



**DARK
HORSE
COMICS**

ISSUE

THREE
OF FOUR

POP

CURT PIRES + JASON COPLAND + PETE TOMS + RYAN FERRIER



POP ISSUE 3 of 4 | \$3.99



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"...MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME."



THERE'S AN ART TO COOKING STEAK, YOU KNOW.



YOU SEAR THE STEAK TOO LONG AND IT GOES BLACK. GETS CHEWY. TOUGH. OVERDONE.



ON THE OTHER HAND, YOU UNDERCOOK IT AND YOU LEAVE YOURSELF TOO EXPOSED, VULNERABLE TO THE DISEASE, THE PARASITES THAT LIVE INSIDE THE MEAT.



IT'S ALL ABOUT FINDING THAT SWEET SPOT.



ME? I LIKE A LITTLE BLOOD. I LIKE TO WATCH THE JUICES FLOW, COAGULATE-- BLEND TOGETHER ON MY PLATE AS I CONSUME IT.



BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME. LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU.

IT SEEMS LIKE YOU HAVE QUITE THE MESS ON YOUR HANDS, SPIKE.



NOTHING THAT ISN'T CONTROLLABLE. NOTHING THAT ISN'T CONTAINABLE.



GOOD! EXCELLENT. THAT'S PRECISELY WHY I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU. I VALUE YOUR HONESTY. SO I'M GOING TO RETURN THE FAVOR, AND TREAT YOU IN KIND.



YOU HAVE UNTIL SUNDOWN. SUNDOWN TO REACQUIRE THE ASSET, AND REASSERT CONTROL OVER THE SITUATION.





THERE HAVE BEEN SOME COMPLICATIONS.

COMPLICATIONS?! WHAT COMPLICATIONS?

NAMELY, OUR GIRL THERE CRACKING MY PARTNER IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH A TIRE IRON.



LOOK-- I DON'T CARE. JUST GET THE GIRL. IT NEEDS TO HAPPEN. TODAY.

TOTALLY. LOOK, I NEED YOU TO GET YOUR COMPUTER GEEKS TO GET ME A LOCATION ON HER. SEND OUT SOME DRONES, HACK SOME CAMERAS, I DON'T KNOW. GET ME A LOCATION AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.



Y'KNOW, I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER WITH YOU TWO. YOU'RE MORE TROUBLE THAN IT'S WORTH. YOU'RE A GODDAMN--

CLICK

ALL RIGHT...

YOU'RE UP.





WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



SORRY... SPACED OUT THERE FOR A SEC.



WHATEVER. GRAB THE TIME STAMP ON THE VIDEO AND START CROSS-REFERENCING WITH THE CAMERAS IN THE TOWN. SEE WHERE WE CAN PICK THEM UP.



NEVER MIND, I GOT IT.



BOOM. GOT THEM RENTING A CAR AT ABOUT 1100 HOURS.



NOW LET'S JUST SPEED IT UP A LITTLE...

ZOOM IN...



AND BOOM. WE'VE GOT A PLATE.



FOLLOW THE VEHICLE USING THE SURVEILLANCE GRID AROUND THE TOWN. IF YOU LOSE TRACK, JUST CROSS-REFERENCE THE PLATES. YOU CAN DO THAT, YEAH?



...

YEAH.

JESUS, MAN...



"...GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF."

YOU ALL RIGHT, BABE?



DON'T YOU "BABE" ME.



THAT'S MY GIRL! I KNEW YOU WERE GONNA BE OKAY. A TIRE IRON AIN'T NOTHING. REMEMBER BUCHAREST? THAT WAS SOMETHING. THAT WAS MESS--

RINGGGGGG



YEAH?

I'M SENDING YOU THE COORDINATES. DON'T SCREW IT UP. I NEED THEM BOTH ALIVE. I NEED TO KNOW HOW MUCH HE KNOWS. NO MORE DEAD BODIES.

CLICK



WELL, THAT WAS RUDE OF HIM. ALL RIGHT, BABY DOLL...



...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE UP.