

# BROOKLYN

CHAPTER  
1

I GOT BROOKLYN IN MY BLOOD, BUT IT SURE AS HELL ISN'T *THIS* BROOKLYN. WHILE I WAS AWAY JUGGLING IEDs, SOMEBODY TURNED THE PLACE INTO A HIPSTER'S THEME PARK, OR MAYBE A REMAKE OF *LOGAN'S RUN*. OVER 30 AND THEY THINK YOU'RE READY TO BE RECYCLED.

CHILDREN, IT AIN'T THAT EASY TO GET RID OF BILLY O'CONNOR.

THE HAJII COULDN'T DO IT, THE SLUGS THAT MISSED MY BULLETPROOF VEST DIDN'T DO IT, AND NO PUKIN' LITTLE PARTY ANIMAL'S GONNA GET RID OF ME EITHER.

THIS WAS MY BEAT BEFORE I GOT THE GOLD SHIELD, AND WHERE GRAMP'S BOUGHT ME MY FIRST SLICE BEFORE THAT.

DON'T GET IN MY WAY.

PAUL LEVITZ &  
TIM HAMILTON  
STORYTELLERS

ADAM O. PRUETT  
LETTERER

DRINK  
HAPPY  
HOUR  
5-8  
CASH ONLY



# DREAM GANG

STORY AND ART BY  
BRENDAN MCCARTHY  
LETTERING BY  
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

WHAT WILL  
HAPPEN WHEN  
I WAKE UP?  
WHERE WILL  
ALL THIS  
GO?

YOU'LL  
CONTINUE TO  
DREAM, BUT  
YOU'LL CALL  
IT LIFE.

AND WHEN  
YOU WAKE UP  
FROM THAT  
DREAM, YOU'LL  
CALL IT  
DEATH.



IS THIS  
THE END?  
WILL WE  
EVER MEET  
AGAIN?

IF THE  
DREAM  
RECURS--

# ZWORP ZWORP



SHERIFF,  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING...

A LARVA-LURVY  
HAS MANIFESTED  
IN THE FOURTH  
QUADRANT, DREAM  
SECTOR 9.

I WANT  
TO CATCH THIS  
ONE. ENGAGE THE  
OROBORUS.

I LOVE  
ME SOME  
LURVY!







...REGRET THAT I FAILED TO SEE THE SOLUTION, THE WAY TO SAVE US, UNTIL TODAY.

I TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE NEEDLESS STRESS AND CHAOS CREATED BY MY FAILURE.



CAN YOU GIVE US ANY SPECIFICS ABOUT YOUR PLAN TO STOP THE STRANGE MATTER?

YEAH, EXACTLY HOW SAFE IS TH--



I'M SORRY...

HELP!



I HAVE TO GO. THERE'S SOMEONE IN DANGER.



BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION--THE WORLD IS AS SAFE AS WE MAKE IT.

# SANDY &

By David Chelsea



# MANDY



DE CAMPI Ⓢ ORDWAY Ⓢ LOUISE

# SEMIAUTOMATIC

THRONE OF *Blood*

IN THE NANOSECOND  
AFTER I PULL THE TRIGGER,  
I AM HIT BY A TSUNAMI OF,  
I CAN'T EVEN DESCRIBE IT--

LOVE,  
FOR LACK OF A  
BETTER WORD.

IT TURNS OUT  
I LOVE A LOT  
OF THINGS.

FOGgy AUTUMN  
MORNINGS IN  
NEW ENGLAND.

DANCING IN MY UNDERPANTS  
TO WILSON PICKETT.

WHAT THE HELL  
HAVE I DONE?

THE BOY GRINS,  
RELEASING CONTROL  
OF MY MIND.

AS HE ANTICIPATES  
THE SURGE OF POWER  
THAT WILL COME FROM  
EXTINGUISHING ME--



--I SPIN A SMALL ILLUSION,  
GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS TO SEE.

