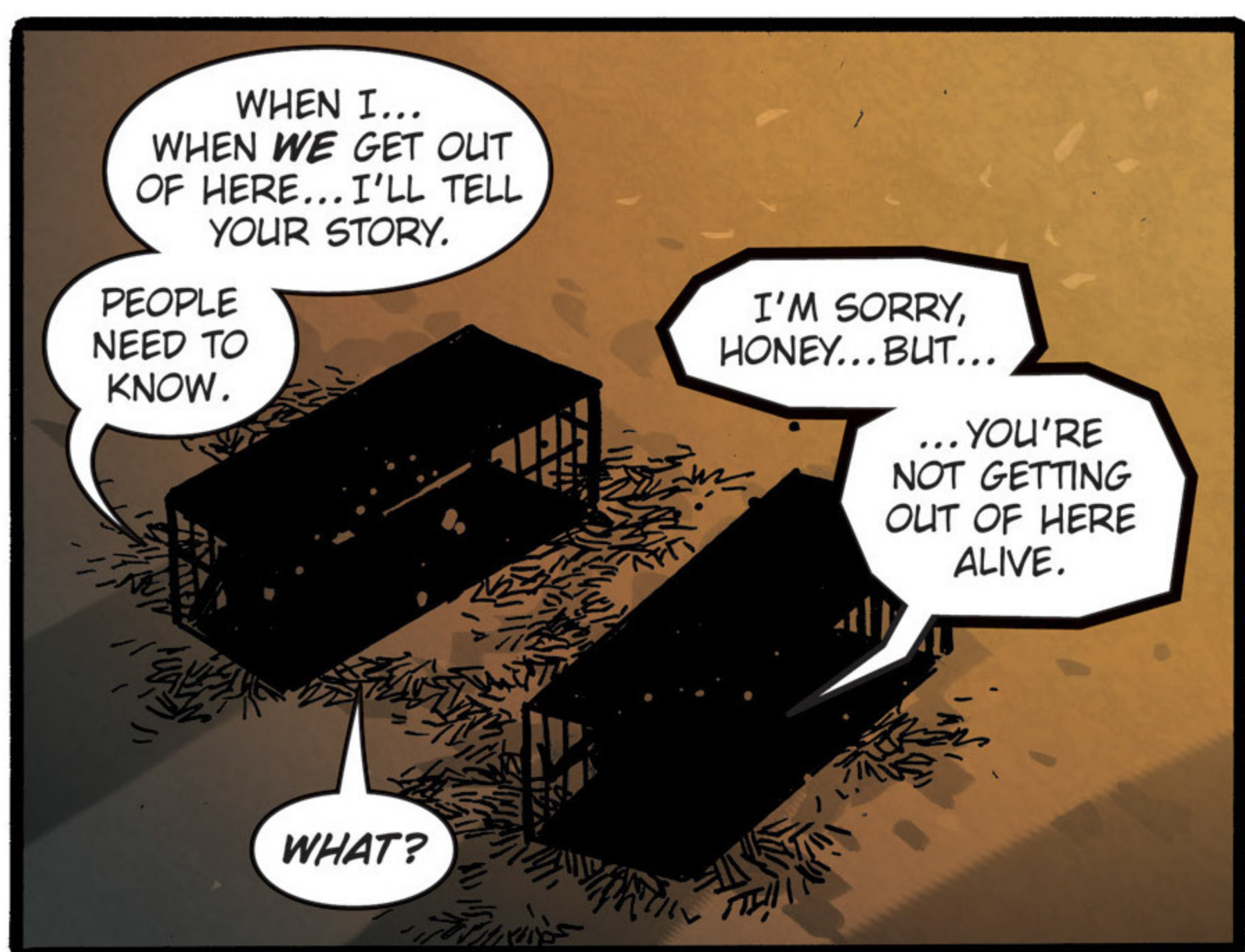
...IT WOULD CHANGE THE WORLD.

EXACTLY.



CARROLL FOUND OUT, DIDN'T HE?

I NEED TO TELL FINCH!



WHEN I... WHEN *WE* GET OUT OF HERE... I'LL TELL YOUR STORY.

PEOPLE NEED TO KNOW.

I'M SORRY, HONEY... BUT...

...YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE.

WHAT?



HE'S BACK.



...OH
SHIT...



NO!
LEAVE HIM
ALONE!

STOP!

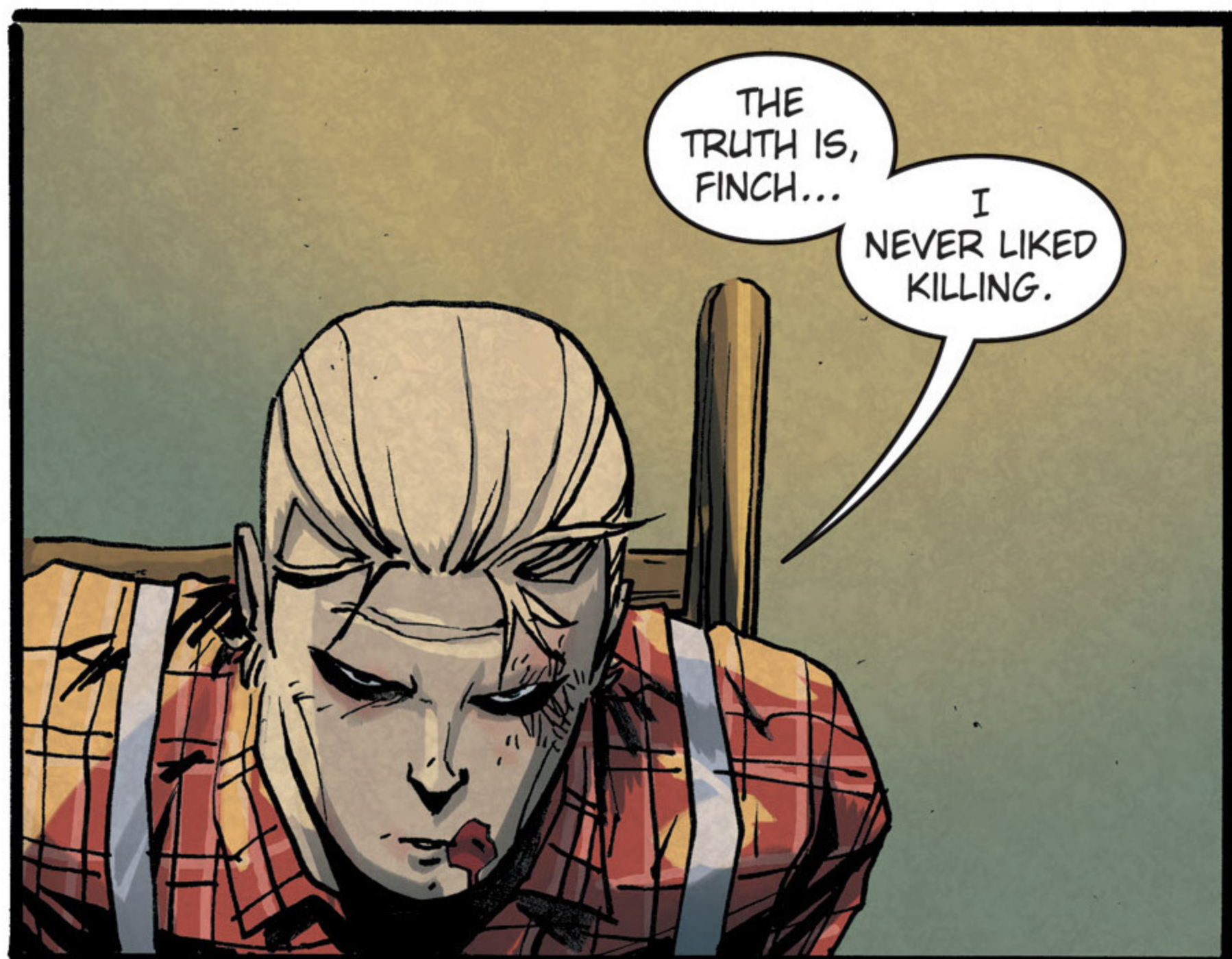


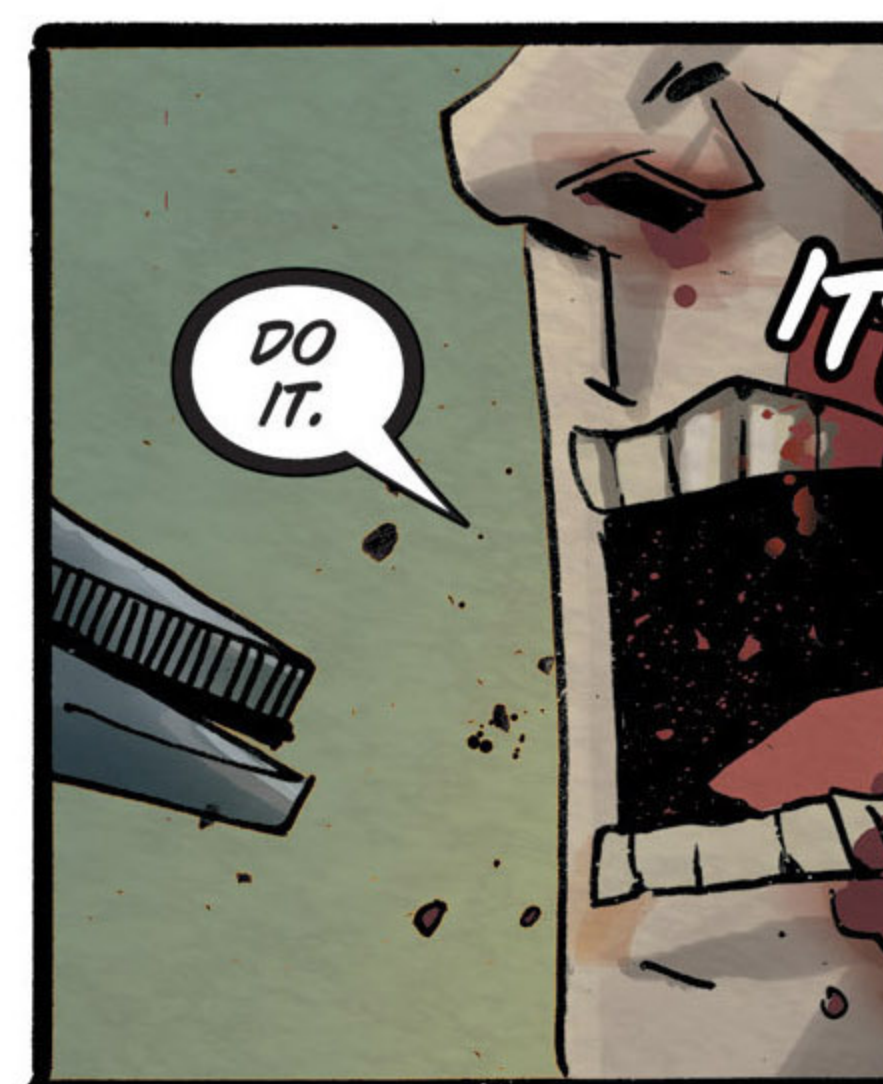
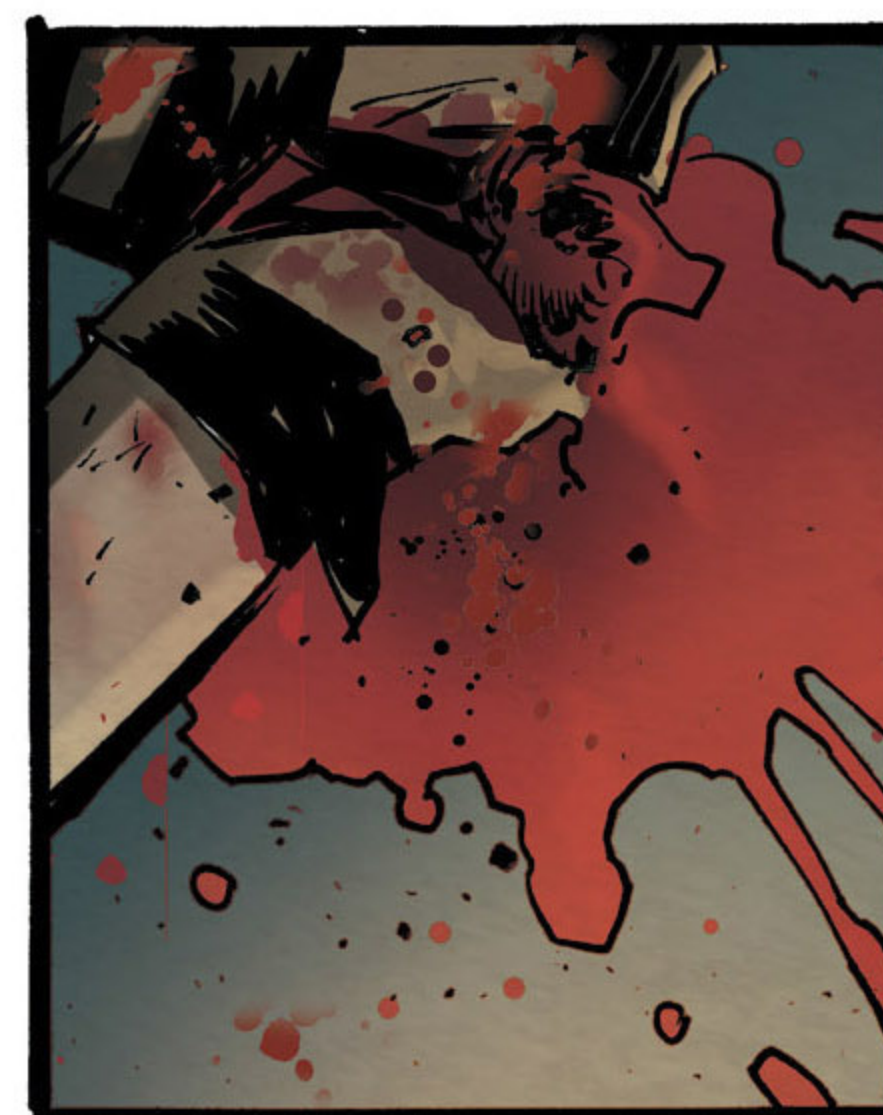
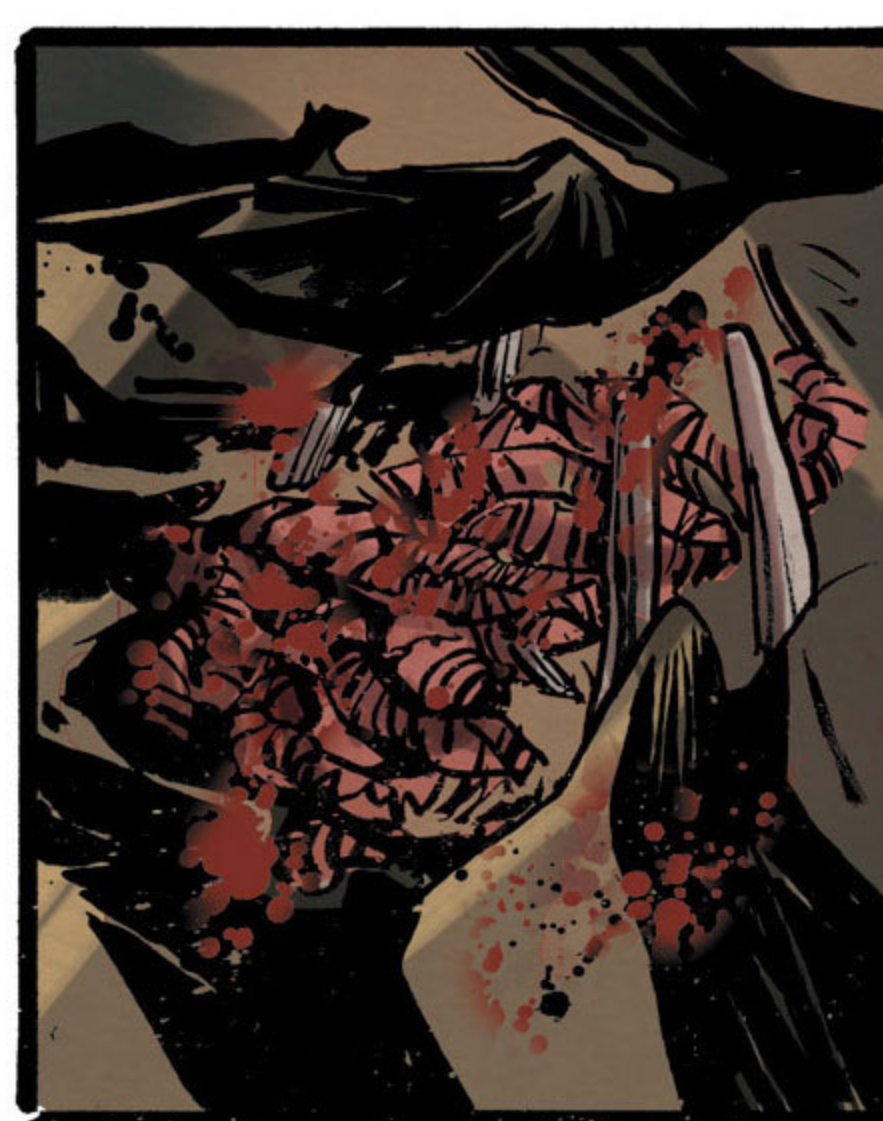
STRAP
OUR GOOD FRIEND
INTO THE TABLE.
WE'D BEEN LOOKING
FOR HIM FOR A
BIT...

AND YOUR
MISTER FINCH
LED US RIGHT
TO HIM.

YOU GET
TO HELP US WITH
AN **EXPERIMENT**
TODAY, AGENT
BARKER.

YOU
GET TO
WATCH.









...SERIAL
KILLER...OR
ONE HIT
WONDER.

ONCE YOU
HAVE A *TASTE*
FOR IT...YOU
WILL ALWAYS
HUNGER.

IT
MIGHT NOT
BE *TODAY*,
FINCH.

MAYBE NOT
TOMORROW, OR
THE DAY AFTER
THAT...



BUT...

...YOU
WILL...

...KILL
AGAIN...

SSSTTT



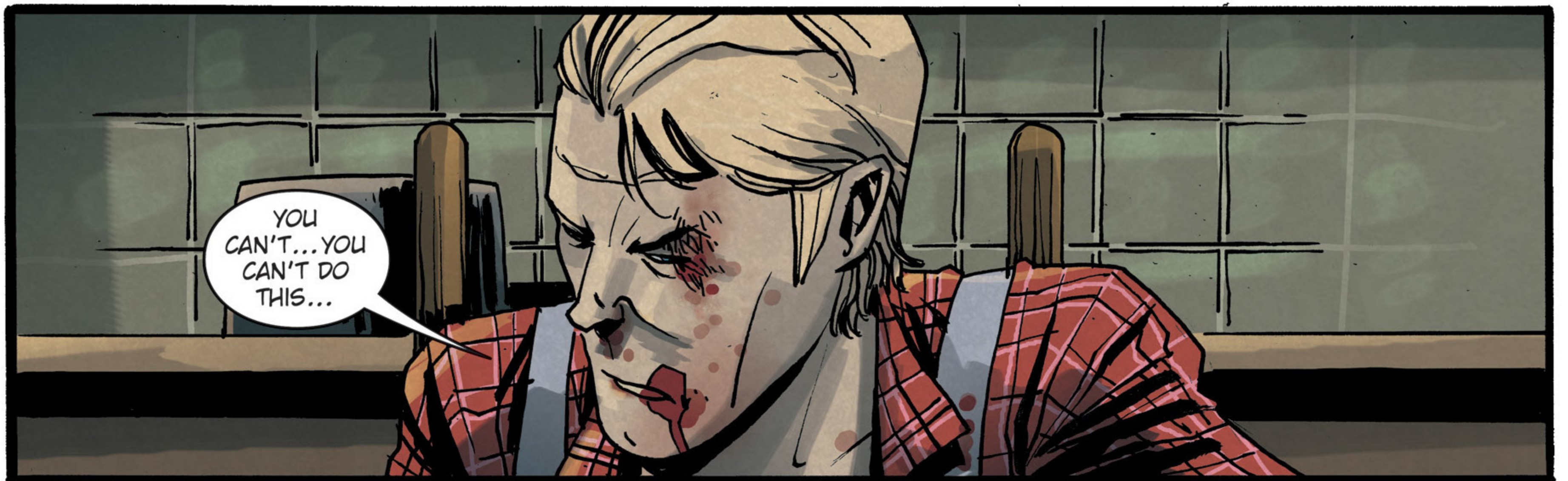
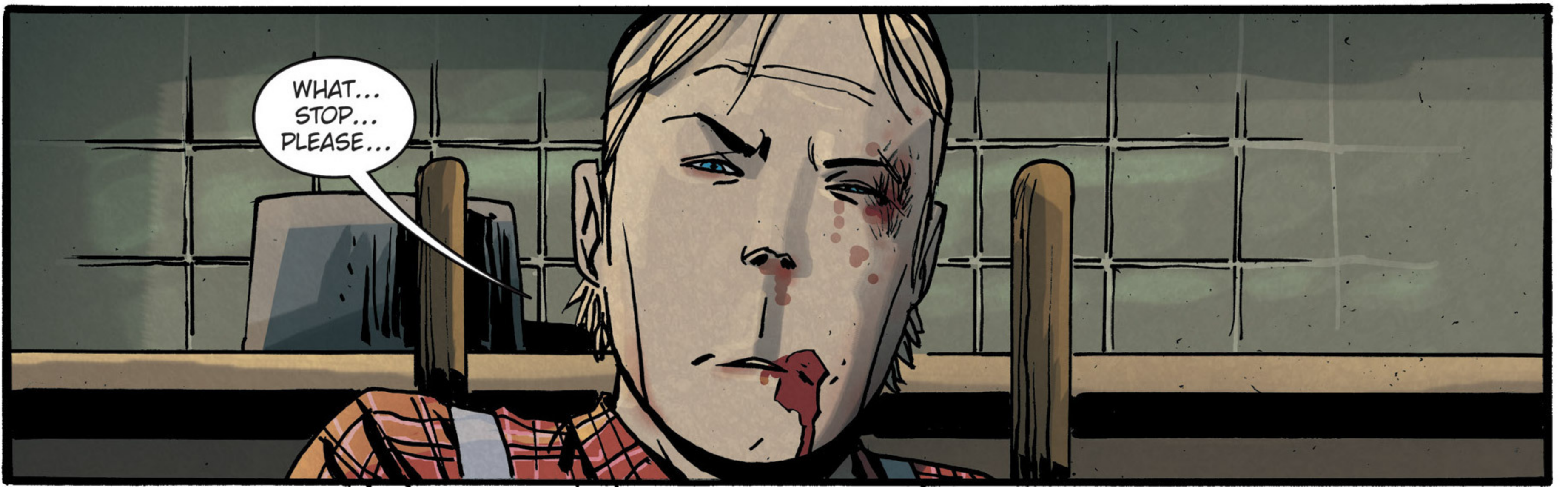
WHAT...
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?



YOU'RE
RIGHT.

ALL OF
THIS *TORTURE*
HAS MADE ME
WORK UP QUITE
AN APPETITE.





**HOW
DARE
YOU??**

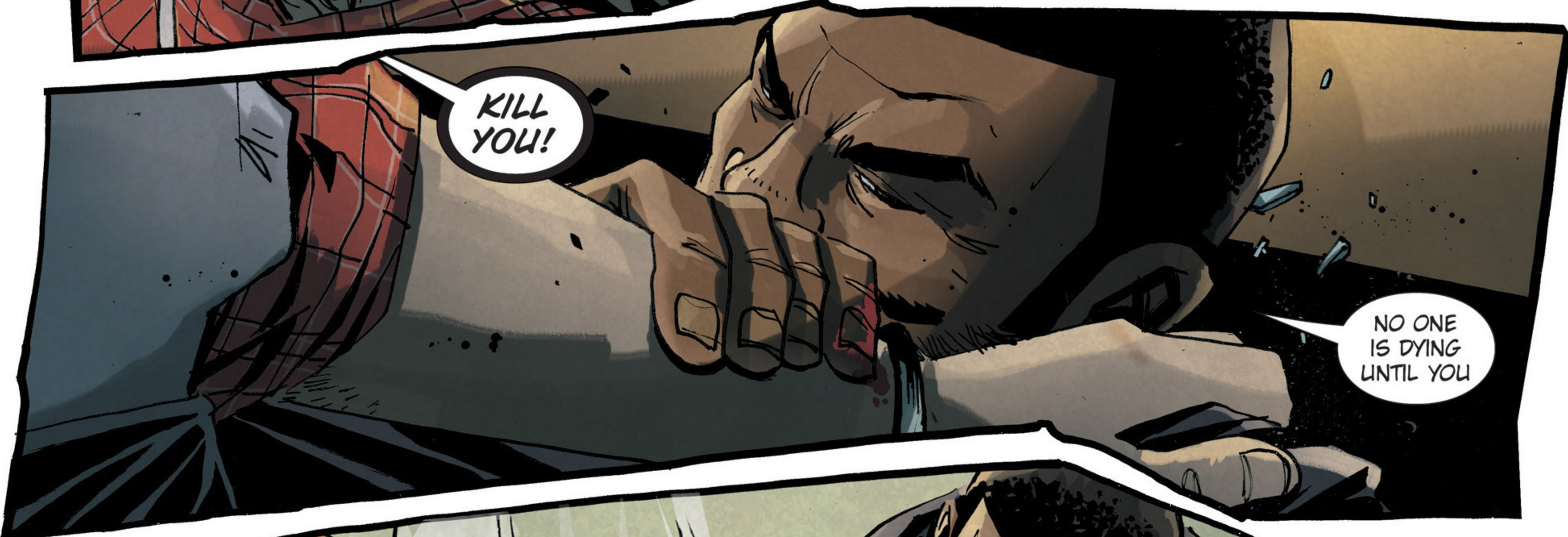
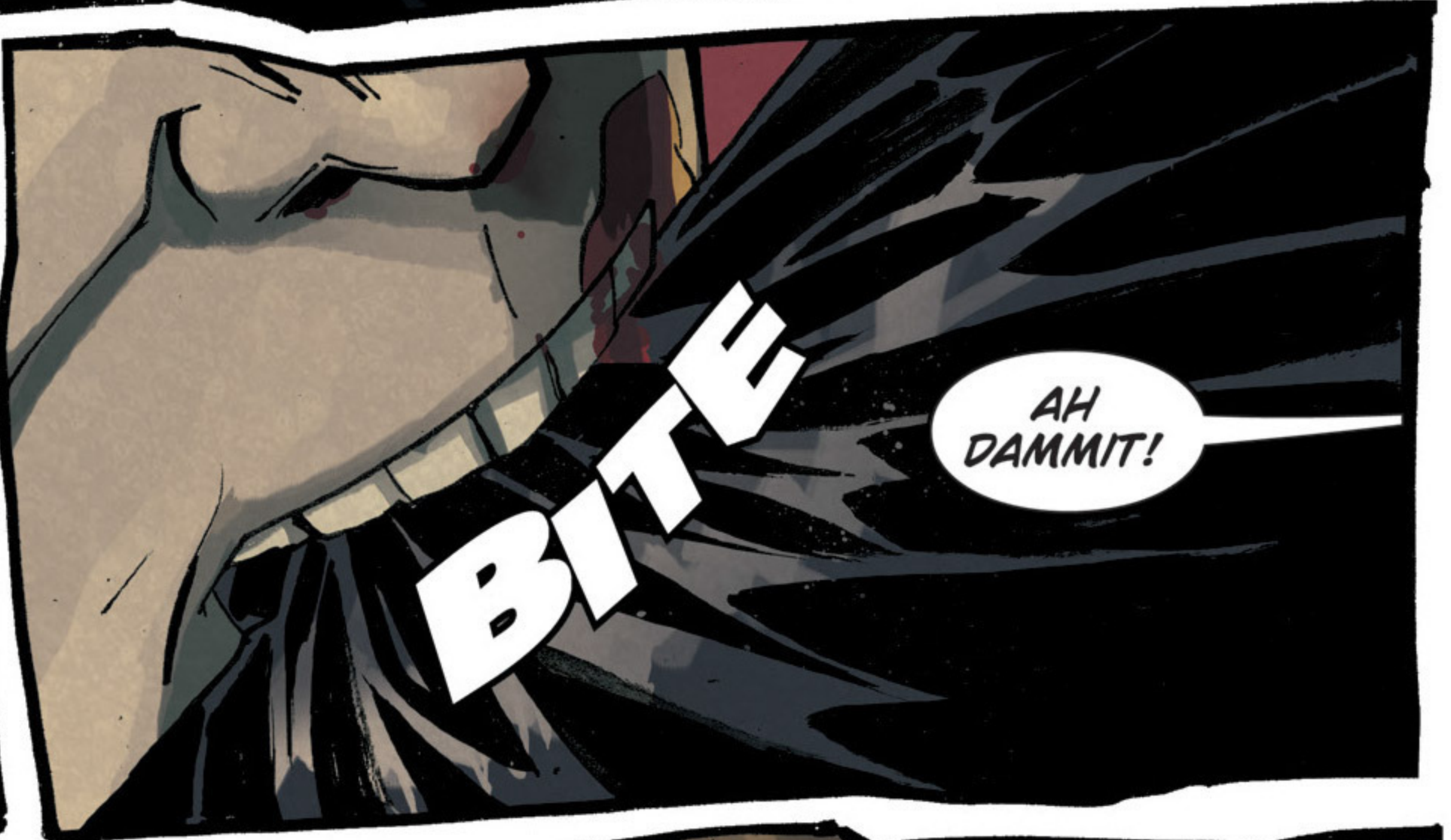
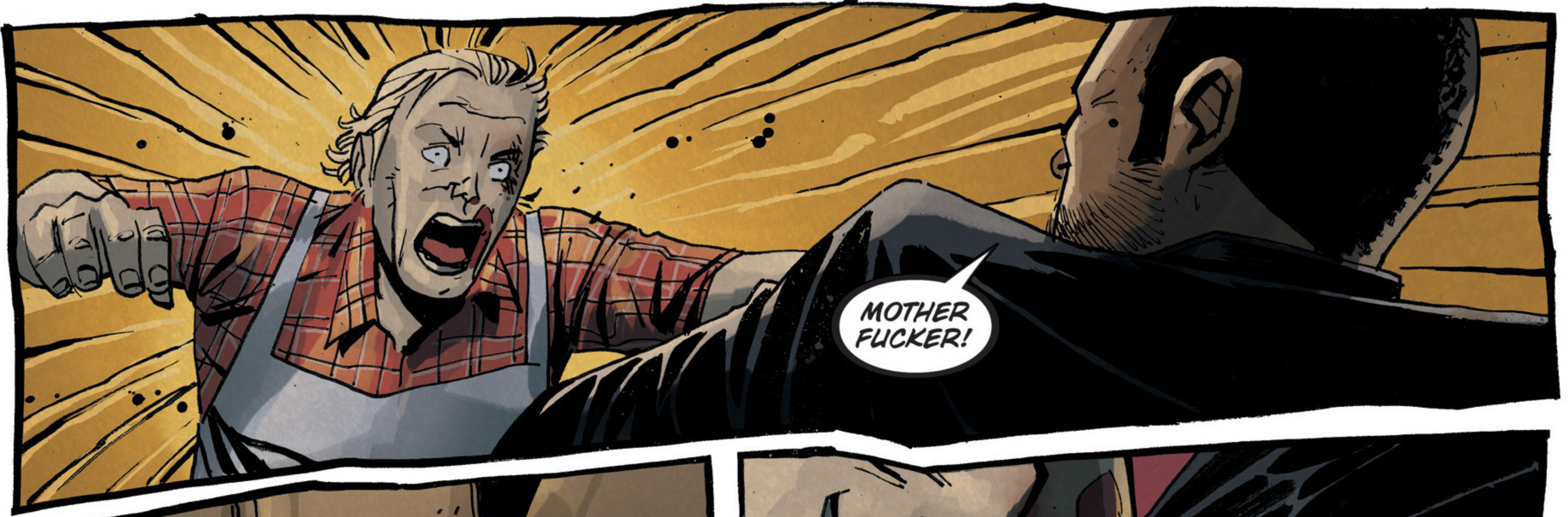
**YOUR
NAILS ARE
MINE!**

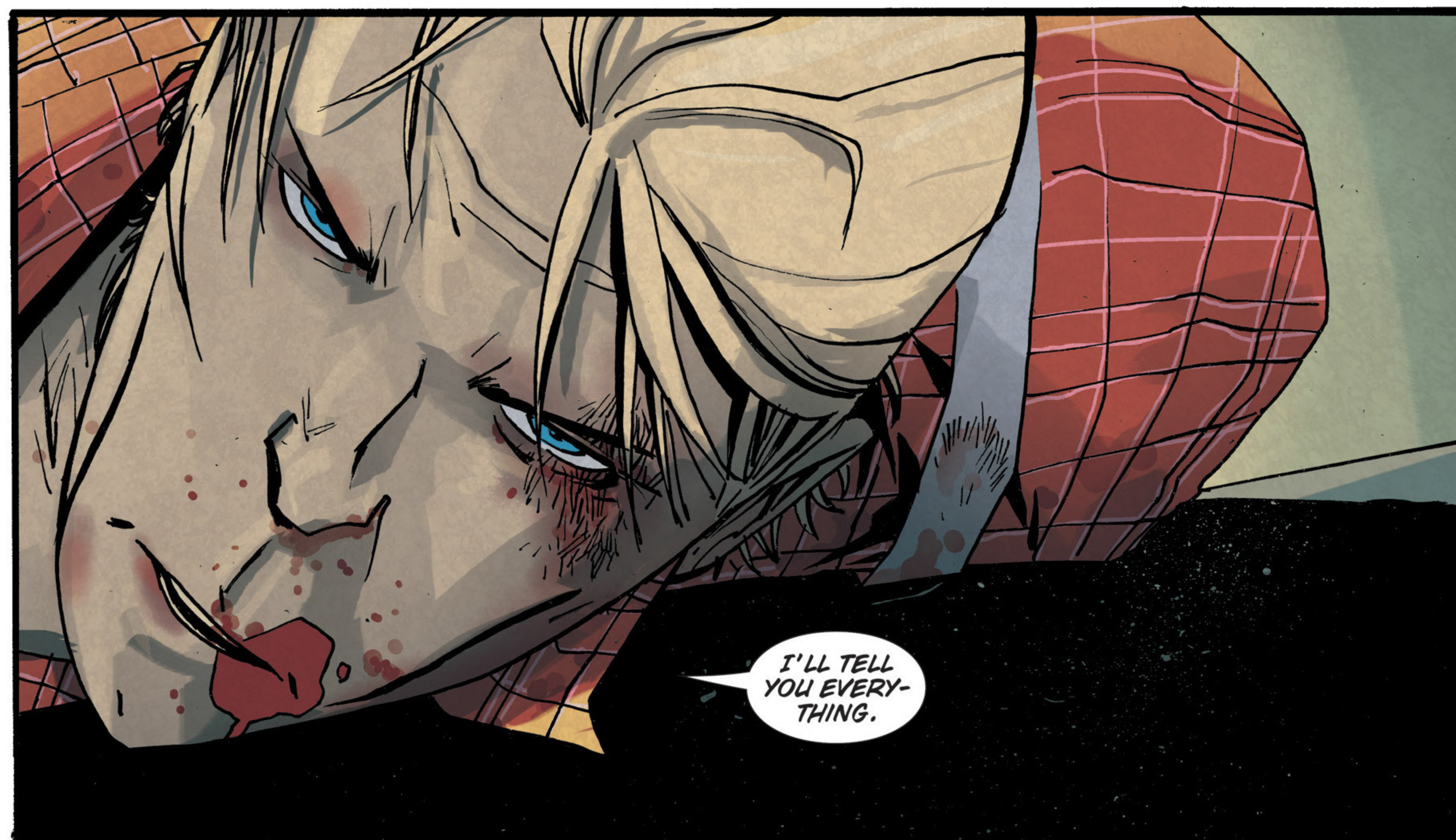
MINE!

**I'LL
KILL
YOU!**

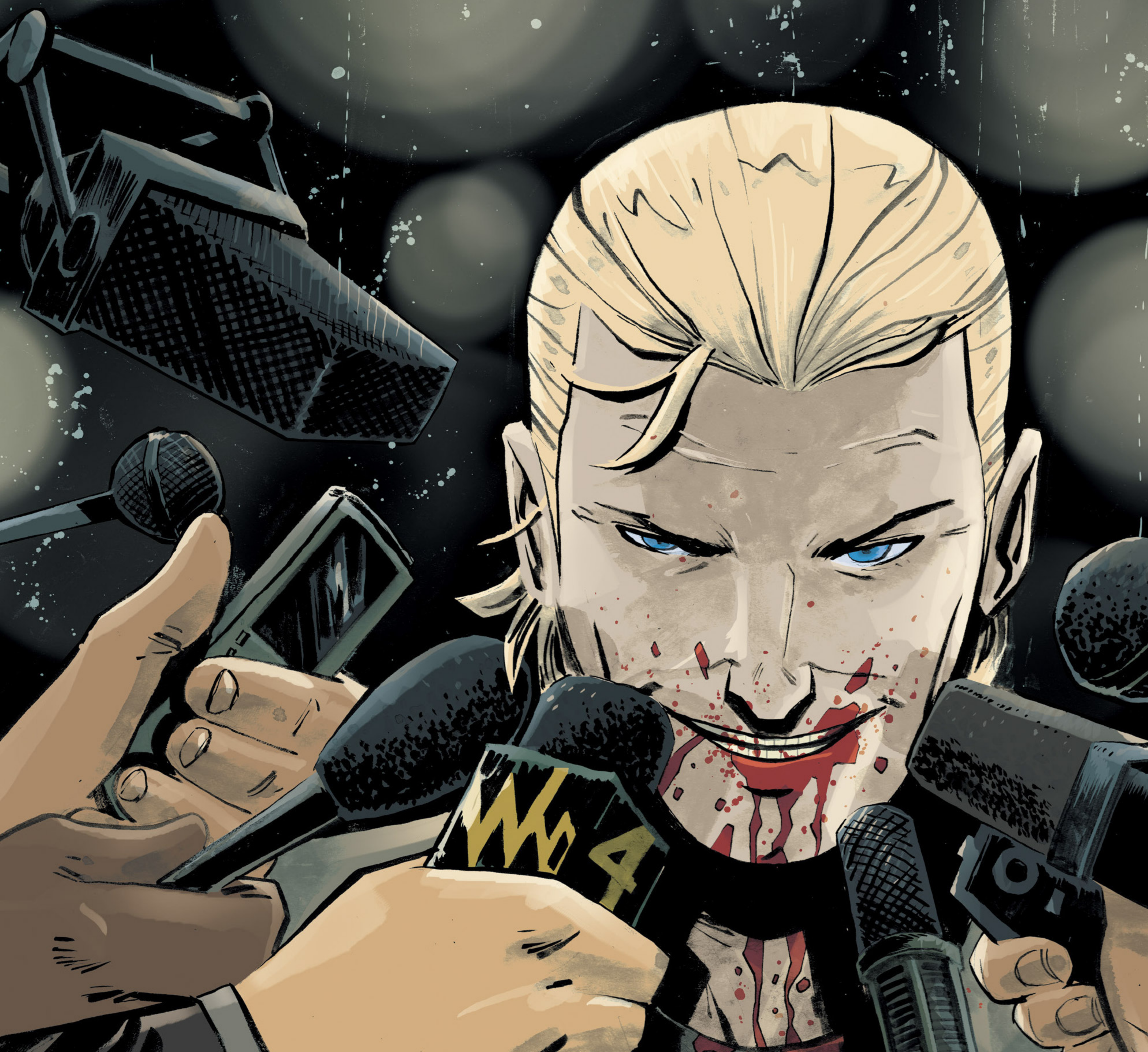
**KILL
YOU!**



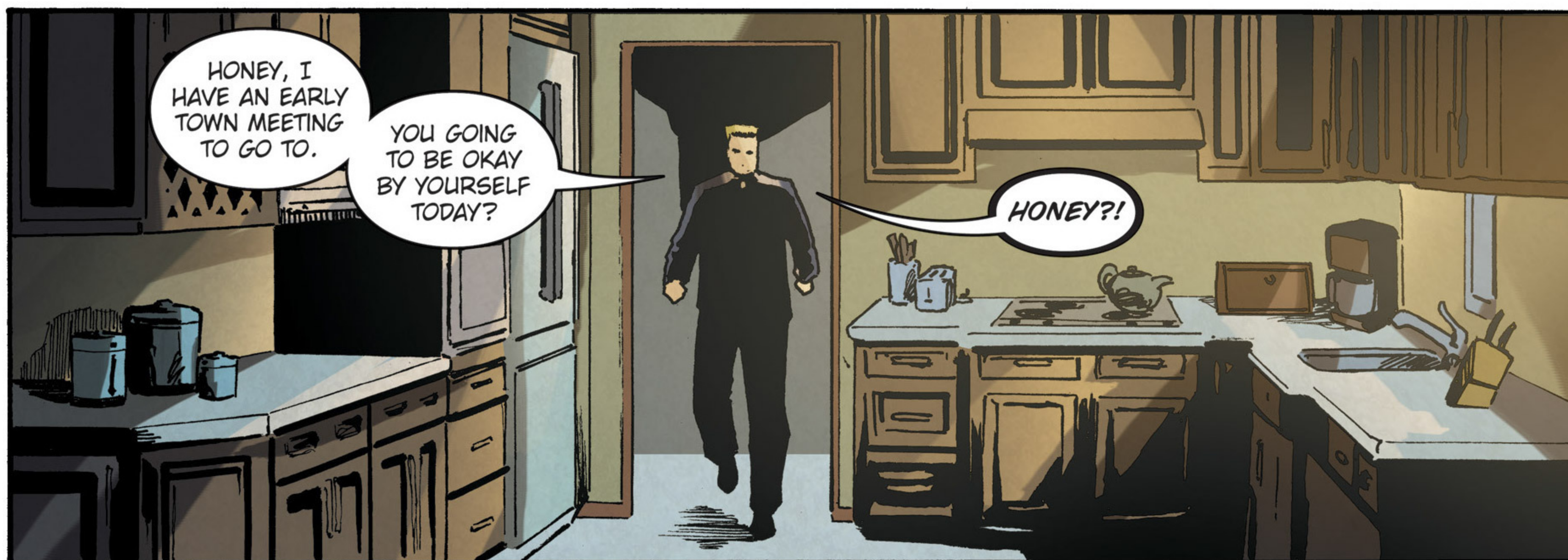
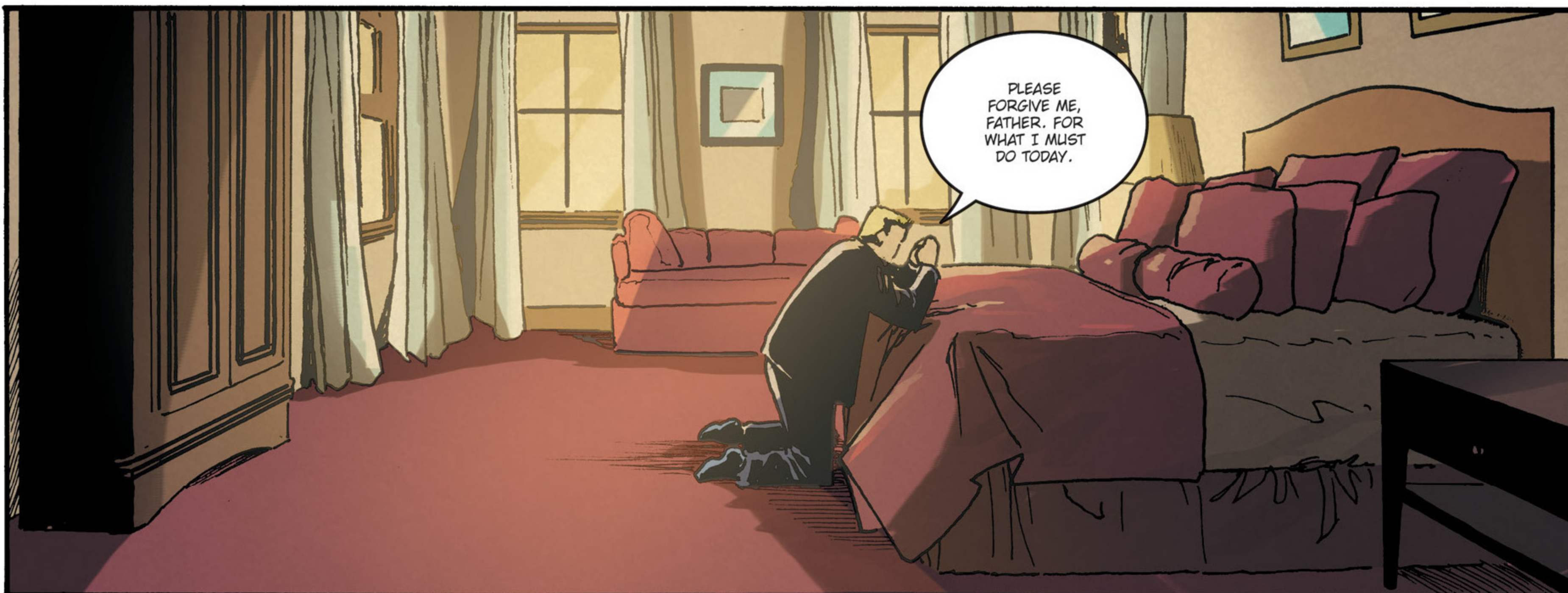
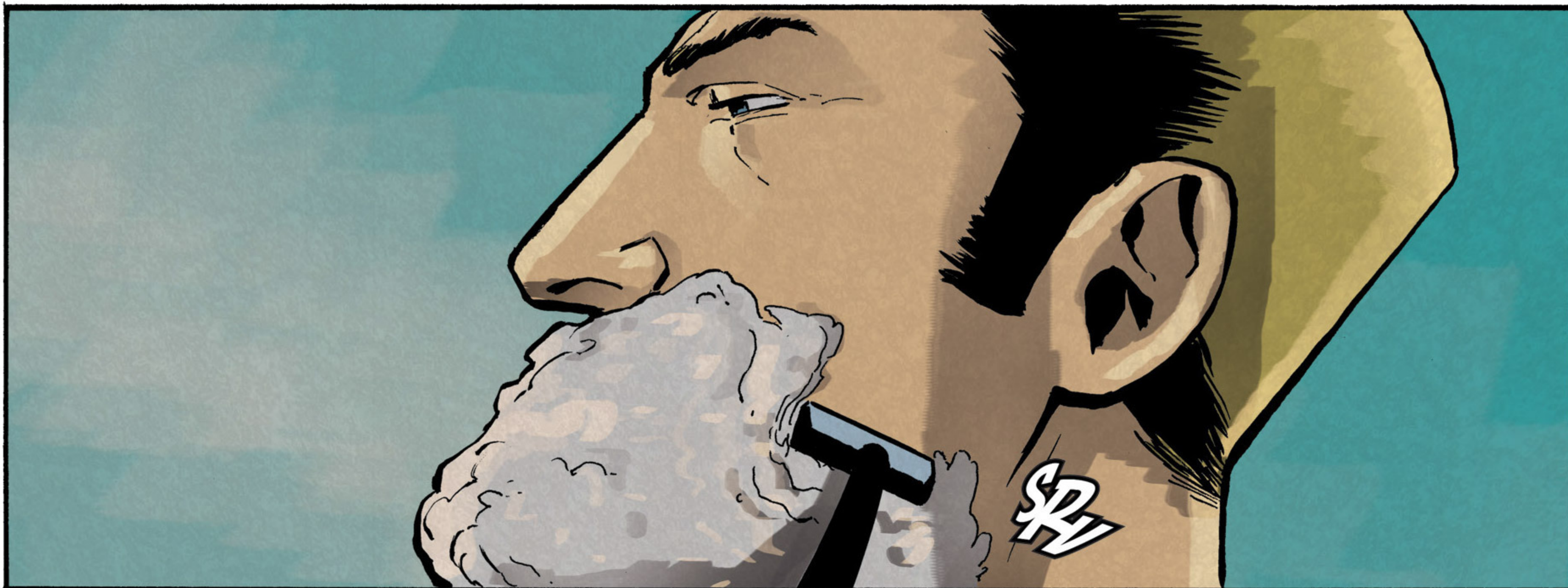


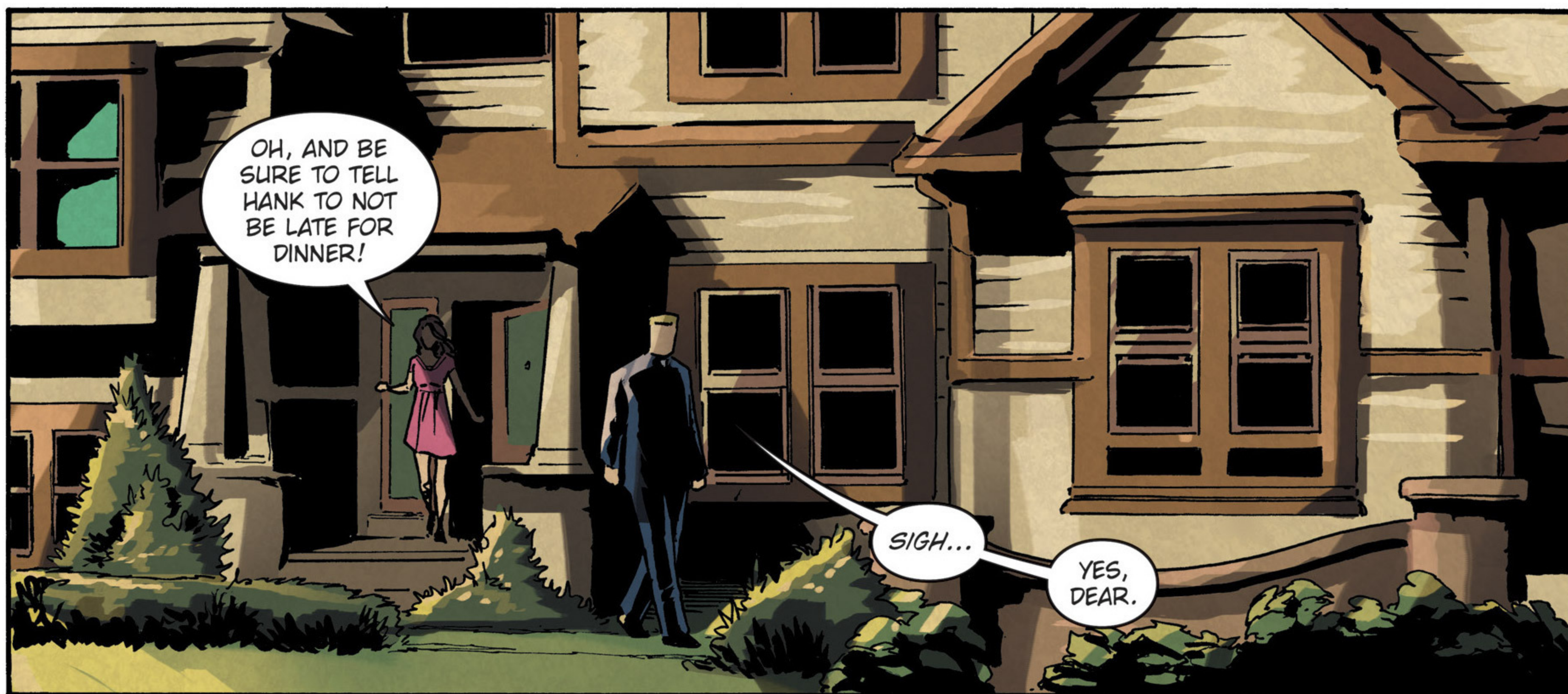
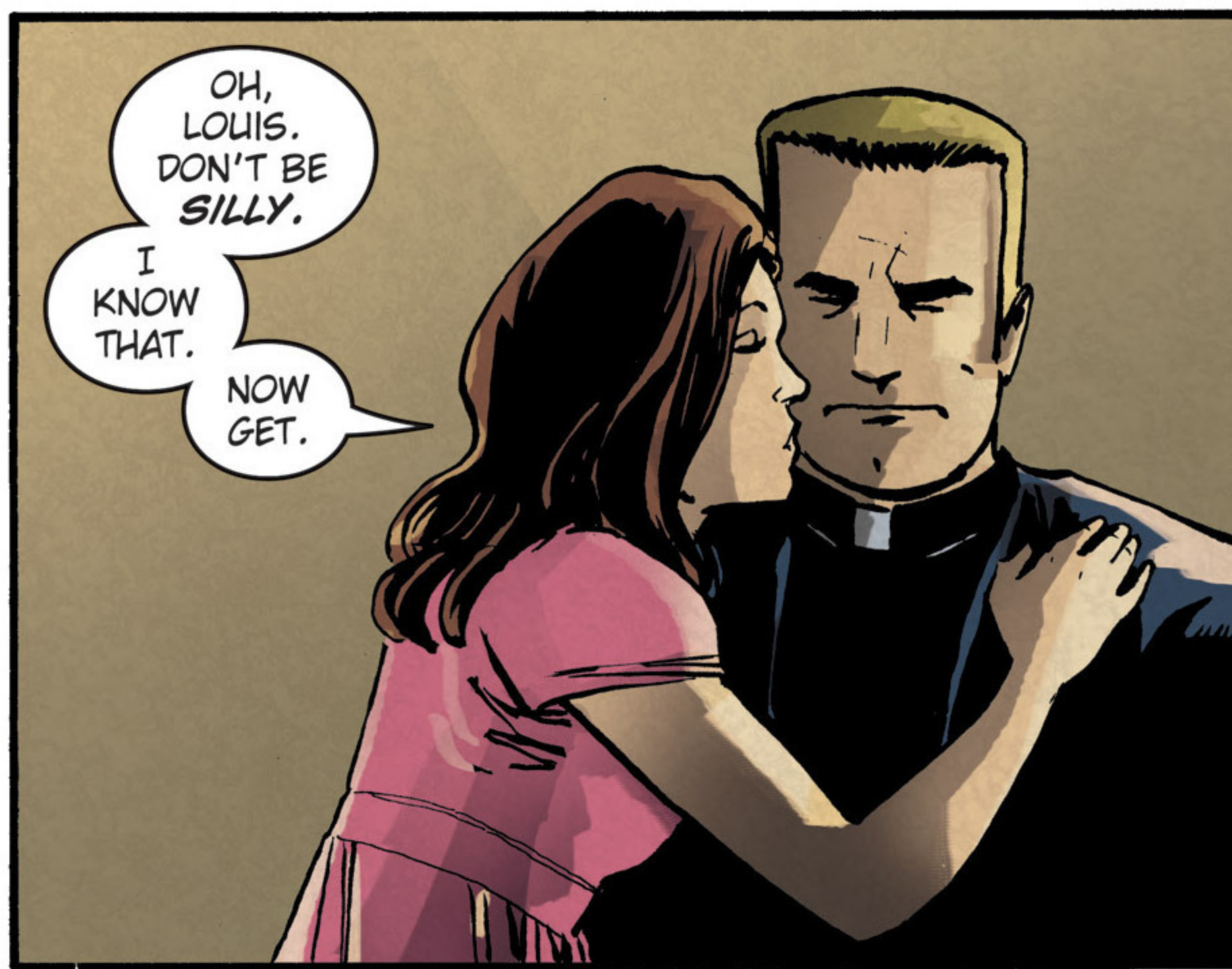
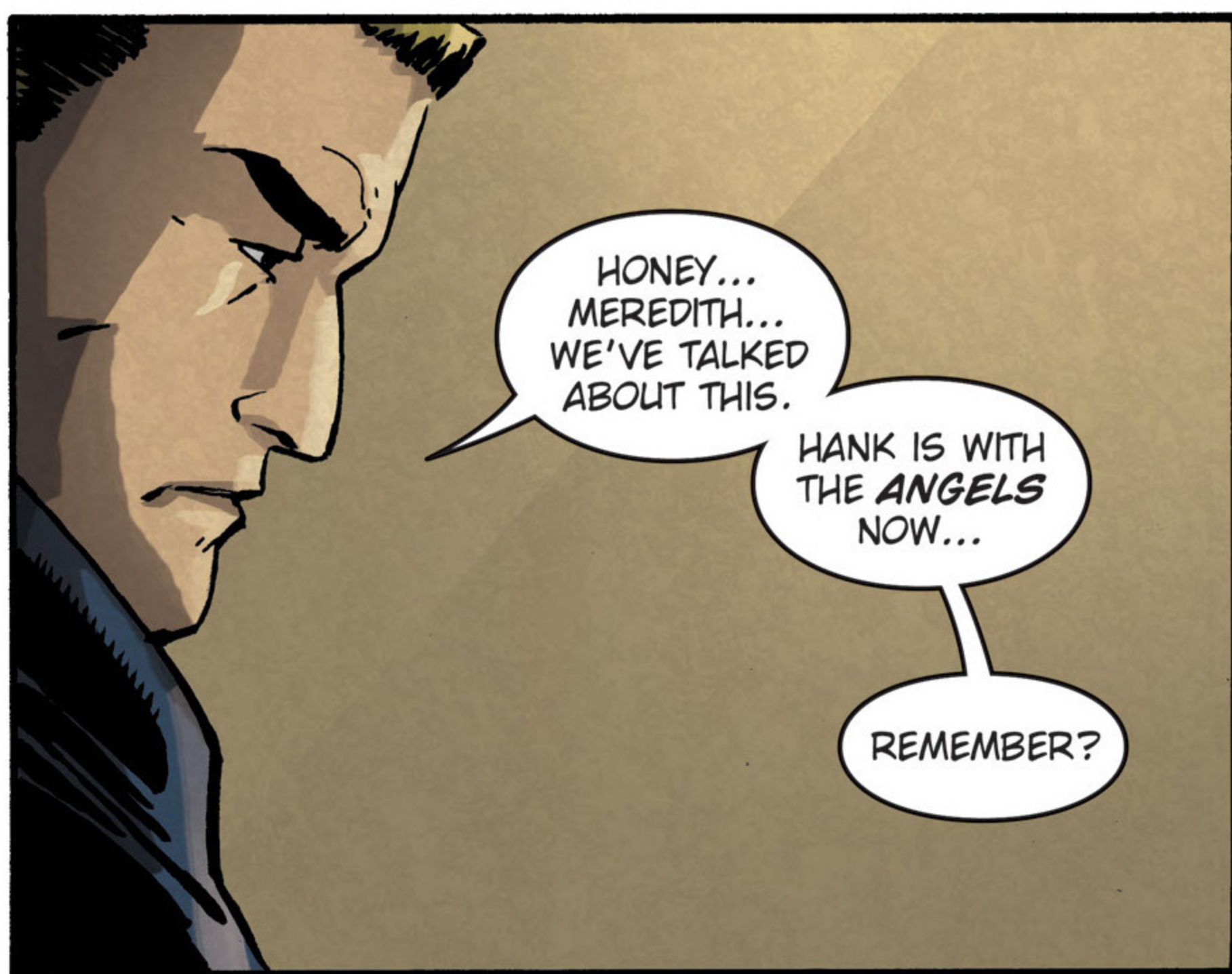


ISSUE TWELVE













WHAT
THE HELL
HAPPENED
TO YOU?!

YOUR
BUDDY FINCH AND
I HAD A LITTLE SLEEP
OVER. MOSTLY PILLOW
FIGHTS IN OUR
NIGHTIES.

AND
THEN FINCH
TORTURED
ME.

Y'KNOW...
WHATEVER.

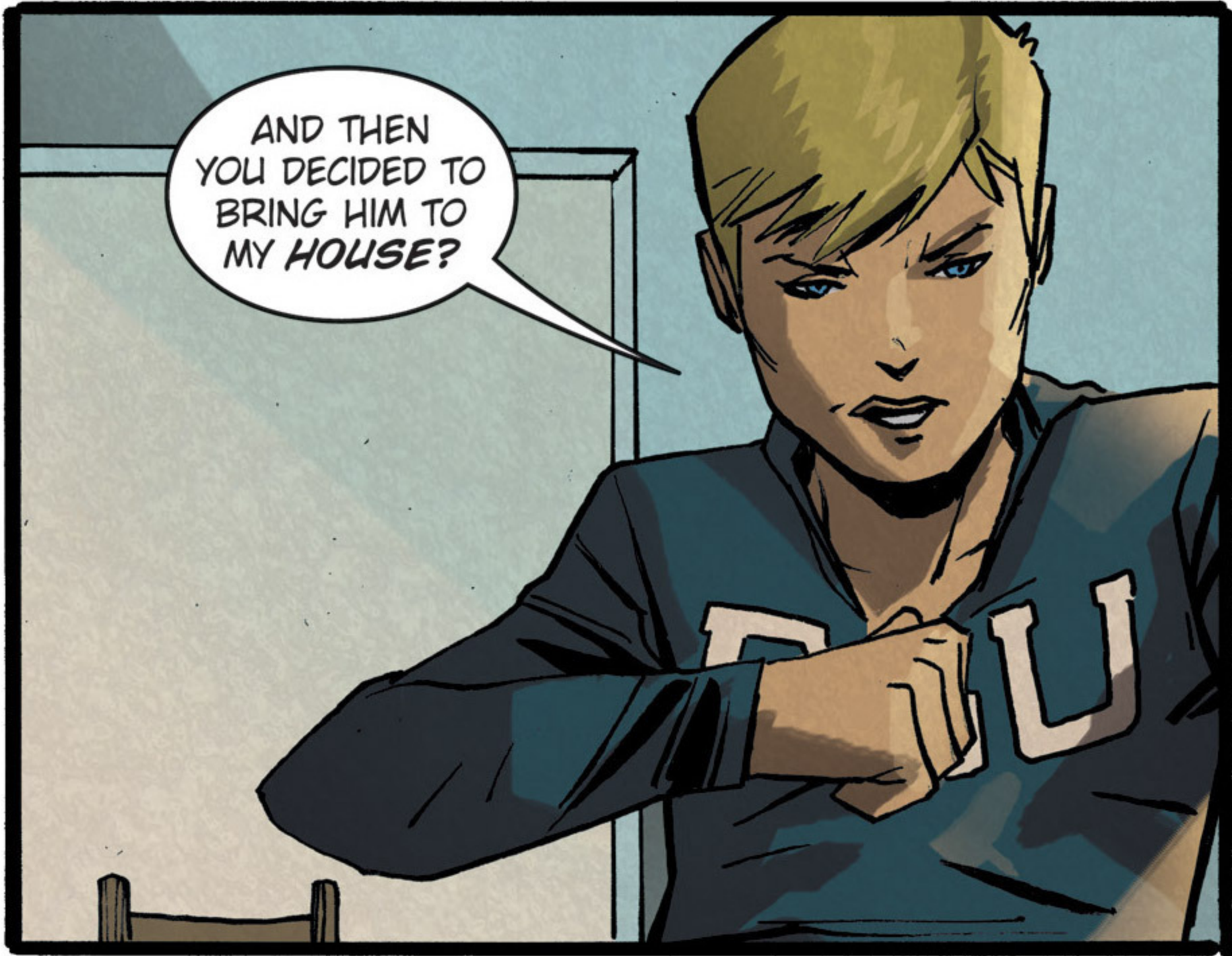
HE'S NOT
LYING.



HOLY
SHIT, ARE
YOU KIDDING
ME?

GET
IN BEFORE
SOMEONE SEES
WARREN.

I
NEEDED HIM
TO TALK,
CRANE...



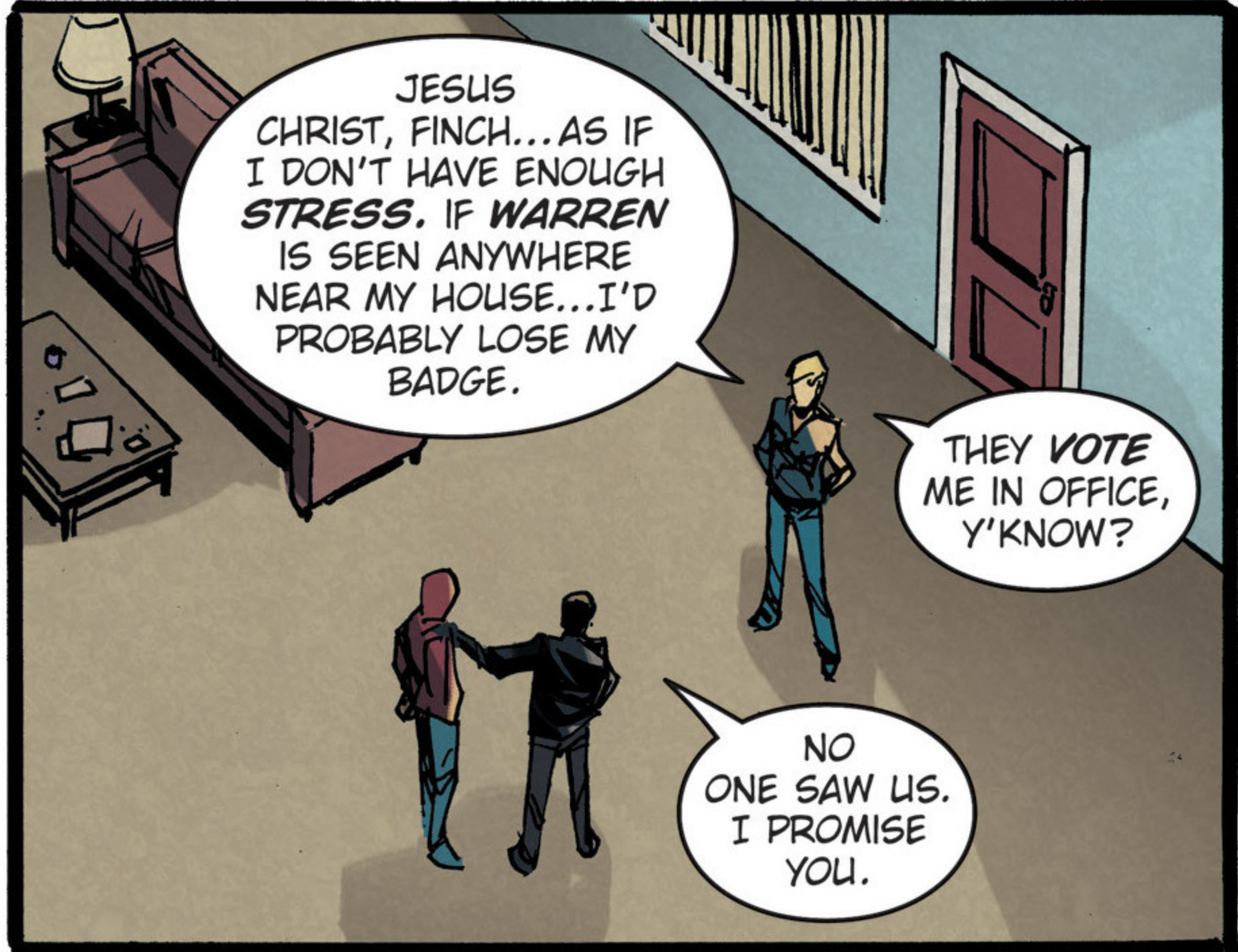
AND THEN
YOU DECIDED TO
BRING HIM TO
MY *HOUSE*?



NO ONE SAW
US. HE WAS IN
THE TRUNK FOR
THE DRIVE.

THEN
I PARKED DOWN
THE STREET AND WE
SNUCK AROUND
THE BACK.

YES,
MISTER FINCH
IS QUITE THE
NINJA.



JESUS
CHRIST, FINCH... AS IF
I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH
STRESS. IF *WARREN*
IS SEEN ANYWHERE
NEAR MY HOUSE... I'D
PROBABLY LOSE MY
BADGE.

THEY *VOTE*
ME IN OFFICE,
Y'KNOW?

NO
ONE SAW US.
I PROMISE
YOU.



**DING
DONG**



OH MY, I
WONDER WHO
THAT COULD
BE?

DOESN'T
MATTER.

HIDE
WARREN IN
MY ROOM.

NOW.
MY ROOM.
GO.

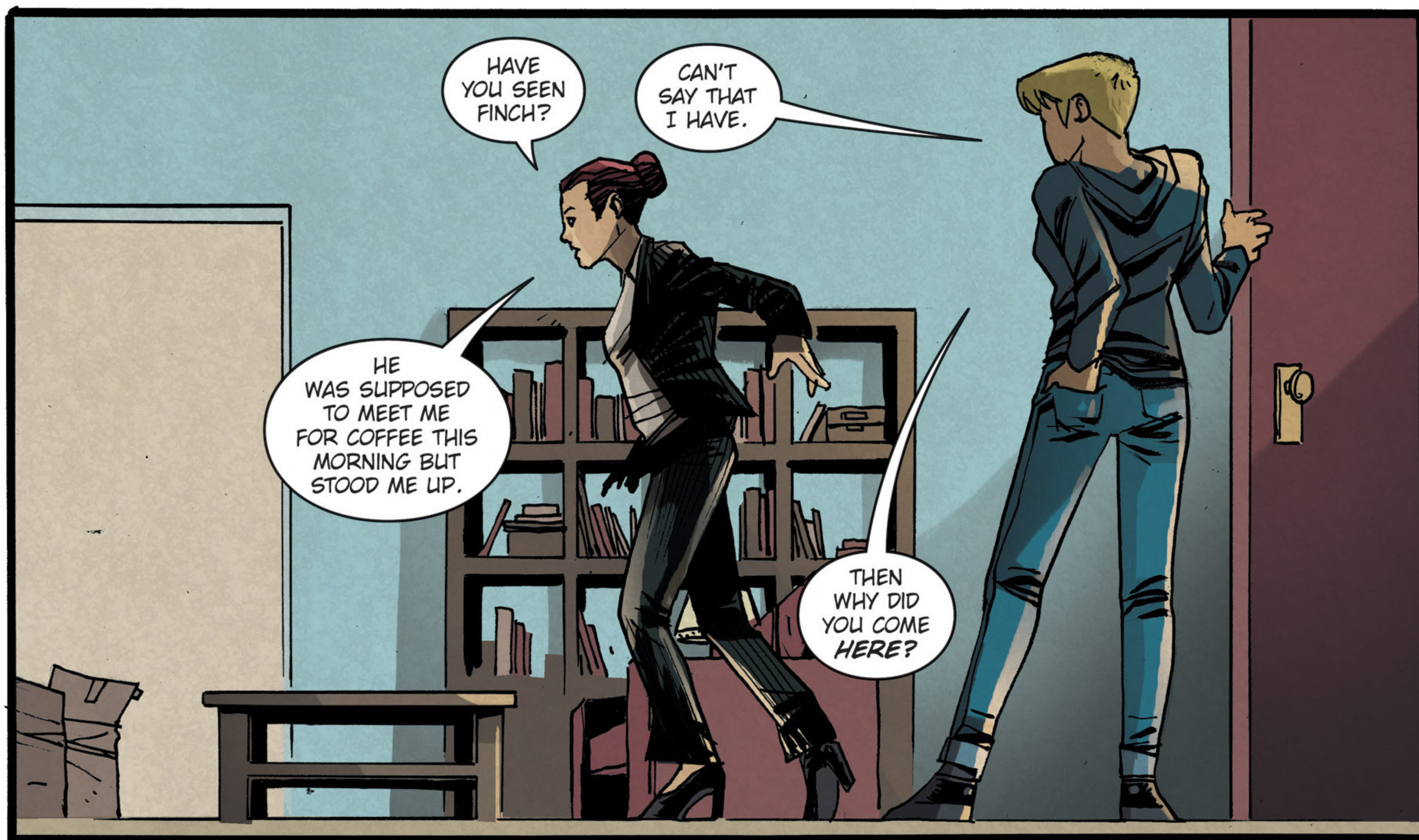
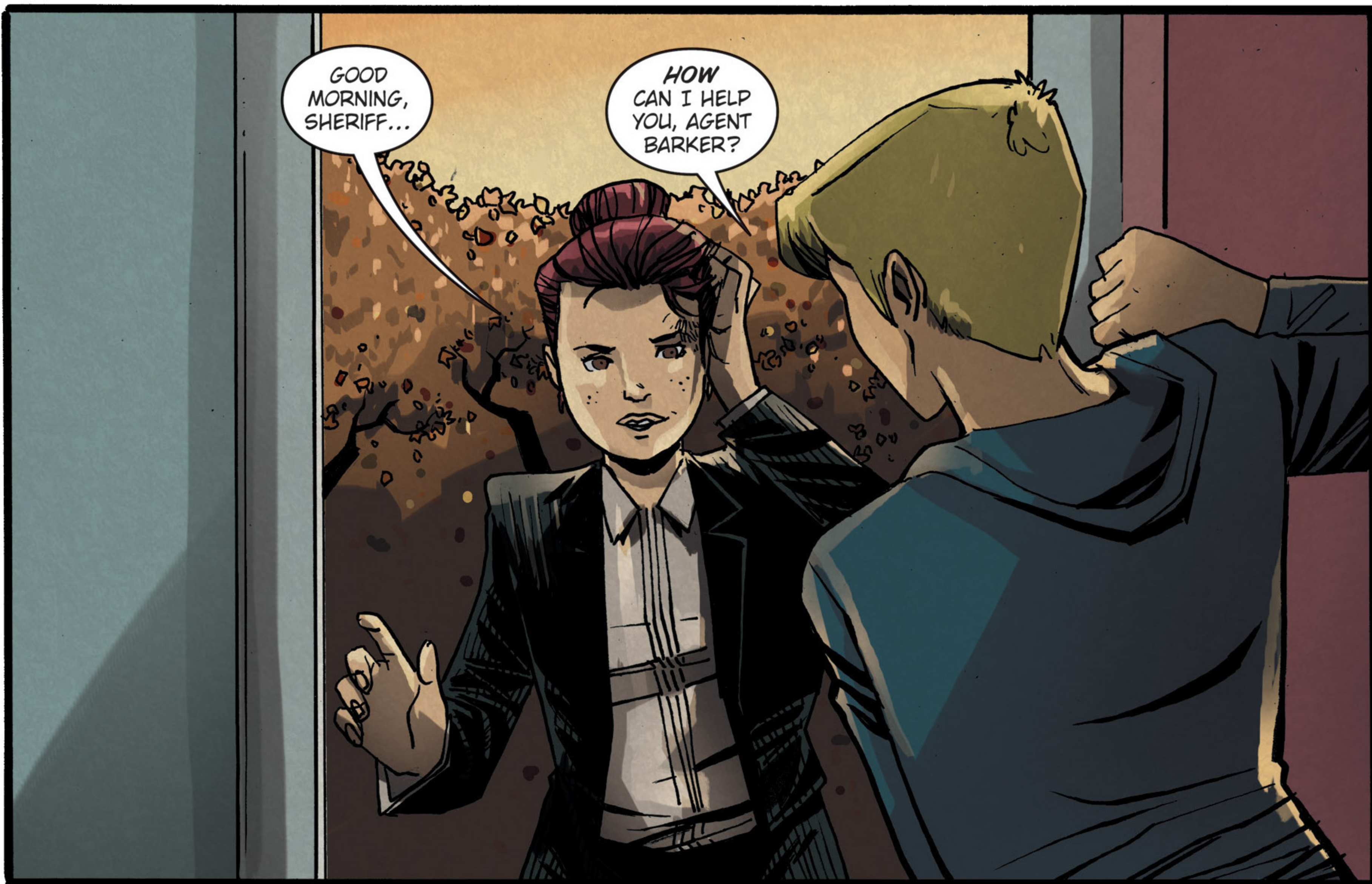


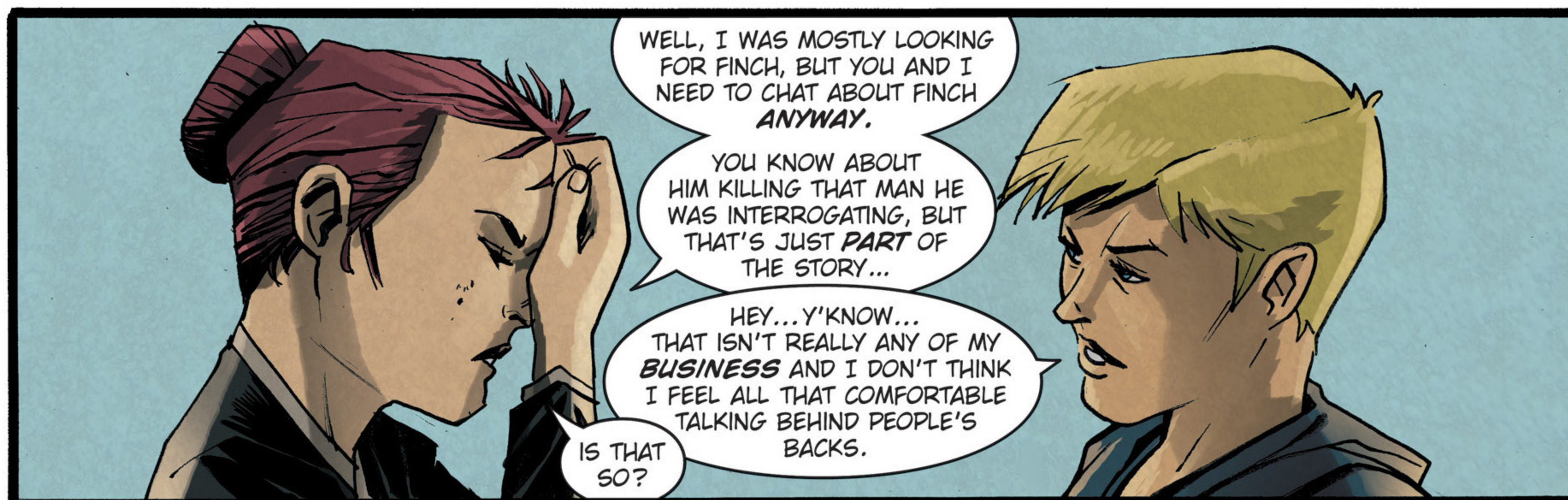
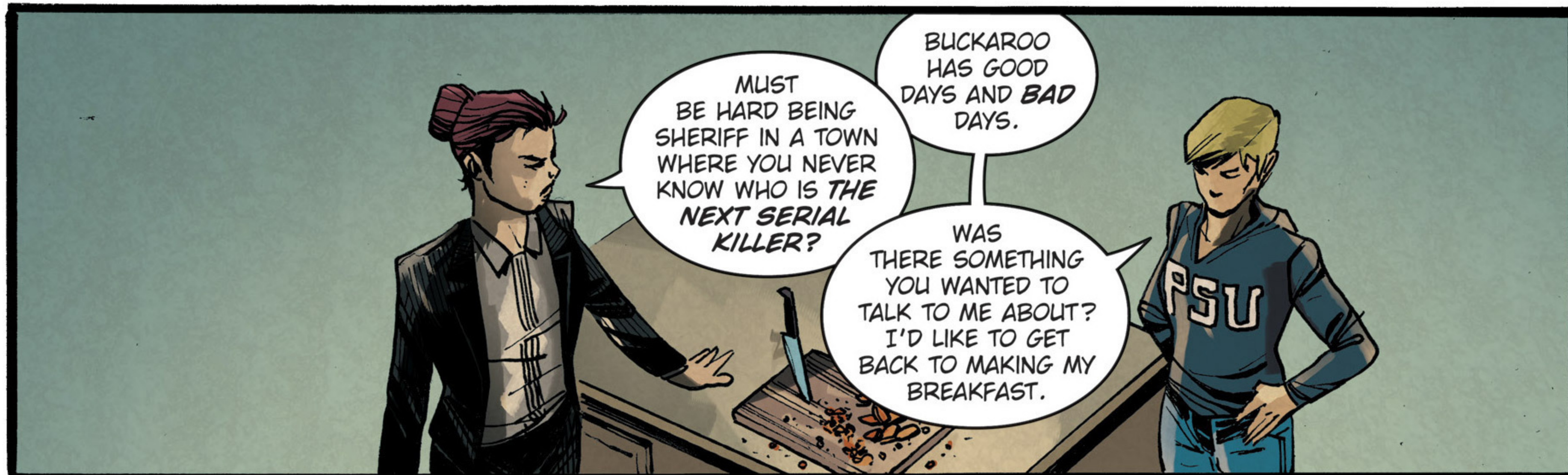
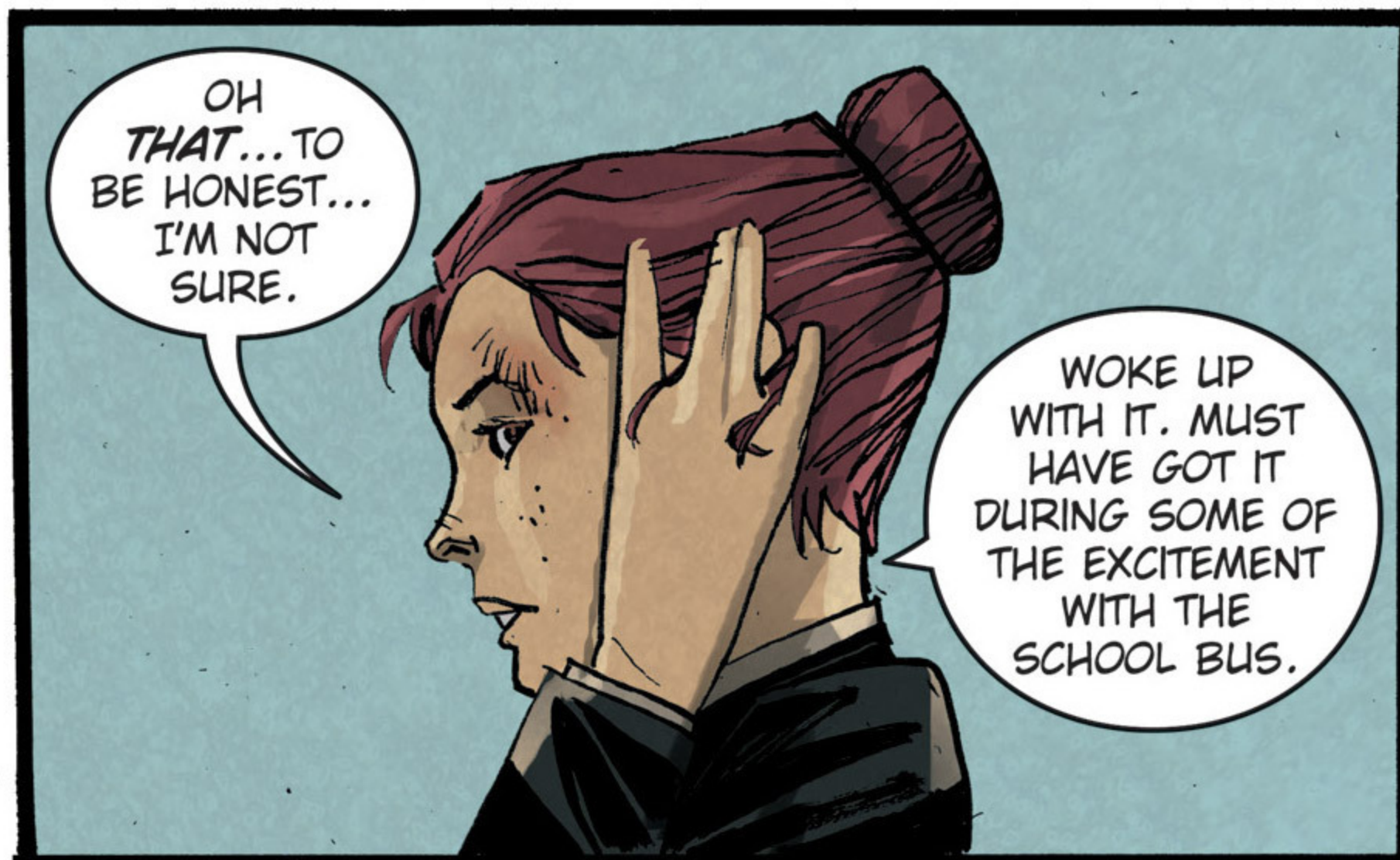
SHIT.

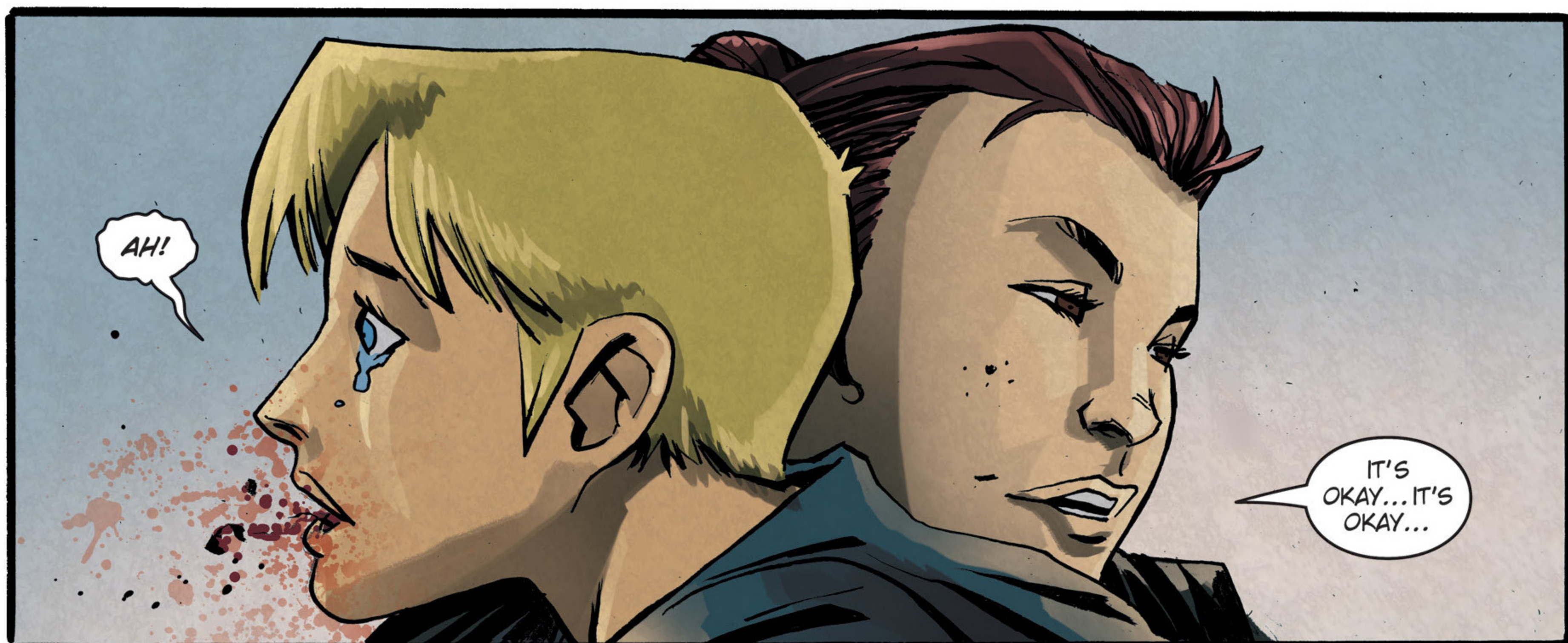


WELL...
HELLO?

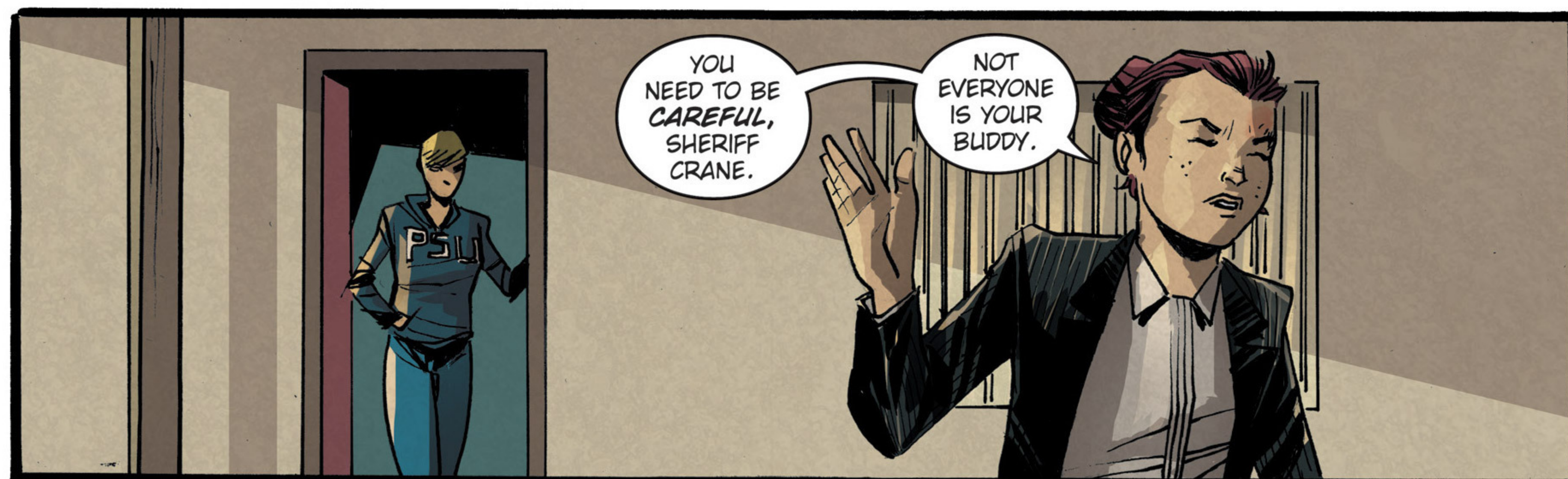
THIS IS
A PLEASANT
SURPRISE.

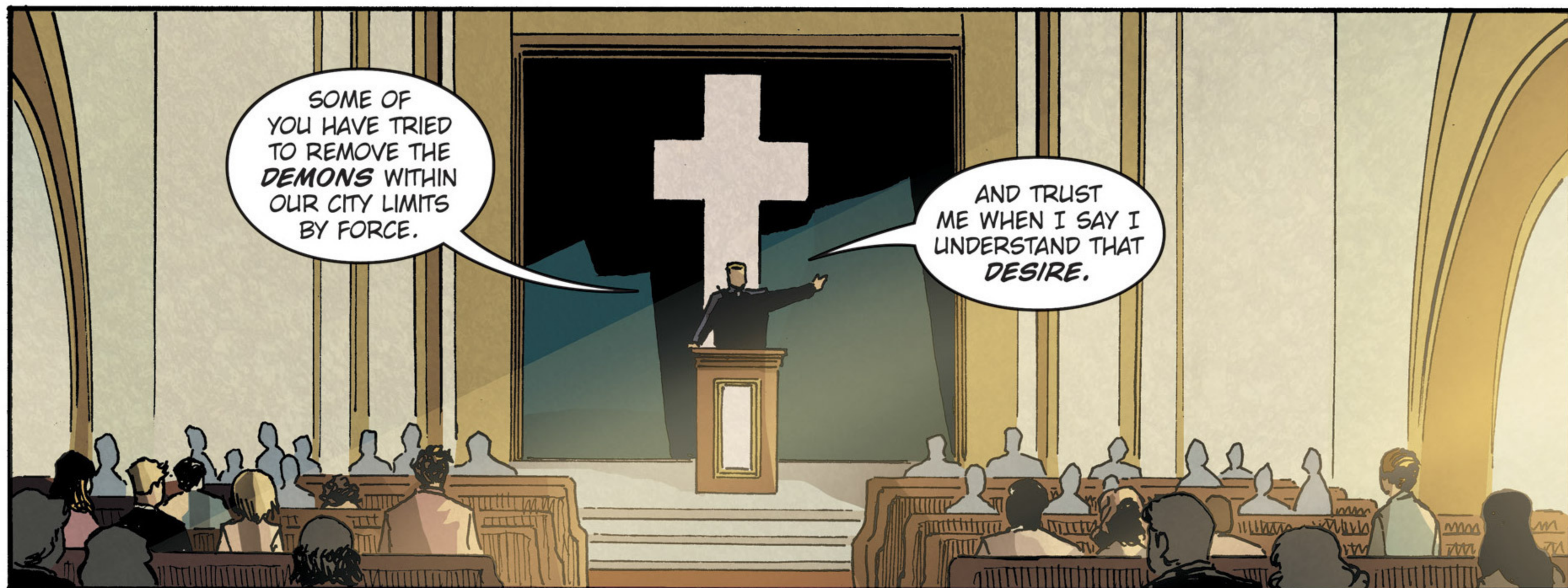












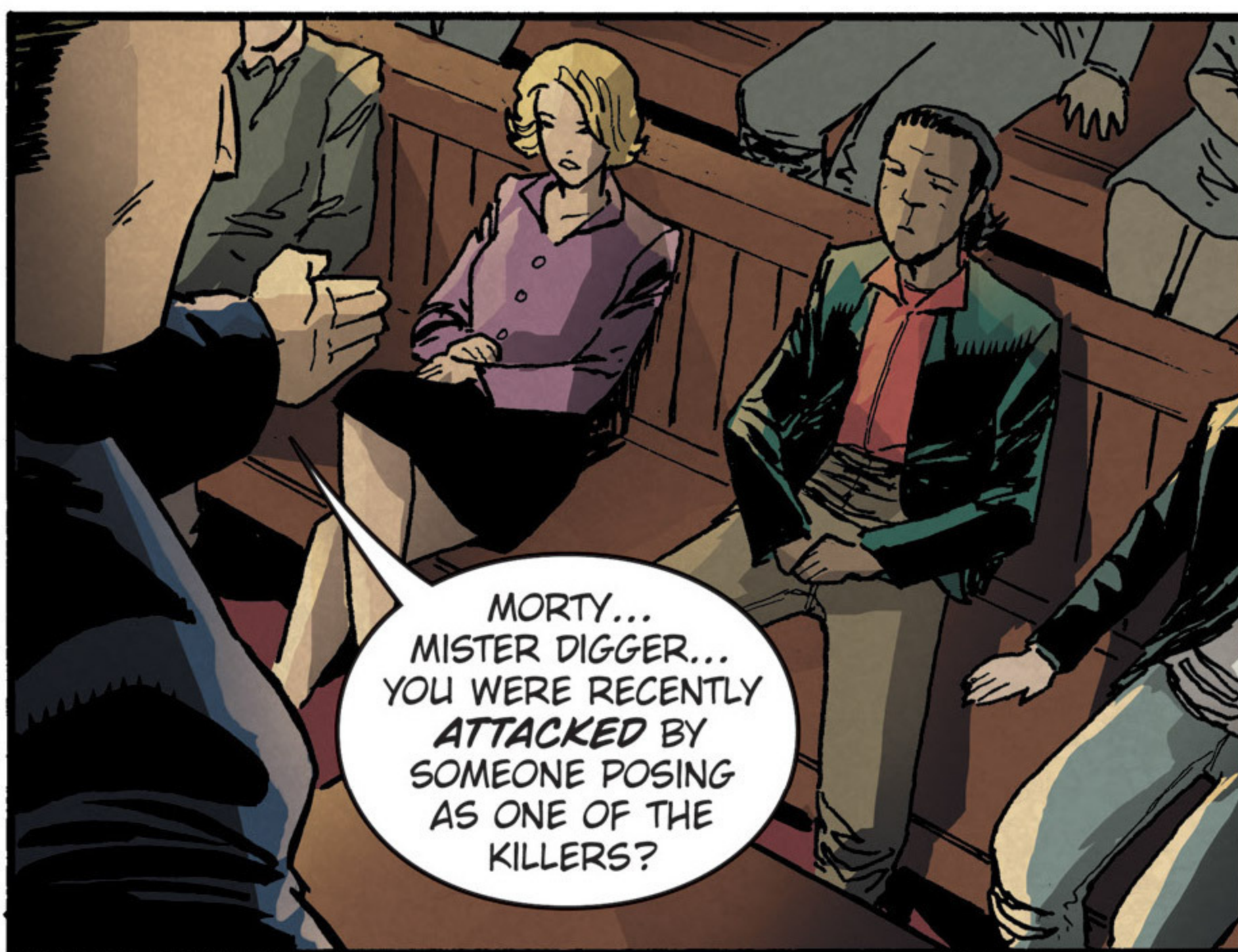
SOME OF YOU HAVE TRIED TO REMOVE THE **DEMONS** WITHIN OUR CITY LIMITS BY FORCE.

AND TRUST ME WHEN I SAY I UNDERSTAND THAT **DESIRE**.



MY VERY **SON** WAS TAKEN FROM ME.

STRUNG UP! ON **DISPLAY!** ON THAT DEN OF SIN CALLED THE **MURDER STORE!**

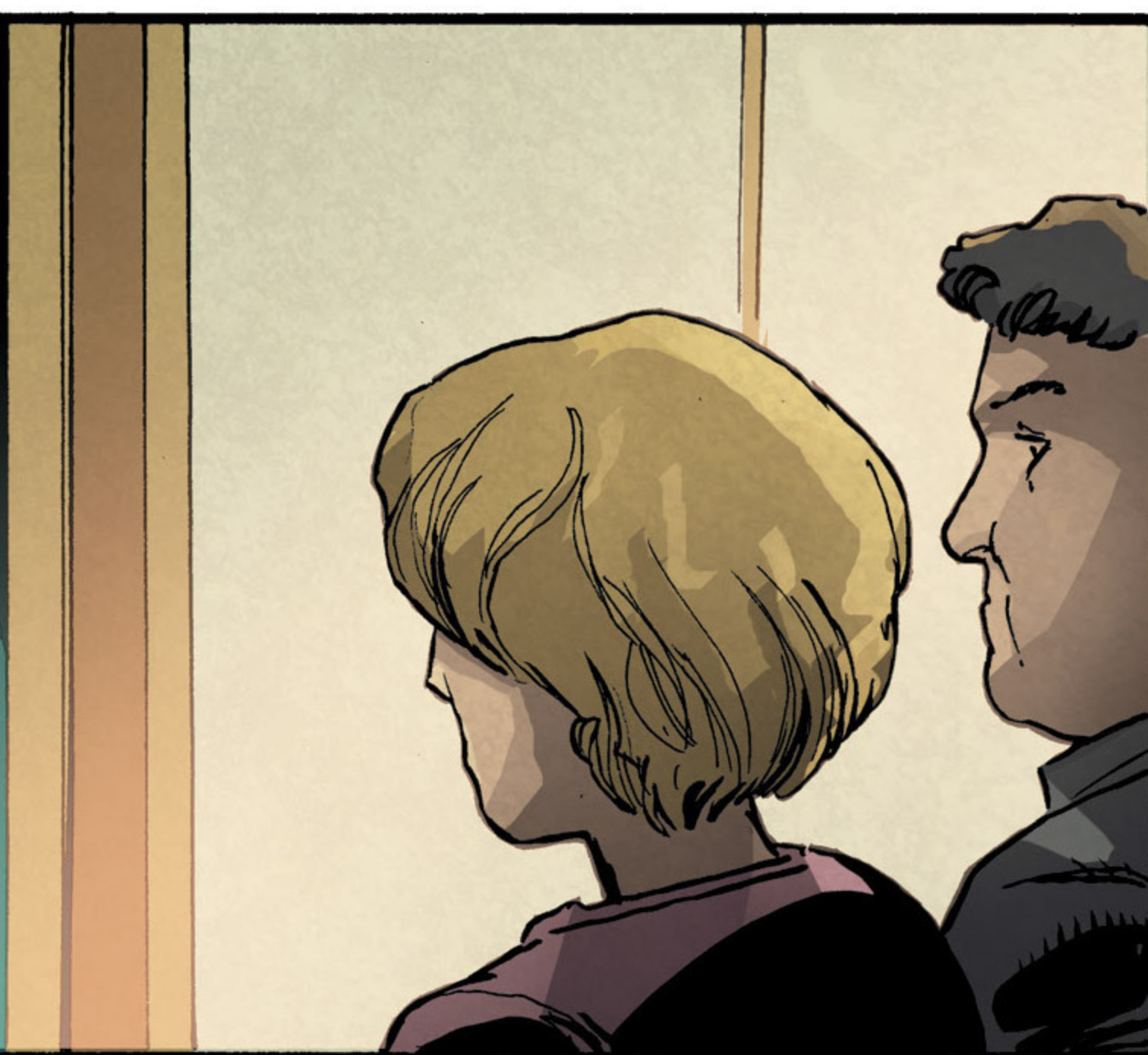


MORTY... MISTER **DIGGER**... YOU WERE RECENTLY **ATTACKED** BY SOMEONE POSING AS ONE OF THE **KILLERS?**



AND **YOU!**

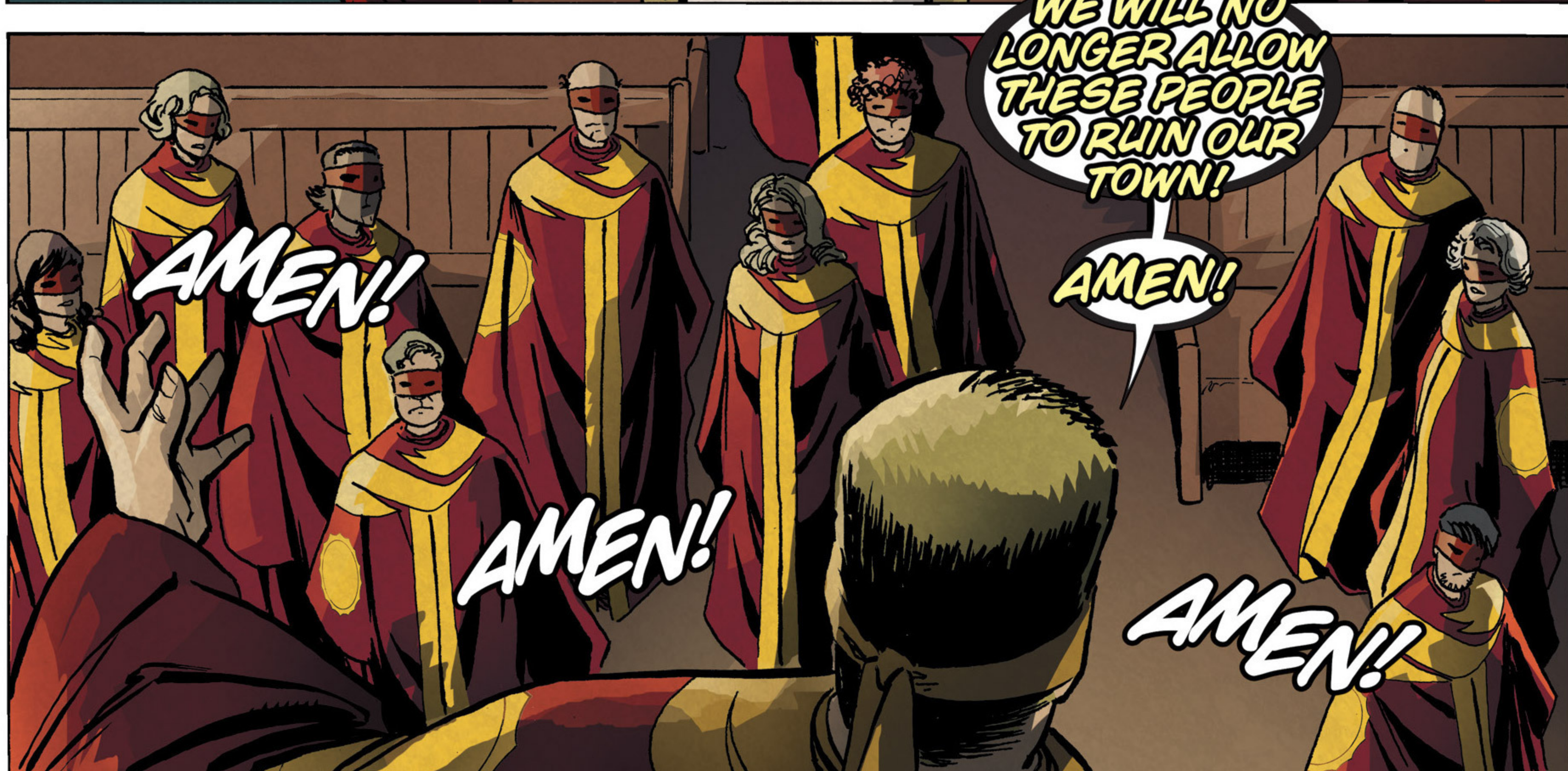
YOUR CHILD WAS **KIDNAPPED** BY MISTER **CROWE**... SOMEONE WE TRUSTED WITH OUR CHILDREN FOR **YEARS**.

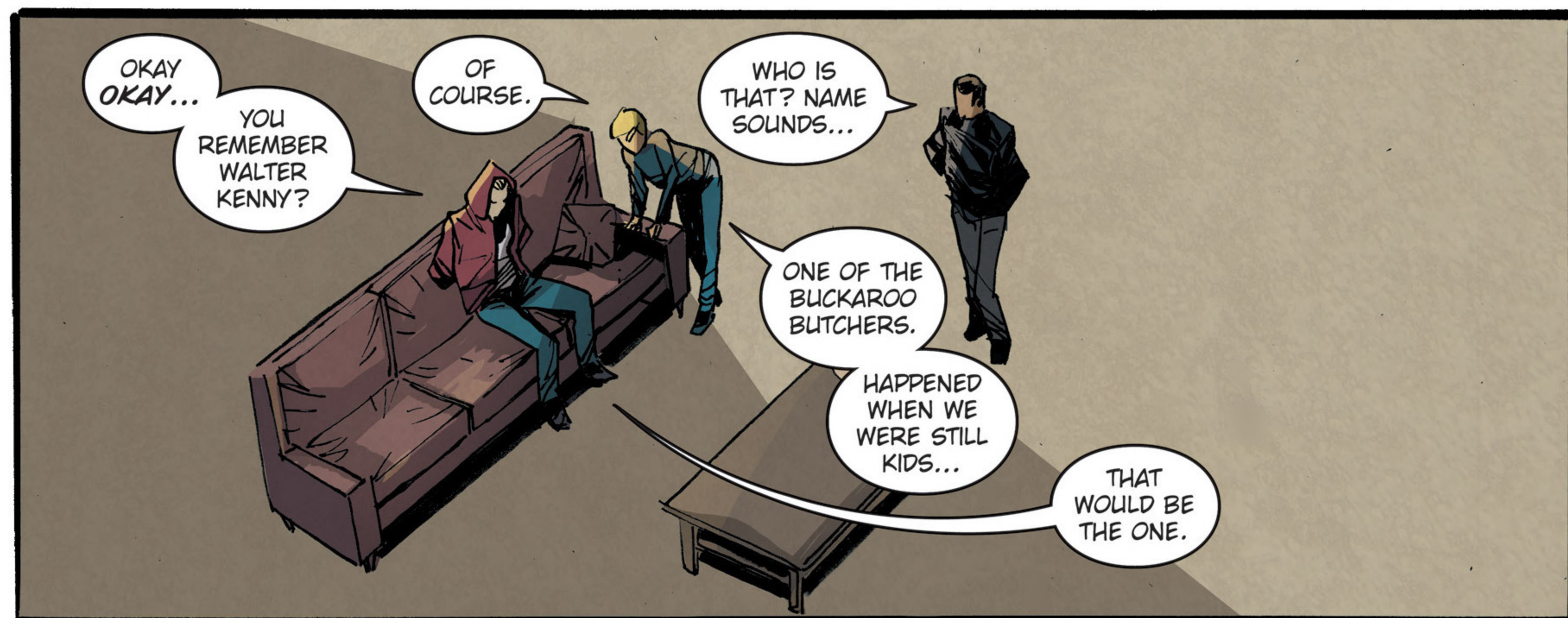
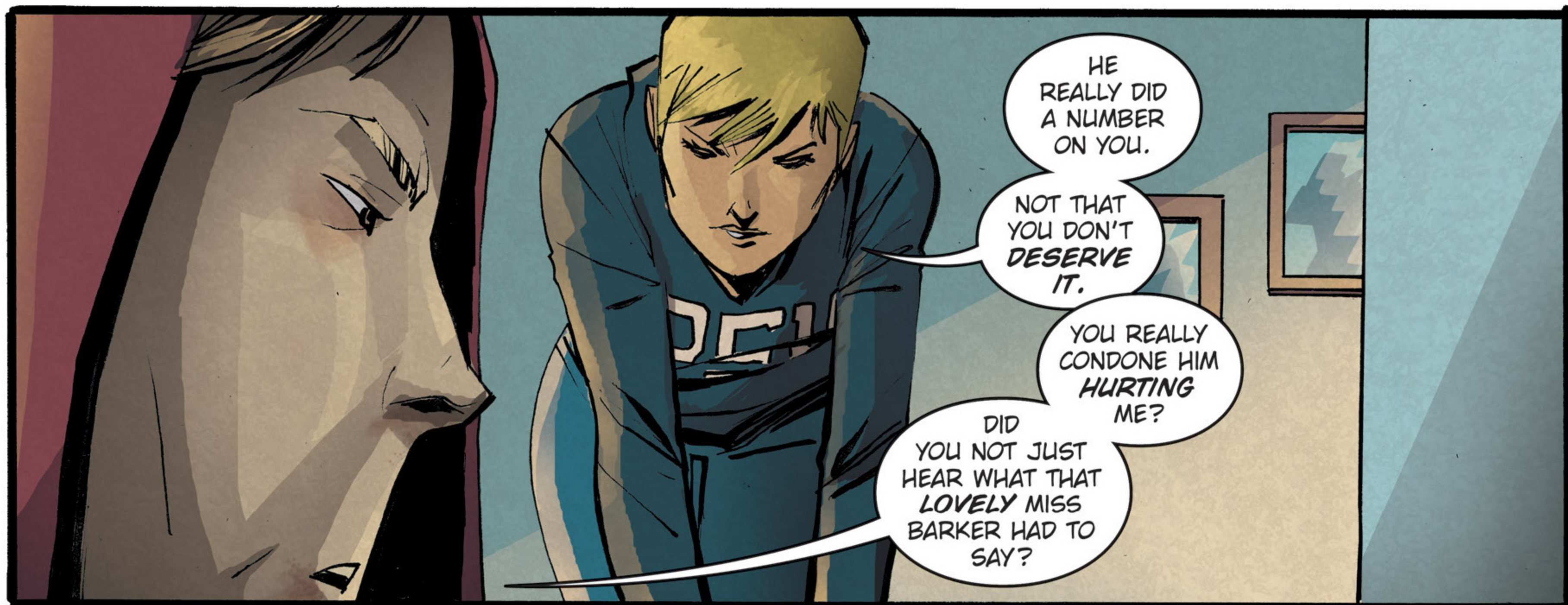
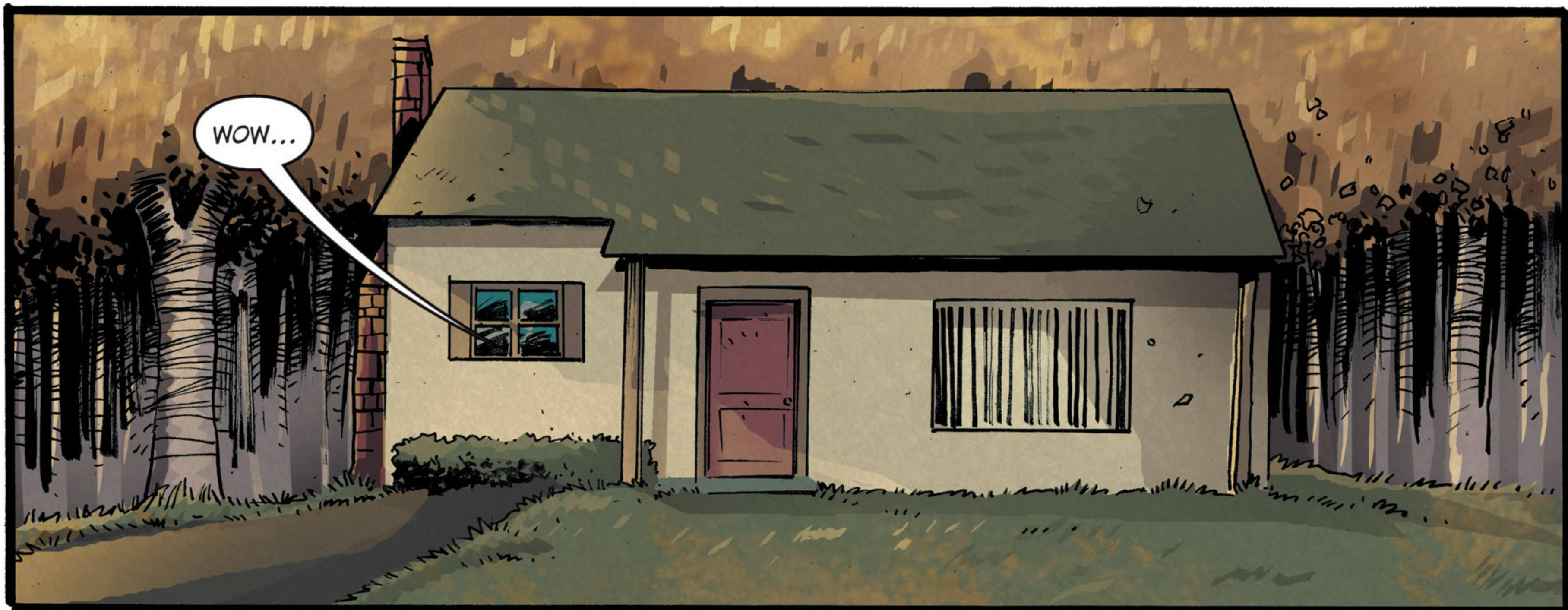


THE **TRUTH** IS...

WE CAN NO LONGER TRUST THE **POLICE**... WE ARE ON OUR **OWN**.

AND SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA **FIGHT FIRE**...





"WALTER WAS TRYING TO
SEE EXACTLY HOW MANY
CLOWNS HE COULD REALLY
FIT INTO A CLOWN CAR."

C'MON!



WHAT DOES
THAT HAVE TO
DO WITH YOU OR
WHY *THIS* TOWN
CREATES SERIAL
KILLERS?

I'M
GETTING TO
IT, GEEZ.

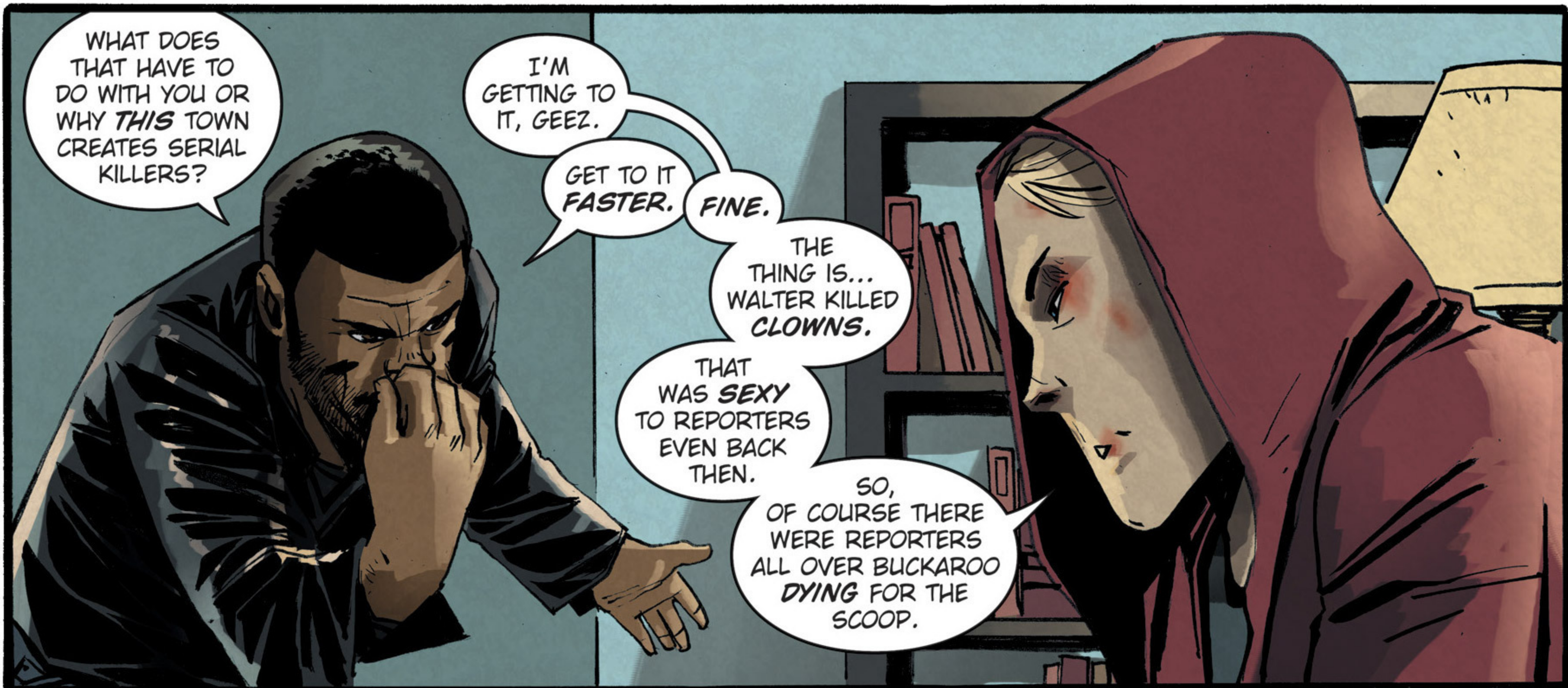
GET TO IT
FASTER.

FINE.

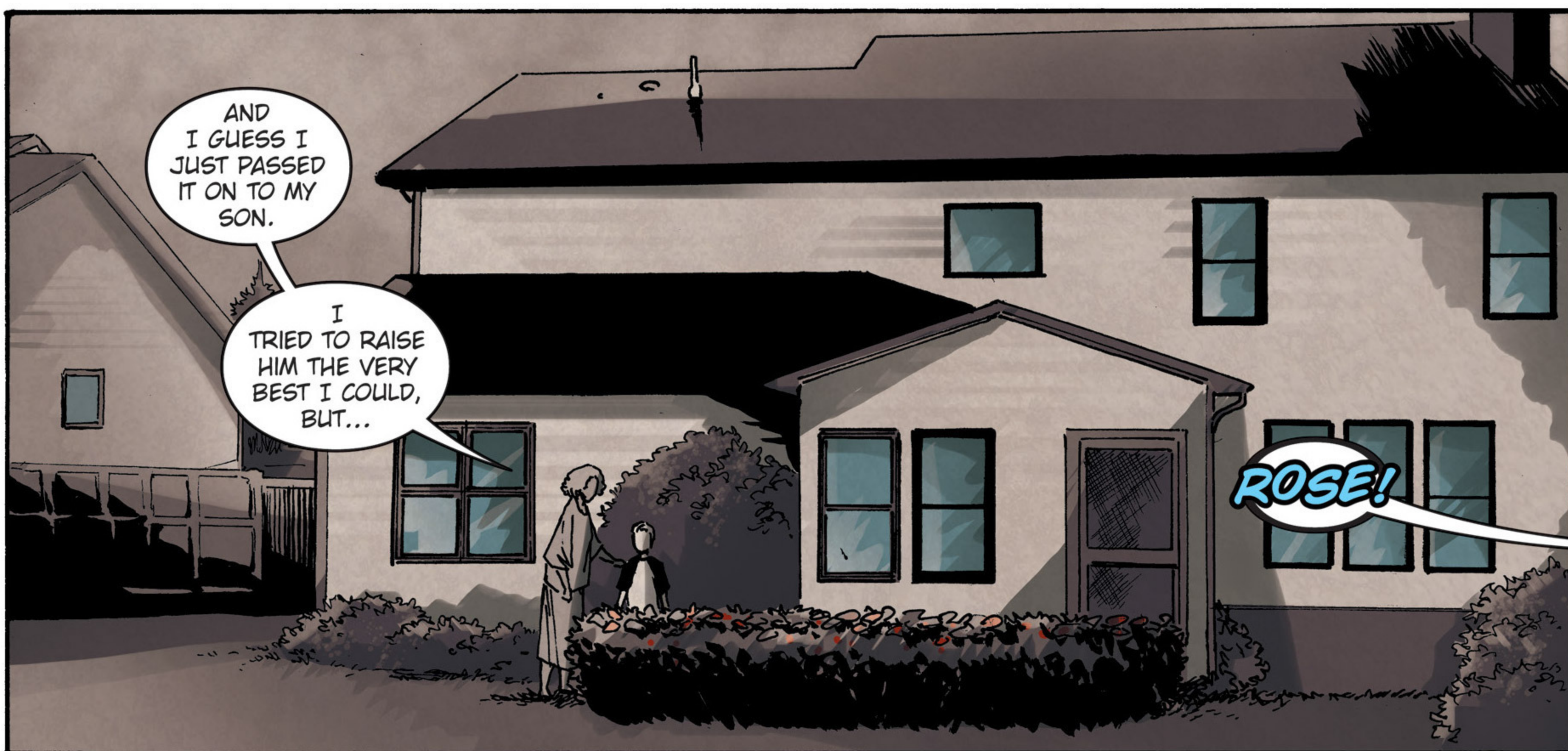
THE
THING IS...
WALTER KILLED
CLOWNS.

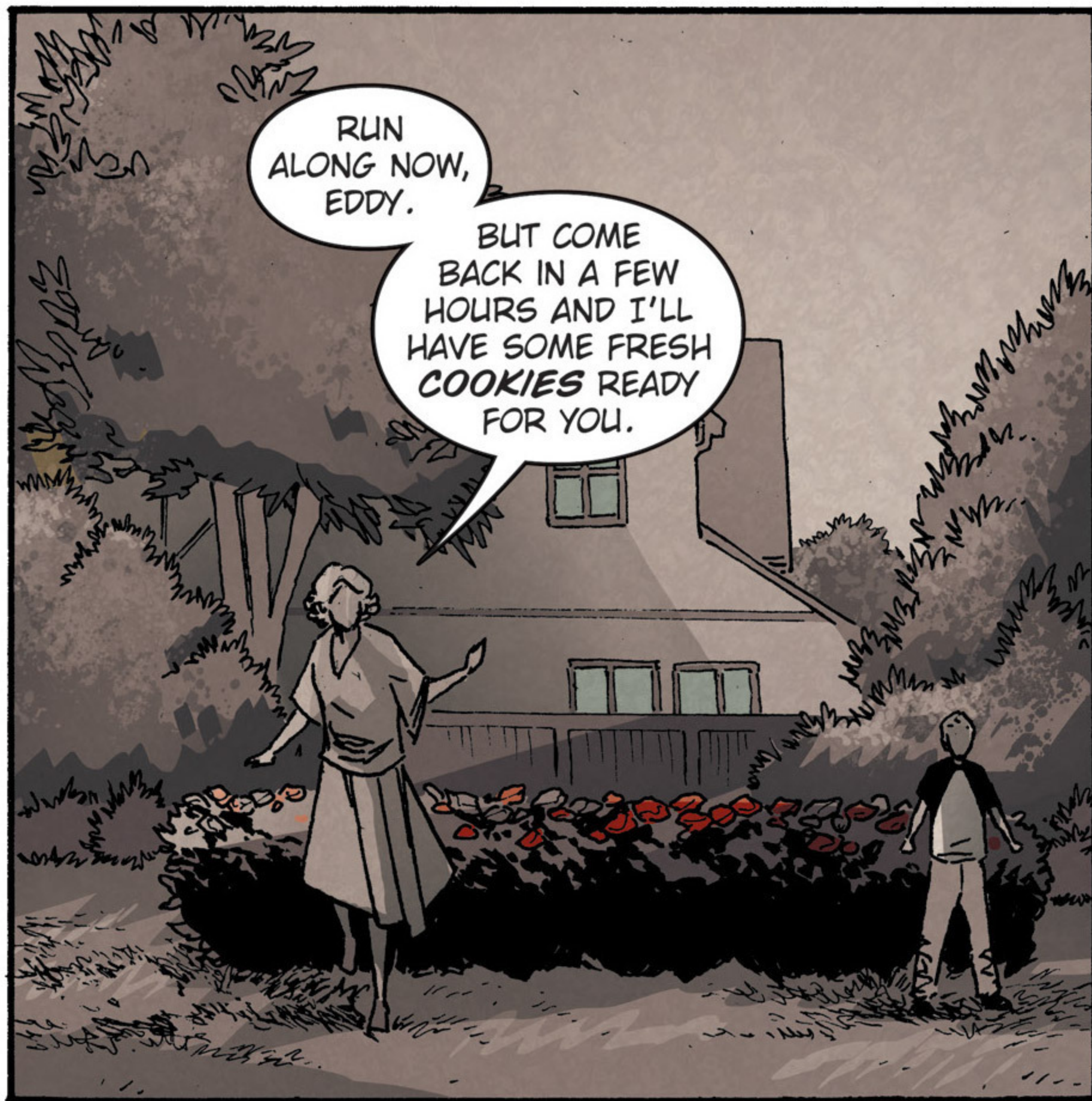
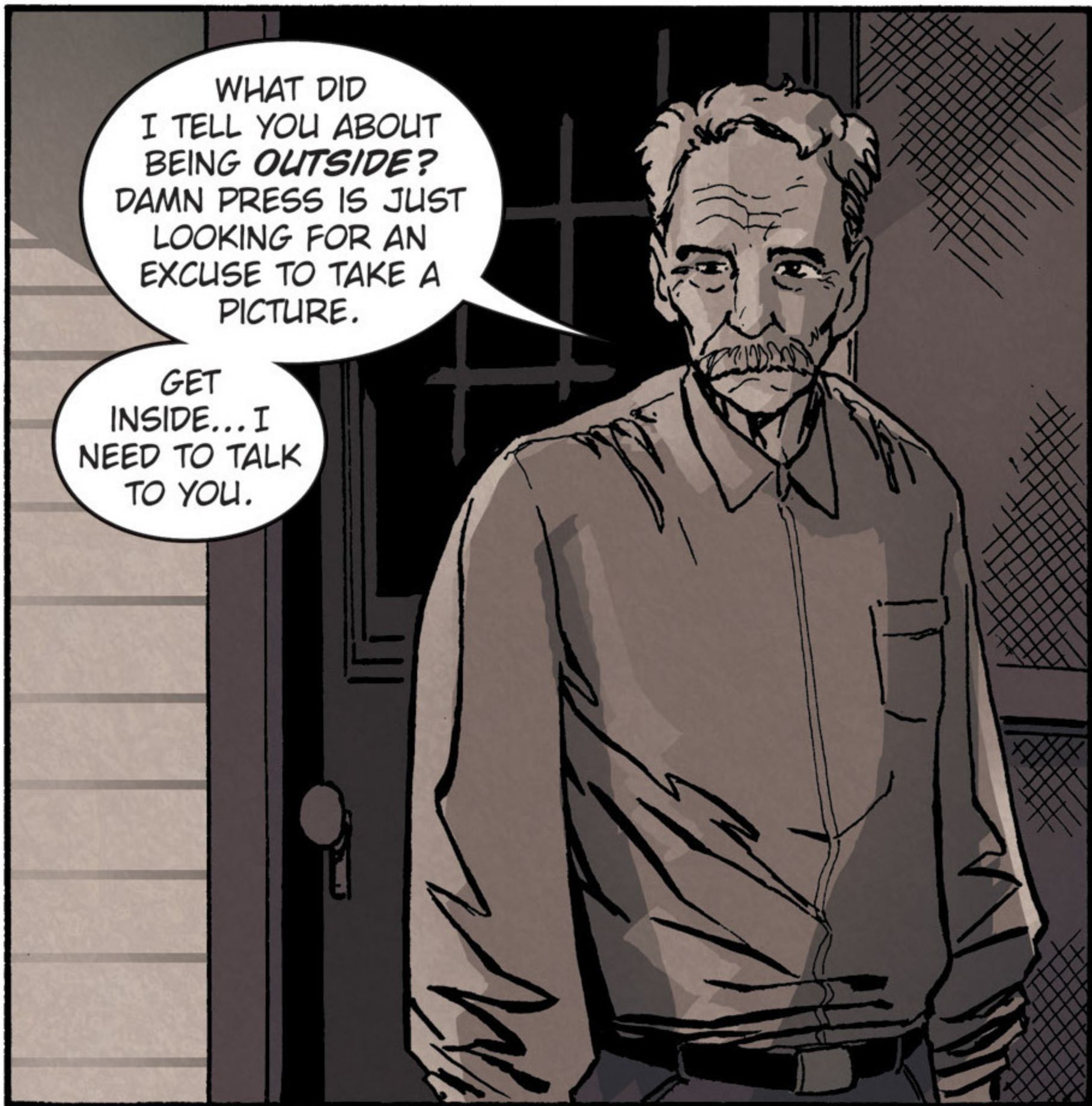
THAT
WAS *SEXY*
TO REPORTERS
EVEN BACK
THEN.

SO,
OF COURSE THERE
WERE REPORTERS
ALL OVER BUCKAROO
DYING FOR THE
SCOOP.









"I DIDN'T KNOW
MURDER-SUICIDE
WAS EVEN A THING."

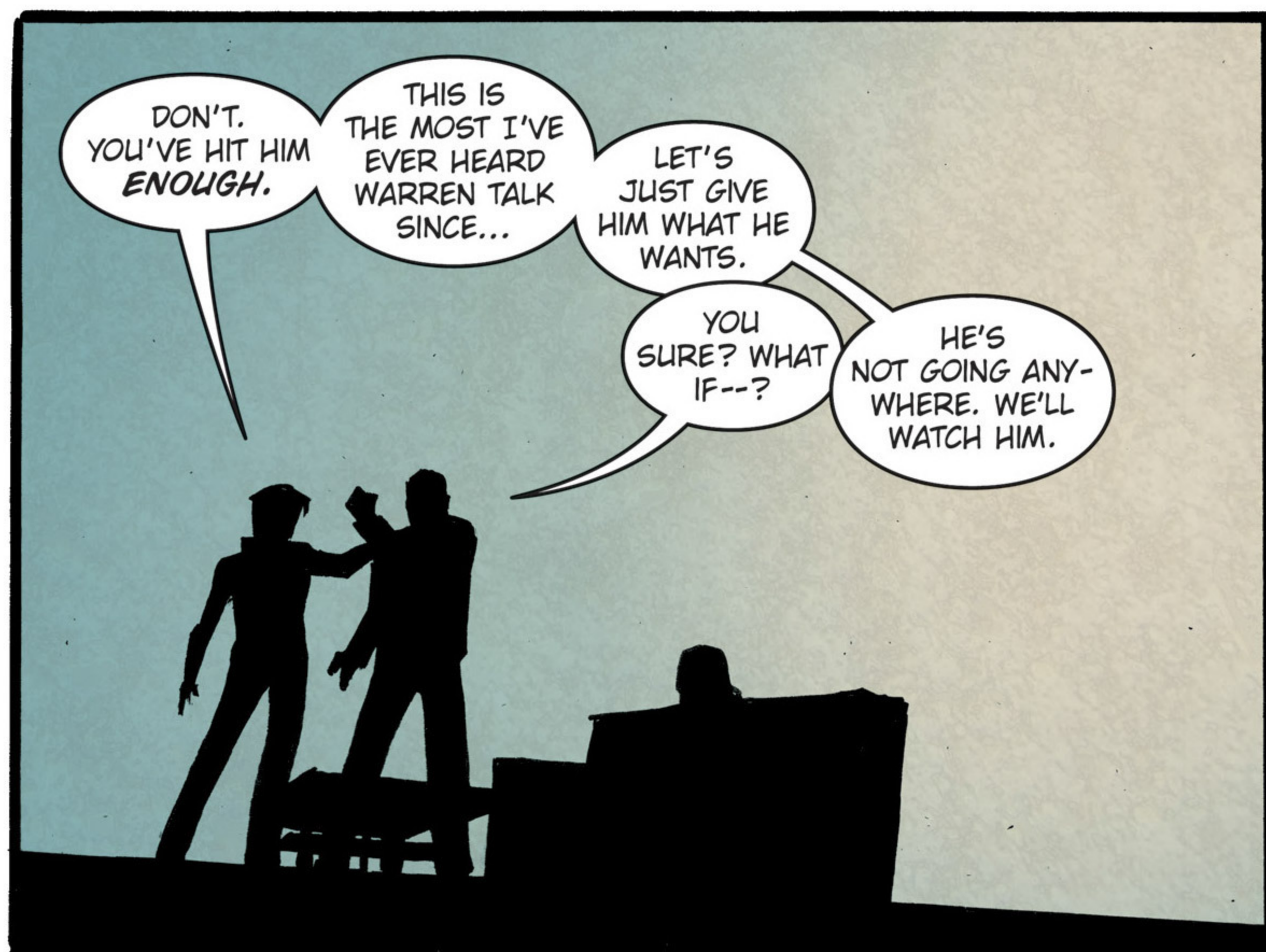
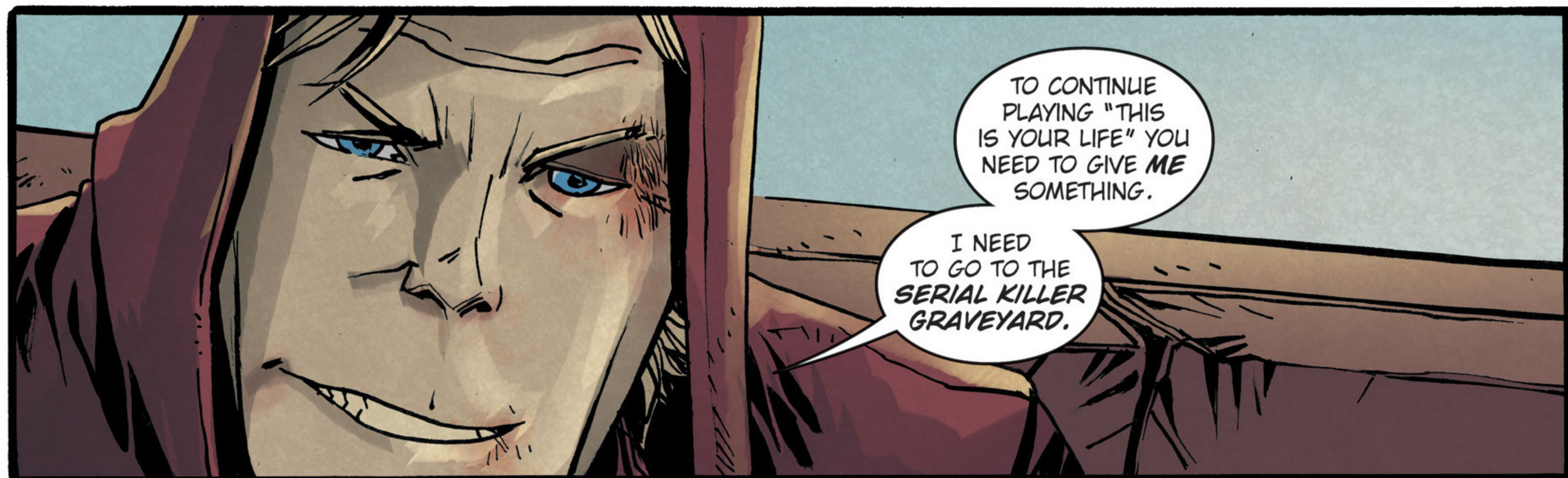
"THE PRESSURE
AND GUILT WAS
JUST TOO MUCH."

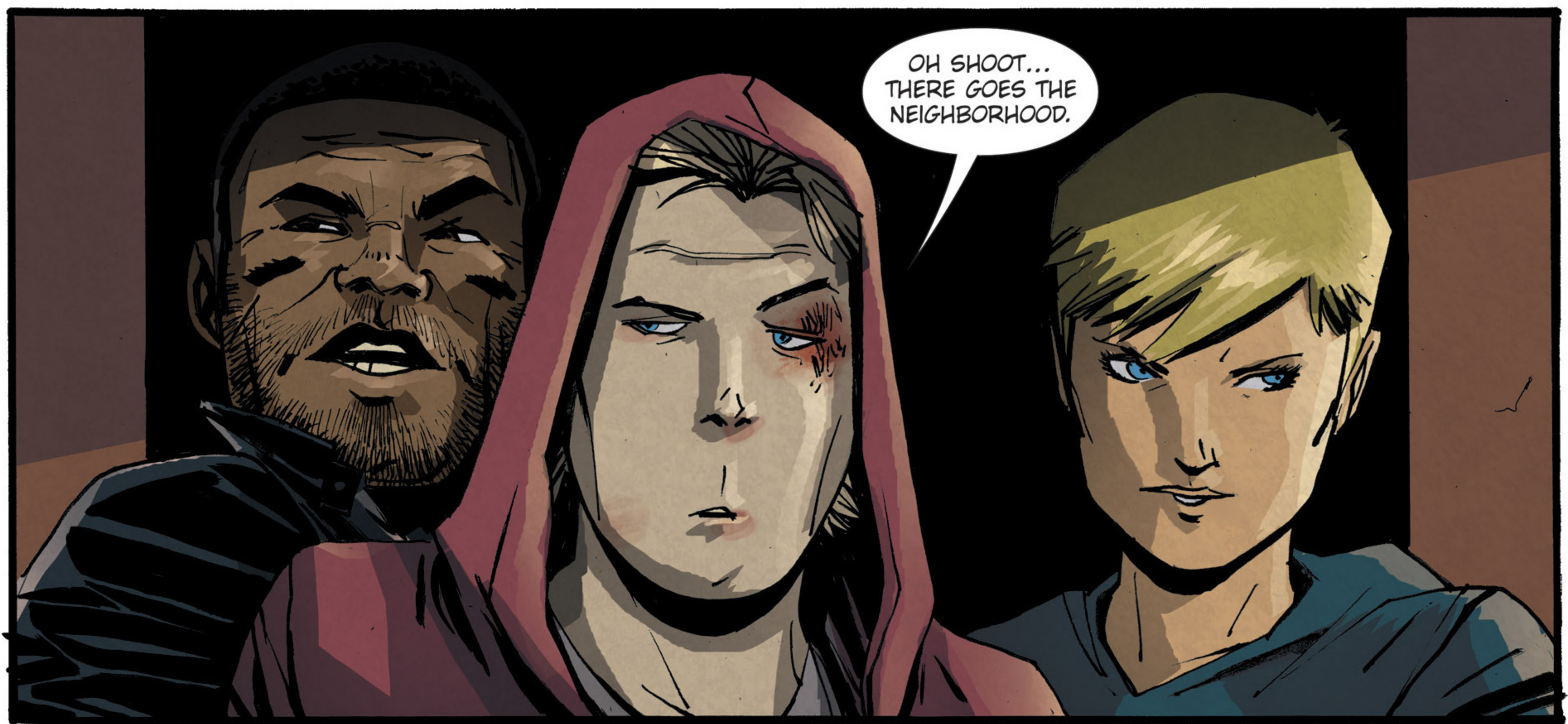
"IT WAS THE
FIRST TIME I
EVER SAW A
DEAD BODY."



"BUT FAR FROM
THE LAST..."



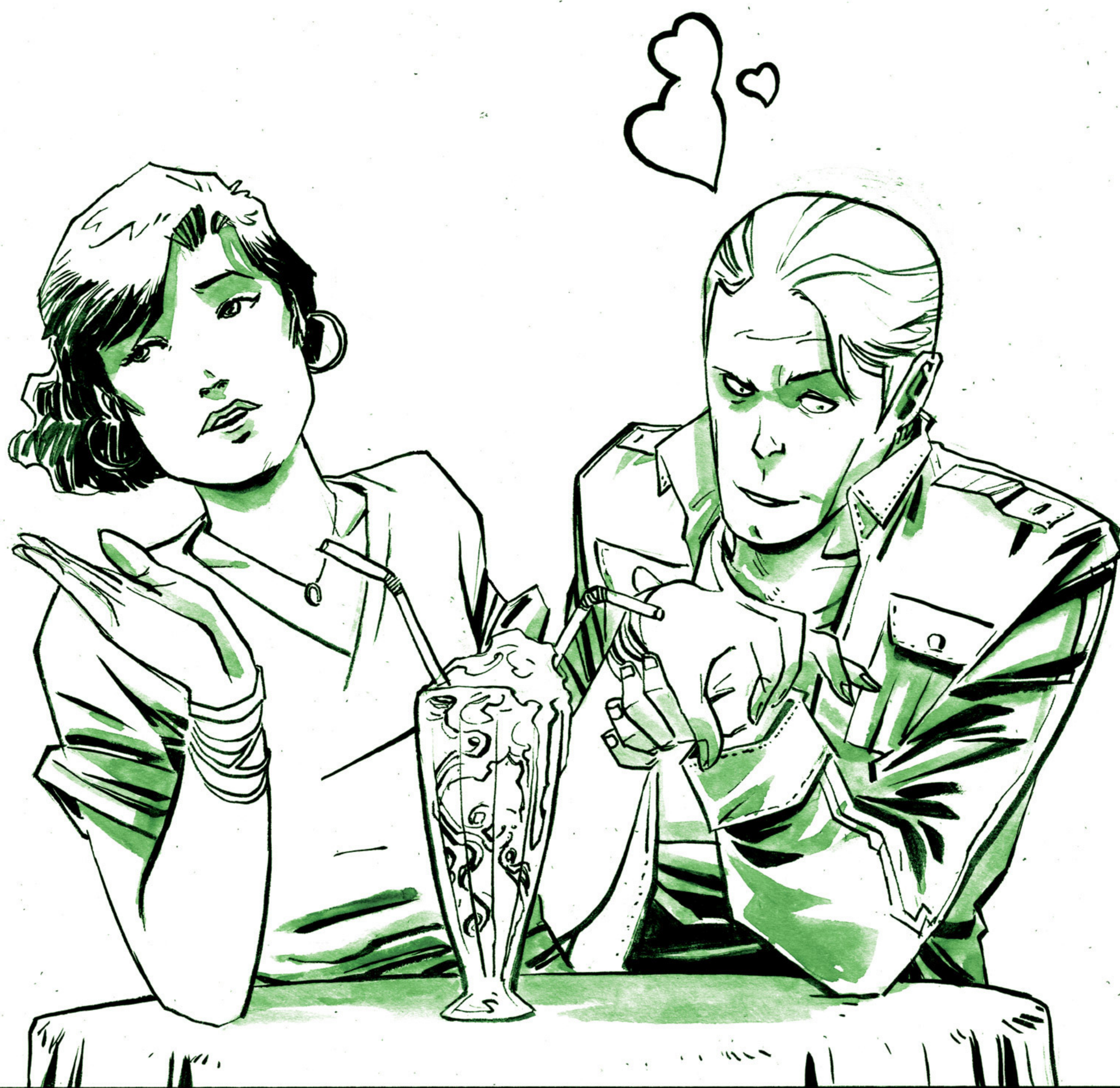




ISSUE THIRTEEN



FIND OUT IN AN **ALL-NEW CHILLING**
TEENAGE ROMANCE CALLED...
"I DATED A SERIAL KILLER!"





UM...

TRUTH?



OH MY GOD, SHANNON.

NO.

YOU *ALWAYS* GO WITH TRUTH. YOU NEED TO DO A *DARE*. IT'S TIME.



OKAY, ERICA, FINE.

DARE.

GOOD. FINALLY.

WHAT KIND OF MISCHIEF CAN WE GET INTO IN THE SERIAL KILLER GRAVEYARD...?

GET YOU TO PEE ON ONE OF THE TOMBSTONES... MAYBE DO A POLE DANCE ON THE GATE?

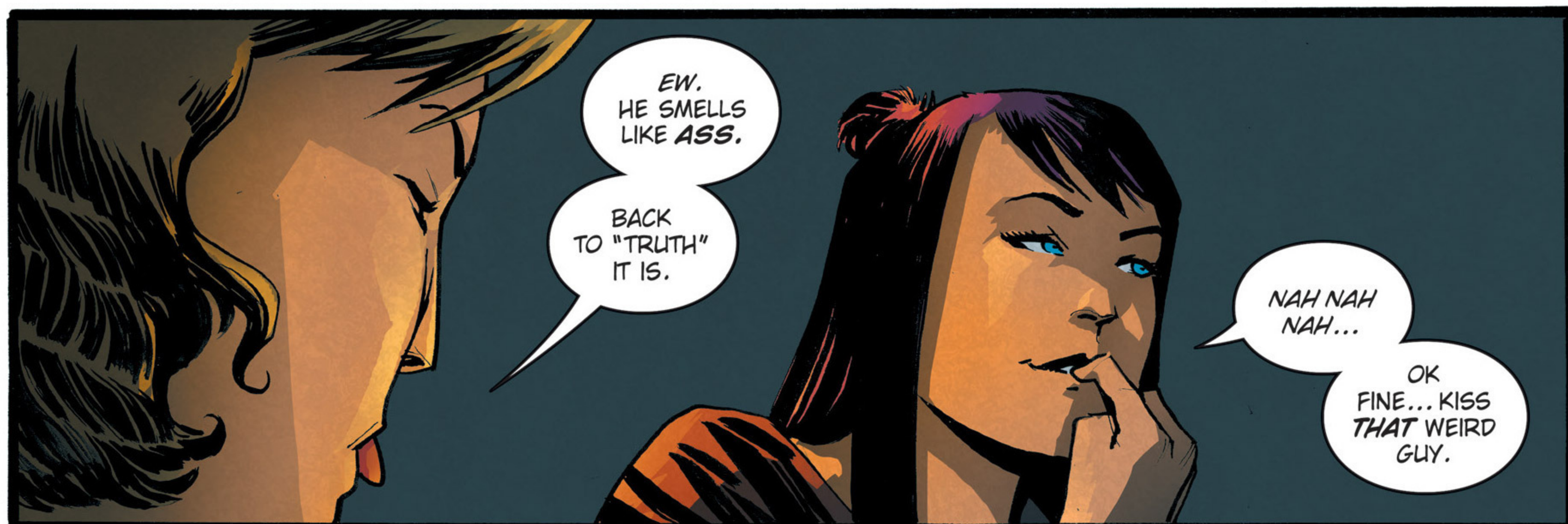


OHHH. GOT IT.

I WANT YOU TO MAKE OUT... WITH...



TRAVIS
MURPHY. THE
WEIRD GUY
FROM GYM.



EW.
HE SMELLS
LIKE ASS.

BACK
TO "TRUTH"
IT IS.

NAH NAH
NAH...

OK
FINE... KISS
THAT WEIRD
GUY.



EDWARD
CHARLES
WARREN.



LIK,
WHATEVER.

AT
LEAST HE'S
KIND OF
CUTE.



SO WHICH
ONE IS YOUR
FAVORITE?



EXCUSE
ME?

C'MON, YOU
HAVE TO HAVE
A FAVORITE.

THE
BOOK BURNER?
THE TERRIBLE
TWO?



HARDLY. MOST
OF THE BUCKAROO
BUTCHERS HAVE ALWAYS
SEEMED A BIT TOO
VIOLENT FOR MY...
TASTES.

AT LEAST
THE CROSSBONES
KILLER... HE MADE
IT ART. HE WAS
TRYING TO SEND A
MESSAGE.



ART?

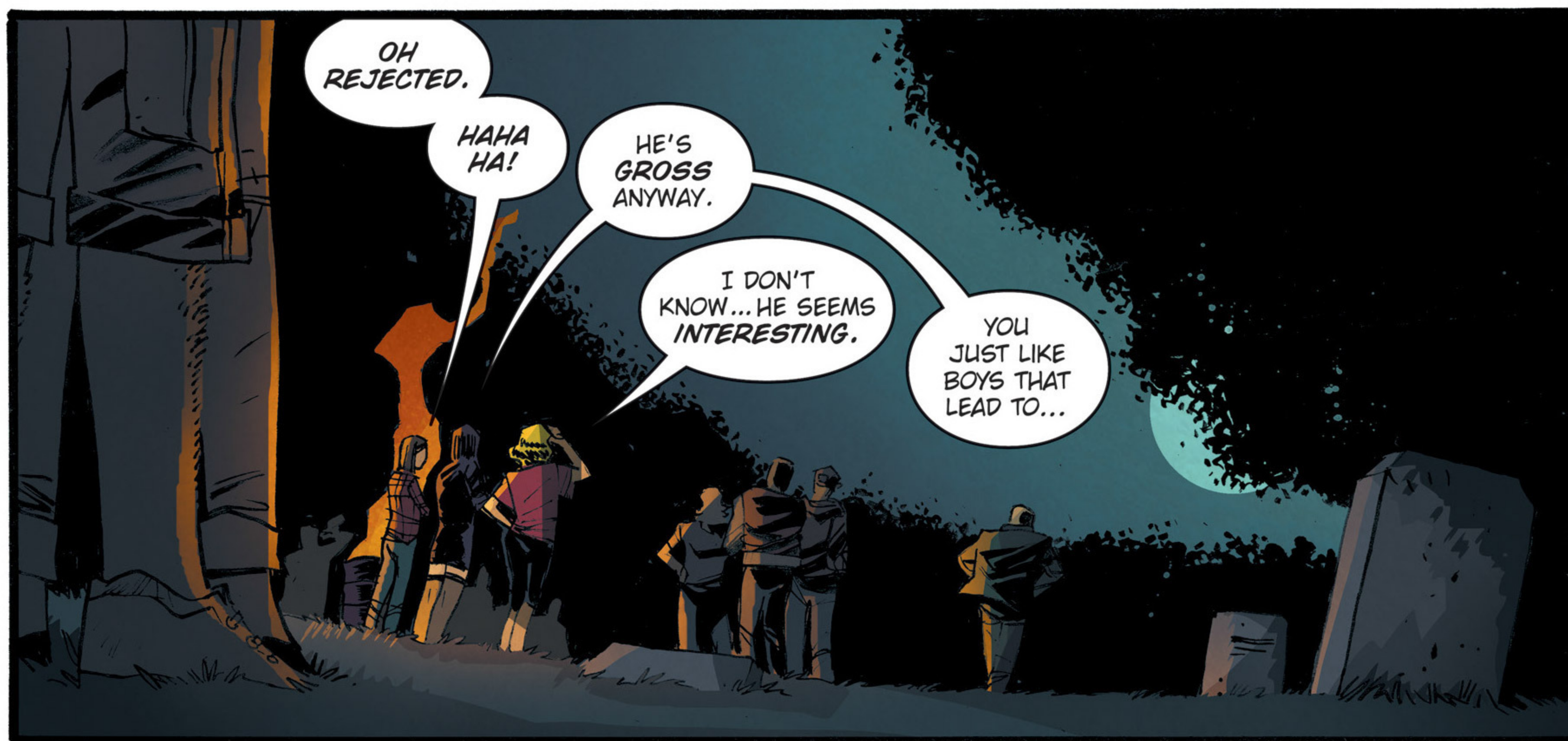
OH YEAH. HE
WANTED TO SHOW THAT
THERE WAS *BEAUTY*
IN DEATH. MOST OF THE
BUCKAROO BUTCHERS
KILLED OUT OF ANGER,
OR SPITE, BUT HE...

SORRY, I'M
SURE THIS IS ALL
A BIT *MORBID*
TO YOU.



MAYBE
I *LIKE*
MORBID.

WE
ARE IN A
GRAVEYARD
AFTER ALL...





"TROUBLE."

TODAY.

WE
KNOW YOU'RE IN
THERE, SHERIFF
CRANE!

WE'RE
NOT HERE TO
HARM YOU.



HM.

SHIT...
SHIT... **SHIT.**

IF THEY DIDN'T
SEE WARREN WE
CAN PROBABLY
KEEP THIS--

WE KNOW
EDWARD WARREN
IS THERE WITH
YOU!

SHIT.



IT IS NOT
OUR POSITION TO
JUDGE. **BUT** YOU HAVE
SHOWN TIME AND TIME
AGAIN THAT YOU ARE
UNABLE TO DO
YOUR JOB.

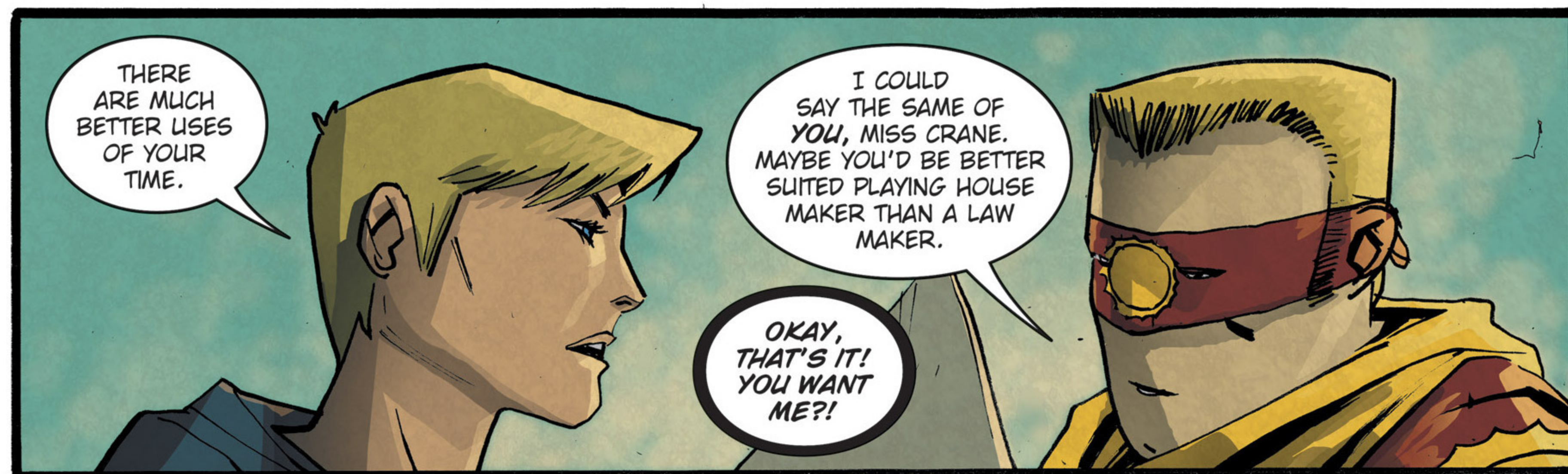
JUST
CONSIDER US A
MORE VIGILANT
VERSION OF THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
WATCH.



SO YOU DECIDE
TO SHOW UP ON MY
LAWN DRESSED AS A
LOW BUDGET KLAN?
LET ME TELL YOU... IT
IS **NOT** A GOOD
LOOK.

WE'RE WEARING
THESE **MASKS** AS
A SYMBOL THAT WE
WILL BE TAKING **BACK**
THE HOLD THE SERIAL
KILLERS HAVE HAD ON
THIS TOWN.

FROM NOW
ON... WHERE
HE GOES...
WE GO.



THERE
ARE MUCH
BETTER USES
OF YOUR
TIME.

I COULD
SAY THE SAME OF
YOU, MISS CRANE.
MAYBE YOU'D BE BETTER
SUITED PLAYING HOUSE
MAKER THAN A LAW
MAKER.

OKAY,
THAT'S IT!
YOU WANT
ME?!



YA' GOT ME!

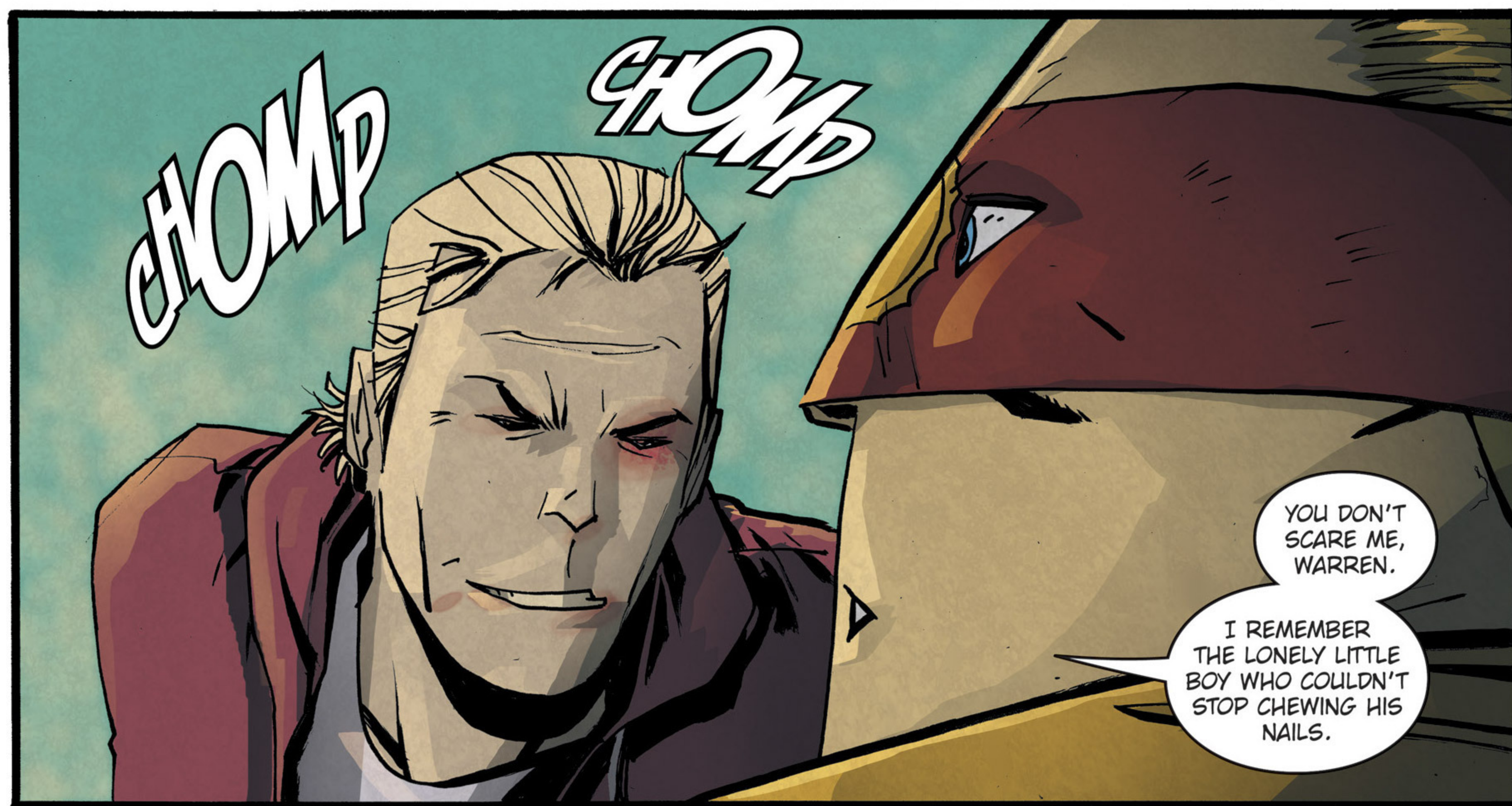
TA-DA!

LET'S SEE THOSE NAILS, PEOPLE! I'M HUNGRY.



OH GOD, IT'S REALLY HIM.

SORRY, REVEREND. THIS ISN'T WHAT WE SIGNED UP FOR!

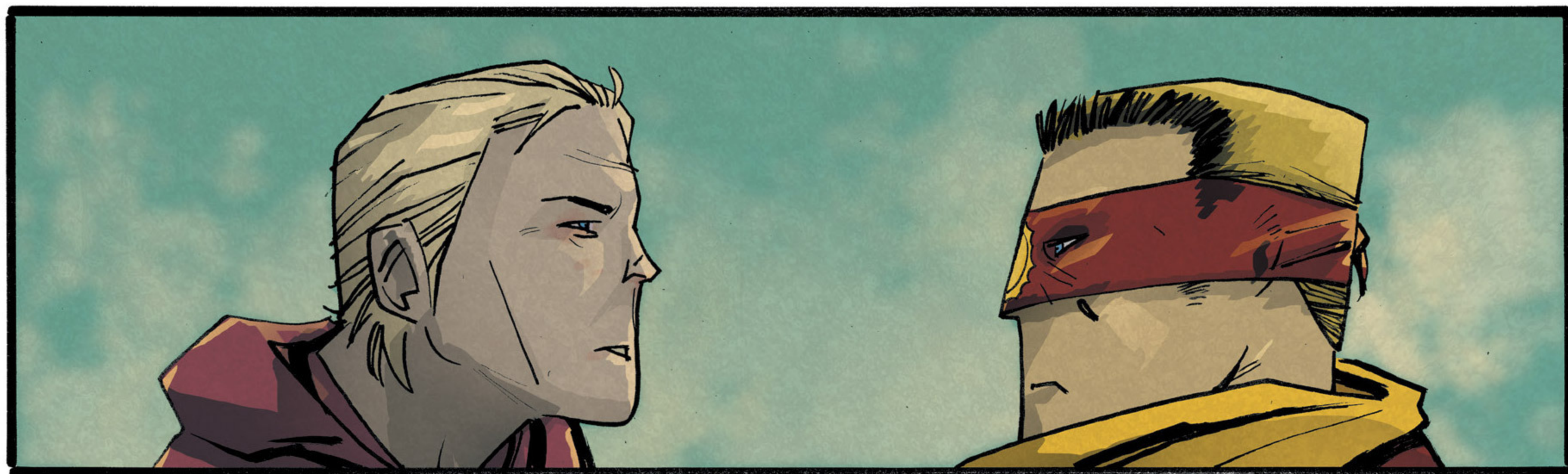
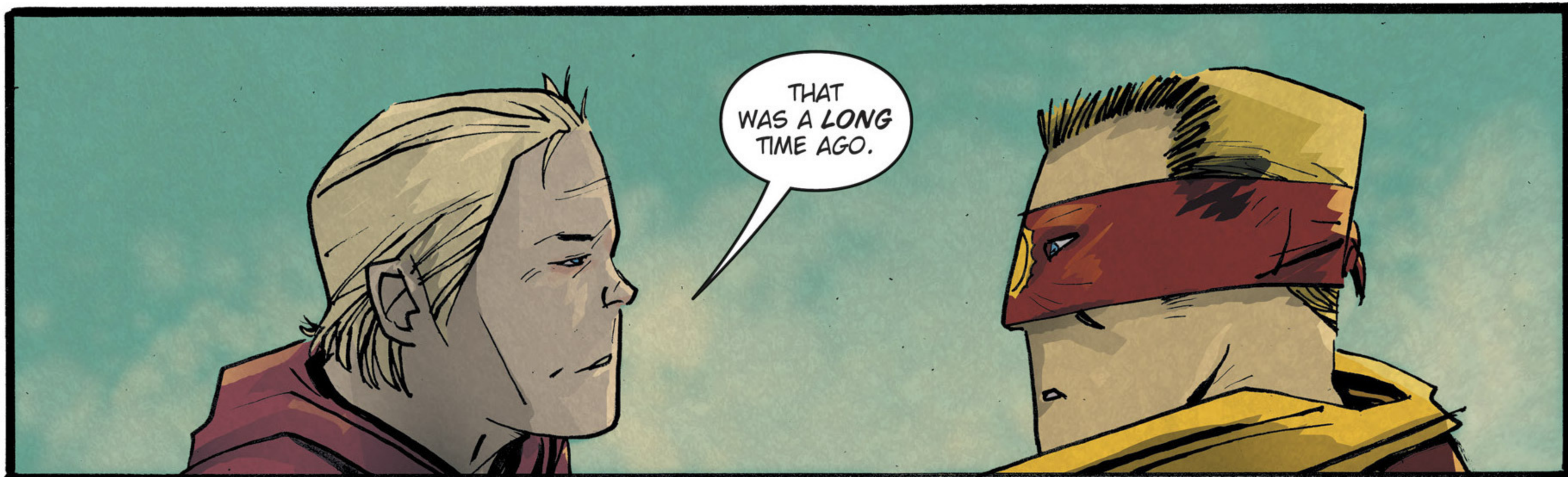


CHOMP

CHOMP

YOU DON'T SCARE ME, WARREN.

I REMEMBER THE LONELY LITTLE BOY WHO COULDN'T STOP CHEWING HIS NAILS.





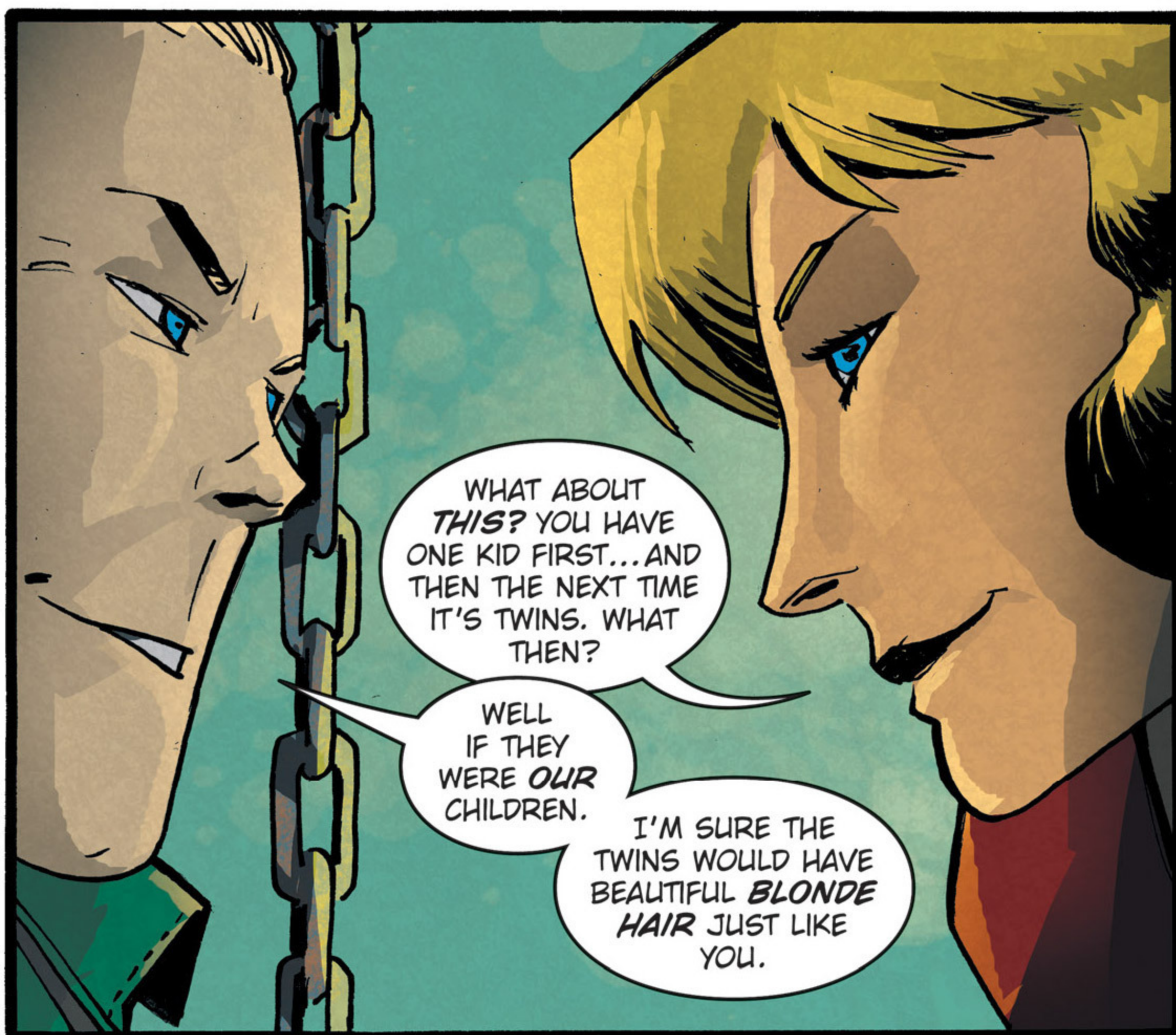
BACK THEN,

JUST TWO.

TWO?! THAT'S IT?



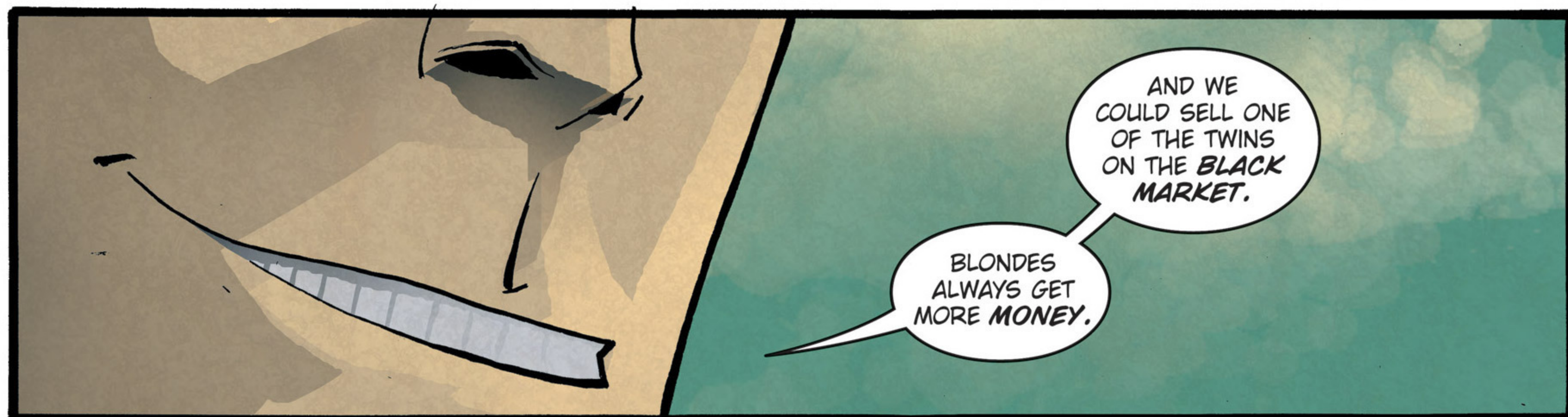
YEAH. ONE FOR EACH HAND. ANY MORE IS TOO MUCH.



WHAT ABOUT *THIS*? YOU HAVE ONE KID FIRST... AND THEN THE NEXT TIME IT'S TWINS. WHAT THEN?

WELL IF THEY WERE *OUR* CHILDREN.

I'M SURE THE TWINS WOULD HAVE BEAUTIFUL *BLONDE* HAIR JUST LIKE YOU.



AND WE COULD SELL ONE OF THE TWINS ON THE *BLACK MARKET*.

BLONDES ALWAYS GET MORE *MONEY*.



LIK! YOU ARE *BAD*.

HAHA HAHA

WHY DO YOU HANG OUT WITH ME THEN?

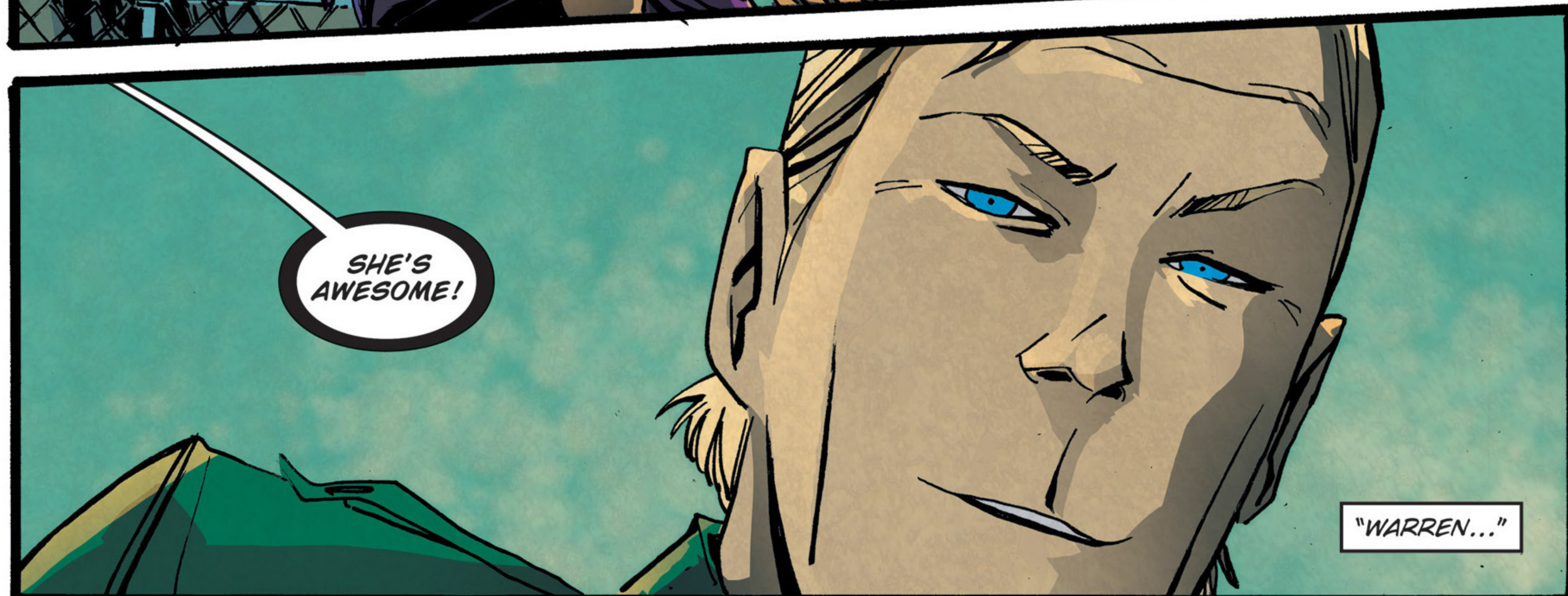


BECAUSE YOU MAKE ME *LAUGH*.

AND THERE'S *SOMETHING* ABOUT YOU THAT I JUST CAN'T QUITE SHAKE. YOU GET UNDER MY SKIN...

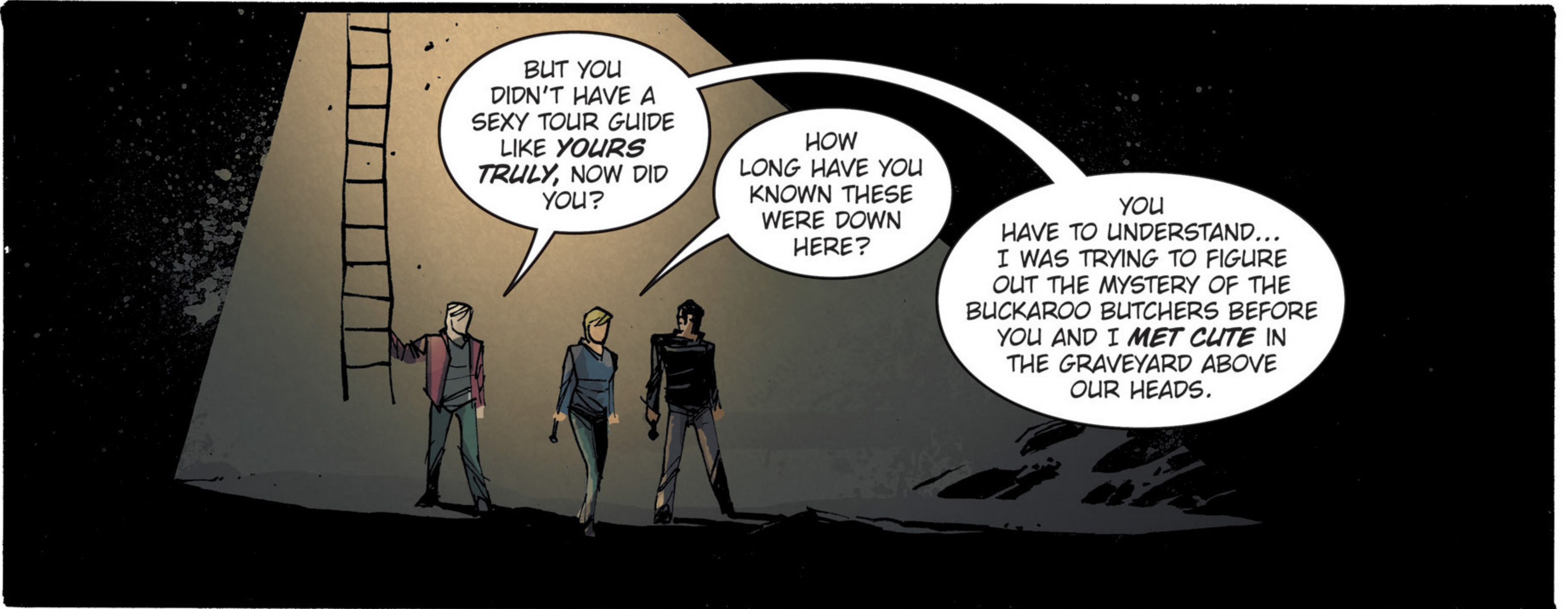
OH MY GOD... YOU TWO ARE SO GROSS... ANYWAY...

DID YOU HEAR?!





...WE SEARCHED THESE TUNNELS FOR DAYS...



BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE A SEXY TOUR GUIDE LIKE *YOURS TRULY*, NOW DID YOU?

HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN THESE WERE DOWN HERE?

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND... I WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THE MYSTERY OF THE BUCKAROO BUTCHERS BEFORE YOU AND I *MET CUTE* IN THE GRAVEYARD ABOVE OUR HEADS.



ACTUALLY I WASN'T EVEN *INVITED* TO THAT PARTY.

I WAS MERELY EXPLORING A *THEORY* I HAD.



AND THAT WOULD BE?

I'M REALLY MUCH MORE OF FAN OF *SHOW*...NOT TELL.

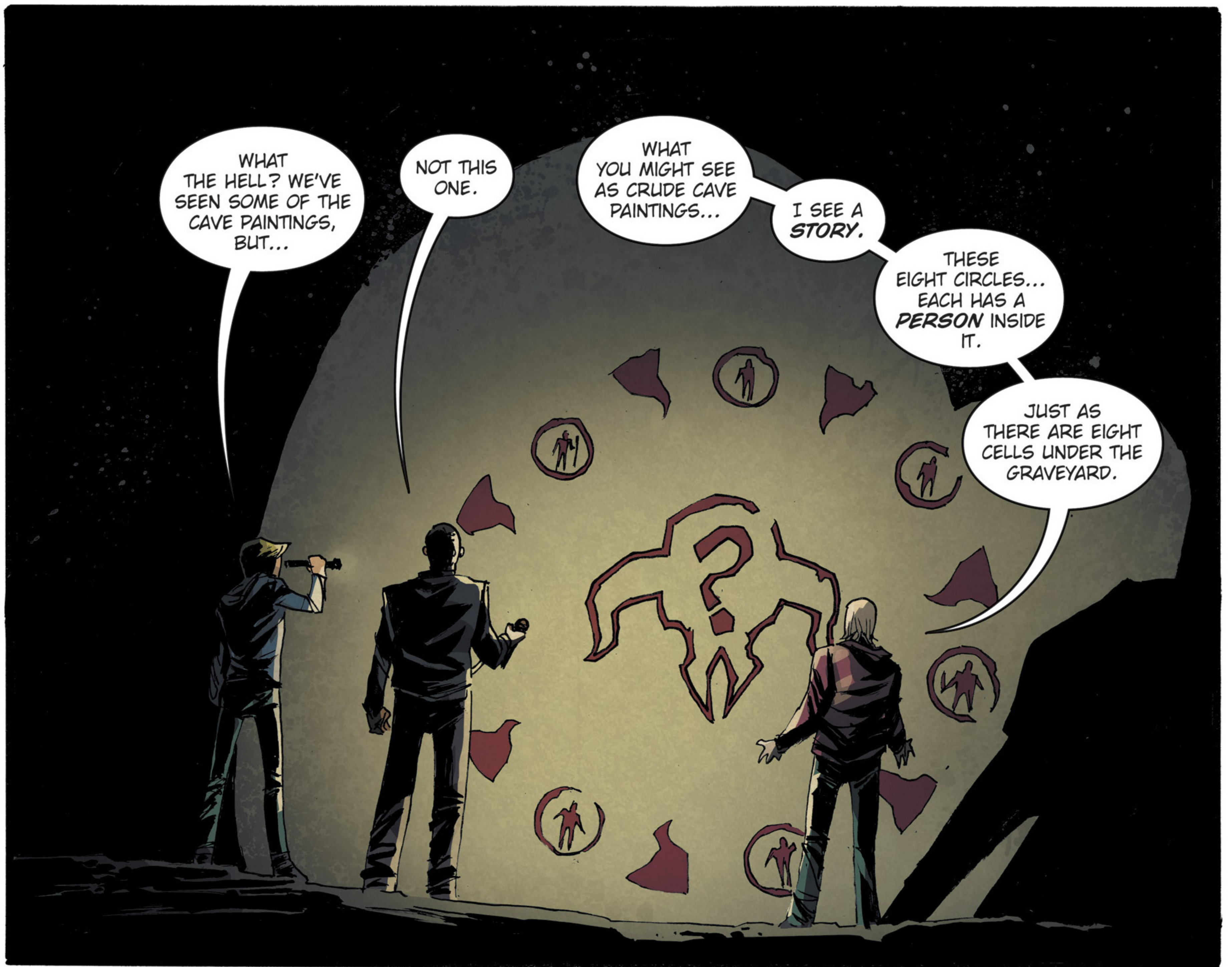


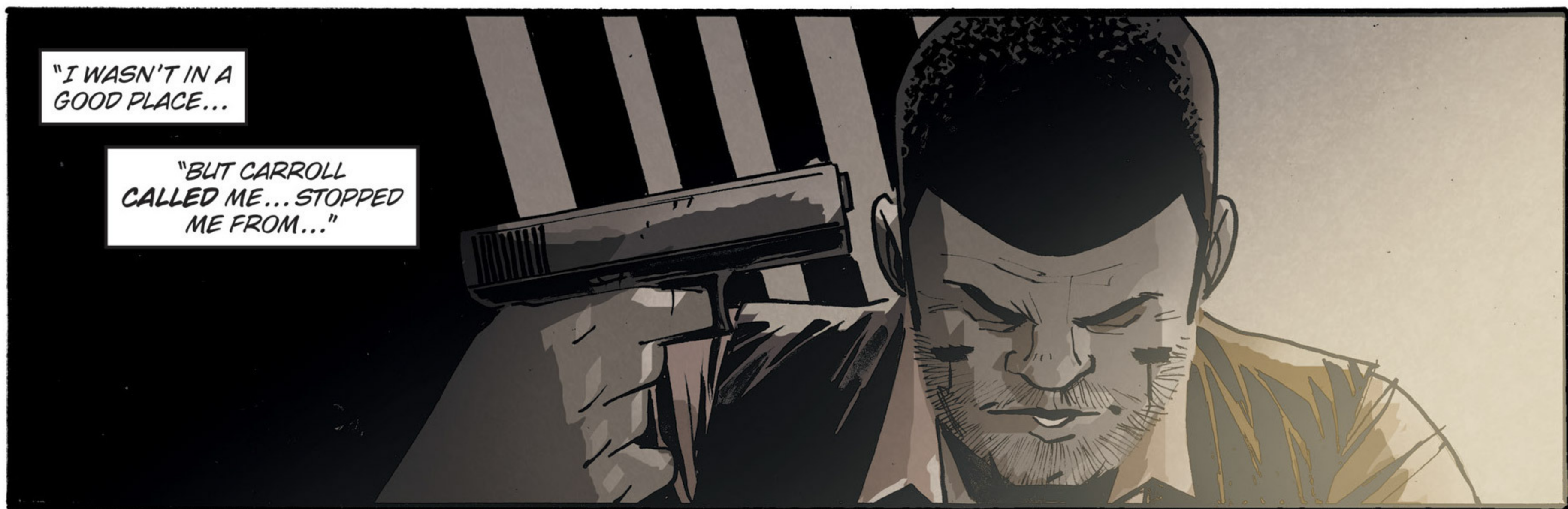
YOU SAID YOU'D TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW, AND SO FAR ALL WE'VE BEEN GETTING IS MORE OF YOUR *BULLSHIT*.

START TALKING... NOW.

AS YOU WISH.

AIM YOUR FLASHLIGHTS OVER HERE.





"I WASN'T IN A GOOD PLACE..."

"BUT CARROLL CALLED ME... STOPPED ME FROM..."



WHEN HE ASKED ME TO COME HELP HIM... HE GAVE ME A **REASON** TO KEEP ON GOING.

AND I NEED TO PAY HIM BACK BY FINDING OUT WHO **HURT** HIM. IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO.



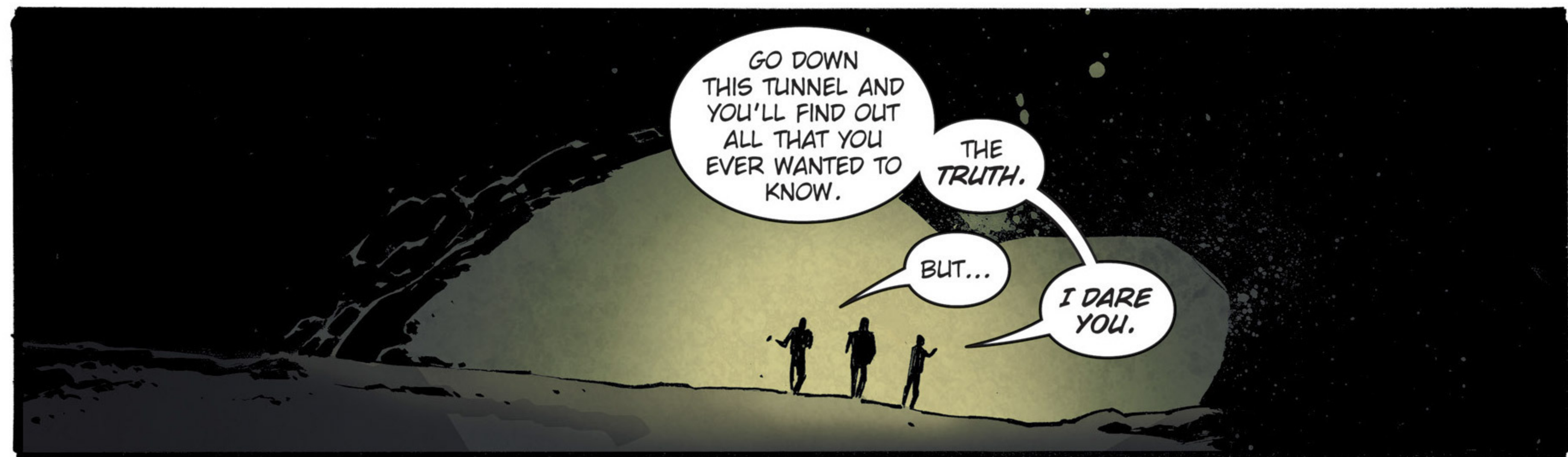
JESUS, FINCH... ARE YOU SAYING...?

FIRST I FIND OUT YOU KILLED SOMEONE AND NOW THIS?

WE HAVEN'T EXACTLY HAD A LOT OF FREE TIME TO CHAT, Y'KNOW.

YEAH, BUT--

HERE WE ARE.



GO DOWN THIS TUNNEL AND YOU'LL FIND OUT ALL THAT YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW.

THE TRUTH.

BUT...

I DARE YOU.



CUTE.

THIS TUNNEL ISN'T FAR...

HEY... SHINE YOUR LIGHT AHEAD; I THINK I SEE SOMETHING...



HM.

IS THAT
LIKE...

YUP. JUST
LIKE WHAT I
SAW UNDER
THE LAKE.

WHAT THE
HELL IS THIS,
WARREN?

WARREN?



UGH.
YOU HAVE GOT
TO BE FUCKING
KIDDING ME.

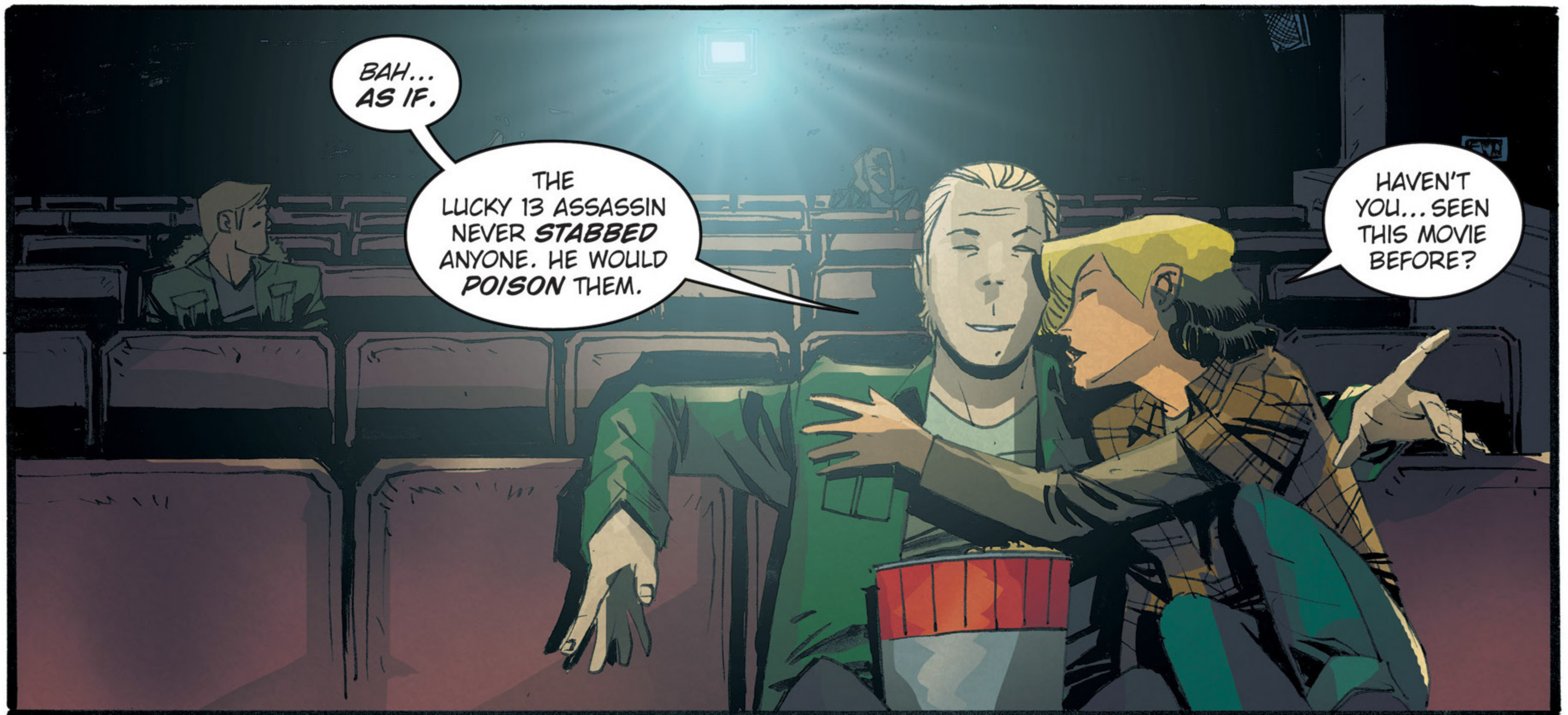
THAT SON
OF A BITCH
DITCHED US.

WARREN
HAS NEVER
REALLY WANTED
TO GIVE UP...



"HIS SECRETS..."

IT'S YOUR
UNLUCKY
DAY!



BAH...
AS IF.

THE
LUCKY 13 ASSASSIN
NEVER **STABBED**
ANYONE. HE WOULD
POISON THEM.

HAVEN'T
YOU... SEEN
THIS MOVIE
BEFORE?



OH SURE,
BUT...

NO ONE
HAS BEEN ABLE TO
REALLY MAKE A **GOOD**
MOVIE BASED OFF ANY
OF THE BUCKAROO
BUTCHERS YET.

PROBABLY
BECAUSE NONE OF
THE KILLERS REALLY
HAVE THAT **IT** FACTOR,
Y'KNOW?

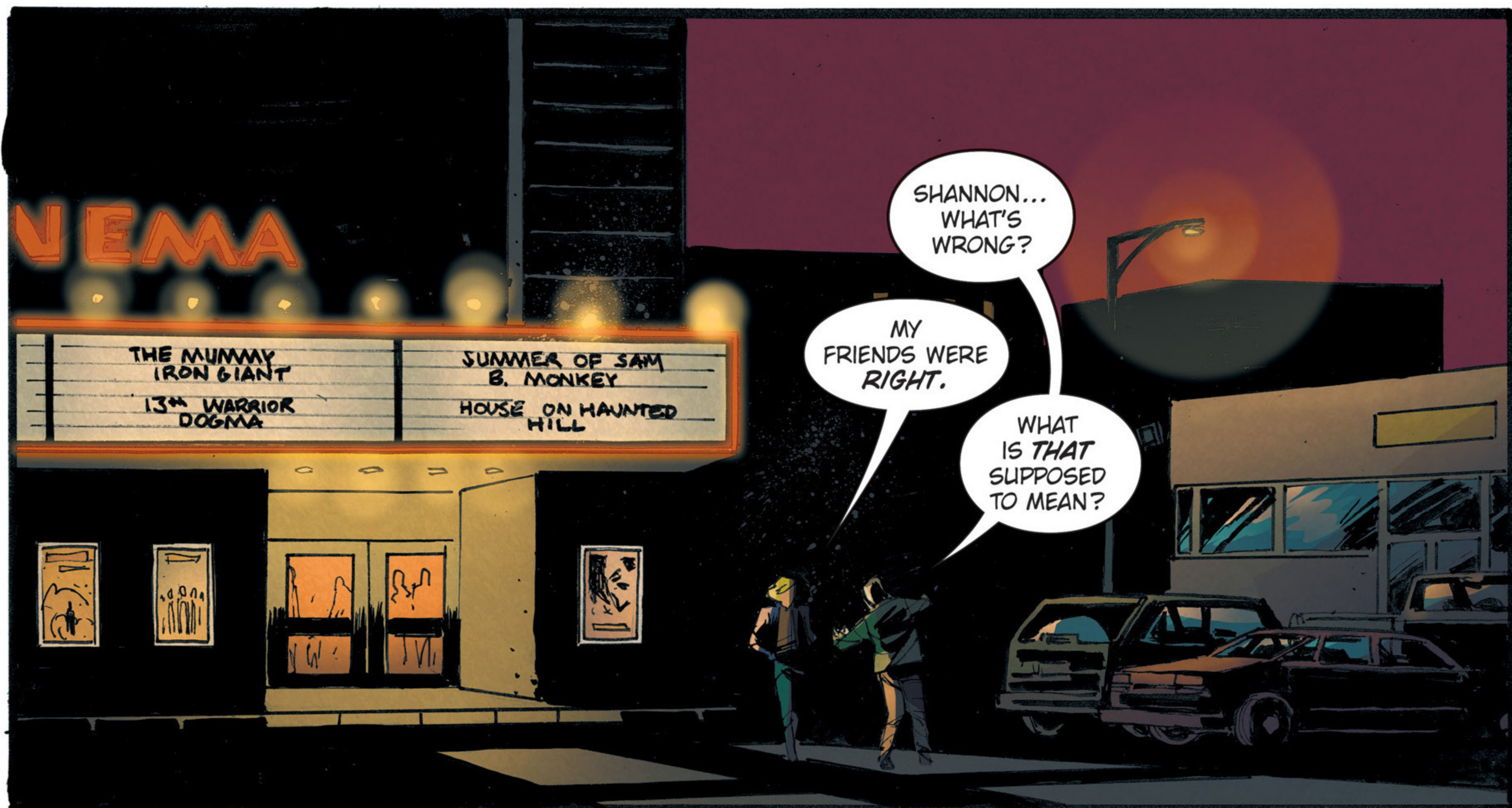


NO... I
DON'T.

PRETTY
BIRD, WAIT.

PRETTY
BIRD?

SHANNON?!



SHANNON...
WHAT'S
WRONG?

MY
FRIENDS WERE
RIGHT.

WHAT
IS *THAT*
SUPPOSED
TO MEAN?



YOU
HAVE LIKE A
MILLION
RED FLAGS,
WARREN!

LIKE...LIKE
WHAT?

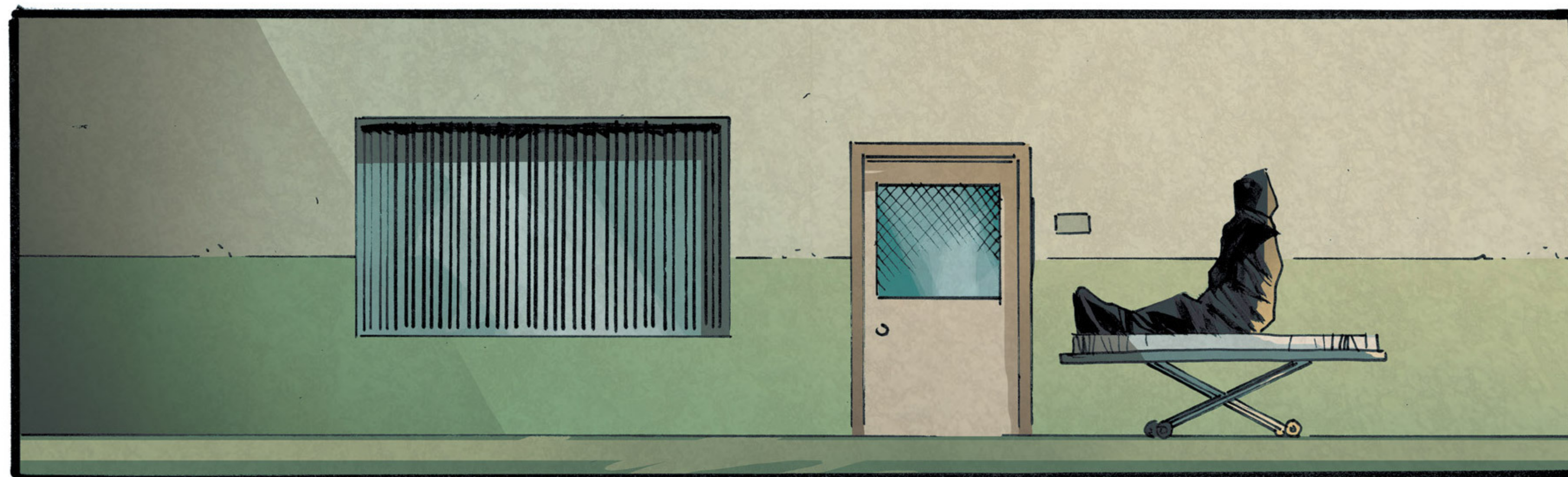
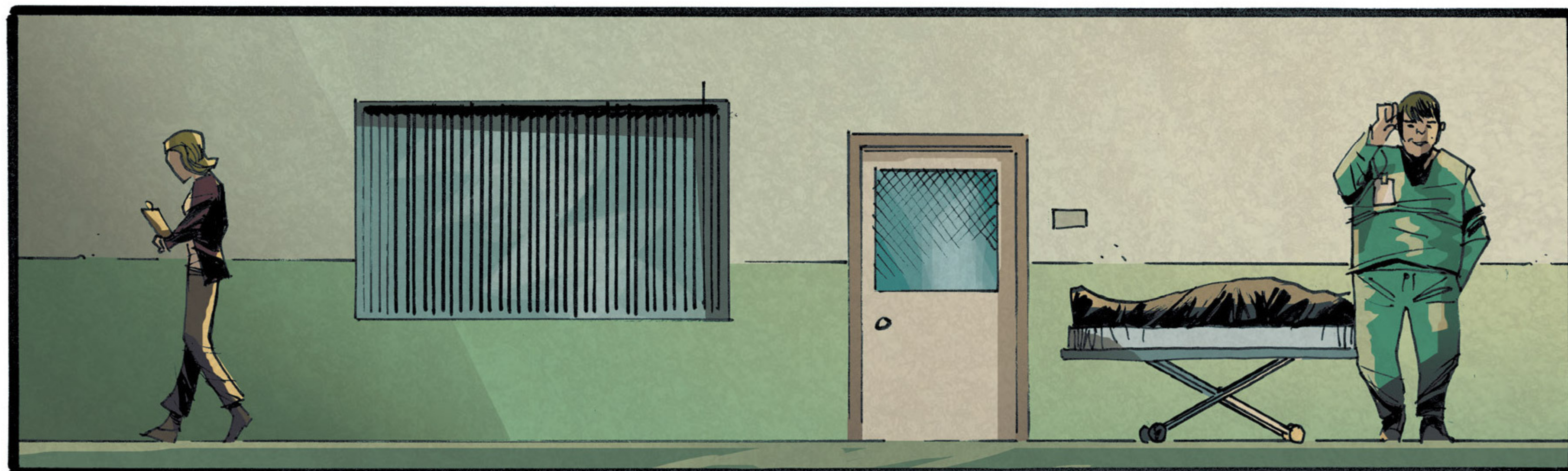
UH FOR
STARTERS, YOU'D
RATHER WATCH SOME
SLASHER FLICK THAN
MAKE OUT WITH *YOUR*
GIRLFRIEND?!

WHAT
IS YOUR
DEAL?

YOU'RE
RIGHT... I
UM...

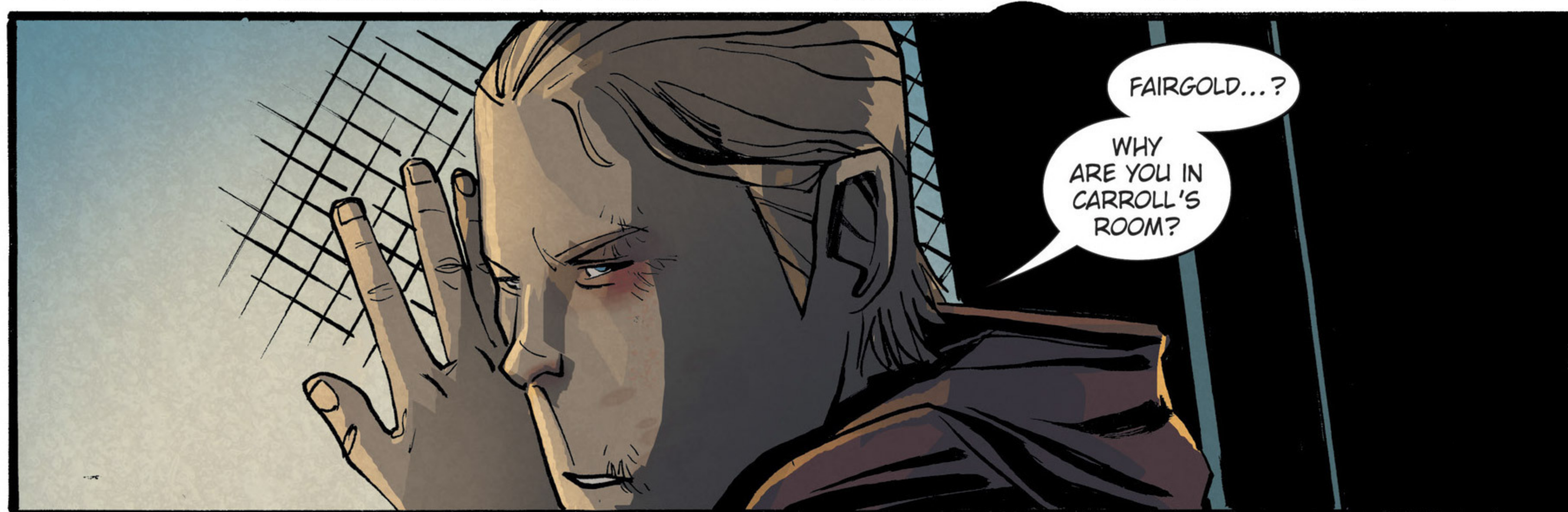


THERE IS
SOMETHING
I NEED TO TELL
YOU. IT'S TIME I
TOLD YOU...





YOU
EMBARRASSED
ME TODAY.



FAIRGOLD...?

WHY
ARE YOU IN
CARROLL'S
ROOM?



YOU,
MISTER FINCH
AND SHERIFF CRANE
ALL HAD A NICE
LITTLE **LAUGH** AT
MY EXPENSE.

WELL,
I THINK IT'S
FAIR TO SAY
YOU HAD IT
COMING.

WHAT'S
REALLY FUNNY TO
ME IS THAT I'M
SURE YOU THINK
I'M THE BAD GUY
HERE.



ALL
I WANT TO DO
IS TO END THE
EVIL OF THIS
TOWN.

TO
FIND OUT
WHO KILLED
MY SON...

THE SAME
MAN WHO CUT
OFF YOUR FRIEND
HERE'S ARMS
AND LEGS.

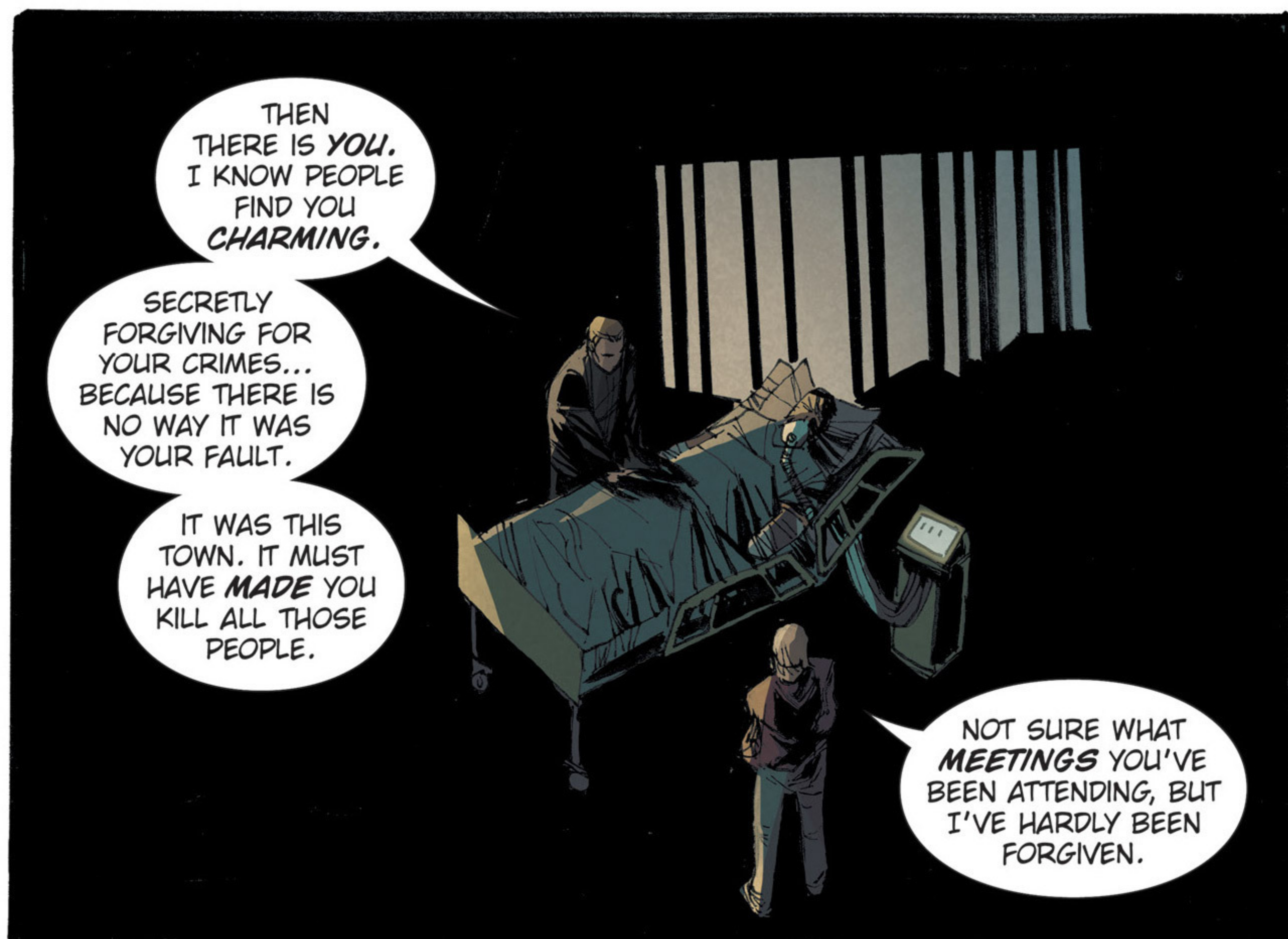
AND
TO MAKE SURE IT
NEVER HAPPENS
AGAIN.



WHAT ARE
YOU...?



AND YET...
NO ONE SEES A
GRIEVING FATHER.
THEY SEE A MAN
OBSESSED.



THEN
THERE IS **YOU**.
I KNOW PEOPLE
FIND YOU
CHARMING.

SECRETLY
FORGIVING FOR
YOUR CRIMES...
BECAUSE THERE IS
NO WAY IT WAS
YOUR FAULT.

IT WAS THIS
TOWN. IT MUST
HAVE **MADE** YOU
KILL ALL THOSE
PEOPLE.

NOT SURE WHAT
MEETINGS YOU'VE
BEEN ATTENDING, BUT
I'VE HARDLY BEEN
FORGIVEN.



MY **SIN**
IS THAT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND YOU.
I CAN'T **RELATE**
TO YOU.

BUT
MAYBE CARROLL'S
WOUNDS CAN
HELP ME WITH
THAT.



ISSUE FOURTEEN



HEIN
SOB
15







WHAT?

BEEN
AROUND YOU
SO MUCH I'VE
STARTED TO PICK
UP YOUR BAD
HABITS.

IT'S
NO BIG
DEAL.



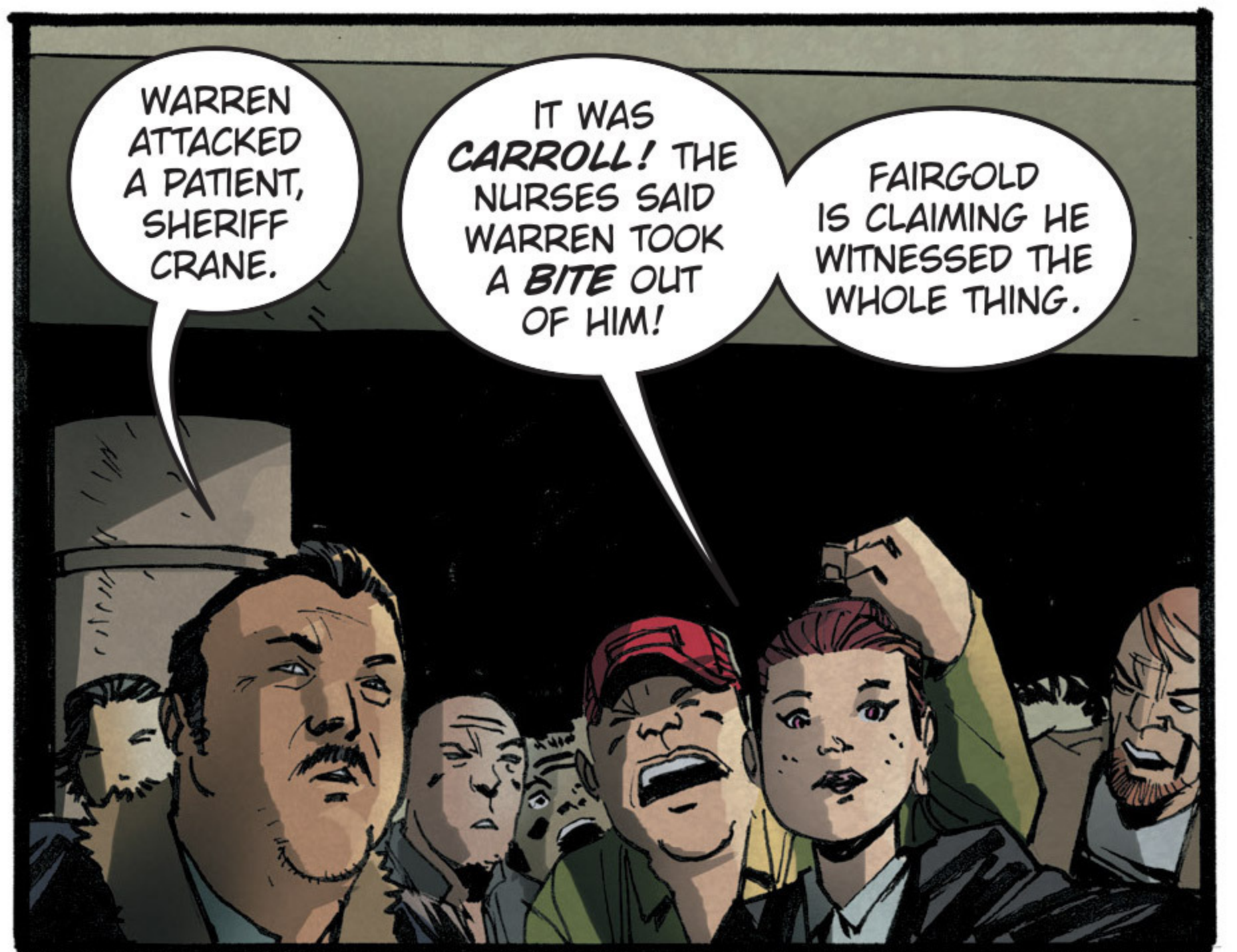
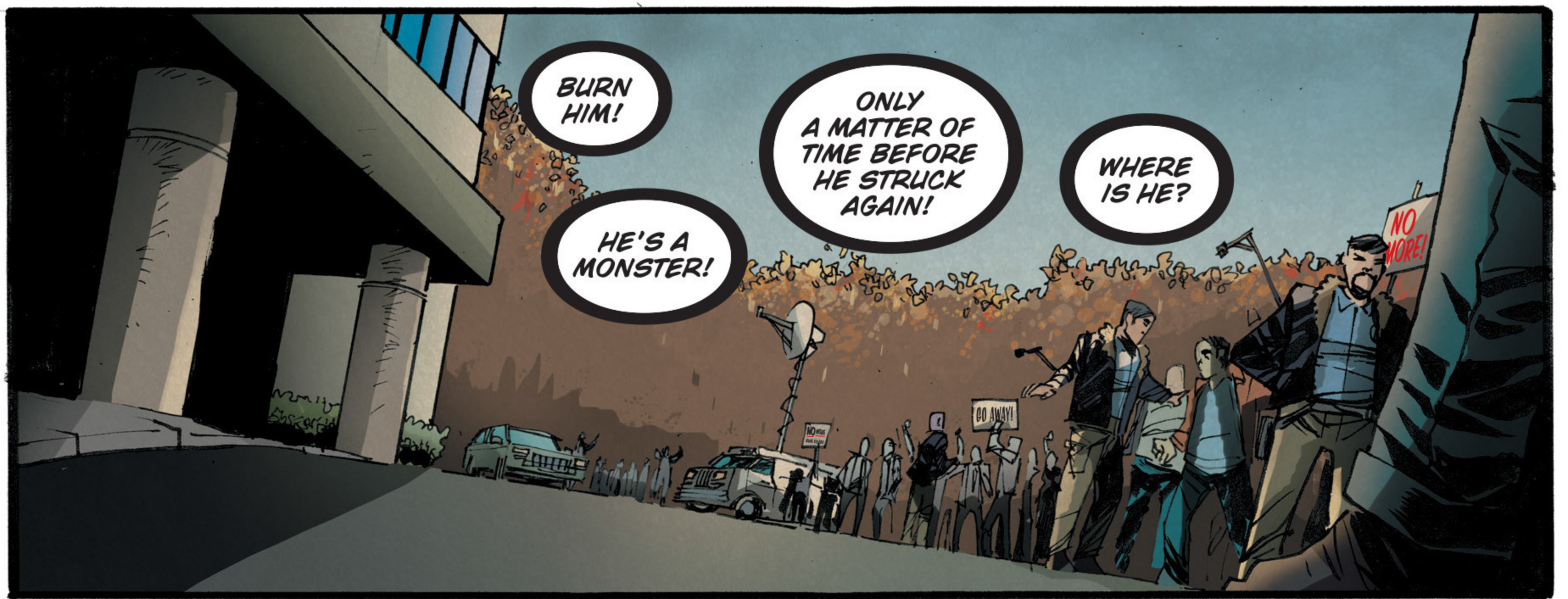
I
NEED TO--
I NEED TO
GO.



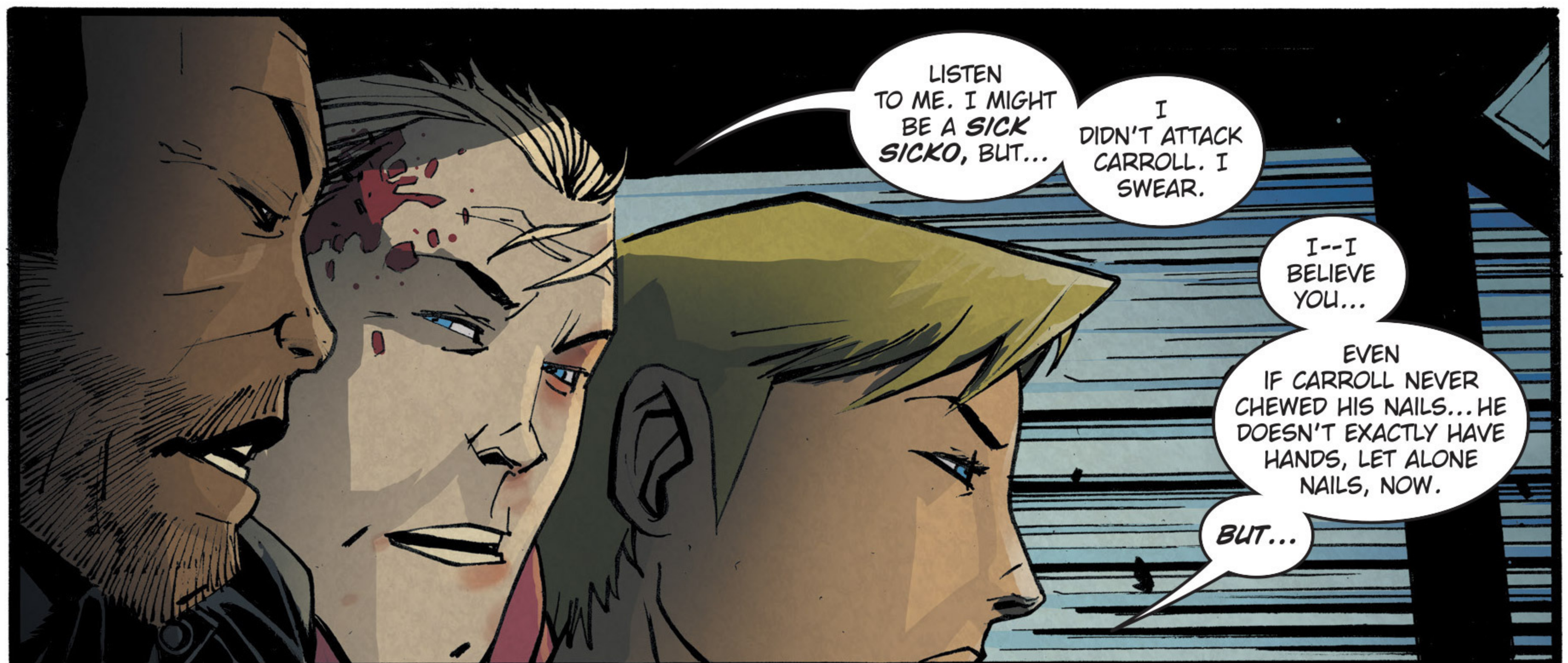
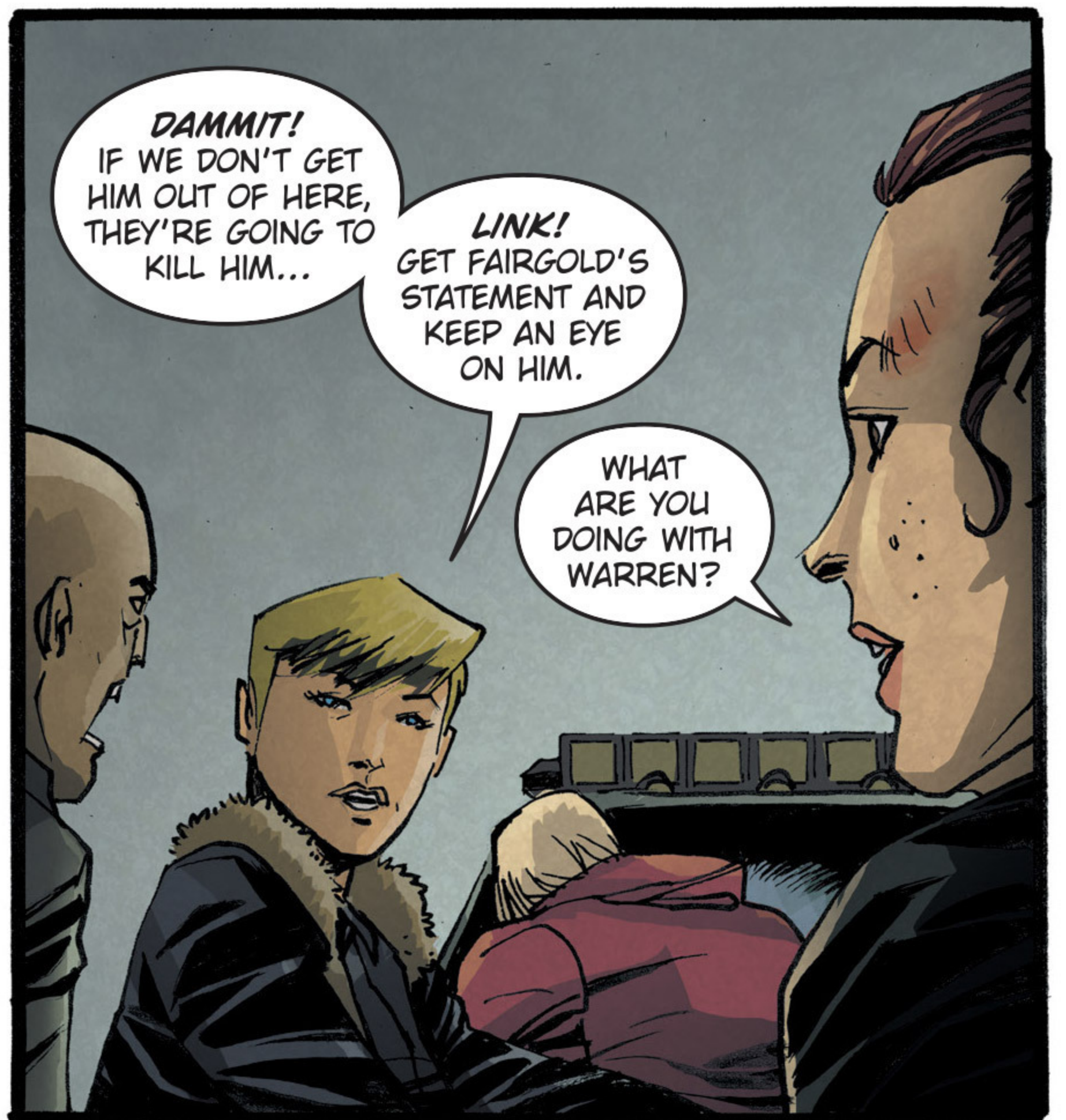
UH,
ARE YOU
KIDDING?

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?!

I'LL CALL
YOU IN THE
MORNING!















ARE YOU
SURE YOU WANT
TO GO DOWN
THIS PATH?

YOU CAN
NEVER UNRING
THIS BELL. ONCE
YOU KNOW THE
TRUTH...



I'VE LIVED
IN BUCKAROO
MY WHOLE
LIFE... I NEED
TO KNOW.

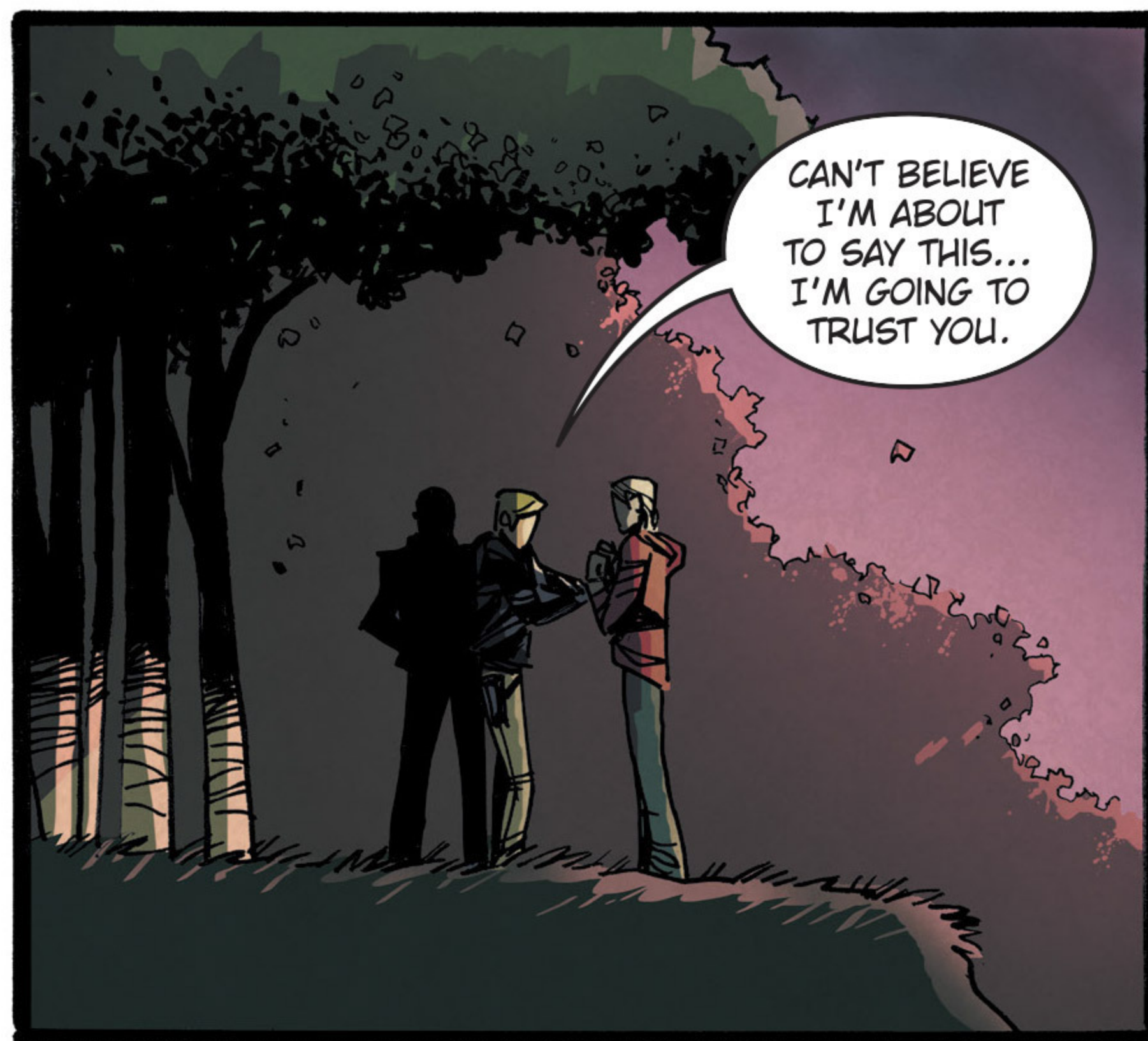
I
OWE IT TO
CARROLL TO
FIND OUT.

WELL,
THERE IS A
PROBLEM.

WHAT'S
THAT?



I DON'T
HAVE A
SAFE
WORD.



CAN'T BELIEVE
I'M ABOUT
TO SAY THIS...
I'M GOING TO
TRUST YOU.



BUT *I*
WON'T.

YOU
MAKE A MOVE
I DON'T LIKE
AND I'LL KICK
YOUR ASS.



YEAH,
YEAH... FOLLOW
ME...

INTO THE
DARKNESS.





AH!



HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT WAS THERE?!

THIS IS HARDLY MY FIRST TIME DOWN IN THESE CAVES.

WHEN THEN?! WHEN DID YOU FIND THESE?!



WHEN I WAS YOUNG, AFTER THE DEATH OF THE KENNYS... I STARTED TO EXPLORE BUCKAROO.

I WAS ASKING THE SAME LOADED QUESTIONS AS CARROLL:

WHY THIS TOWN? WHY WERE SO MANY SERIAL KILLERS BORN HERE?



AND ONE NIGHT I FOUND THESE TUNNELS...

THE NIGHT IN THE GRAVEYARD... WHEN WE MET. I WAS ALREADY INVESTIGATING THESE HALLOWED HALLS...

AND THIS TEMPLE.



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?



I TRIED! BUT... BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN.

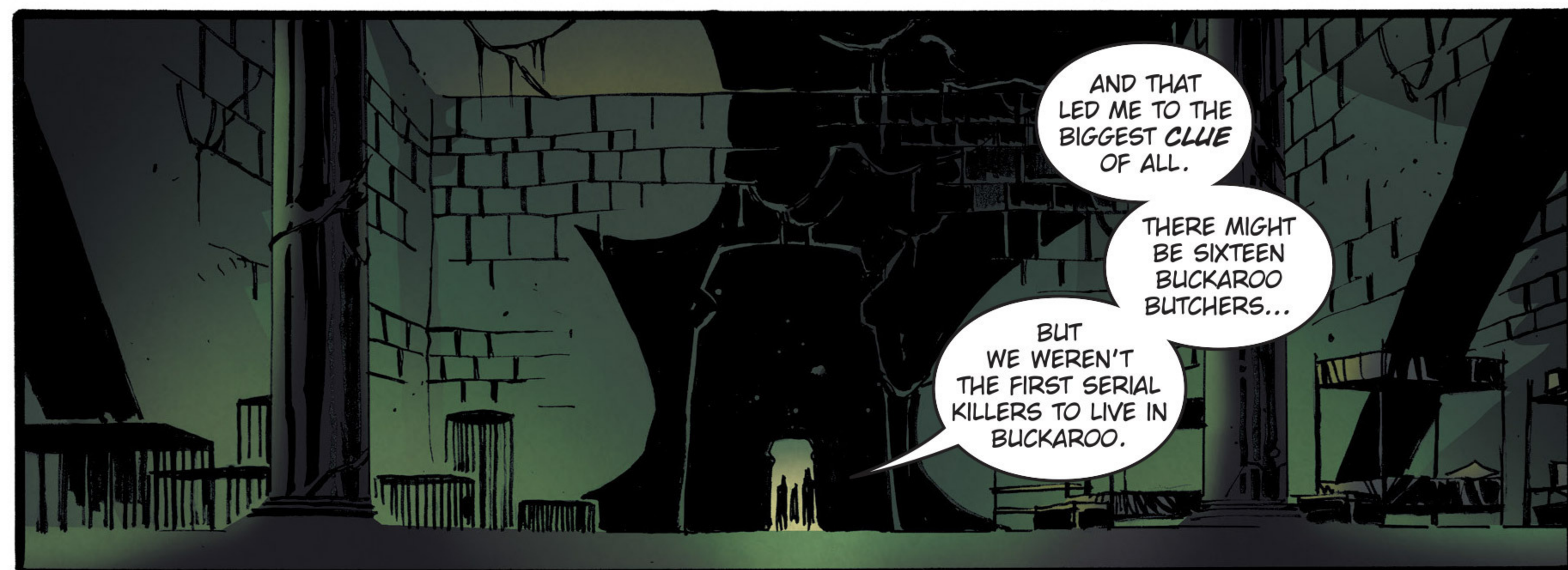
WELL. I'M LISTENING NOW.

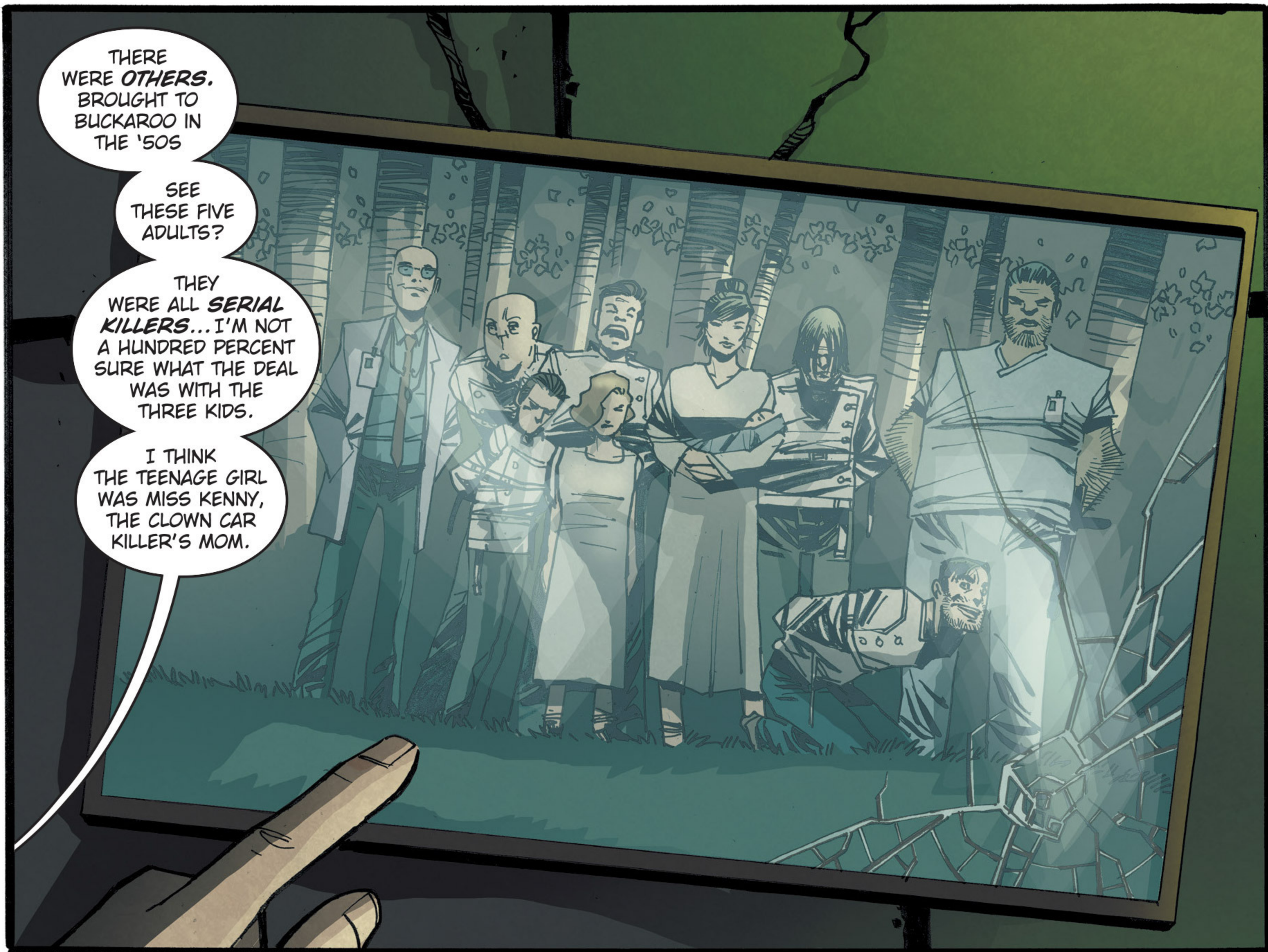
YES.



YOU ARE!







THERE WERE **OTHERS**. BROUGHT TO BUCKAROO IN THE '50S

SEE THESE FIVE ADULTS?

THEY WERE ALL **SERIAL KILLERS**... I'M NOT A HUNDRED PERCENT SURE WHAT THE DEAL WAS WITH THE THREE KIDS.

I THINK THE TEENAGE GIRL WAS MISS KENNY, THE CLOWN CAR KILLER'S MOM.



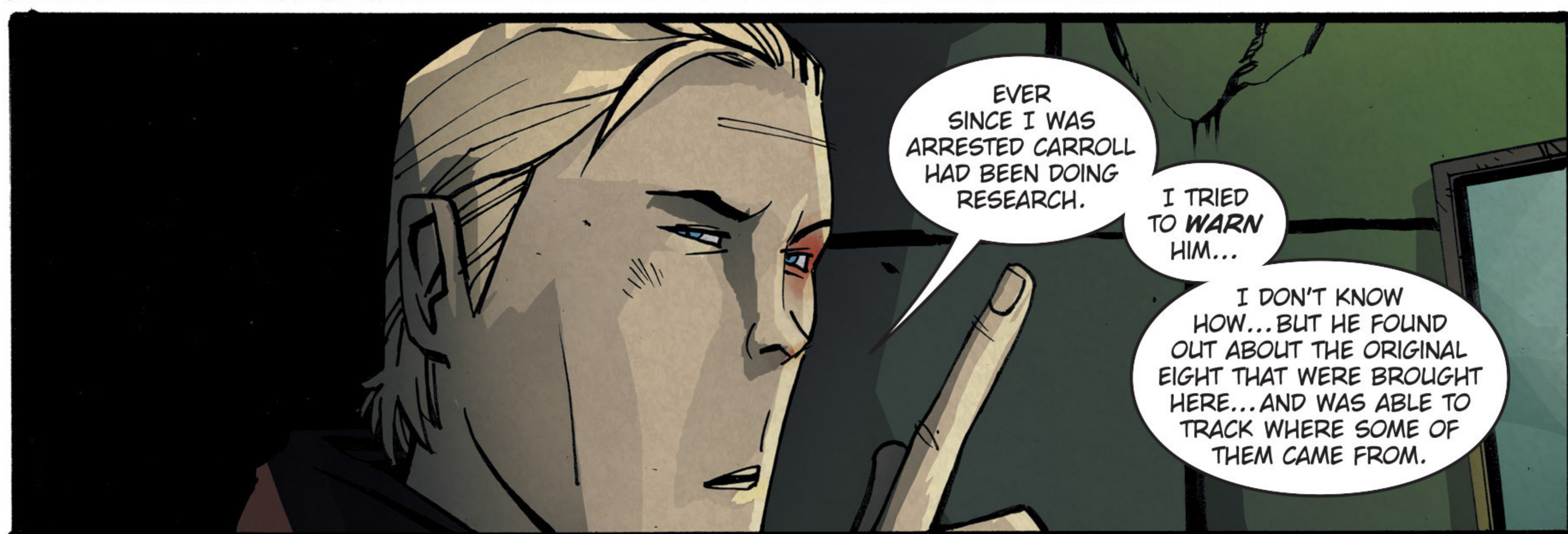
WHY WERE THEY BROUGHT HERE? TO CURE THEM?

THAT... I-- I DON'T KNOW.

HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW THEY WERE SERIAL KILLERS?

CARROLL TOLD ME.

WHAT?



EVER SINCE I WAS ARRESTED CARROLL HAD BEEN DOING RESEARCH.

I TRIED TO **WARN** HIM...

I DON'T KNOW HOW... BUT HE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE ORIGINAL EIGHT THAT WERE BROUGHT HERE... AND WAS ABLE TO TRACK WHERE SOME OF THEM CAME FROM.

SO...ALL OF
THE BUCKAROO
BUTCHERS ARE
DESCENDENTS OF
THESE PEOPLE?

I'M
NOT.

MY FAMILY
CAN BE TRACED BACK
FOR GENERATIONS IN
BUCKAROO. NO RELATION
TO THIS GROUP OF
YAHOOOS.

THEN WHAT
IS IT IF IT'S
NOT PASSED
DOWN?

A
CURSE? AN
EXPERIMENT?
SOME SORT
OF CULT?

WHY
WERE THOSE
SERIAL KILLERS
BROUGHT TO
BUCKAROO?!

ONLY
CARROLL
KNOWS
THAT.

YOU'RE
LYING!

I CAN
TELL!

FINCH,
STOP!

HE'S
LYING!

HE'S
TELLING THE
TRUTH.

SHIT!



WHOA!

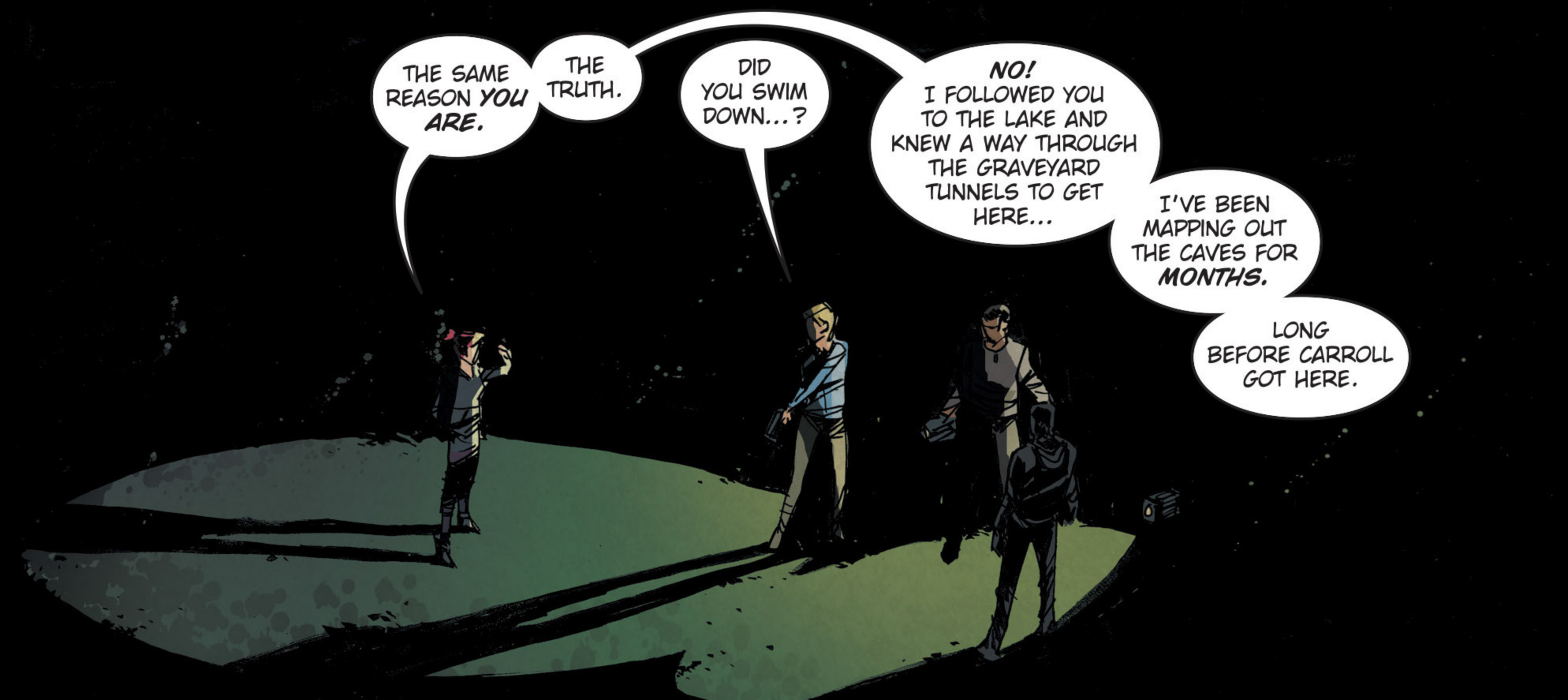
DON'T SHOOT!

I
COME IN
PEACE.



JESUS
CHRIST, ALICE!
I COULD HAVE
SHOT YOU!

WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU DOING
DOWN HERE? IT'S
DANGEROUS!



THE SAME
REASON *YOU*
ARE.

THE
TRUTH.

DID
YOU SWIM
DOWN...?

NO!
I FOLLOWED YOU
TO THE LAKE AND
KNEW A WAY THROUGH
THE GRAVEYARD
TUNNELS TO GET
HERE...

I'VE BEEN
MAPPING OUT
THE CAVES FOR
MONTHS.

LONG
BEFORE CARROLL
GOT HERE.



WHY?

BECAUSE
OF HOW I
FEEL!

THE
THOUGHTS I
HAVE EVERY DAY...
I NEEDED TO KNOW
IF I WAS ONE OF
THEM...

AM I
THE *NEXT*
BUCKAROO
BUTCHER?



WHEN I
WAS YOUR AGE...
I ALSO SEARCHED
FOR ANSWERS.
SO MUCH SO
THAT...

I
UNDERSTAND...
THAT FEELING
INSIDE.



YEAH, WELL
I'D RATHER NOT
HAVE THAT HAPPEN
TO *ME*, OKAY!

IT'S LIKE...
I *KNOW* I'M THE
NEXT BUCKAROO
BUTCHER. I CAN
JUST TELL.

AND I
DON'T WANT
TO *HURT*
ANYONE...



OR
MYSELF.



WAIT,
WHAT DO
YOU MEAN
BY THAT?

ALICE?

IT'S...
COMPLICATED.

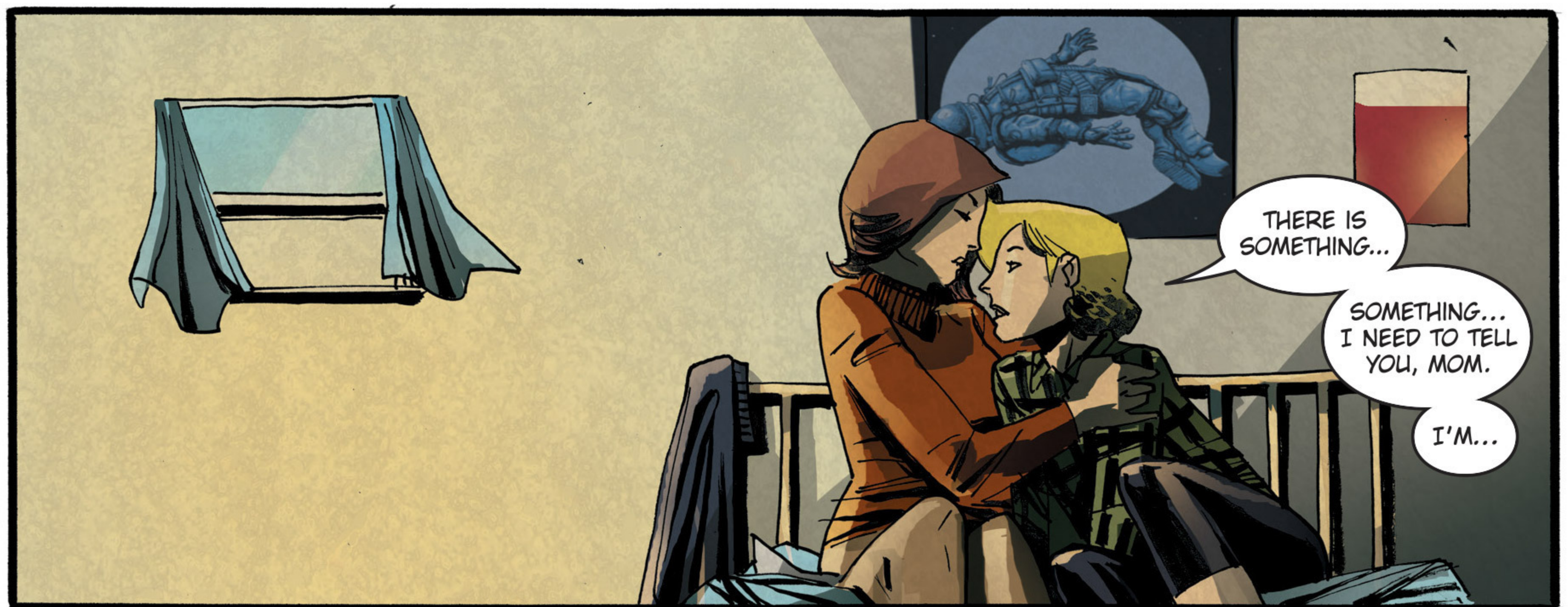
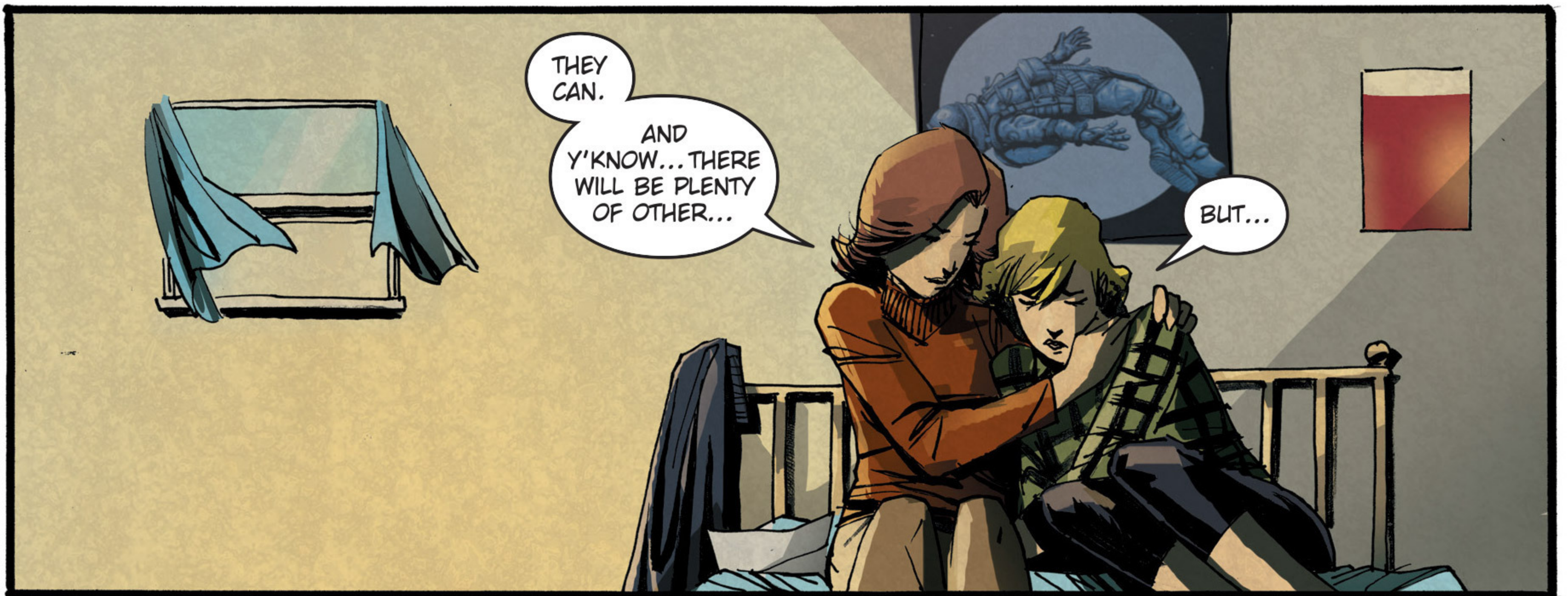
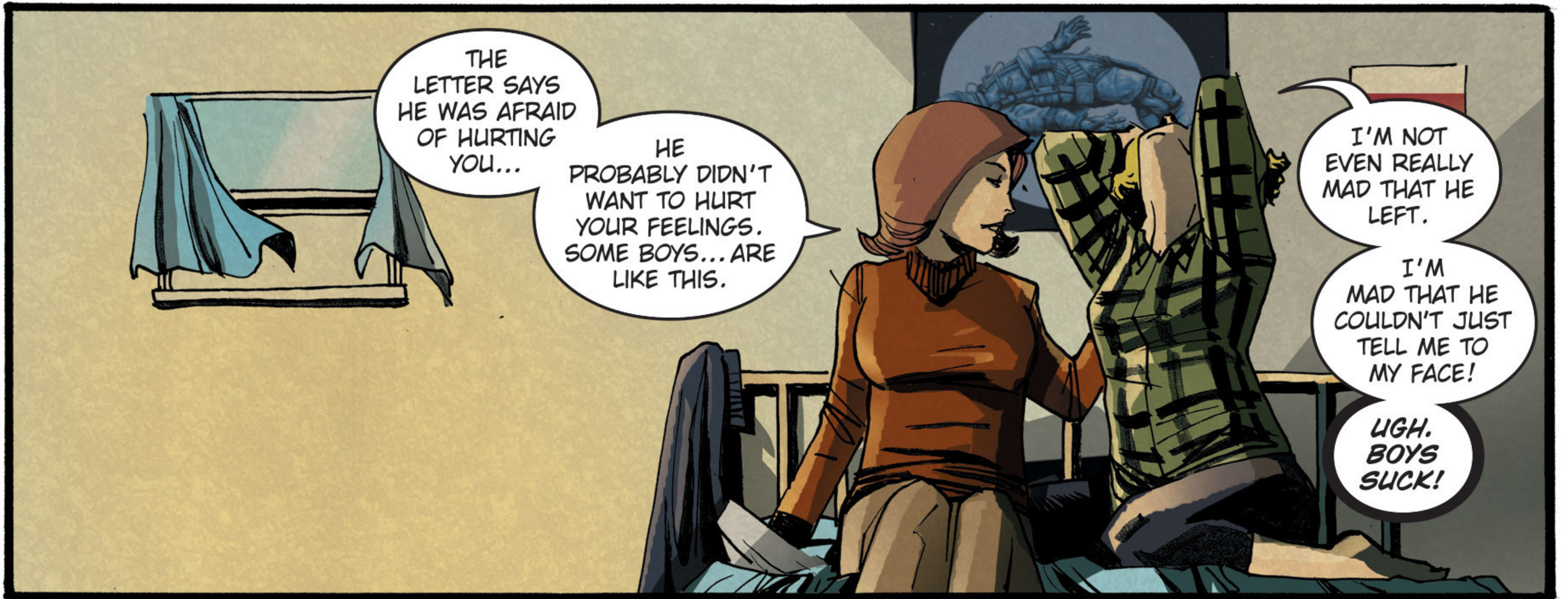
IT'S...



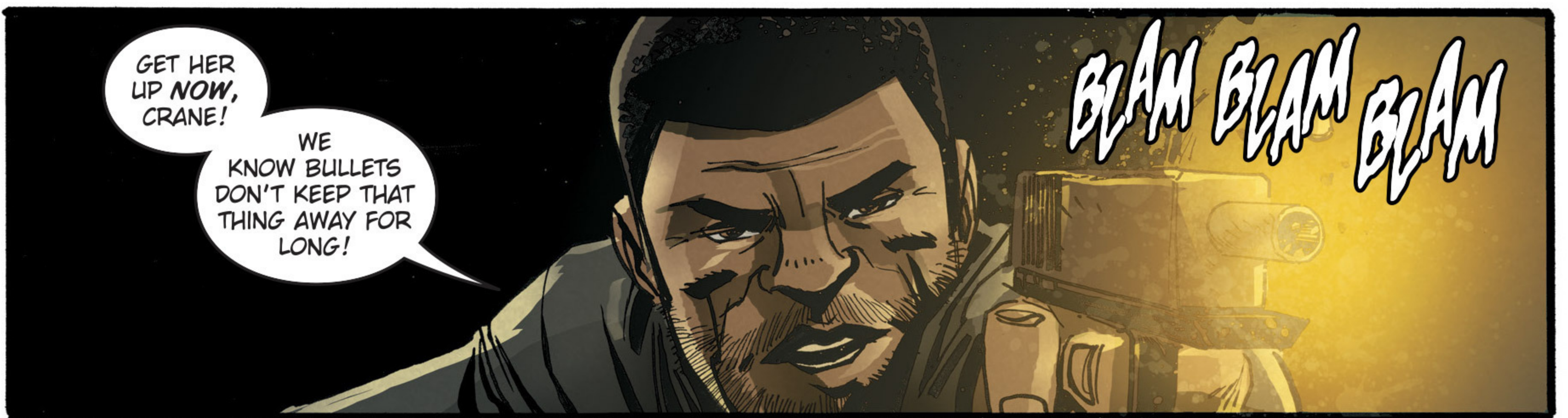
ISSUE FIFTEEN













WELL,
THIS IS
NEW.



SWEET
JESUS...

WHERE...
WHO ARE
THESE...?

I...
I DON'T
KNOW.



HE'S
COMING... WE
GOTTA GO.

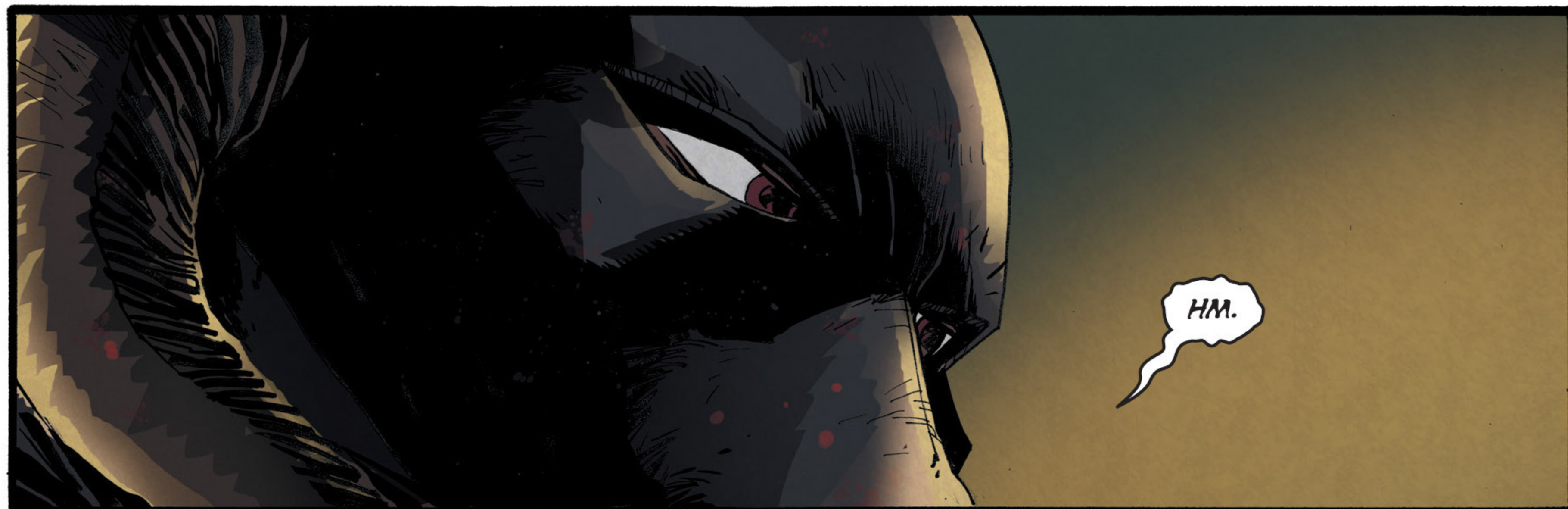


THERE IS
A PATH...

WE'RE NEVER
GOING TO MAKE IT
WITH ALICE. SHE'S
REALLY HURT. IT'S
BAD, FINCH...

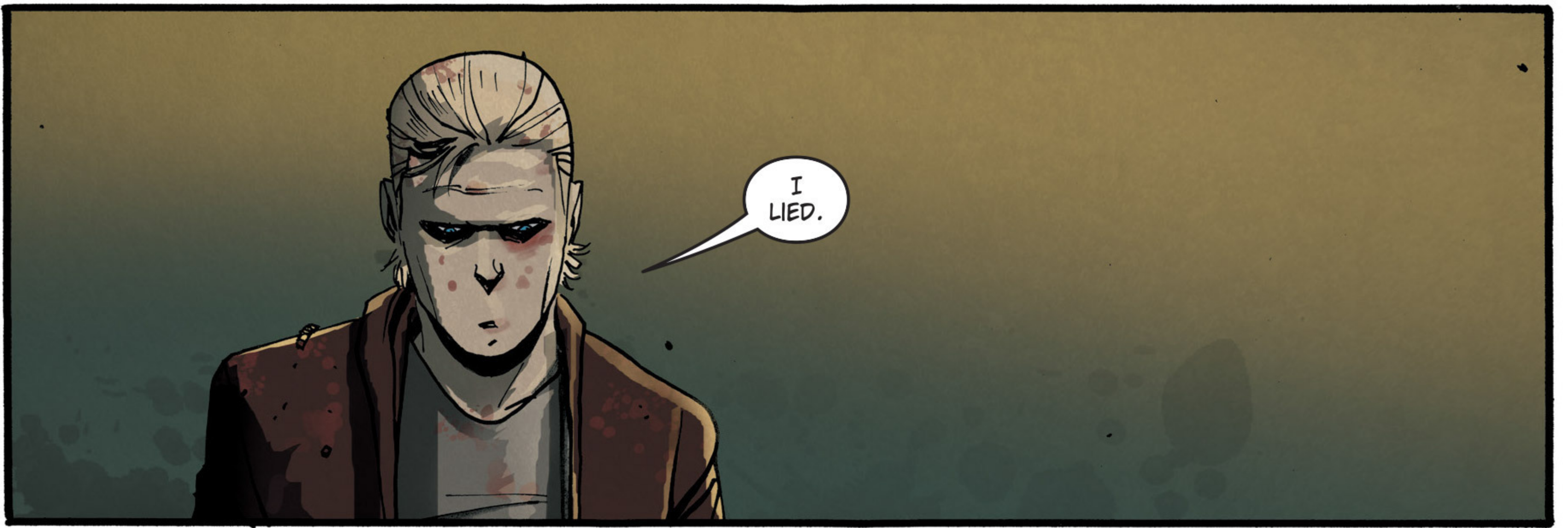
WHAT'RE
WE GONNA
DO?











I
LIED.



WHAT?

SINCE THE
MOMENT WE MET
I'VE BEEN LYING TO
YOU IN ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER. MANY
MANY LIES.

WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

FINCH,
CAN YOU HELP MY
PRETTY BIRD WITH
THE GIRL?

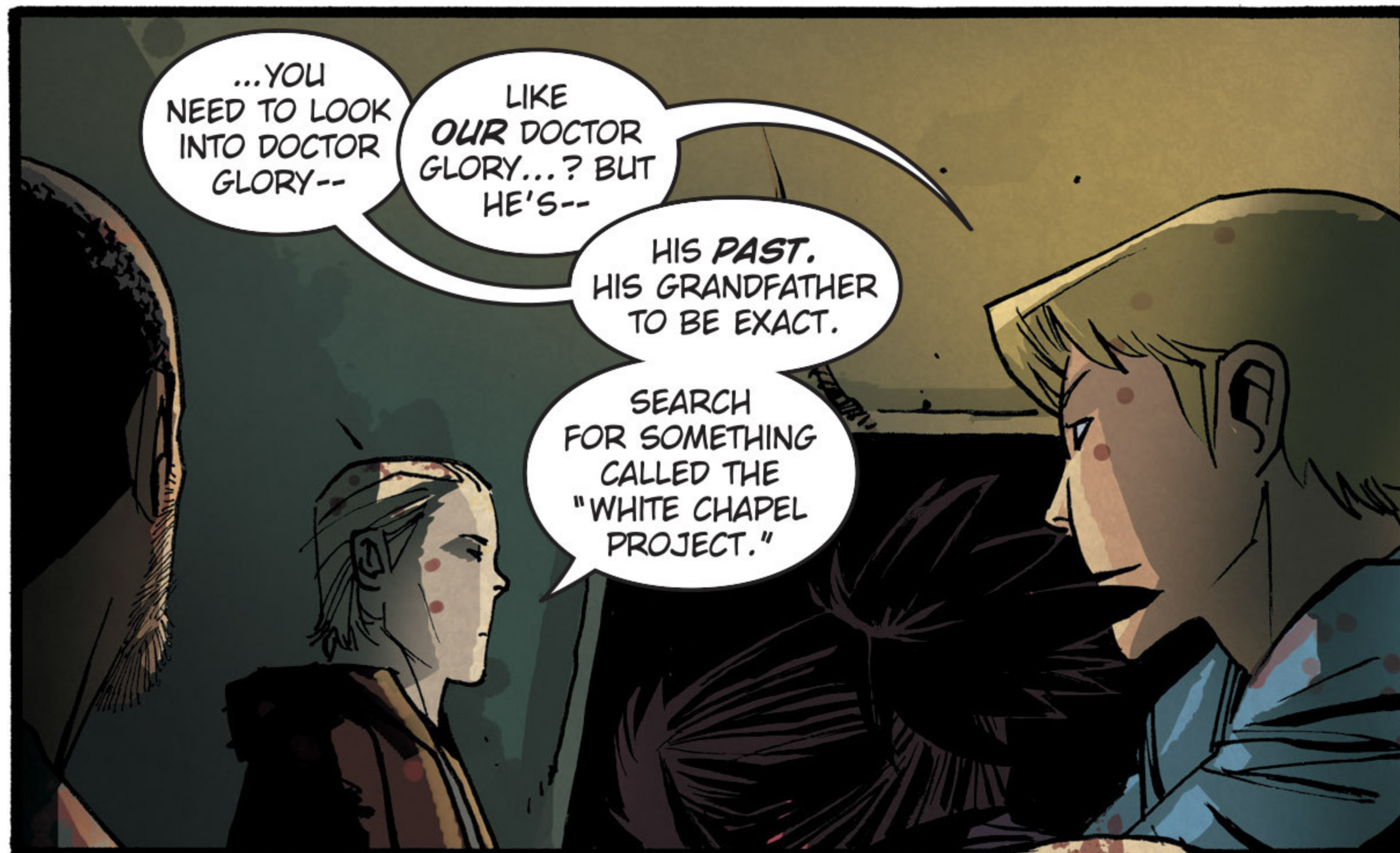
WHAT'RE
YOU DOING?



WHAT DOES
IT LOOK LIKE? I'M
PLAYING THE HERO
ONCE AGAIN BY LEADING
THE MONSTER **AWAY**
FROM YOU.

GO BACK
THE WAY WE CAME BUT
HEAD TO THE LEFT OF THE
STATUE WHEN YOU GET BACK
TO THE MAIN HALL. KEEP
MAKING RIGHTS AFTER THAT
AND YOU SHOULD GET BACK
TO THE SERIAL KILLER
GRAVEYARD.

WHEN YOU
ESCAPE...



...YOU
NEED TO LOOK
INTO DOCTOR
GLORY--

LIKE
OUR DOCTOR
GLORY...? BUT
HE'S--

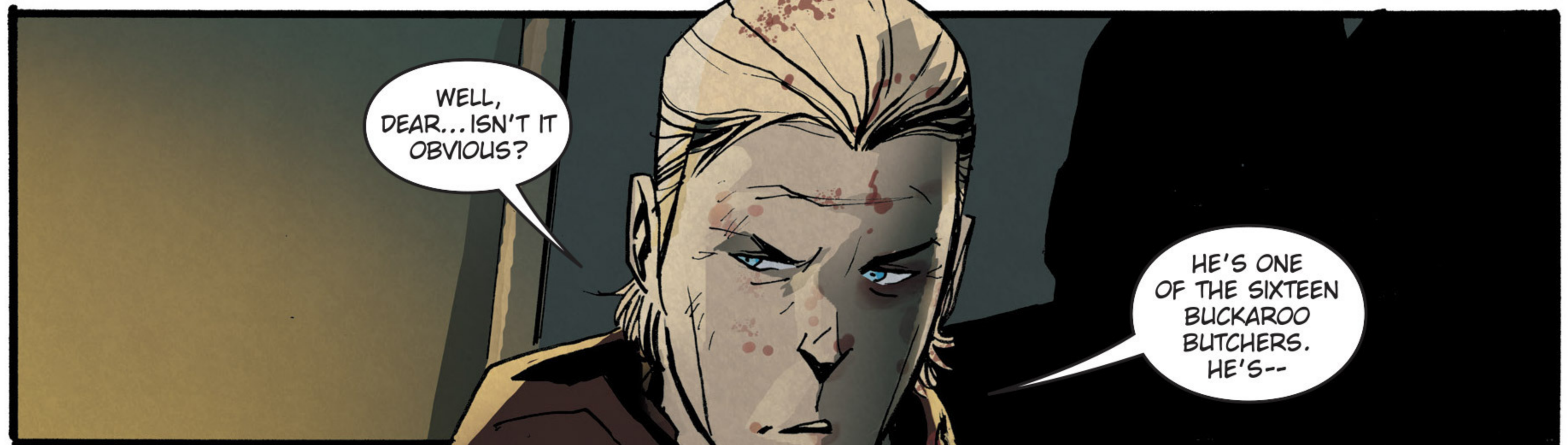
HIS **PAST**.
HIS GRANDFATHER
TO BE EXACT.

SEARCH
FOR SOMETHING
CALLED THE
"WHITE CHAPEL
PROJECT."



OK,
FINE, I
GUESS...

BUT IF
THAT BUTCHER
ISN'T **NEW**.
WHO IS IT?

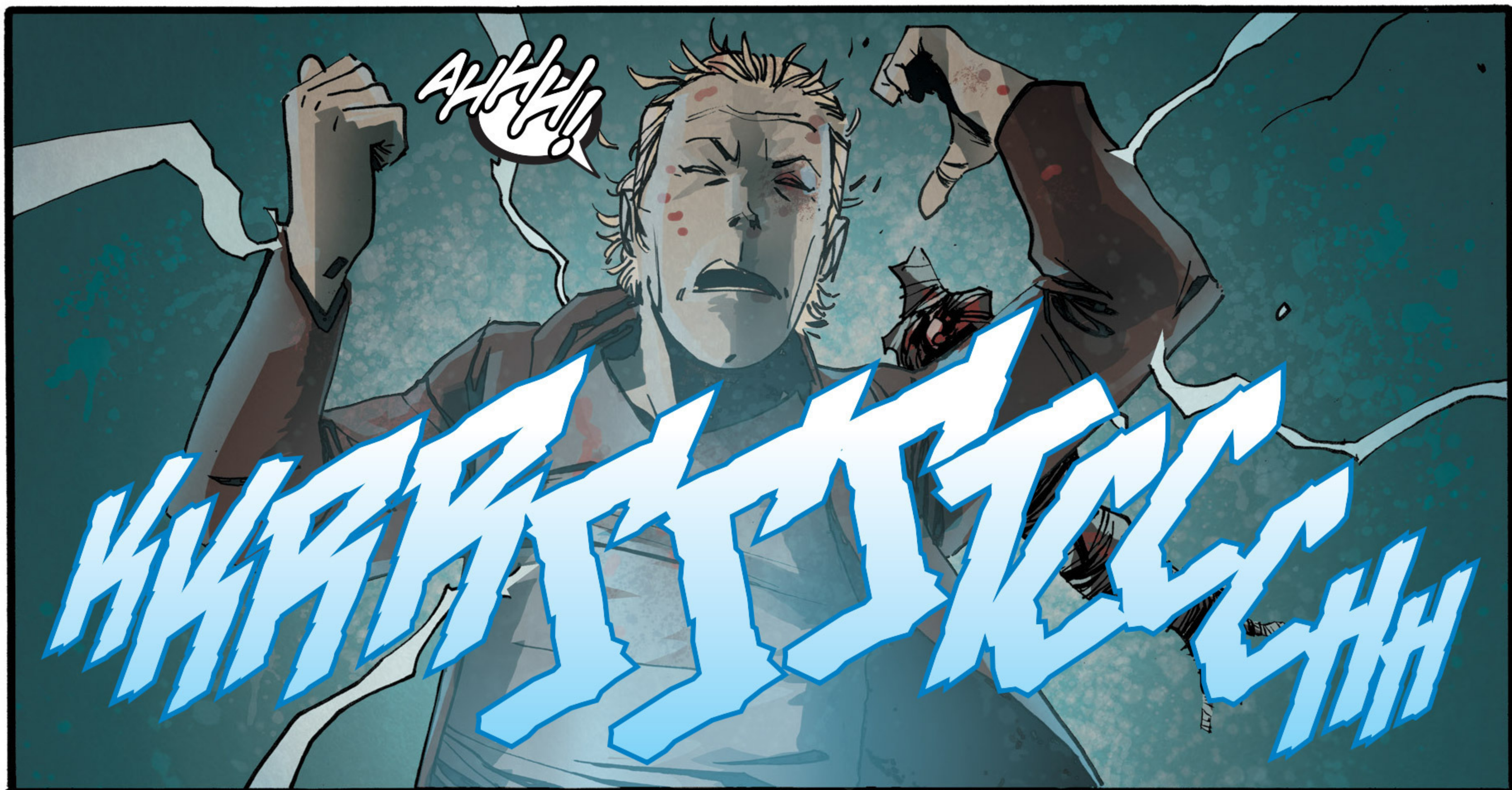


WELL,
DEAR... ISN'T IT
OBVIOUS?

HE'S ONE
OF THE SIXTEEN
BUCKAROO
BUTCHERS.
HE'S--



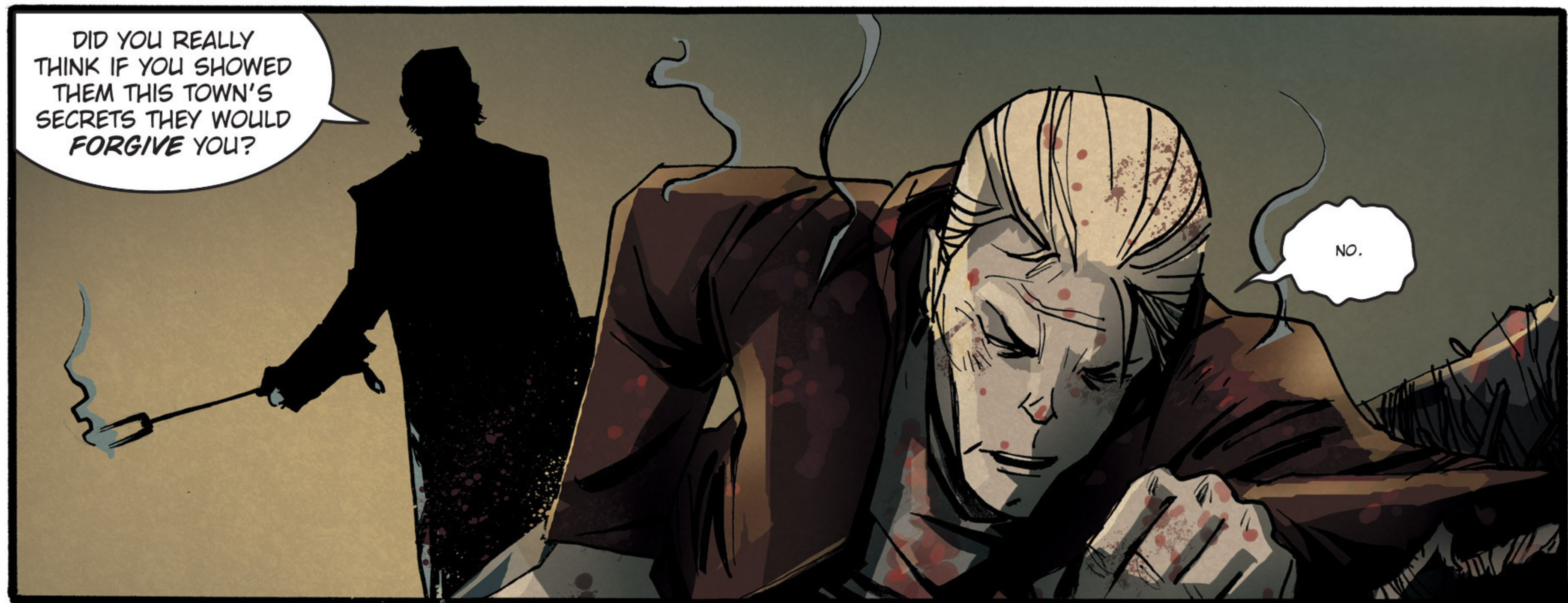






THAT SONOFABITCH WAS TELLING THE TRUTH.

HELP ME GET HER UP!



DID YOU REALLY THINK IF YOU SHOWED THEM THIS TOWN'S SECRETS THEY WOULD **FORGIVE** YOU?

NO.



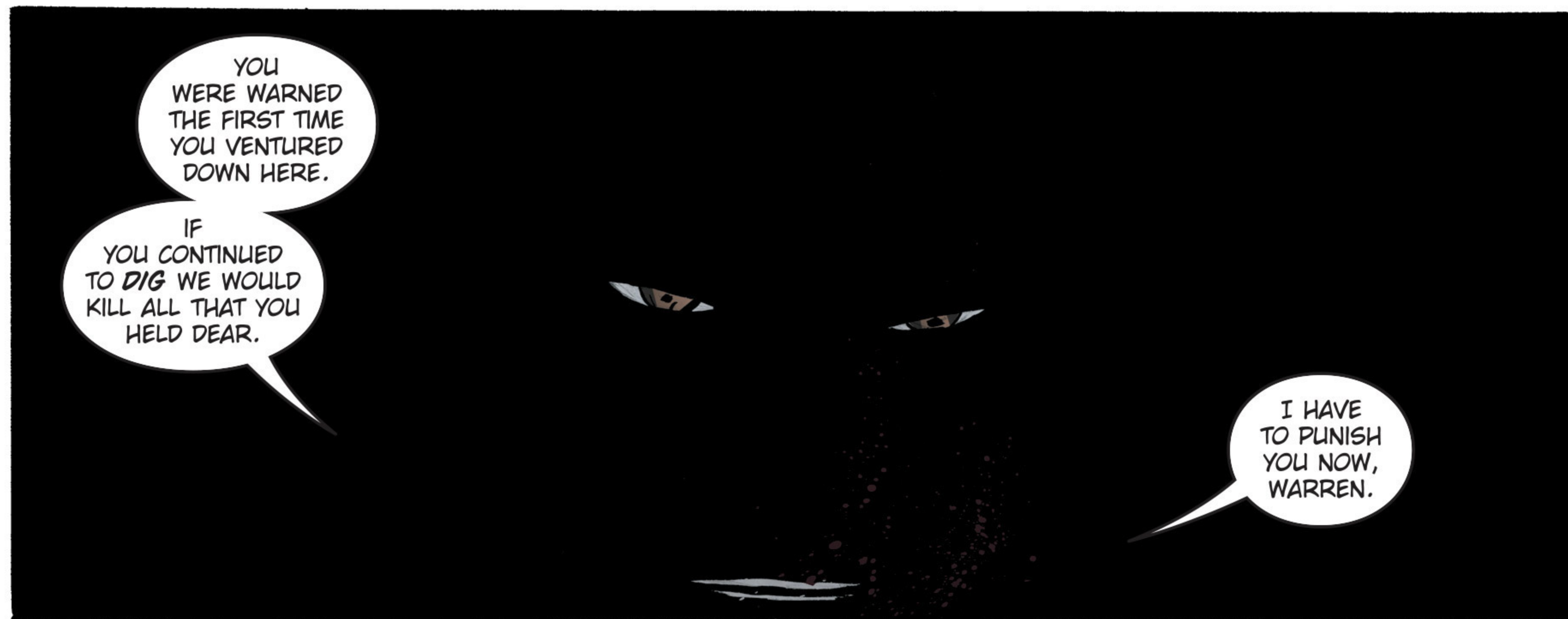
ALMOST THERE!



DO YOU KNOW WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF THE WORLD FOUND OUT THE **TRUTH** BEFORE WE WERE READY?!

MILLIONS COULD DIE!

...I KNOW...



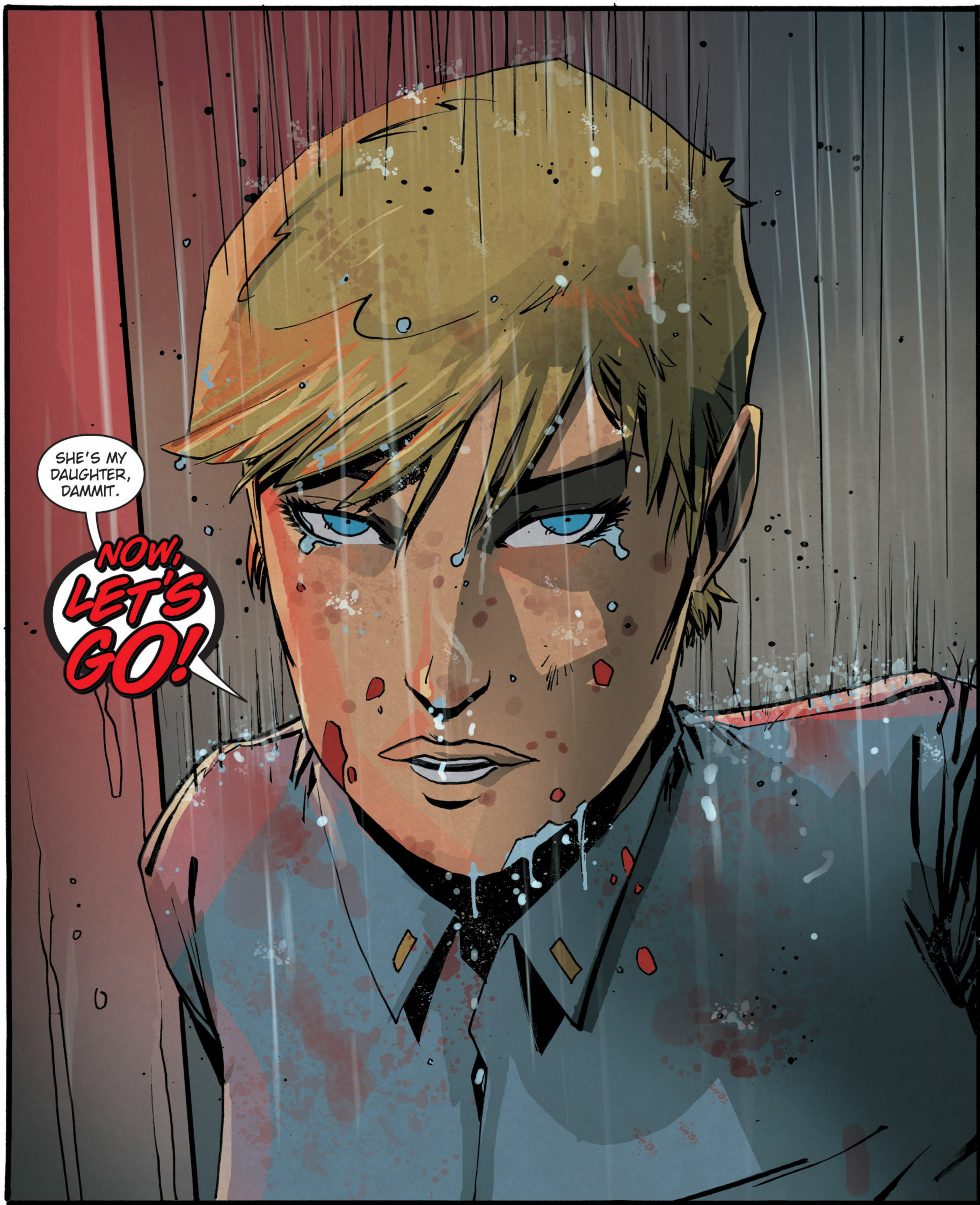
YOU WERE WARNED THE FIRST TIME YOU VENTURED DOWN HERE.

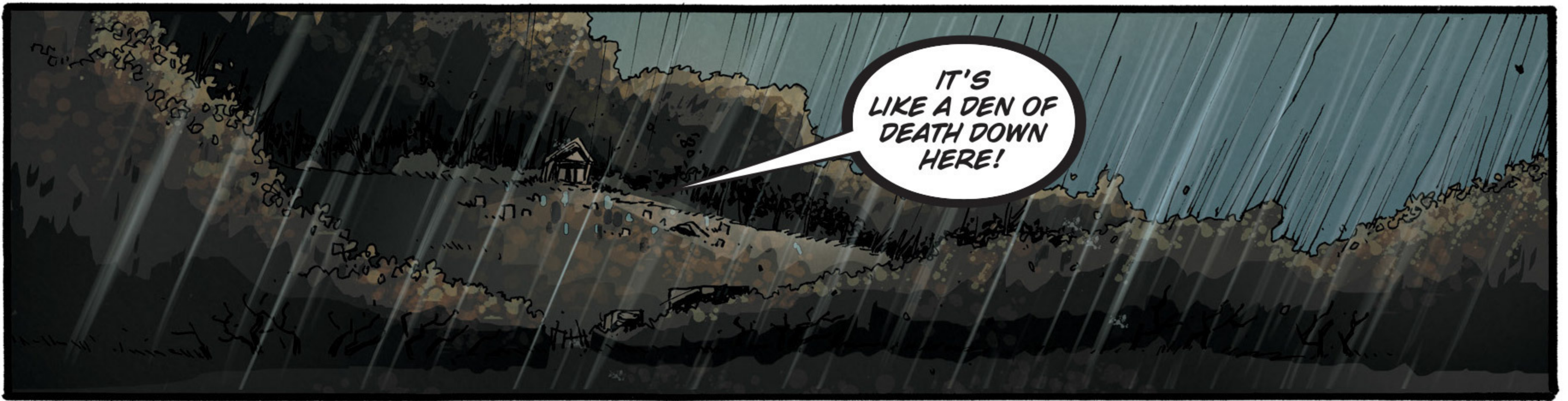
IF YOU CONTINUED TO **DIG** WE WOULD KILL ALL THAT YOU HELD DEAR.

I HAVE TO PUNISH YOU NOW, WARREN.









IT'S
LIKE A DEN OF
DEATH DOWN
HERE!



BUT NO **WARREN**
OR MAN DRESSED IN
BLACK. THERE ISN'T
A SINGLE **LIVING**
PERSON IN THOSE
CAVES...

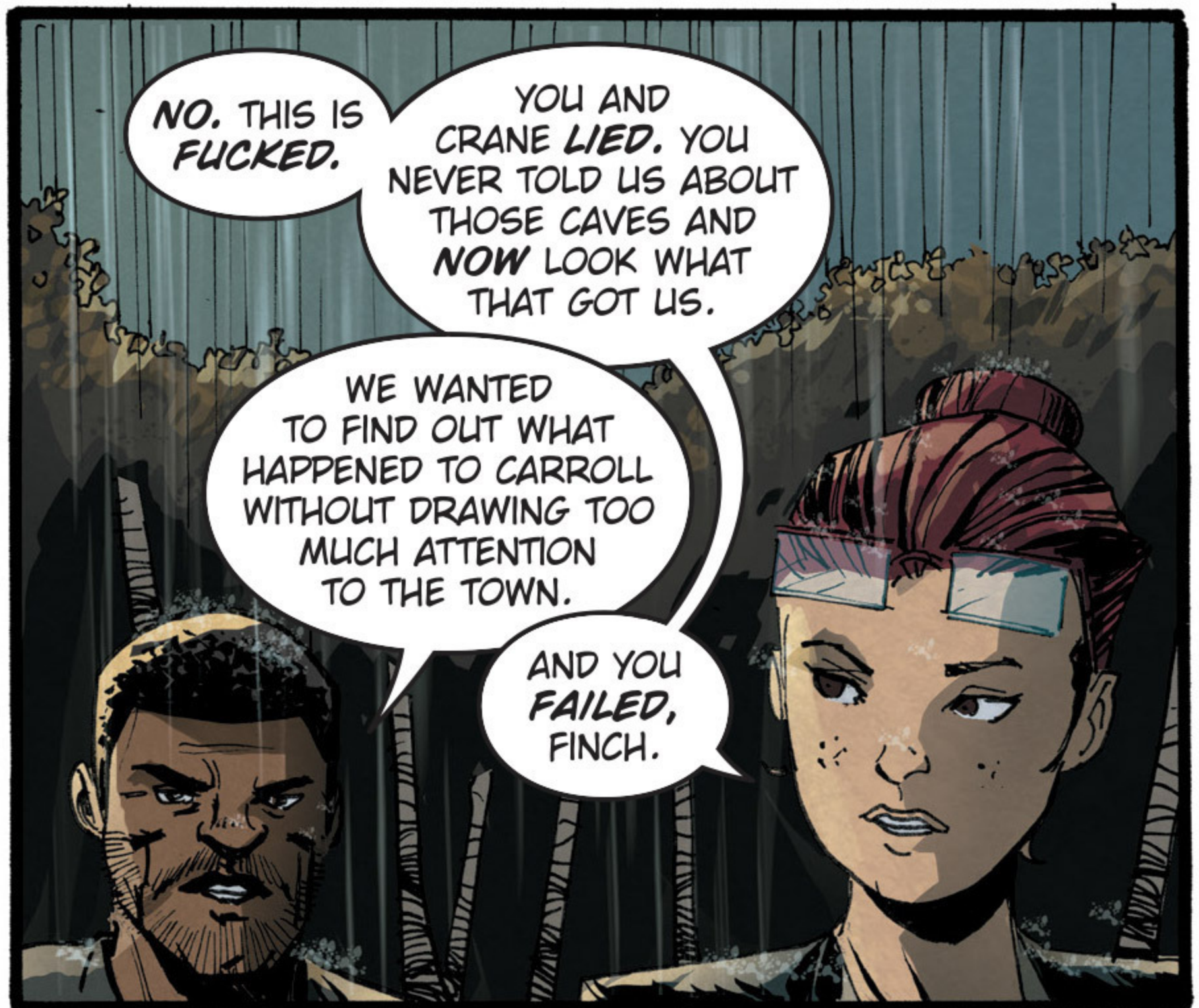
FINE. WE'RE
GETTING MORE AGENTS
THIS AFTERNOON. EVERY
LAST BIT OF THOSE CAVES
IS GOING TO BE TAGGED
AND BAGGED.



HOW
BAD IS
THIS?

PRETTY
FUCKING BAD,
YA DUMB
SONOFABITCH.

HEY
NOW...



NO. THIS IS
FUCKED.

YOU AND
CRANE **LIED.** YOU
NEVER TOLD US ABOUT
THOSE CAVES AND
NOW LOOK WHAT
THAT GOT US.

WE WANTED
TO FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO CARROLL
WITHOUT DRAWING TOO
MUCH ATTENTION
TO THE TOWN.

AND YOU
FAILED,
FINCH.



WHILE YOU WERE HAVING FUN
UNDERGROUND ALL HELL HAS
BROKEN LOOSE IN BUCKAROO. THE
PRESS AND A SEA OF LOOKIE
LOOS AND NUT JOBS HAVE SET
UP CAMP. IT'S WORSE THAN
EVER BEFORE.

SO
THE BUREAU IS
SENDING TEAMS OF
AGENTS HERE. YOU
UNDERSTAND?

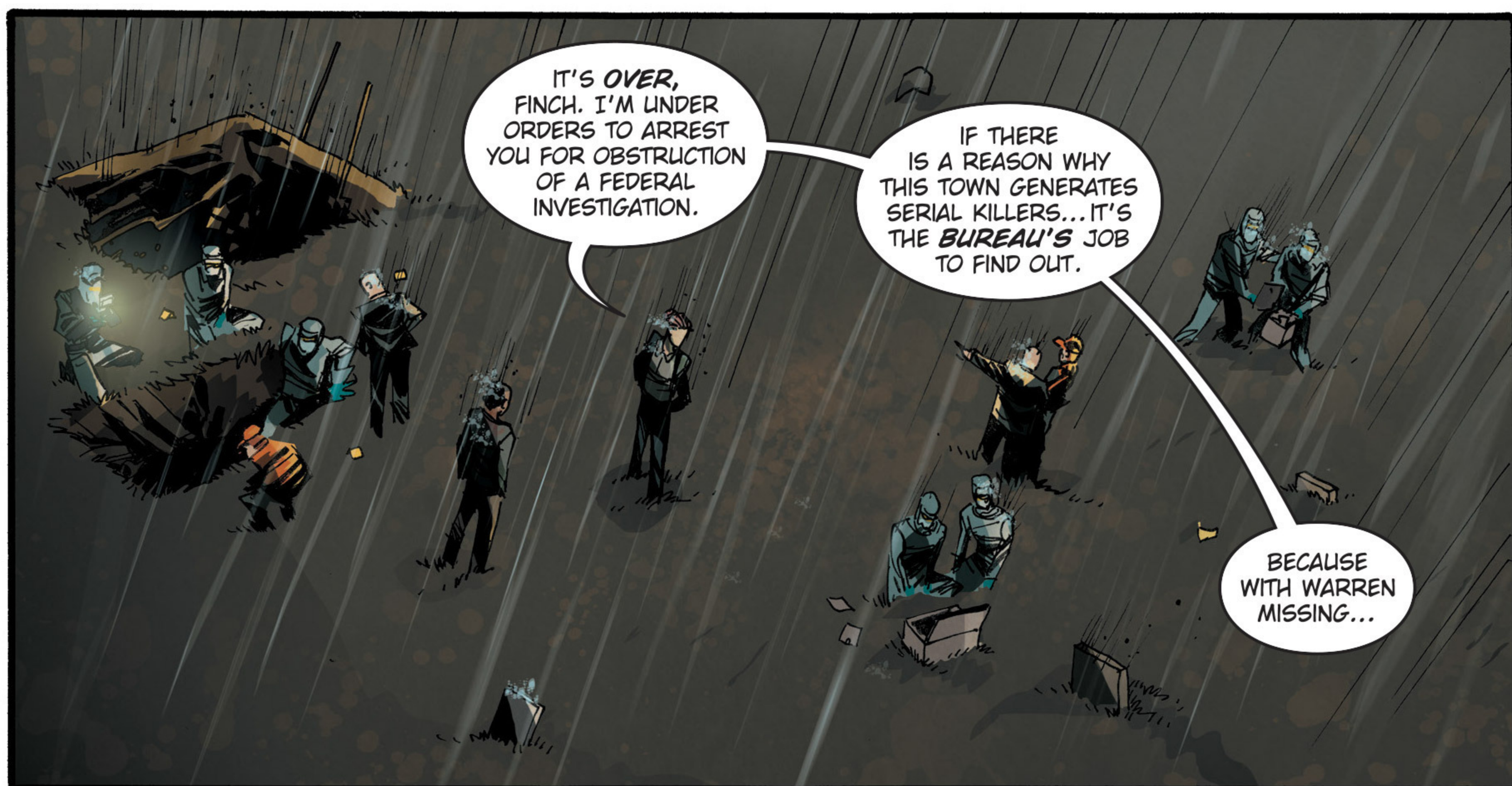
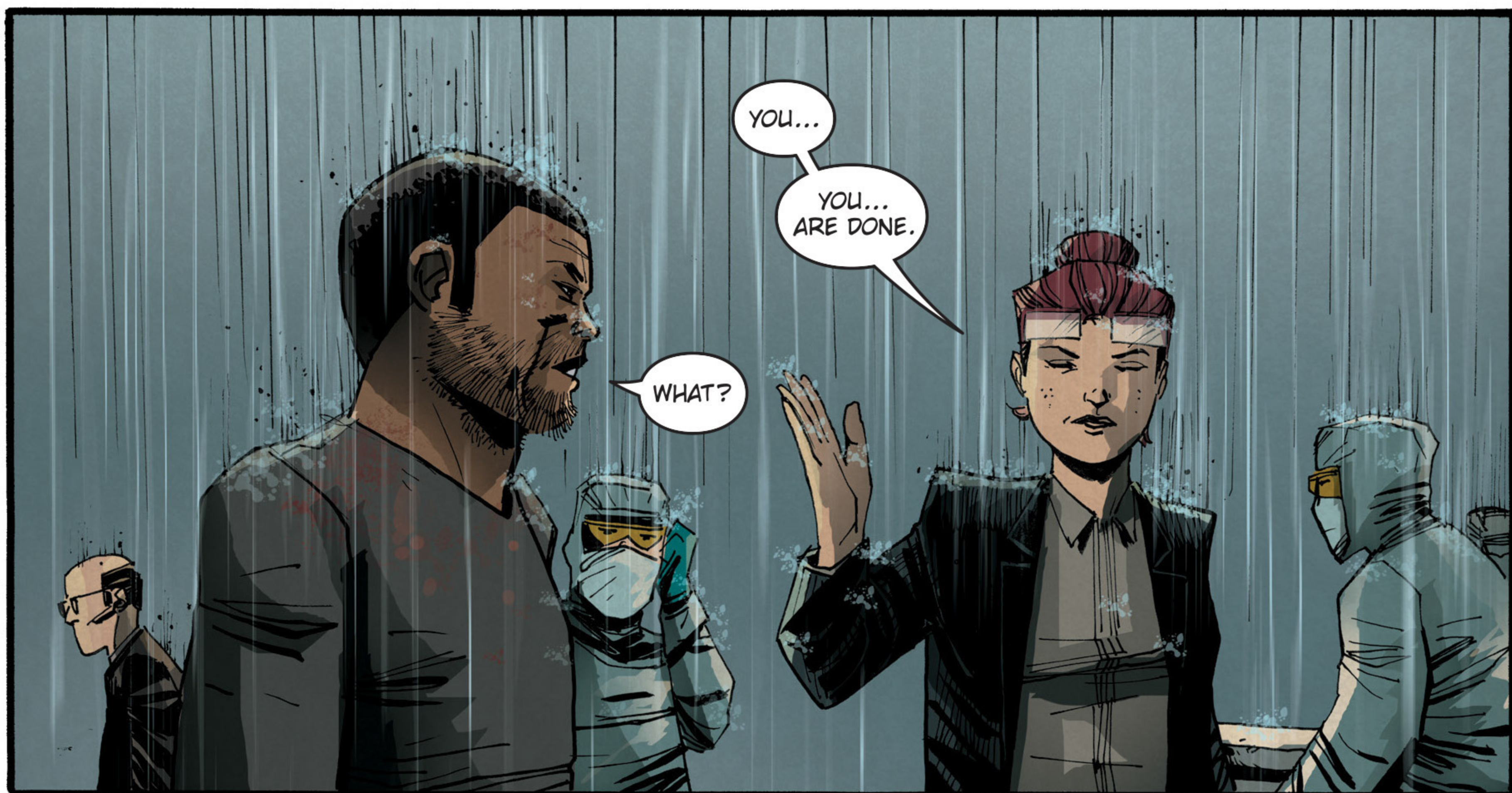
NOT JUST
TEAM. TEAMS.
PLURAL.



HM.

AND
ME? WHAT
HAPPENS
TO ME?

YOU?





BUT CAN
YOU TELL ME
WHAT HAPPENED
TO MY ARMS
AND LEGS?



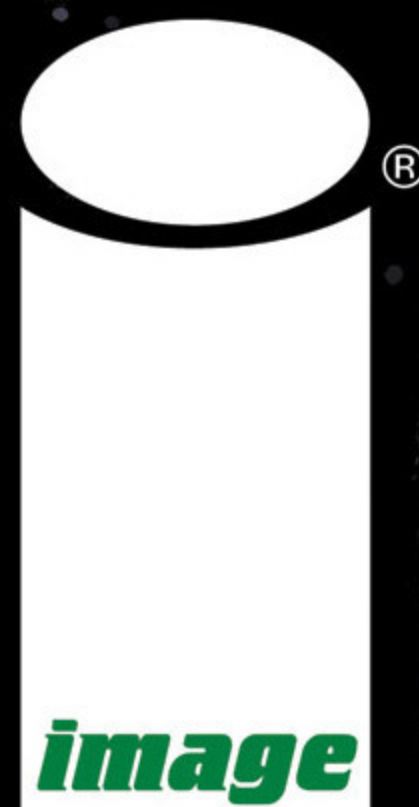
TO BE

CONTINUED.

DISCOVER THE SECRETS OF THE

NAILBITER

IN THE HORRIFYING ONGOING SERIES FROM







One of my favorite scenes from the third Nailbiter trade was the sequence where the Bee-Man was getting murdered with Barker forced to watch juxtaposed with Warren taunting Finch. So we decided to show the process for those pages here. This isn't my normal script format, but I had to change it up to make it easier on Mike, Adam, John and I. Normally I wouldn't do layouts for comics I work on but here I wanted to make sure my crazy idea would actually work.

PAGE TEN-ELEVEN

Mike, You are going to hate me when you see what I think we should do here. Yes, I know it's crazy complicated but just imagine how rad it will look. It will really create a LOT of tension. It's a series of small panels. I already sized them to make sure it can work. And did dialogue tests to make sure it can fit with the dialogue. There are four things going on with this page. 1) Barker watching the Bee-man get killed. 2) The Beeman getting killed 3) Warren and Finch arguing. 4) Bee-man decapitated body parts. The body parts will almost seem like they are laid out in order on the table. Death by gutter as Barker watches the Butcher and the Master kill the Bee-man. We don't really show the death of the Bee-Man, just that he is being dissected. This is going to be super complicated, so I drew an example.

Going from left to right with each layer:

LAYER ONE

1. We see a meat cleaver raised up high. It's shining and clean here. The Butchers's gloved hand is holding it.

2. Barker's face looking confused. Unsure about what is about to happen. We can see her full head here. We'll get closer later.

BARKER (whispering): Oh my god.

3. Warren and Finch. Warren yelling. Same place we left them with Finch threatening Warren.

WARREN: Hurt me, Finch.

4. BLOODY SFX

SFX: CHOP!

5. Severed Left Hand. Belongs to the bee-man.

6. Warren's face yelling

WARREN: Take out all your troubles on me.

7. Barker's face looking scared, getting closer in on her.

8. Warren yelling.

WARREN: You know you want to! Unleash that temper.

LAYER FOUR

1. Warren yelling

WARREN: And it was GREAT.

2. RIGHT FOOT

3. Bloody chop!

SFX: CHOP!

4. Warren yelling

WARREN: The time of my life.

5. The bloody cleaver raised up in the air.

6. Finch yelling! Just him. Angry.

FINCH: SHUT UP!

7. RIGHT SHOULDER

8. BLOODY CHOP!

SFX: CHOP!

LAYER TWO

1. The now bloody cleaver is coming down fast, but we don't see what it hits.

2. Severed Left foot

3. Barker is holding her hands to her mouth and looking scared.

BARKER (whispering): ...no...no...

4. Finch yelling.

FINCH: I WILL!

5. Bloody sound effects.

SFX: CHOP!

6. Warren yelling

WARREN: HURT ME!

7. LEFT SHOULDER

8. Barker looks scared again, but we are much closer in on her.

BAKER (whispering): ... Jesus...

LAYER FIVE

1. The meat cleaver is really bloody now. Just lots and lots of blood flying into the air.

2. Barker eyes full of terror. Maybe we can even see a hint of the meat cleaver in the reflection of her eye. You can go in super close on the eye so we can see it.

3. Warren yelling!

WARREN: And I got away with it.

4 Bloody Chop! Over taking the panel. Cropped within the panel.

SFX: CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

5. RIGHT HAND- Severed.

6. FINCH YELLING About to put the pliers into Warren's mouth.

FINCH: You're going to pay!

7. Warren yelling.

WARREN: DO IT.

8. WARREN REALLY YELLING!

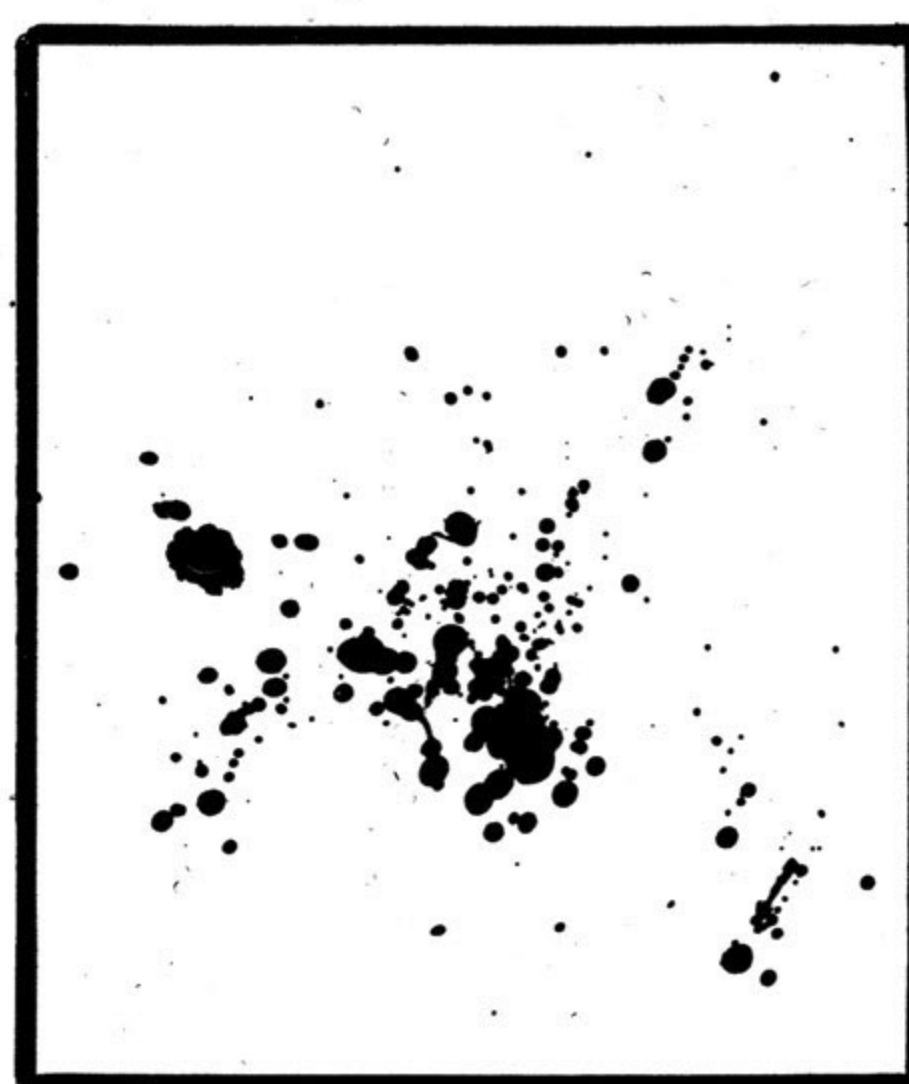
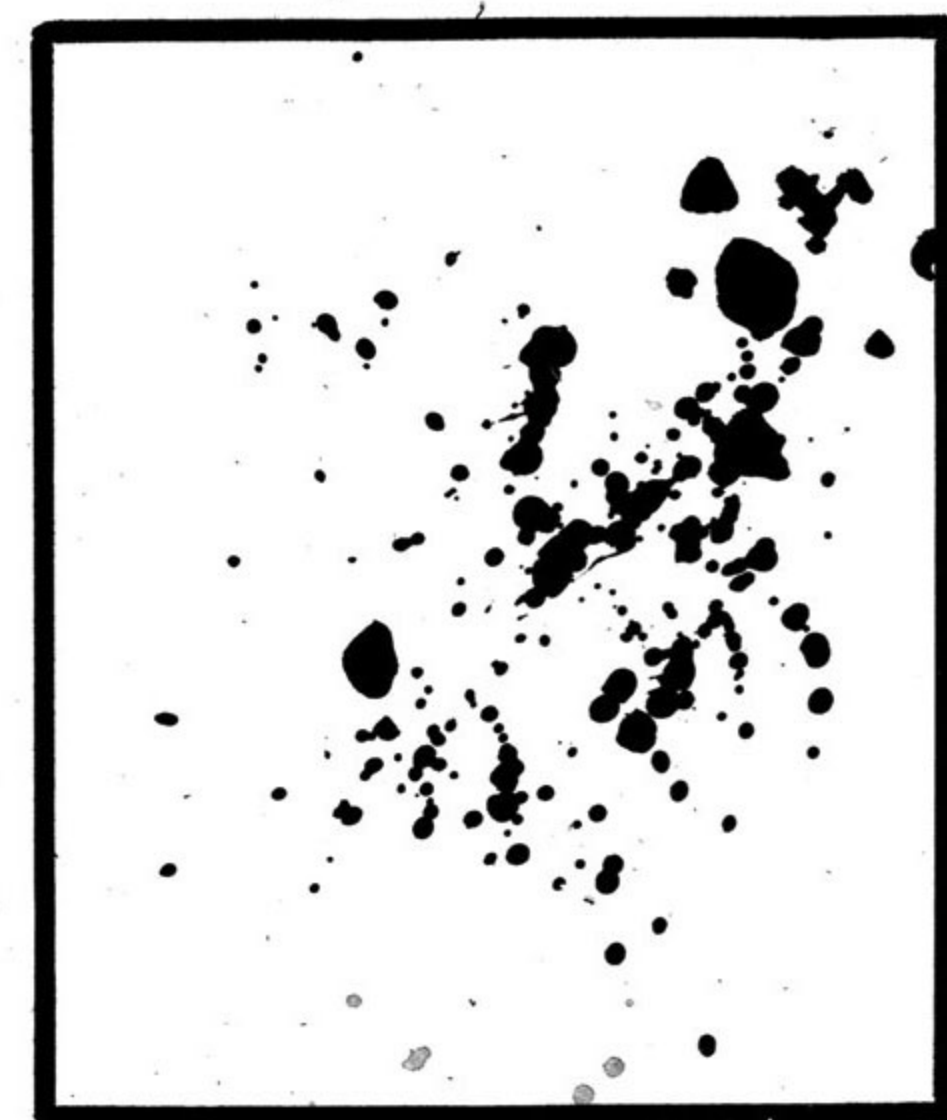
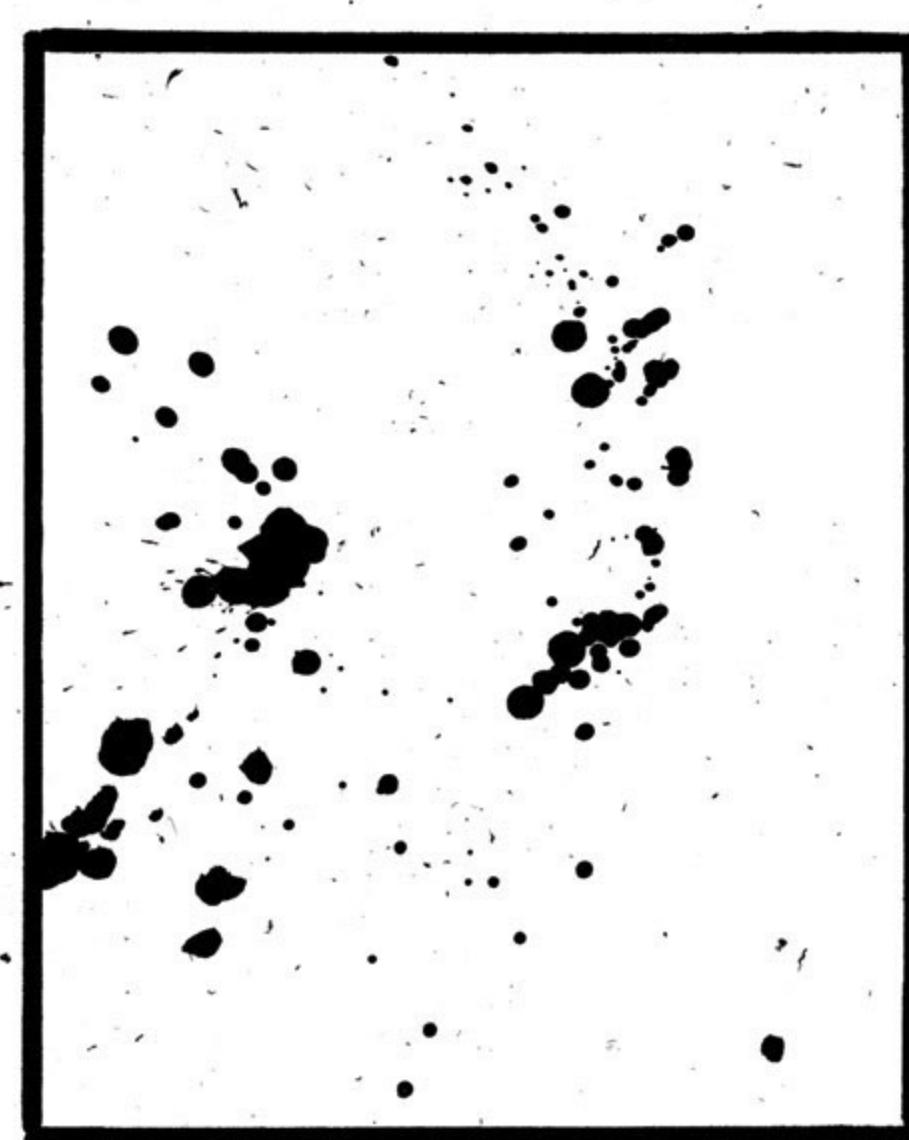
WARREN (LOUD): DO ITTTT!!

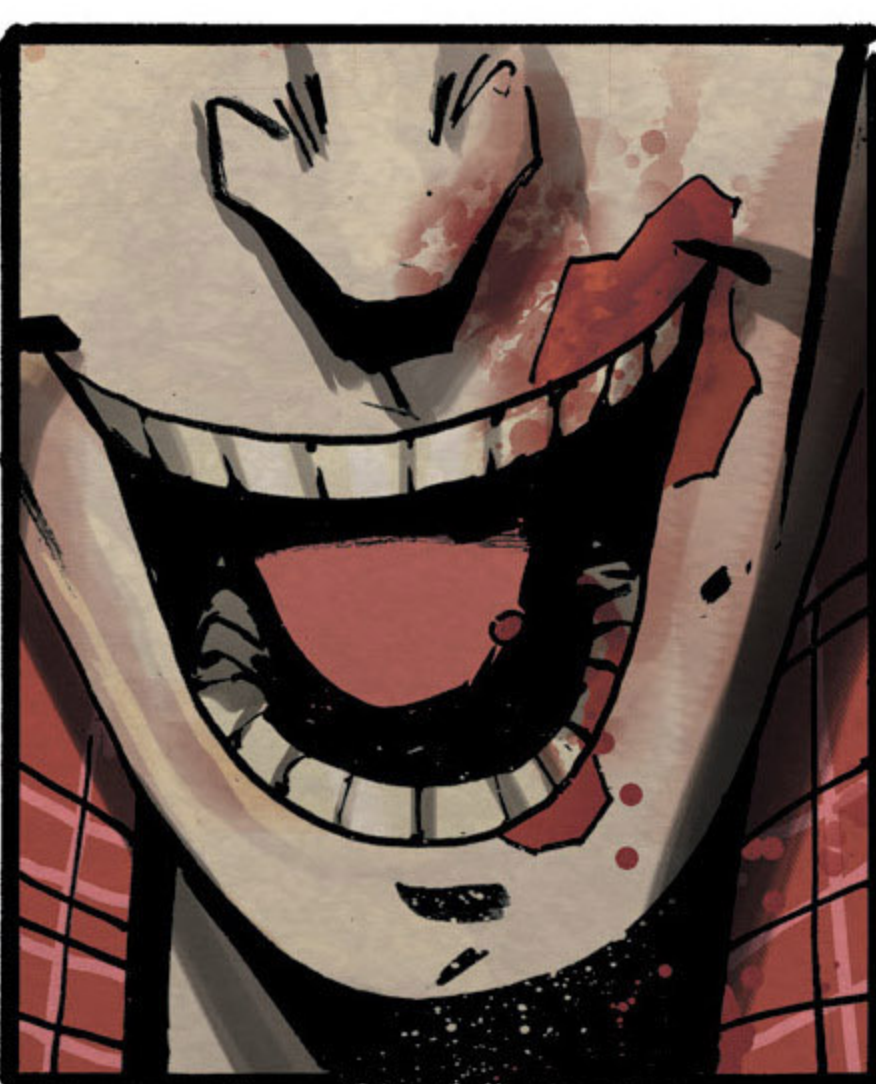
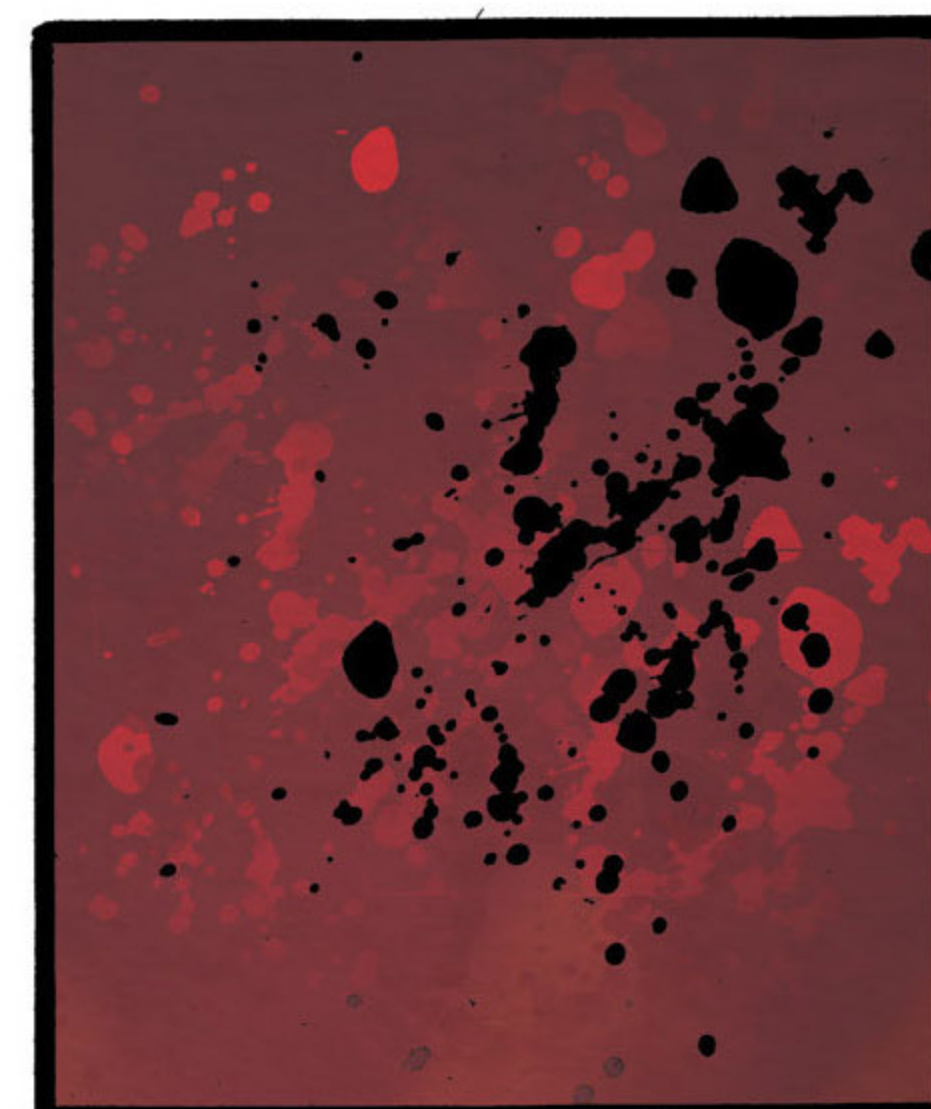
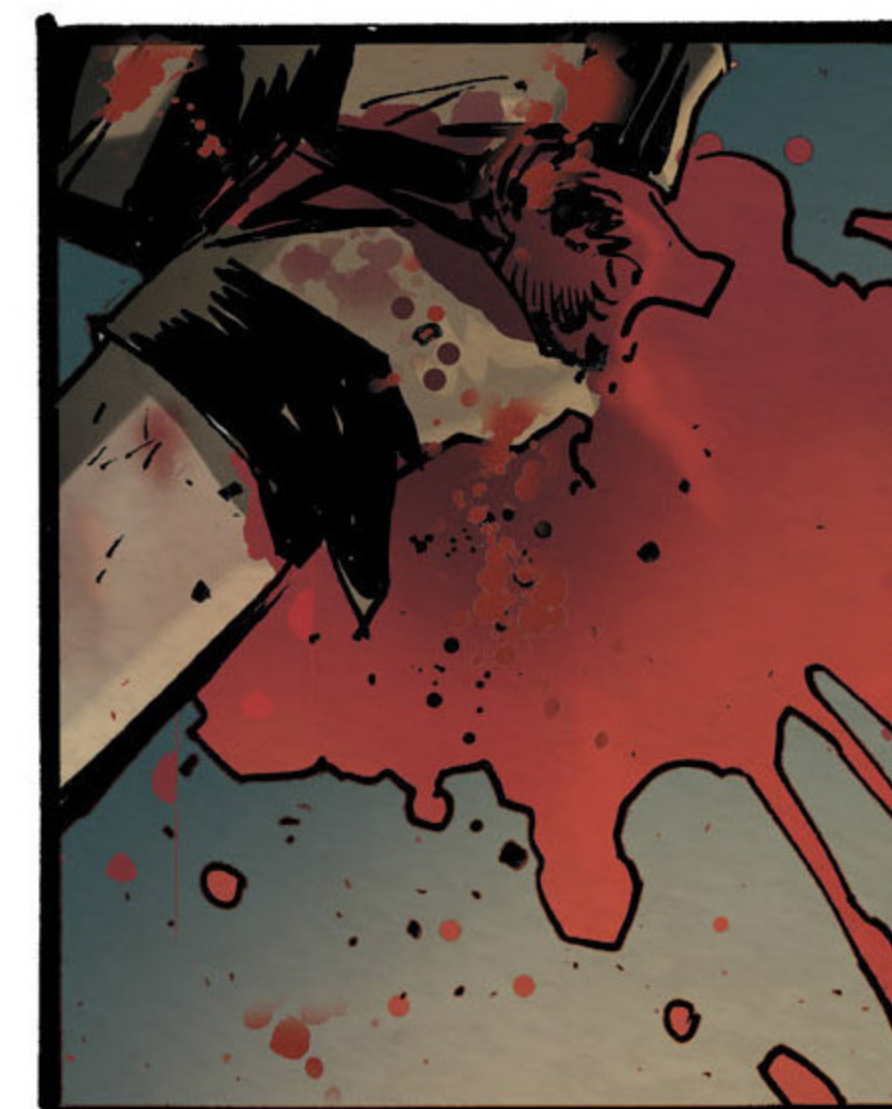
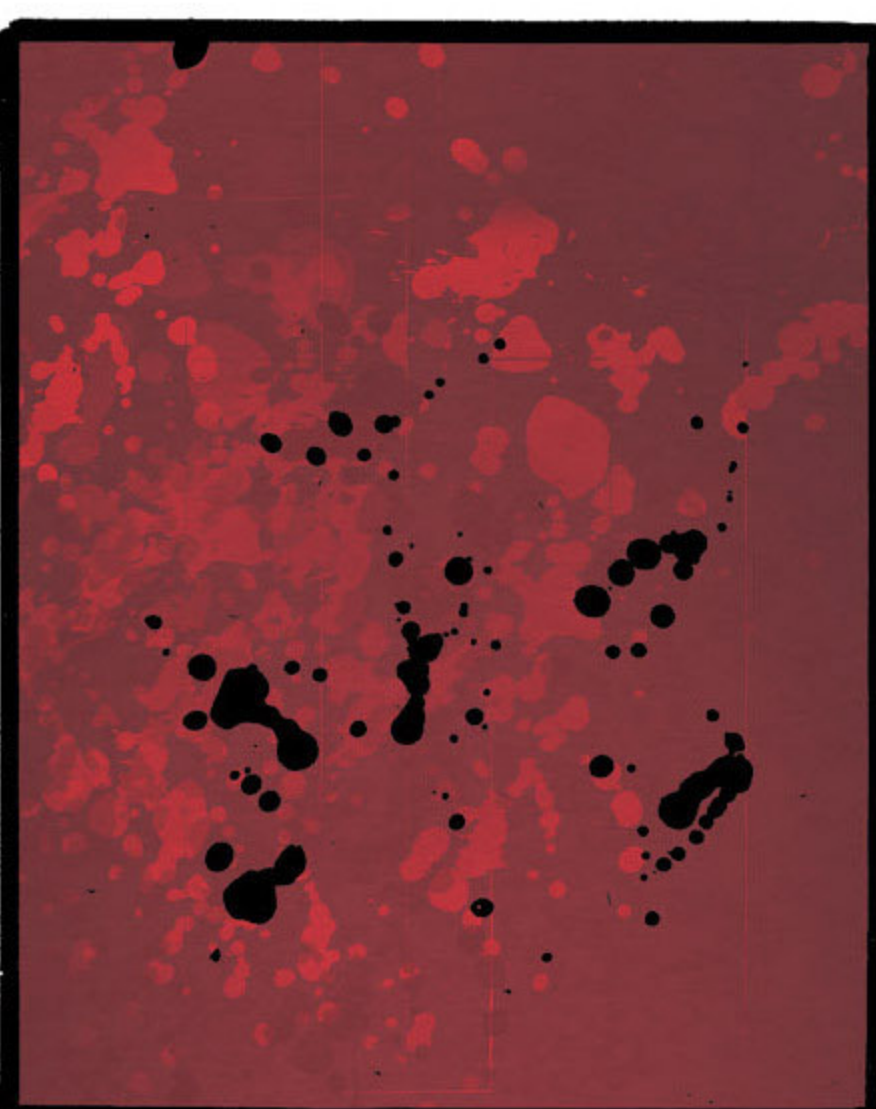
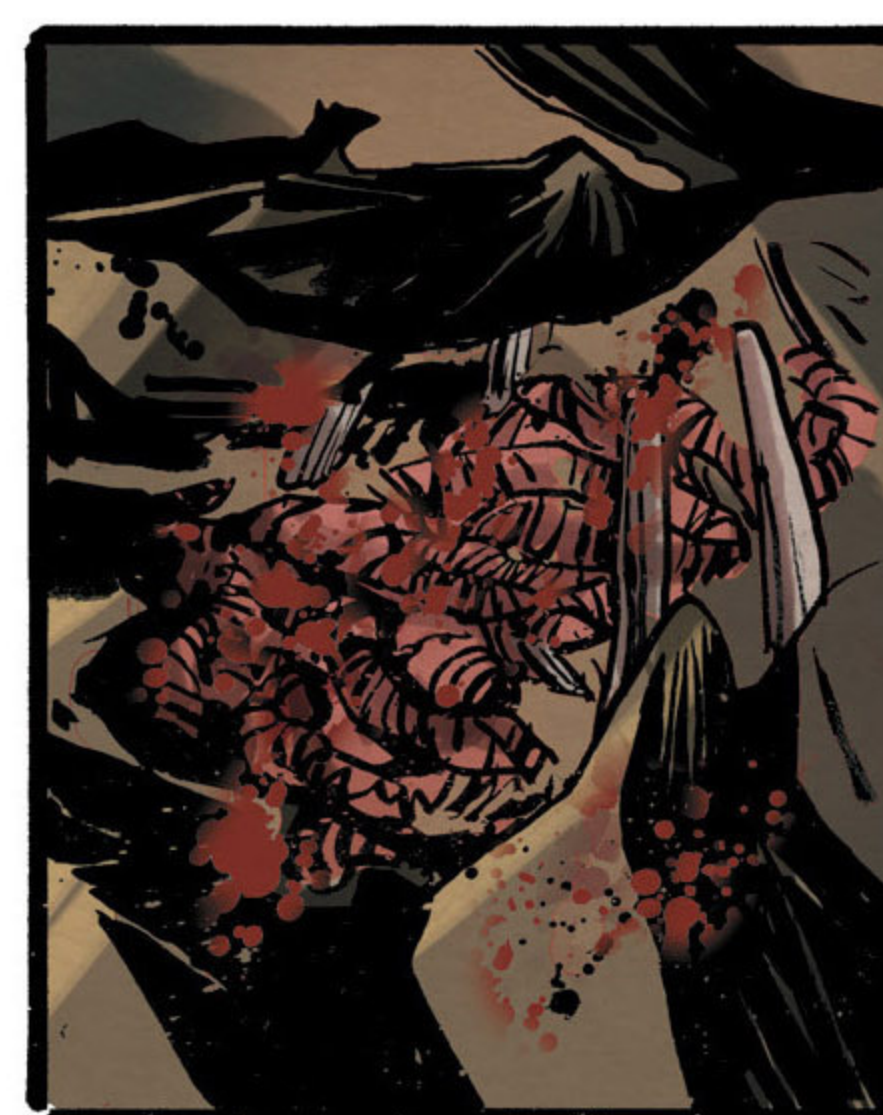
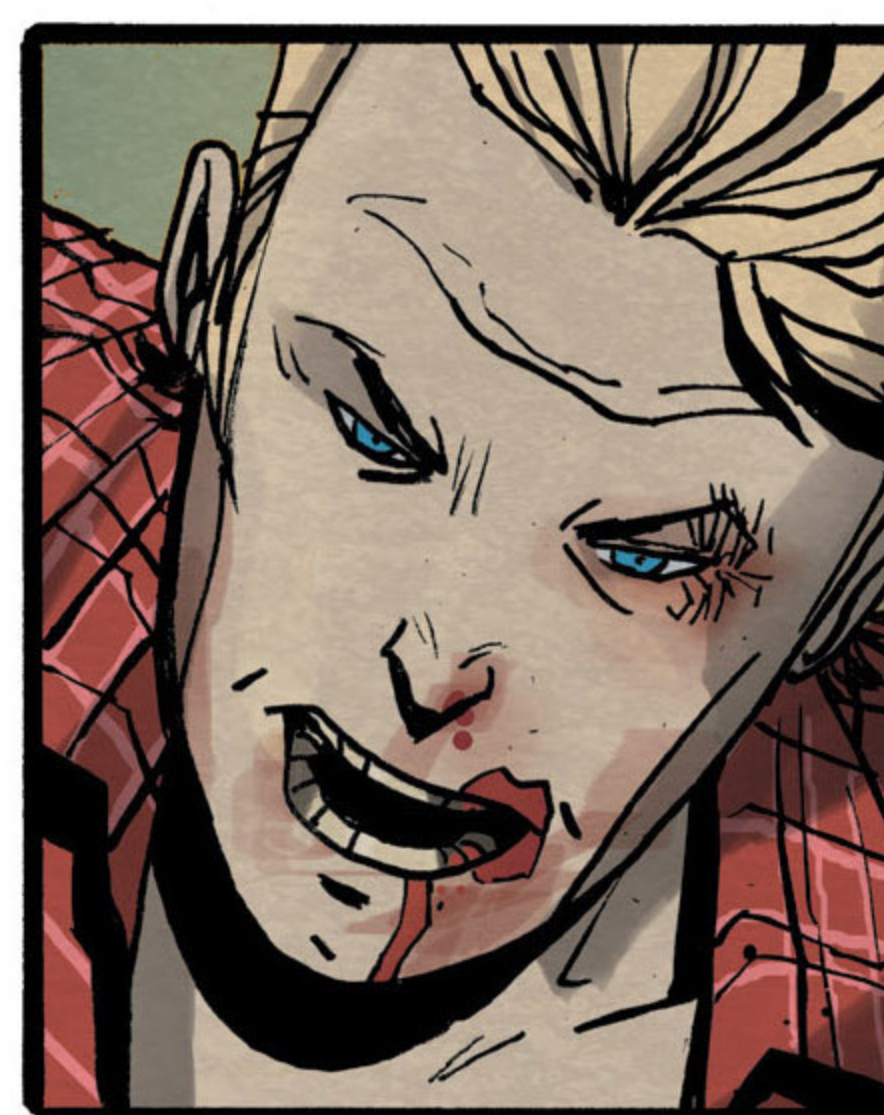
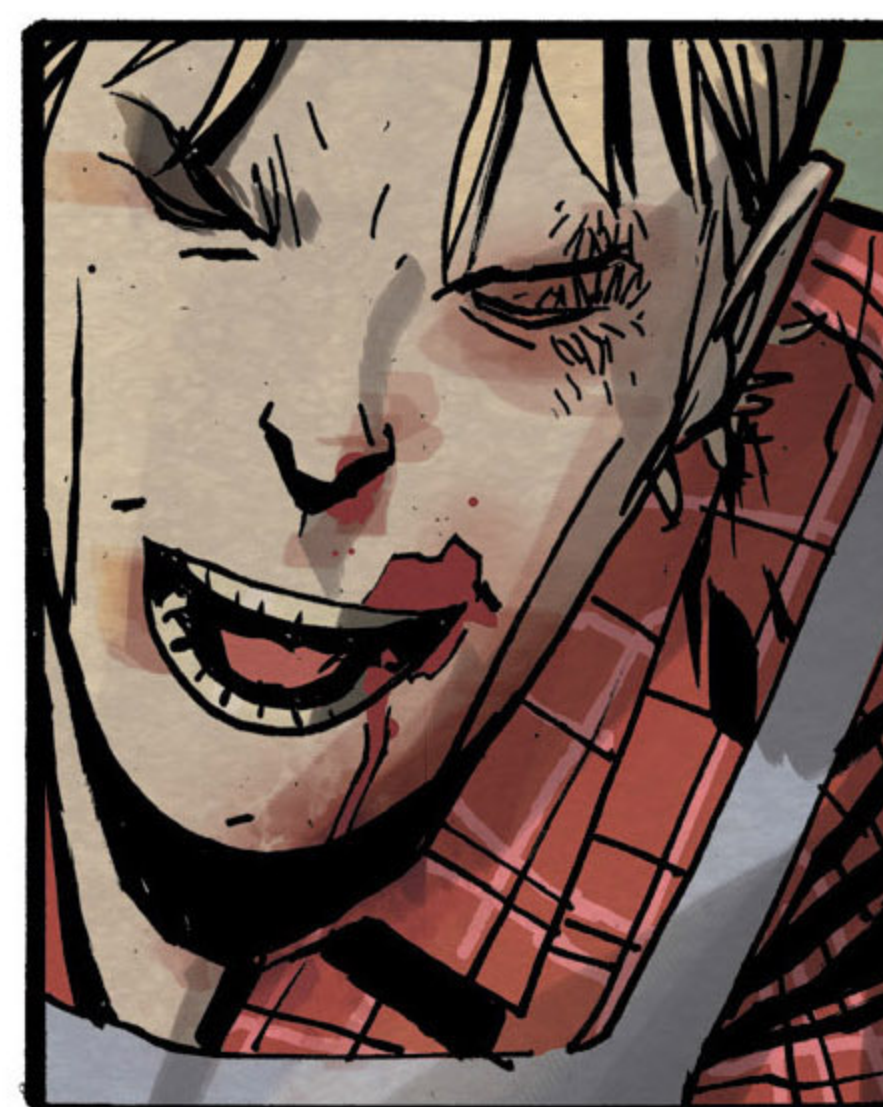
This is the layout I did to make sure the idea worked.

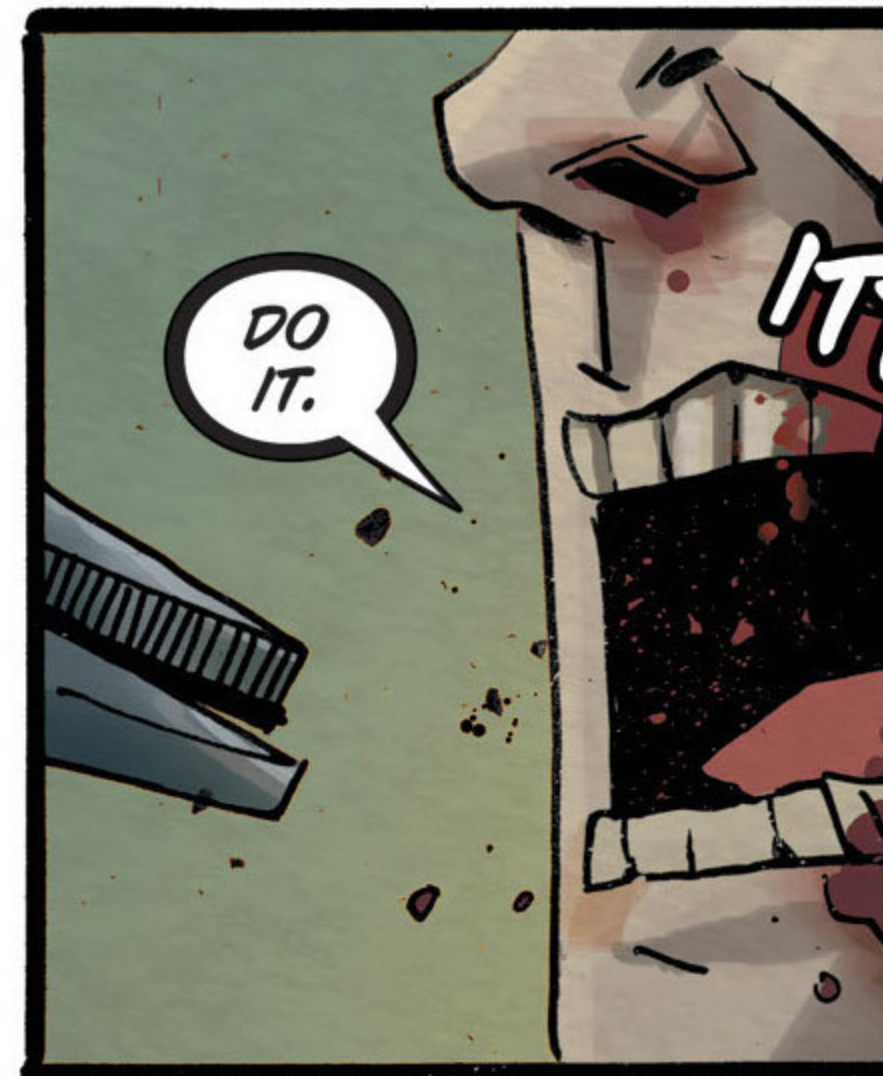
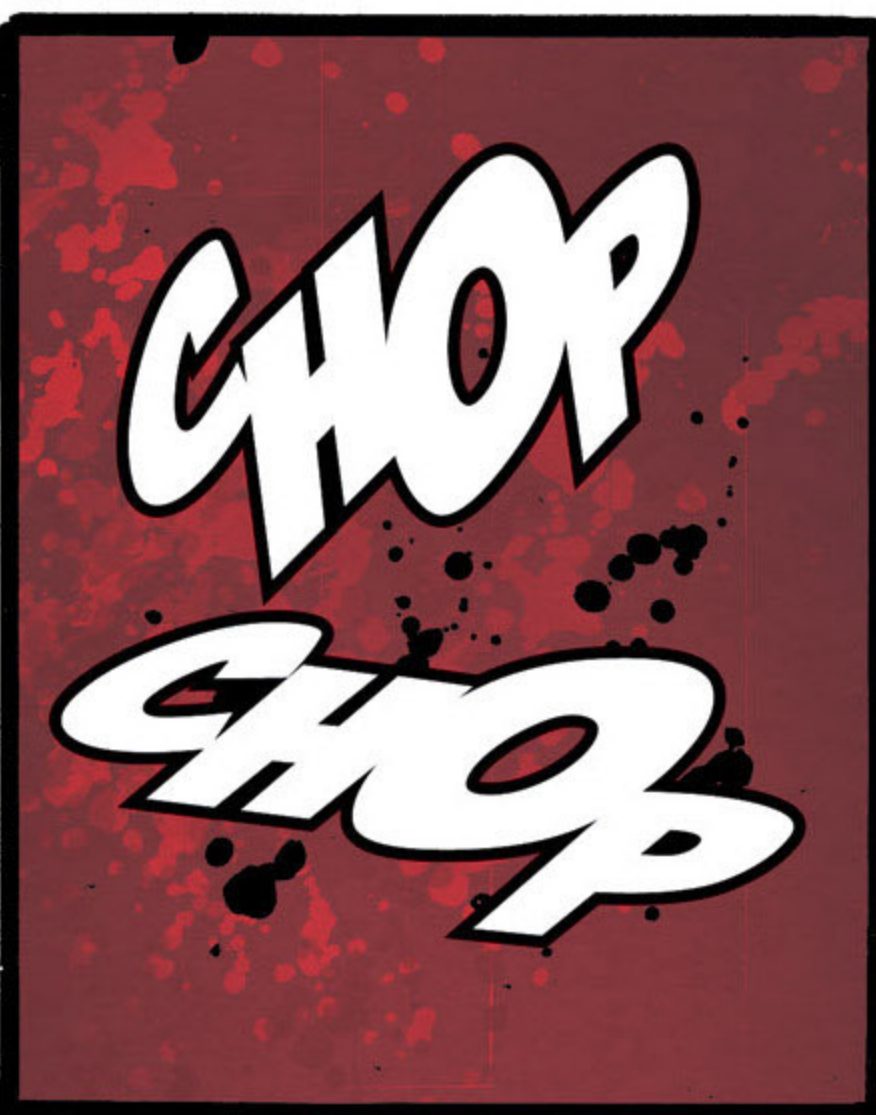
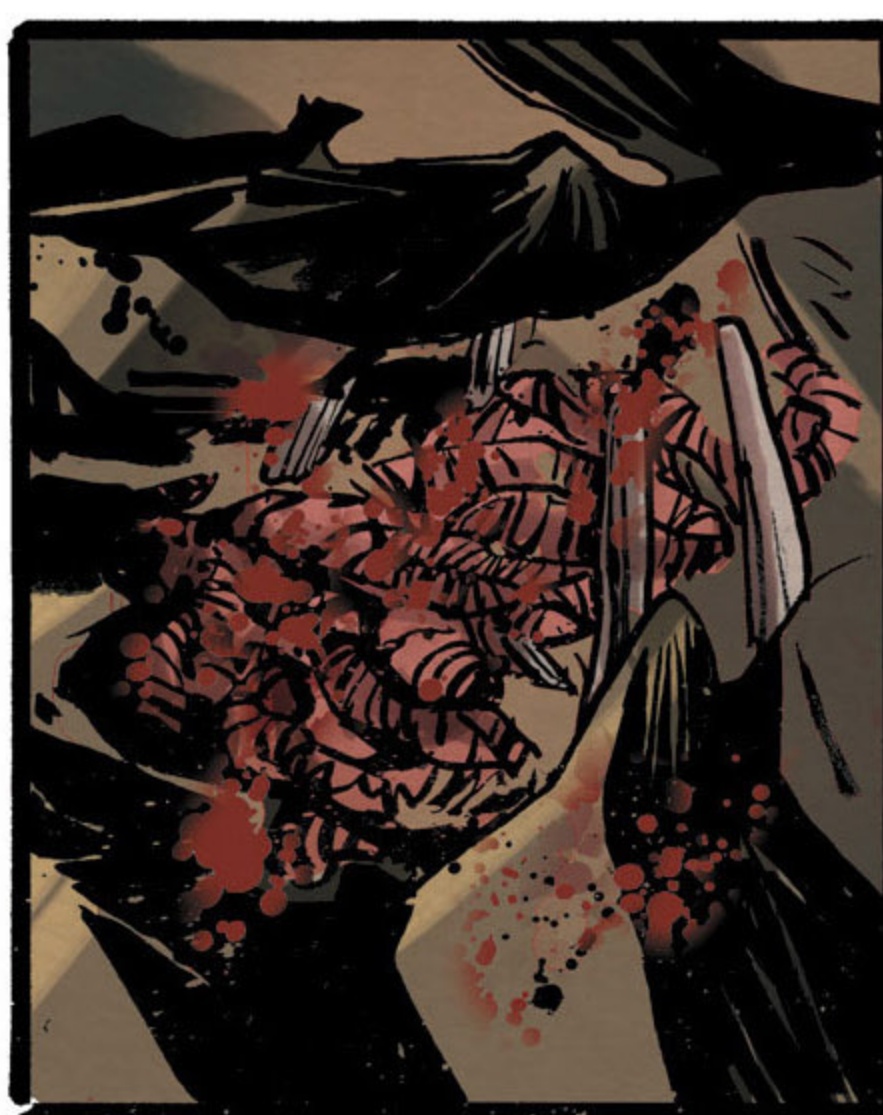
To celebrate the 2nd year of *Nailbiter* we had two guest cover artists. Both were showcased in the previous two pages:

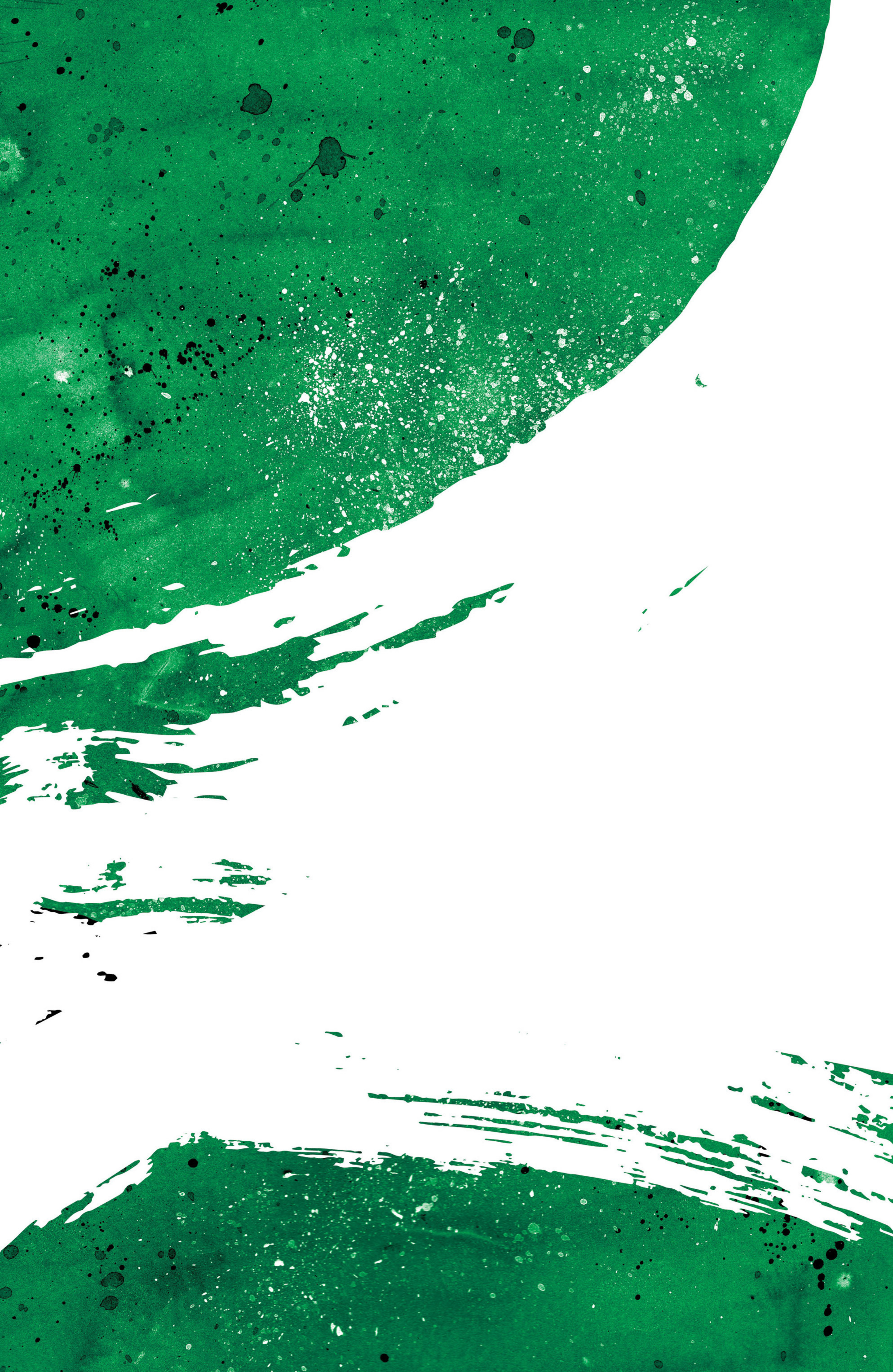
PAGE 119: RILEY ROSSMO
PAGE 120: DUSTIN NGUYEN

MIDDLE OF THE PAGE LINE							
WE SEE A MEAT CLEAVER RAISED UP HIGH.	BARKER'S FACE LOOKING CONFUSED.	HURT ME, FINCH.	BLOODY CHOP! SOUND EFFECTS.	LEFT HAND	TAKE OUT ALL YOUR TROUBLES ON ME.	BARKER'S FACE LOOKING SCARED.	YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO!
THE MEAT CLEAVER COMING DOWN.	LEFT FOOT	BARKER IS HOLDING HER HANDS TO HER MOUTH AND LOOKING SCARED.	I WILL!	BLOODY CHOP! SOUND EFFECTS.	HURT ME!	LEFT SHOULDER	BARKER LOOKS SCARED AGAIN.
I KILLED PEOPLE.	THE WARRIORS RUNNING DOWN AGAIN FAST.	BLOODY CHOP! SOUND EFFECTS.	LEGS	LOTS OF PEOPLE.	TORSO	BLOODY CHOP! SOUND EFFECTS.	HEAD
AND IT WAS GREAT.	RIGHT FOOT	BLOODY CHOP! SOUND EFFECTS.	THE TIME OF MY LIFE.	THE BLOODY CLEAVER.	SHUT UP!	RIGHT SHOULDER	BLOODY CHOP! SOUND EFFECTS.
CHOP! BLOODY MEAT CLEANED. LOTS OF BLOOD.	BARKER SEES FULL OF TERROR.	AND I GOT AWAY WITH IT.	BLOODY CHOP! SOUND EFFECTS. LOTS OF BLOOD. OVERTAKES THE PANEL.	RIGHT HAND	YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!	DO IT.	DO IT!









"This is the kind of comic you can read with gritted teeth and clenched fists."

JAMES FERGUSON - HorrorTalk.com

"**NAILBITER** is still deliciously disturbing."

NINA PEREZ - Project Fandom.com

"Mike Henderson's linework is perfectly on-point as well, giving us grim and gritty visuals intercut with outright gore and some incredible violence."

COREY SCHROEDER - Comic Vine

"You'd only be doing a disservice to yourself to miss out on one of Image's best series."

DAVID PEPOSE - Newsarama

"Williamson and Henderson are a team of skilled storytellers working in very dark places and if that is your jam, then **NAILBITER** is something you should be checking out."

AARON LONG - Comicosity



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?"

COLLECTS ISSUES 11-15.



RATED **M** / MATURE

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