



*Miss*  
**FURY**

**DYNAMITE #2**

*After Tarpe Mills*

**CORINNA BECHKO JONATHAN LAU**



# Miss FURY



**NEW YORK, 1942.** EVERY ABLE-BODIED MALE IS ENLISTING TO FIGHT THE GREATEST WAR THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN, LEAVING THE CITY VULNERABLE AS IT EMPTIES OF ITS TRADITIONAL PROTECTORS. FORTUNATELY, MARLA DRAKE IS NOT TRADITIONAL. AND, AS MISS FURY, SHE USES HER AGILITY, STRENGTH, BRAVADO, AND AN ABILITY TO BE UNNOTICED WHILE BLENDING INTO SHADOWS TO GO UP AGAINST FOES, BOTH HUMAN... AND SUPERNATURAL.

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SEE BACK OF BOOK FOR ALL VARIANT COVERS

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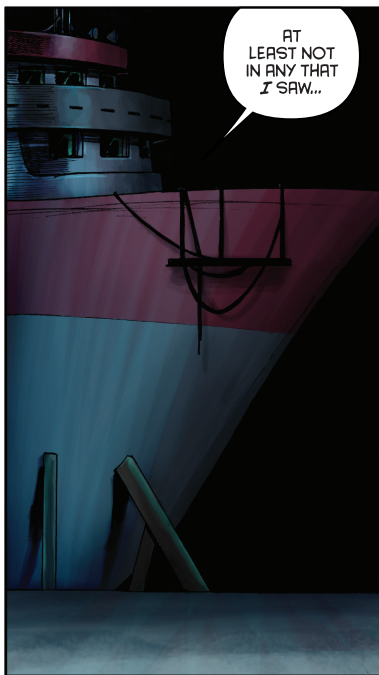
COMPLETELY FINISHED, AND NICE WORK TOO...



I JUST DON'T GET IT.

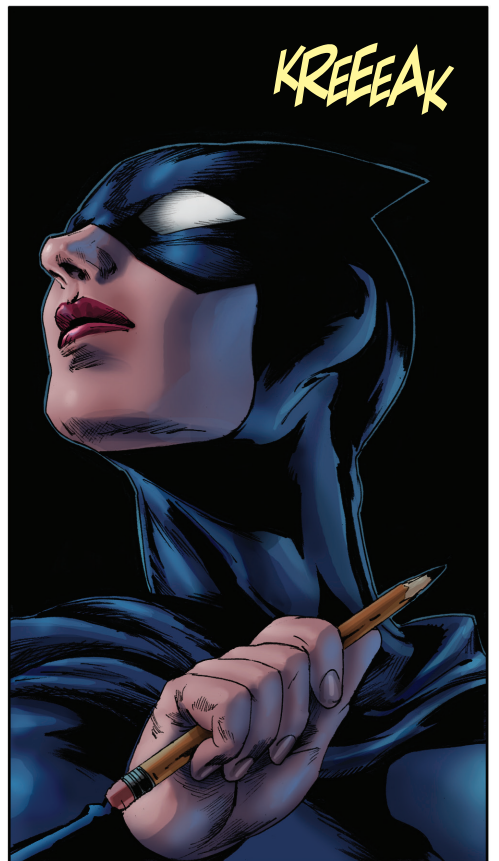


NOW THAT WASN'T IN OUR PLANS...



AT LEAST NOT IN ANY THAT I SAW...







IT WON'T  
BE LONG  
NOW.

SHH. SILENCE  
IS A GOLDEN  
COIN. DON'T  
SQUANDER IT.





TWELVE HOURS LATER.

WHAM

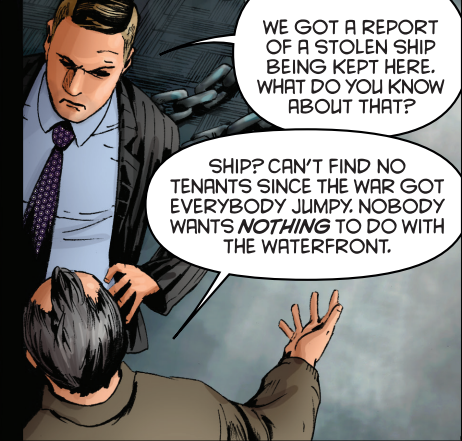


OKAY, BOYS, TAKE A LOOK AROUND, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE AN EMPTY TO ME.



YOU THE BUILDING MANAGER?

I...  
WHAT IS THIS?  
WHAT'D I DO?



WE GOT A REPORT OF A STOLEN SHIP BEING KEPT HERE. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

SHIP? CAN'T FIND NO TENANTS SINCE THE WAR GOT EVERYBODY JUMPY. NOBODY WANTS *NOTHING* TO DO WITH THE WATERFRONT.

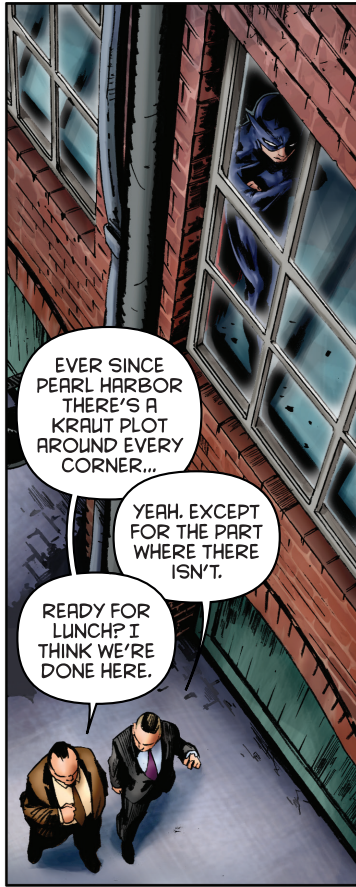


THERE'S *NEVER* BEEN NO SHIP HERE.



IF I HAD A DIME FOR EVERY FALSE LEAD IN THE LAST MONTH, I COULD RETIRE TO HAVANA.

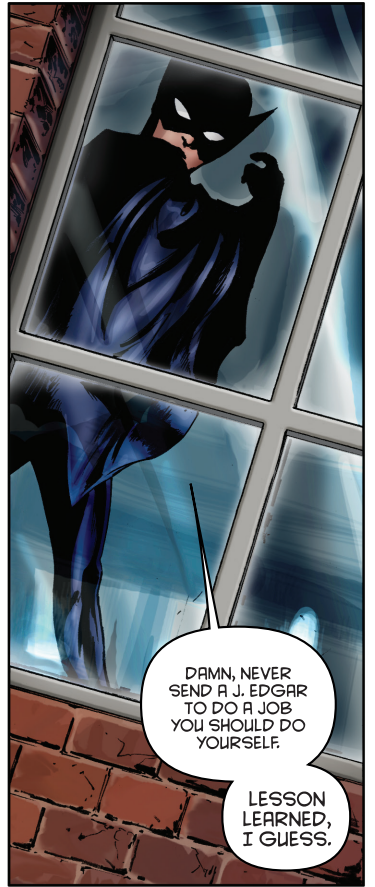
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, JER.



EVER SINCE PEARL HARBOR THERE'S A KRAUT PLOT AROUND EVERY CORNER...

YEAH. EXCEPT FOR THE PART WHERE THERE ISN'T.

READY FOR LUNCH? I THINK WE'RE DONE HERE.

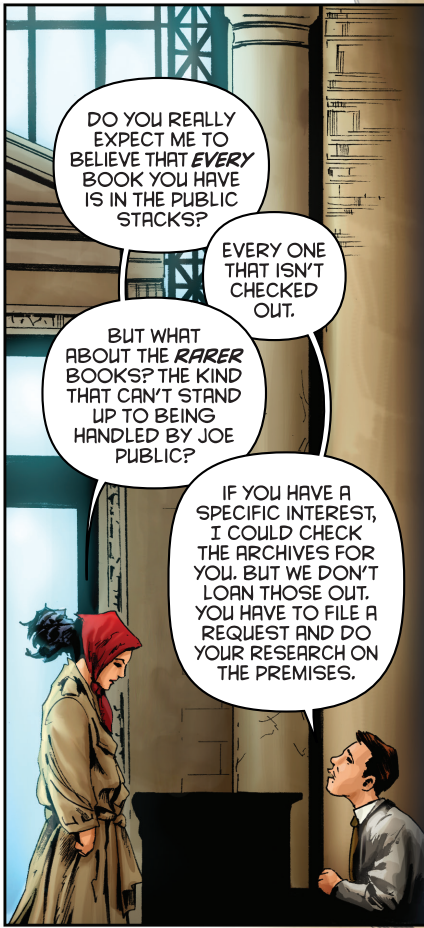


DAMN, NEVER SEND A J. EDGAR TO DO A JOB YOU SHOULD DO YOURSELF.

LESSON LEARNED, I GUESS.

LATER.





DO YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT *EVERY* BOOK YOU HAVE IS IN THE PUBLIC STACKS?

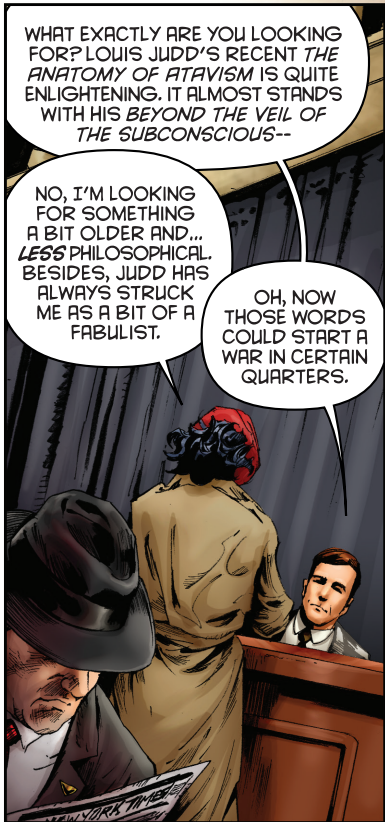
EVERY ONE THAT ISN'T CHECKED OUT.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE *RARER* BOOKS? THE KIND THAT CAN'T STAND UP TO BEING HANDLED BY JOE PUBLIC?

IF YOU HAVE A SPECIFIC INTEREST, I COULD CHECK THE ARCHIVES FOR YOU. BUT WE DON'T LOAN THOSE OUT. YOU HAVE TO FILE A REQUEST AND DO YOUR RESEARCH ON THE PREMISES.



SO WE *DO* UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER! COULDN'T I JUST TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT YOU HAVE IN THE OCCULT SECTION? I'VE ONLY GOT TODAY AND NO TIME FOR PAPERWORK...



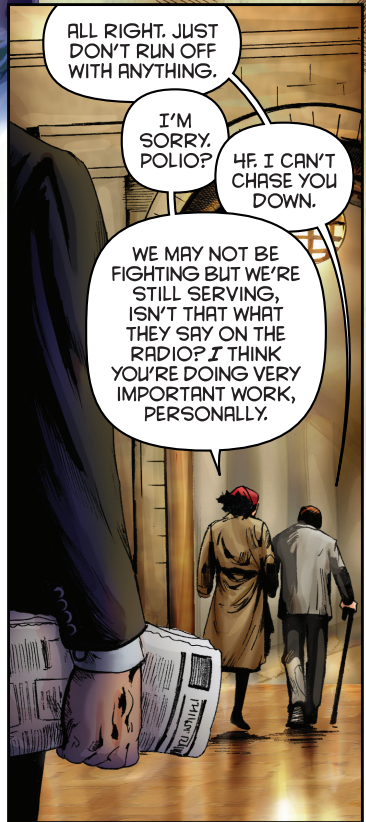
WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR? LOUIS JUDD'S RECENT *THE ANATOMY OF ATAVISM* IS QUITE ENLIGHTENING. IT ALMOST STANDS WITH HIS *BEYOND THE VEIL OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS*--

NO, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING A BIT OLDER AND... *LESS* PHILOSOPHICAL. BESIDES, JUDD HAS ALWAYS STRUCK ME AS A BIT OF A FABULIST.

OH, NOW THOSE WORDS COULD START A WAR IN CERTAIN QUARTERS.



JUST LET ME PEEK AT THE ARCHIVE. IF *YOU'RE* KEEPING AN EYE ON ME AND I PROMISE TO BE GENTLE, WHAT'S THE HARM, REALLY?



ALL RIGHT. JUST DON'T RUN OFF WITH ANYTHING.

I'M SORRY. POLIO?

HF. I CAN'T CHASE YOU DOWN.

WE MAY NOT BE FIGHTING BUT WE'RE STILL SERVING, ISN'T THAT WHAT THEY SAY ON THE RADIO? I THINK YOU'RE DOING VERY IMPORTANT WORK, PERSONALLY.





BRAZIL,  
JUNE OF  
1941.

EARLY DAY  
TOMORROW.  
WOULD YOU LIKE  
AN ESCORT TO  
THE MEETING?

NO, THANK  
YOU. I'LL  
BE FINE.



WHA...



HEY! WHAT'S  
GOING ON?  
WHERE AM I?



BUT DON'T YOU  
FORGET TO TAKE CARE OF  
THAT CUT. IT LOOKS LIKE IT  
COULD BE NASTY.

SWEET  
DREAMS,  
MARLA.



QUIET!

PLEASE--



WHUMP



AAAHH!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



YOUR MONEY.

I HAVEN'T GOT ANY!

ONLY WHAT WAS IN MY PURSE, AND YOU TOOK THAT ALREADY!

YOU ARE AN AMERICAN. THERE IS MUCH MORE MONEY. YOUR HUSBAND, YOUR FATHER, THAT BIG COMPANY YOU WORK FOR...



NO, THERE'S JUST ME. NO HUSBAND, NO FATHER, AND IT'S NOT A BIG COMPANY! WE'RE--

SOMEONE HAS MONEY. DON'T LIE!

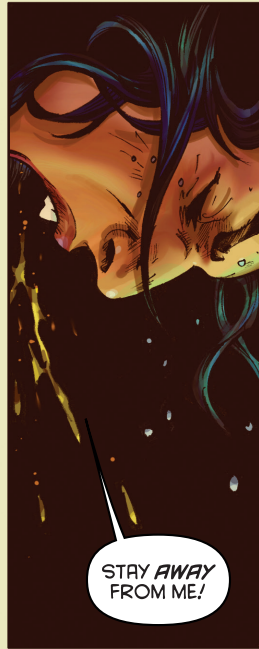
NO MATTER. SOON YOU WILL HAVE TO TELL THE TRUTH. THEN WE WILL KNOW WHOM TO CALL. SOMEONE MUST WANT YOU BACK.



I'M TELLING YOU, THERE ISN'T ANYONE!

QUIET! QUIET UNTIL THE ROOT MAKES YOU TELL US THE TRUTH!

WAIT. THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A PORTUGUESE ACCENT. WHO ARE YOU PEO--





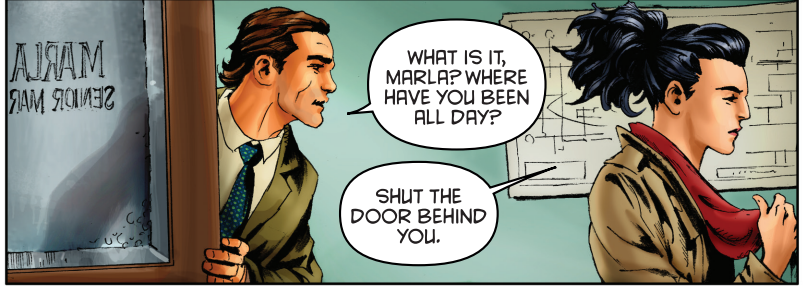
WHAT IS IT?

I SAID, I HAVE TO LOCK UP THE ARCHIVES NOW. SUPERVISOR IS COMING IN SOON.

OKAY, I'M WAY OVERDUE AT WORK MYSELF.



JORO! I WAS HOPING YOU'D STILL BE HERE!



WHAT IS IT, MARLA? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL DAY?

SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND YOU.



YOU HAVE TO LEVEL WITH ME IF YOU KNOW *ANYTHING* ABOUT WHO STOLE THE PLANS FOR THE ROTORS.

THERE ARE NO LEADS THAT I KNOW OF.

I DON'T THINK YOUR POLICE ARE TAKING THE CASE VERY SERIOUSLY, TRULY.

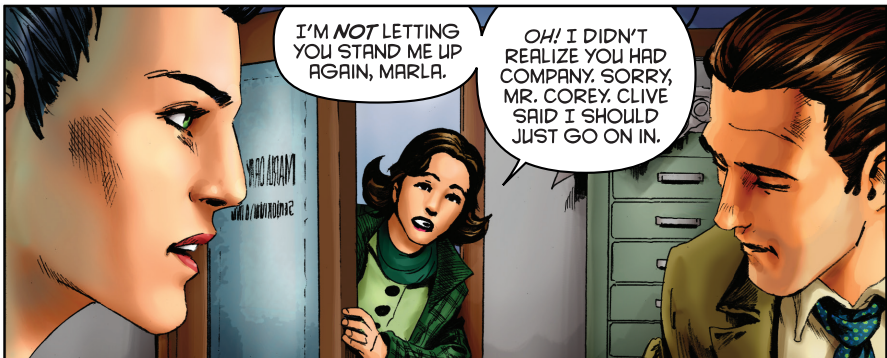


WELL? WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

WHAT IS IT?

I WAS HOPING YOU'D--

**KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK**



I'M *NOT* LETTING YOU STAND ME UP AGAIN, MARLA.

OH! I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU HAD COMPANY. SORRY, MR. COREY. CLIVE SAID I SHOULD JUST GO ON IN.



SO, SPENDING MORE TIME WITH MR. COREY, I SEE. I WOULD TOO, IF I WERE YOU.

HE'S A COLLEAGUE, EDI. YOU KNOW, WE WORK TOGETHER? THAT THING YOU DON'T EVER DO?

SURE.



SPECULATE ALL YOU WANT. BUT HE'S NOT TOP OF MY LIST.

SO YOU STILL THINK HE MIGHT BE A SPY?

OH, HUSH. I SHOULD HAVE NEVER TOLD YOU THAT. AND NO, I DON'T. NOT REALLY. I GUESS...



WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM TO JOIN US AT MY PARENTS' THIS WEEKEND? MIGHT MAKE THE PARTY MORE INTERESTING.

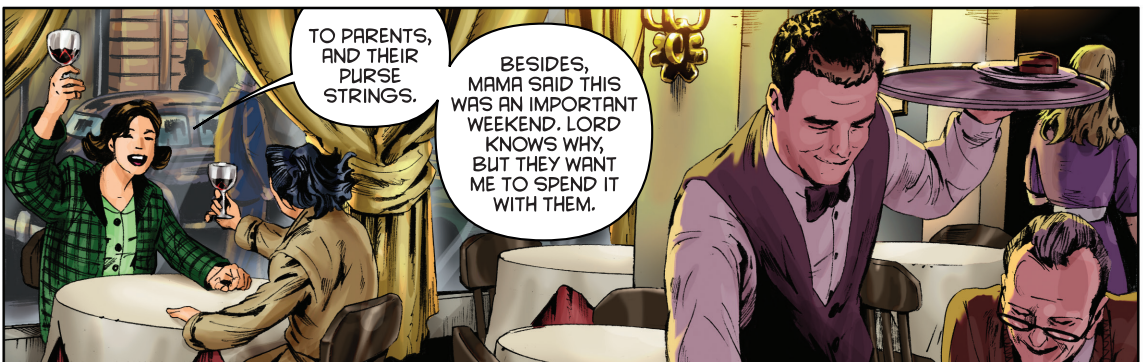
REALLY, YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO FACE THEM YOURSELF. I'VE GOT TOO MUCH TO DO AT THE OFFICE.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE GOING TO THAT SHINDIG EITHER. JUST STAY IN THE CITY.

YOU NEVER LACK FOR COMPANY.

I WISH I COULD.



TO PARENTS, AND THEIR PURSE STRINGS.

BESIDES, MAMA SAID THIS WAS AN IMPORTANT WEEKEND. LORD KNOWS WHY, BUT THEY WANT ME TO SPEND IT WITH THEM.



AT LEAST TELL ME WHY YOU AND THE MYSTERIOUS MR. COREY WERE DISCUSSING THE SEPTEM CONSEPTIO? I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT THING IN AGES.

THE WHAT?



YOU KNOW, THAT SYMBOL YOU WERE HOLDING WHEN I WALKED IN.

YOU'VE SEEN THAT BEFORE?

WELL, MAMA WAS A FLAPPER. SHE AND DADDY WERE INTO ALL SORTS OF HOKUM WHEN THEY WERE YOUNGER.

SÉANCES, SPIRIT BALLS, THE WHOLE SHEBANG. MY FIRST DOG WAS NAMED AFTER THE EGYPTIAN GOD OF SNAKES BECAUSE HE BARKED AT ONE WHEN HE WAS A PUPPY...

I SWEAR, IT'S LUCKY I WASN'T NAMED MINA. TO THIS DAY THEY BELIEVE THAT CRANDON WOMAN REALLY PRODUCED ECTOPLASM...



ANYWAY, THAT SEPTEM CONSEPTIO THING IS SUPPOSED TO BE SOME SORT OF GATEWAY. LETS IN THE SPIRITS, OR KEEPS THEM OUT, OR SOMETHING...

I JUST DIDN'T PEG YOU AS SOMEONE WHO WOULD BE INTO THAT STUFF--

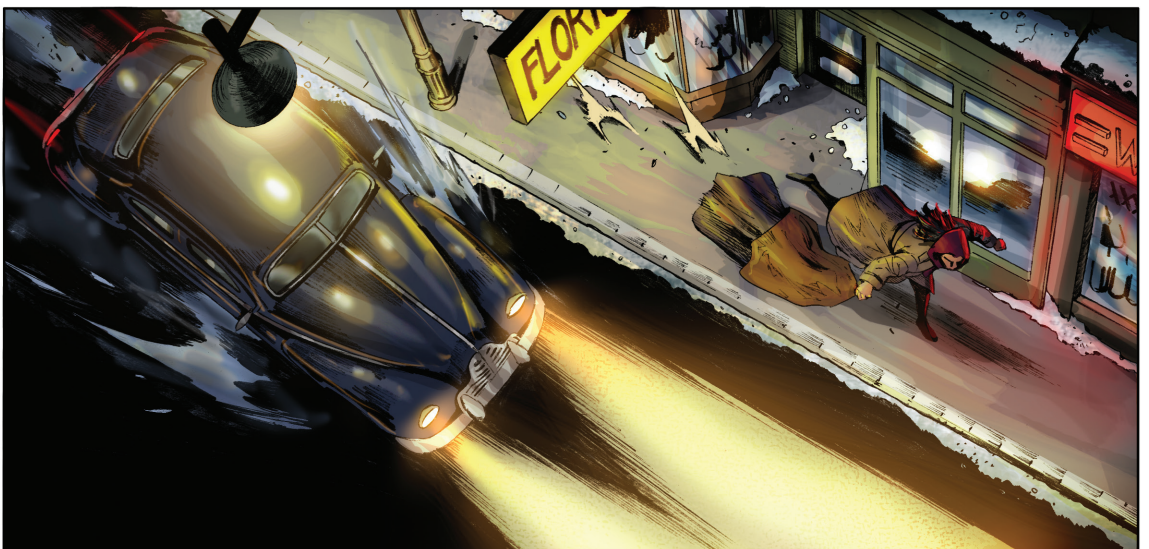


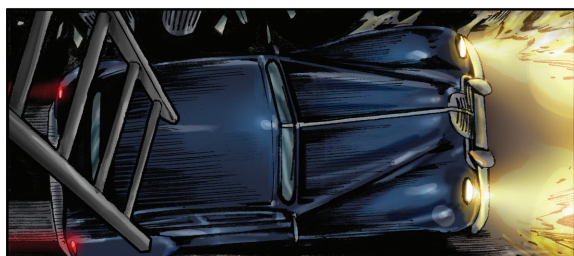
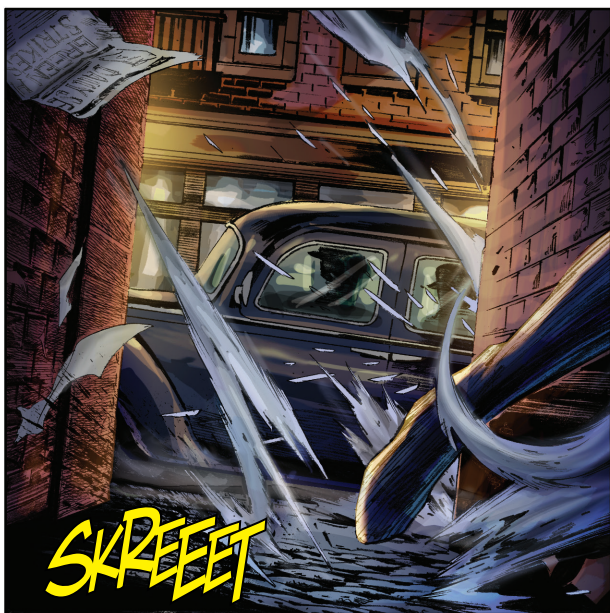
EDI, I THINK I'LL JOIN YOU AFTER ALL.

WHICH MEANS I'D BETTER RUN GET MY GOOD DRESS FROM THE CLEANERS BEFORE THEY CLOSE.

JUST PLUNDER MY CLOSET. YOU KNOW I DON'T MIND.

THANKS ANYWAY, BUT I'D RATHER GRAB MINE. HAVE THEM WRAP UP MY DINNER, WOULD YOU?







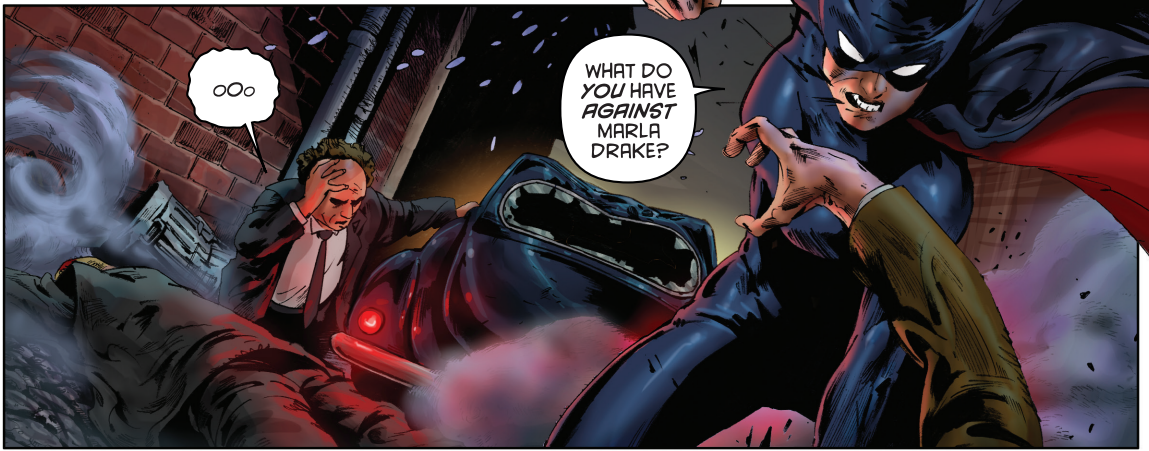
DEPENDS ON  
YOUR DEFINITION OF  
*REASONABLE.*





OOF!

HPT!



oo

WHAT DO YOU HAVE AGAINST MARLA DRAKE?



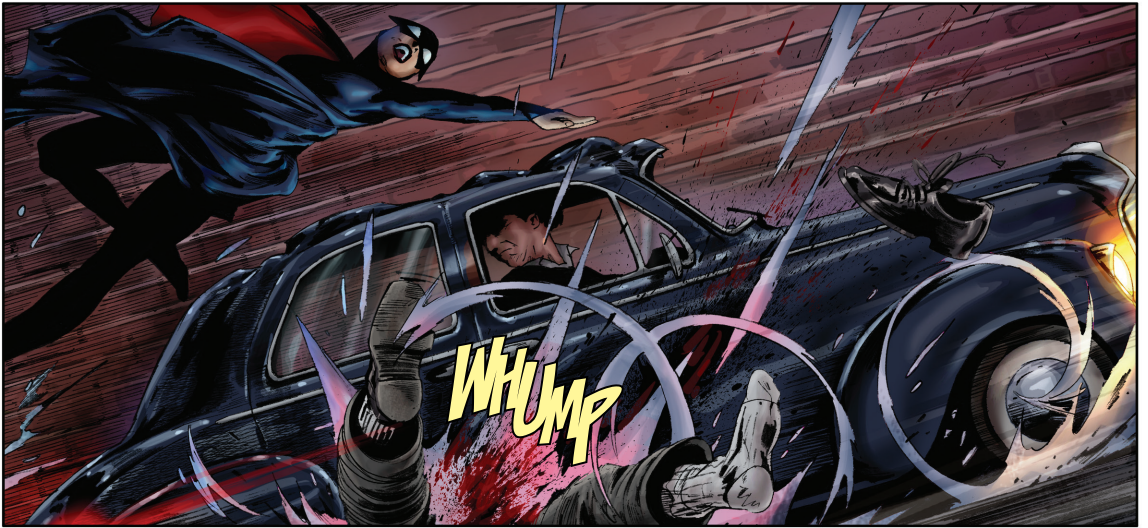
HEY YOU! GET BACK HERE!

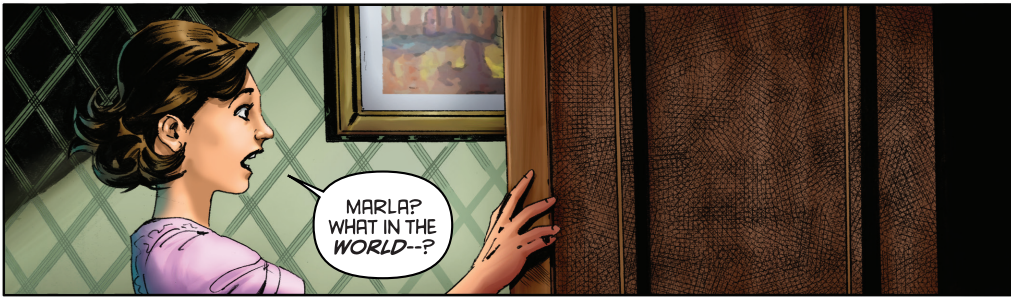
OR WHAT?



A FREAKY TOMATO LIKE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ENEMIES LIKE US.

YOU'LL SEE.







## LONE RANGER / GREEN HORNET

WRITER MICHAEL USLAN PROVIDES HISTORICAL INSIGHT INTO A TEAM-UP EIGHT DECADES IN THE MAKING!

"In 1936, three years after creating The Lone Ranger for radio station WXYZ in Detroit, writer Fran Stryker created The Green Hornet, consciously linking the new character to his earlier creation. In fact, Stryker envisioned The Green Hornet to be the Industrial Age, urban version of The Lone Ranger. Over time, the world learned that Britt Reid (a.k.a. The Green Hornet) took over as the publisher to big city newspaper The Daily Sentinel from his deceased father, Daniel Reid, Jr.

"The audience following The Lone Ranger eventually learned that his real name was John Reid. He and his brother, Daniel Reid, Sr., were Texas Rangers gunned down in a murderous ambush by the notorious Butch Cavendish. Cavendish believed he had killed them all, but Tonto wandered by the scene and discovered that John Reid was still breathing. Slowly, he nursed him back to health. But in order to trick Cavendish into thinking he had succeeded in killing all the Rangers, Tonto and John dug a grave for John Reid, too. In truth, John Reid was now the only Ranger left alive... and so became The Lone Ranger.

"Over decades of appearances on radio, on TV, and in comic books, The Lone Ranger's nephew, Dan Reid, Jr., would share adventures by riding alongside his uncle. It was this very same Dan Reid, Jr. who would one day own and run the Daily Sentinel newspaper. The family line was crystal clear: The Lone Ranger was the great uncle of The Green Hornet!

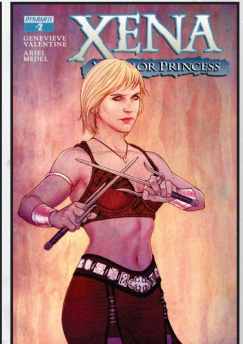
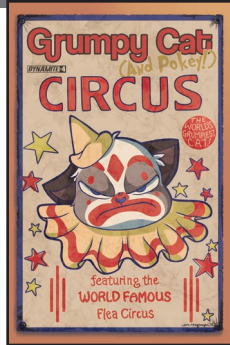
"Due to the ups and downs of big business (exaggerated as it was during the Depression), the rights to these two characters were split, each ending up owned and controlled by a different, unrelated company, precluding there ever being a combined family saga of roots and wings that could feature both The Lone Ranger and The Green Hornet in one epic story... until now! Thanks to the long and massive effort of Dynamite Entertainment, The Lone Ranger and The Green Hornet will be brought together in July with one of the most important, historic comic stories ever.

"This is a golden opportunity as a comic book fanboy, a movie buff, a fan of old-time dramatic radio, a comic book historian, and a writer. It's a story I dreamed of for so many years, and thanks to Dynamite, that dream has now come true. I'm honored to be able to be the one to tell this very important story. Thematically, it's a story about family and the forces that can tear it apart and bring it together. It is an action-packed tale with scenes from the Wild West and scenes from Chicago in the 1930's, filled with public enemies on the loose and Nazi Bund members inciting the worst in people... making it seem like the Wild West redux."

### NEXT ISSUE

As Miss Fury prepares to take on the darkest occult elements New York has to offer, her alter-ego Marla wrestles with the suspicion that something sinister might be behind her own abilities as well. Can the supernatural be harnessed for good as well as evil? Or is Miss Fury trapped in a web of deceit from which there is no escape, no matter how hard she fights?

## HIGHLIGHTED ITEMS | MAY



# Miss FLURY

DYNAMITE #2



LA Juan Nunes

CORINNA BECHKO JONATHAN LAU