

Created by Ben Acker • Ben Blacker • Andrew Miller

DEATH BE DAMNED™

Written by

**BEN ACKER & BEN BLACKER
ANDREW MILLER**

Illustrated by

HANNAH CHRISTENSON

Colored by

JUAN USECHE

Lettered by

COLIN BELL

Cover by

HANNAH CHRISTENSON

Designer

MICHELLE ANKLEY

Associate Editor

CAMERON CHITTOCK

Editor

ERIC HARBURN





Miranda,
STOP



Can't breathe.

What's happening?

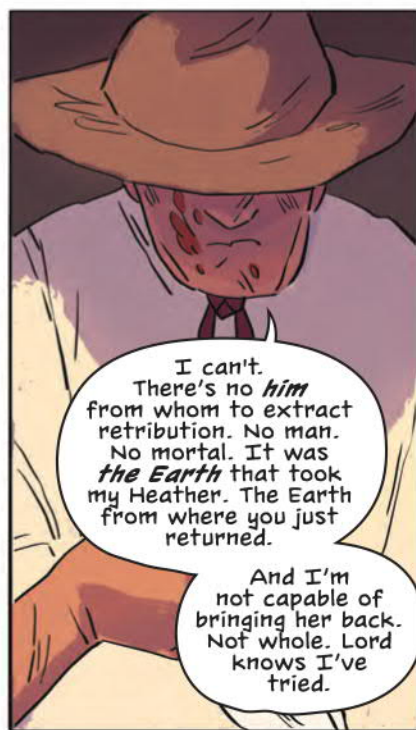
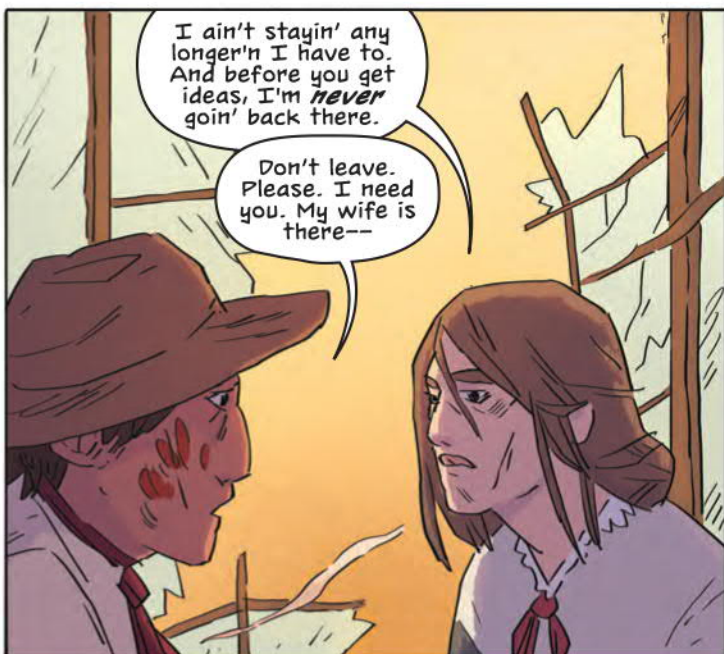
You're fine.

Who inna hell are you?

You're in control. Focus on something to hold you steady.

Ain't nobody tellin' me what to do.



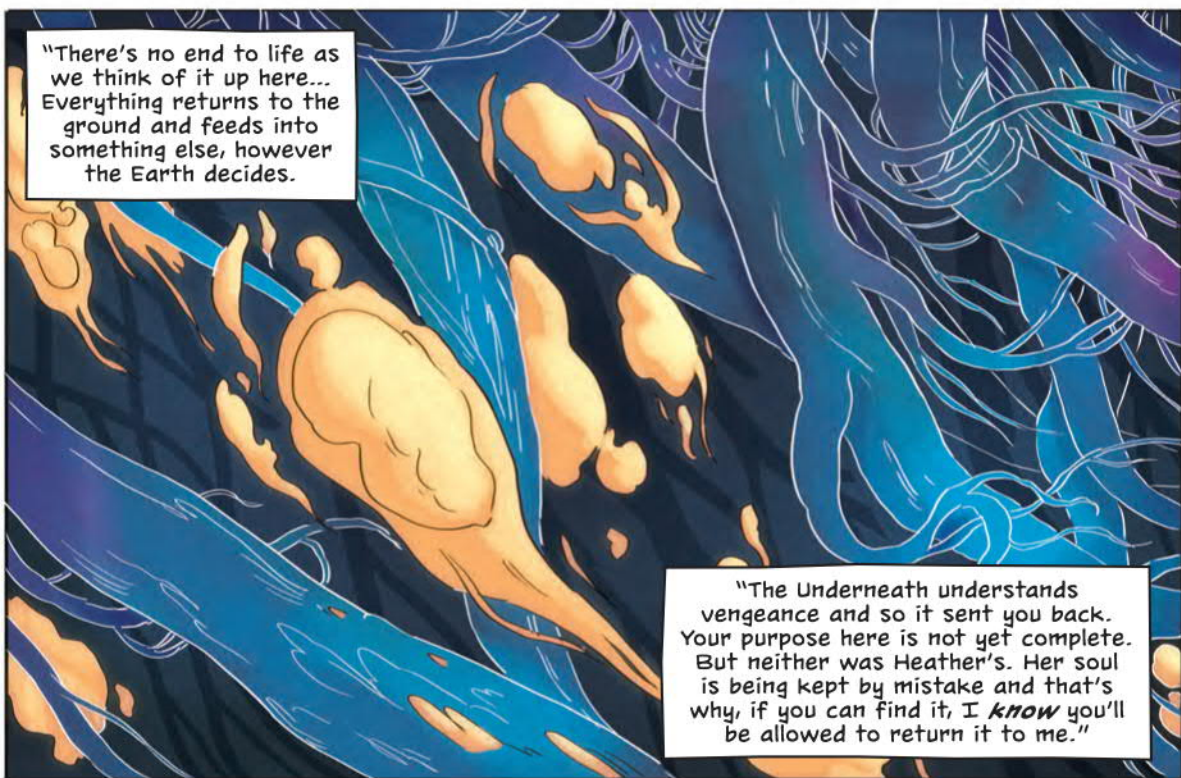




My Heather would bring sustenance to the miners. They worked through the nights and she couldn't bear anyone suffering.

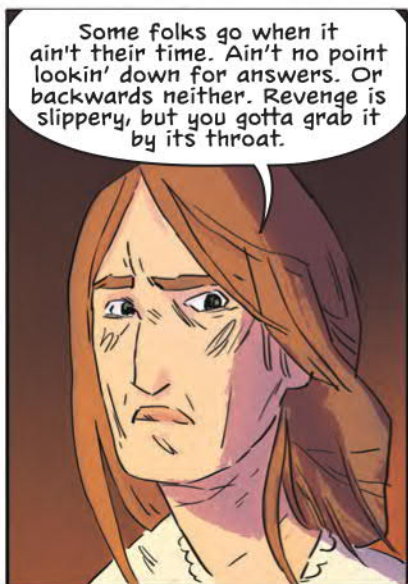
But the coal those miners were digging did not belong to them--like mosquitos mining for the blood in our veins--it belonged to the Earth. And they kept taking. For the railroad. For the future.

Earth didn't wish to relent her bounty. She was...*violently* opposed.



"There's no end to life as we think of it up here... Everything returns to the ground and feeds into something else, however the Earth decides.

"The Underneath understands vengeance and so it sent you back. Your purpose here is not yet complete. But neither was Heather's. Her soul is being kept by mistake and that's why, if you can find it, I *know* you'll be allowed to return it to me."



Some folks go when it ain't their time. Ain't no point lookin' down for answers. Or backwards neither. Revenge is slippery, but you gotta grab it by its throat.



So's it's clear--if you get inna way of me gettin' mine, I'll kill you.

I wish you well, Miranda...