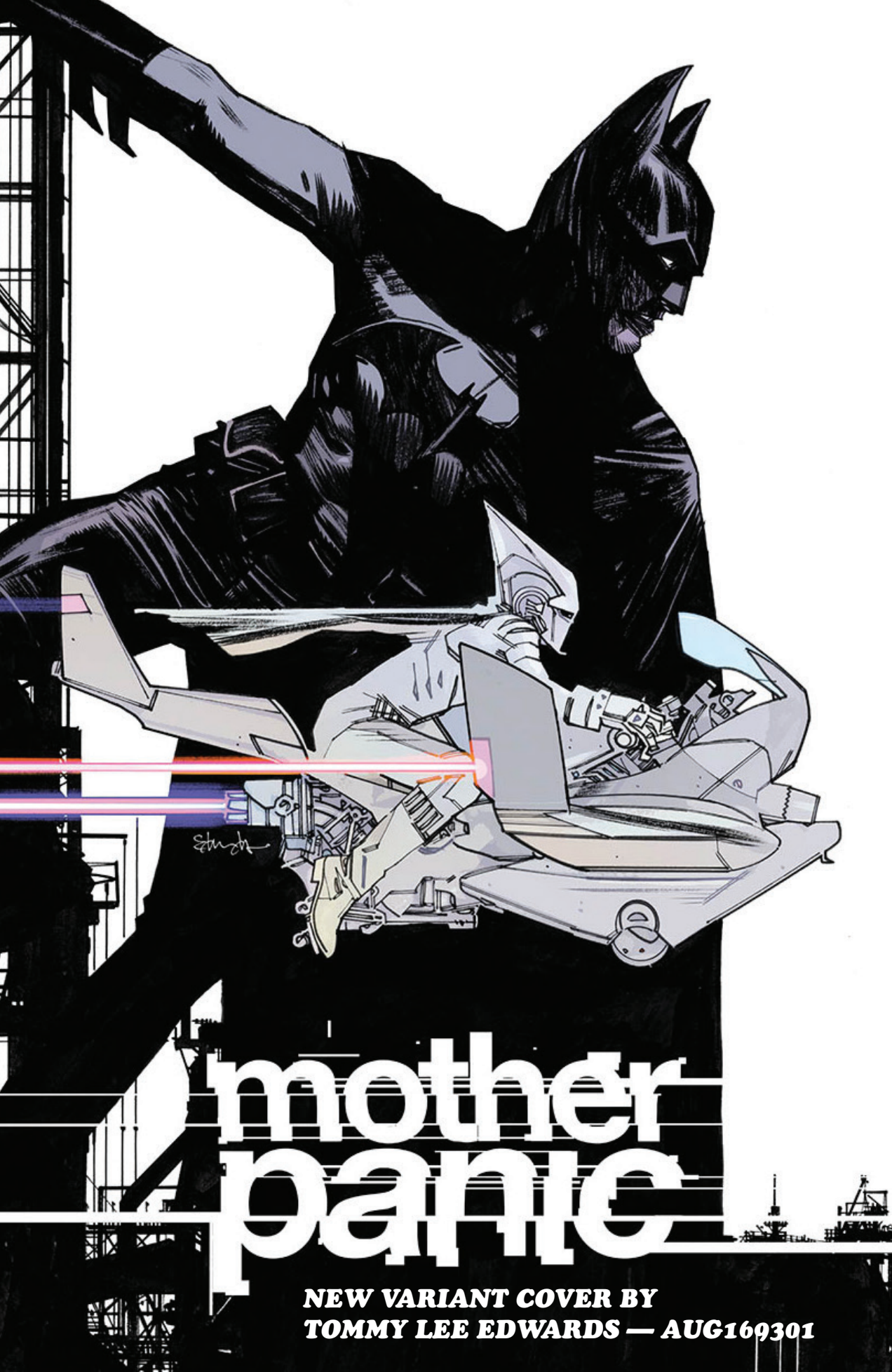


mother panic



ADVANCE READER'S EDITION
UNCORRECTED E-PROOFS
NOT FOR SALE



mother panic

**NEW VARIANT COVER BY
TOMMY LEE EDWARDS — AUG169301**

VARIANT COVER BY BENGAL



B.

VARIANT COVER BY PAUL POPE



A WORK IN PROGRESS

PART I



WRITER:
JODY HOUSER
ILLUSTRATOR:
TOMMY LEE EDWARDS
LETTERER:
JOHN WORKMAN
EDITOR:
MOLLY MAHAN
SPECIAL THANKS TO
SHELLY BOND
DC'S YOUNG ANIMAL
CURATED BY GERARD WAY
MOTHER PANIC
CREATED BY GERARD WAY,
JODY HOUSER,
AND TOMMY LEE
EDWARDS

GOTHAM CITY.

Every time I come home, I'm shocked someone hasn't BURNED this shit-hole to the ground.

Though they've certainly tried.

YOU SHOULDN'T GO OUT TONIGHT. IT'S TOO SOON. MAJOR SURGERY IS NOTHING TO--



ENGRAVED INVITATION.

YOU KEEP GOING THIS ROUTE, YOU'RE APT TO UNDO EVERYTHING YOU'VE BUILT.

MAYBE. MAYBE NOT.

LONG AS IT ISN'T BORING.



Maybe I should LIGHT that match myself.

VIOLET!
OVER
HERE!

WE'RE
YOUR
BIGGEST
FANS!

CAN YOU
ANSWER A FEW
QUESTIONS?

MS PAIGE!
MS PAIGE!

ABOUT
THE REHAB
RUMORS...

VIOLET!

But not yet.
Because I still
don't know
their names.

Don't even know
their faces.

But I will.

HERE
SHE
COMES.
GET
READY...

HOOOoly
SHIT!

And I know just
the place to start.

CARE TO
COMMENT
ON THE FACT
YOU WERE
SEEN AT VUE
WITH SHAWNA
SCHULZ
RIGHT AFTER
HER--

CARE TO
COMMENT
ON YOUR
FACE?

Back at the very beginning.

15 YEARS AGO.

THINK I'VE GOT EVERYTHING.

DID YOU SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR MOTHER?

IT'S A BAD DAY. SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER ME.

BUT SHE WILL TOMORROW. OR THE NEXT DAY. AND SHE MIGHT REMEMBER YOU DIDN'T SAY GOOD-BYE.

THAT'S A GOOD GIRL.

MAMA?

I HEARD THEM SINGING. REBECCA, REBECCA, REBECCA, REBECCA, REBECCA...

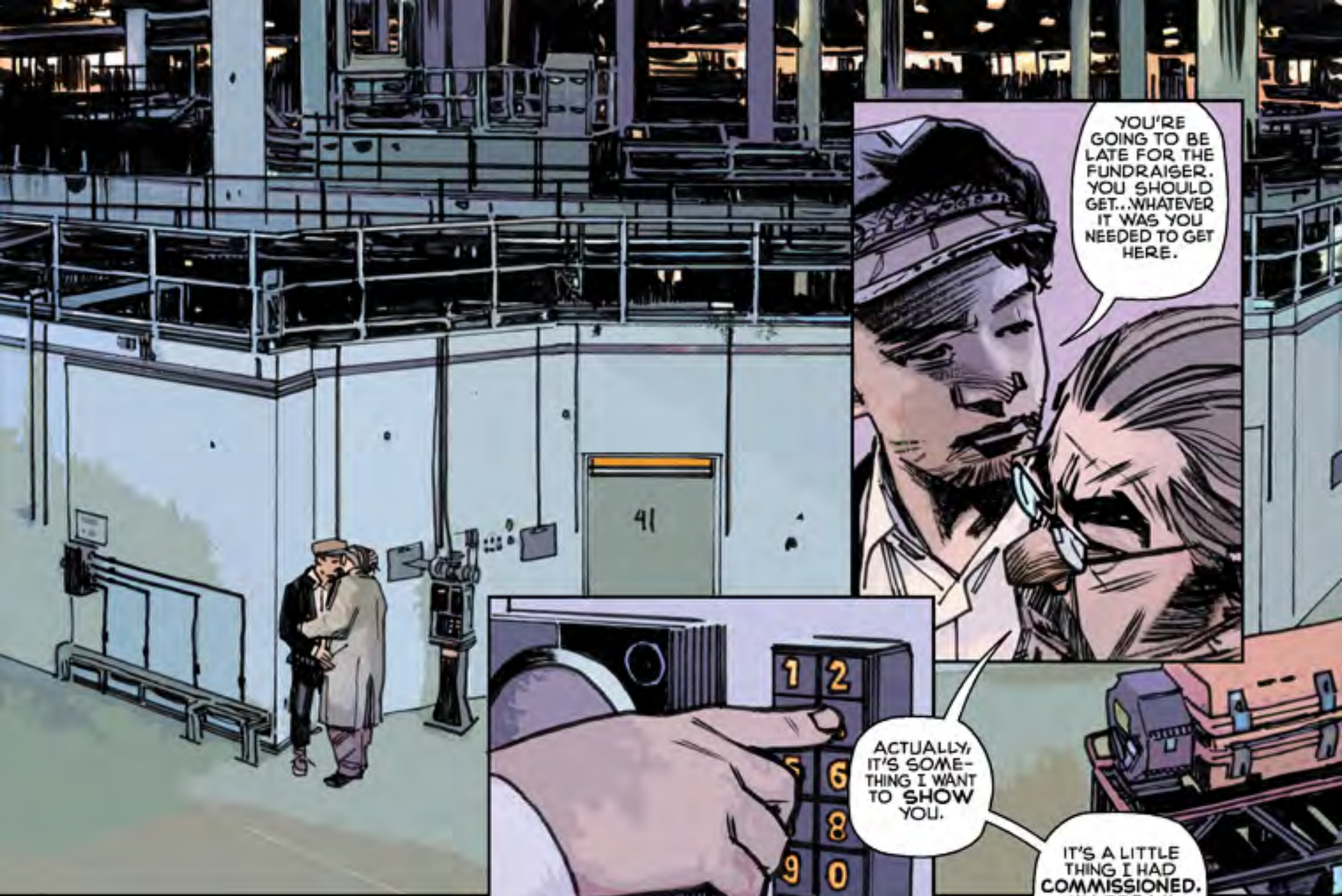
MAMA? DADDY AND I ARE LEAVING FOR THE CABIN. WE TALKED ABOUT THE CAMPING TRIP, REMEM--

WE TALKED ABOUT IT. WE'LL BE BACK AFTER THE WEEK-END.

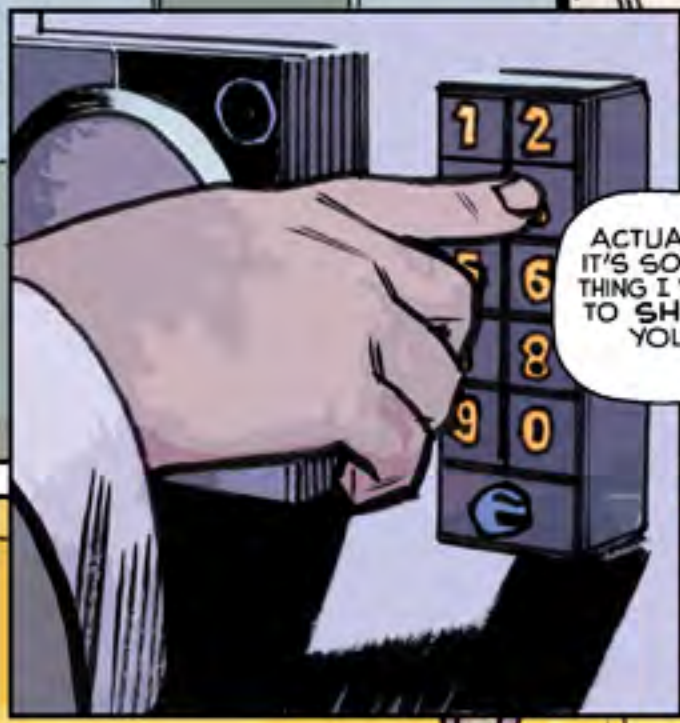
YOU'LL BE BETTER WHEN WE GET BACK. I KNOW IT.

THEY DON'T HAVE TONGUES. HOW DO THEY KNOW MY NAME?

YOU CAN'T TRUST THEM. YOU CAN'T LET THEM TELL.

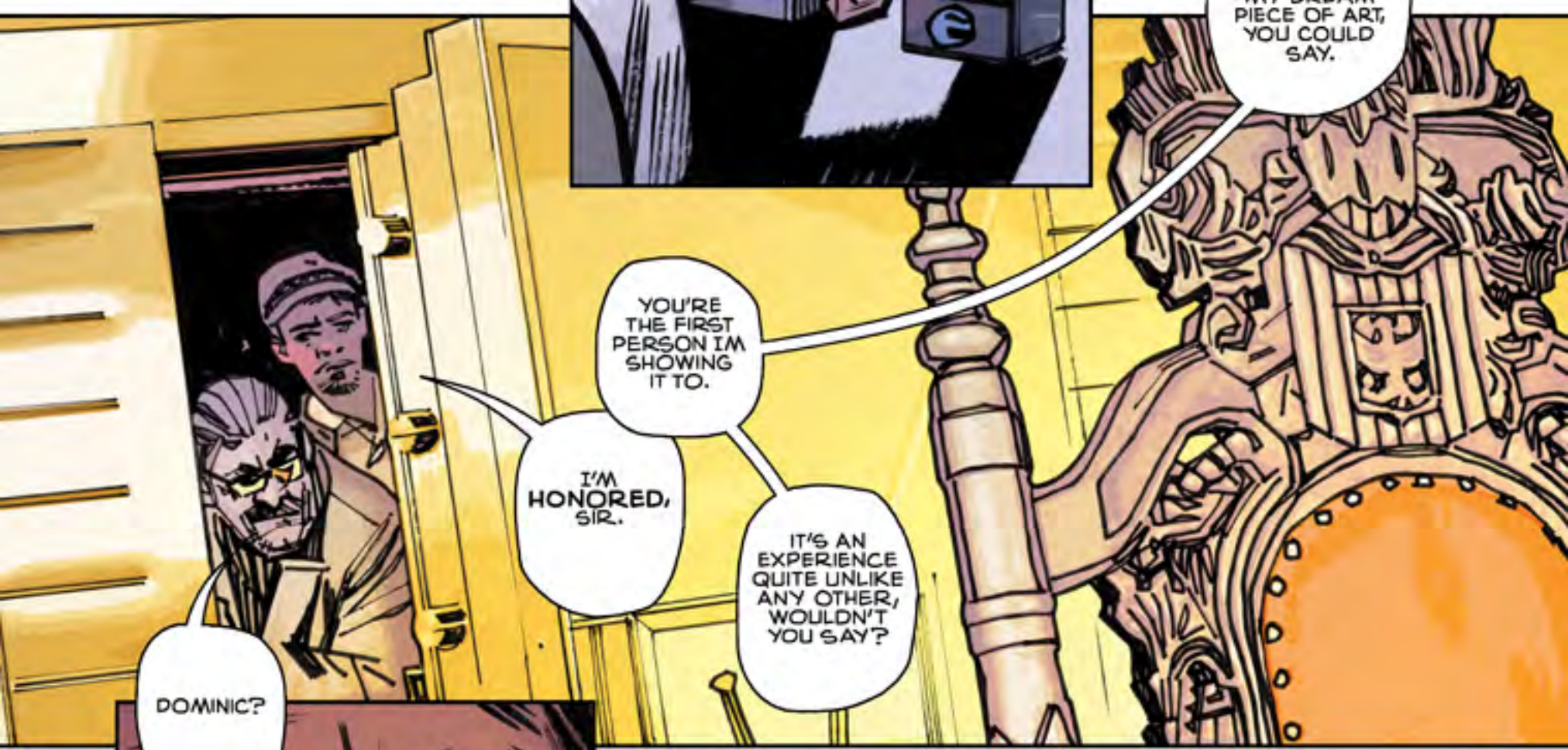


YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR THE FUNDRAISER. YOU SHOULD GET...WHATEVER IT WAS YOU NEEDED TO GET HERE.



ACTUALLY, IT'S SOMETHING I WANT TO SHOW YOU.

IT'S A LITTLE THING I HAD COMMISSIONED. MY DREAM PIECE OF ART, YOU COULD SAY.



YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON I'M SHOWING IT TO.

I'M HONORED, SIR.

IT'S AN EXPERIENCE QUITE UNLIKE ANY OTHER, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

DOMINIC?



IT'S ...VERY INTERESING, SIR.



YES. YES, IT IS.



Hate these things.



I GUESS SOMEONE'S still mad.



Good.



The bodyguard will know the details, schedule, security.

Get him, get out. Cake.

MOVE, you piece of shit.



"I DON'T WANT TO, DADDY."



FINE, VI. GIVE ME THE GUN. WE'LL TRY AGAIN LATER.



TOO MUCH LIKE HER MOTHER. REBECCA ALWAYS HATED TAKING THE SHOT.



OF COURSE NOT, SWEETIE. FRED DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT.

SHE HATES IT. SHE'S NOT DEAD.



BLAM!



GOT IT.



DON'T WORRY, KIDDO. YOU'LL GET THE NEXT ONE.



YOUR DAD WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO PULL THAT TRIGGER YET.



LAPHVULIN
18.

*Doc was right.
Too much, too
soon.*



VIOLET
PAIGE,
RIGHT?
CHAD--

DON'T
CARE.



I
WRITE
FOR--

REALLY
FUCKING
DON'T
CARE.



IF YOU'RE
FINALLY
READY
TO TALK
ABOUT
WHAT
YOU SAW,
I'D
LOVE TO--

I'VE BEEN
WORKING ON A
RETROSPECTIVE.
FIFTEEN YEAR
ANNIVERSARY OF
THE MYSTERIOUS
DEATH OF
MARTIN
PAIGE.



HEY!
OW!

THIS IS
A CHARITY
EVENT, YOU
FUCKING
LEECH.



TOUCH
ME AGAIN,
YOU CAN ASK
MY FATHER
WHAT
HAPPENED IN
PERSON.



Yeah, Yeah. Hate all of you assholes, too.

Really damn BORING assholes. And you're in my way.



Can't do anything to him here. Get the bodyguard and get the hell out of--



Where the FUCK is he?



HE'S RUNNING. FIND HIM. NOW.





HEY!



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING! HE'S--

WE KNOW OUR ORDERS.



DON'T--



WHA--

WOMP



MINE!







THANK YOU
...YOU'RE ONE
OF THE BAT'S
PEOPLE, RIGHT?
YOU GOT THE
POINTY-EAR
THING GOING...



UGH!

THAK



FUCK
THE
BAT.



HMM.





♪...WAS COMBING HER AUBURN HAIR...

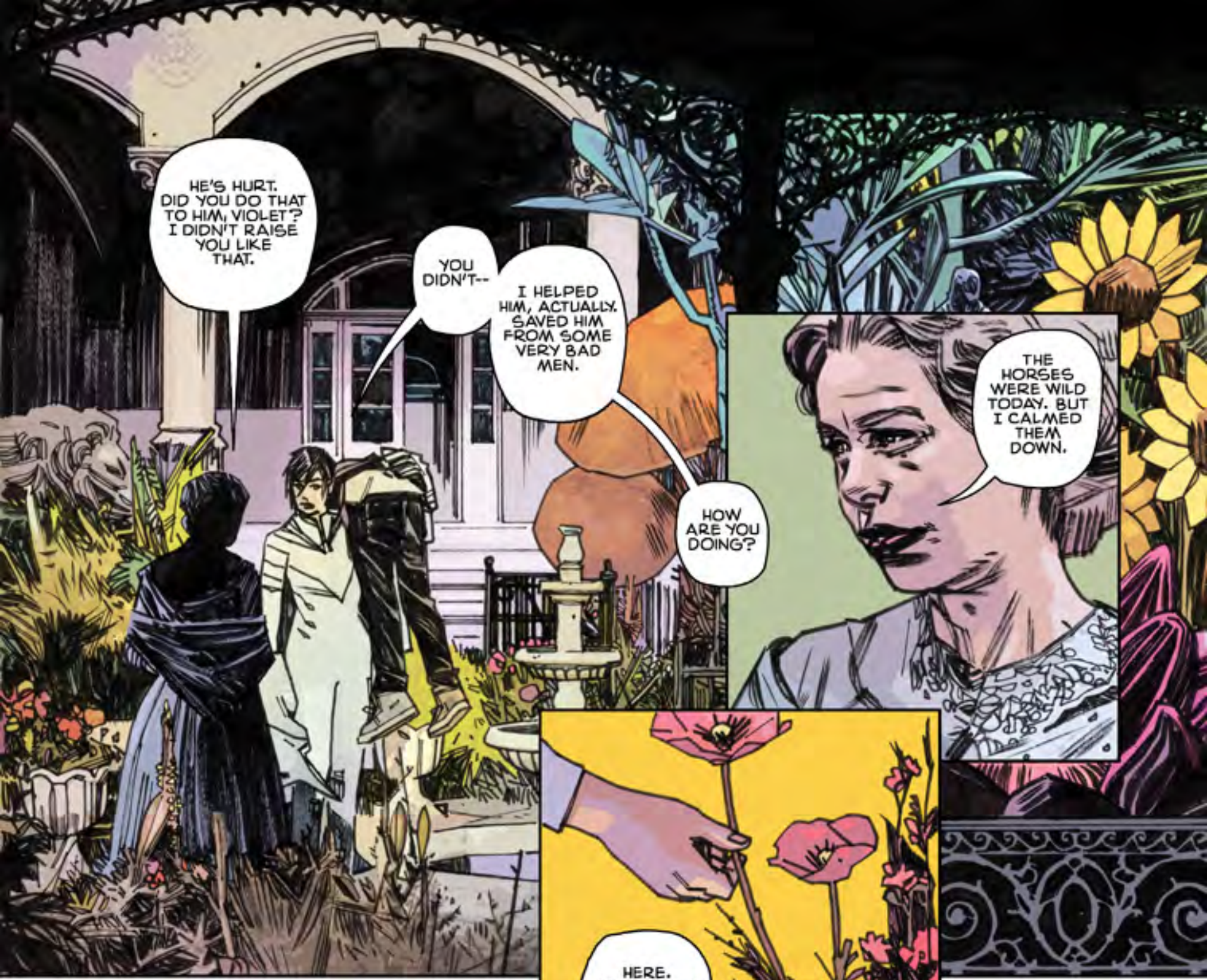
MOM?



DID YOU BRING SOMEONE TO HEAR ME SING?!

NOT TODAY.

SORRY.



HE'S HURT. DID YOU DO THAT TO HIM, VIOLET? I DIDN'T RAISE YOU LIKE THAT.

YOU DIDN'T--

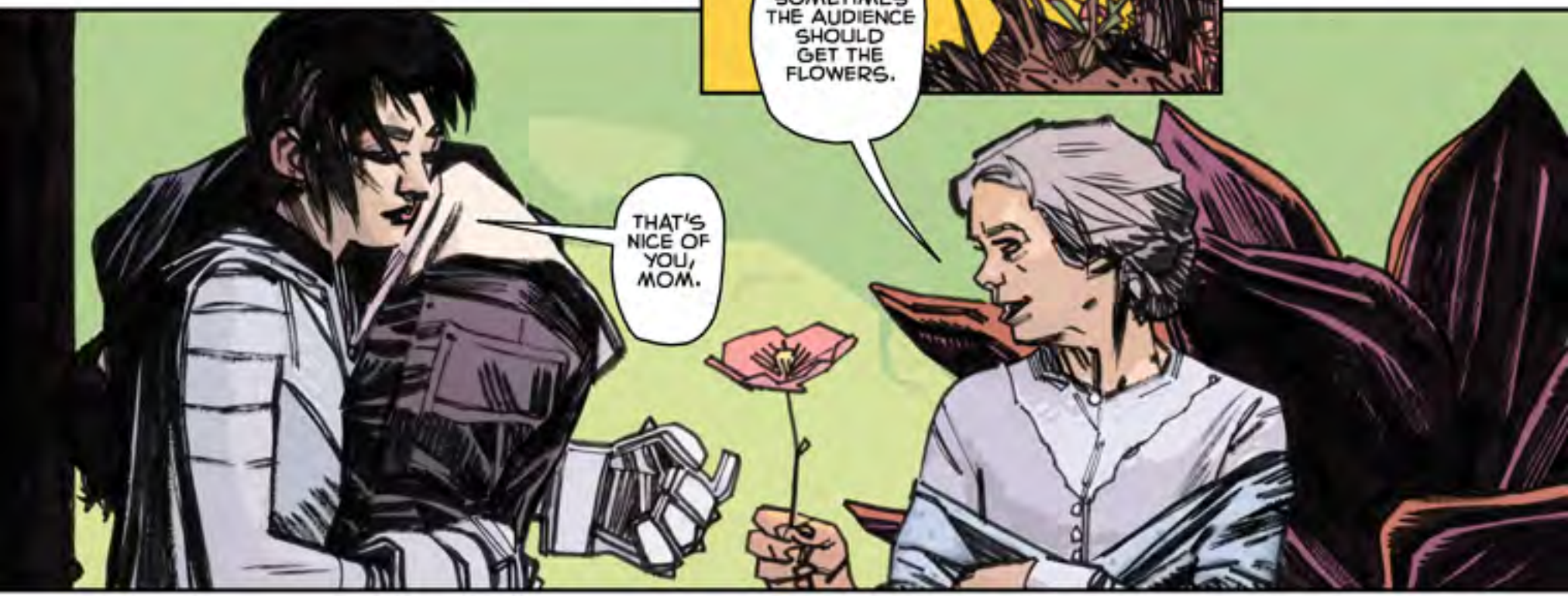
I HELPED HIM, ACTUALLY. SAVED HIM FROM SOME VERY BAD MEN.

HOW ARE YOU DOING?

THE HORSES WERE WILD TODAY. BUT I CALMED THEM DOWN.



HERE. SOMETIMES THE AUDIENCE SHOULD GET THE FLOWERS.



THAT'S NICE OF YOU, MOM.



I KNOW.

"I'LL MAKE SURE HE GETS IT."

IS SHE...
IS SHE
IN?

GALA IS
CREATING AT
THE MOMENT.
IF YOU COULD
KINDLY--

HER PIECE IS
IN DANGER! I
SHOWED IT TO THE
WRONG...CAN YOU
JUST LET ME
EXPLAIN IT
TO HER?!

QUITE THE
CONUNDRUM.

WHICH
IS MORE
IMPORTANT,
THE ACT,
OR THE
ART?

HOW
ABOUT THE
ART THAT
COULD
GET HER
CAUGHT?

IF THE
POLICE OR
THEIR PET
COSTUMES
FIND HER
WORK...

AS
YOU
WISH.

CLICK

WE HOPE YOU
SURVIVE THE
INTERRUPTION.

VVVMMM

GALA? I'M
SO SORRY TO VISIT
UNANNOUNCED...

WHAT?

THAT PIECE
THAT YOU DID FOR
ME...THE WRONG
PERSON SAW IT.
AND NOW ONE OF
THE BAT'S PEOPLE
HAS HIM.

TRAGIC. BUT
HARDLY A
SURPRISE.
YOU WERE SO
PROUD OF
YOUR CLICHÉD
LITTLE CONCEPT.

WHO
IS THIS
MOUSE
?

MY BODYGUARD.
HE'S BEEN WITH ME
FOR A WHILE. VERY
...LOYAL. I THOUGHT
HE'D FIND THE PIECE
MOVING.

I...MIS-
CALCULATED.
I MEANT
TO--

AND
FAILED,
IF YOU'RE
HERE.

THIS IS
WHY I
USUALLY LEAVE
COMMISSIONS
TO THE REST
OF THE
COLLECTIVE.



DO YOU KNOW WHY THIS MAN IS UNCONSCIOUS, MISTER HEMSLEY?

SO... HE WON'T FEEL IT?



OH, BUT I WANT HIM TO. THIS MAN STOLE FROM ME. *BETRAYED* ME.

I WANT TO MAKE HIM FEEL EVERY SINGLE SLICE. *PLAYED* ALIVE.



BUT THEN HE'D SCREAM AND BLEED OUT, AND MY BEAUTIFUL CANVAS WOULD BE RUINED.

EMOTION IS THE ENEMY OF CONTROL, MR. HEMSLEY. AND MY WORK, MY PERSONAL WORK, IS ALL ABOUT CONTROL.



I'LL ENSURE THAT MY CREATION IS MOVED. TO PROTECT IT, NOT YOU. A BASTARD CHILD IS STILL A CHILD, AFTER ALL.

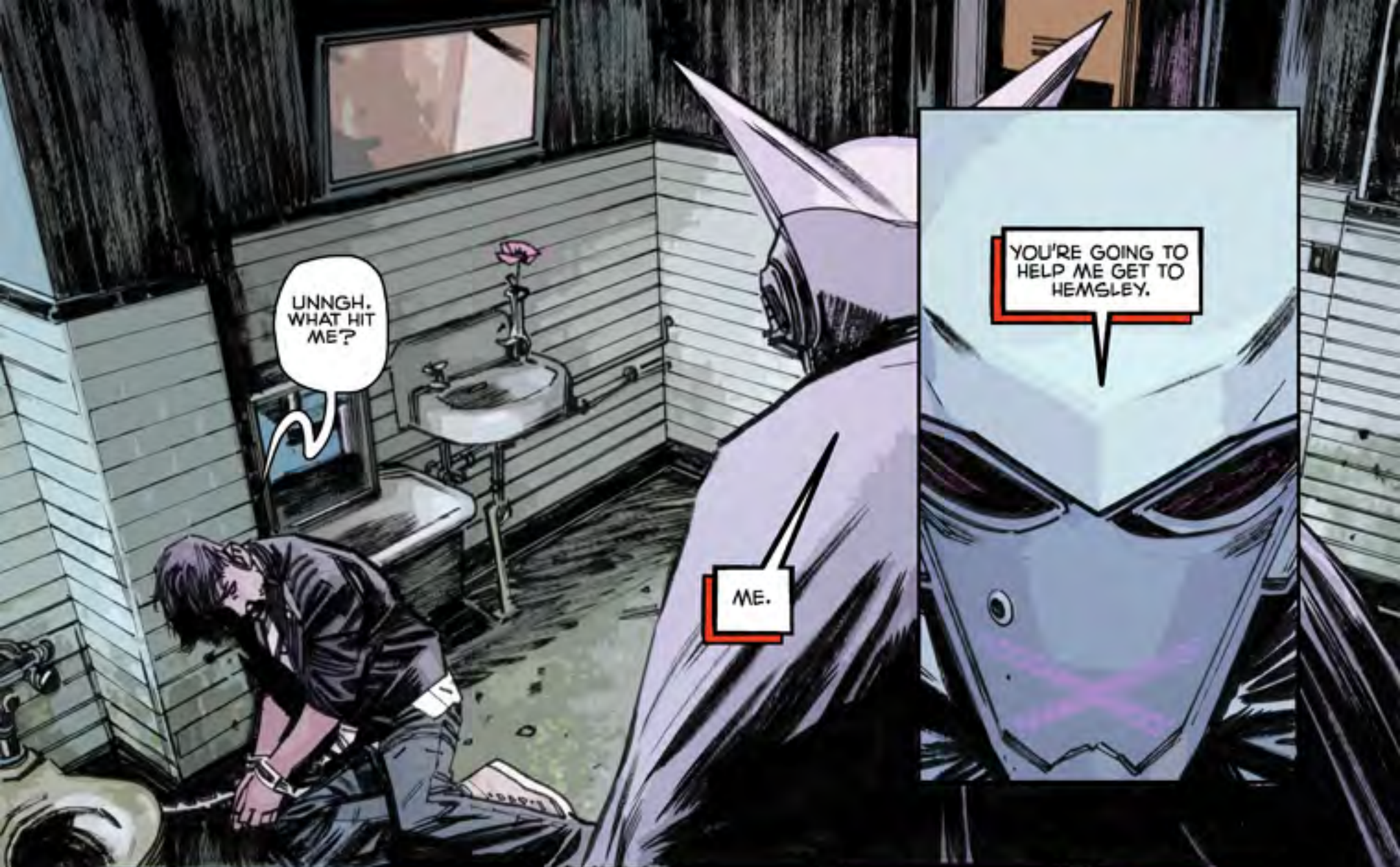
MY MEN WILL MAKE INQUIRIES ABOUT YOUR MISSING BODY-GUARD.

OF...OF COURSE.

AND REMEMBER, OWNING ART TAKES A CERTAIN TYPE OF STOMACH. AS DOES PROTECTING IT.



SSHKKK



UNNGH.
WHAT HIT
ME?

ME.

YOU'RE GOING TO
HELP ME GET TO
HEMSLEY.



WHO...
WHY ARE--

NOT
IMPORTANT.

IT IS
IF YOU'RE
A MONSTER
LIKE HIM.



MAYBE.
MAYBE NOT.
WORK IN
PROGRESS.

HEMSLEY WANTS
YOU DEAD. WHY?



I
THOUGHT...
I THOUGHT
HE WAS ONE
OF THE GOOD
GUYS. BUT
TODAY HE
SHOWED
ME...

GUESS HE
DIDN'T LIKE
MY REACTION
TO HIS ART.
THOUGHT I
WAS GONNA
GO TO THE
COPS. I
TRIED TO.



WHAT NASTY LITTLE THING DID YOU SEE?

IF I TELL YOU, WILL YOU HELP THEM?



NOT HOW THIS WORKS.

TWO FLAVORS OF COSTUMES IN THIS CITY. PSYCHOS WHO HURT AND PSYCHOS WHO HELP. AND THEY NEED HELP.

IT'S KIDS, MAN!

YOU GOTTA CARE ABOUT THAT.



I CARE ABOUT HAVING MORE AMMO.



TELL ME WHAT DEAR OLD HEMSLEY'S BEEN UP TO.

To Be Continued...