

THROWAWAYS™



ISSUE
ONE

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THROWAWAYS™

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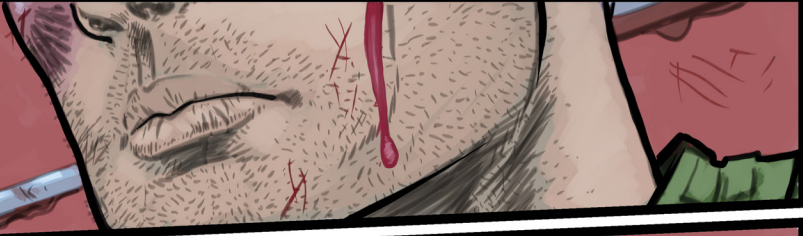
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throwaway (n.)


Espionage slang. Used by intelligence handlers.

1. A disposable asset, used for a single mission.
2. A disavowed assassin, meant to die alongside their target.



MY NAME IS DEAN LOGAN,
AND I'M ABOUT TO DIE FOR
THE SECOND TIME.

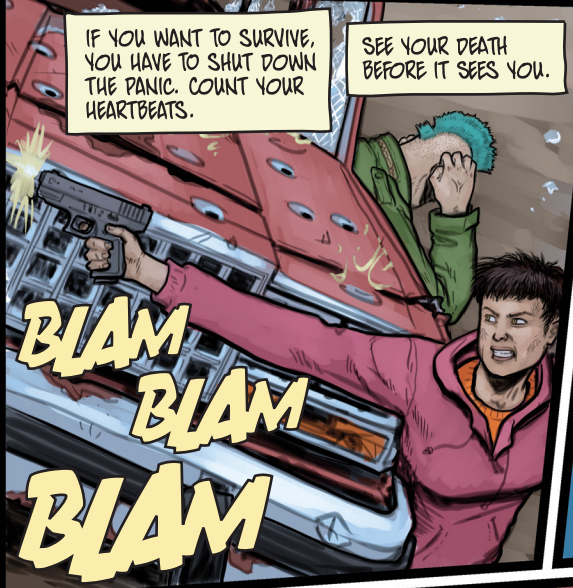
THE FIRST TIME, I WAS EIGHT.
MY DAD SHOT AT TWO FEDERAL
AGENTS. THEY SHOT BACK.



YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE
GOING TO DIE. YOUR BODY
DOES, IF NOT YOUR HEAD.

FIGHT OR FLIGHT KICKS IN.
YOUR HEART RACES. BUT
YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD.

SAN FRANCISCO.



IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE,
YOU HAVE TO SHUT DOWN
THE PANIC. COUNT YOUR
HEARTBEATS.

SEE YOUR DEATH
BEFORE IT SEES YOU.

**BLAM
BLAM
BLAM**




I'M OUT.
THERE'S
NOWHERE
TO GO OUT
HERE.

MY DAD WAS BIG ON SURVIVAL.
ON TAKING HUMAN FEAR AND
SHARPENING IT UNTIL IT BECAME
A KILLER'S EDGE.



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?!

I KNOW SURVIVAL IS
TRICKIER THAN THAT.

A chaotic scene in a parking lot. In the center, a man with a mohawk and a green jacket looks intensely at the viewer. He has a red mark on his face and is wearing a grey t-shirt with the word "BLACK" on it. The ground is covered in debris, including car parts, a hammer, and a wrench. In the background, several cars are destroyed or damaged, and a large, multi-story building with many windows is visible. Two speech bubbles are present: one above the man's head and one below it. The scene is framed by large, jagged, blue-tinted shapes that look like broken glass or shattered windows.

IT'S ABOUT KNOWING THAT
EVEN IF YOU LOOK AND ACT
LIKE PREY...

YOU'RE A PREDATOR
WHEN IT COUNTS.



TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT CAMP CHESHIRE!



ABBY...

HE HAS TO KNOW. HE HAS TO TELL ME SOMETHING...



DEAN?!

SHIT...

THE MISSION

A HOURS EARLIER

SO ARE YOU ACTUALLY COMING INSIDE THIS TIME?

ARE YOU GOING TO STOP GIVING ME SHIT IF I DO?

VETERANS SUPPORT @R.O.U.B. 1pm - 4pm

I WOULD GIVE YOU A LOT MORE THAN SHIT, GIRL. BED, FOOD. JADA STILL ASKS WHEN YOU'RE GONNA COME BY.

I'M NOT READY.

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO BE SOONER OR LATER.

NO POINT IN COMING HOME IF YOU LEFT EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS IN THE SANDBOX.

CHARLES, DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY...

...BUT BACK THE FUCK OFF. I'M DONE WITH THE ARMY, AND THAT MEANS YOU'RE DONE BEING MY CO.

...THEN IN '09 I GOT THIS COURTESY OF AN IED ON THE ROAD TO BASRAH. CAME BACK HOME, NOTHIN' BUT BAD DAYS.

NOW IT'S SOME GOOD, SOME BAD. LIKE WE ALL DO. CHARLES, GOOD TO SEE YOU. ABBY, LONG TIME.

THOUGHT I WAS BEING YOUR FRIEND. IS THAT STILL ALLOWED, OR AM I SUPPOSED TO BE FINE WITH YOU SLEEPING ON A BART GRATE?

GO AHEAD AND REFRESH OUR MEMORY, YOU TWO.

...

HE'S LETTING TWITTER KNOW HE DID HIS GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY BRINGING ME HERE.

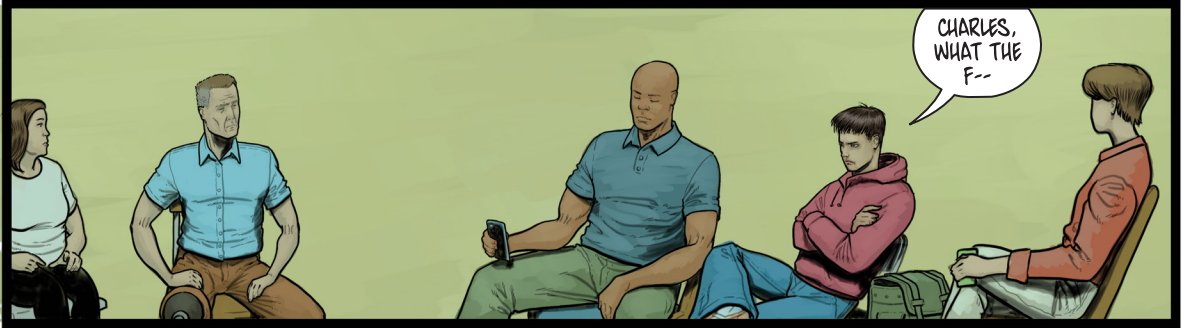
ABIGAIL PALMER. I WAS A RANGER WITH THE 101ST. TWO YEARS IN AFGHANISTAN.

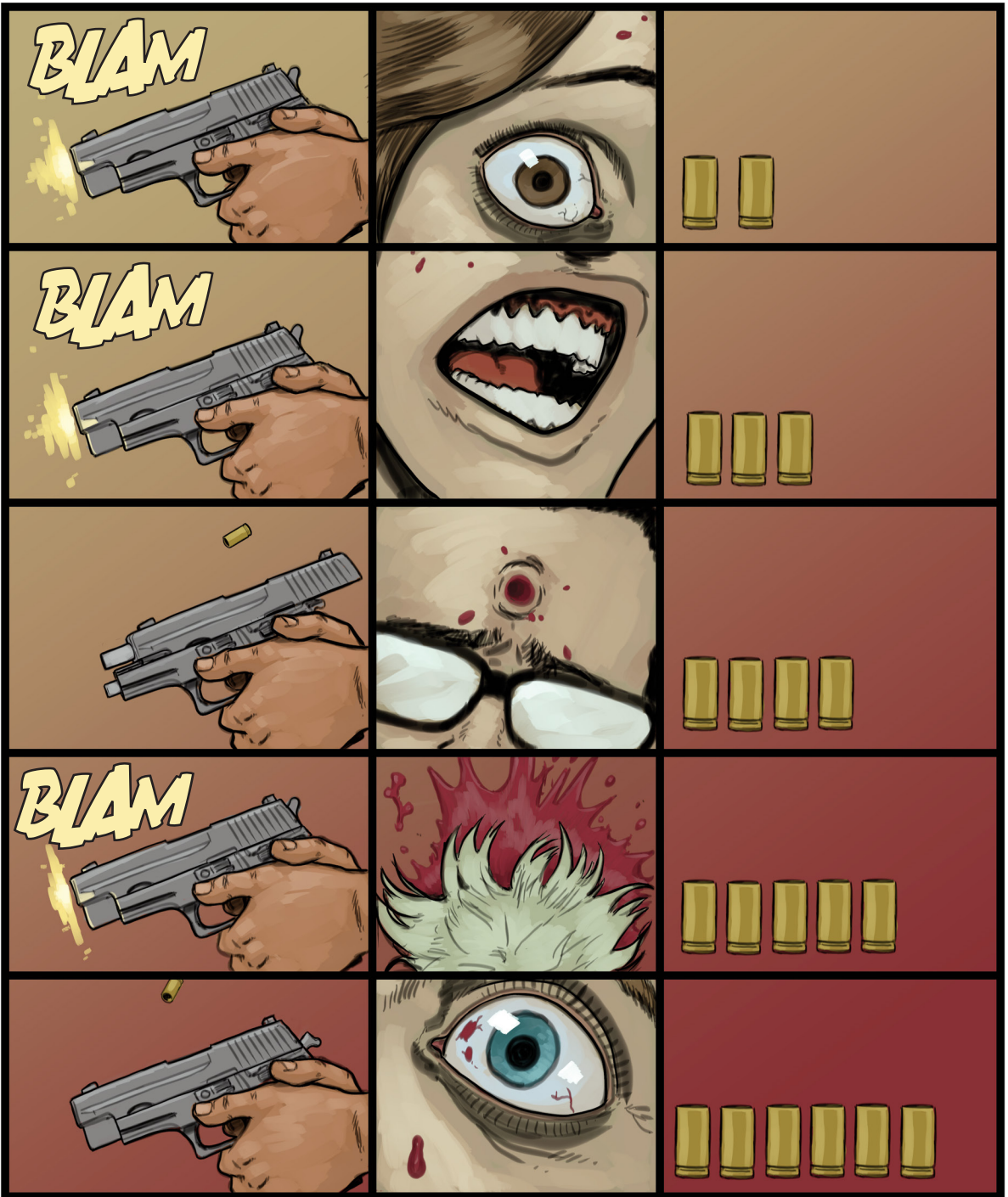
THAT'S IT.

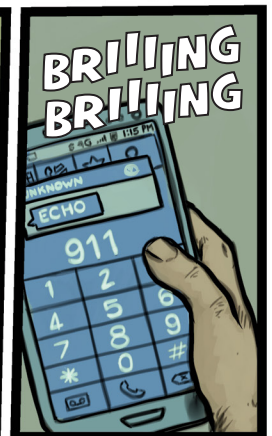
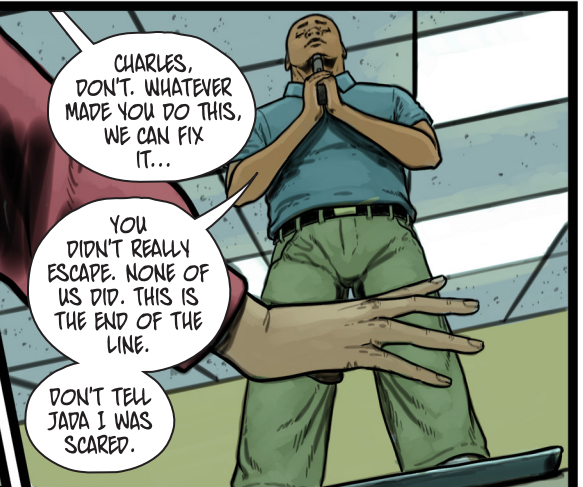
YOU KNOW, THE POINT OF A SUPPORT GROUP IS SUPPORT.

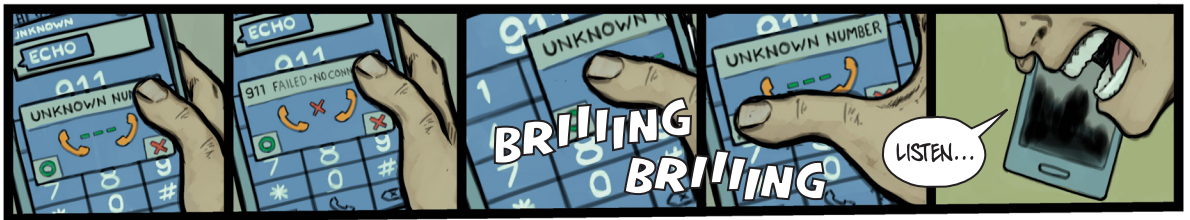
NOT TO SIT THERE ACTIN' LIKE THE SHIT WE BEEN THROUGH DOESN'T BOTHER YOU.

FOR TWO SECONDS COULD YOU FORGET I'M YOUR CHARITY NUTCASE?



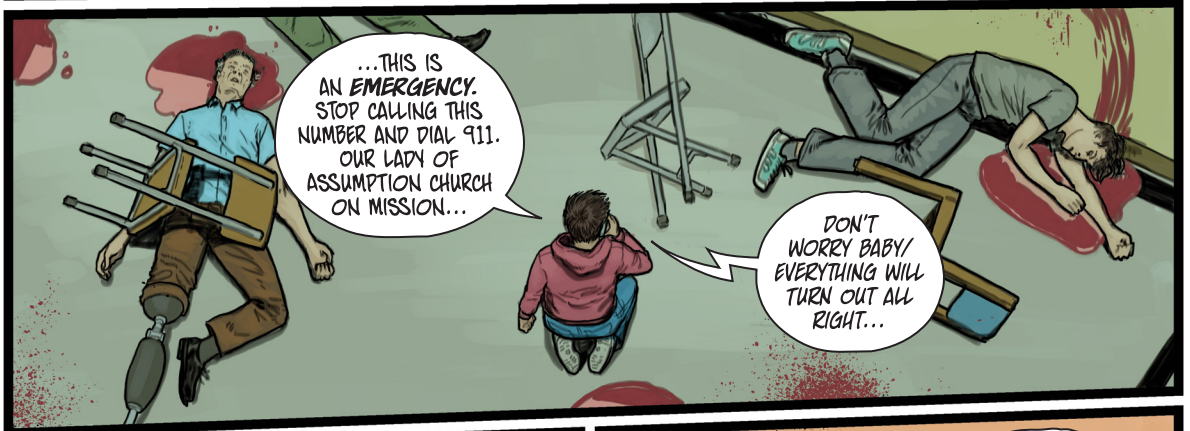






**BRILLING
BRILLING**

LISTEN...



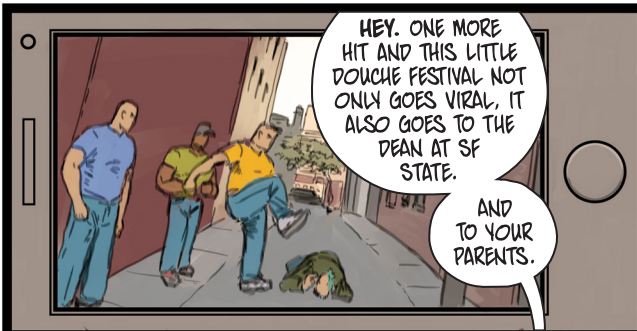




THIS YOUR MAN?

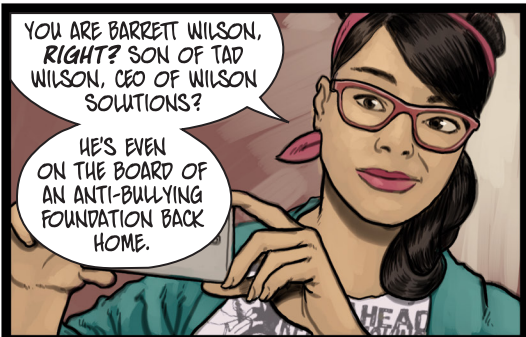
YEAH, ACTUALLY.

I GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU, SWEETHEART— HE AIN'T SHIT!



HEY. ONE MORE HIT AND THIS LITTLE DOUCHE FESTIVAL NOT ONLY GOES VIRAL, IT ALSO GOES TO THE DEAN AT SF STATE.

AND TO YOUR PARENTS.



YOU ARE BARRETT WILSON, RIGHT? SON OF TAD WILSON, CEO OF WILSON SOLUTIONS?

HE'S EVEN ON THE BOARD OF AN ANTI-BULLYING FOUNDATION BACK HOME.



MAKES ME WONDER HOW YOU TURNED OUT TO BE SUCH A SCIENCE EXPERIMENT.



THAT'S BETTER.

YOU KIDS CAN RUN ALONG.



WHATEVER. YOUR BOYFRIEND IS STILL THE SON OF A FUCKIN' TERRORIST.



DON'T TEMPT ME, BARRETT.

PSYCHO BITCH.



THANKS.

OH, FOR SAVING YOU FROM GETTING YOUR ASS PULPED BY A HUMAN WRECKING BALL WITH A MEATBALL SUB FOR A BRAIN?

DON'T MENTION IT.



YOU SURE FREAKED HIS SHIT OUT. THAT WAS PRETTY FUNNY.

HACKING INTO A DUDE'S PHONE WHEN HE CONNECTS TO THE BAR'S WIFI AND MINING HIS INFO IS THE EASY PART.

YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND...



CAN WE SKIP THE PART WHERE YOU'RE DISAPPOINTED IN ME?



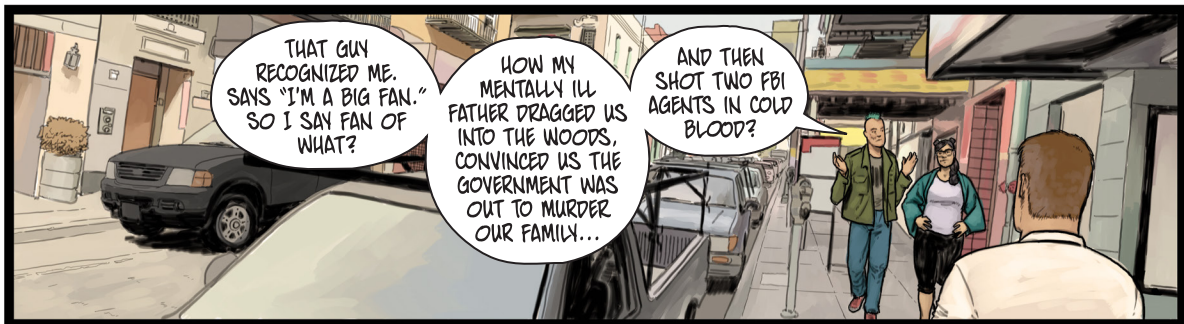
HELL NO, BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR A WALK AND TALK.

DID IT EVER ONCE OCCUR TO YOU TO JUST WALK AWAY?

HEY, SMARTASS. YOU ALMOST GOT YOUR SPLEEN PERFORATED.

WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE DOING?

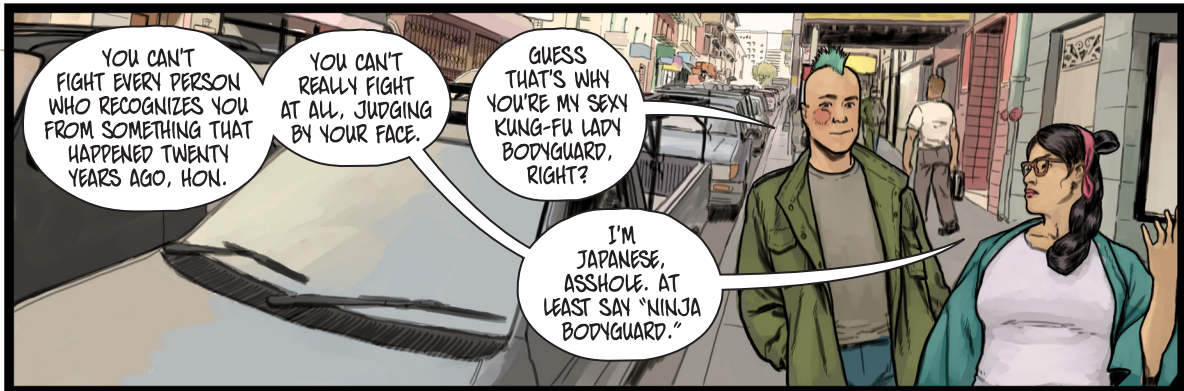
WHAT THE HELL, DEAN?



THAT GUN RECOGNIZED ME. SAYS "I'M A BIG FAN." SO I SAY FAN OF WHAT?

HOW MY MENTALLY ILL FATHER DRAGGED US INTO THE WOODS, CONVINCED US THE GOVERNMENT WAS OUT TO MURDER OUR FAMILY...

AND THEN SHOT TWO FBI AGENTS IN COLD BLOOD?

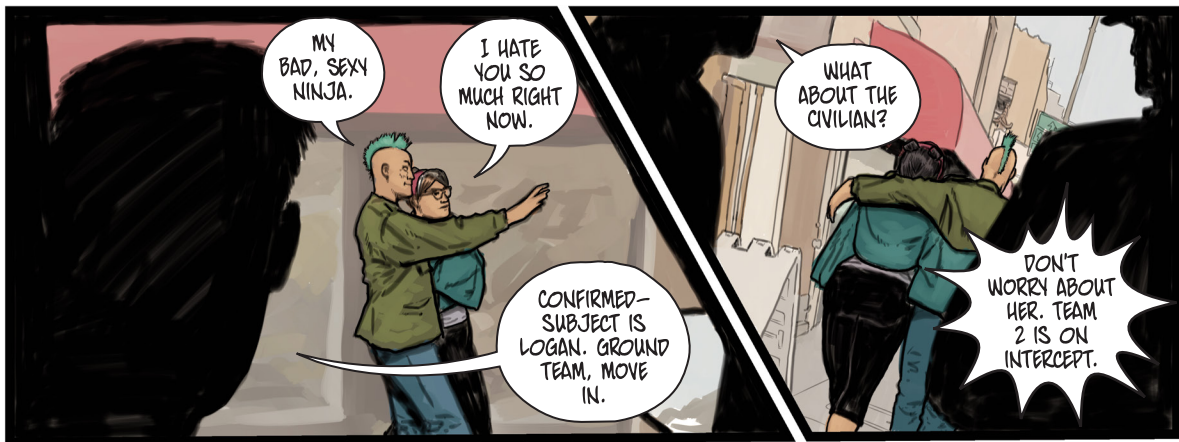


YOU CAN'T FIGHT EVERY PERSON WHO RECOGNIZES YOU FROM SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TWENTY YEARS AGO, HON.

YOU CAN'T REALLY FIGHT AT ALL, JUDGING BY YOUR FACE.

GUESS THAT'S WHY YOU'RE MY SEXY KUNG-FU LADY BODYGUARD, RIGHT?

I'M JAPANESE, ASSHOLE. AT LEAST SAY "NINJA BODYGUARD."



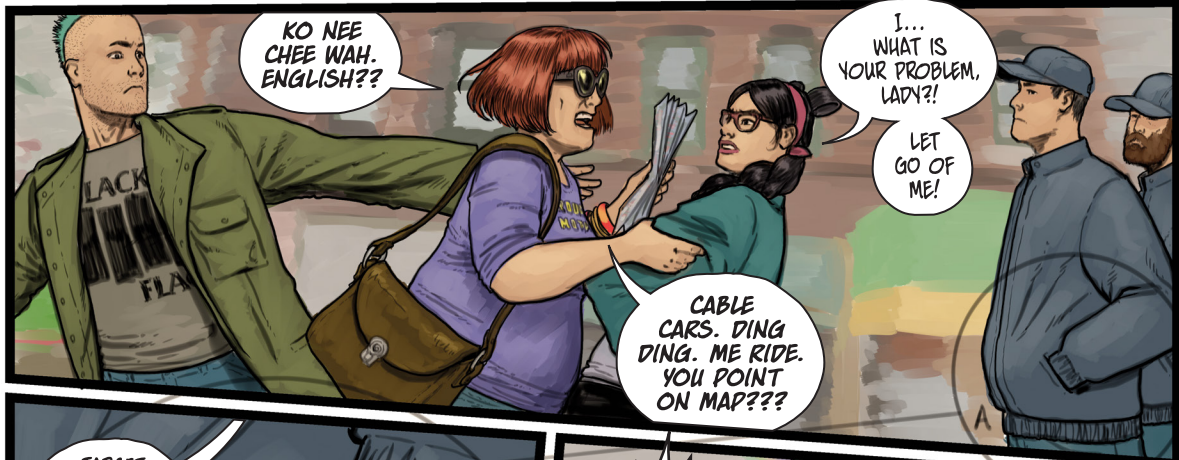
MY BAD, SEXY NINJA.

I HATE YOU SO MUCH RIGHT NOW.

CONFIRMED—SUBJECT IS LOGAN. GROUND TEAM, MOVE IN.

WHAT ABOUT THE CIVILIAN?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER. TEAM 2 IS ON INTERCEPT.



KO NEE CHEE WAH. ENGLISH??

I... WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, LADY?!

LET GO OF ME!

CABLE CARS. DING DING. ME RIDE. YOU POINT ON MAP???



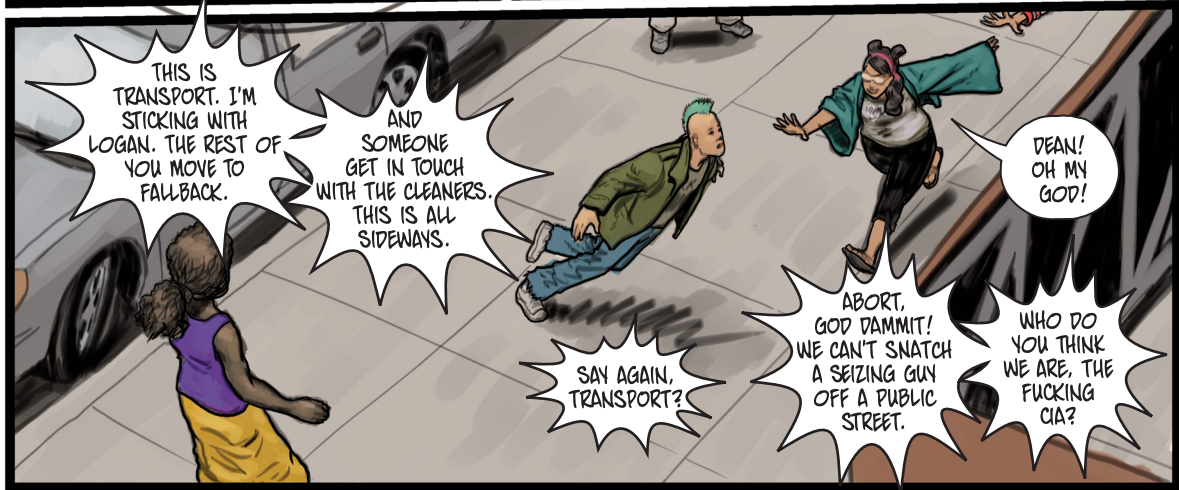
TARGET IN REACH. STAND BY FOR EXTRACTION, TRANSPORT.



HOLD ON. SOMETHING'S WRONG.

TRANSPORT, LOGAN'S GOING DOWN. IS THIS US?

NO. NOT OUR OP. ABORT.



THIS IS TRANSPORT. I'M STICKING WITH LOGAN. THE REST OF YOU MOVE TO FALLBACK.

AND SOMEONE GET IN TOUCH WITH THE CLEANERS. THIS IS ALL SIDEWAYS.

SAY AGAIN, TRANSPORT?

ABORT, GOD DAMMIT! WE CAN'T SNATCH A SEIZING GUN OFF A PUBLIC STREET.

DEAN! OH MY GOD!

WHO DO YOU THINK WE ARE, THE FUCKING CIA?

A BOMB FELL ON MY MOTHER'S VILLAGE WHEN SHE WASN'T MUCH OLDER THAN ME.

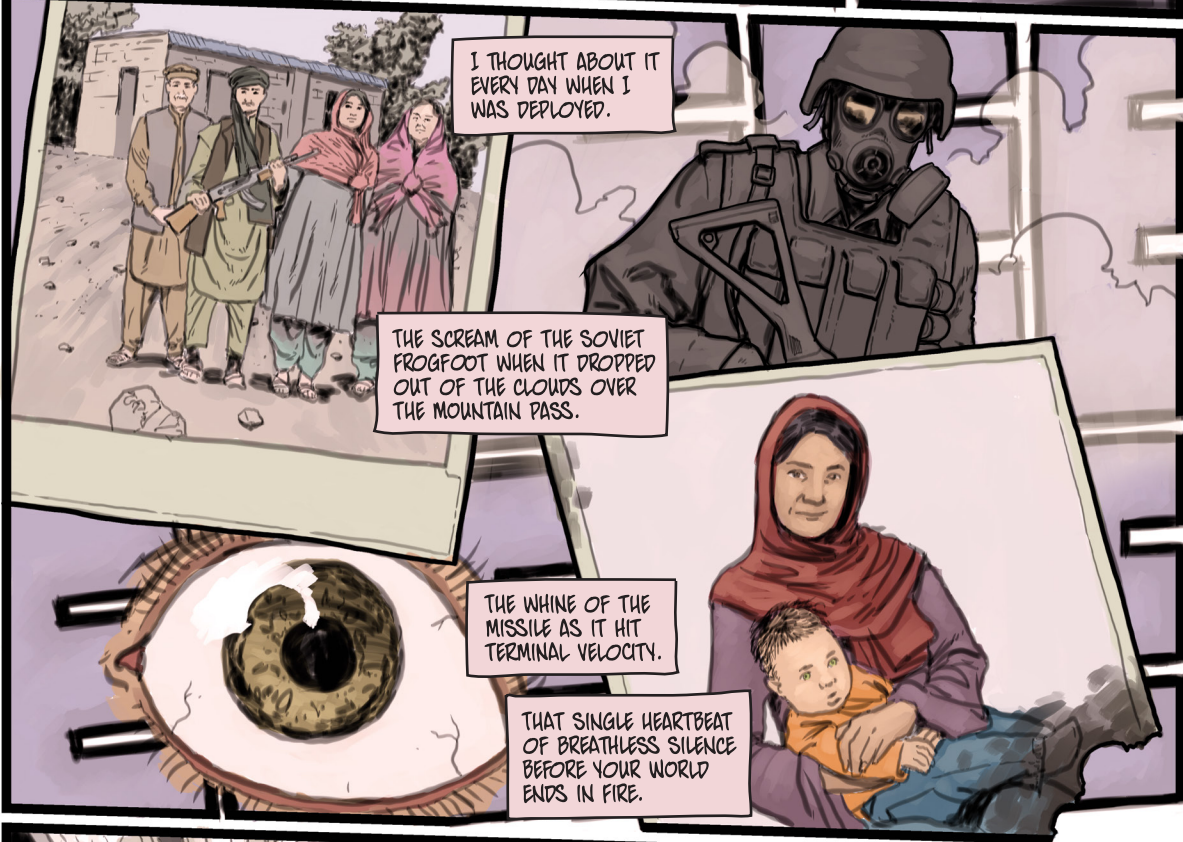


I THOUGHT ABOUT IT EVERY DAY WHEN I WAS DEPLOYED.

THE SCREAM OF THE SOVIET FROGFOOT WHEN IT DROPPED OUT OF THE CLOUDS OVER THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

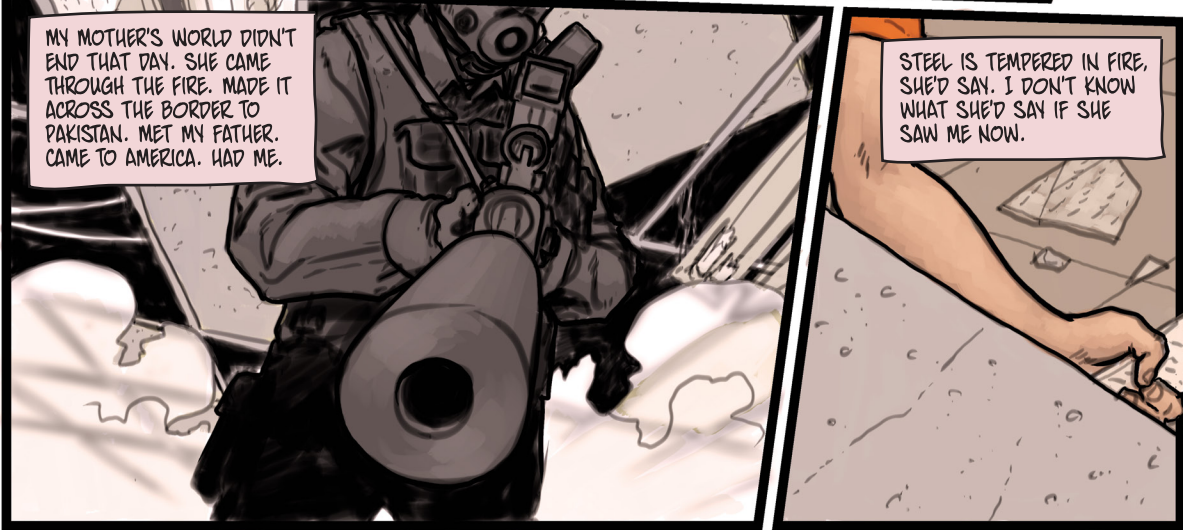
THE WHINE OF THE MISSILE AS IT HIT TERMINAL VELOCITY.

THAT SINGLE HEARTBEAT OF BREATHLESS SILENCE BEFORE YOUR WORLD ENDS IN FIRE.



MY MOTHER'S WORLD DIDN'T END THAT DAY. SHE CAME THROUGH THE FIRE. MADE IT ACROSS THE BORDER TO PAKISTAN. MET MY FATHER. CAME TO AMERICA. HAD ME.

STEEL IS TEMPERED IN FIRE, SHE'D SAY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'D SAY IF SHE SAW ME NOW.



I'M NOT LIKE HER.
NEVER WAS.

STILL, IT'S NOT THE VOICE
OF MY DRILL SERGEANT OR
MY SERE INSTRUCTOR OR EVEN
CHARLES IN MY HEAD WHEN I
FEEL LIKE QUITTING. WHEN
IT REALLY HURTS.

IT'S MY MOTHER'S VOICE,
SPEAKING TO ME IN THE
LANGUAGE SHE HAD TO
LEAVE BEHIND IN HER
BURNING VILLAGE. "GET
UP, ABBY. KEEP MOVING.
KEEP BREATHING."



"IF BREATHING HURTS, GOOD.
THAT'S THE PAIN LETTING YOU
KNOW THAT YOU'RE ALIVE."



SYSTEMA

BALLISTIC STRIKE

FLOW

DISARM

COUNTER

KRAV MAGA

...COME IN.
REPEAT, ALPHA
SUBJECT EXTRACTION
ABORTED. TRANSPORT IS
FOLLOWING. HEADING FOR
THE DEL RIO INDUSTRIAL
PARK IN OAKLAND VIA
PUBLIC TRANSIT.

CLEANERS,
REPORT TO CONTROL
WHEN THE OMEGA
SUBJECT IS
TERMINATED.



NO SUCH LUCK, MOTHERFUCKER.



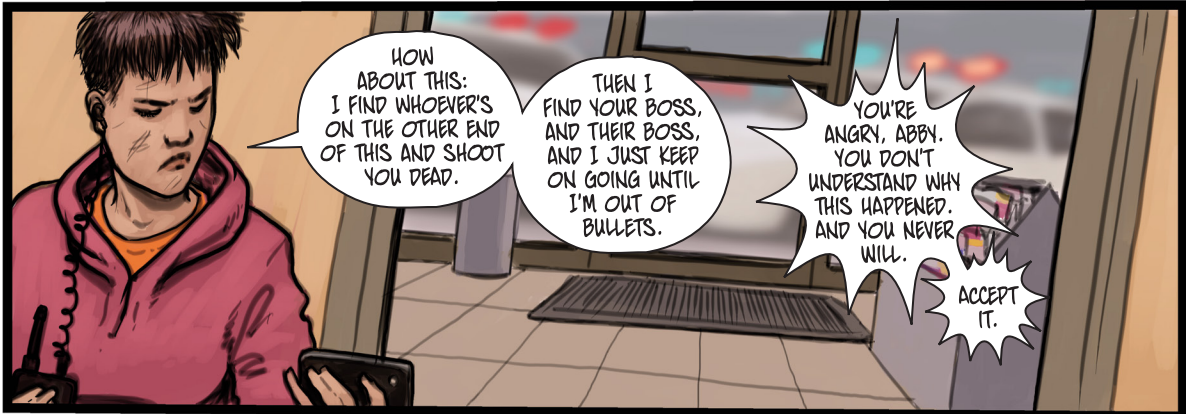
...WELL DONE, ABBY. DON'T EXPECT A GOLD STAR, THOUGH.

I'M SORRY, DO I KNOW YOU?

YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH OF ANYTHING, ABBY.

YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL DO WHAT YOUR BUDDY CAPTAIN CRANDALL DID A FEW MINUTES AGO.

SAVE US THE TROUBLE OF TRACKING YOU DOWN.



HOW ABOUT THIS: I FIND WHOEVER'S ON THE OTHER END OF THIS AND SHOOT YOU DEAD.

THEN I FIND YOUR BOSS, AND THEIR BOSS, AND I JUST KEEP ON GOING UNTIL I'M OUT OF BULLETS.

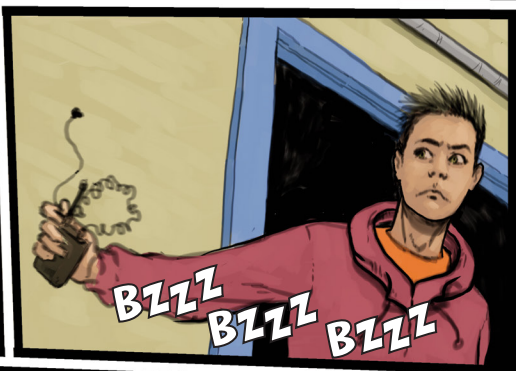
YOU'RE ANGRY, ABBY. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THIS HAPPENED. AND YOU NEVER WILL.

ACCEPT IT.



ACCEPT WHAT?

THAT YOU NEVER REALLY ESCAPED FROM CAMP CHESHIRE.



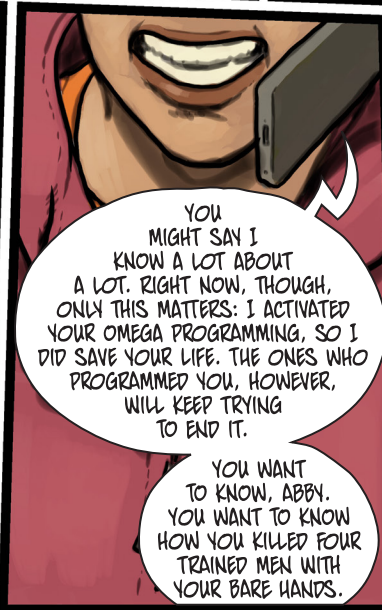
BZZZ BZZZ BZZZ



WHAT.

IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO THE PERSON WHO JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE?

I SAVED MY OWN LIFE, AND WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ANYTHING?



YOU MIGHT SAY I KNOW A LOT ABOUT A LOT. RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, ONLY THIS MATTERS: I ACTIVATED YOUR OMEGA PROGRAMMING, SO I DID SAVE YOUR LIFE. THE ONES WHO PROGRAMMED YOU, HOWEVER, WILL KEEP TRYING TO END IT.

YOU WANT TO KNOW, ABBY. YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU KILLED FOUR TRAINED MEN WITH YOUR BARE HANDS.

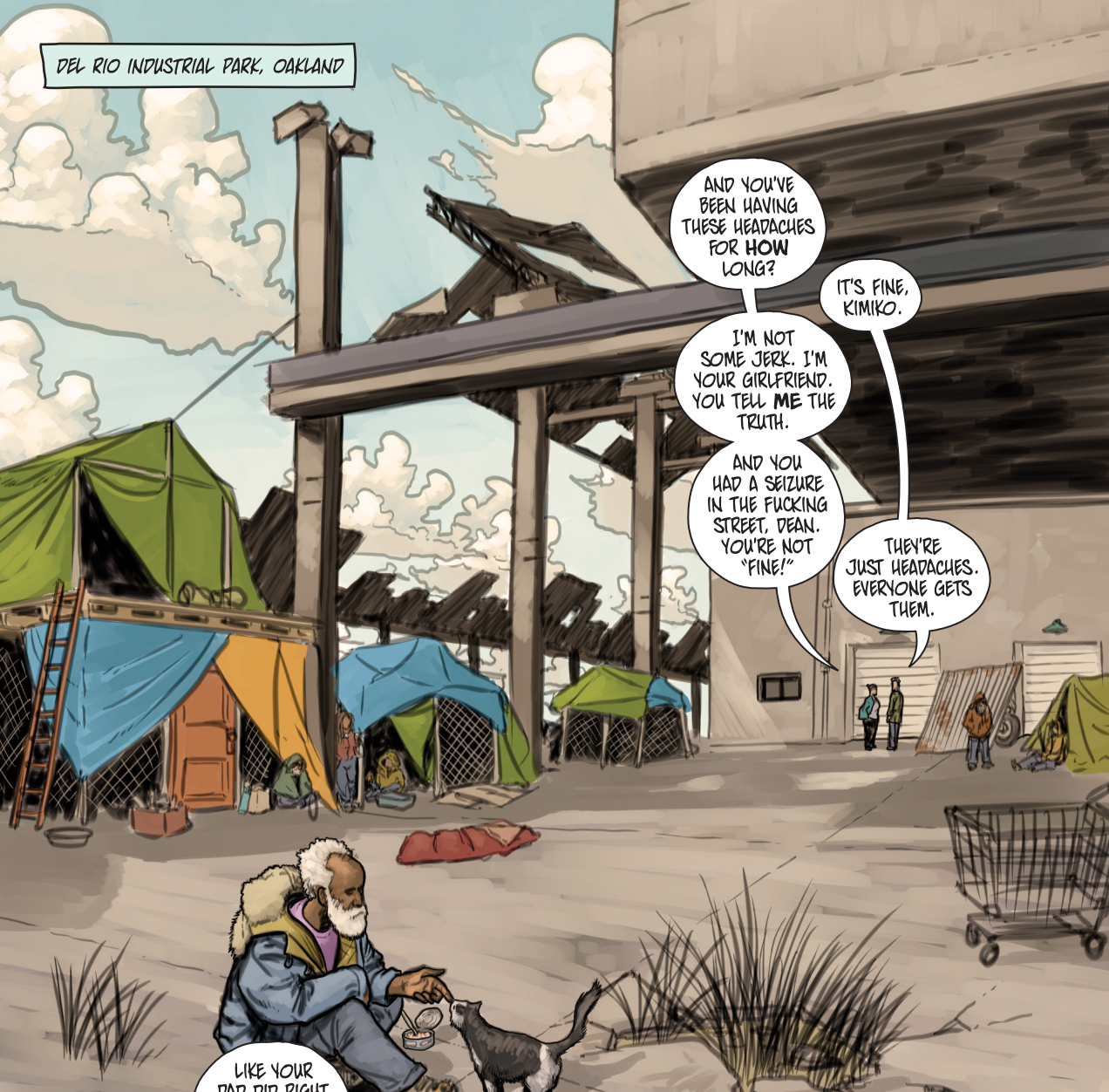


YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY CHARLES HAD TO DIE.

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT CAMP CHESHIRE.

WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT CAMP CHESHIRE?

THE MAN THE SECOND CLEANING TEAM IS CHASING—KEEP HIM ALIVE, AND I ASSURE YOU, WE'LL CHAT AGAIN SOON.



AND YOU'VE BEEN HAVING THESE HEADACHES FOR HOW LONG?

IT'S FINE, KIMIKO.

I'M NOT SOME JERK. I'M YOUR GIRLFRIEND. YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH.

AND YOU HAD A SEIZURE IN THE FUCKING STREET, DEAN. YOU'RE NOT "FINE!"

THEY'RE JUST HEADACHES. EVERYONE GETS THEM.

LIKE YOUR DAD DID RIGHT BEFORE HE WENT FULL ON DAVID KORESH?

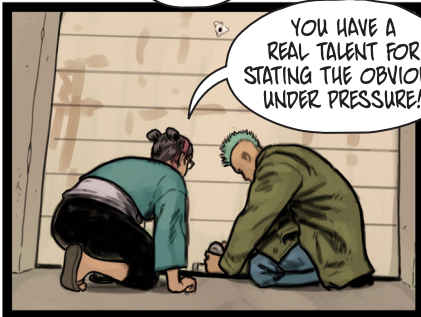
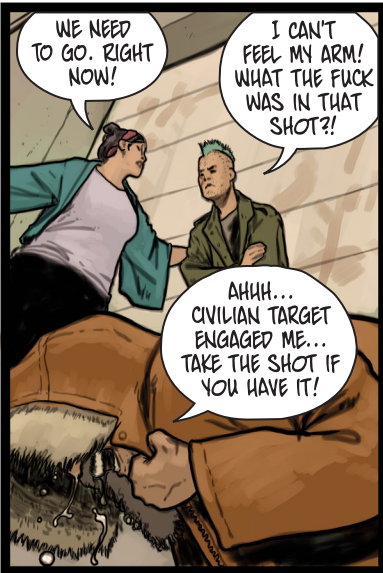


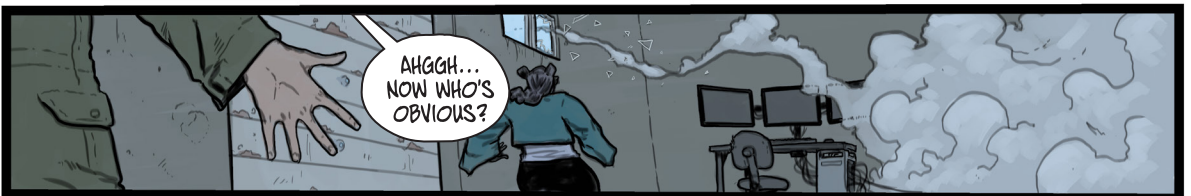
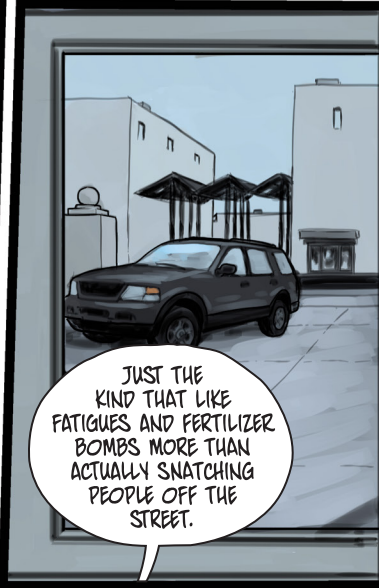
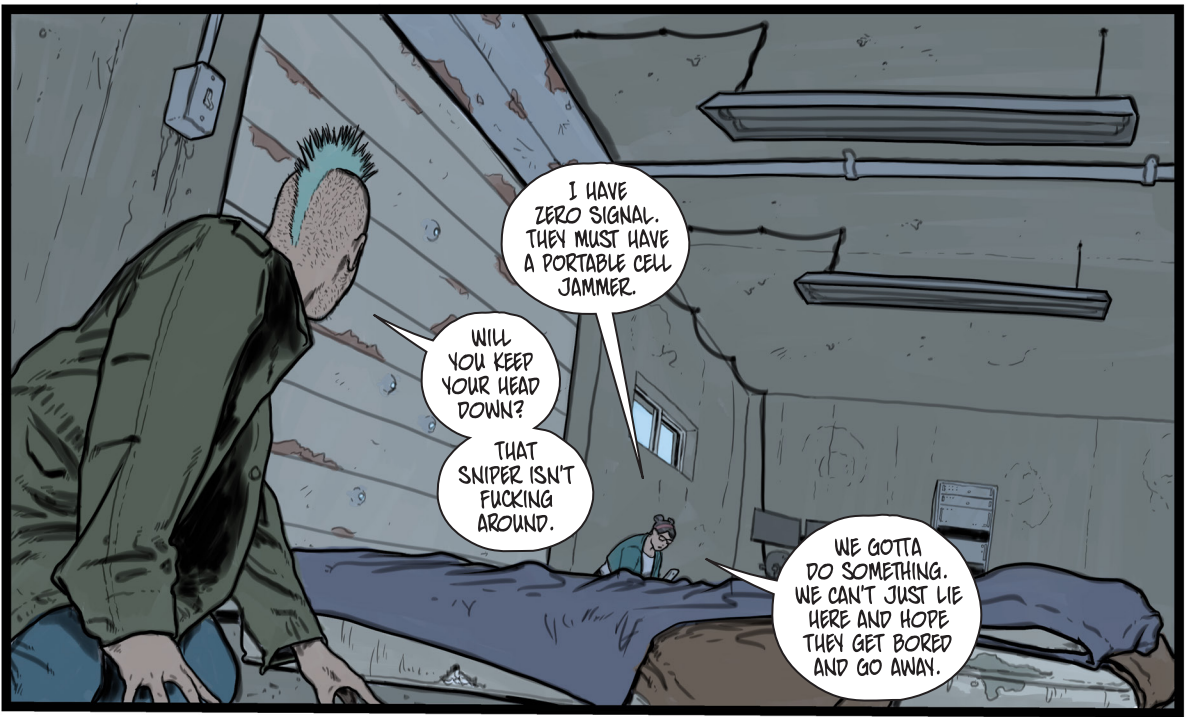
I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT. I JUST WANT TO SLEEP.

SPARE CHANGE?

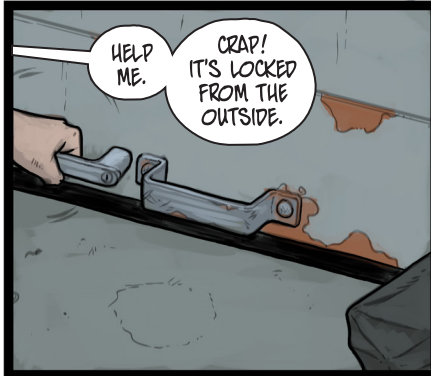
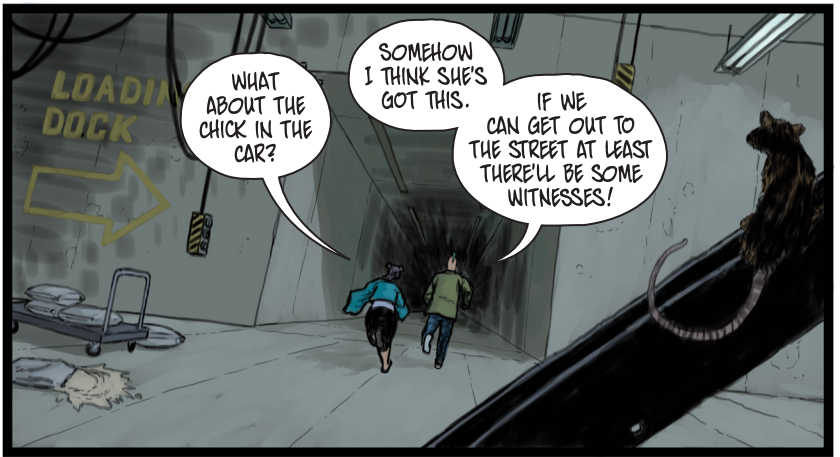
...NO, SORRY MAN.







KRRRRSHHH!



HEY. YOUR ASS BETTER NOT BE DEAD.

YOU MAY HAVE SENT YOUR CUTE LITTLE GIRLFRIEND TO SAFETY BUT I'M STILL HERE.

DON'T... DON'T TOUCH ME...

I DON'T WANT TO TOUCH YOU. I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY THOSE PRIVATE MILITARY HOMEBOYS WANT YOU SO BAD, THOUGH.

NO OFFENSE, BUT HOMELESS CRUSTY PUNKS AREN'T THEIR USUAL TARGETS.

I...I DON'T FEEL WELL.

SEE, THAT'S NOT AN ANSWER.

THOSE GUYS ARE A PROFESSIONAL KILL SQUAD. BETTER TRAINED THAN THE TEAM THAT TOOK OUT BIN LADEN.

WEAPONS THAT COST MORE THAN EITHER OF US'LL SEE IN A YEAR.

WASTING THAT KIND OF JUICE ON A TWEAKER WHO CAN'T EVEN SHOOT A GUN IS JUST BAD BUSINESS. SO WHAT AM I MISSING?

I'M NOT A TWEAKER. I'M...SICK.

UH HUH. YOU MADE IT RAIN GLASS AND METAL BECAUSE YOU'RE SICK.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

FUCK IF I KNOW. I SAVED YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE. I'M DONE MAKING BIG DECISIONS FOR THE DAY.

I THOUGHT IF YOU WENT TO WEST POINT YOU WERE ALL ABOUT HONOR AND NOT LEAVING ANY MEN BEHIND AND SHIT.

HOW'D YOU KNOW I WENT TO WEST POINT?

LUCKY GUESS. I DO THAT SOMETIMES.

YOUR HOODIE IS VIBRATING.

WHO'S CHARLES?

UNKNOWN
699 BLOOMFIELD.
BACK DOOR.
DITCH CHARLES'S PHONE.

THE FIRST GUN THEY ASSIGNED TO THIS CLUSTERFUCK.

YOU'RE A POPULAR LITTLE MAGIC ELF. LET ME TELL YOU.

THE CASTRO

699 BLOOMFIELD

IT'S LOCKED.

NEVER BEEN A HUGE PROBLEM FOR ME.

SO WHAT ARE YOU, A THIEF? DEALER? PIMP?

I'M A BIKE MESSENGER.

YEAH, BECAUSE THAT EXPLAINS WHY SOMEBODY'S PRIVATE MILITIA IS AFTER YOU.



CAMP CHESHIRE WAS A BLACK SITE. IT DIDN'T EXIST TO ANYONE WHO WASN'T THERE.

I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH. I WASN'T EVEN SUPPOSED TO KNOW THAT HELLHOLE HAD A NAME.

I THOUGHT CHARLES MADE IT OUT WHEN I SAW HIM STATESIDE AFTER I ESCAPED—THAT HE DIDN'T END UP THERE AFTER THE ROCKET ATTACK.

YOU'VE BEEN ACTIVATED, LIEUTENANT. REPEAT YOUR CODE PHRASE TO CONFIRM.

ASHES.

EXCELLENT. ELIMINATE CAPTAIN CRANDALL.



IT'S OKAY, PALMER. NO WAY BOTH OF US ARE GETTING OUT OF HERE.

NO.



THAT'S IT...



JESUS! DR. OSTRANDER, SHOULD WE TERMINATE?

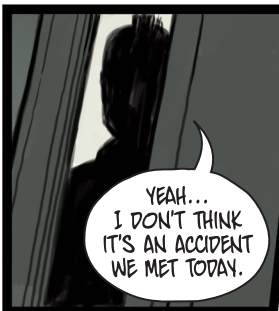
NO. NO, STAND DOWN...



AFTER TODAY I KNOW I WAS WRONG. THEY GOT CHARLES. THEY GOT EVERYONE IN MY UNIT. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE OTHER GUYS ARE. DEAD, PROBABLY.

CAMP CHESHIRE DID THIS. I DON'T KNOW YOU, I DON'T KNOW WHY WE'RE TOGETHER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DID TO ME.

ALL I HAVE IS A NAME AND A HEAD FULL OF NIGHTMARES.



YEAH... I DON'T THINK IT'S AN ACCIDENT WE MET TODAY.



I NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT CAMP CHESHIRE BEFORE.

I DON'T THINK I BELIEVED IT REALLY HAPPENED UNTIL ALL OF THIS.

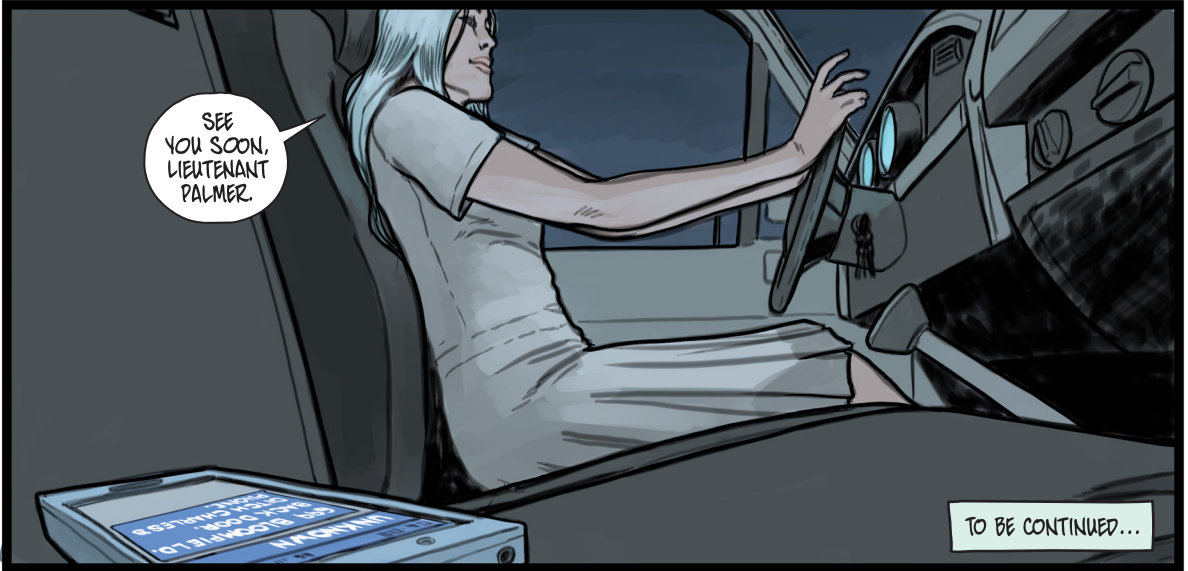
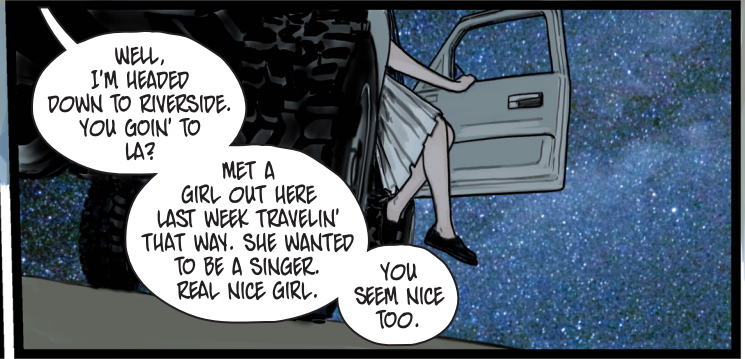
I OWE YOU FOR SAVING MY ASS, SO I'M GAME TO STICK AROUND AND GET YOU SOME ANSWERS. IF YOU WANT THEM.

HELL FUCKING YES I DO.



OUTSIDE BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

280 MILES TO SAN FRANCISCO



Bryan Lee O'Malley / Leslie Hung

SNOTGIRL



F/W 2016

Nº 1

SNEAK PREVIEW

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YES,
I'M
LOTTIE.
I AM
SHE!

LOTTIE PERSON
FASHION BLOGGER
STYLE: effortlessly chic
AGE: 25¾



SORRY,
NEVER MIND...
THOUGHT YOU
WERE THAT
GIRL FROM
GAME OF
THRONES.

TOLD
YOU.




D-DAMN
IT...



Meg: Just saw your text. Que pasa?

Lottie: haters brunch! we've been planning this for months!!!



Meg: Oh, was that today? :(So so so sorry but something came UP, girl!

Meg: Something BIG!

Lottie: OK YEAH I GET IT

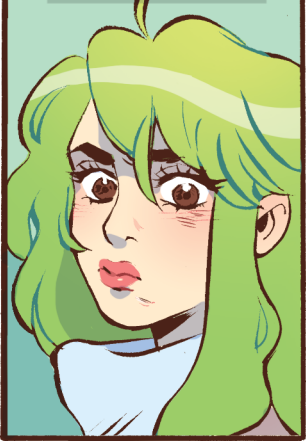
MEGAN FOSTER
"NORMGIRL"
STYLE: boring, normie
AGE: 23? 27? don't care

MISTY SUTTON
"CUTEGIRL"
FASHION BLOGGER
STYLE: too cute
AGE: ???

TAP
TAP



WHAT THE HELL?
JUST COME IN!



Misty: hey! :)

Lottie: wtf



Misty: i have 2 go home
and feed my 🐟

Lottie: omfg u do NOT
have a goldfish

fish aren't even cute!
this is off brand

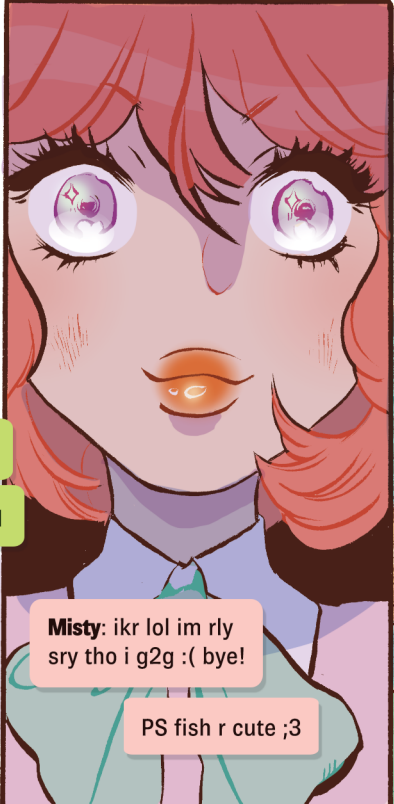


Misty: it's not really a goldfish
there's just no emoji for the
type of fish it is ;3



Lottie: get in here!!!

HATERS' BRUNCH



Misty: ikr lol im rly
sry tho i g2g :(bye!

PS fish r cute ;3

SO.

THE ONLY HATER AT
HATERS' BRUNCH...

...IS ME.



FYI (for your info): WTF = what the f*** / 2 = to / OMFG = oh my f'ing g / IKR = i know right
LOL = laugh out loud / RLY = really / SRY = sorry / tho = though / G2G = got 2 go

MY NAME IS LOTTIE PERSON, AND I'M A FASHION BLOGGER.

THAT MEANS I SHARE DAILY OUTFITS AND STYLING TIPS WITH A DEVOTED FANBASE OF MORE THAN [REDACTED] UNIQUE VIEWERS PER MONTH.

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT MY BLOG IS AMAZING. TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.

OUT ON MY OWN IN THE BIG CITY, CHASING THE FASHION BLOGGER DREAM--

MY LIFE IS PRETTY MUCH PERFECT.

0 new messages from your friends

75341 notifications from strangers

...EXCEPT MY FRIENDS ARE ALL HORRIBLE PEOPLE.

AND MY BOYFRIEND DECIDED WE'RE ON A BREAK...

AND OH YEAH--

OH NO

CONTINUED IN SNOTGIRL #1 ON SALE JULY 2016

VELVET DEADLY CLASS *THE FUSE*
LAZARUS **EAST OF WEST** I KILL GIANTS
THE WALKING DEAD I HATE FAIRYLAND
KING CITY *SEX CRIMINALS*
COPPERHEAD
THE HUMANS RAT QUEENS

SOUTHERN BASTARDS **SPAWN ORIGINS** THE WICKED + THE DIVINE

MONSTRESS CHEW *SPREAD*
NOWHERE MEN

HOWTOONS THEY'RE NOT LIKE US **SUNSTONE** MANIFEST DESTINY

DESCENDER *PAPER GIRLS*

OCTOPUS PIE WYTCHEs SHUTTER

TOKYO GHOST THE MANHATTAN PROJECTS **BITCH PLANET**

SAGA *CHRONONAUTS* **WAYWARD** *TREES*
THE AUTUMNLANDS

CRIMINAL **PLUTONA** *LOW*

REVIVAL **NAILBITER**

CAMP MIDNIGHT

RUMBLE **ODDLY NORMAL**

HINGES

BLACK SCIENCE

PRETTY DEADLY

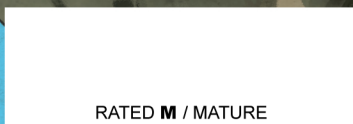
THE FADE OUT

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