

BOOM!
STUDIOS

1

WE ONLY FIND THEM
WHEN THEY'RE
DEAD

AL EWING • SIMONE DI MEIO

**WE ONLY
FIND THEM
WHEN
THEY'RE**



DEAD

TM

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

Wraparound Variant Cover by
Matías Bergara

Dead God Variant Cover by
Toni Infante

Variant Cover by
Fenny Frison

Variant Cover by
Christian Ward

One-Per-Store Variant Cover by
Simone Di Meo

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. 1, September 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 2323.
The ship was the *Vibaan*.
An autopsy ship with a crew of four.

I REMEMBER
THE FIRST
TIME I SAW
A GOD.

I WAS FIVE,
LIKE YOU. MY
FATHER--YOUR
GRANDFATHER--
TOOK ME OUT IN
THIS VERY
SHIP.

HE
WANTED ME
TO **RESPECT**
THEM.

THE
ASTEROIDS WERE
ALL MINED OUT, HE
SAID. EVEN **HERE**, AT
THE FAR EDGE OF
THE GALAXY--THE
SHORE OF THE
BIG DARK.

SO
THERE WAS
NO WORK FOR
THE OLD **MINING**
SHIPS. THE OLD
WAYS WERE
DYING.

BUT
THEN...THEY
CAME TO **SAVE**
US. AND WE
LEARNED THE
NEW WAYS.

THIS WILL
BE **YOUR**
SHIP, ONE
DAY.

NOW...IT
JUST STRUCK
NOON. "EIGHT
BELLS." WE
SET **TIME** BY
THEM.

DO
YOU **SEE** IT,
GEORGES?

...MOTHER?

WHY
ISN'T IT
MOVING?

WE ONLY F
WHEN T


DE

Book One: The Seeker

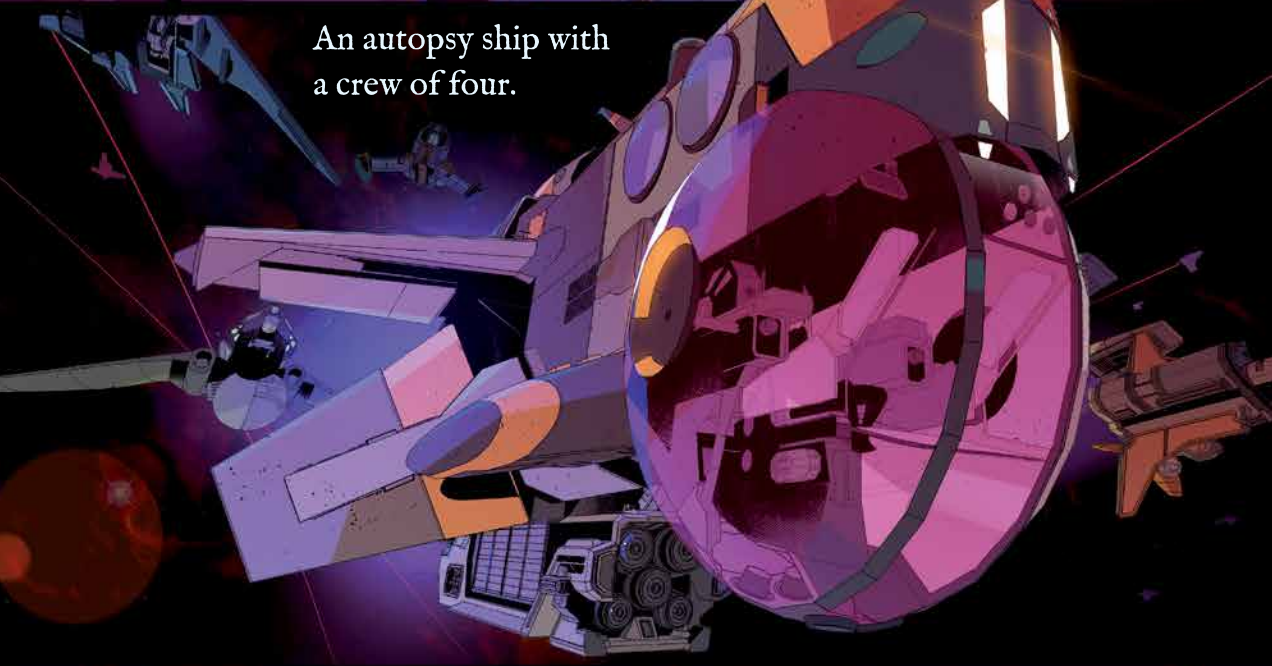
FIND THEM
THEY'RE

ROD

Issue One: Eight Bells, All's Well



The year is 2367.
The ship is the *Vihaan II*.



An autopsy ship with
a crew of four.



WE'LL
MAKE OUR
MOVE AT FIRST
SIGHTING.

ARE WE
ALL **READY?**
STATUS CHECK,
PLEASE.

Georges Malik, the Captain.



EIGHT BELLS AND ALL IS WELL, CAP'N MALIK.

THE KNIFE IS SHARP AND READY FOR THE WORK.

Ella Hauer, the Coroner.



EIGHT BELLS, ALL'S WELL, THE ARMS ARE STRONG AND THE REACH IS LONG.

AND THE DRONES?

TELL JASON TO KEEP AN EYE ON SIX--MOTION'S A LITTLE JERKY. COULD BE READY TO GLITCH.

Alice Wirth, the Quartermaster.



EIGHT BELLS AND ALL'S WELL, BOSS. I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON PACKING DRONE SIX.

NO STATIC ON COMMS, EITHER. NOBODY'S LOOKING OUR WAY-- WE CAN MOVE FREELY.

BUT NOT SPEAK FREELY. ALWAYS REMEMBER, JASON--THE SHIP HAS EARS.

Jason Hauer, the Engineer.

GTC
IS ELEVEN-
NINE-NINE
HOURS.

READY
AT YOUR
STATIONS.

TUNG
TUNG

TUNG
TUNG





TUNG
TUNG

EIGHT
BELLS.

ALL'S
WELL.

TUNG
TUNG

The first time you see a God is a moment you never forget.
Their impossible scale. The sheer immensity of them.
Their impossible beauty.



The Gods are always beautiful.

And the Gods are always dead.



FIRST
SHIFT, YOU ARE
GOOD TO GO,
REPEAT **GOOD**
TO GO...

TAKING US
FORWARD.

CLAIM!
SECTOR
TWO-SEVEN-
FIVE!

CLAIM!
SECTOR
TWO-SEVEN-
TWO!

WATCH
YOUR **STAR-**
BOARD, CAP'N.
METEORS
GOING BY...

IT'S THE
SMALL ONES
YOU HAVE TO
WATCH FOR. **SMALL**
AND **FAST,** LIKE
BULLETS.

THEY CAN
PUNCTURE THE
HULL... THE FUEL
LINES... KILL US
ALL, BEFORE WE
EVEN **KNOW.**

JUST A
MATTER OF
CHANCE...

...THE LAP
OF THE
GODS.

CLAIM!
ONE-OH-
SEVEN!

CLAIM!

CLAIM!
SECTOR
TWO-FIFTY!

CLAIM!



HERE.

YOU SURE? WE COULD TRY FOR THE EYE.

THE PHARMA-CORPS ARE PAYING BIG FOR JELLY THIS YEAR...

EXACTLY. TOO MUCH COMPETITION. THERE'D BE A SQUABBLE FOR IT.

ATTENTION-- THE KIND WE DON'T NEED.



NOT TODAY.

CLAIM! SECTOR THIRTY-TWO!

CLAIM ACKNOWLEDGED, VIHAAN II. LEFT-HAND MOUTH AND CHEEK ARE YOURS.

YOU GET THAT, ALICE?



OF COURSE. LOWERING TEMPERATURE ACROSS THE HOLD NOW.

MAKING READY TO RECEIVE THE GOOD MEAT...





...IF ELLA IS
READY TO
CARVE...

IT'S
WHAT I
DO.

THE
KNIFE IS
OUT--MAKING
THE FIRST
CUT.





CAPTAIN?
NOTICED SOME-
THING NEAR THE
CHEST AREA--
OVER THE
HEART.

WE GOT A
SKIRMISH...



A SQUABBLE.

PATCH ME IN TO THE LOCAL CHATTER, JASON.



SECTOR HUNDRED IS EAGLE RETRIEVALS TERRITORY! ALWAYS HAS BEEN! OUR CLAIM!

BACK OFF!

OUR CLAIM, YOU LOUSY GRAVEROBBER! I GOT A FAMILY TO FEED! AND I WAS HERE FIRST!

OUR LEGAL TEAM SAYS WE WERE--ALWAYS. BACK OFF OR GET SERVED, SMALL FRY.



NICE GUYS...

EAGLE HAS BEEN FLEXING LEGAL MUSCLE SINCE I WAS YOUR AGE.

IT USED TO SCARE PEOPLE AWAY FROM THEIR SPOTS, BUT NOW... DESPERATE TIMES...

EAGLE SEVEN! POT O' GOLD! CEASE AND SEPARATE!

POT O' GOLD, PLEASE MOVE AWAY FROM THIS SECTOR--


MOVE AWAY, POT O' GOLD.

I WAS HERE FIRST!

I--I CLAIMED FAIR--



DAMN THEM, ANYWAY.



TWO-CREW SHIP, GETTING FIRST RIGHTS ON THE HEART? I USED TO DREAM OF THAT FOR US, JAY.

CORPS TAKES EVERYTHING WE HAVE AND JUST--

WAIT.



I'M SEEING MOVEMENT AT THE KNEE. WHILE TWO OF THE ESCORTS ARE DISTRACTED.

FOUR-CREW, LIKE US. NO WAY THEY HAVE A FULL HOLD YET--NOT STRIPPING ARMOR--



NO. THEY'RE TAKING WHAT THEY CAN GET-- UNLOGGED.

TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY...



The ship is the *Escort One*.
An escort ship with a crew of one.



NOT ON MY WATCH.



Paula Richter, the Officer on Duty.



**PAVONIS
FREEDOM!
YOU ARE IN
VIOLATION!**

**REDUCE
SPEED AND
FORM ON
MY WING!**




**YOU TOOK
TOO LONG--WE
GOTTA GIVE UP,
SAY IT WAS A
MISTAKE--**

**THAT'S
RICHTER
OUT THERE,
MAN--**

**YEAH. IT'S
RICHTER. SHE
ALWAYS BRINGS
CHARGES, AND I'M
ON MY LAST
STRIKE.**



**SO, I
SAY WE
CHANGE
IT!**



**CONTROL--
ESCORT ONE. BE
ADVISED, SUSPECTS
ARE ATTEMPTING
UNAUTHORIZED
WARP.**

**TAKING
NECESSARY
ACTION.**

The ship was the *Pavonis Freedom*.
An autopsy ship with a crew of four.

Now it is nothing.

GOD. WHY DO THEY EVEN TRY IT? THEY *KNEW* WHAT SHE'D DO.

THEY WERE PRACTICALLY UNDER HER *NOSE*...

A FULL HOLD OF DEVONIUM IS *SIX THOUSAND BARS*, AFTER TAX AND REGISTRATION FEES. IT'S *RESTRICTED*--THE GOVERNMENT CONTROLS THE PRICE.

BUT ON THE *BLACK MARKET*, HALF A HOLD--UNMARKED, UNREGISTERED, *WEAPONS-GRADE*--TWENTY THOUSAND, EASILY TO THE RIGHT *PEOPLE*.

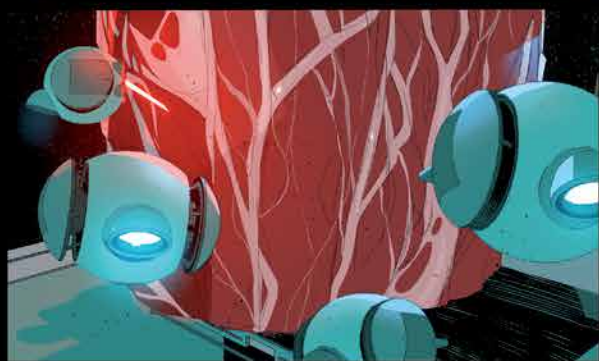
THAT IS WHY.

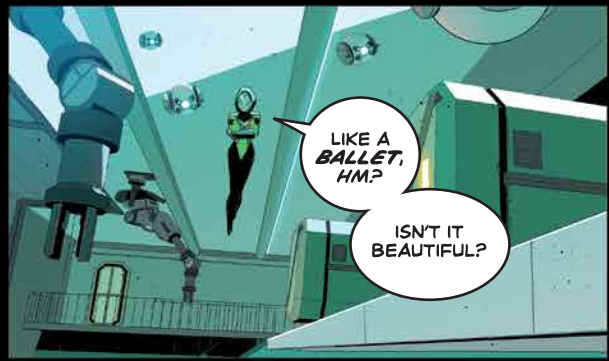
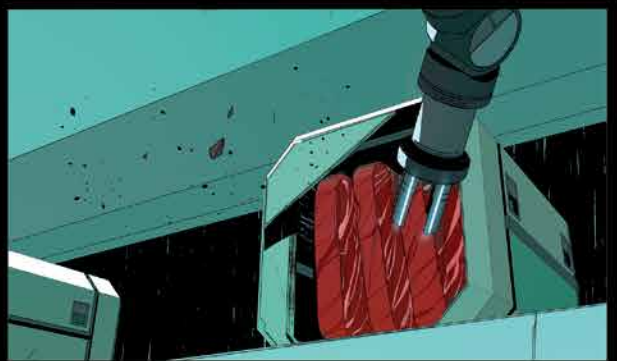
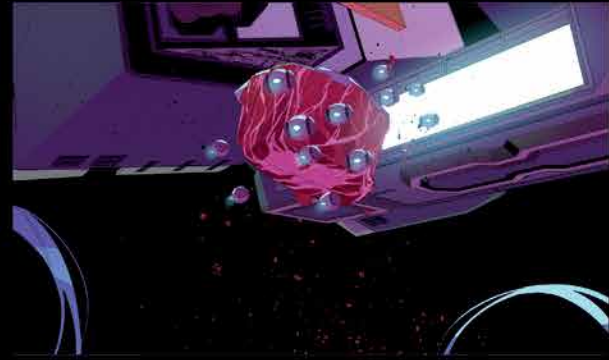
BUT...YES. THE LESSON IS NOT TO BE *SO CLOSE* WHEN--

QUARTER-MASTER *WIRTH*. THE SHIP HAS EARS.

LET'S GET BACK TO *WORK*, EH?

OF COURSE.







...AND THAT'S IT. PACKED TIGHT.

FULL HOLD, CAPTAIN.

GOOD WORK, ALICE. JASON--REQUEST PRELIMINARY CHECK.



ESCORT HAILING US NOW, SIR.

IT'S RICHTER...

AS IT USUALLY IS.

PATCH ME THROUGH, MR. HAUER.



PAULA.

OFFICER RICHTER, CAPTAIN MALIK. GIVE ME YOUR CARGO DETAILS.

MEATS AND PROTEINS, SECTOR THIRTY-TWO. ONE HUNDRED TONS.

JUST MEAT?

NO METALS? NO RESTRICTED ELEMENTS OR COMPOUNDS?

NOTHING FROM THE EYE?



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CONTESTED--

AND YOU DIDN'T WANT MY ATTENTION?

WELL, I'M MARKING YOU FOR A SECONDARY AND TERTIARY CHECK.

ONCE THEY'VE FINISHED LOGGING YOUR HALL, WAIT FOR THEM TO DO IT AGAIN. AND AGAIN. IF YOU'RE LYING... WE'LL KNOW.




NEVER FORGET, MALIK. I KNOW WHERE YOU CAME FROM.

I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE.

YES, MA'AM.

THANK YOU, MA'AM.




UGH.
SECONDARY CHECK
AND TERTIARY
CHECK? WE'LL STILL
BE THERE WHEN
NINTH SHIFT
COMES IN.

YOU
HAVE TO
TALK TO HER,
GEORGES.

GIVEN THE
CIRCUMSTANCES,
ALICE, I DON'T
THINK THAT
WOULD BE
WISE.

DO
YOU?



BOSS--
TELL ME IF I'M
OUT OF *LINE*
HERE, I DON'T
MIND NOT
KNOWING--

--BUT
WHAT *IS* THIS
BETWEEN YOU AND
RICHTER? WHAT
HAPPENED?

OH,
IT'S QUITE
SIMPLE,
JASON.

SHE
KILLED MY
PARENTS.





ALL RIGHT.
THIS IS YOUR
CAPTAIN
SPEAKING.

WE'RE IN
WARP...

...SO FOR THE
NEXT **TWO**
MINUTES, THE
SHIP DOES **NOT**
HAVE EARS.

THE
AUTHORITIES
CAN'T **MONITOR**
ON-BOARD
CHATTER.

THESE ARE
DESPERATE **TIMES**
FOR DESPERATE **SOULS**.
NEW **PROSPECTORS**,
CHASING A DREAM OF
THE **GOLD** AT THE
EDGE OF THE **BIG**
DARK.

NEW
CORPORATE
FLEETS, READY TO
STEAL WHATEVER
GOLD IS LEFT. TO
MUSCLE US **OUT**.
ONE BY ONE.

WE SAW IT
TODAY. THERE
ARE **TOO MANY**
SHIPS TRYING TO
MINE THE SAME
CORPSES.

THAT
MEANS MORE
SQUABBLES OVER THE
CHOICE **CUTS**... MORE
DISTRACTIONS...

...MORE
THEFTS.
WHICH ARE A
DISTRACTION
IN THEM-
SELVES.

WE KNOW HOW
THE ESCORTS WILL
REACT, NOW. HOW
THEY'LL **POSITION**
THEMSELVES.

WE KNOW
WHEN WE CAN
MAKE **OUR**
MOVE.



SO I'LL
ASK ONCE
MORE... ARE
WE ALL
READY?




I'M... AS
READY AS
I'LL *EVER*
BE.

ALL'S
WELL, I
GUESS.



YOU
KNOW I
AM.

EIGHT
BELLS, ALL
IS *WELL*.



AND YOU'RE
NOT DOING IT
WITHOUT *ME*.
SOMEONE NEEDS
TO *LOOK AFTER*
YOU ALL, *HM?*

ALL'S
WELL.

THEN IT'S
DECIDED.



I WAS
**FIVE YEARS
OLD** WHEN I
SAW MY FIRST
DEAD GOD.

IN
**THREE
DAYS'
TIME...**

...WE'LL
SEE A **LIVE**
ONE.

Continued...

*To my mother,
who taught me to
look at the stars.*

1967-2020

—Simone Di Meo