



OKAY.  
LET'S PLAY  
THIS THING  
ALREADY.

**AMIGO COMICS**  
**AMUZA PRODUCCIONES**

and **AZUL Y NEGRO**  
presents



written by  
**EL-TORRES**

based in the songs by  
**AZUL Y NEGRO**

art by  
**ÁNGEL HERNÁNDEZ**  
and **DIEGO GALINDO**

YOUR OLD  
MUSIC IS *PLAYING*,  
MY FRIEND. THAT MUSIC  
NO ONE CARES ABOUT  
ANYMORE, IN THAT  
OLD-FASHIONED  
FORMAT OF  
YOURS.

BUT IT'S  
YOUR TIME, MY  
FRIEND. IT'S  
*BASSO'S*  
TIME.

THAT TIME IN  
WHICH THIS JOINT  
PLAYS YOUR MUSIC.  
THUS, OUR *SELECT*  
CLIENTELE WILL BE ABLE  
TO ENJOY YOUR  
*OVERTURE*.

color by  
**VERONICA R. LOPEZ**  
and **PILAR JAIME**

idea  
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# METALLIC SILENCE





THESE PUNKS **RESPECT** YOU, OTHERWISE... HELL, I'D SWEAR I'VE SEEN ONE OR TWO COME BY AT THIS TIME ON PURPOSE.

YOU WON'T SPEAK AT ALL TONIGHT? DID I MAKE A WRONG CHOICE?



YOU CAN EVEN PLAY, IF YOU WANT.

NO, NOT TODAY.



YOU WON'T PLAY, BUT YOU **STILL** CARRY YOUR INSTRUMENTS...

YOU'RE TOO STUCK ON THE PAST, BASSO.



NO ONE HAS TIME FOR MUSIC, FRIEND. NO ONE HAS TIME TO DO ANYTHING BUT **SURVIVE**.

WHAT THE HELL'S UP WITH YOU TONIGHT?



I'M TURNING CRAZY.





CAROLINE?



CAROLINE.

SHE'S GONE, CHUCK. SHE TOOK AWAY MOST OF HER STUFF. SHE LEFT A NOTE. SHE LEFT A PICTURE.

SHE GOT HERSELF A VISA. A DAMNED VISA. A LAST-MINUTE ONE.



CAROLINE, OH, CAROLINE.



BASSO, STILL... YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY FOR HER.

VISAS ARE VERY HARD TO GET. IF CAROLINE PASSED THE TESTS AND SHE WAS ACCEPTED... SHE'S GOING FAR AWAY FROM THIS JUNKYARD.

SURE, CHUCK. IF SHE HAD PASSED THE TESTS... BUT SHE DIDN'T.



SHE ASKED THE MANNEQUIN.

SHE BOUGHT IT FROM THE MANNEQUIN.



# DESTINATION

AND THAT'S  
WHAT HURTS  
YOU, BASSO.

THAT SHE  
DISCARDED YOU  
FOR A PSYCHO  
LIKE MANNEQUIN.

THAT YOU CAN'T KNOW  
WHAT THAT LOON  
ASKED FOR IN EXCHANGE  
FOR THE VISA.

THAT SHE  
LEFT YOU  
BEHIND.

THAT SHE LEFT YOU  
LIVING SLEEPLESS  
NIGHTS, CHASING  
THAT EMOTION.

THAT WARM  
SONG OF LOVE.

NOW THERE'S ONLY  
SILENCE LEFT. SILENCE  
BROKEN BY THE NOISE OF  
THE DIRTY RAIN THAT  
FALLS OVER THE CITY.

METALLIC  
SILENCE.





BUT YOU JUST NEED TO WALK INTO AN ALLEY TO GO FROM SILENCE TO FRENZIED CHAOS.

FOAM PEOPLE CLAD IN ZINC ARMORS, DANCING AND DANCING UNTIL THE END.

THAT END BEING SO CLOSE.



OUR PARADISE BURNED UNDER THE LIGHT OF REASON.

NOW, EITHER YOU JOIN THE ELITE IN NEW DESTINATION...

...OR YOU DIE HERE.  
**EEEEEE**



A NEW FUTURE THAT DEVOURS US...

...DEVOURS OUR CHILDREN...



...AND WILL NEVER BE SATIATED.

FOAM PEOPLE CLAD IN ZINC ARMORS.

CRUISERS.

KEEP WALKING, SIR.

WE'RE SAVING THE SOULS OF THESE CHILDREN. WE CLEANSE THEIR BODIES OF IMPURITIES.

THEY'LL HAVE A FUTURE IN THE TEMPLE CLINIC.











YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

WE WANT... WE WANT TO SAVE THEM...

NO ONE BELIEVES THAT ANYMORE. SOMEDAY, SOMEONE WILL UNMASK YOU.

KEEP AN EYE ON THEM, KID.

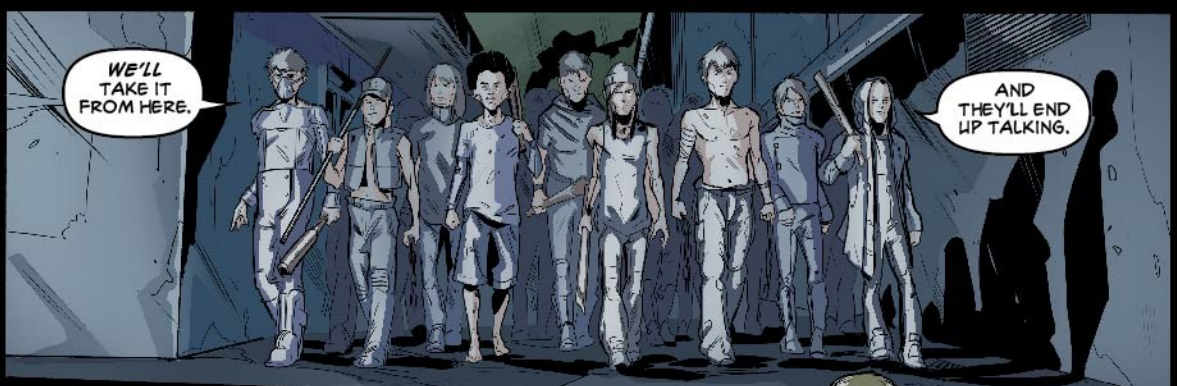
I'M GOING TO FREE YOUR FRIENDS FROM THAT VAN.

I WON'T TELL YOU HOW...

I'M NOT... I'M NOT SCARED OF YOU.



THANK YOU, SIR.



WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.

AND THEY'LL END UP TALKING.



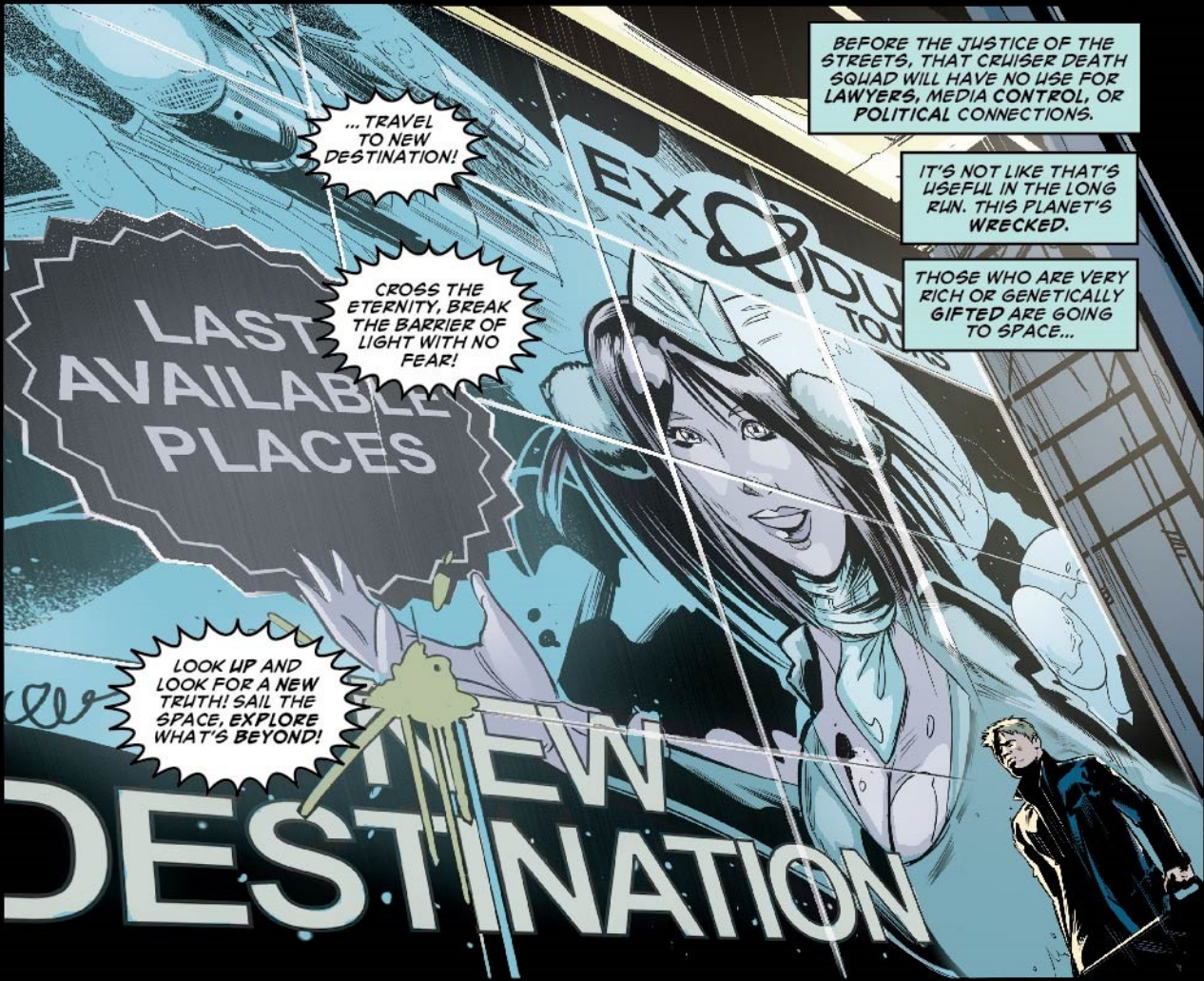
NO! NO! WAIT!

OH, SAVIOUR THOMAS... HELP ME!

**AAARGH!**

EVENTUALLY, SOME THINGS REALLY MAKE YOUR DAY.





BEFORE THE JUSTICE OF THE STREETS, THAT CRUISER DEATH SQUAD WILL HAVE NO USE FOR LAWYERS, MEDIA CONTROL, OR POLITICAL CONNECTIONS.

IT'S NOT LIKE THAT'S USEFUL IN THE LONG RUN. THIS PLANET'S WRECKED.

THOSE WHO ARE VERY RICH OR GENETICALLY GIFTED ARE GOING TO SPACE...

... TRAVEL TO NEW DESTINATION!

CROSS THE ETERNITY, BREAK THE BARRIER OF LIGHT WITH NO FEAR!

LAST AVAILABLE PLACES

LOOK UP AND LOOK FOR A NEW TRUTH! SAIL THE SPACE, EXPLORE WHAT'S BEYOND!

# NEW DESTINATION

AND THERE ARE ONLY COCKROACHES LIKE US LEFT HERE.

VIRAL TERRORISTS IN CENTRAL EUROPE, CYBERGHERRILLA IN ASIA AND AFRICA...

AND IN THE CALMEST PLACES...

... SLAVES OF THE CORPORATIONS OR PREY FOR THE BODY BANKS.

I CAN'T BLAME HER FOR WANTING TO LEAVE THIS PLACE.

BUT IT STILL HURTS.

