

CATCH-UP: Two ritual murders, two detectives who can't find connections beyond the intrusion on their usually predictable precinct. There's something unholy about the spilling of...

BROOKLYN BLOOD

CHAPTER
4

MY PARTNER THINKS I'VE LOST MY MIND, BUT PTSD DOESN'T MAKE YOU STUPID OR CRAZY...AND THIS ISN'T A HALLUCINATION, JUST A FEELING.

WE NEED HELP.

O'CONNOR, THIS BUG

YOU'RE REALLY TAKING ME TO SEE A PSYCHO?

THAT'S A PSYCHIC, HASAN.

PAUL LEVITZ &
TIM HAMILTON
STORYTELLERS

ADAM O. PRUETT
LETTERER

NO DIFFERENCE.

CAPTAIN WOULD YANK THE CASE IF HE KNEW YOU WERE DOING THIS.

HE AIN'T GONNA KNOW, IS HE?

C'MON.

SERIOUSLY.



ANATOMY OF A SATURDAY NIGHT:



DANCING

GOBBLING



BANGING WET PARTS TOGETHER

ALWAYS SOMEBODY CRYING IN A CORNER



I KNEW YOU WOULD MAKE IT. YOU THINK WE CAN TAKE THEM?

IF WE CAN'T, WE WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET IT!

DOOM... DOOM... DOOM. DOOM... DOOM... DOOM.



HEAR THOSE DRUMS? MORE ARE COMING. YOU MAY KILL ME. YOU MAY TAKE OUT FIVE MORE OF US.

BUT MORE WILL COME. WE WILL WEAR YOU DOWN. AND DRAG YOUR CORPSES BACK INTO THE SWAMP.

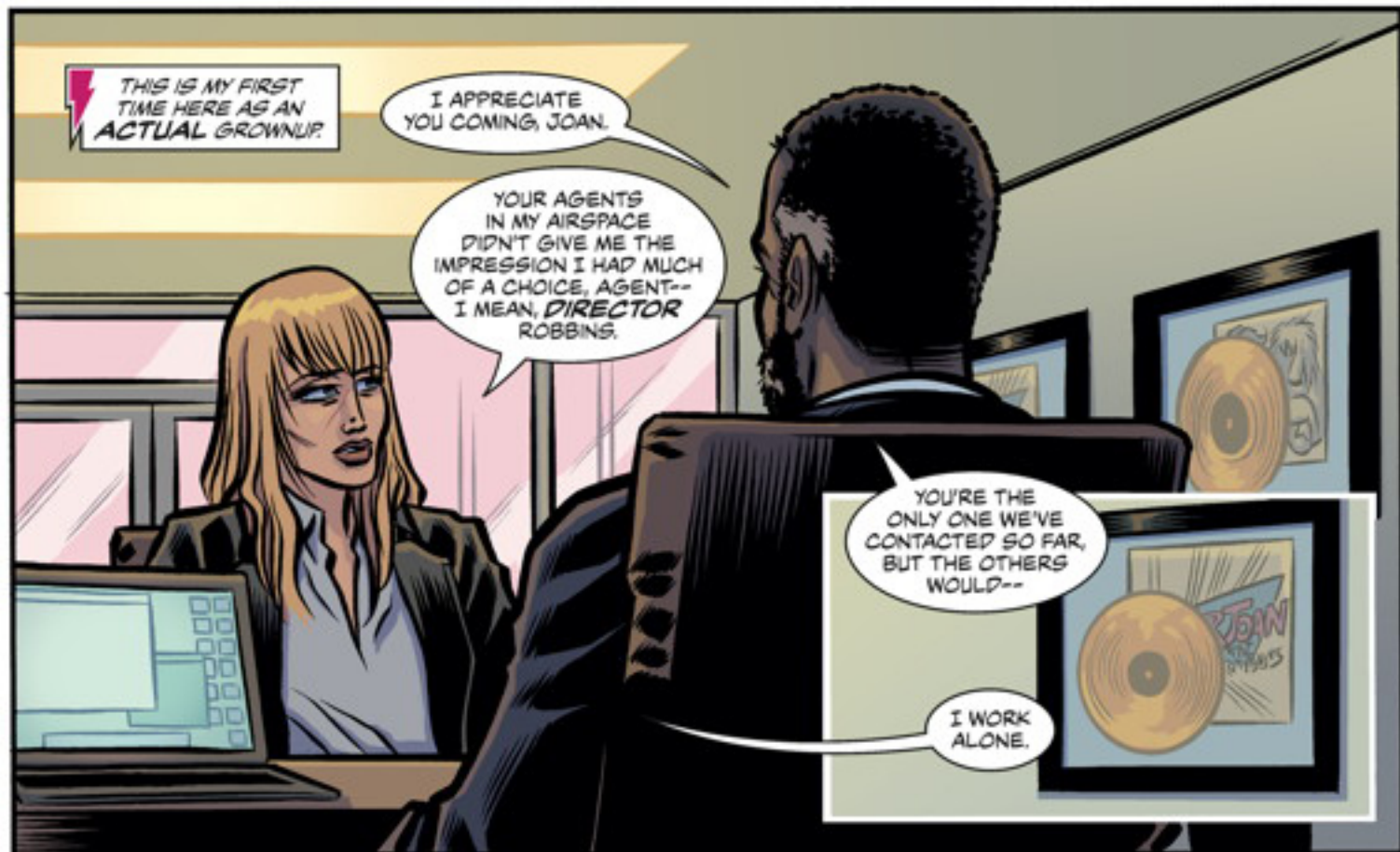
WE'LL USE YOUR SKULLS AS BOWLS!

DOOM... DOOM... DOOM. DOOM... DOOM... DOOM.



BRAZZZZAZ

DOOM... DOOM... DOOM. DOOM... DOOM... DOOM.



THIS IS MY FIRST TIME HERE AS AN ACTUAL GROWNUP

I APPRECIATE YOU COMING, JOAN.

YOUR AGENTS IN MY AIRSPACE DIDN'T GIVE ME THE IMPRESSION I HAD MUCH OF A CHOICE, AGENT-- I MEAN, DIRECTOR ROBBINS.

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WE'VE CONTACTED SO FAR, BUT THE OTHERS WOULD--

I WORK ALONE.



I'M SORRY I MISSED YOUR WEDDING, THOUGH.

...NO, YOU'RE NOT. AFTER AGENT TAGGART'S FUNERAL--

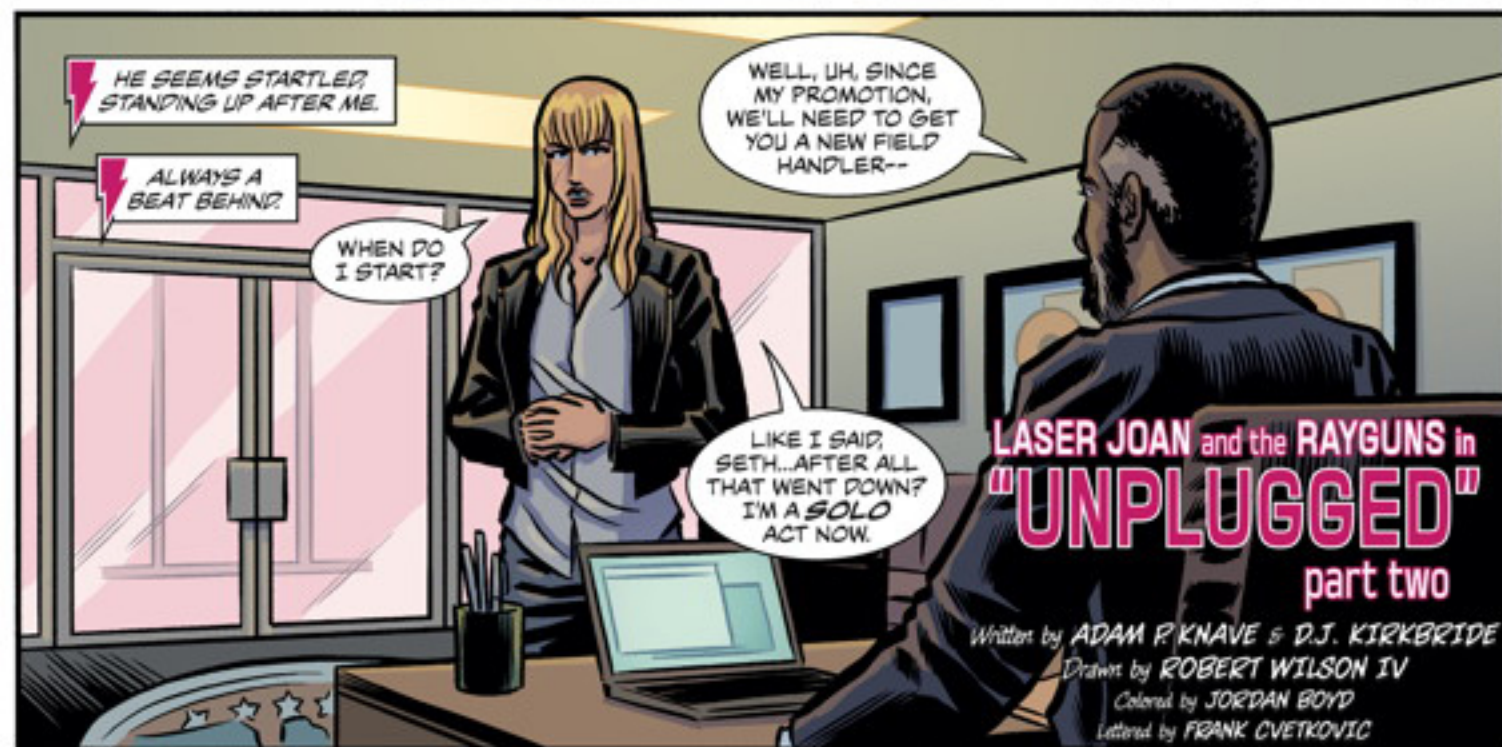
LET'S JUST GET ON WITH IT, PLEASE.



WAIT, A METALHEADZ REUNION? I DON'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO ROCK NEWS THESE DAYS, BUT...THAT CAME OUTTA NOWHERE, DIDN'T IT? ANY G.R.O.W.L.* CHATTER?

NATURALLY. G.R.O.W.L. AND THE METALHEADZ GO HAND IN HAND.

*GRAND REVOLUTIONARY ORDER OF WORLD LIBERATION



HE SEEMS STARTLED, STANDING UP AFTER ME.

ALWAYS A BEAT BEHIND?

WHEN DO I START?

WELL, UH, SINCE MY PROMOTION, WE'LL NEED TO GET YOU A NEW FIELD HANDLER--

LIKE I SAID, SETH...AFTER ALL THAT WENT DOWN? I'M A SOLO ACT NOW.

LASER JOAN and the RAYGUNS in "UNPLUGGED" part two

Written by ADAM R. KNAVE & D.J. KIRKBRIDE
Drawn by ROBERT WILSON IV
Colored by JORDAN BOYD
Lettered by FRANK CVETKOVIC

SUNDOWN CROSSROADS OFFLINE I



PREGNANT WITH A PARASITIC SPIRIT, I SWIM THROUGH THE LIQUID NIGHT--

NOT PREGNANT. THEY MIGHT BE TOO UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE IMAGERY. I COULD SAY INFUSED. I AM TRANSPORT. HOST.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

STASHING AWAY IDEAS FOR THE FUTURE--LOGGING THE EXPERIENCE IN A NEURAL JOURNAL.

I'D CALL IT WRITING IF IT INVOLVED PEN AND PAPER.

DOING WHAT IT TAKES TO REMAIN FOCUSED ON YOUR TASK SO I CAN EXPEL YOU FROM MY CRANIUM, HITCHHIKER.

CODE?

1-5-3-9-7.

SPARE KEY'S ON THE THIRD BOXY THING FROM THE LEFT.

VERY SECURE LOCATION. YEAH.

I RUN. CAN'T CARRY EVERYTHING!

WHICH APARTMENT'S YOURS?

PENTHOUSE, YEAH, I KNOW. I HEAR YOU SNORTING.

DON'T GO ALL SOCIAL WARRIOR ON ME--IT'S JUST A BIG APARTMENT.



WAAAAAH!

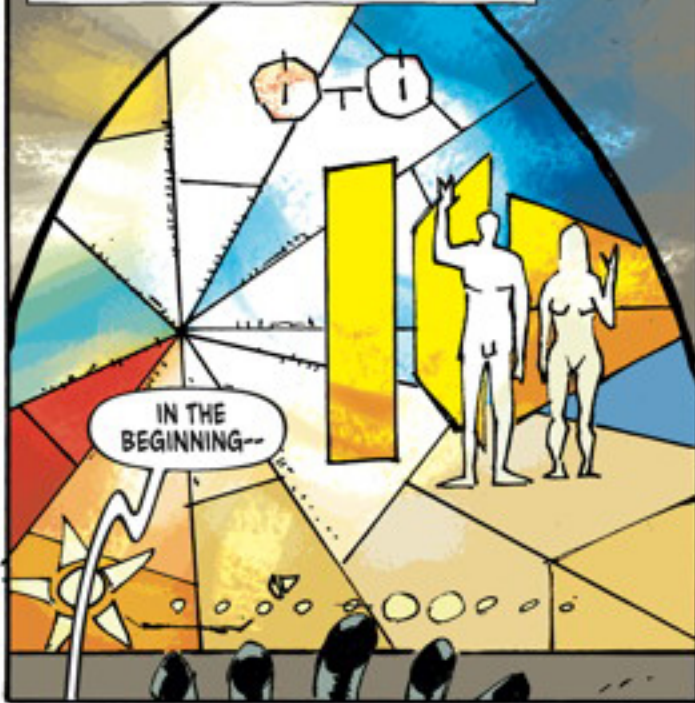
I SAID SHUT UP!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S INSIDE.

DADDY!!

WORLDS APART

SCRIPT: JOHN ARCUDI ART: MAXIM ŠIMIĆ
LETTERING: NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®



IN THE
BEGINNING--



--IT'S
GOING TO
HURT.

THERE'S NO
POINT IN LYING
ABOUT THAT. YOU'RE
ALL SMART. YOU
KNOW WHAT'S
AHEAD.

WE HAVE
WAYS TO MANAGE
THE PAIN, OF COURSE,
BUT THAT DOESN'T
MEAN YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO HAVE ANY
DISCOMFORT. YOU
MOST CERTAINLY
WILL.



THAT'S
THE PRICE
OF BECOMING
HUMAN.