

IDW
ISSUE
3
\$3.99

WILLIAM GIBSON ARCHANGEL



MICHAEL ST. JOHN SMITH

BUTCH GUICE

ARCHANGEL

Created by William Gibson & Michael St. John Smith

Script by **William Gibson**

Art by Butch Guice | Inks by Tom Palmer with Butch Guice
Colors by Diego Rodriguez | Letters by Gilberto Lazcano

Editing and Story Breakdown by Michael Benedetto
Managing Editor David Hedgecock | Publisher Ted Adams

Special thanks to Jeff Webber for his invaluable assistance and participation in production of this series.

For international rights, contact licensing@idwpublishing.com

IDW[®]
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Laurie Windrow, Senior Vice President of Sales & Marketing
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services
Jeff Webber, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights
Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

Facebook: [facebook.com/idwpublishing](https://www.facebook.com/idwpublishing)

Twitter: [@idwpublishing](https://twitter.com/idwpublishing)

YouTube: [youtube.com/idwpublishing](https://www.youtube.com/idwpublishing)

Tumblr: [tumblr.idwpublishing.com](https://www.tumblr.com/idwpublishing)

Instagram: [instagram.com/idwpublishing](https://www.instagram.com/idwpublishing)



Story So Far...

A military pilot from a radioactive alternate timeline has been transported to Berlin, 1945. The trip has cost him his plane, crew member, and freedom. An imposter from his home timeline wants to stop him, but the pilot isn't defenseless. Utilizing technology from the future, he escapes the corrupt officials and makes his way to find the woman that can help him save this new world.





QUANTUM TRANSFER FACILITY,
SNAKE MOUNTAIN, MONTANA, 2015.

SEEMS
LIKE HIS
KIND OF
PLACE.



MR. BABY'S
NIGHTCLUB, BERLIN,
GERMANY, 1945.



YEAH, I
KNOW IT'S A
WHOREHOUSE.
WHERE'S
GIVENS?

YOU HAD VID
FROM THE OTHER
FLY WHEN SHE
CAME IN. WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE SIGNAL?

BZZZZ



I SEE BUSINESS IS GOOD, HERR SAUGLING.



BORING. THIS WEEK, EVERYONE BRINGS COPPER. FINE-GAUGE COPPER MESH, COPPER CABLE.

MOST LIKELY BRITISH. BUT MIGHT THE RED ARMY BE INTERESTED?

LEAVE US. RED ARMY WISHES ONLY PRIVACY.



I WILL PUT THAT ON YOUR BILL THEN, COLONEL.



IS RUMORED YOU QUESTION PILOTS. IN PRISON.

BERLIN IS FULL OF RUMORS.

YOU BELIEVE THEY ARE AMERICAN?



WHY DO I FEEL THAT YOU ARE THE ONE IN TROUBLE HERE, COLONEL?

YOU KNOW OF AMERICAN FISSION BOMB?



ONLY AS RUMOR. OBVIOUSLY, IT'S MOST HIGHLY CLASSIFIED.



THESE PILOTS YOU SPOKE TO—

I NEVER SAID I SPOKE TO ANYONE.

—IF YOU SPOKE TO THEM, IT IS MOST IMPORTANT I KNOW ORIGIN. WE HAVE FEARED GERMAN BOMB, BUT NOW THERE IS CONCERN AMERICANS WILL TAKE US... FROM BEHIND.



YOU MEAN BY SURPRISE, AND YOU DIDN'T WARN THE KREMLIN OF THIS?

THEY KNOW POSSIBILITY OF BOMB...



BUT NOT OF AN AMERICAN BOMB, OR PILOTS FLYING THERMOPLASTIC RAMJET AIRCRAFT CAPABLE OF DELIVERING IT... YES, I CAN SEE WHY THAT MIGHT BE OF CONCERN. BUT WE'RE SCARCELY ALLIES NOW, COLONEL.



IF PILOTS AMERICAN, STALIN HAS ME LIQUIDATED. IF NOT, NO LONGER THREAT. NOT TO ME. NOT TO MOTHER RUSSIA. BUT I MUST HAVE PROOF.