



YOU NEED  
FOOD TOO,  
DADDY.

TRESPASSERS  
WILL BE  
SHOT

# TRESPASSER

Justin M. Ryan - story  
Kristian Rossi - art  
D.C. Hopkins - letters



YOU GO AHEAD  
AND EAT YOUR LUNCH,  
SWEETHEART.

I'LL BRING  
SOME DINNER  
BACK TONIGHT,  
PROMISE.



STAY INSIDE AND LOCK THE DOORS. ONLY OPEN THEM FOR ME, OKAY?

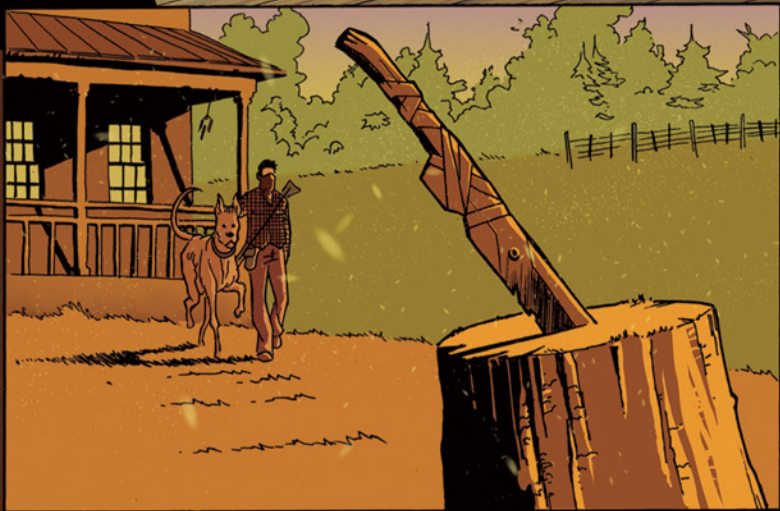
OKAY, BE CAREFUL.



COME ON, BELLE.



LET'S GO PUT SOME FOOD IN YOUR BELLY, GIRL.



THUP





WHAT YOU  
THINK, GIRL?  
HOW'S OUR LUCK  
GOING TO BE THIS  
EVENING?



RARE!



THAT'S WHAT  
I LIKE TO HEAR.  
AREA'S CLEAN  
ENOUGH TODAY  
AT LEAST.

TIC

TIC



WHAT DO  
WE HAVE  
HERE...



COME ON,  
GIRL. LET'S  
GRAB SOME  
DINNER.



**BOOM**













WHAT--



NO!



PUT THE GUN DOWN!  
LET IT GO!

