

**"STUMPTOWN IS, FOR MY MONEY,
THE PERFECT RUCKA BOOK."**

— Matt Fraction, writer of *Sex Criminals* and *ODY-C*

STUMPTOWN™

**GREG RUCKA • MATTHEW SOUTHWORTH
LEE LOUGHRIDGE • RICO RENZI**

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SERIES ON**

abc



VOLUME 1

THE CASE OF THE GIRL WHO TOOK HER SHAMPOO (BUT LEFT HER MINI)

STUMPTOWN™

PORTLAND, OREGON



STUMPTOWN™

INVESTIGATIONS • PORTLAND, OREGON



The Case of the Girl Who Took her Shampoo (But Left her Mini)



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Chapter One







I DON'T SUPPOSE WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS?



NO, WE CAN'T.



OKAY OKAY OKAY, SO I DIDN'T TAKE THE HINT--

--I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'D BE UPSET ABOUT THAT, DILL.



IT'S DILL, RIGHT?



DILL, SEE, I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'D BE ANGRY. . .



... BUT YOU'VE **MADE YOUR POINT...**



... YOU AND, UH... AND THE WHALE HERE--



--YOU GUYS HAVE **MADE YOUR POINT, BELIEVE ME.**



YOUR **POINT** HAS BEEN **MADE, SERIOUSLY...**



... I **SWEAR** I WON'T BOTHER YOU GUYS AGAIN.

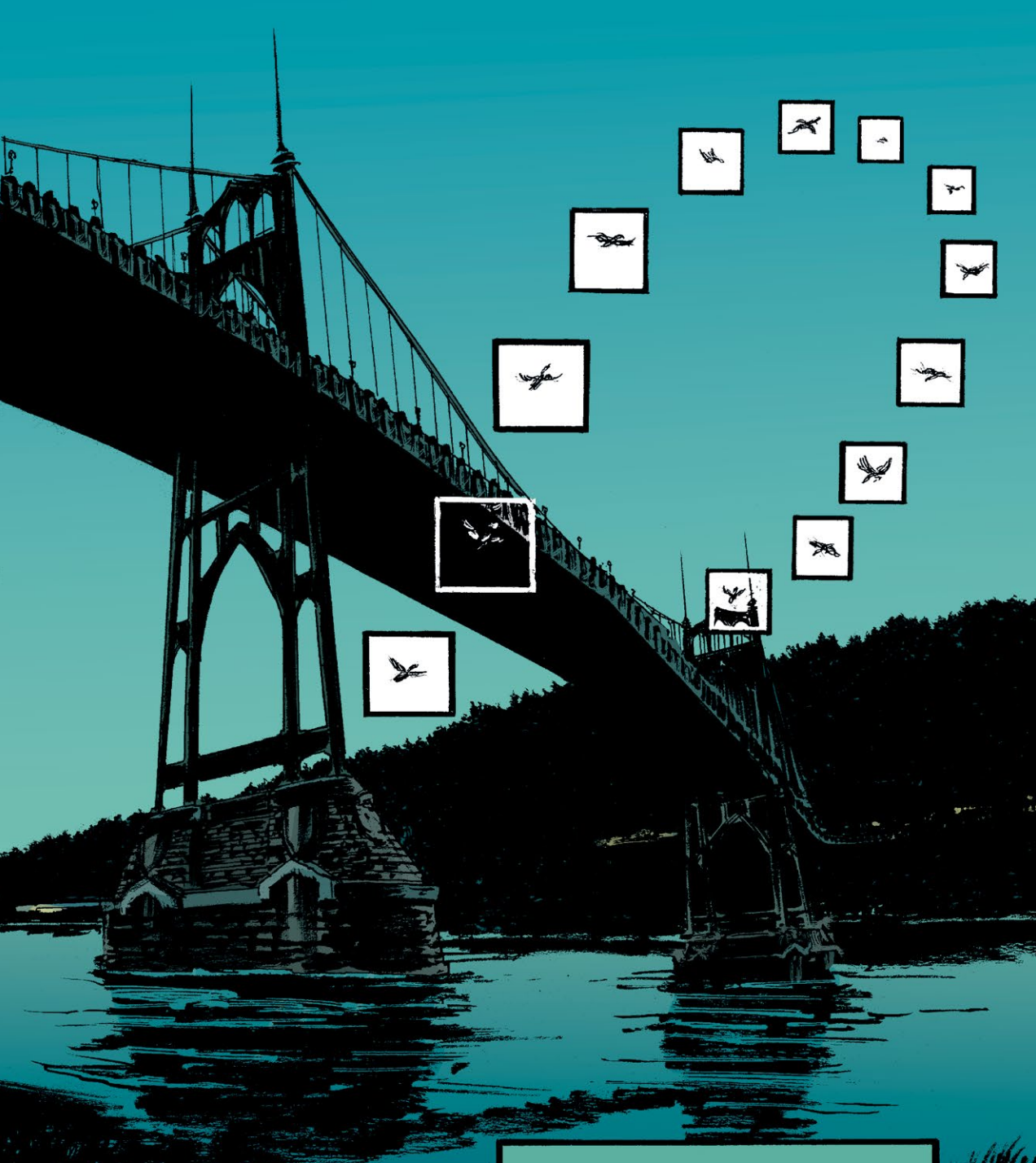


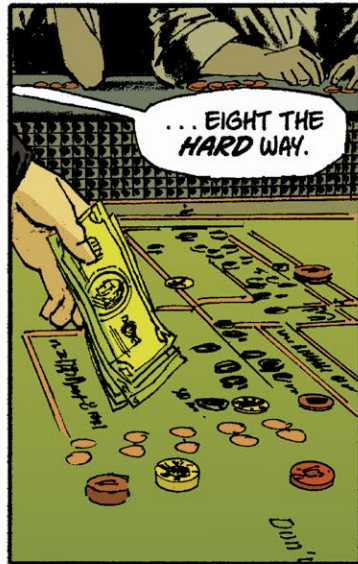
GOT THAT RIGHT.

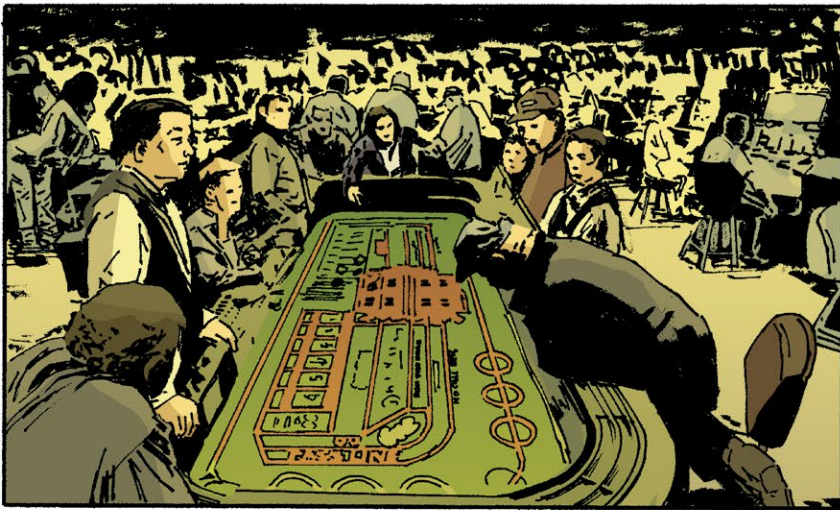


KRAK
KRAK









SEVEN OUT!



NEW SHOOTER!
PLACE YOUR BETS!



NEW SHOOTER
COMING OUT!
NEW SHOOTER!

YOU KNOW WHY
YOU'RE SUCH A
BAD GAMBLER?



BECAUSE YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHEN TO QUIT.

SURE I DO,
HOLLIS.

YOU'RE SMART
ENOUGH TO KNOW
THAT, BUT YOU
STILL KEEP
TRYING TO TAKE
ON THE HOUSE.

CONSISTENTLY
ABOUT A
MINUTE
TOO LATE.



HOW'S
ANSEL?

HE'S FINE.
HE'S AT HOME
TONIGHT.

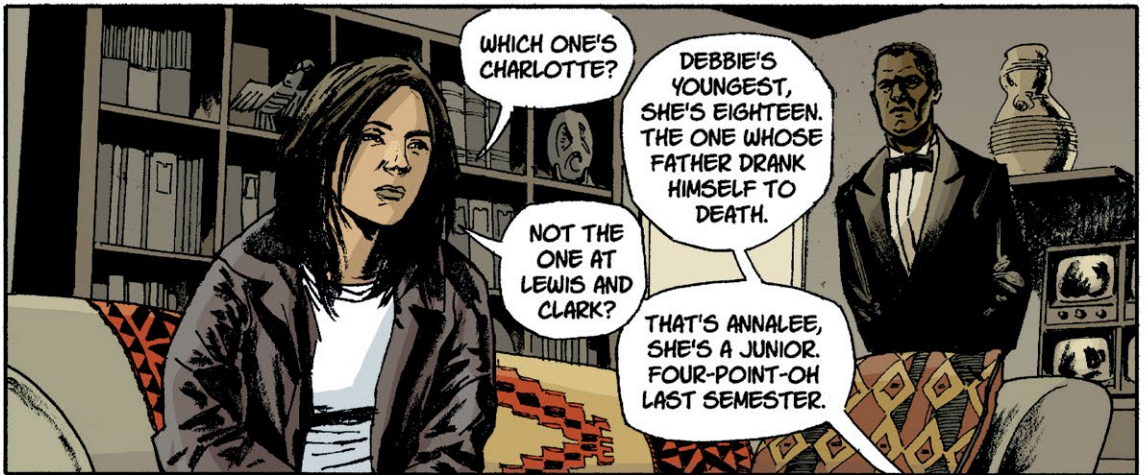
LISTEN, HOLLIS,
YOU THINK YOU
CAN CONVINCE
THE HOUSE
TO GIVE ME
ANOTHER
FIVE THOUSAND
IN CREDIT--

SUE-LYNNE
WANTS TO
TALK TO YOU.



OH,
C'MON...







"MAYBE WITH A BOY."



WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? IS CHARLOTTE QUEER?



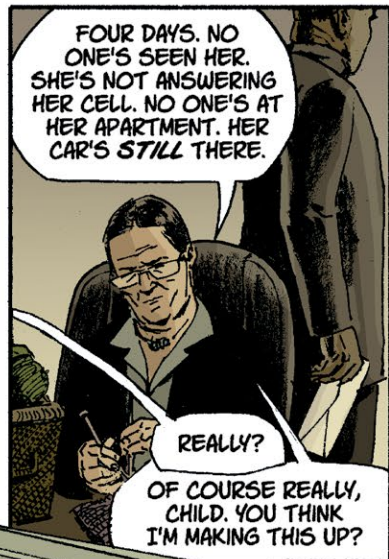
CHARLOTTE IS IMMATURE AND TOO PRETTY FOR HER OWN GOOD.

I SUSPECT A BOY, BUT I HAVE NO PROOF, ONLY THAT SHE TOLD HER MOTHER THAT SHE WAS SEEING SOMEONE.



RUN OFF ISN'T THE SAME AS GONE MISSING. SHE'S EIGHTEEN, SHE'S NOT A MINOR.

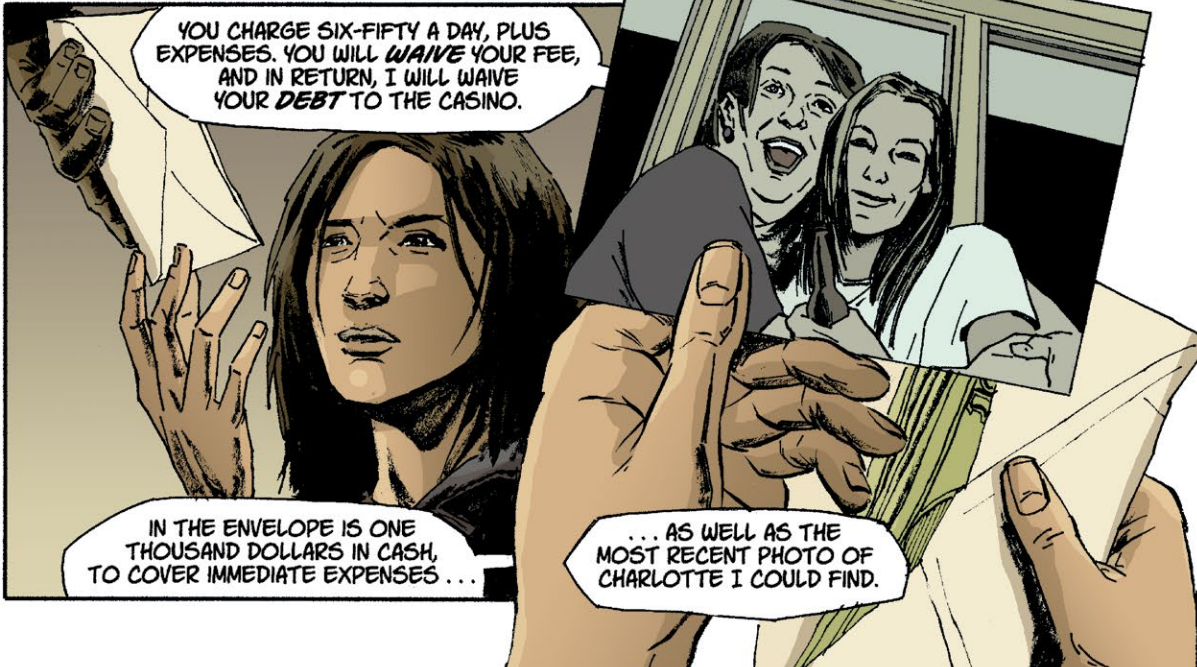
IF SHE'S OFF ROLLING AROUND WITH A BOY OR A GIRL OR EVEN BOTH AT ONCE, THAT'S HER BUSINESS. HOW LONG SINCE ANYONE HEARD FROM HER?



FOUR DAYS. NO ONE'S SEEN HER. SHE'S NOT ANSWERING HER CELL. NO ONE'S AT HER APARTMENT. HER CAR'S STILL THERE.

REALLY?

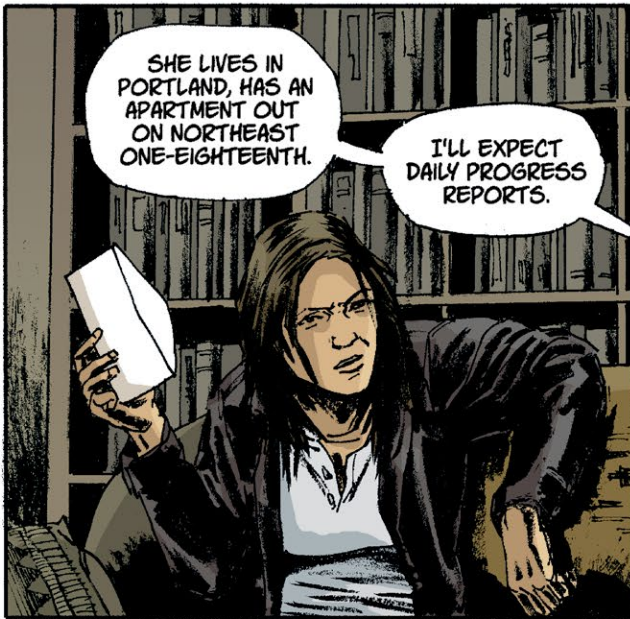
OF COURSE REALLY, CHILD. YOU THINK I'M MAKING THIS UP?



YOU CHARGE SIX-FIFTY A DAY, PLUS EXPENSES. YOU WILL WAIVE YOUR FEE, AND IN RETURN, I WILL WAIVE YOUR DEBT TO THE CASINO.

IN THE ENVELOPE IS ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH, TO COVER IMMEDIATE EXPENSES...

... AS WELL AS THE MOST RECENT PHOTO OF CHARLOTTE I COULD FIND.



SHE LIVES IN
PORTLAND, HAS AN
APARTMENT OUT
ON NORTHEAST
ONE-EIGHTEENTH.

I'LL EXPECT
DAILY PROGRESS
REPORTS.



HOLLIS WILL
SEE YOU OUT.



I LIKE THE
PART WHERE YOU'VE
GIVEN ME A
CHOICE HERE.

YOU DO HAVE
A CHOICE, CHILD.



SEVENTEEN
THOUSAND, SIX
HUNDRED, AND
SIXTEEN DOLLARS
OF CHOICE.

DAILY REPORTS,
LIKE I SAID.



CHARLOTTE'S
CAR. WHAT'S
SHE DRIVE?

IT MAKE
SENSE TO YOU
SHE RAN OFF
BUT DIDN'T
TAKE HER CAR?

ONE OF THOSE
LITTLE ONES.
A MINI. WHY?



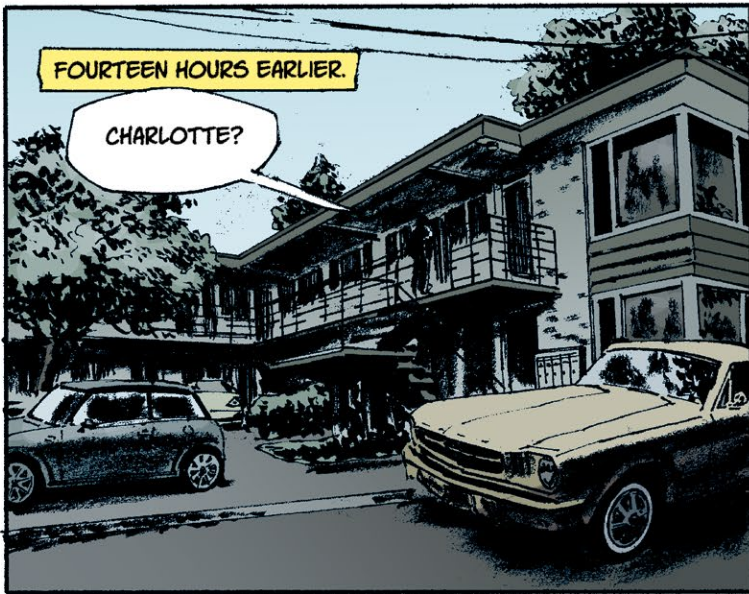
PERHAPS YOU CAN
ASK HER ABOUT IT
WHEN YOU FIND HER.

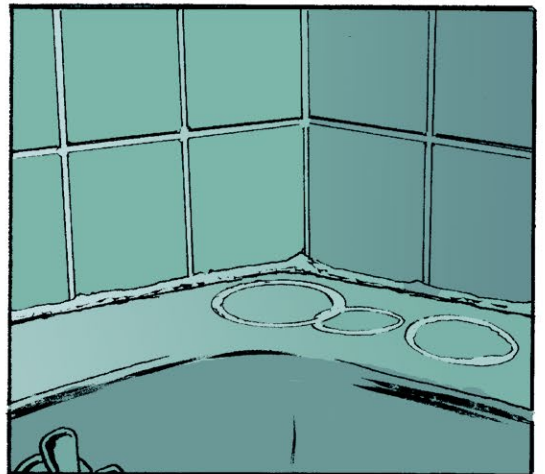
HOLLIS
WILL SHOW
YOU OUT.

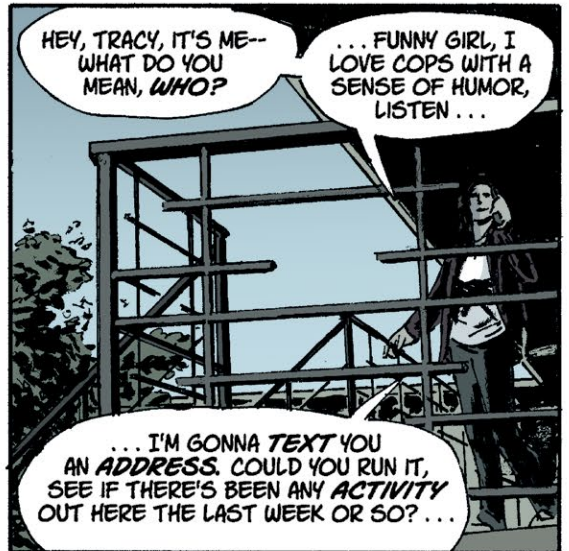


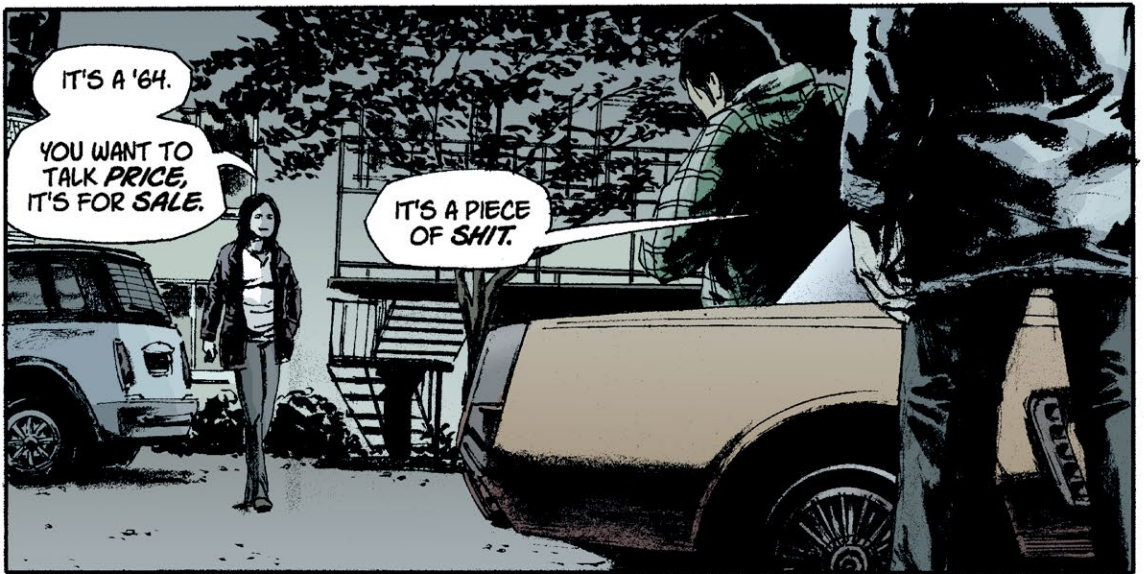






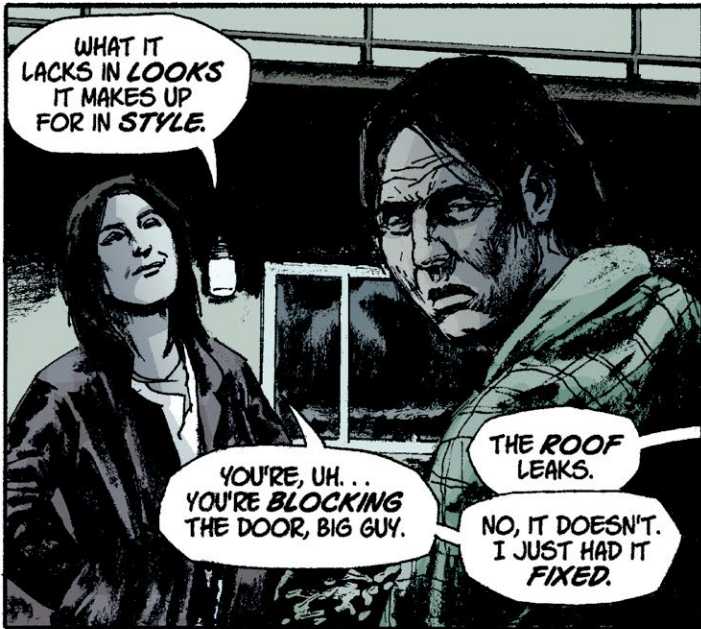






IT'S A '64.
YOU WANT TO TALK PRICE, IT'S FOR SALE.

IT'S A PIECE OF SHIT.



WHAT IT LACKS IN LOOKS IT MAKES UP FOR IN STYLE.

YOU'RE, UH... YOU'RE **BLOCKING** THE DOOR, BIG GUY.

THE ROOF LEAKS.

NO, IT DOESN'T. I JUST HAD IT **FIXED**.



YEAH, IT DOES.



AW, C'MON, MAN. WHY YOU GOTTA GO AND DO **THAT**?







ELEVEN HOURS EARLIER.

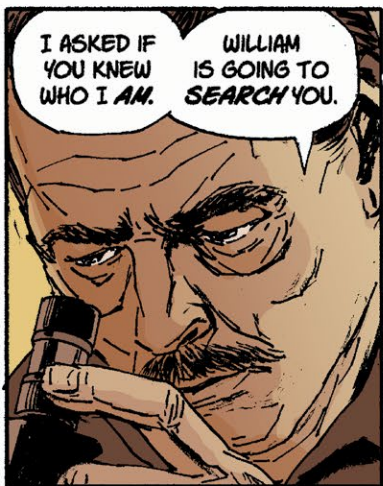




YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

YOU'RE HECTOR MARENCO.

THAT'S MY NAME.



I ASKED IF YOU KNEW WHO I AM.

WILLIAM IS GOING TO SEARCH YOU.

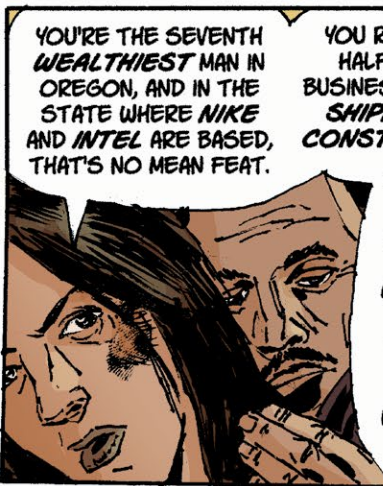


HE TELLS ME WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR, I CAN SAVE HIM THE TROUBLE.

HE'LL WANT TO DO IT HIMSELF.



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?



YOU'RE THE SEVENTH WEALTHIEST MAN IN OREGON, AND IN THE STATE WHERE NIKE AND INTEL ARE BASED, THAT'S NO MEAN FEAT.

YOU RUN SOME HALF-DOZEN BUSINESSES FROM SHIPPING TO CONSTRUCTION.

YOU'RE TIGHT WITH CITY GOVERNMENT IN PORTLAND, AND NOTHING PASSES THE CITY COUNCIL HERE IN COAST CITY WITHOUT YOUR BLESSING.

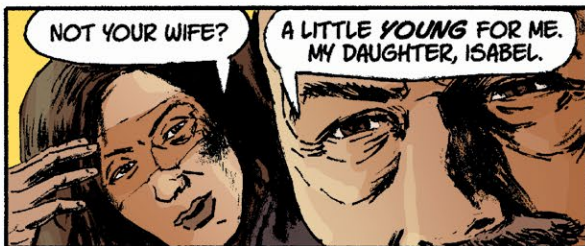
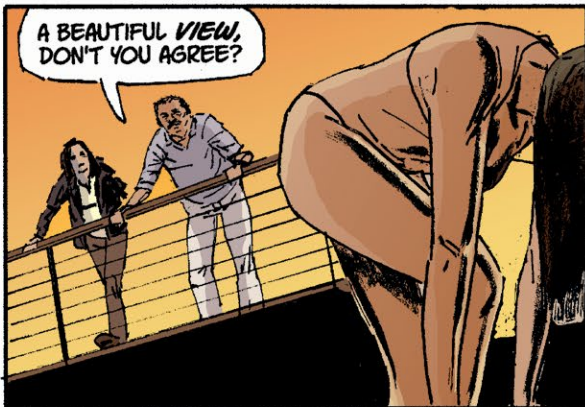
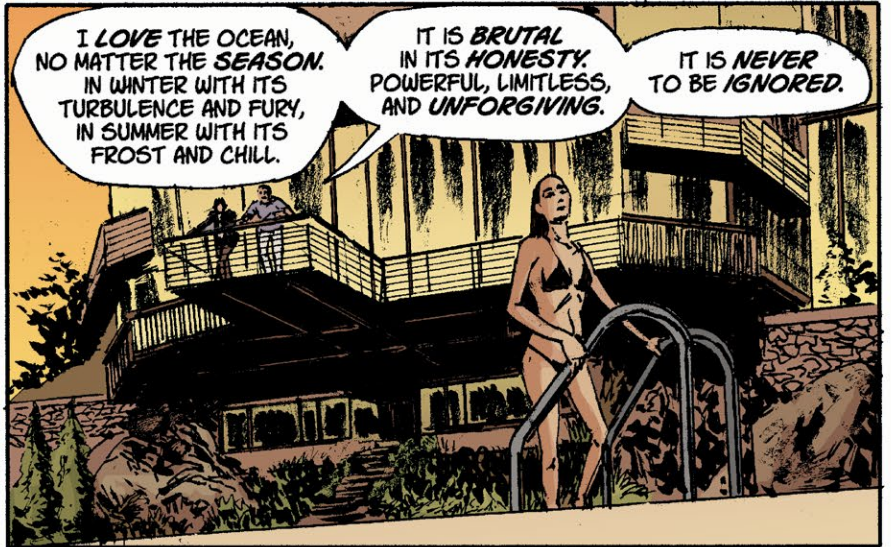


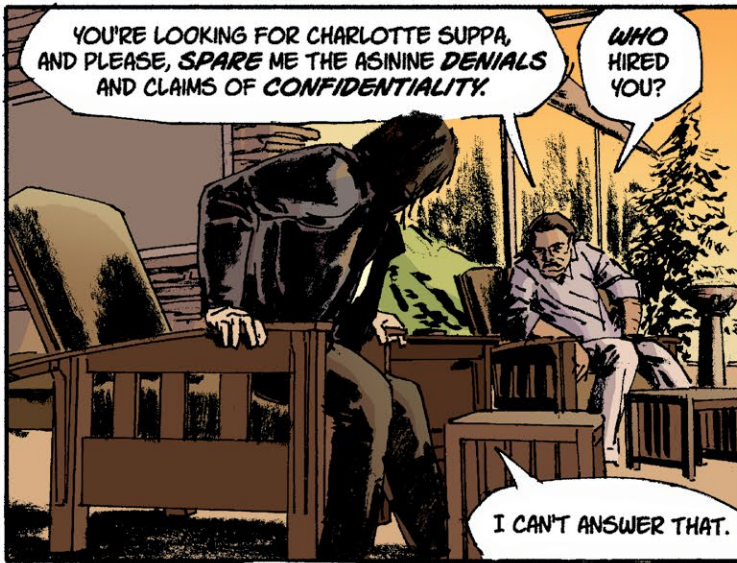
AND?



AND ACCORDING TO SOME PEOPLE, YOU'RE THE HEAD OF MS-13 IN THE PNW.

SO IF YOU'RE TRYING TO SCARE ME, CONGRATULATIONS, MISTER MARENCO, YOU'VE SUCCEEDED.





YOU'RE LOOKING FOR CHARLOTTE SUPPA, AND PLEASE, *SPARE ME THE ASININE DENIALS AND CLAIMS OF CONFIDENTIALITY.*

WHO HIRED YOU?

I CAN'T ANSWER THAT.



SIGH

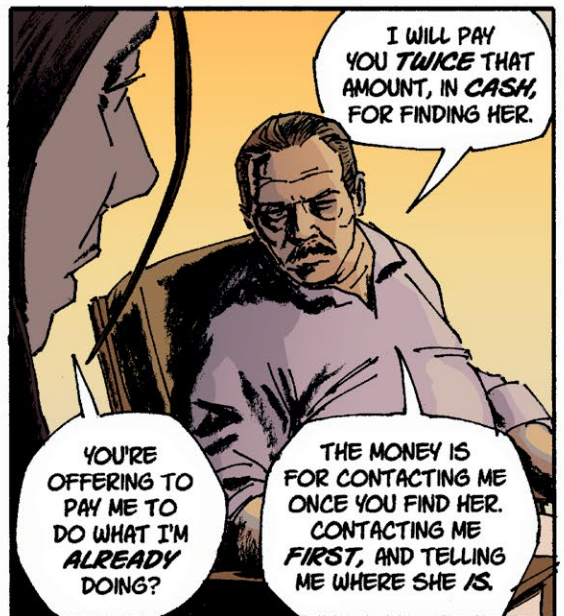
LET'S TRY ANOTHER WAY. HOW MUCH ARE YOU BEING PAID?



CALL IT EIGHTEEN GRAND, GIVE OR TAKE.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND. YOU ARE NOT VERY EXPENSIVE, ARE YOU?

I'M A CHEAP DATE. DOESN'T MEAN I'M EASY.



I WILL PAY YOU TWICE THAT AMOUNT, IN CASH, FOR FINDING HER.

YOU'RE OFFERING TO PAY ME TO DO WHAT I'M ALREADY DOING?

THE MONEY IS FOR CONTACTING ME ONCE YOU FIND HER. CONTACTING ME FIRST, AND TELLING ME WHERE SHE IS.



WHY?

THAT DOES NOT CONCERN YOU.

SURE IT DOES.



NO. IT DOESN'T.

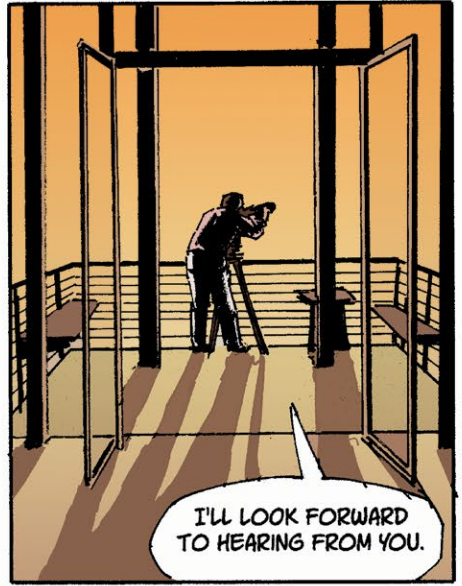


WILLIAM HAS PUT A NUMBER WHERE I CAN BE REACHED IN YOUR PHONE.

HE'LL ARRANGE FOR YOUR TRANSPORTATION BACK TO PORTLAND.



I DIDN'T SAY I'D DO IT, MISTER MARENCO.



I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING FROM YOU.



YOU. YOU'RE NOT ONE OF MY BROTHER'S.

I'M NOT?

A LITTLE TOO OLD FOR HIM.



THAT'S OKAY ...



... I LIKE OLDER WOMEN.



SHE'S, UH... PERKY. I CAN DIG THAT.

YOU DON'T WANT TO "DIG" THAT.



YOU HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY.



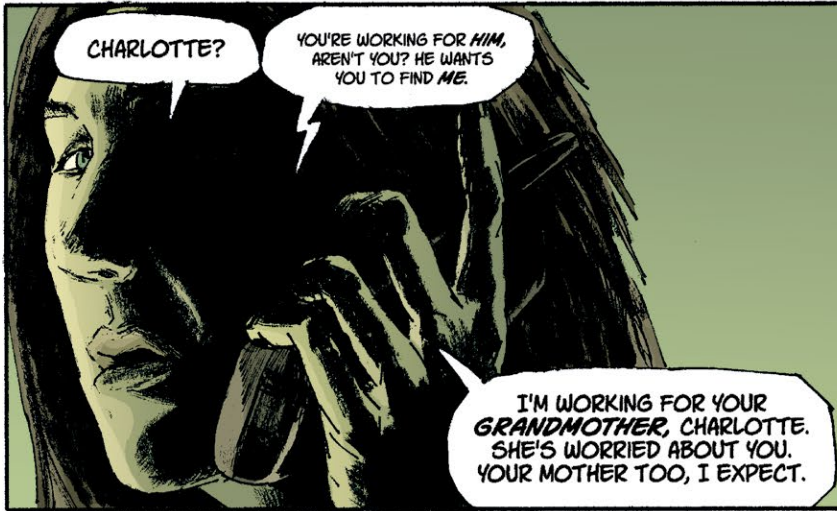


... BUT NO GOING ONLINE!
I DON'T WANT YOU
TRASH-TALKING THAT
CAPTAIN COLD GUY
AGAIN!



YEAH,
THIS IS--

WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING
FOR ME?



CHARLOTTE?

YOU'RE WORKING FOR HIM,
AREN'T YOU? HE WANTS
YOU TO FIND ME.

I'M WORKING FOR YOUR
GRANDMOTHER, CHARLOTTE.
SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
YOUR MOTHER TOO, I EXPECT.



CHARLOTTE?...
CHARLOTTE, YOU
STILL THERE...?

... YES ...



YOU DIDN'T RUN OFF
WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND,
DID YOU?

YOU'RE HIDING. TOOK ONLY THE STUFF
YOU HAD TO HAVE, YOUR FAVORITE CLOTHES,
YOUR TOILETRIES, BUT YOU LEFT YOUR CAR.

YOU WERE AFRAID
THE CAR WOULD
GIVE YOU AWAY.

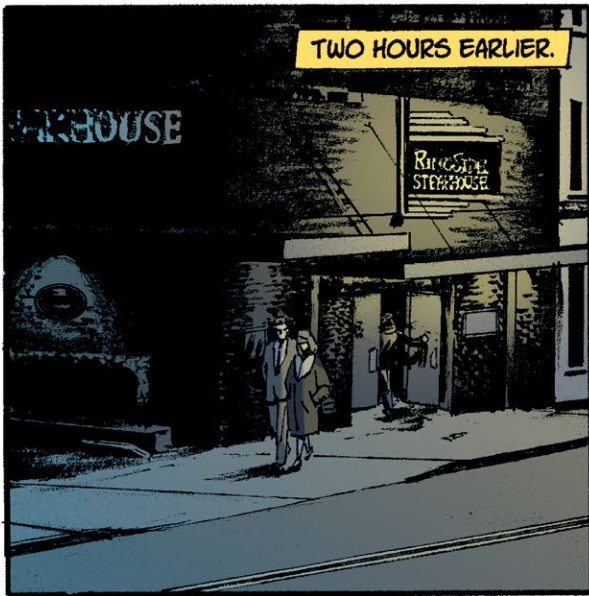


IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE,
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU.
I REALLY WOULD.

AND IT SOUNDS
TO ME LIKE YOU'RE
IN TROUBLE.

I THINK HE WANTS
TO KILL ME.









AH, SHIT.

TOLD YOU
TO STAY
OUT OF IT.



MAN, I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT I'M IN,
ALL RIGHT?

I WAS
JUST IN
THE BAR,
HAVING A
DRINK,
AND...



...AND...AND...



... AND YOU'RE
KIDDING ME,
RIGHT?

YOU GOT
ONE WARNING,
THAT'S ALL
THE WARNING
YOU GET.



WHOLE!

DILL?

GET THE CAR...



... WE'RE TAKING
LITTLE MISS CAN'T
TAKE A HINT FOR
A RIDE.



KRACK

KRACK

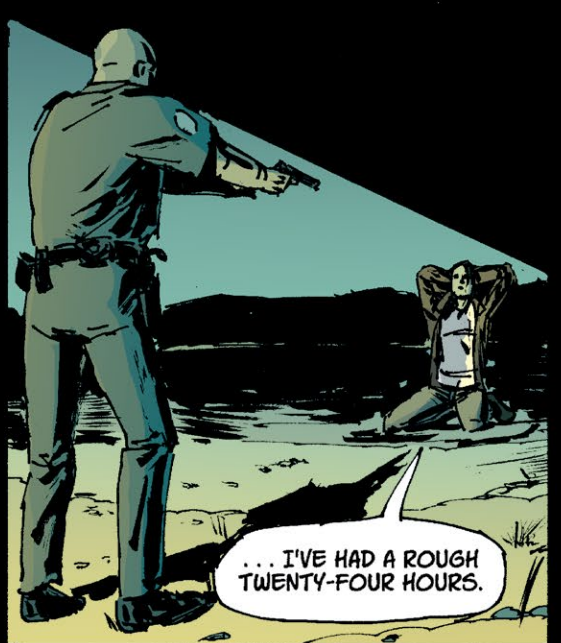


YOU! LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!



LACE 'EM!
LACE 'EM,
BEHIND
YOUR HEAD!

EASE OFF,
FELLAS...



... I'VE HAD A ROUGH
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.



WAIT--YOU'RE ARRESTING ME?

HOW ABOUT GOING AFTER THE GUY WHO JUST TRIED TO KILL ME, HUH?

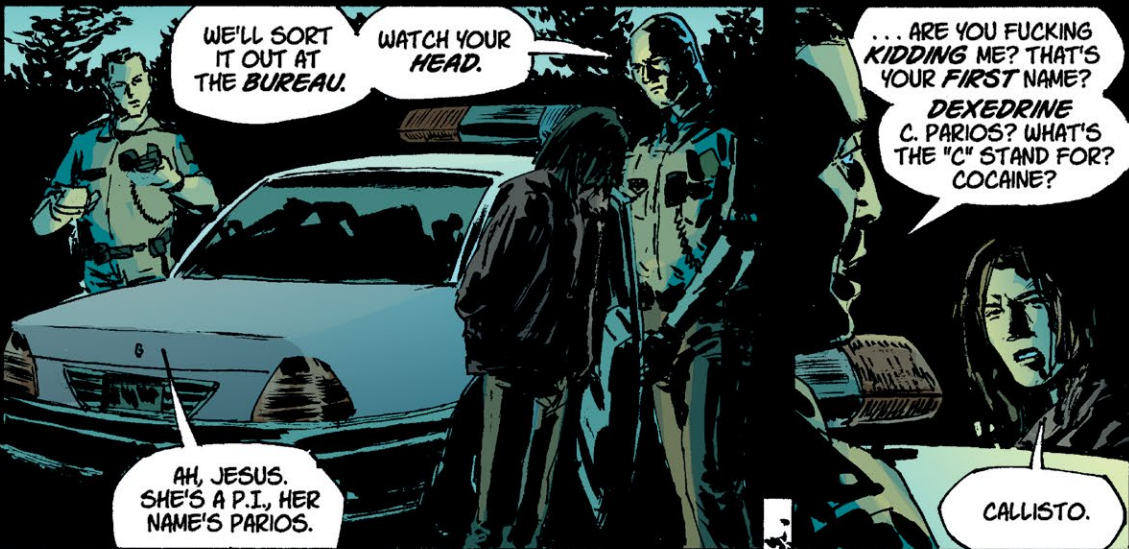
WHAT GUY WOULD THAT BE? MISTER DANIELS OR MISTER COORS?



I'M NOT DRUNK! TAKE A LOOK AT MY SHIRT, DAMMIT!

WE'LL TAKE YOUR STATEMENT AT BUREAU.

I'M THE VICTIM, HERE!



WE'LL SORT IT OUT AT THE BUREAU.

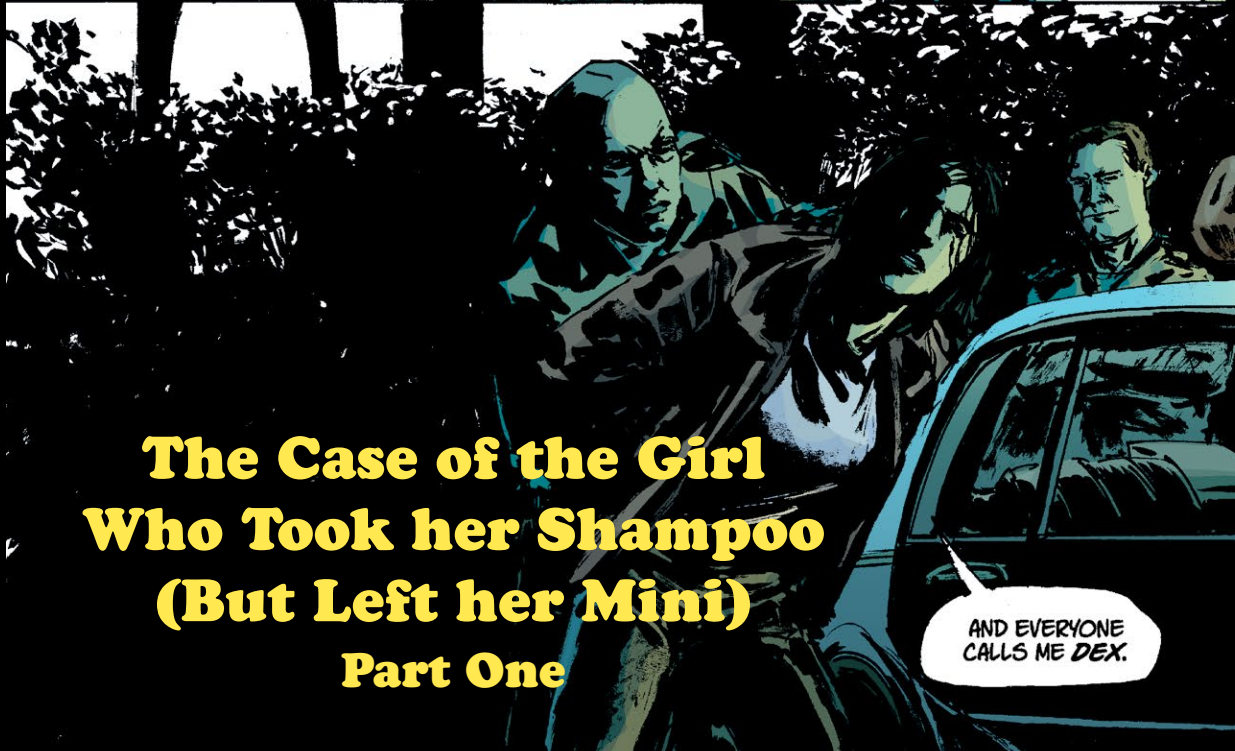
WATCH YOUR HEAD.

... ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME? THAT'S YOUR FIRST NAME?

DEXEDRINE C. PARIOS? WHAT'S THE "C" STAND FOR? COCAINE?

AH, JESUS. SHE'S A P.I., HER NAME'S PARIOS.

CALLISTO.



The Case of the Girl Who Took her Shampoo (But Left her Mini)

Part One

AND EVERYONE CALLS ME DEX.



Chapter Two





ANY DIFFICULTY BREATHING?

A LITTLE...

Legacy Emanuel Hospital & Health Center

EMERGENCY



...BUT IT STARTED AFTER YOU PUT YOUR HANDS ON ME, SO I FIGURE IT'S YOU AND *NOT* THE PART WHERE I GOT SHOT.

MISS PARIOS. ARE YOU *FLIRTING* WITH ME?

DEX, AND IT DEPENDS. ARE YOU *MARRIED*?



UH... NO, DEX. NO, I'M *NOT*.

THEN I'M *FLIRTING* WITH YOU, DOCTOR.



AND HERE I AM, TRYING TO BE PROFESSIONAL.

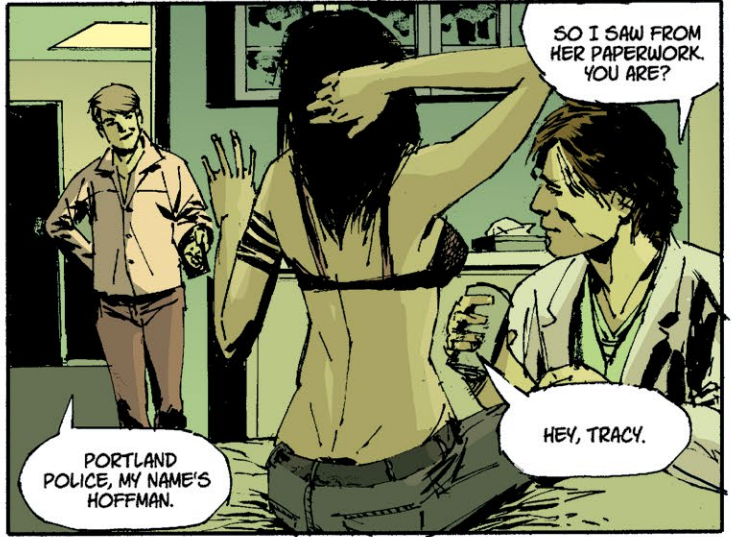
I'M SITTING HERE IN MY *SECOND-BEST* BRA.

GIVE MY *VANITY* A BREAK AND *PRETEND* YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE MAINTAINING YOUR *DETACHMENT*.



RAISE YOUR ARMS, PLEASE, AS FAR AS YOU CAN.

I THINK BEFORE THIS GOES ANY FURTHER YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT HER REAL NAME IS *DEXEDRINE*.



SO I SAW FROM HER PAPERWORK YOU ARE?

PORTLAND POLICE, MY NAME'S HOFFMAN.

HEY, TRACY.



EASY ON THE MOVEMENT, PLEASE.

I'M ASSUMING FROM THE LOVE IN THE AIR THAT SHE'LL LIVE?



SHE TOOK TWO ROUNDS TO THE CHEST, BUT THE VEST HELD.

SHE'S LUCKY. ONLY A SET OF BRUISED RIBS TO SHOW FOR IT.

YEAH, I'M FEELING QUEEN-OF-THE-WORLD RIGHT NOW.



HOW'S THAT?

HONESTLY? A LITTLE DISAPPOINTING.

HOW SO?



I WAS KINDA HOPING YOU'D COP A FEEL.

MAYBE NEXT TIME.





WHY? NOT WHO?
YOUR CUP OF COMPASSION JUST OVERFLOWS, DOESN'T IT?



OW OW OW OW
I THINK IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE. YOU HAVE A WHO?



SOME GUY NAMED DILL, AND NO, I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S HIS FIRST OR LAST NAME.
HAD A PARTNER WITH HIM, BIG GUY, HE CALLED HIM WHALE.
YOU MAKING THIS UP?



AND AGAIN WITH THE OVERFLOWING COMPASSION.



THIS HAVE TO DO WITH THAT GIRL YOU CALLED ME ABOUT YESTERDAY? CHARLOTTE SUPPA?
I DON'T KNOW.
HEY, DUMB-SHIT! SOMEONE JUST TRIED TO KILL YOU!





WHERE ARE YOUR *SHOES*?
YOU NEED YOUR *SHOES*...



... GREY'S GONNA BE
HERE ANY MINUTE.

I WANT-WANT TO
WEAR M-MY *BOOTS*.

YOU *CAN'T*
WEAR YOUR
BOOTS,
ANSEL...



... YOU'RE ON
YOUR--OW--
FEET ALL
DAY, LITTLE
BROTHER.

DID YOU
LOOK IN
YOUR ROOM?



WHY "OW,"
DEX? *WHY*
YOU SAY
"OW"?

IT'S NOTHING,
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT.
I'LL LOOK IN
YOUR ROOM.



SHE
GOT
HURT





SORRY, WE'RE RUNNING LATE.

ROUGH NIGHT?

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.



LISTEN, CAN I ASK YOU A FAVOR?

SURE.



I MAY HAVE TO GO OUT TO COAST CITY TODAY, AND IF THAT HAPPENS, I WON'T BE BACK UNTIL LATE.

CAN YOU KEEP AN EYE ON ANSEL AFTER WORK?



I'D BE HAPPY TO.



YOU ARE A PRINCE AMONGST MEN, GREY...

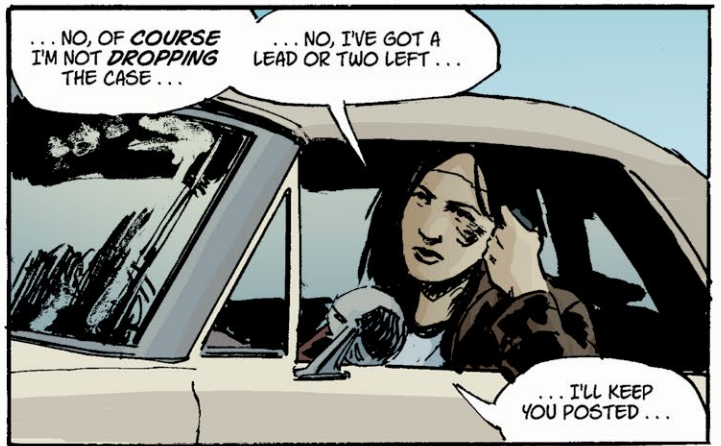
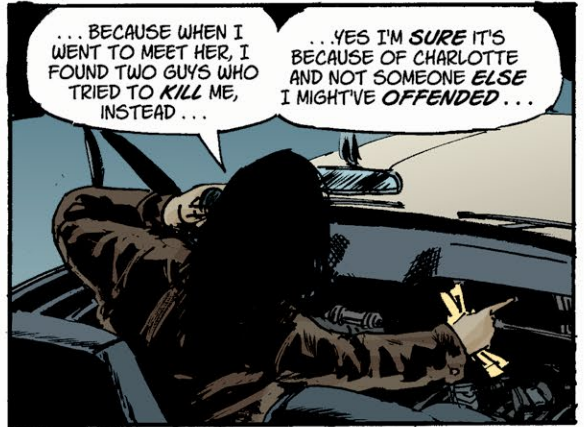
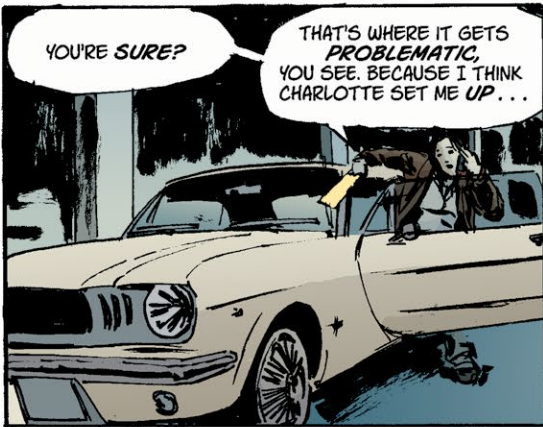
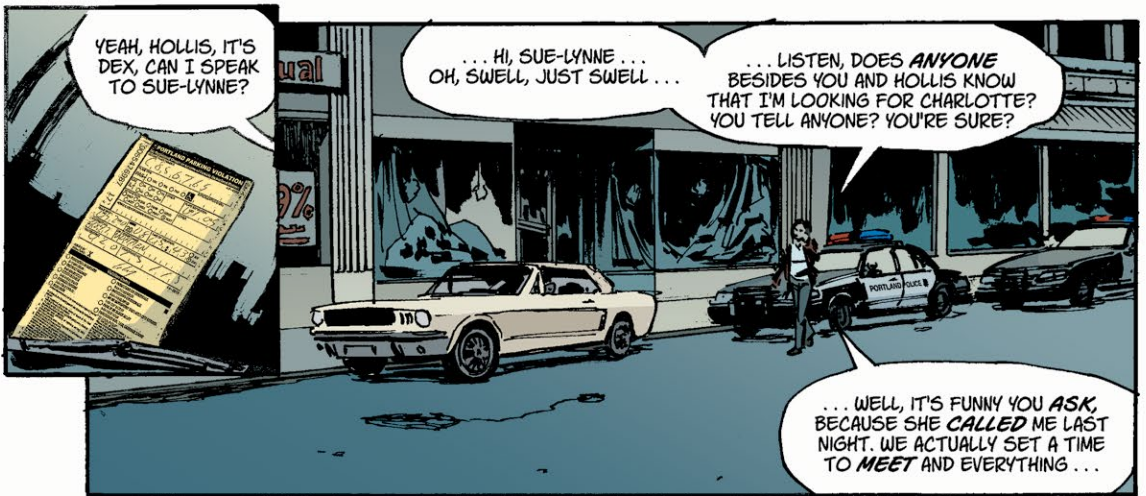


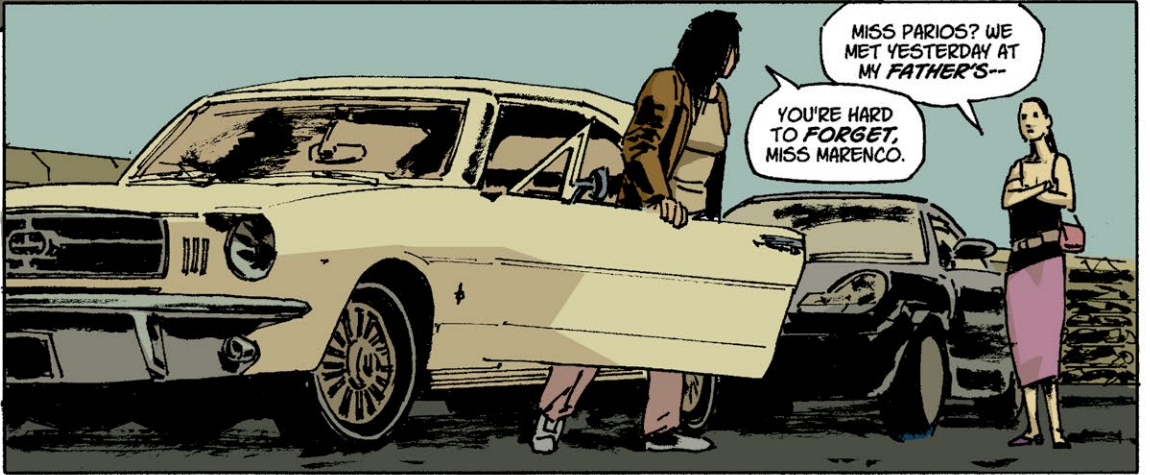
... OKAY, ANSEL, WHERE'S YOUR JACKET...?













HAVE A SEAT, MS. MARENCO.

CALL ME ISABEL.

HAVE A SEAT, ISABEL.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?

I GOT PUNCHED YESTERDAY.

I ALSO GOT SHOT.

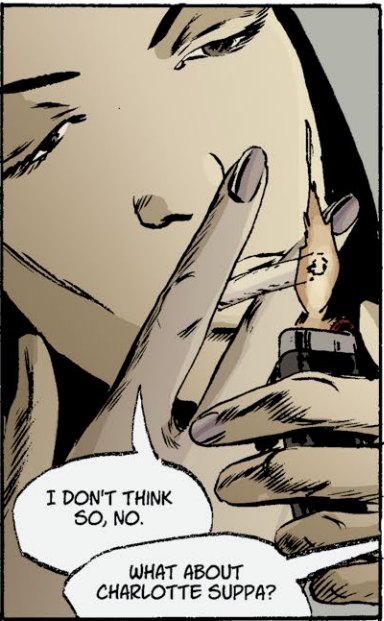


DOES THAT HAPPEN TO YOU OFTEN?



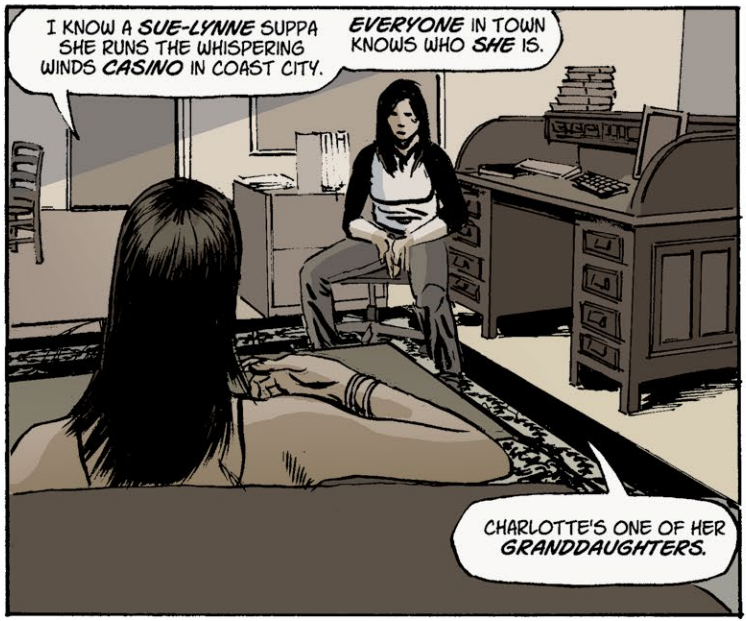
THE PUNCHING MORE THAN THE SHOOTING.

YOU KNOW A MAN NAMED RAY DILLON? DILL?



I DON'T THINK SO, NO.

WHAT ABOUT CHARLOTTE SUPPA?



I KNOW A *SUE-LYNNE SUPPA* SHE RUNS THE WHISPERING WINDS *CASINO* IN COAST CITY.

EVERYONE IN TOWN KNOWS WHO *SHE* IS.

CHARLOTTE'S ONE OF HER GRANDDAUGHTERS.



I'M AFRAID NOT.
WHY DO YOU ASK?



NO REASON.

WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU,
ISABEL?



WHAT DID YOU AND
MY FATHER TALK
ABOUT YESTERDAY?



HE ASKED ME
TO DO SOMETHING
FOR HIM.

WHICH WAS?



WHY ARE YOU
ASKING ME
AND NOT HIM?



MY FATHER
DOESN'T TALK
ABOUT HIS *BUSINESS*
WITH ME, MISS PARIOS.

HE'S SOMEWHAT ...
OLD-FASHIONED IN
THAT REGARD.

YOU KNOW WHAT
YOUR FATHER *DOES*
FOR A LIVING?



MY FATHER IS A
BUSINESSMAN.

YOUR FATHER RUNS
MARA SALVATRUCHA
IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST,
MISS MARENCO.



ISABEL.

THAT IS A RACIST *RUMOR*,
THE KIND OF TALK *SPREAD* TO
DIMINISH AN IMMIGRANT'S
ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

MY FATHER *EMBODIES*
THE AMERICAN DREAM. HE WAS
BORN IN SAN SALVADOR, IN LA MARA,
BUT HE *ESCAPED*. HE CAME TO
THIS COUNTRY WITH *NOTHING*.



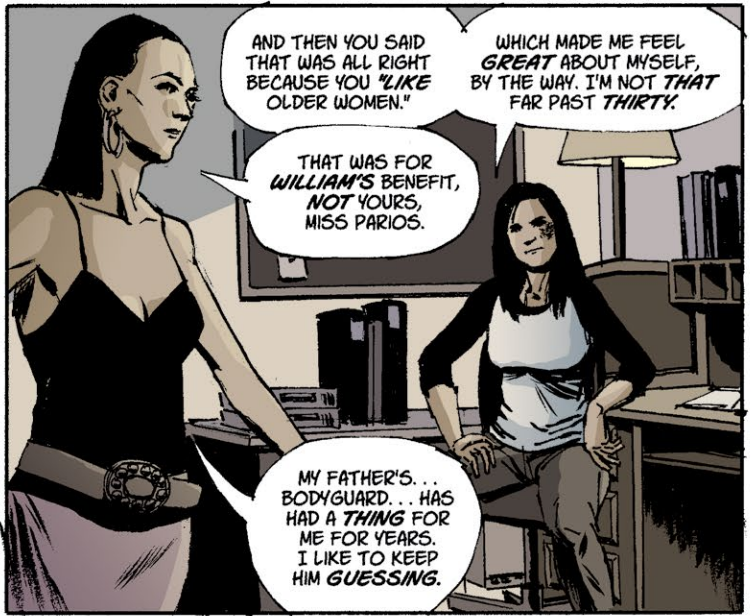
EVERYTHING HE DOES,
HE DOES FOR HIS *FAMILY*.
EVERYTHING HE HAS, HE HAS
WORKED FOR, FOUGHT FOR.





RIGHT. YOU SAID I WAS "TOO OLD" TO BE ONE OF HIS.

FOR WHICH YOU SHOULD CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY.



AND THEN YOU SAID THAT WAS ALL RIGHT BECAUSE YOU "LIKE OLDER WOMEN."

WHICH MADE ME FEEL GREAT ABOUT MYSELF, BY THE WAY. I'M NOT THAT FAR PAST THIRTY.

THAT WAS FOR WILLIAM'S BENEFIT, NOT YOURS, MISS PARIOS.

MY FATHER'S... BODYGUARD... HAS HAD A THING FOR ME FOR YEARS. I LIKE TO KEEP HIM GUESSING.

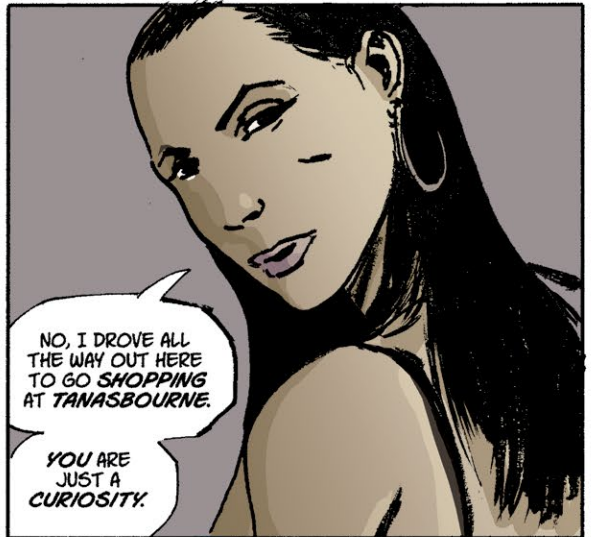


SORRY TO BREAK YOUR HEART, BUT I DON'T PLAY FOR YOUR TEAM.

ISABEL, I'VE YET TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TEAM I'M ON.

WELL, I WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK FINDING OUT. THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME.

THAT'S ALL? YOU DROVE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE FROM COAST CITY TO ASK ME THAT?



NO, I DROVE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE TO GO SHOPPING AT TANASBOURNE.

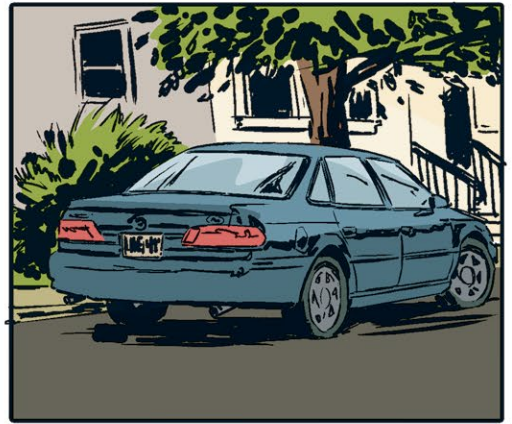
YOU ARE JUST A CURIOSITY.

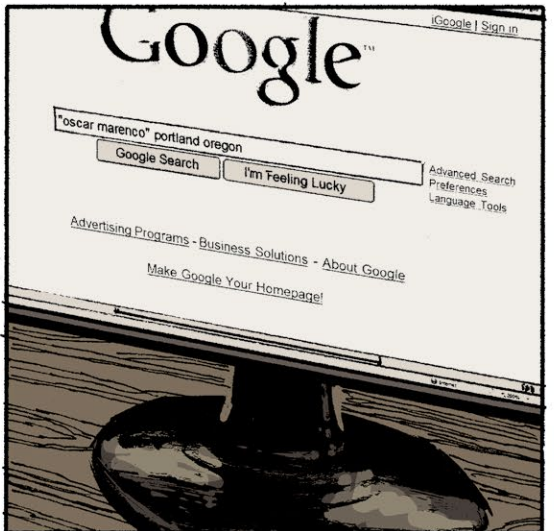
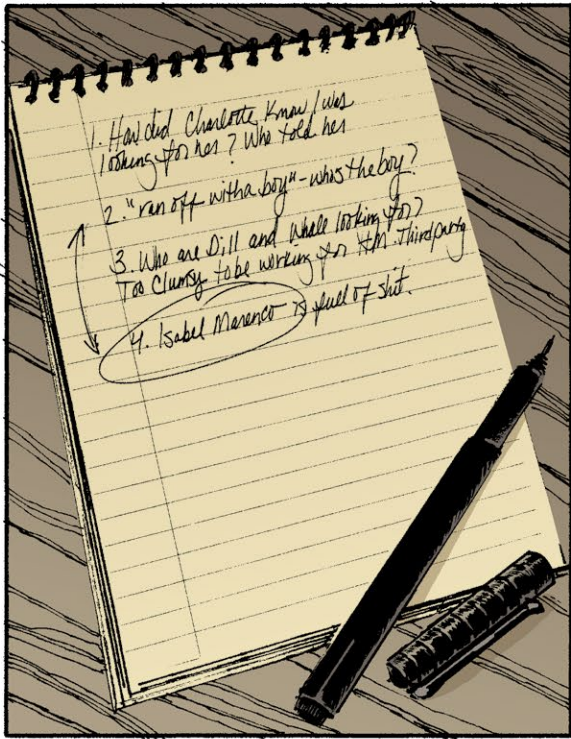


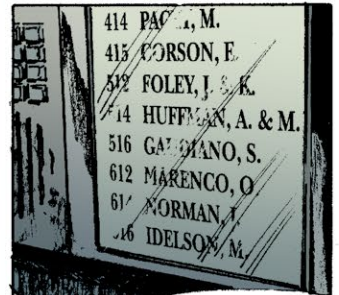
HAVE A NICE DAY.

YEAH.

YOU, TOO.







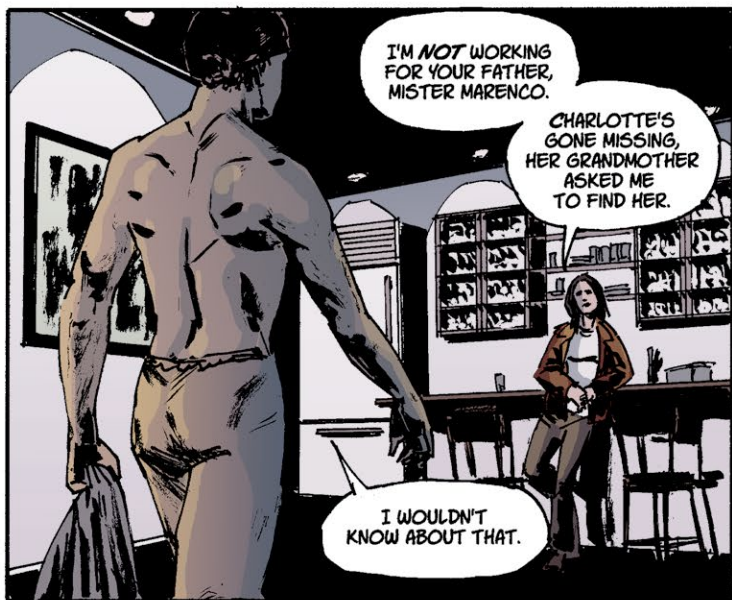
- ~~414 PACI, M.~~
- ~~415 CORSON, E.~~
- ~~512 FOLEY, J. & K.~~
- ~~14 HUFFMAN, A. & M.~~
- ~~516 GALDIANO, S.~~
- ~~612 MARENCO, O.~~
- ~~617 NORMAN, J.~~
- ~~16 IDELSON, M.~~

OSCAR MARENCO?
MY NAME'S PARIOS,
I'M A PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR ...



... I WAS WONDERING
IF I COULD ASK YOU A
FEW QUESTIONS ...

















MAY I HELP YOU?



I HOPE SO. THE OFFICE SENT ME OVER TO GET THESE *SIGNED*, BUT THEY DIDN'T GIVE ME THE ROOM NUMBER.



MARENCO.

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE GUEST?

SHE'S IN FIVE-TWENTY-TWO.

IF YOU LEAVE IT WITH ME, I'LL BRING IT UP TO HER.



I'VE GOT TO GET THESE TO FEDEX AS SOON AS HER SIGNATURE'S ON THEM.



FIVE-TWENTY-TWO, RIGHT? WON'T BE A MINUTE.







The Case of the Girl Who Took her Shampoo (But Left her Mini) Part Two







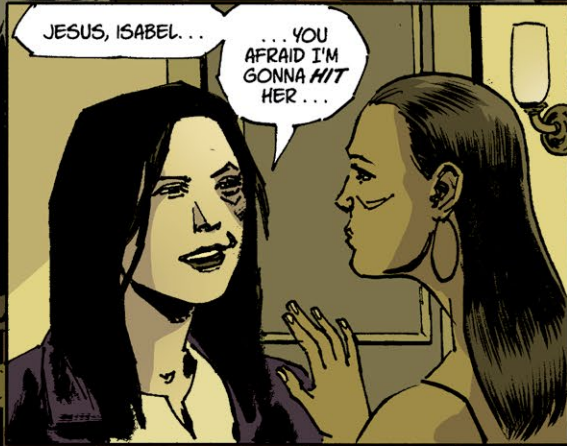
Chapter Three





CHARLOTTE,
LISTEN, I
WANT TO
HELP YOU.

STAY AWAY
FROM HER,
PARIOS!



JESUS, ISABEL ...

... YOU
AFRAID I'M
GONNA HIT
HER ...



... OR
HIT ON
HER?

YOU
CALLED ME,
CHARLOTTE ...



... YOU SAID YOU
WERE AFRAID FOR
YOUR LIFE. WHO'RE
YOU AFRAID OF?

I DON'T ...





WE DON'T
NEED YOUR
HELP!



ISABEL!

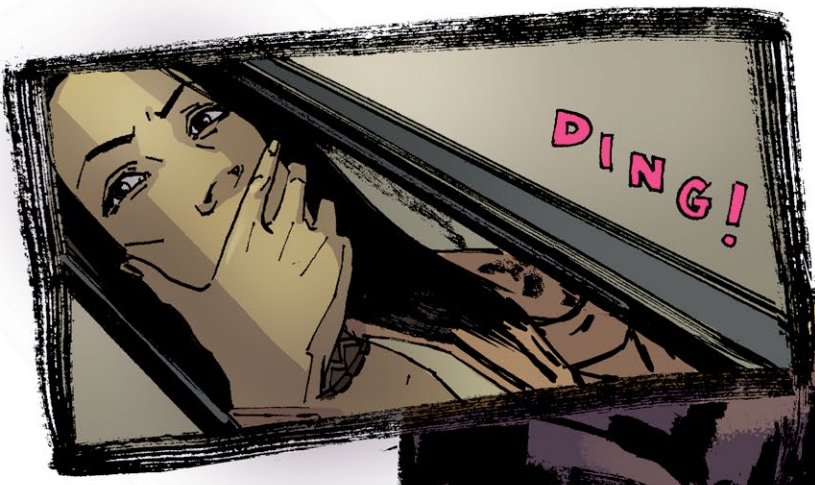
MNN



SHE'LL BE
ALL RIGHT,
COME ON--

GROAN

--WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!





EXCUSE ME!
MA'AM, ARE--

WHICH
WAY?



TWO WOMEN,
WHICH WAY?



USELESS.



I'M NOT--
I DON'T--



CAN I BRING
YOUR CAR
AROUND?

MA'AM?



SHE
VALETED
HER CAR
...





BET YOU'RE REALLY REGRETTING HAVING VALET-PARKED, HUH?



UH, NO, I DON'T THINK SO, BABY.



I'LL JUST HOLD ON TO THIS FOR YOU.



SOMEONE MIGHT GET HURT.



LET'S GO.

ISABEL CAN COME, TOO, IF SHE WANTS TO.

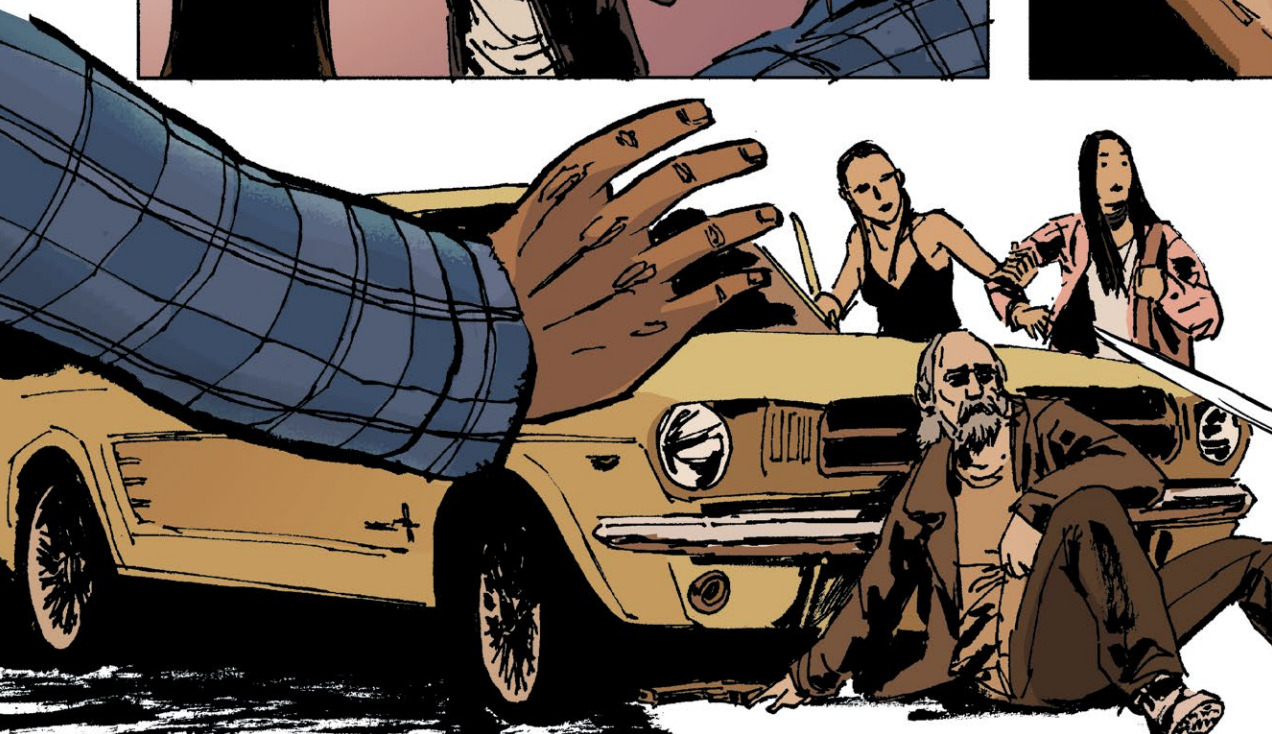


WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

MY PLACE.

I'M PARKED AROUND THE CORNER...



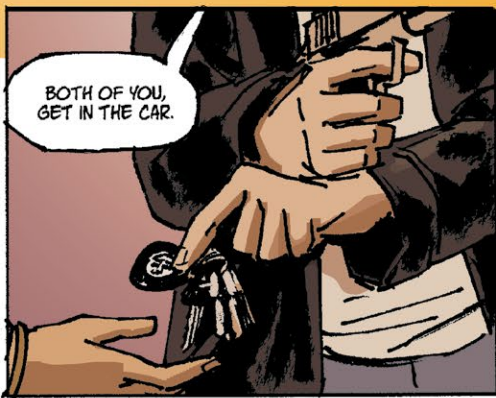




--BITCH!



--I LET WEATHER INTO YOUR SKULL.



BOTH OF YOU, GET IN THE CAR.



MOVE! BEFORE SOMEBODY CALLS THE COPS!

I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN!



HURRY!



OH, PLEASE GO FOR IT.



I ACTUALLY WANT TO SHOOT YOU.



CHARLOTTE!!

I'M TRYING--



--THERE'S NO ROOM!

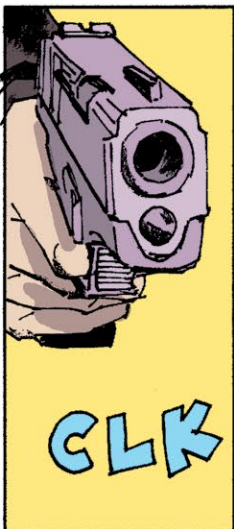
YEAH, IT'S KINDA A MESS, I APOLOGIZE.

HOLD ON A SECOND...



...DON'T WANT YOU FOLLOWING US.

CLK



CLK

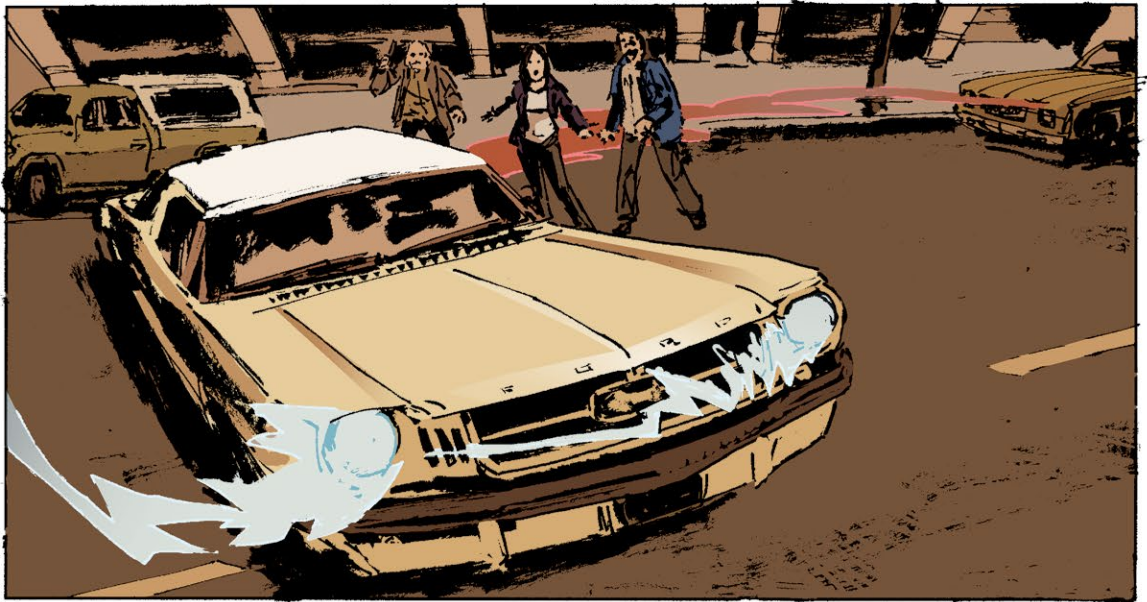


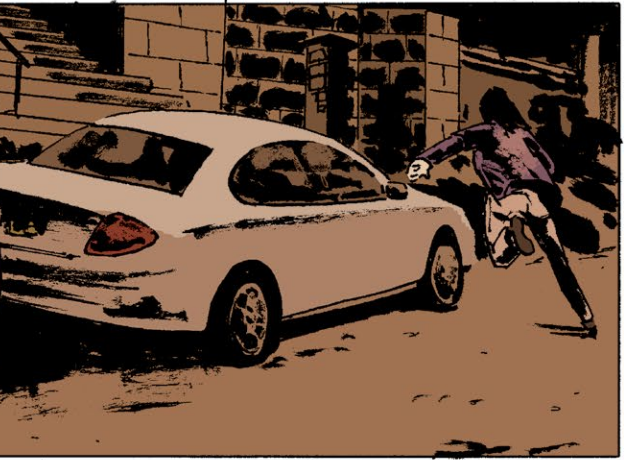
CLK



CLK









HEY THANKS--



--ISABEL SAID IT WAS OKAY IF I DROVE IT--

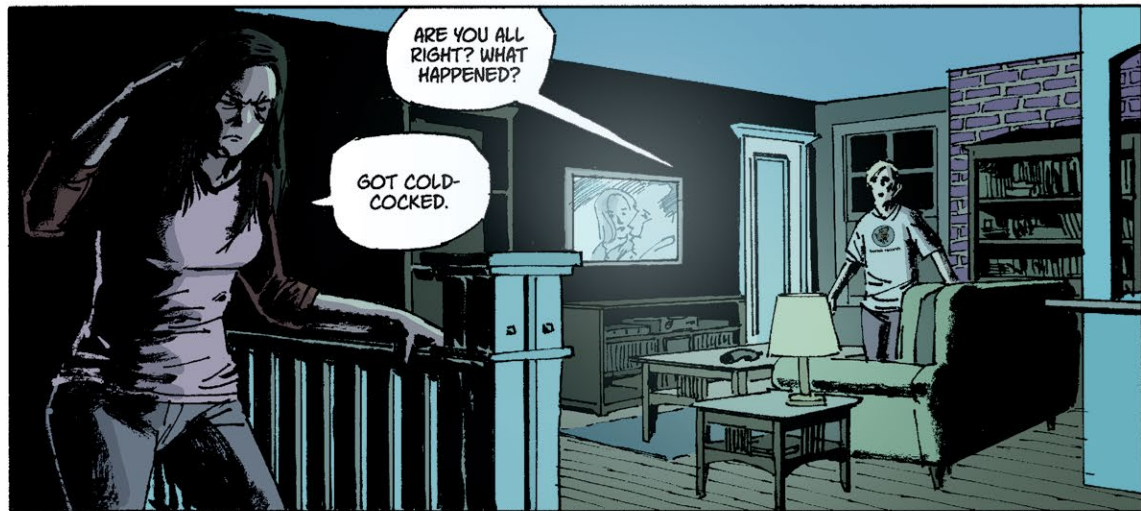


HEY, WAIT--





JESUS CHRIST!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?

GOT COLD-COCKED.



NEED ICE.

COLD-COCKED? LIKE IN THE MOVIES?

LIKE IT *BETTER* IN THE MOVIES.



HURTS LESS.

YOU NEED TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL, DEX. YOU COULD HAVE A CONCUSSION OR--

IT'S OKAY, GREY. REALLY.

ANSEL ASLEEP?



YEAH, WENT TO BED AN HOUR AGO.

FISHSTICKS, YUM.

WE HAD FISHSTICKS FOR DINNER, PLAYED CALL OF DUTY.



THANKS FOR WATCHING HIM.





RNNGG MNGG



RNNGG MNGG



RNNGG MNGG



RNNGG MNGG



RNNGG M--



PARIOS.

YOU FUCKING BITCH,
I WILL KILL YOU.

I WANT MY
PORSCHE BACK!







"... YOU AND CHARLOTTE ARE GOING TO MEET ME AT TEN AT MOUNT TABOR, OKAY? SAY THE SOUTH PICNIC AREA..."

"... IT'S NICE AND OPEN UP THERE, AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TELL THAT I'M ALONE..."



"... I'LL BRING YOUR CAR, AND YOU'LL GIVE ME SOME ANSWERS..."

I DON'T SEE CHARLOTTE.



AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO, EITHER.

SHE'S SOMEWHERE SAFE.



SAFE FROM WHO?

YOU. OSCAR. PAPA. WHOEVER.



GIVE ME MY DAMN KEYS.



NOT YET.



YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME SOME ANSWERS, REMEMBER?

YOU'RE A DETECTIVE, GET THEM YOURSELF.



SWEETHEART, THAT IS WHAT I'M DOING.

LET'S TAKE A WALK.

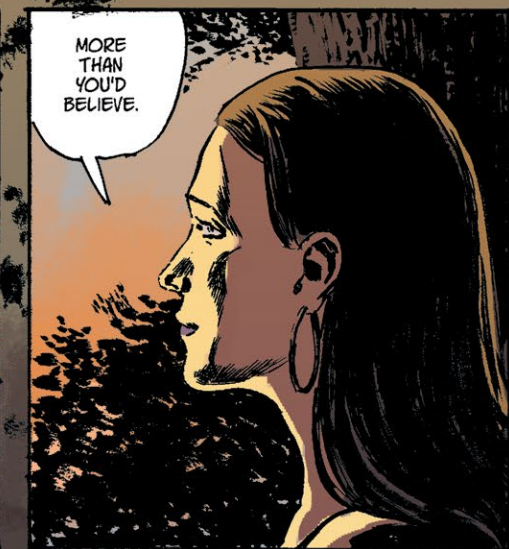




HE'S TRYING TO *CLEAN-UP* AFTER OSCAR.



THAT SOMETHING HE HAS TO DO A LOT?



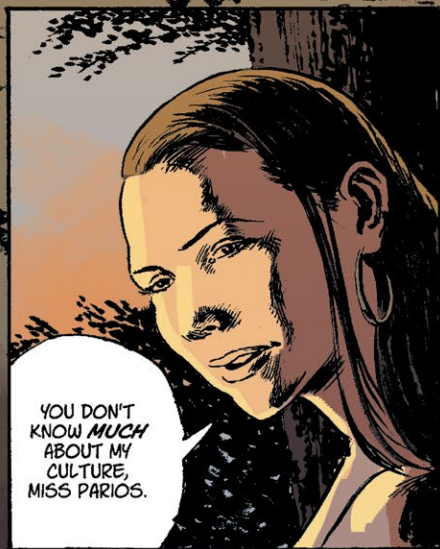
MORE THAN YOU'D BELIEVE.



AND WHAT ABOUT YOU?



IS YOUR INTEREST IN CHARLOTTE BECAUSE OF THE *FAMILY BUSINESS*, OR SOMETHING *ELSE*?



YOU DON'T KNOW *MUCH* ABOUT MY CULTURE, MISS *PARIOS*.



WOMEN HAVE *NO PLACE* IN THE *FAMILY BUSINESS*.



SO IT'S A **PERSONAL** INVOLVEMENT..



WHAT DO YOU **MEAN** BY THAT?



THE **THING** BETWEEN YOU AND CHARLOTTE, IT'S **PERSONAL**--



THERE'S NO **"THING"** BETWEEN US. SHE'S MY **FRIEND**.



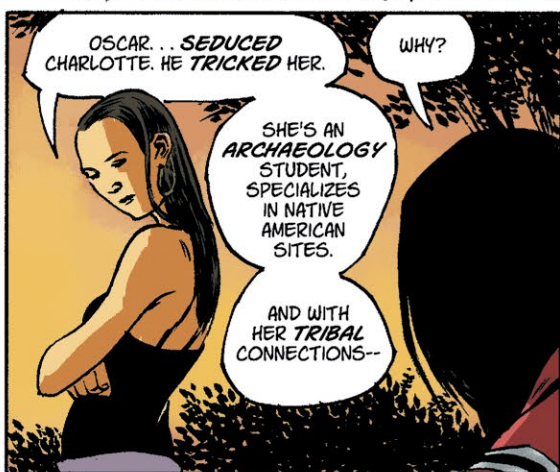
SURE.



WE'RE **FRIENDS**, THAT'S **ALL**.



SURE.

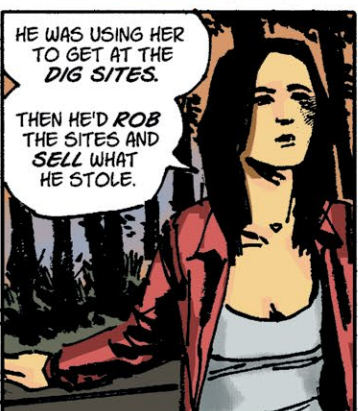


OSCAR... **SEDUCED** CHARLOTTE. HE **TRICKED** HER.

WHY?

SHE'S AN **ARCHAEOLOGY** STUDENT, SPECIALIZES IN **NATIVE AMERICAN** SITES.

AND WITH HER **TRIBAL** CONNECTIONS--



HE WAS USING HER TO GET AT THE **DIG** SITES.

THEN HE'D **ROB** THE SITES AND **SELL** WHAT HE **STOLE**.



SHE DIDN'T **KNOW**?

NOT AT **FIRST**.

AND SHE TOLD YOU, AND YOU SAW A WAY TO **SCREW** YOUR **BROTHER** OVER.



NICE WAY TO HELP A **FRIEND**, ISABEL.



I DIDN'T THINK HE'D TRY TO KILL HER!

AND YOUR FATHER? WHAT'D YOU THINK HE'D DO WHEN HE FOUND OUT, WHICH HE OBVIOUSLY DID?

SEND HER A FUCKING FRUIT BASKET?



PAPA ISN'T TRYING TO KILL HER, HE JUST WANTS TO PROTECT OSCAR!

KILLING CHARLOTTE DOES PROTECT OSCAR, ISABEL!

NO, IT'S NOT LIKE THAT!



PAPA DOESN'T WANT OSCAR IN THE BUSINESS. HE NEVER HAS, BUT OSCAR WON'T STAY OUT OF IT!

HE KEEPS TRYING TO IMPRESS PAPA, THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER WAY TO DO IT!



WHERE'S CHARLOTTE?

I'M NOT--



WHERE IS SHE?!

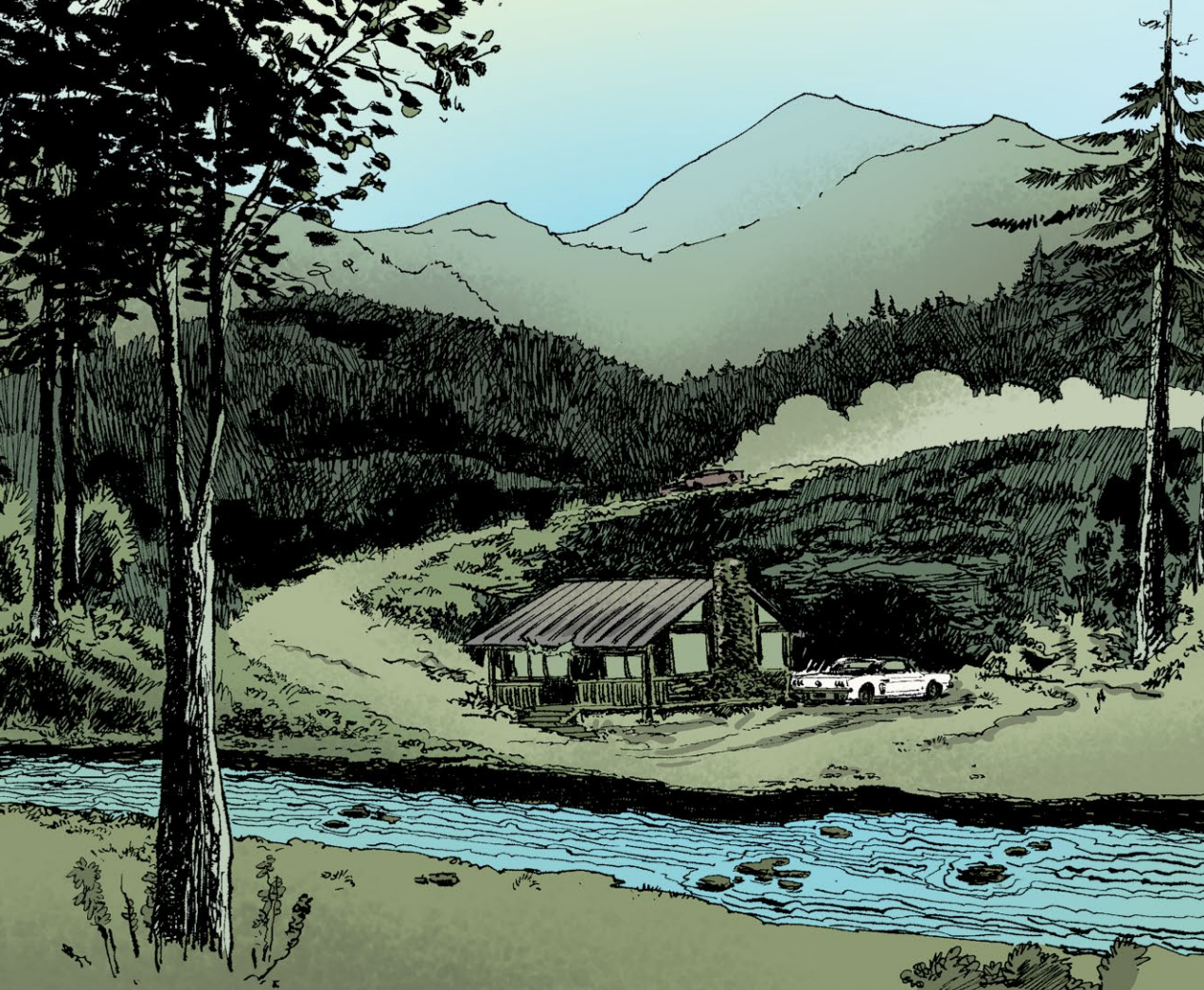


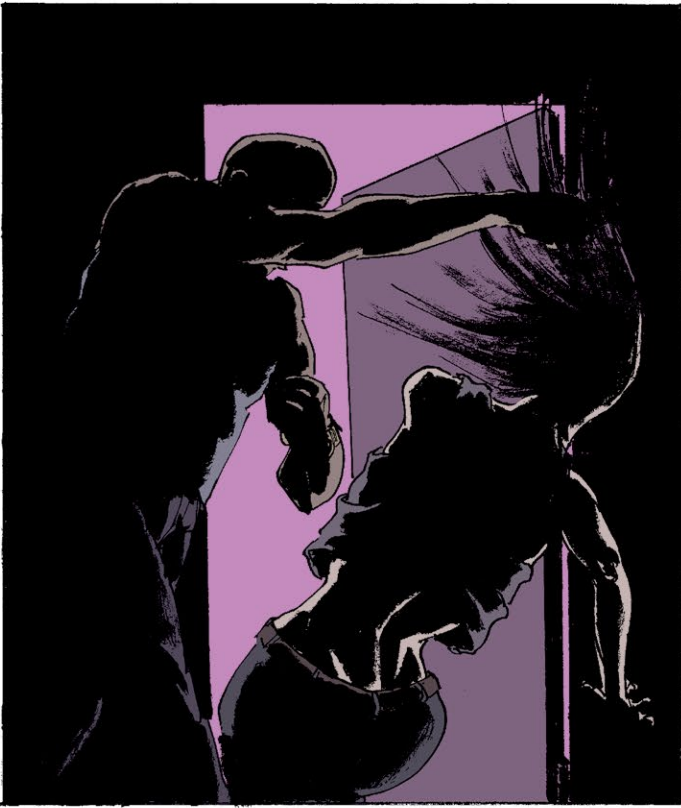
UP NEAR TIMBERLINE.

THERE'S A CABIN, SHE'S... SHE'S THERE.



SHOW ME.



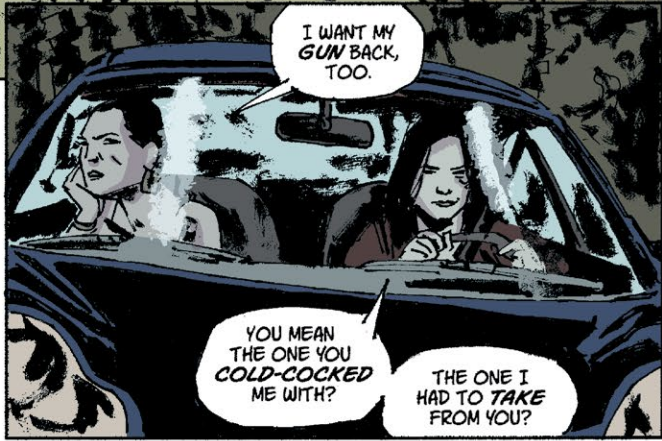
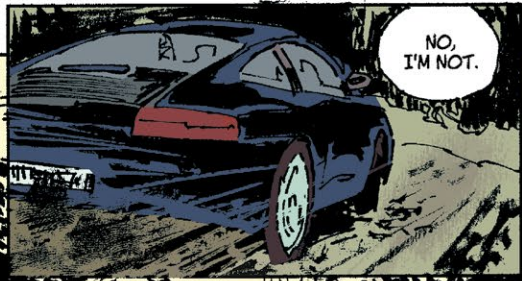


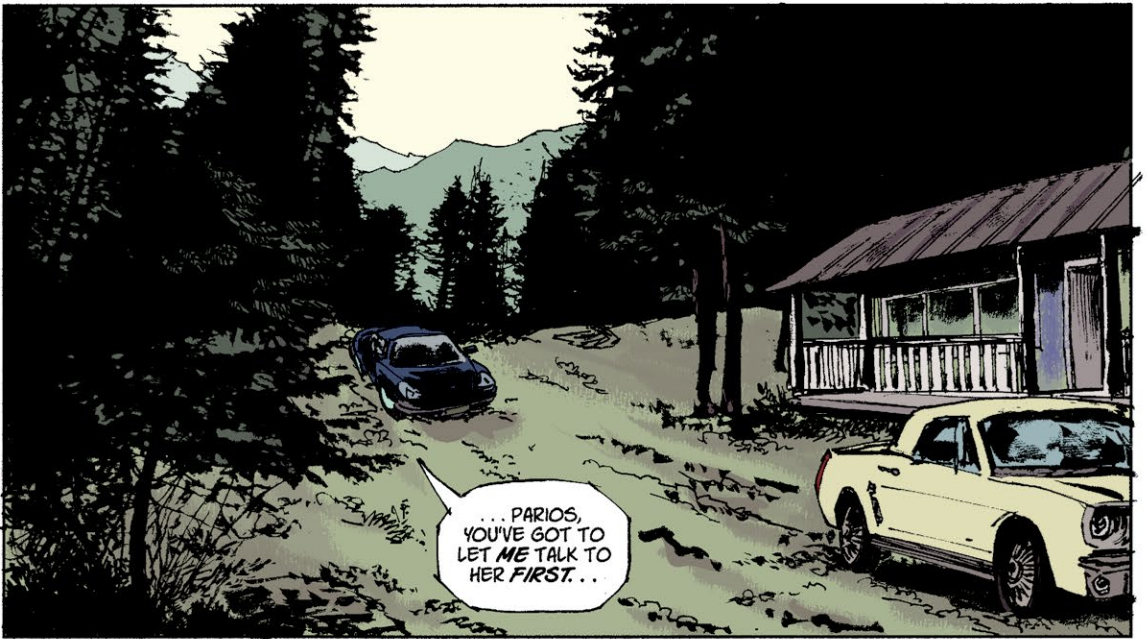
The Case of the Girl Who Took her Shampoo (But Left her Mini)
Part Three



Chapter Four







... PARIOS, YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME TALK TO HER FIRST...



... SHE'S SCARED RIGHT NOW AND IF CHARLOTTE SEES YOU--

FUCK.



OH NO.



CHARLOTTE!



OH GOD CHARLOTTE! CHARLOTTE!

HOLD ON.



LUGGAGE AND LAPTOP ARE STILL HERE.

SOMEONE SNATCHED HER.



BACK DOOR WAS LOCKED?

IT WAS WHEN I LEFT TO MEET YOU.

WHOEVER DID IT CAME THROUGH THAT WAY, AND THEY HAD A KEY.



THIS CHARLOTTE'S LAPTOP?

THIS IS YOUR FAULT.



I'M SORRY WHAT?

THIS IS YOUR FAULT! YOU DID THIS!





IT'S YOUR BROTHER AND HIS BRUTE SQUAD.



ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, THAT MEANS THEY DIDN'T GRAB CHARLOTTE...



ON THE DARK SIDE, IT MEANS YOUR FATHER PROBABLY HAS HER--



OW!!!



ISABEL? WHERE'S CHARLOTTE? I WANT TO TALK TO HER--



SHE'S GONE,
SHE'S NOT HERE.

<PAPA HAS HER
ALREADY, ALL RIGHT?
SHE'S GONE, WILLIAM
PROBABLY TOOK HER!>

<DON'T LIE
TO ME, BABY
SISTER-->



<YOU'RE TOO
LATE, WE'RE BOTH
TOO LATE!>
<SHE'S
GONE!>



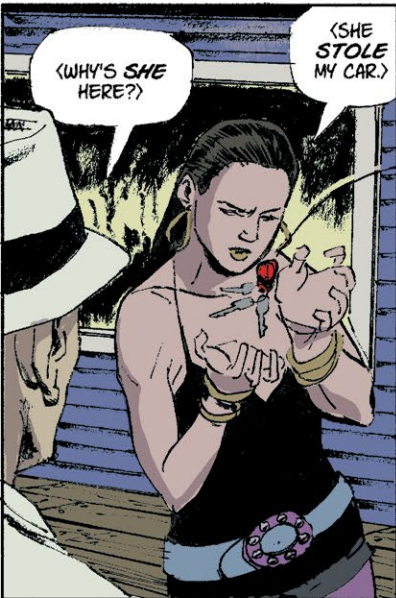
I CAN'T
BELIEVE
YOU BIT
ME.



NOW GIVE ME MY
GODDAMN KEYS
BACK, BITCH.



YOU'RE
A REAL
PIECE OF
WORK,
LADY.



<WHY'S SHE
HERE?>

<SHE
STOLE
MY CAR.>



<CHARLOTTE'S
WITH PAPA, OSCAR.
FEEL FREE TO LOOK
AROUND IF YOU DON'T
BELIEVE ME.>

<HE'S FIXING YOUR
MISTAKES, SAME
WAY HE ALWAYS
DOES.>







FUCKING CLOTHES...



... GIRL STUFF, THAT'S ALL.



YEAH, SEE, THIS IS WHY YOU COULDN'T FIND CHARLOTTE, DILL...



... YOU DON'T FUCKING LOOK HARD ENOUGH.



GODDAMN STRAIGHT-A STUDENTS, ALWAYS TAKING NOTES.

JESUS, SHE KEPT COPIES OF EVERYTHING.



YOU WERE TRYING TO HIDE THIS?

NEVER CROSSED MY MIND.

YEAH, RIGHT. JUST LIKE ISABEL, TRYING TO BLACKMAIL ME.

SAY WHAT?



THINKS SHE CAN SHOW ME UP TO PAPA.

BUT I'M NEXT IN LINE, I'M THE ONE GOING TO TAKE OVER ...



... THERE'S NO PLACE IN THE BUSINESS FOR WOMEN EXCEPT ON THEIR BACKS.

ISABEL DOESN'T GET THAT.



THAT'S A MIGHTY PROGRESSIVE ATTITUDE YOU HAVE THERE, OSCAR.





NO HARD FEELINGS.

UFFF!



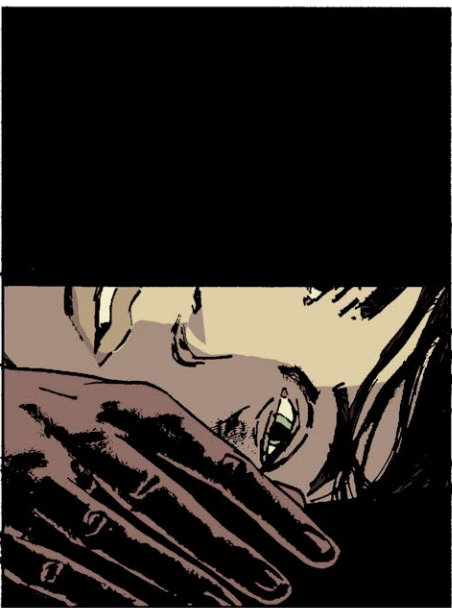
MY ADVICE, PARIOS?

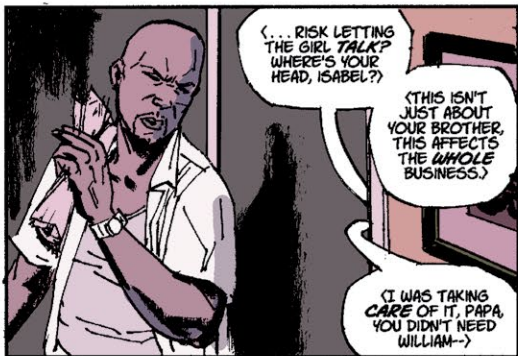
FORGET YOU EVER HEARD OF CHARLOTTE SUPPA.

OR ELSE, YOU KNOW, YOU MIGHT END UP THE WAY SHE'S HEADED.



DISAPPEARING.









<WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH THE TWO OF YOU??>

<I'VE GIVEN EACH OF YOU **EVERYTHING**, MORE THAN I COULD'VE EVER **DREAMED** OF HAVING WHEN I WAS BACK IN THE MARA.>

<AND IT'S **NOT** ENOUGH??>



<YOU THINK I DON'T **KNOW** WHAT YOU DO IN THOSE HOTEL ROOMS, ISABEL??>

<I KNOW WHEN SOMEONE SKIMS THE TAKE IN KLAMATH FALLS, BUT YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW??>



<YOUR MOTHER WOULD **DIE** OF **SHAME** IF SHE WERE HERE TO SEE YOU.>



<AND YOU, WHAT'S THE **MATTER** WITH YOU, BOY??>



<I SEND YOU TO **LAW** SCHOOL, THEY KICK YOU OUT. I SEND YOU TO **BUSINESS** SCHOOL, THEY KICK YOU OUT.>

<THE ONLY THING YOU **WANT** IS THE **ONE** THING I DON'T, AND WHEN YOU **TRY** IT ANYWAY, YOU **FAIL** AT THAT, AS WELL.>



<I WANT YOU **CLEAN**, YET YOU **ALWAYS** FIND YOUR WAY BACK INTO THE **FILTH**.>



<MY **CHILDREN**. A **THUG** AND A **DEVIANT**...>

<... **GOD** HELP ME...>

rnnngg



(YES?)

MR. MARENCO? THIS IS DEX PARIOS, REMEMBER ME?

THANKS.



YES, I REMEMBER YOU. YOU FAILED TO HONOR OUR ARRANGEMENT.

FORTUNATELY, THE SITUATION HAS RESOLVED ITSELF.

OH, I HOPE NOT...



... BECAUSE IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO CHARLOTTE, I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE TO GO TO THE POLICE WITH WHAT I HAVE.

WHAT YOU HAVE? YOU HAVE NOTHING--

I HAVE HER LAPTOP, MR. MARENCO, WITH COPIES OF EVERYTHING SHE FORWARDED TO YOUR SON.

WHICH MEANS I HAVE COPIES OF EVERYTHING HE STOLE AND SOLD.



... I WON'T DISCUSS THIS OVER THE PHONE. IF YOU'D LIKE TO COME TO THE HOUSE--

RIGHT, BECAUSE I'M STUPID.

I'LL BE AT THE BAR AT THE WHISPERING WINDS CASINO AT NINE.



THAT'S UNACCEPTABLE--



OW OW DAMMIT OW--



WHISPERING WINDS

STYX
NOV 18



PARIOS.

NINE ON THE DOT.



WANT A DRINK?

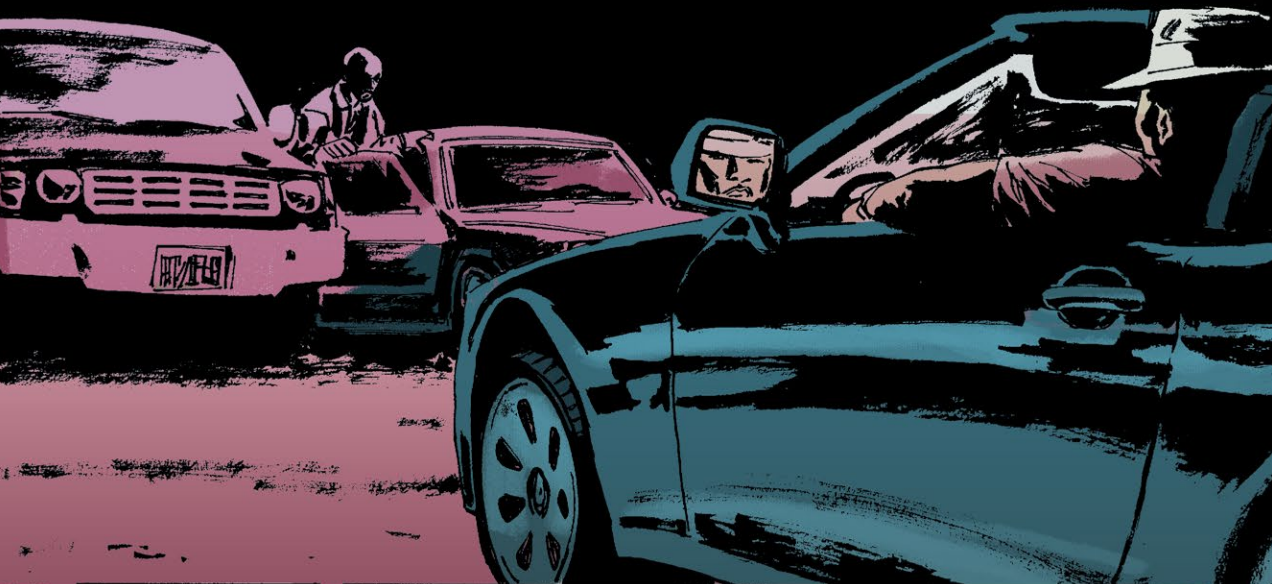
I'M NOT HERE TO DRINK.



ONLY ONE OTHER REASON TO BE AT A CASINO.

I DON'T GAMBLE.





I HAVE THE LAPTOP. YOU HAVE CHARLOTTE. I'LL TRADE YOU THE *ONE* FOR THE *OTHER*.

UNACCEPTABLE.

I'M THINKING THE F.B.I. WOULD GET THE *MOST* OUT OF THE LAPTOP. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

OR THE *STATE POLICE*, HELL, THEY'D END UP GIVING IT TO THE FEDS *ANYWAY*, THEN OSCAR WILL BE LOOKING AT *TWO* INVESTIGATIONS--

YOU TALK TOO MUCH.

I DO, I REALLY DO.

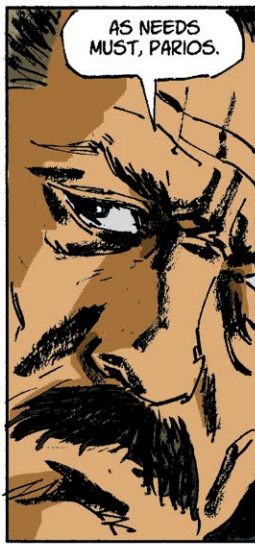
YOU CAN'T KEEP THE *GIRL* FROM TAKING, *PARIOS*.

AND EVEN IF YOU *COULD*, I'VE NO REASON TO BELIEVE THAT YOU WOULD KEEP YOUR *OWN MOUTH SHUT*.

I CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR TERMS.

THIS IS THE BEST DEAL YOU'RE GOING TO GET.







MISTER MARENCO, I GAMBLE, I DRINK, I SMOKE, AND I'VE GOT A CAR THAT RUNS HALF THE TIME.

I JUST TOOK OUT MY SECOND MORTGAGE, HALF MY BILLS ARE PAST DUE, AND MY MENTALLY RETARDED BROTHER PULLS A STEADIER INCOME THAN ME.



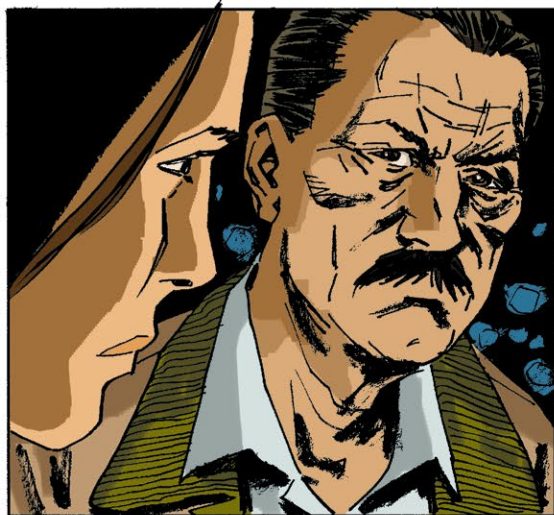
I OWN **THREE** PAIRS OF SHOES, **ONE** DRESS THAT I'M NOT ASHAMED TO BE SEEN IN, **TWO** PAIRS OF JEANS, AND A COLLECTION OF T-SHIRTS THAT SAY MORE ABOUT MY ADOLESCENCE THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER.



I'M THIRTY-TWO, SINGLE, UNATTACHED, AND THE LAST TIME I WENT ON A DATE THE PRESIDENT WAS **WHITE** AND IN HIS **FIRST** TERM.



MY **WORD** IS ALL I HAVE.



WILLIAM JUST REMOVED THE LAPTOP FROM YOUR CAR. HE IS VERIFYING THE CONTENTS.

IF EVERYTHING IS AS YOU CLAIM, I WILL CALL YOU IN THIRTY MINUTES WITH A LOCATION WHERE WE CAN MEET.

I WILL HAND OVER THE GIRL AT THAT TIME.



AND WHAT'S TO STOP YOU FROM PUTTING A BULLET IN **EACH** OF US THEN AND THERE?



NOTHING BUT MY **WORD**.







WE HAD AN AGREEMENT, MISTER MARENCO.



YOU TRIED TO **BLACKMAIL** ME, PARIOS. I **CANNOT** ALLOW THAT.

NO, I **OFFERED** YOU A **DEAL**, BUT SINCE IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WON'T **HONOR** IT...



... **NOW** COMES THE PART WHERE I **DO** **BLACKMAIL** YOU.

I MADE **COPIES** OF THE LAPTOP'S **HARD DRIVE**, MISTER MARENCO. **THREE** COPIES, ACTUALLY.



ONE'S IN MY **SAFE DEPOSIT BOX**...

... ONE'LL BE ON DETECTIVE TRACY HOFFMAN'S DESK AT THE PORTLAND POLICE BUREAU BY MORNING, TO BE OPENED IN THE **EVENT** OF MY **DEATH** OR **DISAPPEARANCE**...

... AND THE **THIRD**...



... WELL, THAT ONE'S SOMEPLACE **SECRET**.

SO MUCH FOR YOUR **WORD**.



YOU'RE THE ONE WHO JUST PROVED HE CAN'T BE **TRUSTED**.

MY **WORD** IS STILL **GOOD**.



THE **COPIES** ARE JUST **INSURANCE**.

MY WORD WAS THAT NEITHER CHARLOTTE NOR I WOULD EVER **SPEAK** ABOUT WHAT OSCAR'S BEEN UP TO.





NO.



YOU CAN'T LET HER DO THIS, PAPA!

OSCAR--



SHUT UP!

YOU'RE BLUFFING, YOU'RE LYING! JUST SHUT UP!



I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF THIS, OSCAR! GO HOME-->

SHE'LL HAVE A BOOT ON OUR NECK!

I CAN FIX THIS, I CAN MAKE IT GO AWAY!



I CAN FIX THIS...



... I CAN MAKE
IT GO AWAY.



NO, YOU REALLY
CAN'T, OSCAR.



IT'S OVER.



LET'S GO.



NO, YOU'RE
LYING, YOU'RE
BLUFFING--

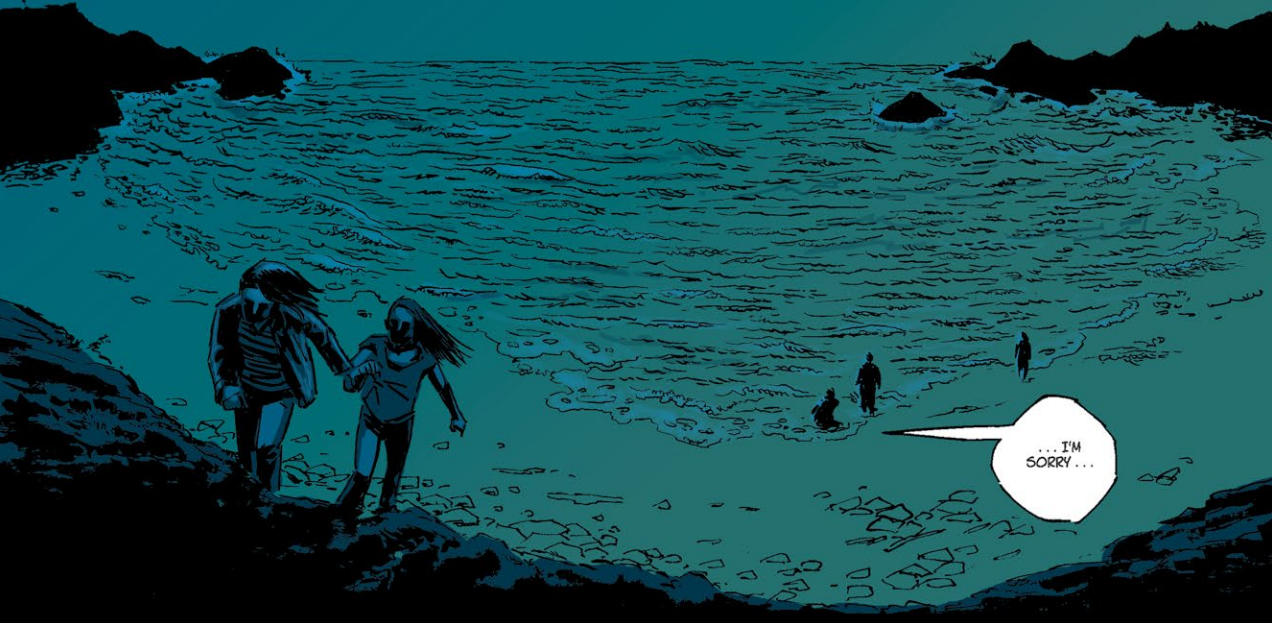


--MAKE ME A FOOL,
YOU AND ISABEL,
NOT THIS TIME!



WATCH ME,
PAPA, I CAN
FIX THIS--









I HEARD SOMETHING INTERESTING THIS MORNING.

SOMETHING ABOUT HECTOR MARENCO. ACTUALLY, IT WAS ABOUT HIS KID, OSCAR.



SEEMS LITTLE OSCAR MADE A VISIT TO THE ER OUT IN COAST CITY LAST NIGHT.

SEEMS HE GOT SHOT.

WELL...THE MARENCO'S, MS-13.

THEY PLAY ROUGH.



THAT KID YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, CHARLOTTE SUPPA.

THAT'S DONE. I FOUND HER.

I KNOW.

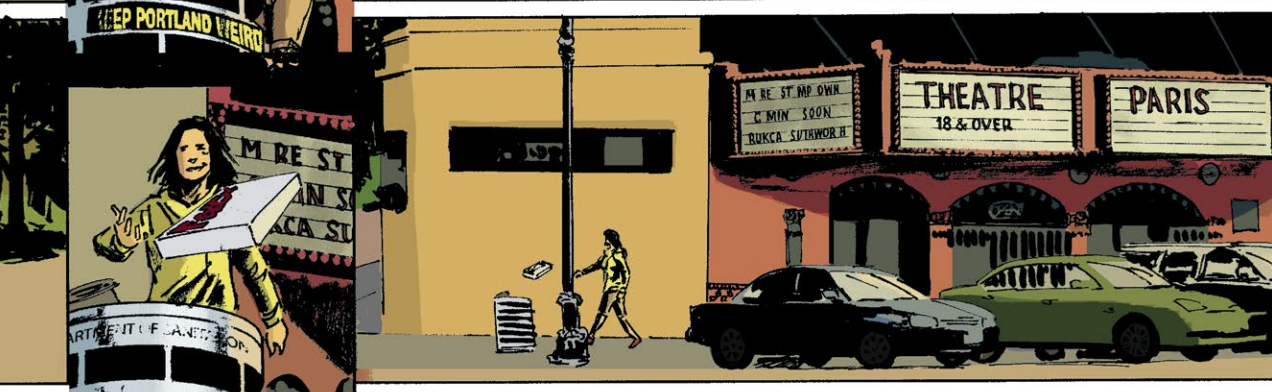


YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, DEX.

THEY PLAY ROUGH.



WATCH YOUR BACK.





Artist Bios

GREG RUCKA was born in San Francisco and raised on the Central Coast of California, in what is commonly referred to as “Steinbeck Country.” He began his writing career in earnest at the age of 10 by winning a county-wide short-story contest, and hasn’t let up since. He graduated from Vassar College with an A.B. in English, and from the University of Southern California’s Master of Professional Writing program with an M.F.A.

He is the author of nearly a dozen novels, six featuring bodyguard Atticus Kodiak, and three featuring Tara Chace, the protagonist of his *Queen & Country* series. Additionally, he has penned several short-stories, countless comics, and the occasional non-fiction essay. In comics, he has had the opportunity to write stories featuring some of the world’s best-known characters—Superman, Batman, and Wonder Woman—as well as penning several creator-owned properties himself, such as *Whiteout* and *Queen & Country*, both published by Oni Press. His work has been optioned several times over, and his services are in high-demand in a variety of creative fields as a story-doctor and creative consultant.

Greg resides in Portland, Oregon, with his wife, author Jennifer Van Meter, and his two children. He thinks the biggest problem with the world is that people aren’t paying enough attention.

MATTHEW SOUTHWORTH is a musician, playwright, filmmaker, and cartoonist who has lived in Nashville, Los Angeles, Louisville, Pittsburgh, and now Seattle.

He used to lead a band called the Capillaries, and they never broke up.

He directed an independent feature film that he very nearly finished. He came this close to getting his Masters in playwriting and directing from Carnegie Mellon University.

He has undiagnosed (but undeniable) attention deficit disorder and has trouble sitting still long enough to get his work done. Nonetheless, in addition to *Stumptown*, he has drawn comics for Marvel, DC, and Image.

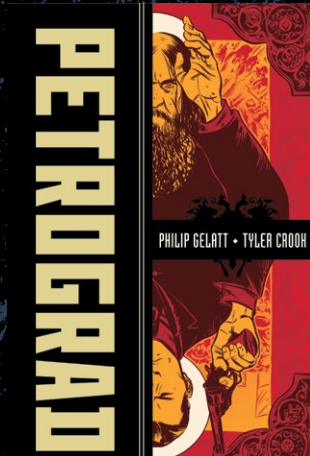


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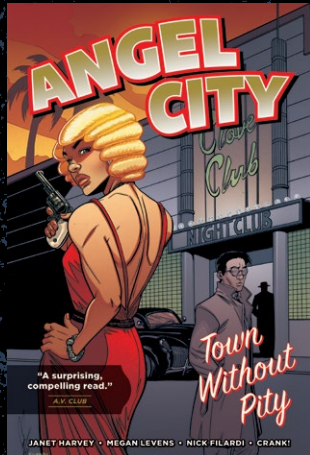
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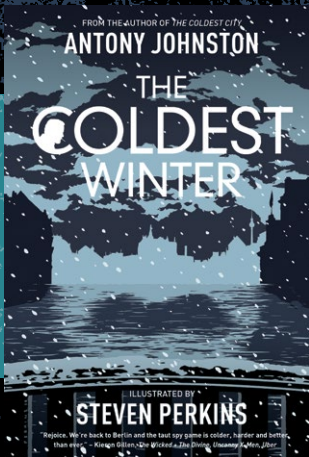
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“With *Stumptown*, Greg Rucka gives us what all good crime fiction should have, strong characterization and a compelling plot that coils around like a rattlesnake ready to take a bite at the end. He is suitably matched by artist Matthew Southworth, whose beautifully rendered depictions are loaded with atmospheric texture and grit.”

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