

LUCAS STAND

INNER DEMONS

CREATED BY
KURT SUTTER

WRITTEN BY
**KURT SUTTER
& CAITLIN KITTREDGE**

ILLUSTRATED BY
JESÚS HERVÁS

COLORS BY
ALEX GUIMARÃES

LETTERS BY
JIM CAMPBELL

COVER BY
ADAM GORHAM
COLORS BY **MICHAEL SPICER**

DESIGN
MARIE KRUPINA

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
CHRIS ROSA

EDITORS
**DAFNA PLEBAN
MATT GAGNON**

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**SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE
CHINO, CALIFORNIA**



YOU
READY TO
TALK?





GO TO
HELL,
STAND!



BEEN
THERE.



DONE
THAT.



I'LL BE
HONEST WITH
YOU--YOU'RE
NOT GETTING
OUT OF
HERE.

ALL I CAN
PROMISE IS
YOU TELL ME
WHAT I WANT,
AND IT'LL BE
QUICK.

HOW MANY
DIFFERENT WAYS
CAN I SAY I
DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING?!




I DON'T LIKE
DEMONS, AND
I DON'T LIKE
LIARS.



YOU'RE
BOTH. YOU
REALLY SEE THIS
ENDIN' WELL FOR
YOU IF YOU KEEP
STONEWALLING
ME?

I DON'T
KNOW
WHERE
SHE IS!



I'LL SAY IT REAL SLOW SO EVEN A SENTIENT PIECE OF SHIT FROM HELL'S SEWER LIKE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND:


WHERE...IS...
PENEMUE?

NOBODY KNOWS, MAN! SHE MOVES AROUND, ALL OVER THE PLACE, ALL OVER TIME...



I FIGURED THAT PART OUT.

THEN YOU KNOW I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING AND YOU'RE JUST A SICK BASTARD!



WAY I HEAR IT, NOBODY COULD HIDE FROM THE GREAT LUCAS STAND. NOT IF HE WANTED 'EM DEAD.

BUT HERE YOU ARE BEGGIN' LITTLE OLD ME FOR HELP.

KINDA SEEMS LIKE MAYBE PENEMUE CUT YOUR BALLS OFF, KIDDO. THAT WHY YOU WANT HER SO BAD?



YOU'RE NOT ASKING THE QUESTIONS, SHITHEAD.

AND YOU'RE NOT ASKING THE RIGHT ONES.

I'M LISTENING.

YOU WANT PENEMUE? FIX YOUR COMPASS. THAT'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN FIND HER.



YEAH, I'LL JUST HOP DOWN TO THE MYSTICAL ARTIFACT REPAIR SHOP. GET IT TUNED RIGHT UP.

HEY, SMARTASS: I GOT NO LOVE FOR PENEMUE. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW, BUT YOU GOTTA LET ME LIVE. DEAL?



DEAL, YOU PIECE OF SHIT.



COME ON,
CRAPPY HUNK
OF JUNK.

ONE
MORE
TIME...



...TIME TRAVEL WHEN YOUR VERSION
OF A TIME MACHINE IS CRAPPING
OUT IS A LOT LIKE A PLANE CRASH.

IT'S NOT THE FALL
THAT GETS YOU...

...IT'S THE
LANDING.

THIS WAS A LOT
EASIER WHEN I WAS
WORKING FOR A
DEMON. I LET HIM
DO THE HEAVY
LIFTING.

AND, YOU KNOW, I
WAS ROLLING ON OXY
MOST OF THE TIME.
THAT HELPED.

NOW THE ONLY THING DRIVING ME
IS FINDING PENEMUE, AND THE ONLY
THING THAT'LL HELP THAT IS FIXING
THIS PIECE OF CRAP GADREL
LEFT ME WITH.

WITHOUT HIS JUICE, USING THIS THING'S LIKE A CAR WHEN THE TIE RODS HAVE SNAPPED--IT'LL GO FAST AS YOU WANT, BUT THERE'S NO STEERING, NO WAY TO SLOW DOWN.

NEVER KNOWING WHERE I'M LANDING ADDS A LITTLE SPICE TO MY NIGHT.

AND...UGH. DEFINITELY THE 70s.

I'M ONLY HUMAN AND IT DOESN'T RESPOND TO ME THE WAY IT DID TO GADREL.

OR PANTS-PISSING TERROR, TAKE YOUR PICK.

AT LEAST THIS ONE'S EASY: LAS VEGAS.



THE DEMON BACK IN CHINO WASN'T REAL SPECIFIC. JUST A YEAR, AND A NAME, SAID THEY'D FIX ME RIGHT UP.

NOTHING'S EVER THAT EASY. I FELT MY SKIN PRICKLING THE SECOND I LANDED HERE, AND NOT JUST FROM MY BURNING DESIRE TO PUT PENEMUE IN THE GROUND.

FOLLOWING ME TO DO WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT IN MIND WOULD BE YOUR WORST AND LAST MISTAKE, SON.

