

BOOM! 3
STUDIOS

WE ONLY FIND THEM
WHEN THEY'RE
DEAD



WE ONLY FIND THEM WHEN THEY'RE DEAD™

*Written by Al Ewing
Illustrated by Simone Di Meo
with Color Assists by Mariasara Miotti
Lettered by AndWorld Design*

*Cover by
Simone Di Meo*

*Dead God Variant Cover by
Toni Infante*

*Variant Cover by
Jeff Dekal*

*Logo Designer
Scott Newman*

*Designer
Grace Park*


*Assistant Editor
Gwen Waller*

*Editor
Eric Harburn*


We Only Find Them When They're Dead created by Al Ewing + Simone Di Meo

BOOM!
STUDIOS

We Only Find Them When They're Dead No. 3, November 2020. Published by BOOM! Studios, a division of Boom Entertainment, Inc., 5670 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 400, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5679. We Only Find Them When They're Dead is™ & © 2020 Al Ewing & Simone Di Meo. All rights reserved. BOOM! Studios™ and the BOOM! Studios logo are trademarks of Boom Entertainment, Inc., registered in various countries and categories. All characters, events, and institutions depicted herein are fictional. Any similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, events, and/or institutions in this publication to actual names, characters, and persons, whether living or dead, events, and/or institutions is unintended and purely coincidental. BOOM! Studios does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. PRINTED IN USA.



The year was 2337.
The ship was wreckage.



That morning, it had been
the *Escort Four*.
An escort ship...



...with a crew of one.

YOU'RE
VERY *LUCKY*,
OFFICER
RICHTER.

YOU'RE
GOING TO
LIVE.

IN FACT, YOU'RE THE **ONLY SURVIVOR**. THE OTHER CRAFT SUFFERED MASSIVE **EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION**-- THE OCCUPANTS DIED WITH THE SHIP.

I UNDERSTAND YOU **KNEW** ONE OF THEM. I'M... SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.

THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THE **OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE** REVIEWED YOUR CASE FROM THE AVAILABLE **FOOTAGE**. YOU'VE BEEN **CLEARED** OF **MISCONDUCT** IN THE EVENTS LEADING TO... THE **ACCIDENT**.

IT WAS **NOBODY'S FAULT**. AN ACT OF **GOD**.

I'M SURE THAT'S A WEIGHT OFF YOUR...

...I'M SORRY-- OFFICER **RICHTER**? ARE YOU **FOLLOWING**?

CAN YOU **HEAR** ME?



CAN
YOU *HEAR*
ME?

PAULA?

YOU
CAN STOP
FOLLOWING--
YOU CAN
KRRZZTT

JUST
KRRZZ DROP
OUT OF *WARP*, TURN
AROUND WHILE YOU
CAN--IF YOUR ENGINE
BURNS OUT, YOU'LL
DIE AS SURELY AS
KRRZZNL

PAULA, I
CAN'T BE WORTH
THIS--*REVENGE*
CAN'T BE WORTH
KRRZZTT

PAULA?

PAULA,
CAN YOU
HEAR
ME?

The year is 2367.

The ship is the *Vihaan II*.

NO
RESPONSE,
CAPTAIN.

An autopsy
ship, with a
crew of four.

NO, SHE
WON'T STOP.
OR TURN
BACK.

IF WE
DROP OUT OF
WARP, SHE WILL
FOLLOW. UNTIL
THEN, IT'S A GAME
OF CHICKEN WITH
THE **WARP**
ENGINES...

SHE'S FLYING
AN **ESCORT**
CRAFT--HER ENGINES
ARE A LOT **SMALLER**
THAN OURS. WOULD
THAT MAKE A
DIFFERENCE,
JAY?

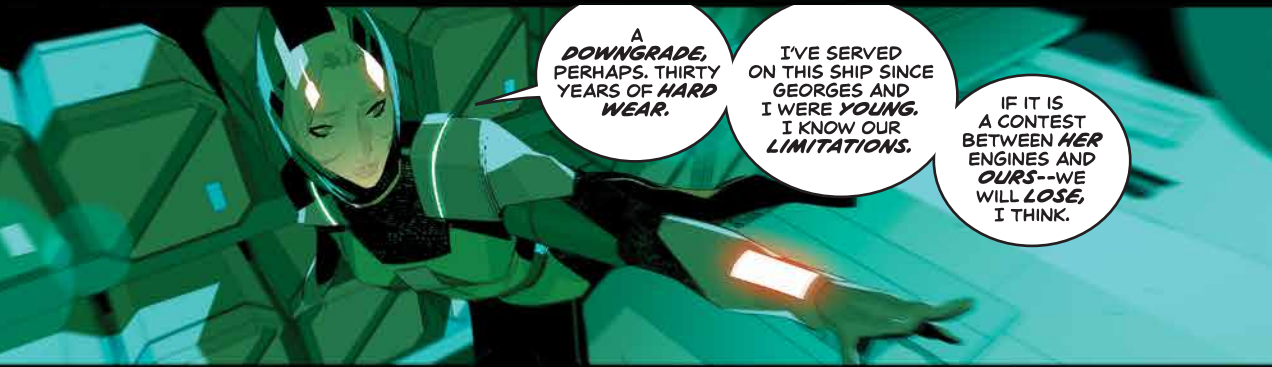
PLUS
ESCORT SERVICE
ENGINES ARE
STURDIER THAN
COMMERCIAL.

UNLESS
YOU'VE WORKED
FOR A **CORPORATE**
FLEET, I GUESS. DID
THE **VIHAAN II** EVER
GET **UPGRADES**,
OR...?

HA!

SMALLER
ENGINES FOR
A **SMALLER**
RIG, ELLA. IT
EVENS OUT.





A
DOWNGRADE,
PERHAPS. THIRTY
YEARS OF *HARD*
WEAR.

I'VE SERVED
ON THIS SHIP SINCE
GEORGES AND
I WERE *YOUNG.*
I KNOW OUR
LIMITATIONS.

IF IT IS
A CONTEST
BETWEEN *HER*
ENGINES AND
OURS--WE
WILL *LOSE,*
I THINK.



WITHIN THE
HOUR.

THE WARP
ENGINE IS *ALREADY*
OVERHEATING. SOON,
ONE OF THE COMPONENTS
KEEPING US *STABLE*
IN WARP SPACE WILL
OVERLOAD, AND
FAIL...

...AND *THEN*
WE BEGIN EXCITING
NEW CAREERS
AS *MINIATURE*
BLACK HOLES.



I KNOW THE
PHYSICS.

LOOK--I PUSHED
FOR DOING THIS AS
MUCH AS *ANYONE,*
BUT...WE CAN'T *WIN*
THIS. MAYBE IT'S TIME
TO COME OUT WITH
OUR *HANDS*
UP--

NO.



THERE'LL BE
NO SURRENDER.
NO ARREST.

NOT FOR
YOU.



I KNOW
WHAT IT *MEANS*
WHEN A *MALIK*
FLIES THE *WHITE*
FLAG. I KNOW
WHAT COMES
NEXT.

AND I KNOW
WHAT *YOUR*
WORD IS
WORTH.

WE'RE OUT
IN THE *BIG DARK*,
CAPTAIN *MALIK*. THERE'S
NOBODY BUT *YOU AND*
ME--THERE'S NOBODY
TO *ADJUDICATE*,
TO PRETEND IT'S
NOBODY'S
FAULT.



GO
AHEAD.
TEST
ME.

DROP OUT
OF WARP AND
SEE WHAT
HAPPENS.



YOU LEFT
THE CHANNEL
OPEN...?

I-I WASN'T
THINKING--I'VE
BEEN LEAVING THE
ESCORT CHANNEL
OPEN SINCE MY
FIRST DAY OF
TRAINING--


IT'S
CLOSED
NOW--



OPEN THE
SCANNERS.
WIDE ANGLE.

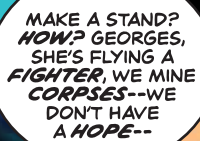
SHE'S RIGHT.
IF WE DROP OUT
OF WARP IN THE VOID
BETWEEN *GALAXIES*,
IT'LL BE HER, AND US,
AND NOTHING
BESIDES.

HER
ADVANTAGE.

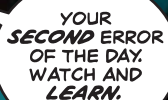


AN
AUTOPSY SHIP
NEEDS A LOCAL
GRAVITY WELL
TO MANEUVER
IN. A FRAME OF
REFERENCE.

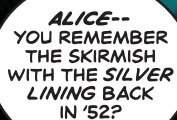
WE NEED
A PLACE TO
MAKE OUR
STAND.



MAKE A STAND?
HOW? GEORGES,
SHE'S FLYING A
FIGHTER. WE MINE
CORPSES--WE
DON'T HAVE
A *HOPE*--



YOUR
SECOND ERROR
OF THE DAY.
WATCH AND
LEARN.



ALICE--
YOU REMEMBER
THE SKIRMISH
WITH THE *SILVER*
LINING BACK
IN '52?



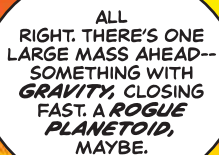
HA!



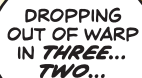
WE HAD A
FULL HOLD
THEN,
TOO...



EXACTLY.



ALL
RIGHT. THERE'S ONE
LARGE MASS AHEAD--
SOMETHING WITH
GRAVITY, CLOSING
FAST. A *ROGUE*
PLANETOID,
MAYBE.



DROPPING
OUT OF WARP
IN *THREE*...
TWO...



OH.



NO, OF
COURSE.





WHAT
ELSE *COULD*
IT BE?

WE ONLY F
WHEN T

DEF

Book One: The Seeker

FIND THEM
THEY'RE

ROD

— Issue Three: All Of Us Together —

...
THEY *LOSE*
SOMETHING...

WHAT?

THIS
ONE...IT SEEMS
*LARGER, MORE
THERE.*

I THOUGHT
I KNEW WHAT
THEY WERE.

I
THOUGHT
I'D *SEEN*
THEM.

BUT...
THEY *LOSE*
SOMETHING ON
THEIR WAY TO
US. ON THE
JOURNEY.

WE
CAN'T *FIT*
THEM IN OUR
WORLD UNLESS
SOMETHING
LEAVES
THEM.

CAPTAIN...

WHAT
IF THEY
CAN'T *BE*
ALIVE?

WHAT IF
THEY CAN'T
BE ALIVE
AND *BE*
REAL?

CAPTAIN.

WE
GOT *LUCKY.*
SHE DIDN'T
DROP OUT *WITH*
US--BUT THAT'S
BOUGHT US
SECONDS.


*FLY THE
SHIP.*

OF COURSE.
NO *TIME.*

OF
COURSE.



TAKING US
DOWN...



GENERATIONS
OF AUTOPSY SHIPS
HAVE ADAPTED TO
MANEUVER IN THE
UNIQUE GRAVITY
OF A *GOD*.

ESCORT SHIPS ARE
BASED ON *MILITARY
FIGHTERS*, AS YOU
SAID. *GENERALIZED--
NOT SPECIALIZED*.

SO, HER
ADVANTAGE
IS *GONE*.



YOU'RE
SURE? SHE'LL
BE ON US ANY
SECOND
NOW.



BECAUSE
THEY'RE USED
TO AUTOPSY
SHIPS THAT
RUN.

A FOOL'S
GAMBIT.

AND ESCORT
SHIPS DON'T
USUALLY HAVE A
PROBLEM BLOWING
AUTOPSY SHIPS
APART...



NOT
OURS.

OPEN
COMMS AGAIN,
MR. HAUER. NO
INTERNALS--
JUST WHAT WE
WANT TO
SEND.



WE'RE GOING TO
SURRENDER.



WHAT...?



AS FOR
ME... I'LL
SHOW OUR
BELLY A
LITTLE.

TRUST
ME.

THERE SHE
IS. BROADCAST
A STANDARD
DISTRESS
SIGNAL,
PLEASE.



SHE'S
TAKEN THE
BAIT.

SHE'LL WANT
TO GET IN
CLOSE...

...CONFIRM
THE KILL.

ALICE? HOW
ARE THINGS ON
YOUR END?

MY
ARMS ARE
STRONG,
CAPTAIN
MALIK.

MY
REACH IS
LONG.

A SHAME
SHE CAN'T **HEAR**
US NOW--WE'RE
MAKING THIS GIFT
TO **HER**, AFTER
ALL.

JUST A LITTLE
SOMETHING, YOU
UNDERSTAND.







FOR HER
TIRELESS
WORK.



IT'S THE TRICK
WE LEARNED WHEN
THE *SILVER LINING*
AMBUSHED US.



...AND IT'LL
STAY RED, WET,
AND RAW WHEN
IT HITS YOUR
ENEMY'S *ION*
INTAKE.



WE WERE
HAULING MEAT
THEN, TOO.
BLOOD AND
PROTEINS.

IN OPEN
SPACE, MEAT
FREEZES--BUT NOT
IMMEDIATELY. HURL
IT FROM THE HOLD
WITH ENOUGH
FORCE...



RAW MEAT
IS NOT *GOOD*
FOR AN ION
INTAKE.

NOT GOOD
FOR A SHIP'S
POWER
SUPPLY.



HMM.


ENGINE
FAILURE



URRRRT



IT'LL TAKE HER...*FIVE MINUTES* TO FLUSH HER SYSTEM, PERHAPS.



WE NEED *TEN*. OUR WARP ENGINES ARE STILL IN THEIR *COOLING CYCLE*. IF WE FIRE THEM UP *NOW*...

...WELL, IT'LL BE LIKE POURING *BOILING WATER* ONTO A BLOCK OF *ICE*. THEY'LL CRACK IN *HALF*.



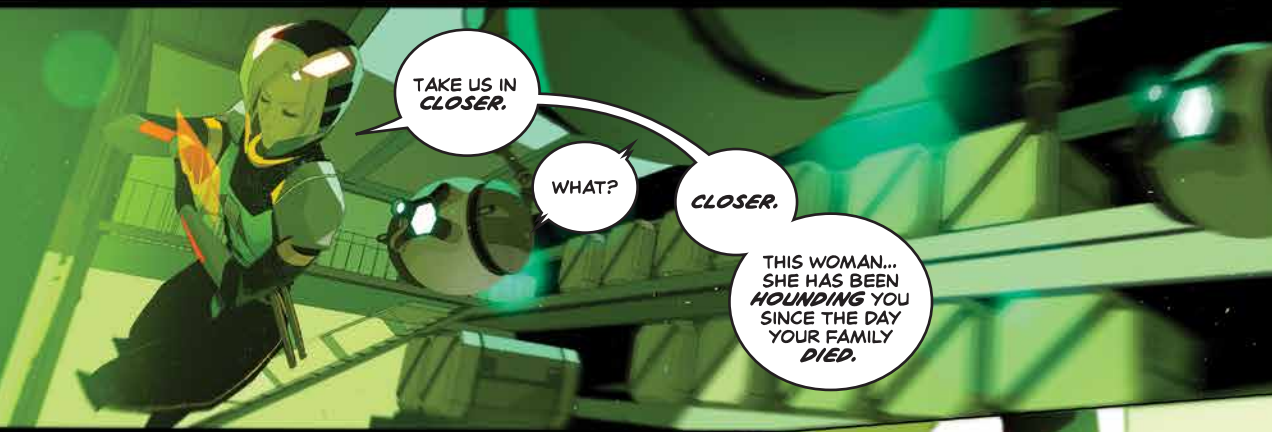
THEN WE NEED SOMETHING *ELSE*. ANOTHER *DELAYING TACTIC*--OR SOMETHING TO STOP HER *COLD*.



WE'VE COME *TOO FAR*, JASON.



TOO FAR TO DIE STARING AT ANOTHER DEAD GOD...



TAKE US IN
CLOSER.

WHAT?

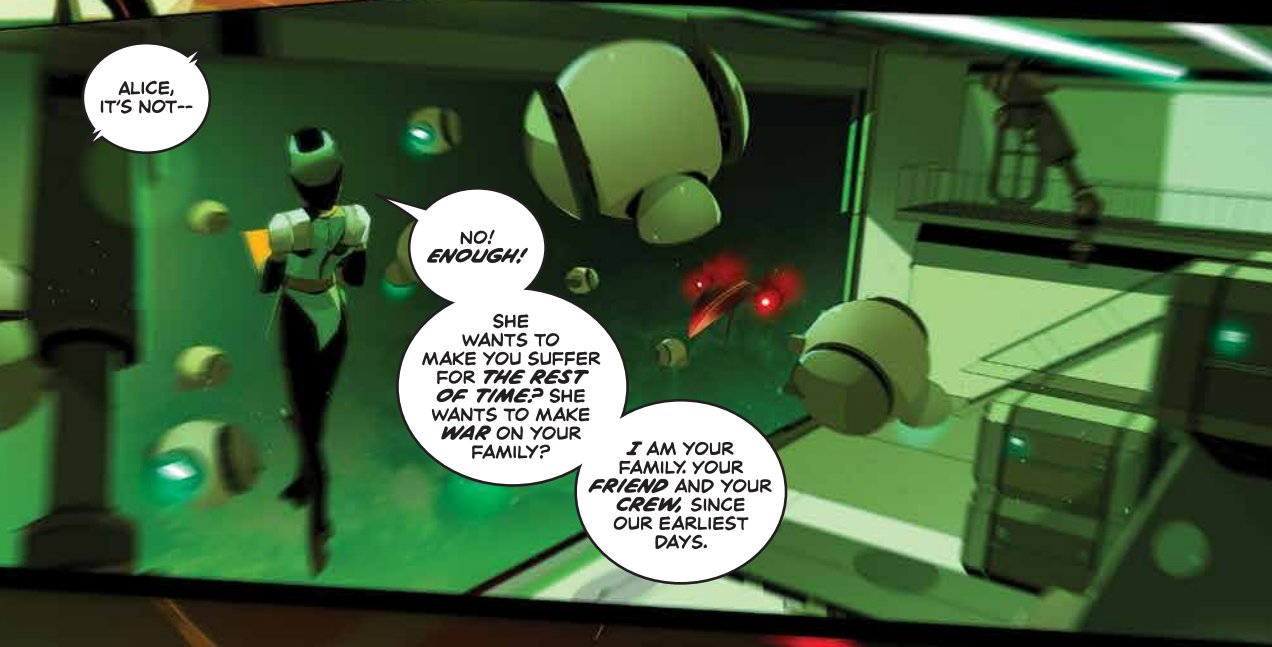
CLOSER.

THIS WOMAN...
SHE HAS BEEN
HOUNDING YOU
SINCE THE DAY
YOUR FAMILY
DIED.



AS IF *YOU*
DID NOT SUFFER.
AS IF YOU LOST
NOTHING.

IT'S
ENOUGH,
GEORGES.



Alice,
it's not--

NO!
ENOUGH!

SHE
WANTS TO
MAKE YOU SUFFER
FOR *THE REST*
OF *TIME?* SHE
WANTS TO MAKE
WAR ON YOUR
FAMILY?

I AM YOUR
FAMILY. YOUR
FRIEND AND YOUR
CREW, SINCE
OUR EARLIEST
DAYS.



SHE CAN
MAKE *WAR* ON
ALL OF US
TOGETHER!

YOU'RE
COMMITTING THE
DRONES--?



*ALICE--
THEY'RE NOT
DESIGNED
TO HOLD A
SHIP--*

*I
DON'T NEED
TO HOLD HER!
I JUST NEED
TO MOVE
HER!*

*ELLA!
WHEN SHE
IS IN PLACE,
USE THE
KNIFE!*

*THAT'LL
CUT HER
OPEN--*

*SHE
HAD HER
CHANCE! IT
IS HER OR
US!*

*DO
IT!*

*WAIT,
NOT YET!*

*I
NEED TO
GET HER
INTO--*

--POSITION.







AAAHH--



I--I
CAN FEEL
IT--

I CAN FEEL
IT THROUGH
THE GLASS--



WE...WE
WOKE IT
UP.

WE
WOKE IT
UP.

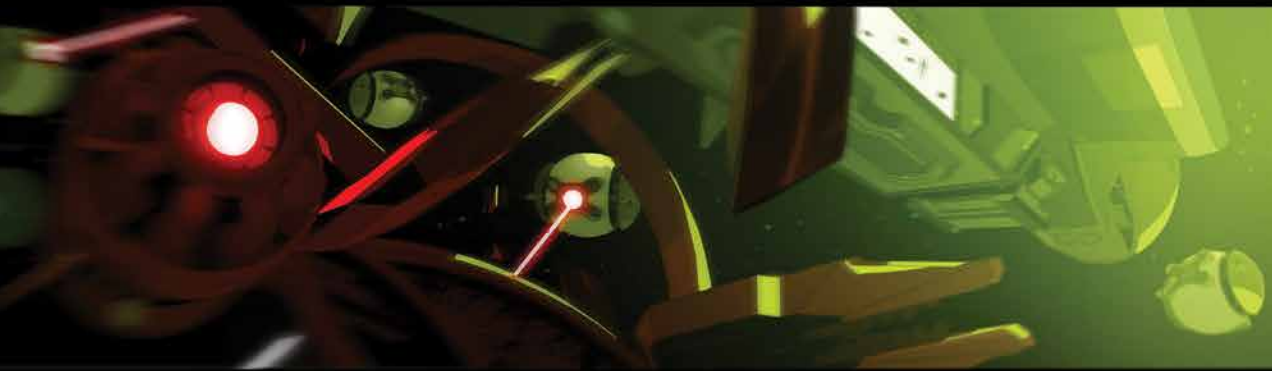
IT'S STILL
ALIVE...



SUIT IS
SEALED.

OUTER
CANOPY--

--EMERGENCY
RELEASE.



ROOM TO
MOVE. AND
ROOM TO
SEE.

THAT
WAS A VERY NICE
MURDER ATTEMPT,
QUARTERMASTER
WIRTH.



RICHTER...?



MY
TURN.

RIFLE--
RAPID
FIRE.



Continued...