

SURVIVORS' CLUB

BEUKES
HALVORSEN
KELLY
DE LA CRUZ

VERTIGO #1

"Brainy, ambitious and delightfully scary, SURVIVORS' CLUB is a throwback to books like THE SANDMAN and HELLBLAZER that made Vertigo a legend."

— JOE HILL, LOCKE & KEY



Dec '15
suggested for
mature readers
vertigocomics.com

SURVIVORS' CLUB

CHAPTER ONE: KILL SCREEN

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BEUKES**
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ROWENA YOW ASSOCIATE EDITOR **SHELLY BOND** EDITOR
SURVIVORS' CLUB CREATED BY BEUKES, HALVORSEN AND KELLY

To: Undisclosed
Recipients

Hi,

You don't know me, but I found your name on a list on the Internet.

Everyone on that list is missing or **dead.**

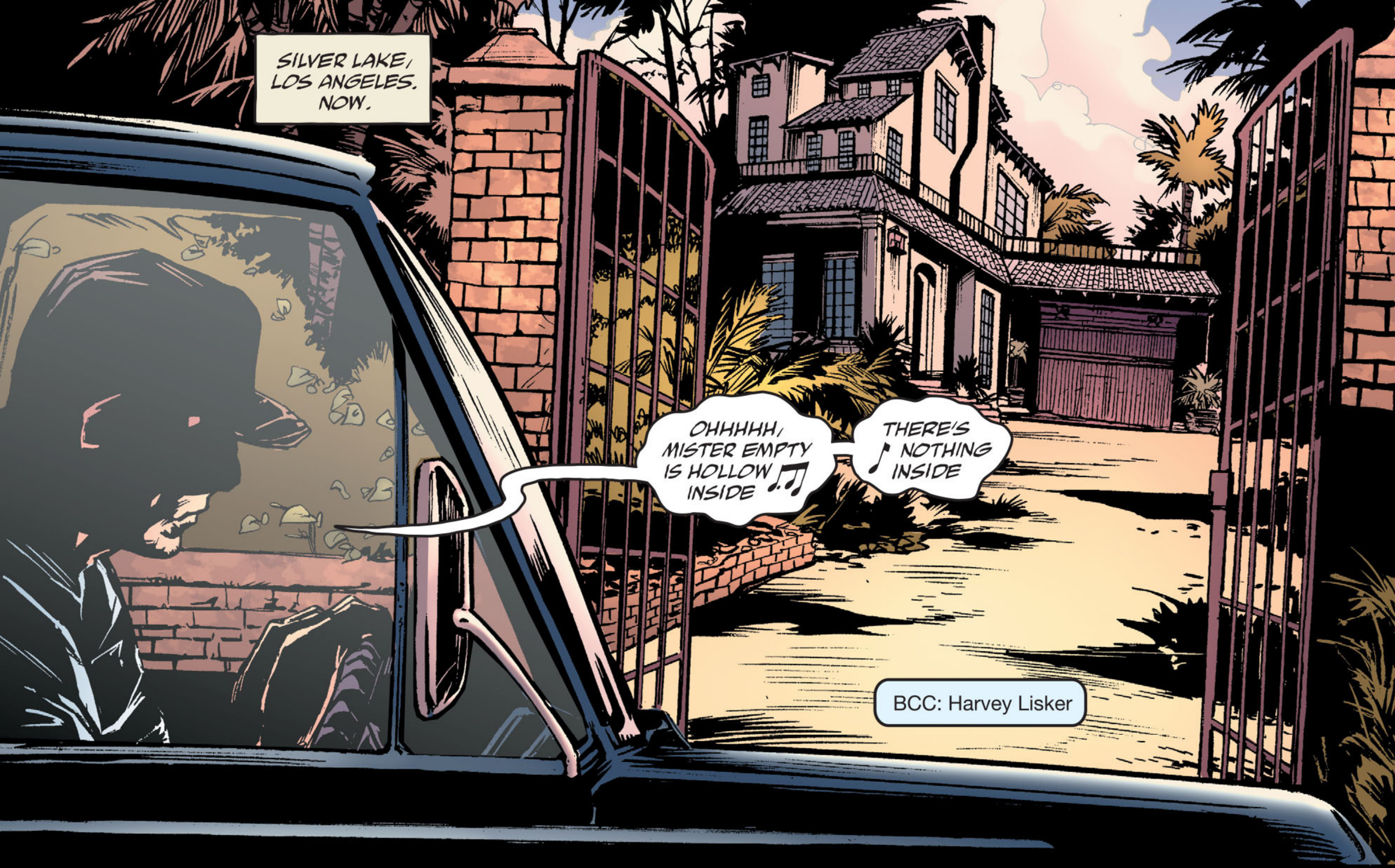
There are only six survivors.

We're all in L.A.
We're all connected.

Something bad happened to every one of us in 1987.

Meet me and I'll tell you about it.

—Chenzira Molenko



SILVER LAKE, LOS ANGELES. NOW.

OHHHHH, MISTER EMPTY IS HOLLOW INSIDE
THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE

BCC: Harvey Lisker



From: Chenzira Molenko

CHRIST, 'ZIRA, I HOPE YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING, DRAGGING OTHER PEOPLE INTO THIS.



BCC: Kiri Nomura

I KNOW, I KNOW, BUT MAYBE THEY CAN HELP.



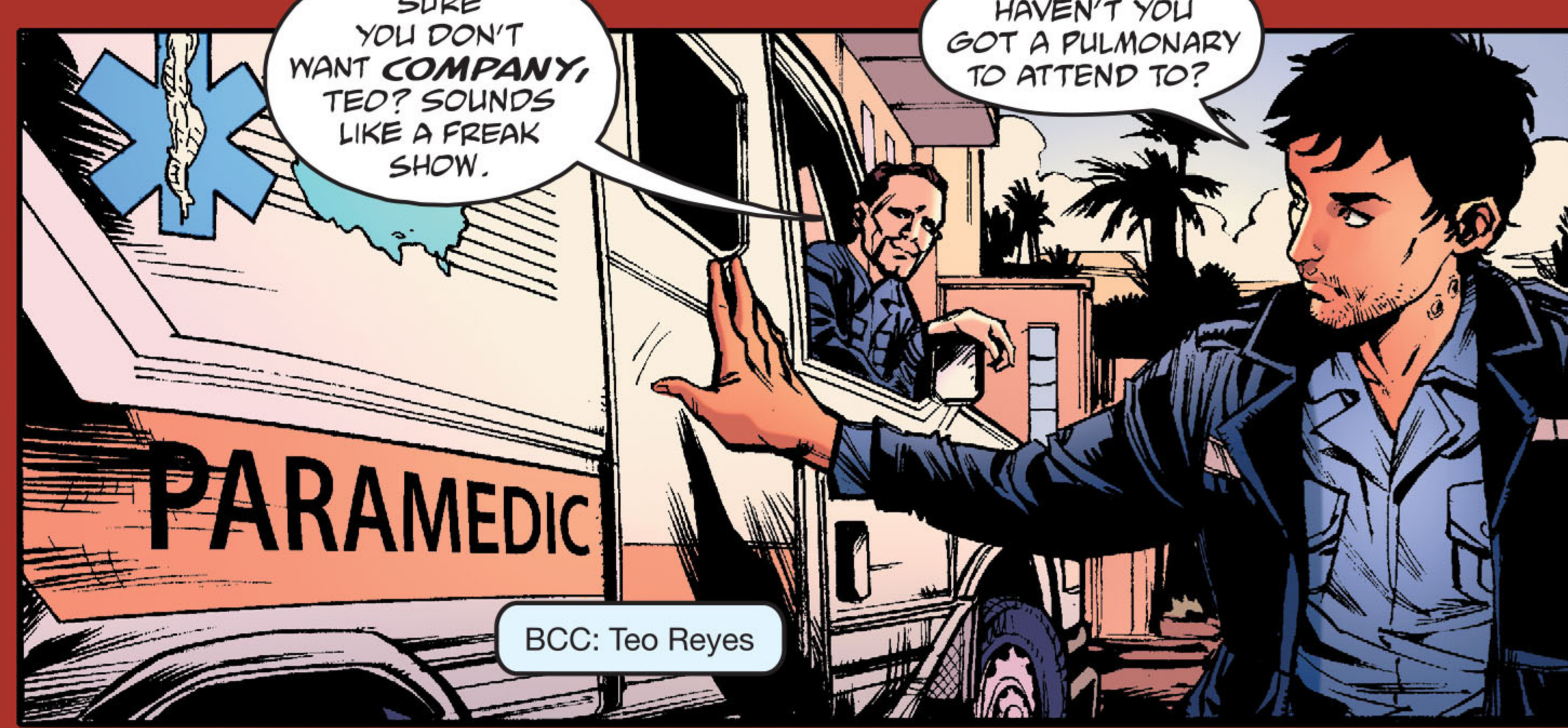
Wednesday March 18, 1987

The Star
FIRE TEARS THROUGH SOWETO



"FOLD IN THE EGGS AND BEAT THE MIXTURE UNTIL CREAMY, ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS."

BCC: Alice Taylor-Newsome



SURE YOU DON'T WANT COMPANY, TED? SOUNDS LIKE A FREAK SHOW.

HAVEN'T YOU GOT A PULMONARY TO ATTEND TO?

BCC: Teo Reyes



THIS BETTER NOT END IN A BATHTUB FULL OF ICE WITH MISSING KIDNEYS.

OR WORSE: A TUPPERWARE PARTY.

BCC: Simon Wickman

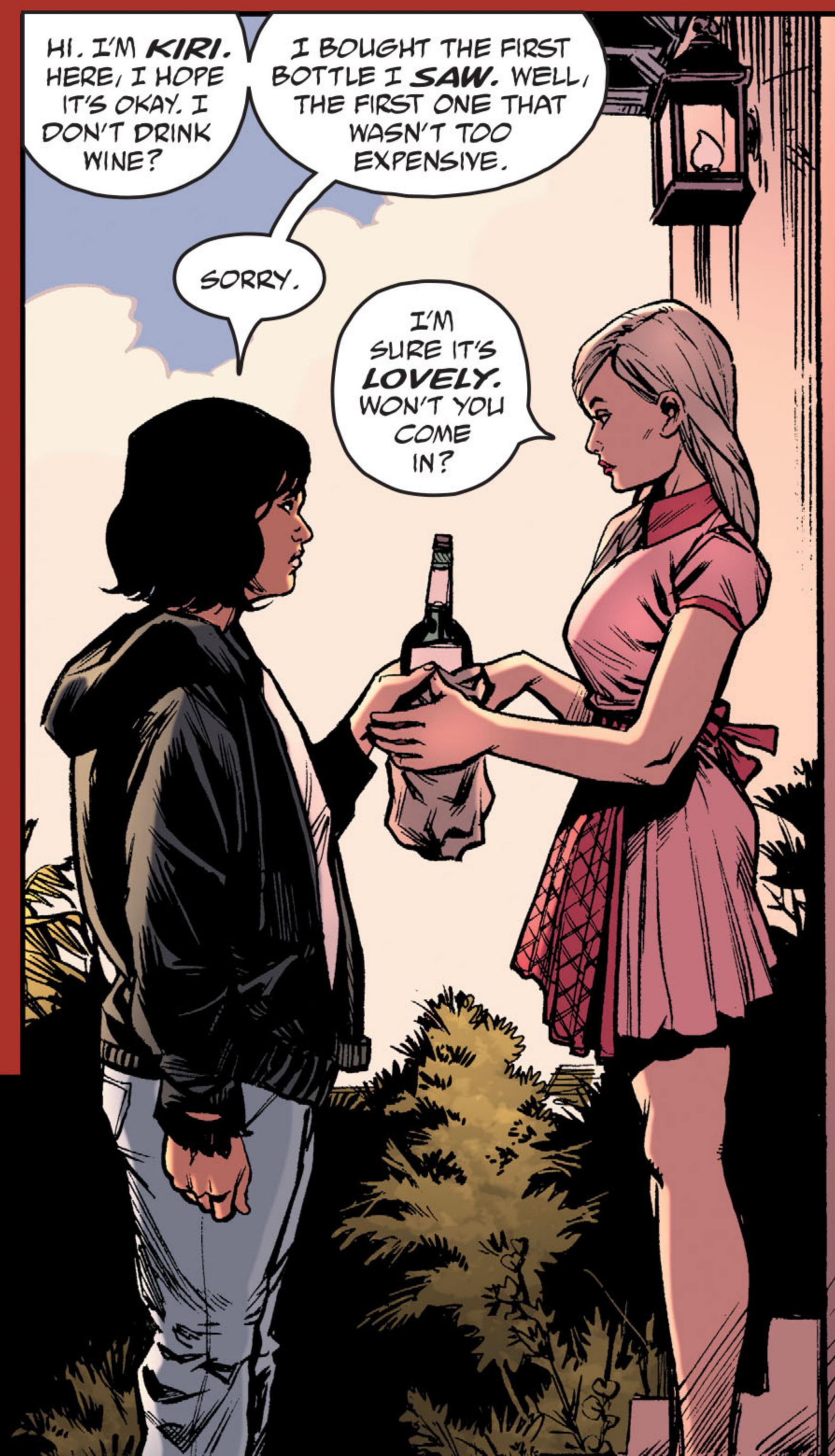


NO HEART, NO CARES, NO SCARES, NO WOES

DOESN'T THAT SOUND PEACHY? DOESN'T THAT SOUND GRAND?

HE WANTS TO MAKE YOU EMPTY, TOO

WON'T YOU LET HIM MAKE YOU EMPTY, TOO?

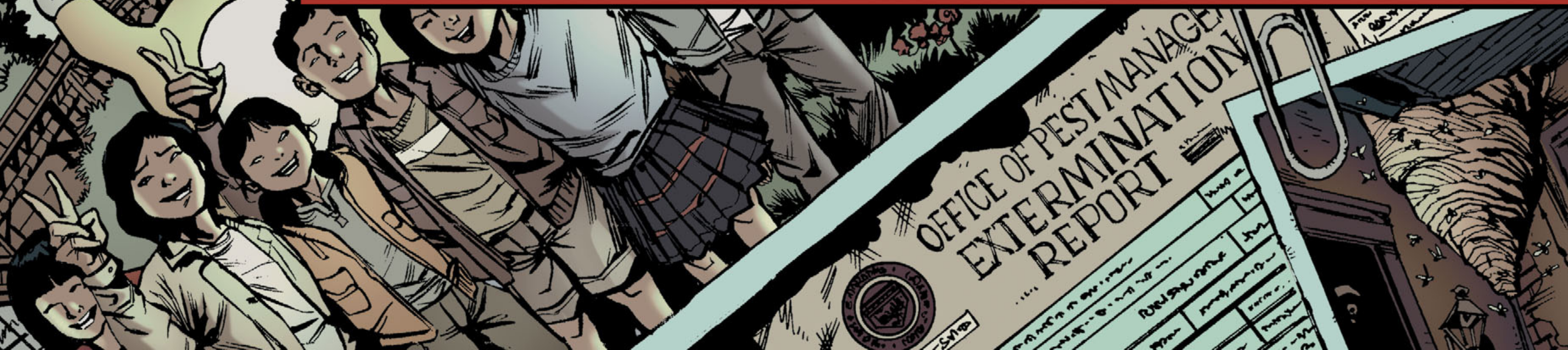


HI, I'M KIRI. HERE, I HOPE IT'S OKAY, I DON'T DRINK WINE?

I BOUGHT THE FIRST BOTTLE I SAW. WELL, THE FIRST ONE THAT WASN'T TOO EXPENSIVE.

SORRY.

I'M SURE IT'S LOVELY. WON'T YOU COME IN?





NO, REALLY, IT'S **TOUGH** BEING A CULT HORROR ICON. MAYBE NOT TOUGH LIKE BEING AN EMT OR WHATEVER.

--MEDIC.

OH HEY, GREAT. GANG'S ALL HERE. EXCEPT FOR ONE.

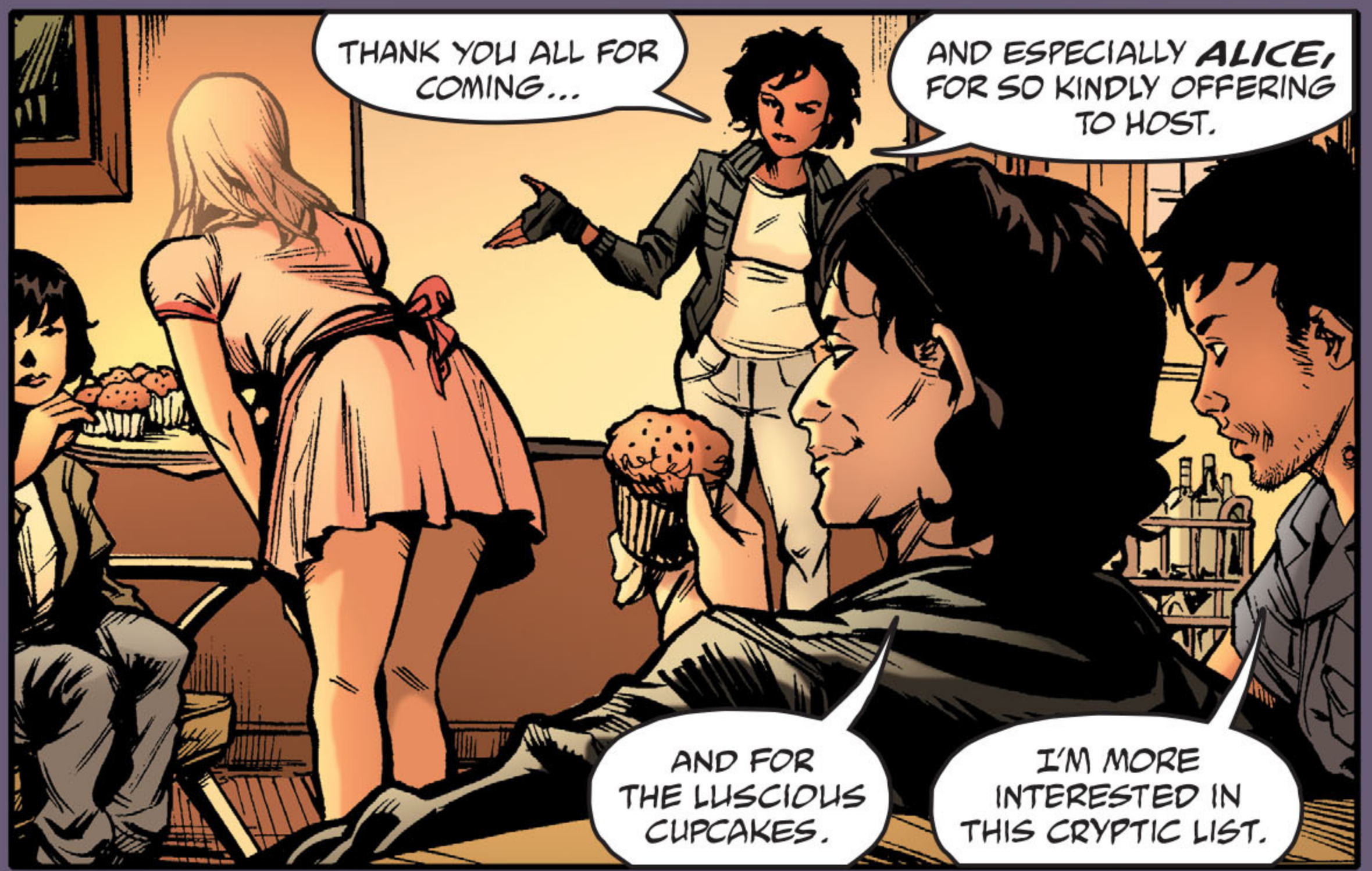
EVERYBODY, THIS IS **KIRI**. KIRI: RANDOM STRANGERS, BROUGHT TOGETHER BY A WEIRD EMAIL.

HI.



GUESS "HARVEY LISKER" BLEW US OFF.

LET'S GET THIS MYSTERY VAN ROLLING.



THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING...

AND ESPECIALLY **ALICE**, FOR SO KINDLY OFFERING TO HOST.

AND FOR THE LUSCIOUS CUPCAKES.

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN THIS CRYPTIC LIST.



I WAS DIGGING AROUND ON THE DARK WEB, DOING SOME **ARCHAEOLOGY** ON GAMING URBAN LEGENDS FOR THE COURSE I TEACH.

AND I STUMBLED ON AN **INDEX PAGE** FOR A CACHED **BBS** FROM 1987.

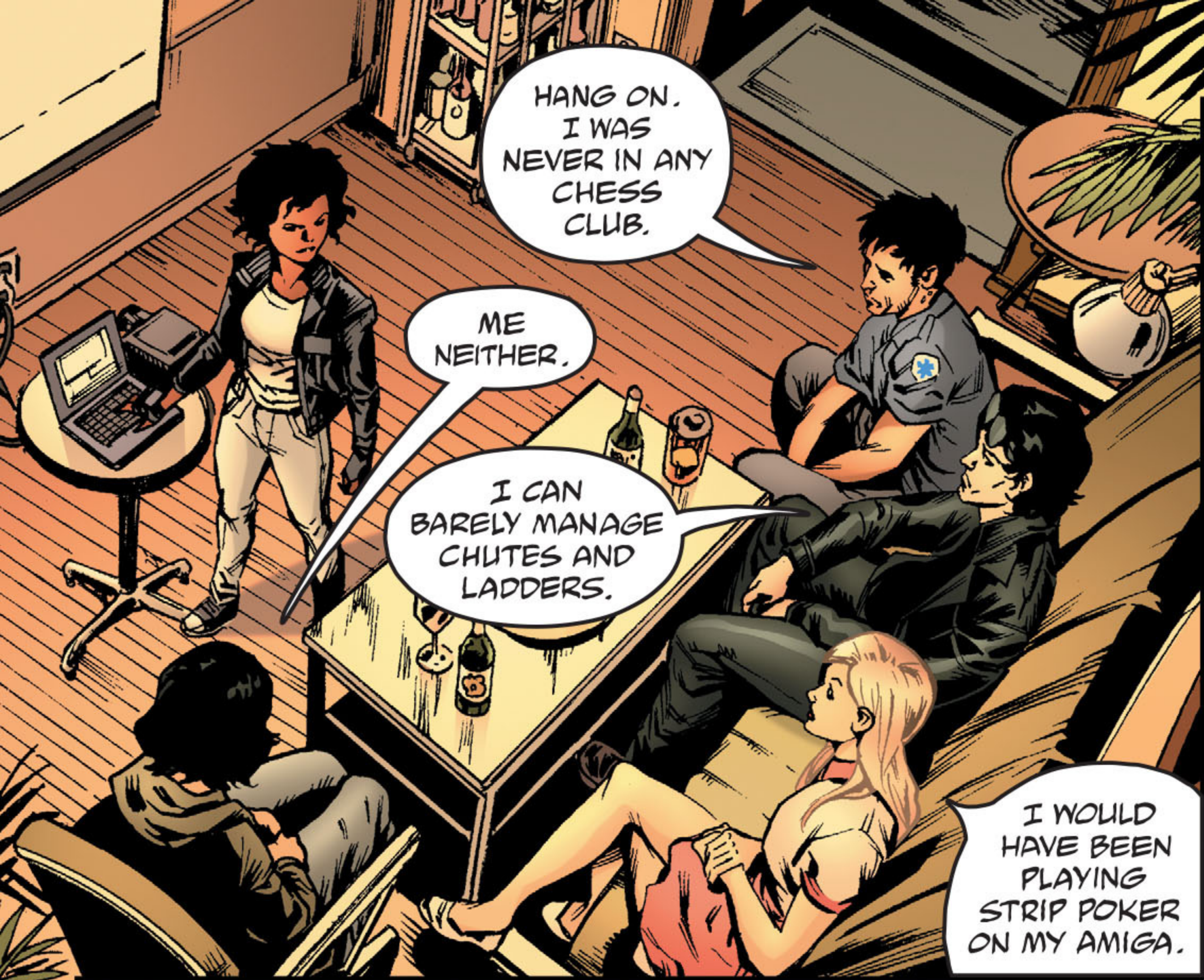


WHOA THERE, INDIANA JONES. I LITERALLY HAVE **NO** IDEA WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.



SIGH I FOUND IT TUCKED AWAY IN A MURKY CORNER OF THE INTERNET.

IT'S A LIST OF MEMBERS OF A CHESS CLUB.



HANG ON. I WAS NEVER IN ANY CHESS CLUB.

ME NEITHER.

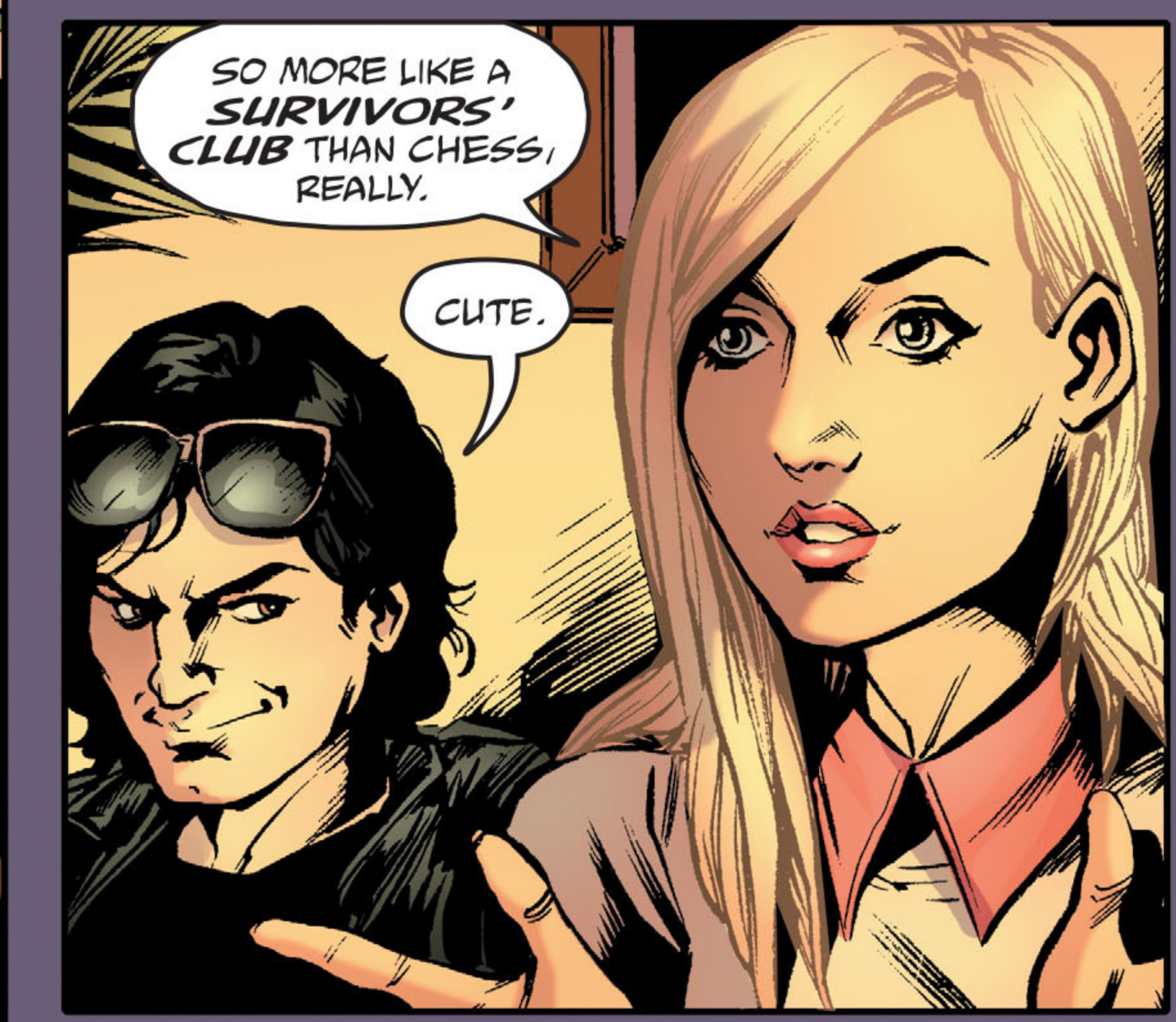
I CAN BARELY MANAGE CHUTES AND LADDERS.

I WOULD HAVE BEEN PLAYING STRIP POKER ON MY AMIGA.



WEIRD, RIGHT? AND EVERYONE ELSE ON THAT LIST IS MISSING OR DEAD.

WE'RE THE SOLE SURVIVORS.



SO MORE LIKE A SURVIVORS' CLUB THAN CHESS, REALLY.

CUTE.



SURVIVORS OF WHAT? L.A. TRAFFIC? COME ON.

YOU SAID WE ALL HAD SOMETHING BAD HAPPEN IN 1987.

DID WE?



SURE. THEY TURNED MY CHILDHOOD TRAUMA INTO A HORROR MOVIE FRANCHISE.



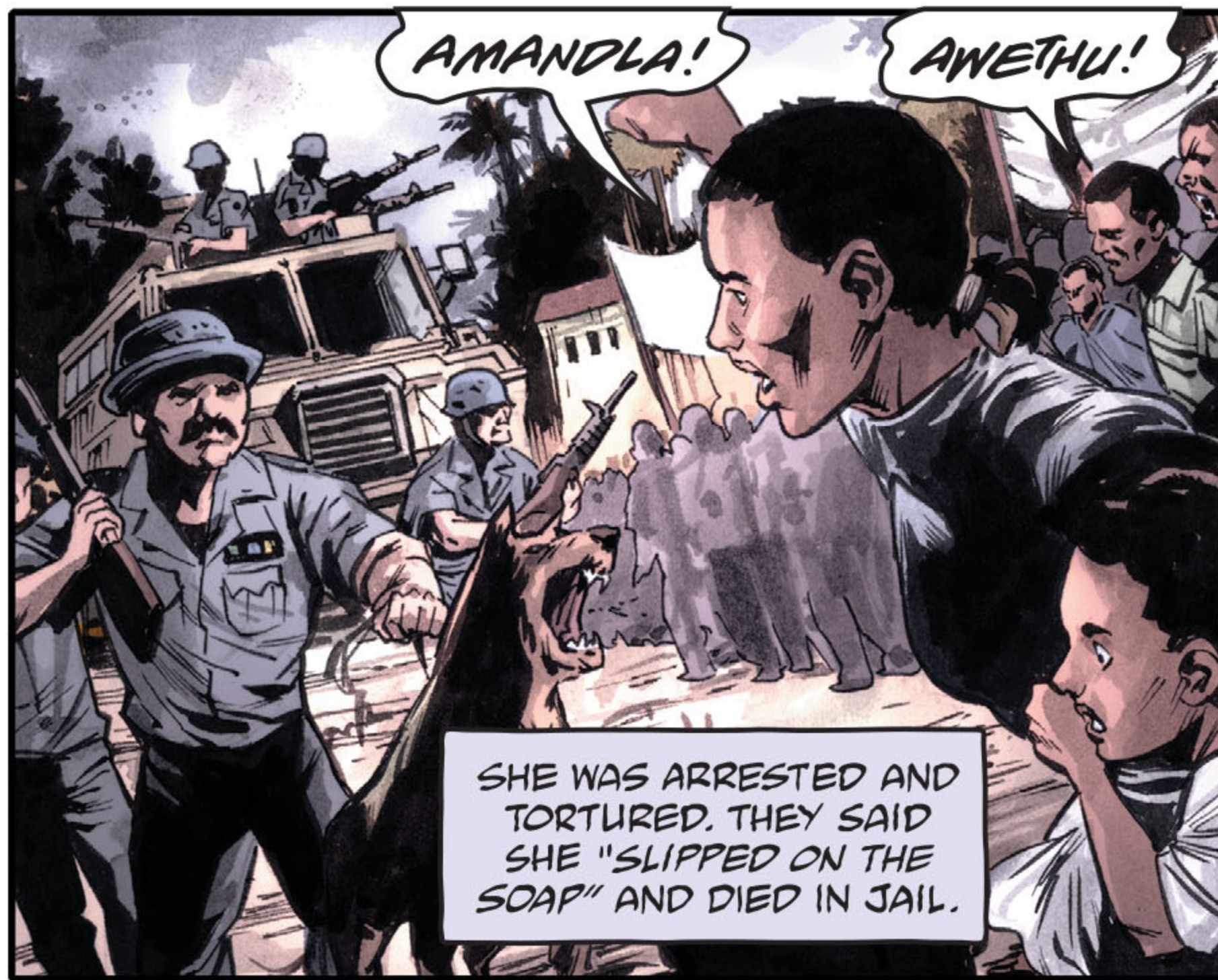
I SURVIVED SOMETHING IN 1987.

I GREW UP IN SOUTH AFRICA, UNDER APARTHEID.

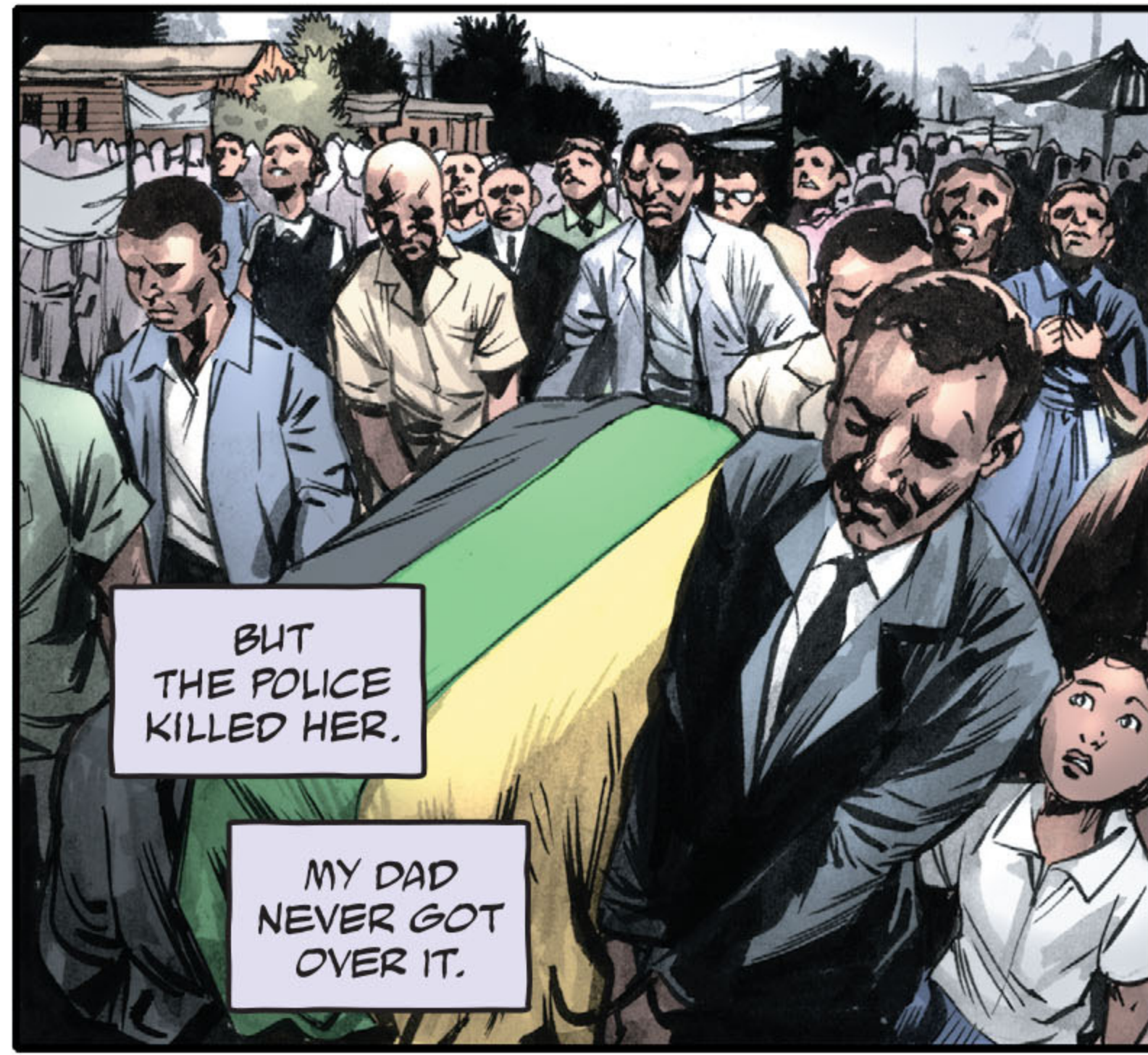


WHITES ONLY

MY MOM WAS AN ACTIVIST, FIGHTING THE GOVERNMENT.



SHE WAS ARRESTED AND TORTURED. THEY SAID SHE "SLIPPED ON THE SOAP" AND DIED IN JAIL.



BUT THE POLICE KILLED HER.

MY DAD NEVER GOT OVER IT.



HE STARTED DRINKING A LOT.

HE'D DROP ME OFF AT THE ARCADE NEXT TO THE SHEBEEN IN SOWETO.



IT WAS MY REFUGE FROM THE REAL WORLD.

I PLAYED ALL THE GAMES TO DEATH, TOPPED THE HIGH-SCORE RECORDS.

AND THEN I FOUND A BROKEN MACHINE IN THE BACK.





I WAS ALWAYS GOOD AT FIXING THINGS. OLD RADIOS, WATCHES, TVS.



I BROUGHT IT TO LIFE.



IT MADE ME FEEL LIKE THE WORLD WAS VIBRATING ON A LEVEL ONLY I COULD FEEL.

**NEW HIGH SCORE!
SECRET LEVEL UNLOCKED!**



THE GAME WAS LIKE A DRUG.

I DIDN'T NOTICE THE STORM.



OH, NO! YOU DIED! DO YOU WANT TO CONTINUE?

UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.

CONTINUE
TEN...
CONTINUE
EIGHT...
CONTINUE
FIVE...
CONTINUE
TWO...



THE GAME
MADE ME SEE
THINGS.



LIGHTNING
HIT THE ARCADE.
THAT'S WHAT
STARTED THE
FIRE.





I STILL CARRY THE GUILT.

THAT I COULD HAVE STOPPED IT IF I'D JUST TRIED HARDER.



WHY WON'T THEY STOP COMING?!



UNLESS...



ARE YOU CRAZY, LAITIE?

I HAVE TO BEAT THE GAME!



NOOOOO! LET ME GO!

I HAVE TO CLOSE THE GATE!

WELCOME TO ANOTHER EPISODE OF **GIG: GEEFORCE INDIE GAMER**, WITH ME, YOUR HOST, **G**.

TODAY, I'VE GOT A SUPER-EXCLUSIVE SNEAK PREVIEW OF **HAPPY HERO TOAST**, A SUPER-TRIPPY PUZZLER FROM **BUTTONSMASHER GAMES** THAT IS GONNA DOMINATE WHEN IT COMES OUT.

WHEEE!

HAPPY!

THIS GAME IS **FREAKY DELUXE!**

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT REALLY PULLS YOU IN.

IT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE EVERYTHING'S VIBRATING ON ANOTHER LEVEL.

EEEE-EEEE

EIGHTIES PLATFORMER TURNS INTO A MIND-MELTING MYSTERY GAME.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE-EEEEEEEEEE

HAPPEE



HAPPEE-
EEE-EEEE
EEEEEE
EEEE

SPEAKING OF
LEVELS, I'M BUMMED
OUT THERE'S ONLY
ONE. I PLAYED IT AGAIN,
AND THEN I PLAYED
IT AGAIN...

TURN IT
OFF!

CAN'T
WAIT FOR THE
WHOLE WORLD
TO EXPERIENCE
THIS GAME...

GRIFFITH PARK,
THREE MILES AWAY.

YOU
ALWAYS
GOTTA
CHOICE,
CHAMP.

I DON'T GIVE
A RAT'S ASS WHAT
HE WANTS. IT'S NOT
IN HIS RIDER.

SCORCHER
OF A DAY.

FETCH
THE **STICK**,
TOKYO. C'MON,
BOY!



YOU MADE THE
RIGHT ONE TODAY,
WALKING AWAY.

YOU DON'T NEED
THOSE PEOPLE.

YOU'RE
RUNNING ON
EMPTY.

THAT'S
MY LITTLE
JOKE.



TELL HIM TO
IMPORT HIS **OWN**
BLOODY ROOIBOS
IF THAT'S WHAT HE
NEEDS TO GO ON
STAGE.

NO,
DADDY.

THEY SAY
JOKES KEEP
YOU SANE.

I SAY WHO'S
LAUGHING
NOW, CHAMP.





PLEASE, MAKE IT STOP.

SORRY! I'LL TURN OFF THE PROJECTOR. BUT THIS **PROVES** IT.

ENOUGH.



YOU ALL **SAW** SOMETHING, DIDN'T YOU?

A FLASH-BACK TO '87.



I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK.

BATHROOM'S UPSTAIRS.



WHAT WAS **IN** THOSE FLUCKING CUPCAKES?

WHOOO! THAT WAS A WILD RIDE.

IT'S NOT THE CUPCAKES. IT'S THE **GAME**.

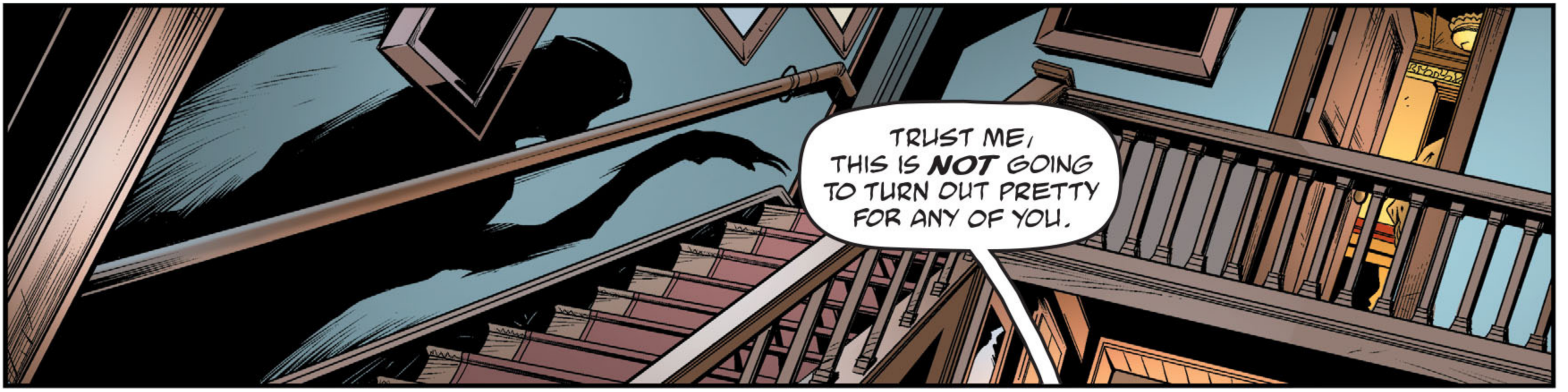
IT GETS INTO YOUR HEAD. LIKE A VIRUS.



YOU OBVIOUSLY ALL HAVE **PTSD** AND THIS WOMAN IS EXPLOITING YOU.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT, AFTER--

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I WENT THROUGH!



TRUST ME,
THIS IS **NOT** GOING
TO TURN OUT PRETTY
FOR ANY OF YOU.



THIS PLACE...



Huh. RICH
PEOPLE.



GET
LOST?

OH! SORRY!
I WASN'T
SNOOPING!



DO YOU LIVE IN THIS
HUGE HOUSE ALL ON
YOUR OWN?

IF YOU'RE
NOT GOING
TO PURGE,
EVERYONE'S
WAITING.

NO,
IT'S OKAY.
IT'S WORN
OFF.



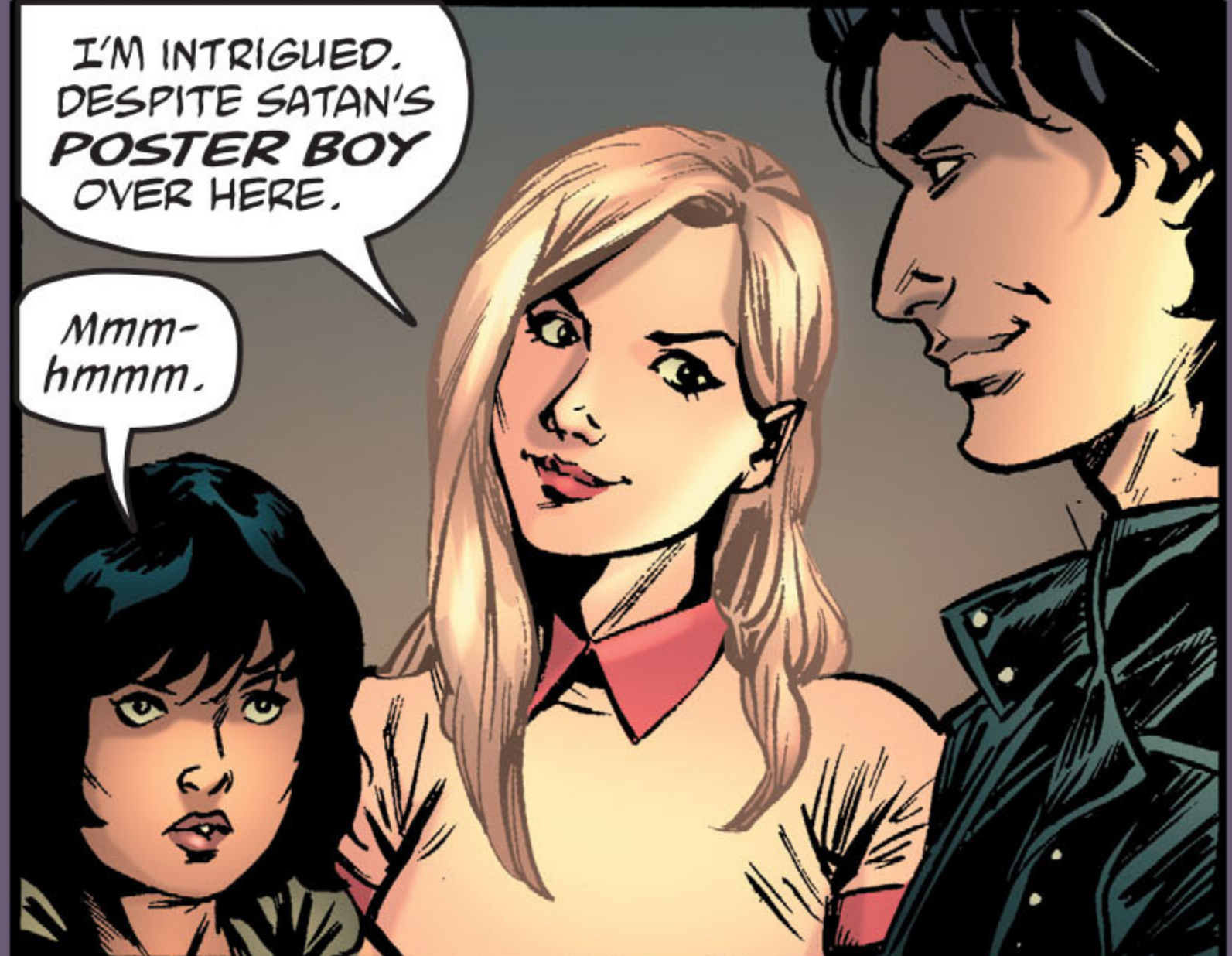
YOU'RE THE MORAL EQUIVALENT OF A TV PSYCHIC, CHENZIRA.

YOU NEED TO FIND ANOTHER WAY TO PROCESS YOUR BAD SHIT.



WE DON'T NEED THAT DRAMA QUEEN.

YOU GUYS ARE *IN*, RIGHT, LUSCIOUS CUPCAKES?



I'M INTRIGUED, DESPITE SATAN'S *POSTER BOY* OVER HERE.

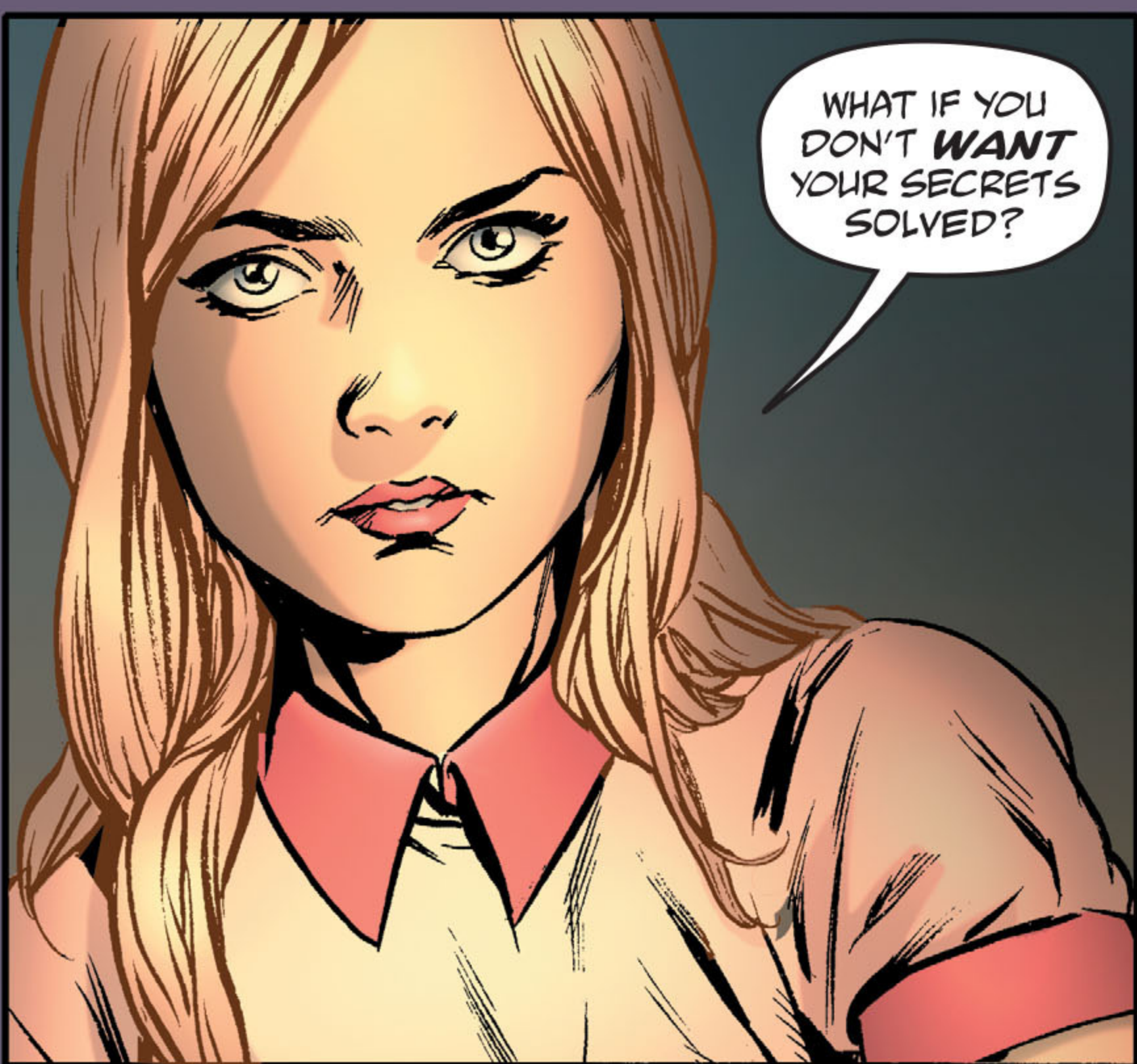
Mmm-hmmm.



THANK YOU, IT'S SUCH A *RELIEF*.

IF WE HELP YOU CRACK THIS, YOU'LL HELP US WITH *OUR* LITTLE MYSTERIES?

YES. WHATEVER THIS IS, WE'RE IN IT TOGETHER.



WHAT IF YOU DON'T *WANT* YOUR SECRETS SOLVED?



THAT'S YOUR CALL. I JUST WANT TO SHUT THIS THING DOWN.

THE GAME DESIGNERS HAVE DISAPPEARED. BUT I HAVE A LEAD. THE GUY FROM THE VIDEO, *GEEFORCE*.

SAN LAZARD HOSPITAL, WEST HOLLYWOOD. NEXT SHIFT.

URGGGGGH!

SIR, I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO REMAIN ON THE STRETCHER.

AAAAAGH!

HEY, TED, YOU MISSED SOME CRAZY SHIT.



FOUR A.M. GUYS BROUGHT IN AN *EDP*. COLLEGE STUDENT, LAUGHING LIKE THE *JOKER*. TRIED TO RIP HIS OWN *THROAT* OUT.

I HAD *PLENTY* OF CRAZY LAST NIGHT. TRUST ME.



THIS WAS ALL KINDS OF SPECIAL. KID LOST HIS *SHIT* PLAYING SOME VIDEO GAME.



WHAT? WHERE IS HE?



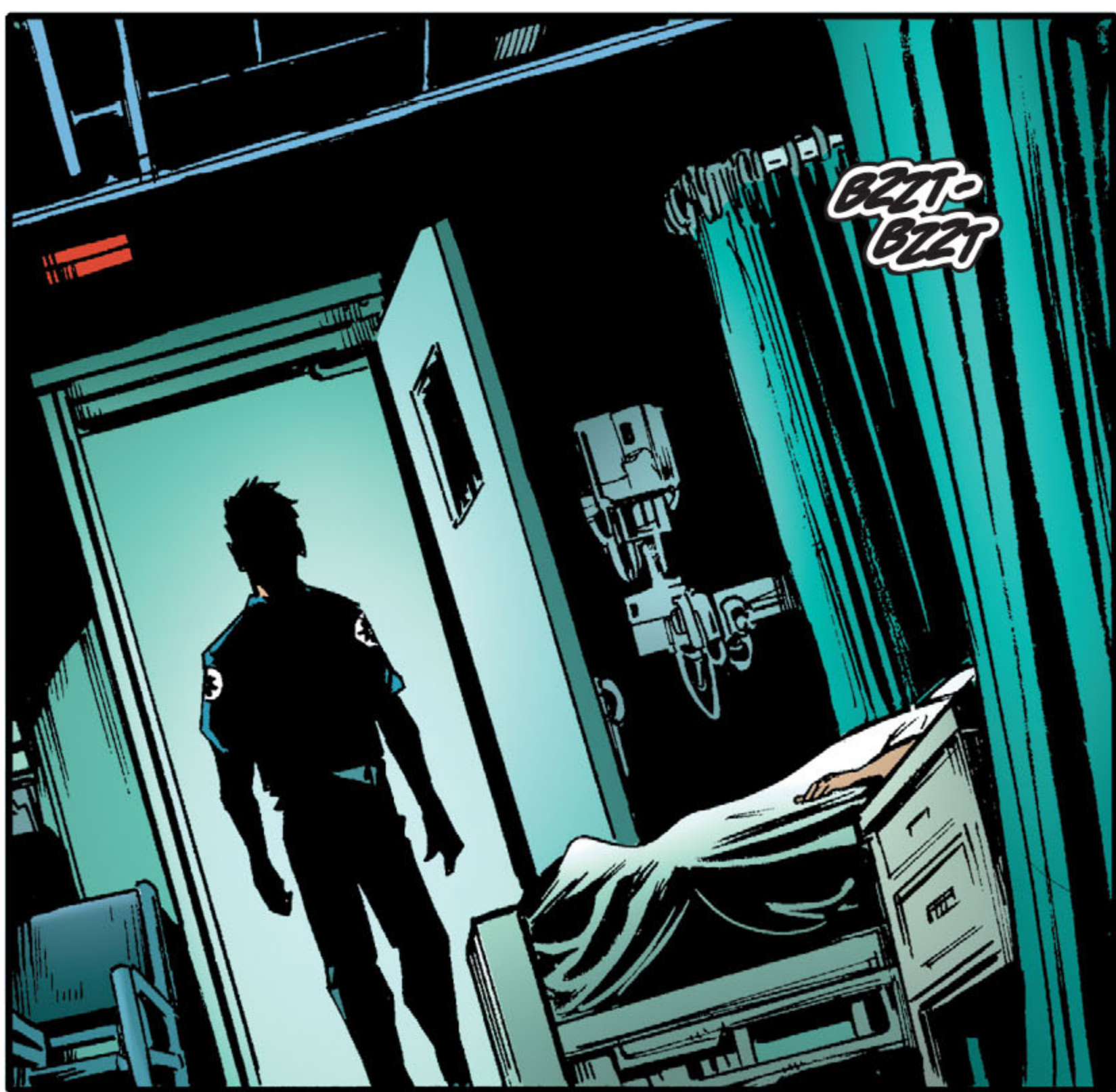
PSYCH WARD. WHERE DO YOU THINK?

HEY MAN, WHERE YOU GOING?



Huh. BOY'S GOT MORE ISSUES THAN AN OLD-AGE HOME'S *READER'S DIGEST* COLLECTION.

NNNNNH!

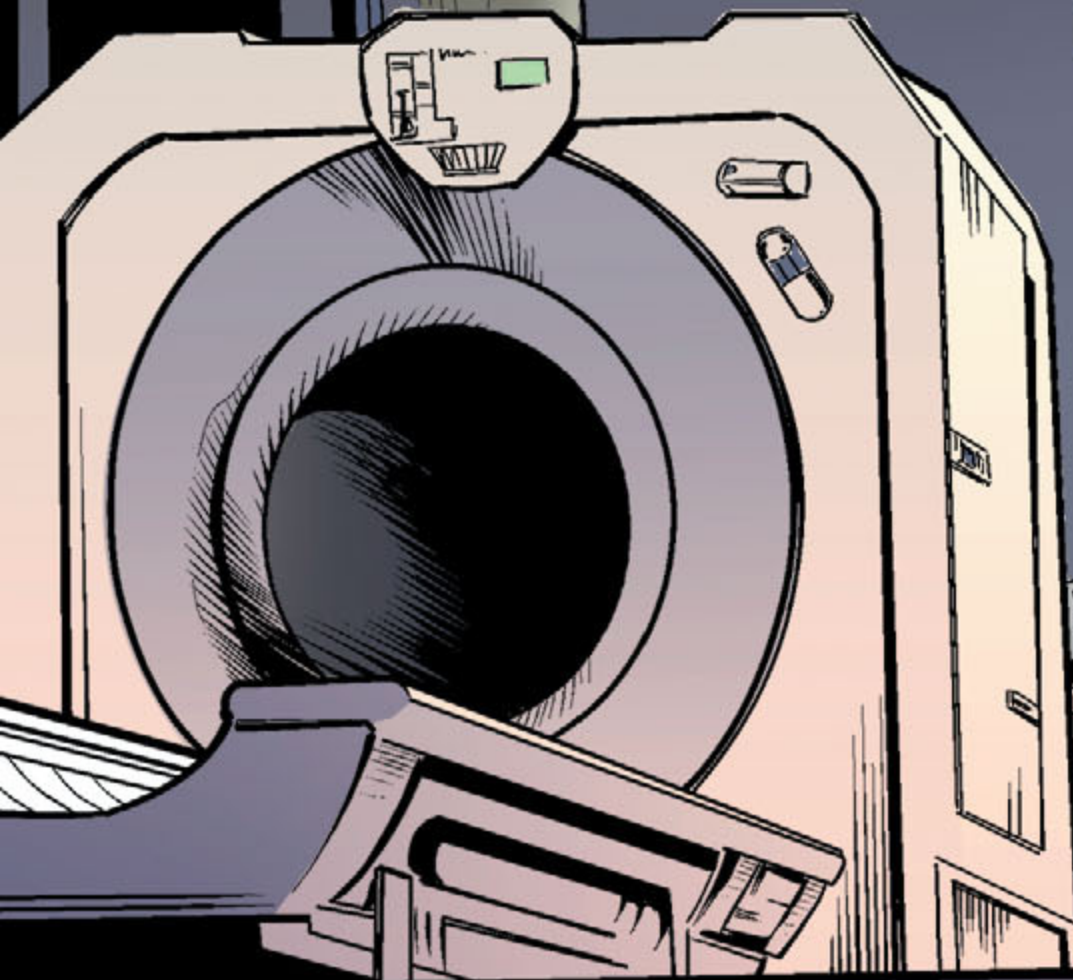


THE NEXT DAY.

DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WERE EXPECTING ME TO FIND, TED, BUT YOUR **BRAIN** LOOKS NORMAL TO ME.

LIKE LAST TIME.

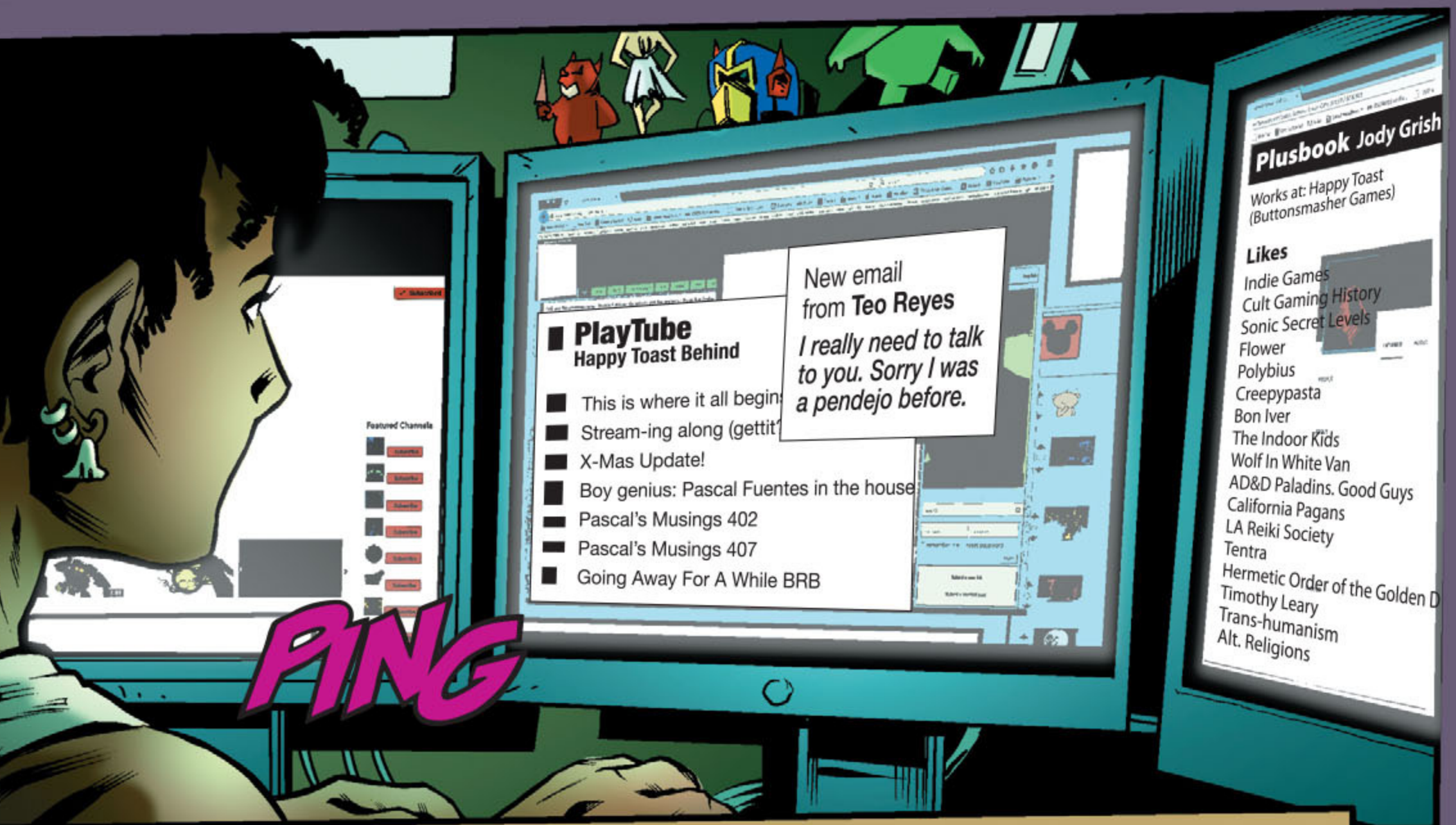
I CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS FOR YOU.



I'VE HAD EIGHTEEN YEARS TO PREPARE FOR THIS. I **RECOGNIZE** YOU, GAME.

I'M COMING TO **FIND** YOU. YOU'VE USED YOUR LAST LIFE.

PING



痕の蒼恋 笨の蒼恋忠穴
の蒼欺笨笨笨笨 笨 笨穴穴穴
笨の蒼笨 笨

TELL ME GOOD THINGS, CAMPBELL, CAMPBELL & WULFSOHN.

SORRY, MISTER WICKMAN, THERE'S **NOTHING** WE CAN DO. THEY'VE GOT THE RIGHTS TO THE MUSKAGEE HOUSE SEWN UP.

YOU'RE LUCKY THEY LET YOU DO **HORROR** CONVENTIONS.

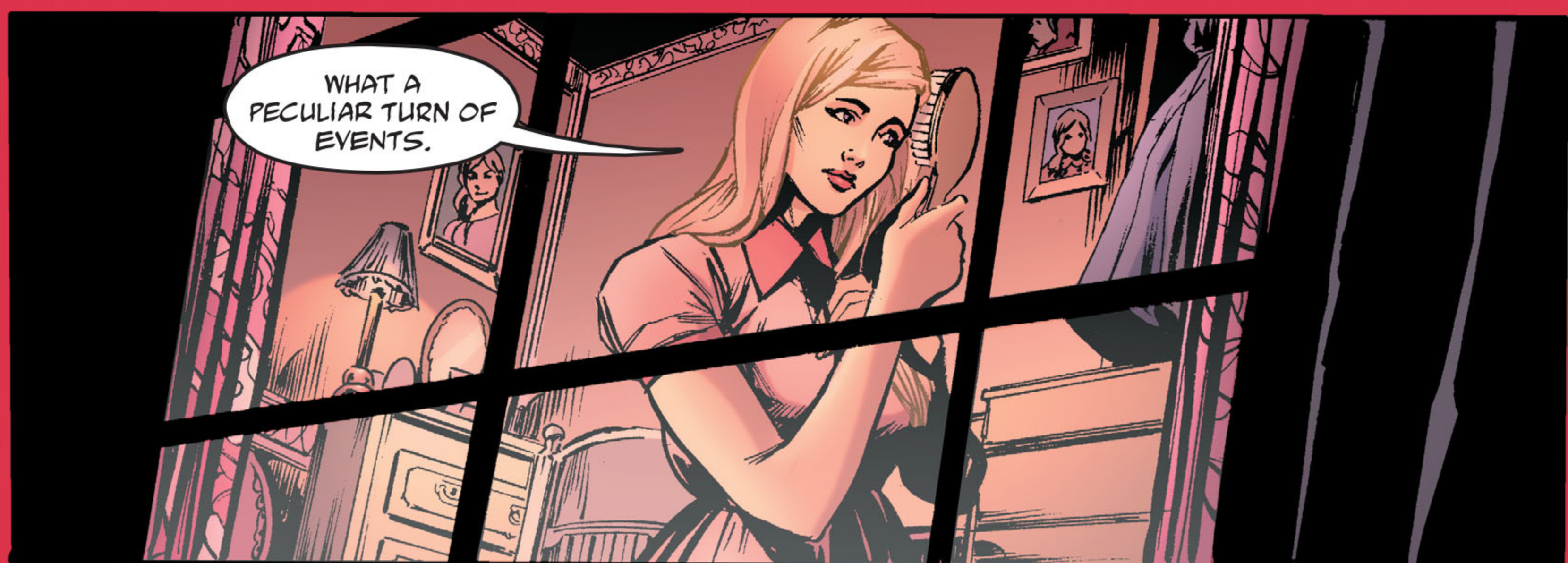
FUCK'S SAKE.

SO HOW'S THAT ORIGINAL **SCRIPT** IDEA COMING?





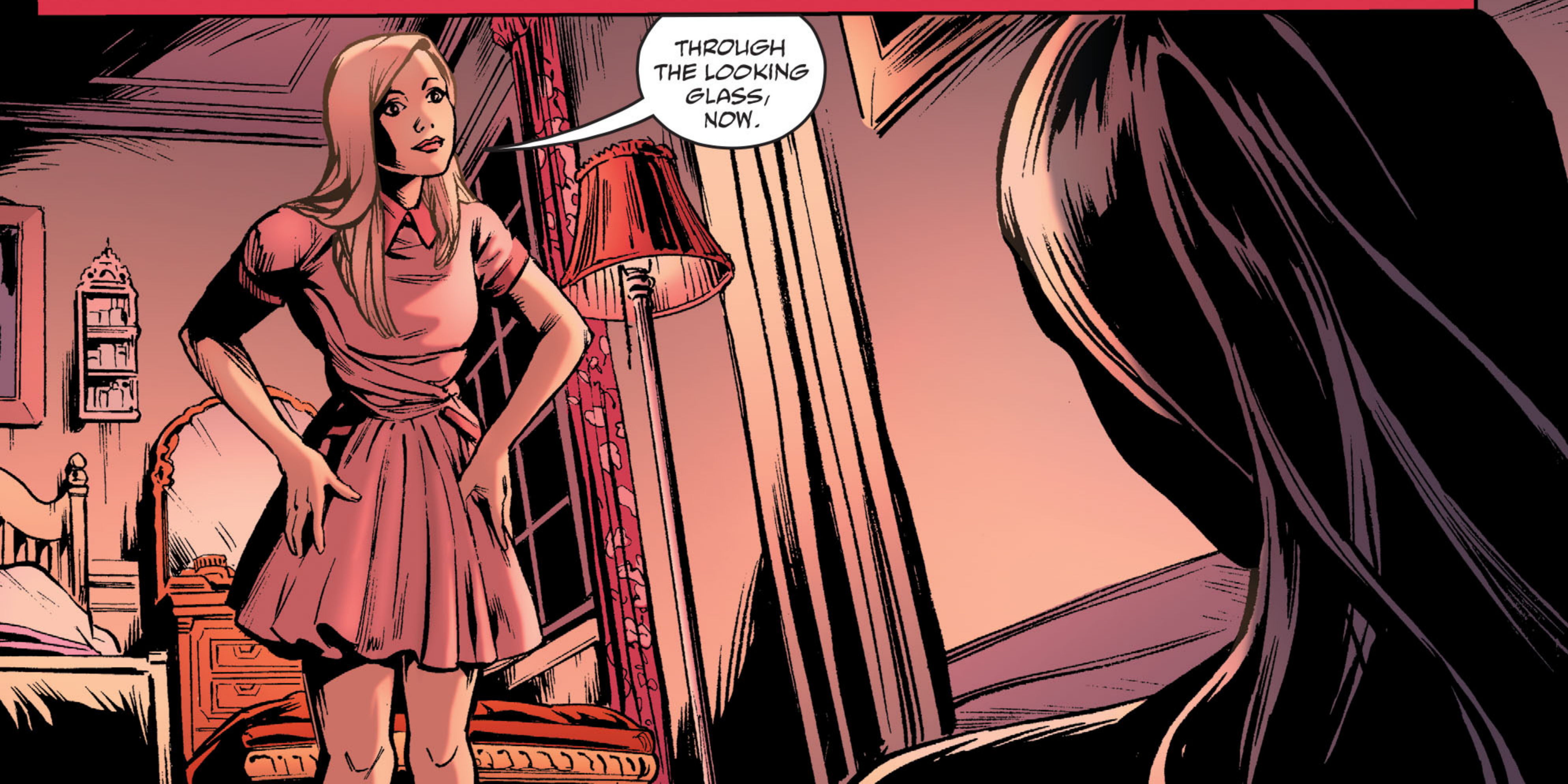
OH, MISTER EMPTY...
GONNA COME KNOCK-
KNOCK-KNOCKING.



WHAT A
PECULIAR TURN OF
EVENTS.



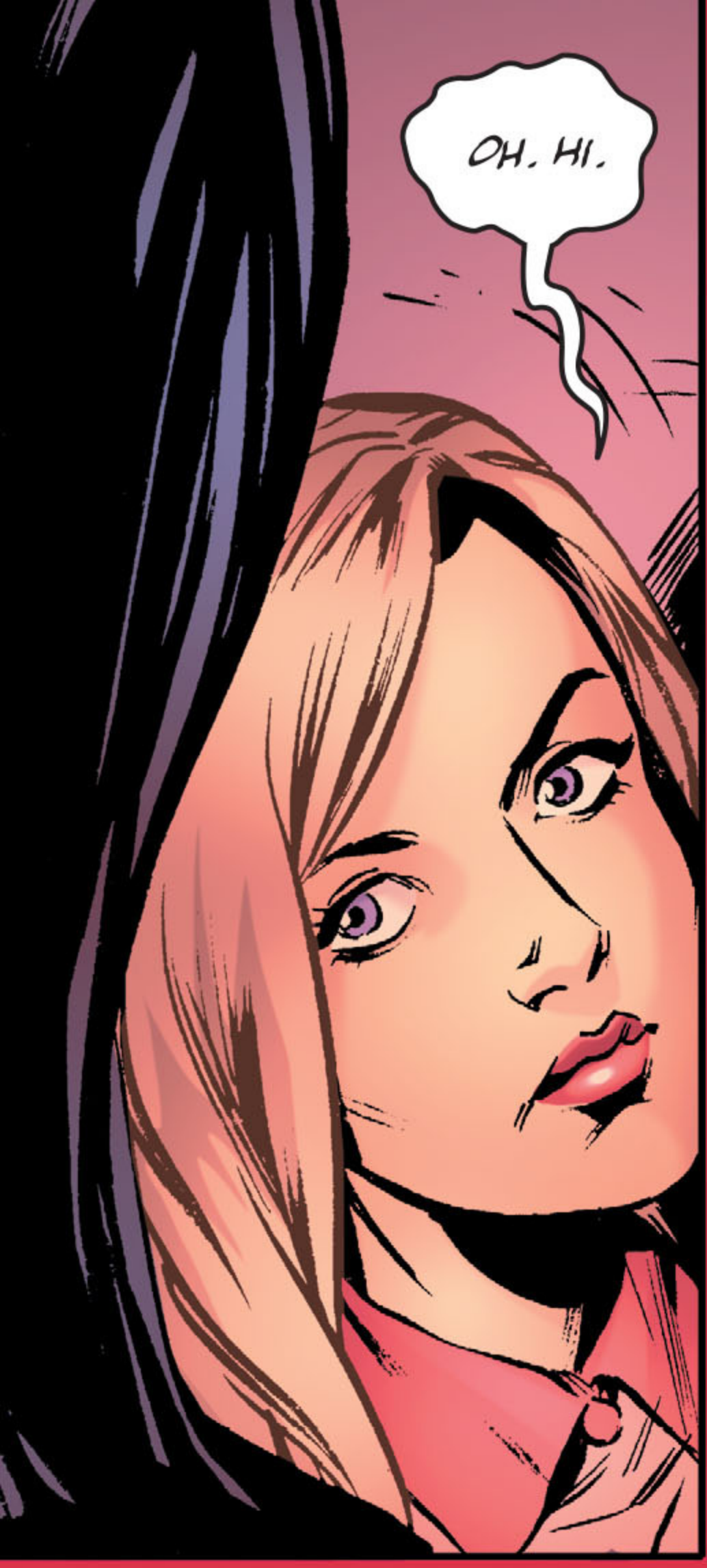
DON'T YOU
THINK?



THROUGH
THE LOOKING
GLASS,
NOW.

HEY,
ALICE. WAKY
WAKY.

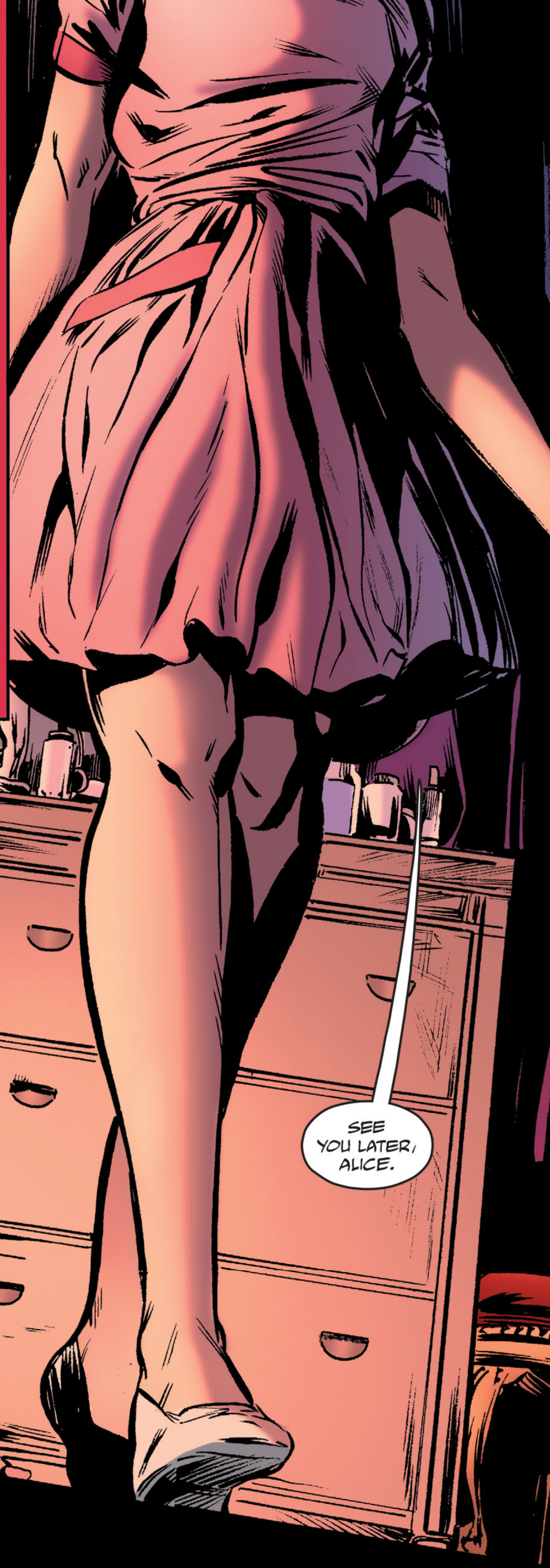




OH. HI.



IS IT MY TURN ALREADY?



SEE YOU LATER, ALICE.



NEXT ISSUE:

LEVEL UP. HARVEY COMES KNOCKING, SIMON TAKES ALICE HOME AND GETS MORE THAN HE EXPECTED, A STRANGER REUNION AT THE HOSPITAL, AND SOMEONE WINDS UP DEAD.

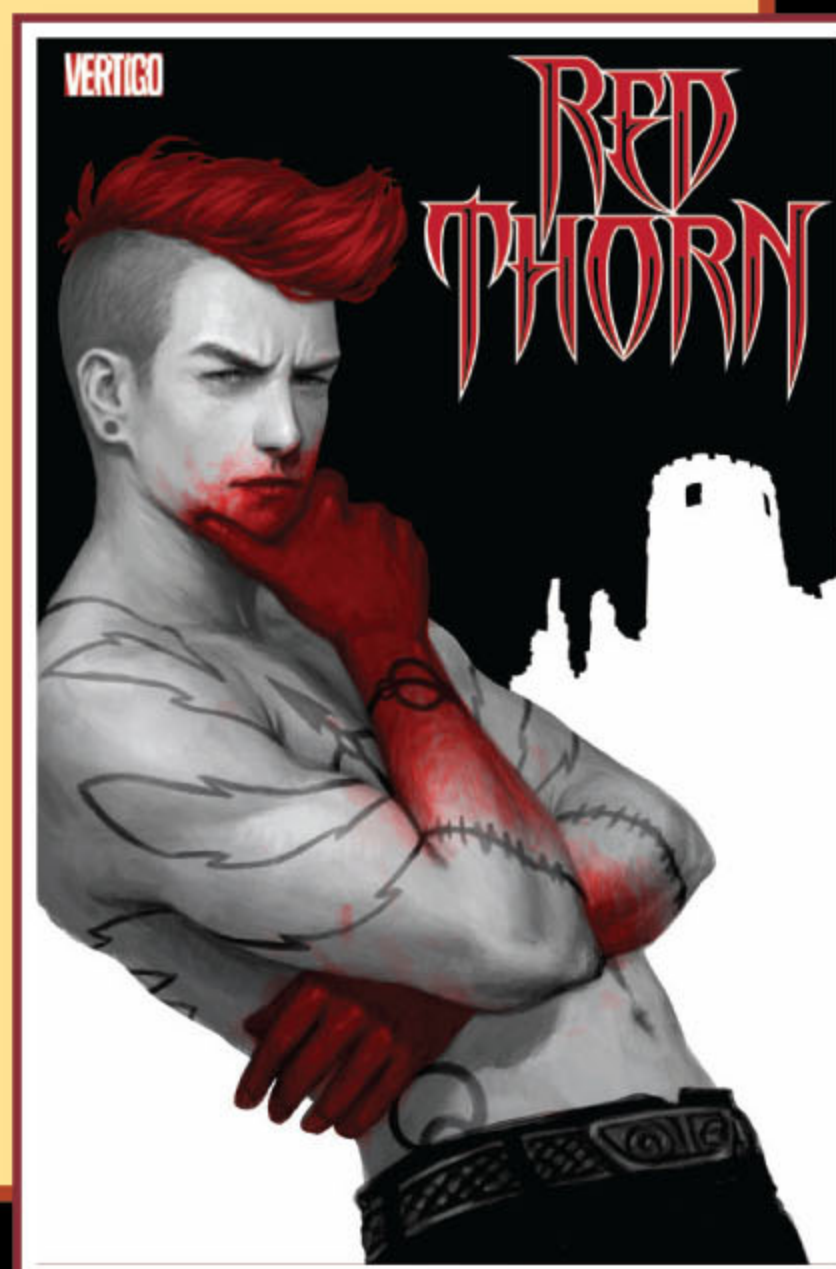
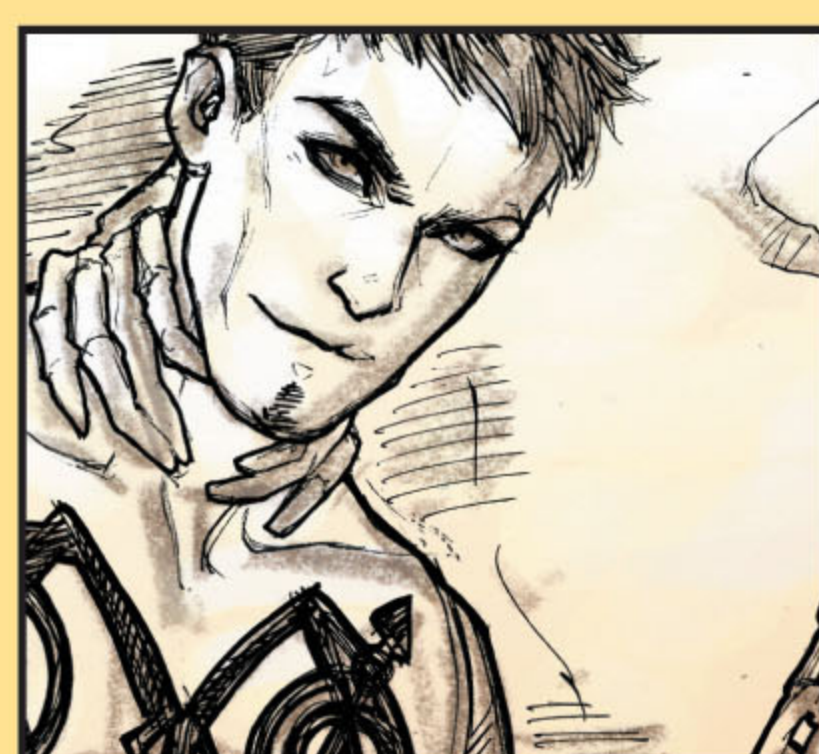
SOMEPLACE STRANGER

VERTIGO IN NOVEMBER

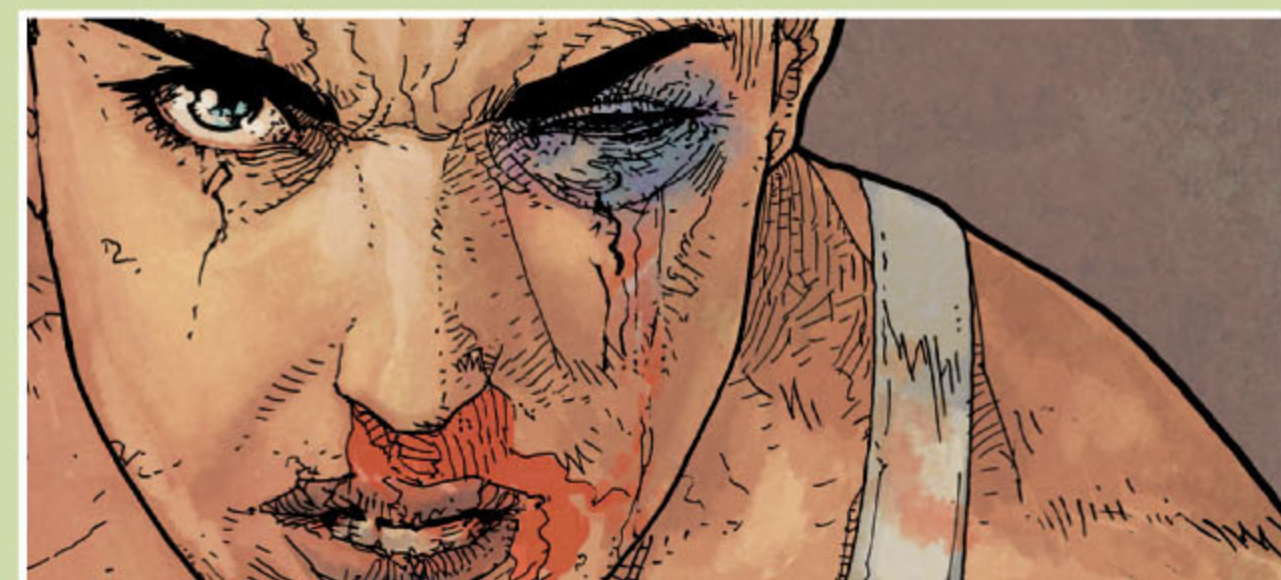


JAMIE S. RICH, SENIOR EDITOR

I know people tend to associate spring with rebirth and metamorphoses, but at Vertigo, we think real change begins in the autumn. It's not just because we prefer the dark and gloom to sunnier climes—though now really is one of the best times to curl up with a good book!—but because it represents a real changing of the guard. Here we are, ensconced in the middle third of our new lineup, ready to show you things you've never seen before.

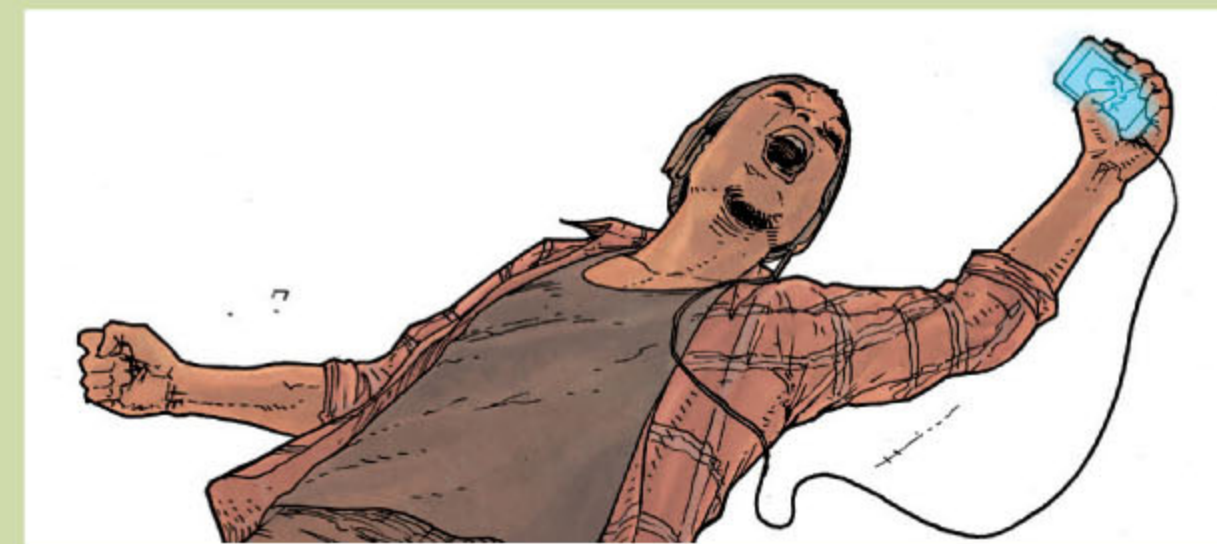


ROWENA YOW, ASSOCIATE EDITOR



MOLLY MAHAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

As a student of philosophy, I always found the great questions of morality and meaning to be the most interesting and imperative to navigating daily existence. What does it mean to be "moral"? What is a "good" life? These are questions great minds have grappled with for ages, and we at Vertigo have a new moral quandry to add



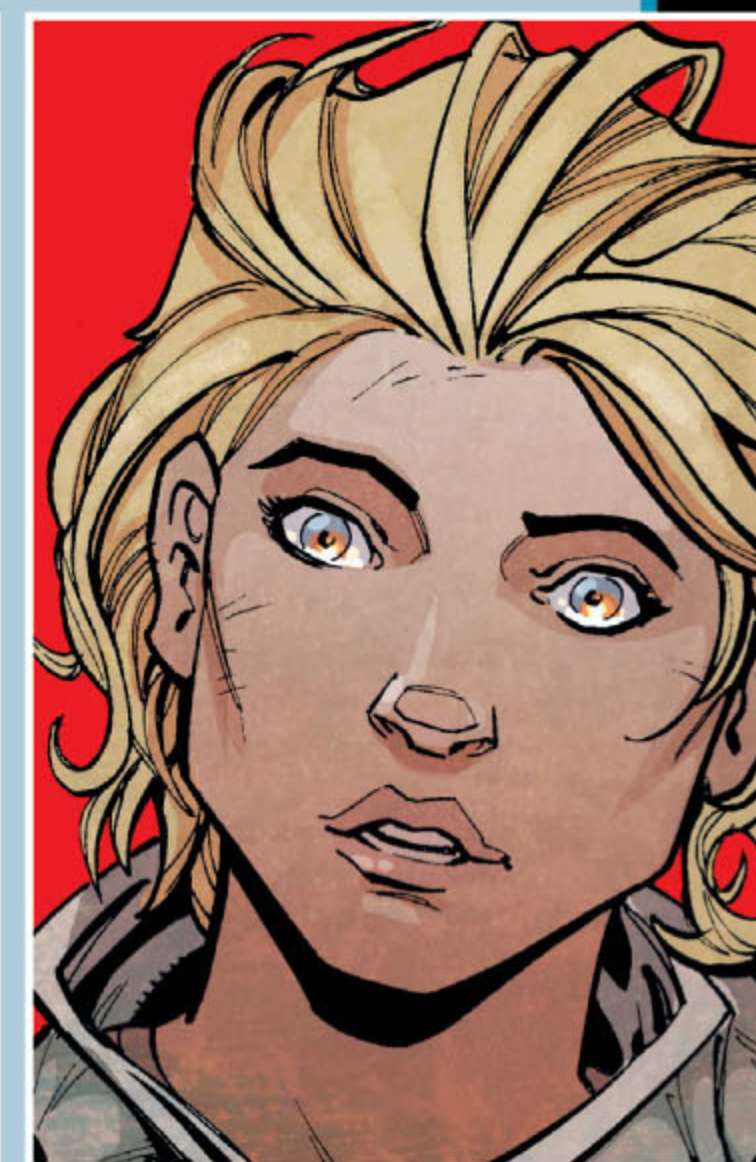
to the debate: If a dying billionaire offered you and 139 strangers equal-share inheritance for those living at the time of his death, would you

kill to be the sole survivor, run and hide until it all blows over, protect the defenseless, or perhaps even uncover another option? In Rob Williams and Mike Dowling's **UNFOLLOW**, 140 characters face this exact question, and their stories may lead to you answering those bigger questions differently than you ever expected.

140



You know the one about the female firefighter who's a pyromaniac? You will once you get a glimpse of **SLASH & BURN**, the new monthly by **BODIES** scribe



Si Spencer and artists Max Dunbar and Ande Parks. Trouble and desire meet cute in a crush of red when Rosheen Hayes pushes her way into the fire—whether it's accidental, arson or otherwise. Expect explosions.



SHELLY BOND, EXECUTIVE EDITOR

DESKTOP



The best superhero stories often have something personal about them, and Eric Kripke has frequently said that **JACKED** is the most personal thing he's ever written. Meet Josh Jaffe, an average midlife-crisis loser who suddenly finds himself with superpowers, thanks to a shady Internet drug. What could possibly go wrong? Eric's clever crassness (as seen on *Supernatural* and *Revolution*) is a perfect fit for VERTIGO, as he explores all the grotesque indignities of middle age and the dangers of addiction. But this book



wouldn't be half as good without John Higgins' stunning art. Fun fact: John also drew Eric's favorite VERTIGO comic, **HELLBLAZER: SON OF MAN**. Comics: making creative collaboration dreams come true!



ELLIE PYLE, EDITOR

#VertigoRepresent #SomeplaceStranger

NEW VERTIGO CHECKLIST — NOVEMBER 2015

UNFOLLOW #1 by Rob Williams, Mike Dowling & Quinton Winter; covers by Matt Taylor - November 4

RED THORN #1 by David Baillie, Meghan Hetrick & Steve Oliff; covers by Choong Yoon - November 18

SLASH & BURN #1 by Si Spencer, Max Dunbar, Ande Parks & Nick Filardi; covers by Tula Lotay - November 11

JACKED #1 by Eric Kripke & John Higgins; covers by Glen Fabry & Ryan Brown - November 25

GRAPHIC CONTENT

The summer of my final year at university, I caught chicken pox. I had just bought a huge box of VERTIGO back issues, which I was reading when my doctor announced he was going to try an experimental new medicine.

It turned my feet purple. Bright purple. Then, that night, instead of dreaming, I lay awake as Swamp Thing diligently stapled slabs of red meat to my chest. I kept telling myself I was hallucinating, but I could feel

the pins puncture my skin. He continued for three more nights until Shade the Changing Man showed up and told me I was getting better. "Thanks," I said, assuming he was lying.

I carried on reading and eventually the fever dropped, the pox disappeared, and my feet stopped being purple. The experience changed me forever.

Now, a decade-and-a-bit later, I'm here to tell you about the VERTIGO series I've created with your new

favorite artist, Meghan Hetrick. It's called RED THORN, and it's set in the sexiest city on Earth—Glasgow. It's about a vengeful pagan demigod with incredible abs and the American girl whose sketches have brought him back to life. It will break your heart.

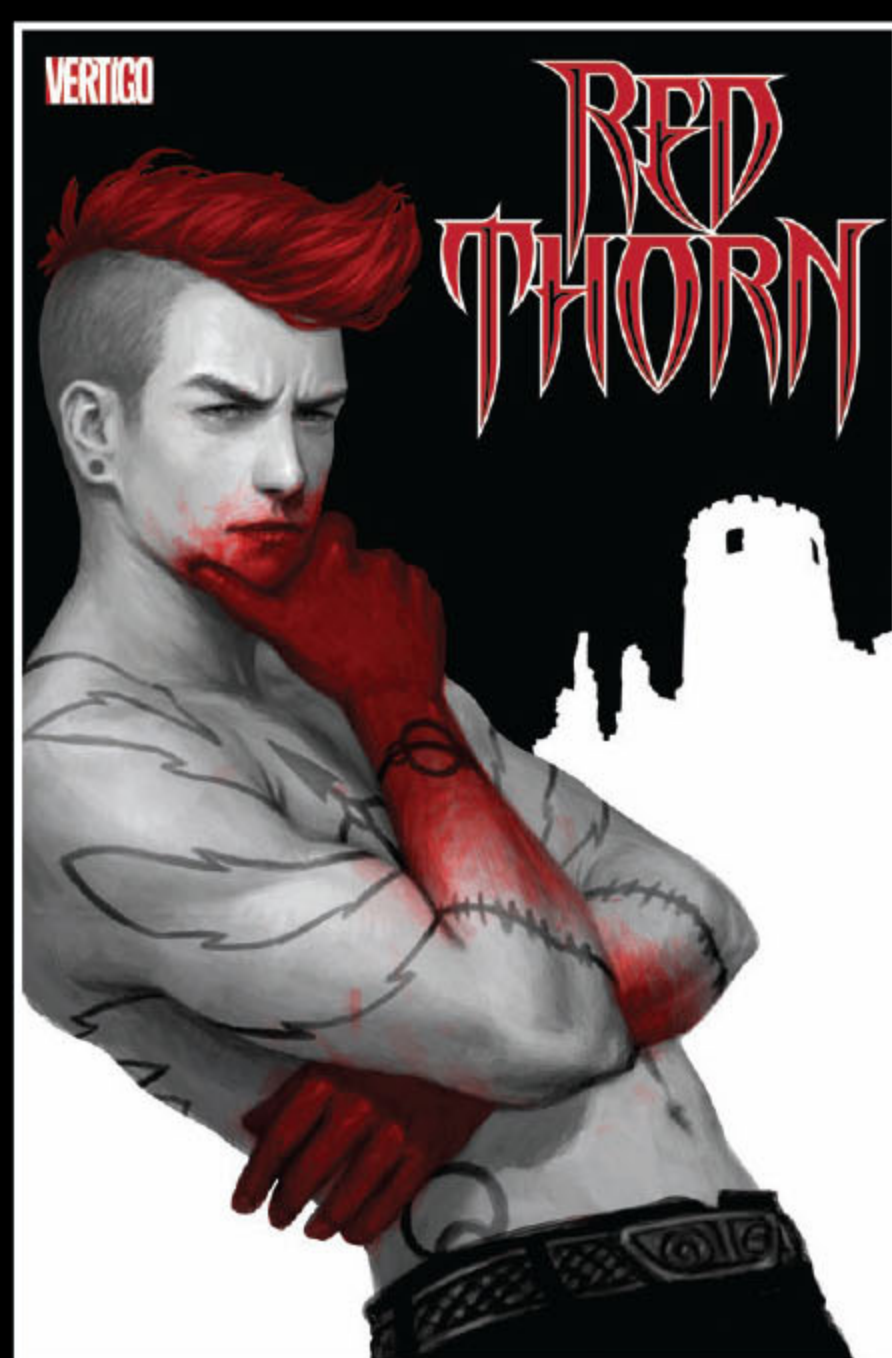
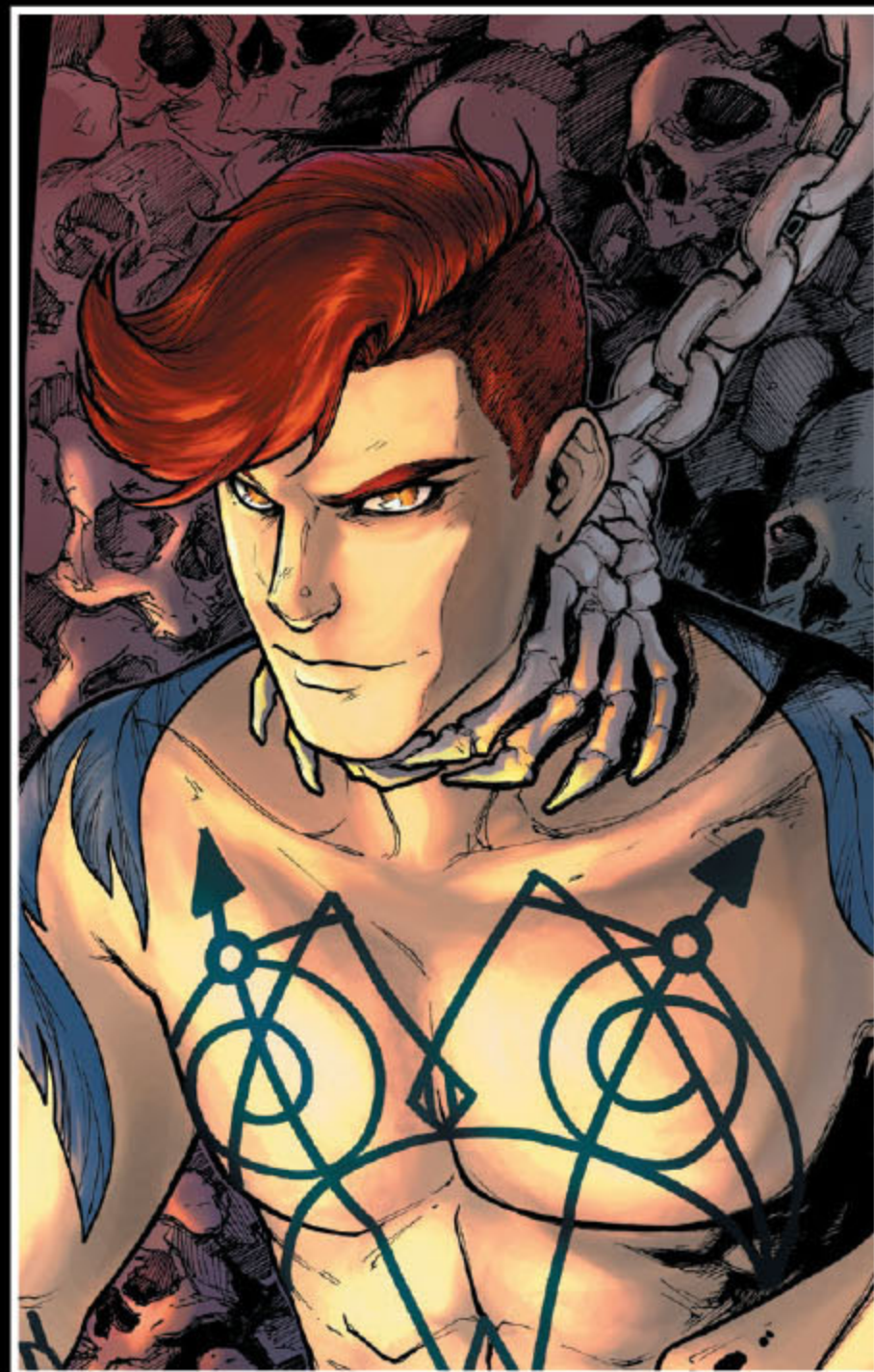
You can read it with or without first contracting a contagious disease and subjecting yourself to experimental medication.

Just make sure you read it.

— David Baillie

Creator/writer of RED THORN

In stores November 18



"We met on an app."

I recently asked a couple how they'd met. This was the answer. It's a new language. A fresh world where the likes of Tinder and Grindr are changing first connections. The same conversation drifted into how Grindr is killing the gay scene in London; bars and clubs are closing down. The world is evolving, lit by an iPhone's light.



And this is the world that UNFOLLOW witnesses. Co-creator/artist Mike Dowling and I wanted to tell a story about how the human race never really left the food chain, how we're mammals with aspirational tech.

So, one day you get a new app on your phone. And it's a 2015 version of Willy Wonka's Golden Ticket. 140 characters (sic) discover they can equally share a dying billionaire's wealth. They're millionaires. But if 139 of them die somehow, then the survivor gets all the money... Darwinism writ by social media.

140 characters are going to meet "on an app." They won't all survive the experience.

— Rob Williams

Creator/writer of UNFOLLOW

In stores November 4



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