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WEAVERS™

Created by Simon Spurrier



ALL
RIGHT.

RETAIL.



NOW...
THE **DEALERS?**
THEY AIN'T EVEN OUR
GUYS, NOT REALLY.
THEY'VE GOT THEIR
OWN **COLORS**--
JUVIE GANGS
'N ALL.

BUT THEY
ALL SOURCE FROM
US. WAY TO **SEE** IT IS:
THEY JUST **RENTIN'**
TURF.

WHAT
ABOUT THE
COURIER...?
THE RED-TIE-
GUY.



IS HE...
Y'KNOW?

Ohhh, HE'S
ONE OF **OURS**--
SURE, AS OPPOSED
TO **ONE OF US**, IF
YOU TAKE MY
MEANIN'.

FOLK LIKE
HIM DO THE
DROP-OFFS, THE
RESUPPLYIN'...THE
CHEAP STUFF,
Y'KNOW?



...SO'S
FOLK LIKE
US DON'T
GOT TO.

This is
boring. The
new boy sweats
too much and
won't stop
fiddling.

What's
he got
there?

THIS?



J-JUST A BIT OF
JUNK FROM THE
BLARNEY BAR,
MS. KETTER. LIKE...
A **MEMENTO**,
Y'KNOW?

Regret
asking. Newboy
is boring,
too.

HEY...
LOOK.



Ah. The *disposable* wants attention. He *directs* us. An *unboring* emergency, perhaps. One can *hope*.

Drive, Newboy. Next block.



--AND YOU TELL YOU *FREAK* BOSS THIS *STREETS* NOT *HIMS* NO MORE, WE KILL ALL *SPIDERS* AND--



Boo.

БЛЯДЬ.



Bratva thug. That's *rival outfit* number *one*, Newboy.

A territorial *incursion*-- oh my.

Fetch.





HEY.

HEY,
NEWBOY--
HOLD IT!



BUT
WE'LL
LOSE
H--

Nuff-uh.
I **SEE HIM**
THROUGH THE **WALL**.
KIDDIE'S **PLAYPARK**.
HE'S **CORNERED**.
UNDERSTAND?

IF HE'S
GOT A **PIECE**
HE'S GONNA **USE**
IT, YOU GOTTA TAKE
HIM FROM **HERE**.



BUT...I
MEAN...

I'M NOT EXACTLY
SLICK WITH THIS
THING YET,
TOMMY...

JUST
DO IT. HE'S
GOIN' UP THE
FENCE.



NF

G...

G--GIMME A
SECOND...



WAAAAA







I DON'T
GET IT.



SHE STAYED IN
THE CAR. ONLY ONE
ENTRANCE TO THAT
PLAYGROUND. NO
WAY DID SHE HAVE
TIME TO CLIMB THE
FENCE.

HOW'D SHE
GET THERE
FIRST?

Ha.
YOU GOT THEM
GIMP HANDS AND
YOU'RE ASKIN' ME
THAT? DON'T
BE DUMB.



AND
QUIT WITH
THE QUESTIONS,
BOY. 'ROUND HERE,
CURIOSITY GOT
THE STINK OF
RAT.

WHATEVER YOU
WERE... WHATEVER
AGENDA YOU THINK
YOU GOT... YOU TAKE
MY ADVICE AND YOU
FORGET IT RIGHT
NOW.

HUP.
THERE'S
THE INVITE.



HE'S READY
FOR YOU. GO
IN MEET,
huh?



WHO,
uh... WHO'S
THAT?

THAT'S
PNEEMA. RUNS
THE BROTHELS UP
INNA FOGS--REAL
HIGH CLASS. SHE'S
THE CHIEF'S
GIRL.

HANDS MOST
PROFOUNDLY
OFF.

SHE
LOOKED
AT ME
FUNNY...

SAFER'N
THE OTHER
WAY, KID.

IN YA
GO.

KACHUNK!



NOW
WHAT THE
ENTIRE AND
ACTUAL \$\$\$
IS ALL THAT
METAL IN HIS
FACE?



Heh. CHIEF, MEET
SID THYME.
NEWBOY, MEET
MR. **DON**
HARVEST.

SIR,
IT'S AN
HONOR
TO M--

SHUT THE
FESTERIN'
\$\$\$ UP.



...Hlt.



OKAY. OKAY,
HERE'S THE
THING.

I DON'T
KNOW YOU.
DON'T KNOW
YOUR *GAME*.



TRUTH IS, THAT
DON'T *MATTER*.
NONE OF US GETS
TO SAY WHO
JOINS THE
FAMILY.

ONLY
WHO
LEAVES
IT.

YOU'RE ONE
OF *US* NOW. *YOUR*
GAME IS *OUR* GAME
BY *DEFAULT*, AND BOY?
THAT'S NOT SOMETHING
YOU CAN *FIGHT*.



NOW, I'M *INFORMED*
YOU *REQUESTED* A LITTLE
TOUR OF *OPERATIONS*,
DOWN IN THE
SPOUT.

THAT'S
REAL
EAGER.



wh

AT THIS
TIME YOUR
BLOOD IS
HEATIN'
UP.

THAT'S *ME*.
THAT'S ME *INSIDE*
YOU, *EAGER-BOY*, AND
YOU SHOULD KNOW IT
GETS *WORSE*.



I *WANTED*, I COULD
MELT DOWN THAT
FACE-SHRAPNEL LIKE
EARWAX. I COULD SET
FIRE TO THE *£\$%&*
STILL IN YOUR
ASS.

I COULD
MAKE YOU TELL
ME WHAT IT *IS* GOT
YOU SO DAMN
NOSY.

aa

aa



BUT I
WON'T.

MEMBER OF
THE **WEAVERS**
DON'T TURN ON
HIS **OWN**. FIRST
RULE.



HE DOES
NOT **SCHEME**.
HE DOES NOT HAVE
SECRETS FROM HIS
PEOPLE. ELSE HIS
PEOPLE SQUASH
HIM LIKE A
BUG.

CAN'T EVEN
STOP
'EMSELVES.

PART OF THE
PACKAGE.



AND WHEN
HE'S **TOLD**--
FOR INSTANCE BY MY
ASSOCIATE MS. KETTER
HERE--TO NIX A
BORSCHT-HUMPING
RUSSIAN **ESSE**
STRAYING ON
WEAVER
GROUND...

...THEN HE
DAMN.

BETTER.

DO
IT.



...ELSE FOLKS START
TO QUESTION HIS
LOYALTIES.

AND HIS **TRUE**
CHARACTER.



NEXT TIME
YOU
HESITATE.

I
WON'T.

OUT.



