

VERTIGO

"A Criminal Masterpiece."

-Steranko

100 BULLETS™

FIRST SHOT, LAST CALL



JOHNSON/RISSO
99

**BRIAN AZZARELLO
EDUARDO RISSO**



100 BULLETS

FIRST SHOT, LAST CALL

BRIAN AZZARELLO
Writer

EDUARDO RISSO
Artist

GRANT GOLEASH
Colorist

CLEM ROBINS
Letterer

DAVE JOHNSON
Covers

100 BULLETS CREATED BY BRIAN AZZARELLO

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 Dave Johnson.
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Those of us who have already discovered 100 BULLETS realize that we have a criminal masterpiece in our hands. The creators know something about the underground corridors of urban life and what happens there. BULLETS has no heroes, just survivors twisted apart by betrayal, anger, pain, and hatred — the stuff that nightmares are made of. Azzarello's resonant street dialogue is tough and spare, and plays maximum counterpoint to Risso's starkly economic images, evocative characterizations, and tautly paced panel narrations. Dave Johnson's hot, graphic covers provide a cool lure to the asphalt hell inside. Some sharpshooters need 100 bullets to get the job done; these guys hit the target with their first shot. Bull's-eye!

Steranko

Jim Steranko brought a noir sensibility to comics as the innovative writer-artist of S.H.I.E.L.D., Captain America, and X-Men. He has painted a multitude of movie posters, record albums and book covers, including 30 Shadow paperbacks. His two-volume THE HISTORY OF COMICS has sold more than 200,000 copies. In film, he has collaborated with Steven Spielberg, George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola. His most recent work is the hard-boiled visual novel RED TIDE.





BANG.
YOU'RE
DEAD.

SHORE &
SON MEATS
76 FULTON MARKET

100 BULLETS

BRIAN AZZARELLO
WRITER

EDUARDO RISSO
ARTIST

GRANT GOLEASH
COLORIST

DIGITAL CHAMELEON
SEPARATIONS

CLEM ROBINS
LETTERING

DAVE JOHNSON
COVER

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR





...MINE
STARTS
HERE.



BETTER WORK
UP A REAL
LATHER, GIRL...

THE STINK
OF THIS PLACE DON'T
WASH OFF EASY...

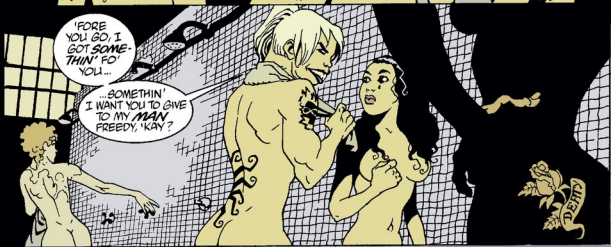
SO, DIZZY.
WORD IS YOUR
ASS BE
SPRING
TODAY.

BACK TO
THE HOOD.
S'ALL
GOOD.



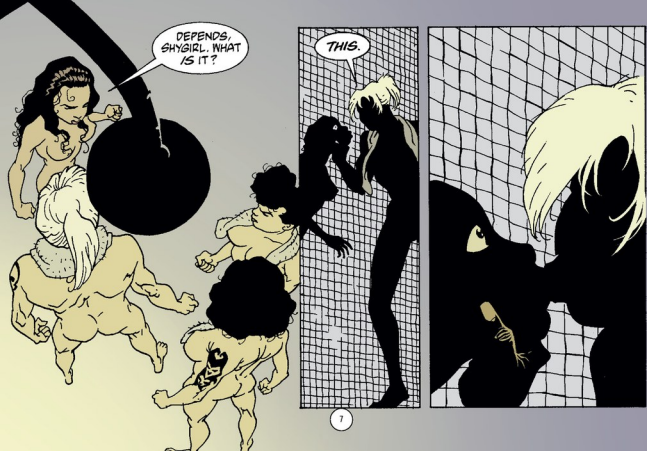
'FORE
YOU GO, I
GOT SOME-
THIN' FO'
YOU...

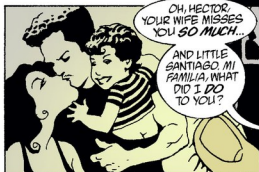
SOMETHIN'
I WANT YOU TO GIVE
TO MY MAN
FREEDY, 'KAY?



DEPENDS,
SHYGIRL. WHAT
IS IT?

THIS.





OH, HECTOR,
YOUR WIFE MISSES
YOU SO MUCH...

AND LITTLE
SANTIAGO, MI
FAMILIA, WHAT
DID I DO
TO YOU?



I USED TO DREAM
ABOUT THIS DAY, ABOUT
THE PARTY WE WOULD
HAVE WHEN I WAS
PAROLED.

TURNED
OUT I WAS
KIDDIN'
MYSELF.

I HAVEN'T
PAID FOR MY
CRIMES...

...AND I
NEVER
WILL...



HOW CAN
GOD FORGIVE
ME FOR YOUR
DEATHS?

LET'S GO,
CORDOVA, YOU'RE
FREE.



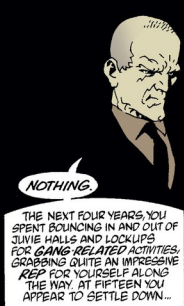
YOU
GOT THAT
WRONG.



I WILL
NEVER BE
FREE.









THAT'S CONSIDERED A **WAY OUT**, ISN'T IT? HAVING A **BABY**, I MEAN.

IT WASN'T ABOUT THAT I MEIN' HECTOR WERE IN LOVE FOREVER, WE WERE PLANNIN' OUR LIVES--



HE WAS **WHAT** WHEN YOU GOT MARRIED--SIXTEEN?



WELL, THE FAIRY TALE CAME TO AN **END** ONE NIGHT IN JULY...

I WAS JUST A PASSENGER, HANGIN' WITH MY HOME GIRLS. I DIDN'T KNOW--

"RIGHT. WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME. JUST LIKE THAT INNOCENT MAN WHO GOT CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE.

"ALONG WITH HIM, THE FOUR OTHER 'HOME GIRLS' WITH YOU--ALL ARMED--WERE KILLED, AS WERE THE TWO 'AWAY' GIRLS THAT FIRED ON YOUR CAR.

"AS THE **SOLE SURVIVOR**, YOU CAUGHT THE RAP.

"SO MOMMY GOES TO **JAIL**. DADDY GOES **LEGIT**. MINIMUM WAGE PLUS FOOD STAMPS AND BABY MAKES **THREE**..."



...YEARS SERVED. YOU WERE SENTENCED TO DO FIFTEEN. THANK GOD FOR **OVER-CROWDING**, HMM?



HERE. DO YOU **RECOGNIZE** THESE MEN?



NO. WHO THEY?



THEY **KILLED** YOUR FAMILY.





BULLSHIT, MAN.
HECTOR AND SANTIAGO
WERE GUNNED DOWN IN
A DRIVE-BY...



THAT'S RIGHT.
THIS ONE WAS
DRIVING...



...AND THAT
ONE WAS
FIRING.



NO. IT
WAS VICE
LORDS.

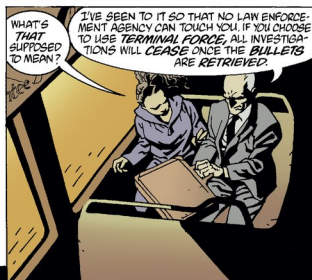
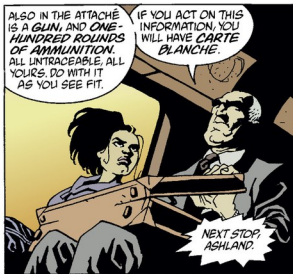
IT WAS
PAYBACK
FOR WHAT I'D
DONE.



TRUST ME.
IT WAS THESE
TWO MEN.
CROOKED
COPS...



"FIVE-O."





YO KID,
GIMME A HIT
OFF THAT
PHATTY.



C'MON,
ESE.

HUEP

HUEP

SURE,
EMILIO...

...SO WHAT
WE AFTER?



RIZA GAVE ME A
SHOPPING LIST, EIGHT. SO
WE GET TO PICK.

YOU
SCOPE SPRINGER
TODAY?



NAH, MAN,
I DIDN'T LOOK
AT NO TV.

WAS FUCKED,
HOMES. THESE
VATOS BE DATIN'
THESE BITCHES
TURNED OUT TO
BE FELLAS.

NO
SHIT?



THEY WAS
FINE, TOO.
HOMES. YOU'D
NEVER KNOW.

WELL, NOT TILL
YOU GO GRABBIN'
FOR SOME COOCHIE
AN' YOU GET A
HAN'FUL A
NUTSACK.

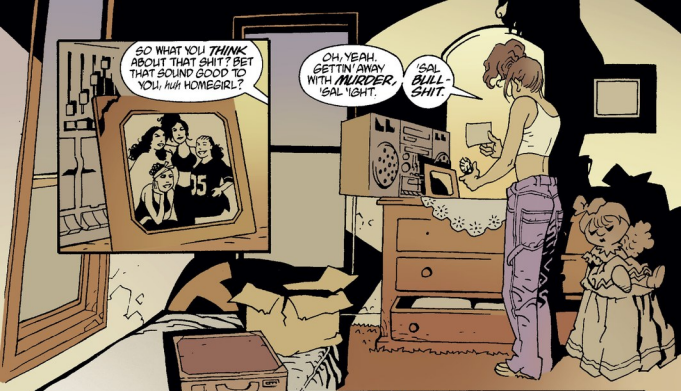
TELL ME HOW
YOU HANG WITH
SOME CHICK AN' YOU
DON'T KNOW SHE'S
GOT A DICK, MAN?



SAY, HOMES,
WE GOT A 320-SI
ON THAT LIST?

WORD.
GIMME THE RED
VEST.





SO WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT THAT SHIT? BET THAT SOUND GOOD TO YOU, huh HOMEGIRL?

OH, YEAH. GETTIN' AWAY WITH MURDER, 'SAL 'IGHT.

'SAL BULL-SHIT.

NOBODY GETS AWAY WITH *NOTHIN'*, DO THEY, BABY?

THE MAN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHEN I SAID YOUR DEATHS WAS *PAYBACK*...

I MEANT *PAYBACK* FROM GOD.

SLAM



DIZZY!

LUCY! JESUS GIRL, SO BIG!



WHERE'S MOMMA AT?

SHE'S OUT HANGIN', DIZZY.

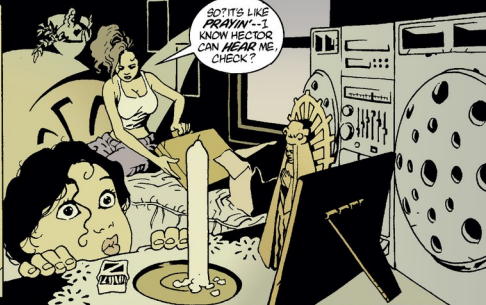
WHO YOU TALKIN' TO BEFORE?



HECTOR.



MOMMA'S
RIGHT--YOU
CRAZY
HECTOR'S
DEAD.



SO? IT'S LIKE
PRAYIN'-- I
KNOW HECTOR
CAN HEAR ME.
CHECK?



I MISS MY
NEPHEW.



AND I MISS
BABY CHICK, AN'
TIA, AN' SAD EYES
-- SHE WAS FUNNY,
AN' ALWAYS
NICE TO ME...

...ME TOO.

YOU
PRAY TO
THEM,
TOO?



SOME-
TIMES...

YEAH. I GUESS YOU
GOTTA TALK TO DEAD
PEOPLE WHEN THEY'RE
ALL YOU KNOW.



NAH, LUCY.
NOT EVERY-
ONE'S DEAD...

SOME
OF 'EM STILL
WORKIN'
AT IT...





HOLA VAMOS,
MY MOTOR
AIN' RUNNIN'
SO GOOD...



DIZZY!
DAMN, YOU
LOOK GOOD,
GIRL!

YOU TOO,
FREEDY.

WHAT
ABOUT ME?
I LOOK
GOOD?



NAH, SMACK...
...YOU LOOK
THE SAME.

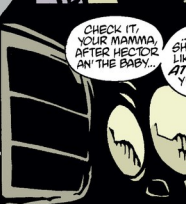


WHEN
THEY LET
YOU OUT,
BABY?

JUS' TODAY,
I THOUGHT
YOU'D KNOW.



NAH, DIZ--
HE'S IN THE
DARK.



CHECK IT,
YOUR MAMMA,
AFTER HECTOR
AN' THE BABY...

...WELL,
SHE DIDN'T
LIKE YOUR
ATTITUDE,
Y'KNOW?



YEAH, I KNOW.
YOU EXPECTIN'--?



NO. BUT THAT
DON' MEAN IT AIN'
COMIN'...



Y'ALL READY
TO GO TO TOWN,
MIZ DIZZY?



MY EYEBROW, BOY!
CHECK YOU OUT!

WHAT... THAT?
S'NOTHIN'. THIS
RIDE HERE'S JUS'
ONE OF MY
MANY...



NOT USED,
DIZ--PREVIOUSLY
OWNED.

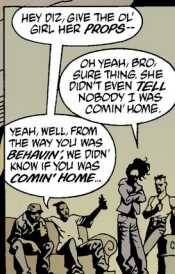
YEAH, I GUESS
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS
IF YOU TREAT THE STREET
LIKE A USED CAR LOT--
eh, LI'L BRAH?



HEY, SORRY I
DIDN'T COME DOWN
TO SEE YOU
N'SHIT...

WAS
MOMMA--
SHE WOULDN'T
LET ME.

SINCE
WHEN YOU
START
LISTENIN'
TO HER?



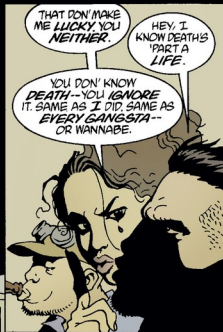
HEY DIZ, GIVE THE OL'
GIRL HER PROPS--

OH YEAH, BRO,
SURE THING. SHE
DIDN'T EVEN TELL
NOBODY I WAS
COMIN' HOME.

YEAH, WELL, FROM
THE WAY YOU WAS
BEHAVIN', WE DIDN'
KNOW IF YOU WAS
COMIN' HOME...



...OR JOININ' A
CONVENT.





LOOK, DIZZY.
HECTOR AN'
SANTIAGO WERE
KILLED IN A
DRIVE-BY.

WHO SAYS THEY
WOULDA BEEN OUT
ON THAT *CORNER*
IF I HADN'T GOT
MY ASS LOCKED UP
BEIN' A FOOL?

WAS THE FUCKIN'
LORDS, BABY--THEY
TOOK YOUR MAN OUT.



HE WAS PUSHIN'
LITTLE SANTIAGO
DOWN THE STREET
IN A STROLLER--
FUCKIN' TERRIBLE,
DIZ.

WHY?



HUH?

WHY? WHY'D THEY
DO IT? HECTOR *NASN'T*
BANGIN' NO MORE,
HE WAS LEGIT--

WHO KNOWS?
BACK IN THE DAY,
HECTOR WAS KING SHIT.
SOME PLUNK MUSTA
FIGURED, "BUSTIN' A
CAP IN THAT VATO'S
MY REP--"

YOU SHOULD BE
HAPPY *FIVE-ON* CAUGHT
UP TO 'EM, BLEW THEIR
MUTHAFUCKIN' DICK-RIDIN'
ASSES AWAY.



WHY'S
THAT?

'CAUSE
I'DA DONE
IT IF THEY
DIDN'T.



YOU
SURE THAT'S
HOW IT WENT
DOWN?

FUCK
YEAH, YOU
ARE, TOO.



RIGHT?



YOUR SISTER,
SHE'S MESSED
UP.

YEAH, SHE *IS*.

HEY SMACK,
RING UP *RIZA*
FOR ME, OKAY?
TELL HIM I GOT
HIS RIDE.

3417G



WELCOME BACK TO THE HOOD.



HEY, GIRL-FRIEND. I'M OFFICER SWIRSKI. THIS IS MY PARTNER OFFICER MORGAN.

DON' BE SCARED, WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS.





SO HELLO.

NOW WHAT'S A RUDDPOD LITTLE SKEEZER LIKE YOU DOIN' OUT JACKIN' REC ON A SCHOOL NIGHT?



HEY, I KNOW! YOU'RE OUT LOOKIN FOR A DATE, RIGHT?

YA THINK? WHAT IF SHE WENT LEZZIE IN THE JOINT, DON' LIKE DICK NO MORE.



THAT'D BE A SHAME, CUTE LITTLE PEECE'A ASS LIKE THIS MUNCHIN' CARPET...

...YOU STILL LIKE DICK, DONCHA CHICA?



WHY DON' YOU SHOW ME HOW MUCH...



FUCK!

SHE'S PACKIN'!



YOU STUPID LITTLE BITCH-- YOU LEAVE YER BRAINS BACK IN THE JOINT?

DON' YOU FUCKIN' KNOW CARRYIN' A PEECE IS A PAROLE VIOLATION?

HERE YOU GO, KID, PAID IN FULL.

PLEASURE DOIN' *BID'NESS* WIT'CHOO, RIZA.

S'COOL, LITTLE BROTHA?

YO SMACK, YOU GOT THEM NEW TAGS ON THAT RIDE YET?

YEAH, RIZA, IT'S GOOD TO GO.

TIGHTEN MY MAN UP, TWENTY. THEN DRIVE THIS RIDE DOWN TO KENTUCKY, THAT *HILLBILLY'S*. GONNA BREAK IT DOWN.

AIGHT.

DAMN! WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THAT *CHEDDA*, EMILIO? YOU BEST NOT BE COPPIN' WHEELS FOR SOME OTHER PLAYA...

CHILL, COUS. IT'S MY SAVINGS. WE COOL.

FUCK, HOMES, AIN'T RIGHT TO BE OUT WALKIN' WITH ALL THAT LOOT--YOU GET YER ASS POPPED.

DON' WORRY 'BOUT ME, ESE. MY BACK'S COVERED.



YOU
AIN'T GONNA
BELIEVE
THIS...

I JUS' GOT OFF
THE HORN WITH
DISPATCH--THEY
RAN A CHECK.

SO
FUCKIN'
WHAT!?

SO FUCKIN'
THIS: WE GOTTA
LET HER GO...



YOU
GOTTA
BE--

AND GIVE
HER THE **PIECE**
BACK.



OKAY, WAITA-
MINUTE! LISTEN
UP, BITCH:

HEY--

ANY LITTLE
GANG SKANK FRESH
OUTTA THE BLOC CARRYIN'
HEAT IS SURE AS
HELL LOOKIN' FOR
TROUBLE...

HOW SHE
GOT A **FREE**
PASS TO CARRY,
I DUNNO...



...BUT I
SURE AS **FUCK**
AM GONNA **FIND**
OUT.

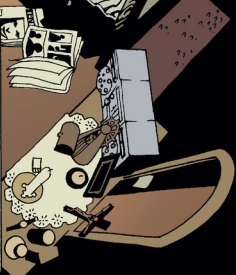


THEY LEMME
GO, HECTOR.
IT DON' MAKE
SENSE,
DO IT?



BUT THEN,
NONE OF
THIS DOES.

NOT
UNLESS...



NO.







100 BULLETS

BRIAN AZZARELLO	EDUARDO RISSO	GRANT GOLEASH	DIGITAL CHAMELEON	CLEN ROBINS	DAVE JOHNSON	AXEL ALONSO
WRITER	ARTIST	COLORIST	SEPARATIONS	LETTERING	COVER	EDITOR





WHAT'S
MINE? WHAT
YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT--
NOTHIN'S
MINE!

NONE OF THIS
'HOOD BELONGS TO
ANY OF US! WE ALL
SO STUPID, WE ACT
LIKE IT DOES.

THE LORDS, THE KINGS--
NOTHIN' SEPARATES THEM 'CEPT
THE CORNERS THEY HANG ON.
AND FOR ALL THAT--LAND AND
CRIBS THEY DON' EVEN OWN--
THEY KILL ONE ANOTHER.



THE STREETS
AIN'T OURS.

JUS' THE
BLOOD ON
'EM. THAT'S
OURS.



AN' THAT'S WHY
WE FIGHT.

FOR
BLOOD.



MAMMA,
THE ONLY
THING THAT
WAS REALLY
MINE IS
DEAD.

YOU
GOTTA LET
'EM GO,
DIZ...

...YOU
GOTTA
MOVE
ON.



WHERE
TO, MAMA?

TO...TO...



TO... I DON'
KNOW, THE NEXT
MAN, HAVE MORE
BABIES.

I...
I CAN'T.



LOOK, LI'L
GIRL, UNDER-
STAND A FACT
OF LIFE: IF
YOU'RE WEAK,
YOU DIE.

DON'
BE WEAK,
BABY.

DON' BE
WEAK.







100%





WHAT'S UP, DIZ?

NOT MUCH.
JUS' GOT IN IT
WITH MAMMA, FIGURED
I NEEDED SOME AIR.



AIR EMILIO'S
WHAT YOU GET,
BABY.

COWS'
BACK
OFF.



YOU KNOW
THIS COUPLE
A COPS:
SWIRSKI AN'
MORGAN?

NOT BY NAME
--JUST BY
NUMBERS.
THEY KNOW
ME, THOUGH.

HOW'S
THAT?



DIZ, ALL THE COPS
KNOW ME --THUG
NUMBA ONE. I
GET RESPEC
FROM D.G. AN'
FIVE-OH.

THEY ALWAYS
TRYIN' TO BUS' MY
ASS, BUT JUS' LIKE
ON THE COURT, I
GOT MAD SKILLS.



WHY YOU
ASK?

THEY TRIED TO PUT THE
SCARE IN ME LAST NIGHT...



YOU
WAN' ME TO
TAKE 'EM
OUT?



PUH-LEEZ.

AIN'T
NOBODY FUCK
WITH MY SISTA IN
MY HOOD--



YOU HEAR
THAT? IT'S
MY AGENT,
JERRY-
FUCKIN' McGUIRE.

SHOW
ME THE
PUSSY!

B-DEEP
B-DEEP





IT DON'T
ADD UP.

WAZ'AT?

LAST NIGHT.
THAT EX-CON COOCHIE WITH
THE FUCKIN' GUN PERMIT.

YOU
STILL ON
THAT?

DAMN
RIGHT I
AM.

YOU DON'T THINK IT'S
SUSPICIOUS?



YEAH, SO
WHAT ISN'T?
LOOK, WE GOT
OUR OWN SHIT
TO WORRY
ABOUT.

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT
I'M THINKIN', TOO.
THERE AIN'T NO LAW--
LOCAL OR FEDERAL--SAYS
A KNOWN FELON ON
PAROLE GETS TO
CARRY A PIECE.

SO I DID A
LITTLE CHECKIN', AN'
GUESS WHAT?



THERE'S
NO RECORD
YOU CALLED THE
GUN IN.



WHAT--? YOU SAYIN'
I GOT *SOMETHIN'*
TO DO WITH THIS?
LISTEN, PAL--

NO, WHAT I'M
SAYIN' IS WE GOTTA
STAY ON OUR TOES, Y'KNOW?
WE GOT A LOT AT STAKE--

YOU SEE A
CONNECTION?



YOU TELL ME.
'MEMBER THAT KID,
HECTOR...

YEAH?



WAS HER
HUSBAND.

NO
SHIT...

B-DING
B-DING



MORGAN.



SHOWTIME.





DON' FEEL SO BAD, DIZ, YOU AIN'T ALONE. SHIT, MOS' OUR MEN ARE EITHER LOCKED UP OR DEAD.

OR WORKIN'! THREE JOBS.

YEAH, S'WAY IT IS. WE OLD.

WHAT!?! GIRL--

I'M SERIOUS, CHICA. WE ALL IN OUR TWENTIES. WE GOT OUR BABIES, WE O.G.--OLD GIRLS.

THINGS CHANGED WHILE YOU WERE AWAY. LEAVE THE VIDA LOCA TO THE YOUNGER SET, LIKE YOUR BROTHER.

EMILIO?

YEAH GIRL, THAT VATO'S THE SHIT.

HE'S GOT A REP--EVEN WITH THE OLD SCHOOL.

NOBODY DISRESPECTS YOUR BROTHER, GIRL. HE'S MACK DIESEL.

HE'S HOT, TOO.



HE'S TOO YOUNG FOR YOU!



¿SIGH?...THAT'S THE TROUBLE NOWADAYS.

YOU WANNA HIT IT, YOU GOT EITHER OLD MEN OR BOYS...



I SWEAR, GIRL YOU'RE EITHER STUCK TEACHIN' 'EM WHAT TO DO...

...OR HOPIN' THEY CAN STAY UP LONG ENOUGH TO DO IT.



YOU CRAZY, DROOPY!

I'M **SERIOUS!**
REMEMBER WHAT IT **USED**
TO BE LIKE? ALL THE VATOS
EVER THOUGHT ABOUT WAS
COOCHIE, COOCHIE,
COOCHIE...



LOOK WHERE IT GOT US.

YEAH.



IT'S NOT LIKE THAT ANYMORE.

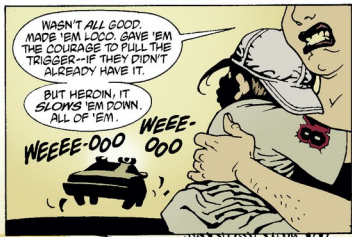
WHAT YOU SAYIN', ANGIE?



HEROIN, GIRL.

THEY'S ALL INTO SMACK NOW. THEY LIKE IT BETTER THAN SEX.

NOT LIKE COKE, YOUR MAN WOULD LAST ALL NIGHT ON THAT.



WASN'T ALL GOOD. MADE 'EM LOCO. GAVE 'EM THE COURAGE TO PULL THE TRIGGER--IF THEY DIDN'T ALREADY HAVE IT.

BUT HEROIN, IT SLOWS 'EM DOWN. ALL OF 'EM.

WEEE-000 WEEE-000



WEEE-000 WEEE-000

IN A FUNNY WAY, IT'S MADE THINGS SAFER.

WEEE-000-WEEE-000

HEY! ANY OF YOU
YOUNG LADIES SEE
ANYTHING OUT OF
WHACK?

A CAR
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN
BEFORE?

WE SERVE AND PROTECT









WHOEVER
IT WAS, THEY CAME
RIGHT IN THE FRONT
DOOR...

...AND, JUDGING
BY THE **SPRAY**,
DIDN'T OPEN FIRE
'TIL THEY WERE
ABOUT HERE.

SO, OUR HITTERS
EITHER BURST IN WITH THEIR
WEAPONS DRAWN, COMPLETELY
DUMBFOUNDING CHEECH AN'
THE REST OF MENUDO, OR--

OR THESE
POOR FUCKS HAD NO
REASON TO BELIEVE
THEY WERE ABOUT
TO DIE.



R.I.P.

T.C.B.



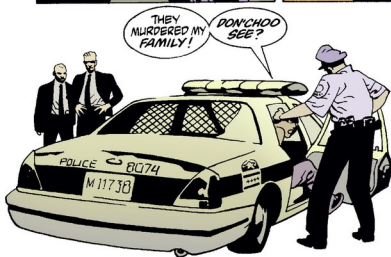
F.U.



HEY!

YES, SIR.

GET HER
THE FUCK
OUTTA
HERE!





YO, ESE...



CHECK IT OUT.



SEND 'EM OVER.



CORDOVA!

LET'S GO.



FIGURED IT WOULDN'T BE 'TIL MORNIN'...

WHAT'S THAT?

THE BUS BACK TO PRISON...



SEVEN-THIRTY SHARP, GIRLIE. FULL EVERY DAY.

BUT YOU AIN'T ON IT.



...? ...WHERE'M I GOIN'?



NOWHERE FAST, PROLY.







...SO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED...

YOU MEAN HOW YOU TRIED TO GO OFF ON THOSE TWO COPS?

FUCK YEAH I KNOW! WHAT WAS YOU THINKIN', DIZ?

WHO PUT THAT IDEA IN YER HEAD?

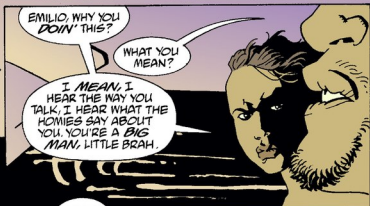
WHAT IDEA?

THAT THEM COPS TOOK OUT THE O.G.'S LIKE THAT...

...HECTOR AN' THE BABY, TOO. YOU WRONG, DIZ, JUS' WRONG. YOU KNOW IT WAS THE LORDS THAT SMOKED 'EM.



FUCK IF IT WEREN'T THEM TONIGHT, TOO.



EMILIO, WHY YOU DOIN' THIS?

WHAT YOU MEAN?

I MEAN, I HEAR THE WAY YOU TALK, I HEAR WHAT THE HOMIES SAY ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE A BIG MAN, LITTLE BRAH.

YEAH, I AM.

YEAH, YOU ARE. I MEAN, I 'PRECIATE WHAT YOU DONE FOR ME, BAILIN' MY ASS OUT...

...BUT IT COULDA WAITED DON' GET ME WRONG, BUT IF IT WAS THE LORDS THAT HIT THE O.G.'S...



...WHY AIN'T YOU OUT RETALIATING?







100 BULLETS

BRIAN AZZARELLO EDUARDO RISSO GRANT GOLEASH
WRITER ARTIST COLORIST
DIGITAL CHAMELEON CLEM ROBINS DAVE JOHNSON AXEL ALONSO
SEPARATIONS LETTERING COVER EDITOR



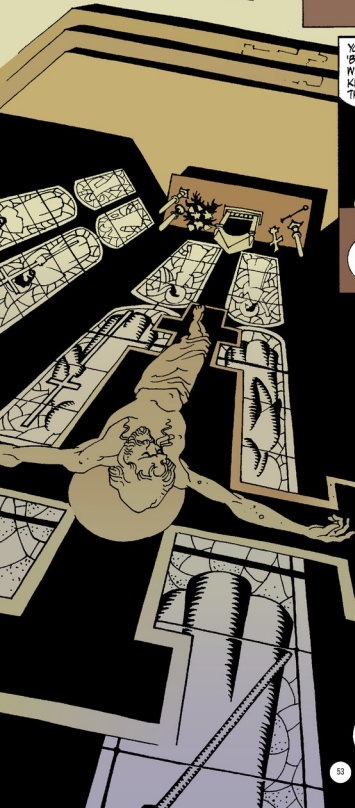


WHO ARE YOU?

YOU CAN CALL ME MR. SHEPHERD.

YOU WORK FOR AGENT GRAVES?

WE'RE ... ASSOCIATES. HOW DOES YOUR MISSION?



YOU WANNA KNOW 'BOUT MY MISSION? WELL, I WANNA KNOW A FEW THINGS, TOO.

LIKE WHY YOU PICK ME FO' YOUR DIRTY WORK?

I GET THE REVENGE THING, BUT WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

KILLIN' THEM COPS, WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

NOBODY EVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT KILLING THEM. YOU WERE SIMPLY GIVEN SOME INFORMATION--

OH, SO NOW DON' KILL 'EM? LOOK, YOU GAVE ME A GUN. THAT'S S'POSED TO MAKE IT EASY, RIGHT?

IF IT WERE EASY, THEY'D ALREADY BE DEAD-- WOULDN'T THEY?



SO WHAT I GOTTA DO?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING.



NOBODY'S GOT A GUN TO YOUR HEAD...



SAY I LET THIS GO, DON'T DO A DAMN THING...

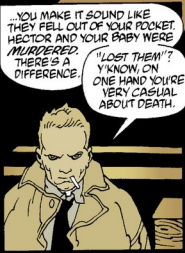
...WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO ME?



IT'S ALREADY HAPPENED.

THE QUESTION IS: WHAT WILL YOU DO BECAUSE OF IT?

YOU MEAN LOSING MY FAMILY...



...YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE THEY FELL OUT OF YOUR ROCKET. HECTOR AND YOUR BABY WERE MURDERED. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

"LOST THEM"? Y'KNOW, ON ONE HAND YOU'RE VERY CASUAL ABOUT DEATH.



NO I'M NOT. I UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED - WHY IT HAPPENED.

WAS PAYBACK. FROM GOD. FOR ALL THE SHIT I'D DONE TO PEOPLE. FOR NOT CARIN', FOR BEIN' EVIL.

EVIL? AND OFFICERS SWIRSKI AN' MORGAN; WHAT ARE THEY?





YOU CAN'T GIVE IT UP, CAN YOU? THE RESPONSIBILITY, I MEAN, FOR DEATHS YOU WERE **POWERLESS** TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT.

YOU NEEDED AN EXPLANATION, SOMEONE TO PIN IT ON -- **PAYBACK**. IT DIDN'T MATTER THAT THE POLICE HAD ALLEGEDLY GUNNED DOWN THEIR KILLERS-- THAT WASN'T ENOUGH.



IT'S **NOT** ENOUGH. IT NEVER WILL BE...



DO YOU BELIEVE IN **GOD**?

I DID. I DO, I GUESS.



I DON'T KNOW. I BELIEVE-- I **KNOW**-- THAT EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A **REASON**.

THAT'S SOMETHING WE **SHARE**. YOU AND I HAVE NEVER MET BEFORE, YET WE FIND OURSELVES ON THE **SAME** SIDE.



IT MAY BE HARD FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND, BUT **EVERYONE** IS CONNECTED.



AND I KNOW **WHO'S** HOLDING THE STRINGS.



GRAVES GAVE YOU THE **REAL** REASON WHY YOUR FAMILY WAS KILLED. YOU'RE **FIGHTING** IT, BECAUSE IT'S NOT THE REASON YOU CHOSE TO **BELIEVE**.

HE DIDN'T GIVE ME NO **REASON**. HE JUST TOL' ME WHO **DID** IT --

NO. LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE **FIGHTING** IT. THE REASON'S THERE. **LOOK** FOR IT.

YOU CLEARLY BELIEVE IN **PAYBACK**...

...SO SETTLE THE **GODDAMN BILL**.





SO HOW
YA DOIN',
DIZZY?

WAN' SOME
GLIM?

I'M TRYIN' TA
QUIT SMOKIN', SO'S
I CHEW THIS SHIT
LIKE IT'S GOIN'
OUTTA STYLE.

YEAH,
HE DOES.
LIKE A FUCKIN'
COW, ALL
GODDAMN
DAY.



YOU'RE
NO HELP.

HAHA!
SORRY,
MAN.



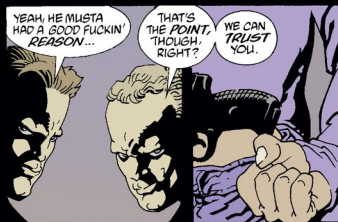
THAT'S
ALL RIGHT.
NO HARD
FEELINS--
RIGHT,
DIZ?

I MEAN, WHAT'S
PAST IS PAST.
THOUGH, ONCE WE
FIGURED YOU KNEW
WHAT HAPPENED,
WE WAS
PISSED OFF.

REAL
FUCKIN'
PISSED
OFF.



BUT THEN, I'VE GUESS HE
HAD A GOOD REASON
TO FILL YOU IN ON WHAT
WENT DOWN.



YEAH, HE MUSTA
HAD A GOOD FUCKIN'
REASON...

THAT'S
THE POINT,
THOUGH,
RIGHT?

WE CAN
TRUST
YOU.







EMILIO!
WHAT THE
FUCK!?

WHO ELSE
WERE YOU
EXPECTIN'?



NICE
PIECE...

WHERE'D JA
GET IT?

LATER,
EMILIO. WE GOT
PROBLEMS

OH
YEAH?

IT'S LIKE I SAID.
THEM COPS, SWIRSKI
AN' MORGAN, THEY KILLED
HECTOR AN' SANTIAGO--
THE O.G.'S LAST NIGHT,
TOO.

HOW YOU
FIGURE?

THEY TOL' ME
THEMSELVES. THEY'RE
FUCKIN' LOCO, HOMES,
THEY AIN'T GONNA STOP
'TIL WE'RE ALL DEAD.



YOU
THINK
SO...?

I
KNOW
SO.

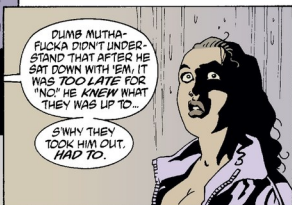


DIZ, YOU
DON'T KNOW
SHIT.

I GOT
NOTHIN' TO
WORRY 'BOUT
FROM THOSE
TWO.

COMPRENDE?







LAST NIGHT,
THOUGH...



SO YOU SAY THEM
TWO ANGLOS TAKIN'
CRED FOR MY WORK, HUH?
THAT'S FUCKED UP.

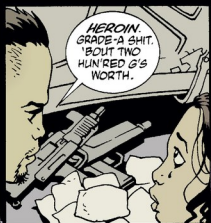


NO,
EMILIO...

YEAH, DIZ. I
POPPED THOSE
DISRESPECTIN'
O.G.S....

...WAS
BUSINESS.

LOOK...



HEROIN.
GRADE-A SHIT.
'BOUT TWO
HUN'DRED G'S
WORTH.



...SO I
HAD TO
STEP
UP...

SALL ABOUT THE CHEDDAH,
DIZZY. SEE, I'M MOVIN'
LARGE QUANTITIES, AN'
THE O.G.'S, THEY WAS
GONNA SHUT ME
DOWN...

...I AIN'T
LIKE HECTOR. I
TOOK FIVE-OHS
DEAL.

SWIRSKI, MORGAN, AN'
ME... WE'RE PARTNERS.
I'M DEALIN' SHIT THEM
BOYS ARE SKIMMIN'
OFF THEIR BUSTS.





BANG





HEY,
EMILIO. HOW'S IT
HANGIN'?

THAT'S
OKAY. DON'
GET UP.
YOU NEITHER,
DIZZY.



WHAT THE
FUCK'S GOIN'
ON? WHY YOU
FUCKIN'
SHOOT ME?

I DIDN'T
SHOOT YOU...



... HE
DID.

SORRY.



THAT WAS
SOME STORY
YOU TOL YER
SISTER HERE.

YEP. SURE
WAS. ONLY WE
FIGURED SHE ALREADY
KNEW IT.

S'RIGHT.
WE FIGURED
YOU'D ALREADY
FILLED HER IN--
S'WHY SHE
WAS ACTIN'
THE WAY
SHE WAS.



GUESS WE FIGURED
WRONG.

YEP. DEAD
WRONG. THAT'S A
PROBLEM.

JUS' ONE
OF A FEW
WE GOTTA
SOLVE.



WHAT DO
YOU WAN',
MAN? YOU WAN'
THE H BACK?
TAKE THE
FUCKIN' SHIT!

Y'KNOW,
EMILIO. YOU
SHOULD FUCKIN'
LEARN TO
SHUTUP.



MAYBE
LEARN SOME-
THING FROM YER
SISTER HERE,
SHE DON' TALK
MUCH.

NAH, SHE
DON'. SHE'S FUCKIN'
SMART, LETS YOU THINK
SHE KNOWS THINGS
BEFORE YOU EVEN TELL
HER, AN' WHEN
YOU DO...

...SHE
LISTENS.

YEP, SHE
JUS' LISTENED
TO YOUR SORRY
ASS SAY WHO'S
SUPPLYIN'
YOU.

SO DIZZY,
NOW LISTEN TO
THIS. THAT STORY
YER BROTHER TOL'
YOU? WELL, GUESS
WHAT: HE LEFT
A FEW DETAILS
OUT.

HE FUCKIN'
LIED, IS WHAT
HE DID.

OH YEAH. YER OLD
MAN--WAZZIZNAME AGAIN,
HERMAN?--HOW YOU THINK WE
KNEW HE'D BE OUT THAT
NIGHT?

...EMILIO
SET HIS
ASS UP.

THAT'S
BULLSHIT,
MAN--



BANG



FUCK!

STOP IT!
YER CRIPPLING
HIM!

NO
WE'RE
NOT...

...WE'RE
KILLING
HIM.



BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG



WHAT'S IT
GONNA BE?





C'MON,
DIZZY, YER A
SMART GIRL.
THE CHOICE
IS OBVIOUS
HERE.

YOU JUS'
GOT OUTTA
THE JOINT, KID,
YOU DON' WANNA
GO BACK...



WE'RE
FUCKIN'
COPS, YOU
DUMB LITTLE
BITCH!



YOU'LL
NEVER
GET AWAY
WITH
THIS--

THE WHOLE
FUCKIN' WORLD
IS GONNA BE
ON YER ASS!



BRING
IT ON.

BANG BANG



MUTHAFUCK,
DIZ! YOUR ASS
GOT HARD CORE
IN THE JOINT!



I'M TELLIN'
YOU, FUCK POPPY! WE
KEEP IT IN THE **BLOOD**,
GONNA RULE THIS HOOD,
KNOWHUMSAYIN'?

AIN'T **NOBODY**
GONNA BLOW US
CORDOVAS SHIT
WE CAN'T HANDLE!



EMILIO,
AIN'T **NOBODY**
GONNA BE
BLOWIN' NO SHIT
NO MORE.

S'RIGHT.
HEP ME UP...



NO. IF I DO THAT,
IT AIN'T HELPIN'
NO ONE.



WHO YOU
CALLIN'?

NINE-
ONE-
ONE.

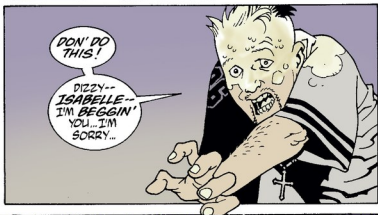


WHA--?
FUCK, DIZ...



NO. FUCK
YOU, LITTLE
BROTHA.











SHOT, WATER BACK

BRIAN AZZARELLO, writer **EDUARDO RISSO, artist**

Grant Goleash
colorist

Digital Chameleon
separations

Clem Robins
letterer

Dave Johnson
cover

Cliff Chiang
ass't editor

Axel Alonso
editor





YOU
SONOFA-
BITCH



WHO YOU
WAN'?

YER
ON.

PETE.



YA GOTTA
STOP 'EM!
THEY'RE GONNA
KILL EACH
OTHER!



YEAH?

THAT'D
LIVEN
THINGS UP...



YOU TWO, EVERY GODDAMN DAY--







I DIDN'T
DO IT...

I KNOW,
BUT THAT
DOESN'T
MATTER,
DOES IT?

FOR ALL ITS
SUNSHINE, THIS
CITY LOVES ITS
DIRT. YOU WERE
CONVICTED BY THE
MEDIA BEFORE
YOU EVEN WENT
TO TRIAL.

LET'S SEE...THE
DISTRIBUTION
CHARGES WERE DROPPED
DUE TO LACK OF EVIDENCE.
POSSESSION THOUGH,
WELL, THE PICTURES WERE
ON YOUR HARD DRIVE,
WEREN'T THEY?

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
THEY GOT
THERE...



I DO.

SO YOU WERE LABELED A PEDOPHILE,
YOUR WIFE DIVORCED YOU, YOUR KIDS WERE
TERRIFIED OF YOU, AND NO ONE WANTED
TO EAT YOUR VEAL ANYMORE. YOUR BUSINESS
WENT BELLY UP AND YOU WENT BANKRUPT.

THE LIFE YOU WORKED
SO HARD TO BUILD
WAS OVER.



I WAS
FRAMED!



THAT'S
RIGHT.

BY
HER.





BDRNG
BDRNG

BDRNG
BDRNG



REGENT
LIQUORS.

LEE? IT'S BOB.
LISTEN, I NEED
YOU TO WORK
TONIGHT.



JEEZ BOB,
I DON' KNOW
...A DOUBLE
SHIFT...

IT'D BE JUST FER A
COUPLE HOURS. I
NEED AN EXTRA PAIR
OF HANDS, SEE? WE
GOT THIS YUPPIE PUB
CRAWL COMIN' IN--
SOME RICH
BITCH'S BIRTHDAY
PARTY.



YEAH?

YEAH. THERE'S
GONNA BE A
LOTTA CASH
THROWN AROUN'
TONIGHT..



SO IT'LL BE
WORTH MY
WHILE.

THAT'S WHAT
I FIGURE. CAN
I COUNT
ON YOU?

HEY, I'M
YOUR MAN,
BOSS...



...I'M
YOUR
MAN.





CONNIE...
YOUR LOVER BOY'S
BACK.



HEY
LEE, WHAT'S
SHAKIN'?



YOU,
BABY...
YOU.

THAT'S
WHAT I
PAY
FOR...

...TURN
AROUN'!



OH YEAH
...SUCH AN
ASS!

SUCH
GRACE!

WHAT A
GAZELLE!



YOU
CRACK ME
UP.

YEAH?



I'M *SERIOUS*.
YOU *DO*. YOU'RE
FUNNY.

WELL, LOOKS
AREN'T EVERY-
THING.



SO I
SAW MY *SON*
TODAY...

I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU WAS
MARRIED...



I'M *NOT*, BABY.
I WOULDN'T BE HERE
IF I *WAS*...



AND WHAT'S
THAT?



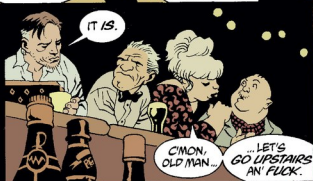
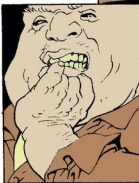
...YOU'RE *UNHAPPY*.

WELL, THAT'S
THE *THING* ABOUT
US *UNHAPPY*
PEOPLE,
BABY:

TAKES
ONE TO
KNOW
ONE, EH?

YEAH
RIGHT.

YOU'RE
HERE FOR THE
SAME REASON
EVERYONE
ELSE IS...







MAN,
THIS PLACE
IS SOMETHIN'
ELSE.

SO ARE
YOU, KID.



WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

I MEAN LOOK
AT YA, YER PRETTY
--LIKE A MOVIE
STAR--BET YA EVEN
GOT A TRUST FUND.

SO TELL ME,
WHAT'S IT LIKE
GOIN' THROUGH
LIFE WITH NO
FRICTION?



IT FUCKIN'
ROCKS.



..YEAH...
THAT'S
WHAT I
THOUGHT.

HEY BOSS, SET US UP
WITH SOME WHISKEY,
TOO--FOR THE
WHOLE BAR!

ALL
RIGHT!



YOU SURE YOU
OUGHT TO BUY THIS
GUY A DRINK, DUNCAN?
LOOKS LIKE HE COULD
DIE IF HE HAS
ANOTHER ONE.

THEN HE
BETTER HAVE
TWO...









I'M TELLIN' YOU, LEE, WE JUS' RANG MORE IN TWO HOURS THAN WE HAVE ALL WEEK!



YOU MUST BE PROUD...



SURE AM. WE GOTTA GET MORE A'THES PUB CRAWLS COMIN' IN HERE, WHADDAYA THINK?



MAYBE I'LL PAINT THE PLACE, GET A NEW SIGN-- SPRUCE IT UP.



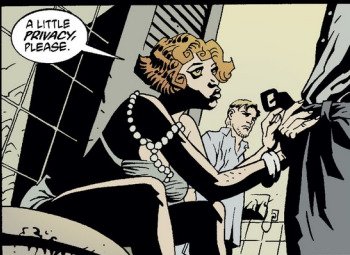
OWH, DON' BE HASTY, BOB. WOULDN' WANNA LOSE...



...THE CHARM.













WILLIS/2010





SHOT, WATER BACK

brian azzarello writer	eduardo risso artist
grant goleash colorist	digital chameleon separations
clerm robins letterer	dave johnson cover
cliff chiang asst. editor	axel alonso editor



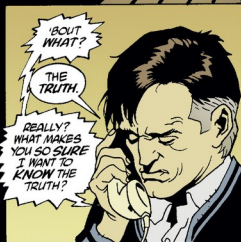
HELLO?

JERRY,
IT'S--

--DAD, MAN,
YOU DON'T GIVE
UP, DO YOU? LOOK,
LIKE I TOL' YOU
LAST WEEK--

WELL, THINGS
HAVE CHANGED
SINCE THEN. SEE, I
DON' WANT TO
TALK TO YOU
ANYMORE...

I NEED
TO. GOT
SOME HEAVY
NEWS...



'BOUT
WHAT?

THE
TRUTH.

REALLY?
WHAT MAKES
YOU SO SURE
I WANT TO
KNOW THE
TRUTH?



I'M WORKING
TONIGHT. SAY
YOU DROP BY
THE BAR,
GABG YUCCA,
ROUN' NINE.



I'LL SEE YOU
AT TEN.

CLICK!



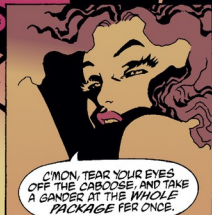


OOH BABY...
LEMMIE TELL YA,
YER PERFECT... LIKE
A GODDESS...

PERFECT?
PLEASE.
WHO YOU
KIDDIN'?

I GOT
NO TITS.

CONNIE, BITE
YER TONGUE...
YER TALKIN'
NONSENSE...



C'MON, TEAR YOUR EYES
OFF THE CABOODSE, AND TAKE
A GANDER AT THE WHOLE
PACKAGE FER ONCE.

IF I HAD BIGGER
BOOBS, I COULD
GET OUTTA THIS
DUMP, DANCE IN
A CLASSY CLUB
OR SOMETHIN'.

GUNS THAT GO TO
THEM KINDA JOINTS,
THEY WANNA BIG
PAIR SHAKIN' IN THE
FACE 'FORE THEY
GIVE UP A BUCK.



NEANDERTHALS!
THEY DON'T KNOW
MONKEY SHIT FROM
TRUE BEAUTY.



WHO CARES?
SOON AS I SAVE
UP ENOUGH MONEY,
I'M BLUVIN' ME
IMPLANTS.

THAT
WOULD MAKE YOU
HAPPY?



YEAH, IT
WOULD.



SO MUCH
FOR THE
LITTLE
THINGS
IN LIFE,
HMMM?



SAY, CONNIE...
LISTEN, I'M THROWIN'
A PARTY LATER,
DOWN AT THE BAR. I WAS
HOPIN' YOU COULD
MAKE IT...



SORRY, LEE.
I DON' DATE
CUSTOMERS.



CONNIE, C'MON... IF YOU
SAY NO, YOU'LL WOUND MY
PRIDE, I'LL HAVETA HIDE
MY FACE IN SHAME...

THEN I
WON'T BE A
CUSTOMER
NO MORE.



SO WHAT'S THE
OCCASION?

HMMM...
OCCASION,
LET'S SEE...

WELL, TODAY'S MY
REBIRTHDAY...

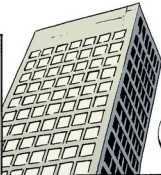


...TONIGHT,
I'M A NEW
MAN.



AIN'T THAT
SOMETHIN'? AN' HERE
I THOUGHT THE ONLY
LIGHT YOU'D SEEN
WAS NEON.

Y'KNOW,
YOU REALLY
DO CRACK
ME UP.





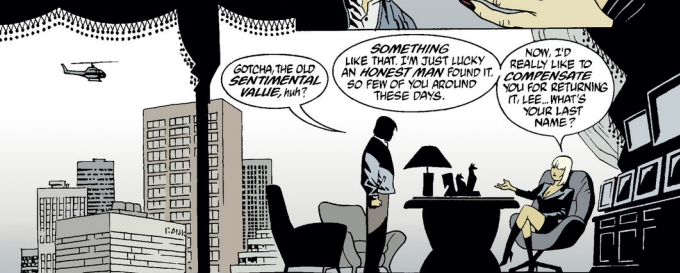


I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO ME. WHEN I NOTICED IT MISSING THE NEXT MORNING, I ABSOLUTELY FREAKED OUT.



YEAH. IT LOOKED KINDA PRICEY.

OH IT'S NOT THAT. THIS BROOCH HAS BEEN PASSED DOWN MY FAMILY FOR CENTURIES.



GOTCHA, THE OLD SENTIMENTAL VALUE, HUH?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I'M JUST LUCKY AN HONEST MAN FOUND IT. SO FEW OF YOU AROUND THESE DAYS.

NOW, I'D REALLY LIKE TO COMPENSATE YOU FOR RETURNING IT, LEE... WHAT'S YOUR LAST NAME?



SO... SO YOU DON' KNOW WHO I AM?

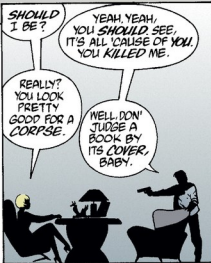
SURE I DO...



YOU'RE A LIFESAVER. I COULD MAKE THIS OUT TO CASH, IF YOU PREFER.



SHALL I ADD ANOTHER ZERO?





FOUR YEARS AGO...
SOME PICTURES ENDED
UP ON MY HARD DRIVE. I
DON' KNOW HOW, BUT YOU
PUT THEM THERE.

PICTURES?

DIRTY
PICTURES. OF
LITTLE
BOYS.



THAT'S...THAT'S
TROUBLE...

RIGHT. IT STARTS
WITH TROUBLE, MOVES
ON TO PANIC, THEN
DESPAIR, FOLLOWED CLOSELY
BY CATASTROPHE. ALONG
THE WAY YOU LOSE YOUR
FAMILY, YOUR JOB, YOUR
FRIENDS--YER WHOLE
FUCKIN' LIFE...

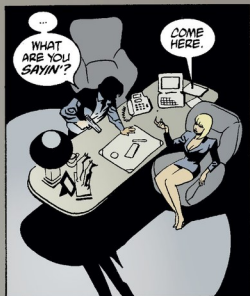
WHERE DOES
IT END?

RIGHT HERE,
BABY, WITH A DEAD
MAN POINTING A
GUN IN YER CUTE
LITTLE FACE.



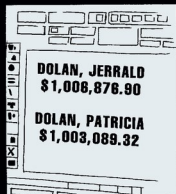
IF YOU
KILL ME,
DEAD
MAN...

...WHO'S
GONNA GIVE
YOU BACK YOUR
LIFE?





LET'S SEE...
YOUR CHILDREN
HAVE SAVINGS
ACCOUNTS. WE
COULD FATTEN
THEM UP A BIT...



...OR NOT. HOW
'BOUT A *CLEAN*
SLATE?

WHADDYA
MEA--?

DELETE



CHANGE
YOUR SOCIAL
SECURITY
NUMBER.

THERE.

YOU NOW
HAVE NO
HISTORY.



NEAT,
HUH?



BOOP!
NOW YOU'RE
BACK!

YOU WERE
DEAD THERE FOR A
SECOND, OFFICIALLY,
I MEAN...



...NOT
REALLY.

HOW
CAN YOU
DO
THAT?

MR. DOLAN...



...YOU, OF ALL
PEOPLE, SHOULDN'T
BE SURPRISED BY
WHAT I
CAN DO.











YOUR FRIEND,
WHY DO YOU THINK
HE TOLD YOU
ABOUT ME?

I HAVEN'T
REALLY GIVEN
THAT MUCH
THOUGHT...

BECAUSE YOU
WEREN'T *SUPPOSED*
TO THINK ABOUT IT, JUST
ACT. YOUR FRIEND WAS
COUNTING ON THIS.

THAT'S WHY HE
CHOSE YOU. LOOK
AROUND, LEE. THIS IS
A SECURITIES FIRM. I
IMAGINE YOU OWNED
STOCKS ONCE...

I OWNED A LOT
OF THINGS ONCE...



WELL, I *DO* OWN LOTS
OF THINGS--I'M NOT
SAYING THAT TO PUT
YOU DOWN, IT'S JUST
A SIMPLE FACT. I'M
A VERY *POWERFUL*
GIRL. AND *POWERFUL*
PEOPLE HAVE EQUALLY
POWERFUL
ENEMIES.

YOUR FRIEND,
MAYBE, IS ONE OF
MINE. THAT, OR HE WAS
HIRED BY ONE, AND
HE'S USING YOU TO
GET TO *ME*.



THINK,
LEE. YOU HAVE A
CONSCIENCE, RIGHT?
WELL, YOUR FRIEND'S
ASKING YOU TO COMMIT
MURDER.



YOU SEE, LEE,
IN THE *FINAL*
ANALYSIS...

HE'S NOT
YOUR FRIEND
AT ALL.





AND YOU
KNOW WHAT THEY
SAY ABOUT
FRIENDS LIKE
THAT...



WHAT I DID TO
RUIN YOUR LIFE
IS UNFORGIVABLE,
BUT I CAN TRY TO
MAKE IT UP
TO YOU.

LET ME.

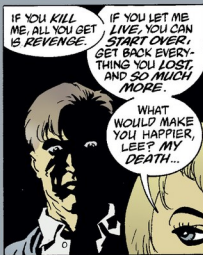


YOUR SON WANTS TO BE A
DOCTOR, FROM THE LOOK
OF HIS RECORDS. DID YOU
KNOW HE'S BEEN
ACCEPTED TO THE
GRADUATE PROGRAM
AT STANFORD?
THAT HE CAN'T
AFFORD IT?

I--?



I'LL ADD THAT
OTHER ZERO NOW...



IF YOU KILL
ME, ALL YOU GET
IS REVENGE.

IF YOU LET ME
LIVE, YOU CAN
START OVER,
GET BACK EVERY-
THING YOU LOST,
AND SO MUCH
MORE.

WHAT
WOULD MAKE
YOU HAPPIER,
LEE? MY
DEATH...



...OR
YOUR
LIFE?



DEAL.



WAIT.

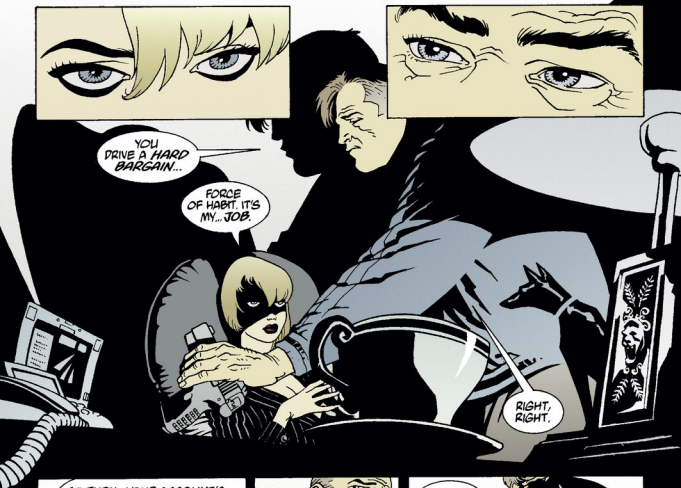
THE
GUN.

YOU DON'T
NEED IT
ANYMORE.



ANY CHANCE I HAVE
OF FINDING WHO PUT
YOU UP TO THIS
LIES WITH THAT
GUN.





SO THEN...YOUR ACCOULT'S
AT L.A. FEDERAL--AS I MENTIONED,
IT'S DOWN THE STREET
A BLOCK OR TWO. JUST SHOW THE
TELLER YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE,
THERE SHOULDN'T BE
ANY PROBLEM.

YOU MADE
THE RIGHT
DECISION.

...THANKS.

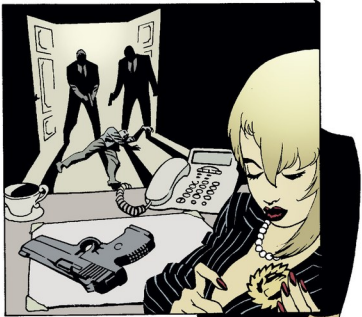
NO.
THANK
YOU...





BANG

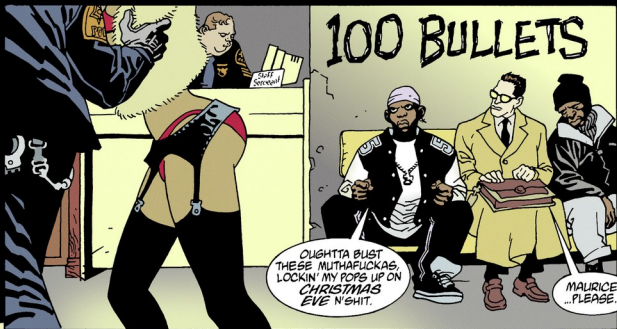




WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE US TO DO WITH THE BODY, MS. DIETRICH?



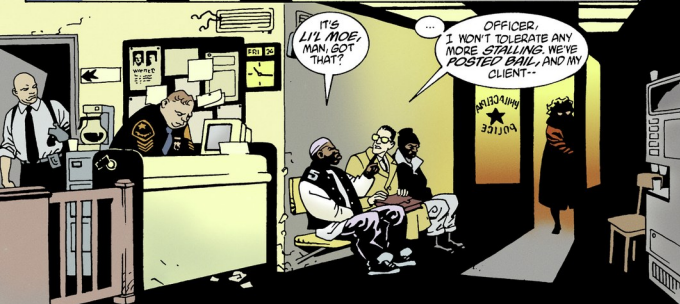




100 BULLETS

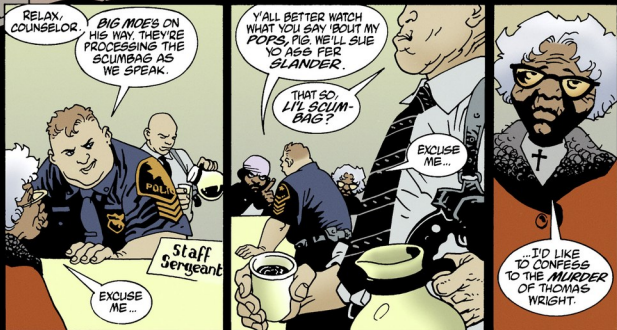
WOULDTA BLUST
THESE MUTHAFUCKAS,
LOCKIN' MY POPS UP ON
CHRISTMAS
EVE N'SHIT.

MAURICE
...PLEASE...



IT'S
LI'L MOE,
MAN, GOT
THAT?

OFFICER,
I WON'T TOLERATE ANY
MORE STALLING. WE'VE
POSTED BAIL, AND MY
CLIENT--



RELAX,
COUNSELOR.

BIG MOE'S ON
HIS WAY. THEY'RE
PROCESSING THE
SCUMBAG AS
WE SPEAK.

Y'ALL BETTER WATCH
WHAT YOU SAY 'BOUT MY
POPS, PIG. WE'LL SUE
YO ASS FER
SLANDER.

THAT SO,
LI'L SCUM-
BAG?

EXCUSE
ME...

...I'D LIKE
TO CONFESS
TO THE MURDER
OF THOMAS
WRIGHT.

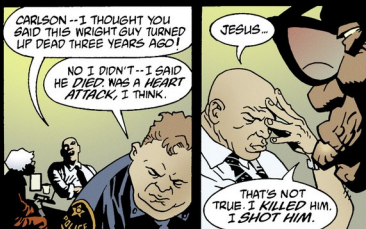
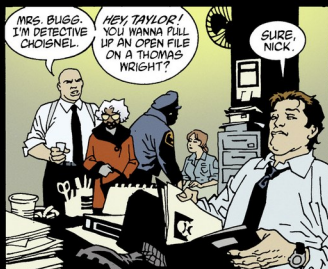
BRIAN
AZZARELLO writer

EDUARDO
RISBO artist

GRANT
GOLEASH colorist

CLEM
ROBINS letters

AXEL
ALONSO editor





OH YEAH?

YES. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.

WHY'D JA DO IT?



TAYLOR--

WHA? C'MON...

...IT'S A SLOW NIGHT. HEY-- I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOME JOKER IN THE BOX...



HE'S STILL THERE. I NEED A BREAK, OKAY?

I... MY BOY, DONNY...

WHEN HE WAS JUST A BABY, WE LIVED IN ONE OF MR. WRIGHT'S BUILDINGS...

...AN' I DIDN'T KNOW--NONE OF US DID. NO ONE TOL' ME.



'BOUT WHAT?

'BOUT THE PAINT. HOW CHILDREN ARE, THEY ALWAYS GETTIN' INTA THINGS, AN' DONNY HE WAS ALWAYS PUTTIN' STUFF IN HIS MOUTH.

HE DRANK PAINT?



NO SIR. HE ATE THE PAINT CHIPS OFF THE WINDOW SILLS. I DIDN'T KNOW...

WHAT? HE CHOKED?



NO. HE CHANGED.

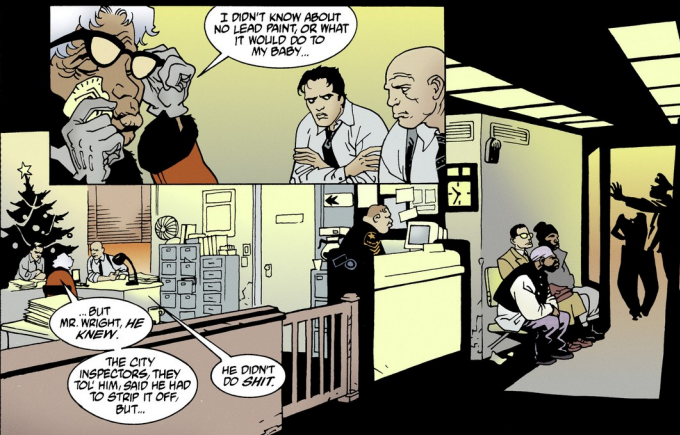
THE PAINT WAS LEAD.

TURNED HIM INTO A RETARD?



AFTER DONNY WAS DIAGNOSED, MY HUSBAND, HE... WELL, HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND. HE LEFT US.

THAT WAS THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO. I'VE BEEN RAISING THAT BOY EVER SINCE.





RONALD REAGAN KNOWS THE TRU--



CRASH



NIGGA!



SIT YO' FUCKIN' CRACKHEAD ASS DOWN!

NICE WORK, MAURICE...



MUTHAFUCKIN' USELESS-ASS PIGS. S'WHY THIS CITY'S SO DANGEROUS.

GET 'EM OFF ME, IT HURTS...

BABY...



IT DON'T REALLY HURT, DO IT?

YEAH IT DOES. IT HURTS BAD.

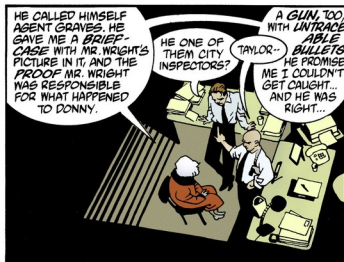


OPEN YOUR EYES, CHILD.

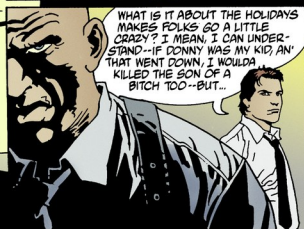
DON' BE SCARED. THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT HURT.



JUS' OPEN YOUR EYES.







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Brian Azzarello/Eduardo Risco

With one special briefcase, Agent Graves gives you the chance to kill without retribution. But what is the real price for this chance — and who is setting it?

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Vol 3: HANG UP ON THE HANG LOW

Vol 4: A FOREGONE TOMORROW

Vol 5: THE COUNTERFIFTH DETECTIVE

Vol 6: SIX FEET UNDER THE GUN

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Grant Morrison/Chas Truog/
Doug Hazlewood/various

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A quartet of fallen mystics introduce the world of magic to young Tim Hunter, who is destined to become the world's most powerful magician.

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Jill Thompson

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One day every century, Death assumes mortal form to learn more about the lives she must take.

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GOOD INTENTIONS

FREEZES OVER

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Vol 10: ONE MORE TIME

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Brian K. Vaughan/Pia Guerra/
Jose Marzan, Jr.

An unexplained plague kills every male mammal on Earth — all except Yorick Brown and his pet monkey. Will he survive this new, enscathed world to discover what killed his fellow men?

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BLACK ORCHID

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HEAVY LIQUID

Paul Pope

HUMAN TARGET

Peter Milligan/Edvin Biukovic

HUMAN TARGET: FINAL CUT

Peter Milligan/Javier Palode

I DIE AT MIDNIGHT

Kyle Baker

IN THE SHADOW OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

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JONNY DOUBLE

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PREACHER: DEAD OR ALIVE

(THE COLLECTED COVERS)

Glenn Fabry

PROPOSITION PLAYER

Bill Willingham/Paul Gaiman/Ron Randall

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V FOR VENDETTA

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VER0014

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SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS



