

Deke

1666



PAT MILLS ★ LEIGH GALLAGHER



Defoe

1666

DEFOE CREATED BY PAT MILLS & LEIGH GALLAGHER

Defoe

1666

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THE LAST LEVELLER

I have always enjoyed researching stories, as readers of my *Charley's War* and *Sláine* series will be aware, but *Defoe* has turned out to be my most heavily researched story ever. His 17th century world has so many possibilities, they are mesmerising in their range and intensity. The more I looked into the past, the more fascinated I became by the extraordinary characters and inventions that could have existed in Defoe's steampunk universe where the Renaissance has made a technological leap forward of several centuries. My personal favourites are his Puckle machine gun which genuinely was loaded with "round bullets for Christians and square bullets for Heathens", to cause the latter more grievous bodily harm. And the bizarre flying machines invented by Robert Hooke. To the consternation of his headmaster, Hooke actually seems to have designed piston-driven aircraft while still a boy at Westminster School.

In fact, I came across so many strange but authentic weapons and bizarre characters, that I decided to feature them in a 'Dirty Dozenne' of *Zombie Hunters*. This was necessary for Book Two, because if there was a plague of zombies, Defoe cannot be the only hunter. In Book Two I also introduce Ipswich as the source of evil. It had to be the base of the villains – the Diabolonians – after a Dark Horse Comics editor told me that Ipswich, USA, was almost certainly the basis for H.P. Lovecraft's Arkham. The *Witches of Eastwick* is also based on Ipswich, USA. That set me thinking that perhaps some Satanic Pilgrim Fathers had left the original Ipswich to found the new town in America. Perhaps Ipswich in Suffolk – which is also my hometown – should be the original 'heart of darkness.'

Leigh's depiction of all this baroque fantasy is fabulous, he is the perfect artist for the story, and he deserves our appreciation for drawing a strip that must be economically devastating (Designing and drawing **12** *Zombie Hunters*!!), especially when he has turned down easier gigs working for American super hero comics.

Special thanks must also go to my researcher Steve Earles who came up with some of the most amazing 17th century hardware and details. Notably for the appalling Mungo Gallowgrass and the secretive Bodie, Aether Marine. Steve also drew my attention to the poem of Bendigo, the bare-fisted boxer who fought 92 rounds! But his greatest discovery was the astonishing story of the gong farmers who had the legal right, granted by royal charter, to burst into people's houses at any time of the day or night to collect their gong (dung), a prime ingredient in the manufacture of gunpowder! There's an obvious Monty Python-style sketch here and I had to resist featuring it, in case it diminished the story's drama!

But what drives me most is the character of Defoe himself, the Last Leveller. At school, surprisingly, I was never told about the Levellers – the British revolutionaries who fought for freedom and democracy, for a fair and just society, over a century before the French and American revolutionaries. Their demands included universal suffrage, the end of the Monarchy and religious toleration, Cromwell betrayed them, executing their leaders, and was rewarded by the grateful City of London merchants with gold 'presents.' The entire London working class turned out for the Levellers' funerals, wearing green ribbons in memory of these genuine heroes. They were the first and *true* socialists. On second thoughts, perhaps it's not surprising that they do not feature in our school curriculums.

But with everything Defoe believes in destroyed by the Restoration, with his own family murdered by zombies, and despised by ordinary people for 'selling out' by becoming the King's Zombie Hunter General, he is more dead inside than any of the zombies he kills. Yet we still catch glimpses of his humanity and it may one day emerge once again when the Last Leveller takes on the corrupt elite responsible for the zombie plague of 1666. It's a day I'm looking forward to.

Pat Mills
March 2009





1666

Script: Pat Mills
Art: Leigh Gallagher
Letters: Ellie De Ville

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WHITECHAPEL, 1668.





THEY'RE
VERY QUIET NEXT
DOOR.

MAYBE THEY'RE
DEAD?

OF *COURSE*
THEY'RE DEAD! THAT'S
THE PROBLEM,
STUPID!

I DON'T
MEAN *LIVING*
DEAD. I
MEAN *DEAD*
DEAD.

'COS THERE'S NO
ONE FOR THEM
TO EAT, EXCEPT
EACH OTHER.

WHY IS IT TAKING
THE COUNCIL SO
LONG TO DESTROY
THEM?

AND WHO IS GOING TO
PAY FOR THEIR CORDIALS?
AND SPECIAL GUNS?

JUST
REMEMBER
THEY'RE NOT OUR
NEIGHBOURS
ANYMORE.

THEY MIGHT
LOOK LIKE THEM,
BUT THEY'RE
PRETENDERS.

THEY
SHOULD HIRE
MORE *UNDEAD*
HUNTERS.

THE *COUNCIL*?
THAT'LL BE THE
DAY!



ARE YOU SURE THE
CELLAR DOOR'S
LOCKED?

YES! *AND*
THE ATTIC'S
BLOCKED!

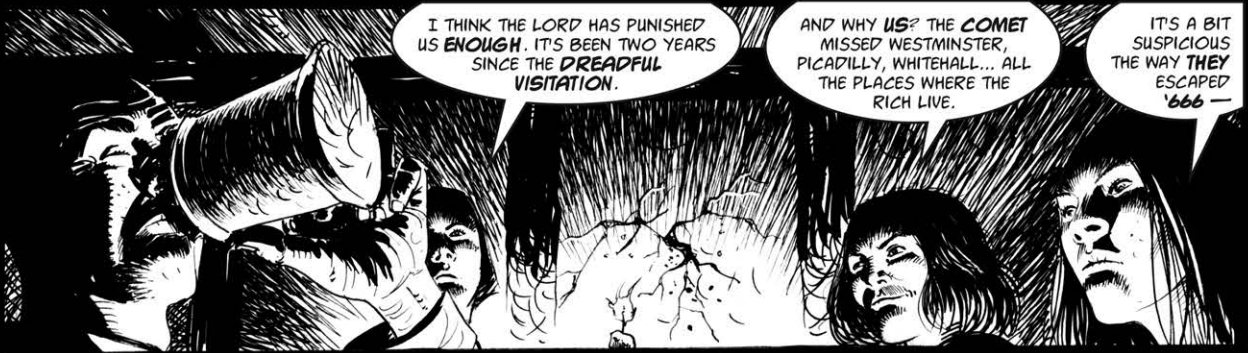
AND THEY WON'T
COME DOWN THE
CHIMNEY 'COS
THEY'RE AFRAID
OF FIRE.

IT'S THE LORD'S WORK.
WE ARE BEING PUNISHED
FOR THE KING'S SINS. FOR
HIS FORNICATING WITH
FALLEN WOMEN.

I DON'T
KNOW. I'VE HEARD
'THE FRENCH WELCOME'
ACTUALLY *PROTECTS*
YOU FROM THE
PLAGUE.



YOU *WOULD*
THINK THAT!







I BLOW
THEIR HEADS
OFF.

OPEN UP.



TITUS
DEFOE! I
WANT A WORD
WITH YOU!



FEAR-THE-LORD
JONES! THE WEEKLY
NEWES!

'PUBLISHED
FOR THE SATISFACTION
OF SUCH AS DESIRE TO
BE CORRECTLY
INFORMED.'

I WOULD
LOVE AN
INTERVIEW WITH
LONDON'S
TOP UNDEAD
HUNTER!



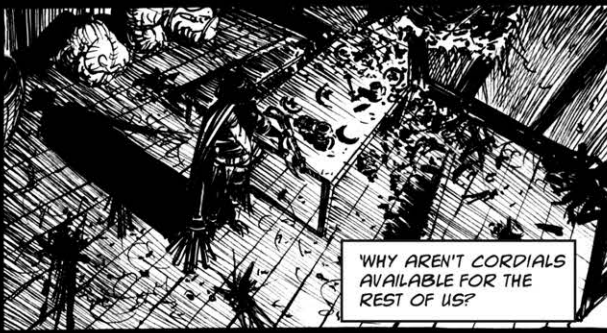
IS IT TRUE
PRETENDERS ARE
ON THE
INCREASE?

GET HIM
OUT OF
HERE.



COULD YOU TELL
US ABOUT THE
CORDIAL YOU TAKE
FOR PROTECTION,
MR DEFOE?

WAS IT GIVEN TO YOU
BY SIR ISAAC
NEWTON?



WHY AREN'T CORDIALS
AVAILABLE FOR THE
REST OF US?



WHO INVENTED THE STREET
SWEEPER AND OTHER
WEAPONS YOU USE?





'SOME SAY THEY ARE
THE WORK OF ANGELS!
ANY COMMENT?



'PLEASE, MR DEFOE! HOW DO
YOU FEEL ABOUT THE LIVING
DEAD YOU DESTROY?'



MAY THE LORD
HAVE MERCY ON
THEIR SOULS!









'PRETTY OLD.'

STRAIGHT OUT OF THE
CHURCHYARD. LED BY
JACK O'BITE.

IS THE
GRIM REAPER
FREE?

MR KETCH
JUST BROUGHT
IT BACK.

BRING IT
ROUND.

LOOK AFTER
MY STREET
SWEEPER.

I'LL HOLD
THEM BACK
FOR NOW!

'T IS CLAIMED SIR ISAAC AND
THE ROYAL SOCIETY HAD VISITS
FROM ANGELS, WHO SHOWED
THEM HOW TO PREPARE FOR '666.

'BUT WHY DID THE ANGELS NOT
PREVENT THE COMING OF THE COMET
AND THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD?

THERE WAS NO PARISH IN OR ABOUT LONDON WHERE THE UNDEAD ATTACKED WITH SUCH VIOLENCE AS WHITECHAPEL.

THEY RAGED THE STREETS IN A DREADFUL MANNER, BREAKING INTO HOUSES IN THEIR SEARCH FOR HUMAN FLESH.

AND EVERYWHERE WAS HEARD THE CRY OF THEIR VICTIMS AS THEY AWAITED THEIR FATE — "FAREWELL! FAREWELL, ALL HAPPY DAYS!"

BEING A VERY POPULOUS PARISH, THE PRETENDERS FOUND MORE TO FEED UPON HERE THAN ELSEWHERE.

HOW COME THEY'RE SO ORGANISED?

OLD PRETENDERS USUALLY JUST WANDER AROUND!

TITUS... WE HAVE TO TALK.

JACK?

LONDON, 1656.



WE CARRY THE LAZY, THE PROUD, THE GOIT AND
THE POX, AND LIVE BY THE CARRYING OF
JACK IN A BOX!



MADAM
CRESSWELL'S
SALON, SIR.

THANK YOU,
SIR.

THIS IS ALL GOING TO
CHANGE, MY BOY — THANKS
TO THE ANGELS. IN A FEW YEARS
YOU'LL BE PILOTING A FLYING
SEDAN CHAIR.

WHAT DO
YOU THINK ABOUT
THAT, EH?



I RECKON MADAM
CRESSWELL'S GIRLS
HAVE ADDLED HIS
BRAIN!

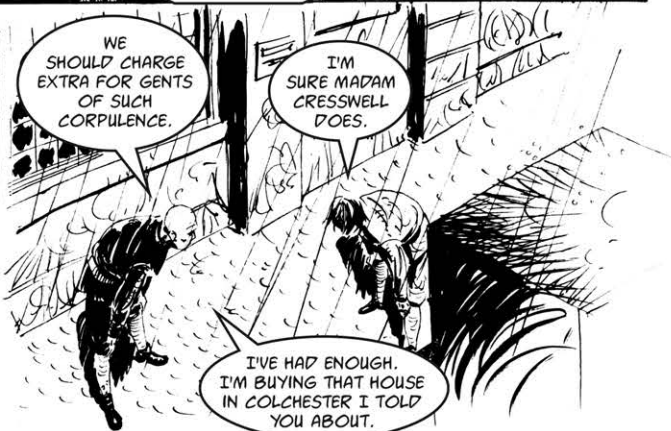
DOCTOR BUSBY,
HEADMASTER OF WESTMINSTER
SCHOOL... THE GREATEST MINDS
IN THE COUNTRY HAVE BEEN
TAUGHT — AND THRASHED —
BY HIM.



WE
SHOULD CHARGE
EXTRA FOR GENTS
OF SUCH
CORPULENCE.

I'M
SURE MADAM
CRESSWELL
DOES.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH.
I'M BUYING THAT HOUSE
IN COLCHESTER I TOLD
YOU ABOUT.



YOU HAVE A PRETTY WIFE
TO SHARE IT WITH, DEAR
BOY. BUT WHO WILL
LOOK AT A FREAK
LIKE ME?

THAT'S AN
HONOURABLE
WOUND YOU
EARN'T AT NASEBY,
JACK.

COME DOWN
TO COLCHESTER
WITH ME AND I
PROMISE I'LL FIND
YOU A GOOD GIRL.



WHITECHAPEL,
1668.

YOU'RE
JACK
O'BITE?

I HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU
SINCE '666.

WHEN I
CAME BACK
FROM IPSWICH,
YOU WERE
GONE...

DID YOU KNOW
ABOUT POOR
ANNIE AND
THE KIDS?

OH YES,
TITUS.

I KNOW
ABOUT
ANNIE...

YOU CAN'T BE
JACK O'BITE!
YOU'RE ME
MATE!

AND YOU CAN
SPEAK AND
STUFF!

IT'S ESSENTIAL, DEAR
BOY. EVERY ARMY
NEEDS OFFICERS
TO DIRECT ITS
FORCES.

EVEN AN
ARMY OF
THE LIVING
DEAD!

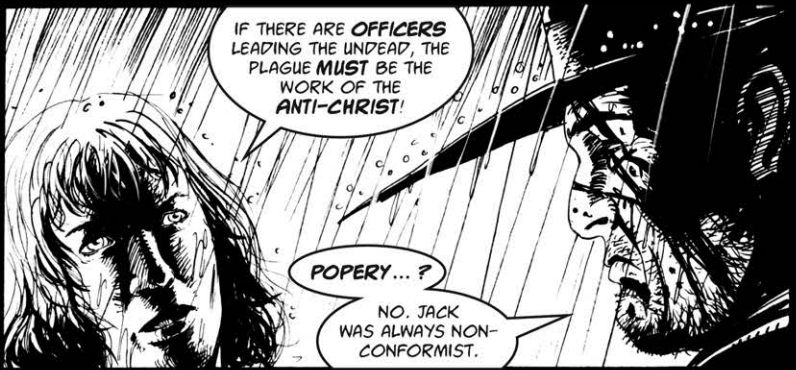




I COULDN'T DESTROY HIM.

YOU KNOW HIM, MR DEFOE?

NOT ANYMORE.



IF THERE ARE OFFICERS LEADING THE UNDEAD, THE PLAGUE **MUST** BE THE WORK OF THE **ANTI-CHRIST!**

POPERY... ?

NO. JACK WAS ALWAYS NON-CONFORMIST.



I'D BETTER FIND ANOTHER NEW PRETENDER...

FEED ON THE FLESH OF THE LIVING! 'TIS TASTIER THAN ANY OF MADAM CRESSWELL'S STRUMPETS AND APPLE-SQUIRES!



COME ALOFT, SIR?

I WOULD ONLY LAY WITH MY BELOVED DEAD WIFE.

SNUG'S THE WORD, THEN, SIR. YOU DON'T WANT EVERYONE TO KNOW...



CONCUBINE OF SATAN!



MR DEFOE! THE GRIM REAPER IS HERE!

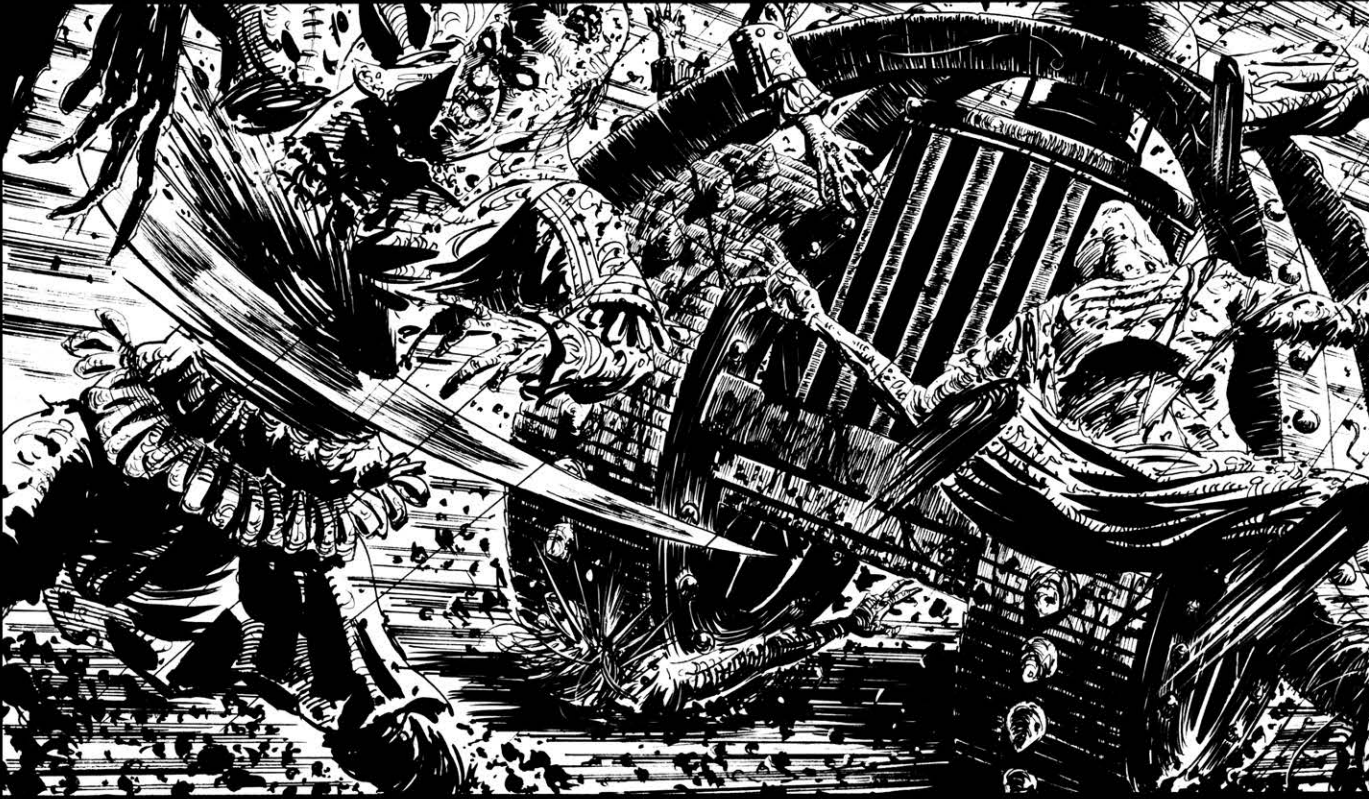


SHOE THE GOOSE! WHAT'S KETCH LEFT IT LIKE THAT FOR?

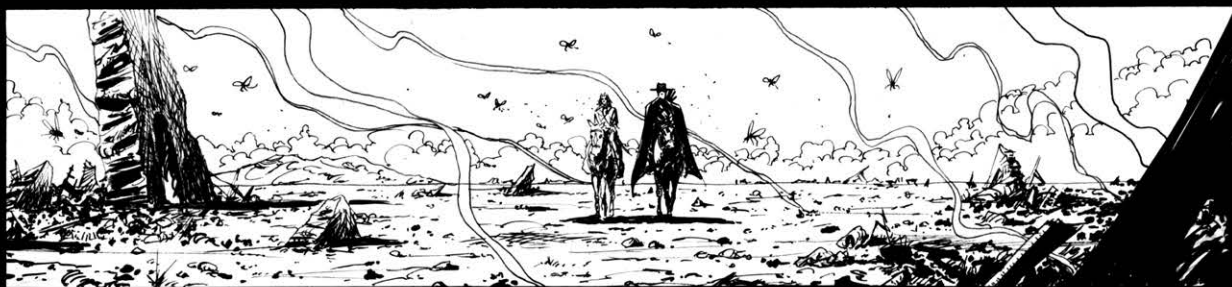
HE HAD TO COMMAND THE 'WOE BE TO STENCHES'.

WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CLEAN IT AND OIL THE GEARS.

WELL, AS LONG AS THE BLADES ARE SHARP.







I WAS IN
SOUTHWARK WHEN IT
HAPPENED ...

WELL, YOU WOULD BE, SON. IF
YOU'D BEEN HERE, YOU'D BE
BURNT TO DEATH OR TURNED
INTO A ZOMBIE.

'IT WAS ON 2ND SEPTEMBER THAT A
GREAT AND EXTRAORDINARY COMET
PASSED DIRECTLY OVER LONDON
AND THE SOUTH EAST OF ENGLAND.

'IT WAS REGARDED WITH
SUPERSTITIOUS HORROR, SO VERY
NEAR THE HOUSES IT CAME, SETTING
THEM ALIGHT WITH ITS FIERY TAIL.



'EVERYONE THOUGHT IT WAS THE
DAY OF JUDGEMENT AND THE
LORD HAD COME TO CONVICT
THE UNGODLY FOR THEIR
DEEDS OF UNGODLINESS.



'DEATH RODE
TRIUMPHANTLY ON HIS
PALE HORSE. PEOPLE
FELL AS THICK AS
LEAVES FROM THE
TREES IN AUTUMN.

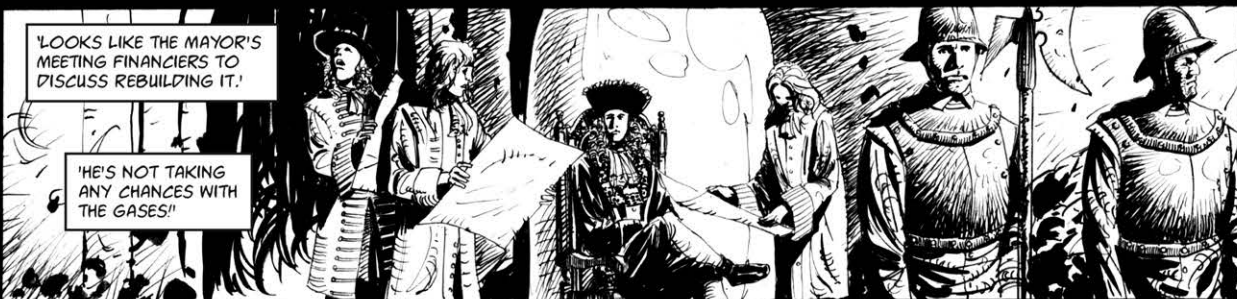
'CHASMS FORMED IN
THE RUINS, FROM
WHENCE AROSE
NOXIOUS GASES THAT
HAD THE POWER TO
REANIMATE THE DEAD ...'



WHERE WERE
YOU ON '666,
MR DEFOE?

I DON'T
WANT TO TALK
ABOUT IT,
SON.







'BUT WHEN IT COMES
TO HANGING, HE'S
THE BEST.'



ZOMBIES!



'DO THE SHIPS HAVE
A RECOIL PROBLEM,
MR DEFOE?'

'NO. THEY USE **LIGHT**
CANNON LOADED WITH
"TWO-HEADED ANGELS".'



'PERFECT HEAD-REMOVING,
SPINE-SNAPPING,
ANTI-STENCH WEAPONS.'



'THEY MAY BE INFERNAL, BUT WHEN
YOU'RE AT WAR WITH ZOMBIES,
SOMETIMES YOU NEED HELP FROM
HELL TO SEND THEM BACK THERE.'

'THAT'S WHAT SIR
CHRISTOPHER WREN
SAID WHEN I
INTERVIEWED HIM.'



AAAAHHHH!



MR DEFOE, THE
COMMANDER OF
'HAMMER OF THE
ZOMBIES' IS DEAD.
THE MAYOR WANTS
YOU TO TAKE
OVER.

VERY
WELL.



SO DOES OUR
SUPERNATURAL
HELP COME
FROM ANGELS
OR DEVILS?



TAKE A TURN ON THE CRANKS,
MR JONES. IT'S NOT JUST YOUR
TONGUE THAT RUNS ON
WHEELS.



SHOE
THE GOOSE!
THAT'S ALL WE
NEED!



'HIGHWAYMEN AND OTHER
CRIMINALS KETCH MADE DANCE
THE TYBURN JIG. SOMEHOW THEY
SENSE HE'S IN THAT LANDSHIP...
AND THEY'RE COMING FOR HIM!'

THE OFFICE OF
ORDNANCE, WHITEHALL.

WHERE DO
YOU KEEP IT,
ISAAC?

IN
SCOTLAND YARD.
COME ON.

AS CURATOR OF
EXPERIMENTS, I SHOULD
HAVE BEEN CONSULTED!

I AM NOT
ONE OF YOUR
APPLE-SQUIRES!
I AM ENTITLED
TO RESPECT!

WAIT
UNTIL YOU
SEE IT,
ROBERT.

GUNFIRE!

'YES, I CONVERTED THE
BOWLING ALLEY INTO A
FIRING RANGE TO TRY
OUT NEW WEAPONS ON
THE ZOMBIES.'

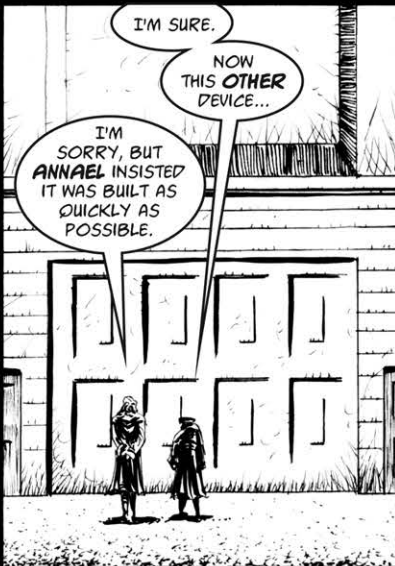
'THE KING DOES
NOT OBJECT?'

'HE CAN'T HEAR
THE SCREAMS
IN HIS PART OF
THE PALACE.'

I SUPPOSE YOU
USE THE ROYAL
COCKPIT AS
WELL?

OF
COURSE.

'IT'S PERFECT FOR
TESTING ARMOUR.'



I'M SURE.

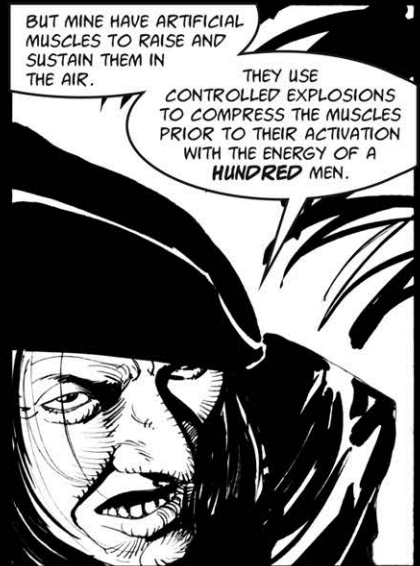
NOW
THIS OTHER
DEVICE...

I'M
SORRY, BUT
ANNAEL INSISTED
IT WAS BUILT AS
QUICKLY AS
POSSIBLE.



THE INVISIBLE
COLLEGE
WILL NEVER
APPROVE
IT.

I DON'T SEE
WHY NOT. THEY
APPROVED YOUR
FLYING
MACHINES.



BUT MINE HAVE ARTIFICIAL
MUSCLES TO RAISE AND
SUSTAIN THEM IN
THE AIR.

THEY USE
CONTROLLED EXPLOSIONS
TO COMPRESS THE MUSCLES
PRIOR TO THEIR ACTIVATION
WITH THE ENERGY OF A
HUNDRED MEN.



IT IS BASED ENTIRELY
ON GUNPOWDER. IT
DOES NOT INVOLVE
THE GREAT WORK
AND THE INVOKING
OF —

— ANGELS?



ASSUMING THEY ARE
'ANGELS'. THEY DO NOT
BEHAVE IN A BENIGN AND
KINDLY MANNER.

UNLIKE
THE ANGELS
IN THE OLD
TESTAMENT?

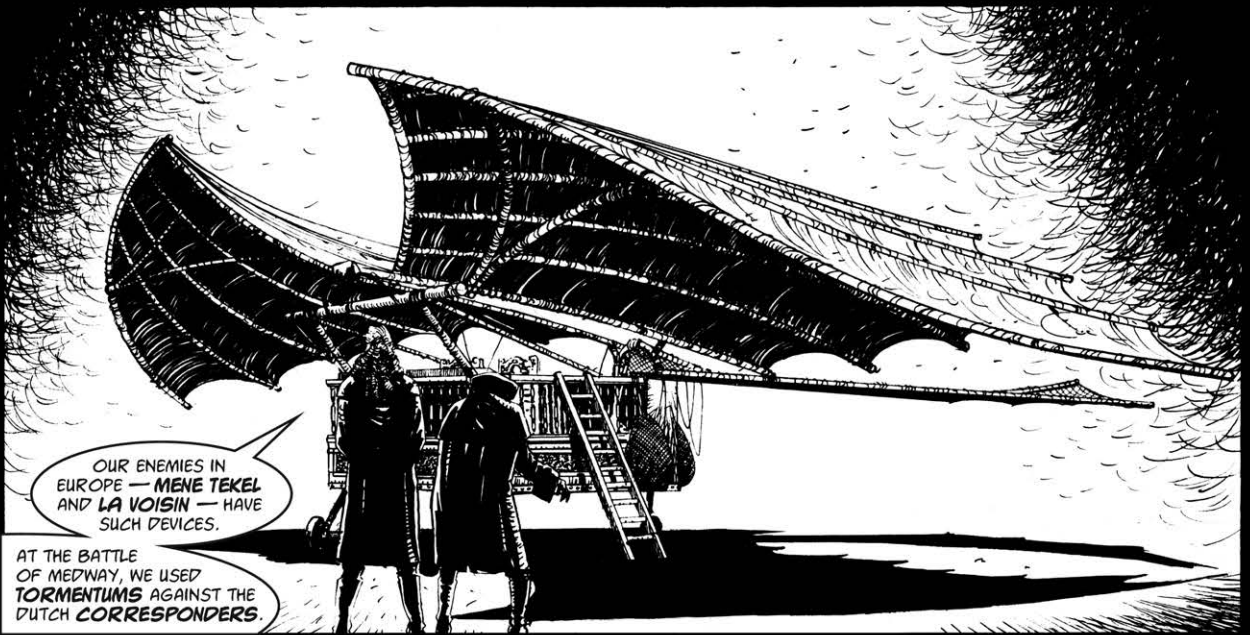


LONDON'S FATE
WAS SIMILAR TO
SODOM AND
GOMORRAH'S.

AND,
SOME WOULD
SAY, EQUALLY
DESERVED.



ISAAC!
YOU'VE GONE
TOO FAR!



OUR ENEMIES IN
EUROPE — **MENE TEKEL**
AND **LA VOISIN** — HAVE
SUCH DEVICES.

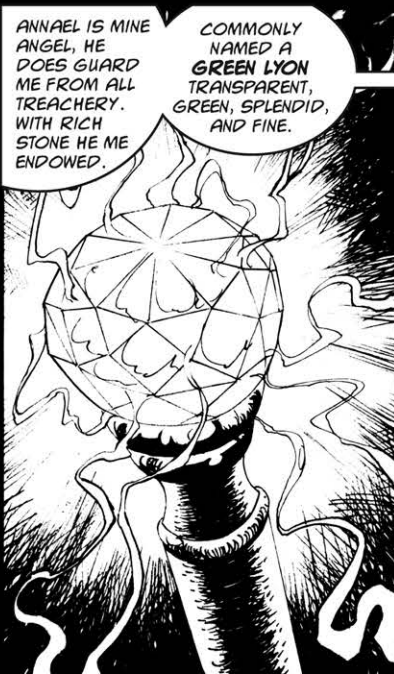
AT THE BATTLE
OF MEDWAY, WE USED
TORMENTUMS AGAINST THE
DUTCH **CORRESPONDERS**.



AND IF IT WERE NOT
FOR **ANNAEL**, THE
WHOLE OF LONDON
WOULD HAVE BEEN
LAID WASTE ON
1666.

HE SAVED THE
PALACE, THE
TOWER AND THE
MANSIONS OF
THE GENTRY.

OTHERWISE HE
WHO CALLS HIMSELF
MENE TEKEL
WOULD HAVE
TRIUMPHED.



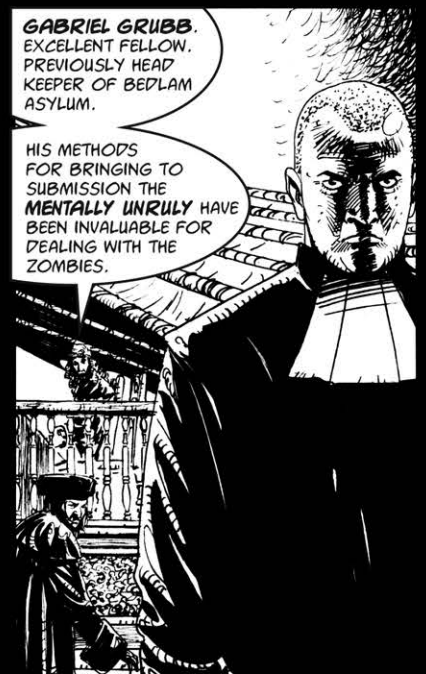
ANNAEL IS MINE
ANGEL. HE
DOES GUARD
ME FROM ALL
TREACHERY.
WITH RICH
STONE HE ME
ENDOWED.

COMMONLY
NAMED A
GREEN LYON
TRANSPARENT,
GREEN, SPLENDID,
AND FINE.



AH, MR GRUBB —
MR HOOKE AND I
ARE GOING ALOFT.
OPEN UP.

VERY
GOOD, SIR
ISAAC.



GABRIEL GRUBB.
EXCELLENT FELLOW.
PREVIOUSLY HEAD
KEEPER OF BEDLAM
ASYLUM.

HIS METHODS
FOR BRINGING TO
SUBMISSION THE
MENTALLY UNRULY HAVE
BEEN INVALUABLE FOR
DEALING WITH THE
ZOMBIES.



IT IS ONE THING TO FIRE TORMENTUMS TO DESTROY THE HOGEN MOGENS.

IT IS QUITE ANOTHER TO FLY A MACHINE THAT HAS NO **SCIENTIFIC** MEANS OF PROPULSION.



REEKS!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT **LAZARUS** AND **RESURGAM**. MOST OF THEIR BRAINS HAVE BEEN REMOVED, SO THEY'RE HARMLESS.



IF PEOPLE REALISE THIS IS A WORK OF ALCHEMY, THEY MAY DEDUCE THE COMET TOO WAS A PRODUCT OF THE GREAT WORK.

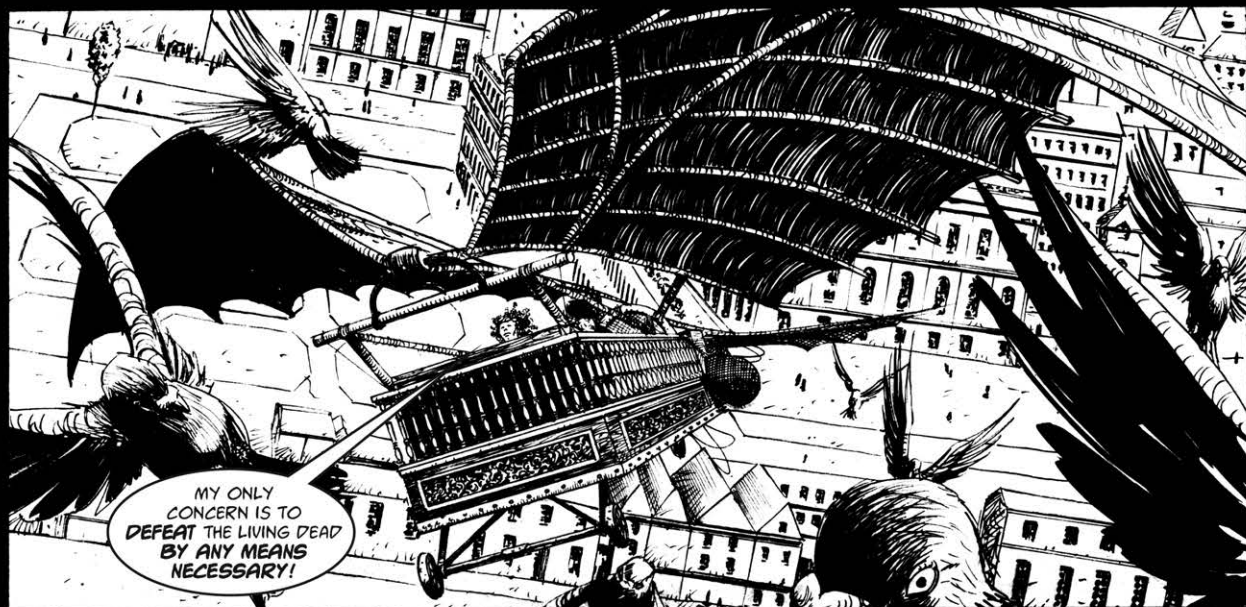
WE COULD BE BLAMED!



HAVE YOU TALKED TO MILTON RECENTLY? HAVE YOU **SEEN** THE READ-OUTS ON THE **PROGNOSTICATOR**?

ENTIRE RANKS OF SERAPHIM AND THRONES OF THE FIRST SPHERE ARE GATHERED AGAINST US. MEANWHILE BRITAIN STANDS **ALONE** AGAINST HER **GREATEST ENEMY**, WHO EVEN NOW IS PLANNING HIS NEXT ATTACK!

THE WRITING IS ON THE WALL!



MY ONLY CONCERN IS TO DEFEAT THE LIVING DEAD BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY!



THE WASTELAND.

'JUST HOW MANY DID YOU HANG, KETCHIE?'

I DON'T KNOW. I LOST COUNT.

THEY DON'T LOOK VERY HAPPY, DO THEY?

WELL, YOU WOULDN'T BE IF YOU'D BEEN HUNG, BOILED, COATED IN TAR AND ANATOMISED.

AND SOMETIMES DRAWN AND QUARTERED AS WELL!

BUT I ALWAYS HUNG THEM PROPER.



YEAH, AS LONG AS THEY PAID YOU TO HOLD ONTO THEIR LEGS...

DEFOE! HOLD THE UNDEAD BACK WHILE WE RETURN TO OUR COACHES!



YOU TRY TELLING THAT LOT YOU WERE JUST DOING YOUR JOB!





DON'T GET SUPERIOR WITH ME, TITUS DEFOE! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE YOUNG SOLDIER WHO WAS ELECTED **AGITATOR** TO FIGHT FOR **FREEDOM** AND **JUSTICE**?

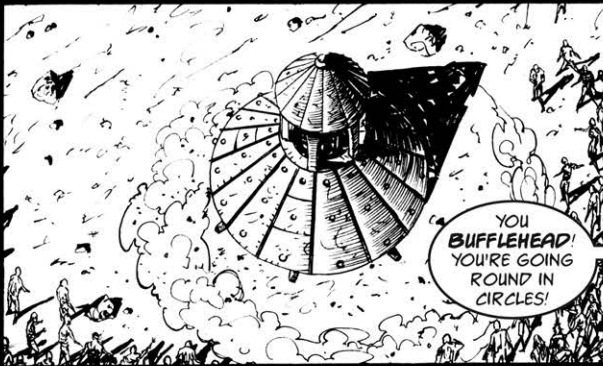
HE REALISED HE WAS WASTING HIS TIME.

WE GOT RID OF A KING AND HE WAS REPLACED WITH A **DICTATOR**.

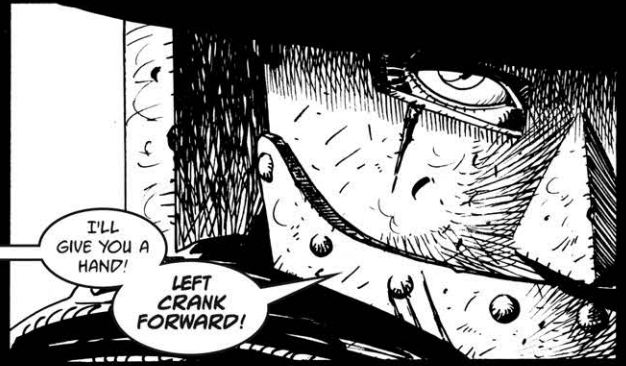


"NO MAN IS BORN WITH A SADDLE ON HIS BACK AND NONE WITH **BOOTS** AND **SPURS** TO RIDE HIM."

"I DID TALK A LOAD OF **RUBBISH** IN THOSE DAYS!"



YOU **BUFFLEHEAD**! YOU'RE GOING ROUND IN **CIRCLES**!



I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND!

LEFT CRANK FORWARD!



"HOW I SERVED AS A **CRANK-HAND** ON THE "**HAMMER OF THE ZOMBIES**"!"

"AN **EXCLUSIVE REPORT** BY **FEAR-THE-LORD JONES**! ONLY IN THE **WEEKLY NEWSES**!"

FORWARD! FORWARD! FORWARD!



I KNEW YOU WEREN'T ANY GOOD AT **BEHEADING, KETCHIE**...

... BUT YOUR **DRIVING** AIN'T MUCH BETTER!









IN FUTURE,
YOU SHOULD STICK
TO TREADING THE
BOARDS AT
TYBURN.

THAT'S ALL
OVER. TRIPLE
TREE'S BEEN OUT
OF USE SINCE
'666.



ALTHOUGH IF
SIR ISAAC'S LATEST
WEAPONS WORK,
THINGS COULD
CHANGE...



... OR MAYBE THE
VIZARDS WILL USE THEIR
POWERS AND DESTROY
THE ZOMBIES.

THAT'LL
BE THE
DAY!



'IS THAT WHAT
I THINK IT
IS HANGING
OUT OF HIS
MOUTH?'

'I'M
AFRAID
SO.'



SO IN THE MEANTIME, IT'S UP
TO US — **THE BROTHERN OF
THE NIGHT** — TO DEAL
WITH THE REEKS.

AND YOU'VE
MORE REASON THAN
ANY OF US TO HATE
THEM, EH, TITUS?

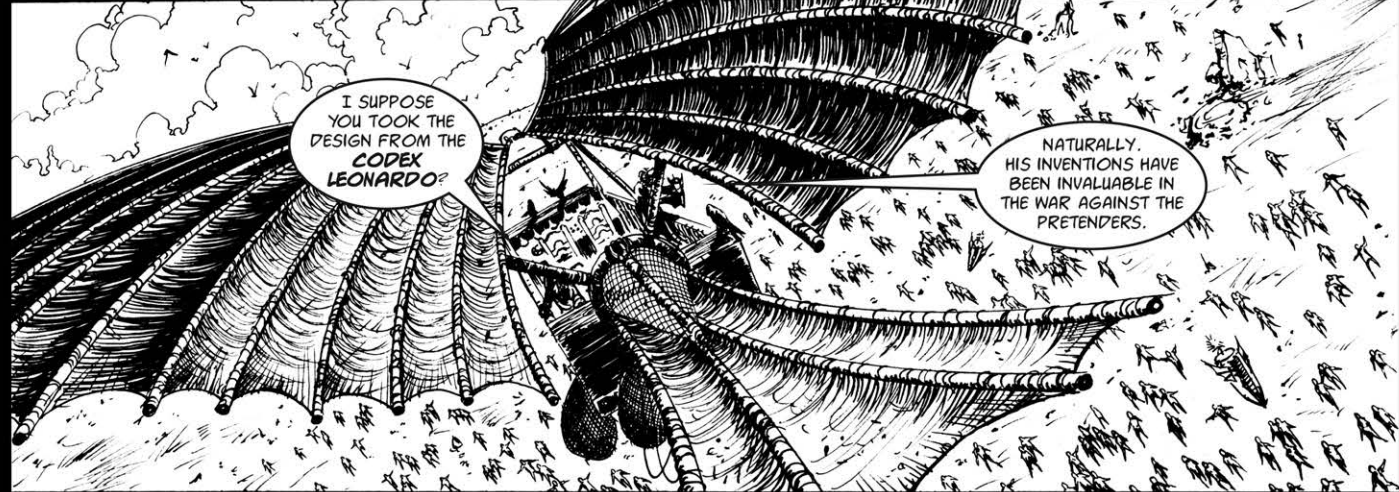
LET'S NOT
TALK ABOUT
THAT.



BOMBS FROM THE
SKY! WHAT DO
YOU RECKON?
VIZARDS... ?

NO. THE CURIOUS
MEN OR THE SEALED
KNOT ONLY FIGHT
AT NIGHT.

BUT IT'S
SAVED OUR
BACON!



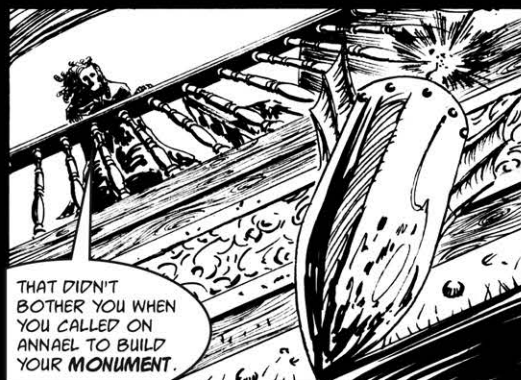
I SUPPOSE
YOU TOOK THE
DESIGN FROM THE
CODEX
LEONARDO?

NATURALLY.
HIS INVENTIONS HAVE
BEEN INVALUABLE IN
THE WAR AGAINST THE
PRETENDERS.



AND HE WAS
A MEMBER OF
THE INVISIBLE
COLLEGE.

YES, BUT...
AN ALCHEMICALLY
POWERED FLYING MACHINE!
IT COULD CAUSE GRAVE
PUBLIC CONCERN!



THAT DIDN'T
BOTHER YOU WHEN
YOU CALLED ON
ANNAEL TO BUILD
YOUR MONUMENT.



'IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN **THREE YEARS** USING NORMAL BUILDING METHODS.'



POPERY!

DEVILRY!

ALCHEMY?



IT MUST BE SIR ISAAC!
I'D HEARD RUMOURS
HE BUILT SUCH AN
ORNITHOLOGICAL
DEVICE!

I CAN'T WAIT
TO INTERVIEW
HIM!



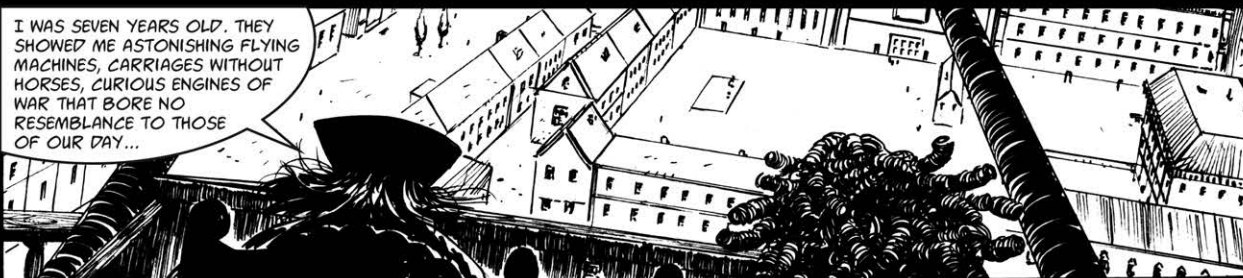


EVERYTHING'S
CHANGED
SINCE '666,
ROBERT.



TRUE. DO YOU REMEMBER
YOUR FIRST
DREAM?

OF ANGELS?
OF COURSE.

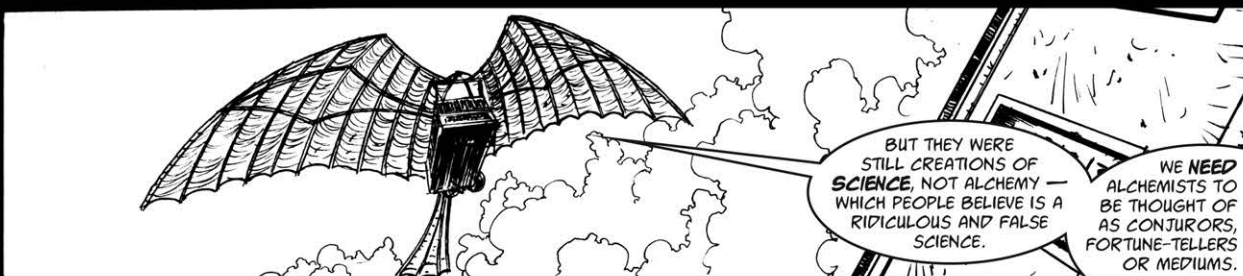


I WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD. THEY
SHOWED ME ASTONISHING FLYING
MACHINES, CARRIAGES WITHOUT
HORSES, CURIOUS ENGINES OF
WAR THAT BORE NO
RESEMBLANCE TO THOSE
OF OUR DAY...



THEY WOULD GIVE ME NO
PEACE UNTIL I HAD
AWOKEN AND COMMITTED
MY VISIONS TO
PAPER.

WRITING DOWN
STRANGE WORDS AND
FORMULAE I HAD NO
UNDERSTANDING
OF...



BUT THEY WERE
STILL CREATIONS OF
SCIENCE, NOT ALCHEMY —
WHICH PEOPLE BELIEVE IS A
RIDICULOUS AND FALSE
SCIENCE.

WE **NEED**
ALCHEMISTS TO
BE THOUGHT OF
AS CONJURORS,
FORTUNE-TELLERS
OR MEDIUMS.



BACON?
DEE? AGRIPPA?
PARACELSUS?
FLAMEL?

MYSELF?

THEY MUST
NOT KNOW THE
TRUTH, ISAAC.
OFFICIALLY, YOUR
SORCERY DAYS
ARE OVER!





VERY WELL,
I AGREE. ON
ONE CONDITION —
I GET THE
MINT.

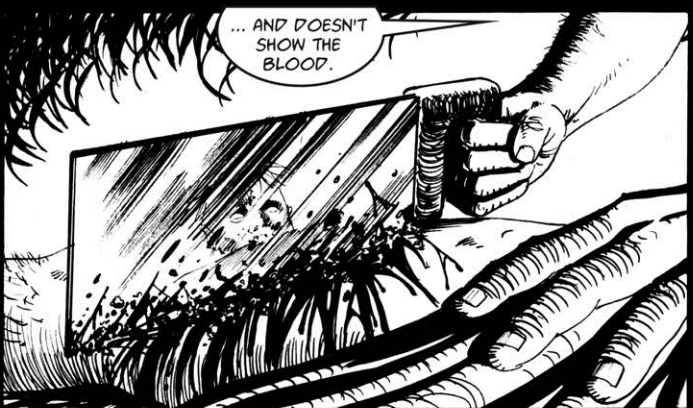
NATURALLY. YOU WERE THE
OBVIOUS CHOICE ANYWAY.
IT WILL NEED YOUR
TALENTS TO SUPERVISE
THE TRANSFORMATION
INTO GOLD.

AND MY WORK HERE IS ALMOST DONE.
I MUST CONCENTRATE ON STUDYING
THE **BOOK OF REVELATION** IF I AM
TO COMPLETE THE **GREAT**
WORK IN TIME.



EXCELLENT LABORATORY,
BY THE WAY. I NOTE THE
USE OF YOUR FAVOURITE
COLOUR, **CRIMSON**.

YES. MAGICALLY,
IT ENCOURAGES
CREATIVITY. MAKES
FUTURE INTO
PRESENT REALITY.
STIMULATES THE
SOUL...



... AND DOESN'T
SHOW THE
BLOOD.



I'M ALSO IMPRESSED WITH YOUR ANATOMISATION SKILLS.

I'VE BEEN LEARNING SOME NEW TECHNIQUES FROM A NECROMANCER I'M IN CORRESPONDENCE WITH: A DOCTOR DIPPEL.



GUSTAV DIPPEL? WHO HAS THE 'CASTLE OF THE FRANKS' NEAR GERNESHEIM?

EX-COMMUNICATED BY THE POPE?

YES. THE VATICAN DIDN'T APPROVE OF HIM EXPERIMENTING ON CORPSES.



HE'S HAD SOME SUCCESS REANIMATING THE DEAD.



ALWAYS SIGNS HIS LETTERS 'FRANKENSTEIN'.

ALTHOUGH NEITHER OF US ARE ADVANCED AS MENE TEKEL OR LA VOISIN.



THEY HAVE HAD OVER A THOUSAND YEARS TO PRACTISE THEIR ARTS.

WE'RE CATCHING UP. THE LATEST AETHER CULVERINES AT LEAST CONTROL THE DEAD.

EXCUSE ME, SIR ISAAC?



MR KETCH AND MR DEFOE ARE DOWNSTAIRS, WITH A MR 'FEAR THE LORD' JONES, A REPORTER FOR THE WEEKLY NEWS.



A REPORTER?



SHOW DEFOE AND JONES UP, MR GRUBB. AND TELL KETCH TO WAIT.

VERY GOOD, MR HOOKE.

I DON'T SEE WHY. I AM TIRED OF UNDERQUALIFIED INDIVIDUALS **QUESTIONING** MY PRONOUNCEMENTS.

JONES MUST HAVE BEEN WITH DEFOE WHEN WE BOMBED THE PRETENDERS. HE MAY ASK AWKWARD QUESTIONS ABOUT THE ORNITHOPTER.



FEAR-THE-LORD JONES, THE WEEKLY NEWES!

IT IS AN HONOUR TO MEET YOU, SIR ISAAC. I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST YOUR TREATISE DE MOTU CORPORUM IN GYRUM: 'ON THE MOTION OF REVOLVING BODIES'. IT'S A **BRILLIANT** PIECE OF WORK, SIR!



REALLY? I TRIED TO MAKE IT UNREADABLE TO AVOID BEING BAITED BY LITTLE SMATTERERS.

I'VE BROUGHT THE SAMPLE OF NEW PRETENDER BLOOD YOU REQUESTED, SIR ISAAC.



KOFF! KOFF!

VERY WELL, LET'S TALK, MR JONES. PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED, EH?



'DAMNED'? OH NO, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN INTERVIEWED ALREADY BY MY BROTHER?

PARDON?

'IF-CHRIST-HAD-NOT-DIED-FOR-THEE-THOU-HADST-BEEN-DAMNED' JONES. HE'S ON THE INTELLIGENCER.



I ALSO WISH TO REPORT SOMETHING UNUSUAL THAT OCCURRED WHILE I WAS PASSING OVER STENCHES IN WHITECHAPEL—

DAMNED JONES? I WAS HIS BEST FRIEND AT WESTMINSTER!



WE WERE FORBIDDEN TO WATCH THE BEHEADING OF KING CHARLES, BUT WE SNEAKED OUT AND SAW THE WHOLE THING!



YOU'RE AN OLD WESTMINSTER? YOU MUST BE THE GREAT **ROBERT HOOKE**?

DOCTOR BUSBY TALKED ABOUT YOU!



HOW YOU ASTONISHED HIM BY INVENTING THIRTY DIFFERENT WAYS OF FLYING WHEN YOU WERE ONLY FIFTEEN YEARS OLD!

I WAS **FOURTEEN**, ACTUALLY.



SO YOU'RE A **BUSBY BOY**, EH? BIRCHINGS EVERY DAY, I EXPECT?

TWICE AS MANY AS THE OTHER BOYS BECAUSE HE HATED MY PURITAN NAME.

ALTHOUGH HE LIKED FATHER'S MONEY.



THE PAIN AND THE PLEASURE OF A GOOD **THRASHING**—

YES, WELL, WE DIDN'T **ALL** GO TO WESTMINSTER. LET'S HAVE SOME **TEA** WHILE MR DEFOE CONTINUES WITH HIS REPORT.



I CAME ACROSS A **NEW PRETENDER** PREVIOUSLY KNOWN TO ME.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS A **COINCIDENCE**... BUT NOW I HAVE NO DOUBT.

THANK YOU. I SHALL SUBJECT THIS TO MICROSCOPICAL OBSERVATION.



THERE'S SOME KIND OF **INTELLIGENCE** DIRECTING THE STENCHES.



'JACK O'BITE, AN
OFFICER FOR THE ARMY
OF THE UNDEAD...'

SONF VORSG
GOHO IAD BALT
LONSH CALZ
VONPHO SOBRA
ZOL ROR I TA
NAZPSAD!

'REIGN OVER YOU SAITH
THE GOD OF JUSTICE IN
POWER EXALTED ABOVE
THE FIRMAMENTS OF
WRATH IN WHOSE HANDS
THE SUN IS AS A
SWORD!'

IT'S ENOCHIAN.
THE LANGUAGE OF
ANGELS, TITUS.
JOIN US!



THEN WHEN I WAS WITH
MR KETCH THIS DAY, A
SIMILAR EVENT
OCCURRED

... THAT INDICATES
THOSE THE ZOMBIES
KNEW IN LIFE, THEY ARE
DRAWN TO IN DEATH.



'THE CRIMINALS HE
HAD EXECUTED AT
TYBURN SINGLED
HIM OUT.'

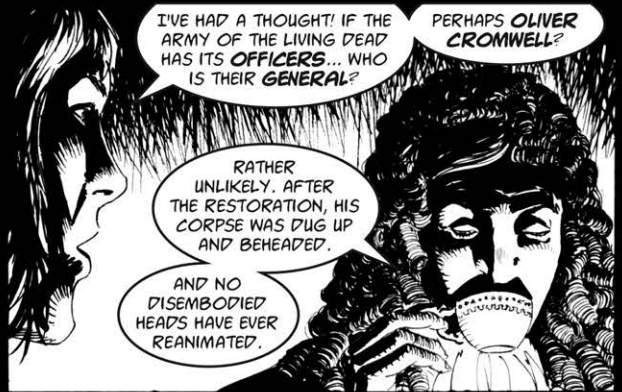
I DON'T UNDERSTAND,
DEFOE... WHY ARE THEY
SO UPSET WITH ME?
I'M A MASTER OF
ME ART!

MY MISSUS
ALWAYS SAYS, 'ANY MAN
MAY BE CAPABLE OF A BARE
HANGING, BUT TO MAKE A
MALEFACTOR DIE SWEETLY
ONLY BELONGS TO
MY HUSBAND.'



MR KETCH IS BELOW SHOULD YOU WISH TO QUESTION HIM ON THIS MATTER.

THANK YOU FOR BRINGING THIS MATTER TO MY ATTENTION, MR DEFOE.



I'VE HAD A THOUGHT! IF THE ARMY OF THE LIVING DEAD HAS ITS OFFICERS... WHO IS THEIR GENERAL?

PERHAPS OLIVER CROMWELL?

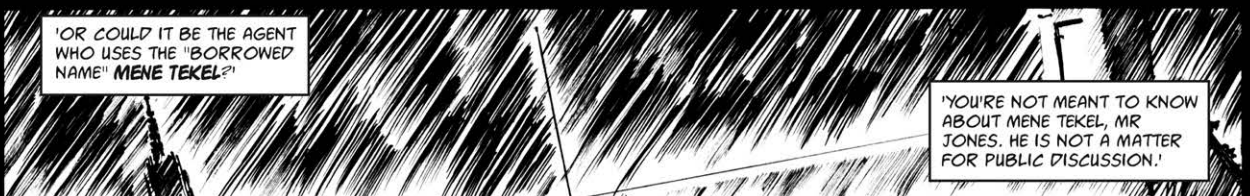
RATHER UNLIKELY. AFTER THE RESTORATION, HIS CORPSE WAS DUG UP AND BEHEADED.

AND NO DISEMBODED HEADS HAVE EVER REANIMATED.



'BUT THE COMET DID STRIKE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH.

'PEOPLE ALWAYS SAID IT WAS HIS REVENGE.



'OR COULD IT BE THE AGENT WHO USES THE "BORROWED NAME" MENE TEKEL?'

'YOU'RE NOT MEANT TO KNOW ABOUT MENE TEKEL, MR JONES. HE IS NOT A MATTER FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION.'



'TEKEL IS THE ALCHEMIST WORKING FOR THE DUTCH TO DESTROY US...'

'NEITHER YOU NOR MR DEFOE HAVE THE APPROPRIATE SECURITY CLEARANCE FOR ME TO RESPOND, MR JONES.'



'BUT IF THEIR GENERAL IS CROMWELL, HE WOULD HAVE A GOOD VIEW OF LONDON — STUCK ON A POLE TWENTY-FIVE FEET ABOVE WESTMINSTER HALL...'



I AM SUCH A ONE AS THOU DIDST FORMERLY KNOW AS THE LORD PROTECTOR OLIVER CROMWELL.

IT IS MY MISSION TO ABASE THE FLESH OF OTHERS AND HEREIN I WILL HAVE SOME EXERCISE!



YOU'RE NOT TO TOUCH ME WITH **THAT** HAND! CLEAN THOSE NAILS!



YOUR HAND MAY BE THE CURE FOR **SCROFULA**, BUT I'M NOT HAVING IT TOUCH ME AFTER YOUR **SCABBY** SUBJECTS!

TAD
TAD



AND I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A SHEEP'S BLADDER?

TAD
TAD



YES, MY ANGEL, ALTHOUGH IT IS YOU AND NOT A SHEEP I DESIRE...

THAT NOISE IS PUTTING ME OFF.

SEE WHAT IT IS.



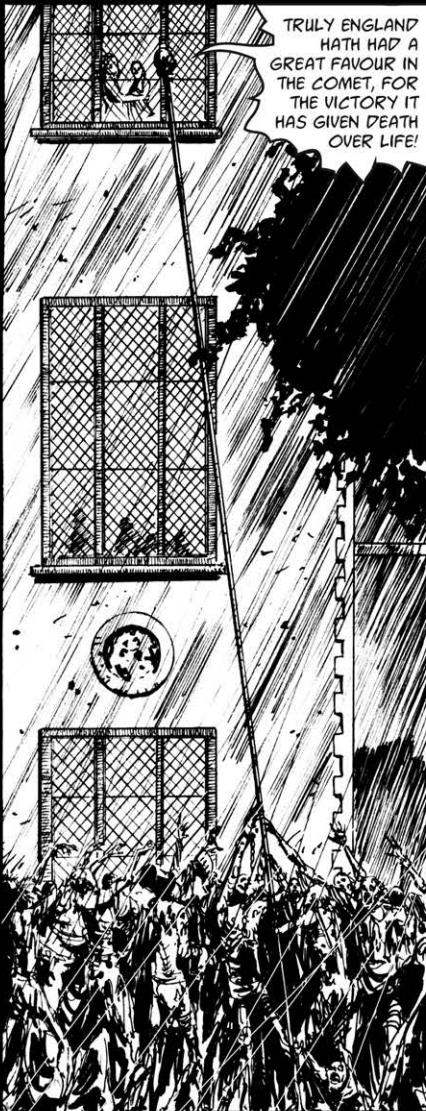
TAD
TAD

PROBABLY A BIRD...

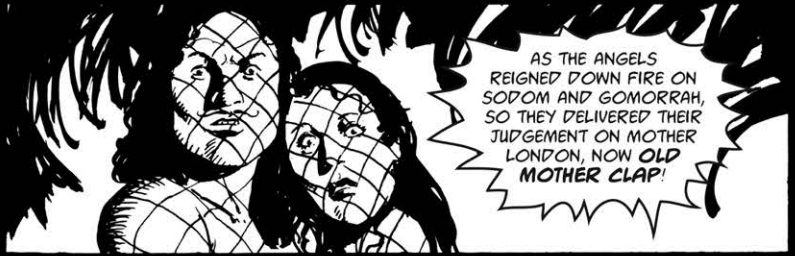


CROMWELL!

FOUL FRIGGER! FETID FORNICATOR! LEWD LIBERTINE! FRUIT OF THE STALK OF THE MAN OF BLOOD! I HAVE SOLD MY SOUL TO BE AVENGED ON YE, CHARLES STUART, FOR THE LOSS OF MY LIMBS, GUTS AND PRIVY MEMBER!



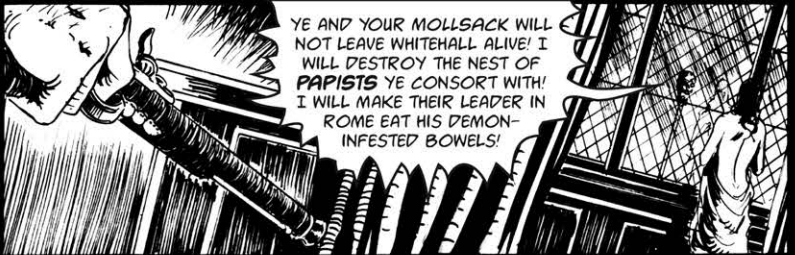
TRULY ENGLAND
HATH HAD A
GREAT FAVOUR IN
THE COMET, FOR
THE VICTORY IT
HAS GIVEN DEATH
OVER LIFE!



AS THE ANGELS
REIGNED DOWN FIRE ON
SODOM AND GOMORRAH,
SO THEY DELIVERED THEIR
JUDGEMENT ON MOTHER
LONDON, NOW OLD
MOTHER CLAP!



SO I WHO WAS ONCE AS
YE, WILL MAKE YE AS ME! I
WILL RECRUIT YE FOR MY
NEW MORAL ARMY! I
WILL ENLIST YE IN MY
COMMONWEALTH OF THE
GRATEFUL DEAD!



YE AND YOUR MOLLBACK WILL
NOT LEAVE WHITEHALL ALIVE! I
WILL DESTROY THE NEST OF
PAPISTS YE CONSORT WITH!
I WILL MAKE THEIR LEADER IN
ROME EAT HIS DEMON-
INFESTED BOWELS!



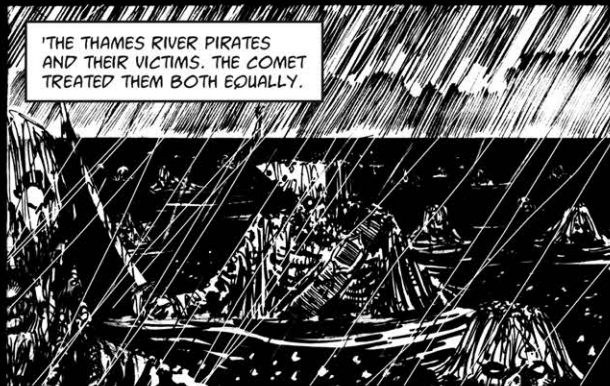
CURSE YOU,
CROMWELL!







ODDS BODKINS!
STENCHES COMING
OUT OF THE
THAMES!



'THE THAMES RIVER PIRATES
AND THEIR VICTIMS. THE COMET
TREATED THEM BOTH EQUALLY.



'SUICIDES THAT
TOOK A QUICK WAY
OUT AFTER 'bbb...



'ABRAHAM MEN — TOM
O'BEDLAM — FORMER
PATIENTS OF MR GRUBB...

'AH! THAT EXPLAINS
WHY THEY'RE GOING
THE **WRONG** WAY.'



'JAILBIRDS FROM **THE
RETRIBUTION** — THE PRISON HULK
THAT SANK OVER AT GREENWICH...'



I'LL USE
THE PORCUPINE
ON THEM!



ARISE AND SCATTER
YOUR ENEMIES, MY NEW
MORAL ARMY! OUR LORD
MENE TEKEL AND HIS
BRIDE LA VOISIN HAVE
ORDERED IT!



IT'S A FULL SCALE
ASSAULT! YOU'D BETTER
SUMMON YOUR FLYING
SHIP, ROBERT!

AYE! IT'S
TIME TO SHOW YOU
WHAT THE INFERNAL
COMBUSTION ENGINE
IS CAPABLE OF!



I GOT YOUR DADDY,
CHARLIE BOY! NOW I'M
GOING TO GET YE! AND
YOUR POXY BROTHER
JAMES!



I HATE CROMWELL FOR
BETRAYING THE REPUBLIC!
THIS WILL BE A
PLEASURE!

OF COURSE —
YOU WERE AN AGITATOR!
YOU TOOK PART IN THE PUTNEY
DEBATES! YOU'RE LUCKY THEY
DIDN'T HANG YOU!

AYE. OUR
DREAM OF A DECENT,
FAIRER WORLD
TURNED TO GONG.



THIS IS GOING TO BE A BAD ONE. I CAN SENSE IT.

DON'T YOU WORRY, MR DEFOE. **GASHER** WILL DEAL WITH THEM HUMAN RATS.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. **TITUS** IS FAMOUS FOR HIS PREMONITIONS.



MY **GASHER** IS FAMOUS AS THE BEST RATTER IN LONDON. HE ONCE KILLED FIVE HUNDRED RATS IN HALF AN HOUR AT ST ANDREWS TAVERN. I DEFIES ANYONE TO DISBELIEVE ME.

I BELIEVES YOU, MR GRUBB. I WAS THERE. WHAT'S MORE, HE NEVER CAUGHT THE **CANKER** FROM THE FILTHY BEASTS.

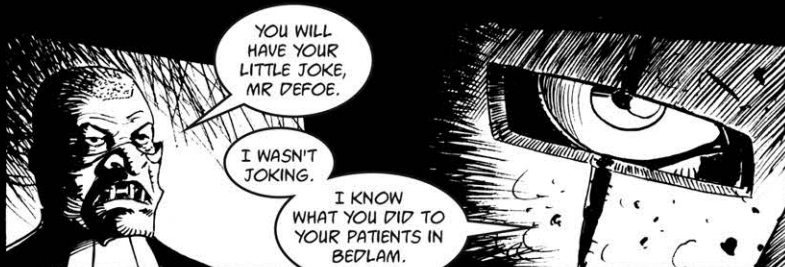


HE'S TOO WICKED TO INFECT.

MAN THAT IS BORN OF WOMAN, HATH BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE... HEH, HEH!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE BORN, GRUBB. I THOUGHT YOU GREW.

LIKE MOULD.



YOU WILL HAVE YOUR LITTLE JOKE, MR DEFOE.

I WASN'T JOKING.

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO YOUR PATIENTS IN **BEDLAM**.

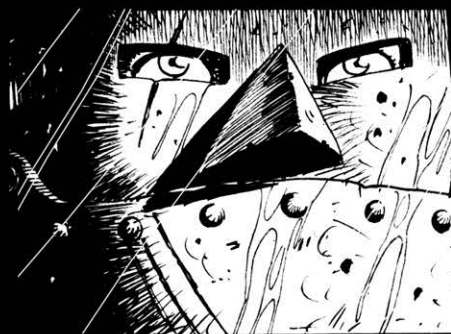


MY **NURSE-WARDERS** AND I USED THE VERY LATEST **DISCIPLINE** METHODS.

I HEARD. NOW LET'S MAKE A NAME FOR OURSELVES AND SHOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A **VIZARD** TO DEFEAT THE **UNDEAD**.

WE'LL BEND 'EM LIKE THE IMMORTAL **BENDIGO**!

PASS OVER TIME!



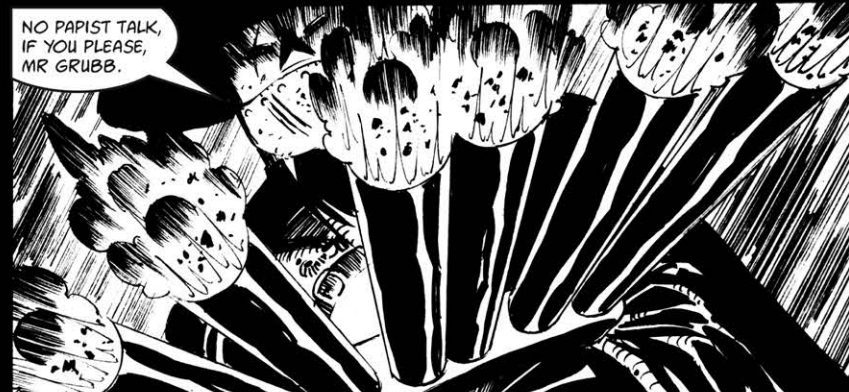
I HOPE YOU TWO HAVE BEEN INJECTED WITH THE *CORDIAL*... ?

BY THE INVENTOR, SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN HIMSELF, TITUS.

SIR CHRISTOPHER IS OUR *SAINT* CHRISTOPHER!



THE PATRON SAINT OF ZOMBIE HUNTERS, EH, MR DEFOE?



NO PAPIST TALK, IF YOU PLEASE, MR GRUBB.



'I MEANT NO OFFENCE, MR DEFOE. IN FACT, THEY SAY IT WAS *ANGELS* WHAT SHOWED SIR CHRISTOPHER HOW TO PREPARE IT.'

'WELL, I WISH THEY'D GIVEN HIM AN ELIXIR AGAINST *GAOL* FEVER AND *SCROFULA* WHILE THEY WAS AT IT!'



FOR
IT'S CLEAR THE
PRETENDERS SUFFER
FROM SUCH
DISTEMPERS!

AYE,
AND THE
SCUTTERS AND
THE TROTTS.

JUST LIKE
MY OLD PATIENTS
IN BEDLAM. BUT I
GOT USED TO THEIR
ODOURS AFTER
A WHILE.



I RECOGNISE
THAT LAUGH!



IT'S THE LORD
PROTECTOR! I
REMEMBER THE SAME
AFFLATUS SEIZED HIM
JUST BEFORE NASEBY.
HE DID LAUGH SO
EXCESSIVELY AS IF
DRUNK.



HE WAS FILLED
WITH HOLY
LAUGHTER.



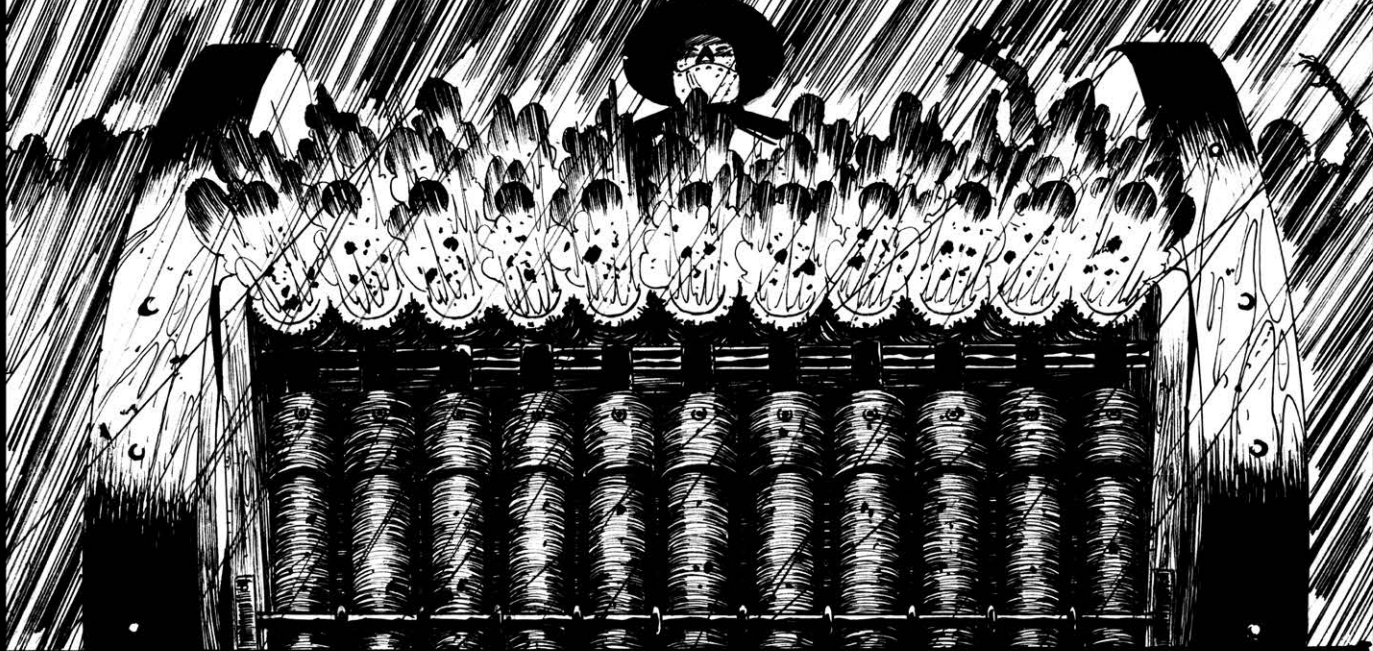
I HOPE YE GOT THE
BANQUETING HALL OPEN,
CHARLIE BOY! BECAUSE WE'LL
BE DINING ON YE IN THERE
TONIGHT!

YOUR DADDY STEPPED
FROM THERE INTO ETERNITY!
AND YE'LL BE FOLLOWING
HIM!



BRING UP THE
MACHINE
GUN.

HAA
HAAH
HAAAAH!





YOU WANT TO
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR FAMILY IN
'666, TITUS?

I KNOW THEY
WERE SLAIN BY
REEKS.



AND THEIR SOULS
WENT TO HEAVEN TO
REJOICE IN THE LIGHT
OF THE LORD.

BUT THEIR
BODIES REMAINED
ON EARTH AND WERE
POSSESSED BY DEMONS,
SO THEY TOO BECAME
THE UNDEAD.



YOU WERE IN
IPSWICH WHEN THE
COMET PASSED OVER
COLCHESTER. I
WAS KILLED BY
A FALLING
BUILDING...



THEN I AWOKE...
TRANSFIGURED. BUT
NOT AS THE OTHER
PRETENDERS.

I COULD
REMEMBER. PLAN.
THINK.



I WAS A
CHOSEN
ONE.



I LOOKED FOR
ANNIE AND THE
CHILDREN TO HELP
THEM
TRANSFORM...

... BUT THEY LACKED
THE COURAGE TO
TAKE THE **GREAT**
STEP.



THEY RAN
FROM ME.

SCREAMING
TO THE
NEIGHBOURS
FOR HELP.



BUT NONE
WOULD OPEN
THEIR DOORS
TO THEM...

... BECAUSE
THEY'D FOUND OUT
THAT YOU USED TO BE
A **ROUNDHEAD.**





I THOUGHT YOUR FLYING CONVEYANCE WAS INSPIRED BY ANGELS, ROBERT? IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE HELICOPTER IN THE CODEX LEONARDO.

NO. IT HAS SIGNIFICANT DIFFERENCES.

YOU WERE MY MATE!

WHAT ABOUT POWER? I ASSUME THOSE ARE HUYGENS' INTERNAL EXPLOSION CANNONS?

MY OWN ARTIFICIAL MUSCLE VERSION. I INVENTED IT ONE YEAR BEFORE CHRISTIAAN PERFECTED HIS GUNPOWDER ENGINE.

TRY TO UNDERSTAND, ISAAC — YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY GENIUS IN THE WORLD.

I WAS NEVER YOUR MATE, DEAR BOY!

THE ONLY REASON I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH AN EXTREMIST LIKE YOU — A LEVELLER — WAS BECAUSE I WAS DISFIGURED!

ANNIE WAS TOO GOOD FOR YOU! SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN MINE!

AND IN THE END, SHE WAS...



OUR NEW MORAL
ARMY WILL LEAD YOU
TO FREEDOM, TITUS!

FREEDOM
FROM RIGHT AND
WRONG! DECENCY
AND HONOUR!



HE HATH WALLED UP MY
WAY THAT I CANNOT PASS,
AND HATH SET DARKNESS
IN MY PATHS!

CHANTING THE OLD PSALMS, EH,
TITUS? LIKE WHEN WE FOUGHT
AT NASEBY? THAT WON'T SAVE
YOU THIS TIME!



WE'D BETTER RESCUE DEFOE. WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO LOSE OUR NEXT **ZOMBIE**
HUNTER GENERAL.

WILLIAMSON
WILL NEVER GIVE HIM
SECURITY CLEARANCE,
ISAAC.

HE
ALREADY
HAS.

THAT
SURPRISES
ME.



I DON'T SEE WHY,
ROBERT. CONSIDER THE
ALTERNATIVES KETCH... SILAS
SCRIMGEOUR... MUNGO
GALLOWGRASS...

I SEE YOUR
POINT.

BUT DON'T SAY
ANYTHING TO HIM UNTIL
HIS PROMOTION'S
HAD THE KING'S
SIGNATURE.

HOW MUCH DO
WE TELL DEFOE ABOUT
MENE TEKEL AND LA
VOISIN?

NOTHING, IF
WE CAN AVOID
IT.



ALL MY FAMILIAR FRIENDS ABHOR ME, THEY WHOM I LOVED ARE TURNED AGAINST ME. MY BONE CLEAVETH TO MY SKIN AND TO MY FLESH.

AFTER MY SKIN, EVEN THIS BODY IS DESTROYED, THEN WITHOUT MY FLESH SHALL I SEE THE LORD!



YOU WILL INDEED SEE THE LORD!

WE WILL TALK AGAIN, TITUS.



BE YE AFRAID OF THE SWORD: FOR WRATH BRINGETH THE PUNISHMENTS OF THE SWORD!

THAT YE MAY KNOW THERE IS A JUDGMENT!

CROMWELL! I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS MOMENT! YOU MADE ME RIDE THE WOODEN HORSE, YOU PUNK!



I REMEMBER, DEFOE, FOR REFUSING TO FIGHT IN IRELAND.

CLEARLY IT WASN'T SHARP ENOUGH. I SHOULD HAVE EXECUTED YOU LIKE THE OTHER MUTINEERS.



AND THIS IS TO HONOUR THEIR MEMORY: CORNET THOMPSON. CORPORAL PERKINS. PRIVATE CHURCH. PRIVATE ARNOLD.

AND THE IMMORTAL BOB LOCKIER.

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, LADS. YOU'RE IN MY HEART FOREVER!

WELL, THE NEW MORAL ARMY HAS BEEN DEFEATED, DEFOE. FOR THE TIME BEING.

YES, SIR ISAAC.

BUT WHAT WAS YOUR CONVERSATION WITH CROMWELL ABOUT, PRAY?

IT CONCERNED ROBERT LOCKIER, SIR. THE MUTINEER HE HAD SHOT BY FIRING SQUAD IN FRONT OF SAINT PAUL'S.

AH, YES. I RECALL THERE WAS A HUGE DEMONSTRATION AT HIS FUNERAL. THOUSANDS OF COMMONERS WEARING GREEN AND BUNCHES OF ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE...

AND ALL THOSE WOMEN PLEADING FOR HIS LIFE. CROMWELL TOLD THEM NOT TO INVOLVE THEMSELVES IN MATTERS THEY COULD NOT UNDERSTAND AND ATTEND TO THEIR HOUSEWORK.

BOB WAS JUST TWENTY-THREE, SIR.

HMM. WELL, ONTO OTHER MATTERS... I WANT YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEW PRETENDER BLOOD UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

SIR ISAAC WAS OF THE OPINION THAT THE RESURRECTION PESTILENCE WAS CAUSED BY CORRUPT VAPOURS ENTERING THE BLOOD.

AND, AS PROOF, HE SHOWED US THAT THERE WERE LIVING CREATURES IN THE BLOOD, SEEN THROUGH A DEVICE MR HOOKE HAD INVENTED CALLED A 'MICROSCOPE'.

WELL? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

DEMONS!



YOUR TURN,
MR JONES.



WITHIN IT, WE BEHELD
PECULIAR, MONSTROUS,
AND FRIGHTFUL CREATURES,
HORRIBLE TO BEHOLD!

WHAT DO
YOU SEE?



DRAGONS!



SO WHAT DO YOU
MAKE OF THAT,
DEFOE?

I DUNNO,
SIR ISAAC.

BIT
FANTASMAGORICAL,
INNIT?



HMMPH!

THE REMARKABLE
THING IS YOU SAW
DEVILS, JONES SAW
DRAGONS, SIR ISAAC
SAW SERPENTS, AND I
SAW SNAKES.



WE EACH SAW SOMETHING
DIFFERENT BECAUSE OUR
BRAINS ARE **BLOCKING** WHAT
IS **REALLY** THERE.

SO THEY FOUND THE
NEAREST **EQUIVALENT** IN
OUR WORLD.



BECAUSE THE BRAIN IS A
REDUCING INSTRUMENT
DESIGNED TO MAKE SENSE OF
THE IMPOSSIBLE.

IT SEES WHAT
IT **EXPECTS** TO
SEE.



YOU'RE RIGHT. WHEN
CORTEZ REACHED MEXICO,
THE NATIVES THOUGHT HIS
BATTLE SHIPS WERE 'SMALL
MOUNTAINS FLOATING
ON THE WAVES'.

THEY DIDN'T
RECOGNISE THEM
AS SHIPS!

BECAUSE THEY
COULDN'T.



'IT WAS **NEVER** A COMET THAT PASSED OVER LONDON ON '666.

'A HEAVENLY BODY WAS THE **NEAREST** OUR MINDS COULD **RATIONALISE** IT AS.

'IN ANCIENT TIMES, THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN A **DRAGON**.



'AS TO ITS **TRUE** NATURE, I CANNOT SAY. I CAN ONLY DESCRIBE IT AS A **PECULIAR** FLYING OBJECT.

'FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW, WHEN AIR TRAVEL WILL NO DOUBT BE COMMONPLACE, PEOPLE MIGHT PERCEIVE SUCH **PECULIAR** OBJECTS AS SKY SHIPS, BALLOONS OR ROCKETS...

'BUT THEY WILL BE **EQUALLY** MISTAKEN.



'OUR MINDS HAVE TO **PROTECT** US FROM BEARING WITNESS TO THE **IMPOSSIBLE**.'





BRETHREN OF THE NIGHT

Script: Pat Mills
Art: Leigh Gallagher
Letters: Ellie De Ville

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LET'S
DO IT.

FROM THE JOURNAL
OF MUNGO
GALLOWGRASS,
ANATOMIST:

As my pen slips between
your pages, I shall feed you
with words, my dear, about
our great leader, Mr Defoe, the
Zombie Hunter General, and
our battles with the Reeks.

Mr Defoe is still somewhat suspicious
of me. Last week he asked me about
you. 'What leather is your journal
covered in, Gallowgrass? Cow?' 'No.'
'Horse?' 'No.' 'Pig?' 'Getting warm.'



Wife, actually. Willed her body
to me in death as in life. 'Twas
natural causes - I swear it
although I couldn't wait for her
to die, so I could make an early
start on my memoirs.'



Mr Defoe was most aggrieved
and tried to steal you from me.
Leave the Pernicious! Don't take
the Pernicious! I begged him, and
he finally relented.

But I mustn't upset him,
now he is Zombie Hunter
General, for he wears the
crown of Royal approval.



As Mr Defoe says, I'm like the
Postman - only I don't knock.

He alone can use the Puckle
gun, with round bullets for
Christians and square
bullets for Zombies because
they inflict more damage.

He asked me to be a Zombie Hunter after
Mr Ketch told him I once worked in his
Kitchen, boiling and coating common
criminals in tar. So I had no fear of the dead.

So much for those who said I would
never amount to anything, that I forged
my credentials as a member of the
Worshipful Company of Barber Surgeons...

MORE
REEKS COMING
UP FROM THE
CRYPT!

MR EAGLE!
THE PHLOGISTON
THROWER!

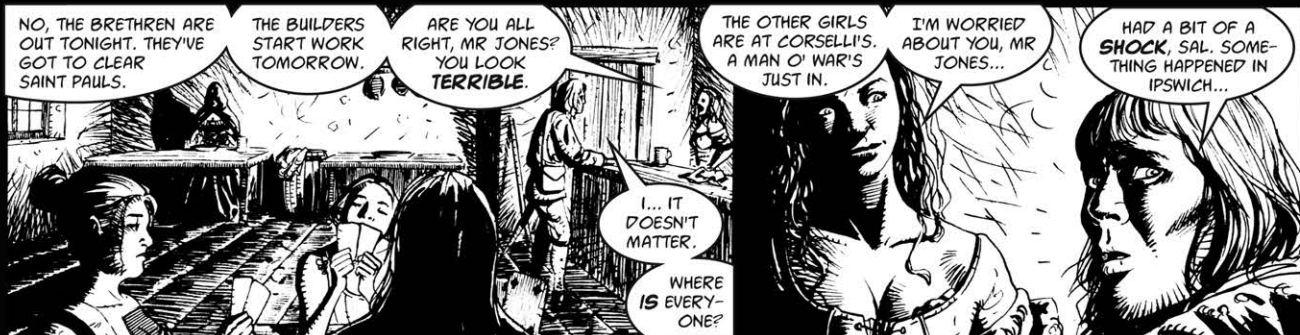
So where are they now, eh?
Oh yes! The lovely Comet has
swept my detractors away
and let my talents shine!



'THE DEVIL'S TAVERN' —
THE THREE PIGEONS,
WAPPING.

MR JONES!
YOU'RE BACK FROM
IPSWICH!

IS MR DEFOE
HERE, SAL? I NEED
TO SPEAK TO HIM ON
A MATTER OF GREAT
URGENCY!



NO, THE BRETHREN ARE
OUT TONIGHT. THEY'VE
GOT TO CLEAR
SAINT PAULS.

THE BUILDERS
START WORK
TOMORROW.

ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, MR JONES?
YOU LOOK
TERRIBLE.

THE OTHER GIRLS
ARE AT CORSELLI'S.
A MAN O' WAR'S
JUST IN.

I'M WORRIED
ABOUT YOU, MR
JONES...

HAD A BIT OF A
SHOCK, SAL. SOME-
THING HAPPENED IN
IPSWICH...

I... IT
DOESN'T
MATTER.

WHERE
IS EVERY-
ONE?



I'M NOT SURPRISED.
YOU TOOK A RISK
GOING THERE.

I'M A
REPORTER. IT'S
WHAT I DO.

BUT
YOUR JOURNEY
BACK WAS ALL
RIGHT?



'WE HAD A BIT OF
TROUBLE AROUND
CHELMSFORD ...

'... BUT THE ROAD
KNIGHTS GOT US
THROUGH.'





COME ON,
YOU LOT! SOONER
WE'RE DONE, SOONER
WE CAN GET DOWN
THE PIGEONS!



FROM THE JOURNAL OF
MUNGO GALLOWGRASS,
ANATOMIST.

Mr Defoe is also in a bad humour with me
over another matter, calling me harsh names,
although I protested my innocence...

He passed over a 'Warm'.
He was so smelly and full of
gin. Mungo thought he was
a 'Stench' from the stench.

THE
PERNICIOUS!
DON'T TOUCH
THE
PERNICIOUS!

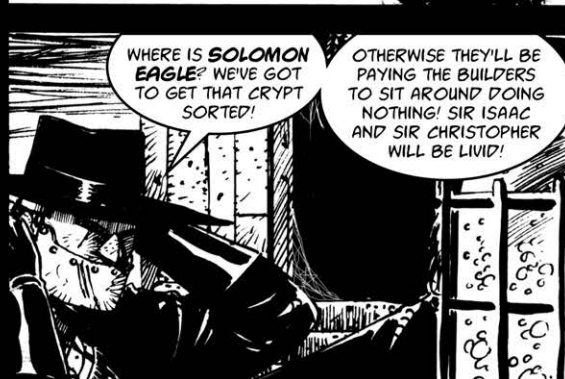


... But to you I can confess
the truth. Yes, Mungo did
make an understandable
error the other night.



WHERE IS SOLOMON
EAGLE? WE'VE GOT
TO GET THAT CRYPT
SORTED!

OTHERWISE THEY'LL BE
PAYING THE BUILDERS
TO SIT AROUND DOING
NOTHING! SIR ISAAC
AND SIR CHRISTOPHER
WILL BE LIVID!





As Mr Ketch said to Mr Defoe. 'Be not distracted by Mungo's foul appearance and odiferous scent, his bulging eyes and similar codpiece, for he has great skills that would benefit the Brethren.'



TONGE?
CLEAR... ?

But I must tell you
of the other members
of Defoe's Dirtye
Dozenne. They're
all mad but me.
It's the job, you see?



Take Ezreel Tonge, Tomb Rat.
Sometimes speaks in tongues,
too. He lives in a tomb in
St George's in the East
churchyard, having 'passed over'
the previous occupant.

CLEAR.

With the price of rooms in
Wapping these days, he
says it's all he can afford.



GALLOWGRASS,
WHY DO YOU WEAR
A FASHION THAT'S
SEVENTY YEARS
OUT OF
DATE?

YOU MEAN
MY CODPIECE,
MR DEFOE? IT'S AN
HEIRLOOM. BEEN IN
MY FAMILY FOR
CENTURIES.

Then there is Tomazine
Scarlet Sea Wolf.

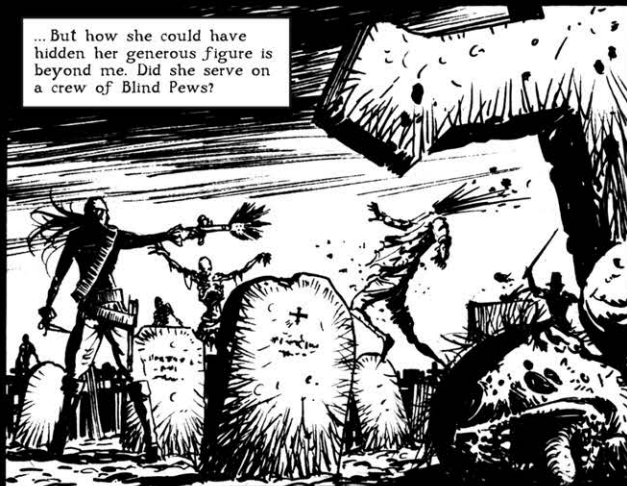


AH, THAT
EXPLAINS A
LOT.



'Tis said she served under the
notorious Captain Rack Vane,
disguised as a man. I have no
doubt she served under him...

...But how she could have hidden her generous figure is beyond me. Did she serve on a crew of Blind Pews?



When she and Captain Vane were caught, she 'pleaded her belly' and was spared the rope.



The court was satisfied she 'hath repenteth of her wicked ways'.



After losing her baby, she was sentenced to serve in the Brethren because of her great fighting skills.



'Tis also said she is sweet on Mr Bodie, Aether Marine.



Our gallant veteran of Lowestoft and Medway, admired for his daring deeds against the Dutch.



But our Irish lass wouldn't be so sweet on him if she knew his terrible secret. That his heart is as black as the tar dripping from his coat.



Mr Bodie was specially seconded from the Marines to help us in the war against the Reeks.



His cannon's aetheric charges causes them to become insensible.



RIGHT... WE'VE ONE HOUR BEFORE THE AETHER WEARS OFF. PASS THEM OVER.

IT'S A WASTE. WE COULD CRAM SOME MORE INTO THE CAGES. GET A **BONUS**.



THE BOSS IS GOING SOFT. A FEW HOLES IN THE REEKS WOULD MAKE NO DIFFERENCE TO THEIR SELLING PRICE.

'LESS YOU PUT THEM IN WATER, IN WHICH CASE THEY'D SINK.



THEY'RE TOO OLD.

BUT THAT'S **GOOD**. WHEN WE WERE SHIPPING IRISH SLAVES OUT TO THE PLANTATIONS, THE OLD ONES WERE LESS LIKELY TO FIGHT BACK.

DON'T START, EAGLE. IF TOMAZINE HEARS YOU, YOU'LL BE JOINING THE DEAD.

BAEBE MAGNETTE



AND GALLOWGRASS... SHOW SOME **RESPECT** FOR THE DEAD.

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

I EXPLAINED THAT WAS A **MISUNDERSTANDING**, MR DEFOE. IT WAS NOT WHAT YOU **THOUGHT** YOU SAW.



Yes, our jolly Jack Tar thinks no one knows about his dark past and the terrible things he did.

But Mungo knows. Oh yes. Mungo knows...



THE WAREHOUSE,
SKELTON WHARF,
WAPPING.

MR CREELY! W-WHEN
ARE YOU EXPECTING
MR D'FOE?

NOT FOR SOME HOURS YET,
MR JONES. HE'S GOT TO DROP
SOME REEKS OFF AT THE
TOWER FIRST.



YOU'VE BEEN
SHOT! YOU
BETTER SEE A
BARBER!

NO T-TIME.
I HAVE V-VITAL
INFORMATION
FOR MR
D'FOE.



BUT IF I C-CAN'T FIND
HIM... THEN I M-MUST TALK
TO MY BROTHER,
'DAMNED'.

YOU'RE MAD!
IF YOU DON'T
GET THOSE
WOUNDS SEEN
TO...



... YOU'LL
BE JOINING
THEM.



BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT
FRENCHY. HE'S HAD
HIS SUPPER.



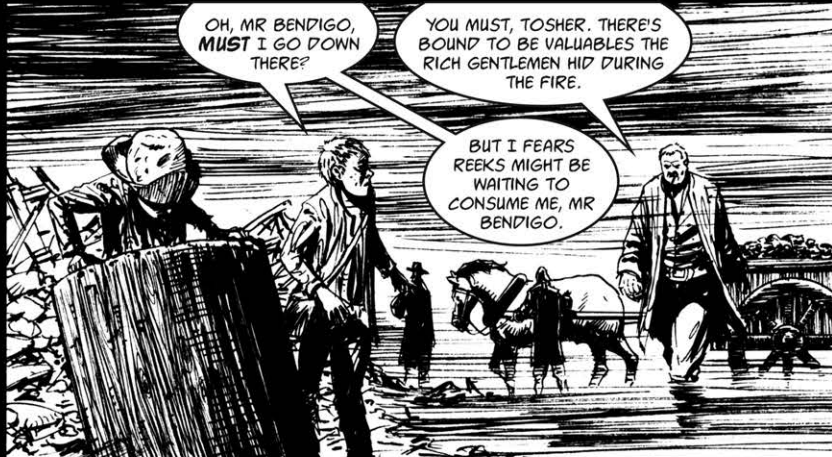
I MUST SEE
DAMNED...

... OR WE
ALL ARE!





THE RUINS OF
THE ROYAL
EXCHANGE.



OH, MR BENDIGO,
MUST I GO DOWN
THERE?

YOU MUST, TOSHER. THERE'S
BOUND TO BE VALUABLES THE
RICH GENTLEMEN HID DURING
THE FIRE.

BUT I FEARS
REEKS MIGHT BE
WAITING TO
CONSUME ME, MR
BENDIGO.



AND THAT'S **ALL**
THEY'LL DO. ME, ON
THE OTHER HAND, I'LL
MAKE YOU **WISH**
YOU WERE BEING
EATEN.

BUT IT SMELLS,
SO IT DO, MR
BENDIGO! SMELLS
HORRIBLE!



SO DO YOU, TOSHER
M'LAD, BUT I DON'T
MIND. NOW GET
DOWN THAT
WATERPIPE AFTER
SNAKES!



I'M SCARED,
MR BENDIGO!
SO SCARED, I
FEAR I COULD
FILL ME
KECKS!



JUST
SO LONG AS
YOU FILL ME
KNAP.

NOW
GET ON
WITH IT!



WHO'S
THERE?



'GONOPH' BENDIGO. GONG FARMER.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT AFTER CURFEW?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, DEFOE.



IF YOU'RE DISTURBING REEKS, IT IS MY BUSINESS.

TAKEN UP RUM DUBBING SINCE YOU RETIRED FROM THE RING, BENDIGO?

I'M NO BURGLAR. JUST DOING A BIT OF GONG FARMING, THAT'S ALL.



OH COME ON, BENDY! YOU'RE COLLECTING DUNG AT THREE IN THE MORNING?

WHY NOT? I GOT A SPECIAL KING'S LICENCE. I'M BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT TOO, DEFOE.



WE KNOW...

'GONG FARMERS HAVE THE LEGAL RIGHT TO ENTER HOUSES AT ANY TIME AND EMPTY THEIR PRIVIES FOR THE GOOD OF THE NATION.'

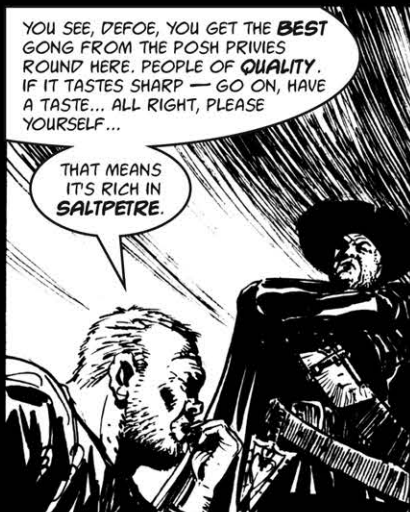
THAT'S RIGHT. AND IT IS MY PATRIOTIC DUTY TO EMPTY THEM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

... ON ACCOUNT OF THE SHORTAGE OF GONG THAT GETS TURNED INTO SALTPETRE TO MAKE GUNPOWDER!

ENABLING YOU TO WIN THE WAR AGAINST THE REEKS!



YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS GONG!



YOU SEE, DEFOE, YOU GET THE **BEST** GONG FROM THE POSH PRIVIES ROUND HERE. PEOPLE OF **QUALITY**. IF IT TASTES SHARP — GO ON, HAVE A TASTE... ALL RIGHT, PLEASE YOURSELF...

THAT MEANS IT'S RICH IN **SALTPETRE**.



WHY CAN'T I DRINK MYSELF DEAF?

WHY DOESN'T THE BOSS JUST **SHOOT** HIM?

HE CAN'T. HE'S A BOXING PHANATICK.



AND NO ONE CAN BEND 'EM LIKE BENDIGO...

'WE WERE AT NEWPORT PAGNELL IN '65 WHEN BENDIGO TAUGHT GAUNT HUMILITY IN THE NINETY-SECOND ROUND...'

BENDY'S SHORT FOR BENDIGO! YOU SHOULD SEE HIM PEEL! HALF OF HIM IS WHALEBONE! HALF OF HIM IS STEEL! BENDY! BENDY! BENDY!



FIGHT! FIGHT! AS NEVER BEFORE! IF YE DON'T, YE'LL FIGHT NO MORE!

BEND HIM, BENDY! PUT HIM IN THE WAY OF MENDING!



NO, NO, LET ME FINISH, DEFOE... SO THEN WE TAKE THE **RAW** GONG TO MR EVELYN'S FACTORY.

THERE, WE MIX IT WITH ASHES, BOIL IT, CRYSTALLISE IT, STIR IN GLUE, TAKE THE SCUM OFF, WASH IT...

NOW LOOK, BENDY—

... BOIL IT UP, DO IT ALL AGAIN, ADD THE OTHER INGREDIENTS, DRY IT, GRIND IT... AND IT'S PERFECT **GUNPOWDER**!

READY TO BLOW UP THE REEKS!



'YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THAT **SMELL** COMING FROM THE **GUNPOWDER** FACTORY JUST DOWN THE ROAD FROM YOU AT WAPPING? WELL, THAT **SMELL** IS THE **SMELL OF VICTORY**, DEFOE!

' 'COS IT'S ALL VERY WELL YOU ZOMBIE HUNTERS SHOWING OFF WITH YER FANCY GUNS, BUT THEY STILL NEED **GUNPOWDER**! OH YES!



AND THE CESSPITS ROUND HERE AIN'T BEEN EMPTIED FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS!

WE ARE TALKING A LOT OF GONG.

YOU CERTAINLY ARE.



LISTEN TO ME, BENDY. I KNOW YOU, ALL RIGHT? I KNOW YOU GOT A COUPLE OF KIDS DOWN THERE THIEVING FOR YOU.

JUST GET 'EM OUT AND GO. WE'LL PRETEND WE NEVER SAW YOU.

THAT IS A SERIOUS ACCUSATION, DEFOE.



LOOK — THERE'S A NEST SOMEWHERE IN THESE RUINS.

IF THERE IS A **QUEEN** DOWN THERE AND YOUR LADS DISTURB HER NEST, IT WON'T BE **ORDINARY** REEKS THEY'LL BE FACING...

A NEST... ?

A **QUEEN**?



THAT'S RIGHT. I HOPE THESE PIECES OF EIGHT DIDN'T COME FROM BELOW?

NO, BOTTOM OF A CESSPIT. CLEANED UP NICELY. MUST'VE FELL OUT OF A GENT'S KECKS.

THAT'S GOOD. THEN I RECKON YOUR LADS HAVE GOT A CHANCE OF GETTING OUT OF THERE **ALIVE**...





CAN'T
SMELL NO
REEKS,
TOSHER...



MIND YOU, IT'S
NOT **THEM** WE HAVE
TO WORRY ABOUT. WE
CAN ALWAYS OUTFRAN
THEM.



IT'S MR
QUICK.



IF
HE GETS
YER...



GARN! THAT'S
JUST A STORY THE
LINKBOYS MADE
UP!

I'M
NOT SO
SURE.



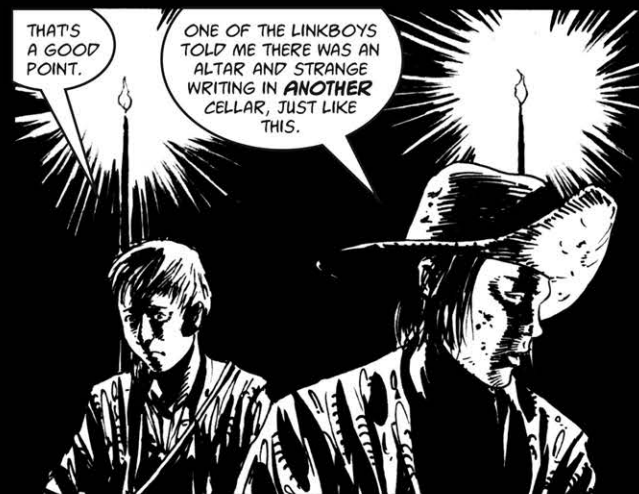
WHAT ABOUT
ALL THE BOYS
THAT HAVE GONE
MISSING?

THERE'S
PLENTY OF OTHER
EXPLANATIONS. A
'SPIRITER' COULD
HAVE SPIRITED
THEM AWAY...



... SOLD
THEM TO RICH
MERCHANTS.
THEY'D BE
BETTER OFF
THAN US...









NOW LOOK, BENDY, I'M GOING TO SEND ONE OF MY TEAM DOWN — **EZREEL TONGE**. 'COS YOU NEED TO GET THEM KIDS OUT OF THERE SHARPISH.

LET ME JUST FINISH LOADING UP WITH **GONG**, THEN I'LL CALL THEM UP MESELF.



KETCHIE — GET TONGE. TELL HIM TO TAKE SOME **RUPERT'S TEARS** WITH HIM, JUST IN CASE...

YEAH, IN A MINUTE, TITUS...

MR BENDIGO, I JUST WANTED TO SAY I'M YOUR **BIGGEST PHANATICK!**

I'M PLEASED TO HEAR IT, KETCH.



I WAS AT **STUNNING JOE'S** THE DAY YOU GAVE GAUNT MORE POUNDS PER ROUND THAN YOUR SIXTY-TWO RUN THROUGH WITH PADDY HUGHES. I'VE SEEN **ALL** YOUR MATCHES! **FANTASTIC!**

OH, THANKS VERY MUCH, KETCH. I APPRECIATE THAT.



BUT... AND I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND ME MENTIONING IT... I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING YOUR LEFT LUMPER WAS A TRIFLE SLOW. HE GOT A COUPLE PAST YOUR GUARD, DIDN'T HE?



AND I SEE YOUR KNUCKLES ARE LOOKING A BIT SOFT NOW. WHAT ARE YOU TREATING THEM WITH? I'M A BIT OF A BOXER MESELF. I FAVOUR A MIXTURE OF TURPENTINE AND WITCH-HAZEL. WHAT SORT OF SPIKES DO YOU USE ON YOUR BOOTS?



KETCHIE! ENOUGH!

GET TONGE NOW!



S'BLOOD!

THAT SCREAM—!

THEY'VE FOUND A NEST!

AAAAHHHH!





THE PALACE OF
WHITEHALL.

EXCUSE ME,
MR JONES! EXCUSE ME!
IT'S ONLY SIXPENCE FROM
WAPPING TO WHITEHALL
STAIRS! YOU FORGOT
YOUR CHANGE, SIR!

K-KEEP
IT.

L-LET ME IN! I HAVE TO
SEE MY BROTHER! IT'S A
M-MATTER OF STATE
SECURITY!

WHAT'S HIS
NAME?

'IF-CHRIST-
HAD-NOT-DIED-
FOR-THEE-THOU-
WOULDEST-BE-
DAMNED' JONES.

NO. HE'S NOT
ON THE LIST.

A-ARE YOU
SURE?

VERY
SURE.

'SERVITOR'?

YES!

OPEN
UP!

HE'S IN
THE B-BRITISH
SECRET SERVICE.
HIS BORROWED
NAME IS...

'SERVITOR.'







QUICK!
GET A
BARBER!

D-DAMNED... LISTEN TO
ME... I-I'VE BEEN TO
IPSWICH... I...

S'BLOOD!
IPSWICH?

I F-FOUND LA
VOISIN. I THOUGHT
I WAS S-SMART
ENOUGH TO OUTWIT
HER, BUT SHE
FOLLOWED ME TO
WAPPING. SHOT
ME.

I WAS
S-SO STUPID...
SO BLOODY
STUPID...



HE WOULDN'T STAND
A CHANCE AGAINST
THE QUEEN OF THE
ZOMBIES!

WHY,
FEAR? IPSWICH
IS HER MAIN
NEST!



I-IT'S ALL IN
MY REPORT.
YOU'VE GOT TO
SPEAK TO MR
DEFOE...

DEFOE...?
BUT THE MAN'S
A LEVELLER! A
REVOLUTIONARY!



EX-LEVELLER. H-H-E'S THE
ZOMBIE HUNTER GENERAL
NOW. HE HAS THE WEAPONS
AND S-SKILLS TO
STOP HER.

AND HE'S THE
ONLY ONE YOU
CAN TRUST.

LA VOISIN
BOASTED TO ME
THAT ONE OF Y-YOUR
AGENTS IS ACTUALLY
MENE TEKEL!

WHAT?

I-I THOUGHT THAT
WOULD IMPRESS YOU.
I JUST W-WANTED
TO BE LIKE YOU,
DAMNED.

I... I
WANTED YOU
TO BE PROUD
OF ME.

MY DEAR
BOY, I HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN
PROUD OF
YOU.



HMM...
DEFOE.
NEWTON'S
MAN.

I
BELIEVE I
HAVE A FILE
ON DEFOE...





FIRE
ZOMBIES!
THEY FIGHT LIKE
KILKENNY
CATS!

TONGE!
USE YOUR
GRENADES ON
THE QUEEN!

I'LL
NEVER GET
INSIDE THE PIPE,
MR DEFOE!



YOU
WILL IF I HAVE
TO ENCOURAGE
YOU WITH MY
BOOT!

THEY SAID I WAS MAD
'COS OF MY
PROPHECIES. THEY
BURNT MY
ALMANACS. BUT I
WAS PROVED
RIGHT.



THEY WANTED SCIENTIFIC
KNOWLEDGE FROM THE 'ANGELS'...
AND THE GREAT FIRE OF
LONDON WAS THE
PRICE.



NOW GET
DOWN THERE
AND DESTROY
HER NEST!



666 WAS ONE BIG
CONSPIRACY... THE PAPISTS...
THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE...
ALCHEMISTS... THEY
WERE ALL IN IT
TOGETHER...



THEY BROUGHT
THE 'COMET' TO
EARTH!

QUIET.
QUIET. THEY
HAVE EARS D'OWN
HERE. PAPISTS IS
EVERYWHERE, 'CEPT
HEAVEN.

SPEAK
IN TONGUES...
THE SECRET
LANGUAGE OF
THE LORD...

YAGABARR
ARRAKANA!

BENDY! HE
HASN'T BEEN
INJECTED WITH
THE ANTI-REEK
CORDIAL!

AAAAHH! YER PUNK!
YE SHALL NOT EAT
OF MY FLESH AND
GET AWAY WITH
IT!

COUGH IT UP,
YOU MAW
WORM!

YOUR FRIEND JUST
ATE SOMEONE WHO
VIOLENTLY DISAGREED
WITH HIM!

YOU WANT A CUT
OF BENDIGO TOO?
COME ON, IF YER
HARD ENOUGH!

YOU TOOK FOUR
TABLESPOONS OF MY
BLOOD — I'M GONNA
GET FOUR TANKARDS
OUT OF YOU!

ON THE NINTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER
SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE,
FROM LONDON UP TO NOTTINGHAM
THE ROADS WERE ALL ALIVE!

SUCH A SIGHT WAS NEVER SEEN!
BELIEVE ME IT IS SO,
TENS OF THOUSANDS WENT TO SEE THE FIGHT
WITH BEN GAUNT AND BENDIGO!

AND NEAR TO NEWPORT PAGNELL,
THOSE MEN DID STRIP SO FINE,
BEN GAUNT STOOD SIX FOOT AND A HALF
AND BENDIGO FIVE FOOT NINE!

BEN GAUNT, A GIANT DID APPEAR,
AND MADE THE CLARET FLOW,
AND HE SEEMED FULLY DETERMINED
SOON TO CONQUER BENDIGO.

WITH THEIR HIT AWAY! AND SLASH AWAY!
SO MANFULLY, YOU SEE!
BEN GAUNT HAS LOST AND BENDIGO
HAS GAINED THE VICTORY!

THAT
MAN IS A
HERO!

HE'S GONNA
BE A SKELETON
BEFORE HE LIES
DOWN!



BEN GAUNT HAS LOST AND
BENDIGO HAS GAINED THE...





THE QUEEN'S NEST! SHE
AND MENE TEKEL ARE
WORKING FOR THE
DUTCH!



THE 'ANGELS'
ALWAYS HELP
BOTH SIDES!
THAT'S HOW
THEY
CONTROL
US!



IT'S JUST
LIKE I SAW IN MY
DREAMS... IT'S
ALL THERE IN MY
ALMANACS...

... BEFORE
THEY ARRESTED
ME FOR SCARE-
MONGERING AND
PUT ME IN THE
PILLORY!



ZAHAN
ALLAFAGA
MANA!



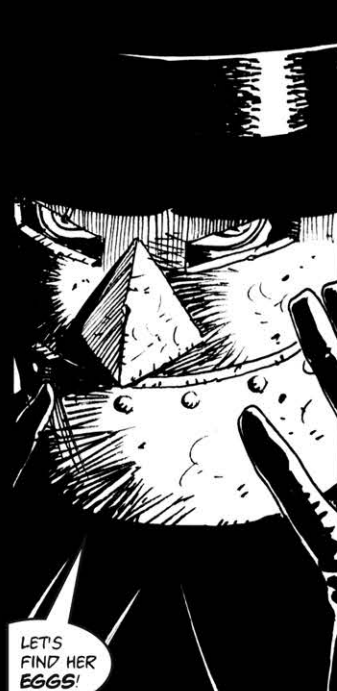
THEY'RE
COLLAPSING!
TONGE'S
DONE IT!



IT'S BLOWN
OUT THE
COAL
HOLES.

WE'RE
IN.

BISHOP!
EAGLE!



LET'S
FIND HER
EGGS!





LET THY LIGHT
CLEANSE THIS STENCH
FROM THE EARTH. FOR
BEHOLD GROSS DARKNESS
HAS COVERED THE EARTH
AND GROSS DARKNESS
THE PEOPLE.



RECEDE, DA
LOCUM, EX,
DISCEDE.



EIUS IN ORITU
NOSTRO PRAESENTIA
MUNIAMUR.



CRUX SACRA
SIT MINI LUX!
NUBQUAM
DRACO SIT
MIHI DUX!



VADE RETRO
SATANA!

THE
ROMAN
RITUAL?

WHATEVER
IT TAKES,
EAGLE.



NUNQUAM
SUADE MIHI
VAND! SUNTMAL
QUAE LIBAS!
IPSE VENANA
BIBAS!



'Begone Satan! Never
tempt me with your
vanities! What you
offer me is evil! Drink
the poison yourself!'



I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE BENDY'S GONE. I'M GUTTED. I REALLY AM.

WELL, MATHW AND I THOUGHT MR BENDIGO WAS A TERRIBLE MAN.

YOU KNEW BENDY? MY HERO?

OH YES. HE CAME TO OUR HOUSE ONCE, LOOKING FOR GONG. HE INSISTED ON INSPECTING OUR PRIVY.



HE TOLD US WE MUST DO BETTER IN FUTURE.



BIT OF A PRUDE IS OUR MARTHA. NOT LIKE YOU, EH, DEARIE?

I ADMIRE MRS HOPKINS. HER HUSBAND LEFT HIS ENTIRE BUSINESS TO HER — ALL HIS PRICKING TOOLS AND MANUALS.



'SHE WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL, UNTIL THE OTHER WITCHFINDERS SAID IT WAS AN UNSUITABLE JOB FOR A WOMAN...



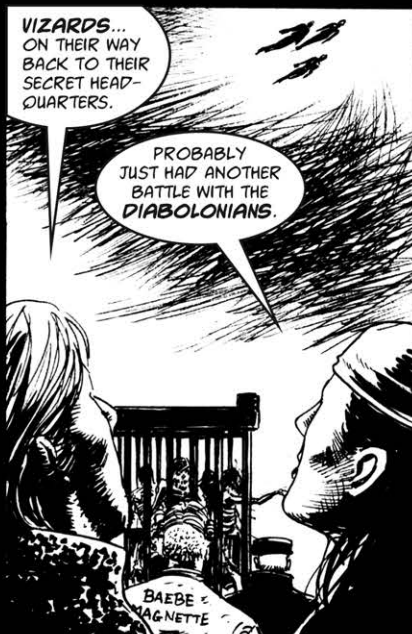
... SO SHE HAD TO JOIN THE BRETHREN.'

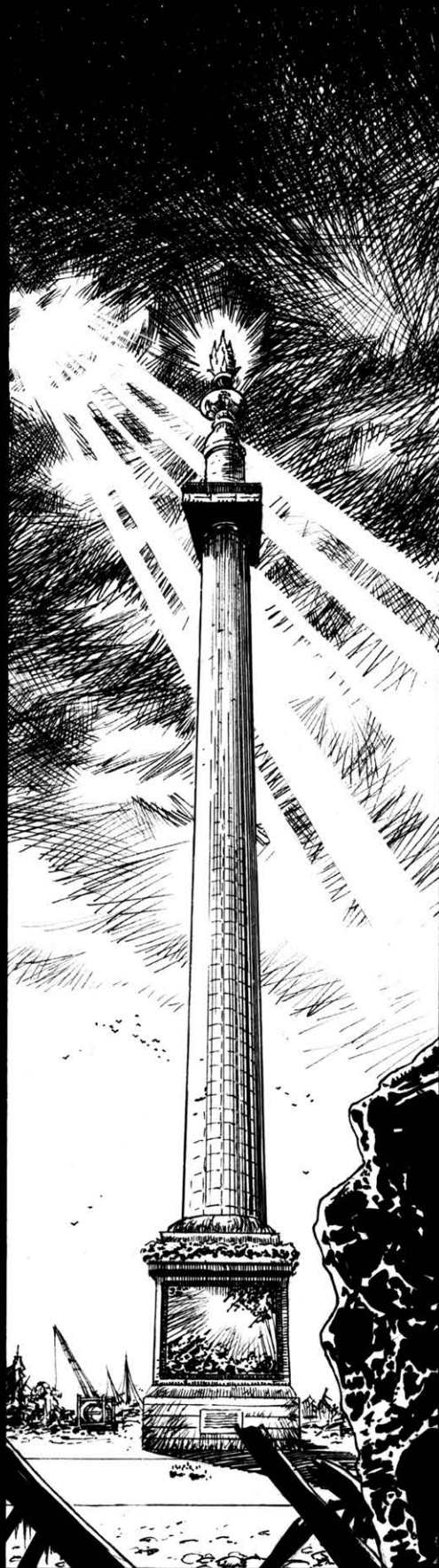


HERE'S THE BOSS. DON'T LOOK VERY HAPPY. MUST HAVE FOUND ANOTHER LINKBOY.

HE HATES IT WHEN IT'S KIDS.

'REMINDS HIM OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FAMILY...'





'JUST REMEMBER THE VIZARDS DEFEATED THE DIABOLONIANS, EVEN IF THE FOLLOWING MONTH THE DIABOLONIANS DEFEATED THEM.'



'BUT NO ONE ERECTS A PLAQUE TO CELEBRATE OUR VICTORIES!'



THEY RECKON ONE OF THE VIZARDS IS YOUNG JUDGE JEFFREYS.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, TITUS?

I SAY THE FIRST CAGE IS FOR SIR ISAAC AT THE TOWER, SECOND'S FOR WAPPING. ON YOUR WAY.

AREN'T YOU COMING WITH US, BOSS? IT'S BEAR-BAITING NIGHT AT THE PIGEONS.

NO. I WANT TO TALK TO SOME KIDS ABOUT THESE LINKBOY MURDERS.

KIDS GO MISSING ON THE STREETS OF LONDON EVERY DAY, BOSS. WHO CARES?

I CARE.



LONDON-BEYOND-
THE-WALLS.



HEAVENS PRESERVE
US! IT'S THE
ZOMBIE HUNTER
GENERAL!



HE USED TO BE A LEVELLER,
FIGHTING FOR A BETTER
WORLD!

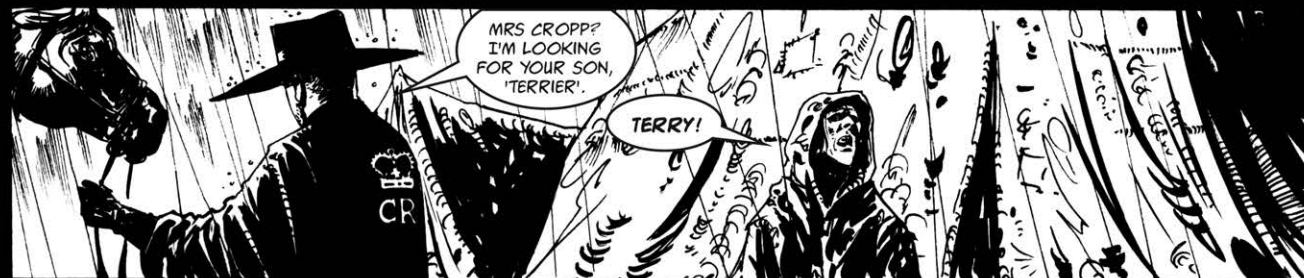
WELL, HE'S
A **CHARLIE'S
BOY** NOW!

AYE!
HE SOLD
OUT!

HARD
TO BELIEVE HE
ONCE WORE THE
GREEN OF
FREEDOM.



AND
ROSEMARY
TO REMEMBER
THOSE WHO DIED
FOR IT...



MRS CROPP?
I'M LOOKING
FOR YOUR SON,
'TERRIER'.

TERRY!



I AIN'T DONE NOTHING,
SIR! HONEST! IT WASN'T
ME! I WASN'T THERE!
AND WHOEVER SAYS
I WAS, THEY'RE
LYING!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, TERRY.
YOU'RE NOT IN ANY
TROUBLE. I JUST WANT
TO ASK YOU SOME
QUESTIONS.



I BROUGHT
SOME FOOD FOR
YOU AND YOUR
MUM.

CHEESE! SALT
PORK! PICKLED
EGGS! OH, THANK
YOU, SIR!



NOW I KNOW YOU AND THE
OTHER LADS SNEAK OVER THE
WALL TO WORK AS LINKBOYS,
AND THAT'S WHAT I WANT
TO TALK TO YOU
ABOUT.

YOUR FRIEND
**BILLY
SCOBY**... WE
FOUND HIS
BODY.



I'M
AFRAID HE'S
DEAD.



SO MR QUICK GOT
HIM. I **KNEW** HE HAD
WHEN BILLY NEVER
CAME BACK FROM
THAT JOB.



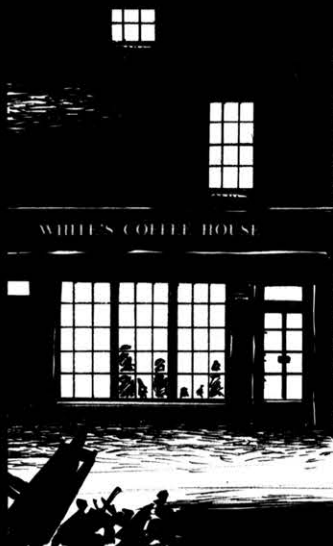
WHO
IS MR
QUICK?

WHEN ONE
OF US LINKBOYS
DON'T RETURN, WE
SAY MR QUICK GOT
HIM. WE MAKE IT
INTO A GAME.



MR QUICK'S A
CHILD-CATCHER?
A SPIRITER?

OH NO.
MR QUICK'S A
GENTLEMAN.



'WE THOUGHT IT WAS WEIRD WHEN HE ASKED CHARON TO TAKE HIM TO BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

' 'COS IT'S BEEN A RUIN SINCE '666.

'HE'S A LOST BOY NOW.'

WE FOUND A NEST IN BAYNARD'S...

'WE CLEARED IT.'





YOU DID WELL TONIGHT, GALLOWGRASS. YOU TOO, SPIRITER.

TELL THAT TO THE REST OF THE BRETHREN, BOSS. THEY STILL HATE ME BECAUSE OF WHAT I USED TO DO...

... WHEN I WAS ONLY GIVING STREET URCHINS A NEW START IN THE PLANTATIONS...



SO WHAT WAS THE **ADDRESS** MR QUICK GAVE BILLY, TERRY?

COME ON, TERRY! TELL THE GENTLEMAN!

I DON'T KNOW, SIR. HONEST.



TERRY, MR QUICK WANTED BILLY AND CHARON FOR HIS QUEEN. SO SHE COULD LAY HER **EGGS** IN THEM...



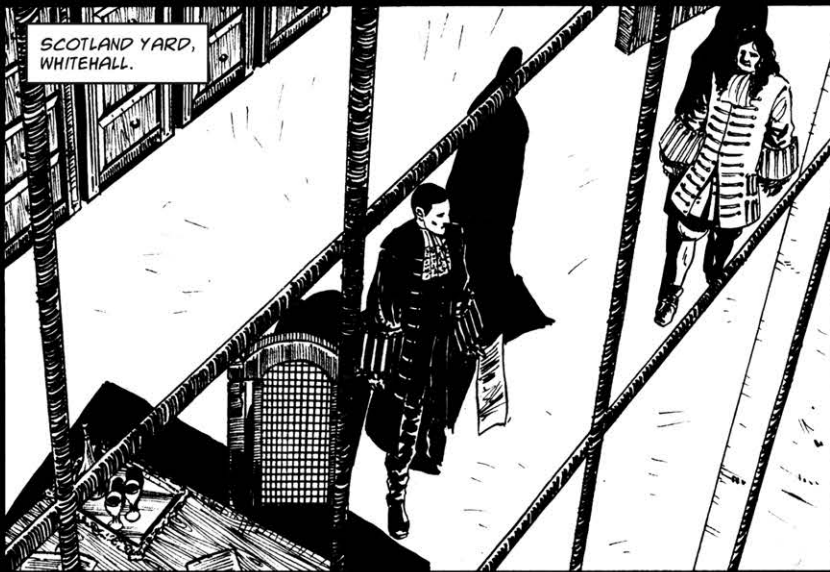
NOW, YOU DON'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN TO ANY MORE OF YOUR MATES, DO YOU?

NO, SIR.

SO **WHERE** WAS HE GOING? TRUST ME, SON. YOU WON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE.



SCOTLAND YARD, SIR.



SCOTLAND YARD,
WHITEHALL.



WE TOOK CARE
OF EVERYTHING,
SERVITOR.

YOUR BROTHER
WON'T BE COMING
BACK.



YOU'VE READ HIS
ACCOUNT OF WHAT
HAPPENED IN
IPSWICH?

YES. YOU'LL NEED
TO WORK WITH
DEFOE ON THIS
ONE.



FEAR
INTRODUCED
ME TO HIM.
GOOD MAN, EVEN
IF HE IS A
LEVELLER.

EX-LEVELLER.
HE LEARNT TO
KEEP HIS MOUTH
SHUT.

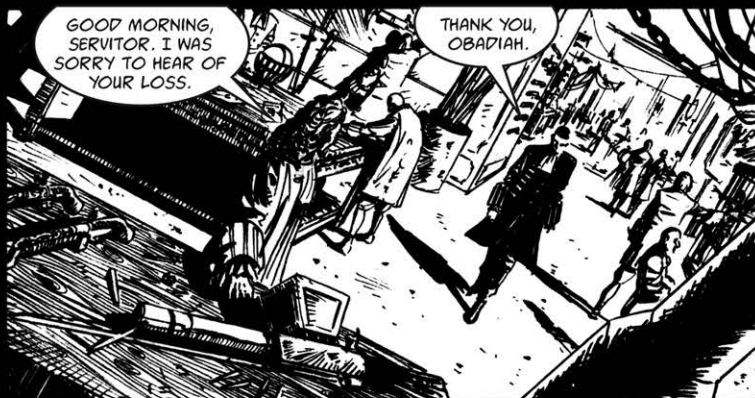


OBADIAH'S
WAITING FOR YOU.
GOOD LUCK,
SERVITOR.



AND, SERVITOR...
PROBABLY BEST YOU
DON'T TELL DEFOE YOU WERE
THE AGENT WHO ASSASSINATED
THE LEVELLER'S LEADER,
COLONEL RAINSBOROUGH.





LONDON-BEYOND-
THE- WALLS.

JIMBO SLICE
AIN'T CALLED THE 'HIGH
KING OF IRELAND' FOR
NOWT! I'D BACK HIM TO
WRECK ANY REEK AT
EIGHT AND A HALF
FOR NINE!

BUT MCKAY
IS STILL A WICKED
CREETUR. HE'D DO
BETTER AT A HUNDRED
TO TWELVE.

SLICE HIM! SLICE HIM!
ROUGH! ROUGH!
ROUGH!

REEK
WRECKER! REEK
WRECKER! TOP!
TOP! TOP!

LOOK AT
THAT LADY! SHE'S
GOT MORE JEWELS
THAN THE TOWER OF
LONDON!

JAYZU!
A LEG OF
HER WOULD
DO ME!

ROASTED RAT, MY
LADY? I NEED MONEY
FOR MEDICINE FOR
MY POOR, SICK
CHILDREN.

I'M
SO GLAD. I
LOVE TO
HEAR GOOD
NEWS.

OUT OF MY WAY.
IT'S TIME TO PUT MY
NOUVEAU REEK
THROUGH HIS
PACES.

THE
WORMED IS
ABOUT TO
TURN!

HUH — ?

HE'S MEANT
TO BE A NORMAL
REEK! IT'S A
POKE!





REEK-WRECKING,
STENCH-BAITING AND
SUCHLIKE ARE
FORBIDDEN BY ROYAL
DECREE.

CHARLIE'S
BOY!

TITUS DEFOE!
I FOUGHT WITH HIM.
HE WAS ONE OF **US**
THEN — LEVELLING
THE LAND.

LEVELLING
IT FOR THE
RICH! IT'S ALL
RIGHT FOR **THEM**
TO HAVE REEKS
AS SLAVES!

WHO ARE
YOU?

THE COUNTESS
MADDALENA
VON
KONIGSBERG.





I REPRESENT HIS HIGHNESS
FREDERICK WILLIAM, ELECTOR OF
BRANDENBURG AND DUKE OF
PRUSSIA.

THEY CALL
ME... 'PRUSSIAN
BLUE'.

I THINK
YOU'D BETTER
COME WITH ME,
MY LADY.



I WILL HAVE ONE OF
MY HUNTERS — A MRS
HOPKINS — EXAMINE YOU
FOR THE DEVIL'S MARKS:
A MOLE OR BLEMISH
WHERE YOU MAY BE
SECRETLY SUCKLING
SATAN'S IMPS.

I WOULD
ENJOY THAT,
BUT I'M IN
RATHER A
HURRY.

AND THE
COUNTESS HAS
DIPLOMATIC
IMMUNITY.



MAY
I INTRODUCE MY
COACHMAN, **SEPTIMUS
THROGMORTON**, AND MY
PERSONAL BODYGUARD,
'BAROQUE'.

HE LOST
MOST OF HIS VITAL
ORGANS AT THE BATTLE OF
MAGDEBURG, SO HE HAS
HAD RATHER EXTENSIVE
SURGERY...



... WITH
INTERNAL
MODIFICATIONS
TO RIVAL EVEN
MR HOOKE'S
CLOCKPUNKS.



YOU ARE
HINDERING ME
IN MY WORK,
GENTLE-
MEN.

YOU MAY GO
BACK FROM
WHENCE YOU
CAME. WE DO
NOT HINDER
YOU FROM
THAT.



CAREFUL, MR
DEFOE. YOU'RE
WINDING HIM
UP.



BUT... AH!
IT APPEARS A TWO-
TUSK SOLUTION TO
THE PROBLEM IS
NO LONGER
NEEDED!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THEY WERE ORDINARY PRETENDERS!



OUT OF MY WAY OR I'LL BLOW YOUR CHIMES OFF.



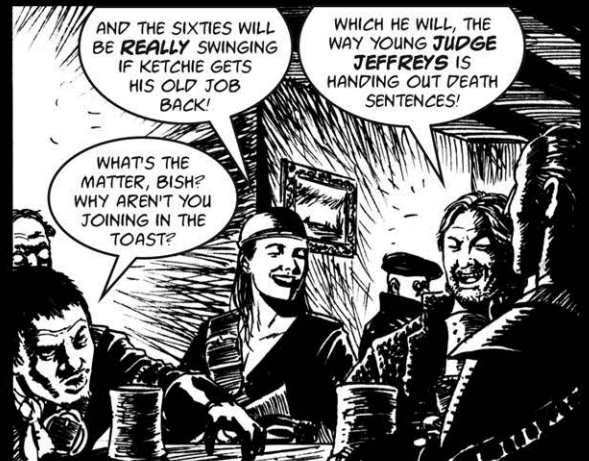
ROUND BULLETS FOR CHRISTIANS! SQUARE BULLETS FOR ZOMBIES!



LET US DEPART. AND, BAROQUE? NOTE MR DEFOE WELL.



I AM SURE OUR PATHS WILL CROSS AGAIN.





BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT CORRECT, MR KETCH. THERE WAS A PLETHORA OF EVIL IN THE FIFTIES.

IT WAS WHEN THE TERRIBLE CALAMITY THAT BEFELL LONDON WAS PLANNED.



PLEASE YOURSELF THEN, BISH.

MISERABLE PUNK!

SOMETIMES I THINK I'M THE ONLY ONE OF US LOT THAT'S NORMAL.



YOU? NORMAL? WHAT ABOUT KETCHIE'S KITCHEN?

YOU AND MUNGO BOILING HEADS AND PLAYING FOOTBALL WITH THEM?

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. THEN COMPARED TO HIM I'M NORMAL.

BUT EVERYONE'S NORMAL COMPARED TO THE SPIRITER...



HERE'S THE BOSS! TITUS! OVER HERE!

KETCHIE!



MR DEFOE? WE'VE MET BEFORE. MY BROTHER 'FEAR' INTRODUCED ME TO YOU.

I REMEMBER. 'DAMNED' JONES. IS YOUNG JONESY ALL RIGHT?



IS THERE SOMEWHERE QUIET WE CAN TALK? I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS.

I'M GOING TO THE WAREHOUSE. WE CAN TALK ON THE WAY.





IT IS POSSIBLE HE'S IN
THE SECRET SERVICE.
HE'S A GENIUS AT
CHANGING HIS
APPEARANCE.

AND I'VE LEARNT THERE
WERE **SIX** AGENTS IN
WHITES COFFEE HOUSE THE
NIGHT THE LINKBOY
DISAPPEARED.

HOW?

AS ZOMBIE
HUNTER GENERAL, IT
IS MY **BUSINESS** TO
KNOW EVERYTHING
THAT GOES ON IN
THIS CITY.

'PRESENT WERE **BEVIL SKELTON**:
"BEADLE". **COLONEL BLOOD**:
"BATTALOR". **THOMAS**
DANGERFIELD: "TONSOR".
WILLIAM BEDLOE: "VERGER".
SIR JOSEPH WILLIAMSON:
"PROVOST".

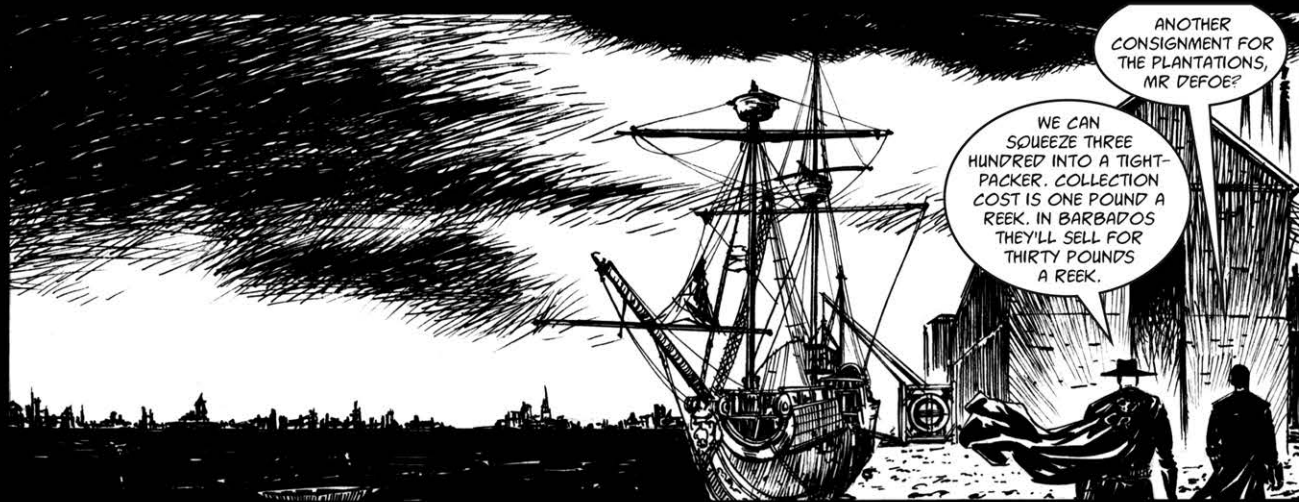
"YOURSELF,
"**DAMNED**" **JONES**:
"SERVITOR".

'SEVEN AGENTS IF
YOU INCLUDE **APHRA**
BENN: "ASTREA".

YOU KNOW OUR
BORROWED NAMES?
YOU ARE **TOO** WELL
INFORMED, MR
DEFOE!

AND
THEREFORE, MR
JONES...

... ONE OF
YOU IS 'MENE
TEKEL'!



ANOTHER
CONSIGNMENT FOR
THE PLANTATIONS,
MR DEFOE?

WE CAN
SQUEEZE THREE
HUNDRED INTO A TIGHT-
PACKER. COLLECTION
COST IS ONE POUND A
REEK. IN BARBADOS
THEY'LL SELL FOR
THIRTY POUNDS
A REEK.



A
SUBSTANTIAL
PROFIT FOR THE
ROYAL
RESURRECTION
COMPANY.



I WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT, AS A
LEVELLER, YOU WOULD
OBJECT TO THE
SLAVE TRADE?



EX-LEVELLER.
MY REVOLUTIONARY
DAYS ARE OVER.

I'M
CHARLIE'S BOY NOW.
AIN'T YOU SEEN THE
CROWN ON MY
BACK?



THIS BRINGS IN MORE
CASH THAN WORKING ON
THE CHAIRS, AND THAT'S
ALL I'M INTERESTED
IN.

I
ALMOST
BELIEVE YOU,
MR DEFOE.



LET US RETURN
TO THE SUBJECT
OF MY
BROTHER...

YOU KNOW
IPSWICH, MR
DEFOE?

YES, I
WAS THERE
ON '666.



I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY MENE TEKEL AND LA VOISIN CHOSE IT AS THEIR BASE.



IPSWICH HAS ALWAYS BEEN A HOTBED OF SATANISM.



TEKEL'S FOLLOWERS HAVE BEEN COMING THERE FROM THE LOW COUNTRIES FOR CENTURIES.



YOU SHOULD HAVE SHIPPED THEM BACK TO THE LOW COUNTRIES.



WE DID OUR BEST. WE SENT MANY TO THE COLONIES, WHERE THEY SECRETLY CONTINUED THEIR DEVIL WORSHIP AND FOUNDED IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS.

WHICH SOME PEOPLE CALL...



... 'ARKHAM'.



S'BLOOD!

THAT'S FRENCHY. HE'S MAKING A NOTE OF SUITABLE BRAINS FOR MR HOOKE'S CLOCKPUNKS.



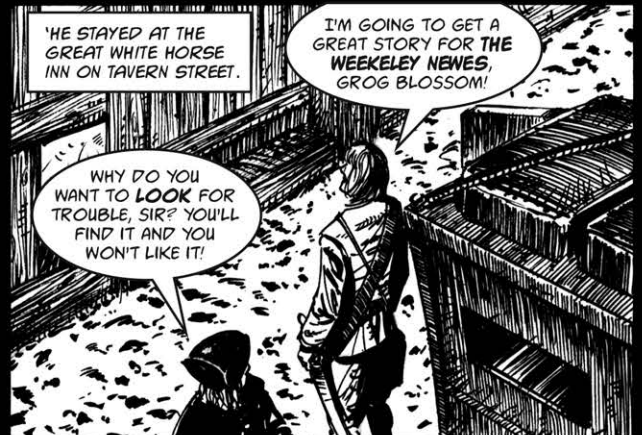
'MY BROTHER HAD OBTAINED A COPY OF A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF NORWICH ABOUT SATANISM IN IPSWICH... BIZARRE MASONIC RITUALS AMONGST CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE CLERGY...

'IT WAS THIS REPORT THAT DREW HIM TO THE TOWN...



IPSWICH!
THE HEART OF
DARKNESS!

IF I
DISCOVER THE TRUTH,
I COULD BECOME A
SECRET AGENT LIKE
DANNED!



'HE STAYED AT THE
GREAT WHITE HORSE
INN ON TAVERN STREET.

I'M GOING TO GET A
GREAT STORY FOR THE
WEEKELEY NEWES,
GROG BLOSSOM!

WHY DO YOU
WANT TO LOOK FOR
TROUBLE, SIR? YOU'LL
FIND IT AND YOU
WON'T LIKE IT!



IT'S LIKE THAT DARK CITY
BUNYAN CALLED 'MANSOUL',
WITH ITS SECRET CAVES,
HOLES AND
VAULTS!

LEAVE IT
BE, SIR! I
BEG YOU!



'FEAR WENT ROUND THE
CORNER TO THE RAINBOW
COFFEE HOUSE CLOSE TO
THE TOWN'S NORTH GATE.

'THERE HE MET
LA VOISIN.



'HE KNEW HER SINISTER
REPUTATION, AND HOW
DANGEROUS SHE WAS.

'BUT — WITH THE
SUPREME CONFIDENCE
OF YOUTH — HE
THOUGHT HE COULD
OUTSMART HER.



'HE THOUGHT HE WOULD
BE SAFE IN A PUBLIC
PLACE, BUT SHE
DRUGGED HIS COFFEE.



WHEN HE AWOKE HE WAS IN HER UNDERGROUND TEMPLE, SURROUNDED BY THE **DIABOLONIANS** — **SUPER REEKS**, WHO HAD MOCKINGLY NAMED THEMSELVES AFTER BUNYAN'S CHARACTERS.

'CAPTAINS DESTRUCTION, INCREDIBLE, DAMNATION, INSATIABLE, BRIMSTONE, TORMENT, CORRUPTION, SEPULCHRE AND DESPAIR.



SUCH
INNOCENCE!
SUCH STUPIDITY!
THE BOY IS
PERFECT!

'AN INNOCENT YOUTH IS OFTEN CHOSEN FOR
SATANIC RITUALS. HE IS THEN SYMBOLICALLY
LOADED DOWN WITH THE SATANISTS' "SINS"
AND CAST INTO THE WILDERNESS.

'IT IS TOO SORDID AND PAINFUL TO
DESCRIBE **HOW** THEY DO THIS, BUT
YOU CAN DOUBTLESS IMAGINE...

'FINALLY, IT WAS LA VOISIN'S
TURN. SHE BEGAN TO DISROBE.

'SHE WAS
TRANSFORMED
INTO...

'BUT IT WAS NOT JUST HER
DRESS SHE REMOVED, BUT
HER SKIN ALSO, UNTIL...

THE
QUEEN OF
ZOMBIES!

BRING
THE BOY
TO ME.

'SHE DIDN'T LAY HER EGGS
INSIDE HIM — HE WAS
SPARED THE AWFUL FATE OF
THE LINKBOYS. INSTEAD, SHE
WENT THROUGH A FOUL,
MOCKING PARODY OF LOVE
WITH HIM...'

YOU ARE PERHAPS WONDERING
HOW FEAR EVER ESCAPED AFTER
BEING USED AS THE DEVIL'S
PINCUSHION? THE ANSWER
IS, THEY LET HIM
GO.

TO WHAT
PURPOSE?

PART OF THEIR SICK RITUAL.
SIMILAR TO A PRUSSIAN SECRET
SOCIETY CALLED **THE VEHM**. THEY
TOO SET A VICTIM FREE, GIVE HIM
A HEAD START, THEN ENJOY
HUNTING HIM DOWN AND
EXECUTING HIM.

IT'S CALLED 'FREE
AS A BIRD'.



PRUSSIAN, YOU SAY?
THEN IT IS POSSIBLE I
HAVE MET THIS HELL-HAG.
SHE WAS CALLING
HERSELF THE COUNTESS
MADDALENA VON
KONIGSBERG OR...
'PRUSSIAN
BLUE'!

TOGETHER,
MR DEFOE, WE
SHALL FIND HER
AND HER MASTER
MENE TEKEL.



TOGETHER,
MR JONES.

WE HAVE TO...
... FOR FEAR.



THEN SHALL
THEY SEE THE
WORDS: 'MENE, MENE,
TEKEL, PARSIN'!

'YOU HAVE
BEEN WEIGHED...
FOUND WANTING... AND
YOUR DAYS ARE
NUMBERED!'

THE
WRITING IS ON
THE WALL!

AFTERWORD

What can one say about Pat Mills that hasn't been said before? A writer who has given us, his fans, years of quality thought-provoking work, a giant of comic literature. What we have in *Defoe* is a twisted steam punk zombie plague world. Set in a time in our history that is unsettlingly familiar to us, yet so alien. Created by all the elements Pat has mixed into the pot, which Leigh as the artist has taken and run for his life with.

What can one say about Ellie De Ville that hasn't been said before? Ms De Ville's work has appeared on some of my all time favorite comic books. It has always been recognizably her work, always personal, confident and completely appropriate to the subject matter, and she has done it again here. A top-notch professional.

What can one say about Leigh that hasn't been said before? Actually quite a lot! But let me try and put it straight here and now. Leigh has not been around that long, but when you look at the pages of *Defoe*, there is a maturity of line work, story telling and design that belie his short time in the business.

When I first met Leigh, after I had picked him up from the floor of a men's toilet.... mm, no that was someone else. After I had introduced Leigh, to the delights of a Parisian brothel.... No, nope. Who is it again? Leigh Gallagher! Oh that Leigh.

As if there could be any other.

I first met Leigh when he was an art student in Liverpool. He struck me even then as an original. In the world of comics if you are a good artist, to ape someone else's style can be an easy way to get in and get noticed, but not Leigh. Leigh has always had his own unique style. He has never compromised in his way of creating comic art. His lines create a dynamic tension to the panels that has a grounding in pure art. His lines can

be decorative and precise or cascade across the panel in bold rendering, as if he has slashed his wrists and spurted black blood from the gaping wounds onto the pure white surface, in precise but organic lines that have a sensuality to them. When you look at the art you form the notion that the artist who made those marks on the paper knows the right time to flick, to curl, to feather lightly or to boldly flood solid black onto the white space. It shows a confidence and an understanding of what this, the most unforgiving art medium of all, black line work, can be at its best.

A lot of comic art needs colour, but not *Defoe*, the black of the rendering takes you right into the heart of this dark and bleak world, feeling completely tailored to Leigh's many strengths by that master story teller Pat Mills.

In a business that demands nothing less of an artist than total commitment to the job, your publisher expects it, your Pat Mills expect it, your readers expect it, but as an artist Leigh demands it of himself.

Most comic artists I know will have an average week of seven, twelve hour days, I can guarantee that Leigh will be working all of that and more, also juggling that with walking the dog and trying to have a life with Nicki his long suffering and understanding better half.

This is not a business for anyone who does not have the concentration, application and complete dedication to telling the best story in the most visually exciting way possible, and that is exactly what you get in this book. Buy one! In fact buy two so he can have a day off every now and then and Pat can buy another silver plated dissection table.

**John Higgins
March 2009**



2000 AD Prog 1541: Cover by Vince Locke



2000 AD Prog 1545: Cover by **Nick Percival**





2000 AD Prog 1594: Cover by **Luke Preece**





DEFOE
VERSION 2.



LEIGH GALLAGHER
18-12-06



DEFOE
VERSION 3.



LEIGH GALLAGHER
18-12-06

DEFOE
FINAL FACE.



LEIGH
GALLAGHER
2-01-07.

DEFOE



POSSIBLE
MASK



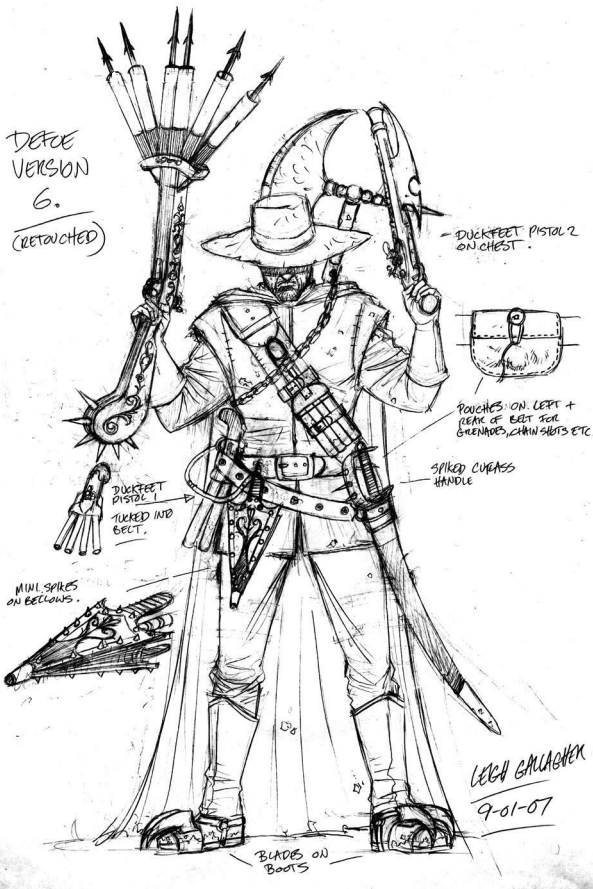
LEIGH GALLAGHER
15-12-06



DEFOE
LEIGH GALLAGHER.
15-01-07.

DEFOE
VERSION
6.

(RETACHED)



DEFOE
VERSION
4



- 2 PEPPERBOX REVOLVERS ON CHEST

- CARRIES AT LEAST 6 DIFFERENT PISTOLS AROUND WAIST, ON CHEST, + IN BOOTS.
- MAME A KNIFE IN ONE BOOT.

- BEST CARRIES LARGE POUCHES ON SIDES + REAR FOR GRENADES + GUNSHOT.

- WAS THINKING IF HE NEEDS A RIFLE HE COULD JUST KEEP IT ON HIS HORSE?

SPIKES TO KICK CRAP OUT OF ZOMBIES

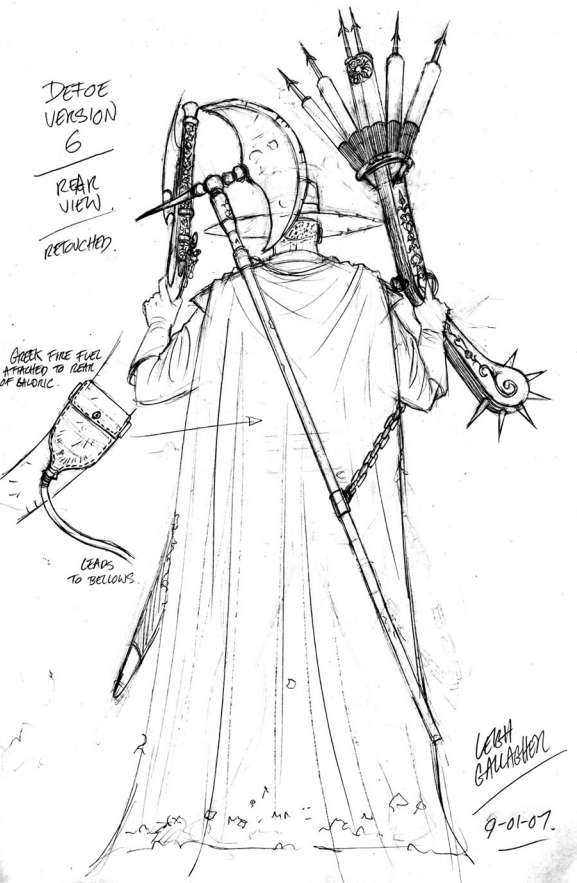
LEIGH GALLAGHER
28-12-06



DEFOE
VERSION
6

REAR
VIEW

RETACHED



DEFOE
VERSION
5

WAS STRIKING OUT BELT STRAP

GREEK FIRE WEAPON.
HOSE ATTACHED TO WAIST WITH FLAMMABLE LIQ.
TUBING LEADS TO CONVENTION ON WAIST, THEN TO BELLOWS HIDDEN AROUND BACK?

LEIGH GALLAGHER
2-01-07





DEFOE
VERSION
4.

LEIGH CALWAGHER
29-12-06

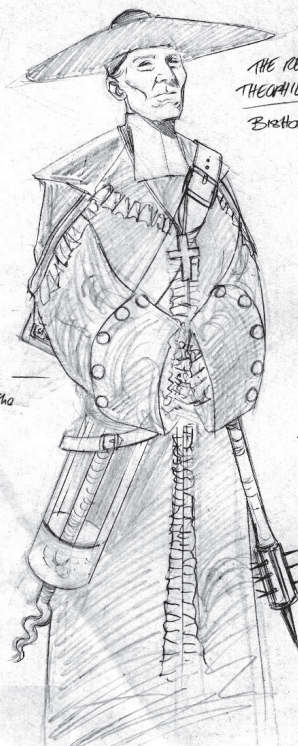




BAROQUE

BASED ON
THE DENTAL
"PELICAN" TOOL.

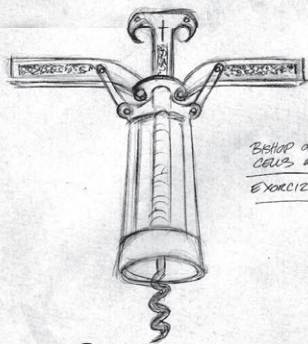
LB.



THE REVEREND
THEOPHILUS FORREST
BISHOP OF THE CELLS.

Couple
Pistols
around the
back.

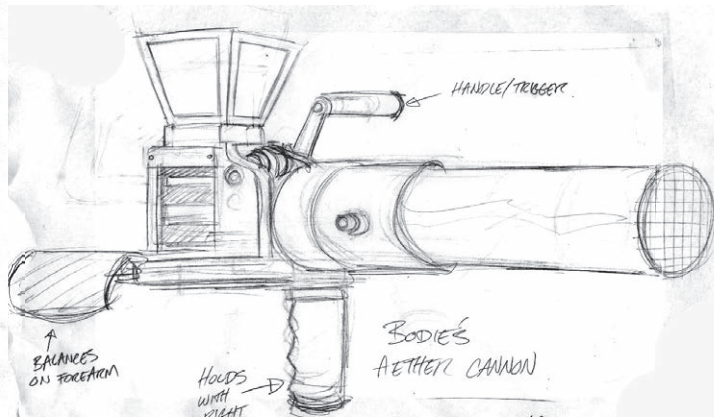
LB.



BISHOP OF THE
CELLS' WEAPON
EXERCIZER.

BODIE
AETHER MARINE.

LB.



HANDLE/TRIGGER

↑
BALANCES
ON FOREARM

HOLDS
WITH
RIGHT
HAND

BODIE'S
AETHER CANNON

LB.



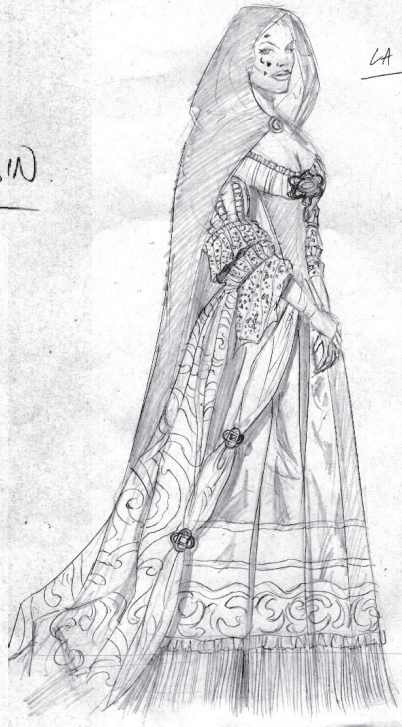
6
BUNDLES
TIED
TOGETHER

JOSIAH CREELY
- BUTCHER OF
SATHO.

LB.



LA VOISIN



LA VOISIN



NO EMBROIDERS

JEAN VIDOCQ

MONSIEUR THE CANNONIER

OPEN SHIRT.

DETACH
OLD GUN.

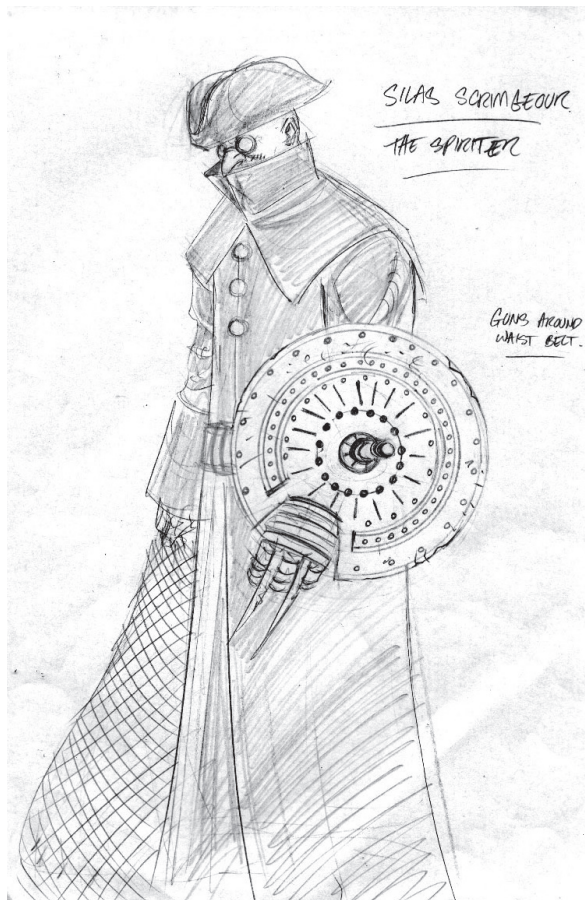
UG.

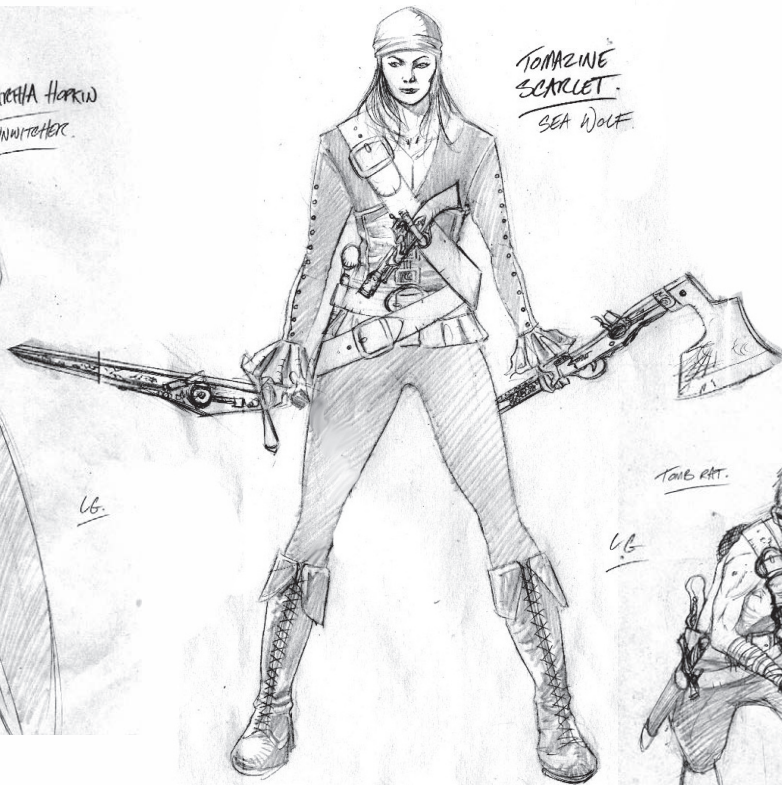


SERVITOR
VERSION 2.

UG.







PAT MILLS

Pat Mills is the creator and first editor of *2000 AD*. For the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he is the writer and co-creator of *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Finn*, *Flesh*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Sláine*, *M.A.C.H 1*, *Harlem Heroes* and *Savage*. He also developed *Judge Dredd* and wrote one of the early Dredd serials — 'The Cursed Earth'. He wrote *Third World War* for *Crisis!*, a politically charged spin-off from *2000 AD*, and *Black Siddha* for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. Outside *2000 AD* he is the writer and co-creator of the long-running classic anti-war story *Charley's War*, as well as *Marshal Law*. He has also written for the *Batman*, *Star Wars* and *Zombie World* series for the US market. Currently Mills is writing the bestselling series *Requiem* — *Vampire Knight* for Editions Nickel of France with artist Olivier Ledroit, and a spin-off series, *Claudia* — *Vampire Knight*, with artist Frank Tacito. Two further French series are in production.

LEIGH GALLAGHER

Leigh Gallagher was looked upon strangely as he attempted to leap triumphantly in the air when Tharg gave him his first professional comics work in *2000 AD*. Since then he has worked on Vertigo's *The Witching*, DC Comics' *Justice League Unlimited*, and more recently he was the 2008 artist on Lego's *Bionicle*, based on the popular toy line.

Now he's back with *2000 AD* on *Defoe*, reinventing himself using a style inspired by his early love of British comics *Scream*, *Eagle* and, of course, *2000 AD*. He has finally realised he will never accomplish that triumphant leap, but is still looked upon strangely.



COVER TBC

OUT NOW

A.B.C. WARRIORS: THE VOLGAN WAR VOLUME 1

By Pat Mills & Clint Langley

Mars, the far future. War droids created for a conflict that ended centuries ago, the A.B.C. Warriors are resistant to Atomic, Bacterian and Chemical warfare. Recruited to bring peace to the civil war-ravaged frontier colonies on the Red Planet, the Meknificent Seven are currently reminiscing over their years spent fighting in the Volgan War...

96 Pages
Hardback
£13.99

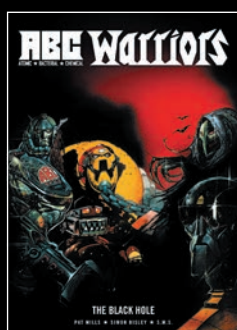
A.B.C. WARRIORS

GRAPHIC NOVEL RANGE

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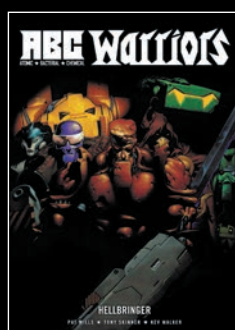
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