

IDW
ISSUE
1
COVER A

JOE HILL | MARTIN SIMMONDS

A "SHIT-TALK" HOMES MYSTERY

DYING IS EASY



SIMMONDS



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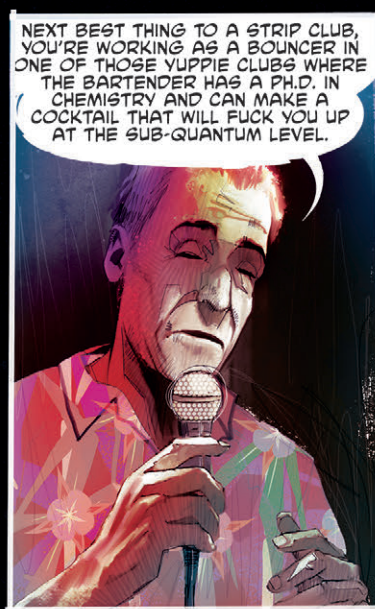
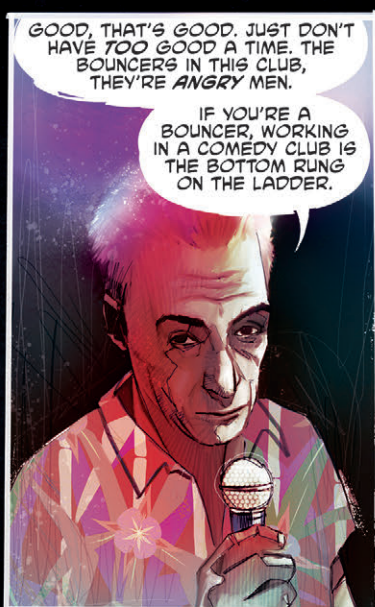
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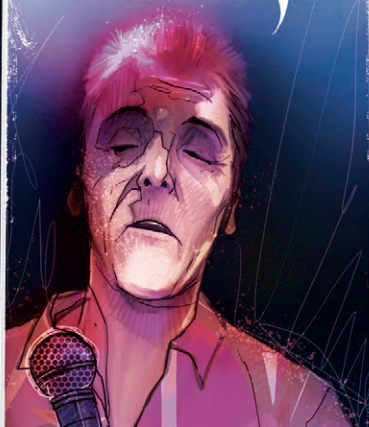
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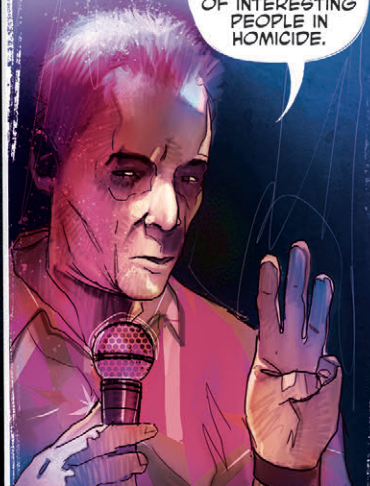
A LOT OF BOUNCERS ARE COPS CATCHING A FEW BUCKS IN THEIR SPARE TIME, OR THEY'RE RETIRED PEE-DEE.



I WAS A COP MYSELF A WHILE. TRUE FACT! FOUR YEARS IN VICE; *DRUGS, PORNOGRAPHY, GAMBLING*, AN ENDLESS PARADE OF THE LOWEST FUCKIN' *HOORS* YOU EVER MET. BUT THEN, YEAH, AFTER COLLEGE, I SIGNED UP WITH THE FORCE.



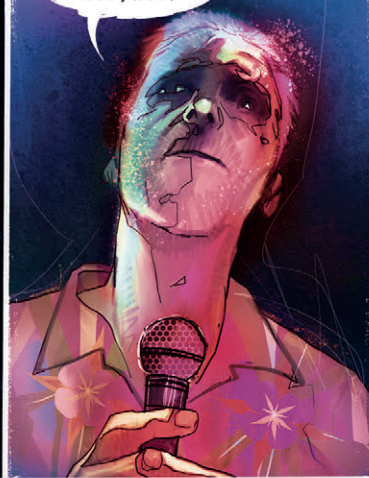
I WAS IN HOMICIDE FOR THREE YEARS. YOU MEET A LOT OF INTERESTING PEOPLE IN HOMICIDE.



THERE WAS THIS ONE GUY, WE GOT HIM SITTING IN FRONT OF THE TV WITH HIS MOTHER'S *HEAD* IN HIS LAP.



WE ASKED HIM WHAT HAPPENED. HE SAID SHE DID IT TO *HERSELF*! CUT HER OWN HEAD OFF, MAN.



WE ASKED HIM HOW SHE DID THAT.

HE SAID, "QUICKLY."



PEOPLE ASK ME THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TV COP WORK AND REAL COP WORK, I ALWAYS SAY YOU NEVER MEET ANY EVIL *GENIUSES* IN *REAL* HOMICIDE.



WE HAD THIS ONE GUY WHO SHOT TWO PEOPLE SO HE COULD BE INTIMATE WITH THEIR COCKER SPANIEL.

WE TOLD HIM WE COULD PROVE WHAT HE DID TO THE DOG WITH DNA EVIDENCE.



HE SAID, "NO WAY! I PULLED OUT!" EVIL *GENIUSES*, MAN. I NEVER MET ONE.



SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, WHEN YOU HEAR SOMEONE GOT WHACKED, IT'S NATURAL TO WANNA KNOW WHY. LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING—MOTIVES ARE OVERRATED.

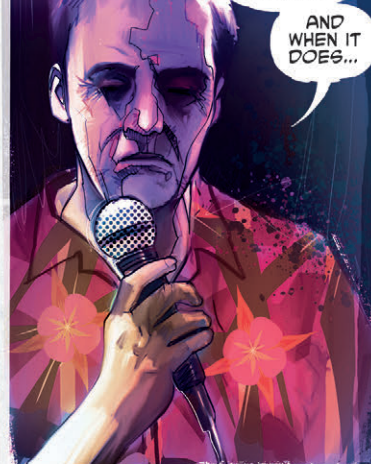


YOU FIND SOME GUY, HE'S EATING HIS WIFE'S LIVER, WHAT THE FUCK KIND OF MOTIVE COULD HE HAVE FOR THAT?



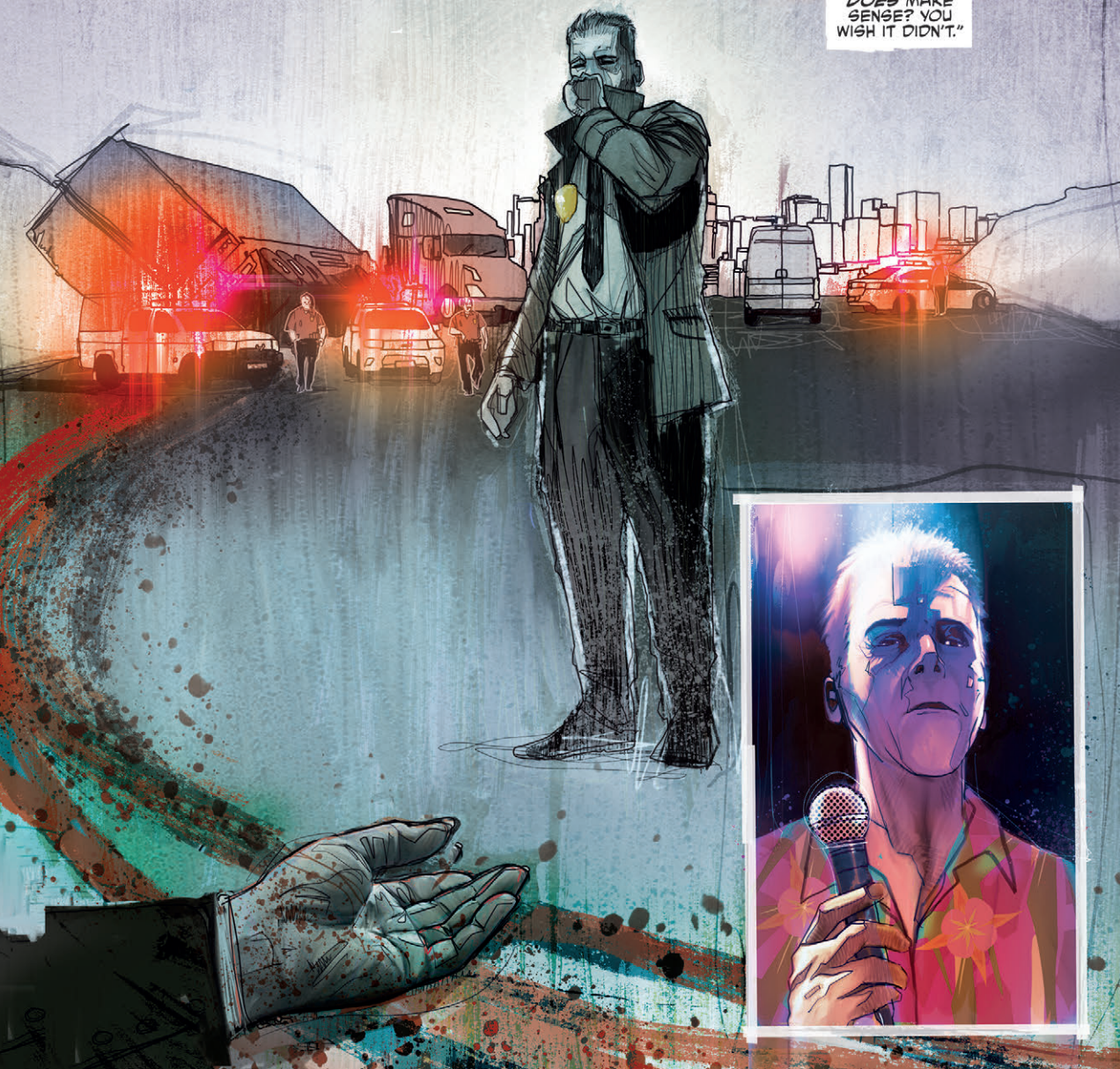
NOTHING LEFT IN THE FRIDGE BUT PICKLES? TACO BELL CLOSED AT ELEVEN?

IF THERE'S ONE THING I LEARNED AS A COP, IT NEVER MAKES SENSE.



AND WHEN IT DOES...

"...WHEN IT **DOES** MAKE SENSE? YOU WISH IT DIDN'T."



Shit-Talk Homes,
The Insulting Detective, in...

"DYING IS EASY"

Chapter One

Written by Joe Hill
Illustrated by Martin Simmonds
Color Assist by Dee Cuniffe
Lettered by Shawn Lee
Edited by Chris Ryall

WHEN
SOMEONE
GETS KILLED,
WE ALL WANT TO
UNDERSTAND
WHY.

I
GET IT.
I DO.

BUT
LOOK.

IT'S NOT THAT
COMPLICATED. YOU
WANNA KNOW THE
NUMBER ONE CAUSE
OF HOMICIDE IN
AMERICA?



NOT TOO
BAD TONIGHT,
SYD. I WASN'T
SURE HOW YOU'D
PLAY. THIS ISN'T
REALLY YOUR
CROWD.

YEAH?
WHAT'S MY
CROWD,
CARL?

I'M
NOT SURE.
MORTICIANS?
SERIAL
KILLERS?

PRO
COMEDIAN TIP:
YOU CAN ONLY
SQUEEZE SO
MANY LAUGHS OUT
OF A GUY WHO
HATE-FUCKED
HIS EX WITH A
GARDEN
TROWEL.

I LOVE GOING ON
AFTER YOU, SYD...
BECAUSE BY THE TIME
YOU'RE DONE, FOLKS
ARE *DESPERATE*
FOR A LAUGH.

KEEP AT IT,
THOUGH, MAN.
WITTY DISGRACED
COPS MIGHT BE
THE NEXT BIG
THING!



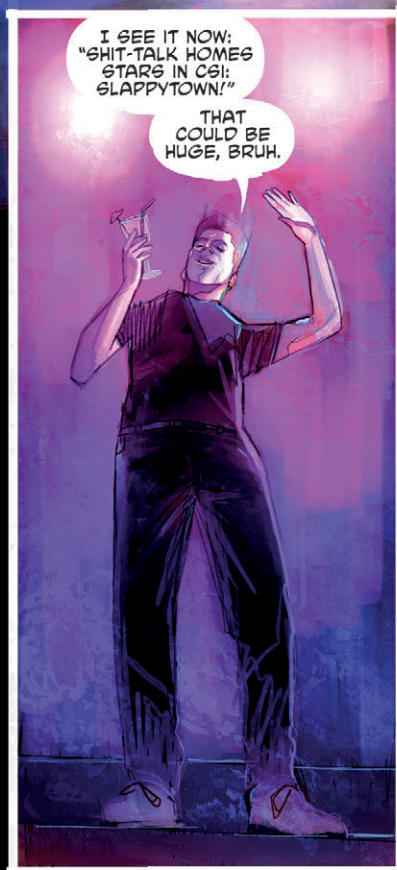
MURDERERS.

HEY, I'M SYD
HOMES, THIS HAS
BEEN A THRILL.
THANK YOU. THANKS
SO MUCH.



I SEE IT NOW:
"SHIT-TALK HOMES
STARS IN CSI:
SLAPPYTOWN!"

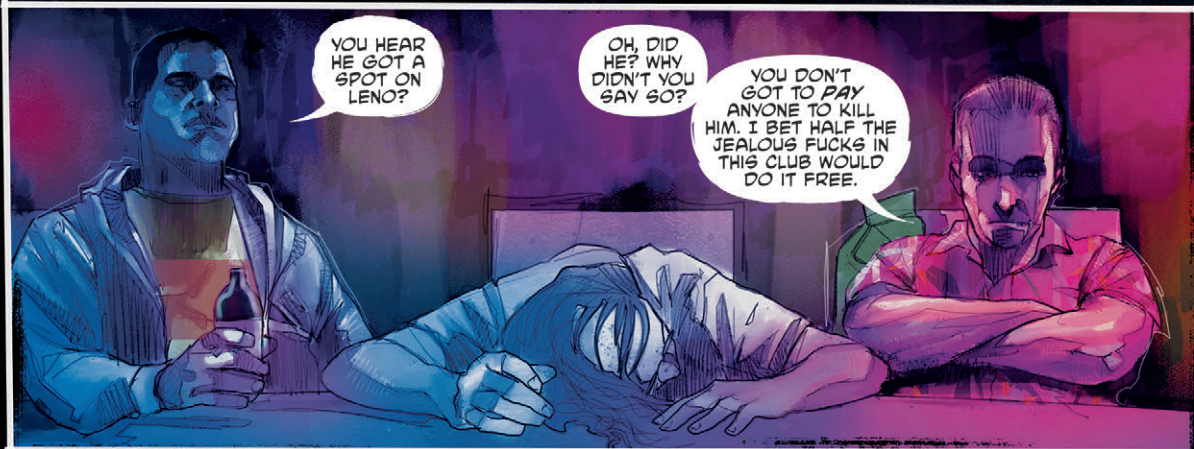
THAT
COULD BE
HUGE, BRUH.

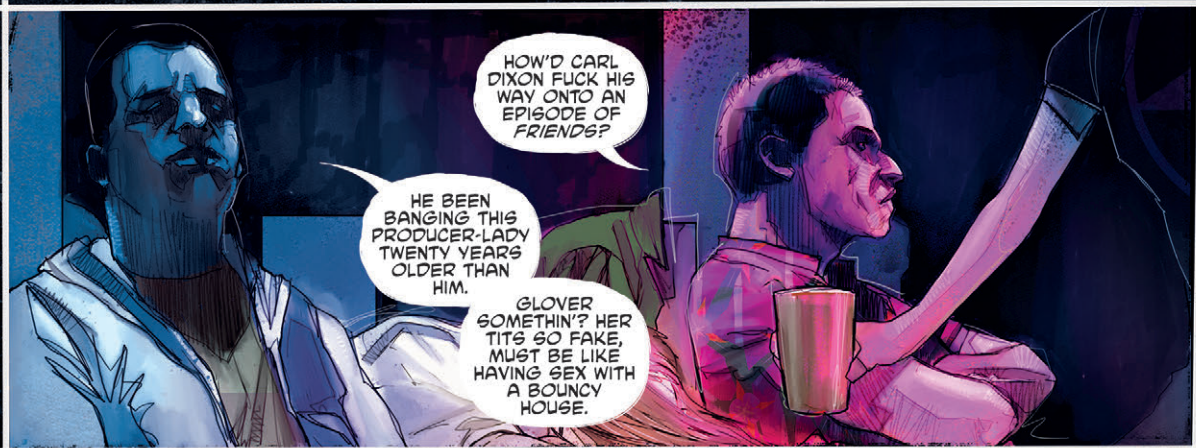


I FUCKIN'
HATE THAT
GUY. FUCKIN'
CARL DIXON.

HEY, YOU
USED TO BE A
COP, YOU KNOW
ANY UNEMPLOYED
HITMEN, WANNA
MAKE A BUCK,
FAST?



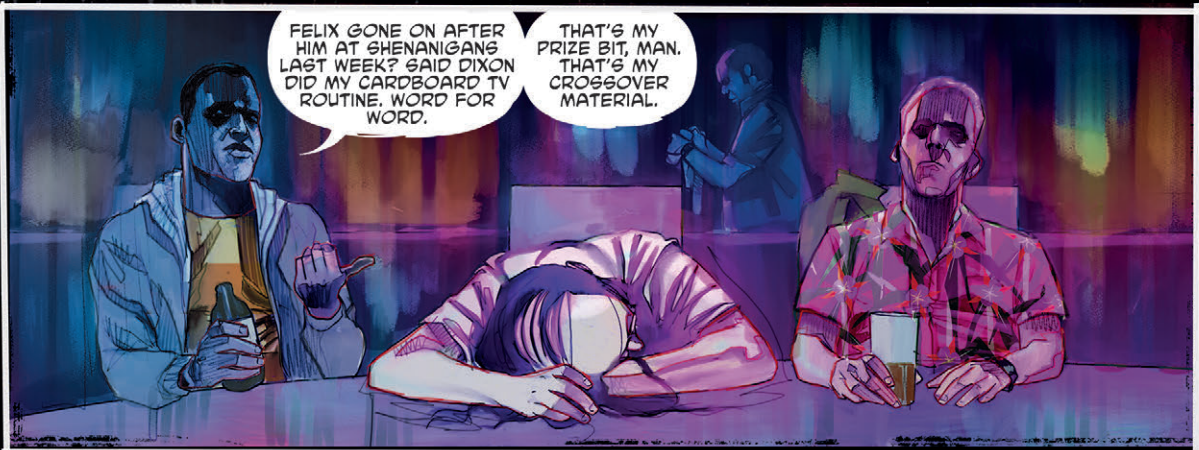






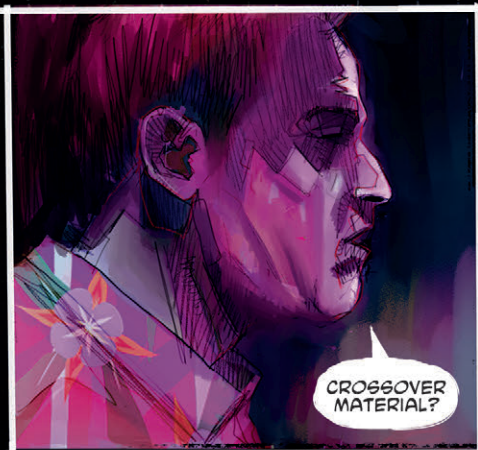
NO, I'LL TELL
YOU WHY HE
GOT TO DIE.

CARL DIXON A
FUCKIN' JOKE
THIEF, MAN.



FELIX GONE ON AFTER
HIM AT SHENANIGANS
LAST WEEK? SAID DIXON
DID MY CARDBOARD TV
ROUTINE. WORD FOR
WORD.

THAT'S MY
PRIZE BIT, MAN.
THAT'S MY
CROSSOVER
MATERIAL.



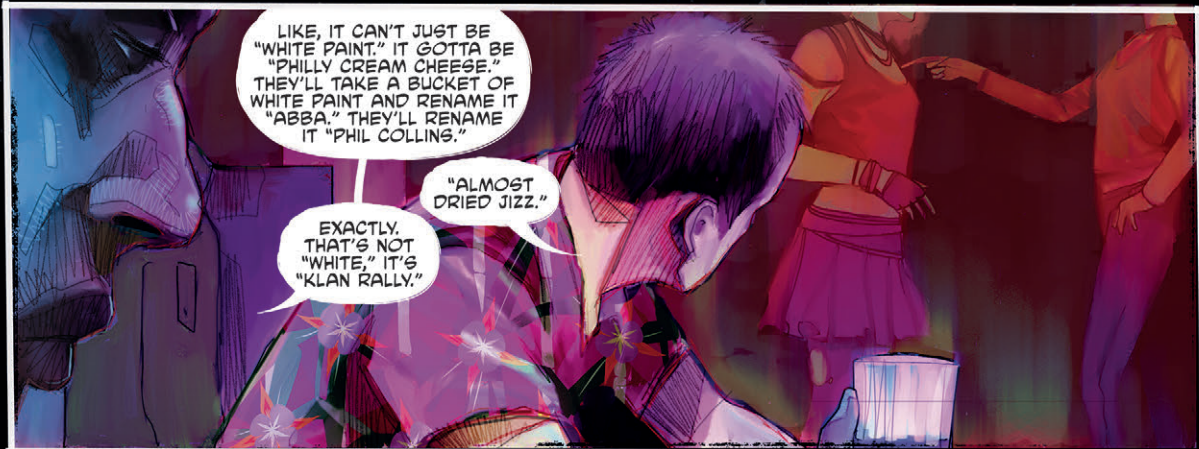
CROSSOVER
MATERIAL?



STUFF THAT
AIN'T *BLACK*,
YOU KNOW WHAT
M' SAYING?

MY
MANAGEMENT
SAYS I NEED
TO MAKE WHITE
PEOPLE LAUGH
IF I WANT TO
GET BETTER
BOOKINGS.

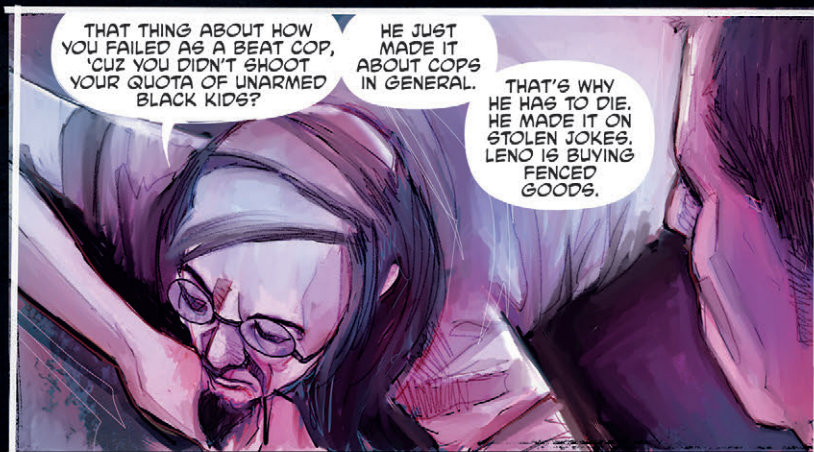
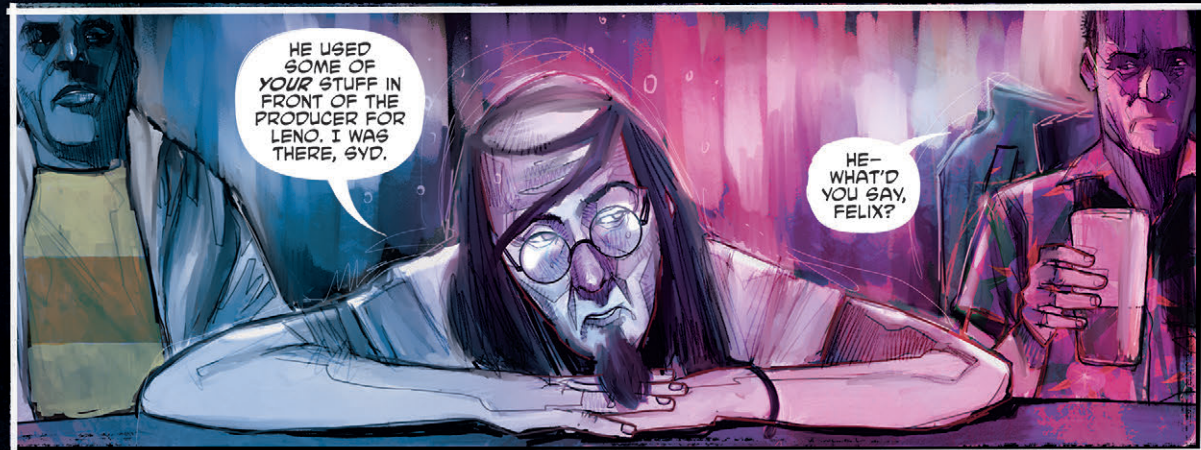
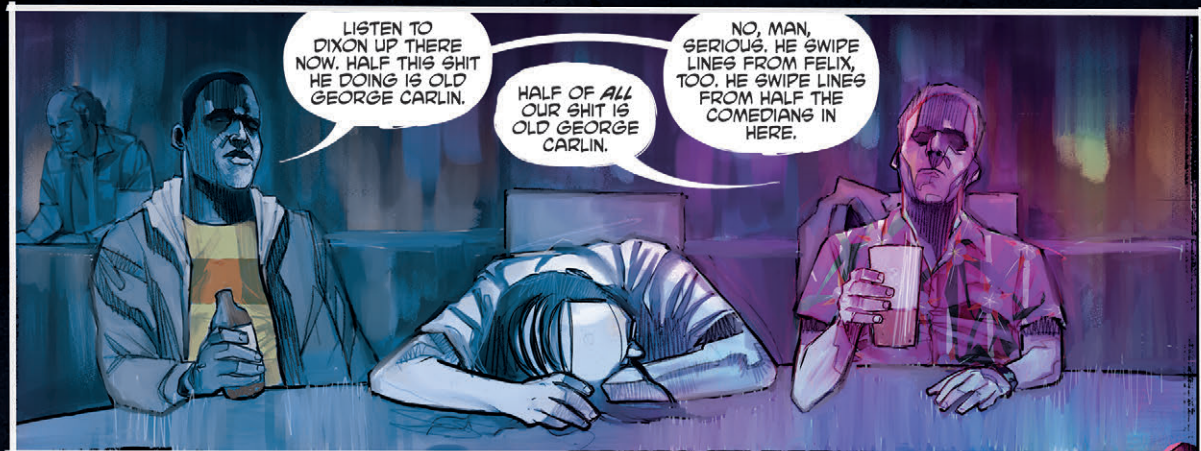
I'M, LIKE,
IT'S NOT HARD TO
MAKE WHITE PEOPLE
LAUGH. LAUGHING AT
BLACK PEOPLE IS THE
THING WHITE FOLKS
DO BEST. THEY'RE
EVEN BETTER AT THAT
THEN THEY ARE AT
COMING UP WITH CUTE
NAMES FOR PAINT.

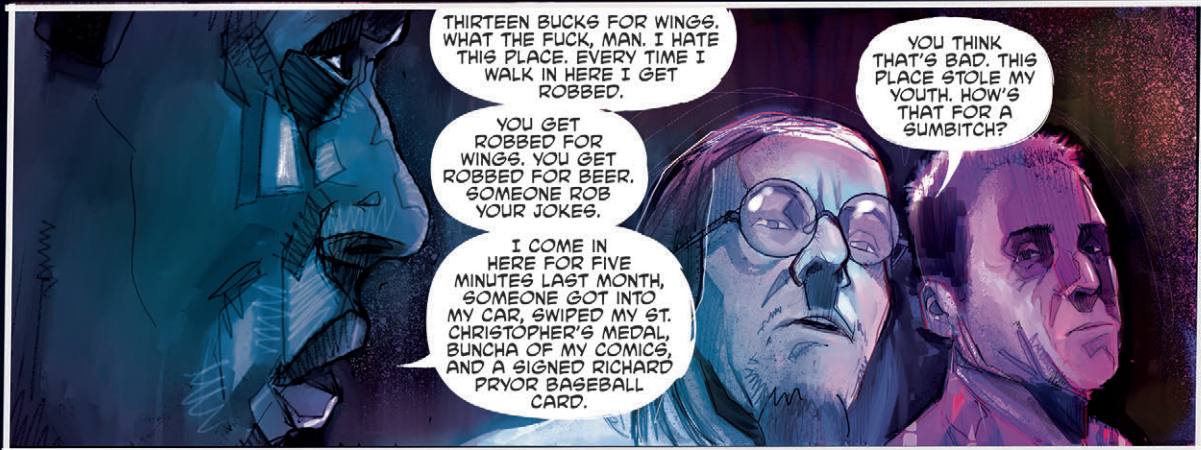
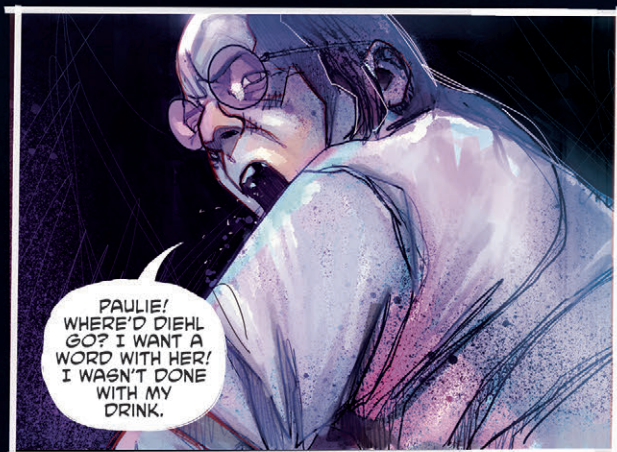
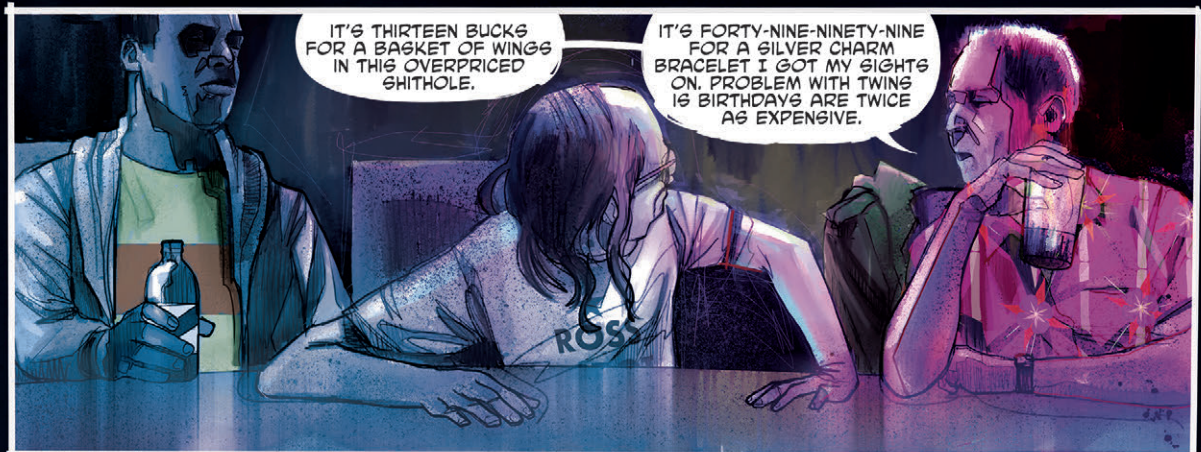


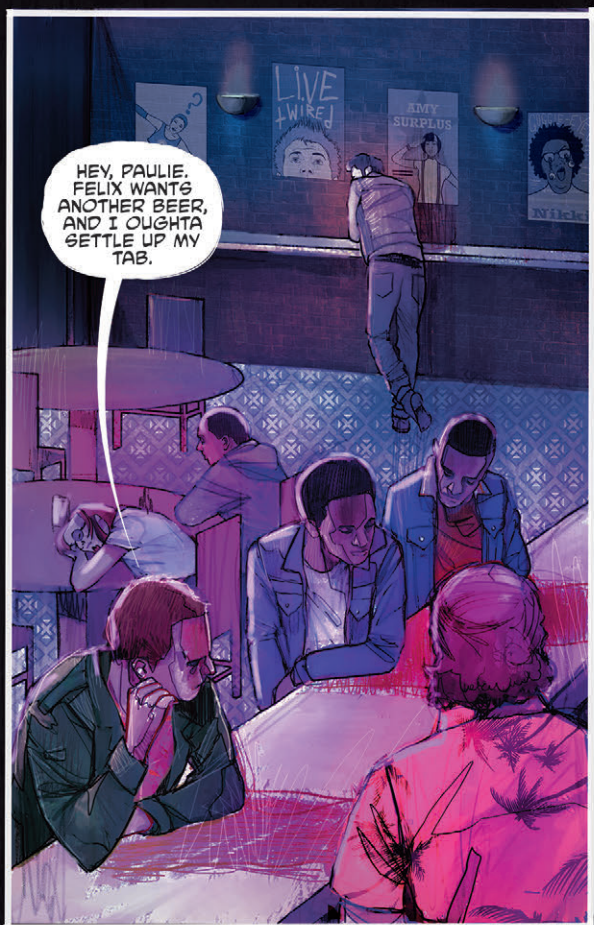
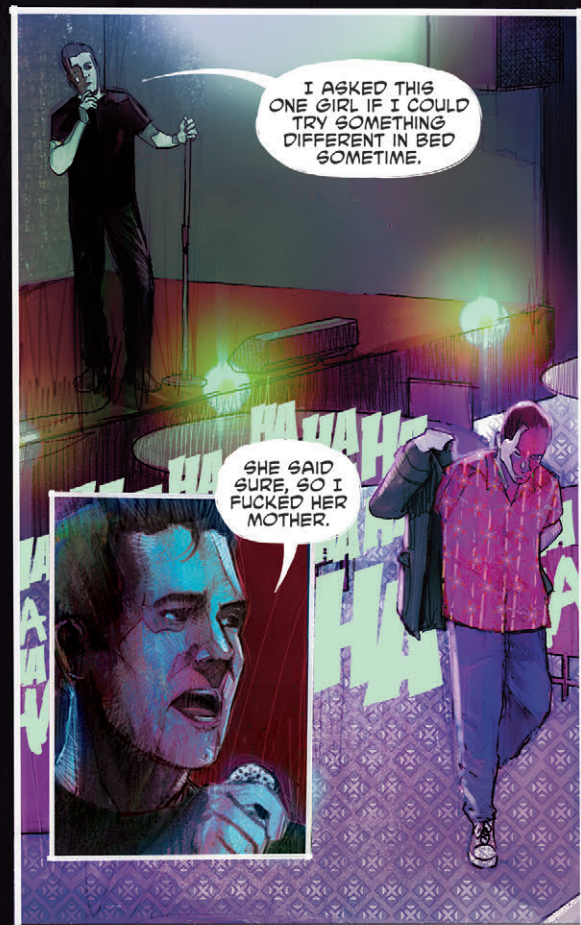
LIKE, IT CAN'T JUST BE
"WHITE PAINT." IT GOTTA BE
"PHILLY CREAM CHEESE."
THEY'LL TAKE A BUCKET OF
WHITE PAINT AND RENAME IT
"ABBA." THEY'LL RENAME
IT "PHIL COLLINS."

"ALMOST
DRIED JIZZ."

EXACTLY.
THAT'S NOT
"WHITE." IT'S
"KLAN RALLY."









MAYBE YOU OUGHTA MIX SOME IMITATIONS INTO *YOUR* ACT. CARL DOES SOME GREAT ONES. YOU OUGHTA HEAR HIM DO YOU SOMETIME!

HE DOES *YOUR* MATERIAL JUST LIKE YOU WAS DOING IT *YOURSELF*!



YEAH, I JUST BEEN HEARING THAT. IF HE DOES SUCH A GOOD VERSION OF ME, HOW ABOUT YOU LET HIM PAY MY CHECK?

HEY! I *KNOW* YOU AIN'T GOING TO SERVE THAT MAN WHEN WE BEEN WAITING FOR OUR DRINKS TEN MINUTES.



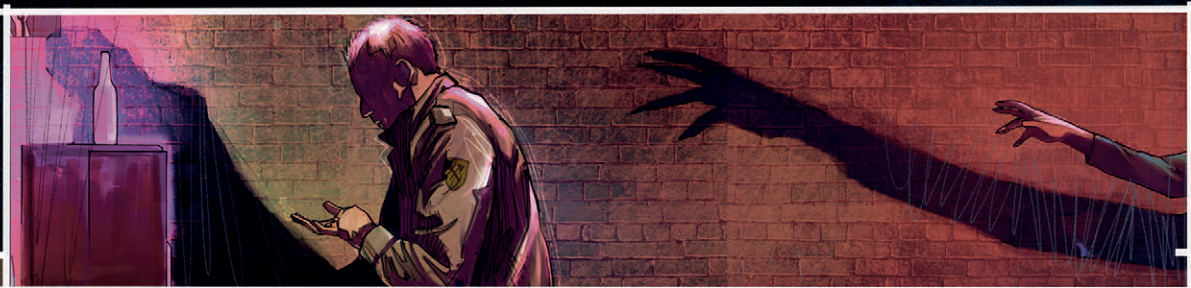
I WAS WATCHIN' THE ACT! THIS GUY IS GOING TO BE A BIG DEAL SOMEDAY!

YOU TWO IS TOO SERIOUS. I AIN'T SEEN YOU LAUGH ONCE. WHY YOU COME INTO A COMEDY CLUB IF YOU DON'T WANT A CHUCKLE?



WE AIN'T SEEN NOTHING THAT TICKLES US YET. BUT THE NIGHT'S YOUNG. WHO KNOWS. WE MAY GET US A LAUGH YET.

JUST POUR US OUR DAMN BEERS.





KEEP
OUT OF
MY FACE.

LINDA-
PLEASE-

LET GO
OF ME.



MY SISTER
IS DEAD. DEAD.
BECAUSE OF WHAT
YOU DID TO HER.
BECAUSE YOU
TORMENTED AND
HARASSED...

AND YOU
COME HERE
AND YOU MAKE
JOKES AND
YOU LAUGH...



LINDA,
PLEASE...
SHH... SHH...
THIS ISN'T
THE TIME...

KEEP YOUR
HANDS OFF
ME, YOU
FANSY.

IS IT
FUNNY TO YOU,
HOMES? THAT
YOU BROWBEAT A
FRAGILE WOMAN
INTO KILLING
HERSELF?

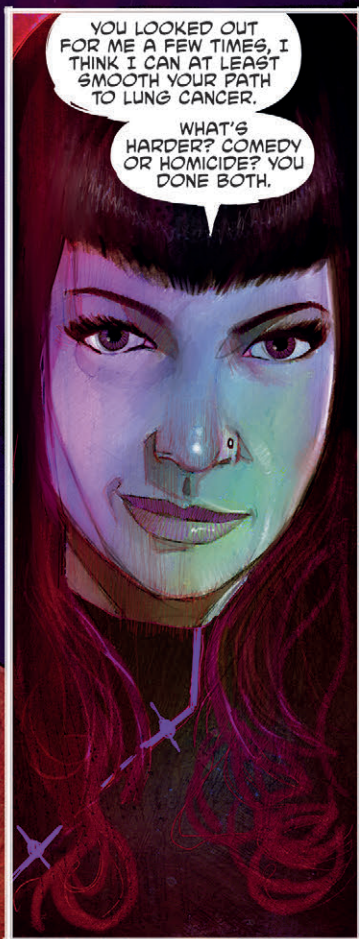
MAKE
A JOKE OUT
OF IT. GO ON.
MAKE ME
LAUGH.

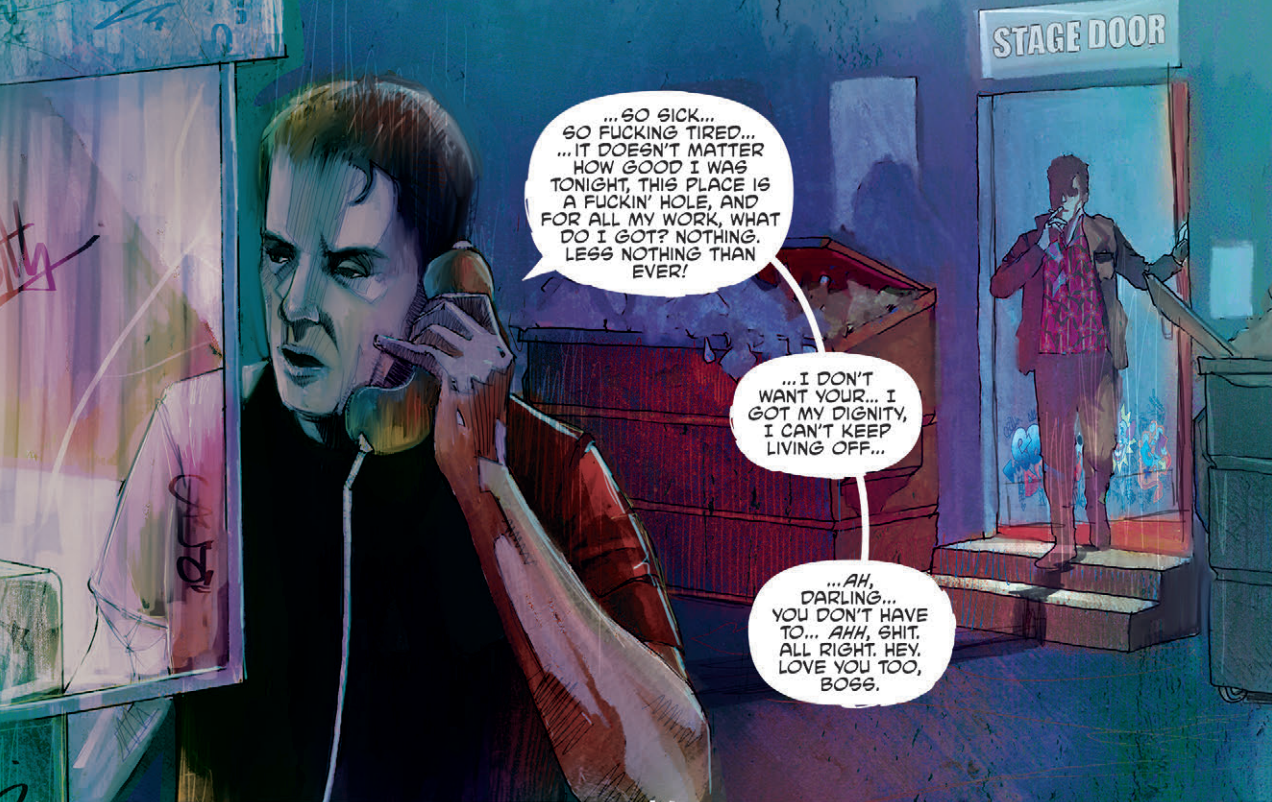


I'VE ALWAYS
WONDERED WHAT
WAS THE LAST THING
TO GO THROUGH YOUR
SISTER'S MIND WHEN
SHE STEPPED IN
FRONT OF THAT
TRUCK.

PROBABLY
THE HOOD
ORNAMENT,
HUH?







...SO SICK...
SO FUCKING TIRED...
...IT DOESN'T MATTER
HOW GOOD I WAS
TONIGHT, THIS PLACE IS
A FUCKIN' HOLE, AND
FOR ALL MY WORK, WHAT
DO I GOT? NOTHING.
LESS NOTHING THAN
EVER!

...I DON'T
WANT YOUR... I
GOT MY DIGNITY,
I CAN'T KEEP
LIVING OFF...

...AH,
DARLING...
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO... *AHH, SHIT.*
ALL RIGHT. HEY.
LOVE YOU TOO,
BOSS.



SHIT-TALK! LET ME BUM
A LIGHT AND I'LL SUCK
YOUR COCK AS GOOD
AS YOUR EX.

HARD
TO RESIST AN
OFFER LIKE THAT.
ALL MY FRIENDS
TELL ME SHE'S
UNBELIEVABLE.



I FEEL A LITTLE
WEIRD ROLLING A JOINT
IN FRONT OF AN EX-COP.
LIKE YOU MIGHT ARREST
ME OUT OF HABIT.



IF I WAS STILL IN
THE FORCE, I'D NEVER
ARREST A BRIGHT
UP-AND-COMER LIKE YOU
FOR POSSESSION, CARL.



WHY ARREST
YOU WHEN I
CAN CONFISCATE
YOUR STASH
AND SMOKE IT
MYSELF?

NO NEED TO
CONFISCATE. I'M HAPPY
TO SHARE. SHARE AND
SHARE ALIKE, RIGHT?
WHAT'S MINE IS YOURS.



AND VICE
VERSA?

SURE?
WHY NOT?



FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY
THAT. MO LARSEN SAYS
YOU'RE A JOKE THIEF. EVER
BORROW ANY OF MY
MATERIAL?

IF I EVER
DID-AND I'M NOT
SAYING I HAVE-I
PROMISE YOUR
STUFF WOULD BE
EVEN FUNNIER IF I
WAS SAYING IT.



JESUS—WHY
YOU GOTTA
FUCKING PUKE
ON ME?

SEE HOW
GREAT MY LINES
COME OUT OF
YOUR MOUTH WHEN
YOU GOT ABOUT
EIGHT TEETH
LEFT.

DON'T HIT ME
ANYMORE!

UCK...
UCK...

I WROTE
THREE MONTHS
FOR FIFTEEN
MINUTES OF GOOD
MATERIAL. I WROTE
IT FOR ME, NOT
YOU, FUCKHEAD.

AND
THIS WAS
MY BROTHER'S
COAT AND YOU
WRECKED IT,
ASSHOLE.

HEY, I'M SYD
HOMES! HOW YOU
DOIN' TONIGHT? HAVIN'
FUN? GOOD—JUST
DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH
FUN. THE BOUNCERS
HERE, THEY'RE ALL
ANGRY EX-COPS.

BUT NONE OF
'EM ARE ANGRIER
THAN ME, 'CAUSE
PROBABLY NONE OF
'EM ARE THE EX-COP
WHO TALKED A
MENTALLY ILL WOMAN
INTO KILLING
HERSELF.



WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'? IS THAT SUPPOSED TO SOUND LIKE ME?

HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT'S REALLY HILARIOUS, FOLKS?

I DIDN'T JUST TALK SOME FUCKED-UP CRAZY INTO KILLING HERSELF—I GOT AN INNOCENT TRUCKER KILLED, TOO.



SOME OLD GUY WITH GRANDKIDS, GOT A STEERING WHEEL THROUGH HIS CHEST.

I FIGURED AFTER ALL THAT, COMEDY WAS JUST THE OBVIOUS NEXT STEP. BA-BOOM! HEY, FOLKS, I'M SHIT-TALK HOMES, LOOK FOR ME ON SNL FUCKING NEVER.



YOU DO A GOOD VERSION OF ME, DIXON.

ALMOST AS GOOD AS YOUR IMITATION OF A PUNCHING BAG.

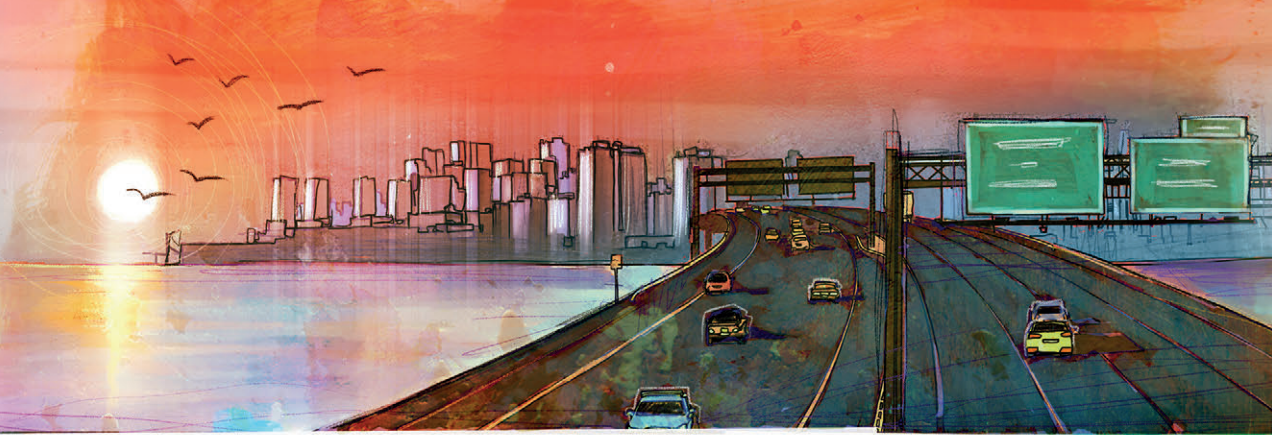
KEEP STEALING JOKES AND YOU'LL BE PRACTICING THAT ONE EVERY NIGHT.



IT'S ALL DONE. YOU CAN PAY ME ANOTHER TIME, THOUGH. I WANNA GO HOME AND WASH.

I GOT CARL DIXON ALL OVER ME.





SYD? IT'S VERONICA! THE COPS ARE HERE. THE COPS ARE COMING TO GET YOU FOR WHAT YOU DONE TO CARL.



'CAUSE I HIT HIM? THAT FUCKIN' LAMEASS. THEY OUGHT TO ARREST HIM... FOR LARCENY. LITTLE SHIT'S BEEN STEALING JOKES FROM EVERY FUCKIN'...

SHUT UP, SYD! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO ARREST YOU FOR HITTING HIM.

"THEY'RE COMING
TO GET YOU FOR
KILLING HIM, SYD."

"HE'S DEAD."

To be continued!

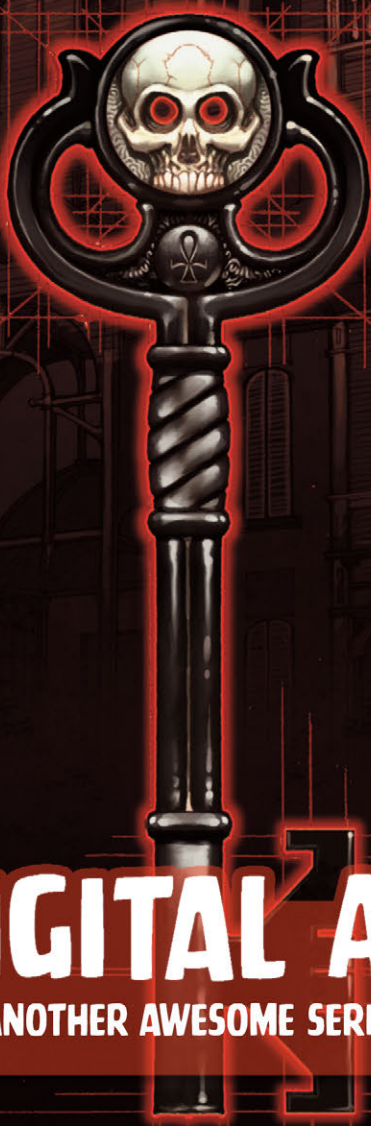
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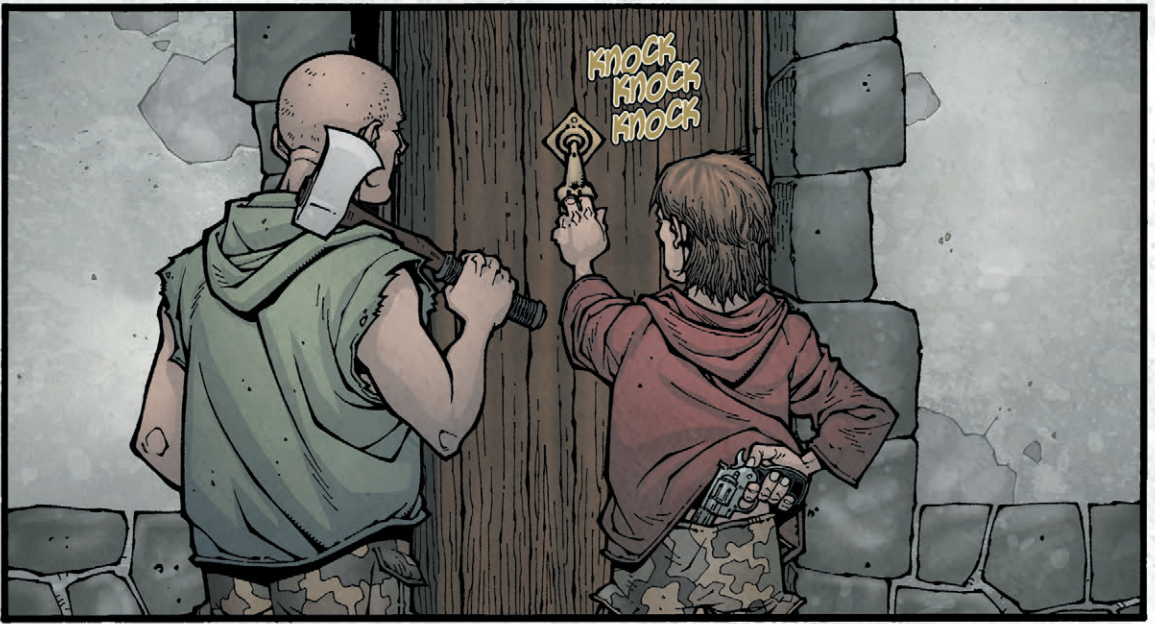
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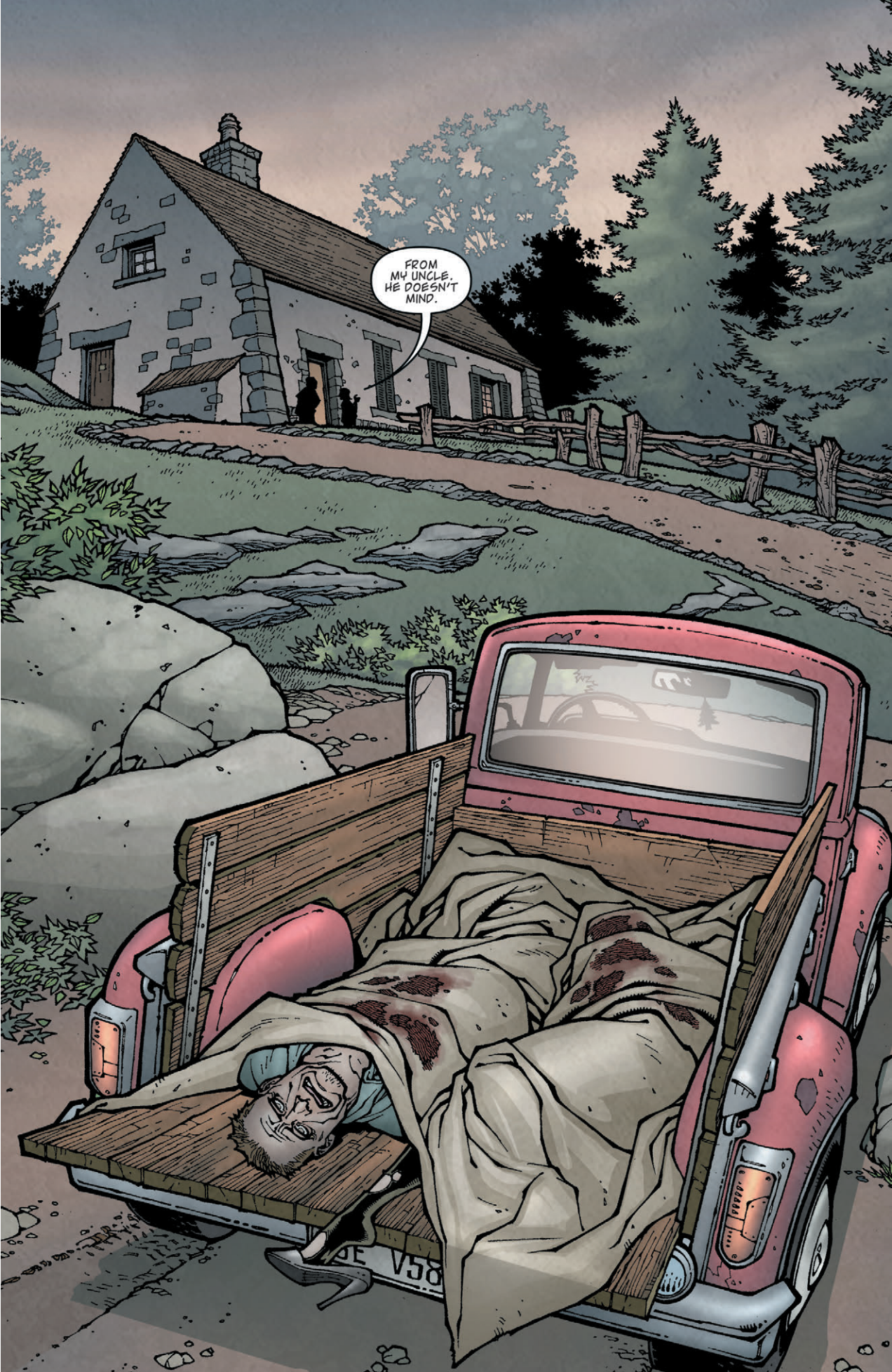
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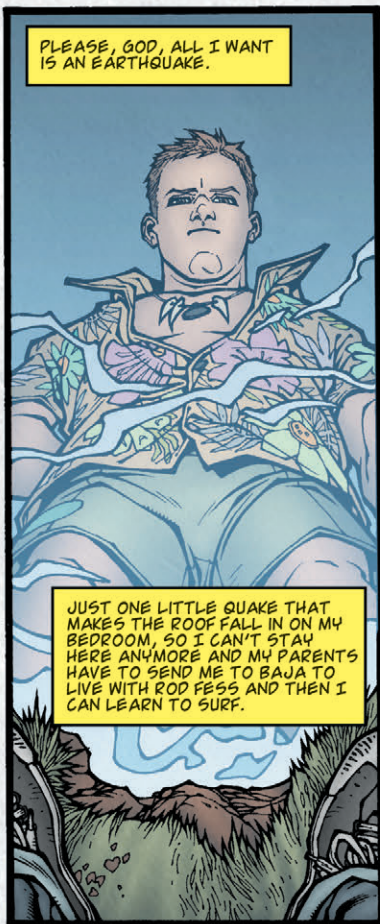
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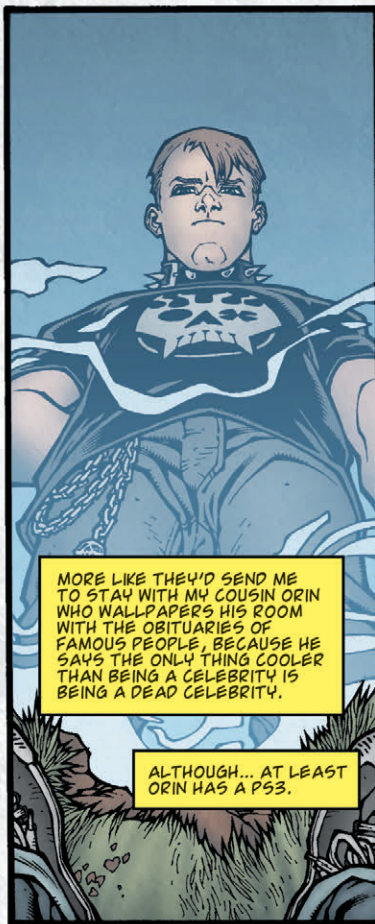
FROM
MY UNCLE.
HE DOESN'T
MIND.

DE V58



PLEASE, GOD, ALL I WANT
IS AN EARTHQUAKE.

JUST ONE LITTLE QUAKE THAT
MAKES THE ROOF FALL IN ON MY
BEDROOM, SO I CAN'T STAY
HERE ANYMORE AND MY PARENTS
HAVE TO SEND ME TO BAJA TO
LIVE WITH ROD FESS AND THEN I
CAN LEARN TO SURF.

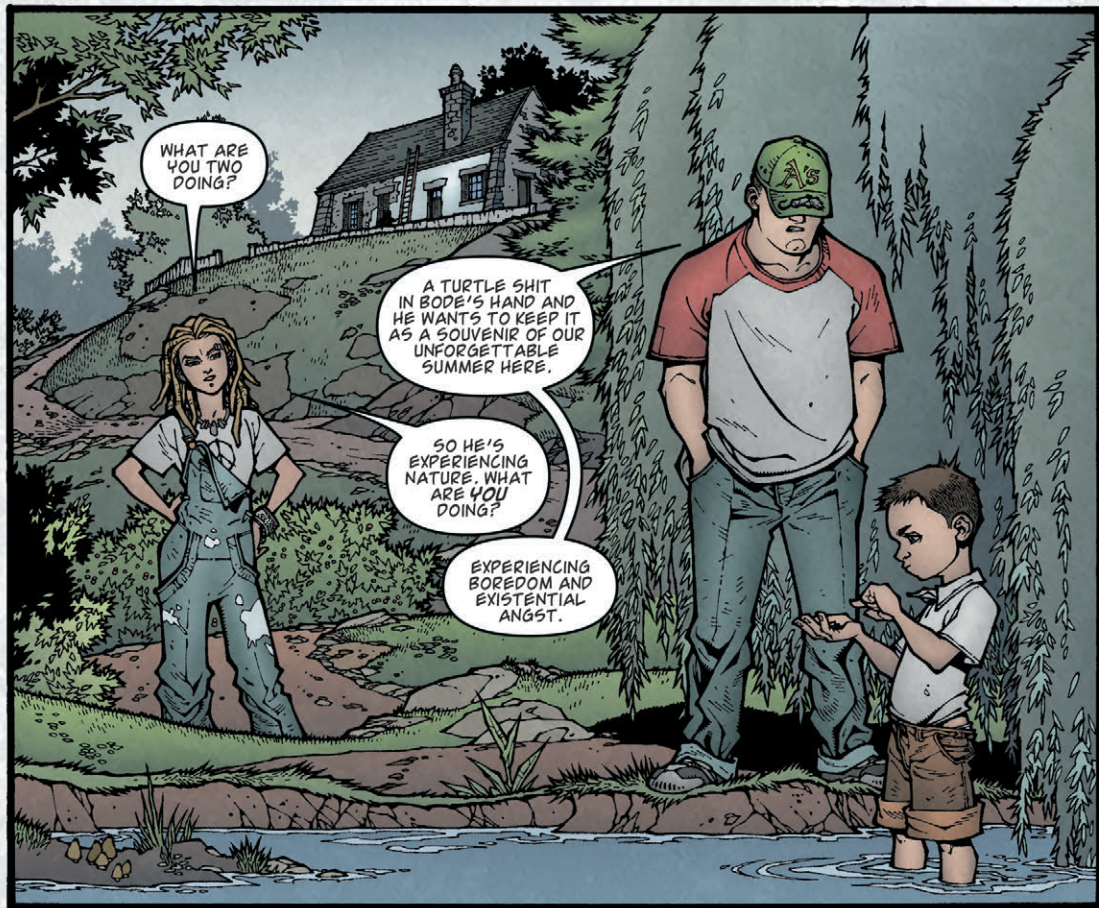


MORE LIKE THEY'D SEND ME
TO STAY WITH MY COUSIN ORIN
WHO WALLPAPERS HIS ROOM
WITH THE OBITUARIES OF
FAMOUS PEOPLE, BECAUSE HE
SAYS THE ONLY THING COOLER
THAN BEING A CELEBRITY IS
BEING A DEAD CELEBRITY.

ALTHOUGH... AT LEAST
ORIN HAS A PS3.



I FOUND A
LITTLE TURTLE
BUT IT WENT CRAP
IN MY HAND AND
GOT AWAY.
LOOKAT.

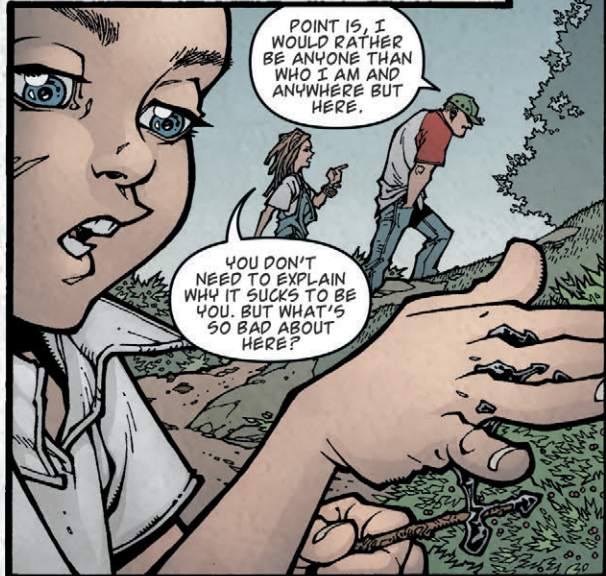


WHAT ARE
YOU TWO
DOING?

A TURTLE SHIT
IN BODE'S HAND AND
HE WANTS TO KEEP IT
AS A SOUVENIR OF OUR
UNFORGETTABLE
SUMMER HERE.

SO HE'S
EXPERIENCING
NATURE. WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

EXPERIENCING
BOREDOM AND
EXISTENTIAL
ANGST.



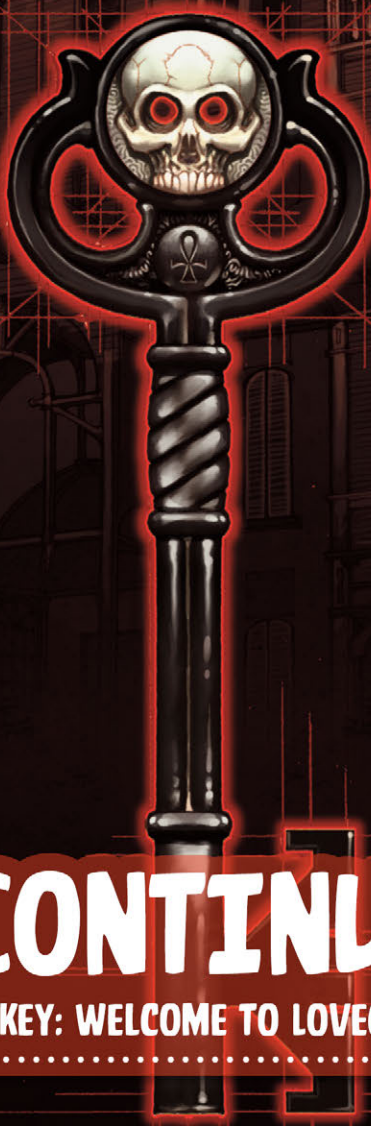
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