

Written by
SIMON SPURRIER

Illustrated by
JONAS GOONFACE

Lettered by
COLIN BELL

Cover by
JONAS GOONFACE

Designer **MARIE KRUPINA**
Associate Editor **CAMERON CHITTOCK**
Editor **ERIC HARBURN**

Special Thanks **KELSEY DIETERICH**

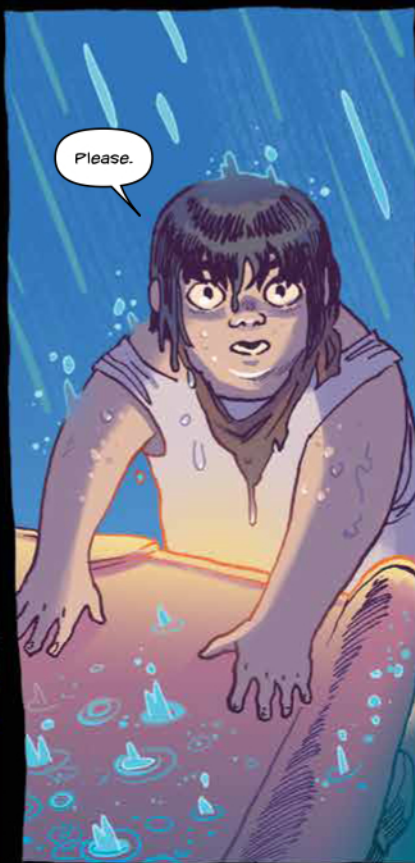
GODSHAPER™

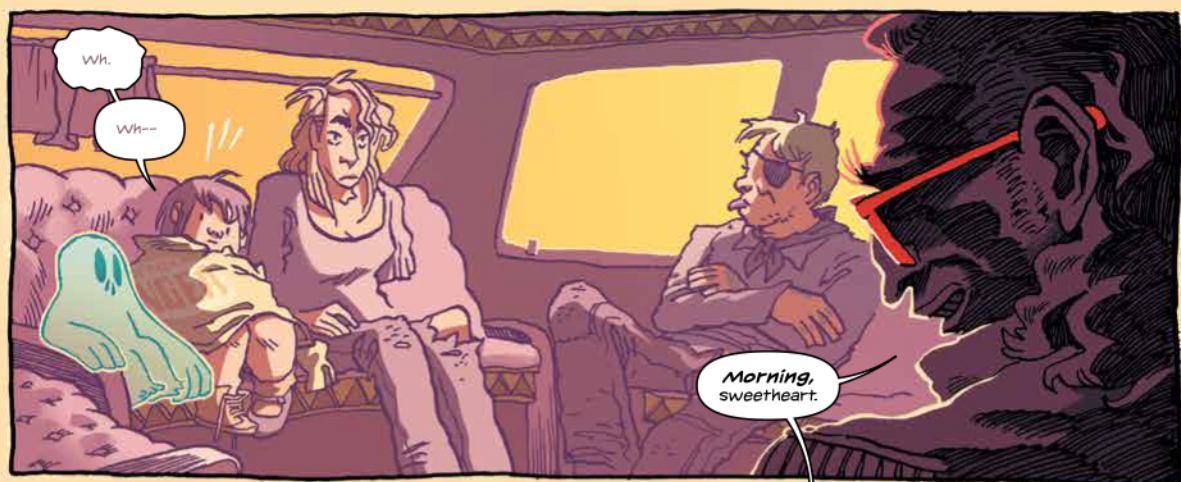
Created by **SIMON SPURRIER**



GODSHAPER No. 5, August 2017. Published by BOOM! Studios, a division of Boom Entertainment, Inc., 5670 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 450, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5679. Godshaper is™ and © Simon Spurrier Ltd. All rights reserved. BOOM! Studios™ and the BOOM! Studios logo are trademarks of Boom Entertainment, Inc., registered in various countries and categories. All characters, events, and institutions depicted herein are fictional. Any similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, events, and/or institutions in this publication to actual names, characters, and persons, whether living or dead, events, and/or institutions is unintended and purely coincidental. BOOM! Studios does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. For information regarding the CPSIA on this printed material, call: (203) 595-3636 and provide reference #RICH - 755487. **PRINTED IN USA.**







Wh.

Wh--

Morning, sweetheart.

We're here.

LAS VEGAS.

WHERE THE **DESTITUTE** AND THE **DESPERATE** GO TO **GAMBLE** WITH THE ONLY **BUY-IN** THEY GOT:

THEIR LIVES.



PEOPLE CALL IT **SINH CITY**. LAUNCHPAD TO THE **EXOTIC EAST**...AND THE **GREAT COMMIE WAR**.

(62 YEARS AND COUNTING.)



All right, kid, listen **UP**. We got **work** to do. Sorta work needs the **best** nogody around.

Now... you ladies been real clear that ain't **Ennay**. Right? That he's had a **secret weapon** all this time.



...and since I **saved** y'all from the Demonstrators, we're all in agreement that **secret weapon** will be workin' for **me** instead.

Bud's **reaaaal** mysterious, sir. Ennay's been **hoggin'** him years.

We'll **see**.

Little freak don't seem real **fond** of the notion.



Please, Bud. W-we can't help **Ennay** if we're dead or caught.



Look, **mister**-- we **get** it. You're a **big daddio-deal** and we **owe** you--**sure**. But...c'mon...

She's just a **kid**. Whatever E\$%& you're up to out here, you can't m--

Somebody get this smelly little **alleycat** outta here.



What did you call m **HEEY?**

Let's **drag**, sister. It's for your own good, y'hear?



You **digging** the **buzz**, kiddo?

It's **reaaaaal** simple.

"I got no patience for them I don't *need*."

Mornin',
Mr. *Ennay*.
I do so *hope* you
been enjoying your
stay.

Wh...where *is*
this? Why do I
feel like I gotta
upchuck?

Ha. I'm told it gets
to *most* Shapers
like that--being in
this *room*.



Something to do with **reality** bein' kinda... **thin** in here.

Wh--

Bring in **Mr. Bogg**, woulja?



He... he was helping you...

Mmmmm. And then he **stopped**. Made all **kinds'a** threats about things he'd **seen** and **learned**...

Being **helpful's** a **survival strategy** 'round these parts.



For instance: right **now** it'd be real **helpful** to **recalibrate** ol' **Max** with some sorta...telepathic **remote viewing**. Can you **do** that, Mr. Ennay?

I mean... **sure**. But--

So **do** it.



--but...Nf... but what's the **point**? He's already gone **see-through**.

Without a **believer** he'll fade **away** within a week.

Oh, I wouldn't worry about **that**. **Max** wants to stay **helpful**, too.