

OH MY DEAR SWEET LORD! HOW DID THIS... THIS HAPPEN?? IT'S... IT'S HORRIBLE. WHO COULD'VE DONE...?

BOSTON. BOSTON BRAND, ARE YOU HERE? DID YOU DO... THIS?

OR... DID I?

AT THE BEHEST AND MANIPULATION OF THE PHANTOM STRANGER, YES HE DID. BOSTON BRAND HAS BECOME A TOOL.

IF A TOOL, A WILLING TOOL.

AND A CLEVER ONE AT THAT. HAD I ONE, I'D DOFF MY HAT.

SHUDDUP, YOU GHOULS.

THANK GOD HE CAN'T HEAR YOU.

DON'T LOOK AT IT, TINY. IT'S NOT MEANT FOR EYES LIKE YOURS.

MY... HANDS... HURT.

DID I...?

WRITTEN,
DRAWN AND
COLORED BY

Neu
DeYoung

LETTERED BY CLEM ROBINS
COVER BY NEAL ADAMS
ASST. ED. LIZ ERICKSON
EDITOR KRISTY QUINN
Deadman CREATED BY
ARNOLD DRAKE





YOU'D BETTER GET AHEAD OF THAT RAMA KUSHNA WITCH... YOU LITTLE RAT. I'M GONNA NEED HER.



THANX...IN ADVANCE, RAT.



YOU WILL NEED FAR MORE HELP THAN RAMA CAN BRING...ONCE YOU ENTER THAT WAGON.



DAD...YOU'RE MAKING NO SENSE. THERE IS NO "ACT." DAVE'S DEAD AND JAQUIN IS FLIPPING OUT IN HIS WAGON.

JAQUIN OR NO, REPLACING YOUR THIRD PARTNER WILL BE EASY ENOUGH, SON. IT JUST NEEDS YOU TO SAY.

AND DRIVE A KNIFE IN MY BACK.

GOOD OL' DAD. AT IT AGAIN.

AND HE BROUGHT MOM AS A KICKER.

THE BUCKAROO BILLY BRAND CIRCUS DOESN'T NEED THE DEADMAN ACT, BILLY. WE DO!

YOU HAVE EAGLE AS WELL AS THAT DAMN SQUAD OF MIMES.



THAT AIN'T ENOUGH FOR BILLY AND DEE-DEE BRAND, LORNA. EAGLE CAN'T DO THE TRIPLE.

AND SINCE I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DO THE TRIPLE... YOU NEED ME... AND ME, I'M NOT GOING!

SUCK IT UP, DAD!

YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG, SON!

YOU KNOW... WHEN THIS WAS THE HILL-BILLY CIRCUS...



...WE ALL HELPED EACH OTHER... LIKE A FAMILY.

AND SO... YOU AND DEE-DEE BOTH LEFT... AND NOW YOU JUST WANNA SHOW UP... AND HELP YOURSELF TO MY...

...TO OUR BEST ACT...

NOW YOU WANNA SHARE?!



REALLY?



YOUR BEST ACT... BUT MY SON. OUR SON!

AND MY PARTNER! CLEVELAND SHARES IN HILLS BROTHERS.

A JUNIOR SHARE AT BEST!

AND SELL YOUR SON! YOU KNOW NOTHING!



NOT YOUR ONLY SON. YOU HAD THREE SONS... AARON... THE TWINS... AND ONE DAUGHTER, ZEEA BRAND!

TINY? WH?

BILLY... IT'S... TINY.

OH, GOOD LORD.


TINY.

CHRISTOS!



OH MY GOD, BILLY. OH... IF EVEN **TINY** KNOWS...

DEE-DEE, HONEY, BABY... IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK. IT CAN'T BE. CHILL, BABY. I'LL FIX IT.



TINY?! YOU?!
THIS IS *NONE* OF YOUR BUSINESS, YOU IDIOT! **BUTT OUT!**

MY DEAD SONS HAVE **NOTHING** TO DO WITH **THIS!**

DEAD...

...SONS?



YOUR **DEAD SON...SON...** WANTS AN EXPLANATION FOR ALL OF **THIS!**

AND WHERE IS YOUR **OTHER SON? AARON?**

AARON... IS HE DEAD, TOO?



YOU...

DAMNED...

GOLEM!