

# DEAD LETTERS™

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**BOOM!**<sup>™</sup>  
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"WHAT'VE YOU BEEN UP TO, SAM?"

"DYING, WAKING UP IN LIMBO, WORKING FOR GOD. HOW ABOUT YOU?"

"SAME, BABY BOTHER, EXCEPT THAT LAST PART."



"DID YOU THINK IT'D BE LIKE THIS, WALTER?"

"HONESTLY, I WAS HOPING THERE WASN'T ANYTHING AFTER. WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO THE PEACE AND QUIET."


"SO WHAT'S THE PLAN? WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?"

"AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED, MAYBE YOU WANNA SLOW YOUR ROLL, SAM."

"FINE, WALTER, WHAT DO YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT, THEN?"


"I KNOW IT'S BEEN A WHILE BETWEEN US, BUT I DON'T GO BY WALTER. NOT FOR A LONG TIME."

"SORRY, EASY. I FORGOT."



"HOW LONG YOU BEEN HERE, EASY?"


"TOO LONG."



"HOW ABOUT YOU? FEW MONTHS, LOOKS LIKE."

"COUPLE OF WEEKS."


"NAH, IT'S LONGER THAN THAT, SAM. SHINE'S OFF YOU, THAT FRESH SOUL SMELL IS GONE."



"I TOLD YOU, I DON'T KNOW. MY HEAD'S ALL TURNED AROUND WITH EVERYTHING GOING ON."

"YOU'RE GOING AFTER THE SAINTS, MAN. YOU GOTTA BE A LITTLE NOT ALL THERE TO DO THAT."

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM?"



"MOST FOLK IN THE BOROUGHS WANT A BIGGER SHARE. TAKE A FEW SCRAPS OFF THE CITY'S TABLE, THAT'S IT."




"THE SAINTS, THEY WANT TO DESTROY EVERYTHING."

"WHY?"



"NO ONE KNOWS."


"IT'S WHAT MAKES 'EM SCARY."



"THEY'RE EVERYWHERE. NO HEADQUARTERS OR SECRET LAIRS, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE WITHOUT THEIR MASKS ON."

"THEY GO OUT, DO SOMETHING UGLY, AND PRIFT BACK HERE. TO WHOEVER THEY ARE THE REST OF THE TIME."

"EXPLAINING WHY NO ONE'S TALKING."




"SAFER THAT WAY. WE GO ALONG TO GET ALONG, SAM. YOU OUGHTA KNOW ABOUT THAT BETTER THAN ANYONE."

"WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE SAINTS DON'T WANT TO GET ALONG ANYMORE?"



"THEN I GET THAT ENDLESS NOTHING I WAS HOPING FOR."



"WHAT ABOUT EVERYONE ELSE?"

"WHAT ABOUT 'EM? MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, SAM..."



"...WE'RE ALREADY IN HELL."

BOOM! STUDIOS  
"HELL'S  
HALF ACRE"  
SEBELA · VISIONS

WELL, IT'S  
STILL PRETTY,  
FOR HELL.

UH-HUH.  
SO YOU WANNA  
START OR  
SHOULD I?

SAY  
YOUR  
PEACE,  
EASY.

FWOK

OKAY.

YOU SOLD US OUT,  
SAM. ROLLED OVER  
LIKE IT WASN'T  
NOTHING. THEN YOU  
LEFT US TO PICK UP  
THE PIECES.

NOW  
YOU SHOW UP  
HERE, WORKING FOR  
GOD, AND EXPECT  
EVERYONE TO JUST  
GIVE YOU WHAT  
YOU WANT?

I COULD  
KILL YOU  
MYSELF.

SOMEONE  
BEAT YOU  
TO IT.

I WAS IN ANY OF  
YOUR SHOES WHEN I  
TURNED SNITCH, I WOULD  
FEEL THE SAME.

NOT GONNA BOTHER  
TO EXPLAIN WHY I DID WHAT I DID.  
WOULDN'T MAKE A DIFFERENCE IF I DID.  
BUT I DIDN'T DRIFT OFF TO SOME PERFECT  
LIFE. I SUFFERED PLENTY. I WANNA FIX IT.

SURE. THAT  
WHY YOU'RE  
WORKING FOR  
GOD?

SAME DEAL,  
EASY. WOKE UP IN  
THE MIDDLE OF IT,  
NOW I'M TRYING TO  
FIGURE OUT HOW TO  
GET LOOSE.

AND  
HOW'S THAT  
WORKING OUT  
FOR YOU, BABY  
BROTHER?

TRUTHFULLY?  
IT'S BEEN A DAMN  
LOT OF FUN.



GO AHEAD AND TELL THEM THAT, I'M SURE THEY'D LOVE TO HEAR IT.

WHY AREN'T THEY DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

BECAUSE I TOLD THEM NOT TO.



YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND, SAM, THERE'S A LOT OF FOLKS WHO RECOGNIZE YOU IN THE BOROUGHS. PEOPLE YOU RAN WITH, FRIENDS, FAMILY OF THEIRS.

WE'VE GOT LONG MEMORIES HERE.



AND FORGIVENESS ISN'T EXACTLY A THING ANYMORE.



I HAVE TO FIND THE SAINTS. IT'S THE ONLY WAY I GET GOD'S FLUNKIES OFF MY BACK AND BUY MYSELF SOME SPACE.

GUESS YOU COULD ALWAYS PRAY.



MAN, I'M BEING SERIOUS HERE.

YOU GOING TO HELP ME OR NOT?

WHY SHOULD I, SAM?



BECAUSE WHAT THE HELL ELSE ARE YOU GONNA DO?

MOM ALWAYS SAID WE HAD TO STICK TOGETHER, RIGHT?

HE MEETING HERE? THAT'S NOT SOME COINCIPENCE.