


STRANGE SKIES OVER EAST BERLIN™

Jeff Loveness
Lisandro Estherren
Patricio Delpeche



"This is a great book and
the artwork is STUNNING."

—JEFF LEMIRE

The New York Times bestselling
writer of *Gideon Falls*

STRANGE SKIES OVER EAST BERLIN™

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Written by **Jeff Loveness**
Illustrated by **Lisandro Estherren**
Colored by **Patricio Delpeche**
Lettered by **Steve Wands**

Cover by **Evan Cagle**

Designer **Marie Krupina**
Logo Designer **Michelle Ankley**
Assistant Editor **Gavin Gronenthal**
Editor **Eric Harburn**

STRANGE SKIES OVER EAST BERLIN

Created by **Jeff Loveness** and **Lisandro Estherren**







1973.

A Wall cuts the world in half.

The United States has left Vietnam
in chaos and ruin.

The Soviet Union maintains a
stranglehold over the Eastern Bloc.

East Germany is the deepest surveillance
state in the world.

Thousands of Stasi agents use thousands
of informants to spy upon their neighbors.

The Wall is Built Higher.



Why do we lie?



To keep others safe?

Or to save ourselves?



TIME TO GO.



TOMAS...
TOMAS ISN'T
HERE YET.

YOU
CAN'T
WAIT.



TOWER GUARD'S
CHANGING. THEY
DON'T HAVE DOGS
OR MINES HERE YET
AND THE ALARM
GETS REPAIRED
TOMORROW.

YOU GO
NOW OR
YOU DON'T
GO AT
ALL.



THIS IS
THE ONLY
CHANCE
YOU GET.



...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.



WE'RE GOING.
THE WEST... IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK IT IS.
I DON'T CARE. IT'S NOT HERE.



They're brave.
I've seen it before.



They look at the Wall.



And they think they can win.
I try to share their hope...



WAIT!

...but I've learned better.





But more than anything...



We lie to ourselves.



About who we really are. What we've allowed our lives to become.

Anything to spare ourselves from the truth.

Anything to say that it isn't hopeless.



That you have time left.

That you can be saved.



It's so easy to lie to yourself.

But none of that matters.



Because eventually, you run out of lies.



You always run out.

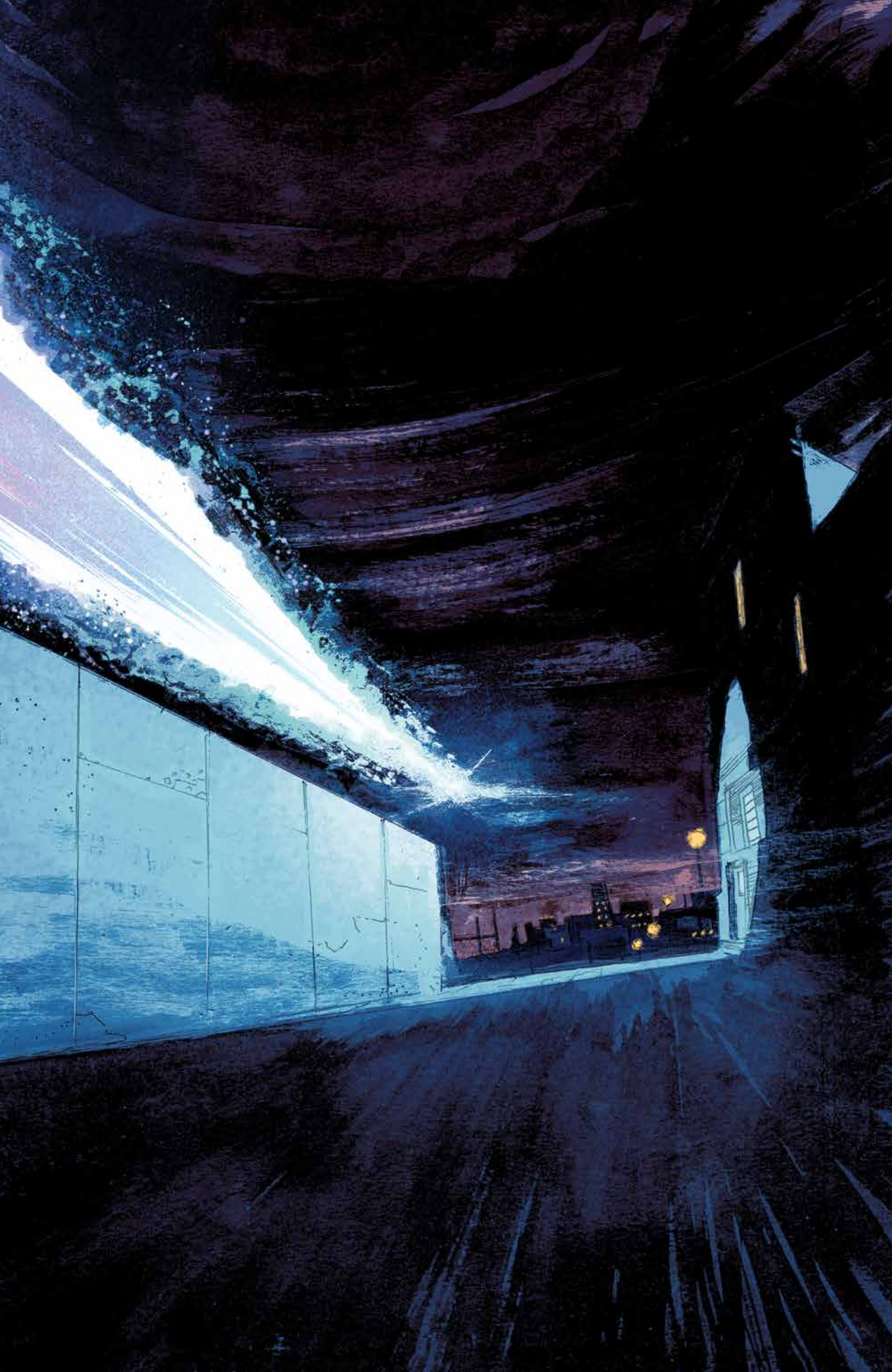


And at the end of whatever lie you've told the most...



The truth
finds you.





"AT FIRST I THOUGHT
IT WAS THE BOMB.



"ALMOST
THANKED
GOD--MAYBE
ALL THIS WAS
FINALLY OVER.



"BUT NO.
THIS WAS
SOMETHING
ELSE.

"EVERYONE
COULD FEEL IT.



"I BARELY
GOT AWAY."



"DID HE
SEE YOU?"



"KEINER?"

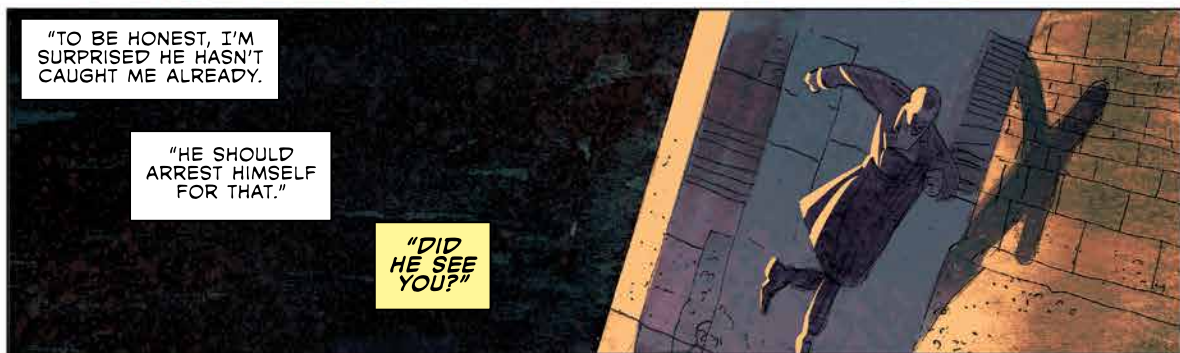
"HE SEES EVERYTHING."



"TO BE HONEST, I'M SURPRISED HE HASN'T CAUGHT ME ALREADY."

"HE SHOULD ARREST HIMSELF FOR THAT."

"DID HE SEE YOU?"



"IT WAS DARK... I DON'T KNOW IF HE MADE ME..."

"...BUT I DON'T WANT TO WAIT AROUND AND FIND OUT."





...AND DID YOU SEE IT?

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IT EVEN WAS.



NEITHER DO WE.

WHICH IS WHY I NEED YOU.



WHAT? NO! DID YOU HEAR WHAT I JUST SAID?

I BARELY GOT AWAY. THEY MADE ME.

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT.

AND IF THEY DIDN'T, THEY'LL GET THE OTHERS TO TALK. THEY ALWAYS DO.

YOU GET ME OUT, TONIGHT! I DON'T CARE WHAT IT--

HERRING.



PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME.

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.

AND IT LANDED ON *THEIR* SIDE.



YOU ARE THE CLOSEST MAN WE HAVE IN EAST GERMAN INTELLIGENCE. AND ONE OF THE LAST IN BERLIN.

YOU KNOW HOW GOOD THEY ARE AT CATCHING US.



FIND WHAT THEY HAVE, REPORT BACK.

AND I'LL GET YOU OUT. I PROMISE.



THE WORLD IS FALLING APART.

IF WE LOSE ONCE, WE LOSE EVERYTHING.

SO WE CAN'T LOSE.

NOT TO THEM.



YOU DON'T CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE, DO YOU?

I DON'T WORRY. YOU'RE VERY GOOD AT LIVING.



WHERE DO I EVEN START?

OH, THIS COUNTRY'S FULL OF SECRETS.

SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND ONE.

She's right.

It's hard to keep a secret in East Berlin.



The Stasi have eyes everywhere.

Secret Police on every street.

In every letter.



Every conversation.



Every life.



And as long as I've been stationed here, living as one of them...

I've always wondered.

What exactly are we listening for?

Treason? Lies?





Or are we all just listening in the dark...

...for anyone telling the truth?

To remember what it sounds like?



So I blend in. Lose myself to them.



Zimmer and I find what they're hiding.

A crash site further east.



I spy upon the spies.

I find their secrets.



Find a way in.



Add my lie to theirs.

Because if everything is a lie...

...the truth can be anything you want.



Soviets?

This should be interesting.

Hope my Russian holds up.



But as I enter the secret...



Sink into it...




My mind drifts...




To the best lie I told.






And the person
who believed it.



Who believed
I was good.

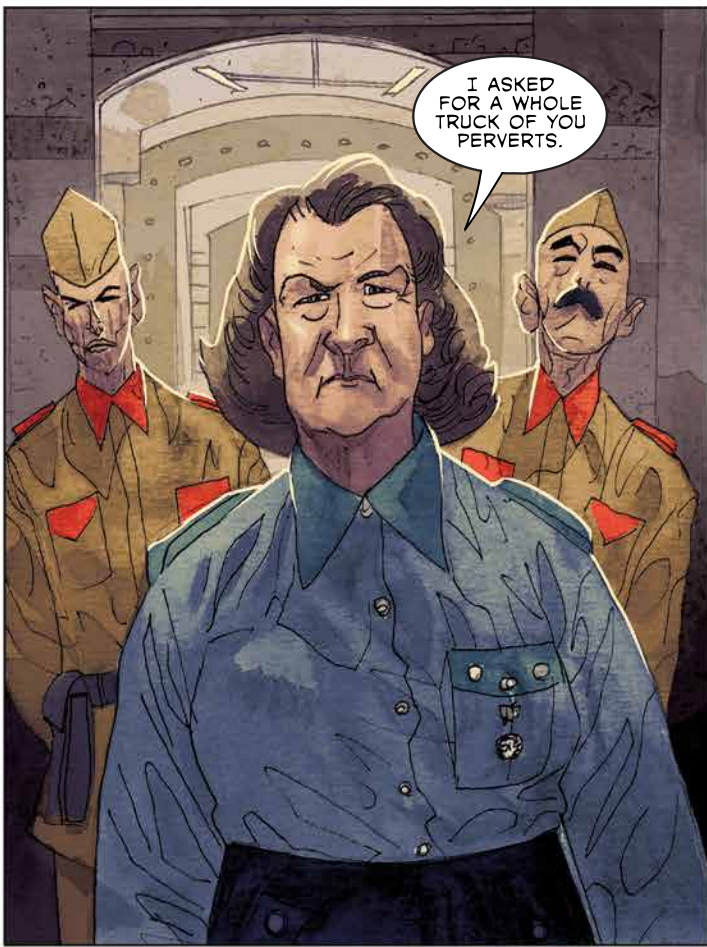
Who made me
better than
the truth.



So much
that I
almost
forgot it.



IS
IT JUST
YOU?



I ASKED FOR A WHOLE TRUCK OF YOU PERVERTS.



YOU ONLY NEED ME.

WHY AM I HERE?



I WILL ONLY TELL YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW.

TOO MANY QUESTIONS AND I GET TO SHOOT YOU.

SOUNDS FAIR. WHY AM I HERE?

THE LIGHT... THOSE WEEKS AGO. DID YOU SEE IT?

EVERYONE DID.



BRITISH? AMERICANS?

THAT WOULD MAKE IT SIMPLER.



THEN WHAT WAS IT? DID YOU FIND SOMETHING?

...ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW RIGHT NOW...



...IS IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

DR. SATTLER...

NOTHING.

NO RADIATION, INJURIES, OR PATHOGENS WE CAN DETECT.

BUT CLEARLY... SOME FORM OF TRAUMA. PSYCHOSIS.



SOME NEW WEAPON? MI6? CIA?

...IT. IT DID NOT COME FROM THEM.



HE WAS PART OF THE RECOVERY TEAM.

RECOVERY OF WHAT?



... JUST FIND OUT WHAT HE KNOWS. TELL US IF HE'S LYING.

THAT'S WHAT YOU STASI MEN ARE GOOD FOR, RIGHT?

"FINDING SECRETS?"



HELLO.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?



OPEN THE DOOR.



WE CAN MOVE YOU SOMEWHERE MORE COMFORTABLE ONCE--

OPEN THE DOOR.

LET IT OUT.





WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?



IT CAME TO US.
AND WE'VE SHUT IT AWAY.

WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAVE WE SHUT OUT?



THE TRUTH.
DON'T YOU SEE?



WE'VE LIVED IN LIES FOR SO LONG.

WE CAN'T EVEN LOOK AT TRUTH.



BUT I DID.

IT TOLD ME WHO I AM...

IT SHOWED ME HIM.



SHOWED YOU WHO? WHAT DID YOU SEE?

NO ONE ELSE KNEW WHAT I DID TO HIM.

NO ONE EVER KNEW THE TRUTH.

BUT IT DID.

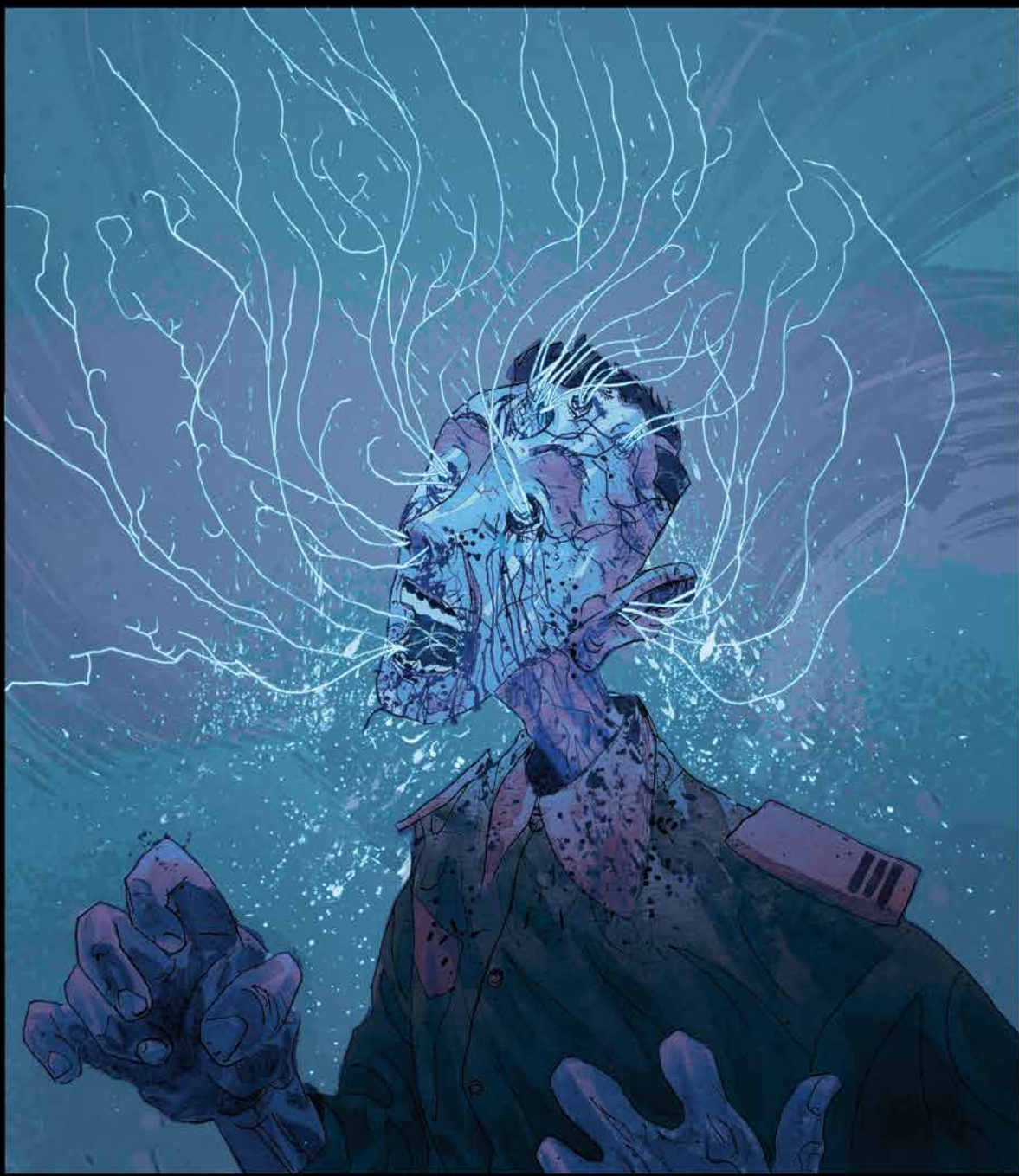


NOW THE TRUTH HAS COME FOR US.

OPEN THE DOOR.

LET IT OUT.

LET IT--





I don't believe it.



Then I see...



...someone who can't be there.



And I won't believe it.



WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

ANZHELA, WE SHOULD QUARANTINE HIM.

WE'RE WELL PAST THAT, DOCTOR.



WE'RE ALL QUARANTINED!

LOCK DOWN THE ENTIRE BUNKER.

AND KEEP THAT DOOR SECURE!



IF ANYONE TRIES TO OPEN IT, SHOOT THEM.

HOLD ONTO YOUR MIND. YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T.



NO ENTRY OR EXIT. NOTHING OF THIS GETS OUT UNTIL WE KNOW IT AND CONTAIN IT. NO COMMUNICATIONS WITH MOSCOW, BERLIN, OR ANYWHERE ELSE.

DAMN SPIES EVERYWHERE.



YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT SPIES NOW?!

I WORRY ABOUT RATS TRYING TO SAVE THEIR OWN SKIN.



LUCKILY,
THEY SENT
ONE MORE
OF YOU.

THE BEST
RAT-CATCHER
IN BERLIN.

IF
THERE'S
TROUBLE
HERE...



...INSPECTOR
KEINER WILL
FIND IT.



YES,
COLONEL.

It doesn't matter
how many stories
you tell.

Eventually,
you run out
of lies.

The truth
finds you.

And takes
its revenge.




WE WILL KNOW
EVERYTHING.

2

A man with a mustache, wearing a dark blue military uniform with epaulettes and a tie, sits at a light-colored table. He has a serious, somewhat angry expression. The background is a dark, paneled room.

They
always
find the
lie.

A man with a worried expression, wearing a white collared shirt and a patterned sweater vest, sits at a light-colored table. The background is a dark, paneled room.

They may
not know
the truth...

But they
know lies.

They hunt
them.



Lock
them up.



Let them
waste away.



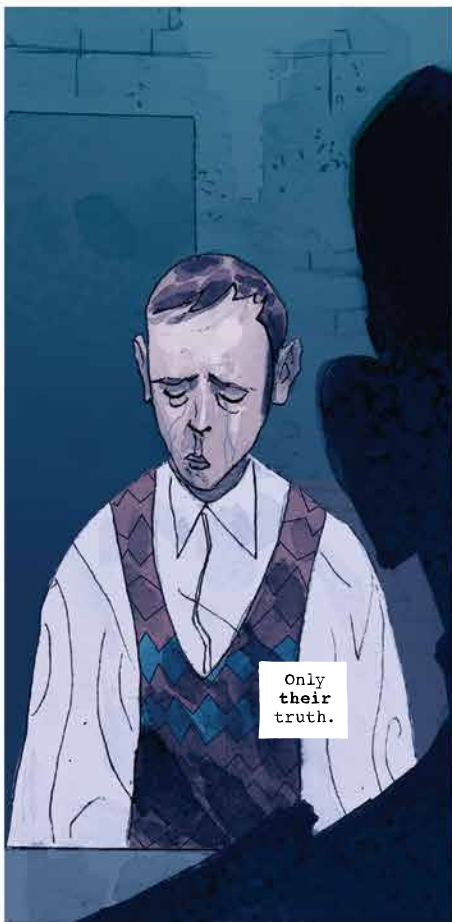
Until there's
nothing left.



Not even
the truth.



Only
their
truth.





And once you
fall into
their truth...



They have
you forever.



And you
become a
lie.



He's
caught so
many...



Keiner.

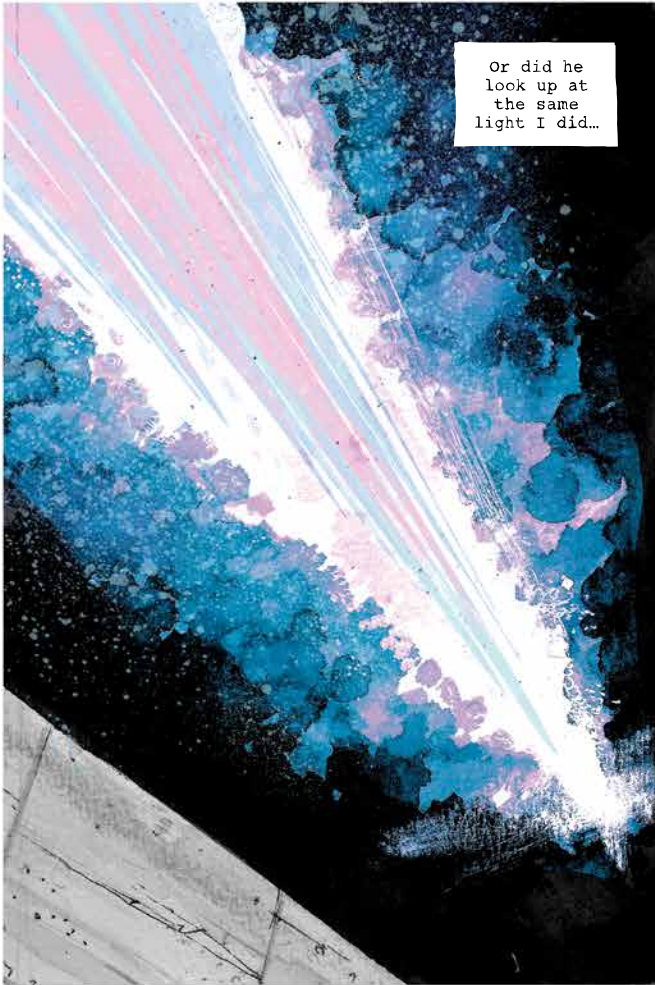
The master
spycatcher.

In a country
of spies.



Did he see me
that night by
the Wall?

Does he
remember
every face?



Or did he
look up at
the same
light I did...



And lose
himself...

...even for
a moment?



But none of
that matters
now.

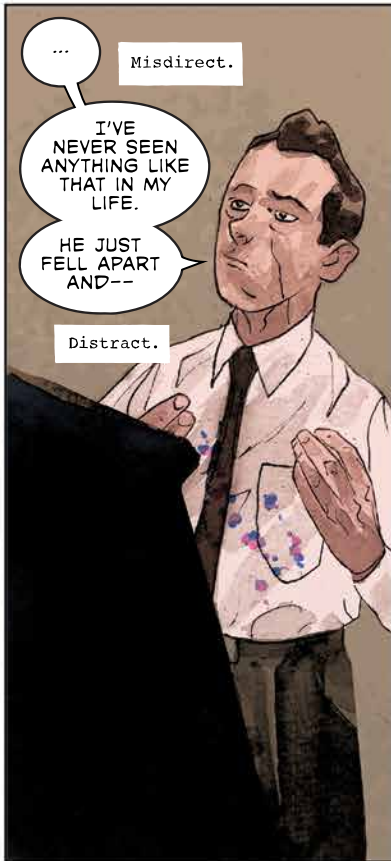


He's here.

And I pray
my lies are
enough.



WHAT
DO YOU
KNOW?



...
Misdirect.

I'VE
NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE
THAT IN MY
LIFE.

HE JUST
FELL APART
AND--

Distract.



AND WHY
ARE YOU
HERE?

...I
RECEIVED
ORDERS.

FROM
WHO?

BERLIN.

WHO IN
BERLIN?

WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

YOU DON'T
NEED TO KNOW,
INSPEKTOR.



WE ONLY NEED YOU STASI BOYS TO WATCH FOR RATS.

LEAVE THE REAL WORK TO US.



WE DESERVE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

I JUST SAW A MAN'S HEAD SPLIT OPEN!

AND DID HE SAY ANYTHING BEFORE THAT?

WHAT?!

WHAT DID HE SAY?



IT WAS HARD TO UNDERSTAND...

HE...WAS SICK. HALLUCINATING.

HE COULD SEE SOMETHING. HE WAS TALKING TO...

SOMEONE WHO COULDN'T BE THERE?



...YES.

HOW MANY PEOPLE HAS THIS HAPPENED TO, DOCTOR?

WHAT DO YOU **HAVE** DOWN HERE?



WE...WE DON'T KNOW.

THE HALLUCINATIONS STARTED WITH THE RECOVERY TEAM.

BUT NOW IT SEEMS TO BE SPREADING.

WE DON'T KNOW--

WE DON'T KNOW **WHAT** WE HAVE, DR. SATTLER.

AND UNTIL WE DO, NEITHER DOES THE WORLD.







Why should anyone believe you?



All you do is lie.



Have you ever asked yourself...

What are you without them?



Is there anyone left beneath the lies?



You've created a world built on them.



And now, you're afraid to look beneath.



You cannot bear to see the truth.



Because the truth would show how deeply you've failed.



How far you've fallen.



And prove what you've always feared...



There is
much further
for you to fall.

Because long ago,
you lost the
truth...



You tried
to find
it.

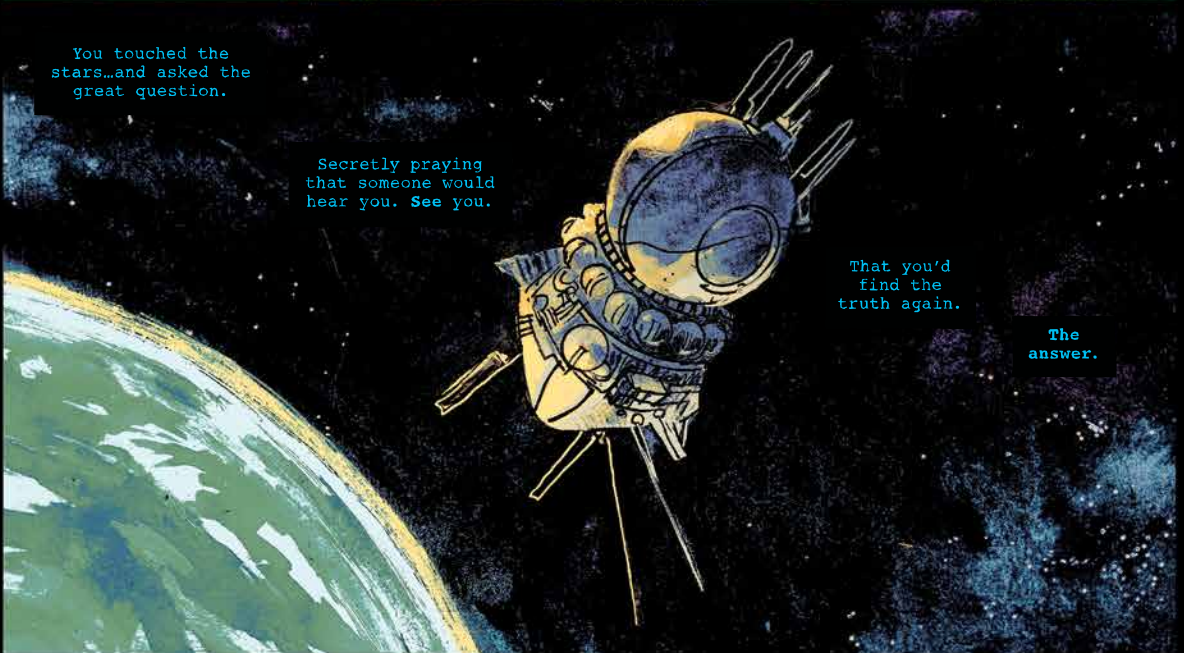
In yourselves.



In your
dreams and
songs.



You touched the
stars...and asked the
great question.



Secretly praying
that someone would
hear you. See you.

That you'd
find the
truth again.

The
answer.

But there was only silence.

And even then you wondered...

Did the silence have a purpose?



With the things we have made...

The world we have built...

Did we not deserve an answer?



...Or was this it?



Did it come for us?



And have we wasted it?



Locked it away-- even before understanding it.

Have we
buried the
truth to
save our
lies?



...IVAN?



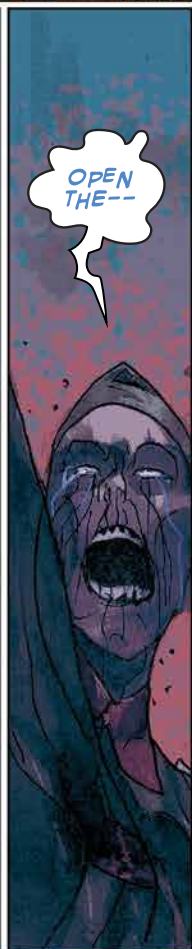
IVAN,
I--



DID...
DID ANY
OF YOU
SEE--



...OPEN
THE
DOOR.





OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN THE DOOR.



BACK!
EVERYONE
BACK!



WE NEED TO GET OUT OF RANGE!
FOLLOW ME TO HIGHER GROUND WHILE WE STILL--



OPEN THE--



FALL BACK!



Focus up.

Get to the
comms room.

It doesn't matter
what you saw.

It isn't real.



Get the
word out.

Let
Zimmer
know.

Let the
world
know.



All of our secrets...if the Soviets
have something down here that can
do this, we need to

You still want
to live by the
old lies.

Live in the
old world.



But it
never
existed.

No matter
how much you
believed
in it.



And now it
has to die.



"...WHY?"



OPEN THE DOOR.



WHY DO I ONLY SEE YOU?




YOU WANTED THE ANSWER.










Do you really not understand yet?



Down here...


You're trapped with who you truly are.



It's been waiting for you.



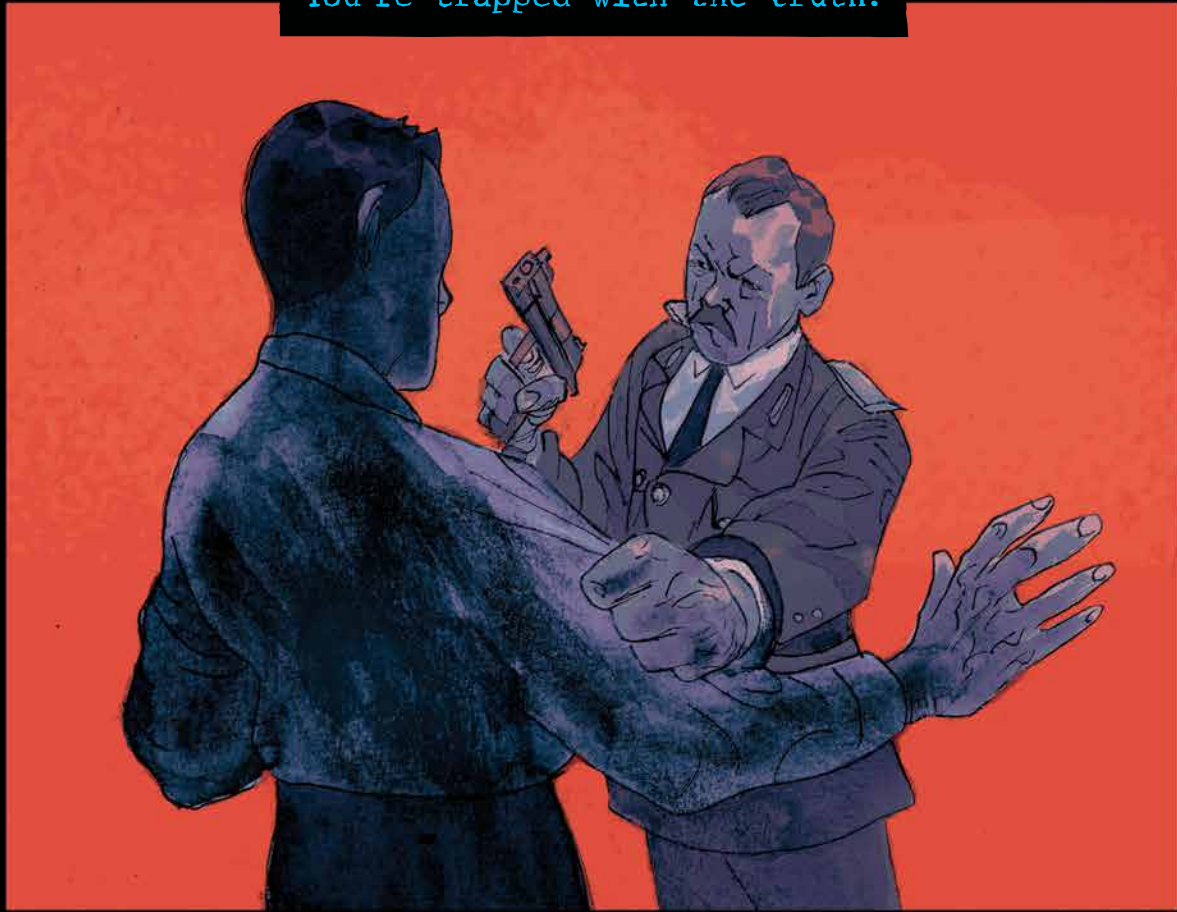
EVERYONE, FORM UP ON ME. HOLD ONTO YOURSELVES.



Down here...



You're trapped with the truth.







Why am
I afraid
of it?

Why have I
spent my whole
life...afraid
of it?

Because I know
that when the
truth does
find me--

I will
not be
forgiven.

WHO ARE
YOU?



Misdirect.

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?

WHY IS THE POWER OFF?

ANSWER THE QUESTION.



WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?



Distract.

A MAN DIED IN FRONT OF ME! YOU THINK I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT?

I WAS SENT HERE, JUST LIKE YOU!

WHO SENT YOU?



Antagonize.

YOU KNOW I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT.

WHO SENT YOU?



Push the advantage.

AND WHY ARE YOU ASKING SO MANY QUESTIONS?

I'M SURE BERLIN WOULD LOVE TO KNOW WHY YOU ASSAULTED A FELLOW OFFICER.

Lie.



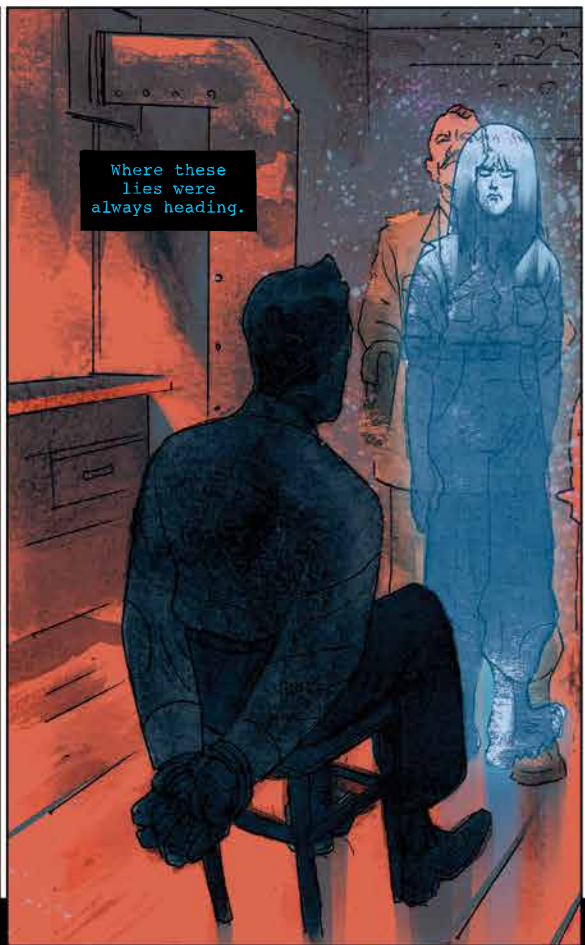
You think you can still get out of this.

But you know how lies work.

You know how empty they sound near the end.



You know where this leads.



Where these lies were always heading.



Now it's time to strip them all away...



...and answer the question you fear the most.



Who are you?



GET THE POWER BACK ON!

AND STAND UP!



COLONEL... WHAT--WHAT IS IT? WHY CAN I FEEL IT INSIDE MY--

I DON'T KNOW, AND I DON'T CARE. LET'S KILL IT.



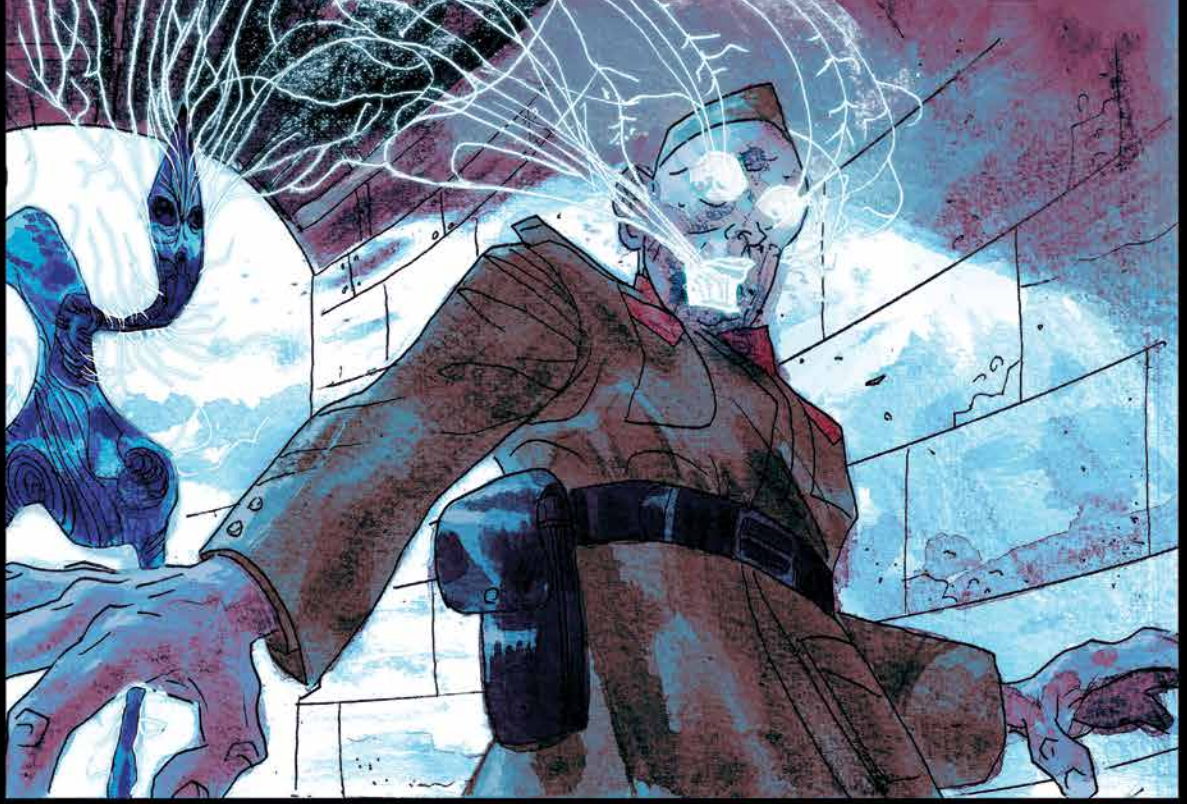
YOU CAN'T.



YOU CAN'T KILL THE ANSWER.



YOU CAN'T KILL THE TRUTH.







You can't
kill the
emptiness.

Of what
you
deserve.



Of who
you left.



...DON'T
GO.



PLEASE,
SISTER...
DON'T
GO.



I'M
SORRY,
IVAN...



I'M
SORRY I
LIVED.



I KNOW IT WAS YOU AT THE WALL.

YOUR FRIENDS TOLD ME EVERYTHING. EVENTUALLY.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? WHAT DO THE AMER

He's found you.

He knows what you are.

Just a scared man in the dark.



Terrified of a changing world.

And how little you matter in it.



Look at the world you've made.

Are you proud?

You have nothing but power.

And this is what you've done with it.



And you. The man in the dark.

Are you saving the world?

Or just keeping it safe for people like you?



Using your dying gasps of power to starve the future.



And lie to the ones who actually want to change it.

You'd done it
so many times.
So many places.



Infiltrate.
Assume an
identity.

Tell a
beautiful
story.

Gain
their
trust.



Listen.

Let them open
themselves to
you.

Hear their
dreams. Feel
their passion
for a better
world.

You were in awe,
weren't you?

Someone who truly
wanted to change
the world.

So you lie
to me. Say
you want to
change it
too.



Let me
love
you.

Because in
your heart,
you know...



This lie
is the
closest
you'll
ever get.



You join.

Offer help.

Become part of my dream.



Then break it.

With more men just like you.



But tell me. The men you put in power...

Did they feel safe?

I-I was just--

Yes, you were doing your job.

You were keeping the world safe.



I...I tried to--

No. You left as soon as possible.

Moved across the world. And did it all over again.



Like it never even happened.

But it did happen.



You made it happen.



And later.

When the disappearances started.



When they came for me.



When I was dragged from my home.

By the men you put in power.

And never seen again.



Did you think about me?

Did you even lose sleep?

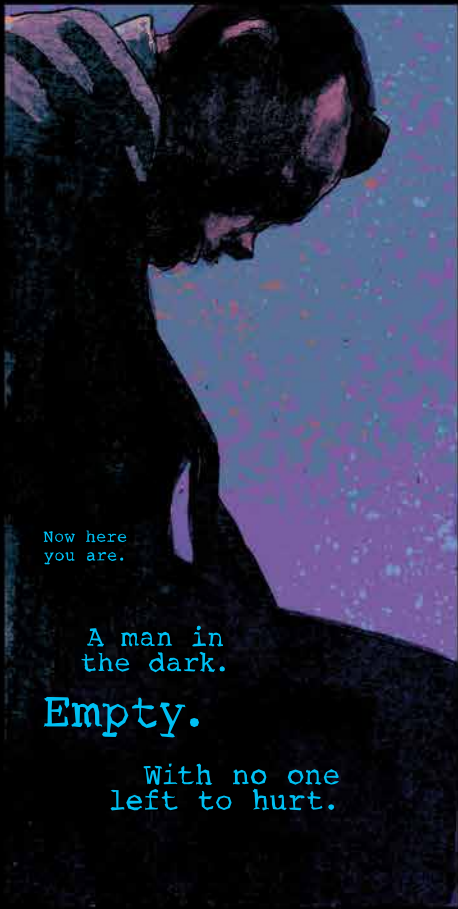


Did I deserve that?



Just for seeing the world you made...

...and knowing it could be better?



Now here
you are.

A man in
the dark.
Empty.

With no one
left to hurt.



Ask
yourself.

Was your
world
worth it?



...I'M
SORRY.



No.

Men like you
don't earn
forgiveness.



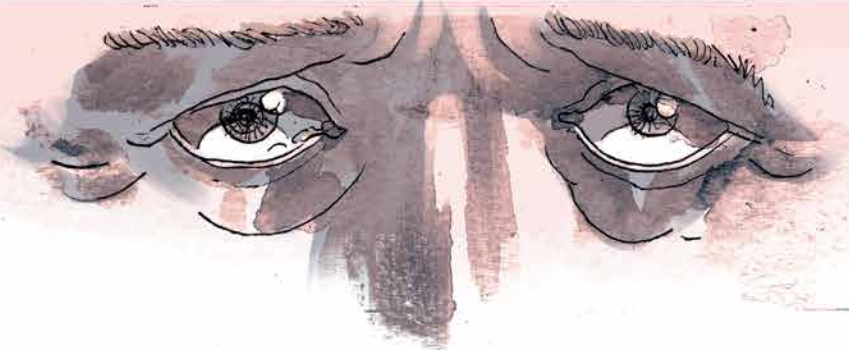
**ANSWER THE
QUESTION!**



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

WHO
ARE
YOU?











"YOU CAN'T KILL EMPTINESS."



"ONLY RUN."



"DIE."



"OR FIGHT UNTIL IT TAKES YOU."





I'm afraid of it.

I've always been afraid of it.



Because the truth breaks you.

Exposes you.



But then...in the cold.

It shows you something new.



Something only you can see.

Something deeper than truth.



And in the cold and silence...

It comes again.



And asks once more.

Who

are

you?





4

I don't
know what
that thing
is...

Or what
it's done
to me...



But my mind
feels like an
open window
to it.



And
everything
down here...

Feels like
a tomb.



ANZHELA...

...YOUR
ACCENT IS
TERRIBLE.





YOU... YOU KNEW?

I SUSPECTED. GUESS YOU HAVE TO KILL ME NOW.



...HERE, LET ME HEL--

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU FILTHY IMPERIALIST.



I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...

WELL, I SAY KILL IT, BUT THAT'S JUST ME.

...WHAT? DO I HAVE TO GET UP AND DO IT MYSELF?

I'M AN OLD WOMAN. AT LEAST I USED A FLAME-THROWER.

GET TO THE ARMORY. BLOW THE TUNNEL. BURY IT.



...IT CAN'T GET OUT. WHATEVER IT IS.

IT CAN'T GET OUT.



YOU CAN DO NOTHING. OR YOU CAN DIE ANYWAYS.

Go.





I want to
be brave.

For her.
For anyone.

But I'm not.



Just get out.

There's
nothing left
down here.



Only
fear.

It all
rushes
into me...

The fears
of others.

Their
lies and
traumas.

The storm
of their
lives...

And mine.

Is this all
I've left
behind?

All that
I am?

...and then,
through the
storm, I
see it.

Feel it.

Another
life...

As if it
were my own.





Born into a world that hated you.



Before you could understand why.



Hated by your neighbors.



Taken from your home.

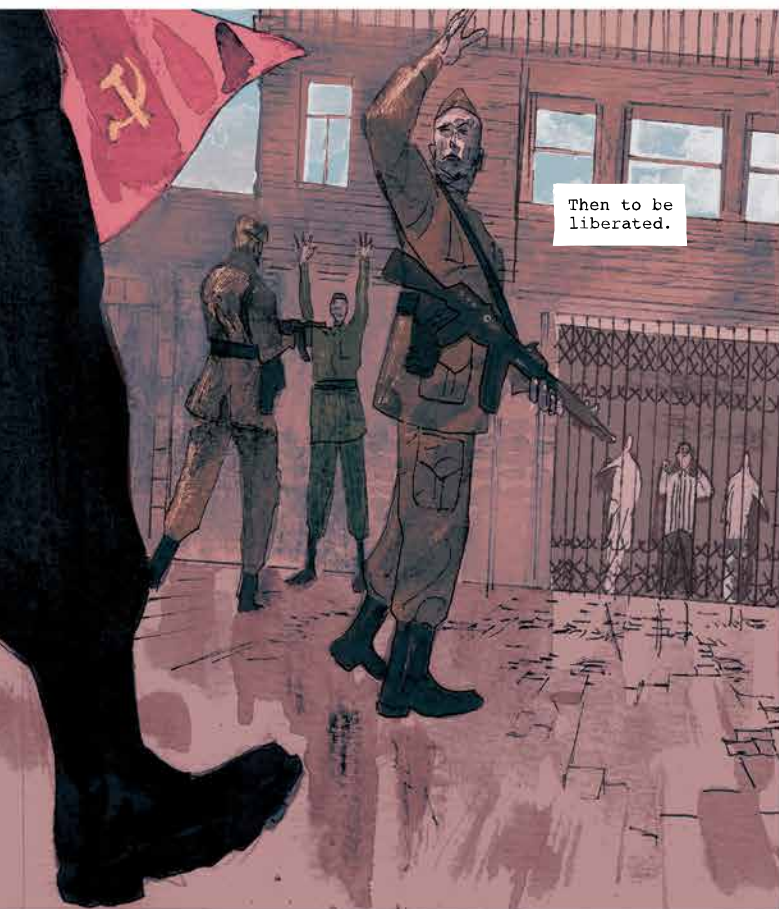


Taken from your family.



Taken from yourself.

Taken from everything.



Then to be
liberated.



To be told
it is over.



And sent
back.

Alone.

Like it
never
happened.



Surrounded again
by the neighbors
who hated you.

Like they never
hated you.

But you could
see them.



You lived your
entire life in fear.

Because you
could see them.

And you knew...

They would
always hate
you.



So you join the only flag that ever saved you.

Hide yourself within it.

Lose yourself to it.



Make yourself strong.

So you'd never be weak again.

Until there's nothing left.



Hunt the secrets that once hunted you.

Punish them.

Punish anyone.



Ruin lives. Shatter families.

Call it justice.

Make the truth whatever you need it to be.

...Yet always know who you are.



A man alone to himself.

Hiding an empty, broken life.



That no one ever saw.



...But I see you.

Am I the only one to ever see you?

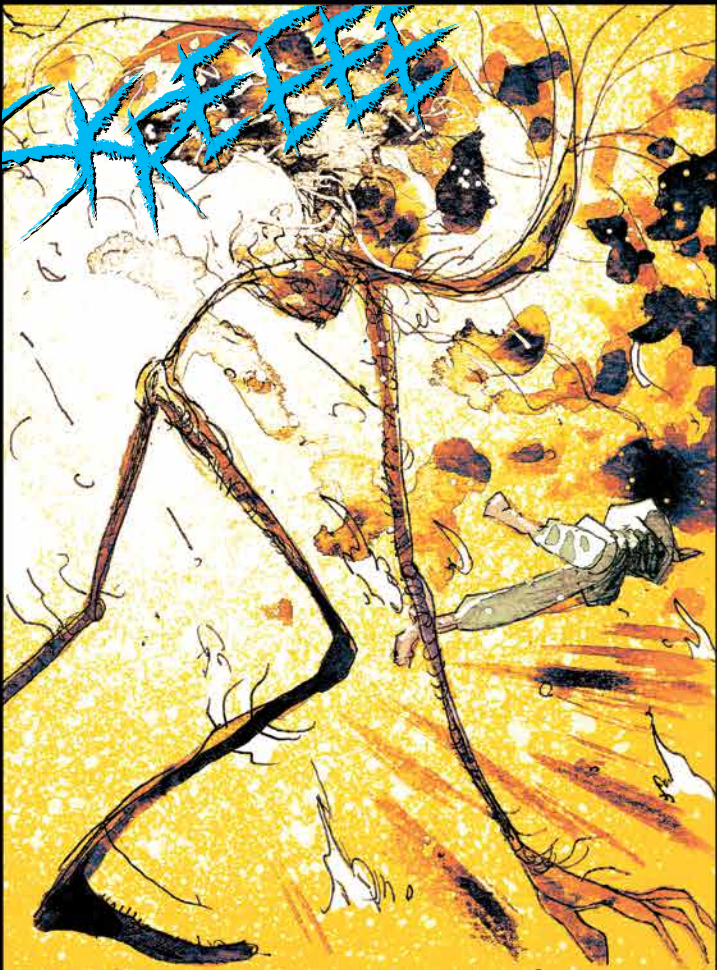
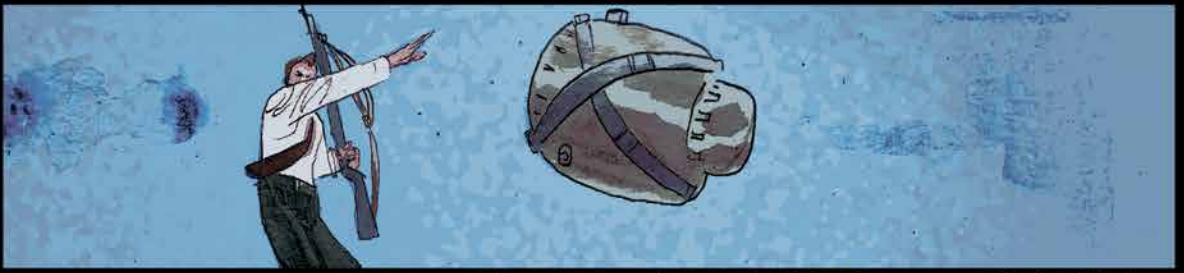


Are we the last two left here?

Trapped with our sins and fear?



With it.





I don't know
why I did this.

I shouldn't
do this.

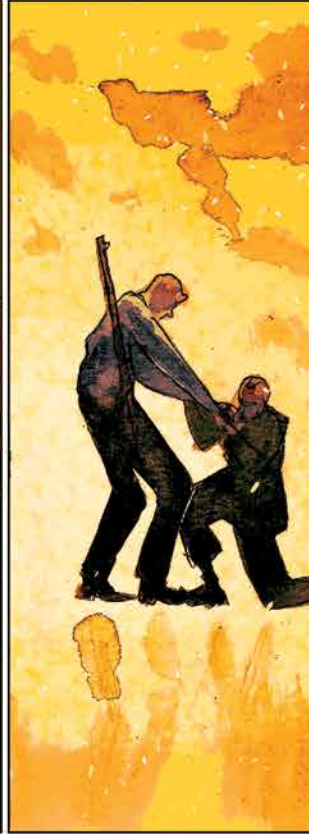
But...



I have
seen your
life.



And perhaps...
you have seen
mine.



And there
is nothing
more to say.



THERE'S AN
ESCAPE HATCH
DOWN THIS
CORRIDOR. THAT
CAN TAKE US
OUT.

WE--WE
CAN'T LET
THAT THING
FOLLOW...

WE
WON'T.



WE
BURY
IT.



"WE GO TO THE ARMORY. WE PLANT THE C4."



"WE CLIMB UP. BLOW IT ONCE WE'RE CLEAR."

"NO OTHER WAY OUT. IT STAYS BURIED."



"...WHY DID YOU COME BACK FOR ME?"

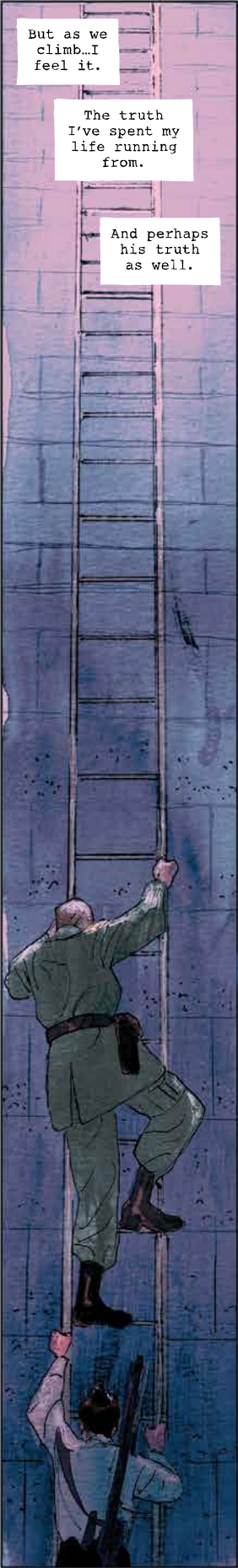


"...I DON'T KNOW."

"...I'VE NEVER SAVED ANYONE..."




"MAYBE I JUST WANTED TO SAVE SOMEONE."



But as we
climb...I
feel it.


The truth
I've spent my
life running
from.

And perhaps
his truth
as well.



We have
broken our
lives.


And broken
the lives of
others.



Men like us
don't deserve
forgiveness.

There isn't
redemption.

We are not
the heroes.



We deserve
what found
us here.

ARGHHH!







I'm
sorry,
Aya.

I'm
sorry for
everything.



But I
know this
isn't you.

You
were
never
here.

And
you were
more than
just my
guilt.



There is no
redemption.

Not for
men like
me.



...But
there is
mercy.

Mercy
we can
give.



And pray they
give to others.

Maybe that's
a lie.



But it's
all that
can save
us.

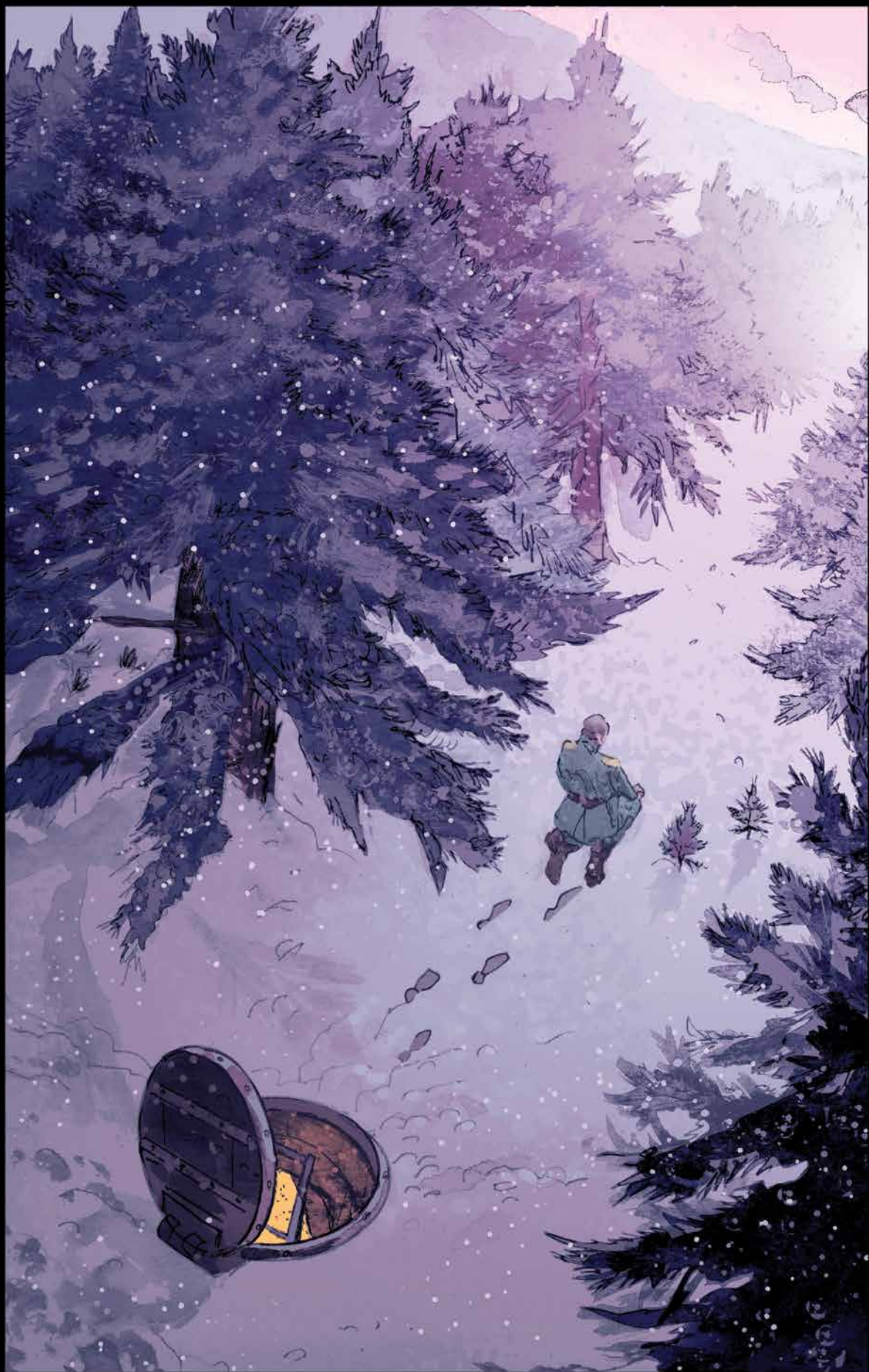


One last
prayer in
the dark...

That mercy
is stronger
than truth.







My life is secrets.



And now I'm
just a man in
another room.

Seeing how
empty they
are.



How empty
they always
were.



...I walk
Berlin.

With only
questions.

What
was it?

Did it journey
all this way
just to be
another
predator?

A monster
in search
of prey?



Or was there
something we
missed?

Was it
trying to
open us?

Experience
us?

Could it
have been
a gift?



And did we
poison it?

With the
world we've
made? Our
fear?

Ourselves?



...Why did he do it?

He saw who I am. What I've done.

...Then why?



To prove something to himself?

Or did he look at my life...and find something worth saving?

Another chance?



Perhaps it was the truth.

It saw exactly what we are.

In cold, merciless light.



But we don't see the truth.

We never have.

YOU KNOW HOW TO GET OUT.

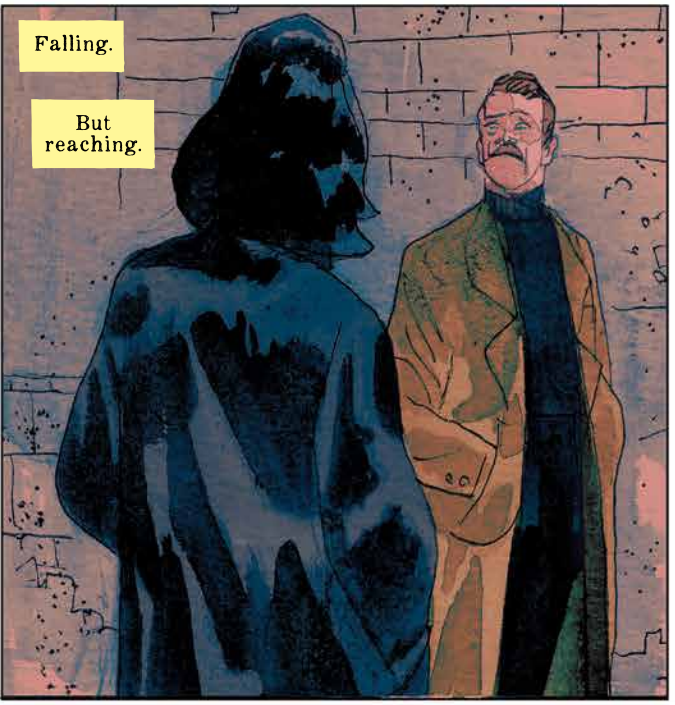


We look at others...

And see ourselves.



Lost in
the dark.



Falling.

But
reaching.



Praying...

...to be new.

COVER GALLERY

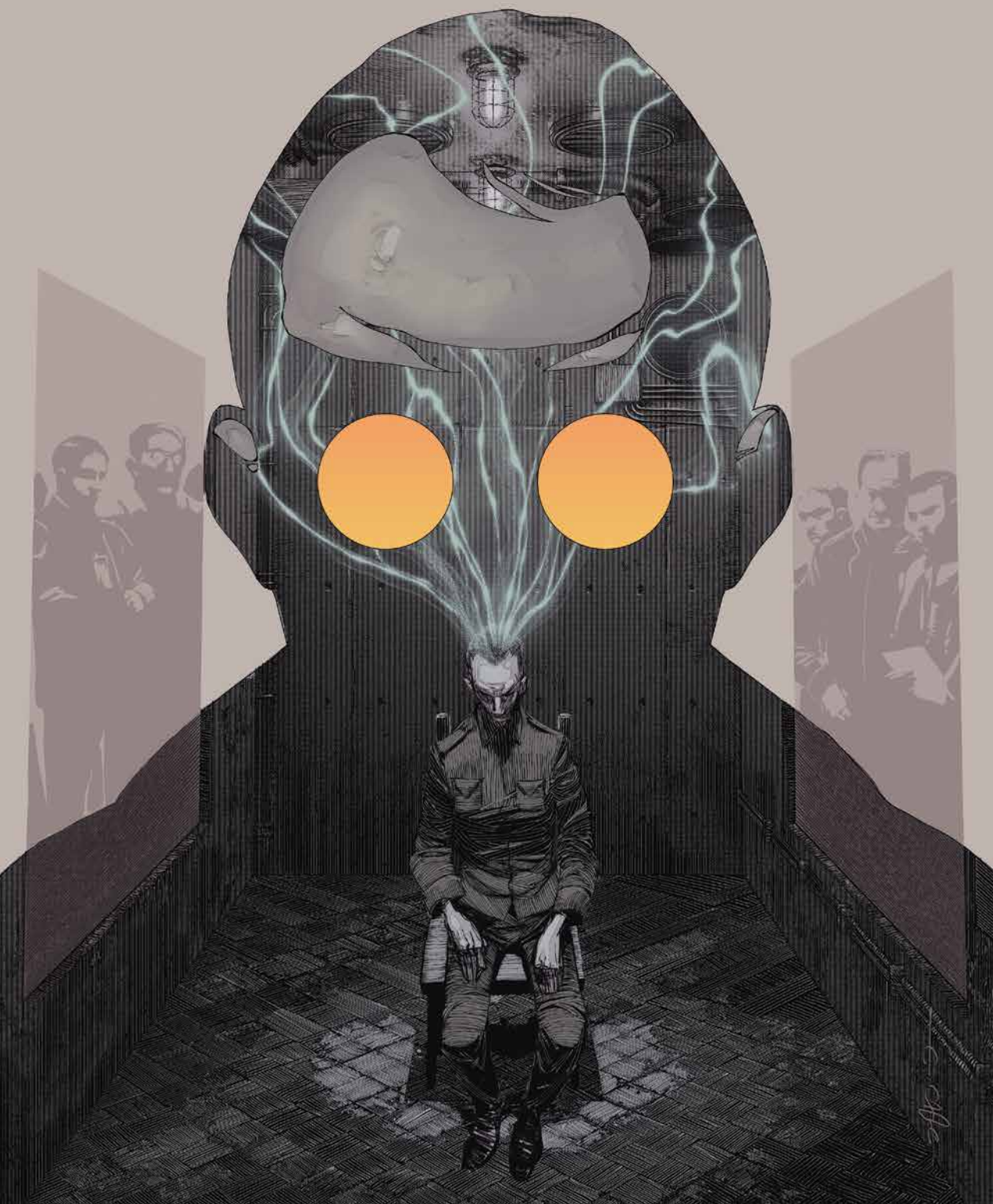
SERIES COVER ARTWORK BY

Evan Cagle • Tonči Zonjić

Gabriel Hernández Walta

Raúl Allén • Mañas Bergara







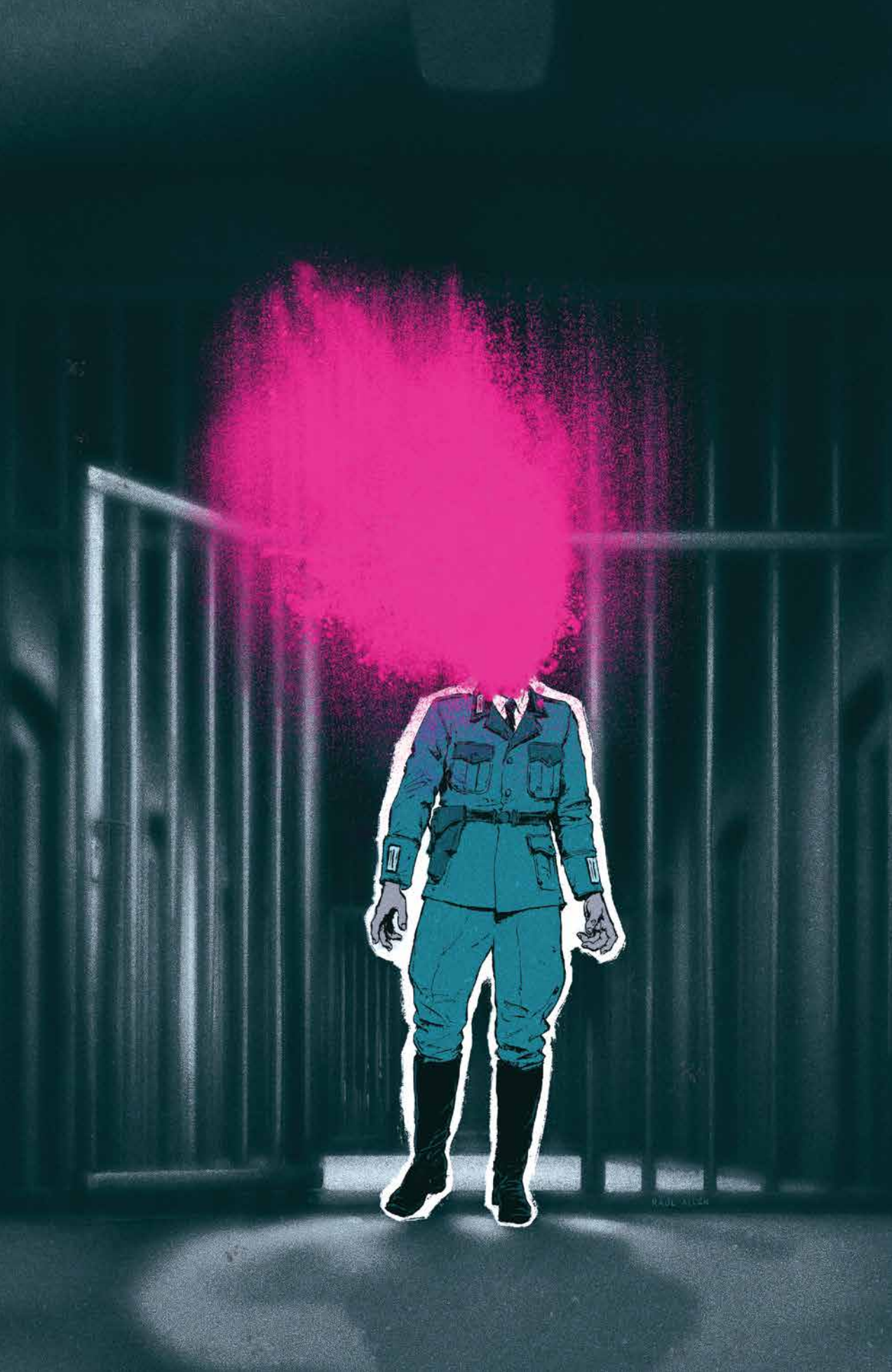


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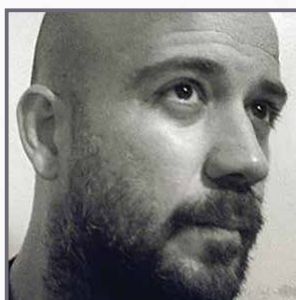








JEFF LOVENESS is an Emmy-nominated writer for television shows *Rick and Morty* and *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, as well as the comic book series *Nova* and *Groot* from Marvel Entertainment, *World Reader* from Aftershock Comics, and the critically acclaimed *Judas* from BOOM! Studios.



LISANDRO ESTHERREN is a comic artist based in Argentina. His work includes graphic novels, comic book series, and illustrations for international publishers and magazines such as *Editorial Pictus* (Argentina), *Aurea Editoriale* (Italy), *Diábolo* (Spain), and *Mojito* (Uruguay). In the U.S., he was the artist for *Spook* from Red5 Comics and *The Last Contract* from BOOM! Studios. He is currently the artist on *Redneck* from Image Comics.



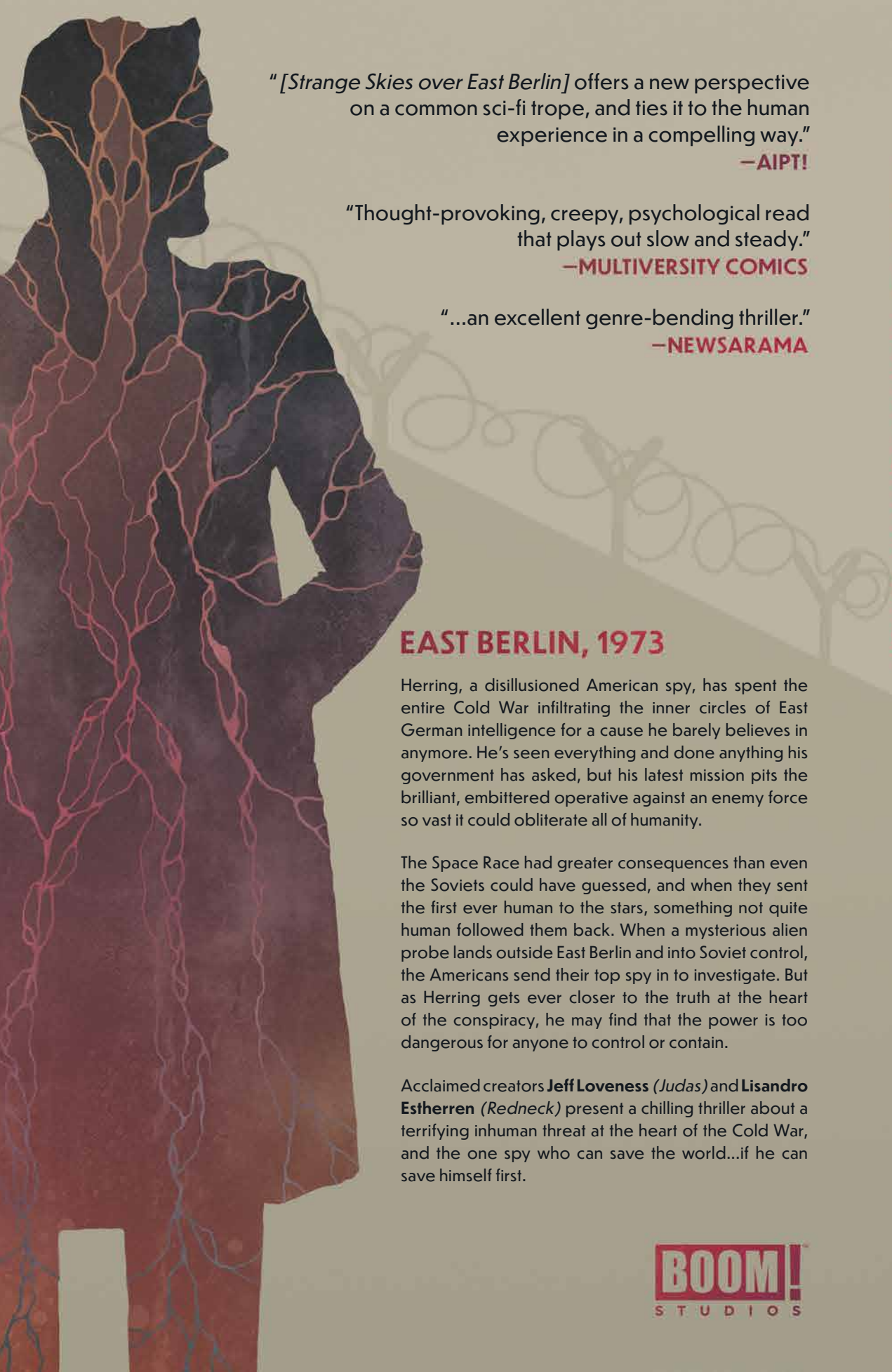


PATRICIO DELPECHE is a South American comic book artist and graphic designer born and raised in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He works for Vault, Heavy Metal, IDW, Glénat and currently BOOM! Studios. His next projects as a colorist include *Origins* with Jakub Rebelka and *Jim Henson's Storyteller* with Mark Laszlo.



STEVE WANDS is a comic book letterer, artist, and indie author. He works on top titles at DC Comics, Image, BOOM! Studios, and Random House. He's the author of the *Stay Dead* series, co-author of *Trail of Blood*, and is a writer of short stories. When not working, he spends time with his wife and sons in New Jersey.





"[*Strange Skies over East Berlin*] offers a new perspective on a common sci-fi trope, and ties it to the human experience in a compelling way."

—AIPT!

"Thought-provoking, creepy, psychological read that plays out slow and steady."

—MULTIVERSITY COMICS

"...an excellent genre-bending thriller."

—NEWSARAMA

EAST BERLIN, 1973

Herring, a disillusioned American spy, has spent the entire Cold War infiltrating the inner circles of East German intelligence for a cause he barely believes in anymore. He's seen everything and done anything his government has asked, but his latest mission pits the brilliant, embittered operative against an enemy force so vast it could obliterate all of humanity.

The Space Race had greater consequences than even the Soviets could have guessed, and when they sent the first ever human to the stars, something not quite human followed them back. When a mysterious alien probe lands outside East Berlin and into Soviet control, the Americans send their top spy in to investigate. But as Herring gets ever closer to the truth at the heart of the conspiracy, he may find that the power is too dangerous for anyone to control or contain.

Acclaimed creators **Jeff Loveness** (*Judas*) and **Lisandro Estherren** (*Redneck*) present a chilling thriller about a terrifying inhuman threat at the heart of the Cold War, and the one spy who can save the world...if he can save himself first.

BOOM!
STUDIOS