

**"STUMPTOWN IS, FOR MY MONEY,
THE PERFECT RUCKA BOOK."**

— Matt Fraction, writer of *Sex Criminals* and *ODY-C*

STUMPTOWN™

GREG RUCKA • MATTHEW SOUTHWORTH
LEE LOUGHRIDGE • RICO RENZI

**NOW A
SERIES ON**

abc



VOLUME 1

THE CASE OF THE GIRL WHO TOOK HER SHAMPOO (BUT LEFT HER MINI)

STUMPTOWN™

PORTLAND, OREGON



STUMPTOWN™

INVESTIGATIONS • PORTLAND, OREGON



The Case of the Girl Who Took her Shampoo (But Left her Mini)



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Chapter One







I DON'T
SUPPOSE
WE CAN TALK
ABOUT THIS?



NO,
WE
CAN'T.



OKAY OKAY OKAY,
SO I DIDN'T TAKE
THE *HINT*--

--I CAN UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU'D BE *UPSET*
ABOUT THAT, DILL.



IT'S DILL,
RIGHT?



DILL, SEE, I CAN
UNDERSTAND WHY
YOU'D BE *ANGRY*. . .



... BUT YOU'VE
**MADE YOUR
POINT...**



... YOU AND, UH...
AND THE WHALE
HERE--



--YOU GUYS
HAVE **MADE**
YOUR POINT,
BELIEVE ME.



YOUR **POINT**
HAS BEEN **MADE.**
SERIOUSLY...



... I **SWEAR**
I WON'T BOTHER
YOU GUYS AGAIN.



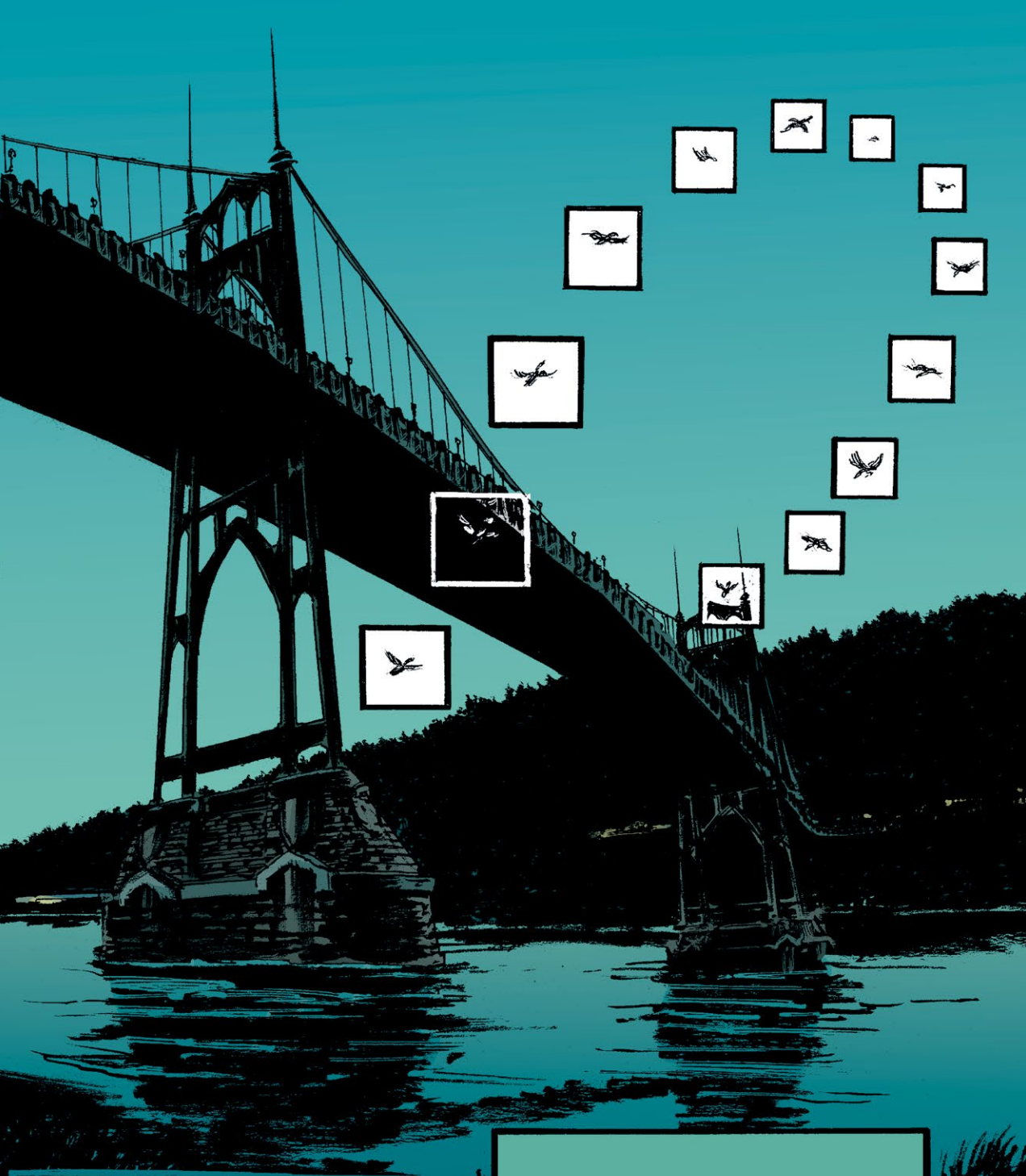
GOT
THAT RIGHT.



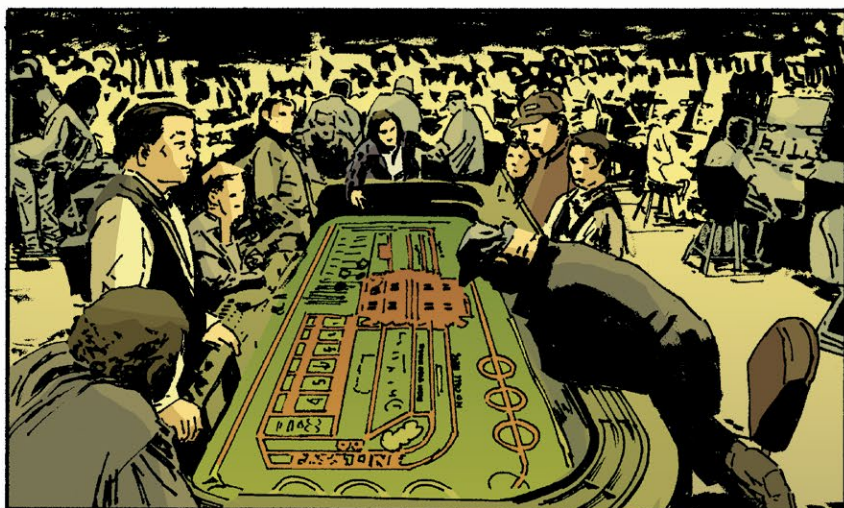


KRAK
KRAK









SEVEN OUT!



NEW SHOOTER!
PLACE YOUR BETS!



NEW SHOOTER
COMING OUT!
NEW SHOOTER!

YOU KNOW WHY
YOU'RE SUCH A
BAD GAMBLER?



BECAUSE YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHEN TO QUIT.

SURE I DO,
HOLLIS.

CONSISTENTLY
ABOUT A
MINUTE
TOO LATE.

YOU'RE **SMART**
ENOUGH TO KNOW
THAT, BUT YOU
STILL KEEP
TRYING TO TAKE
ON THE **HOUSE.**



HOW'S
ANSEL?

HE'S **FINE.**
HE'S AT **HOME**
TONIGHT.

LISTEN, HOLLIS,
YOU THINK YOU
CAN CONVINCE
THE HOUSE
TO GIVE ME
ANOTHER
FIVE THOUSAND
IN **CREDIT--**

SUE-LYNNE
WANTS TO
TALK TO YOU.



OH,
C'MON...





HE'S FINE,
I'LL TELL HIM
YOU ASKED.

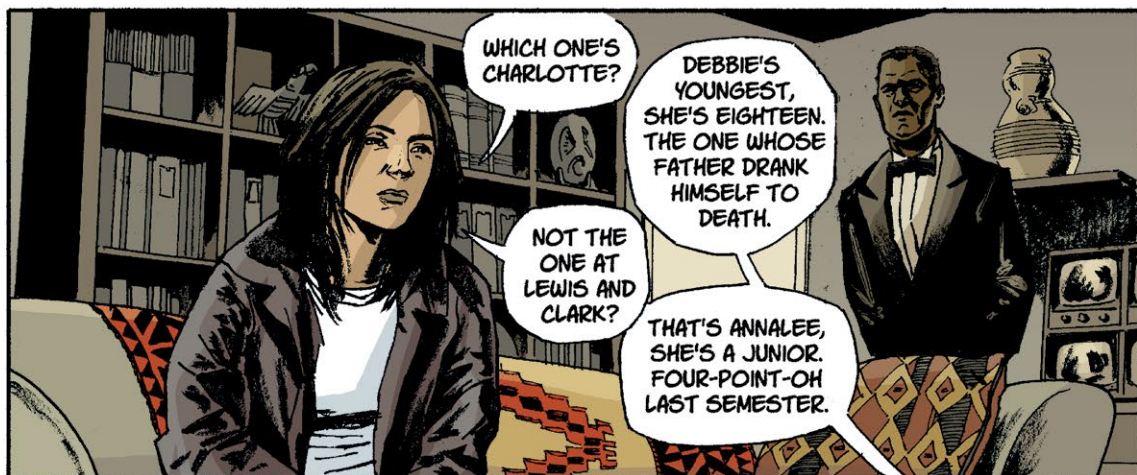
YOU DIDN'T BRING
ME UP HERE TO
TELL ME I'M **BROKE**
OR TO ASK ABOUT
ANSEL, SUE-LYNNE.



CHARLOTTE'S
RUN OFF.

MAYBE
WITH A
BOY.

YOU'RE
GOING TO
FIND HER.



WHICH ONE'S
CHARLOTTE?

DEBBIE'S
YOUNGEST,
SHE'S EIGHTEEN.
THE ONE WHOSE
FATHER DRANK
HIMSELF TO
DEATH.

NOT THE
ONE AT
LEWIS AND
CLARK?

THAT'S ANNALEE,
SHE'S A JUNIOR.
FOUR-POINT-0H
LAST SEMESTER.



YOU MUST BE
VERY PROUD.

I'M PROUD
OF **ALL** OF
MY GRAND-
CHILDREN.

EVEN THE ONES
WHO RUN OFF?



ALL OF MY GRAND-CHILDREN.





"MAYBE
WITH
A BOY."



WHAT DOES
THAT MEAN?
IS CHARLOTTE
QUEER?



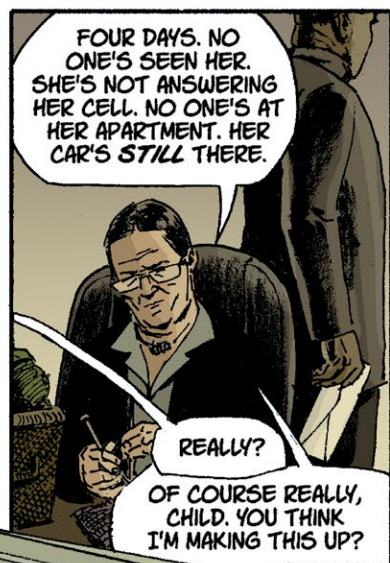
CHARLOTTE IS *IMMATURE*
AND TOO *Pretty*
FOR HER OWN GOOD.

I SUSPECT A
BOY, BUT I
HAVE NO PROOF,
ONLY THAT SHE
TOLD HER
MOTHER THAT
SHE WAS
SEEING
SOMEONE.



RUN OFF ISN'T
THE SAME AS
GONE *MISSING*.
SHE'S *EIGHTEEN*,
SHE'S *NOT* A
MINOR.

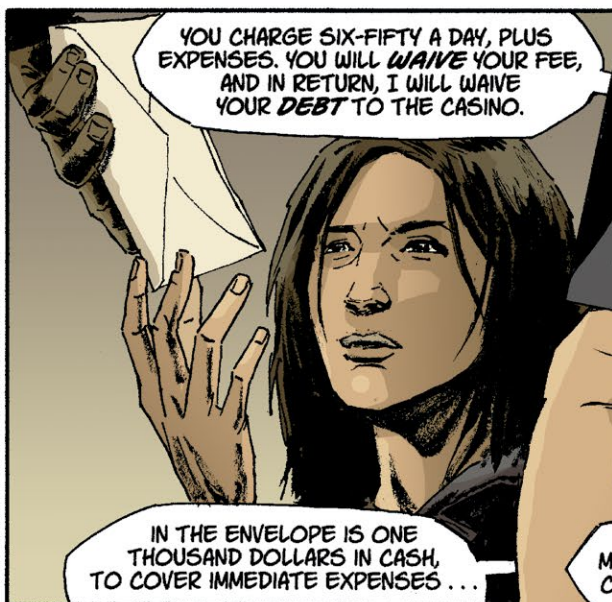
IF SHE'S OFF ROLLING
AROUND WITH A BOY OR A
GIRL OR EVEN *BOTH*
AT *ONCE*, THAT'S
HER BUSINESS.
HOW LONG
SINCE ANYONE
HEARD FROM
HER?



FOUR DAYS. NO
ONE'S SEEN HER.
SHE'S NOT ANSWERING
HER CELL. NO ONE'S AT
HER APARTMENT. HER
CAR'S *STILL* THERE.

REALLY?

OF COURSE REALLY,
CHILD. YOU THINK
I'M MAKING THIS UP?

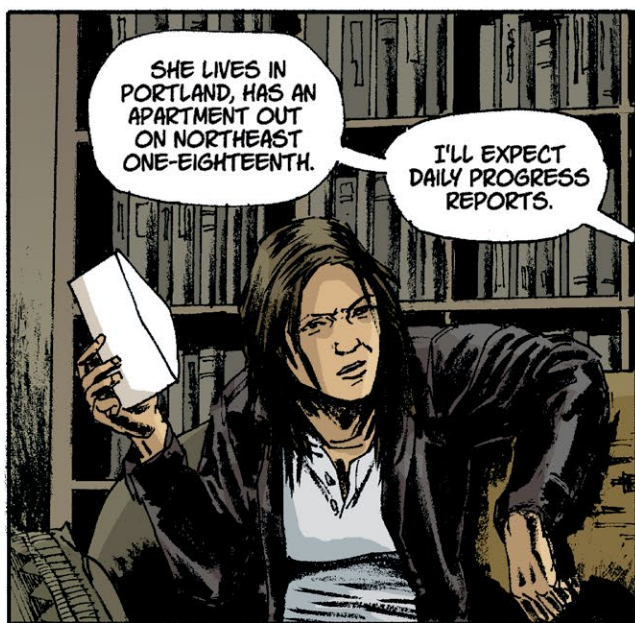


YOU CHARGE SIX-FIFTY A DAY, PLUS
EXPENSES. YOU WILL *WAIVE* YOUR FEE,
AND IN RETURN, I WILL *WAIVE*
YOUR *DEBT* TO THE CASINO.

IN THE ENVELOPE IS ONE
THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH,
TO COVER IMMEDIATE EXPENSES ...



... AS WELL AS THE
MOST RECENT PHOTO OF
CHARLOTTE I COULD FIND.



TWENTY-THREE HOURS EARLIER.



ANSEL!

UP STAIRS!

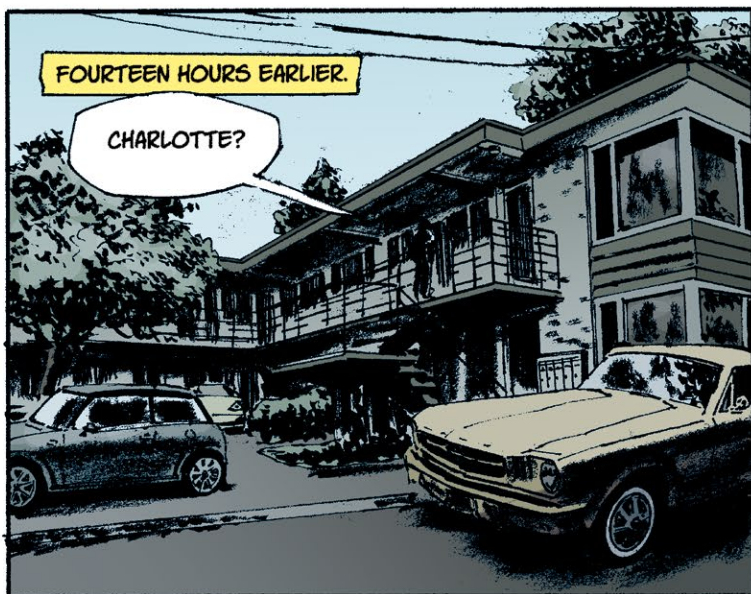
ANSEL, DAMMIT...

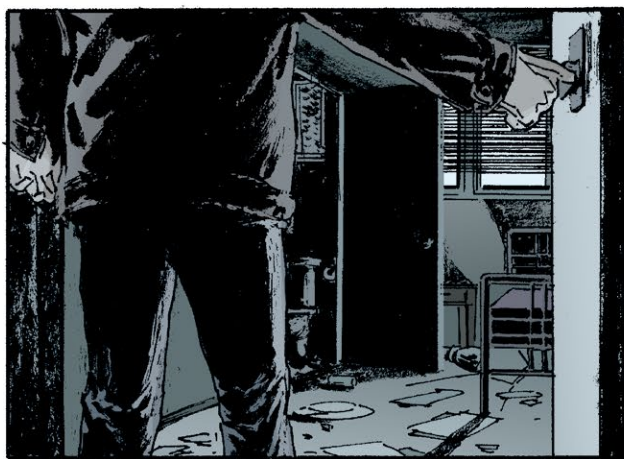
... WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING UP?

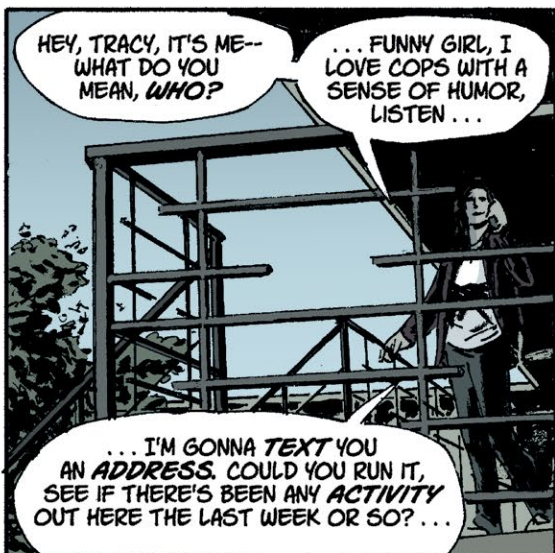
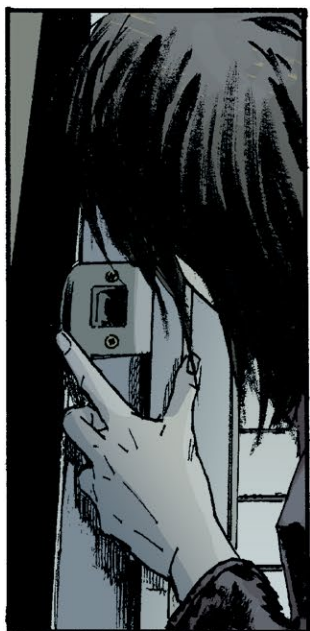


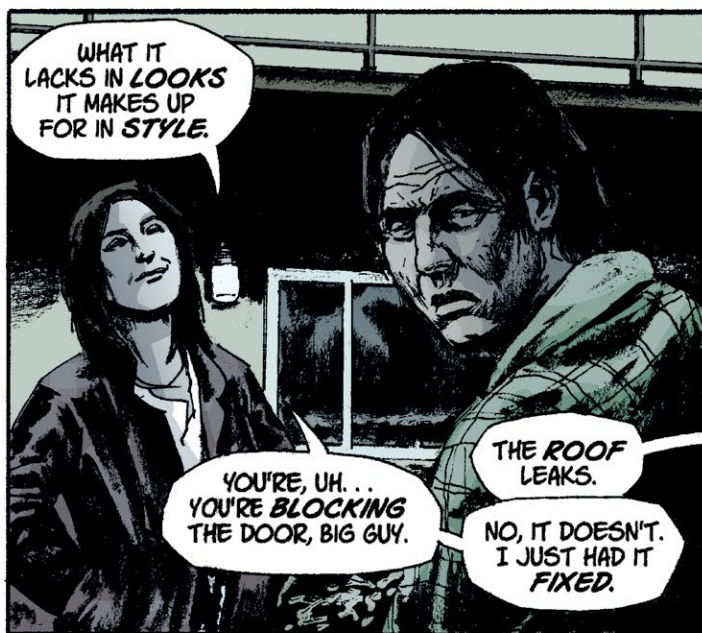
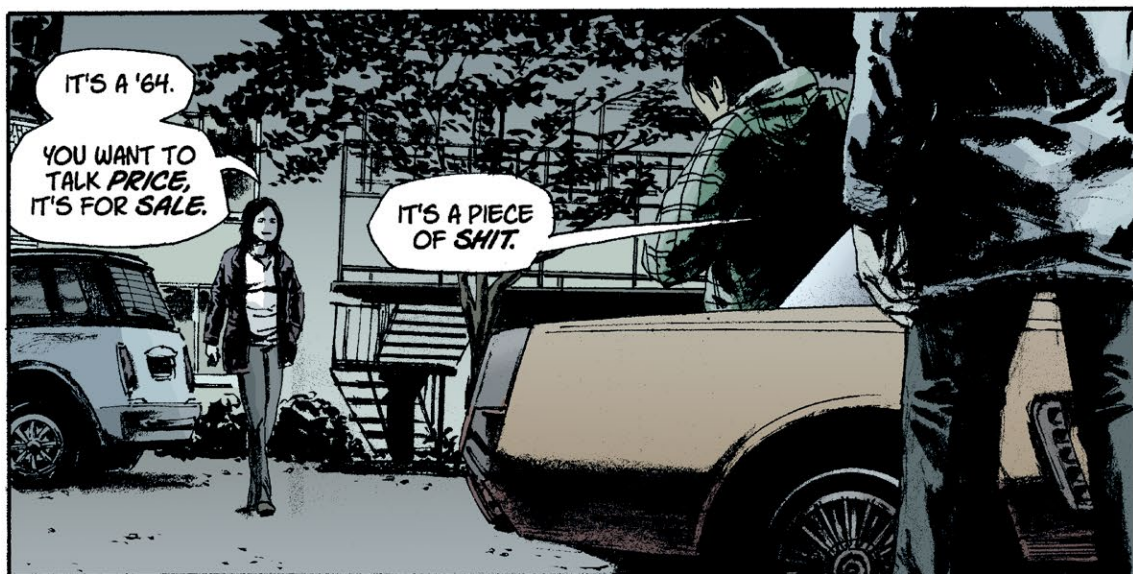
















HNNF



OW.



UH...
HELLO...

... DON'T SUPPOSE EITHER
OF YOU GOT THE *LICENSE* ...



... ON THAT
CAR, UH ...

... YEAH,
I'M FINE,
THANKS FOR
ASKING ...



ELEVEN HOURS EARLIER.





YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

YOU'RE HECTOR MARENCO.

THAT'S MY NAME.



I ASKED IF YOU KNEW WHO I AM.

WILLIAM IS GOING TO SEARCH YOU.



HE TELLS ME WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR, I CAN SAVE HIM THE TROUBLE.

HE'LL WANT TO DO IT HIMSELF.



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?



YOU'RE THE SEVENTH **WEALTHIEST** MAN IN OREGON, AND IN THE STATE WHERE **NIKE** AND **INTEL** ARE BASED, THAT'S NO MEAN FEAT.

YOU RUN SOME HALF-DOZEN BUSINESSES FROM **SHIPPING TO CONSTRUCTION.**

YOU'RE TIGHT WITH CITY GOVERNMENT IN PORTLAND, AND **NOTHING** PASSES THE CITY COUNCIL **HERE** IN COAST CITY WITHOUT YOUR BLESSING.

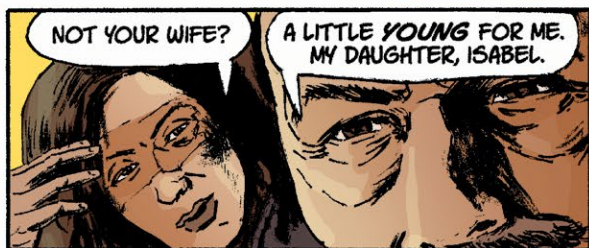
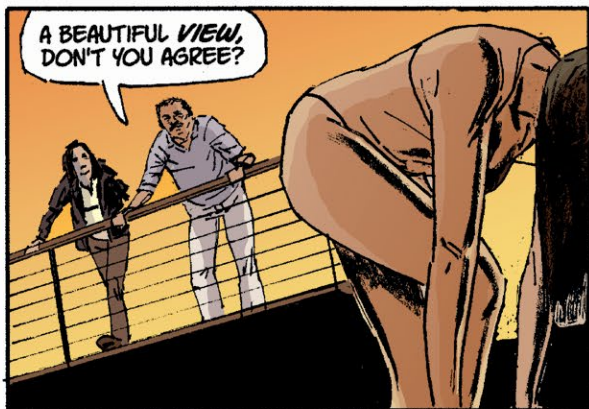
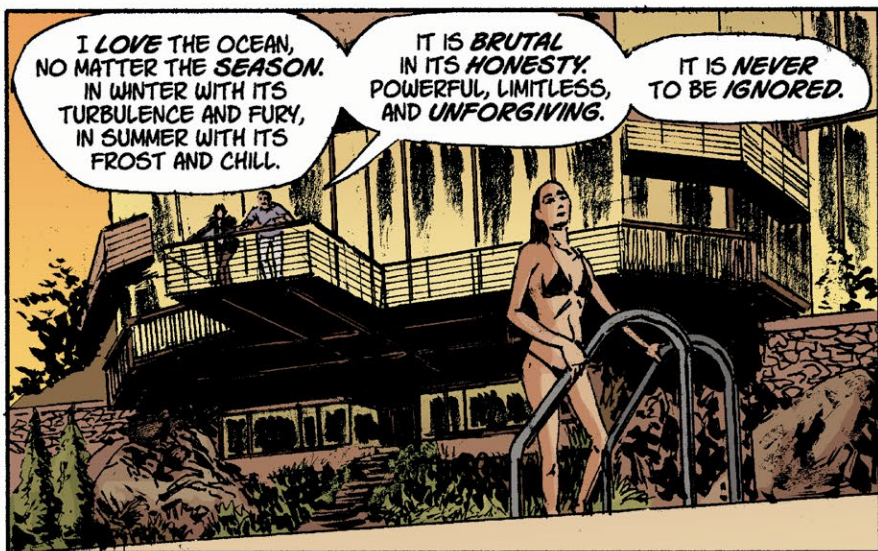


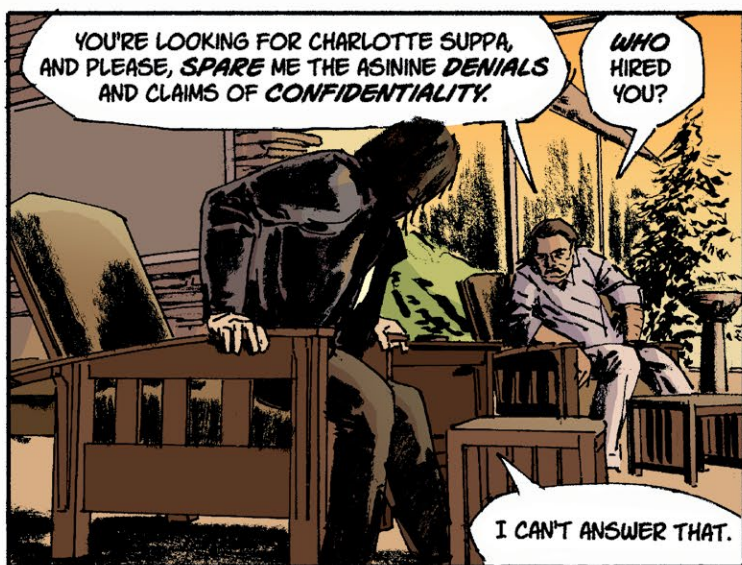
AND?



AND ACCORDING TO **SOME** PEOPLE, YOU'RE THE HEAD OF MS-13 IN THE PNW.

SO IF YOU'RE TRYING TO **SCARE** ME, CONGRATULATIONS, MISTER MARENCO, YOU'VE **SUCCEEDED.**





YOU'RE LOOKING FOR CHARLOTTE SUPPA,
AND PLEASE, *SPARE ME THE ASININE DENIALS*
AND CLAIMS OF *CONFIDENTIALITY*.

WHO
HIRED
YOU?

I CAN'T ANSWER THAT.



SIGH

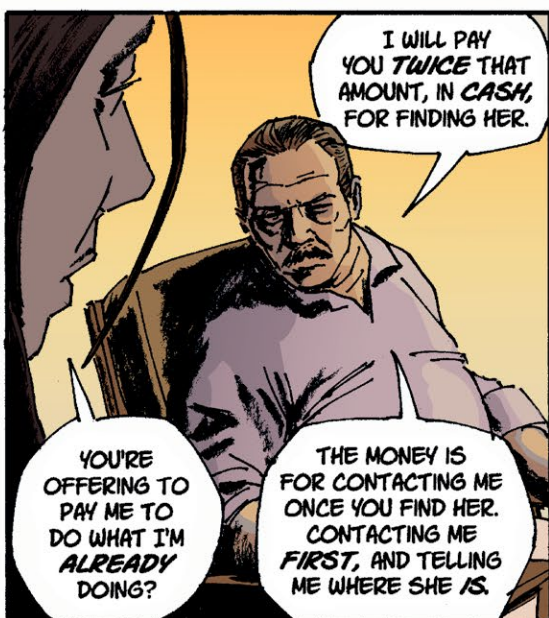
LET'S TRY
ANOTHER WAY.
HOW *MUCH* ARE
YOU BEING *PAID*?



CALL IT
EIGHTEEN GRAND,
GIVE OR TAKE.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND.
YOU ARE NOT VERY
EXPENSIVE, ARE YOU?

I'M A
CHEAP DATE.
DOESN'T MEAN
I'M *EASY*.



I WILL PAY
YOU *TWICE* THAT
AMOUNT, IN *CASH*,
FOR FINDING HER.

YOU'RE
OFFERING TO
PAY ME TO
DO WHAT I'M
ALREADY
DOING?

THE MONEY IS
FOR CONTACTING ME
ONCE YOU FIND HER.
CONTACTING ME
FIRST, AND TELLING
ME WHERE SHE *IS*.



WHY?

THAT
DOES NOT
CONCERN
YOU.

SURE IT
DOES.

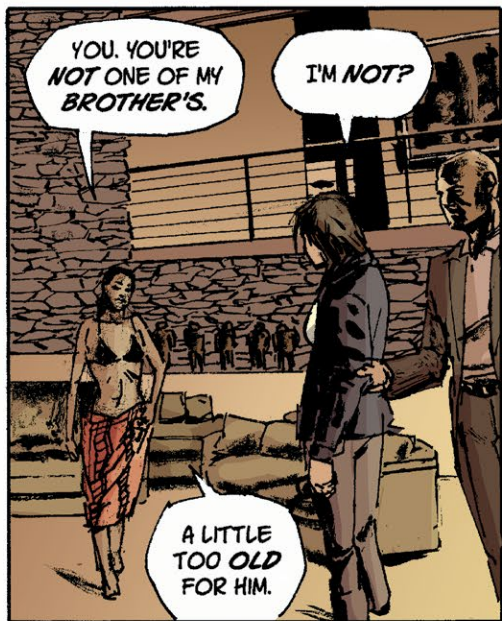


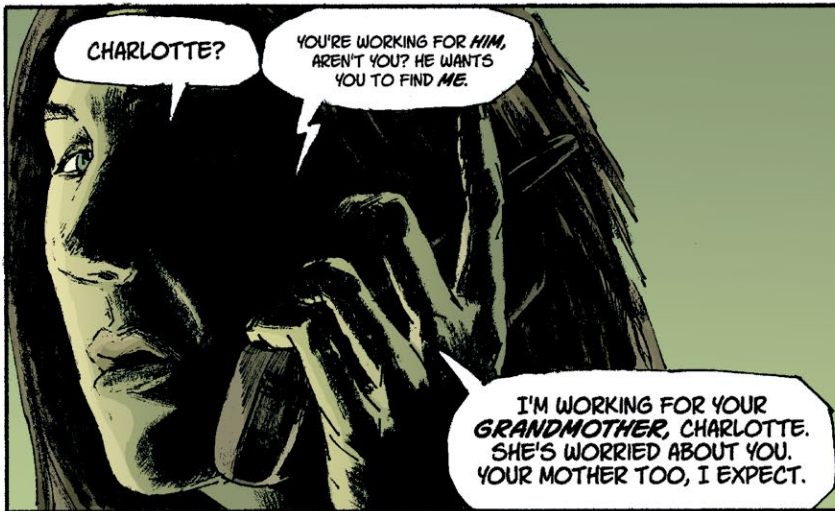
NO.
IT DOESN'T.



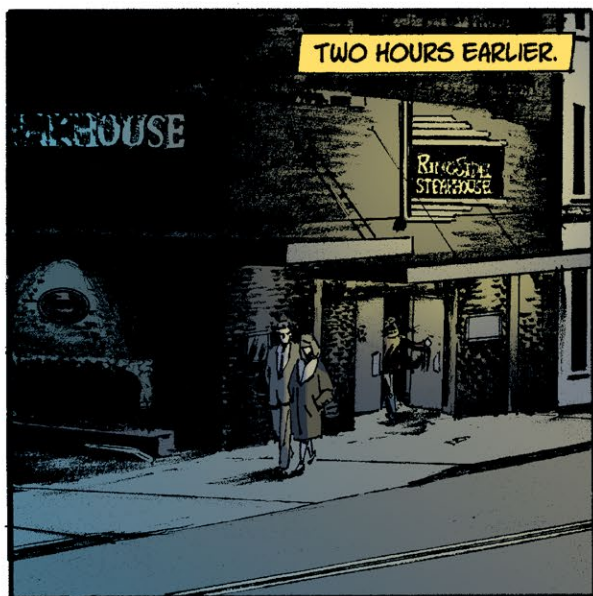
WILLIAM HAS PUT
A NUMBER WHERE I
CAN BE *REACHED*
IN YOUR *PHONE*.

HE'LL ARRANGE FOR
YOUR TRANSPORTATION
BACK TO PORTLAND.











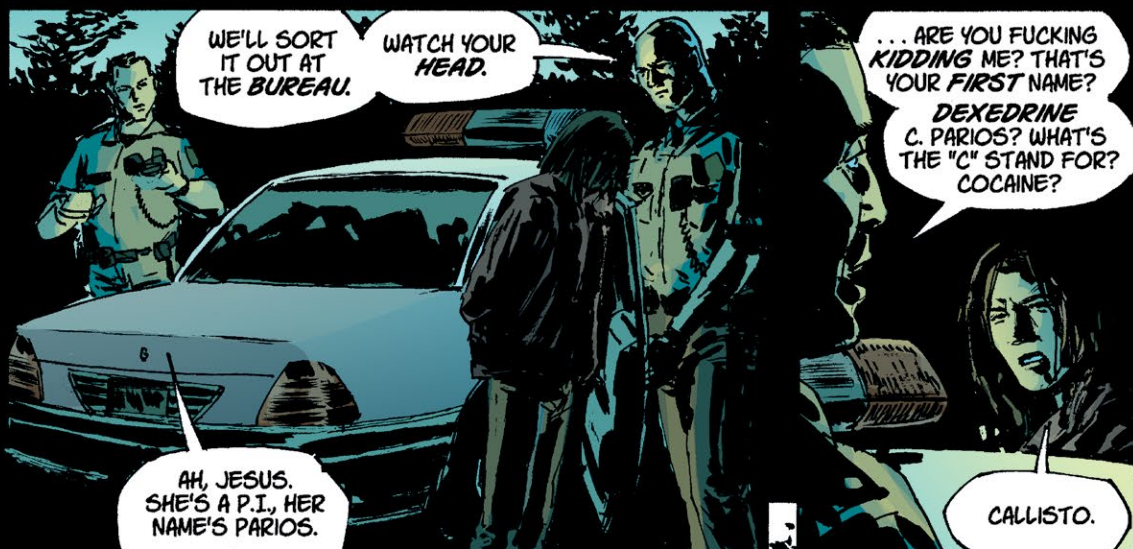




KRak

KRak





The Case of the Girl Who Took her Shampoo (But Left her Mini) Part One



Chapter Two





ANY DIFFICULTY
BREATHING?

A LITTLE...



...BUT IT STARTED
AFTER YOU PUT
YOUR HANDS ON ME,
SO I FIGURE IT'S
YOU AND *NOT* THE
PART WHERE I
GOT *SHOT*.

MISS PARIOS.
ARE YOU
FLIRTING
WITH ME?

DEX, AND IT
DEPENDS. ARE
YOU *MARRIED*?



UH... NO,
DEX. NO,
I'M *NOT*.

THEN I'M
FLIRTING
WITH YOU,
DOCTOR.



AND HERE I AM,
TRYING TO BE
PROFESSIONAL.

I'M SITTING HERE IN
MY SECOND-BEST BRA.

GIVE MY *VANITY*
A BREAK AND *PRETEND*
YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE
MAINTAINING YOUR
DETACHMENT.











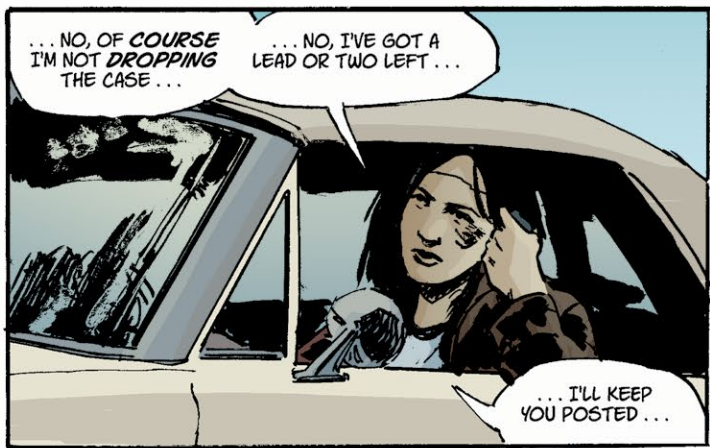
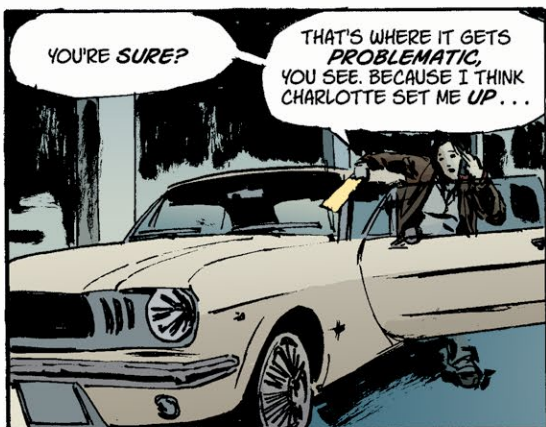
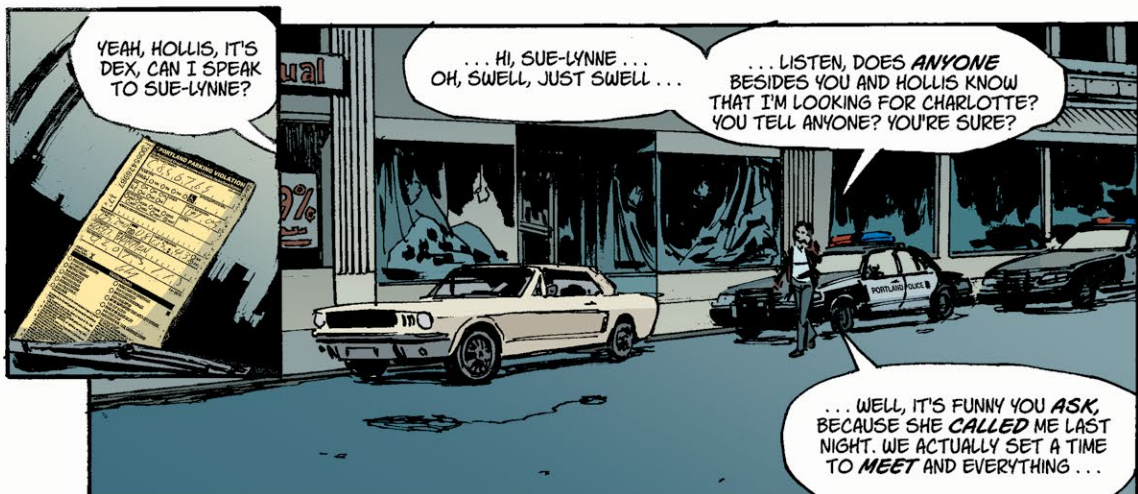


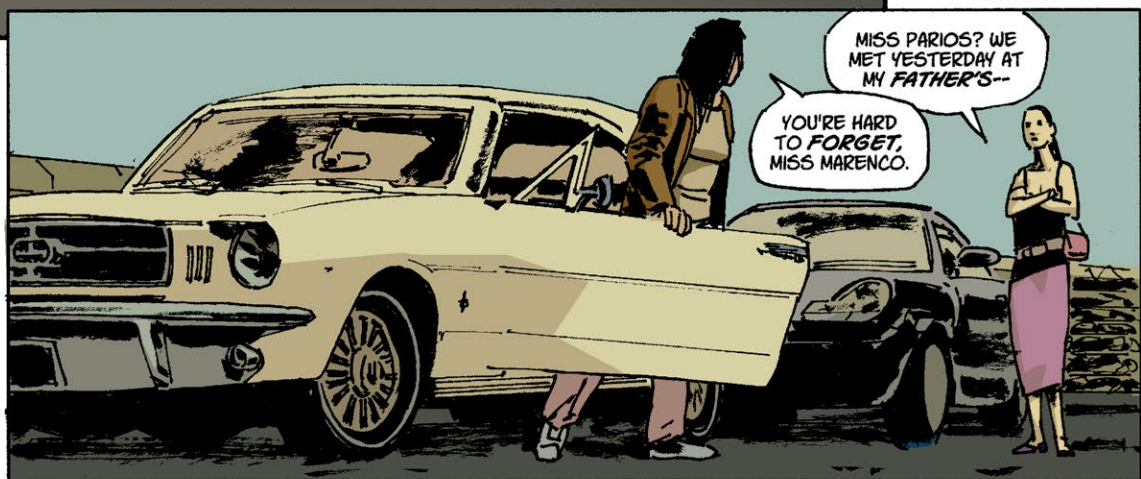
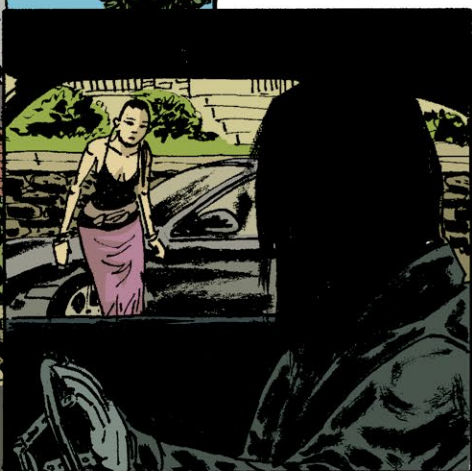














HAVE A SEAT,
MS. MARENCO.

CALL ME
ISABEL.

HAVE A SEAT,
ISABEL.



WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR FACE?

I GOT PUNCHED
YESTERDAY.

I ALSO
GOT SHOT.



DOES THAT HAPPEN
TO YOU OFTEN?



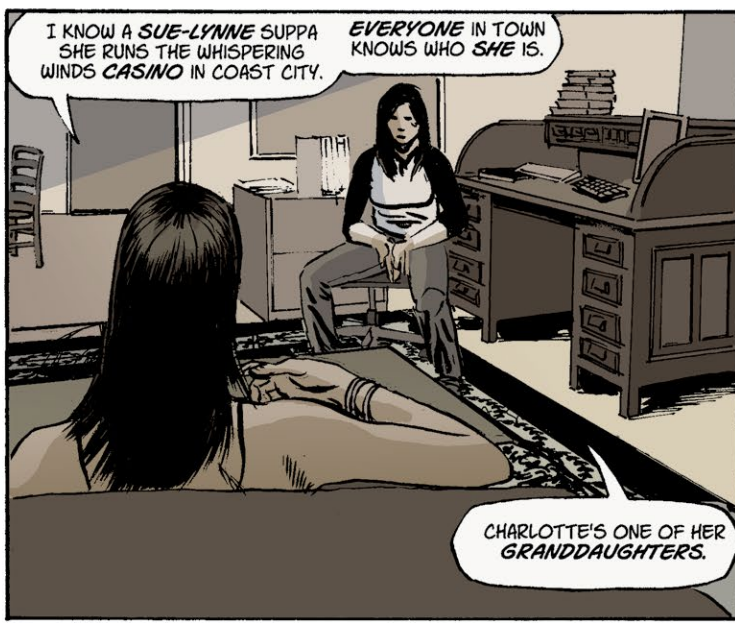
THE PUNCHING
MORE THAN
THE SHOOTING.

YOU KNOW A
MAN NAMED
RAY DILLON?
DILL?



I DON'T THINK
SO, NO.

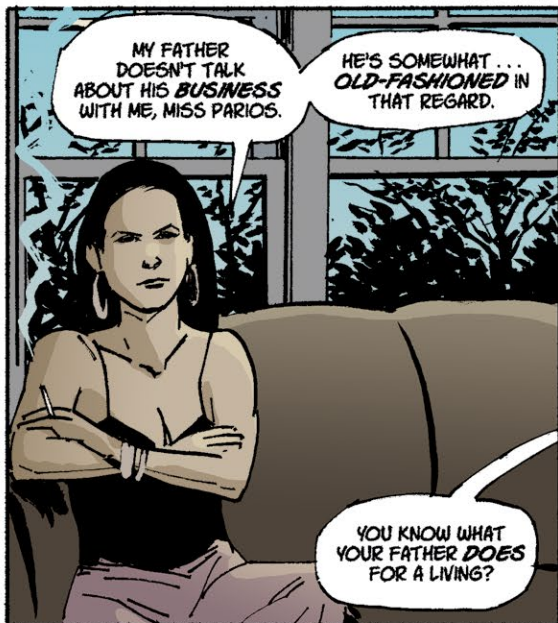
WHAT ABOUT
CHARLOTTE SUPPA?



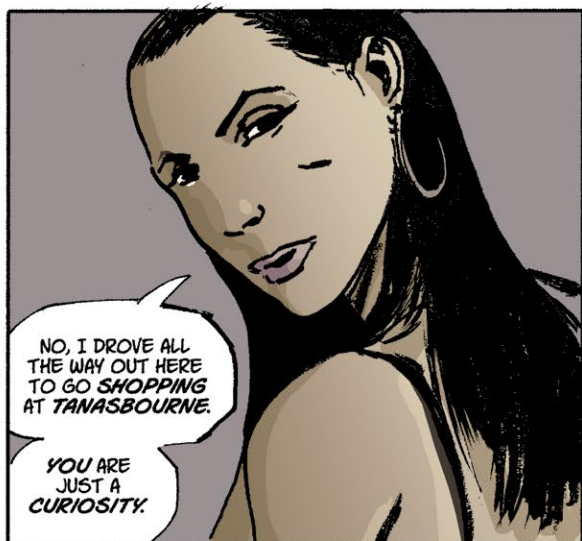
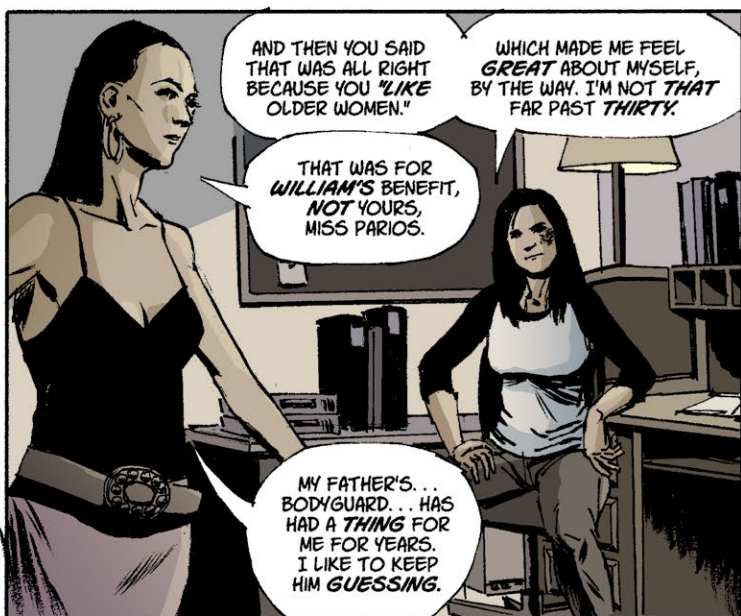
I KNOW A *SUE-LYNNE SUPPA*
SHE RUNS THE WHISPERING
WINDS *CASINO* IN COAST CITY.

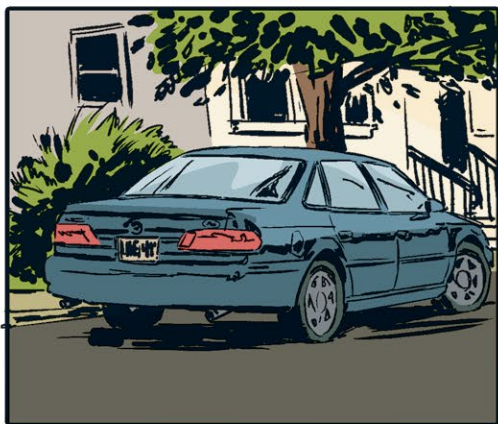
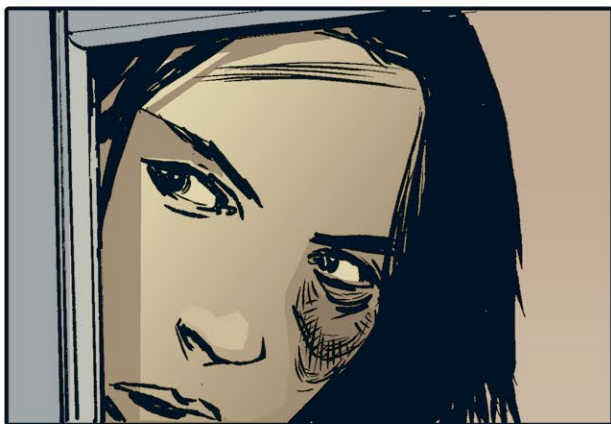
EVERYONE IN TOWN
KNOWS WHO *SHE* IS.

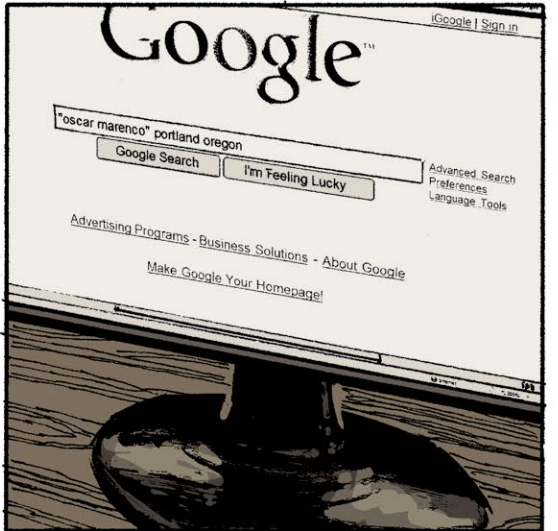
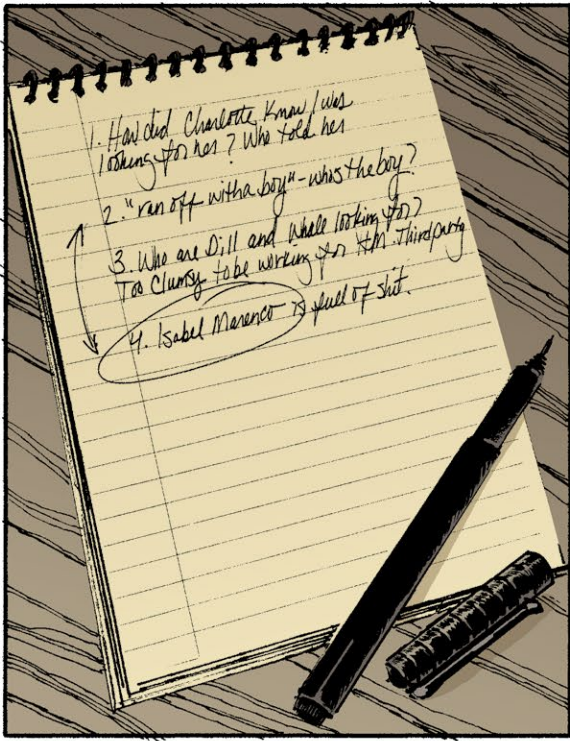
CHARLOTTE'S ONE OF HER
GRANDDAUGHTERS.

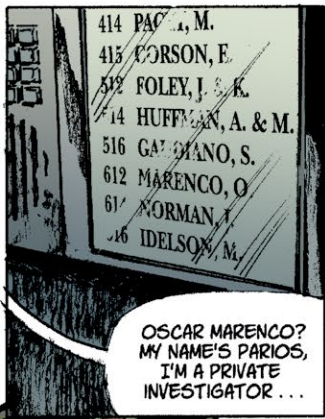


















LIKE SHE FUCKING KNOWS *ANYTHING*. YOU SHOULD ASK *HER* WHERE CHARLOTTE IS.

ISABEL SAID SHE DOESN'T KNOW HER.

ISABEL FUCKING LIED TO YOU.



ISABEL KNOWS *EXACTLY* WHERE CHARLOTTE IS. NO QUESTION SHE KNOWS.

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

THEY'RE *TIGHT*. WHENEVER CHARLOTTE WOULD VISIT THE *CASINO*, SHE AND ISABEL WOULD HANG OUT.



THING IS, I WENT BY CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT AND IT'S GOT *ALL* THE SIGNS OF SOMEONE WHO LEFT IN A *HURRY*.

IT'S GOT *ALL* THAT, BUT SHE DIDN'T TAKE HER *CAR*. WHY WOULD SHE DO THAT?



HOW SHOULD I KNOW? MAYBE SHE'S ON A *TRIP*, SHE TOOK A FUCKING *CAB*.



NAH, IF SHE WAS ON A *TRIP*, SHE'D HAVE TOLD HER FAMILY.

I THINK SHE'S *SCARED* OF SOMETHING, THAT SHE WAS AFRAID SHE MIGHT BE *FOUND* THROUGH THE *CAR*.



YOU THINK MAYBE SHE COULD BE *SCARED* OF YOU, OSCAR?



LEAVE.

I GOT *NOTHING* MORE TO SAY TO YOU.















The Case of the Girl Who Took her Shampoo (But Left her Mini) Part Two







Chapter Three





CHARLOTTE,
LISTEN, I
WANT TO
HELP YOU.

STAY AWAY
FROM HER,
PARIOS!



JESUS, ISABEL...

... YOU
AFRAID I'M
GONNA HIT
HER...



... OR
HIT ON
HER?

YOU
CALLED ME,
CHARLOTTE...

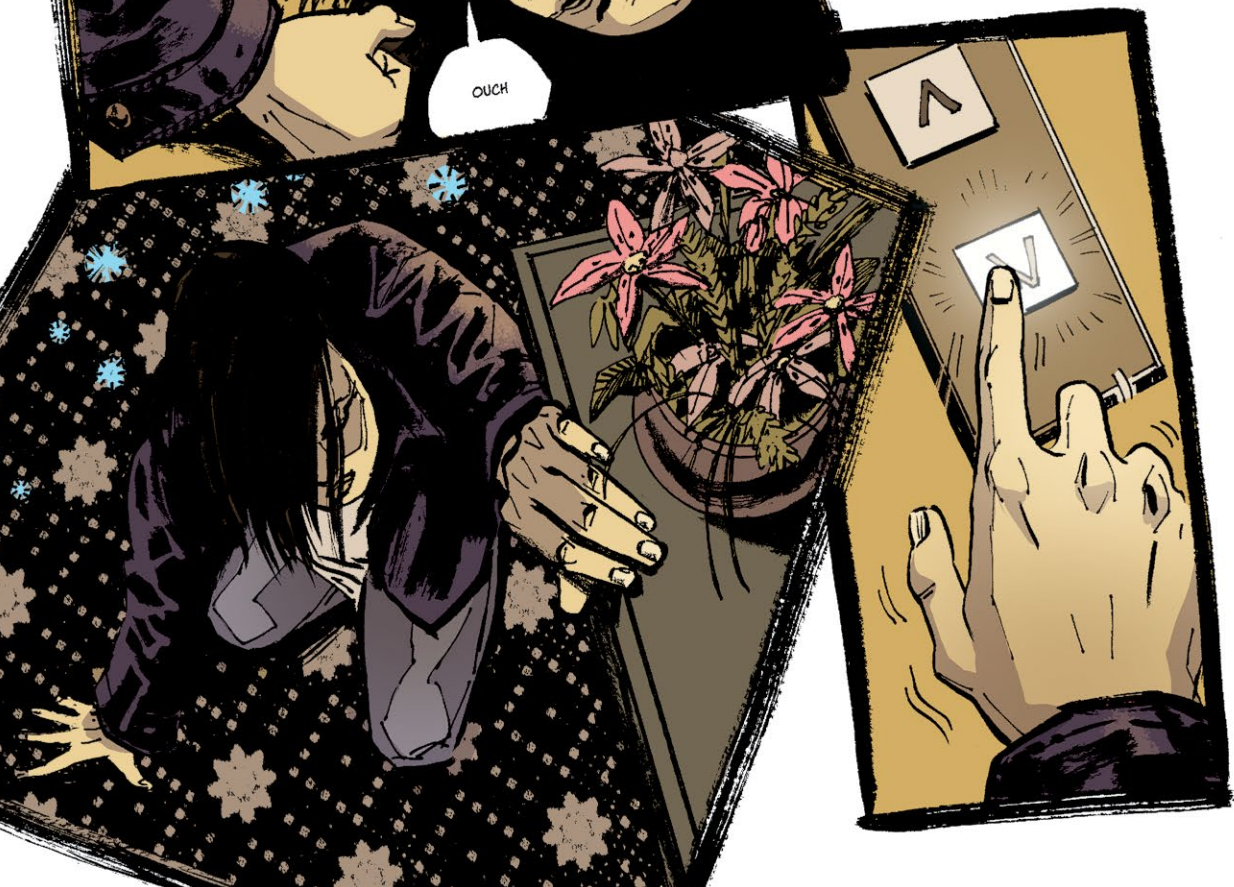
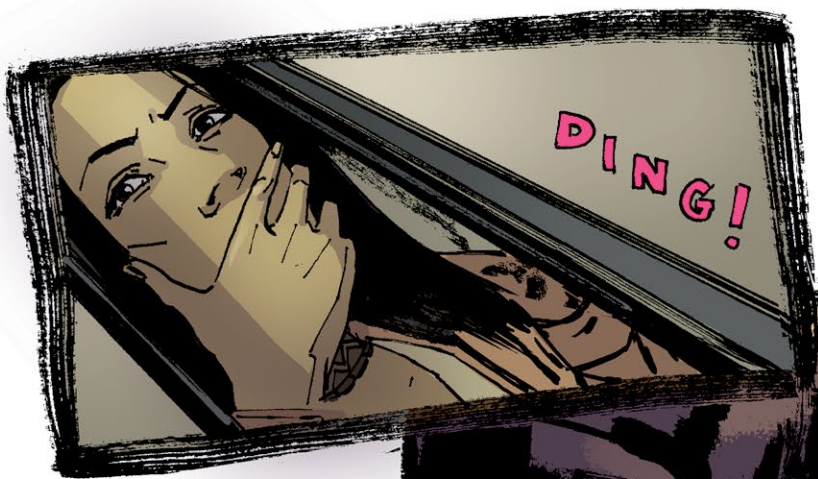


... YOU SAID YOU
WERE AFRAID FOR
YOUR LIFE. WHO'RE
YOU AFRAID OF?

I DON'T...









WHICH WAY?

TWO WOMEN, WHICH WAY?

USELESS.

I'M NOT-- I DON'T--



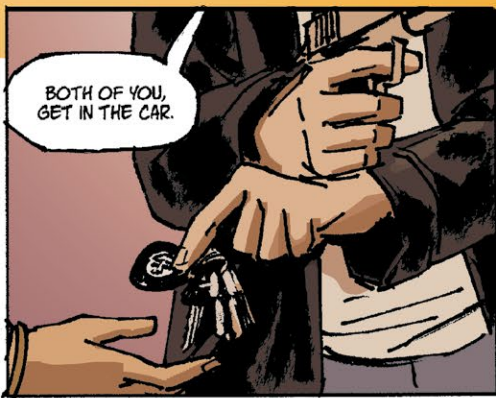
CAN I BRING YOUR CAR AROUND?

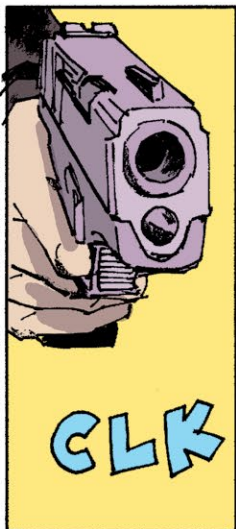


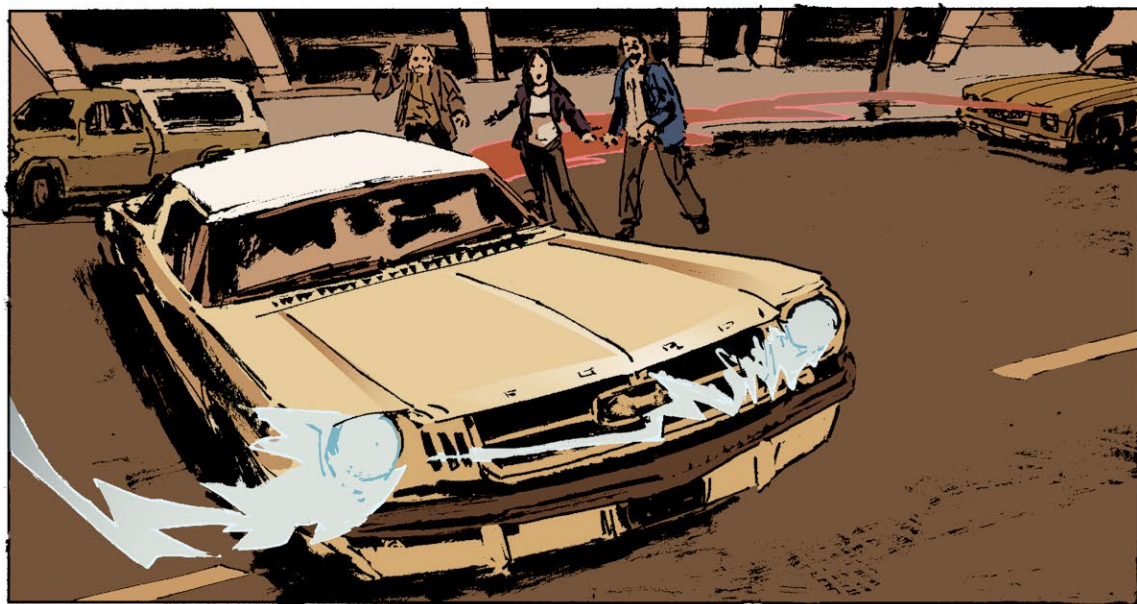








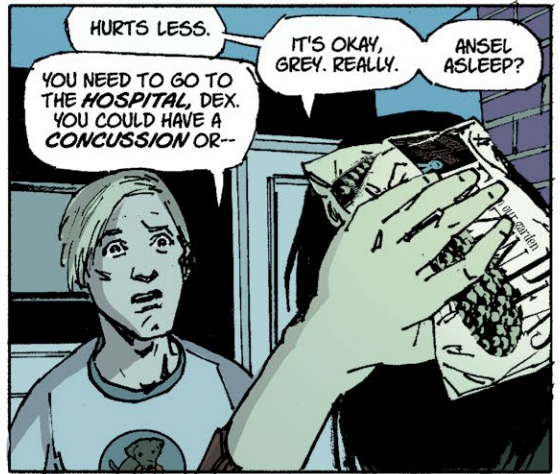
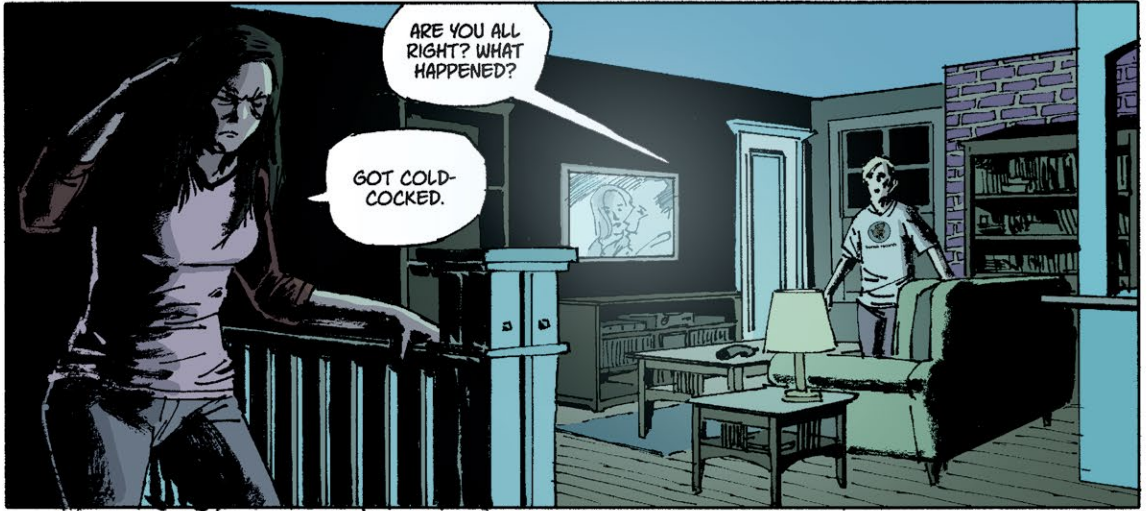
















RNNGG MNGG



RNNGG MNGG



RNNGG MNGG



RNNGG MNGG



RNNGG M--



PARIOS.

YOU FUCKING BITCH,
I WILL KILL YOU.

I WANT MY
PORSCHE BACK!







"...YOU AND CHARLOTTE ARE GOING TO MEET ME AT TEN AT MOUNT TABOR, OKAY? SAY THE SOUTH PICNIC AREA..."

"...IT'S NICE AND OPEN UP THERE, AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TELL THAT I'M ALONE..."



"...I'LL BRING YOUR CAR, AND YOU'LL GIVE ME SOME ANSWERS..."

I DON'T SEE CHARLOTTE.



AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO, EITHER.

SHE'S SOMEWHERE SAFE.



SAFE FROM WHO?

YOU.
OSCAR.
PAPA.
WHOEVER.



GIVE ME MY DAMN KEYS.



NOT YET.



YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME SOME ANSWERS, REMEMBER?

YOU'RE A DETECTIVE, GET THEM YOURSELF.



SWEETHEART, THAT IS WHAT I'M DOING.

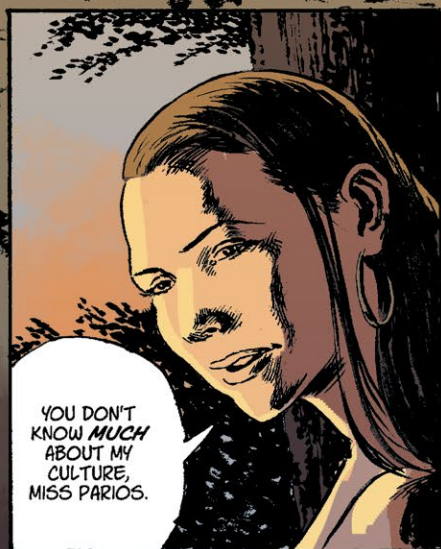
LET'S TAKE A WALK.







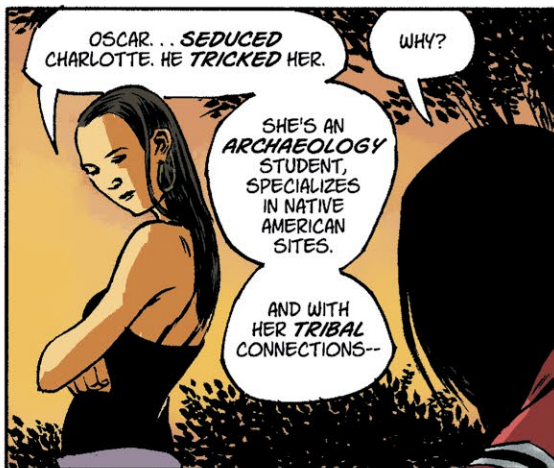
IS YOUR INTEREST IN
CHARLOTTE BECAUSE
OF THE *FAMILY BUSINESS*,
OR SOMETHING *ELSE*?



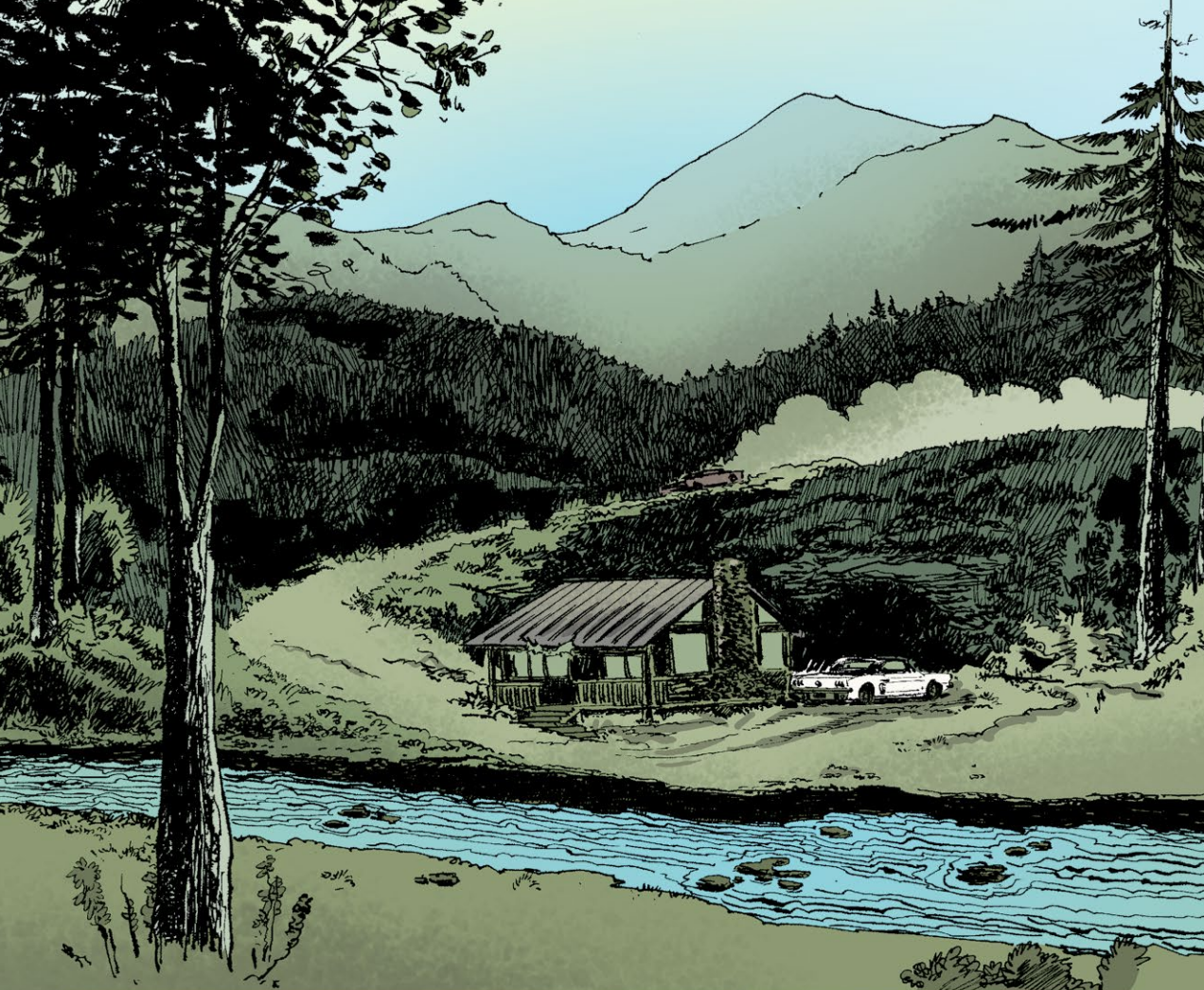
YOU DON'T
KNOW *MUCH*
ABOUT MY
CULTURE,
MISS PARIOS.



WOMEN
HAVE *NO*
PLACE
IN THE
FAMILY
BUSINESS.







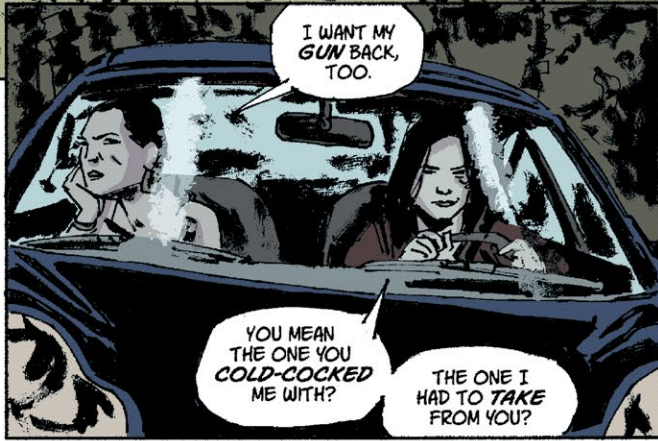
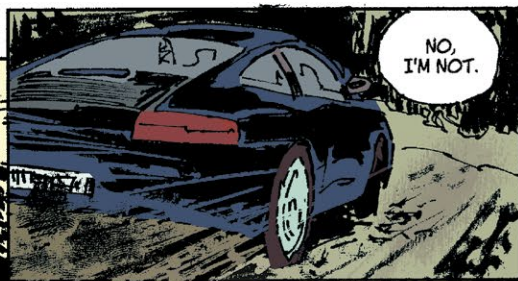


**The Case of the Girl Who Took her
Shampoo (But Left her Mini)
Part Three**



Chapter Four













IT'S YOUR BROTHER
AND HIS BRUTE SQUAD.



ON THE BRIGHT SIDE,
THAT MEANS
THEY
DIDN'T GRAB
CHARLOTTE...



ON THE DARK SIDE,
IT MEANS YOUR FATHER
PROBABLY HAS HER--



OW!!!



ISABEL?
WHERE'S CHARLOTTE?
I WANT TO TALK
TO HER--



SHE'S GONE,
SHE'S NOT HERE.

⟨DON'T LIE
TO ME, BABY
SISTER--⟩

⟨PAPA HAS HER
ALREADY, ALL RIGHT?
SHE'S GONE, WILLIAM
PROBABLY TOOK HER!⟩



⟨YOU'RE TOO
LATE, WE'RE BOTH
TOO LATE!⟩

⟨SHE'S
GONE!⟩



I CAN'T
BELIEVE
YOU BIT
ME.



NOW GIVE ME MY
GODDAMN KEYS
BACK, BITCH.



YOU'RE
A REAL
PIECE OF
WORK,
LADY.



⟨WHY'S SHE
HERE?⟩

⟨SHE
STOLE
MY CAR.⟩



⟨CHARLOTTE'S
WITH PAPA, OSCAR.
FEEL FREE TO LOOK
AROUND IF YOU DON'T
BELIEVE ME.⟩

⟨HE'S FIXING YOUR
MISTAKES, SAME
WAY HE ALWAYS
DOES.⟩











NO HARD FEELINGS.

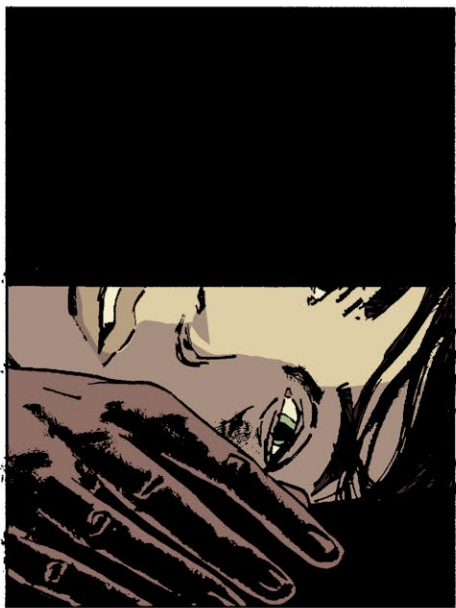
UFFF!

MY ADVICE, PARIOS?

FORGET YOU EVER HEARD OF CHARLOTTE SUPPA.

OR ELSE, YOU KNOW, YOU MIGHT END UP THE WAY SHE'S HEADED.

DISAPPEARING.









〈WHAT AM I
GOING TO DO
WITH THE TWO
OF YOU?〉

〈I'VE GIVEN EACH OF YOU
EVERYTHING, MORE THAN I
COULD'VE EVER **DREAMED**
OF HAVING WHEN I WAS
BACK IN THE MARA.〉

〈AND IT'S **NOT**
ENOUGH?〉



〈YOU THINK I
DON'T **KNOW** WHAT
YOU DO IN THOSE
HOTEL ROOMS,
ISABEL?〉

〈I KNOW
WHEN SOMEONE
SKIMS THE TAKE
IN KLAMATH FALLS,
BUT YOU THINK
I DON'T KNOW?〉



〈YOUR MOTHER WOULD
DIE OF SHAME
IF SHE WERE HERE
TO SEE YOU.〉



〈AND YOU.
WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
YOU, BOY?〉



〈I SEND YOU
TO **LAW** SCHOOL,
THEY KICK YOU OUT.
I SEND YOU TO
BUSINESS SCHOOL,
THEY KICK YOU OUT.〉

〈THE ONLY THING
YOU **WANT** IS THE
ONE THING
I DON'T, AND
WHEN YOU **TRY**
IT ANYWAY,
YOU **FAIL** AT
THAT, AS WELL.〉



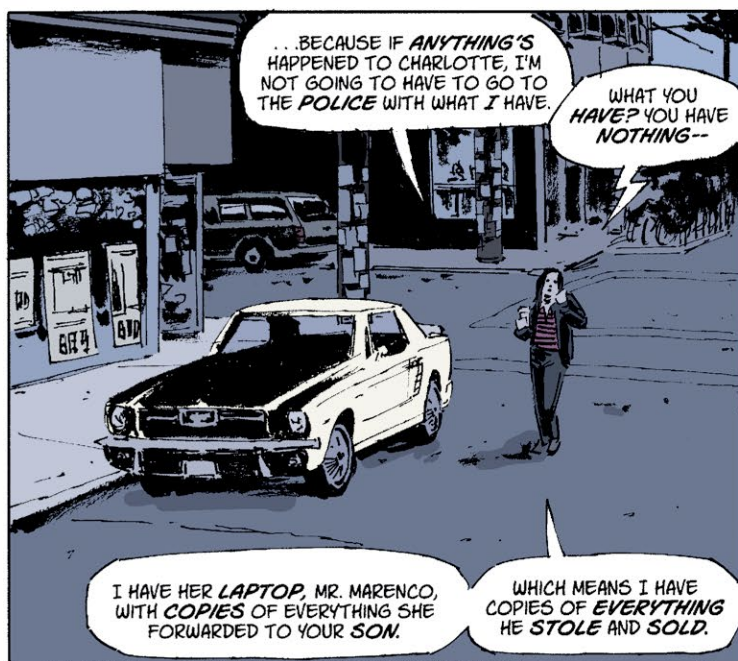
〈I WANT YOU **CLEAN**,
YET YOU **ALWAYS** FIND
YOUR WAY BACK INTO
THE **FILTH**.〉



〈MY **CHILDREN**.
A **THUG** AND A
DEVIANT...〉

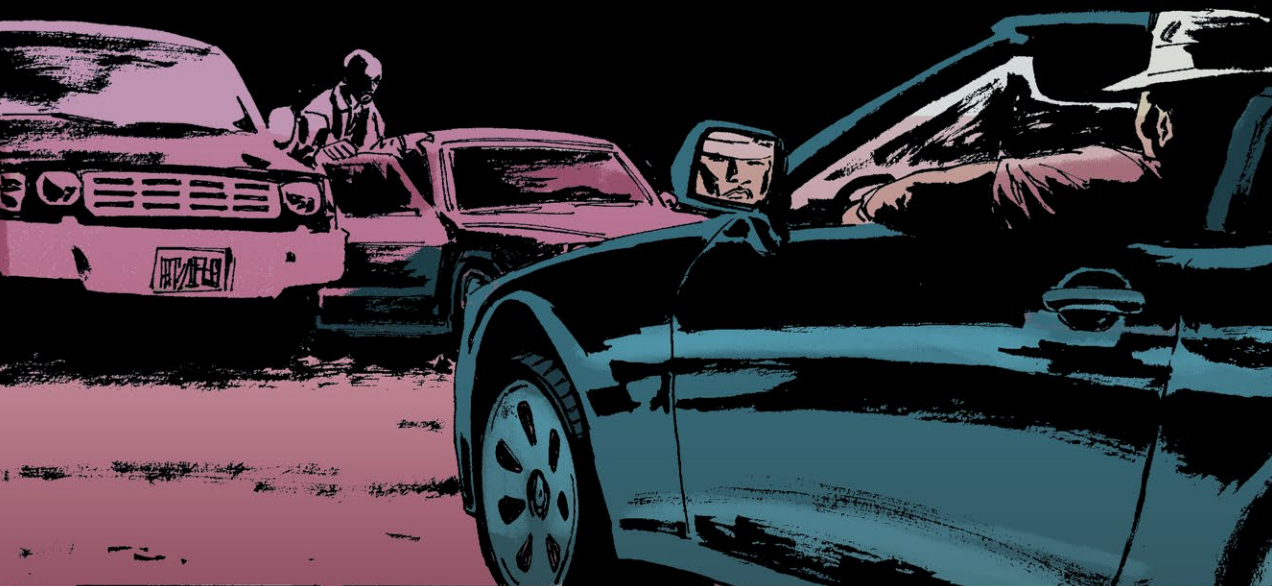
〈... GOD
HELP
ME...〉

rnnngg









I HAVE THE LAPTOP. YOU HAVE CHARLOTTE. I'LL TRADE YOU THE *ONE* FOR THE *OTHER*.

UNACCEPTABLE.

I'M THINKING THE F.B.I. WOULD GET THE *MOST* OUT OF THE LAPTOP. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

OR THE *STATE POLICE*, HELL, THEY'D END UP GIVING IT TO THE FEDS *ANYWAY*, THEN OSCAR WILL BE LOOKING AT *TWO* INVESTIGATIONS--

YOU TALK TOO MUCH.

I DO, I REALLY DO.

YOU CAN'T KEEP THE *GIRL* FROM TAKING, *PARIOS*.

AND EVEN IF YOU *COULD*, I'VE NO REASON TO BELIEVE THAT YOU WOULD KEEP YOUR *OWN* MOUTH SHUT.

I CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR TERMS.

THIS IS THE BEST DEAL YOU'RE GOING TO GET.







MISTER MARENCO,
I GAMBLE, I DRINK,
I SMOKE, AND I'VE
GOT A CAR THAT RUNS
HALF THE TIME.

I JUST TOOK OUT MY
SECOND MORTGAGE,
HALF MY BILLS ARE PAST
DUE, AND MY MENTALLY
RETARDED BROTHER
PULLS A STEADIER
INCOME THAN ME.



I OWN **THREE** PAIRS OF
SHOES, **ONE** DRESS THAT
I'M NOT ASHAMED TO BE
SEEN IN, **TWO** PAIRS OF
JEANS, AND A COLLECTION
OF T-SHIRTS THAT SAY MORE
ABOUT MY ADOLESCENCE
THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER.



I'M THIRTY-TWO,
SINGLE, UNATTACHED,
AND THE LAST TIME I
WENT ON A DATE THE
PRESIDENT WAS **WHITE**
AND IN HIS **FIRST** TERM.



MY **WORD** IS
ALL I HAVE.



WILLIAM JUST REMOVED
THE LAPTOP FROM YOUR
CAR. HE IS VERIFYING
THE CONTENTS.

IF EVERYTHING IS AS YOU
CLAIM, I WILL CALL YOU IN
THIRTY MINUTES WITH A
LOCATION WHERE WE
CAN MEET.

I WILL HAND
OVER THE GIRL
AT THAT TIME.



AND WHAT'S TO
STOP YOU FROM
PUTTING A BULLET
IN **EACH** OF US
THEN AND THERE?



NOTHING
BUT MY
WORD.











NO.



YOU *CAN'T* LET HER *DO* THIS, PAPA!

OSCAR--



SHUT UP!

YOU'RE *BLUFFING*,
YOU'RE *LYING*!
JUST SHUT UP!



<I TOLD YOU TO
STAY OUT OF THIS,
OSCAR! GO HOME-->

SHE'LL HAVE A *BOOT*
ON OUR *NECK*!

I CAN *FIX* THIS,
I CAN MAKE IT
GO AWAY!



I CAN *FIX* THIS...



... I CAN MAKE
IT GO AWAY.



NO, YOU REALLY
CAN'T, OSCAR.



IT'S OVER.



LET'S GO.



NO, YOU'RE
LYING, YOU'RE
BLUFFING--



--MAKE ME A FOOL,
YOU AND ISABEL,
NOT THIS TIME!



WATCH ME,
PAPA, I CAN
FIX THIS--













Artist Bios

GREG RUCKA was born in San Francisco and raised on the Central Coast of California, in what is commonly referred to as “Steinbeck Country.” He began his writing career in earnest at the age of 10 by winning a county-wide short-story contest, and hasn’t let up since. He graduated from Vassar College with an A.B. in English, and from the University of Southern California’s Master of Professional Writing program with an M.F.A.

He is the author of nearly a dozen novels, six featuring bodyguard Atticus Kodiak, and three featuring Tara Chace, the protagonist of his *Queen & Country* series. Additionally, he has penned several short-stories, countless comics, and the occasional non-fiction essay. In comics, he has had the opportunity to write stories featuring some of the world’s best-known characters—Superman, Batman, and Wonder Woman—as well as penning several creator-owned properties himself, such as *Whiteout* and *Queen & Country*, both published by Oni Press. His work has been optioned several times over, and his services are in high-demand in a variety of creative fields as a story-doctor and creative consultant.

Greg resides in Portland, Oregon, with his wife, author Jennifer Van Meter, and his two children. He thinks the biggest problem with the world is that people aren’t paying enough attention.

MATTHEW SOUTHWORTH is a musician, playwright, filmmaker, and cartoonist who has lived in Nashville, Los Angeles, Louisville, Pittsburgh, and now Seattle.

He used to lead a band called the Capillaries, and they never broke up. He directed an independent feature film that he very nearly finished. He came this close to getting his Masters in playwriting and directing from Carnegie Mellon University.

He has undiagnosed (but undeniable) attention deficit disorder and has trouble sitting still long enough to get his work done. Nonetheless, in addition to *Stumptown*, he has drawn comics for Marvel, DC, and Image.



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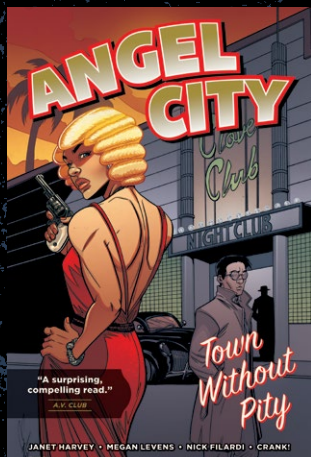
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— J.H. Williams, artist of *Batwoman: Elegy* and *The Sandman: Overture*

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