Paper Girls™ 5

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN CLIFF CHIANG
MATT WILSON JARED K. FLETCHER



Paper Girls
5

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN writer
CLIFF CHIANG artist
MATT WILSON colors
JARED K. FLETCHER letters

image®

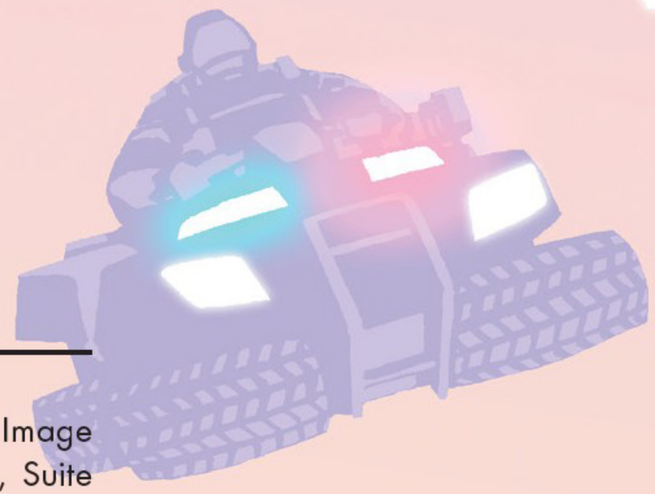
Image Comics, INC.

Robert Kirkman - Chief Operating Officer
Erik Larsen - Chief Financial Officer
Todd McFarlane - President
Marc Silvestri - Chief Executive Officer
Jim Valentino - Vice President

Eric Stephenson - Publisher / Chief Creative Officer
Corey Hart - Director of Sales
Jeff Boison - Director of Publishing Planning & Book Trade Sales
Chris Ross - Director of Digital Sales
Jeff Stang - Director of Specialty Sales
Kat Salazar - Director of PR & Marketing
Drew Gill - Art Director
Heather Doornink - Production Director
Nicole Lapalme - Controller

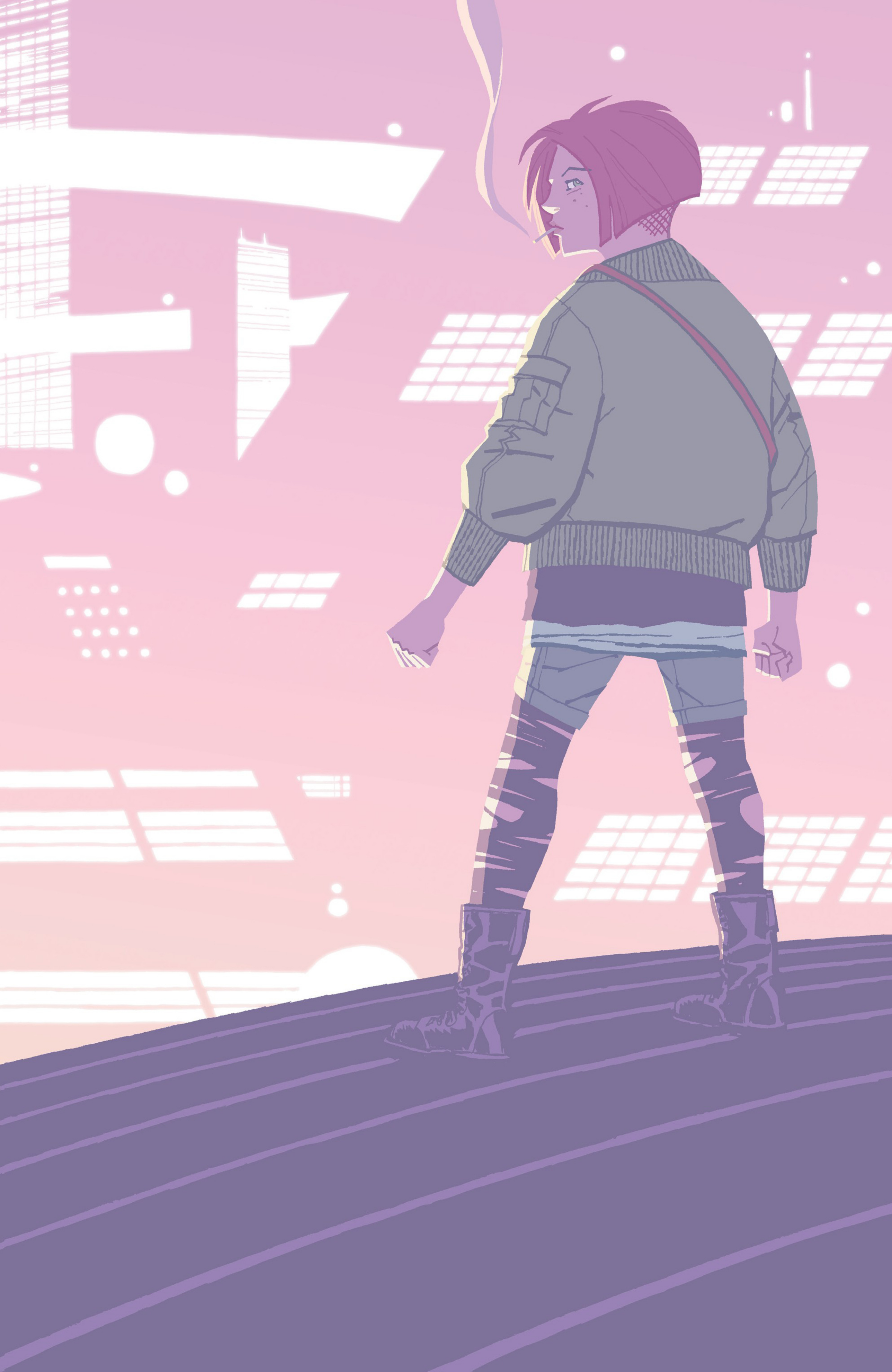
IMAGECOMICS.COM

Dee Cunniffe - Color Flats
Jared K. Fletcher - Logo + Book Design



PAPER GIRLS, VOLUME 5. December 2018. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2701 NW Vaughn St., Suite 780, Portland, OR 97210. Copyright © 2018 "Paper Girls," its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are trademarks of Brian K. Vaughan & Cliff Chiang, unless otherwise noted. Contains material originally published in single magazine form as PAPER GIRLS 21-25. "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 Brian K. Vaughan, Cliff Chiang 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.

[redacted]



READING IS RAD

NEXT!

Circulation

READING IS RAD

Hey.

So, if I have my own card, can I check out, like, *any* book?

Let me guess.

Flowers in the Attic?

What's *Flowers in the--*

Forget I even said it.

How old are you, Miss Coyle?

Twelve.

Essentially.

And what, you want the new Stephen King door-stopper? Because it's checked out, all three copies.

Nah, my brother tried to get me to read that green one...*Eyes of the Dragon*, but I'm not really into fantasy shit.

Sorry, fantasy *crap*.

Kid, if you're holding anything shy of *The Anarchist's Cookbook*, I'm going to be severely disappointed.

SWEET VALLEY HI

What Jessica wants, Jessica gets—even if someone gets hurt!

SECRETS

created by

FRANCINE PASCAL

Hmm.

I'm not in high school.

You don't say.

Everyone in my class is still obsessed with *Baby-Sitters Club*, but I think *they're* a bunch of babies.

Anyway, this book just looks...more interesting.

Well, it's the deep end of the pool, all right.

But, I think you can handle it.

For real?

Just get it back *on time*.

You're going to be dying of leukemia any day now.

Oh.

I almost forgot.

We never do.

Did you really think you could *escape?*

Into some book?

Only dorks want to escape life.

Hold it.

I don't play field hockey.

THEN I GUESS WE DO

What does that even--

Mac.

Muh?

Mac, get up.

We gotta keep moving.

I thought we were gonna wait until dawn.

That's exactly what Erin and I still think.

But KJ and Double-Oh Tiff say we should stay put.

That's what we're calling you now?

Only because "Tiffany 2000" sounds like a bad Cinemax sex robot.

Whatever, the only grownup here agrees with me.

We should clear out before the dicks on dinosaurs realize there were *people* inside that thing.

I'm sure the old-timers have been looking for the five of us this whole time.

Hell, a few of those things have passed right overhead!

But they haven't spotted us because we're pretty much ***invisible*** to people from the future.

Says who, Erin?

Well, ***uhm***, that's what my... my ***clone*** said.

My evil clone.

Exactly.

And if all that stuff about their sensors being blind to our DNA or whatever was a lie, then we're sitting ducks out here.

So we just leave? We have no idea where we ***are***. We don't even know what ***year*** we crashed into!

Enough.

If I'm the tiebreaker, I vote with Kaje's team.

We've got a perfectly good hiding spot and you want to charge into unknown territory?

It's not unknown...

...I think it might be ***downtown.***

Is that the Terminal Tower?

I know, I remember it looking bigger back in '88.

But unless they gifted it to another city like a much-shittier Statue of Liberty, this is still ***Cleveland.***

Come on.

The nearest branch isn't far from here.

Nearest branch of ***what?***

The library.

Duh.

That's it, all right.

That's the same one that almost killed me back in the day.

You don't sound angry about it, sir.

Anger is a young person's game, Cardinal.

I'm just trying to make it to tomorrow.

WU-TANG

Well, we may have a lead on the invading ship's occupants.

On the bank of the reservoir, a sniffer team recovered a piece of wreckage that we think may have been used as a raft.

Think or know?

There's the rub, Grand Father.

We found multiple footprints in the sand, but our instruments are detecting absolutely no traces of human life.

They've learned to hide from us.

That's not good.

If enemy soldiers already escaped into our general population, shouldn't we alert the local authorities?

Hell, no.

If these kids have really figured out how to avoid detection, we need to *question* them.

And the Cleveland P.D. doesn't take prisoners.

Awesome.

We should blend right in with the roaming packs of feral young people.

Just act like you belong, new kid.

Does that mean *I'm* not "new kid" anymore?

Keep it down, new kid.

Our voices probably sound super old-timey to these people.

What are they all doing out in the middle of the night?

It *is* the middle of the night, isn't it?

Who can tell?

I guess Timbuk3 was right.

Heh.

Who the hell is Timbuk3?

Only the second cassette we ever bought with our own money.

One of the biggest bands in the world?

Jesus Christ, life is ephemeral.

Eryee eryee, btchz!

Iah tayka trip 2D passed?

Did she say...?

Don't engage.

Lady's probably just trying to sell us drugs.

Iah taysta whut d Cherch *updere* donshare?

Godall, frum dino-meat 2 nic-heat.

Marlboro

HERSHEY'S

Cigarettes.

Delicious, wholesome, cigare--

U!

HANDS!

BluLifes.

Don't...

RUN!

AAAHHH!

KZZOPP

BRAKOOOOM

KZZOPP

KZZOPP

BRAKOOOOM

THE CLEVELAND

THE CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

Is everybody okay?

I...haven't run like that... since eighth grade...

How'd you know this joint was going to be *open* at this hour?

I didn't.

Figured we'd just smash a window or something.

That woman back there.

You think she *killed* those cops?

Unless they killed her first, I guess.

You guess? I'm seriously worried about what all this violence is doing to your brain, kid.

I mean, seeing *A Clockwork Orange* in high school really messes us up.

This place seems... popular.

What should we be looking for first?

Librarian.

Long time ago, I found out that they basically have to tell anyone who comes in anything that they...

...ask.

Hi.

Hello?

What *is* it?

Some kind of... animatronic plant.

I think it might be a ***computer***.

No.

It's the Tree of Knowledge.

And we should most ***definitely*** not touch it.

Why?

Um, have you ***read*** the Bible?

Nope.

Tree, what year is it?

It is the seventy-first year of the twenty-second century in the anno Domini designation.

Can I help you with anything else, MacKenzie?

How the heck does it know her name?

Don't waste your question on that!

It's not a genie with wishes, ding-dong. I think we get more than three.

Then we can ask it anything. We can ask it how to get ***home***. We can ask about our own ***futures!***

Asking about ourselves is a really, really bad idea.

I kind of agree, actually.

Easy for you to say. You guys got to ***see*** how you turned out. And Mac already knows what happens to...

...sorry.

No, I like what you're getting at.

Tree, is there a cure for leukemia here in, what is it, 2171?

Indeed, that group of cancers has been eliminated.

Hell, yes.



“This day and age we’re living in
Gives cause for apprehension
With speed and new invention
And things like fourth dimension”

–From the 1931 song “As Time Goes By”
(verse unused in *Casablanca*)
Lyrics by Herman Hupfeld

Good evening, Wari.

I am happy to share that a visitor is here to see you.

Tell him to go away, machine.

Of course, Wari. I will inform--

No, you won't.

Take a break, Caregiver.

My sister and I need to speak in private.

Certainly, Grand Father.

Good evening.

What do you want, Jahpo?

To find out what the hell is wrong with you.

The doctors told me you refused your treatment this morning.

I'm older than dirt, kid.

Now let me run out the clock in peace.

Can we please have this showdown literally any other night?

Work is a disaster at the moment.

What happened this time?

Sorry I brought it up.

Oh, you think I wouldn't understand your big, important job?

You're the one who's never had a clue about the truth, "baby brother."

And that's supposed to mean *what*, exactly?

Shentog tay!

Oochata *madi* tay!

Wari, you're speaking gibberish again.

If you keep skipping injections, it's only going to get--

BRRIIING

BRRIIING

But, the only person who calls me on that contraption is *you*.

BRRIIING

Hello?

Sir, I know you said never to bother you when you're with family...

...but I thought this qualified as an emergency.

Just tell me what you have, Alister.

It's the young invaders from another era.

We found them.

I can't believe it.





What the hell are you talking about, Erin?

That magic tree just said there's no leukemia in the future!

It wouldn't be the first time we've been ***lied*** to, KJ.

And even if what this thing said is true, what are we supposed to do?

Go to one of the dystopian drug stores out there and ask if they still have the ***cure for cancer*** in stock?

Isn't your mom a ***doctor***, Tiffanies? All we have to do is find one, and they've taken some kind of ***oath*** to fix me, right?

I'm just saying, we shouldn't, you know...get our hopes up.

Heck and Naldo told us that our fate is our fate, that there's no changing when we die.

Oh, you mean the same two guys who used some future crap to save ***your*** life?

Yeah, fate can go fuck itself.

We're gonna make sure Mac lives to be a hundred.

And I'm all for that plan, really, but shouldn't we also figure out how to make it back to our own century?

Hey, Tree.

How do my friends and I get home to 1988?

Only those who have been ordained by WATCH are permitted to traverse space and/or time.

And how do we do whatever the heck it is you just said?

All four-dimensional itineraries must be approved by the organization's current leader, Jahpo Thāpā.

Jahpo...?

That was the name of Wari's baby!

Why do I never know what anyone is talking about?

Wari was our ***friend***, a way-too-young mom we met back in, like, dinosaur times.

And "Jahpo" isn't exactly a name you see on the back of a lot of bicycles. If this isn't a coincidence...

Cards.

Cards, please.

Jesus!
What *is* it?
A freaking monster!
Actually, I think it might be some kinda ***robot.***
Uh-uh.
It's the librarian.
Valid cards are required to visit the branches.
Tiffany.
Do you still have your--
Shhh.
I'm on it.

fzzt

That antique does not belong to you.

That antique must be cataloged.

No problem.

Thing was killing my back anyway.

You can *have* it.

Holy cow.

That was--

kssh

kssh

kssh

Oh.

Where are they?

Not far from here, Grand Father.

Geographically, at least.

Come again?

I started wondering, what if these kids didn't really find some way to hide from our sensors?

What if they just left?

Back into the timestream? We'd *know* if they used one of our foldings.

But what if they exploited one of the smaller tears beyond Earth's atmosphere?

Then they'd drown in most unpleasant waters.

Unless they brought along some kind of lifeboat.

How...?

I had the Altar Girls scrub every second of stealth-sat footage from yesterday back to the Industrial Revolution.

They finally spotted this object entering the atmosphere above a residential district formerly known as Stony Stream sometime in the fall of 1988.

And you're sure these are the same monsters who killed Prioress?

Not without physical evidence, which is why I'd like to make a scouting report.

If these are your troublemakers, we may need to send considerable backup to perform Ablution on the entire zone.

I'll be damned.

I expected the brats to run...

...but I never thought they'd get so far.

Cleveland

So what do we do now that Tiff broke the entire library?

Hey, I saved us from killer Claymation!

You also threw away the only weapon we had to defend ourselves.

If there's any chance that Wari and Jahpo are really here, I vote we try to find them.

They'd be like a million years old by now!

Then I guess we should start looking in nursing homes.

I'll second starting with a familiar face.

If Wari found some way to bring her kid here, she probably also knows how we can leave.

You guys can do whatever you want, but ***I'm*** gonna help Mac find her super-medicine.

It's all right, Kaje. We can take care of my stuff later. Best to stick together.

Actually, ***splitting up*** is probably a better idea.

Are you nuts?

Splitting up is always the stupidest idea!

Unless anyone out there is looking for a group of five chicks from another era, in which case it's definitely the smartest play.

And we could always use your ***walkies*** to stay in touch.

You've been lugging those things around this whole time?!

What, Tiffany said they were ***expensive.***

This packrat hasn't even dumped her old papers yet!

Don't listen to these ingrates, Tieng.

You saved my ***babies.***

kzzzt

Sounds like no one's using these frequencies anymore, so the airwaves are all ours.

But I don't know who might be listening in, so let's not use our real names or anything, okay?

10-4, good buddy.

But what if we run out of batteries or whatever?

As long as we only use them for emergencies, these radios should both be good for at least a few more hours.

But just in case anything goes sideways, we should all plan to meet back here.

At let's say... dawn?

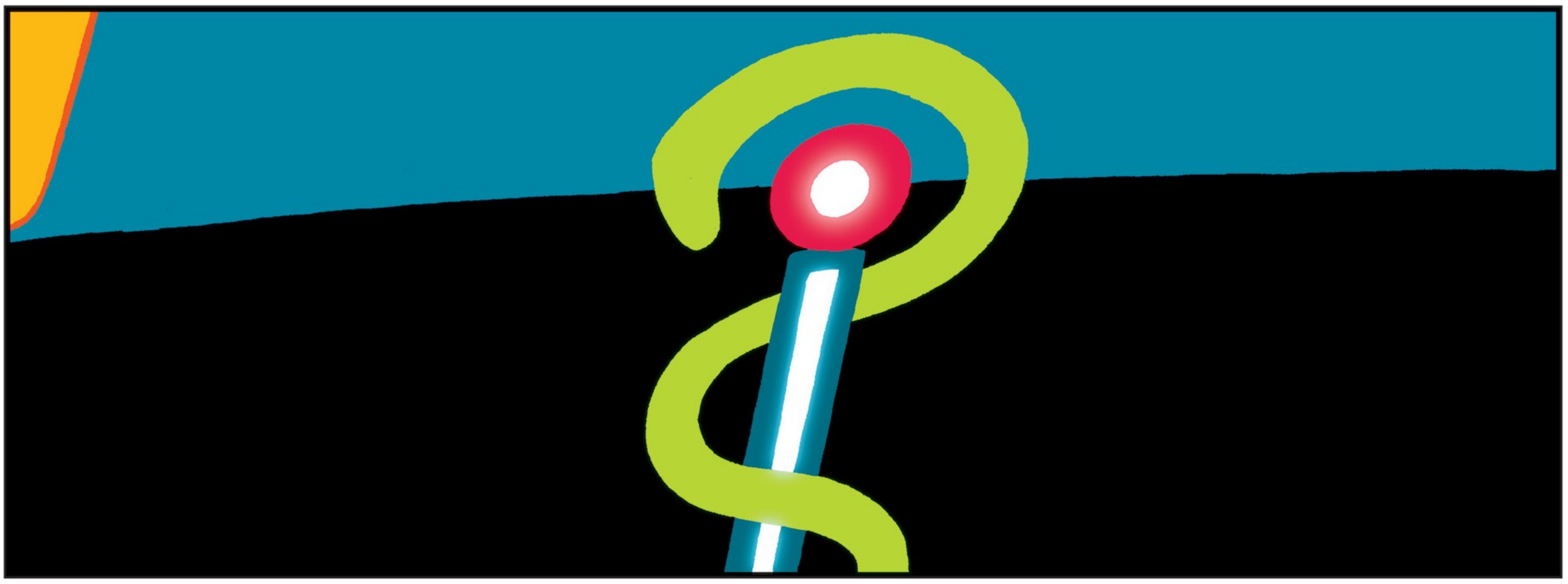
Good luck, assholes.

Good luck, assholes.

Stay safe, dummies.

Stay safe, dummies.

Over and out.





Cleveland Clinic
Downtown

You sure whatever we've been following is an ambulance?

What else would it be, Kaje?

Some kind of futuristic ***hearse,*** maybe?

Why would they be bringing a dead body ***back*** to a hospital?

How do we even know this place ***is*** a hospital?

With our luck, it's gonna turn out to a be a ***snake store.***

Gotta start somewhere.

Mac, wait.

Before we do this... there's something I have to tell you.

That's never good.

It's about that thing from another dimension.

The...the one that touched me.

And made you hallucinate about the future?

It *wasn't* a hallucination, Mac.

Isn't that what all crazy people say?

Listen to me, goddammit!

I saw Doctor Braunstein's face covered in blood, and that *happened*.

I saw a skyline that looked exactly like this one, and now we're *here*.

And I also saw something about *us*.

Us?

As in, me and you?

We were right here.

Well, maybe not *here*, exactly.

But this city...this point in time...

And what happened?

Did we get my cure or not?

Oh, my vision wasn't really, um, about that part.

Then what the hell *did* you see?

Fine.

I don't know what it means, but I saw the two of us k--

=kzzt= ease help! =kzzt=

Those guys are *already* in trouble?

=kzzt= e to the =kzzt=

Say again?

We can barely hear y--

EEEE

It was *you.*



“Yet we get a trifle weary
With Mr. Einstein’s theory
So we must get down to earth at times
Relax, relieve the tension”

–From the 1931 song “As Time Goes By”
(verse unused in *Casablanca*)
Lyrics by Herman Hupfeld

Careful.

I wouldn't go in there if I was you.

Yeah, well, I'm kind of the only person in this trio who *isn't* you, Tiffany.

Besides, I've had a lot of luck finding people with phonebooks.

That was in the past, Erin!

And we don't even know if this thing *is* a phone booth!

Maybe it's another time machine? Like in *Bill & Ted's*?

Who the heck are Bill and Ted?

FSSS

Seriously?

Thought I'd already seen that by '88...

Uh-oh.

Shit!

We've got to break her out of there!

Non!

U crays 1ah bringbak de BluLifes?!

Is that the same huckster lady from before?

We were sure those cops killed you!

Um, help, please?!

Ducalm.

Yusta *KleenBox.*

4d huggerz?

Not more giant insects...

More?!

=koff=

I think she means that thing was for ***delousing***...like when my entire third grade got head lice?

U3 talklike Cherch kin.

Wear u btchz frum?

Uh...

My sisters and I are from ***Canada***.

Cuckos?

How'd you get over the wall?

You can understand us?

Please, my friends and I are trying to find a woman named ***Wari***.

Only person I've ever heard with that handle is Wari Thāpā.

Sister of that WATCH asshole Jahpo.

Sister?

The Wari we met was Jahpo's *mother*.

Whatever, do you know where we could find her?

No clue.

But The Preserver did a puff piece on her a few months back.

Newspapers are still a thing?

Hey, I recognize that building behind her.

It's not far from--

WHOOP WHOOP

Pigs are making another pass.

Scatter!

Wait!

It's okay.

We got what we needed.

We did?

kzzzt

=kzzt= Michelangelo to Donatello, can you hear me Donatello? =kzzt=

Loud and clear, Mikey.

You and Raphael have any luck yet?

I still don't get why New Kid is Leonardo.

I mean, Leo is the *leader*.

We're still on the move, but listen, did you guys just hear anything... ***weird*** on your walkie?

Uh, negative, this is the first peep we've heard out of our radio since we split up, why?

Rad.

We'll call you back when we have anything to report, over and out.

You didn't want to maybe give them a heads-up that we just heard ***you*** say somebody was ***dead?!***

That's what ***you*** heard, KJ.

It could have been any chick's voice, or just your imagination.

Mac...

Those ambulance guys left an entrance open.

Should be easier than talking our way past some psycho nurse at the front desk, so let's roll.

I'm just saying, if that really was some kind of...of future broadcast, the person you were saying was dead is probably ***me***.

Kaje, the kid most likely to croak next is still ***yours truly***.

So let's grab this anti-leukemia juice and get the hell out of here.

You sure you don't want to wait until we hear anything else?

Why?

Aren't you the one who had some sort of premonition about this wacky time zone?

Yeah.

And?

Were either of us dead in your vision?

Uh-uh.

We were... romantic.

The two of us?

As in, you and me...?

Yeah.

That's *disgusting.*

I'm so sorry.

I didn't mean to--

Don't touch me!

If you want to grow up to be a pervert, I can't stop you.

But it's got jack to do with *me*, get it?

Got it.

Good.

Come on.

Coming.

VUR VUR VURRRR

Grand Father, Alister's safely traversed the folding.

What's his timestamp, Cardinal?

Predawn hours of November 1, 1988...and he appears to have left a communiqué in the local dead drop.

Then let's have a listen.

Sir, it's definitely them.

My mount and I encountered one of the enemy fighters immediately upon arrival, and he appeared to be armed.

I'm afraid we had no choice but to engage.

True to form, it looks as if the little thief and his accomplices have been pilfering archaic **hardware** from each era they've invaded...

...including this one.

I'll begin the hunt for the others, but this sector has clearly been **tainted**, so my personal recommendation would be for WATCH to dispatch considerable...

...reinforcements?

Dear old Grand Father.

Always one step ahead.

ding

Let's just try one more floor.

Fine, but five bucks says it's going to be exactly as empty as all the others.

Trust me, this is definitely the right place.

Says who? No doormen means this probably isn't an apartment building, and no janitors means it's not an office complex.

Face it, this skyscraper is nothing but ***haunted***.

Please don't tell me I grow up to believe in ghosts.

What, like undead spirits would be any less insane than everything else we've--

Good evening.

AHHH!

How are you, Erin Tieng?

How... how do you know my--

Apologies.

This is a private residence.

Strangers are not permitted.

Hgh!

Kkt!

LET THEM GO!

No thank you.

Do... something...

Don't... help... *me!*

Help... *her!*

If she dies... I don't... exist!

That's right.

If you're still alive, that means *your* younger self *can't--*

Stop it, goddammit.

Turn yourself off, machine.

Of course, Wari.

Hhhhhh!

It's... it's really her.

=koff= =koff= =koff=

Wari, it's me, ***Erin***.

I don't know if you remember, but we met, like, thousands of years ago. I was the girl from the future? Well, it ***used*** to be the future, but now I guess it's your--

How could I forget you, silly *oorashi*?

You were just here the other day.

Oh.

Wait.

Huh?

Cleveland Clinic Downtown

STAFF ONLY
NO PATIENTS

What the fuck's up, doc?

Dahell B U?

You don't need to know who we are.

You speak Olde English?

And you do, too, huh?

Awesome, 'cause I'm just looking for some kinda ***booster shot,*** and then I promise we'll be out of your hair.

=sigh=

Open your mouth.

ahhhhhh

That's what I thought.

There's nothing I can do for you.

Why not?!

Because this young woman has no ***inSure chip***.

I can't treat anyone without proper coverage.

Bullshit.

Kaje, what are you doing?!

Saving your life.

SECURI--

Don't.

You wouldn't be the first guy I've killed, understand?

I...I understand.

Cool.

You help my friend stay alive, I do the same for you.

Badass.



“No matter what the progress
Or what may yet be proved
The simple facts of life are such
They cannot be removed”

–From the 1931 song “As Time Goes By”
(verse unused in *Casablanca*)
Lyrics by Herman Hupfeld

I'm going home!

Mmn?

Wari, get up!

You have to see this!

H'achati?

I don't know, maybe those four girls actually managed to get word to my company.

Or maybe some archeologist in 2055 just dug up *this thing*.

--name is Doctor Qanta Braunstein, and I am stranded in the year 11,705 BCE, having lost my only--

Either way, the future finally threw me a lifeline.

So.

You now leave me?

Assuming that Beta Model is operational... yeah.

But I will never forget everything you've done for me these past--

Bullshit!

Cha vera cee rata, zu heeli!

Slow down, honey.

I can't understand what you're--

Jahpo.

My baby.

You taking him *with*.

Wari.

I...I wish I could, but my time would never allow that.

Then go other time.

Other place.

My people, they have ***rules***, rules I've already broken...

Please!

Jahpo not survive his ***fathers*** one more winters.

I don't know.

I...I don't know how.

I can show.

And I did.

Holy crap.

"Mother" took my son ***and*** me with her to Indonesia, years after her colleagues here in the States had stopped looking for her.

Her only condition was that I never tell anyone when or where we ***really*** came from...including Jahpo, who she raised as her own.

Which is probably why the *orchadee* kid turned out to be such a little *dekfek*.

This is amazing, Wari, really.

But, what did you mean when you said that you'd just seen me the ***other day?***

...

Who the hell are you girls, and how did you get in my house?

Ummmmm

Ma'am, my friends and I are just like you, products of another era.

You were about to tell us if you still had this...this ***Time Capsule*** you used to escape the past?

Ah.

Now I remember.

Your name is Erin Tieng.

You came here a few months ago to *give* me something.

I did? How? *What?*

Where did I put whatever it was, machine?

I'm sorry, Wari.

I am unable to say.

We are never getting home.

Oh my God, is this real?!

The President of the United States is *black?!*

Sure, lots of 'em have been.

Are you serious?!

Since when?!

Spoiler alert!

I mean, maybe it's gonna happen in our life-times!

Is that even possible?!

And what is a "spoiler alert"?!

I know it's around here somewhere...

=kzzt= Leonardo, come in. =kzzt=

You gotten us a ride home yet or what?

Uh, not exactly, Raphael.

How are you guys doing...?

I think we're close to a breakthrough, so step on it.

Over and out.

The...the instruments are primed, miss.

Ready when you girls are.

You doing okay, Mac?

This is creepier than my gym teacher testing us for scoliosis.

But if it's gonna zap out my disease, then let her rip.

You sure this is safe, Doc?

Completely.

After I finish this scan, the Gene-E will eliminate any...

Hmm.

"Hmm?"

What the hell does "hmm" mean?!

This shouldn't be possible...

Is it good news or what?

This young woman *doesn't* have leukemia.

She never did, and she never will.

That's... that's *amazing* news.

Right?

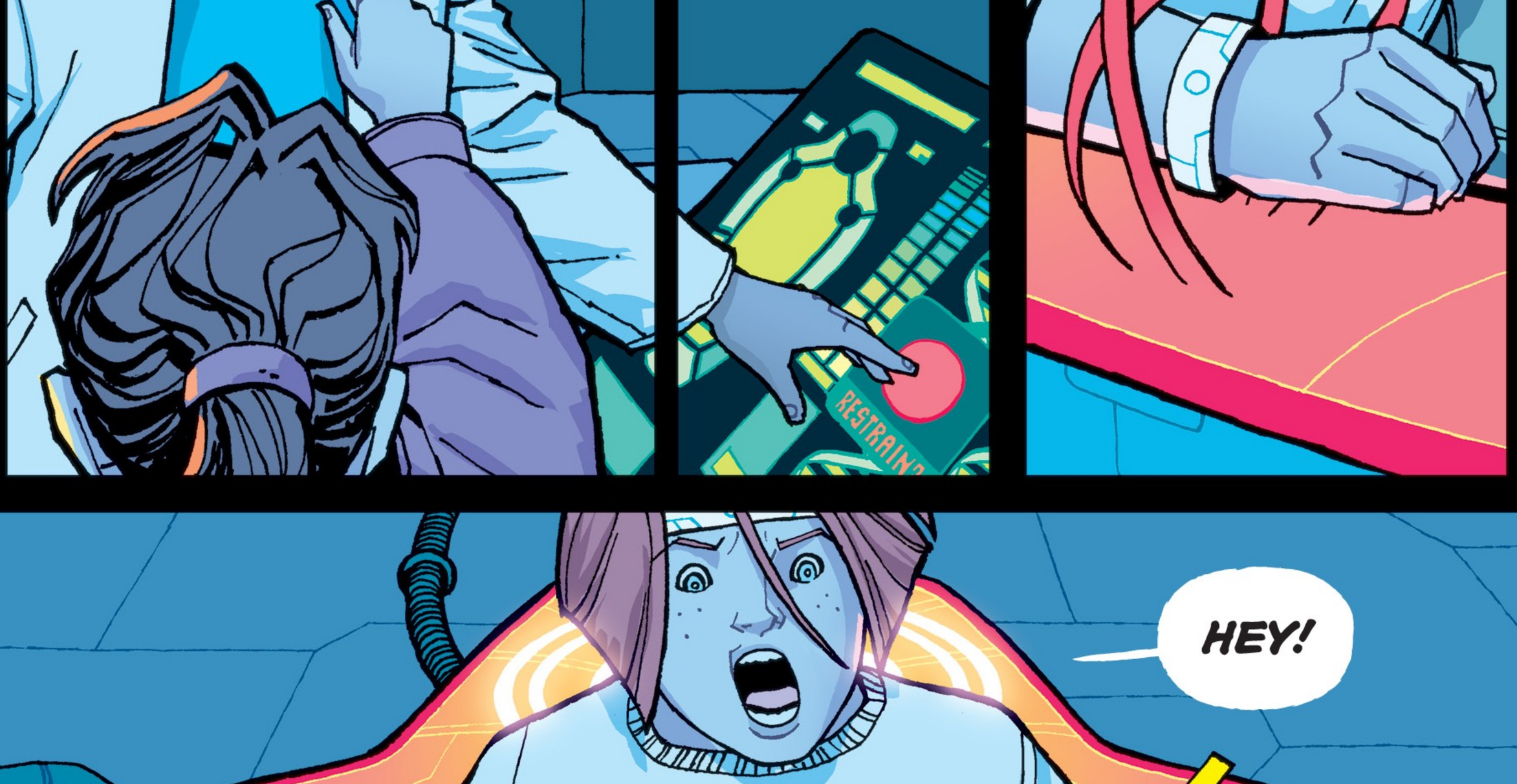
I don't know who gave her that diagnosis, but they had no idea how to read a nucleolus.

The untreatable disease your friend is eventually going to develop is actually called *4DC*.

Untreatable?

It's a rare group of cancers that only afflicts a small percentage of certain professionals...

...time travelers.



HEY!

kashunk

kashunk

Let her go!

I thought you backwater btchz were just immigrants.

But you're *invaders*, aren't you?

Step away from there or you're a dead man!

I already am.

Do you have any idea what WATCH does to people who *help* you whores?

Killing you is my only shot at living.

fssssss

KJ!

tink

It's just a sedative, don't fight it.

I promise to wait until you're both unconscious before the next step.

=koff=
=koff=

You won't feel a thing.

Kaje!

Your boots!

VMMMMMMM

VMMMMMMMM

nnnn...

Creep.

RELEASE

You are seriously my hero.

I seriously... need a nap...

Don't pass out on me yet.

We gotta jet before Dr. No-Nards comes to.

But your treatment--

--was always a pipedream.

The new kid was right, you die when you die.

But that ain't gonna be today.

PUBLIC ENEMY

You exquisite goddamn beast.

I wonder if you ever miss home.

Our petty concerns must seem so... ***one-dimensional.***

Grand Father!

Maxima for d ruption, but...

oh

She won't bite.

Just tell us what's happening, minus the slanguage, if you please.

Switchboard got a call from a local physician who says he encountered two juvenile enemy fighters.

At a hospital? Cardinal, how many calls a day do we get about mentally ill patients who think they're *lost in time?*

And I know we'd normally kick this to the cops, but with those teenagers still on the loose--

Your best scout is confident they're all in *1988.*

And I'm beginning to think we should join him there.

Tell helm to take us into the folding.

Wait a minute.

You're bringing the whole Cathedral into the past?

An entire community has been *exposed.*

We need to start processing them in bulk.

What about just taking a few of the bots?

They leave too much of a footprint.

If we have to violate another year, we should do it as cleanly as current technology allows.

But you're potentially exposing every last member of WATCH to--

Do you think these things picked me to *listen?!*

Sorry.

Long day.

Why... why don't you get some rest, sir?

I'll wake you when it's time.

Forgive my memory, old friends.

If you say it's here, we'll find it, Wari.

Unless this lady is speaking nonsense, which she most definitely is.

Wait a second.

This man.

This is Jahpo?

Nowadays, he goes by "Grand Father."

A title my foolish son believes he *earned*.

I've seen him before. Back when this all started.

He was the old-timer outside that house the first time we all--

Help!

Please.

This chick is ƎhnnƎ surprisingly heavy.

Are you two all right?

Nuh muh nuh.

I'm fine, but K...but whatever-her-codename-is is sorta out of it.

Long story, but I got her as far of some roof on Euclid.

Think we're where the old ***Arcade*** used to be.

I could use a hand getting her wherever you guys are.

Copy that, Mikey.

Just keep her safe until we get there.

Ten-fucking-four.

Team Tiffany can handle this.

We can?

You stay here and keep looking. Let us know what you find.

Are... are you sure?

If anyone can figure out what the heck is going on, it's you.

Be careful out there, young ladies.

This city isn't as safe as it used to be.

Ha!

Would you care for some more *pisang goreng?*

Um, no thanks.

Hey, are you positive you don't know where Wari hid whatever it is we're supposed to be looking for?

I'm sorry.

I am unable to say.

What's my favorite color?

I regret that I do not know the answer to that question.

Wari, did you hear?

Your pet robot doesn't know my favorite color!

So what?

So, if you ask it about what I left you, it doesn't say that, it says it's "unable to say."

I think it knows ***something***, but it's, like, not allowed to tell us!

Any chance it works like an ATM?

Maybe you need to enter some kind of *code?*

Not a code... a password.

Dreamwomen.

Here is the document you asked me to protect, Erin Tieng.

The what?

It's a... *a map.*

A map to where?

Home.



“You must remember this
A kiss is still a kiss
A sigh is just a sigh
The fundamental things apply
As time goes by”

-From the 1931 song “As Time Goes By”
Lyrics by Herman Hupfeld

Are they there yet?

That's a big fat negative.

Sleepy and I are still waiting for the Tiffanies, or whatever I'm supposed to be calling th--

Okay, cool, that's fine, actually. As soon as they get there, tell them to *forget* coming back here.

Can you see the skyscraper with the glow-y thing above it?

Kinda hard to miss.

Cool, well, there's something called a "service entrance" in the alley right behind that building, and you guys all need to meet me there, like, immediately.

It's our last chance of getting back to ≥KzzZZzzzt≤

Erin...?

So that's the plan?

FAHH!

Almost pissed myself, jerk.

I thought you were still high on that goofball spray.

Must have worn off. I feel like a million...

...oh.

What's up, Kaje?

This place.

It's... it's...

...it's ***nothing***.

All of this has been completely pointless.

No matter what we do, you're still gonna ***die***.

Are you seriously crying?

Knock it off, dweeb.

It's bullshit, Mac!

Why did we get sucked into this stupid adventure?

Just so you could get some kind of goddamn ***time travel cancer?***

Look, if somebody had to catch it, I'm just glad it was me and not one of you guys.

Mostly you.

So that's it?

Our stories are already written, and... and there's nothing we can do to change them?

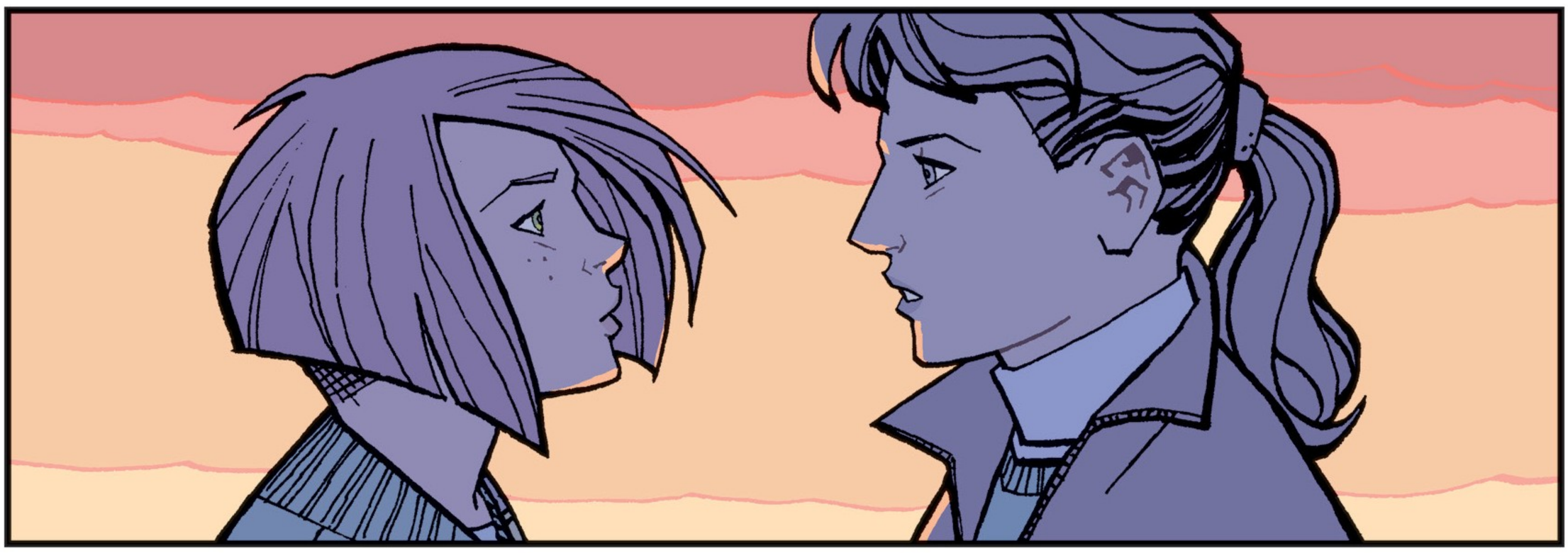
I suppose.

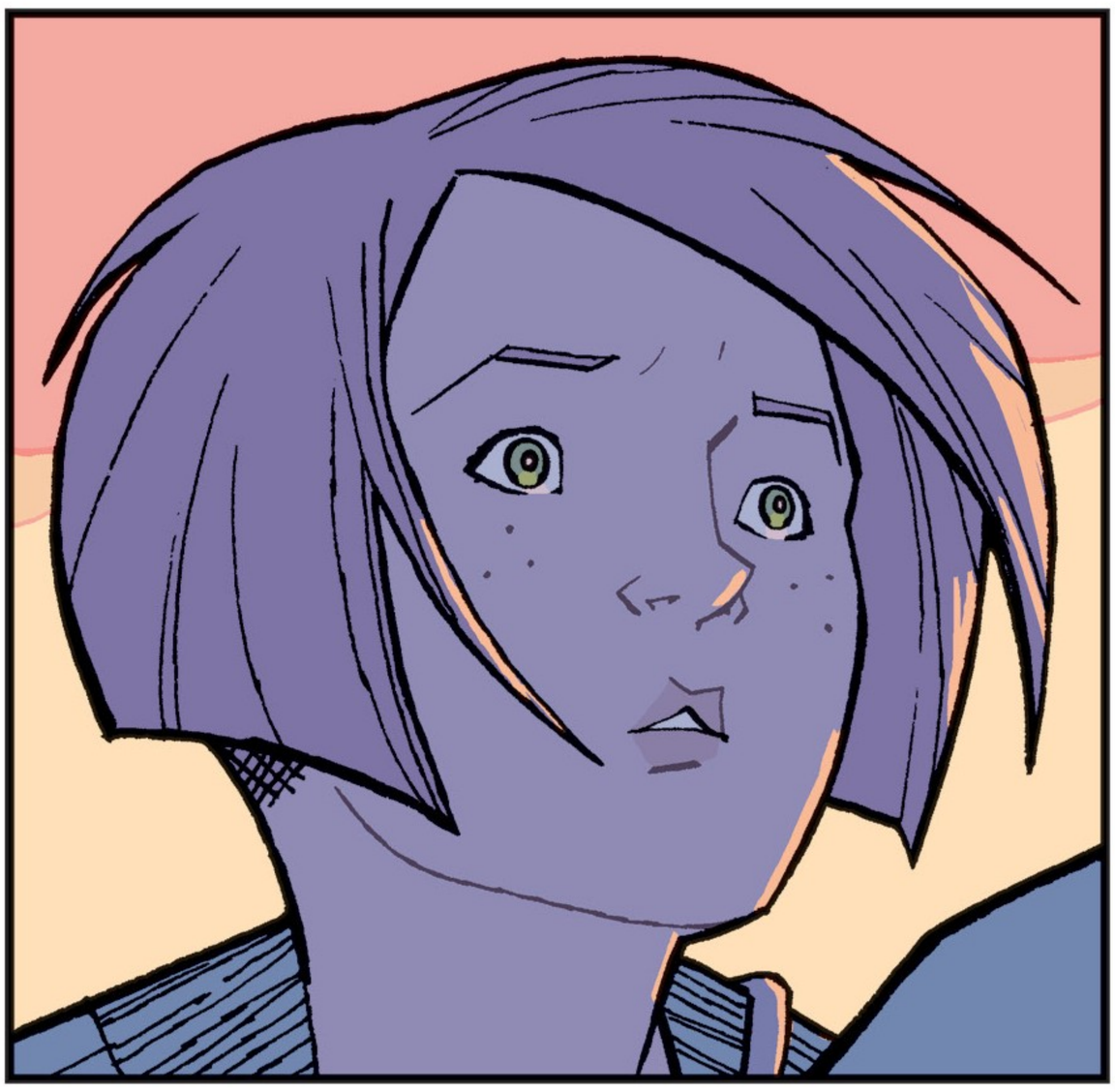
Like, this rooftop.

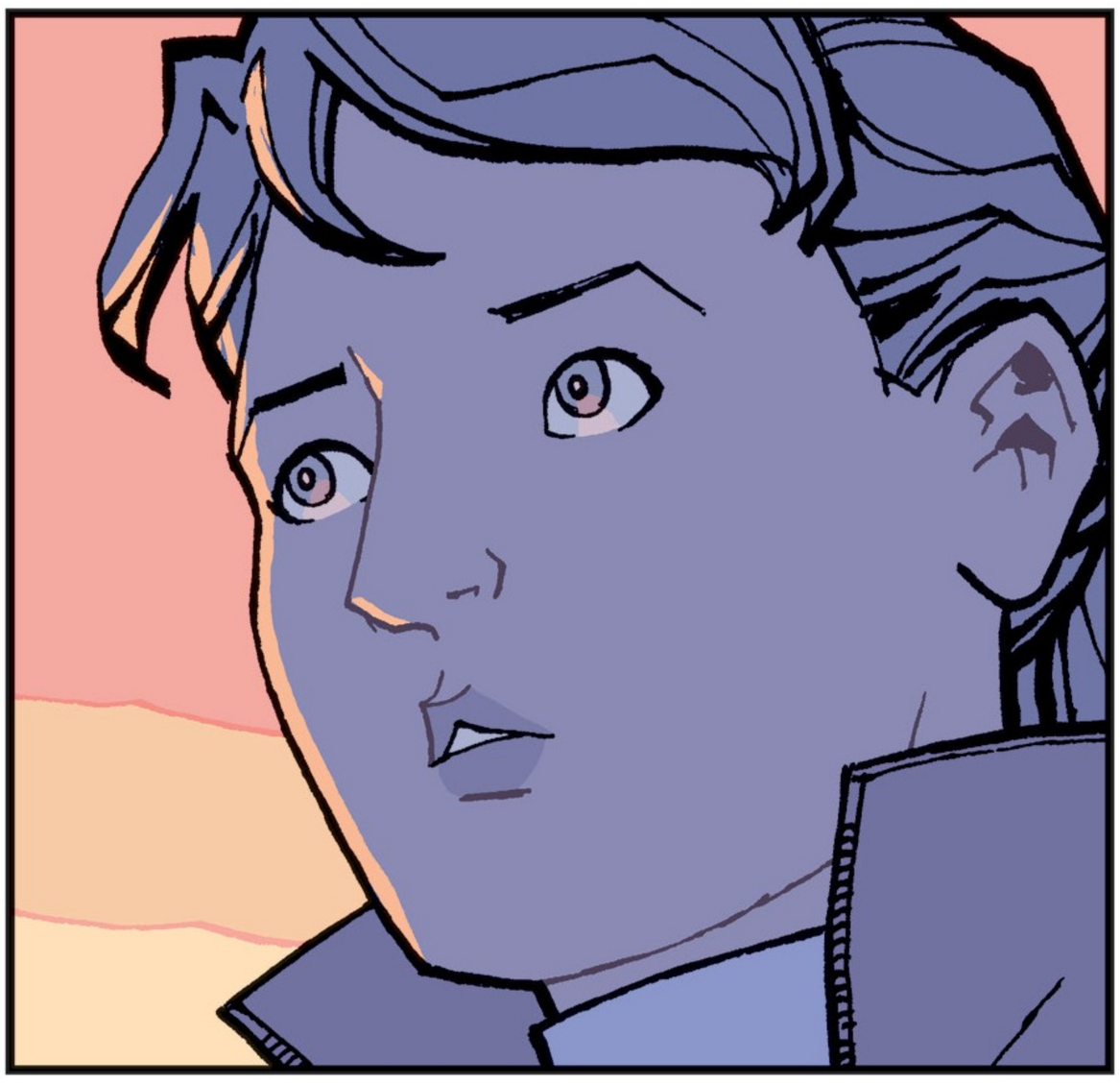
This is where you had your vision of us ***kissing...*** isn't it?

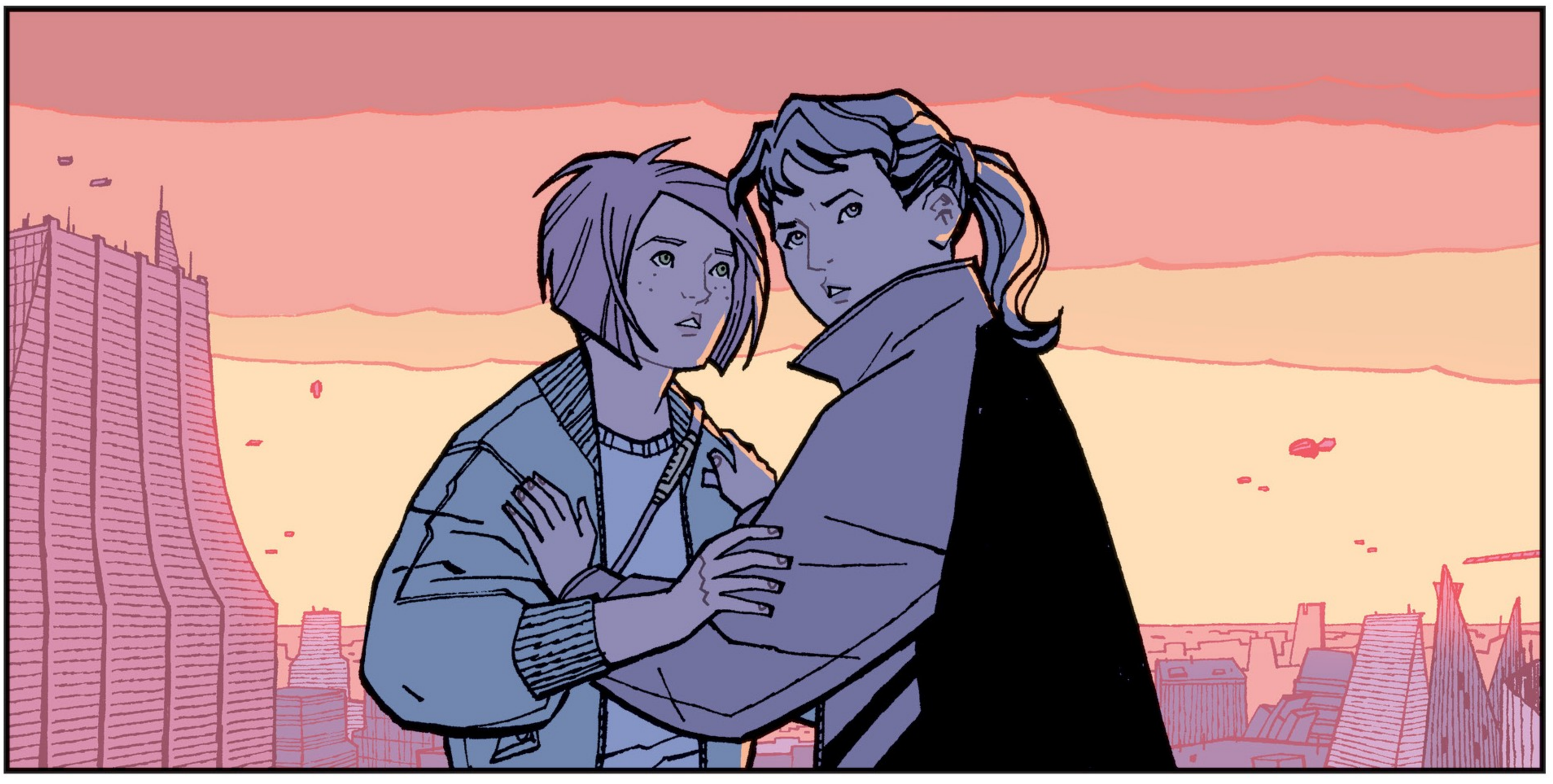
Then I guess we do.











Sorry to...

Um.

Congratulations?

U4!

HANDS!

I did this.

eet & Prospect Avenu

Be here at 7:17 AM!

This is totally *my* handwriting.

Of course it is.

You asked us to protect it the *first* time you came to visit, Erin Tieng.

How do I learn all this stuff about *access codes* and *secret elevators?*

Well, my memory's not what it used to be, but maybe *I* lend a hand.

This looks just like my boy's old *clubhouse*.

Haven't been there since Jahpo abandoned it for his new toy, but I still remember a few things.

This map supposedly shows me how to get back to *1988*.

If it really works, how do I end up back here in the *future*--I mean, your *past*--to give it to you?

...

Who are you again?

Forget it.

My note says I have to get the others to the top of that tower before *7:17* this morning.

That's when the main window WATCH uses always closes for realignment.

Maybe it's open to *your* time now.

Then this thing must actually be *right*...like when I carved that message on KJ's stick to warn Past Us!

Come again?

If this works, sounds like I will.

See you later, Wari!

Watch your back, child!

It's not just my son's soldiers you have to worry about out there!

Don't forget, these boys are at *war!*

Hell.

U!

DROP WEAPON!

What?! This isn't a--

KABANG

Last warn.

DROP WEAPON

You fired a fucking *gun?*

At *children?*

ON KNEES!

Just do what he says!

Yeah, I remember thinking like that.

Take care of your friends.

And whatever you do, don't settle.

Wait, what is she--

RAAHHH!

GO!

Scruddy feckless--

BLAM

Hnf!

cssssssssssss

Hell.



NO!

Erin! Anybody!

Please, help!

Oh Christ, she's dead!

She's really--

EEEEEE

Dammit!

Tiffany, I am...I am so, **so** sorry.

Me too, but we gotta move.

That bang's only gonna bring more of those assholes, and if we get nabbed now...

...what did Tiff die for?



Let me guess, it's already getting worse.

Afraid so, Grand Father.

The enemy fighters who killed Prioress and Alister may be dead, but you were right about those four local girls being timelined.

Apple Records

Dukakis Rentsen '88

It's started causing... side effects.

Kālī beyond.

When is this?

Altar Girls are still triangulating, but it's roughly twenty-eight years ahead of our current position.

Then it's spreading even faster than I feared.

Call everyone back to the Cathedral.

So now we're breaking curfew? I thought--

Cardinal, if we don't find those four children and bring them back here alive, this entire year is going to bend ***inside*** itself.

Wouldn't that mean the end of time?

Oh, no matter what we do, time will keep on ticking.

This will just be the end of the world.

Apple Records

Yes!

Man, I'm so glad to see you.

Hurry, we have to be on the top of this thing at the exact right corner before...

Where's Double-oh Tiff?

No more stupid nicknames, New Kid.

We lost her.

Lost...?

I think I just watched myself die.

But.

No.

It's true, Erin.

Uh-uh.

Whatever happened, we...we can *fix* it.

Trust us, we can't.

I hate to say it, but you were right about me. About *death*. When we go is when we go.

Unless it's not!

Listen, I know it's confusing, but at some point, I'm gonna show up here a few weeks back to draw this map for Wari. So she can eventually give it to me, right?

But now, I'll add a *note* to my past self...one warning the Tiffanies about what just happened!

Could that work?

You're asking *me?*

It doesn't add up.

If you're the one who's eventually going to draw that thing, why doesn't it say all this stuff already?

ding

Holy cow.

I can't believe that worked.

Oh, God.

It's you!

Evil *clone* you.

Just so you know, in the future, that kind of talk is gonna sound ultra-bigoted.

But nice to see the crew again. Been stalking you for ages, literally.

Thankfully, you left behind plenty of clues on this pitstop, so once I figured out what you were up to, I dropped in first to start laying some groundwork.

The map.

You drew it for Wari.

Thought it would take forever to learn your lousy penmanship, but turns out that's a nature over nurture kinda thing.

Why?

Why do all this to get us here?

Because I'm just a kid.

And I'm tired of fighting.

00:32

Is that...?

I need this to end, all right?

But if I let you four go back to '88 together, the old-timers will have won.

ARMED

Look, we'll do whatever you want, join your nightmare future army, anything.

Please, don't... don't blow us up.

Not today.

Sorry.

You girls are just no good together.

klik


...what?

The Cleveland Preserver
IRAQ BECOMES REPUBLIC AFTER MILITARY COUP
Fate of King Unknown as Pro-Egyptian Junta Rules
Hi.
The Cleveland Preserver

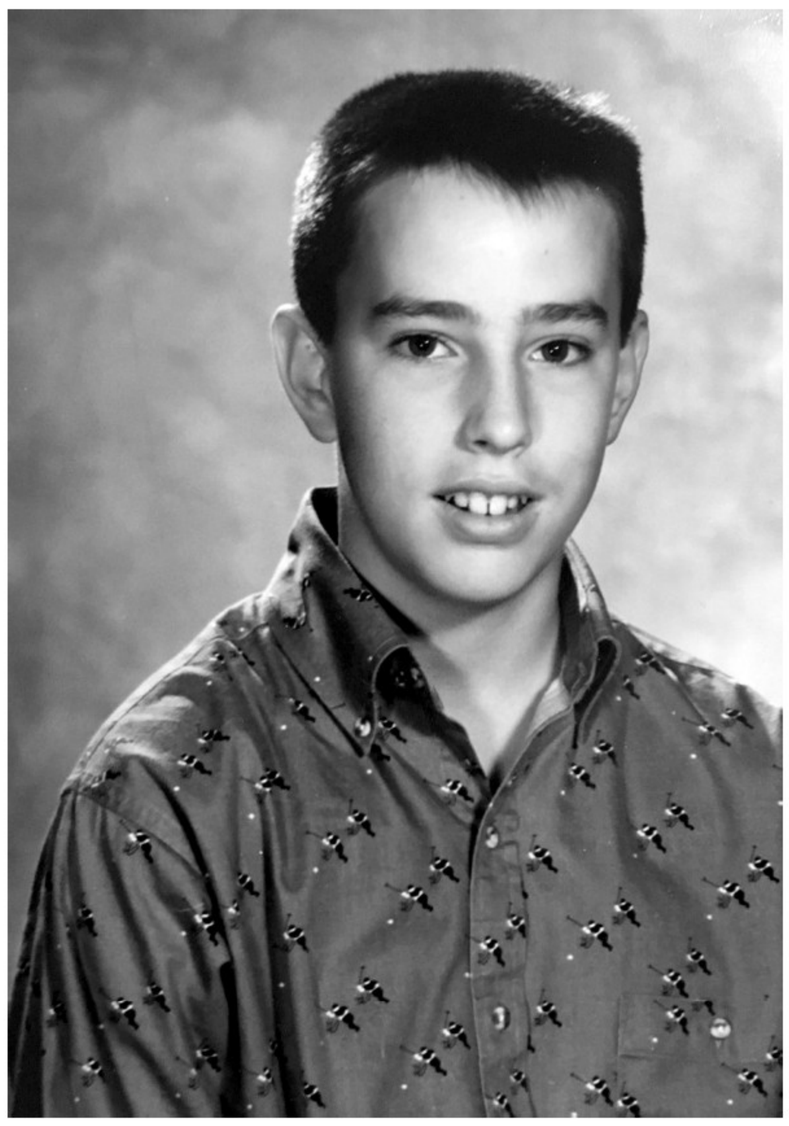
LLRRXXXX

Hey, lady.

You okay?

TO BE CONTINUED

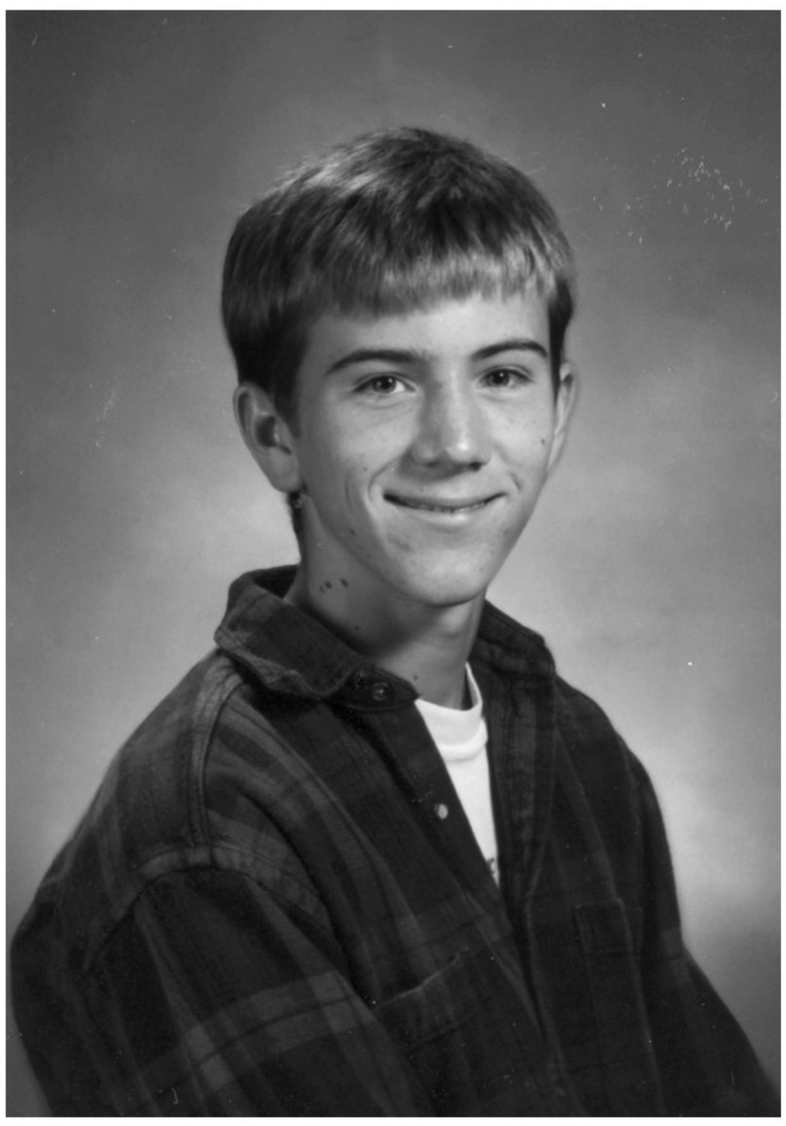
CREATORS



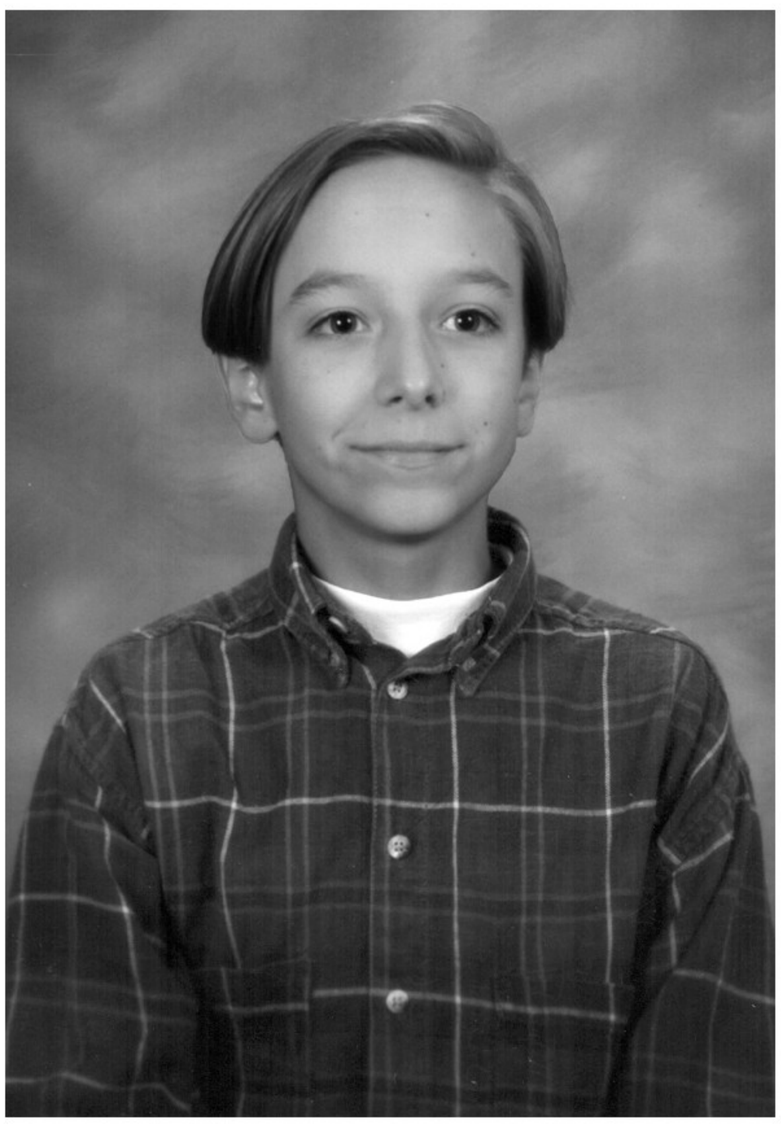
BRIAN K. VAUGHAN
Activities: Theater, Sci-Fi Book Club, Power of the Pen
Worst Subject: Math, P.E. (tie)
Halloween Costume: Homemade Spider-Man Symbiote Suit



CLIFF CHIANG
Homeroom: Miss Benson
Activities: Chorus, Ski Club, French Cultural Society, Art Club
Favorite NES games: *Contra, Double Dribble, Metal Gear*



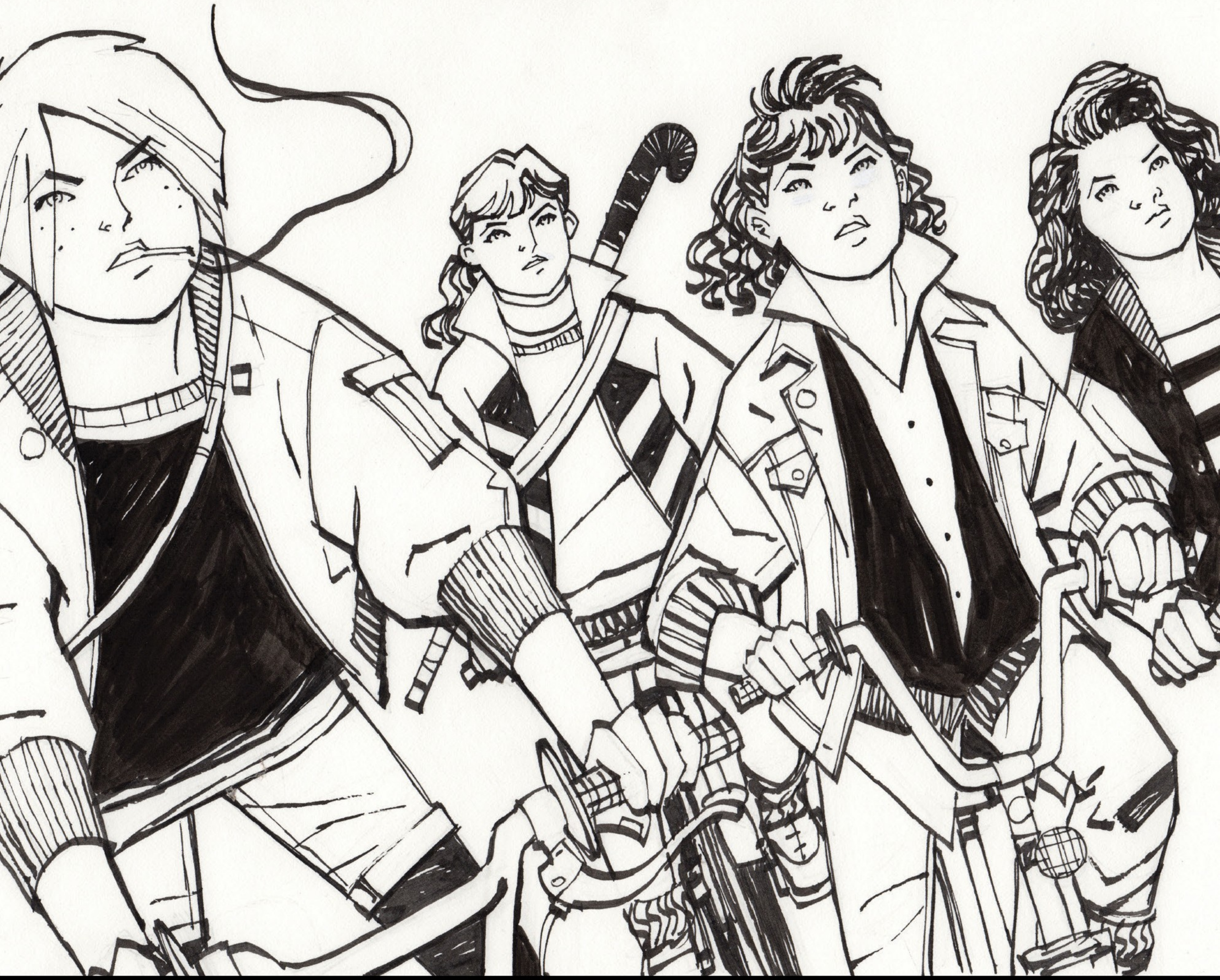
MATT WILSON
Homeroom: Miss Pearce
Activities: Basketball, Art Club, Taekwondo, skateboarding
Favorite toys: Battle Beasts, M.A.S.K., The Centurions, G.I. Joe, TMNT



JARED K. FLETCHER
Homeroom: Mr. Chandler
Activities: Sailing, Art Club, Wrestling, talking too much
Favorite Lego set: Space Monorail Transport System 6990

CHIANG

ORIGINAL ART & COMMISSIONS



FELIX

COMIC ART

EXCLUSIVE ART REPRESENTATIVE FOR: FILIPE ANDRADE * IAN BERTRAM * GARRY BROWN * CHRIS BURNHAM * CLIFF CHIANG * AARON CONLEY
NICK DRAGOTTA * LANGDON FOSS * JUAN GIDEON * STEPHEN GREEN * JAMES HARREN * LESLIE HUNG * DANIEL WARREN JOHNSON
CHRIS MOONEYHAM * RYAN OTTLEY * TRADD MOORE * BRYAN LEE O'MALLEY * NICK PITARRA * PAUL POPE * RILEY ROSSMO * GEOFF SHAW * KYLE STRAHM
RAMON VILLALOBOS * SKOTTIE YOUNG * WWW. FELIXCOMICART.COM *Videos at: www.youtube.com/FelixComicArt * Podcast at: www.felixcomicart.libsyn.com*

Brian K. Vaughan, #1 *New York Times* bestselling writer of *SAGA,* and **Cliff Chiang,** legendary artist of *WONDER WOMAN,* return with acclaimed colorist **Matt Wilson** and innovative letterer **Jared K. Fletcher** for the darkly dramatic fifth volume of *PAPER GIRLS.*

Can anyone escape fate? That's what Mac and her fellow newspaper delivery girls must discover as they travel from the year 2000 to a distant and dangerous future edition of Cleveland, Ohio.

Plus, the secret truth behind the mysterious "Grand Father" who's been pursuing the girls across time is finally revealed.

Finalist for the 2018 Hugo Award for ***Best Graphic Story***

Finalist for the National Cartoonists Society 2018 ***Division Award*** *for Cliff Chiang*

"One of the graphic novels every man should read. With its wry tone and neon-hued artwork, Paper Girls *is pitched somewhere between* Stand By Me, Heathers *and the video for* Thriller."

—Esquire

"All of this surreal time travel is brought to life with the classic cartoon style of Cliff Chiang and pops from the pages with monochromatic mastery from colorist Matt Wilson. The whole thing proceeds at a breakneck pace with danger around every corner, each time met by a band of four resolute girls that have only become better friends as the world around them unravels."

—The Jersey Journal

"A perfect gift to buy your Stranger Things *fan this holiday season.*

—Thrillist

image®

VOL 05

IMAGECOMICS.COM

SCIENCE FICTION RATED **T+** | TEEN PLUS