

SURVIVORS'

CLUB

BEUKES
HALVORSEN
KELLY
DE LA CRUZ

VERTIGO

"Human, bleak, funny and utterly compulsive. That divine mix of wanting to know what happens next and dreading what happens next."

— KIERON GILLEN,
CO-CREATOR/WRITER OF *THE WICKED AND THE DIVINE*

#2 Jan '16
suggested for
mature readers
vertigocomics.com



[Signature]

ALICE'S HOUSE,
SILVER LAKE,
LOS ANGELES,
LATER TODAY.



SURVIVORS' CLUB

CHAPTER TWO: CUT SCENE

**LAUREN
BEUKES**
WRITER

**DALE
HALVORSEN**
WRITER

**RYAN
KELLY**
ARTIST

EVA DE LA CRUZ COLORIST CLEM ROBINS LETTERER
BILL SIENKIEWICZ COVER ARTIST
ROWENA YOW ASSOCIATE EDITOR SHELLY BOND EDITOR
SURVIVORS' CLUB CREATED BY BEUKES, HALVORSEN AND KELLY

ECHO
PARK,
NOW.

HEY,
ALICE. NEXT
TIME YOU WANT
TO TAKE ME TO
AN ART SHOW...
DON'T.

STOP WHINING
AND SHOW ME
THIS **FAMOUS**
COLLECTION
OF YOURS.

WELCOME TO THE
THUNDERDOME.

YOUR
APARTMENT
IS VERY...
BLACK.



GOES
WITH MY
SOUL,
BABY.

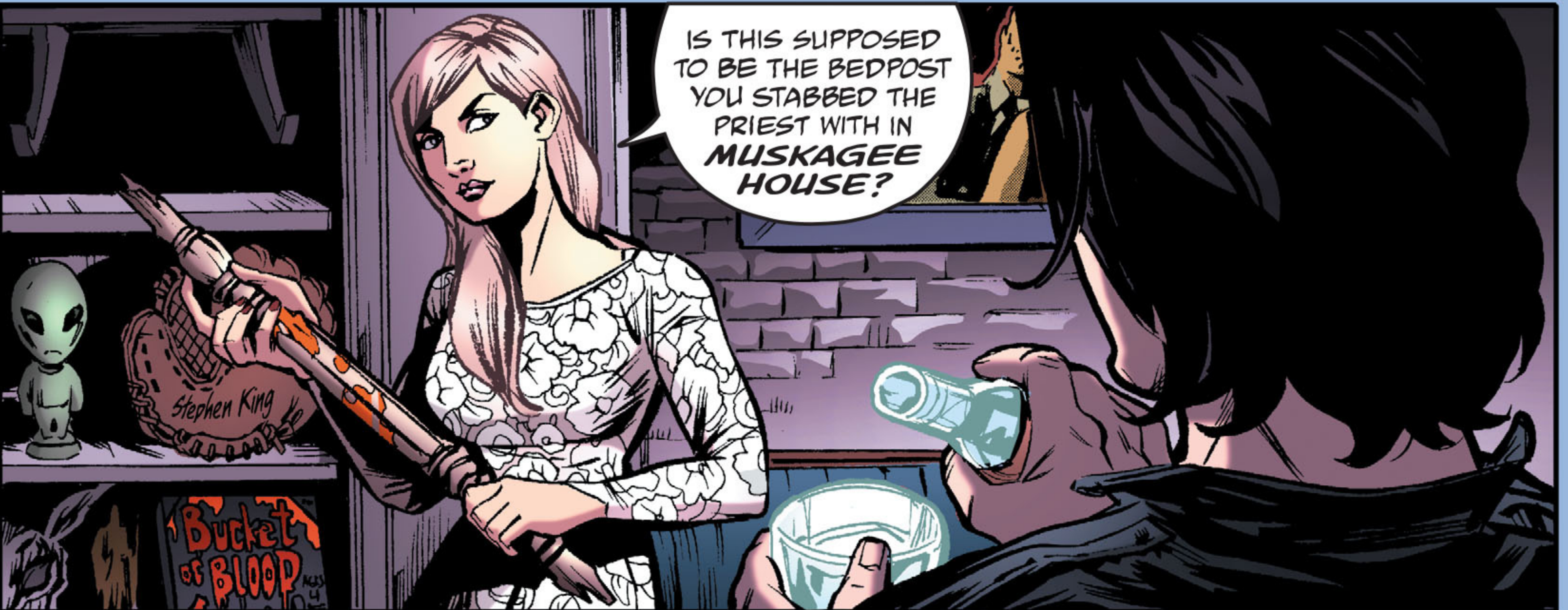
I GOT A FEW HOURS TO
KILL BEFORE THE HORROR
CONVENTION. GET YOU
A BEVERAGE?

WHATEVER
HAS THE
HIGHEST
ALCOHOL
CONTENT.

WOULDN'T
HAVE TAKEN YOU
FOR A **HARD-**
DRINKING
KINDA GAL.

GOES TO SHOW
YOU DON'T KNOW ME
VERY WELL, SIMON.

IS THIS SUPPOSED
TO BE THE BEDPOST
YOU STABBED THE
PRIEST WITH IN
MUSKAGEE
HOUSE?



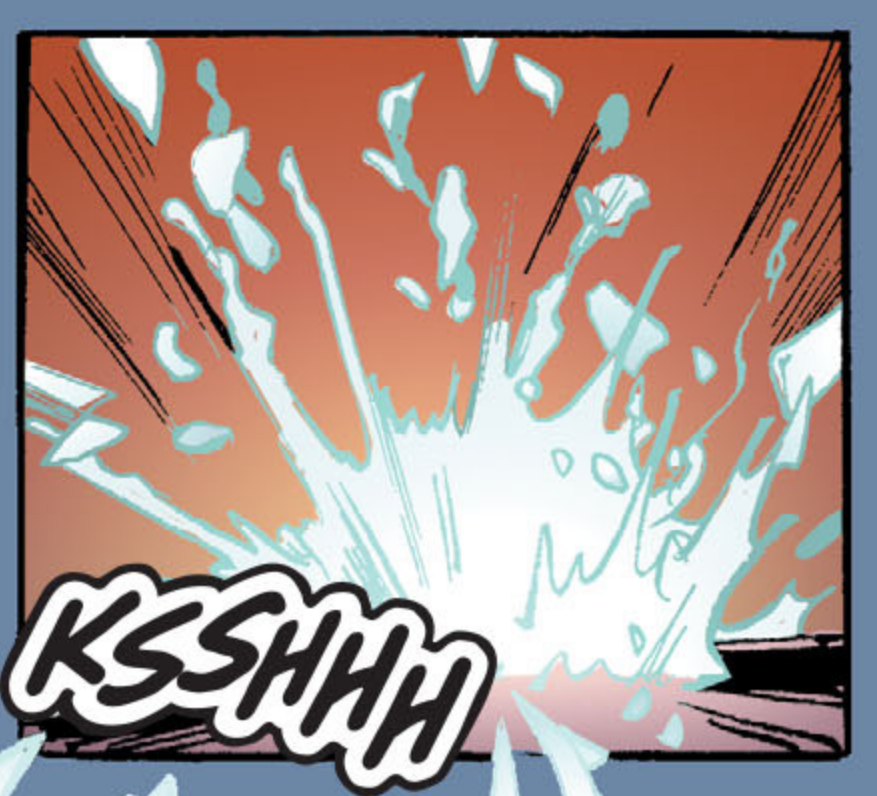
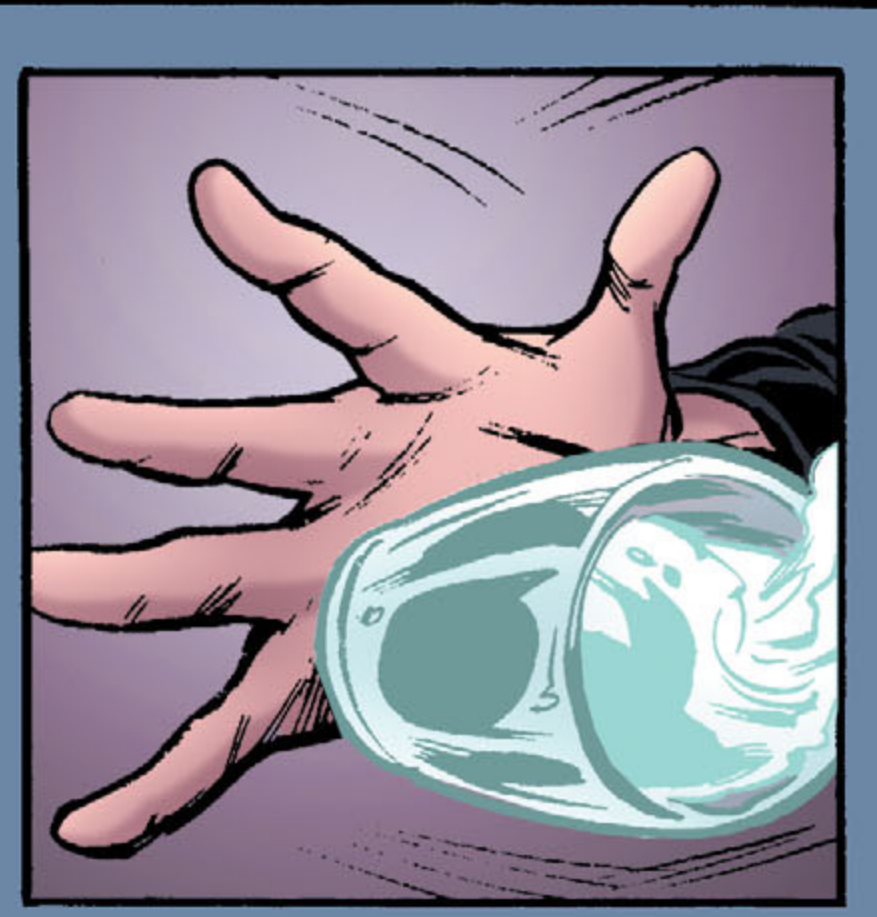
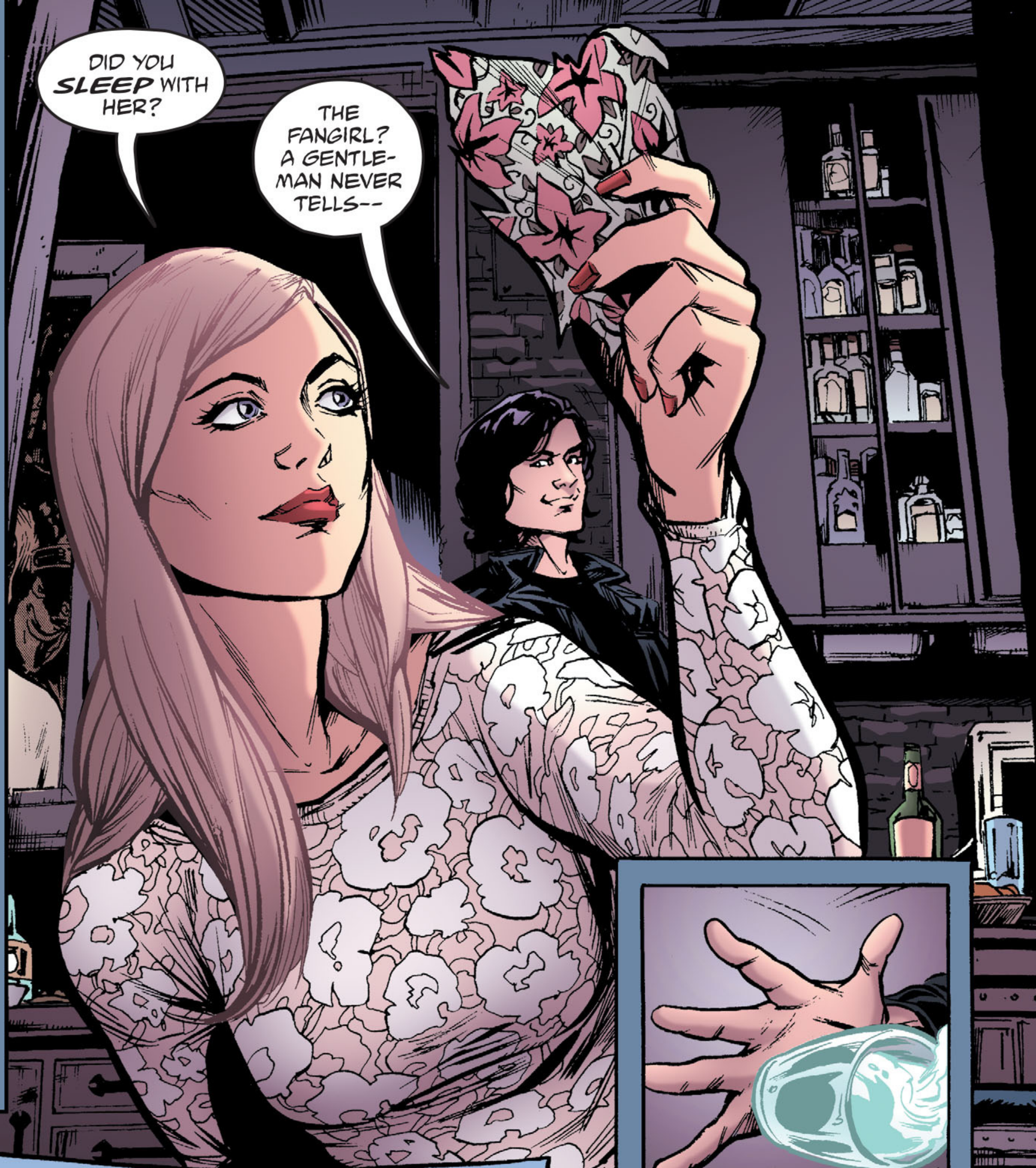
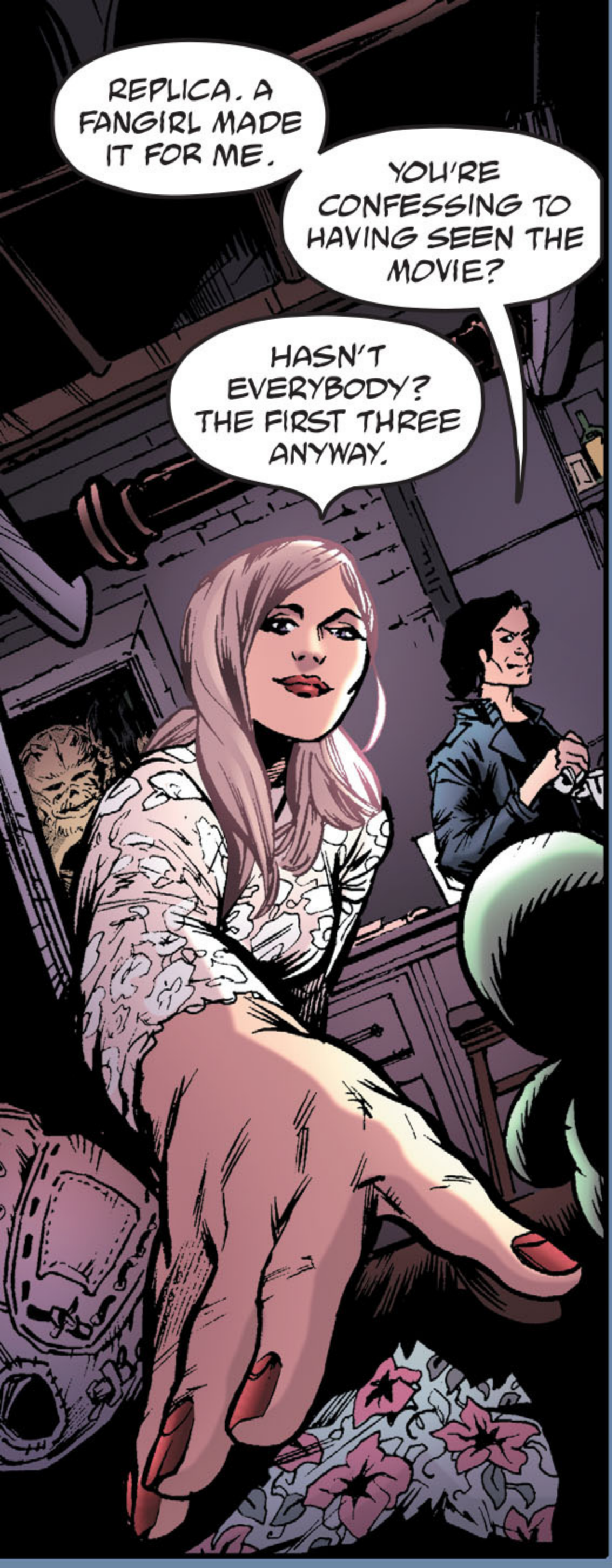
REPLICA. A FANGIRL MADE IT FOR ME.

YOU'RE CONFESSING TO HAVING SEEN THE MOVIE?

HASN'T EVERYBODY? THE FIRST THREE ANYWAY.

DID YOU SLEEP WITH HER?

THE FANGIRL? A GENTLEMAN NEVER TELLS--





OW.



YOU'RE BLEEDING.

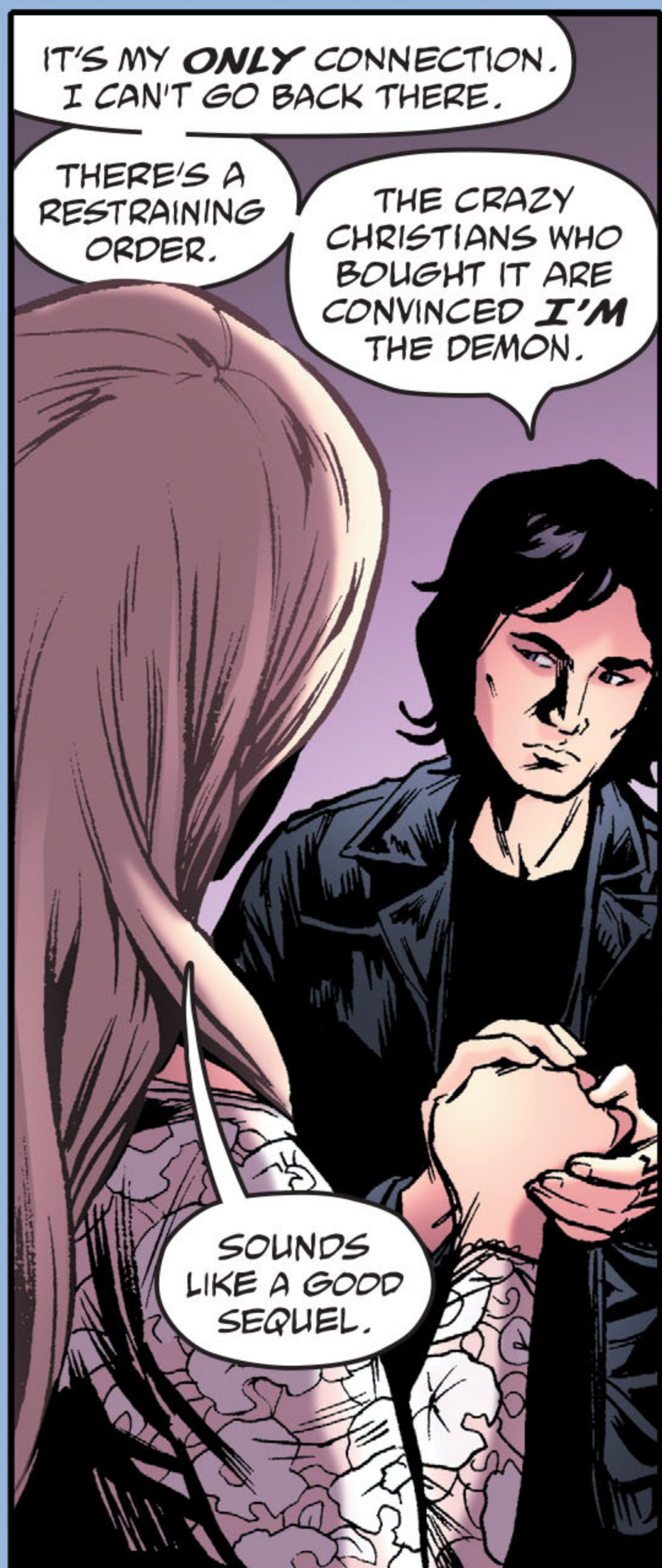
OBSERVANT AS WELL AS A GENTLEMAN.



SORRY. IT'S... LOOK. IT'S THE ONLY **GENUINE ARTIFACT** IN THERE. THE REST IS JUST SHIT.

EVEN VINCENT PRICE'S ASHTRAY.

IT'S FROM THE MUSKAGEE HOUSE.

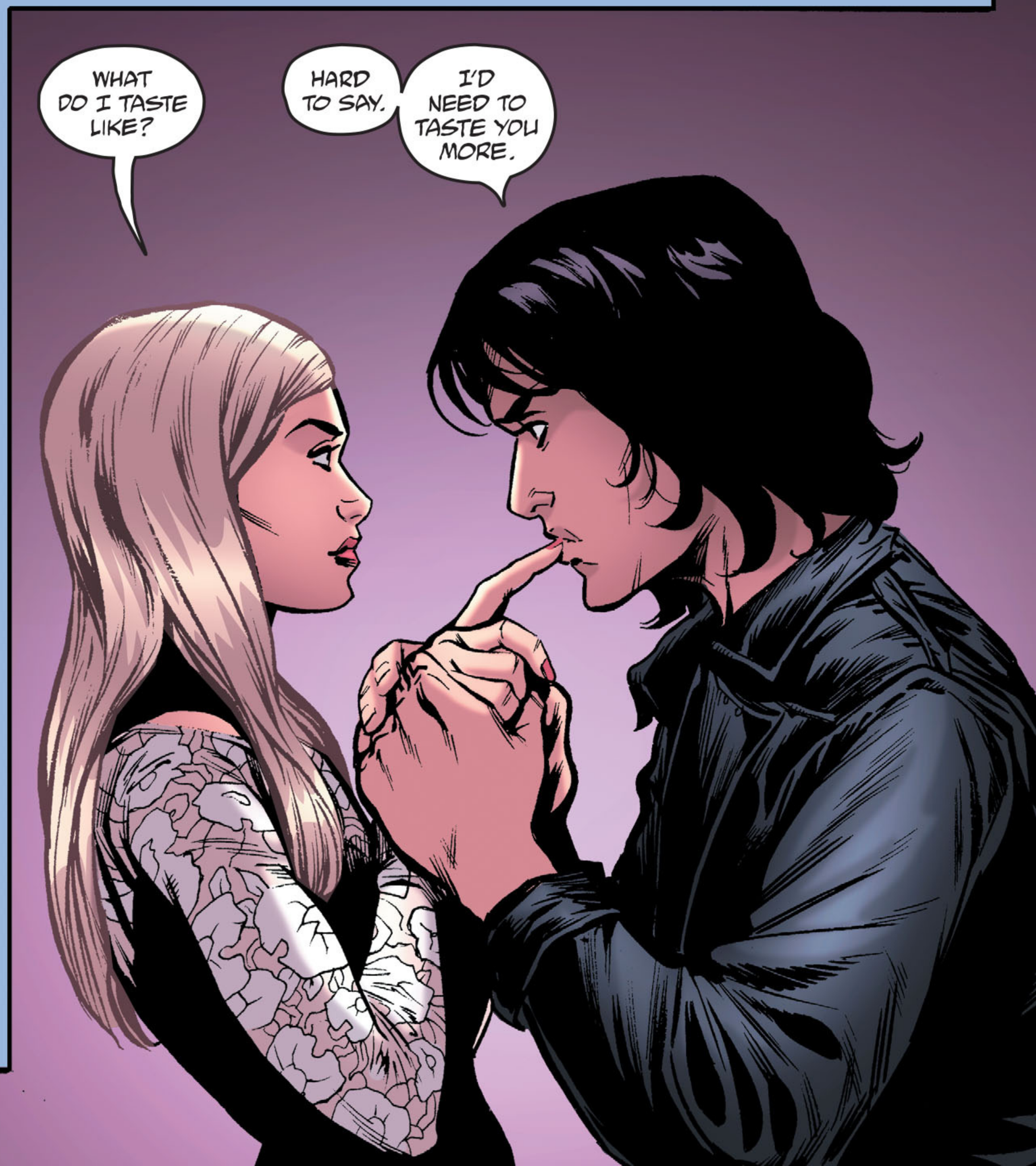


IT'S MY **ONLY CONNECTION**. I CAN'T GO BACK THERE.

THERE'S A RESTRAINING ORDER.

THE CRAZY CHRISTIANS WHO BOUGHT IT ARE CONVINCED **I'M THE DEMON**.

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD SEQUEL.



WHAT DO I TASTE LIKE?

HARD TO SAY.

I'D NEED TO TASTE YOU MORE.



SAN LAZARD HOSPITAL,
WEST HOLLYWOOD.



WHAT DID THE GAME DO TO YOU, GEEFORCE?

HIS NAME'S GRANT FUCHS. IT SAYS SO ON HIS CHART?

DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE DEVELOPERS ARE? WE HAVE TO STOP THIS.

HAPPEEE. THE GAME...



C'MON, CHENZIRA. YOU'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE NURSES COME BACK, AND YOU DON'T EXACTLY LOOK LIKE FAMILY.



SHHH, HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING.

HAPPEEE... HEH--HEH. HAPPY HERO TOAST...

嘩嘩嘩嘩
嘩嘩嘩嘩
嘩嘩嘩嘩



IT'S BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU...

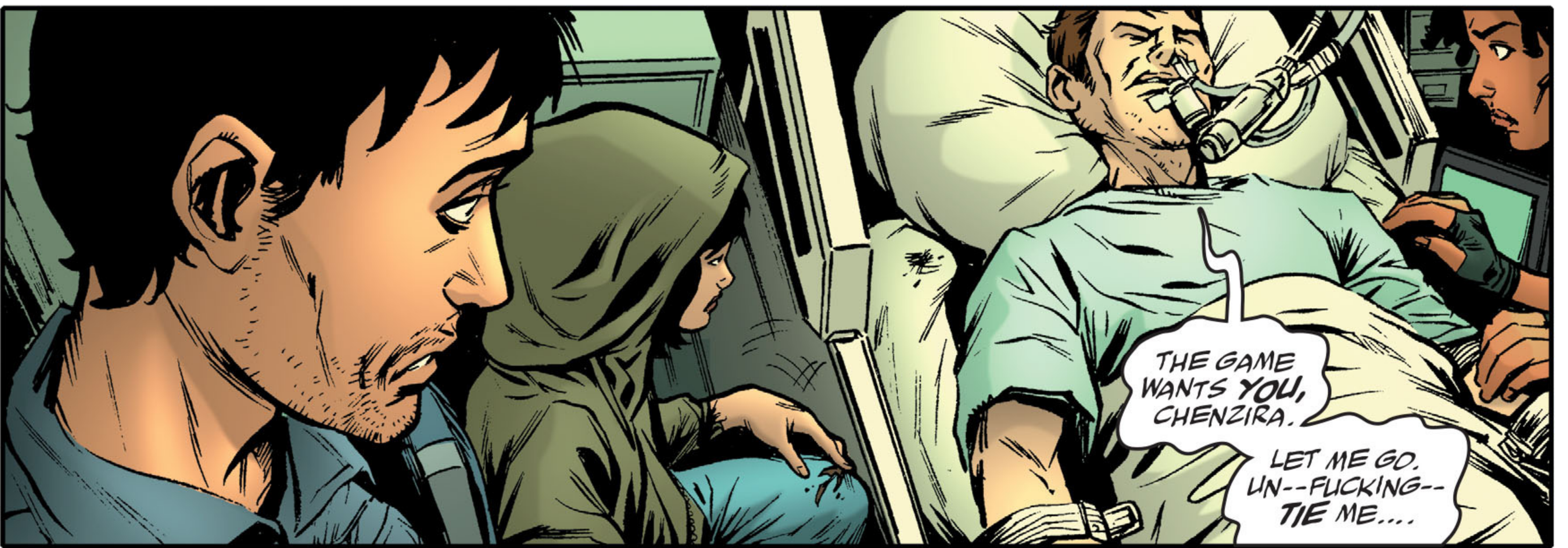
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?





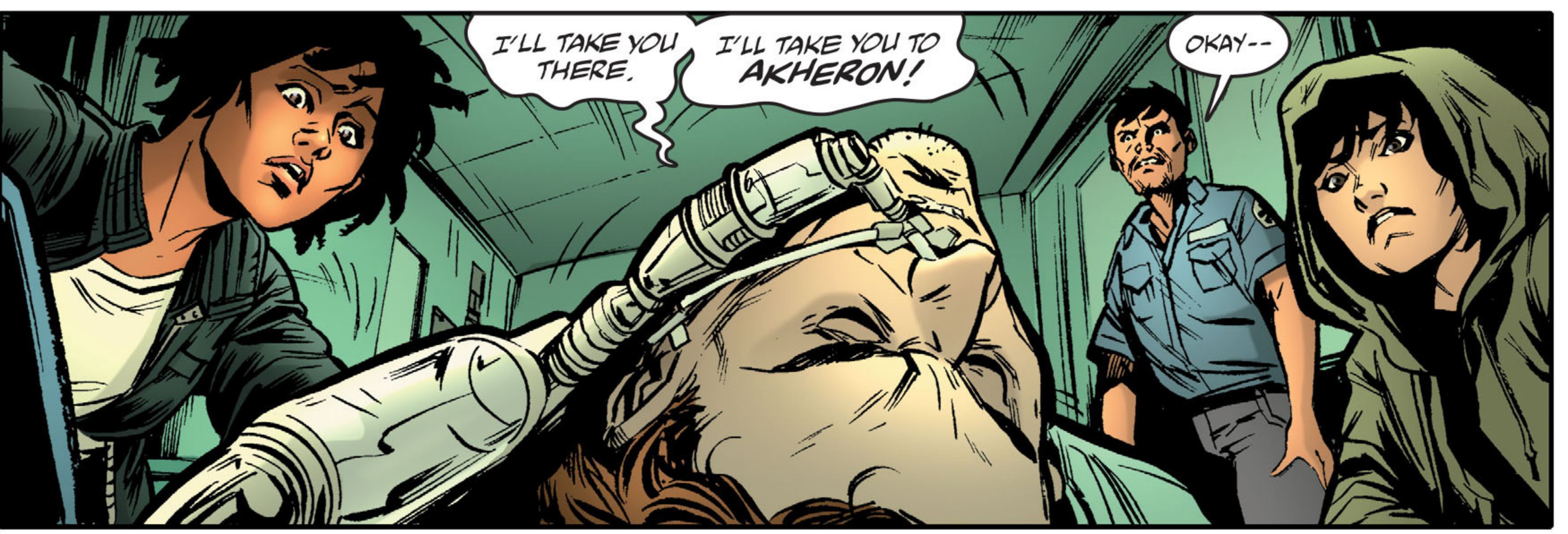
HAHA
HAHAHA
HAHA

瘡穴 惡毒
惡毒 瘡穴
瘡穴 惡毒
惡毒 瘡穴
瘡穴 惡毒
惡毒 瘡穴
瘡穴 惡毒
惡毒 瘡穴



THE GAME
WANTS YOU,
CHENZIRA.

LET ME GO.
UN--FLUCKING--
TIE ME....



I'LL TAKE YOU
THERE.

I'LL TAKE YOU TO
AKHERON!

OKAY--



--THAT'S IT,
EVERYBODY
OUT.

OH,
C'MON,
TED--

HAHAHAHA!

TAKE
IT EASY,
SIR. I NEED
YOU TO CALM
DOWN--



TAKE SOME DEEP BREATHS WITH ME.

HE KNOWS ABOUT AKHERON! ASK HIM HOW THE HELL HE KNOWS!



YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO PUSH IT. THE MAN HAD A PSYCHOTIC BREAKDOWN AND YOU WIND HIM UP?

WELL, EXCLUUU-UUUUSE ME, PRINCESS.

I'VE ONLY EVER TOLD YOU GUYS AND MY BOY-FRIEND ABOUT AKHERON. SO HOW DOES GEEFORCE KNOW THE NAME?

COS I SURE DIDN'T TELL HIM.

AND HOW CREEPY WAS THAT? THAT THE GAME IS **LOOKING** FOR ME?



ARE YOU **HEARING** YOURSELF? SHOULD I ASK THE HOSPITAL TO GET YOU A BED NEXT TO HIM?

CALM DOWN, TED. YOU MIGHT SPOOK YOUR HIGH HORSE.

HEY, um...GUYS?

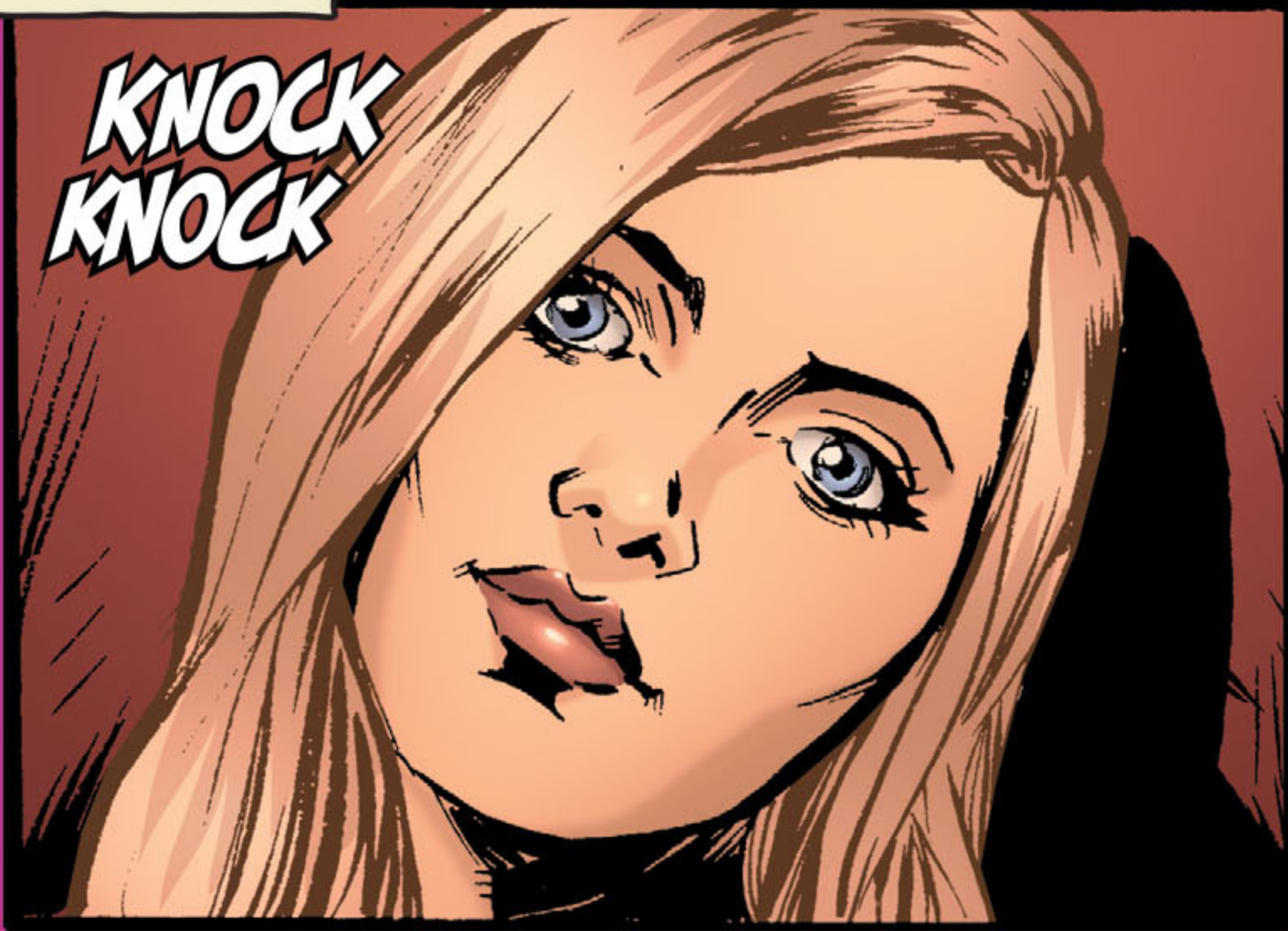
I **REALLY** HATE HOSPITALS.



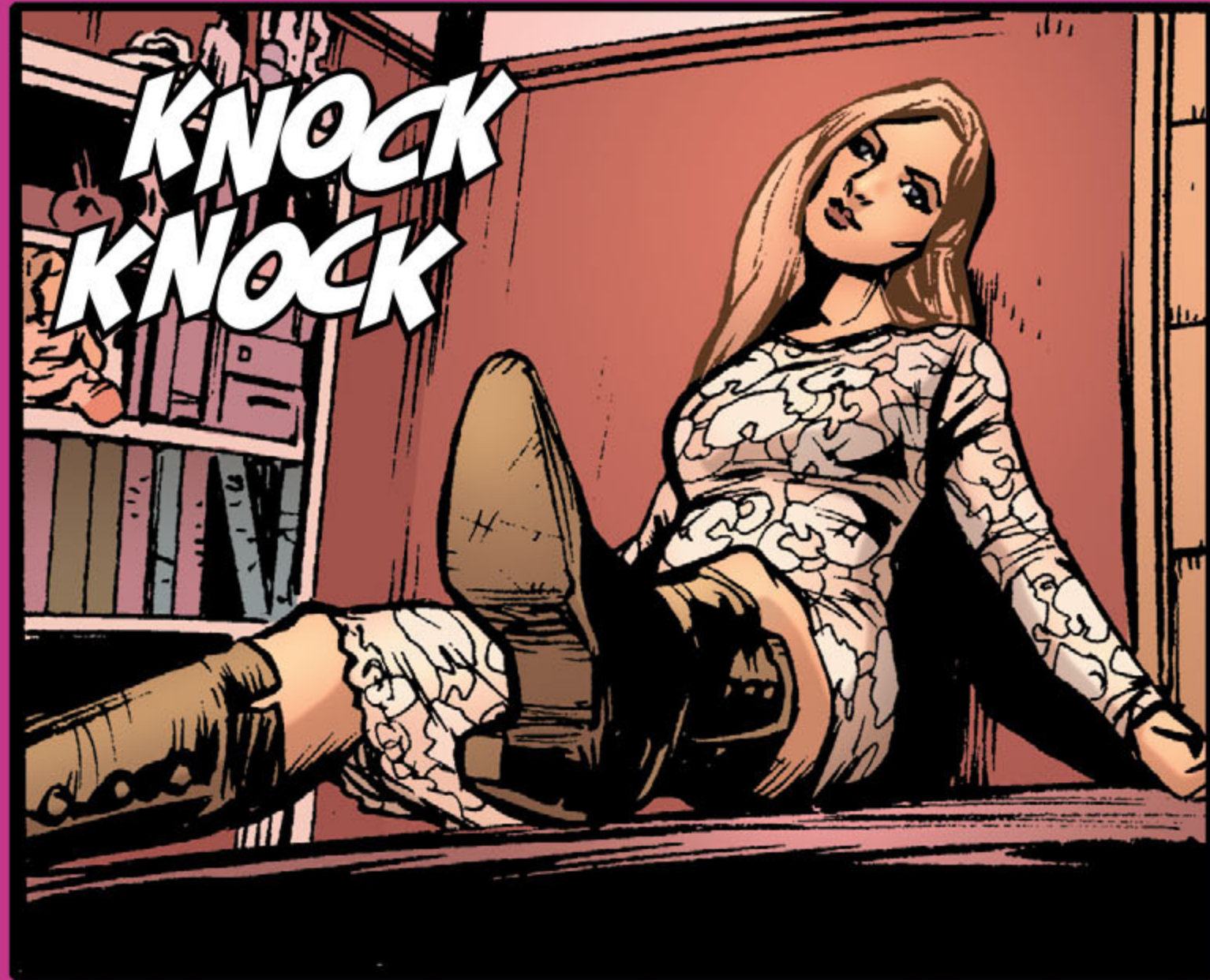
YEAH, ME TOO, KIRI.

LET'S TAKE IT OUTSIDE BEFORE THIS SHITSHOW GETS ME FIRED.

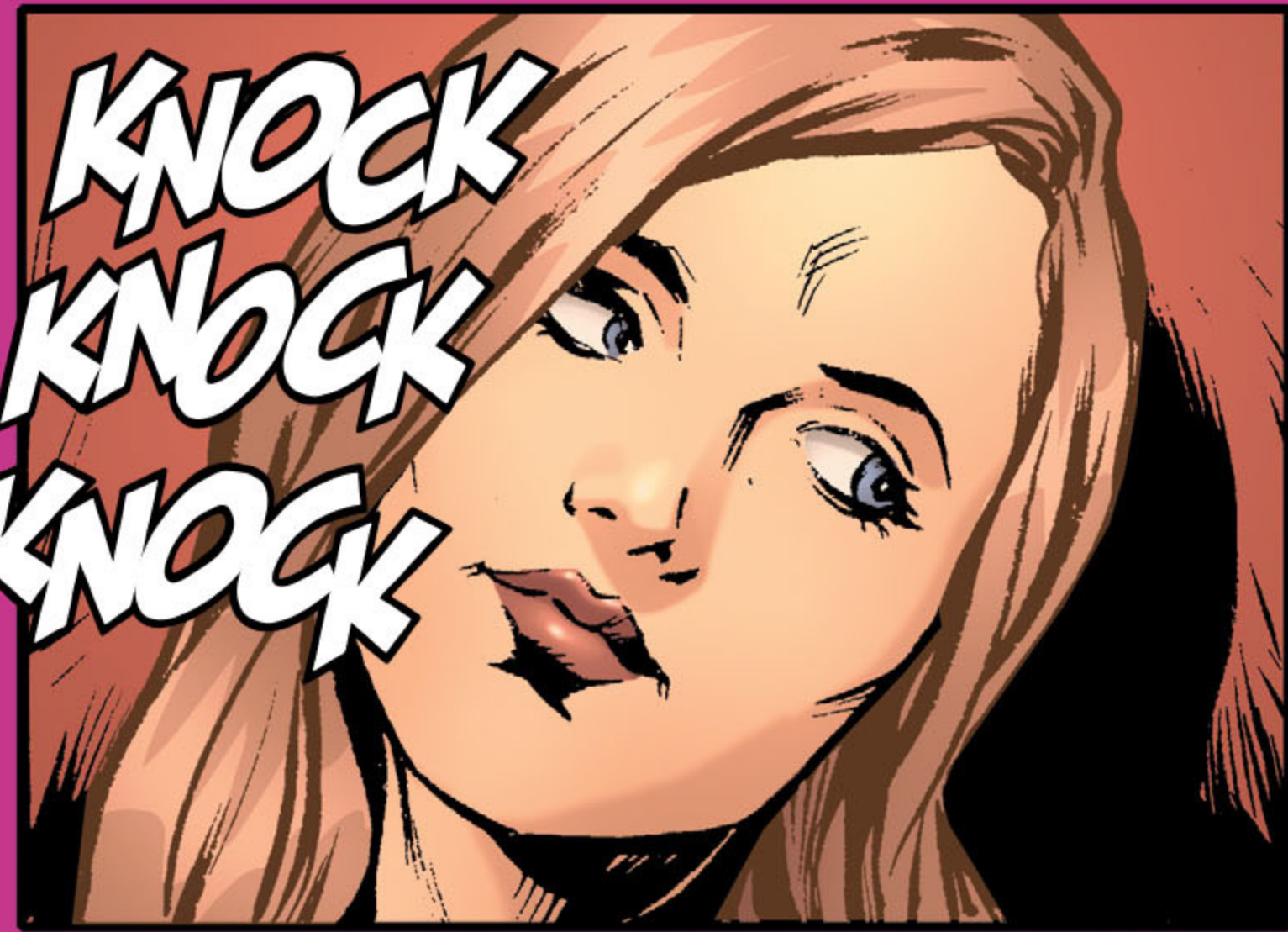
ALICE'S HOUSE,
SILVER LAKE.



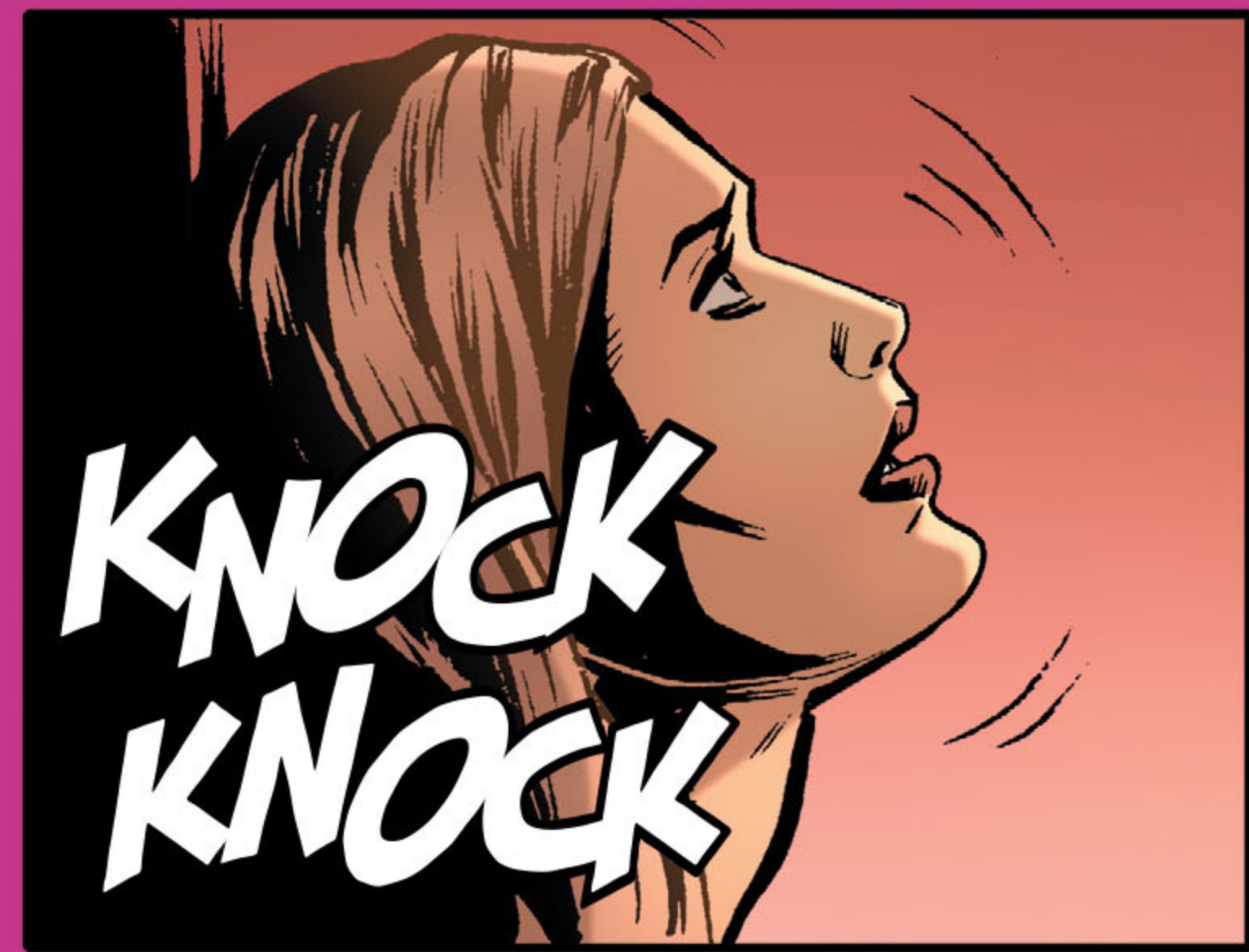
**KNOCK
KNOCK**



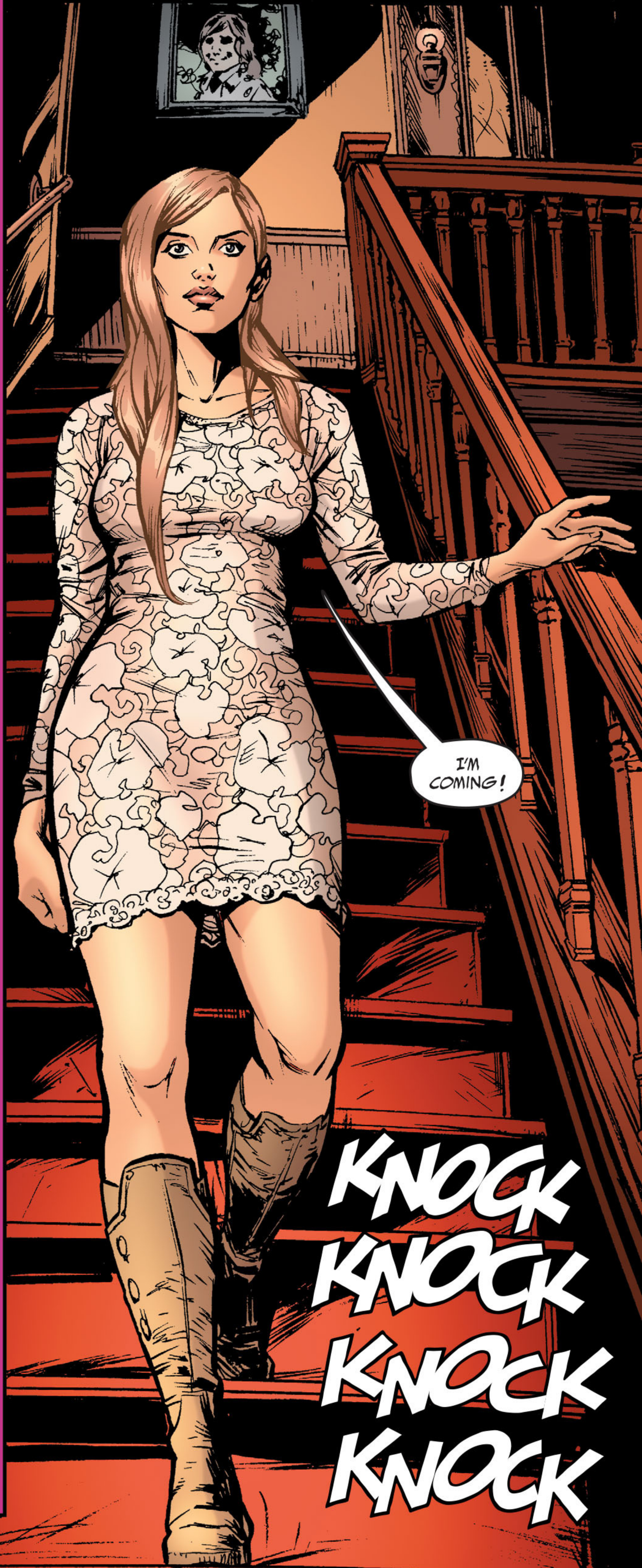
**KNOCK
KNOCK**



**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**



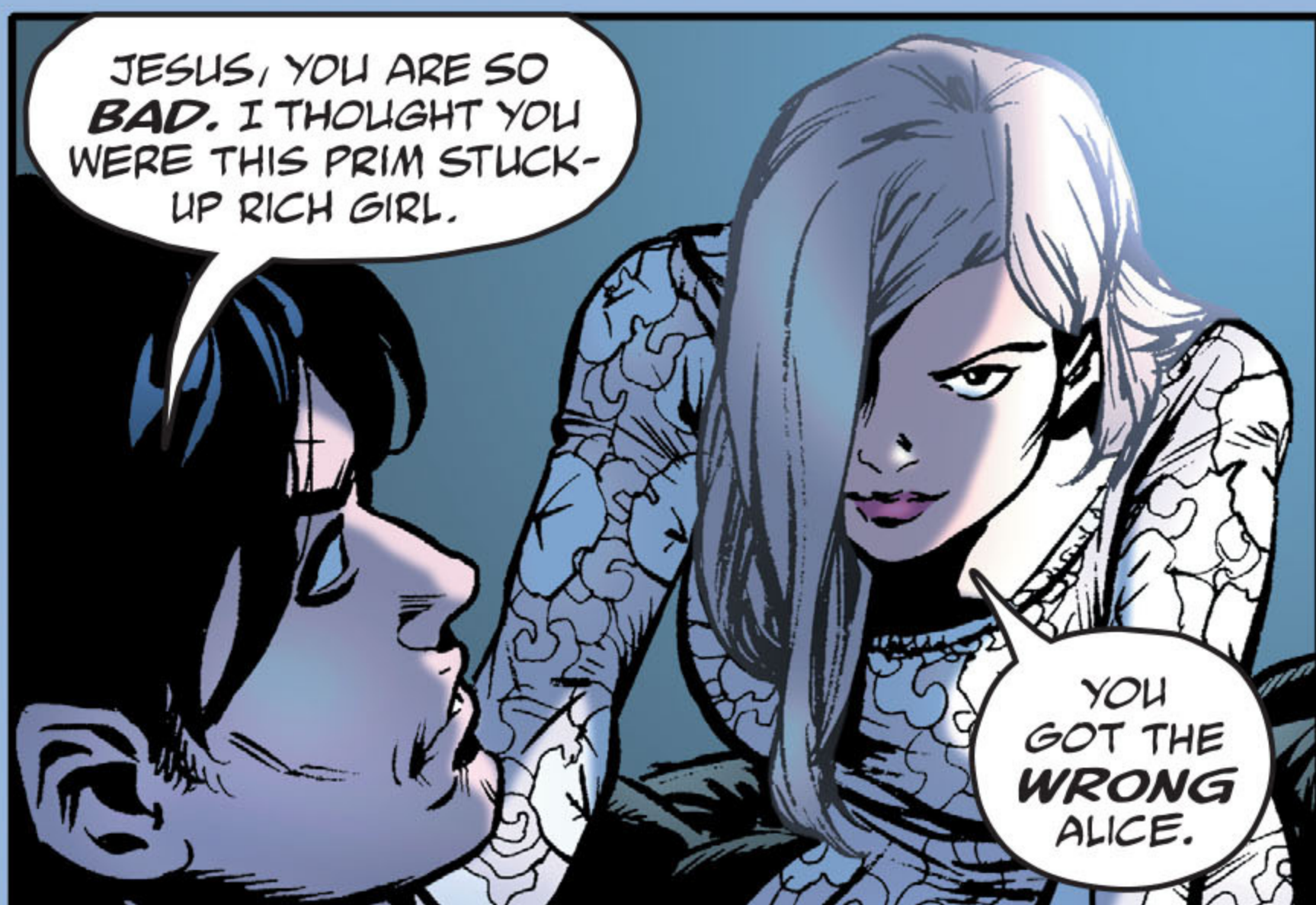
**KNOCK
KNOCK**



I'M
COMING!

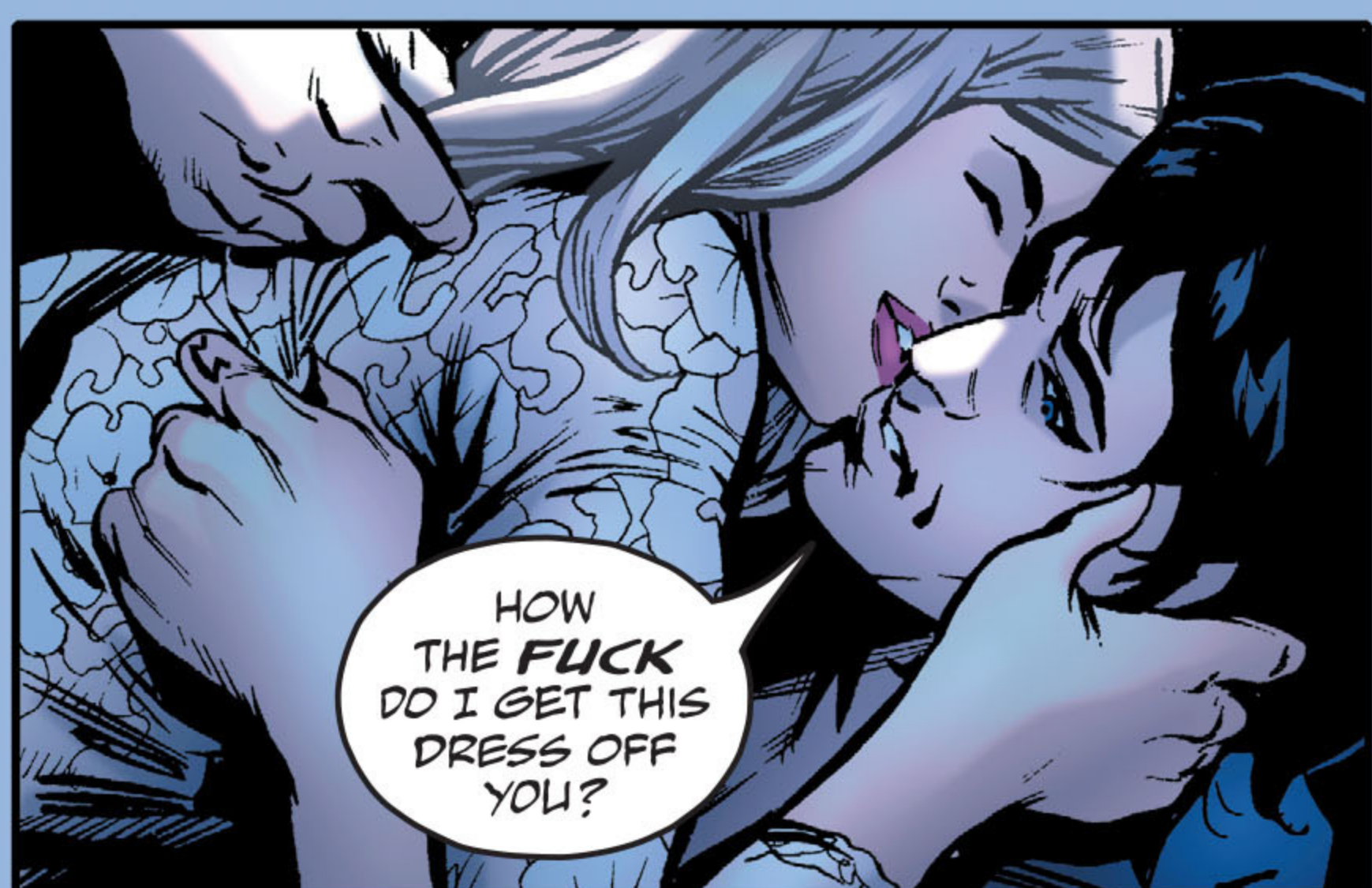
**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**

NOT SO FAR AWAY,
IN ECHO PARK...

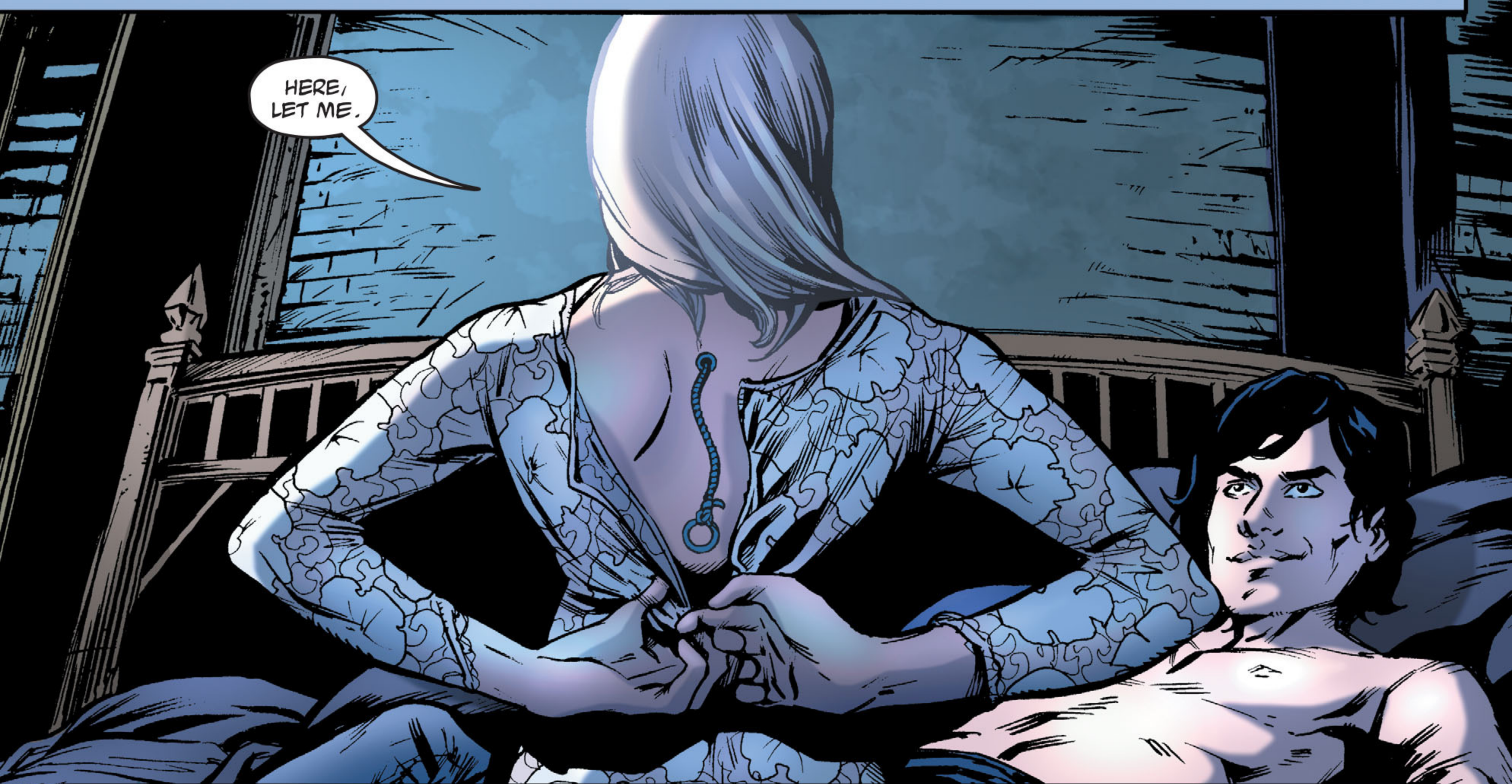


JESUS, YOU ARE SO
BAD. I THOUGHT YOU
WERE THIS PRIM STUCK-
UP RICH GIRL.

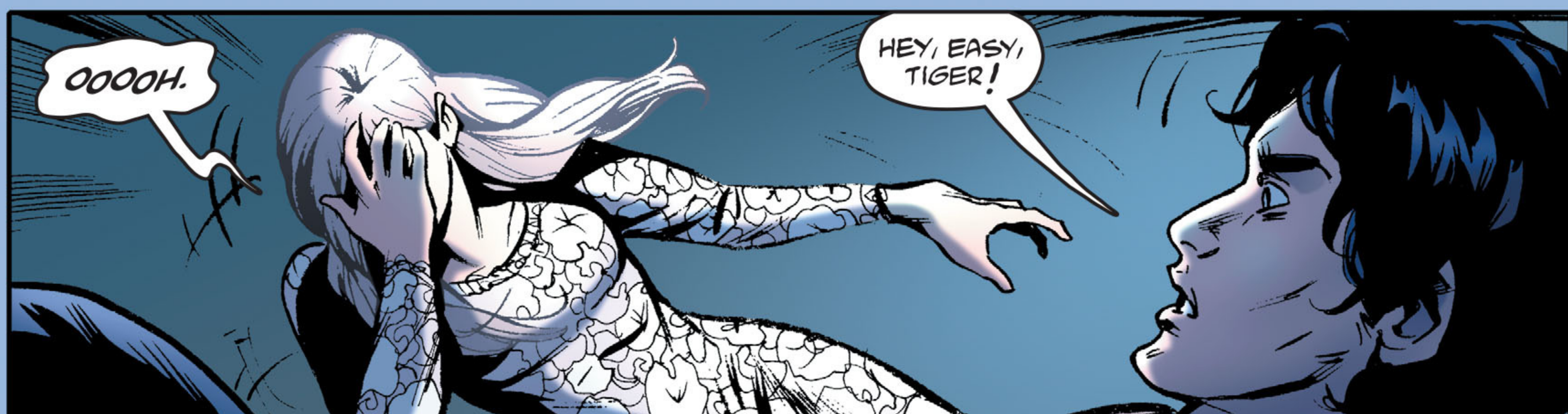
YOU
GOT THE
WRONG
ALICE.



HOW
THE **FUCK**
DO I GET THIS
DRESS OFF
YOU?



HERE,
LET ME.

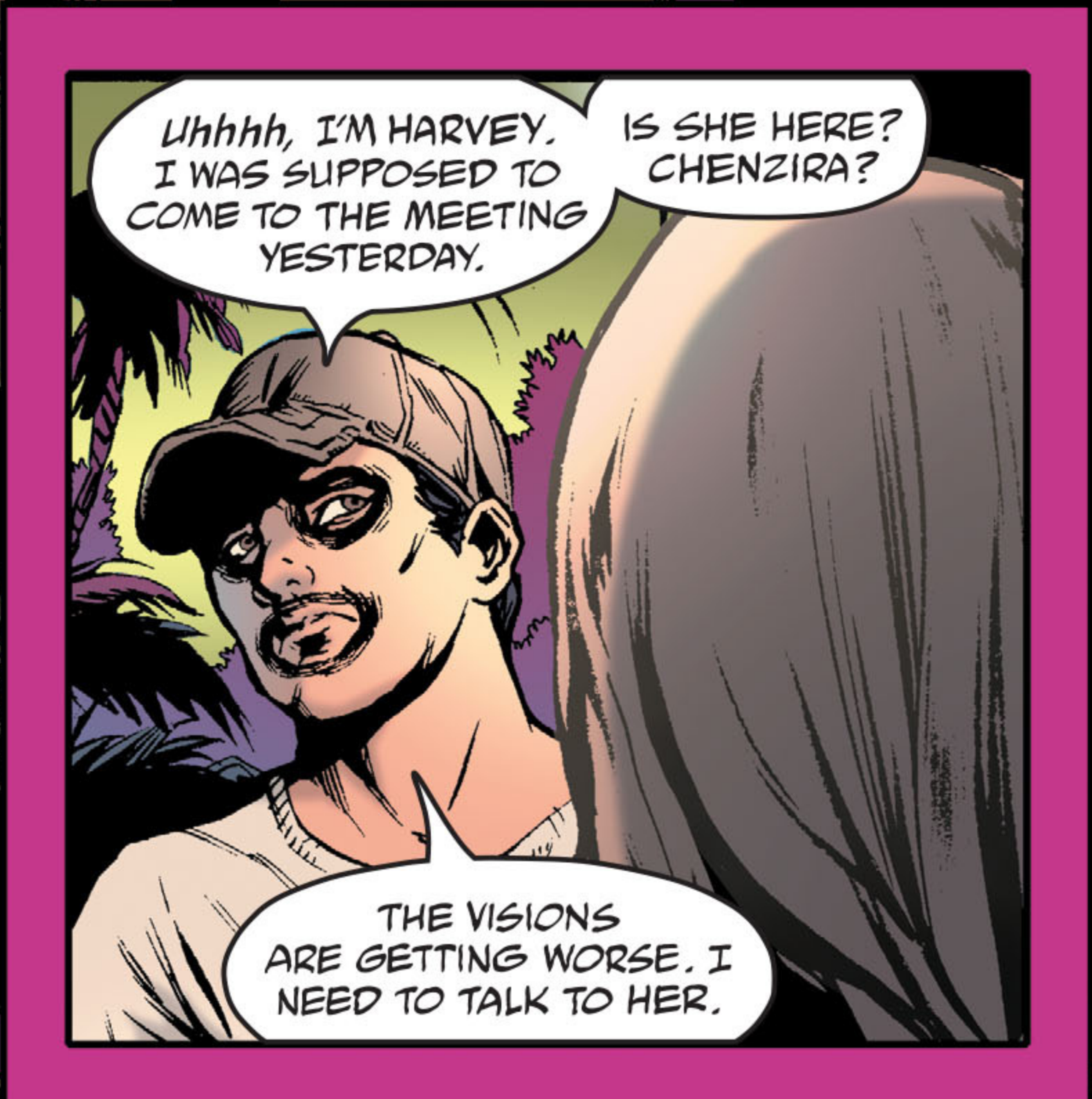


OOOOH.

HEY, EASY,
TIGER!



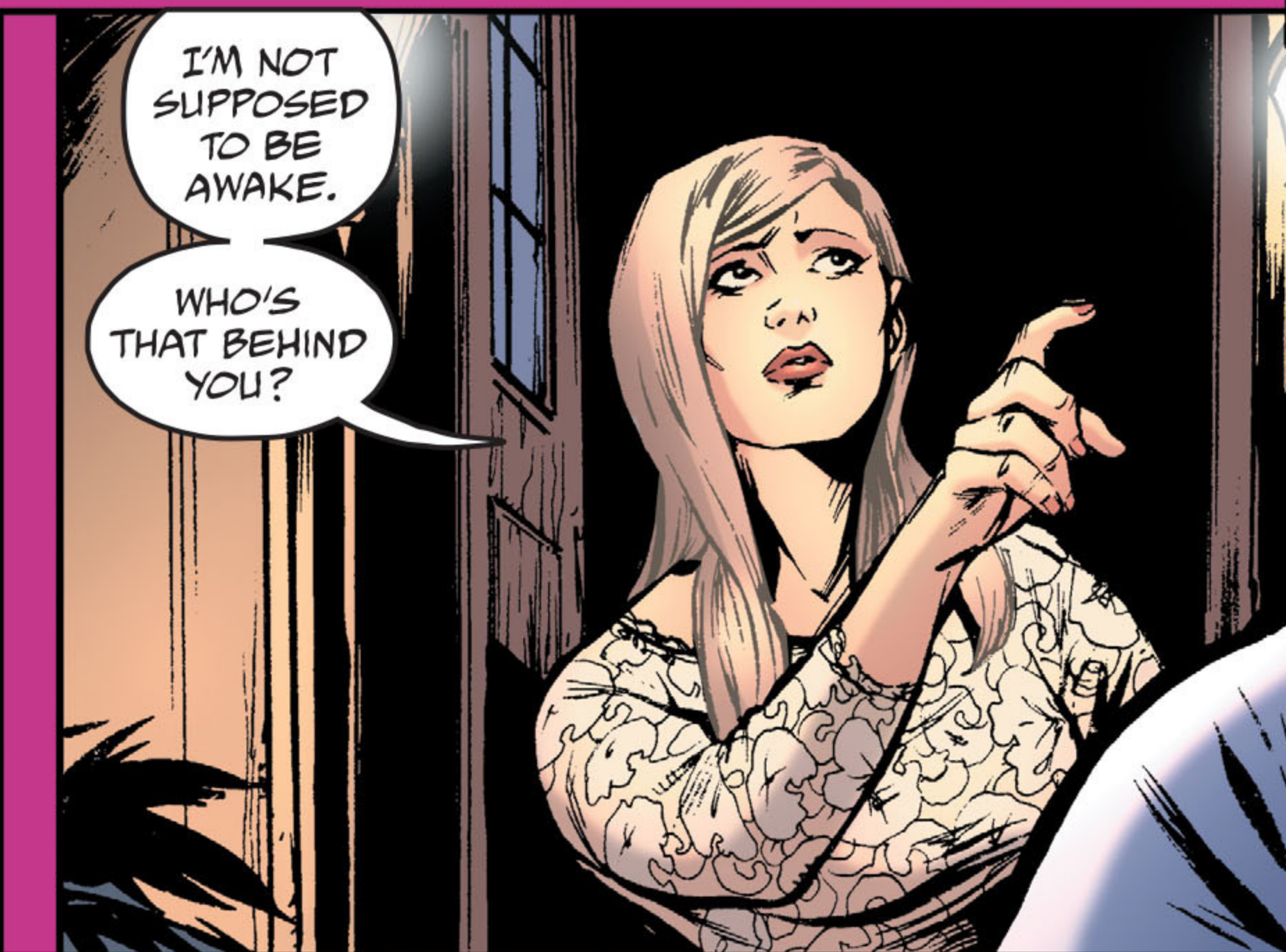
I DIDN'T CALL FOR A HANDY-MAN...



Uhhhh, I'M HARVEY. I WAS SUPPOSED TO COME TO THE MEETING YESTERDAY.

IS SHE HERE? CHENZIRA?

THE VISIONS ARE GETTING WORSE. I NEED TO TALK TO HER.



I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE AWAKE.

WHO'S THAT BEHIND YOU?



YOU SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE HIM.

NO ONE'S ALLOWED TO SEE MR. EMPTY.

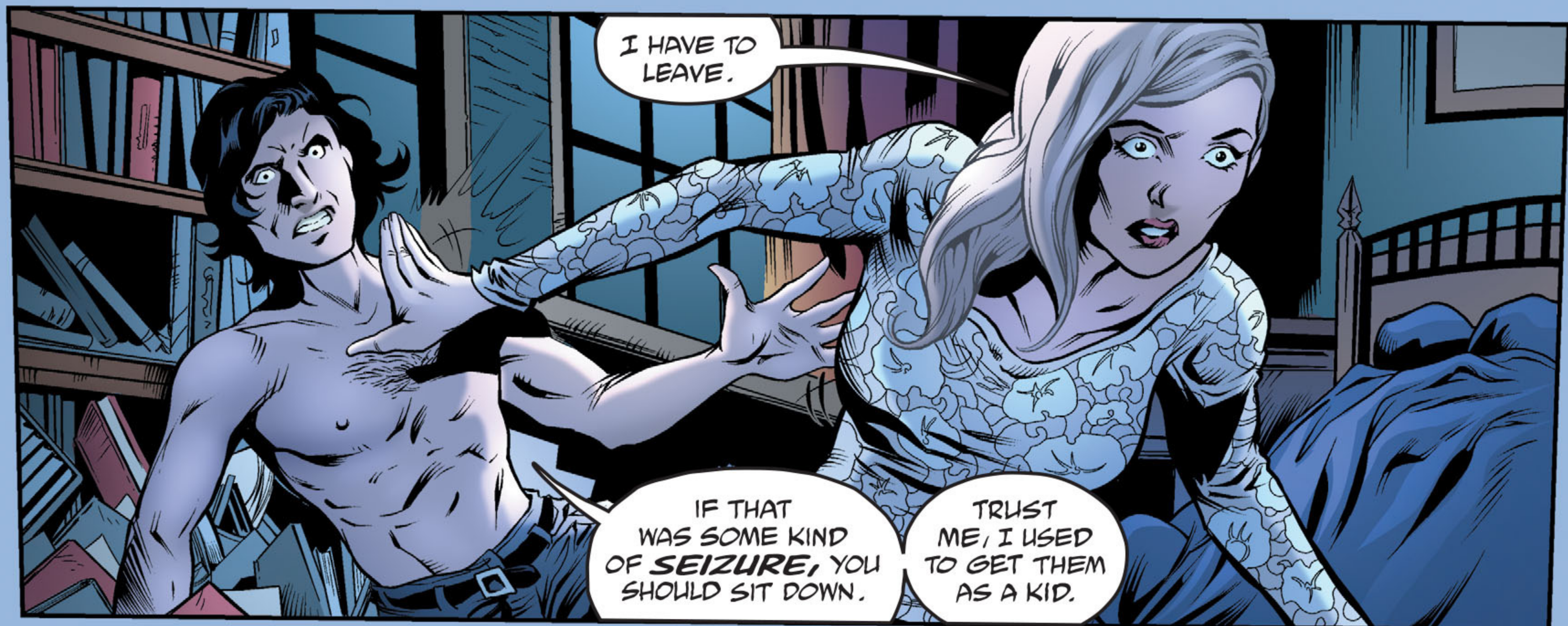
WHY'D YA HAVE TO LOOK?



OH DEAR.



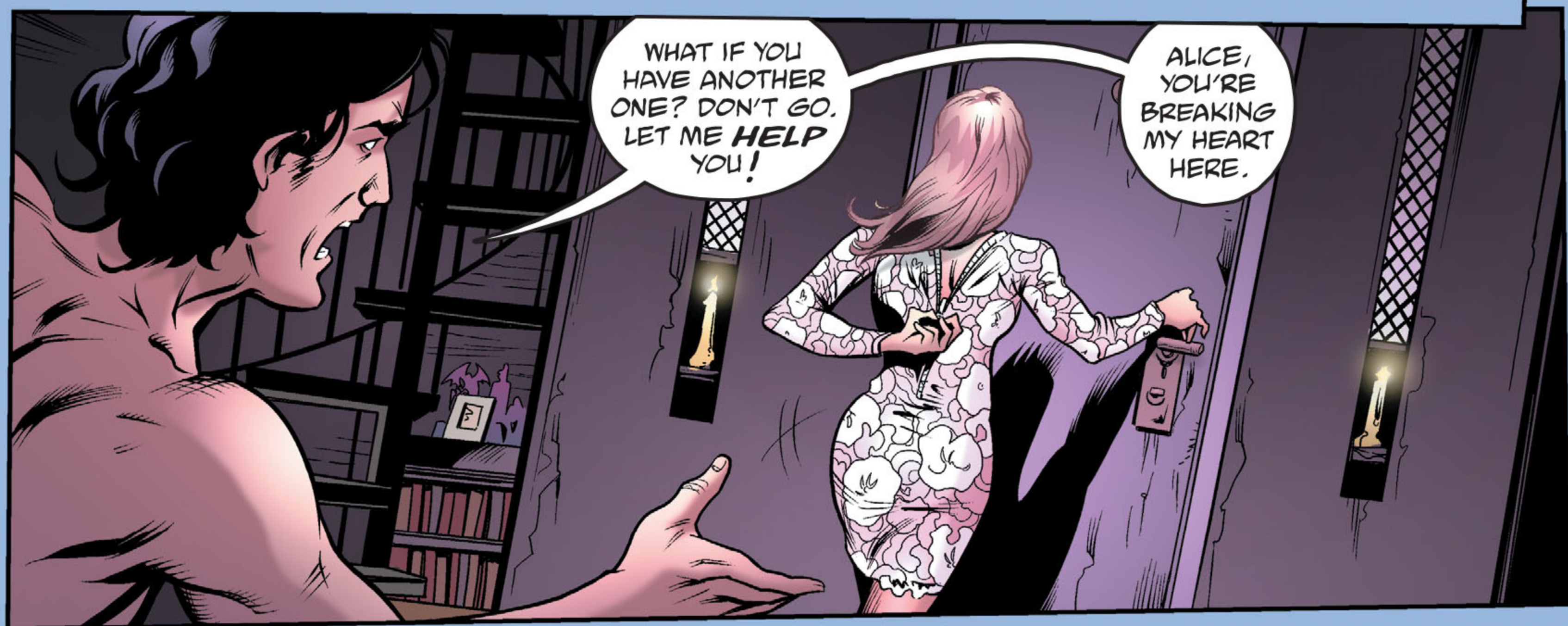
HOLY SHIT!
ARE YOU
OKAY?



I HAVE TO
LEAVE.

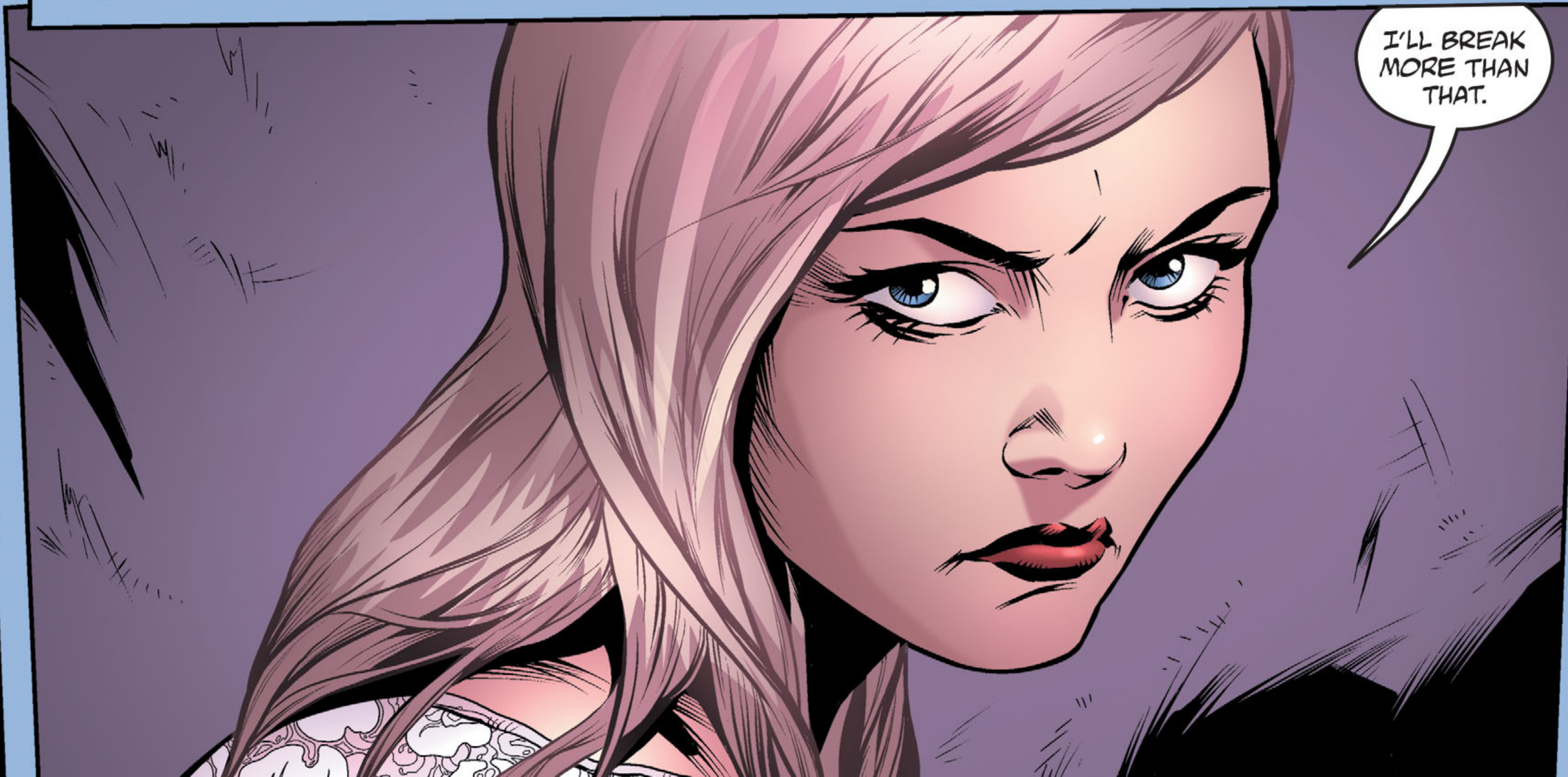
IF THAT
WAS SOME KIND
OF **SEIZURE**, YOU
SHOULD SIT DOWN.

TRUST
ME, I USED
TO GET THEM
AS A KID.

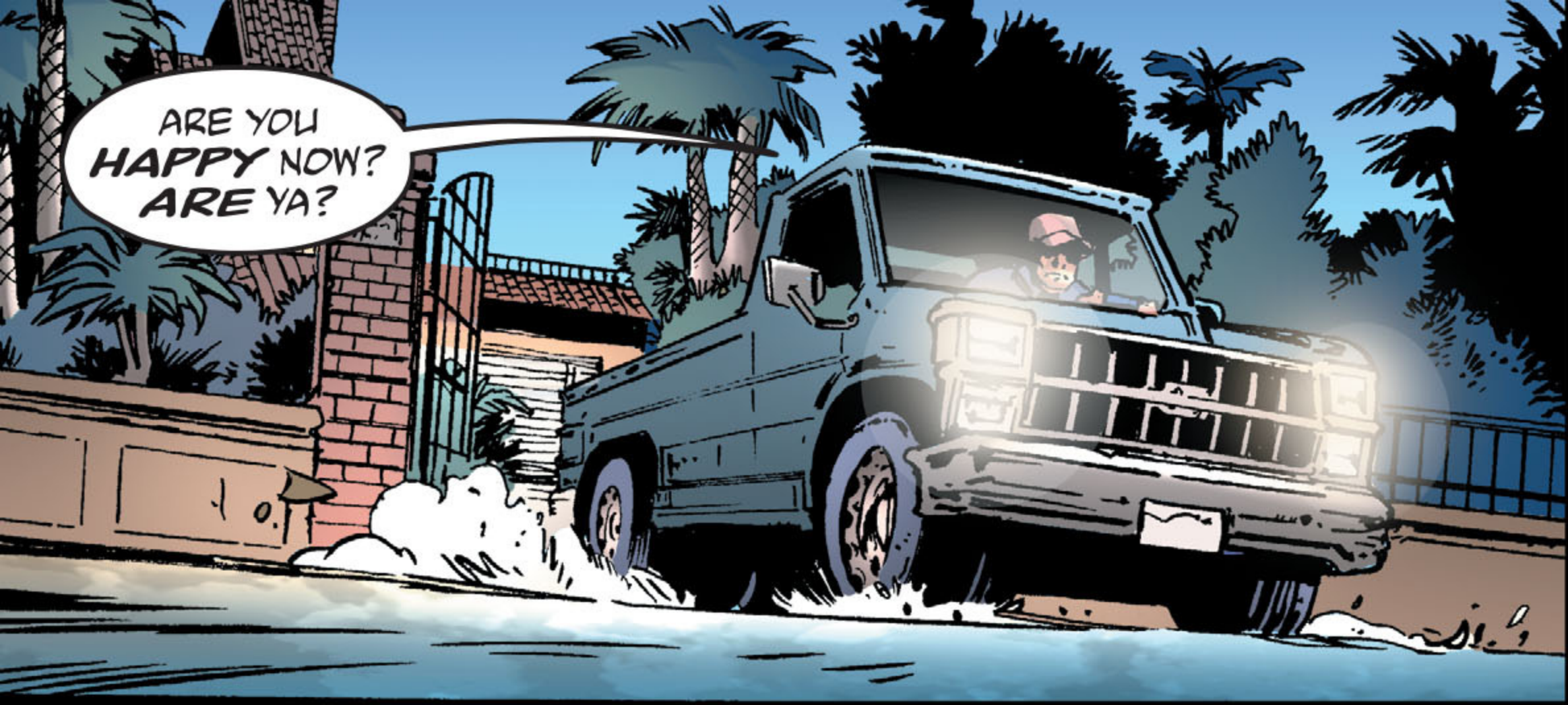


WHAT IF YOU
HAVE ANOTHER
ONE? DON'T GO.
LET ME **HELP**
YOU!

ALICE,
YOU'RE
BREAKING
MY HEART
HERE.



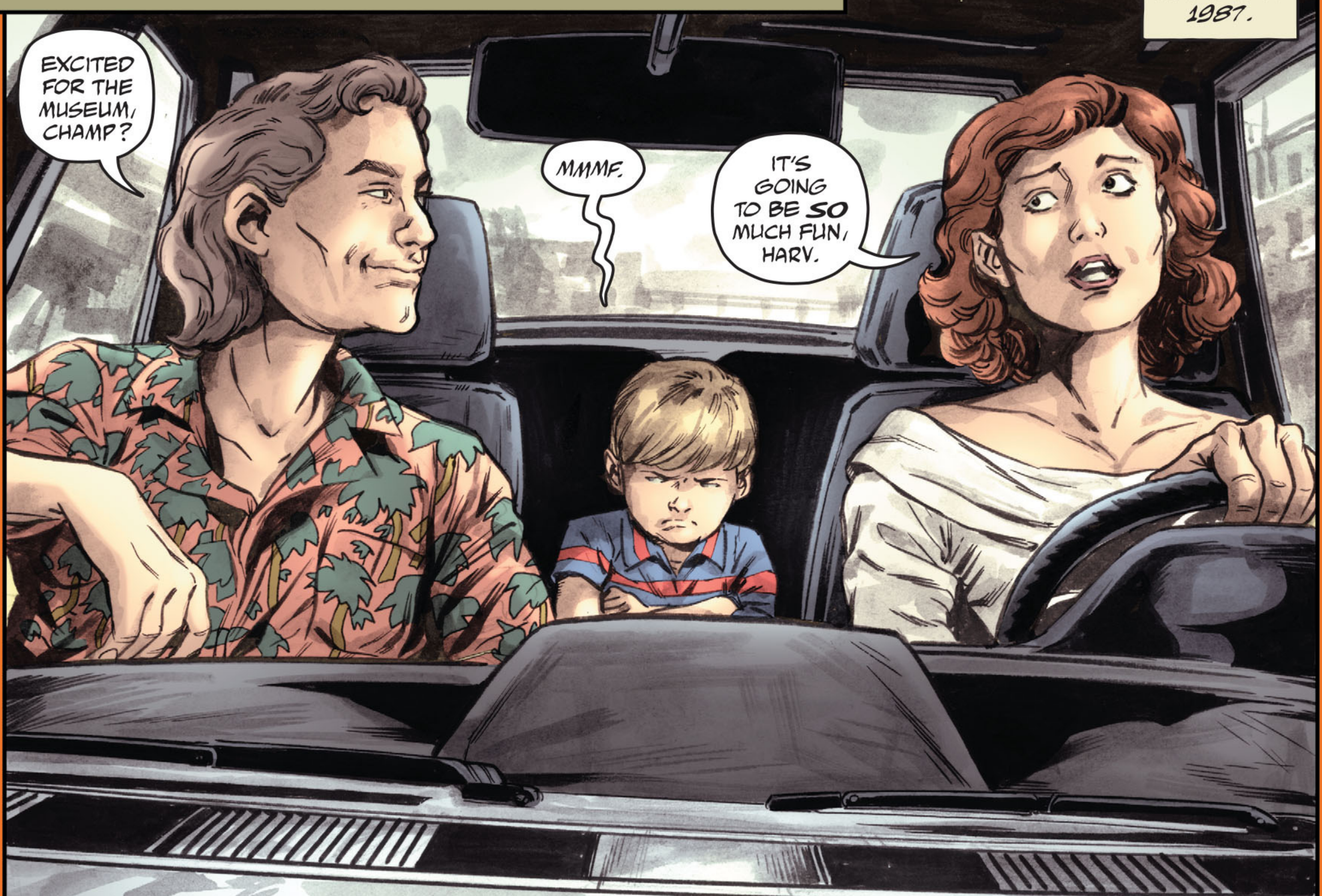
I'LL BREAK
MORE THAN
THAT.



ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?
ARE YA?

YOU KNOW I'M ONLY
LOOKING OUT FOR
YOU, HARVEY.

LEXINGTON,
KENTUCKY.
1987.



EXCITED
FOR THE
MUSEUM,
CHAMP?

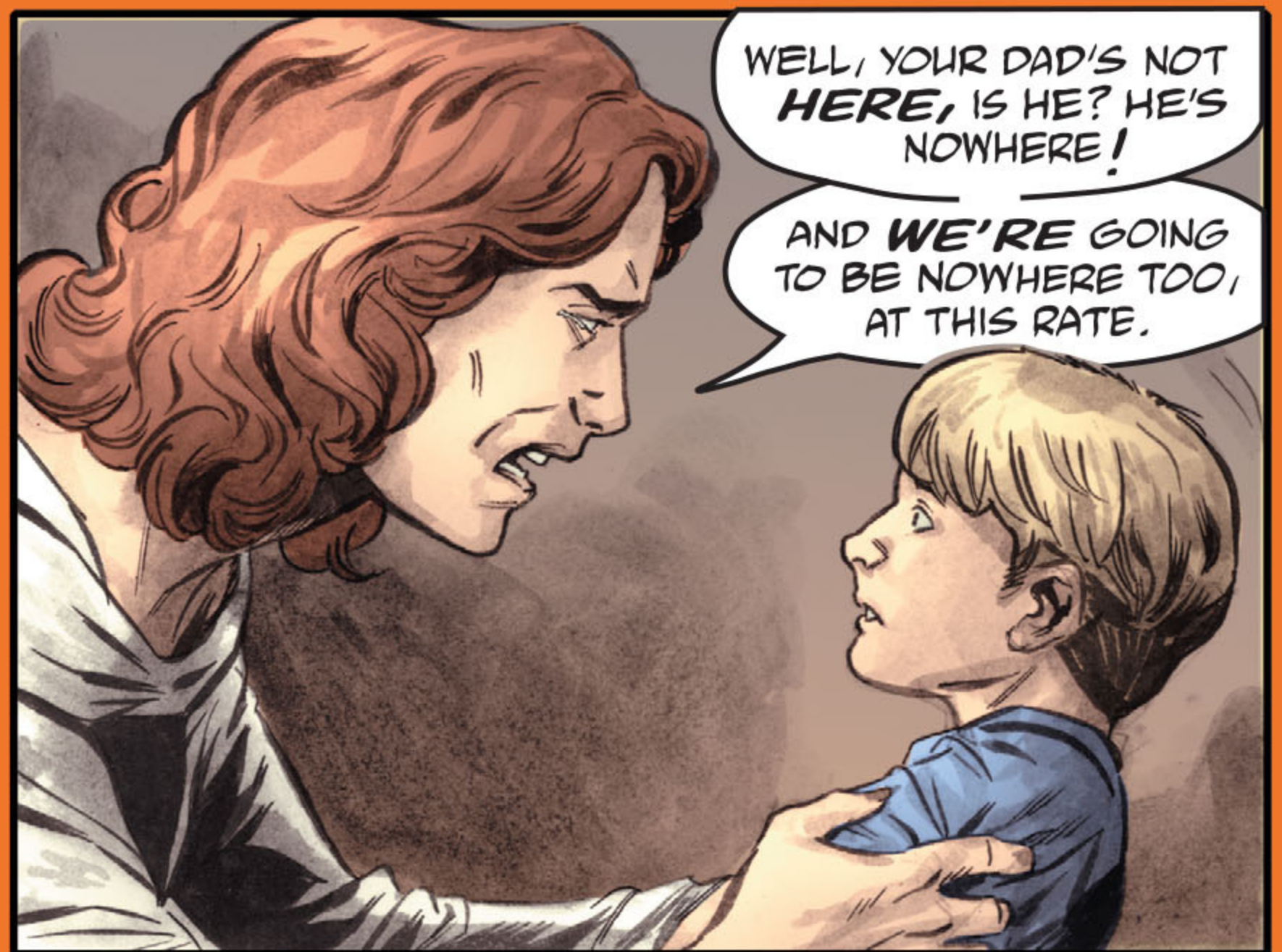
MMMF.

IT'S
GOING
TO BE SO
MUCH FUN,
HARV.



HARVEY LISKER!
GIVE HIM A CHANCE.
RICK IS A **LOVELY**
MAN, WHO IS BEING
VERY KIND
TO US.

HE'S
NOT MY
DAD!



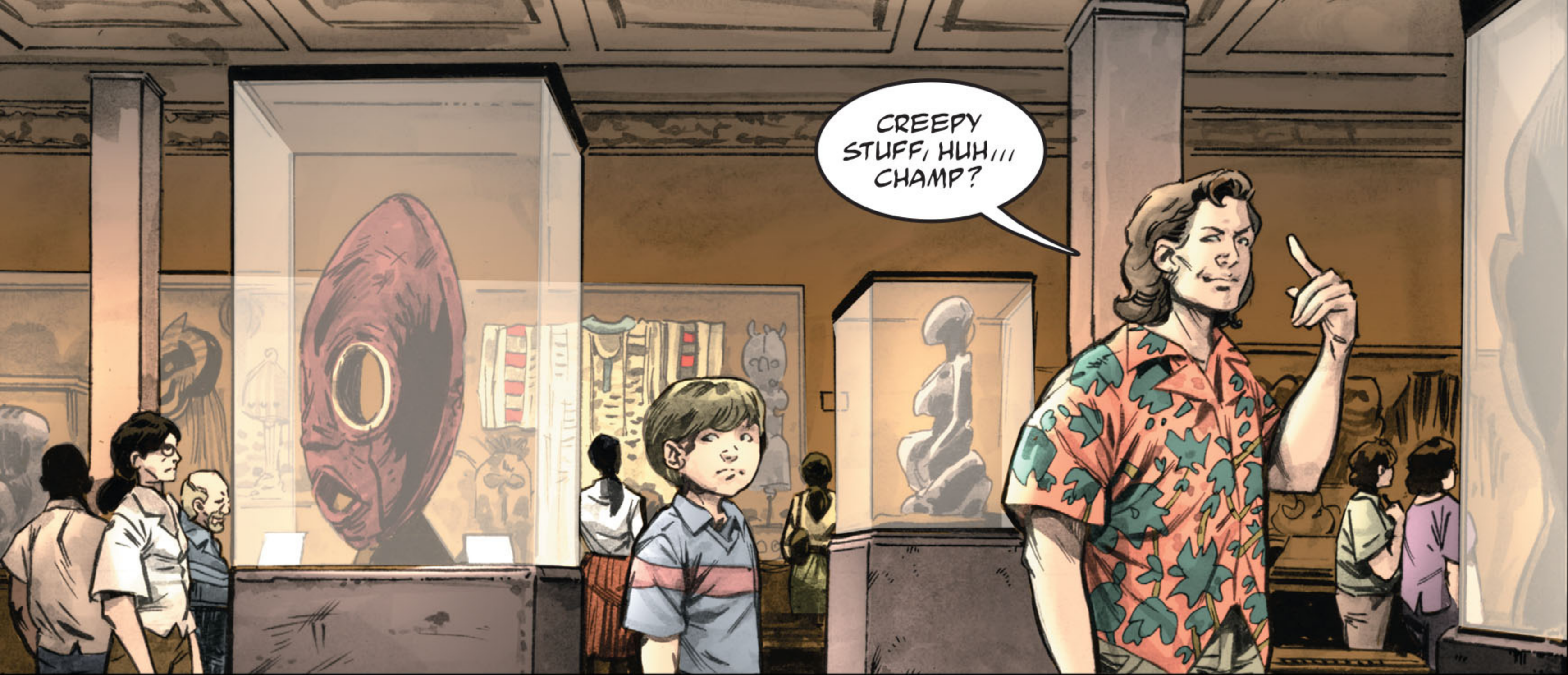
WELL, YOUR DAD'S NOT
HERE, IS HE? HE'S
NOWHERE!

AND **WE'RE** GOING
TO BE NOWHERE TOO,
AT THIS RATE.



OH
HONEY,
TRY
TO BE NICE,
OKAY?

I'M
GOING
TO THE
BATHROOM
TO CLEAN
UP.



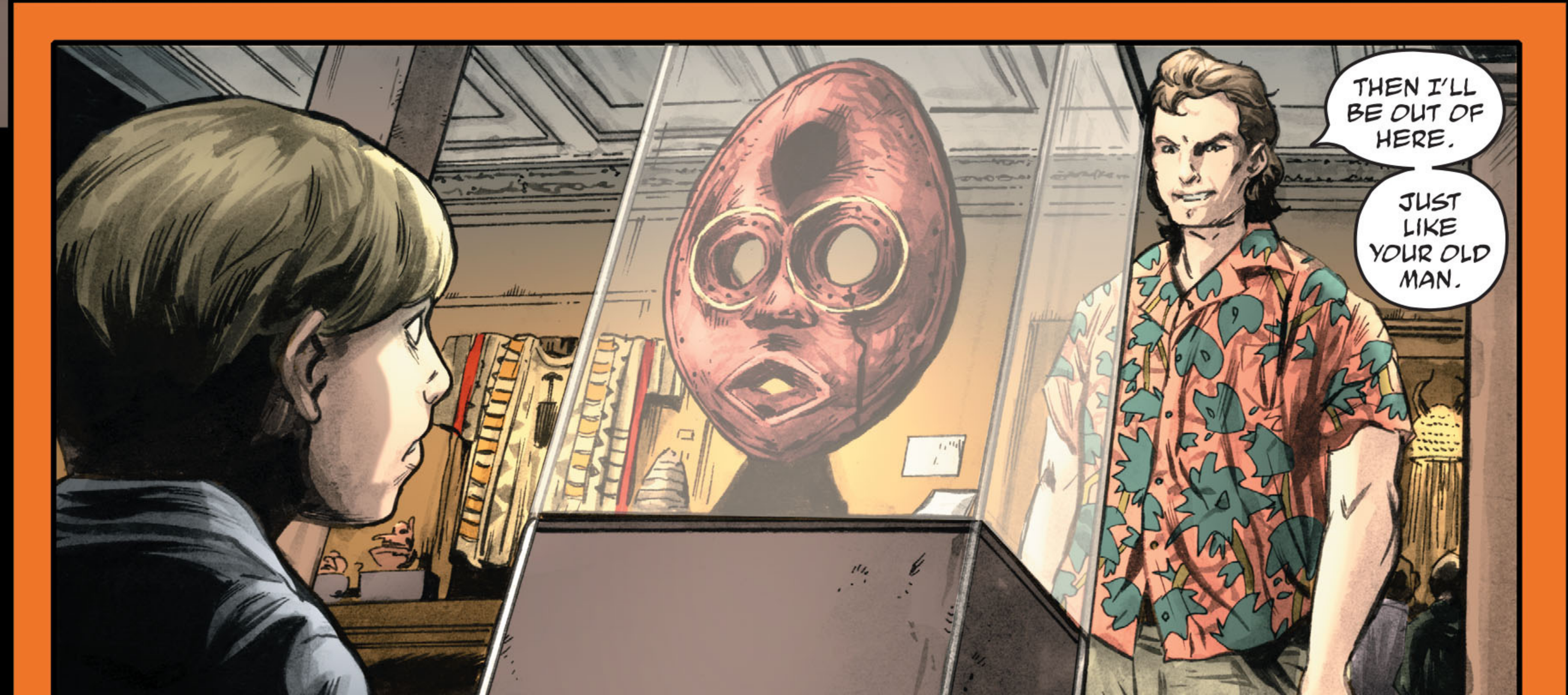
CREEPY
STUFF, HUH,///
CHAMP?



LET ME TELL
YOU SOMETHING, LITTLE
MAN. WE **ALL** WEAR
MASKS.

TAKE ME FOR
INSTANCE. I'M WEARING
THIS MASK LIKE I
GIVE A SHIT
ABOUT YOUR MOM.

BUT I'M
JUST FUCKING
HER TILL SOMEONE
BETTER COMES
ALONG.



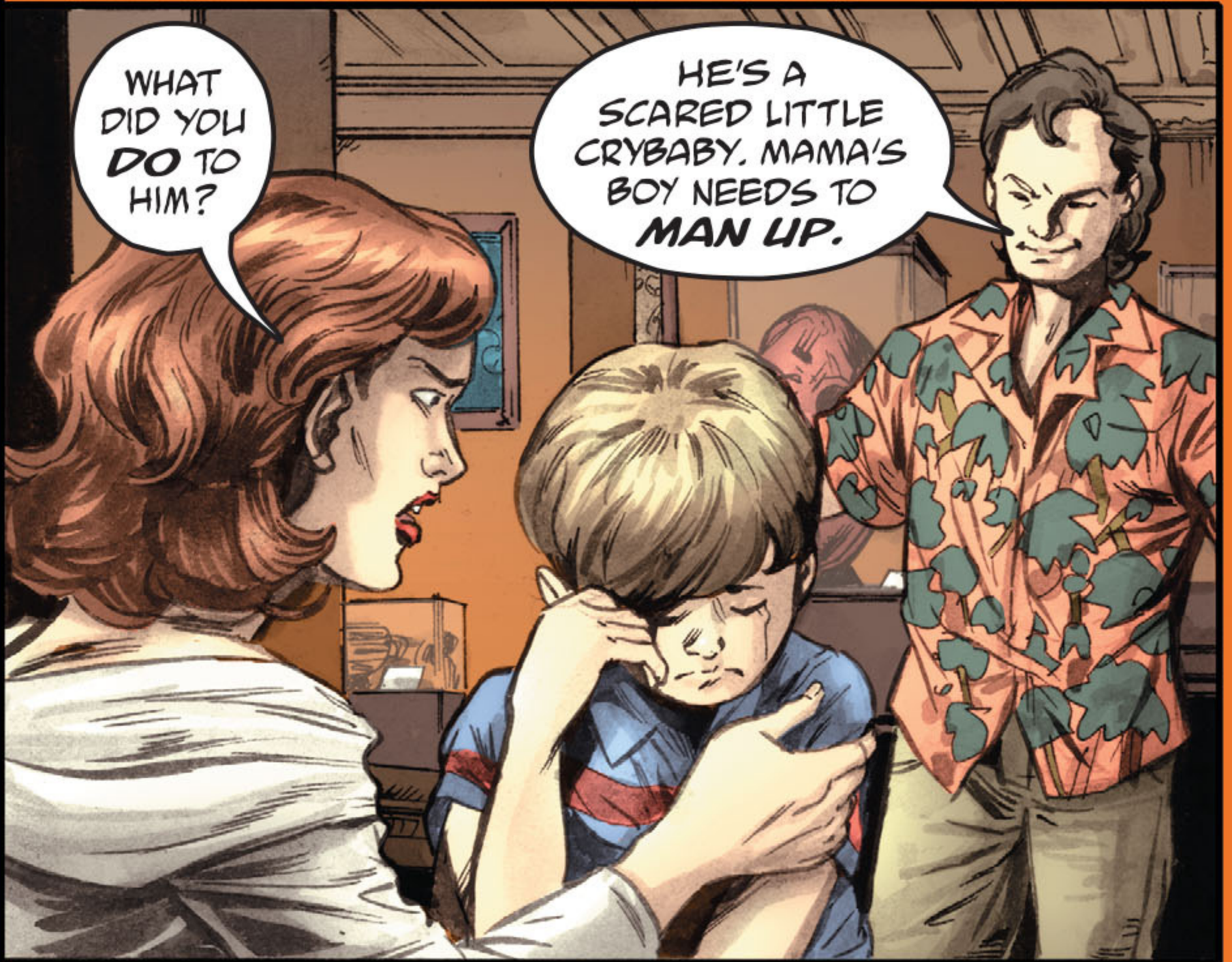
THEN I'LL
BE OUT OF
HERE.

JUST
LIKE
YOUR OLD
MAN.



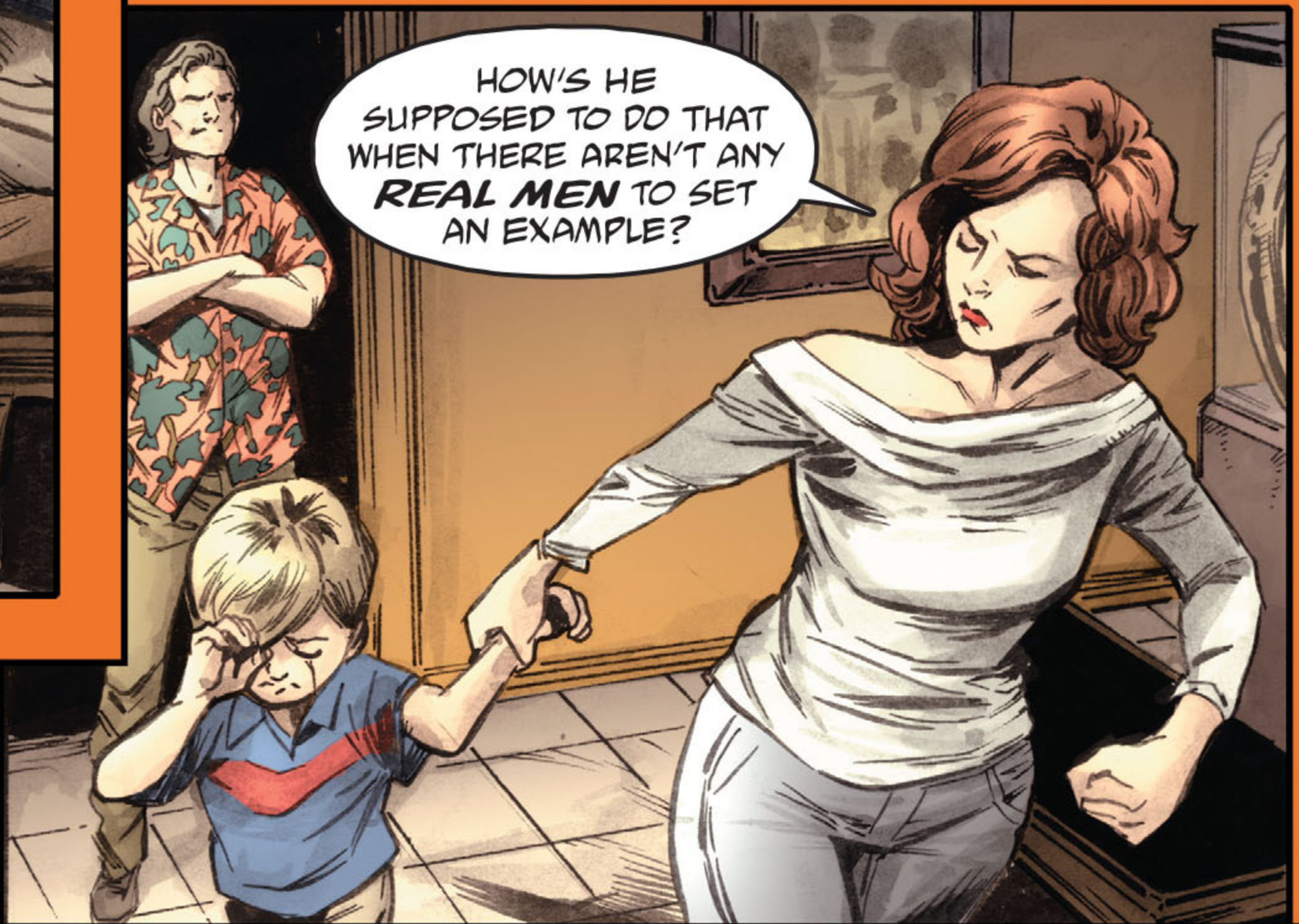
HEY NOW, HARV, IT'S OKAY. IT'S OKAY.

UH--
HAH--UH--
HAH--UH--
HAH.

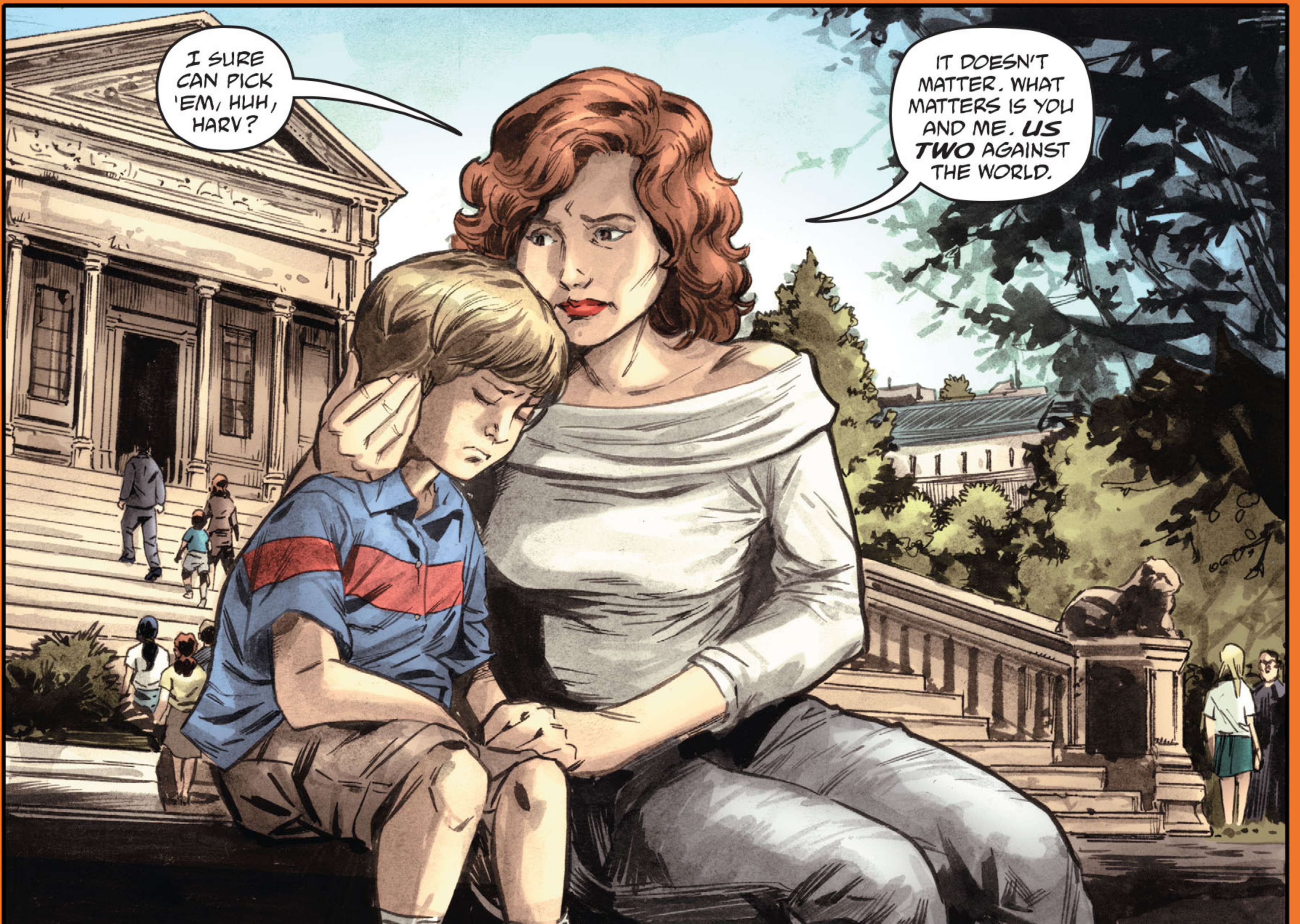


WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?

HE'S A SCARED LITTLE CRYBABY. MAMA'S BOY NEEDS TO MAN UP.



HOW'S HE SUPPOSED TO DO THAT WHEN THERE AREN'T ANY **REAL MEN** TO SET AN EXAMPLE?



I SURE CAN PICK 'EM, HUH, HARV?

IT DOESN'T MATTER. WHAT MATTERS IS YOU AND ME. **US TWO** AGAINST THE WORLD.



BOTTOM OF THE NINTH! BASES LOADED! FULL COUNT! IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THIS PITCH.

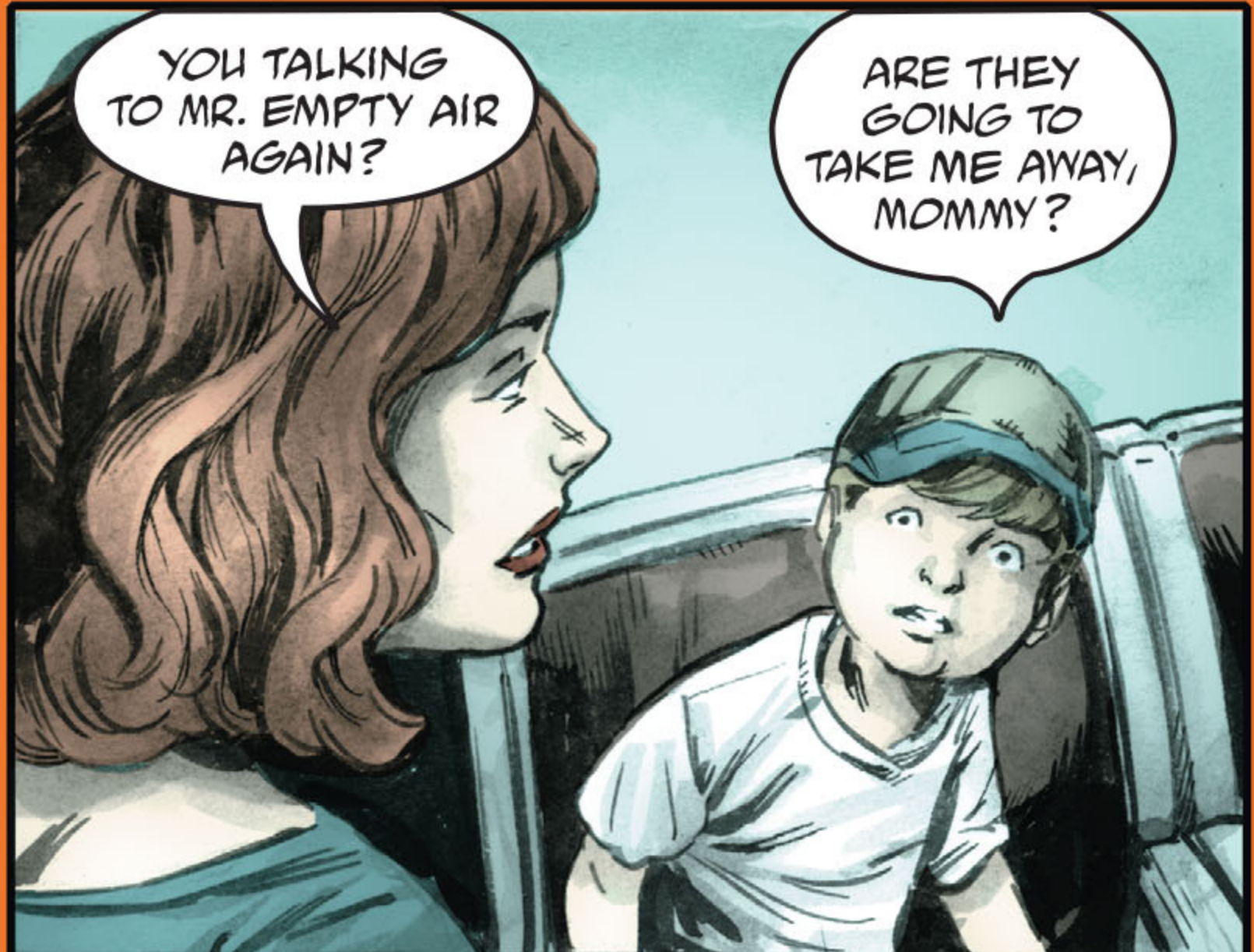


WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, HARV?

NO ONE. EMPTY AIR.



AND THEN HE KARATE CHOPS HIM **IN THE FACE** AND AIRFOX COMES TO THE RESCUE AND SHOTS EVERYONE **DEAD** AND...



YOU TALKING TO MR. EMPTY AIR AGAIN?

ARE THEY GOING TO TAKE ME AWAY, MOMMY?



OH, NO, BABY, THE COUNSELING WAS FOR **ME**.

AND I'M **JUST FINE**. I'M DANDY AND SO ARE YOU.



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO **THAT** TO THAT ALICE GIRL!

KEEP TELLING YOURSELF, CHAMP.

THEY MAKE IT WORSE. IT'S NOT GOING TO GO AWAY TILL WE **KILL THEM ALL**.

WEST HOLLYWOOD.

I TEACH A COURSE ON VIDEO GAME HISTORY. YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME ON THIS.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WEIRDER. THAT THEY TEACH VIDEO GAMES AT COLLEGE NOW OR THAT YOU'VE GOT ME BUYING INTO THIS.

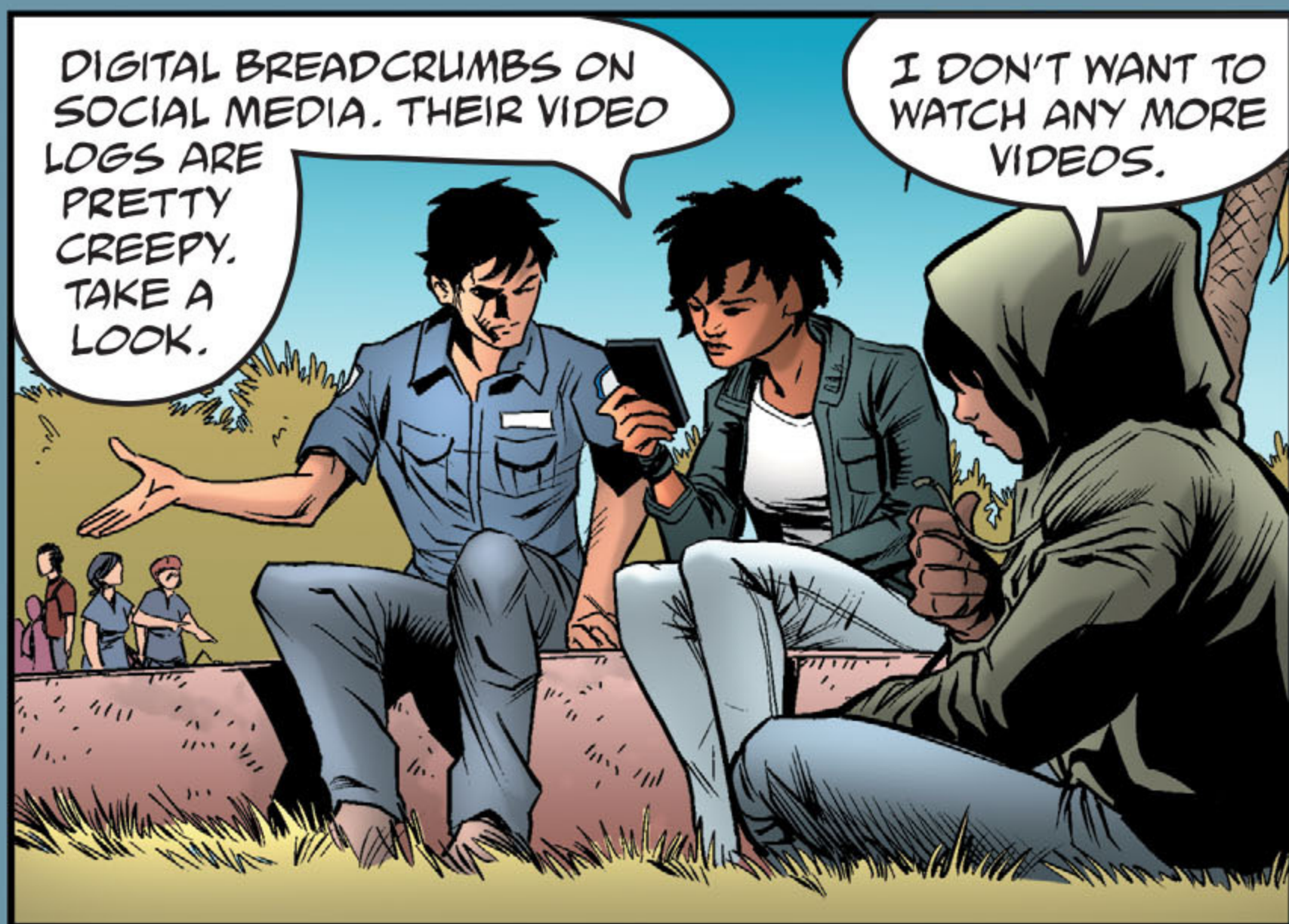
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS EVER SEEN IT, PLAYED IT, AND UNTIL NOW, I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS EVER MADE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN HAPPY HERO TOAST AND AKHERON.

GEEFORCE MUST KNOW WHERE THE GAME DEVELOPERS ARE. HE SAID HE WOULD TAKE ME THERE.



WELL, I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU BACK IN THE WARD TO ASK HIM.

WE GOT ANY OTHER LEADS?



DIGITAL BREADCRUMBS ON SOCIAL MEDIA. THEIR VIDEO LOGS ARE PRETTY CREEPY. TAKE A LOOK.

I DON'T WANT TO WATCH ANY MORE VIDEOS.



HEY, INDIE FANS, HERE WE ARE IN OUR SEKRIT RETREAT! THREE WEEKS TILL WE GO LIVE AND BLOW YOUR MINDS!

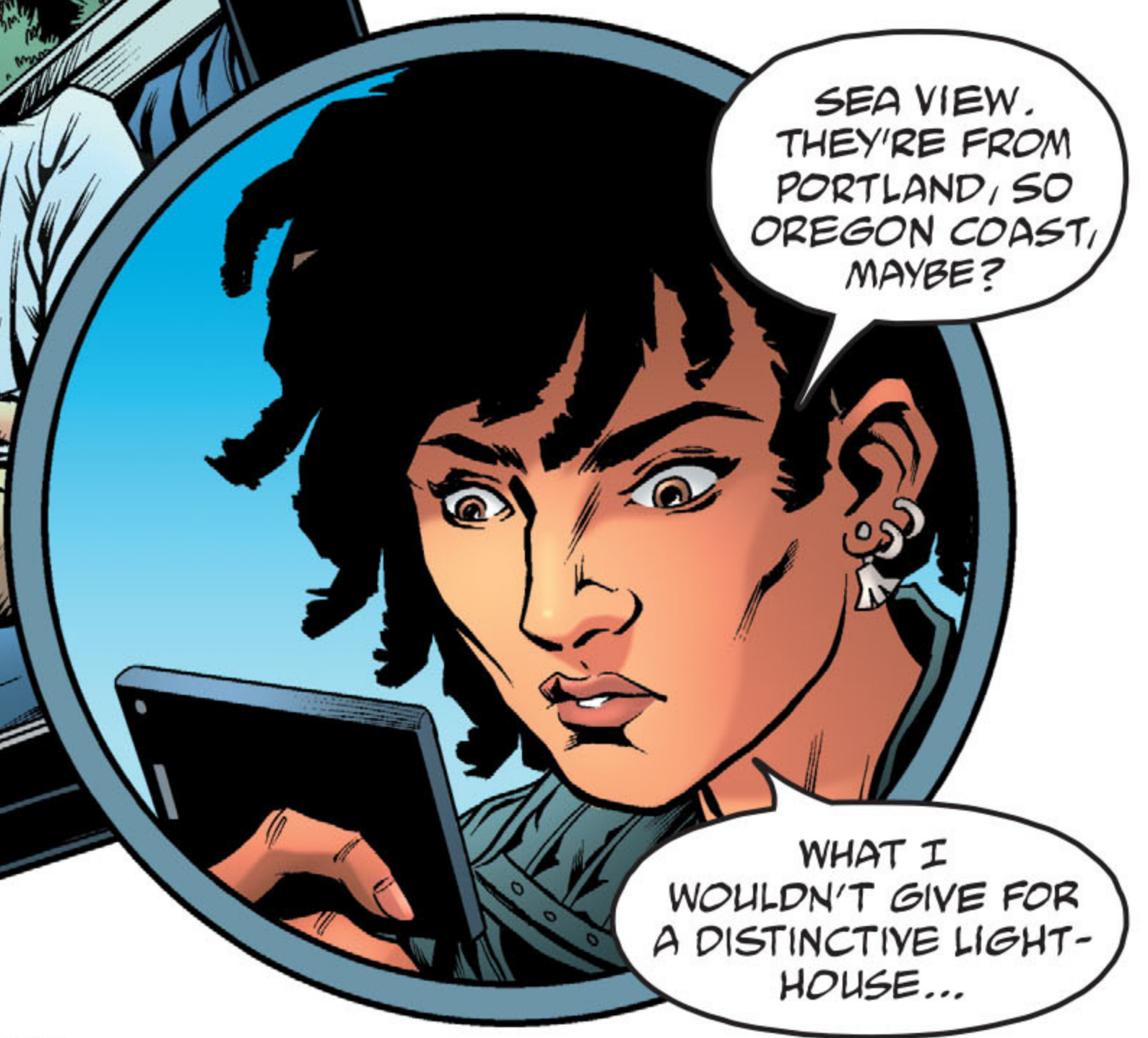
CHRIS, GET YOUR DAMN DOG OUT OF HERE!

HIS BARK'S WORSE THAN YOUR BYTES.

Tuesday: 21 days to launch

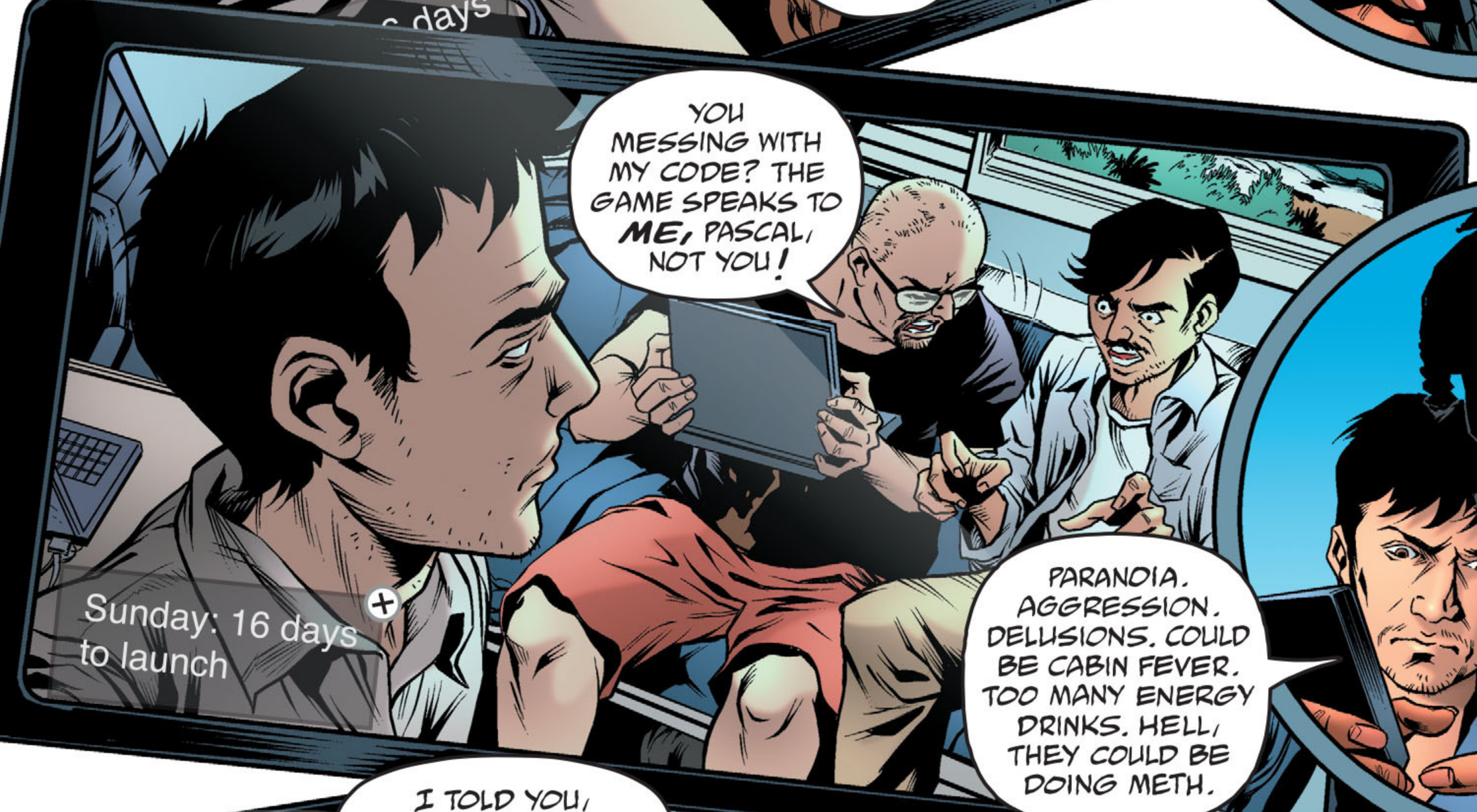


YAWN
CRACKED
WHAT?



SEA VIEW.
THEY'RE FROM
PORTLAND, SO
OREGON COAST,
MAYBE?

WHAT I
WOULDN'T GIVE FOR
A DISTINCTIVE LIGHT-
HOUSE...



YOU
MESSING WITH
MY CODE? THE
GAME SPEAKS TO
ME, PASCAL,
NOT YOU!

PARANOIA.
AGGRESSION.
DELLUSIONS. COULD
BE CABIN FEVER.
TOO MANY ENERGY
DRINKS. HELL,
THEY COULD BE
DOING METH.



Sunday: 16 days
to launch



I TOLD YOU,
THIS ISN'T WHAT THE
GAME WANTS!
HAAAAHA

CH-CH-ILL
OUT, JODY.

Sunday: 16 days
to launch



IT'S CRAWLED
INTO THEIR HEADS.
IT'S MAKING THEM
BUG OUT.



HAAAAHA

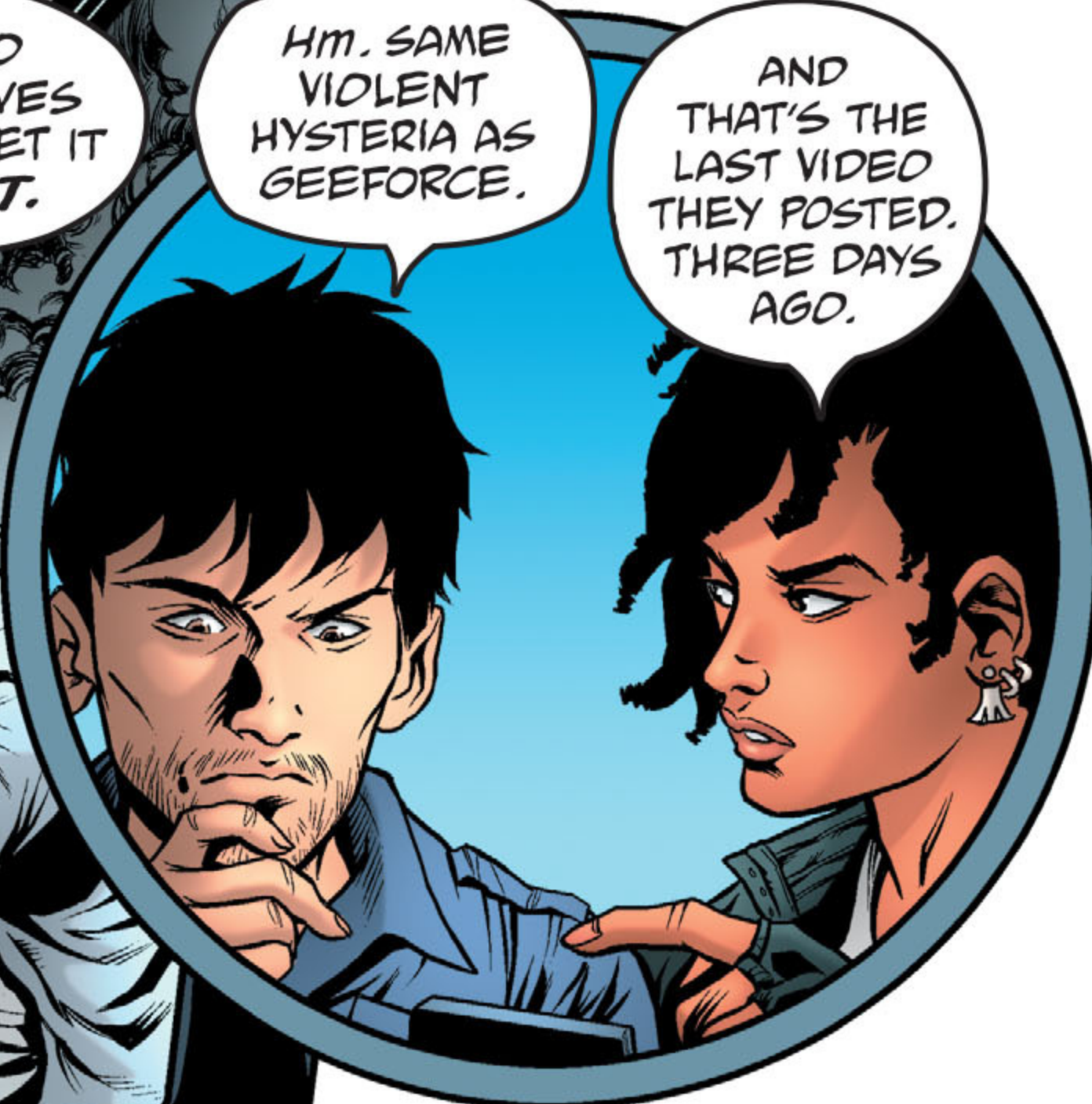
THE
GAME CHOSE
ME.

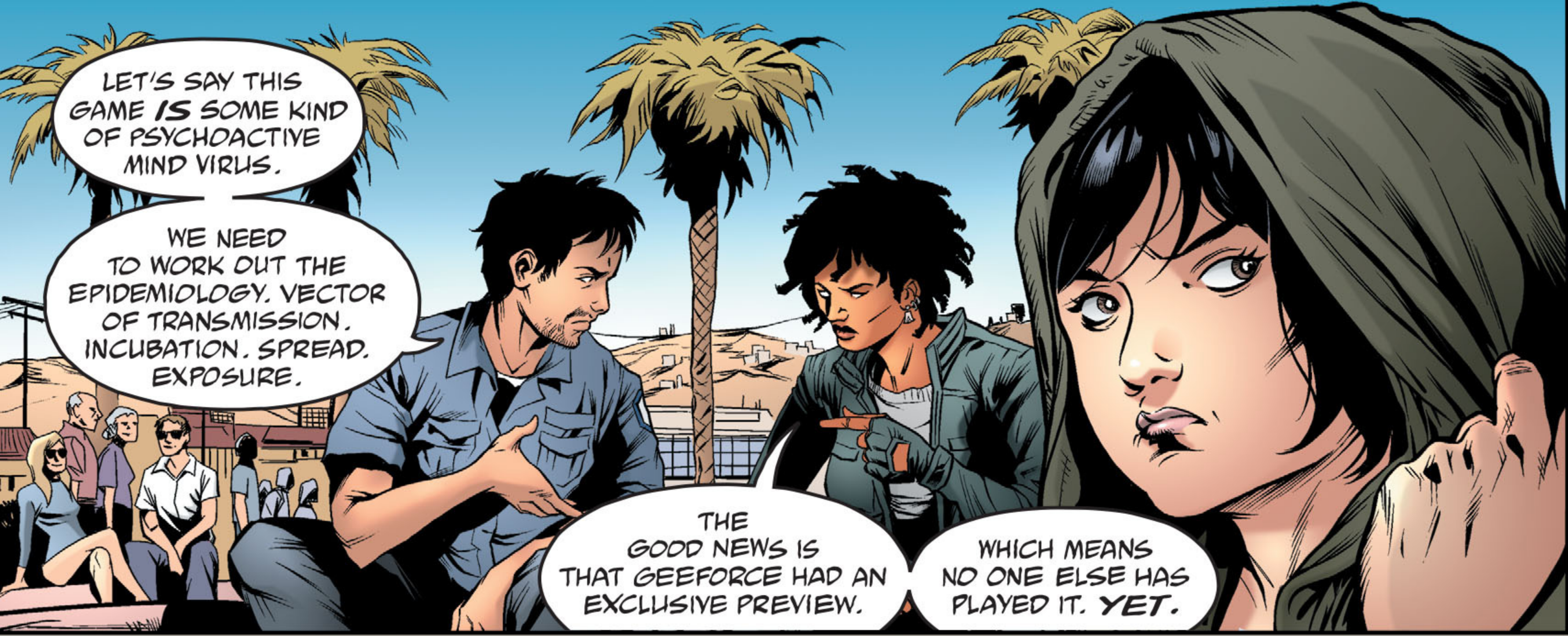
AND NO
ONE LEAVES
TILL WE GET IT
RIGHT.

Hm. SAME
VIOLENT
HYSTERIA AS
GEEFORCE.

AND
THAT'S THE
LAST VIDEO
THEY POSTED.
THREE DAYS
AGO.

Sunday: 16 days
to launch





LET'S SAY THIS GAME IS SOME KIND OF PSYCHOACTIVE MIND VIRUS.

WE NEED TO WORK OUT THE EPIDEMIOLOGY. VECTOR OF TRANSMISSION. INCUBATION. SPREAD. EXPOSURE.

THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT GEEFORCE HAD AN EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW.

WHICH MEANS NO ONE ELSE HAS PLAYED IT. YET.



WHAT IF YOU BORROWED HIS PHONE? FOR FIVE MINUTES?

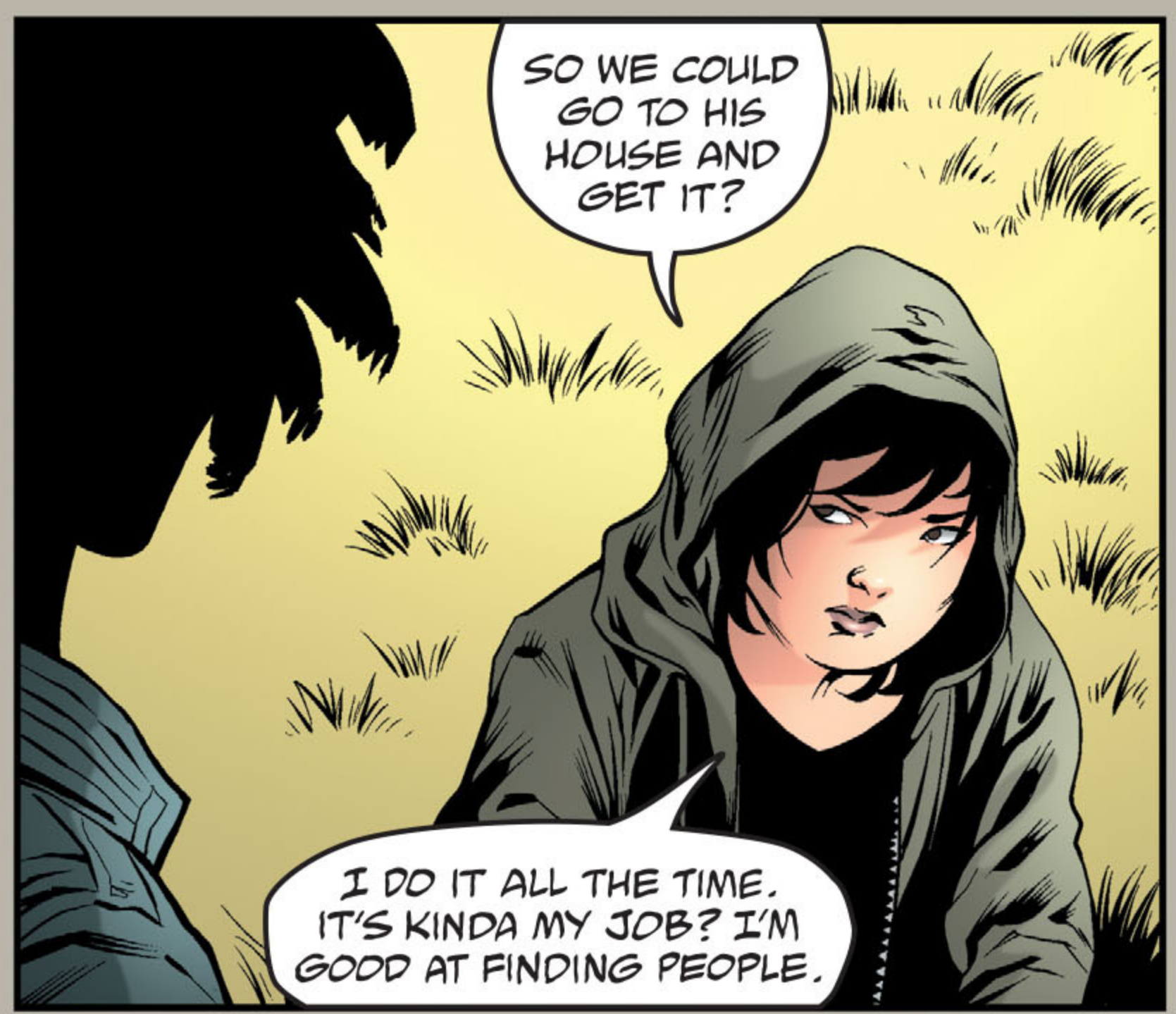
NO, ABSOLUTELY NOT.



OR WE COULD GET HOLD OF HIS COMPUTER?



IT'S NOT LIKE HE HAD IT AT THE HOSPITAL, KIRI.



SO WE COULD GO TO HIS HOUSE AND GET IT?

I DO IT ALL THE TIME. IT'S KINDA MY JOB? I'M GOOD AT FINDING PEOPLE.



OH GREAT. NOW YOU'RE GONNA ADD BREAKING AND ENTERING?

I THINK THAT'S THE LEAST OF OUR WORRIES.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME ALONG, BUT CAN YOU GET US HIS ADDRESS?

Um. I ALREADY DID?

IT WAS WRITTEN ON HIS CHART.

THE LARGO THEATER.

"FRITEFEST 5."

MOVIE SCREENINGS! MERCH! MEET YOUR FAVE HORROR STARS!

FRITEFEST 5



OMG! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY YOU! MUSKAGEE'S LIKE MY ALL-TIME FAVORITE MOVIE.

EXCEPT NUMBER FOUR. THAT WAS SHIT.

Um. THAT'S NOT MY PHOTO.

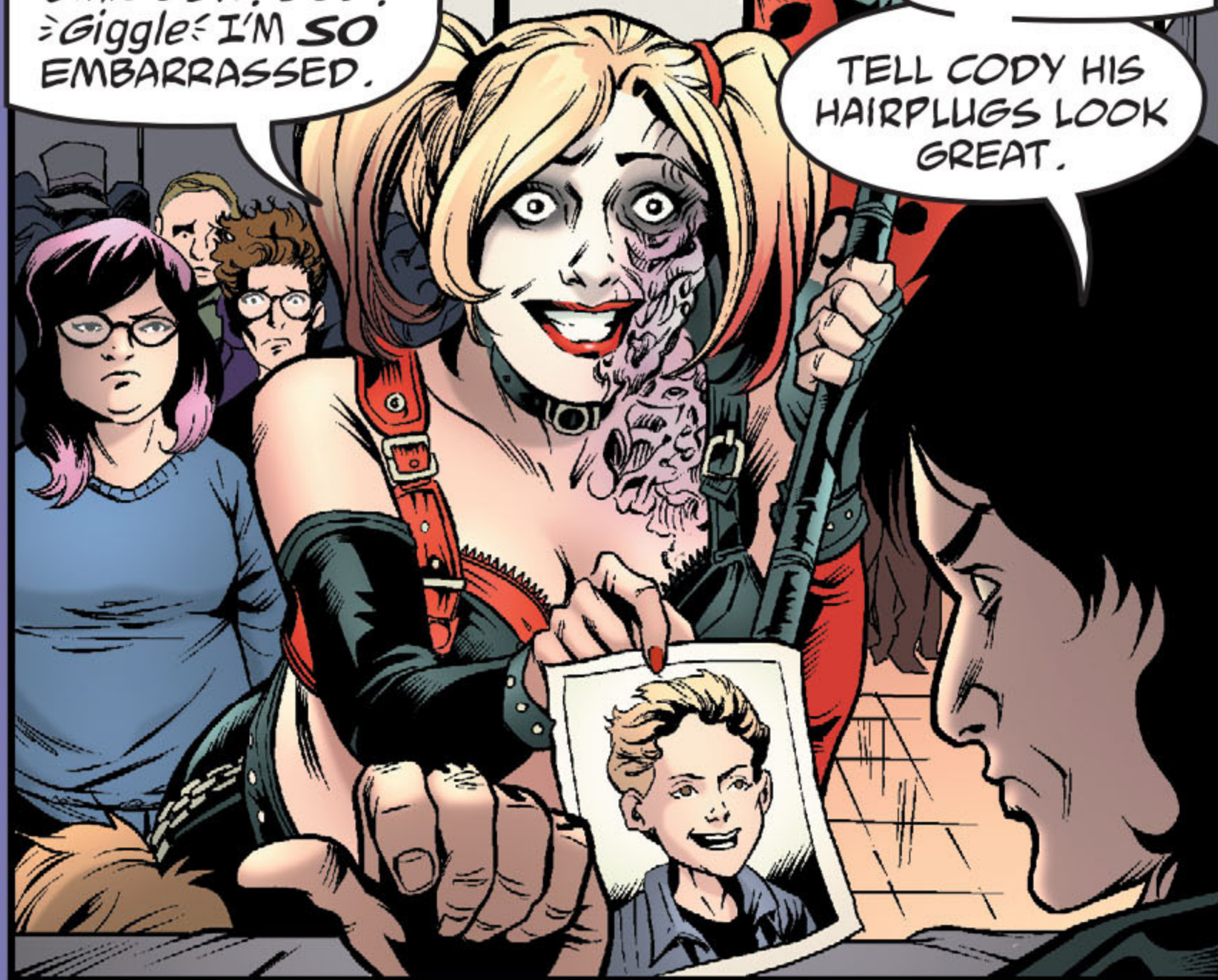
I'M THE REAL GUY. YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE ACTOR WHO PLAYED ME IN THE MOVIE.



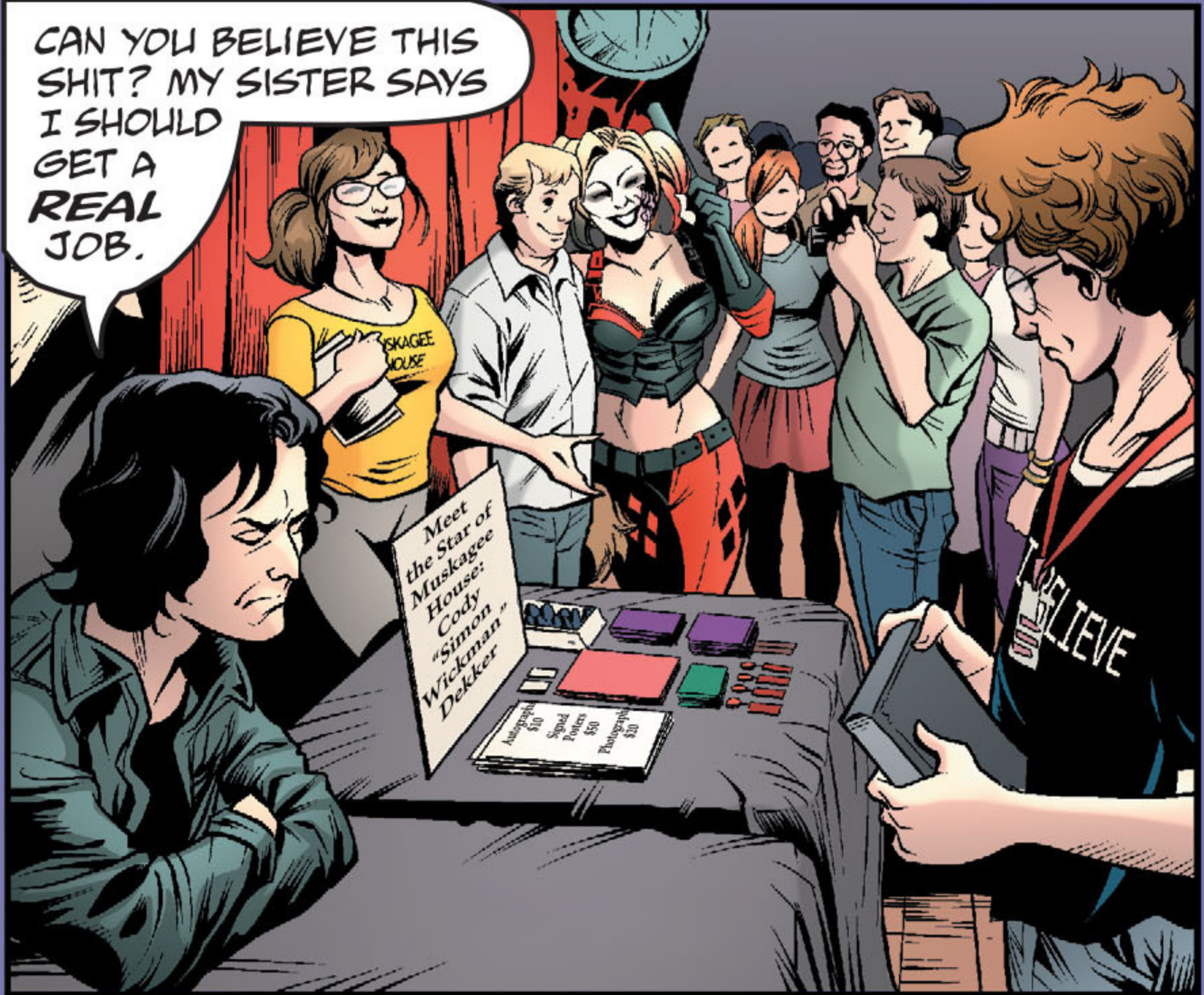
OMIGOSH! SOZ! >Giggle< I'M SO EMBARRASSED.

NEXT TABLE.

TELL CODY HIS HAIRPLUGS LOOK GREAT.

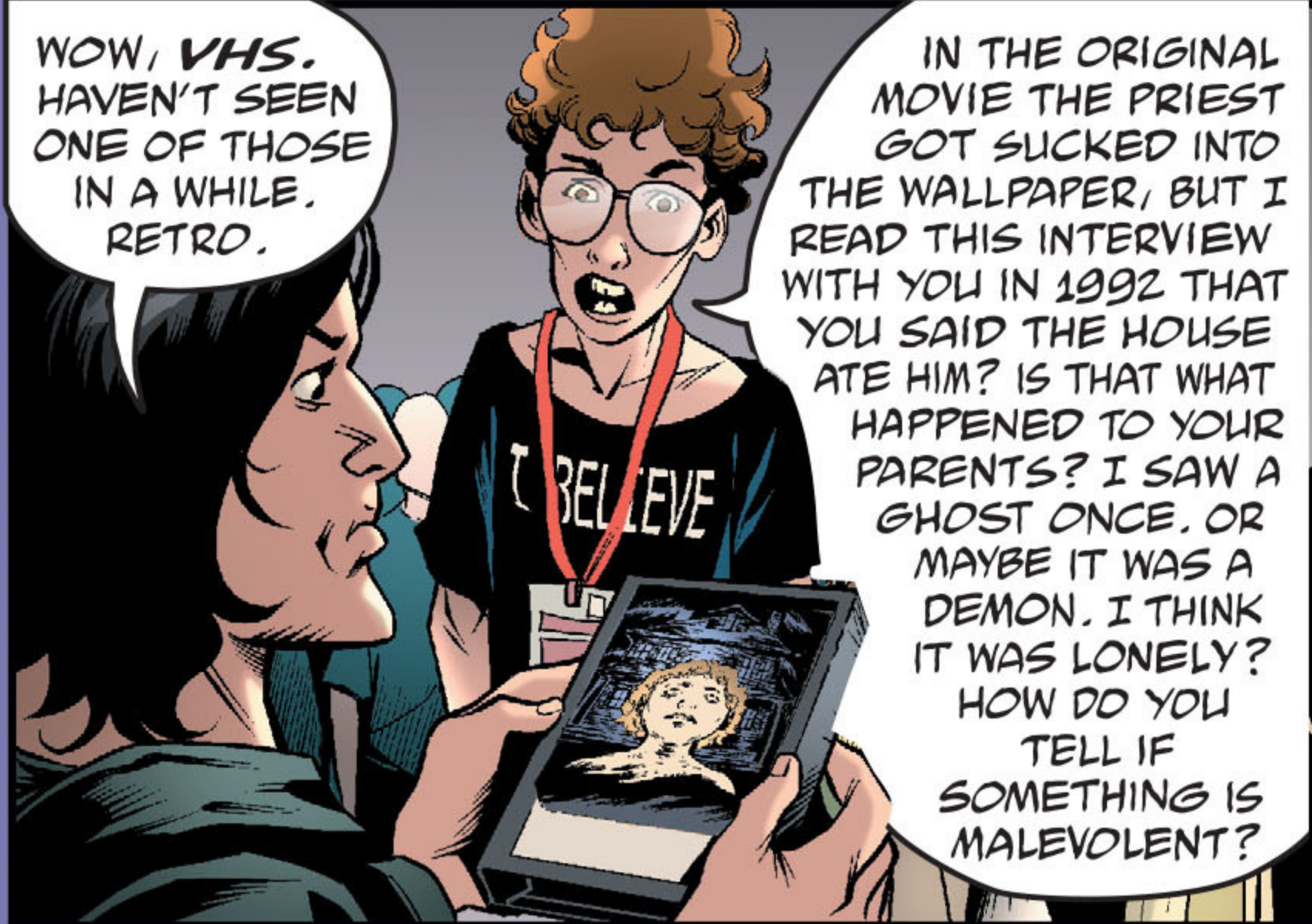


CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS SHIT? MY SISTER SAYS I SHOULD GET A REAL JOB.



WOW, VHS. HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THOSE IN A WHILE. RETRO.

IN THE ORIGINAL MOVIE THE PRIEST GOT SUCKED INTO THE WALLPAPER, BUT I READ THIS INTERVIEW WITH YOU IN 1992 THAT YOU SAID THE HOUSE ATE HIM? IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PARENTS? I SAW A GHOST ONCE. OR MAYBE IT WAS A DEMON. I THINK IT WAS LONELY? HOW DO YOU TELL IF SOMETHING IS MALEVOLENT?



HEY, HEY, EASY. I GOTTA SAVE SOMETHING FOR THE TELL-ALL MEMOIR.

THERE WE GO. THIS ONE'S ON "THE HOUSE."





EXCUSE ME, ARE YOU--?

FRIGHT FEST

MEET SIMON WICKMAN HERE!

5 TALES OF TERROR

ONLY CHILD COME ONT AND PLAY.



To: Alice

Horror con is... horrifying. Not worse than art tho.

Sorry about earlier. Was it something I said?



THE SIGNING WAS AT FOUR. IF YOU WANT AN AUTOGRAPH NOW, YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY ME ANOTHER DRINK.

MEET SIMON WICKMAN HERE!



I DON'T WANT AN AUTOGRAPH. I WANT TO TALK. I'M VERY INTERESTED IN YOU.

YOU AND ALL THE OTHER FREAKS. TELL YOU WHAT I **NEED** IS A TV SHOW.

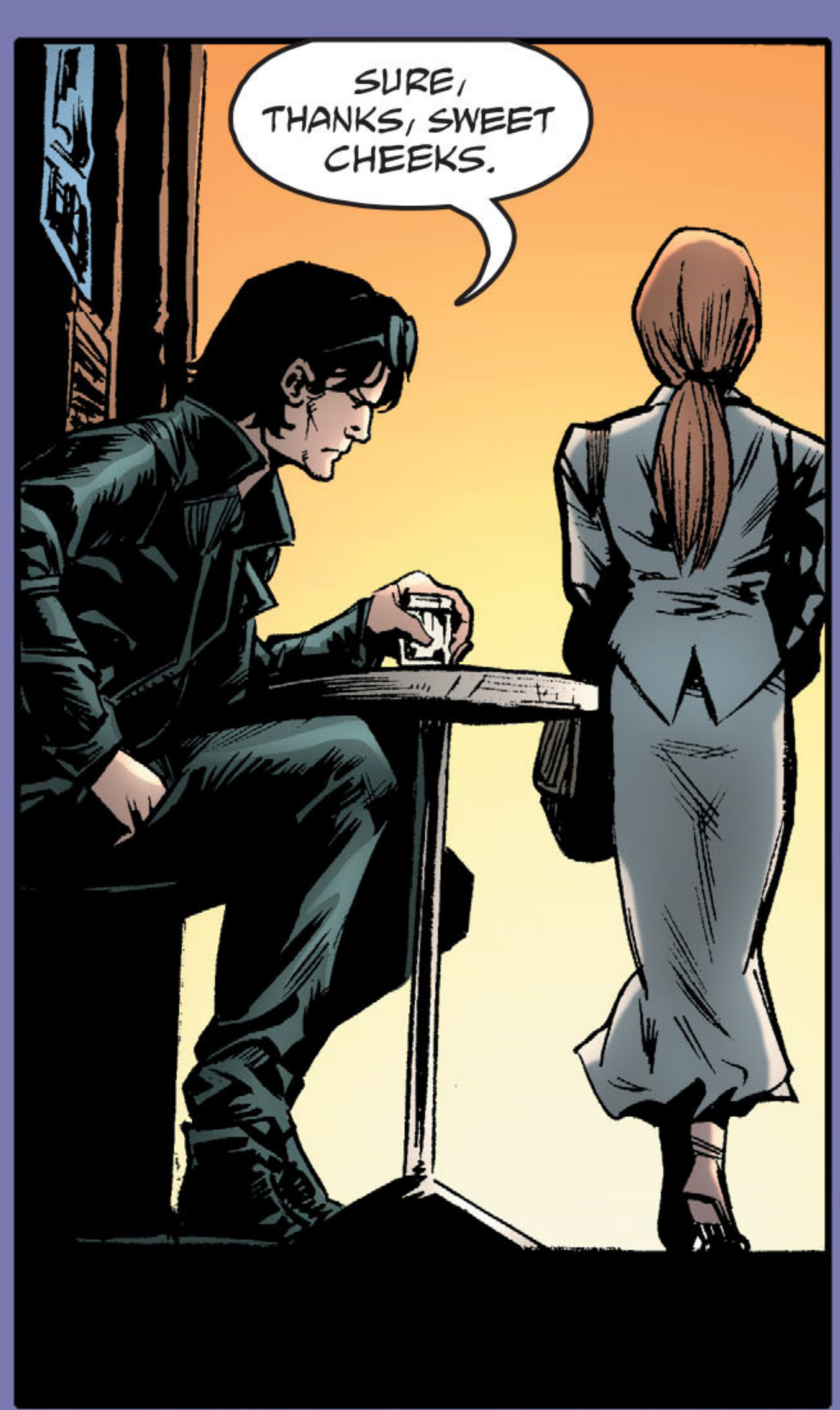


CAN YOU GIVE ME A TV SHOW, HONEY?

I CAN DO A LOT OF THINGS. CALL ME WHEN YOU SOBER UP.

MEET SIMON WICKMAN HERE!

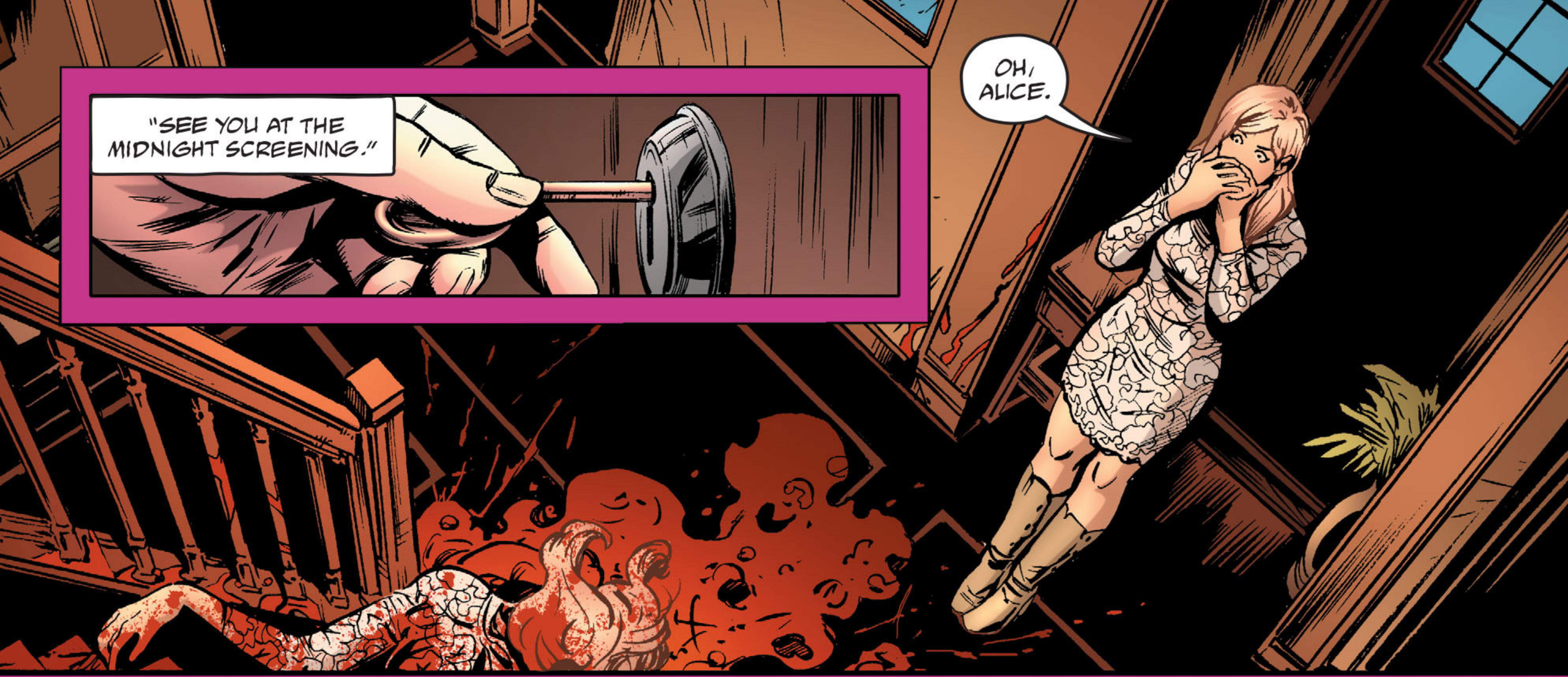
Abigail Rhea
555-670-2431



SURE, THANKS, SWEET CHEEKS.

"SEE YOU AT THE MIDNIGHT SCREENING."

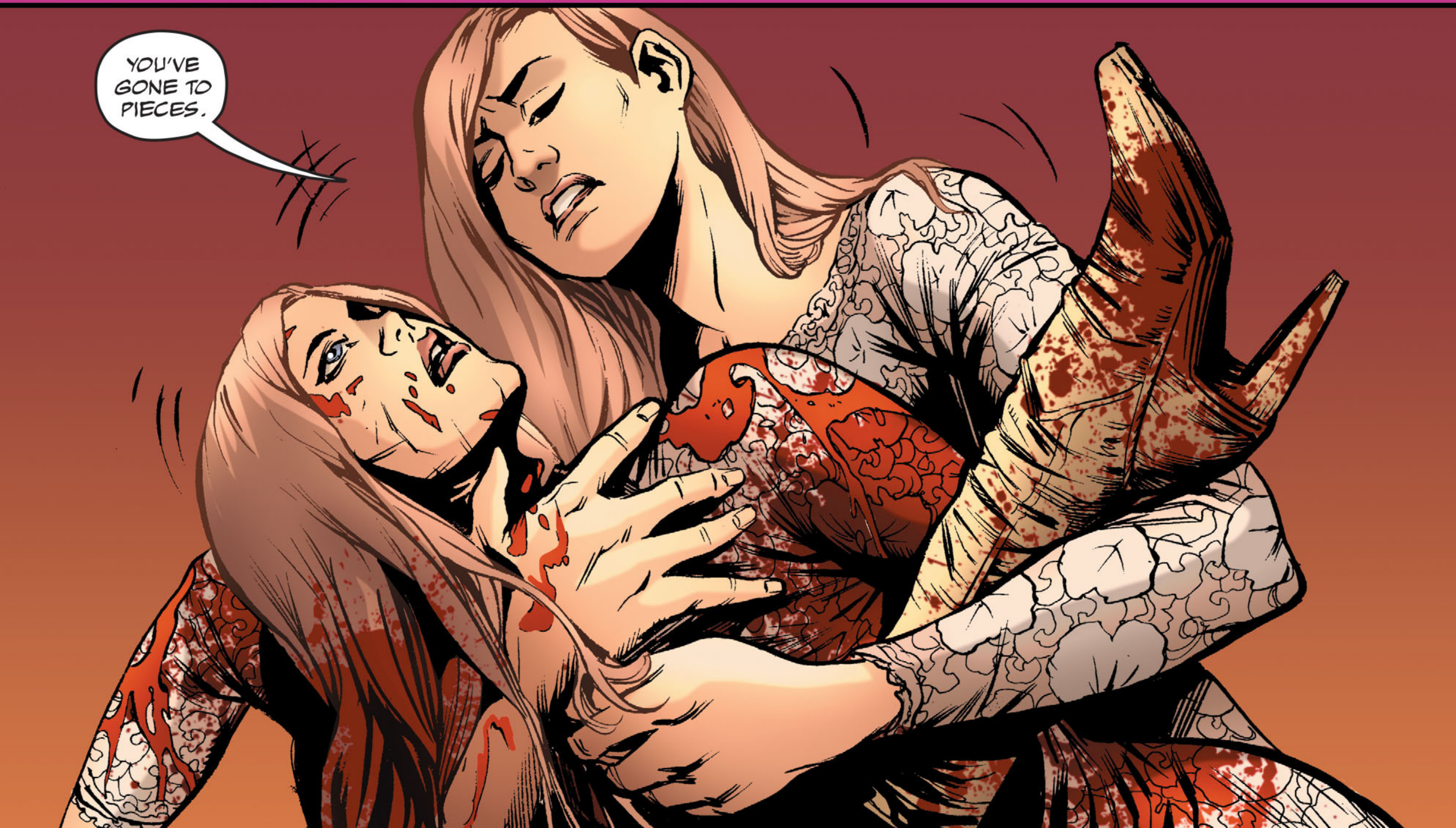
OH, ALICE.



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?



YOU'VE GONE TO PIECES.



I HATE
IT WHEN OTHER
PEOPLE PLAY WITH
MY TOYS.

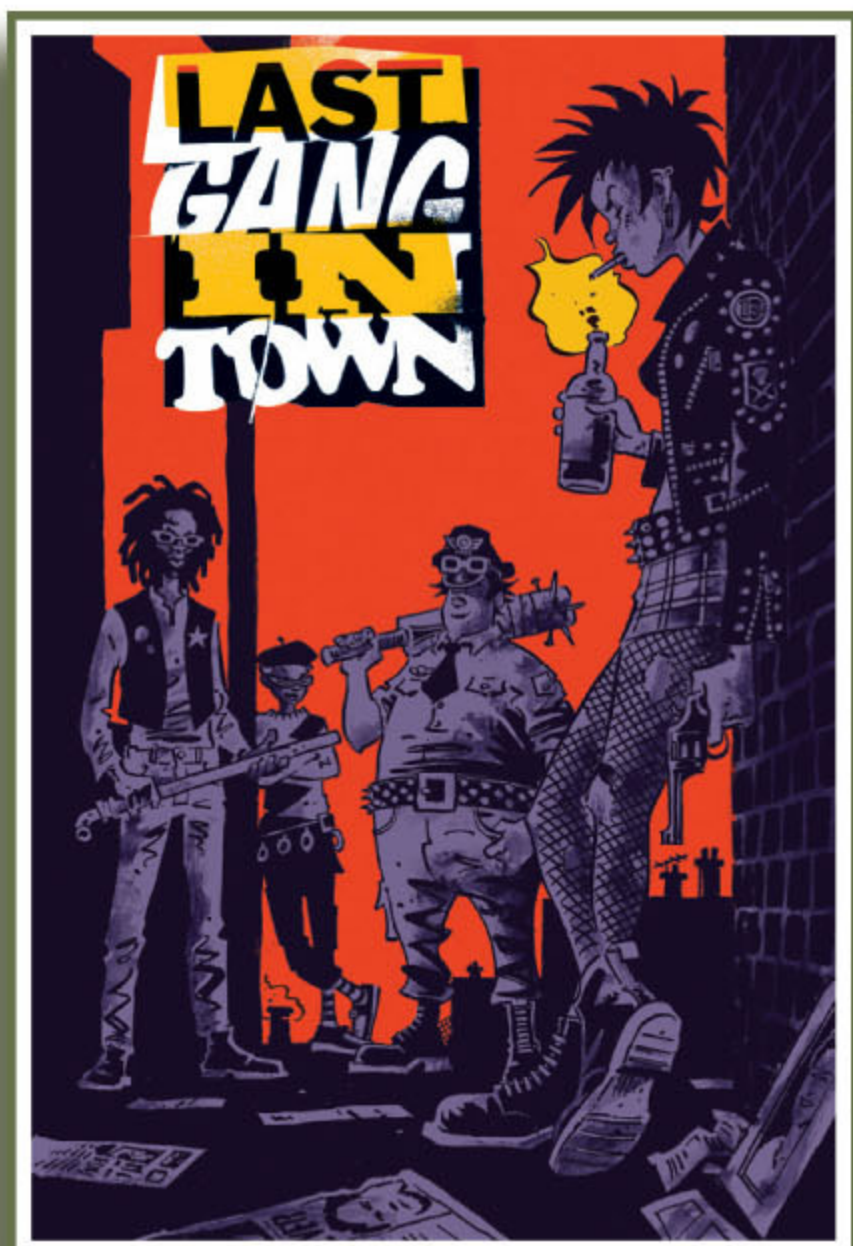
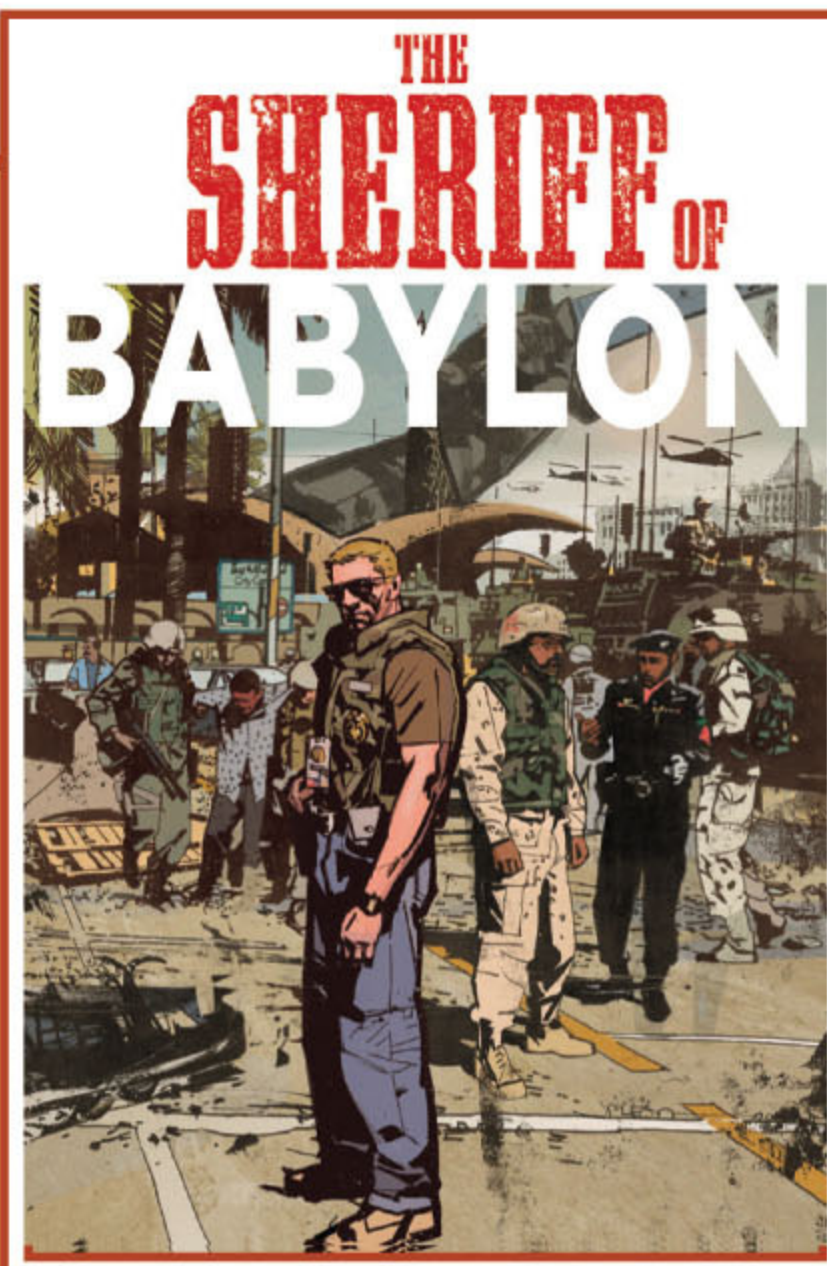
NEXT ISSUE:
ARCANE VIDEO
GAME ARCHAEOLOGY,
SIMON GETS AN
EXORCISM, KIRI REVEALS
A HIDDEN TALENT, AND
MR. EMPTY TAKES
MATTERS INTO HIS
OWN HANDS.

DESKTOP

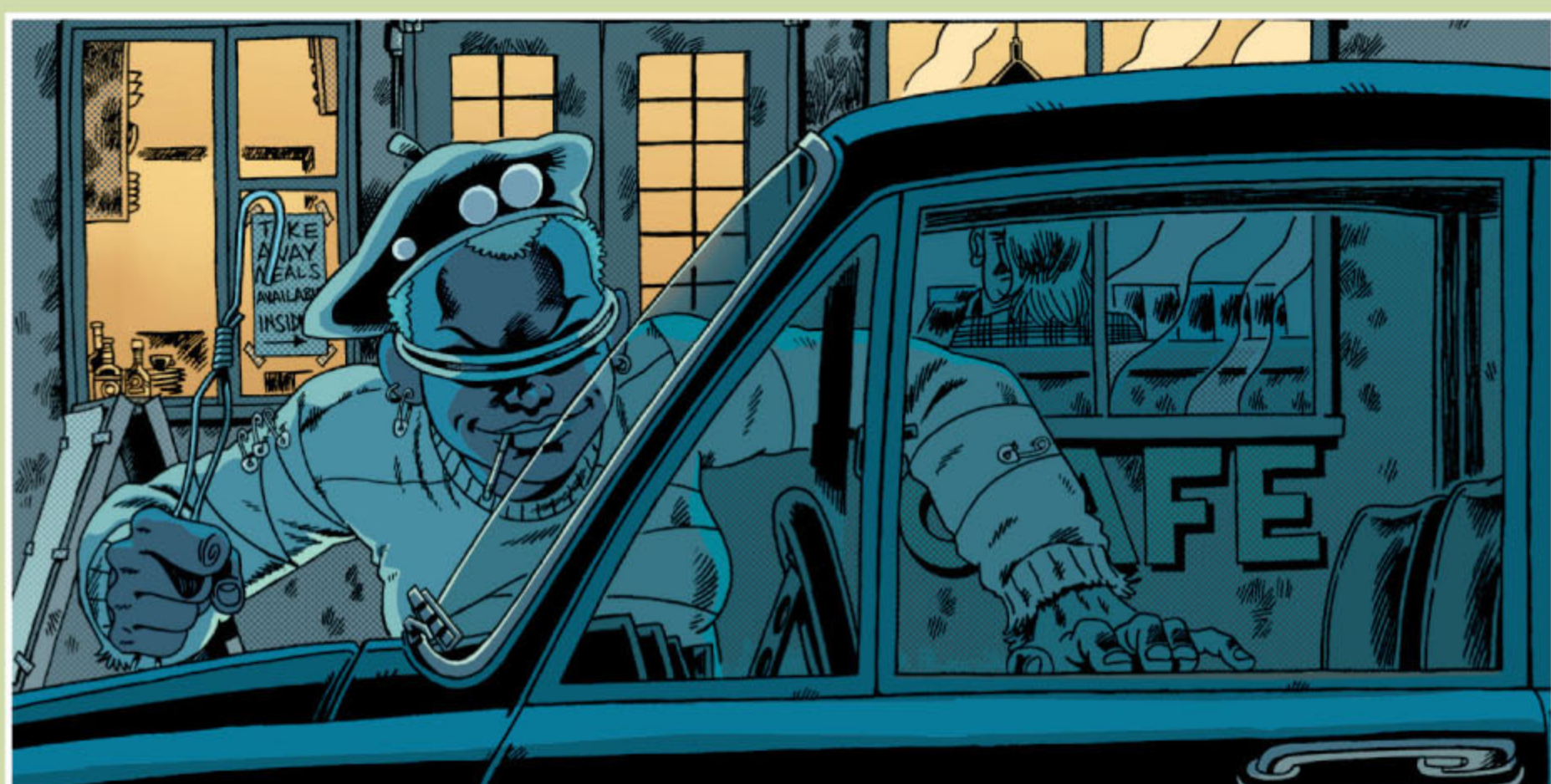


I first read the pitch for **THE SHERIFF OF BABYLON** in a hotel room in Sacramento, CA, the midway point between my former home in Portland and my new Vertigo office in Burbank, on my way to start this job. I immediately knew we had something special here. **Tom King's** character triptych read like *Justified* set in the blown-out backstreets of a society ravaged by war. It was a book that would require just the right artist, someone who could handle both human drama and military hardware. As soon as **Mitch Gerads'** name popped into my head, I couldn't imagine anyone else tackling Tom's script. Luckily, he read it and said yes! Things may not come together so easily for the cast of **THE SHERIFF OF BABYLON**, but they certainly worked out for us.

JAMIE S. RICH, SENIOR EDITOR



We're capping off 2015 with a bang with the appropriately titled **LAST GANG IN TOWN**. Vertigo veteran **Simon Oliver** and *2000 AD* alum **Rufus Dayglo** are paired for this decades-spanning, punk-fueled caper, and it's sure to get everyone on board with my favorite rising genre: geriation! Getting older doesn't mean slowing down or going straight for these bandmates turned bandits, as we follow Joey, Alex, Billy Two Planks, and the rest of the gang in this rock-'n'-rollicking tale through England's gutters, grime, and so-called glory days to pull off the ultimate crime of the century before they get royally screwed.



MOLLY MAHAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR



ROWENA YOW, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

The end of the year always seems to herald new beginnings, and if you're looking to ring out the old and usher in tomorrow, Vertigo's December debuts offer a fresh start of the *stranger* kind. Whether it's a titillating new take on Lucifer, an aging gang's last-heist hurrah, a birth of an unusual digital romance, or a cop's desperate search for his saving grace, Vertigo's four new titles will fuel your resolution to leave *auld lang syne* behind—the perfect comics to get you into the spirit of the New Year.

SOMEPLACE STRANGER

VERTIGO IN DECEMBER



When Shelly first handed me **Holly Black's LUCIFER** pitch, she said, "You're probably not going to edit this, but just give me your first impressions..." An hour later, she had failed to pry it out of my overly enthusiastic hands. However well you know Lucifer Morningstar,

this book is a treat! Did you love Mike Carey's run? Worry not, so did Holly. Haven't seen Lucifer since **THE SANDMAN**? Well, we're picking up with him in a similar place. Never encountered this incarnation of the devil before? No prior knowledge necessary! (After all, wasn't it the original sin?) Lucifer is back on earth and charmingly rendered by artist



Lee Garbett (who has some experience with great deceivers). Unfortunately, God is dead and Gabriel has accused Lucifer of their Father's murder. And you thought your family was complicated...

ELLIE PYLE, EDITOR

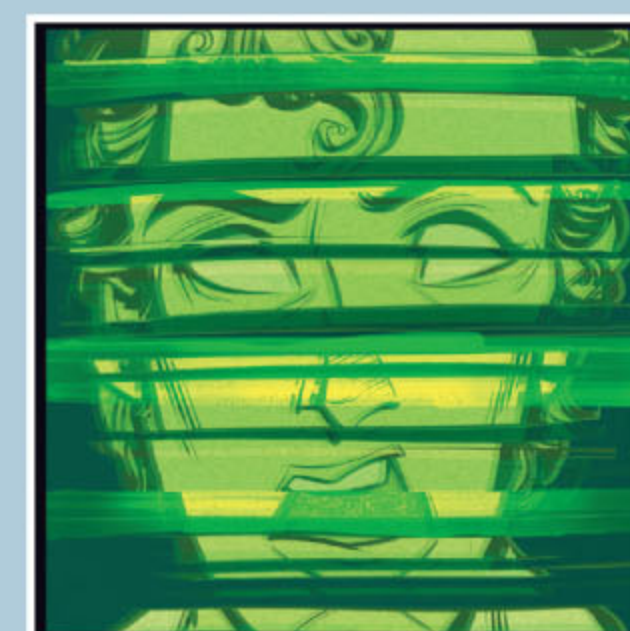


NEW ROMANCER. It is...

- A** the title of a dating app that lost its luster
- B** Lord Byron as a leading "man out of time" and his rom-com life with an unabashedly awkward coder
- C** a story that involves a cult of new romantics and necromancy
- D** all of the above

Written with certifiable fervor by **Peter Milligan** and with impassioned artwork by newcomer **Brett Parson**, the series will steal your heart and give new meaning to the phrase, "Like the measles, love is most dangerous when it comes late in life."

NEW ROMANCER



SHELLY BOND, EXECUTIVE EDITOR



#VertigoRepresent
#SomeplaceStranger

NEW VERTIGO CHECKLIST — DECEMBER 2015

- THE SHERIFF OF BABYLON #1** by Tom King & Mitch Gerads; covers by John Paul Leon - December 2
- LUCIFER #1** by Holly Black, Lee Garbett & Antonio Fabela; covers by Dave Johnson - December 16
- NEW ROMANCER #1** by Peter Milligan & Brett Parson - December 9
- LAST GANG IN TOWN #1** by Simon Oliver, Rufus Dayglo, & Giulia Brusco; covers by Rob Davis - December 23

GRAPHIC CONTENT

Shortly after 9/11, I applied for the CIA. I wanted to fight the terrorists who attacked my country. I was 23. They trained me, turned me into a frontline counterterrorism operations officer, and two years later, they gave me a few guns and sent me to Baghdad.

I worked in the city, but I lived in the Green Zone, a modern-day Casablanca, a town without law teeming with Westerners. Soldiers, war profiteers, criminals, traitors, spies—we huddled down behind walls of concrete that were supposed to protect us from a country burning down. We were the coalition of the willing, we were tasked with revolution, and we were scared.

THE SHERIFF OF BABYLON is a crime series set in my Iraq, in the dust and heat of the Green Zone post-invasion. I want to strip away the politics and propaganda that cloud that time and talk about the day-to-day of it, what it was like to live with one war behind you and another coming up fast.

I'm blessed in this endeavor to be teamed with Mitch Gerads, one of the greatest war comic artists of this generation. Simply put, Mitch knows his stuff. You look at his art and you feel the sand crack under your boots, you feel that mean tremble in the ground as the mortars fall.

Iraq was the world gone mad. THE SHERIFF OF BABYLON is your window into the madness.

—Tom King

writer of THE SHERIFF OF BABYLON

In stores December 2



Here's the origin story behind JACKED:

I didn't see myself out there. In superhero comics, or movies, or TV. Every hero I saw was handsome. Talented. Brave. And they had hair. And they didn't have bad backs, acid reflux, or a raging case of hemorrhoids (probably for good reason, but still).

So I got interested—then obsessed—with telling a superhero story with total honesty. How, if you got powers, the first thing you'd do is bang someone. And how do you find crime, anyway? Online? 'Cause if I looked online, I'd just end up jerking off. And where do you learn to throw a punch? Do you sign up for a Krav Maga class at the local JCC? How do you do any of it?

You can hold the answers to these questions in your hot little hands—told through John Higgins' stunning images. We truly hope you dig it...

—Eric Kripke

writer of JACKED

In stores November 25

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