

ANGEL

OLD FRIENDS™





ANGEL

OLD FRIENDS™



IDW PUBLISHING
SAN DIEGO, CA



ISBN: 1-933239-76-X
09 08 07 06 1 2 3 4 5

www. IDWPUBLISHING .com

IDW Publishing is:
Robbie Robbins, President
Chris Ryall, Publisher/Editor-in-Chief
Ted Adams, Vice President
Kris Oprisko, Vice President
Neil Uyetake, Art Director
Dan Taylor, Editor
Aaron Myers, Assistant Editor
Tom B. Long, Designer
Chance Boren, Editorial Assistant
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Controller
Alex Garner, Creative Director
Yumiko Miyano, Business Development
Rick Privman, Business Development

ANGEL created by Joss Whedon and David Greenwalt ♫ Thanks to Debbie Olshan at Fox Worldwide Publishing

ANGEL: OLD FRIENDS TPB. JUNE 2006. FIRST PRINTING. Angel is © 2006 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All Rights Reserved. © 2006 Idea and Design Works, LLC. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 4411 Morena Blvd., Suite 106, San Diego, CA 92117. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.



ANGEL™

OLD FRIENDS

written by
JEFF MARIOTTE

art by
DAVID MESSINA

art assistant
ELENA CASAGRANDE

color assistants
DAVIDE AMICI AND
MATTEO GHERARDI

designed by
NEIL UYETAKE

lettered by
TOM B. LONG

edited by
CHRIS RYALL AND
AARON MYERS



SOMETIMES ALL YOU WANT IS TO BE LEFT ALONE.



SEEMS LIKE A SIMPLE REQUEST.



SO YOU HAVE TO WONDER...



...WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO CONVINCE PEOPLE? A SIGN? A DOG?



A DOG WITH A SIGN?

THIS IS THE ADDRESS I GOT...



...WONDER IF ANYONE'S HOME.



KNOCK KNOCK





GUNN.



YOU WANT TO COME IN?

KINDA WHY I MADE THE DRIVE. SCENERY'S NICE AND ALL, BUT...



UNDERSTOOD. CHAIR?



THANKS.

YOU MAY BE TAKIN' THIS **FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE** BIT A LITTLE TOO FAR. I DON'T REMEMBER JIMMY OLSEN FREEZIN' HIS ASS OFF.



YEAH...



...I DON'T GET MANY VISITORS.

I COULD START A FIRE.



YOU WON'T BE **STAYING** THAT LONG.



IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOO.

OKAY, I GET IT. DOWN TO BUSINESS.



WHILE YOU'VE BEEN ALL GRIZZLY ADAMS OR WHATEVER, UP HERE IN THE HILLS, I'VE BEEN BUSY.



"THINGS ARE DIFFERENT WITHOUT YOU IN THE BIG CITY."

"I'VE MOSTLY BEEN A SOLO ACT."



"JUST ME AND THE GUNNMOBILE."

"SO I'VE BEEN CHANGIN' MY FOCUS A LITTLE..."



"...CONCENTRATING ON THE HUMAN MONSTERS."



"PLENTY OF THOSE. IT'S A NEVER-ENDING JOB."

"YOU KNOW THAT DRILL."



THIS HAS WHAT TO DO WITH ME?



DOG, I THOUGHT IT WAS COLD IN HERE BEFORE.



HE'S RIGHT. I HAVE NO REASON TO BE MAD AT CHARLES GUNN.



YOU SAVE THE WORLD ENOUGH TIMES, I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE, YOU'RE GOING TO WANT SOME TIME OFF. ROOM TO REFLECT.



NOT GUNN'S FAULT I HAVEN'T REACHED ANY CONCLUSIONS.

EXCEPT ONE.



I KINDA LIKE THE QUIET.



OKAY,
LET'S HEAR
IT.



WHAT I
WAS WAITIN'
FOR.

YOU
JUST SAID
YOU'RE NOT
SO MUCH WITH
THE MONSTER
FIGHTING.

THAT'S
RIGHT...

THERE'S BEEN
AN ESPECIALLY
BRUTAL SERIES
OF MURDERS IN L.A.
RECENTLY. WORD
ON THE STREET IS
THAT A **VAMP** IS
BEHIND IT.



...BUT
THERE WAS
A **WITNESS** TO
ONE OF THESE
ATTACKS. DID AN
IDENTI-KIT FOR
THE COPS.



LOOK
FAMILIAR?



SPIKE?

BUT HE'S NOT...



NOT EVIL?

PEOPLE CHANGE, ANGEL. EVIL TODAY, NOT EVIL TOMORROW. YOU SHOULD KNOW.



I'M DIFFERENT. A SPECIAL CASE.

THERE'S NOBODY LIKE ME.



HE MAY BE MORE LIKE YOU THAN ANYBODY THOUGHT.

ANYWAY, I'M NOT SAYIN' IT'S HIM. JUST THAT THERE'S A VAMP, KILLIN' FOLKS. WITNESS IS THE ONE THAT SAID IT'S HIM.



PEOPLE DOWN THERE HAVE IT **BAD ENOUGH**, ANGEL. SOMETHING LIKE THIS... JUST ONE MORE **PROBLEM** THEY DON'T NEED.



WHAT DO YOU SAY? I COULD REALLY USE A HAND.

EVERYTHING GUNN SAYS IS TRUE. YOU CAN SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE *BIG* BADS, BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THE PROGRESSION OF *LITTLE* BADS FROM ADDING UP.



IN THE LONG RUN THEY MAY BE THE HARDEST TO DEAL WITH.

ANYWAY, IF SPIKE IS EVIL, SOMEONE'S GOT TO STOP HIM.



WE'VE FOUGHT EACH OTHER BEFORE, BUT IT'S NEVER BEEN DEFINITIVE. WHO'D WIN?



GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT.

YOU WAITING FOR SOMETHING, GUNN?

LOS ANGELES.



JENNY VARGAS DOESN'T LIKE BEING OUT AFTER DARK THESE DAYS.

NO SUCH THING AS A SAFE NEIGHBORHOOD ANYMORE, BUT THIS ONE IS WORSE THAN MANY.



A SINGLE MOTHER HAS OBLIGATIONS, THOUGH. WHEN HER KID NEEDS SOMETHING SHE HAS TO GO GET IT. EVEN IF THERE ARE STRANGE NOISES AROUND HER.



AAAYEE!

TCHKK





JEEZ,
WHAT'S HER
DAMAGE?

LIFE'S TOO
SHORT TO SPEND
IT AFRAID. THAT'S
MY PHILOSOPHY.
YOU'RE GOING TO
BE SCARED ALL THE
TIME, THEY MIGHT
AS WELL PLANT
YOU.



I'LL
DRINK TO
THAT.



GIRL, YOU'LL
DRINK TO
ANYTHING.



I'LL DRINK
TO THAT,
TOO.

I'LL
JOIN
YOU.







...LIVING
IN THIS PLACE
ON ALVARADO,
AND...

IT'S FUNNY. FOR THE LONGEST
TIME I HOPED THAT SOMEDAY
I WOULD BE HUMAN AGAIN.



NOW IT'S LIKE SOMETIMES
I CAN HARDLY REMEMBER
WHAT HUMAN IS.



OR WHY I WOULD EVER
HAVE WANTED THAT.

STOP
THE CAR.



STOPPED.





AREN'T WE GOING SOMEWHERE?

WE WERE...



...BUT WHILE YOU WERE LONE RANGERING, I HEARD A POLICE BULLETIN.



VAMP ATTACK, A COUPLE BLOCKS FROM HERE. JUST REPORTED.



SO HE MIGHT STILL BE IN THE AREA.

WHAT I'M GUESSIN'.



YOU LIP FOR SOME FOOT PATROL?

WHY NOT?



HAVE YOU HEARD WHERE HE'S BEEN, LATELY?

NO. NOTHING, UNTIL I SAW THAT PICTURE ON THE NEWS. GOT A COPY FROM A FRIEND WHO'S A COPS.



YOU HAVE FRIENDS WHO'S A COPS?



PLUS ÇA CHANGE...



WHAT? I SPEAK FRENCH.

SOME.



AAAAHHH!







KATHRAK

UNGH!



YOUR REFLEXES HAVE GONE ALL TO HELL, ANGEL. WHAT'VE YOU BEEN DOING...



...SPENDING ALL YOUR TIME WATCHING THE SODDING GOLF CHANNEL?



OOOF!





IT'S AS REAL AS IT GETS, ANGEL.



WE'VE BEEN AT THIS TOO LONG, YOU AND I.



TIME'S COME TO END IT...



...FOR GOOD AND ALL.



UFF...



CLOSE
YOUR MOUTH,
ANGEL. YOU
LOOK DAFT.

WHO'D
YOU EXPECT,
MARY BLOODY
POPPINS?



I KNEW THAT WASN'T YOU.

DIDN'T LOOK LIKE IT TO ME.



HE WAS TOO TOUGH. I COULDN'T TAKE HIM LIKE I CAN YOU.

SOD OFF! YOU COULDN'T BEAT MY AUNT TILLY...



...AND SHE HAD A WOODEN LEG.



THERE'S MY STAKE.

THAT OTHER SPIKE WAS A PHONY, RIGHT?

REAL ONE COULDN'T NEVER PUT ME OUT OF IT SO EASY.



BLOODY HELL, NOT YOU TOO!

YOU'RE HUMAN, REMEMBER?



ENHANCED HUMAN, REMEMBER?

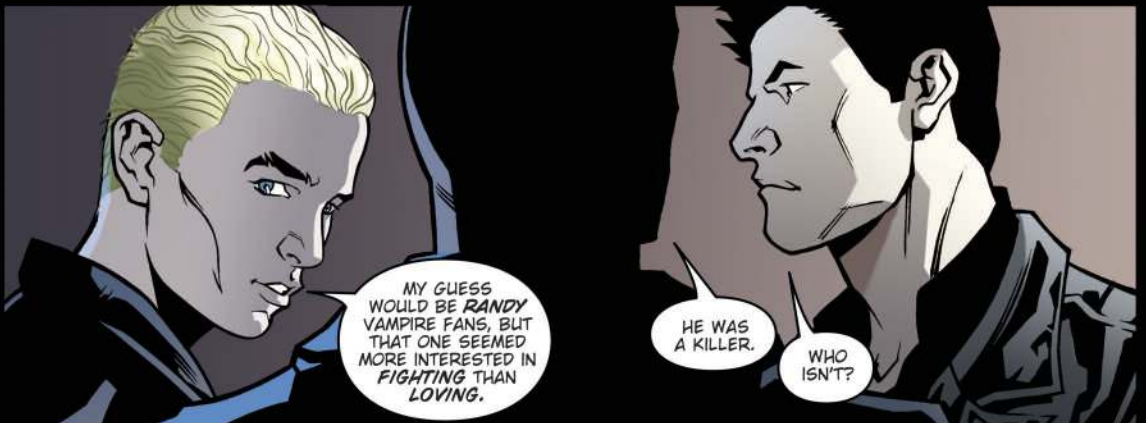


THEY ENHANCED YOUR *BRAIN*, CHUCKLES, NOT YOUR BODY.

GIVE IT A REST BEFORE I FEEL LIKE I HAVE SOMETHING TO PROVE.



I THINK WE'RE LOSING SIGHT OF WHAT'S *IMPORTANT* HERE. WHY WAS THERE ANOTHER SPIKE?



MY GUESS WOULD BE *RANDY* VAMPIRE FANS, BUT THAT ONE SEEMED MORE INTERESTED IN *FIGHTING* THAN *LOVING*.

HE WAS A KILLER.

WHO ISN'T?



HE WON'T BE KILLING ANYMORE.

BUT IF SOMEONE MADE HIM WITH KILLING IN MIND, THEN WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHO.



SOMEONE COULD HAVE CLONED ME.

A CLONE WOULD'VE NEEDED YEARS TO GROW TO ADULTHOOD.



THEN WHAT WAS IT? I'M THINKING IF SPIKE HAD AN EVIL TWIN WE'D HAVE KNOWN IT BEFORE NOW.



CAN'T EXACTLY ASK HIM ANYMORE. SOME SORT OF DUPLICATE, BE MY GUESS.

WE NEED MORE DATA TO KNOW JUST WHAT KIND.

SO WE HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? WHAT DO WE DO, THEN?

WE DO WHAT WE'VE ALWAYS DONE. WE PATROL. WE KEEP OUR EYES OPEN. WE SEE SOMETHING EVIL...

...WE KICK
ITS ASS.





THIS SEAT WAS MADE FOR MIDGETS.

NO BLEEDIN' LEGROOM.

YOU COULD WALK.



I JUST MIGHT.

HOLD ON...



...THAT'S **BOWMAN**. BEEN MOVING HEAVY LOADS OF CRACK IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

I'VE BEEN **LOOKIN'** FOR HIM.



SO NOW WE'RE THE NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH? DO WE GET TO MEET MCGRUFF?



WHATEVER. A FIGHT'S A FIGHT. AT LEAST I CAN STRETCH MY LEGS.









COME TO THINK OF IT, I THINK I **HAVE** HEARD OF YOU, **GUNN**, RIGHT?

FIGURED YOU MIGHT HAVE.



BUT A **REMINDER** NEVER HURTS.



KEEP **OUT** OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. WE DON'T NEED YOUR KIND OF TROUBLE AROUND HERE.



AND **CLEAN UP** THIS MESS. WE TAKE **PRIDE** IN OUR STREETS.



DON'T THINK YOU'VE HEARD THE **LAST** OF THIS, **GUNN**...



I CAN'T SAY THAT WASN'T A GOOD TIME. BUT WHERE EXACTLY DOES IT GET US?

ONE STEP AT A TIME, SPIKE. WAY I FIGURE IT, WE DON'T KNOW WHO MADE THAT DOUBLE OF YOU, OR WHY.

BUT CHANCES ARE IT WAS MEANT FOR US. WE MAKE SOME NOISE, MAYBE WHOEVER IT IS WILL FIND US.



WORKS FOR ME.

YOU CALL THAT A PLAN? USE OURSELVES AS BAIT?



SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE IT'S A GOOD ONE.

YOU DID GET SMART, CHARLIE BOY.

KNOW ANYONE ELSE WE CAN ROUGH UP?



THIS PART OF TOWN? SOMEONE'LL TURN UP.



NO ONE OFFERS ANY BETTER IDEAS...



...SO WE GO WITH GUNN'S PLAN.



GUNN MAKES SURE TO SPREAD OUR NAMES AROUND.



SUDDENLY WE'RE SO FAMOUS IN L.A. I EXPECT PEOPLE TO START SHOWING US THEIR SCREENPLAYS.



KIND OF A WASTE OF OUR ABILITIES, BUT IF IT GETS THE JOB DONE...



THIS'S KINDA LIKE BEIN' BATMAN AND ROBIN AND...



YOU SAY BATGIRL, GUNN, AND WE'LL HAVE A PROBLEM, YOU AND I.



EEEEEEEEEE!



IN THERE!



DON'T GO IN THERE! IT'S SOME KIND OF MONSTER!



HAVE YOU COME TO ASSIST?

EVERY NIGHT AT DISCO INFERNO

EVERY NIGHT AT DISCO IN





ASSIST? WE CAME
BECAUSE YOU SCARED
THE KNICKERS OFF
THAT WOMAN.

SHE
CALLED YOU
A MONSTER,
ILLYRIA.



NOT ME.



SKAREEUNNNKK



THAT.



PERSTELIK
DEMON. THEY
HATE HUMANITY.
CAREFUL—THOSE
EYES SHOOT
ACID.

ANGEL,
WHAT IF THIS
IS A TRAP?

OF COURSE
IT'S A TRAP. THE
DEMON WANTS US
TO GO IN THERE
SO IT CAN KILL
AND EAT US.



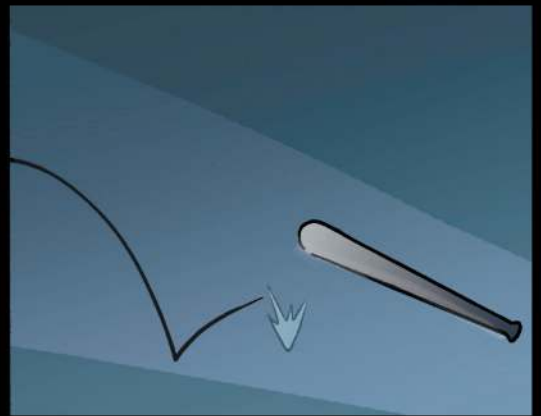
NOT THE
DEMON, YOU
GIT. HOW DO WE
KNOW THAT'S
HER?



DOESN'T
MATTER IF IT'S
REALLY ILLYRIA.
THAT'S STILL A
PERSTELIK.

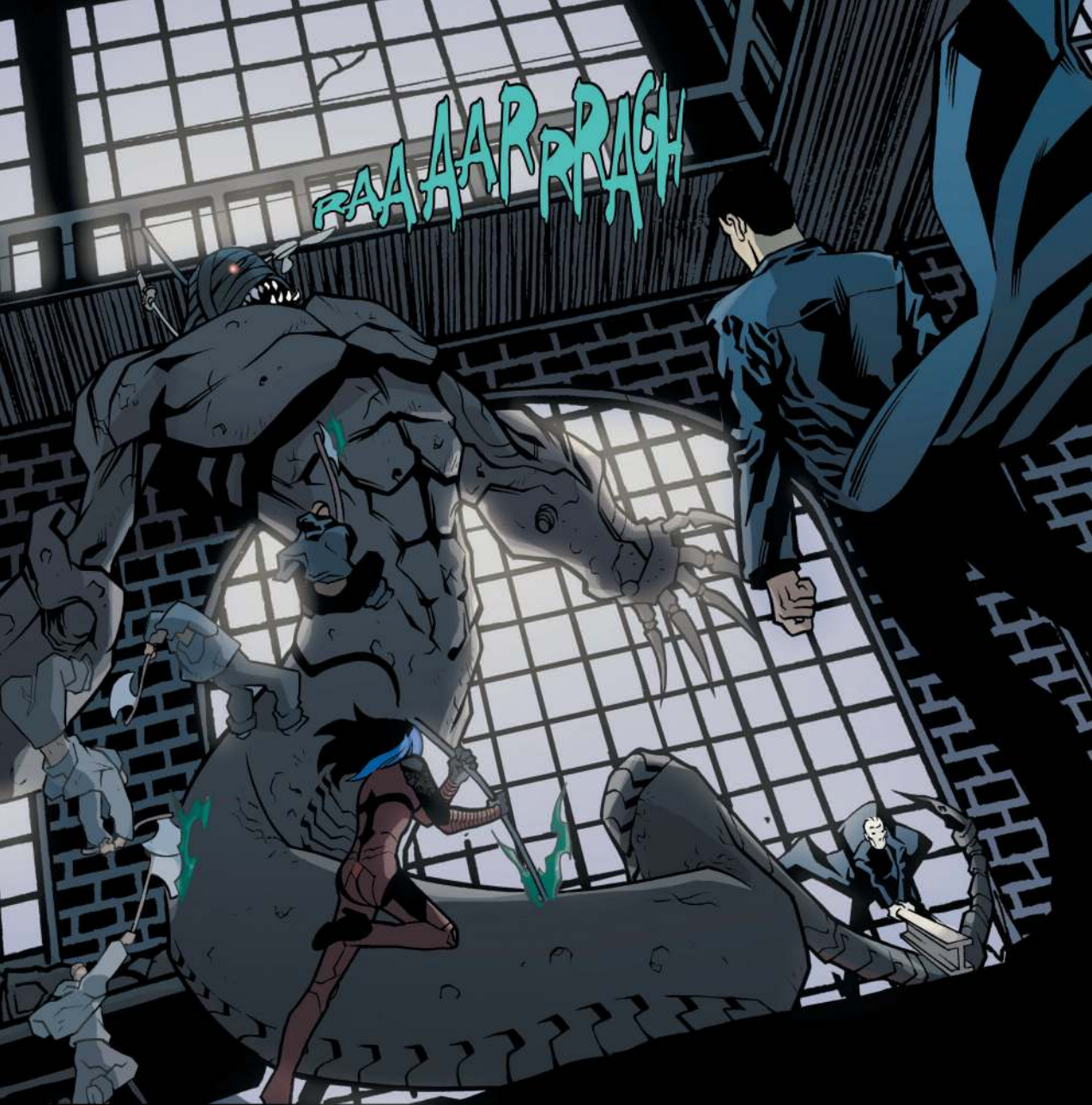
WE
HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT IT.



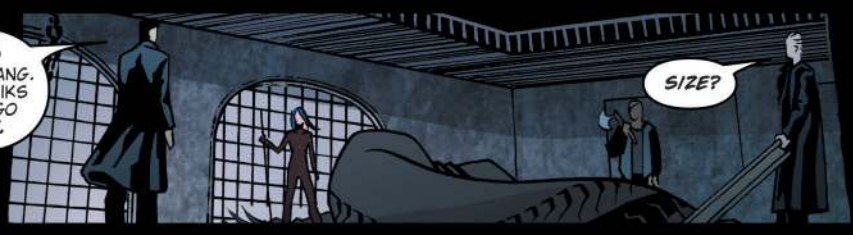








GOOD WORK, GANG. PERSTELIKS DON'T GO EASY.



SIZE?



I SHOULD'VE FED YOU TO IT.



JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, ISN'T IT?

ADMIT IT, YOU'D MISS MY BOYISH CHARM.

I ADMIT NOTHING OF THE SORT.

BUT I EXPECT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF US WITH A VALID DRIVER'S LICENSE, SO YOU'RE GOOD FOR THAT.

HOW HAVE YOU NOT KILLED THEM?



YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I'VE ASKED—

IT APPEARS WE MAY HAVE ARRIVED TOO LATE.

DARN! AND I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO IT, TOO...

IT IS UNFORTUNATE. IT'S NOT SO MUCH THAT I MISS THE BLOODSHED...

...BUT I DO ENJOY THE SENSE OF CAMARADERIE AFTER A BATTLE.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN ABOUT THE BLOOD, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S ALL YELLOW AND ACIDIC...

...YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY LAB COATS I'VE HAD TO JUST THROW AWAY.



THEY CAN'T BE HERE. SHE'S—
I KNOW.



AND—
I KNOW.



BUT WE ONLY HAVE **WES'S** WORD THAT FRED HAD TO DIE FOR ILLYRIA TO ARRIVE, RIGHT?

HIS WORD, AND THAT WANKER FRIEND OF YOURS.

OOH, DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS, I LIVE UNDER A TREE!

WHAT WAS HE, SOME KIND OF HOBBIT?



DROGYN. BUT WE KNOW HE DIDN'T LIE TO US—HE COULDN'T LIE.



"AND I DON'T THINK THERE COULD BE TWO OF HER."



IS THERE SOME POINT AT WHICH YOU'LL ACTUALLY ACKNOWLEDGE OUR PRESENCE?



SORRY, WES. THERE'S JUST... A LOT TO FIGURE OUT.



LET'S GET TO IT THEN, SHALL WE?

I HAVE A NEW GRIMOIRE I'M DYING TO BREAK IN.

BAD WORD CHOICE.



WELL, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU ALL, ANYWAY.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR EYE, CHARLES?



IT'S NOTHING.

WATCH, THIS THING'LL BE OFF BY NEXT WEEK.

BUT...



...YOU CAN'T BE HERE.





OH, I FORGOT. YOU LIKE TO JUST *KNOW* EVERYTHING WITHOUT HAVING TO ASK.

WHAT?



NEVER MIND. IT'S LIKE A JOKE...

...IF I HAVE TO EXPLAIN...



KRAK

...YOU JUST WON'T GET IT!



UNFF!







VERY WELL.



UNHH!

KRUNCK



THAT AIN'T FRED.



OBVIOUSLY.



I MEAN, FRED DOESN'T USE THAT KIND OF LANGUAGE.

MUCH.



WELL, THIS ISN'T WES, EITHER...



...WES KNOWS YOU CAN'T KILL A VAMPIRE BY CHOKING HIM.



PERHAPS NOT.



BUT IF ONE CAN GET TWO OF THEM...







WHAT IN THE BLOODY HELL'D YOU DO THAT FOR?



YOU'D RATHER HE DUSTED BOTH OF US?

COURSE NOT.

HURTS LIKE HELL, THAT'S ALL.



SUCK IT UP.

THWACK



IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, ILLYRIA...



...YOU'LL STAY OUT OF MY WAY! MY BUSINESS IS WITH CHARLES.



WHATEVER YOU'RE SELLIN', FRED-

OR WHOEVER YOU ARE, SINCE YOU'RE DEFINITELY NOT FRED-



I DEFINITELY AIN'T BUYIN'!





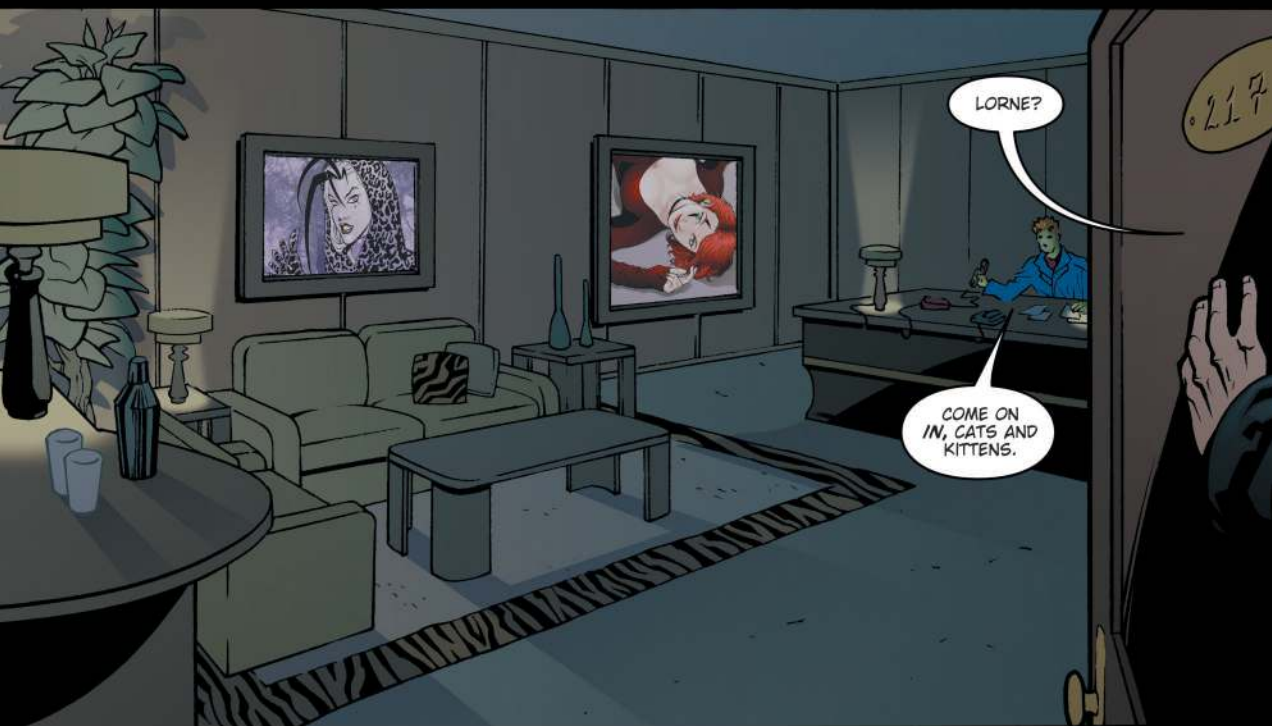






"...THINK I MIGHT HAVE AN IDEA ABOUT THAT."





LORNE?

COME ON IN, CATS AND KITTENS.

2.1.7



OR JUST CATS, I GUESS, IN THIS INSTANCE.

STILL, MEOW. BRIGHTENS MY DAY JUST TO LOOK AT YOU.

EVEN THOUGH SOME OF YOU LOOK LIKE ACTION FIGURES WITH THE ADDED BATTLE-DAMAGE FEATURE.

WE HAD A KITTEN...

...ILLYRIA WAS WITH US, BUT I GUESS SHE HAD OTHER STUFF TO DO.

NO OFFENSE MEANT, BUT SHE ALWAYS KIND OF SHIVERED MY TIMBERS ANYWAY, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. NOT THAT I HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST CERULEAN, OF COURSE. MORE IN THE WAY SHE, YOU KNOW, KILLS A LOT.

BUT YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO TALK ABOUT ME. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU? LOOKING FOR A BIT PART? MAYBE A REGIONAL COMMERCIAL?

ACTUALLY, WE CAME ON BUSINESS. THE KIND YOU DON'T LIKE.



THEN I GUESS YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOAD OFF.

BUT LOOK AROUND. NOTICE HOW MANY **WEAPONS** YOU SEE? **NONE**, EXCEPT THAT WITH THAT TELEPHONE I CAN **CRUSH** A CAREER OR AN ACTOR'S HOPES.



WE'RE NOT ASKING YOU TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT BE CAREFUL.

WHY? WHAT'S **SHAKIN'**, BACON?



IN THE PAST FEW HOURS, WE'VE BEEN **ATTACKED** BY SPIKE, WESLEY, AND FRED.

TIME TO UP YOUR **MEDS**? THAT CAN'T **BE**, SUGAR-BUNS.



NOT THE **REAL** ONES. SOME KIND OF **DOPPELGANGERS**, BUT HYPED UP WITH SUPER STRENGTH.

AH, THE **OLD EVIL TWIN** SCENARIO. A CLASSIC, WITH A **NEW TWIST**. I LOVE IT.

ONLY BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN **KNOCKED ABOUT** BY THEM.



I CAN SEE HOW THAT MIGHT **CHANGE ONE'S PERCEPTION**.



SO WE WANTED TO CHECK ON YOU, BECAUSE EACH OF THESE **DOUBLES** CAME WHEN THE **REAL** PERSON WASN'T THERE.



YOU THINK THERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF ME AGAIN?

HOPE IT WORKS OUT BETTER THAN LAST TIME. IT'S KIND OF DELIGHTFUL, IN A WAY, LIKE AN URBAN BEAUTIFICATION PROJECT.



WE DON'T KNOW, LORNE. BUT IF THERE IS, HE'S **BAD NEWS**.



SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT ABOUT THE **REAL ME**.

OF COURSE, THEY'VE NEVER BEEN BLESSED WITH INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE WITH ME.

BUT I GET HOW THIS COULD BE **PROBLEMATIC**.



WE DON'T WANT TO KEEP YOU, LORNE.

JUST... IF YOU SEE ANYTHING **STRANGE**, LET US KNOW. RIGHT AWAY.



YOU MIGHT HAVE TO BE MORE **SPECIFIC**, CHERRY BOMB. THIS IS BEVERLY HILLS, AFTER ALL. **STRANGE** DOESN'T **BEGIN** TO DESCRIBE IT.

MAYBE **NOT...**

217

...BUT IT'S LIKE
PORNOGRAPHY,
OR CUBIC ZIRCONIUM.
I **KNOW** IT WHEN
I **SEE** IT.

AND I'M
DEFINITELY
SEEING IT
NOW!





THIS IS JUST GREAT. FIRST THE WAITRESS GOT MY LUNCH ORDER WRONG.

I MEAN, WHO CONFUSES RADICCHIO WITH RADISHES? THIS IS THE 21ST CENTURY, RIGHT?

AND NOW I GET BACK TO MY OFFICE AND FIND AN IMPOSTOR SITTING AT MY DESK!



NICE SUIT, THOUGH. JOHN VARVASIS?



HE'S THE IMPOSTOR!



I MEAN, DOES THIS LOOK LIKE VARVASIS TO YOU?



LOOKS LIKE *SILK* TO ME, BUT I'M NO EXPERT.



MAYBE NOT, ANGELCAKES, BUT YOU'RE EXPERT AT KICKING DEMON *BUTT*. SHOULDN'T YOU FELLOWS BE THROWING THAT FAKE OUT OF HERE?



I DON'T THINK ANY ASS-KICKING GOES DOWN UNTIL WE KNOW WHICH OF YOU GREEN WEENIES IS THE FRAUD.



HE IS!



GONNA HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT.



I CAN PROVE HE'S THE PHONY! ASK ME ANYTHING, ANY FACTS YOU KNOW ABOUT ME, ANY MEMORIES YOU WANT TO TEST.



NOT A BAD IDEA, LORNE. WHAT'S YOUR BROTHER'S NAME?




"THAT'S TOO EASY, NUMFAR, MUCH TO MY CONSTANT HUMILIATION."



I COULD HAVE ANSWERED THAT! GIVE ME ONE!



I GOT ONE! WHEN WOLFRAM & HART BROUGHT DARLA BACK, SHE SANG FOR YOU. WHAT SONG DID SHE SING?



"I THOUGHT YOU'D CHALLENGE ME, SWEETKNEES. IT WAS 'ILL WIND,' AND SHE DID A BANG-UP JOB. PLUCKED AT THE OLD HEARTSTRINGS."



ALL RIGHT, THEN, HOW'S THIS? YOU KNOCKED *ME* DOWN ONCE. I KNOW, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT *MYSELF*, BUT YOU WEREN'T EXACTLY YOU AT THE TIME. WHEN WAS IT, AND WHY DIDN'T I KILL *YOU* ON THE SPOT?



"AT THE WOLFRAM & HART HALLOWEEN PARTY, SPIKE. I WASN'T EXACTLY MYSELF. OR I WAS MORE THAN MYSELF, LIKE I AM NOW. BUT I APOLOGIZED LATER. PROFUSELY."



THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE.
WHAT'S YOUR *IMAGINARY PET DOG'S* NAME?



FLUFFY!



IMAGINARY PET DOG?

LONG STORY.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. YOU TWO CAN WORK THIS OUT BETWEEN YOURSELVES.







"YAAAAH?"
ARTICULATE AS
ALL HELL.

AND THAT'S
TWICE, NOW.
DON'T MAKE IT
A HABIT.

SORRY,
GUYS.

A LITTLE
BEYOND MY
CONTROL,
CAPICE?



LATER, WE'LL
ALL LAUGH ABOUT
THIS...



THWAK















THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ALL OF THEM. DOESN'T LEAVE US MUCH TO WORK WITH.

ALL OF WHO?



THAT'S RIGHT. WE EXPLAINED IT ALL TO THE WRONG ONE.

GUESS WE NEED TO RUN THROUGH IT WITH YOU. GOT A FEW MINUTES?



CAN WE MAKE IT QUICK? I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CLOSE SOME BIG DEALS IN A HURRY IF THIS IS GOING TO COME OUT OF MY PAYCHECK.



I'LL MAKE IT AS FAST AS I CAN. SEE, THERE ARE THESE DOUBLES...

ASSUMING THAT EACH OF US ONLY HAS ONE DOUBLE, WE GIVE LORNE THE SHORT VERSION...



...AND THEN GET BACK IN GUNN'S JEEP.

SO WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED.

AGAIN.

MAYBE.

I HAD A THOUGHT-BEGINNINGS OF ONE, ANYWAY-IN LORNE'S OFFICE. JUST CAN'T QUITE BRING IT HOME.

FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT DOES US, THEN.

YOU DOING ANY BETTER?

WELL, TO BE PRECISE...

...NO.



CHARLES GUNN HAS INTERFERED WITH MY BUSINESS FOR THE LAST TIME.



NOW! LET 'IM HAVE IT!



KA POW
KA POW

BUDDA
BUDDA

BRATATAT

TING

TING

TAK



BOWMAN!



THAT DEALER YOU'VE BEEN FEUDING WITH? YOU SURE?



WHO ELSE?

SCREECH



HANG ON, I'M LOSIN' IT!



SOMETHING... CAUGHT US.

BUT WHAT?



YOU
HAVE TO
ASK?



CORDY?



COULD
YOU MAYBE
PUT US DOWN,
CORDELIA?



IT'S NOT HER, ANGEL. DON'T BELIEVE IT FOR A SECOND.

I KNOW. BUT...



SHE DID KEEP US FROM CRASHING.

WHICH ONLY WORRIES ME MORE.

IF SHE HAS THAT KIND OF POWER...



...WHAT'S SHE LIKELY TO DO WITH IT?



I DON'T KNOW WHO THE BABE IS, AND I DON'T CARE.

KILL THAT PUNK!




SHE'S DEAD.



CORDY CAN'T BE
HERE. I KNOW
THAT SHE DIED.



BUT THEN AGAIN...



...SO DID I.



ANGEL...



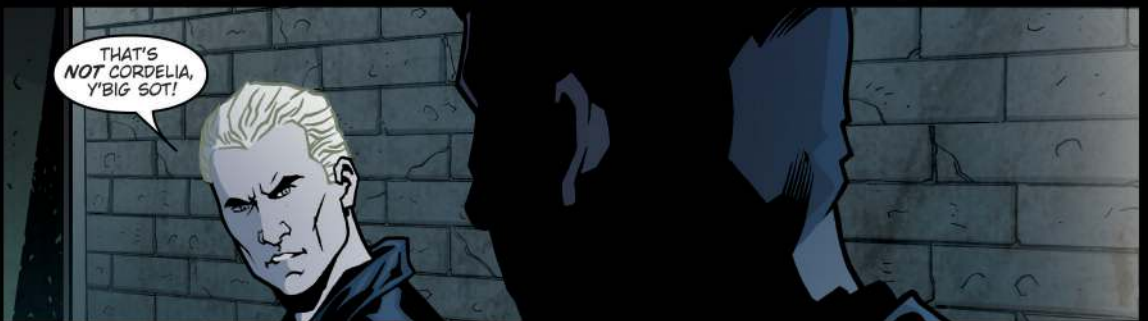
LET'S JUST DEAL WITH THIS LITTLE DISTRACTION FIRST.



YAAAGHH!

AAAIEE!

BOSS, THIS AIN'T— AAAARRH!



THAT'S NOT CORDELIA, Y'BIG SOT!



I KNOW THAT, SPIKE!

I SAW HARRY HOWDINI LEVITATE TOWER BRIDGE ONCE. I KNOW A TRICK WHEN I SEE IT.

WOULDN'T TELL ME HOW HE DID IT, EITHER.



YOU KNEW HOWDINI?

WHY AM I EVEN SURPRISED?



POINT IS, I STILL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT...



NO, YOU DON'T!



LET ME TAKE CARE OF IT.

WE DON'T HAVE THE HISTORY...



...FACT IS, I'D KIND OF ENJOY IT.



OF COURSE WE HAVE HISTORY, SPIKEY.

NOT THE GOOD KIND. MORE THE "ROMANS VERSUS BARBARIAN" HORDES KIND.

AND, BY THE WAY, YOU'RE THE BARBARIAN HORDES. I'M THE GLORY THAT WAS CORDY.



"WAS" BEING THE OPERATIVE WORD.

WAS ANGEL'S FLUFF. WAS A HIGHER BEING, OR WHATEVER.

NOW YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER GORMLESS FRAUD IN A LONG LINE OF 'EM.



ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A FIGHT YOU WANT TO HAVE, BLONDIE? IT'LL HURT MORE THAN PEROXIDE BURNS.



NO!

I HAVE TO DO THIS.



IT HAS TO BE ME. BECAUSE OF OUR HISTORY.

YOU CAN'T DO IT, ANGEL.



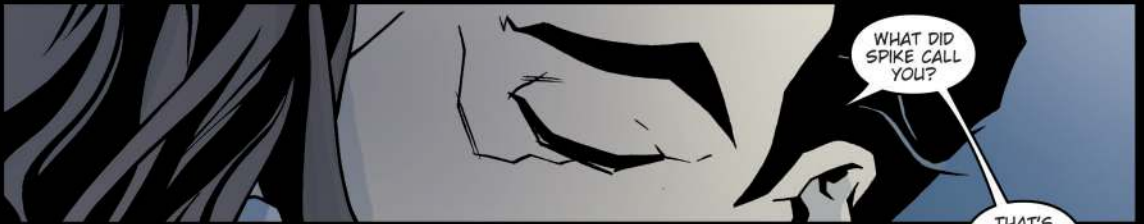
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?



YOU LOVE ME. YOU COULD NEVER HURT ME.



THAT'S NOT TRUE.







DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU AROUND HERE AGAIN!

OR IT'LL BE WORSE NEXT TIME!



LIKE I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.

ANYWAY, I THOUGHT SHE MELTED 'EM.

MASS HYPNOSIS.

SHE DIDN'T REALLY HAVE ANY OF CORDY'S POWERS. SHE COULD ONLY MAKE US THINK SHE DID, TEMPORARILY.



ANYWAY, WE CAN'T START FIGHTING EACH OTHER. WE KNOW WE'RE ALL THE REAL ONES.

YOU SURE? HOW DO WE KNOW YOU ARE?



I GUESS YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.



YOU OKAY, GUNN?

BEEN BETTER.

WORSE, TOO. I'LL SURVIVE.



ANYWAY, THAT THOUGHT I HAD BEFORE?

YEAH?

SOMETHING SPIKE SAID CLICKED IT INTO PLACE.

HISTORY.



BLOODY MARVELOUS. NOW HE SPEAKS IN RIDDLES.

OR IS IT JEOPARDY ANSWERS? IS THE QUESTION, "WHAT IS IT YOU'RE DOOMED TO REPEAT, IF YOU DON'T LEARN FROM IT?"



GOOD THING POETRY WAS YOUR THING, NOT STAND-UP.

ANYWAY, POINT IS, THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.



RIGHT...



WHAT THE FAKE CORDY WAS WEARING? WHAT SHE WORE WHEN SHE CAME TO WOLFRAM & HART, THAT TIME. WHEN SHE CAME TO SAY GOODBYE.

SAME FOR ALL THE REST.



THAT'S TRUE. ALL THE FAKES HAVE BEEN WEARING CLOTHES THEY WORE IN OUR OFFICES AT WOLFRAM & HART.



WHICH MEANS WHAT? WE NEED BIGGER WARDROBES?

EXCEPT FOR LORNE, OF COURSE. GUY NEEDS A BLOOMIN' LORRY JUST TO CARRY HIS SHOES.



IT MEANS WHOEVER'S BEHIND IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH WOLFRAM & HART. PROBABLY SOMEONE FROM THERE WHO HOLDS A GRUDGE AGAINST US.



WELL, THAT NARROWS THE FIELD.



ACTUALLY, IT DOES. AND I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA WHO IT MIGHT BE.

SO DO I...



"...AND I THINK WE NEED TO PAY DR. SPARROW A VISIT!"



DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE
MUCH.

FROM
OUT HERE.
OFFICE WHERE HE
ENHANCED MY BRAIN
WAS NOTHING FANCY,
EITHER. IT'S WHAT'S
INSIDE THAT
COUNTS.

DUDE HAD
THE WHOLE
MAD DOCTOR
THING DOWN.

THEN
LET'S GET
INSIDE.



HOUSE
CALL!

KURUNEZ



IT TOOK
YOU LONG
ENOUGH.

I WAS
BEGINNING
TO THINK I'D
GIVEN YOU
TOO MUCH
CREDIT.



KNOX ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE SMART.

THEN AGAIN, IF KNOX WAS SMARTER HE MIGHT STILL BE HERE.

SO I GUESS TAKING HIS WORD FOR IT WASN'T A GOOD IDEA.



WE FIGURE THINGS OUT EVENTUALLY.

RIGHT NOW, WE'VE FIGURED OUT THAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO SOMETHING.

AND WE DON'T LIKE IT.



YOU PEOPLE HAVE CAUSED A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR ME. SHUT DOWN MY SOURCE OF FINANCING. KILLED KNOX—HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MY PARTNER. WE'D LOCK UP SOME WOLFRAM & HART CONTRACTS, GO FREELANCE.

THE BEST-LAID PLANS...

WELL, OF COURSE NOT.

BUT THAT'S THE POINT, RIGHT?

OH, DON'T TELL ME THIS IS THE PART WHERE THE BADDIE TELLS THE HEROES HIS WHOLE BLOODY SCHEME, THEN TRIES TO KILL THEM.







UNHH!



THAT'S THEIR FIGHT.

THIS IS OURS.



FIGURED THAT.





HEY, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STARTED THE FIGHT, DOC.

BE CAREFUL!



WE JUST CAME TO CHIT-CHAT.



WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU DON'T TALK MUCH.

I'M SMART ENOUGH...



...TO SAVE IT UNTIL I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY.

UNGH!



YOU'RE NOT SO GABBY NOW.

JUST HOW SMART COULD YOU BE? LEAVING ME AN OPENING LIKE...



OWW!







THERE WAS NOTHING PETTY ABOUT IT!

YOU'RE JUST TOO BLIND TO SEE.

KNOX AND I DID IT! OUR TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES WORKED EXACTLY AS WE'D HOPED. NO ONE HAS EVER DONE WHAT WE DID.

IT WASN'T JUST REVENGE, IT WAS A DEMONSTRATION.

I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK THAT YOU *ARE* WOLFRAM & HART. THEY'RE BIGGER THAN YOU.



SO BY SHOWING YOUR STUFF, YOU THINK YOU CAN STILL GET THOSE CONTRACTS, THE FUNDING YOU WANTED?



THEY CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO WORK WITH ME.

JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE DESTROYED THIS BATCH OF...



I'VE NEVER BEEN THAT EASY TO KILL.



BUT YOU?





PRETTY EASY.



WHY DID YOU...?

HEY, YOU HAVE TO MAKE THE CALL ALL THE TIME, RIGHT? GOOD, EVIL... WHAT'LL IT BE THIS TIME?

WELL, I'M YOU, MORE OR LESS. MOSTLY MORE.

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING. YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

ME? NOT SO MUCH.

I JUST FIGURED I'D SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE MAKING THAT DECISION.

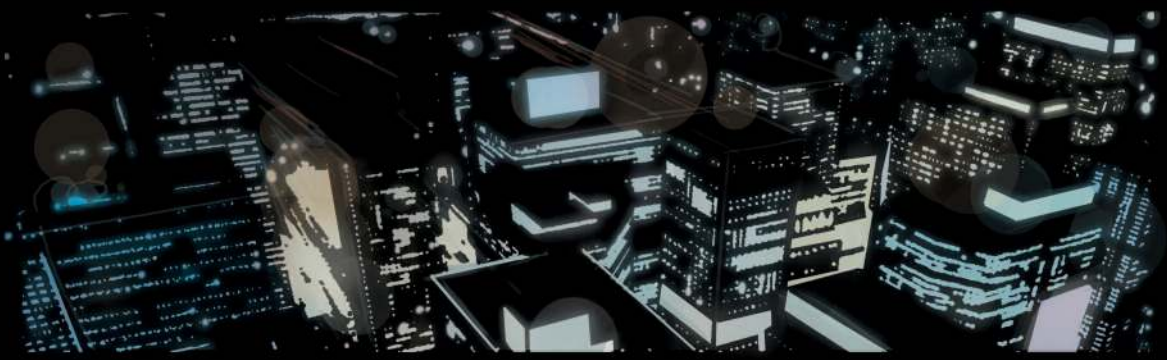
ONCE, BEFORE I GO.



GO?



OH.



WHAT'D HE GO AND DO THAT FOR? I WAS JUST BEGINNIN' TO LIKE HIM.

TOLERATE HIM, ANYHOW.



YOU HEARD HIM. NOTHING WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

BUT US? PLENTY WORTH FIGHTING FOR. THERE'S A WHOLE WORLD FULL OF PEOPLE OUT THERE.

SO WHAT ARE WE DOING HANGING AROUND HERE?



LET'S GET BUSY.

THE END.

COVER GALLERY



art by David Messina





Facing page : Cover issue #1
This page : Cover issue #2



MESSINA 2005



Facing page : Cover issue #3
This page : Cover issue #4
Next page : Cover issue #5



Joss Whedon's classic character returns for an all-new adventure! When a strangely familiar, seemingly vampiric figure is spotted killing victims in Los Angeles, Angel is lured back to the city to put a stop to the string of slayings. The case will reunite the vampire with a soul with old friends and old enemies—but it's impossible to tell which is which! This is the Angel adventure that fans have been waiting for.

