

CAITLIN KITTREDGE ROBERTA INGRANATA BRYAN VALENZA

NUMBER ONE \$3.99

# WITCHBLADE



TOP COW  
25  
YEARS  
EST. 1992

THE FUTURE OF COMICS  
25  
YEARS  
EST. 1992

*R. Valenza* 6/17

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*Robert Valenza*



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Death is not  
the end.

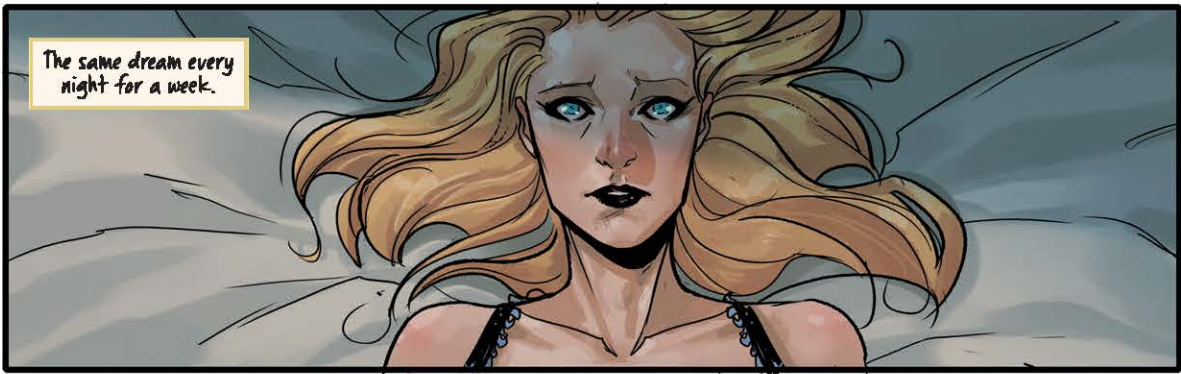
Death is a doorway.  
And on the other side...

Help...

Help...  
me...

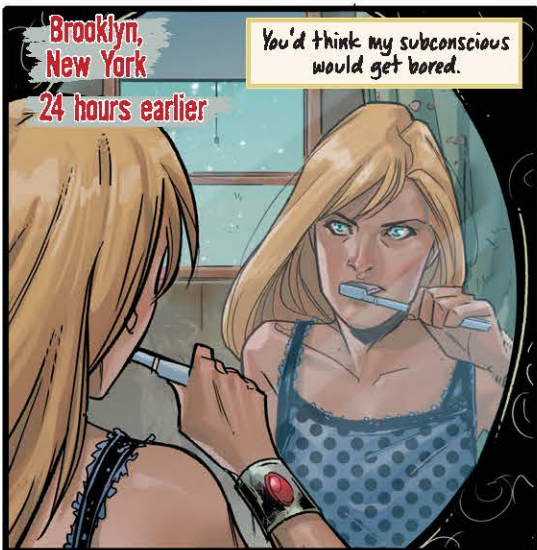
Rebirth.

The same dream every night for a week.



Brooklyn,  
New York  
24 hours earlier

You'd think my subconscious  
would get bored.



I've had  
them before.  
The dreams  
that won't  
stop.



But not for a  
long time. I  
thought it  
was over.



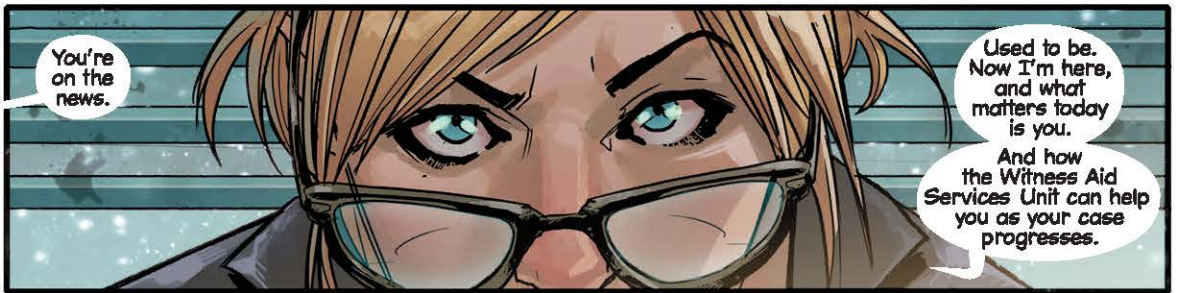
It's never over,  
though. Not for me.



Witness Aid Services Unit,  
Office of the District Attorney

Lower Manhattan

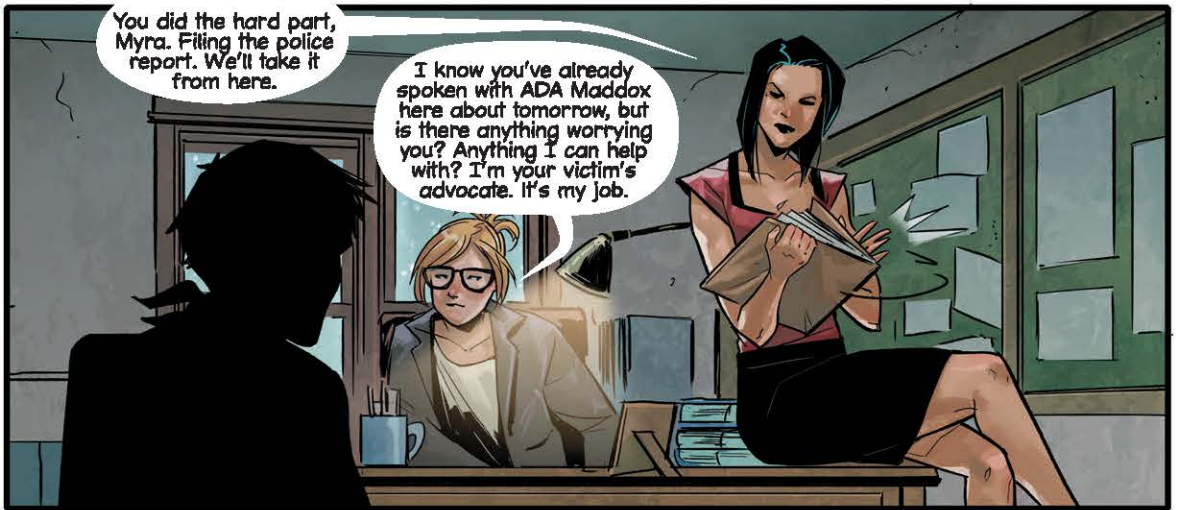
I recognize you.  
You're Alex Underwood.



You're on the news.

Used to be. Now I'm here, and what matters today is you.

And how the Witness Aid Services Unit can help you as your case progresses.



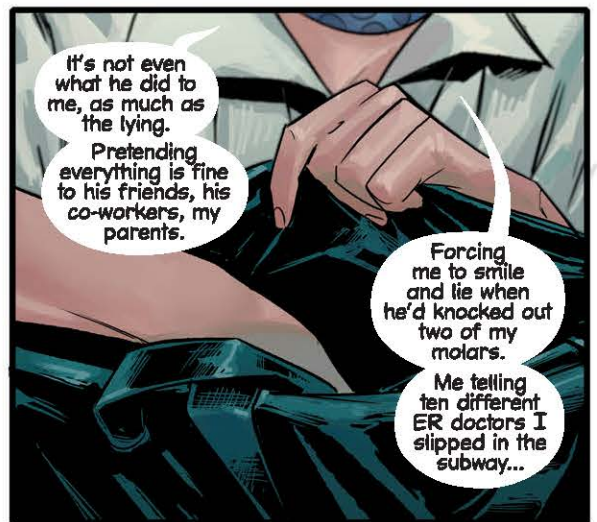
You did the hard part, Myra. Filing the police report. We'll take it from here.

I know you've already spoken with ADA Maddox here about tomorrow, but is there anything worrying you? Anything I can help with? I'm your victim's advocate. It's my job.



I know how these things go. Perks of being a cop's wife.

Blake -- Detective Groves -- can't get to you anymore. But if you're having second thoughts, I'm on your side.



It's not even what he did to me, as much as the lying.

Pretending everything is fine to his friends, his co-workers, my parents.

Forcing me to smile and lie when he'd knocked out two of my molars.

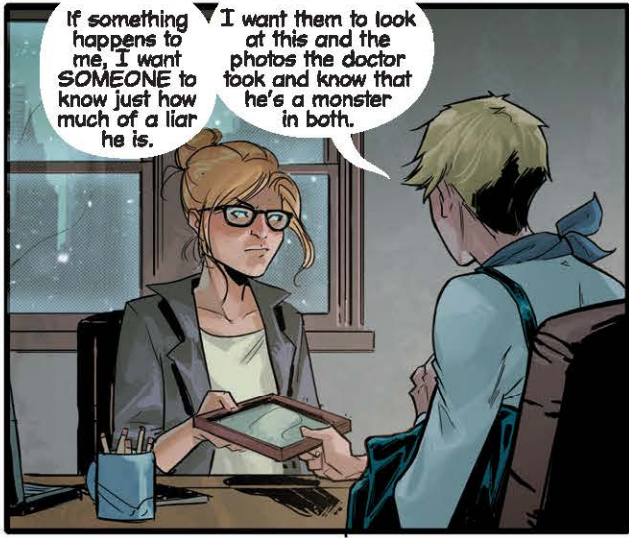
Me telling ten different ER doctors I slipped in the subway...



You should have this.

The photos from the hospital are more than enough.

Please just take it. I know my chances in court. Me against Blake.



If something happens to me, I want **SOMEONE** to know just how much of a liar he is.

I want them to look at this and the photos the doctor took and know that he's a monster in both.



Are you okay to get back to your hotel?

Even Blake isn't foolish enough to violate a restraining order in broad daylight.



My ass he wouldn't.

I'll make sure she gets to her car.



Oh no. You want to help, do better than my useless investigator and find the maid who supposedly saw Blake going Chris Brown on his wife.

I'd really love for Detective Groves to walk into his trial wearing a big fat ankle monitor.



Alex's apartment,  
Brooklyn

Alex.

Now

Wake up,  
Alex.



What...

You don't  
remember,  
Alex...



A Polaroid photograph showing a woman with long brown hair holding a young child with blonde hair. The child is resting their head on the woman's chest. The background is dark with some light spots.

Being born.

