

VERTIGO

"A Criminal Masterpiece."

-Steranko

100 BULLETS™

FIRST SHOT, LAST CALL



JOHNSON/RISSO
99

BRIAN AZZARELLO
EDUARDO RISSO



100 BULLETS

FIRST SHOT, LAST CALL

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EDUARDO RISSO
Artist

GRANT GOLEASH
Colorist

CLEM ROBINS
Letterer

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Covers

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 Dave Johnson.
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Those of us who have already discovered 100 BULLETS realize that we have a criminal masterpiece in our hands. The creators know something about the underground corridors of urban life and what happens there. BULLETS has no heroes, just survivors twisted apart by betrayal, anger, pain, and hatred — the stuff that nightmares are made of. Azzarello's resonant street dialogue is tough and spare, and plays maximum counterpoint to Risso's starkly economic images, evocative characterizations, and tautly paced panel narrations. Dave Johnson's hot, graphic covers provide a cool lure to the asphalt hell inside. Some sharpshooters need 100 bullets to get the job done; these guys hit the target with their first shot. Bull's-eye!

STERANKO

Jim Steranko brought a noir sensibility to comics as the innovative writer-artist of S.H.I.E.L.D., Captain America, and X-Men. He has painted a multitude of movie posters, record albums and book covers, including 30 Shadow paperbacks. His two-volume THE HISTORY OF COMICS has sold more than 200,000 copies. In film, he has collaborated with Steven Spielberg, George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola. His most recent work is the hard-boiled visual novel RED TIDE.





BARRIO

JOHNSON

BANG.
YOU'RE
DEAD.

SHORE &
SON MEATS
76 FULTON MARKET

100 BULLETS

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DIGITAL CHAMELEON
SEPARATIONS

CLEM ROBINS
LETTERING

DAVE JOHNSON
COVER

AKEL ALONSO
EDITOR





...MINE STARTS HERE.



BETTER WORK UP A REAL LATHER, GIRL...

THE STINK OF THIS PLACE DON'T WASH OFF EASY...

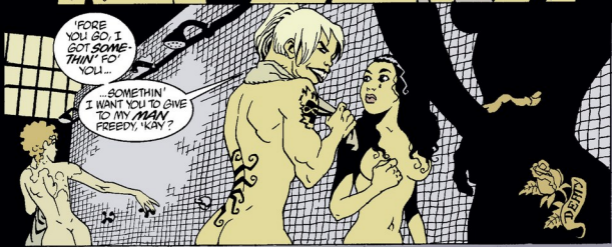
SO, DIZZY WORD IS YOUR ASS BE SPRING TODAY.

BACK TO THE HOOD. S'ALL GOOD.



'FORE YOU GO, I GOT SOMETHIN' FO' YOU...

SOMETHIN' I WANT YOU TO GIVE TO MY MAN FREEDY, 'KAY?

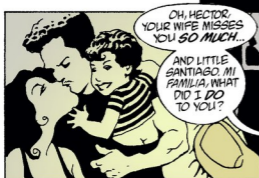


DEPENDS, SHYGIRL. WHAT IS IT?



THIS.





OH, HECTOR,
YOUR WIFE MISSES
YOU SO MUCH...

AND LITTLE
SANTIAGO, MI
FAMILIA, WHAT
DID I DO
TO YOU?



I USED TO DREAM
ABOUT THIS DAY, ABOUT
THE PARTY WE WOULD
HAVE WHEN I WAS
PAROLED.

TURNED
OUT I WAS
KIDDIN'
MYSELF.



I HAVEN'T
PAID FOR MY
CRIMES...

...AND I
NEVER
WILL...



HOW CAN
GOD FORGIVE
ME FOR YOUR
DEATHS?

LET'S GO,
CORDOVA, YOU'RE
FREE.



YOU
GOT THAT
WRONG.



I WILL
NEVER BE
FREE.







DO I KNOW YOU?

NO, I KNOW YOU. ISABELLE "DIZZY" CORDONA. TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD. JUST RELEASED FROM THE WOMEN'S CORRECTIONAL FACILITY IN STATEVILLE.



WELCOME BACK TO THE WORLD. I'M AGENT GRAVES.



... FIVE-OH?



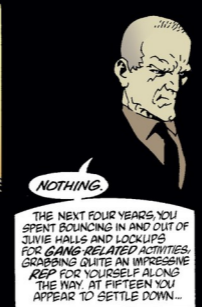
YOU WERE FIRST ARRESTED WHEN YOU WERE ELEVEN YEARS OLD, FOR SHOP-LIFTING.

YOUR SECOND ARREST OCCURRED SEVEN HOURS LATER, WHEN YOU ATTEMPTED TO BURN DOWN THE STORE YOU WERE CAUGHT ROBBING.



CUTE.

WAS A LONG TIME AGO. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?



NOTHING.

THE NEXT FOUR YEARS, YOU SPENT BOUNCING IN AND OUT OF JUVIE HALLS AND LOCKUPS FOR GANG-RELATED ACTIVITIES, GRABBING QUITE AN IMPRESSIVE REP FOR YOURSELF ALONG THE WAY. AT FIFTEEN YOU APPEAR TO SETTLE DOWN...



BUT THEN, GANG-BANGING AND BREAST-FEEDING DON'T SEEM TO MIX, DO THEY?

THAT'S CONSIDERED A **WAY OUT**, ISN'T IT? HAVING A **BABY**, I MEAN.

IT WASN'T ABOUT THAT I MEAN' HECTOR WERE IN LOVE FOREVER, WE WERE PLANNIN' OUR LIVES--

HE WAS **WHAT** WHEN YOU GOT MARRIED --SIXTEEN?

WELL, THE FAIRY TALE CAME TO AN **END** ONE NIGHT IN JULY...

I WAS JUST A **PASSENGER**, HANGIN' WITH MY **HOME**GIRLS. I DIDN'T KNOW--

"RIGHT. WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME. JUST LIKE THAT INNOCENT MAN WHO GOT CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE.

"ALONG WITH HIM, THE FOUR OTHER 'HOME GIRLS' WITH YOU--ALL ARMED--WERE KILLED, AS WERE THE TWO 'AWAY' GIRLS THAT FIRED ON YOUR CAR.

"AS THE **SOLE SURVIVOR**, YOU CAUGHT THE RAP.

"SO MOMMY GOES TO **JAIL**. DADDY GOES **LEGIT**. MINIMUM WAGE PLUS **FOOD STAMPS** AND **BABY** MAKES **THREE**..."

...YEARS SERVED. YOU WERE SENTENCED TO DO **FIFTEEN**. THANK GOD FOR **OVER-CROWDING**, HMM?

HERE. DO YOU **RECOGNIZE** THESE MEN?

NO. WHO' THEY?

THEY **KILLED** YOUR **FAMILY**.



BULLSHIT, MAN.
HECTOR AND SANTIAGO
WERE GUNNED DOWN IN
A DRIVE-BY...



THAT'S RIGHT.
THIS ONE WAS
DRIVING...



NO. IT
WAS VICE
LORDS.

IT WAS
PAYBACK
FOR WHAT I'D
DONE.



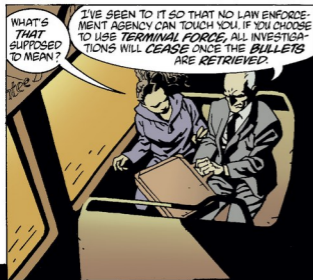
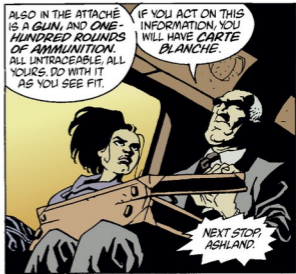
...AND THAT
ONE WAS
FIRING.



TRUST ME.
IT WAS THESE
TWO MEN.
CROOKED
COPS...



... "FIVE-O."



DAZ



YO KID,
GIMME A HIT
OFF THAT
PHATTY.



C'MON,
ESE.

HUEP

HUEP

SURE,
EMILIO...

...SO WHAT
WE AFTER?



RIZA GAVE ME A
SHOPPING LIST, EIGHT. SO
WE GET TO PICK.

YOU
SCOPE SPRINGER
TODAY?



NAH, MAN,
I DIDN'T LOOK
AT NO TV.

WAS FUCKED,
HOMES. THESE
VATOS BE DATIN'
THESE BITCHES
TURNED OUT TO
BE FELLAS.

NO
SHIT?



THEY WAS
FINE, TOO,
HOMES. YOU'D
NEVER KNOW.

WELL, NOT TILL
YOU GO GRABBIN'
FOR SOME COOCHIE
AN' YOU GET A
HAN'FUL A
NUTSACK.

TELL ME HOW
YOU HANG WITH
SOME CHICK AN' YOU
DON' KNOW SHE'S
GOT A DICK, MAN?



SAY, HOMES,
WE GOT A 320-SI
ON THAT LIST?

WORD
GIMME THE RED
VEST.



HERE YOU GO, SIR!

NICE NIGHT, HUH?



LEMME GET THAT DOOR FOR YOUR WIFE.



HIS WIFE? PUH-LEASE... THIS IS JUST OUR FIRST DATE.

MY BAD...



"MA'AM"...



HEY SIR--

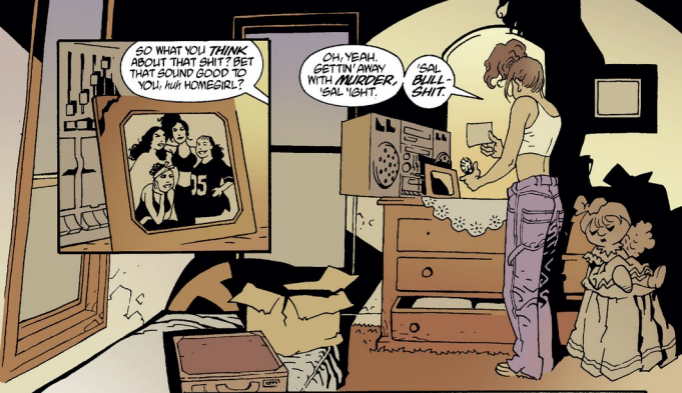
BRIE



YOUR LADY'S A REAL HANDFUL.



?



SO WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT THAT SHIT? BET THAT SOUND GOOD TO YOU, huh HOMEGIRL?

OH, YEAH. GETTIN' AWAY WITH MURDER, 'SAL 'IGHT.

'SAL BULL-SHIT.

NOBODY GETS AWAY WITH *NOTHIN'* DO THEY, BABY?

THE MAN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHEN I SAID YOUR DEATHS WAS PAYBACK...

I MEANT PAYBACK FROM GOD.

SLAM



DIZZY!

LUCY! JESUS GIRL, SO BIG!



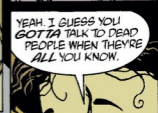
WHERE'S MOMMA AT?

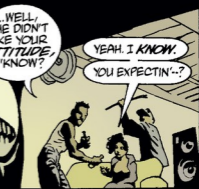
SHE'S OUT HANGIN', DIZZY.

WHO YOU TALKIN' TO BEFORE?



HECTOR.







EMILIO!

YO SISTA,
WAS 'UP'!

MY EYEBROW, BOY!
CHECK YOU OUT!

WHAT... THAT?
S'NOTHIN'. THIS
RIDE HERE'S JUS'
ONE OF MY
MANY...



YEAH, I GUESS
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS
IF YOU TREAT THE STREET
LIKE A USED CAR LOT--
eh, LI'L BRAH?

NOT USED,
DIZ-- PREVIOUSLY
OWNED.



HEY, SORRY I
DIDN'T COME DOWN
TO SEE YOU
N'SHIT...

WAS
MOMMA--
SHE WOULDN'T
LET ME.

SINCE
WHEN YOU
START
LISTENIN'
TO HER?

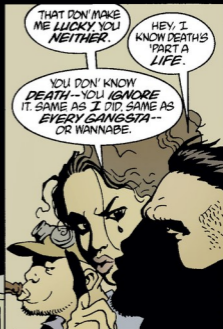


HEY DIZ, GIVE THE OL'
GIRL HER PROPS--

OH YEAH, BRO,
SURE THING SHE
DIDN'T EVEN TELL
NOBODY I WAS
COMIN' HOME.

YEAH, WELL, FROM
THE WAY YOU WAS
BEHAVIN'; WE DIDN'
KNOW IF YOU WAS
COMIN' HOME...

...OR JOININ' A
CONVENT.



LOOK, DIZZY. HECTOR AN SANTIAGO WERE KILLED IN A DRIVE-BY.

WHO SAYS THEY WOULDA BEEN OUT ON THAT CORNER IF I HADN'T GOT MY ASS LOCKED UP BEIN' A FOOL?

WAS THE FUCKIN' LORDS, BABY--THEY TOOK YOUR MAN OUT.

WHY'S THAT?

'CAUSE I'DA DONE IT IF THEY DIDN'T.

HE WAS PUSHIN' LITTLE SANTIAGO DOWN THE STREET IN A STROLLER-- FUCKIN' TERRIBLE, DIZ.

WHY?

HUH?

WHY? WHY'D THEY DO IT? HECTOR WASN'T BANGIN' NO MORE, HE WAS LEGIT--

WHO KNOWS? BACK IN THE DAY, HECTOR WAS KING SHIT. SOME PLUNK MUSTA FIGURED, "BUSTIN' A CAP IN THAT VATO'S MY REP--"

YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY FIVE-0H CAUGHT UP TO 'EM, BLEW THEIR MUTHAFUCKIN' DICK-RIDIN' ASSES AWAY.

RIGHT?

YOU SURE THAT'S HOW IT WENT DOWN?

FUCK YEAH, YOU ARE, TOO.

YOUR SISTER, SHE'S MESS'D UP.

YEAH, SHE IS.

HEY SMACK, RING UP RIZA FOR ME, OKAY? TELL HIM I GOT HIS RIDE.







SO HELLO.

NOW WHAT'S A RUDDIPOD LITTLE SKEEZER LIKE YOU DOIN' OUT JACKIN' REC ON A SCHOOL NIGHT?



HEY, I KNOW! YOU'RE OUT LOOKIN' FOR A DATE, RIGHT?

YA THINK? WHAT IF SHE WENT LEZZIE IN THE JOINT, DON' LIKE DICK NO MORE.



THAT'D BE A SHAME, CUTE LITTLE PEECE'A ASS LIKE THIS MUNCHIN' CARPET...

...YOU STILL LIKE DICK, DONCHA CHICA?



WHY DON' YOU SHOW ME HOW MUCH...



FUCK!

SHE'S PACKIN'!



YOU STUPID LITTLE BITCH-- YOU LEAVE YER BRAINS BACK IN THE JOINT?

DON' YOU FUCKIN' KNOW CARRYIN' A PEECE IS A PAROLE VIOLATION?

HERE YOU GO, KID, PAID IN FULL.

PLEASURE DOIN' *BID'NESS* WIT' CHOO, RIZA.

S' COOL, LITTLE BROTHA?

YO SMACK, YOU GOT THEM NEW TAGS ON THAT RIDE YET?

YEAH, RIZA, IT'S GOOD TO GO.

TIGHTEN MY MAN UP, TWENTY. THEN DRIVE THIS RIDE DOWN TO KENTUCKY. THAT *HILLBILLY'S*. GONNA BREAK IT DOWN.

'AIGHT.

ILLINOIS 3476

DAMN! WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THAT *CHEDDA*, EMILIO? YOU BEST NOT BE COPPIN' WHEELS FOR SOME OTHER PLAYA...

CHILL, COUS. IT'S MY SAVINGS. WE COOL.

FUCK, HOMES, AIN'T RIGHT TO BE OUT WALKIN' WITH ALL THAT LOOT--YOU GET YER ASS POPPED.

DON' WORRY 'BOUT ME, ESE. MY BACK'S COVERED.



YOU
AIN'T GONNA
BELIEVE
THIS...

I JUS' GOT OFF
THE HORN WITH
DISPATCH--THEY
RAN A CHECK.

SO
FUCKIN'
WHAT!?

SO FUCKIN'
THIS: WE GOTTA
LET HER GO...



YOU
GOTTA
BE--

AND GIVE
HER THE *PIECE*
BACK.



OKAY, WAITA-
MINUTE! LISTEN
UP, BITCH:

HEY--

ANY LITTLE
GANG SKANK FRESH
OUTTA THE BLOC CARRYIN'
HEAT IS SURE AS
HELL LOCKIN' FOR
TROUBLE...

HOW SHE
GOT A *FREE*
PASS TO CARRY,
I DUNNO...



...BUT I
SURE AS *FUCK*
AM GONNA *FIND*
OUT.



BUT THEN...
NONE OF
THIS DOES.

NOT
UNLESS...







100 BULLETS

BRIAN AZZARELLO WRITER	EDUARDO RISSO ARTIST	GRANT GOLEASH COLORIST	DIGITAL CHAMELEON SEPARATIONS	CLEN ROBINS LETTERING	DAVE JOHNSON COVER	AXEL ALONSO EDITOR
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DON'CHOO GO LOCKIN' THE DOOR IN MY HOUSE...

HEY, MAMA.

HEY SHIT. WHAT YOU DOIN' IN HERE?



NOTHIN'.

DAAMN RIGHT.

DON'T START HIT' HER, BONITA. FER CHRISSAKE, SHE JUS' GOT BACK.



DON'CHOO TELL ME HOW TO RAISE MY KIDS, CARLOS. I'LL KICK YOUR ASS TO THE CURB.

YEAH, YEAH. I'M GETTIN' A BEER. YOU WAN ONE?



IN A MINUTE, I WANNA TALK TO DIZZY.

WHEN YOU GET HOME?

YESTERDAY. THANKS FOR THE PARTY.



DON' BLOW ME NO SHIT. I HAD BUSINESS TO DO.

REALLY? STILL BUYIN' FOOD STAMPS FROM CRACK-HEADS?



WHAT'S ALL THIS?

WHAT THE FUCK GOT INTO YOUR HEAD?

LIFE AIN'T NO FUNERAL, GIRL.



FUNNY YOU'D SAY THAT, LIVIN' AROUN' HERE.

WHAT THE FUCK'S SO FUNNY 'BOUT THAT- THIS ALL SOME JOKE TO YOU NOW? "OH MAMMA, I DONE SEE THE ERROR OF MY WAYS. I THROUGH BANGIN' THROUGH KICKIN' ASS!"

WHAT DO I HAVE TO KICK ASS FOR?



WHAT'S YOURS, GIRL. YOU KICK ASS FOR WHAT'S YOURS.

WHAT'S MINE? WHAT YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT-- NOTHIN'S MINE!

NONE OF THIS HOOD BELONGS TO ANY OF US! WE ALL SO STUPID WE ACT LIKE IT DOES.

THE LORDS, THE KINGS-- NOTHIN' SEPARATES THEM 'CEPT THE CORNERS THEY HANG ON. AND FOR ALL THAT-- LAND AND CRIBS THEY DON' EVEN OWN-- THEY KILL ONE ANOTHER.



THE STREETS AIN'T OURS.

JUS' THE BLOOD ON 'EM. THAT'S OURS.



AN' THAT'S WHY WE FIGHT.

FOR BLOOD.



MAMMA, THE ONLY THING THAT WAS REALLY MINE IS DEAD.

YOU GOTTA LET 'EM GO, DIZ...

...YOU GOTTA MOVE ON.



WHERE TO, MAMA?

TO...TO...



TO... I DON' KNOW, THE NEXT MAN, HAVE MORE BABIES.

I... I CAN'T.



LOOK, LI'L GIRL, UNDERSTAND A FACT OF LIFE: IF YOU'RE WEAK, YOU DIE.

DON' BE WEAK, BABY.



DON' BE WEAK.





CLEAR OUT, POPPY.



I DON'T NEED NO MOTHERFLUCKIN' PICK TO TAKE MR. CLEAN.



WHAT, COUS? YOU THINK I'MA DRIVE LEF...



...OR RIGHT?



AND ONE.



DUZU





WHAT'S UP, DIZ?

NOT MUCH. JUS' GOT IN IT WITH MAMMA, FIGURED I NEEDED SOME AIR.



AIR EMILIO'S WHAT YOU GET, BABY.

COWS' BACK OFF.



YOU KNOW THIS COUPLE A' COPS: SWIRSKI AN' MORGAN?

NOT BY NAME --JUST BY NUMBERS. THEY KNOW ME, THOUGH.

HOW'S THAT?



DIZ, ALL THE COPS KNOW ME --THUS NUMBA ONE. I GET RESPEC FROM D.G. AN' FIVE-OH.

THEY ALWAYS TRYIN' TO BUS' MY ASS, BUT JUS' LIKE ON THE COURT, I GOT MAD SKILLS.



WHY YOU ASK?

THEY TRIED TO PUT THE SCARE INTO ME LAST NIGHT...



YOU WAN' ME TO TAKE 'EM OUT?



YOU HEAR THAT? IT'S MY AGENT, JERRY-FUCKIN' MCGUIRE.

SHOW ME THE PUSSY!



PUH-LEEZ.

AIN'T NOBODY FUCK WITH MY SISTA IN MY HOOD--

B-DEEP B-DEEP





IT DON'T
ADD UP.

WAZ'AT?

LAST NIGHT,
THAT EX-CON COOCHIE WITH
THE FUCKIN' GUN PERMIT.

YOU
STILL ON
THAT?

DAMN
RIGHT I
AM.

YOU DON'T THINK IT'S
SUSPICIOUS?



THERE'S
NO RECORD
YOU CALLED THE
GUN IN.

WHAT--? YOU SAYIN'
I GOT SOMETHIN'
TO DO WITH THIS?
LISTEN, PAL--

NO, WHAT I'M
SAYIN' IS WE GOTTA
STAY ON OUR TOES, Y'KNOW?
WE GOT A LOT AT STAKE--

YOU SEE A
CONNECTION?

YEAH, SO
WHAT ISN'T?
LOOK, WE GOT
OUR OWN SHIT
TO WORRY
ABOUT.

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT
I'M THINKIN', TOO.
THERE AIN'T NO LAW--
LOCAL OR FEDERAL--SAYS
A KNOWN FELON ON
PAROLE GETS TO
CARRY A PIECE.

SO I DID A
LITTLE CHECKIN', AN'
GUESS WHAT?



YOU TELL ME.
'MEMBER THAT KID,
HECTOR...

YEAH?

WAS HER
HUSBAND.

NO
SHIT...

MORGAN.

B-DING
B-DING

SHOWTIME.



DON' FEEL SO BAD, DIZ, YOU AIN'T ALONE. SHIT, MOS' OUR MEN ARE EITHER LOCKED UP OR DEAD.

OR WORKIN' THREE JOBS.

YEAH, S'WAY IT IS. WE OLD.



WHAT!? GIRL--

I'M SERIOUS, CHICA. WE ALL IN OUR TWENTIES. WE GOT OUR BABIES, WE OG--OLD GIRLS.

THINGS CHANGED WHILE YOU WERE AWAY. LEAVE THE VIDA LOCA TO THE YOUNGER SET, LIKE YOUR BROTHER.

EMILIO?



YEAH GIRL, THAT VATO'S THE SHIT.

HE'S GOT A REP--EVEN WITH THE OLD SCHOOL.

NOBODY DISRESPECTS YOUR BROTHER, GIRL. HE'S MACK DIESEL.

HE'S HOT, TOO.



HE'S TOO YOUNG FOR YOU!



SIGH?...THAT'S THE TROUBLE NOWADAYS.

YOU WANNA HIT IT, YOU GOT EITHER OLD MEN OR BOYS...



I SWEAR, GIRL YOU'RE EITHER STUCK TEACHIN' 'EM WHAT TO DO...

...OR HOPIN' THEY CAN STAY UP LONG ENOUGH TO DO IT.



YOU CRAZY, DROOPY!

I'M SERIOUS! REMEMBER WHAT IT USED TO BE LIKE? ALL THE VATOS EVER THOUGHT ABOUT WAS COOCHIE, COOCHIE, COOCHIE...



LOOK WHERE IT GOT US.

YEAH.



IT'S NOT LIKE THAT ANYMORE.

WHAT YOU SAYIN', ANGIE?



HEROIN, GIRL.

NOT LIKE COKE, YOUR MAN WOULD LAST ALL NIGHT ON THAT.

THEY'S ALL INTO SMACK NOW. THEY LIKE IT BETTER THAN SEX.



WASN'T ALL GOOD. MADE 'EM LOCO. GAVE 'EM THE COURAGE TO PULL THE TRIGGER--IF THEY DIDN'T ALREADY HAVE IT.

BUT HEROIN, IT SLOWS 'EM DOWN. ALL OF 'EM.

WEEE-000 WEEE-000



WEEE-0000 WEEE-0000

IN A FUNNY WAY, IT'S MADE THINGS SAFER.

WEEE-000-WEEE-000

HEY! ANY OF YOU YOUNG LADIES SEE ANYTHING OUT OF WHACK?

A CAR YOU HAVEN'T SEEN BEFORE?

WE SERVE AND PROTECT



WEEE-000
WEEE-000



SOME YATOS-- NOT FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD?

ANY-THING?

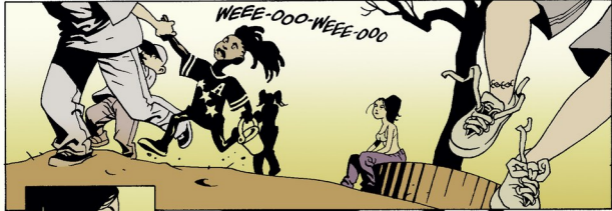


WEEE-000
WEEE-000

LISTEN, YOU ALL TAKE YOUR KIDS AND GO HOME. NOW.

THERE'S BEEN SOME SHIT--

BIG SHIT. COMPRENDE?



WEEE-000-WEEE-000



STOP!



SCREECH



YO FREEDY, WHY YOU CHASIN' AFTER FIVE-OH?

DIZ, SOMETHIN'S GONE DOWN...



OVER BY BIG POPPA'S, WHERE THE O.G.'S HANG...



...SMACKS THERE.



THIS IS BAD...



TOO MANY COPS, MAYBE WE--





YOU KNOW IT. COUPLE OF THEM CAUGHT SOME ORDNANCE RIGHT IN THE FACE-- POINT BLANK.

THOROUGH



NOB?

NO WAY.



SMACK...

WHAT WERE THESE GUY--KINGS?

YEAH, SOME OF 'EM... MOSTLY SEMI-RETIRED. O.G.



WHOEVER
IT WAS, THEY CAME
RIGHT IN THE FRONT
DOOR...

...AND, JUDGING
BY THE SPRAY,
DIDN'T OPEN FIRE
'TIL THEY WERE
ABOUT HERE.

SO, OUR HITTERS
EITHER BURST IN WITH THEIR
WEAPONS DRAWN, COMPLETELY
DUMBFOUNDING CHEECH AN'
THE REST OF MENUDO, OR--

OR THESE
POOR FUCKS HAD NO
REASON TO BELIEVE
THEY WERE ABOUT
TO DIE.



R.I.P.

T.C.B.



F.U.



HEY!

YES, SIR.

GET HER
THE FUCK
OUTTA
HERE!





YO, ESE...

CHECK IT OUT.

SEND 'EM OVER.



CORDOVA!

LET'S GO.



FIGURED IT WOULDN'T BE 'TIL MORNIN'...

WHAT'S THAT?

THE BUS BACK TO PRISON...



SEVEN-THIRTY SHARP, GIRLIE. FULL EVERY DAY.

BUT YOU AIN'T ON IT.



...WHERE'M I GOIN'?



NOWHERE FAST, PRODY.



SEE YA NEXT TIME.



BUT...?

WHAT? LOOK, MISSY, JUS' 'CAUSE...



YOU FUCKIN' PUNKS ARE ALL ALIKE-- THERE OUGHTTA BE A REVOLVING DOOR ON THE HOLDING CELL, FER CHRIS-SAKES.



I DON' UNDERSTAND..



AH, FUCK.

GUTIERREZ, C'MERE.



SELENA HERE DON' HABLA INGLIS. TELL HER SHE MADE BAIL, AN SHE CAN VAMOOSE.

I SPEAK ENGLISH..



GOOD. THEN GET THE FUCK ADIOS. HAVE A NICE DAY.





...SO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED...

YOU MEAN HOW YOU TRIED TO GO OFF ON THOSE TWO COPS?

FUCK YEAH I KNOW! WHAT WAS YOU THINKIN', DIZ?

WHO PUT THAT IDEA IN YER HEAD?

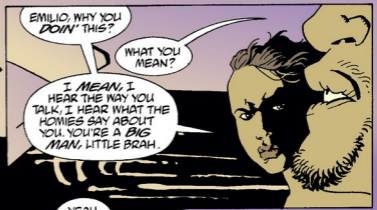
WHAT IDEA?

THAT THEM COPS TOOK OUT THE O.G.'S LIKE THAT...

...HECTOR AN' THE BABY, TOO. YOU WRONG, DIZ, JUS' WRONG. YOU KNOW IT WAS THE LORDS THAT SMOKED 'EM.



FUCK IF IT WEREN'T THEM TONIGHT, TOO.



EMILIO, WHY YOU DOIN' THIS?

WHAT YOU MEAN?

I MEAN, I HEAR THE WAY YOU TALK, I HEAR WHAT THE HOMIES SAY ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE A BIG MAN, LITTLE BRAH.

YEAH, I AM.

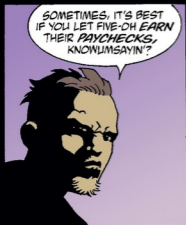
YEAH, YOU ARE. I MEAN, I 'PRECATE WHAT YOU DONE FOR ME, BAILIN' MY ASS OUT...

... BUT IT COULDA WAITED DON' GET ME WRONG, BUT IF IT WAS THE LORDS THAT HIT THE O.G.'S...



...WHY AIN'T YOU OUT RETALIATING?







100 BULLETS

BRIAN AZZARELLO EDUARDO RISSO GRANT GOLEASH
WRITER ARTIST COLORIST
DIGITAL CHAMELEON CLEM ROBINS DAVE JOHNSON AXEL ALONSO
SEPARATIONS LETTERING COVER EDITOR



HECTOR...
I LIED TO
YOU. I'M SO
SORRY.

I MEAN, I
KNOW I'VE BEEN
TELLIN' YOU HOW MUCH
I MISS YOU, AN' I
DO LOVE YOU,
BUT...

...BUT...



I DON'
WANNA BE
WITH YOU.
NOT YET.



DIZZY
CORDOVA?



WHO ARE YOU?

YOU CAN CALL ME MR. SHEPHERD.

YOU WORK FOR AGENT GRAVES?

WE'RE ... ASSOCIATES. HOW GOES YOUR MISSION?

YOU WANNA KNOW 'BOUT MY MISSION? WELL, I WANNA KNOW A FEW THINGS, TOO.

LIKE WHY YOU PICK ME FO' YOUR DIRTY WORK?

I GET THE REVENGE THING, BUT WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

KILLIN' THEM COPS, WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

NOBODY EVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT KILLING THEM. YOU WERE SIMPLY GIVEN SOME INFORMATION--

OH, SO NOW DON' KILL 'EM? LOOK, YOU GAVE ME A GUN. THAT'S S'POSED TO MAKE IT EASY, RIGHT?

IF IT WERE EASY, THEY'D ALREADY BE DEAD-- WOULDN'T THEY?



...
SO WHAT I GOTTA DO?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING.



NOBODY'S GOT A GUN TO YOUR HEAD...



SAY I LET THIS GO. DON'T DO A DAMN THING...

...WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO ME?



IT'S ALREADY HAPPENED.

THE QUESTION IS: WHAT WILL YOU DO BECAUSE OF IT?

...YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE THEY FELL OUT OF YOUR POCKET. HECTOR AND YOUR BABY WERE MURDERED. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

"LOST THEM"? Y'KNOW, ON ONE HAND YOU'RE VERY CASUAL ABOUT DEATH.



YOU MEAN LOSING MY FAMILY...

NO I'M NOT. I UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED -- WHY IT HAPPENED.

WAS PAYBACK. FROM GOD. FOR ALL THE SHIT I'D DONE TO PEOPLE. FOR NOT CARIN', FOR BEIN' EVIL.

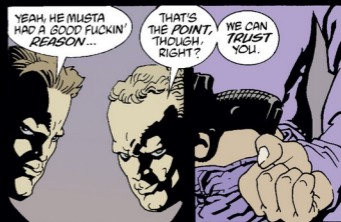
EVIL? AND OFFICERS MORGAN, WHAT ARE THEY?

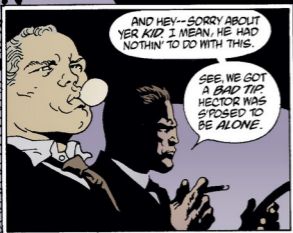
SWIRSKI AN' MORGAN, WHAT ARE THEY?











AND HEY-- SORRY ABOUT YER KID, I MEAN, HE HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THIS.

SEE, WE GOT A BAD TIP. HECTOR WAS S'POSED TO BE ALONE.



RIGHT. IT WAS JUS' BETWEEN US AN' HECTOR. S'NOT OUR FAULT YER OLD MAN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HIGH THE STAKES WERE. THE MOTHERFUCKER HAD NO VISION.

YER BETTER OFF WITH-OUT 'IM.



YACTLY, YER BETTER OFF. YER A SMART KID, S'WHY HE GOT YOU THAT GUN, HUH?

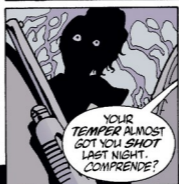
SONOFABITCH S'GOT MORE FUCKIN' PULL THAN WE GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR.



IN FACT, HE'S LOOKIN' FOR YOU...

BE SMART, DIZZY, PLAY THIS RIGHT.

376 FULTON MARKET



YOUR TEMPER ALMOST GOT YOU SHOT LAST NIGHT. COMPRENDE?



KEEP IT IN CHECK...



...WE'LL ALL BE LIVIN' LARGE.





EMILIO!
WHAT THE
FUCK!?

WHO ELSE
WERE YOU
EXPECTIN'?



NICE
PIECE...

WHERE'D JA
GET IT?

LATER,
EMILIO WE GOT
PROBLEMS.

OH
YEAH?

IT'S LIKE I SAID.
THEM COPS, SMIRSKI
AN' MORGAN, THEY KILLED
HECTOR AN' SANTIAGO--
THE O.G.'S LAST NIGHT,
TOO.

HOW YOU
FIGURE?

THEY TOL' ME
THEMSELVES. THEY'RE
PUCKIN' LOCO. HOMES,
THEY AIN'T GONNA STOP
'TIL WE'RE ALL DEAD.



YOU
THINK
SO...?

I
KNOW
SO.



DIZ,
DON'T KNOW
SHIT.

I GOT
NOTHIN' TO
WORRY 'BOUT
FROM THOSE
TWO.

COMPRENDE?





EMILIO, YOU CAN'T BE... THOSE TWO BASTARDS KILLED MY FAMILY--YOUR FAMILY.

YEAH, WELL...



...I DIDN'T HAVE *NOTHIN'* TO DO WITH THAT.



AN' DIZ, LEMME TELL YOU SOMETHIN' 'BOUT YOUR MAN HECTOR...



HE MAY HAVE GIVEN UP BANGIN'...

...BUT NOT THE CONTROL.

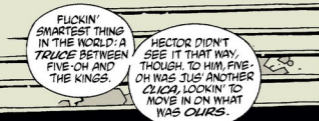
NO! HE WENT STRAIGHT--LEGIT.



YEAH, LEGIT LIKE MOTHER-FUCKIN' DON CORLEONE.

HE STILL CALLED THE SHOTS IN THE HOOD.

SWIRSKI AN' MORGAN WENT TO HECTOR, MADE HIM A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

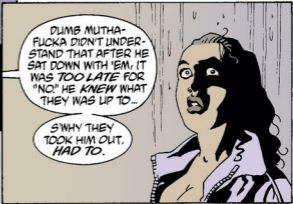


FUCKIN' SMARTEST THING IN THE WORLD: A TRUCE BETWEEN FIVE-OH AND THE KINGS.

HECTOR DIDN'T SEE IT THAT WAY, THOUGH. TO HIM, FIVE-OH WAS JUS' ANOTHER *CLICA*, LOOKIN' TO MOVE IN ON WHAT WAS *OURS*.



HECTOR SAID NO.



DUMB MUTHA-FUCKA DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT AFTER HE SAT DOWN WITH 'EM, IT WAS TOO LATE FOR "NO." HE *KNEW* WHAT THEY WAS UP TO...

S'WHY THEY TOOK HIM OUT. HAD TO.



LAST NIGHT, THOUGH...



SO YOU SAY THEM TWO ANGLOS TAKIN' CRED FOR MY WORK, HUH? THAT'S FUCKED UP.



NO, EMILIO...

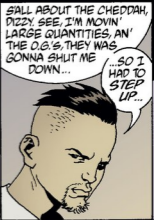
YEAH, DIZ. I POPPED THOSE DISRESPECTIN' O.G.'S...

...WAS BUSINESS.

LOOK...



HEROIN. GRADE-A SHIT. 'BOUT TWO HUN'DRED G'S WORTH.



SALL ABOUT THE CHEDDAH, DIZZY. SEE, I'M MOVIN' LARGE QUANTITIES, AN' THE O.G.'S, THEY WAS GONNA SHUT ME DOWN...

...SO I HAD TO STEP UP...

...I AIN'T LIKE HECTOR. I TOOK FIVE-OHS DEAL.

SWIRSKI, MORGAN, AN' ME... WE'RE PARTNERS. I'M DEALIN' SHIT THEM BOYS ARE SKIMMIN' OFF THEIR BUSTS.







HEY, EMILIO. HOW'S IT HANGIN'?

THAT'S OKAY. DON' GET UP. YOU NEITHER, DIZZY.



WHAT THE FUCK'S GOIN' ON? WHY YOU FUCKIN' SHOOT ME?

I DIDN'T SHOOT YOU...



... HE DID.

SORRY.



THAT WAS SOME STORY YOU TOL' YER SISTER HERE.

YEP. SURE WAS. ONLY WE FIGURED SHE ALREADY KNEW IT.

S'RIGHT. WE FIGURED YOU'D ALREADY FILLED HER IN--S'WHY SHE WAS ACTIN' THE WAY SHE WAS.



GUESS WE FIGURED WRONG.

YEP. DEAD WRONG. THAT'S A PROBLEM.

JUS' ONE OF A FEW WE GOTTA SOLVE.



WHAT DO YOU WAN', MAN? YOU WAN' THE H' BACK? TAKE THE FUCKIN' SHIT!

'YKNOW, EMILIO. YOU SHOULD FUCKIN' LEARN TO SHUTTHUP.

MAYBE LEARN SOMETHING FROM YER SISTER HERE, SHE DON'T TALK MUCH.

NAH, SHE DON'. SHE'S FUCKIN' SMART, LETS YOU THINK SHE KNOWS THINGS BEFORE YOU EVEN TELL HER, AN' WHEN YOU DO...

...SHE LISTENS.

YEP, SHE JUS' LISTENED TO YOUR SORRY ASS SAY WHO'S SUPPLYIN' YOU.



SO DIZZY, NOW LISTEN TO THIS. THAT STORY YER BROTHER TOL' YOU? WELL, GUESS WHAT: HE LEFT A FEW DETAILS OUT.

HE FUCKIN' LIED, IS WHAT HE DID.

OH YEAH. YER OLD MAN--WAZZIZNAME AGAIN, HERMAN?--HOW YOU THINK WE KNEW HE'D BE OUT THAT NIGHT?

...EMILIO SET HIS ASS UP.

THAT'S BULLSHIT, MAN--



BANG

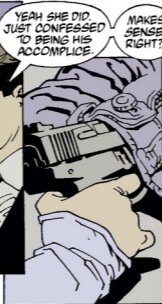
FUCK!

STOP IT! YER CRIPPLING HIM!

NO WE'RE NOT...

...WE'RE KILLING HIM.







WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?





C'MON!
DIZZY, YER A
SMART GIRL..
THE CHOICE
IS OBVIOUS
HERE.

YOU JUS'
GOT OUITTA
THE JOINT, KID,
YOU DON' WANNA
GO BACK...



WE'RE
FLUCKIN'
COPS, YOU
DUMB LITTLE
BITCH!



YOU'LL
NEVER
GET AWAY
WITH
THIS--

THE WHOLE
FLUCKIN' WORLD
IS GONNA BE
ON YER ASS!



BRING
IT ON.

BANG BANG



MUTHAFUCK,
DIZ! YOUR ASS
GOT HARD CORE
IN THE JOINT!



I'M TELLIN'
YOU, FUCK POPPY! WE
KEEP IT IN THE BLOOD,
GONNA RULE THIS HOOD,
KNOWHUMSAYIN'?

AIN'T NOBODY
GONNA BLOW US
CORDOVAS SHIT
WE CAN'T HANDLE!



EMILIO,
AIN'T NOBODY
GONNA BE
BLOWIN' NO SHIT
NO MORE.

S'RIGHT.
HEP ME UP...



NO. IF I DO THAT,
IT AIN'T HELPIN'
NO ONE.



WHO YOU
CALLIN'?

NINE-
ONE-
ONE.



WHA--?
FUCK, DIZ...



NO. FUCK
YOU, LITTLE
BROTHA.



FUCK YOU!



FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME, FOR WHAT YOU DONE...



WAIT!
DON'!

DIE, I'M
FAMILY!



I AIN'T
GOT NO
FAMILY NO
MORE.



HELLO? I'D LIKE TO REPORT A SHOOTING...



LOOK, DIZ, JUS' GET ME TO MY RIDE. I'LL CLEAR OUT, WON' BE NO TROUBLE...



NAH, BRO, I CAN'T. THESE TWO ANGLOS, WHAT THEY DID, MADE 'EM MINE...

...BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU, AIN'T FO' ME TO DECIDE.



DON' DO THIS!

DIZZY-- ISABELLE-- I'M BEGGIN' YOU... I'M SORRY...



...PLEASE... IF I GO TO... THE MEN THERE, THEY'LL KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE...

...THEY DON' PLAY! THEY'LL NEVER LET ME FORGET!

...I'M WORSE'N DEAD.



YEAH, BABY BROTHER, YOU GOT REAL HARD TIME COMIN'. BUT I'M DOIN' YOU A FAVOR. YOU'LL LEARN...



...NO MATTER HOW BAD YOUR LIFE REALLY IS...



IT'S STILL BETTER THAN BEING DEAD.

DIZZY



MR. SHEPARD.

YOU COULD HAVE KILLED HIM, Y'KNOW YOU HAD EVERY RIGHT.

NO.

NO I DIDN'T.



YOU WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT.

WELL...THAT DON' MAKE IT RIGHT, KNOWHUMSAYIN'?



SO, IS THAT IT? MR. SHEPHERD? AM I DONE NOW?



THAT'S UP TO YOU.



GOOD GIRL.

WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT...





SHOT, WATER BACK

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Grant Goleash
colorist

Digital Chameleon
separations

Clem Robins
letterer

Dave Johnson
cover

Cliff Chiang
ass't editor

Axel Alonso
editor







YOU USELESS BAG A' SHIT...



SWITCH!



JESUS, MARILYN...



YOU OKAY, ARNIE?

THAT CRAZY BITCH A' YERS...

YOU WAS GONNA MURDER 'IM!



C'MON, PAL. SIT BACK DOWN.

YOU TWO, EVERY GODDAMN DAY--



WOULD YOU SHUTUP! GO PLAY SOME MORE JUKEBOX MUSIC...

..HEY, LEE, SET US LIP WITH ANOTHER ROUN'; ALL RIGHT?



SURE THING, PETE. SOON AS I CLEAN UP YER LAST ONE.



GOOD MORNING...

SINCE WHEN?



VODKA SHOT.



THIS OKAY?

DOESN'T MATTER, OUTSIDE OF RUSSIA, IT ALL TASTES THE SAME.



I KNEW A RUSSIAN GUY ONCE...

REALLY?

...YEAH, WAS A MAD CHEF. VIETNAMESE CUISINE.

FASCINATING.

...I SUPPOSE HE WAS USED TO SAY, YANKEE DOG WAS HIS SPECIALTY.



HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN ...

A DOG'S AGE?



...?
RIGHT, RIGHT.



WHAT ABOUT THIS WOMAN? HAVE YOU SEEN HER BEFORE?



NICE BUT NO. HER I'D REMEMBER.



TAKE A GLANCE AROUND: BABES LIKE HER DON'T FREQUENT THIS TYPE OF ESTABLISHMENT...

...OFFICER.



THE NAME'S GRAVES.

I'M NOT A COP.

YEAH? SO WHY YOU LOOKIN' FOR THIS GIRL THEN?

I'M NOT.



I'M LOOKING FOR YOU, MR. COLAN.



HUH?

HER NAME IS MEGAN DIETRICH.

IT WAS SHE THAT SENT YOU ALL THOSE PICTURES OF NAKED LITTLE BOYS.



REMEMBER THOSE?





I DIDN'T DO IT...

I KNOW, BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER, DOES IT?

FOR ALL ITS SUNSHINE, THIS CITY LOVES ITS DIRT. YOU WERE CONVICTED BY THE MEDIA BEFORE YOU EVEN WENT TO TRIAL.

LET'S SEE...THE DISTRIBUTION CHARGES WERE DROPPED DUE TO LACK OF EVIDENCE. POSSESSION THOUGH, WELL, THE PICTURES WERE ON YOUR HARD DRIVE, WEREN'T THEY?



I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY GOT THERE...

I DO.

SO YOU WERE LABELED A PEDOPHILE, YOUR WIFE DIVORCED YOU, YOUR KIDS WERE TERRIFIED OF YOU, AND NO ONE WANTED TO EAT YOUR VEAL ANYMORE. YOUR BUSINESS WENT BELLY UP AND YOU WENT BANKRUPT.

THE LIFE YOU WORKED SO HARD TO BUILD WAS OVER.



I WAS FRAMED!



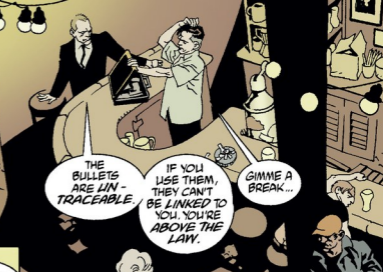
THAT'S RIGHT.

BY HER.



IN THIS ATTACHE IS THE PROOF.

AND, AS YOU CAN SEE, A GUN AND ONE HUNDRED ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION. IT'S ALL YOURS.



THE BULLETS ARE LIN-TRACEABLE.

IF YOU USE THEM, THEY CAN'T BE LINKED TO YOU, YOU'RE ABOVE THE LAW.

GIMME A BREAK...



WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS ALL ABOUT?! TALKIN' NONSENSE, GIVIN' ME A GUN...



YOU LOST EVERYTHING BECAUSE OF THIS WOMAN. YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE NOW BECAUSE OF HER.

DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD LET HER KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT?



NA ZDOROVYE.



BY THE WAY, LEE-- YOU'RE WRONG. A BABE LIKE THAT WILL FREQUENT THIS ESTABLISHMENT.



TONIGHT.

BDRNG BDRNG



HEY!
SLEEPIN'
BEAUTY!

BDRNG BDRNG



BDRNG BDRNG

REGENT
LIQUORS.



LEE? IT'S BOB.
LISTEN, I NEED
YOU TO WORK
TONIGHT.

JEEZ BOB,
I DON' KNOW
...A DOUBLE
SHIFT...



IT'D BE JUS' FER A
COUPLE HOURS. I
NEED AN EXTRA PAIR
OF HANDS, SEE? WE
GOT THIS YUPPIE PUB
CRAWL COMIN' IN--
SOME RICH
BITCH'S BIRTHDAY
PARTY.

YEAH?

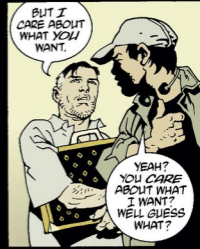
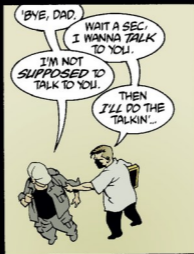
YEAH. THERE'S
GONNA BE A
LOTTA CASH
THROWN AROUN'
TONIGHT..

SO IT'LL BE
WORTH MY
WHILE.

...I'M
YOUR
MAN.

THAT'S WHAT
I FIGURE. CAN
I COUNT
ON YOU?

HEY, I'M
YOUR
BOSS...





CONNIE...
YOUR LOVER BOYS
BACK.



HEY
LEE, WHAT'S
SHAKIN'?



YOU,
BABY...
YOU.
THAT'S
WHAT I
PAY
FOR...
...TURN
AROUN!



OH YEAH
...SUCH AN
ASS!
SUCH
GRACE!
WHAT A
GAZELLE!



YOU CRACK ME UP.



I'M *SERIOUS*. YOU DO. YOU'RE FUNNY.



WELL, LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING.



YEAH?



SO I SAW MY SON TODAY...



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WAS MARRIED...



I'M *NOT*, BABY. I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF I WAS...



AND WHAT'S THAT?



...YOU'RE LINHAPPY.



WELL, THAT'S THE THING ABOUT LIS LINHAPPY PEOPLE, BABY:



TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE, EH?



YEAH RIGHT.



YOU'RE HERE FOR THE SAME REASON EVERYONE ELSE IS...



SO, BOB, LEE SAYS YER THROWIN' A PARTY TONIGHT.

I AIN'T THROWIN' SHIT. IT'S A PUB CRAWL.

YEAH, WAZZAT?



A REAL "CULTURAL EVENT!" A BUNCH A YUPPIE VAHOOS IN A RENTED BUS HOPPING FROM BAR TO BAR, RUBBIN' ELBOWS WITH THE HOI POLLOI, KNOCKIN' BACK DRAFTS.

IT'S A LETS-TRY-NEW-THINGS/SAFETY-IN-NUMBERS GIG, A REGULAR WALK ON THE WILD SIDE FOR 'EM.

SOUNDS FUCKIN' MISERABLE.



EASY, MARILYN...

...DON' KNOW IF THIS OLD MAN CAN DO BOTH.



IT IS.

C'MON, OLD MAN...

...LET'S GO UPSTAIRS AN' FUCK.





MAN, THIS PLACE IS SOMETHIN' ELSE.

SO ARE YOU, KID.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I MEAN LOOK AT YA, YER PRETTY --LIKE A MOVIE STAR--BET YA EVEN GOT A TRUST FUND.

SO TELL ME, WHAT'S IT LIKE GOIN' THROUGH LIFE WITH NO FRICTION?



IT FLUCKIN' ROCKS.



...YEAH... THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.

HEY BOSS, SET US UP WITH SOME WHISKEY, TOO-- FOR THE WHOLE BAR!

ALL RIGHT!



YOU SURE YOU OUGHT TO BUY THIS GUY A DRINK, DUNCAN? LOOKS LIKE HE COULD DIE IF HE HAS ANOTHER ONE.

THEN HE BETTER HAVE TWO...







EXCUSE ME...



A MANHATTAN, PLEASE.

SURE.



JUDAS PRIEST, LEE!
WHAT THE CHRIST?

YOU FEELIN'
OKAY?



WELL, BOB...
...I'M WORKIN'
AT IT.



I'M TELLIN' YOU, LEE, WE JUS' RANG MORE IN TWO HOURS THAN WE HAVE ALL WEEK!

YOU MUST BE PROUD...



SURE AM. WE GOTTA GET MORE A'THESE PUB CRAWLS COMIN' IN HERE, WHADDAYA THINK?



MAYBE I'LL PAINT THE PLACE, GET A NEW SIGN-- SPRUCE IT UP.



OH, DON' BE HASTY, BOB. WOULDN' WANNA LOSE ...



...THE CHARM.







C'MON BABY, IN HERE. I'LL DO YOU GOOD.

TWENTY BUCKS, RIGHT?

SUCK THE PAINT OFF THE WALLS, I CAN.



AAH!



JESUS CHRIST, LEE! WHAT THE HELL YOU DOIN' WAVIN' A GUN AROUND'?



... THOUGHT I SAW A RAT IN HERE.



SO? FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD, YOU COULD HURT SOMEBODY WITH THAT THING.

IF YOU WANT TO CATCH A RAT...



...TRY USING A TRAP.

HEY, DIRTY HARRY!



A LITTLE PRIVACY, PLEASE.





HERE'S TO MEGAN.

NO, WAIT.



WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN?



LEE...



HERE'S TO LEE!



THANKS, LEE. SEE YOU AROUND.

RIGHT, RIGHT, BABY...



...SEE YOU SOON.

TO BE CONCLUDED.



1/11/2010



CHRIST... I WANNA GET LAID... WHATTYA YOU SAY WE GO GET US SOME WHORES?

YOU KIDDIN'? I GET MORE PUSSY THAN I NEED AT HOME.

OKAY THEN, LET'S GO TO YER PLACE.

SHOT, WATER BACK

brian azzarello writer	eduardo risso artist
grant goleash colorist	digital chameleon separations
clem robins letterer	dave johnson cover
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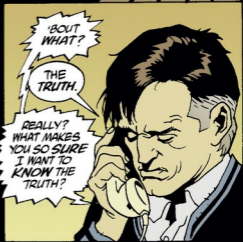
HELLO?

JERRY,
IT'S--

--DAD, MAN,
YOU DON'T GIVE
UP, DO YOU? LOOK,
LIKE I TOL' YOU
LAST WEEK--

WELL, THINGS
HAVE CHANGED
SINCE THEN. SEE, I
DON' WANT TO
TALK TO YOU
ANYMORE...

I NEED
TO. GOT
SOME HEAVY
NEWS...



'BOUT
WHAT?

THE
TRUTH.

REALLY?
WHAT MAKES
YOU SO SURE
I WANT TO
KNOW THE
TRUTH?



I'M WORKING
TONIGHT. SAY
YOU DROP BY
THE BAR,
GABG YUCCA,
ROUN' NINE.



I'LL SEE YOU
AT TEN.

CLICK!



SCOT
WHISKY

PERFECT?
PLEASE.
WHO YOU
KIDDIN'?

I GOT
NO TITS.

CONNIE, BITE
YER TONGUE...
YER TALKIN'
NONSENSE...

OOH BABY...
LEMMIE TELL YA,
YER PERFECT...LIKE
A GODDESS...

C'MON, TEAR YOUR EYES
OFF THE CABOOSE, AND TAKE
A GANDER AT THE WHOLE
PACKAGE FER ONCE.

IF I HAD BIGGER
BOOBS, I COULD
GET OUTTA THIS
DUMP, DANCE IN
A CLASSY CLUB
OR SOMETHIN'.

GUNS THAT GO TO
THEM KINDA JOINTS,
THEY WANNA BIG
PAIR SHAKIN IN THE
FACE 'FORE THEY
GIVE UP A BUCK.

NEANDERTHALS!
THEY DON'T KNOW
MONKEY SHIT FROM
TRUE BEAUTY.

WHO CARES?
SOON AS I SAVE
UP ENOUGH MONEY,
I'M BLUVIN' ME
IMPLANTS.

THAT
WOULD MAKE YOU
HAPPY?

YEAH, IT
WOULD.

SO MUCH FOR THE
LITTLE
THINGS
IN LIFE,
HMMMM?

SAY, CONNIE...
LISTEN, I'M THROWIN'
A PARTY LATER,
DOWN AT THE BAR. I WAS
HOPIN' YOU COULD
MAKE IT...



SORRY, LEE.
I DON' DATE
CUSTOMERS.



CONNIE, C'MON...IF YOU
SAY NO, YOU'LL WOUND MY
PRIDE, I'LL HAVE TA HIDE
MY FACE IN SHAME...



THEN I
WON'T BE A
CUSTOMER
NO MORE.

SO WHAT'S THE
OCCASION?



HMMM...
OCCASION,
LET'S SEE...

WELL, TODAY'S MY
REBIRTHDAY...

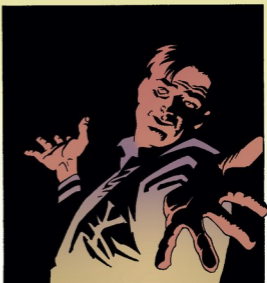
...TONIGHT,
I'M A NEW
MAN.



AIN'T THAT
SOMETHIN'? AN' HERE
I THOUGHT THE ONLY
LIGHT YOU'D SEEN
WAS NEON.



Y'KNOW,
YOU REALLY
DO CRACK
ME UP.









I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO ME. WHEN I NOTICED IT MISSING THE NEXT MORNING, I ABSOLUTELY FREAKED OUT.



YEAH. IT LOOKED KINDA PRICEY.

OH IT'S NOT THAT. THIS BROOCH HAS BEEN PASSED DOWN MY FAMILY FOR CENTURIES.



GOTCHA, THE OLD SENTIMENTAL VALUE, HUH?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I'M JUST LUCKY AN HONEST MAN FOUND IT. SO FEW OF YOU AROUND THESE DAYS.

NOW, I'D REALLY LIKE TO COMPENSATE YOU FOR RETURNING IT, LEE... WHAT'S YOUR LAST NAME?



... SO... SO YOU DON' KNOW WHO I AM?

SURE I DO...



YOU'RE A LIFESAVER. I COULD MAKE THIS OUT TO CASH, IF YOU PREFER.



SHALL I ADD ANOTHER ZERO?



KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM...

WHATEVER YOU SAY.



RIGHT, I LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.

YOU HAVE ANY KIDS?

I'M NOT EVEN MARRIED...

I WAS. HAD TWO...

HAD.



THEY'RE DEAD... I'M SORRY...

NAH, THEY'RE ALIVE... AND KICKIN' DIRT ALL OVER MY GRAVE.

YOU SORRY ABOUT THAT?



SHOULD I BE?

YEAH, YEAH, YOU SHOULD SEE, IT'S ALL 'CAUSE OF YOU, YOU KILLED ME.

REALLY? YOU LOOK PRETTY GOOD FOR A CORPSE.

I'LL DON' JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER, BABY.



NO MATTER HOW DOG-EARED IT APPEARS, HMM?



FOUR YEARS AGO... SOME PICTURES ENDED UP ON MY HARD DRIVE. I DON' KNOW HOW, BUT YOU PUT THEM THERE.

PICTURES?

DIRTY PICTURES. OF LITTLE BOYS.



THAT'S... THAT'S TROUBLE...

RIGHT. IT STARTS WITH TROUBLE, MOVES ON TO PANIC, THEN DESPAIR, FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY CATASTROPHE. ALONG THE WAY YOU LOSE YOUR FAMILY, YOUR JOB, YOUR FRIENDS--YER WHOLE FUCKIN' LIFE...

WHERE DOES IT END?



RIGHT HERE, BABY, WITH A DEAD MAN POINTING A GUN IN YER CUTE LITTLE FACE.



IF YOU KILL ME, DEAD MAN...

...WHO'S GONNA GIVE YOU BACK YOUR LIFE?







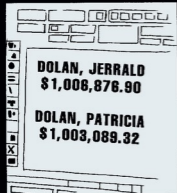
LET'S SEE... YOUR CHILDREN HAVE SAVINGS ACCOUNTS WE COULD FATTEN THEM UP A BIT...



CHANGE YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER.

THERE.

YOU NOW HAVE NO HISTORY.



...OR NOT. HOW 'BOUT A CLEAN SLATE?

WHADDYA MEA--?

DELETE



NEAT, HUH?



BOOP! NOW YOU'RE BACK!

YOU WERE DEAD THERE FOR A SECOND, OFFICIALLY, I MEAN...



...NOT REALLY.

HOW CAN YOU DO THAT?

MR. DOLAN...



...YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED BY WHAT I CAN DO.





THAT'S ALL LIFE IS, LEE: LUCK OF THE DRAW.



THE FBI STORMED MY HOUSE, ARRESTED ME...

I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT, BELIEVE ME.



MAYBE THE FEDS WERE MONITORING THE SITE, AND FOLLOWED THE ETHER TRAIL.



MAYBE YOUR WIFE CAME ACROSS THE IMAGES, AND SHE BLEW THE WHISTLE.



BUT IT WASN'T ME. I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST YOU.

IT WAS JUST A PRANK.



OH I GET IT.
JUS' A JOKE, HA? WELL
HAH HAH, NEE NEE...



NOW YOU'RE
GONNA GET IT,
TOO... RIGHT
BETWEEN
THE EYES.



WAIT!
HOW... HOW
DID YOU FIND OUT
IT WAS ME?



TURNED OUT I
HAD A FRIEND
--A FRIEND I
DIDN'T KNOW.
HE TOL' ME
ALL ABOUT
YOU...



GAVE ME THIS GUN
TOO, AN' SOME UNTRACE-
ABLE BULLETS. PUT ME
ABOVE THE LAW...



...AN' TO
TELL YOU
THE TRUTH,
I LIKE THE
VIEW.







YOUR FRIEND, WHY DO YOU THINK HE TOLD YOU ABOUT ME?

I HAVEN'T REALLY GIVEN THAT MUCH THOUGHT...

BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO THINK ABOUT IT, JUST ACT. YOUR FRIEND WAS COUNTING ON THIS.

THAT'S WHY HE CHOSE YOU. LOOK AROUND, LEE. THIS IS A SECURITIES FIRM. I IMAGINE YOU OWNED STOCKS ONCE...



I OWNED A LOT OF THINGS ONCE...



WELL, I DO OWN LOTS OF THINGS--I'M NOT SAYING THAT TO PUT YOU DOWN; IT'S JUST A SIMPLE FACT. I'M A VERY POWERFUL GIRL, AND POWERFUL PEOPLE HAVE EQUALLY POWERFUL ENEMIES.

YOUR FRIEND, MAYBE, IS ONE OF MINE. THAT, OR HE WAS HIRED BY ONE, AND HE'S USING YOU TO GET TO ME.



THINK, LEE. YOU HAVE A CONSCIENCE, RIGHT? WELL, YOUR FRIEND'S ASKING YOU TO COMMIT MURDER.



YOU SEE, LEE, IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS...

HE'S NOT YOUR FRIEND AT ALL.





AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT FRIENDS LIKE THAT...



WHAT I DID TO RUIN YOUR LIFE IS UNFORGIVABLE, BUT I CAN TRY TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU.

LET ME.

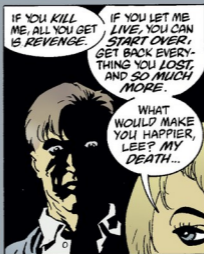


YOUR SON WANTS TO BE A DOCTOR, FROM THE LOOK OF HIS RECORDS. DID YOU KNOW HE'S BEEN ACCEPTED TO THE GRADUATE PROGRAM AT STANFORD? THAT HE CAN'T AFFORD IT?

I--?



I'LL ADD THAT OTHER ZERO NOW...



IF YOU KILL ME, ALL YOU GET IS REVENGE.

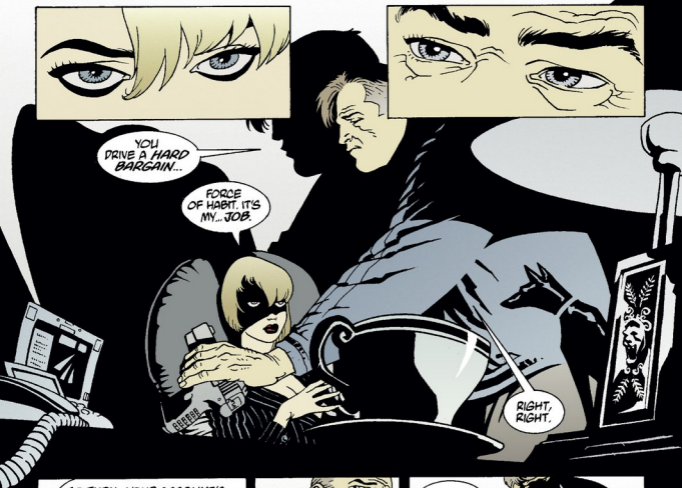
IF YOU LET ME LIVE, YOU CAN START OVER, GET BACK EVERYTHING YOU LOST, AND SO MUCH MORE.

WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU HAPPIER, LEE? MY DEATH...



...OR YOUR LIFE?





YOU
DRIVE A HARD
BARGAIN...

FORCE
OF HABIT. IT'S
MY... JOB.

RIGHT,
RIGHT.

SO THEN...YOUR ACCOULT'S
AT L.A. FEDERAL--AS I MEN-
TIONED, IT'S DOWN THE STREET
A BLOCK OR TWO. JUST SHOW THE
TELLER YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE,
THERE SHOULDN'T BE
ANY PROBLEM.

YOU MADE
THE RIGHT
DECISION.

...THANKS.

NO
THANK
YOU...

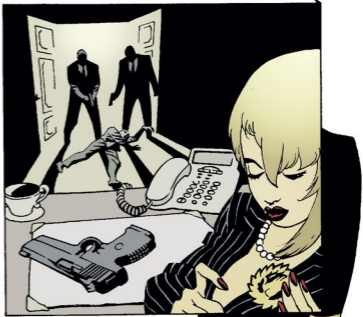


MR. DOLAN...?



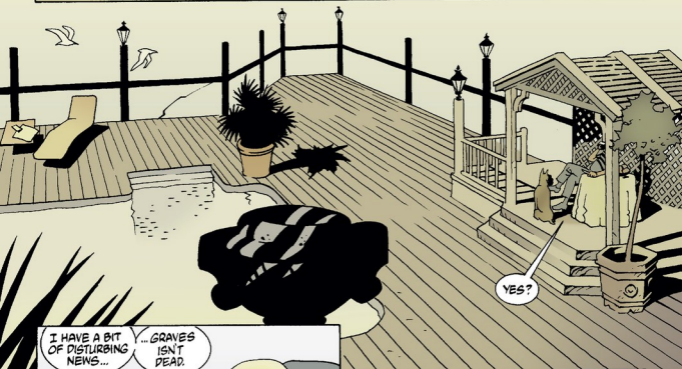
BANG





WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE US TO DO WITH THE BODY, MS. DIETRICH?









100 BULLETS

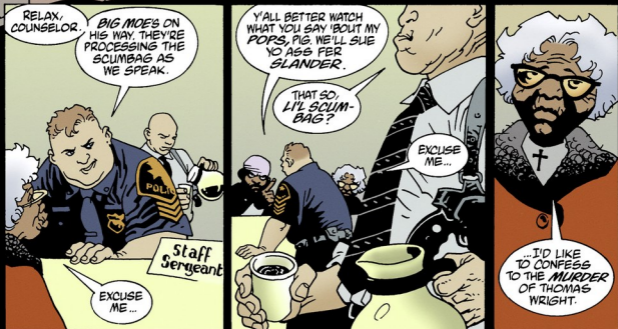
WOULDTA BUST THESE MUTHAFUCKAS, LOCKIN' MY POPS UP ON CHRISTMAS EVE N'SHIT.

MAURICE... PLEASE...



IT'S LIL' MOE, MAN, GOT THAT?

OFFICER, I WON'T TOLERATE ANY MORE STALLING. WE'VE POSTED BAIL, AND MY CLIENT--



RELAX, COUNSELOR.

BIG MOE'S ON HIS WAY. THEY'RE PROCESSING THE SCUMBAG AS WE SPEAK.

Y'ALL BETTER WATCH WHAT YOU SAY 'BOUT MY POPS, PIG. WE'LL SUE YO ASS FER SLANDER.

THAT SO, LIL' SCUMBAG?

EXCUSE ME...

...I'D LIKE TO CONFESS TO THE MURDER OF THOMAS WRIGHT.



WHO?

THOMAS WRIGHT, THAT DEVELOPER, DIED ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO.



YOU WANNA COME WITH ME, MRS...?

BUGG.



MRS. BUGG. I'M DETECTIVE CHOISNEL.

HEY, TAYLOR! YOU WANNA PULL UP AN OPEN FILE ON A THOMAS WRIGHT?

SURE, NICK.



HAVE A SEAT, MRS. BUGG.

OKAY NOW YOU WANNA TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL, OFFICER--
DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE. I'M...I'M SORRY, THIS IS VERY DIFFICULT FOR ME.

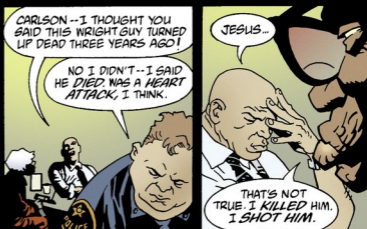


WHA--?

NOTHIN'. WE GOT NOTHIN'. NO FILE.



NOTHIN'.



CARLSON--I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WRIGHT GUY TURNED UP DEAD THREE YEARS AGO!

NO I DIDN'T--I SAID HE DIED WAS A HEART ATTACK, I THINK.

JESUS...

THAT'S NOT TRUE. I KILLED HIM. I SHOT HIM.



OH YEAH?
 YES. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.
 WHY'D JA DO IT?



TAYLOR--
 ...IT'S A SLOW NIGHT. HEY-- I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOME JOKER IN THE BOX...
 WHA? C'MON...



HE'S STILL THERE. I NEED A BREAK, OKAY?
 I... MY BOY, DONNY...
 WHEN HE WAS JUST A BABY, WE LIVED IN ONE OF MR. WRIGHT'S BUILDINGS...
 ...AN' I DIDN'T KNOW-- NONE OF US DID. NO ONE TOL' ME.



'BOUT WHAT?
 'BOUT THE PAINT. HOW CHILDREN ARE, THEY ALWAYS GETTIN' INTA THINGS, AN' DONNY HE WAS ALWAYS PUTTIN' STUFF IN HIS MOUTH.
 HE DRANK PAINT?
 HE DRANK PAINT?



NO SIR. HE ATE THE PAINT CHIPS OFF THE WINDOW SILLS. I DIDN'T KNOW...
 WHAT? HE CHOKE?



AFTER DONNY WAS DIAGNOSED, MY HUSBAND, HE... WELL, HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND. HE LEFT US.
 THAT WAS THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO. I'VE BEEN RAISING THAT BOY EVER SINCE.



NO. HE CHANGED.
 THE PAINT WAS LEAD.
 TURNED HIM INTO A RETARD?



I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT NO LEAD PAINT, OR WHAT IT WOULD DO TO MY BABY...



... BUT MR. WRIGHT, HE KNEW.

THE CITY INSPECTORS, THEY TOL' HIM, SAID HE HAD TO STRIP IT OFF, BUT...

HE DIDN'T DO SHIT.



NO SIR, HE DIDN'T.

DON' TOUCH ME DON' TOUCH ME FUCKIN' FUCKER'S FUCK!



WHUMP



WE'RE EVERYWHERE! WATCH THE WOOD CHOPPERS!



RONALD REAGAN KNOWS THE TRU--



CRASH!



SIT YO' FUCKIN' CRACKHEAD ASS DOWN!

NICE WORK, MAURICE...



NIGGA!



MUTHAFUCKIN' USELESS-ASS PIGS. S'WHY THIS CITY'S SO DANGEROUS.

GET 'EM OFF ME, IT HURTS...

BABY...



IT DON'T REALLY HURT, DO IT?

YEAH IT DOES. IT HURTS BAD.

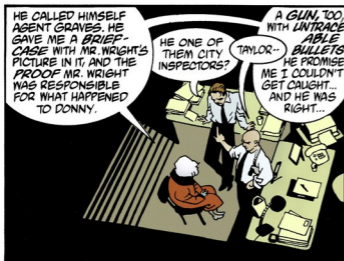


OPEN YOUR EYES, CHILD.

DON' BE SCARED. THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT HURT.



JUS' OPEN YOUR EYES.







LIL MOE!
AIN'T THIS
THE SHIT!

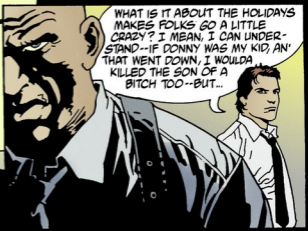
MAURICE.



YO MAN,
THE FUCK? WHAT
I PAYIN' YOUR ASS
FOR ANY-
WAY?

NICE OL'
LADY...

YEAH.



WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE HOLIDAYS
MAKES FOLKS GO A LITTLE
CRAZY? I MEAN, I CAN UNDER-
STAND--IF DONNY WAS MY KID, AN'
THAT WENT DOWN, I WOULDA
KILLED THE SON OF A
BITCH TOO--BUT...



MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
BITCHES!

PRIVATE



AN' A FUCKIN'
HAPPY NEW
YEAR ...



...YOU MURDERIN'
SCUMBAG.



END

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Peter Milligan/Javier Peláez

I DIE AT MIDNIGHT

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VER0014

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