

JOE HILL | MARTIN SIMMONDS

A "SHIT-TALK" HOMES MYSTERY

DYING IS EASY

IDW
ISSUE
1
COVER A



SIMMONDS



Dying is Easy

created by
Joe Hill

and **Martin Simmonds**

Writer
Joe Hill

Artist
Martin Simmonds

Color Assist
Dee Cunniffe

Letterer
Shawn Lee

Co-Editors
Chris Ryal
Megan Brown

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HOW YA DOIN'? EVERYONE HAVIN' A GOOD TIME TONIGHT?

**YEAH!
YOU BET,
BABY!**



GOOD, THAT'S GOOD. JUST DON'T HAVE TOO GOOD A TIME. THE BOUNCERS IN THIS CLUB, THEY'RE **ANGRY** MEN.

IF YOU'RE A BOUNCER, WORKING IN A COMEDY CLUB IS THE BOTTOM RUNG ON THE LADDER.



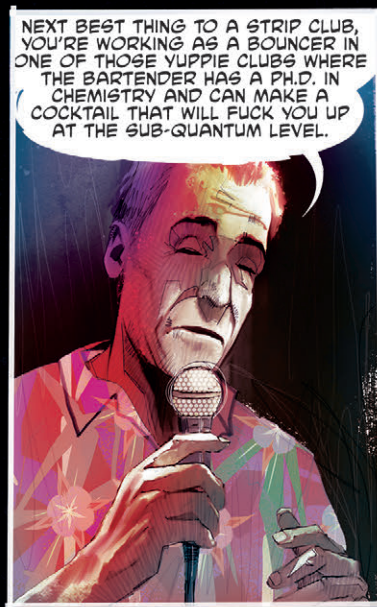
TOP OF THE LADDER IS A GIG IN A STRIP CLUB.

THAT WAY, IF YOU GET PUNCHED BY A DRUNK, MAYBE YOU AT LEAST GET KNOCKED INTO A BIG PILE OF **TITS**.



ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, YOUR FALL WAS CUSHIONED BY A MOUNTAIN OF ASS.

BAD NEWS IS YOU GOT A **BLACK EYE** AND AN **S.T.D.** AT THE SAME TIME.



NEXT BEST THING TO A STRIP CLUB, YOU'RE WORKING AS A BOUNCER IN ONE OF THOSE YUPPIE CLUBS WHERE THE BARTENDER HAS A PH.D. IN CHEMISTRY AND CAN MAKE A COCKTAIL THAT WILL FUCK YOU UP AT THE SUB-QUANTUM LEVEL.



YOU GET SO WRECKED, EVEN YOUR ATOMS GET DRUNK.

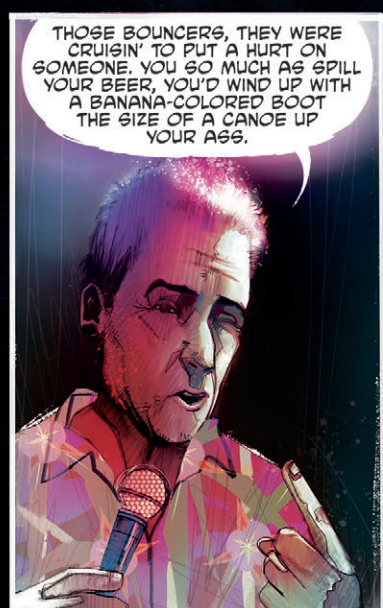
YOU WAKE UP SO BLASTED, YOU SHIT YOUR PANTS, AND ACCIDENTALLY RIP A HOLE IN THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM.



YOU DON'T WANT TO BOUNCE IN A COMEDY CLUB, MAN. THAT'S THE WORST. I WAS AT ONE CLUB, THEY MADE THE BOUNCERS DRESS UP AS FUCKIN' **CLOWNS**.



LIKE, PUT ON THIS RED RUBBER NOSE AND HANG YOUR DIGNITY IN THE CLOSET, OKAY?



THOSE BOUNCERS, THEY WERE CRUISIN' TO PUT A HURT ON SOMEONE. YOU GO MUCH AS SPILL YOUR BEER, YOU'D WIND UP WITH A BANANA-COLORED BOOT THE SIZE OF A CANOE UP YOUR ASS.



A LOT OF BOUNCERS ARE COPS CATCHING A FEW BUCKS IN THEIR SPARE TIME, OR THEY'RE RETIRED PEE-DEE.



I WAS A COP MYSELF A WHILE. TRUE FACT! FOUR YEARS IN VICE: *DRUGS, PORNOGRAPHY, GAMBLING*, AN ENDLESS PARADE OF THE LOWEST FUCKIN' HOORS YOU EVER MET. BUT THEN, YEAH, AFTER COLLEGE, I SIGNED UP WITH THE FORCE.



I WAS IN HOMICIDE FOR THREE YEARS. YOU MEET A LOT OF INTERESTING PEOPLE IN HOMICIDE.



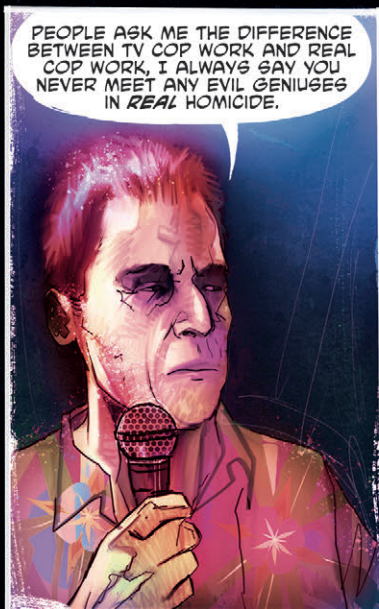
THERE WAS THIS ONE GUY, WE GOT HIM SITTING IN FRONT OF THE TV WITH HIS MOTHER'S HEAD IN HIS LAP.



WE ASKED HIM WHAT HAPPENED. HE SAID SHE DID IT TO *HERSELF*! CUT HER OWN HEAD OFF, MAN.



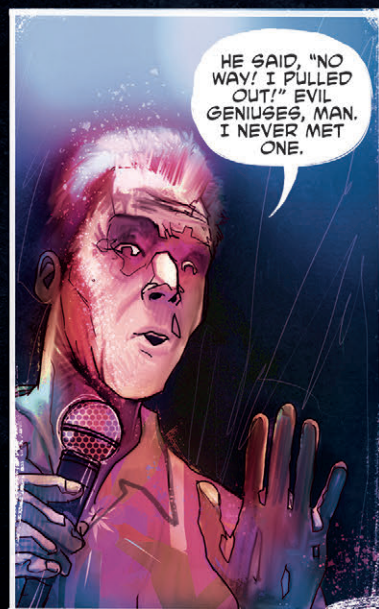
WE ASKED HIM HOW SHE DID THAT.
HE SAID, "QUICKLY."



PEOPLE ASK ME THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TV COP WORK AND REAL COP WORK, I ALWAYS SAY YOU NEVER MEET ANY EVIL GENIUSES IN *REAL* HOMICIDE.



WE HAD THIS ONE GUY WHO SHOT TWO PEOPLE SO HE COULD BE INTIMATE WITH THEIR COCKER SPANIEL.
WE TOLD HIM WE COULD PROVE WHAT HE DID TO THE DOG WITH DNA EVIDENCE.



HE SAID, "NO WAY! I PULLED OUT!" EVIL GENIUSES, MAN. I NEVER MET ONE.

SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, WHEN YOU HEAR SOMEONE GOT WHACKED, IT'S NATURAL TO WANNA KNOW WHY. LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING—MOTIVES ARE OVERRATED.



YOU FIND SOME GUY, HE'S EATING HIS WIFE'S LIVER, WHAT THE FUCK KIND OF MOTIVE COULD HE HAVE FOR THAT?



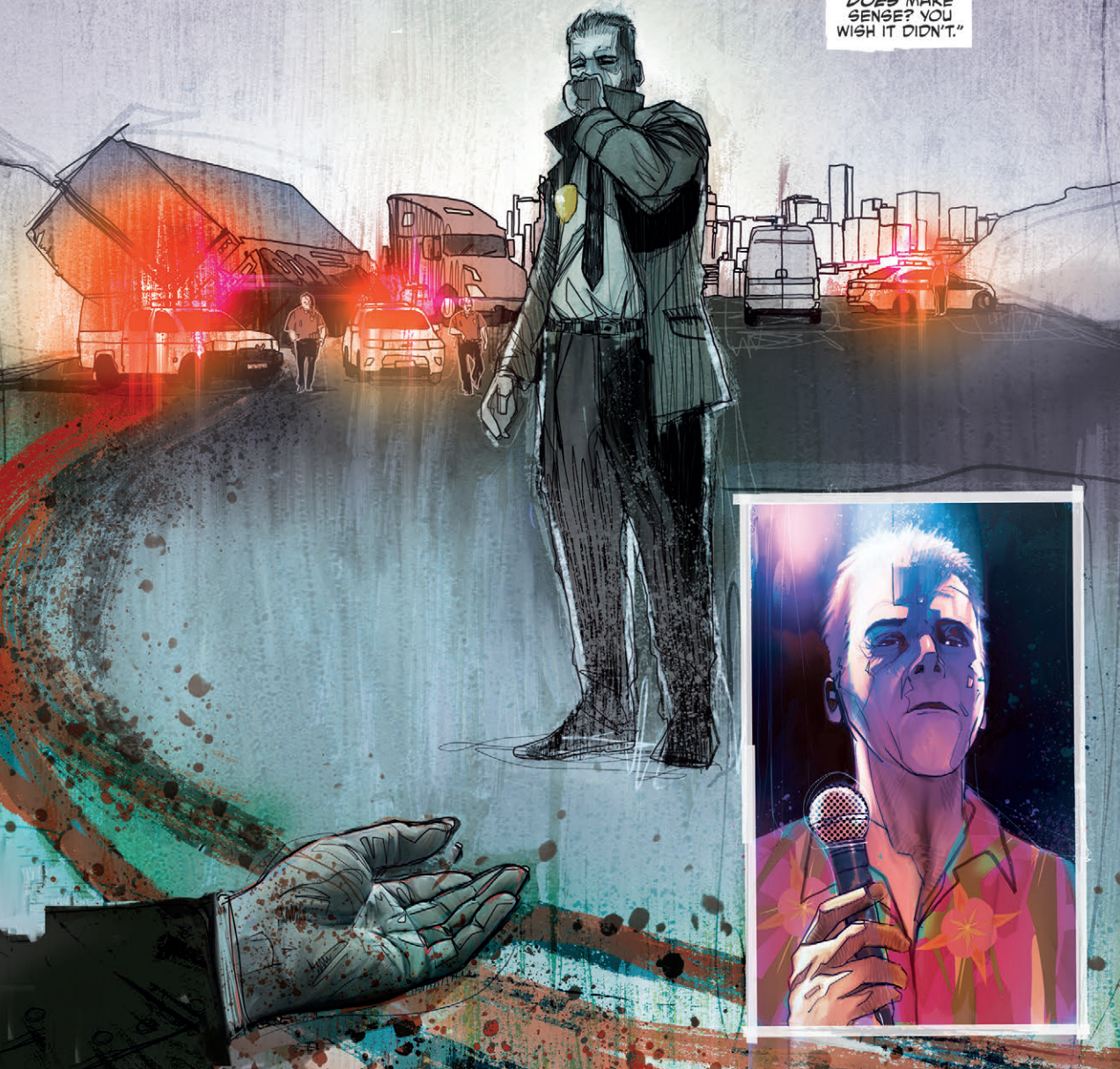
NOTHING LEFT IN THE FRIDGE BUT PICKLES? TACO BELL CLOSED AT ELEVEN?



IF THERE'S ONE THING I LEARNED AS A COP, IT NEVER MAKES SENSE.

AND WHEN IT DOES...

"...WHEN IT DOES MAKE SENSE? YOU WISH IT DIDN'T."



Shit-Talk Homes,
The Insulting Detective, in...

"DYING IS EASY"

Chapter One

Written by Joe Hill
Illustrated by Martin Simmonds
Color Assist by Dee Cunniffe
Lettered by Shawn Lee
Edited by Chris Ryall

WHEN SOMEONE GETS KILLED, WE ALL WANT TO UNDERSTAND WHY.

I GET IT. I DO.

BUT LOOK.

IT'S NOT THAT COMPLICATED. YOU WANNA KNOW THE NUMBER ONE CAUSE OF HOMICIDE IN AMERICA?



NOT TOO BAD TONIGHT, SYD. I WASN'T SURE HOW YOU'D PLAY. THIS ISN'T REALLY YOUR CROWD.

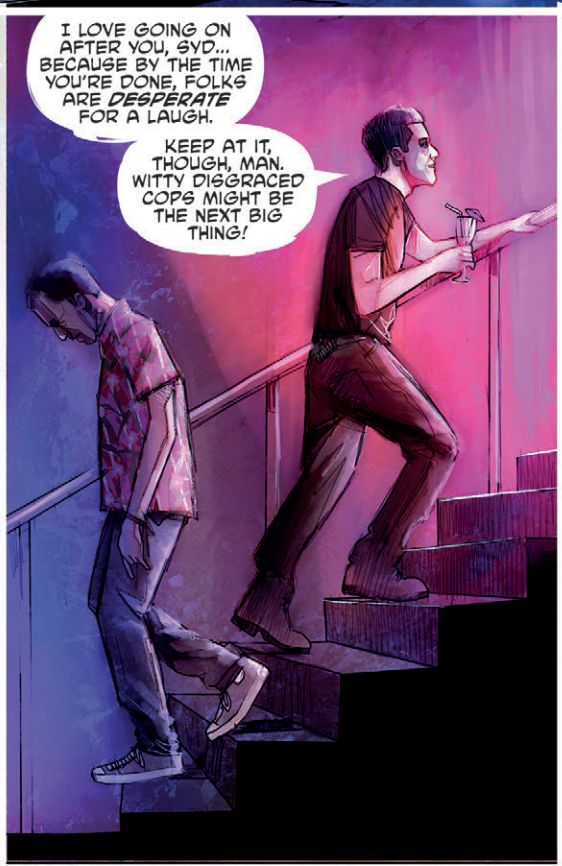
YEAH? WHAT'S MY CROWD, CARL?

I'M NOT SURE. MORTICIANS? SERIAL KILLERS?

PRO COMEDIAN TIP: YOU CAN ONLY SQUEEZE SO MANY LAUGHS OUT OF A GUY WHO HATE-FUCKED HIS EX WITH A GARDEN TROWEL.

I LOVE GOING ON AFTER YOU, SYD... BECAUSE BY THE TIME YOU'RE DONE, FOLKS ARE *DESPERATE* FOR A LAUGH.

KEEP AT IT, THOUGH, MAN. WITTY DISGRACED COPS MIGHT BE THE NEXT BIG THING!



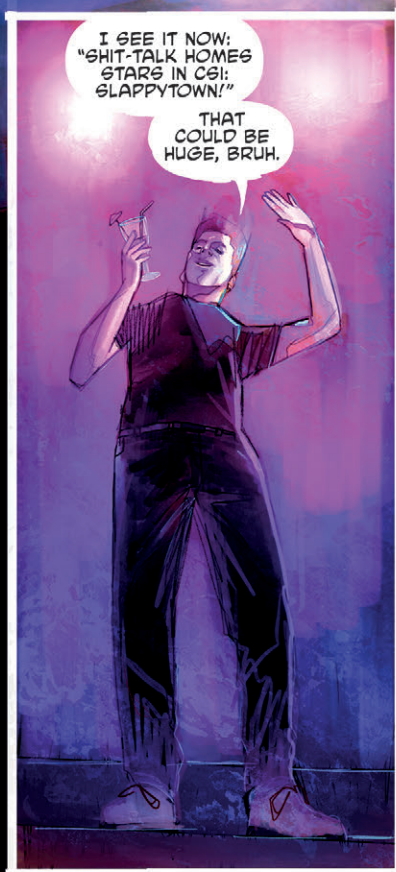
MURDERERS.

HEY, I'M SYD
HOMES, THIS HAS
BEEN A THRILL.
THANK YOU. THANKS
SO MUCH.



I SEE IT NOW:
"SHIT-TALK HOMES
STARTS IN CSI:
SLAPPYTOWN!"

THAT
COULD BE
HUGE, BRUH.



I FUCKIN'
HATE THAT
GUY, FUCKIN'
CARL DIXON.

HEY, YOU
USED TO BE A
COP, YOU KNOW
ANY UNEMPLOYED
HITMEN, WANNA
MAKE A BUCK,
FAST?





SERIOUS, HOW MUCH A HITMAN COST?

IN TODAY'S MARKET? GET A COUPLE 'RICANS TO DO IT FOR FORTY BUCKS. TWENTY IF YOU CAN PROVE HE'S A YANKEES FAN.



GET YOU ANYTHING, GVD?

YEAH, BASKET OF WINGS AND A SAM...

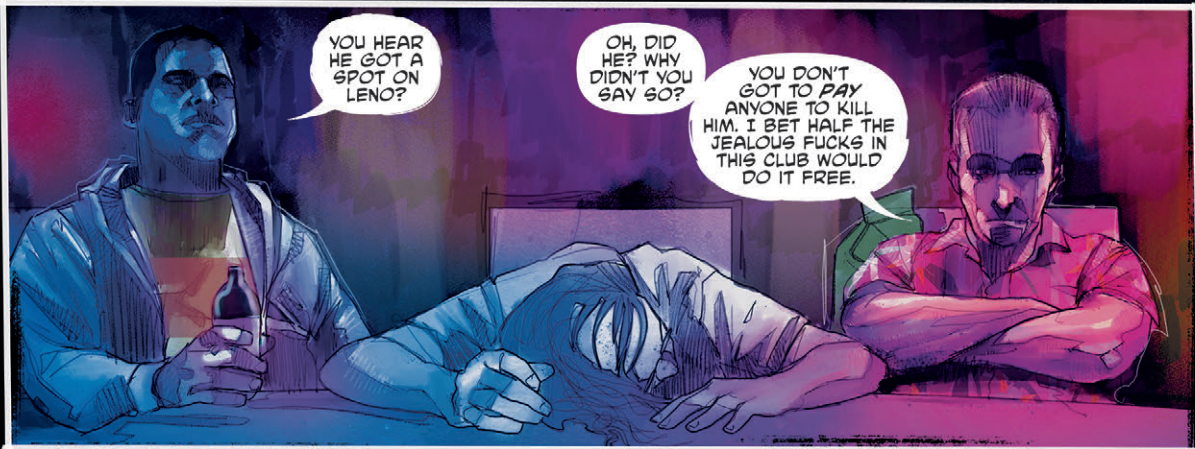
...AH, SHIT. BETTER JUST MAKE IT THE BEER. UNLESS YOU THINK PAULIE WANTS TO HOOK ME UP WITH WINGS ON THE HOUSE FOR DOING A KILLER SET.

SAVE THE COMEDY FOR THE STAGE, BABE.



I'D KILL DIXON MYSELF FOR A PLATE OF WINGS.

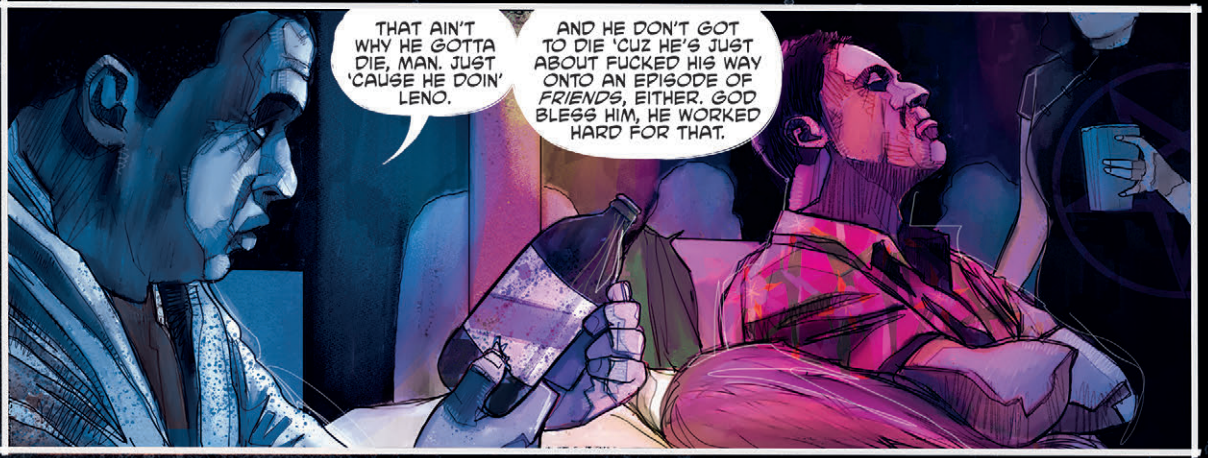
REMINDE ME WHY'S HE GOTTA DIE.



YOU HEAR HE GOT A SPOT ON LENO?

OH, DID HE? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?

YOU DON'T GOT TO PAY ANYONE TO KILL HIM. I BET HALF THE JEALOUS FUCKS IN THIS CLUB WOULD DO IT FREE.



THAT AIN'T WHY HE GOTTA DIE, MAN. JUST 'CAUSE HE DOIN' LENO.

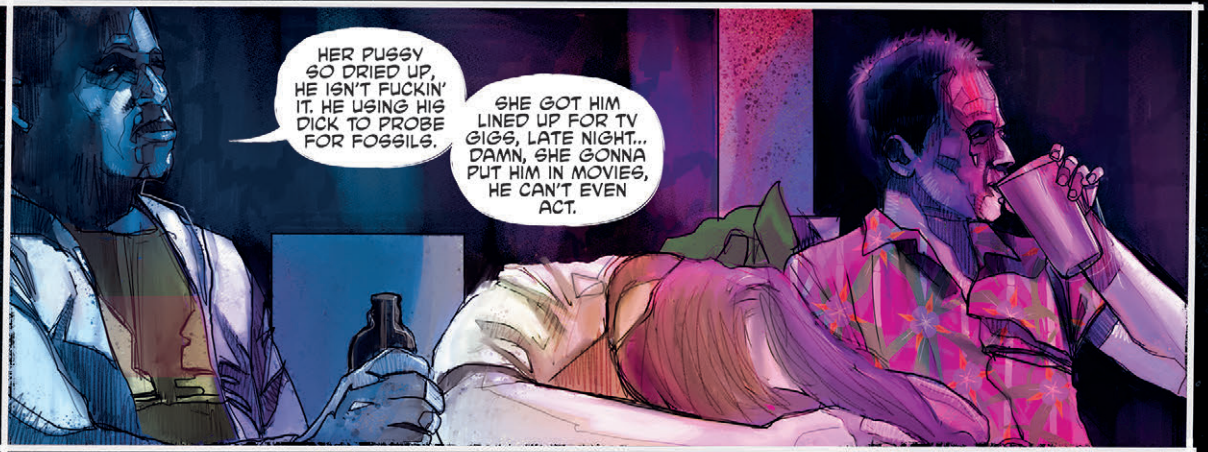
AND HE DON'T GOT TO DIE 'CUZ HE'S JUST ABOUT FUCKED HIS WAY ONTO AN EPISODE OF FRIENDS, EITHER. GOD BLESS HIM, HE WORKED HARD FOR THAT.



HOW'D CARL DIXON FUCK HIS WAY ONTO AN EPISODE OF FRIENDS?

HE BEEN BANGING THIS PRODUCER-LADY TWENTY YEARS OLDER THAN HIM.

GLOVER SOMETHIN'? HER TITS SO FAKE, MUST BE LIKE HAVING SEX WITH A BOUNCY HOUSE.



HER PUSSY SO DRIED UP, HE ISN'T FUCKIN' IT. HE USING HIS DICK TO PROBE FOR FOSSILS.

SHE GOT HIM LINED UP FOR TV GIGS, LATE NIGHT... DAMN, SHE GONNA PUT HIM IN MOVIES, HE CAN'T EVEN ACT.



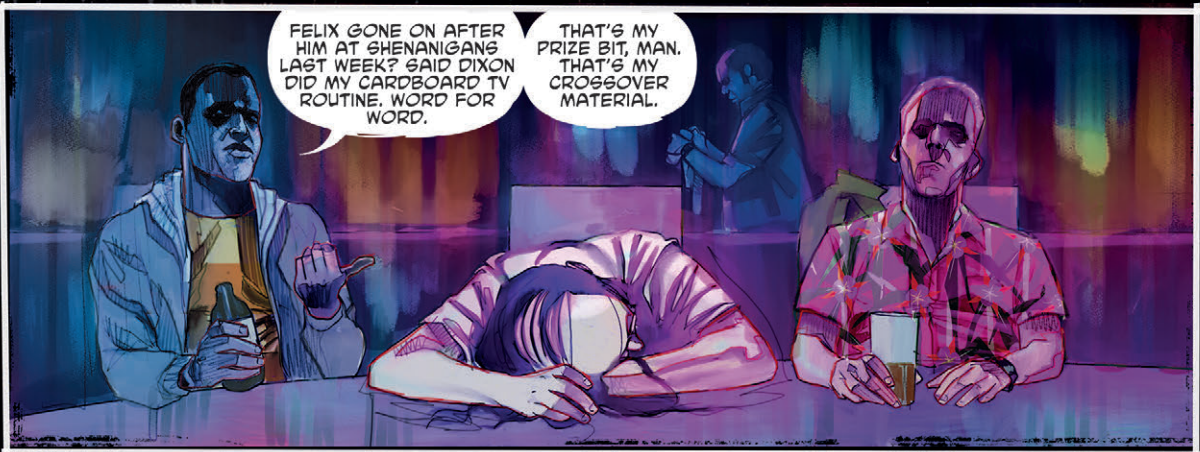
SHE TWENTY YEARS OLDER. HOW HE GET IT UP FOR THAT?

I DOUBT IT'S A PROBLEM. SPEAKING FOR MYSELF, I GET HARD JUST THINKING ABOUT BEING ON JAY LENO.



NO, I'LL TELL YOU WHY HE GOT TO DIE.

CARL DIXON A FUCKIN' JOKE THIEF, MAN.



FELIX GONE ON AFTER HIM AT SHENANIGANS LAST WEEK? SAID DIXON DID MY CARDBOARD TV ROUTINE. WORD FOR WORD.

THAT'S MY PRIZE BIT, MAN. THAT'S MY CROSSOVER MATERIAL.



CROSSOVER MATERIAL?



STUFF THAT AIN'T BLACK, YOU KNOW WHAT M' SAYING?

MY MANAGEMENT SAYS I NEED TO MAKE WHITE PEOPLE LAUGH IF I WANT TO GET BETTER BOOKINGS.

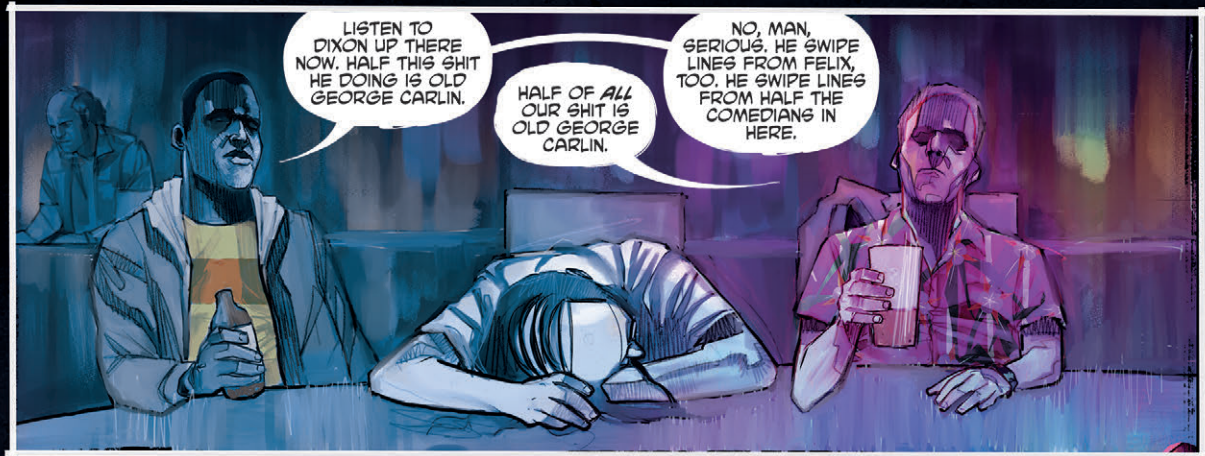
I'M, LIKE, IT'S NOT HARD TO MAKE WHITE PEOPLE LAUGH. LAUGHING AT BLACK PEOPLE IS THE THING WHITE FOLKS DO BEST. THEY'RE EVEN BETTER AT THAT THEN THEY ARE AT COMING UP WITH CUTE NAMES FOR PAINT.



LIKE, IT CAN'T JUST BE "WHITE PAINT." IT GOTTA BE "PHILLY CREAM CHEESE." THEY'LL TAKE A BUCKET OF WHITE PAINT AND RENAME IT "ABBA." THEY'LL RENAME IT "PHIL COLLINS."

"ALMOST DRIED JIZZ."

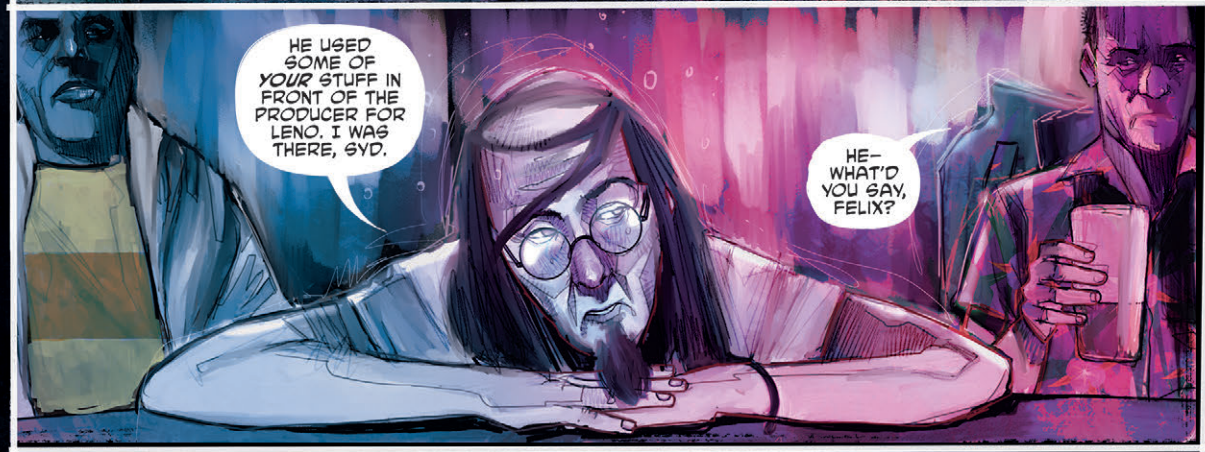
EXACTLY. THAT'S NOT "WHITE." IT'S "KLAN RALLY."



LISTEN TO DIXON UP THERE NOW. HALF THIS SHIT HE DOING IS OLD GEORGE CARLIN.

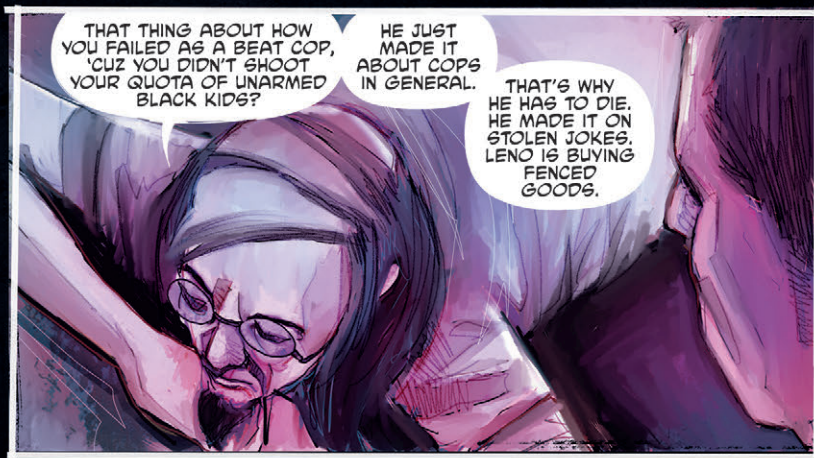
HALF OF *ALL* OUR SHIT IS OLD GEORGE CARLIN.

NO, MAN, SERIOUS. HE SWIPE LINES FROM FELIX, TOO. HE SWIPE LINES FROM HALF THE COMEDIANS IN HERE.



HE USED SOME OF *YOUR* STUFF IN FRONT OF THE PRODUCER FOR LENO. I WAS THERE, SYD.

HE— WHAT'D YOU SAY, FELIX?



THAT THING ABOUT HOW YOU FAILED AS A BEAT COP, 'CUZ YOU DIDN'T SHOOT YOUR QUOTA OF UNARMED BLACK KIDS?

HE JUST MADE IT ABOUT COPS IN GENERAL.

THAT'S WHY HE HAS TO DIE. HE MADE IT ON STOLEN JOKES. LENO IS BUYING FENCED GOODS.



HE AT LEAST NEED A PUNCH IN THE MOUTH.

WHAT'S THE GOING RATE FOR A PUNCH IN THE MOUTH?

A HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN BUCKS.



I THOUGHT YOU SAID I COULD GET A 'RICAN TO KILL HIM FOR FORTY.

HOW THE PRICE GO UP JUST TO PUNCH HIM IN HIS JOKE-STEALING MOUTH?

IT'S HAZARD PAY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO TOUCH HIM TO SHOOT HIM.

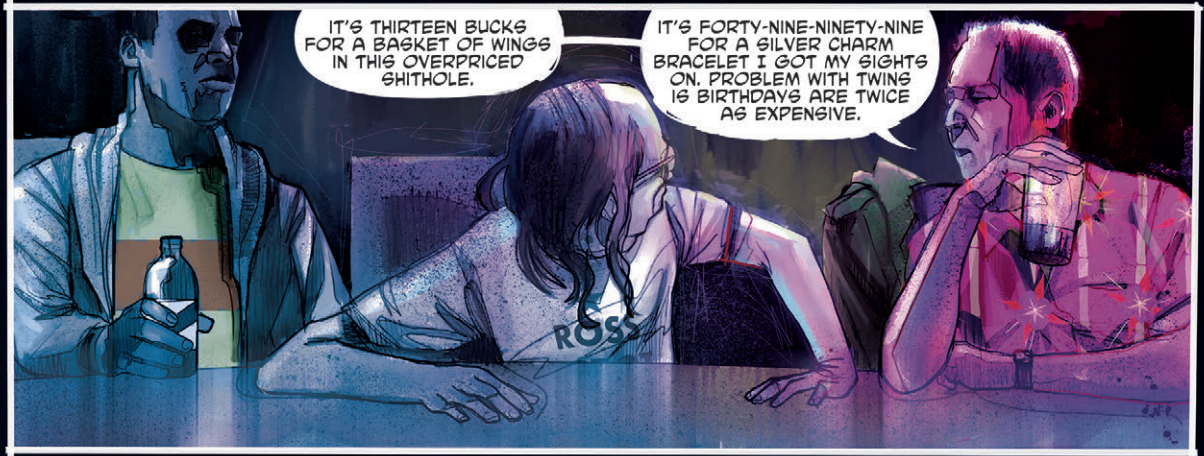
YOU PUNCH HIM, YOU GOTTA WORRY ABOUT THE GERMS FLYING OUT OF HIS SANDWICH HOLE.



WHERE'D MY BEER GO?

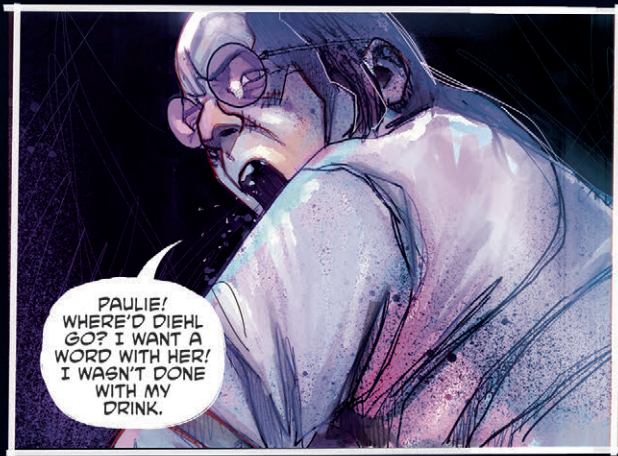
DOWN YOUR THROAT, DUMBASS, WHERE YOU THINK?

HEY, SYD. HOW IS IT YOU NEED A HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN BUCKS TO PUNCH A MAN IN THE MOUTH? THAT'S A VERY EXACT FIGURE.



IT'S THIRTEEN BUCKS FOR A BASKET OF WINGS IN THIS OVERPRICED SHITHOLE.

IT'S FORTY-NINE-NINETY-NINE FOR A SILVER CHARM BRACELET I GOT MY SIGHTS ON. PROBLEM WITH TWINS IS BIRTHDAYS ARE TWICE AS EXPENSIVE.



PAULIE! WHERE'D DIEHL GO? I WANT A WORD WITH HER! I WASN'T DONE WITH MY DRINK.



SHIT. YOU GOING TO HIT HIM ANYWAY. YOU JUST LOOKING TO GET A BASKET OF WINGS OUT OF ME.

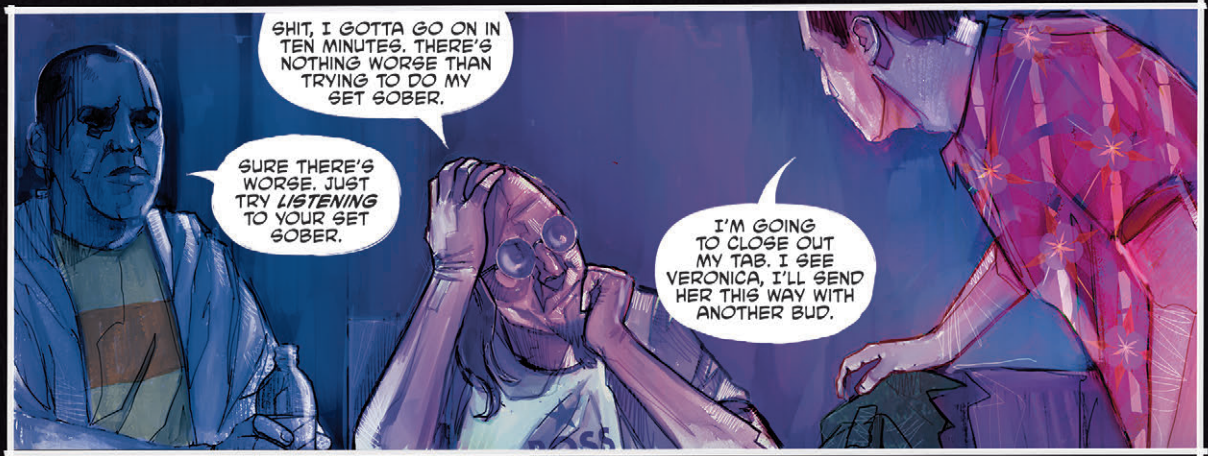


THIRTEEN BUCKS FOR WINGS. WHAT THE FUCK, MAN. I HATE THIS PLACE. EVERY TIME I WALK IN HERE I GET ROBBED.

YOU GET ROBBED FOR WINGS. YOU GET ROBBED FOR BEER. SOMEONE ROB YOUR JOKE.

I COME IN HERE FOR FIVE MINUTES LAST MONTH, SOMEONE GOT INTO MY CAR, SWIPED MY ST. CHRISTOPHER'S MEDAL, BUNCHA OF MY COMICS AND A SIGNED RICHARD PRIOR BASEBALL CARD.

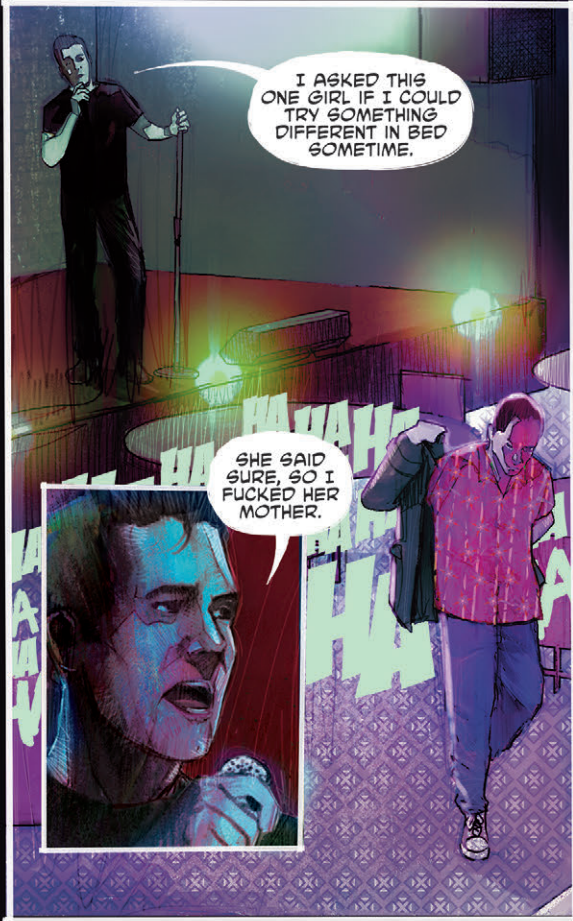
YOU THINK THAT'S BAD. THIS PLACE STOLE MY YOUTH. HOW'S THAT FOR A SUMBITCH?



SHIT, I GOTTA GO ON IN TEN MINUTES. THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN TRYING TO DO MY SET SOBER.

SURE THERE'S WORSE, JUST TRY LISTENING TO YOUR SET SOBER.

I'M GOING TO CLOSE OUT MY TAB, I SEE VERONICA, I'LL SEND HER THIS WAY WITH ANOTHER BUD.



I ASKED THIS ONE GIRL IF I COULD TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN BED SOMETIME.

SHE SAID SURE, SO I FUCKED HER MOTHER.



HEY, PAULIE. FELIX WANTS ANOTHER BEER, AND I OUGHTA SETTLE UP MY TAB.



PAULIE, YOU WANNA GET MY TAB? PAULIE? OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE—HE'S NOT THAT FUNNY.

I LIKE CARL. EVERYONE LIKES CARL. HE DO GOOD IMITATIONS.

NO SHIT? MAYBE YOU COULD HIRE HIM TO IMITATE A BARTENDER AND THE CUSTOMERS IN THIS JOINT COULD FINALLY GET SOME SERVICE.



MAYBE YOU OUGHTA MIX SOME IMITATIONS INTO *YOUR* ACT. CARL DOES SOME GREAT ONES. YOU OUGHTA HEAR HIM DO *YOU* SOMETIME!

HE DOES *YOUR* MATERIAL JUST LIKE YOU WAS DOING IT *YOURSELF!*



YEAH, I JUST BEEN HEARING THAT. IF HE DOES SUCH A GOOD VERSION OF ME, HOW ABOUT YOU LET HIM PAY MY CHECK?

HEY! I *KNOW* YOU AIN'T GOING TO SERVE THAT MAN WHEN WE BEEN WAITING FOR OUR DRINKS TEN MINUTES.



I WAS WATCHIN' THE ACT! THIS GUY IS GOING TO BE A BIG DEAL SOMEDAY!

YOU TWO IS TOO SERIOUS. I AIN'T SEEN YOU LAUGH ONCE. WHY YOU COME INTO A COMEDY CLUB IF YOU DON'T WANT A CHUCKLE?



WE AIN'T SEEN NOTHING THAT TICKLES US YET. BUT THE NIGHT'S YOUNG. WHO KNOWS. WE MAY GET US A LAUGH YET.

JUST POUR US OUR DAMN BEERS.





KEEP OUT OF MY FACE.

LINDA— PLEASE—

LET GO OF ME.



MY SISTER IS DEAD. DEAD. BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU DID TO HER. BECAUSE YOU TORMENTED AND HARASSED...

AND YOU COME HERE AND YOU MAKE JOKES AND YOU LAUGH...



LINDA, PLEASE... SHH... SHH... THIS ISN'T THE TIME...

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU FANSY.

IS IT FUNNY TO YOU, HOMES? THAT YOU BROWBEAT A FRAGILE WOMAN INTO KILLING HERSELF?

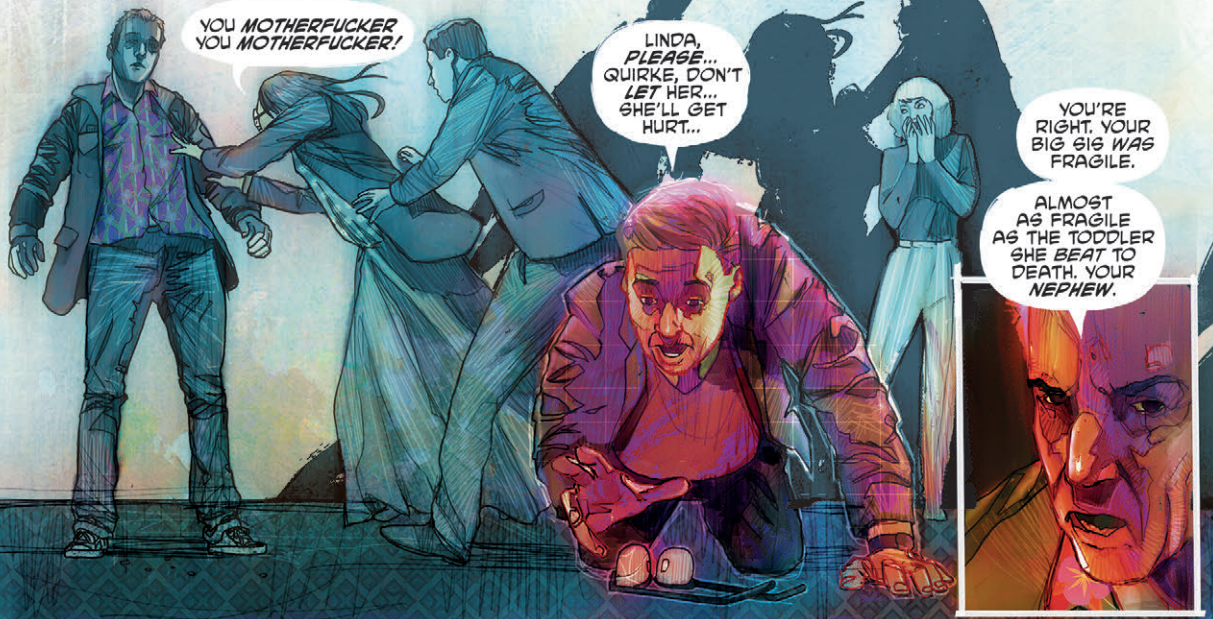
MAKE A JOKE OUT OF IT. GO ON. MAKE ME LAUGH.



I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT WAS THE LAST THING TO GO THROUGH YOUR SISTER'S MIND WHEN SHE STEPPED IN FRONT OF THAT TRUCK.

PROBABLY THE HOOD ORNAMENT, HUH?





YOU MOTHERFUCKER
YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

LINDA,
PLEASE...
QUIRKE, DON'T
LET HER...
SHE'LL GET
HURT...

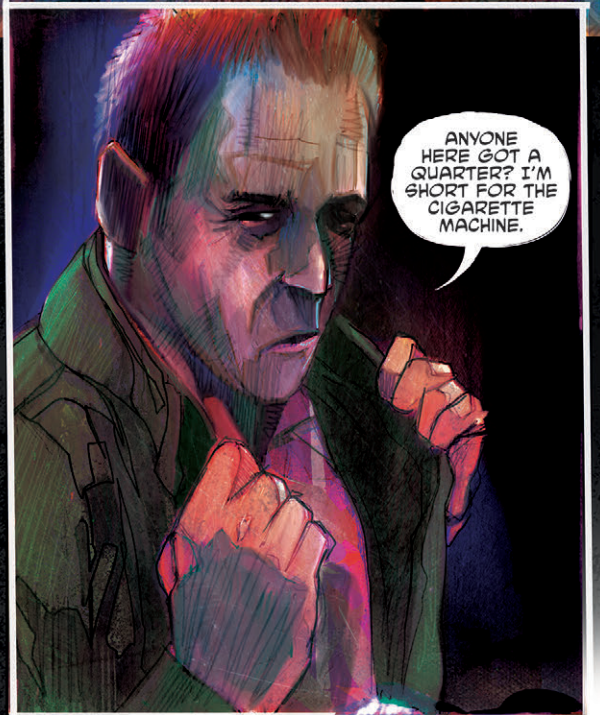
YOU'RE
RIGHT. YOUR
BIG SIS WAS
FRAGILE.

ALMOST
AS FRAGILE
AS THE TODDLER
SHE BEAT TO
DEATH. YOUR
NEPHEW.



...LIES LIES IT
WAS AN ACCIDENT
HE FELL HE WAS
CLUMSY...

FELL INTO HER
FISTS. FORENSICS
SAID THE ONLY ONE
WHO WAS CLUMSY
WAS YOUR SIS. CLUMSY
ABOUT TRYING TO
COVER IT UP.



ANYONE
HERE GOT A
QUARTER? I'M
SHORT FOR THE
CIGARETTE
MACHINE.



...YOU SICK...
YOU SICK
FUCKING...!

PLEASE,
LINDA, JUST
COME ALONG...
HARRY, JEAN, I'M
GO SORRY...



GUESS
THAT'S A
"NO?"



GODDAMN...

I GOT YOU, SYD.

WHAT WAS ALL THAT? MEETING OF YOUR FAN CLUB?



A FUNNY GIRL LIKE YOU, SHE OUGHTA WORK IN A COMEDY CLUB.

THE GOOD GUYS GOTTA STICK UP FOR EACH OTHER, SYD. IT'S PEOPLE LIKE US AGAINST THE IGNORANT, THE UNFAITHFUL, AND THE IRREDEEMABLE.



YOU LOOKED OUT FOR ME A FEW TIMES, I THINK I CAN AT LEAST SMOOTH YOUR PATH TO LUNG CANCER.

WHAT'S HARDER? COMEDY OR HOMICIDE? YOU DONE BOTH.



DYING IS EASY. COMEDY IS HARD. AIN'T YOU HEARD?

ALSO, YOU MEET A BETTER CLASS OF PERSON WHEN YOU'RE INVESTIGATING HOMICIDE.

HAW! YOU GOT THAT RIGHT. LOOK AFTER YOURSELF, HOMES. I CAN'T ALWAYS BE THERE TO DO IT FOR YOU.



...SO SICK...
SO FUCKING TIRED...
...IT DOESN'T MATTER
HOW GOOD I WAS
TONIGHT, THIS PLACE IS
A FUCKIN' HOLE, AND
FOR ALL MY WORK, WHAT
DO I GOT? NOTHING.
LESS NOTHING THAN
EVER!

...I DON'T
WANT YOUR... I
GOT MY DIGNITY,
I CAN'T KEEP
LIVING OFF...

...AH,
DARLING...
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO... AHH, SHIT.
ALL RIGHT, HEY.
LOVE YOU TOO,
BOSS.



SHIT-TALK! LET ME BUM
A LIGHT AND I'LL SUCK
YOUR COCK AS GOOD
AS YOUR EX.

HARD
TO RESIST AN
OFFER LIKE THAT.
ALL MY FRIENDS
TELL ME SHE'S
UNBELIEVABLE.



I FEEL A LITTLE
WEIRD ROLLING A JOINT
IN FRONT OF AN EX-COP.
LIKE YOU MIGHT ARREST
ME OUT OF HABIT.



IF I WAS STILL IN
THE FORCE, I'D NEVER
ARREST A BRIGHT
UP-AND-COMER LIKE YOU
FOR POSSESSION, CARL.



WHY ARREST
YOU WHEN I
CAN CONFISCATE
YOUR STASH
AND SMOKE IT
MYSELF?

NO NEED TO
CONFISCATE. I'M HAPPY
TO SHARE. SHARE AND
SHARE ALIKE, RIGHT?
WHAT'S MINE IS YOURS.



AND VICE
VERSA?

SURE?
WHY NOT?



FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY
THAT. MO LARSEN SAYS
YOU'RE A JOKE THIEF. EVER
BORROW ANY OF MY
MATERIAL?

IF I EVER
DID-AND I'M NOT
SAYING I HAVE-I
PROMISE YOUR
STUFF WOULD BE
EVEN FUNNIER IF I
WAS SAYING IT.



AAH!

OOF!

AGH!

JESUS—WHY YOU GOTTA FUCKING PUKE ON ME?

SEE HOW GREAT MY LINES COME OUT OF YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU GOT ABOUT EIGHT TEETH LEFT.

DON'T HIT ME ANYMORE!

UCK... UCK...

I WROTE **THREE MONTHS** FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES OF GOOD MATERIAL. I WROTE IT FOR **ME**, NOT YOU, FUCKHEAD.

AND THIS WAS MY BROTHER'S COAT AND YOU **WRECKED** IT, ASSHOLE.

HEY, I'M **6'2"** HOMES! HOW YOU DOIN' TONIGHT? HAVIN' FUN? GOOD—JUST DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH FUN. THE **BOUNCERS** HERE, THEY'RE ALL **ANGRY EX-COPS**.

BUT NONE OF 'EM ARE **ANGRIER** THAN ME, 'CAUSE PROBABLY NONE OF 'EM ARE THE **EX-COP** WHO TALKED A **MENTALLY ILL** WOMAN INTO **KILLING** HERSELF.

STAGE DOOR



WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'? IS THAT SUPPOSED TO SOUND LIKE ME?

HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT'S REALLY HILARIOUS, FOLKS?

I DIDN'T JUST TALK SOME FUCKED-UP CRAZY INTO KILLING HERSELF—I GOT AN INNOCENT TRUCKER KILLED, TOO.



SOME OLD GUY WITH GRANDKIDS, GOT A STEERING WHEEL THROUGH HIS CHEST.

I FIGURED AFTER ALL THAT, COMEDY WAS JUST THE OBVIOUS NEXT STEP. BA-BOOM! HEY, FOLKS, I'M SHIT-TALK HOMES, LOOK FOR ME ON SNL FUCKING NEVER.



YOU DO A GOOD VERSION OF ME, DIXON.

ALMOST AS GOOD AS YOUR IMITATION OF A PUNCHING BAG.

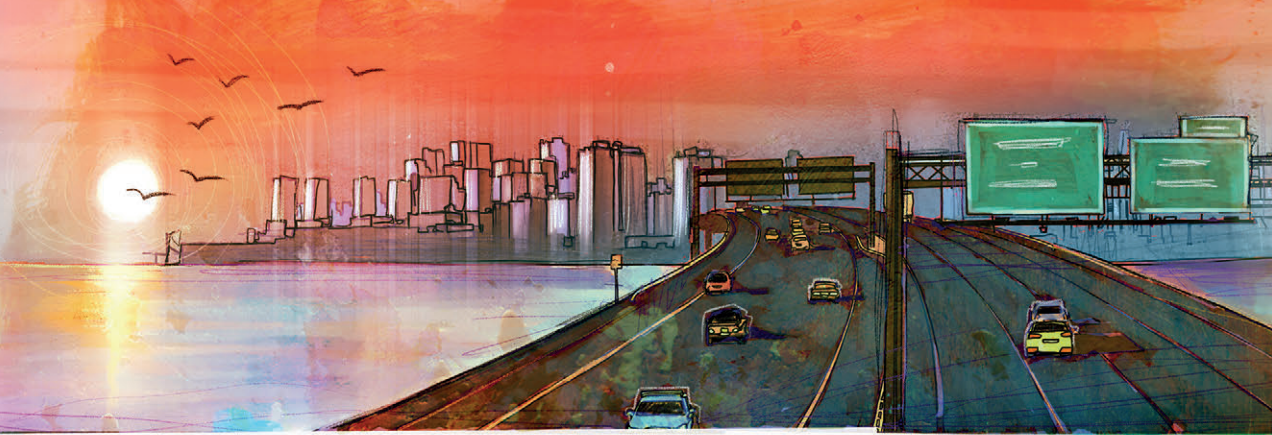
KEEP STEALING JOKES AND YOU'LL BE PRACTICING THAT ONE EVERY NIGHT.



IT'S ALL DONE. YOU CAN PAY ME ANOTHER TIME, THOUGH. I WANNA GO HOME AND WASH.

I GOT CARL DIXON ALL OVER ME.





"THEY'RE COMING
TO GET YOU FOR
KILLING HIM, SYD."

"HE'S DEAD."

To be continued!

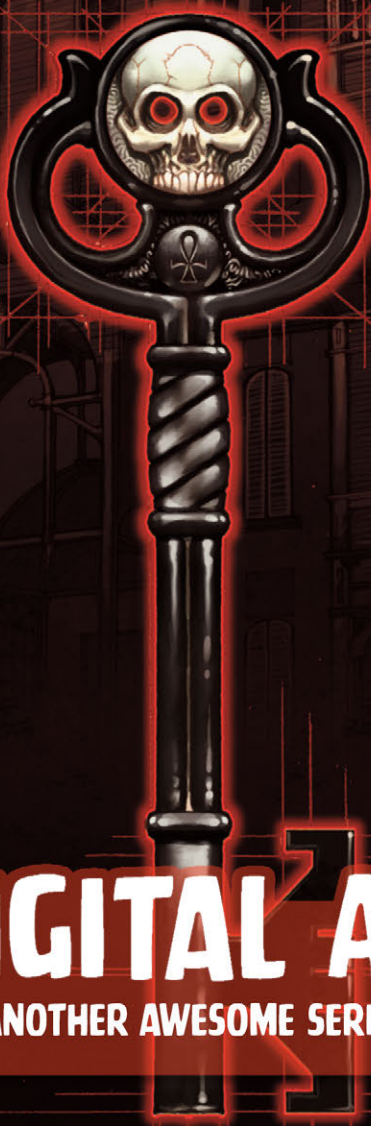
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ISSUE #1

LOCKE & KEY

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JOE HILL

Written by: Joe Hill

Art by: Gabriel Rodriguez

Colors by: Jay Fotos

Letters by: Robbie Robbins

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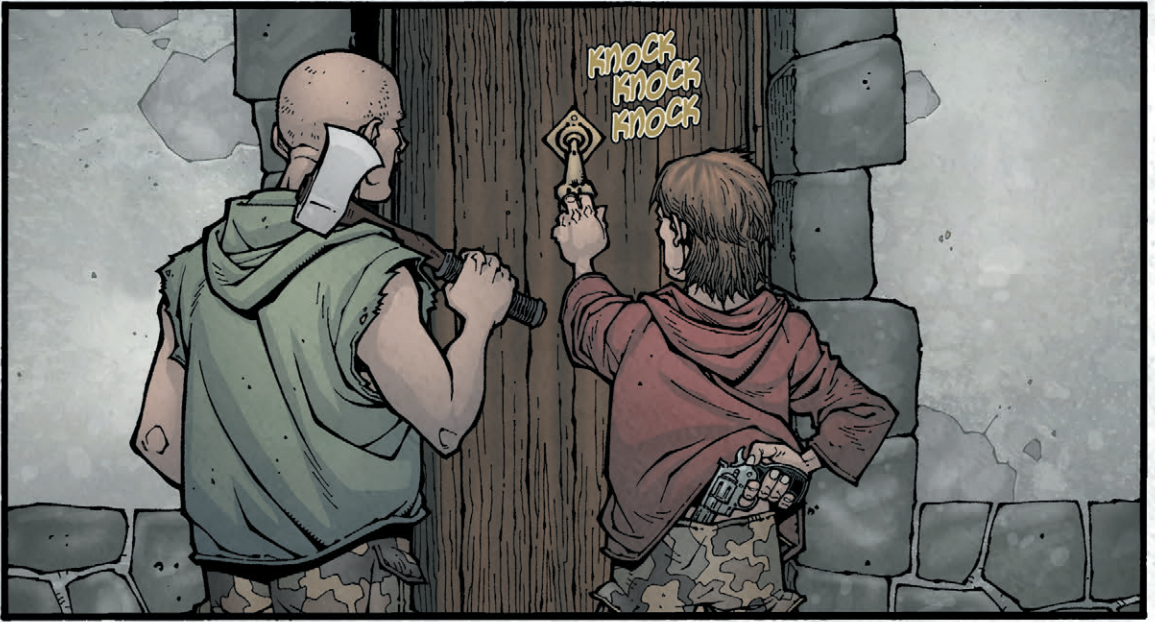
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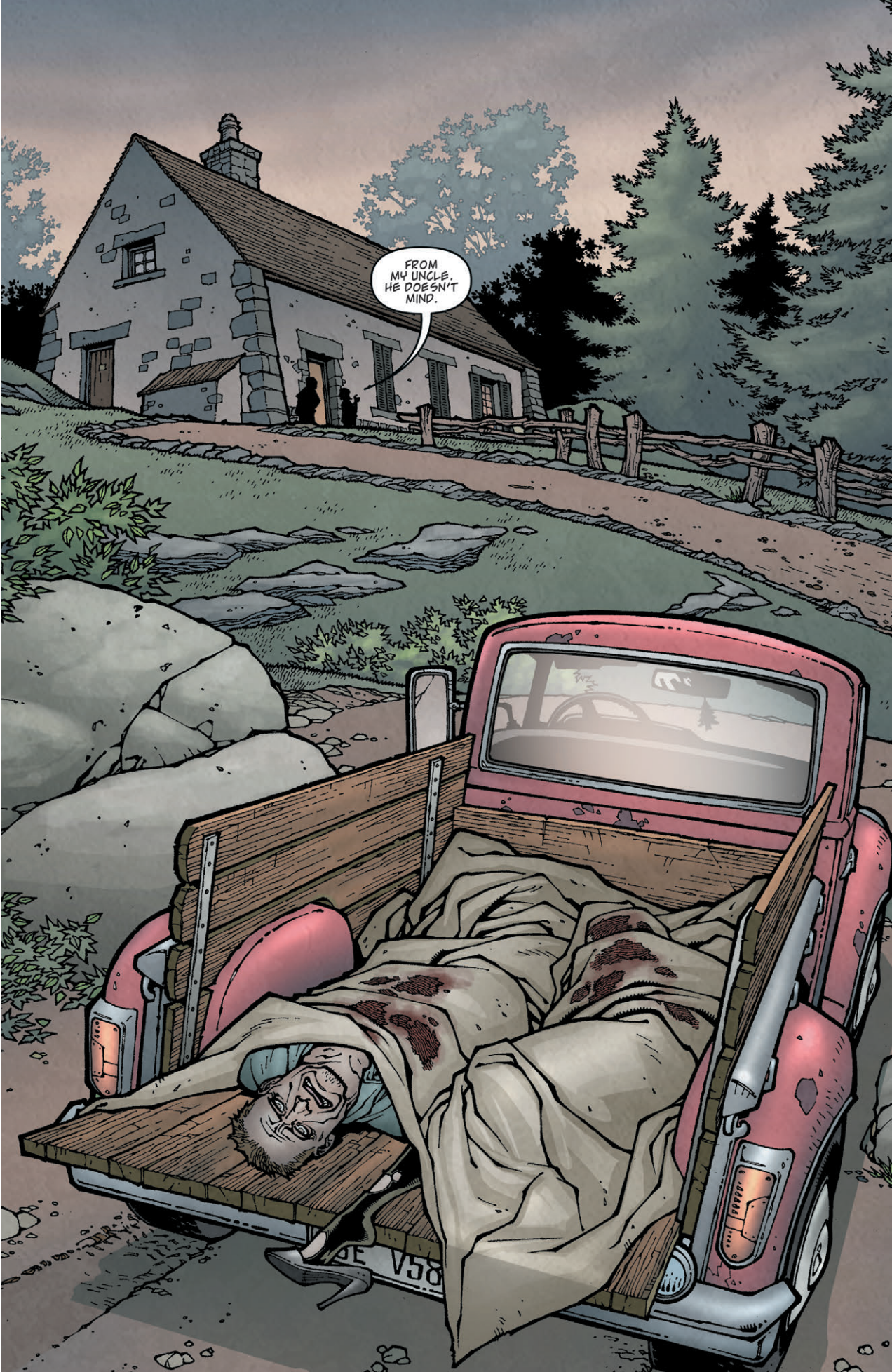
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FROM MY UNCLE. HE DOESN'T MIND.

VE V58

PLEASE, GOD, ALL I WANT IS AN EARTHQUAKE.



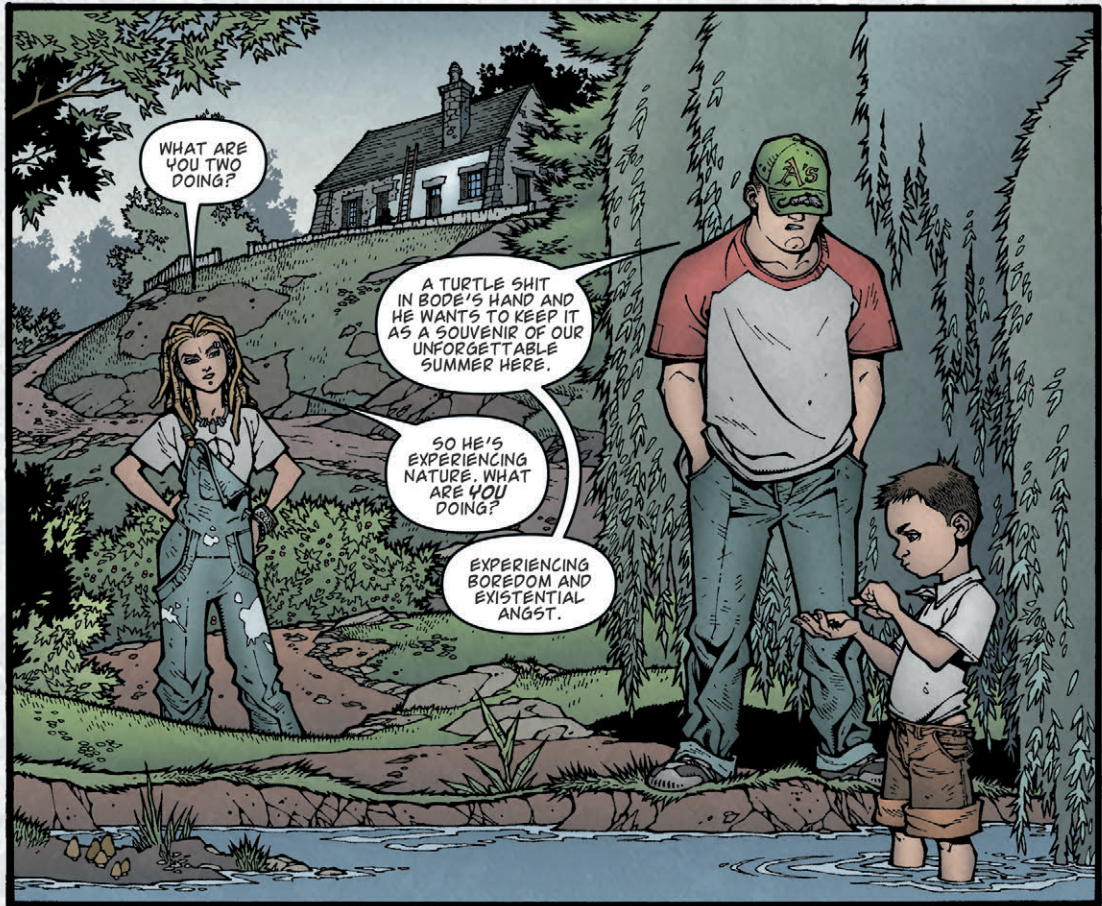
JUST ONE LITTLE QUAKE THAT MAKES THE ROOF FALL IN ON MY BEDROOM, SO I CAN'T STAY HERE ANYMORE AND MY PARENTS HAVE TO SEND ME TO BAJA TO LIVE WITH ROD FESS AND THEN I CAN LEARN TO SURF.

MORE LIKE THEY'D SEND ME TO STAY WITH MY COUSIN ORIN WHO WALLPAPERS HIS ROOM WITH THE OBITUARIES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE, BECAUSE HE SAYS THE ONLY THING COOLER THAN BEING A CELEBRITY IS BEING A DEAD CELEBRITY.

ALTHOUGH... AT LEAST ORIN HAS A PSS.



I FOUND A LITTLE TURTLE BUT IT WENT CRAP IN MY HAND AND GOT AWAY. LOOKAT.

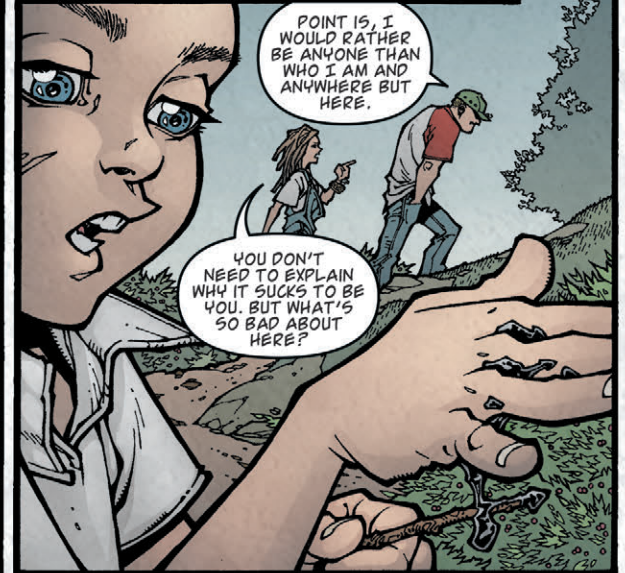


WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING?

A TURTLE SHIT IN BODE'S HAND AND HE WANTS TO KEEP IT AS A SOUVENIR OF OUR UNFORGETTABLE SUMMER HERE.

SO HE'S EXPERIENCING NATURE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

EXPERIENCING BOREDOM AND EXISTENTIAL ANGST.



JOE HILL • GABRIEL RODRIGUEZ



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TO BE CONTINUED IN...

LOCKE & KEY: WELCOME TO LOVECRAFT #1

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