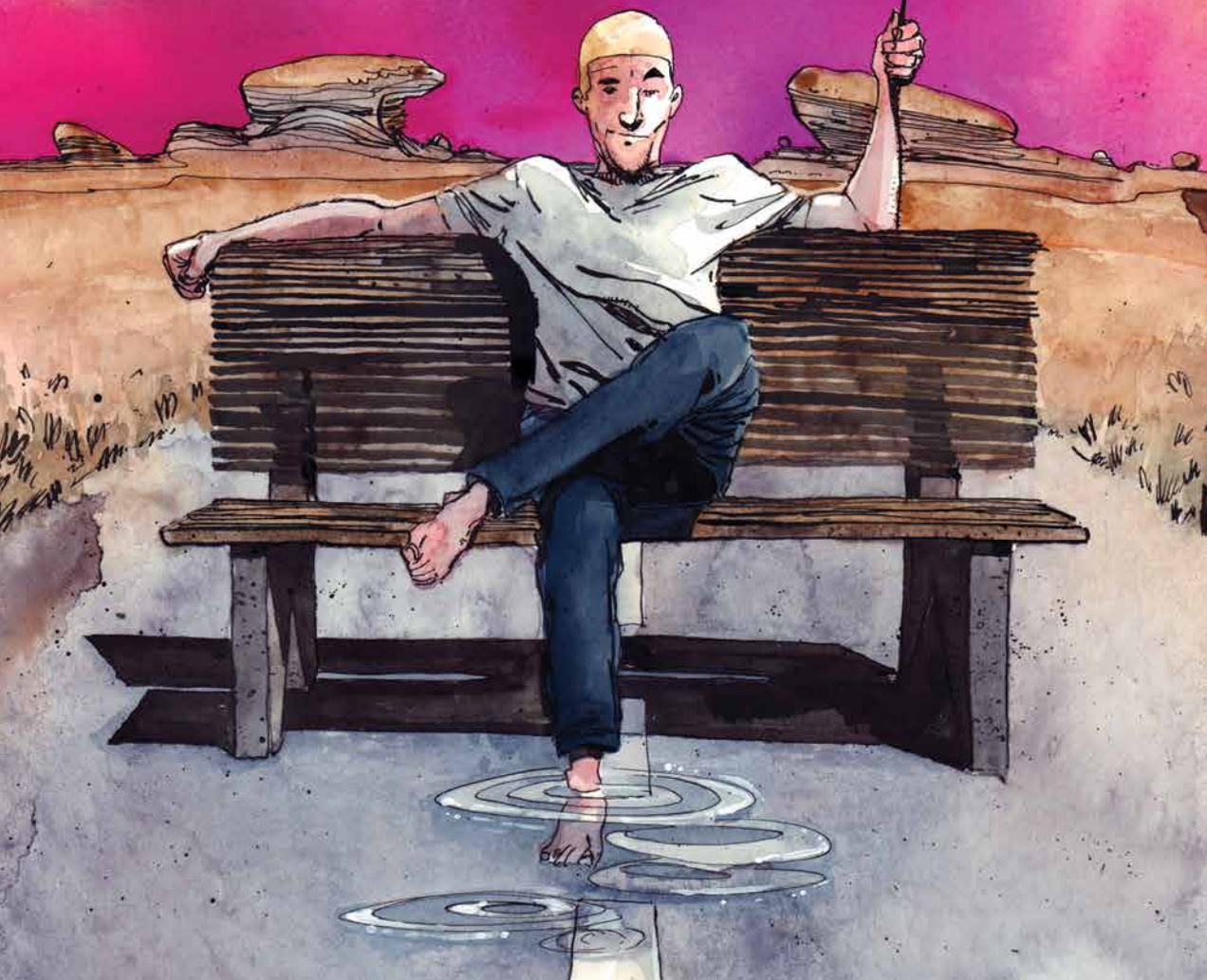


W. MAXWELL PRINCE

TYLER JENKINS

HILARY JENKINS

KING OF NOWHERE™





KING OF NOWHERE™

Published by

BOOM![™]
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KING

NOW

CREATED BY W. MAXWELL PRINCE AND TYLER JENKINS

BOOK OF WHERE

WRITTEN BY
W. MAXWELL PRINCE

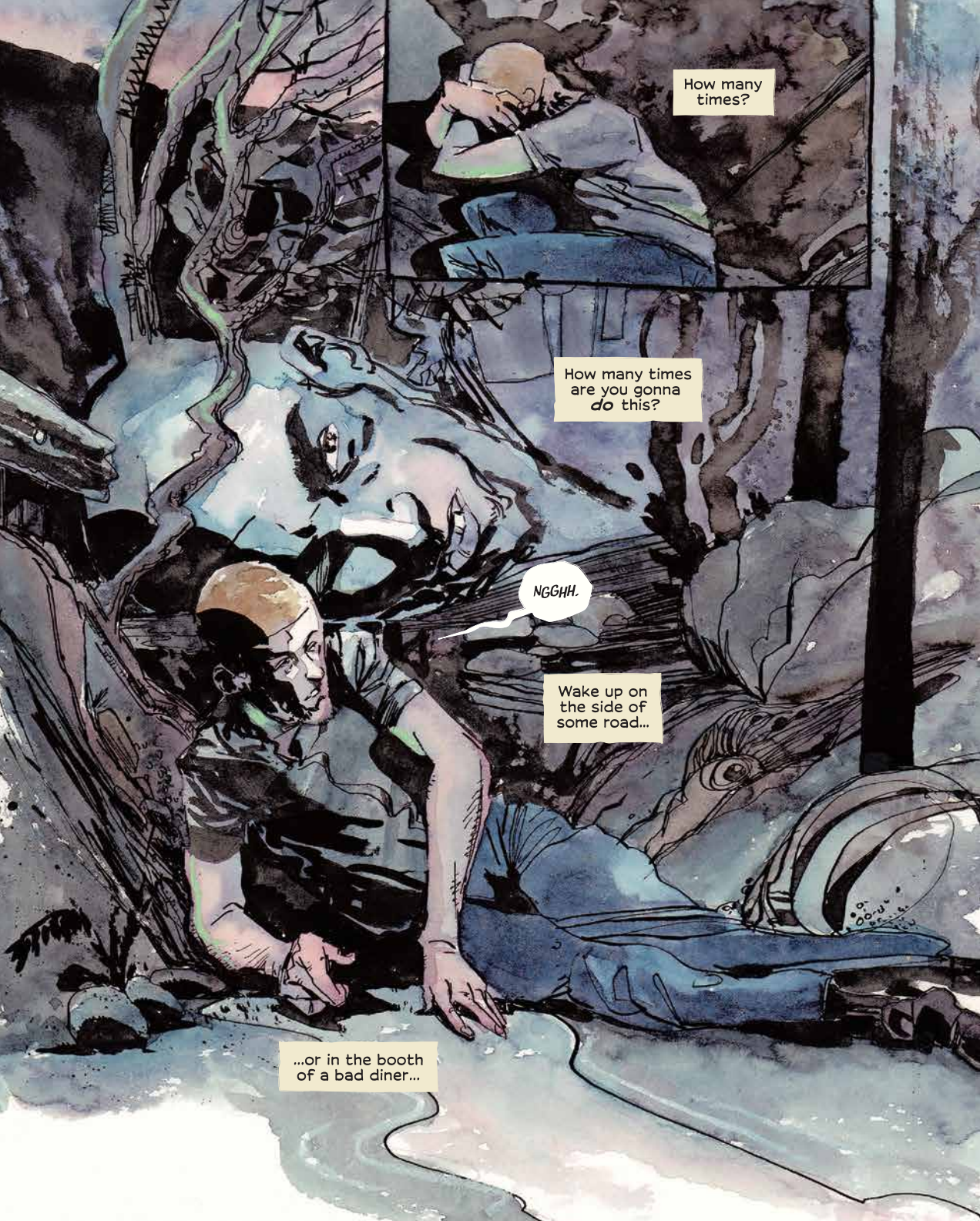
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LETTERED BY
ANDWORLD DESIGN

COVER BY
TYLER JENKINS
AND **HILARY JENKINS**

CHAPTER ONE



How many times?

How many times are you gonna do this?

NGGHH.

Wake up on the side of some road...

...or in the booth of a bad diner...




...or on a park bench too *small* for a sleeping adult.

GREAT.



How come never your *bed*?




Or, for that matter, *someone else's* bed?

Why never wrapped in high thread-count sheets, head nestled in the hug of a pillow?

...your feet warm under a quilt as you dream *dreams* of wheat fields or angels or any other of a *million* such pleasant visions.



YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY.



Why not better dreams?



ARE YOU
A...

DEER?



HO,
BOY, A
NEWBIE.

THAT
PLACE IS
GONNA EAT
YOU ALIVE.




GOOD
LUCK, PAL!

"Good luck, pal,"
says the deer
in the jeep.



Which means,
of course:



The *poison* in your
brain is doing its
directorial *thing*.

Welcome to
NO W/ HERE

Assembling images--uncanny and *absurd*--into a wild movie-picture of some kind.

Once again, a *BAD* dream.

Welcome to
NORTH WAHEREK
-POP.  999

SPEED
LIMIT
37

Or you're tripping.

Or maybe it's *both*.

WOOF!

2 for 1
LIMITED
TIME

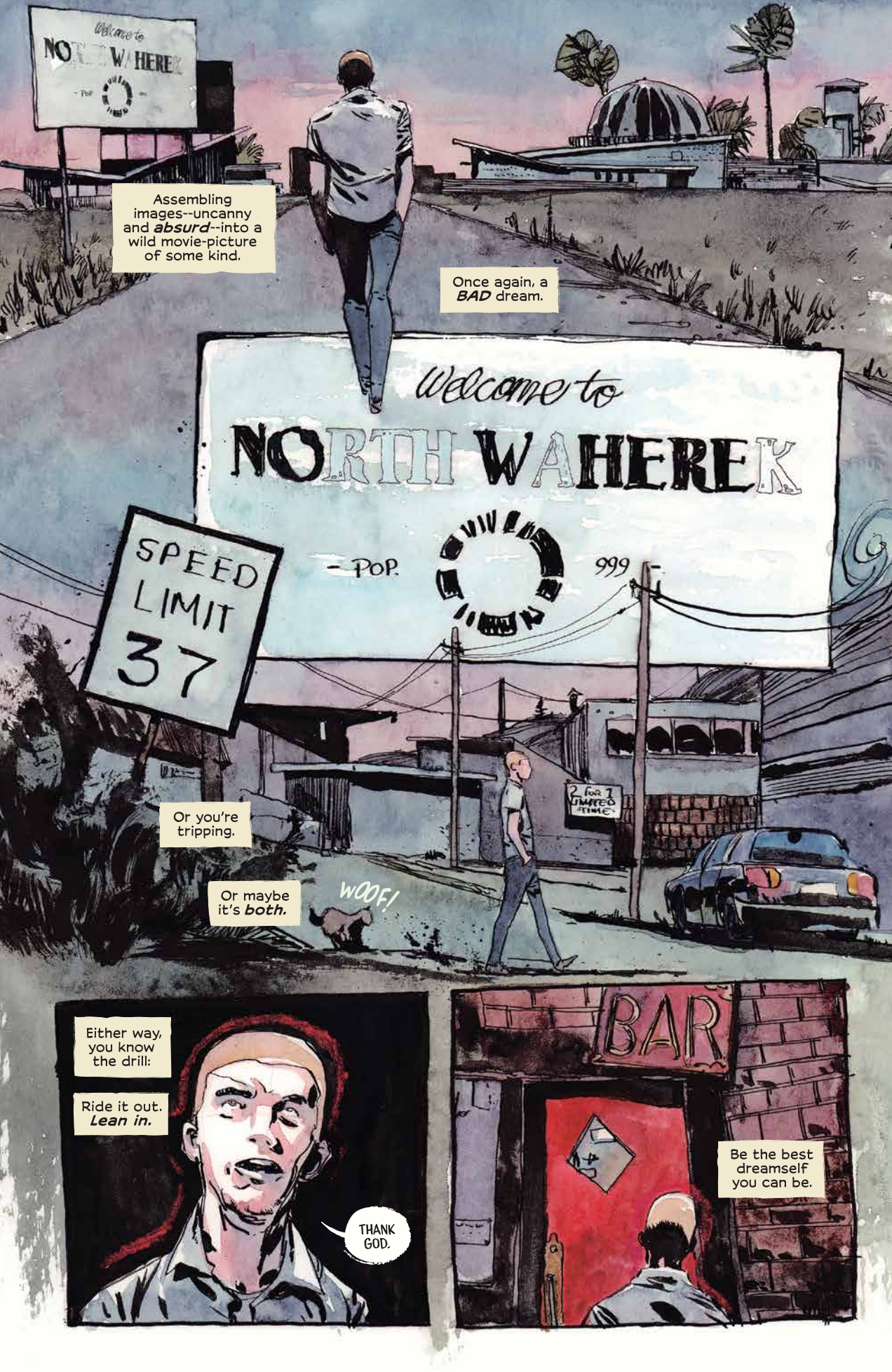
Either way, you know the drill:

Ride it out.
Lean in.

THANK GOD.

BAR

Be the best dreamself you can be.



You'll wake up soon enough.



CANADIAN CLUB, POR FAVOR.

YOU MUST HAVE MADE A WRONG TURN...



I'VE GOT A SIXTH SENSE ABOUT THESE THINGS.



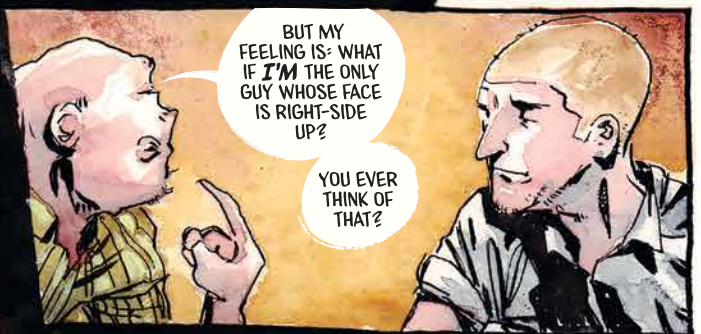
YOUR FACE IS UPSIDE DOWN.

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS SAYING THAT...



BUT MY FEELING IS: WHAT IF I'M THE ONLY GUY WHOSE FACE IS RIGHT-SIDE UP?

YOU EVER THINK OF THAT?





DON'T PAY HIM ANY MIND.



YOU'D BE CRANKY, TOO, IF YOU HAD TO EAT WITH YOUR FOREHEAD.



I'M JED.

DENIS. THIS IS MY DREAM.

IF YOU SAY SO.



SAY, DENIS. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD BUY ME A DRINK?

I GET REAL THIRSTY.



GO TO TOWN.

MY MAN...



OBLIGED. I'VE GOT KIND OF AN UPSTREAM NIGHT AHEAD OF ME.

I BET.



I'M SERIOUS!

A GUY WITH A BUNCH OF ARMS IS ON HIS WAY TO BEAT THE LIVING CRAP OUT OF ME.

"A BUNCH OF ARMS."

LISTEN, JED...



DON'T WORRY SO MUCH.

YOU'RE JUST A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION.



ANY MINUTE NOW I'M GONNA WAKE UP--



--PROBABLY IN SOMEPLACE UNPLEASANT...



...AND YOU AND THE REST OF THIS LSD MENAGERIE ARE GONNA GO POOF, RIGHT BACK INTO THE RECESSES OF MY DUMB LITTLE BRAIN.

YOU SEEM SO CERTAIN.

I KNOW WHEN I'M HALLUCINATING, MAN.

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

'CAUSE OTHERWISE THIS IS GONNA HURT.

JED.

YOU SON OF A BITCH.

OUTSIDE, JED. NOW.

CULLEN! WHAT A SURPRISE!



WALK.

ALRIGHT,
ALRIGHT.
YOU WIN.

There's
a *motor*
inside you.

IF ANYONE
NEEDS ME, I'LL BE
OUTSIDE GETTING MY
HAT HANDED TO ME
BY THE TALL
FELLA.

A piece of interior
machinery responsible
for some of your
all-time *worst* ideas.

Some notable ones:

OWWWW!

Throw an empty bottle
of gin at a cop's head;
cheat at cards against
a man *renowned* for
murdering people who
cheat at cards...

OOOFFF!

Betray a biker gang;
sleep with your
dealer's wife...

...intervene
on behalf of
the *talking*
salmon.

GODDAMMIT.

YOU
FLEECED ME,
GUPPY. BIG
MISTAKE.

"FLEECED."

ALL I DID
WAS MEDIATE
A DIVORCE
BETWEEN YOU
AND YOUR
SAVINGS. IS
THAT SO--

PUNCH!
PUNCH!
PUNCH!

HEY...

LEAVE
HIM ALONE,
WHY DON'T
YA?

WHO
THE FUCK
ARE YOU
SUPPOSED
TO BE?

DENIS,
BUDDY...



ANY CHANCE... YOU CAN DREAM ME... AN ICE PACK?



QUIET, FISH.



IT'S UNFAIR, IS WHAT IT IS.

HE'S ONLY GOT TWO ARMS!




WALK BACK INSIDE, PAL...

Scuffles, *scrapes*, donnybrooks, imbroglios...



POP!



FUCKER.

See here and commit to memory the sorry *vocabulary* of your time on this Earth.



You showed up to your uncle's funeral with a black eye.

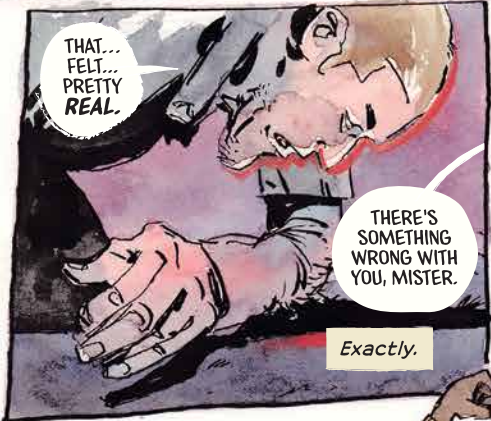
PUNCH!
PUNCH!

Your favorite shirt has a bloodstain on the collar.



YOU'VE GOT INSIDE PROBLEMS.

Wake up, Denis.



THAT... FELT... PRETTY REAL.

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU, MISTER.

Exactly.



Time to wake up.

...NOW.



NOW.

YOU BOYS ABOUT FINISHED?





I'M TRYING TO
MAKE IT HOME
IN TIME FOR
SUPPER WITH
THE MISSUS.

Wake up
WAKE UP
WAKE UP.



WE DON'T GET A LOT OF VISITORS HERE.

...FOR REASONS THAT I'M SURE HAVE BECOME APPARENT TO YOU.



I GOT PUNCHED BY A GUY WITH SIX ARMS.

SIX.



CULLEN'S JUST GOT A SHORT FUSE IS ALL.

...IF ONLY HE'D DO SOMETHING MORE CONSTRUCTIVE WITH ALL THOSE HANDS...



NOWHERE'S A PRIVATE TOWN, MR. SAUNDERS.

A STRANGER TRAIPSES IN UNANNOUNCED, WELL...

FOLKS GET CONCERNED.

XXXX



THAT'S JUST THE THING...TUCKER, WAS IT? THIS ISN'T NOWHERE! IT'S SOMEWHERE.

I...DON'T THINK I'M DREAMING ANYMORE.

THAT REALLY WAS A DEER DRIVING OUT OF TOWN...

WAIT-- YOU SAW JOHN DOE?



DAD!

BIG GUYS ARE BACK ON THE SOUTH SIDE.



DAMMIT. ANYONE HURT?

NOT YET, BUT ASK ME AGAIN IN AN HOUR.



ALMIGHTY. SO MUCH FOR SUPPER.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW HOW TO SHOOT A GUN?



You're reminded suddenly of one Jane Ingerwood, middle school sweetheart.

Gentle and lovely Jane, with her lion-shaped barrettes and her sundresses covered in lilac print.

Jane had webbed feet.

I'M A FEW MINUTES OUT. HOW BIG ARE THE FOOTPRINTS?

...GODDAMN. SCALY LUNATICS.

Her dad paid for corrective surgery--a cosmetic amendment that amounted to a doctor snipping the *extra skin* between her toes with kitchen scissors.



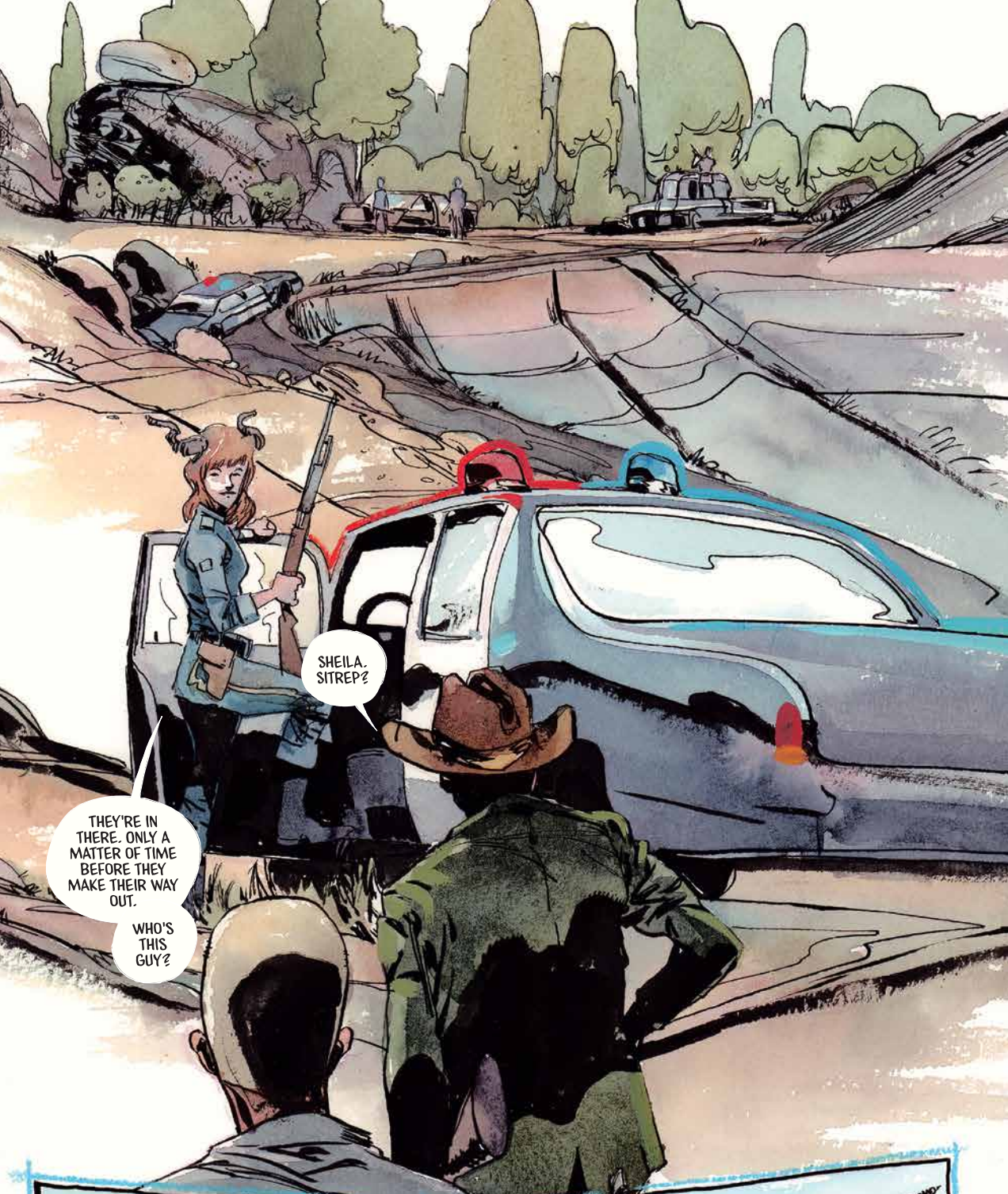
Freckled and compassionate Jane, with her scarred appendages and post-surgery waddle.

You wonder where Jane is now.

...you wonder if she'd recognize your face.



WE'RE HERE.



SHEILA.
SITREP?

THEY'RE IN
THERE. ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE THEY
MAKE THEIR WAY
OUT.

WHO'S
THIS
GUY?



THIS
HERE'S
DENIS.

HE'S
VOLUNTEERED
TO LEND A HAND
WITH OUR IGUANA
PROBLEM.

IGUANA?



IGUANAS.

PLURAL.



WHADDA YA MEAN?

SHOOT 'EM WITH THE GUN!



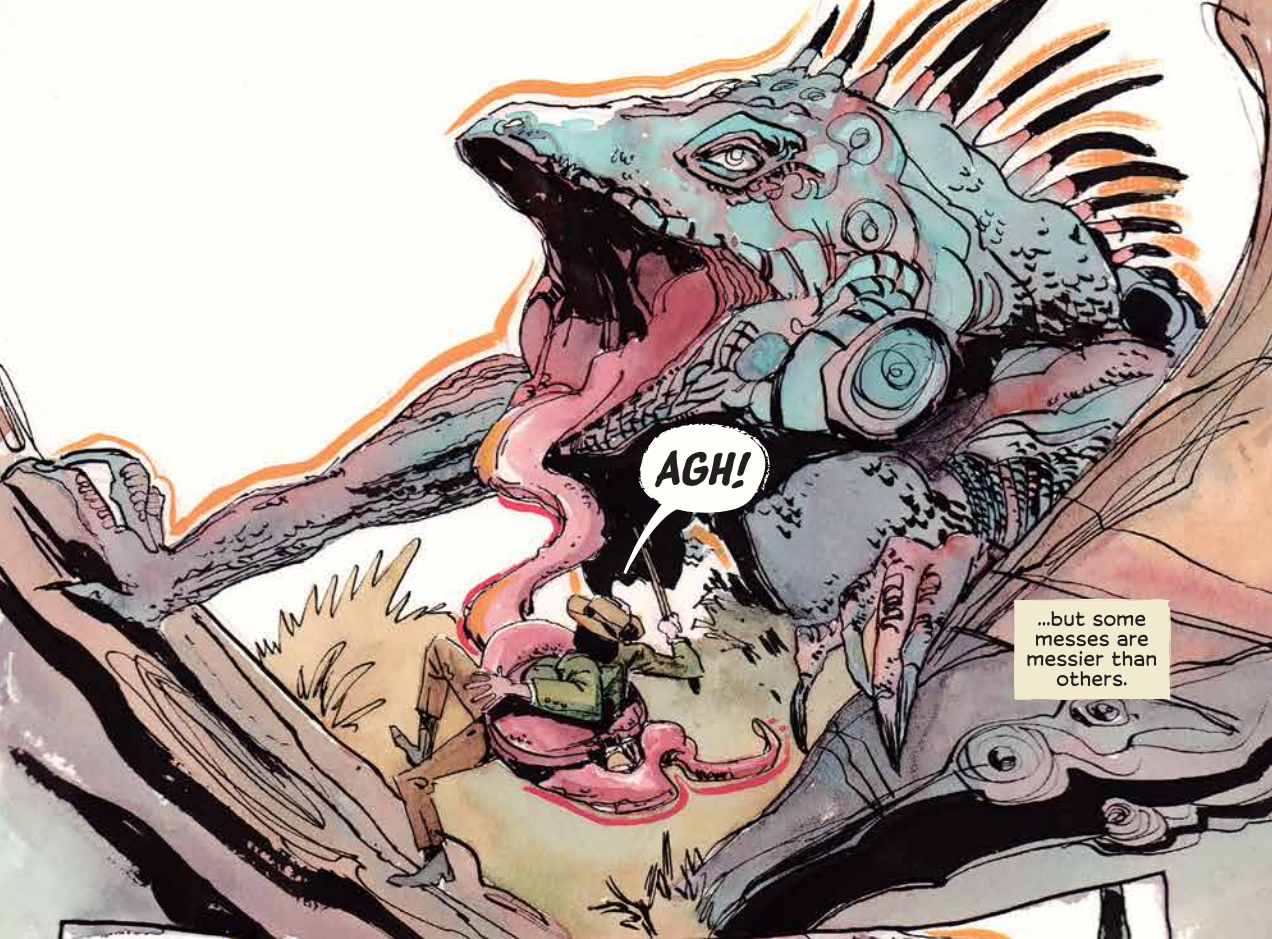
"Shoot 'em with the gun," the sheriff with an eyepatch says.



All you're doing now is the thing you're best at, asleep or awake:



Getting caught up in a mess.



AGH!

...but some messes are messier than others.



Where in God's name have you landed yourself this time, Denis?



Where are you?

What *is* this place?



THERE THEY GO.

GOOD RIDDANCE.



...RUINED MY GOD-DAMN DINNER.



YOU ALRIGHT?

THANKS TO YOU.



YOU'RE GONNA FIT IN HERE JUST FINE.



WELCOME TO NOWHERE, DENIS.

Épilogue





A QUESTION:
DO YOU KNOW
THIS MAN?



I...



...CAN'T
SAY I
DO.



YES, OF
COURSE.

NO ONE
SEES THIS
MAN.



POP

HE IS
NOBODY.

A DREAM.



NOWHERE

NIGHTY
NIGHT.



ISSUE ONE COVER BY MARTÍN MORAZZO WITH COLORS BY CHRIS O'HALLORAN

CHAPTER TWO



DENIS.



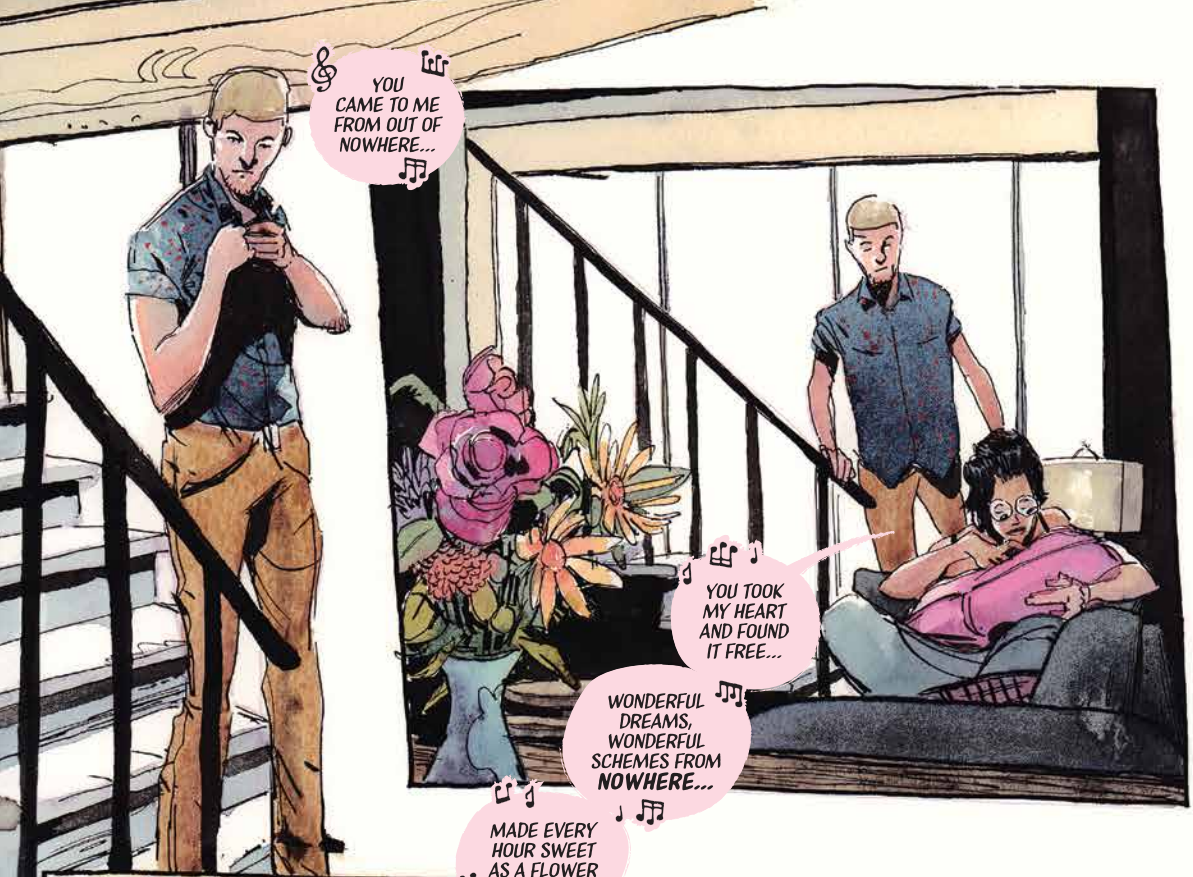
DENIS!
I COULD USE
YOUR HELP
DOWN HERE.



YOU'RE A
BIG FELLA,
AIN'T YA?



COMING!



YOU CAME TO ME FROM OUT OF NOWHERE...

YOU TOOK MY HEART AND FOUND IT FREE...

WONDERFUL DREAMS, WONDERFUL SCHEMES FROM NOWHERE...

MADE EVERY HOUR SWEET AS A FLOWER TO ME.



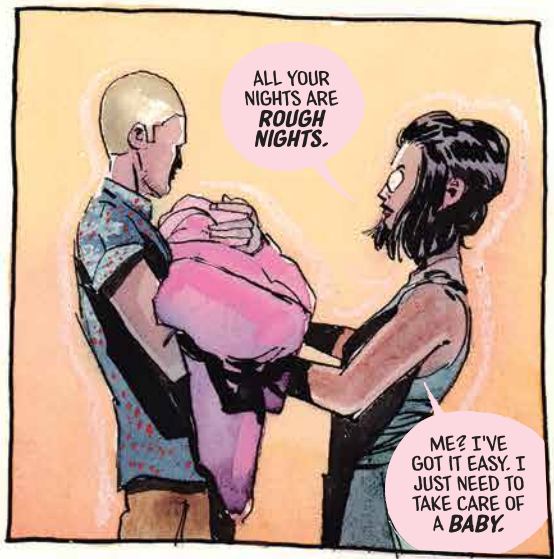
LIKE AN ANGEL.



YOU OVERSLEPT.



ROUGH NIGHT.



ALL YOUR NIGHTS ARE ROUGH NIGHTS.

ME? I'VE GOT IT EASY. I JUST NEED TO TAKE CARE OF A BABY.



YOU HAVE TO BE MORE INVOLVED, DENIS.

YOU'RE HER FATHER, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.



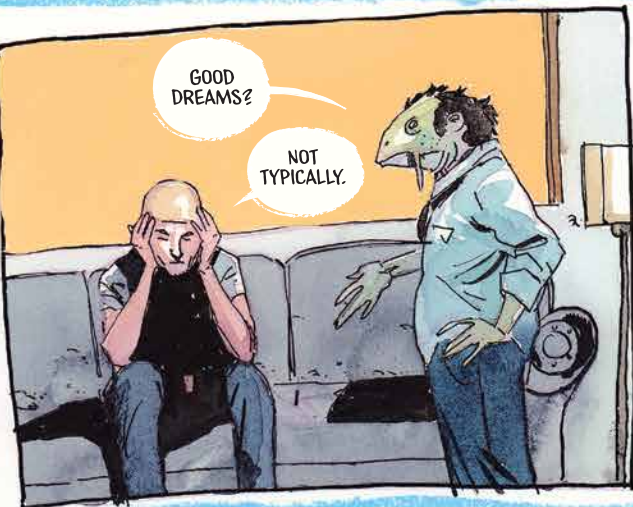
DENIS...

EARTH TO DENIS!



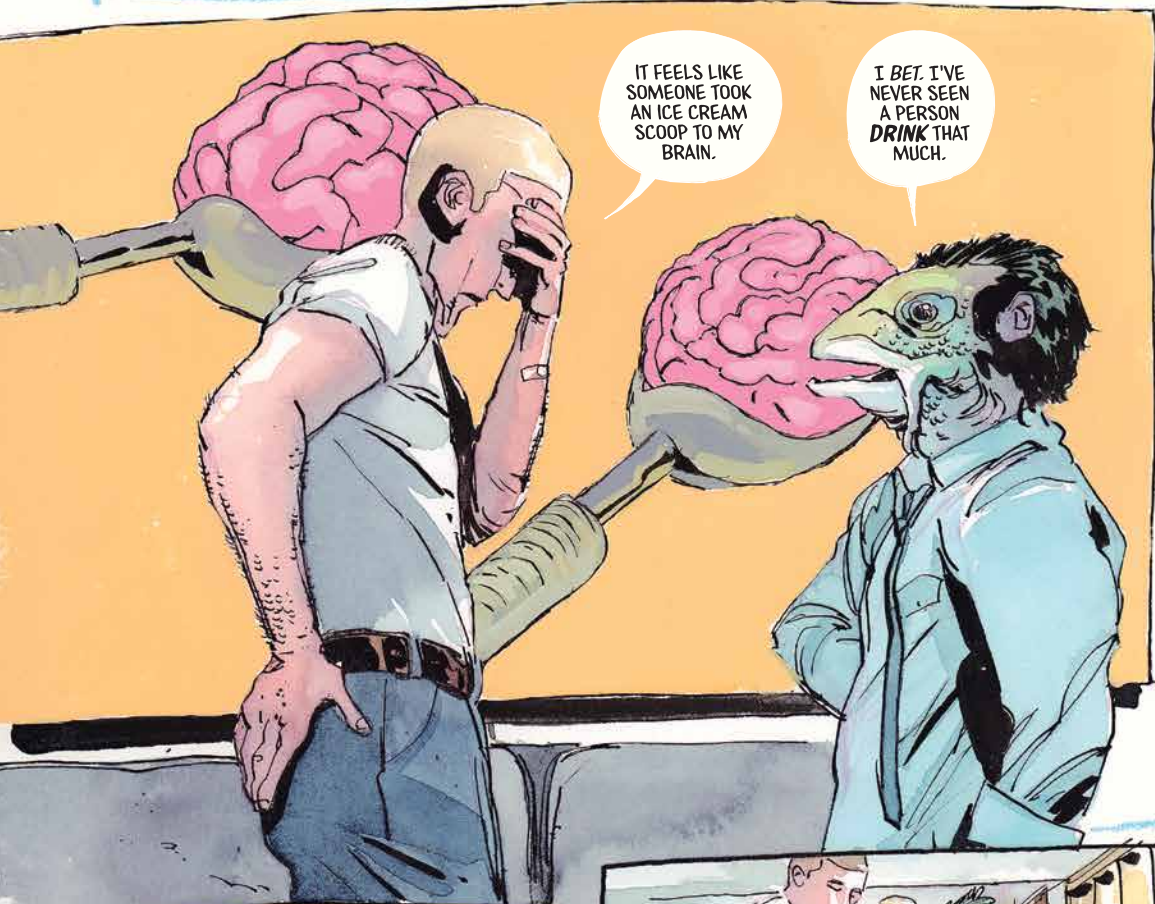


WAKY
WAKY,
HOMO
SAPIEN.



GOOD
DREAMS?

NOT
TYPICALLY.



IT FEELS LIKE
SOMEONE TOOK
AN ICE CREAM
SCOOP TO MY
BRAIN.

I BET I'VE
NEVER SEEN
A PERSON
DRINK THAT
MUCH.



AND I'M A
GODDAMN
FISH.



-TT-

EMPTY.

WORRY NOT,
DREAMER
OF DREAMY
DREAMS!



Which, as you've come to understand it, is a *real* place.

...some small, blink-and-you-miss-it outpost tucked away where the world can't see.



But here it is, blooming to life before your eyes, *assailing* you with visions...



Proof-positive of the *impossible*:

FIX YOUR SHOES, BUDDY?



A cobbler with no skin--you can see *right* through to his viscera.

Goat children playing soccer in the street.



A biped javelina with a monocle in each eye.



AHEM AHEM!

People... but not.

How long before they see you for what you really are?

How long before *your* insides are on the outside?



THIS WAY, MOUTH-BREATH.



THANKS, SULLY. I OWE YOU ONE.



SULLIVAN!
LIL' SULLY!

HOW'S MY FAVORITE LOCAL BUSINESSMAN AND HIS VESTIGIAL HOMUNCULUS?



I GOT SCIATICA AND ANGINA, AND AM, GENERALLY SPEAKING, A MISERABLE SONUVABITCH. SO EVERY DAY THAT PASSES I GET A LITTLE CLOSER TO FINALLY PUTTING A GUN IN MY MOUTH AND ENDING THIS WHOLE UNGODLY CIRCUS ONCE AND FOR ALL.

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM. HE'S FINE.

WHO'S YOUR PAL?



THIS HERE'S DENIS. ME AND HIM WERE WONDERING IF WE COULD BORROW SOME SHARP TOOLS FOR A FEW HOURS.



THE LAST TIME YOU "BORROWED" SOMETHING WAS THE LAST TIME I SEEN MY CAR.

WE'VE HAD TO WALK EVERYWHERE, JED!

THAT WAS A FREAK EVENT. A ONE-TIME MISTAKE.

LISTEN, SULLY...

YOUR BACK AND HEART ARE NO GOOD, AND WINTER'S RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER.

LET ME AND DENIS GO AND CHOP YOU SOME FIREWOOD.

WE'LL SELL IT TO YOU AT A DISCOUNT.

"YOU CAN GET ONE AT PRETTY MUCH ANY HARDWARE STORE."



A NAIL GUN?

ONLY THING THAT COULD PUSH IT THROUGH WITH SUCH FORCE.



JOHN, YOU IDIOT.

WE'RE GONNA NEED TO GET MITCH OUT HERE TO CLEAN IT ALL UP...



WHO WOULD DO THIS, DAD? JOHN DOE WAS A GOOD MAN.

"MAN."

LOOKS
LIKE OUR STAG
WAS ON HIS
WAY OUT OF
TOWN.

I'VE
SAID IT A
MILLION TIMES,
ELLIE...



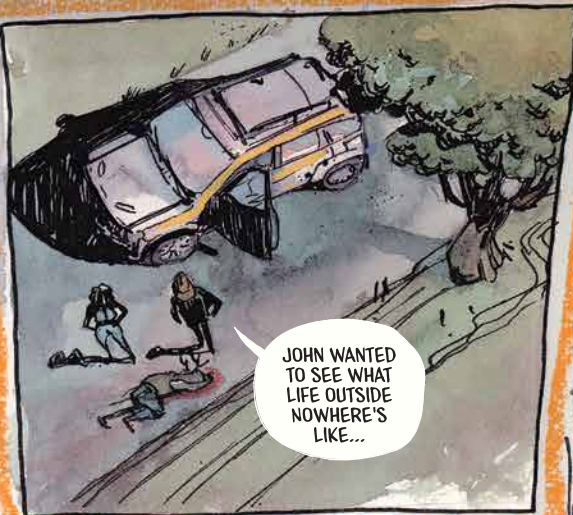
THE WORLD
OUT THERE'S A
CROOKED, COLD
PLACE.



FOLKS GET
ONE LOOK AT
US AND THEIR
MINDS GO TO
OATMEAL.



JOHN WANTED
TO SEE WHAT
LIFE OUTSIDE
NOWHERE'S
LIKE...

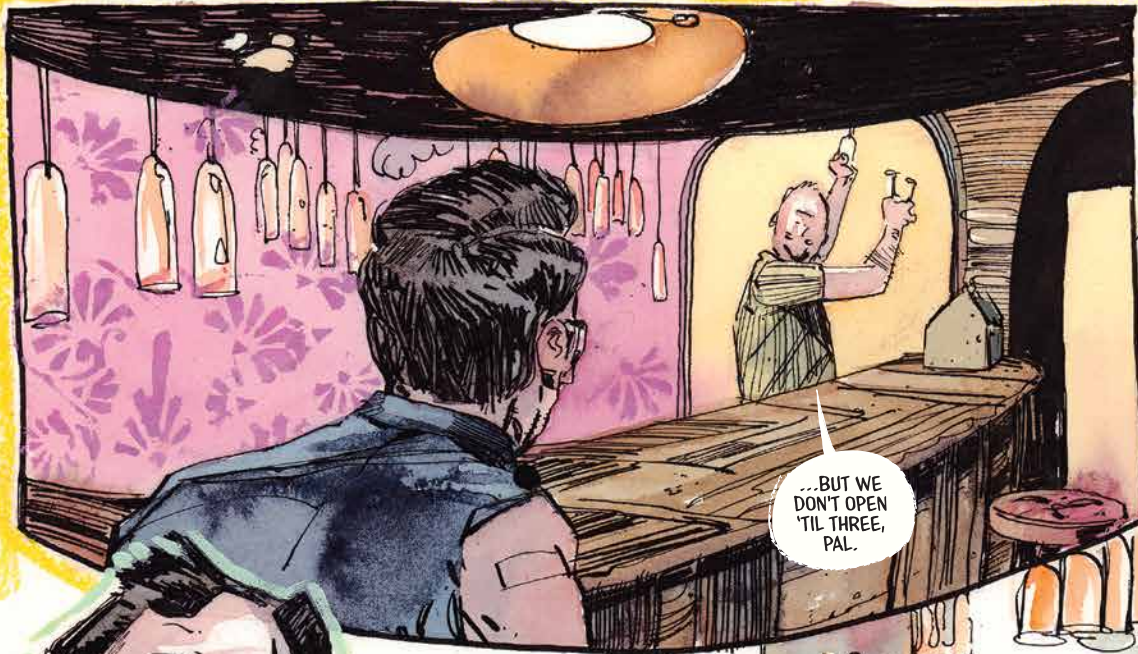


WELL,
NOW HE
KNOWS.



"THE TRUTH
MIGHT KILL
YOU..."

XXXX



...BUT WE DON'T OPEN 'TIL THREE, PAL.



YOU'RE THE PROPRIETOR HERE, YES? I'M LOOKING FOR A PERSON...



AN ALCOHOLIC.



COME BACK AT THREE AND YOU'LL SEE PLENTY.

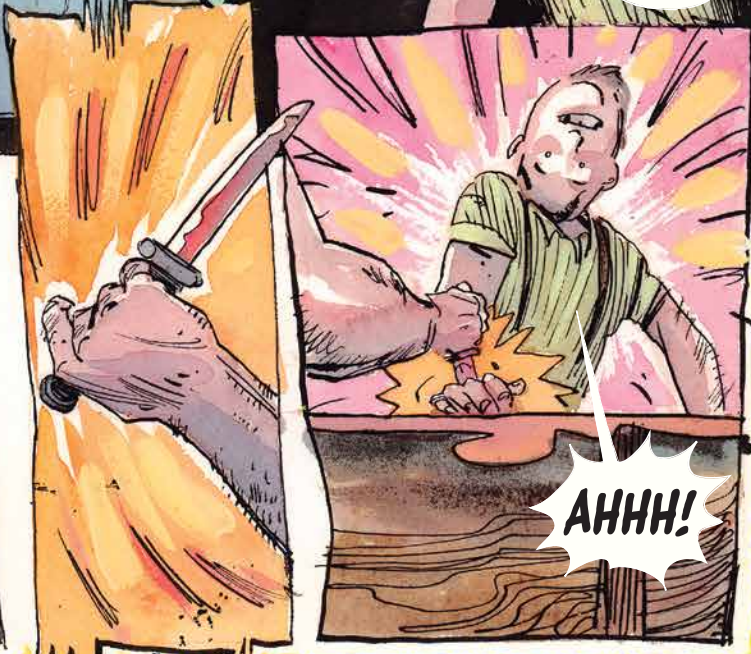


YOUR FACE, I WONDER...

IS IT RIGHT-SIDE UP?

OR IS MINE THE FACE THAT'S UPSIDE DOWN?

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN SAY--



AHHH!



THE MAN
I'M LOOKING
FOR...

HIS NAME
IS DENIS.

I...I THINK
I KNOW 'IM!
JED'S FRIEND!

HE WAS AT
SULLIVAN'S THIS
MORNING...THE
HARDWARE
STORE.

"JED'S FRIEND."
YOU'VE BEEN A
GREAT HELP,
THANK YOU.

MAY
THE REST OF
US LIVE TO SOLVE
THE MYSTERY OF
YOUR FACE.

PLEASE

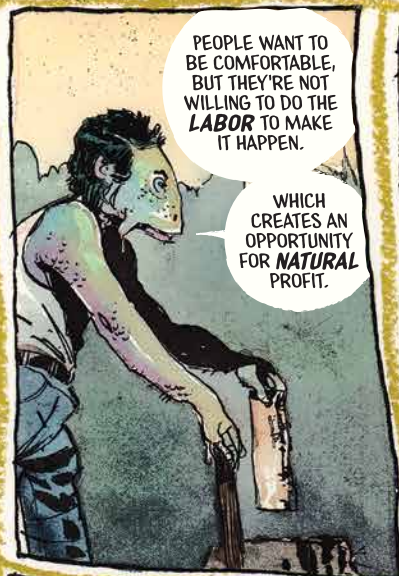
BAR

Pop!
Pop!

"LIKE A KNIFE
THROUGH BREAD..."



HYAH!



PEOPLE WANT TO BE COMFORTABLE, BUT THEY'RE NOT WILLING TO DO THE **LABOR** TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.

WHICH CREATES AN OPPORTUNITY FOR **NATURAL** PROFIT.



OKAY... BUT HOW DOES MONEY EVEN WORK HERE? YOU'RE CUT OFF FROM ANY KIND OF REAL ECONOMY.

YOU'RE **BEYOND** THE FUCKING GRID!



DENIS, MAN. YOU'RE GONNA LEARN THIS REAL FAST-



THE FEWER QUESTIONS YOU ASK ABOUT NOWHERE, THE **BETTER**.

NOW HOW'S ABOUT YOU GO FIND SOME MORE WOOD FOR ME TO HACK?



No questions.
That's not a problem.



You learned long ago the funny little paradox of **knowledge**:



The *more* you know, the *less* you understand.

Trust nothing--not even the *truth*.



Not even the stuff right in front of your own eyes.



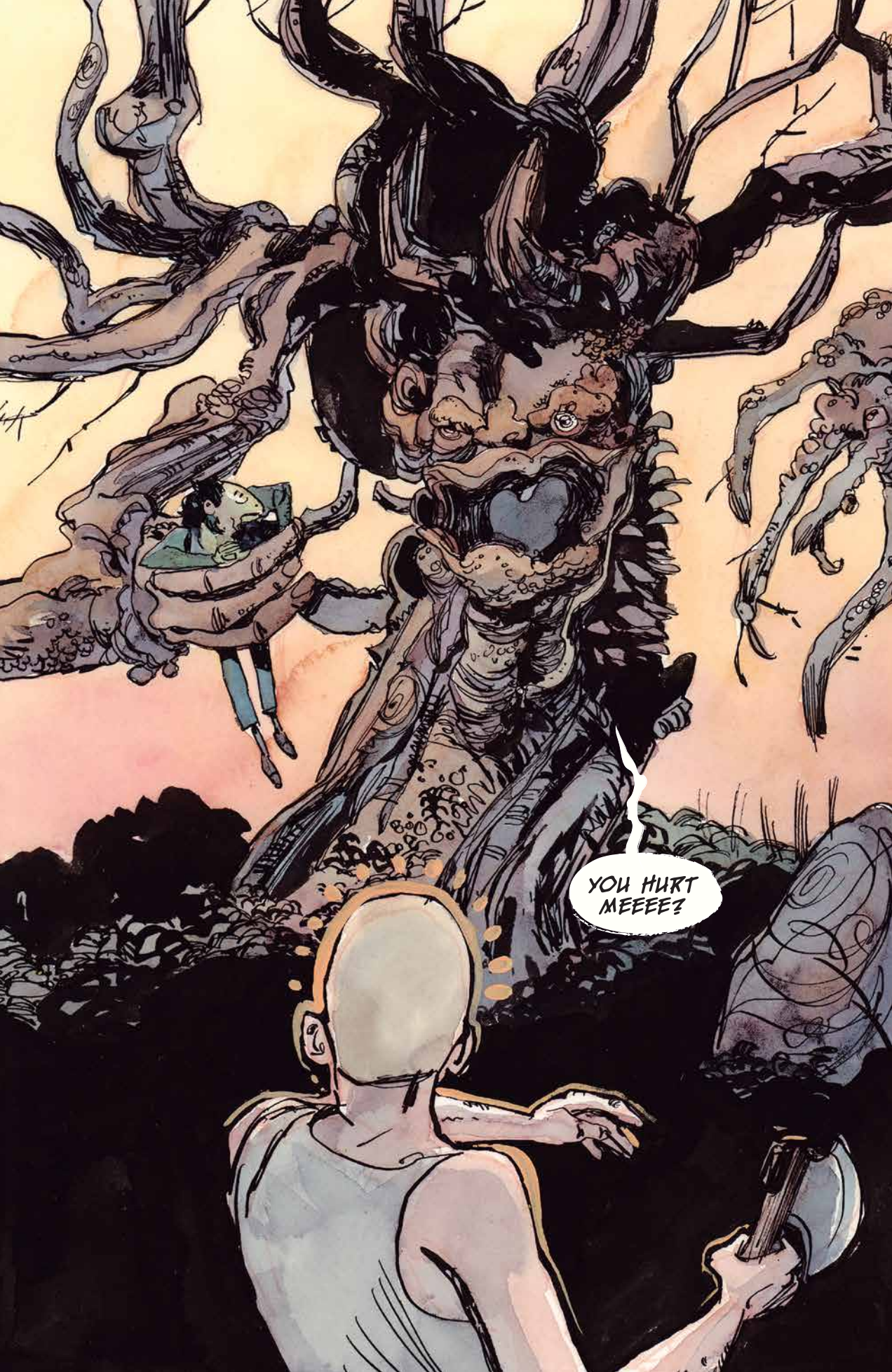
DENIS! HELP!



WHY: TOES CLEFT FROM MY FEET-ROOTS BY SKINNY STEEL



WHY:



YOU HURT
MEEEE?



JED!
YOU OKAY,
MAN?

I...MNF!
I THINK I
MIGHT HAVE
PISSED OFF
THIS TALKING
TREE!

ONCE:
THERE
WAS GREG
RICHARDSON
OF NORTH
WAHEREK

OTHER-
ONCE: THERE
WERE FOREST AND
TREES, A WILDERNESS
UNBURDENED BY
GREG

THEN: INVISIBLE
HEAT IN THE AIR,
POISON WIND; STRANGE
SICKNESS BORNE ON
ITS SPUTTERING
TENDRILS


NOW: GREG
AND GREEN ARE
THE SAME; BLOOD
AND PITCH RUN
TOGETHER INSIDE
SKIN-BARK

NOW: WE
KILL THOSE
THAT CLEAVE
GREG-
WOOD


GREG...

PLEASE
DON'T KILL
MY FRIEND!

HE'S FROM
NOWHERE,
TOO. I MEAN,
JUST LOOK
AT HIM!




SEE: GILLS
ON THE NECK
OF A HUMAN-
THING



SEE-ALSO:
SADNESS IN
THE EYES OF A
FISH-MAN

DON'T
JUDGE ME,
TREE!



SEE: FIRST ACT OF COMPASSION IN TWO AND SIXTY EARTH YEARS

WITNESS: TREE-GREG'S GENEROSITY IN SPARING THE LIFE OF THE DEPRESSED SALMON-PERSON




I'M A HAPPY PERSON!

YOU'VE BEEN OUT HERE FOR SIXTY-TWO YEARS?



TIME: DIFFERENT IN THE WEB OF WOOD AND WILD

TIME: MARKED BY SILENCE, BY THE QUIET CYCLE OF SEASONS



YES: TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND TIMES HAVE THE MORNING GLORIES OPENED AND SHUT FOR TREE-GREG

TREE-GREG: HAS WATCHED HIS HOME BECOME NOWHERE

TREE-GREG: HAS LISTENED CLOSELY TO THE DIRT, TO THE BONES BENEATH THE FLOWERBEDS THAT SPEAK WITHOUT SOUND

KNOW:



THIS PLACE IS ONE OF SECRETS--ITS ROOTS ARE ROTTEN

"I JUST DON'T GET IT..."



WHY DO YOU GOTTA BE SO GOSH DARN **MOROSE** ALL THE TIME?

IT'S NOT LIKE YOU GOT IT SO **BAD...**

YOU'VE GOT A **WHOLE BODY** TO BE HAPPY ABOUT.

NAILS.



PARDON?

THIS IS A **HARDWARE STORE**, YES?

I NEED **NAILS** FOR MY **POWER TOOL**.



AISLE **THREE**.

WRONG. AISLE **FOUR**.

THE **HELP** AROUND HERE, AM I RIGHT?

"**HELP**," YES. I'M **WONDERING...**



DO YOU KNOW WHERE I MIGHT FIND A MISTER JED?

WHAT'S IT CONCERNING?

IT IS A...PRIVATE MATTER.

SORRY, BUDDY, BUT I'M NOT IN THE PRACTICE OF TELLING--

HE'S IN THE WOODS WITH HIS NEW PAL!

THEY'RE CHOPPING DOWN TREES FOR MONEY!

DAMMIT, SULLY!

I'M A BEING OF FREE WILL!

IN THE WOODS. YES. ONE MORE QUESTION?

HOW MUCH FOR THIS JUG OF KEROSENE?

"GOT A LIGHT?"



THANKS.

ALL THAT **WORK** FOR NOTHING.



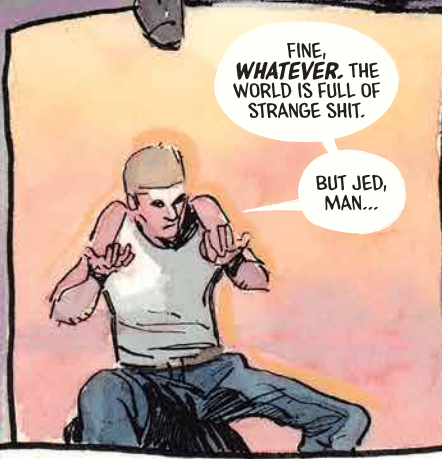
HERE'S WHAT I DON'T GET, JED...

YOU WANT TO CONVINCE ME THAT THERE'S AN IMPOSSIBLE TOWN HIDDEN AWAY FROM EVERYTHING...



...A PLACE FULL OF SCHEMING FISH-DUDES AND INSIDE-OUT **SHOEMAKERS**.

TALKING **FUCKING TREES**...



FINE, **WHATEVER**. THE WORLD IS FULL OF STRANGE SHIT.

BUT JED, MAN...



WHY NOT JUST GET OUT OF DODGE?

THERE'S PLENTY OF PLACES TO MAKE SOME SCRATCH.

"IT'S COLD AND CROOKED OUT THERE, FOLKS..."



HUH?

IT'S WHAT SHERIFF TUCKER ALWAYS TELLS US. ABOUT LEAVING.



I MEAN, LOOK AT ME, MAN.

WHERE IN GOD'S NAME WOULD I GO?



NOT EVERYONE CAN JUST RUN AWAY.



HEY, YOU SMELL THAT?

LIKE SMOKEHOUSE BARBECUE.

MY GOD...



TREE-GREG...

The more you
learn, the less
you understand.



SHERIFF

So you try not to ask questions.

WHY?
WHO?

Lest you wind up with *answers*.

WE NEED **ANSWERS**, DAD.

...and answers ain't nothing but trouble.

A BELOVED CITIZEN OF NOWHERE WAS KILLED JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

I WANNA FIND THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE.

YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT I LIKE ABOUT ORIGAMI?

IT'S A **SLOW CRAFT**...

IT TAKES **TIME** TO PUT ALL THE PIECES TOGETHER.

BUT, EVENTUALLY... THE PICTURE BECOMES CLEAR...

THE OBJECT REVEALS ITSELF.









ISSUE TWO COVER BY MARTÍN MORAZZO WITH COLORS BY CHRIS O'HALLORAN

CHAPTER THREE





OUR
LITTLE
BOY...



Irradiated love.
Transfigured love.

...IS NOT
SO LITTLE
ANYMORE,
PATRICIA.

COME.
BEFORE IT
STARTS TO
COOL.



Love of consequence;
love under a microscope.

I JUST
WORRY
ABOUT HIM
IS ALL.

ALL THAT
DRINKING.
THE DRUGS...



WE DID
RIGHT BY
HIM.

SOME
PEOPLE
JUST...
NGGG...



Each one is perfect and
pure and bubbling with
the same stuff that
set the stars on fire.





RISE
AND SHINE,
FUCKHEAD.



NAPTIME'S
OVER.

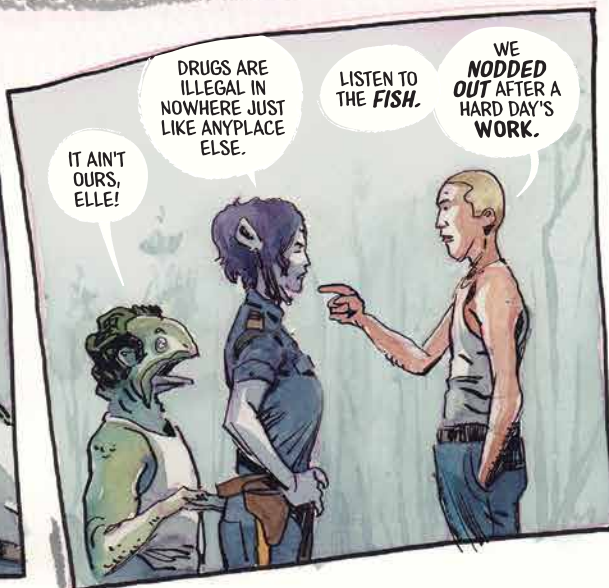


MORNING,
DENIS!

I DON'T
FEEL SO
GOOD...



I'M SURE IT'S
GOT NOTHING TO
DO WITH THIS
SPENT BAG OF
NARCOTICS.



IT AIN'T
OURS,
ELLE!

DRUGS ARE
ILLEGAL IN
NOWHERE JUST
LIKE ANYPLACE
ELSE.

LISTEN TO
THE *FISH*.

WE
NODDED
OUT AFTER A
HARD DAY'S
WORK.



...IS THIS YOUR "WORK"?"

...A WHOLE BIOREGION BURNED TO ASH, AND HERE YOU ARE, **SLEEPING** IN THE EMBERS.



DON'T BLAME **ME** FOR YOUR CRAZY TOWN'S CRAZY SHIT.

FOR THOSE KEEPING SCORE, I **SAVED** YOUR DAD FROM A GIANT **SHERIFF-EATING** GODZILLA LIZARD.

MAYBE SOME **THANKS** ARE IN ORDER...



MOTHERFUCKER!

LOOK OUT!



TWO OF NOWHERE'S MOST **BELOVED** CITIZENS ARE **DEAD**, YOU PIECE OF SHIT.

MURDERED WITH A **GODDAMN NAIL GUN**.

AND NOW THIS...



YOU SHOWED UP AND **TERRIBLE** THINGS STARTED HAPPENING.



NAIL GUN?
I CAN'T EVEN
PUT UP A
SHELF.

IT'S TRUE,
ELLE. HE'S *VERY*
UNCOORDINATED.

I'VE SEEN IT
UP CLOSE.



I'D
NEVER KILL
ANYBODY...

I'M SORRY TO
SAY I *BELIEVE*
YOU--YOU'RE TOO
PATHETIC.

BUT THE
FACTS ARE
INDISPUTABLE.



SOMEONE
IS TRYING TO
SMOKE YOU
OUT.

WHEREVER
YOU SET FOOT,
CARNAGE
FOLLOWS CLOSE
BEHIND.



YOU'RE
POISONOUS,
MAN.

SO UNTIL
I FIGURE OUT
WHAT THE HELL
IS GOING ON IN
MY TOWN...



...THE *BOTH*
OF YOU ARE
COMING WITH
ME.

I have witnessed
private moments of
self-sacrifice.

...tucked away in corners where nobody tends to look.

THUMP

NICE ONE, CULL.

THUUMP!

YOU COULDA BEEN A CONTENDER!

-TT-

YOU GUYS WATCH TOO MANY MOVIES. I DON'T--

BIG BROTHER...

STAIRS, PLEASE.

I NEED A NAP.

YOU BETCHA, ANGEL.

HI, FIONA.

ENJOY YOUR NAP!

...a strain of unadulterated compassion that's sensitive to light--

HERE WE GO.

I GET SO TIRED SOMETIMES...

It flickers in and out of view...



But make no mistake, it's *there*:



WATCH YOUR HEAD ON THE WAY UP.



Tenderness in a dark place.

"WATCH MY HEAD." YOU'RE FUNNY.



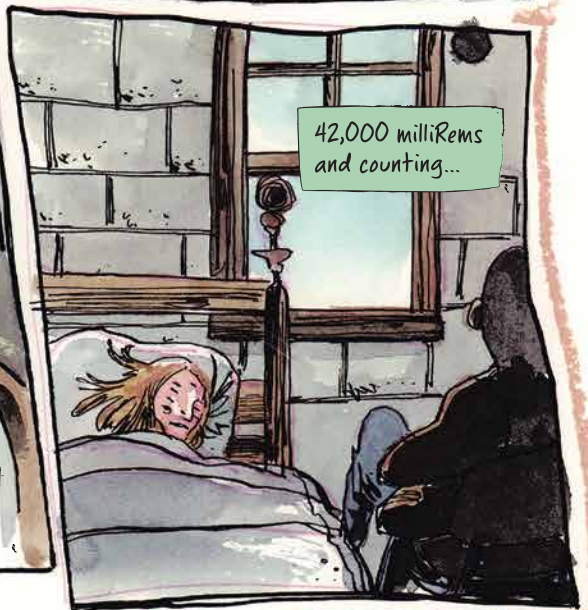
CAN YOU SIT WITH ME A WHILE, CULLEN?

I DON'T LIKE TO FALL ASLEEP ALONE.

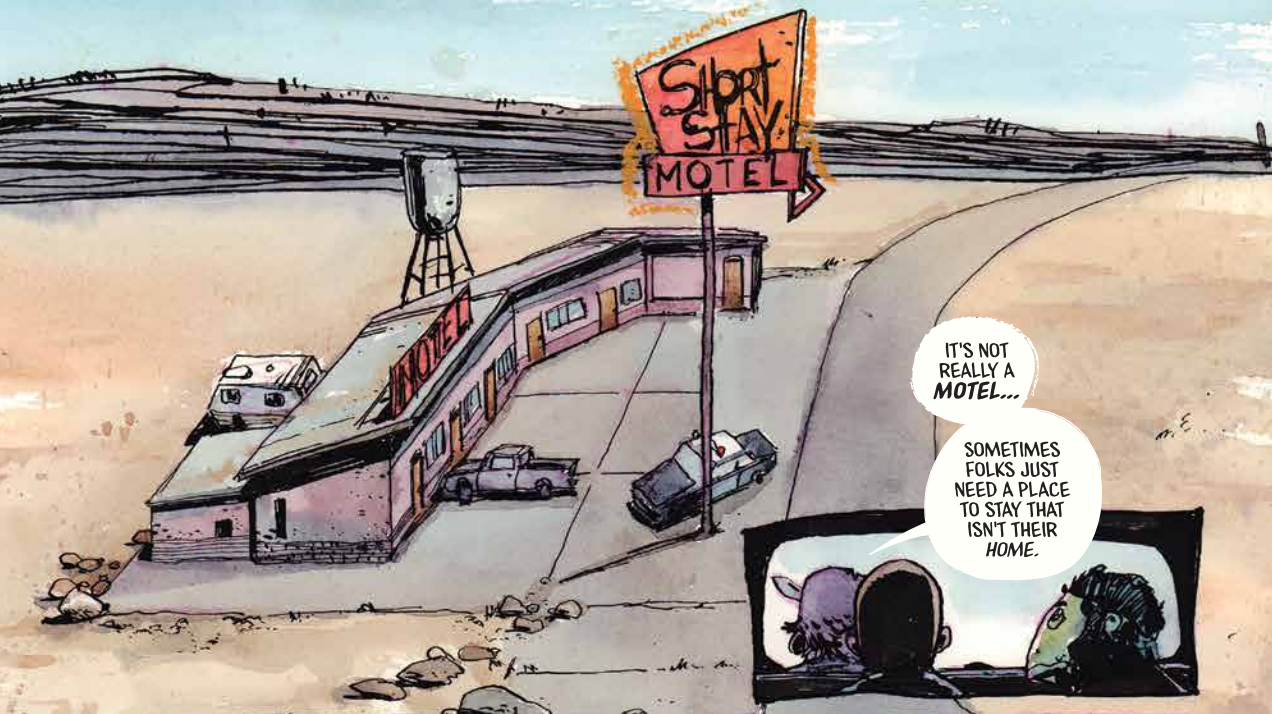


OF COURSE.

How lovely to know the largesse of lab mice!



42,000 milliRems and counting...



IT'S NOT REALLY A MOTEL...

SOMETIMES FOLKS JUST NEED A PLACE TO STAY THAT ISN'T THEIR HOME.



"CRESTFALLEN TYPES WHOSE WIVES WON'T FUCK THEM...TEENAGE GIRLS REBELLING AGAINST MOMMY AND DADDY..."



"ADDICTS WHO'VE SQUANDERED THEIR 'ONE LAST CHANCE' OVER AND OVER AGAIN..."



MURDER SUSPECTS.

...MY SOURCES SAY THERE'S ANOTHER STRANGER IN TOWN...AND THAT HE'S HOLED UP HERE.



DON'T SPEAK UNLESS SPOKEN TO. GOT IT?



JUST CHECKING: YOU'RE NOT A MURDERER, RIGHT?

NOT FUNNY, JED.



CHERYL!

ELLIE BABY!
IT'S BEEN AN
AGE!



HOW'S THAT
HANDSOME
SHERIFF DADDY
OF YOURS?



STILL A
CYCLOPS.
HOW'S
BUSINESS?

YOU SEE
THAT SIGN
UP THERE?



*NO
VACANCY.*
BUSINESS IS
BOOMING,
KITTY CAT.



WHAT
ROOM'S
HE IN?

TSK!



COULD BE 7A.
COULD BE THE
LAST DOOR ON
THE LEFT.

WHO'S TO
SAY?



THANKS,
CHER.

MOVE IT,
BOZOS.

I DON'T WANNA BE A BUMMER OR ANYTHING, BUT I'VE GOT A PRETTY BAD CASE OF *OMINOUS*, *GUT-LEVEL DREAD* CONCERNING WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN GOING ON HERE.

SHH.

DOOR'S OPEN.

I'M STARTING TO COME DOWN WITH THAT *TOO*, ELLE.

NORTH WALK
CLASSIFIED

WHAT THE FUCK...

THIS IS ME!

ORIGAMI?

HEY, UH, GUYS...

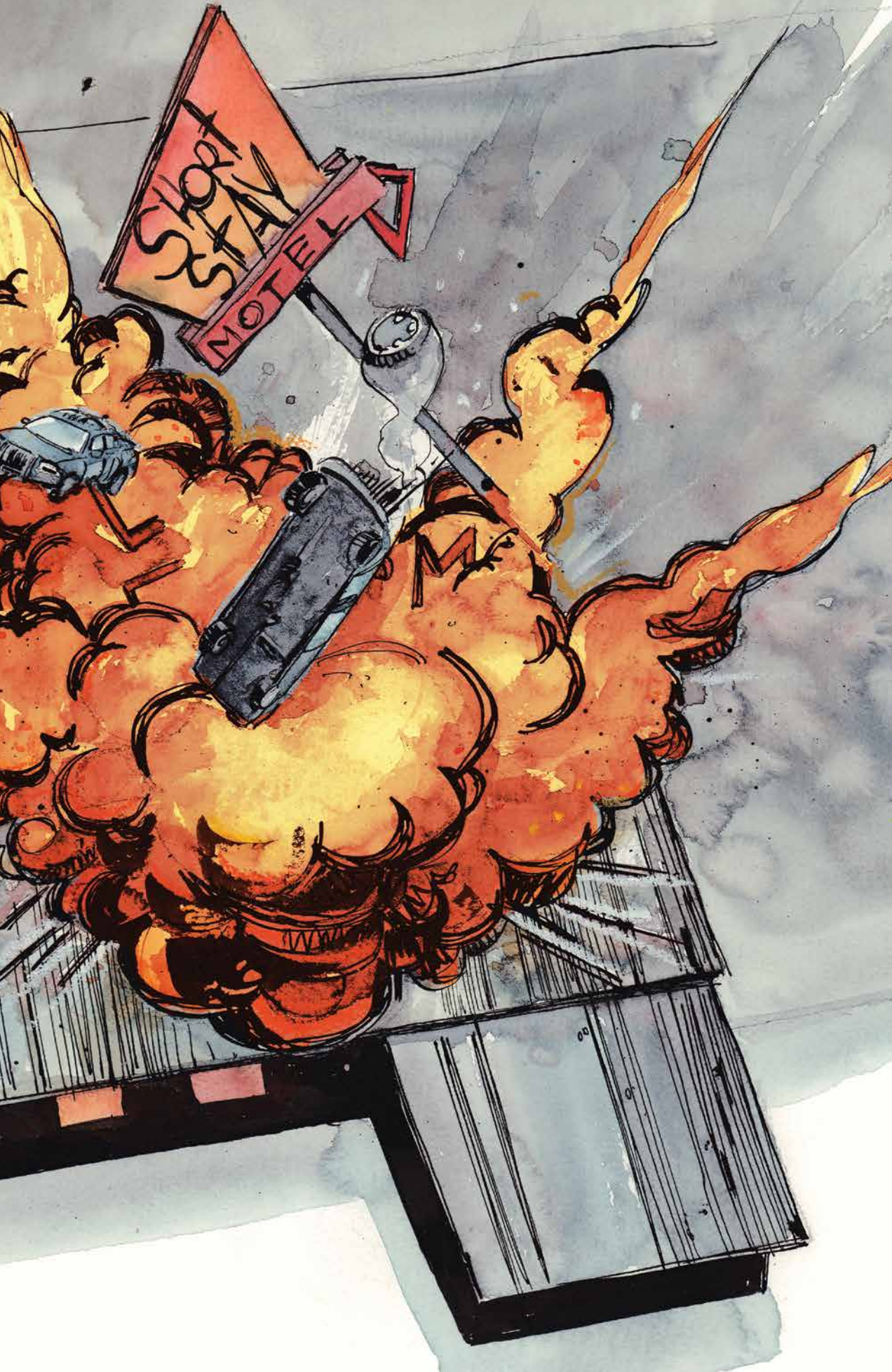
TICK TICK TICK TICK
TICK TICK TICK TICK
TICK TICK TICK TICK

ANYONE ELSE HEAR THAT TICKING?

TICK TICK TICK TICK
TICK TICK TICK TICK
TICK TICK TICK TICK

EVERYBODY RUN.







OH MY GOD...

JED!

ARE YOU OKAY?

NNNN... PEACHY.



THERE'S A **FRIED FISH** JOKE HERE THAT I'M JUST TOO **TIRED** TO MAKE.

DENIS, MAN, I HATE TO SAY IT...

BUT SOMEONE **REALLY** WANTS YOU TO NOT BE ALIVE.



ANYWHERE YOU SET FOOT...



IT ALL GOES TO SHIT.

I'M WAY OUT OF MY DEPTH HERE.



THIS IS CRAZY. I'M JUST A NOBODY.



YOU'RE THE GODDAMN KING NOBODY, PAL.

THE RULER OF THEM ALL.

MAYBE SHERIFF TUCKER CAN--

NO.



NOT UNTIL I FIGURE ALL OF THIS OUT.

FOR NOW, I NEED YOU **SILDED**, STASHED AWAY SOMEWHERE.

...PREFERABLY THE **EDGE** OF THE FUCKING **KNOWN WORLD**.

I...UH...



I MIGHT KNOW A PLACE.

With my own two eyes, I have seen the world's *duality* played out in miniature.



HOW MANY, YOU THINK?

Decent people engaged in despicable acts...



HOW MANY WHAT?

PAPER CRANES. HOW MANY DO YOU THINK YOU'VE MADE IN YOUR LIFETIME?

HUNDREDS? THOUSANDS?

Despicable acts justified as decency.



I DON'T KNOW.

I HAVEN'T THOUGHT TO COUNT.

THERE IT IS AGAIN: THAT LOOK IN YOUR ONE GOOD EYE.

THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD ON THE SHERIFF'S SHOULDERS.

COME DANCE WITH YOUR WIFE, MR. SHERIFF.



Given enough time, opposing ideals become indistinguishable--the snake devours its own tail.



MEOW MEOW.

GRETA...



I'VE DONE RIGHT BY THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN, HAVEN'T I?

ARE YOU KIDDING?



WE'D BE LOST WITHOUT YOU.

THE FOOD, THE SUPPLIES, THE **ORDER...** THAT'S ALL **YOU**, TUCKER.

I KNOW, I KNOW. IT'S JUST...



The *zookeeper* is revealed to be a prison warden.

SOMETIMES AS SHERIFF YOU GOTTA DO THINGS...

THINGS THAT SIT WRONG IN YOUR STOMACH.

BUT YOU DO IT **ANYWAY...**

...FOR THE GREATER GOOD OF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO **DEPEND** ON YOU.



WHAT DO I ALWAYS TELL YOU?

YOU'RE A **GOOD MAN**.

I KNOW THAT. **ELLE** KNOWS THAT. THE WHOLE GOSH DARN TOWN KNOWS THAT!

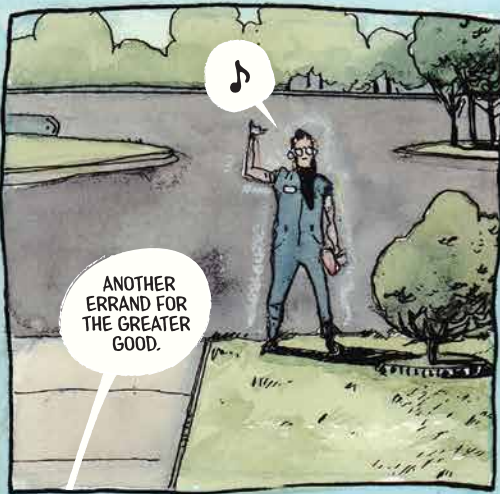


WE TRUST YOU TO DO WHATEVER IT IS YOU NEED TO KEEP US **SAFE**.



...how *unfortunate* for all the funny little animals.





44,000...





HI,
DAD.



MY
BOY!

JEDIHIAH!



LITTLE FISHY.
WE'VE BEEN
SO WORRIED
ABOUT YOU.

I KNOW,
MA. SORRY
I HAVEN'T
COME BY IN
A WHILE...



TT<- YOU'RE
OFF THE WAGON
AGAIN. I CAN
TELL...

I...
UH...



THERE'S
NOTHING YOU
CAN HIDE FROM
ME, JED.

YOU CAN RUN
AND RUN, BUT IT
WON'T DO ANY
GOOD...FAMILY
KNOWS.



MA.
POP...
THIS IS
DENIS. HE'S
FROM OUT OF
TOWN.

HOWDY.



OUT OF
TOWN?

HE'S VERY
FLESHY.



I WAS
WONDERING IF WE
COULD...WELL, THE
THING IS...

WE'RE IN
A BIT OF
A JAM.

COULD WE
CRASH HERE
TONIGHT?



"CRASH"?

THIS IS
YOUR HOME,
JED.



COME.
THERE'S HOT
STEW FOR BOTH
OF YOU.

I have witnessed all
these things with my
face pressed against
the glass of a bell jar.

A voyeur.



A peeping Tom.



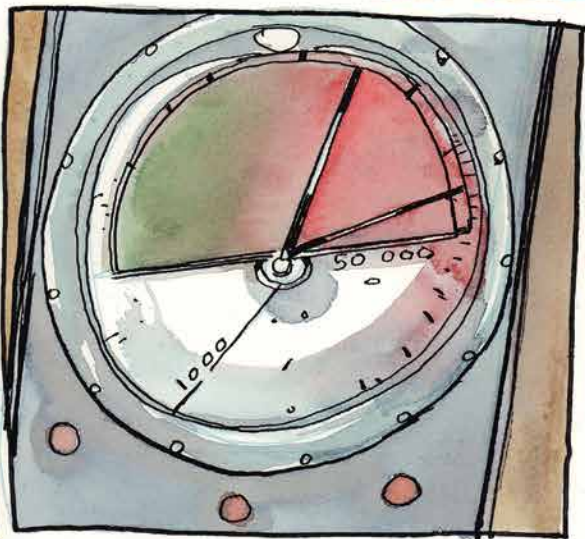
A surveyor of a controlled environment.



But to be here, inside Nowhere...



It's simply amazing how *fast* the experiment is compromised when *foreign bodies* are introduced.



...how *quickly* it all falls apart.



But there's still time to make things right...



Irradiated love bubbles with the same stuff that set the *stars* on fire...

It's hotter than you can possibly imagine.



WHAT NOW?

WE'RE KINDA IN THE MIDDLE OF A REUNION HERE...





EVENING,
FOLKS. MY
NAME IS
**GALVIN
CHOW.**

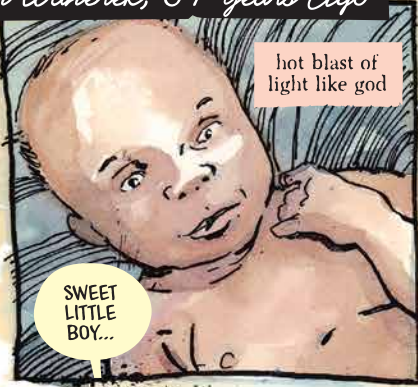
...YOU'RE IN
TROUBLE AND
IT'S ALL MY
FAULT.



ISSUE THREE COVER BY MARTÍN MORAZZO WITH COLORS BY CHRIS O'HALLORAN

CHAPTER FOUR

North Wahereke, 64 Years Ago



hot blast of light like god

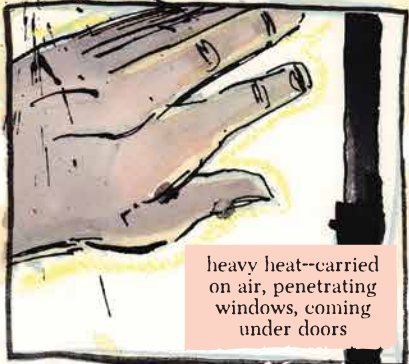
SWEET LITTLE BOY...



not god though and not really light

I THINK HE HAS YOUR EYES, FRANK.

HUH?



heavy heat-carried on air, penetrating windows, coming under doors



bad taste in mouth: sour-metallic cherry sodapop gas-leak

FRANK?

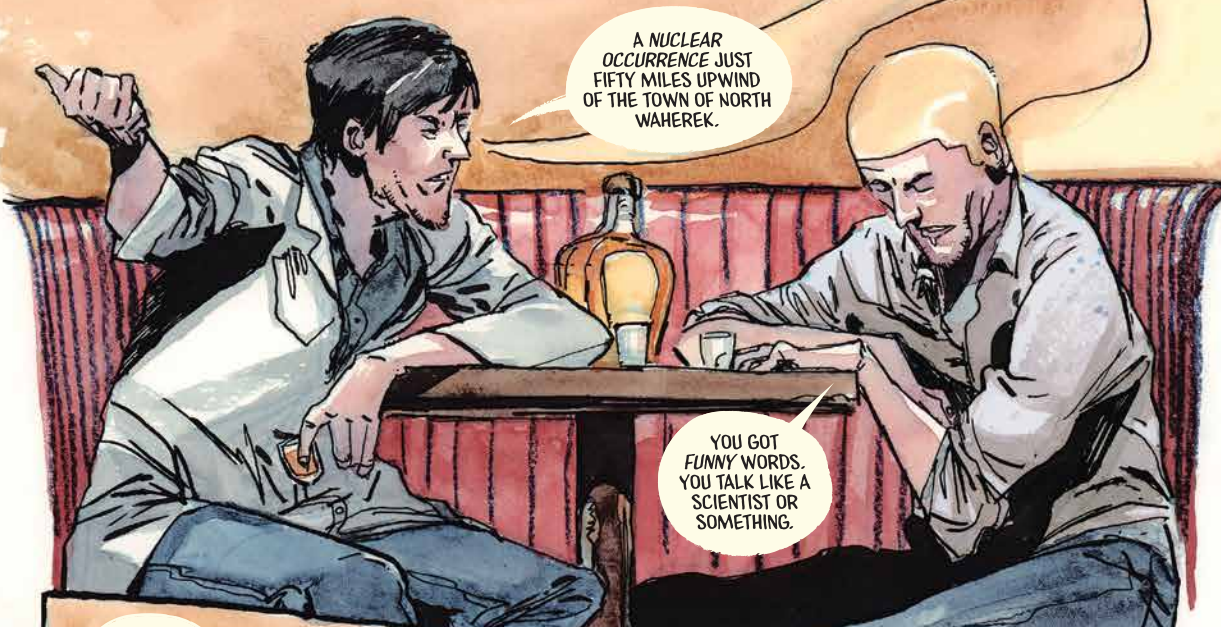
not god certainly. something else without a doubt.

but what?




"THE INCITING EVENT, MAN."

California, About a Week Ago



A NUCLEAR OCCURRENCE JUST FIFTY MILES UPWIND OF THE TOWN OF NORTH WAHEREK.




YOU GOT FUNNY WORDS. YOU TALK LIKE A SCIENTIST OR SOMETHING.



I AM A SCIENTIST! I KEEP TELLING YOU THAT!



UH-HUH.



DENIS, MAN, I KNOW WE JUST MET, BUT I'M SHOWING YOU MY *SOUL* HERE: I WORK FOR SOME COLD MOTHERFUCKERS.



I WALKED OUT ON MY WIFE AND NEWBORN.



YEEESH.



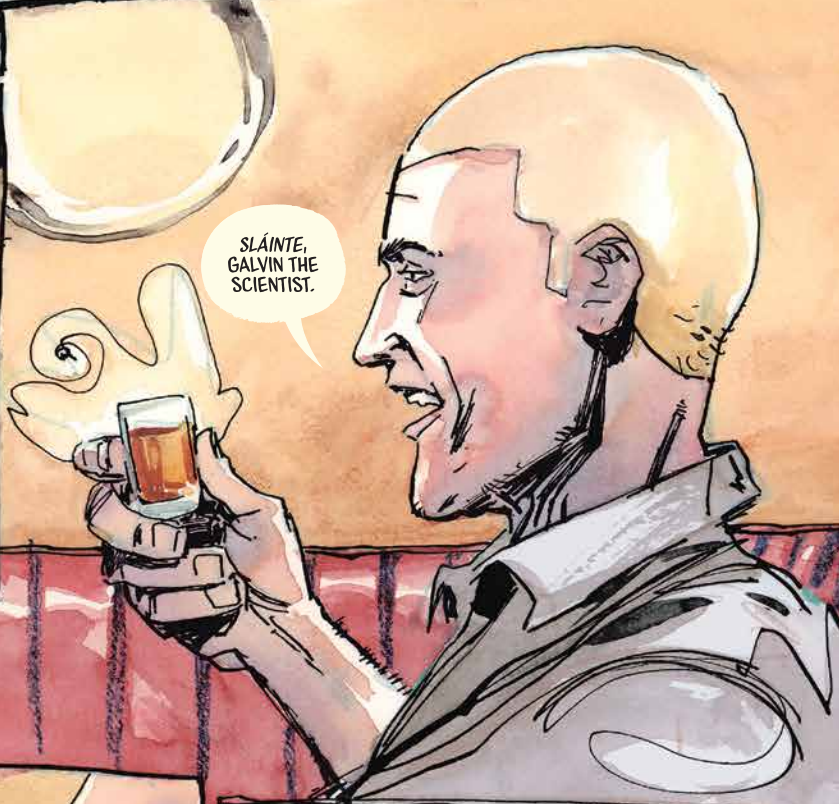
THAT'S PRETTY BAD, TOO.



BUT LISTEN, MAN. LISTEN.



THE TOWN.



Nowhere, Now



EVERYTHING'S FUZZY.
IT'S SO HARD TO THINK STRAIGHT THESE DAYS...



HOLD ON A SECOND!
YOU'RE SAYING NOWHERE GOT, WHAT... NUKED?



SPEAKING TECHNICALLY, YOUR TOWN WAS PART OF AN OFF-BOOK EXPERIMENT TESTING THE SHORT-RANGE EFFECTS OF CONCENTRATED RADIATION ON THE HUMAN BODY.



THE BIG BAD GOVERNMENT WANTED TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WHEN PEOPLE WERE EXPOSED TO TOO MUCH TOXIC STUFF.

WHY IN THE FUCK WOULD THEY WANT TO DO THAT?

YOUR MOUTH, JEDIDIAH.



WHY DOES ANYONE DO ANYTHING?



BECAUSE THEY CAN.

GALVIN THE SCIENTIST! WE WENT TO YOUR OFFICE!

FOLKS...



I HATE TO INTERRUPT SUCH A...FASCINATING CONVERSATION...

...BUT THERE'S A CAR OUTSIDE.



outside, see Waherek start to change:

North Wakerak, 63 Years Ago

everything is post-light now

all life is life after Glare

life full of wonder, life full of strangeness:



...grocer's fingers have grown very long

MORNING, FRANK!

Joan, head of PTA...

skin is deep blue

Jim from down by the beach has started to resemble his pet parrot

scared feeling, scared for my town.



scared for my wife. scared for my son.



FRANK...

IS THE BABY WINKING, OR IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIS EYE?



THERESA. YOUR... HAND.



WHA...

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

there was life before the light...

FRANK!!

but this is after.

"IF WORD GOT OUT ABOUT THIS, THERE'D BE RIOTS IN THE STREETS."

California, About a Week Ago



GALVIN, MAN. I DON'T THINK I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SHADOW-TESTING ON ITS OWN PEOPLE--AN INNOCENT LITTLE TOWN ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST.



...WE Poured EXPERIMENTAL MEDICINE INTO THE AQUIFER TO SEE HOW IT WOULD AFFECT THE MUTATIONS...



I JUST MET YOU IN A BAR. I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU.

OF COURSE YOU DO: I'M YOUR NEW SPONSOR.

AND THIS IS MY CONFESSION TO YOU:



FORGIVE ME, FELLOW ALCOHOLIC, FOR I HAVE TAKEN PART IN A TERRIBLE AND CRUEL CONSPIRACY!

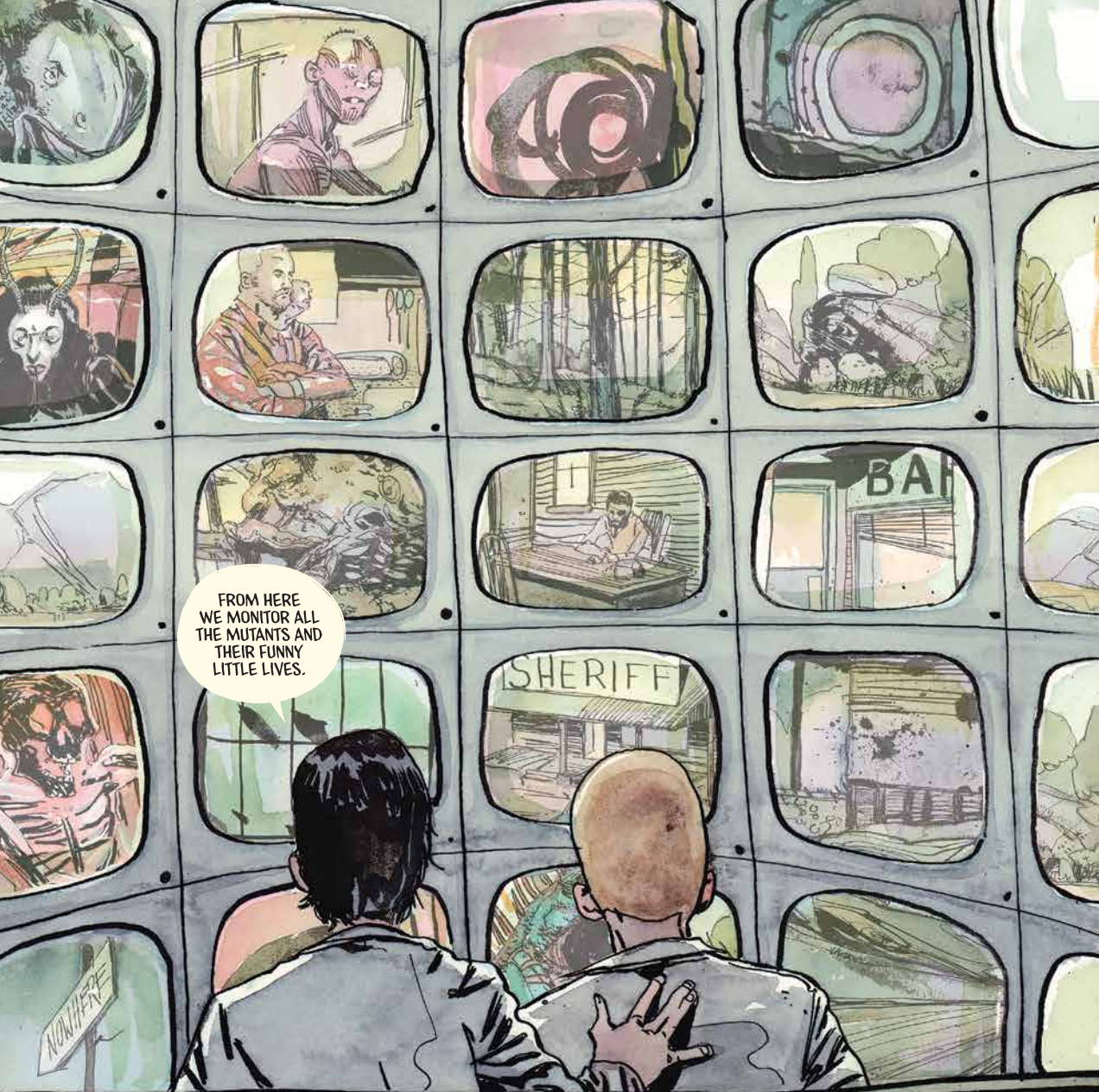


THE WARPING AND SUBSEQUENT BOTTLING OF AN ENTIRE CITY!

BEHOLD...



WHAT THE FUCK.



FROM HERE WE MONITOR ALL THE MUTANTS AND THEIR FUNNY LITTLE LIVES.

SHERIFF

BAH

NORTH



AND ANYTHING WE **DON'T** SEE... OUR MAN ON THE **INSIDE** FILLS IN THE **BLANKS** FOR US.

MAN ON THE **INSIDE**...



YOU WANNA CHECK IT OUT UP CLOSE?

"DON'T GET CLOSE TO THE WINDOWS!"



EVERYBODY STAY CALM. WE NEED TO THINK.

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME! THEY SENT THEIR FIXER.

BECAUSE OF WHAT I DID.



FIXER?



A MANIAC NAMED BOB.

HE WANTS TO KILL YOU...HE LIKES KILLING PEOPLE.



I THINK THERE'S TWO OF 'EM--



=UNHH=



CARL!



DAD!
THEY SHOT MY DAD!



ANYWHERE I SET FOOT...
...IT ALL GOES TO SHIT.



FUCKING BOB.



HE'LL KILL US ALL IF WE DON'T MOVE.

beginning to think we should move

North Wakerak, 62 Years Ago

home no
longer home--
no longer right



HE'S STILL
ALL RHEUMY.
THE EYE DROPS
AREN'T DOING
ANYTHING.



have acquired
extra eye in
middle of
forehead

see now with
new vision
things as in
dreams...



**BLINK,
LITTLE BABY.**

...wild splashes of
color on canvas of
world...

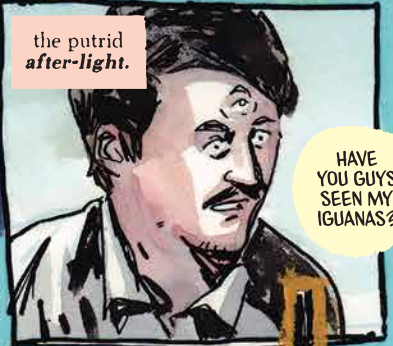
...portents
of blue and
green...

can see it
there, hanging
in the air:



the putrid
after-light.

HAVE
YOU GUYS
SEEN MY
IGUANAS?





SCALY LUNATICS...



THEY GOT TOO BIG FOR THEIR TERRARIUM AND RAN OFF.



GREG?

MR. RICHARDSON...

HELP: FIND THEM



GREG: CONCERNED FOR HIS PETS

WHA... WHY AM I TALKING LIKE THAT?



EVERYTHING'S GOTTEN SO TWISTED SINCE THAT GODDAMN LIGHT IN THE SKY...

I THINK...

home no longer what home used to be

can see with new eye:



I THINK GREG TAKE A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS NOW...

everything different. me, my wife, my son...



all different.

"WE CAN'T GO ALL THE WAY..."

Outside of Nowhere, About a Week Ago



THE RADIATION'S STILL TOO THICK, EVEN SIXTY YEARS LATER.



GALVIN...

BUT THERE'S AN OVERLOOK AROUND CITY LIMITS WHERE YOU CAN SEE THE WHOLE PLACE IN ITS FULL, FUCKED-UP GLORY.



GALVIN, YOU DRANK MORE THAN I DID.

SHOULD YOU BE DRIVING, MAN?



I'M FINE. I'M COMPLETELY FOCUSED.

DRIVING A CAR'S LIKE SHOOTING DARTS...



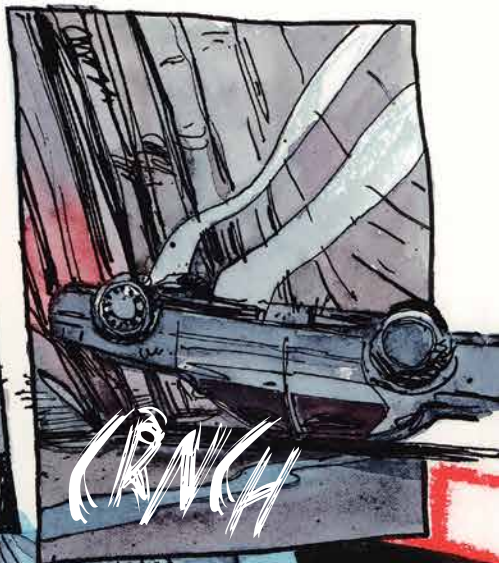
...YOU DO IT BETTER AFTER YOU'VE HAD A FEW.



WATCH OUT!

SHIT!





DENIS!
DENIS!



"I WAS SCARED."



"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO..."

SHIT!
SHIT SHIT
SHIT!



"SO, I LEFT YOU OUT THERE."

>NGCHH<



"I RAN AWAY..."

"...AND THEN DOOMED THIS WHOLE PLACE TO OBLIVION..."



IF WE DON'T FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE, WE'RE TOAST.

CARL...MY BIRDIE...

WE CRASHED...I REMEMBER THAT.

THEN THE DEER IN THE JEEP...



I WOKE UP AND ALL THE ANIMALS COULD TALK.



NAILS! DOWN!



THE CLOCK'S TICKING, FOLKS.

BOB IS BAD NEWS!





WE...KEEP A BOAT OUT BY THE WATER.



YOU CAN FOLLOW THE SHORELINE BACK INTO TOWN.



FISHES WITH A BOAT.
THIS PLACE IS MAGNIFICENT.

YOU'RE COMING WITH US, MOM.

NO. I'M STAYING WITH MY HUSBAND.



IT'S OUR ANNIVERSARY TODAY.

MOM, PLEASE!



GO, JEDIDIAH...



AND QUIT ALL THAT DRINKING, WILL YA?



I'M TRYING, MOM. EVERY DAY I'M TRYING.

red, yellow, aubergine

Nowhere, 61 Years Ago



vermillion,
marigold,
chartreuse...



see our home
now as it was
meant to be seen:



in kaleidoscopic,
sensational color!

home full of
wonder, home full
of grace



MORNIN',
FRANK!
LOOKING
GOOD!

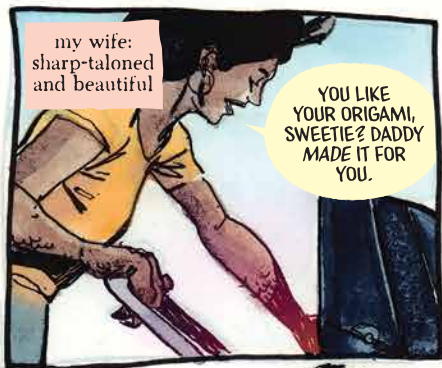
hot flash of
light like god



turns out
it was god
after all...



granting me with second sight, blessing me with vision...



my wife: sharp-taloned and beautiful

YOU LIKE YOUR ORIGAMI, SWEETIE? DADDY MADE IT FOR YOU.



FOLD BY FOLD BY FOLD...

and my son...

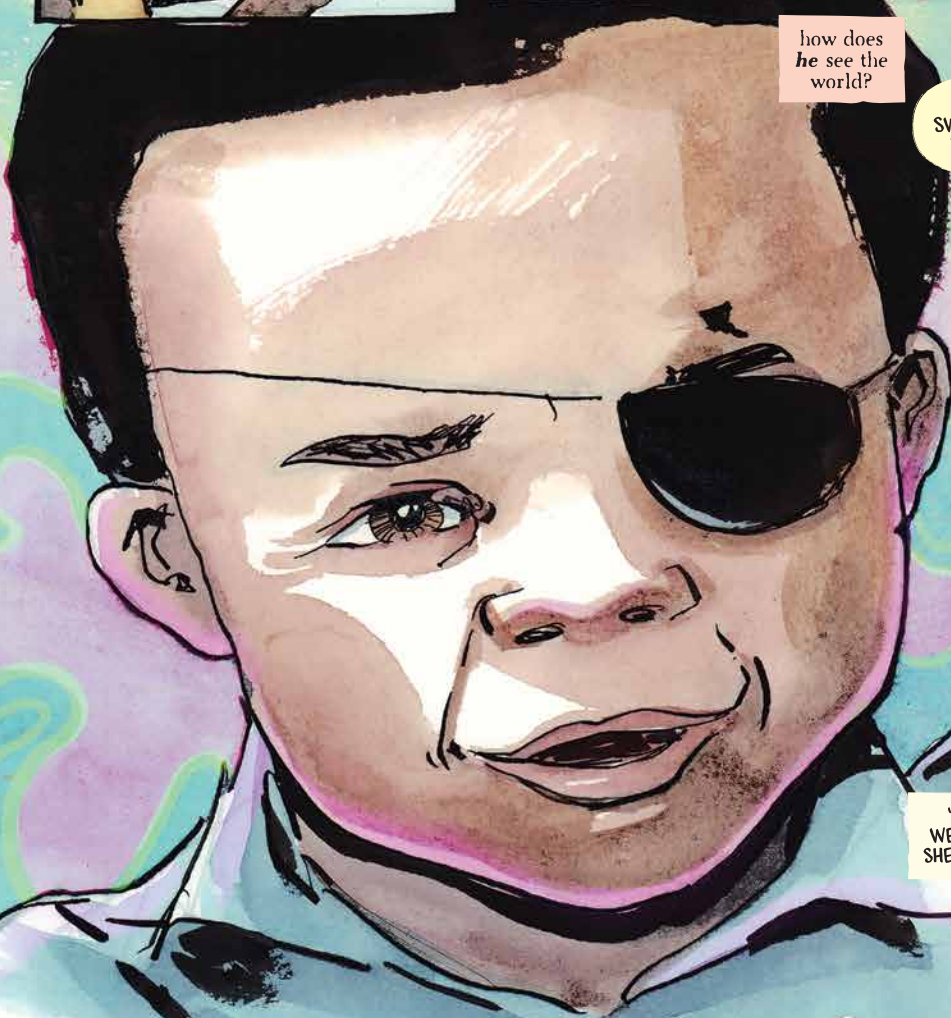
one can't help but wonder:



was it *his* eye that I gained?

and if so...

LITTLE CYCLOPS...



how does *he* see the world?

...MY SWEET LITTLE TUCKER.

"SHOULD WE TELL THE SHERIFF, SIR?"

California, A Little Less Than a Week Ago



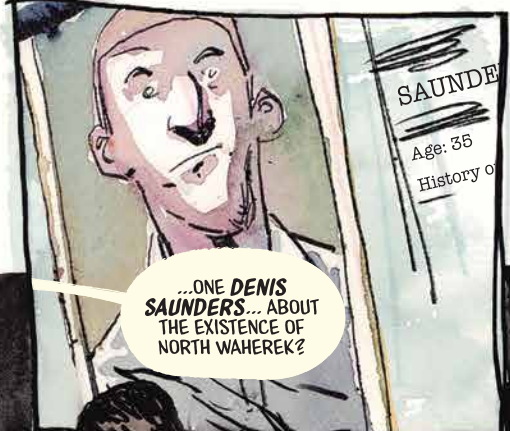
NO, THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.

WE'LL HANDLE THIS OURSELVES.

MR. CHOW, I'D LIKE YOU TO TELL ME IF I HAVE THIS STRAIGHT...



YOU--AGAINST EVERY PIECE OF PROTOCOL AND CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION--TOLD A CIVILIAN...



...ONE DENIS SAUNDERS... ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF NORTH WAHEREK?



AND NOT ONLY DID YOU TELL HIM--

--WHICH IS GROUNDS FOR IMMEDIATE TERMINATION, BY THE WAY--

--YOU THEN PROCEEDED TO SHOW HIM OUR FACILITY HERE?



AND THEN, HAVING SHOWN HIM OUR VIEWING STATION, YOU ERRED FURTHER AND TRANSPORTED THIS MAN TO THE NOWHERE CITY LIMITS...



...WHEREUPON YOU CRASHED YOUR CAR AND LEFT HIM HALF-CONSCIOUS TO WANDER INTO THE CONTAINMENT AREA.

DO I HAVE ALL THAT RIGHT?



"I CAME BACK TO WARN YOU, BUT IT'S TOO LATE..."



TUCKER, THE GOVERNMENT, BOB. THEY'RE ALL WORKING TOGETHER.

I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING ROTTEN ABOUT SHERIFF T!



EVERYBODY WANTS YOU DEAD.

I THINK I REALLY NEED TO STOP DRINKING.



ME TOO. STARTING TODAY, I'M SOBER.



BOOM!



MY GOD...

NO...



I'M GONNA
KILL BOB AND
THAT ONE-EYED
MOTHERFUCKER.



JED...I'M
SO SORRY,
MAN. THIS IS
MY FAULT.

YOU GUYS
DON'T GET
IT...



THIS IS
BIGGER
THAN THOSE
TWO.

THIS IS A
CITY-SIZED
HUMANITARIAN
CRISIS!



I DON'T GIVE A
WHALE'S BLOWHOLE
ABOUT YOUR BIG,
SPOOKY NUCLEAR
CONSPIRACY.

THIS IS
ALL OF OUR
LIVES...

THIS
IS MY
LIFE!



SO LET'S
GO HAVE A
CHAT WITH THE
SHERIFF OF
NOWHERE...



IT'S TIME
FOR SOME
FUCKING
ANSWERS.



CHAPTER FIVE

Now

There's a *motor* inside you...

A piece of interior machinery responsible for all *sorts* of dumb shit...

Mistake after mistake after *mistake*.

How many times are you gonna ask the world for forgiveness?

HELLO?

How many times?



Before

"YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE, ELLE."

CRASH

YOU MOTHER-FUCKER!

"IS IT TRUE, DAD? OUR TOWN, ITS FAMILIES, OUR WHOLE LIVES..."

=HH=

"WE'RE ALL JUST SOME... EXPERIMENT?"

=GG=

LITTLE FISHY, BANGING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE GLASS WALLS OF HIS TANK.

I WONDER...

"GO HOME TO YOUR MOTHER, ELEANOR. I'M ONLY GONNA ASK ONCE."

WHEN YOU'RE DEAD... DO I FLUSH YOU DOWN THE TOILET?

"YOU'RE MY DAUGHTER AND I LOVE YOU..."



...BUT SOME THINGS ARE BIGGER THAN LOVE.



YOU ARE COMPLICIT IN THE IMPRISONMENT OF A WHOLE TOWN'S-WORTH OF RADIATION-SICK AMERICAN CITIZENS, SHERIFF.



"IMPRISONMENT." THAT'S A BUNCH OF HORSE SHIT.

I TAKE CARE OF MY PEOPLE. WE HAVE A GOOD LIFE.

JUST GIVE THE WORD, SHERIFF.



YOU SAID THE WORLD WAS A COLD PLACE, DAD. THAT WE SHOULD STAY IN NOWHERE...



BUT WE NEVER EVEN HAD A CHOICE, DID WE?

GODDAMMIT, ELLIE...



IT'S THIS... INEBRIATED PIECE OF SHIT!

IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM, NONE OF THIS WOULD BE HAPPENING!



JOKE'S ON YOU, ONE-EYE.

I'M TWO DAYS SOBER!



WHAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THIS, ELLIE? YOU'RE OUTGUNNED, OUTNUMBERED...

UP AGAINST SOMETHING YOU DON'T GOT ONE IDEA ABOUT.



NOT OUTNUMBERED.

NOWHERE'S A SMALL TOWN, DAD...



WORD GETS
AROUND
QUICK.

As your wife was in the throes of labor, you were in the hospital bathroom, puking your brains out.

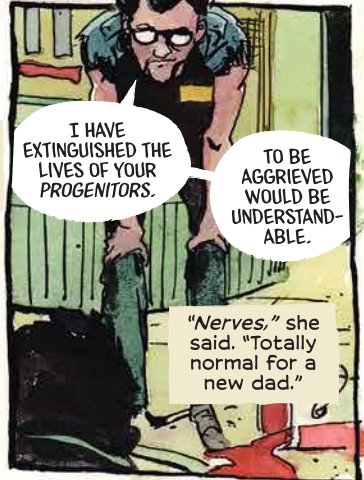
When you were finally done retching in that miserable little stall--when you emerged from the bathroom *pale* and shaking...



YOU ARE AGGRIEVED, I TAKE IT?

The nurse was waiting for you outside.

She put a hand on your shoulder.



I HAVE EXTINGUISHED THE LIVES OF YOUR PROGENITORS.

TO BE AGGRIEVED WOULD BE UNDERSTAND-ABLE.

"Nerves," she said. "Totally normal for a new dad."



SO STRANGE, THIS PLACE.

A FISH AND A BIRD MAKE LOVE...



AND THIS IS THE RESULT. PERHAPS I HAVE DONE THEM A KINDNESS, YES?

NO LONGER DO THEY HAVE TO BE DISAPPOINTED IN THEIR SON.

YOU PIECE OF SHIT!



AHHH!

But it wasn't nerves.



You were hungover.

MY FIRST TIME BEING PUNCHED BY AN AQUATIC CREATURE.

THANK YOU FOR THIS GIFT. TRULY.



Sleepwalking through your own life.

OOF!



F-FUCKER.

HEY, FISHBRAIN...

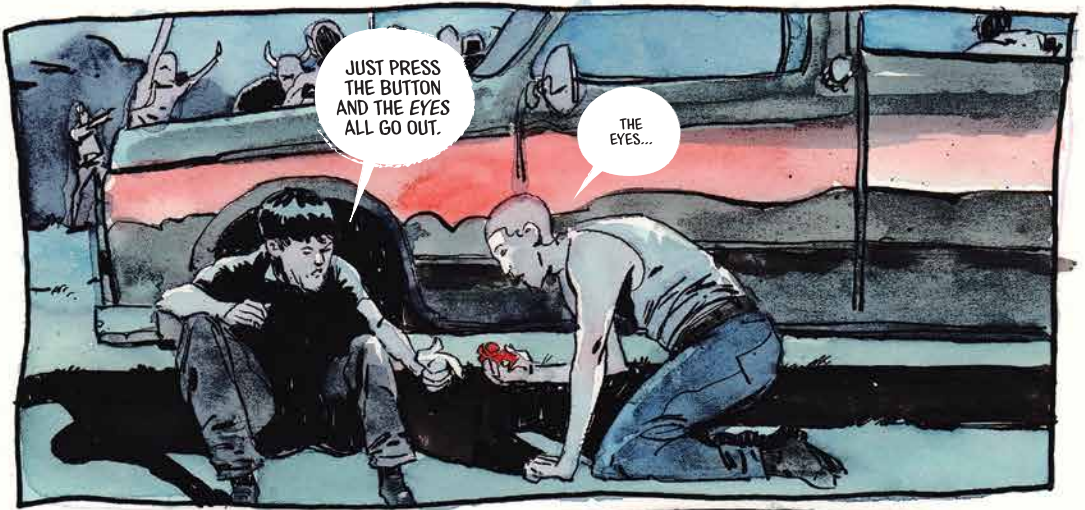
It's time to wake up now, Denis.



YOU WANNA BORROW A SHARP TOOL?

HUZZAH!

It's time.



JUST PRESS THE BUTTON AND THE EYES ALL GO OUT.

THE EYES...



TOTAL BLACKOUT.

IT WON'T LAST LONG, BUT IT'LL BE DAYS BEFORE THE BOSSES NOTICE.



BUT WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

I'M GALVIN CHOW...



I HAVE THREE DIFFERENT PHDS, AND A **FOURTH** PENDING IN NUCLEAR FALLOUT THEORY...

WHAT AM I GONNA DO?



I'M GONNA FUCK SHIT UP!

CHYAH!

"DADDY'S PRECIOUS, PURRING LITTLE GIRL..."



NEPOTISM ONLY GETS YOU SO FAR, KITTY CAT.

YOU WERE NEVER GONNA MAKE IT TO THE REAL SHOW.

WHAT THE FUCK, SHEILA?



>NNG<



WE'RE FUCKING LAB MICE!

SOME DIRTY GOVERNMENT SECRET TUCKED AWAY WHERE NO ONE CAN SEE.



WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU EVEN FIGHTING FOR?!



YOU'RE NOT GONNA SHOOT ME. YOU DON'T HAVE THE CONSTITUTION.



MAYBE NOT...



HORNYY LITTLE BITCH.

"I WAS JUST A BOY..."

"THEY CAME TO ME IN THE WOODS, OUT WHERE GREG LIKED TO HOLD FORTH ABOUT FLOWERS AND SPORES AND I DON'T KNOW WHATALL..."



CLICK
CLICK

"A FEW MEN IN UNIFORM. I REMEMBER THINKING 'WOW, THEY LOOK JUST LIKE ME.'"



"YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND: **NOBODY** IN NOWHERE LOOKED LIKE ME.

"EVERYONE IN TOWN HAD HORNS OR WINGS OR EXTRA FINGERS..."

HANDS DOWN, CULLEN.



"AND THAT'S SAYING **NOTHING** OF THE PEOPLE THAT WENT **FULL-ON ANIMAL.**"

"MY HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART WAS A CAT..."



YOU OKAY, CULL?

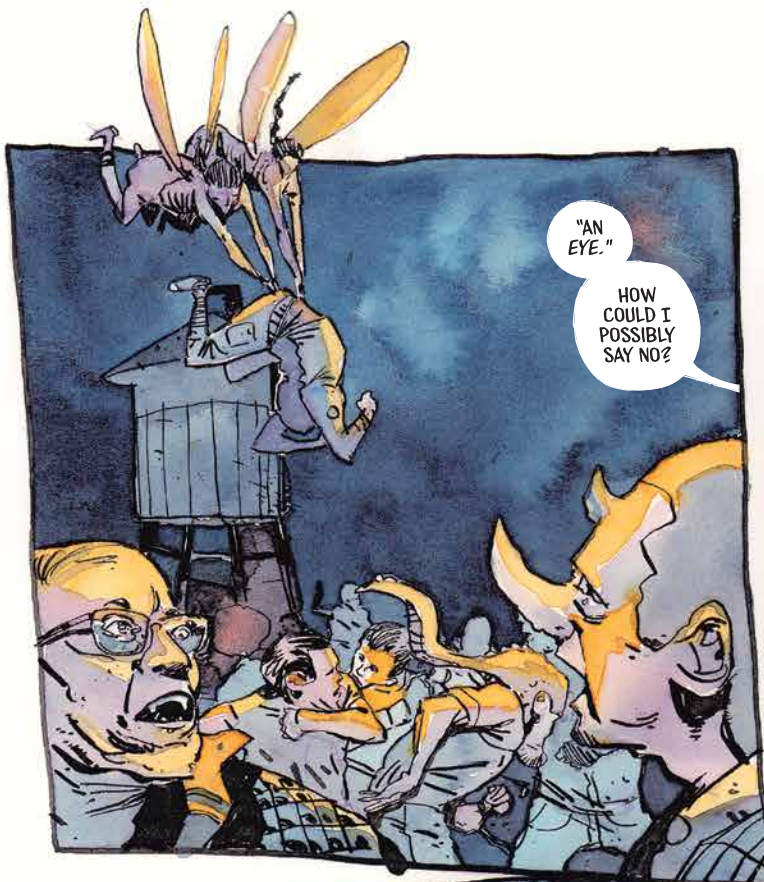
"THEY MADE A SIMPLE OFFER:"



YOU BOYS ARE BEAUTIFUL, YOU KNOW THAT?

"HELP THE GOVERNMENT KEEP YOUR TOWN SAFE.

"HELP US KEEP AN EYE ON NOWHERE..."

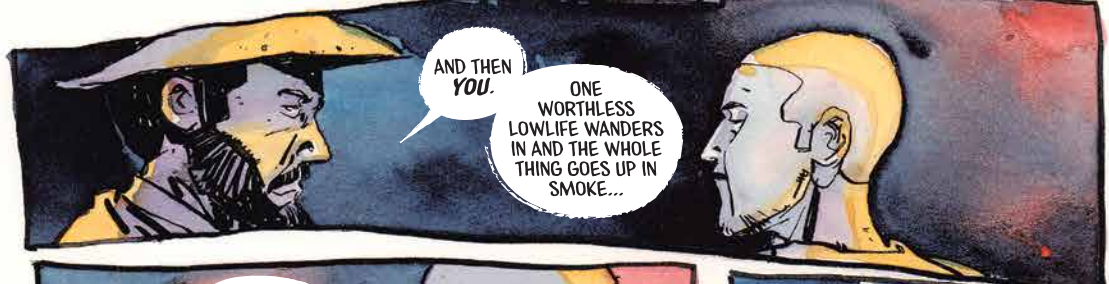


"AN EYE."

HOW COULD I POSSIBLY SAY NO?



NEAR FIFTY YEARS I'VE KEPT THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN SAFE FROM ALL THE MESSY BULLSHIT OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD...



AND THEN YOU.

ONE WORTHLESS LOWLIFE WANDERS IN AND THE WHOLE THING GOES UP IN SMOKE...



IT'S A BUNCH OF NONSENSE, IS WHAT IT IS.

YOU MADE THIS MESS. YOU LIED TO THE PEOPLE YOU KEEP SAYING YOU CARE SO MUCH ABOUT.

...YOU KEPT THEM IN A FUCKING BUBBLE!



EVERYTHING I DO, I DO FOR THE GREATER GOOD.

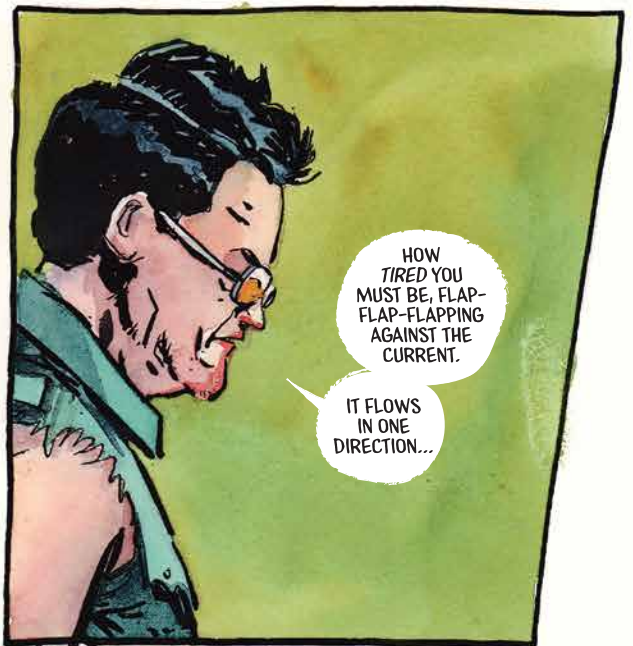
A MAN LIKE YOU DOESN'T KNOW FUCKALL ABOUT "GOOD."



I'M NOT ONE FOR VIOLENCE, BUT I'M GONNA ENJOY PUTTING A BULLET THROUGH YOUR FOREHEAD.



COME OUT, FISHY. LET US STOP ALL THIS SWIMMING, YES?



HOW TIRED YOU MUST BE, FLAP-FLAP-FLAPPING AGAINST THE CURRENT.

IT FLOWS IN ONE DIRECTION...



...AND YET YOU INSIST ON GOING THE OTHER.



THAT NOGGIN OF YOURS SURE IS FUNNY, MISTER...



AND WE'RE KIND OF EXPERTS WHEN IT COMES TO FUNNY HEADS!

"HEAD."



SINGULAR.



SULLY.
MY LIL'
SULLY...

YES. YOU
ARE FINALLY
FREE.

YOU'RE
WELC--



F-U-C-K



Y-O-U



TRIPLE
WORD
SCORE.

DIE!



I'VE BEEN FIGHTING AGAINST PEOPLE LIKE YOU MY ENTIRE LIFE.

MEN WHO THINK THEY KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR EVERYBODY



YOU DON'T KNOW A GODDAMN THING.

YOU'RE NOTHING. AN ABSENTEE.



MAYBE SO.

EITHER WAY...



"YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED, SHERIFF."

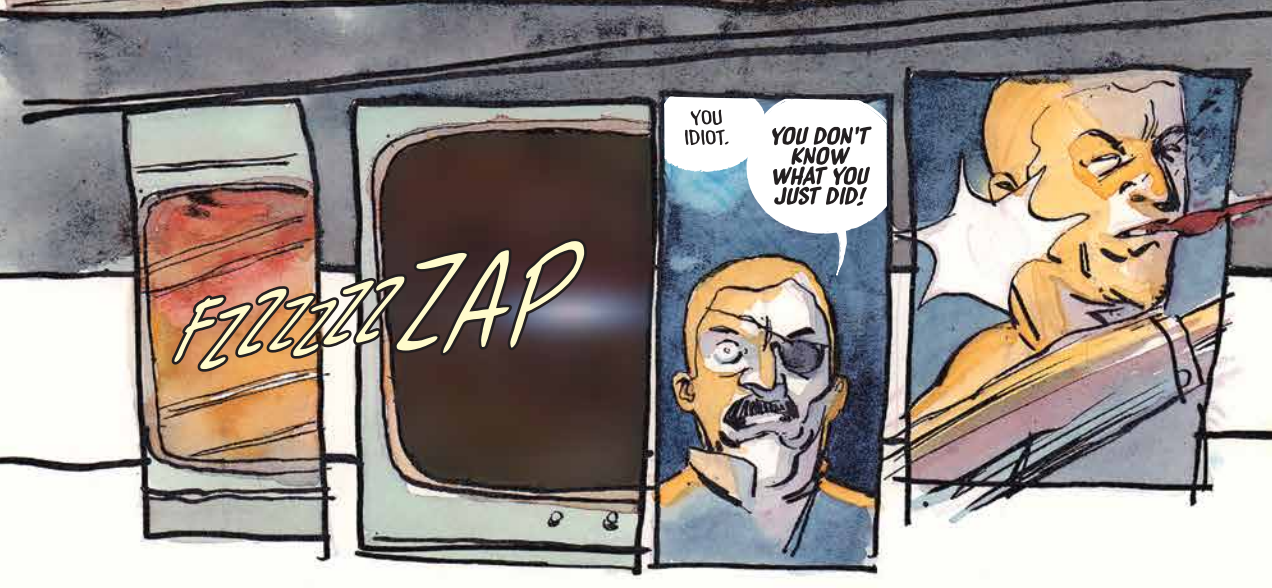
BOOM

BOOM

FZZZZZ ZAP

YOU IDIOT.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU JUST DID!









Life is one long dream.



You know that.
You've always known that.



WE'LL COME ON, THEN.
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!



There's no waking up from it.

So you do what you gotta...



Lean in.



Be the best dreamself you can be.



Open your eyes, Denis.



DAD?



SHERIFF TUCKER...

GOD FUCKING DAMMIT.

EVERYBODY STOP.

Do you see?



The door where two worlds touch...

STOP FIGHTING.



...it's wide open.

Don't go back to sleep.



JUST STOP.

Don't.





"WHOEVER IT IS THAT'S WATCHING US..."



"LET 'EM WATCH."

"AND WHEN WE FINALLY DECIDE IT'S TIME TO STEP OUT BEYOND THE LIMITS OF NOWHERE..."



"JUST LET 'EM TRY AND STOP US."

"WE GOT HEARTS BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN ANYTHING THEY'VE EVER SEEN."



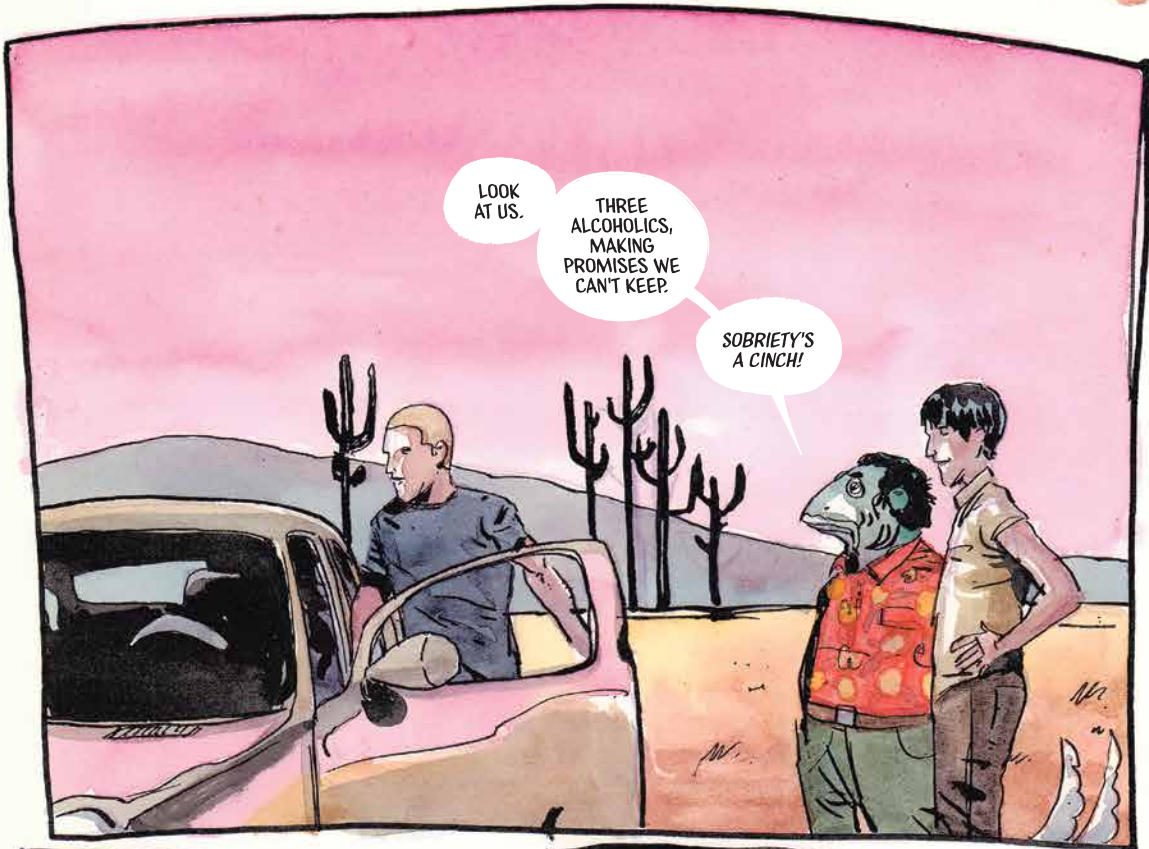
AND GIANT LIZARDS.

AND GIANT FUCKING LIZARDS!



GALVIN, MAN. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

...YOU READY TO GO BACK TO THE REAL WORLD?!



Now

You're an addict.
You've always
been an addict.

Relapse, rehab,
halfway house,
relapse...

->NNNN<-

See here and commit
to memory the likely
vocabulary of the
rest of your life.

DENIS?
IS THAT
YOU?

Your life...

DENIS?

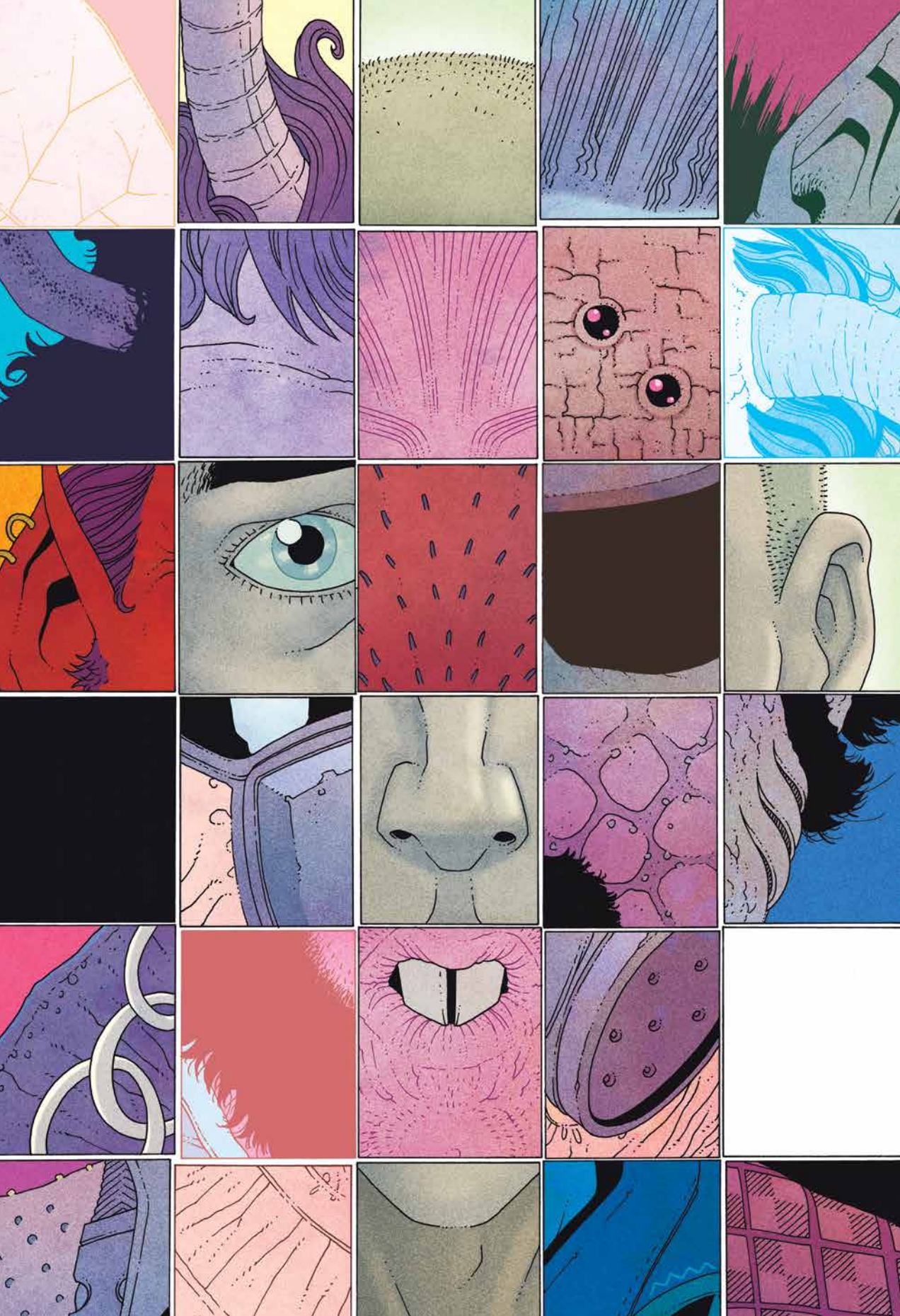
...is strange
and full of
weird shit.





DENIS,
WHERE ARE
YOU?!

What
a lovely
thing.



ISSUE FIVE COVER BY MARTÍN MORAZZO WITH COLORS BY CHRIS O'HALLORAN



ISSUE TWO COVER BY TYLER JENKINS WITH COLORS BY HILARY JENKINS



ISSUE THREE COVER BY TYLER JENKINS WITH COLORS BY HILARY JENKINS



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CTW

ISSUE ONE COVER BY CHRISTIAN WARD



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lee

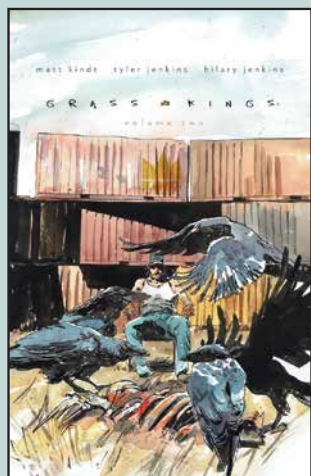
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K I N G S™

FROM NEW YORK TIMES
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MATT KINDT
(*MIND MGMT*)
AND ILLUSTRATORS
**TYLER JENKINS &
HILARY JENKINS**
(*BLACK BADGE*)

"It is...amazing. GET IT."

— **Patton Oswalt**
(Star of Syfy's *Happy!*)



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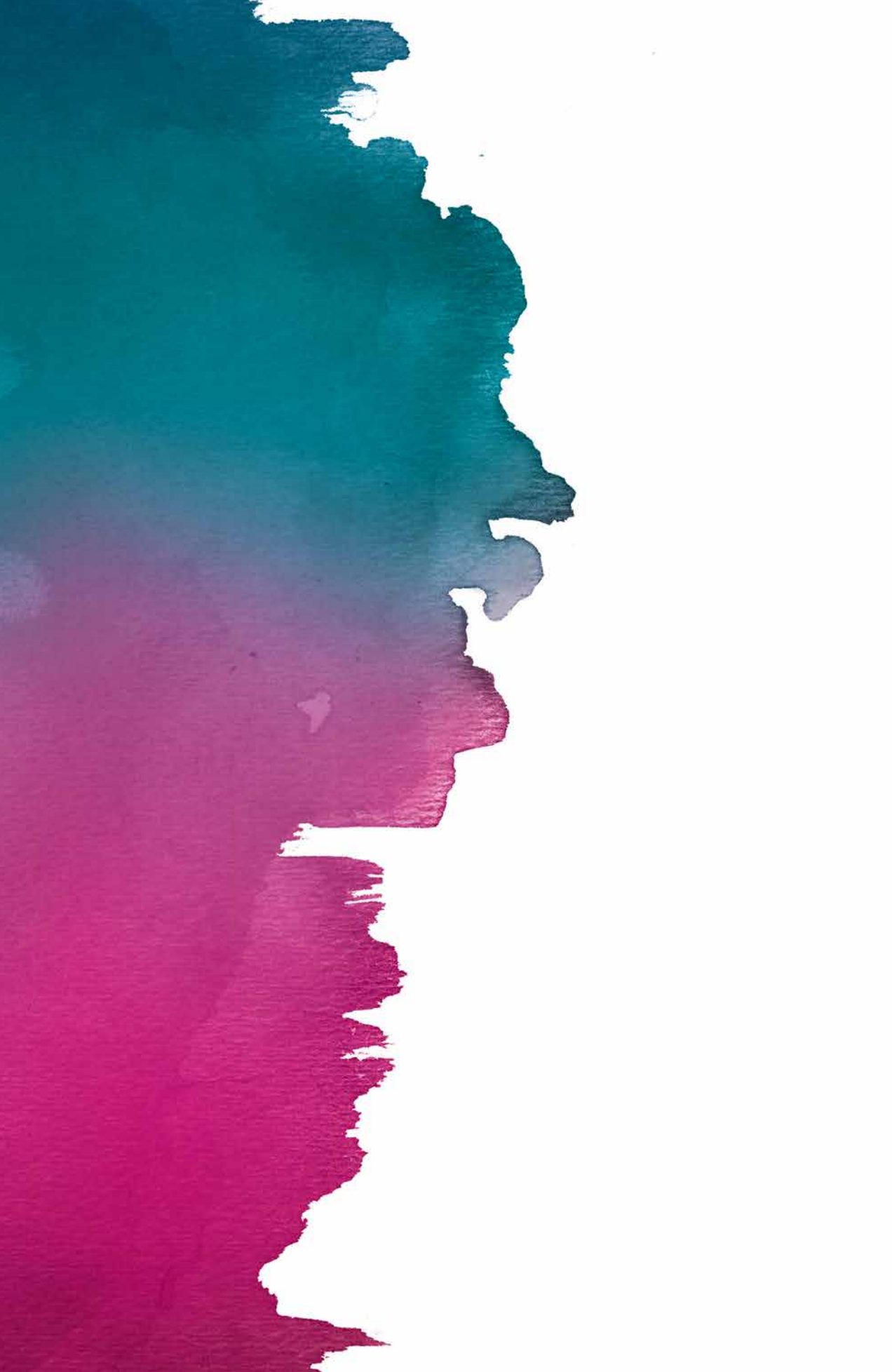
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