



SEX CRIMINALS™

FRACTION ZDARSKY

1

SUZIE
DOWN IN
THE QUIET





Um.
HELLO?
WE - ARE YOU
IN THERE?

WERE
PRETTY SURE
YOU'RE STILL
IN THERE.



WE--
-hey-

- hey give me
that back -

YOU TWO.



SUZANNE.

JONATHAN.

THIS IS
YOUR VERY
LAST CHANCE,
CHILDREN.

Now.
At three,
we're coming
in after you.



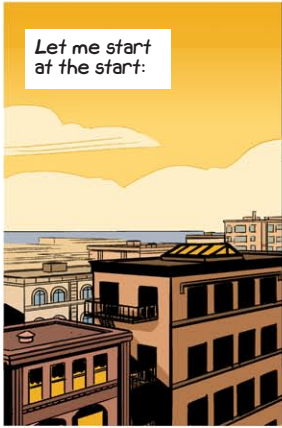
ONE.

TWO.



I know how this looks.

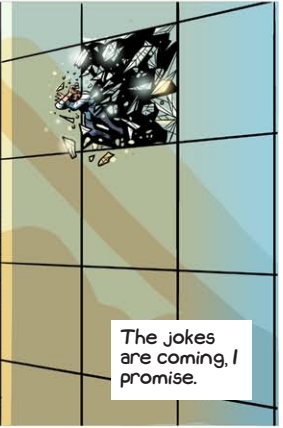
Don't judge us.



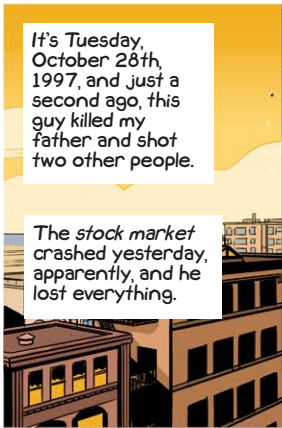
Let me start at the start:



This guy killed my dad.

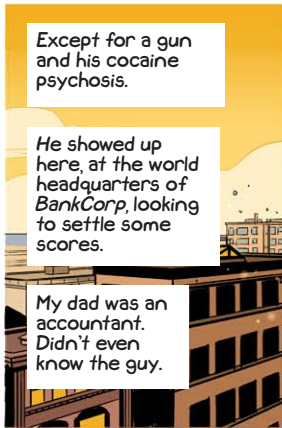


The jokes are coming, I promise.



It's Tuesday, October 28th, 1997, and just a second ago, this guy killed my father and shot two other people.

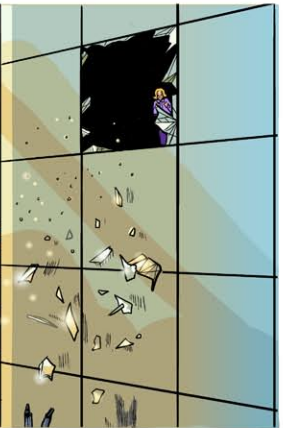
The stock market crashed yesterday, apparently, and he lost everything.



Except for a gun and his cocaine psychosis.

He showed up here, at the world headquarters of BankCorp, looking to settle some scores.

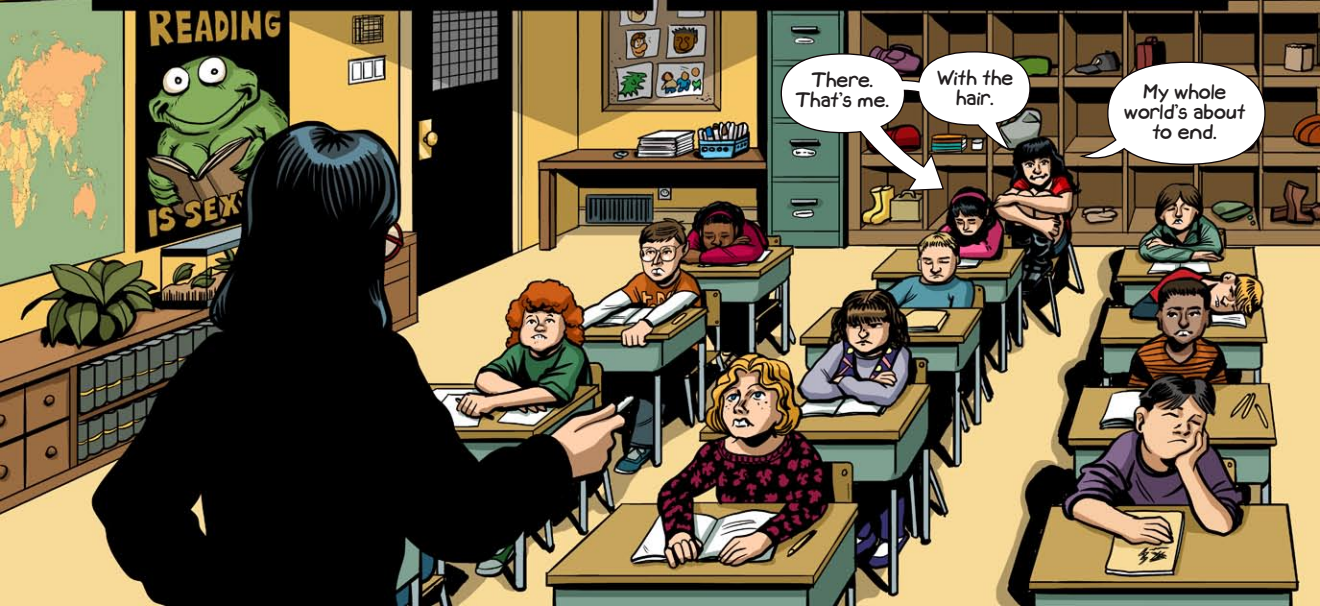
My dad was an accountant. Didn't even know the guy.



I'd like to think Dad died heroically. Maybe saving somebody. Maybe he jumped between the guy and a pregnant lady or something.

Anything to keep it from being so random.

I swear the sex and the jokes are coming. Hang on.



READING IS SEX

There. That's me.

With the hair.

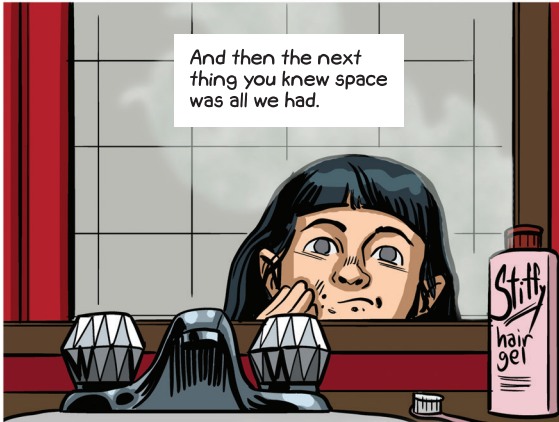
My whole world's about to end.







We both gave each other a lot of space in those days.



And then the next thing you knew space was all we had.

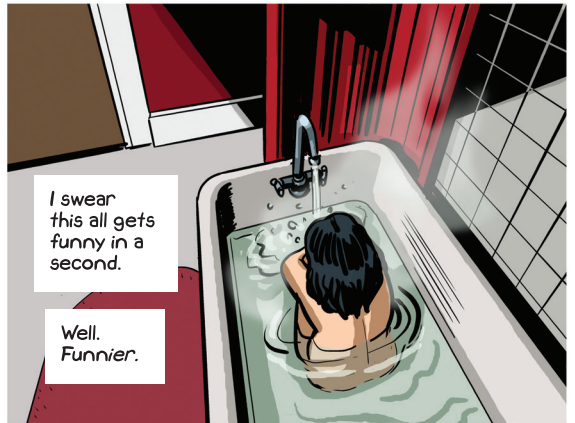
It was a nice old house. Not a right angle anywhere in it. Decades of history, of other families, other lives.

Sound carried everywhere.



Even though she tried to hide it from me I could always hear it when mom cried.

I had to hide underwater with the tub running to get away.



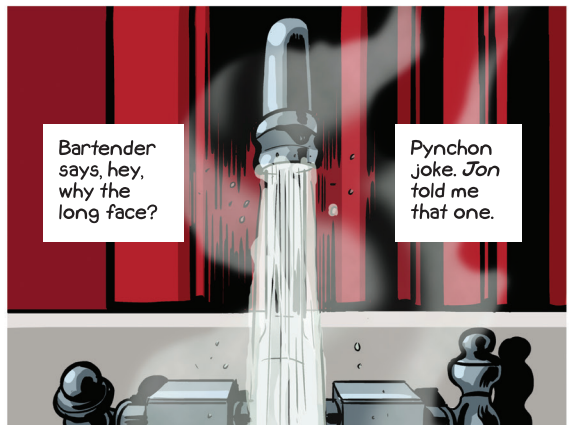
I swear this all gets funny in a second.

Well. Funnier.



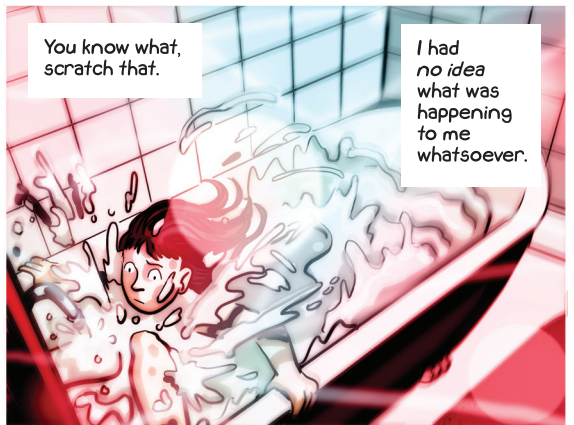
Maybe I should tell jokes.

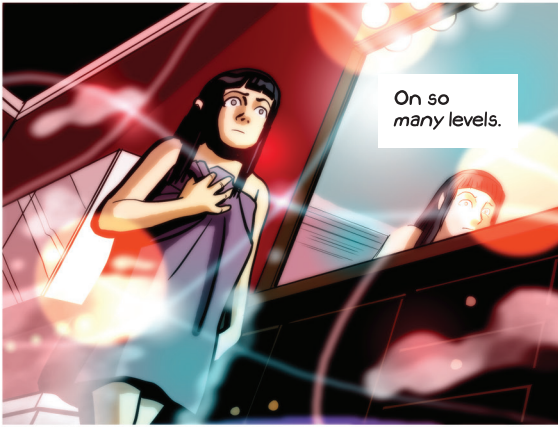
Thomas Pynchon walks into a bar.



Bartender says, hey, why the long face?

Pynchon joke. Jon told me that one.





On so many levels.



I even left the water on.

It wasn't going anywhere.



That's how weird it all was.

I was enveloped in *silence* and *color*.

An *ocean* of warm *silence* and *color* that I could, apparently, make explode out from inside me.



It felt so amazing that...



...



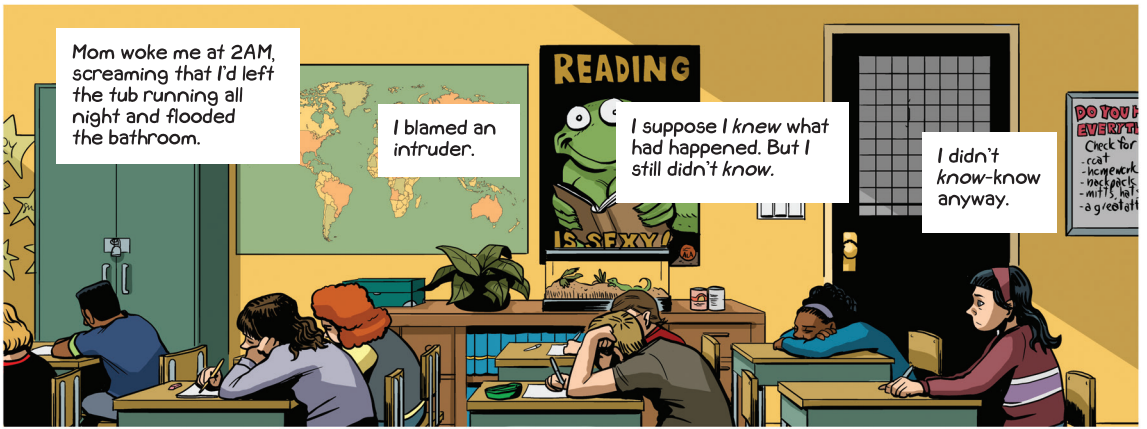
...that I was terrified.



I was confused and terrified.

How could anything feel so good?

How could anything make everything get so quiet?



Mom woke me at 2AM, screaming that I'd left the tub running all night and flooded the bathroom.

I blamed an intruder.

I suppose I knew what had happened. But I still didn't know.

I didn't know-know anyway.

DO YOU EVERYTH...
Check for...
-creat...
-network...
-miff's...
-ag/coloff



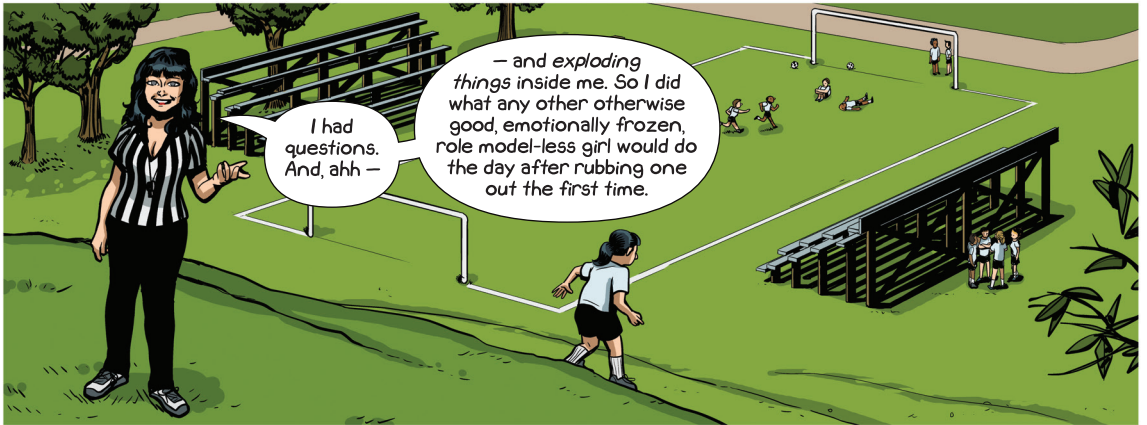
I was afraid to find out, but.



But.



But.



I had questions. And, ahh —

— and exploding things inside me. So I did what any other otherwise good, emotionally frozen, role model-less girl would do the day after rubbing one out the first time.



I went to ask the Dirty Girls.

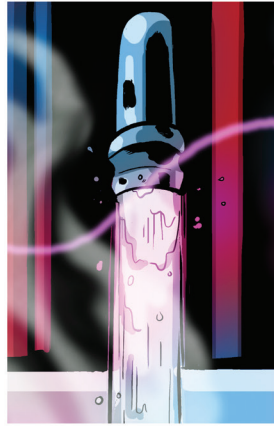
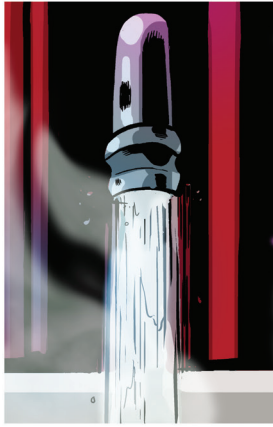
Hey, slut.

What do you want?



I thought Rachelle could tell what I'd done. Thought she could tell just by looking at me.

She couldn't, of course. But what did I know?



I knew how to get away from everything.

Finally, finally.



Whew!

That's better.

Hi.



Nothing like a little me-time to help one focus, eh?



So this is our place.



Hang on.

It's going away in a sec --



Oh, hey. Didn't see you there.

Hey Rach.



Anyway, so look: about the books.

We're not slob or hoarders. I promise.

A RACH & SUZE PRODUCTION

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(SAVE OUR LIBRARY)

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329 brunswick ave. apt. #2
august 26

SINGLE? LOOKING FOR LOVE

WRONG WITH THAT NIK THE POTTERY BARN T. U ABOUT, GARY? I GAW, MEMBER. DO YOU WANT I DREVER LIKE YOUR SKI

YOU'D RETURN MY CAL LOVE, MOM

NUMBER IN CASE YOU FORG 555-6292

EARN HOW 2 MAKE COMICS FOR TICK CASH/LOVE

Anyone loves "comics" so it stands in that if u made comics everyone i love u, right? Let 1-time Wizard line-appearing "artist" Chip Zlatkovich u how 2 turn a blank page in 2 filled with dick doodles & bawmer

X02, page 119

14-0-555
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-- and so here we are, tonight already, pow!, just like that, through the magic of editing.

A book-saving party.



I don't see him come in.

Can you believe it?



Rach thought he was interested in her first.

She usually thinks that about everybody, though.



You remember her, right?



hey, lut.



Then came the day I didn't need answers anymore. Answers, I had.

I wanted context. I wanted experience.

So now then.



This is Craig.

Craig is my high school boyfriend.



I decided on the drive over.

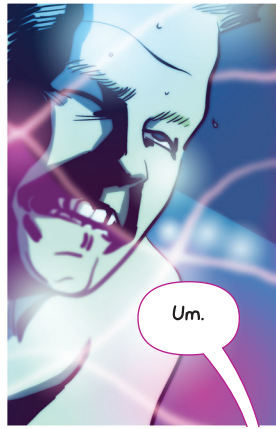
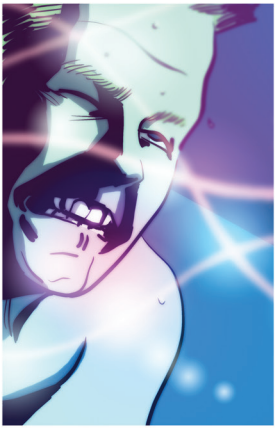
We're going to sleep together tonight!



Well.

"Sleep."

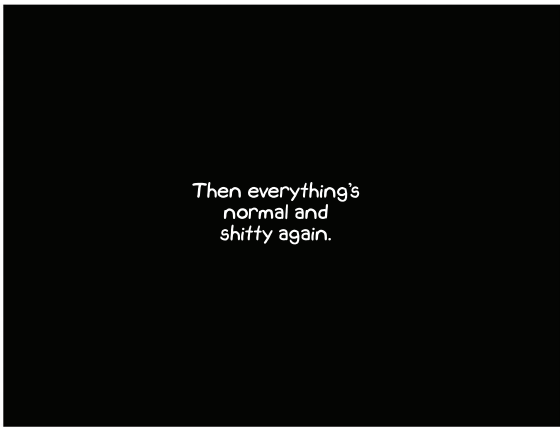






Eventually it just wears off. I learned that pretty quickly.

There's a low rumble that turns into slow sound, and then —



Then everything's normal and shitty again.



They were the same thing in those days.



We were both looking for our way out.



But I made up my mind I would learn. And the only way to learn is by asking questions.

I have questions.



And I wouldn't do "it" again until I had my answers.

No matter how much I wanted to -- which was a lot.



Ever try to utilize the resources of the public school system to learn about sex?

No wonder so many dumb kids get knocked up. Nobody knows anything, and if they do, they're legally bound from telling you.



Easier to just avoid temptation.

SUZIE
VS
THE DIRTY GIRLS
ROUND 2



That thing that happens after you touch yourself, where everything bleeds colors and all you can hear is that low rumbling sound and everybody's frozen?



Strike one.



Hey, slut.

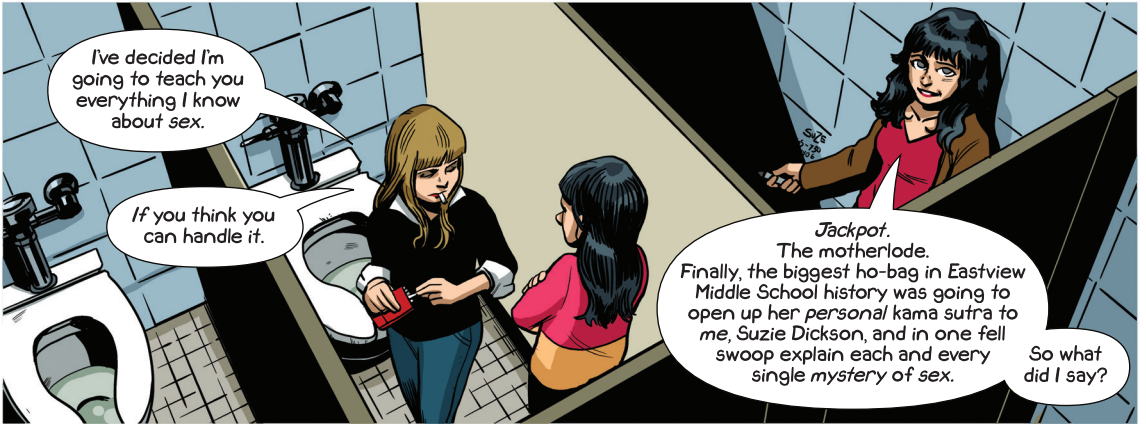


Um.
Me?

Th-this slut?



Smoke with me.
I don't -
- Go.



I've decided I'm going to teach you everything I know about sex.

If you think you can handle it.

Jackpot.
The motherfode.
Finally, the biggest ho-bag in Eastview Middle School history was going to open up her personal kama sutra to me, Suzie Dickson, and in one fell swoop explain each and every single mystery of sex.

So what did I say?

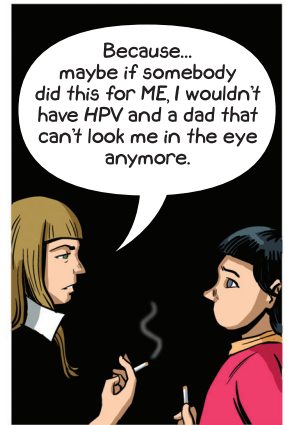


Uh. Okay.

...why?



PPPPhhhhh
fffffft

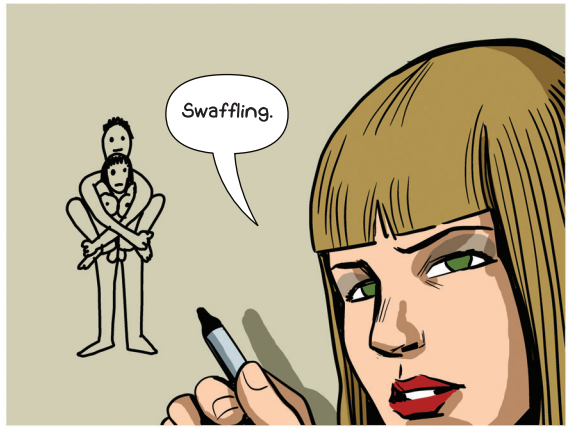
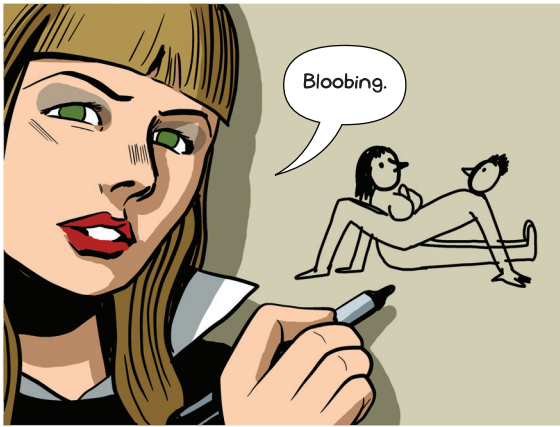


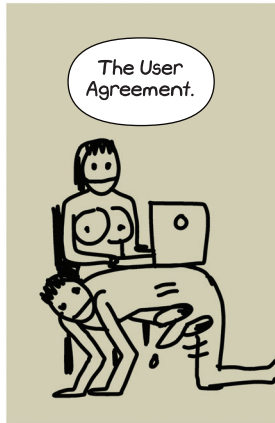
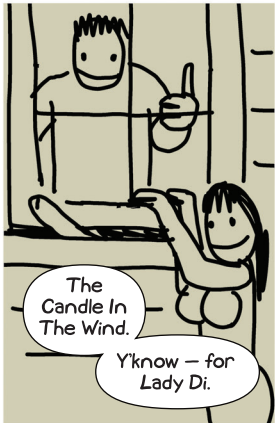
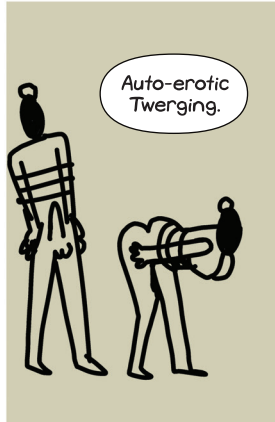
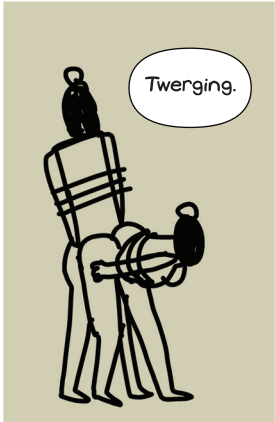
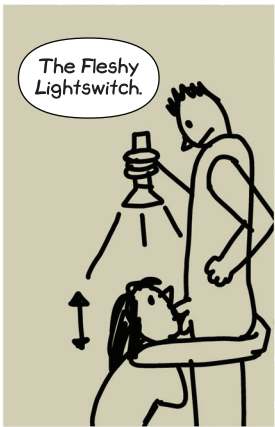
Because... maybe if somebody did this for ME, I wouldn't have HPV and a dad that can't look me in the eye anymore.

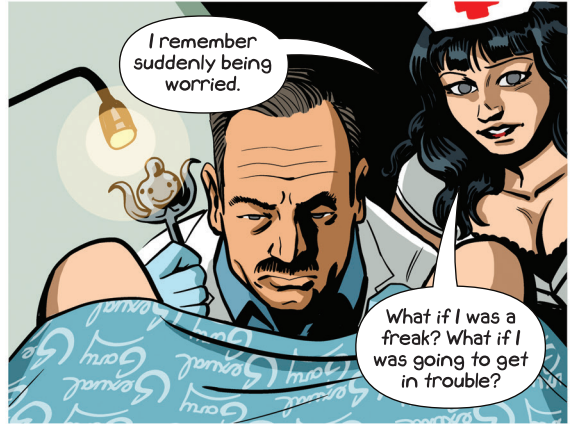
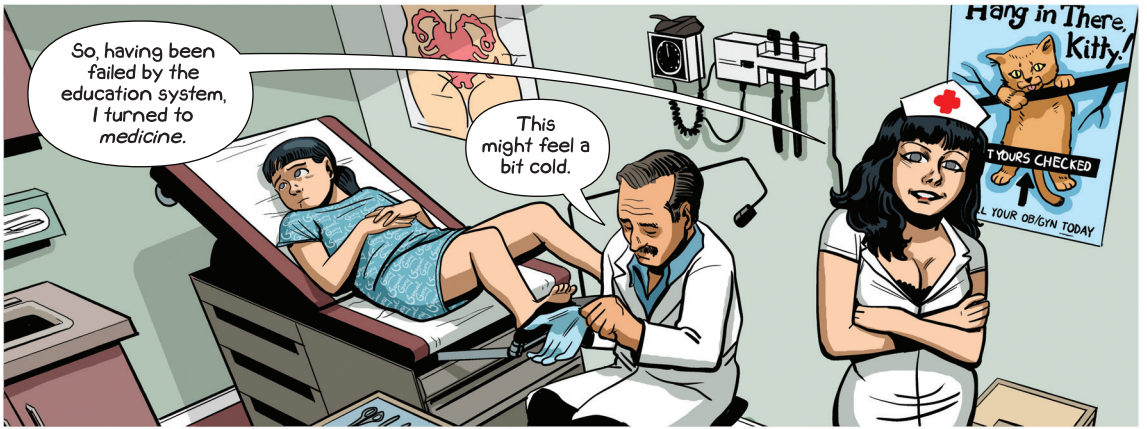


So here's the real raw sex shit you need to know - If you think you're ready...

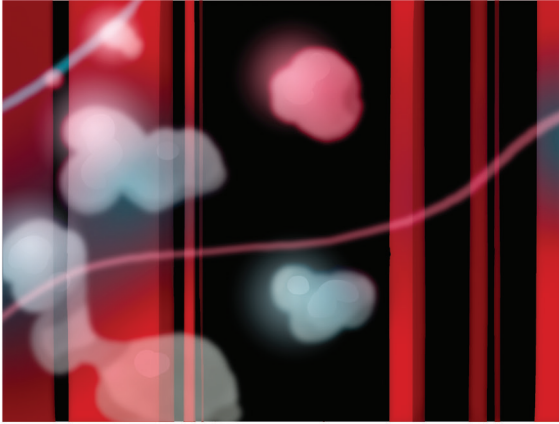
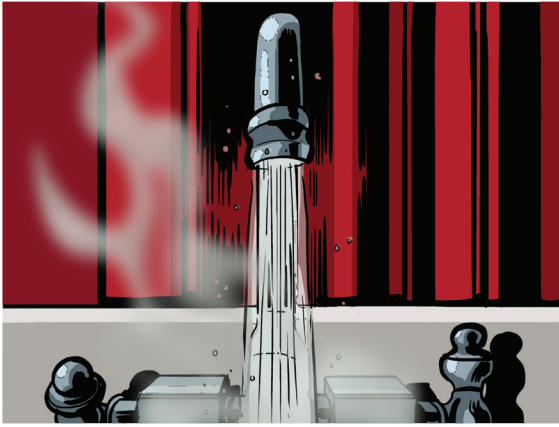
I was ready.

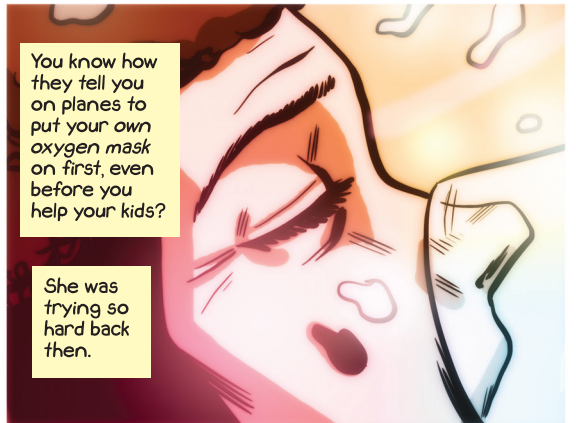








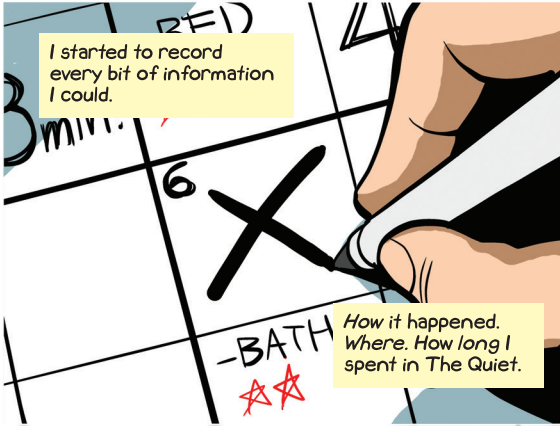






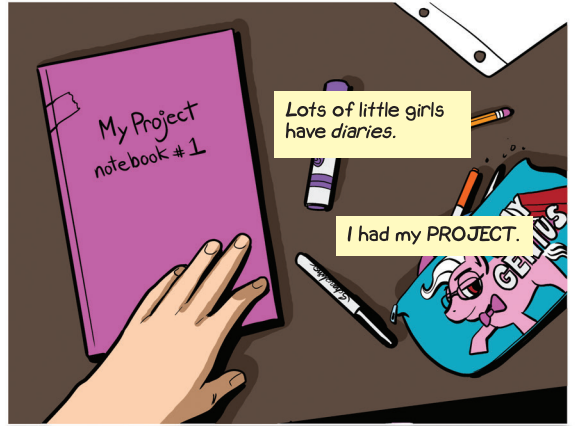
I needed more data.

I would become my own subject.



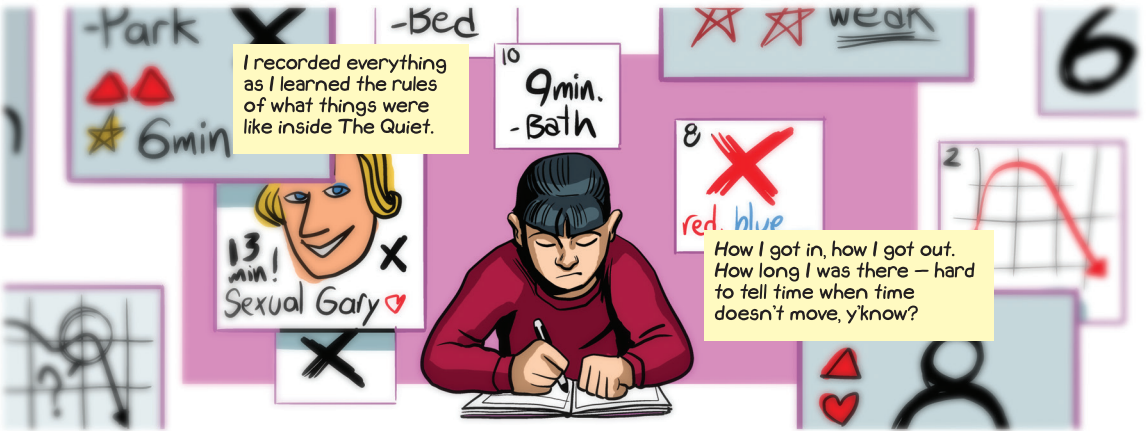
I started to record every bit of information I could.

How it happened. Where. How long I spent in The Quiet.



Lots of little girls have diaries.

I had my PROJECT.



I recorded everything as I learned the rules of what things were like inside The Quiet.

10
9min.
-Bath

13 min!
Sexual Gary

8
red. blue

How I got in, how I got out. How long I was there - hard to tell time when time doesn't move, y'know?



I need help. Um.

I have a lot of information, but no good way of sorting it all and searching through it and stuff.







"LO. LEE. TA.

"SHE WAS LO, PLAIN LO, IN THE MORNING, STANDING FOUR FEET TEN IN ONE SOCK.

"SHE WAS LOLA IN SLACKS.

"SHE WAS DOLLY AT SCHOOL.

"SHE WAS DELORES ON THE DOTTED LINE.

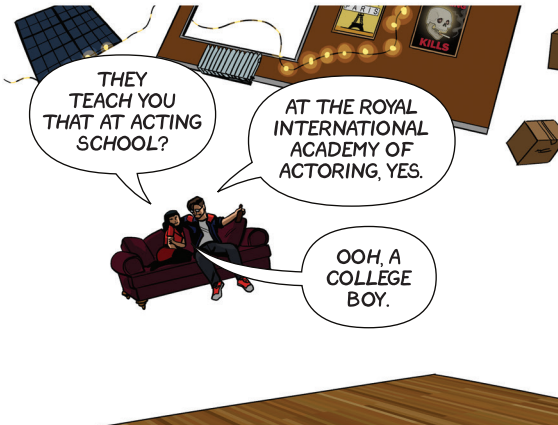
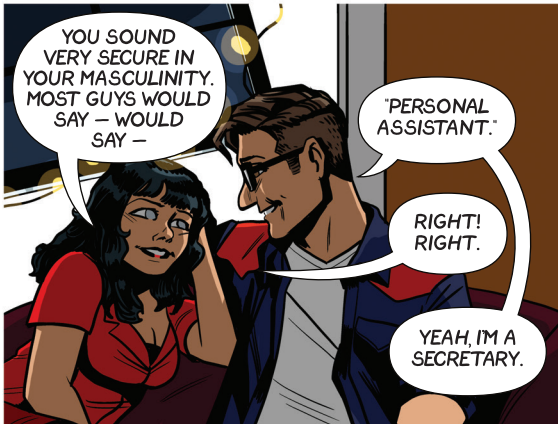
"BUT IN MY ARMS SHE WAS ALWAYS...

"...LOLITA."

HI, I'M SUZIE.

JON. HEY.





Because of this.

Because you're funny.

Because you know *Lolita*.

And Nabokov and James Mason too.

Because you're cute and funny and I'm kind of *sad* and you haven't tried hitting on me once.

Because you weren't even trying...





There were others, after Craig. I'm not a NUN.



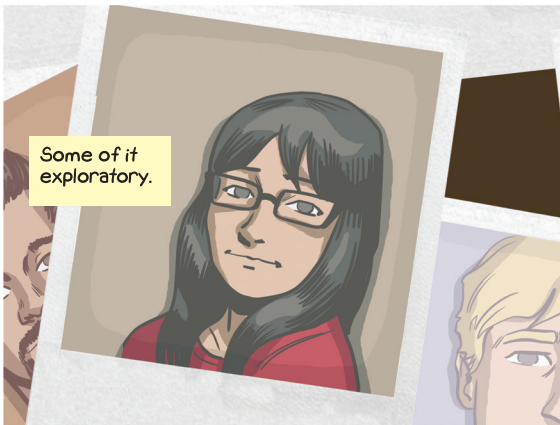
Sometimes it felt very real.



Sometimes it felt very silly. Like a mistake.



Sometimes it felt important and adult.



Some of it exploratory.



Sometimes it just felt like something to do instead of fall asleep alone.



And sometimes it was entirely forgettable.



You sure this is cool?



Yes.

Yes, this is totally cool.

Oh right on—



Ta-da.



>!<



Whew!
Wow!



Boy, that felt nice.



Mmm.







YOU'VE BEEN READING

SEX CRIMINALS

SUZIE DOWN IN
THE QUIET
SHAME ON YOU

MATT FRACTION CHIP ZDARSKY

BECKA KINZIE COLOR FLATTING
THOMAS K EDITING
DREW GILL PRODUCTION

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This book is dedicated to the brave men and women who love 2 fuck

MATT FRACTION
HOWARD CHAYKIN

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SEX! DEATH! LIVE TV!



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CHAYKIN

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IS THE MOST
DANGEROUS
WOMAN
ALIVE!**

FROM THE CREATORS OF "CAPTAIN AMERICA: THE WINTER SOLDIER"

VELVET

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THREE

GILLEN KELLY BELLAIRE COWLES

300 SPARTANS.

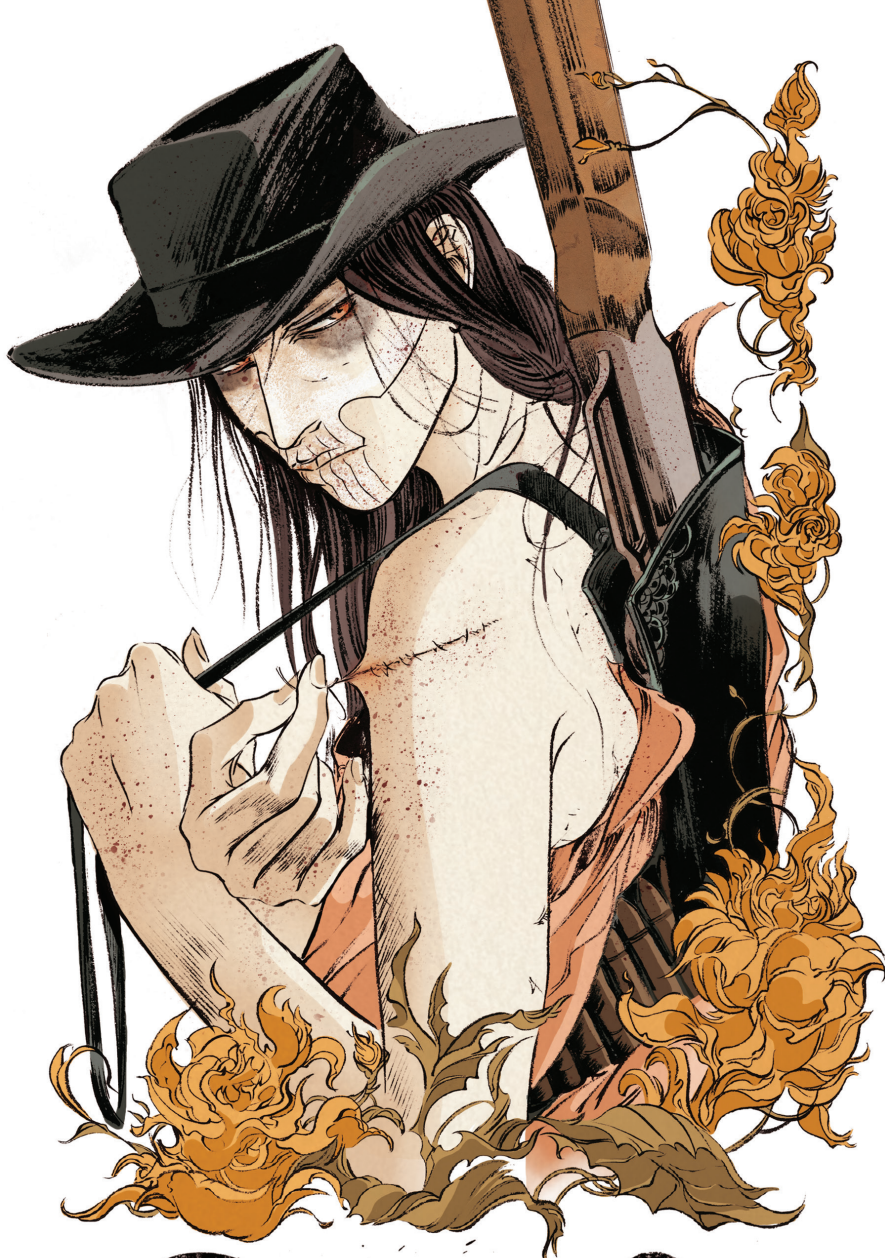
THREE SLAVES.

ONE CHANCE.

NO HOPE?



OCTOBER 2013
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PRETTY DEADLY™

DECONNICK / RÍOS / BELLAIRE

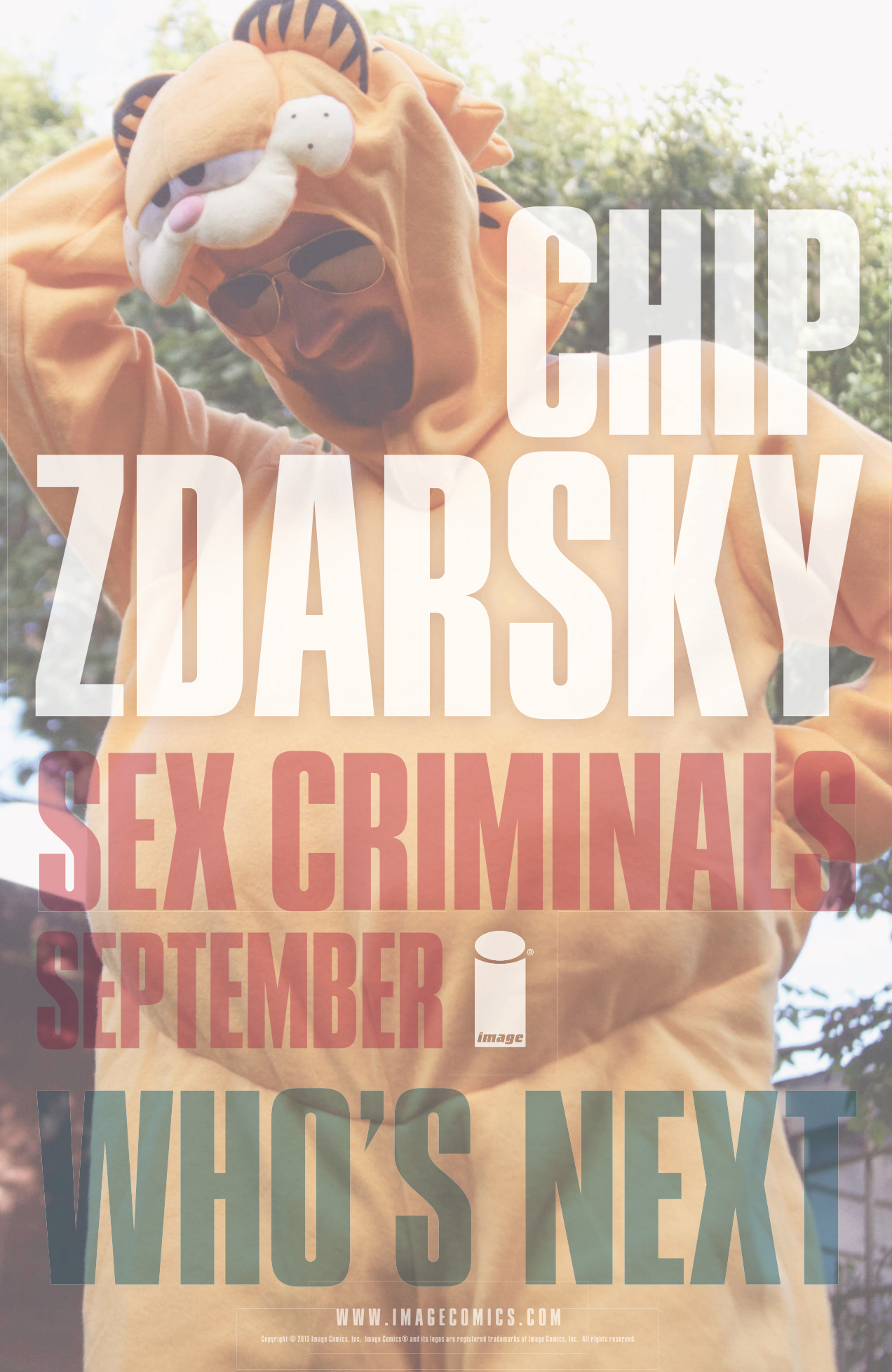
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DEATH RIDES THE WIND



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CHIP ZDARSKY

SEX CRIMINALS

SEPTEMBER



WHO'S NEXT

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FOR
MATURE
READERS
DUHH

IMAGECOMICS.COM

RATED **M** / MATURE

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SERIOUSLY