

SONS OF ANARCHY™

WRITTEN BY
RYAN FERRIER

ILLUSTRATED BY
MATÍAS BERGARA

COLORS BY
PAUL LITTLE

LETTERS BY
ED DUKESHIRE

COVER BY
TONI INFANTE

DESIGNER
KELSEY DIETERICH

ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARY GUMPORT

EDITOR
DAFNA PLEBAN



**SPECIAL THANKS TO
NICOLE SPIEGEL, MARIA ROMO,
JOSH IZZO, JOHN BARCHESKI,
KURT SUTTER AND THE ENTIRE SOA FAMILY**

BOOM! STUDIOS MC • ERIC HARBURN, EDITOR • BRYCE CARLSON, MANAGING EDITOR • MATT GAGNON, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

SONS OF ANARCHY No. 21, May 2015. Published by BOOM! Studios, a division of Boom Entertainment, Inc., 5670 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 450, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5679. Sons of Anarchy™ & © 2015 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation and Bluebush Productions, LLC. 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 - 617181. PRINTED IN USA.



I'M USUALLY SNEAKING OUT OF PLACES IN THE MORNING, NOT IN.

ME. REFRESH MY MEMORY, WE WEREN'T HERE PARTYING LAST NIGHT, RIGHT? I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO BE A LITTLE FUZZY.



I THINK WE WERE ALMOST GETTING KILLED IN RENO.

IT. JUICE, CHECK THE SAFE.



OH, WONDERFUL. IT'S SO MUCH WORSE THAN I THOUGHT.



THE SAFE'S CLEANED OUT, TIG. WE GOT NOTHING.

WRITING'S ON THE WALL-- WHOEVER DID THIS IS THE DUMBEST ON THE PLANET.



INDIAN HILLS, NV.

THE MAYANS?
WHAT THE HELL'S
GOING ON, JACKIE?
I KNOW ALVAREZ IS
PISSED, BUT I NEVER
THOUGHT HIM TO
BE THE FLASHY
TYPE.

YOU THINK OUR
LITTLE HIGHWAY
ROBBERY WAS A
DISTRACTION?



THE MAYANS ARE
OFF-LIMITS--NO ONE
DO ANYTHING WITH
THEM UNTIL I CLEAR
THE TABLE WITH
ALVAREZ.

FIRST WE
NEED TO GET
LYLA. I DON'T
CARE WHO TOOK
HER OR WHERE
SHE IS. WE FIND
HER AND WE
KILL THEM.





DEET
DEET



->MMPH!<-

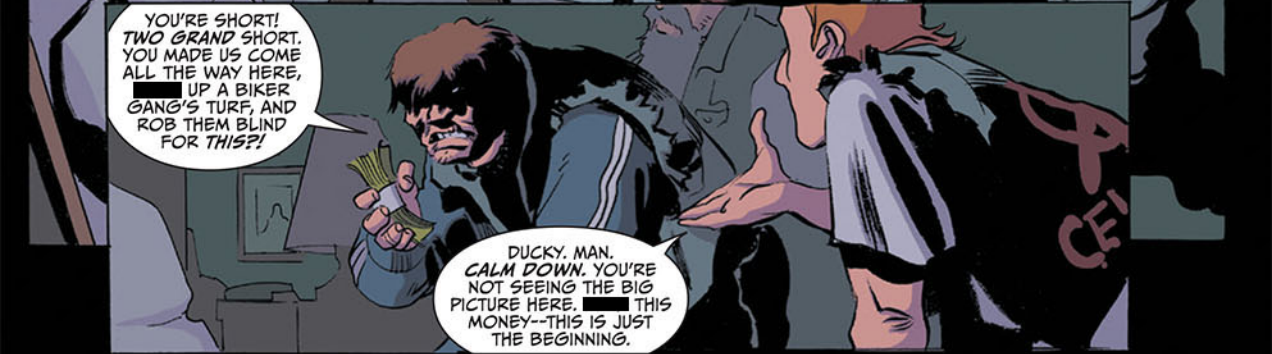
DEET
DEET

WOULD SOMEBODY SHUT THAT PHONE OFF?

I'M TRYIN' TA COUNT HERE.



RED, HOSS, GET RID OF THE PHONE AND KEEP HER QUIET FOR [REDACTED] SAKE.



YOU'RE SHORT! TWO GRAND SHORT. YOU MADE US COME ALL THE WAY HERE, [REDACTED] UP A BIKER GANG'S TURF, AND ROB THEM BLIND FOR THIS?!

DUCKY, MAN. CALM DOWN. YOU'RE NOT SEEING THE BIG PICTURE HERE. [REDACTED] THIS MONEY--THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING.



DON'T TOUCH ME.

LISTEN TO ME, I'M SERIOUS. THE [REDACTED] I CAN GET YOU--THE INTEL, THE CONNECTIONS--IT'S PRICELESS. YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY BACK AND THEN SOME.



YOU'RE MY NUMBER TWO, DUCKY. YOU'RE THE [REDACTED] WE CAN GO LEGIT WITH THIS. YOU WANT THAT, DON'T YOU?

OR ARE YOU HAPPY LIVING WITH THREE OTHER DUDES IN A [REDACTED] SHACK DEALING METH AND POT TO COLLEGE DROPOUTS?



HEH, THEY GROW 'EM NATURALLY HERE IN CHARMING, HONEY?

-MMM MMM MMPH!-



HEY! KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THE INSURANCE! I SAID WATCH HER. PERSONAL SPACE, MAN. JESUS.



SO, LIKE, THIS OTHER GANG...THEY'RE ENEMIES OF THE SONS? THEY AIN'T GONNA KILL US OR NOTHING?

THE MAYANS? NOT QUITE, I MEAN...IT'S COMPLICATED. TRUST ME, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD. AND BY THAT I MEAN DON'T DO [REDACTED] AND DON'T SAY [REDACTED] GOT IT?