



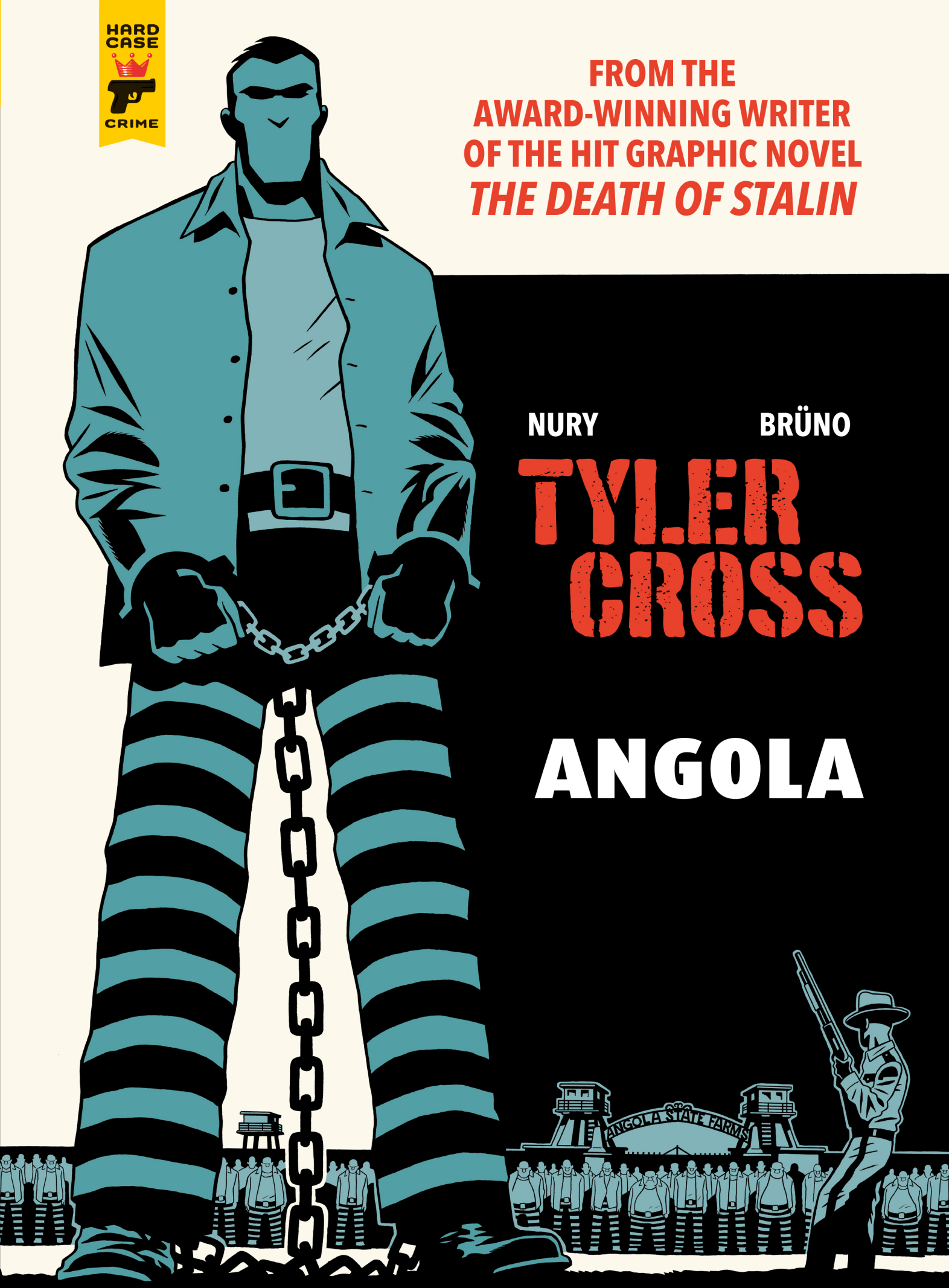
FROM THE
AWARD-WINNING WRITER
OF THE HIT GRAPHIC NOVEL
THE DEATH OF STALIN

NURY

BRÜNO

TYLER CROSS

ANGOLA



TYLER CROSS

ANGOLA



FROM TITAN COMICS AND HARD CASE CRIME

GRAPHIC NOVELS

THE ASSIGNMENT	MINKY WOODCOCK: THE GIRL WHO HANDCUFFED HOUDINI
BABYLON BERLIN	MS. TREE: ONE MEAN MOTHER
THE BIG HOAX	NORMANDY GOLD
BREAKNECK	PEEPLAND
MICKEY SPILLANE'S MIKE HAMMER	THE PRAGUE COUP
MILLENNIUM: THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO	QUARRY'S WAR
MILLENNIUM: THE GIRL WHO PLAYED WITH FIRE	TRIGGERMAN
MILLENNIUM: THE GIRL WHO KICKED THE HORNET'S NEST	TYLER CROSS: BLACK ROCK
MILLENNIUM: THE GIRL WHO DANCED WITH DEATH	TYLER CROSS: ANGOLA

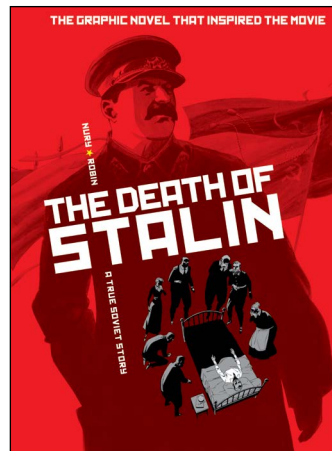
NOVELS

361	THE GIRL WITH THE DEEP BLUE EYES	SLIDE
A BLOODY BUSINESS	THE GIRL WITH THE LONG GREEN HEART	SNATCH
A DIET OF TREACLE	GRAVE DESCEND	SO MANY DOORS
A TOUCH OF DEATH	GRIFTER'S GAME	SO NUDE, SO DEAD
A WALK AMONG THE TOMBSTONES	GUN WORK	SOHO SINS
BABY MOLL	THE GUTTER AND THE GRAVE	SOMEBODY OWES ME MONEY
BINARY	HELP I AM BEING HELD PRISONER	SONGS OF INNOCENCE
BLACKMAILER	HOME IS THE SAILOR	STOP THIS MAN!
BLOOD ON THE MINK	HONEY IN HIS MOUTH	STRAIGHT CUT
BORDERLINE	HOUSE DICK	THIEVES FALL OUT
BRAINQUAKE	JOYLAND	TOP OF THE HEAP
BRANDED WOMAN	KILL NOW PAY LATER	THE TRIUMPH OF THE SPIDER MONKEY
BROTHERS KEEPERS	KILLING CASTRO	TURN ON THE HEAT
BUST	THE KNIFE SLIPPED	THE TWENTY-YEAR DEATH
CASINO MOON	THE LAST MATCH	TWO FOR THE MONEY
CHARLESGATE CONFIDENTIAL	THE LAST STAND	UNDERSTUDY FOR DEATH
CHOKE HOLD	LEMONS NEVER LIE	THE VALLEY OF FEAR
THE COCKTAIL WAITRESS	LITTLE GIRL LOST	THE VENGEFUL VIRGIN
THE COMEDY IS FINISHED	LOSERS LIVE LONGER	THE VENOM BUSINESS
THE CONFESSION	LUCKY AT CARDS	WEB OF THE CITY
THE CONSUMMATA	THE MAX	WITNESS TO MYSELF
THE CORPSE WORE PASTIES	MEMORY	THE WOUNDED AND THE SLAIN
THE COUNT OF 9	MONEY SHOT	ZERO COOL
CUT ME IN	MURDER IS MY BUSINESS	
THE CUTIE	THE NICE GUYS	QUARRY
THE DEAD MAN'S BROTHER	NIGHT WALKER	THE FIRST QUARRY
DEAD STREET	NO HOUSE LIMIT	THE LAST QUARRY
DEADLY BELOVED	NOBODY'S ANGEL	QUARRY
DRUG OF CHOICE	ODDS ON	QUARRY'S CHOICE
DUTCH UNCLE	PASSPORT TO PERIL	QUARRY'S CLIMAX
EASY DEATH	PIMP	QUARRY'S CUT
EASY GO	PLUNDER OF THE SUN	QUARRY'S DEAL
FADE TO BLONDE	ROBBIE'S WIFE	QUARRY'S EX
FAKE I.D.	SAY IT WITH BULLETS	QUARRY'S LIST
FALSE NEGATIVE	SCRATCH ONE	QUARRY'S VOTE
FIFTY-TO-ONE	THE SECRET LIVES OF MARRIED WOMEN	QUARRY IN THE BLACK
FOREVER AND A DEATH	SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT	QUARRY IN THE MIDDLE
GETTING OFF: A NOVEL OF SEX AND VIOLENCE	SINNER MAN	THE WRONG QUARRY

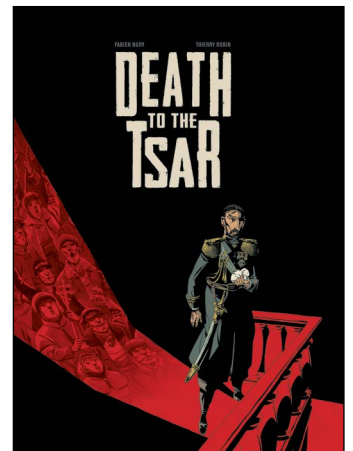
FROM TITAN COMICS AND FABIEN NURY.



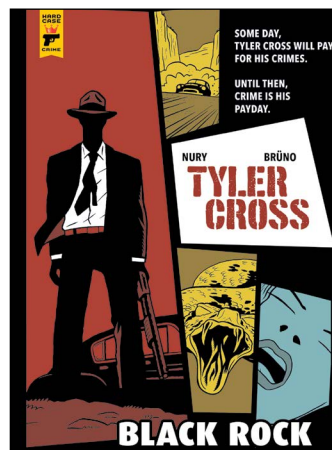
THE DEATH OF STALIN
MOVIE EDITION



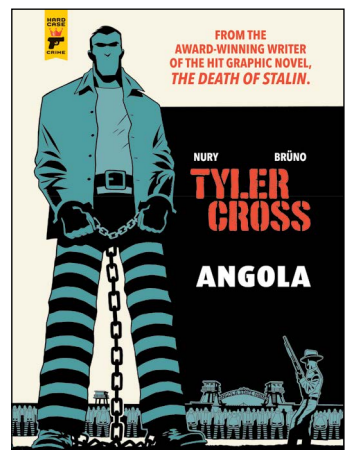
THE DEATH OF STALIN
HARDBACK EDITION



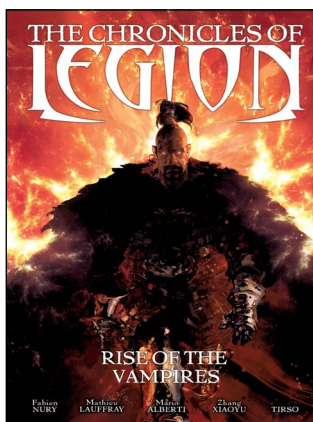
DEATH TO THE TSAR



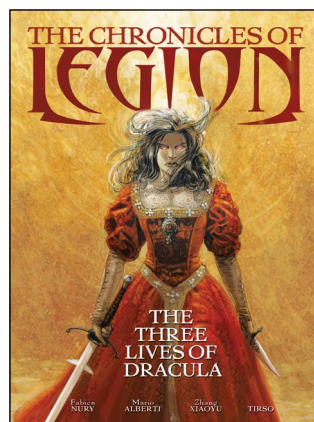
TYLER CROSS:
BLACK ROCK



TYLER CROSS:
ANGOLA



THE CHRONICLES OF LEGION -
BOOK 1: RISE OF THE VAMPIRES



THE CHRONICLES OF LEGION -
BOOK 2: THE THREE LIVES OF DRACULA



THE CHRONICLES OF LEGION -
BOOK 3: THE BLOOD BROTHERS



THE CHRONICLES OF LEGION -
BOOK 4: THE THREE FACES OF EVIL

WWW.TITAN-COMICS.COM

TYLER CROSS

ANGOLA

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TYLER CROSS: ANGOLA

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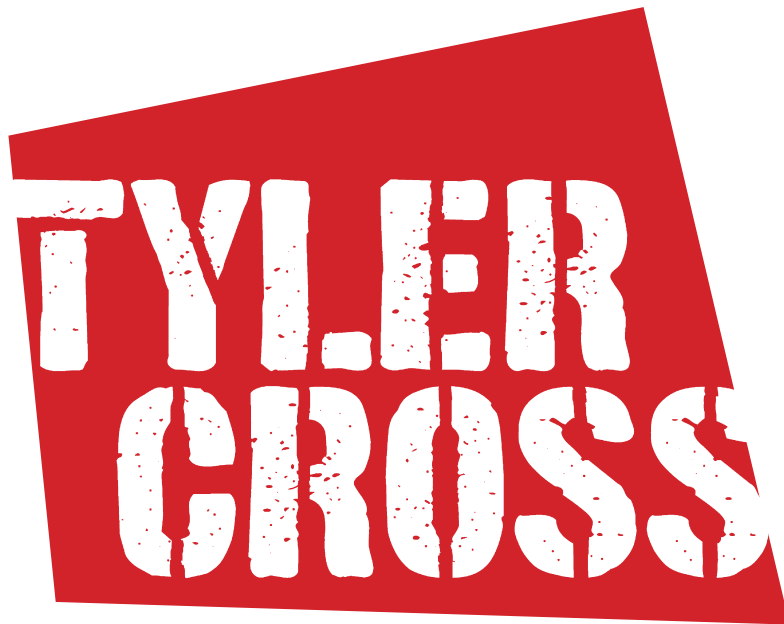
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ANGOLA

WRITER

FABIEN NURY

ART

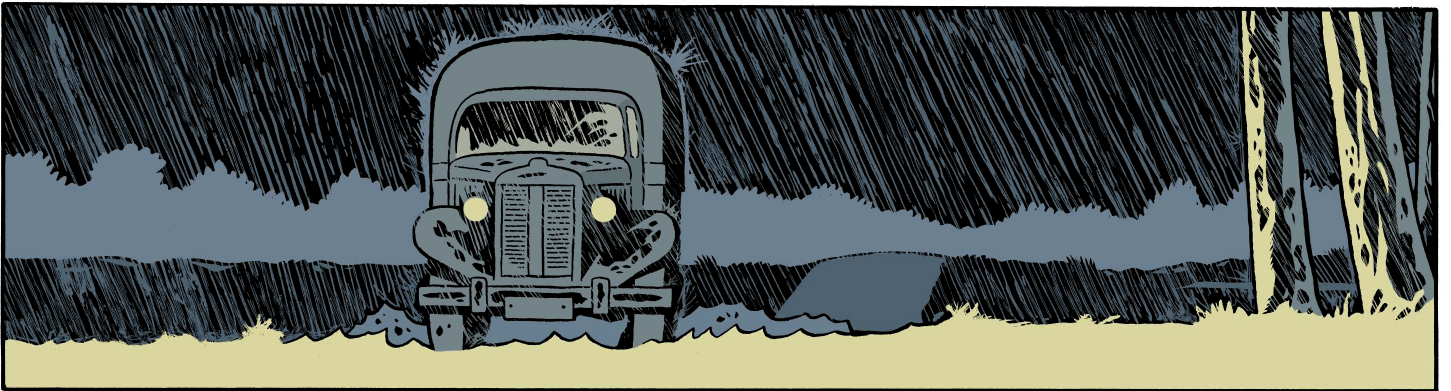
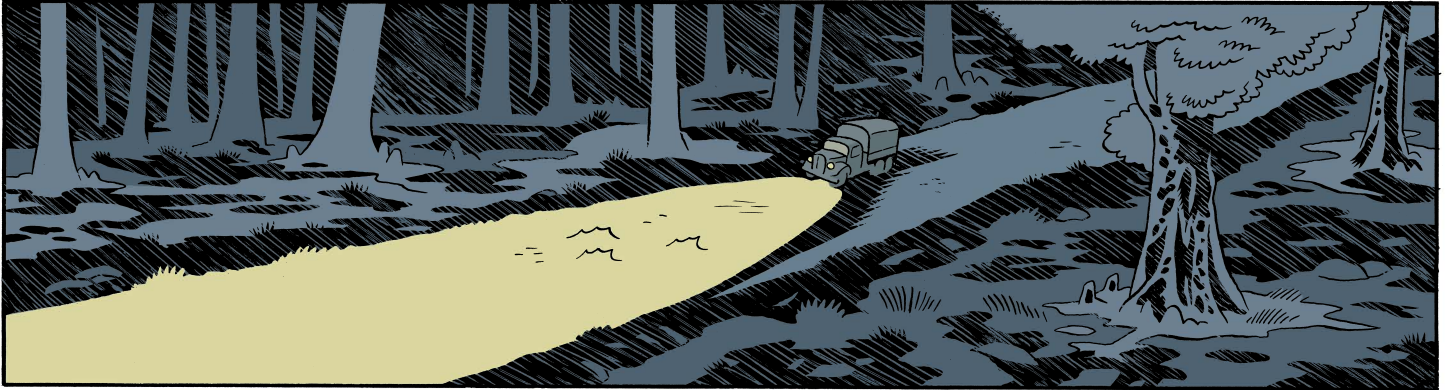
BRÜNO

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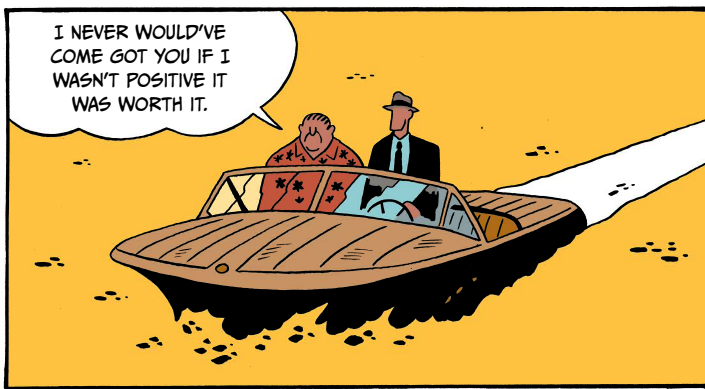
LAURENCE CROIX



1. INTEGRATION



THE JOB'S RISK-FREE, TYLER.
PAYMENT GUARANTEED.





TYLER HESITATED.
HE HAD CASH. HE WAS
IN THE CLEAR.

HIS HOUSE ON THE BEACH, HIS
EXUBERANT CHICA...HE COULD
AFFORD THEM FOR ANOTHER
YEAR, YEAR AND A HALF.



WILL
YOU BE LONG,
QUERIDO?

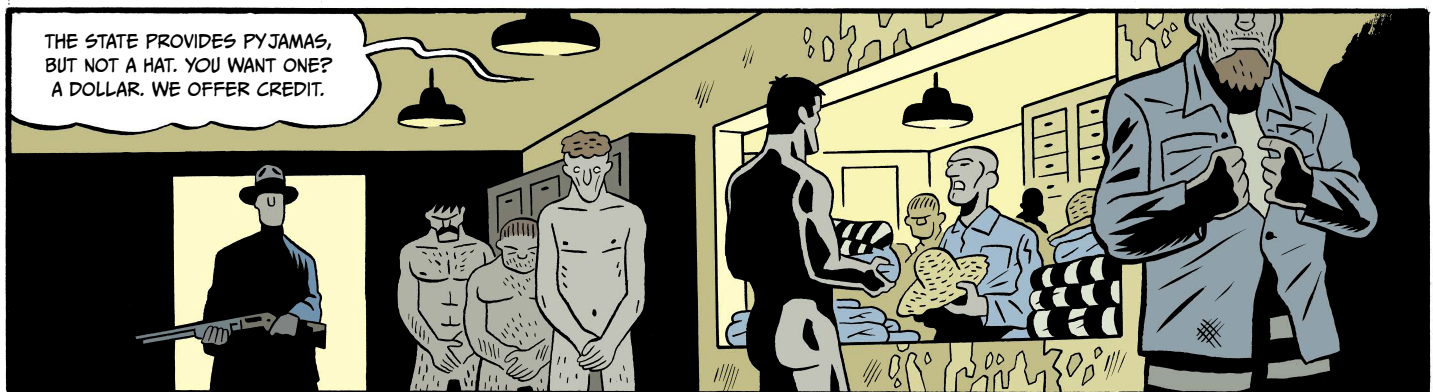
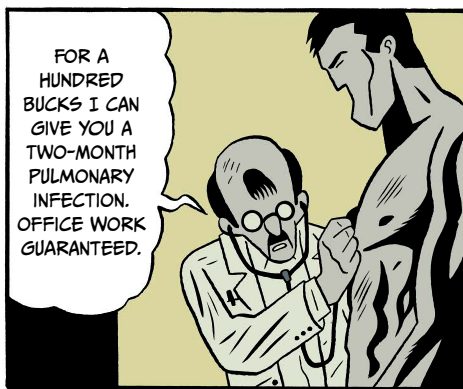


DON'T
ASK STUPID
QUESTIONS.













SYLVESTER "SPOON" COOLEY.
A HICK FROM NORTH CAROLINA.
TYLER WORKED WITH HIM ONE TIME -
A CASH-IN-TRANSIT, MEMPHIS.
THIRTY GRAND EACH. GOOD TIMES.



I SWEAR, TYLER, YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE BITCH. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE SHE WAS ONLY THIRTEEN.



THAT SUCKS.



JUST BAD LUCK.



BEEN HEARING FOR A WEEK YOU WERE COMING TO ANGOLA.



HEARD MONEY EVEN CHANGED HANDS TO MAKE SURE YOU ENDED UP HERE IN CAMP H. THE SICILIANS HAVE PUT A CONTRACT OUT ON YOU.



I KNOW. THE SCARFOS. FOUR GRAND.



THE BOSS IS FAT CARMINE. THIRTY YEARS.

NEXT IS MANNY DIO. FIFTEEN YEARS.

MANNY'S THE SMART ONE, BUT IT'S CARMINE WHO'S BACKED BY THE PERSICO FAMILY, OUT OF NEW ORLEANS.



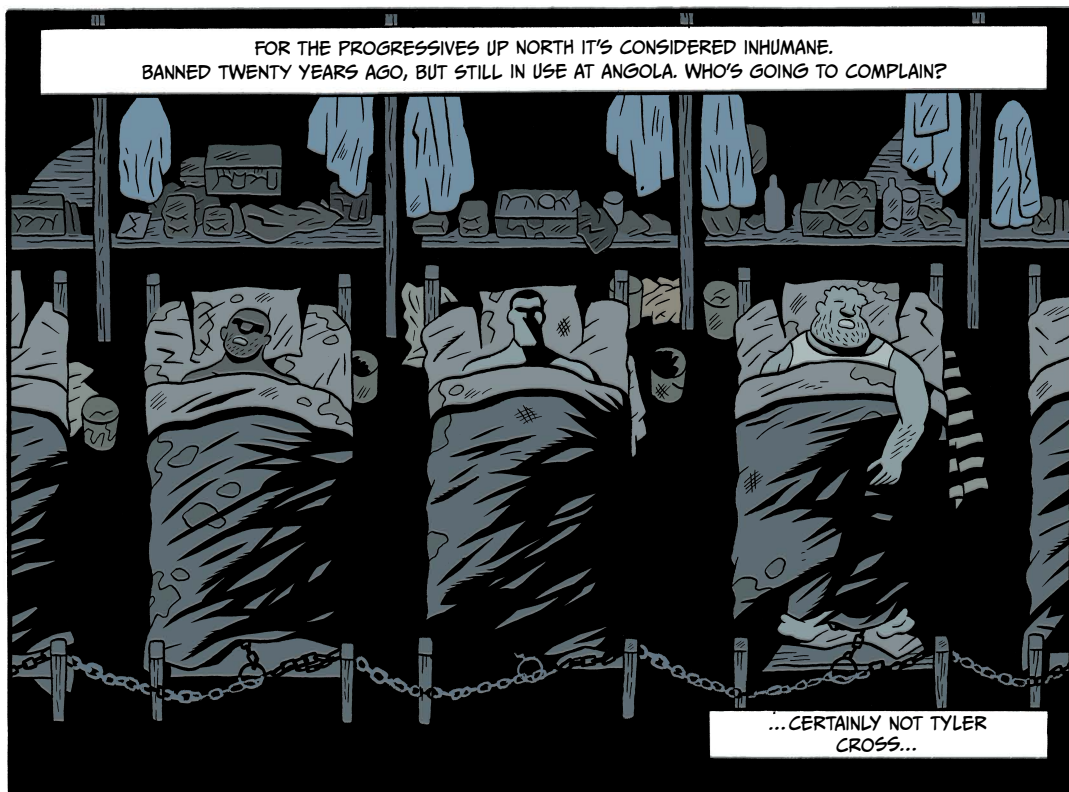
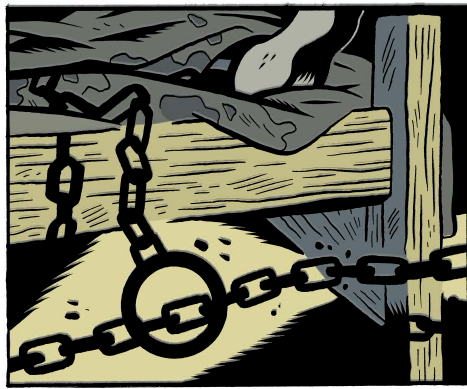
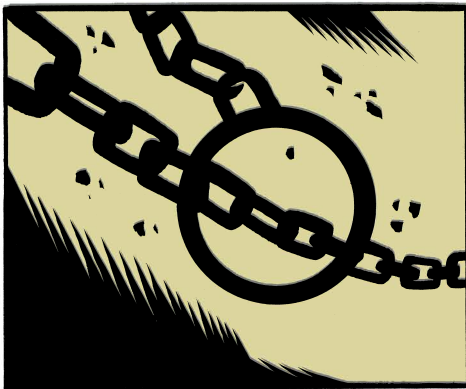
GOOD NEWS IS, THEY'RE IN NO RUSH. KILLING AN INMATE GETS YOU HANGED.



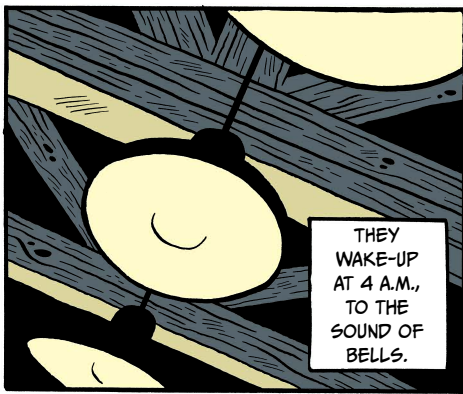
BAD NEWS IS, THAT WON'T STOP 'EM.







...CERTAINLY NOT TYLER CROSS...



THEY
WAKE-UP
AT 4 A.M.,
TO THE
SOUND OF
BELLS.



ALL THE INMATES
ARE GROGGY, DAZED.
THE GUARDS, TOO.



TYLER TAKES
NOTE - HE NEEDS
TO KEEP HIS
WITS ABOUT HIM.



BUILD UP
STRENGTH.



TYLER
CLEANS
HIS PLATE.



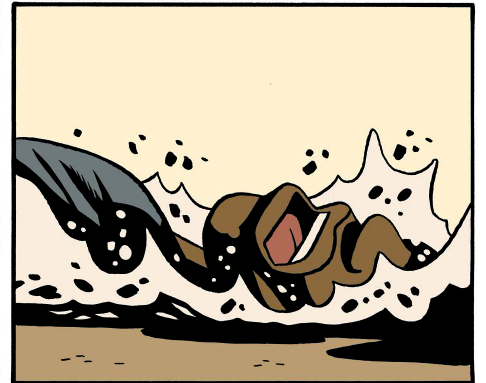
AS
WELL AS
SPOON'S.

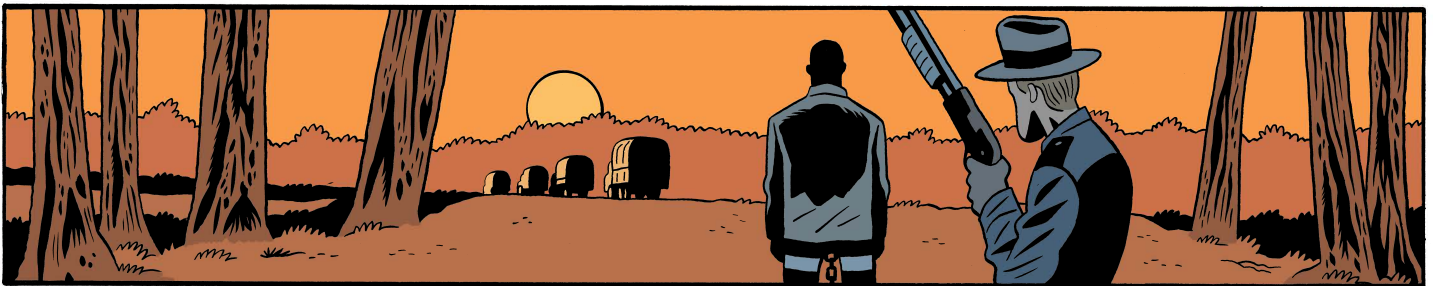


WEAPONS ALL OVER. AXES,
SCYTHES, MACHETES.

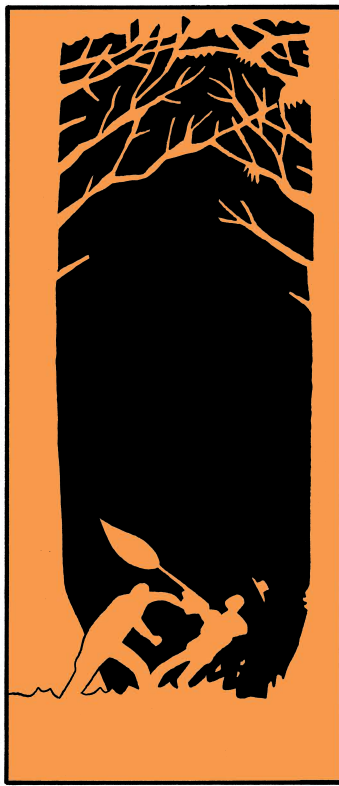


ALL DAY LONG,
EVERYONE'S ARMED.
THIS IS WHERE THE
DANGER LIES.









C...CALM DOWN...THEY HEARD THE SHOT...TH...THINK...THE DOGS... YOU WON'T GET FAR...

I KNOW. BUT WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?



ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS. ONE WEEK.

OK, OK! IT'S A DEAL!



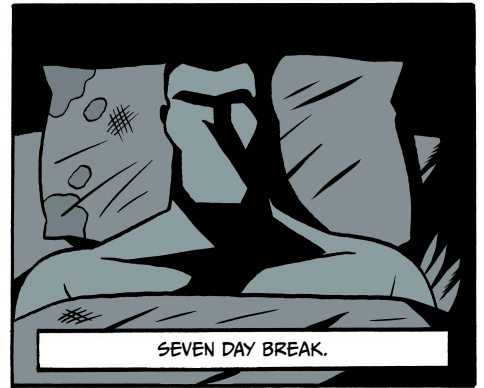
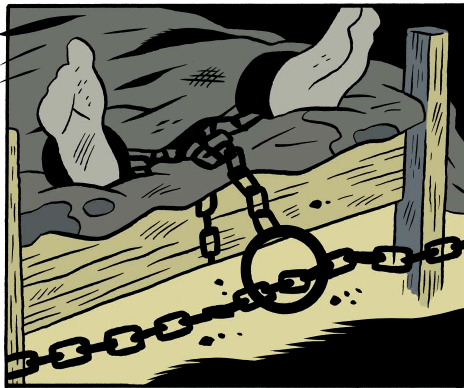
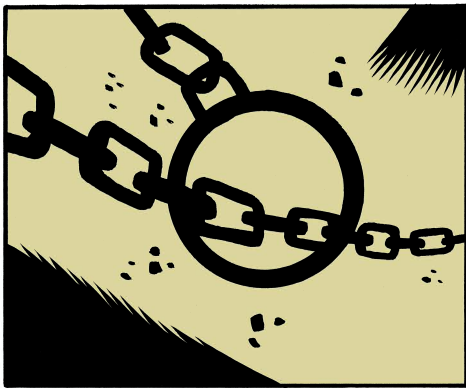
CALL SID KABIKOFF. GALVESTON, 76-55.

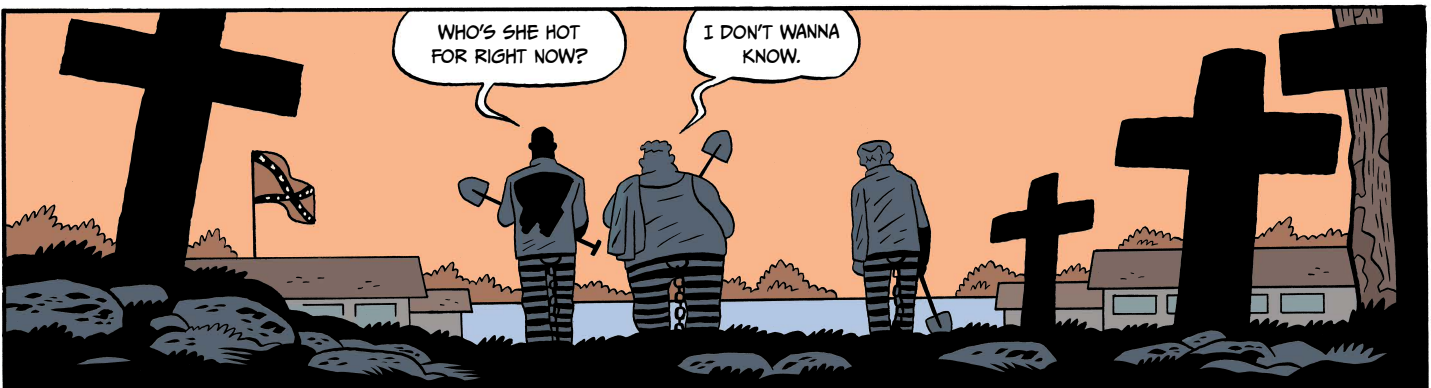
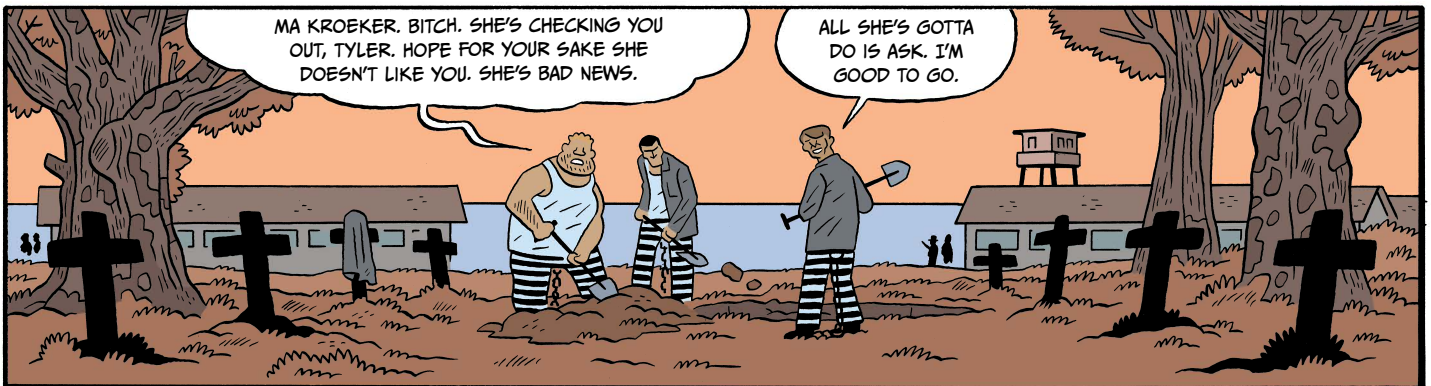


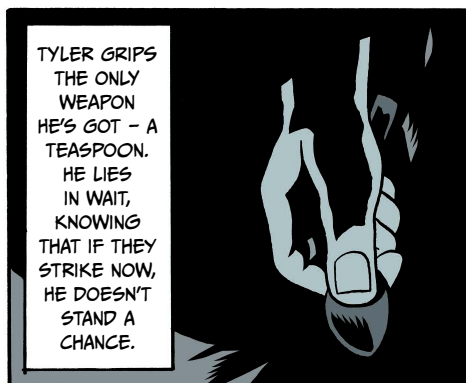
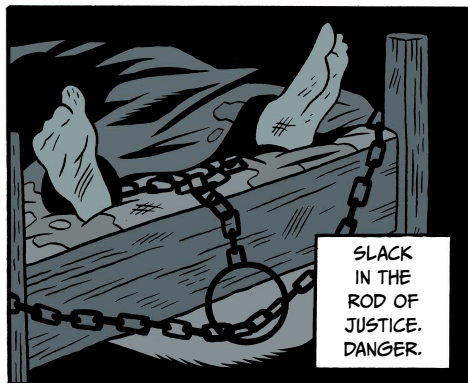
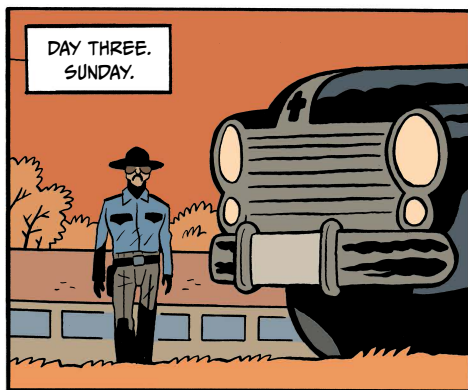
YOU'LL HAVE IT TOMORROW, CASH. AND IN A WEEK, IF THE DEAL IS STILL ON...



...YOU'LL GET A SECOND CHANCE.

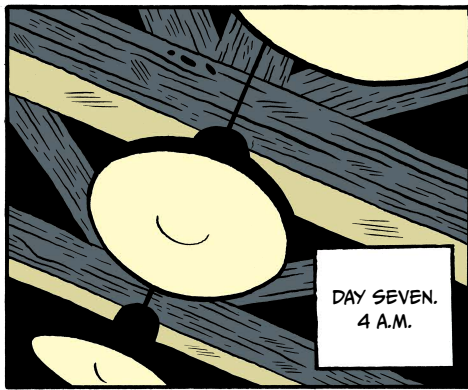












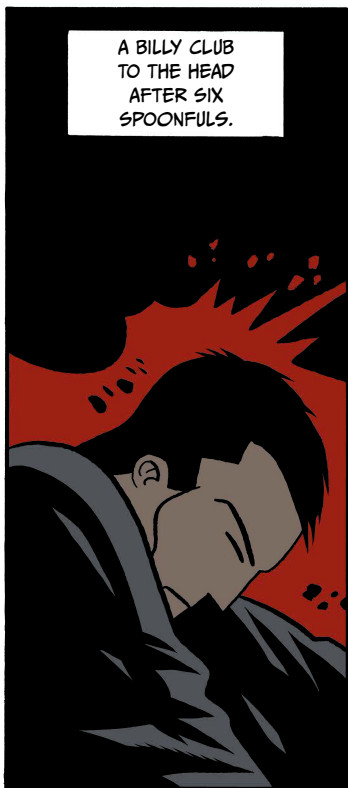
MAIN THING IS NO KILLING. WHICH LEAVES MANY OPTIONS OPEN.

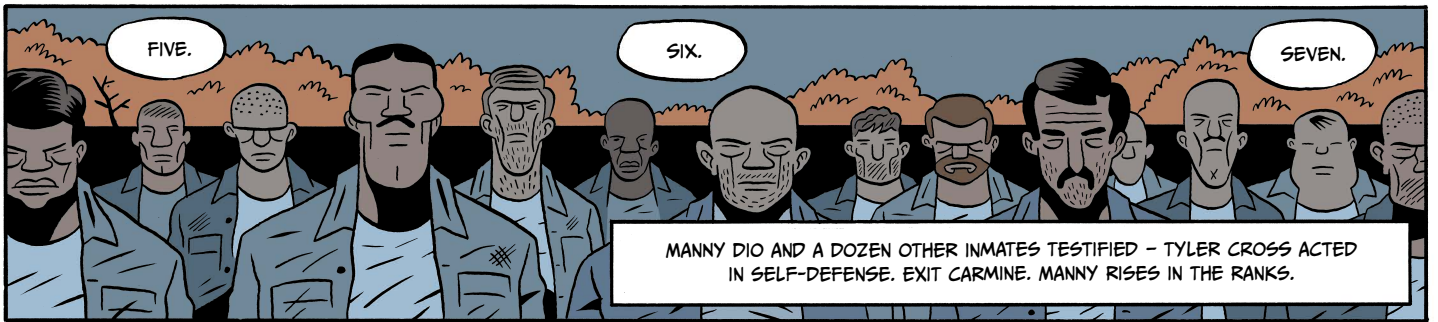


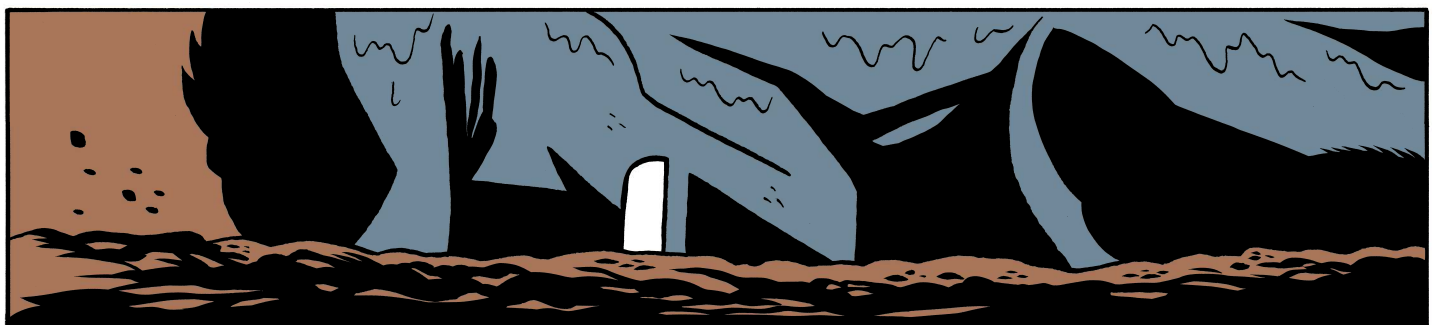


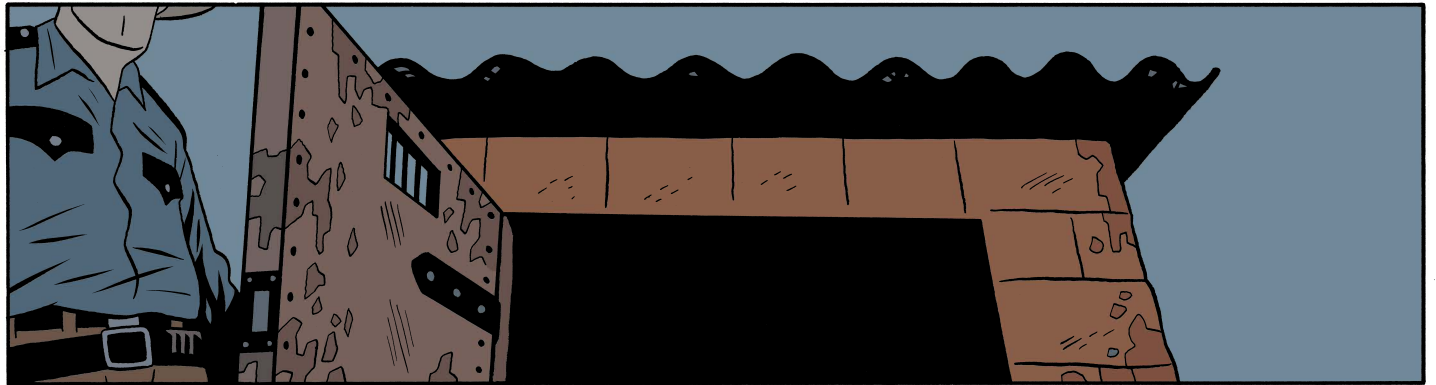
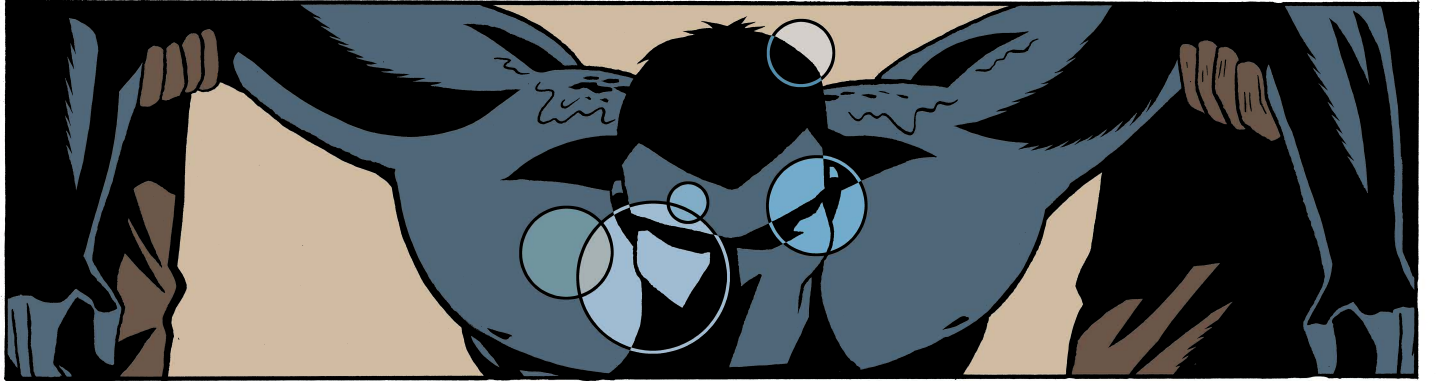
BLIND MAN LOOKING FOR
HIS EYES. CONFUSED GUARDS.













TYLER CROSS
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS
IN THE DARK. RIGHT WHERE
HE WANTED TO BE - SAFE,
IN THE SWEATBOX.

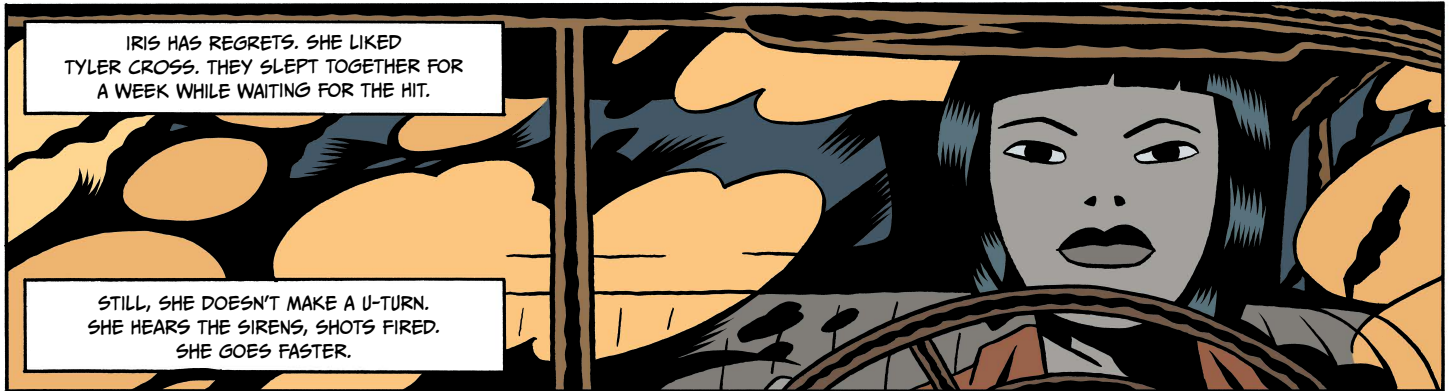


HIS WOUNDS WILL
HEAL. THE SICILIANS
WILL BACK OFF NOW.

HE HAS TIME TO
SLEEP, TO THINK.

ALL IS GOOD.

2. EXPLOITATION





WELL, THE SAFE WAS EMPTY, AND THEY SUSPECT THAT AN ACCOMPLICE TOOK OFF WITH THE LOOT.

YOU EMPTIED THE SAFE YESTERDAY. THAT WAS THE PLAN, RIGHT? A FAKE BREAK-IN, TWO DUPES TO TAKE THE FALL, AND I POCKET THEIR SHARE. AND THE OTHERS?



ONE DEAD, ONE CAPTURED.



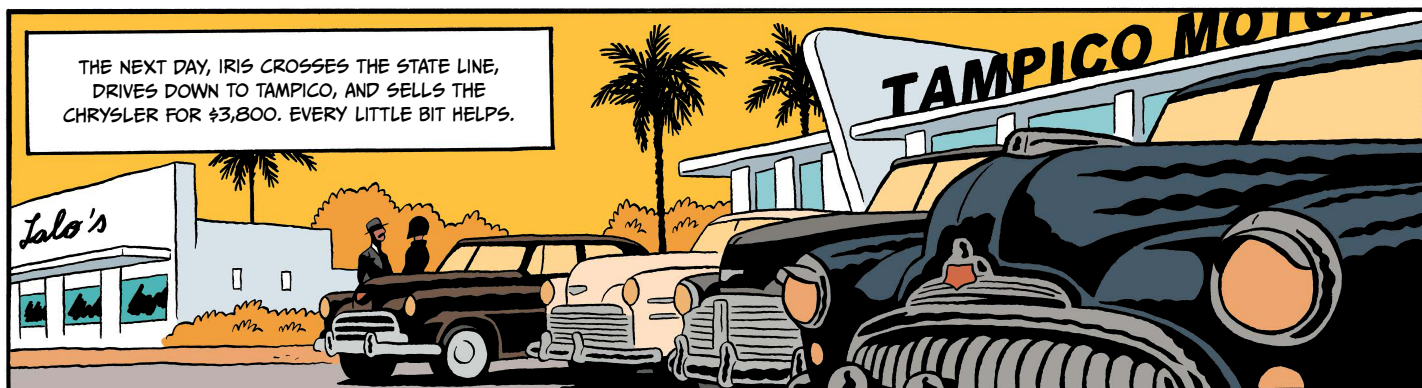
SPEAKING OF YOUR SHARE, I...I HAD PROMISED YOU \$200,000, BUT...I HAD TROUBLE GATHERING THAT MUCH, AND...\$100,000, THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT.



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING FOOLISH, NOW? MY WIFE AND HER FRIENDS ARE INSIDE. YOU WOULDN'T GET FAR.



FUCKING VAN GELD.



THE NEXT DAY, IRIS CROSSES THE STATE LINE, DRIVES DOWN TO TAMPICO, AND SELLS THE CHRYSLER FOR \$3,800. EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS.



SHE TAKES A PLANE TO MEXICO, GETS A SUITE AT THE HOTEL DE LA PAZ FOR A WEEK, THEN, ON THE THIRD DAY, DECIDES TO LEAVE.

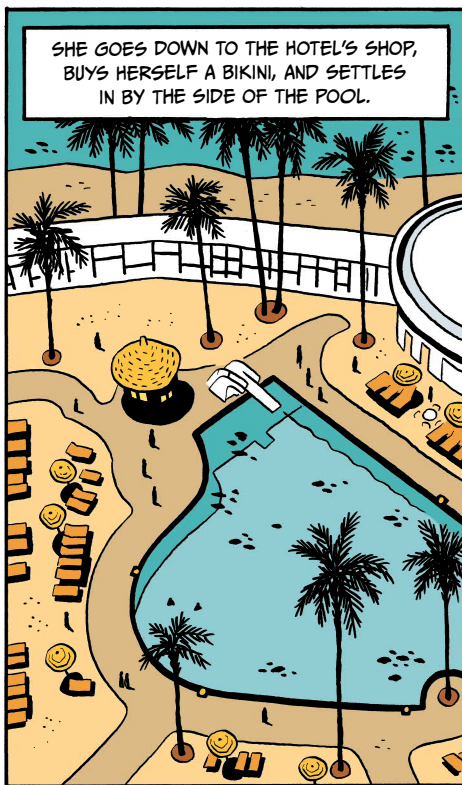
SHE DREAMT OF TYLER.



SHE HEADS TO ACAPULCO, AND TAKES THE HOTEL IMPERIAL'S BEST SUITE.



SHE LEAVES HER TAKE IN THE SAFE, LINGERS IN HER ROOM FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, AND REALIZES SHE CAN'T STAY STILL.



SHE GOES DOWN TO THE HOTEL'S SHOP, BUYS HERSELF A BIKINI, AND SETTLES IN BY THE SIDE OF THE POOL.



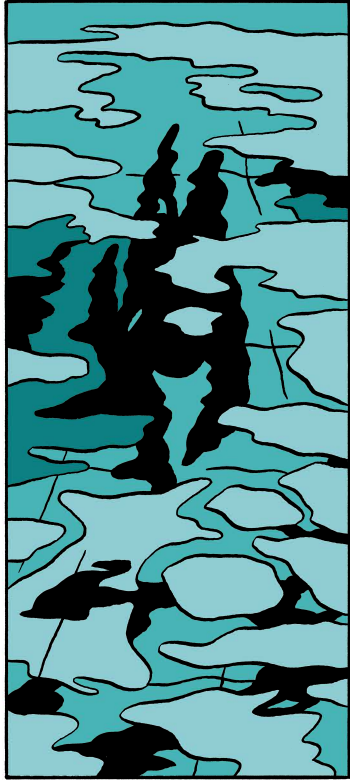
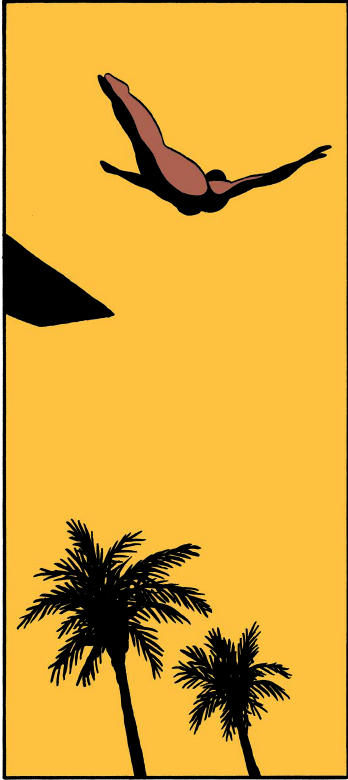
UNA MARGARITA, POR FAVOR.



ON HER SECOND MARGARITA, SHE STARTS TO RELAX A BIT. SHE ORDERS A THIRD AND MAKES EXCUSES FOR HERSELF.



TYLER CROSS? HANDSOME
BASTARD. HOW MANY BODIES
HAS HE LEFT IN HIS WAKE?



THE
WATER
HELPS.
SO DO
THE MEN'S
STARES.

IRIS'LL HAVE TO
PICK ONE TONIGHT.
FOR COMPANY.



UNA MAS,
POR FAVOR.



ON HER FOURTH MARGARITA,
HER CONSCIENCE EASES UP.



THE ONLY POSSIBLY SUCCESSFUL ESCAPE WAS TWENTY-THREE... NO, TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO. TWO BLACK FELLAS.

IT HAPPENED IN FEBRUARY. GOOD MONTH, FEBRUARY. A RAINY MONTH. A FOGGY MONTH. EVERY YEAR IN FEBRUARY, THE LEVEE COLLAPSES HERE AND THERE. HAS TO BE BUILT BACK UP. SMALL WORK TEAMS. FAR FROM CAMP. FAR FROM THE GUARDS.



SO, AT THE START THERE WERE FOUR GUYS. PLUS A GUARD, QUINCY BURKE. SELF-SATISFIED BASTARD, WITH A NICE RIFLE - A SPRINGFIELD - AND NEW BOOTS.



BURKE DIDN'T WANT TO GET HIS BOOTS DIRTY, SO WHILE THE PRISONERS SLAVED AWAY IN THE STORM, HE STAYED HIGH UP ON THE LEVEE, HIS RIFLE ON HIS HIP, THE BARREL STICKING STRAIGHT UP...



...I LEARNED A NEW WORD, RIGHT THEN AND THERE - LIGHTNING ROD.



NOW, BURKE WAS FRIED ON THE SPOT. THE GUYS HESITATED, THEN REALIZED THEIR LUCK.

THE WHITES WENT ONE WAY,
THE BLACKS THE OTHER.



THEY HAD, LET'S SAY,
THREE HOURS BEFORE
THE ALARM SOUNDED.



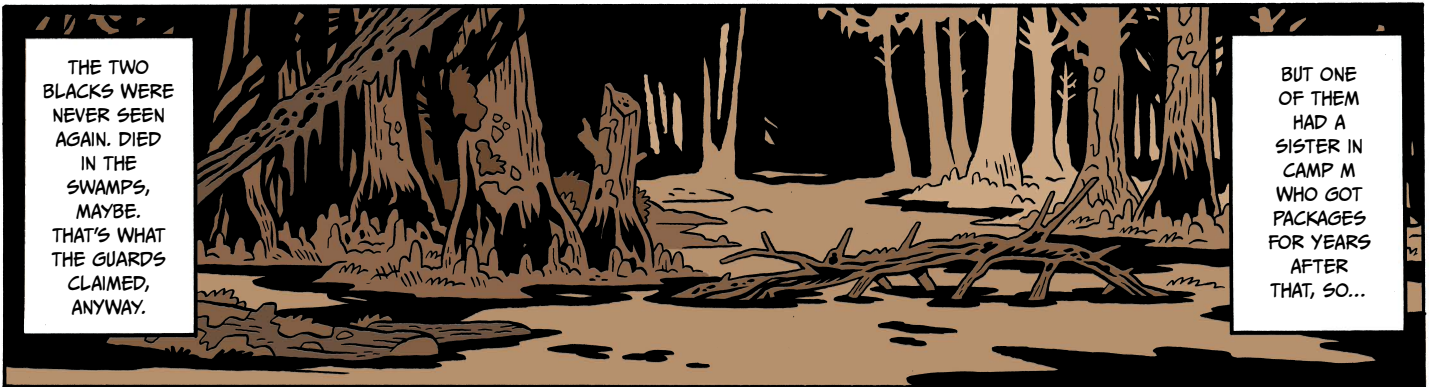
GOT ONE OF THE WHITES.



THE OTHER CAME BACK
ALIVE, BUT THE DOGS HAD
EATEN A FAIR BIT OF HIM.
HE DIED A WEEK LATER.
ENOUGH TIME TO TELL
THE STORY ABOUT THE
LIGHTNING.



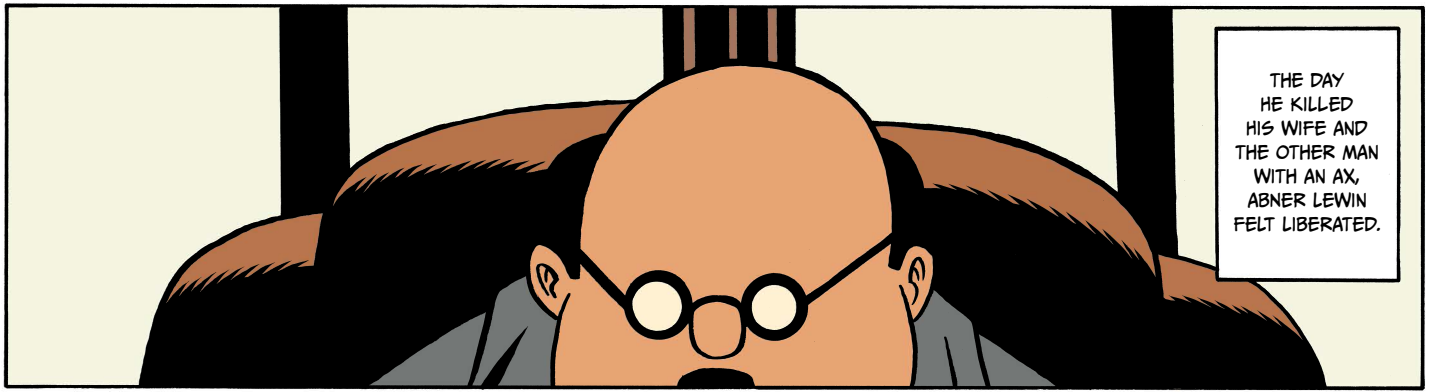
THE TWO
BLACKS WERE
NEVER SEEN
AGAIN. DIED
IN THE
SWAMPS,
MAYBE.
THAT'S WHAT
THE GUARDS
CLAIMED,
ANYWAY.



BUT ONE
OF THEM
HAD A
SISTER IN
CAMP M
WHO GOT
PACKAGES
FOR YEARS
AFTER
THAT, SO...

...WE LIVE
IN HOPE.





THE DAY
HE KILLED
HIS WIFE AND
THE OTHER MAN
WITH AN AX,
ABNER LEWIN
FELT LIBERATED.



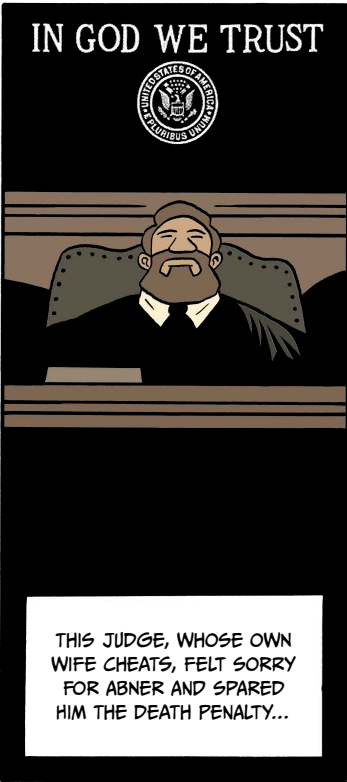
LET'S BE CLEAR - IT
WASN'T HIS WIFE'S
LOVER HE KILLED,
BUT HIS OWN.



HIS LOVER, THE GARDENER
AT HIS HOUSE IN BARDEAUX,
1237 HOPEWELL LANE, NEW
IBERIA, WHICH ABNER NEVER
SAW AGAIN AFTER VERY
POLITE POLICEMEN LET HIM
PUT ON SOME PANTS BEFORE
PUTTING HIM IN THEIR CAR.



AND, LET'S BE HONEST, IT WAS
MRS. LEWIN WHO FOUND THEM
TOGETHER IN THE SHED, AND
NOT THE OTHER WAY ROUND,
DESPITE WHAT A MISCHIEVOUS
LAWYER WOULD HAVE THE
JUDGE BELIEVE.



IN GOD WE TRUST

THIS JUDGE, WHOSE OWN
WIFE CHEATS, FELT SORRY
FOR ABNER AND SPARED
HIM THE DEATH PENALTY...



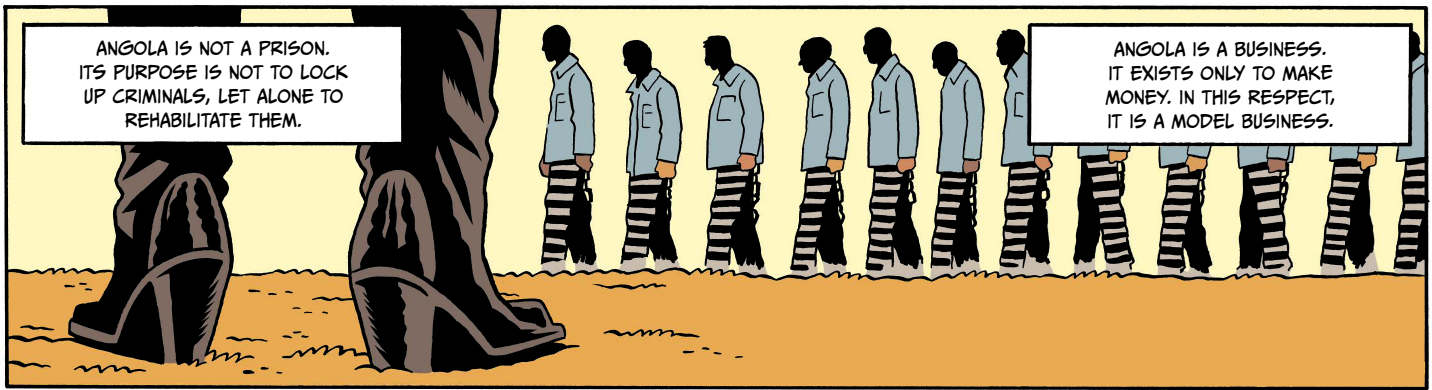
...BUT NOT LIFE
WITHOUT PAROLE.



LIFE IN ANGOLA.
FOR MOST MORTALS, THE
IDEA WAS HELL ON EARTH.
FOR ABNER, IT WAS EASY
STREET. YOU SEE...

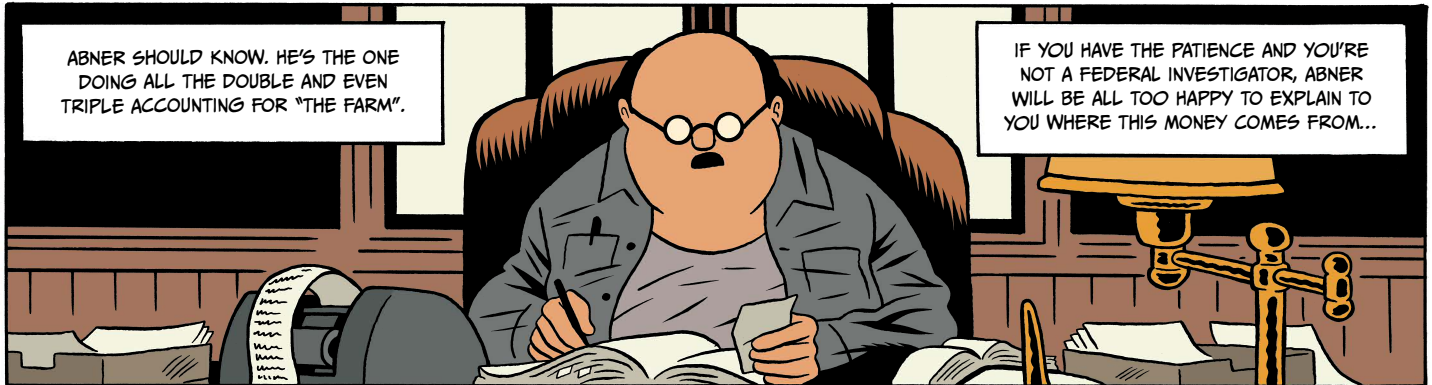


...ABNER LEWIN IS
AN ACCOUNTANT.
THAT MAKES HIM THE
MOST VALUABLE
INMATE IN ANGOLA.



ANGOLA IS NOT A PRISON.
ITS PURPOSE IS NOT TO LOCK
UP CRIMINALS, LET ALONE TO
REHABILITATE THEM.

ANGOLA IS A BUSINESS.
IT EXISTS ONLY TO MAKE
MONEY. IN THIS RESPECT,
IT IS A MODEL BUSINESS.



ABNER SHOULD KNOW. HE'S THE ONE
DOING ALL THE DOUBLE AND EVEN
TRIPLE ACCOUNTING FOR "THE FARM".

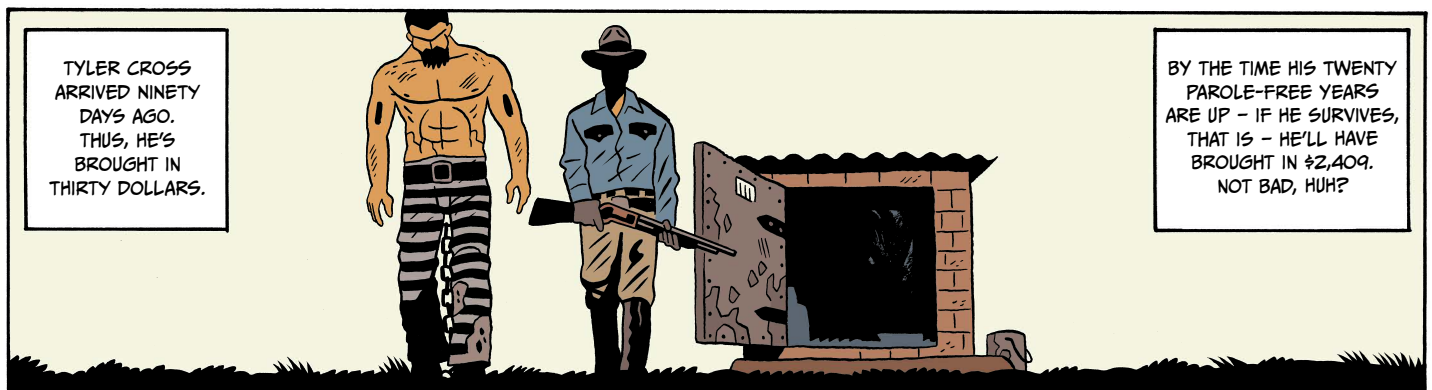
IF YOU HAVE THE PATIENCE AND YOU'RE
NOT A FEDERAL INVESTIGATOR, ABNER
WILL BE ALL TOO HAPPY TO EXPLAIN TO
YOU WHERE THIS MONEY COMES FROM...



FIRST OFF -
EMBEZZLEMENT OF
PUBLIC FUNDS. TAKE THIS
GUY, TYLER CROSS. THE
STATE OF LOUISIANA PAYS,
IN THEORY, FORTY CENTS
A DAY FOR HIS KEEP...



...BUT IN FACT,
BY SKIMPING ON
FOOD AND SUPPLIES,
MR. CROSS
SETS THEM BACK
LESS THAN
SEVEN CENTS PER
DAY. NET MARGIN -
THIRTY-THREE CENTS.



TYLER CROSS
ARRIVED NINETY
DAYS AGO.
THUS, HE'S
BROUGHT IN
THIRTY DOLLARS.

BY THE TIME HIS TWENTY
PAROLE-FREE YEARS
ARE UP - IF HE SURVIVES,
THAT IS - HE'LL HAVE
BROUGHT IN \$2,409.
NOT BAD, HUH?

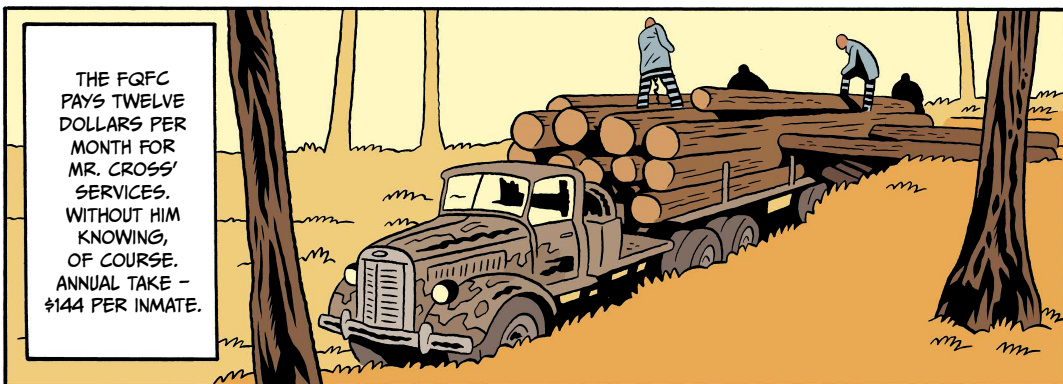
NEXT UP - SLAVERY.
SINCE GETTING OUT
OF THE SWEATBOX,
MR. CROSS HAS
CUT TREES...



...FOR THE
FRENCH
QUARTER
FARM
COMPANY
(FQFC), 23
LAFAYETTE
STREET,
NEW ORLEANS.

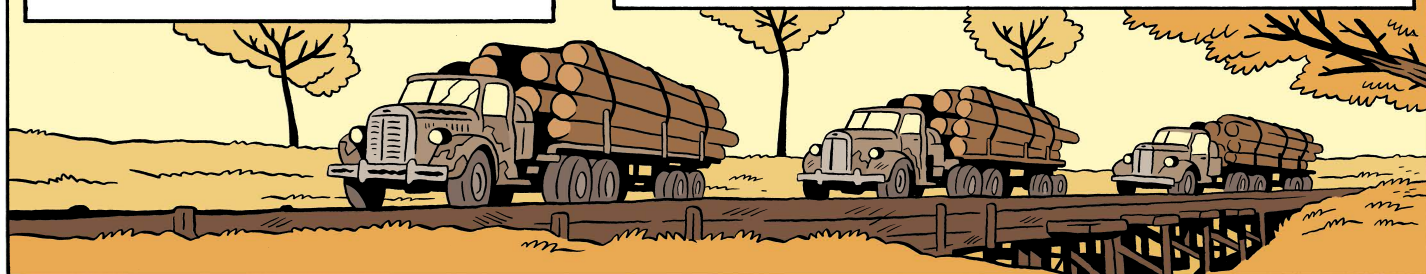


THE FQFC
PAYS TWELVE
DOLLARS PER
MONTH FOR
MR. CROSS'
SERVICES.
WITHOUT HIM
KNOWING,
OF COURSE.
ANNUAL TAKE -
\$144 PER INMATE.



IT'S A VERITABLE LOVE STORY BETWEEN
THE FQFC AND ANGOLA PRISON, WHERE
EVERY BRANCH BEARS FRUIT...

...LUMBER, PLANTATIONS, CAMP E'S SUGAR REFINERY, AND EVEN
THE VEGETABLE CANNERY IN CAMP M, WHERE MRS. KROEKER AND
FRIENDS WATCH THE WOMEN WORK THEMSELVES TO DEATH.



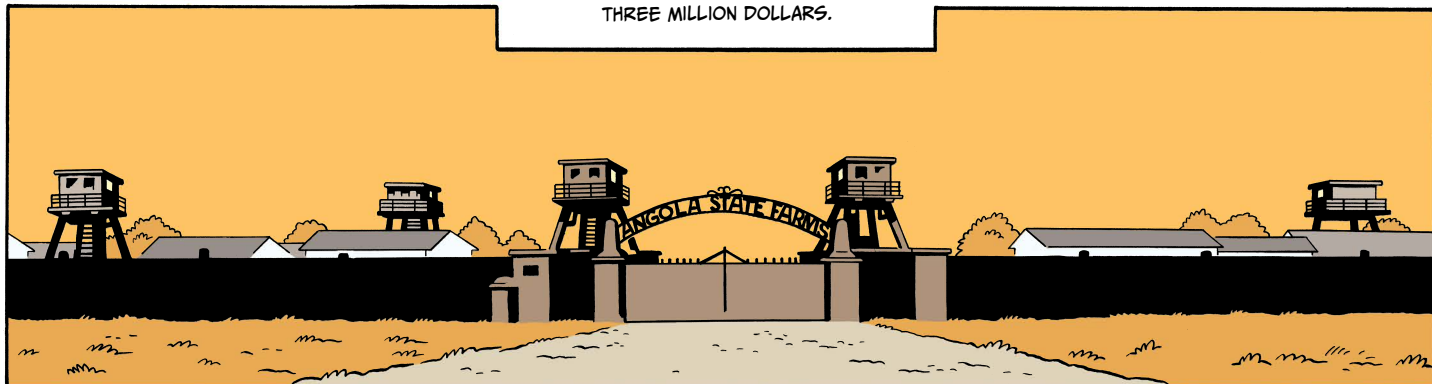
IN SHORT, BY ABNER'S
CALCULATIONS, AN INMATE
SUCH AS TYLER CROSS
BRINGS IN AN AVERAGE
OF \$970 A YEAR.

SO, WITH MORE
THAN THREE
THOUSAND
PRISONERS
AT ANGOLA...





...ANNUAL NET PROFIT -
THREE MILLION DOLLARS.



PAY OFF THE POLITICIANS
IN BATON ROUGE AND
THE CIVIL SERVANTS...



...SUCH AS CAPTAIN
KROEGER (\$24,000
A YEAR - THREE TIMES
HIS SALARY)...



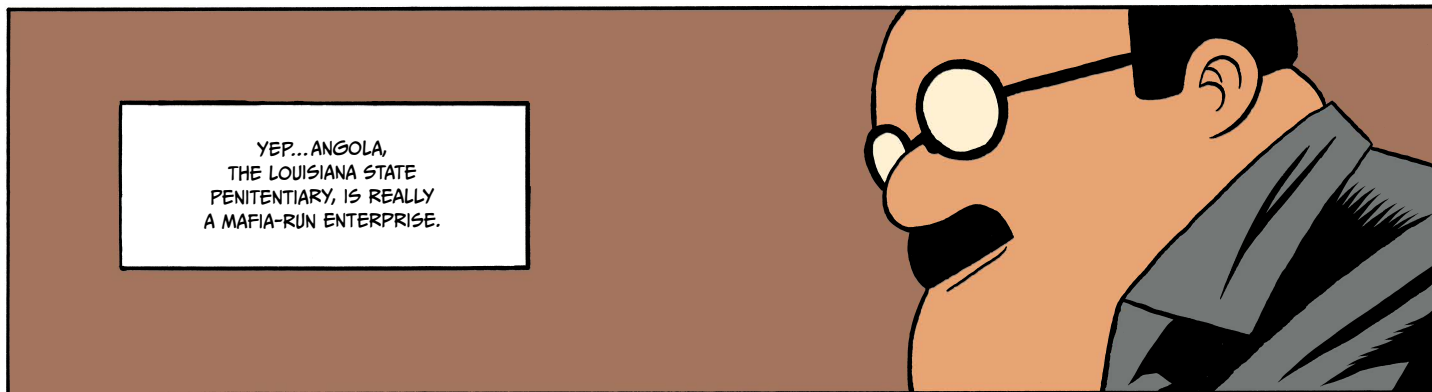
...AND IT LEAVES
TWO MILLION FOR THE
REAL OWNER OF
THE FQFC...



...DON CARLO PERSICO,
GODFATHER OF THE
NEW ORLEANS "FAMILY".



YEP...ANGOLA,
THE LOUISIANA STATE
PENITENTIARY, IS REALLY
A MAFIA-RUN ENTERPRISE.





CAPTAIN? I'VE FINISHED...

HOW MUCH?

\$227,549 FOR THIS MONTH. IT'S A LITTLE LESS THAN WE THOUGHT, BUT FEBRUARY IS THE SHORTEST MONTH...



UM, CAPTAIN? AS FOR MY SUGGESTION ABOUT REDUCING SUPPLY EXPENDITURES...



I'M SEEING THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR AT DINNER TONIGHT. I'LL MENTION IT. YOU CAN PUT THE BOOKS AWAY, ABNER.



GOOD NIGHT, CAPTAIN.



ABNER, MY DEAR...

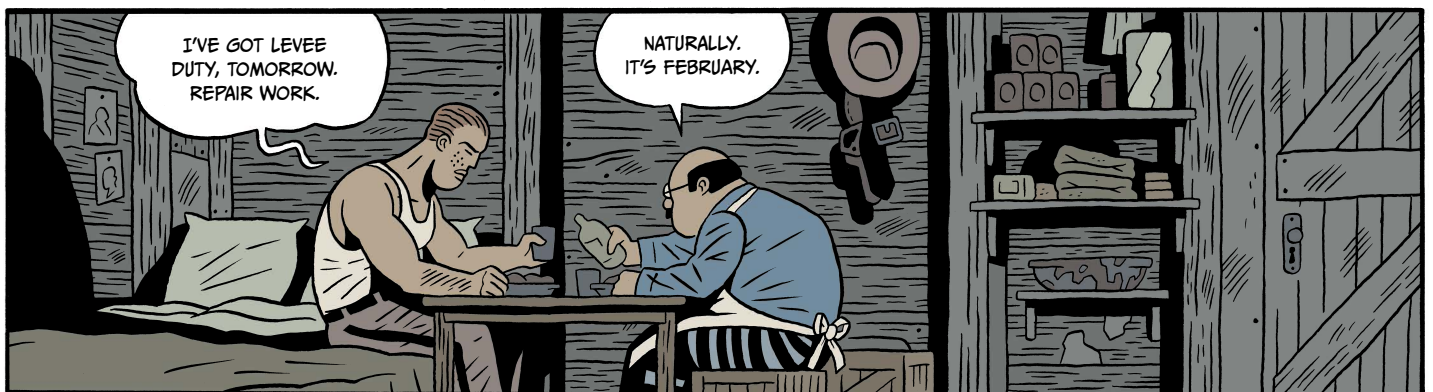
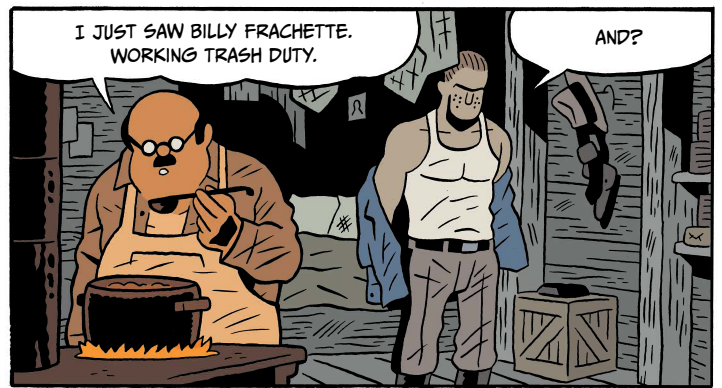


YOU STILL WON'T GIVE ME THE COMBINATION? I'M SURE YOUR NICE LITTLE SAFE IS FULL OF TREASURES.



WE'VE ALREADY DISCUSSED THIS, MRS. KROEGER. THE CAPTAIN WOULD BE ANGRY IF I BETRAYED HIS TRUST.







SOMETIMES, CURTIS BRINGS ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF CASH HOME. A THOUSAND DOLLARS LAST OCTOBER, NOW THIS...

AT LEAST TWO THOUSAND, JUDGING FROM THE PILE. ABNER KEEPS PUTTING OFF ASKING WHERE HE GETS IT...



YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW, ABNER. YOU'D BE WORRIED IF YOU KNEW, AND I WANT YOU TO ALWAYS FEEL AT EASE.



ABNER HATES SECRETS. HE'D LIKE TO MAKE CURTIS TELL HIM WHERE HE GETS THE MONEY. AND WHILE HE'S AT IT, HE COULD SHARE HIS OWN SECRET...

...YESTERDAY MANNY DIO CAME AND ASKED HIM FOR THE SAFE'S COMBINATION. ABNER GAVE IT TO HIM. HE HAD TO. MANNY IS, AFTER ALL, THE FQFC'S OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE AT ANGOLA...



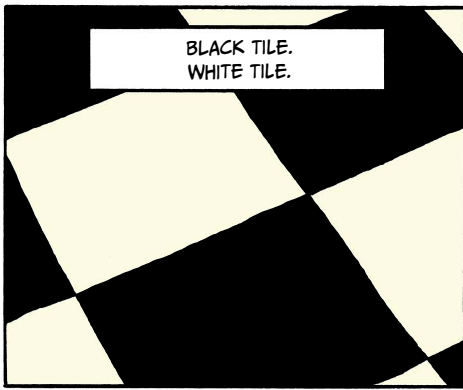
YOU COMING TO BED?

COMING.



...BUT ABNER HATES DOMESTIC QUARRELS EVEN MORE THAN SECRETS.

HE SAYS NOTHING.



BLACK TILE.
WHITE TILE.



NINETY-THREE TILES OF EACH COLOR.
EVERY DAY, TWICE A DAY.



NEXT, THE TOILETS. THEN
TAKE OUT THE TRASH.



SIX DAYS A WEEK,
FOR ELEVEN YEARS,
FOR A WRETCHED
WAGE.

DELILAH FRACHETTE
NEEDS THIS JOB.
FOR THE KIDS.
FOR BILLY.

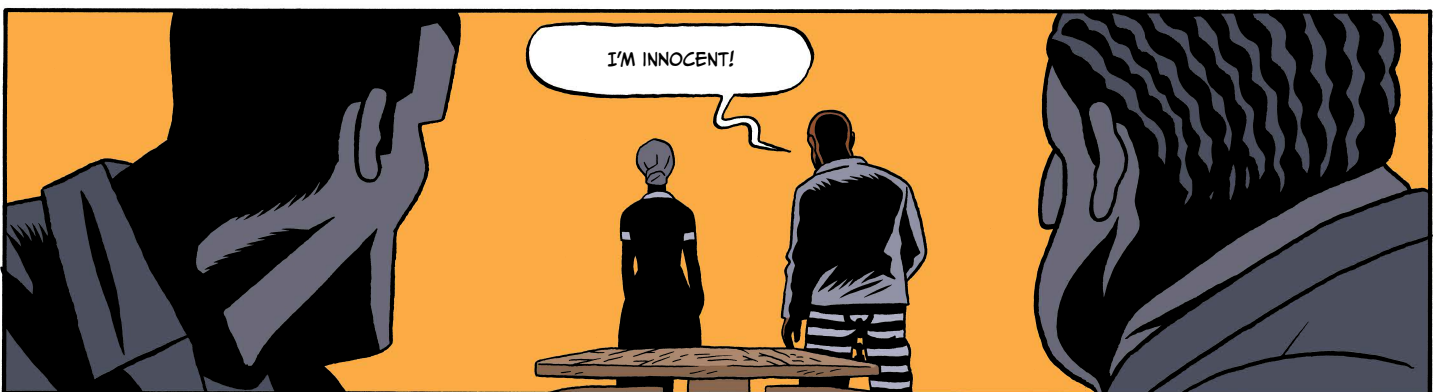
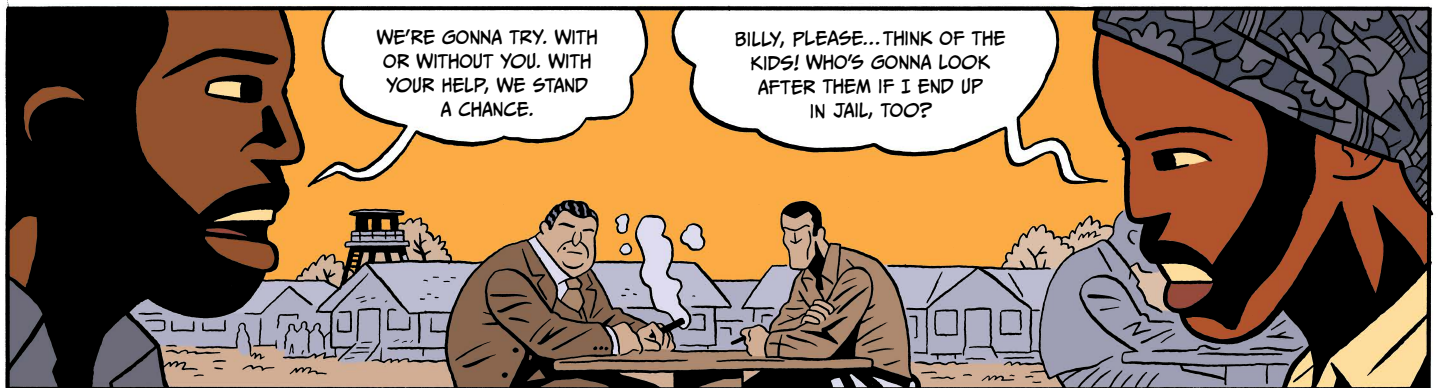


FOR THE LAWYER
WHO'S GOOD FOR
NOTHING BUT
TELLING THEM
EVERY YEAR THAT
THE PAROLE
BOARD HAS
DENIED BILLY
PAROLE AGAIN.



WE'LL HAVE
BETTER LUCK
NEXT YEAR.

WON'T BE A NEXT YEAR.
I WON'T BE HERE NO MORE,
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'M
LEAVING.





BLACK TILE,
WHITE TILE.



MRS. FRACHETTE? I'M SID
KABIKOFF, ATTORNEY FROM
GALVESTON. I'M NOW HANDLING
BILLY'S CASE.



OH, YEAH?
WITH WHAT
MONEY?



MONEY'S NOT
AN ISSUE. QUITE
THE OPPOSITE.



I ENCOURAGE YOU TO ACQUIRE A
MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION,
MRS. FRACHETTE. IT WILL BE OF
IMMENSE ASSISTANCE TO
OUR DEAR BILLY.



ONE THOUSAND
DOLLARS.
A MAP SHOWING
THE MEETING
POINT. SOMEONE
WILL CALL TO
ARRANGE THE
TIME.



OH, LORD. BILLY.

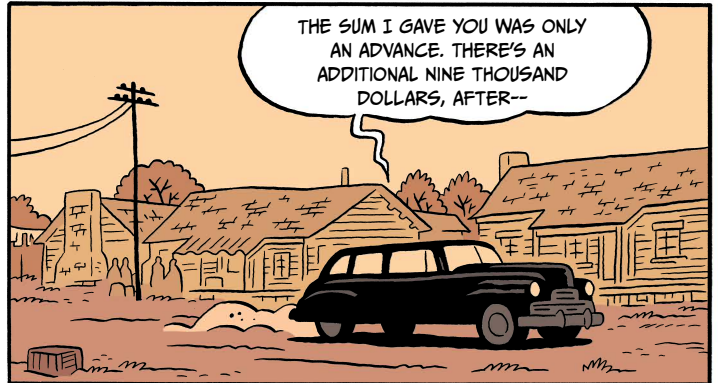
SUNDAY.
"BLESSED ARE
THE INNOCENT, FOR
THEY SHALL BE
REWARDED."
DELILAH WONDERS
WHEN THIS FAMOUS
REWARD WILL
ARRIVE... THEN SHE
ASKS THE LORD
FORGIVENESS,
FOR HER ANGER
AND HER IMPURE
THOUGHTS.



MRS. FRCHETTE?
THOSE BAGS LOOK HEAVY,
AND I'M SURE THE KIDS' FEET
HURT... MAY WE OFFER
YOU A RIDE?



THE SUM I GAVE YOU WAS ONLY
AN ADVANCE. THERE'S AN
ADDITIONAL NINE THOUSAND
DOLLARS, AFTER--



AFTER NOTHIN'.
I CAN GIVE YOU
BACK YOUR
MONEY, IF YOU
WANT. I AIN'T
TOUCHED IT.



NOW, NOW,
MRS. FRCHETTE. THINK
OF YOUR HUSBAND.



HE'S NOT MY
HUSBAND. HE'S
MY SON.

THE ANSWER'S
STILL NO.



DELILAH FRACHETTE WAS FIFTEEN YEARS AND EIGHT MONTHS OLD THE DAY BILLY WAS BORN. BILLY HAD HIS FIRST KID AT SEVENTEEN.

THAT MADE DELILAH A GRANDMA AT THIRTY-TWO.



NOW SHE'S THIRTY-EIGHT, AND HAS WATCHED OVER HER GRANDKIDS SINCE THEIR MOTHER TOOK OFF WITH A PIMP AFTER BILLY GOT ARRESTED.



ELIJAH AND SALLY. SHE LOVES THEM AS IF SHE GAVE BIRTH TO THEM.



AND BILLY? HE'S A WEAK GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. ALWAYS BEEN THAT WAY.



DELILAH CAN'T ALLOW HERSELF TO RISK THEIR EXISTENCE FOR HIM. NEVER MIND HER SUFFERING. HER STOMACH'S TIED IN KNOTS, MAKING HER ILL.



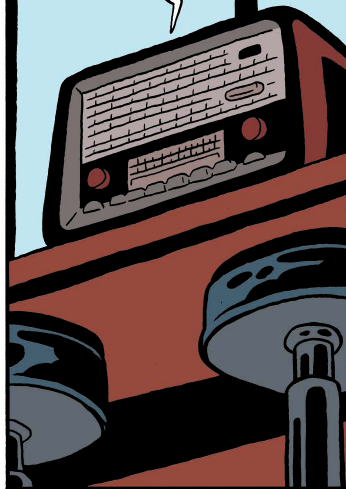
SHE CAN'T DO IT.



3:40 P.M., THURSDAY,
END OF FEBRUARY.



WE INTERRUPT THIS
PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A
SPECIAL BULLETIN - FOUR
INMATES ESCAPED FROM
ANGOLA PRISON TODAY.



RRRIIIING

HELLO?

HOLD ON.

DELILAH, IT'S
FOR YOU.

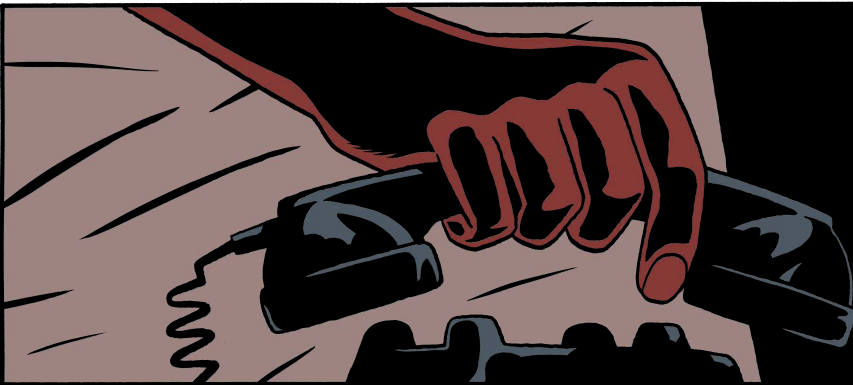
CLICK



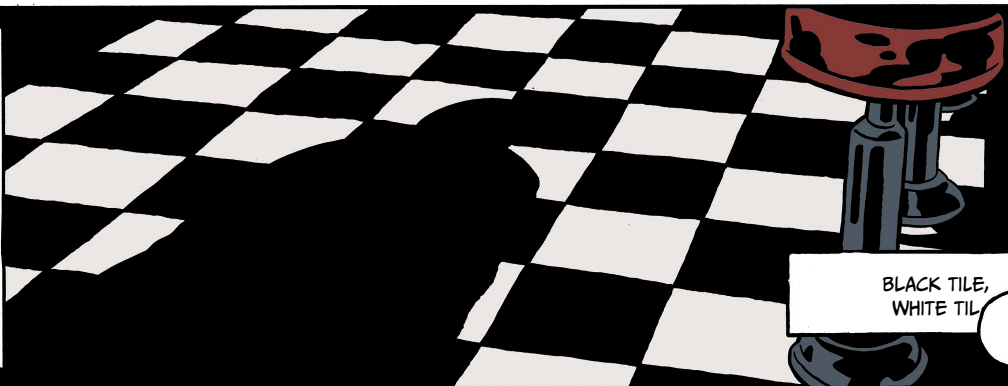
DELILAH? YOU DEAF?
TELEPHONE!



MRS. FRACHETTE?
JUST A REMINDER THAT YOU
HAVE A MEETING TOMORROW
MORNING AT FIVE. DO YOU
HAVE TRANSPORTATION?

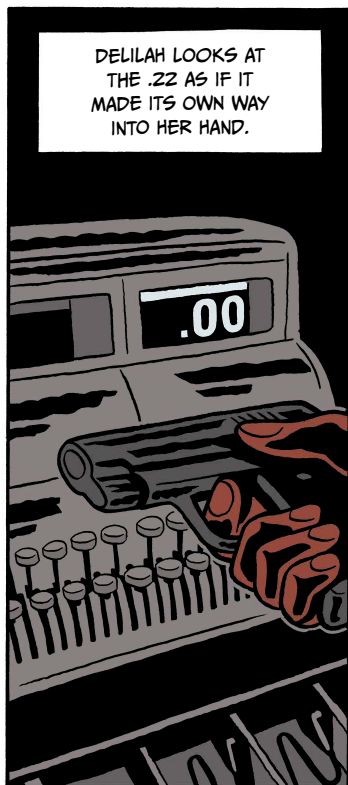


THE RESTAURANT IS
EMPTY. MR. PERCIVAL'S
PONTIAC IS PARKED
OUT FRONT. THE BOSS
IS IN HIS OFFICE.
DELILAH PICTURES HIM
COUNTING HIS CASH, THE
RABBIT'S FOOT KEY-RING
SITTING ON HIS DESK.



BLACK TILE,
WHITE TIL

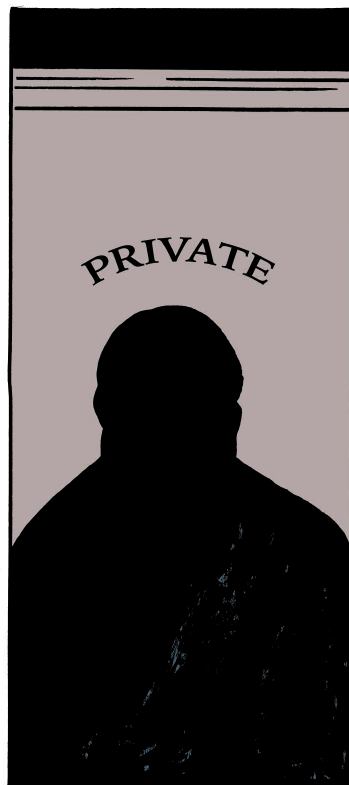
PING



DELILAH LOOKS AT
THE .22 AS IF IT
MADE ITS OWN WAY
INTO HER HAND.



WAS IT REALLY HER WHO
OPENED THE REGISTER?



MR. PERCIVAL?
SIR?

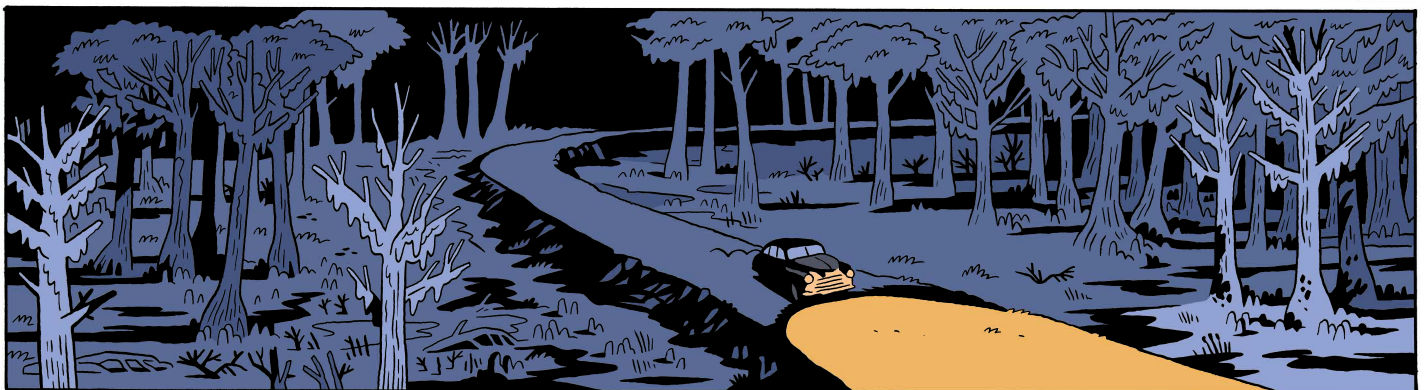
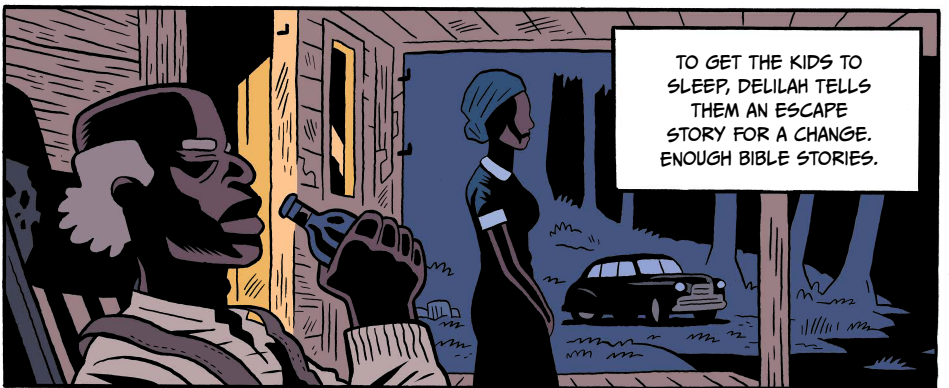
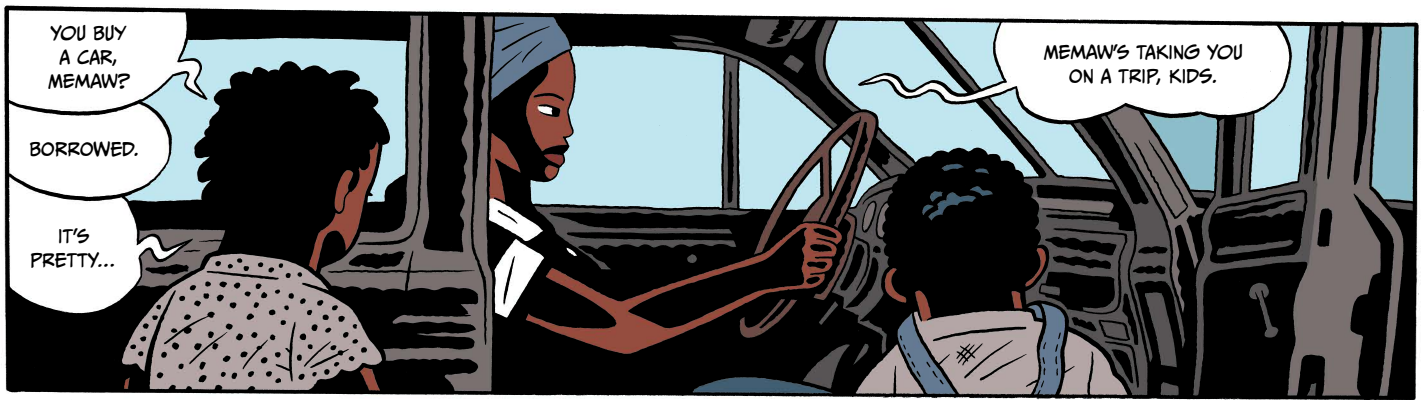
IT'S DELILAH,
SIR. COULD
I TALK TO
YOU FOR A
MOMENT?



ENTER.



I'M COMING FOR
YOU, BILLY.



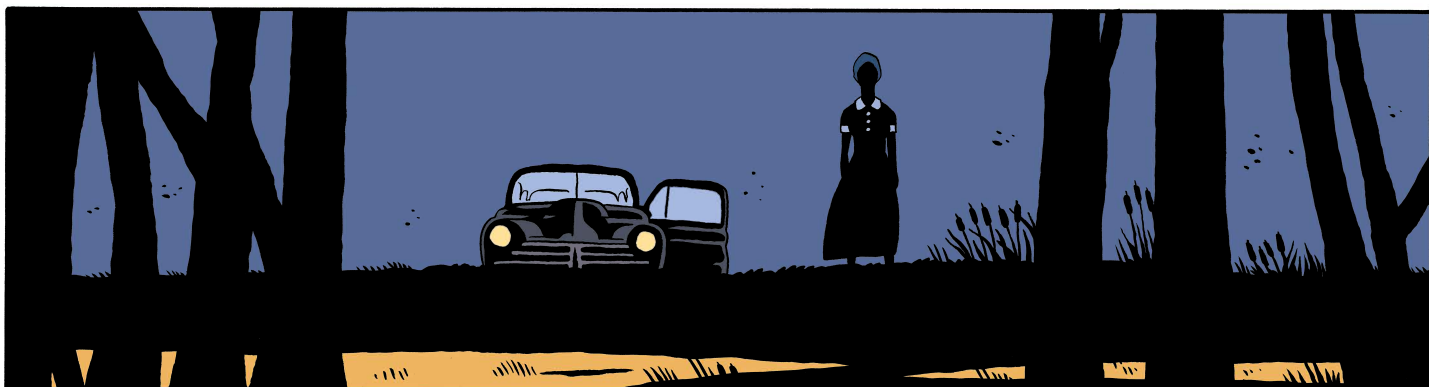
FURTHER SOUTH IS ANGOLA.
THEY'LL COME FROM THERE...
IF NO ONE KILLS THEM FIRST.

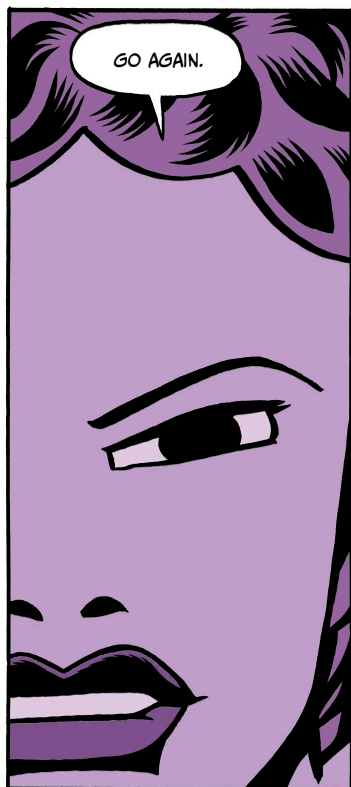


WHATEVER. DELILAH FRACHETTE
WAITS PATIENTLY FOR HER SON.

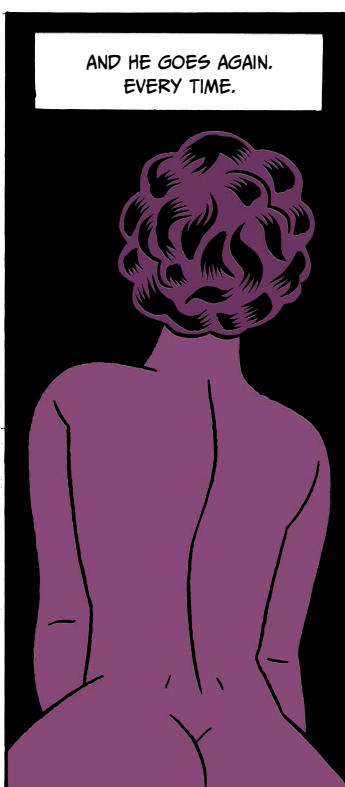


AS SHE HAS HER WHOLE LIFE.





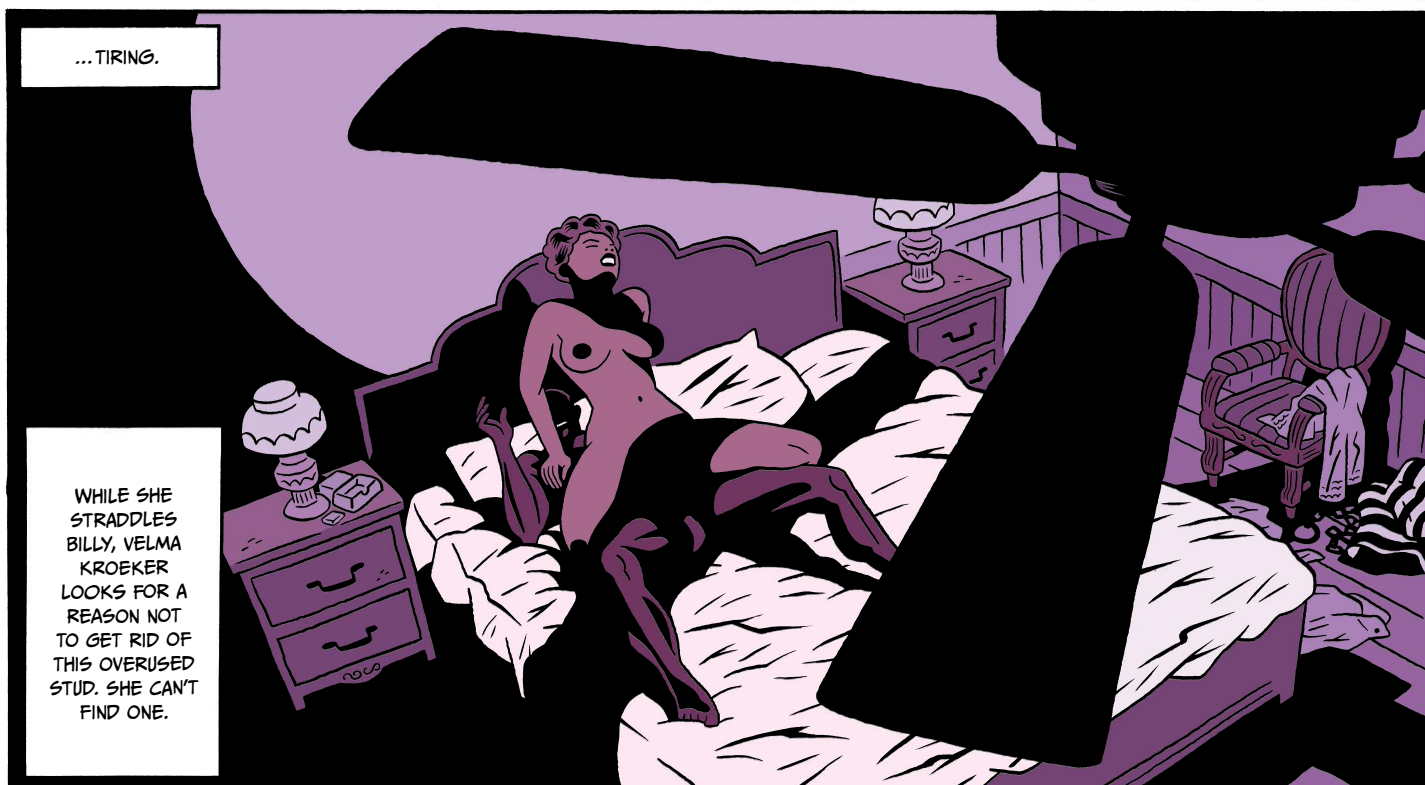
GO AGAIN.



AND HE GOES AGAIN.
EVERY TIME.



LONG. HOT.
TAME...



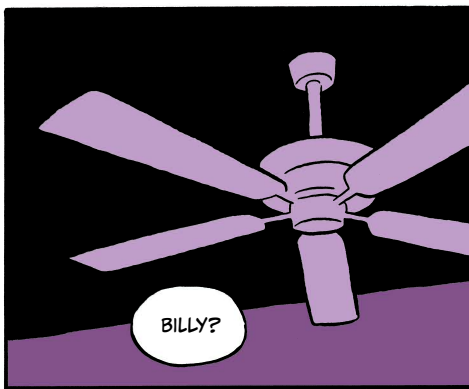
...TIRING.

WHILE SHE
STRADDLES
BILLY, VELMA
KROEGER
LOOKS FOR A
REASON NOT
TO GET RID OF
THIS OVERUSED
STUD. SHE CAN'T
FIND ONE.

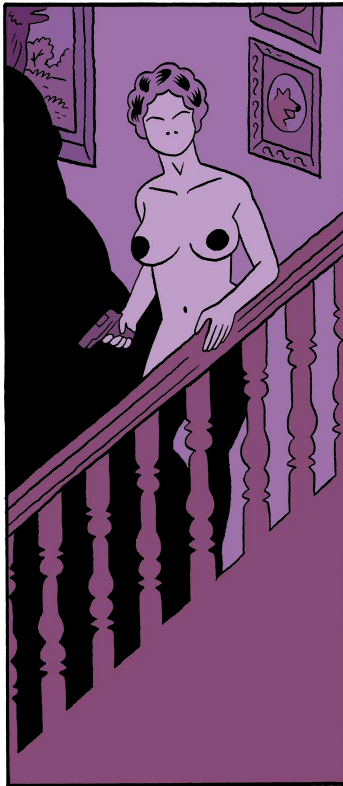


MMMM.
THANKS,
BILLY.

SLEEP WELL, DEAR.
IT'S THE LAST NIGHT YOU'LL
SPEND IN THIS BED.



BILLY?



OH, BILLY, BILLY.



M...MRS. KROEKER. I'M...
I'M SORRY... THE OTHERS
MADE ME...

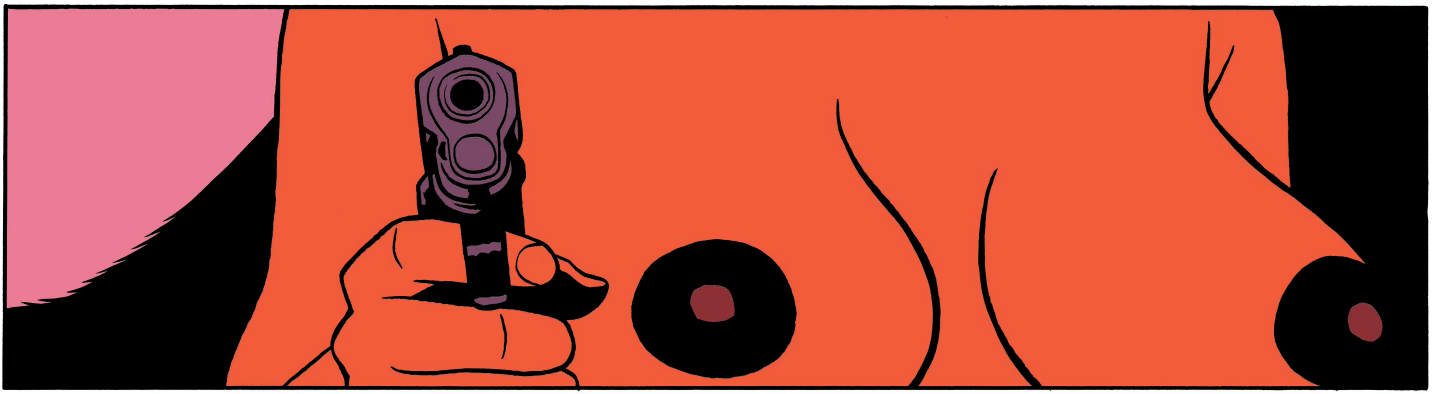


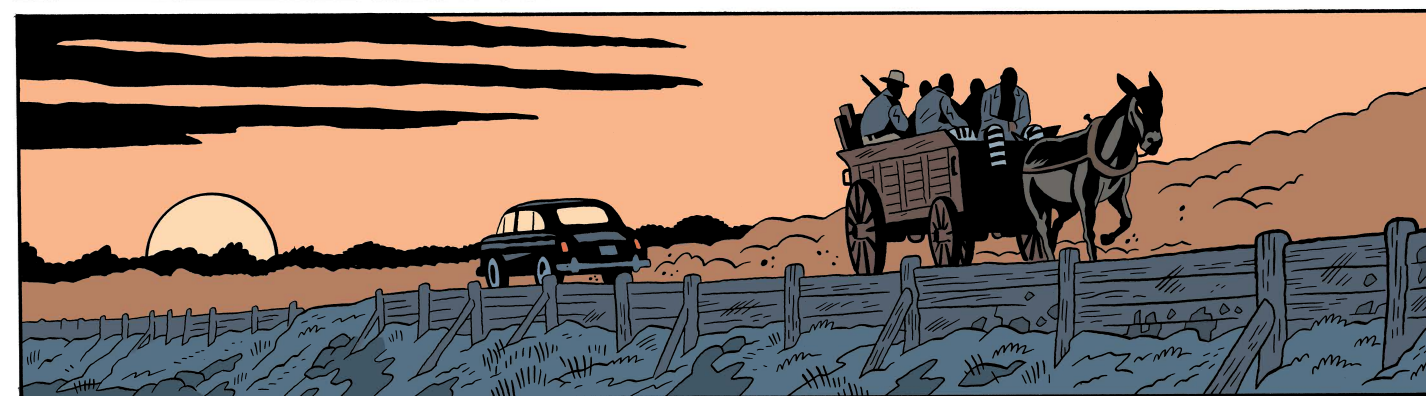
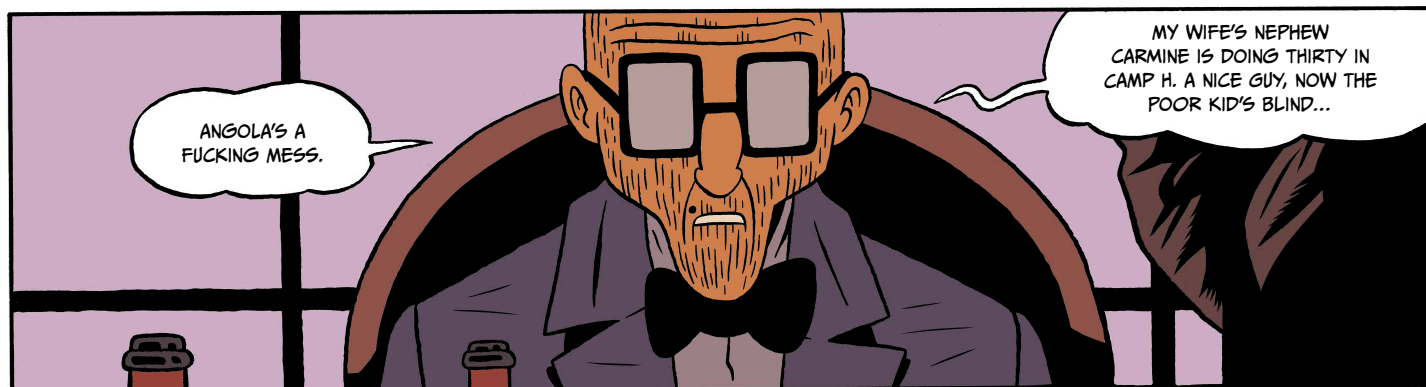
WHAT OTHERS?
DID THAT QUEER
ABNER GIVE YOU
THE COMBINATION?

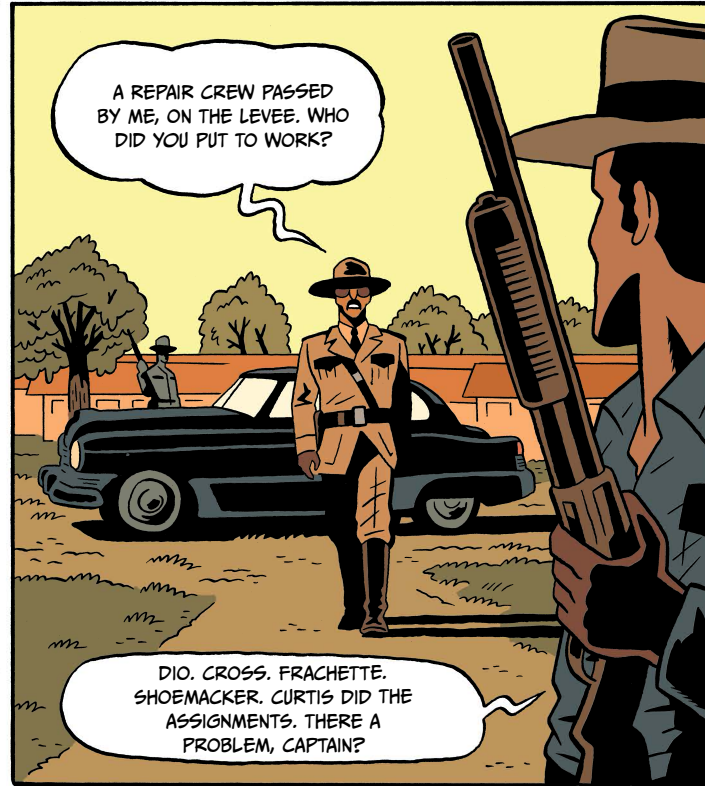


Y...YOU KNOW, THERE'S
A FORTUNE IN THERE, WE
COULD SPLIT IT...



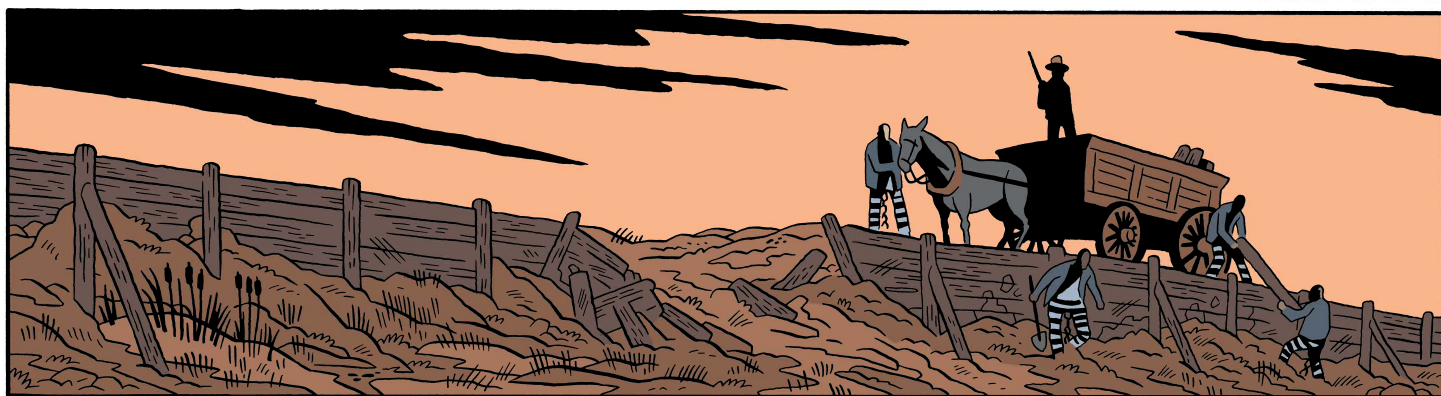








3. EXTRACTION



THE COLLAPSED LEVEE, TWO HOURS' WALK FROM THE FARM. THE INMATES GET DOWN TO UNLOAD THE LOGS.
THE LAZY GUARD STAYS ON THE WAGON...



... NOW.





TYLER CROSS HAS A NEW
PARTNER - MANNY DIO.
IT'S A LIMITED-TIME
PARTNERSHIP...

...LET'S SAY HALF A DAY.
TYLER WILL END IT THE
SECOND MANNY LETS
GO OF THE GUN.

MANNY HAD BEEN HARDER TO CONVINCE THAN BILLY. MAKES SENSE -
IF YOU HAVE A SHIT LIFE AND NO HOPE OF SURVIVAL - LIKE BILLY -
YOU CAN BE BOUGHT WITH A BITE OF BREAD...

...BUT IF YOU'RE ALL RIGHT WHERE
YOU ARE - LIKE MANNY AT ANGOLA -
THAT COSTS A LOT MORE.

HOW MUCH
IS VAN GELD'S
LOOT WORTH?

ONE POINT TWO MILLION,
MANNY. I ALREADY TOLD YOU.
HALF A MILLION EACH AND TWO
HUNDRED GRAND FOR BILLY.

HEAR THAT, NEGRO?
WE'RE MIGHTY
GENEROUS WITH
YOU...

I'M EARNING
MY SHARE.
SEE, I'VE GOT
YOUR ACCOUNT
BOOK...

...AND I
HAD TO KILL
MA KROEKER
TO GET IT.



THE DOGS'VE
PICKED UP
TWO TRAILS.
THEY MUST
HAVE SPLIT UP.

THAT'S OK. THEY'VE BARELY GOT AN HOUR JUMP
ON US. WE'LL HAVE THEM BY DINNER.

CURTIS IS STILL BREATHING,
CAPTAIN. SHOULD I GO
GET HELP?



AND THEN WHAT?
GO AHEAD, BABIES!
HUNT! KILL!





AH, HELL.
I CAN'T GO
ON... WE'VE
DONE, WHAT,
TEN MILES?

I'D SAY
FIVE, MAX.

WE'LL
NEVER
MAKE IT!



THINK OF CUBA, MANNY. OF THE
CASINO YOU'LL HAVE A STAKE IN...

...AND DON CARLO'S OLD
MUG, WHEN HE SEES
WE'VE GOT HIM BY
THE BALLS, HAVING
ANGOLA'S BOOKS.
YOU'RE RIGHT, BUDDY.
WE CAN DO THIS.



HEY, TYLER...IN MY BELT...
PRESENT FOR YOU.

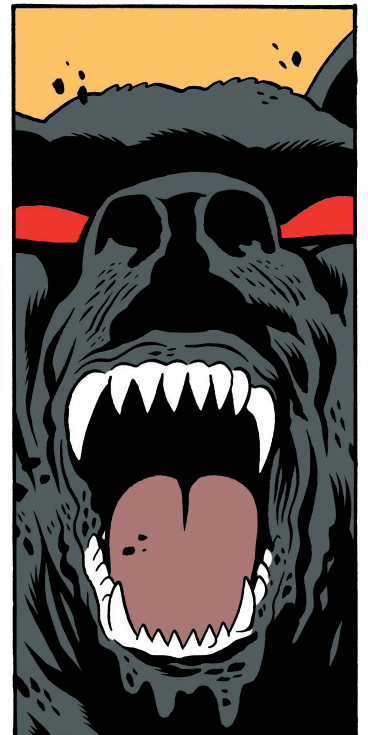
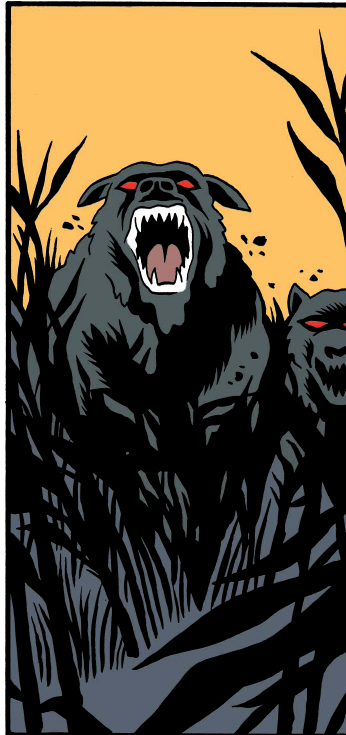


HEY! NO WHISPERING!
TYLER, I WANT YOU NEXT TO ME...
AND NEGRO, IF YOU HOLD US
UP, WE DITCH YOU!



THANKS,
BILLY.





AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!





HEY, NEGRO... SORRY, BUT WE'VE GOT TO SPLIT UP. GIVE ME THE ACCOUNT BOOK.

TYLER, YOU OK WITH THIS?

THINK, BILLY. HE'S GOT THE RIFLE. GIVE HIM THE BOOK.



GIVE IT.



IT'S TIME TO CHOOSE, TYLER.



MANNY'S GOT THE RIFLE. HE'S GOT CONTACTS, BACKING, A SENSE OF PRIORITIES. ALL BILLY'S GOT IS HIS LOOKS.



BILLY. GET DOWN.



BLAM

KA-POW



ARE THOSE FOOLS KILLING EACH OTHER?! THERE WON'T BE ANY LEFT FOR MY BABIES IF WE DON'T STOP THEM. COME ON, LET'S MOVE IT!



BILLY, PICK UP THE BOOK. COME ON! MOVE YOUR...



...ASS?



I TOLD YOU, TYLER. I'M BAD LUCK...TAKE YOUR FUCKING BOOK AND GO.



WE'RE A TEAM, BILLY.



THERE! I SEE ONE!

THE DOGS POUND ON, THE GUARDS FOLLOW. FIVE ARMED, CONFIDENT MEN. THEY'RE THE PACK, AND THE ESCAPEES, THE PREY...



...IT'S TIME FOR SOME ROLE REVERSAL.



HUNT! KILL!



HE'S NOT MOVING...
NOT SCREAMING...



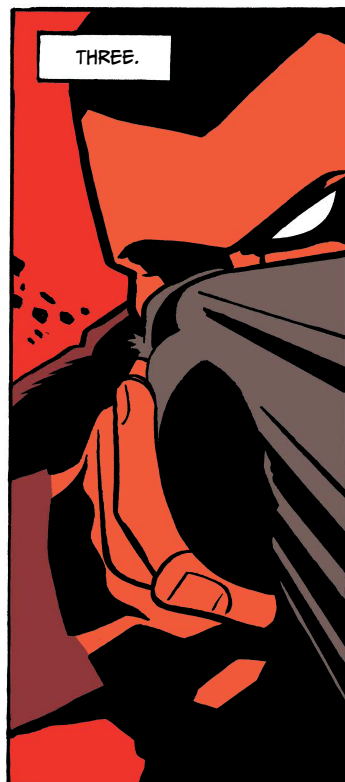
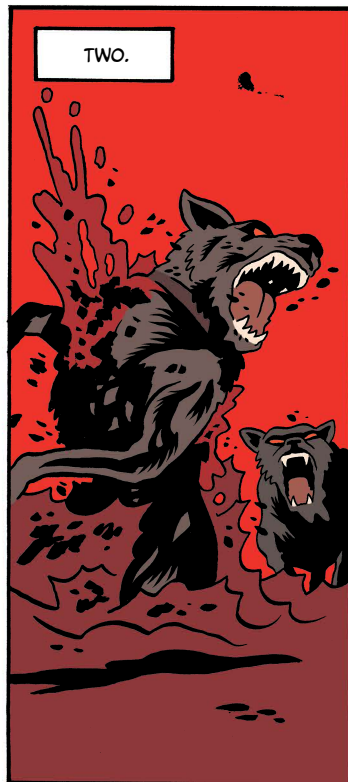
...IT'S A TRAP!



OBVIOUS TARGET -
THE PACK LEADER.



GOTCHA.





NOW THE GUARDS.
LESS DANGEROUS.
THEY'RE FIRING ALL
OVER, BUT KEEPING
COVER. THEY WON'T
TRY TO SEE IF TYLER
STILL HAS AMMO...
OR IF HE'S ONLY GOT
A LITTLE LADY'S .22.



MY BABIES!



YOU KILLED MY PUPS!
FUCKING BASTARD!
I'LL KILL YOU!!!



SPOOKY!



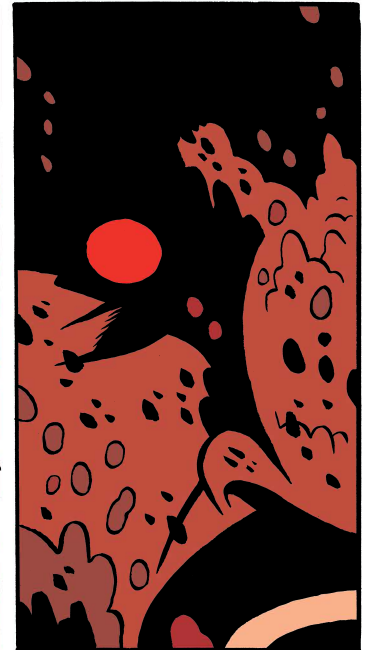
ALFRED!



GUNTHER!



ELMO!





BILLY MOANS AND GROANS. HE PASSES OUT EVERY HALF HOUR.



HE SAYS TO LEAVE HIM BEHIND. TO SLEEP, AT LAST, THE ETERNAL SLEEP.



WITHOUT A FIGHT, WITHOUT SUFFERING.







I DON'T GET YOU. TEN HOURS YOU'VE BEEN DRAGGING ME. WHY DON'T YOU LET ME DIE?

IT'S BETTER FOR MRS. FRACHETTE TO SEE A FAMILIAR FACE WHEN SHE ARRIVES.



THAT'S NOT WHY. YOU'LL MANAGE TO CONVINCE HER WITHOUT ME. AND YOU'D KILL HER IF YOU HAD TO...

WE MADE IT, BILLY. THE ROAD'S JUST THERE. YOUR MOM'LL BE HERE SOON.

TRUE.

...SO WHY?



OH, FUCK I HURT. I'M REALLY DYING, AREN'T I?

YES.

SHIT. YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY THE NURSE OF MY DREAMS. YOU'RE COLD, TYLER. A FUCKING ICEBERG... HOW'D YOU KNOW SHE WAS MY MA?



I SAW YOU TOGETHER. SOMEONE'S HERE.

IS IT HER?

WE'LL KNOW IN AN HOUR. WHEN DAY BREAKS.

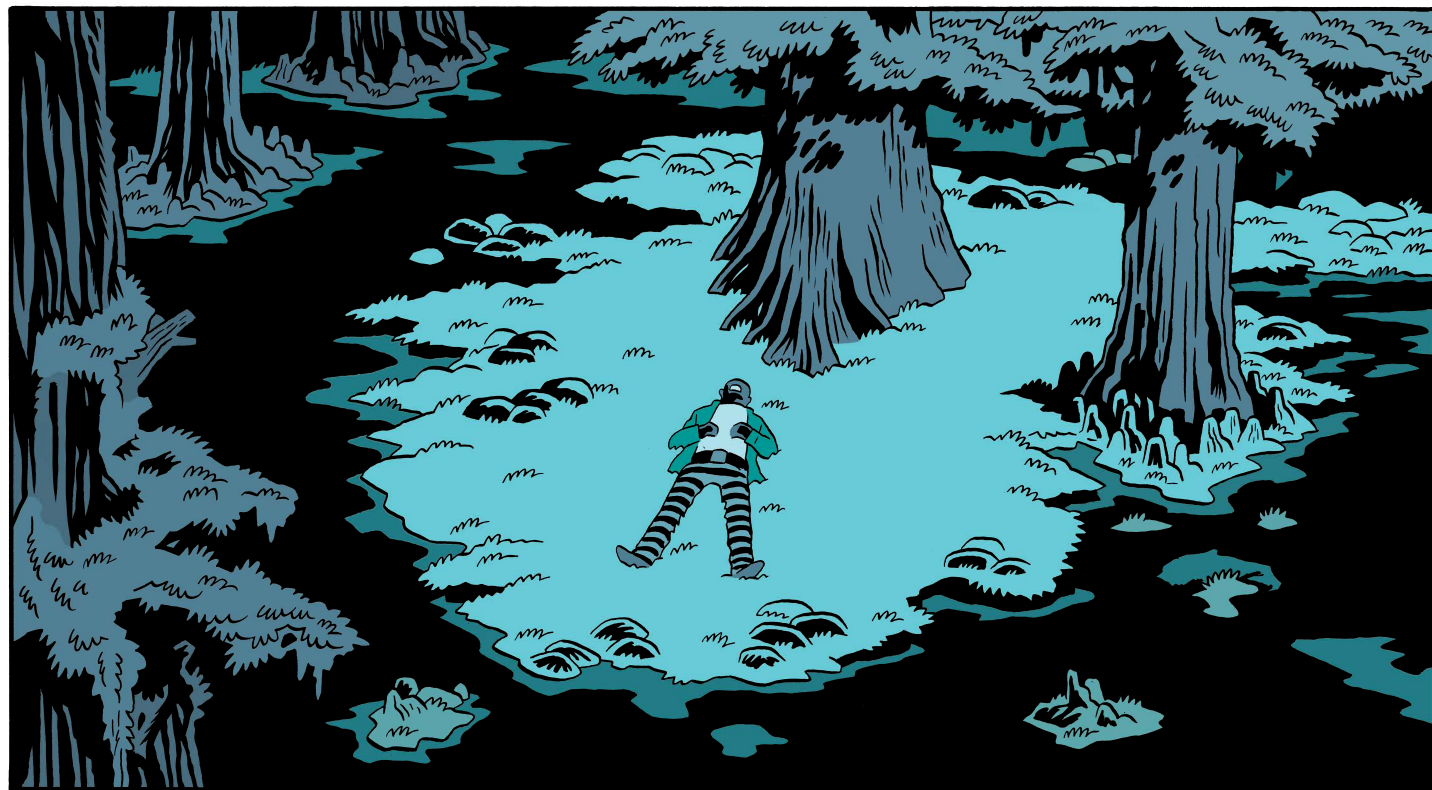
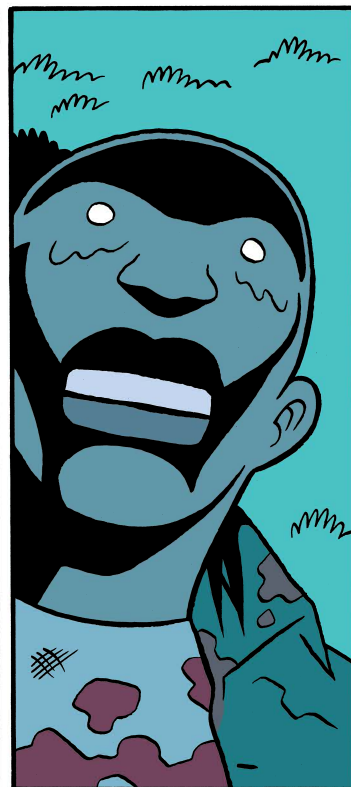


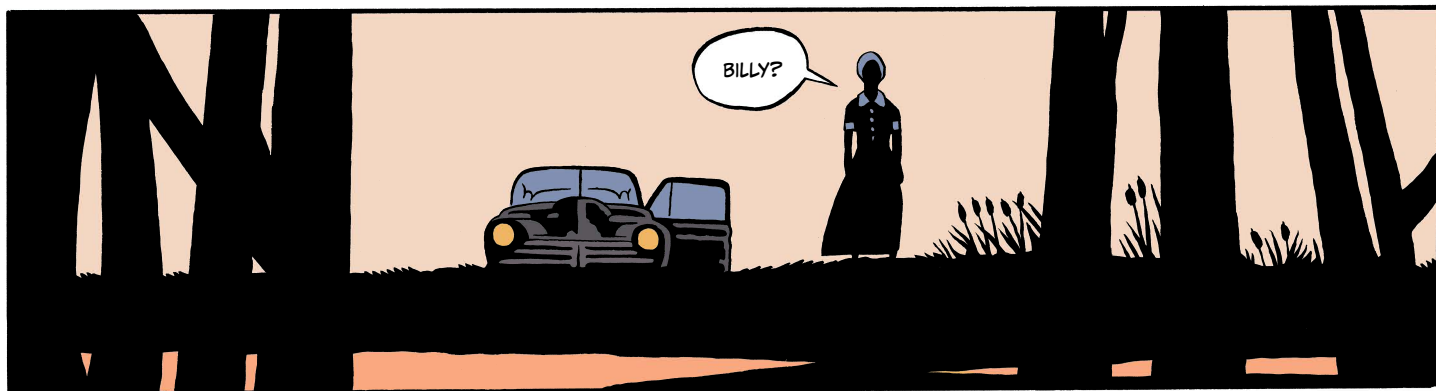
I'LL BE DEAD IN AN HOUR. OK, LET'S G...



OH, FUCK.

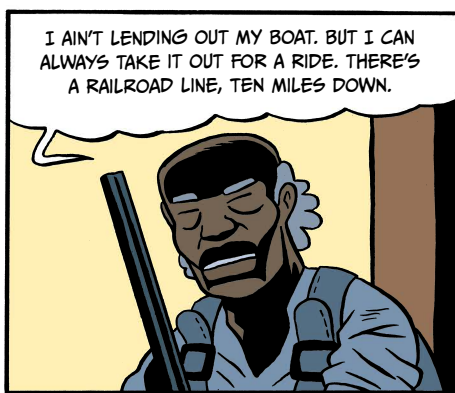
CAN'T MOVE.













THANKS. WITH MY BACK,
IT WOULD'VE BEEN HARD.

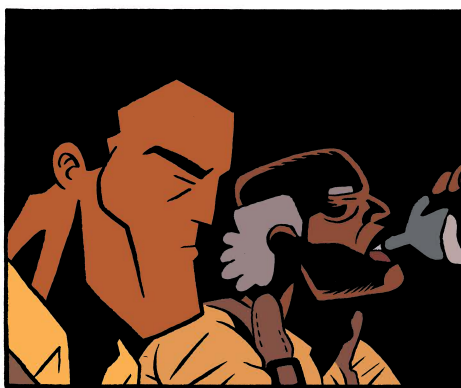
HERE, FOR
YOUR TROUBLE.



THE BOOZE IS AWFUL, THE OLD GUY CHATTY.
HE'S BEEN HERE FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS. HE
KNOWS ANGOLA AS IF HE'D LIVED THERE.



TELL ME. THE
LIGHTNING...
IS IT TRUE?



A LITTLE.
ZZAAAP! AND
WE WERE FREE.
GODDAMN
MIRACLE.



AFTERWARDS, WE
RAN LIKE HELL, MY BUD
LEANDER AND I...

GODDAMN
HOUNDS.

LEANDER CHANGED HIS NAME
AND JOINED THE ARMY. DIED IN
FORTY-FOUR, IN THE ARDENNES.



ME? MADE MYSELF
SCARCE. IT'S PEACEFUL.
I MAKE HOOCH. I FISH.



THE KIDS ARE ASLEEP.
GRANDMA, TOO. SHE DOESN'T
NEED A .22. HE DOES.



SHOULD HE WAKE HER?
AND TELL HER WHAT?



HE USED BILLY, AND
NOW BILLY'S DEAD.



NO POINT TRYING
TO JUSTIFY HIMSELF.



THE ONLY THING HE CAN
DO IS PAY HIS DEBTS.

NORTH CAROLINA
DRIVER'S LICENSE, BIRTH
CERTIFICATE, VOTER ID
CARD, BUSINESS
CARD...

ED SUTREE
DOB 12/21/1971
SEX M
HT 5'11"
WT 170
EYES BRN
HAIR BRN
Signature: Ed Sutree

...THE PASSPORT COST TOO MUCH.
AND IF ALL GOES AS PLANNED,
YOU WON'T NEED IT.

AND
THE CAR?

A MERCURY BREAK.
PARKED BY THE CHURCH,
KEYS RIGHT FRONT TIRE.

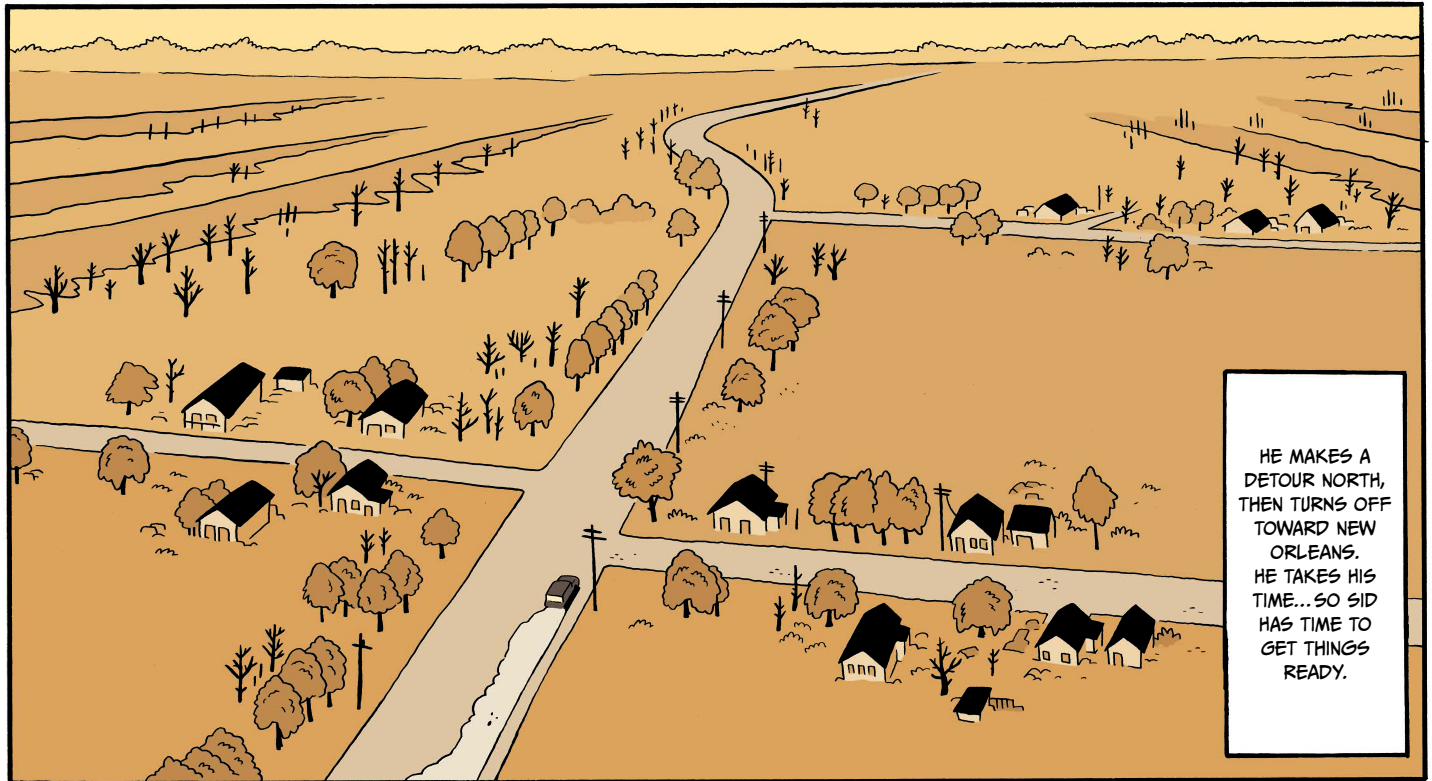
DON'T
FORGET
TO CROSS
YOURSELF,
SID.



A comic book panel showing a bridge scene. Several police cars and officers are present. A speech bubble from a character off-panel reads: "COPS EVERYWHERE...ROADS BLOCKED. BRIDGES BLOCKED."



THE PAPERS
ARE SOLID,
THE COPS ARE
TIRED. TYLER
PASSES.



HE MAKES A
DETOUR NORTH,
THEN TURNS OFF
TOWARD NEW
ORLEANS.
HE TAKES HIS
TIME... SO SID
HAS TIME TO
GET THINGS
READY.



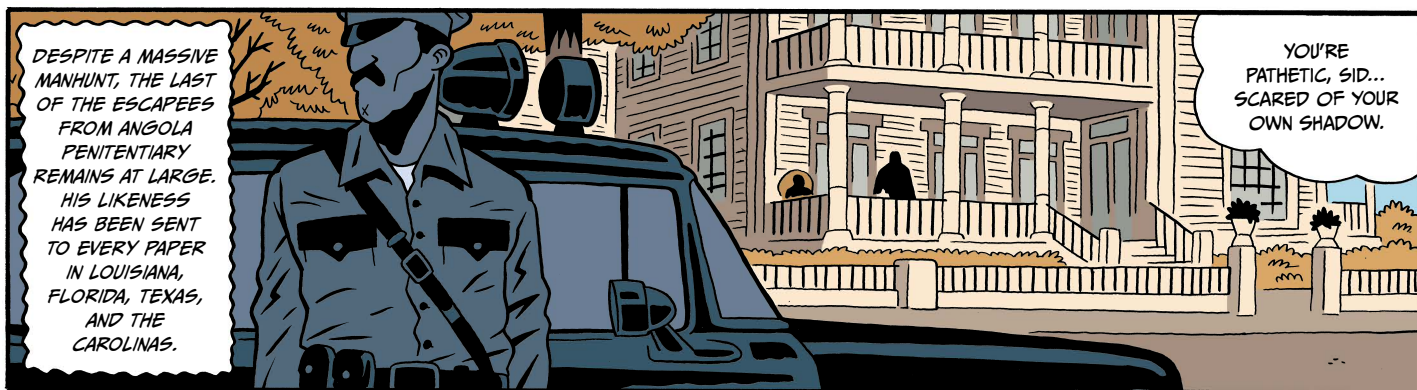
YOU KNOW WHAT GOT TAKEN
FROM ANGOLA. YOU KNOW ITS VALUE.
MY CLIENT IS PREPARED TO
RETURN IT UNDER CERTAIN
CONDITIONS.

HOW
MUCH?

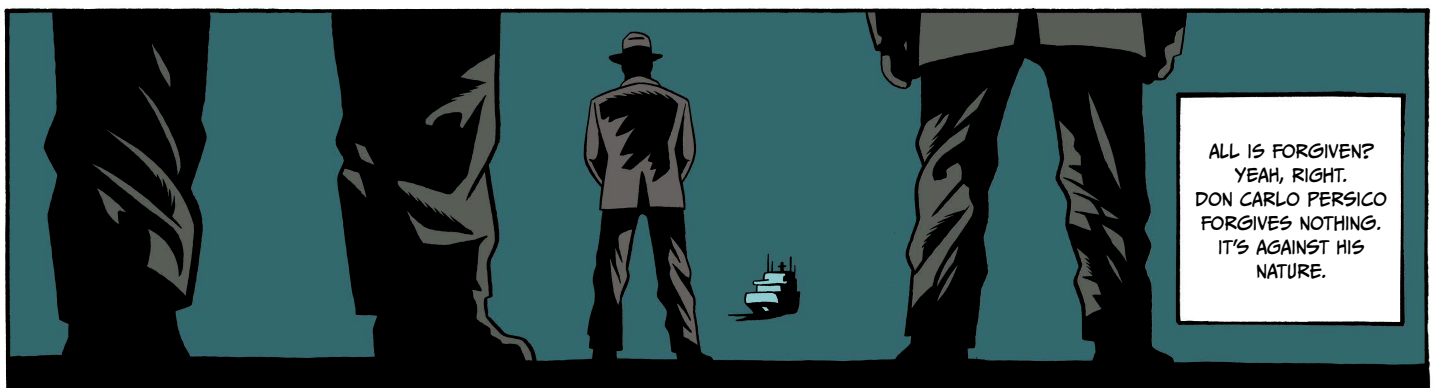
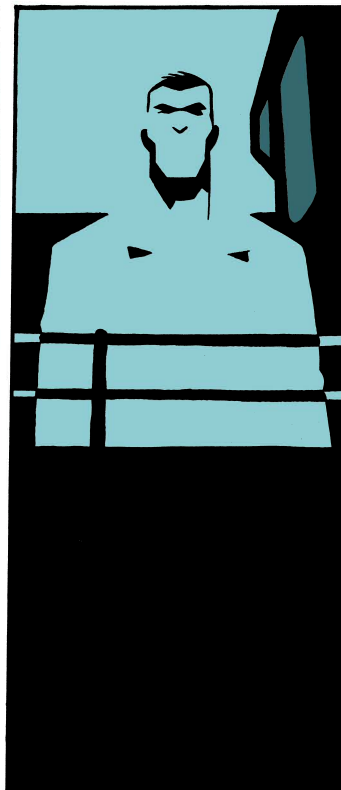


HE DOESN'T WANT
YOUR MONEY. HE
WANTS FORGIVENESS.
AND, UH, ONE OR TWO
LITTLE FAVORS...

LET'S START
WITH THE FAVORS.
THAT'S EASIER.









THE JEWELS... YOU WANT THE JEWELS, IS THAT IT? IN MY CASE... IT'S ALL I'VE GOT LEFT. TAKE THEM, THEY'RE YOURS...



SHHH. I KNOW THEY'RE MINE.

I BEG YOU... IRIS MADE ME DO IT. THAT WOMAN IS A DEMON. ME? I NEVER WANTED TO DOUBLECROSS YOU...



GOT ANY WEAPONS ON BOARD?

WHAT FOR? I... I'M NOT SOME GANGSTER.



MR. VAN GELD? SIR?



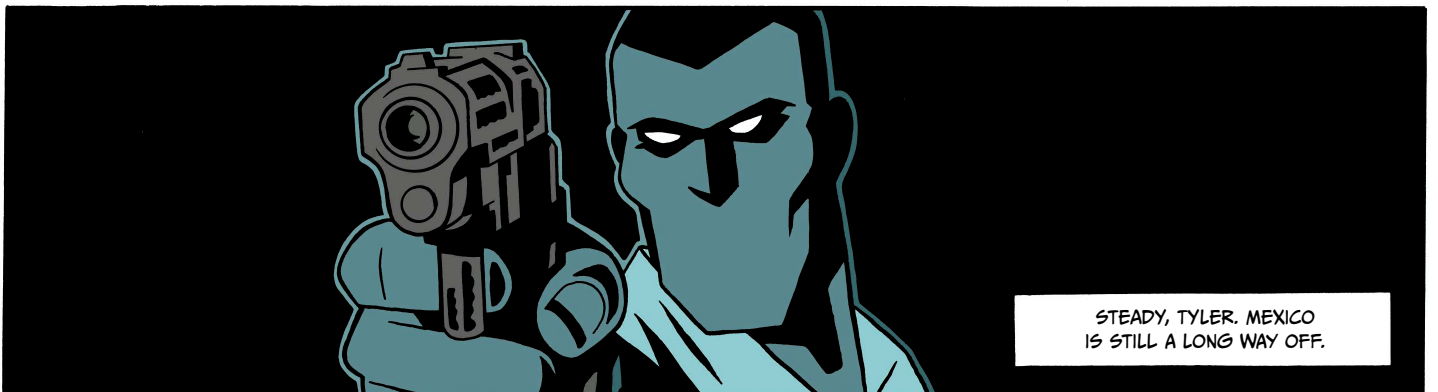
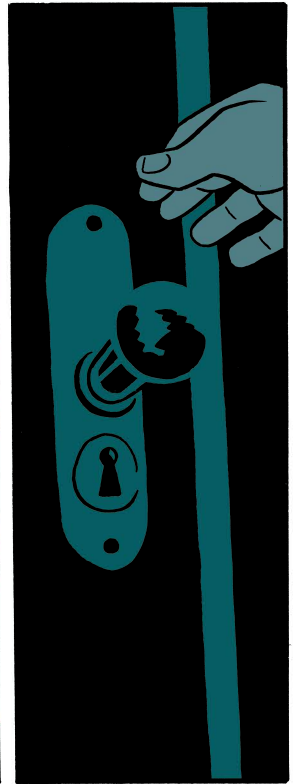
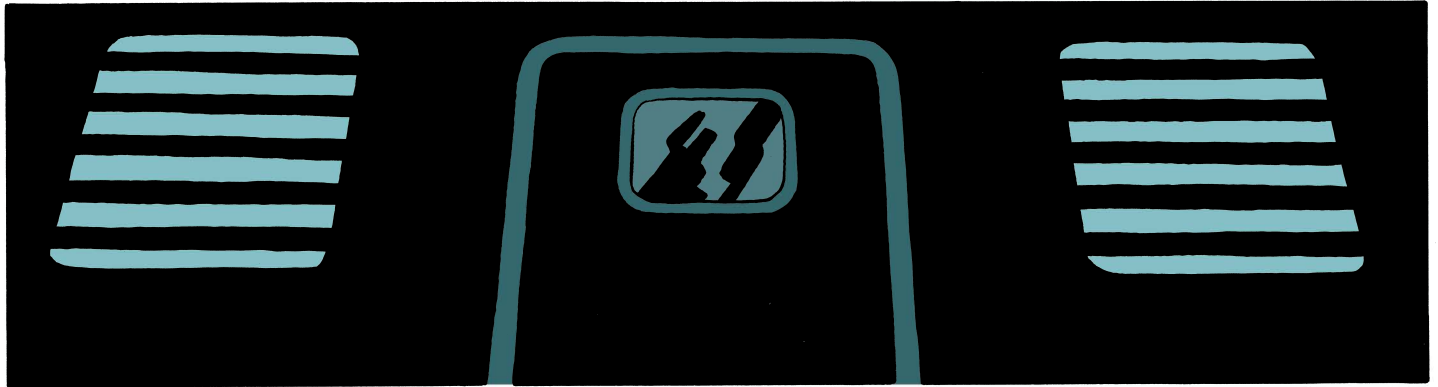
IT'S THE CABIN BOY, SIR. I... I BROUGHT CRUSHED ICE FOR THE BAR. MAY I COME IN, SIR?

LET'S SAY THEY
NEED AN ACTUAL
SAILOR TO DOCK
THE BOAT. TWO
PROFESSIONALS.
LIKELY WEAPON -
REVOLVER. IF
THEY'RE GOOD,
THEY'LL HAVE A
SAWED-OFF.

MR. VAN GELD?

THE ICE...
IT...IT'LL
MELT.

I'M NOT GOING TO
KILL YOU, HERMANN.
GO OPEN IT.

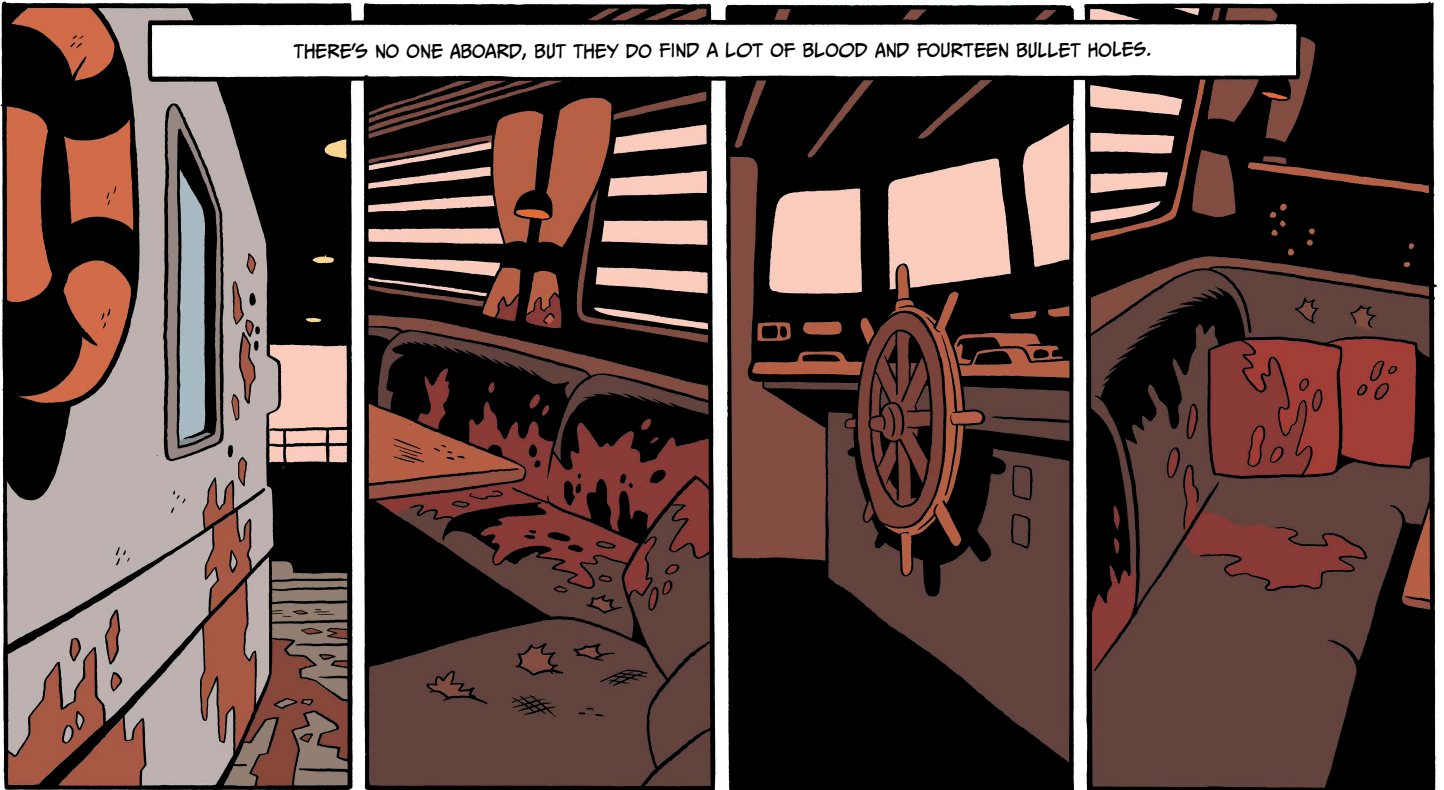


EPILOGUE

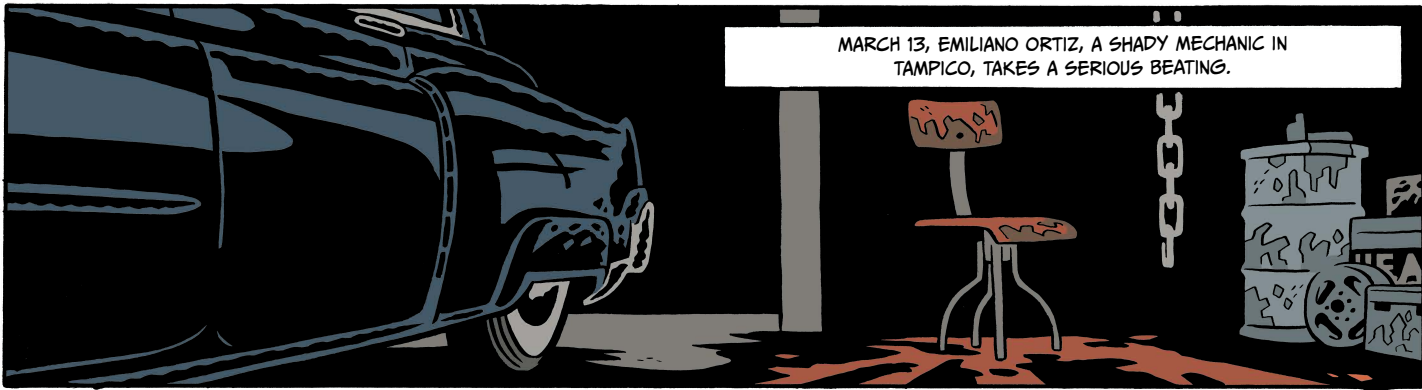
MARCH 11, THAT YEAR, THE COAST GUARD
OUT OF TAMPICO BOARDS THE YACHT *THE EMERALD*,
ADrift IN THEIR TERRITORIAL WATERS.



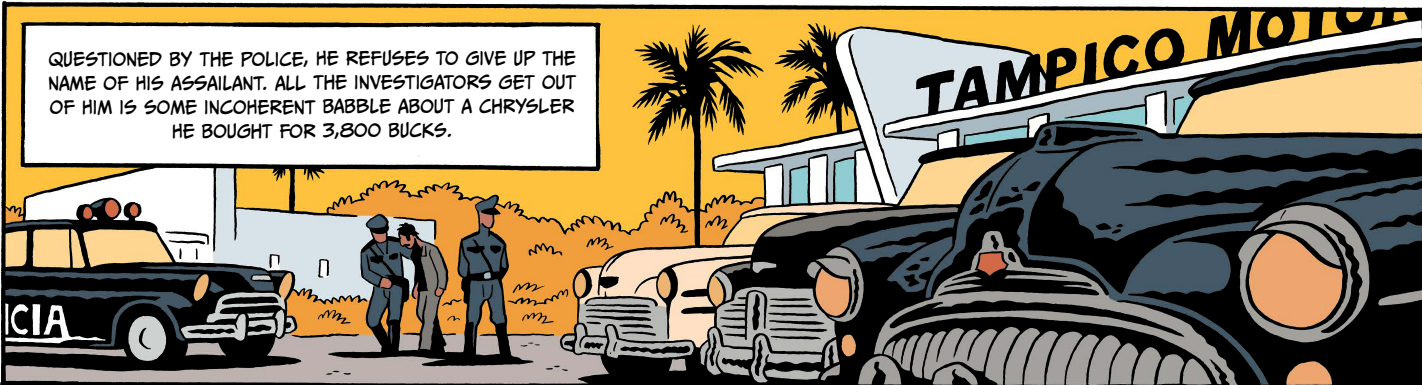
THERE'S NO ONE ABOARD, BUT THEY DO FIND A LOT OF BLOOD AND FOURTEEN BULLET HOLES.



NO LIFEBOAT.



MARCH 13, EMILIANO ORTIZ, A SHADY MECHANIC IN TAMPICO, TAKES A SERIOUS BEATING.



QUESTIONED BY THE POLICE, HE REFUSES TO GIVE UP THE NAME OF HIS ASSAILANT. ALL THE INVESTIGATORS GET OUT OF HIM IS SOME INCOHERENT BABBLE ABOUT A CHRYSLER HE BOUGHT FOR 3,800 BUCKS.



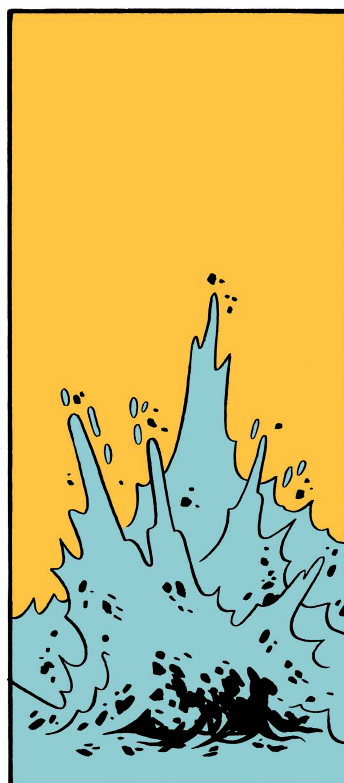
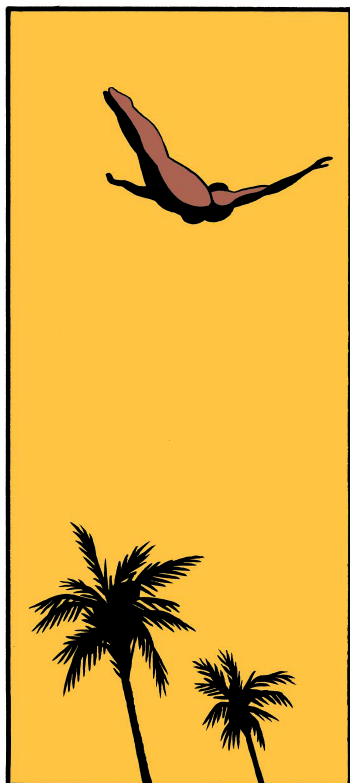
ON THE 16TH, THE RECEPTIONIST AT THE HOTEL DE LA PAZ, MEXICO CITY, GETS A CALL FROM AN AMERICAN FEDERAL AGENT CONCERNING A CERTAIN IRIS BOWMAN.



THE HELPFUL RECEPTIONIST GIVES HIM THE DATES OF HER STAY, AND EVEN REMEMBERS WHICH AIRLINE SHE TRAVELED WITH WHEN SHE LEFT...



...AND MARCH 21, IN ACAPULCO, IRIS TAKES HER LAST DIVE.



THE MEXICAN POLICE SENT TO THE SCENE CALCULATE THE ANGLE OF THE SHOT, FOLLOW IT, AND FIND A 9MM SHELL BY THE COASTAL ROAD, NEARLY HALF A MILE FROM THE HOTEL.

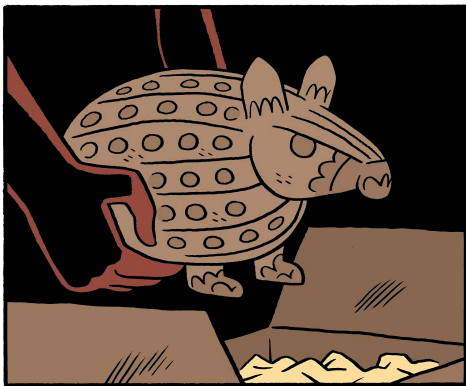
IN THEIR REPORT, THEY MAKE A NOTE OF THE KILLER'S EXCEPTIONAL SKILL.

THE POLICE ALSO FIND NINETY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS BELONGING TO THE VICTIM, LEFT IN THE HOTEL SAFE. THEY DON'T PUT THAT IN THEIR REPORT.

FINALLY, APRIL 3,
A PACKAGE ARRIVES
AT THE POST OFFICE
OF ST. FRANCISVILLE,
LOUISIANA.

IT WAS SENT FROM
ACAPULCO, ADDRESSED
TO WOODROW FRACHETTE.

THE REGULAR MAILMAN,
WHO'D NEVER ONCE
DELIVERED ANYTHING TO
MR. FRACHETTE, BROUGHT
IT HIMSELF, AT 4 A.M.



THE NOTE'S NOT SIGNED.
NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS
IN THE STATUETTE.





BABYLON BERLIN



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VOLKER KUTSCHER

BABYLON



BERLIN

ARNE JYSCH

VOLKER KUTSCHER

OUT NOW

IF TYLER CROSS EVER GETS OUT, IT WON'T BE FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR.

ANGOLA IS NOT A PRISON. ITS PURPOSE IS NOT TO LOCK UP CRIMINALS,
LET ALONE TO REHABILITATE THEM. ANGOLA EXISTS ONLY TO MAKE MONEY.
IT IS A BUSINESS... AND BUSINESS IS BOOMING.



What seemed like a risk-free gig that should have made him some easy cash turns into a fast-track to hell for Tyler Cross. A hell called "Angola," the biggest high-security prison in the United States, surrounded by swamps and crushed by the sweltering Louisiana heat. And just to put the cherry on the cake, the Mafia have put a price on his head, and there are a whole load of Sicilians in Angola...

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