

JOE HILL | MARTIN SIMMONDS

IDW
ISSUE
2
COVER A

A "SHEP TALK" HOMES MYSTERY

DYING IS EASY





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...I'M GONNA
GIVE HIM AN EXTRA
WHACK JUST FOR
MAKING US WALK UP
ALL THESE FUCKIN'
STAIRS...

OH, SHIT,
REMINDS ME,
I GOTTA POP
YOU ONE AFTER
WE WORK OVER
HOMES. SORRY,
MAN.



YOU WANT
IT IN THE
MOUTH? THE
EYE?

IF IT MAKES
YOU FEEL ANY
BETTER, YOU'LL
GET A PRETTY
SWEET BONUS
FOR SEEING
ACTION.



IT **DOESN'T**
MAKE ME FEEL
BETTER. WHY THE
HELL DO YOU
GOT TO HIT
ME?

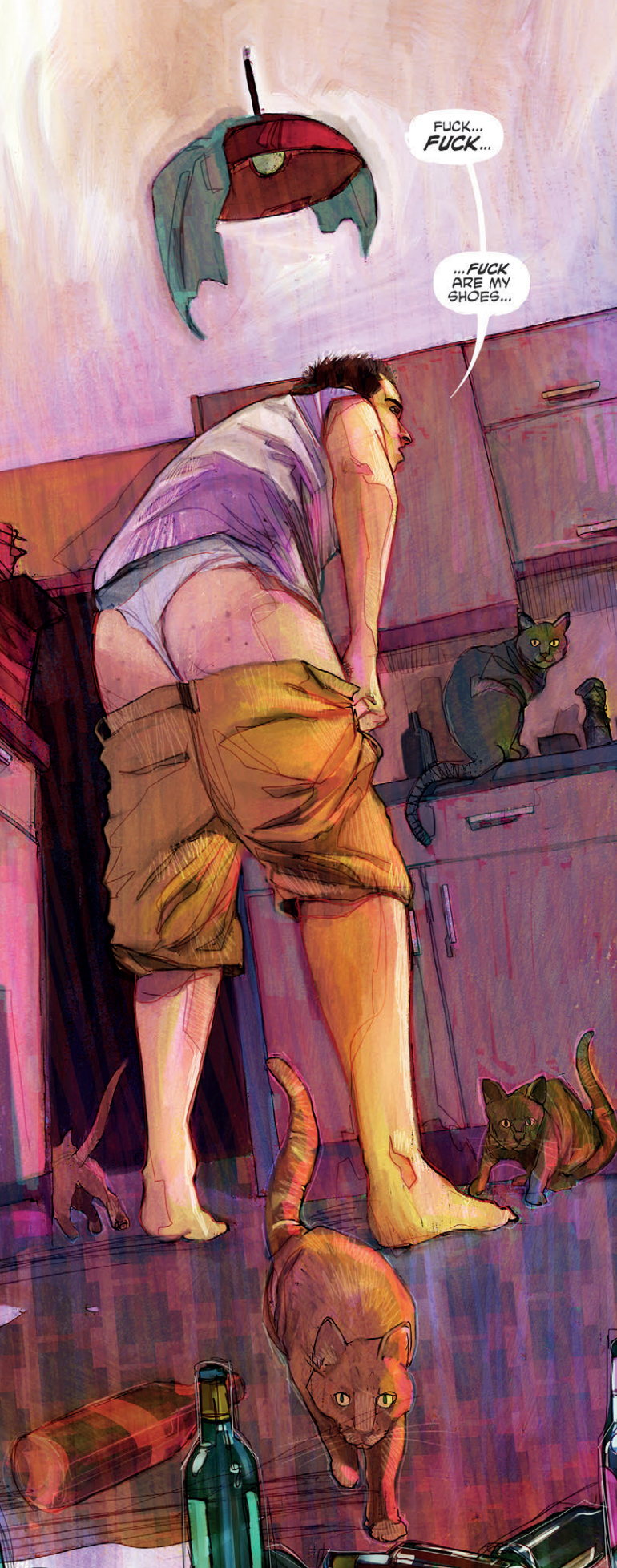
IT'S, LIKE, A
PROPHYLACTIC
MEASURE.

WHOA, STOP
RIGHT THERE.
YOU AIN'T DOIN'
SHIT TO ME, YOU
GOTTA PUT ON
A CONDOM
FIRST.



NO, YOU
IGNORANT
ASSHOLE.
PROPHYLACTIC
JUST MEANS
PREVENTATIVE.

WHY DIDN'T
YOU JUST SAY
THAT, THEN?



FUCK...
FUCK...

...FUCK
ARE MY
SHOES...

WHAT IF,
HYPOTHETICALLY,
SHIT-TALK JUST
GIVES HIMSELF
UP?

NO, **MAN**. HE USED
TO BE MARRIED TO
DETECTIVE FLAHERTY'S
LITTLE GIRL. HE'S SO
LOUSY IN THE SACK,
HE MADE HER
GAY.

PEACEFUL
SURRENDER
ISN'T ON THE
MENU.



I CAN
HEAR YOU,
ASSHOLES...



I'M PRETTY
SURE THAT'S NOT
HOW BEING GAY
WORKS.

YEAH, WELL,
YOU NEVER MET
SYD FAULKNER
HOMES. THIS GUY'S
FACE WOULD PUT
ANY WOMAN
OFF DICK.

4A

SHIT-TALK!
OPEN UP! WE GOT
A WARRANT FOR
YOUR ARREST, ON THE
CHARGE OF BEING A
UGLY NO-TALENT
MOTHERFUCKER!



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

"DYING IS EASY"

Chapter Two

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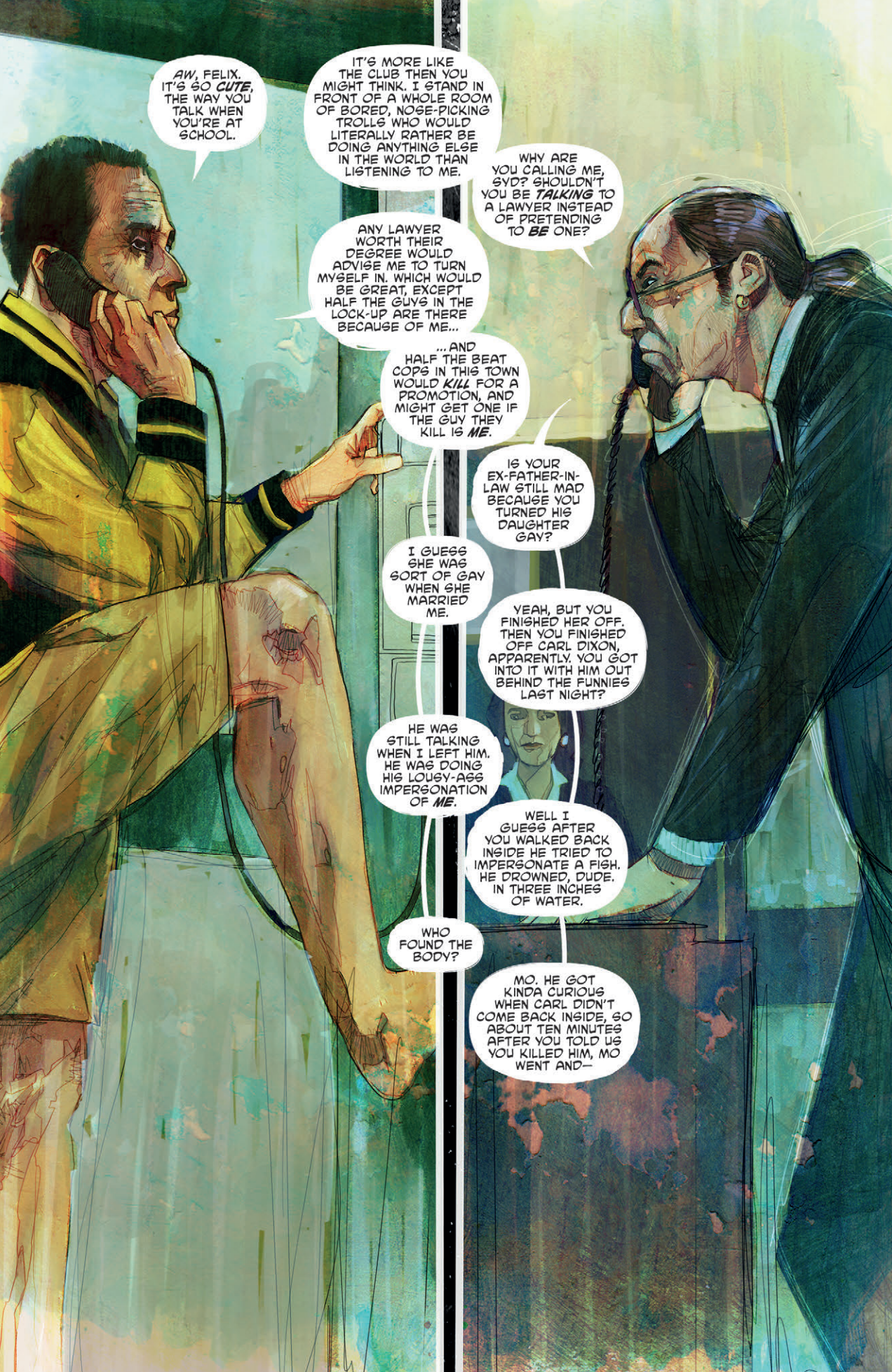












AW, FELIX.
IT'S SO CUTE,
THE WAY YOU
TALK WHEN
YOU'RE AT
SCHOOL.

IT'S MORE LIKE
THE CLUB THEN YOU
MIGHT THINK. I STAND IN
FRONT OF A WHOLE ROOM
OF BORED, NOSE-PICKING
TROLLS WHO WOULD
LITERALLY RATHER BE
DOING ANYTHING ELSE
IN THE WORLD THAN
LISTENING TO ME.

WHY ARE
YOU CALLING ME,
SYD? SHOULDN'T
YOU BE TALKING
TO A LAWYER INSTEAD
OF PRETENDING
TO BE ONE?

ANY LAWYER
WORTH THEIR
DEGREE WOULD
ADVISE ME TO TURN
MYSELF IN, WHICH WOULD
BE GREAT, EXCEPT
HALF THE GUYS IN THE
LOCK-UP ARE THERE
BECAUSE OF ME...

...AND
HALF THE BEAT
COPS IN THIS TOWN
WOULD KILL FOR A
PROMOTION, AND
MIGHT GET ONE IF
THE GUY THEY
KILL IS ME.

IS YOUR
EX-FATHER-IN-
LAW STILL MAD
BECAUSE YOU
TURNED HIS
DAUGHTER
GAY?

I GUESS
SHE WAS
SORT OF GAY
WHEN SHE
MARRIED
ME.

YEAH, BUT YOU
FINISHED HER OFF.
THEN YOU FINISHED
OFF CARL DIXON,
APPARENTLY. YOU GOT
INTO IT WITH HIM OUT
BEHIND THE FUNNIES
LAST NIGHT?

HE WAS
STILL TALKING
WHEN I LEFT HIM.
HE WAS DOING
HIS LOUSY-ASS
IMPERSONATION
OF ME.

WELL I
GUESS AFTER
YOU WALKED BACK
INSIDE HE TRIED TO
IMPERSONATE A FISH.
HE DROWNED, DUDE.
IN THREE INCHES
OF WATER.

WHO
FOUND THE
BODY?

MO. HE GOT
KINDA CURIOUS
WHEN CARL DIDN'T
COME BACK INSIDE, SO
ABOUT TEN MINUTES
AFTER YOU TOLD US
YOU KILLED HIM, MO
WENT AND—



WHAT?
THAT'S NOT
WHAT I
SAID.



WELL, MO
DID ASK YOU
HOW MUCH TO
KILL A GUY—

—AND WHEN
YOU CAME BACK
INSIDE YOU TOLD
HIM HE COULD
PAY YOU
LATER—

—SO
NATURALLY
WE BOTH
THOUGHT—



YOU BOTH
THOUGHT THE
STUPIDEST
FUCKING THING
POSSIBLE.

SO MO
GAVE ME
UP?

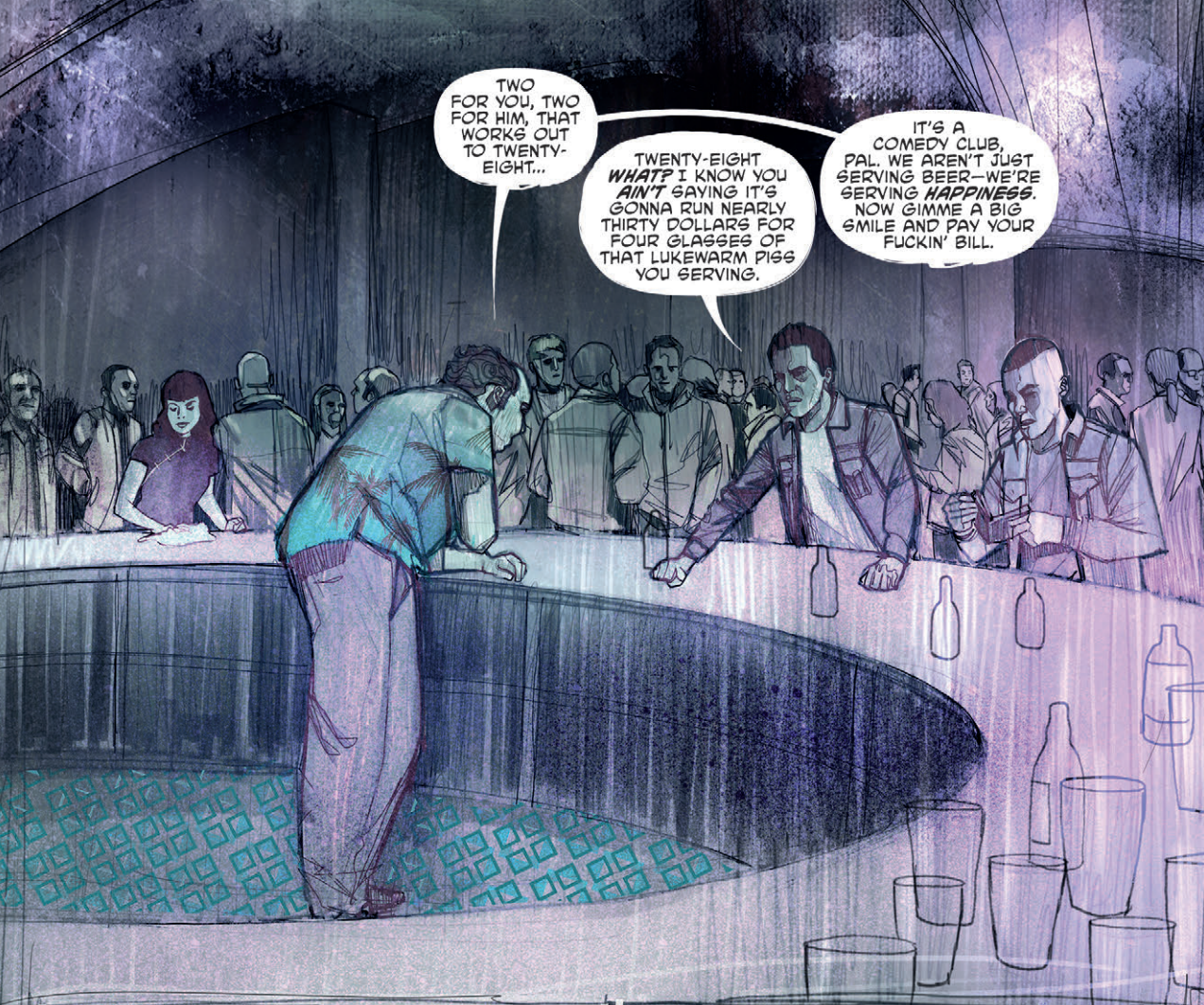


DON'T BE
TOO HARD
ON HIM,
DUDE.

MO WOULDN'T
OF TOLD THEM
ANYTHING, EXCEPT
THEY THOUGHT HE
WAS WITH THE
OTHER BLACK
GUYS. THE ONES
WHO RAN.



WHICH
GUYS ARE
THESE?



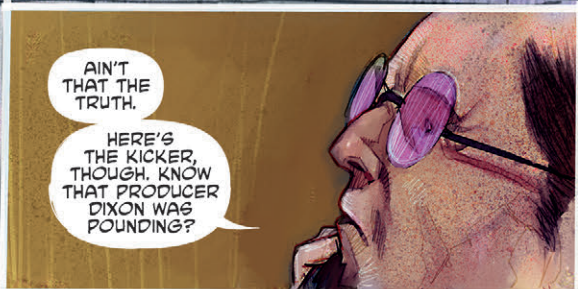
TWO
FOR YOU, TWO
FOR HIM, THAT
WORKS OUT
TO TWENTY-
EIGHT...

TWENTY-EIGHT
WHAT? I KNOW YOU
AIN'T SAYING IT'S
GONNA RUN NEARLY
THIRTY DOLLARS FOR
FOUR GLASSES OF
THAT LUKEWARM PISS
YOU SERVING.

IT'S A
COMEDY CLUB,
PAL. WE AREN'T JUST
SERVING BEER—WE'RE
SERVING *HAPPINESS*.
NOW GIMME A BIG
SMILE AND PAY YOUR
FUCKIN' BILL.



AT SEVEN
DOLLARS A
BEER, PAULIE IS
LUCKY CARL DIXON
IS THE *ONLY* ONE
GOT KILLED
LAST NIGHT.



AIN'T
THAT THE
TRUTH.

HERE'S
THE KICKER,
THOUGH. KNOW
THAT PRODUCER
DIXON WAS
POUNDING?

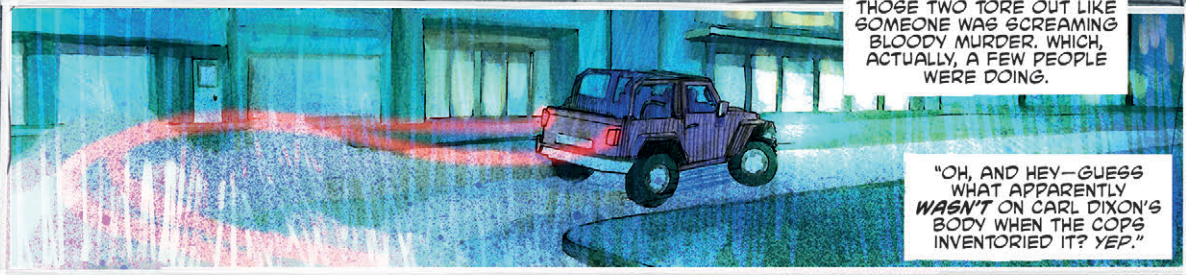


"SHE GOT HIM A
SAINT LAURENT
WALLET AS A
ONE-MONTH
ANNIVERSARY
PRESENT.

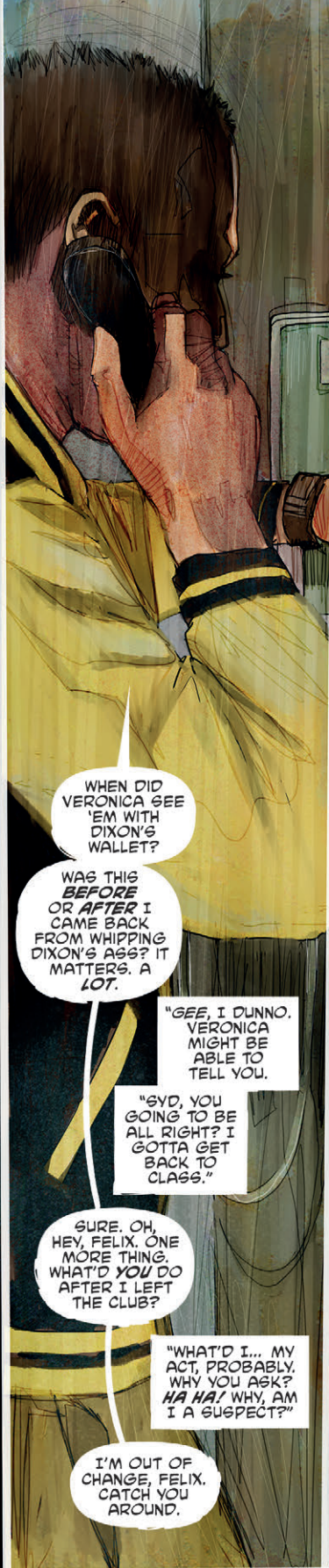
"HE WAS WAVING
IT IN EVERYONE'S
FACE, ALL NIGHT
LONG. MR. BIG
SHOT, RIGHT?

"I HEARD VERONICA
TELLING THE COPS
THAT ONE OF THE
BLACK KIDS PAID HIS
BILL OUT OF A
WALLET JUST LIKE IT."

"BUT SHE DIDN'T THINK
ANYTHING OF IT TILL THE
BODY GOT FOUND AND
THOSE TWO TORE OUT LIKE
SOMEONE WAS SCREAMING
BLOODY MURDER. WHICH,
ACTUALLY, A FEW PEOPLE
WERE DOING.



"OH, AND HEY—GUESS
WHAT APPARENTLY
WASN'T ON CARL DIXON'S
BODY WHEN THE COPS
INVENTORIED IT? YEP."



WHEN DID VERONICA SEE 'EM WITH DIXON'S WALLET?

WAS THIS BEFORE OR AFTER I CAME BACK FROM WHIPPING DIXON'S ASS? IT MATTERS. A LOT.

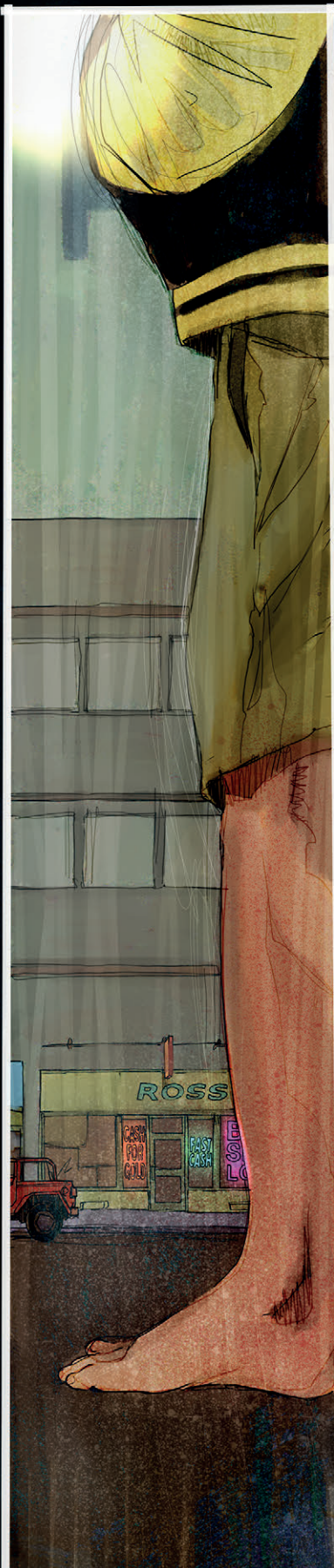
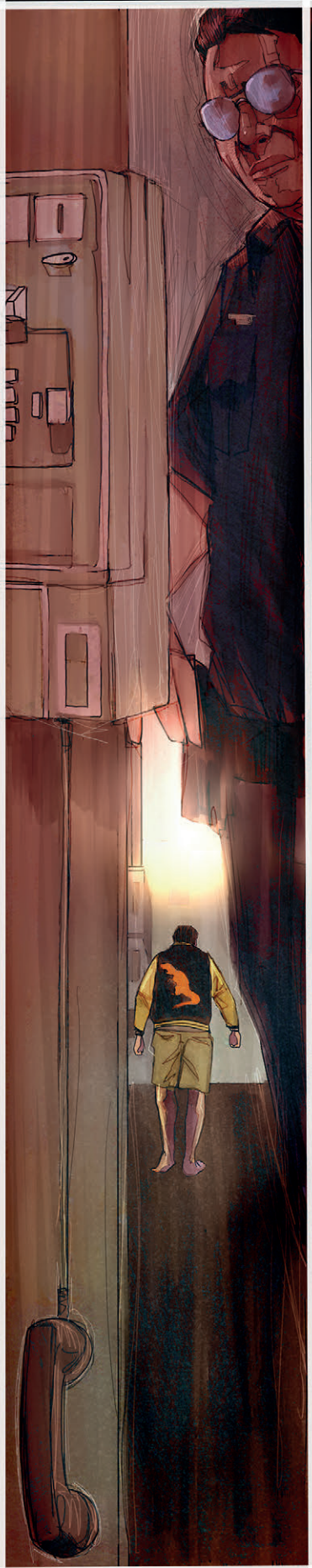
"GEE, I DUNNO. VERONICA MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL YOU.

"GYD, YOU GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT? I GOTTA GET BACK TO CLASS."

SURE. OH, HEY, FELIX. ONE MORE THING. WHAT'D YOU DO AFTER I LEFT THE CLUB?

"WHAT'D I... MY ACT, PROBABLY. WHY YOU ASK? HA HA! WHY, AM I A SUSPECT?"

I'M OUT OF CHANGE, FELIX. CATCH YOU AROUND.



...DRAMATIC
ESCAPE FROM
LAW ENFORCEMENT
ACROSS THE LEDGE
ON THE FIFTH STORY
OF HIS APARTMENT
BUILDING.

WE HAVE
CONFIRMED THAT
SYD FAULKNER HOMES
IS HIMSELF A FORMER
POLICE OFFICER WHO
LEFT THE FORCE UNDER
AN ETHICAL CLOUD IN 1995,
AND WHO HAS BEEN
PURSUING A CAREER AS
A STAND-UP COMIC.

CARL DIXON WAS
A RISING COMEDIAN,
WHO HAD RECENTLY
WON ENGAGEMENTS
TO APPEAR ON
FRIENDS AND JAY
LENO.

THOSE
WHO KNEW THE
TWO MEN CONFIRM
THAT HOMES WAS
VIOLENTLY JEALOUS
OF DIXON'S
SUCCESS.

TOM?

TOM! ARE
YOU HEARING
ANY OF THIS?
THEY'RE SAYING
SOMEONE DIED
LAST NIGHT AT
THE FUNNIES.

WHAT?

YEAH,
SOMEONE
NAMED CARL
DIXON. HE WAS
DROWNED! IN
THREE INCHES
OF WATER!

THEY THINK
SYD HOMES
DID IT! CAN
YOU BELIEVE
IT?

OH MY GOD.
THAT'S AWFUL.
BUT AFTER WHAT
HE DID TO YOUR
SISTER... I
CAN'T SAY I'M
SHOCKED.

I GUESS
SOME MEN JUST
HAVE MURDER IN
THEM. I GUESS
SOME MEN JUST
CAN'T HELP
THEMSELVES.



HELP YOU?

LOOKING FOR A PAIR OF SHOES.

I CAN SEE. YOU MUST'VE MISSED OUR "NO SHOES, NO SHIRT, NO SERVICE" POLICY.

SELL ME A PAIR OF SHOES AND I WON'T BE IN VIOLATION OF YOUR POLICY ANYMORE.

YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE. I'M NOT HANDING OUT CASH FOR PEOPLE'S STINKY, ROTTEN-ASS SHOES. THIS IS A PAWN, NOT A CHARITY. GO TRY THE SALVATION ARMY.



MAYBE I SHOULD BUY A GUN AND STICK UP A SHOE STORE. HOW ABOUT A .38 SPECIAL?

I CAN'T RECOMMEND **LARCENY** AS A COURSE OF ACTION, BUT WE DO HAVE A SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL THAT'D BE IDEAL FOR HOME PROTECTION.

DON'T RECOMMEND LARCENY? YOU SHOULD'VE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THAT TO YOUR BOYS BEFORE THEY ROLLED CARL DIXON LAST NIGHT.

GODDAMN IT. GIL SAID DIXON WOULDN'T TALK—



IS THAT SO? LOOKS LIKE GIL MADE **SURE** OF IT... BY STEPPING ON DIXON'S HEAD TILL HE DROWNED IN A PUDDLE.



NO!
MY BOYS
WOULDN'T!
THEY JUST
WANTED—

I ALREADY *KNOW*
WHAT THEY WANTED.
DIXON WAS PASSING
STOLEN GOODS. A
SIGNED RICHARD PRYOR
BASEBALL CARD? A
ST. CHRISTOPHER'S
MEDAL?

IF SOMEONE
TELLS US THEY DUG
SOMETHING OUT OF
THEIR ATTIC, HOW ARE
WE SUPPOSED TO
KNOW DIFFERENT?

SOMETHING
TIPPED YOU OFF.
THEN I GUESS YOU
HEARD DIXON WAS
HEADING TO THE WEST
COAST AND LEAVING
YOU WITH HOT GOODS
AND DECIDED TO
GET YOUR MONEY
BACK.

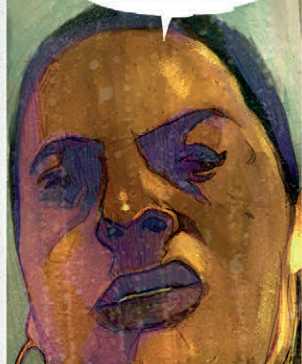
TO BE HONEST,
I DON'T KNOW
THE DETAILS AND
COULDN'T CARE
LESS. WHERE'S GIL
AT? GIL AND THE
OTHER ONE—

CLOSED



MOSLEY, MY BOYS GOT
SENSE, MISTER. GIL AND
MOSLEY MIGHTA SHOOK
HIM UP, BUT THEY
WOULDN'T KILL THE
MAN.

WHAT'S YOUR
ANGLE? YOU AREN'T
POLICE. POLICE WEAR
SHOES. HOW'D YOU
EVEN KNOW TO
BOTHER US?

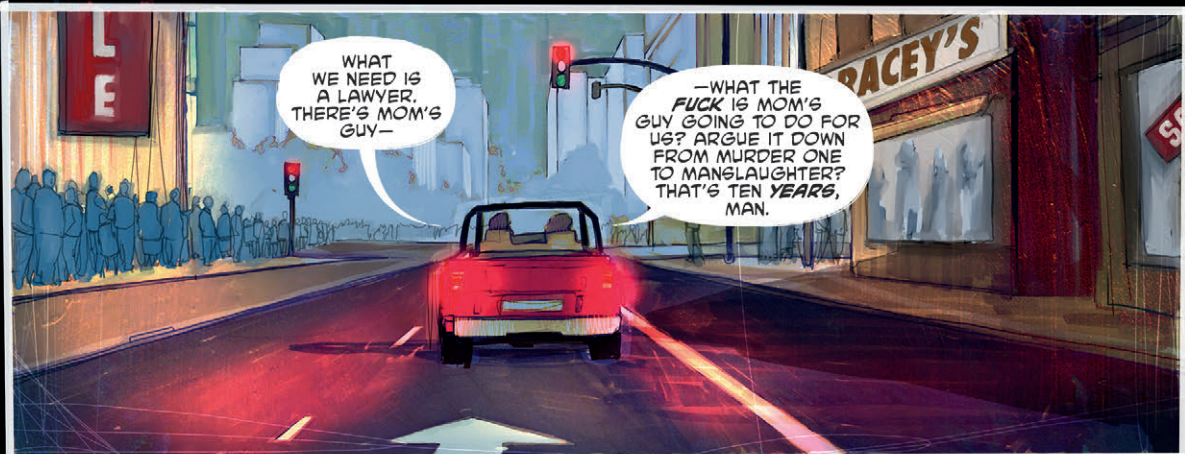


"CARL ROLLED A
SMOKE IN FRONT OF
ME LAST NIGHT...
USING A CLAIM TICKET
FROM YOUR SHOP.

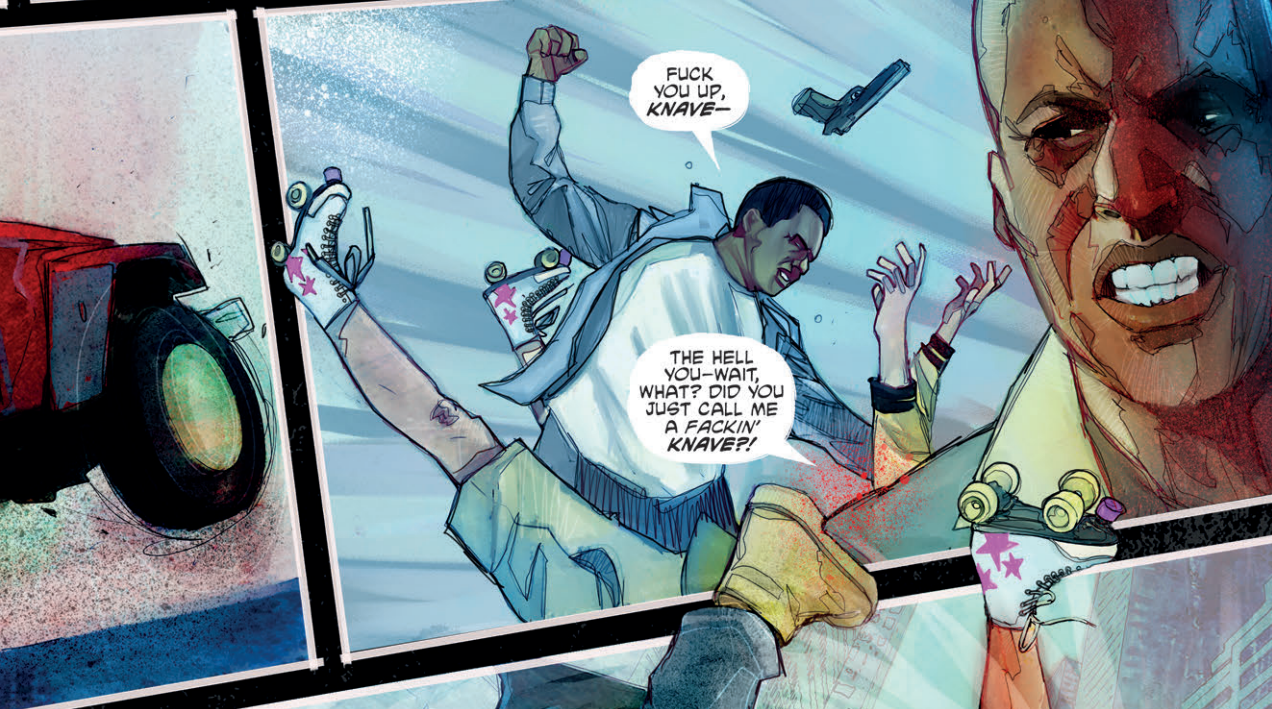


"I THOUGHT IT WAS A
FUNNY THING TO BURN UP,
SOMETHING A GUY WOULD
ONLY DO IF HE DIDN'T
PLAN TO COME BACK FOR
WHAT HE PAWNED."











To be continued!



**BLACK
CROWN**

punksnotdead

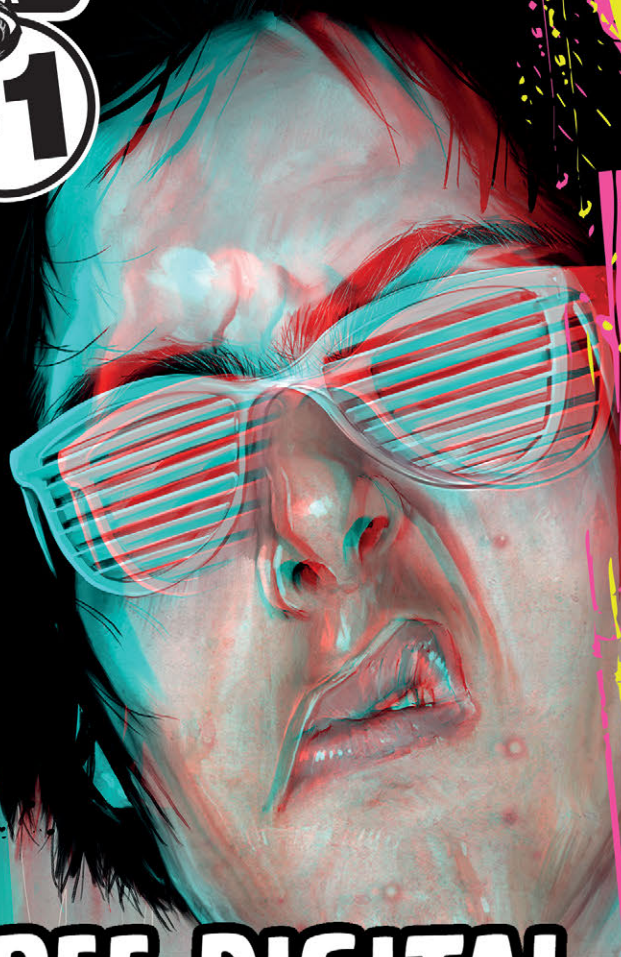
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**BARNETT
SIMMONDS
BIDIKA**



PUNKS



FREE DIGITAL ASHCAN

CHECK OUT A SNEAK PEEK OF THE AWESOME NEW SERIES...

IDW



THE STORY SO FAR...

In the 1950s music was dominated by a coterie of people like Doris Day, Frank Sinatra, Rosemary Clooney, that sort. In private there were all kinds of shenanigans, the Mob, really cool stuff. But if you were a kid in the Fifties it was like attending a dinner party thrown by your dad's boss, except on the radio. Until they invented the guitar, and someone had the great idea of nicking African-American rhythm and blues, putting the two together, and creating Rock 'n' Roll. And then there was Elvis Presley. And King Elvis ruled until four kids from Liverpool staged a British invasion across the pond to America. The only thing that could stop the Beatles in their tracks was *The Ed Sullivan Show* and Bob Dylan offering them a joint in the Hotel Delmonica. While the Beatles were turning on, back in Blighty The Who was getting people really radged up with *My Generation*. It felt like they'd only just invented the guitar and here was Pete Townshend, wearing a Union Jack suit and smashing his instrument all over the place. While The Who were inventing Mod, The Rolling Stones were taking a bit of that ol' rhythm and blues and making it their own. Then they went over to America and sold it back to them. The Beatles responded by making an album called *Revolver* which was

basically an acid trip, with *Tomorrow Never Knows* the bit where you're hiding under the sink, hugging your knees and calling for your mummy. The Sixties officially ended when Hell's Angels battered to death Meredith Hunter at the Altamont Festival, so it was no surprise that the Seventies started with Marvin Gaye asking, *What's Going On?* Everybody started growing their hair and making really aggressive heavy metal, until David Bowie decided the way forward was to change personas like the metallers changed their underpants (roughly once a year). In 1974, Kraftwerk, who may or may not have been actual German-engineered robots, invented electronic music and people started going out to dance in nightclubs. Disco was pretty cool, but it didn't really speak to the working class kids in Britain's provincial cities. In fact, nothing did. Then a band called The Damned released a single called *New Rose*, and punk was born. The Damned were considering a young chap called Sid Vicious as lead singer, but he never turned up for the audition. In February 1977, though, after a chap called Glenn Matlock had departed from a band called The Sex Pistols, Sid was invited to try out for the spot of bass player...

DAVID BARNETT



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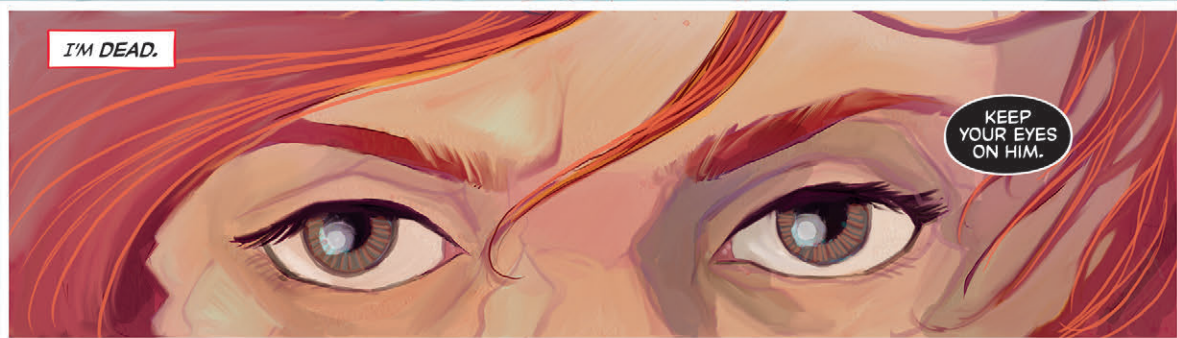
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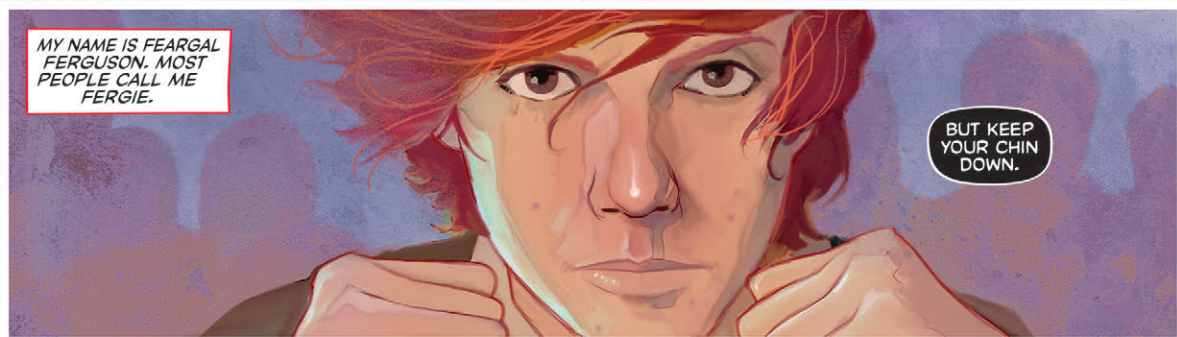


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I'M DEAD.

KEEP
YOUR EYES
ON HIM.



MY NAME IS FEARGAL
FERGUSON. MOST
PEOPLE CALL ME
FERGIE.

BUT KEEP
YOUR CHIN
DOWN.



NICE MEETING YOU. I'M
NOT ACTUALLY DEAD
YET, BUT IT'S ONLY A
MATTER OF MINUTES.

FIGHT!

GET
YOUR FISTS
UP.

FIGHT!

FIGHT!

BUT WATCH
OUT FOR LOW
PUNCHES.



THIS BIG, OILY MESS
OF HORMONES, ZITS
AND FACIAL HAIR IS
OGGY. HE'S THE ONE
WHO'S GOING TO DO
THE DEED.

HE'S A BIG
LAD, BUT HE'S
IN BAD SHAPE.
MICHAEL CAINE,
THAT, INNIT.

FIGHT!

AND THAT OTHER
VOICE...WELL,
THAT'S MY FRIEND.
ONLY I CAN SEE
OR HEAR HIM.

NOW, HE ACTUALLY IS
DEAD. YOU MIGHT EVEN
HAVE HEARD OF HIM, IF
YOU'RE LIKE A MILLION
YEARS OLD OR SOMETHING.

FIGHT!

FIGHT!

HIS NAME'S
SID.

UNDERMINE
THEIR POMPUS
AUTHORITY.

REJECT
THEIR MORAL
STANDARDS.

MAKE
ANARCHY AND
DISORDER
YOUR TRADE-
MARKS.

CAUSE AS
MUCH CHAOS
AND DISRUPTION
AS POSSIBLE,
BUT...

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DAVID BARNETT

Artist and Cover A
MARTIN SIMMONDS

Letterer
ADITYA BIDIKAR

Color Flats
DEE CUNIFFE

DON'T Let THEM take YOU ALIVE

TEENAGE KICKS Part one

PUNKS NOT DEAD created by BARNETT and SIMMONDS

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CHASE MAROTZ

I AM SO, SO
FUCKING DEAD.

Yesterday.

MY DAD'S
IN PRISON.

NO. A MAXIMUM
SECURITY PRISON.

HE'S CONSIDERED
SUCH A DANGER
TO SOCIETY THAT
I'VE NEVER EVEN
BEEN ALLOWED
TO VISIT HIM.

IT MIGHT
EVEN BE AN
UNDERSEA
PRISON. HE'S
THAT MUCH OF
A THREAT TO
THE BRITISH
WAY OF LIFE.

HE'S SERVING
THREE LIFE
SENTENCES.
BULLION RAID.
ON A TRAIN.

TWO GUARDS
DIED. NO. THREE.
THIRTY-THREE.

BUT IT WASN'T HIS
FAULT. HE WAS SOLD
DOWN THE RIVER.

DAD WAS A SECRET AGENT. THE
TRAIN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
CARRYING BOMBS. TERRORIST
BOMBS. BUT WHEN HE GOT
THERE, IT WAS JUST GOLD.

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE
TAKEN IT. BUT HE WAS
ANGRY AT BEING
DOUBLE-CROSSED.

HE WAS THINKING
OF ME. AND MY
MUM. HE WANTED
A BETTER LIFE
FOR US WHEN
I WAS BORN.

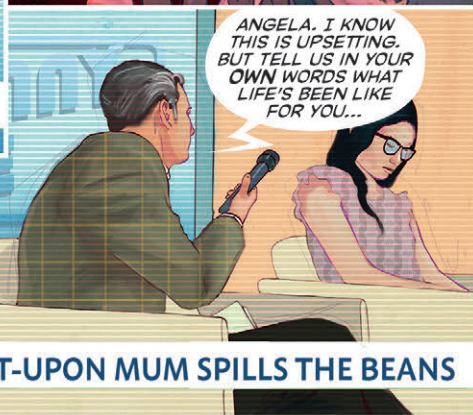
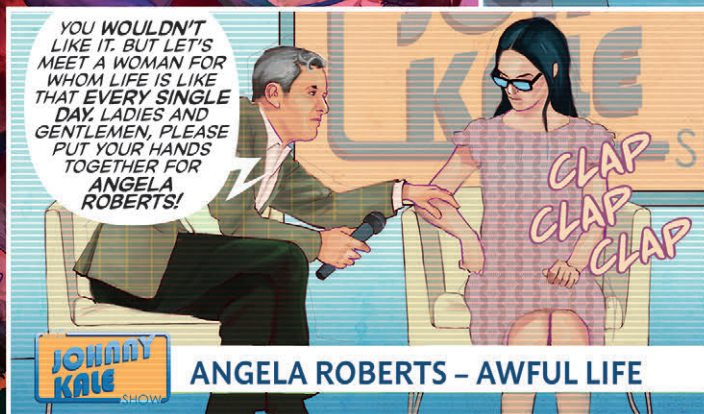
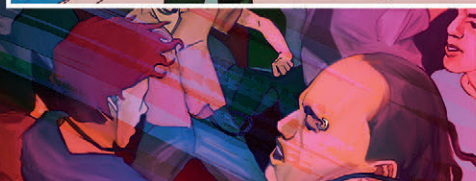
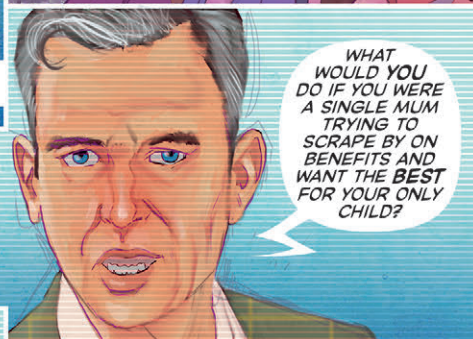
THAT WAS
HIS DREAM.

YOU'RE
ON IN
FIVE.

UH-
WHA--?

FIVE
MINUTES? TRY
TO STAY AWAKE.
AND KEEP QUIET.
WE'RE LIVE...
NOW.







JESUS, MUM,
DON'T OVERDO IT.

YOU REALLY
ARE A LITTLE *SHIT*,
YOU KNOW.

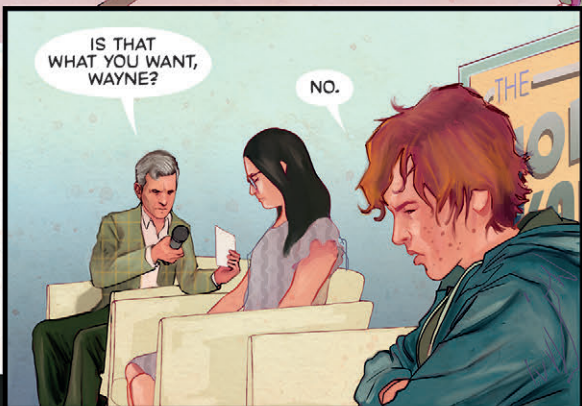
LET'S HEAR
WHAT THE LAD
HAS TO SAY
FOR HIMSELF.
WELCOME,
WAYNE!

GOD, THIS IS
SO BORING!



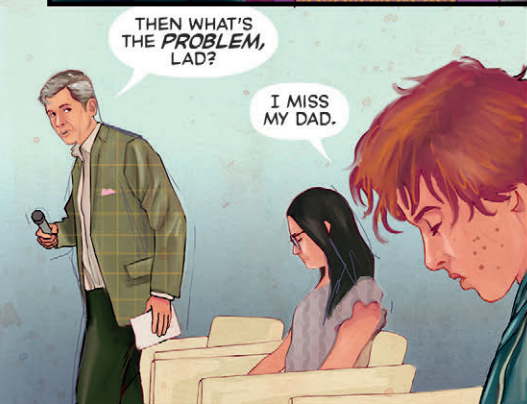
I CAN'T EVEN
REMEMBER WHO
I'M MEANT TO
BE THIS TIME.

IF MY LAD
BEHAVED LIKE
THAT I'D SLING
HIM OUT.



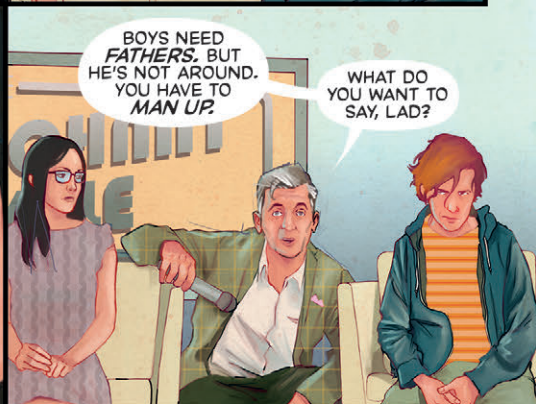
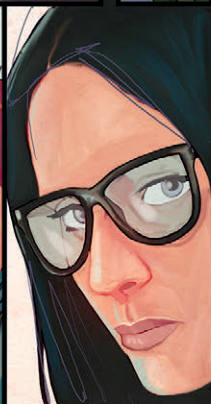
IS THAT
WHAT YOU WANT,
WAYNE?

NO.



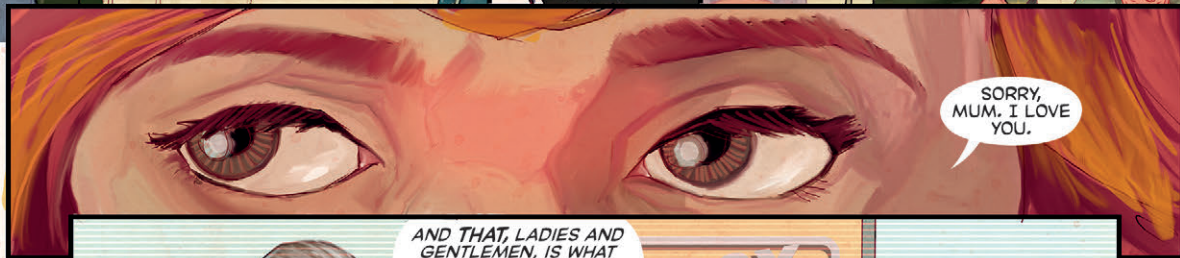
THEN WHAT'S
THE *PROBLEM*,
LAD?

I MISS
MY DAD.

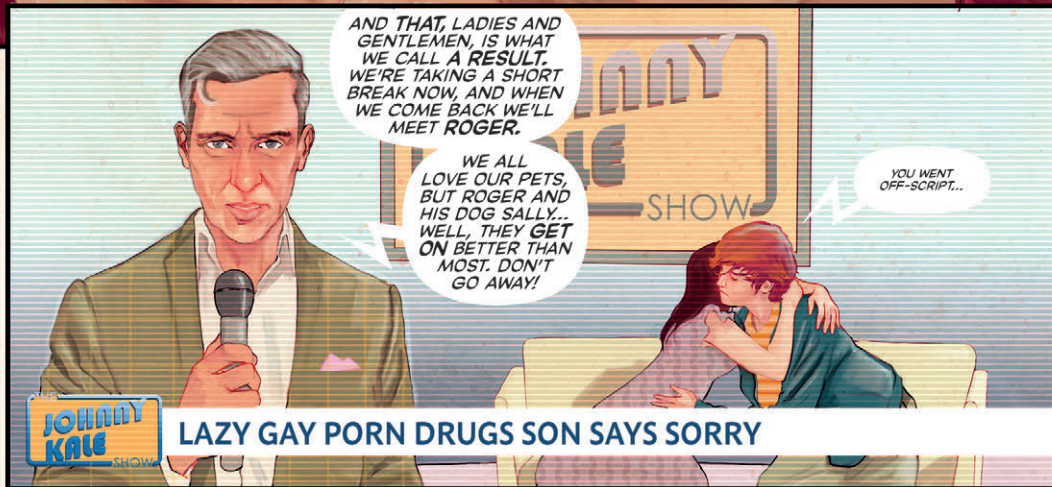


BOYS NEED
FATHERS. BUT
HE'S NOT AROUND.
YOU HAVE TO
MAN UP.

WHAT DO
YOU WANT TO
SAY, LAD?



SORRY,
MUM. I LOVE
YOU.



AND THAT, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, IS WHAT
WE CALL A *RESULT*.
WE'RE TAKING A SHORT
BREAK NOW, AND WHEN
WE COME BACK WE'LL
MEET ROGER.

WE ALL
LOVE OUR PETS,
BUT ROGER AND
HIS DOG SALLY...
WELL, THEY GET
ON BETTER THAN
MOST. DON'T
GO AWAY!

YOU WENT
OFF-SCRIPT...

JOHNNY
KALE
SHOW

LAZY GAY PORN DRUGS SON SAYS SORRY



**BLACK
CROWN**

punksnotdead

#1 cover A

feb2018

BARNETT

SIMMONDS

BIDIKA



PUNKS



TO BE CONTINUED IN...

PUNKS NOT DEAD #1

IDW

