

# CODA™

CREATED BY SIMON SPURRIER & MATÍAS BERGARA

WRITTEN BY SIMON SPURRIER

ILLUSTRATED BY MATÍAS BERGARA

WITH COLOR ASSISTS BY MICHAEL DOIG

LETTERED BY COLIN BELL

COVERS BY MATÍAS BERGARA

JAE LEE & JUNE CHUNG

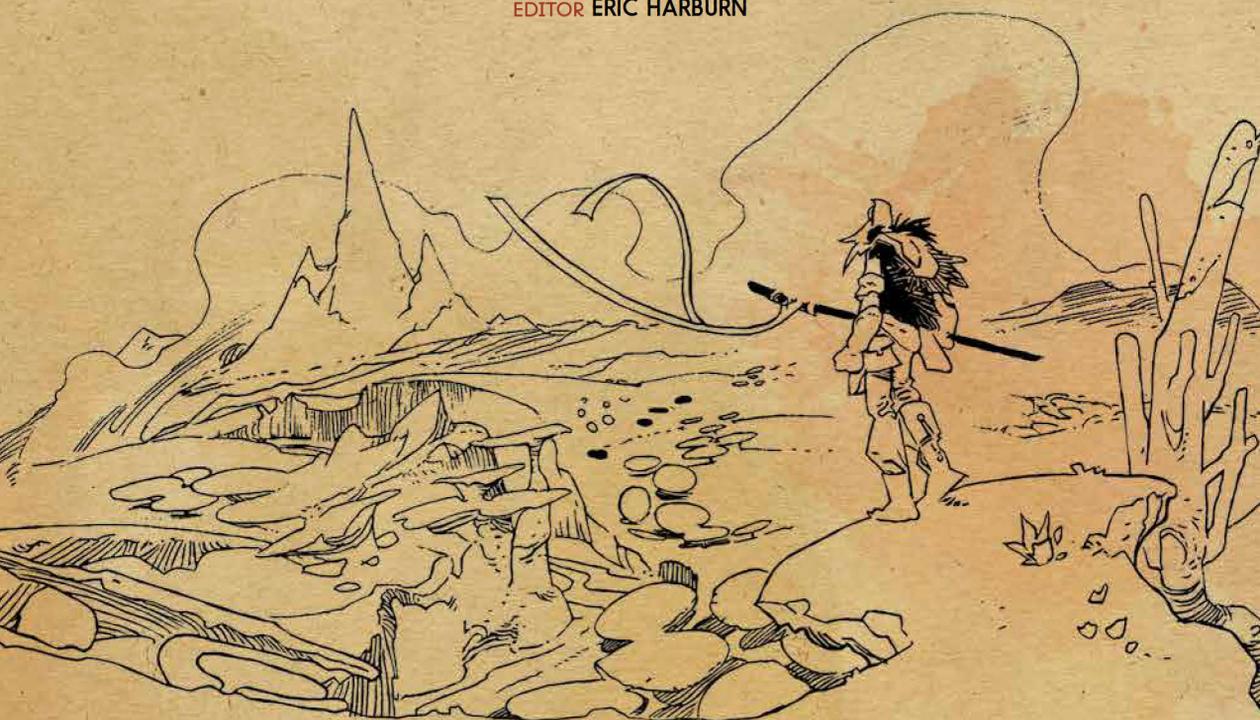
VARIANT COVER BY JEFF STOKELY

WITH COLORS BY MORENO DINISIO

DESIGNER MARIE KRUPINA

ASSISTANT EDITOR GAVIN GRONENTHAL

EDITOR ERIC HARBURN



**BOOM!**<sup>TM</sup>  
STUDIOS

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MY DARLING SERKA,

LAST TIME I SAW  
YOU, I SAID I COULD  
BARELY REMEMBER  
WHAT THE WORLD  
WAS LIKE BEFORE  
THE QUENCH.

THERE  
ARE RATS  
IN MY  
BOWEL!

I--  
I FEEL THEM  
SCAMPER!

I WAS LYING.

HALF ASLEEP, BUSY ENJOYING THE LINE OF YOUR HIP. JUST... TOO LAZY TO FIND THE RIGHT WORDS.



SLRKK

GET THEM OUT OF ME, SCAVENGER--ELSE I SHALL IMMOLATE YOU! TH--THEY SCAMPER SO!

HM.

NO, I REMEMBER THE OLD WORLD JUST FINE. IT'S MORE LIKE I CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS REAL.

THE CRYSTAL CASTLES. THE KNIGHTS AND ENCHANTED BLADES. THE LIGHTNING MAGES AND POINTY-EARED VLVES.

BACK WHEN DRAGONS COULD FLY.

I MEAN, WHEN YOU WRITE IT DOWN LIKE THAT IT JUST LOOKS--RIDICULOUS.

I MUST'VE LIVED IT, OF COURSE. I MUST HAVE ACCEPTED IT ALL AND NEVER STOPPED TO THINK "THIS IS INSANE."

WH--WHAT DID YOU FIND INSIDE ME, HUMAN? IS IT THE RATS? DESTROY THEM OR FACE MY WRATH!

NOW? THAT WHOLE TIME FEELS LIKE A DREAM.

SCRATCH MY ARSE! SCRATCH MY ARSE OR BE DOOMED!

OR IF I'M HONEST, MORE LIKE THE MEMORY OF A DRUNKEN NIGHT. FLASHES OF OBNOXIOUSNESS WHICH FELT SO VERY CLEVER AT THE TIME.

SOMETIMES I THINK THIS WHOLE BLOODY WORLD'S HUNGOVER.



HM.

WENT FOR A RUMMAGE IN THERE, DIDJA? HEARD OLD BONY COMPLAINING FROM MILES AWAY, I BET. HEH.

NO SUDDEN MOVES, EH?



DON'T FEEL TOO BAD, MATE. I BEEN PUTTIN' SHINY BAIT IN THERE SINCE HIS LAST MUSCLES FELL OFF.

AGITATE MY BOWEL, BANDIT! SCATTER THE RODENTS! MY RAGE IS LEGEND!

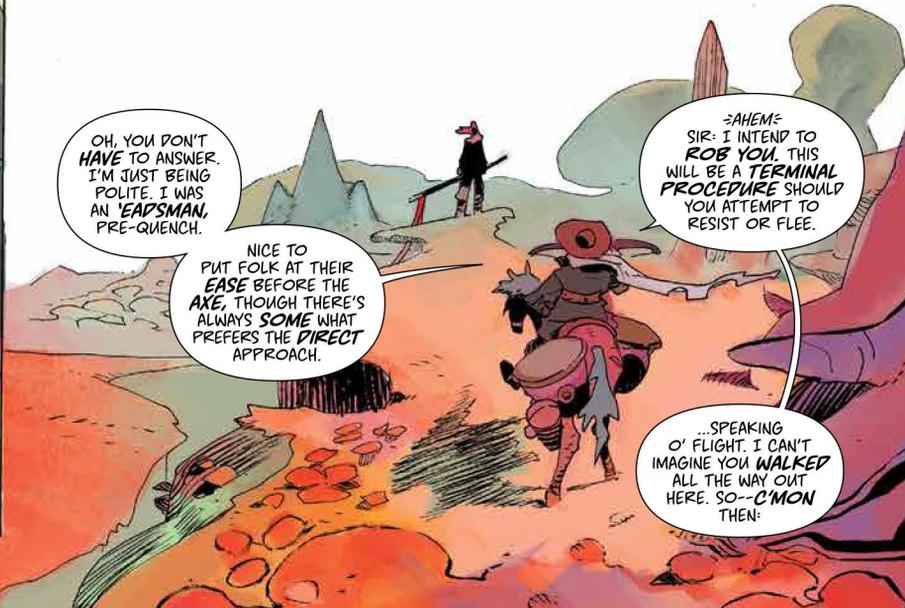
MUST BE SOME SORT OF HELL. IMMORTALITY, EH? =TT=

'TWEEN US, I DON'T THINK HE'S EVEN GOT AN ARSE TO SCRATCH, NO MORE.



YOU EVER GET THAT, DRIFTER? PHANTOM ITCHES, LIKE?

I REFER TO THE LEG.



OH, YOU DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER. I'M JUST BEING POLITE. I WAS AN 'EAPSMAN, PRE-QUENCH.

NICE TO PUT FOLK AT THEIR EASE BEFORE THE AXE, THOUGH THERE'S ALWAYS SOME WHAT PREFERS THE DIRECT APPROACH.

=AHEM= SIR: I INTEND TO ROB YOU. THIS WILL BE A TERMINAL PROCEDURE SHOULD YOU ATTEMPT TO RESIST OR FLEE.

...SPEAKING O' FLIGHT, I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU WALKED ALL THE WAY OUT HERE. SO--C'MON THEN.



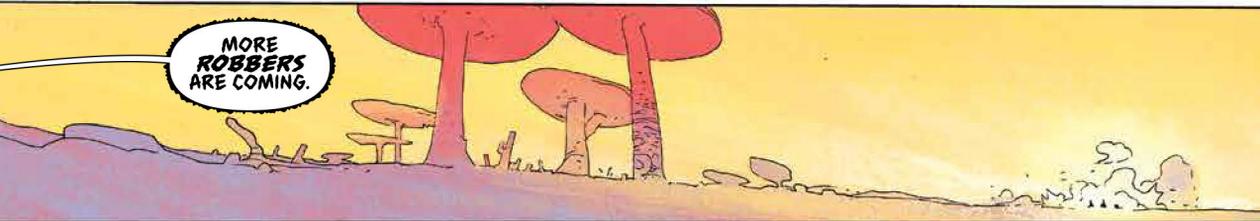
WHERE'S  
YER H--



GOOP  
NAG.



HUMAN. HUMAN MAN, I HEAR THEM-- THOUGH MY EARS ARE DUST. DO YOU HEAR THEM?



MORE ROBBERS ARE COMING.



X#!@

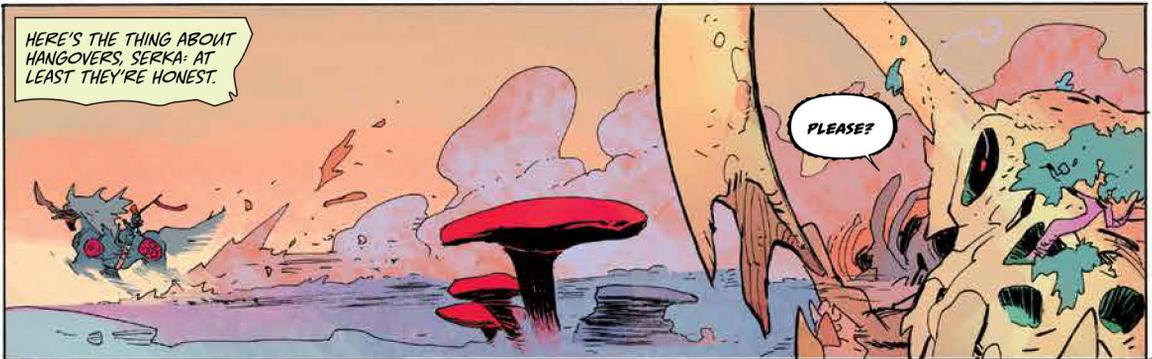
STOP. NAG. PLAY LATER.



HUMAN-- I SMELL IT, YOU KNOW.

THAT RING YOU WEAR. IT--IT IS A POWERFUL THING. GIVE IT TO ME. IT WILL RESTORE MY STRENGTH.

I CAN IMMOLATE THEM ALL! GIVE IT TO ME!



HERE'S THE THING ABOUT HANGOVERS, SERKA: AT LEAST THEY'RE HONEST.

PLEASE??