





QUEEN & COUNTRY™

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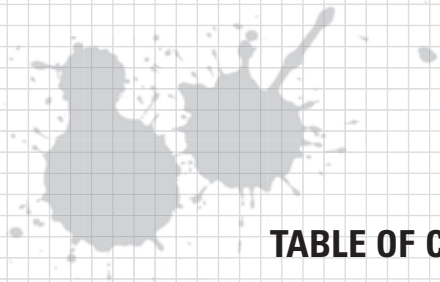


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KATE—Personal Assistant to Paul Crocker, termed PA to D.Ops. Possibly the hardest and most important job in the Service.

COLIN BECK—Mid-fifties, self-made billionaire known for his aggressive business tactics, savvy, and willpower. Owns or has interests in technology, mass media, entertainment, and communication industries.

RACHEL BECK—Mid-twenties dilettante, currently living in Paris on a substantial allowance from her father. Aspiring fashion designer.

RENE DUPUIS—Also mid-fifties, head of IID, a company with almost three hundred years of history in France. Under Rene, IID has moved its focus from its traditional shipping and transport lines to the communications and tech industries.

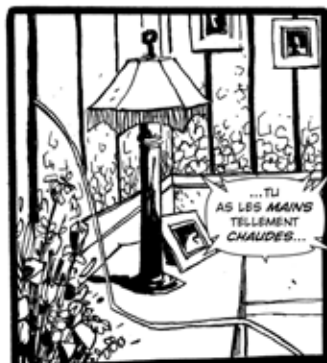
OTHERS

REC●

01:20:43







...JE PEUX
MÊME LUI COMPTER
LES POILS DE LA
CHATTE.



...OH OH
OUI ANDRÉ
GNHHH...

...HNN AH
AH AH OH
OH CHÉRIE...



EH, OH!

ON
NE FUME
PAS ICI.

ELLE
RISQUE DE
SENTIR LA
FUMÉE PAR LE
TROU DU
MUR.

...OH
CHÉRIE
OH MON
AMOUR...



Y À PAS
À S'INQUIETER,
À MON AVIS.



...C'EST
MON TOUR
MAINTENANT...

ANTON
LA TIENS, PLUTÔT
OCCUPÉE POUR
LE MOMENT.

OOH, OH,
RACHEL, CHÉRIE,
TU N'ES PAS
OBLIGÉE...

NE DIS
RIEN...J'AI
ENVIE DE LE
FAIRE...





LONDON.

YOU OR
ME TODAY?



ME, I THINK.
YOU WENT IN FIRST
LAST TWO DAYS IN
A ROW.



WE COULD
GO IN TOGETHER,
YOU KNOW.

ARRIVING
AT THE OFFICE AT THE
SAME TIME, THAT DOESN'T
PROVE WE'RE SLEEPING
TOGETHER.



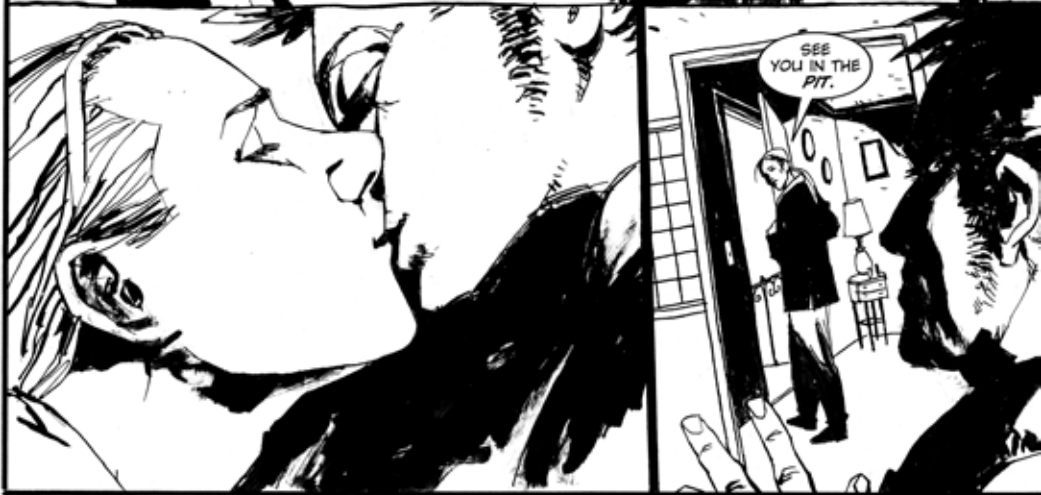
WHY
TEMPT
FATE?

WHY
INDEED?

WE'RE ONLY
SHAGGING LIKE
RABBITS EVERY
CHANCE WE
GET.

IF YOU
WANT TO GO FIRST
TODAY, THAT'S FINE
WITH ME, ED.

THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I WANT.





BLOODY
DAFT IS WHAT
IT IS.



KEEP
TALKING LIKE THAT,
YOU'LL HAVE ME
CONVINCED YOU
REALLY DON'T WANT
TO GO.

I DON'T.



CAN'T
BE AS BAD
AS ALL THAT,
SURELY?

OBVIOUSLY
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN
TO WASHINGTON WITH WELDON
AND THE REST OF THOSE PRATS
CALLED THE JOINT INTELLIGENCE
RESOURCE COMMITTEE.



A WEEK WASTED
MAKING NICE WITH BLOODY
POLITICOS WHO DON'T HAVE
THE FIRST IDEA OF OUR
OPERATIONAL NEEDS OR
GOALS.

SELF-
CONGRATULATORY
DINNERS WHERE THE UNDER-
ASSISTANT TO THE DEPUTY
DIRECTOR OF INTERNAL
EXCREMENT CROWS ABOUT
THE COOPERATION OF THE
LAST EIGHTEEN
MONTHS.

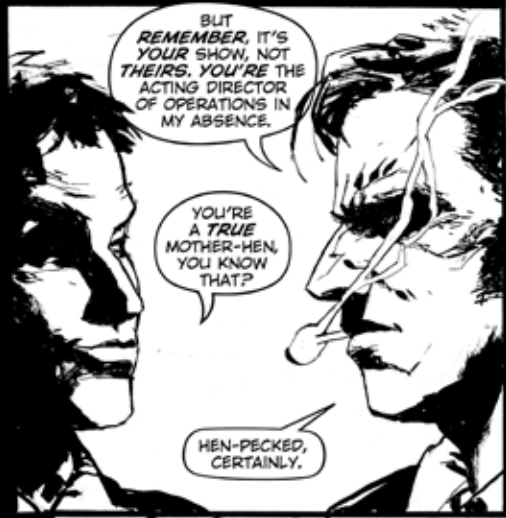


JENNY
DECIDED SHE'D
RATHER STAY
HOME, DID SHE?

YES.

DAMMIT.



















PLEASE,
MONSIEUR
BECK.

JUST
BECAUSE YOU
ARE *CRUDE*, YOUR
LANGUAGE NEED
NOT BE.



THE ONLY
COPY LIES BEFORE YOU.
I CONTROL THE *ORIGINAL*.
YOU CAN HAVE IT ONCE OUR
BUSINESS IS COMPLETED.



...AND SEE
THAT THEY REACH
YOUR *COMPETITORS*
IN THE *MEDIA*.

YOU
BASTARD.



NO, COLIN,
I CAN ASSURE YOU
THAT I KNOW THE
IDENTITIES OF BOTH
MY PARENTS.

I EXPECT
TO SEE *PRELIMINARY*
PAPERWORK BY THE END
OF THE WEEK.



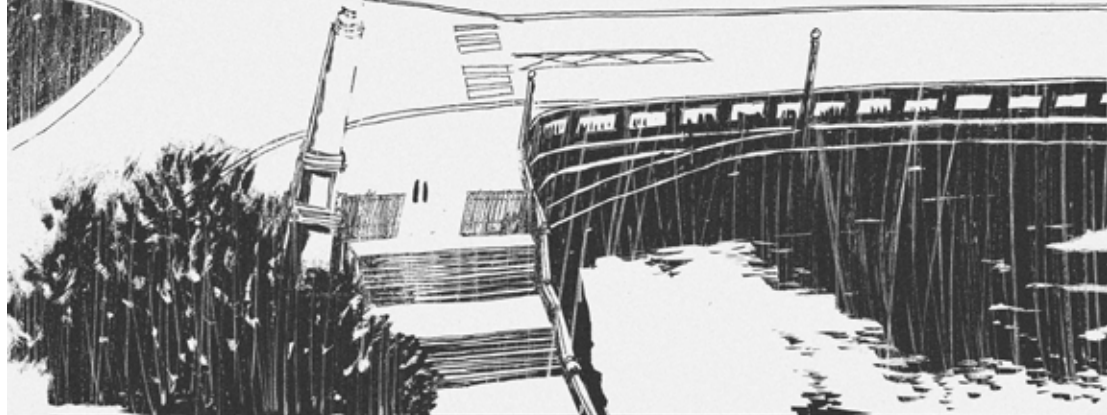
IN FUTURE,
MONSIEUR BECK, PLEASE
REFRAIN FROM USING MY
CHRISTIAN NAME WITHOUT
MY PERMISSION...

IF, HOWEVER,
YOU WOULD RATHER DEAL
WITH BRITISH TELECOM, I WILL
HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO MAKE
MORE COPIES...

















YOU
WANTED
TO SEE ME,
SIR?



TOM,
YES, THANKS
FOR COMING SO
PROMPTLY.

NOT
ENTIRELY **CERTAIN**
HOW TO **HANDLE**
THIS, AND WITH **PAUL**
AWAY, I'M AFRAID IT
FALLS TO **YOU**.



THIS
IS COLIN
BECK.

COLIN,
THIS IS THE **ACTING**
DIRECTOR OF **OPERATIONS**,
TOM WALLACE.

AND
HE CAN
HELP WITH MY
PROBLEM?



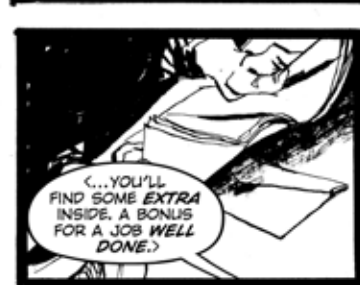
WHAT
PROBLEM IS **THAT**,
EXACTLY, MISTER
BECK?

LONG
VERSION
IS IN THIS
ENVELOPE...



...THE
SHORT VERSION
IS THAT I'M BEING
BLACKMAILED BY
THE **FRENCH**
GOVERNMENT.









<I'M
GLAD TO
HEAR YOU
SAY SO.>

<THINGS
ARE *DELICATE*
RIGHT
NOW. YOUR PRESENCE
COULD *COMPROMISE*
OUR OPERATION.>



<IT'S
JUST A *PITY*,
THAT'S ALL
I MEAN TO
SAY.>



<SOMEONE WHO WILL WRAP HER
LEGS AROUND YOU AND HELP YOU
FORGET RACHEL BECK.>

<PERHAPS
YOU'RE
RIGHT.>

<OF
COURSE I'M
RIGHT.>



<YES, WELL...IT
WAS GOOD TO SEE
YOU, PHILIPPE.>

<LET
ME KNOW IF
YOU HAVE ANY
OTHER *JOBS*
FOR ME.>

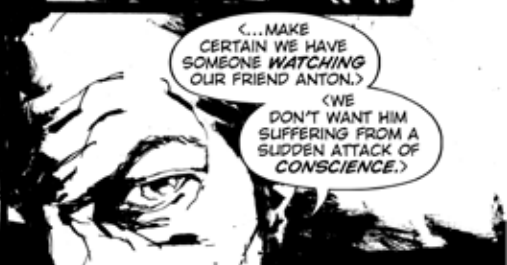
<WE WILL,
ANTON. DON'T
WORRY.>



<HE
THINKS HE'S
IN *LOVE*.>

<SO
IT WOULD
SEEM.>

<CALL
THE OFFICE,
CLAUDE...>



<...MAKE
CERTAIN WE HAVE
SOMEONE *WATCHING*
OUR FRIEND ANTON.>

<WE
DON'T WANT HIM
SUFFERING FROM A
SUDDEN ATTACK OF
CONSCIENCE.>

LONDON.





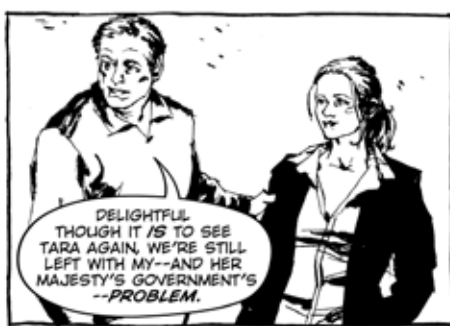




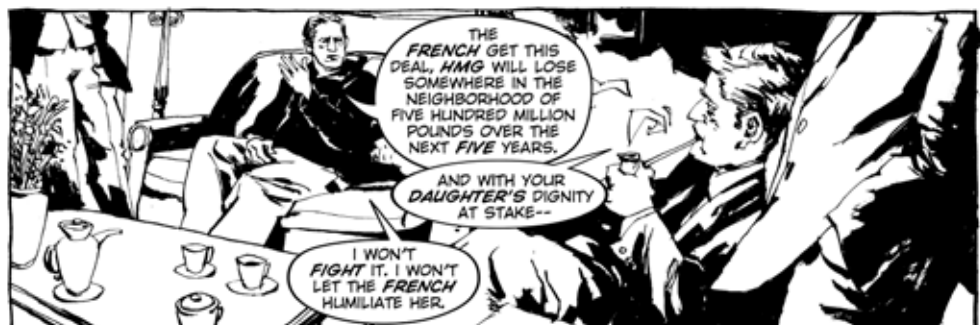








DELIGHTFUL
THOUGH IT IS TO SEE
TARA AGAIN, WE'RE STILL
LEFT WITH MY--AND HER
MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT'S
--PROBLEM.



THE
FRENCH GET THIS
DEAL, HMG WILL LOSE
SOMEWHERE IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD OF
FIVE HUNDRED MILLION
POUNDS OVER THE
NEXT FIVE YEARS.

AND WITH YOUR
DAUGHTER'S DIGNITY
AT STAKE--

I WON'T
FIGHT IT. I WON'T
LET THE FRENCH
HUMILIATE HER.



PLEASE
UNDERSTAND ME, SIR
WILSON. RACHEL'S A
SPOILED MINX, BUT
SHE'S MY DAUGHTER,
AND I ADORE HER.

I'M NO
FOOL. I'M WELL-AWARE
WHAT'S SAID ABOUT ME
BEHIND MY BACK.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER HOW MUCH
MONEY I HAVE, I'LL
NEVER CRACK THE
UPPER-CRUST.

BUT
RAY LIVES AND DIES
WITH THE REST OF
THE SLOANE RANGERS,
AND I WON'T SEE THEM
LAUGHING AT
HER.

NO MORE
THAN THEY DO
ALREADY, AT
LEAST.



IT MIGHT
HELP IF WE KNEW THE
EXACT NATURE OF THIS
DEAL YOU'VE BEEN
REFERRING TO.

IT'S A
MEDIA ARRANGEMENT,
PACKAGE DEALING, ONLINE
SERVICES, DIGITAL CABLE,
MOBILE, ALL OF IT.

WE'RE
NEGOTIATING FOR
THE BEST LOCATION,
AND THAT'S THE
PLUM...

...BECAUSE WHEREVER WE
LAND, WE'LL BE BOOSTING
THE ECONOMY, AND BRING
NEW REVENUE TO THE
GOVERNMENT IN THE FORM
OF TAXES, EMPLOYMENT,
THE LIKE.

WE WERE
ABOUT TO CLOSE
THE DEAL, BUILD IN THE
MIDLANDS. THEN THE
FRENCH PULLED
THIS.

















TRUTH! HE HAD A ROOM AT THE RITZ, HE'D PAID FOR IT HIMSELF...



...GOD, TEE, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW REFRESHING THAT WAS!

FINALLY, A MAN WHO DOESN'T EXPECT MY FATHER TO PAY FOR EVERYTHING!



POOR LITTLE RAY, IT'S SO HARD TO BE RICH, ISN'T IT?

IT IS!



WELL, ALL RIGHT, IT ISN'T.

BUT IT'S NICE WHEN THAT ISN'T THE ONLY REASON A MAN'S TALKING TO YOU.

SURE.



YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE, TARAP WHY I'M NOT IN BERNE OR CAYMAN?

YOU HATE TO SKI AND YOU BURN EASILY?



BITCH!

CAREFUL! I BRUISE VERY EASILY!



I'M IN LOVE, THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.

I LOVE HIM, AND WHAT'S BETTER IS THAT HE LOVES ME....







YOU SEEING ANYONE?

I WAS.



JUST ENDED IT, IN FACT. NOT WELL, I'M AFRAID.

WHY'D YOU END IT?



I WAS USING HIM.



EVERYONE USES *EVERYONE*, TEE.

WAY OF THE WORLD, ISN'T IT?

LET'S JUST SAY MY HEART WASN'T IN IT.

SO THIS ANDRE MARION OF YOURS, WHEN DO I GET TO MEET HIM?

YOU ALMOST MET HIM TONIGHT. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO COME OVER.



HE CALLED THIS AFTERNOON, SAID HE HAD TO GO OUT OF TOWN, SOME BUSINESS IN CANNES.

HE'S AN ACTOR, DID I TELL YOU?

NO, YOU HADN'T MENTIONED IT.









DO YOU
SUPPOSE *THEY*
SMOKE?

DO THEY--
I *DON'T*
UNDERSTAND--

NEVER *MIND*.

I THINK
WE SHOULD
TALK,
ANDRE.

NO,
NO, I REALLY
CAN'T.

I THINK
YOU CAN.
I THINK
YOU WANT
TO.

WHY
ELSE ARE YOU
HANGING AROUND
RACHEL'S
APARTMENT?

I HAVE
TO GO.

NOT YET.

PLEASE,
MADAME, GET
OUT OF MY
WAY.

WHAT
ARE YOU
AFRAID OF,
ANDRE?

I CANNOT
SPEAK WITH
YOU.

LITTLE
LATE FOR THAT
FEAR, DON'T YOU
THINK?









WE'RE
GOING TO
HAVE A
CHAT.

JESUS
CHRIST, DO YOU
HAVE ANY IDEA
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE TO
ME?

DO
YOU KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN THEY
FIND OUT?

THEY'RE
GOING TO BLAME
ME FOR THIS!

GOD,
I WASN'T EVEN
SUPPOSED TO BE
HERE...



YET
HERE YOU
ARE.

LOOKS
LIKE YOU'RE
IN A SPOT OF
TROUBLE,
ANDRE.



ALMOST AS
BAD AS THE SPOT RACHEL'S
IN, HMM?



FORTUNATE
FOR YOU THAT
I'M HERE.

FORTUNATE
THAT YOU WANT A
CHANCE TO MAKE
THINGS RIGHT.

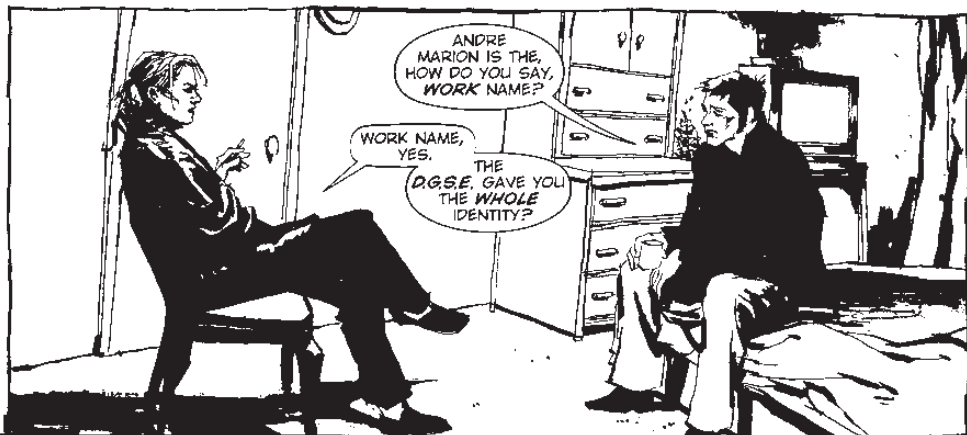
COME
ALONG.



WATCH
YOUR
STEP.

UHHNN





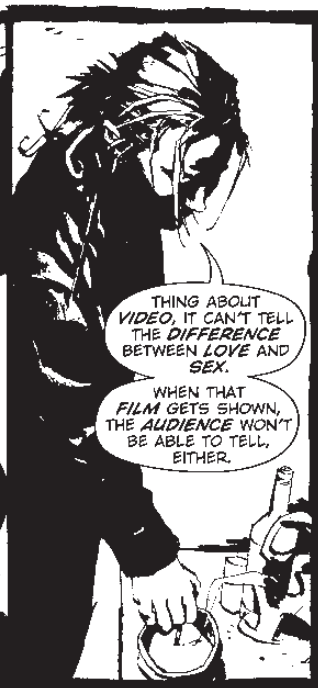


SURE HOW IT LOOKS, ANTON. I'VE SEEN THE VIDEO, AND YOU WERE QUITE THE COMMANDING LOVER.

SHE WAS SHAMELESS, SHE WAS SO EAGER TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU.

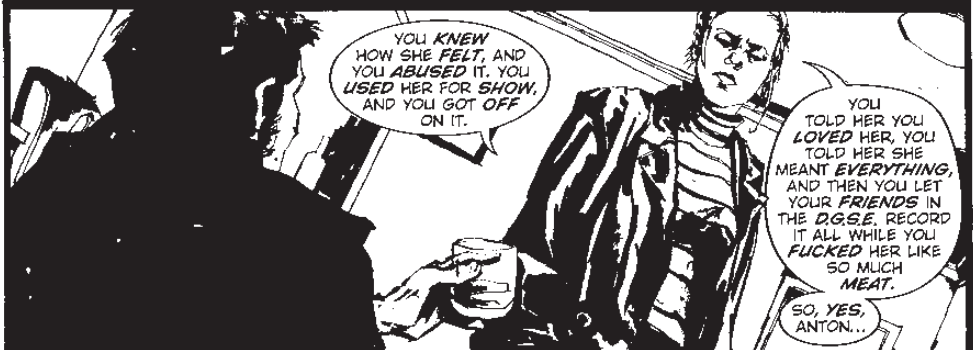


I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING SHE *WOULDN'T* HAVE DONE, HAD YOU ASKED HER. AND YOU DID, DIDN'T YOU?



THING ABOUT VIDEO, IT CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LOVE AND SEX.

WHEN THAT FILM GETS SHOWN, THE AUDIENCE WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL, EITHER.



YOU KNEW HOW SHE FELT, AND YOU ABUSED IT. YOU USED HER FOR SHOW, AND YOU GOT OFF ON IT.

YOU TOLD HER YOU LOVED HER, YOU TOLD HER SHE MEANT EVERYTHING, AND THEN YOU LET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE D.G.S.E. RECORD IT ALL WHILE YOU FUCKED HER LIKE SO MUCH MEAT.

SO, YES, ANTON...



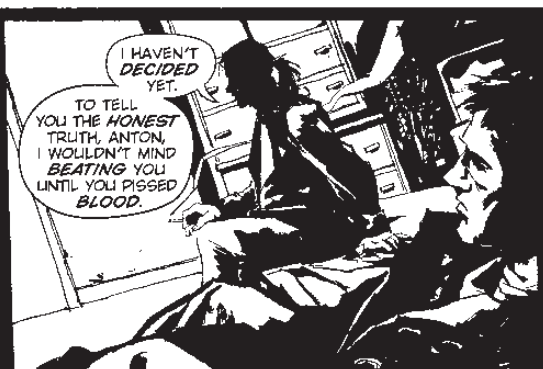
...YOU MADE HER INTO A WHORE, AND YOU DID IT FOR THE WORLD TO SEE.



MUST'VE MADE YOU FEEL LIKE QUITE THE MAN.









EH, OH!

RELAX,
MUCH AS
I'D ENJOY
HURTING
YOU...



...IT WON'T
SOLVE THE
PROBLEM.



GET UP,
TAKE THE
NEWSPAPER.



SIT. HOLD
THE PAPER SO
I CAN SEE THE
DATE.

YOU'RE
GOING TO MAKE A
CONFESSION. WHO
HIRED YOU, WHAT
THEY TOLD YOU TO
DO, AND WHO YOU
DID IT TO...



WHAT YOU
WERE PAID. YOU'RE
GOING TO GIVE THE
TIMES AND THE
PLACES.

ALL OF IT.



THIS
CONFESSION
...IT IS NOT
LEGAL.

IT WILL BE
WORTHLESS
IN COURT.



DO
I LOOK LIKE
THE POLICE,
ANTON?



START
BY GIVING YOUR
REAL NAME AND
YOUR DATE OF
BIRTH...



...CONTACTED BY
PHILIPPE GOURGEON
AND CLAUDE BRETON
IN FEBRUARY OF THIS
YEAR...



...PAID ME TO
STRIKE UP AN INTIMATE
RELATIONSHIP WITH RACHEL
BECK, COLIN BECK'S
DAUGHTER.

THEY TOLD ME
THAT I WAS TO BRING HER
TO THE RITZ ON THE NIGHT
OF MARCH 15TH TO ROOM
1822, AND THEN MAKE
LOVE TO HER.



MONSIEUR
GOURGEON EXPLAINED
THAT THERE WOULD BE
A CAMERA PLACED
ABOVE THE HEADBOARD
TO RECORD OUR...
ACTIVITY...

HE SAID IT WAS
IMPORTANT THAT I MAKE
CERTAIN MADMOISELLE
BECK FACED THE CAMERA
AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE...



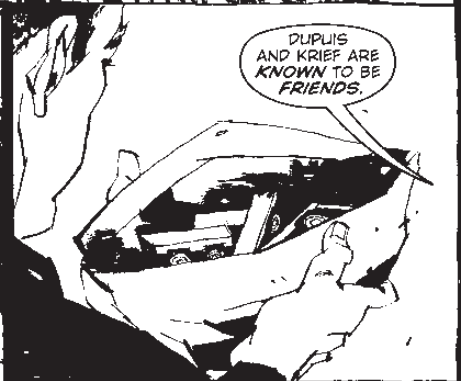
MONSIEUR BRETON
SUGGESTED...THERE WERE
SPECIFIC ACTS HE WANTED
MADMOISELLE BECK TO
PERFORM FOR THE CAMERA,
AND I WAS INSTRUCTED TO
ENCOURAGE HER--

DEET

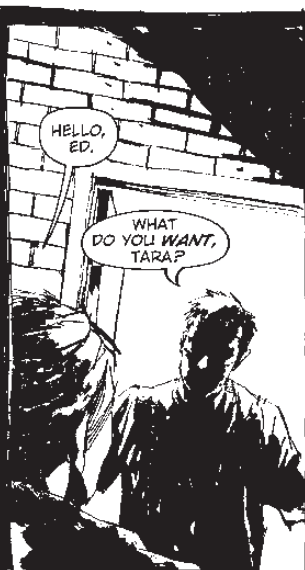


I FELL
IN LOVE WITH
HER.













I'M IN
LOVE WITH
YOU.



BUT
YOU KNOW
THAT, DON'T
YOU?

YES.



WELL,
GOOD WE GOT
THAT SORTED,
THEN, DON'T
YOU THINK?

WAS THERE
SOMETHING
ELSE, OR...?

ED,
WE'VE STILL
GOT TO WORK
TOGETHER.

WE
NEED TO
TALK ABOUT
THIS.

NO, WE
REALLY DON'T,
TARA.

I LOVE
YOU, YOU DON'T
LOVE ME, THAT'S
THE MATCH.

UNLESS
YOU'VE COME HERE
TO TELL ME I'M
WRONG.

HAVE
YOU COME HERE
TO TELL ME I'M
WRONG?



NO.





NokNokNokNokNok





I JUST... I
NEEDED TO SEE
A FRIEND...

OF COURSE.
RAY?
WHAT'S
WRONG?

OH GOD,
TEE.

IT'S JUST...
IT'S SUCH A MESS,
EVERYTHING'S A
MESS, MY WHOLE
LIFE...



...THERE'S
THIS TAPE, MY FATHER
HAS THIS TAPE AND ANDRE'S
ON IT. HE'S IN THIS HOTEL
ROOM AND THE THINGS
HE'S SAYING...

GOD,
TEE, THE
THINGS HE'S
SAYING...

IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
RAY, COME ON,
SIT DOWN.



BUT
IT'S NOT, IT'S
NOT!

HE TOLD
ME HE LOVED ME
AND HE'S ON THIS
TAPE, SAYING IT
WAS FOR MONEY,
THAT HE WAS PAID
TO DO IT...

...THEY
PAID HIM TO DO
IT, SO THEY COULD
TAKE PICTURES
OF US...

...THEY
TOOK PICTURES
OF US, OF WHAT
WE DID THAT
NIGHT...

...IT'S
ALL A MESS,
IT'S ALL A
LIE...



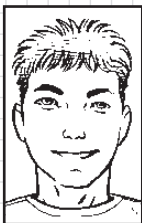
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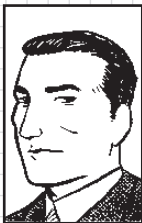
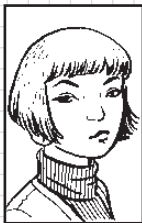
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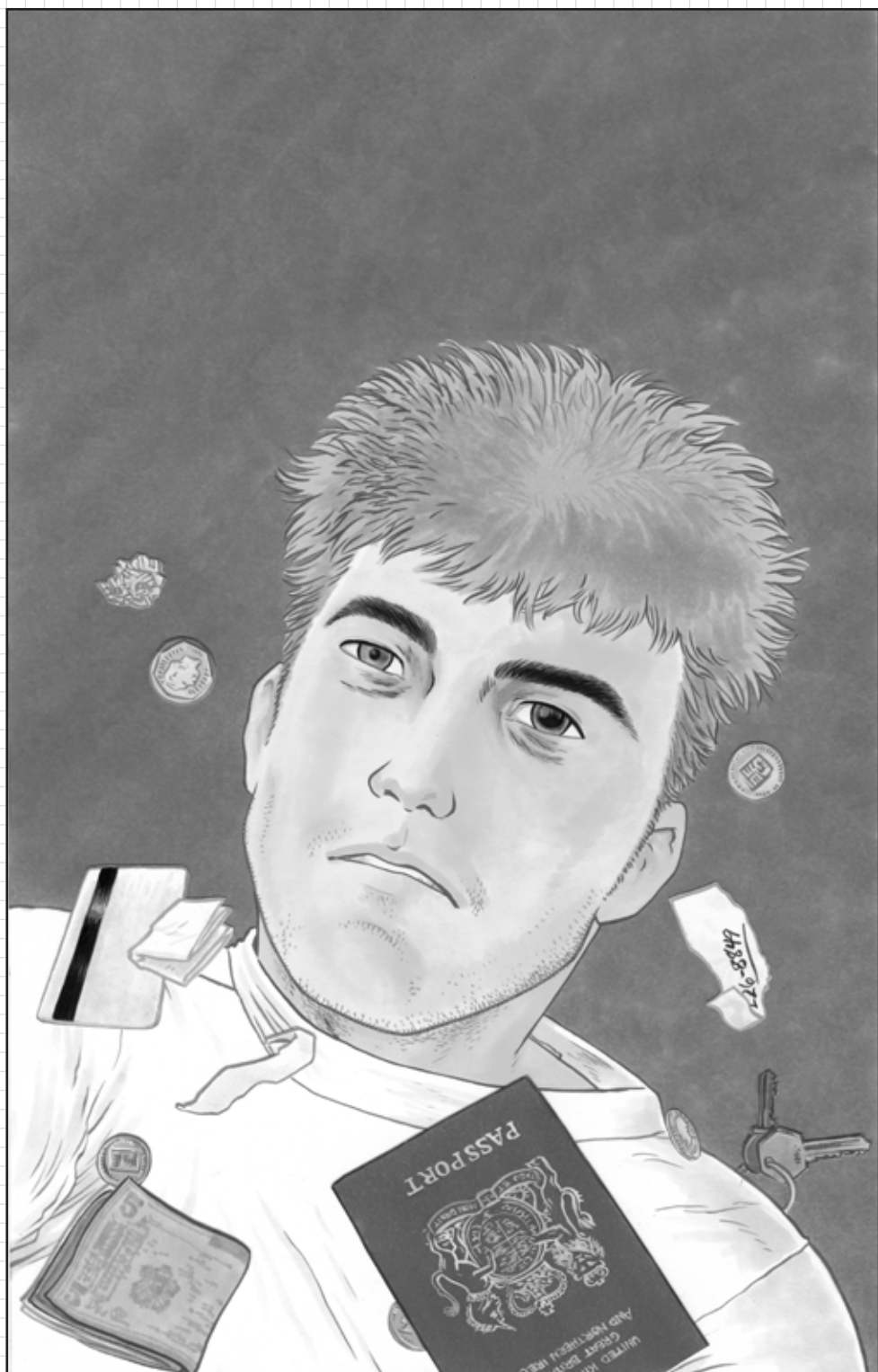
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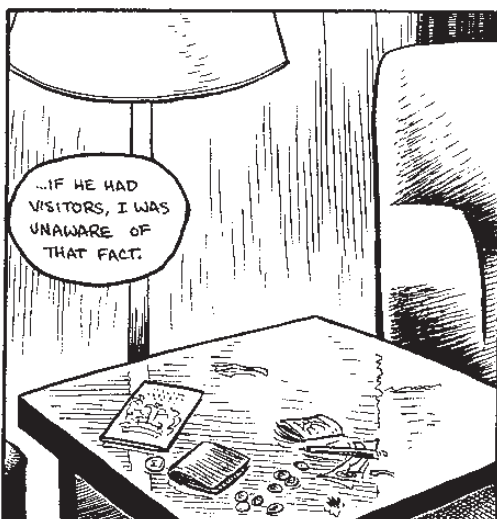
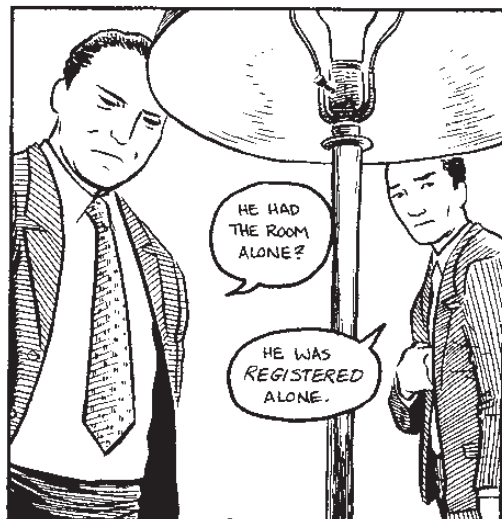
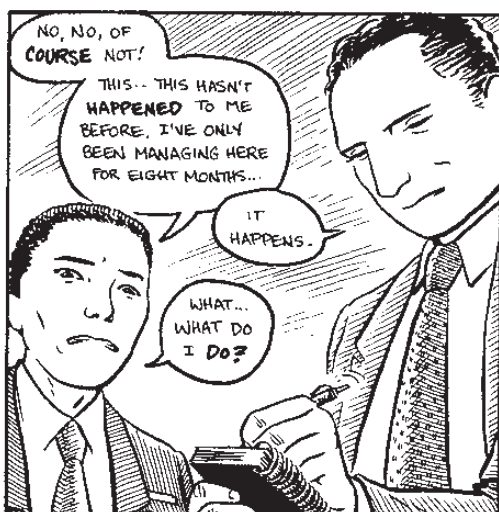
SIMON RAYBURN—Director of Intelligence for SIS (D. Int), essentially Crocker's opposite number. Responsible for the evaluation, interpretation, and dissemination of all acquired intelligence.

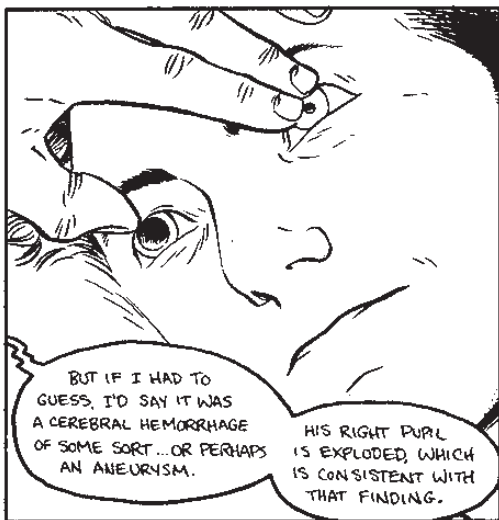
BRIAN BUTLER—A former sergeant in one of the British Army's oldest and most respected regiments. An unique individual who actually requested assignment with special section.

LASHA KARPIN—Son of would-be Soviet defector Valery Karpin. A savvy businessman with a shrewd mind for politics, Karpin is a vice-president of Varita Technologies.

OTHERS









LONDON

*THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY IS BOTH SHORT-SIGHTED AND ARROGANT COMMA AS RECENT EVENTS IN THE REGION HAVE PROVEN PERIOD.

READ THAT LAST BIT BACK.

"IF THIS CONTINUED DISREGARD IS MAINTAINED COMMA THE RESULTS WILL BE DISASTROUS COMMA NOT SOLELY ON A FINANCIAL COMMA BUT ALSO ON A HUMANITARIAN LEVEL."

FULL STOP.

TYPE IT UP FOR SIGNATURE, SEE IF WE CAN'T GET IT TO SIMON BY THE CLOSE OF PLAY. IF HE SIGNS OFF, HAVE SOMEONE RUN IT UP TO THE DEPUTY CHIEF AND THEN A COPY TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

YOU DON'T WANT TO SIT ON IT?

NO.

IT'S STRONG MEDICINE, PAUL. EVEN IF D. INT SIGNS OFF ON IT, YOU KNOW THAT THE DEPUTY CHIEF WILL POSITIVELY BALK AT CALLING THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS CABINET FOOLS.

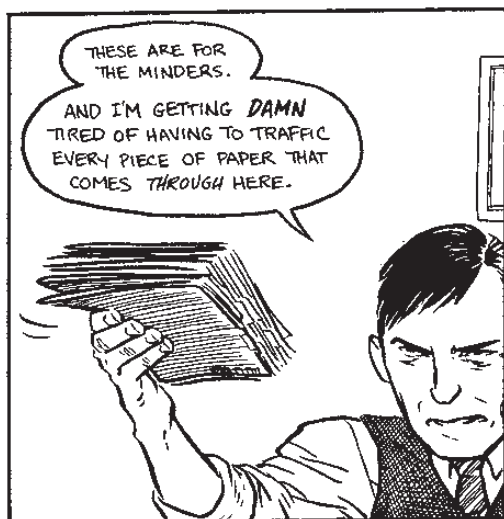
I DIDN'T CALL THEM FOOLS. I CALLED THEM SHORT-SIGHTED AND ARROGANT.

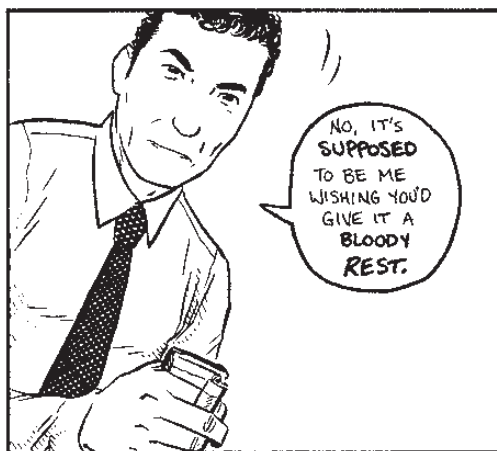
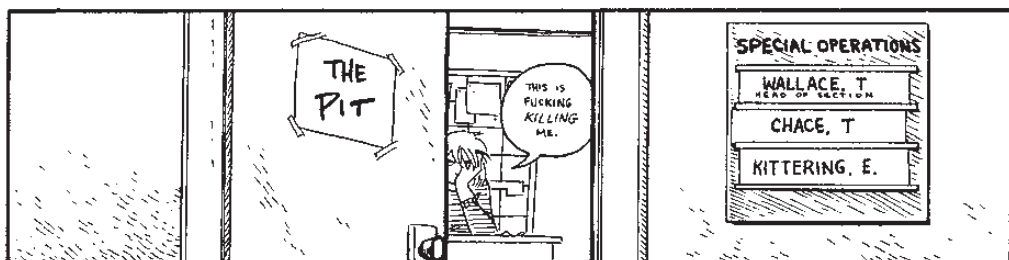
JUST UNTIL TOMORROW--

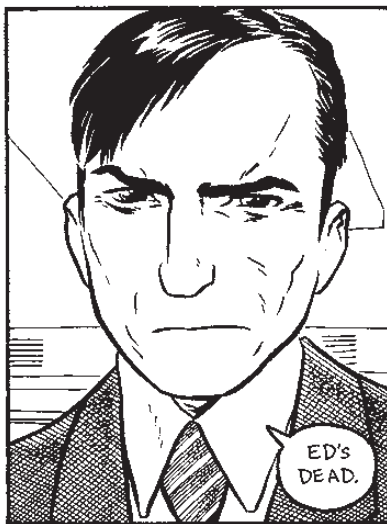
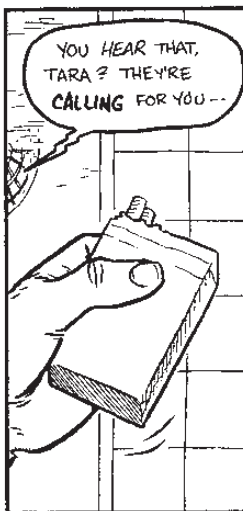
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO REWRITE IT YOURSELF, KATE?

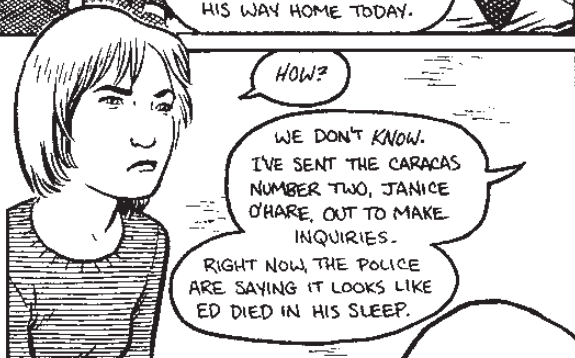
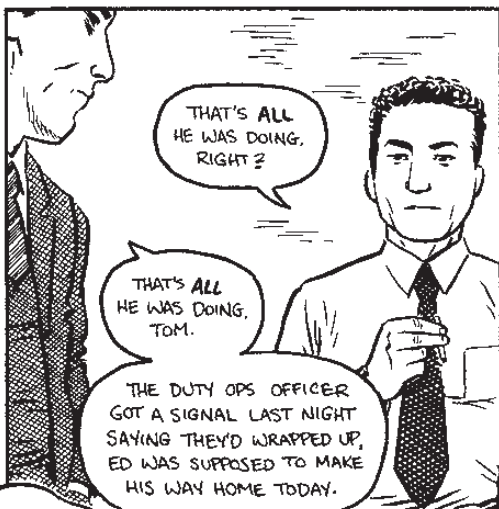
I'LL TYPE IT UP.

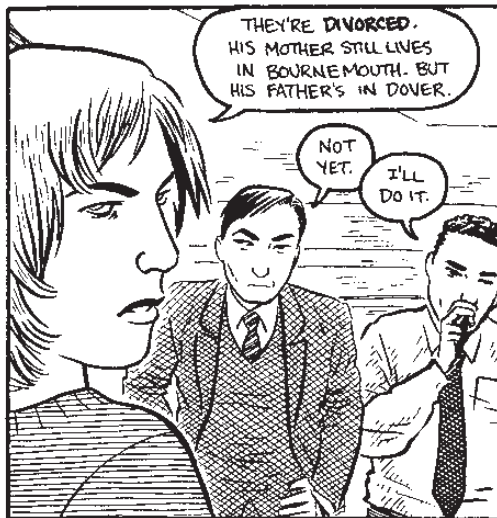
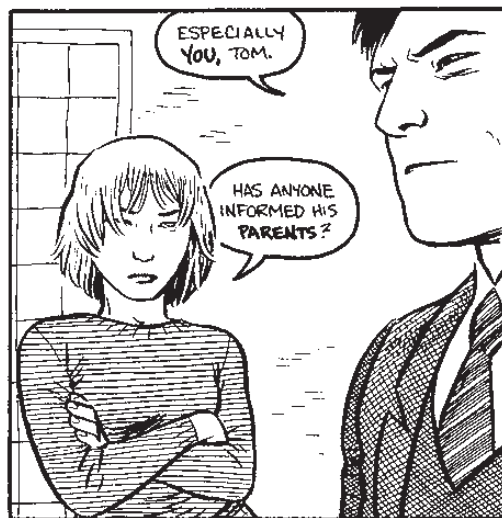
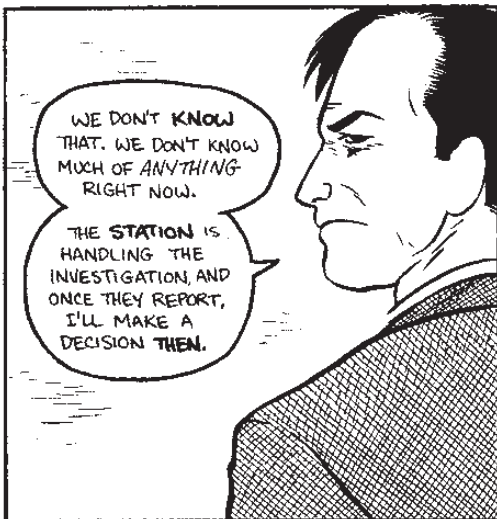
WAIT A MOMENT.

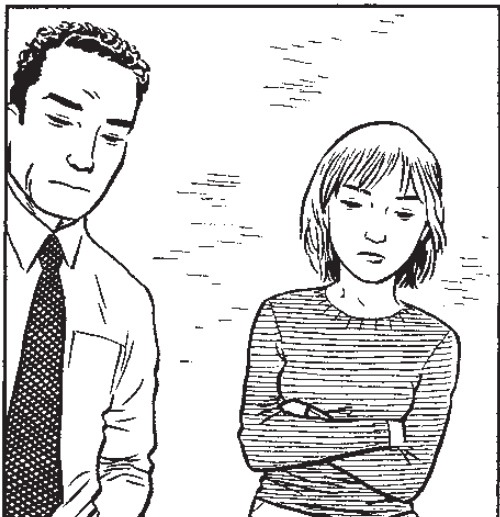
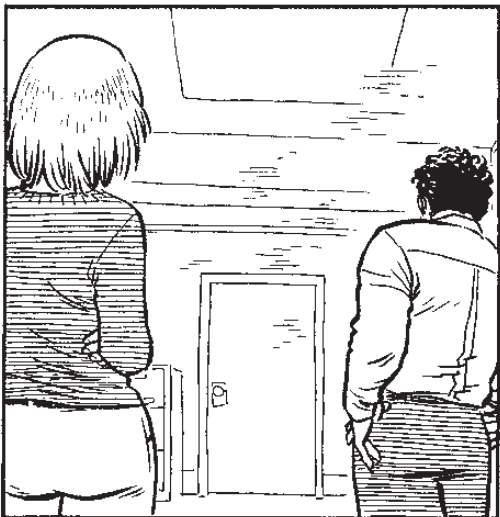
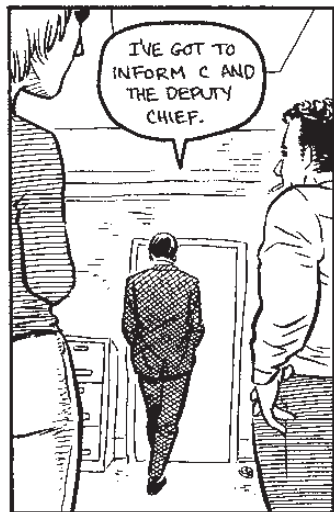
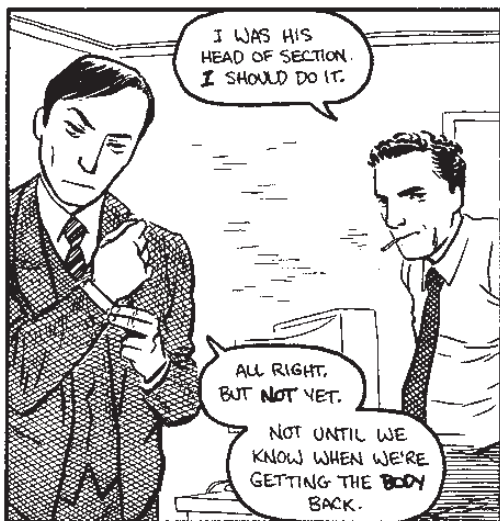


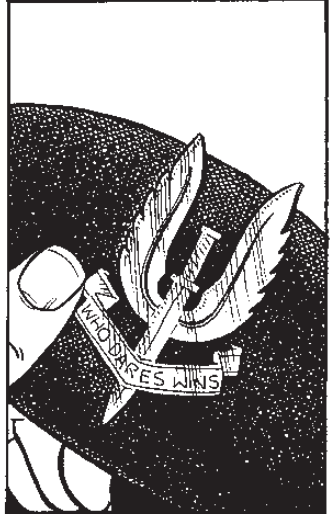
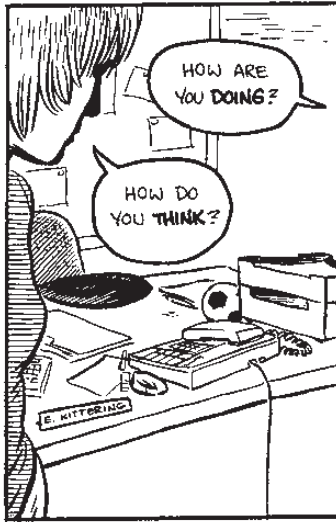
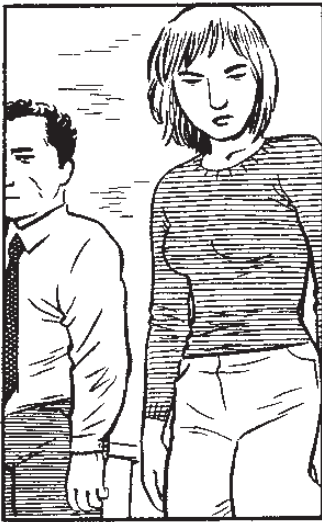


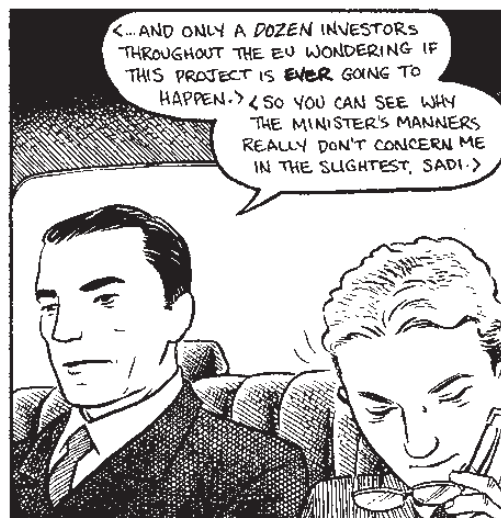
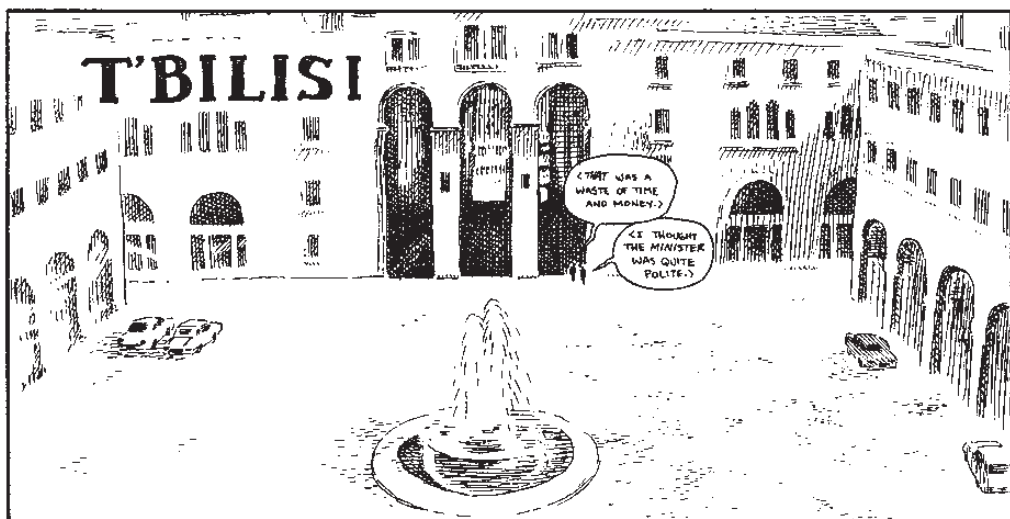






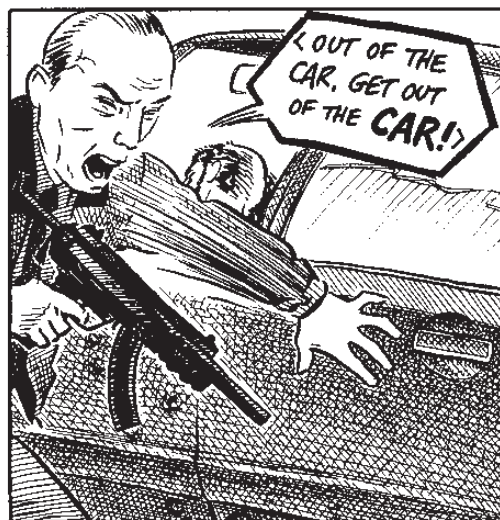
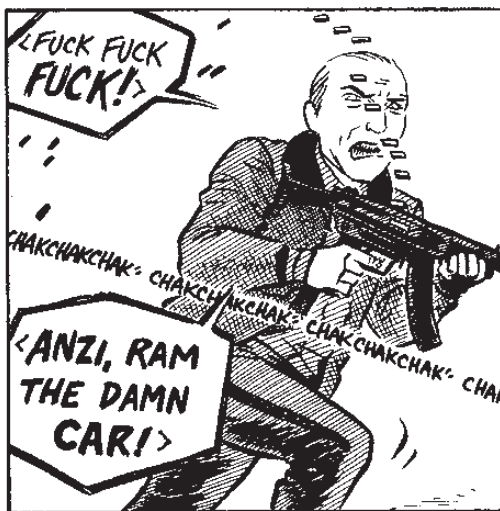
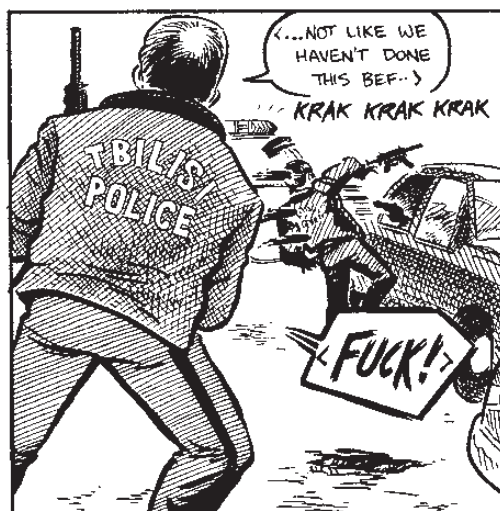
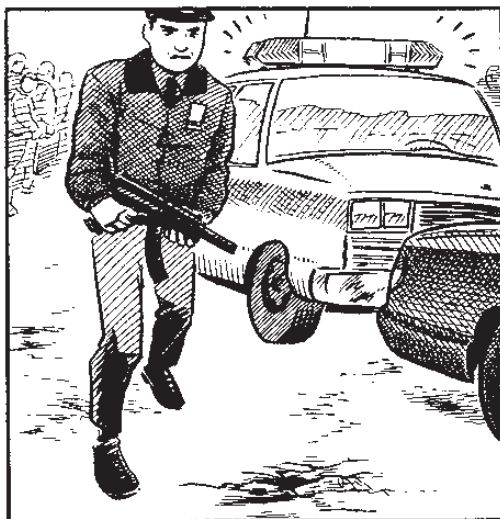


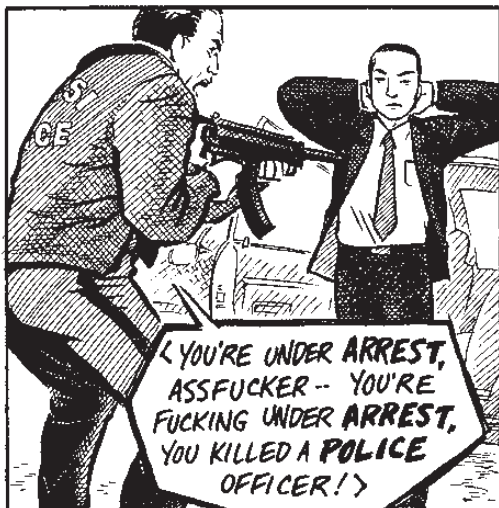
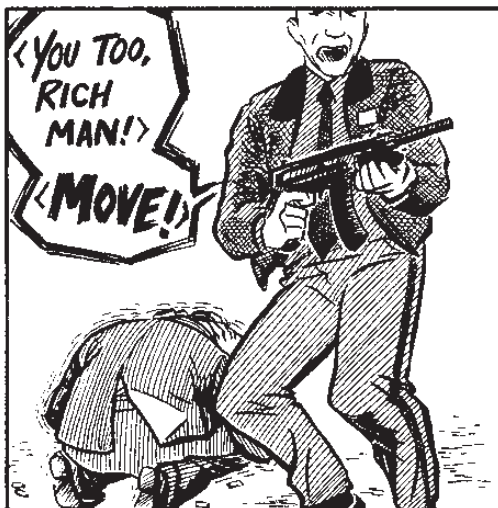


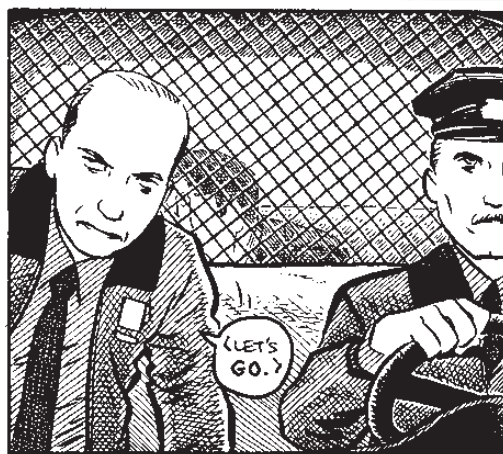
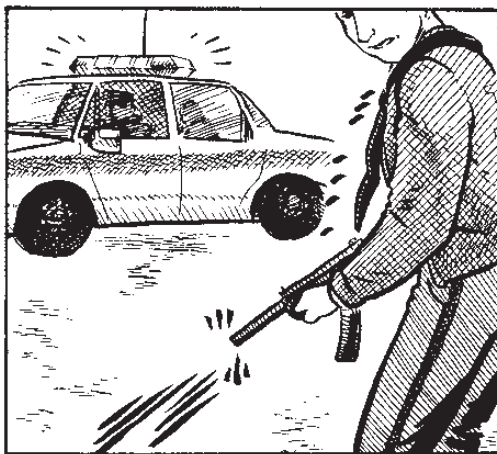
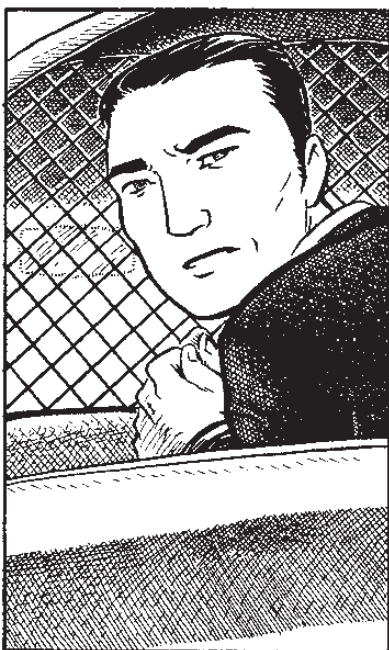


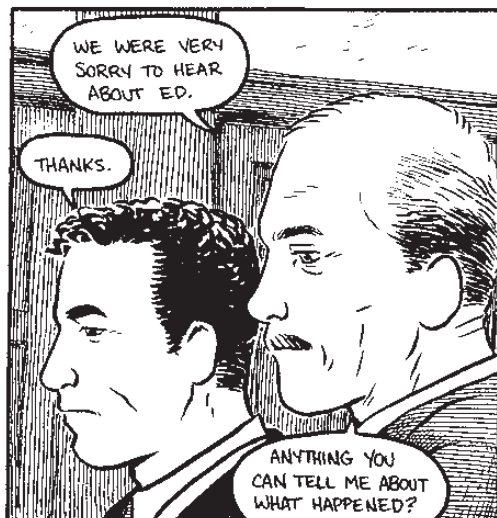
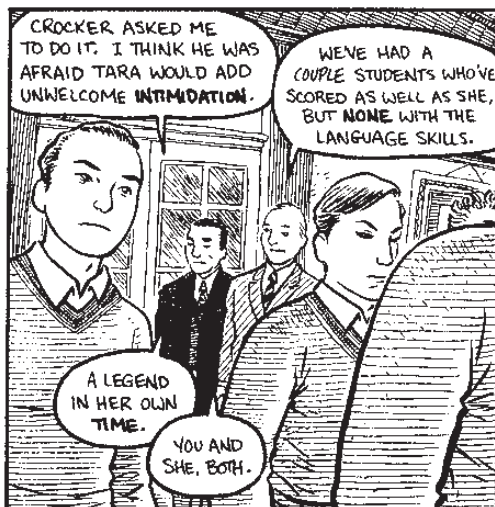
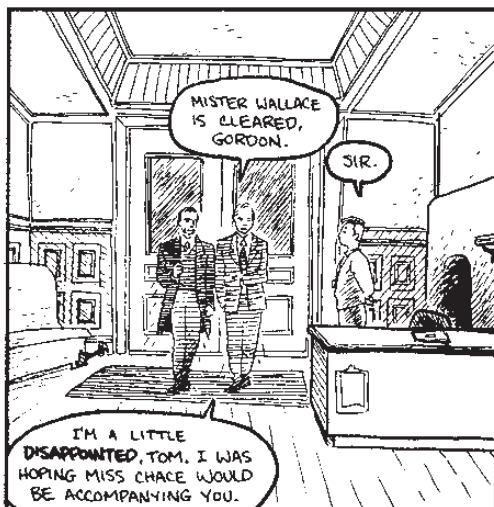


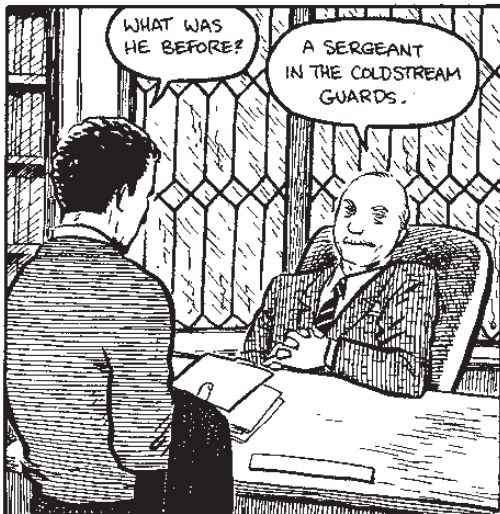
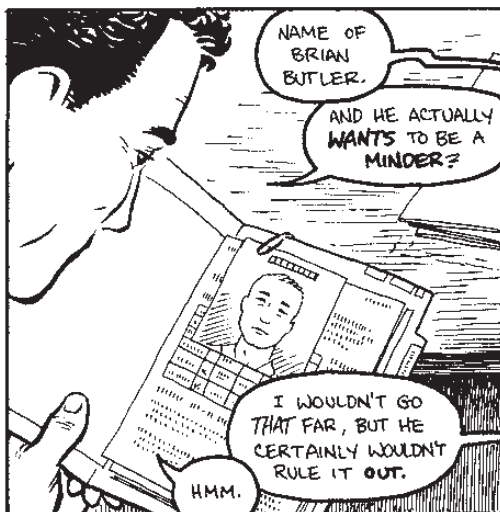
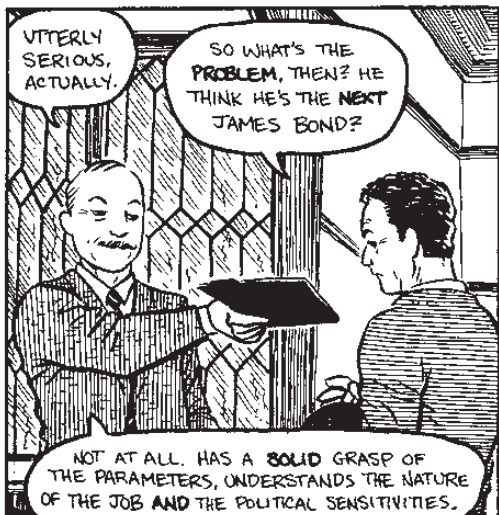
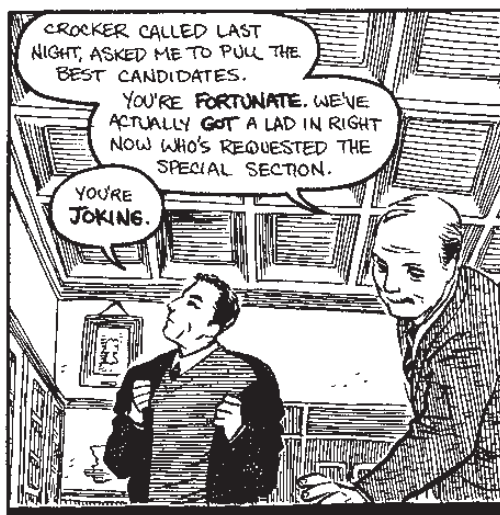


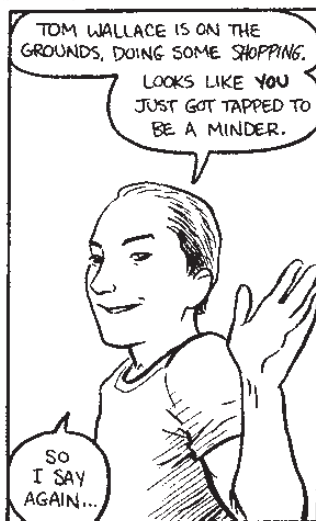
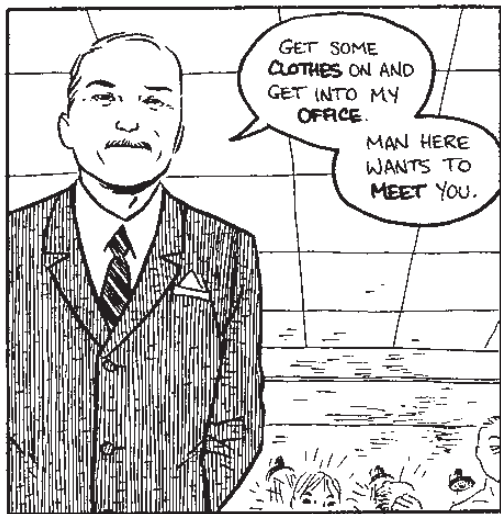
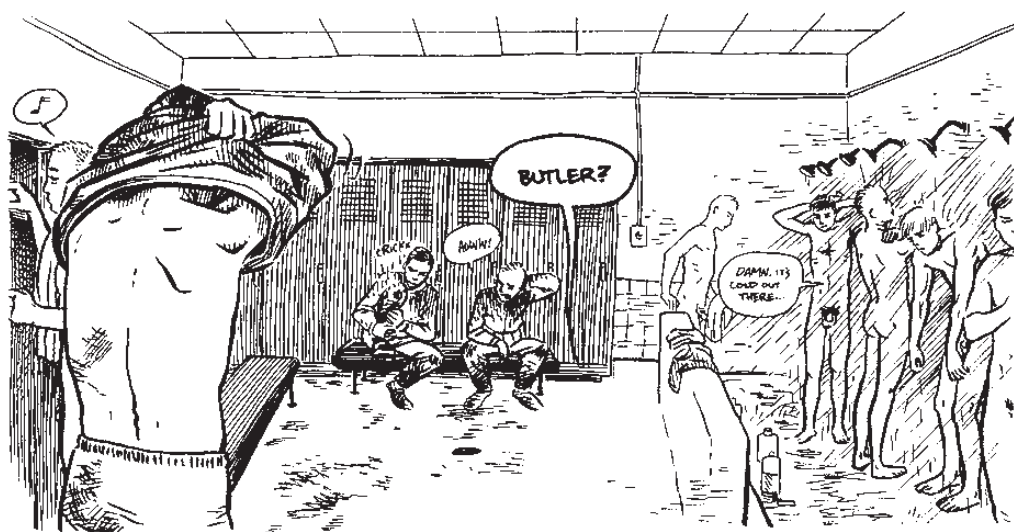


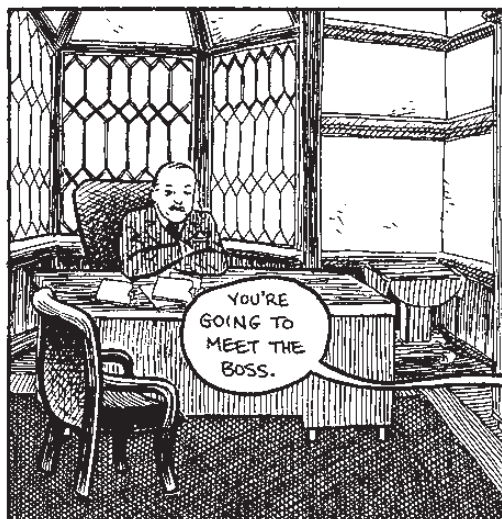
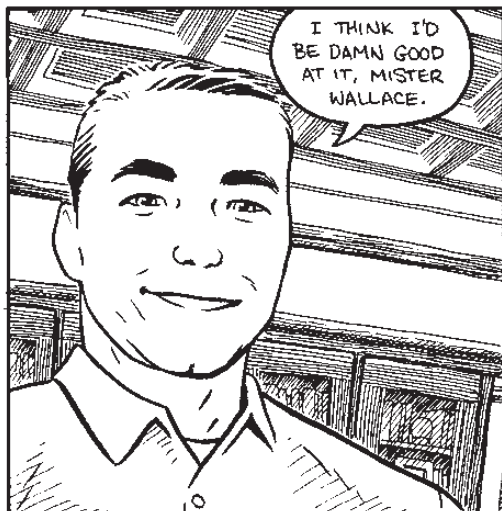
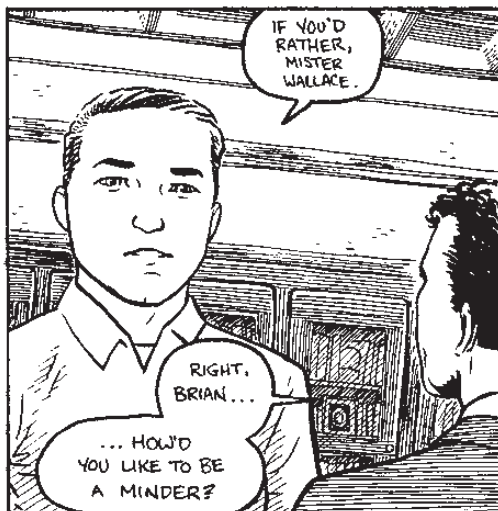


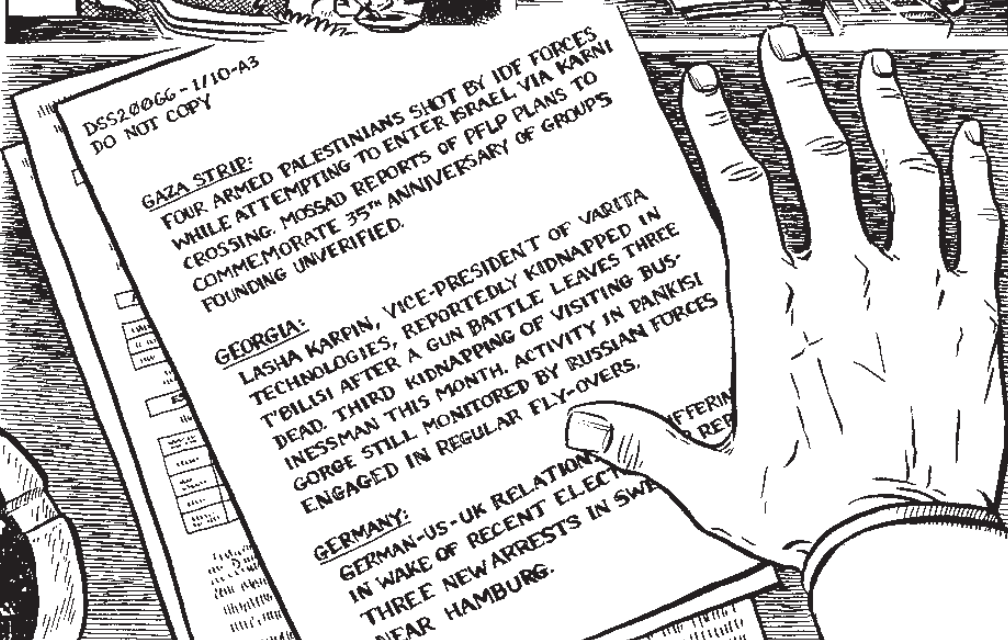
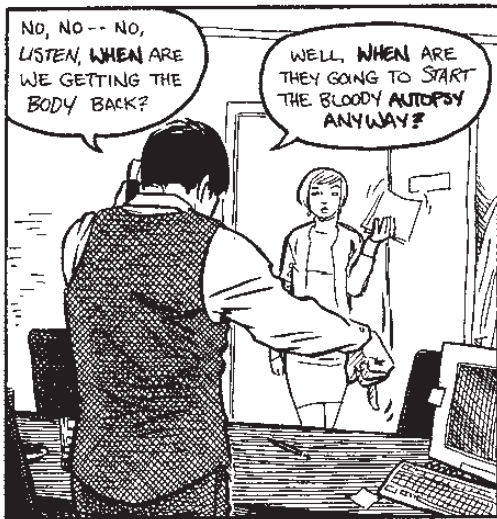




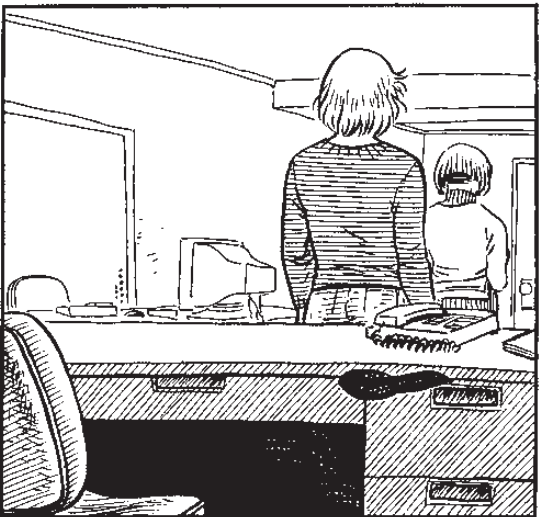
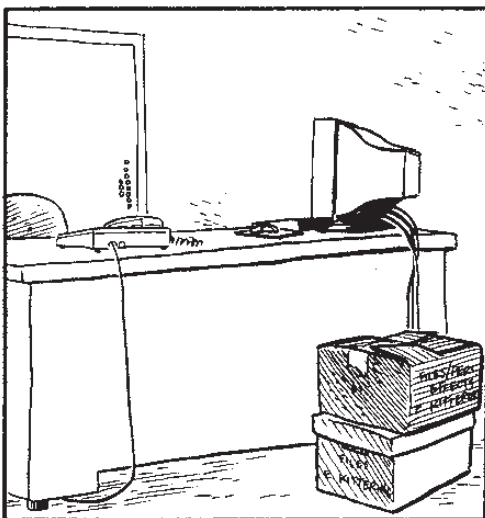


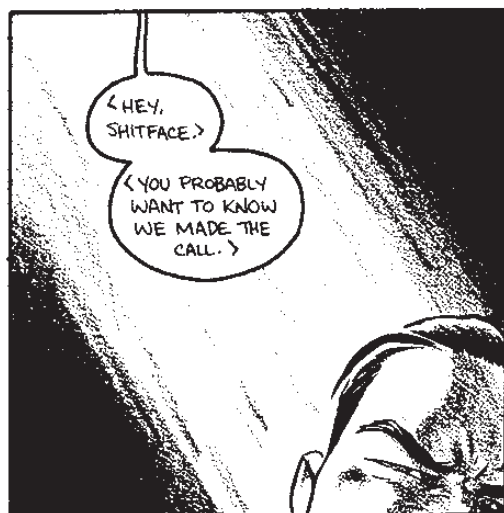
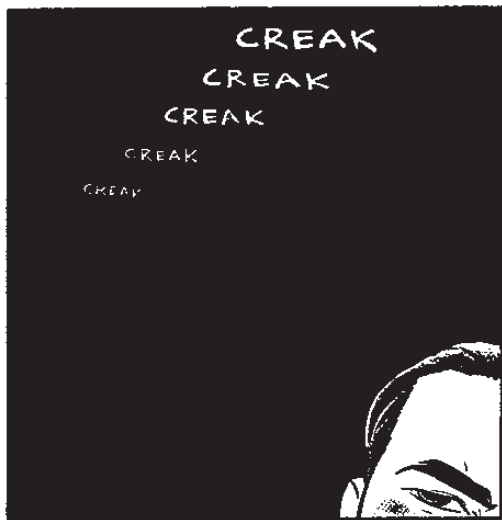
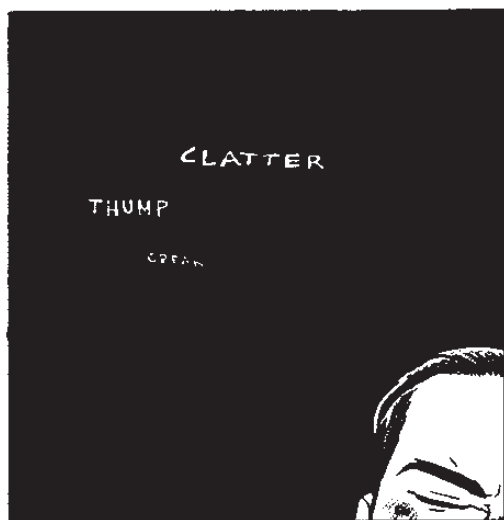


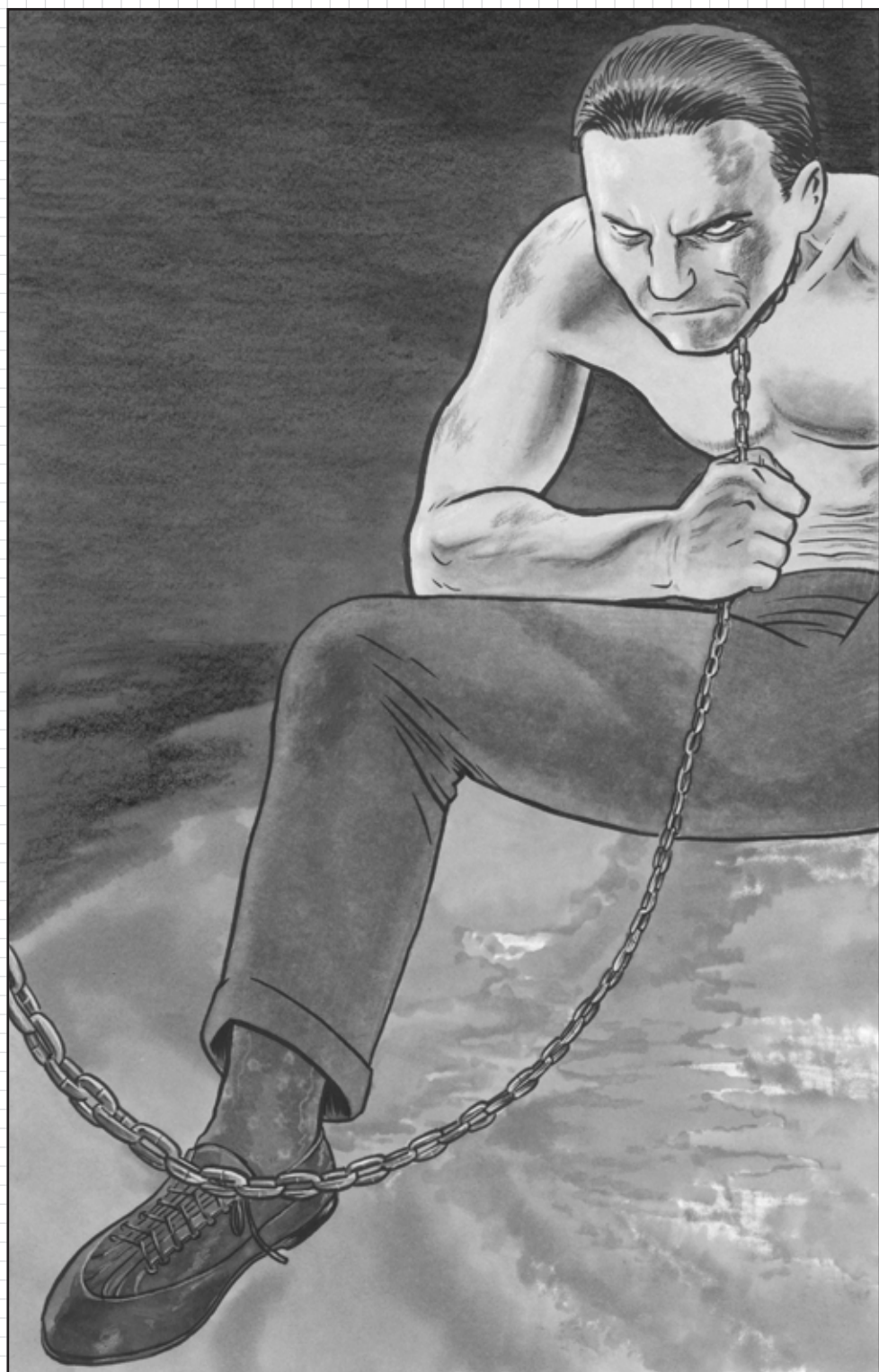


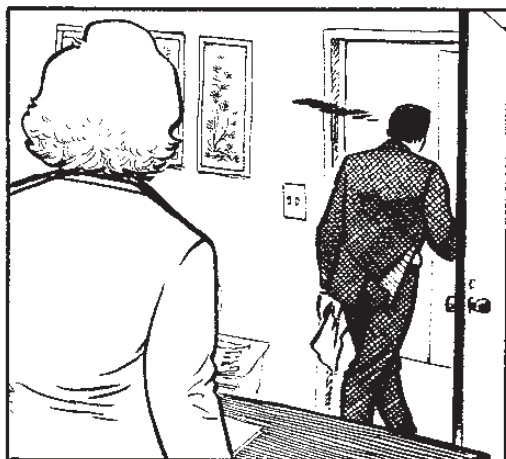
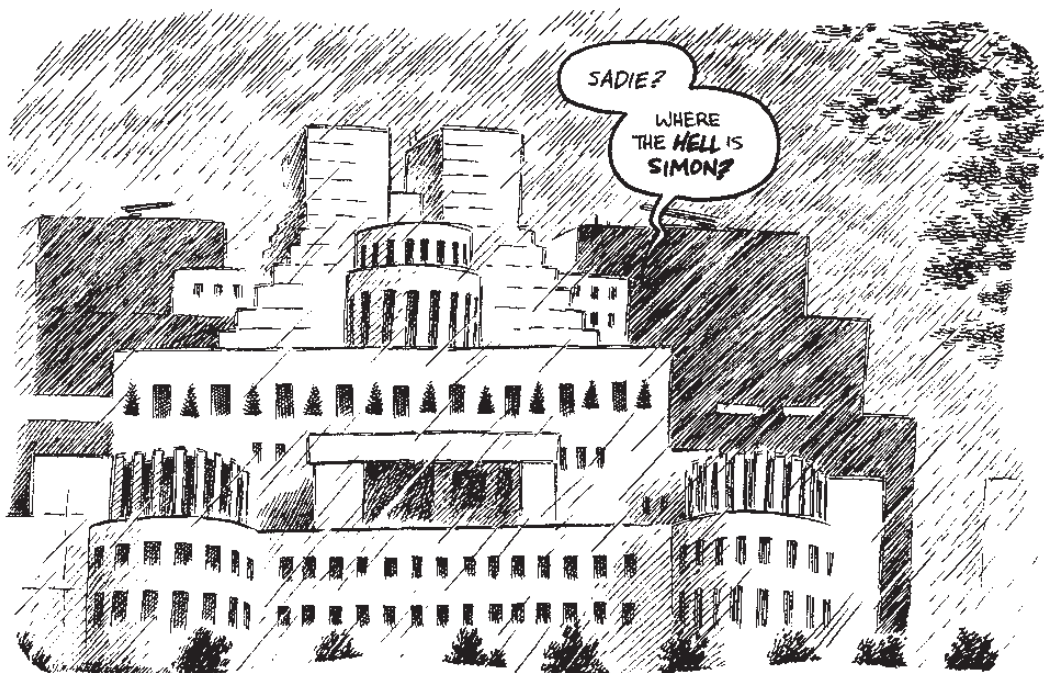


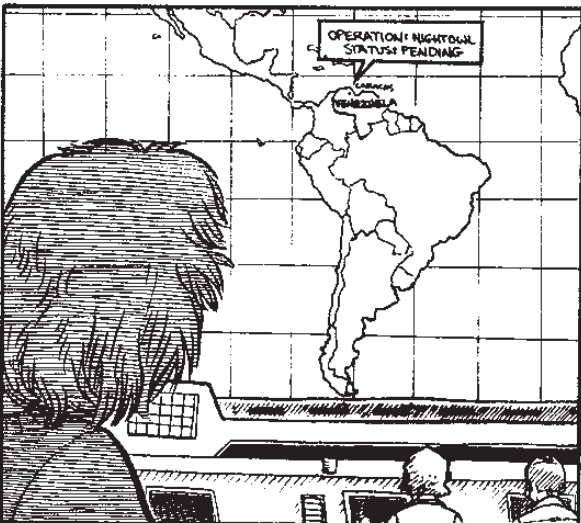
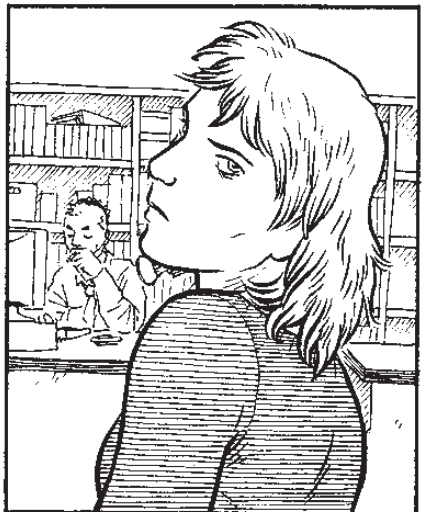
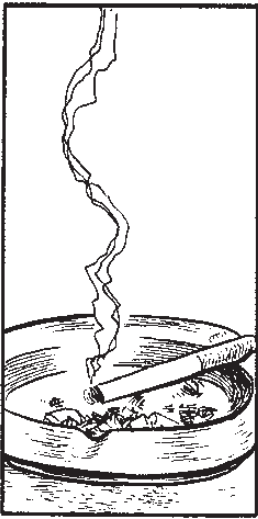


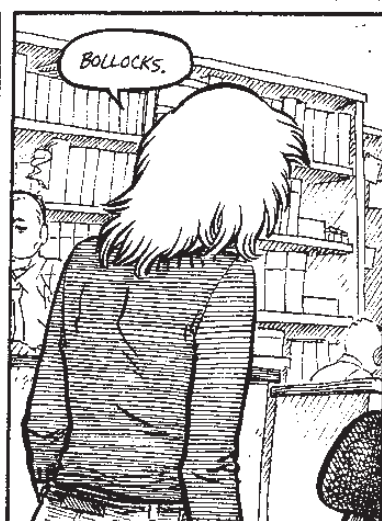
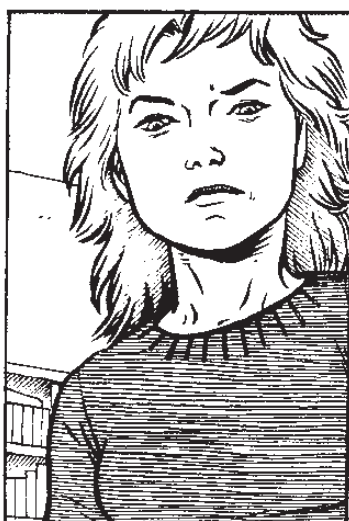
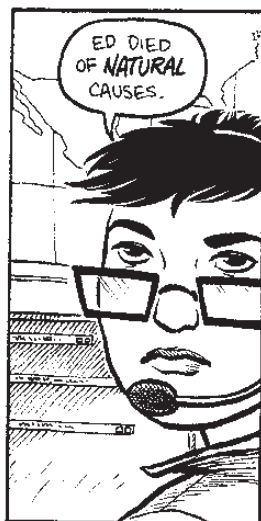
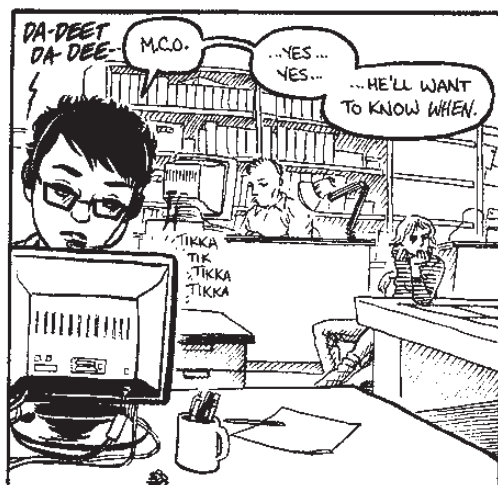


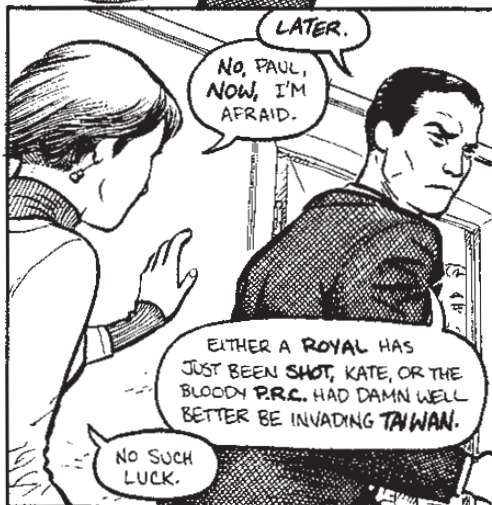
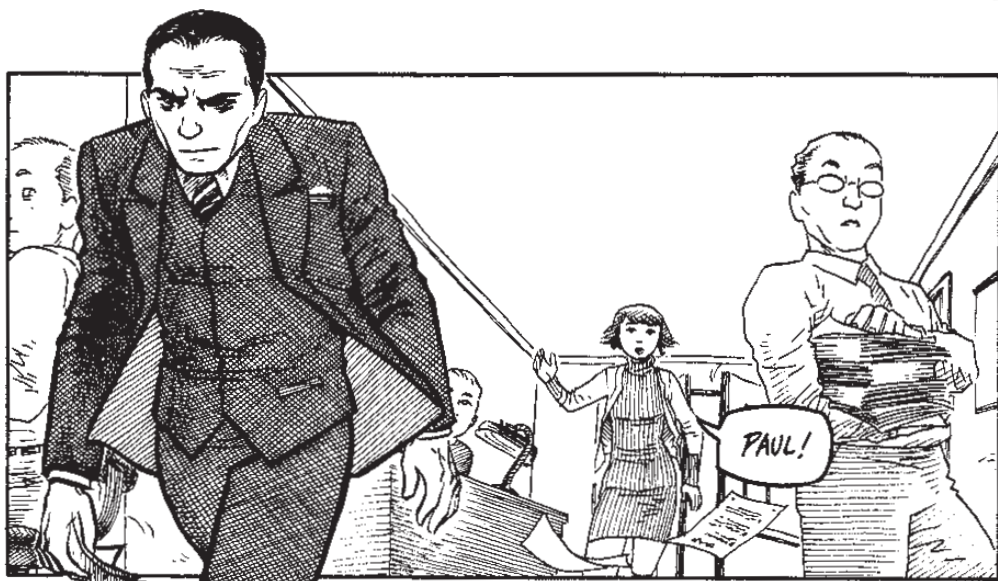


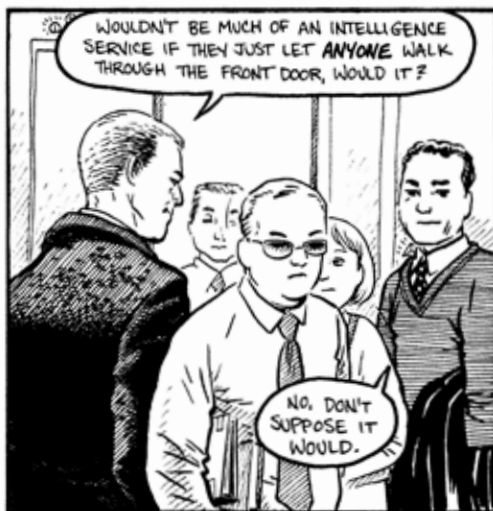


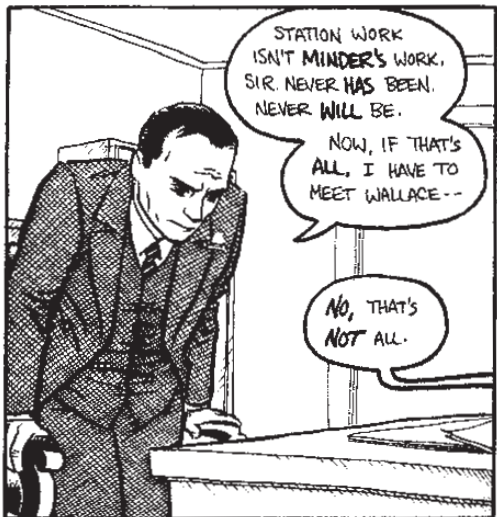
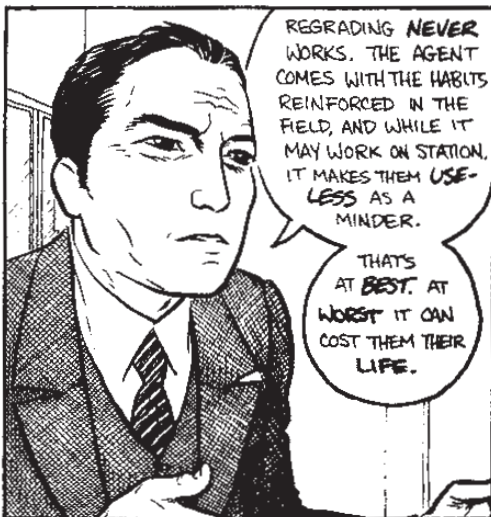
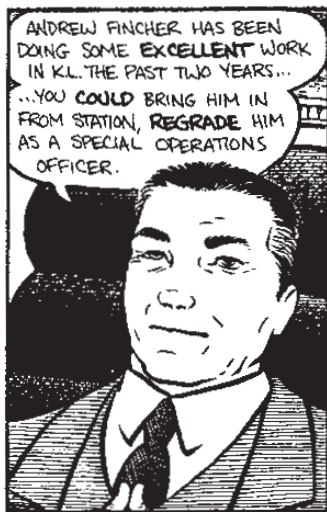


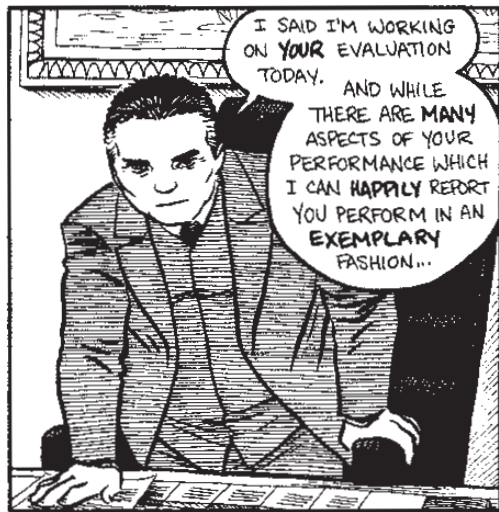
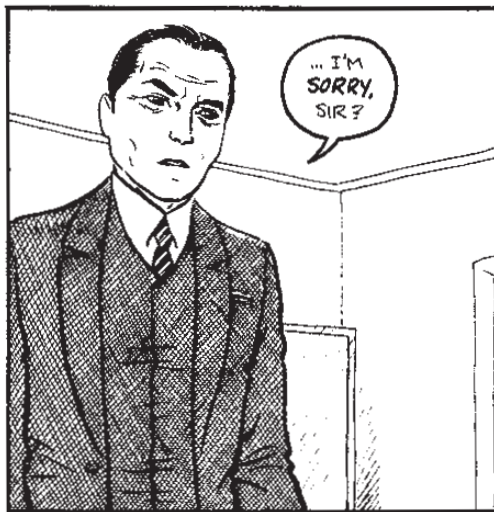
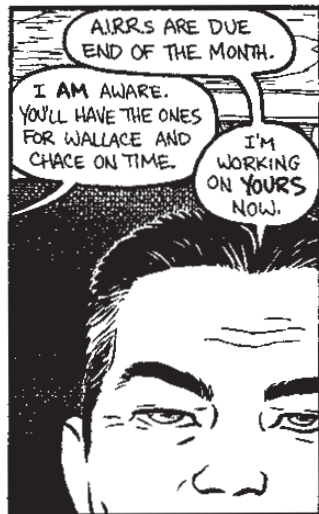


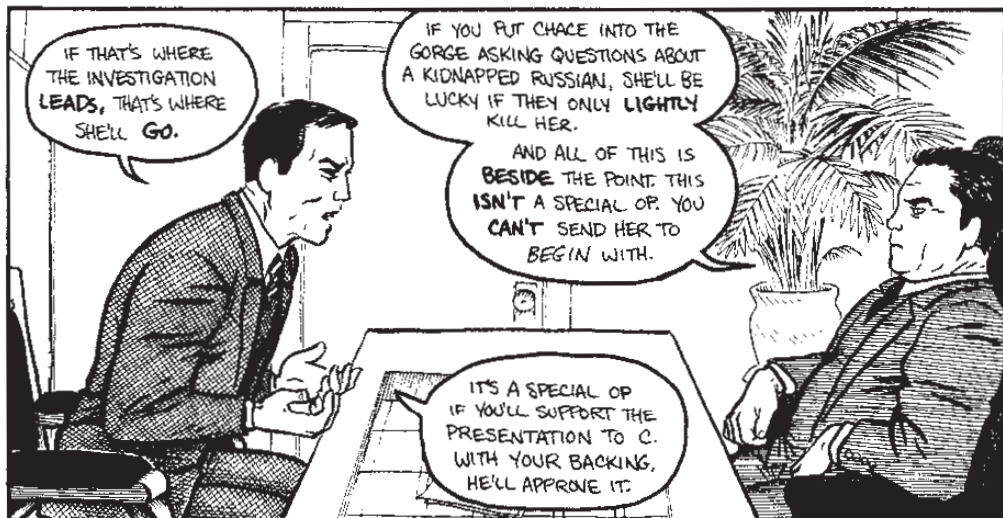
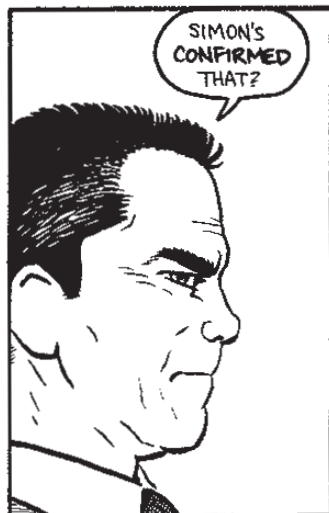


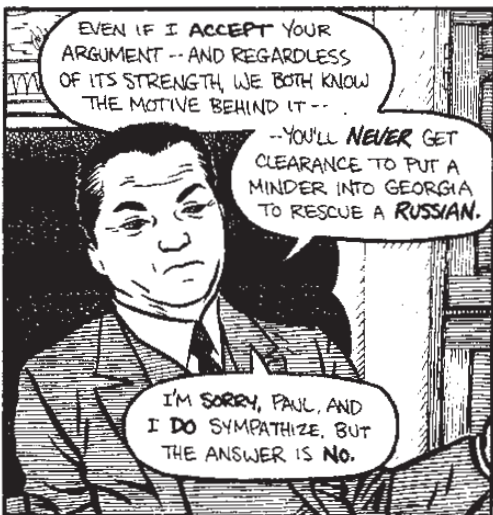
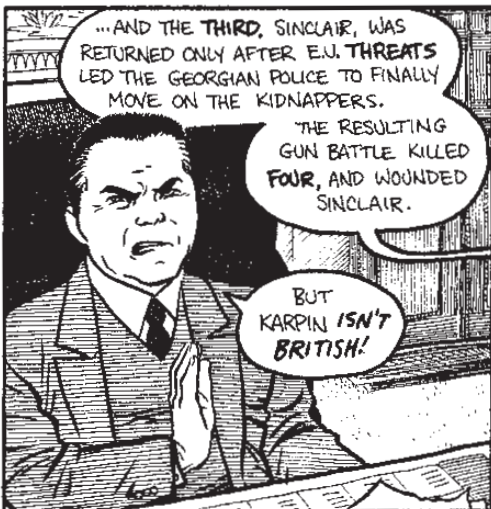
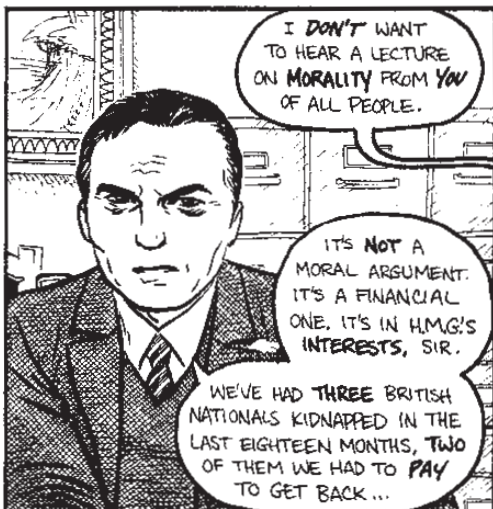


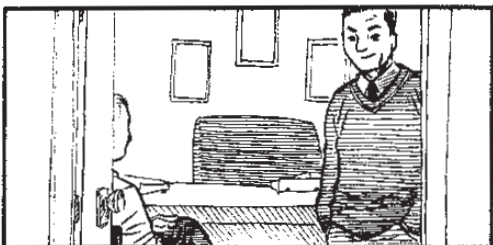


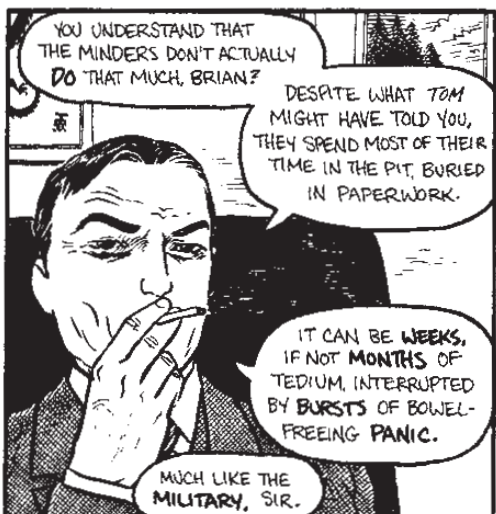
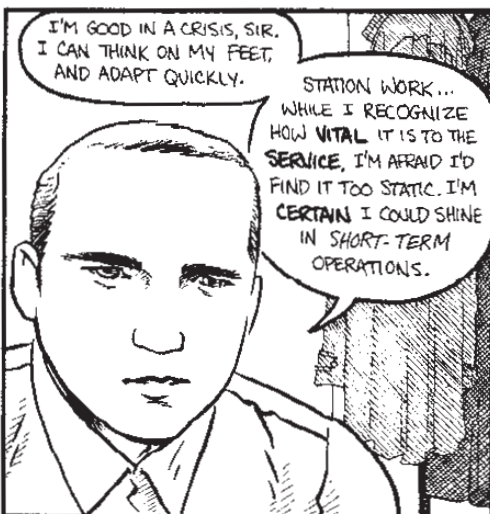
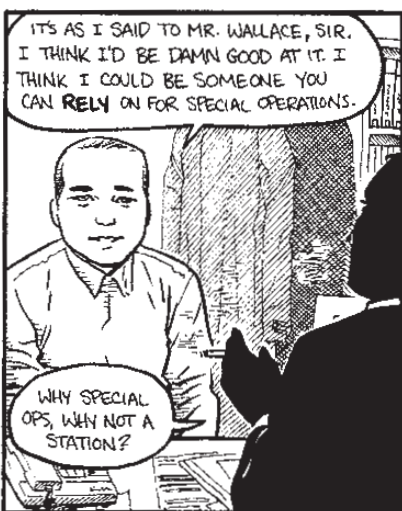
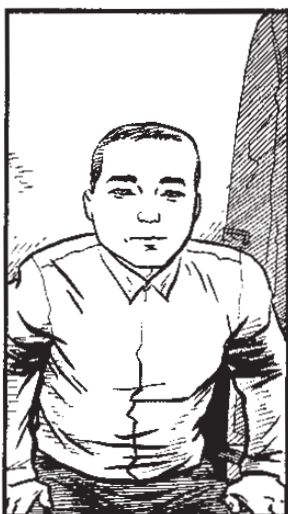


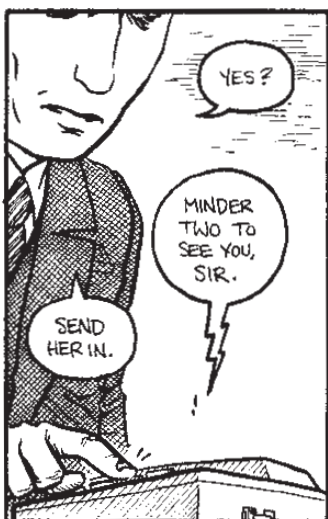
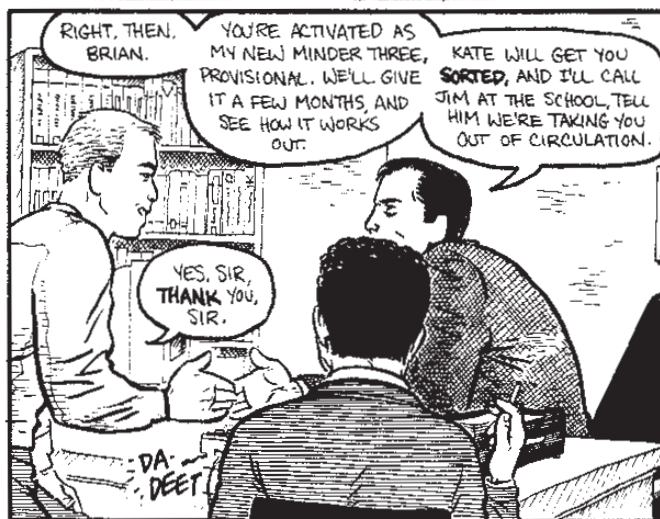
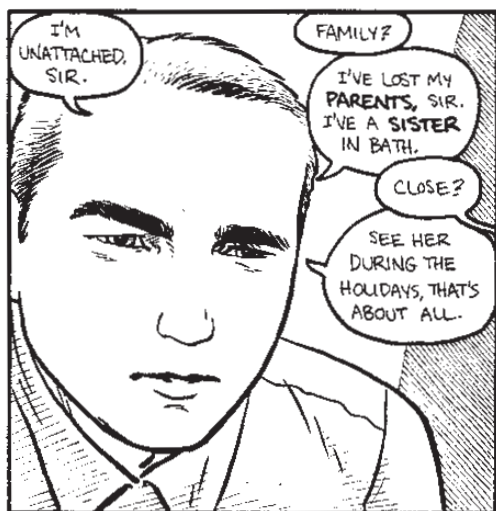
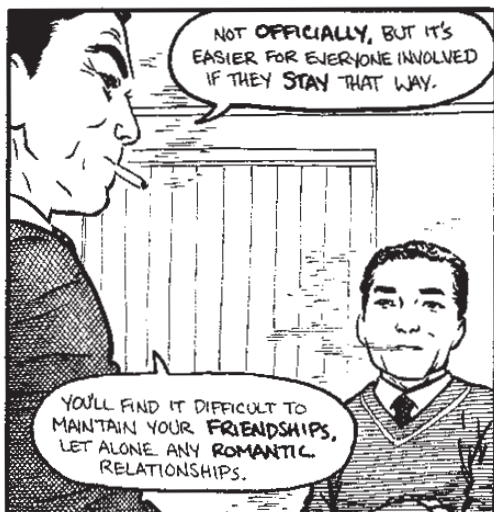
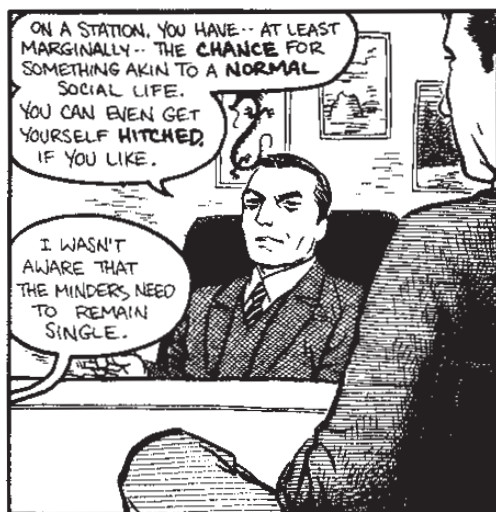


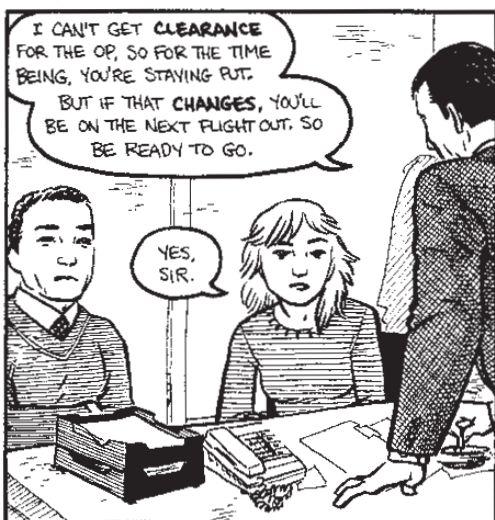
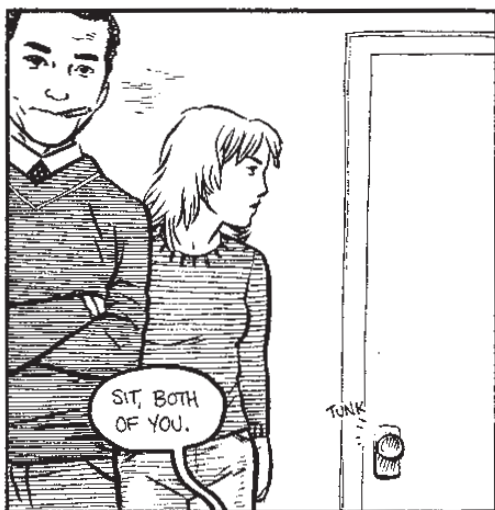


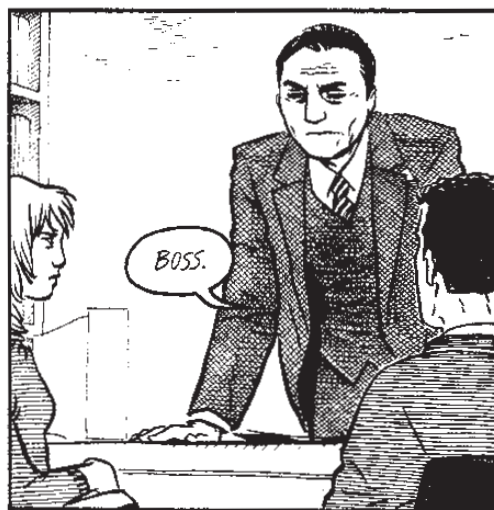
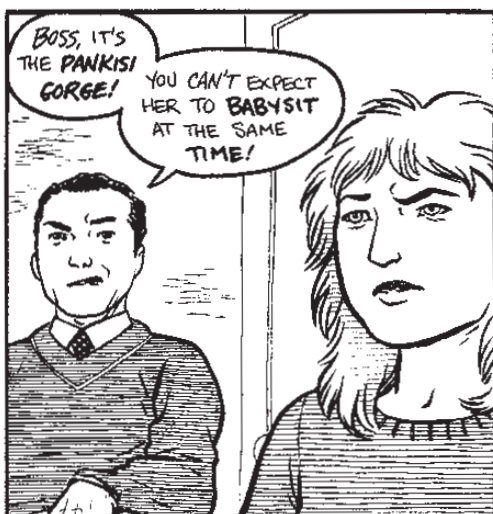


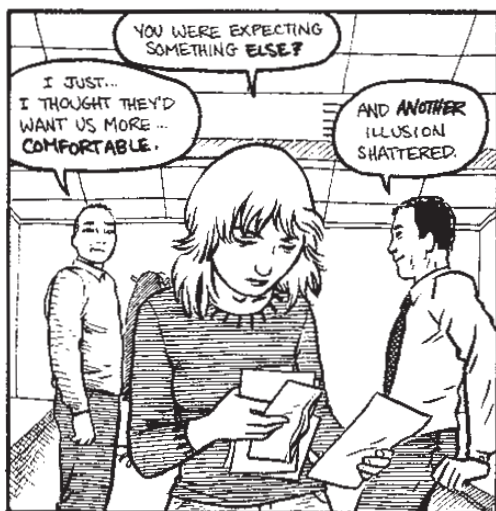
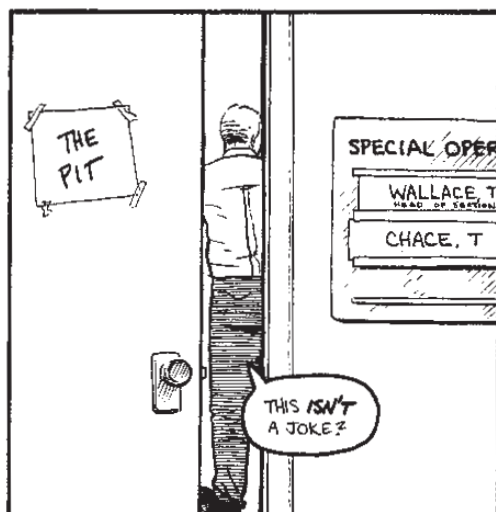




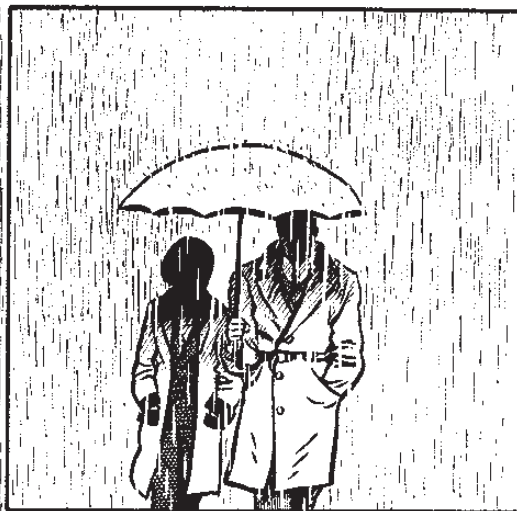
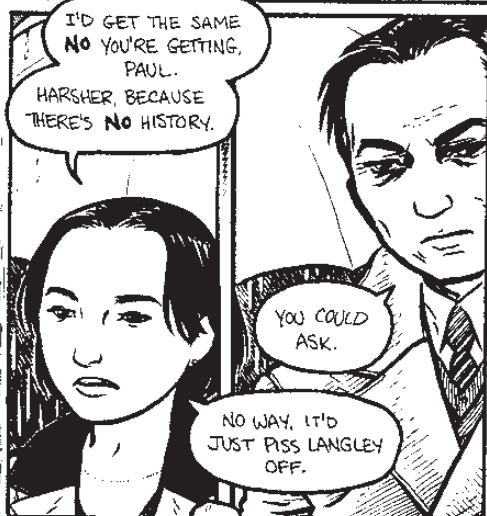








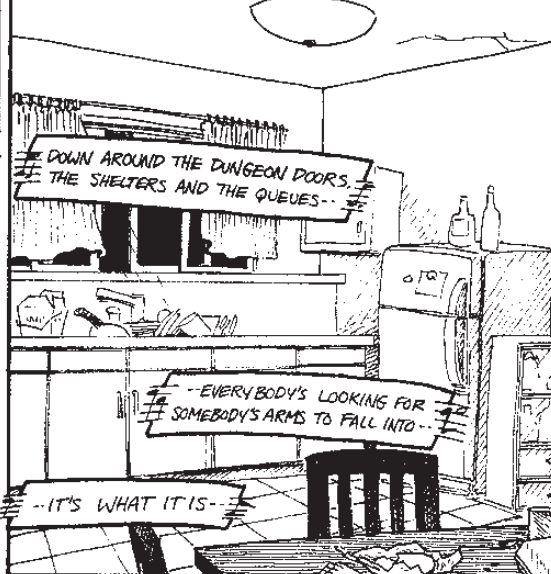




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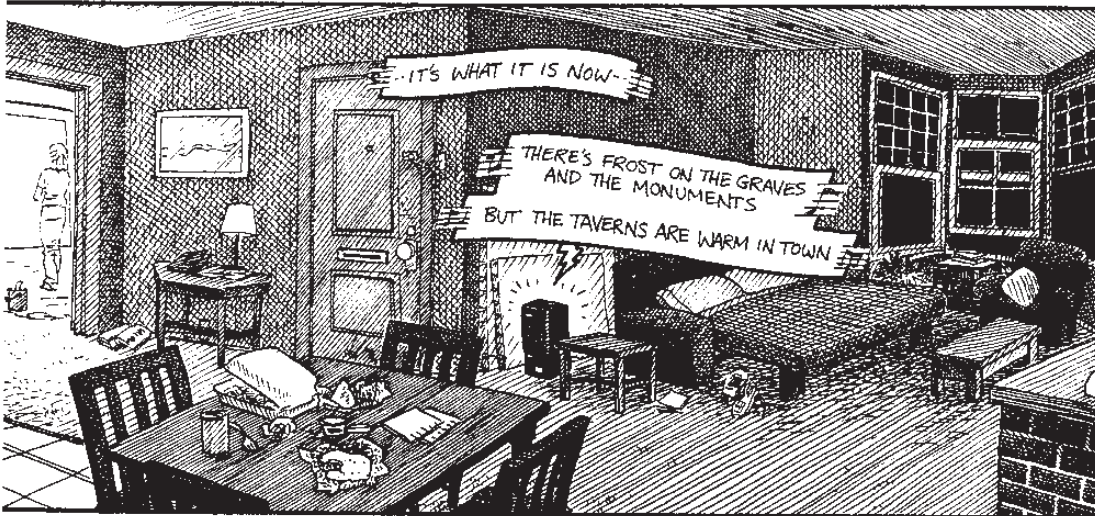
...LADS AND LASSES FALLING ABOUT
AND A CRACKLING IN THE AIR--



DOWN AROUND THE DUNGEON DOORS,
THE SHELTERS AND THE QUEUES--

EVERYBODY'S LOOKING FOR
SOMEBODY'S ARMS TO FALL INTO--

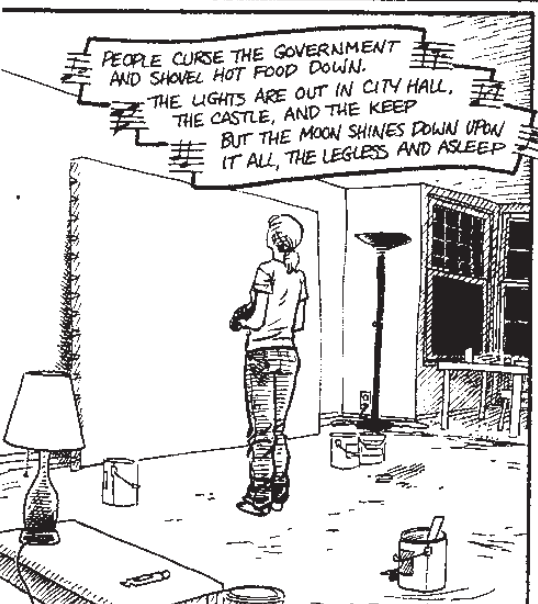
--IT'S WHAT IT IS--



...IT'S WHAT IT IS NOW--

THERE'S FROST ON THE GRAVES
AND THE MONUMENTS

BUT THE TAVERNS ARE WARM IN TOWN

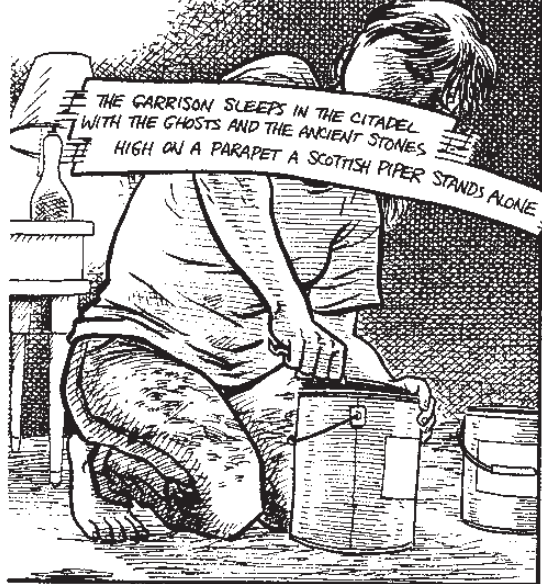


PEOPLE CURSE THE GOVERNMENT
AND SHOVEL HOT FOOD DOWN.
THE LIGHTS ARE OUT IN CITY HALL,
THE CASTLE, AND THE KEEP
BUT THE MOON SHINES DOWN UPON
IT ALL, THE LEGLESS AND ASLEEP



IT'S COLD ON THE TOLLGATE WITH THE WAGONS
CREEPING THROUGH

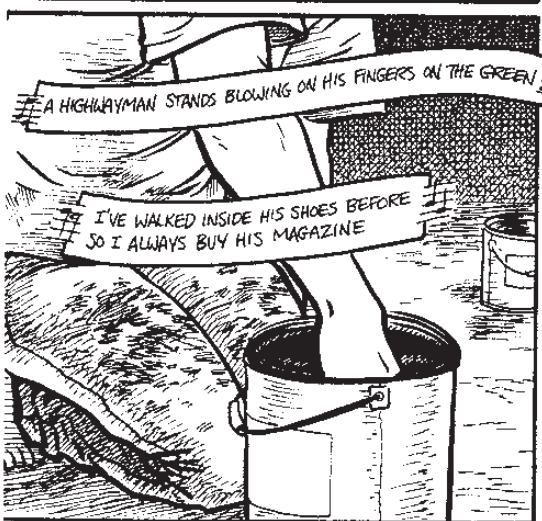
COLD ON THE TOLLGATE
GOD KNOWS WHAT I COULD DO WITH YOU



THE GARRISON SLEEPS IN THE CITADEL
WITH THE GHOSTS AND THE ANCIENT STONES
HIGH ON A PARAPET A SCOTTISH PIPER STANDS ALONE



AND HIGH ON THE WIND
THE HIGHLAND DRUMS BEGIN TO ROLL
AND SOMETHING FROM THE PAST
COMES AND STARES INTO MY SOUL

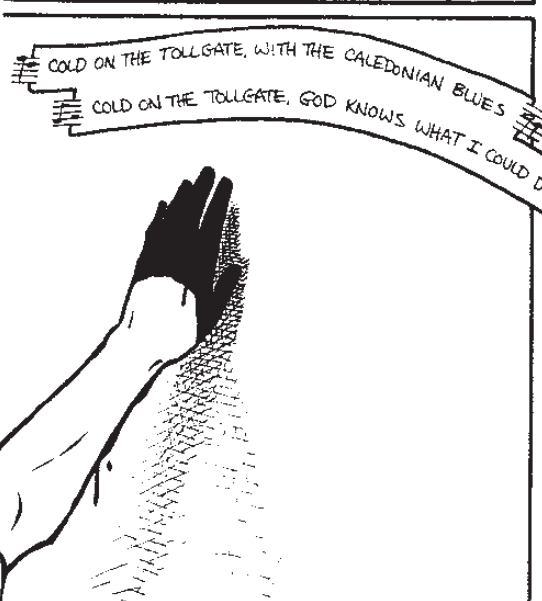


A HIGHWAYMAN STANDS BLOWING ON HIS FINGERS ON THE GREEN

I'VE WALKED INSIDE HIS SHOES BEFORE
SO I ALWAYS BUY HIS MAGAZINE



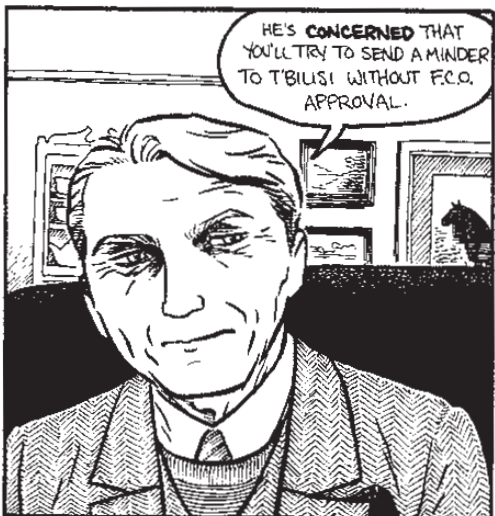
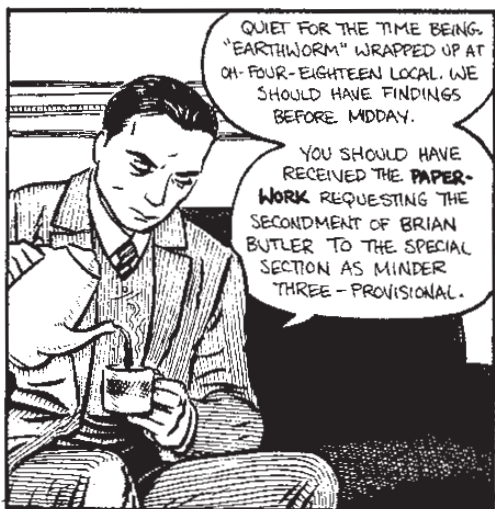
HE'S WITH A LOCAL MYSTERY
WITH BLOODSTAINS ON HER HANDS
I LIKE THE WAY
SHE WINKS AT ME
BUT I'LL LEAVE HER
FOR THE HIGHWAYMAN

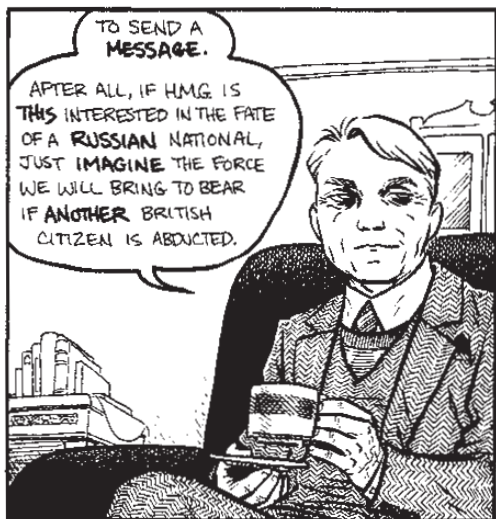
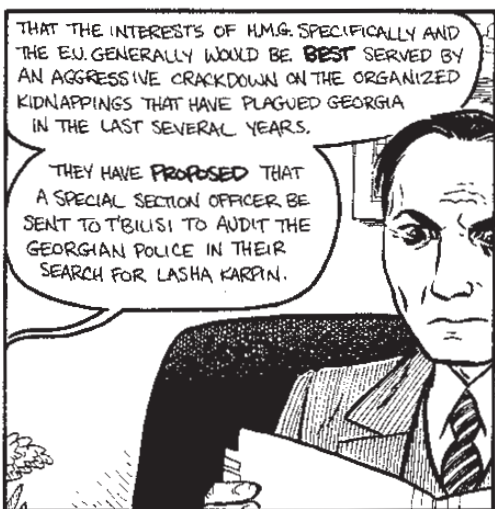
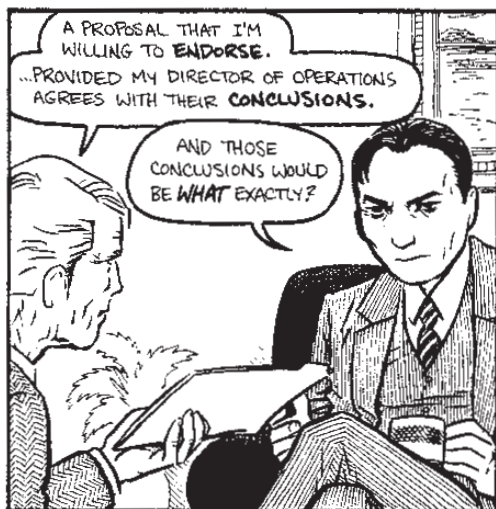
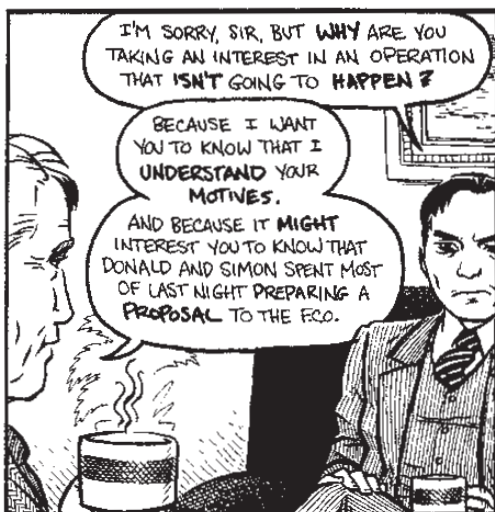


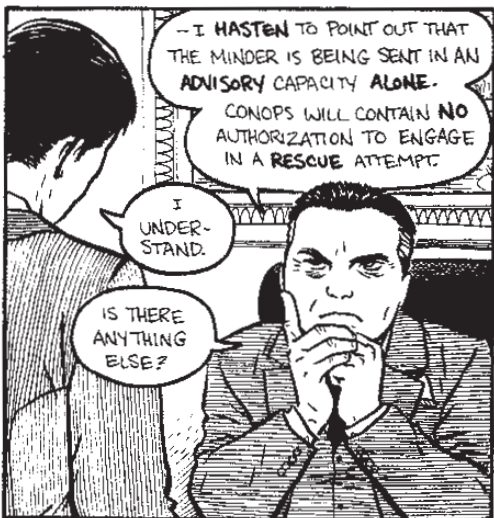
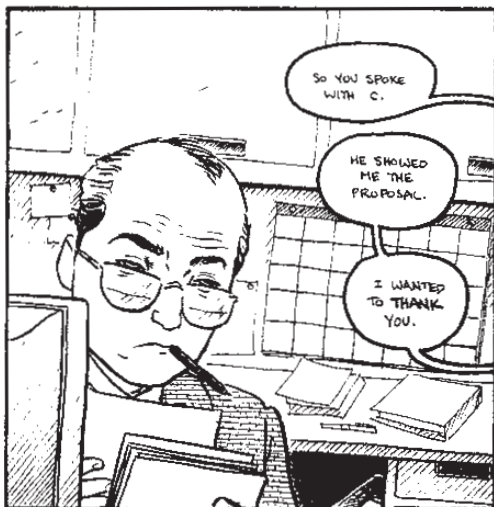
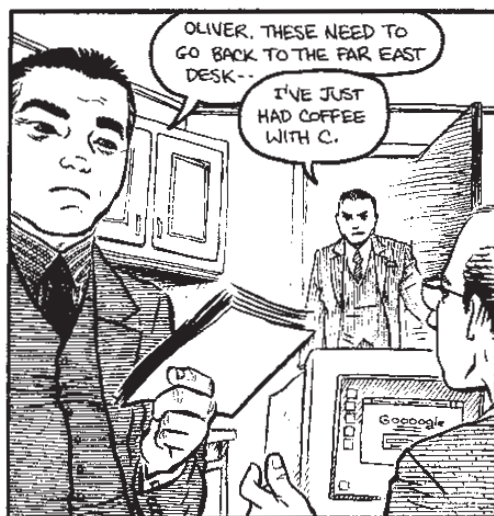
COLD ON THE TOLLGATE, WITH THE CALEDONIAN BLUES
COLD ON THE TOLLGATE, GOD KNOWS WHAT I COULD DO WITH YOU

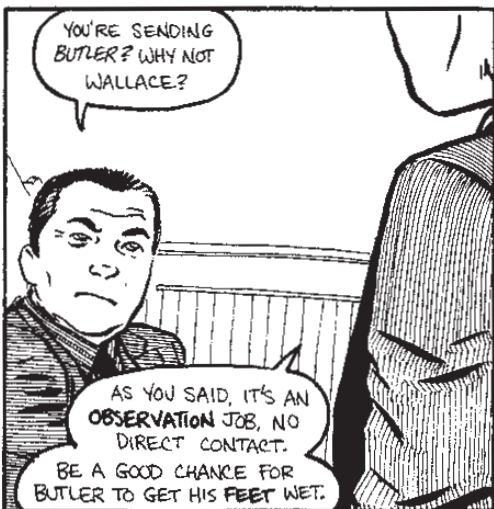
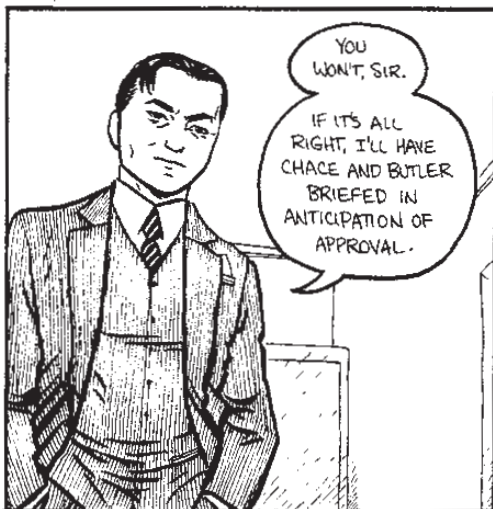
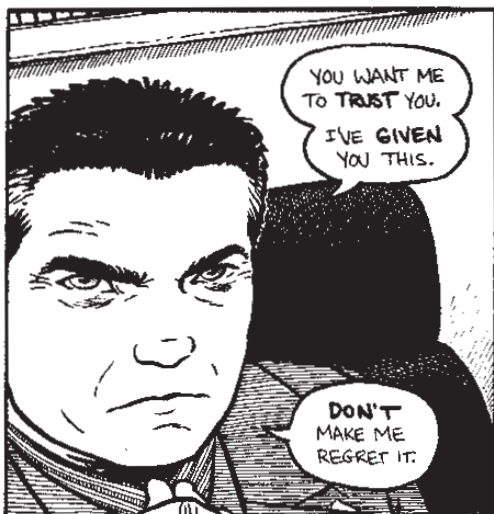


... IT'S WHAT IT IS...

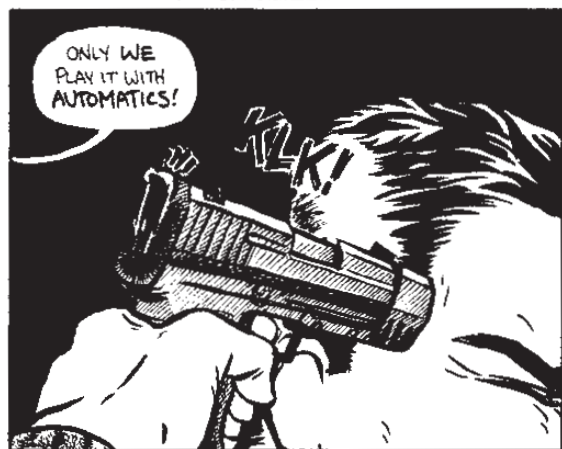




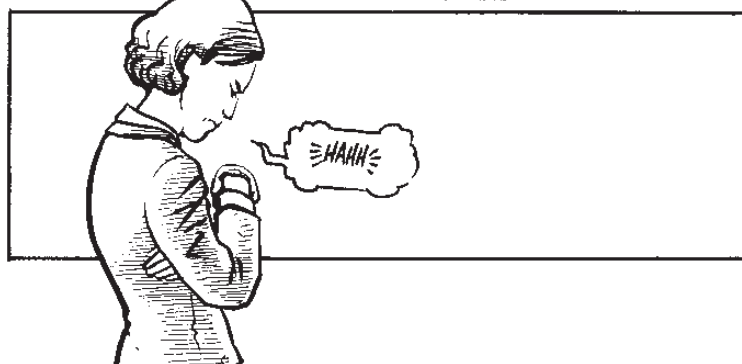
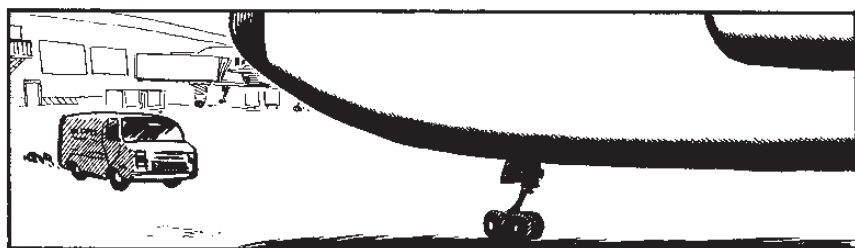


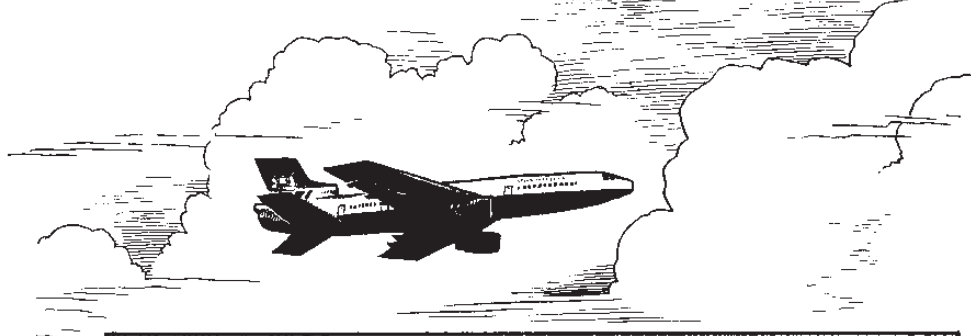


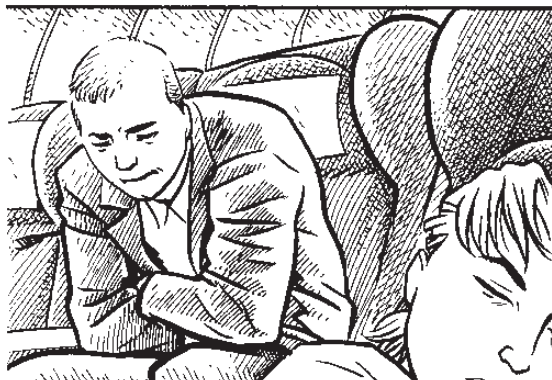
PANKISI GORGE

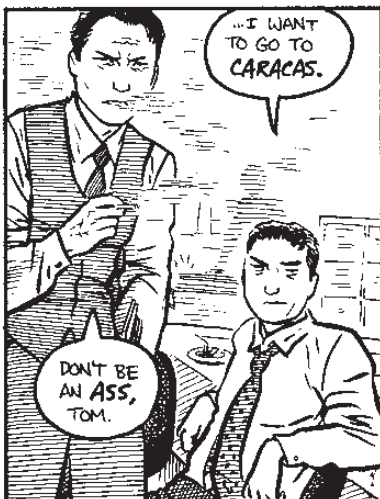
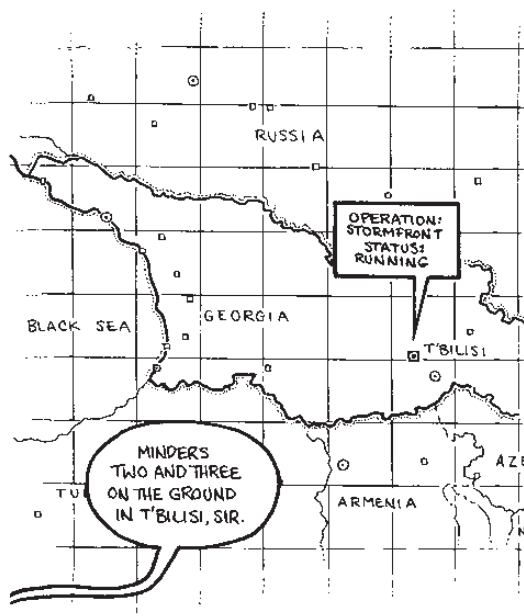


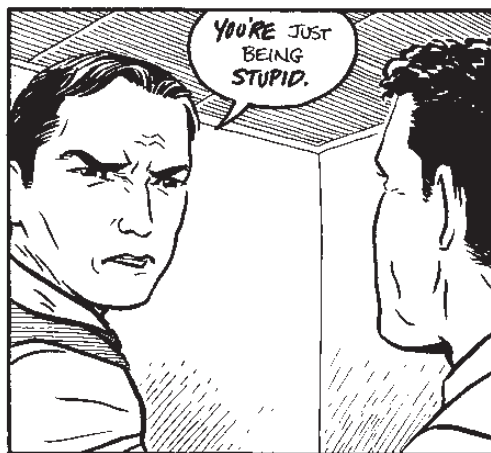


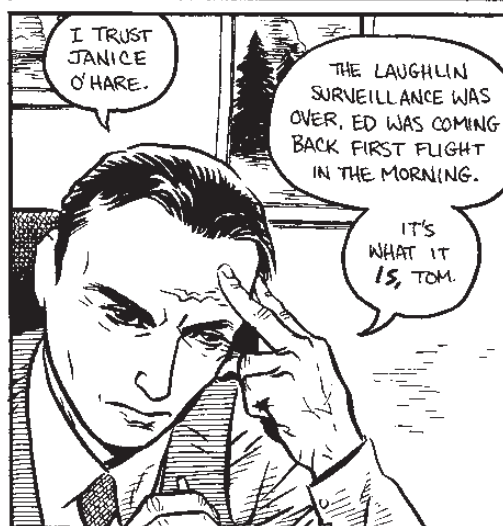
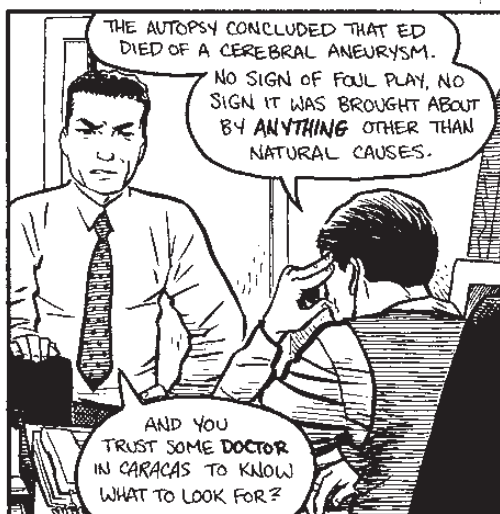


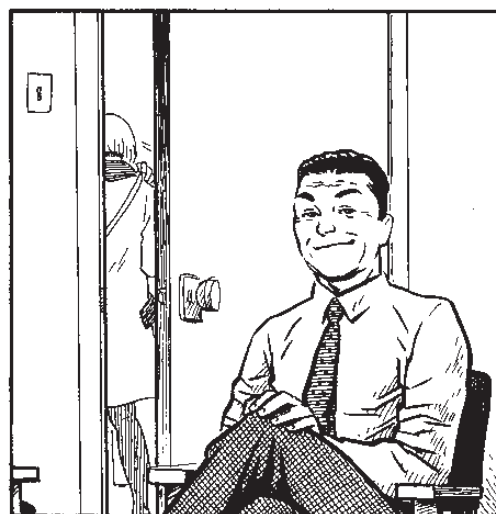
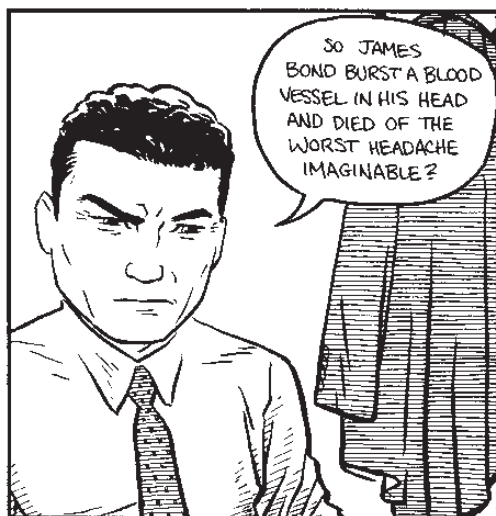




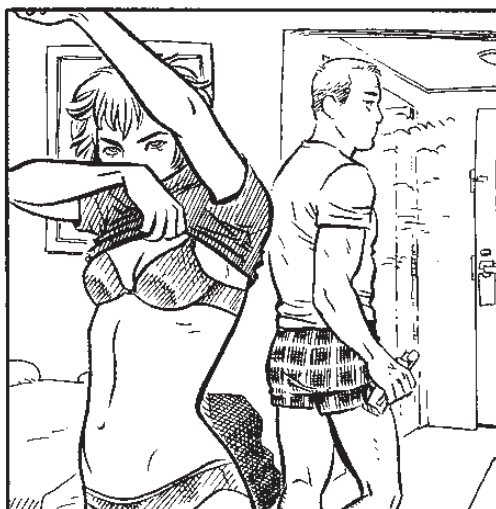


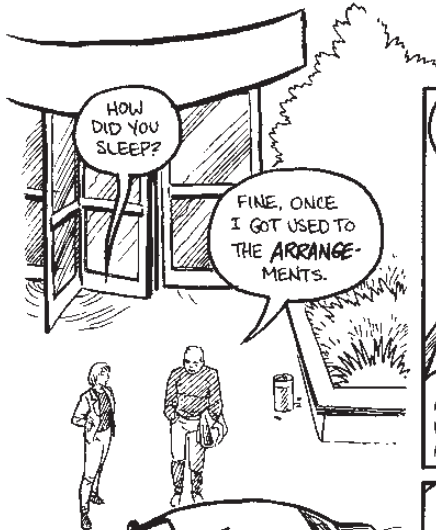






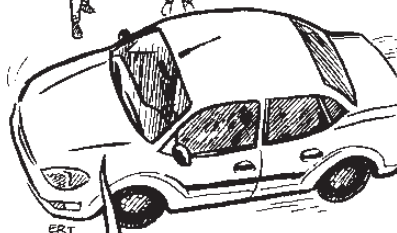
T'BILISI





HOW DID YOU SLEEP?

FINE, ONCE I GOT USED TO THE ARRANGEMENTS.



DID I **SNORE**? WALLACE SAYS THAT I SNORE, THOUGH HOW HE CAN HEAR IT OVER THE DIN HE MAKES, GOD ONLY KNOWS.



NO, THAT'S **NOT** WHAT I MEANT--

OPERATIONAL BUDGETING, BRIAN. DOUBLE-OCCUPANCE SAVES MONEY. HOW ELSE DO YOU THINK THEY CAN AFFORD TO FLY US OUT FIRST CLASS?

I JUST-- I HAD ASSUMED THAT, TRAVELING WITH YOU, WE'D HAVE SEPARATE ACCOMMODATIONS, THAT'S ALL.



IT BOTHERS YOU THAT MUCH, SHARING A ROOM WITH ME?

A BIT, YES.

GET OVER IT.

NO TELLING **HOW** MANY NIGHTS WE'LL BE SPENDING TOGETHER BEFORE THIS IS OVER.



WHERE ARE WE HEADED NOW? VERITA?

WE SHOULD MAKE CONTACT WITH THE POLICE FIRST, SINCE WE'RE OSTENSIBLY HERE TO AUDIT THEIR INVESTIGATION INTO KARPIN'S KIDNAPPING.

OSTENSIBLY? DID I MISS SOMETHING IN THE BRIEFING?

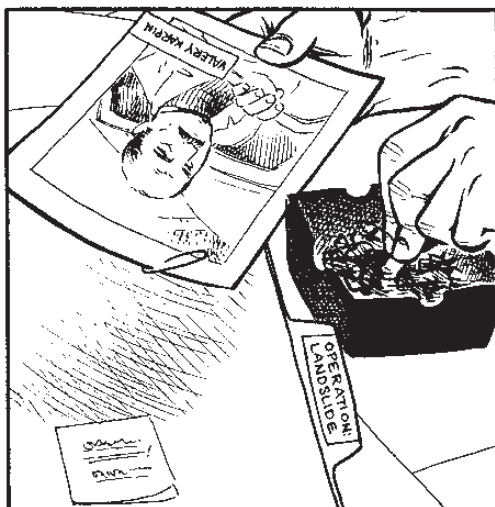
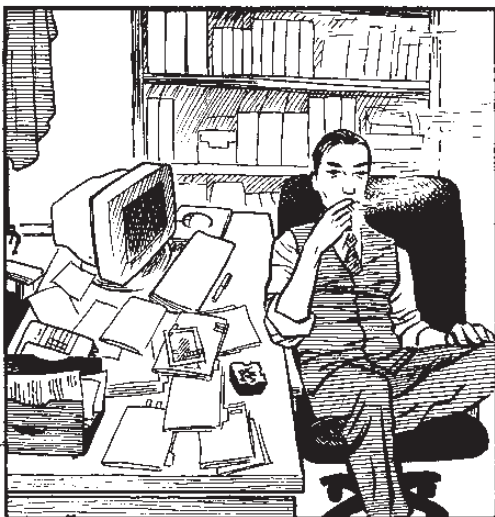


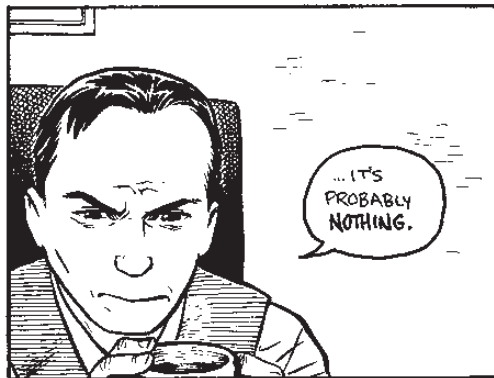
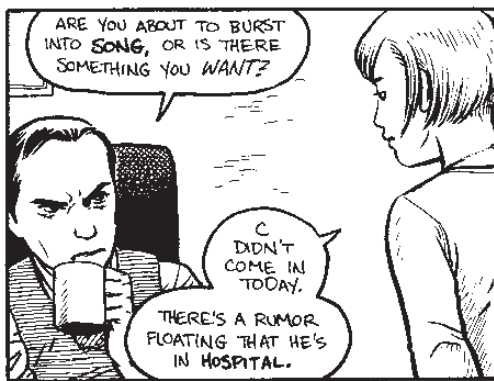
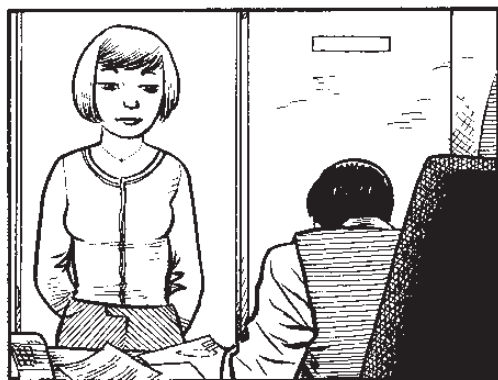
NO, YOU WERE QUITE ATTENTIVE. OFFICIALLY, WE'RE HERE TO AUDIT.

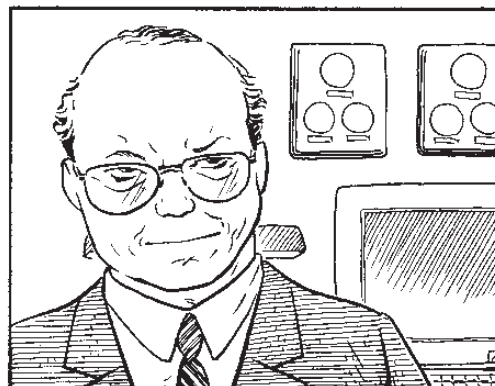
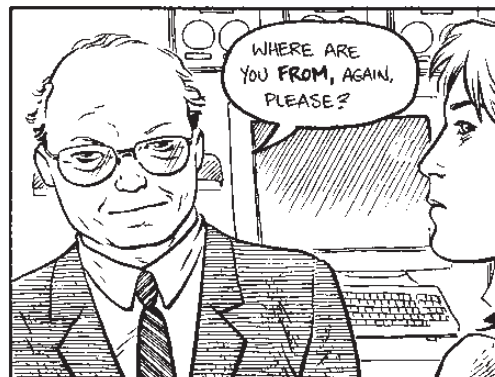
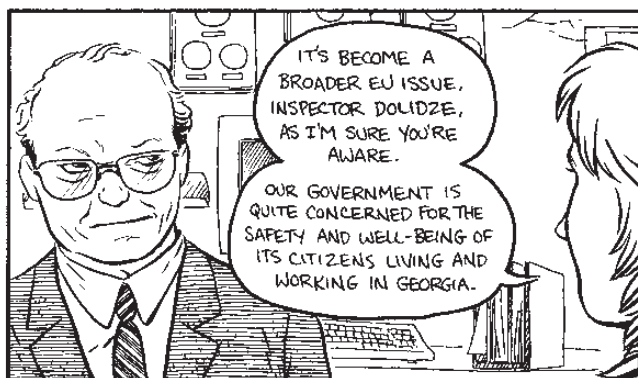
BUT UNOFFICIALLY?

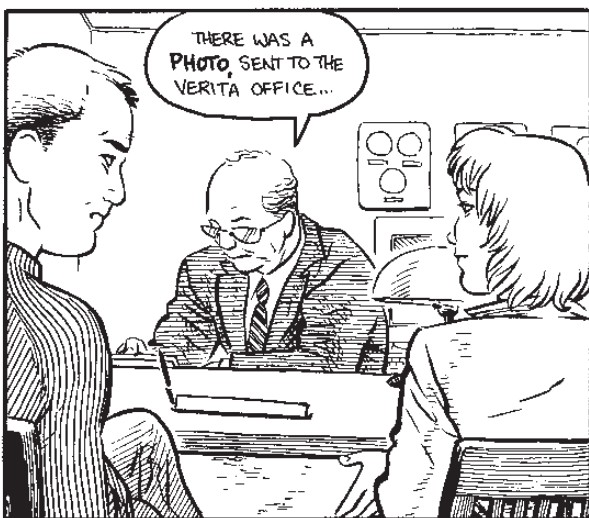
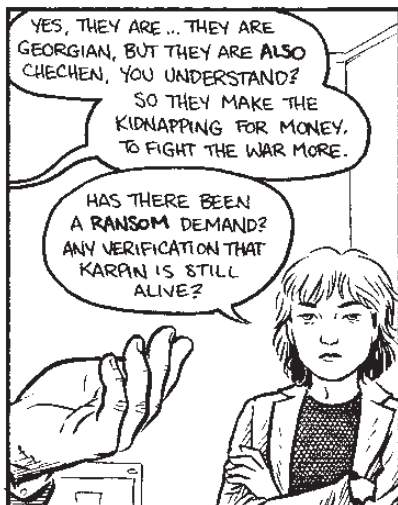
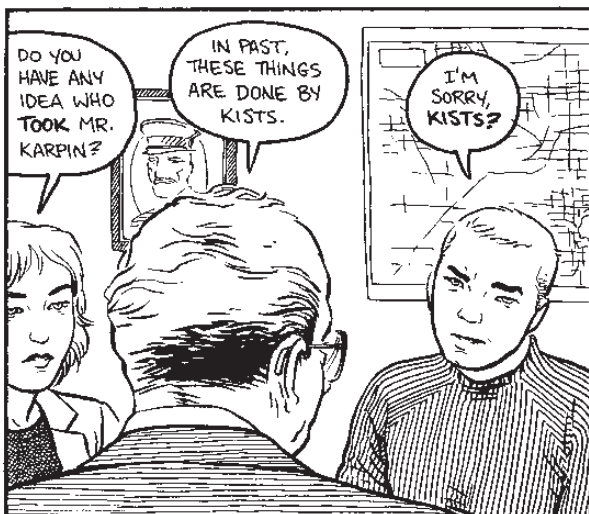
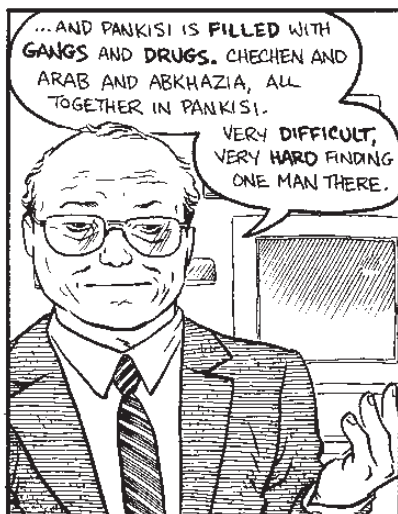


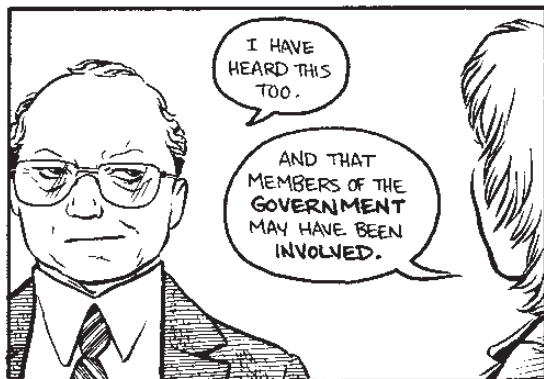
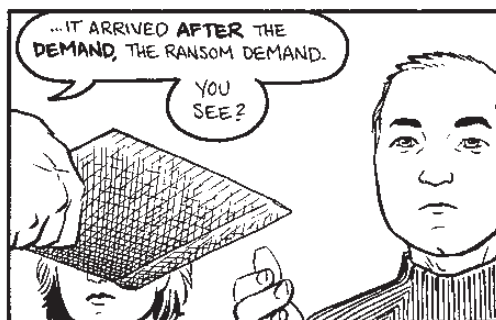
WE'RE HERE TO EXORCISE ONE OF D-OPS' GHOSTS.

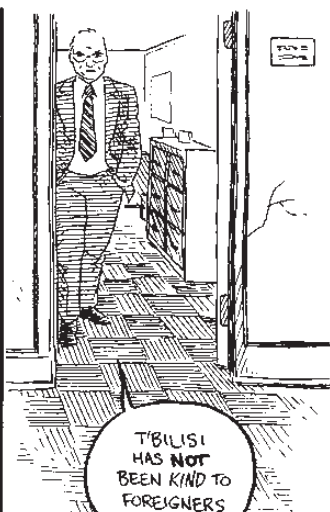
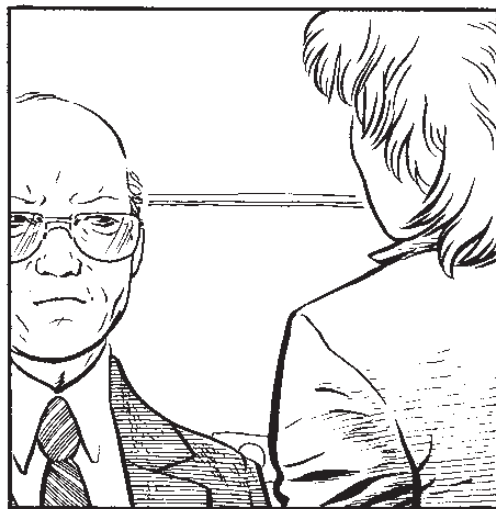
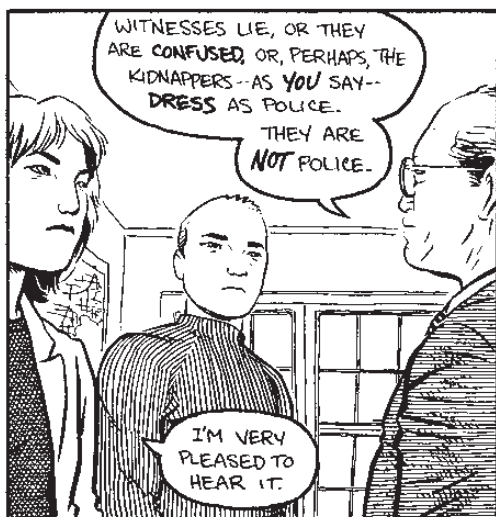
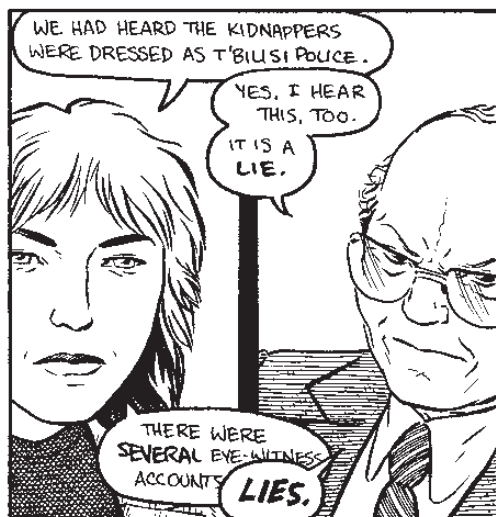


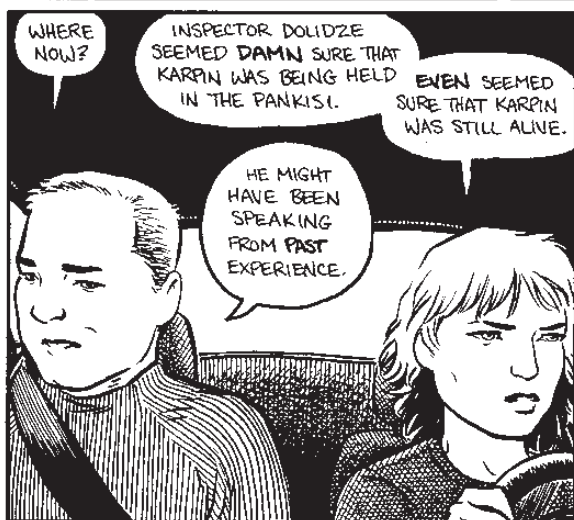
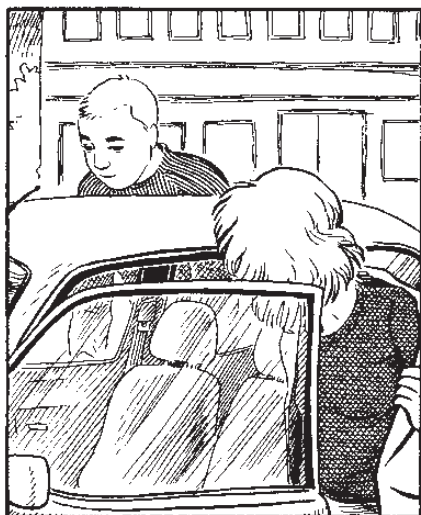
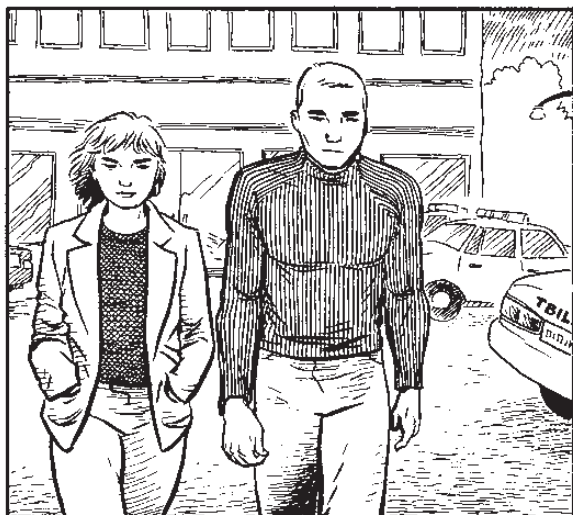


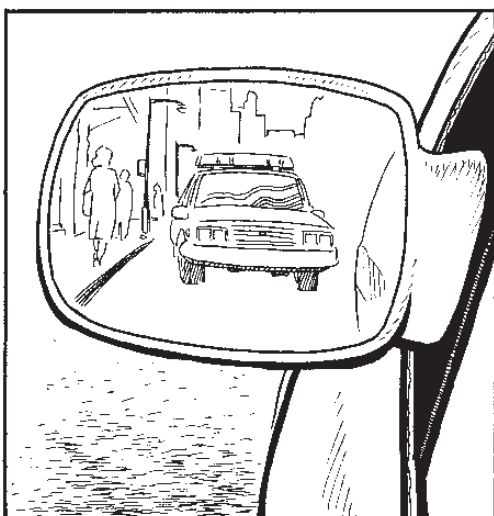


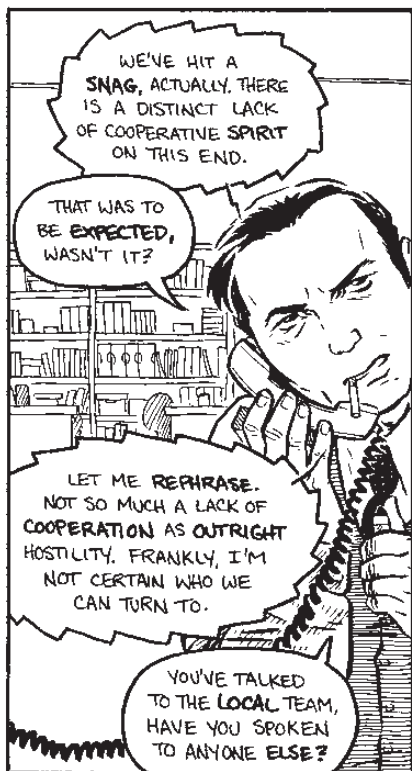
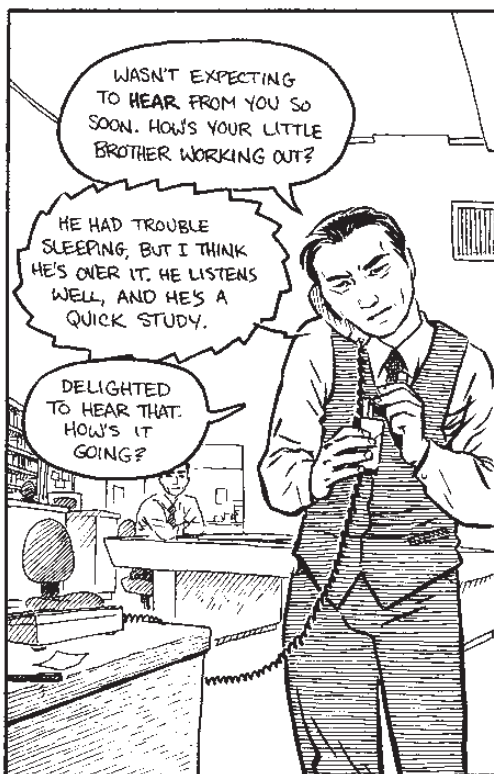


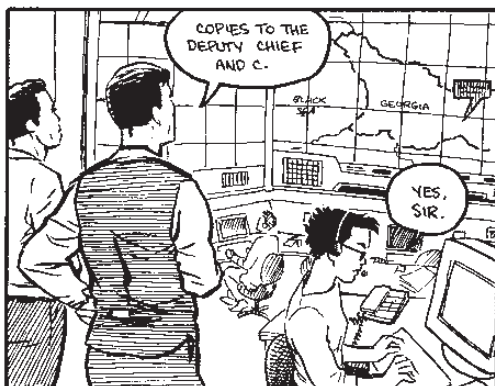
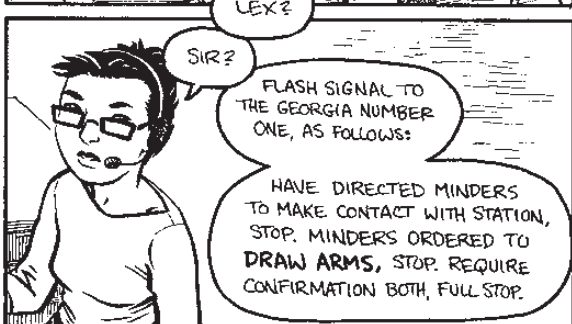
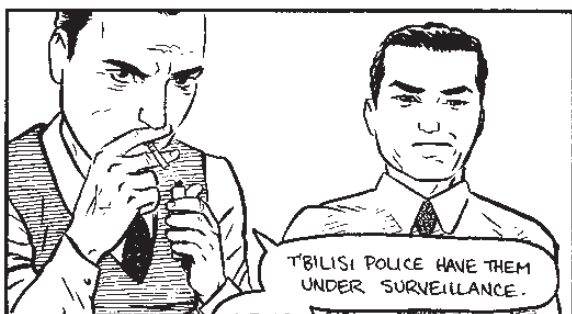


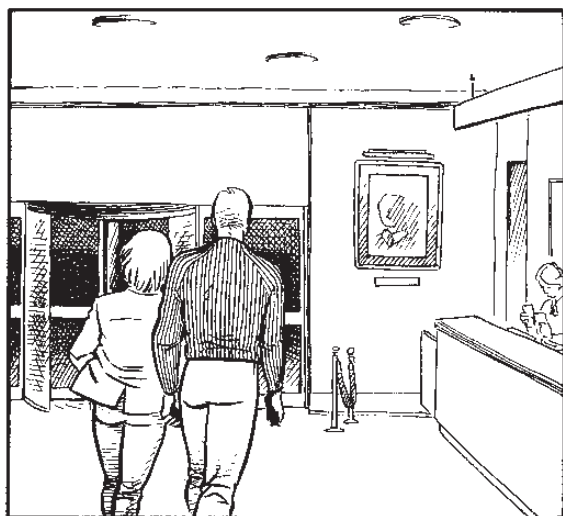
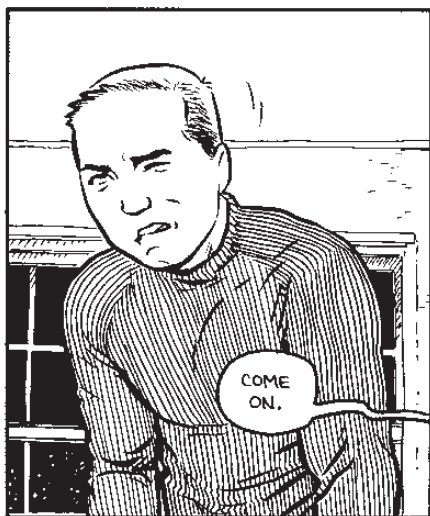


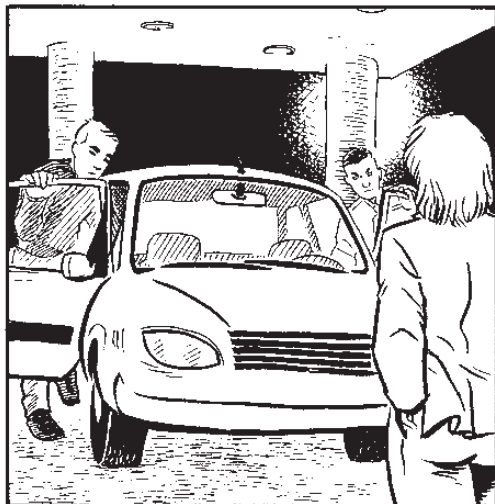
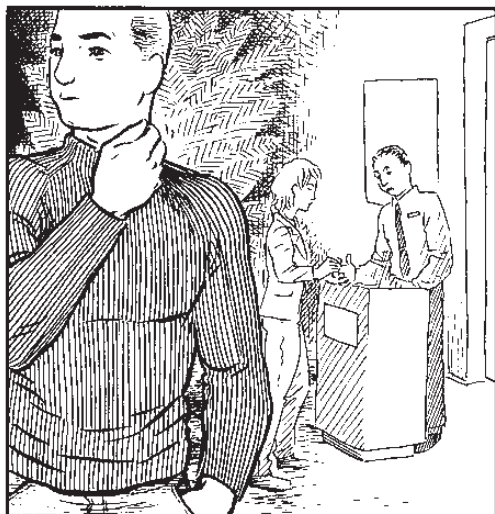


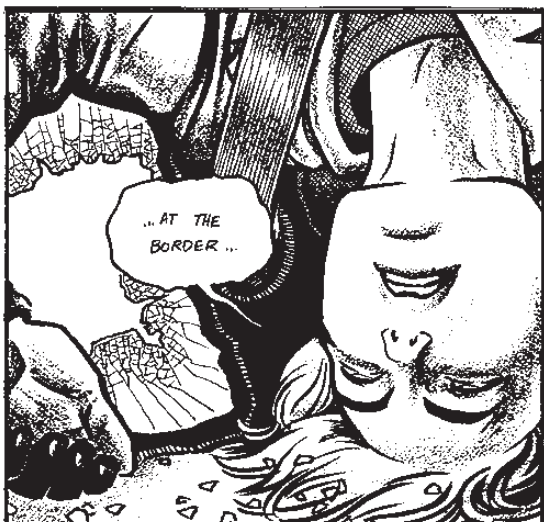
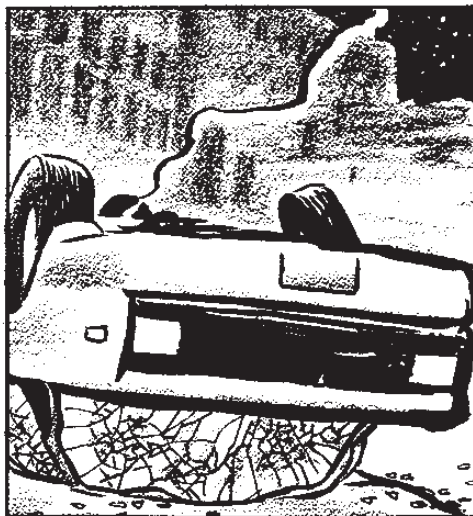
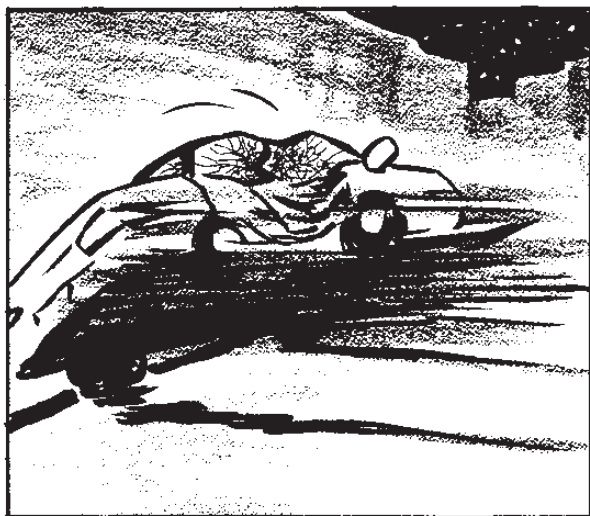


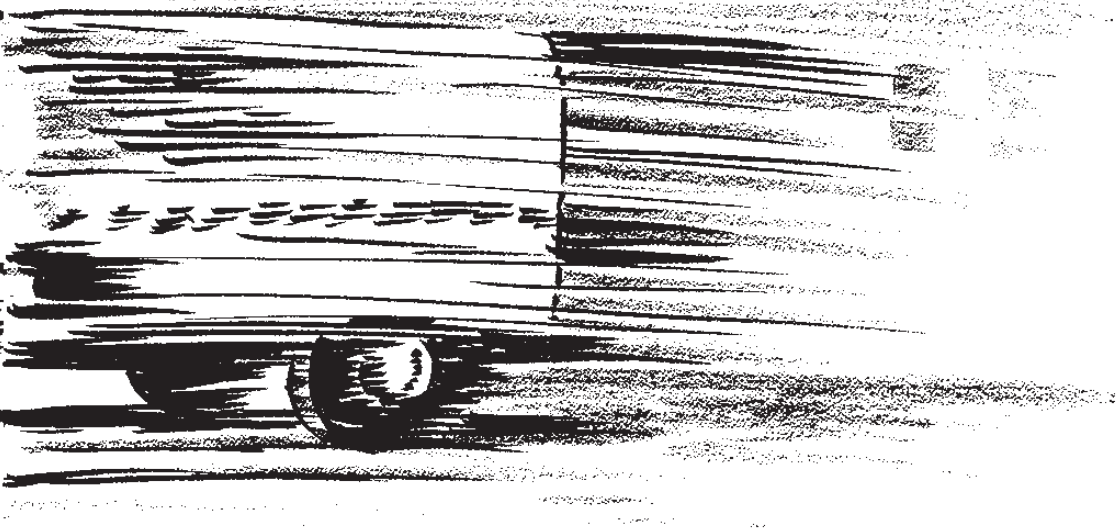














--WE'VE GOT TO
MOVE NOW--



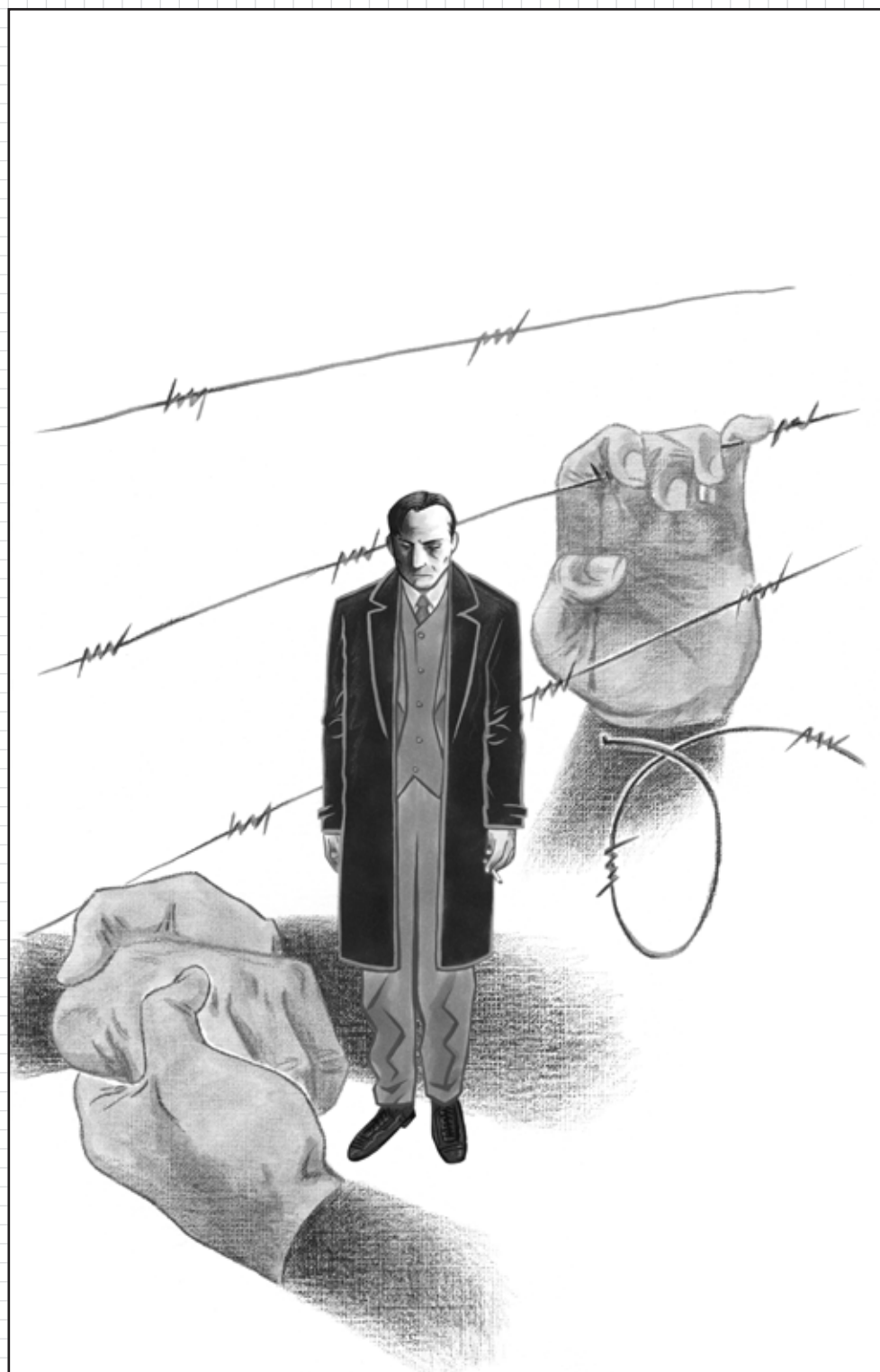
DAMMIT, BRIAN!
THERE ARE MEN
WITH GUNS--

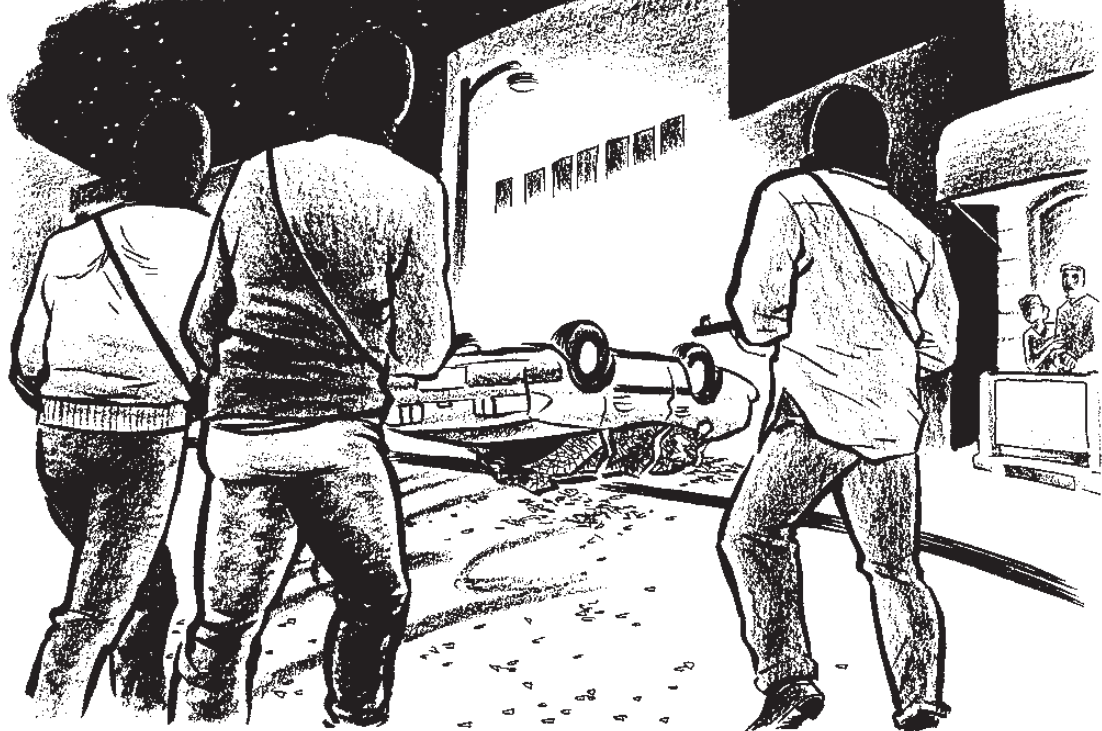


--COMING TO
FINISH THE--

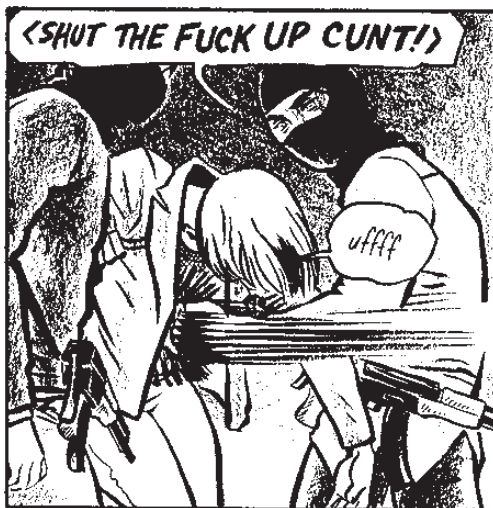


...JOB...



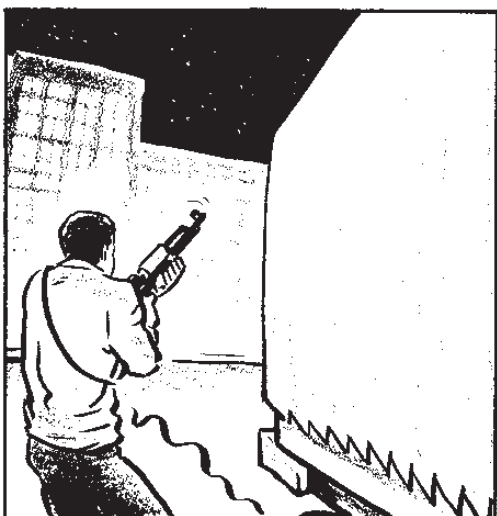
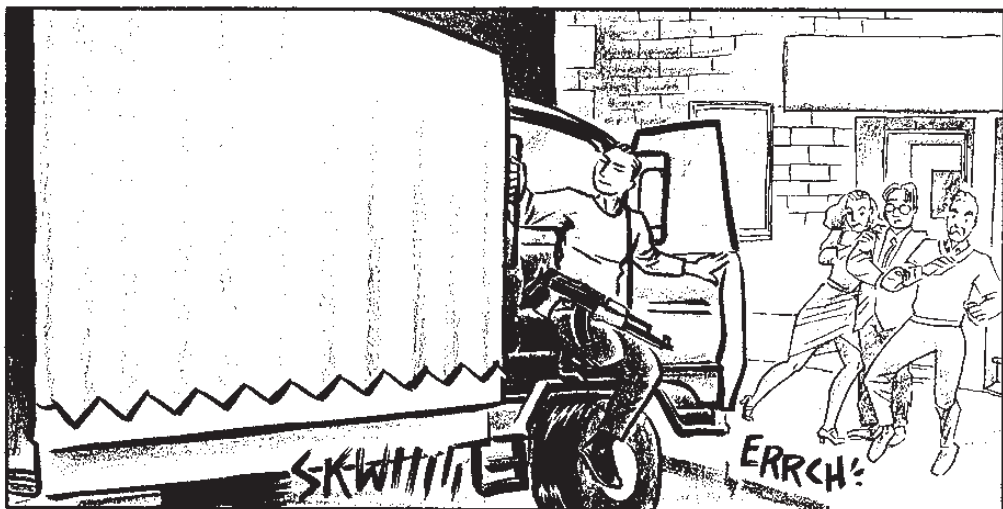


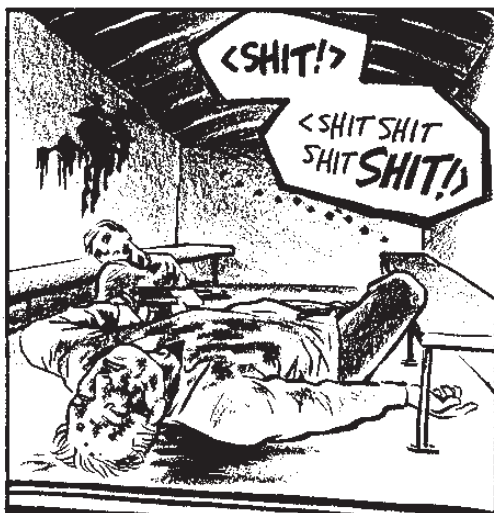


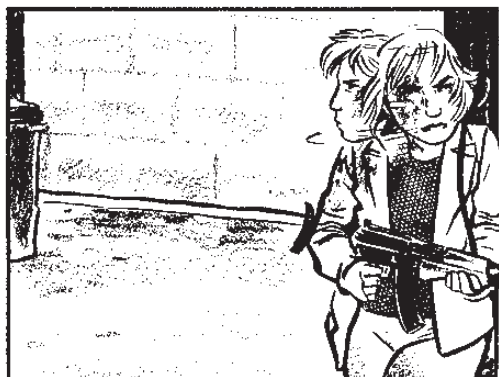


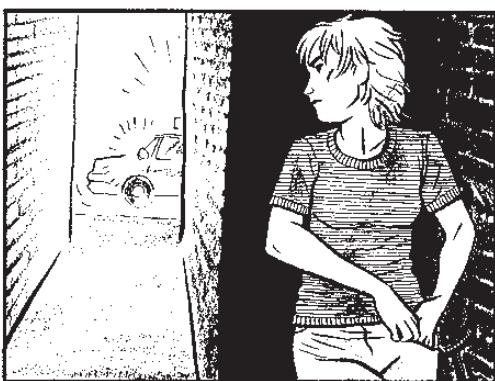
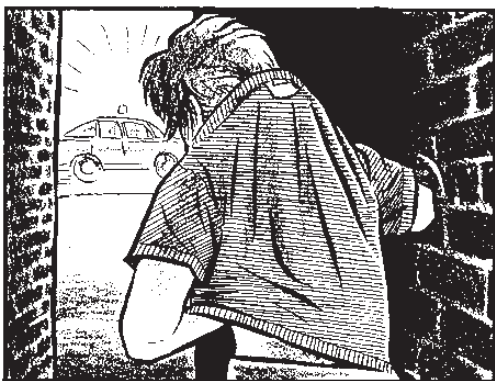


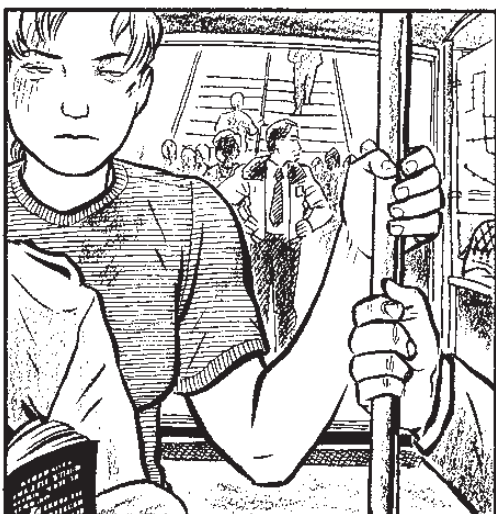


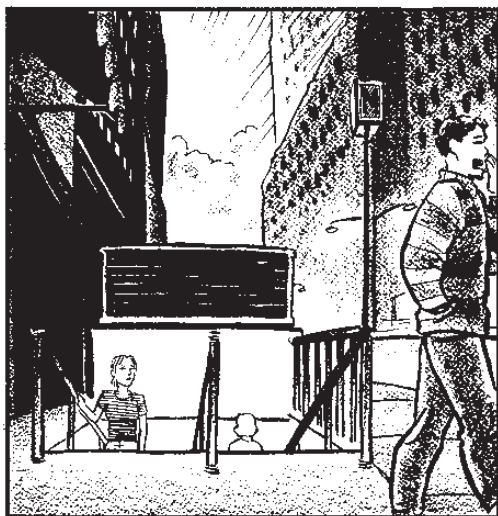


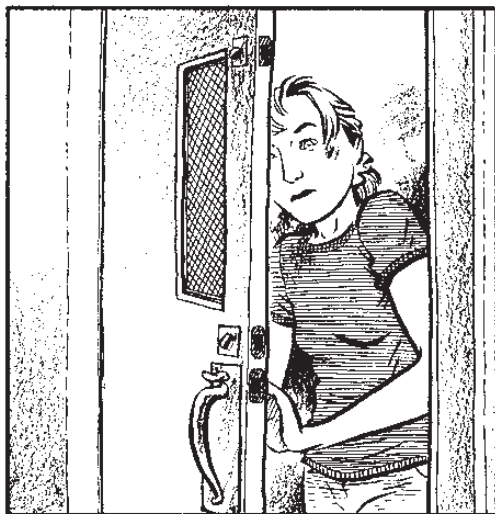
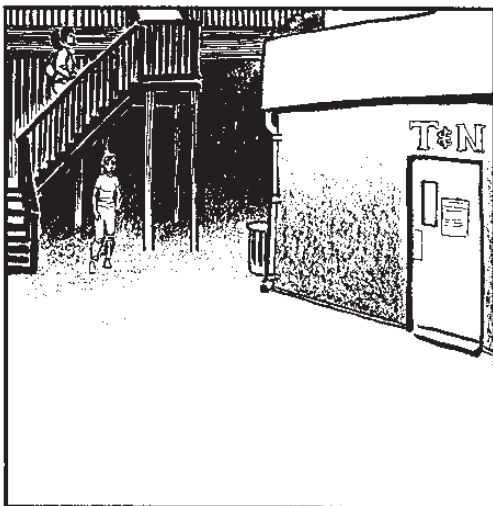


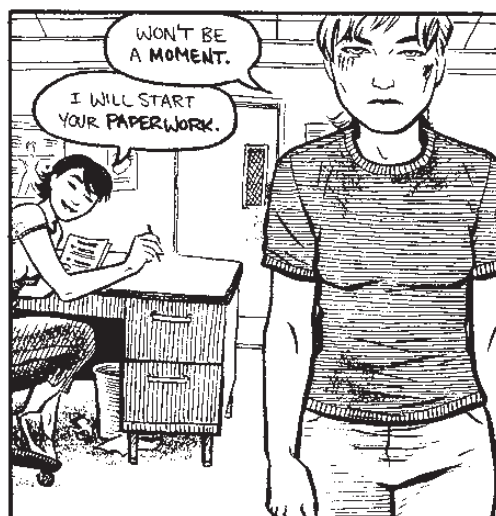


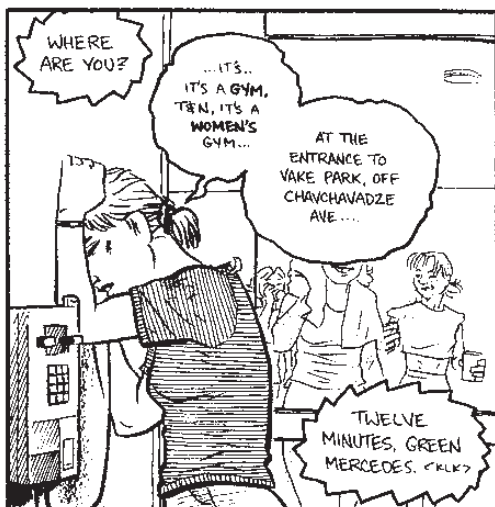
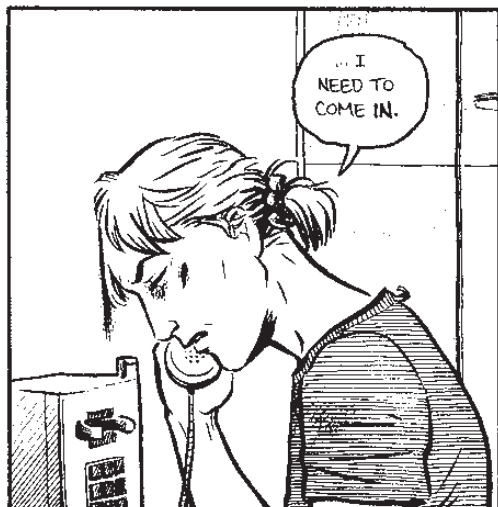
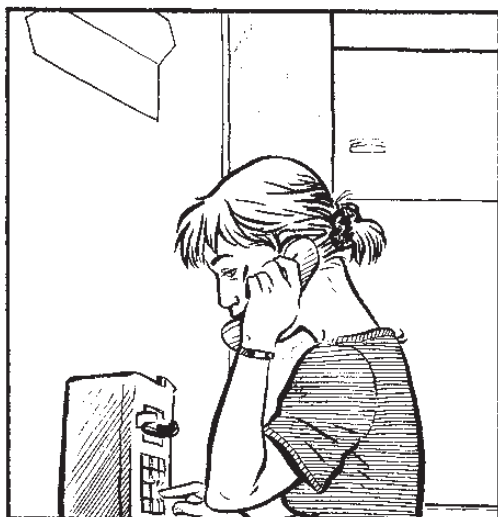


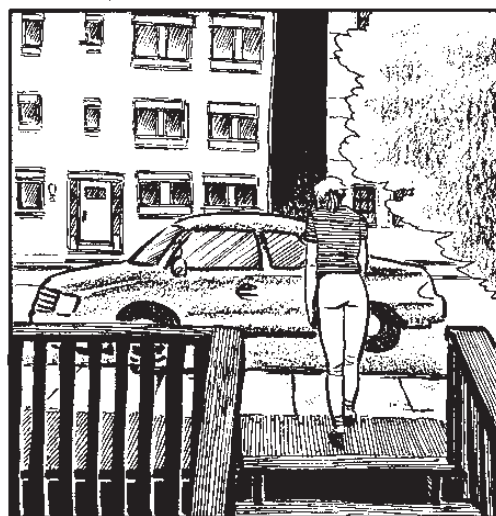
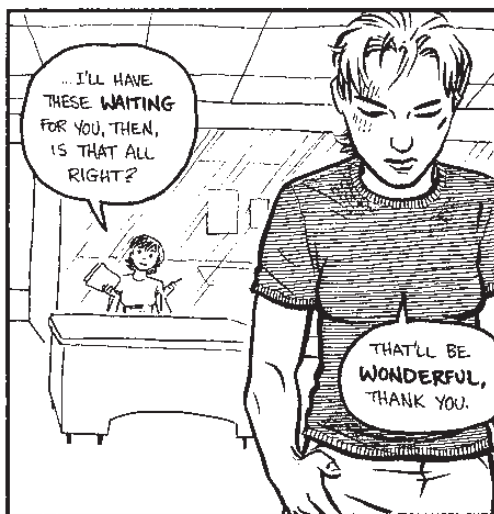


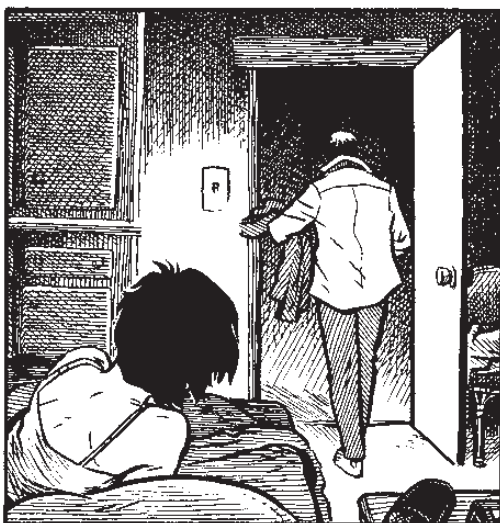
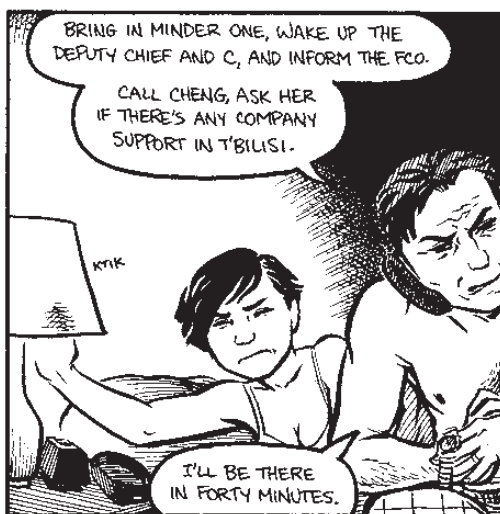
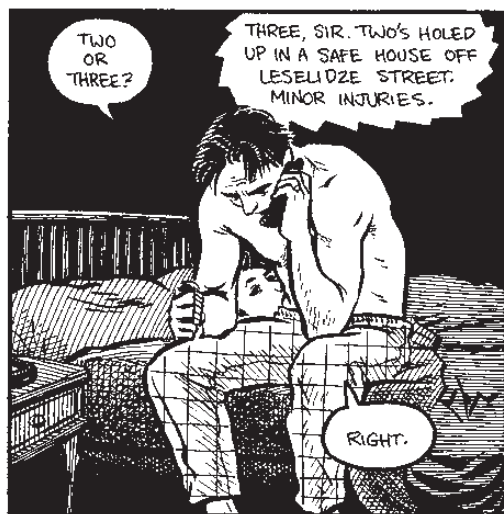


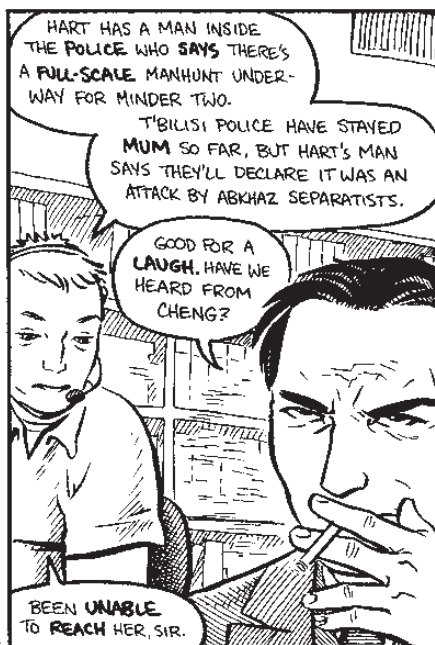
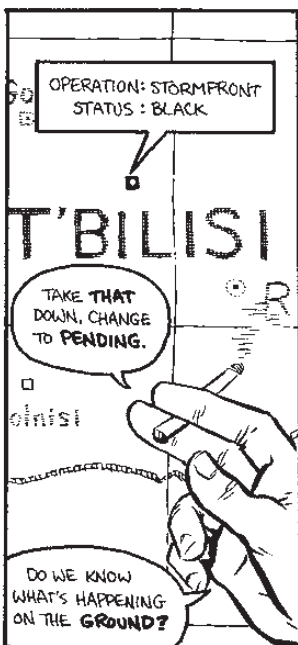
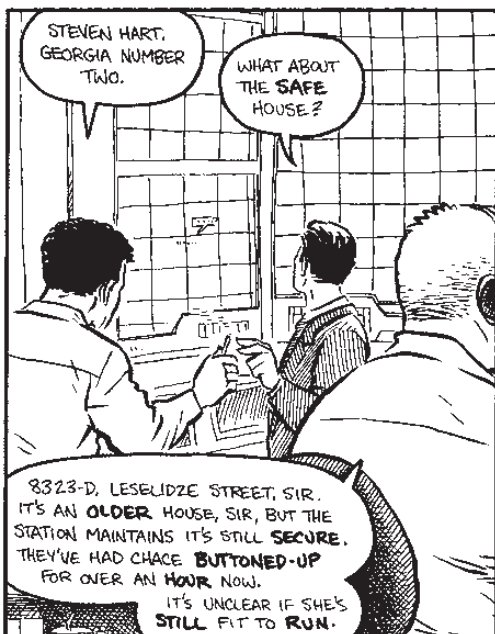
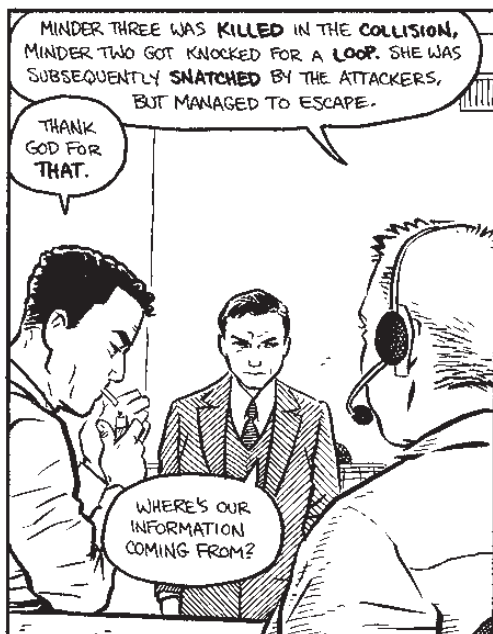


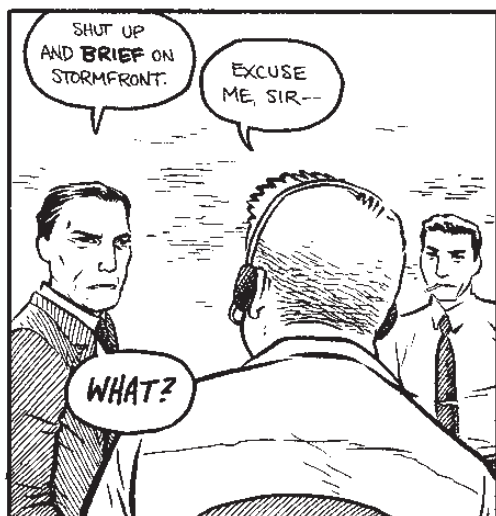
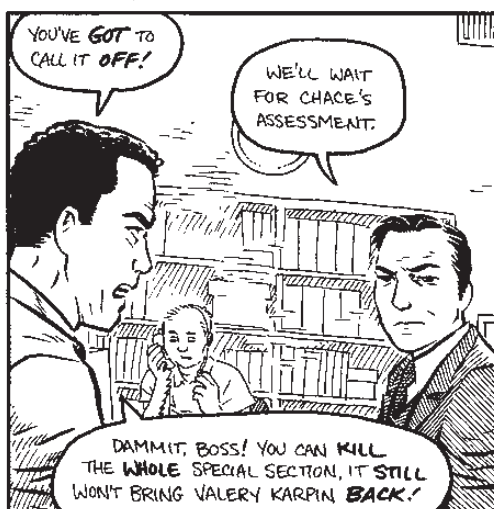
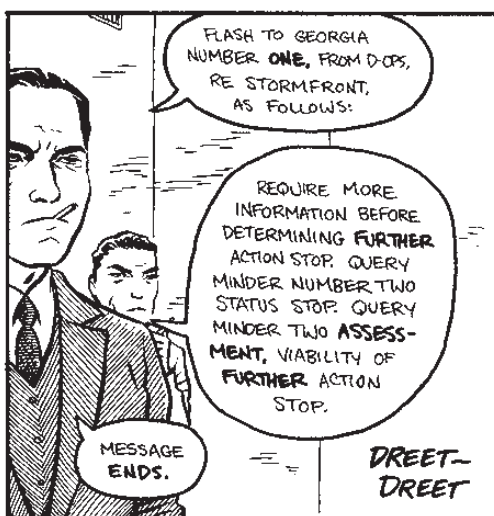
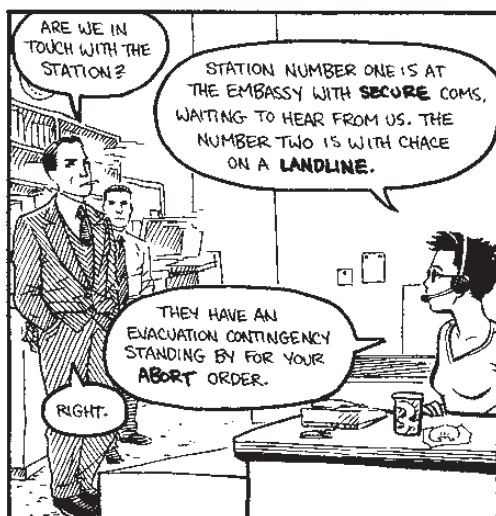


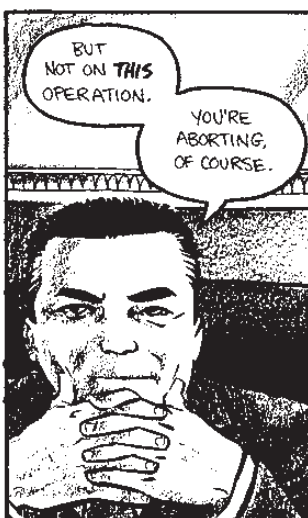
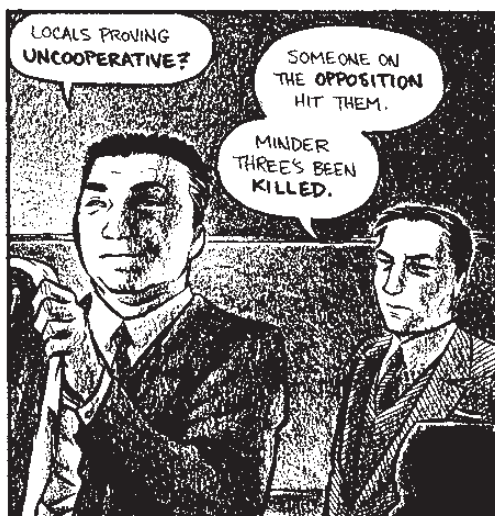


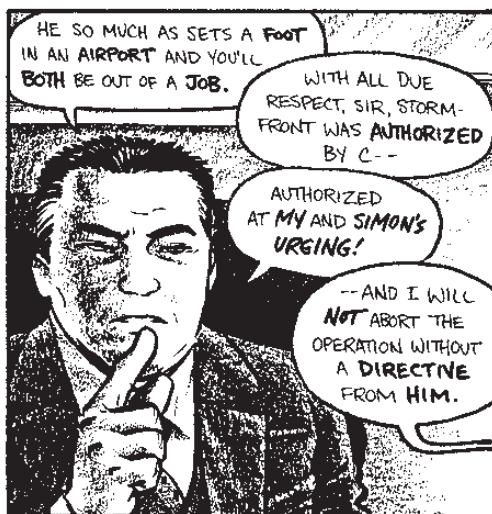


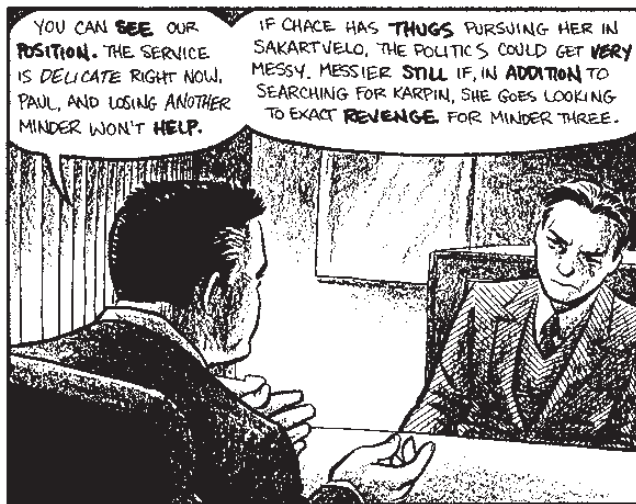




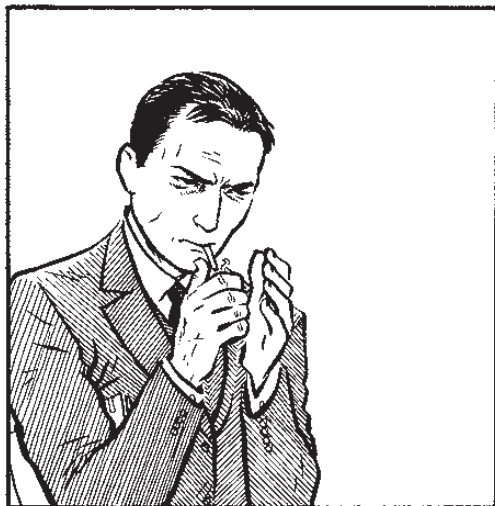


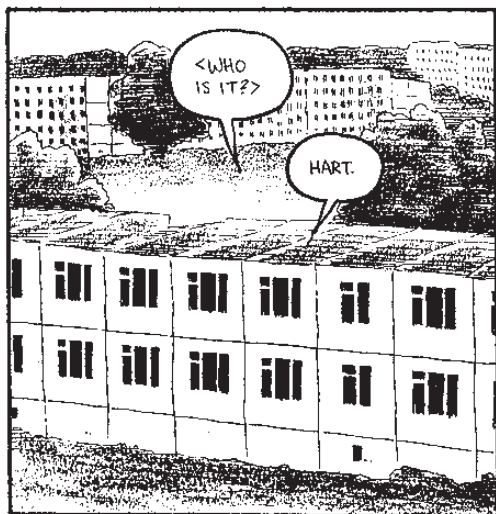




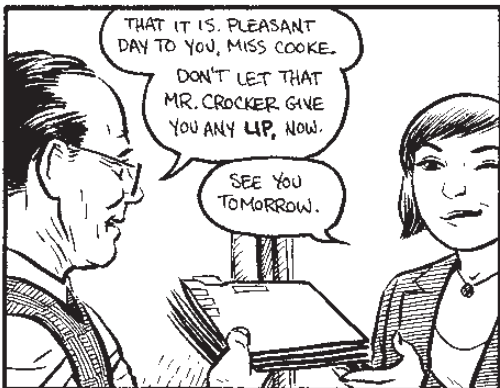
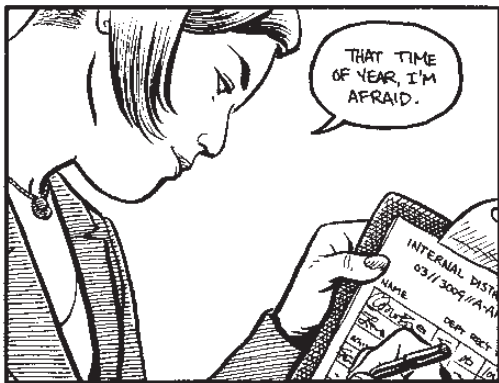
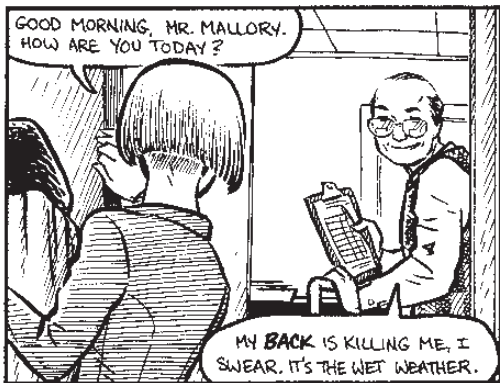
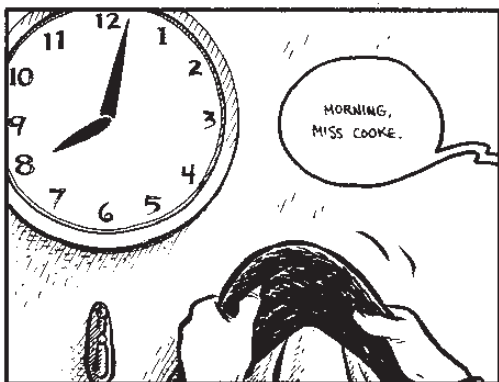
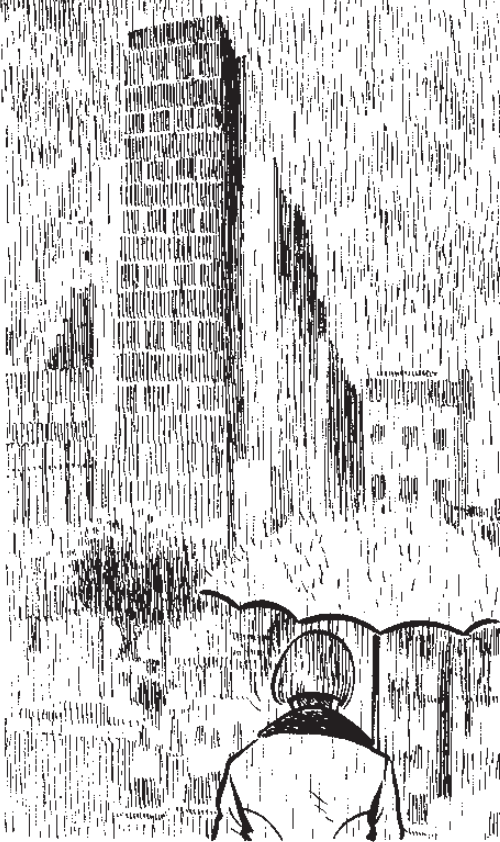


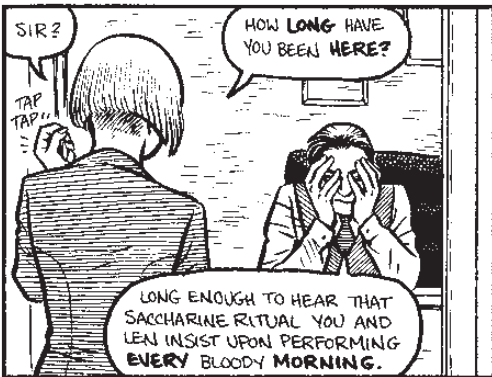
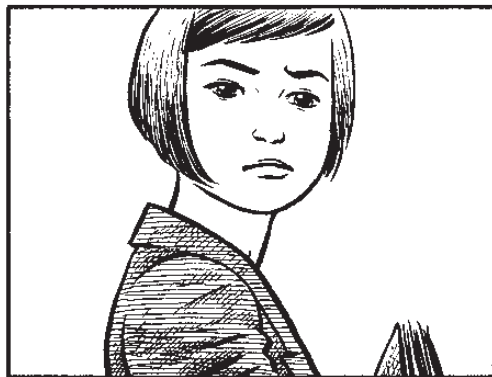
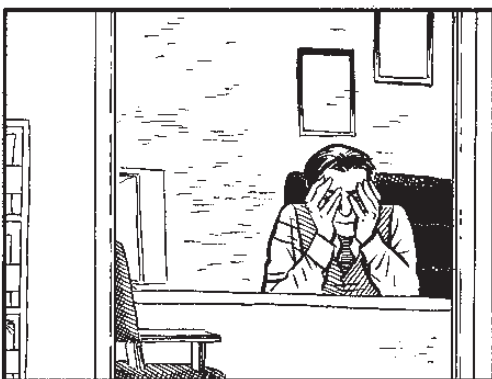
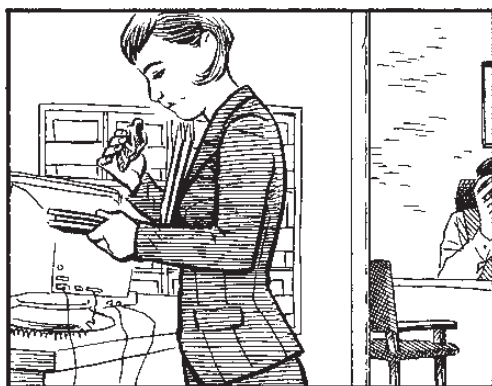


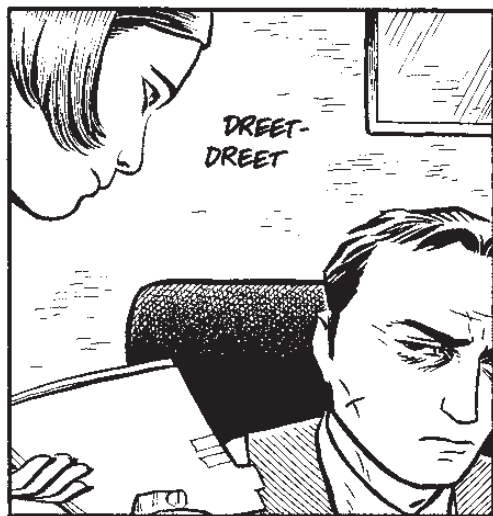
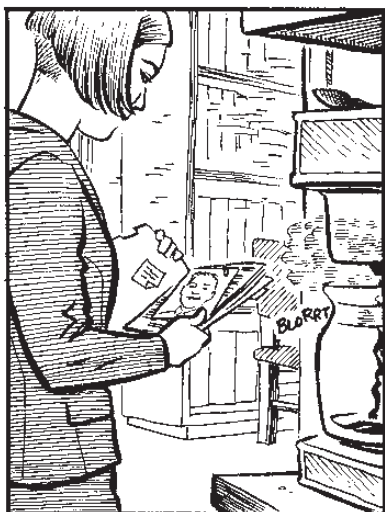


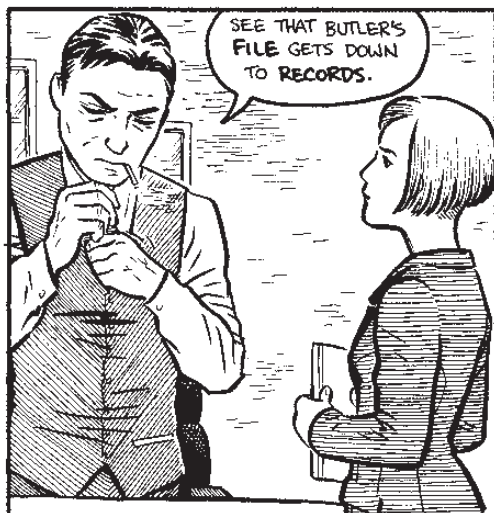
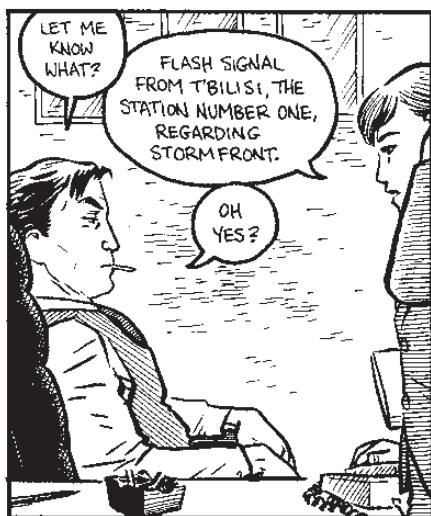


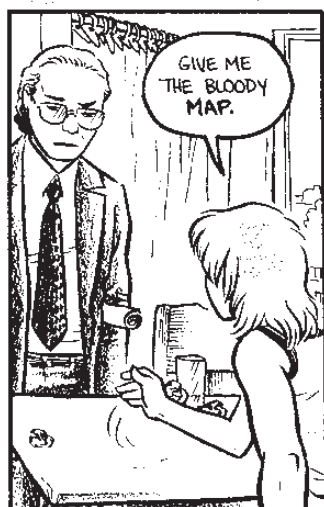
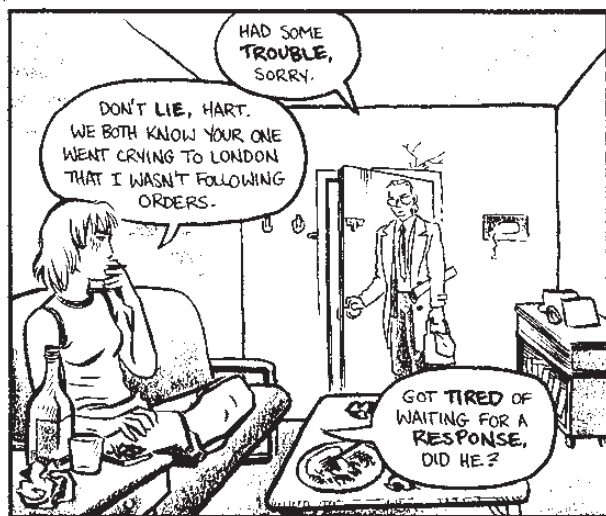


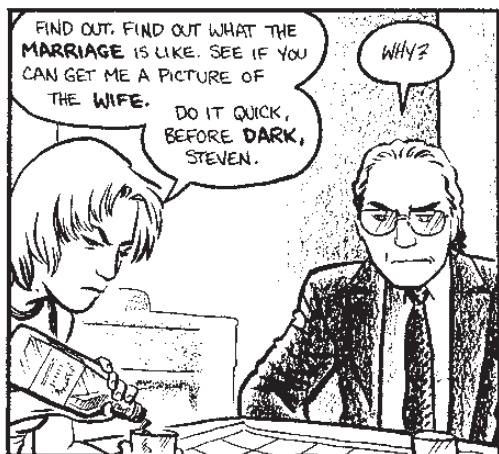
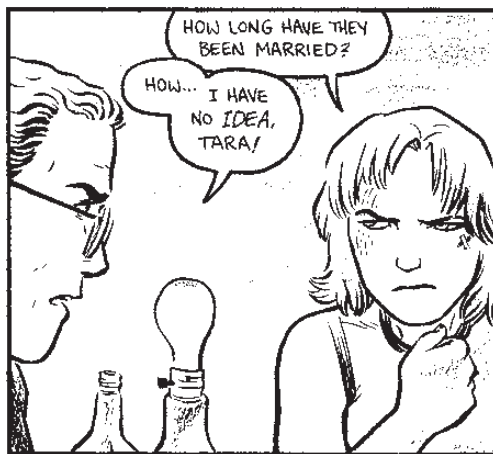
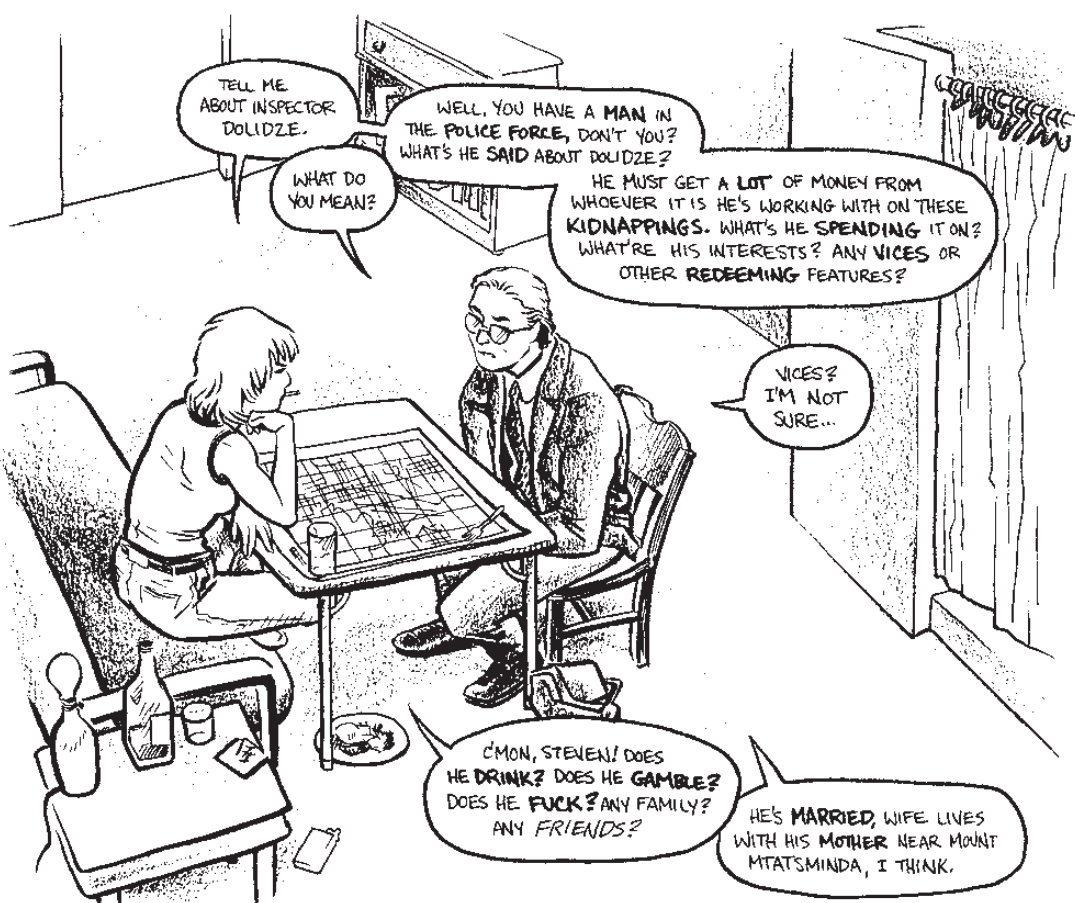


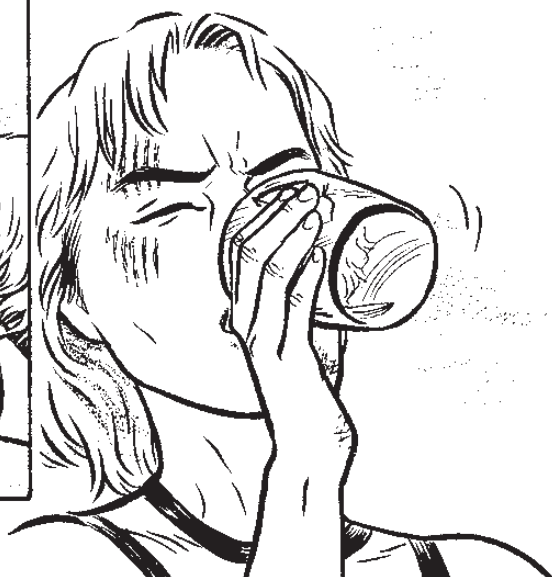
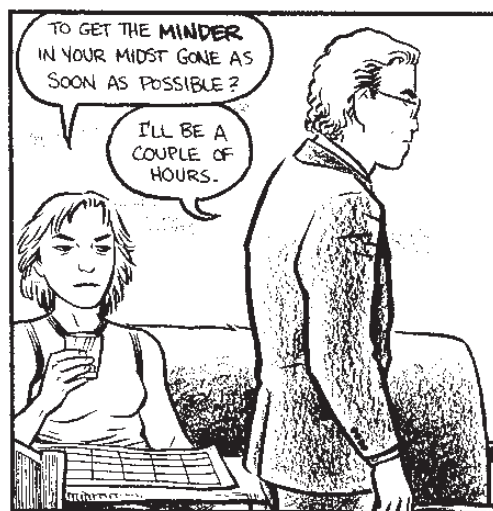
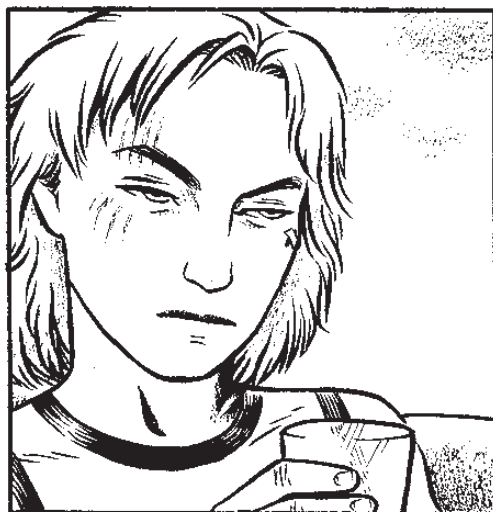


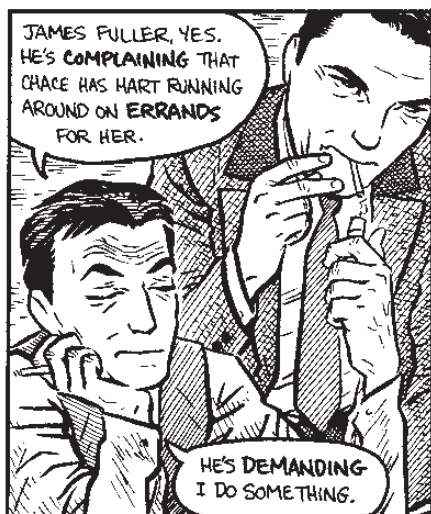
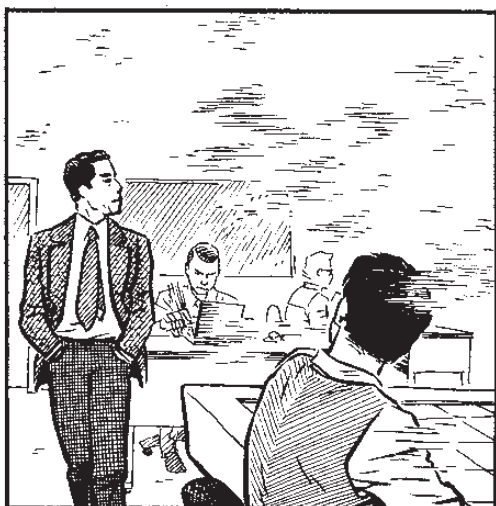
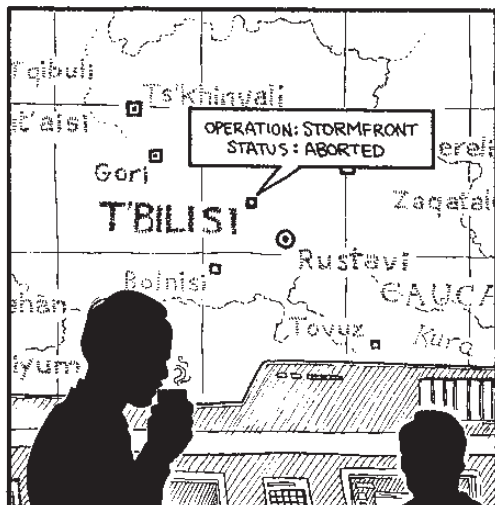
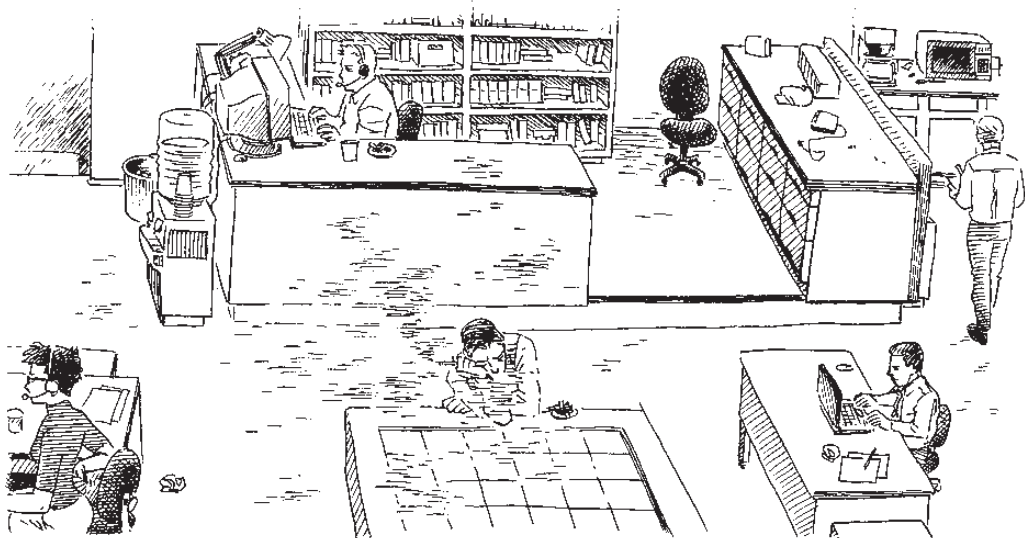


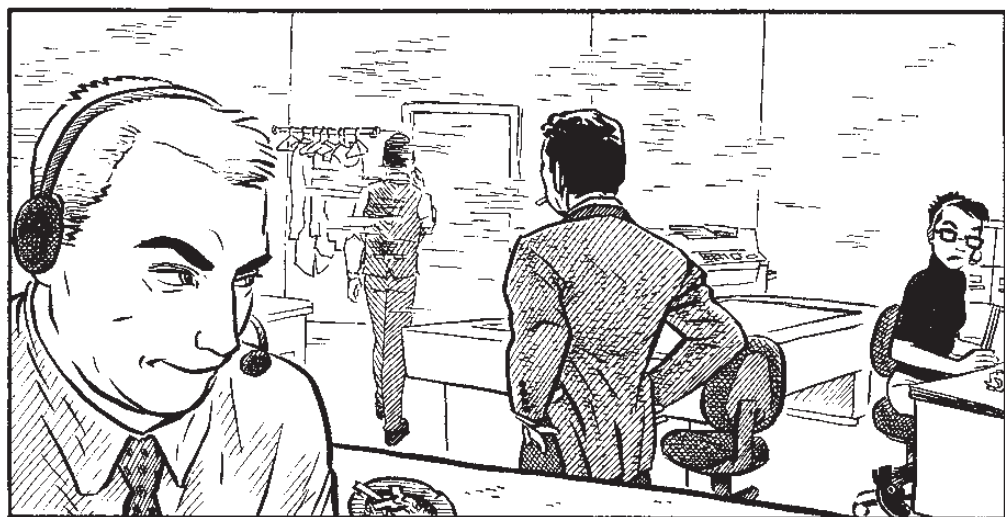
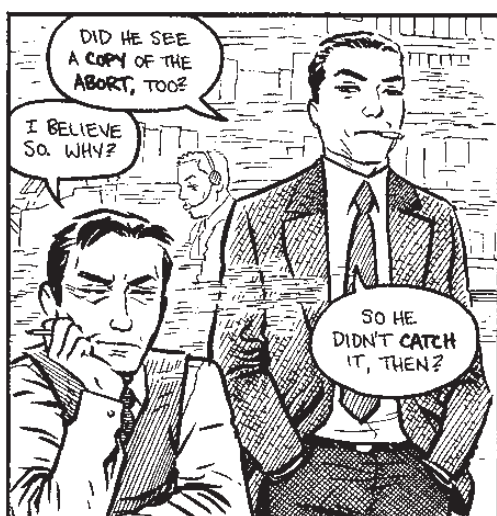
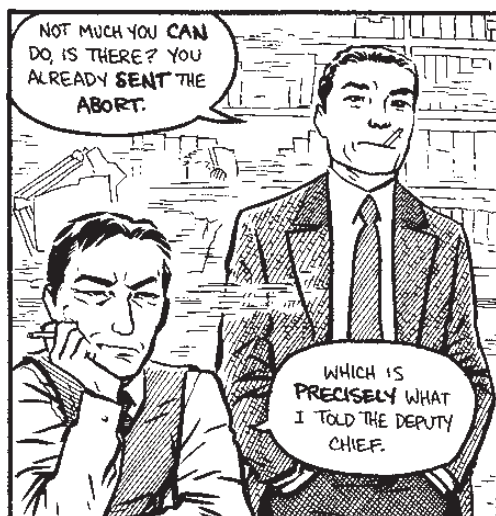


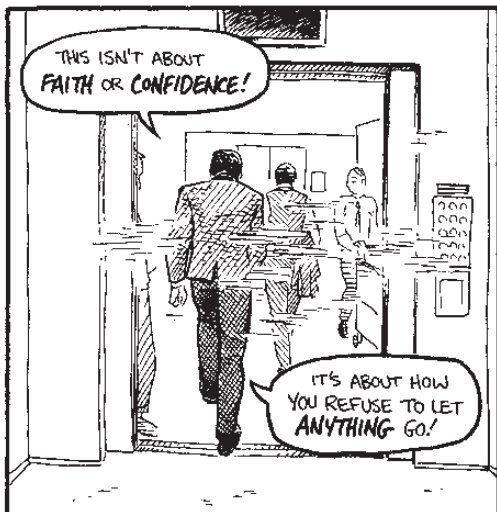
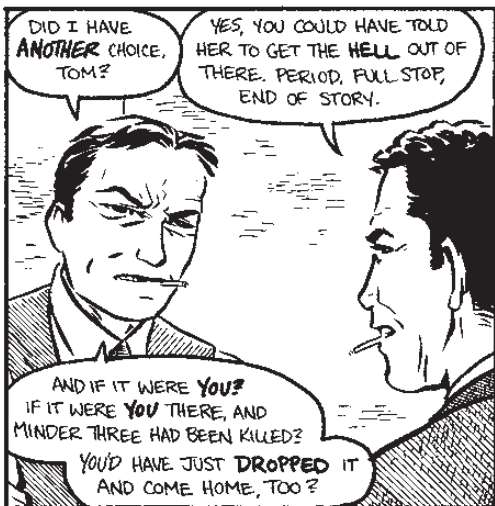
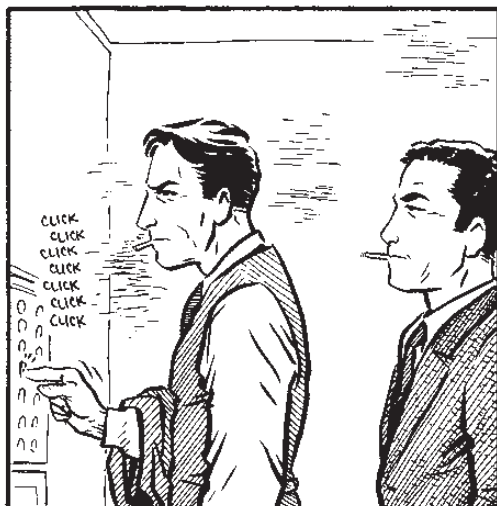
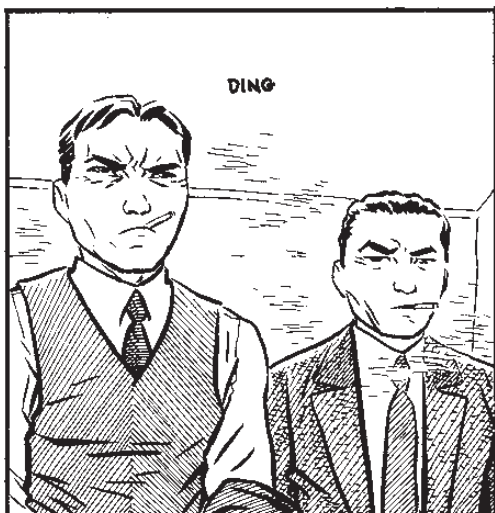
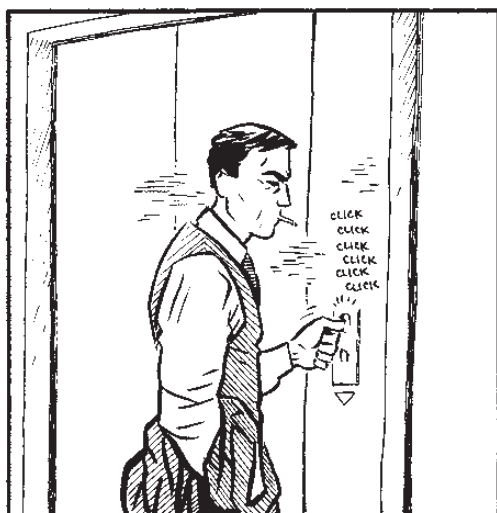


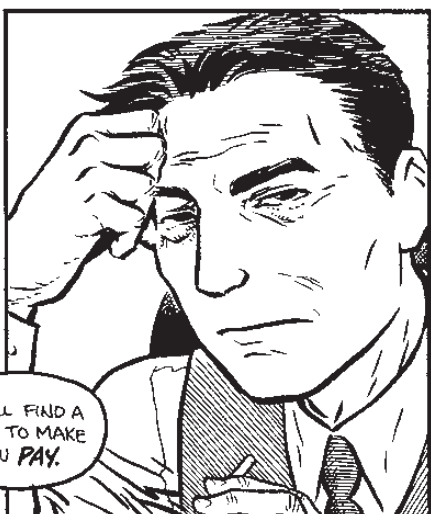
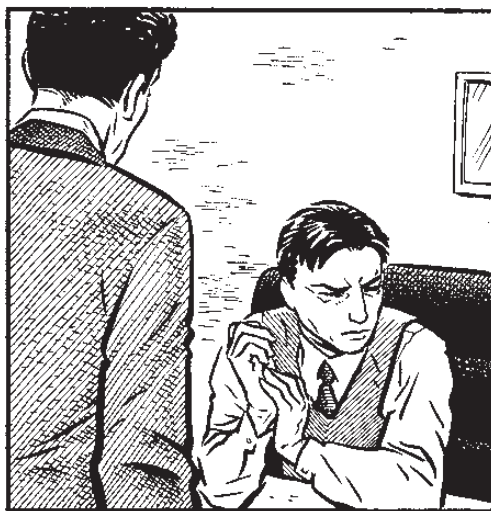


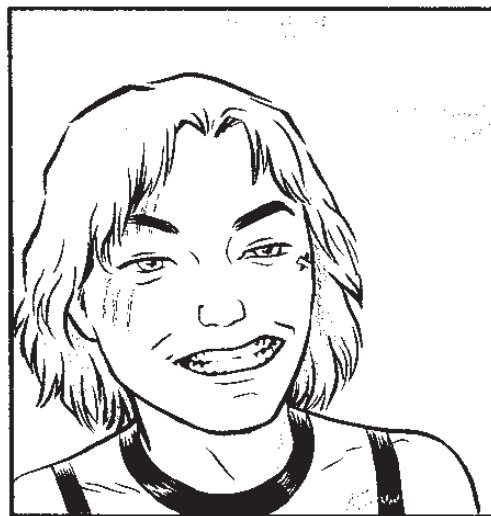
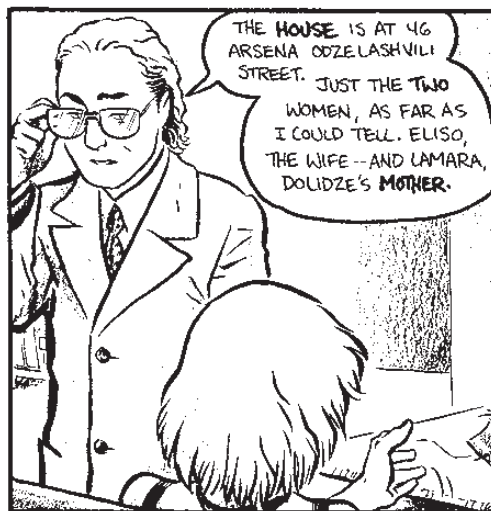
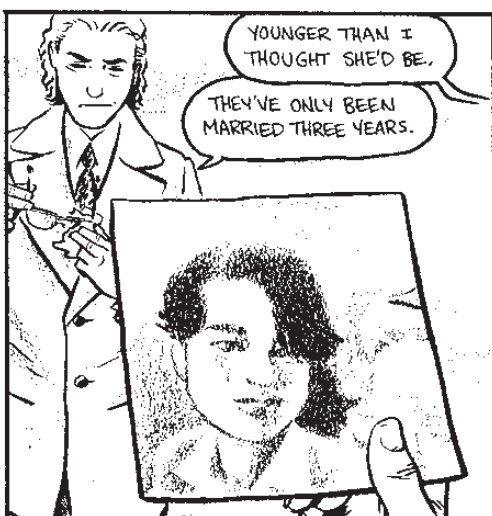


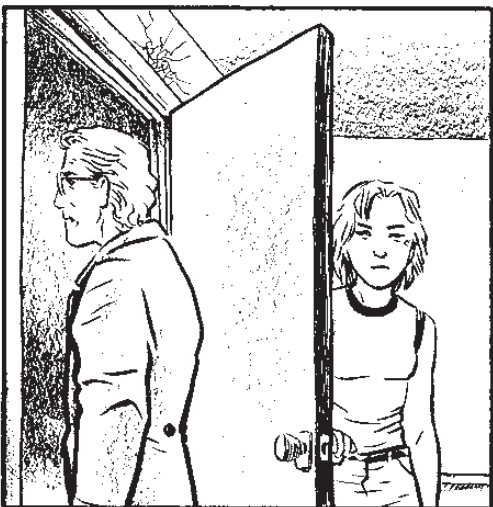
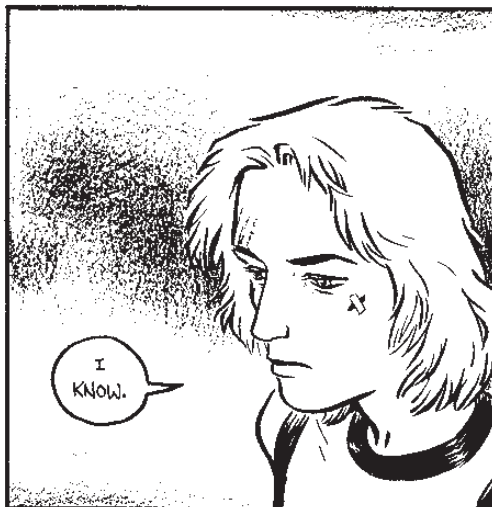
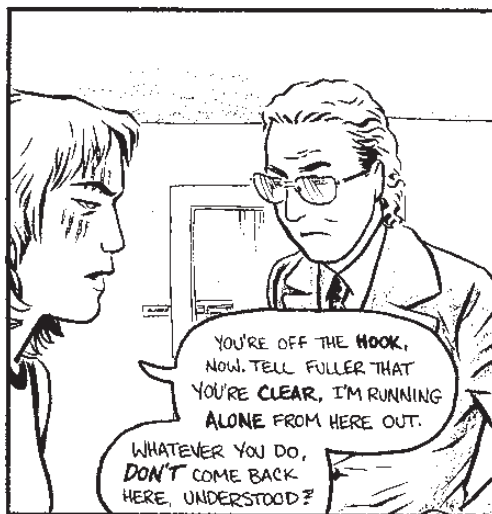


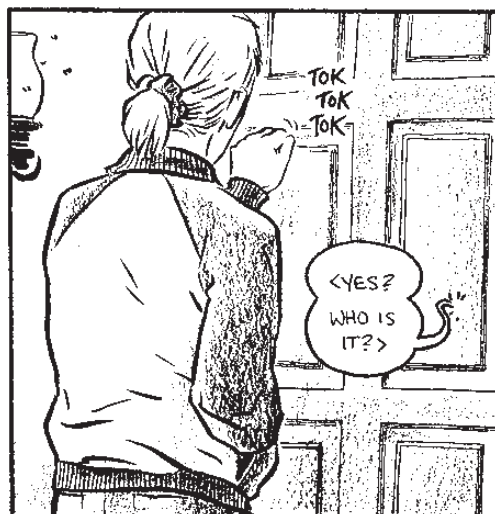
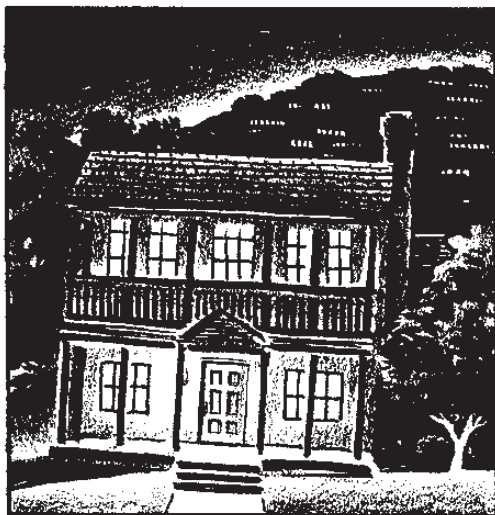








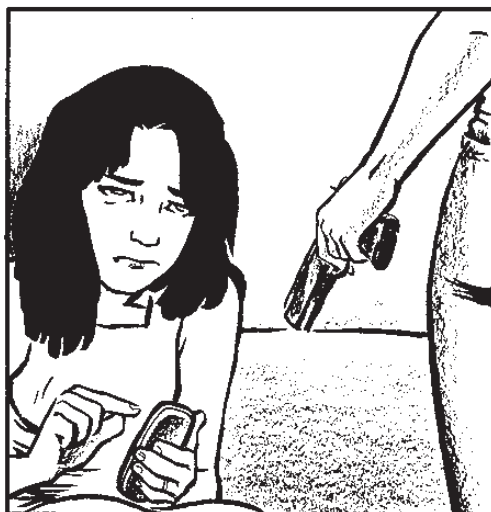


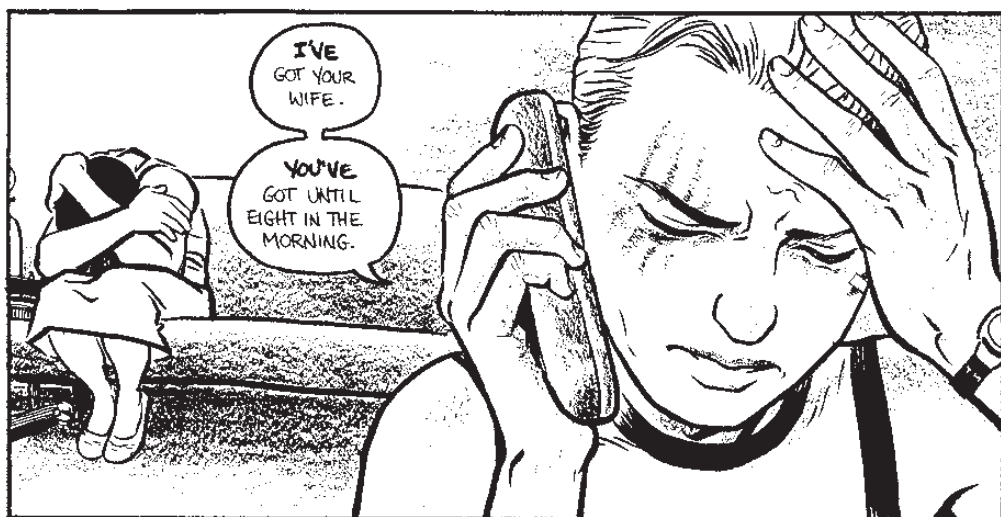


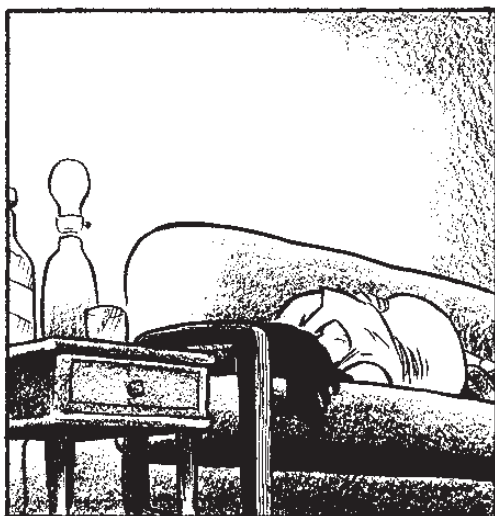
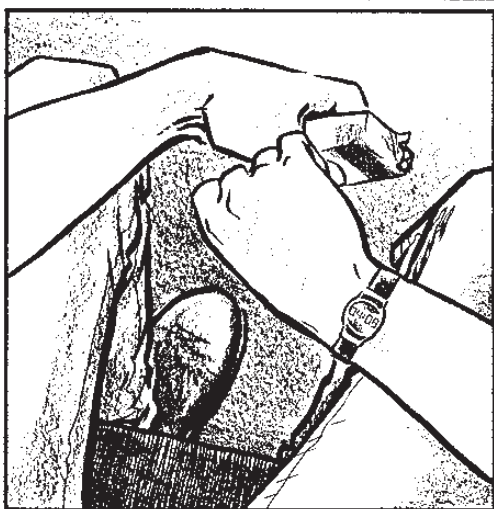
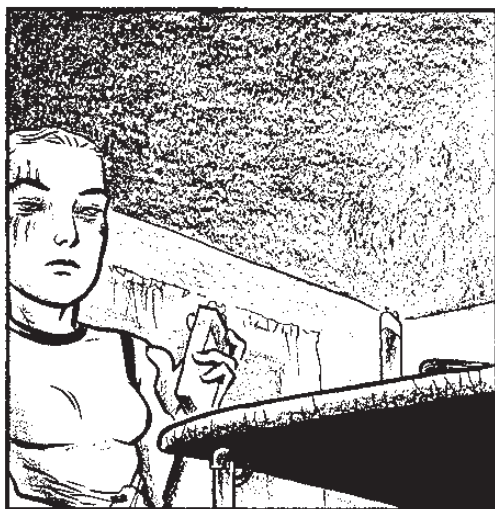
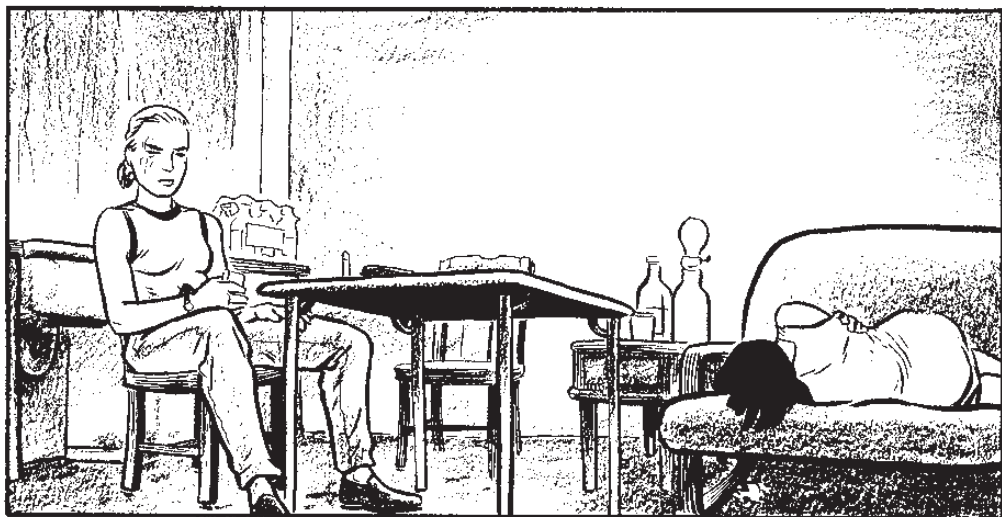




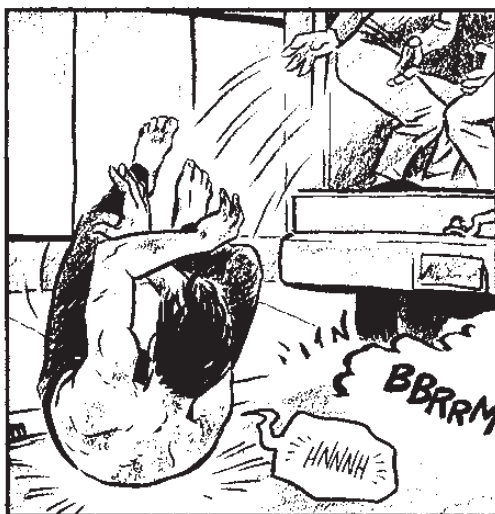
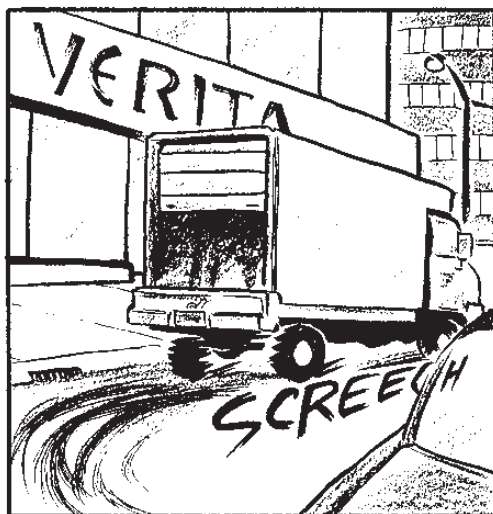


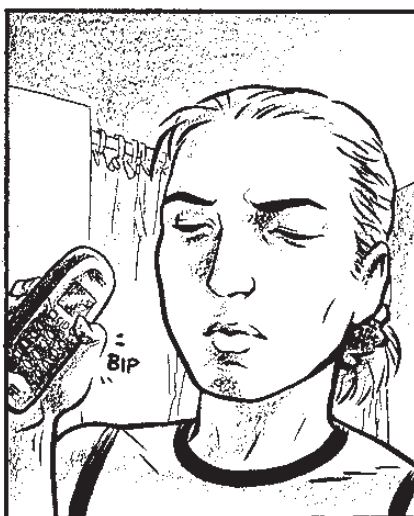


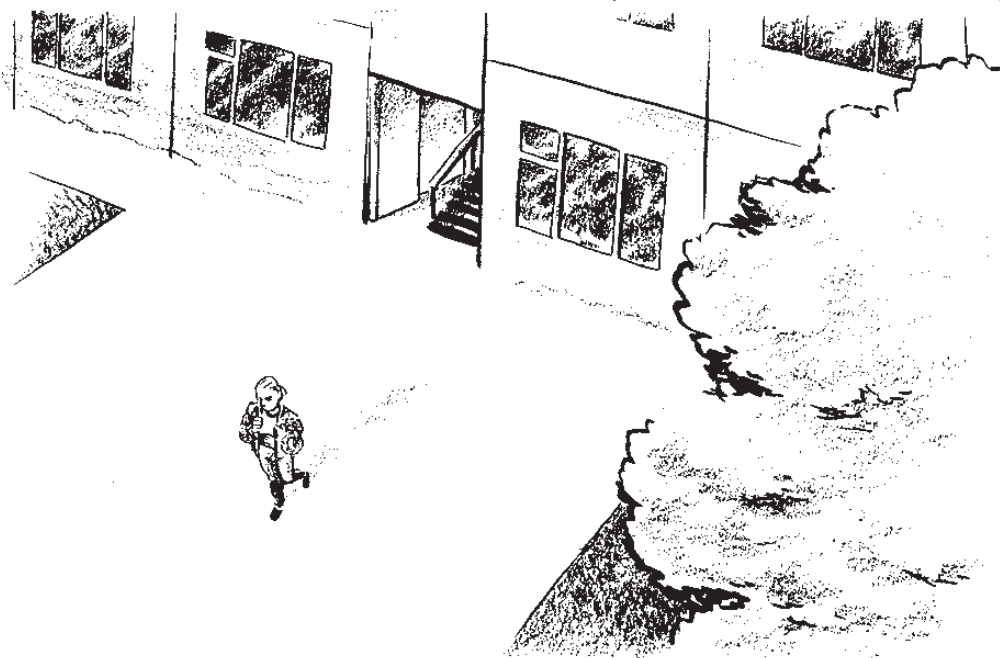
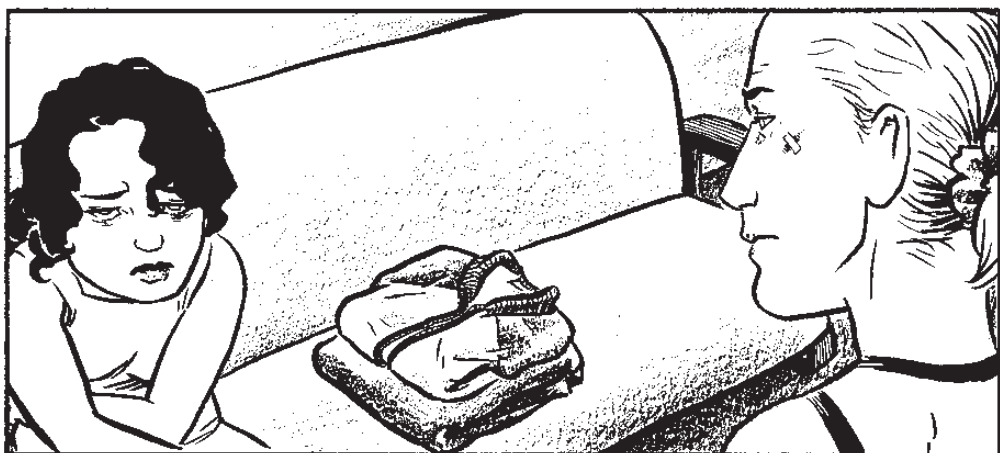














OPERATION: DANDELION

WRITTEN BY
GREG RUCKA

ILLUSTRATED BY
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ORIGINAL SERIES EDITED BY
JAMIE S. RICH & JAMES LUCAS JONES

ROSTER



C—Ubiquitous code-name for the current head of SIS. Real name is Sir Wilson Stanton Davies.

DONALD WELDON—Deputy Chief of Service, has oversight of all aspects of Intelligence gathering and operations. Immediate superior to Crocker.

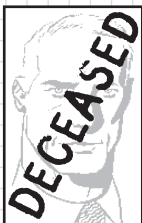
PAUL CROCKER—Director of Operations, encompassing all field work in all theaters of operations. In addition to commanding individual stations, has direct command of the Special Section— sometimes referred to as Minders—used for special operations.

TOM WALLACE—Head of the Special Section, a Special Operations Officer with the designation Minder One. Responsible for the training and continued well-being of his unit, both at home and in the field. Six year veteran of the Minders.

TARA CHACE—Special Operations Officer, designated Minder Two. Entering her third year as Minder.

FRANCES BARCLAY —Chief of Service, also known as 'C.' Distinguished service as CIA-Liaison, Chairman of the Joint Intelligence Committee, and as Head of Station Prague (85-88), Saigon (89-91), and Paris (91-94).

OPS ROOM STAFF



ALEXIS—Mission Control Officer (also called Main Communications Officer)— responsible for maintaining communications between the Operations Room and the agents in the field.

RON—Duty Operations Officer, responsible for monitoring the status and importance of all incoming intelligence, both from foreign stations and other sources.

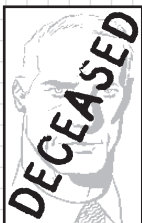
KATE—Personal Assistant to Paul Crocker, termed PA to D.Ops. Possibly the hardest and most important job in the Service.

WALTER SECCOMBE —Permanent Under Secretary to the Foreign Office, a career civil servant with intimate knowledge of the inner workings of all levels of Government, and with the savvy to negotiate the corridors of power to achieve his own ends.

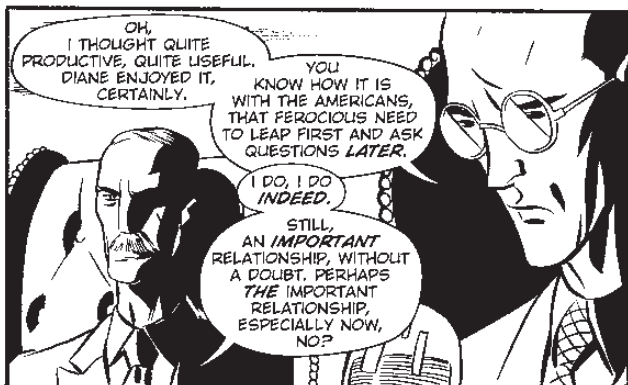
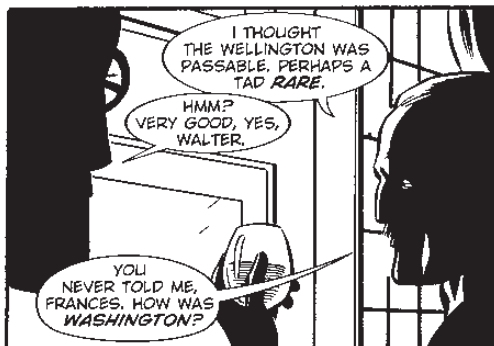
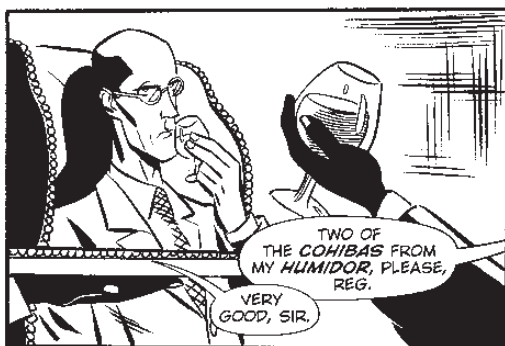
EDWARD KITTING—Special Operations Officer, designated Minder Three. Has been with the Special Section for less than a year.

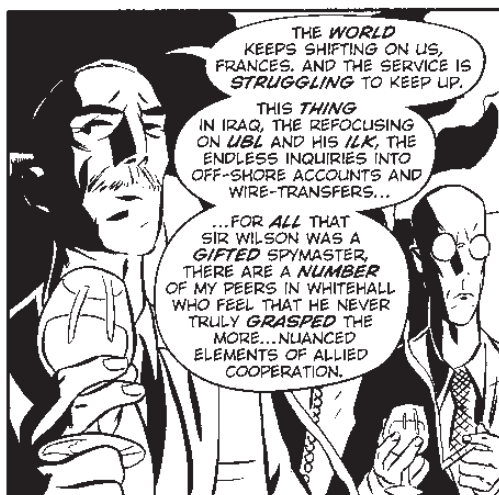
BRIAN BUTLER—A former sergeant in one of the British Army's oldest and most respected regiments. An unique individual who actually requested assignment with special section.

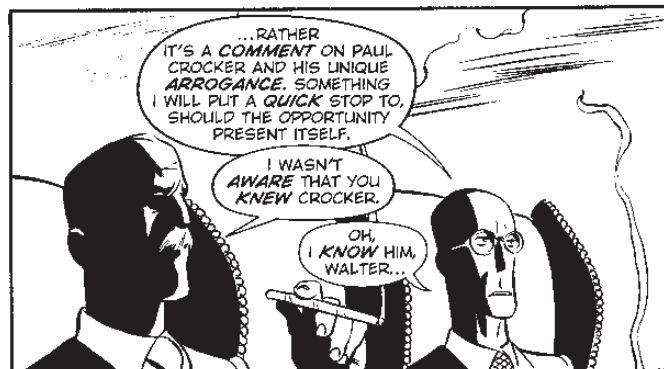
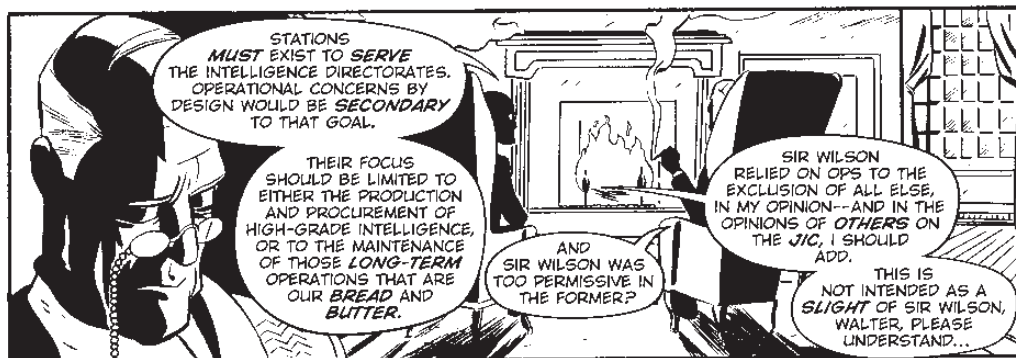
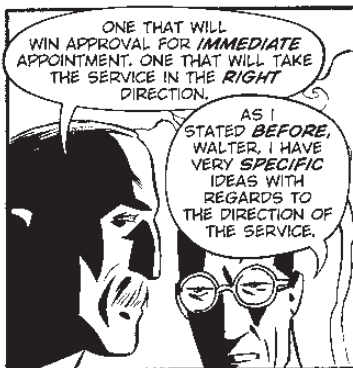
OTHERS

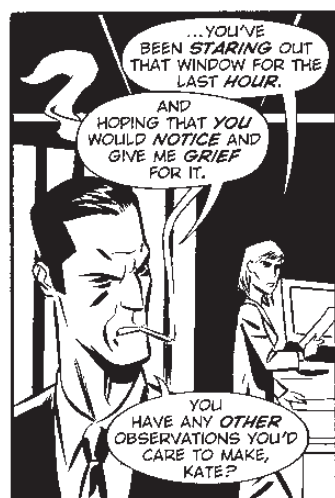
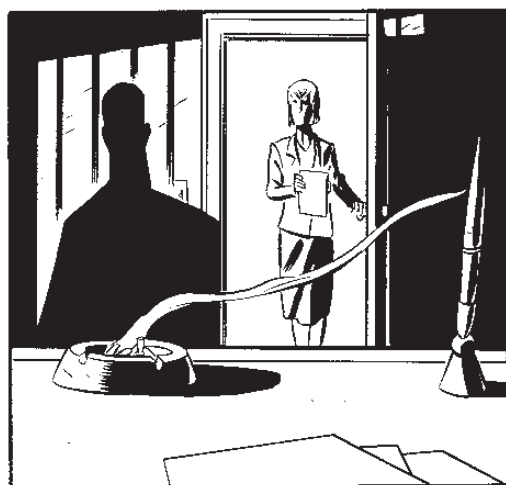
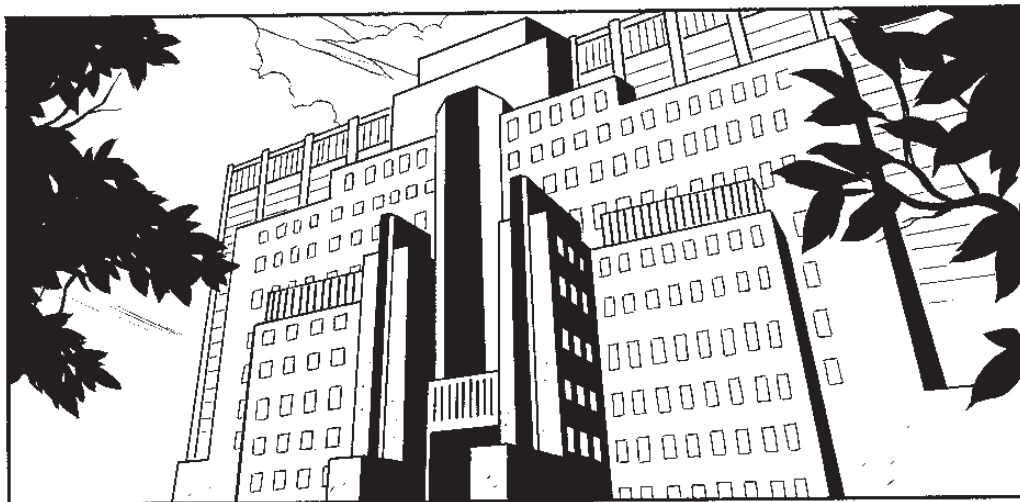




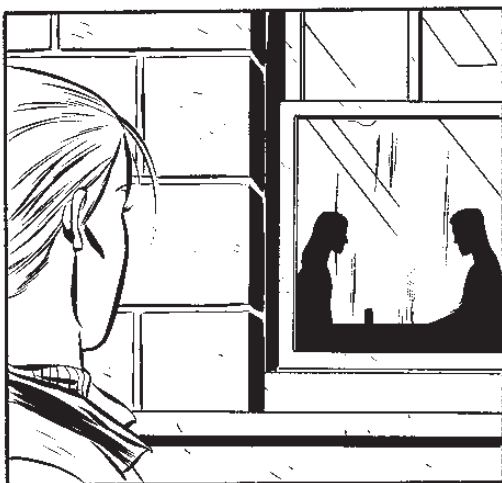




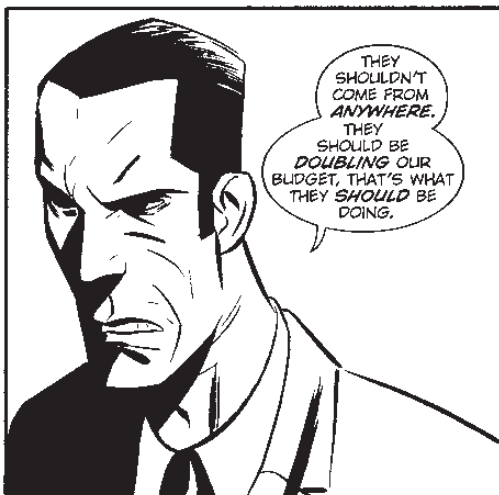
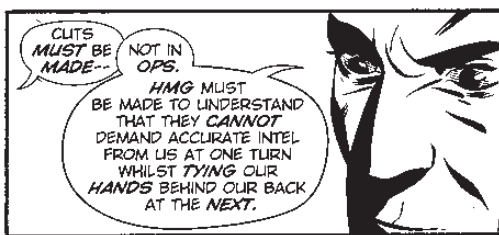
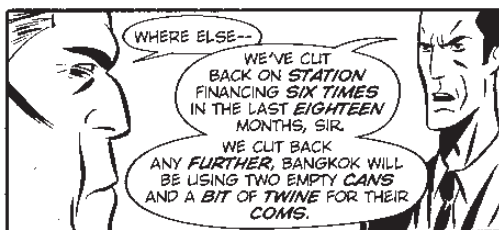




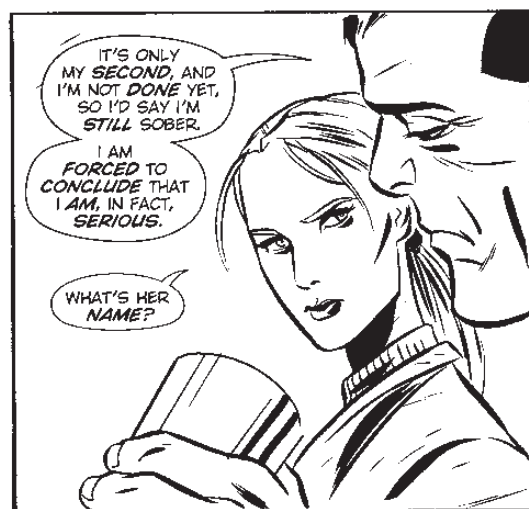








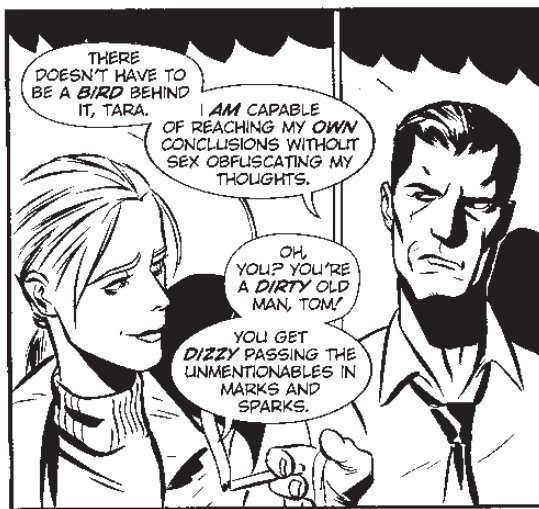




IT'S ONLY MY SECOND, AND I'M NOT DONE YET, SO I'D SAY I'M STILL SOBER.

I AM FORCED TO CONCLUDE THAT I AM, IN FACT, SERIOUS.

WHAT'S HER NAME?



THERE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A BIRD BEHIND IT, TARA.

I AM CAPABLE OF REACHING MY OWN CONCLUSIONS WITHOUT SEX OBFUSCATING MY THOUGHTS.

OH, YOU? YOU'RE A DIRTY OLD MAN, TOM!

YOU GET DIZZY PASSING THE UNMENTIONABLES IN MARKS AND SPARKS.



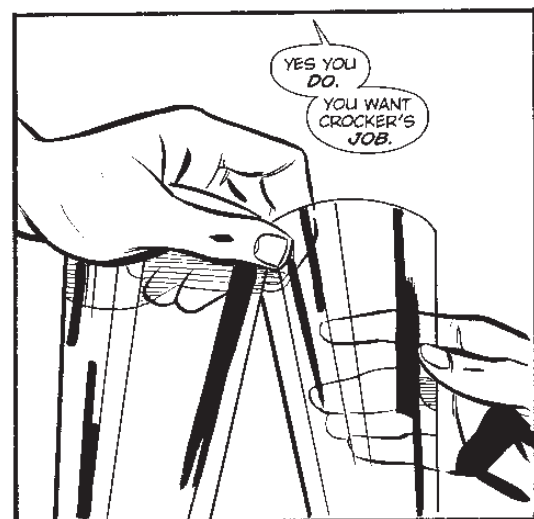
...COULD BE MY TURN TO SEND THE BAGS DOWN TO THE LOBBY AND CHECK OUT SOON ENOUGH.

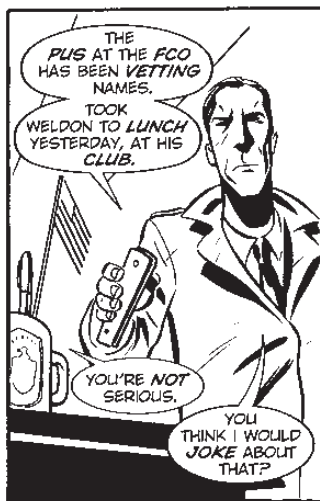
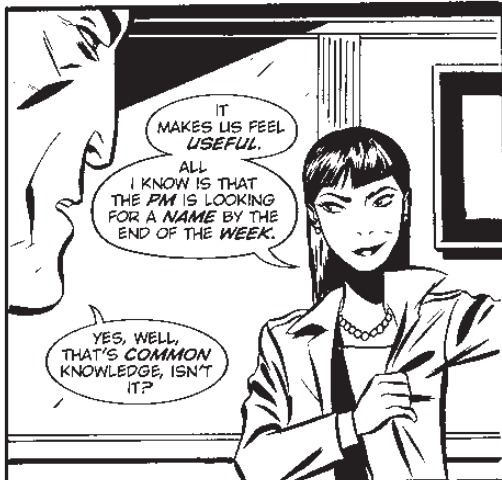


YOU CAN RUIN THE SECTION.

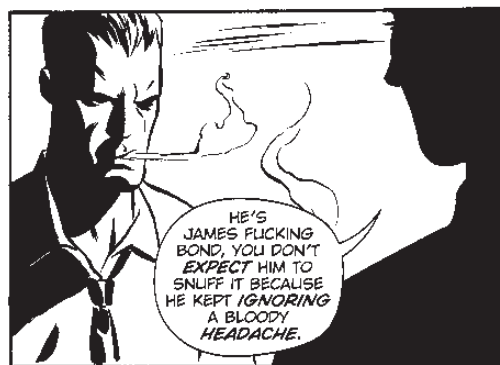
YOU'D BE DAMN GOOD AT IT.

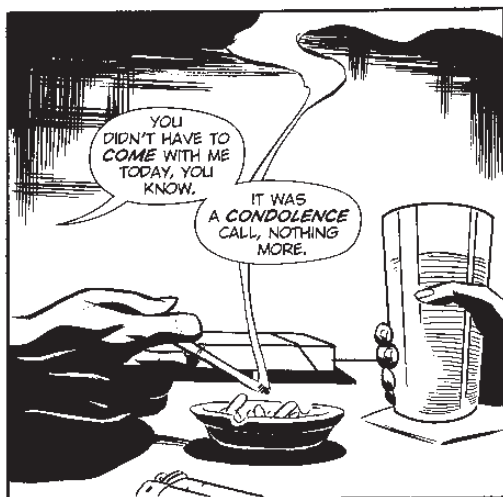
I DON'T WANT IT.







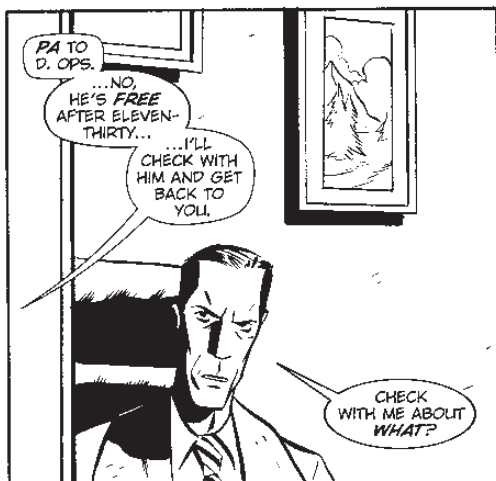
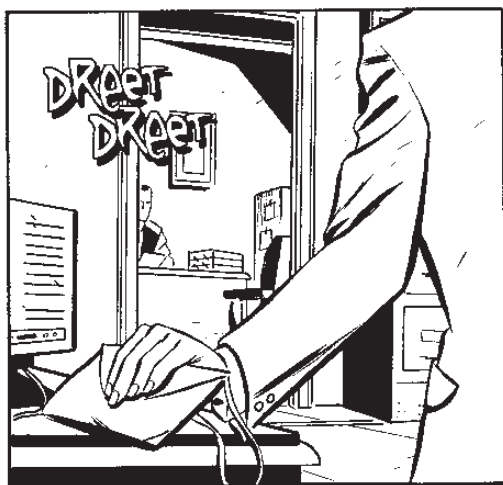
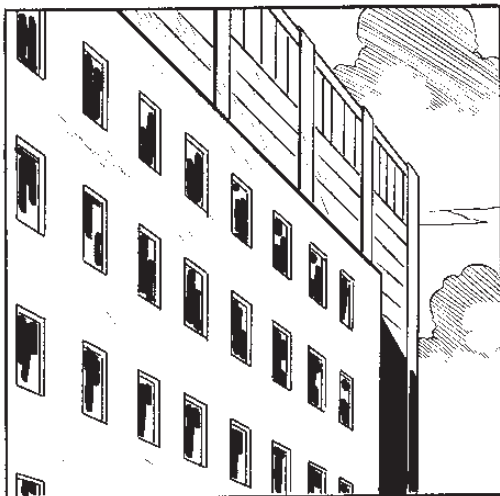


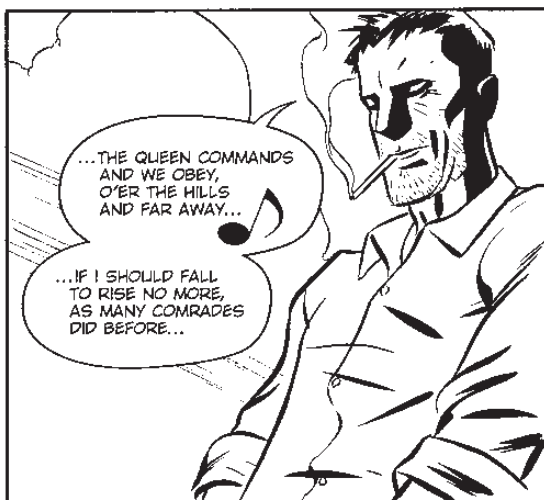
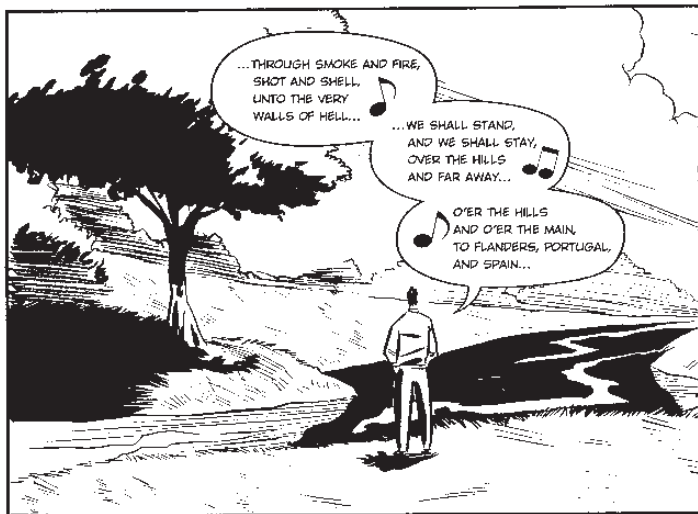


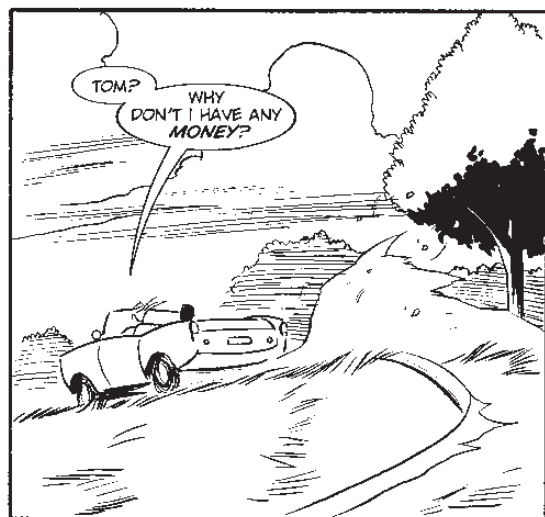
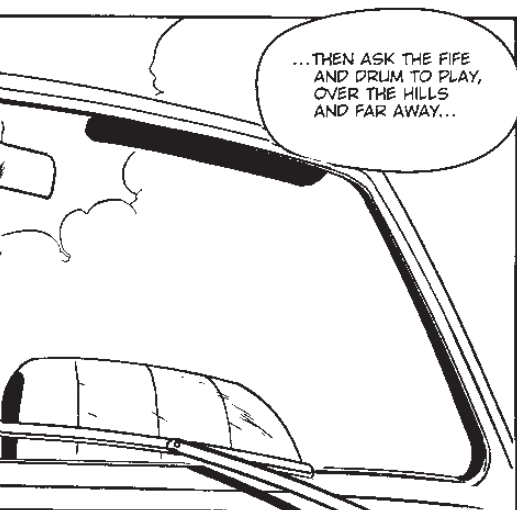
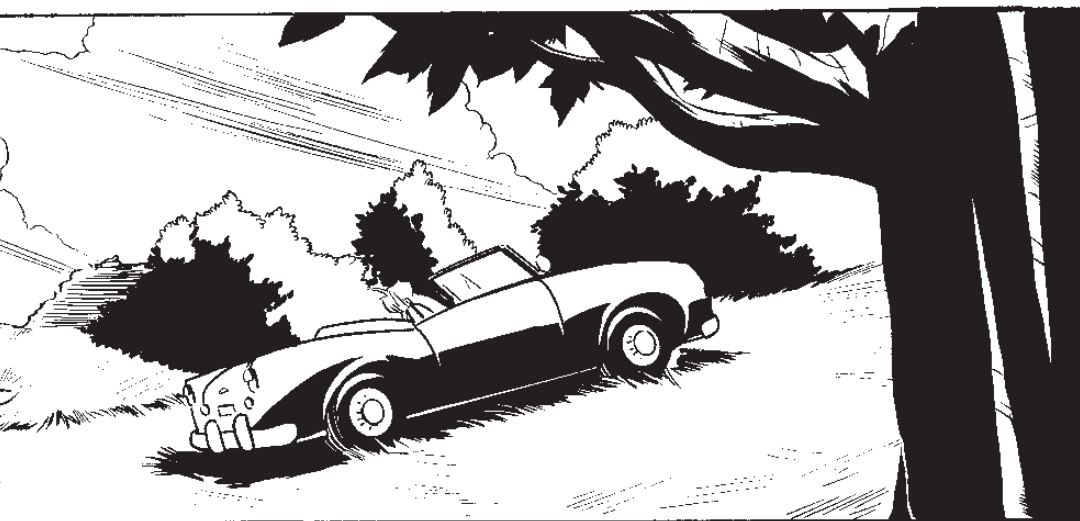


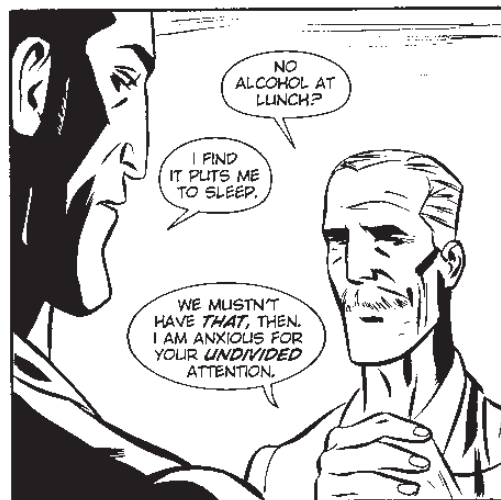


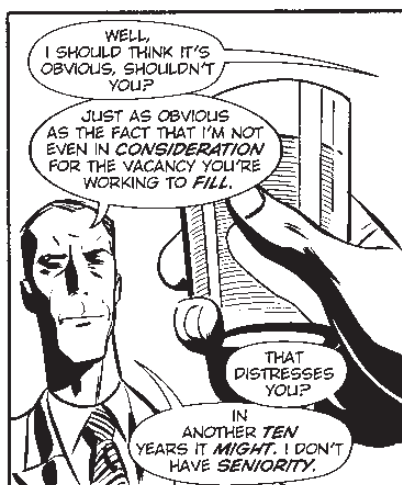


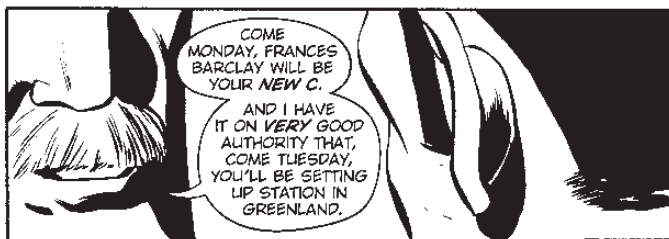




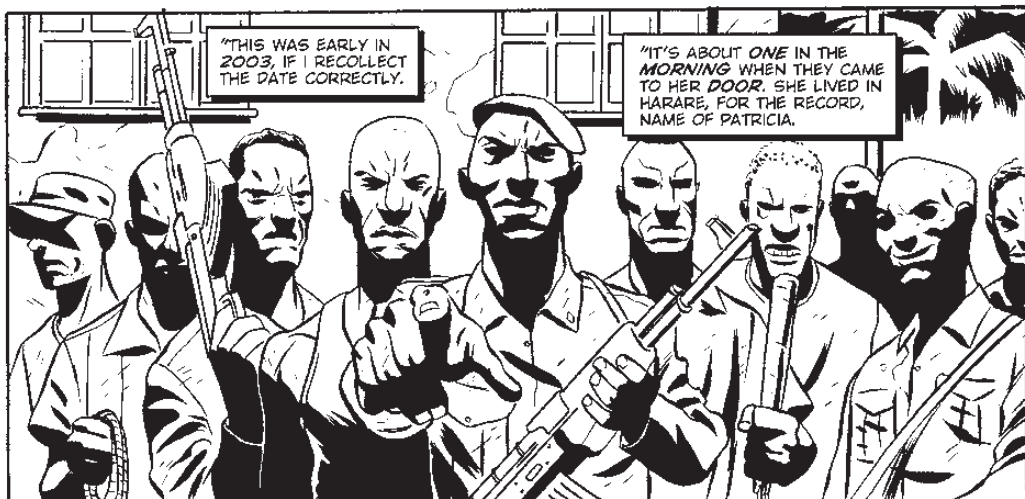












"THIS WAS EARLY IN 2003, IF I RECOLLECT THE DATE CORRECTLY.

"IT'S ABOUT ONE IN THE MORNING WHEN THEY CAME TO HER DOOR. SHE LIVED IN HARARE, FOR THE RECORD, NAME OF PATRICIA.



"THEY, BY WHICH I MEAN MEMBERS OF MUGABE'S BRUTE SQUAD, MEMBERS OF THE ZANU-PF PARTY, BURST IN, DEMAND TO KNOW IF SHE IS THE MDC PARTY SECRETARY.

"AT GUNPOINT, SHE CONFIRMS THAT, YES, SHE IS THE PARTY SECRETARY FOR THE MOVEMENT FOR DEMOCRATIC CHANGE IN ZIMBABWE.



"IN FRONT OF HER EIGHT YEAR-OLD SON, THEY ASSAULT AND BEAT HER.

"IN FRONT OF HER SON, THEY ACCUSE HER OF BEING A WHORE FOR MORGAN TSVANGIRAI, THE MDC LEADER.



"PATRICIA, OF COURSE, DENIES THIS.



"AND THEY, OF COURSE, DON'T CARE.



"SHE LIVED THROUGH THE ORDEAL..."



...INCLUDING FURTHER DEGRADATION AND BRUTALITY, SUCH AS BEING FORCED TO DRINK HER SON'S URINE.

I'VE READ THE REPORTS.

OF COURSE YOU HAVE, PAUL.



ARE YOU FINISHED? DO YOU NEED TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE?

I SHOULD START HEADING BACK, YES.

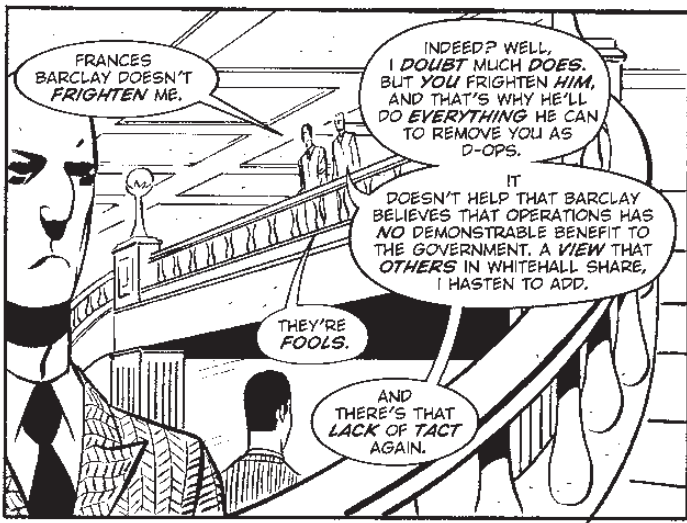
I'LL WALK YOU OUT.



I'VE FELT FOR A VERY LONG TIME THAT THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE PLAYING A LARGER PART IN THE FUTURE OF ZIMBABWE, PAUL.

WE DID CREATE THE MESS, AFTER ALL.

HOW LARGE A PART, EXACTLY, SIR WALTER?



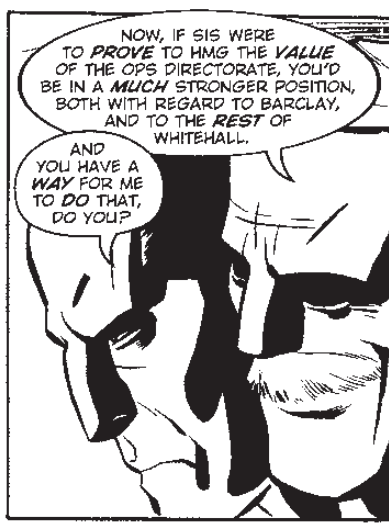
FRANCES BARCLAY DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME.

INDEED? WELL, I DOUBT MUCH DOES. BUT YOU FRIGHTEN HIM, AND THAT'S WHY HE'LL DO EVERYTHING HE CAN TO REMOVE YOU AS D-OPS.

IT DOESN'T HELP THAT BARCLAY BELIEVES THAT OPERATIONS HAS NO DEMONSTRABLE BENEFIT TO THE GOVERNMENT. A VIEW THAT OTHERS IN WHITEHALL SHARE, I HASTEN TO ADD.

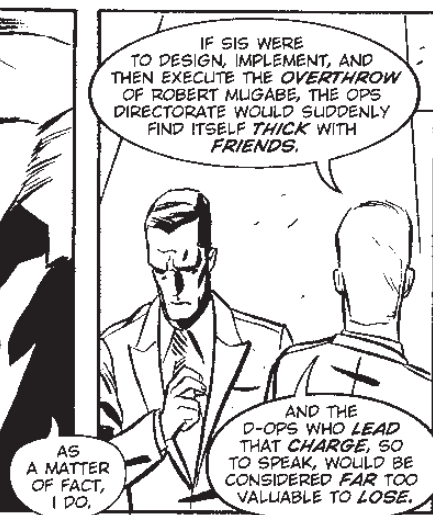
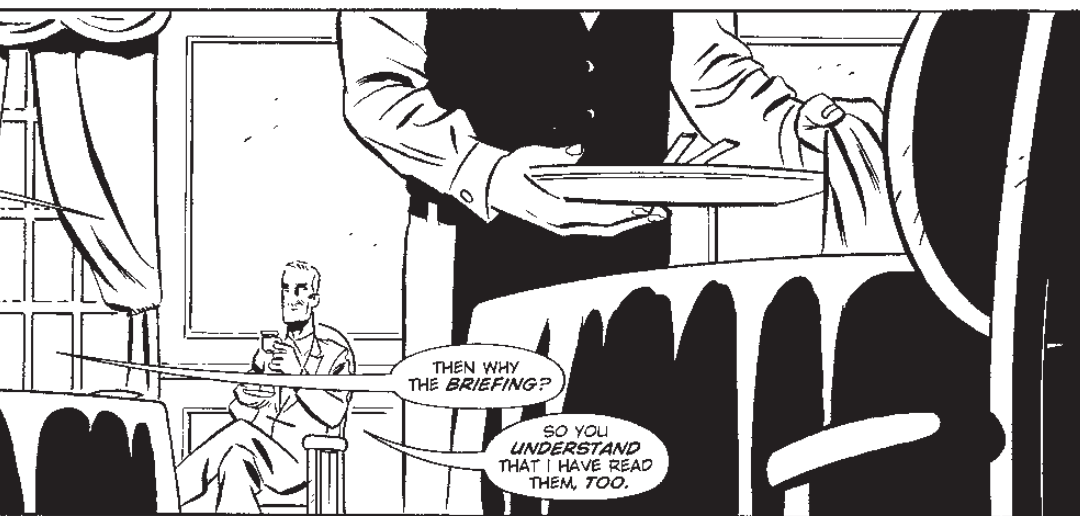
THEY'RE FOOLS.

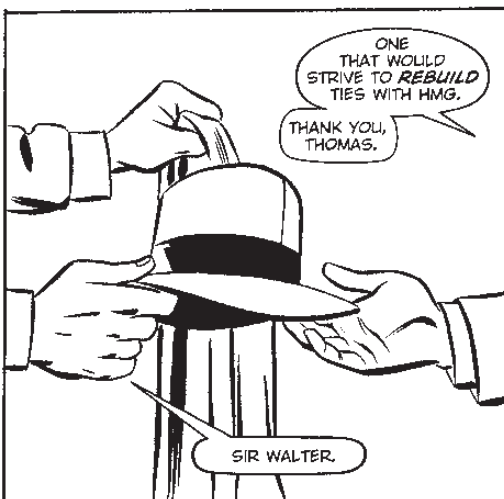
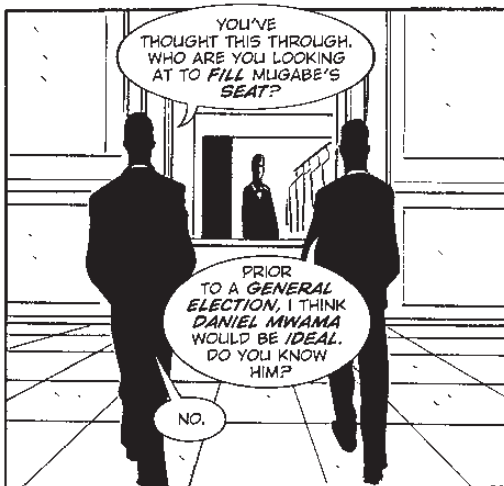
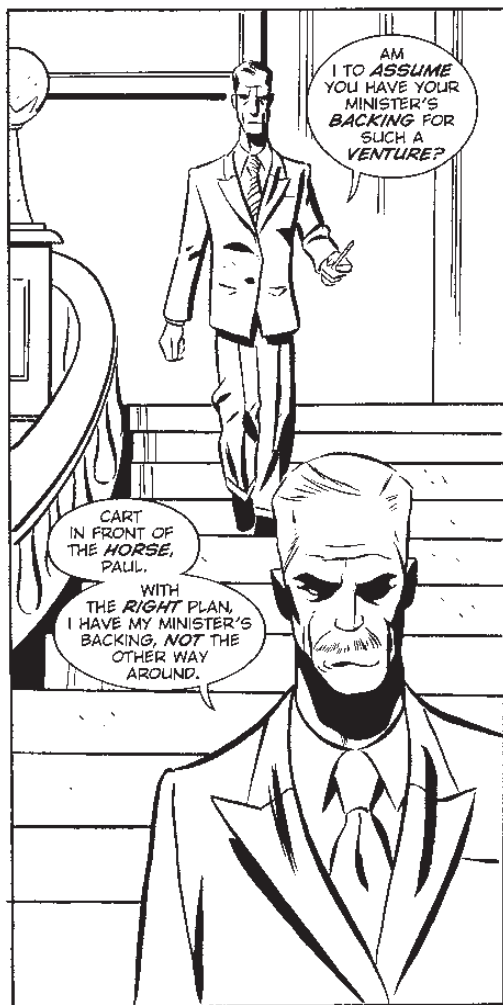
AND THERE'S THAT LACK OF TACT AGAIN.

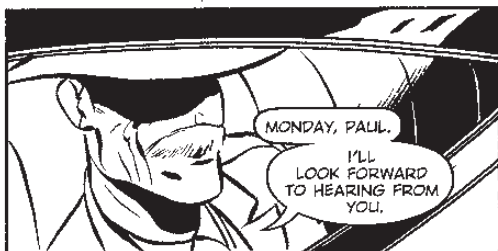
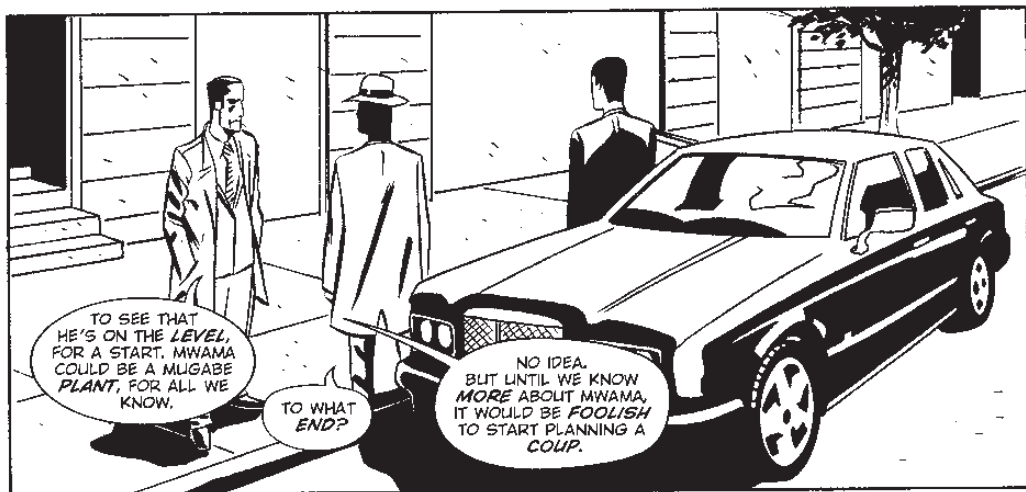
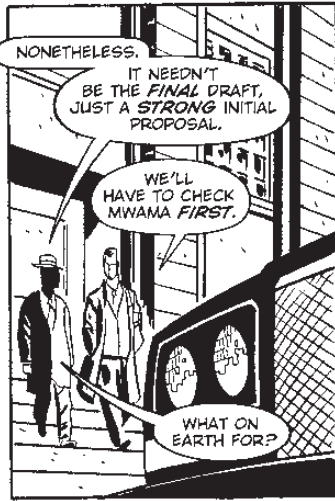
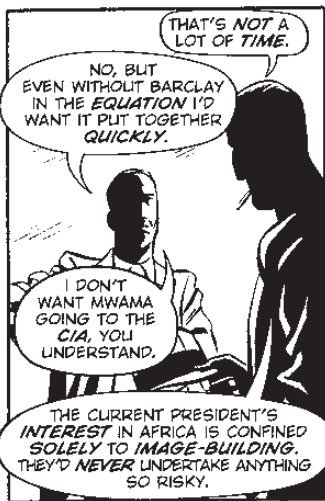


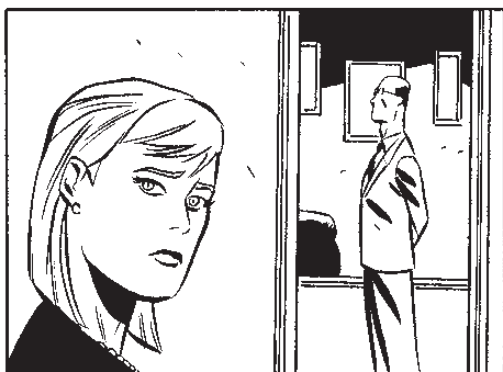
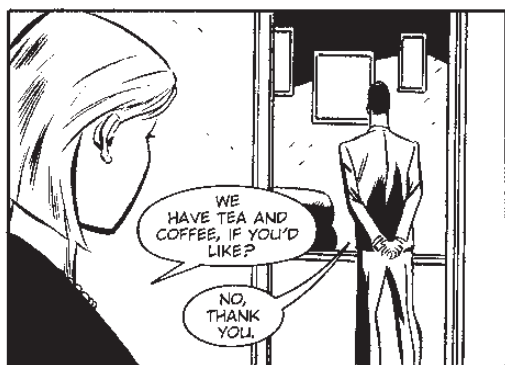
NOW, IF SIS WERE TO PROVE TO HMG THE VALUE OF THE OPS DIRECTORATE, YOU'D BE IN A MUCH STRONGER POSITION, BOTH WITH REGARD TO BARCLAY, AND TO THE REST OF WHITEHALL.

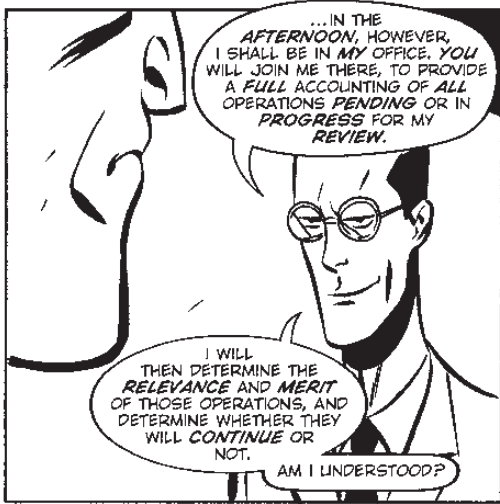
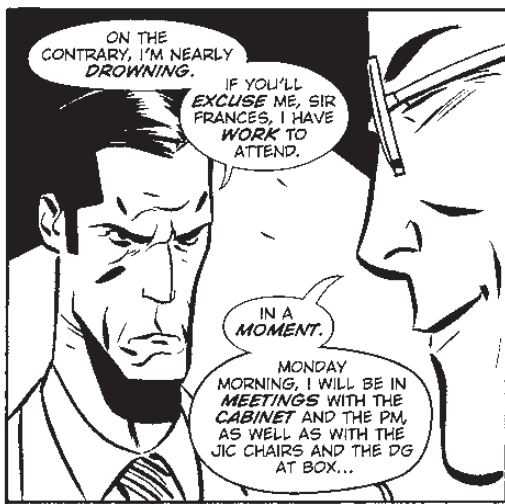
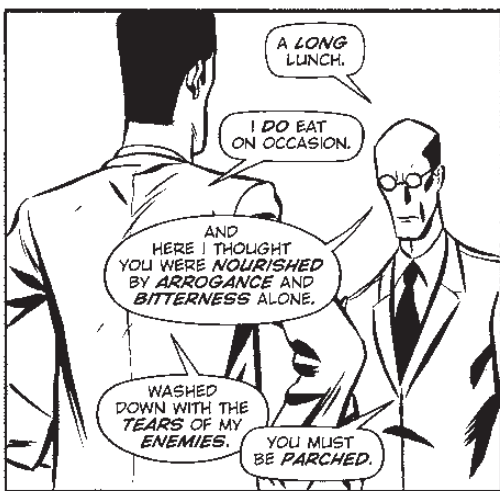
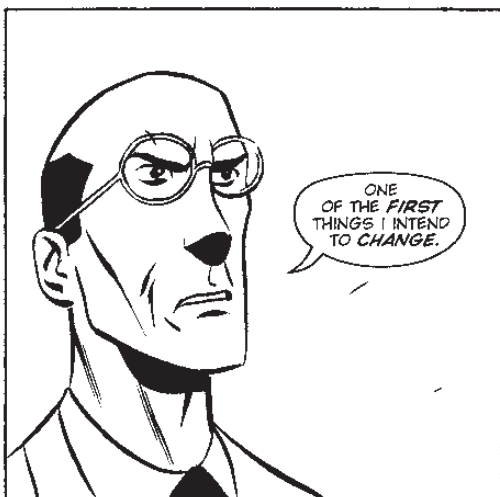
AND YOU HAVE A WAY FOR ME TO DO THAT, DO YOU?

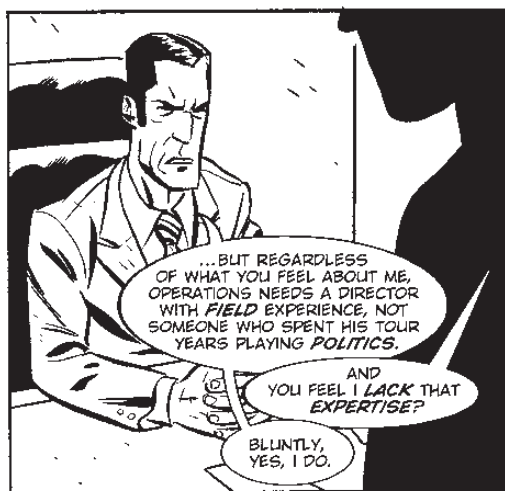


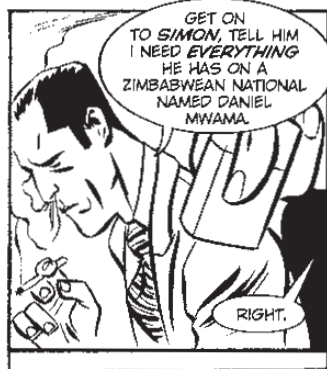


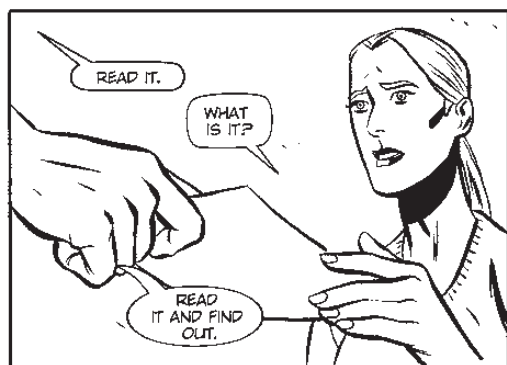
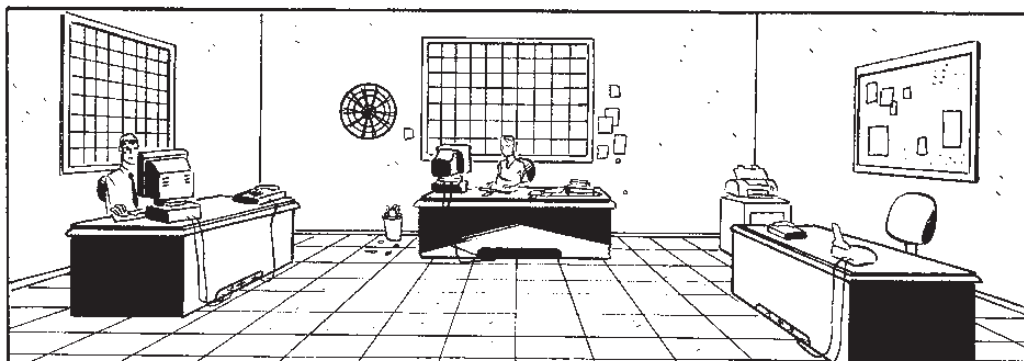
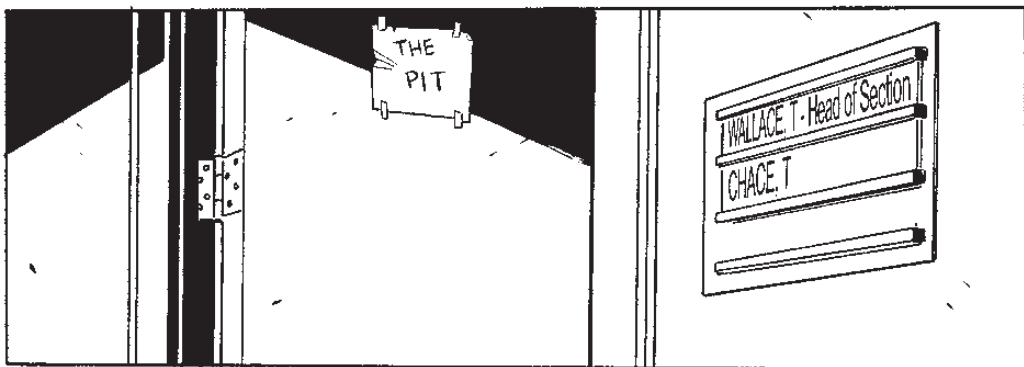












To: Director of Operations, Crocker, P.
From: Head of Special Section, Wallace, T.
Re: Resignation

Sir:

After much consideration, I have decided to tender my resignation, effective immediately. While it has been an honor and privilege to serve as a member of Her Majesty's Special Operations Section, both Minder, and as Head of Section, I feel time has come to pursue other avenues of employment.

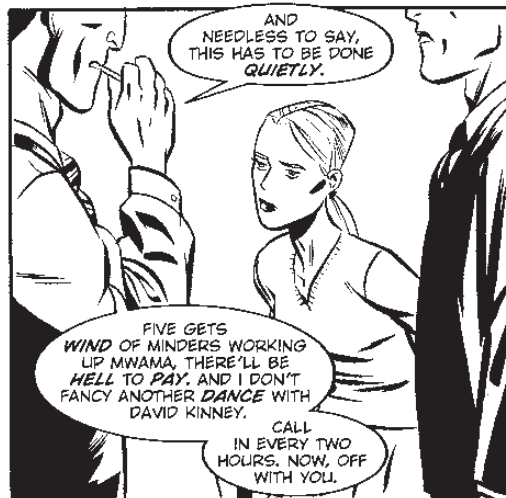
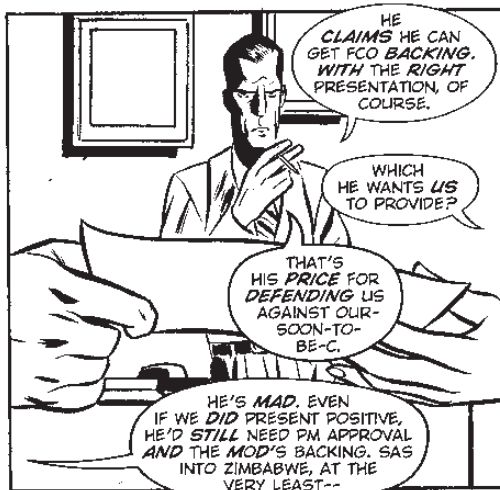
I have taken the liberty of contacting James Chester, Director of Education and Training at the Field School, and he has generously offered me an instructor position at Fort Monkton.

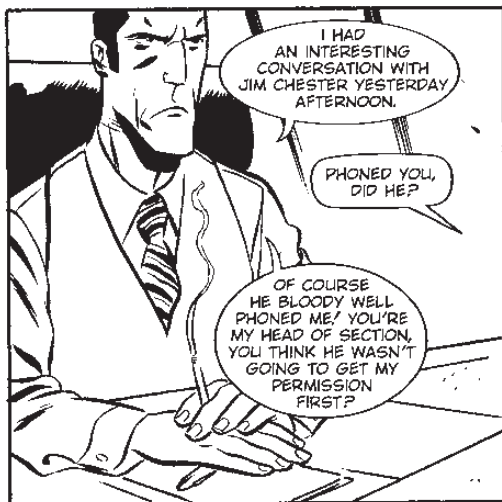
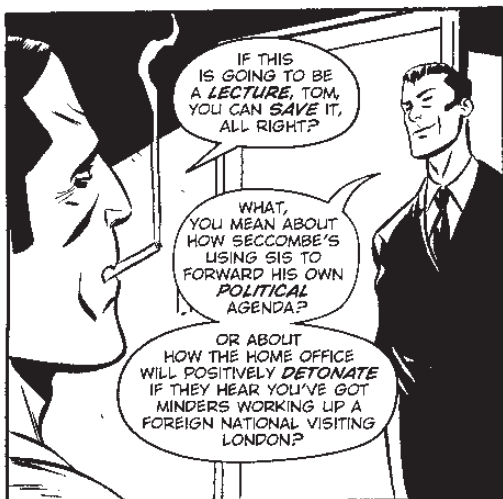


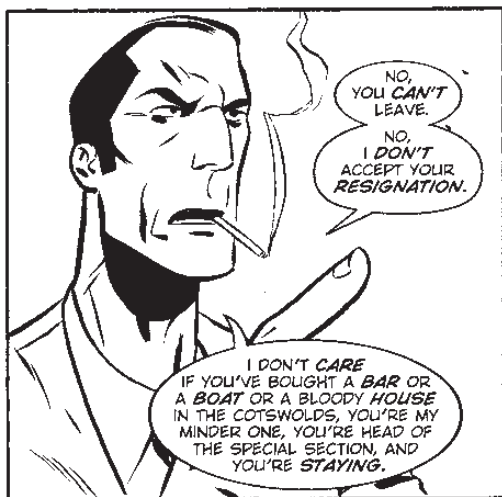


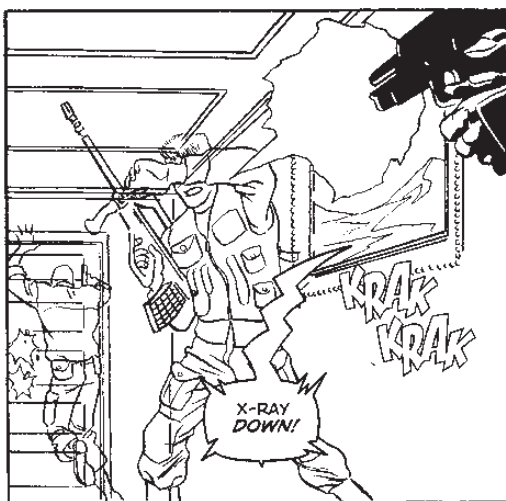
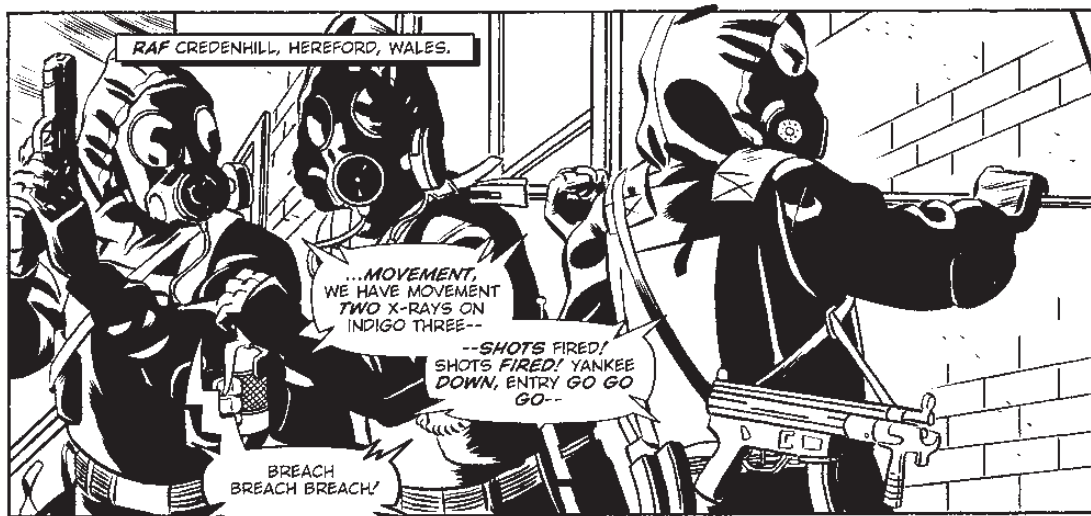


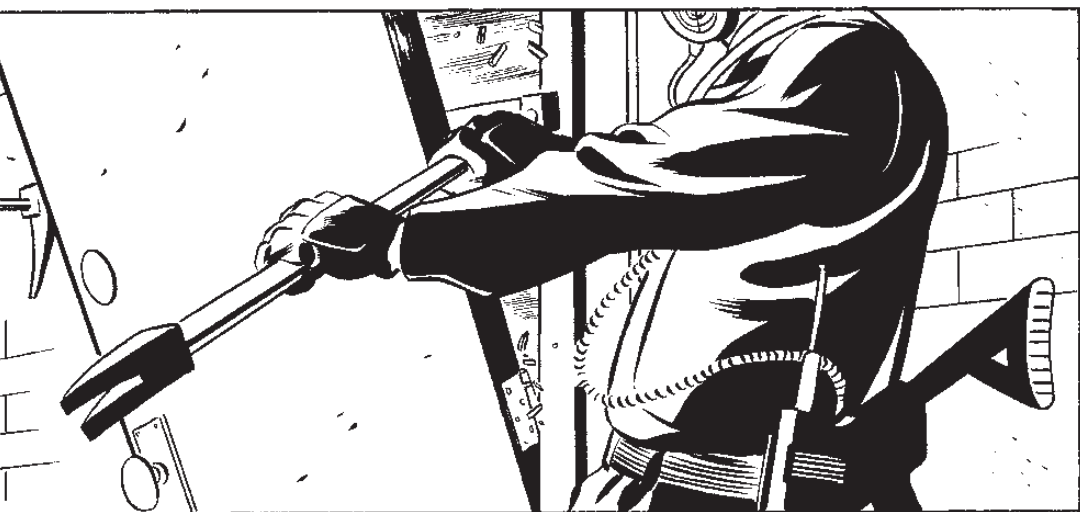


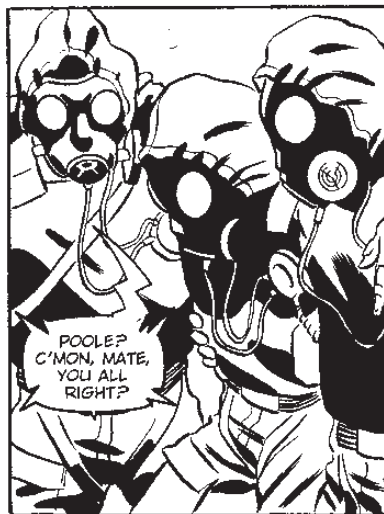
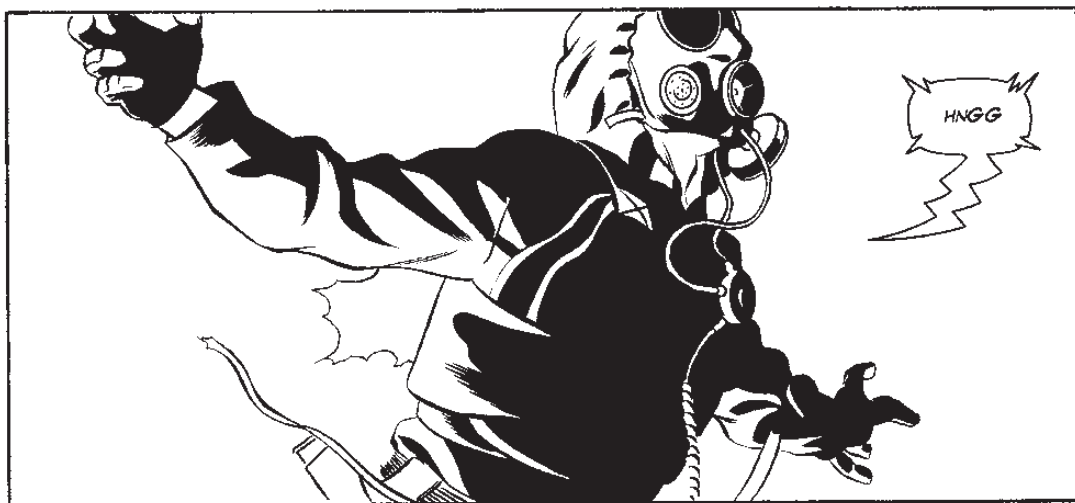
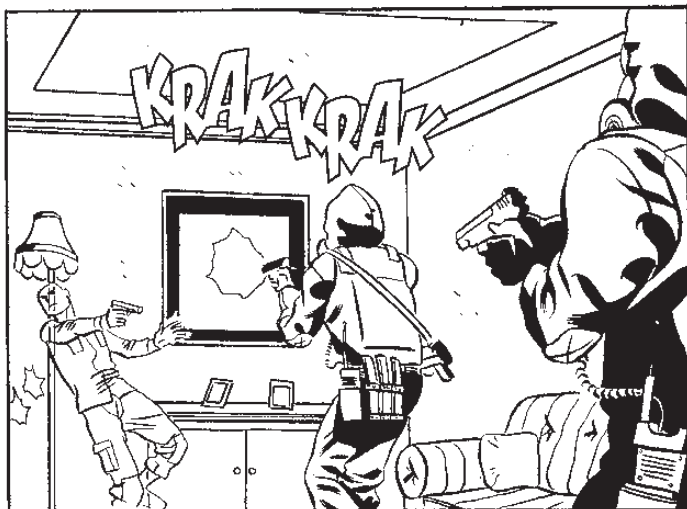


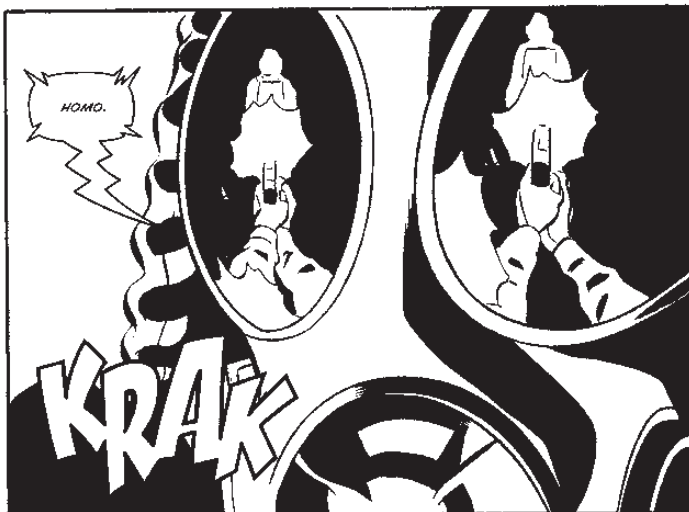


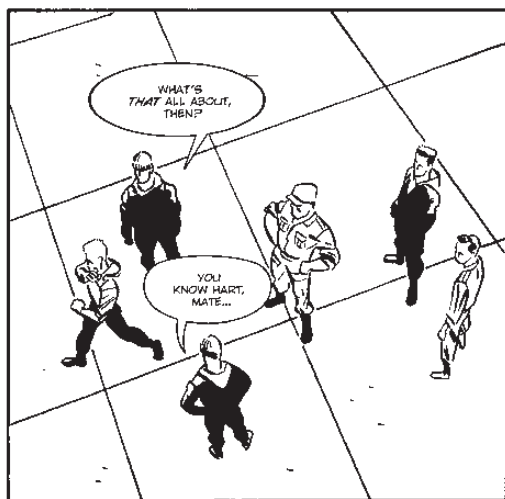
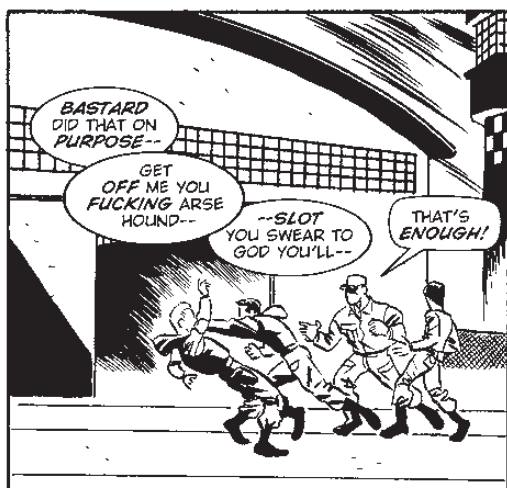


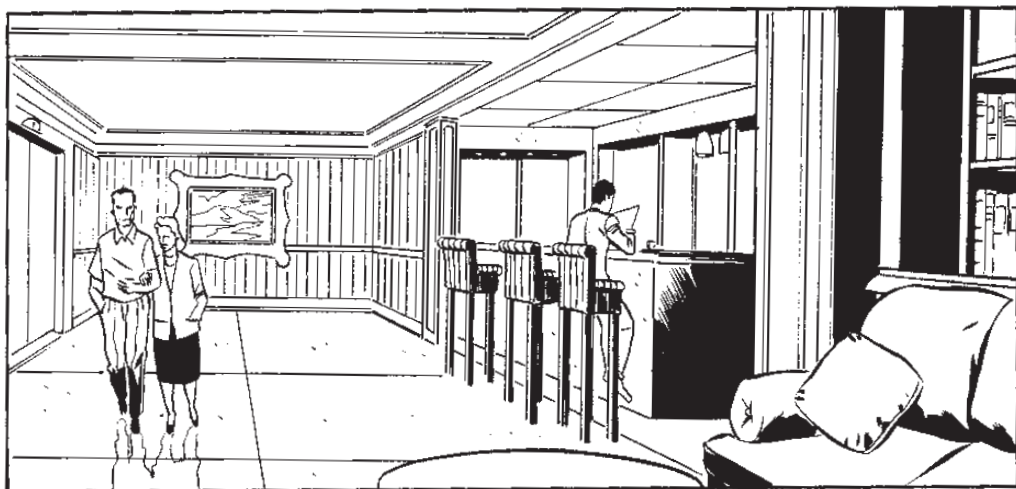


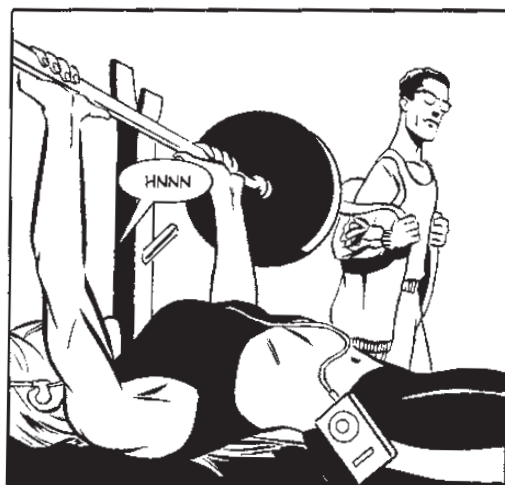










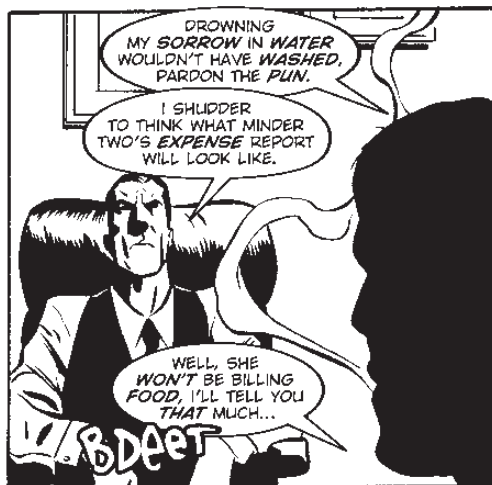
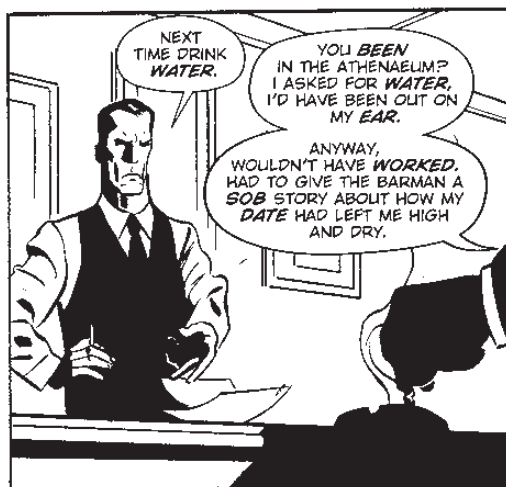


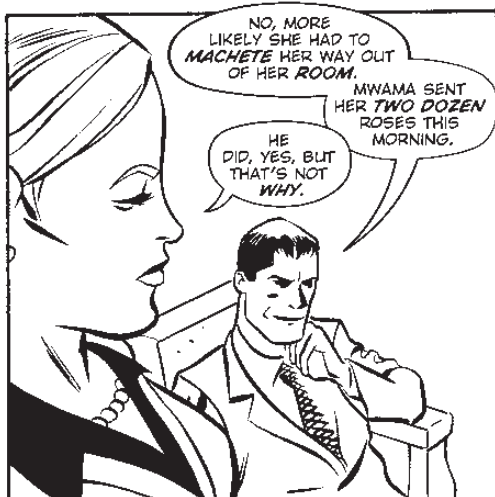


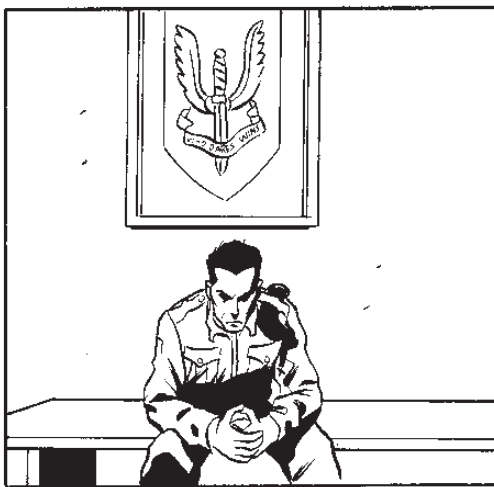
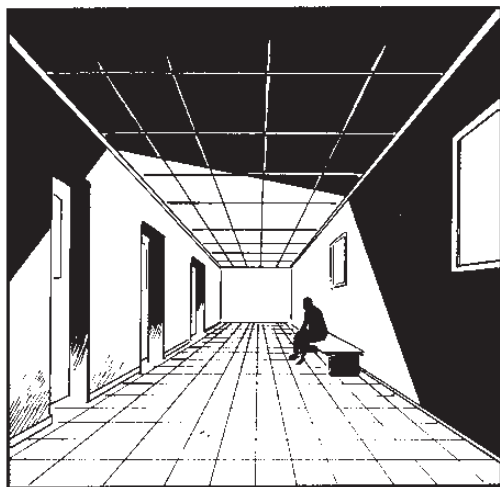


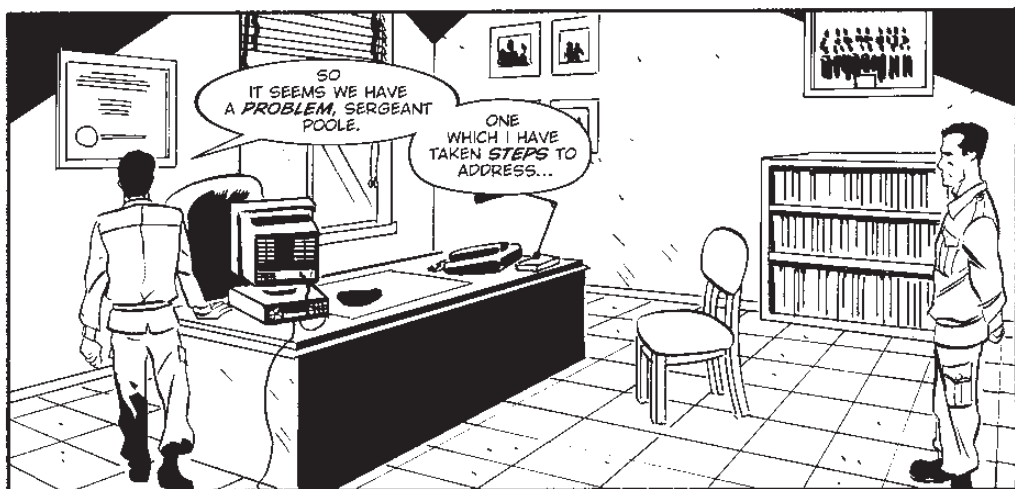
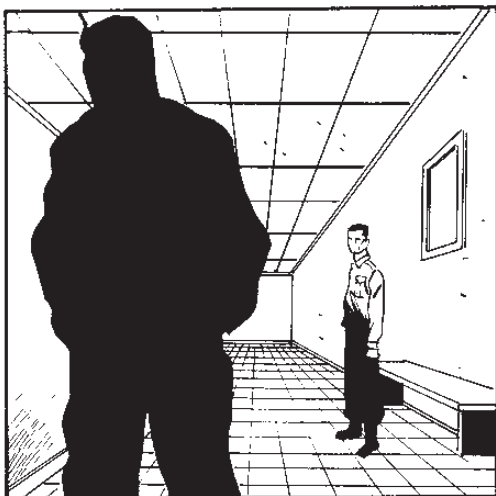


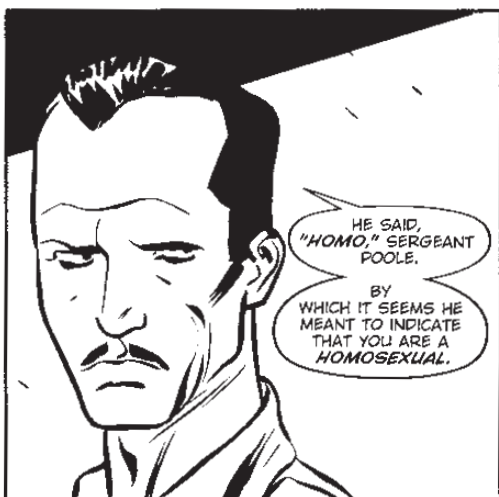
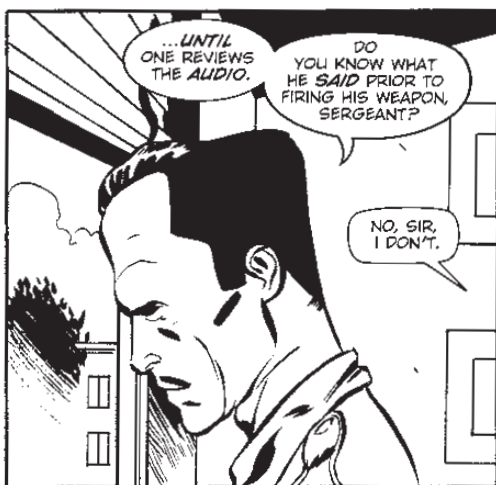
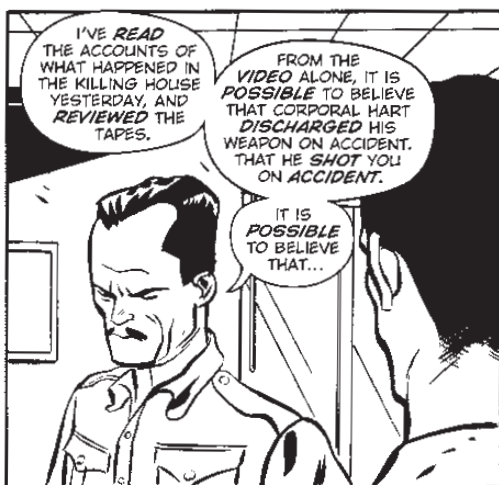


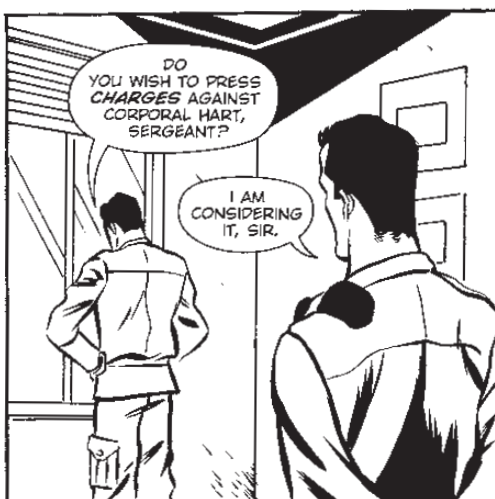


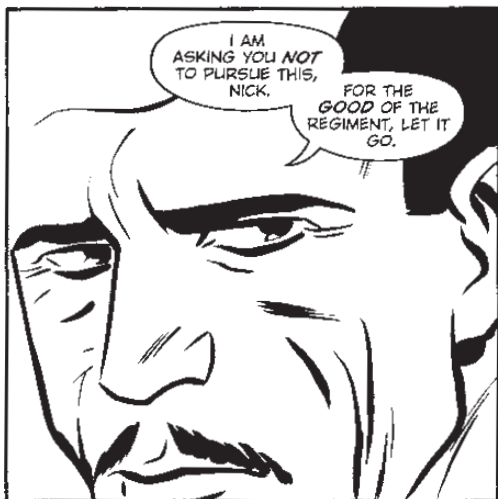
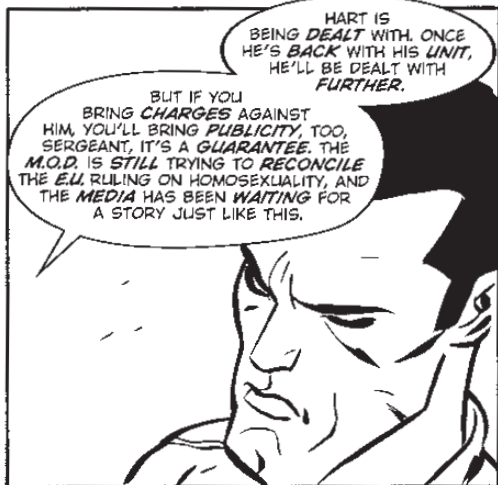
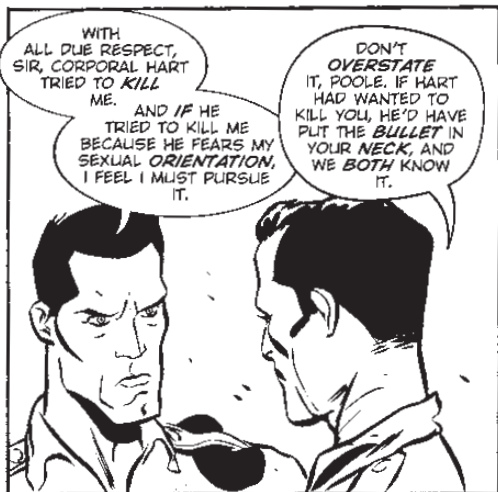
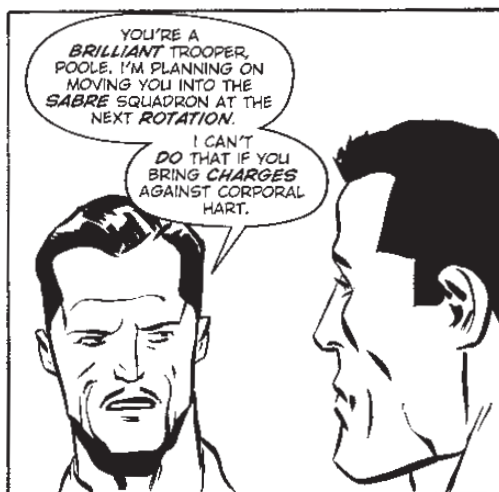






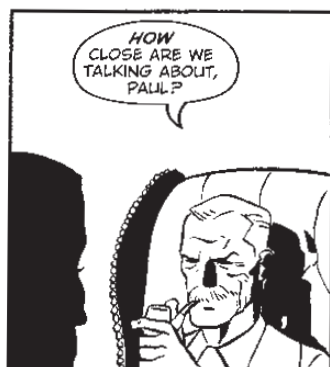
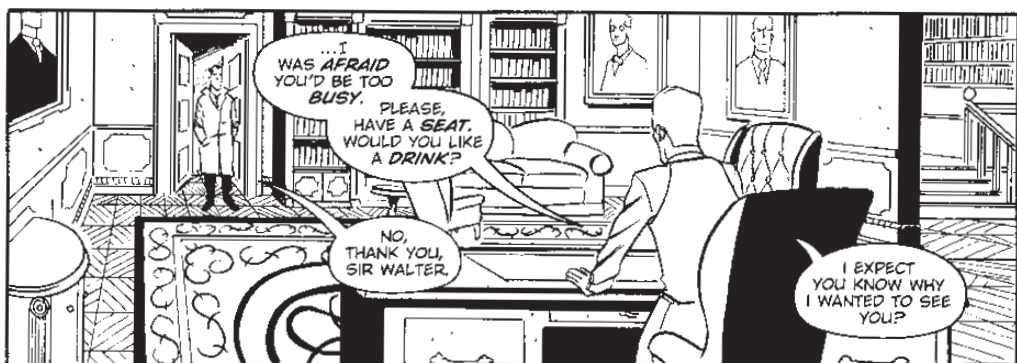


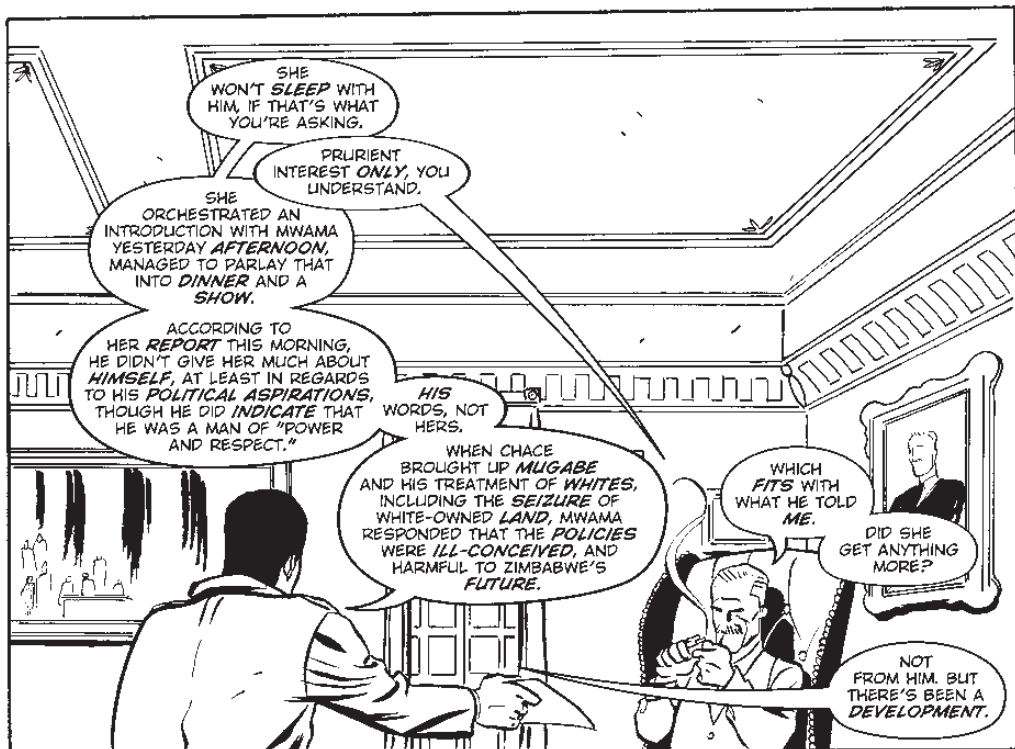


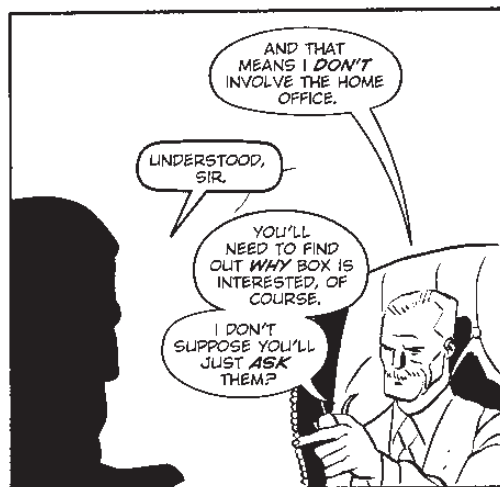
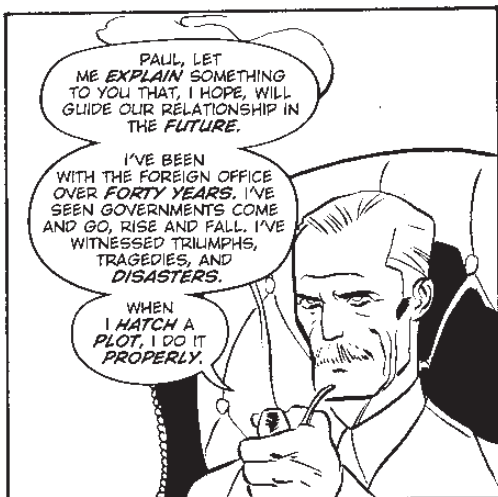




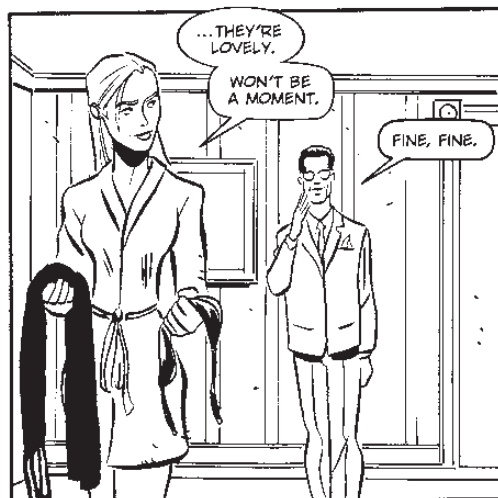
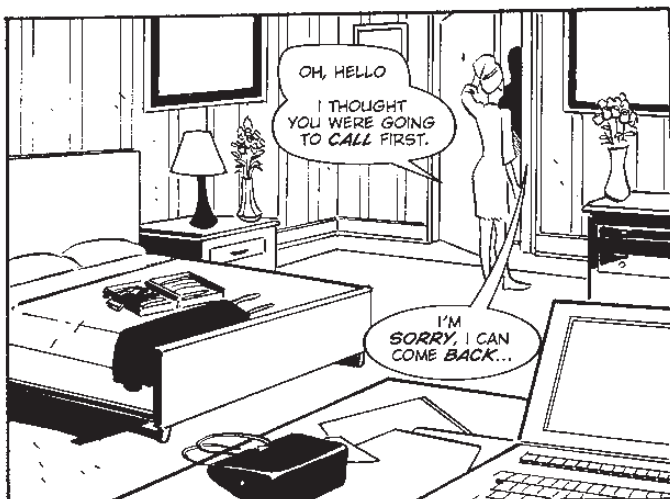
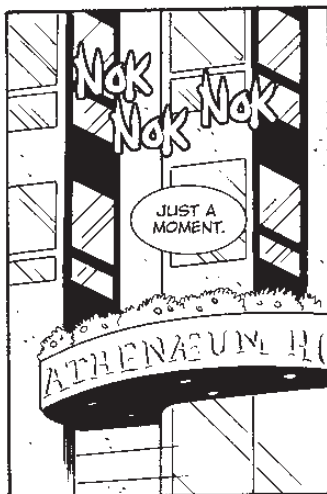


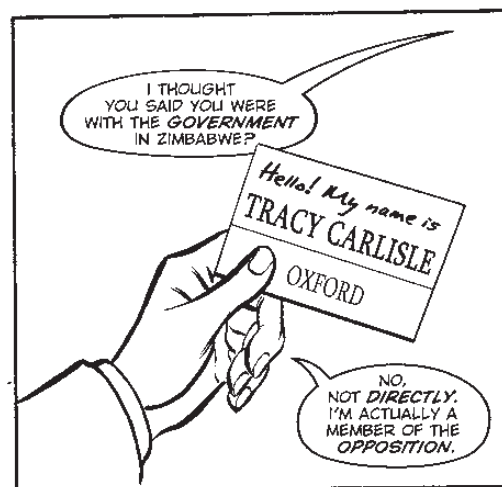


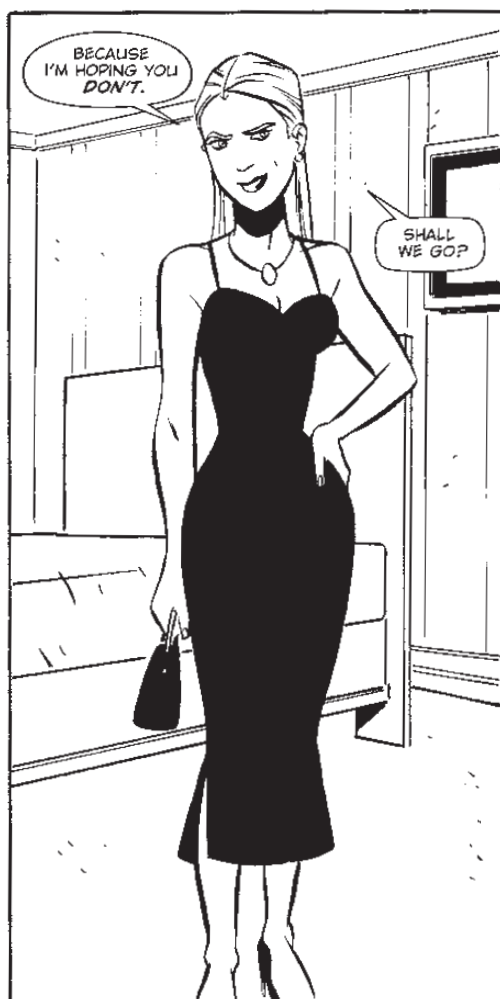


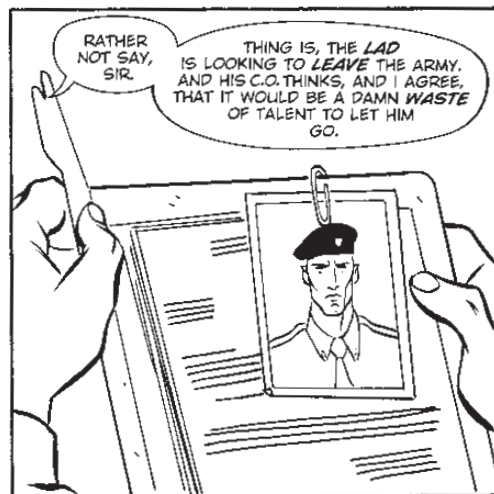
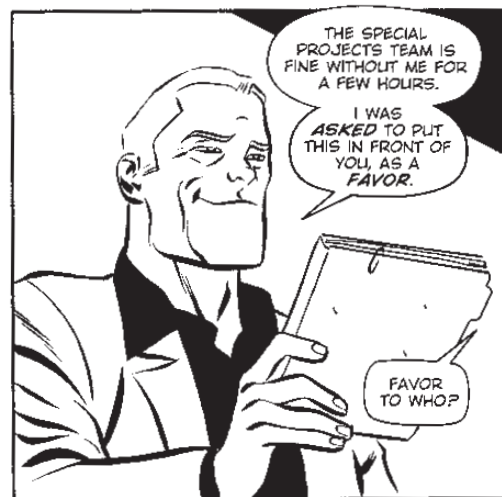




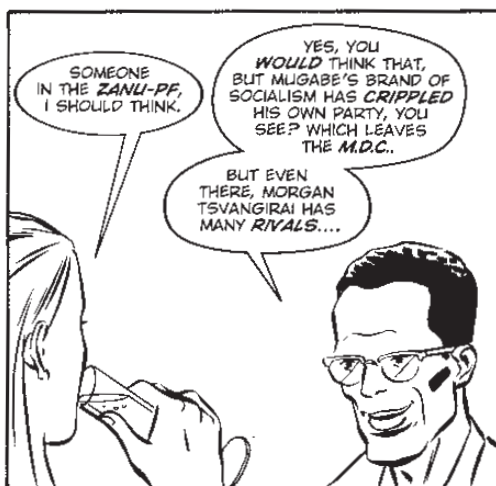
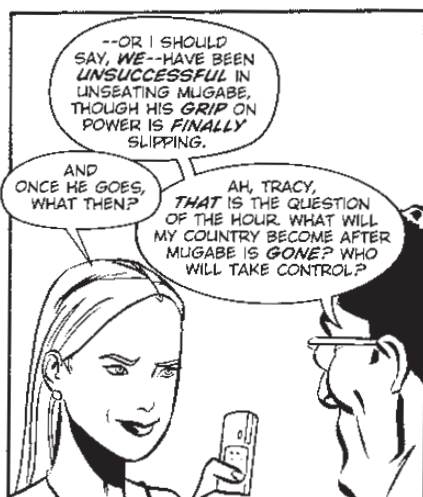


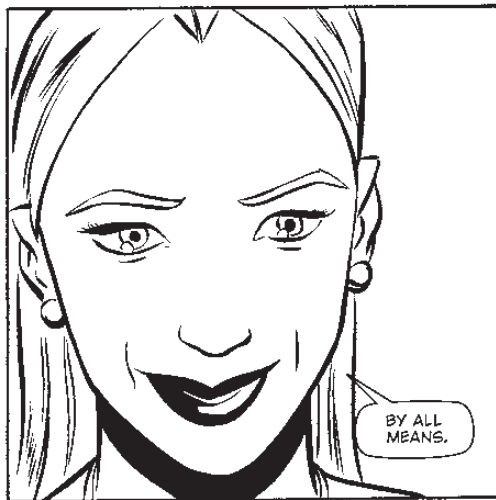
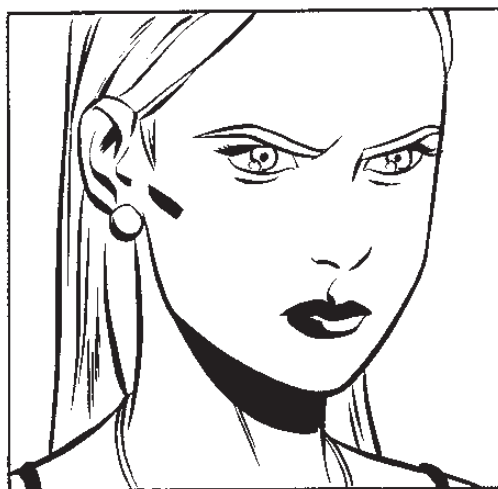






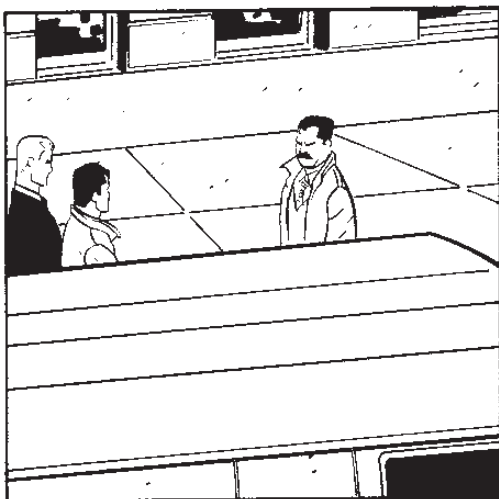


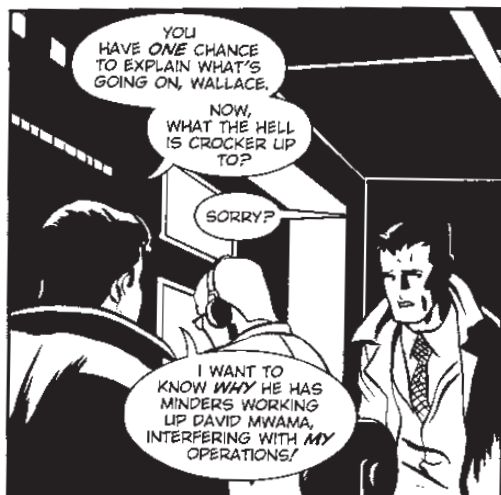


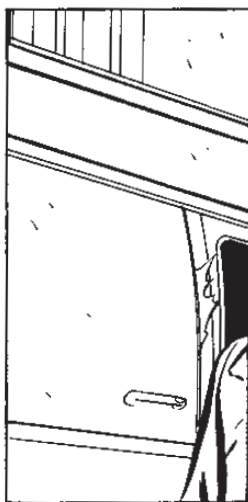


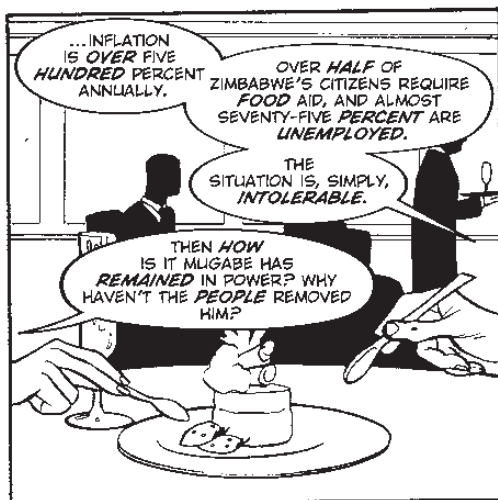


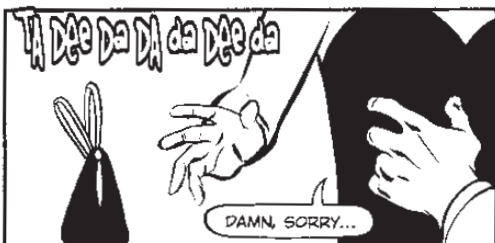


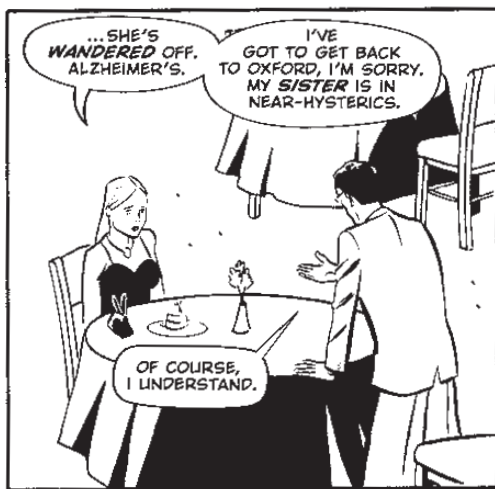
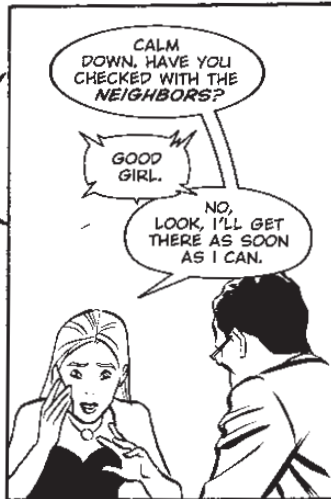


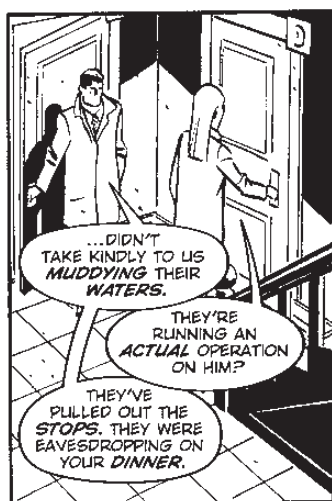


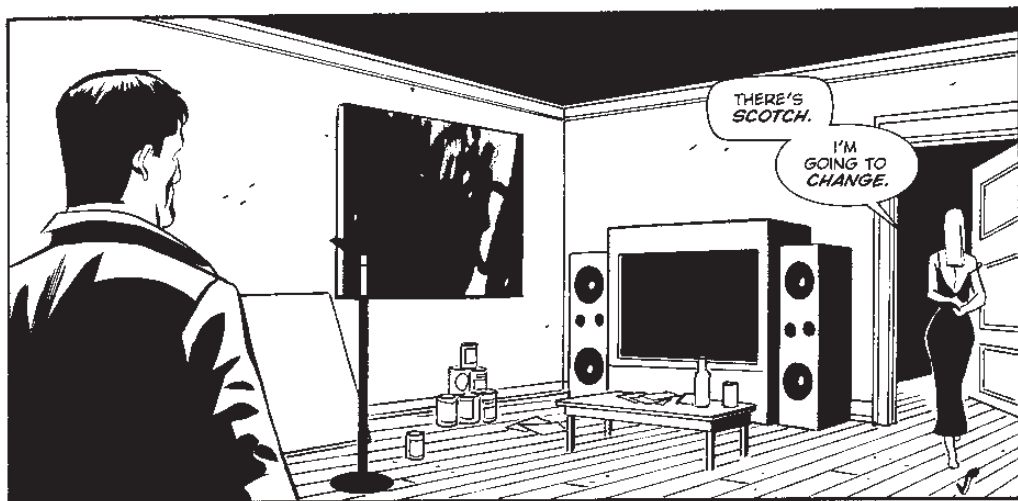


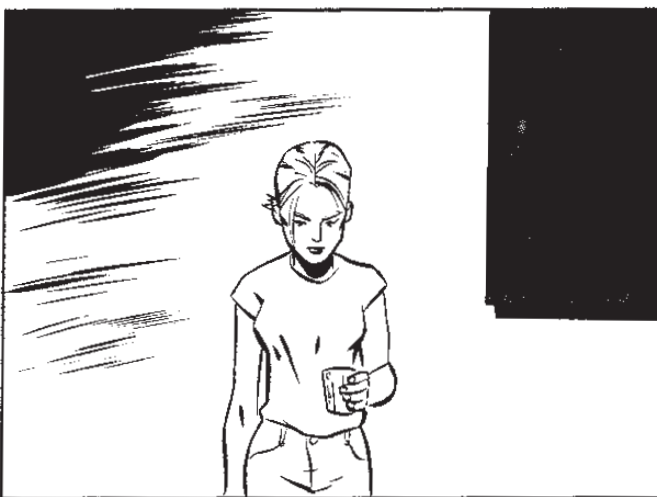
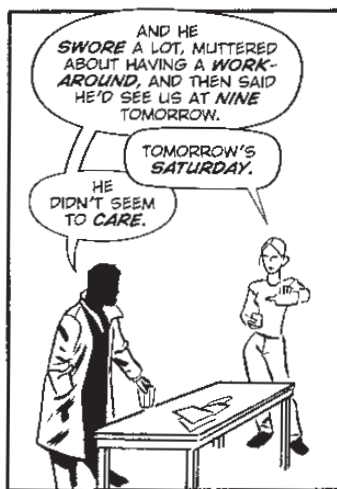


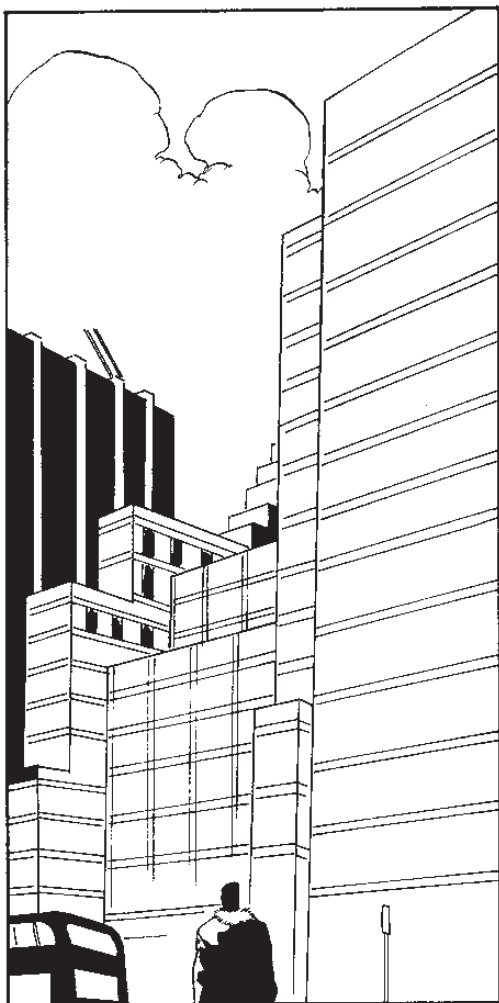


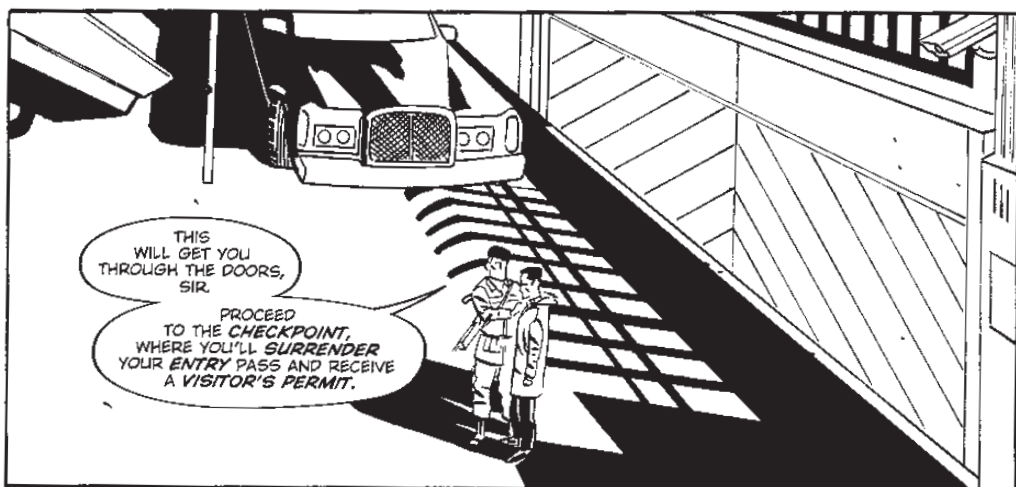




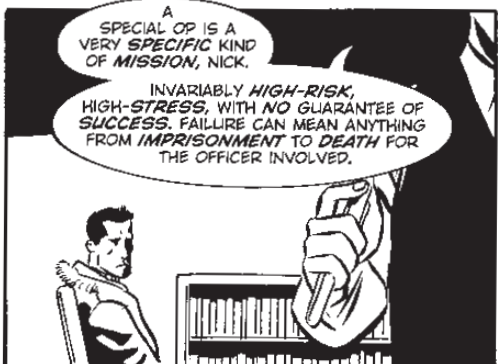


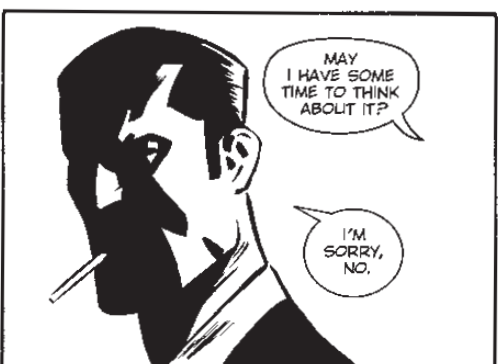
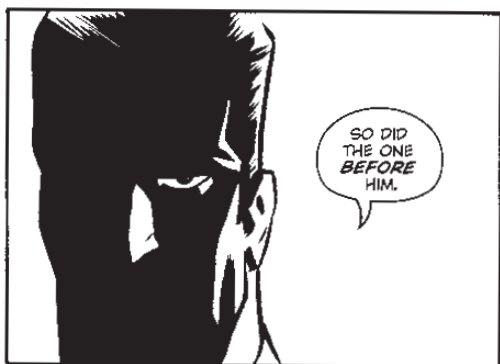
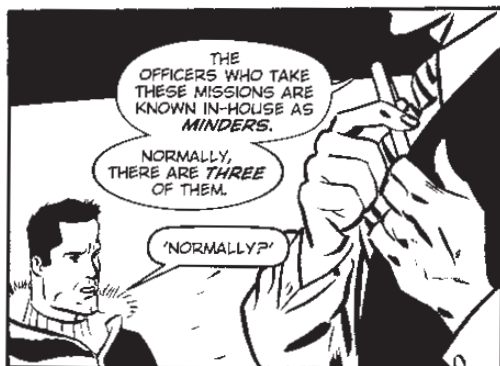


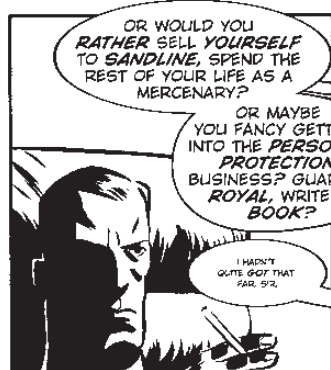
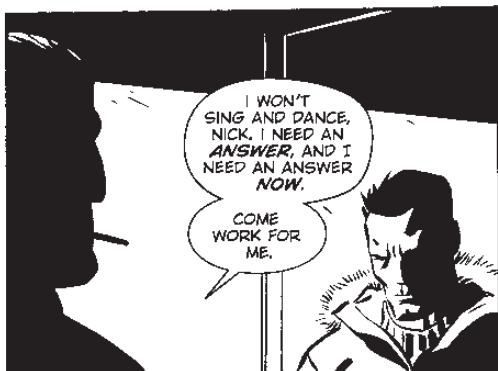
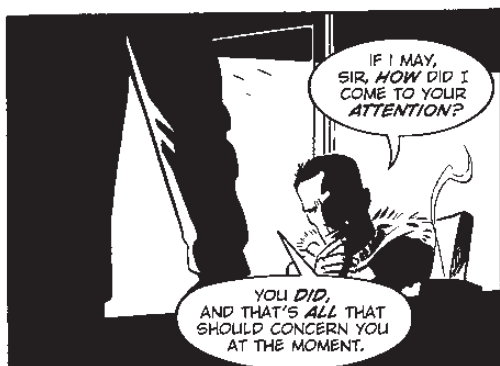


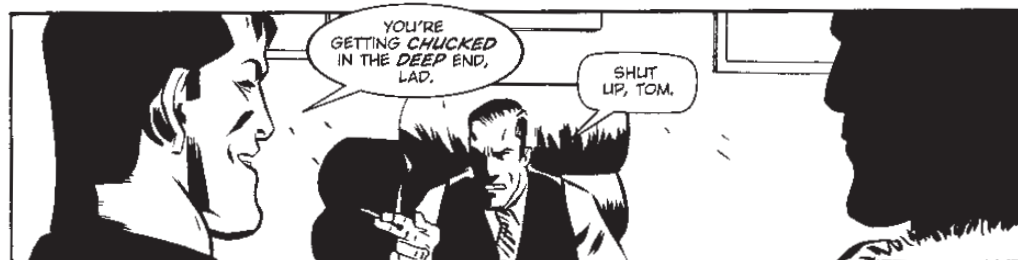






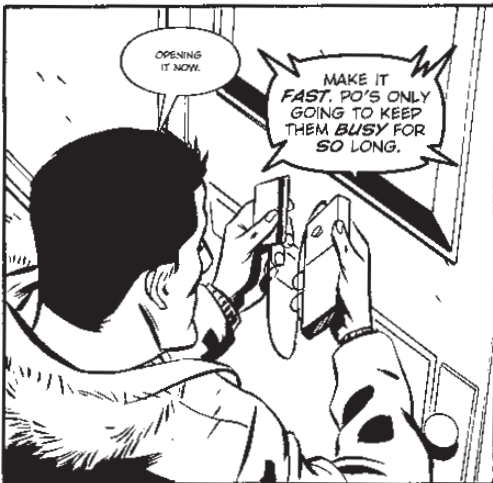
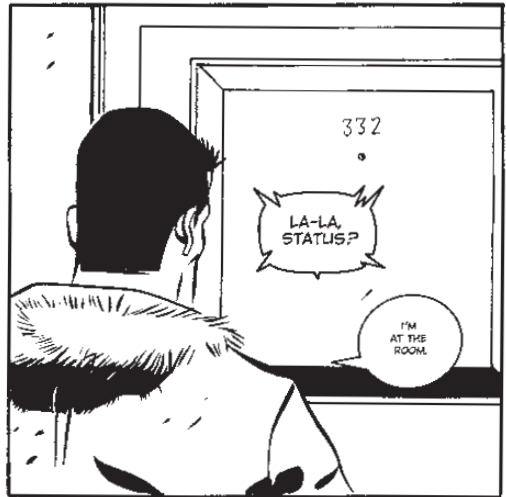
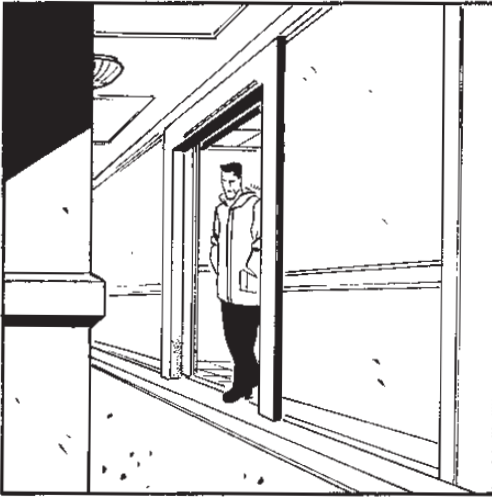


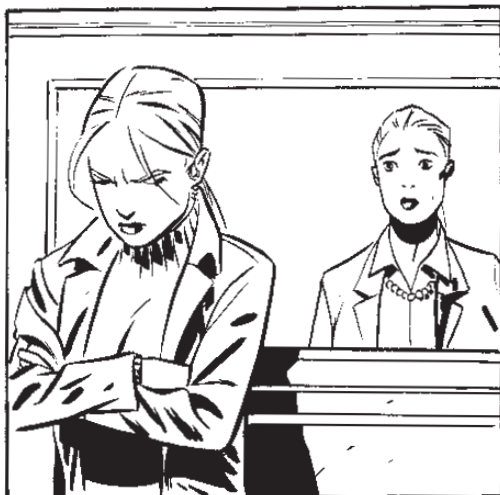


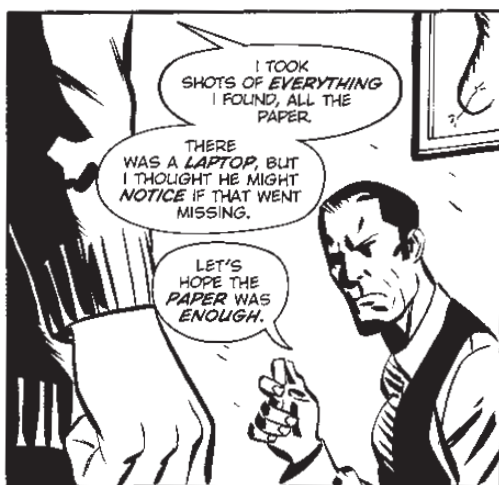


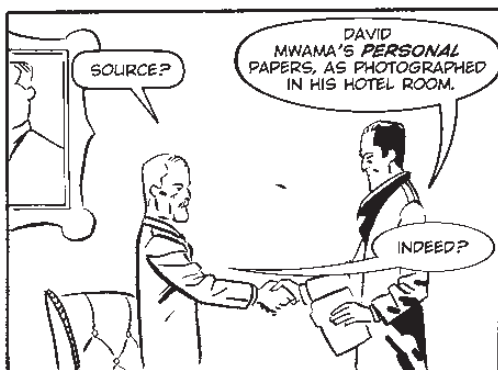
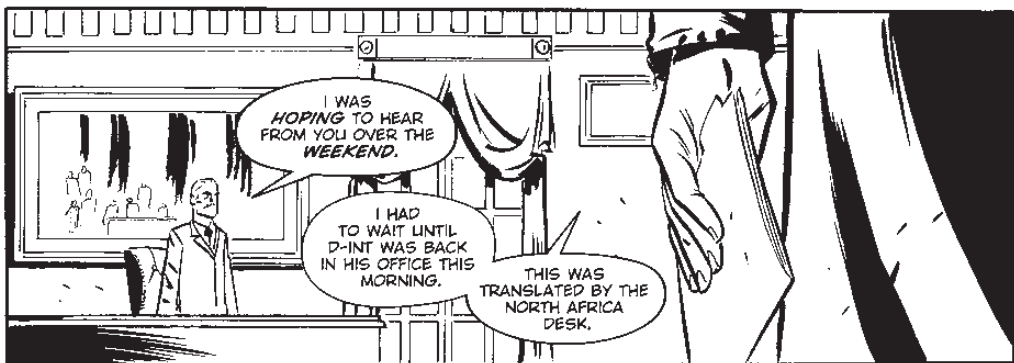


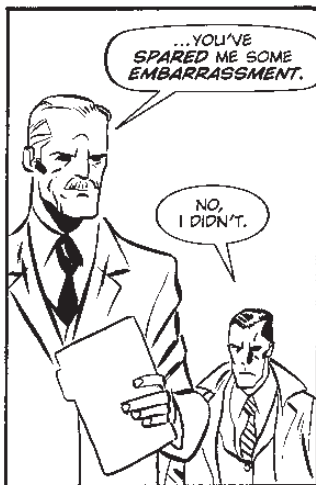
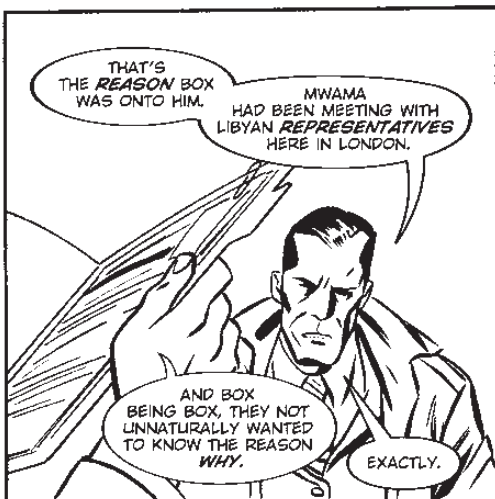


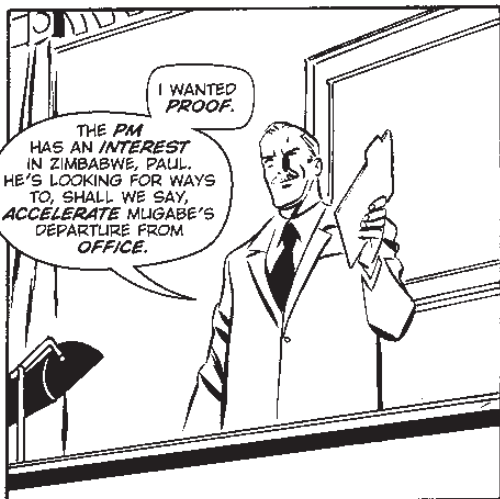












QUEEN & COUNTRY™

BEHIND THE SCENES



The following pages contain samples of some of Jason Shawn Alexander's development process, taking cover art from sketches to final designs. Above is the cover painting to *Queen & Country - Operation: Blackwall* in progress at Alexander's art studio.



J. Alexander's pencil sketch to the final cover for *Queen & Country* - issue fourteen.





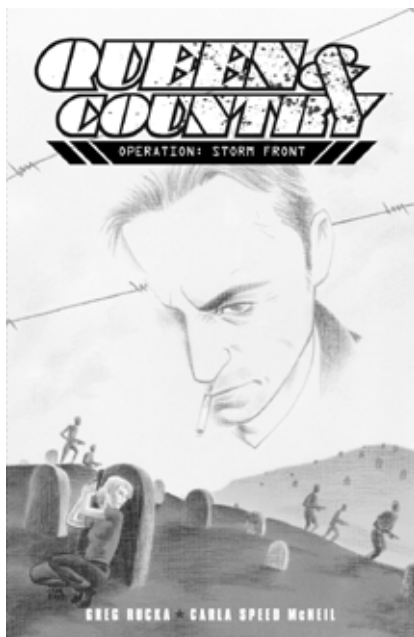
Alexander's pencil sketch to the final painting for *Queen & Country - Operation: Blackwell*.

Alexander



Pencil drawing mocked-up in Photoshop during the design stages of the production of the *Queen & Country* issue fifteen cover.





Original cover designs for *Queen & Country* trade paperback collections volumes four through six.

Operation: Blackwall by Jason Shawn Alexander.

Operation: Storm Front by Carla Speed McNeil.

Operation: Dandelion by Mike Hawthorne.

QUEEN & COUNTRY™

THE TRANSLATED SCENES



The following pages contain english translations of the first three pages of this book.

Page 1

MARION/inside: *I hope you like the room.*

BECK: *It's lovely.*

MARION: *Do you want a drink? I could order champagne.*

BECK: *If I have another drink, I don't think I'll be able to walk.*

MARION: *Then it's a good thing walking wasn't what I had in mind. I want you so badly, Rachel. I've been wanting you for weeks.*

MARION/linked: *Every time I see you I get turned on, I can't help myself.*

BECK: *Andre...*

MARION: *I've been dying to touch you...*

MARION/linked: *...to pleasure you...*

MARION/off: *...to make love to you.*





Page 2

- ELEC/tailless/small: ...your hands, they're so hot...
- ELEC/tailless/small: ...ooh that feels sooo good unhh...
- ELEC/tailless/small: Yeah, move like that, move your ass just like that.
- ELEC/tailless/small: You like that, don't you? You like my fingers in your ass, tell me how you like my fingers up your ass.
- ELEC/tailless/small: Jesus—nhhh oooh don't stop whatever you do God—
- ELEC/tailless/small: —ungh unh don't huh stop uhuh uh-huh oh honey ooh ngg love...
- ELEC/tailless/small: nghh unh good yes like this...
- ELEC/tailless/small: ...you feel this, me inside you, fucking you like this?
- ELEC/tailless/small: nnnh oh yeah, yeah like that like that on my clit gnnh hnn huh God I'm gonna come—
- ELEC/tailless/small: —gonna come so hard around your cock nhh...
- ELEC/tailless/small: Tell me, Rachel...
- CLAUDE: I thought he'd at least have her blow him first.
- ELEC/tailless/small: ...tell me hnnn how much you want it—
- ELEC/tailless/small: God Andre Andre hnnh I want it, I want it so nhhh bad—
- PHILIPPE: He'll get to it.
- PHILIPPE: How's the video?
- CLAUDE/off: Perfect, really...
- ELEC/tailless/small: —nhhh hnh HNH HNNN NHHHH OH GOD OH GOD—

CLAUDE: ...I can count the hairs on her cunt—

CLAUDE: HEY!

PHILIPPE: *No smoking.*

ELEC/tailless/small: ...oh baby oh lover...

ELEC/tailless/small: ...I think it's my turn now...

CLAUDE: Anton has her more than occupied for the time being.

ELEC/tailless/small: Ooh, oh Rachel, baby, you don't have to...

ELEC/tailless/small: Shhh I want to....





QUEEN & COUNTRY™

ABOUT THE AUTHORS . . .



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 AB in English, and from the University of Southern California’s Master of Professional Writing program with an MFA.

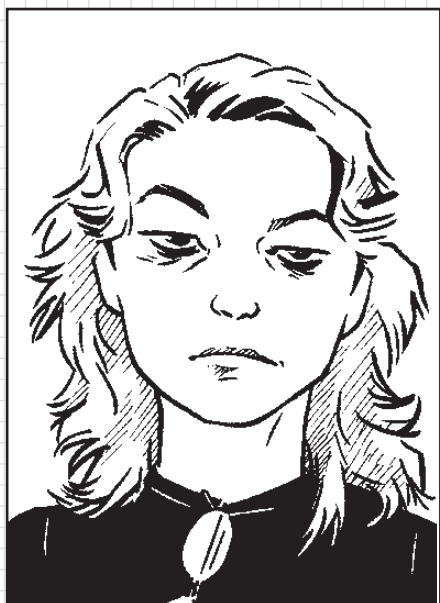
He is the author of nearly a dozen novels, six featuring bodyguard Atticus Kodiak, and two featuring Tara Chace, the protagonist of his *Queen & Country* series. Additionally, he has penned several short-stories, countless comics, and the occasional non-fiction essay. In comics, he has had the opportunity 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 with *Whiteout*—starring Kate Beckinsale—being the first to actually be made. His services are also 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.

JASON SHAWN ALEXANDER Not unlike the music of the blues, Jason Shawn Alexander’s work often explores the darker side of life. The subject is suspended in moments of pain or sorrow. The ultimate expression, however, is one of survival, if not hope.

Alexander, originally from Tennessee, now resides in Hollywood, California. He began painting seriously in 2002 and has had no formal training. Since then, his work has been exhibited in galleries in Los Angeles, Memphis, and Savannah.

He has participated in various teaching workshops, art forums, and has received a Silver Medal from the Society of Illustrators-West and two Eisner Award nominations for his sequential art. It has yet to be verified that he made a deal with the devil.



CARLA SPEED McNEIL is a science fiction writer, cartoonist, and illustrator. Her chief work is the ongoing science fiction comic series *Finder*. Since beginning publication in 1996, McNeil and her imprint, Lightspeed Press, has become a lasting and revered force in self-published comics. She has also written and illustrated comics for anthologies including *Dignifying Science* and *Smut Peddler*, worked as an illustrator on the *Queen & Country* story "Operation: Storm Front" and did a two-page guest-illustration spot for *Transmetropolitan: Filth of the City*. She is editor in chief and print manager of Saucy Goose Press, which produces *Smut Peddler* and other related projects. Her adaptation of D. J. MacHale's first Pendragon book, *The Merchant of Death* is scheduled for release in mid-2008.

Her work has been nominated for Eisner Awards in several categories over the years. In 1997 she won a Kimberley Yale Award from the Friends of Lulu at Comic-Con International.

MIKE HAWTHORNE has worn many hats during his short lifetime—everything from "teacher" to "commercial illustrator" to "comic artist"—his favorites remain "dad" and "hubby." His pencil has graced the romantic comedy *Three Days in Europe*, his own one-man, high-octane adventure series *Hysteria*, and an insane array of titles for Marvel, DC, Beckett, and Image.

Working 20-some odd hours a day in his Pennsylvania bunker, Hawthorne hopes to one day have a day off.

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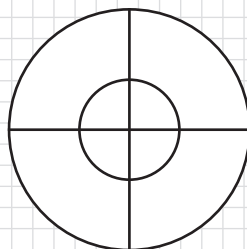
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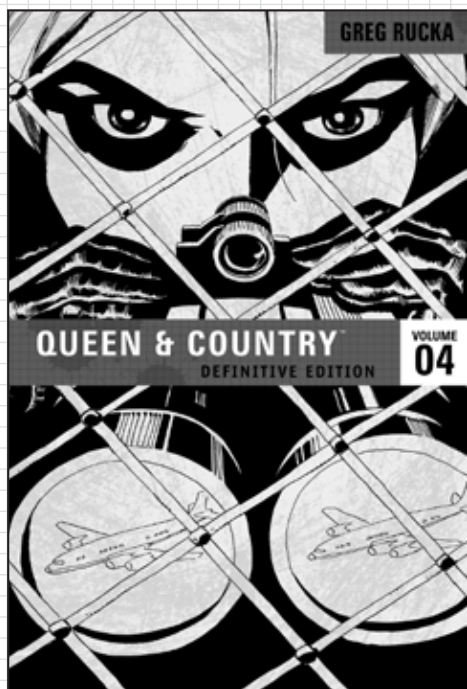
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