

THOMAS ALSOP

THE HAND OF THE ISLAND

CREATED BY CHRIS MISKIEWICZ AND PALLE SCHMIDT



WRITTEN BY CHRIS MISKIEWICZ
ART BY PALLE SCHMIDT

LETTERING BY DERON BENNETT
COVER BY PALLE SCHMIDT

DESIGNER SCOTT NEWMAN

ASSISTANT EDITOR JASMINE AMIRI EDITOR IAN BRILL

SPECIAL THANKS TO CHIP MOSHER, MATT GAGNON, DAFNA PLEBAN, AND PAUL BOSCHE

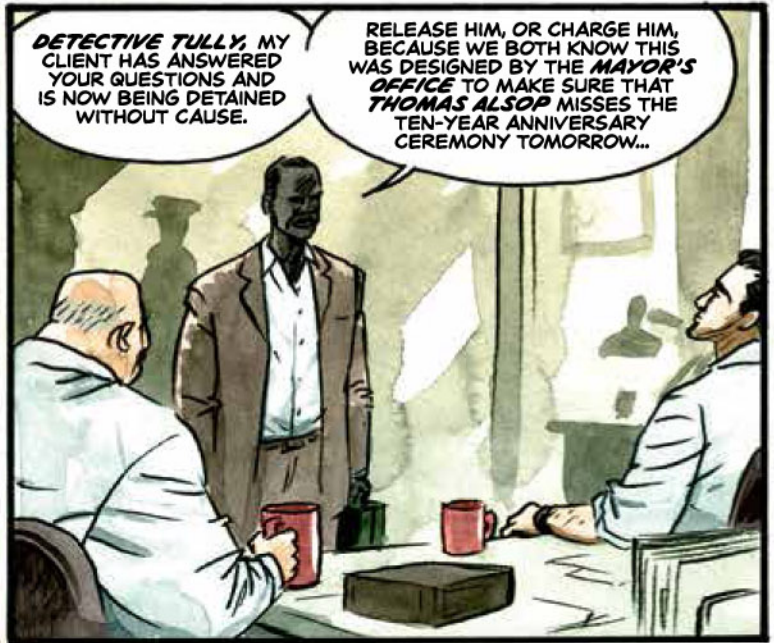
BOOM!
STUDIOS
WWW.BOOM-STUDIOS.COM

THOMAS ALSOP No. 7 (of 8), December 2014. Published by BOOM! Studios, a division of Boom Entertainment, Inc., 5670 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 450, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5679. Thomas Alsop is ™ & © 2014 Boom Entertainment, Inc. 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 - 594357. PRINTED IN USA.

September 10th, 2011.
9:30 PM The 22nd Precinct,
Midtown Manhattan

DETECTIVE TULLY, MY
CLIENT HAS ANSWERED
YOUR QUESTIONS AND
IS NOW BEING DETAINED
WITHOUT CAUSE.

RELEASE HIM, OR CHARGE HIM,
BECAUSE WE BOTH KNOW THIS
WAS DESIGNED BY THE **MAYOR'S
OFFICE** TO MAKE SURE THAT
THOMAS ALSOP MISSES THE
TEN-YEAR ANNIVERSARY
CEREMONY TOMORROW...



MR. HUGHES...WE'RE
JUST DOING WHAT
WE'RE TOLD. AND WE
WERE TOLD TO BRING
MR. ALSOP IN FOR
QUESTIONING.



THE STORY
BOUNCES ALL
OVER THE PLACE.
SOMETHING ABOUT
A BOX?

A MONSTER.

YEP. OVER WHATEVER
HAPPENED ON THE
UPTOWN SIX TRAIN THIS
MORNING. IT'S VERY
DISCOMBOBULATED.



YEP. A
MONSTER.
CRAZY.

SOMEDAY I'LL FIND
A WAY TO SUE YOUR
PENSION PLAN
BECAUSE OF THIS
MOMENT.



TAKE ME TO
MY CLIENT.



MY SAVIOR!

THEY TREATED ME HORRIBLY! THEY GAVE ME SANKA! A COFFEE SUBSTITUTE COUNTS AS TORTURE, RIGHT?



CAN WE GO NOW?

NOT EXACTLY.

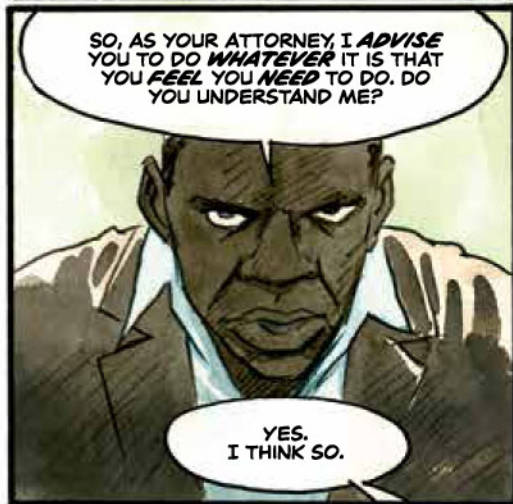
THEY'RE GOING TO HOLD YOU OVERNIGHT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT AT THE CEREMONY.



OLIVER, I *NEED* TO BE THERE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF YOUR JOB AND ALWAYS CONDUCT MYSELF WITH THE BELIEF THAT WHEN YOU SAY YOU *NEED* TO DO SOMETHING, THEN IT *NEEDS* TO GET DONE.

I'VE GOT CALLS IN TO SEVERAL JUDGES, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME. AND I WOULD BE MISLEADING YOU IF I SAID I THOUGHT YOU'D MAKE IT.



SO, AS YOUR ATTORNEY, I *ADVISE* YOU TO DO *WHATEVER* IT IS THAT YOU *FEEL* YOU *NEED* TO DO. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

YES. I THINK SO.



I'LL BUY YOU SOME TIME. WAIT HERE.

WHERE AM I GOING TO GO?

WELL *STRANGE CITIZENS*, THE HONEST ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION IS ANYWHERE I WANT TO GO...



SEE, IF YOU LOOKED UP THE ALSOP NAME IN THE DICTIONARY, I'M SURE IT WOULD SAY "*TRICK*" SOMEWHERE IN THE DESCRIPTION.

BOTH OF YOU COME WITH ME! I'M HAVING WORDS WITH YOUR CAPTAIN!

AWW MAN...

FOR INSTANCE, THE *VEST* I'M WEARING IS FULL OF TRICKS. I WON'T GET INTO ALL OF THEM, JUST THE MAIN ONE, WHICH IS THAT THE POCKETS LOOK AND FEEL EMPTY TO ANYONE WHO'S NOT WEARING IT.

WHICH IS GREAT...

...BECAUSE
THEY'RE NOT.

Also Family Army
Item #40 "The Vest of
Many Pockets."
- "Used to conceal
magical items."

NOW, SOME OTHER STUFF
THAT YOU, THE READER,
SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME,
THE PROTAGONIST OF THIS
ADVENTURE: I'M AN ILLUSIONIST,
MAGICIAN, AND ESCAPE
ARTIST...

CLICK

NONE OF THESE SKILL SETS
COME FROM BEING *THE HAND OF
THE ISLAND*. THEY COME FROM
LEARNING EVERY TRICK *HOLDINI*
DID WHILE I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL.
(FIGURED I SHOULD. WHY NOT?
THE GUY'S AMAZING.)

Also Family Army
Item #88 "The Key."
- "Used to open any locked
door."

ADD THOSE SKILLS TO MY ALREADY
FORMIDABLE *ARCANE ARSENAL*...
(SERIOUSLY, I ROCK. I GOT TO
WRITE *ARCANE ARSENAL*!)

...AND YOU'VE GOT
A PRETTY BAD-ASS
ESCAPE ARTIST ON
YOUR HANDS.

I KNOW ESCAPING FROM
A POLICE PRECINCT IS
ONE OF THE WORST
THINGS I COULD DO
RIGHT NOW...



...BUT THERE'S JUST TOO MUCH AT STAKE IF I DON'T.



EVERYTHING I DO FROM THIS POINT ON ISN'T ABOUT ME...



IT'S ABOUT NEW YORK.



WHERE THE HELL IS YOUR CLIENT?

I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST, DETECTIVE TULLY.



HOW DOES A MAN AS RECOGNIZABLE AS THOMAS ALSO WALK OUT OF A POLICE STATION IN THE MIDDLE OF MANHATTAN WITHOUT BEING NOTICED?

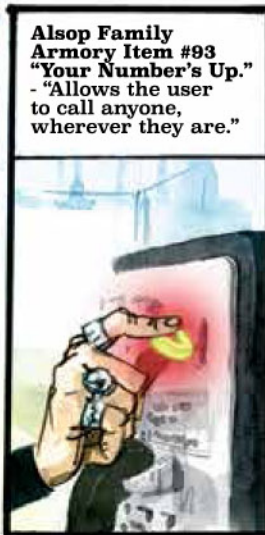


...MAGIC?



Wall Street Ferry Launch.
Downtown Manhattan
- Later

DID I EVER MENTION
THAT MY DAD, JAMES
F. ALSOP, INVENTED A
MAGICAL CELL PHONE?
(WELL, KINDA...)



Alsop Family
Armory Item #93
"Your Number's Up."
- "Allows the user
to call anyone,
wherever they are."



MAYOR MICHAEL
ROSENBERG'S SUPER
SECRET BEDROOM
LINE PLEASE...

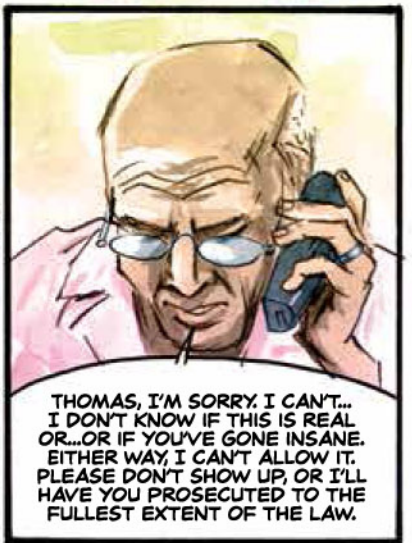
HELLO?

MIKEY, BABY,
GUESS WHO?



THOMAS? HOW
DID YOU GET
THIS NUMBER?

MAGIC! DOESN'T MATTER.
LISTEN, I BROKE OUT OF
JAIL. LOCKING ME UP
WAS CUTE, BUT NO
DICE.



THOMAS, I'M SORRY. I CAN'T...
I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS REAL
OR...OR IF YOU'VE GONE INSANE.
EITHER WAY, I CAN'T ALLOW IT.
PLEASE DON'T SHOW UP, OR I'LL
HAVE YOU PROSECUTED TO THE
FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW.



YOU'RE DIGGING
A DEEPER HOLE
FOR YOURSELF...

DO NOT PREACH TO ME!
THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE
ANYTHING IS BECAUSE OF
MY FATHER! SO, WOULD
YOU CALL OFF YOUR
DOGS AND JUST LET
ME DO WHAT I
HAVE TO DO?



MIKEY, IT MUST BE THE
SIZE OF A PEANUT. I'LL
SEE YOU TOMORROW.

EMMA CALDWELL'S
CELLULAR PHONE,
PLEASE.

HELLO?



EMMA, YOUR
PHONE IS...

HUSH YOURSELF.
THE O' ARE ON OUR
TAIL. HEAD TO A
BEACH.

WHAT?
WHICH
BEACH?



ANY ONE THAT
HAS SAND.