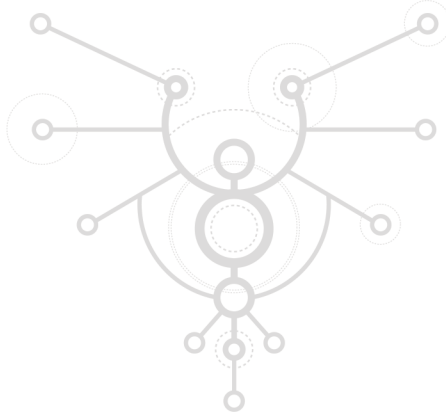


THE FUTURE OF COMICS
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HICKMAN / BODENHEIM

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JONATHAN HICKMAN

WRITER

RYAN BODENHEIM

ARTIST

MICHAEL GARLAND

COLORS

RUS WOOTON

LETTERS

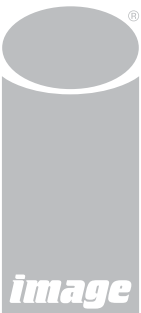


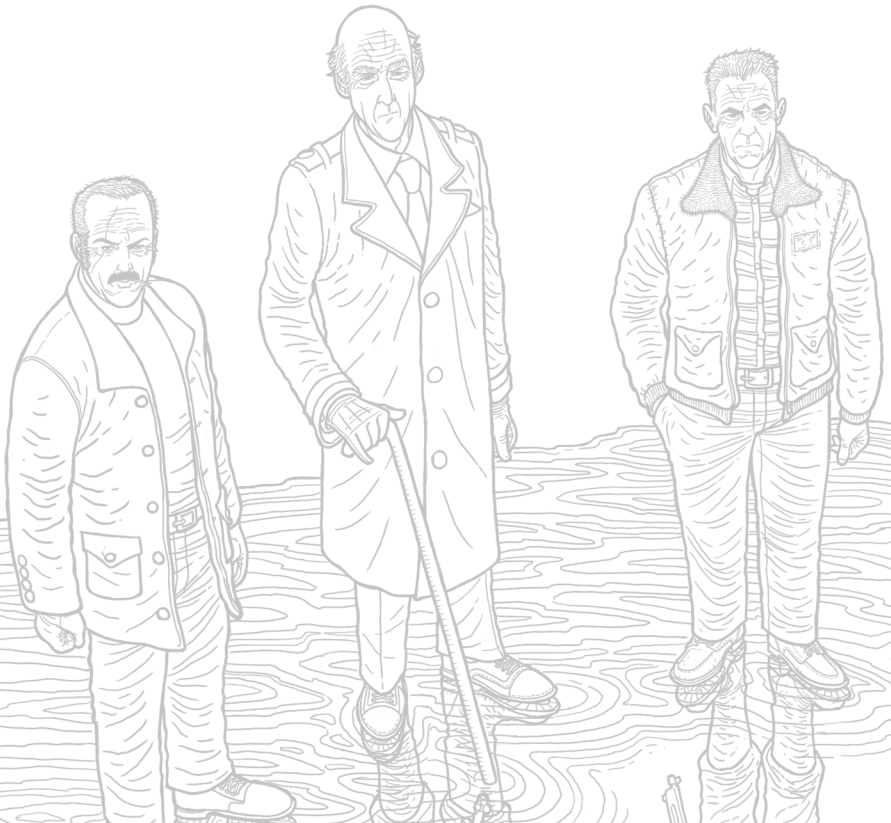
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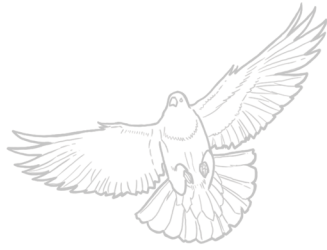
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Corey Murphy—Director of Sales
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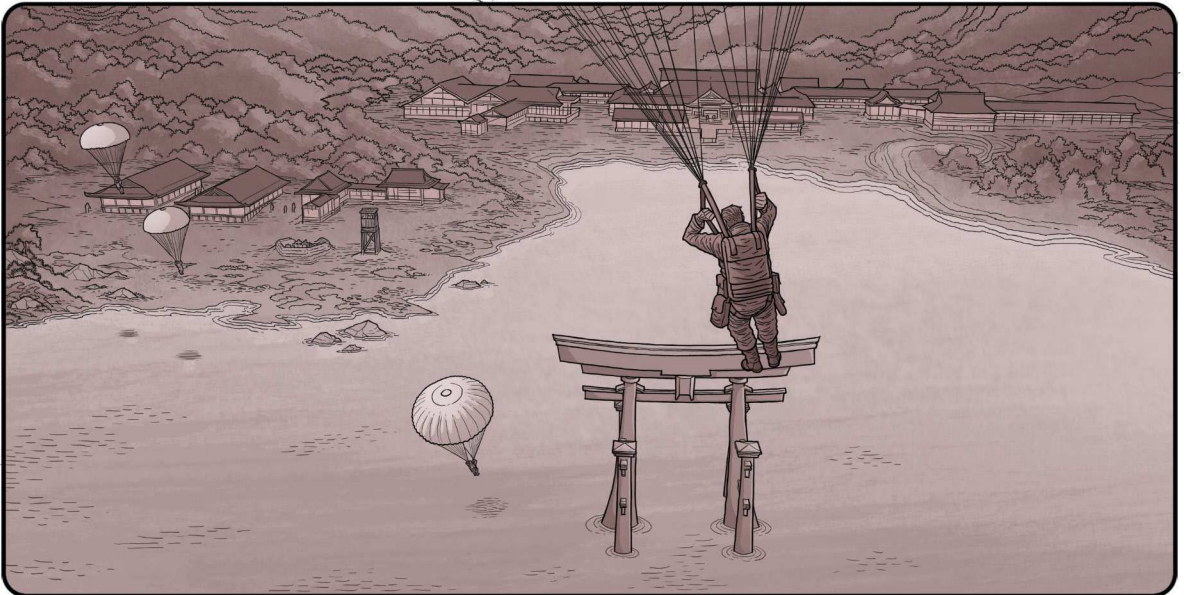
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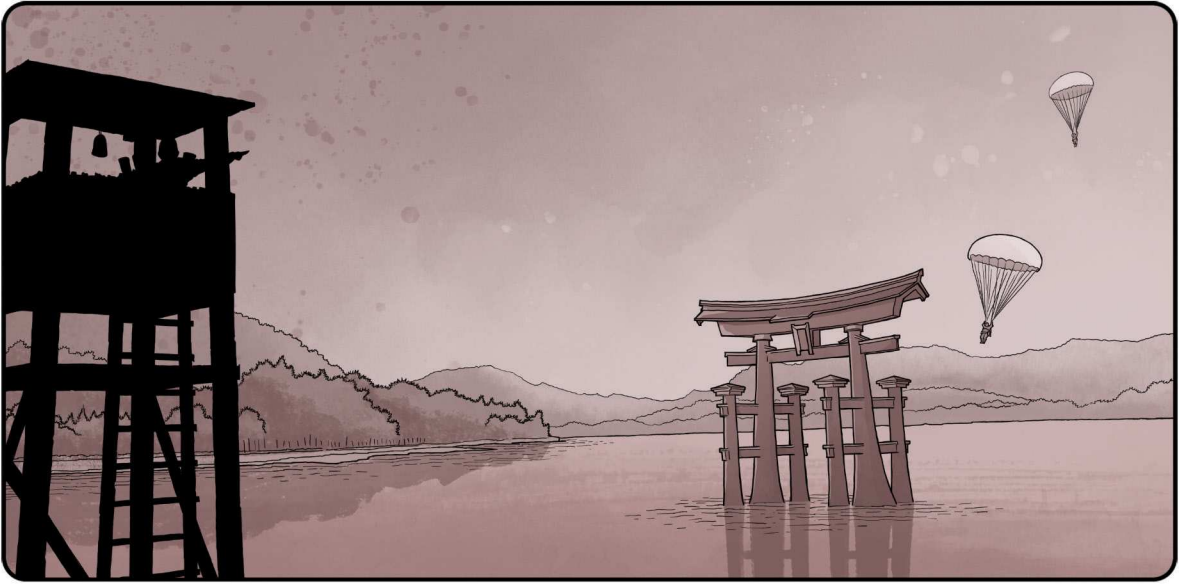


CHAPTER









He died in 1898
alongside 200 of his
fellow Rough Riders
at the Battle of
Kettle Hill.



So everything I know
about *him*, I learned
from my *dad*.



My father told me
stories about the things
my grandfather *did*...



Stories about the
things he *said*.

People have a knack for lionizin' the ones they've lost, and my father was no different.



When he talked about my grandfather, reverence would reduce him to a whisper.



Like a child in a too-empty church...



Afraid that God might hear.





The thing I remember most...



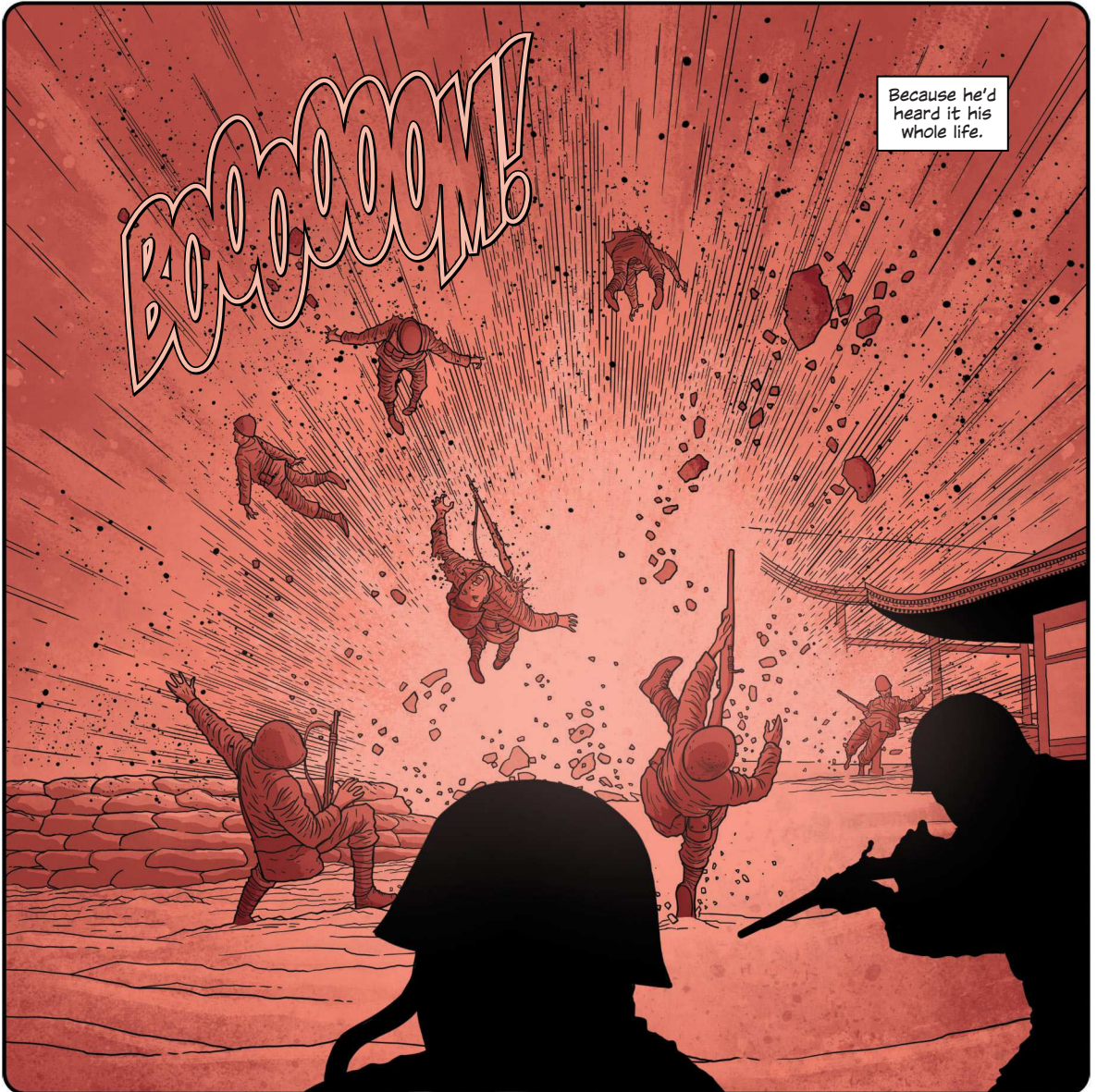
The one thing my father always made a point of pointin' out...was something my grandfather always said.

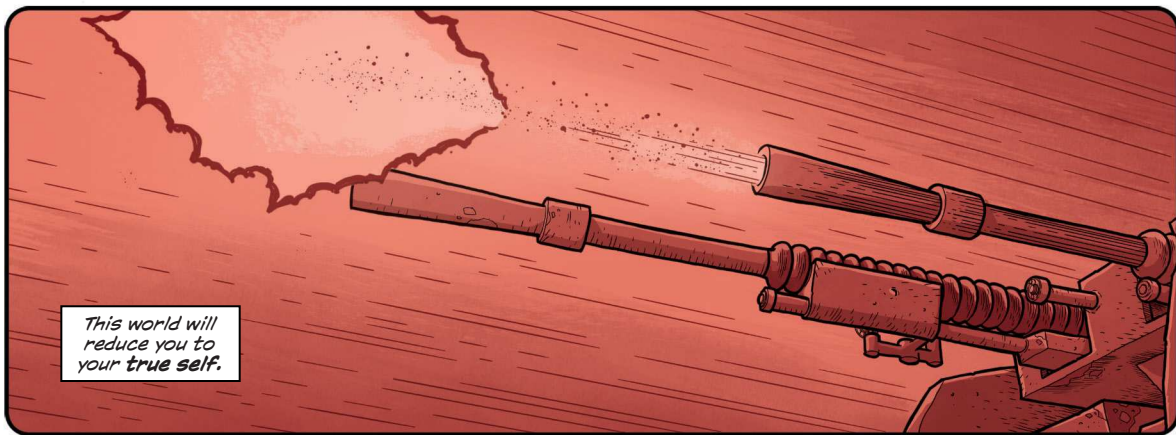


Something my father had no trouble repeatin', and something he had no trouble believin'.

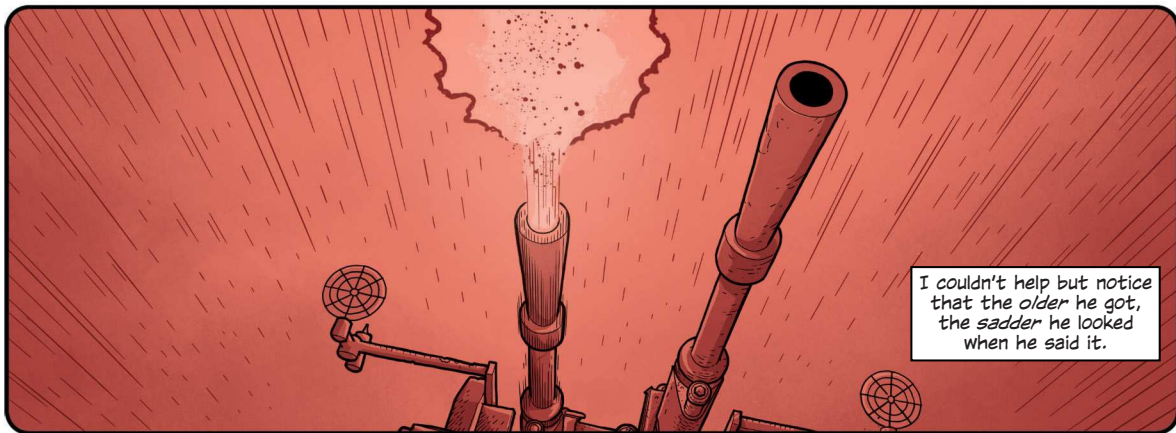


Because he'd heard it his whole life.



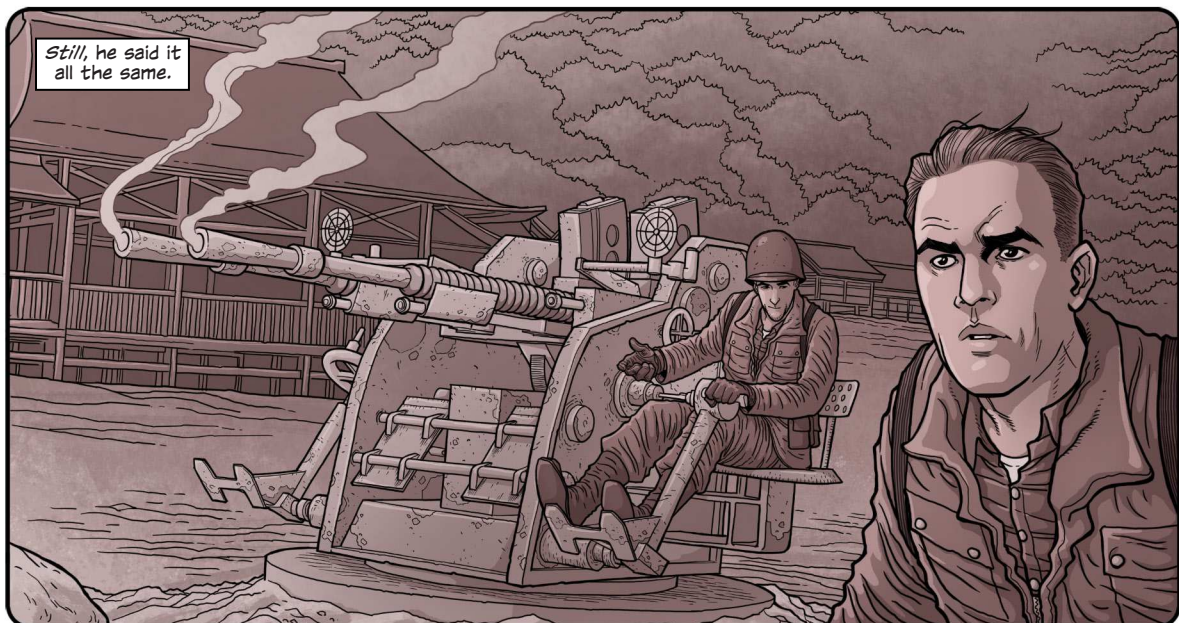


This world will reduce you to your true self.



I couldn't help but notice that the older he got, the sadder he looked when he said it.

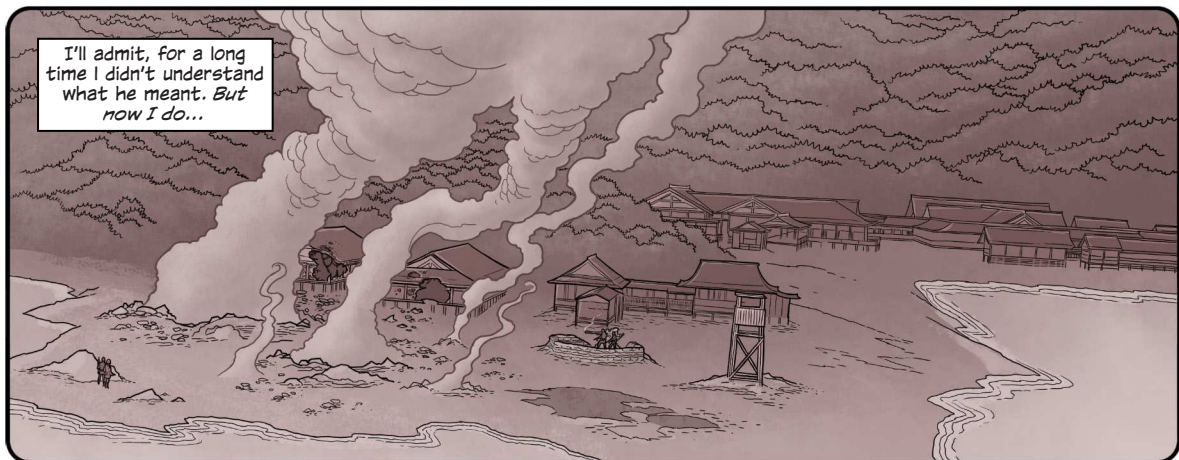




Still, he said it
all the same.



Like it was truth
and the truth
shamed him.



I'll admit, for a long
time I didn't understand
what he meant. *But*
now I do...



I have been to war.

The thing about war is it comes pre-sold with clearly defined enemies.

BOOM!



Bad guys for good guys to overcome.



And since the day I was born, there hasn't been a time when some war wasn't being fought somewhere in the world.

BOOM!



People, places or
ideas supposedly
worth fightin'
and dyin' for.

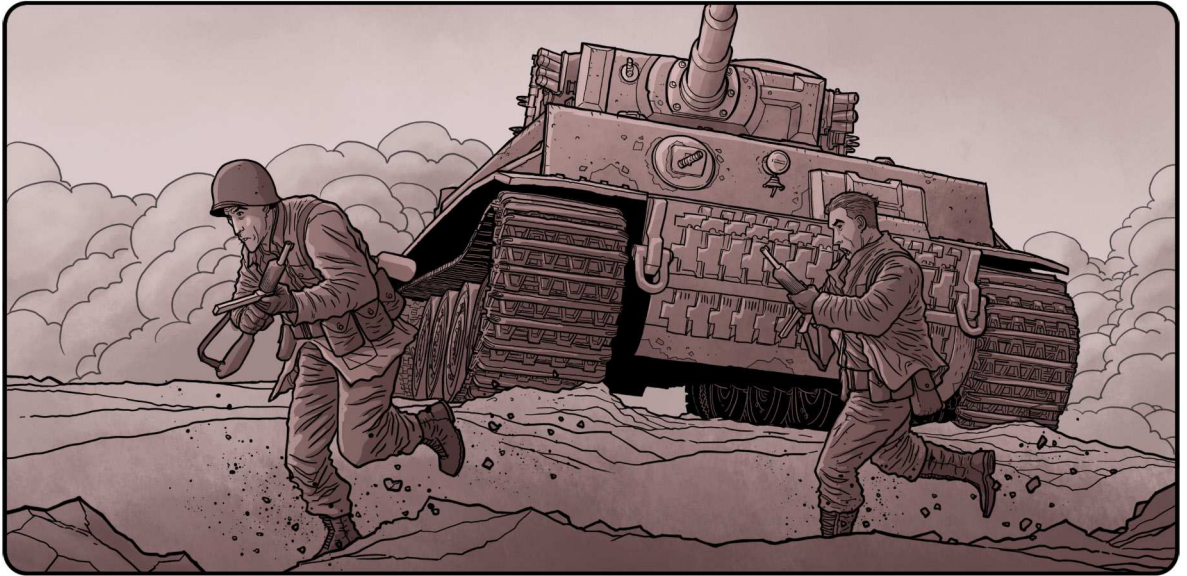


It's made for easy
distinctions between
good and evil.

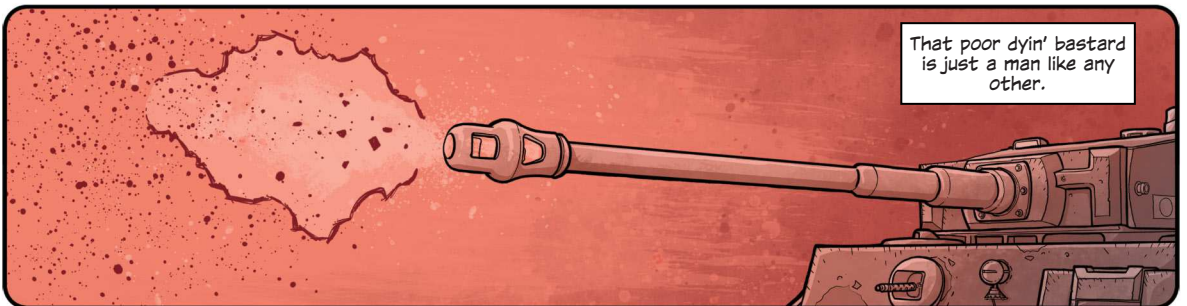




But I've seen enough
now to know that just
ain't how it is.



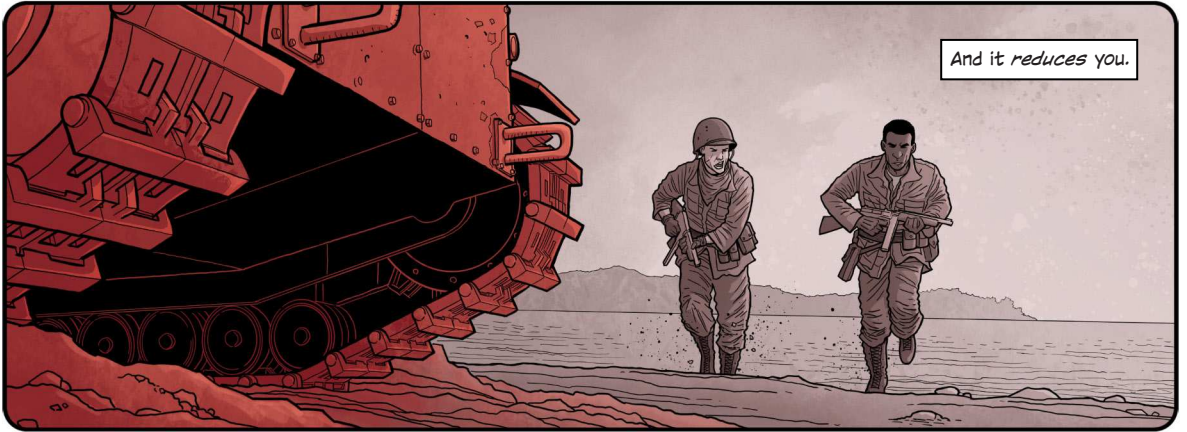
See enough men dyin' in
the mud with that look --
that goddamn look -- in
their eyes, and you know...



That poor dyin' bastard
is just a man like any
other.



But they're tryin' to kill you, and you're tryin' to kill them, and so you do what you have to do to make it to the next day...



And it reduces you.



It asks questions that go far beyond good and evil and our side and their side...



And, eventually, you try to answer 'em.

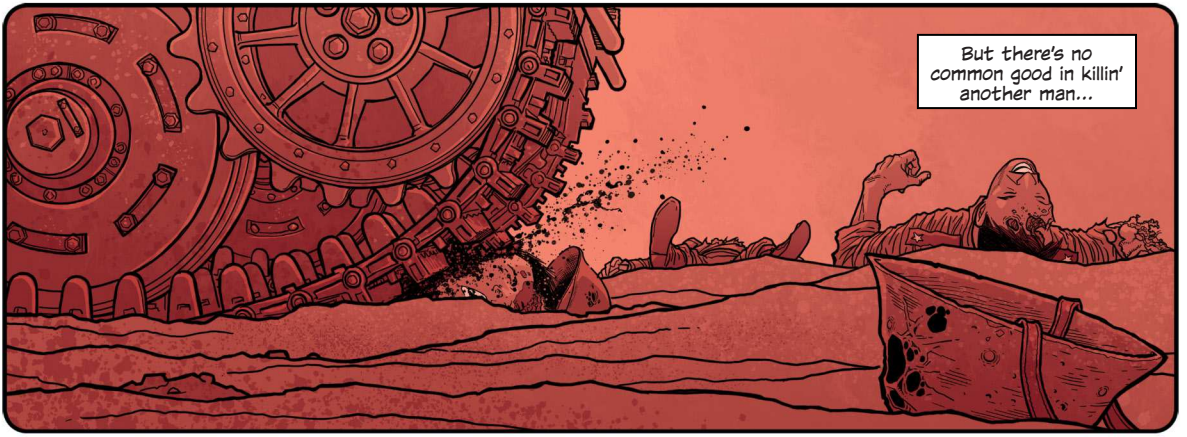


I started off believin' I was fighting for good.



And that may be true in the sense that there's some *greater good* beyond the understandin' of a single person.





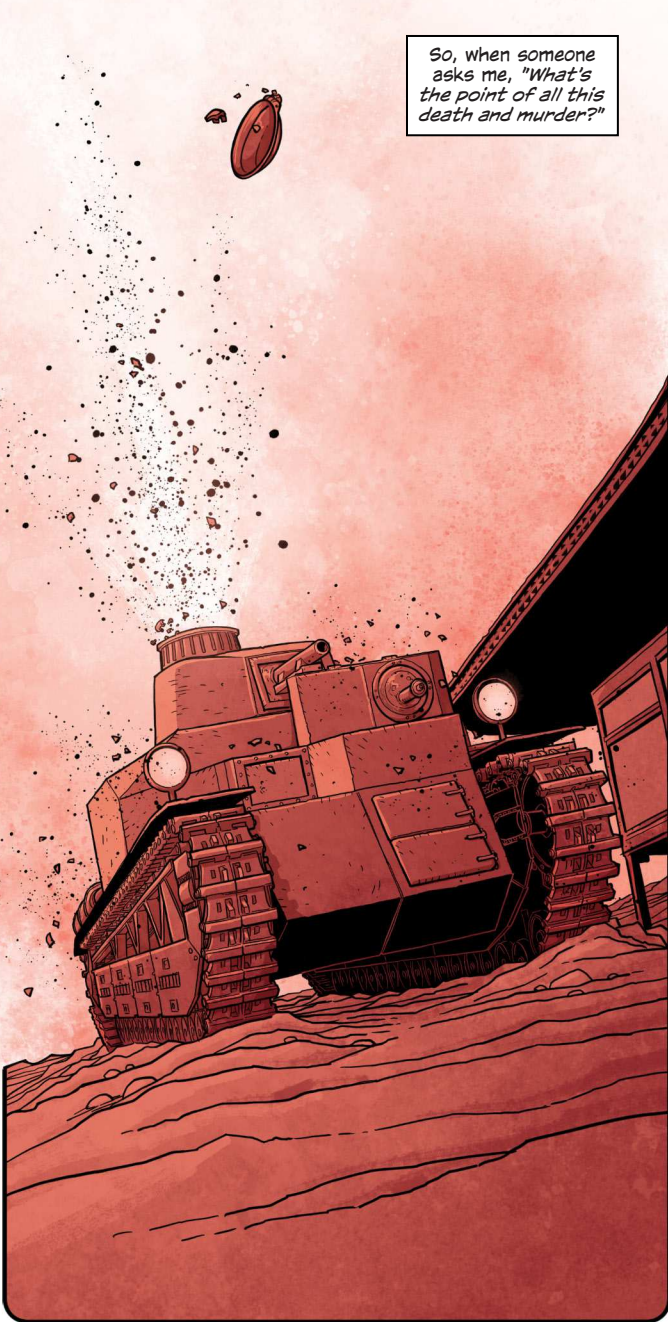
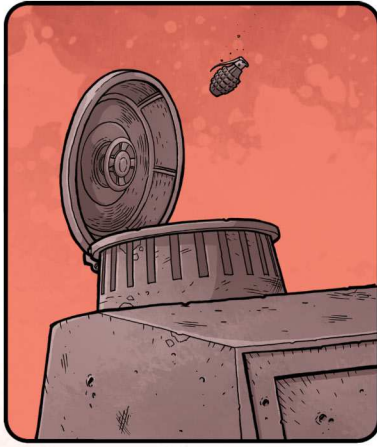
But there's no common good in killin' another man...



Because that's just survival, and survivin' ain't no ideal.





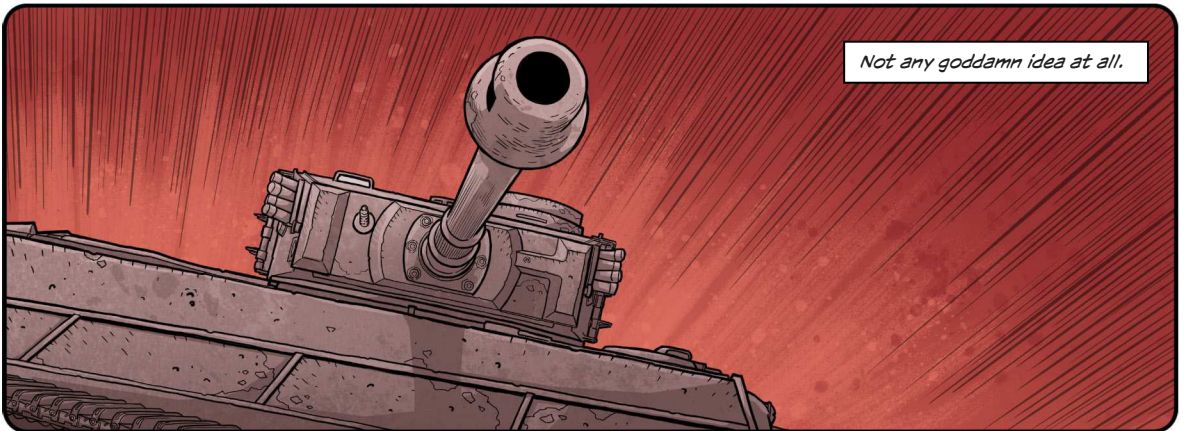


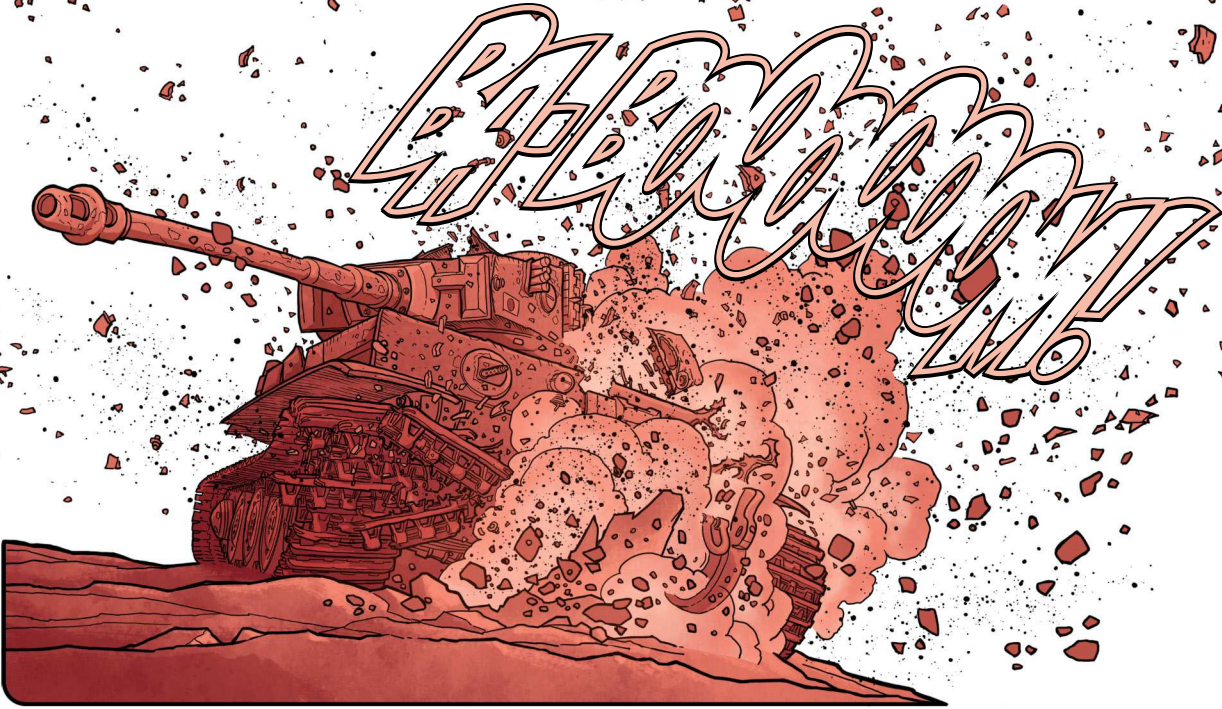
So, when someone asks me, "What's the point of all this death and murder?"



I don't tell 'em the lie that I killed for...

Or lie...so that they can believe I'm better than what I am...







Colonel, I don't want to wax on about morality and second chances, but let's not ever do this again.

Okay?

Won't make promises I can't keep, Everette, but, yeah, I'll keep that in mind.



What's the call, Colonel? Short march and set up camp, or are we takin' a long moonlit stroll?



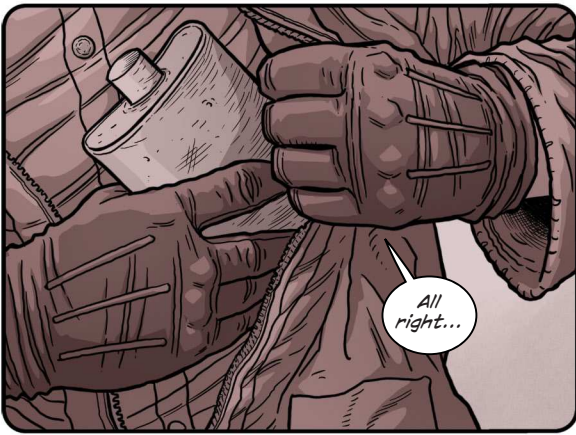
It's too hot to stay anywhere near here...

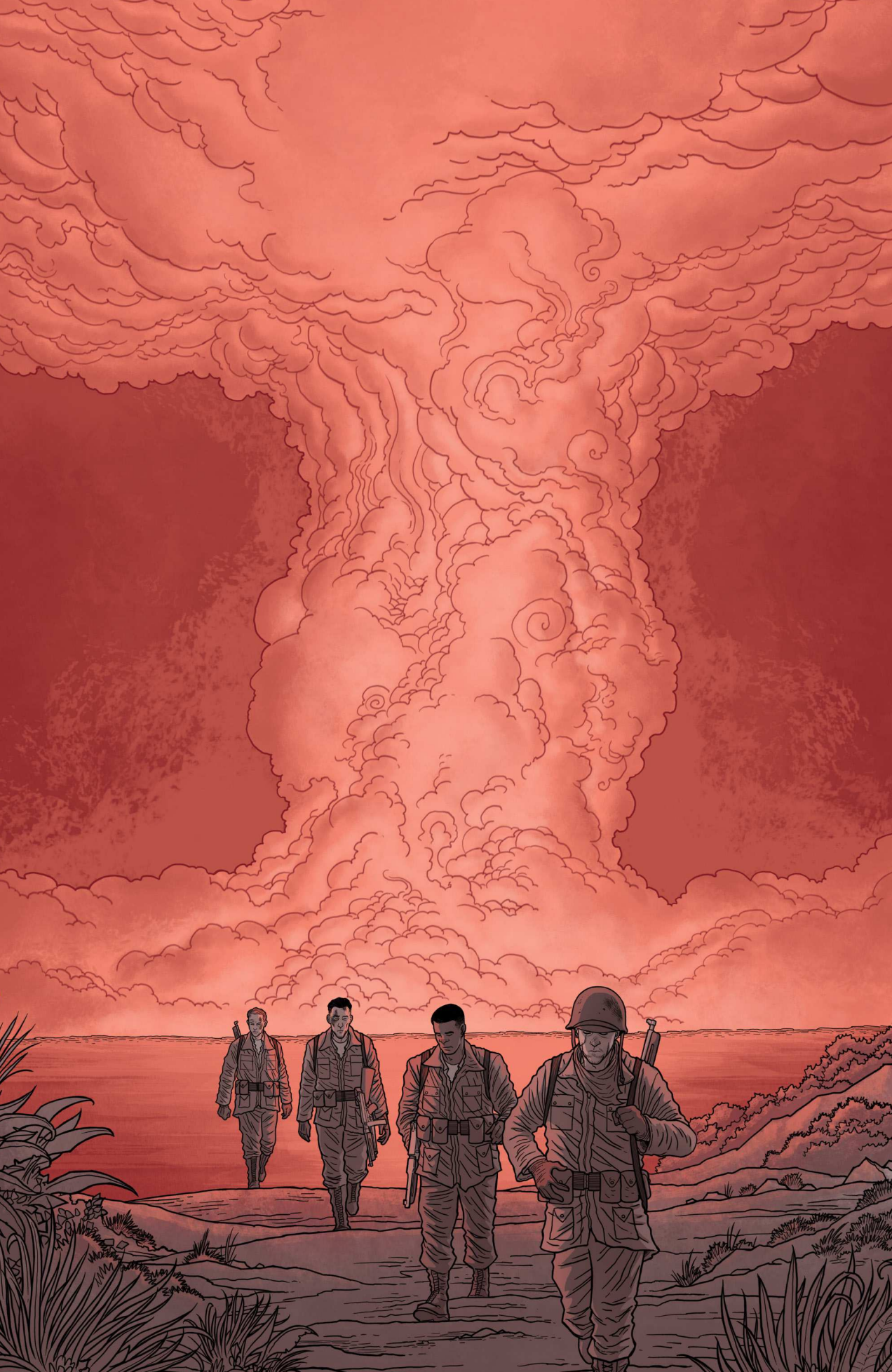
Take five minutes -- five -- and grab whatever you might need...



"Then let's head out."







*PREVIEW OF
THE NEXT THREE ISSUES:*

