

# LOST DOGS

JEFF LEMIRE





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by

**JEFF LEMIRE**

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**Design and Lettering: Chris Ross**

# **LOST DOGS Introduction**

## **by Timothy Callahan**

I'm a sucker for red, white, and black. I'll admit it.

I think I saw pictures of Jack and Meg White in *Spin* long before I ever heard their music. Hey, I'm an old man with little kids -- I was deep into a *Wiggles* phase when the White Stripes hit it big, and I don't even know why I was still getting *Spin* magazine. It just kept showing up in the mailbox every month, long after I'd stopped paying for it. But those White kids looked like they knew what they were doing, color-wise.

And Mark Gruenwald and Paul Neary's U. S. Agent? The good ol' red, white, and black. Patriotic, yet badass, because that's what you need when you're a member of not just the Avengers, but the West Coast Avengers.

How about the Criterion Collection *Spartacus* cover? The field of blood red, the white lettering, the Hellenistic figure, all black, raising his sword to the gods? Half the Criterion Collection discs have that same color scheme. Don't believe me? I'll wait while you go check your collection, unless your copies of *Le Doulos* and *Short Cuts* are out on loan. In which case you might just want to stay here. I won't be long. You'll get to the good stuff, the Jeff Lemire stuff, soon enough.

The point is that red, white, and black works. At least on me. And when I saw that stark, wordless cover of the original *Lost Dogs* printing at MoCCA back in 2006, it was the cover that I judged. It was the cover—the image of a man in a red and white shirt, fists chiseled and ready, with the face cropped just below the eyes—that stopped me. That made me take notice of what was going on at this particular booth.

And to be honest, not much was going on. While Jeff Lemire's peers stuffed their booths with t-shirts, buttons, and signed lithographs, hand-sewn minicomics and hats knitted in the shape of their precious characters, he sat behind a stack of red, white, and black *Lost Dog* books. The simplicity of his display made it all the more effective.

But I have to admit, once I opened up the book, I found the art inside didn't match the bold style used on the cover. And I put it back down. The interior work looked rough, raw as hell. As if Lemire skipped the penciling stage entirely, slapping down ink with a frayed brush. Carving characters into the spaces inside

the panels, and filling everything else in with black.

I walked away.

And before long, I returned. The glimpses of imagery haunted me throughout the rest of that day at the MoCCA art festival. Before I left for home, I stopped at Lemire's booth and bought a copy of *Lost Dogs*, and it was one of the best decisions I've ever made (at a comic book show, at least).

*Lost Dogs* is rough, it is raw as hell, but it's rough like a bareknuckle fist fight and raw like a rusty knife into your gut. Lemire's artistic style has tightened up since he first worked on this book, but the grammar, the fundamental storytelling elements, remain the same as what you might see in the *Essex County* comics, or in his work for *Vertigo*. He's a true cartoonist, in the sense that his words and his pictures flow from the same source. I don't know his working methods, but he doesn't strike me as the kind of guy who treats the writing with one part of his brain and the drawing with another. His stories pour out of him on to the page, his id spilling out into the world.

Yet there's a scheme to his work, the ending of his stories tying back to their beginnings. They may unfold as dreams, or nightmares, but the unnerving strangeness has a structure. It isn't sloppy, though a quick glance through the original *Lost Dogs*, with Lemire's frantic, brushed lettering, might indicate a certain kind of instability. A disconcerting unreality like something out of Clive Barker's notebook doodles. The lettering has been reworked for this new volume you hold in your hands, I'm told, cleaned up and made more legible, which is probably for the best. Steven Soderbergh once said that audiences will put up with poor picture quality as long as the sound is clear, but a crisp picture and problematic audio will turn off even the most eager viewers. The same is true for comics, where slick lettering can help even the most chaotic sequence of images seem readable. And in *Lost Dogs*, chaos—dark, bloody chaos—abounds.

Like Lemire's *Essex County*, *Lost Dogs* explores the notions of community, of family. But this is no poetic elegy on withered moments or lingering memories. This is a violent, messy tale of murder and revenge. Of unjust death, pain, and anger. Beauty and sentimentality won't find safe haven in these pages, but if you're anything like me, the tale, unfolded, will break your heart.

I'll save the reading, the agonizing pleasure of the story, to you, but before I send you off into the land of Lemire's haunting fable, I want to highlight a single image from the book. One that demonstrates the power of Lemire's artistry, even in its early, unpolished form. In the opening sequence, Ulrich the sailor enjoys a simple meal

with his family, and then curls up with them at bedtime. Lemire draws the hulking hero lying on the bare wooden floor in front of the fire, completely enveloping his wife and child in his arms, his loyal dog curled up at his feet. It's a moment of tranquility, of peace and safety. But the potency of the image comes from its scale. It's the vision of fatherhood made real, the sad concern of a father holding his wife and child as they smile comfortably. His immense red and white form overwhelms them, protects them completely from the blackened shadows, offers safe harbor for their dreams. The tragedy is that it cannot last forever.

*Timothy Callahan is the author of Grant Morrison: The Early Years and the editor of Teenagers from the Future: Essays on the Legion of Super-Heroes. He writes about comics for Tor.com and Comic Book Resources.*

# **That Old LOST DOG**

## **A Preface by Jeff Lemire**

When looking back at old work, I'm immediately overcome with two sensations. The first is a feeling of dread at how bad everything looks. I think it's the curse of most artists to be unable to enjoy their old work; at least I know it is for me. When I look at anything I drew last year, last month or even last week, all I see are the mistakes—the awkward drawing and the things I would have done differently. The second feeling that hits me is one of nostalgia. Looking at old artwork is kind of like hearing a song that you listened to a lot a few years back, but haven't heard in a while...you're flooded with memories of who you were and what you were doing when you were drawing a particular page or story. So, looking back at *Lost Dogs* now, I'm overcome by both of these things: memories and mistakes.

Where was I when I was drawing *Lost Dogs*? Who was I? It feels like it was twenty years ago, but the truth is it was only about seven. I didn't have anything resembling a "career" in comics yet. In fact, the idea of ever actually making a living writing and drawing comics seemed about as far from my reality as I could imagine. I was working long night shifts as a line cook at La Hacienda, a former punk bar on Toronto's Queen Street West that now provided cheap burritos, nachos and beer to the hipster crowd. I was drinking too much and staying up way too late, but I still managed to draw every day. I'd wake up early each morning after a night shift and go right to my little drafting table that was tucked at the back of the small one-bedroom apartment that I shared with Lesley-Anne, my then girlfriend (now my wife!). A healthy work ethic has never been my problem. No matter how late I'd stayed out, or how hung over I was, I still drew everyday, all day until it was time to start the next kitchen shift.

At the time, I was still struggling to find exactly what kind of comics I wanted to create. I had (almost) graduated from film school about five years earlier and, inspired by exciting new voices that were emerging in comics in the late '90s—cartoonists like Paul Pope and Jeffrey Brown and Jason Lutes—I immediately decided I was going to forget about film and become a cartoonist. The problem was I had no idea what I wanted to say, or how I wanted to say it. I still had so much to learn about the craft of drawing itself...what tools to use, how to lay out a page, what style I wanted to draw in. These concerns took up the first few years of my new vocation. I experimented a lot, and truth be told the results were pretty amateurish. But I was learning. Every failure led to a new discovery about cartooning and storytelling. And I guess I must have seen enough in those crude

early works to keep me motivated...keep the hope that I could actually do this alive.

Those early comics were truly quite awful. I was trying to do a huge, sprawling sci-fi/horror epic with the over-bloated and redundant title of *Soft Malleable Underbelly*. The book was going to be three hundred pages, and I must have started and restarted it about four times, getting at least a hundred pages in on each attempt before scrapping it and starting over. Aside from a pretty bad plot and two-dimensional characters, the main problem was that I was still developing my style, finding my voice as an illustrator and writer, so I'd start drawing the book one way, but by the time I got a chunk of pages drawn, it would look totally different. Finally, around 2003 or 2004, I gave it up. I realized that the story was going nowhere, and I would never complete something so large until I really found my voice and stuck to it.

It was also around this time that I read Scott McCloud's seminal book, *Understanding Comics*, and went on his website and learned about his famous 24-Hour Comic Challenge. The basic idea was to try and do a twenty-four-page comic in twenty-four hours. A page an hour. No breaks, no prep. Whatever came out on the page came out, for better or for worse. So, frustrated with where my work was at, I decided to give it a shot. Armed with coffee (or whiskey, I can't remember) and a fresh bottle of ink, I dove in one night.

The results were the first twelve or so pages of what became *Lost Dogs*. I was working in two giant sketchbooks. I have no idea where the story, or the lead character of the big, hulking sailor in the striped shirt came from, but whatever it meant, it felt good to draw. I felt differently than I ever had toiling away on my comics all those years. I felt free, uninhibited. The art came out of my brush in big, chunky, messy strokes, and I just let it. I stopped worrying, stopped over-thinking, and just let go. And somewhere along the way I found myself.

I remember getting about twelve pages (and ten or so hours) in and hitting a wall. I had burnt myself out and needed to stop. I had failed the 24-hour challenge, but the experience gave birth to this new story... a story that I really cared about, really wanted to tell.

Over the next month I drew *Lost Dogs*. I remember being so focused on it that I drew the last fourteen pages in one long sitting. The end was in sight, and I couldn't stop until I finished the story. It was one of those rare and fleeting creative moments where everything just comes together and feels right. When I finished the last page, I went out to the living room and sat across from Lesley-Anne, and I remember telling her, "I think I finally did something that's actually good."

Months later I applied for a Xeric Grant in hopes of getting some cash to actually publish the book. The Xeric Grant was founded by Peter Laird, the co-creator of *The Teenaged Mutant Ninja Turtles*, as a way of promoting and supporting emerging comic book self-publishers. Twice a year he awarded \$5000 to five applicants to help publish and distribute their comics. Luckily for me, the award was also open to Canadian residents. At the time I was struggling to make rent, let alone pay to have a graphic novel printed. So the Xeric Grant was an amazing opportunity for me. I had applied for the grant twice before for different incarnations of *Soft Malleable Underbelly*, and failed to win it. I'd pretty much given up hope, but I tried again with *Lost Dogs*, because, quite frankly, I had no other options. And, boy, am I glad I did...because I won one of the grants in the spring of 2005!

Winning the Xeric Grant was a huge moment for me personally and professionally. I had never shown my comics to anyone except Lesley-Anne before this, so not only did I now have the money to self-publish, but I also had someone validating all those years of hard work. Someone else was saying, "You're good enough, and you're not wasting your time after all."

With my Xeric booty in tow, I quietly produced a modest print run of 700 copies of *Lost Dogs* in the fall of 2005. It didn't set the world on fire. In fact, it barely got reviewed at all except on a few blogs (thank you, Kevin Church). But it didn't matter, because I had found my voice. And soon after, with my confidence boosted, I started on what would become the first part of *Essex County*, and the rest, as they say, is history.

So that's the memories, the romantic and nostalgic crap that comes to mind when thinking back on *Lost Dogs*. Now for that other part...the feeling of crippling dread that comes with actually looking at what I drew back then. Boy, is it rough. The art is blocky, messy and unrefined. The characters are muddy and ugly. The storytelling is raw. It's a far cry from how I draw now. In fact, looking at it now, it's almost enough to make me want to bury it in a box like all those early pages of *Soft Malleable Underbelly*. But if you're reading this preface, I guess that means I didn't. And with the generous support of Chris Staros and all of my comic book family at Top Shelf, I've republished it.

Why? I guess if I look at it in the right light, the rough, spontaneous art is all a part of its charm now. It may not be perfect, but it still "works." There's something in this story that gave birth to the cartoonist and storyteller I am now. It's a simple story, but, I think, an affecting one. If I were to redraw *Lost Dogs* today, I'd probably do a lot of things a lot differently. But would it really be any better? Who knows? What I do know is that, despite all of its flaws, it came from the gut, and it has heart.

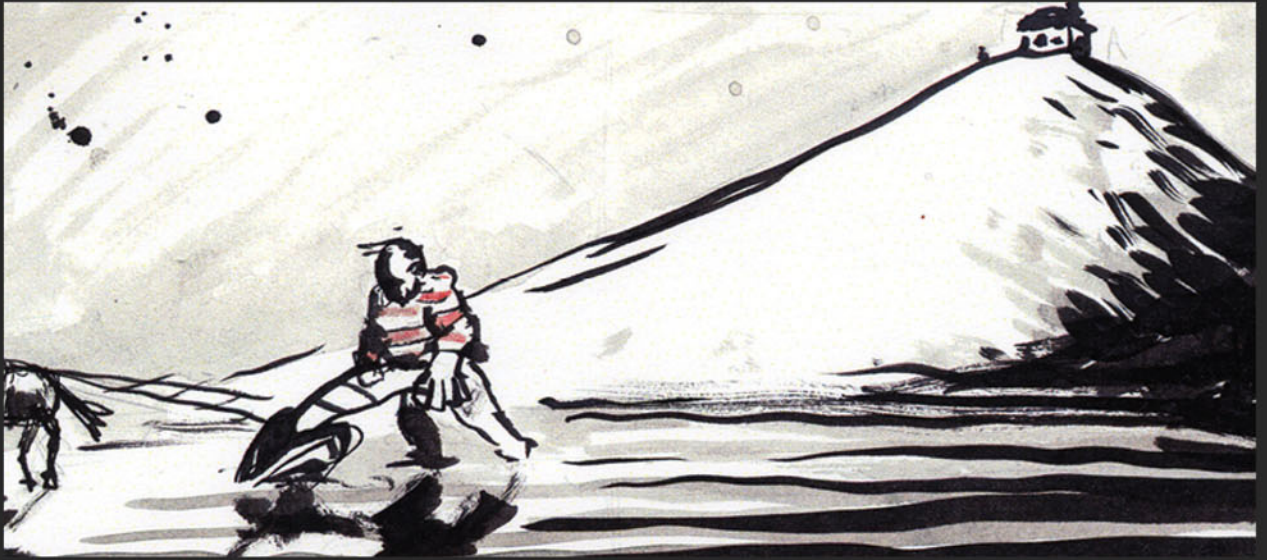
**One last note. I'd like to give a great, big thanks to Chris Ross. Chris is a great designer and letterer, and also a great guy. Chris helped me repackage Lost Dogs, and he also re-lettered it for me, so that you could actually read the thing. Messy art is one thing; messy lettering just won't do. So that's it. My stroll down memory lane is over. And here's *Lost Dogs* in all its bloody, unrelenting glory. Don't say I didn't warn you.**

**Jeff Lemire  
October 30<sup>th</sup>, 2011**



**CHAPTER 1**  
**THE SAILOR**

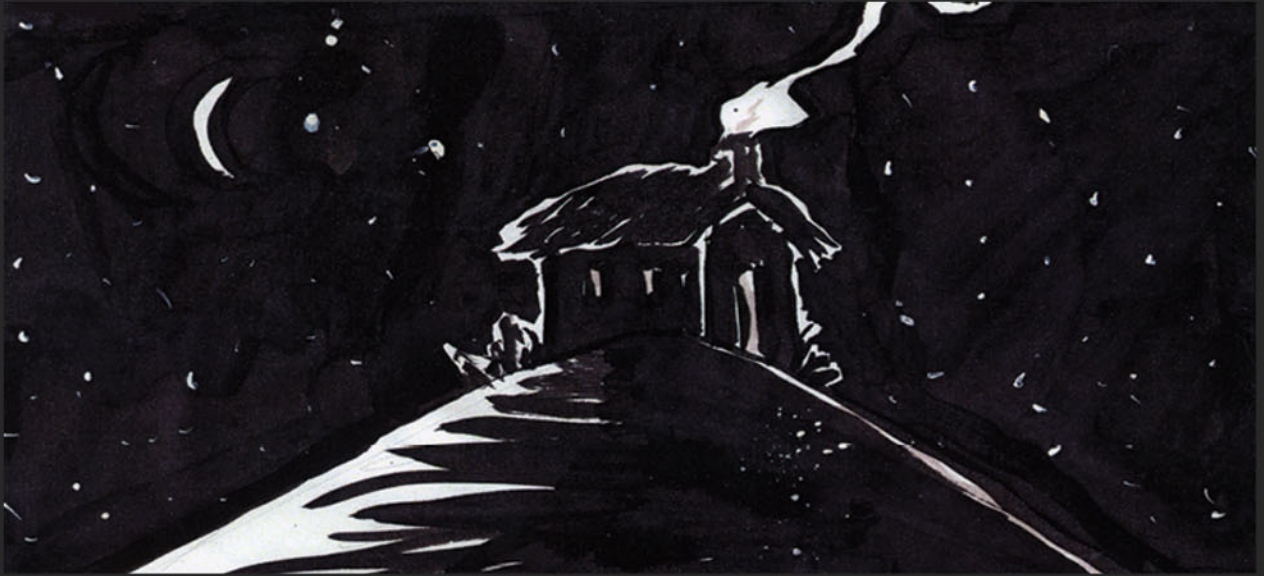




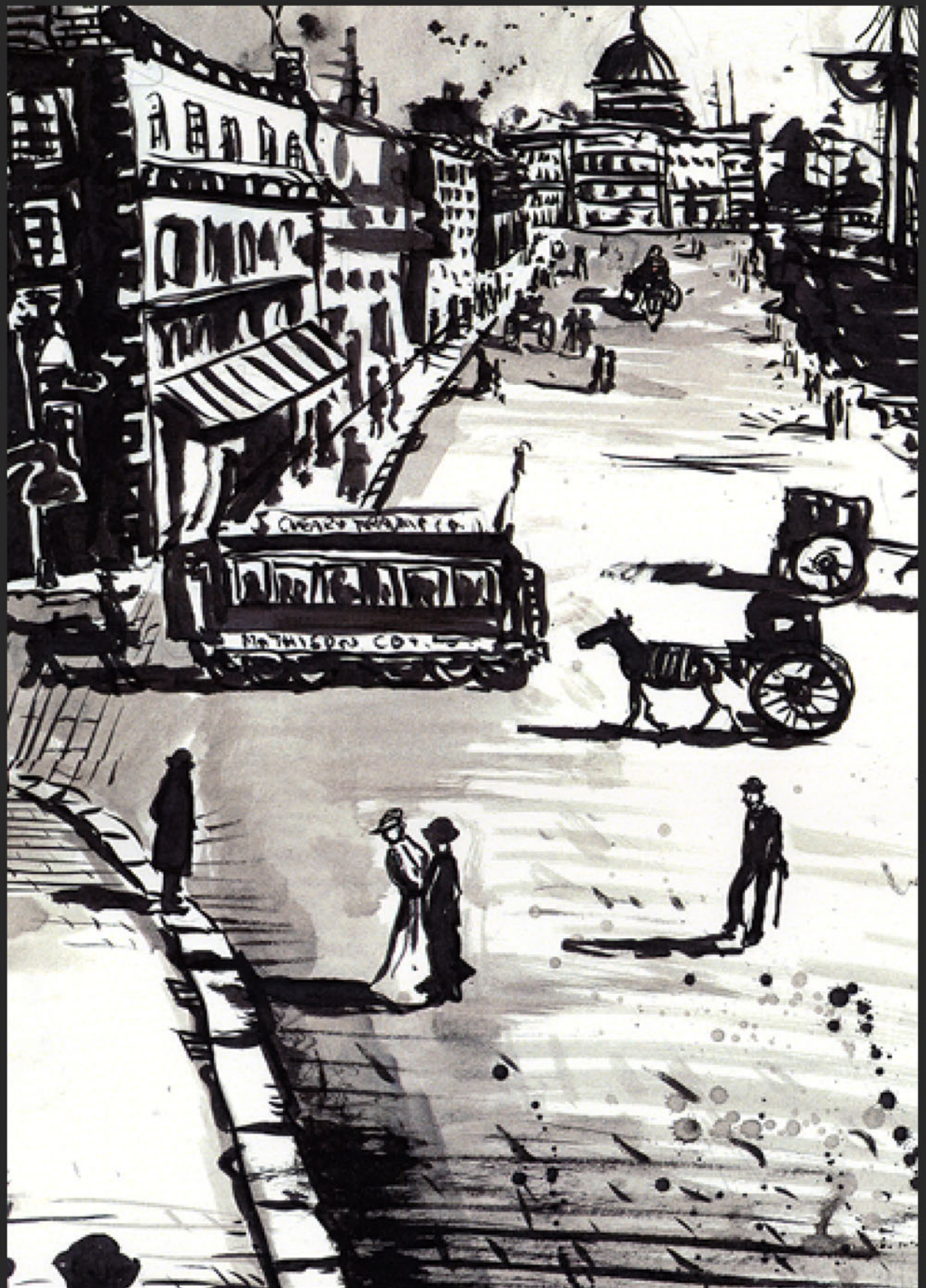


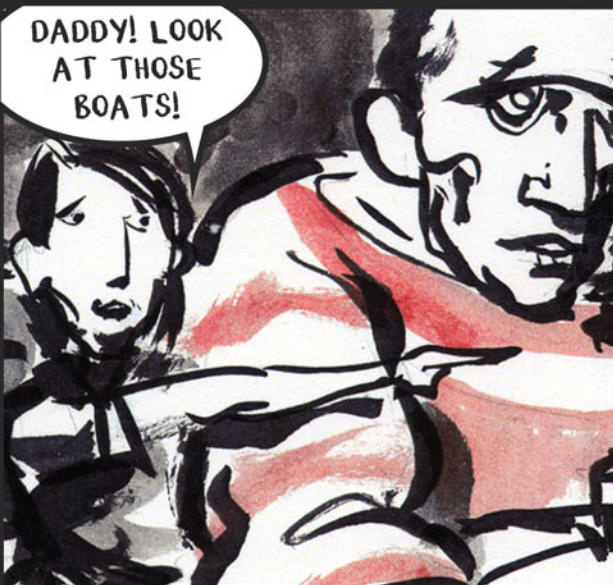


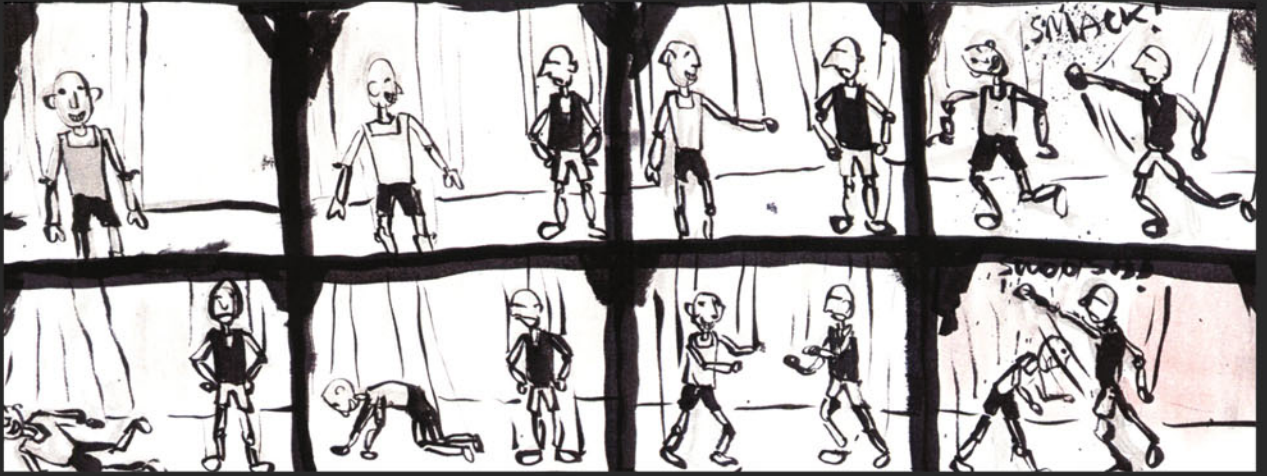




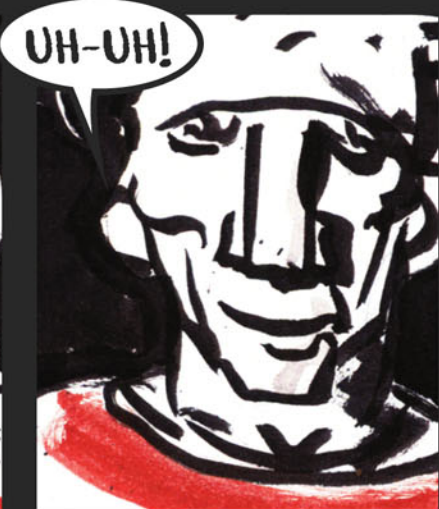


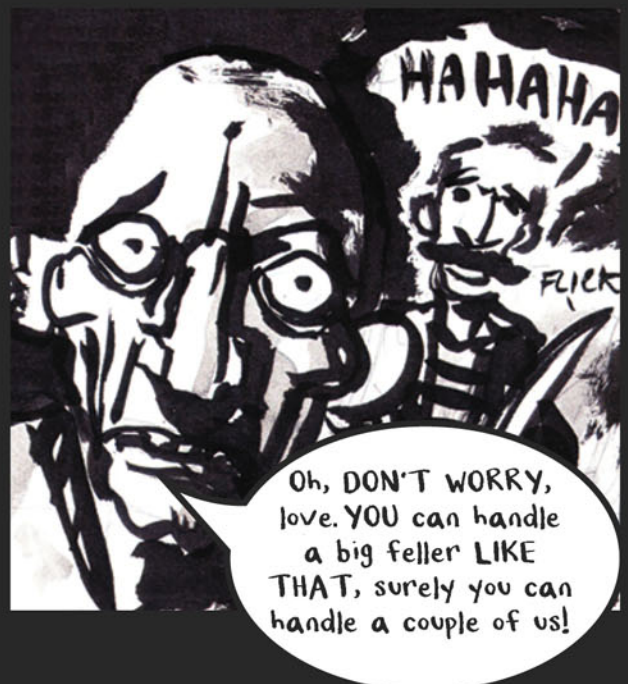















STAY AWAY...

...FROM MY FAMILY!



Wanna play ROUGH,  
DO ya BIG OAF?

Cut 'em up,  
BOSS!



MOMMY,  
I'M SCARED...



GRR!

GET HIM!





BASTARD!!

UNGH



The BIGGER they are!  
EH, BOYS?



What about the kid?

MOMMY!



Don't care WOT ya do ta her.



BRING the SKIRT over 'er under THE BRIDGE.

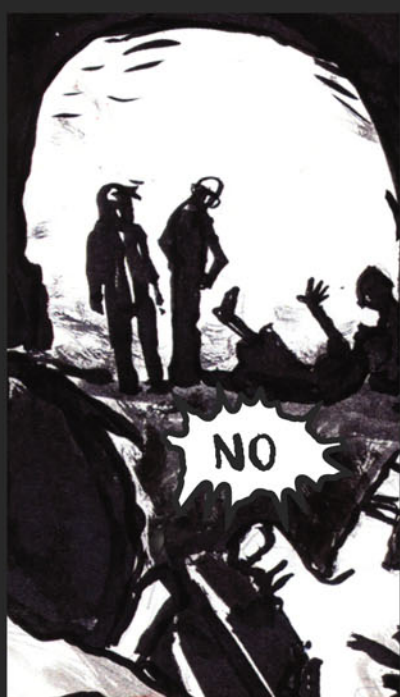


Just KILL the kid.



Don't know  
WHEN TO QUIT,  
do ya, BIG MAN?

UNGH.





**CHAPTER 2**  
**OLD JACK**



OH! HOLD STILL, YOU ALMOST HAD 'IM!

To the LEFT. NO...NO the LEFT.



STEADY now, STEADY...

JUST BACK a bit.

YOU TWO can either GIVE IT A CRACK YERSEVLES or SHUT UP!



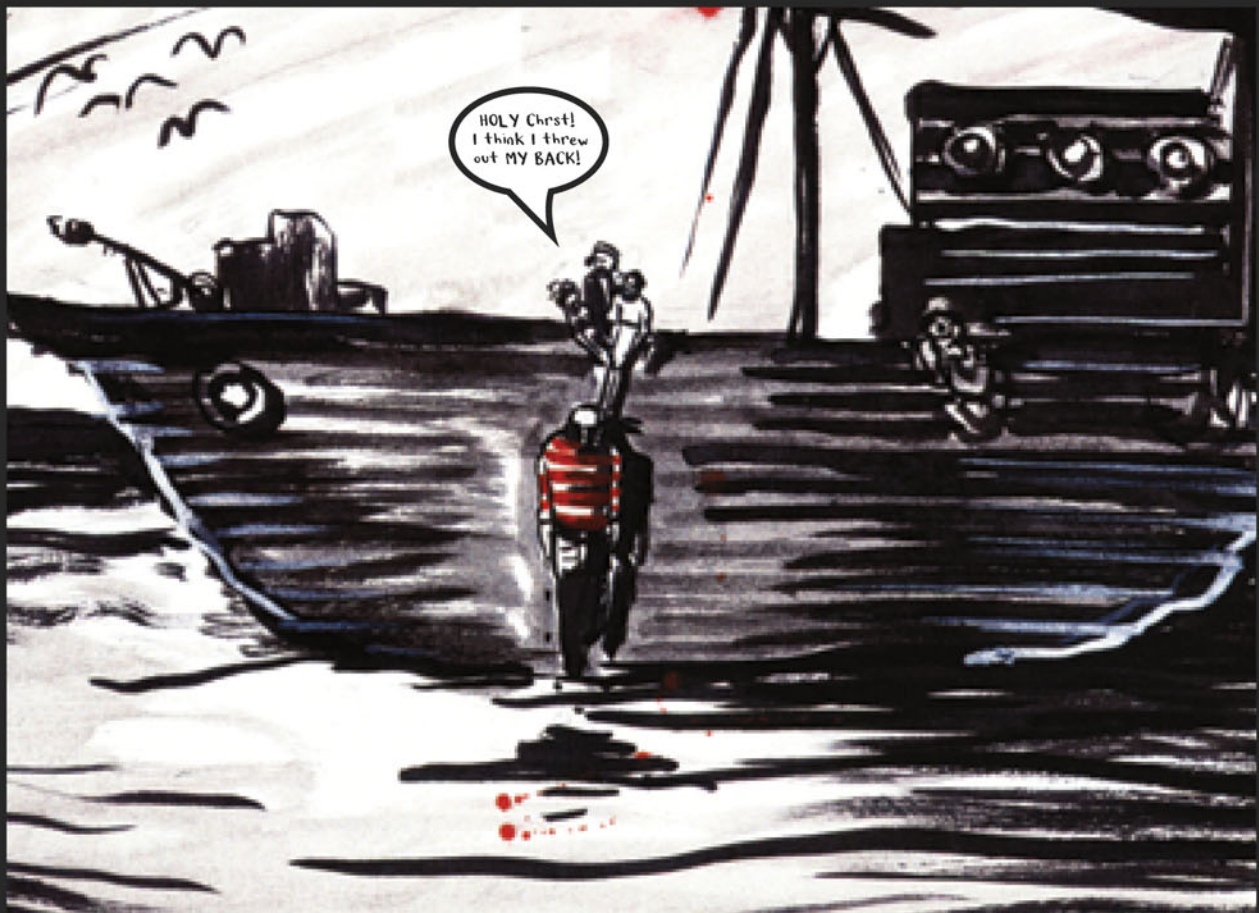
KNOW IT ALLS...

THERE! I GOT HIM!

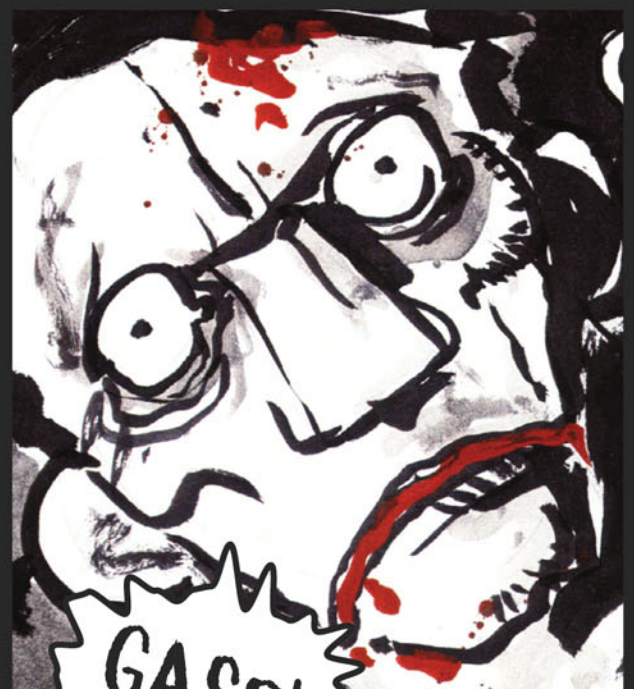


OH, HE'S A HEAVY BUGGER!

GRAB HOLD LADS! IT'S NO ONE-MAN JOB!



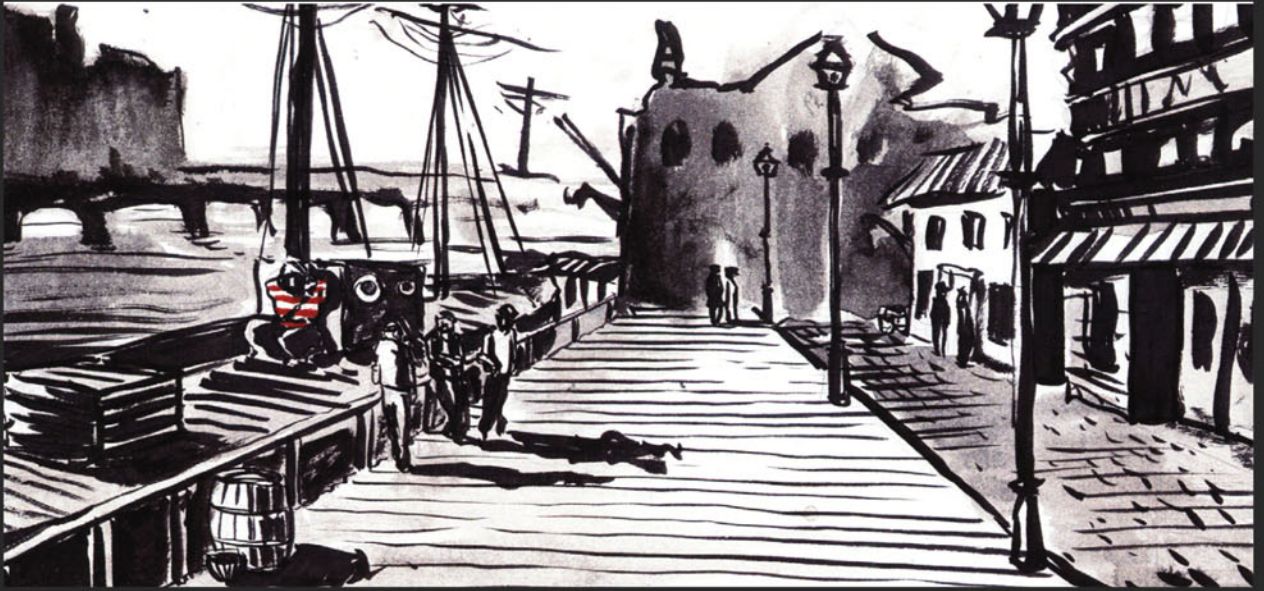
HOLY Chrst! I thiak I threw out MY BACK!

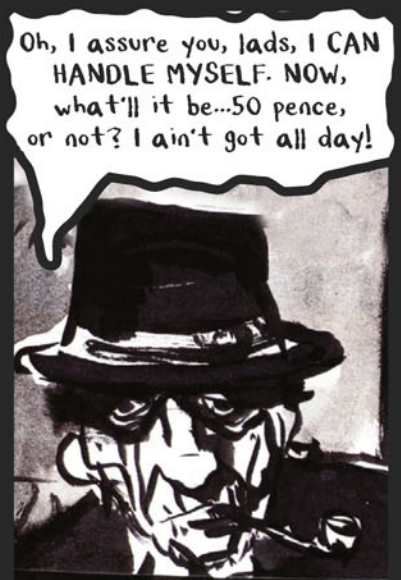
















OVER THERE. Fasten him up to the radiator. Make the chains TIGHT. He won't be so groggy FOR LONG...



Sure you know WHAT YOU'RE doin' here, Oi' Man?

KA-CHAK!



Yes YES! That will be ALL, LADS, an' keep IT QUIET!



WELL, MY NEW FRIEND, I'm afraid I must leave FOR A WHILE MYSELF...



I've got a few supplies to pick up...



BUT, when I get back, we'll HAVE A NICE CHAT.



SLEEP WELL.

CLICK



Welcome  
back.



Sorry 'bout  
them chains.  
Not takin'  
NO CHANCES.

I did tend to  
them NASTY  
GASHES, THOUGH.



Not NO DOCTOR,  
but I think  
I did good!

AAAH!  
Bit HARD on  
the OL' KNEES,  
though.







I was just lucky them fishermen missed their quota...was lookin' fer a few extra coins.



I've been asking 'round about you...



It wasn't too hard. People don't easily ferget an eight-foot-tall bloke in'na candy-striped shirt!



So I know 'bout you...you was attacked on the boardwalk. You must be from outta towns, 'else ya would know not to take a woman n' child down there so late.



You know...you and me ain't so different. In fact, we're almost the same...



I had a family once...a wife...she was so pretty...but I can barely remember her face now...It's keeps changin' round in my head when I try.



It's funny how yer brain does that to ya when you get older...starts messin' with the stuff you care most about...



...God took her from me when she was birthin' our son... and he was stillborn, too.



I know what it's like ta  
lose everthing. You see,  
I spent my rotten life  
sittin' here...  
wastin' away...



Just praying...waiting  
fer my chance outta  
this wretched life...



And you... you're it! You  
are my chance to have  
the life I deserve.



Tell me some-  
thing, big man...



Do ya know who  
Walleye Thompson is?

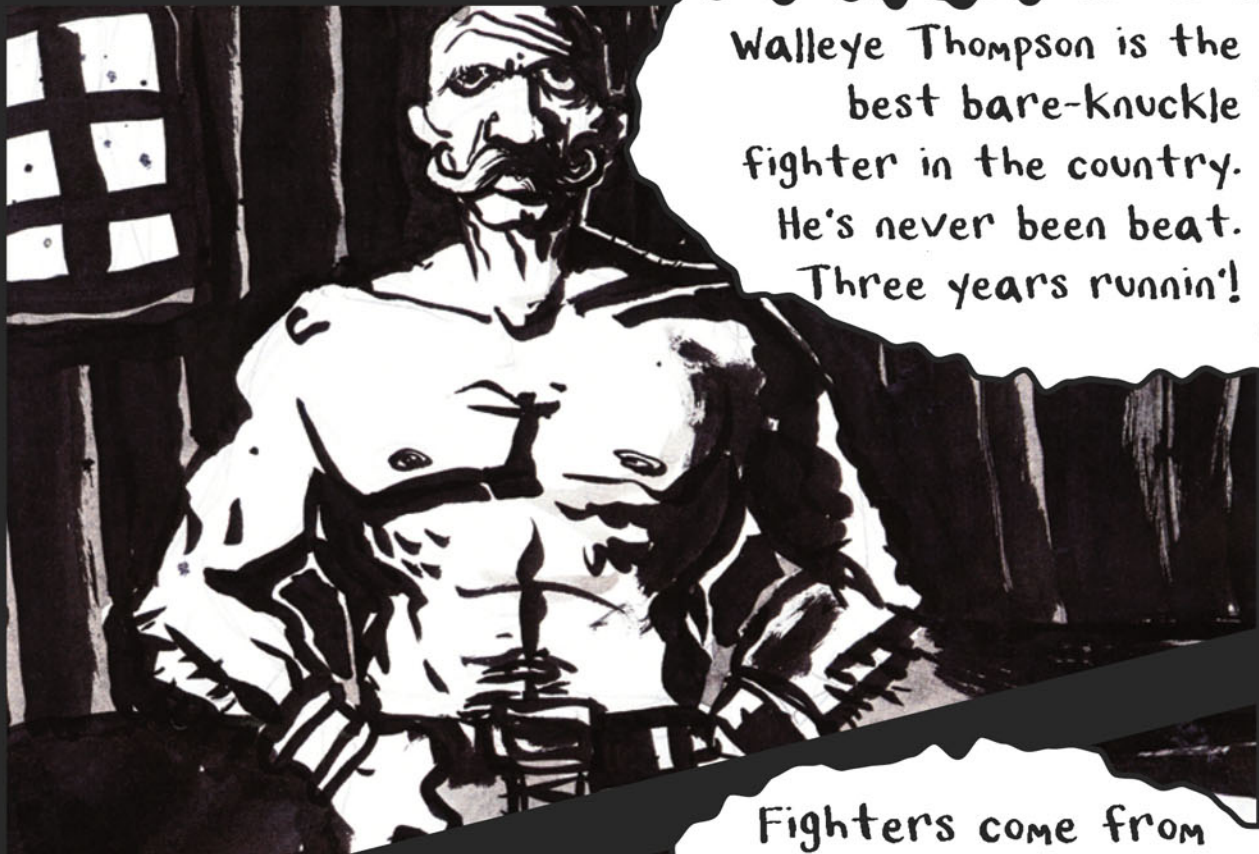


NO?



You is from out of  
town then, eh?





Walleye Thompson is the best bare-knuckle fighter in the country. He's never been beat. Three years runnin'!



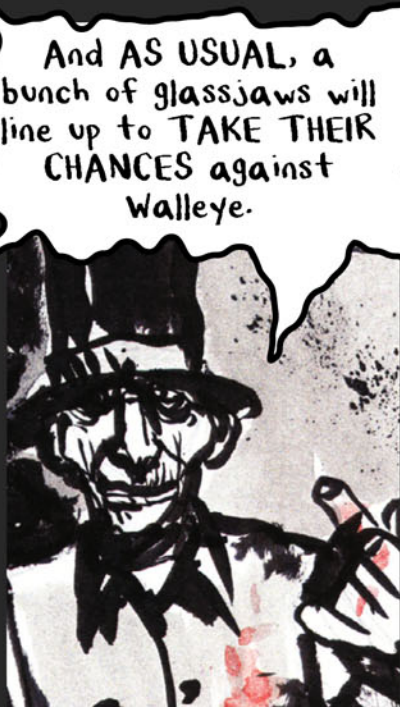
Fighters come from all over to challenge Walleye...But he takes em' all like they was children.



I bet you're wondering what all this has got to do with you n' me, huh?



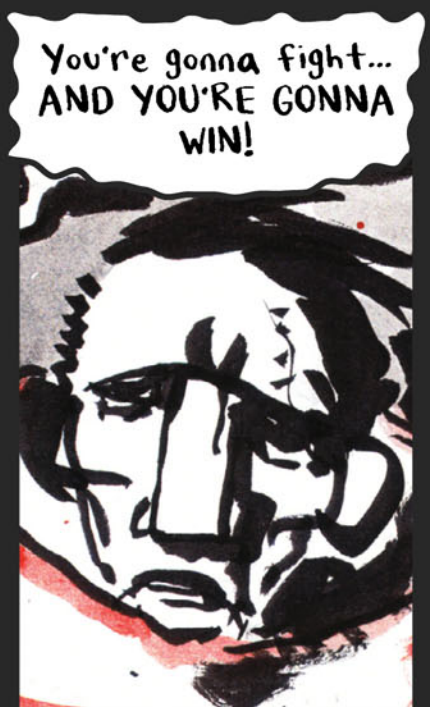
Well...the next fight night comes in three days.



And AS USUAL, a bunch of glassjaws will line up to TAKE THEIR CHANCES against Walleye.



And they'll all lose and the ODDS WILL STACK UP...That's where you come in...



You're gonna fight... AND YOU'RE GONNA WIN!

Ol' Walleye can fight,  
but he ain't ever seen  
nothin' like you!



YEP! Yer' gonna fight, and  
yer 'gonna win...so there  
it is, big feller...



I'm gonna take off them  
chains now...and when I do,  
you'll have a choice...



Either you'll have  
understood me, and you'll  
fight fer me...



...or maybe you really is  
just a dumb animal...if  
so you'll probably kill me!



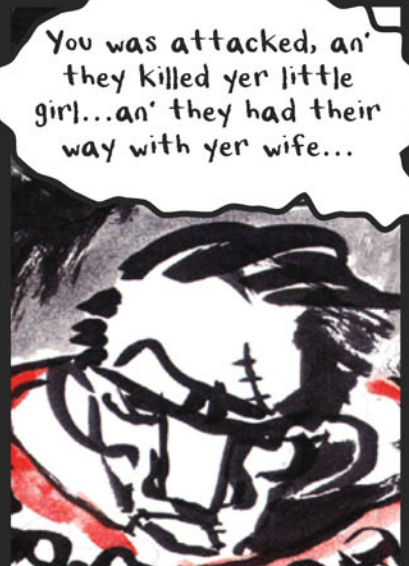
And, if that's God's will,  
then so be it...I'm just  
dyin' here any how.



Oh!...I almost  
forgot the most  
important part!



You was attacked, an'  
they killed yer little  
girl!...an' they had their  
way with yer wife...

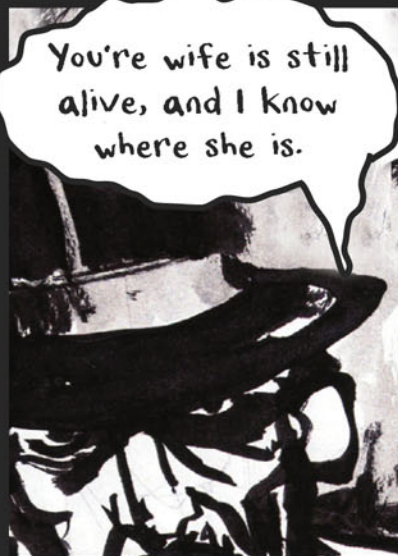




...and they beat ya senseless, dropped you in the harbour...



And here's why I think you'll fight and win...



You're wife is still alive, and I know where she is.



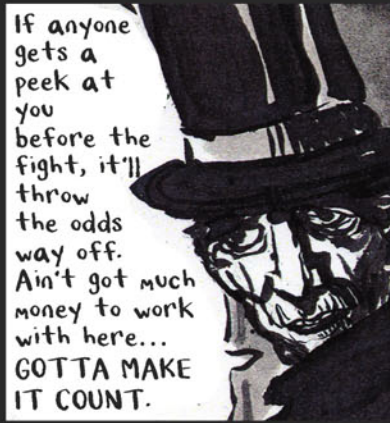
So...rest up... you'll need it!



# **CHAPTER 3**

## **LOST DOGS**







DON'T YOU SEE...  
YOU'VE GOT NO  
CHOICE!

YOU WIN THIS  
FIGHT, AN' WE  
BOTH GET WHAT  
WE WANT!



\*cough\* \*cough\*  
All right then...  
\*HAK HAK\*

...let's get  
movin' b'fore  
it's too late!







Three years...  
That's a long, long  
time, lads...



...is he the  
last?



Is he the last  
**BRAVE SOUL**  
among you?



Is there no one **ELSE**  
**LEFT** to **FIGHT**...?  
No one left to **TAKE**  
**A CHANCE**?



A chance at GLORY,  
A chance at FAME,  
A chance at ENDING the  
THREE-YEAR reign of....



WALLLLLLLLEYE  
**THOMPSON!**



WHO WILL IT BE THEN?




Why don't YOU FIGHT HIM! I'd pay ta see THAT!




Oh, COME NOW, BOYS...He's only A MAN after all...




I'll take YER CHALLENGE.




A bit old fer  
WALLEYE, ain't  
YA, JACK?




NOT ME...I've got  
a REAL FIGHTER,  
not one 'a these  
PANSIES!




Well, well...  
Hear that? O! Jack's  
GOT HIMSELF a "real  
fighter" !



I'll put a TEN  
SPOT against Jack's  
MYSTERY MAN!



COME ON, Jack...Let's  
see what you dug up  
fer us tonight, eh?




I'll bet THE  
FARM against  
Jack's boy!



ME TOO!



START COLLECTIN'  
THE BET, BOYS!  
WE GOT US A FIGHT!  
OK, JACK...BRING OUT  
YER CHAMPION!



He's travelled the  
globe...stowed away upon  
ship and ship...fought all  
sorts of MEN and BEASTS  
just to get here  
TONIGHT!





WALLEYE!?



AHEM!




THAT'S RIGHT!




DON'T WORRY,  
LADS...  
Yer money's  
SAFE WITH  
ME!!!



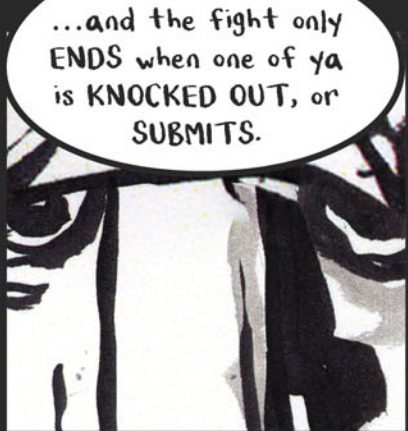
Well, what are we  
waitin' fer then?  
LET'S HAVE A  
FIGHT!




You want a fight,  
Jack...YOU GOT ONE!



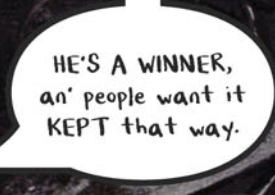
You KNOW the ONLY  
rules, MEN...




...and the fight only  
ENDS when one of ya  
is KNOCKED OUT, or  
SUBMITS.




You listen here...  
THREE YEARS is a long  
time...a lot of people in  
this town got A LOT  
ridin' on WALLEYE!




HE'S A WINNER,  
an' people want it  
KEPT that way.




If yer suggestin' MY  
BOY takes THE FALL,  
then yer KIDDIN'  
YERSELF, MacGowan!



All I'm sayin' is if this  
is ABOUT MONEY,  
maybe we can WORK  
SOMETHIN' OUT...




This ain't jus' ABOUT  
MONEY...For years I been  
walkin' this town with people  
LAUGHIN' behind MY BACK...



"Oh there goes Ol' Jack, the  
weepin widower...done nothin'  
with himself, whata shame,"  
they whisper, as if I don't  
have ears!



But, what if I'm  
the one to finally  
TAKE DOWN  
Walleye Thompson?  
They'll be talkin'  
'bout me all RIGHT,  
but they WON'T  
BE LAUGHING NO  
MORE!



You best know what  
you're doing here, OLD  
MAN, or they'll be  
TALKING ABOUT A  
GHOST!



**FIGHTERS TO YOUR CORNERS!**  
On my **TEN COUNT**,  
come out swingin'!!!



I don't want to fight this man.



It's **TOO LATE** for that! Don't you know **WHAT'S AT STAKE** HERE?



How could ya let this happen, MacGowan?!?



Would you quit whinin' and pull yourself together!  
**TEN!**



**NINE!**



**EIGHT!**



**SEVEN!**



**SIX!**



**FIVE!**



**FOUR!**



**THREE!**



**TWO!**

**ONE!**



Well...what are ya waitin' for...Let's have at it YOU MONSTER!



**COME ON!**



**FIGHT, GOD DAMNIT!**



**KILL 'IM!**

What you waitin' for?

Let's see some blood!

He's jus' a BIG COWARD!

**FIGHT!**

**AAARGH!**









Get up...  
get up...



AH! This is  
a FARCE!

Some fighter  
ya got there,  
O' Jack!



FINISH HIM!

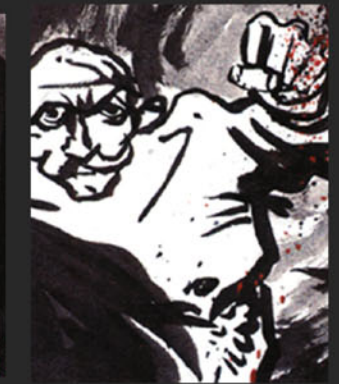


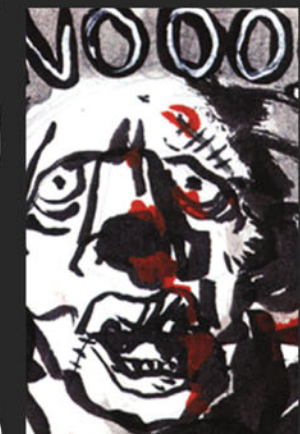
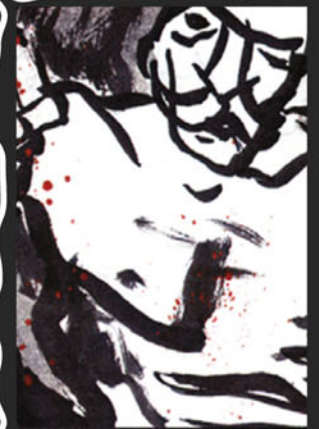
FINISH HIM  
NOW!

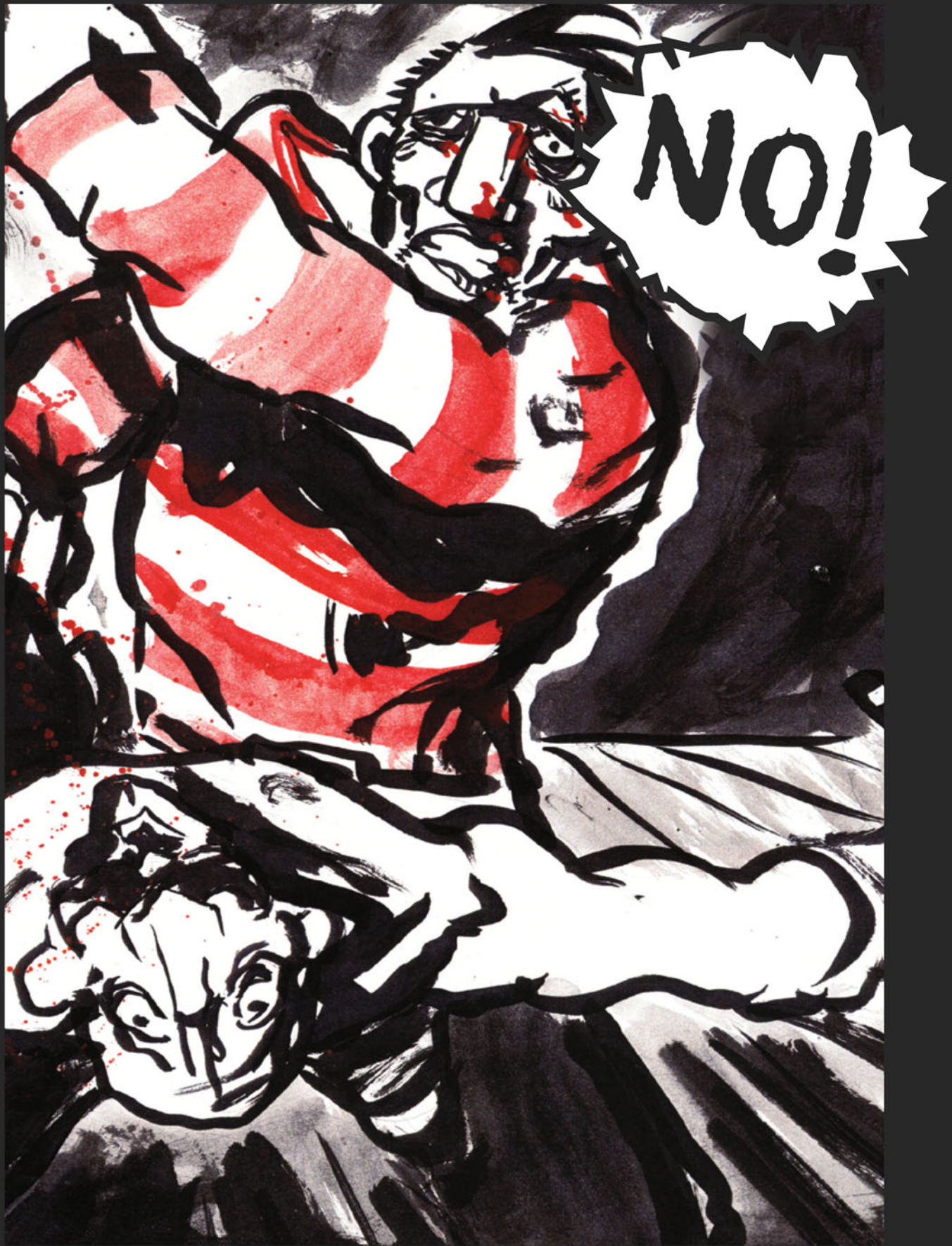
He ain't  
gettin' up!

Make 'im  
BEG FER IT,  
Walleye!

GET UP!  
GET UP!











Where is ...  
**MY WIFE?**



We...we **DID**  
**IT.** Don't you  
see...



**PLEASE...**



She...she's in  
**GRACE HOSPITAL.**  
It's in the East  
End...near where  
you was attacked.  
Listen...I-I'm...



...sorry.

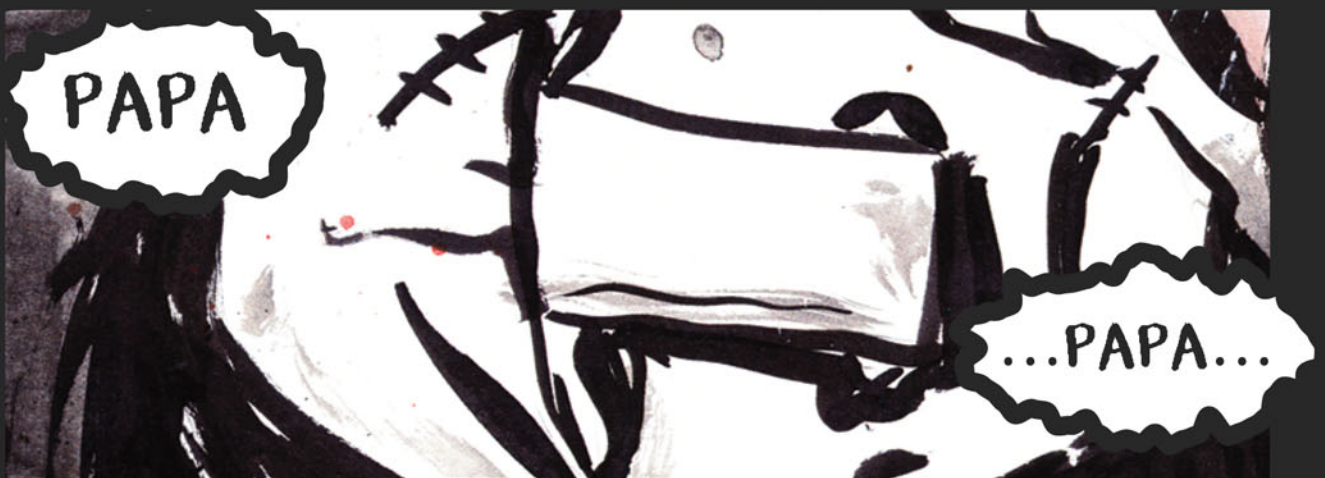
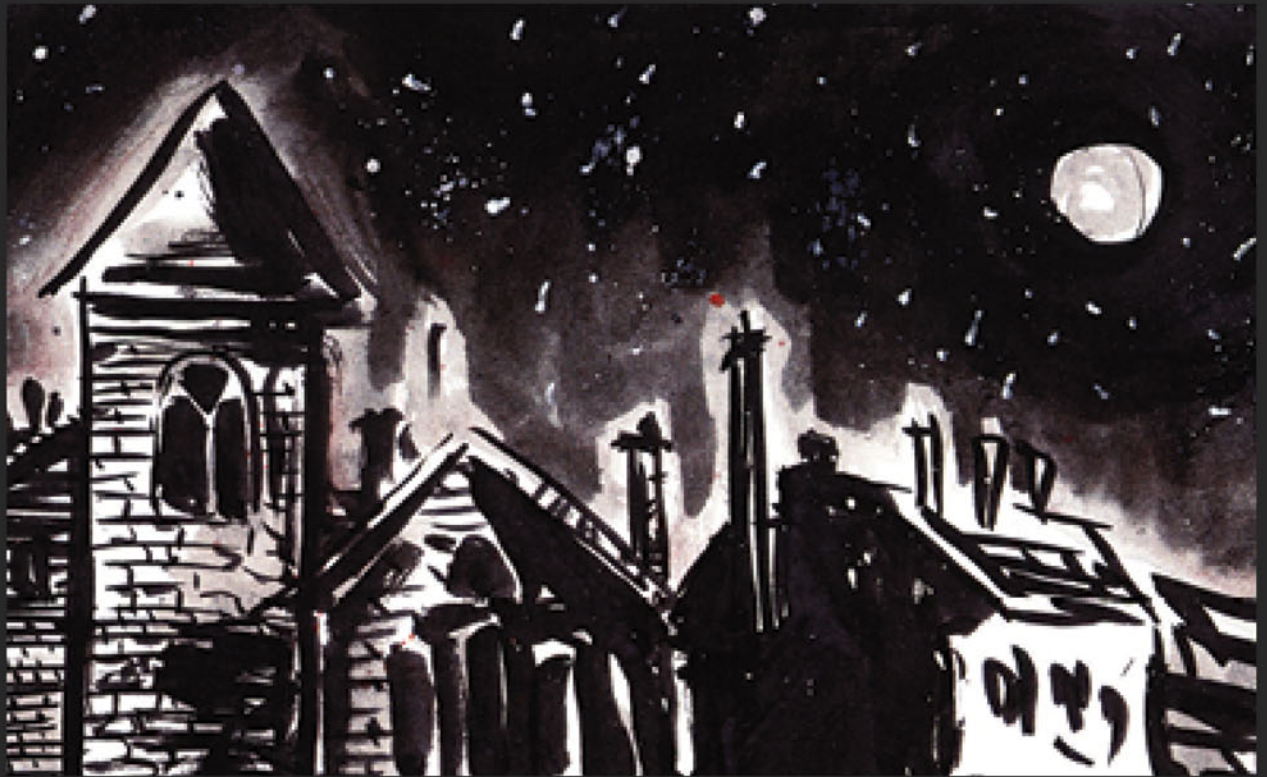
**HEY!**  
**GET BACK**  
**HERE!**















...don't be sorry.

LUCY?



It's not your fault...**NONE OF THIS.**



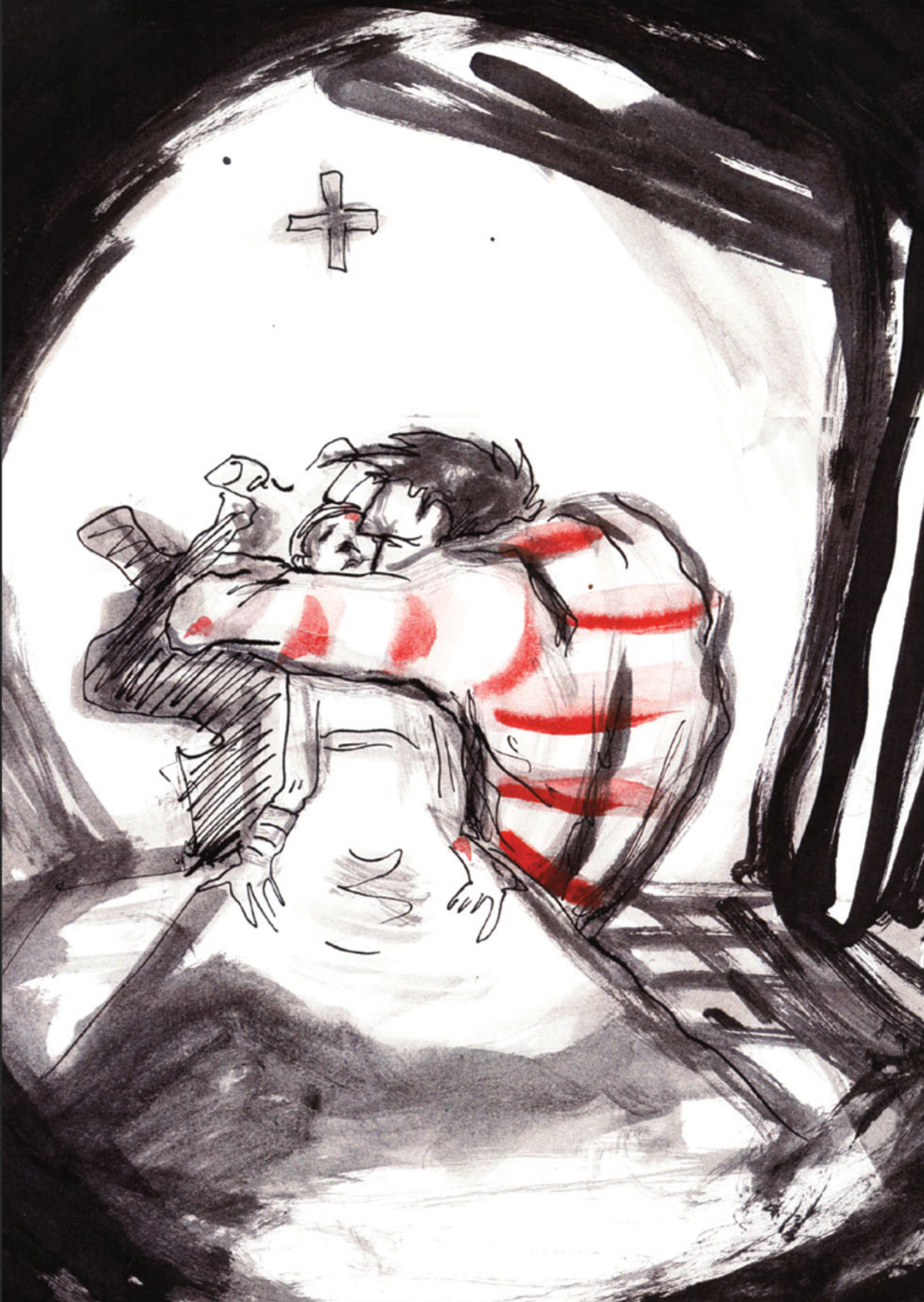
I tried... but... I couldn't stop them... they took our little girl...

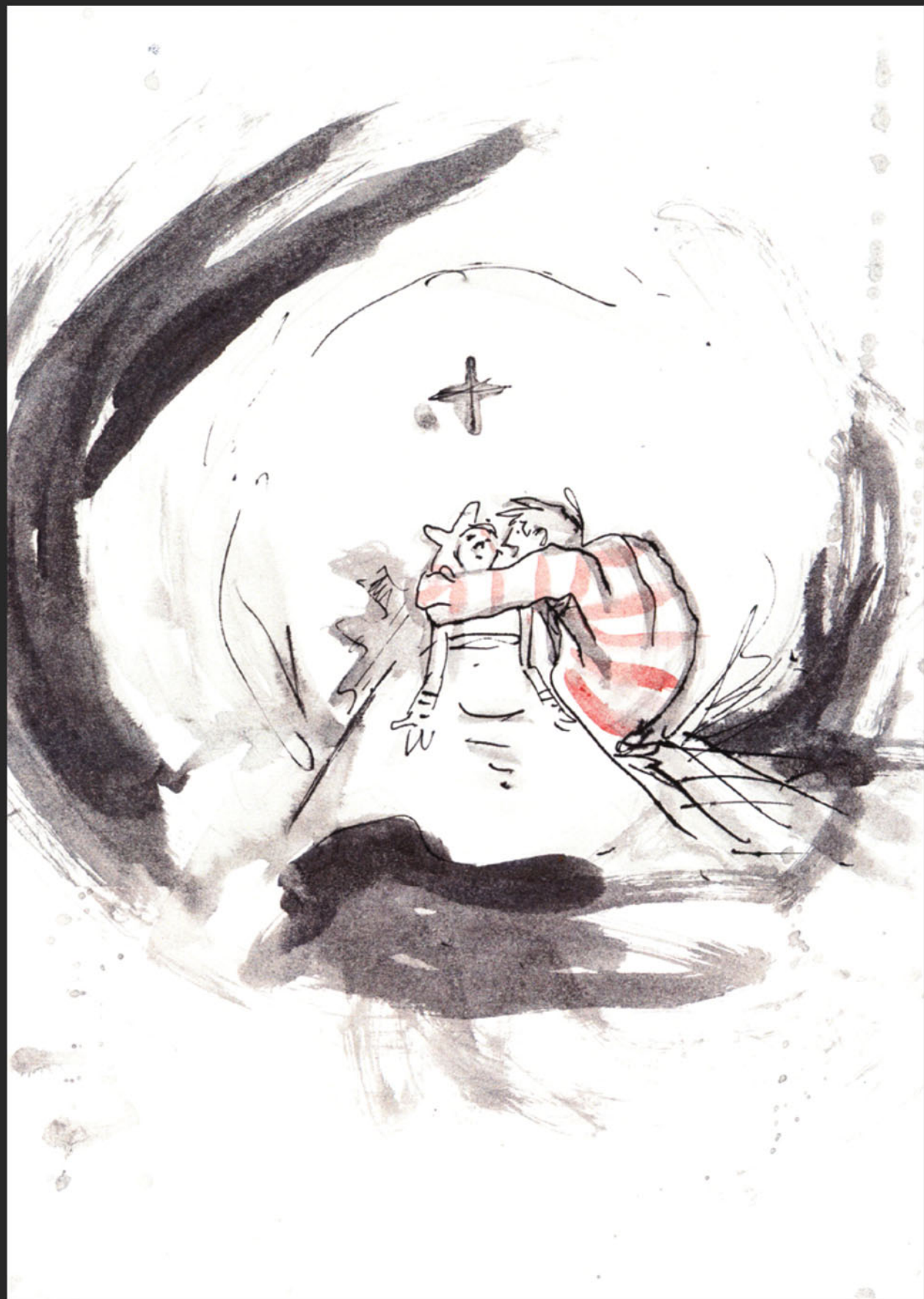


Please...I just want to go home now...**TAKE ME HOME!**



















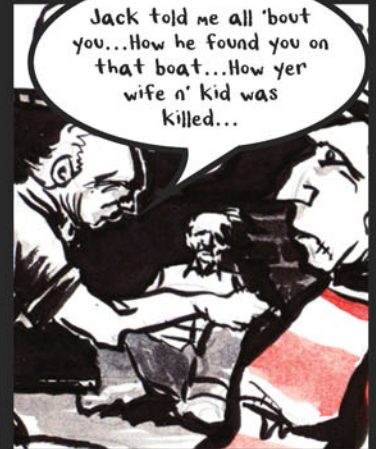
They made  
me tell'em  
where you  
was...



SHUT  
UP,  
JACK!



LISTEN! I'm done pissin'  
around with you two!  
So here's the deal...



Jack told me all 'bout  
you...How he found you on  
that boat...How yer  
wife n' kid was  
killed...



Way I see it, you  
got nothin' left.



...nowhere to go  
...no one to  
go to...

And I got nothin' either!  
Walleye's name is  
RUINED! I need a  
NEW ATTRACTION...



You can do it as a free  
man...No chains...



You'll be a star...  
a champion...  
so whatta ya say?



...you people...



...all you want  
is fightin'...blood.



Well...I've seen enough  
blood...so why can't you  
just...leave me alone?



LEAVE YOU ALONE?!



I'm NOT the one who came  
lumbering into my FIGHT  
and RUINED EVERYTHING!  
Did you two REALLY THINK  
I'd just LET YOU WALK  
away with MY MONEY  
and my REPUTATION?



I WARNED YOU! I told you  
not to PISS ABOUT with me!  
Now I'm offering you ONE  
LAST CHANCE to make  
something of yourself,  
you ape!



Make something  
of myself...?



...All my life people  
have looked at me like  
some kind of animal...  
A monster...



But not my wife...  
not my little girl...  
When I was with them  
I was a husband...  
a father...



But now  
they're gone...



So you can chain  
me...and you can  
beat me...



But I know  
what I am...



I'm a man.



And I've got  
nothing left  
to fight for.



I was afraid  
you'd say that.







An' YOU, JACK...  
You ain't worth  
NOTHIN'.



...NEVER WERE!

GAK!



UNGH!  
JESUS!



You two DESERVE  
EACH OTHER...



Oh god...Oh god...Oh  
god...Oh god...Oh god...

UNGH...Jack...

Oh God...I'm bleeding...  
I'M BLEEDING TO DEATH...  
OH JESUS! This is all  
MY FAULT...I DID THIS  
TO YOU...I DID THIS!



Jack...just stay  
calm...everything is  
going to be ok. Try to  
think of something else...



Oh God...I'm  
so sorry...  
~HAK~ \*cough\*  
\*cough\*



I didn't MEAN  
fer this to  
HAPPEN...



I DIDN'T MEAN  
IT... I'm sorry...



Jack...Please...



Please... say  
you forgive me.



Everything is  
going to be ok.



I forgive you.



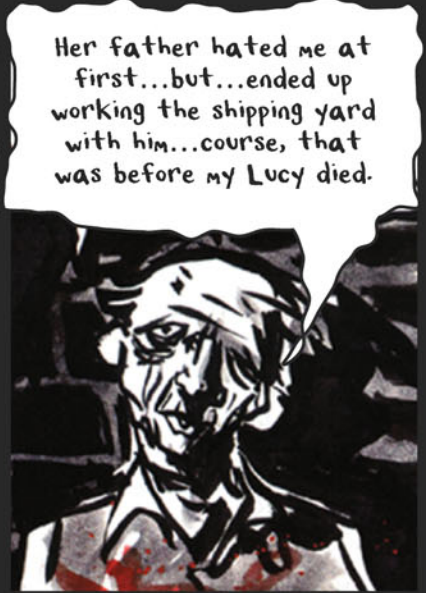




How did you...  
meet...your...wife?



My wife? She...\*cough\*  
\*cough\* She was my best  
friend's little sister...we  
grew up together...never  
thought much of her as a  
kid... Then one day...there  
SHE was...



Her father hated me at  
first...but...ended up  
working the shipping yard  
with him...course, that  
was before my Lucy died.



LUCY?!  
That was...my  
wife's name!



HUH! That's...funny...



I met her when my father  
died...She was the  
undertaker's daughter  
\*cough\* \*cough\* I knew  
right away...I loved her.



When she first looked at  
me...She wasn't scared.



I think...I was the scared  
one... No one ever looked  
at me like that.



...It was as if we didn't  
need anything but each  
other to be happy...



'Course...the day my Little Girl was born... I knew that wasn't true...



...She had...her mother's eyes.



...Jack?



UNGH!



PANT!  
PANT!  
PANT!  
Huh?



Where did you come from?  
PANT..PANT?



Good boy... Good boy... my daughter... She had a dog... he was...  
LAP...  
LAP...  
LAP!



...He was just like...









**Award-winning Canadian cartoonist Jeff Lemire is the creator of the acclaimed monthly comic book series *Sweet Tooth* published by DC/Vertigo and the award winning graphic novel *Essex County* published by Top Shelf.**

**Now one of DC Comics cornerstone writers, Jeff was prominent in the publisher's recent "New 52" line-wide relaunch as the writer of ANIMAL MAN and FRANKENSTEIN: Agent of S.H.A.D.E. He has also written the monthly adventures of SUPERBOY and THE ATOM.**

**In 2008 Jeff won the Schuster Award for Best Canadian Cartoonist, and The Doug Wright Award for Best Emerging Talent. He also won the American Library Association's prestigious Alex Award, recognizing books for adults with specific teen appeal. He has also been nominated for 5 Eisner awards and 5 Harvey Awards.**

**In 2010 *Essex County* was named as one of the five *Essential Canadian Novels of the Decade!***

**He currently lives and works in Toronto with his wife and son. His next graphic novel, THE UNDERWATER WELDER is due out from Top Shelf in 2012.**



