

GRASS KINGS™

created by **matt kindt + tyler jenkins**

written by **matt kindt**

illustrated by **tyler jenkins**

lettered by **jim campbell**

cover by **tyler jenkins**

variant cover by **matt kindt**

unlocked retailer variant cover by **ryan kelly**

designer **scott newman**

editors **jasmine amiri + eric harburn**



BOOM!
STUDIOS
WWW.BOOM-STUDIOS.COM

GRASS KINGS No. 6, August 2017. Published by BOOM! Studios, a division of Boom Entertainment, Inc., 5670 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 450, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5679. Grass Kings is™ & © 2017 Matt Kindt & Tyler Jenkins. 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 - 731521. PRINTED IN USA.

490 A.D.





NOW.



...TEAR GAS... CAN'T SEE A THING!

...FALL BACK! FALL BACK!



SHOTS INTO THE AIR. WE WANNA RUN 'EM OFF. NOT MAKE IT A BLOODBATH.

BANG!



I GOTTA GO. I HAVEN'T SEEN HUMBERT, AND HE'S AFTER MARIA. HE FINDS HER? I'M AFRAID WHAT'LL HAPPEN.

WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR? ME AND SHELLY'LL MAKE SURE THERE'S NO STRAGGLERS. RADIO IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE.



OH, THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.

BANG!
BANG!

BANG!



MARIA!
I KNOW
YOU'RE
HERE!



I HAVE EYES
EVERYWHERE.
YOU KNOW YOU
CAN'T HIDE!
COME OUT!



I SWORE
THE NEXT TIME
I SET EYES ON YOU,
IT'D BE DOWN THE
SIGHT OF A BARREL,
HUMBERT.



YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE FOLLOWED
ME HERE.

GOTTA HURRY.
HOW'D HUMBERT
KNOW WHERE
SHE WAS GONNA
BE...?



WHOLE TOWN,
AND HE KNOWS TO
HEAD STRAIGHT
FOR HER...





HUMBERT!



DROP
IT 'FORE
I DROP
YOU!



I CAN SMELL THE
WHISKEY ON YOU
FROM HERE,
ROBERT.



WHY DON'T
YOU RUN AND
GET ANOTHER
DRINK AND
LET ME TAKE
CARE OF MY
BUSINESS.



I'M HURT, MARIA. I PROVIDED
FOR YOU, MONEY, RESPECT, A
STATION IN LIFE, EVERYTHING
YOU'VE NEVER HAD.



AND IT'S
NOT TOO LATE.
COME BACK
WITH ME.