

JOE HILL | MARTIN SIMMONDS

IDW
ISSUE
2
COVER A

A "SHEP-TALK" HOMES MYSTERY

DYING IS EASY





Dying is Easy

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...I'M GONNA GIVE HIM AN EXTRA WHACK JUST FOR MAKING US WALK UP ALL THESE FUCKIN' STAIRS...

OH, SHIT, REMINDS ME, I GOTTA POP YOU ONE AFTER WE WORK OVER HOMES. SORRY, MAN.



YOU WANT IT IN THE MOUTH? THE EYE?

IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, YOU'LL GET A PRETTY SWEET BONUS FOR SEEING ACTION.



IT DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL BETTER. WHY THE HELL DO YOU GOT TO HIT ME?

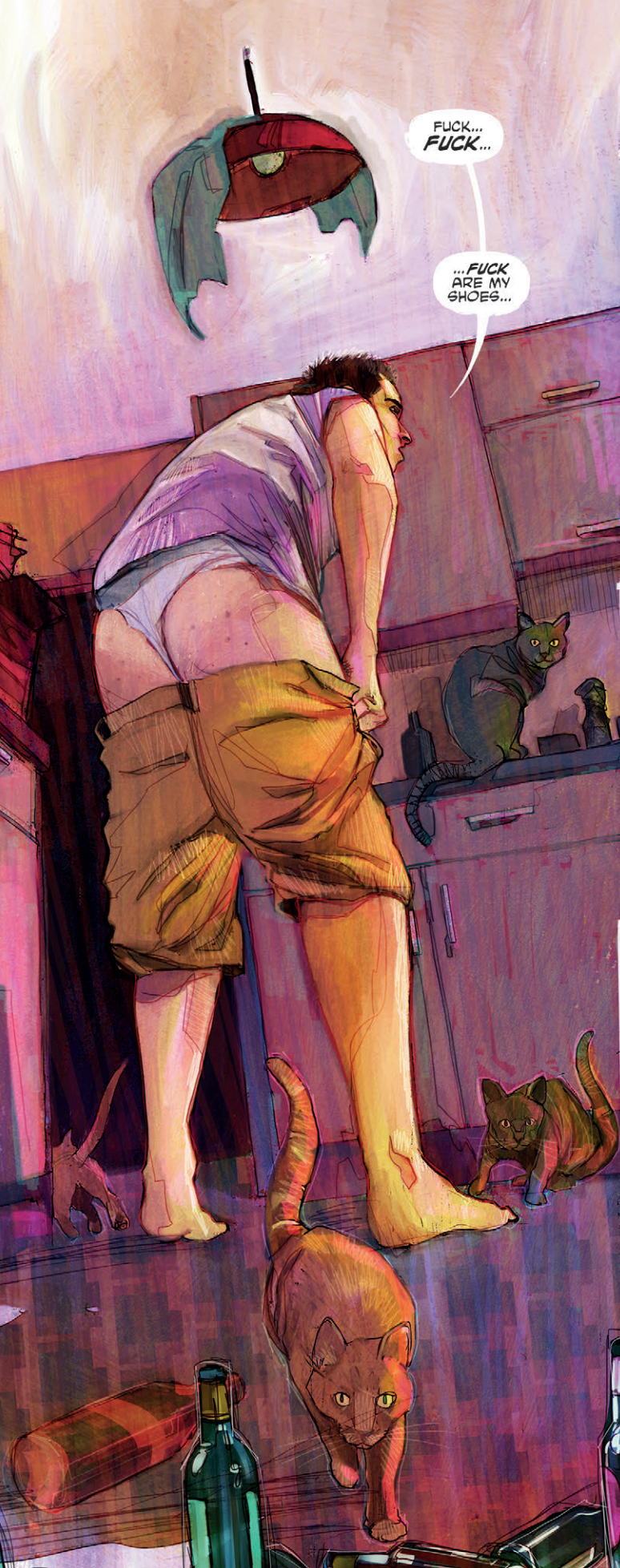
IT'S, LIKE, A PROPHYLACTIC MEASURE.

WHOA, STOP RIGHT THERE. YOU AIN'T DOIN' SHIT TO ME, YOU GOTTA PUT ON A CONDOM FIRST.



NO, YOU IGNORANT ASSHOLE. PROPHYLACTIC JUST MEANS PREVENTATIVE.

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY THAT, THEN?



FUCK...
FUCK...

...**FUCK**
ARE MY
SHOES...

WHAT IF,
HYPOTHETICALLY,
SHIT-TALK JUST
GIVES HIMSELF
UP?

NO, **MAN**. HE USED
TO BE MARRIED TO
DETECTIVE FLAHERTY'S
LITTLE GIRL. HE'S SO
LOUSY IN THE SACK,
HE MADE HER
GAY.

PEACEFUL
SURRENDER
ISN'T ON THE
MENU.



I CAN
HEAR YOU,
ASSHOLES...



I'M PRETTY
SURE THAT'S NOT
HOW BEING GAY
WORKS.

YEAH, WELL,
YOU NEVER MET
BYD FAULKNER
HOMES. THIS GUY'S
FACE WOULD PUT
ANY WOMAN
OFF DICK.

4A

SHIT-TALK!
OPEN UP! WE GOT
A WARRANT FOR
YOUR ARREST, ON THE
CHARGE OF BEING A
UGLY NO-TALENT
MOTHERFUCKER!

OH FOR
FUCK'S SAKE,
NO FUCKING
SHOES...



OPEN THIS
DOOR,
ASS-FACE!



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

"DYING IS EASY"

Chapter Two

Written by Joe Hill

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AW, FELIX, IT'S SO CUTE, THE WAY YOU TALK WHEN YOU'RE AT SCHOOL.

IT'S MORE LIKE THE CLUB THEN YOU MIGHT THINK. I STAND IN FRONT OF A WHOLE ROOM OF BORED, NOSE-PICKING TROLLS WHO WOULD LITERALLY RATHER BE DOING ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD THAN LISTENING TO ME.

WHY ARE YOU CALLING ME, SYD? SHOULDN'T YOU BE TALKING TO A LAWYER INSTEAD OF PRETENDING TO BE ONE?

ANY LAWYER WORTH THEIR DEGREE WOULD ADVISE ME TO TURN MYSELF IN, WHICH WOULD BE GREAT, EXCEPT HALF THE GUYS IN THE LOCK-UP ARE THERE BECAUSE OF ME...

...AND HALF THE BEAT COPS IN THIS TOWN WOULD KILL FOR A PROMOTION, AND MIGHT GET ONE IF THE GUY THEY KILL IS ME.

IS YOUR EX-FATHER-IN-LAW STILL MAD BECAUSE YOU TURNED HIS DAUGHTER GAY?

I GUESS SHE WAS SORT OF GAY WHEN SHE MARRIED ME.

YEAH, BUT YOU FINISHED HER OFF. THEN YOU FINISHED OFF CARL DIXON, APPARENTLY. YOU GOT INTO IT WITH HIM OUT BEHIND THE FUNNIES LAST NIGHT?

HE WAS STILL TALKING WHEN I LEFT HIM. HE WAS DOING HIS LOUSY-ASS IMPERSONATION OF ME.

WELL I GUESS AFTER YOU WALKED BACK INSIDE HE TRIED TO IMPERSONATE A FISH. HE DROWNED, DUDE. IN THREE INCHES OF WATER.

WHO FOUND THE BODY?

MO. HE GOT KINDA CURIOUS WHEN CARL DIDN'T COME BACK INSIDE, SO ABOUT TEN MINUTES AFTER YOU TOLD US YOU KILLED HIM, MO WENT AND—



WHAT?
THAT'S NOT
WHAT I
SAID.



WELL, MO
DID ASK YOU
HOW MUCH TO
KILL A GUY—

—AND WHEN
YOU CAME BACK
INSIDE YOU TOLD
HIM HE COULD
PAY YOU
LATER—

—SO
NATURALLY
WE BOTH
THOUGHT—



YOU BOTH
THOUGHT THE
STUPIDEST
FUCKING THING
POSSIBLE.

SO MO
GAVE ME
UP?

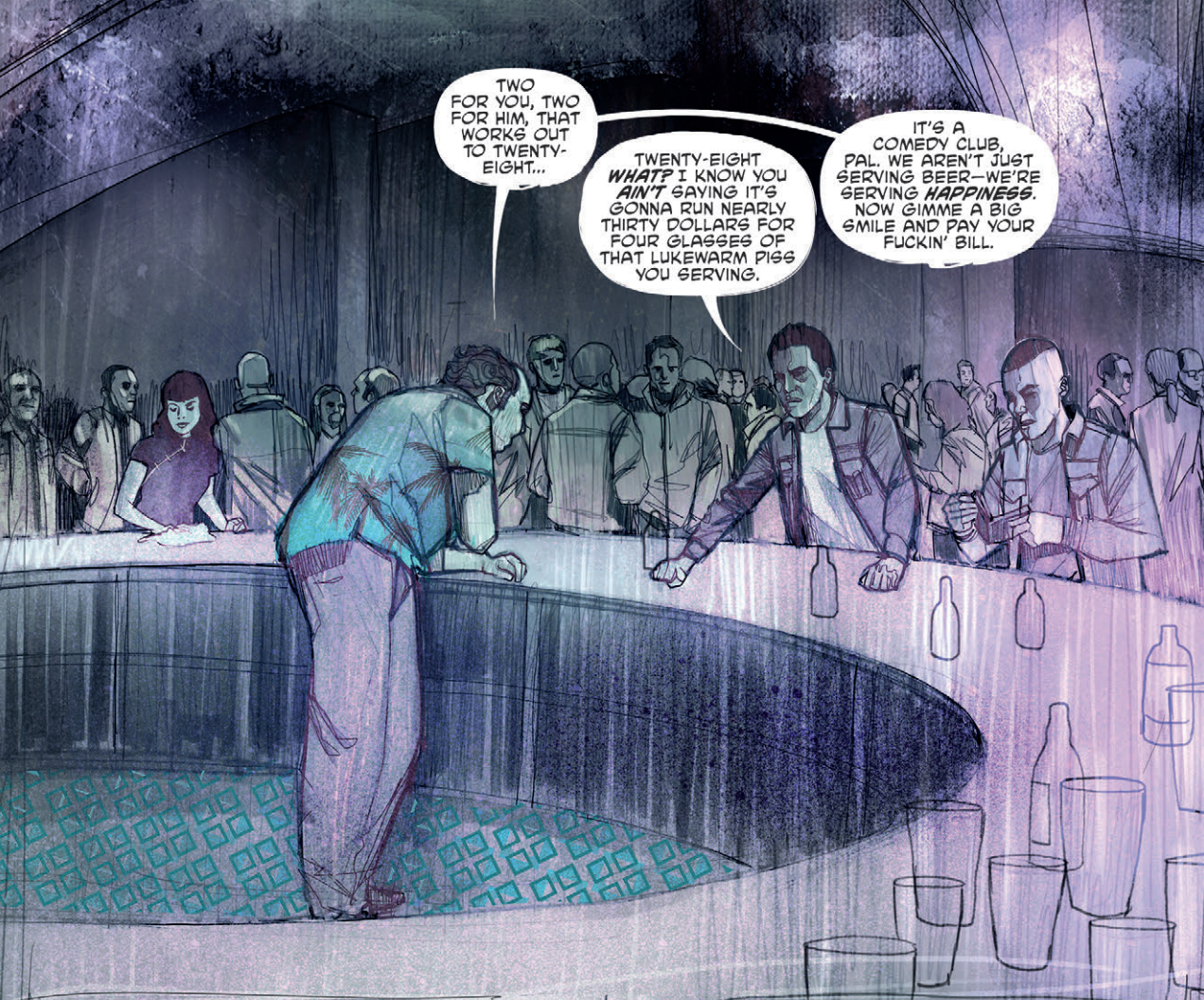


DON'T BE
TOO HARD
ON HIM,
DUDE.

MO WOULDN'T
OF TOLD THEM
ANYTHING, EXCEPT
THEY THOUGHT HE
WAS WITH THE
OTHER BLACK
GUYS. THE ONES
WHO RAN.



WHICH
GUYS ARE
THESE?



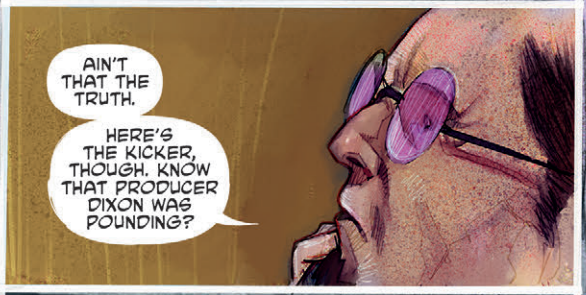
TWO FOR YOU, TWO FOR HIM, THAT WORKS OUT TO TWENTY-EIGHT...

TWENTY-EIGHT *WHAT?* I KNOW YOU *AIN'T* SAYING IT'S GONNA RUN NEARLY THIRTY DOLLARS FOR FOUR GLASSES OF THAT LUKEWARM PISS YOU SERVING.

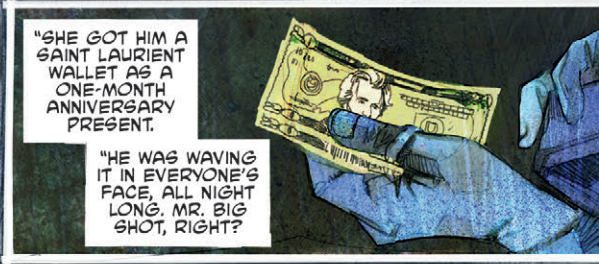
IT'S A COMEDY CLUB, PAL. WE AREN'T JUST SERVING BEER—WE'RE SERVING *HAPPINESS*. NOW GIMME A BIG SMILE AND PAY YOUR FUCKIN' BILL.



AT SEVEN DOLLARS A BEER, PAULIE IS LUCKY CARL DIXON IS THE *ONLY* ONE GOT KILLED LAST NIGHT.

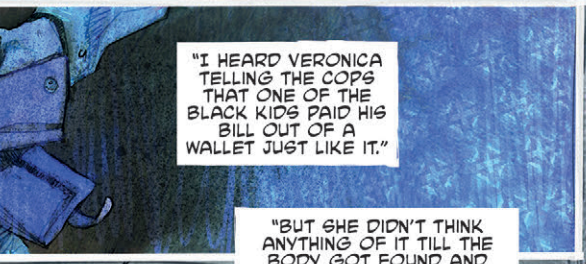


AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH.
HERE'S THE KICKER, THOUGH. KNOW THAT PRODUCER DIXON WAS POUNDING?

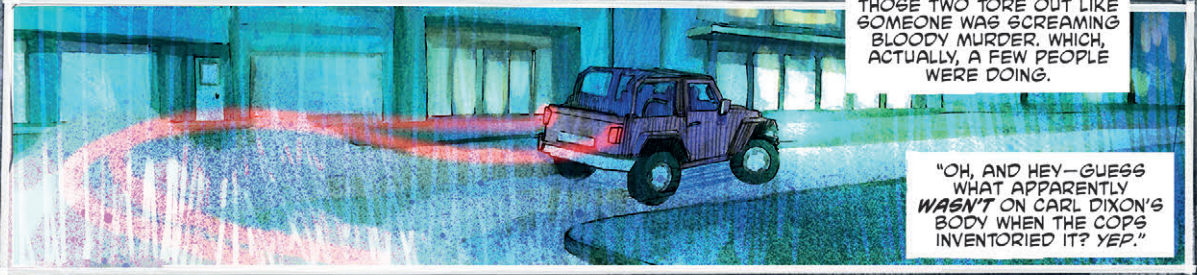


"SHE GOT HIM A SAINT LAURIENT WALLET AS A ONE-MONTH ANNIVERSARY PRESENT.

"HE WAS WAVING IT IN EVERYONE'S FACE, ALL NIGHT LONG. MR. BIG SHOT, RIGHT?"

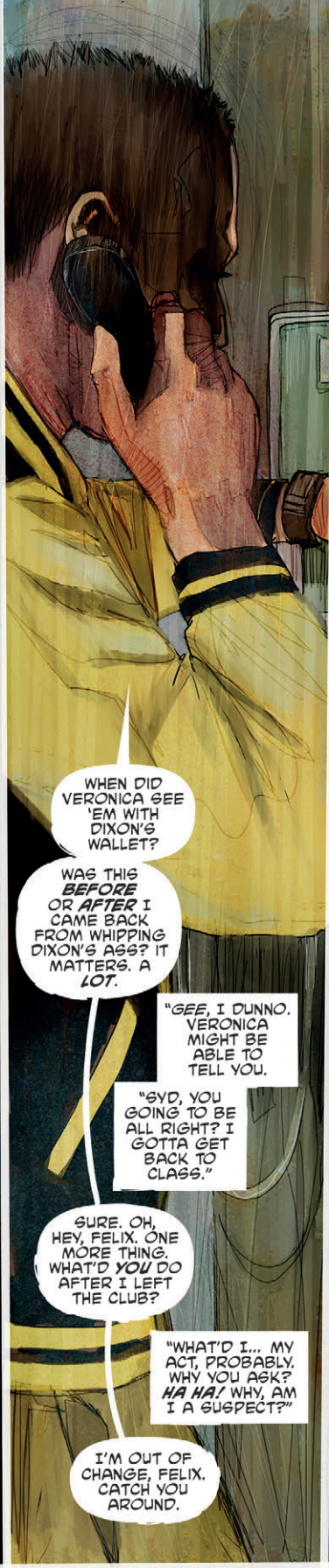


"I HEARD VERONICA TELLING THE COPS THAT ONE OF THE BLACK KIDS PAID HIS BILL OUT OF A WALLET JUST LIKE IT."



"BUT SHE DIDN'T THINK ANYTHING OF IT TILL THE BODY GOT FOUND AND THOSE TWO TORE OUT LIKE SOMEONE WAS SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER. WHICH, ACTUALLY, A FEW PEOPLE WERE DOING.

"OH, AND HEY—GUESS WHAT APPARENTLY *WASN'T* ON CARL DIXON'S BODY WHEN THE COPS INVENTORIED IT? *YEP.*"



WHEN DID VERONICA SEE 'EM WITH DIXON'S WALLET?

WAS THIS BEFORE OR AFTER I CAME BACK FROM WHIPPING DIXON'S ASS? IT MATTERS. A LOT.

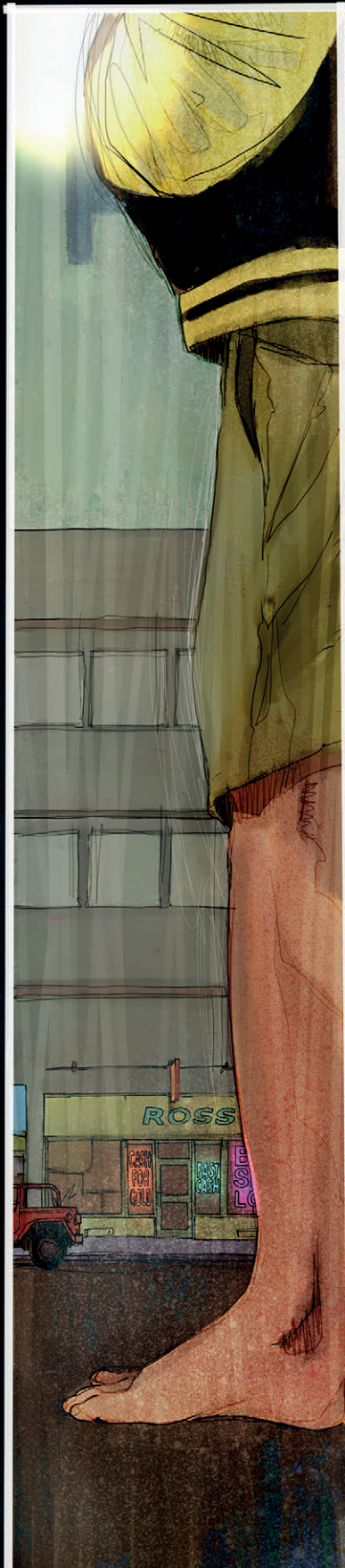
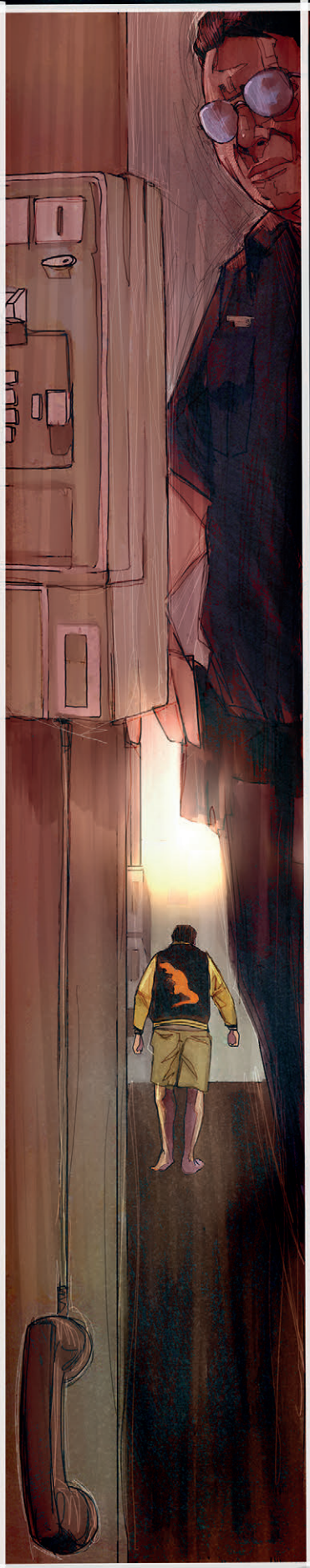
"GEE, I DUNNO. VERONICA MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL YOU.

"SYD, YOU GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT? I GOTTA GET BACK TO CLASS."

SURE. OH, HEY, FELIX. ONE MORE THING. WHAT'D YOU DO AFTER I LEFT THE CLUB?

"WHAT'D I... MY ACT, PROBABLY. WHY YOU ASK? HA HA! WHY, AM I A SUSPECT?"

I'M OUT OF CHANGE, FELIX. CATCH YOU AROUND.



...DRAMATIC
ESCAPE FROM
LAW ENFORCEMENT
ACROSS THE LEDGE
ON THE FIFTH STORY
OF HIS APARTMENT
BUILDING.

WE HAVE
CONFIRMED THAT
SYD FAULKNER HOMES
IS HIMSELF A FORMER
POLICE OFFICER WHO
LEFT THE FORCE UNDER
AN ETHICAL CLOUD IN 1995,
AND WHO HAS BEEN
PURSUING A CAREER AS
A STAND-UP COMIC.

CARL DIXON WAS
A RISING COMEDIAN,
WHO HAD RECENTLY
WON ENGAGEMENTS
TO APPEAR ON
FRIENDS AND JAY
LENO.

THOSE
WHO KNEW THE
TWO MEN CONFIRM
THAT HOMES WAS
VIOLENTLY JEALOUS
OF DIXON'S
SUCCESS.

TOM?

TOM! ARE
YOU HEARING
ANY OF THIS?
THEY'RE SAYING
SOMEONE DIED
LAST NIGHT AT
THE FUNNIES.

WHAT?

YEAH,
SOMEONE
NAMED CARL
DIXON. HE WAS
DROWNED! IN
THREE INCHES
OF WATER!

THEY THINK
SYD HOMES
DID IT! CAN
YOU BELIEVE
IT?

OH MY GOD.
THAT'S AWFUL.
BUT AFTER WHAT
HE DID TO YOUR
SISTER... I
CAN'T SAY I'M
SHOCKED.

I GUESS
SOME MEN JUST
HAVE MURDER IN
THEM. I GUESS
SOME MEN JUST
CAN'T HELP
THEMSELVES.



CASH FOR GOLD AND SILVER

BUY SELL LOAN

NIGHT DEAD

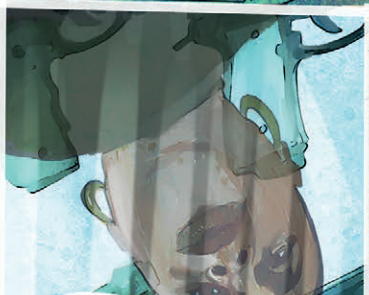
HELP YOU?

LOOKING FOR A PAIR OF SHOES.

I CAN SEE. YOU MUST'VE MISSED OUR "NO SHOES, NO SHIRT, NO SERVICE" POLICY.

SELL ME A PAIR OF SHOES AND I WON'T BE IN VIOLATION OF YOUR POLICY ANYMORE.

YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE. I'M NOT HANDING OUT CASH FOR PEOPLE'S STINKY, ROTTEN-ASS SHOES. THIS IS A PAWN, NOT A CHARITY. GO TRY THE SALVATION ARMY.



MAYBE I SHOULD BUY A GUN AND STICK UP A SHOE STORE. HOW ABOUT A .38 SPECIAL?

I CAN'T RECOMMEND LARCENY AS A COURSE OF ACTION, BUT WE DO HAVE A SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL THAT'D BE IDEAL FOR HOME PROTECTION.



DON'T RECOMMEND LARCENY? YOU SHOULD'VE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THAT TO YOUR BOYS BEFORE THEY ROLLED CARL DIXON LAST NIGHT.

GODDAMN IT. GIL SAID DIXON WOULDN'T TALK—



IS THAT SO? LOOKS LIKE GIL MADE SURE OF IT... BY STEPPING ON DIXON'S HEAD TILL HE DROWNED IN A PUDDLE.



NO!
MY BOYS
WOULDN'T!
THEY JUST
WANTED—

I ALREADY KNOW
WHAT THEY WANTED.
DIXON WAS PASSING
STOLEN GOODS. A
SIGNED RICHARD PRYOR
BASEBALL CARD? A
ST. CHRISTOPHER'S
MEDAL?

IF SOMEONE
TELLS US THEY DUG
SOMETHING OUT OF
THEIR ATTIC, HOW ARE
WE SUPPOSED TO
KNOW DIFFERENT?

SOMETHING
TIPPED YOU OFF.
THEN I GUESS YOU
HEARD DIXON WAS
HEADING TO THE WEST
COAST AND LEAVING
YOU WITH HOT GOODS
AND DECIDED TO
GET YOUR MONEY
BACK.

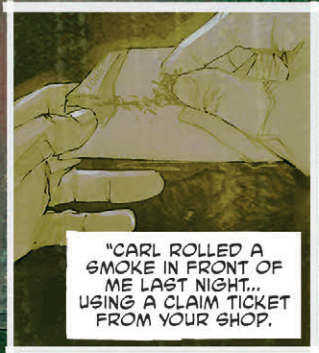
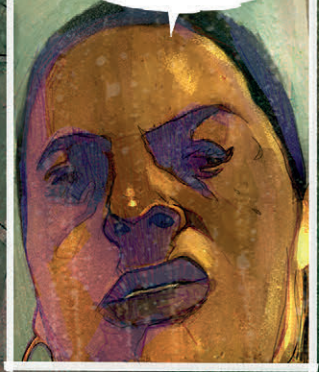
TO BE HONEST,
I DON'T KNOW
THE DETAILS AND
COULDN'T CARE
LESS. WHERE'S GIL
AT? GIL AND THE
OTHER ONE—

CLOSED

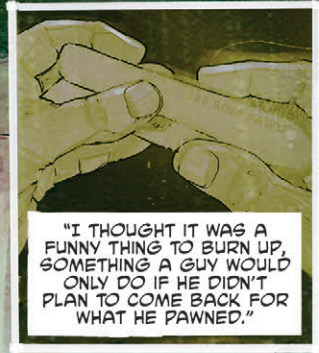


MOSLEY, MY BOYS GOT
SENSE, MISTER. GIL AND
MOSLEY MIGHTA SHOOK
HIM UP, BUT THEY
WOULDN'T KILL THE
MAN.

WHAT'S YOUR
ANGLE? YOU AREN'T
POLICE. POLICE WEAR
SHOES. HOW'D YOU
EVEN KNOW TO
BOTHER US?



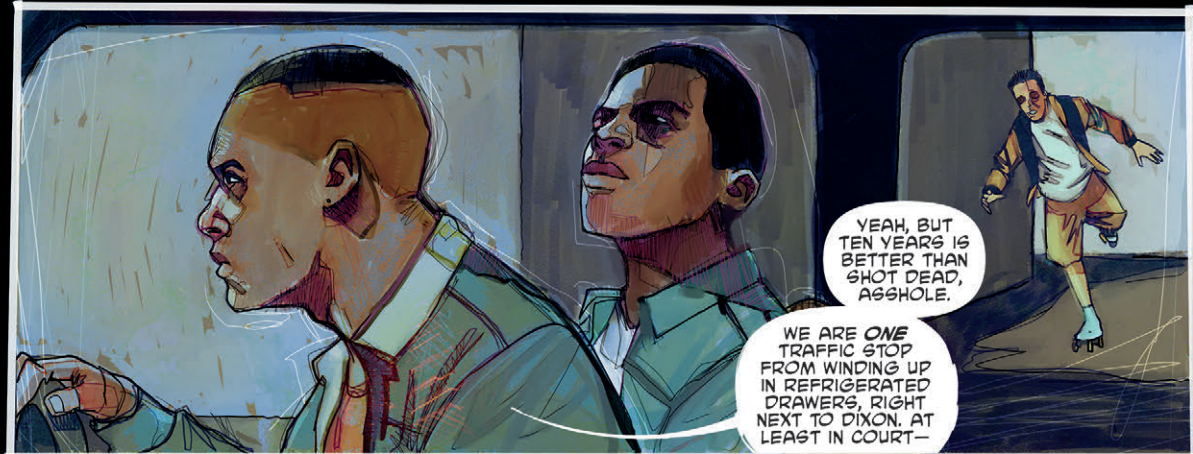
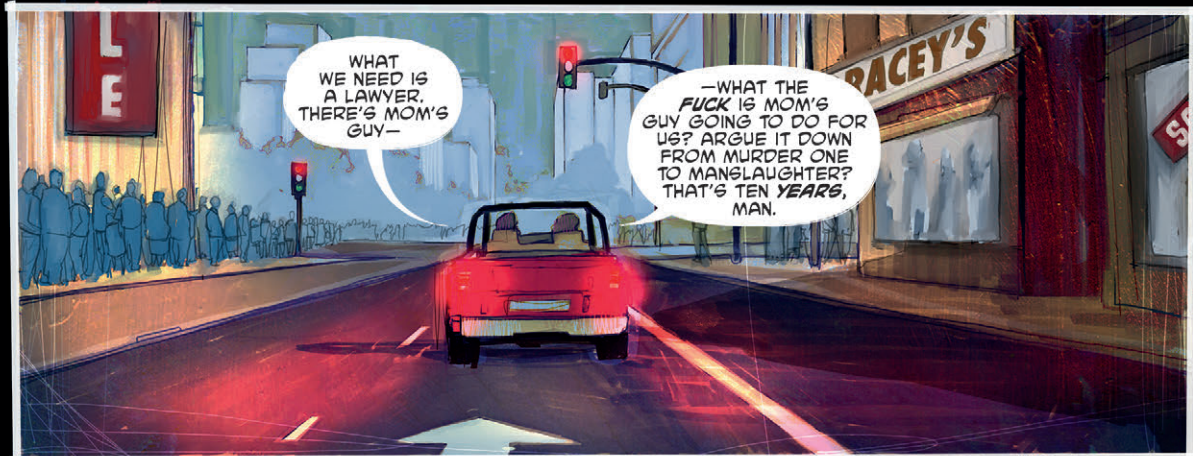
"CARL ROLLED A
SMOKE IN FRONT OF
ME LAST NIGHT...
USING A CLAIM TICKET
FROM YOUR SHOP.



"I THOUGHT IT WAS A
FUNNY THING TO BURN UP,
SOMETHING A GUY WOULD
ONLY DO IF HE DIDN'T
PLAN TO COME BACK FOR
WHAT HE PAWNED."









DO TELL.



WHAT KIND OF TRASH TALK IS THAT?

THOU ART ABOUT TO GET THINE ASS KICKED.





NNN!



FUCK YOU UP, KNAVE—

THE HELL YOU—WAIT, WHAT? DID YOU JUST CALL ME A FACKIN' KNAVE?!



I LIKE TO SEE THE DAY I GET MY ASS BEAT BY AN UGLY UNFUNNY OL' BASTARD IN ROLLER SKATES.

UNHAND ME, VARLET.



To be continued!



BLACK CROWN

punksnotdead
#1 cover A
feb2018
BARNETT
SIMMONDS
BIDIKAR



PUNKS



FREE DIGITAL ASHCAN

CHECK OUT A SNEAK PEEK OF THE AWESOME NEW SERIES...

IDW



The Story So Far...

In the 1950s music was dominated by a coterie of people like Doris Day, Frank Sinatra, Rosemary Clooney, that sort. In private there were all kinds of shenanigans, the Mob, really cool stuff. But if you were a kid in the Fifties it was like attending a dinner party thrown by your dad's boss, except on the radio. Until they invented the guitar, and someone had the great idea of nicking African-American rhythm and blues, putting the two together, and creating Rock 'n' Roll. And then there was Elvis Presley. And King Elvis ruled until four kids from Liverpool staged a British invasion across the pond to America. The only thing that could stop the Beatles in their tracks was *The Ed Sullivan Show* and Bob Dylan offering them a joint in the Hotel Delmonica. While the Beatles were turning on, back in Blighty The Who was getting people really radged up with *My Generation*. It felt like they'd only just invented the guitar and here was Pete Townshend, wearing a Union Jack suit and smashing his instrument all over the place. While The Who were inventing Mod, The Rolling Stones were taking a bit of that ol' rhythm and blues and making it their own. Then they went over to America and sold it back to them. The Beatles responded by making an album called *Revolver* which was

basically an acid trip, with *Tomorrow Never Knows* the bit where you're hiding under the sink, hugging your knees and calling for your mummy. The Sixties officially ended when Hell's Angels battered to death Meredith Hunter at the Altamont Festival, so it was no surprise that the Seventies started with Marvin Gaye asking, *What's Going On?* Everybody started growing their hair and making really aggressive heavy metal, until David Bowie decided the way forward was to change personas like the metallers changed their underpants (roughly once a year). In 1974, Kraftwerk, who may or may not have been actual German-engineered robots, invented electronic music and people started going out to dance in nightclubs. Disco was pretty cool, but it didn't really speak to the working class kids in Britain's provincial cities. In fact, nothing did. Then a band called The Damned released a single called *New Rose*, and punk was born. The Damned were considering a young chap called Sid Vicious as lead singer, but he never turned up for the audition. In February 1977, though, after a chap called Glenn Matlock had departed from a band called The Sex Pistols, Sid was invited to try out for the spot of bass player...

DAVID BARNETT



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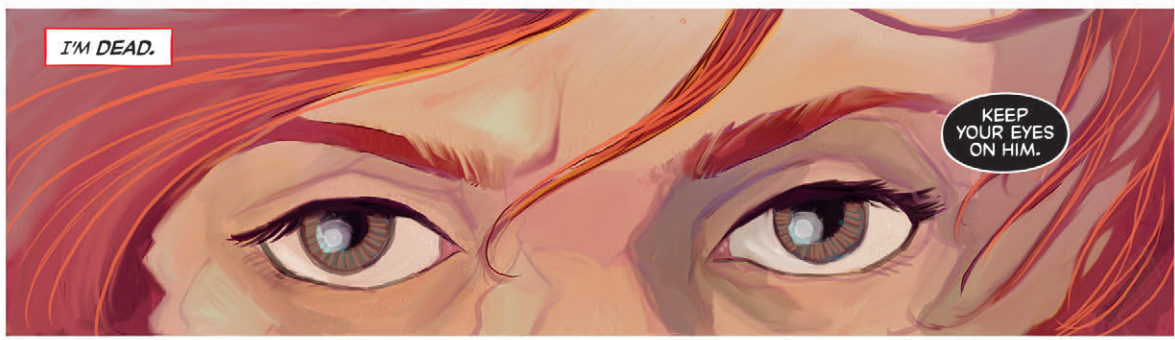
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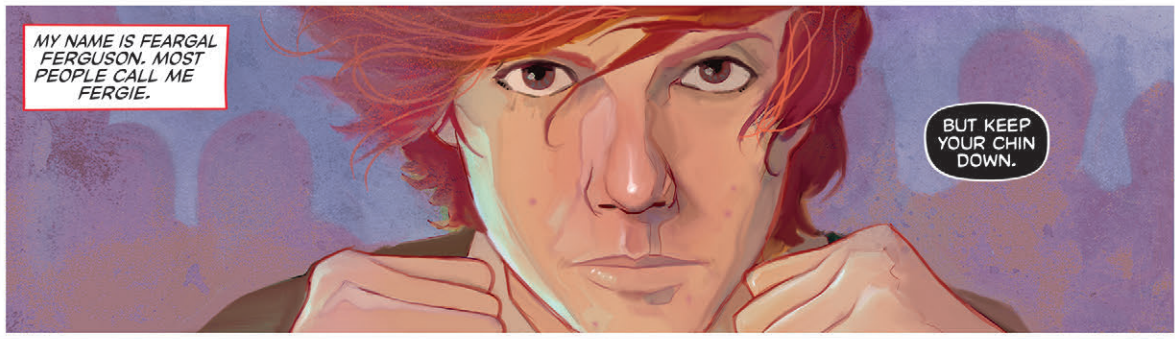


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I'M DEAD.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON HIM.



MY NAME IS FEARGAL FERGUSON. MOST PEOPLE CALL ME FERGIE.

BUT KEEP YOUR CHIN DOWN.



NICE MEETING YOU. I'M NOT ACTUALLY DEAD YET, BUT IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES.

FIGHT!

GET YOUR FISTS UP.

FIGHT!

FIGHT!

BUT WATCH OUT FOR LOW PUNCHES.



THIS BIG, OILY MESS OF HORMONES, ZITS AND FACIAL HAIR IS OGGY. HE'S THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO DO THE DEED.

HE'S A BIG LAD, BUT HE'S IN BAD SHAPE. MICHAEL CAINE, THAT, INNIT.

FIGHT!

AND THAT OTHER VOICE...WELL, THAT'S MY FRIEND. ONLY I CAN SEE OR HEAR HIM.

NOW, HE ACTUALLY IS DEAD. YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE HEARD OF HIM, IF YOU'RE LIKE A MILLION YEARS OLD OR SOMETHING.

FIGHT!

FIGHT!

HIS NAME'S SID.

UNDERMINE THEIR POMPUS AUTHORITY.

REJECT THEIR MORAL STANDARDS.

MAKE ANARCHY AND DISORDER YOUR TRADE-MARKS.

CAUSE AS MUCH CHAOS AND DISRUPTION AS POSSIBLE, BUT...

DON'T Let THEM take YOU ALIVE

TEENAGE KICKS Part One

PUNKS NOT DEAD created by BARNETT and SIMMONDS

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I AM SO, SO FUCKING DEAD.

Yesterday.

MY DAD'S
IN PRISON.

NO. A MAXIMUM
SECURITY PRISON.

HE'S CONSIDERED
SUCH A DANGER
TO SOCIETY THAT
I'VE NEVER EVEN
BEEN ALLOWED
TO VISIT HIM.

IT MIGHT
EVEN BE AN
UNDERSEA
PRISON. HE'S
THAT MUCH OF
A THREAT TO
THE BRITISH
WAY OF LIFE.

HE'S SERVING
THREE LIFE
SENTENCES.
BULLION RAID.
ON A TRAIN.

TWO GUARDS
DIED. NO. THREE.
THIRTY-THREE.

BUT IT WASN'T HIS
FAULT. HE WAS SOLD
DOWN THE RIVER.

DAD WAS A SECRET AGENT. THE
TRAIN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
CARRYING BOMBS. TERRORIST
BOMBS. BUT WHEN HE GOT
THERE, IT WAS JUST GOLD.

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE
TAKEN IT. BUT HE WAS
ANGRY AT BEING
DOUBLE-CROSSED.

HE WAS THINKING
OF ME. AND MY
MUM. HE WANTED
A BETTER LIFE
FOR US WHEN
I WAS BORN.

THAT WAS
HIS DREAM.

YOU'RE
ON IN
FIVE.

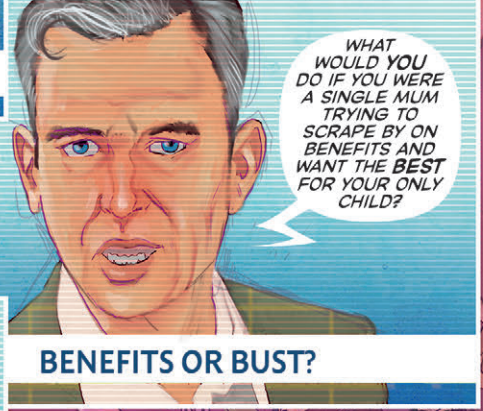
UH-
WHA--?

FIVE
MINUTES? TRY
TO STAY AWAKE.
AND KEEP QUIET.
WE'RE LIVE...
NOW.

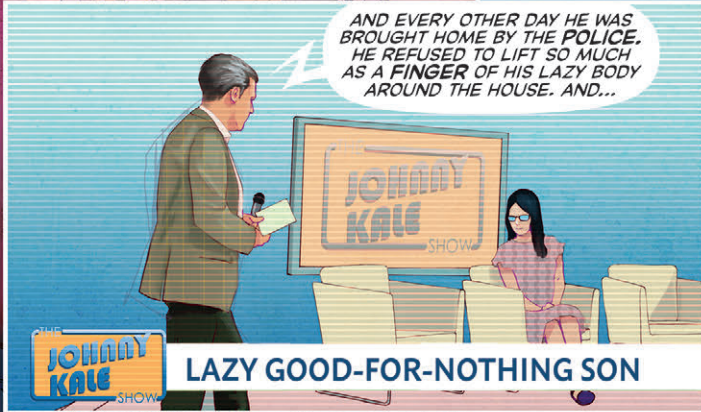




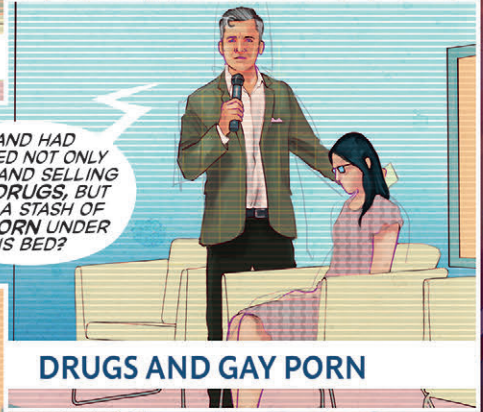
TODAY: WHEN KIDS GO BAD



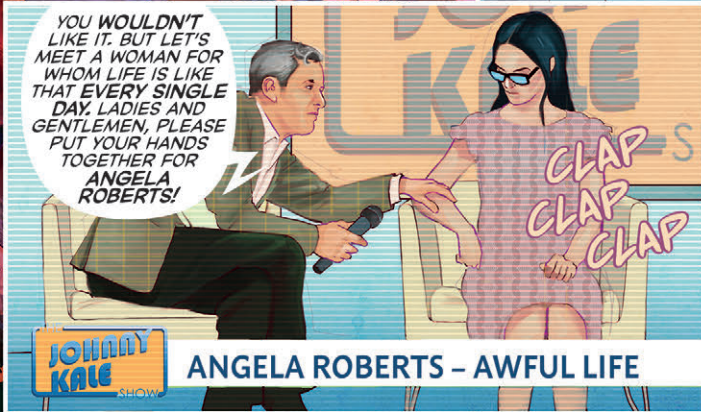
BENEFITS OR BUST?



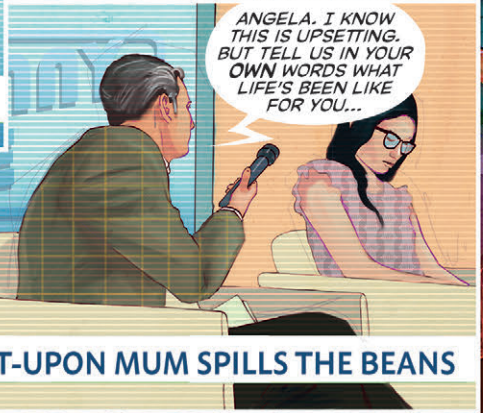
LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SON



DRUGS AND GAY PORN



ANGELA ROBERTS - AWFUL LIFE



PUT-UPON MUM SPILLS THE BEANS



JESUS, MUM, DON'T OVERDO IT.

YOU REALLY ARE A LITTLE SHIT, YOU KNOW.

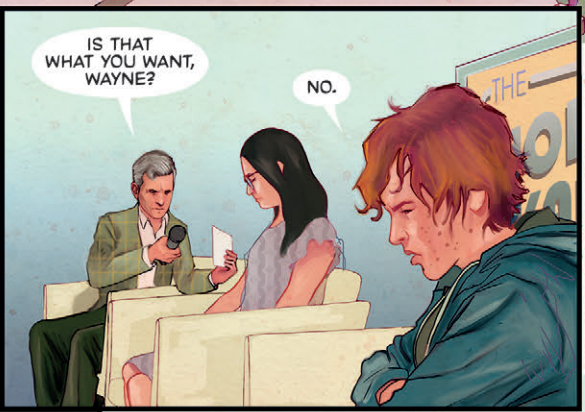
LET'S HEAR WHAT THE LAD HAS TO SAY FOR HIMSELF. WELCOME, WAYNE!

GOD, THIS IS SO BORING!



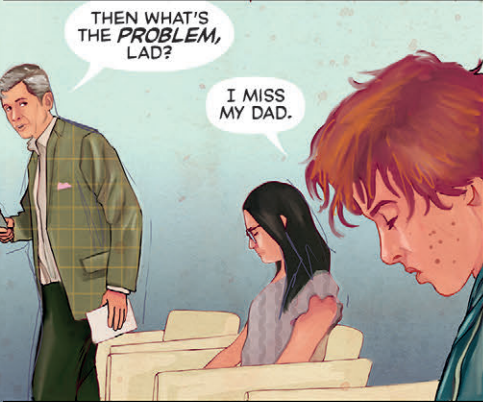
I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO I'M MEANT TO BE THIS TIME.

IF MY LAD BEHAVED LIKE THAT I'D SLING HIM OUT.



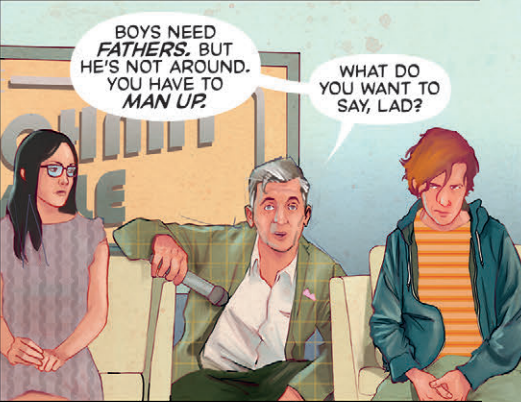
IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT, WAYNE?

NO.



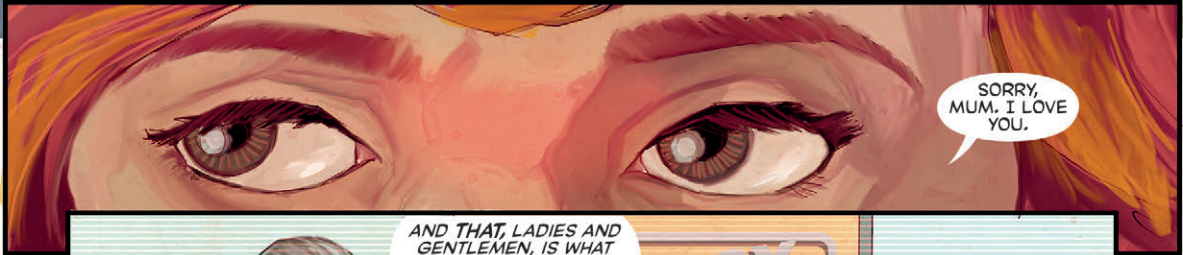
THEN WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, LAD?

I MISS MY DAD.

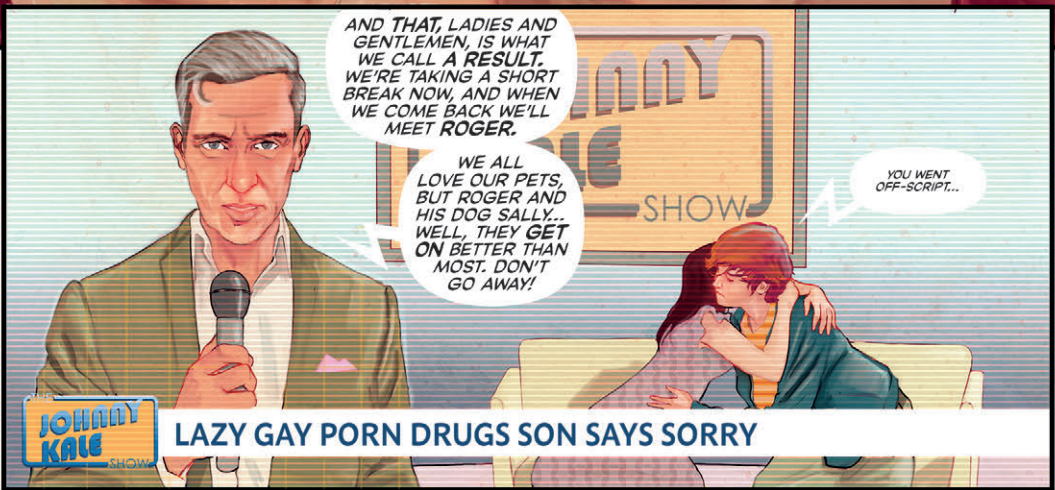


BOYS NEED FATHERS. BUT HE'S NOT AROUND. YOU HAVE TO MAN UP.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY, LAD?



SORRY, MUM. I LOVE YOU.



AND THAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS WHAT WE CALL A RESULT. WE'RE TAKING A SHORT BREAK NOW, AND WHEN WE COME BACK WE'LL MEET ROGER.

WE ALL LOVE OUR PETS, BUT ROGER AND HIS DOG SALLY... WELL, THEY GET ON BETTER THAN MOST. DON'T GO AWAY!

YOU WENT OFF-SCRIPT...

JOHNNY KALE SHOW

LAZY GAY PORN DRUGS SON SAYS SORRY



BLACK CROWN

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feb2018
BARNETT
SIMMONDS
BIDIKAR



PUNKS



TO BE CONTINUED IN..

PUNKS NOT DEAD #1

IDW

