

DEAD LETTERS™

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BOOM![™]
STUDIOS
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ONE WEEK AGO



YOU EVER MISS IT, JUDE?

WHAT'S THAT?

BEING ALIVE?



SOMETIMES.

ALL THE TIME.

I REGRET THINGS.

BUT DO YOU MISS ANYTHING?



COFFEE. MOVIES. THE WAY OLD BOOKS SMELLED.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?



BLAM
BLAM

"I DON'T MISS A DAMN THING."



"I'M ACTUALLY HAPPY."

"UH-HUH."

"WELL, YOU MISSED THAT BOTTLE BY A MILE."



I THOUGHT WE WERE ON VACATION.

WE ARE. TAKE A LOOK AROUND. ISN'T THIS BETTER THAN LISTENING TO WALTER GRUMBLE ABOUT HOW WE GOTTA GET TO WORK? OR WALKING THE BRIDGE ON GUARD DUTY?

FINE. I RELENT. WHO LIVES HERE?

AN OLD FRIEND.



LITTLE HELP?

I'M ON VACATION.

BESIDES, I LIKE WATCHING YOU SWEAT.


DON'T SWEAT ANYMORE. ANOTHER THING I DON'T MISS.



NIL!
COME ON OUT. IT'S SAM. FRIENDS WITH BERYL?

A METHUGELAH? REALLY?

I MUST BE CRAZY, GETTING MIXED UP WITH THE LIKES OF YOU.



WHAT LIKES IS THAT? GUY WHO HAS HIS OWN ARMY? GUY WHO HAS A HOTLINE DIRECT TO GOD?

THE HEROIC TYPE.

I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR, JUDE.



Y'KNOW, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET HUNG UP ON THE LIKES OF YOU.

YOU'VE NEVER MET THE LIKES OF ME.



DAMN, YOU'RE SO MEAN.

KEEPING YOU ON YOUR TOES, IS ALL.

NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT SOME POWER, SOMEONE HAS TO KNOCK YOU DOWN A FEW PEGS. SEEN IT GO BAD BEFORE.



UH-HUH. EXACTLY HOW OLD ARE YOU?

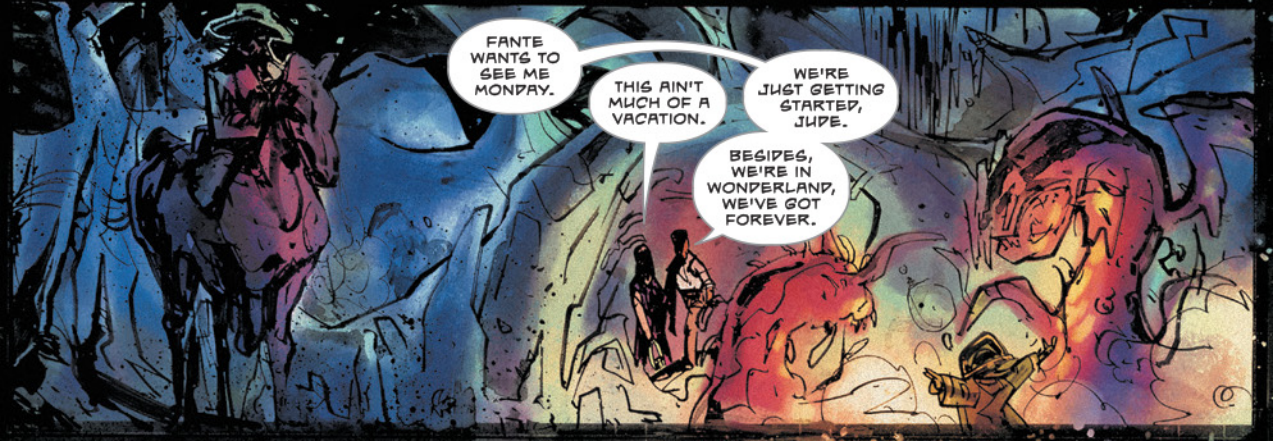
AWFUL RUDE, SAM. WHY NOT ASK ME HOW I DIED?

OH-HH, THAT OLD?



OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER, SAM.

SPEAKING OF, WHEN DO YOU HAVE TO BE BACK TO WORK?



FANTE WANTS TO SEE ME MONDAY.

THIS AIN'T MUCH OF A VACATION.

WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED, JUDE.

BESIDES, WE'RE IN WONDERLAND, WE'VE GOT FOREVER.

NOW

WAITING. THAT'S
HERE'S NUMBER
ONE ACTIVITY.

WAITING FOR
SOMETHING
NEW. TO FEEL
ANYTHING.

ESPECIALLY THAT
TAP ON THE
SHOULDER THAT
LETS YOU KNOW
THE GATES HAVE
OPENED, YOU CAN
MOVE ON.

EPISODE 9:

THE
KILLER
INSIDE
ME

SEBELA
& VISIONS

I'M WAITING ON
FANTE, WHO'S 12
MINUTES LATE.

AND I'M WAITING
ON A GOOD IDEA OF
WHAT I'M GOING TO
TELL HIM.

MA AND
JONES ARE
TEARING THE
CITY APART
ONE BLOCK
AT A TIME.

THE STREETS
ARE EMPTY, THE
HIGHWAY OUT OF
TOWN IS PACKED
WITH CIVILIANS,
ON FOOT AND
IN CARS.

AND MAIA IS
NOWHERE TO
BE SEEN.

I'VE SPENT THE LAST WEEK THINKING
OF ANYTHING BUT ALL THIS.

BETTER
LATE THAN
NEVER, EH,
FELLAS?

I'M STILL ADJUSTING
TO BEING BACK HERE,
UNCLEAR ON MY NEXT
MOVE.

I ALWAYS DO.

FWAM

IMPROVISING.
THAT'S MY NUMBER
ONE ACTIVITY.

I'LL FIGURE
IT OUT IN THE
MOMENT.

GO
WHERE'S
FANTE?





FANTE TOO BUSY TO BEAT ON ME HIMSELF?

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, WHISTLER.

CAN'T BELIEVE YOU CAME BACK HERE AFTER WHAT YOU DID.

DID? YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOU. GOD'S FLUNKY OR NOT.



NOW TELL ME WHERE FANTE--

KLNK

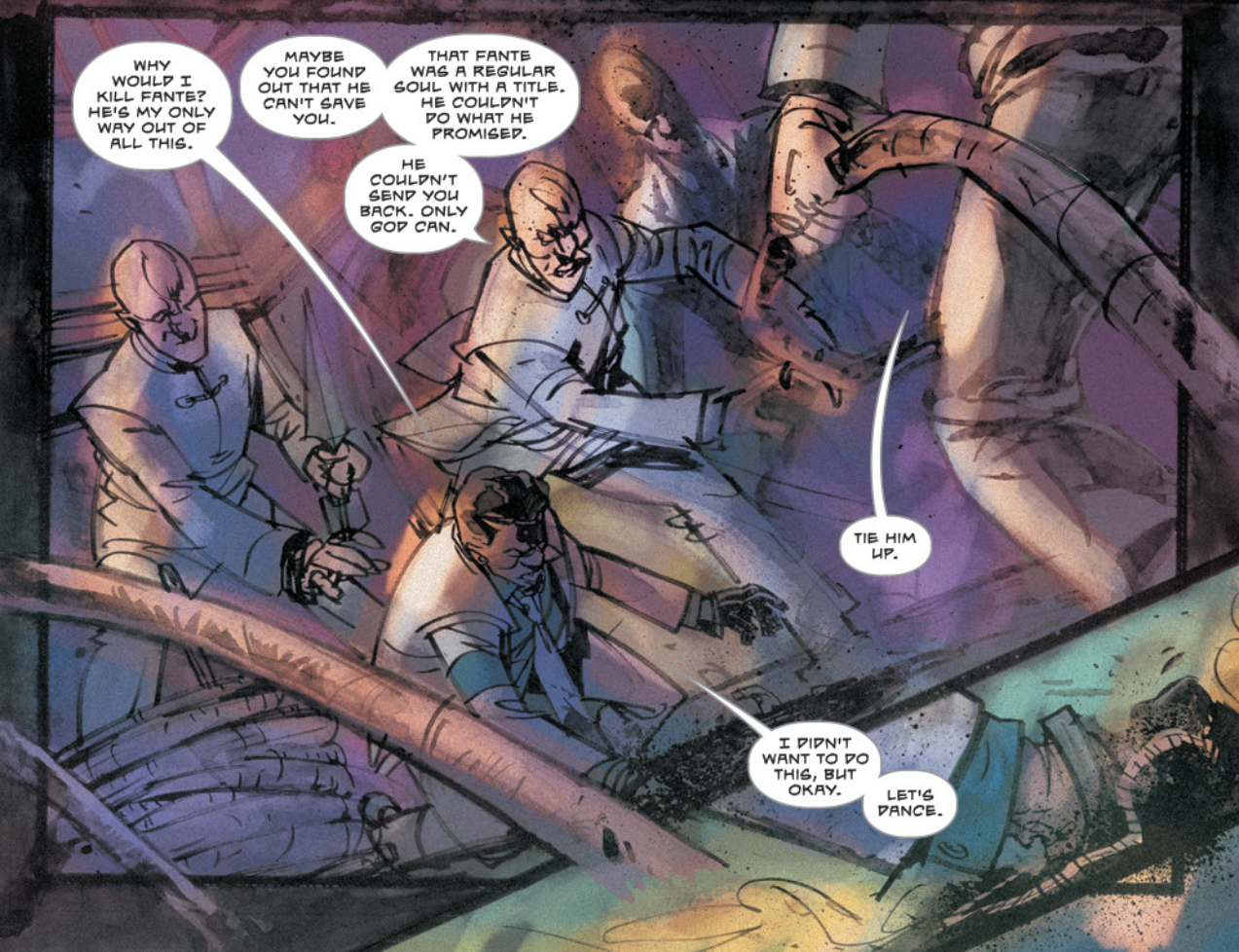


RIGHT WHERE YOU SCATTERED HIM, WHISTLER.

WHAT ARE YOU--

WE WATCHED YOU SCATTER HIM WITH THAT KNIFE. YOU SHOULD HAVE TAKEN HIS JEWELRY.

WE READ HIS **NECKLACE**, OBJECTS DON'T LIE.



WHY WOULD I KILL FANTE? HE'S MY ONLY WAY OUT OF ALL THIS.

MAYBE YOU FOUND OUT THAT HE CAN'T SAVE YOU.

THAT FANTE WAS A REGULAR SOUL WITH A TITLE. HE COULDN'T DO WHAT HE PROMISED.

HE COULDN'T SEND YOU BACK. ONLY GOD CAN.

TIE HIM UP.

I DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS, BUT OKAY.

LET'S DANCE.