

image #1

WATTERS
WIJNGAARD



OLIMBO™

CREATED BY CASPAR WIJNGAARD & DAN WATTERS

LIMBO

one

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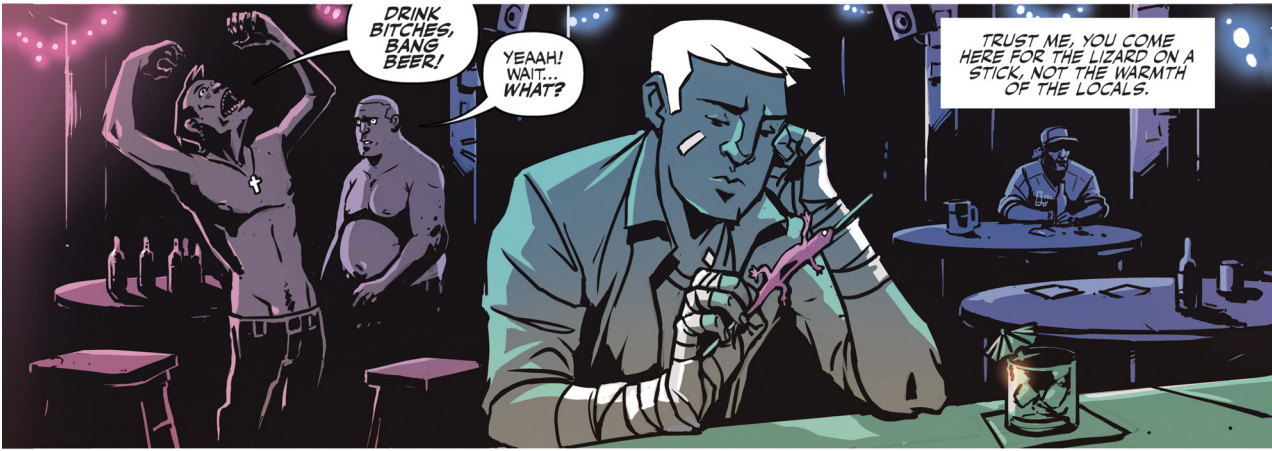
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LIZARD ON
A STICK.

THIS BAR DOES THE BEST
DAMN LIZARD ON A STICK
IN DECANDE CITY.



DRINK
BITCHES,
BANG
BEER!

YEAH!
WAIT...
WHAT?

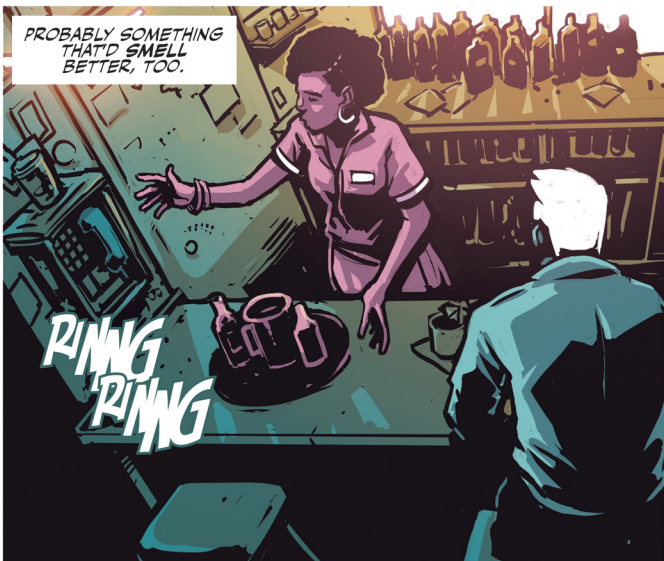
TRUST ME, YOU COME
HERE FOR THE LIZARD ON A
STICK, NOT THE WARMTH
OF THE LOCALS.



EITHER WAY, HONEY,
WANNA GO FOR A
BOAT RIDE?

DAMN FISHMEN
ARE HERE
AGAIN.

IF A REDNECK
SEDUCED A
TROUT, YOU'D GET
SOMETHING
PRETTIER.



PROBABLY SOMETHING
THAT'D SMELL
BETTER, TOO.

RING
RING



HULLO?

SORRY...
WHAT WAS
THAT? WHO...
MR CLAY?

CRAP.

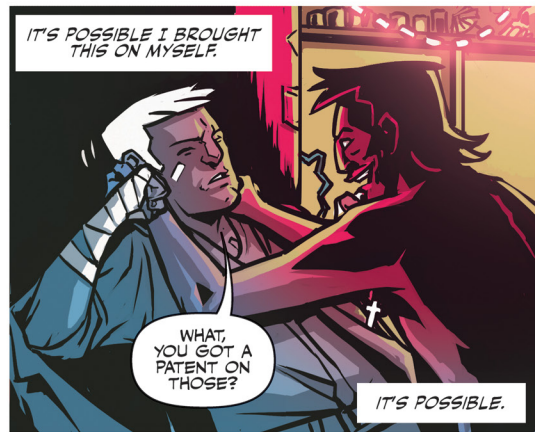
YEAH,
SURE, HE'S
RIGHT
HERE.

DOUBLE
CRAP.



OK, I WILL ADMIT...

BIG MOUTH.



IT'S POSSIBLE I BROUGHT THIS ON MYSELF.

WHAT, YOU GOT A PATENT ON THOSE?

IT'S POSSIBLE.



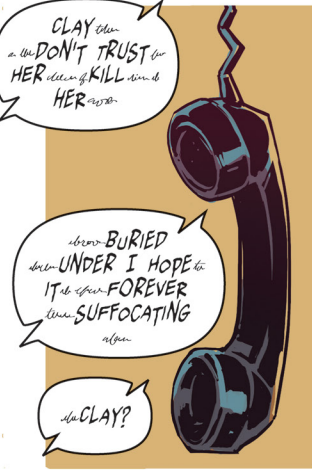
THE LITTLE ONE GOES DOWN NICE 'N' EASY...

NOW, WHERE'S THE BIG GUY?



OH.

THERE HE IS.



CLAY ^{she} DON'T TRUST ^{her} HER ^{she} KILL ^{her} HER.

^{she} BURIED ^{she} UNDER I HOPE ^{it} IT ^{she} FOREVER ^{she} SUFFOCATING

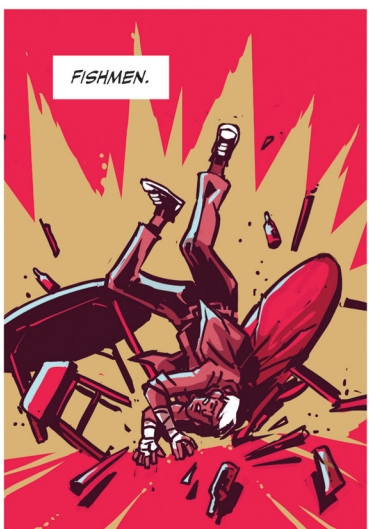
^{she} CLAY?



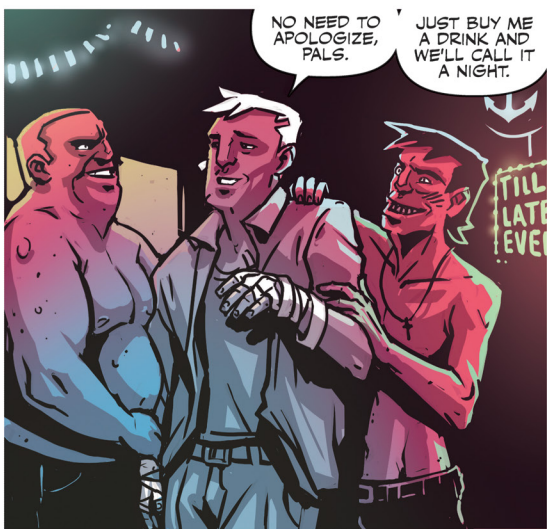
I.



HATE.



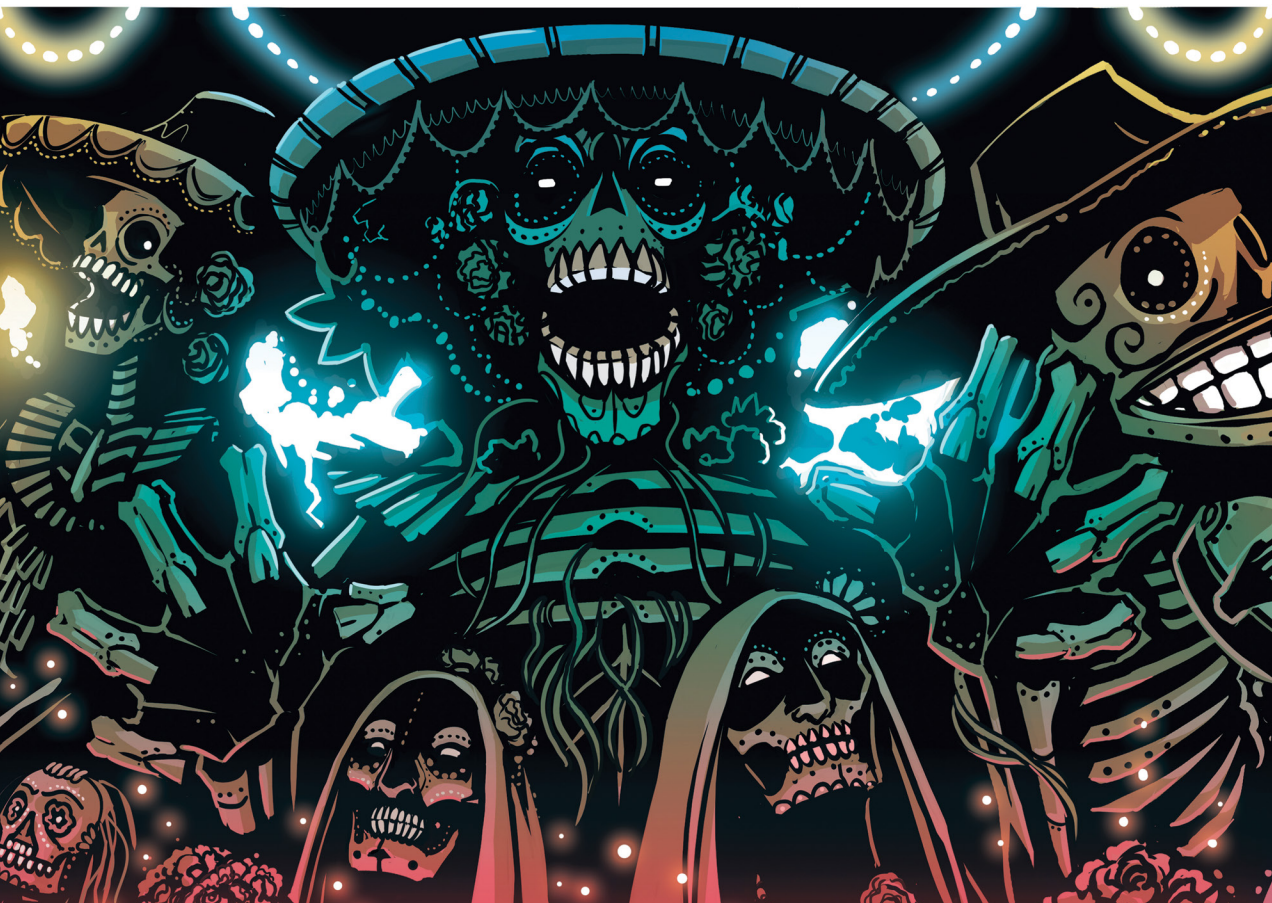
FISHMEN.



NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE, PALS.

JUST BUY ME A DRINK AND WE'LL CALL IT A NIGHT.

TILL LATE EVER





JESUS...



JESUS FUCK!

GET A
GRIP,
CLAY.



THAT CALL WAS
YOUR FIRST LEAD
IN MONTHS.



THAT COULD HAVE BEEN
THE ANSWER TO SO
MANY QUESTIONS...



BUT INSTEAD YOU
KEEP PUNCHING AT
SHADOWS.



GREAT WORK,
JACKASS.

CUE SLOW
CLAP.

IT'S NEAR MIDNIGHT, BUT
THE AIR STILL SMELLS
LIKE HOT TIN AND
TASTES OF RUST.

MY SHIRT STICKS TO MY
BACK AND CENTRAL STREET
BUZZES, A NEST OF ANGRY
HORNETS.



NINE MONTHS ON
AND I STILL CAN'T
CONNECT TO THIS
PLACE.



NINE MONTHS SINCE
I WOKE HERE WITH NO
CLUE HOW I GOT HERE
OR WHERE FROM.

NINE MONTHS
SINCE I WOKE
AS AN EMPTY
ENTITY...



A GHOST. A
NON-PERSON.



NINE BASTARD
MONTHS AND I STILL
BARELY EXIST.

NINE BASTARD MONTHS.



LIKE I'M WATCHING MYSELF GO THROUGH MOTIONS; A TAPE STUCK ON REPEAT. A MONOTONOUS CYCLE TO FILL THE CHASM IN MY HEAD.



WASTING MY TIME SOLVING LITTLE MYSTERIES WHILE THE BIG ONES LOOM OVER ME LIKE...

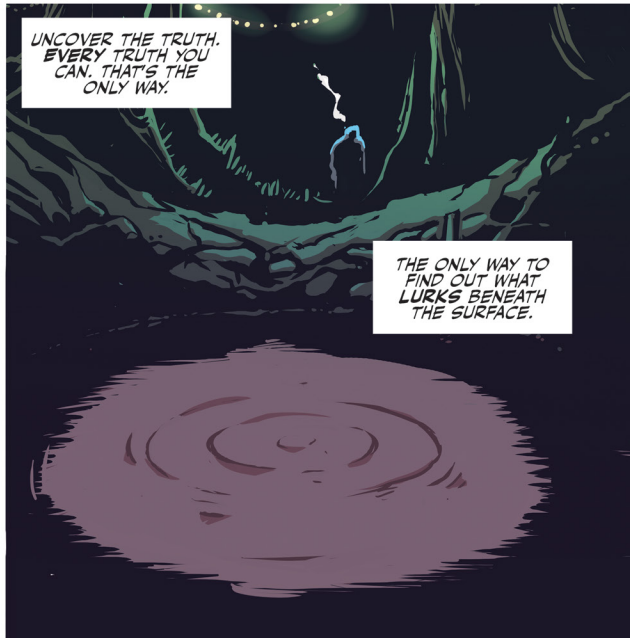


LIKE...



LIKE I DON'T KNOW WHAT.

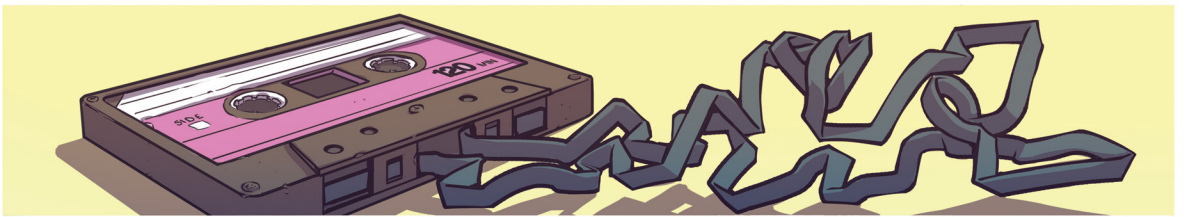
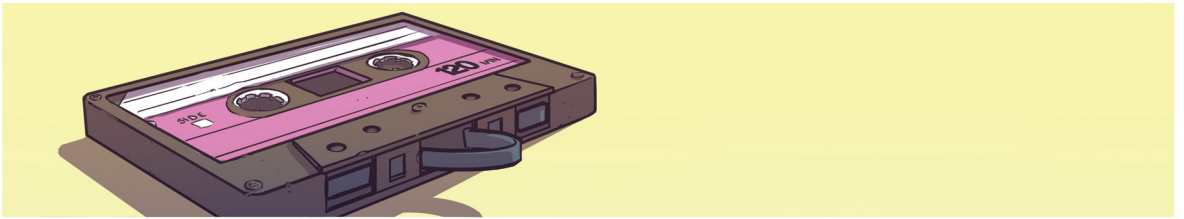
I KEEP TELLING MYSELF...



UNCOVER THE TRUTH. EVERY TRUTH YOU CAN. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY.

THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT LURKS BENEATH THE SURFACE.

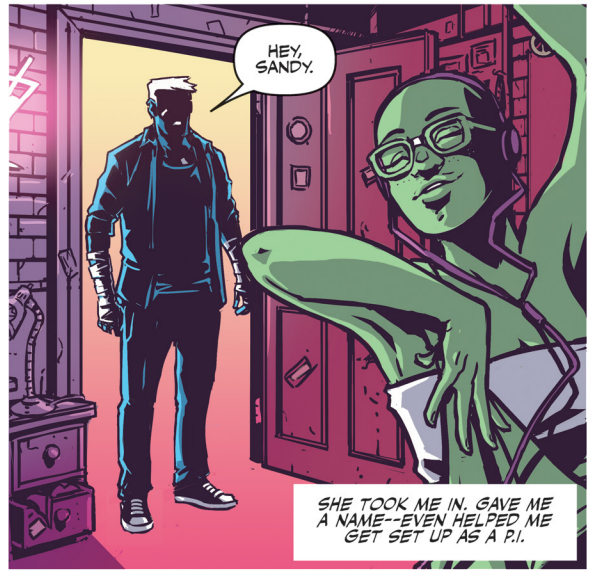
SO...



...THIS IS SANDY.



SANDY'S THE ONE WHO FOUND ME IN A GUTTER AND NURSED ME BACK TO HEALTH.



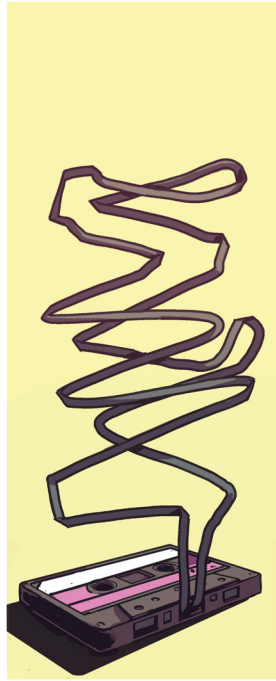
SHE TOOK ME IN, GAVE ME A NAME--EVEN HELPED ME GET SET UP AS A P.I.



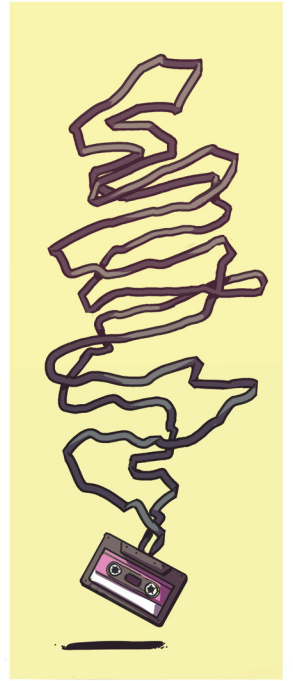
SHE'S DANCING TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE LOA--



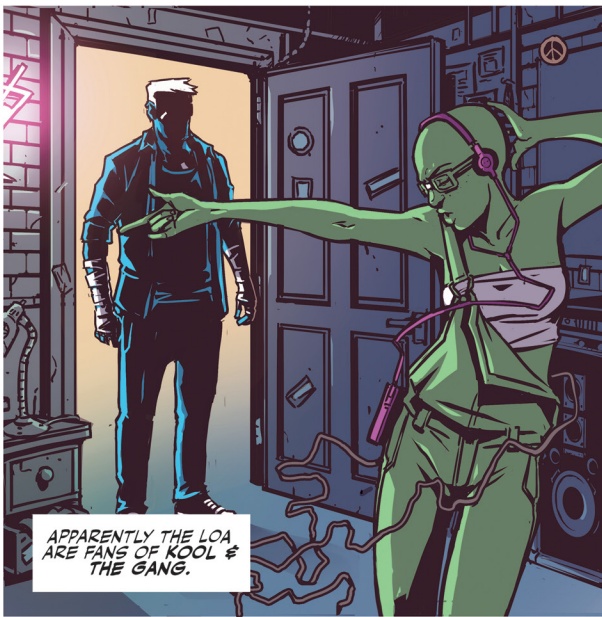
VOODOO SPIRITS WHO GRANT MIRACLES, GIVE GUIDANCE, AND ALLOW HER TO CONTACT THE DEAD...



YEAH, I KNOW HOW THAT SOUNDS. IT'S A WHOLE THING.



I DIDN'T BELIEVE HER EITHER UNTIL ONE OF THOSE SPIRITS POSSESSED MY ANSWERING MACHINE AND WOULDN'T LEAVE FOR A WEEK.



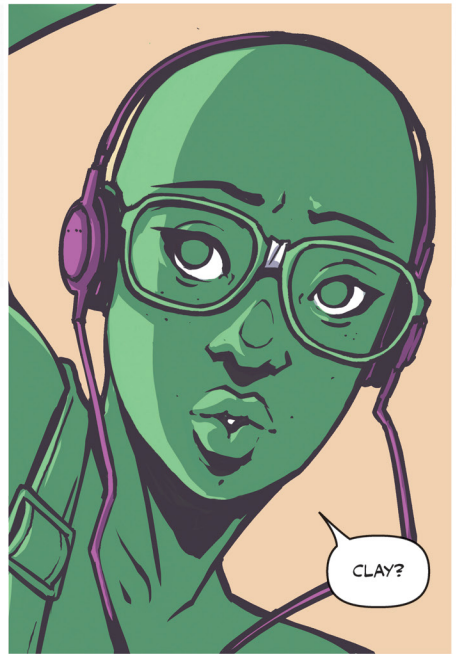
APPARENTLY THE LOA
ARE FANS OF KOOL &
THE GANG.



SAAANDY!
SANDY!



SANDY!



CLAY?





HALLE-FÜCKING-LUJAH.



YOU MESSED UP MY VIBE. NOW I'M GONNA HAVE TO START ALL OVER.



WHERE'S YOUR JACKET?

THE FISHMEN WERE BEING VERY RUDE.



SO YOU TAUGHT THEM A LESSON?

THEY KICKED THE CRAP OUTTA ME.



CHRIST. AGAIN? WELL, GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER.

YOU HAVE A CLIENT UPSTAIRS.

UGH. RIGHT NOW?

YES. A CLIENT, WHO WILL PAY YOU MONEY, WITH WHICH YOU CAN PAY RENT.

TO ME.



HAVE I EVER TOLD YOU, SANDY, THAT YOU'RE A PAIN IN THE ASS?

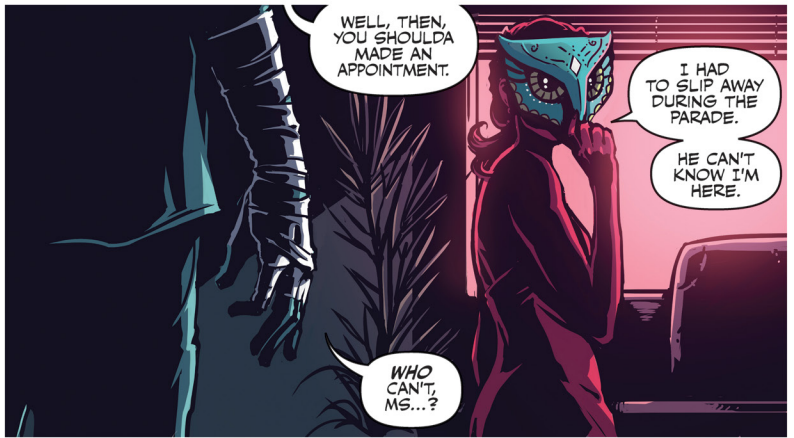
YEP. YOU'D BE DEAD IF IT WASN'T FOR ME.

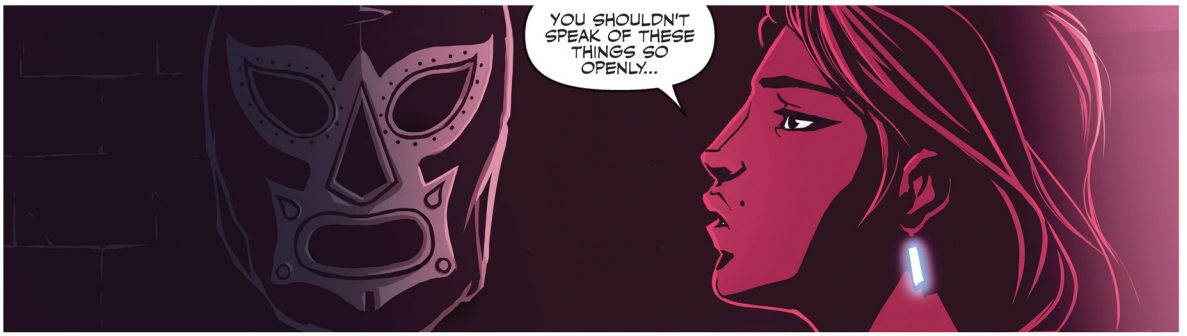


I WOULD. I'D BE SO VERY DEAD.



BE CAREFUL, CLAY. IT'S DIA DE LOS MUERTOS...





YOU SHOULDN'T SPEAK OF THESE THINGS SO OPENLY...



"... HE HAS EYES EVERYWHERE."

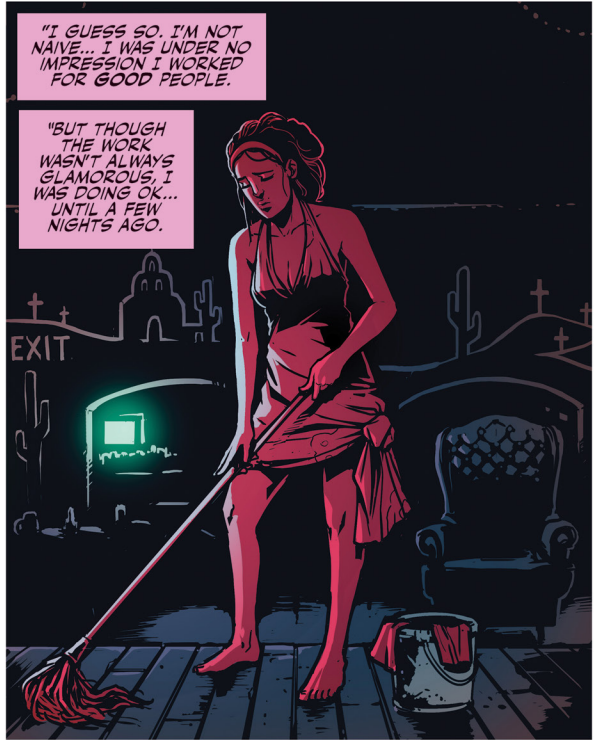
"...AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE AFRAID OF HIM KNOWING YOU'RE HERE?"

"YES. I WORK AT THE SILBATO BLANCO."



"HE OWNS THE BAR. HE OWNS THE WHOLE DISTRICT. I'M JUST A SINGER, BUT I SAW SOMETHING I SHOULDN'T HAVE, AND NOW..."

"NOW THINGS ARE BAD ENOUGH THAT YOU'RE TALKING TO ME."



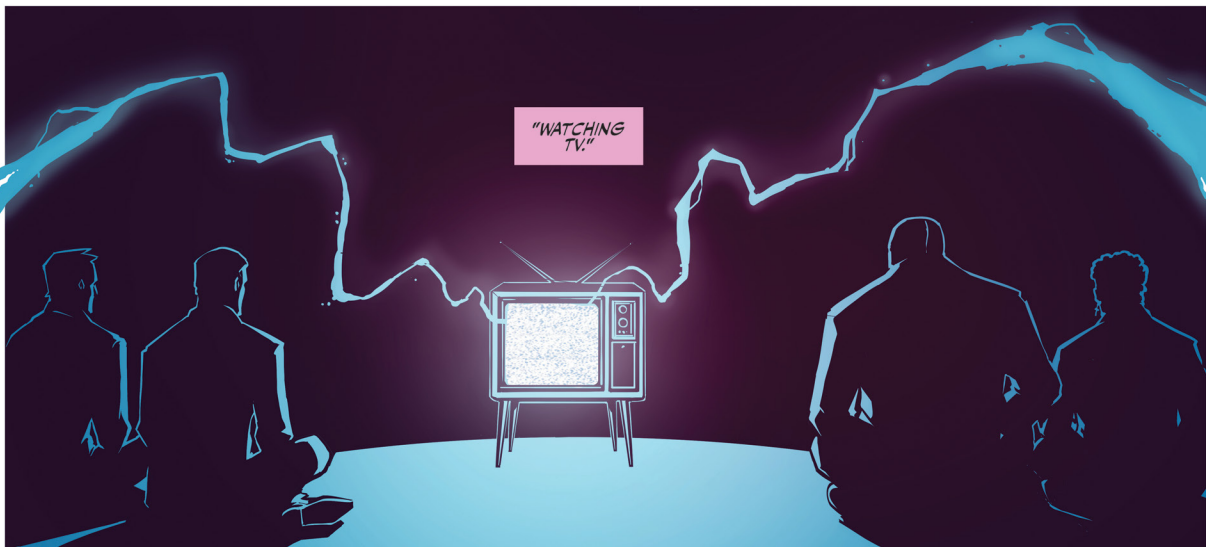
"I GUESS SO. I'M NOT NAIVE... I WAS UNDER NO IMPRESSION I WORKED FOR GOOD PEOPLE."

"BUT THOUGH THE WORK WASN'T ALWAYS GLAMOROUS, I WAS DOING OK... UNTIL A FEW NIGHTS AGO."



"I WAS CLOSING UP THE BAR AND I HEARD THIS WHISTLING..."

"THAT HIGH PITCHED, STATIC SOUND... YOU KNOW, WHERE YOU'RE NOT TOTALLY SURE YOU'RE HEARING IT?"





"I ALMOST SAID
SOMETHING...
APOLOGIZED FOR
INTRUDING.

BUT THEN I REALIZED
SOMETHING WAS
HAPPENING.



"THERE WAS A MAN
WITH A GOAT. A MAN
I'D NEVER SEEN
BEFORE...



"A MAN WHO
SCARED ME.



"DON'T GET
ME WRONG, I'M
AFRAID OF THE
THUMB, BUT I
UNDERSTAND
HIM.



"HE'S COLD.



"CALCULATING.



"BUT THIS
MAN...

"HE DANCED.



"AND JUST IN
THE WAY HE
MOVED...

"THERE WAS
SO MUCH
POWER IN IT."

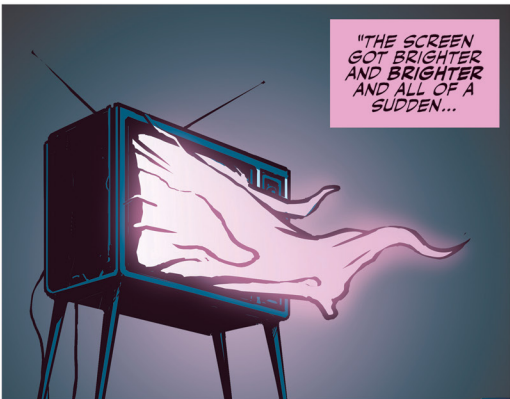
"HE DANCED AND HE DANCED WITH NO MUSIC..."



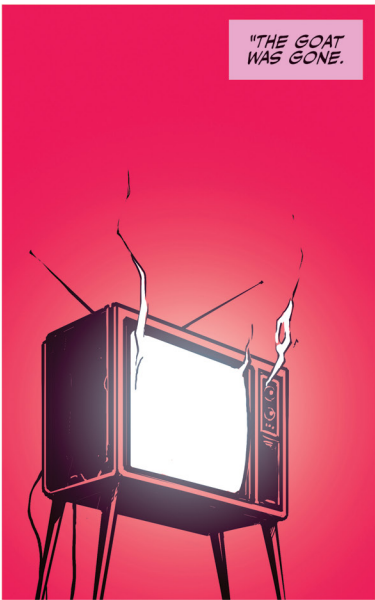
"HE DANCED TO THE WHISTLING."



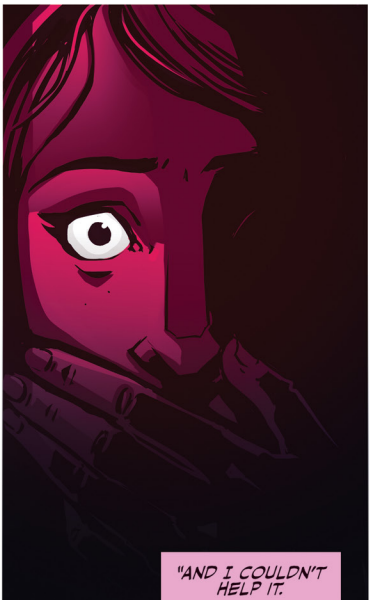
"HE DANCED TO THE STATIC."



"THE SCREEN GOT BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER AND ALL OF A SUDDEN..."



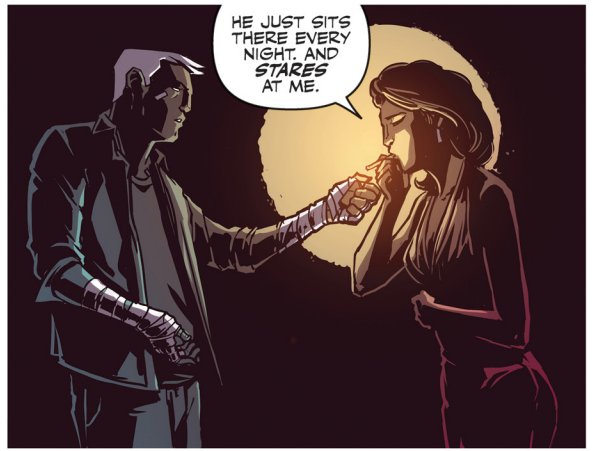
"THE GOAT WAS GONE."



"AND I COULDN'T HELP IT."

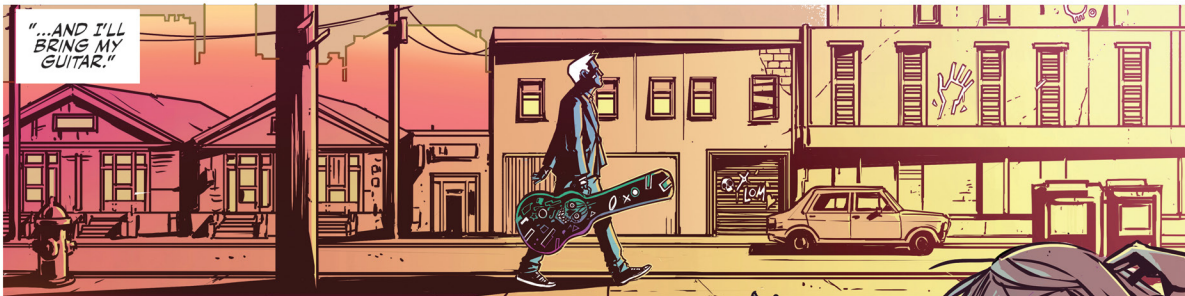


"I LET OUT A GASP."





"I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT."



"...AND I'LL BRING MY GUITAR."



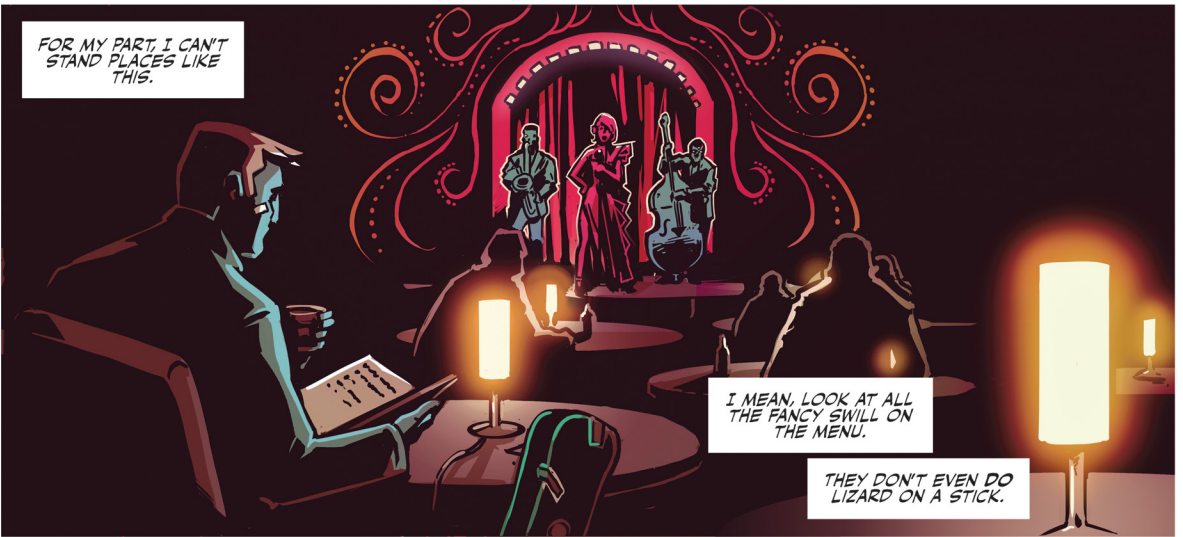
I OVERSLEEP AND TURN UP AT HALF PAST.

BRIDGETTE'S ALREADY ONSTAGE, THE SHOW UNDERWAY.



I GUESS SHE'S ALRIGHT, IF
YOU'RE INTO THE WHOLE
"VOICE-OF-AN-ANGEL,
BODY-OF-A-GODDESS"
SORT OF VIBE.

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW SHE'S
NOT SAFE HERE. SHE HAS THE
JOINT EATING OUT OF THE
PALM OF HER HAND.



FOR MY PART, I CAN'T STAND PLACES LIKE THIS.

I MEAN, LOOK AT ALL THE FANCY SWILL ON THE MENU.

THEY DON'T EVEN DO LIZARD ON A STICK.



I CAN TELL WHERE THE THUMB IS WITHOUT LOOKING.

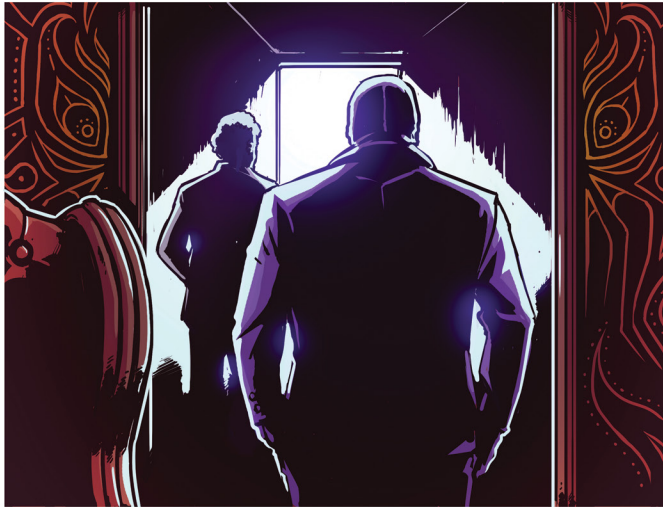


I CAN TELL BECAUSE IT'S THE ONE SPOT IN THE ROOM THAT EVERYONE ELSE IS TRYING VERY HARD NOT TO LOOK AT.



HE AIN'T SO BIG. I'VE SEEN BIGGER RHINOS ON TV.



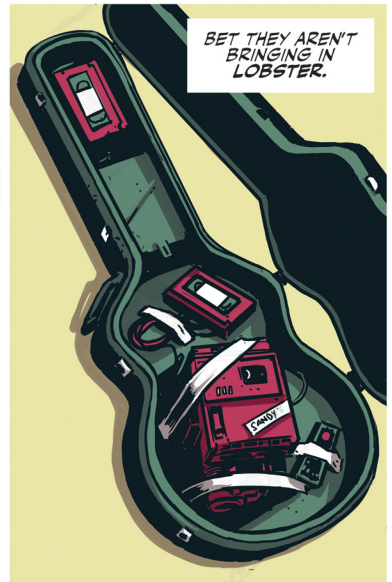




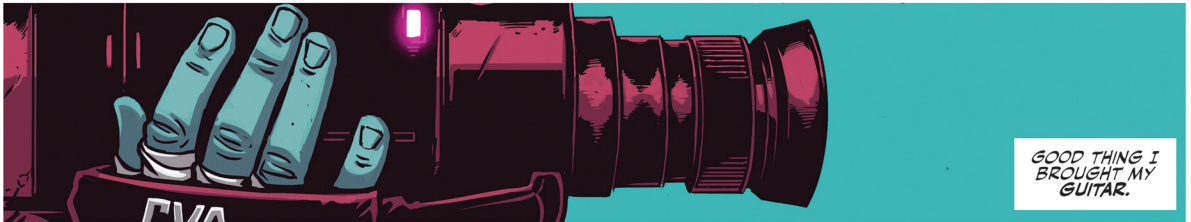
WELL.



CREEPY DOCK
AT THE BACK
OF A DRUG
LORD'S BAR.



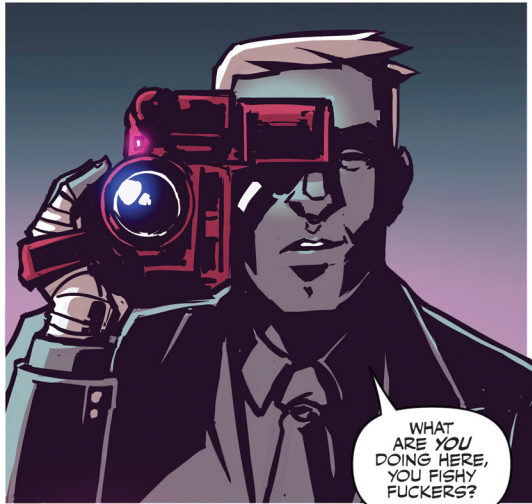
BET THEY AREN'T
BRINGING IN
LOBSTER.



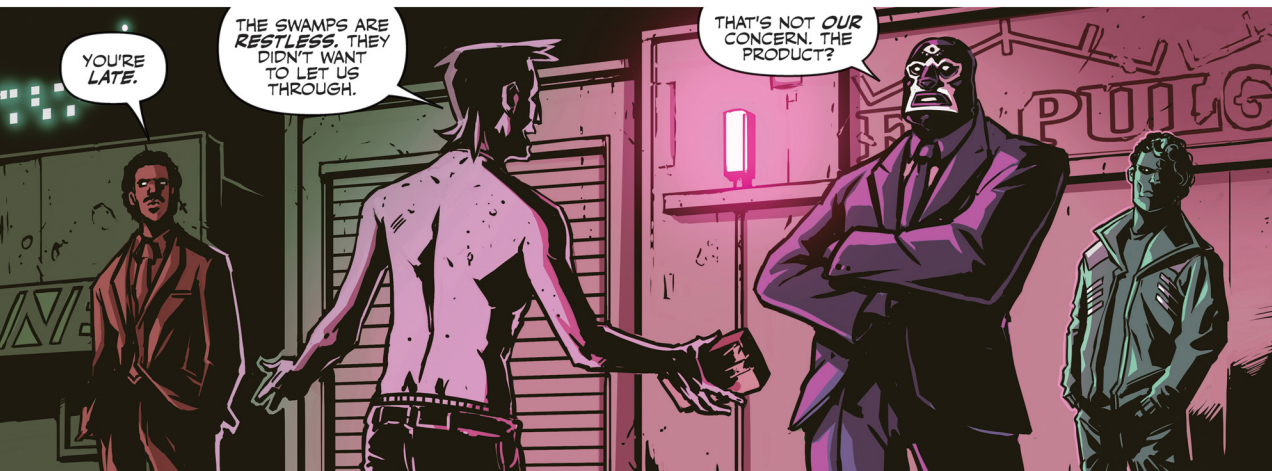
GOOD THING I
BROUGHT MY
GUITAR.



HELLO...



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING HERE,
YOU FISHY
FUCKERS?



YOU'RE
LATE.

THE SWAMPS ARE
RESTLESS. THEY
DIDN'T WANT
TO LET US
THROUGH.

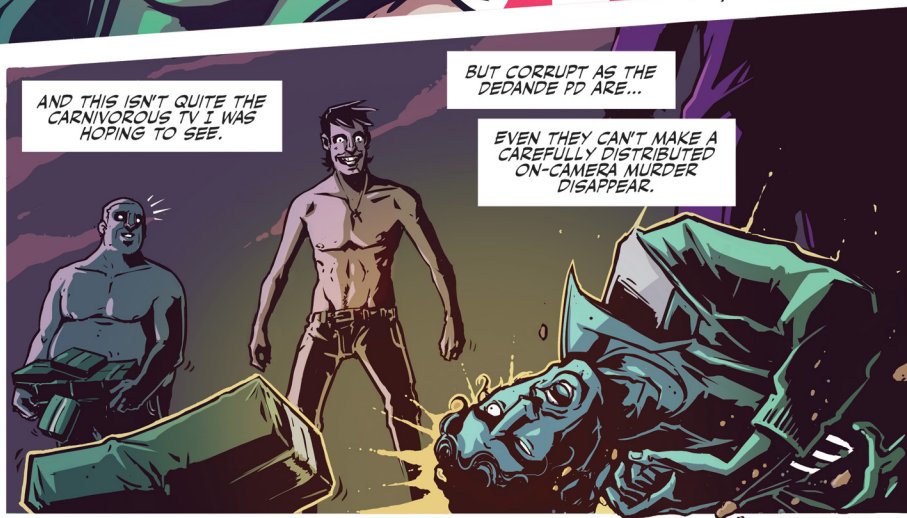
THAT'S NOT *OUR*
CONCERN. THE
PRODUCT?





OH, YOU EVIL BASTARD!

OK, MAYBE A LITTLE CALLOUS...



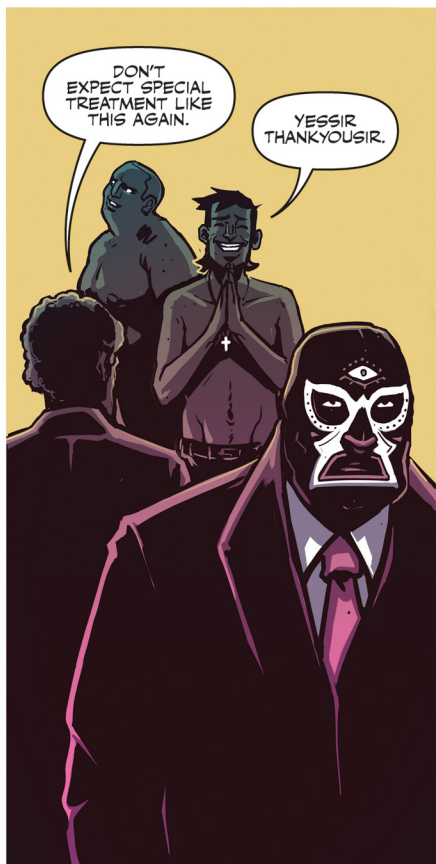
AND THIS ISN'T QUITE THE CARNIVOROUS TV I WAS HOPING TO SEE.

BUT CORRUPT AS THE DEDANDE PD ARE...

EVEN THEY CAN'T MAKE A CAREFULLY DISTRIBUTED ON-CAMERA MURDER DISAPPEAR.

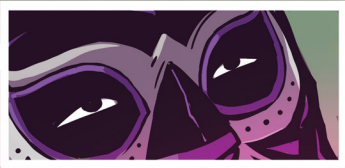


I'VE GOT THE FUCKER.

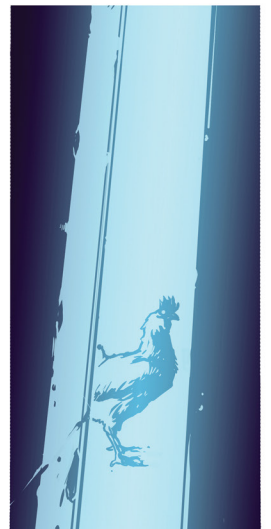
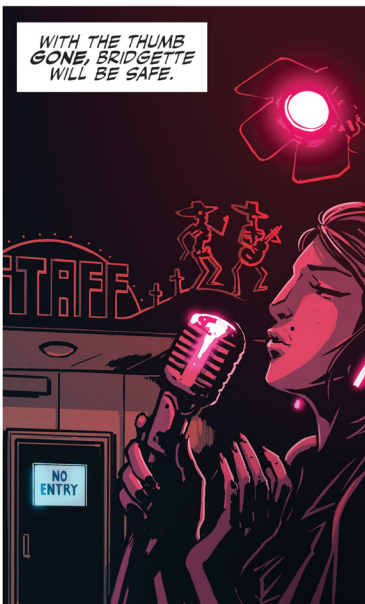
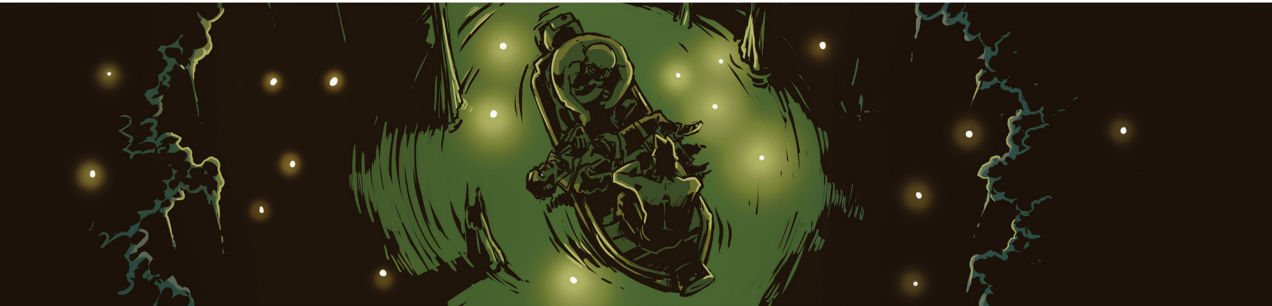
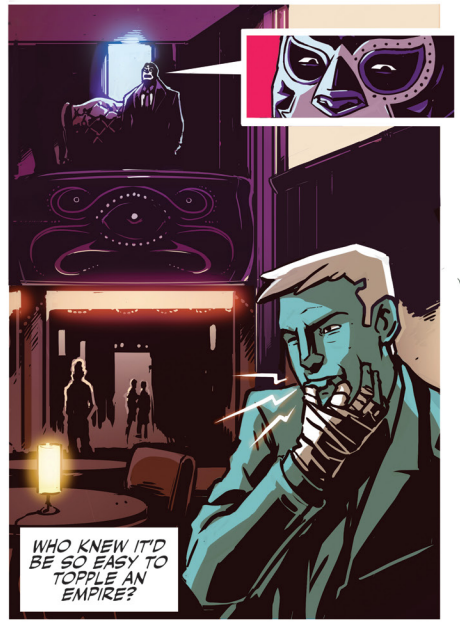
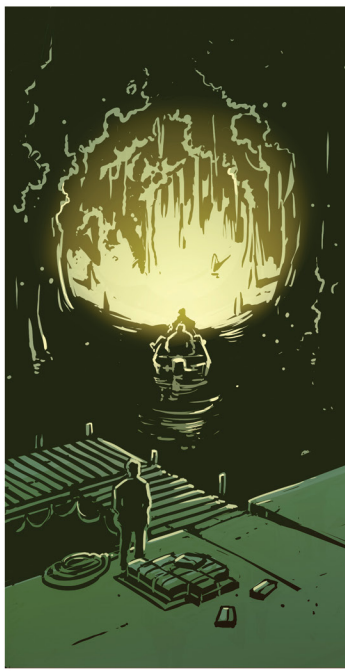


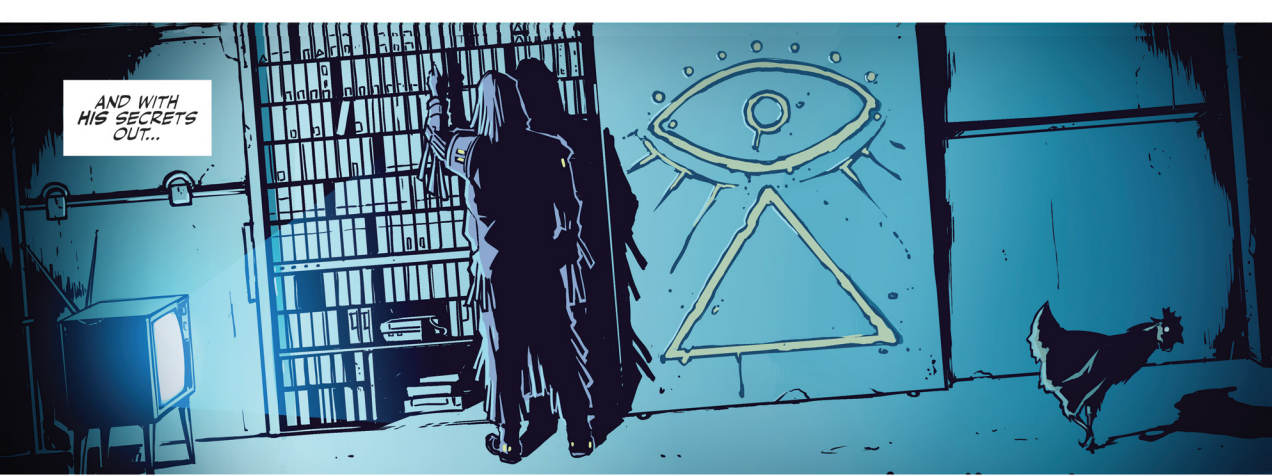
DON'T EXPECT SPECIAL TREATMENT LIKE THIS AGAIN.

YESSIR THANKYOUSIR.



FINISH UNLOADING.





AND WITH HIS SECRETS OUT...



WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE MIGHT START FLOATING TO THE SURFACE?



THE TRUTH HAS A WAY OF CHANGING THINGS.



AND DEDANDE IS SEETHING WITH SECRETS TO DRAG KICKING AND SCREAMING INTO THE LIGHT.



IT'S TIME TO TAKE A BITE OUT OF THIS TOWN.



Shine

MARTIN SIMMONDS PIN UP

IN THE FUTURE,
EVERYONE WILL HAVE
A SECRET IDENTITY.



THE
PRIVATE EYE

DELUXE HARDCOVER

BY

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN & MARCOS MARTIN

WITH

MUNTA VICENTE



DECEMBER 2015

IMAGECOMICS.COM

WE'RE THROUGH THE STATIC NOW

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