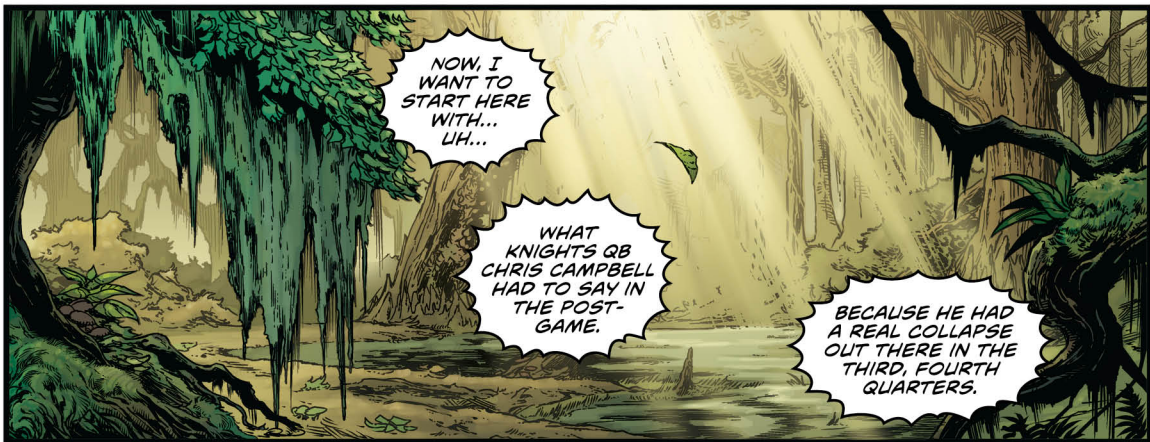


WE'RE BACK ON WQRX, YOUR HOME FOR THE TALK OF THE SAINTS!

FOR THOSE JUST TUNING IN, WE'RE BREAKING DOWN SUNDAY'S GAME...

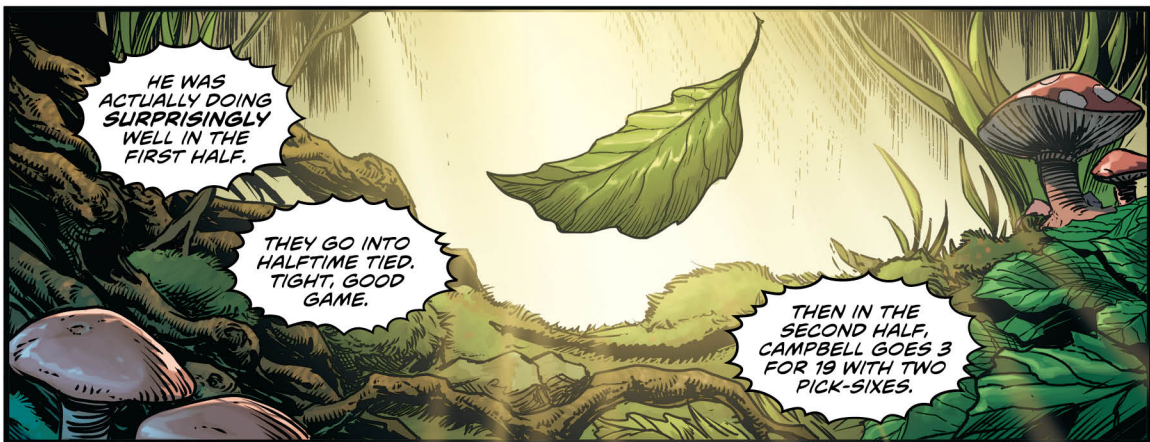
...A 42-14 VICTORY OVER THE STRUGGLING GOTHAM KNIGHTS.



NOW, I WANT TO START HERE WITH... UH...

WHAT KNIGHTS QB CHRIS CAMPBELL HAD TO SAY IN THE POST-GAME.

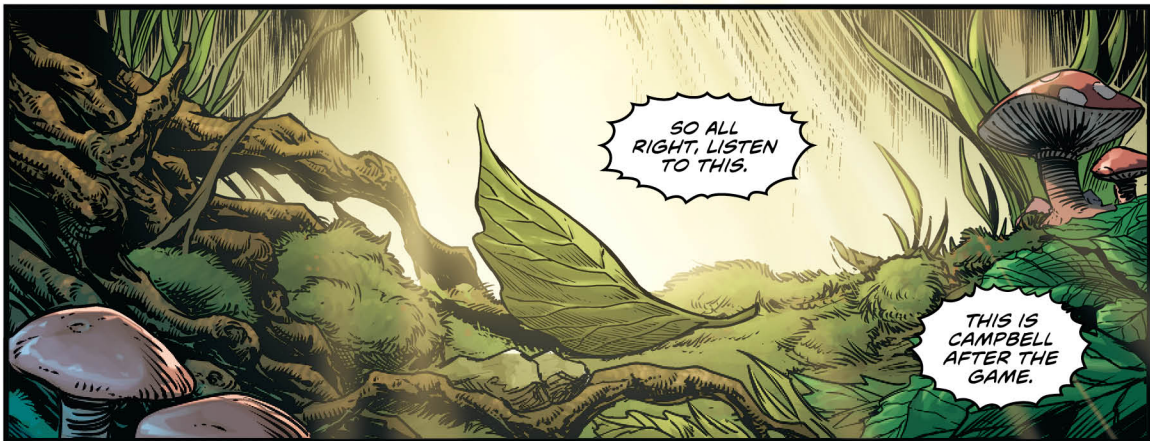
BECAUSE HE HAD A REAL COLLAPSE OUT THERE IN THE THIRD, FOURTH QUARTERS.



HE WAS ACTUALLY DOING SURPRISINGLY WELL IN THE FIRST HALF.

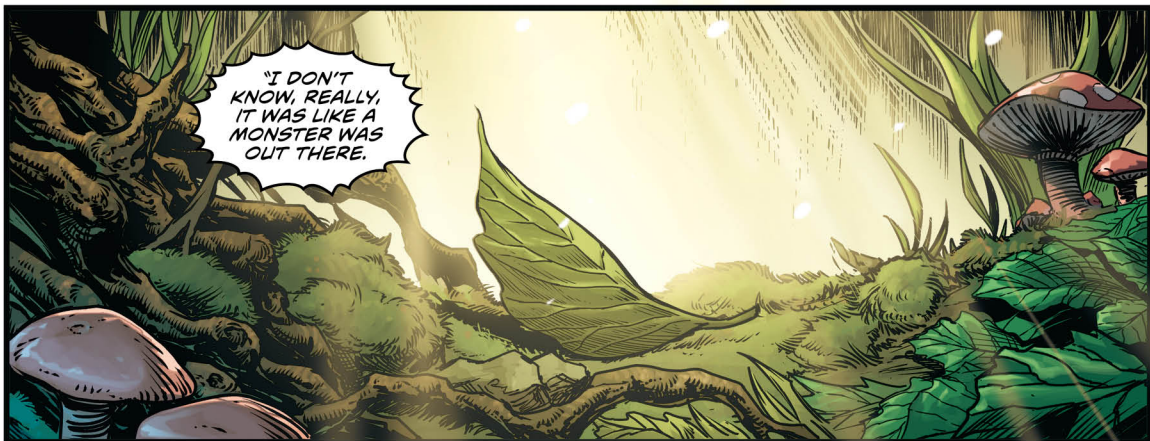
THEY GO INTO HALFTIME TIED, TIGHT, GOOD GAME.

THEN IN THE SECOND HALF, CAMPBELL GOES 3 FOR 19 WITH TWO PICK-SIXES.

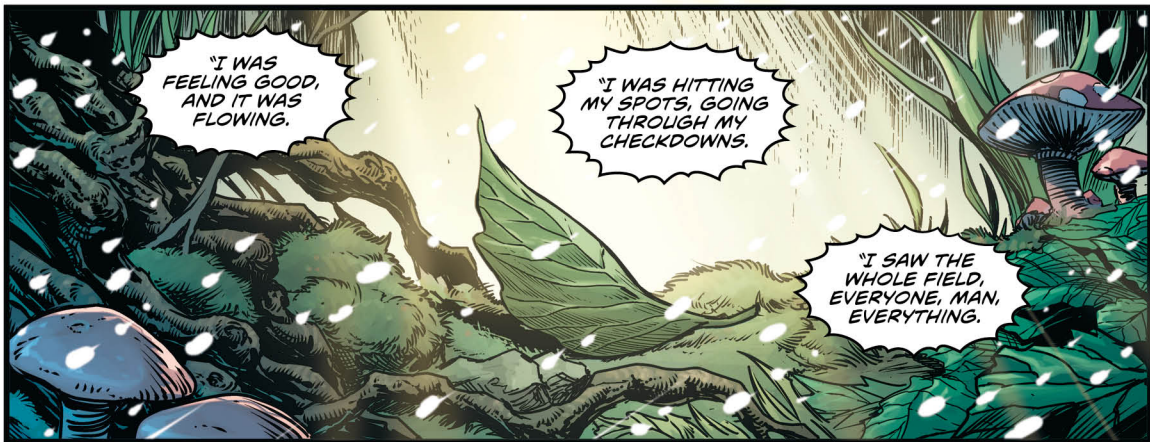


SO ALL RIGHT, LISTEN TO THIS.

THIS IS CAMPBELL AFTER THE GAME.



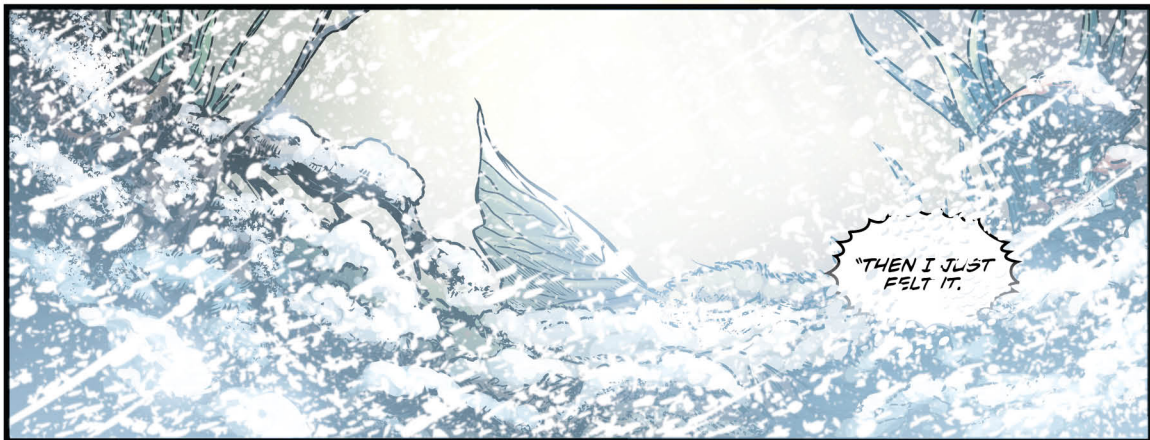
"I DON'T KNOW, REALLY, IT WAS LIKE A MONSTER WAS OUT THERE."



"I WAS FEELING GOOD, AND IT WAS FLOWING."

"I WAS HITTING MY SPOTS, GOING THROUGH MY CHECKDOWNS."

"I SAW THE WHOLE FIELD, EVERYONE, MAN, EVERYTHING."




"THEN I JUST FELT IT."



"MY THROW WENT, THEN MY CONFIDENCE IN MY THROW."

"MY GUYS WERE WHERE THEY NEEDED TO BE, BUT I WASN'T THERE!"



"I TOLD THE
MEDICAL STAFF
GUYS. MAYBE A
CONCLUSION OR
SOMETHING.

"BUT
I GUESS I
CHECKED OUT,
SO I KEPT
PLAYING.



"AND I KEPT
MISSING.



"I WAS ON
THE GROUND
LOOKING UP,
AND I KNEW.



"IT WAS A
MONSTER.

"THE
MONSTER
GOT ME."

THE TALK OF THE SAINTS



Written by **TOM KING**

Art & cover by **JASON FABOK**

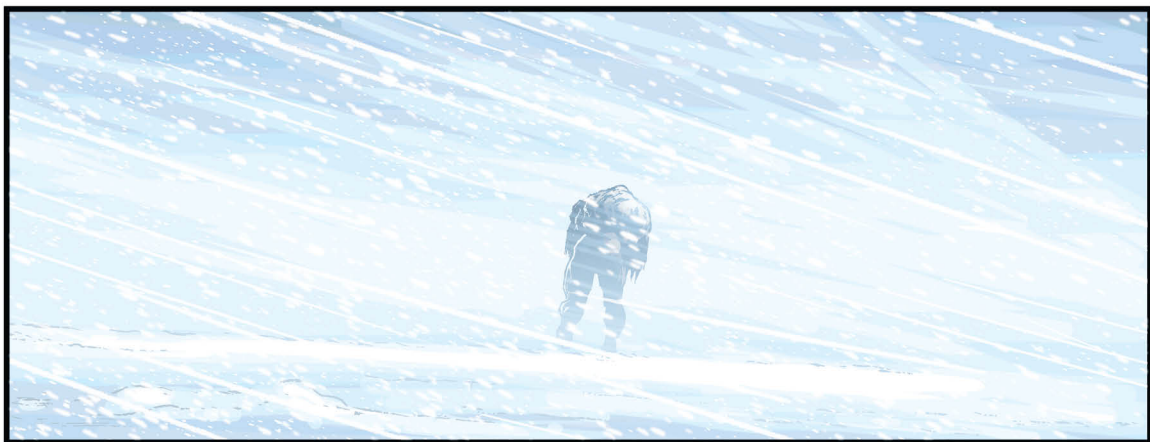
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Assistant editor **MAGGIE HOWELL**

Editor **JAMIE S. RICH**

SWAMP THING created by **LEN WEIN** and **BERNIE WRIGHTSON**



SWAMP THING

WINTER SPECIAL

EDITOR'S NOTE

Len had a piano in his house that he couldn't play. It was tucked away in a room full of books and photos and art, including an original piece by fellow, late Swamp Thing co-creator Bernie Wrightson. The piano was there so that when someone who did know how to play came over, Len could listen. He loved music, despite not being able to play a note or carry a tune. I will always remember him sitting in the corner of the tucked-away room, singing out of tune and smiling as a guest played until the wee hours of the night, the party going on all around him. He didn't notice. He just wanted to listen to someone who could really play.

*Working on SWAMP THING with Len, I felt as if I had swapped places with him. I was sitting in the corner of the tucked-away room, singing wildly out of tune, just happy to be listening to him play. Because no one could play like Len could when it came to writing comics. Stories spilled out of him—vivid moments of character, jokes that still make me laugh to think about, life breathed into old friendships, the crippling anguish of villains. And that was only the baseline to his unsurpassable talent as a wordsmith—his characters' voices, his lush narration. **No one** wrote Swamp Thing like Len.*

*Which is why we present this final story to you without text. Len passed away before he was able to complete a lettering script for the issue, meant to be both the first of a new series and a continuation of his miniseries **SWAMP THING: THE DEAD DON'T SLEEP**, a title that seems ever more poignant now. Since no one could write like Len could, we felt it best not to try, and instead to let the story speak for itself. You will find the plot in its entirety printed after the artwork, drawn stunningly by Kelley Jones and colored by*

Michelle Madsen. Hopefully, it will give you a glimpse into the incredible gifts Len gave to the world of comics.

As much as it is always bittersweet for things to be left unfinished, I find myself truly happy that Len's final story is shared just as it is. He loved to create, yes, but he also loved people. People who shared his love of creation. This last story, left as it is, feels to me in some way like the piano—an instrument he'll never be able to play again, but that he's left for us. A reminder that all the characters and stories he gave us, they were meant to be used, continued, shared by people who love them. By people who will use them to make more music.

And I'm sure, somewhere tucked away, he's listening, smiling and singing along.

Rebecca Taylor
EDITOR, DC COMICS
DECEMBER 2017



LEN WEIN
STORY

KELLEY JONES
PENCILS AND INKS

MICHELLE MADSEN
COLORS

REBECCA TAYLOR
EDITOR

SWAMP THING CREATED BY

LEN WEIN AND
BERNIE WRIGHTSON



his arm, he warns Gold to leave him alone-- / --Or there will be consequences, Grundy finishes, as he leaps easily over the balcony railing with the baby, to be lost in the darkness.

PG.7-CUT TO: a nice establishing shot of the HOSPITAL where we left Matt Cable at the end of the miniseries, leaving me room for a caption or two. / Pushing inside a corridor, we find the same two **NURSES** from last issue happily discussing the amazing progress Matt has been making and how he's going to be released tomorrow. / In Matt's room, we find him sitting on the edge of the bed, mostly dressed, buttoning his shirt cuffs. Behind him, on the windowsill, stand a half-dozen potted plants, obviously get-well gifts, all dead. / Suddenly, the largest of the dead plants starts to tremble and shake-- / --And out of the plant writhes and twists a tangle of foliage-- / --That quickly coalesces into Swampy. "Been expecting you," says Cable. "Well, you know how it is in the Avatar business," says Swampy, "never a dull moment."

PG.8-"So, how are you feeling?" asks Swampy. Favoring Cable, as he replies, "About as good as I could feel. Just wish I could remember what happened during those months I was unconscious." / Favoring Swampy as he replies, "You going back to Washington?" / On Cable as he says, "No, there's nothing left for me there. I'm thinking of sticking around here instead." / Favoring Matt, as he continues, "I've been here in Houma so long, it's started to feel like home." / Close on Matt as he adds, "I've been thinking of opening a small private investigations agency here. Houma doesn't already have one." / Close on Swampy, looking at Matt through the crude magnifying glass he has formed from circling his index finger. "Matt Cable, Private Eye," says Swampy, "I like that."

PG.9-Suddenly, the doorknob rattles. "Damn," says Matt, "Must be the nurses." "I'd better get out of here," says Swampy, undulating toward the dead window plants-- / --And diving into the biggest plant, disappearing from sight, leaving the plant in extravagant bloom. / The smiling nurses tell Matt they're here to arrange

