



WILLIAMSON • HENDERSON • GUZOWSKI • HILL

NAILBITER™

RETURNS



NAILBITER
VOLUME
SEVEN





“NAILBITER RETURNS”

NAILBITER

VOLUME SEVEN

Story by

JOSHUA WILLIAMSON

Art by

MIKE HENDERSON

Colors by

ADAM GUZOWSKI

Letters & Book Design by

JOHN J. HILL

Edited by

REBECCA TAYLOR

Spanish translation by

ANTONIO VALDEZ

NAILBITER Created by

JOSHUA WILLIAMSON &
MIKE HENDERSON



IMAGE COMICS, INC.

Todd McFarlane: President
Jim Valentino: Vice President
Marc Silvestri: Chief Executive Officer
Erik Larsen: Chief Financial Officer
Robert Kirkman: Chief Operating Officer
Eric Stephenson: Publisher / Chief Creative Officer
Shanna Matuszak: Editorial Coordinator
Marla Eizik: Talent Liaison
Nicole Lapalme: Controller
Leanna Caunter: Accounting Analyst
Sue Korpela: Accounting & HR Manager
Jeff Boison: Director of Sales & Publishing Planning
Dirk Wood: Director of International Sales & Licensing
Alex Cox: Director of Direct Market & Speciality Sales
Chloe Ramos-Peterson: Book Market & Library Sales Manager
Emilio Bautista: Digital Sales Coordinator
Kat Salazar: Director of PR & Marketing
Drew Fitzgerald: Marketing Content Associate
Heather Doornink: Production Director
Drew Gill: Art Director
Hilary DiLoreto: Print Manager
Tricia Ramos: Traffic Manager
Erika Schnatz: Senior Production Artist
Ryan Brewer: Production Artist
Deanna Phelps: Production Artist

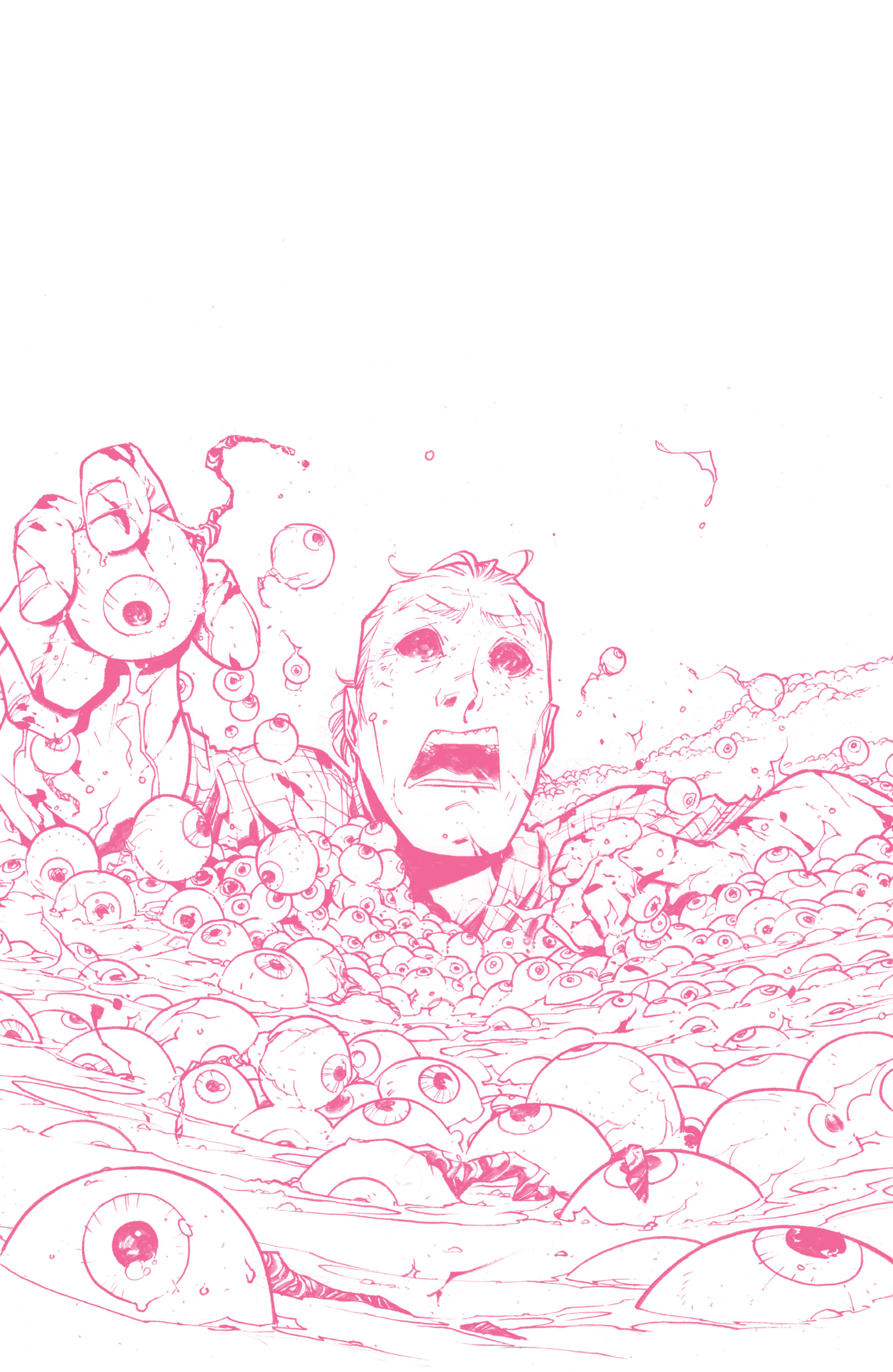
IMAGECOMICS.COM

N A I L B I T E R VOL. 7: NAILBITER RETURNS.

OCTOBER 2020. Copyright © 2020 Joshua Williamson and Mike Henderson. All rights reserved. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2701 NW Vaughn St., Suite 780, Portland, OR 97210. Originally published in single magazine form as NAILBITER RETURNS #1-5, by Image Comics. "Nailbiter," its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are trademarks of Joshua Williamson and Mike Henderson, unless otherwise noted. "Image" and the Image Comics logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Joshua Williamson, Mike Henderson or Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. Digital edition. For international rights, contact:
foreignlicensing@imagecomics.com.

NAILBITER RETURNS
ISSUE ONE





BUCKAROO, OREGON.

30 YEARS AGO.

I TOLD
YOU NOT TO
GO IN THAT
ROOM!

THE RULES
ARE THERE TO
ENSURE YOUR
HAPPINESS.

BUT NOW
YOU MUST BE
CLEANSED.

I'M SORRY! I'LL
NEVER DO IT AGAIN.
I PROMISE!

TOO LATE,
CHILD.

THE EYES
ARE THE WINDOWS
TO OUR SOULS.

AND
YOUR SOUL
HAS WITNESSED
DARKNESS.

NEVER
AGAIN.



DRINK OF THE NIGHT:

THE NAILBITER RETURNS

16 OUNCES TOMATO JUICE
1 TABLESPOON WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
2 TABLESPOONS PICKLE JUICE
1 CUP VODKA

2 TABLESPOONS LEMON JUICE
1 TABLESPOON PREPARED HORSERADISH
1 TABLESPOON TABASCO SAUCE.
KOSHER SALT FOR THE RIM



OUR CLASSICS:

SCREWDRIIVER TO THE HEAD • PSYCHO COLADA • GRAVE DAIQURI
RUSTY CHAINSAW • IRISH CARBLONDE • BOOK BURNER BRANDY • GIN AND TERROR
RUM AND CUJO • LONG ISLAND DEAD TEA • ROSEMARY'S BAY BREEZE • Y2K COSMO
BLACK CAULDRON • OLD FUNERAL • VOORHEES FLOAT • MOSCOW MONSTER

AT THE
BAR:

FRONT BARTENDER

JOSHUA WILLIAMSON

SIDE BARTENDER

MIKE HENDERSON

LIGHTS

ADAM GUZOWSKI

DJ

JOHN J. HILL

HOST

REBECCA TAYLOR

ON THE
FLOOR:

PORTLAND, OREGON,

TODAY.

BUTCHER'S
BAR

HALLOWEEN,
PSYCHO, ROSEMARY'S
BABY, DEEP RED,
HEREDITARY.

I KNOW
I'M GOING TO FORGET
ONE, BUT I'M GOING TO GO
WITH *SILENCE OF THE LAMBS*,
THE THING, *TEXAS CHAINSAW
MASSACRE*, *SHINING* AND...
SCREAM...?

YOUR
TURN.

*CABIN IN THE
WOODS*, *GET OUT*,
BABADOOK, *THE
CONJURING*---

SO, YOU
NEVER SAW A
MOVIE BEFORE
TEN YEARS
AGO?

WHAT?
I LIKE WHAT I
LIKE, *GEEZ*.

OKAY,
HOW ABOUT
THIS?

FAVORITE...
REAL LIFE...

...*SERIAL
KILLER?*



YOU'RE BEING GROSS.

OH, DON'T GET ALL PRISSY WITH ME. YOU HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT IT?



WE WATCH THE MOVIES AND TV SHOWS, WE READ THE BOOKS AND LISTEN TO THE PODCASTS.



THE TRUER THE CRIME THE BETTER, RIGHT?



OKAY, FINE THEN. I'LL NARROW IT DOWN TO THE LOCAL LEGENDS.

TWO WORDS.



BUCKAROO... BUTCHERS.

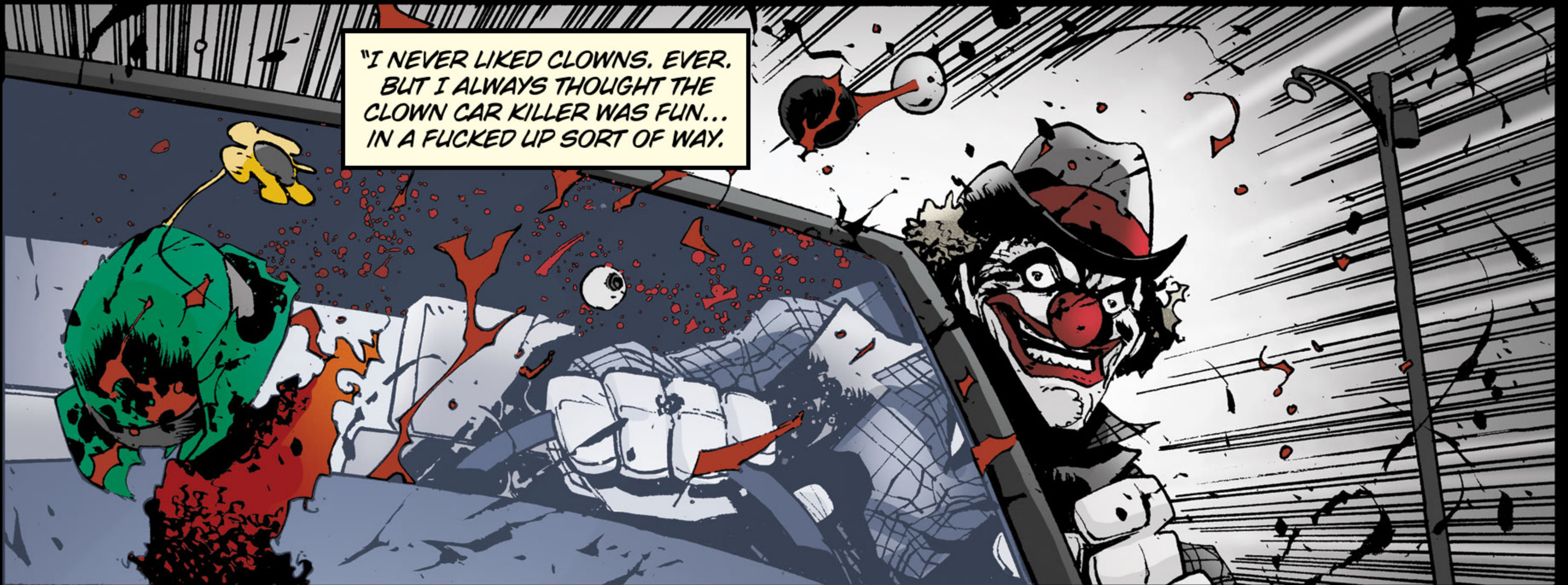
SIXTEEN OF THE WORLD'S WORST SERIAL KILLERS ALL BORN IN THE SAME SMALL TOWN JUST A SHORT DRIVE AWAY FROM US NOW.

OKAY... I'LL PLAY.

"THE CROSSBONES KILLER. ONE TIME WHEN I WAS A KID, HE BUILT THIS AMAZING POP-UP SCULPTURE OVER IN THE PARK. AT MT. HOOD, Y'KNOW? IT WAS DAYS BEFORE ANYONE REALIZED IT WAS MADE OF REAL, HUMAN BONES."



"I NEVER LIKED CLOWNS. EVER. BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE CLOWN CAR KILLER WAS FUN... IN A FUCKED UP SORT OF WAY."



"AND THE BLONDE SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A SAINT."



"OH MAN, OR THE BOOK BURNER? HE DESTROYED MY DAD'S HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY WHEN HE WAS A KID."

"IT'S HOW HE MET MY MOM."



NOT BAD, NOT BAD. IT'S TOO BAD ALL THE BUCKAROO BUTCHERS ARE DEAD.

BUT WE ALL KNOW THE **SHOW-STOPPER**.

THE CRÈME DE LA CRÈME OF MODERN SERIAL KILLERS.

THE MAIN MAN HIMSELF.



"EDWARD CHARLES WARREN. THE NAILBITER! MY MOM TOLD ME ABOUT HIM WHEN I WAS A KID TO GET ME TO STOP CHEWING MY NAILS. HOW GROSS IS IT THAT HE WOULD CHEW HIS VICTIMS NAILS BEFORE KILLING THEM? STILL..."

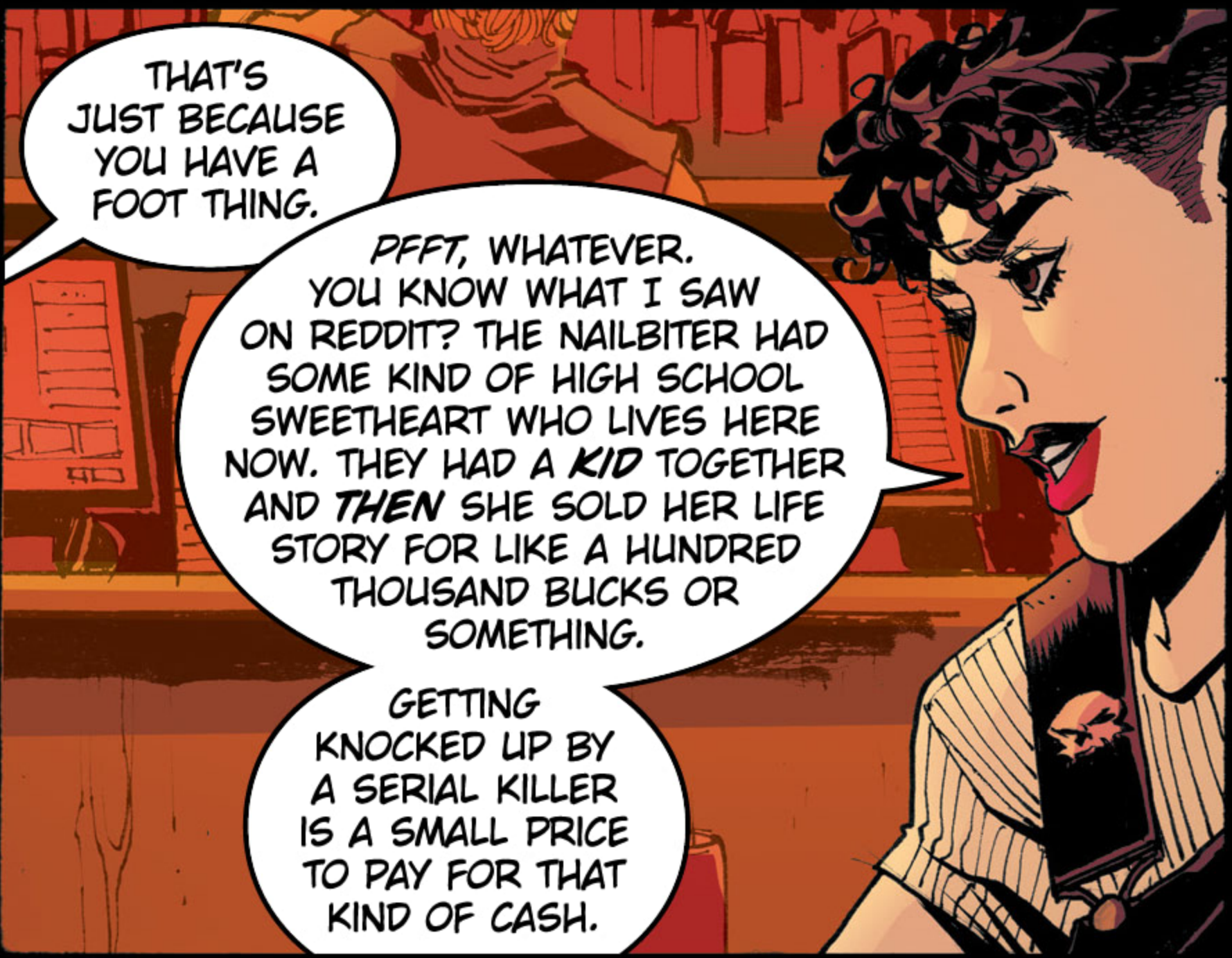
"...I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED...DID HE CHEW THEIR TOENAILS, TOO?"



THAT'S JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE A FOOT THING.

PFFT, WHATEVER. YOU KNOW WHAT I SAW ON REDDIT? THE NAILBITER HAD SOME KIND OF HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART WHO LIVES HERE NOW. THEY HAD A **KID** TOGETHER AND **THEN** SHE SOLD HER LIFE STORY FOR LIKE A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS OR SOMETHING.

GETTING KNOCKED UP BY A SERIAL KILLER IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR THAT KIND OF CASH.

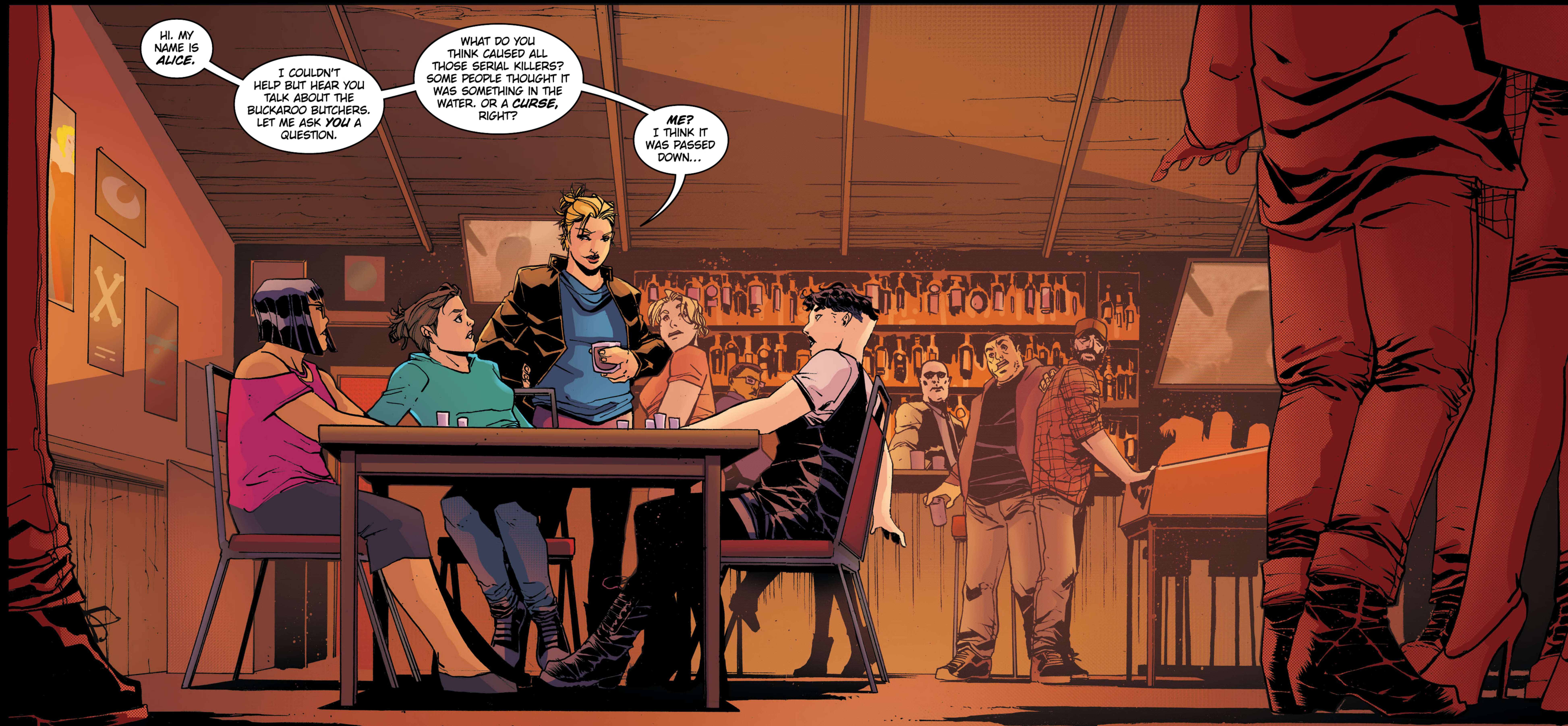


IT WAS FOR FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

I'M SORRY, WHO ARE YOU?

HER DAUGHTER.





HI. MY NAME IS ALICE.

I COULDN'T HELP BUT HEAR YOU TALK ABOUT THE BUCKAROO BUTCHERS. LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION.

WHAT DO YOU THINK CAUSED ALL THOSE SERIAL KILLERS? SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING IN THE WATER. OR A CURSE, RIGHT?

ME? I THINK IT WAS PASSED DOWN...

...IN THE BLOOD.

BITE

YOU ENJOYED THAT TOO MUCH.

SHE WAS TALKING SHIT ABOUT MY MOM, LILA, AND MY MOM IS THE BEST, SO WHATEVER.

BESIDES, WE GOTTA GET THE MOST OUTTA THESE FAKE I.D.s, RIGHT?

I BET THEY GIVE US FREE DRINKS NOW.

HEY...IS THE NAILBITER REALLY YOUR DAD?

YUP. AND YES...
...I CHARGE FOR AUTOGRAPHS.

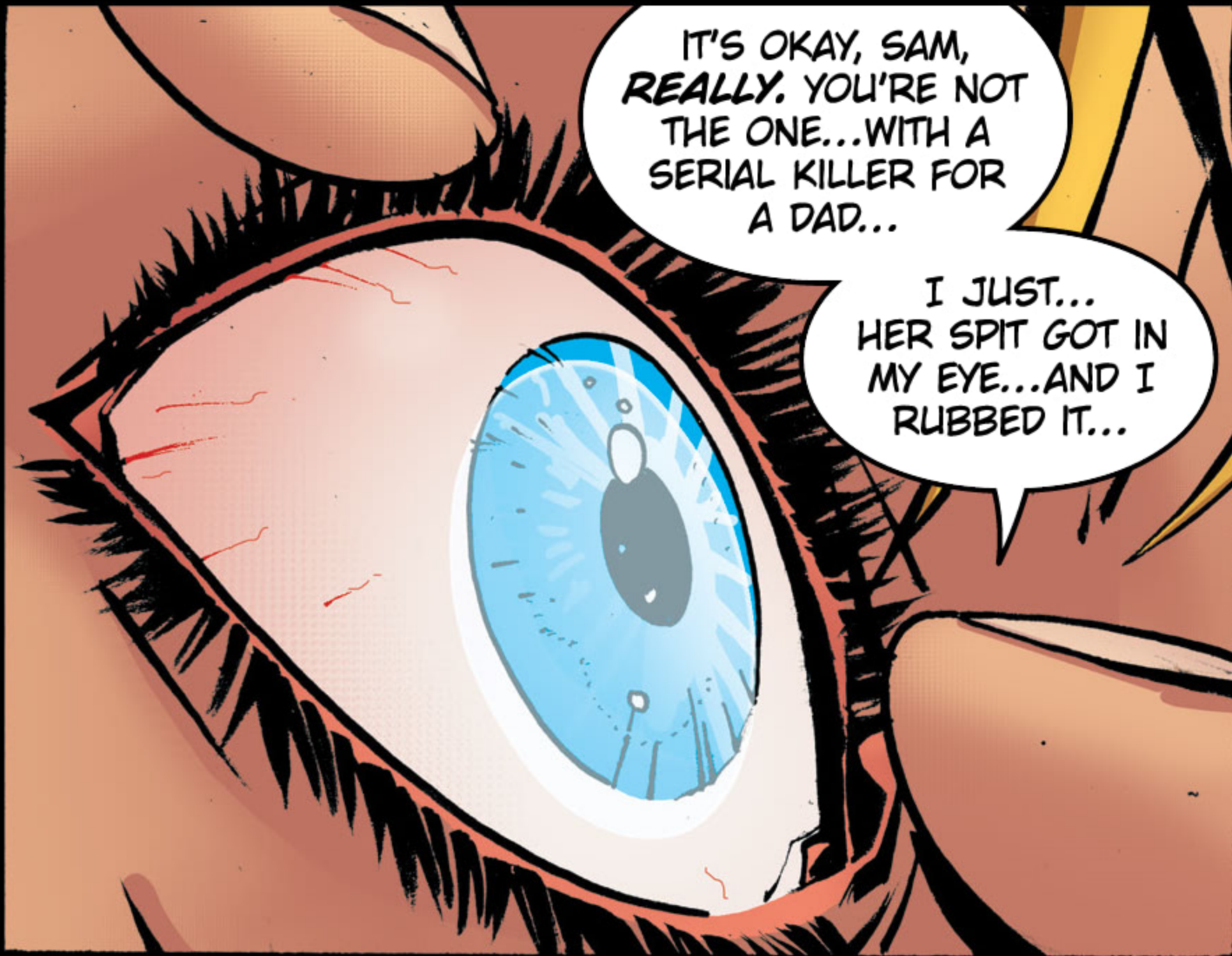




WE WENT TO A HORROR MOVIE MARATHON WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE.

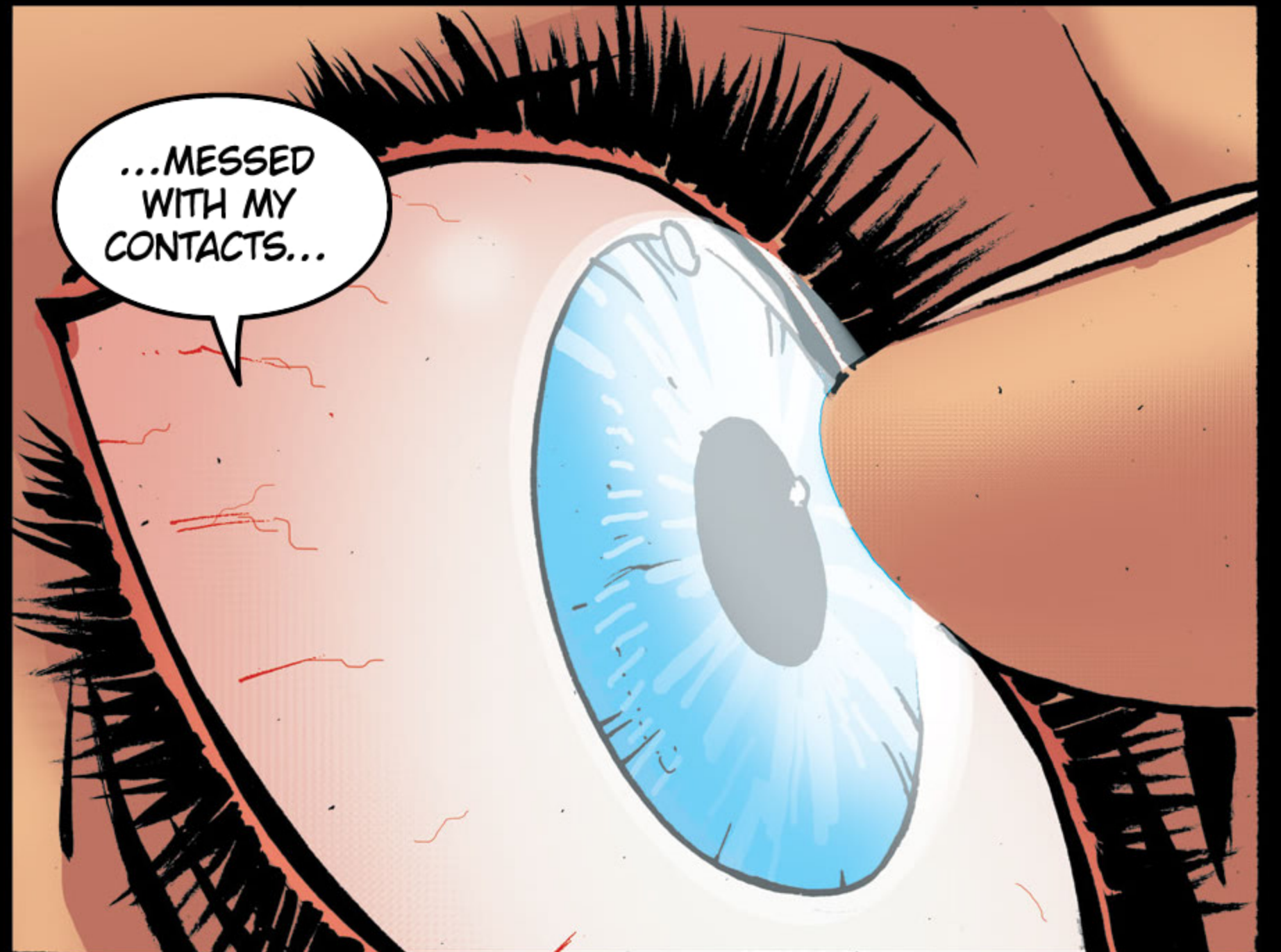
I THOUGHT WE'D BE OKAY GOING TO A HORROR THEMED BAR. SO SORRY.

WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER. SORRY, ALICE.



IT'S OKAY, SAM, REALLY. YOU'RE NOT THE ONE...WITH A SERIAL KILLER FOR A DAD...

I JUST... HER SPIT GOT IN MY EYE...AND I RUBBED IT...



...MESSED WITH MY CONTACTS...



OH GROSS. EW EW EW EW EW EW.

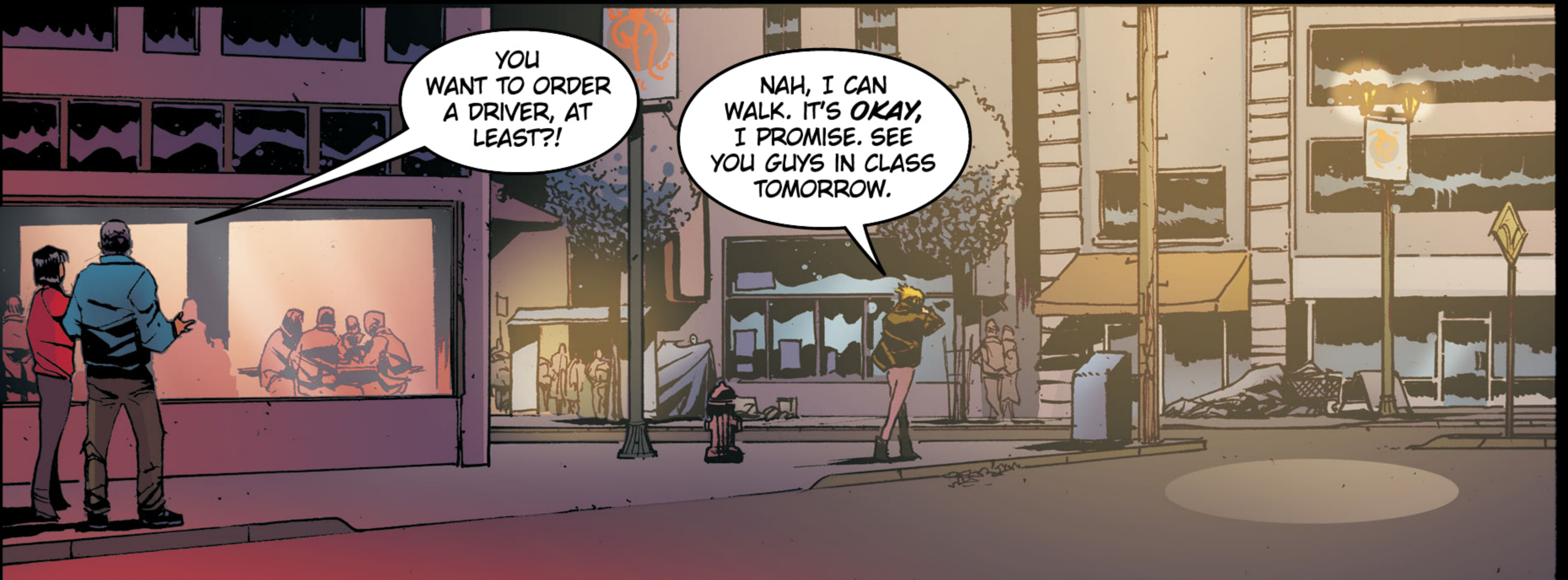
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU WEAR THOSE THINGS.



Y'KNOW WHAT...I'M JUST GONNA HEAD HOME. MY MOM MIGHT STILL BE UP AND WORRIED ABOUT ME.

NO, DON'T GO. WE'RE SORRY!

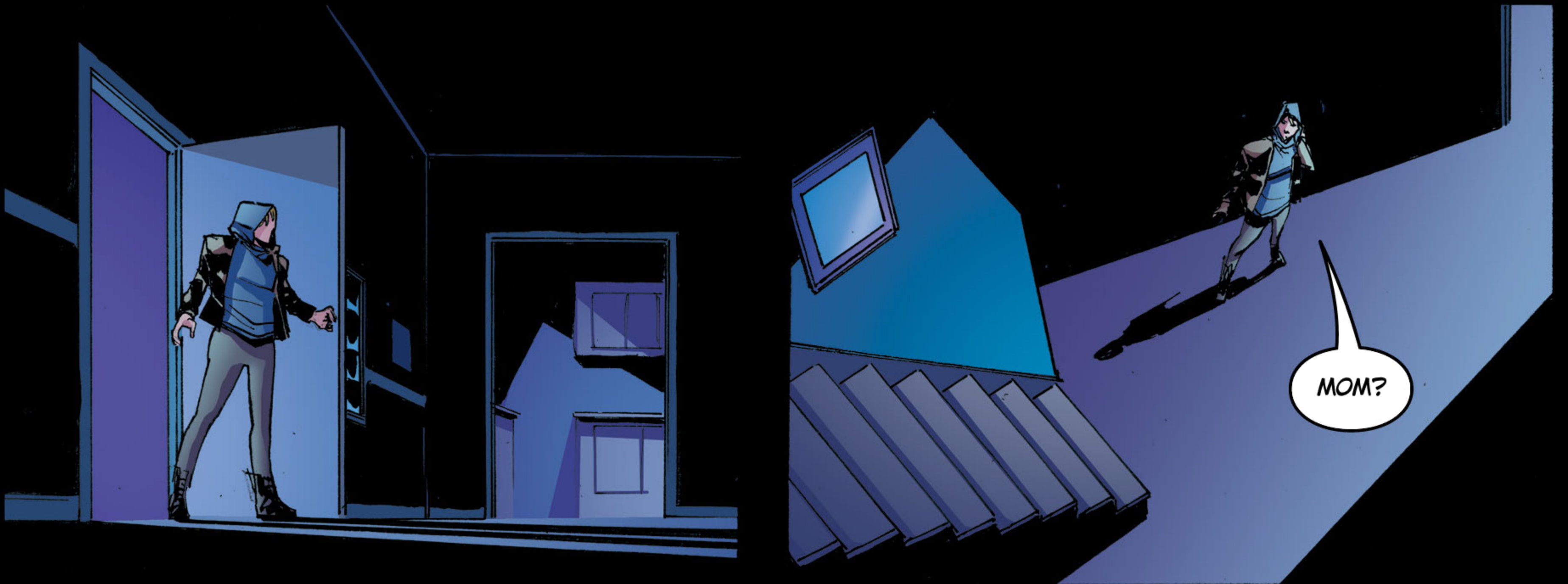
STOP SAYING THAT!



YOU WANT TO ORDER A DRIVER, AT LEAST?!

NAH, I CAN WALK. IT'S OKAY, I PROMISE. SEE YOU GUYS IN CLASS TOMORROW.

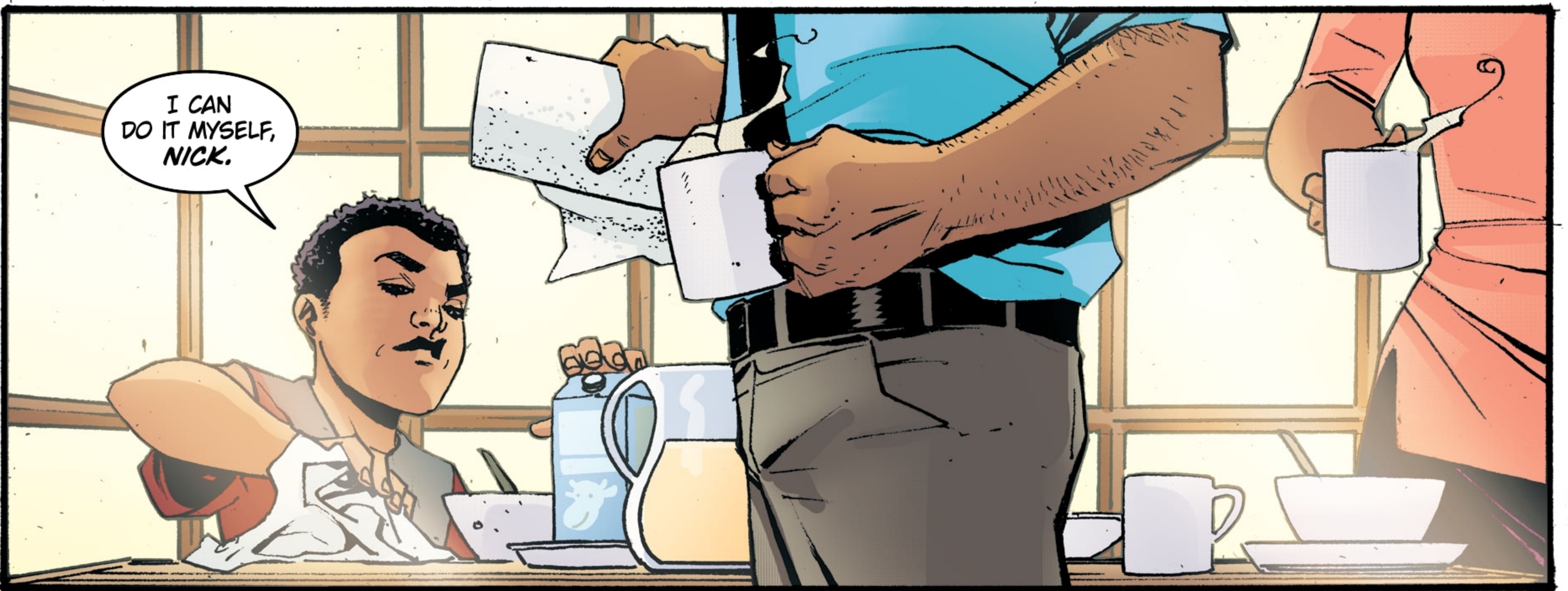
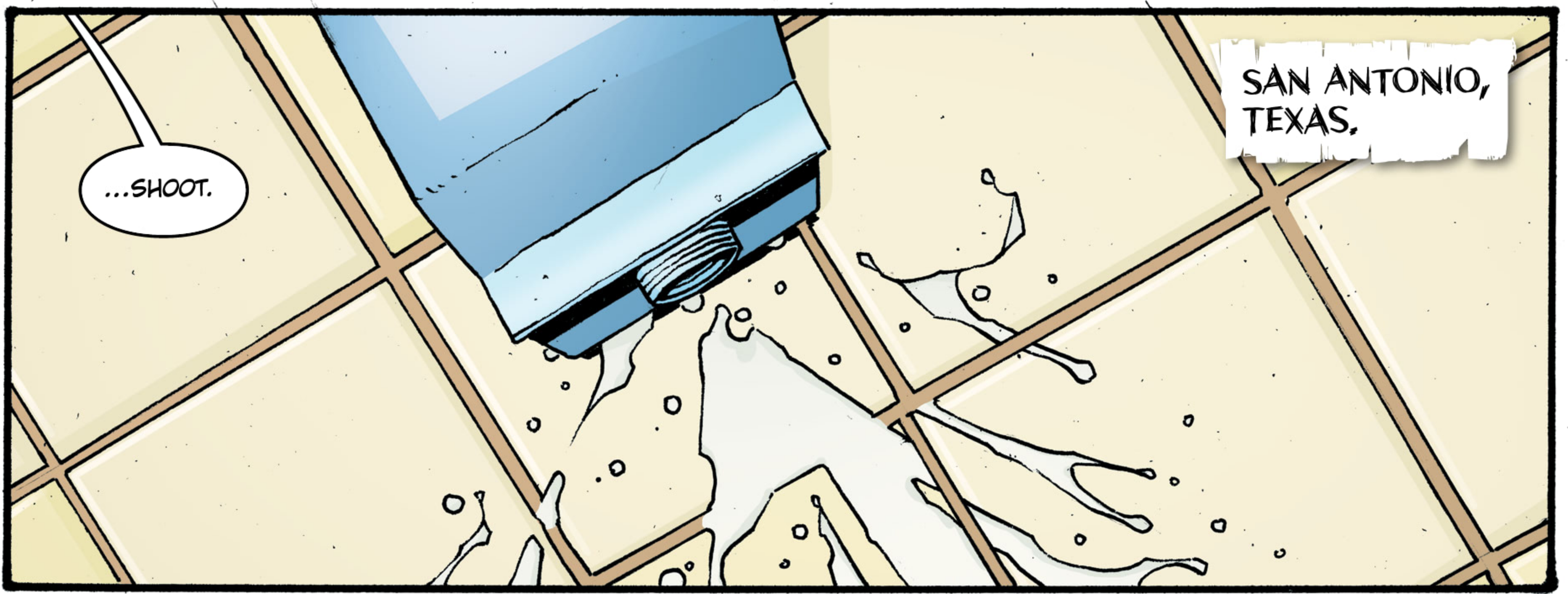






HOLY...

B. B. B.





JORDAN'S JUST INDEPENDENT. DON'T READ INTO IT.

I THINK HE *JUST* WANTS ME TO KNOW I'M NOT HIS DAD, TIPPI.

HE'S HAPPY. I PROMISE. SO ARE *YOU*, IN CASE YOU NOTICED. AND HAPPINESS IS HARD TO FIND, NICHOLAS.



EVEN HARDER TO--

HEY, YOU JUST GOT A TEXT FROM THE OFFICE.

PORTLAND, A TEN-FIFTY, BUCKAROO AND... MULTIPLAYER DEADLINES?



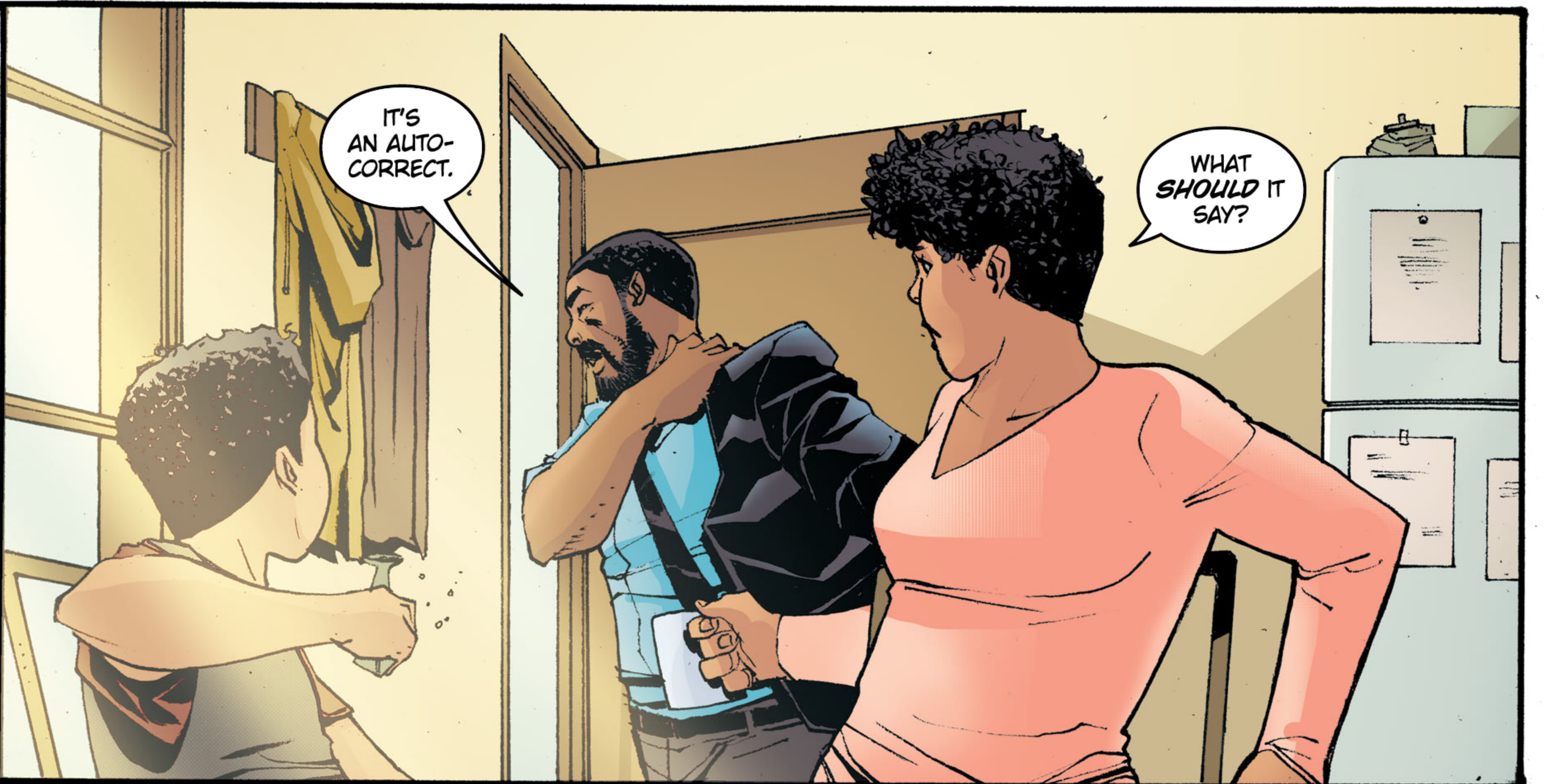
CRAP. LOOKS LIKE I GOTTA GO TO PORTLAND FOR A FEW DAYS FOR A CASE.

JET'S ALREADY ON THE RUNWAY FOR ME.



I'LL TEXT YOU WHEN I KNOW THE PLAN.

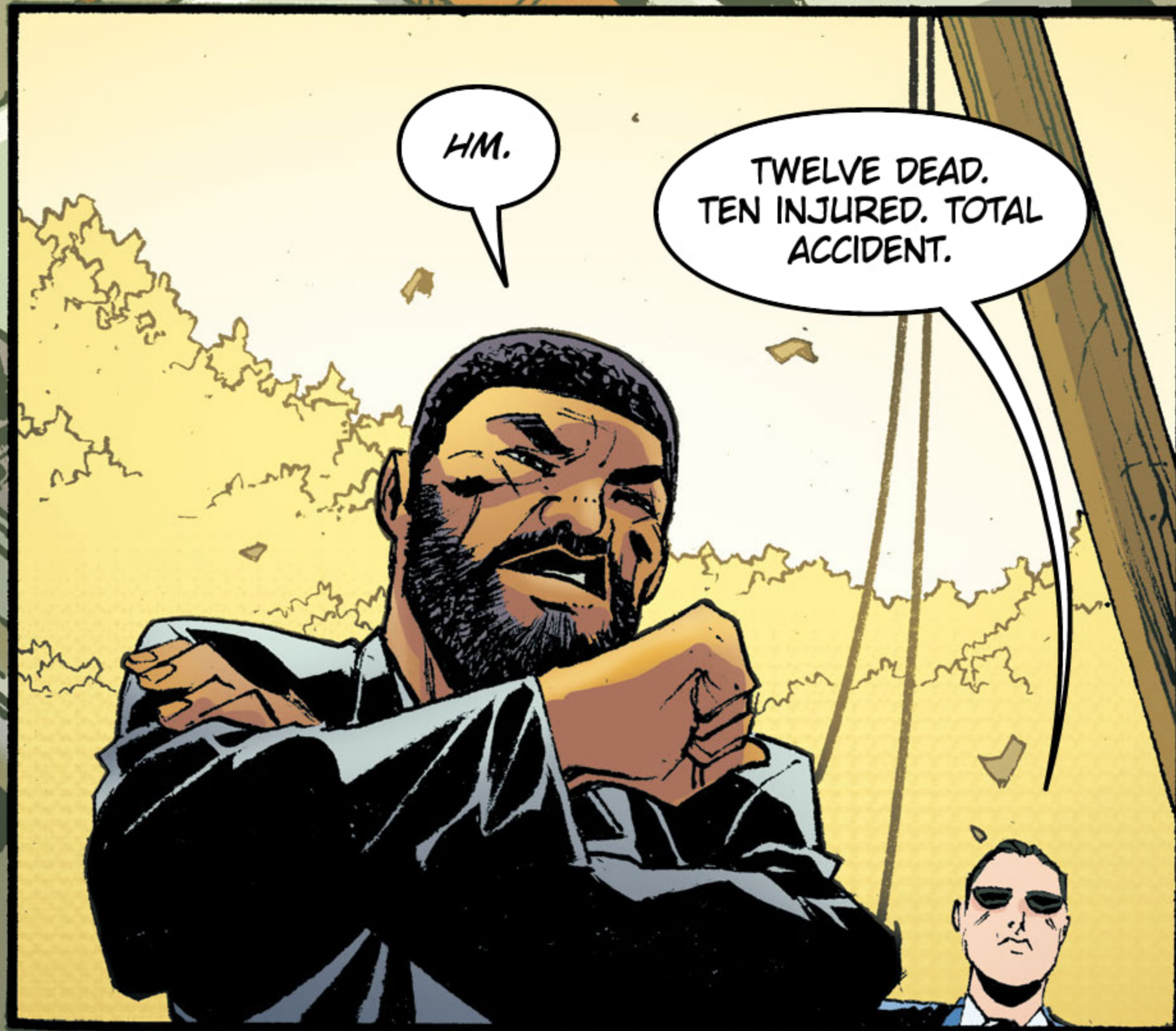
WHAT'S "MULTIPLAYER DEADLINES"?



IT'S AN AUTO-CORRECT.

WHAT SHOULD IT SAY?

PORTLAND,
OREGON



HM.

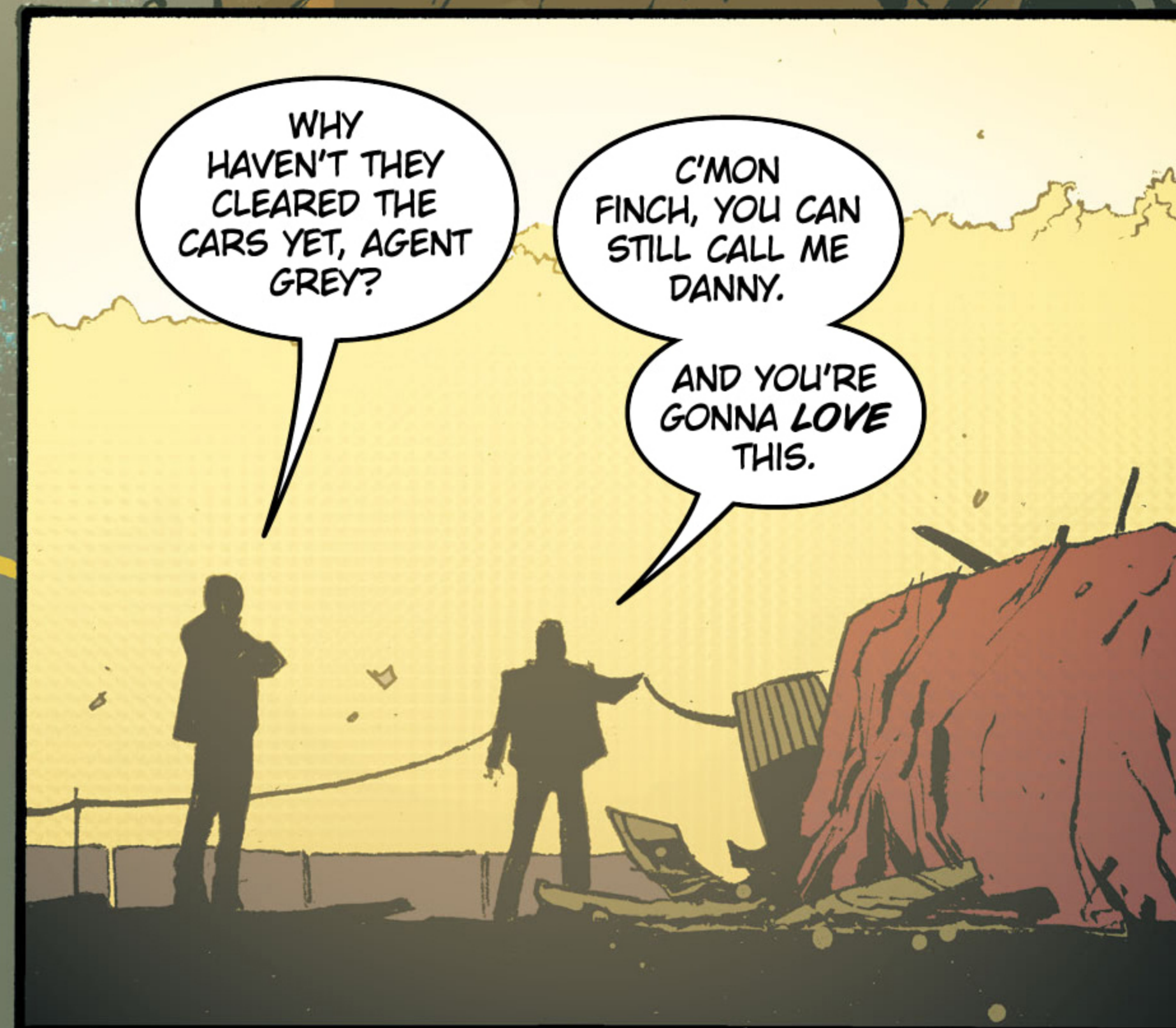
TWELVE DEAD,
TEN INJURED. TOTAL
ACCIDENT.



HAPPENED
BEFORE THE SUN
WAS UP. JUST PEOPLE
TRYING TO BEAT THAT
MORNING RUSH,
Y'KNOW?

POOR
BASTARDS GOING
TO WORK TO EARN
A WAGE AND THEN
WITHIN A BLINK OF
AN EYE--

BOOM.



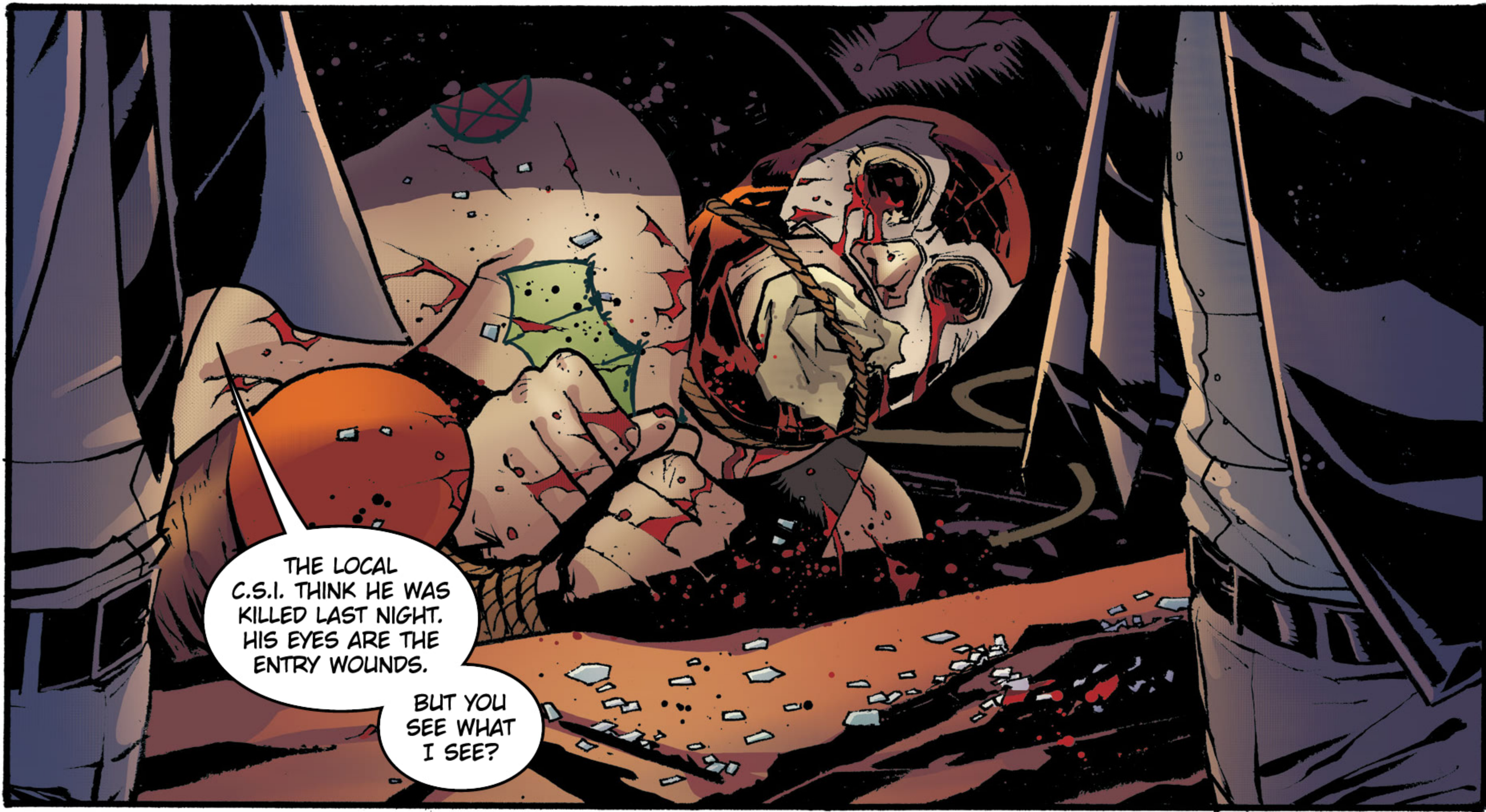
WHY
HAVEN'T THEY
CLEARED THE
CARS YET, AGENT
GREY?

C'MON
FINCH, YOU CAN
STILL CALL ME
DANNY.

AND YOU'RE
GONNA LOVE
THIS.



YOU REALLY
THINK I'D FLY
YOUR
ASS ACROSS STATE
LINES FOR A FENDER
BENDER?



THE LOCAL C.S.I. THINK HE WAS KILLED LAST NIGHT. HIS EYES ARE THE ENTRY WOUNDS.

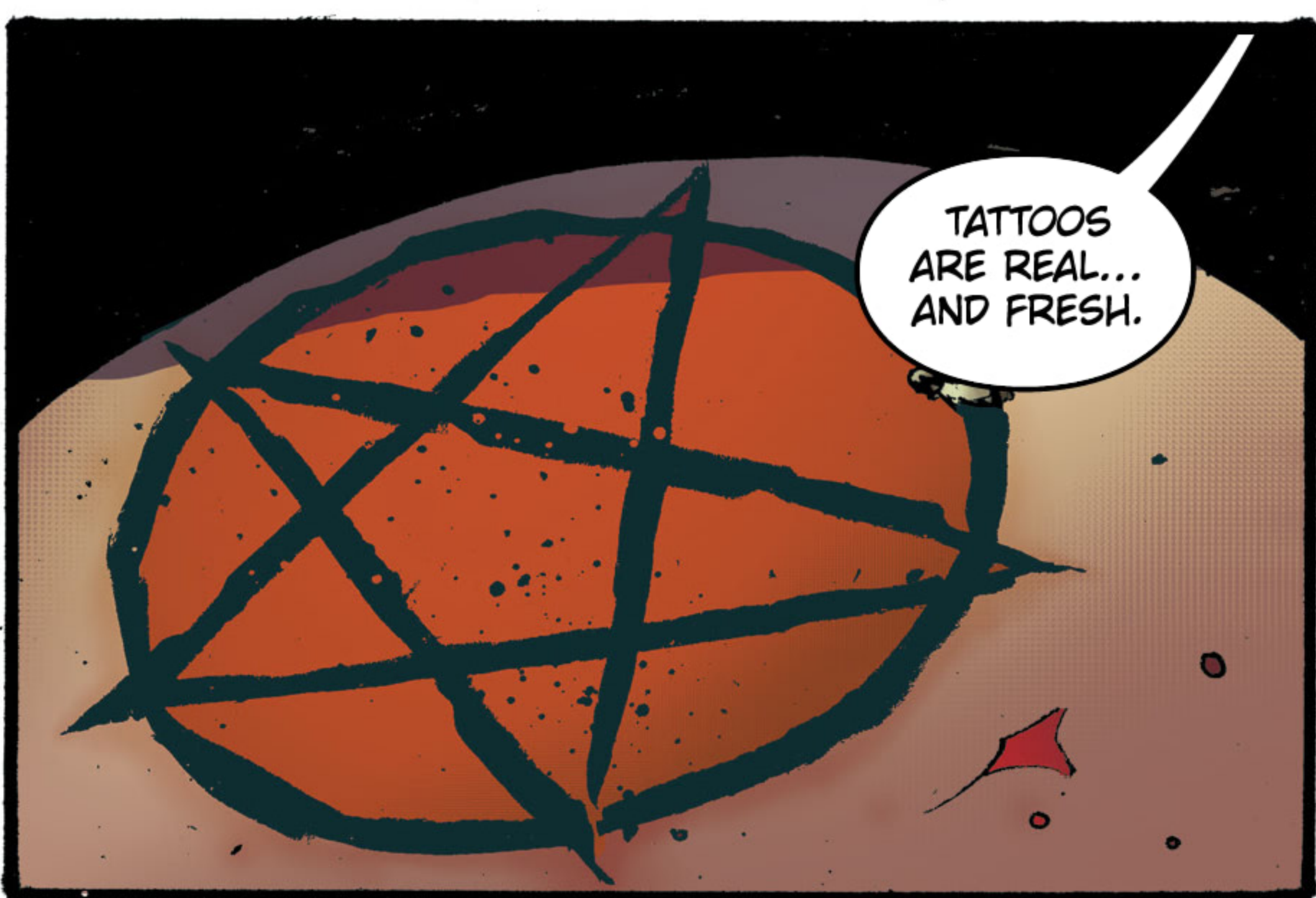
BUT YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?



YEAH, SHIT.

LUCHA ELIMINADOR.

WHO HAS BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS.



TATTOOS ARE REAL... AND FRESH.

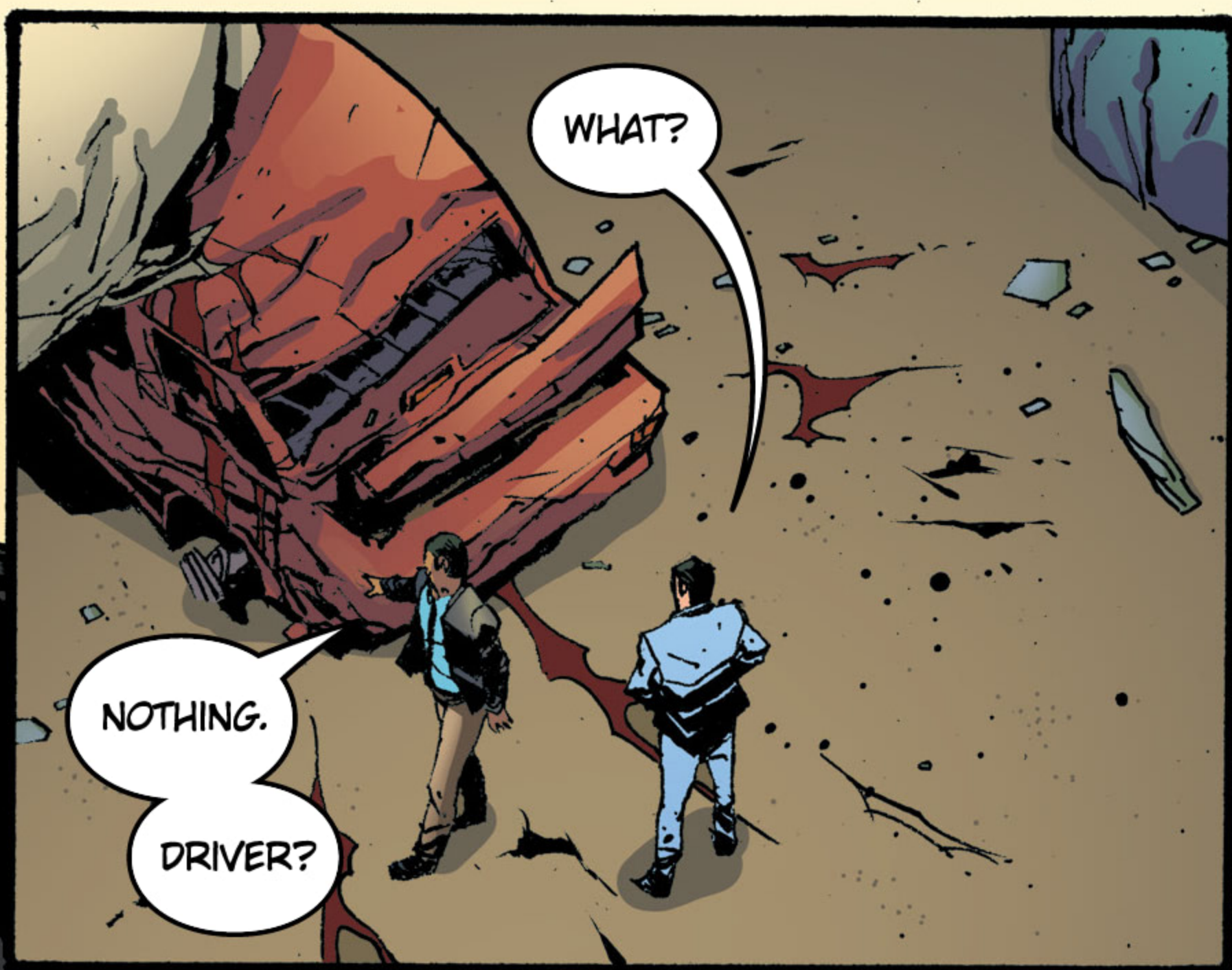
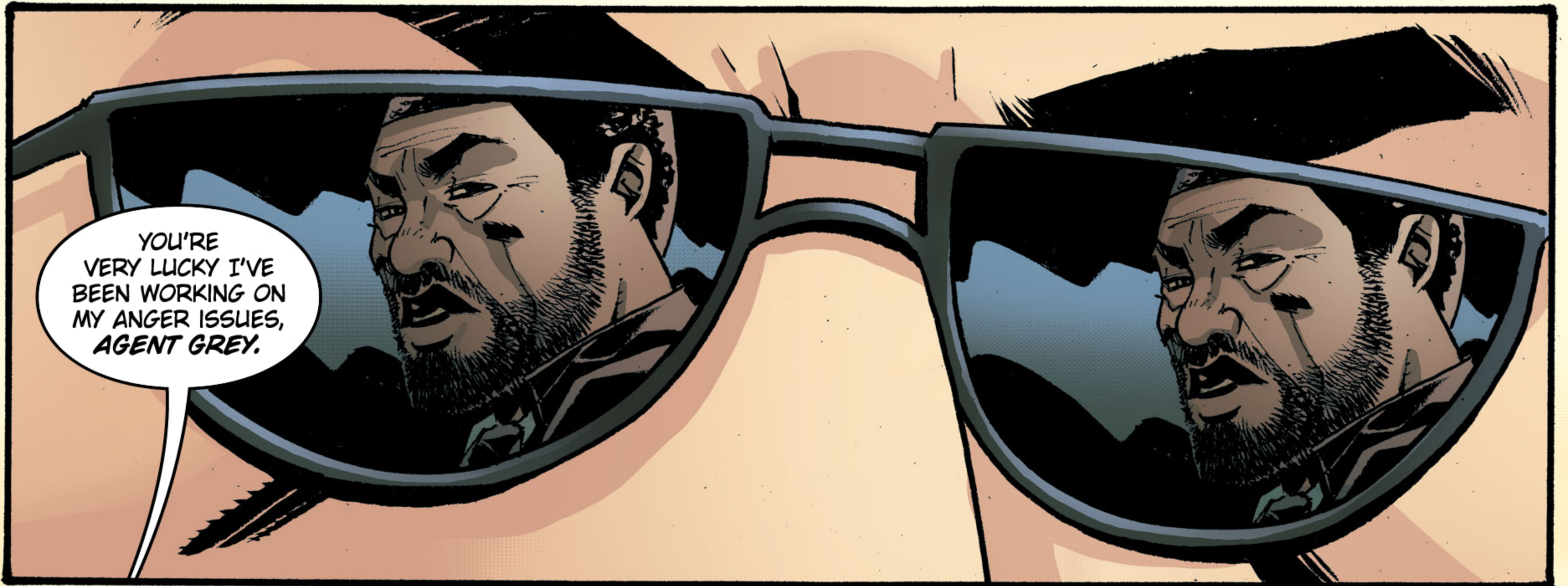
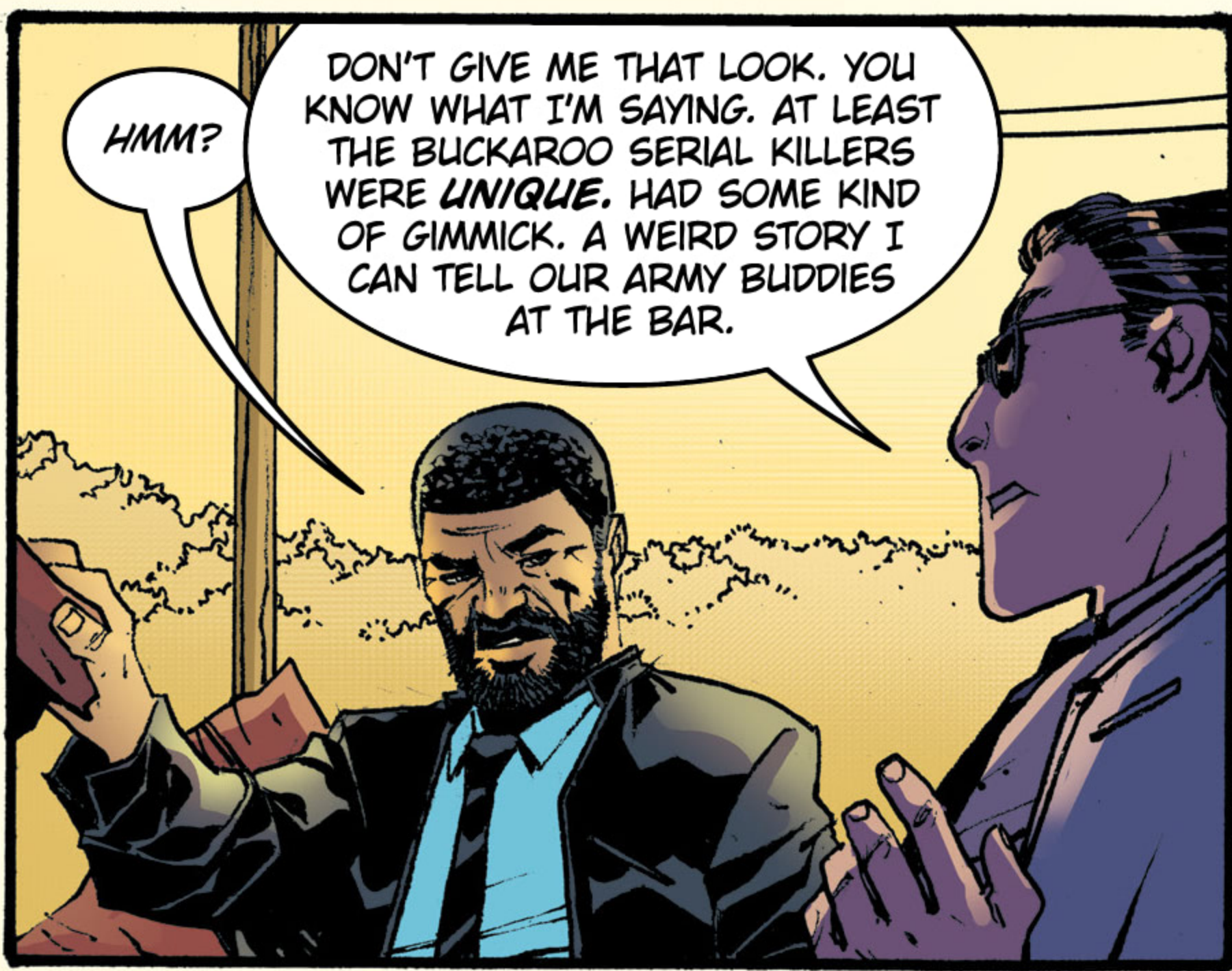


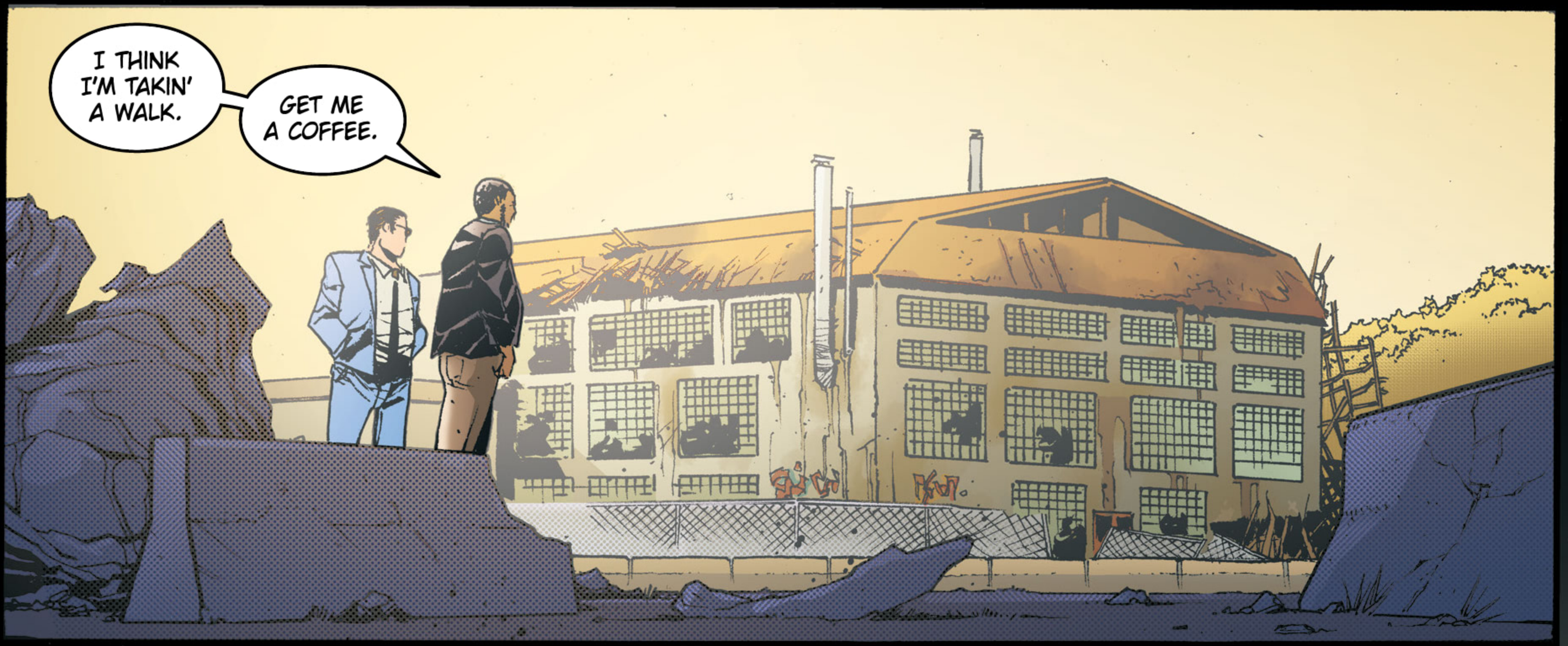
"LUCHA ELIMINADOR WAS ONE OF THE BUCKAROO BUTCHERS.



USED TO KILL PEOPLE USING WRESTLING MOVES.

NICE.





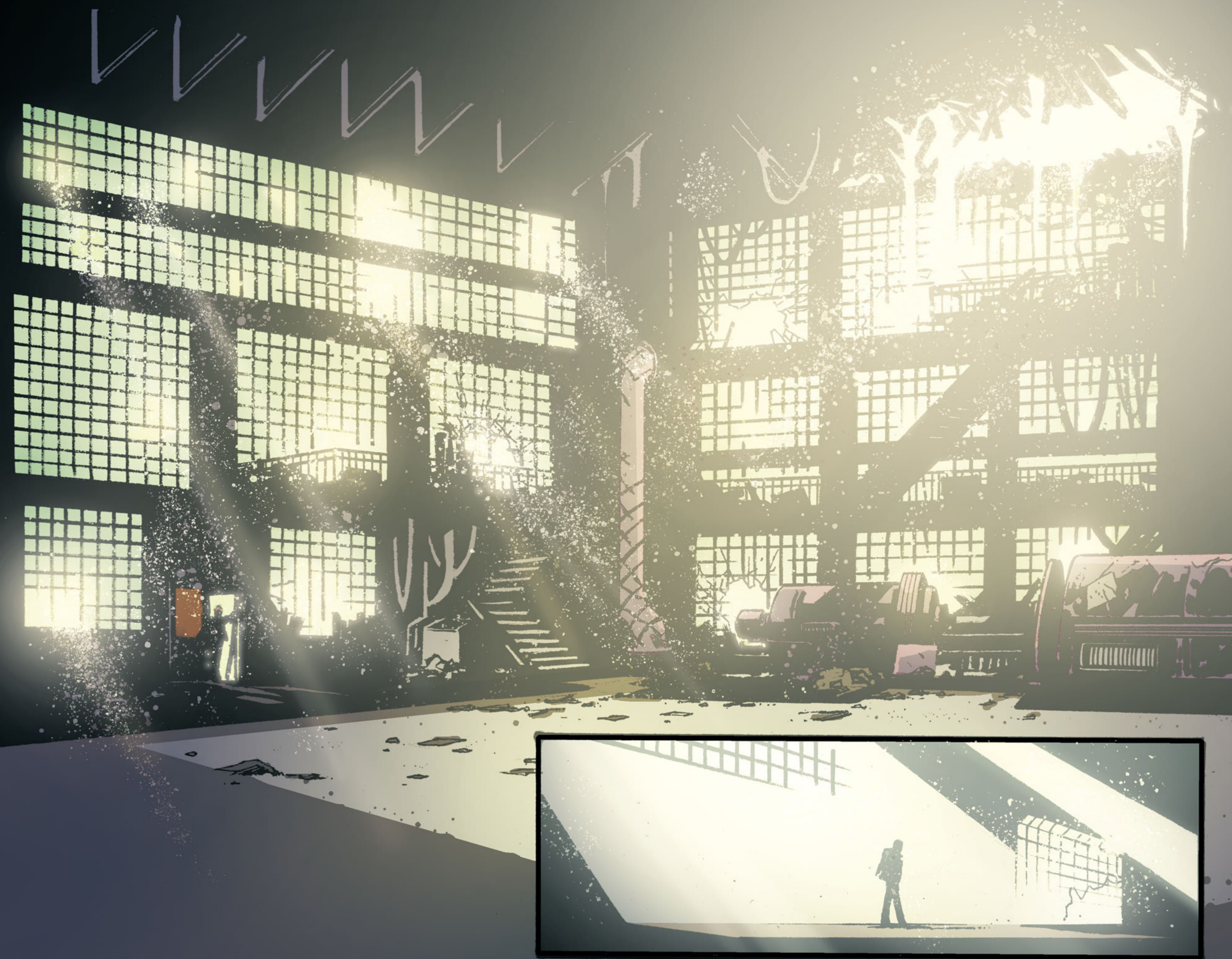
I THINK I'M TAKIN' A WALK.

GET ME A COFFEE.



DUDE, I'M AN FBI AGENT, NOT SOME BARISTA.

LOTS OF CREAM. LOTS OF SUGAR.

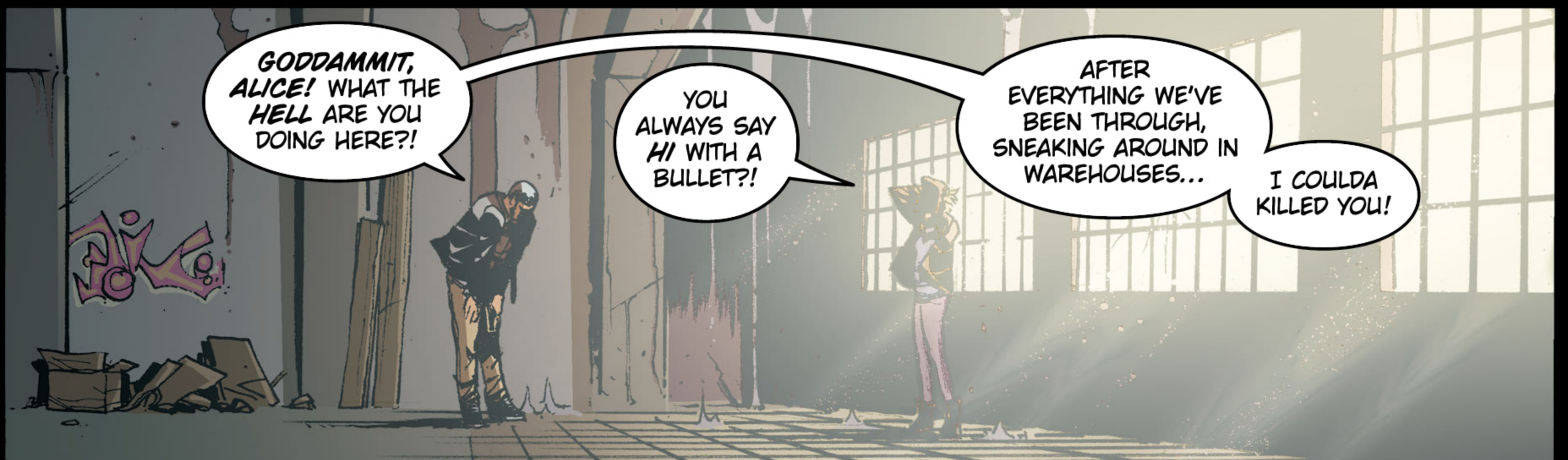






WAIT!
FINCH, IT'S
ME!

TSH
KRA!



GODDAMMIT,
ALICE! WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
DOING HERE?!

YOU
ALWAYS SAY
HI WITH A
BULLET?!

AFTER
EVERYTHING WE'VE
BEEN THROUGH,
SNEAKING AROUND IN
WAREHOUSES...

I COULDA
KILLED YOU!



AND
THEN YOUR
MOM WOULD
KILL ME.

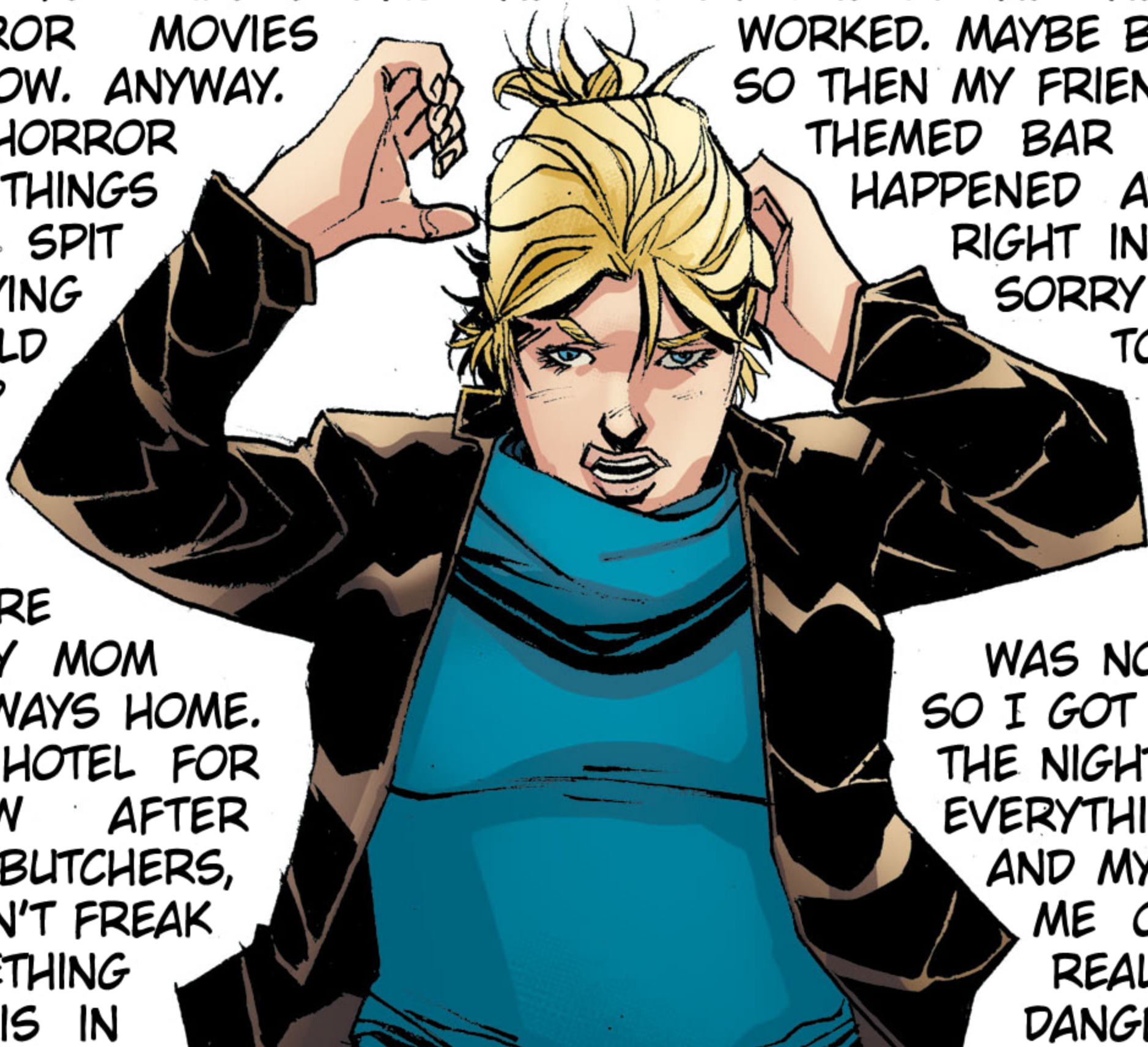
THAT'S THE
DAMN CHAIN OF
EVENTS.

MY MOM IS
MISSING.



WHAT?

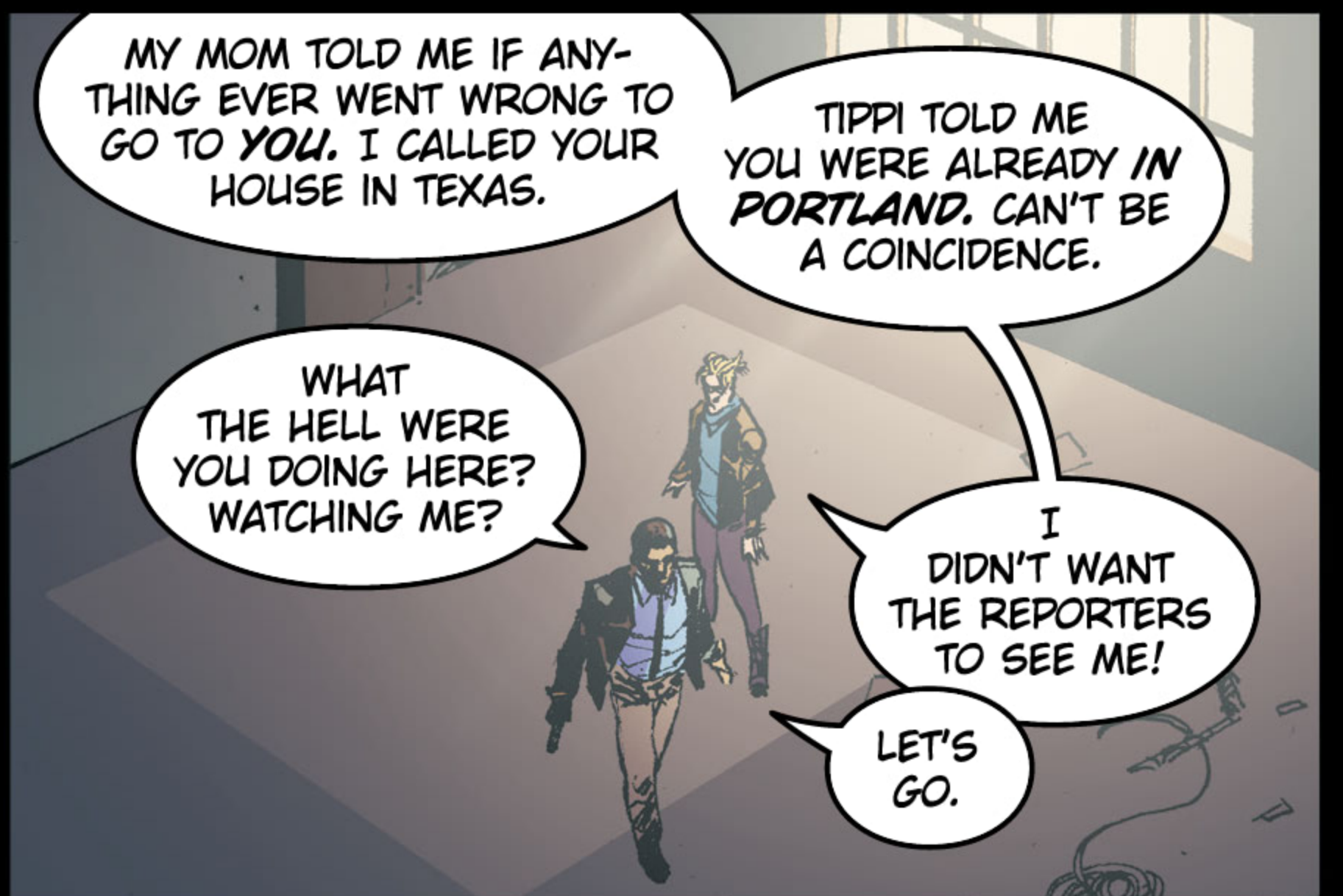
SO, LAST NIGHT I WAS HANGING OUT WITH MY MOM AT OUR HOUSE BUT THEN I WENT OUT WITH MY FRIENDS TO SEE A HORROR MOVIE MARATHON AT THE HOLLYWOOD THEATER. THE GOBLIN SCORES ARE AWESOME. BUT I FELT LIKE I WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE THEATRE WHO REALLY GOT WHY THOSE HORROR MOVIES WORKED. MAYBE BECAUSE I'VE SEEN REAL HORROR, I DON'T KNOW. ANYWAY, SO THEN MY FRIENDS AND I WENT TO THE BUTCHER BAR. IT'S A HORROR THEMED BAR OVER IN NORTH EAST. HAPPENED AT A BAR, BLAH BLAH RIGHT IN MY EYE, AND THEN MY FRIENDS WERE SAYING SORRY TOO MUCH, BUT WHEN I WALKED HOME, I COULD TOTALLY FEEL SOMEONE WATCHING ME, RIGHT? FOLLOWING ME. THEN SOMEONE STALKING ME. I GET HOME AND MY MOM IS GONE, BUT THERE IS A BUNCH OF BLOOD. LIKE AN INSANE AMOUNT. THERE WAS CLEARLY SIGN OF A STRUGGLE. AND MY MOM WAS NOT IN THE BATHROOM OR HOME. AND SHE IS ALWAYS HOME. SO I GOT THE HELL OUT OF THERE AND HIDE OUT AT A HOTEL FOR THE NIGHT. I COULDN'T SLEEP ALL EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED IN AND MY DAD AND MY MOM, THE BUCKAROO WITH THE BUTCHERS, ME OUT BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL LIKE SOMETHING REALLY BAD HAPPENED THIS TIME. THAT MY MOM IS IN DANGER. AND THAT MY DAD--



SLOW DOWN. WHAT DID THE POLICE SAY?

WELL...

GIRL...



MY MOM TOLD ME IF ANYTHING EVER WENT WRONG TO GO TO YOU. I CALLED YOUR HOUSE IN TEXAS.

TIPPI TOLD ME YOU WERE ALREADY IN PORTLAND. CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE.

WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU DOING HERE? WATCHING ME?

I DIDN'T WANT THE REPORTERS TO SEE ME!

LET'S GO.



WARREN DID IT, FINCH!

IT WASN'T WARREN.

THEY NEVER FOUND HIS BODY!

ALICE.



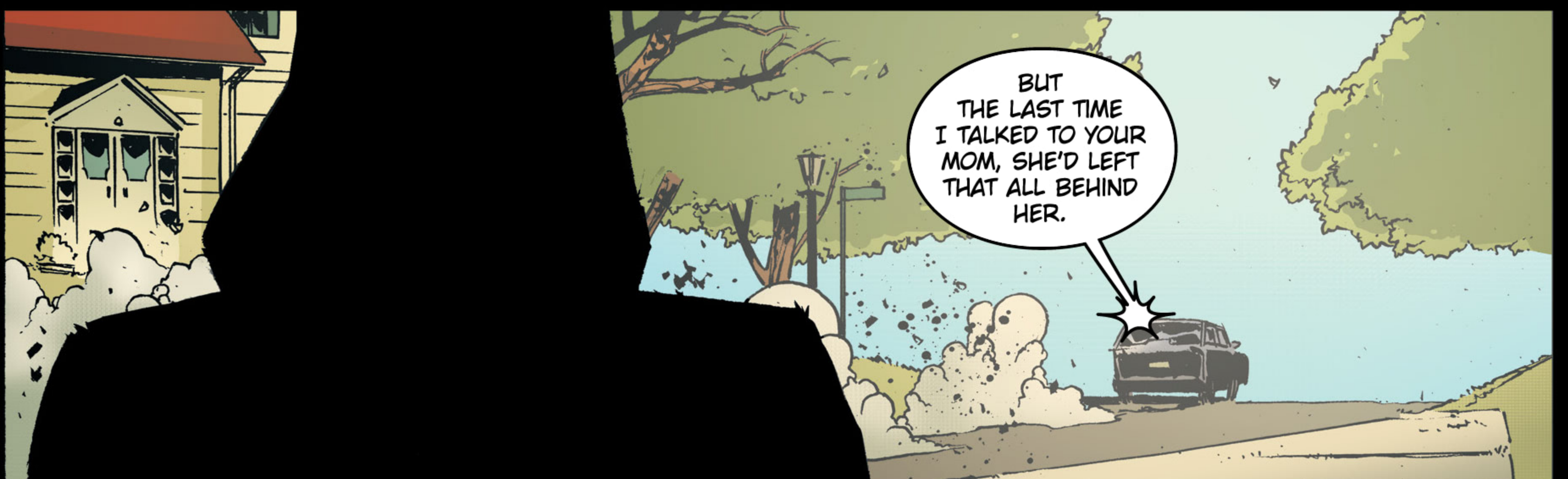
MY DAD DID SOMETHING TO MY MOM. I KNOW IT.

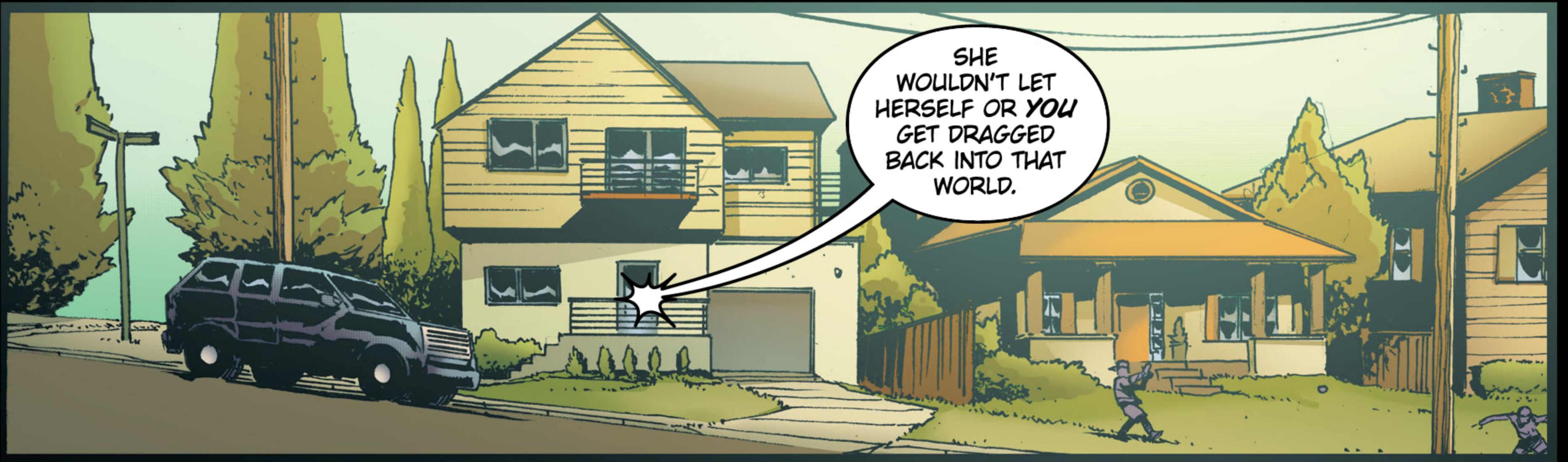
I CAN FEEL IT IN MY GUT.



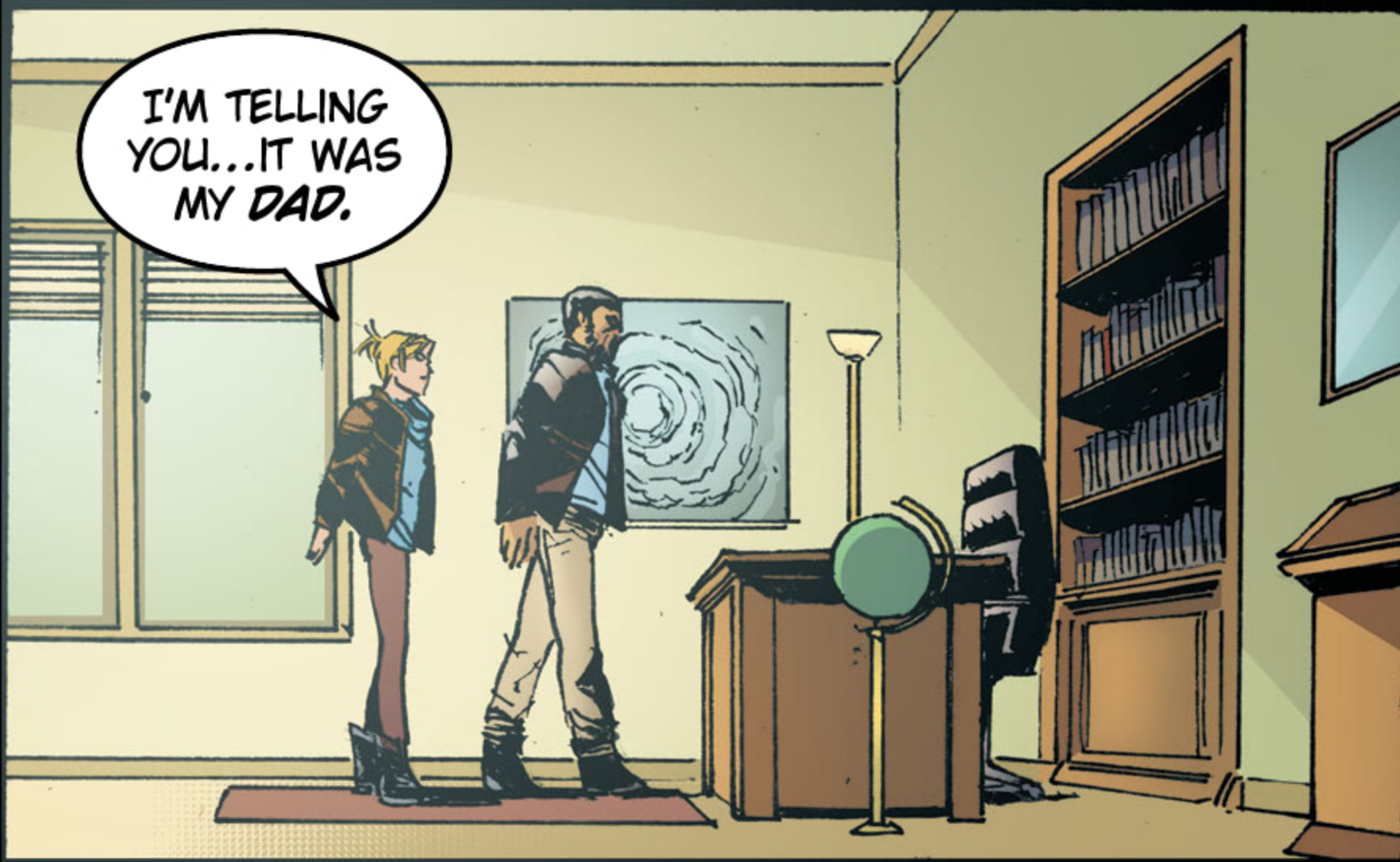
SIGH. LET'S GO.

WHERE?





SHE WOULDN'T LET HERSELF OR YOU GET DRAGGED BACK INTO THAT WORLD.



I'M TELLING YOU...IT WAS MY DAD.



TK



TRASH

YOU GOTTA BATCAVE DOWN THERE?

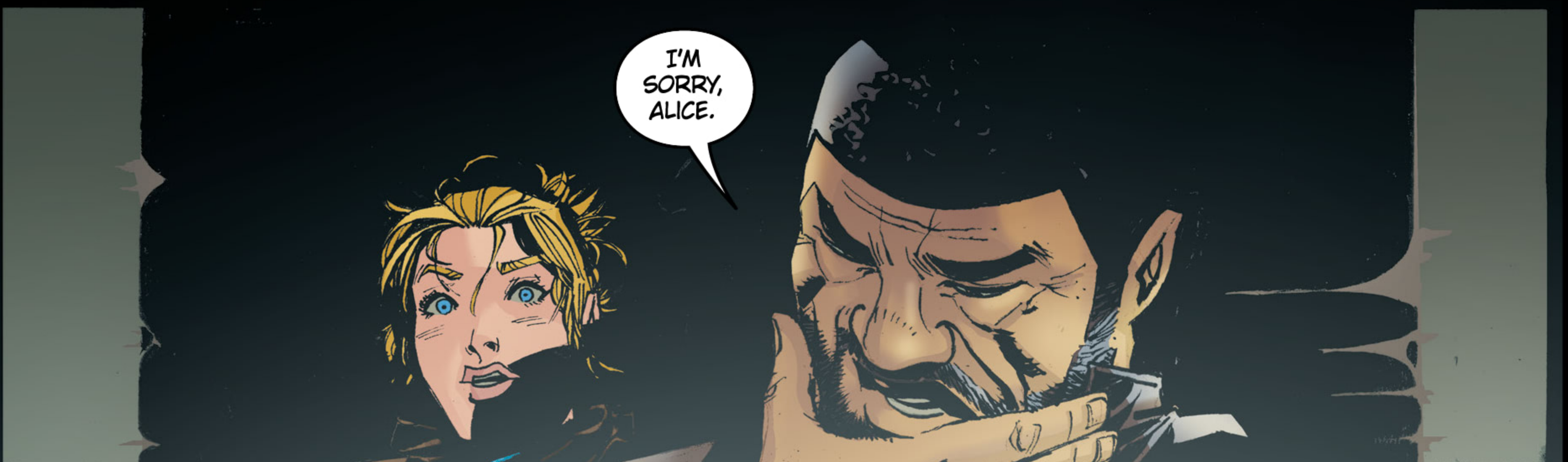


FINCH?



AGENT NICHOLAS FINCH, AUTHORIZED.

BEEP



I'M SORRY, ALICE.

HI,
HONEY.

"WHEN WE ARE CHILDREN, WE ARE TAUGHT THAT THERE IS EVIL IN THE DARKNESS. IN THE UNKNOWN."



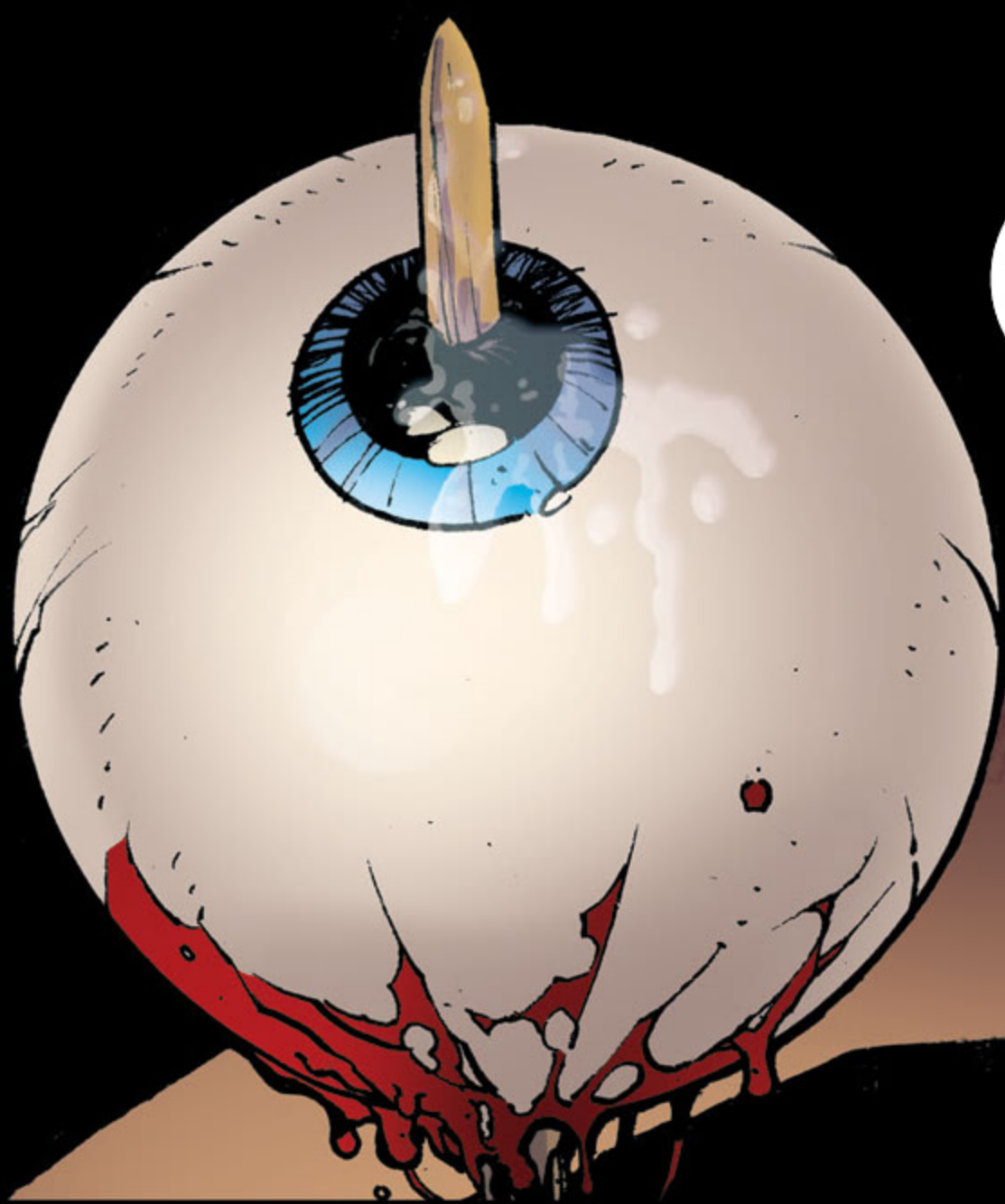
THAT
THE SUN WILL
SHINE A LIGHT
TO VANQUISH
THAT EVIL.

AND
YET IF WE
LOOK AT THE
SUN...



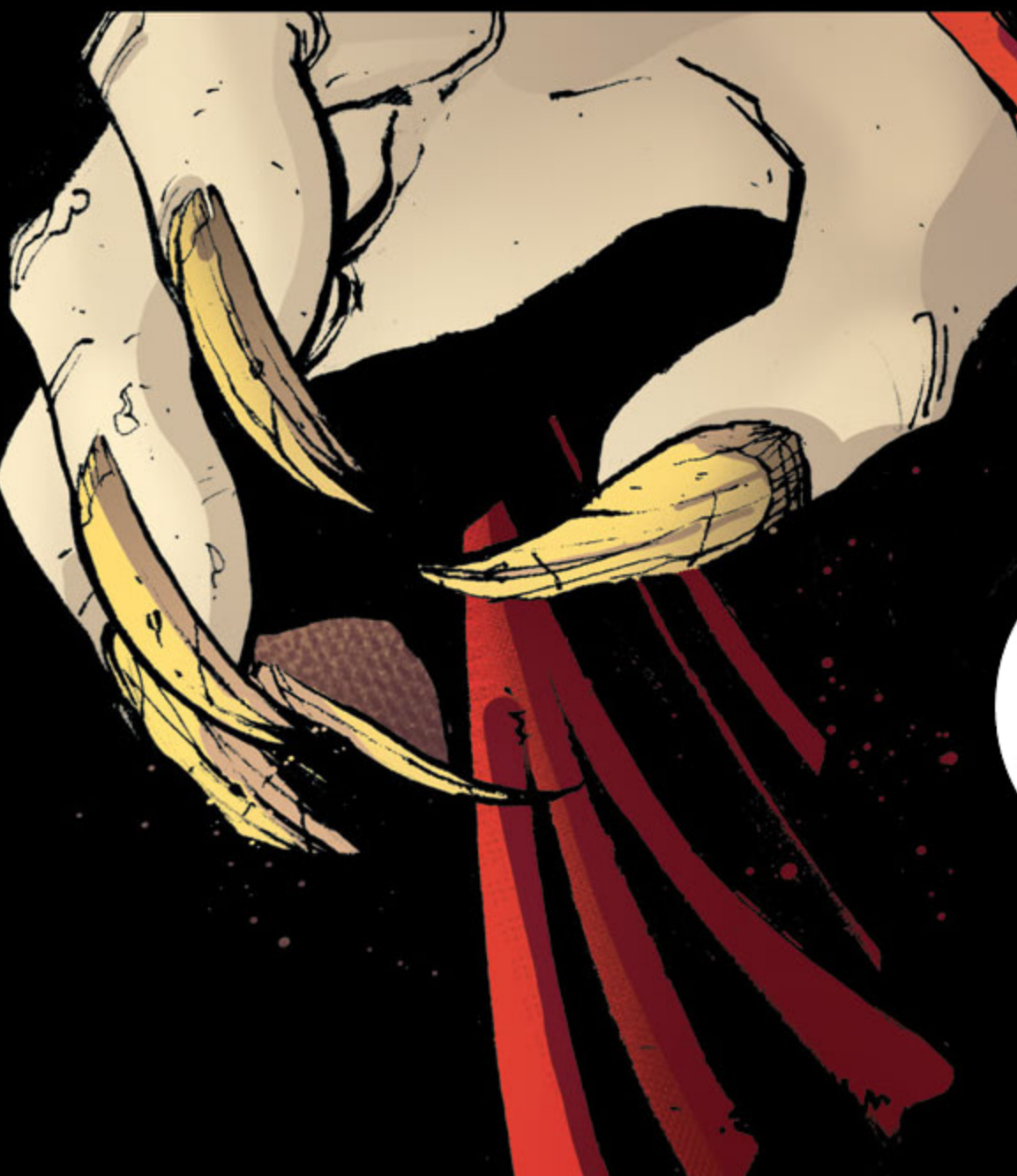
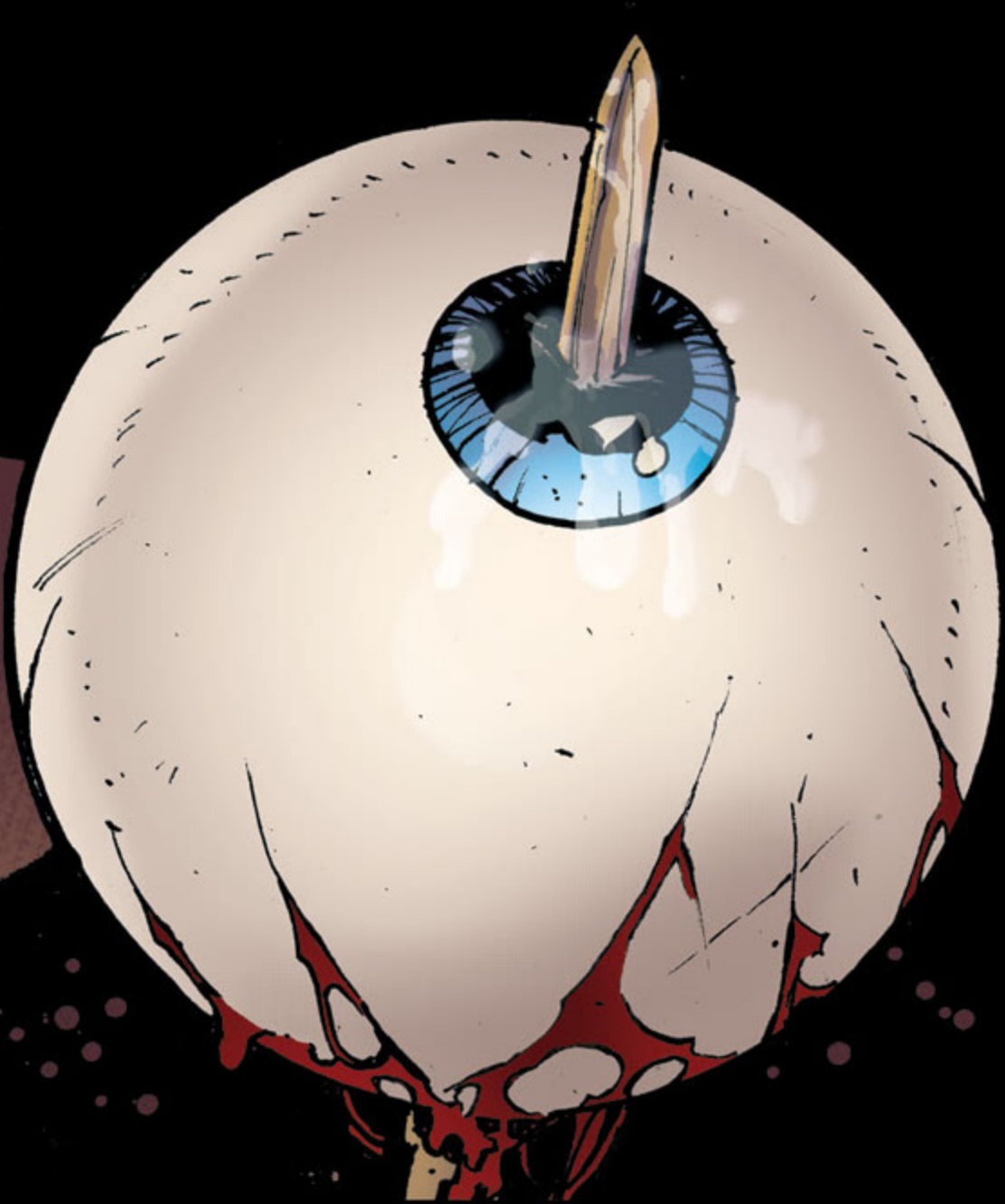
...IT BURNS
OUR EYES.

BUT THAT
IS NOT BECAUSE
THERE IS DARKNESS
WITHIN US. NO NO
NO NO...

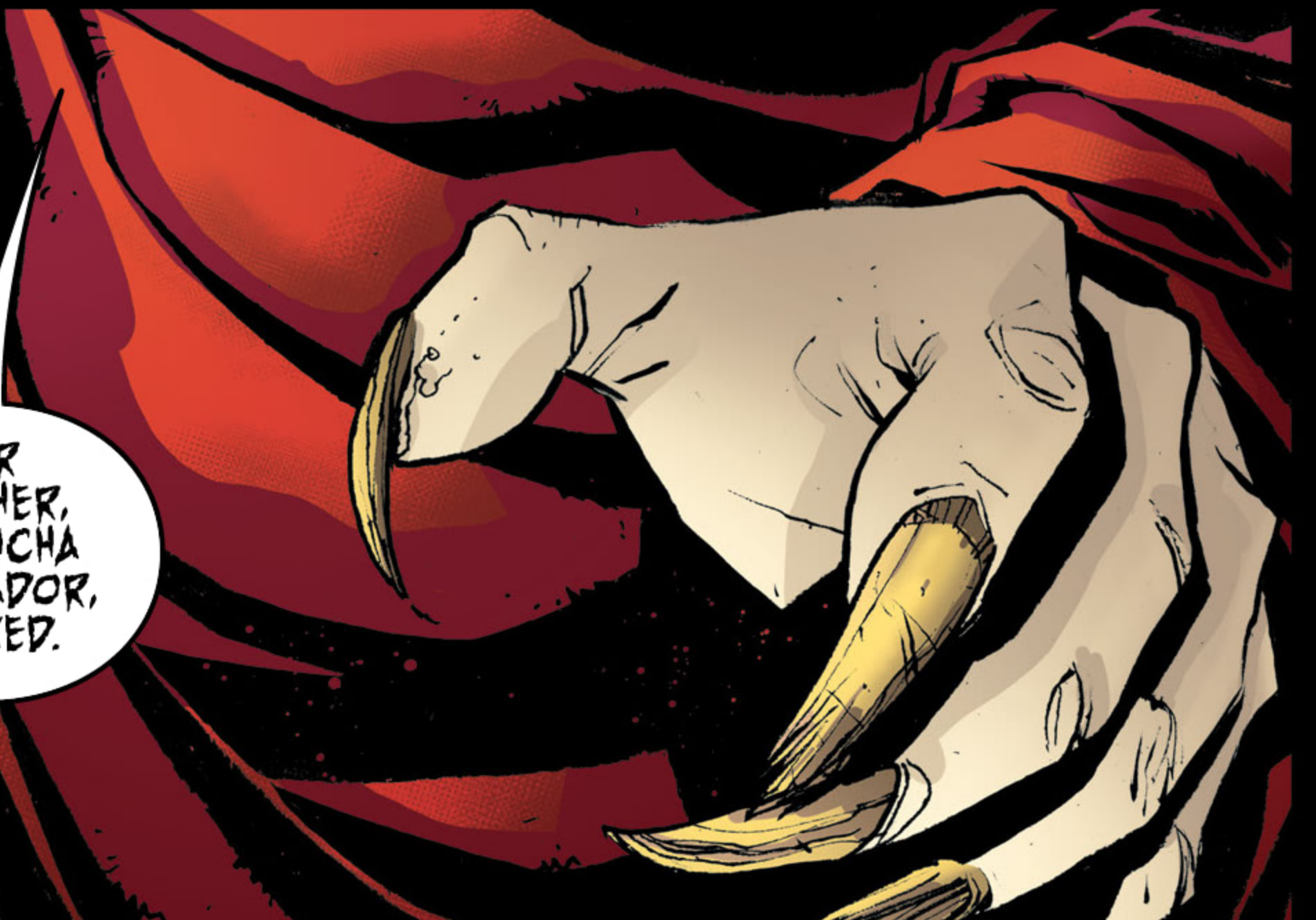


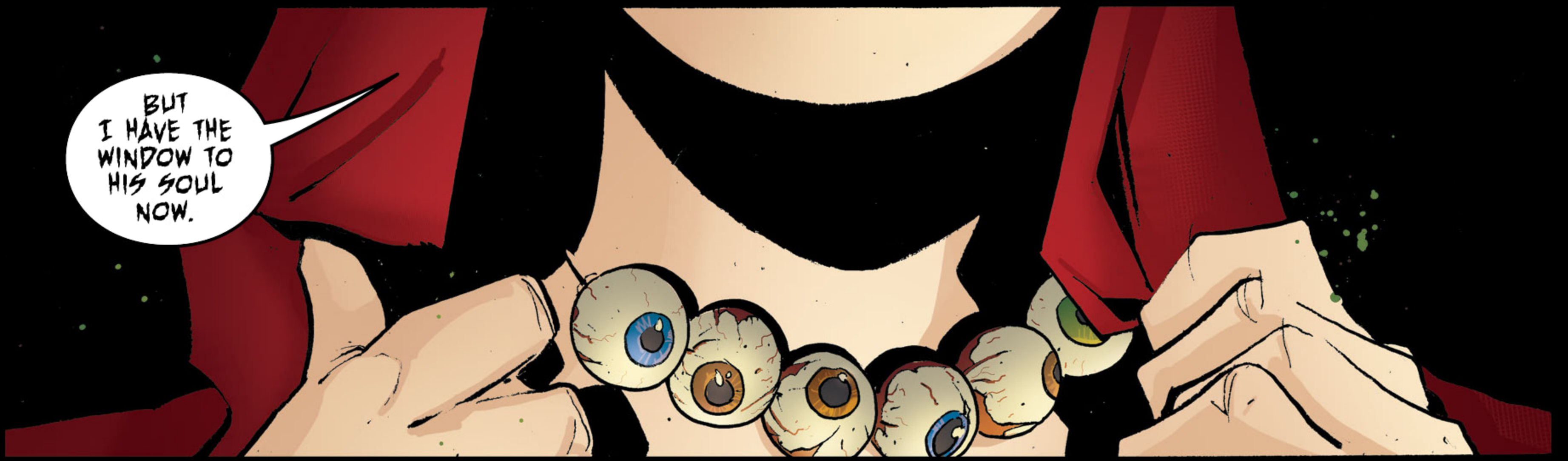
IT IS
BECAUSE THERE
IS EVIL WITHIN
THE LIGHT.

WE
MUST BE
BRAVE AND
NEVER LOOK
AWAY.

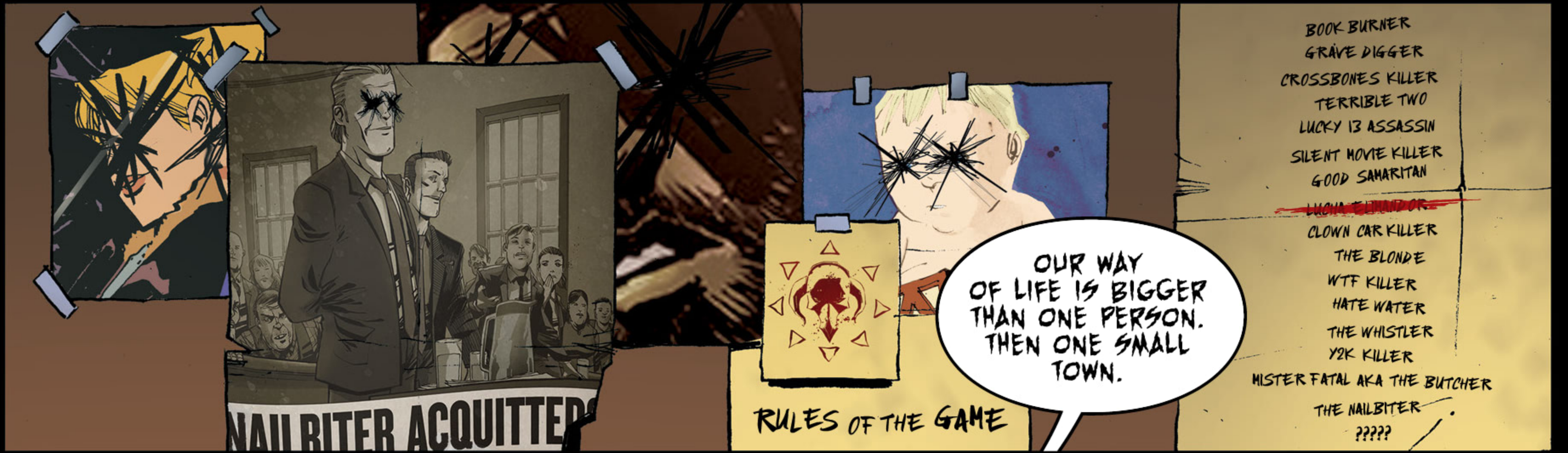


OUR
BROTHER,
THE LUCHA
ELIMINADOR,
BLINKED.





BUT I HAVE THE WINDOW TO HIS SOUL NOW.



OUR WAY OF LIFE IS BIGGER THAN ONE PERSON. THEN ONE SMALL TOWN.

- BOOK BURNER
- GRAVE DIGGER
- CROSSBONES KILLER
- TERRIBLE TWO
- LUCKY 13 ASSASSIN
- SILENT MOVIE KILLER
- GOOD SAMARITAN
- ~~LUNA~~
- CLOWN CAR KILLER
- THE BLONDE
- WTF KILLER
- HATE WATER
- THE WHISTLER
- Y2K KILLER
- MISTER FATAL AKA THE BUTCHER
- THE NAILBITER
- ?????



FOR THE GAME TO CONTINUE, YOU ALL NEEDED TO RETURN.



YOU MUST SHOW THE WORLD THE TRUTH.



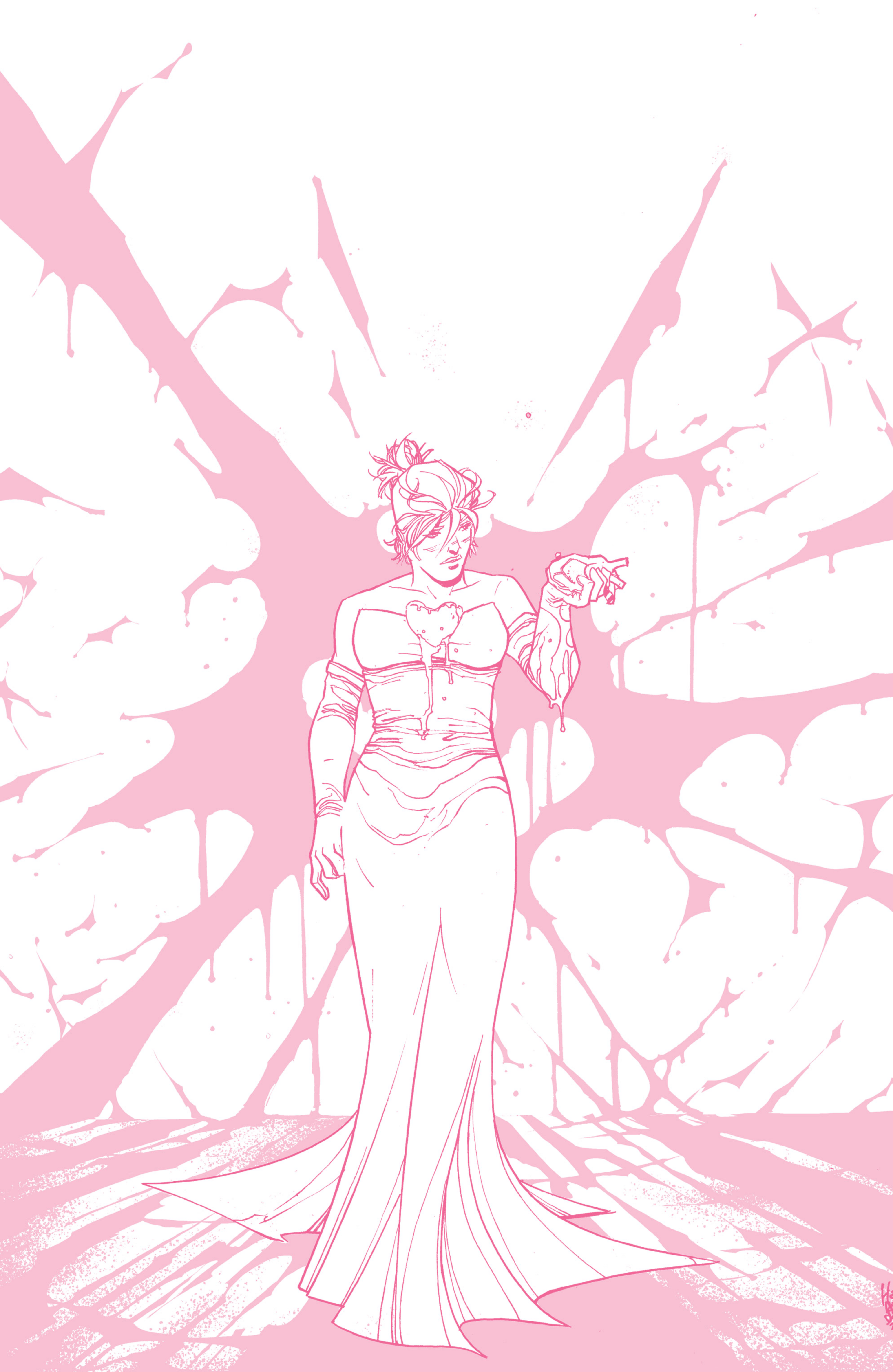
YOU ARE THE ONLY WAY...

...YOU WILL
MAKE THEM SEE
THE HORROR IN
THE LIGHT...



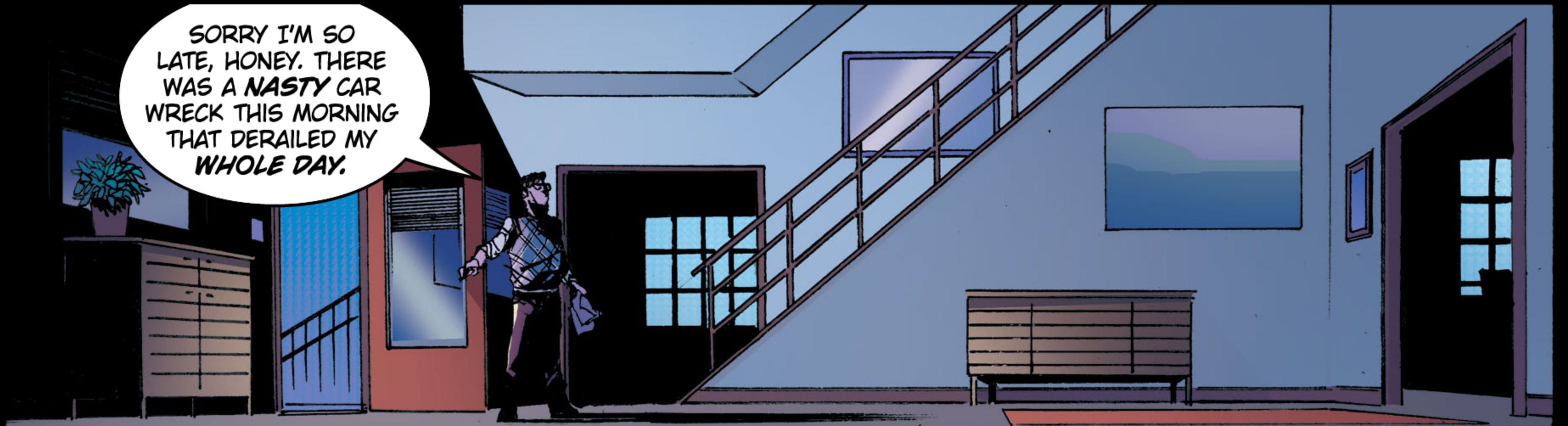
NAILBITER RETURNS
ISSUE TWO





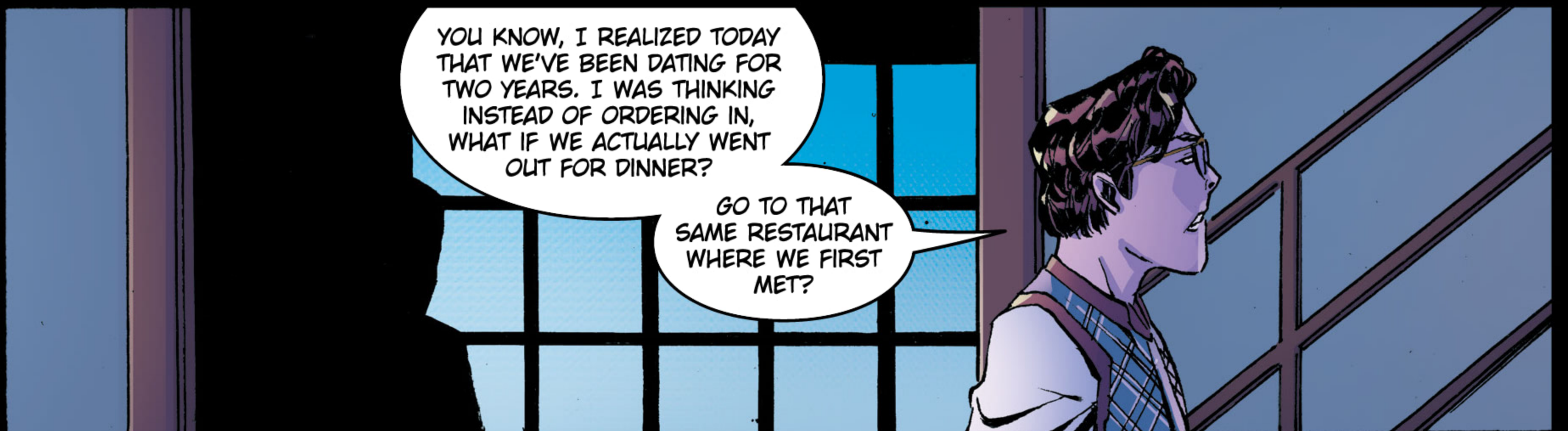


SORRY I'M SO LATE, HONEY. THERE WAS A NASTY CAR WRECK THIS MORNING THAT DERAILED MY WHOLE DAY.



YOU KNOW, I REALIZED TODAY THAT WE'VE BEEN DATING FOR TWO YEARS. I WAS THINKING INSTEAD OF ORDERING IN, WHAT IF WE ACTUALLY WENT OUT FOR DINNER?

GO TO THAT SAME RESTAURANT WHERE WE FIRST MET?



HEY, WHERE ARE YOU?



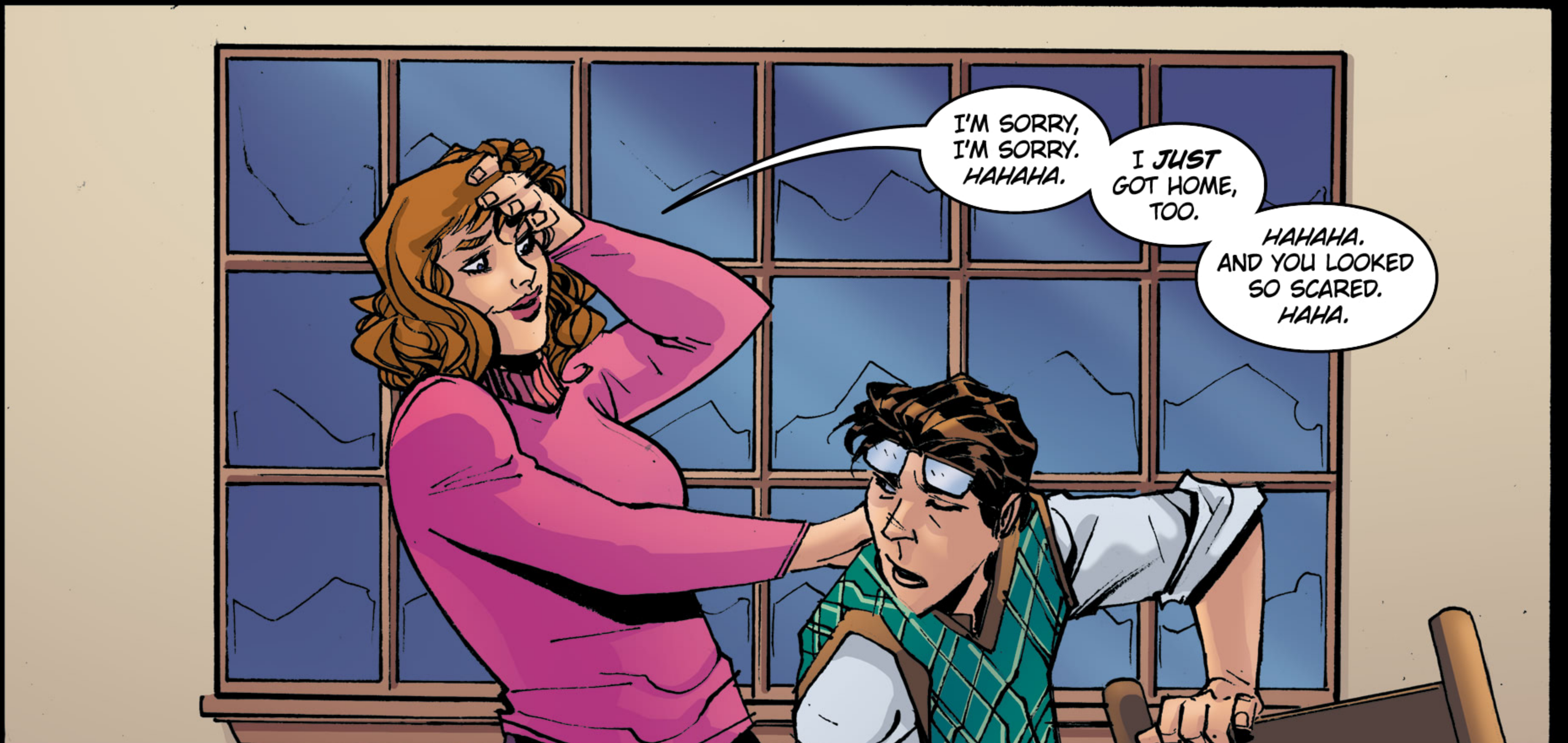
HONEY?





HA HA HA
HA HA

AH AH AH
AH HUF HUF
HUF HUF



I'M SORRY,
I'M SORRY.
HAHAHA.

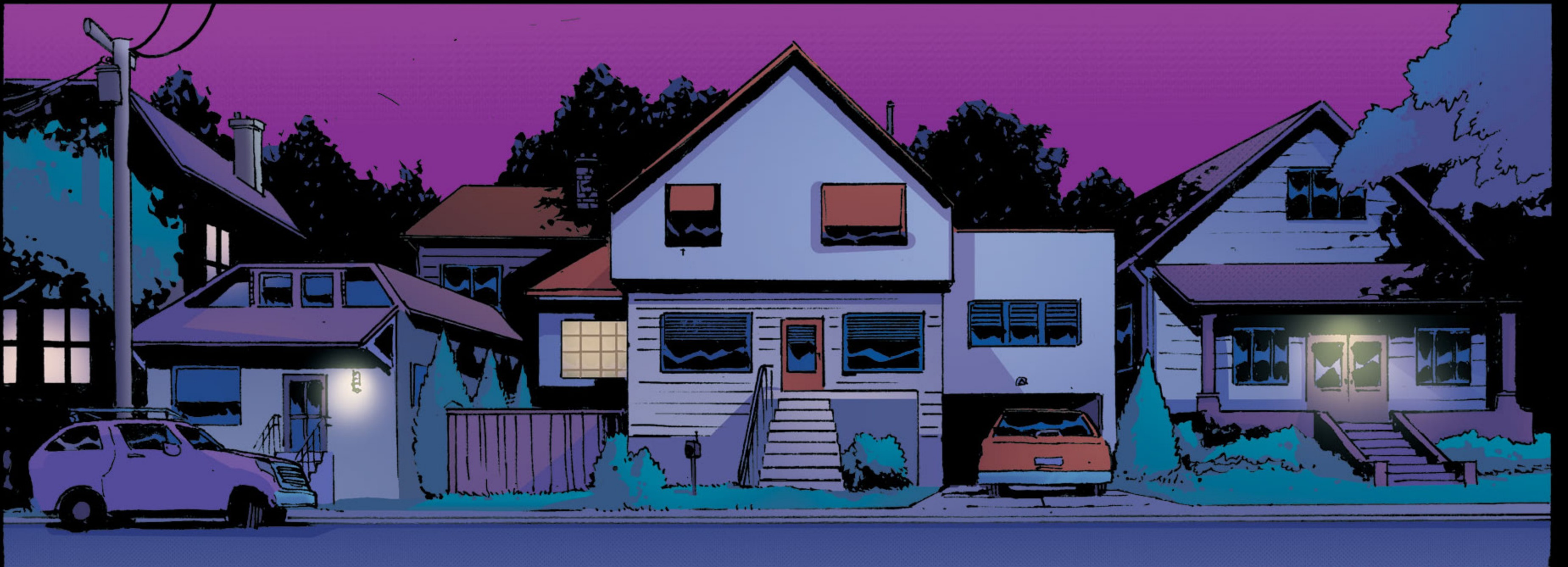
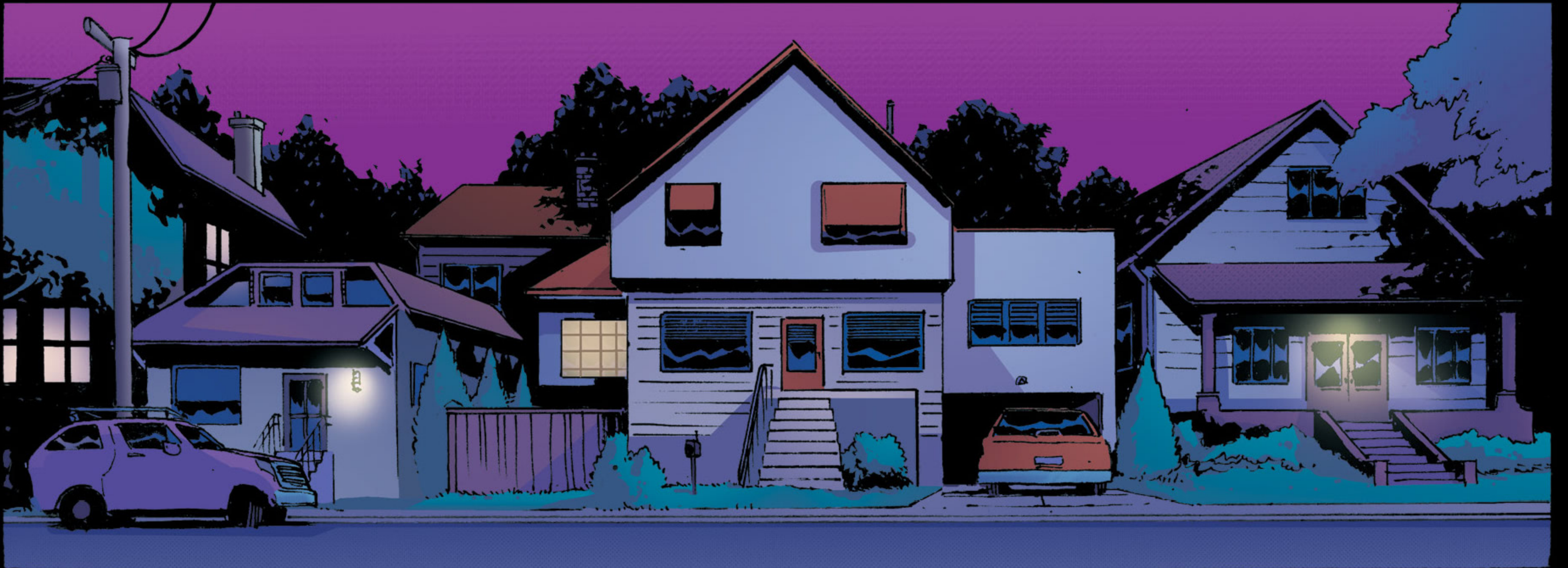
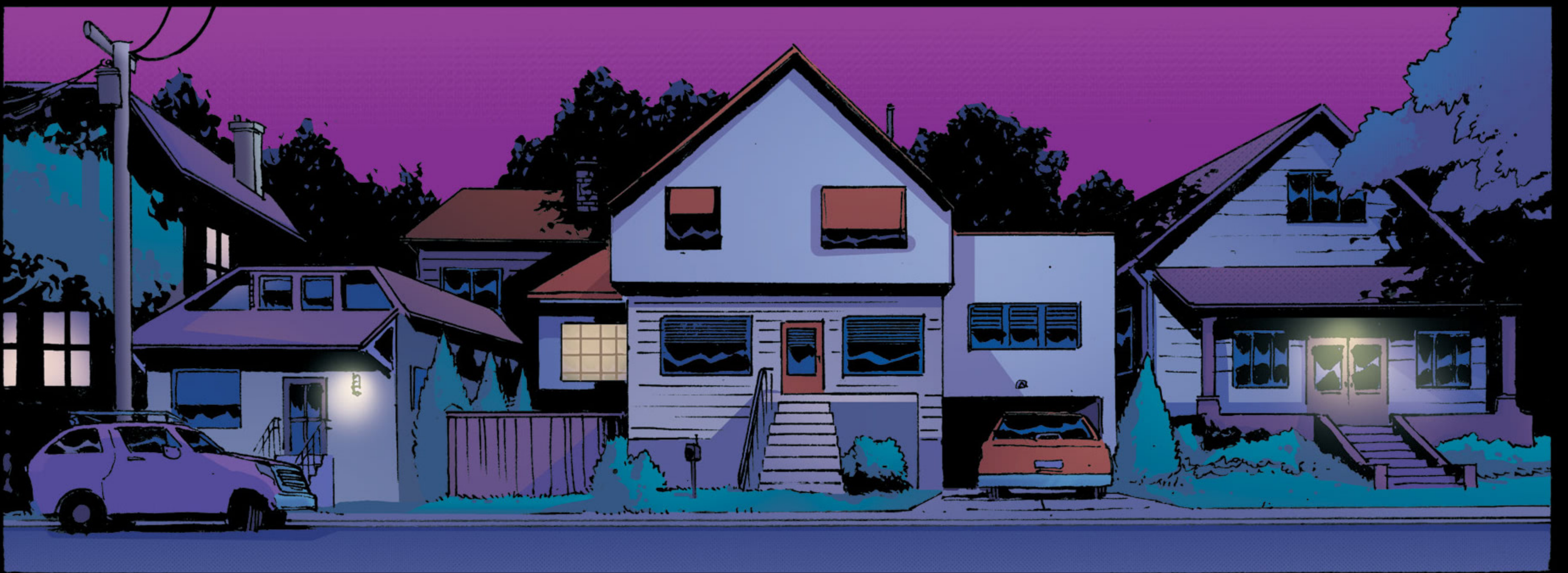
I JUST
GOT HOME,
TOO.

HAHAHA.
AND YOU LOOKED
SO SCARED.
HAHA.

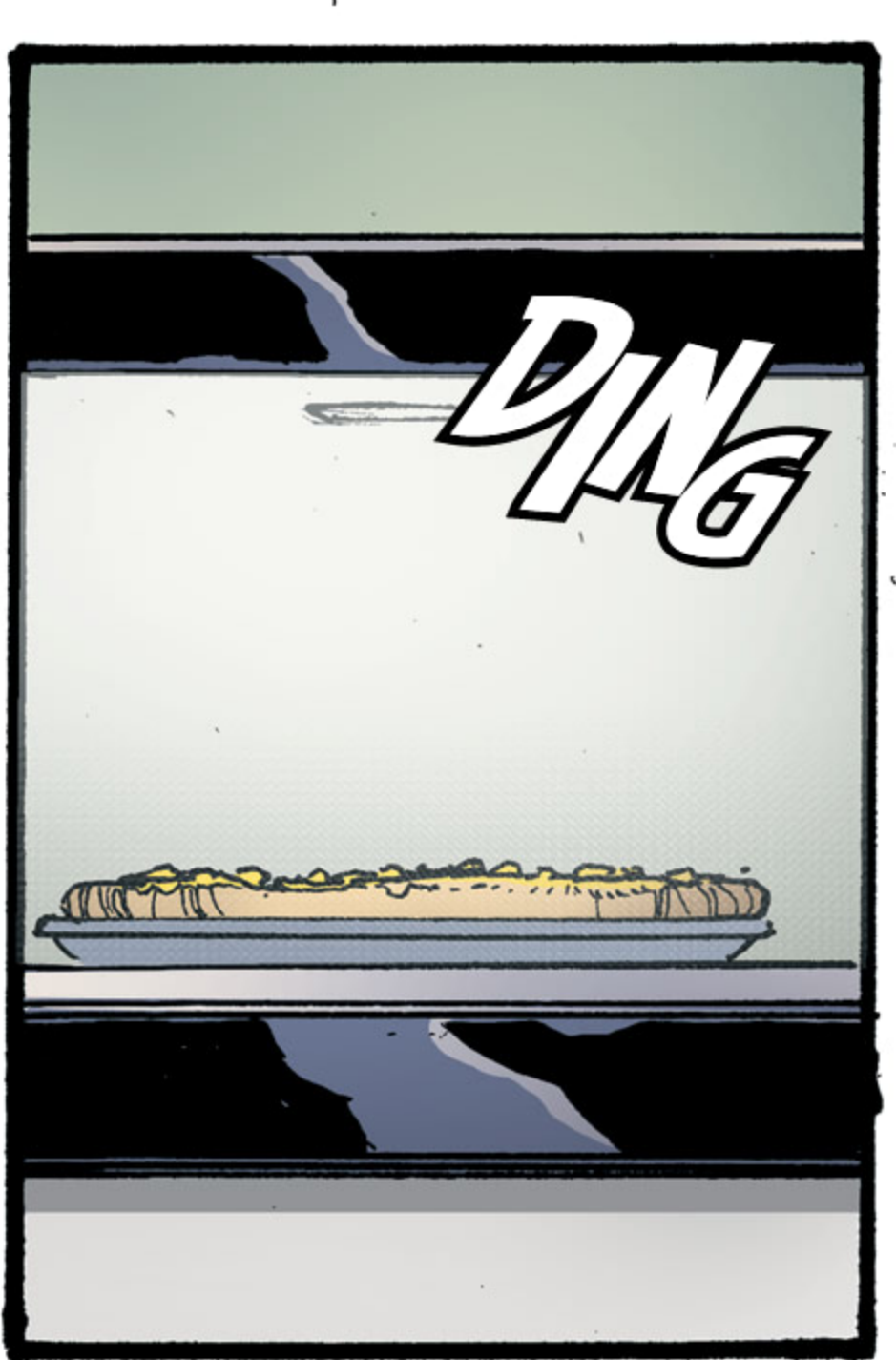
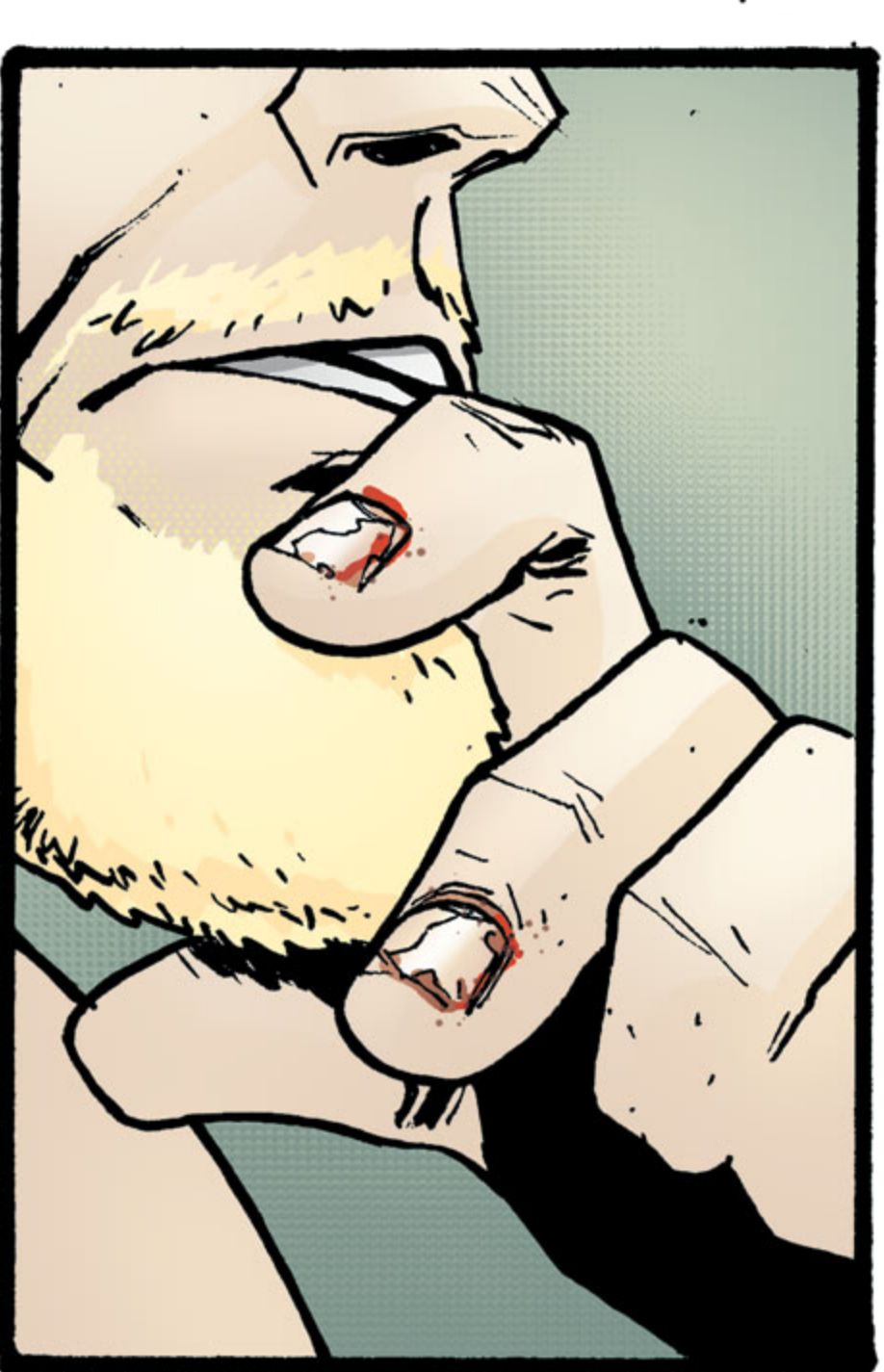
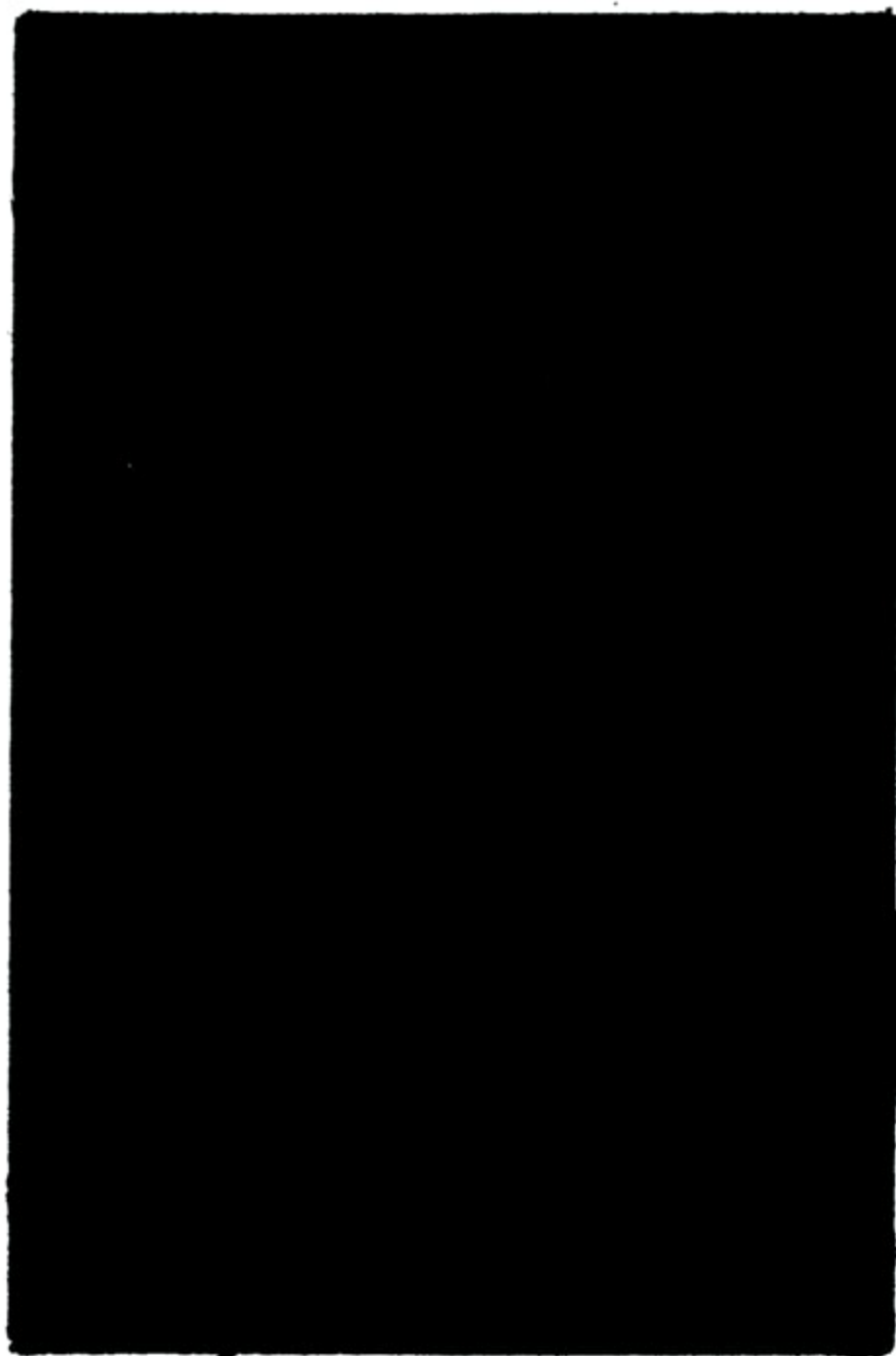


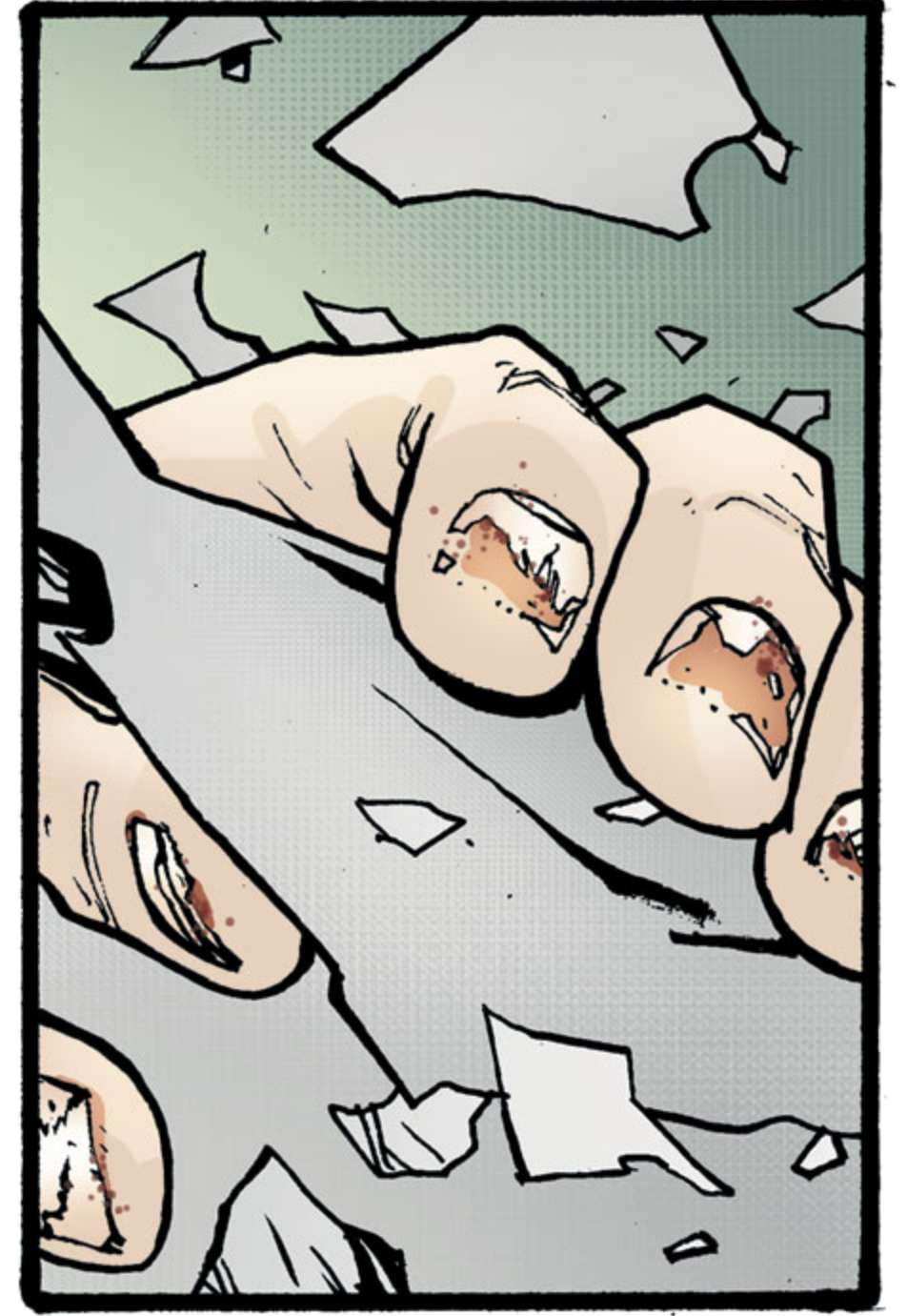
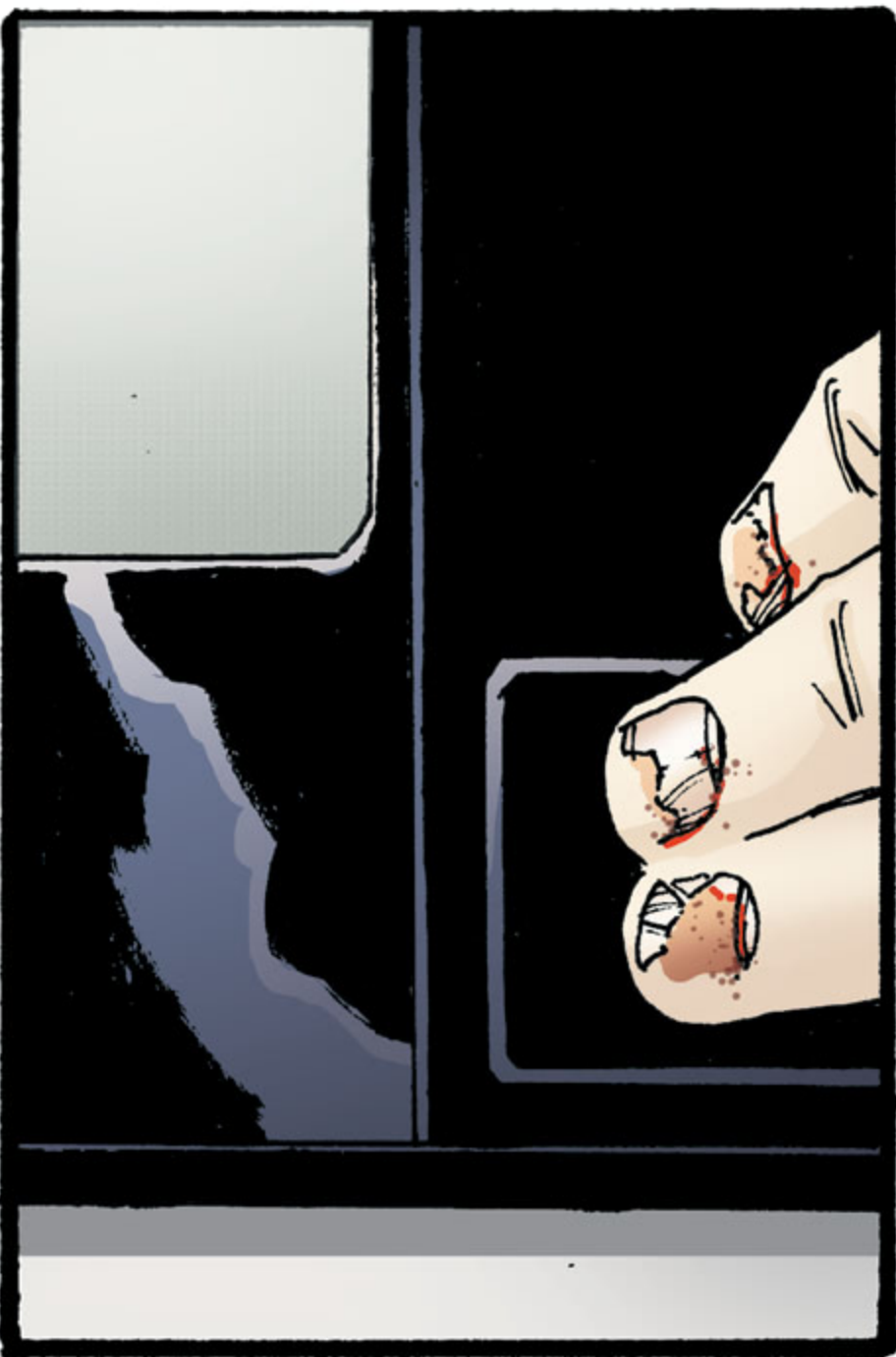
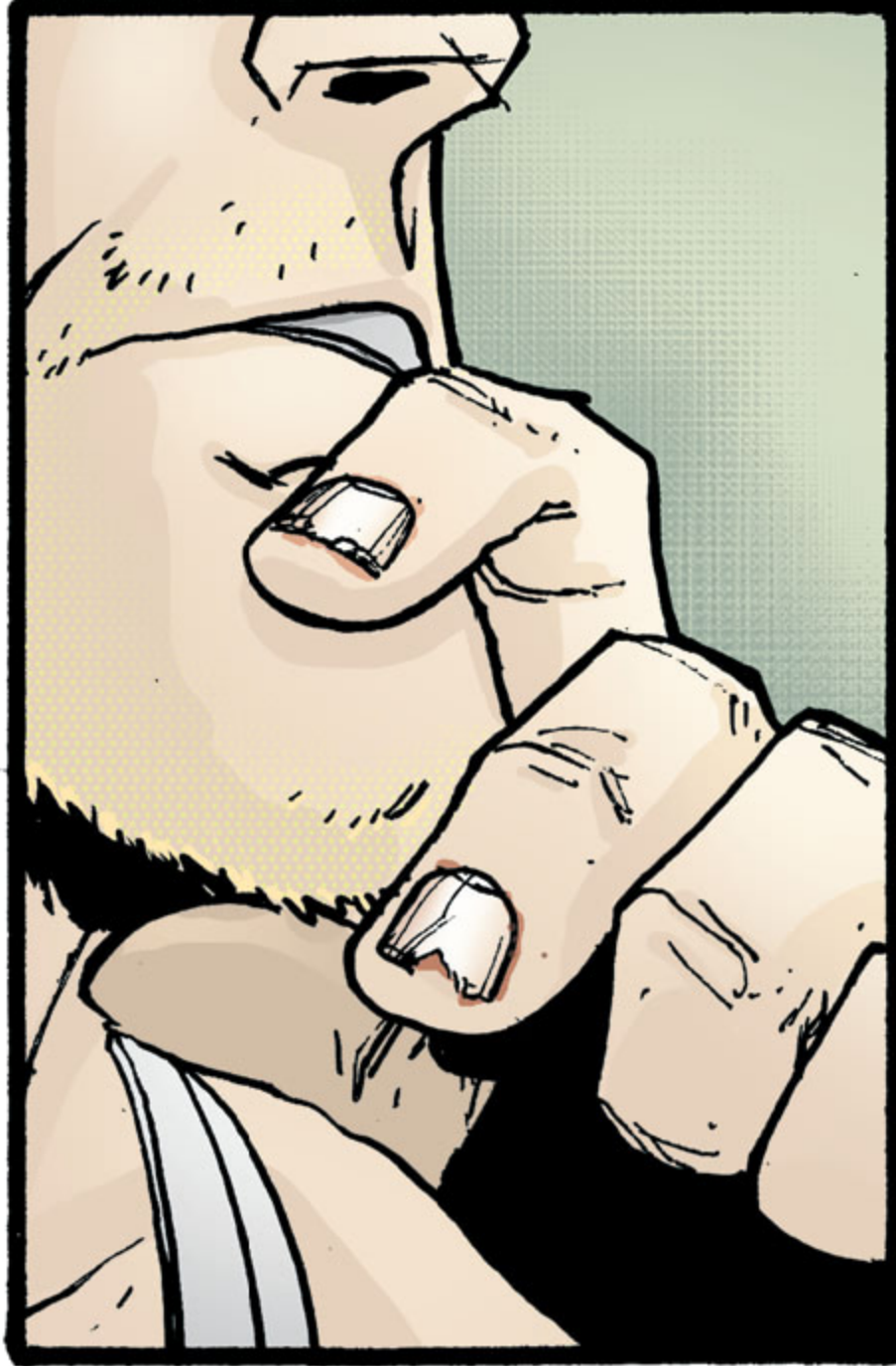
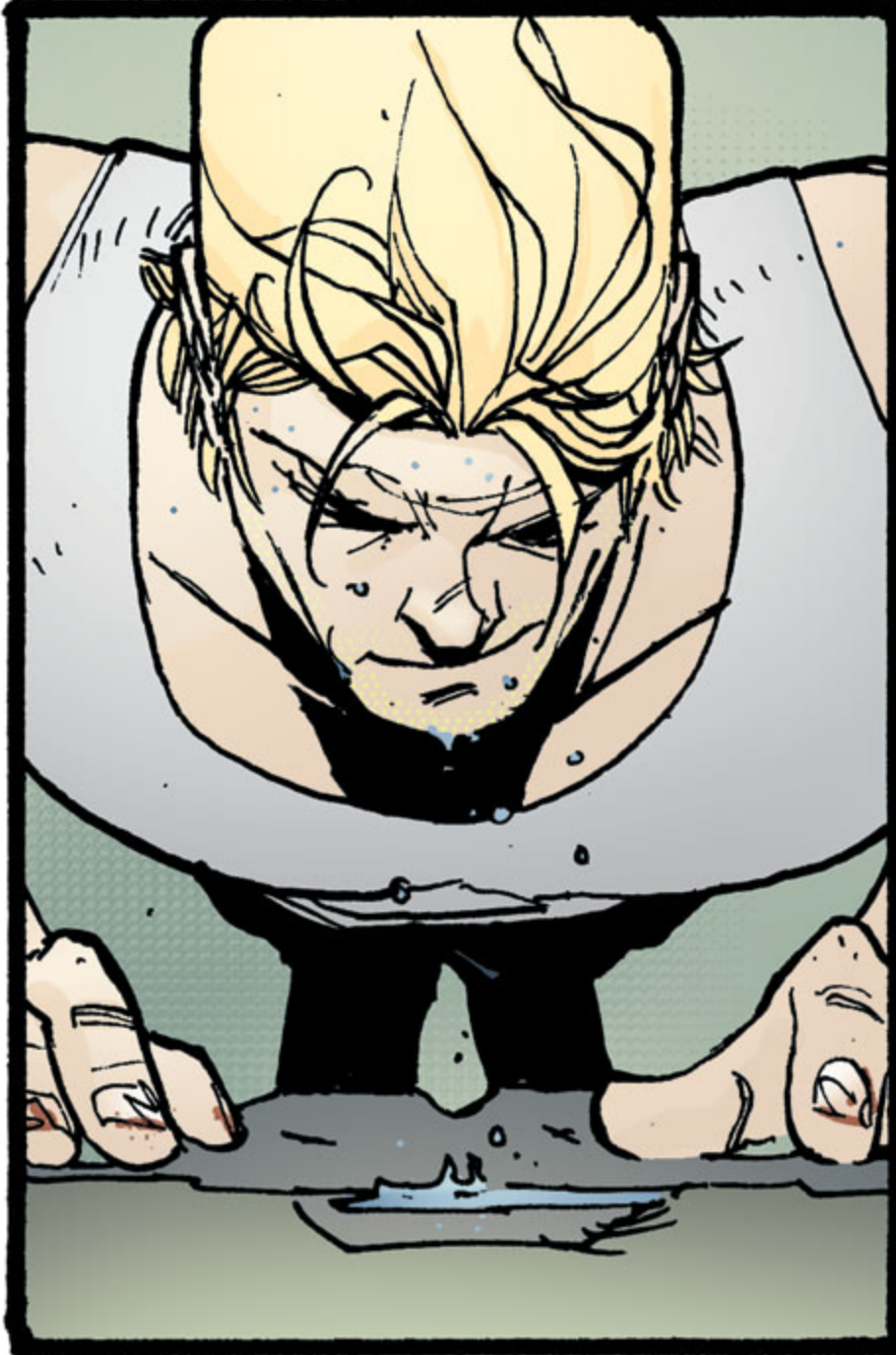
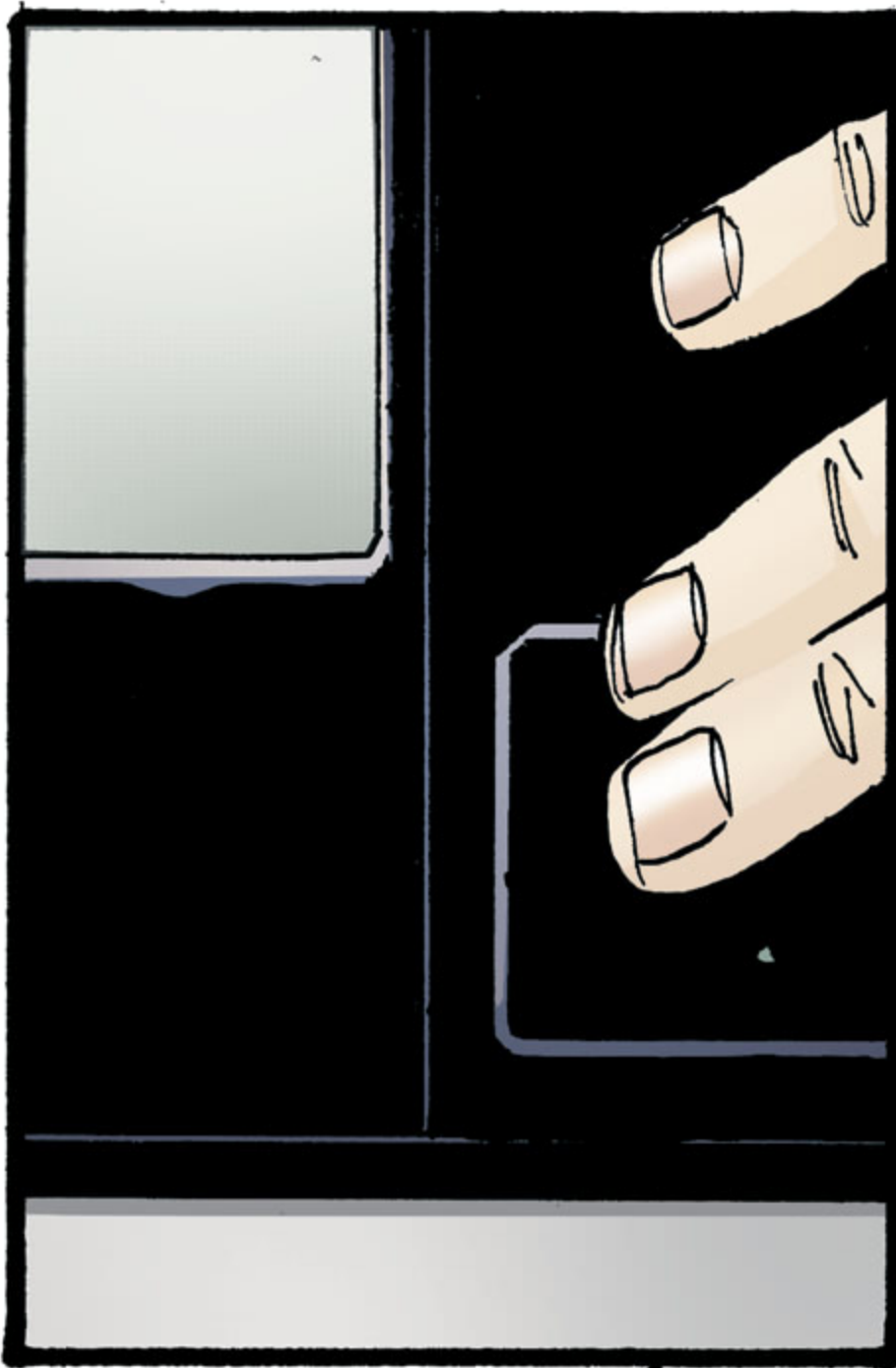


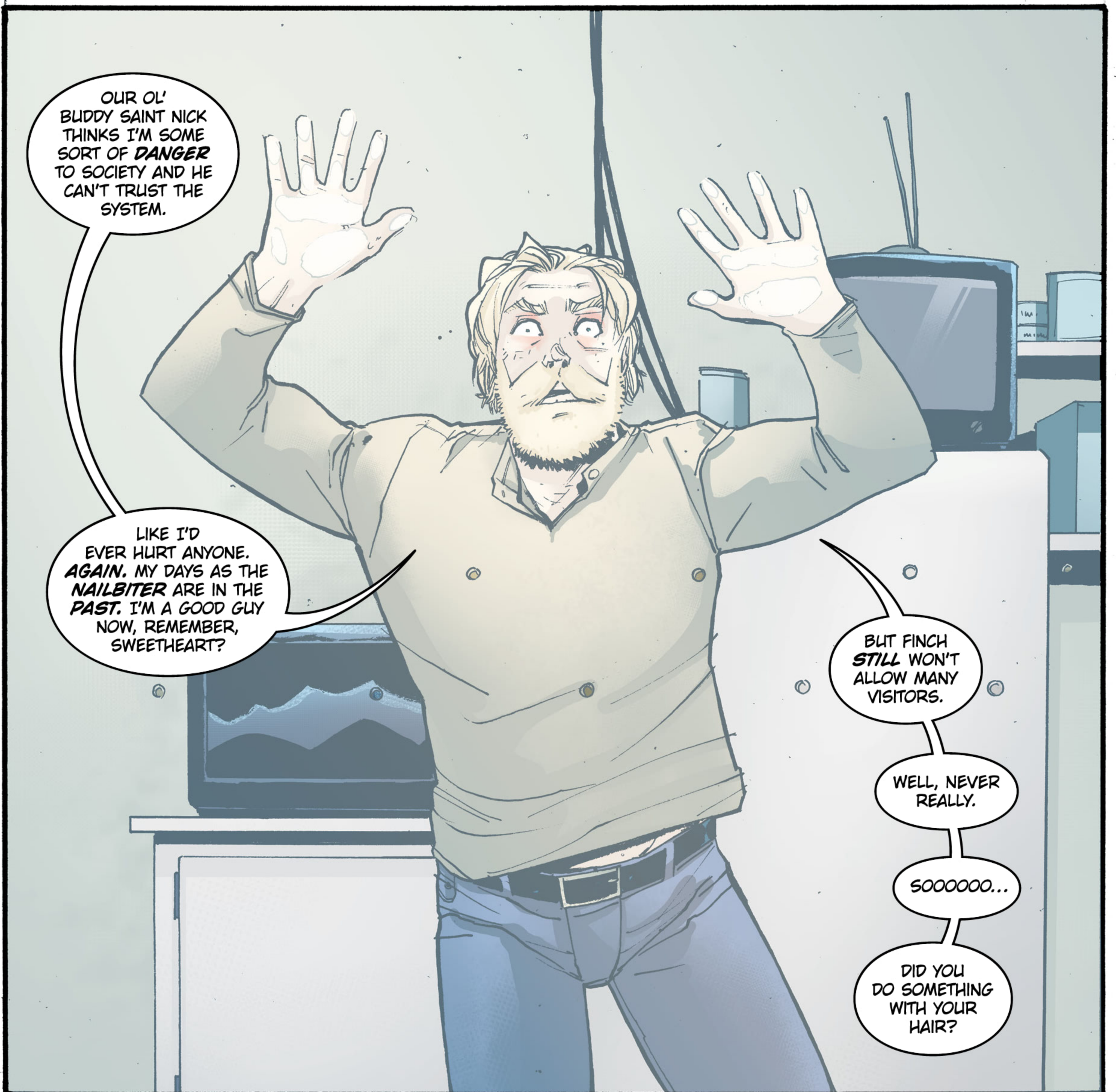
WILL YOU MARRY ME?



A DAY
IN THE
LIFE OF
**EDWARD
CHARLES
WARREN**







OUR OL' BUDDY SAINT NICK THINKS I'M SOME SORT OF *DANGER* TO SOCIETY AND HE CAN'T TRUST THE SYSTEM.

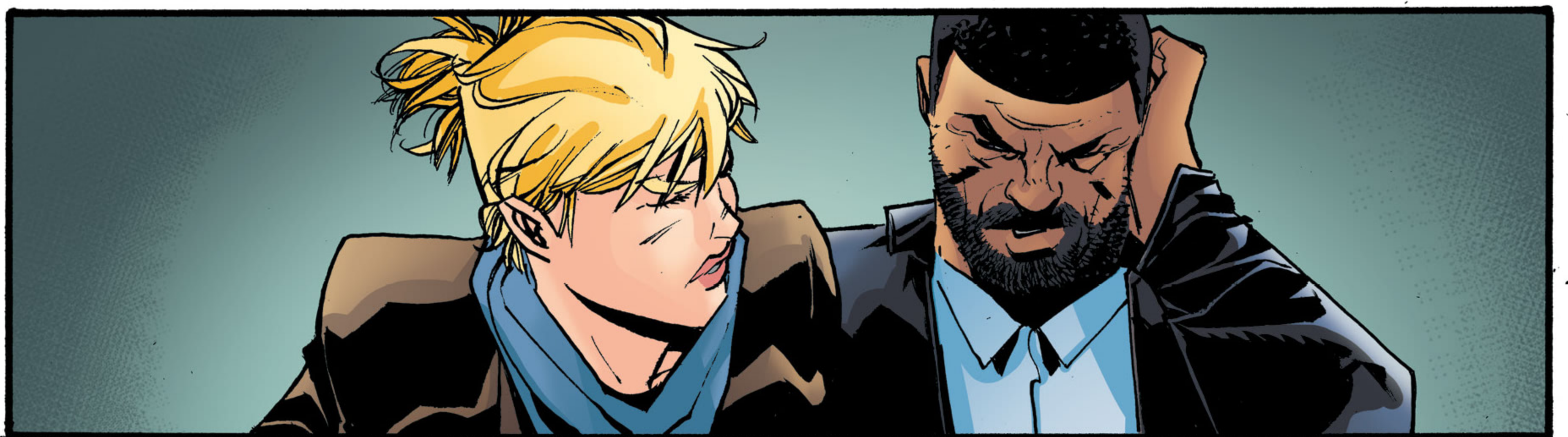
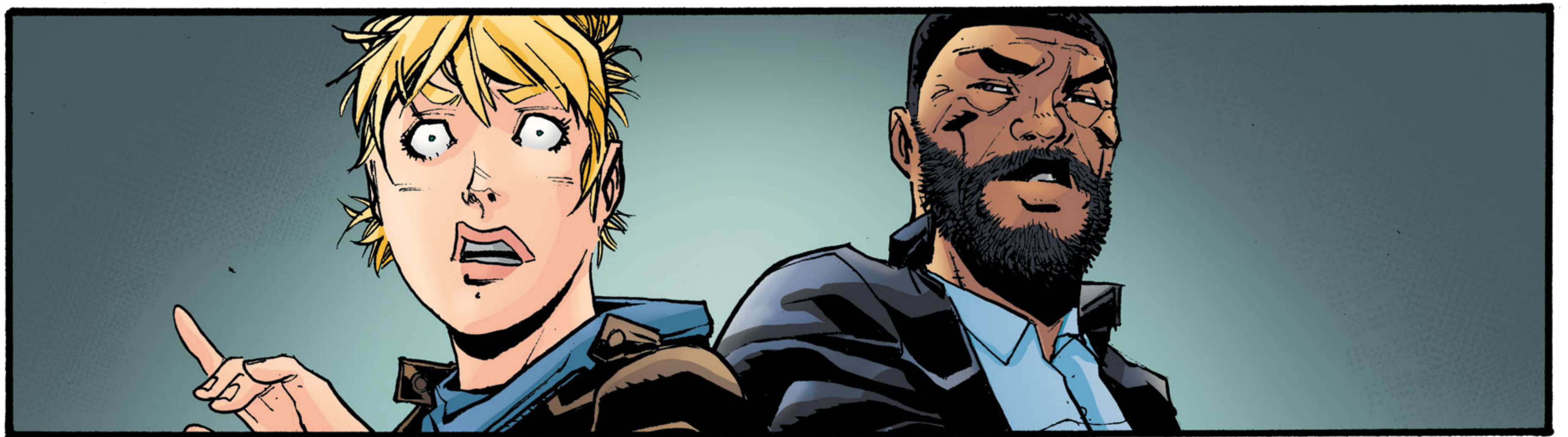
LIKE I'D EVER HURT ANYONE. *AGAIN*. MY DAYS AS THE *NAILBITER* ARE IN THE *PAST*. I'M A GOOD GUY NOW, REMEMBER, SWEETHEART?

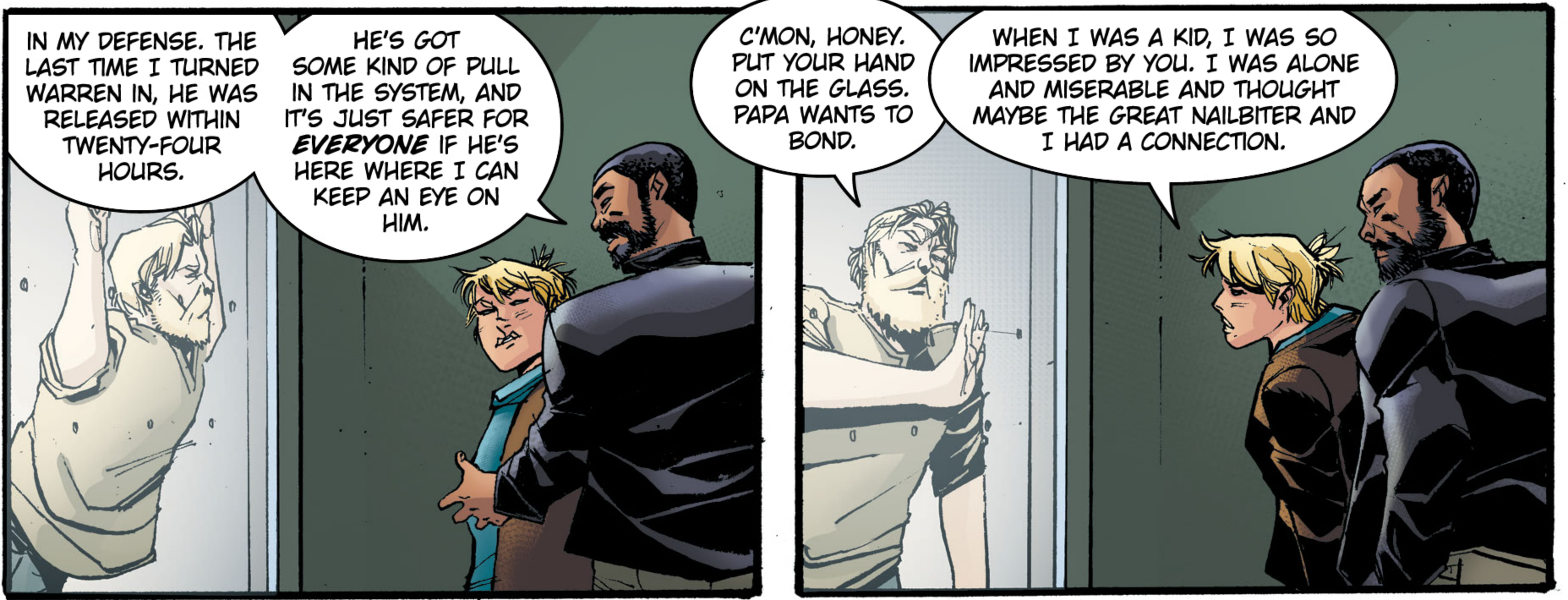
BUT FINCH *STILL* WON'T ALLOW MANY VISITORS.

WELL, NEVER REALLY.

SOOOOOO...

DID YOU DO SOMETHING WITH YOUR HAIR?



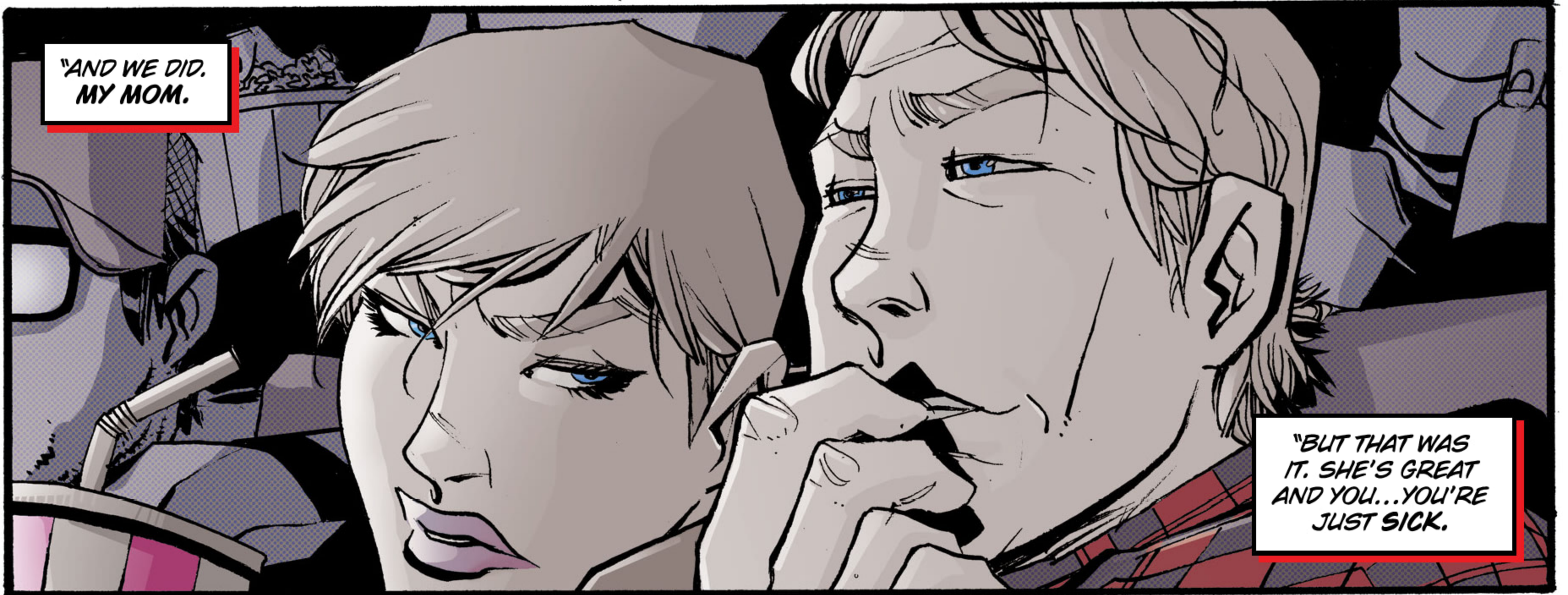


IN MY DEFENSE. THE LAST TIME I TURNED WARREN IN, HE WAS RELEASED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF PULL IN THE SYSTEM, AND IT'S JUST SAFER FOR **EVERYONE** IF HE'S HERE WHERE I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.

C'MON, HONEY. PUT YOUR HAND ON THE GLASS. PAPA WANTS TO BOND.

WHEN I WAS A KID, I WAS SO IMPRESSED BY YOU. I WAS ALONE AND MISERABLE AND THOUGHT MAYBE THE GREAT NAILBITER AND I HAD A CONNECTION.



"AND WE DID, MY MOM.

"BUT THAT WAS IT. SHE'S GREAT AND YOU... YOU'RE JUST SICK.



"THE LAST TIME WE SAW YOU, YOU WERE FIGHTING MORTY IN THE TUNNELS UNDER BUCKAROO. PRETENDING TO BE A HERO."

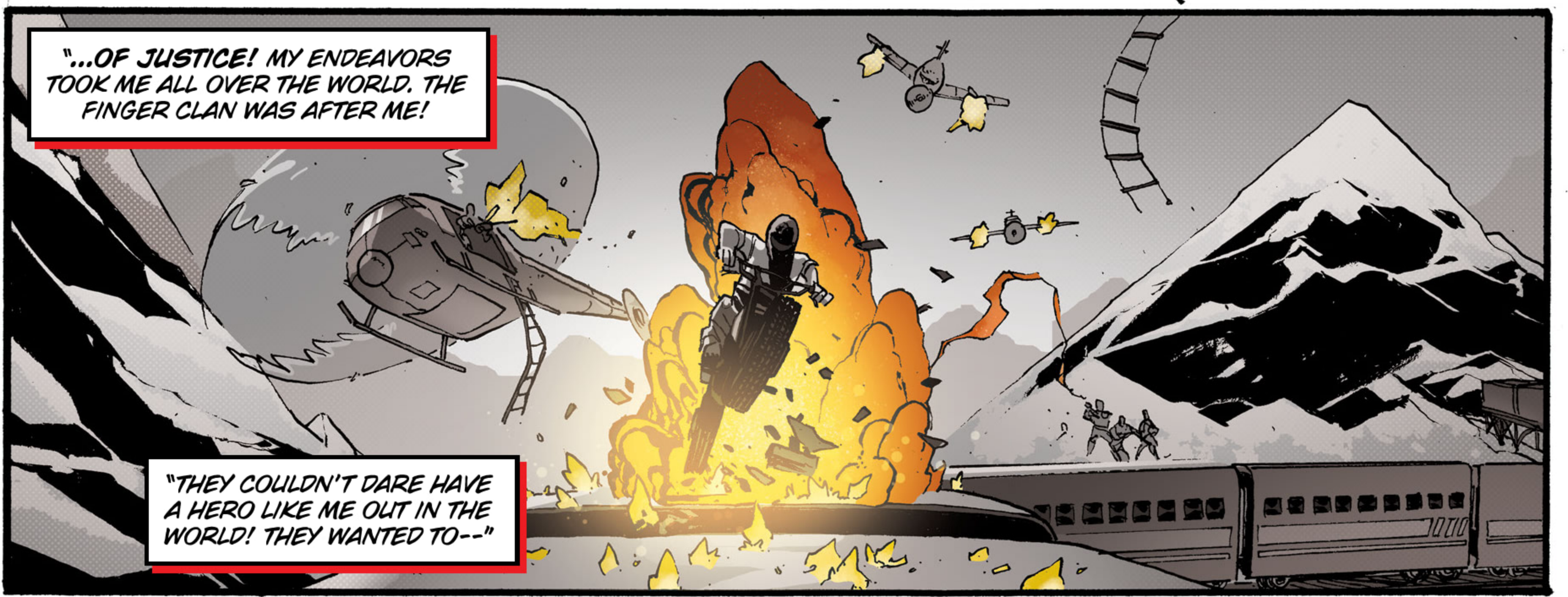


IT WAS NOT PRETEND, DEAR!

AS FOR WHERE I'VE BEEN?!

YOUR DADDY WAS BUSY!

TAKE A SEAT NEXT TO THE FIRE WITH ME AND ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU MY TALE OF HEROISM! ONCE UPON A TIME, I WAS ON A MISSION OF VENGEANCE. NO, NO, NO, NO...



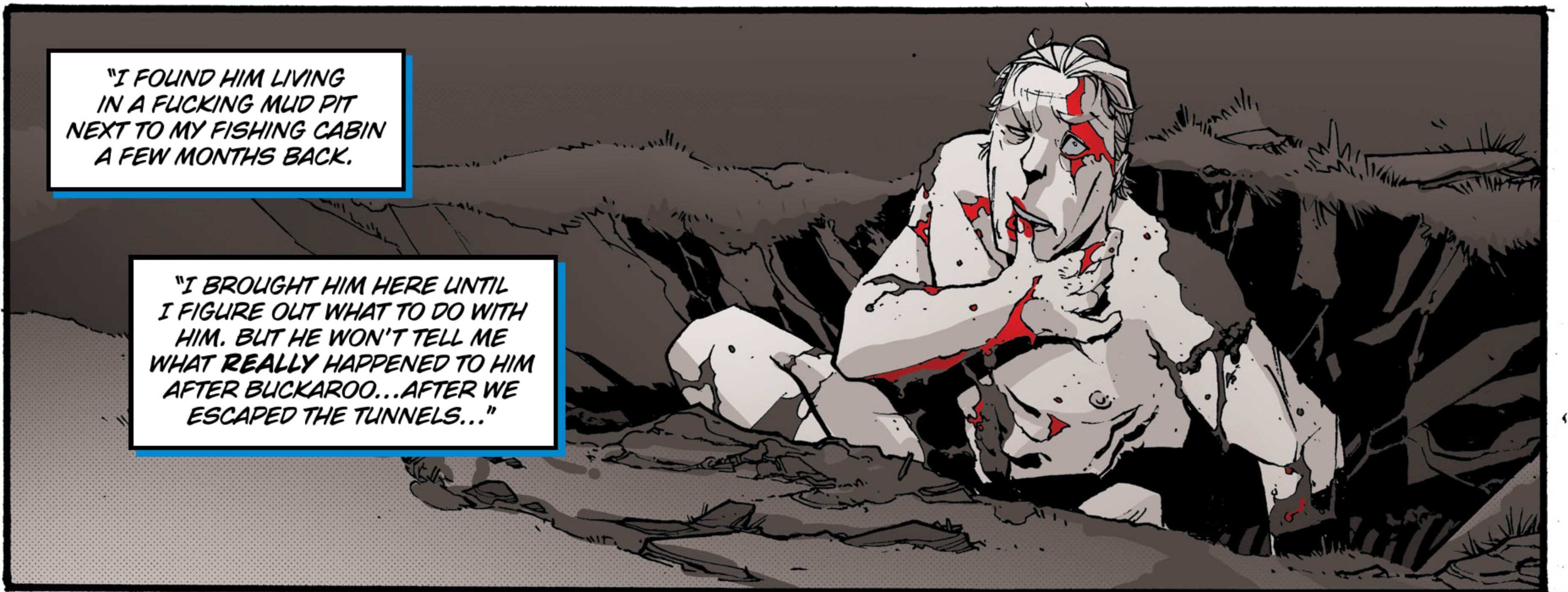
"...OF JUSTICE! MY ENDEAVORS TOOK ME ALL OVER THE WORLD. THE FINGER CLAN WAS AFTER ME!

"THEY COULDN'T DARE HAVE A HERO LIKE ME OUT IN THE WORLD! THEY WANTED TO--"



BAM

STOP LYING!



"I FOUND HIM LIVING IN A FUCKING MUD PIT NEXT TO MY FISHING CABIN A FEW MONTHS BACK.

"I BROUGHT HIM HERE UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH HIM. BUT HE WON'T TELL ME WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO HIM AFTER BUCKAROO...AFTER WE ESCAPED THE TUNNELS..."



I DON'T CARE WHERE HE WAS.

ALL I CARE ABOUT IS WHERE IS MY--

TAP TAP



YOU'RE DONE. WE'RE LEAVING.

EXCUSE ME! LET GO.

IS FATHER-DAUGHTER DAY OVER ALREADY?!



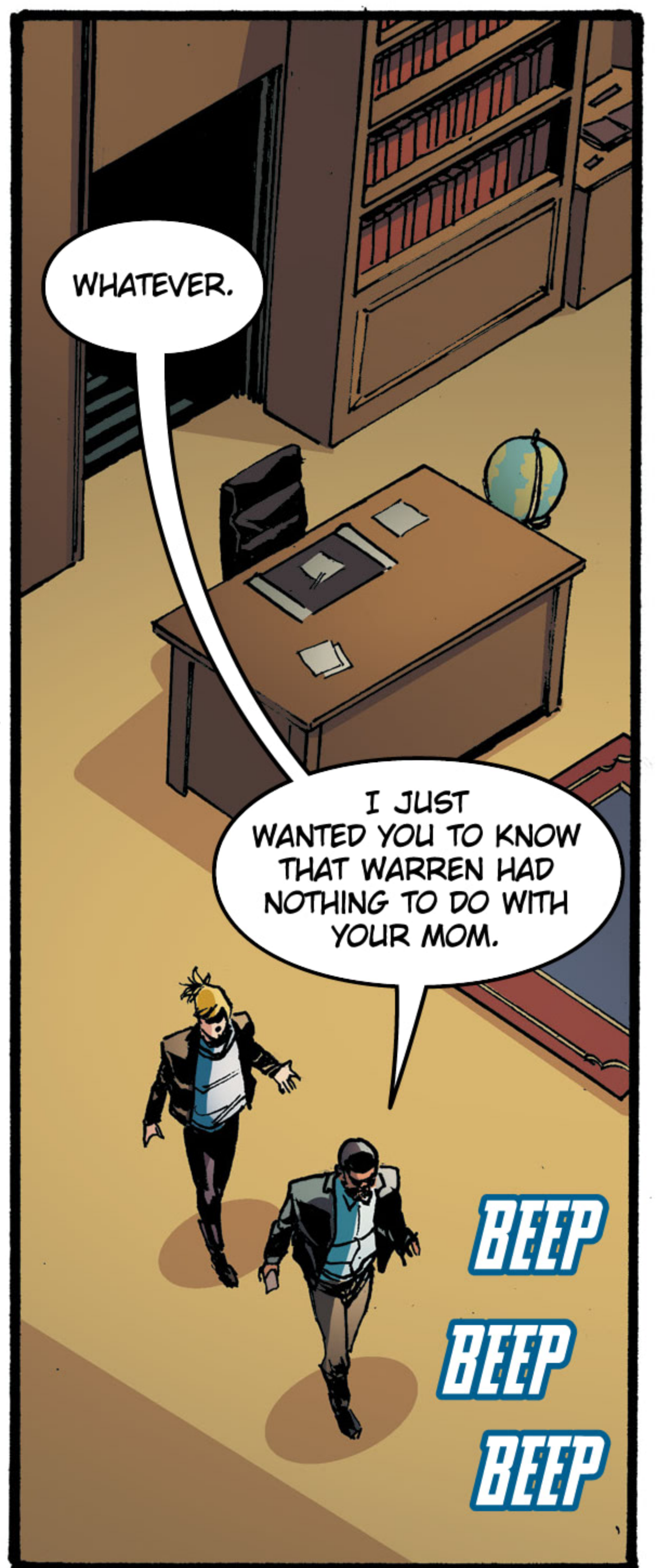
WHAT THE HELL, MAN?

WARREN DOESN'T NEED TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD. ESPECIALLY ABOUT YOU OR YOUR MOM.

HE'S LIKE GEPPETTO IN THAT GIANT WHALE, BUT YOU SURE AS SHIT AIN'T GONNA BE HIS PINOCCHIO.

MONSTRO.

THE WHALE'S NAME WAS MONSTRO.



WHATEVER.

I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT WARREN HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR MOM.

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP



YEAH, THIS IS FINCH. TALK TO ME.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO HELP ME FIND MY MOM?!

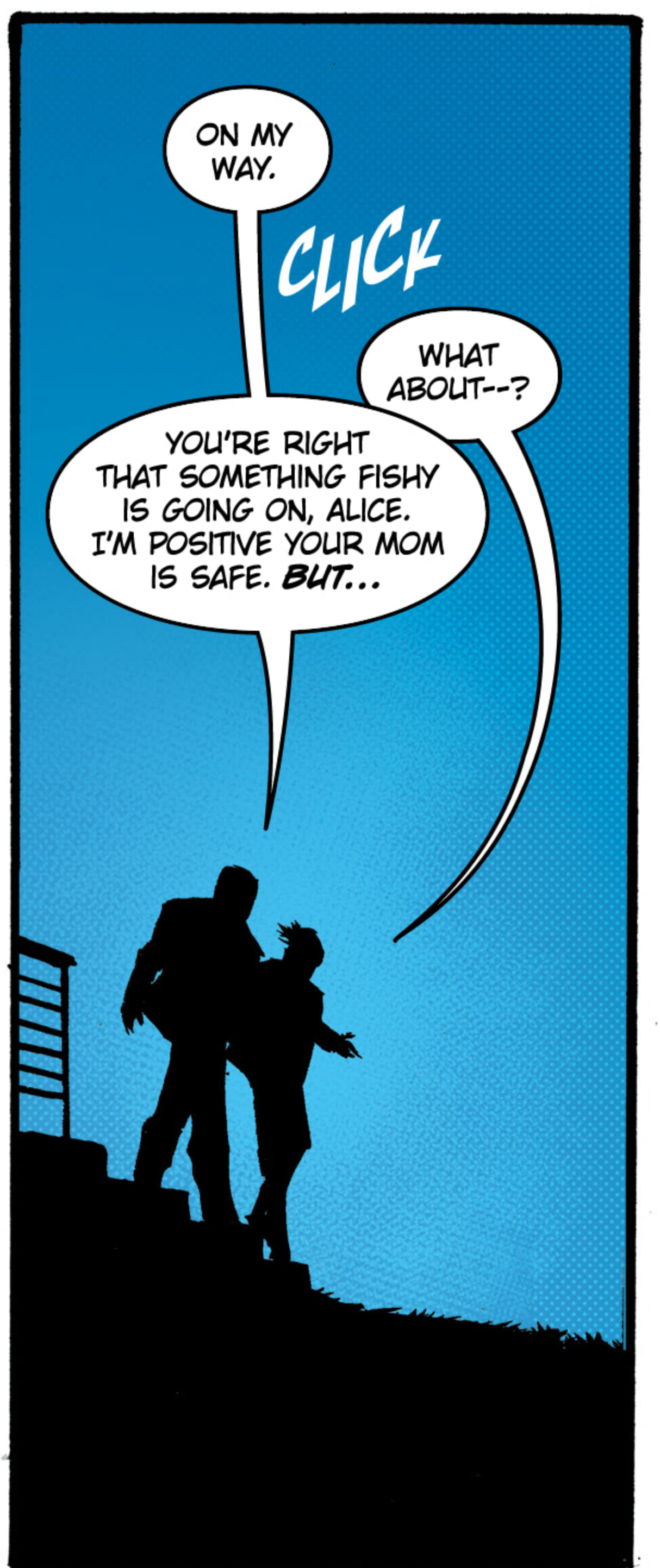
ALICE, I AM, SO STOP...

SAY THAT AGAIN? WHAT?



I'VE GOT ANOTHER MURDER YOU NEED TO CHECK OUT.

TWO DEAD, IN FACT.



ON MY WAY.

CLICK

WHAT ABOUT--?

YOU'RE RIGHT THAT SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON, ALICE. I'M POSITIVE YOUR MOM IS SAFE. BUT...

"...SHE'D KILL ME
IF I LET ANYTHING
HAPPEN TO YOU."

**HELP
MEEEE!!**

DO I
FRIGHTEN
YOU?

YOU
LOOK AT ME.
AT THIS ROOM.
AND IT BRINGS
YOU FEAR.

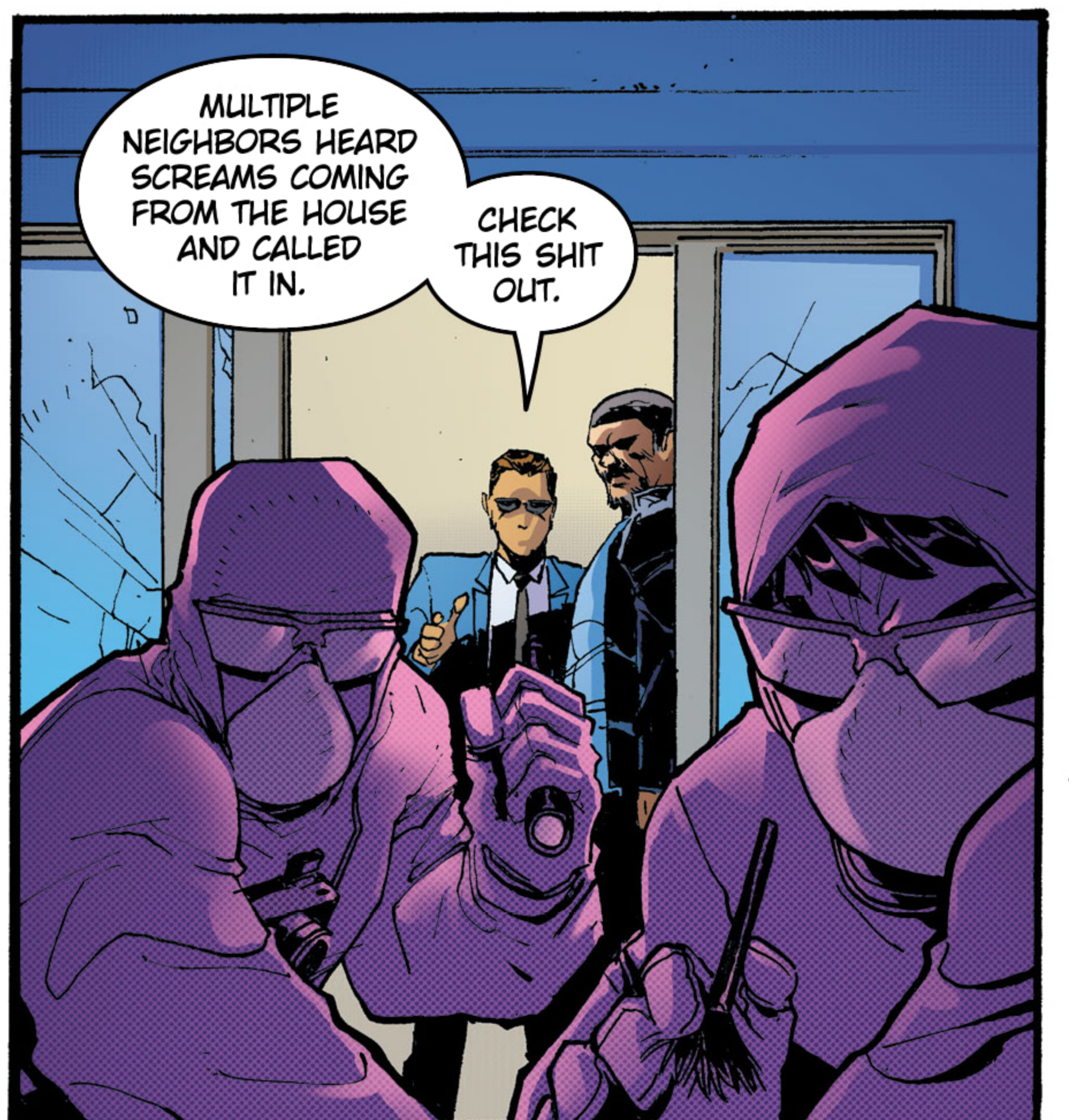
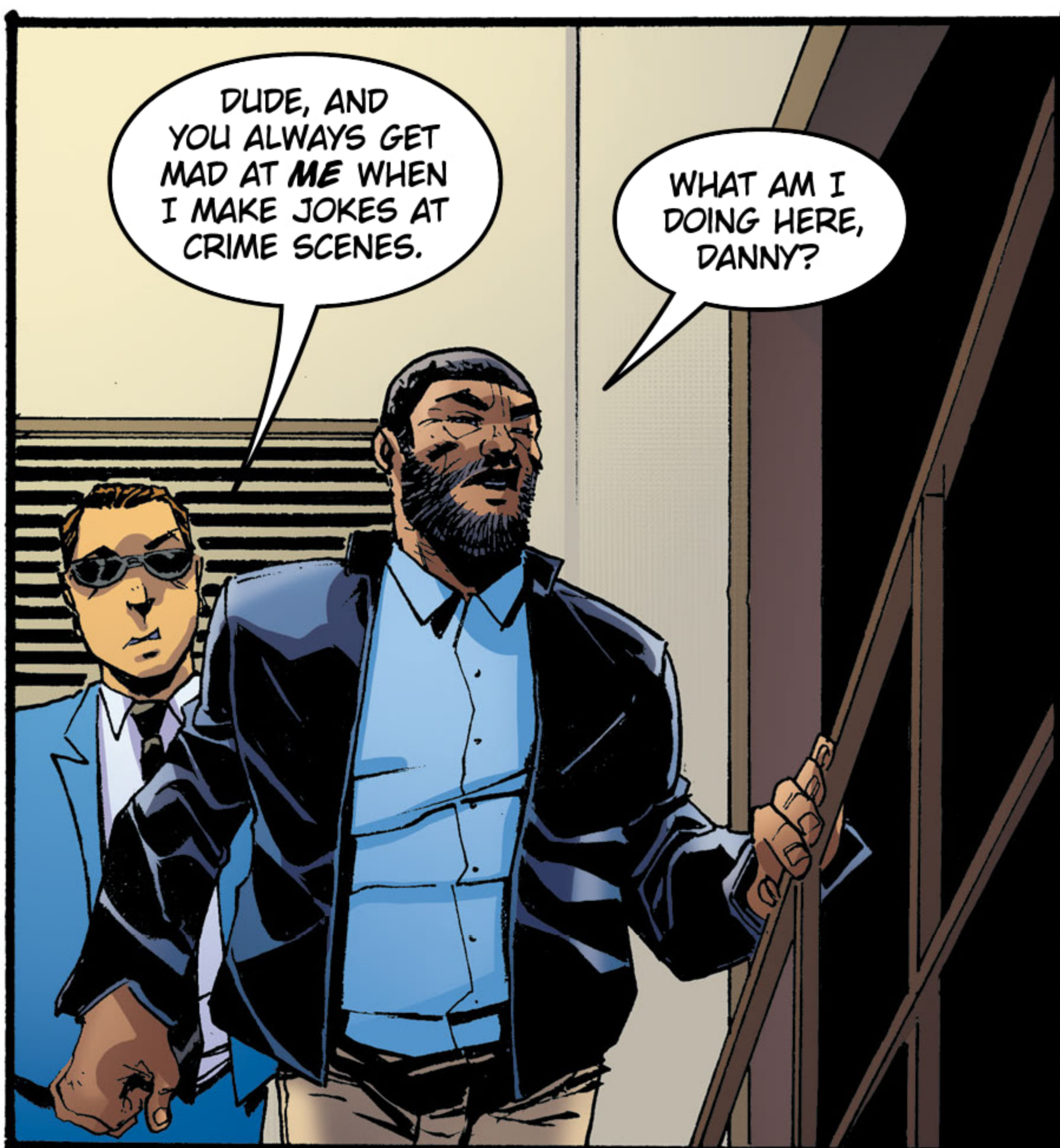
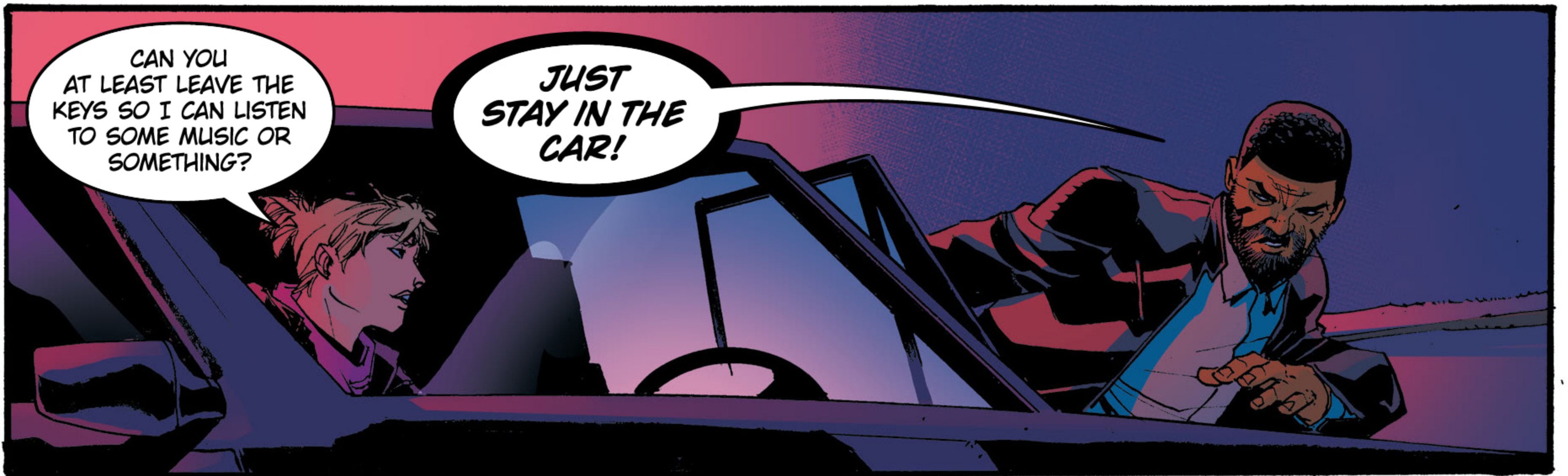
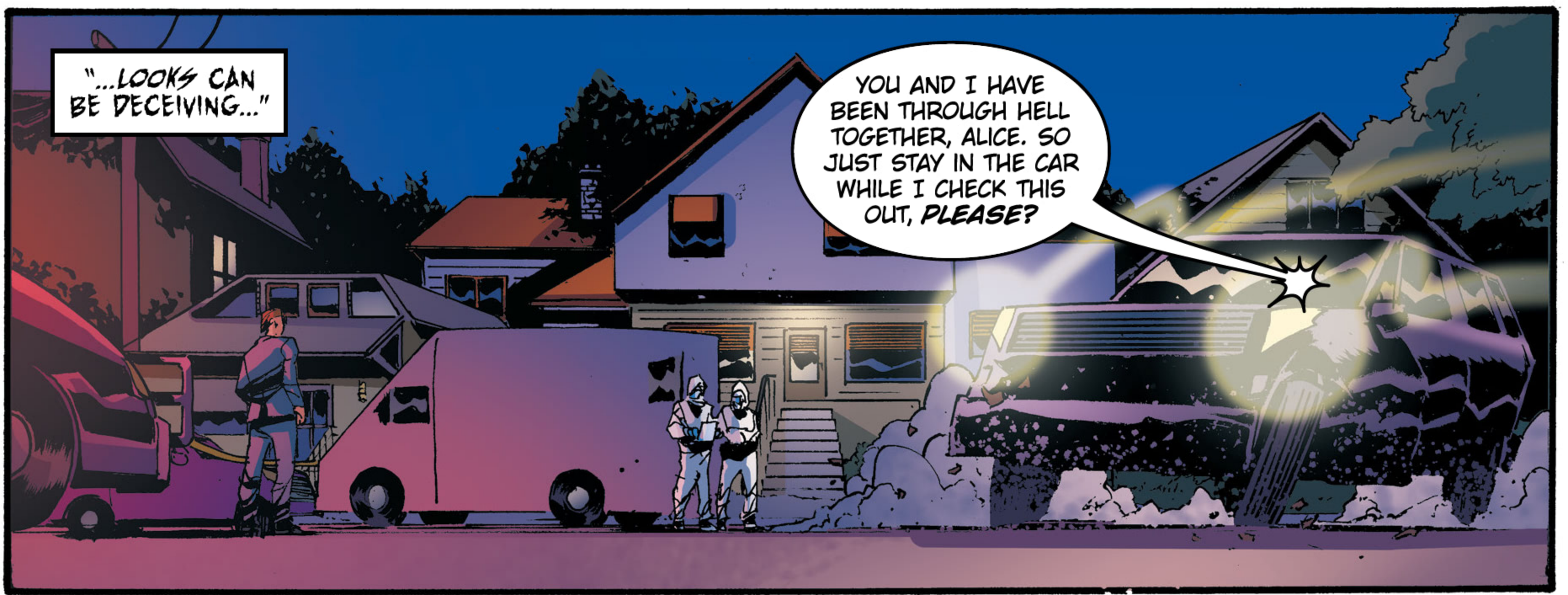
BUT
IT SHOULD BE
WHAT YOU **DON'T**
SEE THAT SCARES
YOU.

PERHAPS
I CAN HELP
YOU WITH
THAT.

PLEASE...
NO, NO, NO,
NO.

NOW
YOU WILL TRULY
UNDERSTAND...

AAHAAAAH!!!





WITH THE LUCHA ELIMINADOR THIS MORNING THAT'S **THREE** DEAD BUCKAROO BUTCHERS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

MAYBE THE CURSE FROM BUCKAROO IS **BACK**.

OR, LET ME ASK YOU THIS... DO YOU BELIEVE IN **RESURRECTION**?

SIGH... JUST GET THEM ALL TO THE MORGUE. I WANT YOUR GUYS EXAMINING ALL THREE BODIES **NOW**. FIND ANY CONNECTIONS BETWEEN THEM.

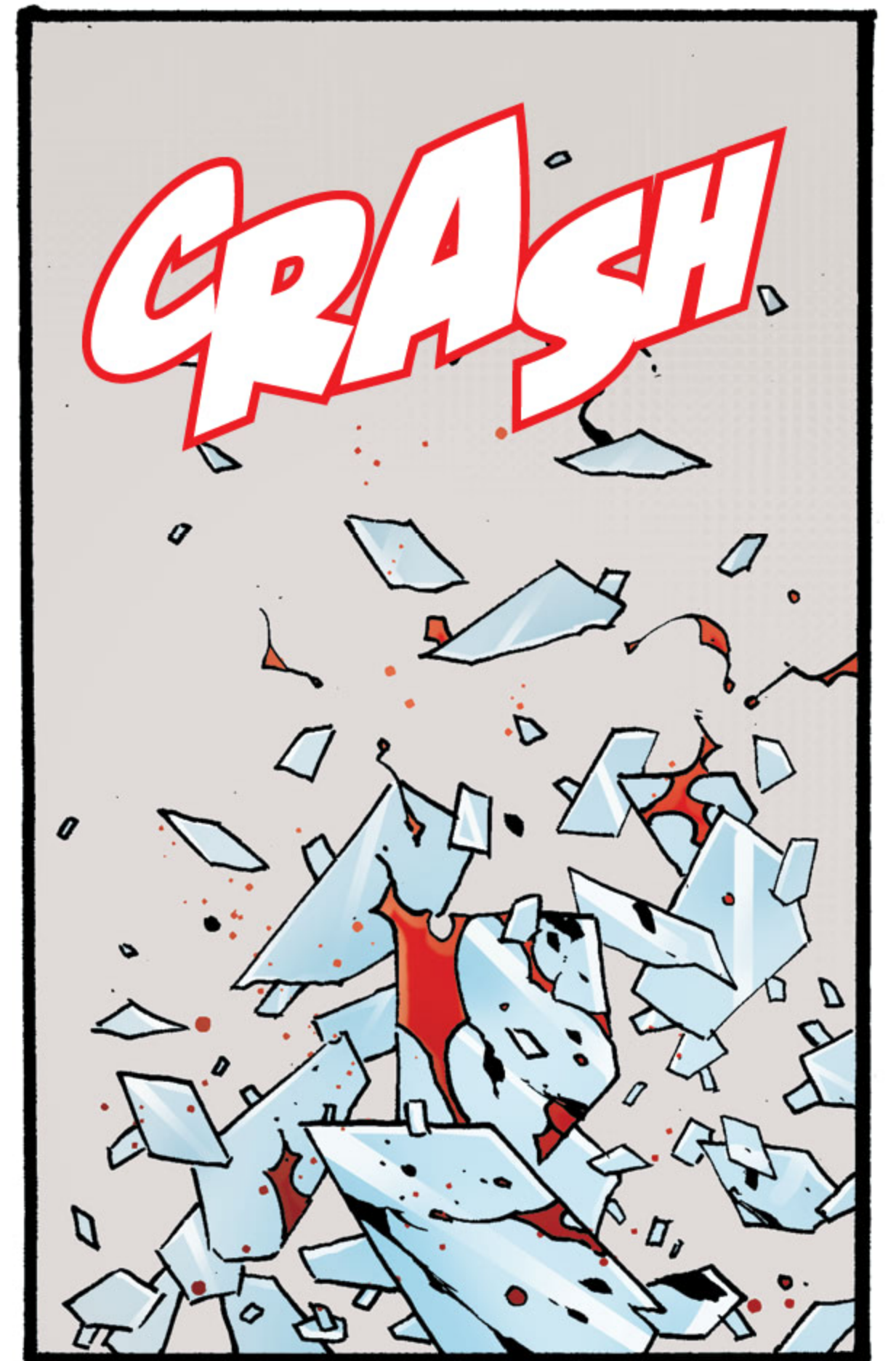
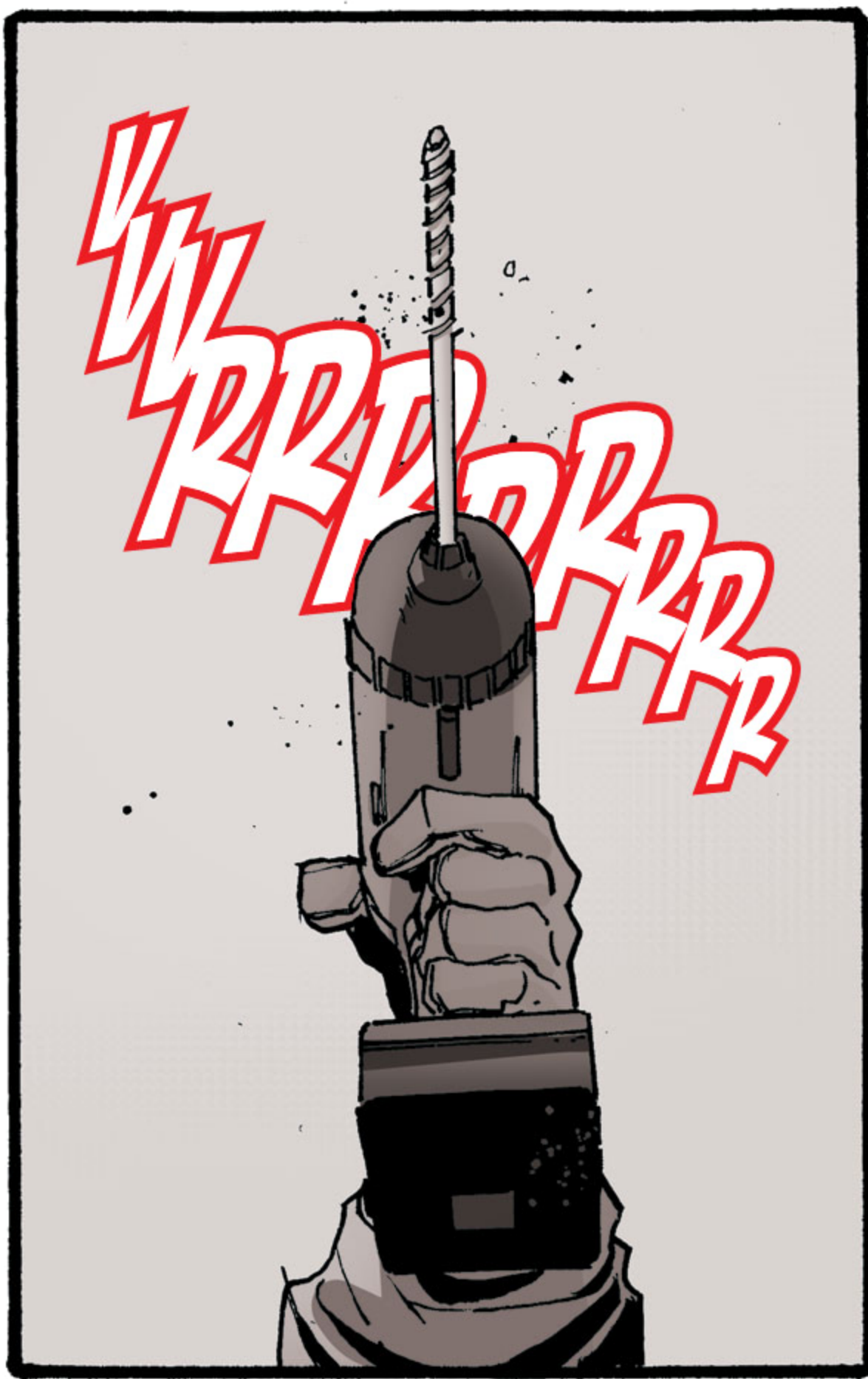
THEN I WANT TO KNOW **WHO** KILLED THESE TWO.

OH, THAT PART OF THE MYSTERY IS **SOLVED**.

THE RESIDENTS WERE THE INTENDED VICTIMS, BUT THEY **FOUGHT BACK**.

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THEY WENT THROUGH?

WHAT THEY MUST HAVE DONE TO MAKE IT OUT OF THIS **ALIVE**?





HE HAD JUST PROPOSED WHEN THEY WERE ATTACKED.

IF THIS IS HOW THEY CELEBRATE AN ENGAGEMENT, CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THEIR **HONEYMOON** IS GONNA BE LIKE?

THE AMBULANCE IS TAKING THEM AWAY IN A MINUTE, AND THEN I'M GOING TO GET THEIR STATEMENTS AT THE HOSPITAL.



ANYONE CHECK THE HOUSE OUT YET?

THE SCENE IS SECURE.

SO NOT REALLY THEN.



THIS IS TAKING **TOO LONG**. MY MOM NEEDS US AND THIS IS A TOTAL WASTE OF TIME...



AGENT GRAY... THE TWO DECEASED ARE MISSING THEIR EYEBALLS.

COME AGAIN?
EYE.
BALLS.
GONE.



HHMMHMMM.



HM.



THE ONLY THING NOT DESTROYED IN THE HOUSE...



WHAT THE
FUCK?



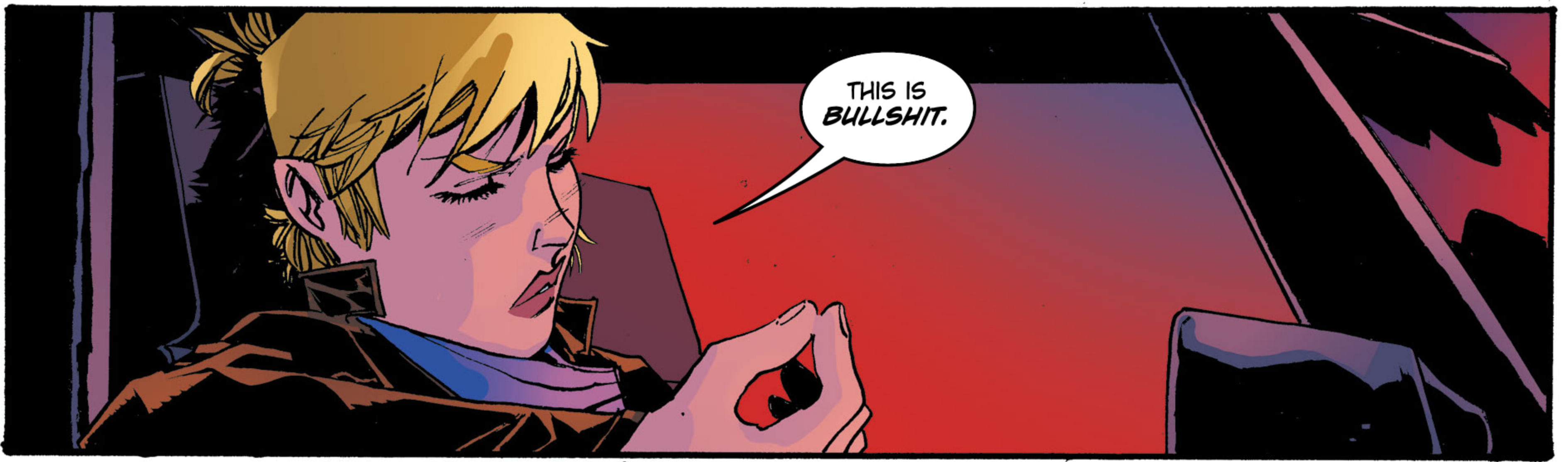
GREAT...
SERIAL KILLER
FANS.

THE
CLOWN AND
THE BLONDE?
WAIT...



CRANE...
AND...

...ALICE...
OH NO.



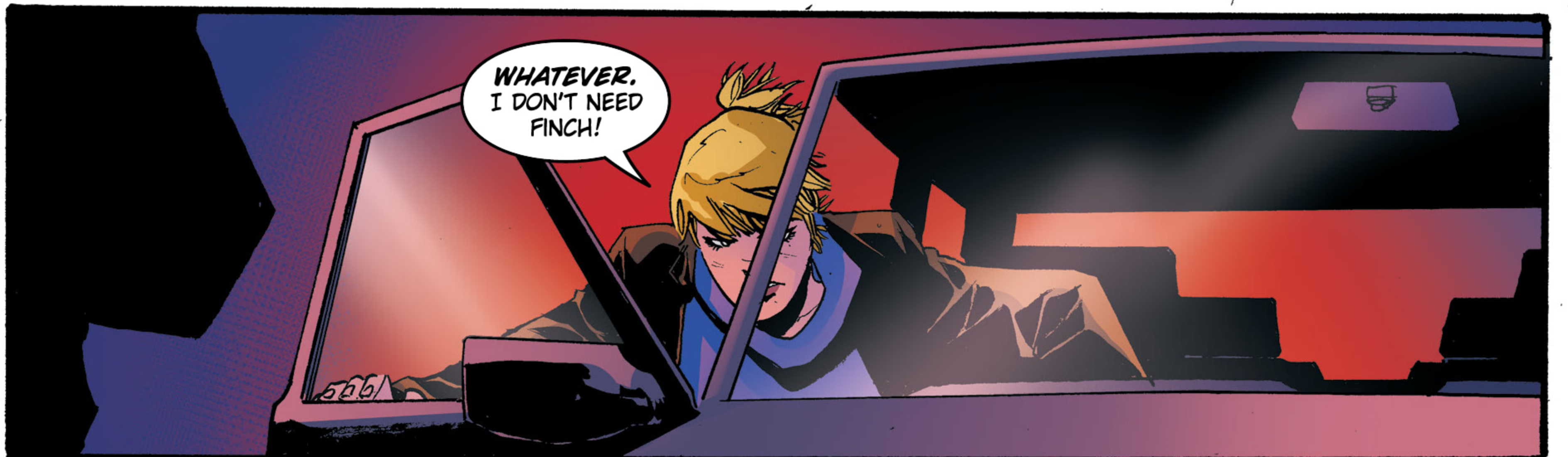
THIS IS BULLSHIT.



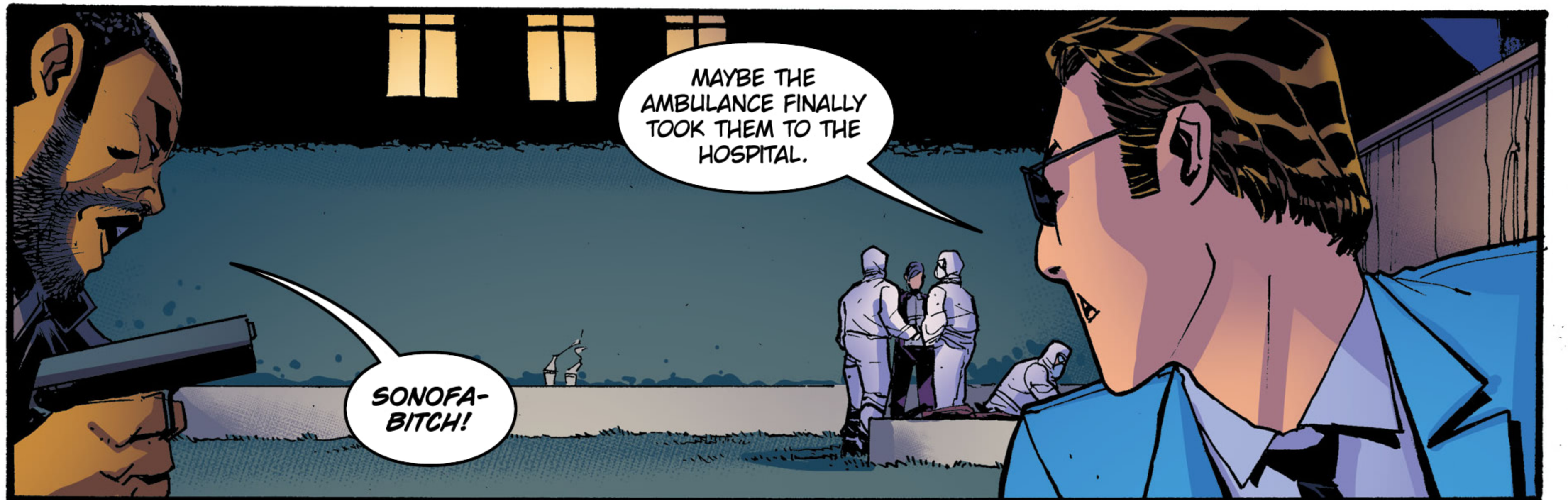
WHERE ARE THEY?!

FINCH, I THINK WE GOT A BIG PROBLEM.

NO SHIT! WHERE ARE THE SURVIVORS?!

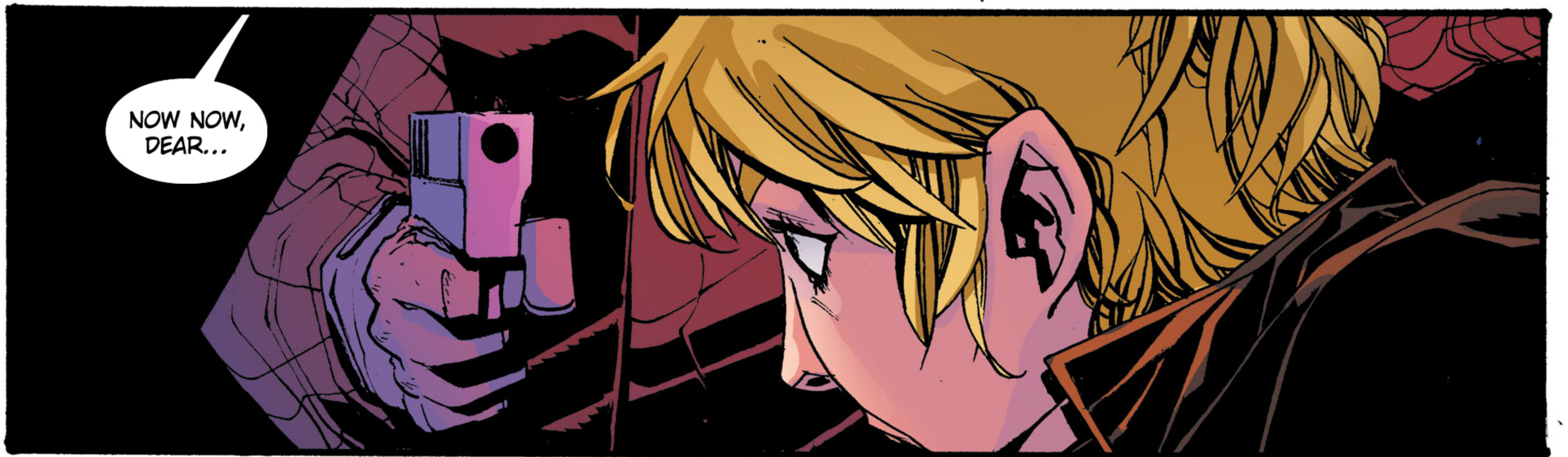


WHATEVER. I DON'T NEED FINCH!



MAYBE THE AMBULANCE FINALLY TOOK THEM TO THE HOSPITAL.

SONOFA-BITCH!

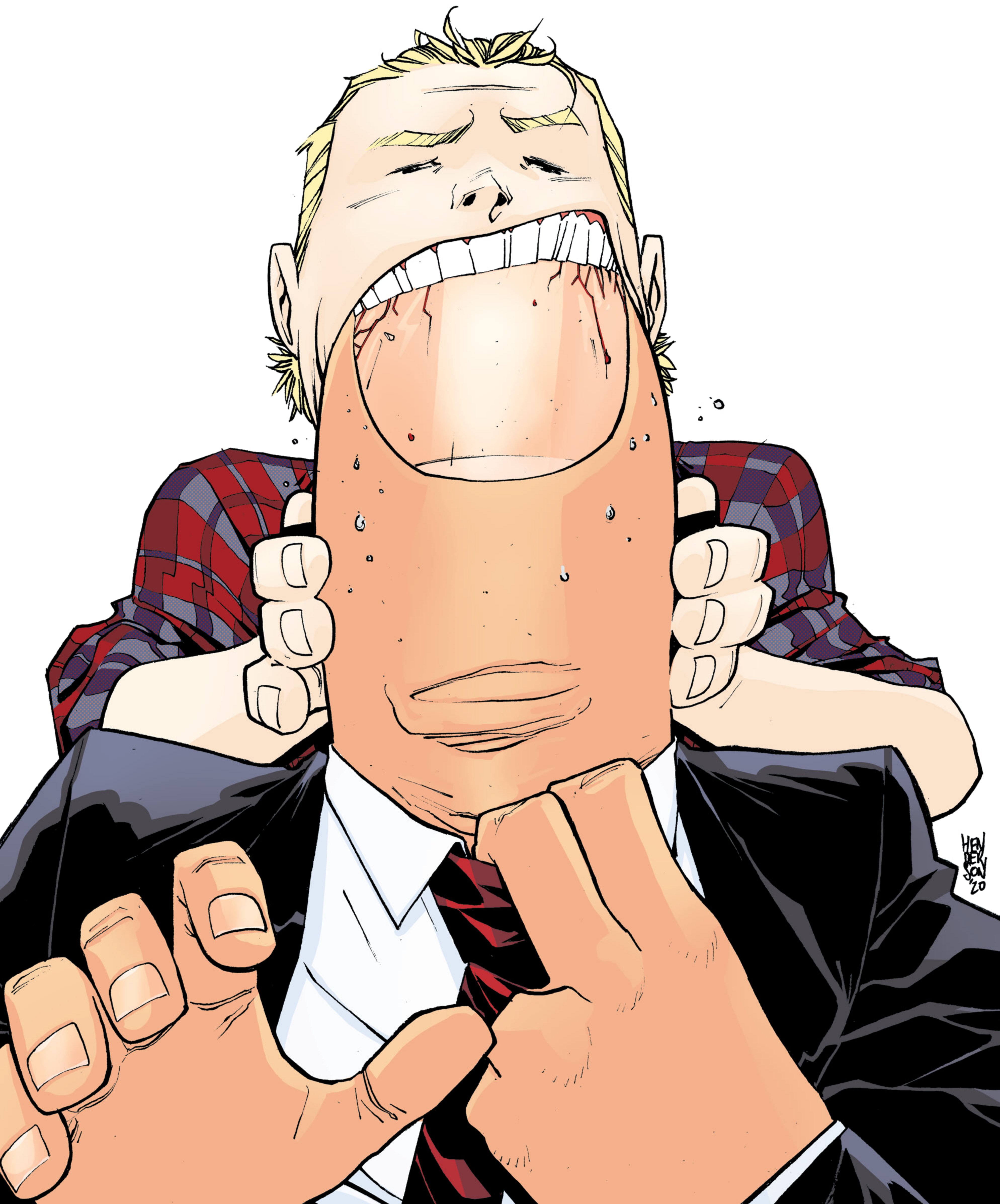


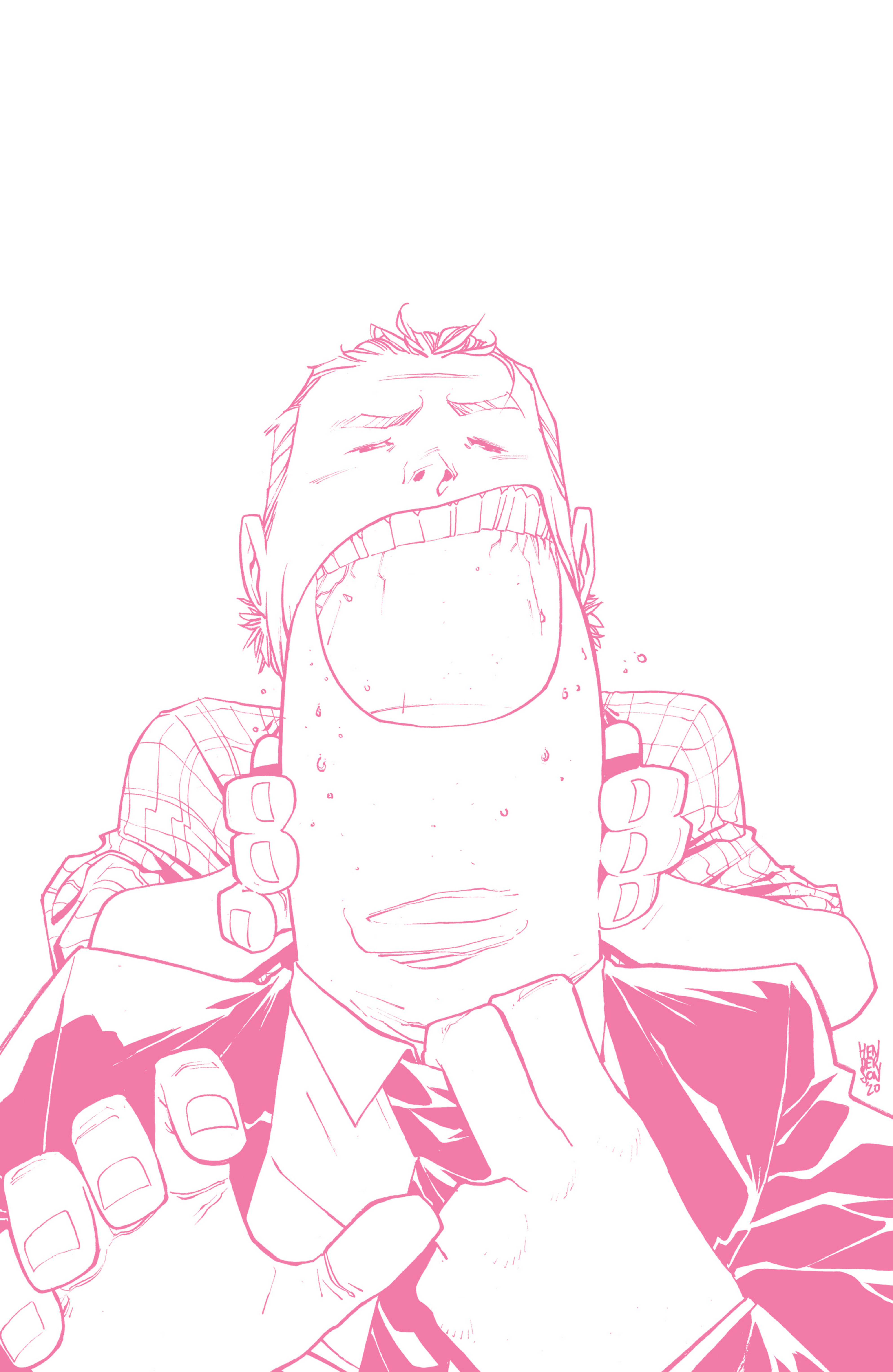
NOW NOW, DEAR...

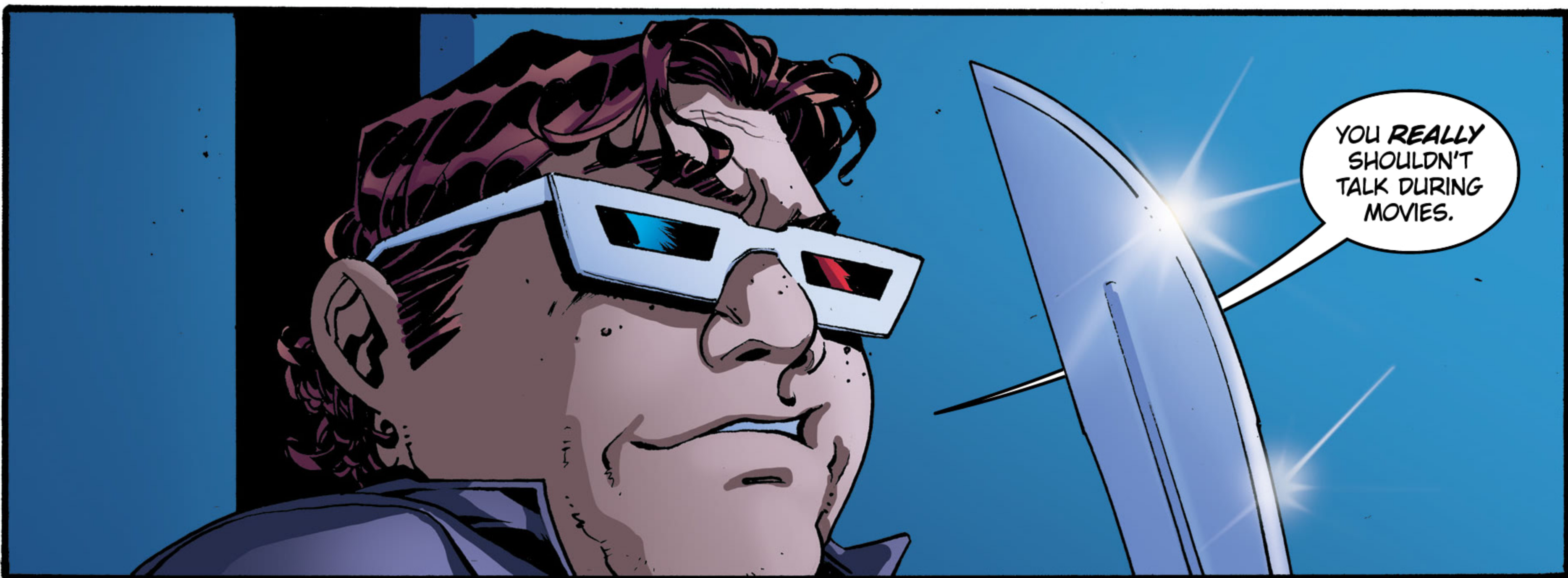
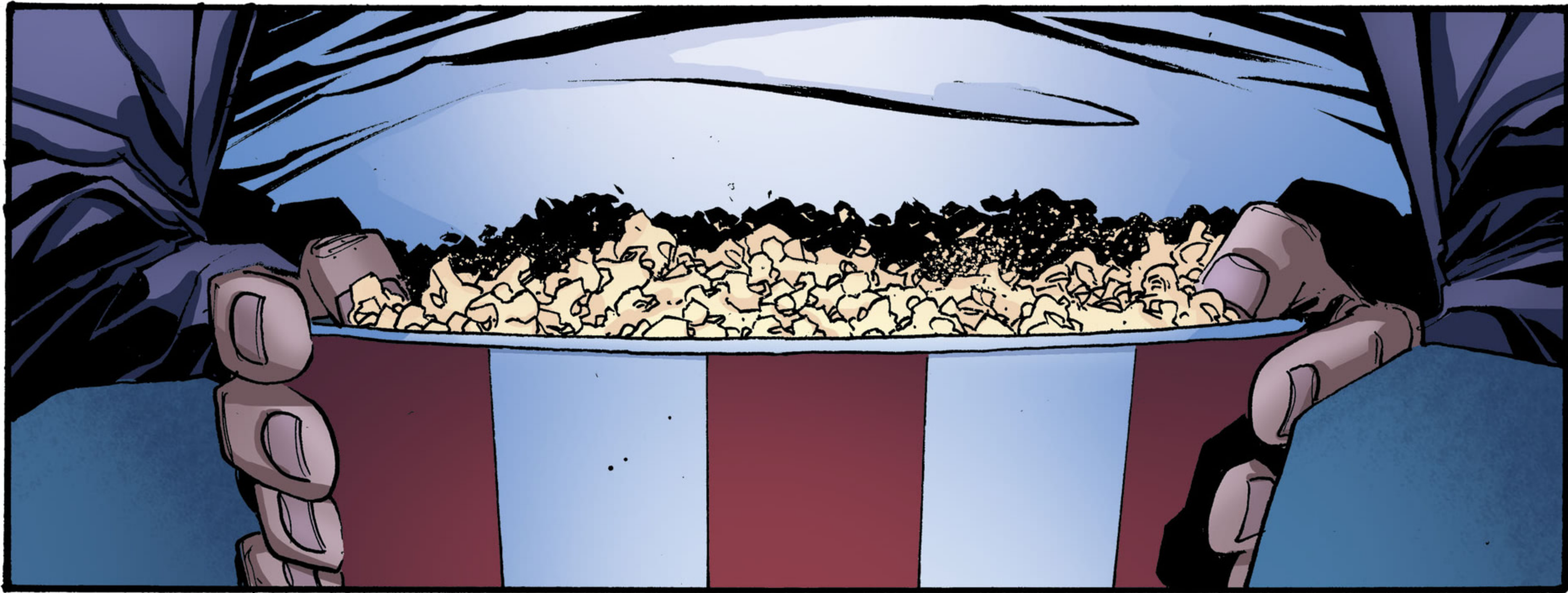


NAILBITER RETURNS

ISSUE THREE







MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST WATCH IT AT HOME?

YEAH, WHO EVEN GOES TO THE MOVIES ANYMORE, ANYWAY?





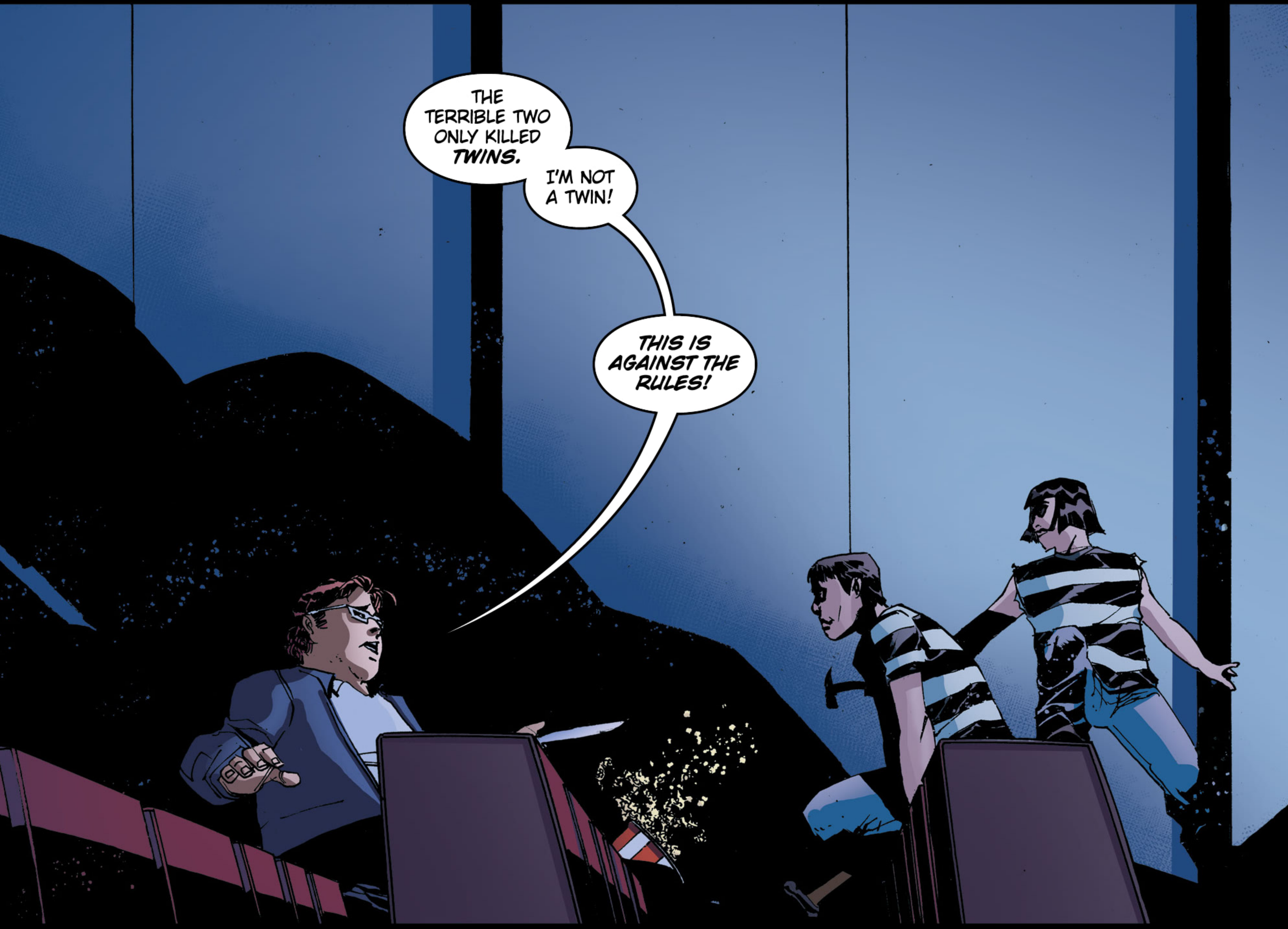
NO, NO, NO. THAT'S NOT FAIR.

YOU'RE CHEATING!

THE TERRIBLE TWO ONLY KILLED TWINS.

I'M NOT A TWIN!

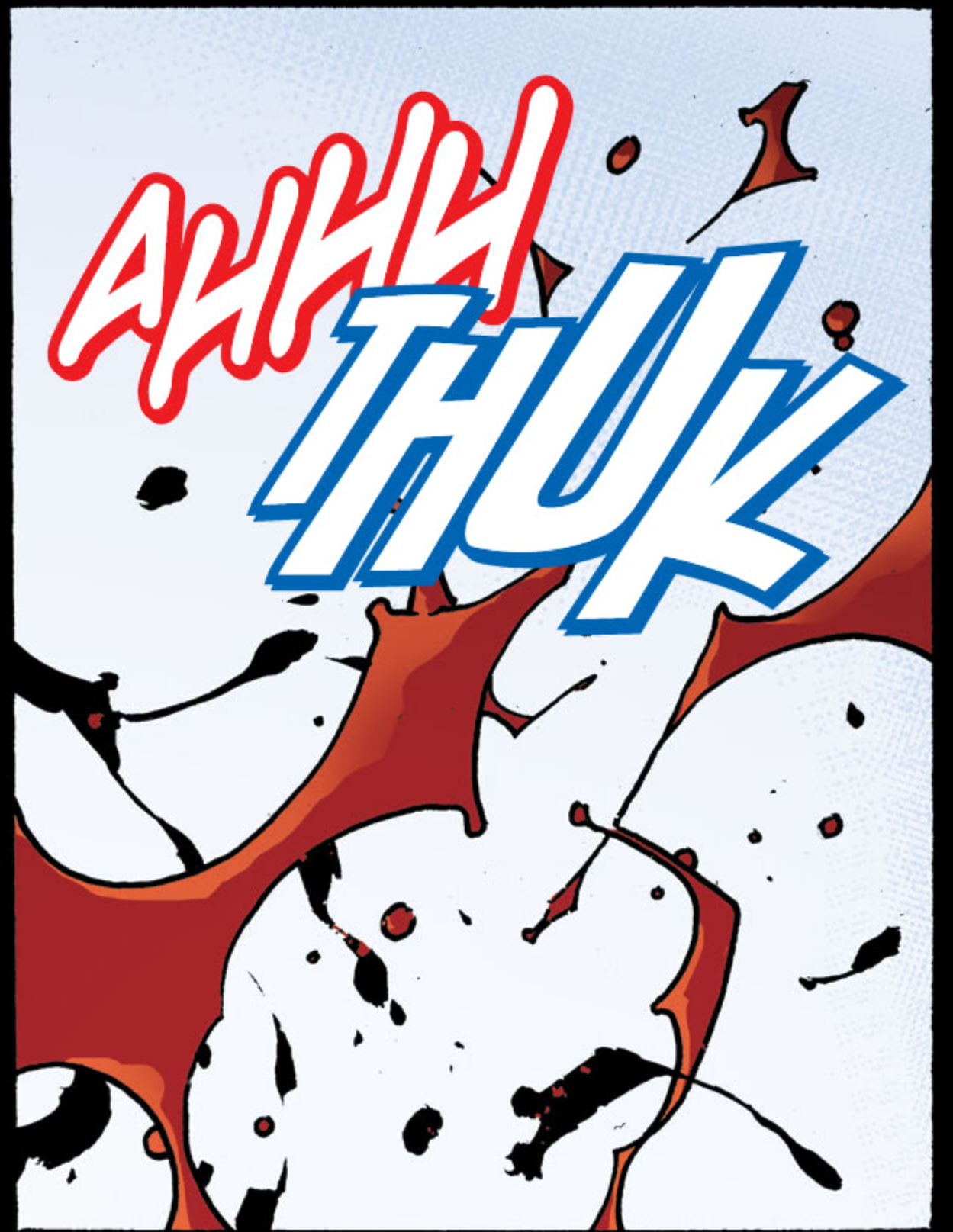
THIS IS AGAINST THE RULES!



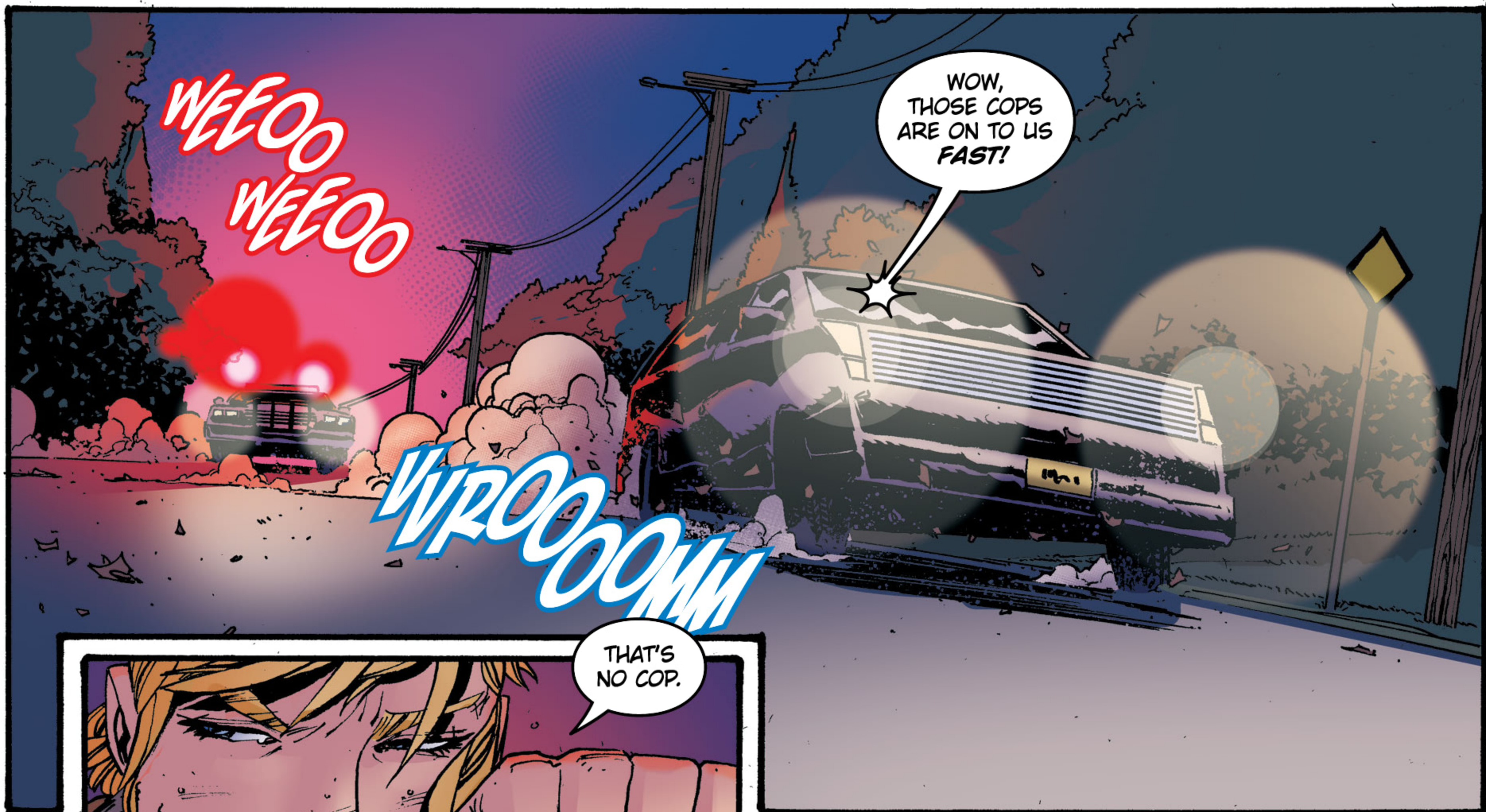
RULES ARE MADE TO BE...



HIT IN THE HEAD WITH A HAMMER!



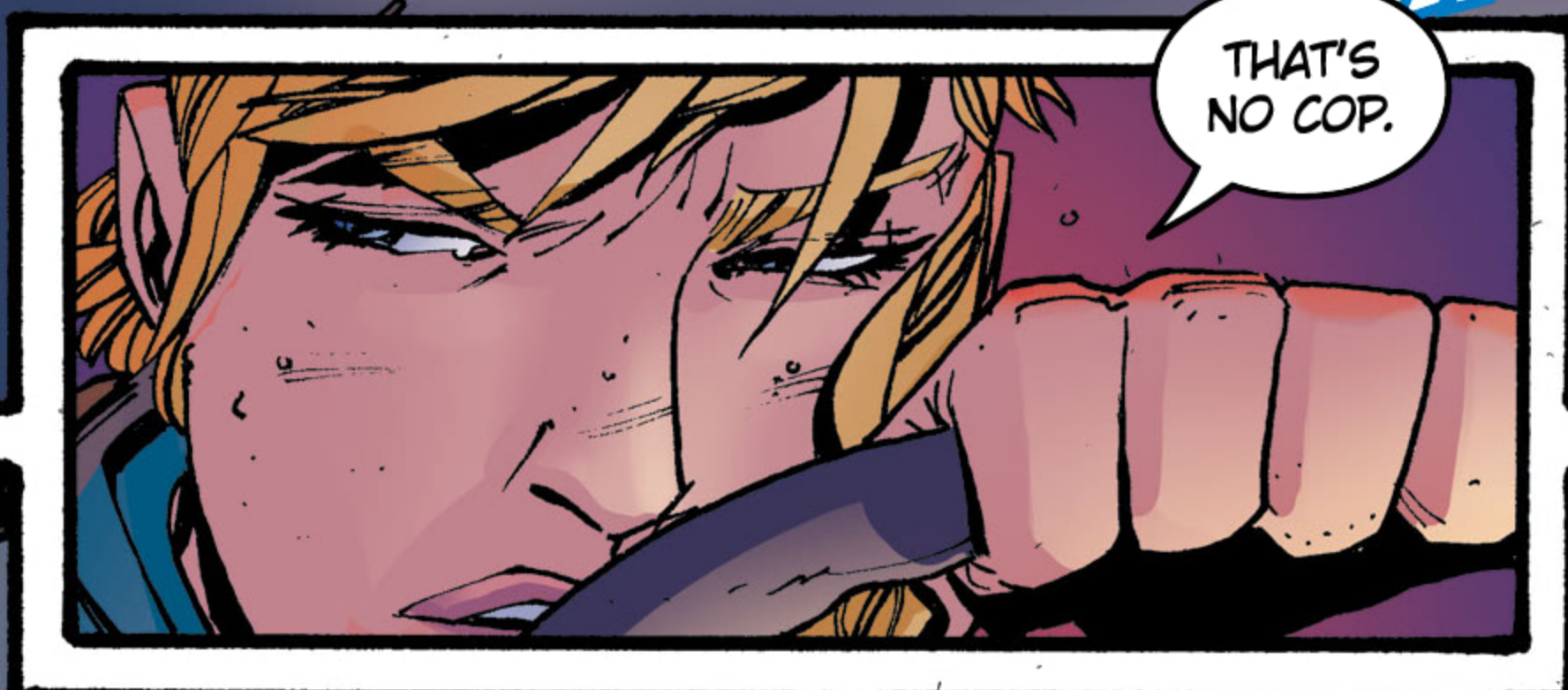
THUK



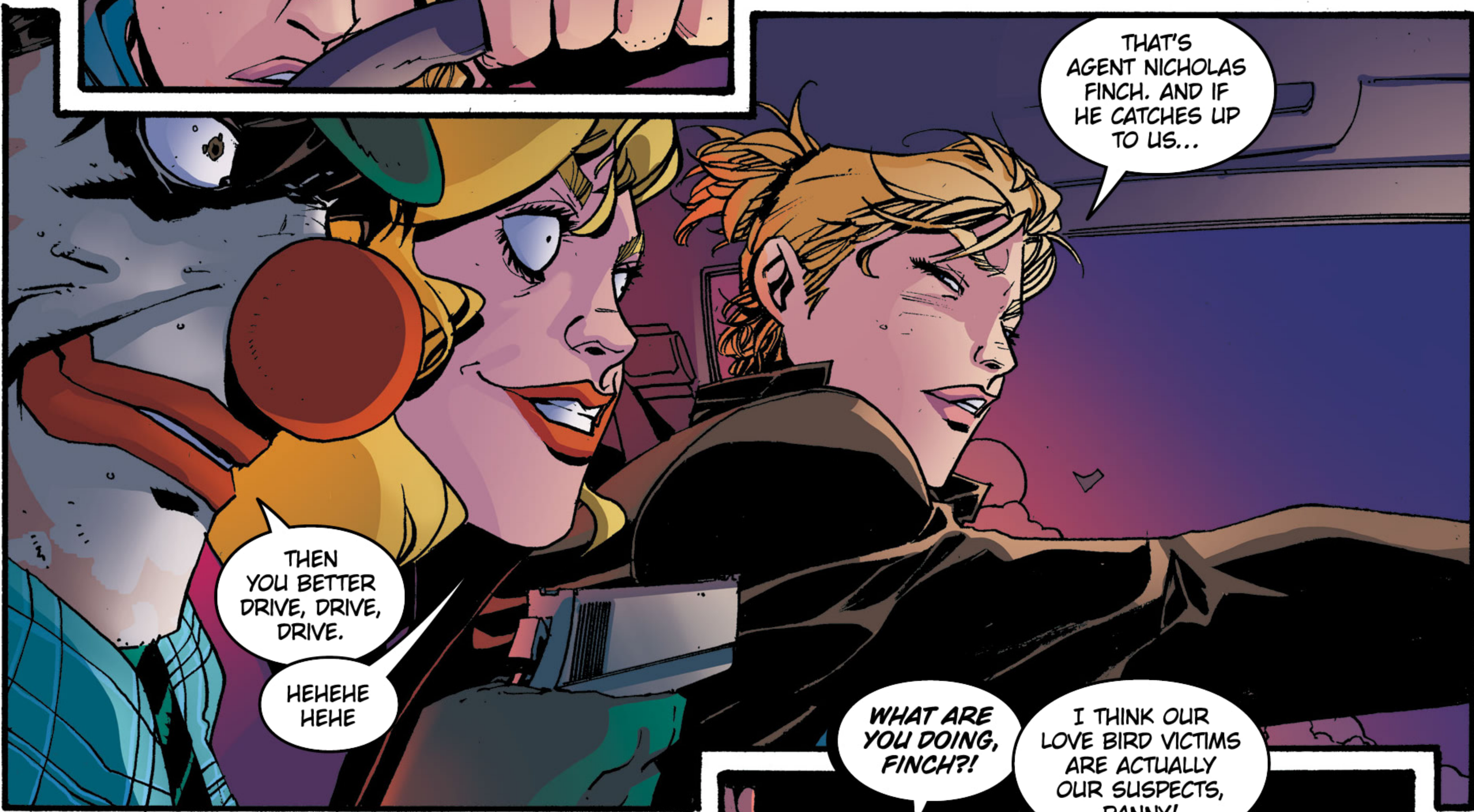
WEEEOO
WEEEOO

VVROOOOMM

WOW,
THOSE COPS
ARE ON TO US
FAST!



THAT'S
NO COP.



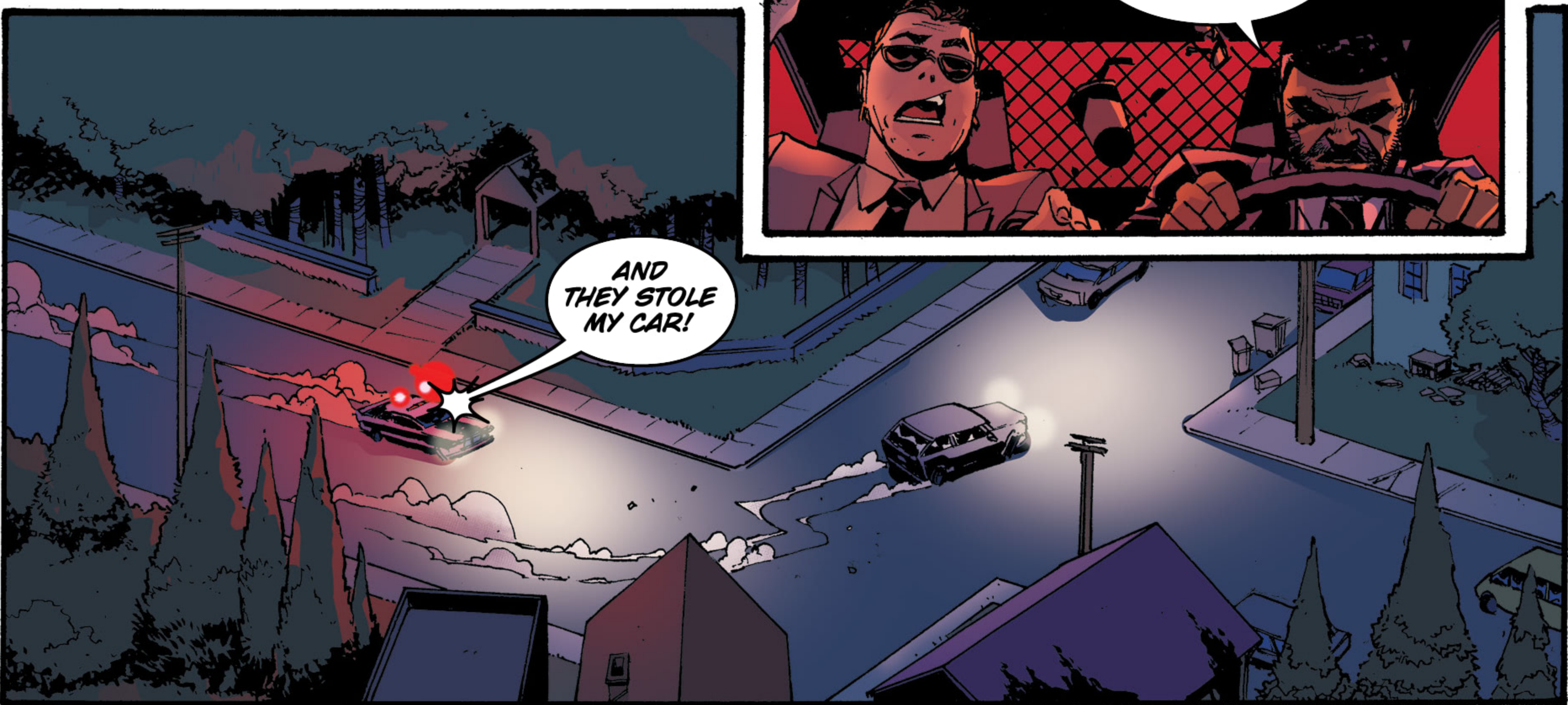
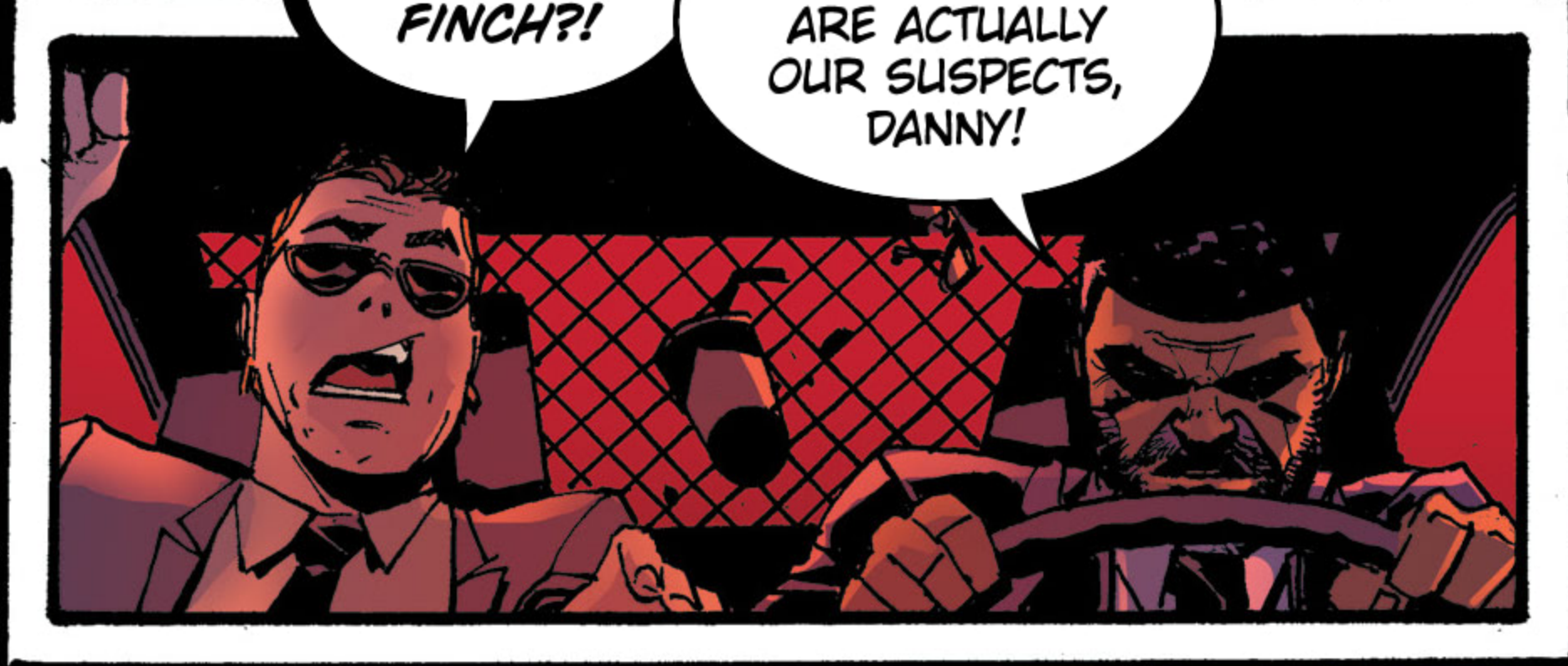
THAT'S
AGENT NICHOLAS
FINCH. AND IF
HE CATCHES UP
TO US...

THEN
YOU BETTER
DRIVE, DRIVE,
DRIVE.

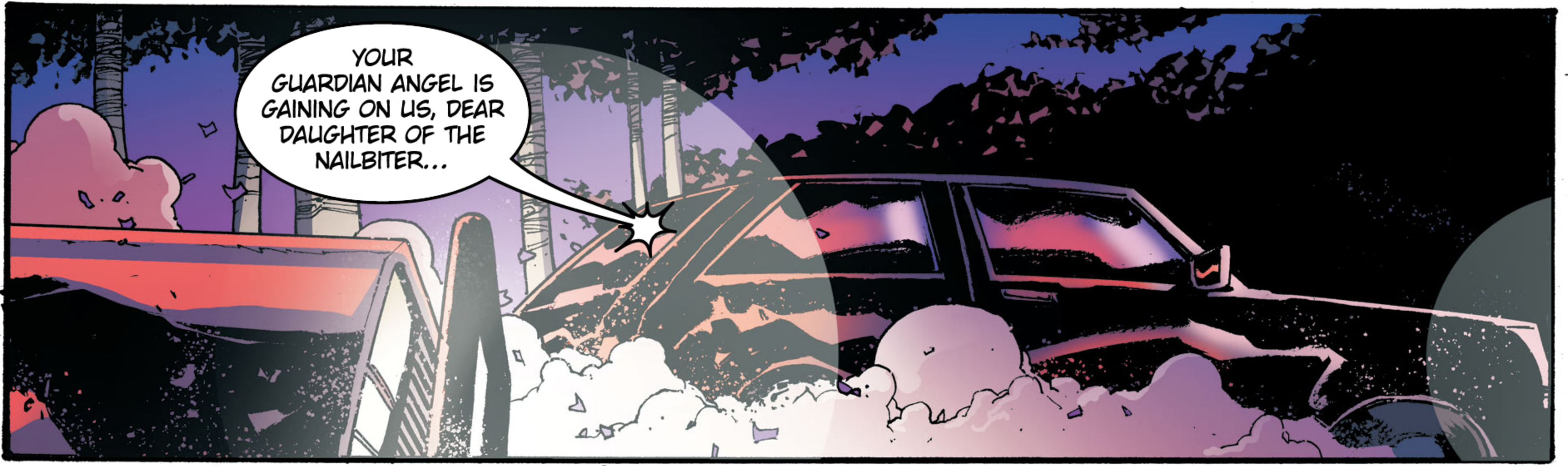
HEHEHE
HEHE

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING,
FINCH?!

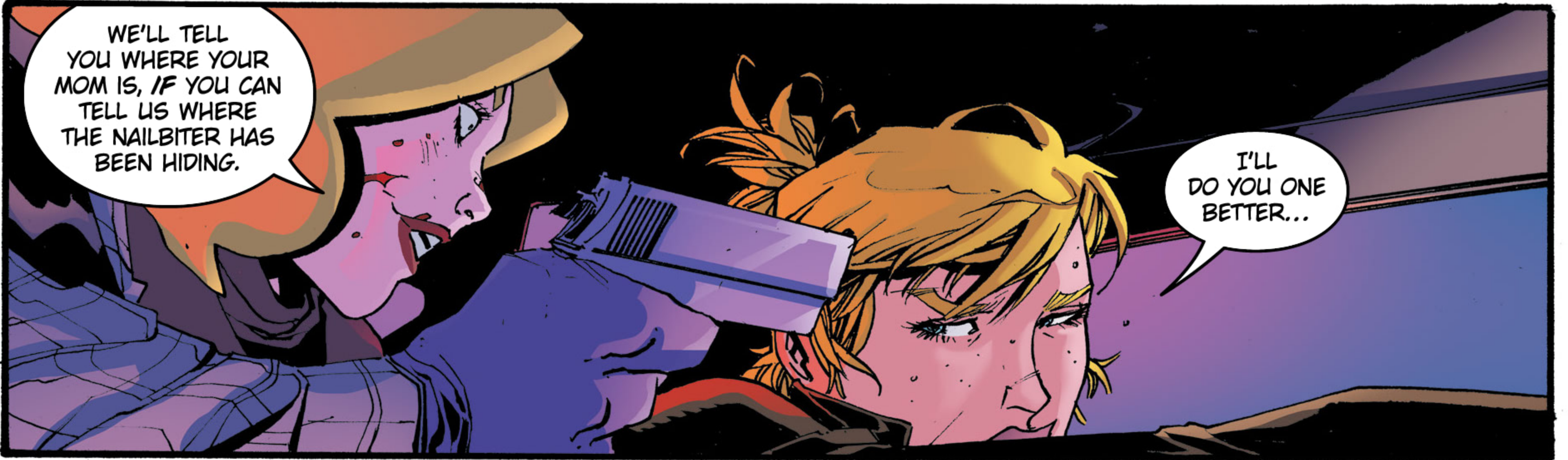
I THINK OUR
LOVE BIRD VICTIMS
ARE ACTUALLY
OUR SUSPECTS,
DANNY!



AND
THEY STOLE
MY CAR!

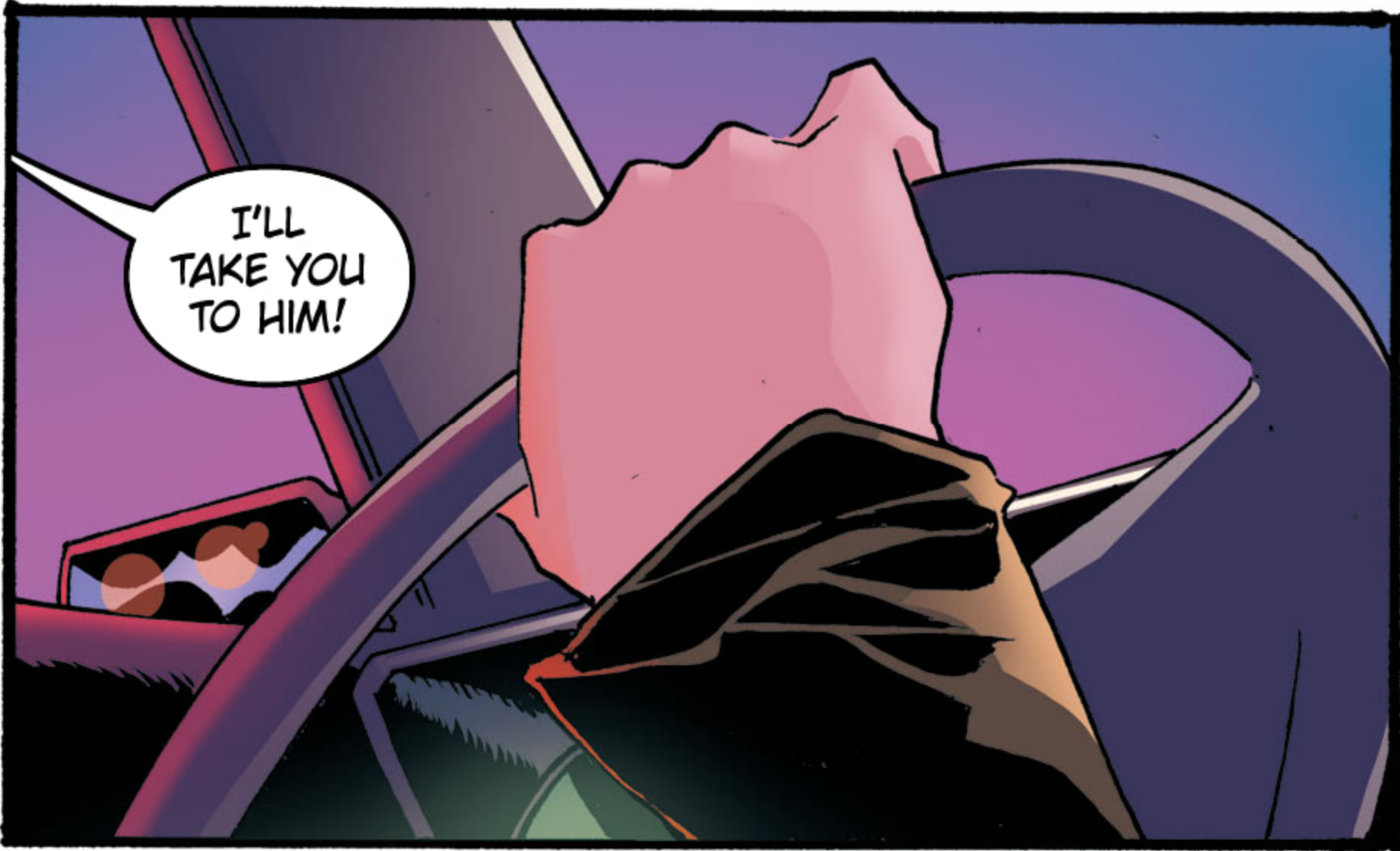


YOUR
GUARDIAN ANGEL IS
GAINING ON US, DEAR
DAUGHTER OF THE
NAILBITER...

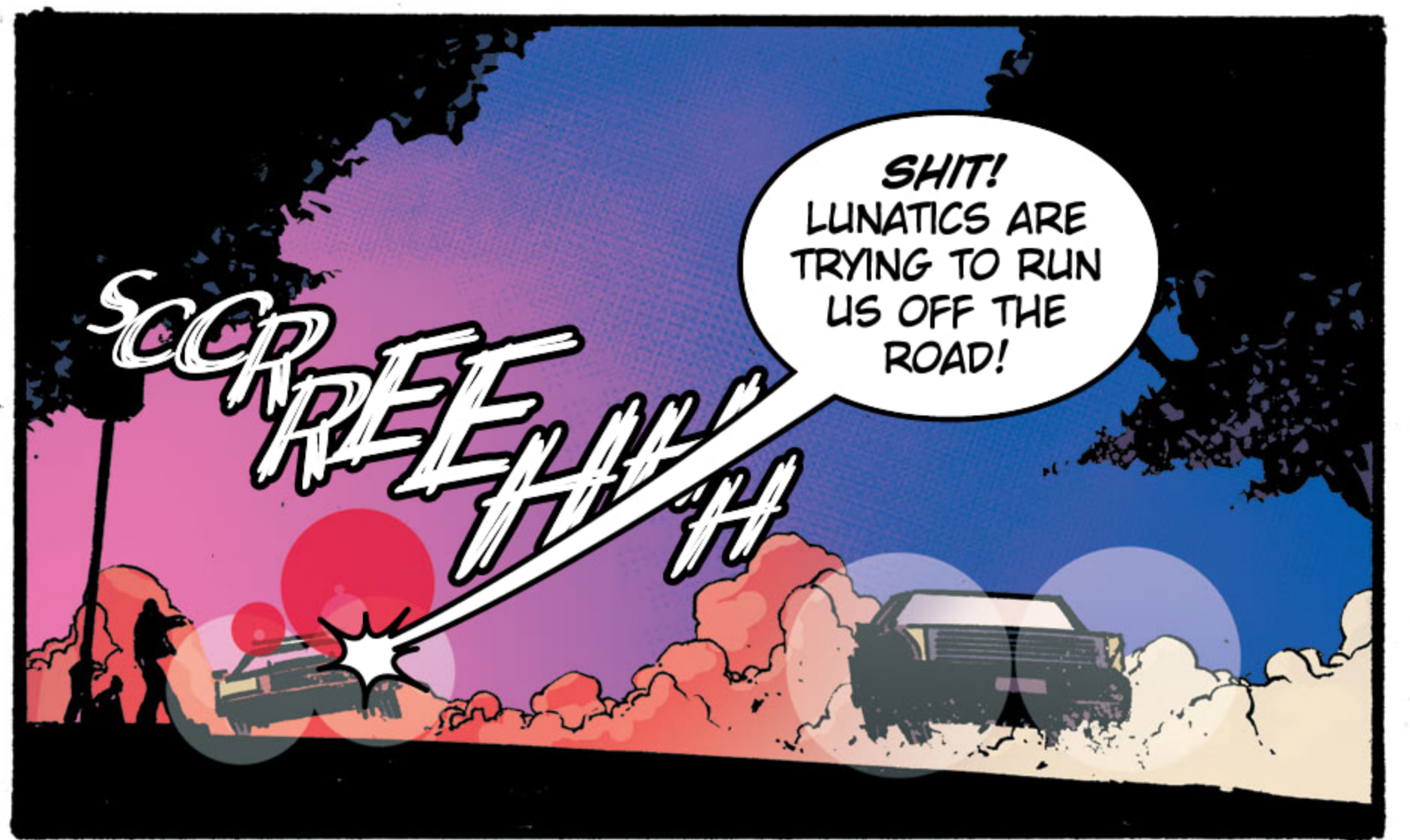


WE'LL TELL
YOU WHERE YOUR
MOM IS, IF YOU CAN
TELL US WHERE
THE NAILBITER HAS
BEEN HIDING.

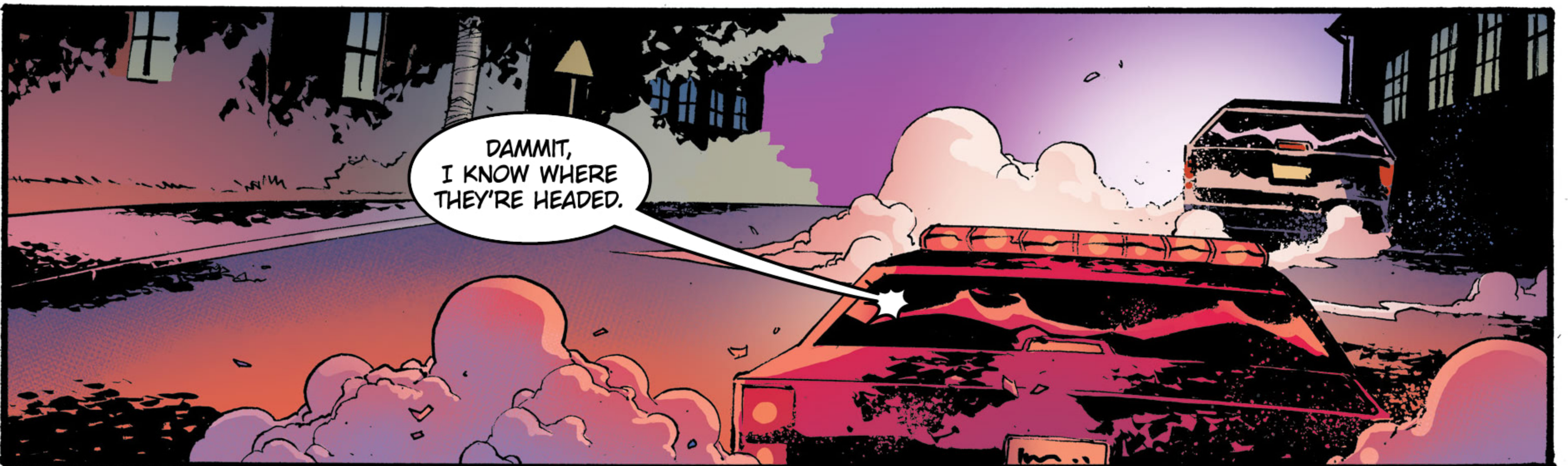
I'LL
DO YOU ONE
BETTER...



I'LL
TAKE YOU
TO HIM!



SHIT!
LUNATICS ARE
TRYING TO RUN
US OFF THE
ROAD!



DAMMIT,
I KNOW WHERE
THEY'RE HEADED.

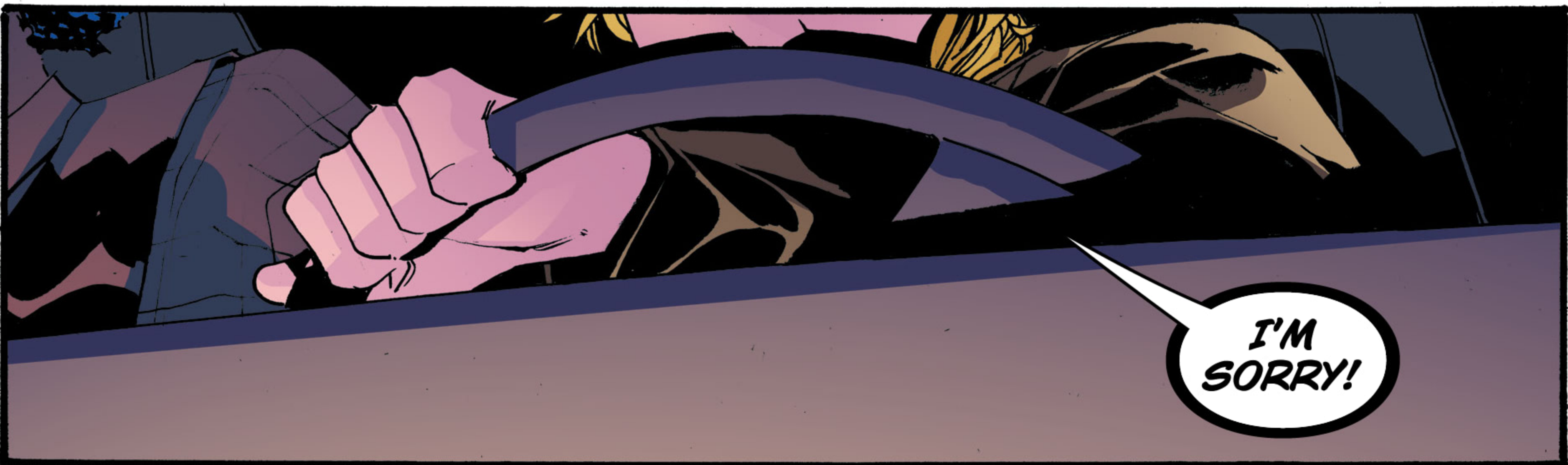
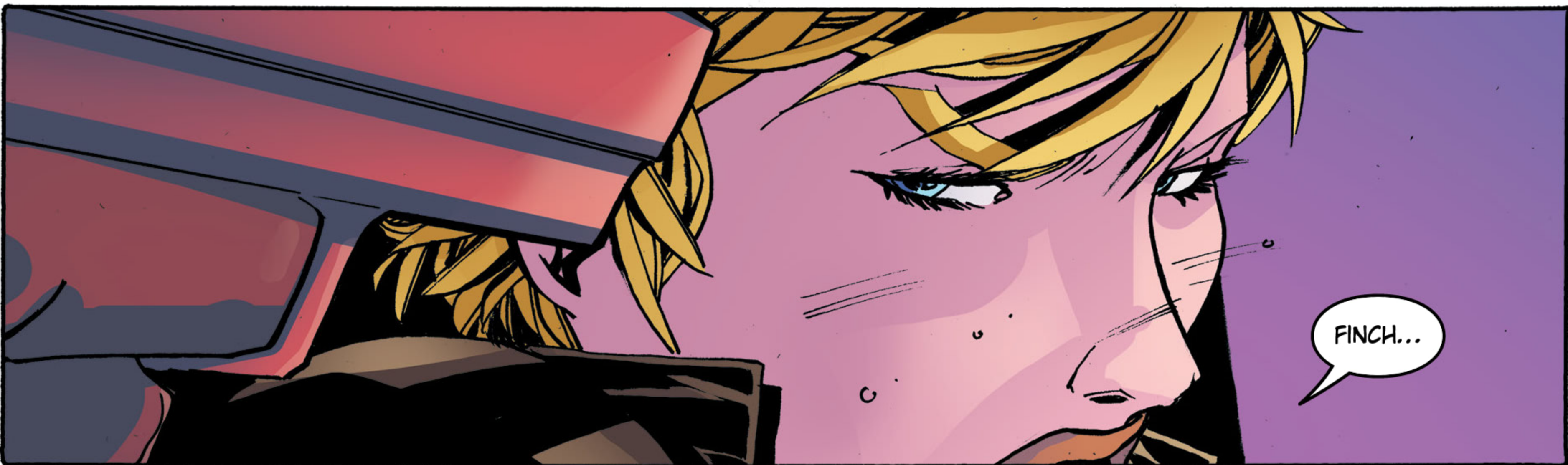
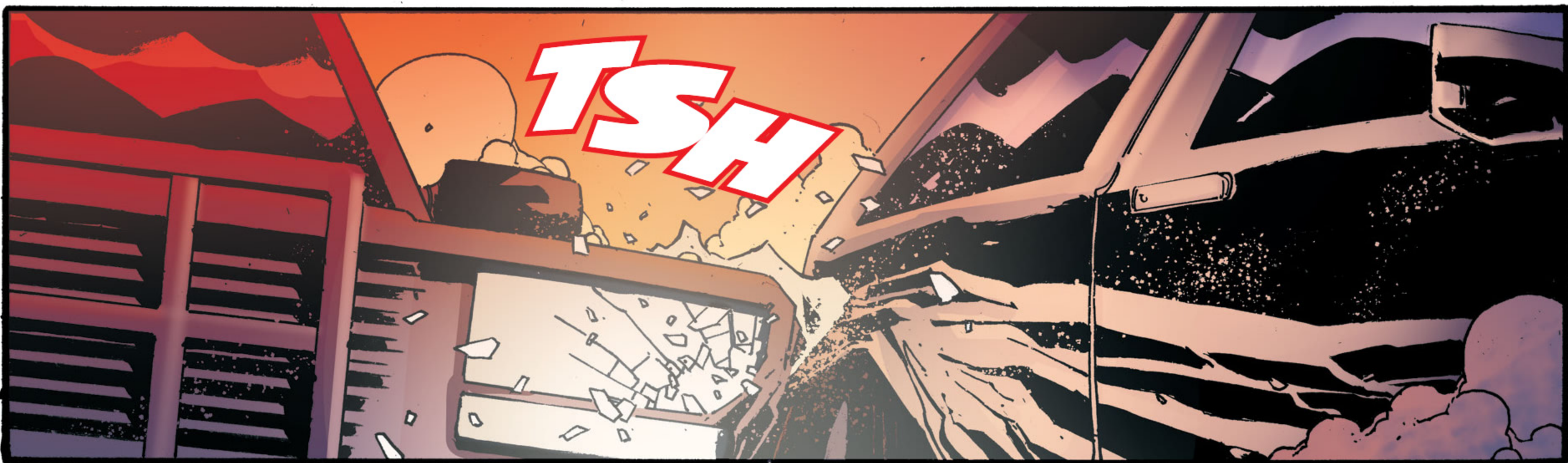
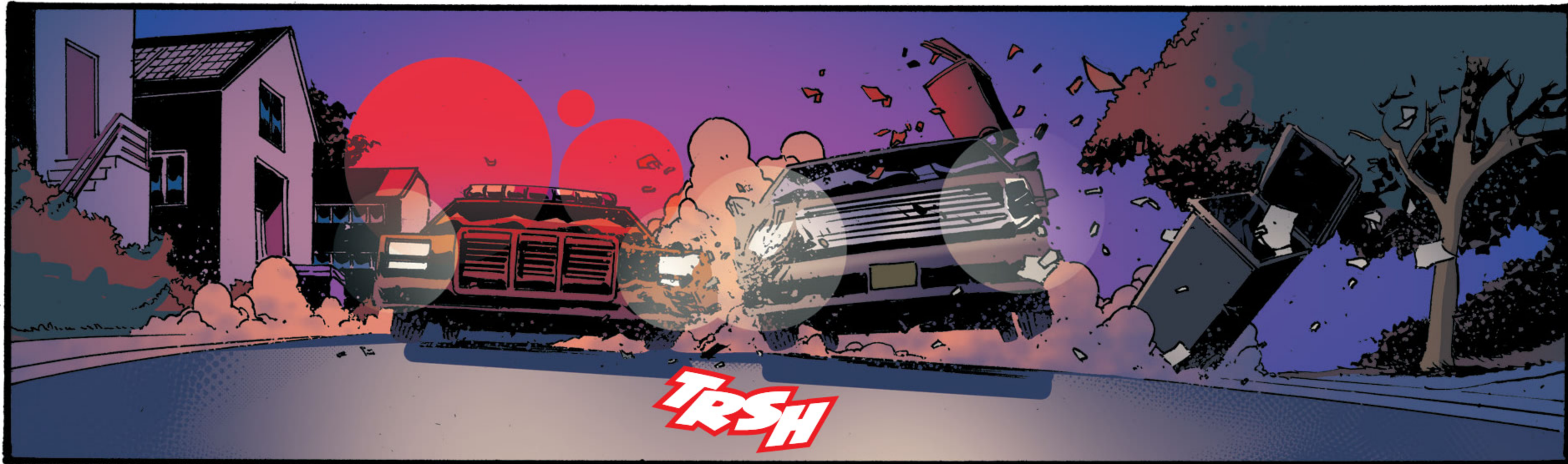


YOU
WANNA
RACE...



WE CAN
RACE.

WRRRRR





KPSH



IMPRESSIVE, GIRL.

HOW LONG UNTIL WE GET TO THE NAILBITER?

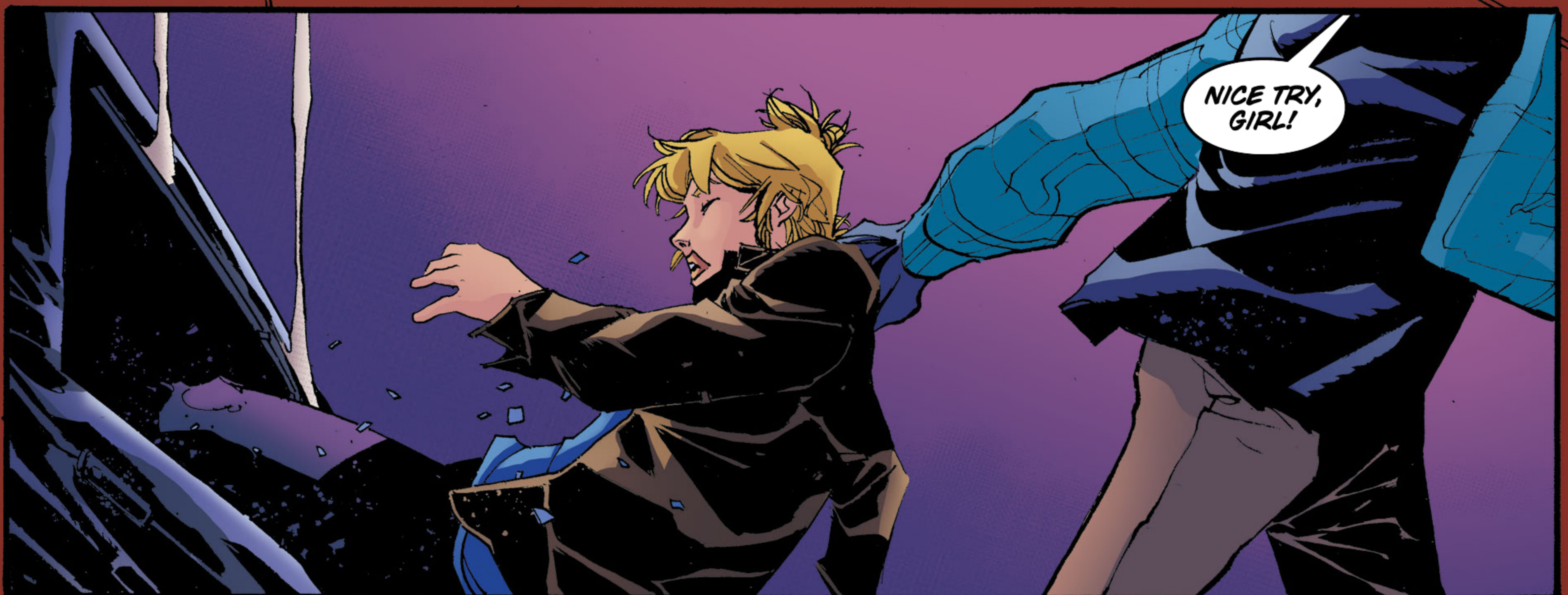
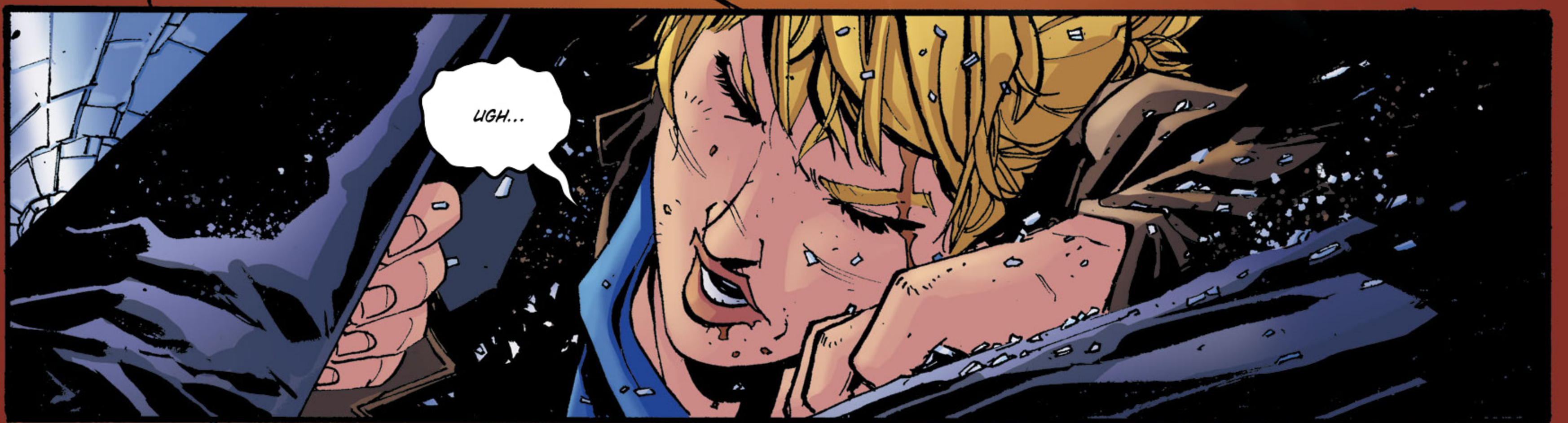
OH, WE'RE SUPER CLOSE, ACTUALLY. IN FACT...

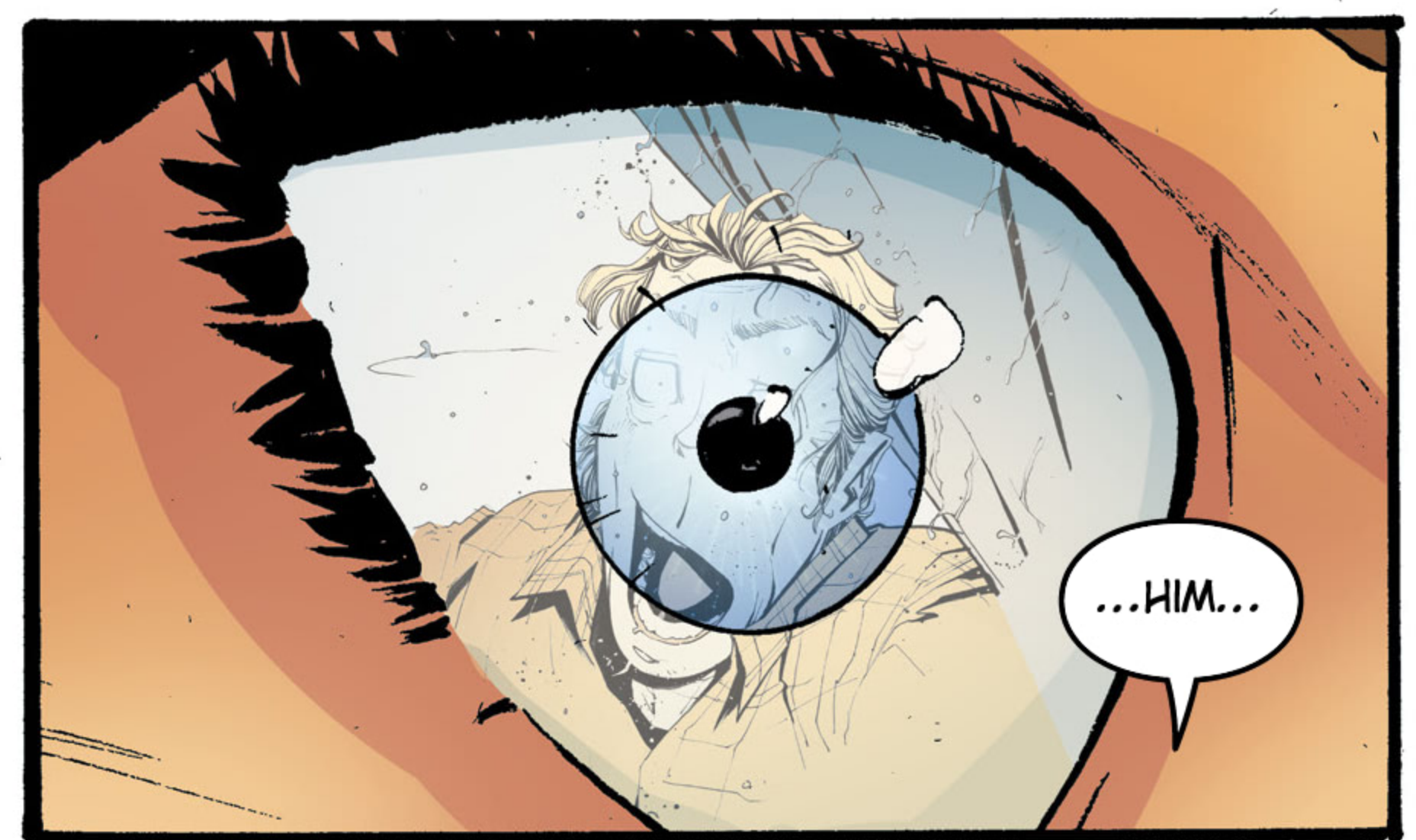
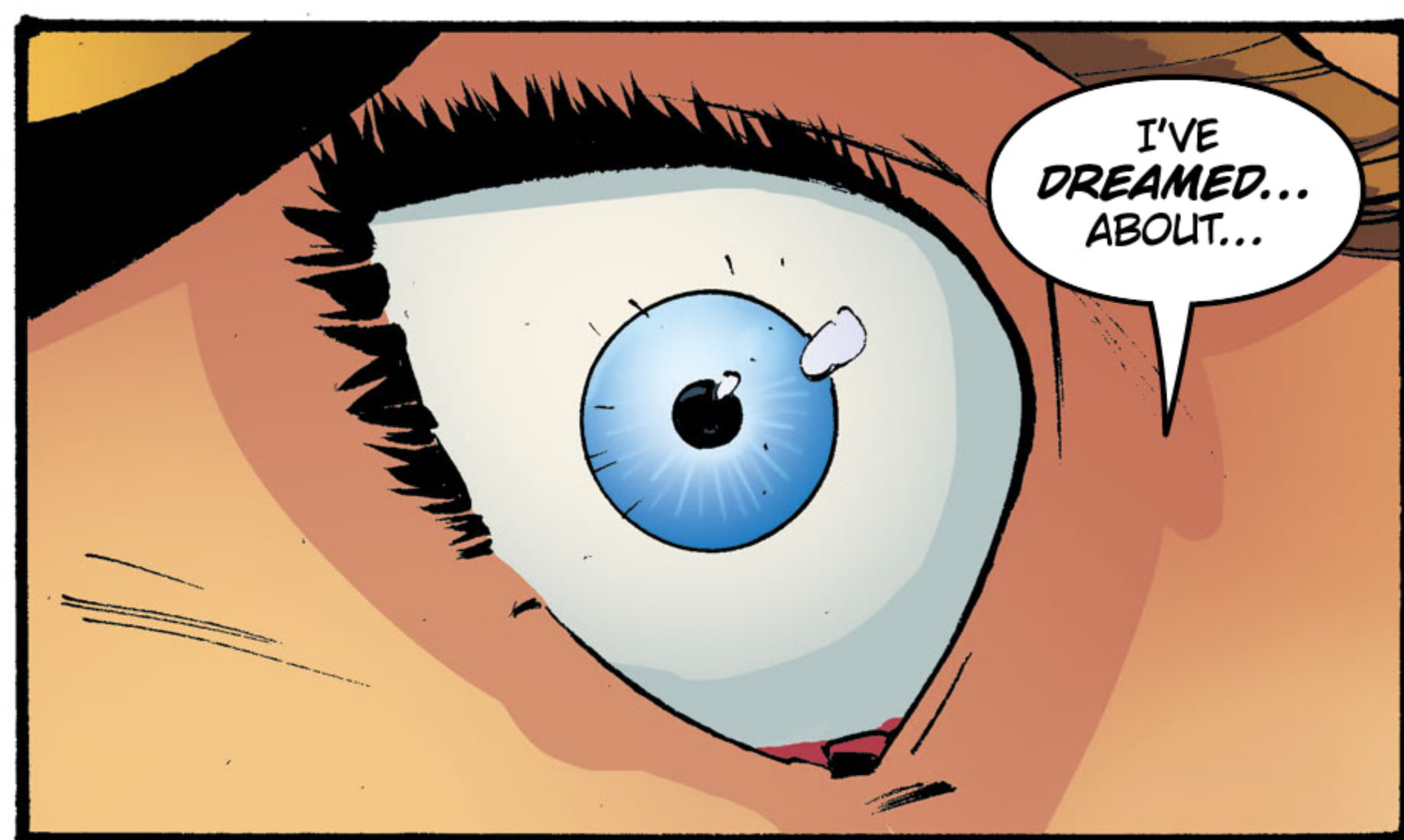
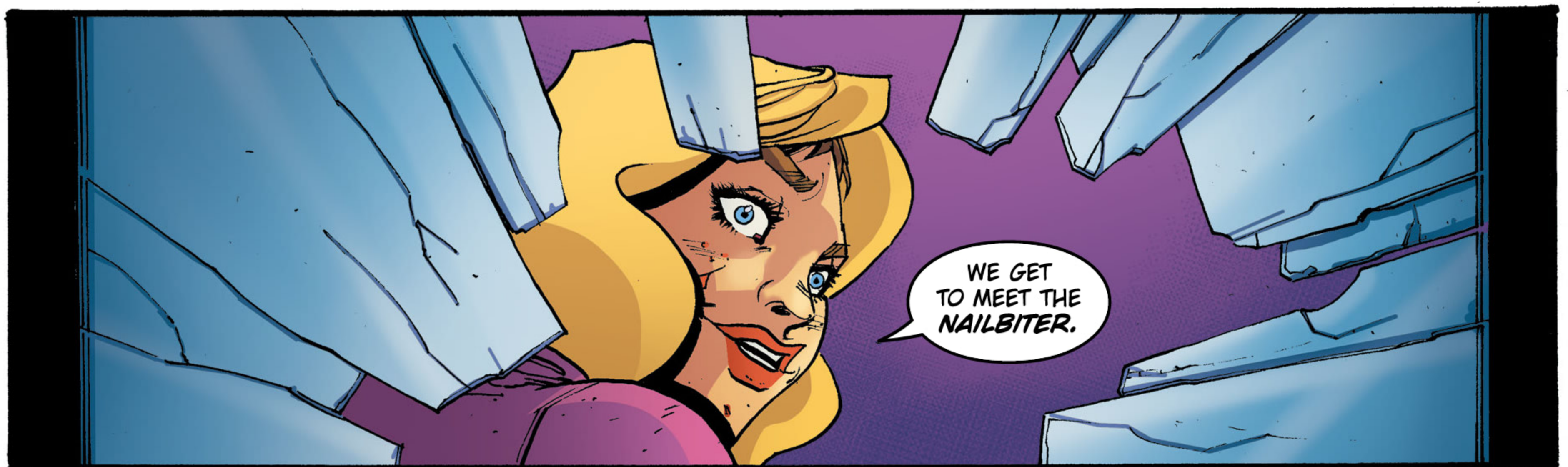
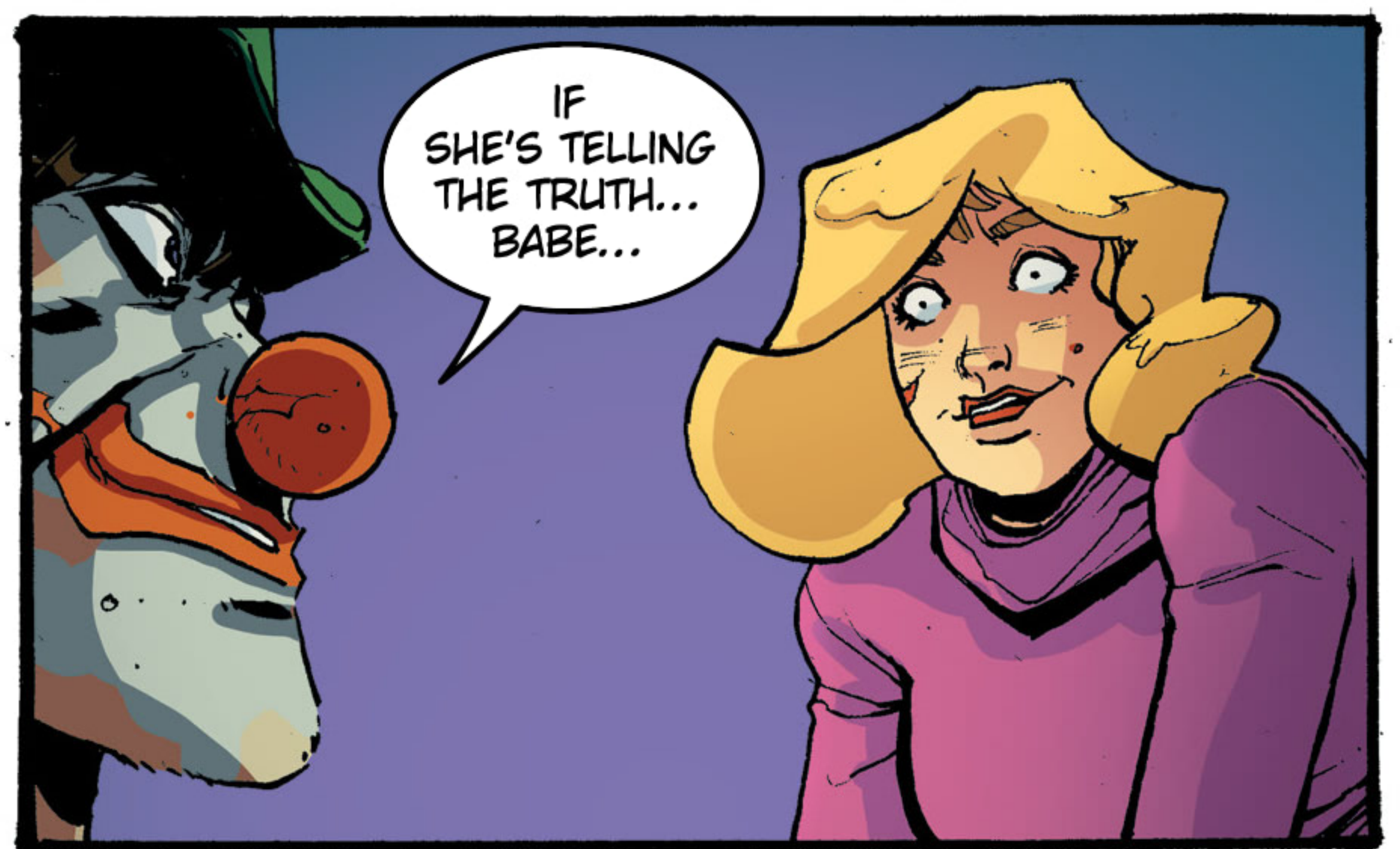
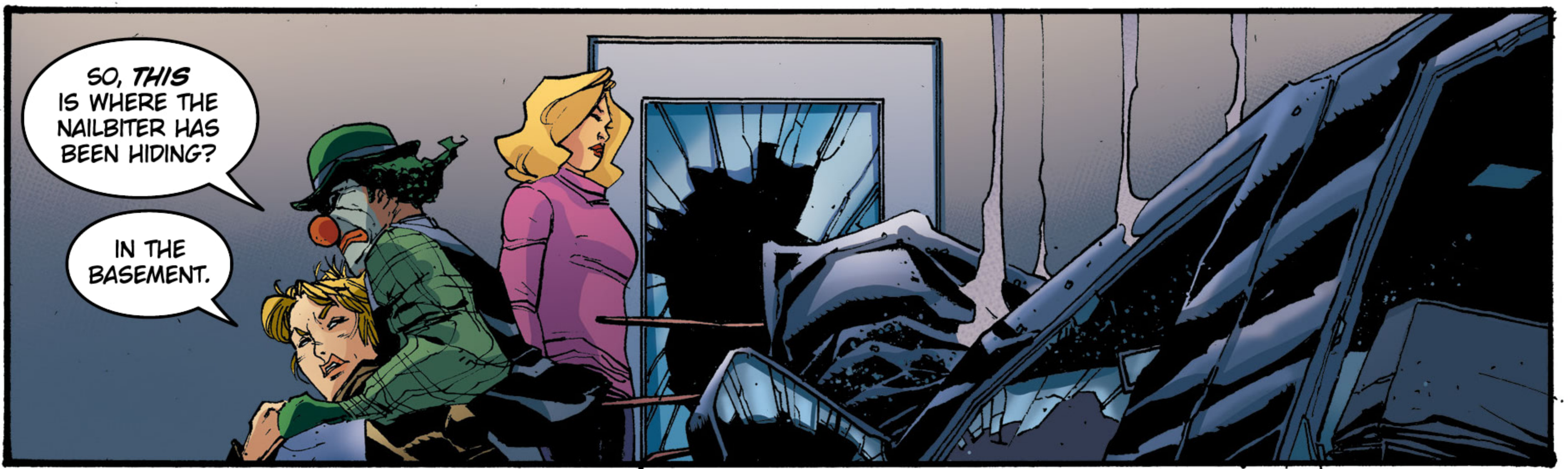


...HOW ABOUT I DROP YOU OFF!



SCCR EEC CHHHHH

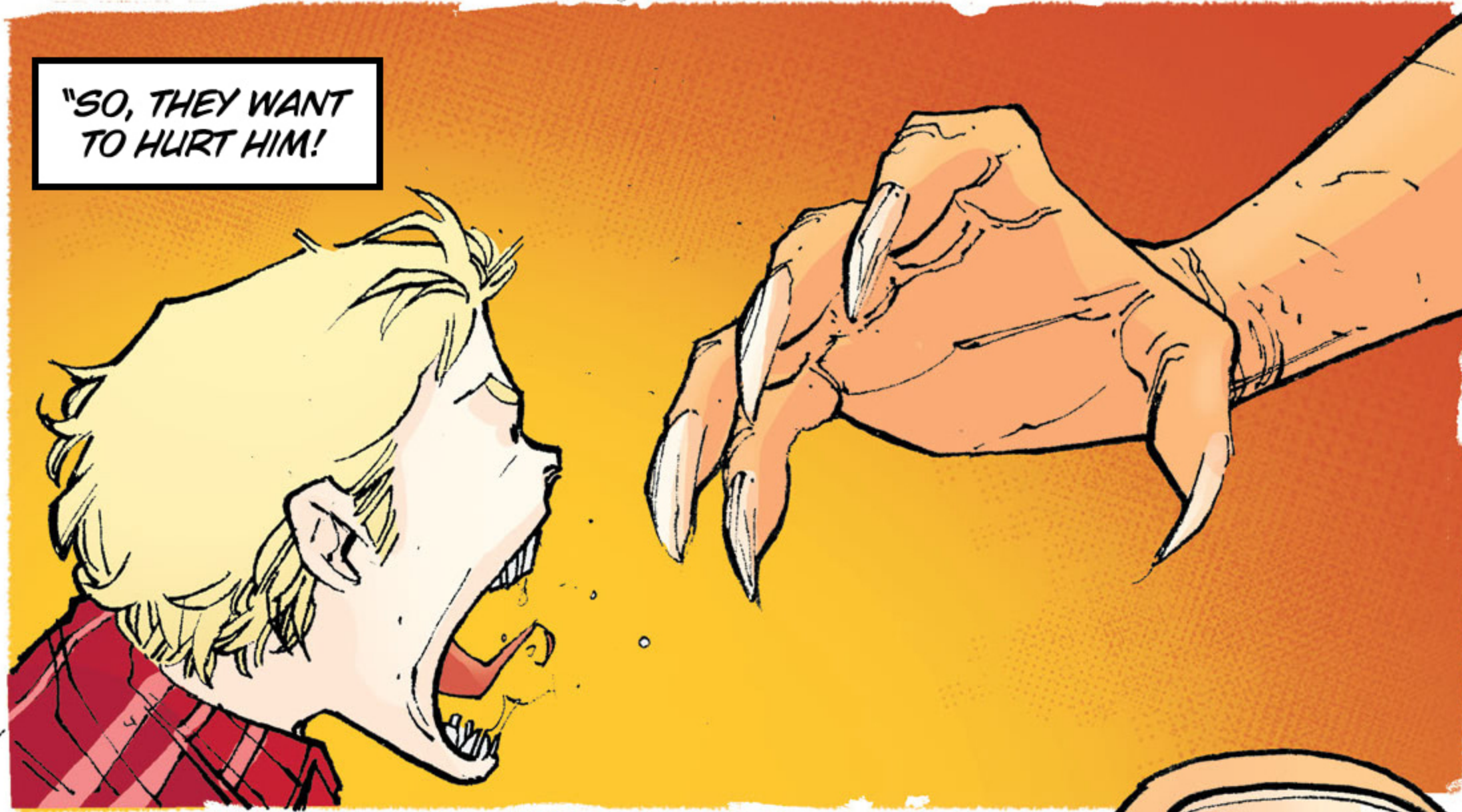




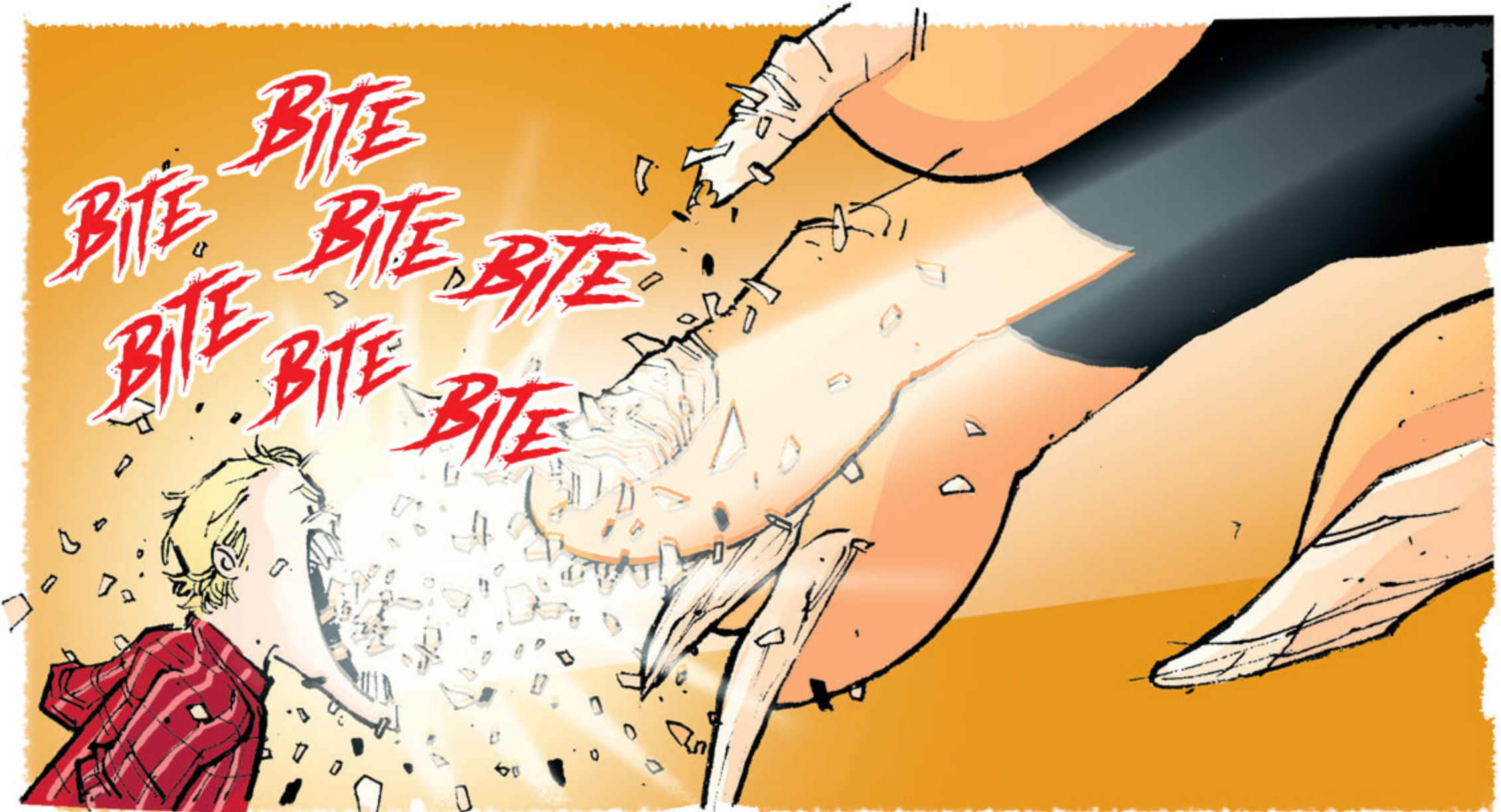
LIL' BITER!



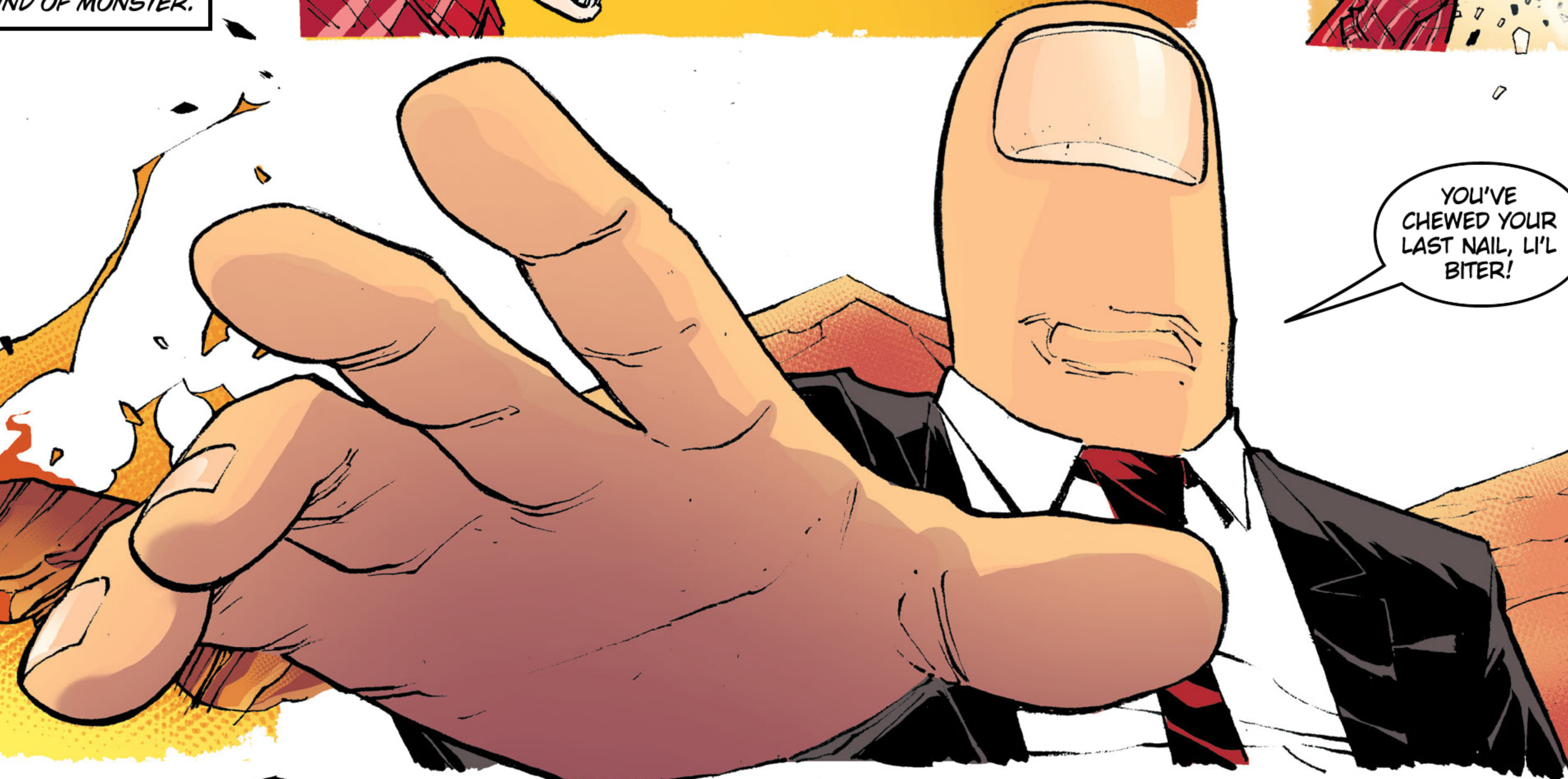
"EVERYONE SEES HIM AS SOME KIND OF MONSTER."



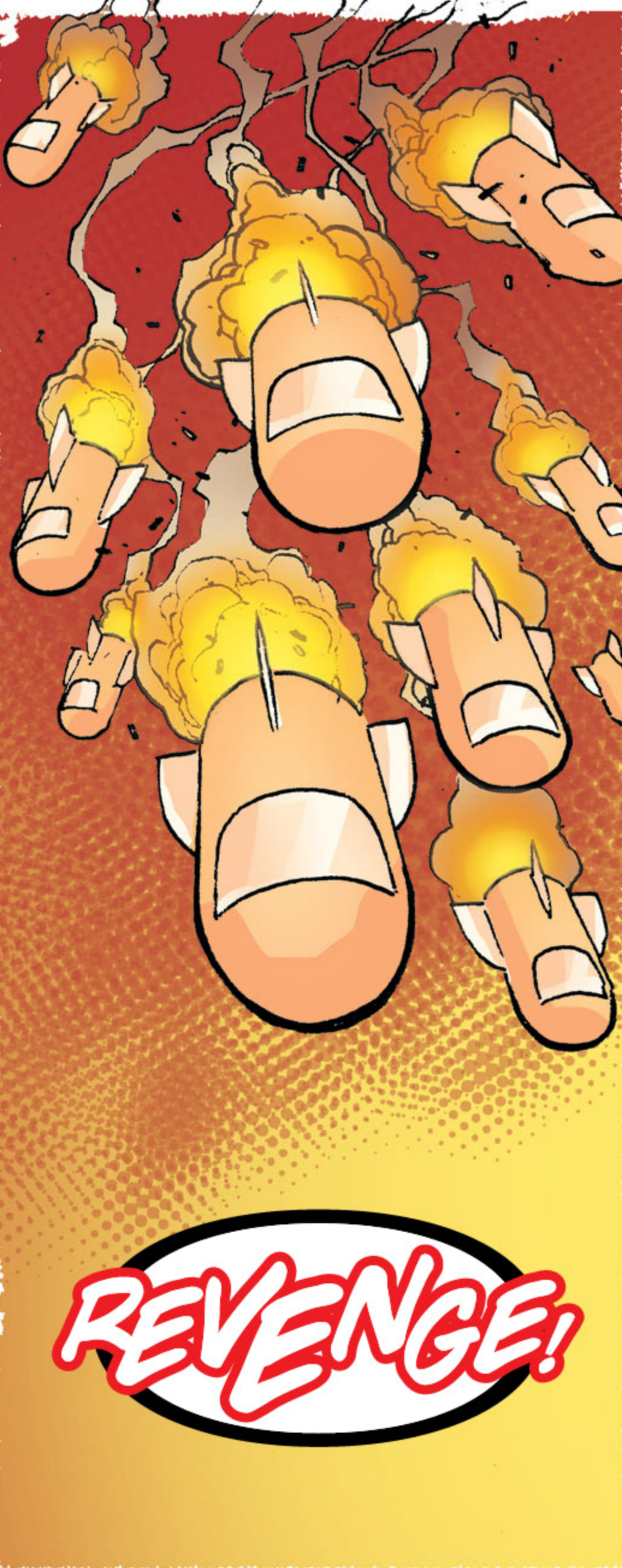
"SO, THEY WANT TO HURT HIM!"



BITE BITE BITE
BITE BITE BITE
BITE BITE BITE



"YOU'VE CHEWED YOUR LAST NAIL, LIL' BITER!"



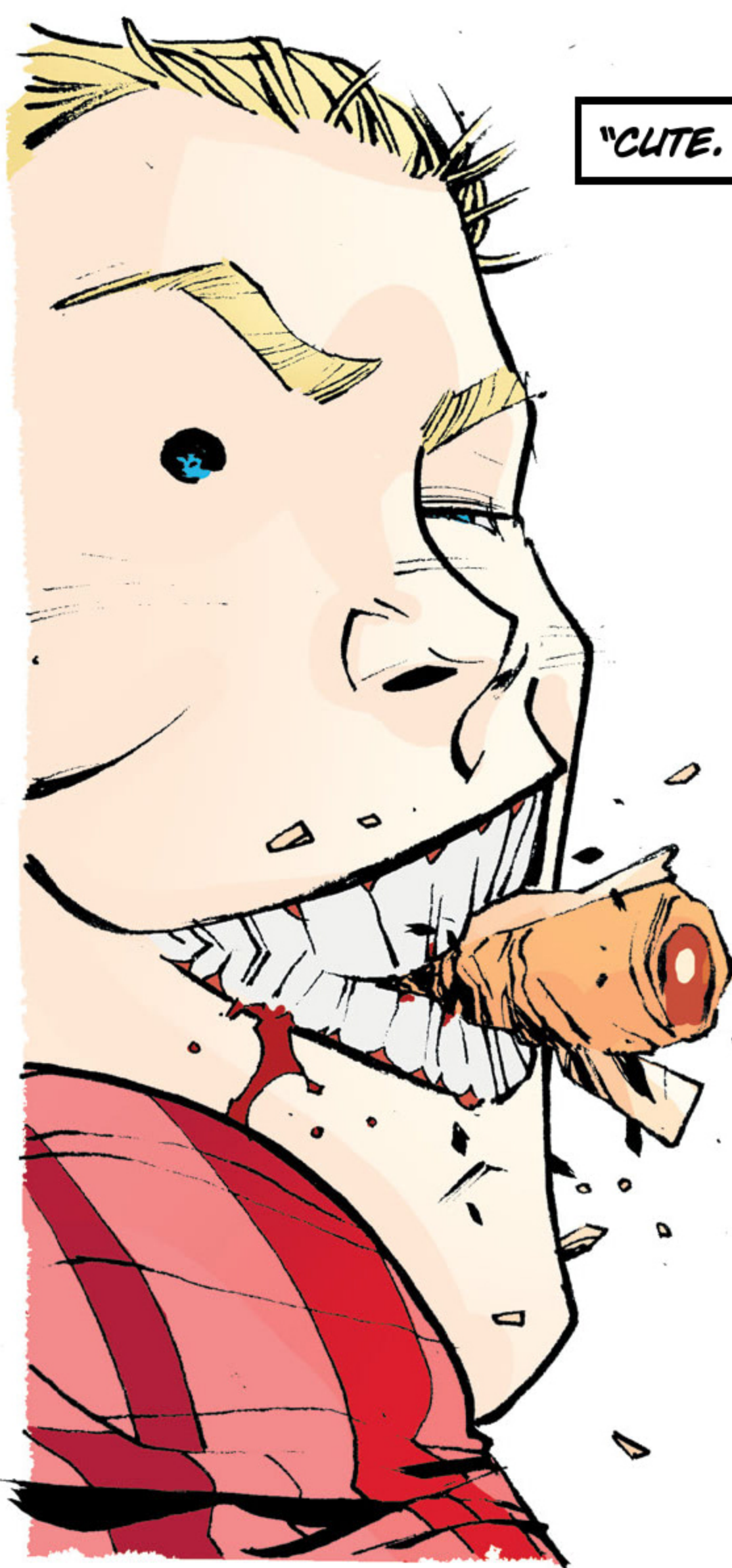
REVENGE!



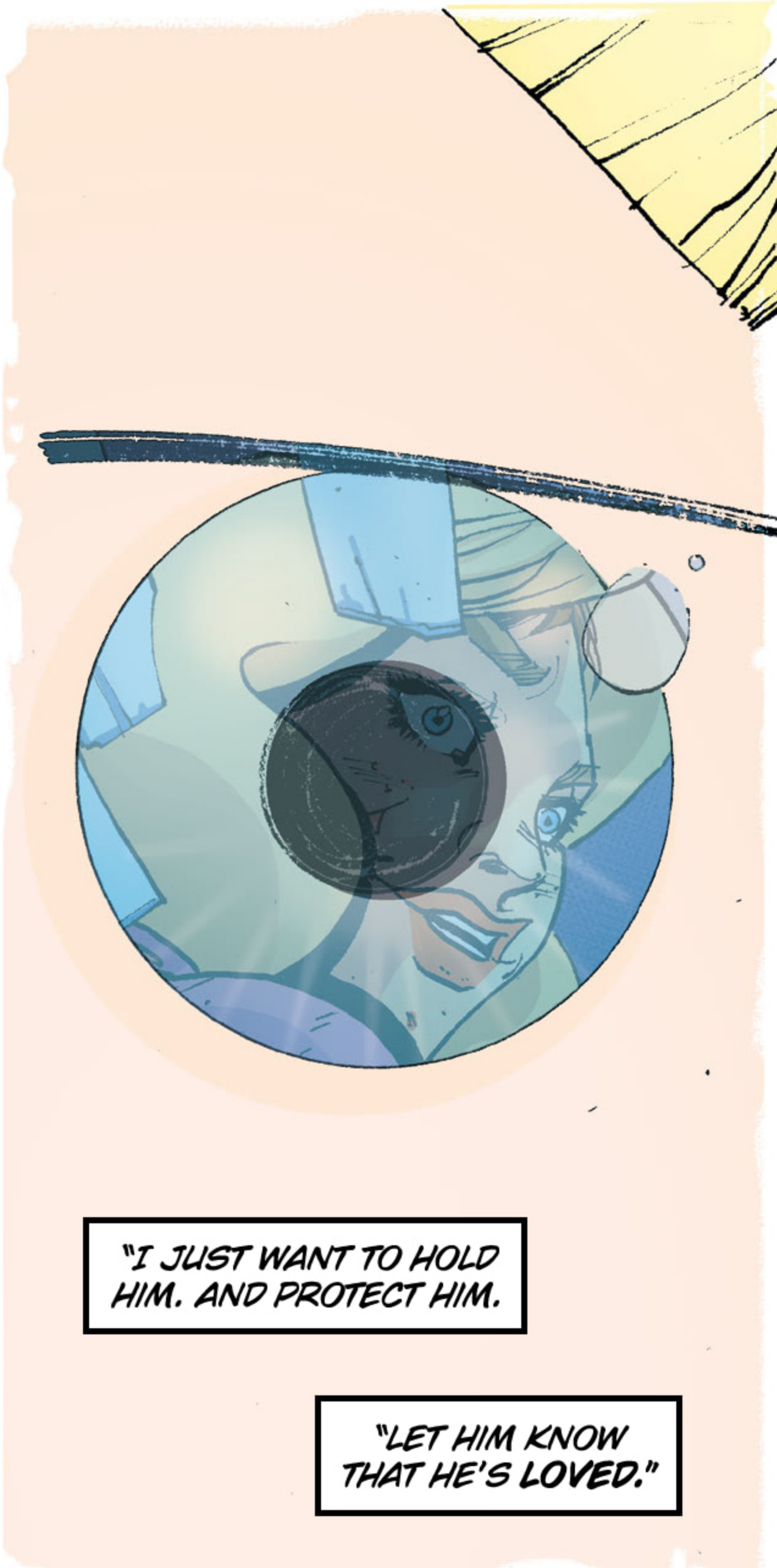
BITE BITE BITE
BITE BITE BITE
BITE BITE BITE



"BUT IN MY DREAMS...HE'S..."

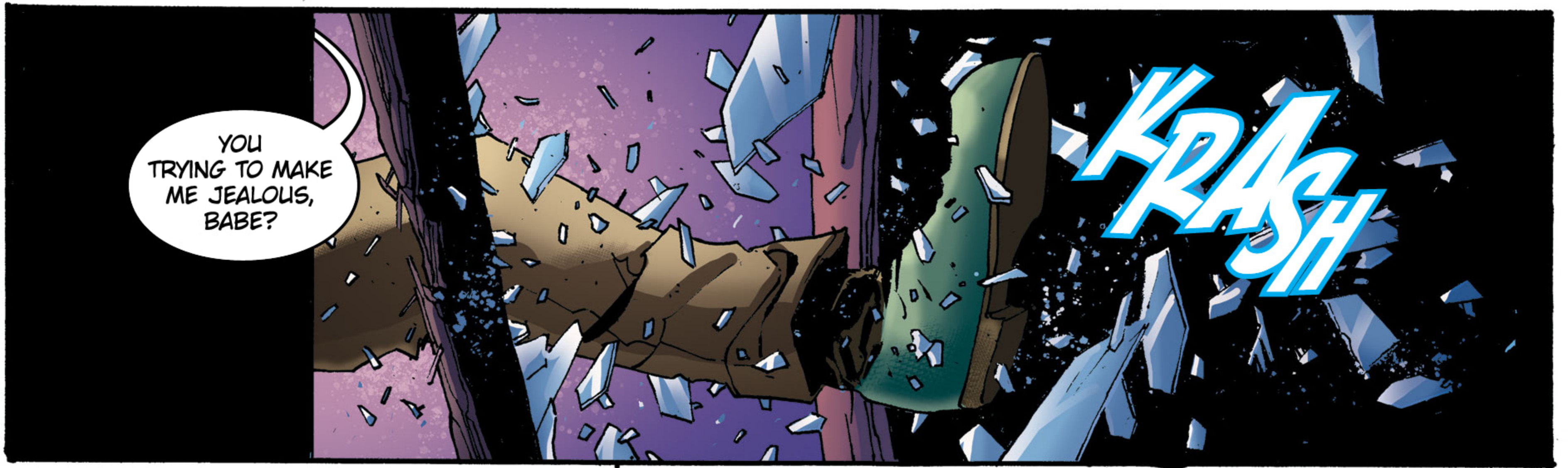


"CUTE."



"I JUST WANT TO HOLD HIM. AND PROTECT HIM."

"LET HIM KNOW THAT HE'S LOVED."



YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME JEALOUS, BABE?



MAYBE A LITTLE...

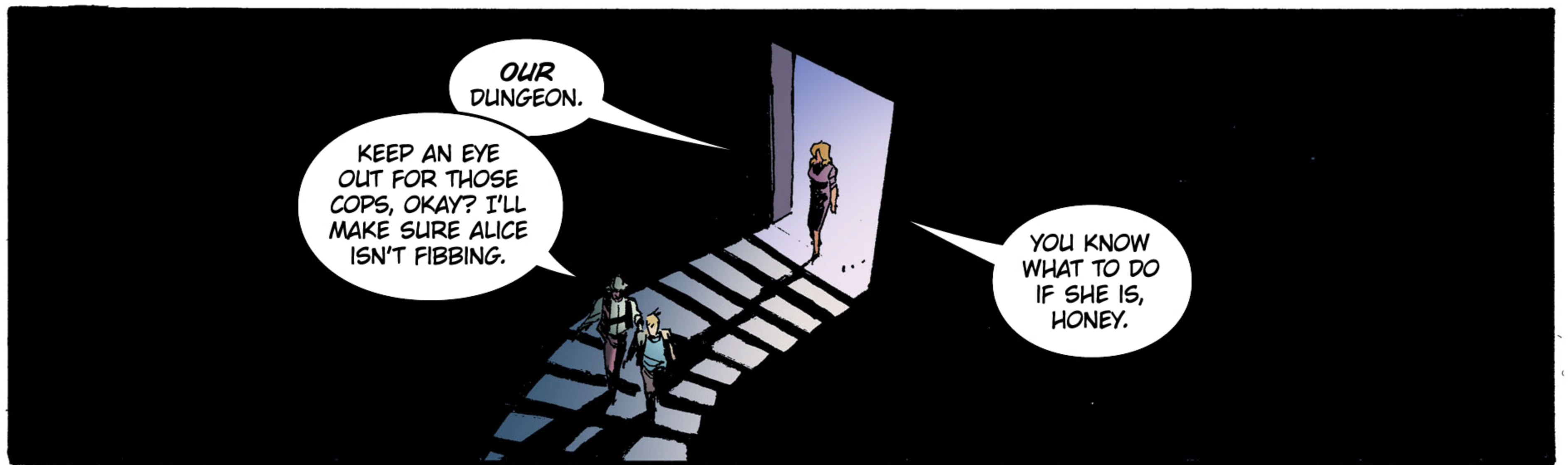
WHERE IS HE?

BEHIND THE BOOKCASE.



SECRET PASSAGE?! WHAT?!

BABE, WHEN WE BUY A HOUSE, WE GOTTA GET ONE OF THESE FOR MY DUNGEON.



OUR DUNGEON.

KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THOSE COPS, OKAY? I'LL MAKE SURE ALICE ISN'T FIBBING.

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO IF SHE IS, HONEY.



NO ONE GETS PAST ME...



ALICE?!

FINCH, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU MIXED UP WITH, MAN?!



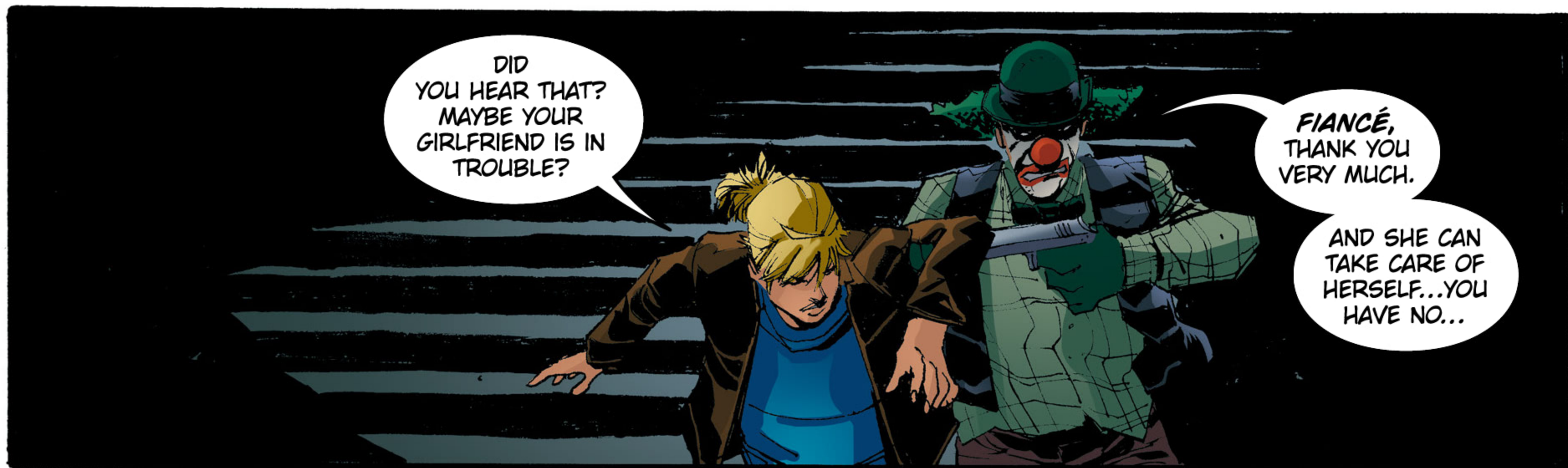
EEEEEEEE!!!



SHIT!

AHHHH!!!

BANG



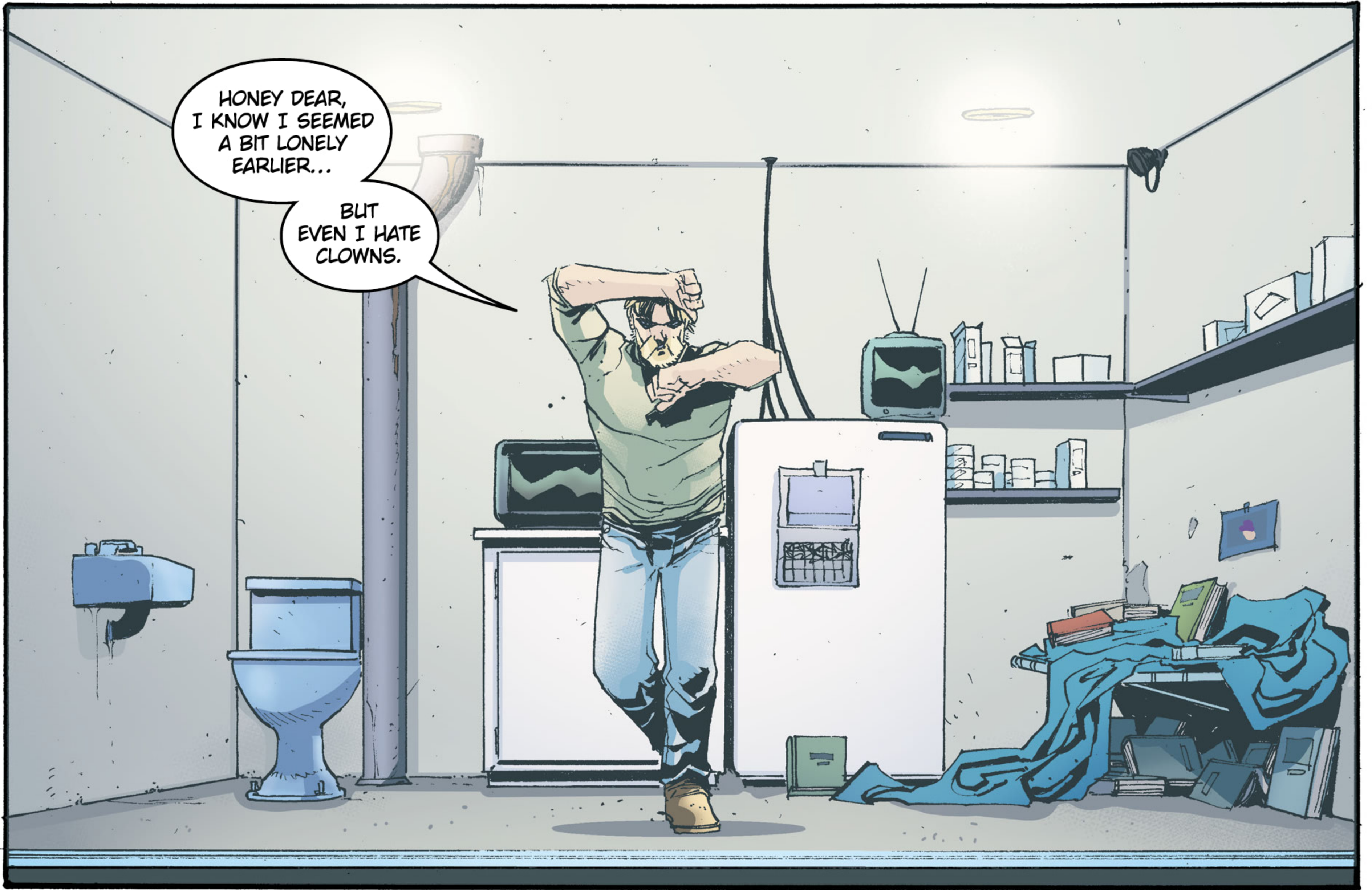
DID YOU HEAR THAT? MAYBE YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS IN TROUBLE?

FIANCÉ, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

AND SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF... YOU HAVE NO...



...IDEA...



HONEY DEAR,
I KNOW I SEEMED
A BIT LONELY
EARLIER...

BUT
EVEN I HATE
CLOWNS.



IT'S YOU...IT'S
REALLY YOU...EDWARD
CHARLES WARREN...
THE NAILBITER.

AND
WHO ARE YOU?
ARE YOU...ARE YOU
SUPPOSED TO BE
THE **CLOWN CAR
KILLER?**

BUDDY,
I KNEW THE CLOWN
CAR KILLER...SHITTY
DRIVER...BUT YOU
AIN'T HIM.



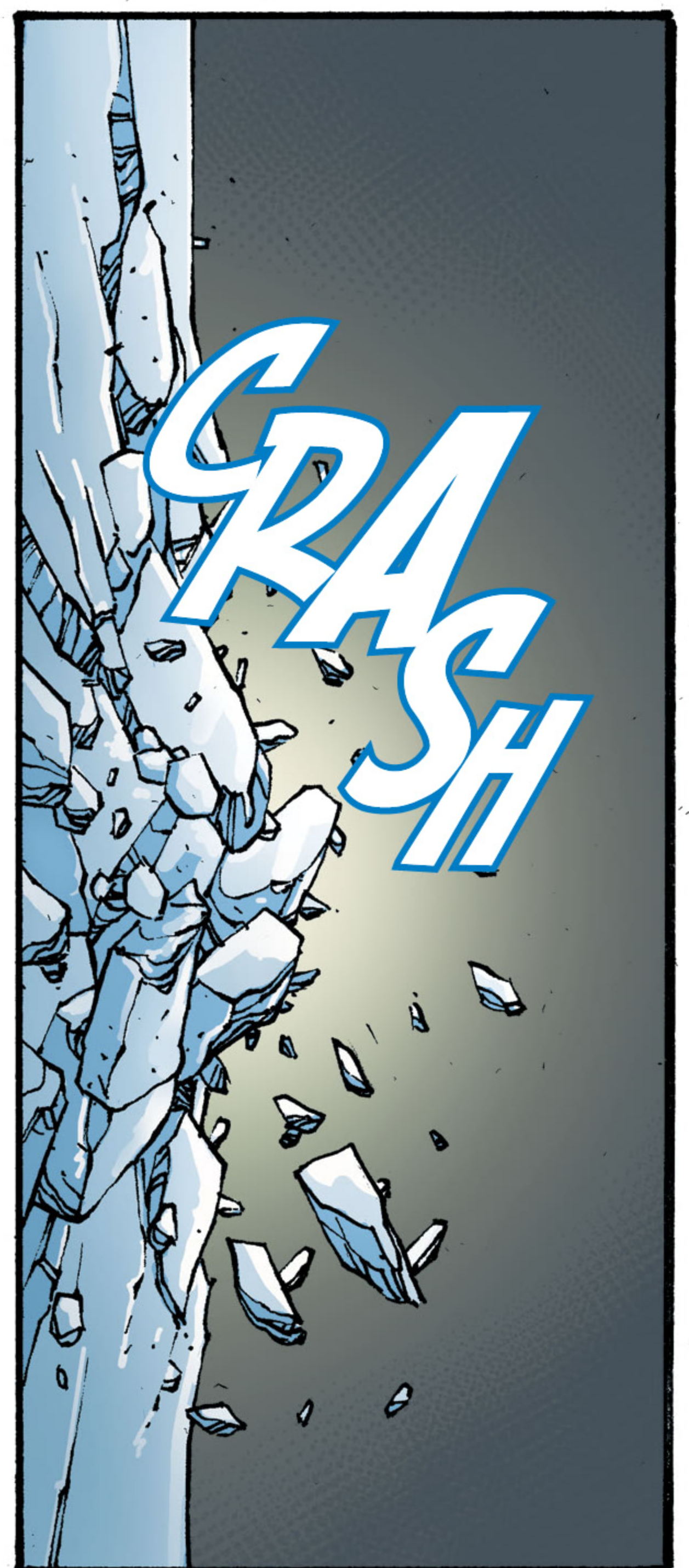
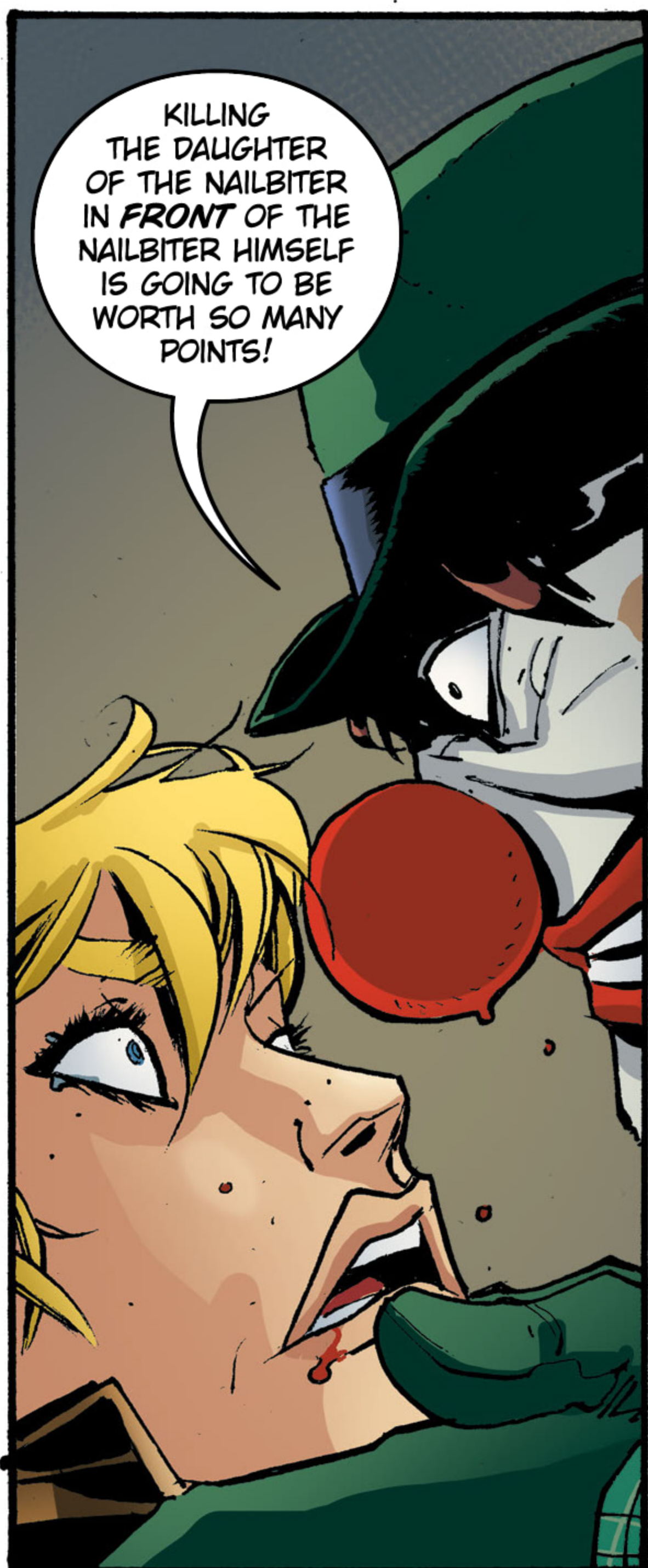
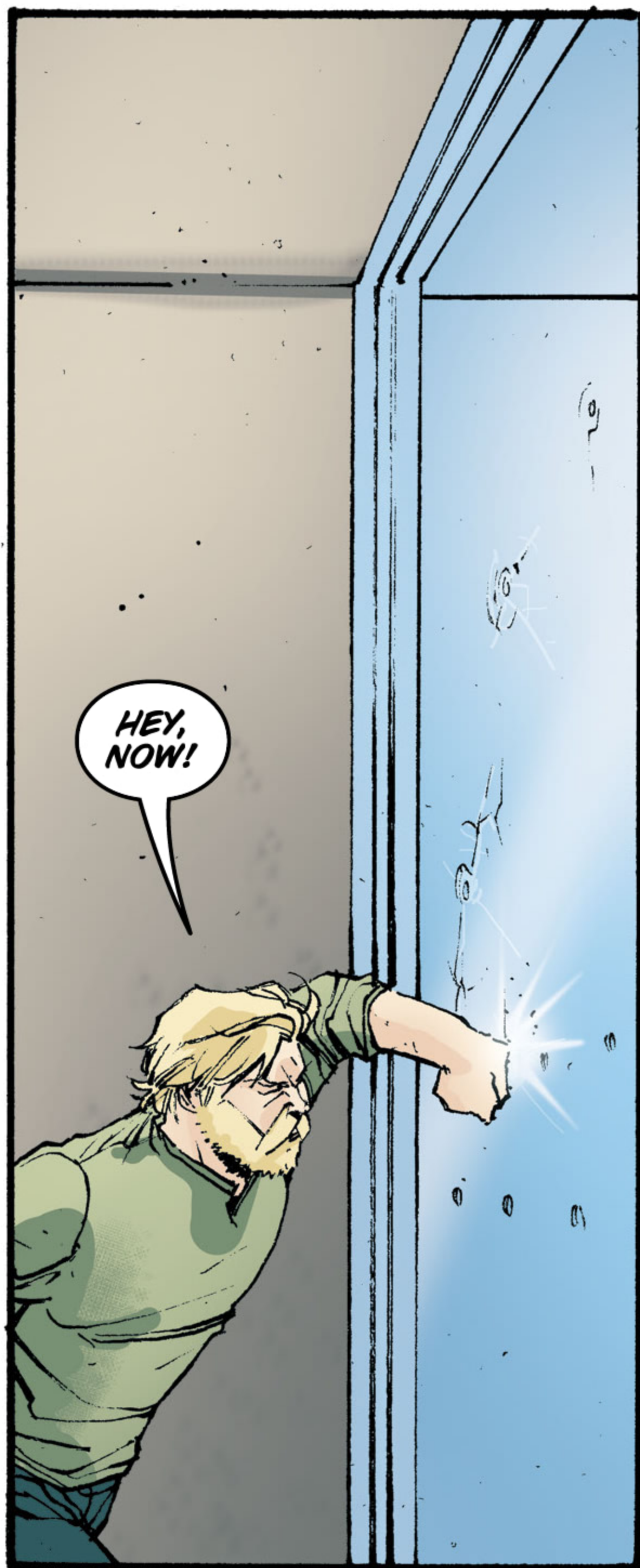
OKAY, HERE
HE IS. YOU WANTED
MY DAD, YOU GOT
HIM.


**NOW TELL
ME WHERE MY
MOM IS!**



SORRY,
ALICE.

BUT
YOU'RE NEVER
SEEING YOUR MOM
EVER AGAIN.

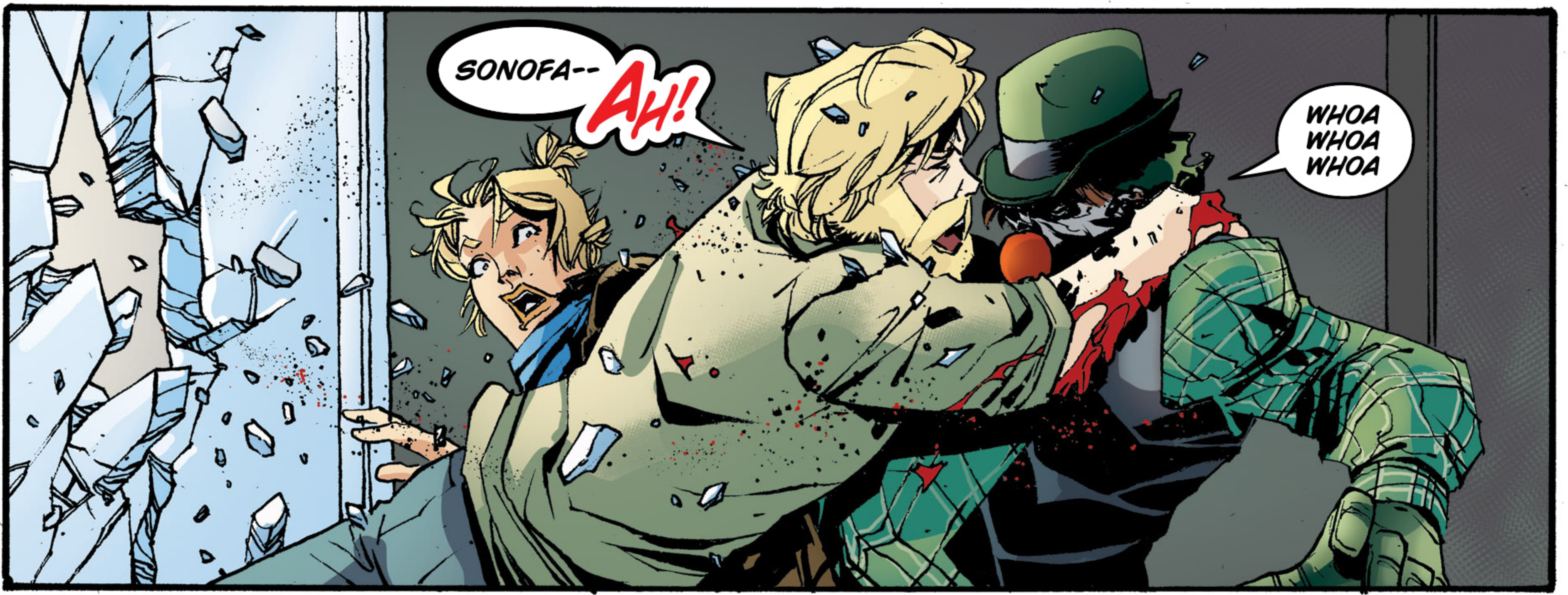




Y'KNOW.
I ALWAYS HOPED MY
DAUGHTER WOULD BRING
A BOY HOME TO MEET ME,
AND I'D HAVE TO PUT A
LI'L SCARE IN HIM TO
MAKE SURE THAT HE
UNDERSTOOD...

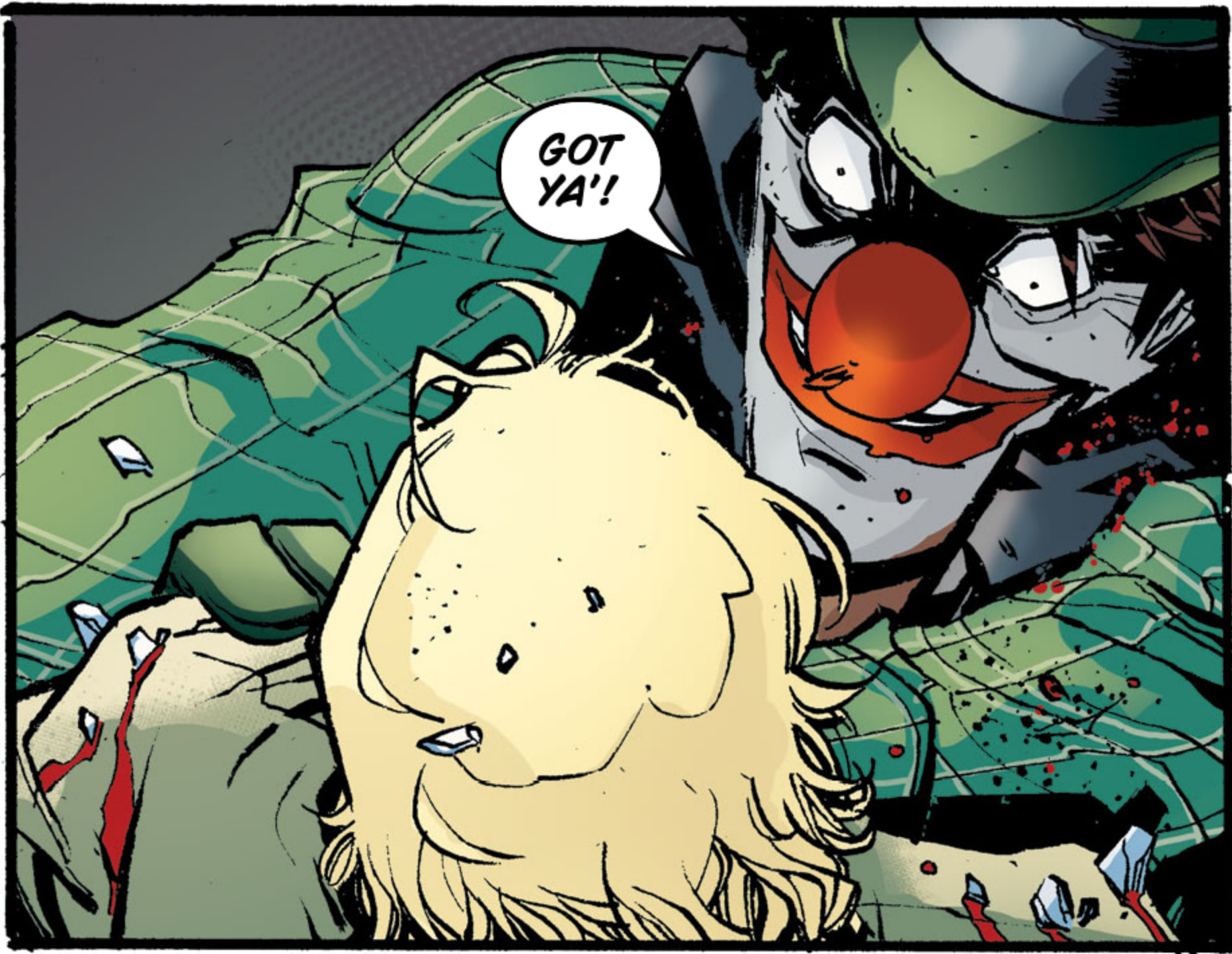


...NO ONE
TOUCHES MY
DAUGHTER!

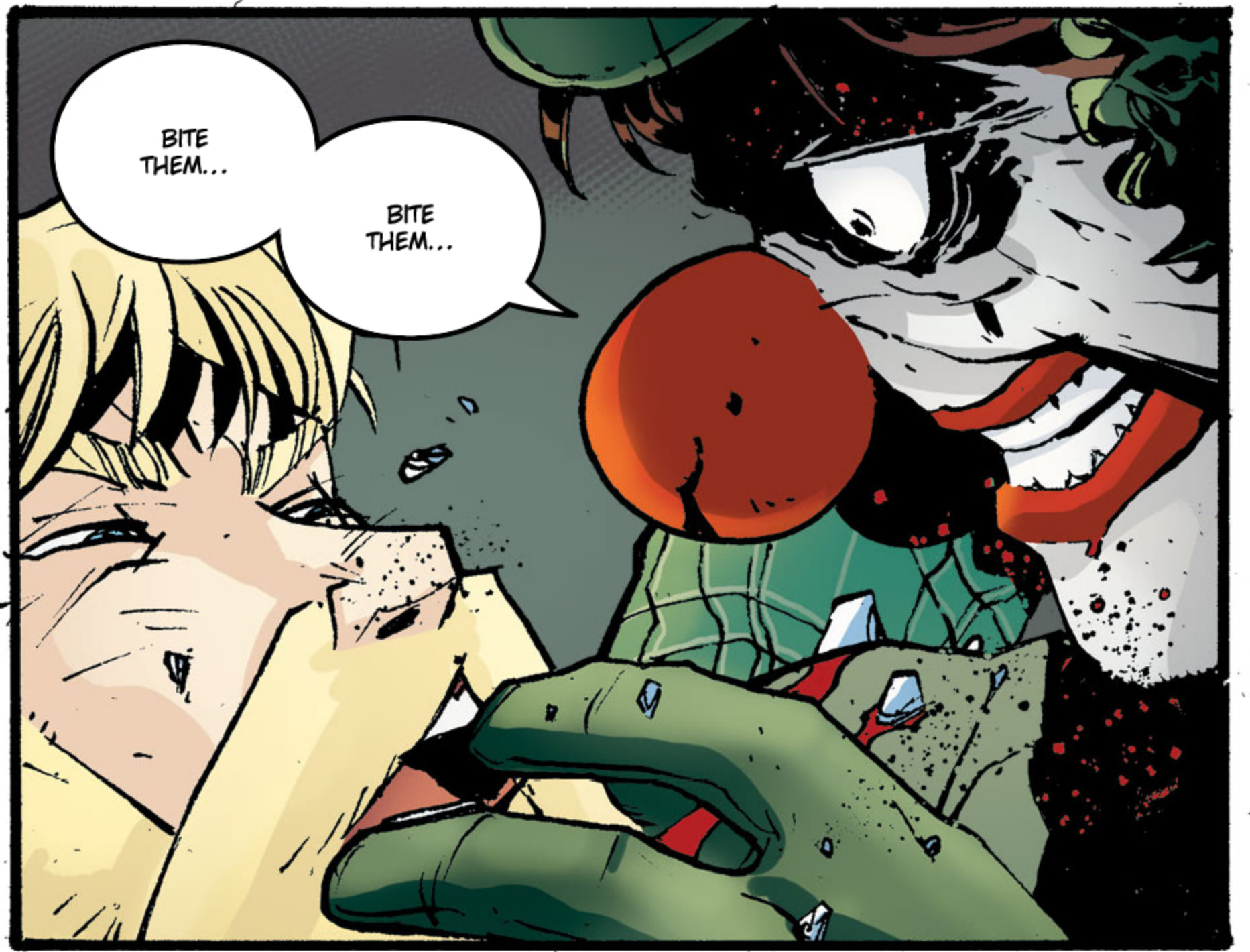


SONOFA-- Ah!

WHOA WHOA WHOA

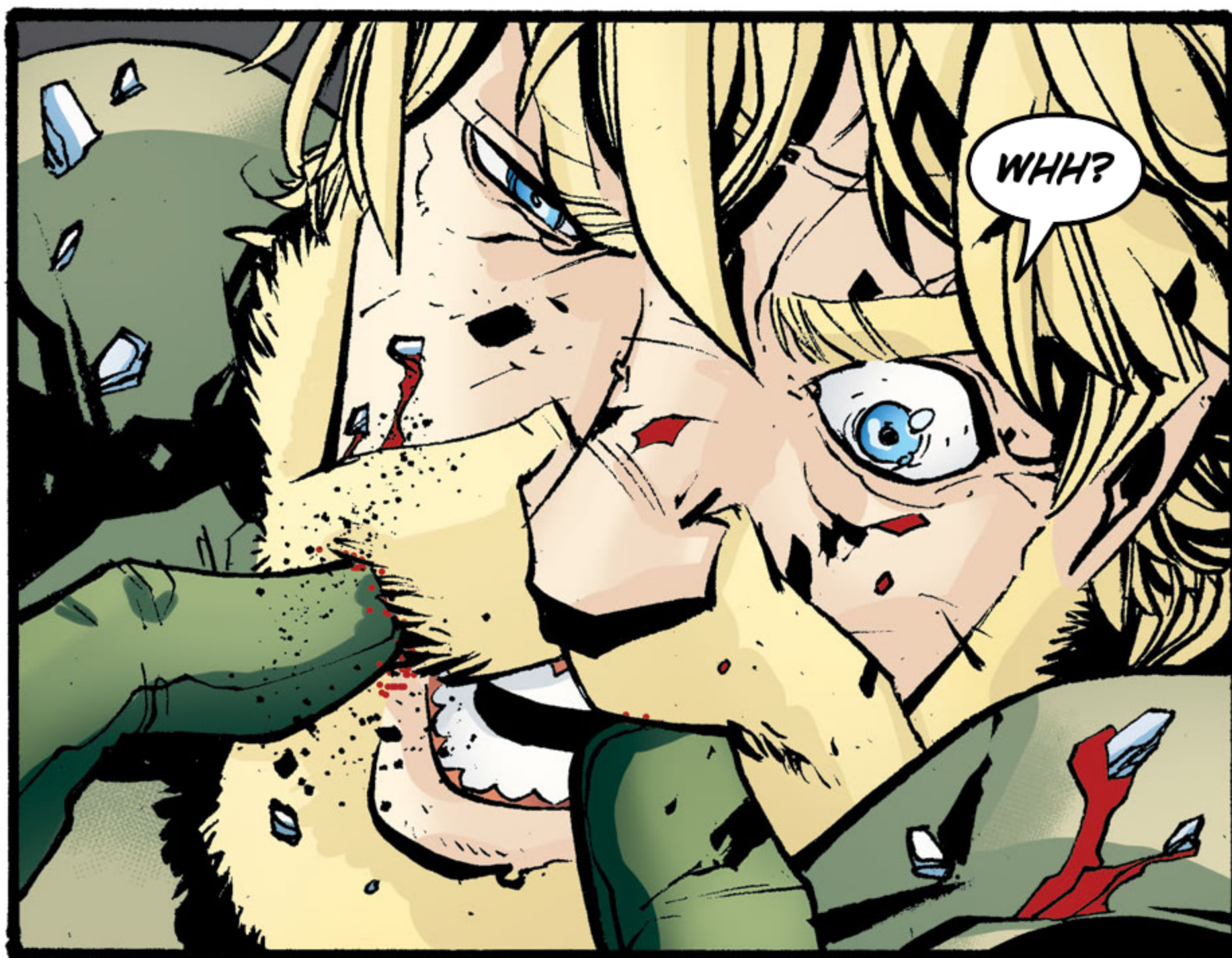


GOT YA!



BITE THEM...

BITE THEM...



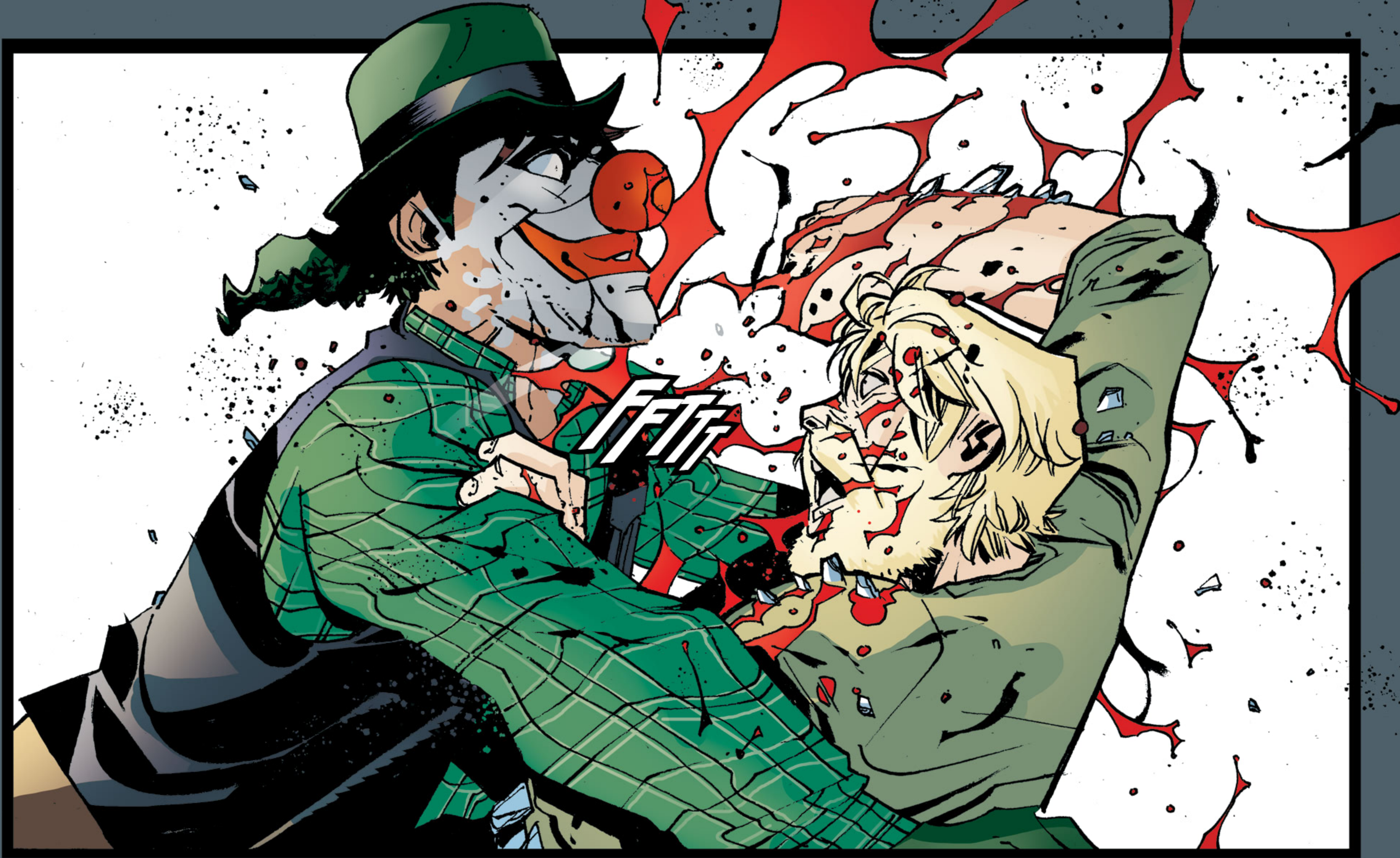
WHH?

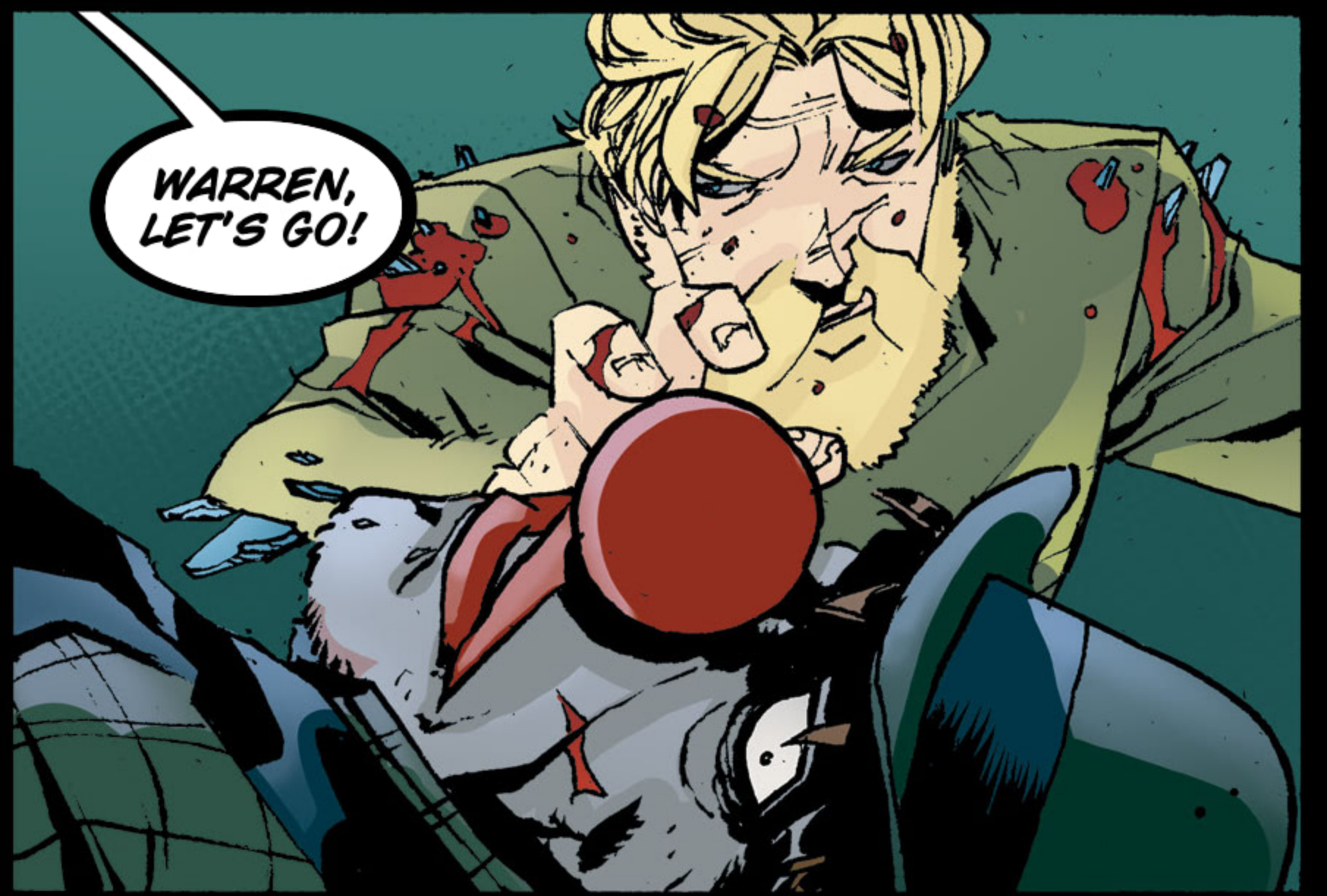


BITE MY NAILS, PLEASE. BITE MY NAILS... C'MON...DO IT...



...JUST THE TIP...





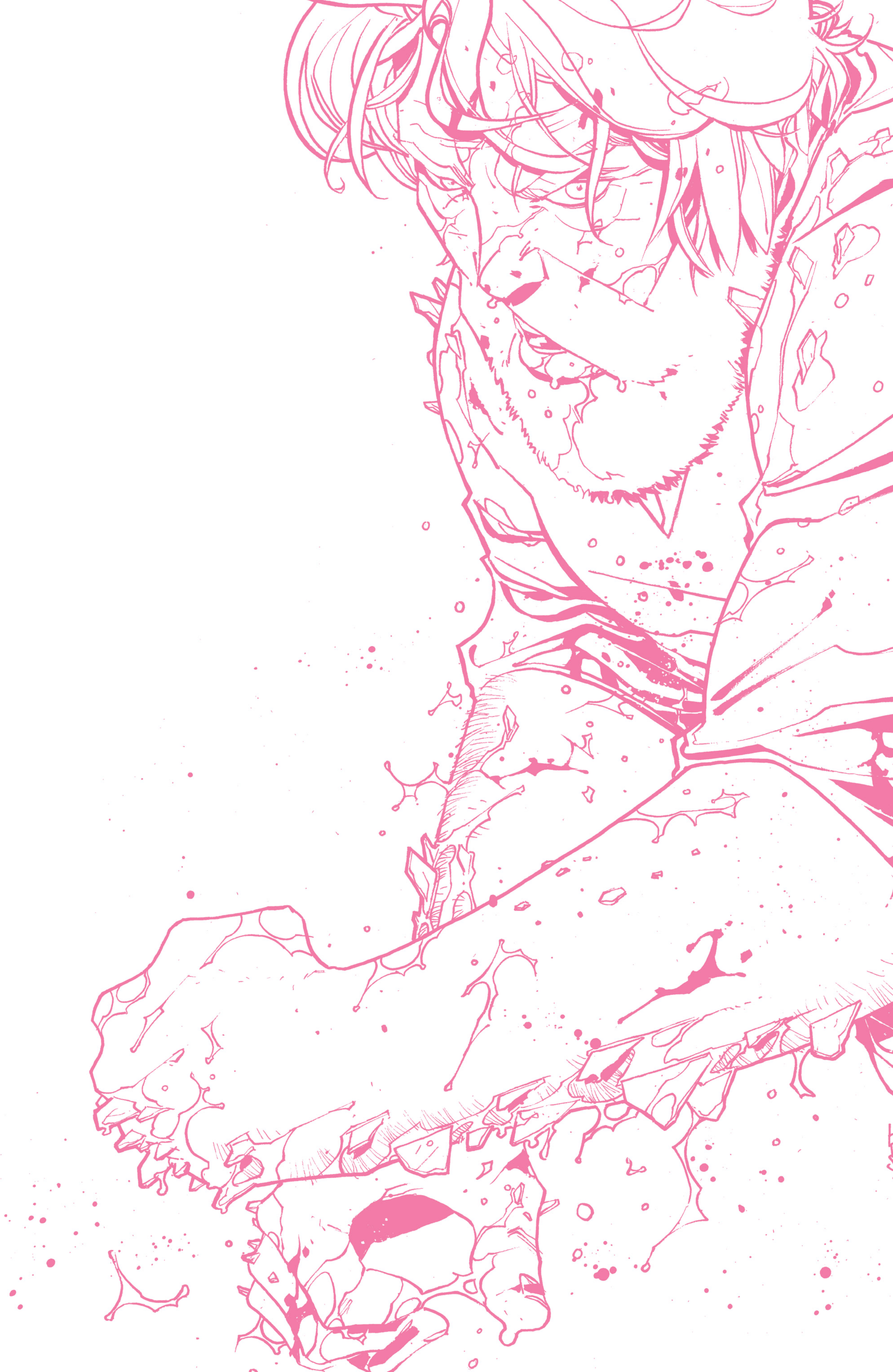
...AND
YOU ARE
SO TOTALLY
FUCKED.



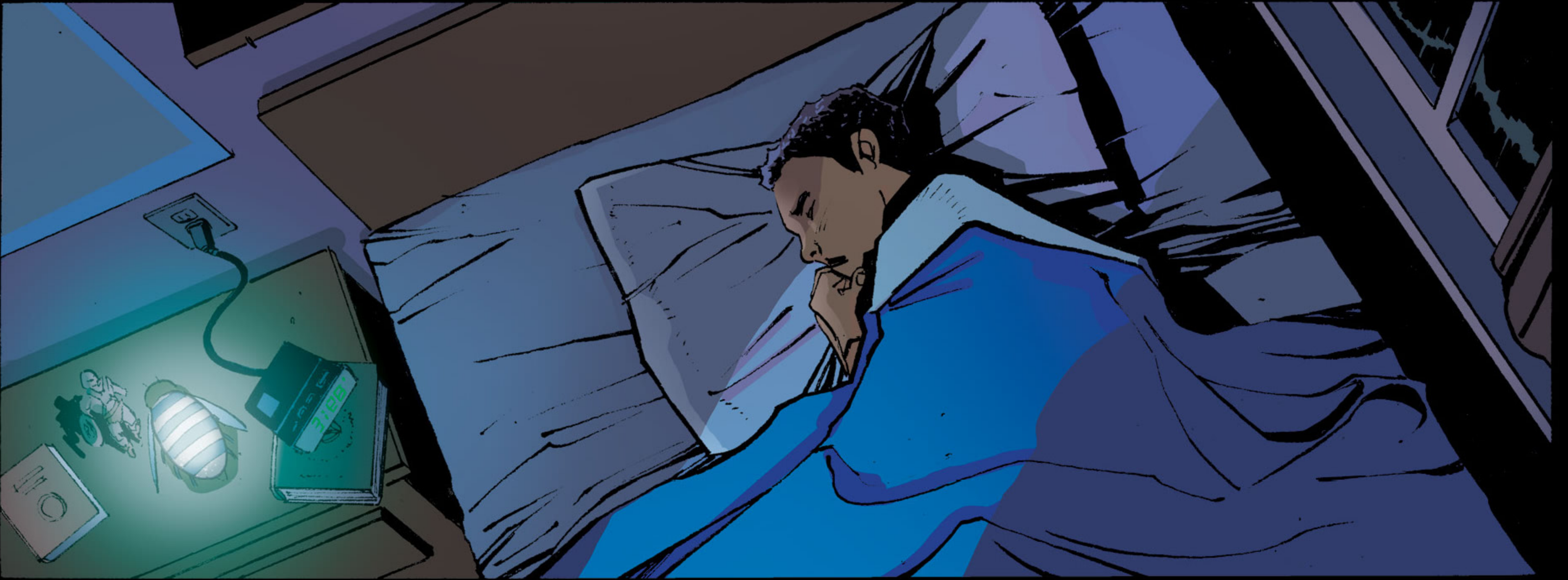
NAILBITER
RETURNS

ISSUE FOUR

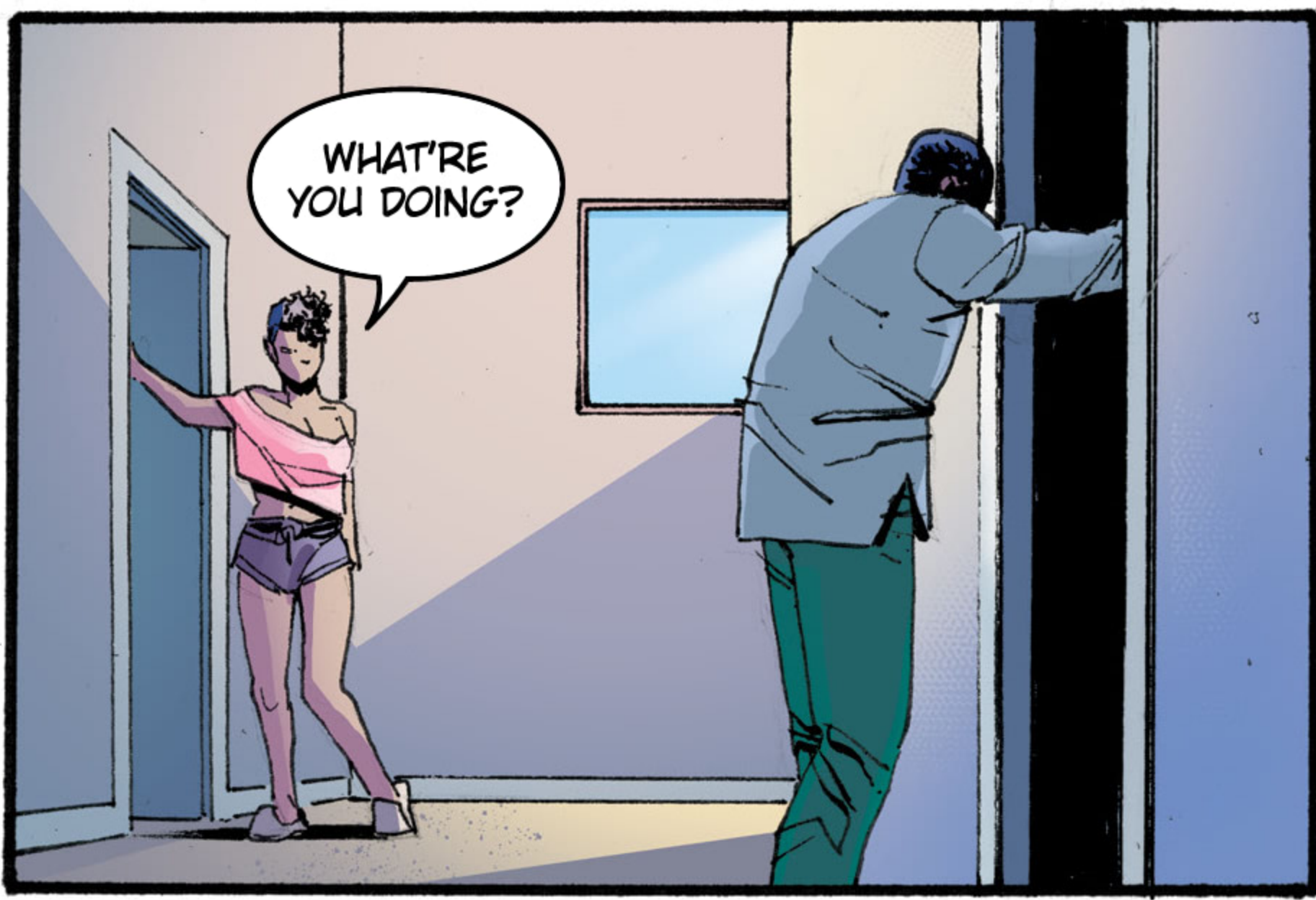




A FEW DAYS AGO,



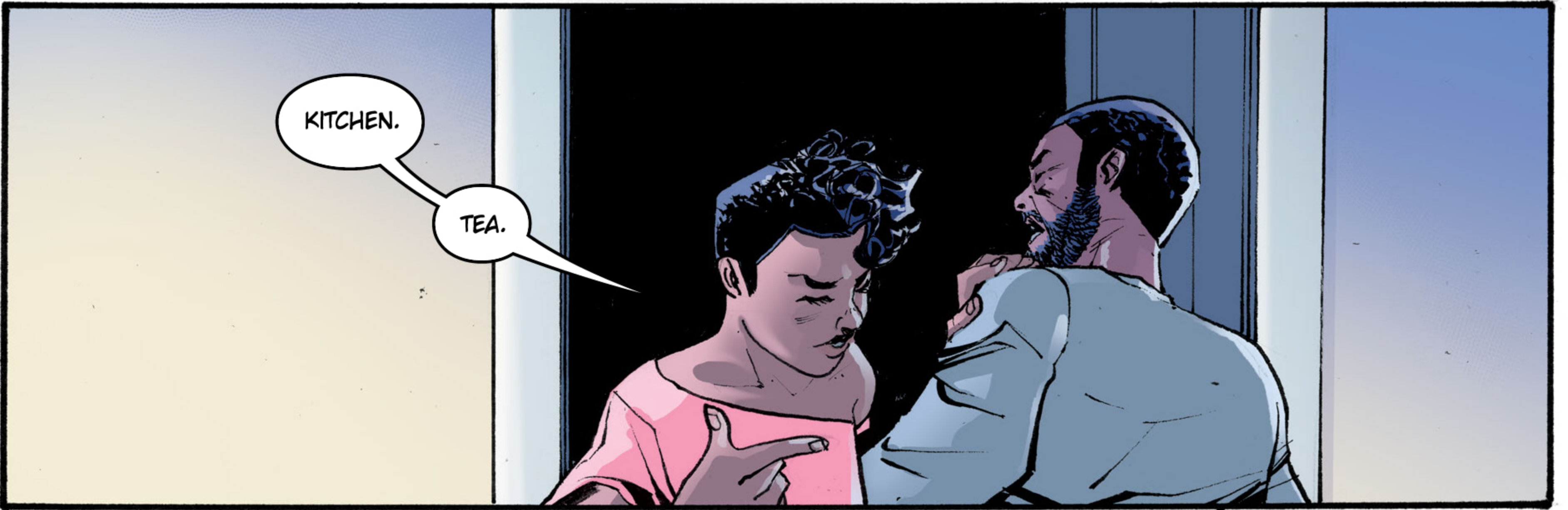




WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

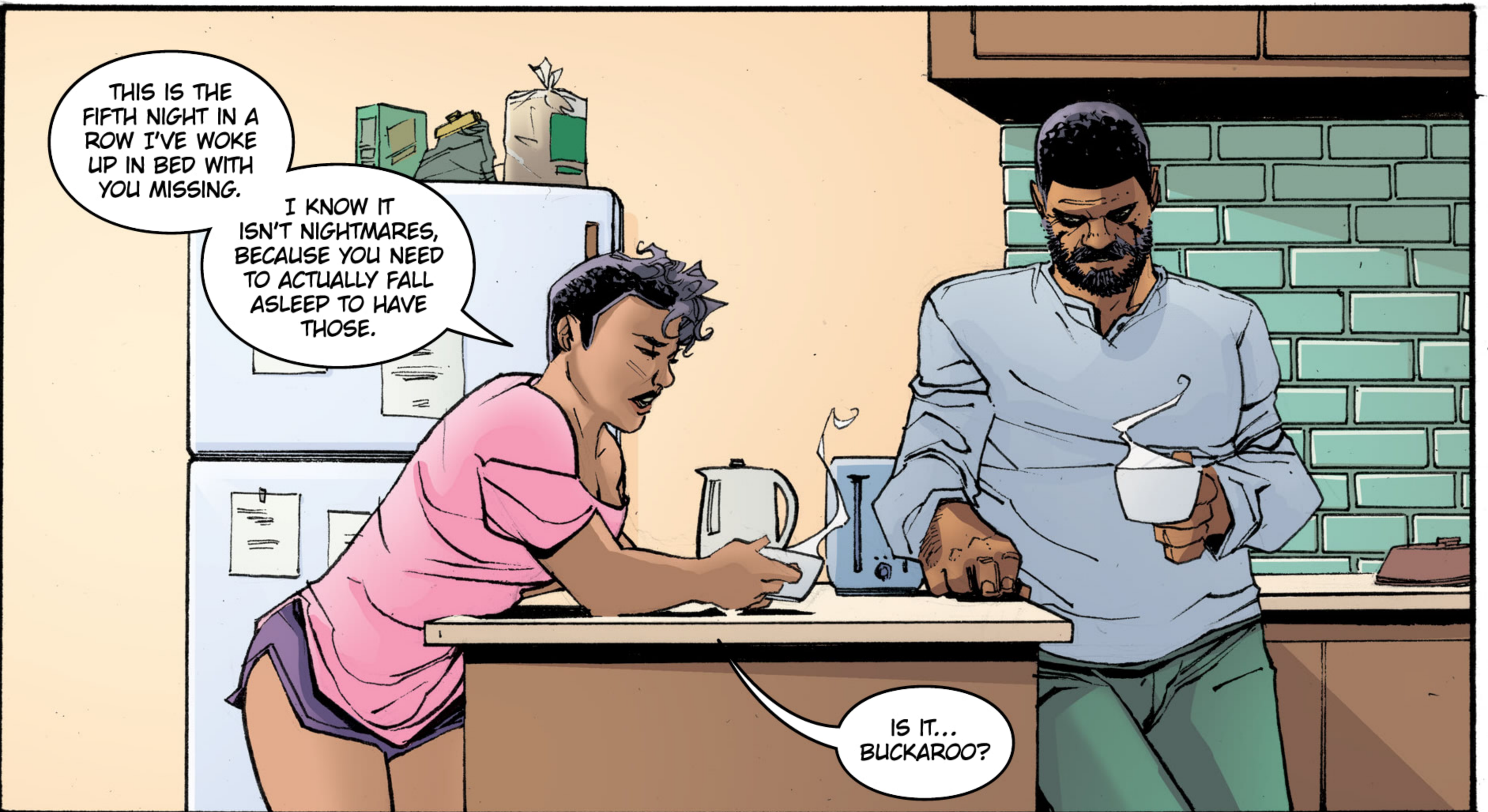
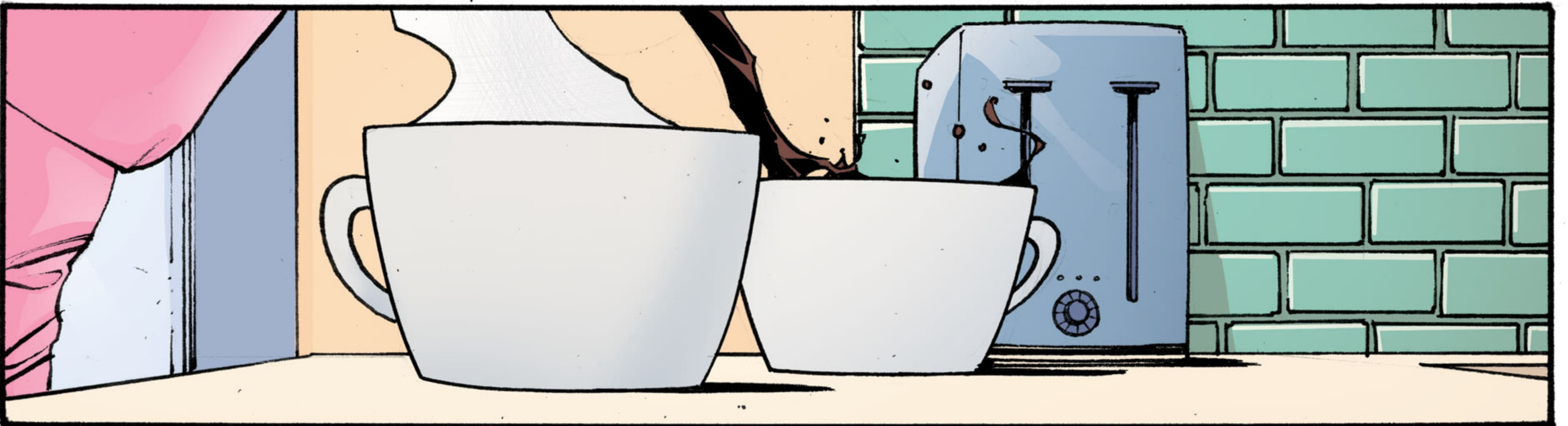


CAN'T SLEEP.



KITCHEN.

TEA.



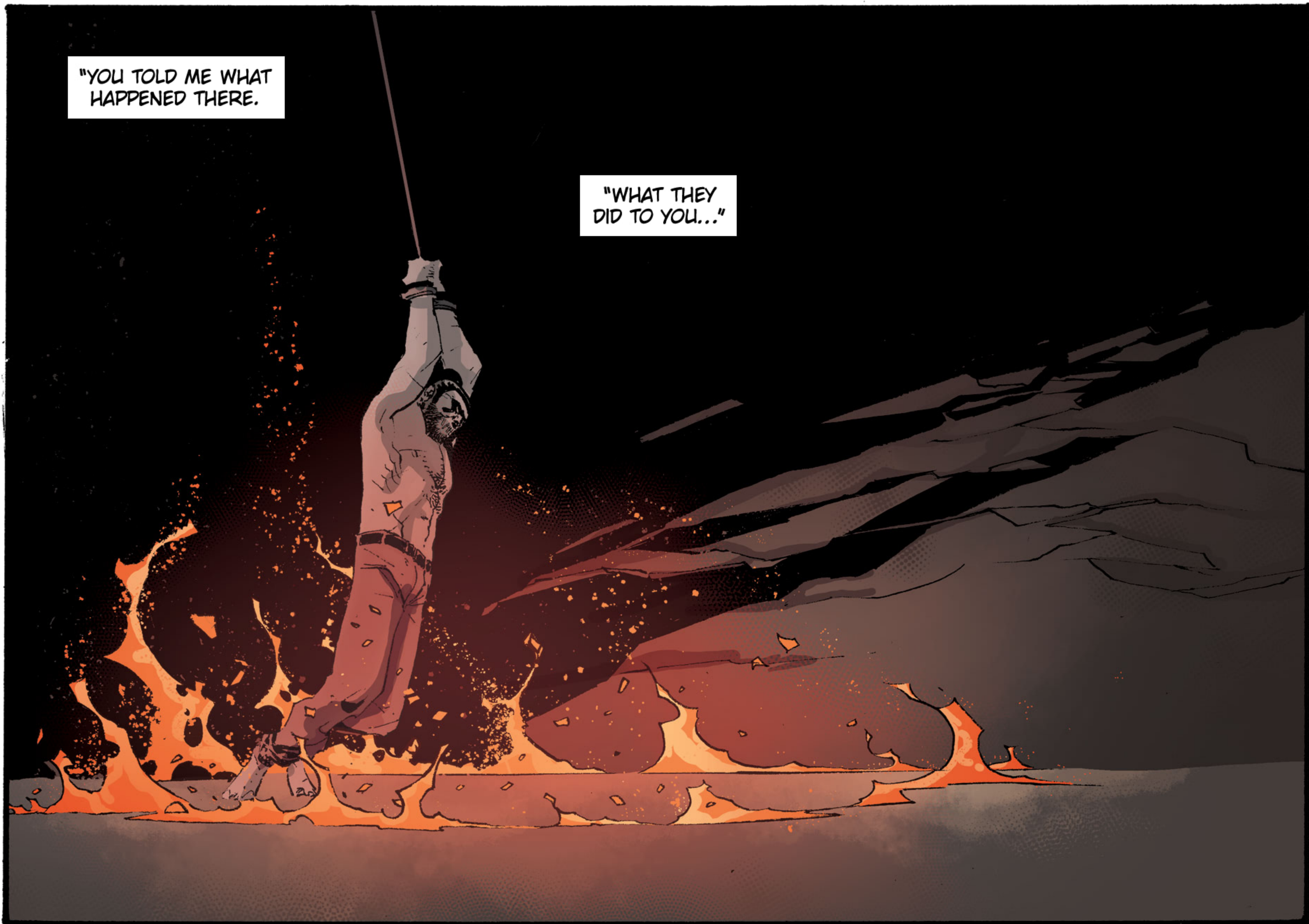
THIS IS THE FIFTH NIGHT IN A ROW I'VE WOKE UP IN BED WITH YOU MISSING.

I KNOW IT ISN'T NIGHTMARES, BECAUSE YOU NEED TO ACTUALLY FALL ASLEEP TO HAVE THOSE.

IS IT... BUCKAROO?

"YOU TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED THERE."

"WHAT THEY DID TO YOU..."

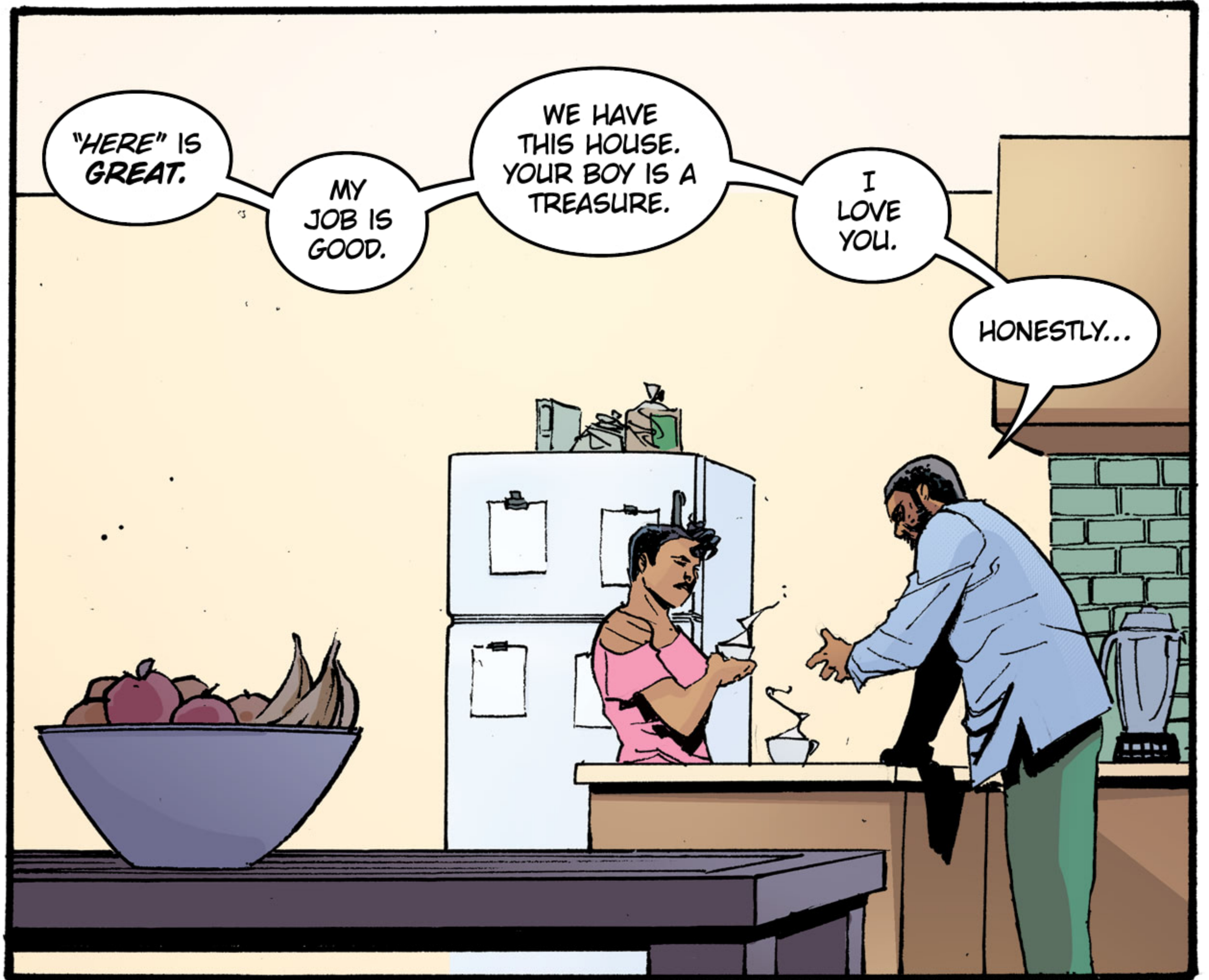


AFTER THAT, NO ONE WOULD FAULT YOU FOR FEELING STRESSED.



NAH, I LEFT ALL THAT BEHIND.

THAT DOESN'T HAUNT ME.



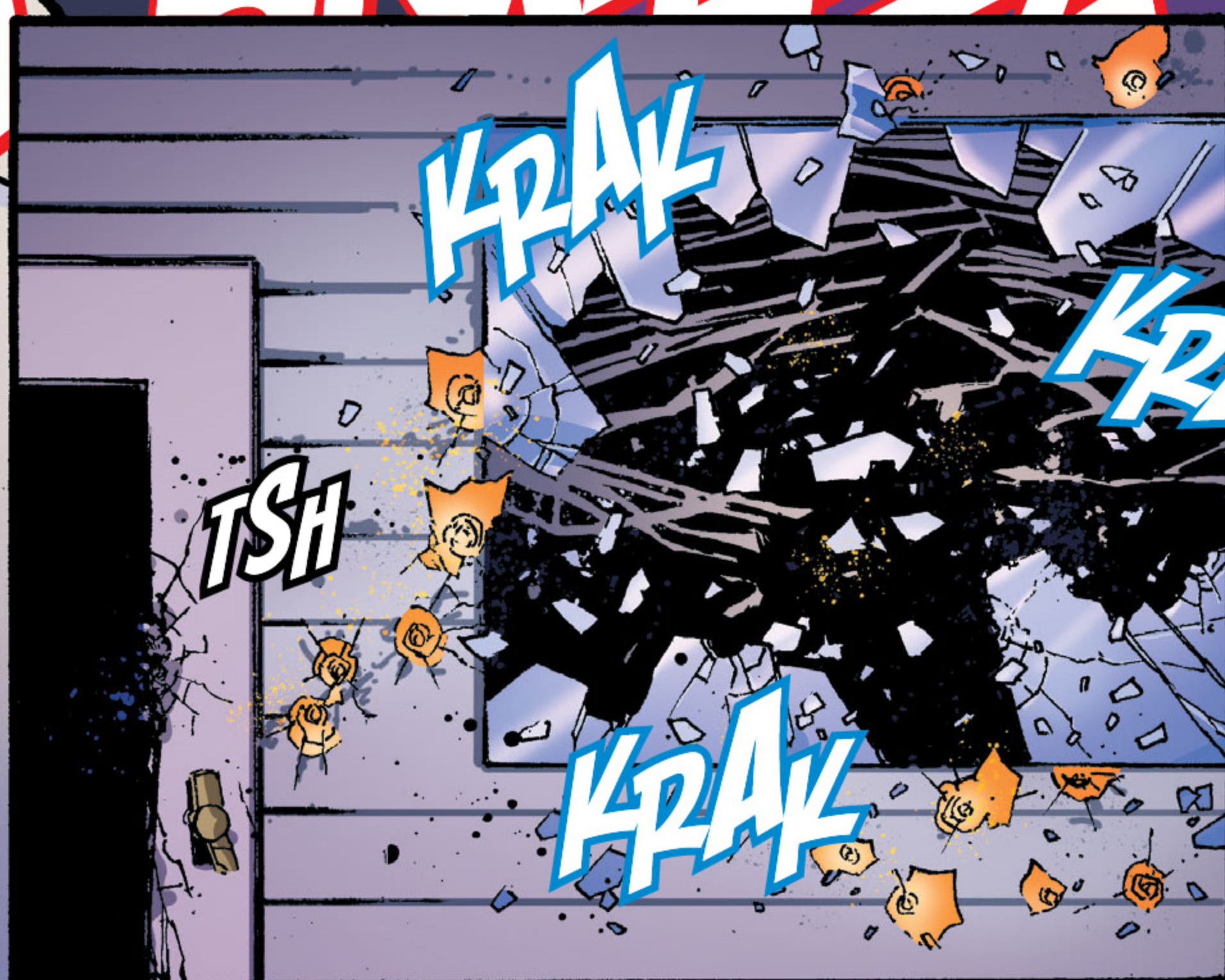
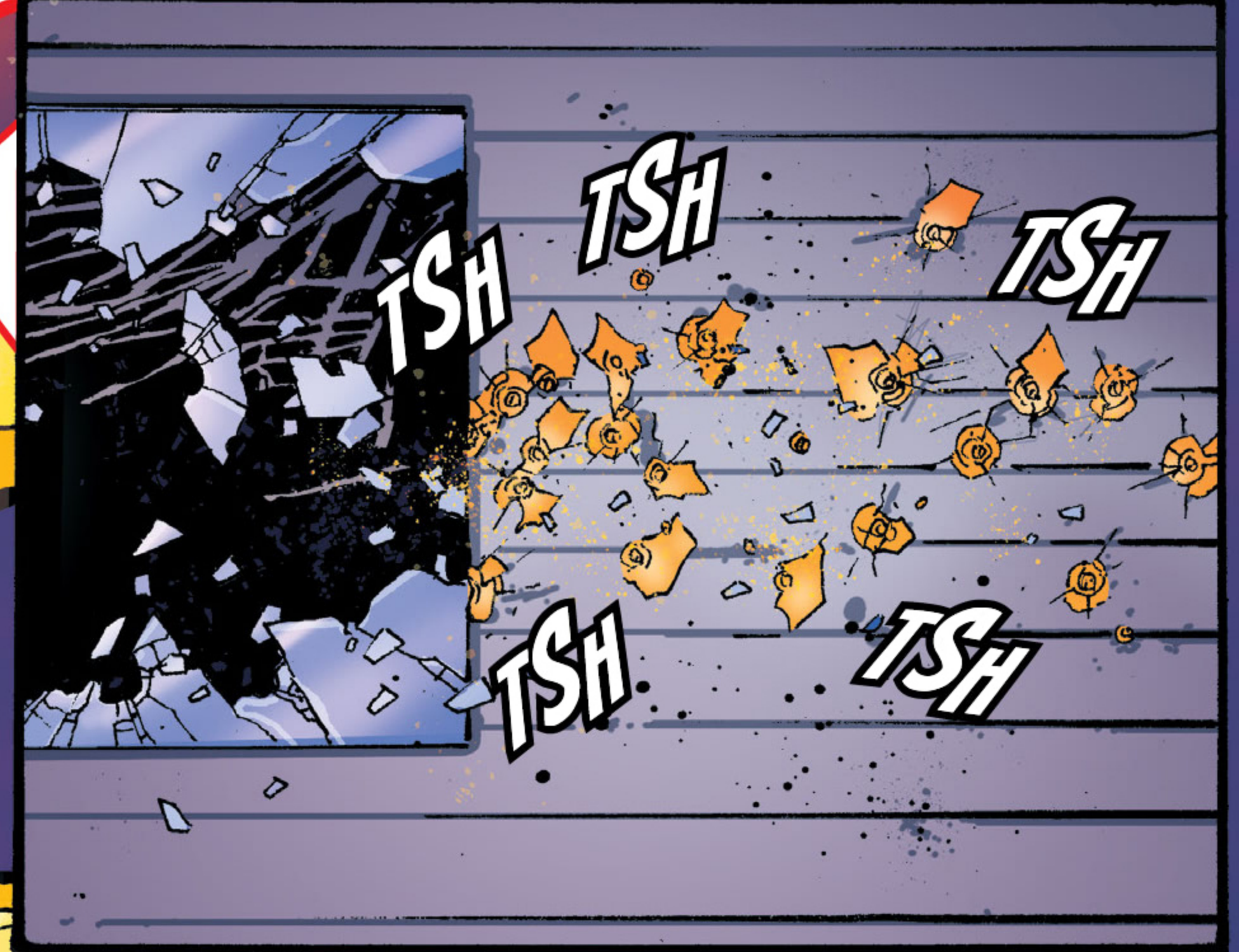
NOW.

THE
END OF THE
WORLD IS
NOW.
JUST
TWENTY YEARS
LATE.

BRATTA
AT

BR

BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA





BRATTA BRATTTABRATTA

DAMMIT.

DING
DING

DING
DING

SLOW
CHILDREN
AT PLAY

DING
DING



CAN WE PLAY, TOO?



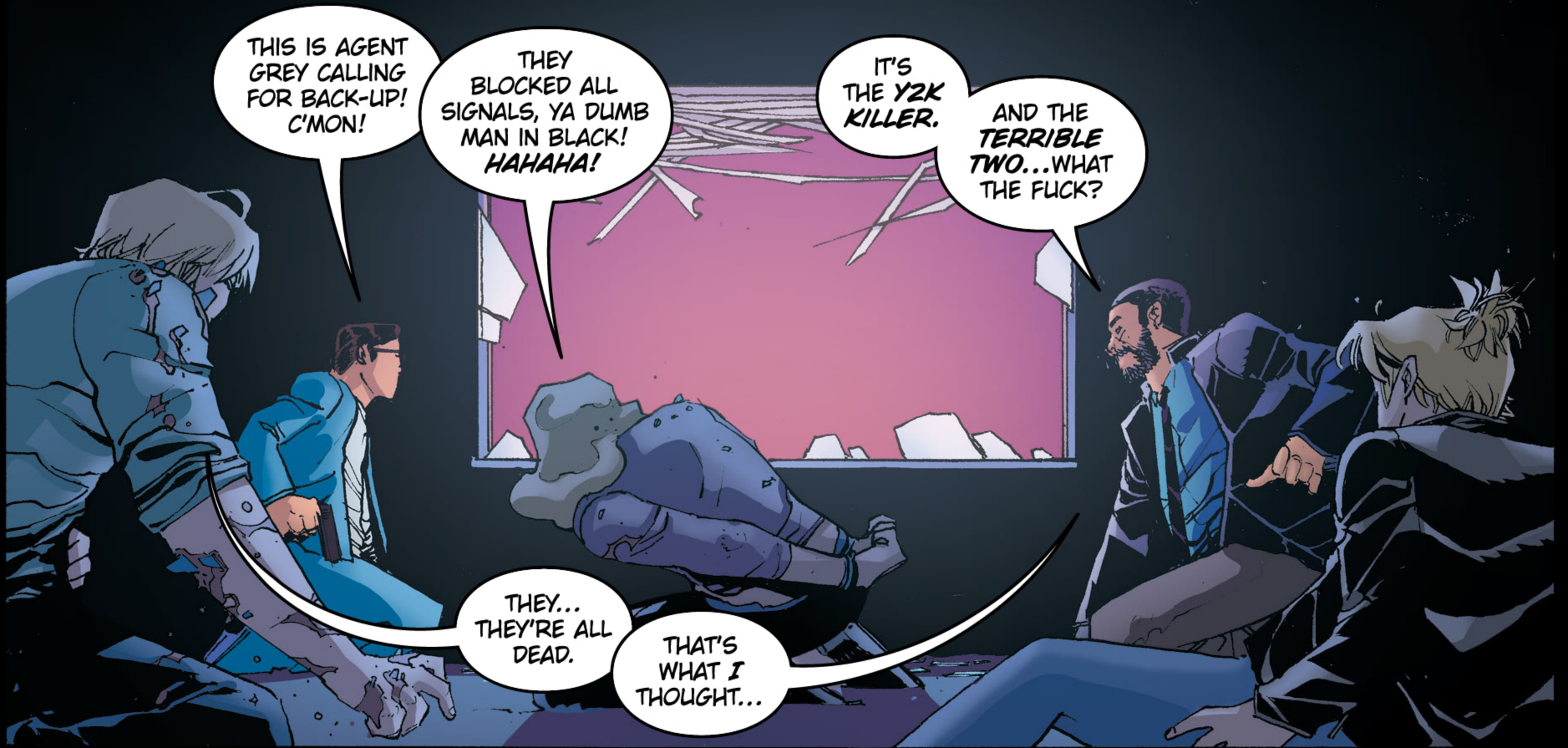
I HEARD WHAT YOU TWO DID TO THE SILENT MOVIE KILLER.

WHY WOULD I WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU?



BECAUSE THERE ARE OTHER BUTCHERS ON THE WAY HERE NOW.

WE COULD TEAM UP?



THIS IS AGENT GREY CALLING FOR BACK-UP! C'MON!

THEY BLOCKED ALL SIGNALS, YA DUMB MAN IN BLACK! HAAAA!

IT'S THE Y2K KILLER.

AND THE TERRIBLE TWO...WHAT THE FUCK?

THEY... THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT...

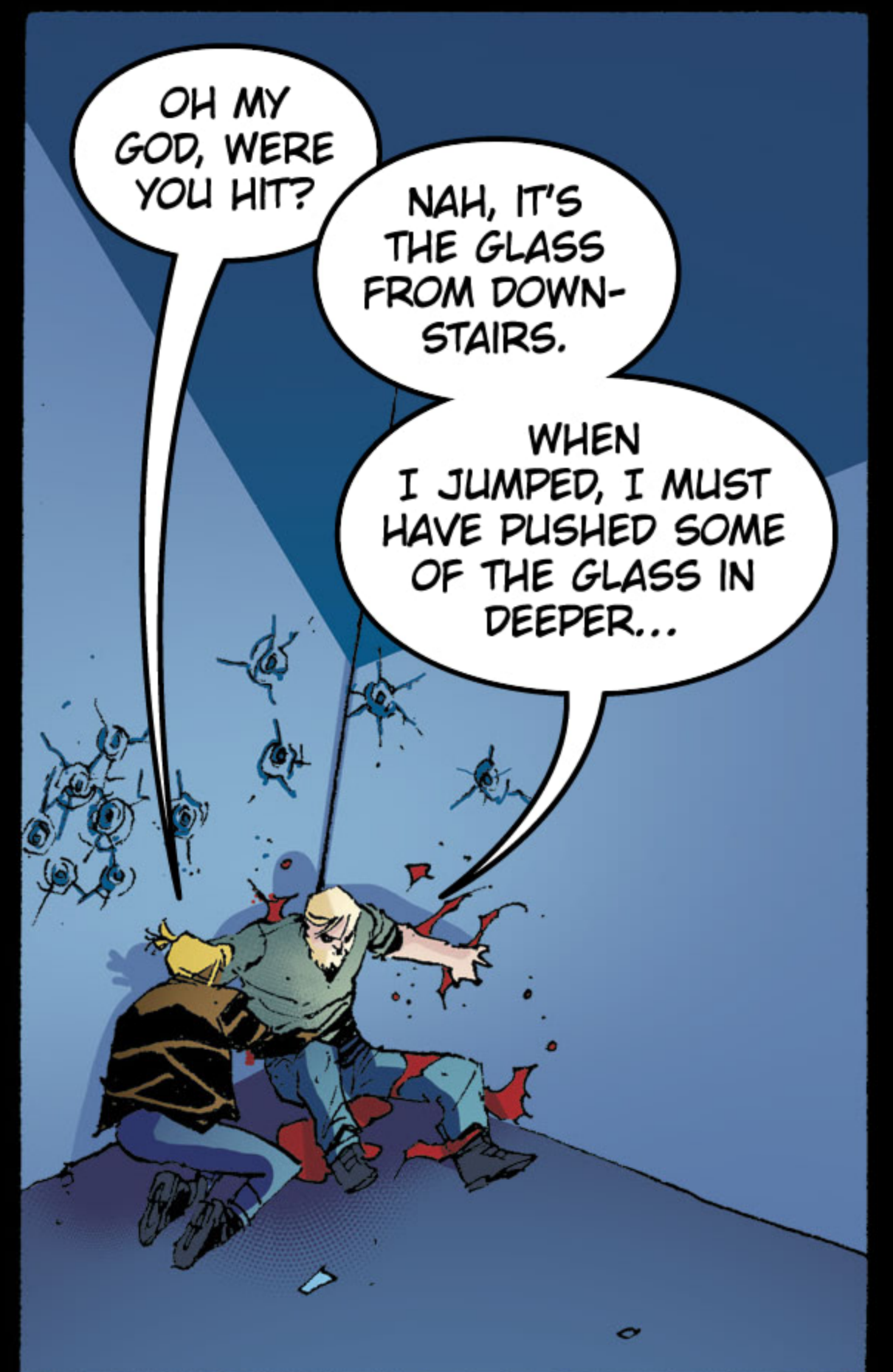


...BUT THEY'RE ALL CHATTING OUTSIDE.



I'M FEELING PALE.

PALER THAN USUAL, Y'KNOW?



OH MY GOD, WERE YOU HIT?

NAH, IT'S THE GLASS FROM DOWN-STAIRS.

WHEN I JUMPED, I MUST HAVE PUSHED SOME OF THE GLASS IN DEEPER...



WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, FINCH!

NO SHIT, ALICE, BUT WE'RE--

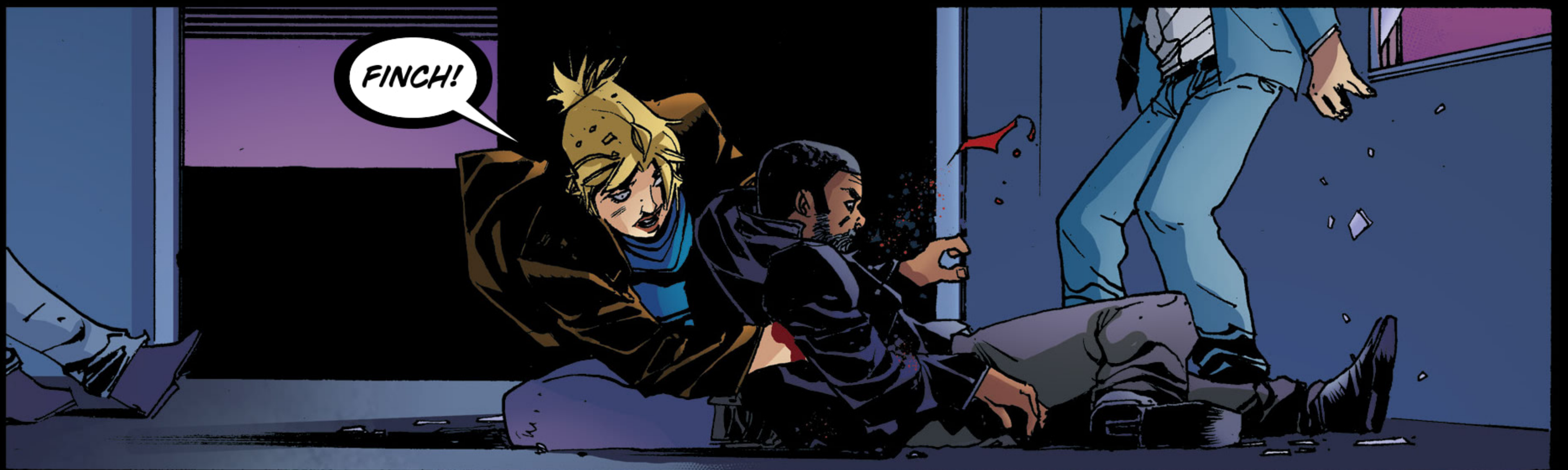
DING DING



FUCK.



WHERE'D THEY GO?







GO, GO,
GO, GO, GO,
GO, GO.



FINCH, THERE'S
SOMETHING I'VE
BEEN MEANING TO
TELL YOU...



I AM SO
GLAD WE'RE
BOTH ROCKING
BEARDS AT THE
SAME TIME.

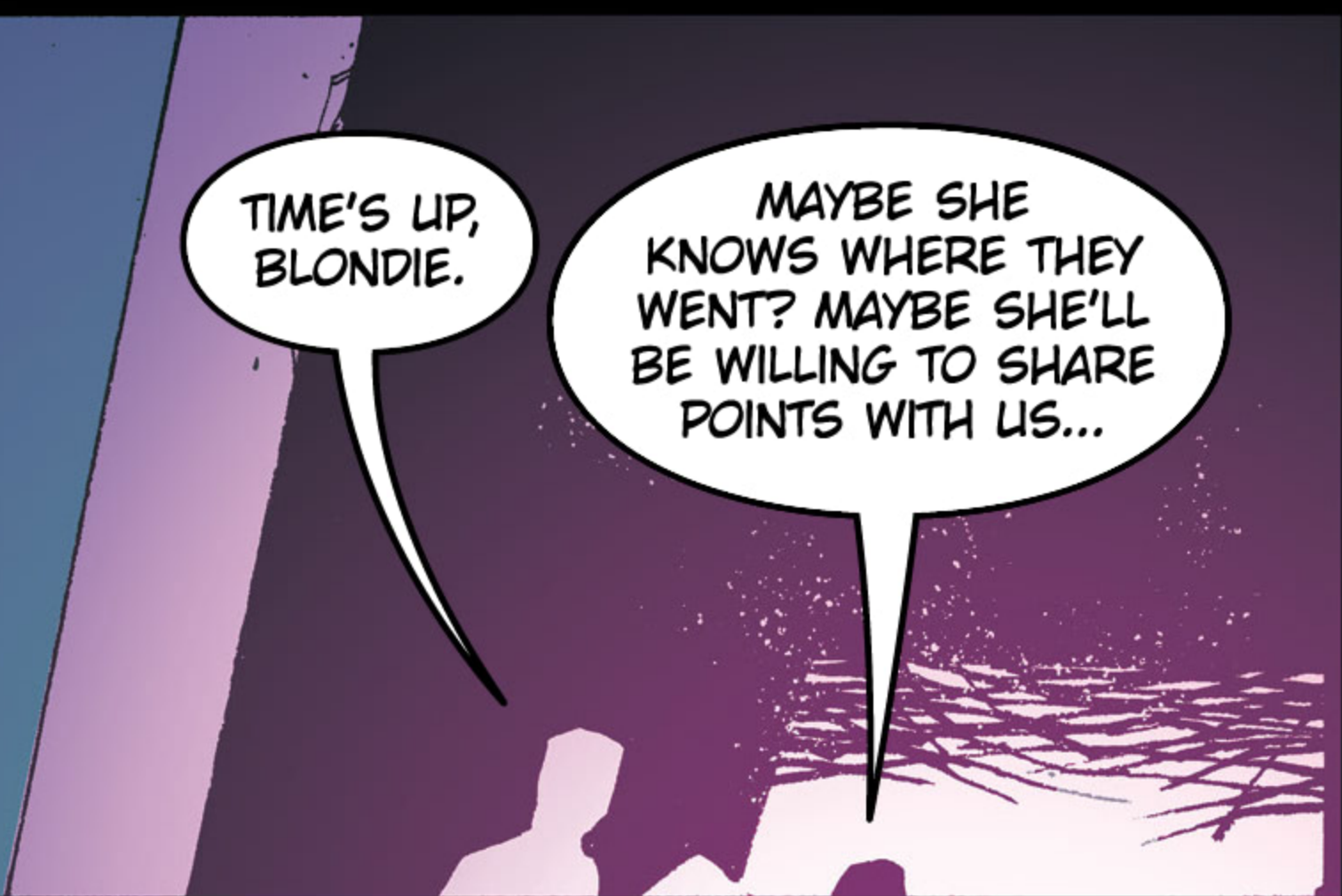
SHUT
UP.

DANNY...
WHERE'S
ALICE?



TIME'S UP,
BLONDIE.

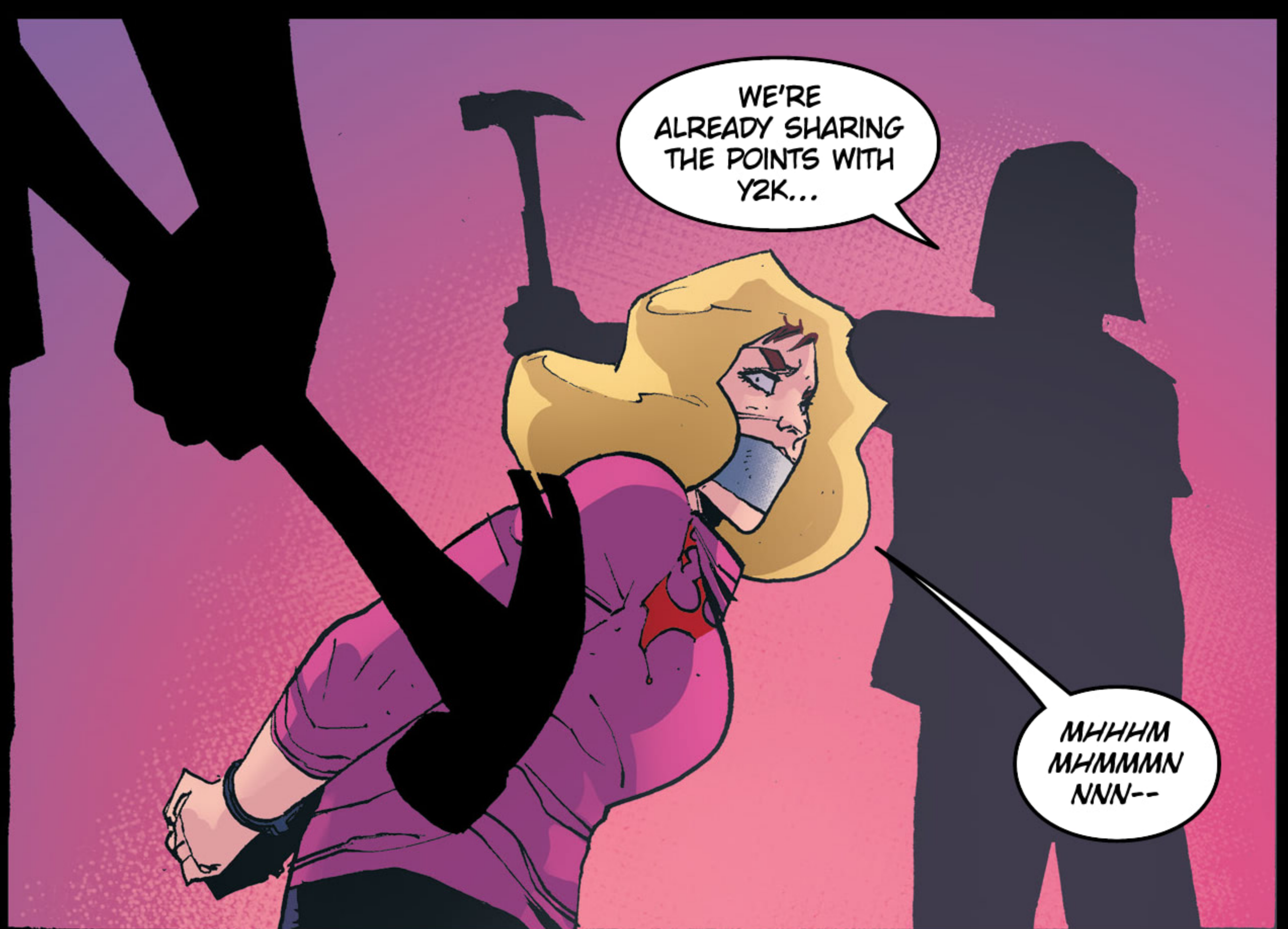
MAYBE SHE
KNOWS WHERE
THEY WENT? MAYBE SHE'LL
BE WILLING TO SHARE
POINTS WITH US...



I THOUGHT
SHE WAS BEHIND
ME, BUT SHE STAYED
UPSTAIRS TO CLOSE
THE DOOR!

WE'RE
ALREADY SHARING
THE POINTS WITH
Y2K...

MHHHM
MHHMMN
NNN--







BANG

EEEEEEEEEE--



BANG



DID THE HAPPY FAMILY REALLY DO THIS?



SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT



OR HAS ANOTHER PLAYER ENTERED THE GAME?





FUCK THIS.



KLIK-KLACK



FINCH IS BLEEDING OUT. WE GOTTA GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL NOW.



EXACTLY. I REFUSE TO GO DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT.



BRING IT, FUCKER!

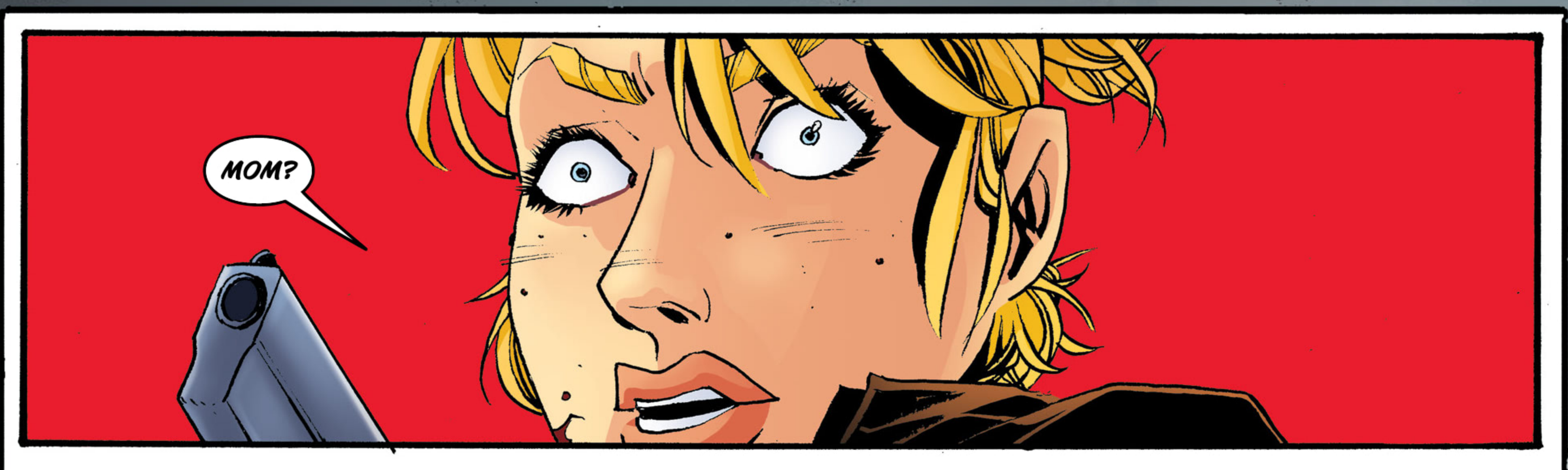
I'M GONNA FUCK YOU UP!

I'M SO PROUD OF YOU.



NOW
LET'S SAY WE
GET OUTTA THIS
HELL HOLE,
HONEY?

THEN WE
CAN ALL GET
ICE CREAM.

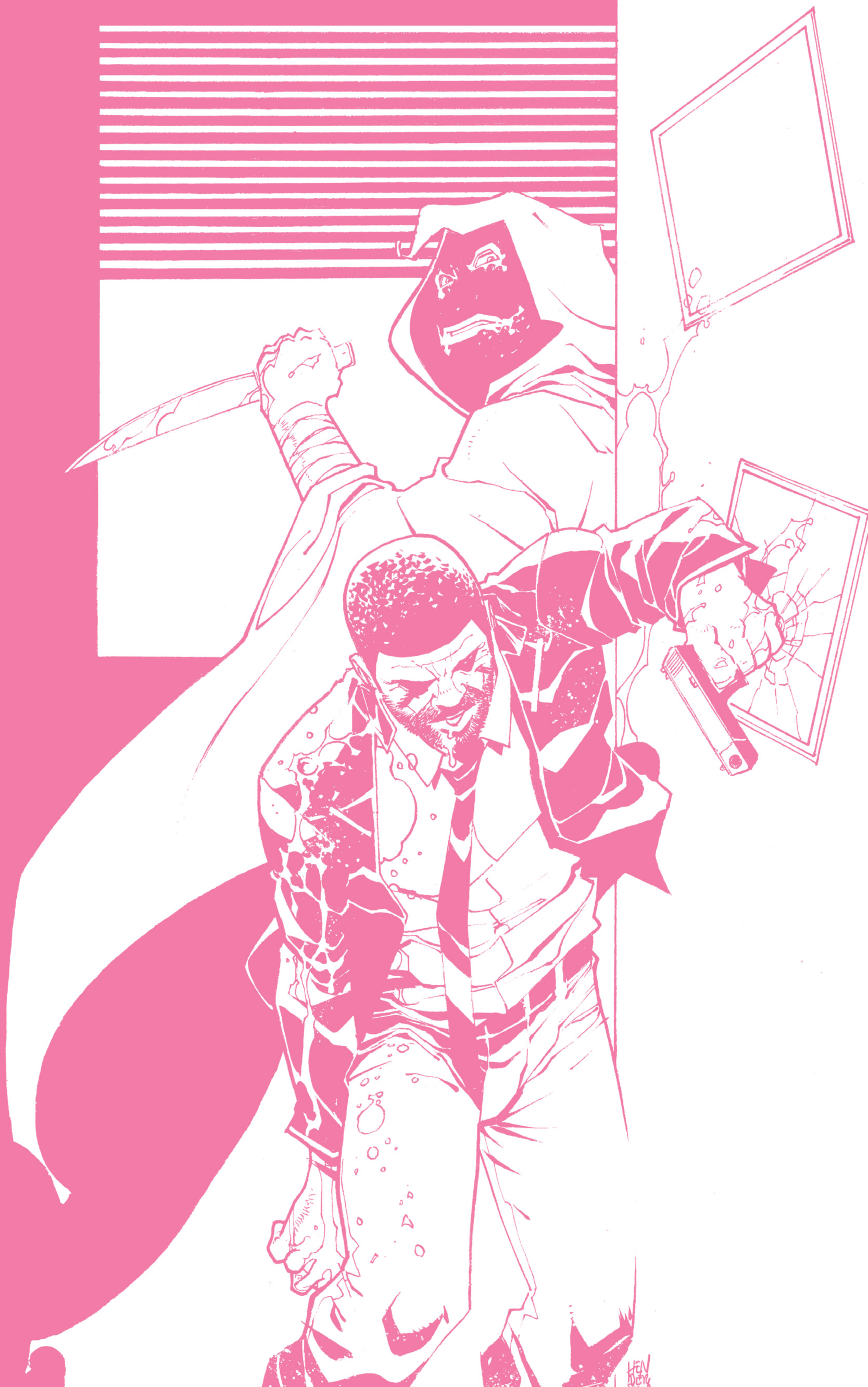


MOM?

NAILBITER RETURNS
ISSUE FIVE



HEN
WEEK 20




"DON'T FEAR THE REAPER"
CAME ON THE SHUFFLE...




AND IN THAT
MOMENT, I KNEW.
AFTER A LIFETIME OF
LIVING IN BUCKAROO,
I COULD FEEL IT IN
MY **BONES**.

SOMEONE
WAS STALKING
ME.



I WAITED UNTIL
ALICE WENT TO THE MOVIES.
AND THEN THOUGHT TO
MYSELF...WHAT IS THE PLACE
THEY WILL THINK I'M THE MOST
VULNERABLE? WHERE WOULD
THEY THINK I WAS SOME
FRAIL WOMAN?

SO, I
STOOD IN THE
SHOWER AND
LET THE WATER
RUN.



WHEN THEY
CAME IN, I FILLED
THEM FULL OF HOLES.
JUST BANG, BANG,
BANG, BANG, UNTIL
THEY FELL.

AND THEN
I WAITED. I WAITED
A LONG TIME TO MAKE
SURE THEY WERE DEAD
BEFORE I STARTED
TO WALK AWAY.

I WAS NEARLY
OUT THE DOOR, BUT
THEN...JUST LIKE IN
THE END OF A HORROR
MOVIE WHEN YOU THINK
THE KILLER IS DEAD
THEY...





"IN THAT INSTANT, I
KNEW I WAS DONE.

"BUT MY LIFE DIDN'T
FLASH BEFORE MY EYES.

"I MOSTLY HAD
QUESTIONS.

"WAS I A
GOOD MOM?"

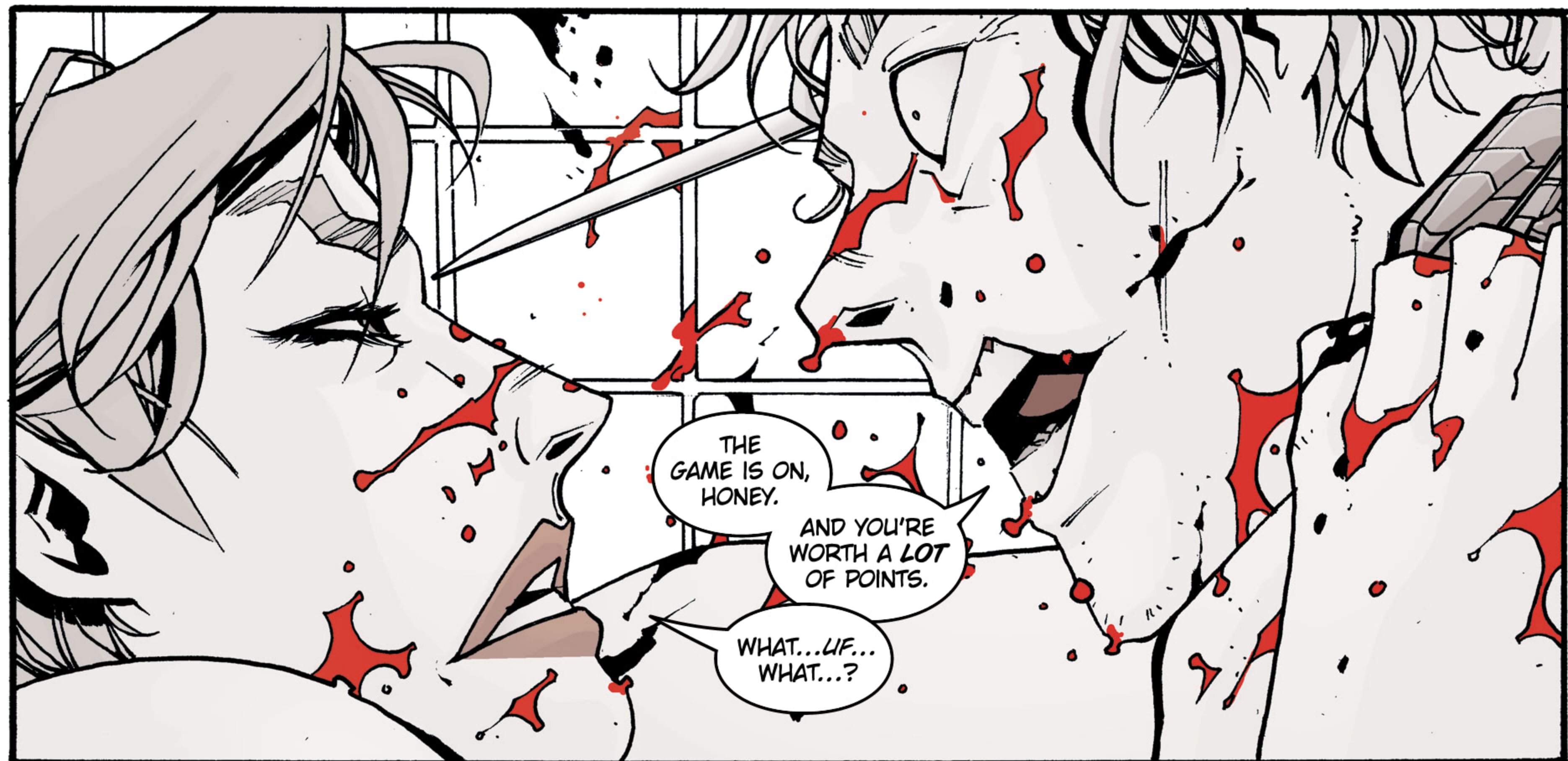
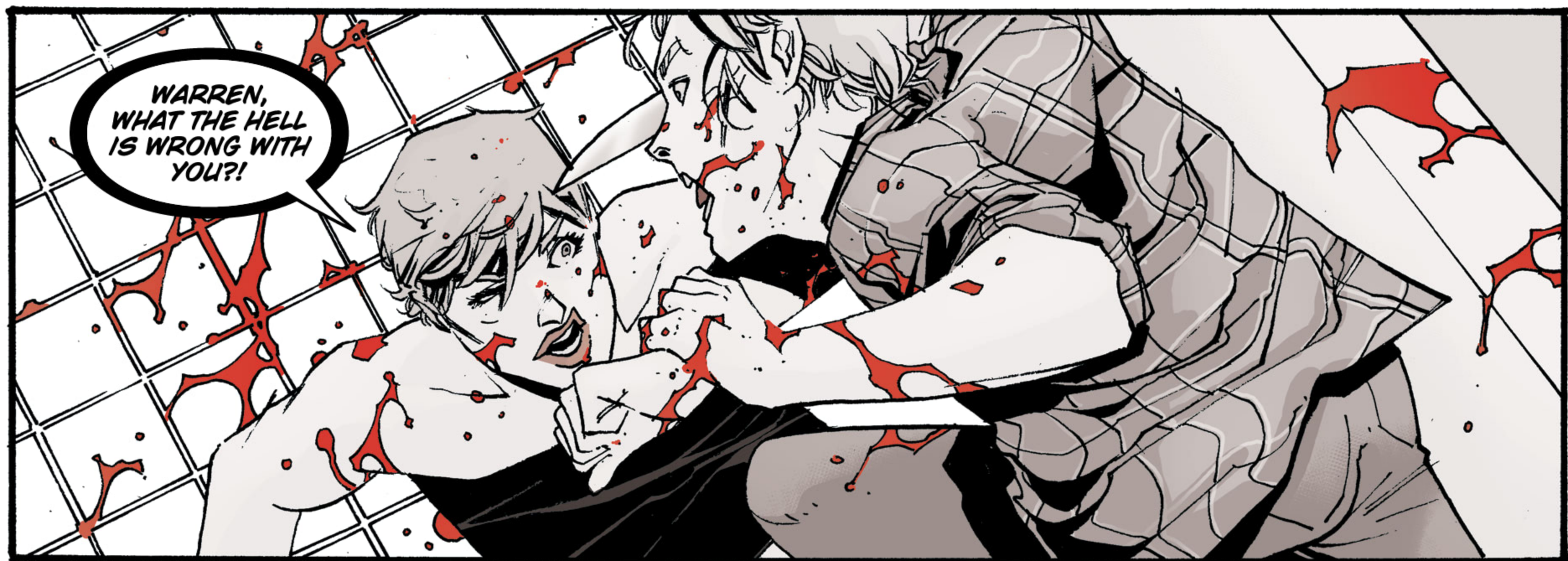
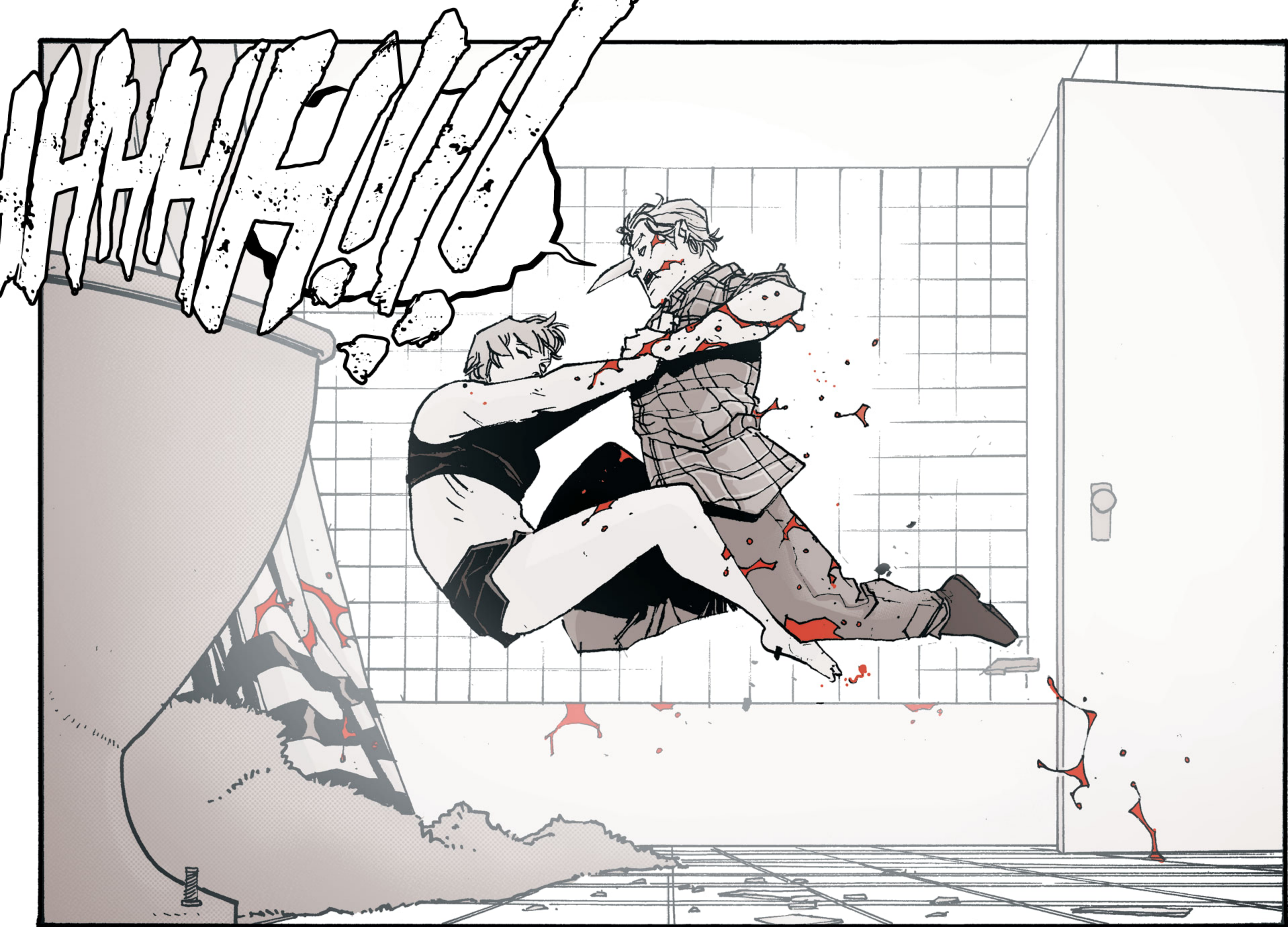
"WAS ALICE GOING TO
GET MARRIED, HAVE KIDS?
WAS FINCH HAPPY?"

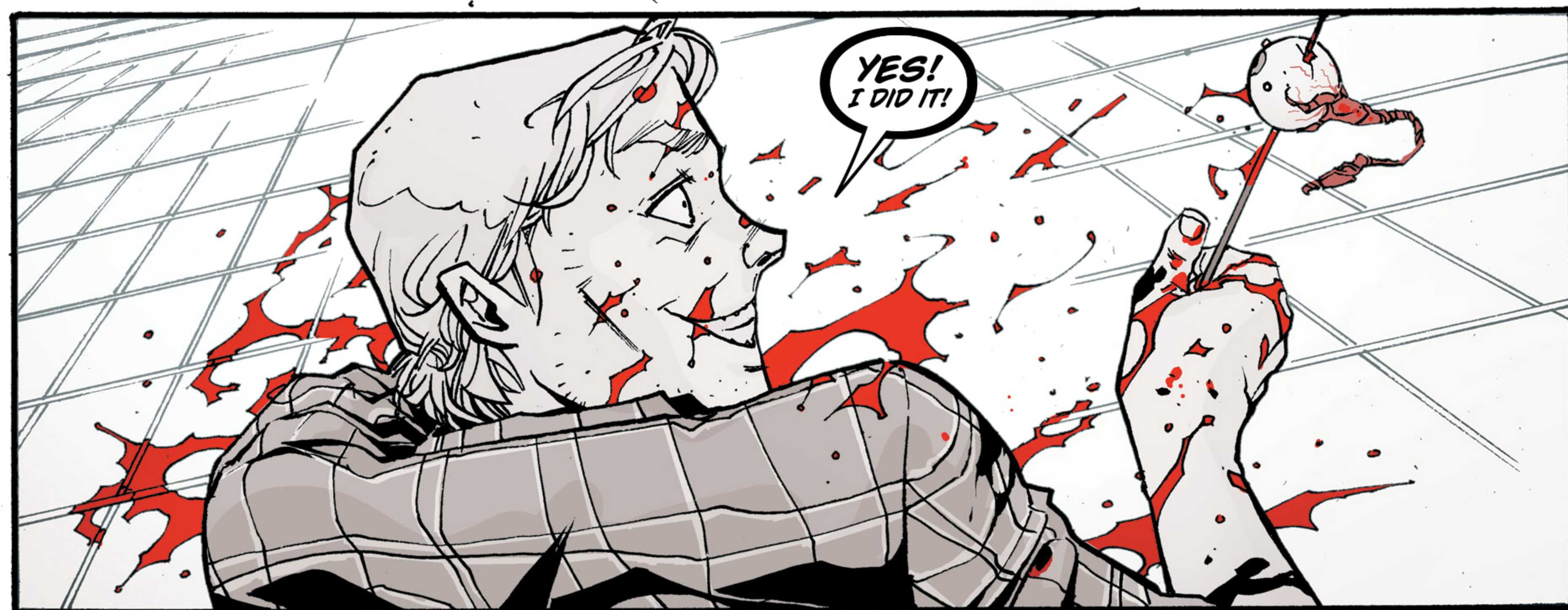
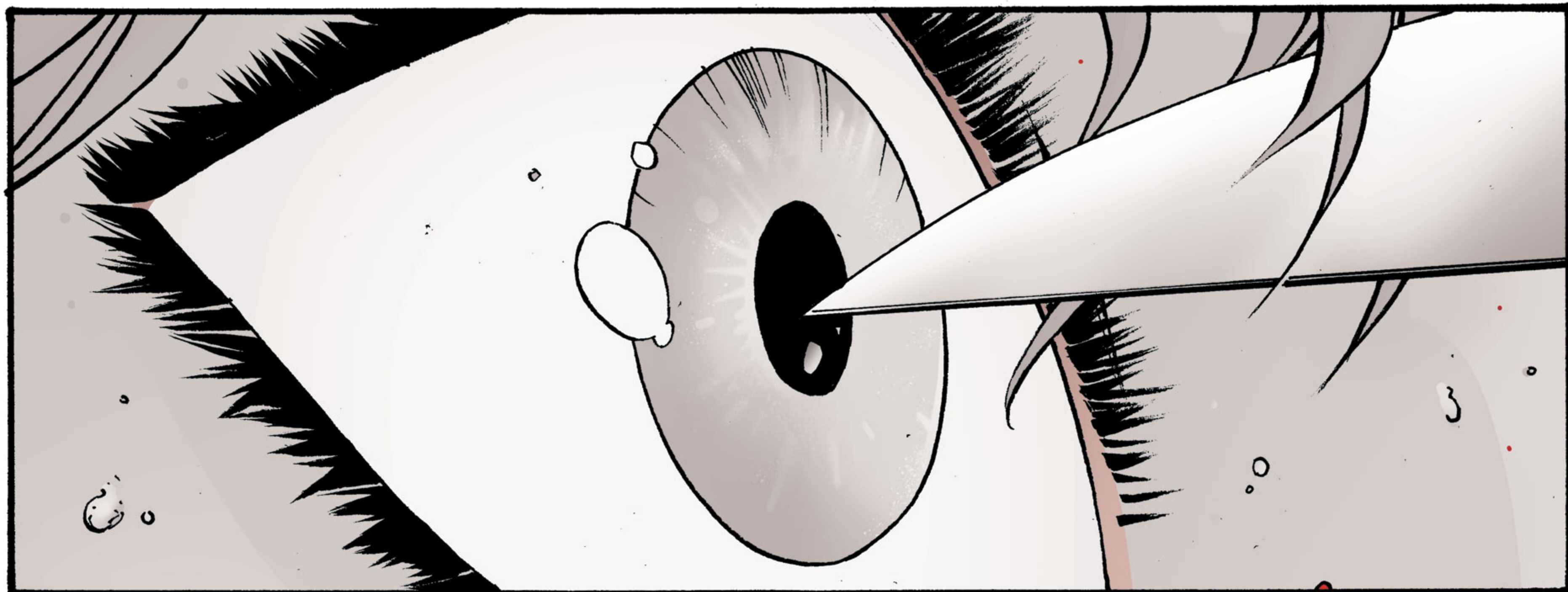
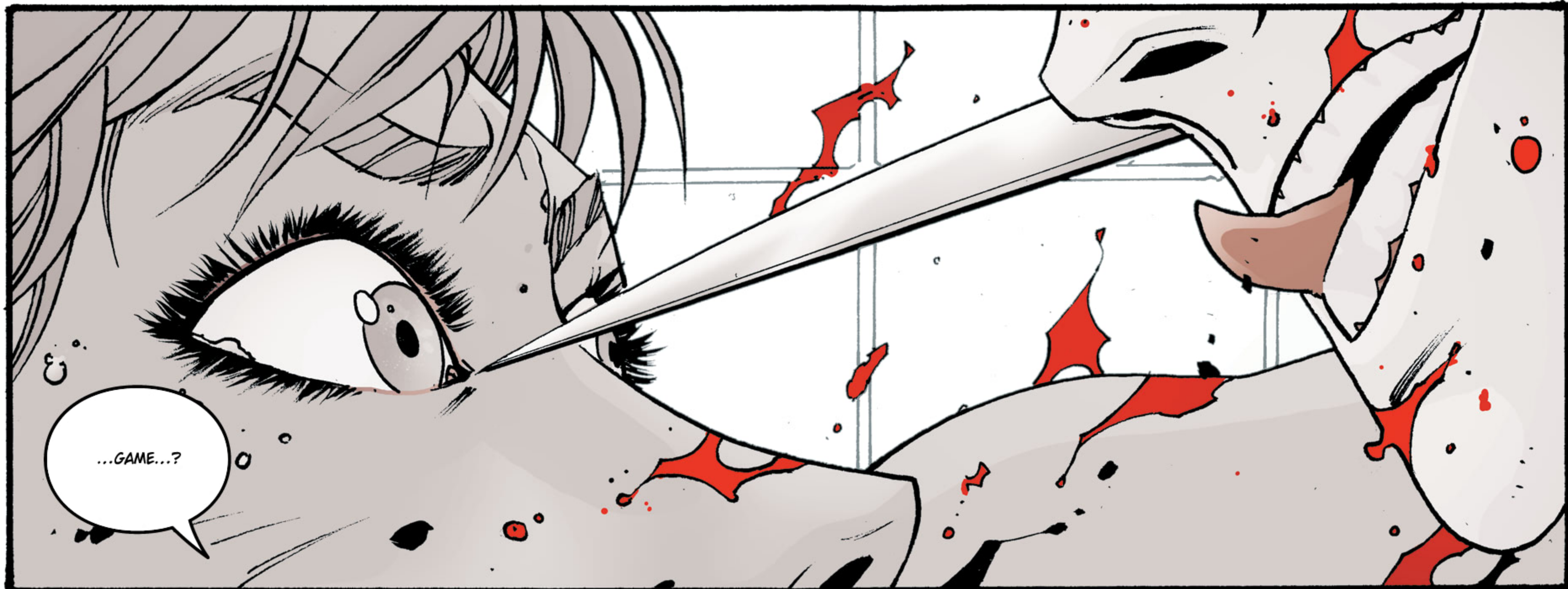
"WAS GIVING UP
BEING A SHERIFF THE
RIGHT CHOICE?"

"DID I LEAVE
THE OVEN ON?"

"AND NO
ANSWERS CAME.

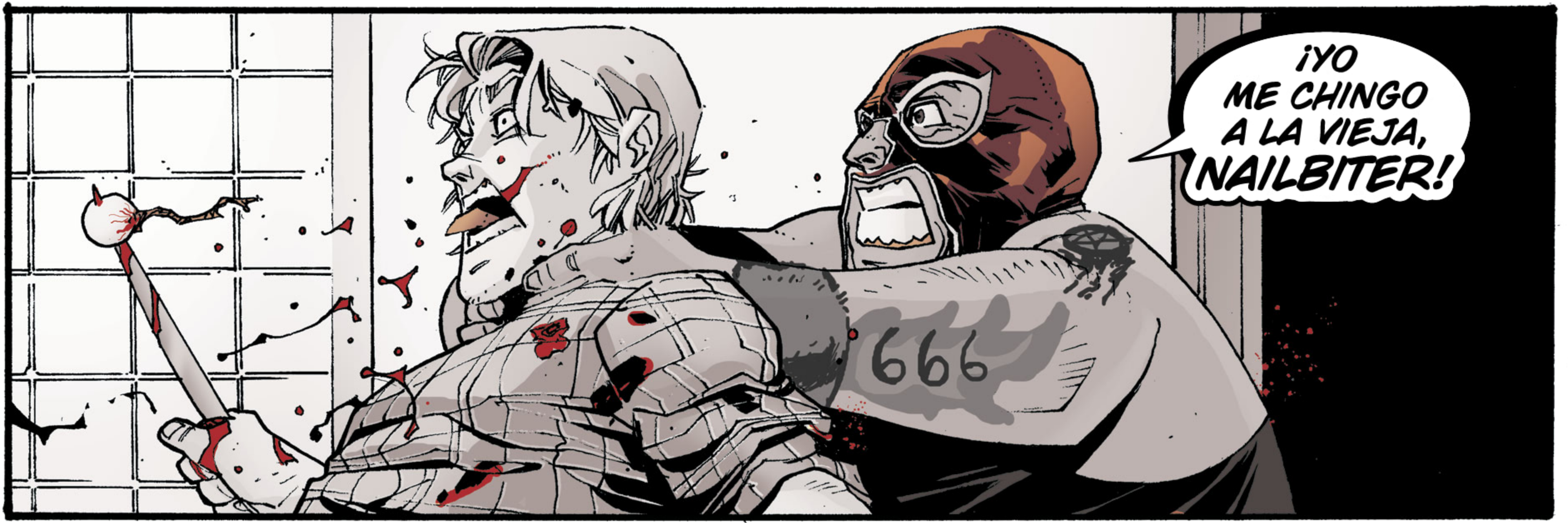
"SO, I DECIDED
I WASN'T DONE."





**I'M
GOING TO
WIN!!**





IYO
ME CHINGO
A LA VIEJA,
NAILBITER!



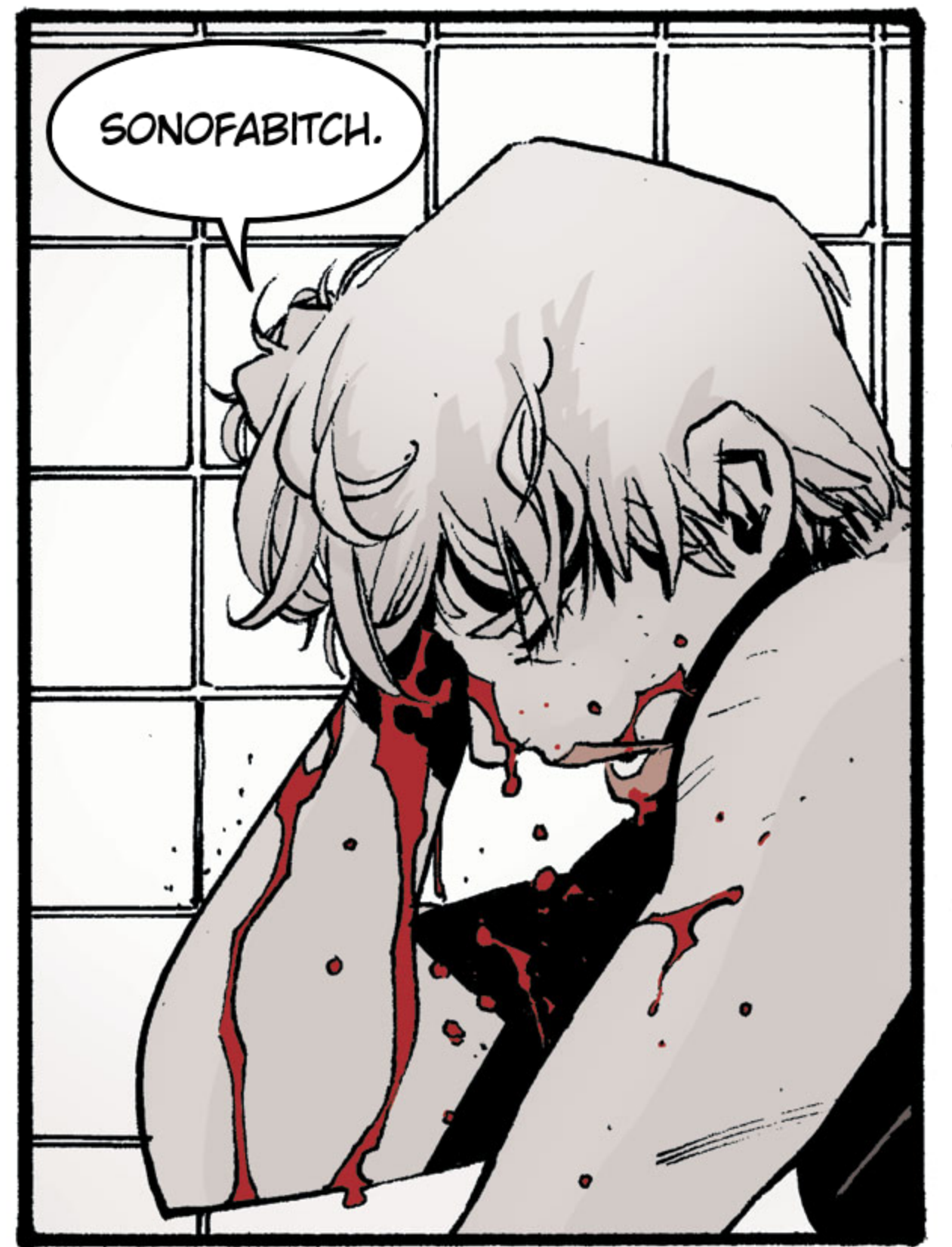
¿TE CREÍAS
MUY CHINGÓN
NOMÁS PORQUE
TE PARECIAS
A ÉL?



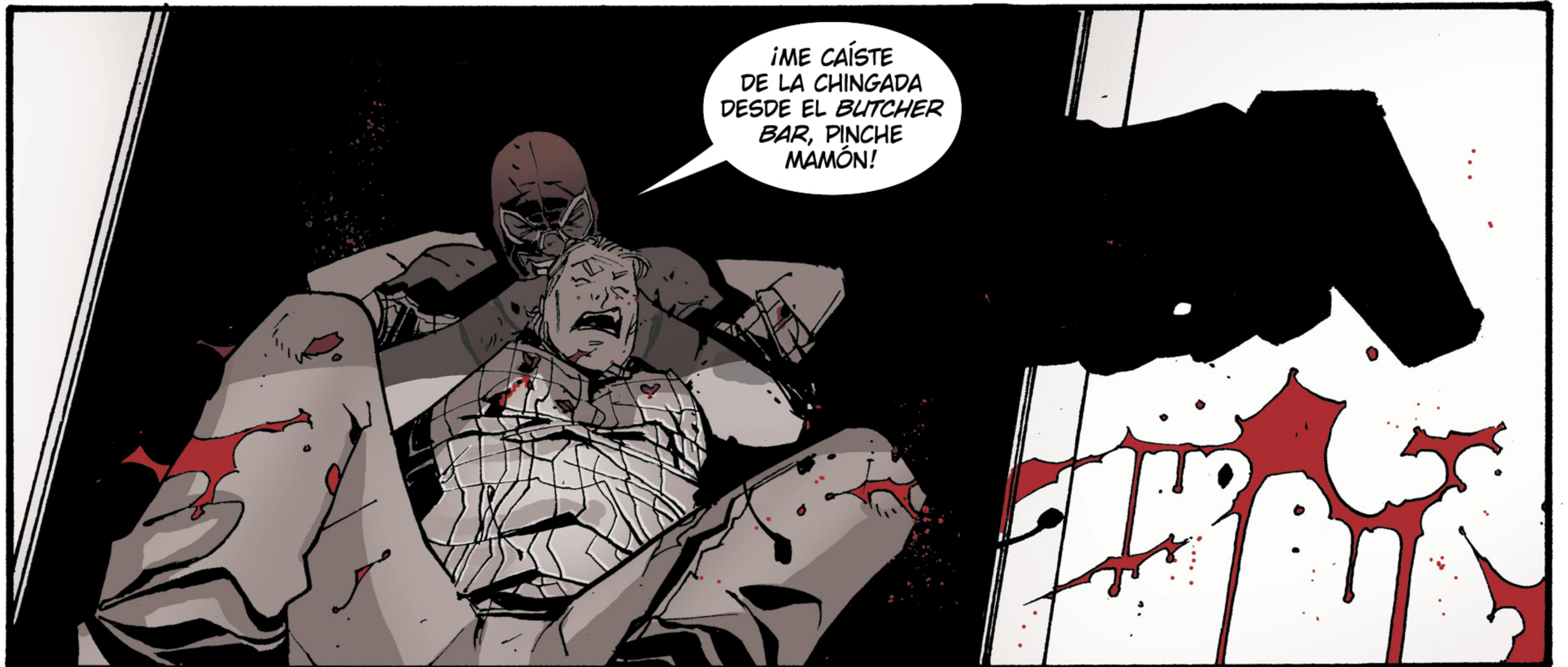
AH...



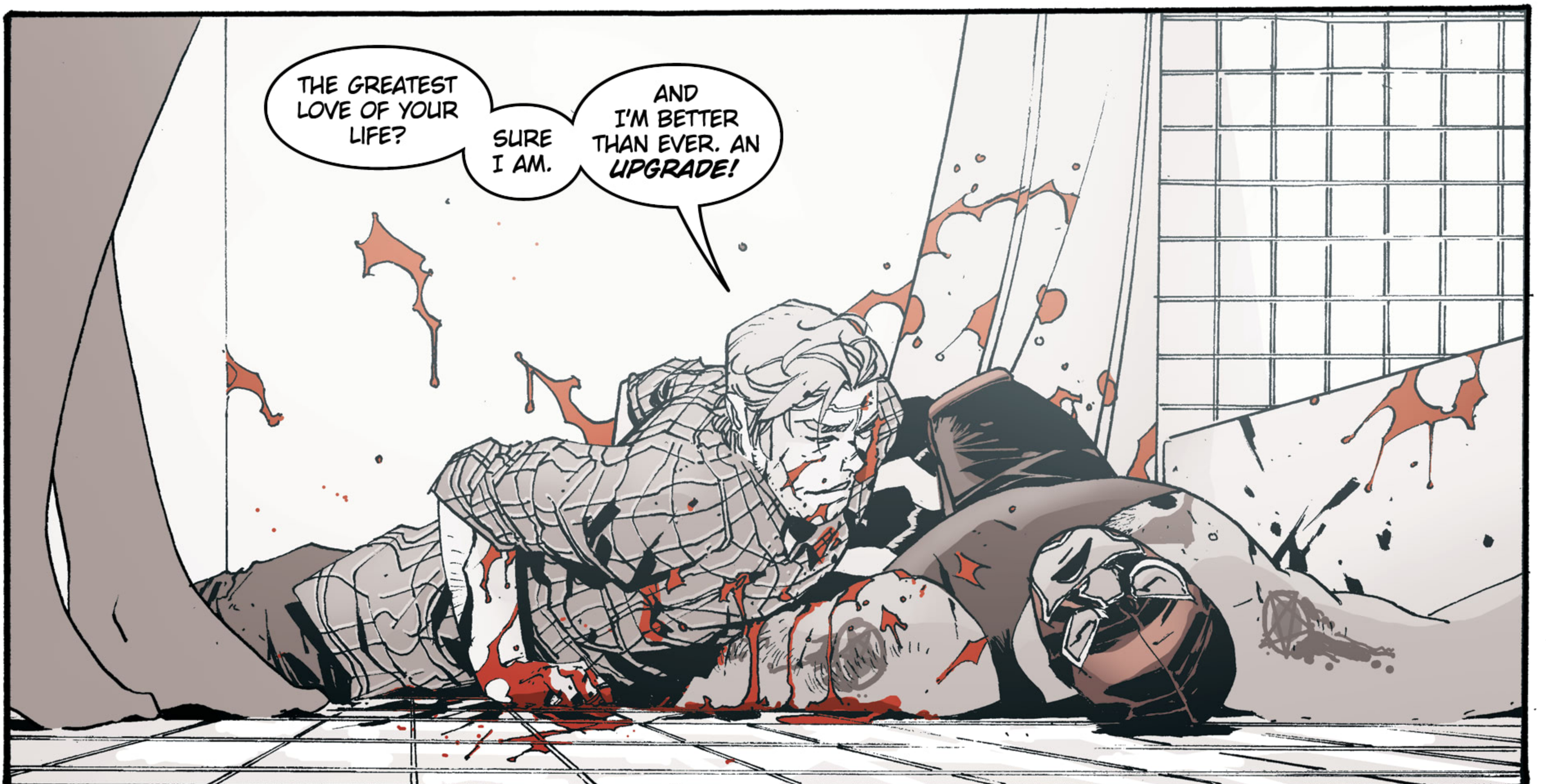
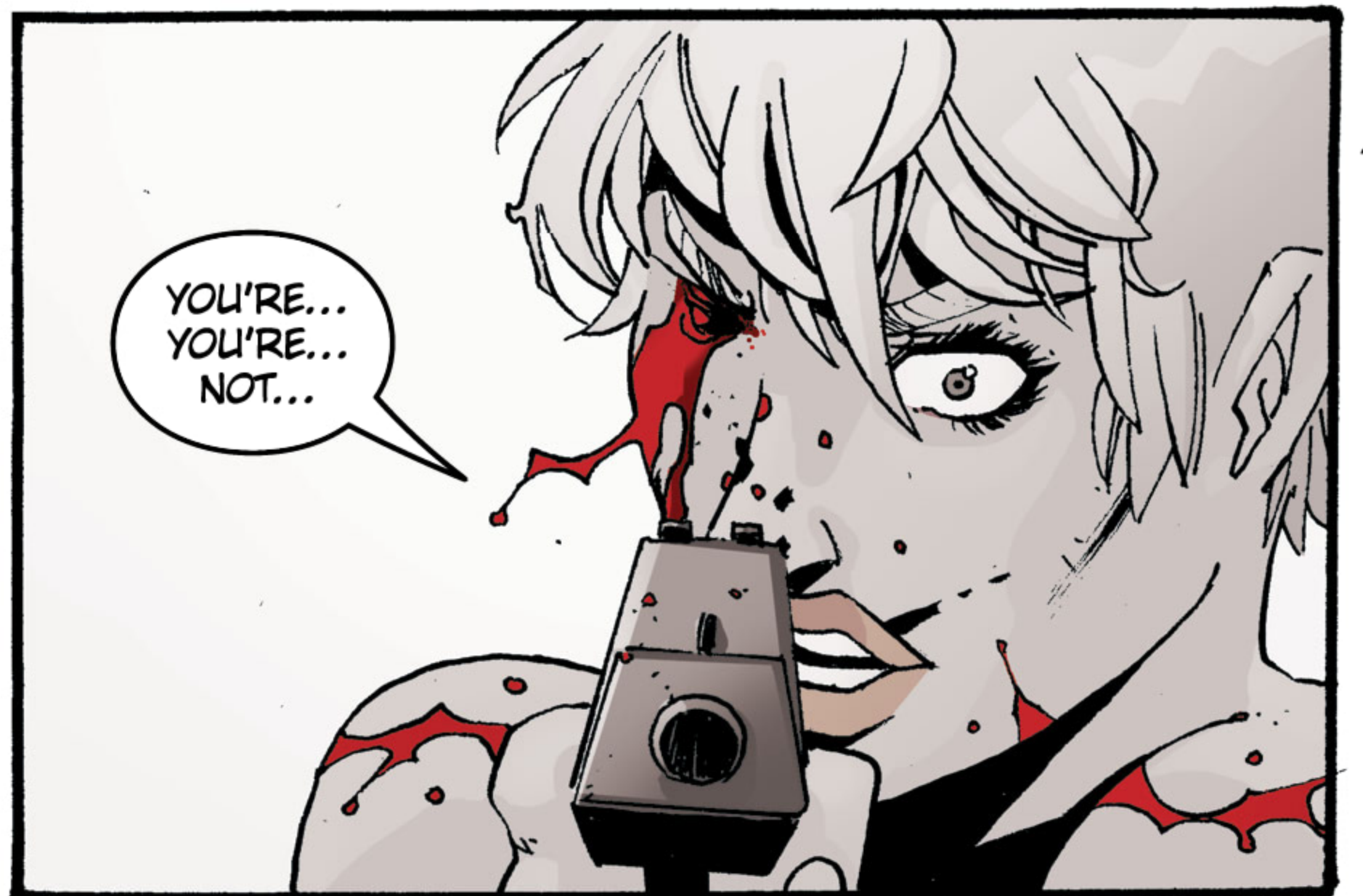
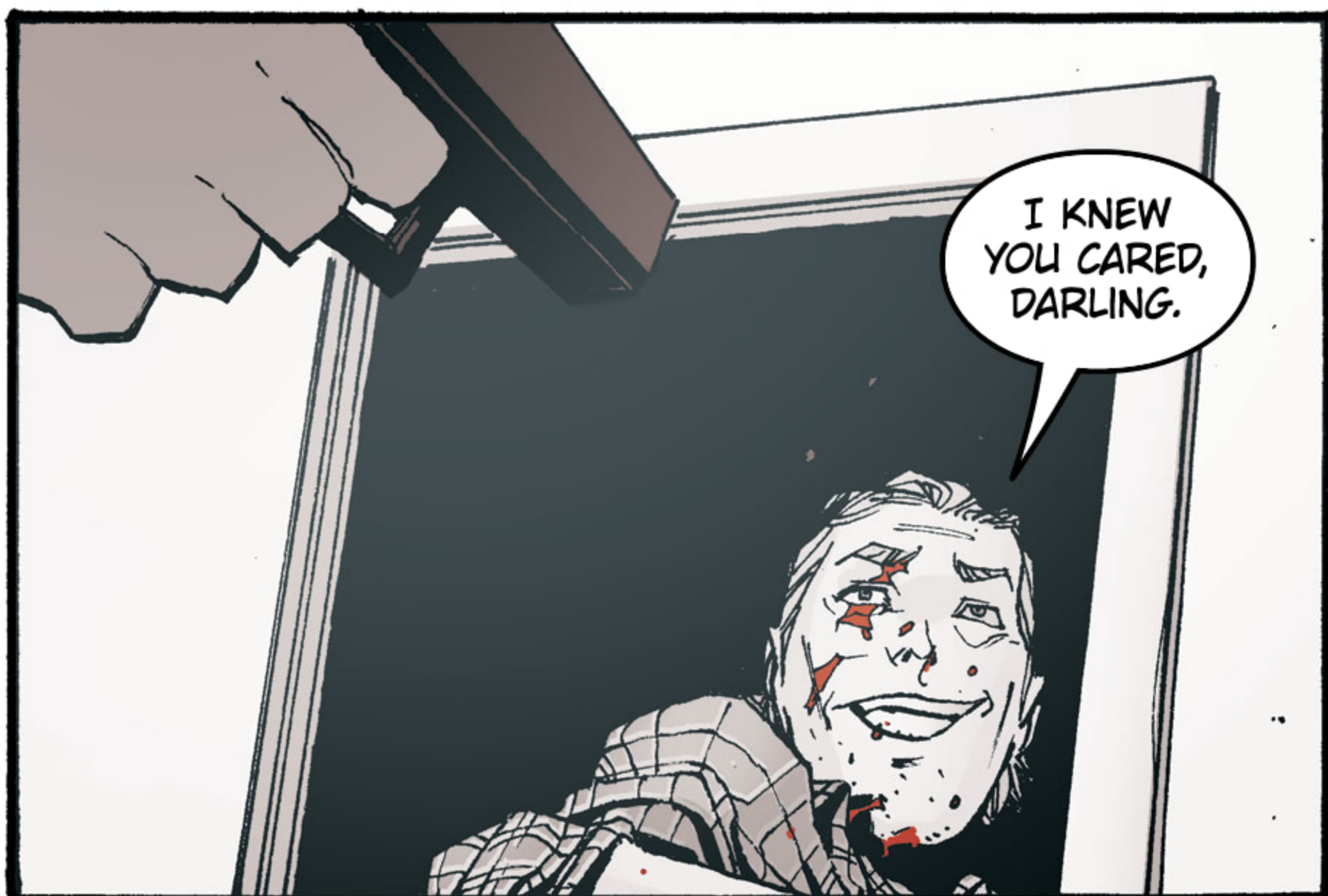
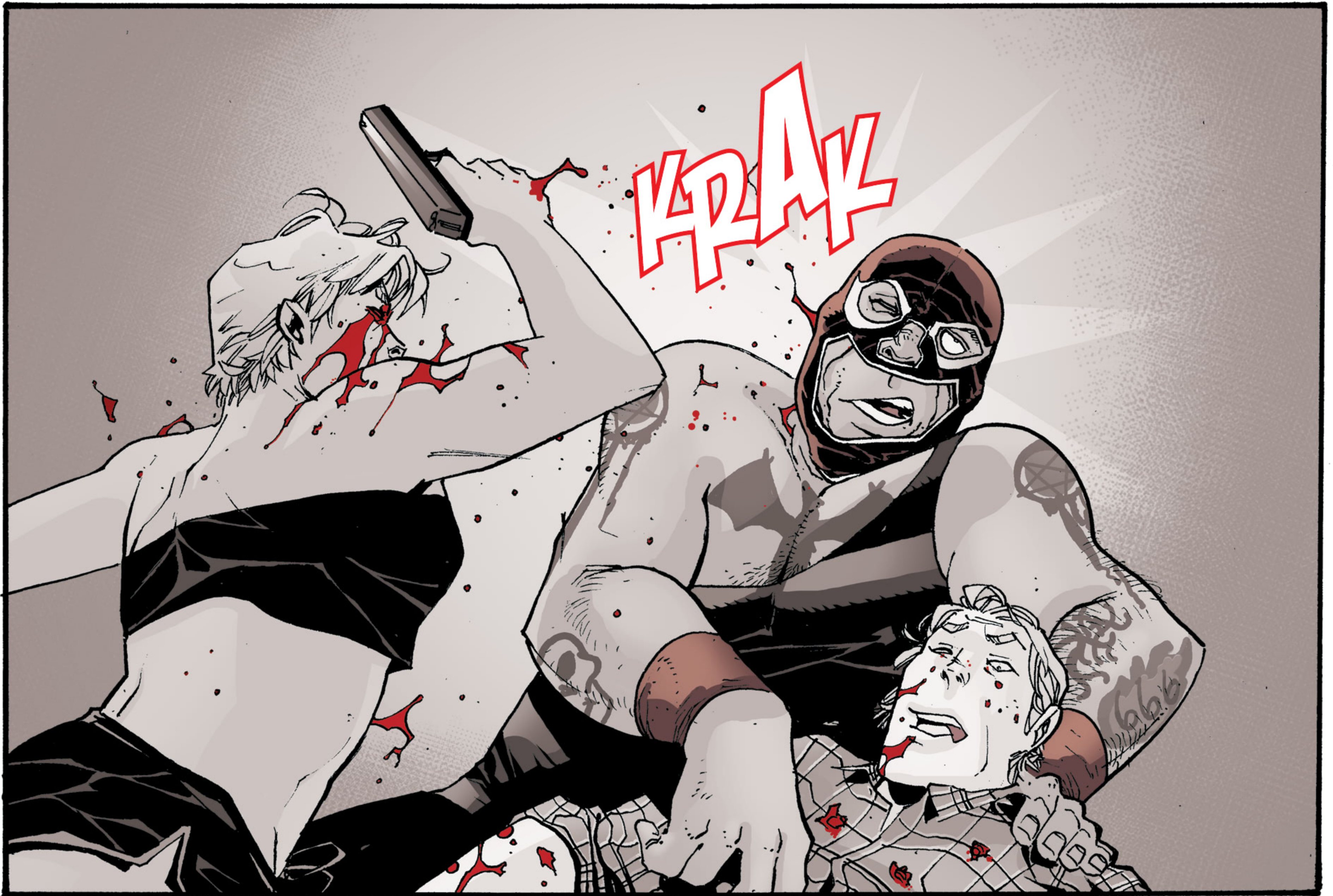
SLAM

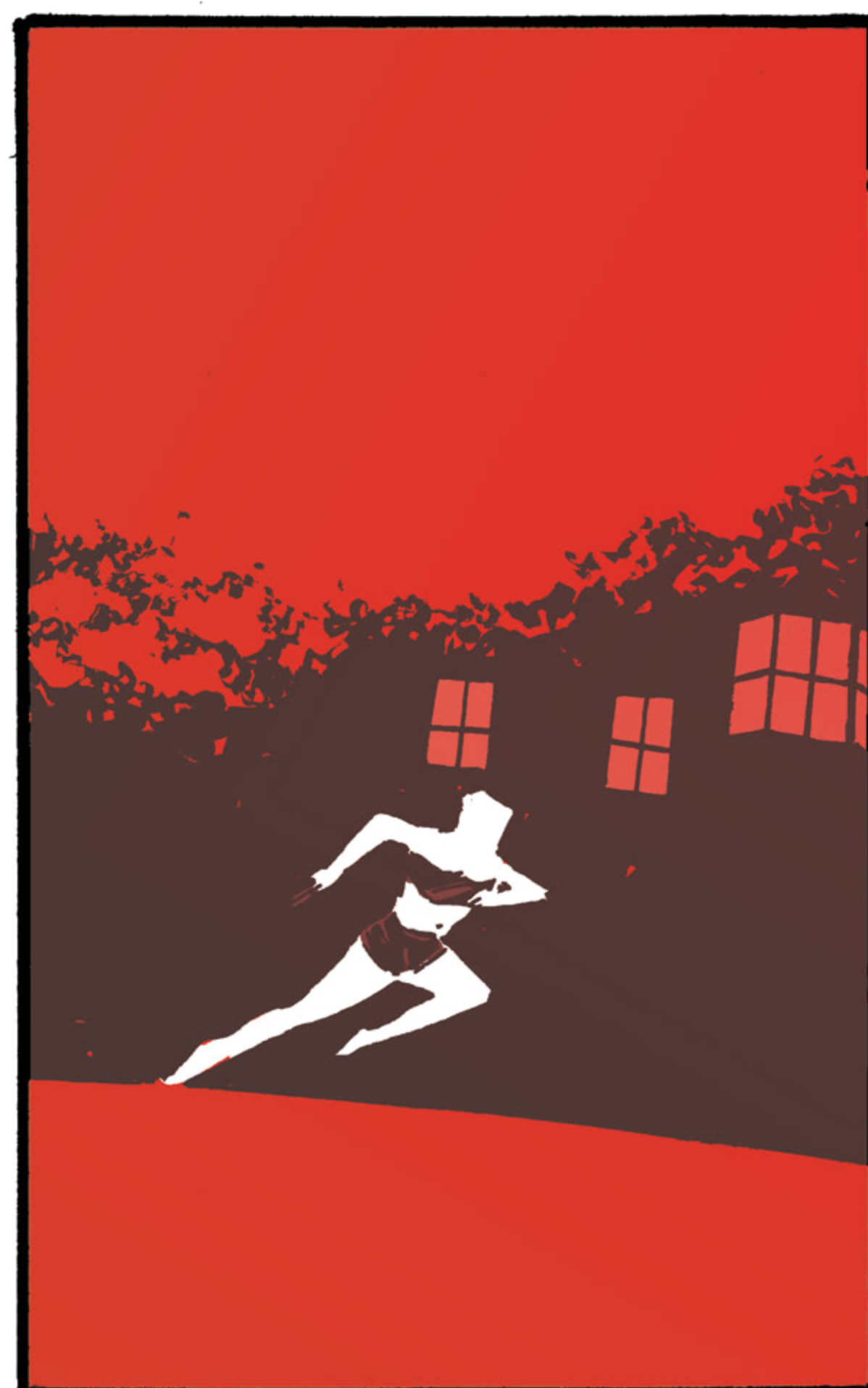
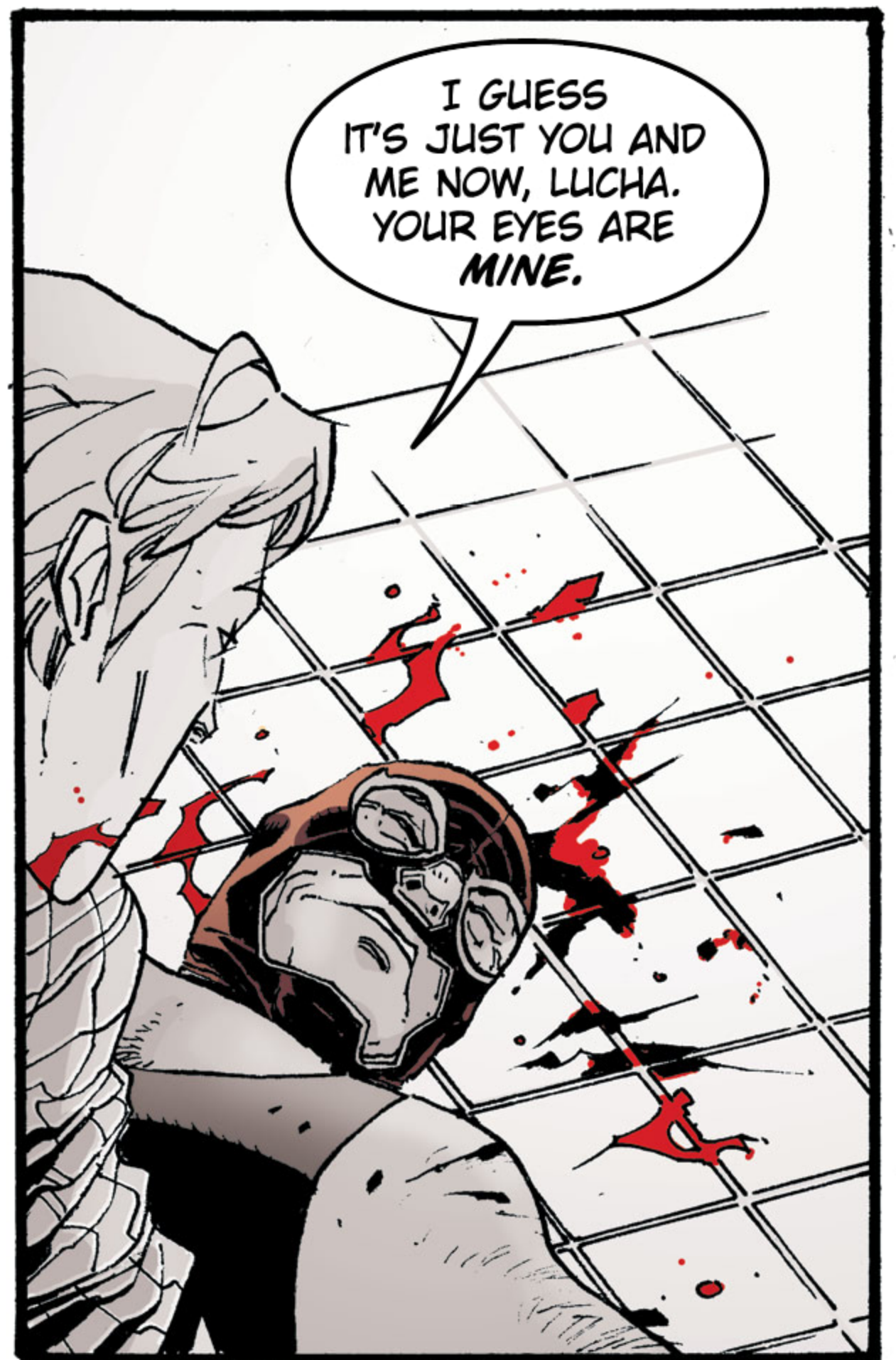
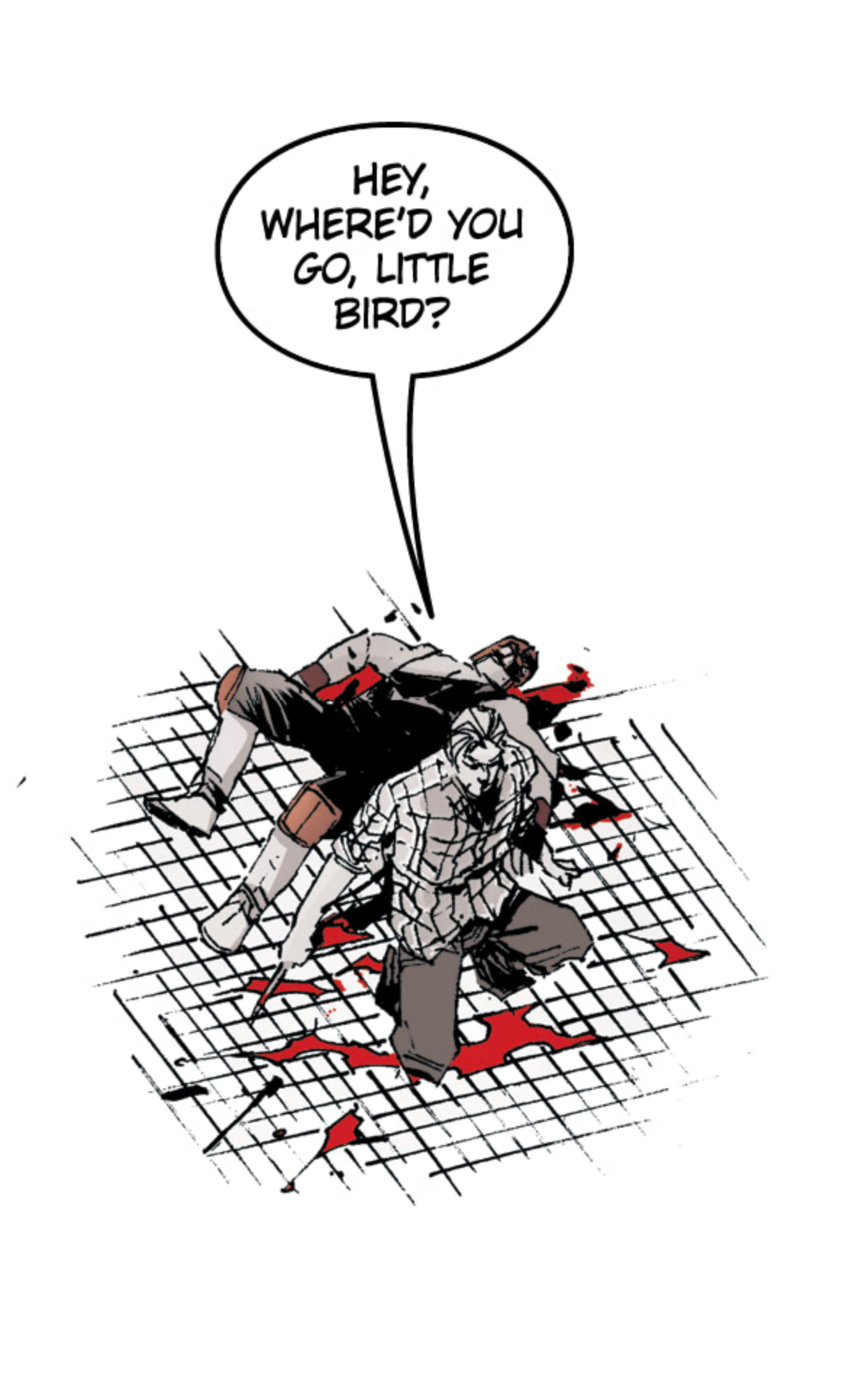
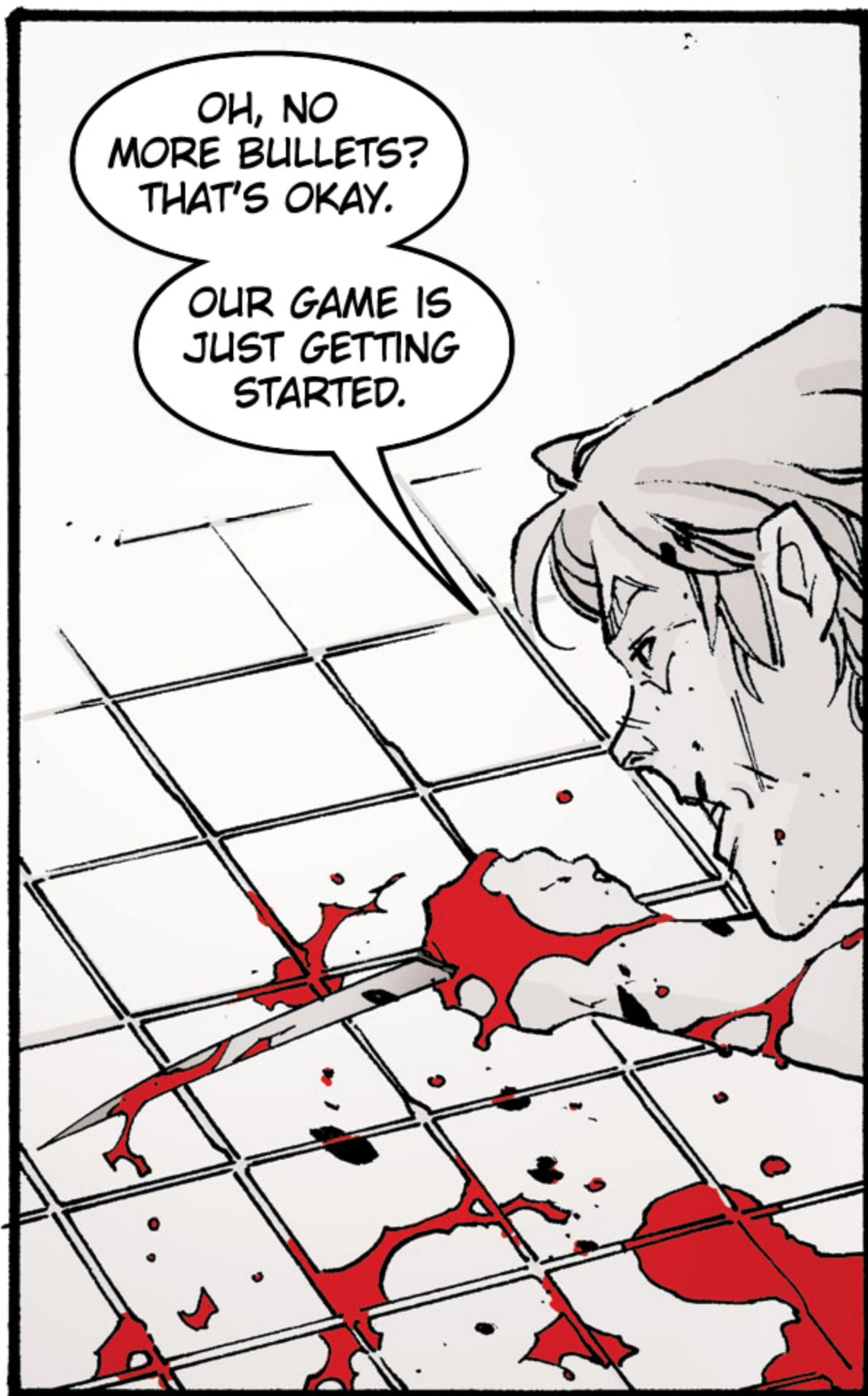
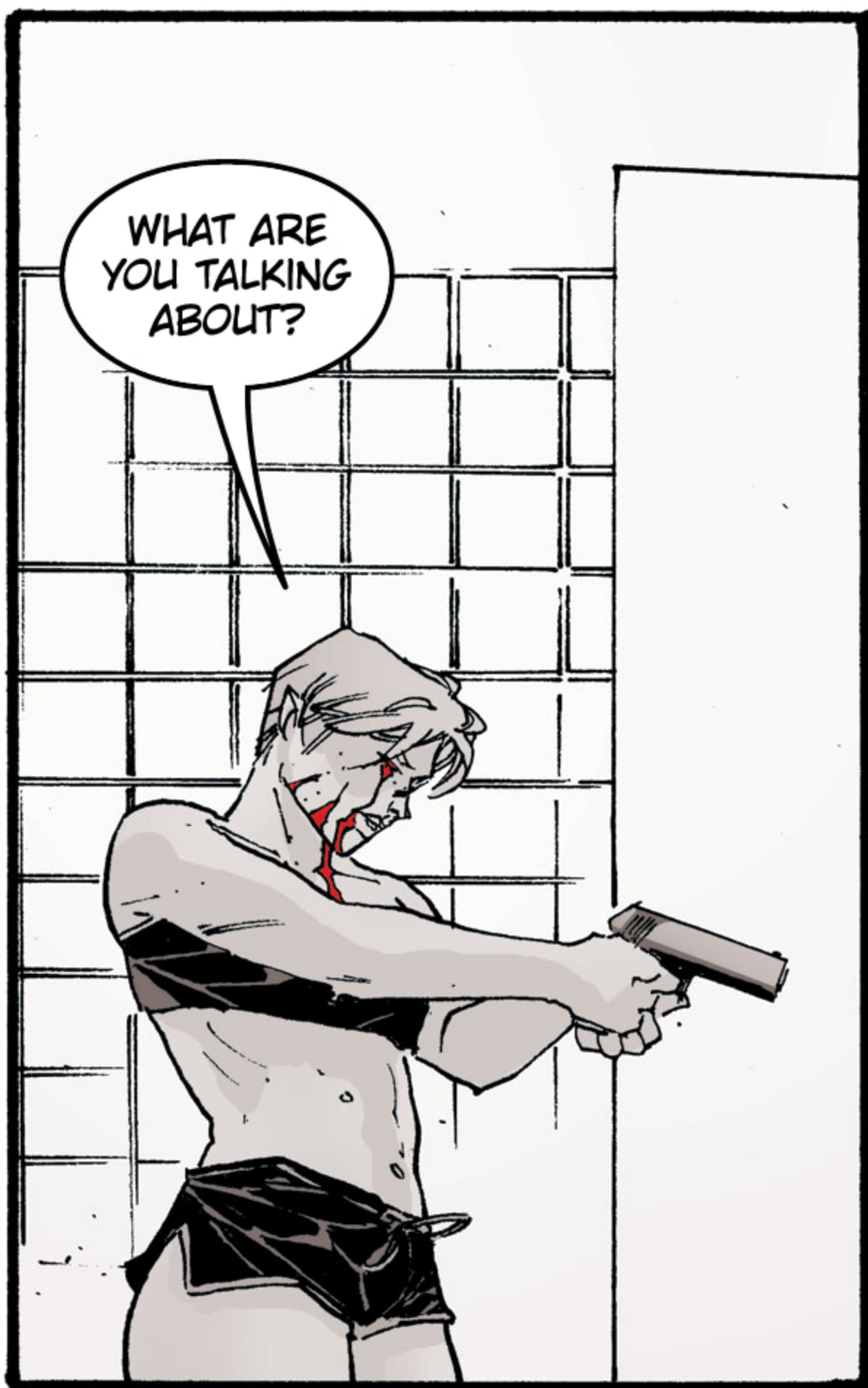


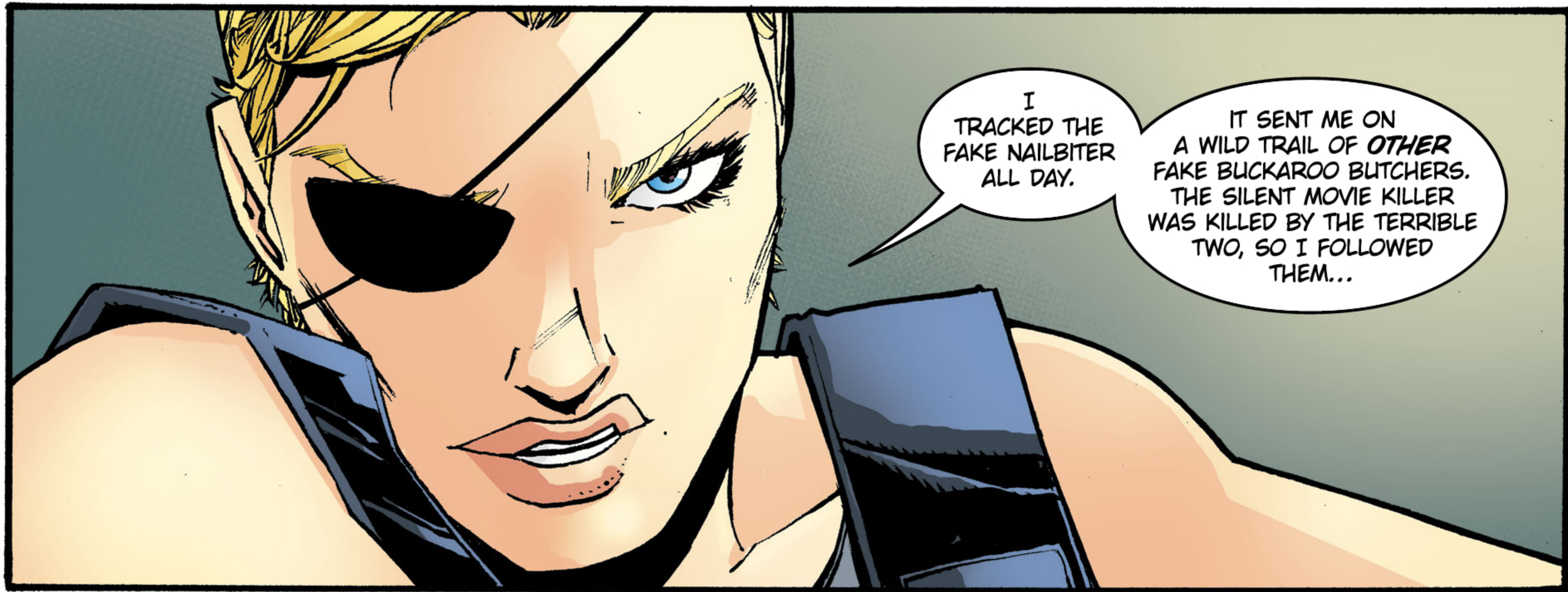
SONOFABITCH.



¡ME CAÍSTE
DE LA CHINGADA
DESDE EL BUTCHER
BAR, PINCHE
MAMÓN!

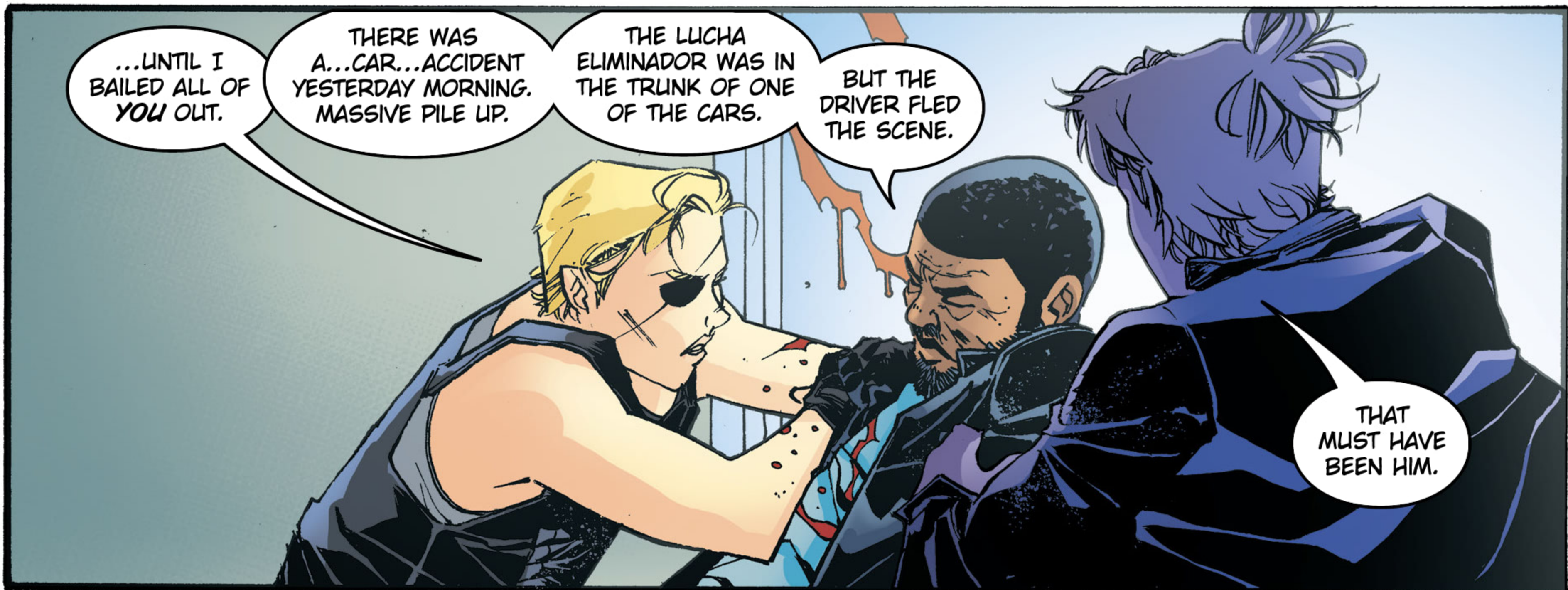






I TRACKED THE FAKE NAILBITER ALL DAY.

IT SENT ME ON A WILD TRAIL OF **OTHER** FAKE BUCKAROO BUTCHERS. THE SILENT MOVIE KILLER WAS KILLED BY THE TERRIBLE TWO, SO I FOLLOWED THEM...



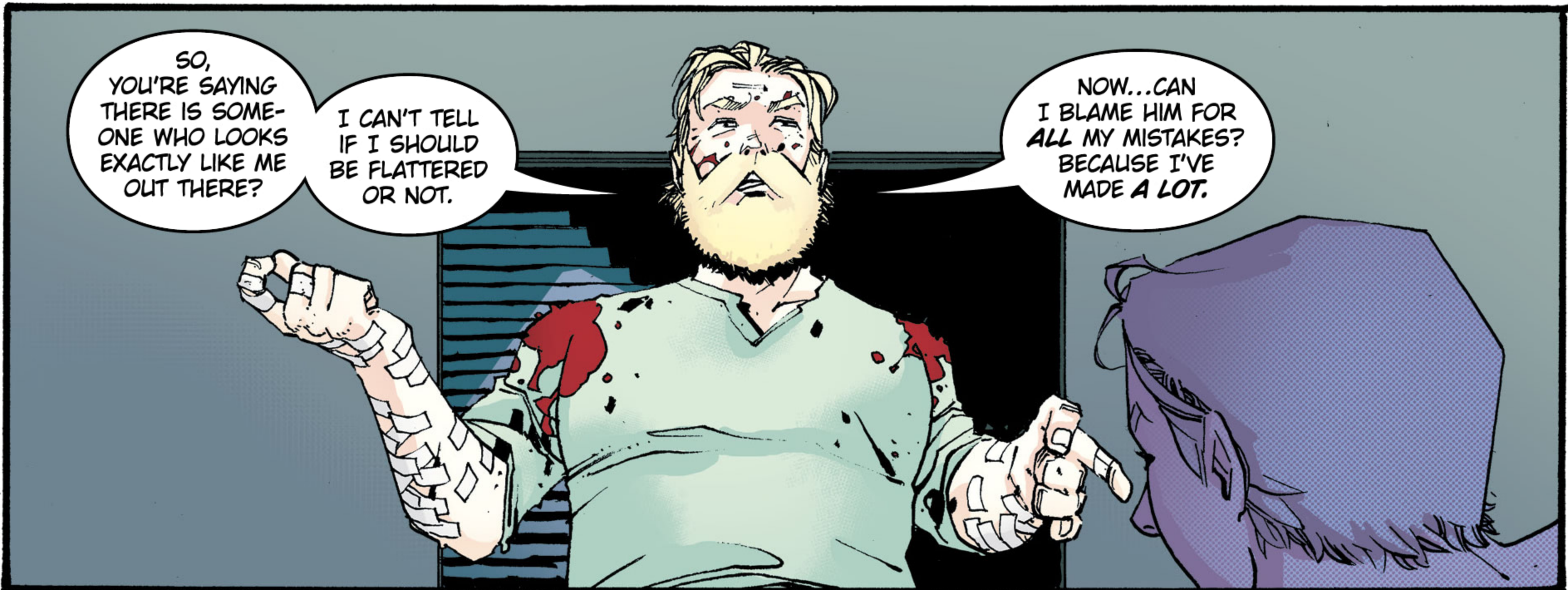
...UNTIL I BAILED ALL OF YOU OUT.

THERE WAS A...CAR...ACCIDENT YESTERDAY MORNING. MASSIVE PILE UP.

THE LUCHA ELIMINADOR WAS IN THE TRUNK OF ONE OF THE CARS.

BUT THE DRIVER FLED THE SCENE.

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HIM.



SO, YOU'RE SAYING THERE IS SOMEONE WHO LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE ME OUT THERE?

I CAN'T TELL IF I SHOULD BE FLATTERED OR NOT.

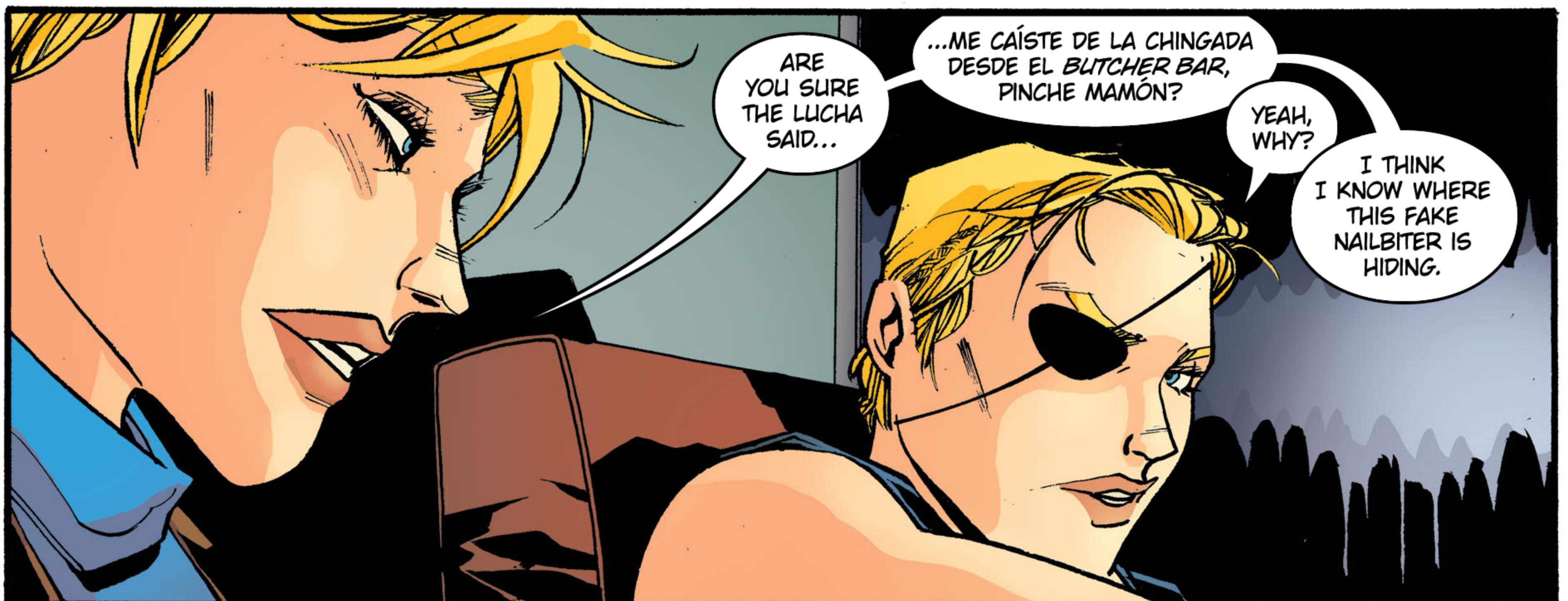
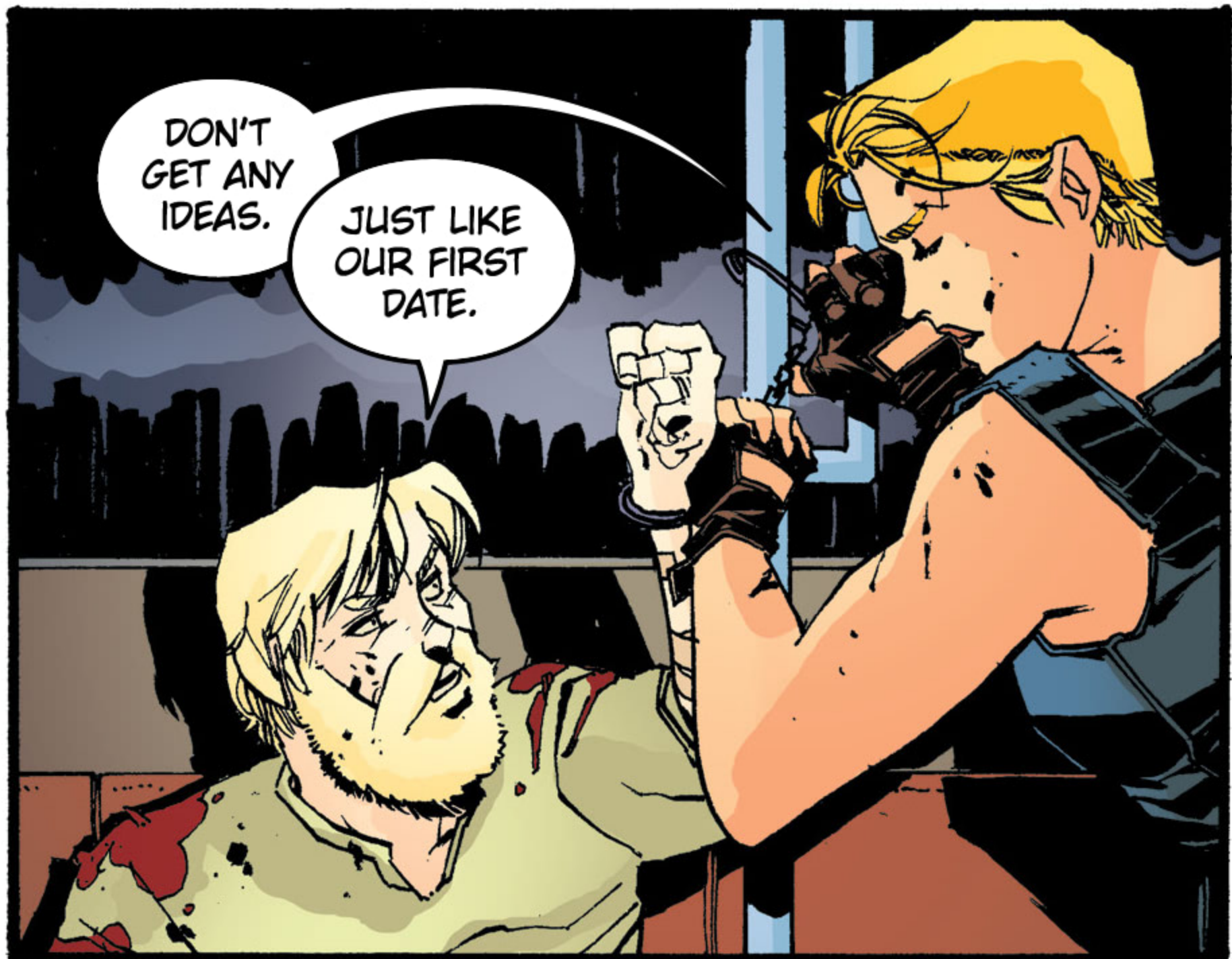
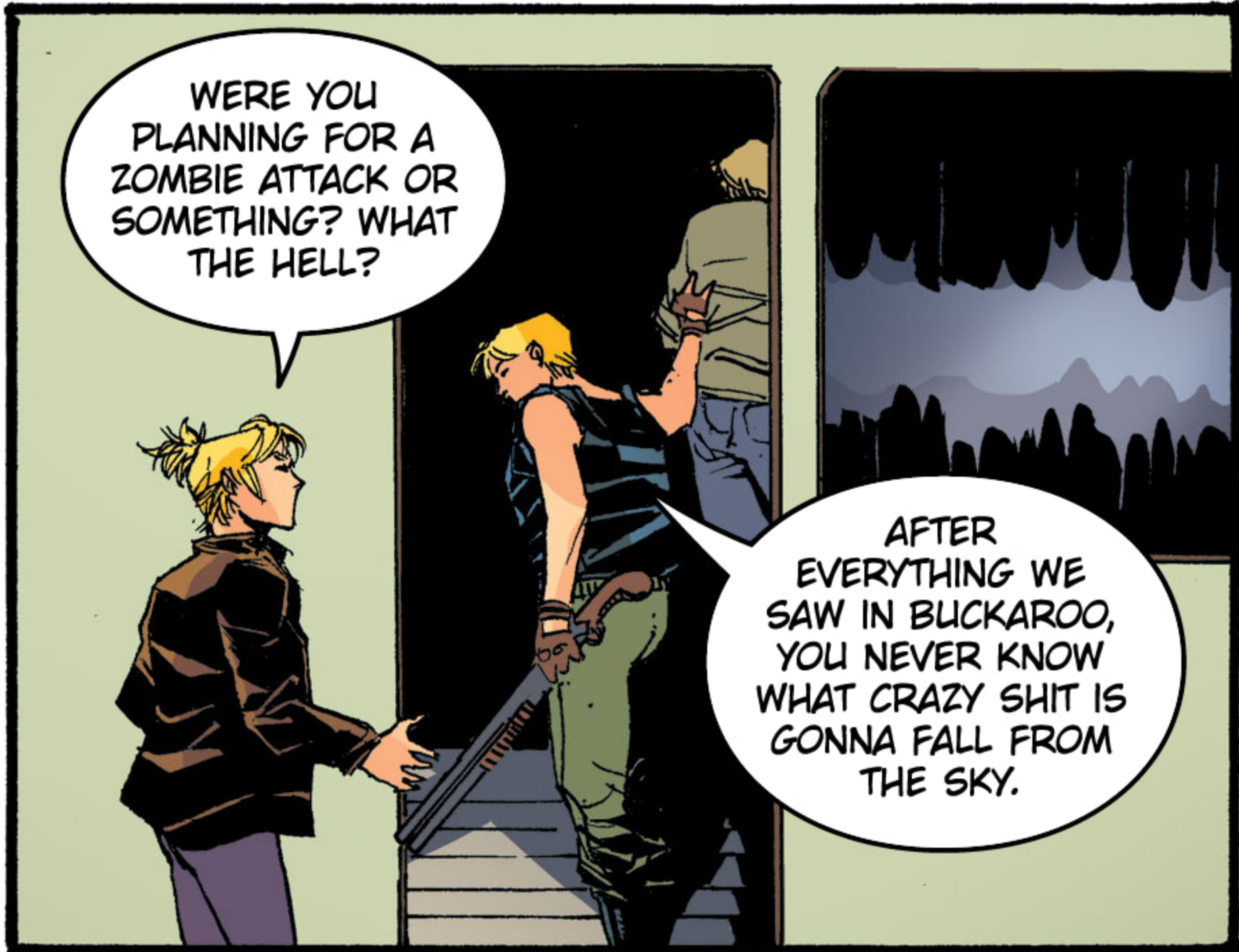
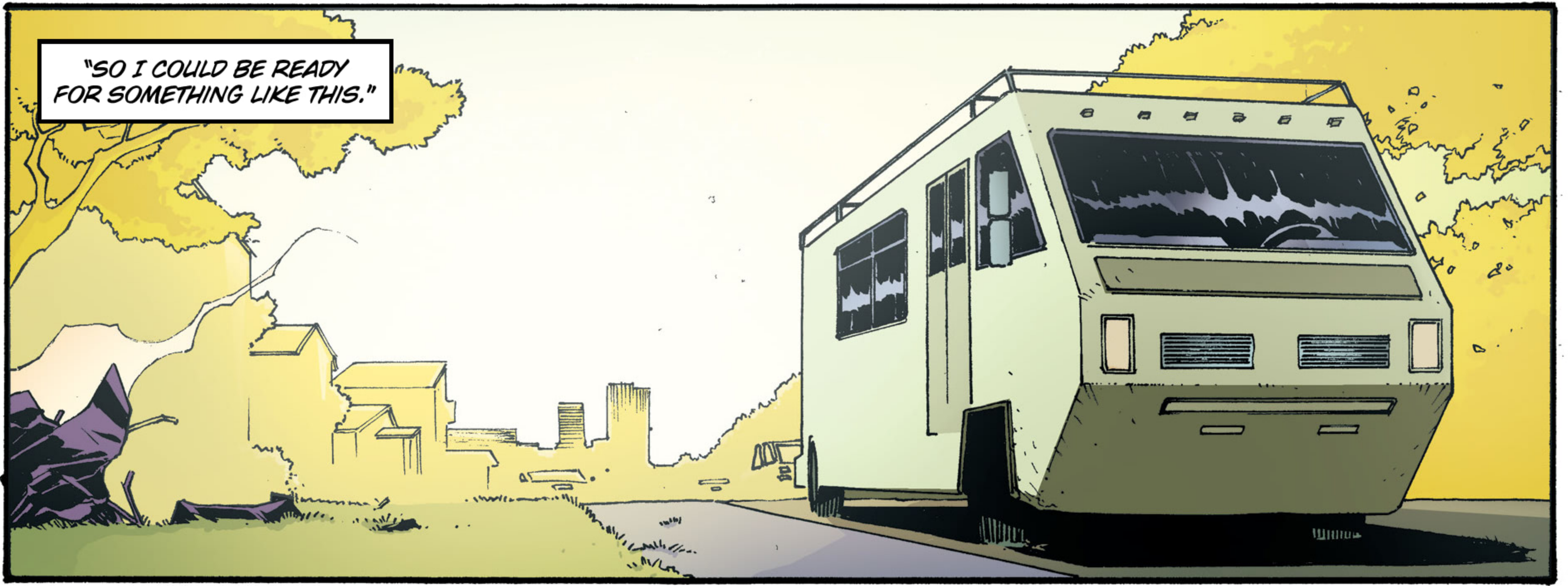
NOW...CAN I BLAME HIM FOR ALL MY MISTAKES? BECAUSE I'VE MADE A LOT.



YOU'RE NOT OFF THE HOOK YET, WARREN. THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU IN THE TUNNELS, YOU TRIED TO KILL ME.

WAIT, MOM. WHERE'VE YOU BEEN THE LAST TWO DAYS?

PREPARING, ALICE.





YOU HAVE GOT TO BE FUCKING KIDDING ME. SOMEONE MADE A HORROR-THEMED BAR?



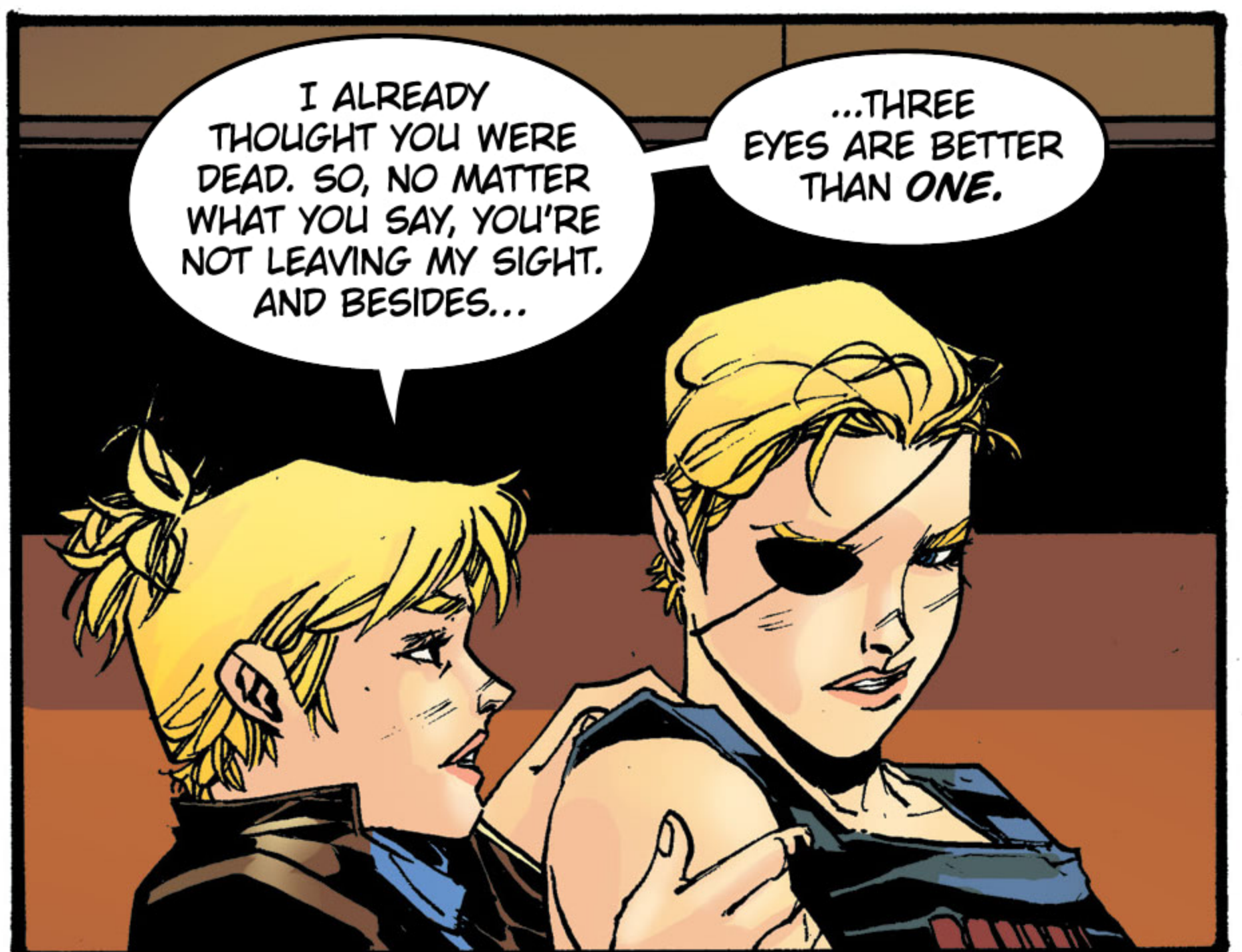
OKAY, ALL OF YOU STAY HERE.

KEEP AN EYE ON WARREN.



I'M COMING WITH YOU.

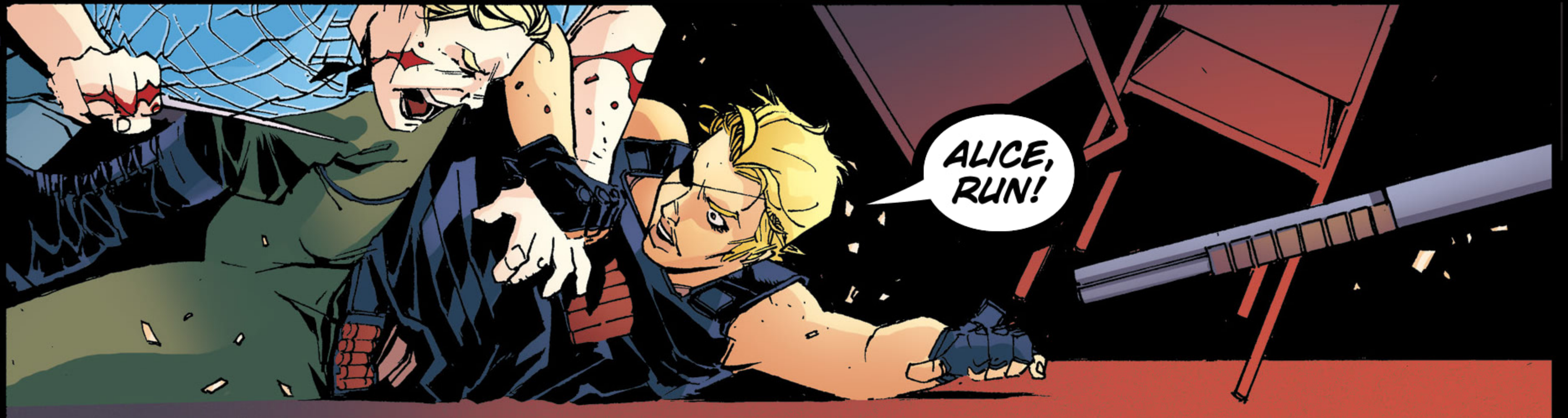
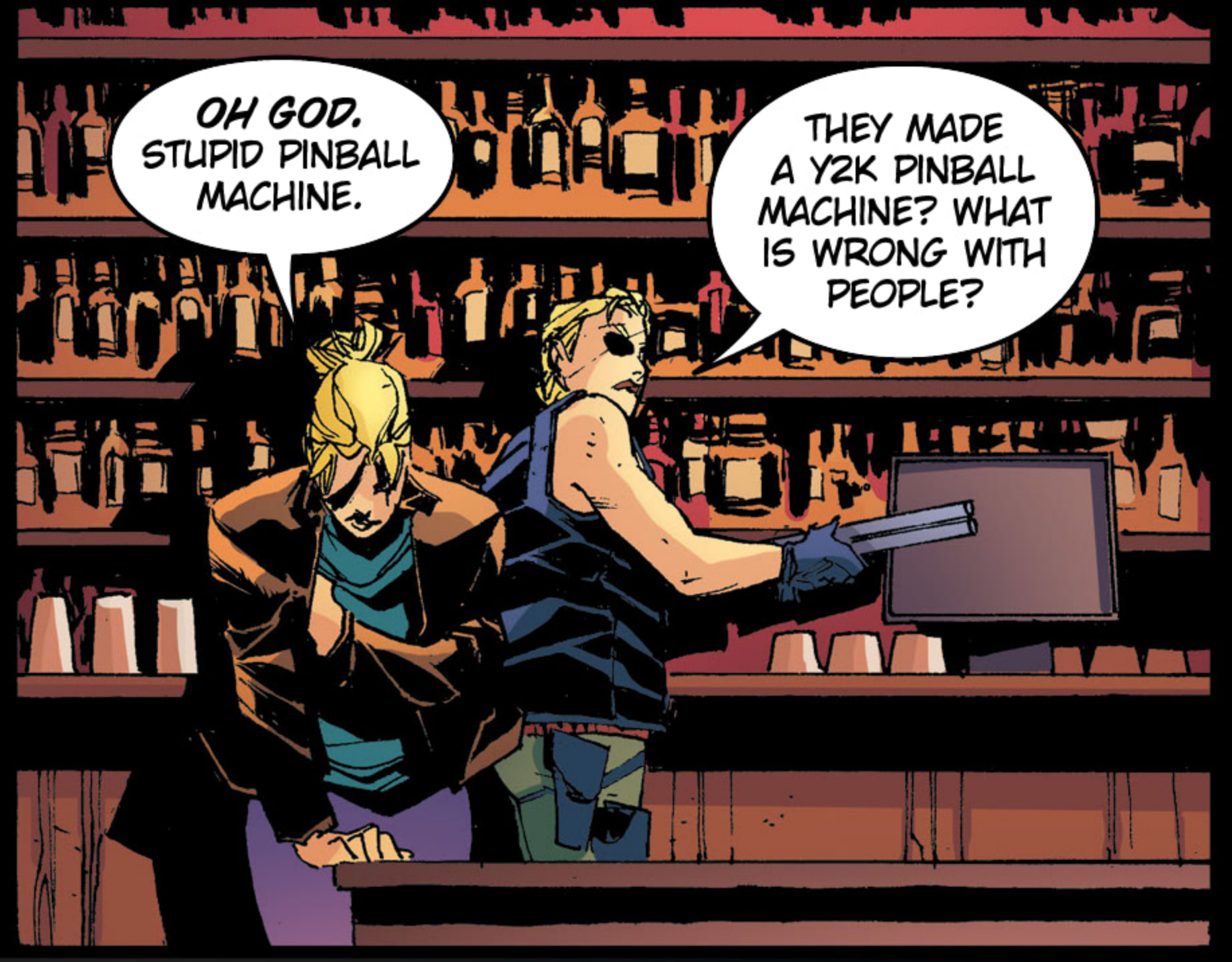
OVER MY DEAD BODY.

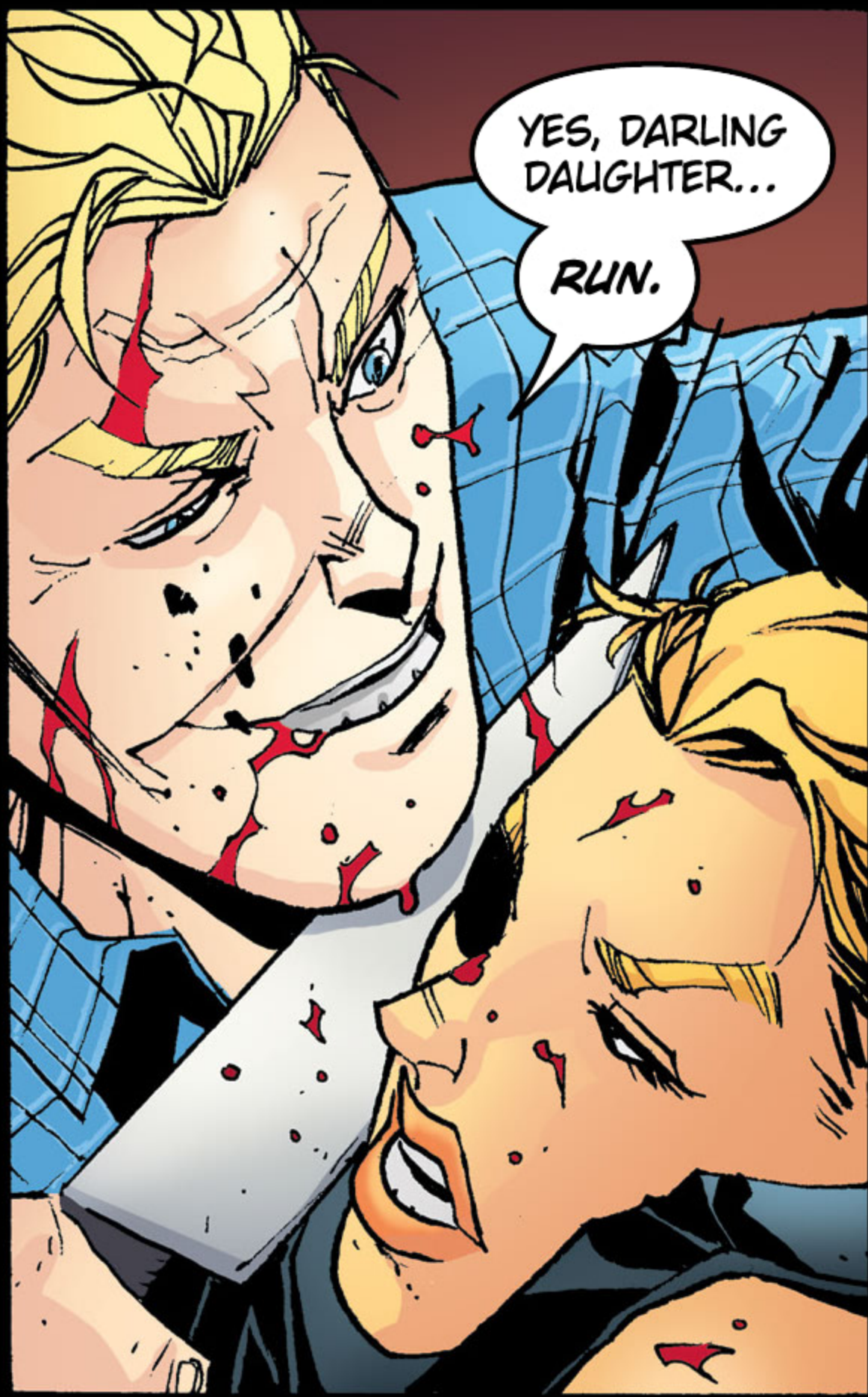


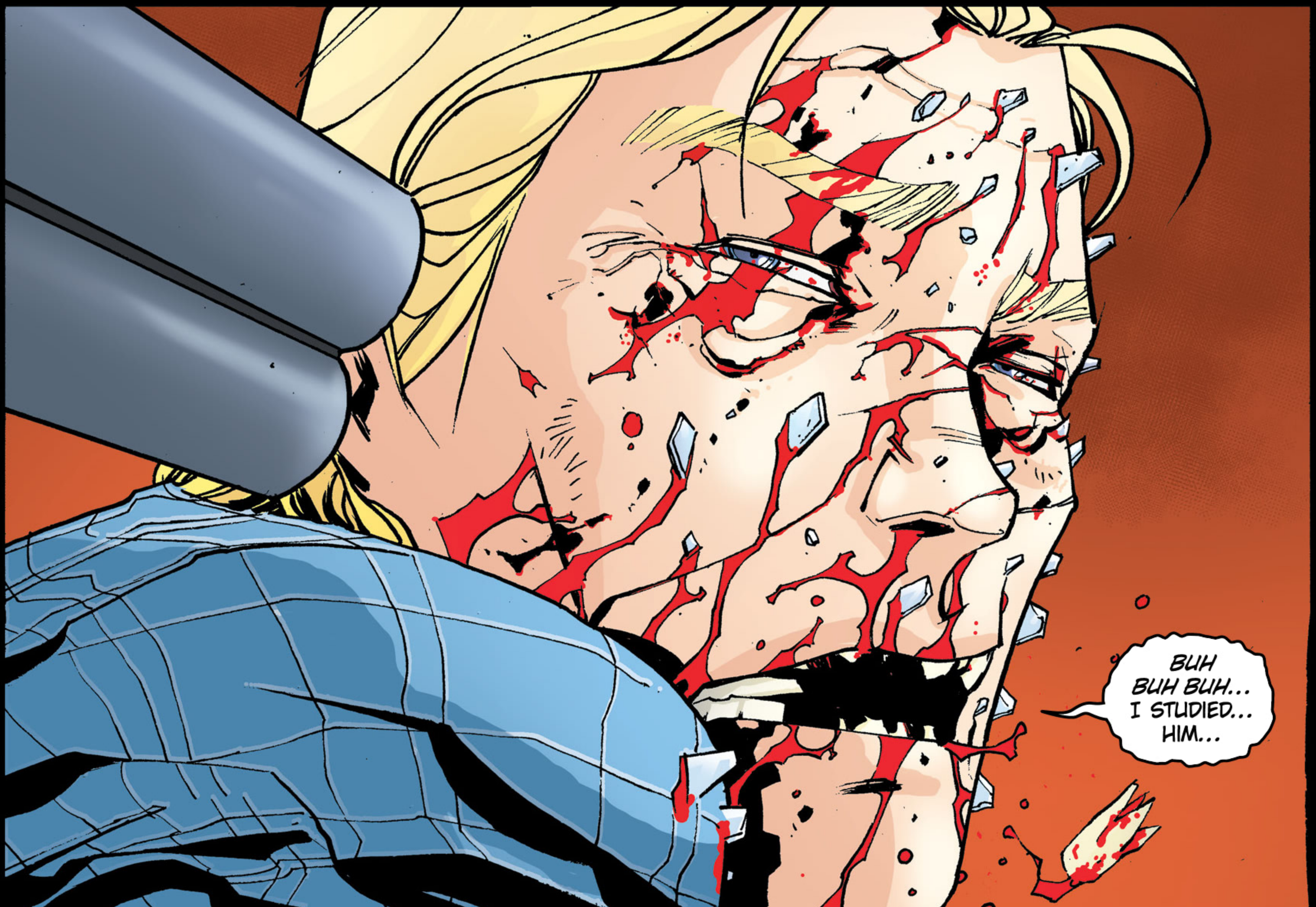
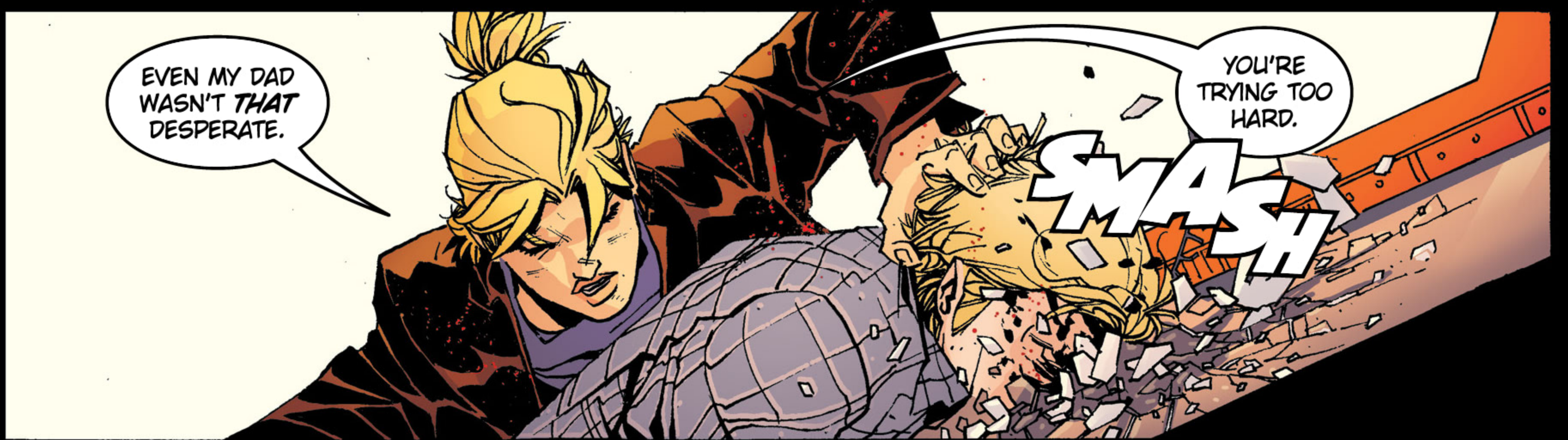
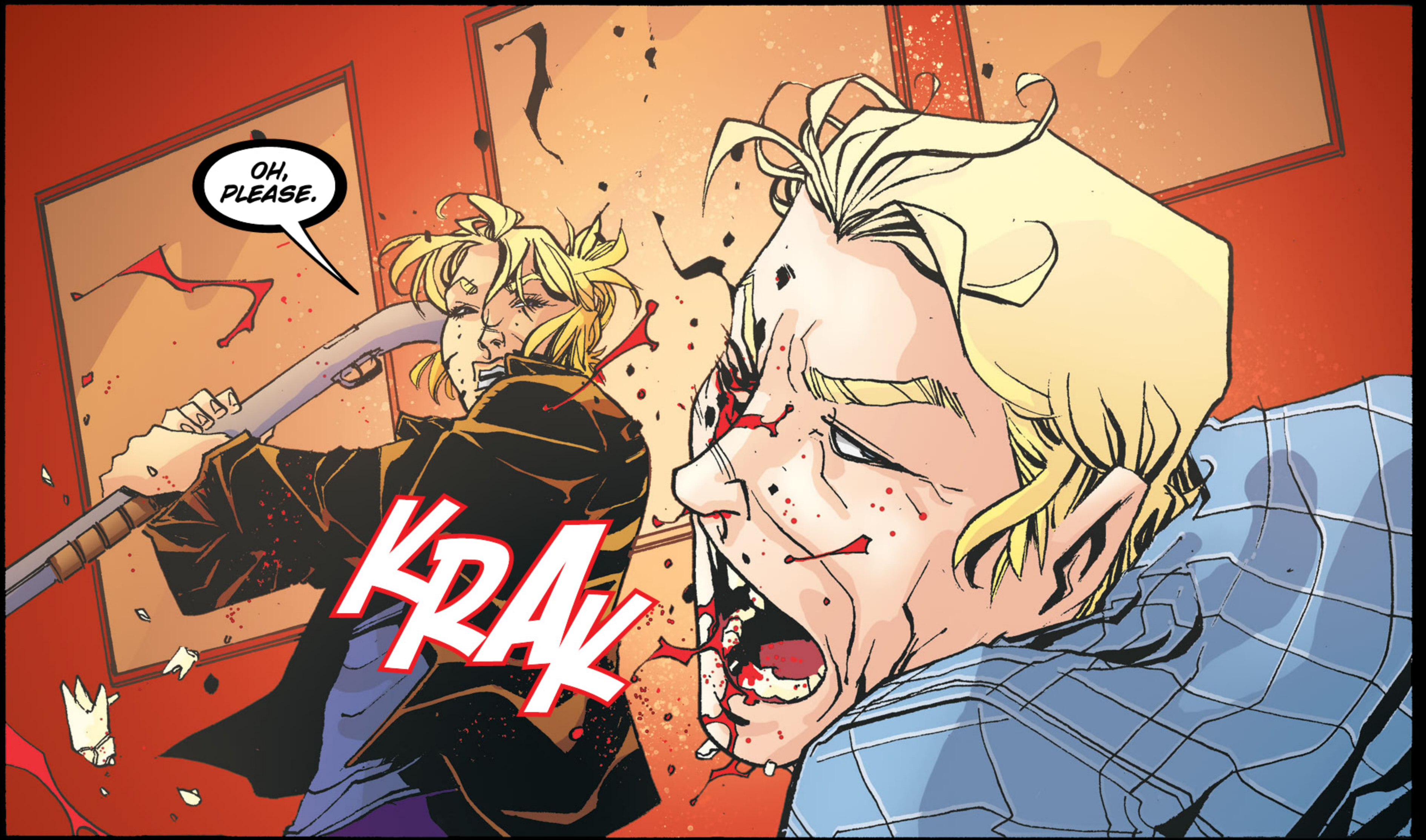
I ALREADY THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD. SO, NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY, YOU'RE NOT LEAVING MY SIGHT. AND BESIDES...

...THREE EYES ARE BETTER THAN ONE.









KRSHH

FREEZE,
MOTHER
FUCKER!

FUCK
YEAH!



OH,
JOY. OUR
HEROES.

I THOUGHT
I TOLD YOU TO
STAY IN THE
RV?



WE
HEARD THE
COMMOTION.

AND WANTED
TO MAKE SURE
YOU TWO WERE
OKAY.



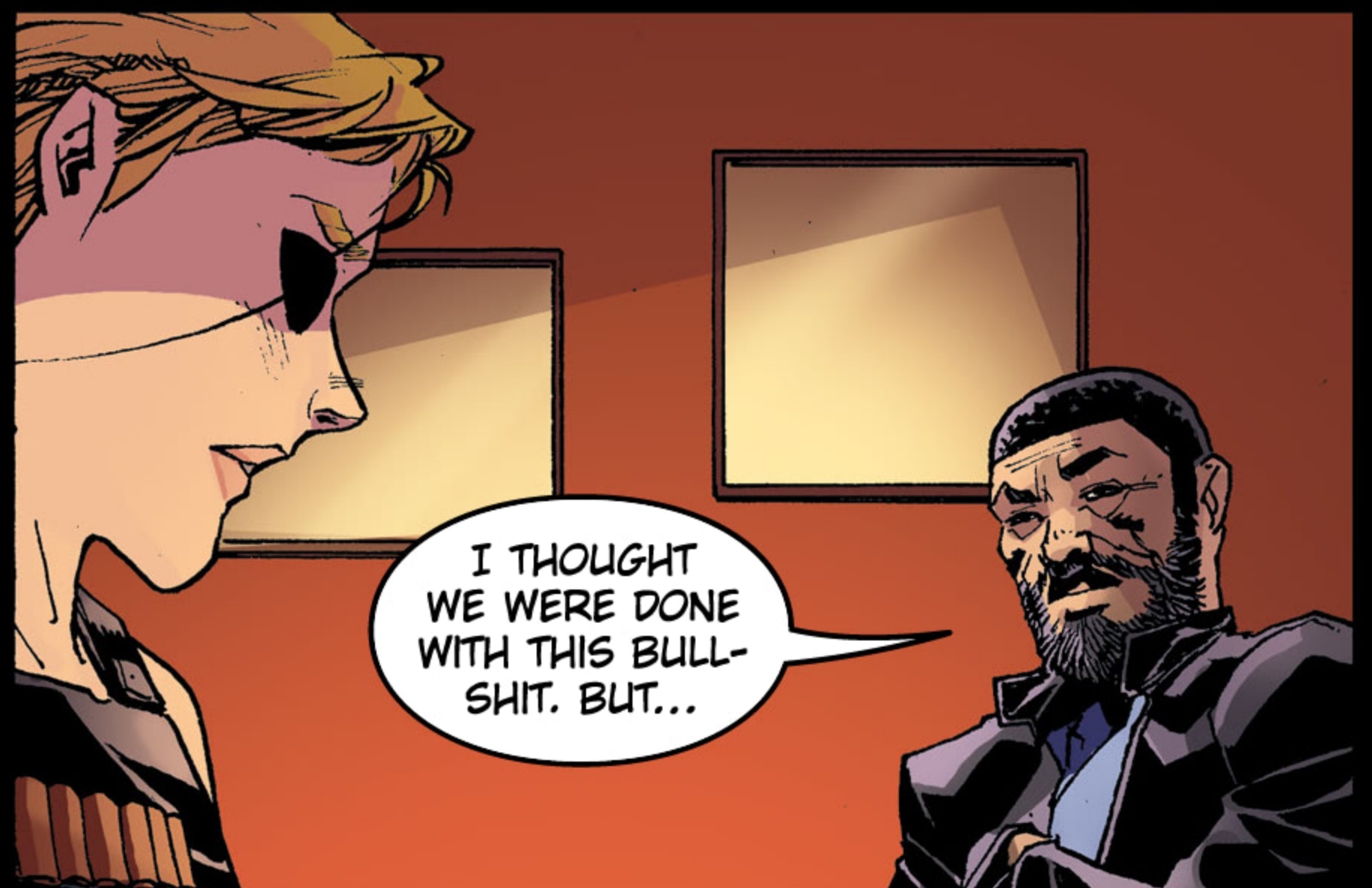
LIKE
LOOKING IN
A MIRROR.

SORT
OF.

I NEED
A SHAVE,
DON'T I?

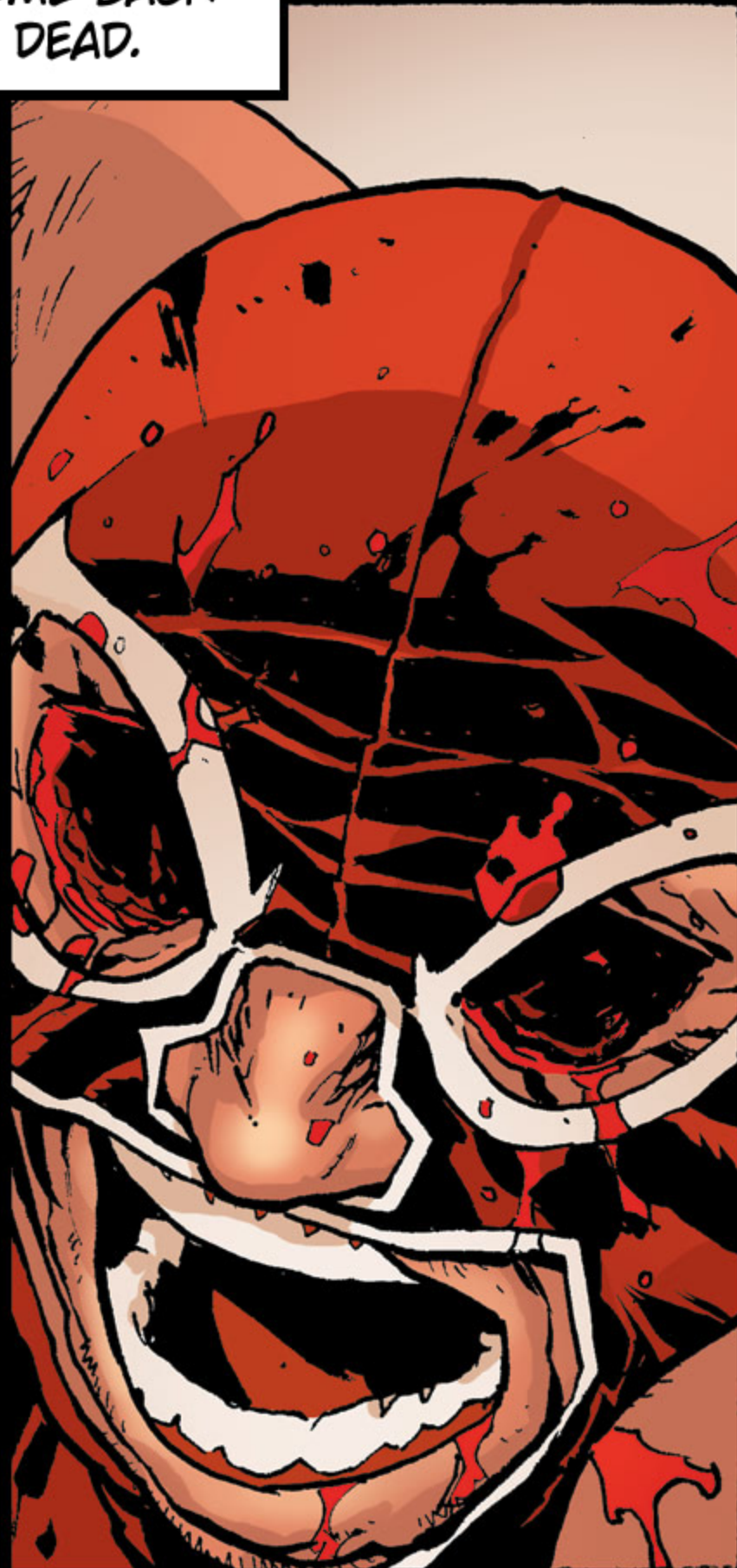


I THOUGHT
WE WERE DONE
WITH THIS BULL-
SHIT. BUT...





"...WE'VE GOT EIGHT OF THE SIXTEEN BUCKAROO BUTCHERS COME BACK FROM THE DEAD.



AND NOW TWO NAILBITERS?

WHY ARE ALL THESE BUCKAROO BUTCHERS TRYING TO KILL US AND EACH OTHER?

SOME KIND OF COSPLAY THING GONE TOO FAR?

I CAN MAKE HIM TALK.



SO CAN I.

KLACK KLACK

HAHAH CAN'T YOU TELL?

HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED IT OUT BY NOW?



IT'S THE BUCKAROO BRAWL.



SHIT.

OH, FUCK ME.



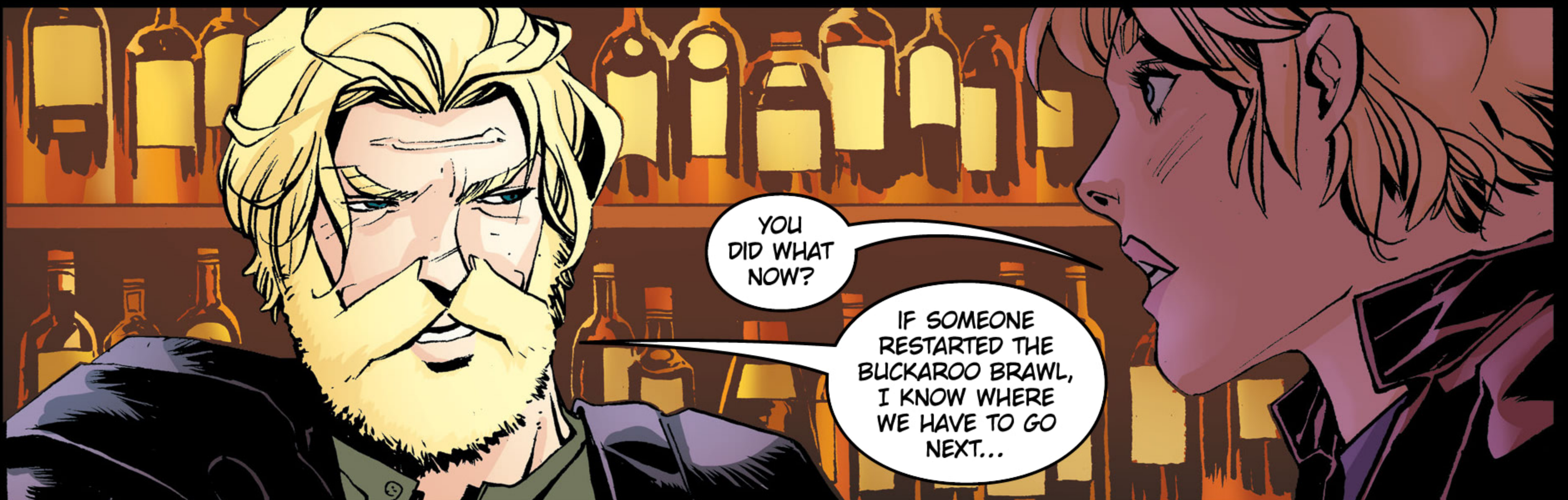
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS? IT'S A GAME?



YEAH, HONEY. ABOUT THAT.

WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THE GAME IS.

WE CREATED IT.



YOU DID WHAT NOW?

IF SOMEONE RESTARTED THE BUCKAROO BRAWL, I KNOW WHERE WE HAVE TO GO NEXT...

"...WE HAVE
TO GO HOME."



TO BE CONTINUED!

**TO BE
CONTINUED.**

DISCOVER THE SECRETS
OF THE NAILBITER IN

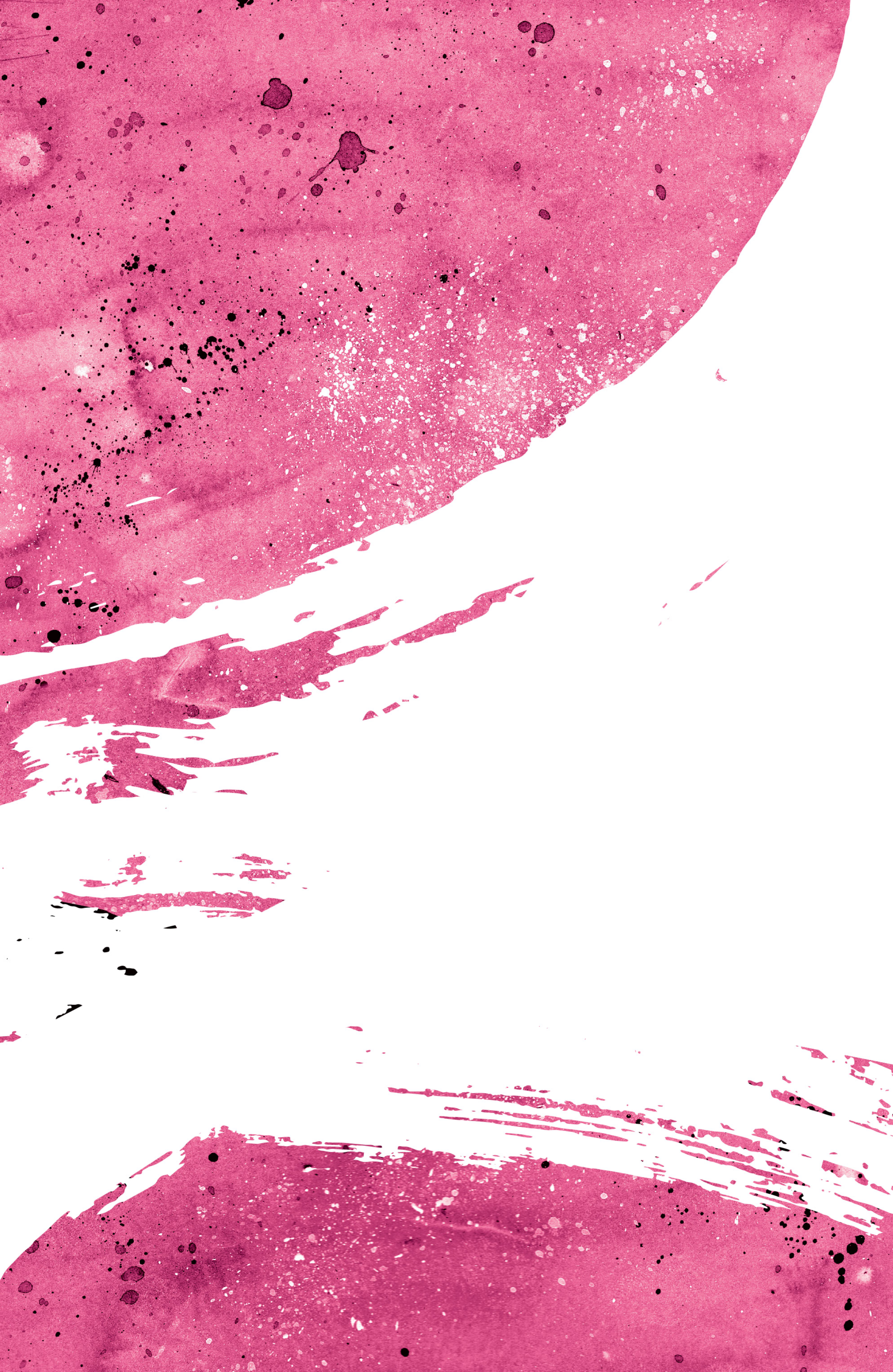
NAILBITER RETURNS

THE HORRIFYING
MONTHLY SERIES FROM









"**NAILBITER** is back and I could not be happier. The creators have returned to this world and these characters without missing a beat. They have somehow outdone themselves already and I love every bit of it."

JAMES FERGUSON - HorrorDNA.com

"Black humor and evisceration abound, what joy! It's good to be back in Buckaroo."

KOBI BORDOLEY - Multiversity Comics

"More than just being a rollercoaster ride, the book does also just enough insight into the upcoming journey to fulfill fans, making for an issue that is both narratively and visually rich."

PATRICK CAVANAUGH - ComicBook.com

"Definitely a return to form for one of Image's best horror series."

DAVID PREPOSE - Newsarama



JOSHUA WILLIAMSON (BIRTHRIGHT, *The Flash*) & MIKE HENDERSON'S (*Daredevil*, *Old Man Logan*) CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED HIT HORROR SERIES RETURNS!

Sixteen of the world's most notorious serial killers were all born and raised in Buckaroo, Oregon. The worst and most infamous being Edward Charles Warren...the Nailbiter! His victims: people who chewed their nails. He'd kill, and then he'd do the nail-biting for them. He was the only one with answers as to why this small town created so many serial killers. But Agent Finch and Sheriff Crane solved and buried that mystery. Didn't they?

Now violent copycat murders imitating the infamous Buckaroo Butchers have begun in Portland, Oregon, and if Finch wants the killings to stop, he must team up with the daughter of the Nailbiter!

Follow the brand-new mystery in the series that mixes *Twin Peaks* and *True Detective* with the horror of *Silence of the Lambs*.

Collects **NAILBITER RETURNS #1-5**

IMAGECOMICS.COM

