REMENDER • CRAIG • LOUGHRIDGE

DEADLY CLASS™

1988

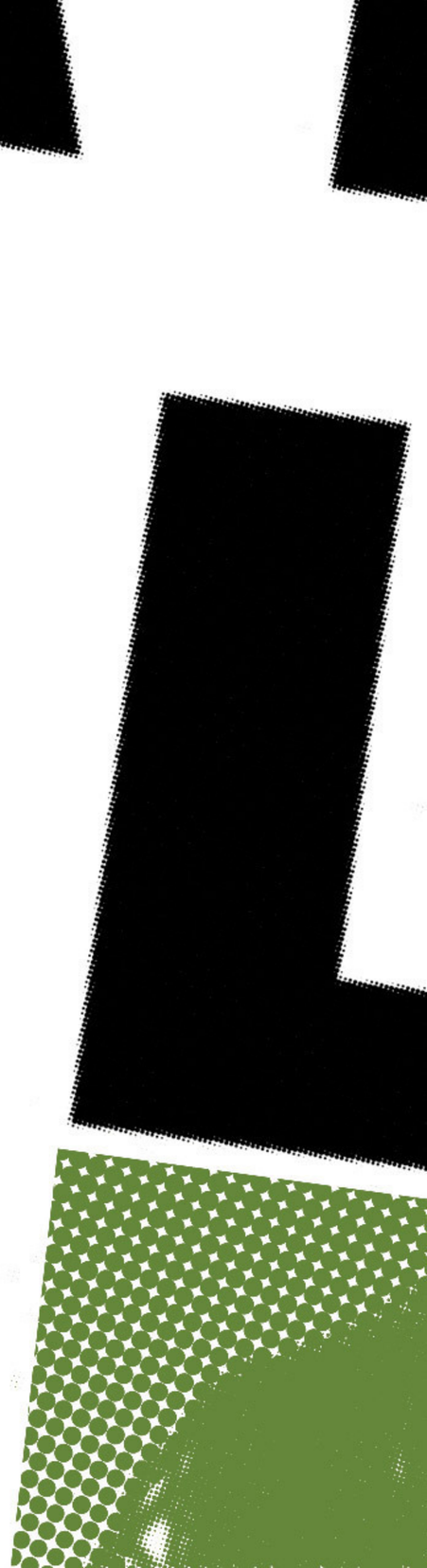
THE SNAKE PIT

EST
1637
IN VITAM MORTEM

DEAD

RICK REMENDER
writer • co-creators • artist

WES CRAIG
artist



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"WHERE THE ***FUCK*** ARE THEY, SAYA?!"

"THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE--***NOW!***"

"THEY MUST'VE TAKEN ANOTHER ROUTE IS ALL."

THIS IS THE ***GODDAMNED*** CHECKPOINT AND THEY'RE NOT AT IT!

FIREFIGHTERS SCREWED UP THE GETAWAY PLOT.

THEY JUST WENT ANOTHER WAY.

NO.

TOK

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ***"NO"?***

SKREE

WE ***HAVE*** TO GO BACK.

MAKE ***SURE*** THEY GOT OUT.

THE REDNECKS ARE ***DEAD.*** NO COP CAN CATCH ANY OF US.

THEY'RE FINE--BUT IF WE STAY HERE WE ***WON'T*** BE.

GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER AND ***COME ON!***

YEAH?

OKAY...

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT...

"...THEY'RE PROBABLY FINE."

A *TRULY* REMARKABLE BOUT OF *HEROISM* YOU LADS HAVE SHOWN!

COLOR THIS MAIL TOTTER *IMPRESSED!*

WEEOWEO

CHEERIO AND TOODLE PIP!

"WHEN I RECEIVED WORD, I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT."

SO I BROUGHT THE FAMILY TRINITY.

FATHER, HOLY GHOST, AND PALE RIDER, ALL COME TO KILL THE REFUSE WHO *DARED* SULLY MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER'S NAME.

YOU'RE *NOT* MY FATHER.

NO. UNLIKE YOUR FATHER...

"...I WAS GOING TO *FIGHT* TO PROTECT YOU."

ENJOY VICIOUSLY ARSE-FUCKING ONE ANOTHER AT THE BARRACKS, YOU FASCIST CUNTS!

CHEERS!

YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO SAVE ME!

EL ALMA DEL DIABLO CARES ONLY FOR ITSELF!

BETTER CHILL THE OL' LADY OUT, BUDDY.

MY OLD MAN IS THE REAL HARDCORE...

"...YOU DON'T WANT HIM ANGRY."

SORRY I STOLE YOUR BADGE.

TOSSER.

YOU SHOULD BE SILENT, GIRL.

I WILL NOT ENGAGE IN NAME CALLING WITH A CHILD WHOSE COMPANION HOLDS THE SEVERED HEAD OF MY SON.

NO...

"...MY PLANS FOR YOU DO ***NOT*** INVOLVE ***TALKING.***"

WELL, LEX OL' BOY, TELL YOU WHAT--YOU'RE A ***PROPER*** MORON FOR INVOLVING YOURSELF IN THIS, BUT YOU SAVED THE DAY IN THE END.

I'M PROUD OF YOU.

I-IT WASN'T MARIA'S FAULT.

CHICO... HE WAS ACTING NUTS, SHE HAD NO CHOICE--

HUSH.

AND, ***AMAZINGLY,*** NONE OF THE CLEVER COGS WHO MANIPULATED YOU TO THIS FOLLY ENDED UP DEAD.

NOT A SINGLE FATALITY OR INJURY.

AND YOU GOT TO SHOOT UP SOME REDNECK COUSIN-FUCKERS.

LOT OF WIN.

NO CHOICE?

NO CHOICE BUT TO DECAPITATE MY BOY?!

KILL THIS WHORESON.

W-WAIT--

CLICK

OI!

YOU SLAGS OWE ME ***LARGE*** FOR THIS BIT.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME THIS CAPER WOULD HAVE GONE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT--

...TITS UP.

BLAM

HOLY FRIJOLES!

YO, MAN-- YOU GOTTA WAKE UP.

NO SHIT THIS IS THE *ONLY* SHOT YOU'RE GOING TO GET BEFORE HE KILLS YOUR ASS--

THAT'S USING YOUR HEAD!

WAK

BANG

YERG--!

PS·H

PPSSHH

:KOFF!:

RUN!

BANG

FUCKER!

MY POOR CHICO.

LIFE SPENT TRYING TO MEASURE UP TO YOUR OLDER BROTHER.

SINCE YOU CANNOT DO THIS FOR YOURSELF--

HE WILL COLLECT YOUR JUSTICE FOR YOU.

BANG

BANG

VENGANZA.

WHERE?

THE ALLEY, MY *CABALLO AMARILLO.*

-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-

RIDE!

THE *FUCK,* MAN--!

WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION OUT--

WAK

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE, MARCUS?

ALWAYS CHAOS.

NO COINCIDENCE.

YOU'RE THE PROBLEM.

WHO ARE THOSE GUYS WITH CHICO'S DAD?!

THE MEN WHO SLAUGHTERED MY FAMILY.

GOING THROUGH LIFE WITH YOUR TURN SIGNAL ON.

EVERYONE IS LAUGHING WHEN YOUR BACK IS TURNED.

BUT THEY'RE NOT THE WORST OF CHICO'S FAMILY.

IF WE'RE SLY, WE MIGHT ESCAPE.

YOU'RE THE PROBLEM.

WE STAND A CHANCE PROVIDED THEY DIDN'T RELEASE--

--HIS BROTHER.

TOILET PAPER PERMANENTLY STUCK ON YOUR SHOE.

CREEP ON THE BACK THROWS A DAGGER FASTER THAN GOD.

MARIA DEFLECTS FASTER.

PING

THIS CAN'T ALL BE MY FAULT.

NO OTHER WAY.

SHING

CHICO.

HAD TO KILL FUCKFACE--

--HAD TO--

BUT THAT'S NOT IT.

NOT WHY YOU CAME.

YOU CAME FOR **HER.**

TO KEEP HER **SAFE.**

TO ABSOLVE YOURSELF OF THE **GUILT.**

GUILT FOR WHAT YOU **KNEW** WAS COMING.

GUILT FOR SAYA.

GUILT FOR WHAT YOU **KNEW** YOU'D DO.

CRSH

MOVE!

BECAUSE ALL LIFE EVER TAUGHT YOU IS THAT YOU'RE UNLIKEABLE, AND NOTHING WOULD WORK OUT.

SO YOU ALWAYS BEAT IT TO THE PUNCH.

QUICK-- *THIS WAY!*

PUB

YHAERGH--!

METAL ON BONE IN THE BACKGROUND--

--SOMEONE IN THE WRONG PLACE AND THE WRONG TIME.

NOTHING TO BE DONE--

JUST GET THEM AWAY FROM HERE--

GET MARIA AWAY FROM THEM.

FASTER!

I'M TRYING!

MARIA.

DUMB ENOUGH TO TRUST ME.

ANOTHER DYSFUNCTIONAL, WAR-DAMAGED ORPHAN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING **GOOD**--AND FINDING ONLY THE SAME OLD **SHIT.**

MY BACKPACK--THERE'S A GRENADE IN IT!

SHE WASN'T LOOKING FOR A BOYFRIEND--

B=P!

--SHE WAS LOOKING FOR A FAMILY.

THEY'RE TOO CLOSE!

IT'S--

THE ONLY CHANCE WE HAVE!

A FAMILY I DESTROYED.

DO IT!

ON MY OWN TERMS.

SWAT!

SOMEONE TO HURT--

--BEFORE SHE COULD HURT ME.

FUCK!

FUCK!

OH, FUCK--

OKAY--YOU CAN LAND THIS--

YOU CAN--

CRUNCH

JESUS FUCK.

GET UP!

OUT OF YOUR MIND.

PAIN.

THEY'RE COMING!

FIREWORKS AND PAIN.

GET UP!

NO... I'M OUT.

I QUIT.

THEY'LL TORTURE YOU! KILL YOU SLOW!

OH, FUCK OFF.

MARCUS!

WORLD SHIFTS FROM FIREWORKS...

...TO HOT PAIN.

OH... OKAY...

I'M UP...

I'M UP...

WHAT HURTS WORSE--

--SHE DIDN'T LEAVE YOU.

HOT

AFTER EVERY SHITTY THING YOU DID--

--SHE CAME BACK FOR **YOU.**

HURRY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

PULLS YOU THROUGH A SOUP OF BRAIN DAMAGE AND BROKEN BONES.

AS THE ASPHALT **QUAKES.**

Marlboro

A DRAGON **GROWLS** AWAKE.

THAT ENGINE--

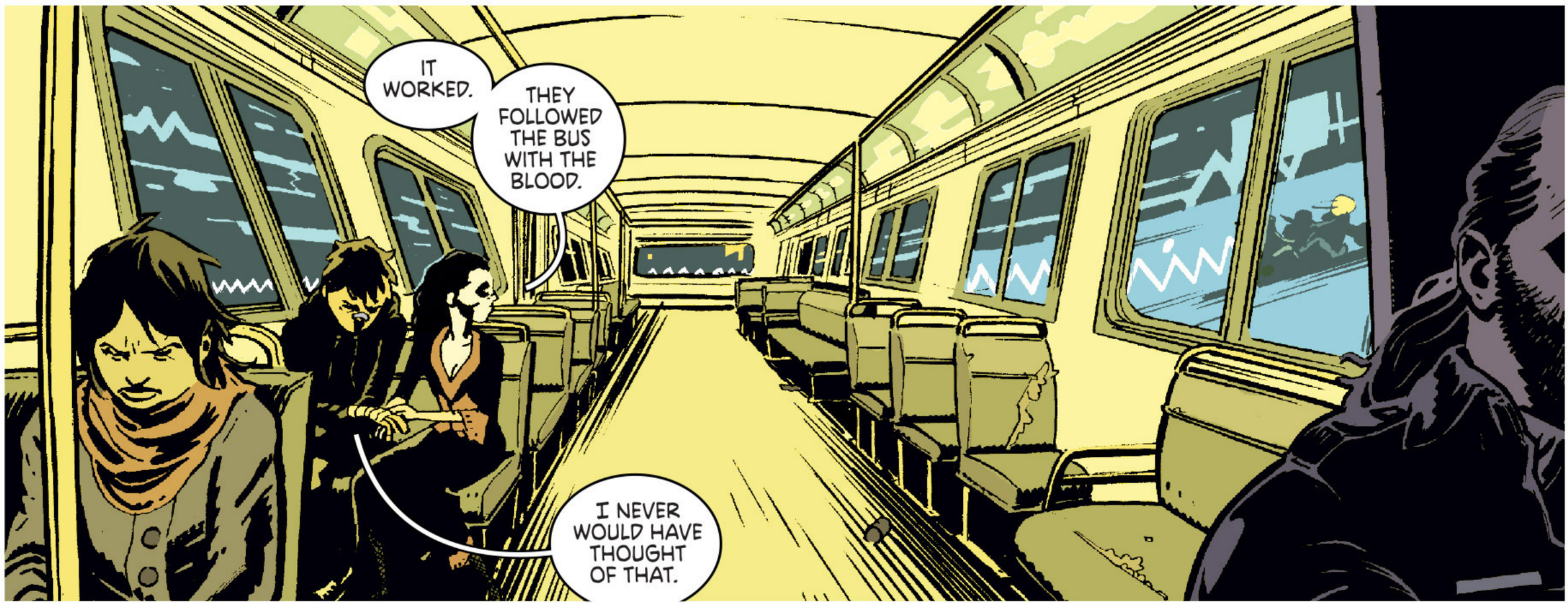
THE MOST TERRIFYING SOUND I'VE **EVER** HEARD.

PRAY TO THIN AIR HER PLAN WORKS.

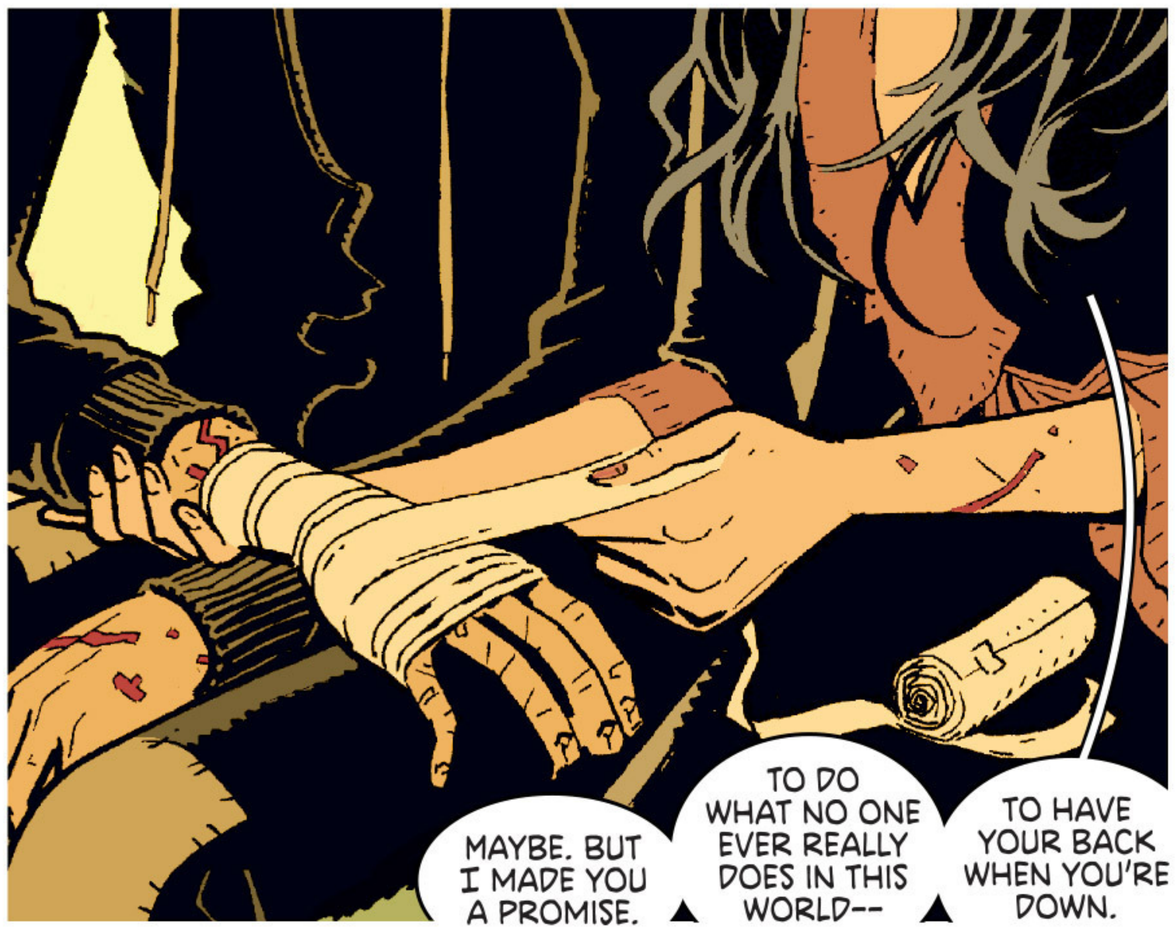
3023

VENGANZA.

5240


IT WORKED.
THEY FOLLOWED THE BUS WITH THE BLOOD.
I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT.

YOU... YOU'RE AMAZING.
SHUT UP.
HOLD STILL.
YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT ME BACK THERE.
MADE IT AWAY CLEAN.


MAYBE. BUT I MADE YOU A PROMISE.
TO DO WHAT NO ONE EVER REALLY DOES IN THIS WORLD--
TO HAVE YOUR BACK WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

WHEN YOU NEEDED ME-- I FUCKED AROUND ON YOU.
NEVER CONSIDERED WHAT IT WOULD DO TO YOU.
YOU KNEW.

KNEW YOU'D BREAK MY HEART.
LEAVE ME LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

IT'S NOT SO EASY.

I NEVER TOLD YOU...I SAW MY PARENTS DIE AS WELL.

A JUMPER LANDED ON THEM IN FRONT OF ME.

I REMEMBER THINKING IF I DIDN'T LOOK IT WASN'T REAL.

SO I STOOD WATCHING A BALLOON MY FATHER HAD BOUGHT ME DRIFT AWAY.

WATCHED IT UNTIL SOMEONE HAD THROWN A BLANKET OVER THEM.

AND I NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN.

YOUR PAIN, MARIA... EVERYTHING YOU WERE GOING THROUGH...

IT WAS TOO CLOSE TO HOME.

I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM IT.

I GO THE OTHER WAY.

THE ONLY WAY I CAN IDENTIFY WITH ANYONE IS THROUGH A SIMILAR PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

MY PAIN IS THE ONLY THING THAT DEFINES ME.

LIFE DRAINED ME SO EMPTY AND ALL I WANTED WAS SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTOOD THAT PAIN.

SOMEONE WHO COULD LOVE ME.

I...

SHHHH

DON'T BE ANOTHER BOY WHO SAYS THE WRONG THING BECAUSE HE CAN'T BEAR TO FACE A SAD GIRL.

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.

I CHOSE YOU, MARCUS.

I DO LOVE YOU. I DO.

AND I'M ***SORRY.*** I ***FUCKED UP,*** AND I SUCK AND I'M ***SO FUCKING SORRY.***

AND WHEN THIS IS OVER, IF YOU'LL LET ME, I'M GOING TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU.

BUT RIGHT NOW...

"...WE NEED TO MAKE A PLAN.

"THEY'LL HAVE STOPPED THE OTHER BUS.

"THEY'LL KNOW WE TOOK THIS ONE."

THEY ARE MONSTERS, MARCUS.

TRUE-TO-GOD LIVING EVIL.

"THEY'LL HAVE CALLED *EL ALMA DEL DIABLO* AS WELL.

"THEY'LL BLOCK US IN ON THIS BRIDGE."

WHICH IS ***EXACTLY*** PERFECT.

FIRE.

IT ALWAYS BRINGS BACK THE OLD HORROR.

MAMA **SCREAMING** AS SHE BURNED.

PAPA NAILED TO THE WELL POST, **WEEPING** AS THEY TOOK ME AWAY.

FIRE WILL **ALWAYS** BE THAT ONE THING.

THAT ONE MEMORY.

INESCAPABLE.

A WOUND THAT WILL **NEVER** CLOSE.

THE WOUND GIVES ME **POWER.**

IT'S NOT THE **WOUND** THAT BROUGHT THIS ON--

--IT WAS MY NEED TO **SATE** THE PAIN.

TO TAKE ITS POWER AWAY.

IT MADE ME WEAK IN A WORLD WHERE YOU CAN'T BE.

A HUMAN AMONG MONSTERS.

HUMANS CAN'T LIVE AMONG MONSTERS.

THE MONSTERS EAT THEM.

ALWAYS.

SO BE A MONSTER.

NEVER NEED ANYONE.

EXPECT BETRAYAL.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

FAD

BURN AWAY THE NEED.

BURN AWAY THE WEAKNESS.

BURN THESE MOTHERFUCKERS.

SURPRISE!

VRR

PUTA MADRE!

SMASH

GHRAHH~!

CRSH!

SPLASH

CRSH

FUCKING CHRIST, YOU'RE A *GENIUS!*

IN EVERYTHING BUT MY CHOICE OF BOYS--

MARIA--!

LOOK OUT!

SLICE

WACK

CRK

SLASH

CRK

OOF--!

CRAK

CRAK

NOW, LITTLE GIRL--

CRK

--GUT YOU LIKE I SHOULD'VE THE FIRST TIME.

GAKK~

SPLCH

SPK

ARE...

ARE YOU--

I'M FINE.

NOT FOR SO LONG.

NHUNG

SPLASH

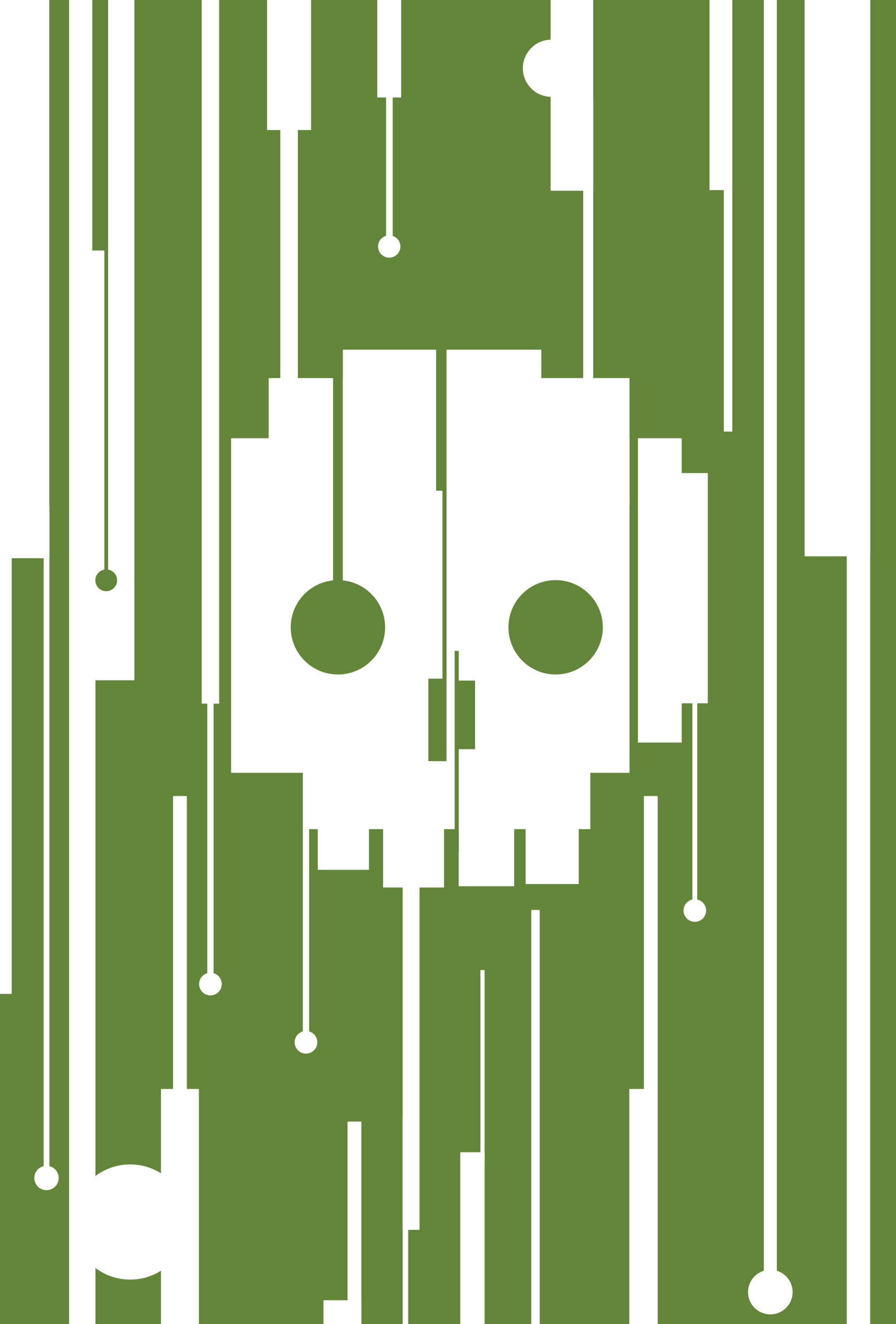
MARCUS!

DON'T BE SO SURPRISED.

"EVERYONE YOU'VE EVER LOVED DIES."

"WHY SHOULD HE BE ANY DIFFERENT?"

POP



LEX IS DEAD.

HIS FACE DISAPPEARS ON AN ENDLESS LOOP.

C'MON... WHERE ARE YOU?!

HE DIES OVER AND OVER.

BECAUSE I FUCKED UP.

BECAUSE THOSE CARTEL FUCKERS GHOSTED ME.

IF I CAN'T FIND THEM--IF I CAN'T HELP MY FRIENDS--MARCUS AND MARIA ARE NEXT.

SHADOWS MOVING--FIGHTING--

I'M TOO LATE.

DIDN'T FIND THEM IN TIME.

FAILED AGAIN.

OH, FUCK...

LIKE LEX.

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME.

DEAD IN SOME ALLEY.

MY FACE GONE.

AND IF LEX HADN'T TURNED THAT CORNER--

--IT WOULD HAVE BEEN.

IT **SHOULD** HAVE BEEN.

THIS IS NEVER GONNA WORK.

CRASH

BUT IF I DON'T TRY, HE'S DONE.

THMP

OOF--!

FUCK!

NO LOUD THUMP.

I DIDN'T KILL HIM--

--NEVER KILLED ANYONE--

ONE PIECE OF SHIT ASSASSIN--

--BUT I SAVED MY FRIEND.

SPLASH

WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES IN LIFE, MARIA.

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF *IF*, ONLY *WHEN.*

SO THE QUESTION BECOMES THE DEGREE OF THE *PUNISHMENT* SHOULD WE BE CAUGHT.

AND YOU, MY DEAR, HAVE BEEN CAUGHT.

IT WAS THE DAY I CAUGHT YOUR *THIEVING* FATHER THAT CHICO STAYED MY HAND FROM SENDING YOU TO HELL WITH THE REST OF YOUR FOUL RELATIONS.

MY *SWEET* BOY.

HE SHOWED YOU MERCY.

THIS IS HOW YOU REWARD HIM.

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE," THEY SAY.

BUT YOU HAVE TAKEN MY *SON.*

IF I WERE TO ***MERELY*** SEVER YOUR HEAD, IT WOULD BE OVER ***SO*** QUICKLY FOR YOU.

WHERE MY PAIN CONTINUES ON FOR ***ALL*** MY DAYS.

SO WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO INSTEAD IS STRIP AWAY EVERY BIT OF YOU.

SLOWLY.

PIECE BY PIECE.

IT'S GOING TO TAKE ***YEARS,*** MARIA.

YOU, WHOM I RAISED AS MY OWN DAUGHTER.

YOU WILL SUFFER WHENEVER I SUFFER.

WHENEVER THE SLIGHTEST TINGE OF GRIEF WASHES OVER ME--

--I WILL RELEASE IT UPON YOU.

YOU MISUNDERSTAND, "*FATHER.*"

YOU HAVEN'T CAPTURED ***ME***--

CRK

SSSSSSS

SSSSHHF

CHINGATE!

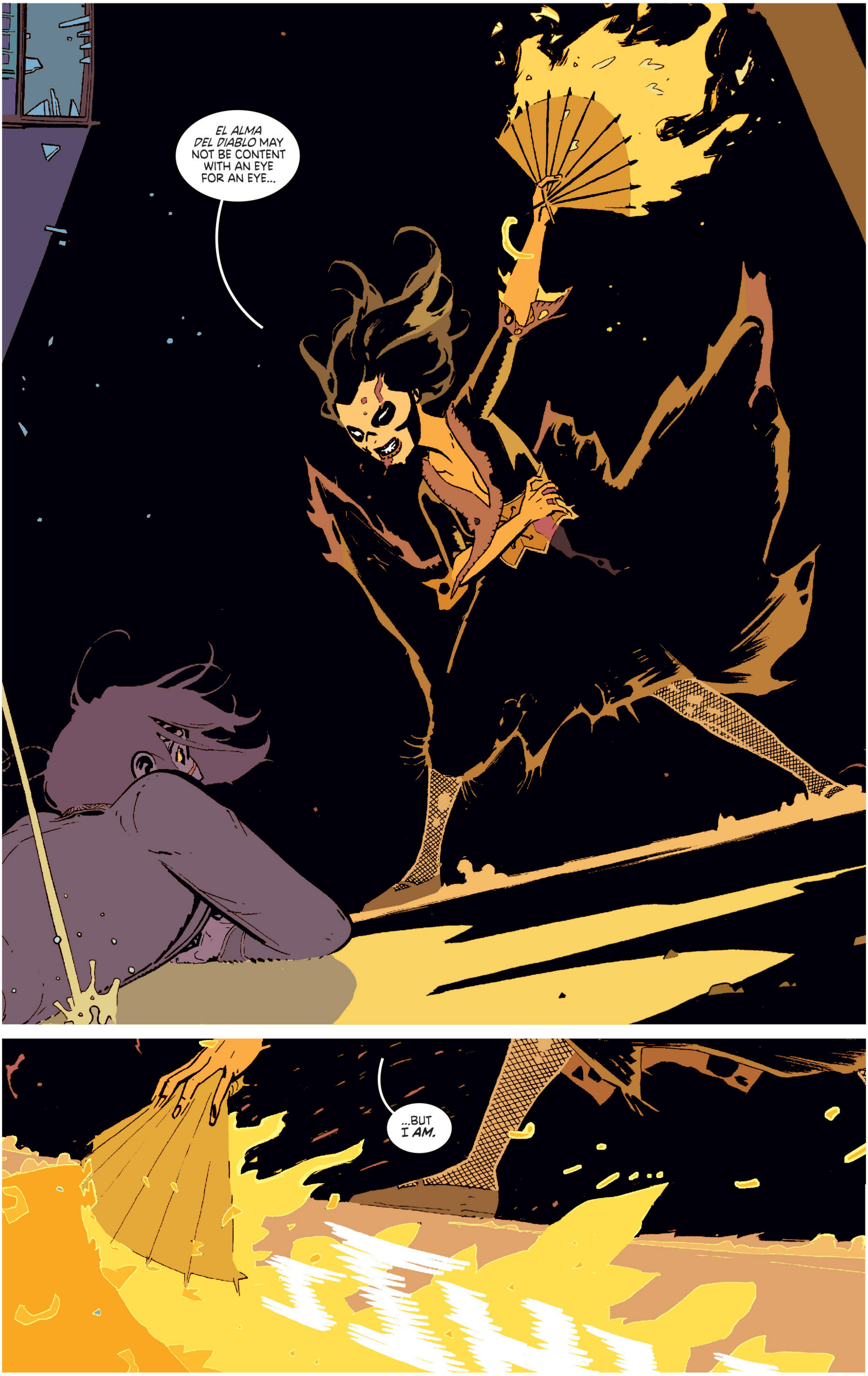
CRAK

COJEME...

:KOFF:

HIJO DE PUTA...

YOU BURNED MY PREGNANT MOTHER ALIVE.


EL ALMA DEL DIABLO MAY NOT BE CONTENT WITH AN EYE FOR AN EYE...
...BUT I AM.

YERAGHAHAGHH!

BURN WELL, FIEND.

UGN!

WAK

PUTA!

BESA MI CULO!

GAKK--!

YOUR MOTHER DIED LIKE A DOG-- AS WILL YOU.

GAAK--

NO.

LHNK

MY MOTHER DIED AS A VICTIM.

IN HER KITCHEN.

SHLK

SHLK

FP FP

SPSCH

COOKING POZOLE FOR HER FAMILY.

HURK--!

MURDERED BY GUTLESS COWARDS.

BECAUSE A DESPERATE FATHER STOLE TO FEED HIS FAMILY!

SSH

WHEN YOU KILLED MY FAMILY--

YOU SUMMONED A TRUE DEVIL.

SPLSH!

YOU ARE ALONE, COWARD!

DO NOT HIDE! COME OUT!

TAKE VENGEANCE FOR YOUR PETULANT CUR OF A SON.

I KILLED HIM!

YOU HEARZ?!

BEHEADED YOUR SWEET CHICO!

AND I WAS ALWAYS GOING TO.

I KNEW IT WOULD BRING YOU OUT OF YOUR HOLE.

YOU SENT ME TO A SCHOOL TO TRAIN ME TO BECOME A KILLER-- AND NOW I AM.

WHEN I AM DONE HERE, I WILL GO TO YOUR MISTRESS.

THAT POISONOUS BITCH WILL GET WHAT SHE'S GOT COMING.

COME OUT!

SHOW ME THE HARDENED GANGSTER WHO SLAUGHTERS WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

COME OUT AND KILL ME NOW--

"--OR I WILL ***SLAUGHTER*** EVERYONE YOU HOLD DEAR."

HOLY SHIT.

THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

SO MARIA'S STILL ALIVE.

COME ON, WE HAVE TO FIND HER BEFORE--

NO.

BAM BAM

OH...

MARIA?

ARE-ARE YOU *OKAY?*

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS DREAMING ABOUT IT...

IT DIDN'T MAKE ANYTHING BETTER.

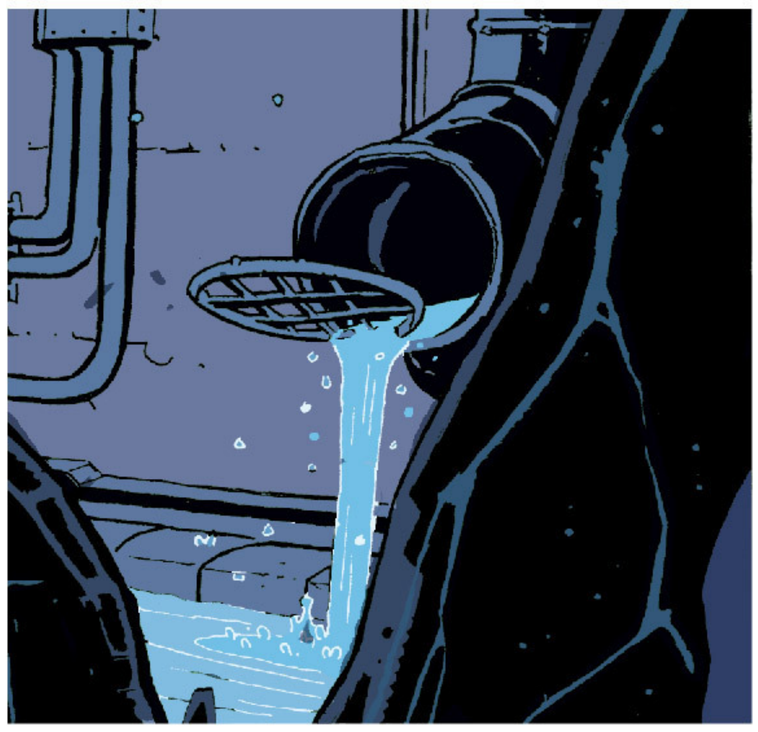
WAS IT JUSTICE FOR THEM...

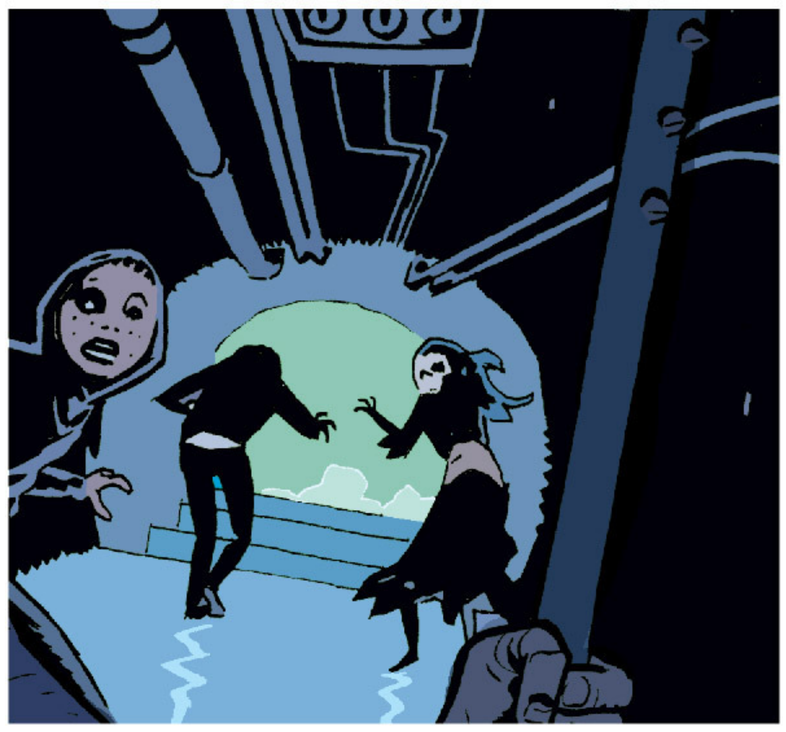
...OR PETTY VENGEANCE FOR ME?

IT DIDN'T CHANGE ANYTHING.

SNF

WE-WE





YAWN
BUT ONCE SOMEONE FINDS LEX'S BODY WE'RE THREE HUNDRED PERCENT *FUCKED.*
WE DID IT. THE MONK GUARDS DIDN'T SEE US.

I HAVE THAT UNDER CONTROL, WILLIE.
HOW?
DON'T WORRY.
GET BACK TO YOUR DORM.

AND THANK YOU FOR COMING BACK FOR US.

YOU'RE MY PEOPLE.
ALL THERE IS TO IT.
TELL BILLY AND SAYA WE'RE OKAY. AND TO STAY *QUIET.*

SURPRISED THEY *DIDN'T* COME BACK FOR US WHEN WE WEREN'T AT THE MEET POINT.

I HAVE A GOOD IDEA *WHY*--AND *WHOSE* IDEA IT WAS.

I'LL DEAL WITH *HER* LATER.

RIGHT NOW, WE NEED TO MAKE SURE OUR TRAIL IS COVERED FOR WHEN NEWS ABOUT LEX GETS BACK TO MASTER LIN.

THIS IS *MY* RESPONSIBILITY. *I'M* THE ONE WHO KILLED CHICO.

TO SAVE *ME.*

IT WAS JUST EARLIER THAN I'D PLANNED.

I WAS *ALWAYS* GOING TO KILL HIM, MARCUS.

AND I'M GOING TO CLEAN THIS UP.

SO NOTHING POINTS TO ANY OF US.

I'M GONNA MAKE THIS RIGHT.

YOU JUST HAVE TO TRUST ME.

OKAY?

TILL THE DAY I DIE.

IT'S *QUITE* EARLY IN THE MORNING TO REQUEST A VISIT, MARIA.

I COULDN'T SLEEP, MASTER LIN.

I HAVE GUILT ON MY CONSCIENCE.

NOTHING IS AS WRETCHED AS A GUILTY MIND.

HOWEVER, GUILT IS *IMMENSELY* IMPORTANT.

IT LETS US KNOW THAT SOMETHING NEEDS TO *CHANGE.*

YEAH...

TEA TO CALM YOUR NERVES.
THANK YOU.
TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT WEIGHS UPON YOU, CHILD.
I DON'T WANT TO BREAK ANOTHER STUDENT'S ***CONFIDENCE,*** MASTER LIN.
I BELIEVE IT WOULD COST ME YOUR RESPECT.
BUT I ALSO FEEL THAT IT IS MY DUTY TO TELL YOU WHEN SOMEONE IS PUTTING THEMSELVES IN DANGER.
YOU FEAR BREAKING A TRUST. I RESPECT THIS.
TRUST IS HARD TO COME BY.
ONE WHO IS CARELESS WITH IT CANNOT SURVIVE IN THIS LIFE.
BUT IF A FRIEND'S LIFE IS IN THE BALANCE, THEN WHAT VALUE ARE THEIR KEPT SECRETS?
I... WELL...
OVER THE PAST FEW WEEKS, LEX HAS BECOME ***OBSESSED*** WITH THE SERIAL KILLER IN THE NEWSPAPERS.
CERTAIN THAT IF HE COULD KILL THE MAN HE'D EARN A REPUTATION HERE.
HE SNUCK OUT TONIGHT, MASTER, WITH EXPLOSIVES AND WEAPONS.
AND I'M AFRAID OF WHAT HE HAS IN MIND.
DEAR.
THIS *IS* QUITE TROUBLING.

LEX'S FATHER IS A POWERFUL MAN.

IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO HIM WHILE HE IS IN MY CARE...

...IT COULD LEAD TO GREAT TROUBLE FOR THE SCHOOL.

I...

I DON'T KNOW...

...WHAT...

I'VE ALWAYS CONSIDERED YOU ONE OF THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST OF YOUR CLASS, MARIA.

THE TEA...

PLEASE... I DON'T FEEL...

KRSH

IT'S THOSE THAT HAVE LOST THEIR FAMILIES AT A YOUNG AGE WHO BEST GROW THE CALLUSES NECESSARY FOR OUR WORK.

IT IS WHY THIS WHOLE AFFAIR INJURES ME SO.

PLEASE...

I ONLY MEANT TO...

YOU ONLY MEANT TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE SERIES OF TERRIBLE MISTAKES YOU HAVE MADE.

BUT THAT IS ***NOT*** YOUR CRIME.

KRASH

YOUR CRIME IS THAT YOU WERE ***CAUGHT.***

GAK--

UHG...

"YOU DID NOT COVER YOUR TRACKS, MARIA.

"EARNED A FAILING MARK.

"NOT ONLY IN CHICO'S ***EXECUTION METHOD--*** BUT HIS ***DISPOSAL.***

"YOU AND YOUR CLASSMATES HAVE YET TO TAKE MY THREATS ***SERIOUSLY.***

"BUT I ASSURE YOU, THEY ARE ***QUITE*** GRAVE.

"UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MARIA..."

"...THAT THIS LESSON YOU LEARNED FAR TOO LATE."

IS IT DONE?

YES.

AND WHAT OF THE *OTHERS?*

FEAR NOT, AMANTE JAEL.

AS YOU CAN SEE...

...I JUSTLY DISCIPLINE MY WAYWARD STUDENTS.

MAY 6TH

FUCKIN' DICK BALLS!

CONDOR

BIG LS

ADULT BOOK STORE

ALS

PARKING 20

Condor

I HAVEN'T SAID AN HONEST THING IN WEEKS. NOTHING. WHAT AM I TRYING TO DO? WHAT AM I TRYING TO SAY? QUOTING SOME DEPECHE MODE, SUE ME.

THINGS ARE BADLY FUCKED AND I CAN'T KEEP IT TOGETHER.

IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS SINCE MARIA RAN OFF.

DISAPPEARED IN THE NIGHT.

THERE ISN'T A MORAL AT THE END OF **EVERY** STORY.

MOSTLY JUST HEARTBREAK AND CONFUSION.

LEX TOOK THE FALL FOR THE TROUBLE WE CAUSED.

WE ALL LIED, BLAMED HIM.

ADULT BOOK STORE

20s

XXX

GIRLS

COCKING WHORE DOOR CUNT!

CITY LIGHTS

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS LOVE. I'M DONE HUNTING FOR IT.

EVERYONE'S A LIAR. EVERYONE'S SELFISH.

I ALWAYS KNEW MARIA WAS DAMAGED.

ALWAYS KNEW THIS IS WHERE WE WERE HEADING. KNEW EVERYTHING SHE SAID WAS A LIE.

STREAMING JETS OF BULLSHIT JIZ!

MAYBE THAT'S HOW SHE KEPT ME AROUND. LYING AWAY ALL OF MY CONCERNS.

I MUST'VE NEEDED LIES SOMETHING FIERCE BECAUSE I BOUGHT IT ALL.

EVERYONE GETS TIRED OF EVERYONE ELSE. EVERYONE WILL CHEAT.

BOOK STORE

YOUR CHARIOT AWAITS.

GNARLY.

CITY

NEED NEW DISTRACTIONS TO KEEP ME FROM BEING AWARE OF IT.

DURING CHANGE LIFE IS UNCOMFORTABLE. BUT ONLY TO THE DEGREE THAT YOU HOLD ONTO THE PAST.

LIKE THE PHANTOM LIMB THAT STILL ITCHES AFTER IT'S BEEN SEVERED.

MARIA STILL ITCHES.

"I WANT TO CONQUER THE WORLD!"

"GIVE ALL THE IDIOTS A BRAND NEW RELIGION!"

I LOVE THE SMELL OF GASOLINE AND ETHER!

RED LIGHT AHEAD.

WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL.

NOT SURE IF WE'RE TRYING TO FEEL ALIVE...

...OR TRYING TO KILL OURSELVES.

PARTY PEOPLE COMIN' THORUGH!

WE STOLE A BITCHIN' CAMARO AND WENT TO BERKELEY TONIGHT. WENT TO SEE PETRA'S BAND DISASTROUS THOUGHT PLAY GILMAN.

BILLY MET SOME GUTTER PUNK GIRLS.

I MELTED DOWN PRETTY BAD IN FRONT OF THEM.

THAT ITCH DRIVING ME CRAZY.

CRASH!

MIXING BOOZE AND SPEED IS NASTY ON THE TEMPER.

--THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ME?!

--HE'S NOT WITH ME. I JUST MET HIM.

OPERATION IVY

BILLY AND THE GIRLS WERE GONE BY THE TIME I WAS DONE FREAKING OUT.

I'M SITTING AT THE BART STATION IN OAKLAND WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

I'M SUCH A DUMMY. CAN'T EVER DO OR SAY THE RIGHT THING.

FLRRRUPT

A HOMELESS LADY IS SHITTING AN ANACONDA NEXT TO ME.

I'M ALL BY MYSELF ALL OVER AGAIN.

NEVER FELT SO LONELY. I'M NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. I PUSH THEM ALL AWAY.

AND THE ONLY HOMES I EVER HAVE ARE POISON.

ASS ALL OVER THE STREETS!

NEED A NEW GIRL TO LIE TO ME. TO TELL ME SHE'LL BE THERE NO MATTER WHAT.

SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN DISTRACTED BY MARIA'S LIES. SHOULD'VE FOCUSED ON SAYA.

IT WAS ALWAYS HER.

CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT NIGHT WITH HER.

SAYA IS SO BEAUTIFUL IN SO MANY WAYS, YET HORROR-STRICKEN- TERRIBLE IN SO MANY OTHERS.

I THINK SHE'S LOST HER HEART.

IT'S SHATTERED AND DRY.

IT LEAVES SPLINTERS IN THOSE WHO CARE FOR HER.

MAYBE WE COULD SAVE EACH OTHER.

WEEKS AWAY FROM THE END OF FRESHMAN YEAR.

MARIA WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT THAT.

I REREAD THE NOTE SHE LEFT ME.

WOULD ANYONE LIKE TO VOLUNTEER?

IT'S MOSTLY NONSENSE.

SHE'S A STRANGER.

AND SHE EVEN BREAKS UP LIKE A CRAZY PERSON.

--SO, I FIGURE ***FUCK MARIA,*** MAN.

ROPED ME INTO HER ***BULLSHIT.*** SAID AS MUCH. JUST TRYING TO GET SHIT STIRRED WITH CHICO.

YEAH, I DUNNO, DUDE.

I'M ***DONE*** CARING. SHE'S NOT THE ONE I WANTED ANYWAY, YOU KNOW?

LIKE SHE SAW HOW CLOSE SAYA AND I WERE GETTING, AND SHE JUST GOT IN THE MIDDLE.

MAYBE...

NO. ***FOR SURE.***

AKIRA

I'M GOING TO GROW SOME BALLS TONIGHT AND DO THE HARD THING.

I'M GOING TO TELL SAYA TONIGHT.

TELL HER I LOVE HER.

TELL HER EVERYTHING.

YOU DONE ON THE PHONE?

KLK

AKIRA

NOT SURE.

AKIRA

MAY 9TH

Lucky Penny

74

FUCK *THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS.*

JOHN HUGHES SOUNDTRACK SELLOUTS.

RED HEAT

YOU'RE AN IDIOT. *THE FURS* ARE STILL GREAT. EVERY ALBUM.

"PRETTY IN PINK." END OF STORY.

A ***FINE*** SONG.

YOU KNOW, MOST GREAT INDIE THINGS YOU LOVE WILL EVENTUALLY GO MAINSTREAM, BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO QUIT LOVING THEM.

IT'S A TEST TO SEE IF YOU'RE INTO THE MUSIC OR WORRIED ABOUT BEING COOL.

CAN I GET A HIT OF THAT BROWN, SWEETHEART?

I'M NOT THE SHALLOW HIPSTER YOU WANT TO PAINT HERE.

"THIS IS NOT THE END" BY *AGENT ORANGE.*

WHAT ABOUT IT?

THE METEORS

PEOPLE SAY IT'S FROM THEIR WORST ALBUM, BUT I DON'T CARE. I LIKE IT.

AND THE SONG MAKES ME CRY WHEN I HEAR IT FOR SOME REASON.

I WANT YOU TO PLAY IT AT MY FUNERAL.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'LL BE AT YOUR FUNERAL?

IT ALL DUMPED OUT.

HOW I FEEL ABOUT HER.

HOW I FELL INTO THE MARIA SITUATION.

HOW I NEVER STOPPED THINKING ABOUT HER.

THE WAY SHE MAKES ME FEEL.

HOW DESPERATELY I WANT TO BE WITH HER.

HOW WE COULD HELP FIX EACH OTHER.

I TOLD HER I LOVE HER.

FUCK, MAN.

THAT'S...

THAT'S *HEAVY.*

AND I'M FLATTERED, MARCUS. BUT...

...IT'S COMPLICATED. THERE'S MORE GOING ON HERE.

BEYOND THAT OBVIOUS *"REBOUND"* NEON BLINKING OVER YOUR HEAD.

I'VE GOT STUFF GOING ON TOO, MARCUS.

YOU KNOW, WILLIE AND I, WE'VE GOTTEN CLOSE.

RIGHT AFTER YOU CALLED TO MEET ME HERE... HE CALLED.

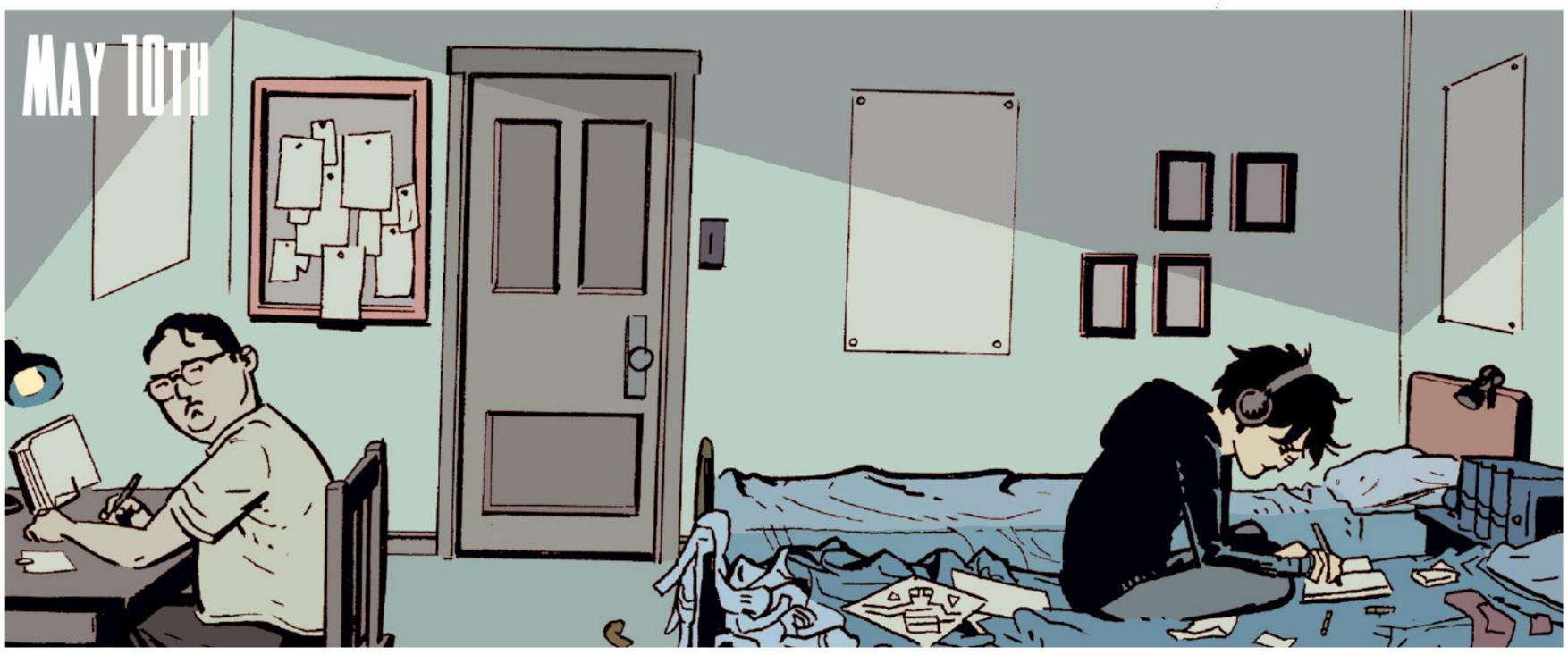
HE SAID ALL THE SAME THINGS YOU JUST DID.

THAT HE LOVES ME.

I DON'T WANT TO GET BETWEEN YOUR FRIENDSHIP.

I WON'T.

I THINK IT'S BETTER I DON'T DATE EITHER OF YOU.



LIKE A DRUG. THE WITHDRAWALS HURT WORSE THAN THE REJECTION, WORSE THAN WILLIE'S BETRAYAL.

WHAT DID I EXPECT?

SHE'D THROW HER ARMS AROUND ME, TELL ME SHE FEELS THE SAME WAY?

I WAS SICK OF MARIA, RIGHT? I CHEATED ON HER WITH SAYA FOR A REASON. WAS SAYA A REBOUND PLAY?

DO I SUFFER "THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER" SYNDROME?

PINING FOR MY CHANCE AT SAYA.

SAYA WHO KISSED ME.

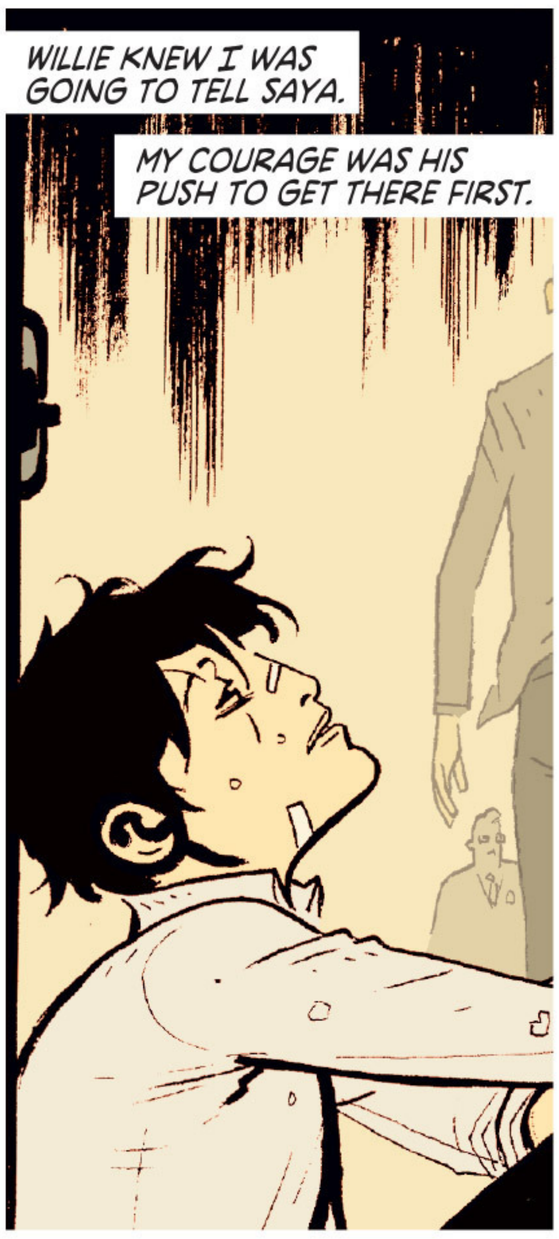
SAYA WHO SLEPT WITH ME.

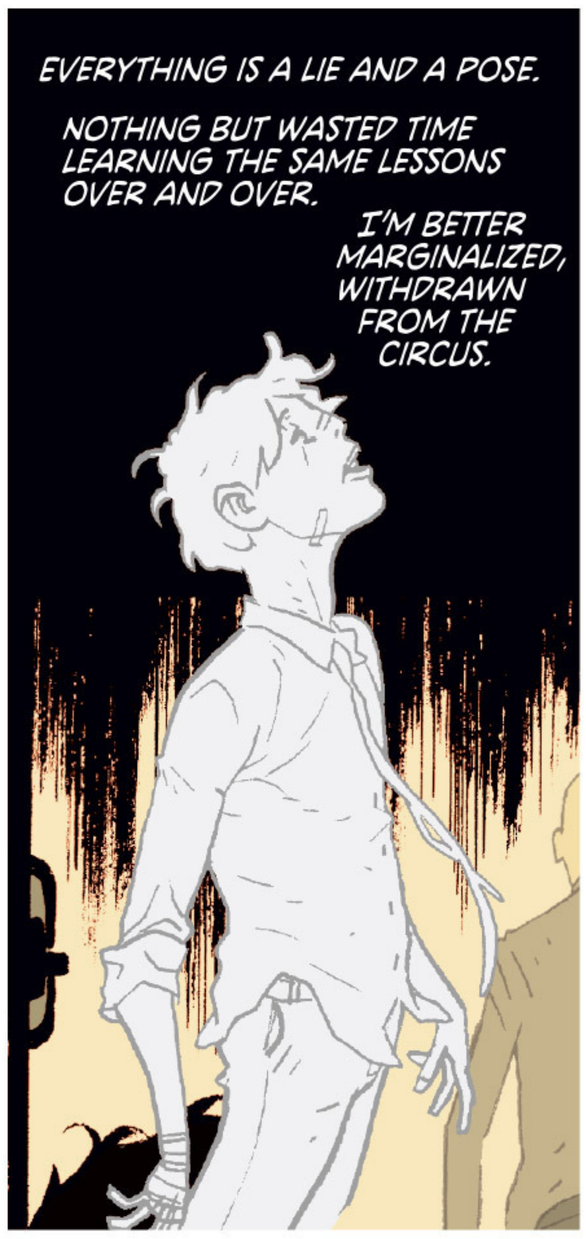
DID I LOVE EITHER OF THEM?

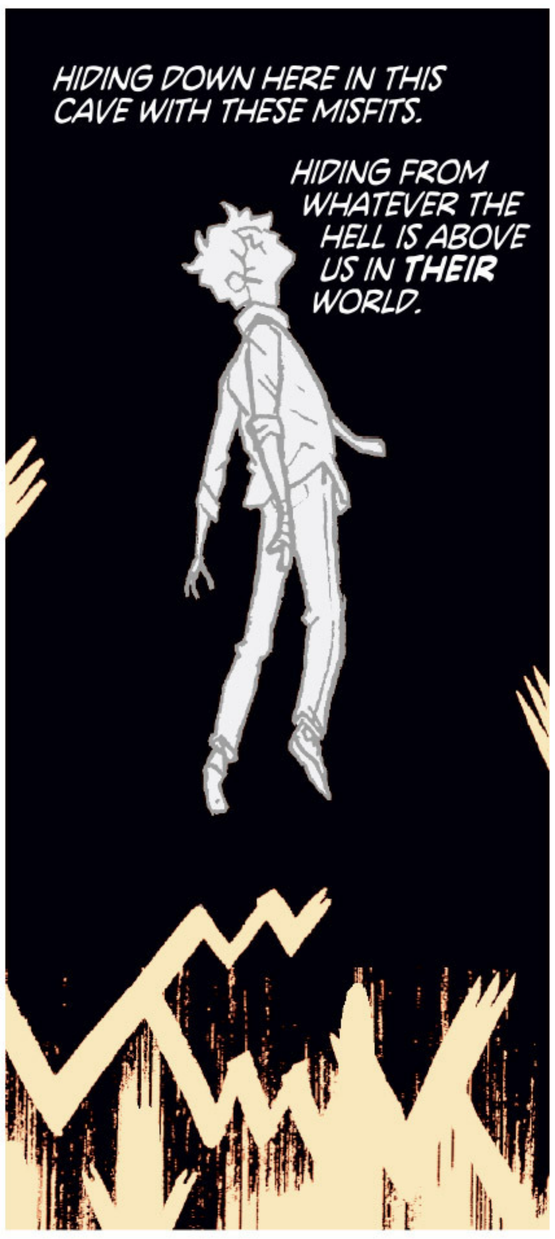
MAYBE WHEN YOU'RE 15 EVERY GIRL YOU'RE INTO FEELS LIKE LOVE.

IT'S JUST A GAME TO THE GIRLS.

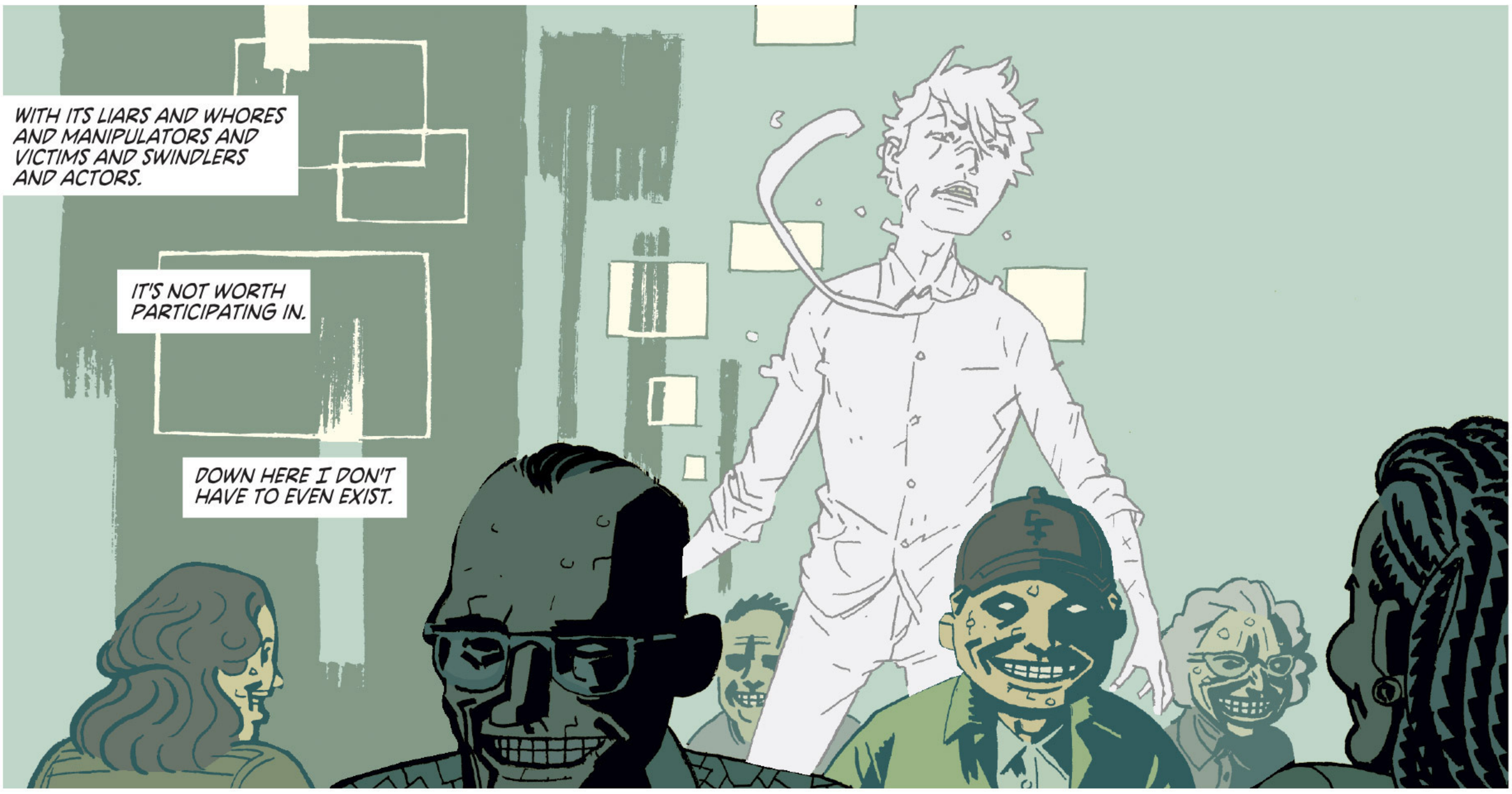
AND WILLIE. MY "BEST FRIEND."

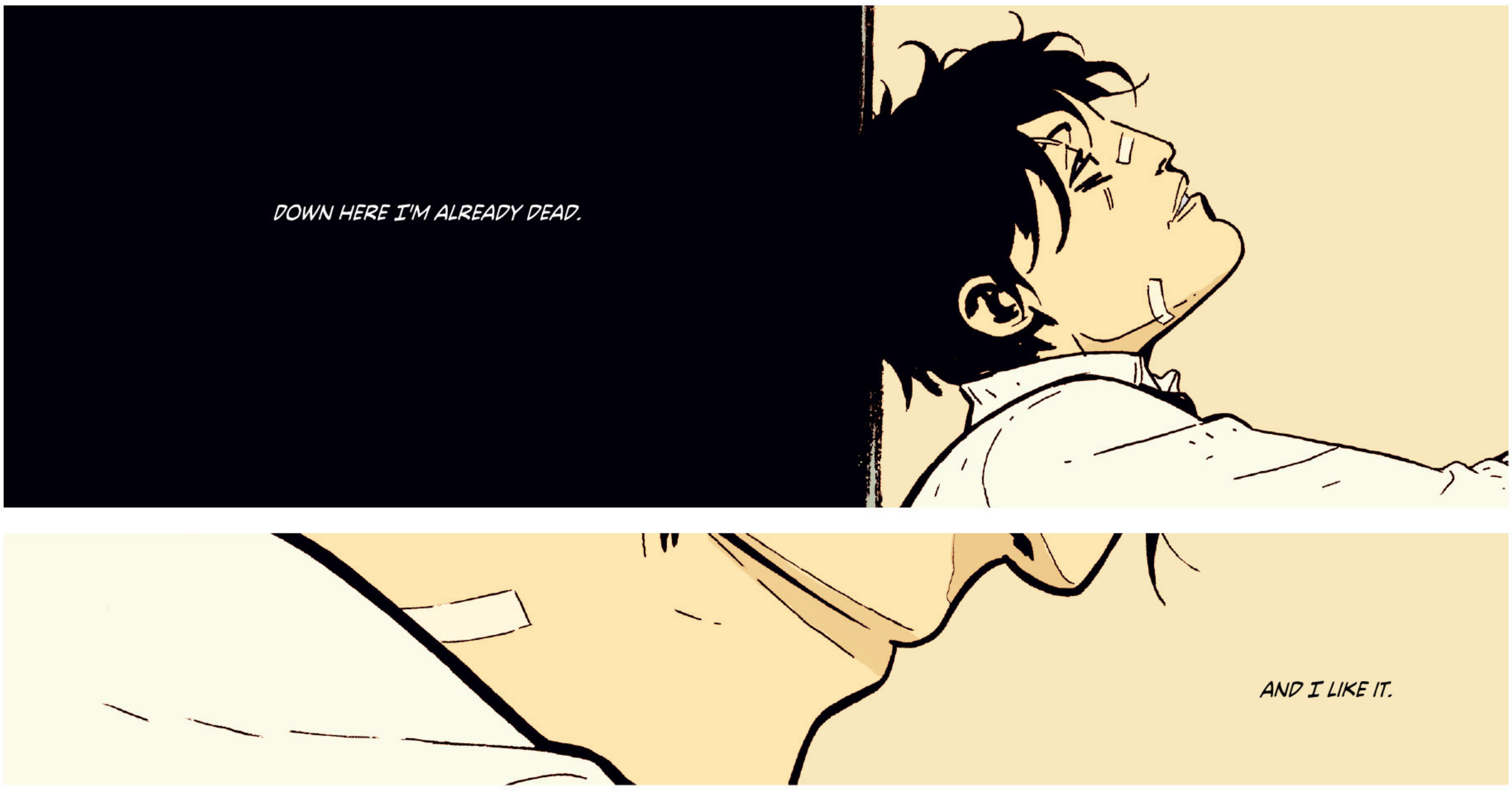






THE NORMAL WORLD.


WITH ITS LIARS AND WHORES AND MANIPULATORS AND VICTIMS AND SWINDLERS AND ACTORS.
IT'S NOT WORTH PARTICIPATING IN.
DOWN HERE I DON'T HAVE TO EVEN EXIST.


DOWN HERE I'M ALREADY DEAD.
AND I LIKE IT.

MAY, 11TH

WHEN DRUGS ARE AVAILABLE I TAKE THEM.

YELLOW MEANS IT'S GOOD.

YELLOW? THIS IS JUST CARPET-COOKED JUNKIE FUEL.

ALL WE COULD AFFORD.

WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET MONEY.

I DON'T SEE YOU WITHOUT THE UNDERSHIRT MUCH. ALL THOSE FUCKING SCARS, MAN.

YOUR DAD?

BOYS' HOME.

WHEN THEY WEREN'T CUTTING, BEATING OR BURNING ME...

...I STARTED DOING IT MYSELF.

I GUESS TO ASSERT SOME CONTROL OVER MY SITUATION.

CREATE THE ILLUSION IT WAS ***MY*** CHOICE, NOT THEIRS.

FUCK, MAN. THAT'S ***TERRIBLE.*** GUESS KINGS DOMINION IS LIKE A VACATION COMPARED TO THAT.

IT'S ALL DEGREES AT THIS POINT. DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE ELSE I'D GO...

... OR WHAT I'D DO TO MYSELF OUT THERE.

DON'T GO DOWN THAT HOLE. YOU HAVE FAMILY HERE.

DUDE, YOU SHOULD BE ***GLAD*** SAYA WASN'T INTO DATING YOU.

MAYBE IT ISN'T SO BAD TO HAVE TIME BY YOURSELF TO FIGURE SHIT OUT.

'SUP?

I WANTED TO TALK.

HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND YOU FOR DAYS, MAN.

THAT'S NO ACCIDENT.

SNNNRT

LOOK, MAN, THIS IS OUT OF HAND.

YOU'RE DOING BUMPS AT LUNCH NOW?

COME DOWN AND TALK, YOS.

WHAT IS THIS, AN AFTER-SCHOOL SPECIAL?

YOU GIVE A SHIT ABOUT ME ALL OF A SUDDEN?

WHO GIVES A FUCK IF I GET HIGH?

WE'RE ALL GONNA JUST FUCK EACH OTHER OVER.

END UP LIKE LEX.

OR RUN AWAY FROM IT ALL LIKE MARIA.

LEX AND MARIA WEREN'T YOUR FAULT, MARCUS.

NO.

HE'S *YOUR* FAULT.

YOU FUCKING CUNTED UP THAT BACK ENTRANCE-- *YOU GOT CAUGHT.*

THEY SNUCK UP ON ME. I TRIED--

CRACK

AND YOU FUCKED US!

AND LEX FUCKING DIED BECAUSE OF YOU!

NO ONE CAN TRUST YOU FOR *ANYTHING,* WILLIE!

FUCK, MAN, CHILL OUT--

YOU'RE A COWARD!

KRAK

OOF--!

TELL 'EM ALL THE TRUTH, WILLIE!

YOUR "REP," KILLING THE BANGERS WHO SHOT YOUR DAD--

TELL 'EM ALL HOW MUCH BULLSHIT THAT IS!

NO ONE WAS EVEN SURPRISED YOU GOT LEX KILLED!

YOU COULDN'T EVEN KILL THAT FUCKING HOBO!

IF IT WERE UP TO YOU, CHICO WOULD HAVE CURB-STOMPED MY SKULL IN!

DID MY BEST. SORRY IT WAS NEVER ENOUGH FOR YOU.

C'MON, BILLY. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

GO AHEAD! GO WITH THEM!

THAT'S JUST PERFECT--

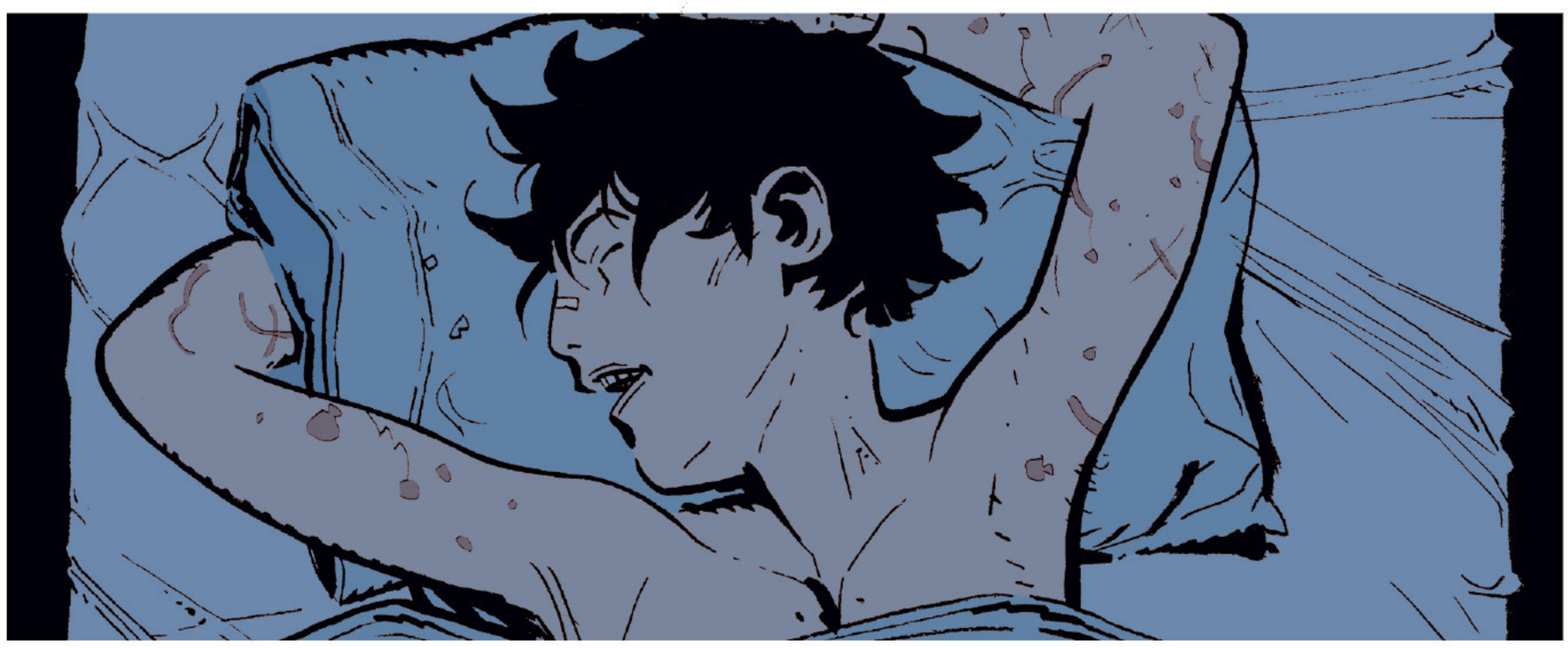
HE GETS LEX KILLED AND BETRAYS MY CONFIDENCE BUT I'M THE FUCKING BAD GUY!

I'M THE FUCKING BAD GUY!

THE SAME DREAM EVERY NIGHT.

THE OLD HOUSE.

MY DAD HAD A FRAMED PICTURE OF A SURFER ON A GIANT WAVE IN HIS DEN.



THE WAVE ALWAYS LOOKED SO HUGE.

MY PAPA TOLD ME THAT WAS LIFE.

THIS GIANT THING TRYING TO GET YOU THAT YOU HAD TO FIND PLEASURE IN RIDING.

MY PAPA USED TO SURF.

USED TO DRIVE ME ON THE BACK OF HIS DIRT BIKE TO THE BEACH.

I WOULD SIT AND WATCH HIM.

I THINK A LOT ABOUT THAT PAINTING AND OUR OLD HOUSE.

I THINK A LOT ABOUT THAT WAVE.

I'VE NEVER FOUND A WAY TO ENJOY RIDING IT LIKE HE DID.

MAY 13TH

HEY.

FRIENDS DON'T WANT TO HANG OUT WITH YOU ANYMORE?

WOULDN'T SHARE MY FRIES.

THEY *ARE* DELICIOUS.

FUCK 'EM.

ANYONE WHO CALLS ME "FRIEND" BECOMES AN ENEMY.

ALL FRIENDSHIPS END.

IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHEN SOMETHING ISN'T WORKING ANYMORE.

AND WE *ALL* HANG ON TOO LONG AFTER THEY DIE.

PEOPLE AND PLACES WE DON'T BELONG WILL EJECT US.

IT'S NOT A BAD THING.

MAKES US GO OUT AND FIND NEW PEOPLE AND PLACES THAT FIT US BETTER.

I'LL GET RIGHT ON THAT.

WHY NOT START TONIGHT?

PETRA BROUGHT ME TO A PARTY.

I GRABBED SHABNAM TO COME WITH, A FAMILIAR FACE TO BUFFER THE NEW ONES.

PETRA'S INTERESTING. SUPER DOWN TO EARTH.

I TOLD HER ABOUT MARIA AND SAYA ON THE WAY TO THE PARTY.

DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I FEEL OKAY AROUND HER.

LIKE SHE'S ABOVE ALL OF THIS.

LIKE I CAN TRUST HER.

SNF

MISFITS

SNF

HOLD ON. THIS IS MY FAVORITE PART OF THE VIDEO.

MNCH MNCH

FU-CK.

NOBODY SKATES POOL LIKE LUCERO. GNARLY FLOW, TOTALLY FLUID.

ZORLAC TEAM HAS MORE HEART.

HEY, SHABNAM.

DUDE, THAT'S THE GIRL I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.

KELLY. SHE'S SUPER HOT, RIGHT?

I WANTED TO SCORE POINTS WITH THE NEW GROUP.

I TOLD SHABNAM IF HE DRANK ALL THE BONG WATER SHE'D BE IMPRESSED.

OH, JESUS CHRIST!

HAHAHA HA HA HA HA

IT FELT GOOD TO MAKE THEM LAUGH AT HIM.

EVERYONE KICKS THE DOG.

BLORF

MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

THAT'S A CLICHÉ ABOUT GOTHS.

I'M NOT MISERABLE.

I'M ANGRY.

BECAUSE OF ALL THE SHIT EVERYONE SPENDS ALL DAY PRETENDING ISN'T THERE.

AND FOR ACKNOWLEDGING IT I'M A FREAK, AND FOR BEING MAD ABOUT IT I'M PETULANT.

I'D SAY I'M ANGRY, BUT MOSTLY I'M SAD.

ARE YOU MORE BUMMED ABOUT SAYA REJECTING YOU OR MARIA LEAVING?

WHEN I WAS WITH MARIA I DIDN'T WANT TO BE.

AND NOW THAT SHE'S GONE, SHE'S ALL I THINK ABOUT.

LICK

IT'S A BIG JOKE, HIGH SCHOOL. YOU'LL BREAK UP WITH EVERYONE YOU DATE, FOR SURE.

SHE'D GO BACK TO THE CARTEL AND SLEEP WITH A DOZEN GUYS BEFORE FINDING A *"NICE"* GUY TO NEST WITH.

AND WILL ANY OF THIS TEEN ROMANCE BULLSHIT BOTHER YOU THEN?

SLRP

NO.

IT BOTHERS YOU NOW BECAUSE YOUR MONKEY BRAIN CAN'T PROCESS BEING REJECTED BY A PROSPECTIVE BABY-MAKING MACHINE.

JEALOUSY, POSSESSIVENESS, IT'S AN INSTINCT FOR PROCREATION.

CLICK

DON'T TAKE IT TOO PERSONAL. I DON'T THINK SHE RAN OUT ON YOU.

YOU ASK ME, SOMEONE KILLED MARIA TO SHUT HER UP.

WHAT?

THAT'S HOW IT GOES HERE.

YOU SEE SOMEONE FALLING APART LIKE THAT--

"--YOU DON'T SEE THEM MUCH LONGER."

DOOK-DOO!

WHERE THE FUCK--

TIN FOIL ON THE WINDOWS.

A FUTON... ALL SIGNS OF TROUBLE.

A FERRET TOO.

THE TRIFECTA OF TERRIBLE.

NOTHING GOOD HAPPENS IN A PLACE WITH A FUTON AND FERRET.

I SMELL LIKE SEX.

MUST'VE SLEPT WITH PETRA LAST NIGHT.

BRUISES DOWN THERE.

FLASHES OF MEMORY-- SHE WAS VIOLENT--

IT FELT HOLLOW AND DIRTY.

I DIDN'T LIKE IT.

I'M NOT INTO CASUAL SEX.

IT'S UNCOMFORTABLE.

ANXIETY RIDDLED.

GLAMOROUS, LIKE PRISON SEX.

IT SMELLS LIKE ONIONS AND CARMEX.

OH, GOD...

SNORK

A DARK HOLE.

FALLING DEEPER
EVERY DAY.

I NEED TO MAKE A CHANGE.

BUT DON'T I ALWAYS?

EACH DAY IS
WORSE THAN
THE ONE
BEFORE IT.

NEED TO GET
COMFORTABLE
BEING ALONE.

MY DICK IS SORE.

BUT I KNOW
THE TRUTH NOW.

THE COLD
HARD
BULLSHIT.

PETRA IS RIGHT.

SOMEONE
KILLED MARIA.

BUT WHO?

DID YOU LIKE IT?

WHO WORMED HER WAY INTO OUR RELATIONSHIP, RUINED IT, LEAD ME ON?

ABANDONED ME FOR WHAT USED TO BE MY BEST FRIEND.

THAT SHOW WAS A BLAST, SAYA. I NEVER GOT THE PUNK ROCK THING, BUT IT'S DOPE. IT'S ALL ABOUT THE ENERGY AT THE SHOW.

GOES OUT OF HER WAY TO RUB MY FACE IN IT.

FEEDS ON MY SUFFERING.

IN FRONT OF ME ALL ALONG.

I'M GLAD YOU HAD FUN.

WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE WHAT I SHOW YOU TONIGHT.

IT WAS HER.

POISON BASICS

IT WAS ALWAYS HER.

YOU'RE OUT OF A TRIBE YOU NEVER WANTED TO BE IN.

USH IN 88

YOUR FRIENDS SHOWED YOU THEIR TRUE COLORS.

BUSH 88

BUSH IN 88

CUNTS.

KSHH

SPINELESS POLITICIANS LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

HYPNOTICALLY FINGER-FUCKING AN ANCIENT INSTINCT TO SECURE TRIBAL ALLIANCES.

I GET IT. IN THE HARSH WILDERNESS OF OUR EVOLUTION YOU NEEDED THE TRIBE FOR SURVIVAL.

WITHOUT A TRIBE YOU WERE ALONE AND DEAD.

SO YOU SUCKED IT UP.

WORKED WITH THE ASSHOLES.

fagsot

AND WE NEVER LOST THAT INSTINCT.

GANGS OF CAPITULATING ASSHOLES.

EVERY ACTION A POSE TO SECURE ACCEPTANCE.

MONKEYS TRYING TO TRICK OTHER MONKEYS INTO LOVING US SO WE DON'T STARVE IN THE WOODS, SO WE CAN SECURE A MATE--

--SO WE HAVE HELP KILLING ANYONE WHO IS DIFFERENT.

THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS IS.

EVERY BORDER. EVERY NATION. EVERY WAR. EVERY OUNCE OF RACISM. EVERY RELIGION.

TRIBES.

$AVE! $AVE! $AVE!

THE ILLUSION OF SAFETY INSIDE A MOB.

COLORS

I DON'T NEED A CLAN. DON'T NEED A FAMILY.

"I AM A NIGHTMARE WALKING, PSYCHOPATH TALKING, KING OF THE JUNGLE JUST A GANGSTER STALKING--"

YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

I'M BETTER OFF ON MY OWN. ON GUARD.

NO LONGER SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE WHO DON'T HAVE MY BEST INTEREST AT HEART.

BUT I'M JUST LIKE THEM.

AFRAID AND ALONE, INSTINCTS SCREAMING FOR ME TO JOIN A GANG.

TRYING TO FIT IN WITH THEM FUCKED MY SOUL.

THEY BETRAYED ME.

TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME.

PREYED ON THAT DEEP PRIMAL NEED TO BELONG.

WALK AWAY.

GROW STRONGER THROUGH SELF-RELIANCE.

DEAL WITH THEM ANOTHER DAY.

YOU DON'T NEED **THEM.**

YOU DON'T NEED **ANYONE.**

IT WAS A SHITTY MOVIE, BUT YOU GOTTA LOVE ICE-T DOING SOUNDTRACKS.

CAN'T TRUST ANYONE.

BANG

AND SAYA IS UP TO SOMETHING.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

TURNING EVERYONE AGAINST ME.

BANG!

BECAUSE SHE KNOWS I KNOW.

BANG!

I KNOW WHAT SHE DID.

THANKS FOR LETTING ME IN, MAN.

JESUS CHRIST, METHY MCGEE-- WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SLEPT?

YEAH.

I GET IT, BILLY.

FUCK OFF, RIGHT? I KNOW YOU'RE ALL PISSED AT ME. I KNOW-- BUT THIS IS ***IMPORTANT.***

SURE, MARCUS. BUT I DO HAVE TO GET UP ***PRETTY*** EARLY FOR--

JUST LISTEN--SAYA IS NO ***GOOD,*** MAN. SHE'S PLAYING A ***GAME.*** CONVINCED ME TO JOIN THE SCHOOL. TOLD ME I WAS HER RESPONSIBILITY. THEN SHE JUST GIVES ME DRUGS AND SEDUCES ME. PLAYING ME AGAINST WILLIE! MY BEST FRIEND! AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY'RE IN LOVE?

BULLSHIT!

IT'S ALL A FUCKING SCHEME, MAN! SHE'S OUT TO GET ME. OR, SOMETHING, I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S NOT JUST ME BEING CRAZY--MARIA AND I WERE ***GOOD!*** WHY WOULD SHE JUST RUN AWAY? AFTER ***EVERYTHING*** THAT HAPPENED--IT ***DOESN'T*** ADD UP.

BUT THEN I FIGURED IT OUT!

MARIA TOLD ME SHE AND SAYA WERE FIGHTING AT FUCKFACE MANOR. SHE DIDN'T TELL ME WHY--BUT THEY WERE TRYING TO ***KILL*** EACH OTHER.

AND WHEN WE GOT BACK, SAYA--

DUDE.

SLOW DOWN.

I ***DON'T*** WANT TO HEAR WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO SAY.

FRESHMAN GRADUATION IS COMING UP, RIGHT?

SOMETHING IS COMING. SOMETHING ***BAD--*** I THINK SHE KNOWS ABOUT IT.

YOU EVER NOTICE EVERY CLASS ABOVE US IS LIKE HALF THE SIZE? HOW MANY FRESHMAN ARE THERE? 30 OR SO?

SO ***WHY*** ARE THERE ONLY TWENTY SOPHOMORES?

ONLY TEN JUNIORS?

CLASSES ARE JUST DIFFERENT SIZES IS ALL, MAN.

DIVISIBLE! IT'S LIKE DIVISIBLE NUMBERS! YOU SAID SO YOURSELF, Y-YOU WERE RIGHT THE OTHER DAY! YOUR DAD IS DEAD--I KILLED HIM-- SO NO ONE IS PAYING YOUR TUITION FOR MONTHS NOW. RIGHT?!

I'M HERE FOR *FREE!* WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!

A BUNCH OF THE OTHERS ARE AS WELL.

WHY?!

DUDE, I'M SHOCKED TO BE THE ONE TO SAY THIS--BUT YOU'RE DOING TOO MUCH OF THAT SHIT.

YOU'RE LOSING YOUR MIND.

I GET YOU LIKE HER, I GET IT'S HARD TO SEE HER WITH YOUR BEST... *FORMER* BEST FRIEND.

BUT YOU'RE *PARANOID--* SAYA *DIDN'T--*

LISTEN-- MARIA LEFT, MAN. I'M SORRY. SHE'D HAD ENOUGH IS ALL.

HOW CAN YOU BE SO *FUCKING STUPID?!*

THAT'S WHAT THEY *WANT* US TO THINK!

SAYA WAS NERVOUS ABOUT MARIA--WORRIED SHE'D BREAK, THAT SOMEONE WOULD FIND OUT ABOUT CHICO AND LEX AND WHAT WE DID SO SAYA *SHUT HER UP* AND SHE STARTED DATING WILLIE TO DRIVE A WEDGE BETWEEN US!

OKAY. ENOUGH.

YOU CAME FOR MY ADVICE?

TAKE A FEW WEEKS OFF OF THE DRUGS, GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER AND *PLEASE* KEEP THIS CRAZY BUSINESS TO *YOURSELF.*

JUST GO CLEAN UP.

IF SAYA FINDS OUT THIS SHIT YOU'RE GOING ON ABOUT...

"...I DON'T THINK SHE'LL REACT WELL TO IT."

NO ONE TO TRUST. NO ONE HAS MY BACK. NO ONE EVER DOES. EXPOSED MYSELF TRUSTING BILLY. HE'LL TALK. HE'LL TELL HER--

WHAT ARE YOU MUTTERING ABOUT, YOU WEAK, UNHINGED IDIOT?

FUCK OFF.

YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT ME--SAY IT TO MY FACE.

C'MON--YOU WANT TO TURN ON ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS--FINISH THE JOB.

I DIDN'T TURN ON YOU--***YOU TURNED ON ME!*** YOU'RE ***NO ONE'S*** FRIEND--YOU SEE FRIENDSHIP AS A TACTICAL VULNERABILITY.

I'M SORRY I CHOSE WILLIE OVER YOU, I'M SORRY YOU'RE TOO FUCKING ***WEAK*** TO GET OVER IT.

THAT'S NOT ALL AND YOU KNOW IT!

YOU'RE TRYING TO FUCK UP MY HEAD. YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING.

IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU, ISN'T IT? AND THERE'RE NEVER TWO SIDES TO THE STORY--ONLY YOUR VERSION.

IS IT EVERYONE ELSE'S FAULT THAT YOU'RE A FUCK-UP?!

I DIDN'T ***MAKE*** YOU COME RUNNING TO ME WHEN MARIA LEFT!

SURE YOU DID, BECAUSE SHE ***DIDN'T*** LEAVE!

YOU FUCKING KILLED HER!

THOCK

SAY THAT AGAIN AND I'LL KILL *YOU.*

YOU UNDERSTAND?

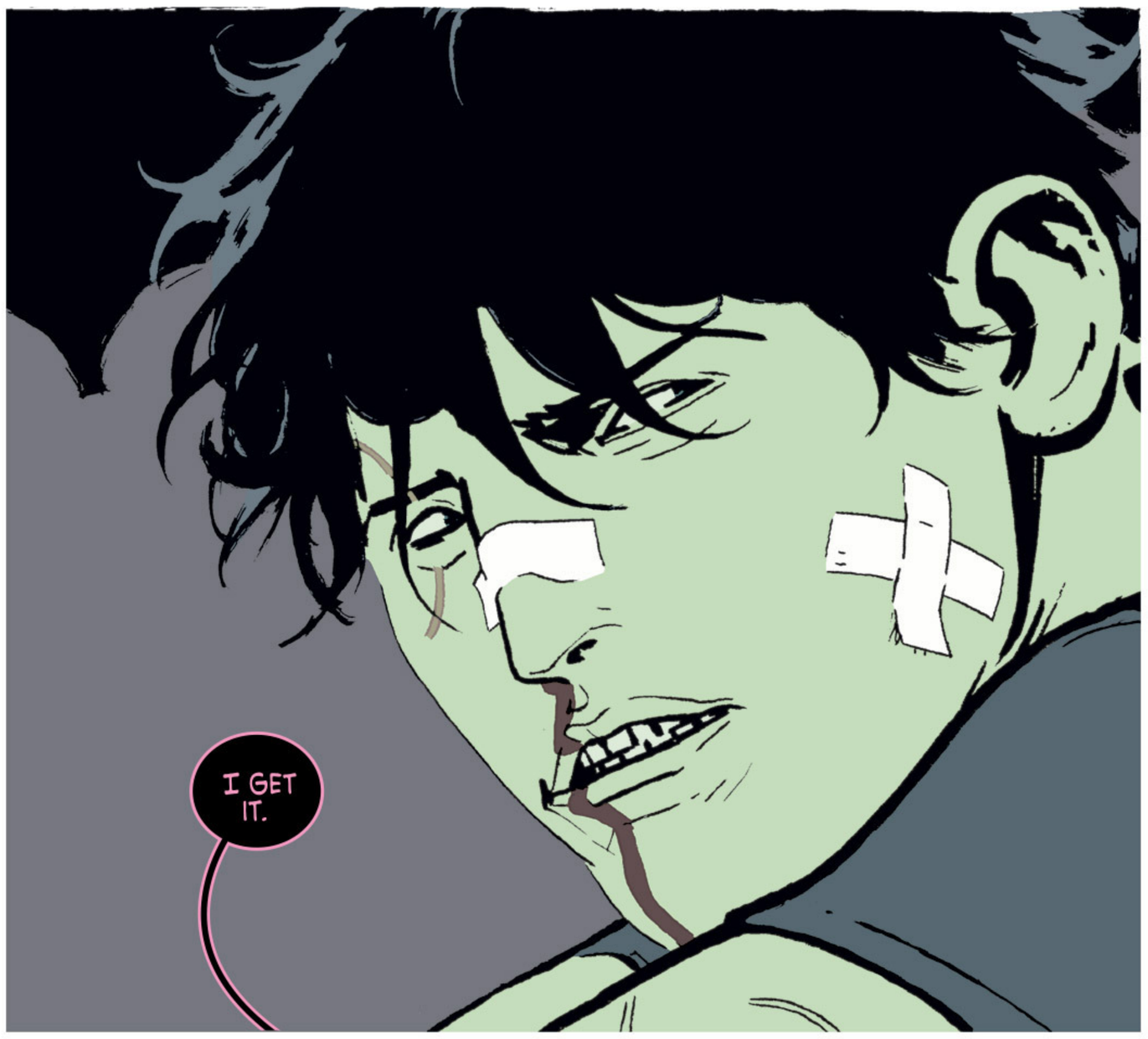
YOU'RE WEAK AND POISONOUS.

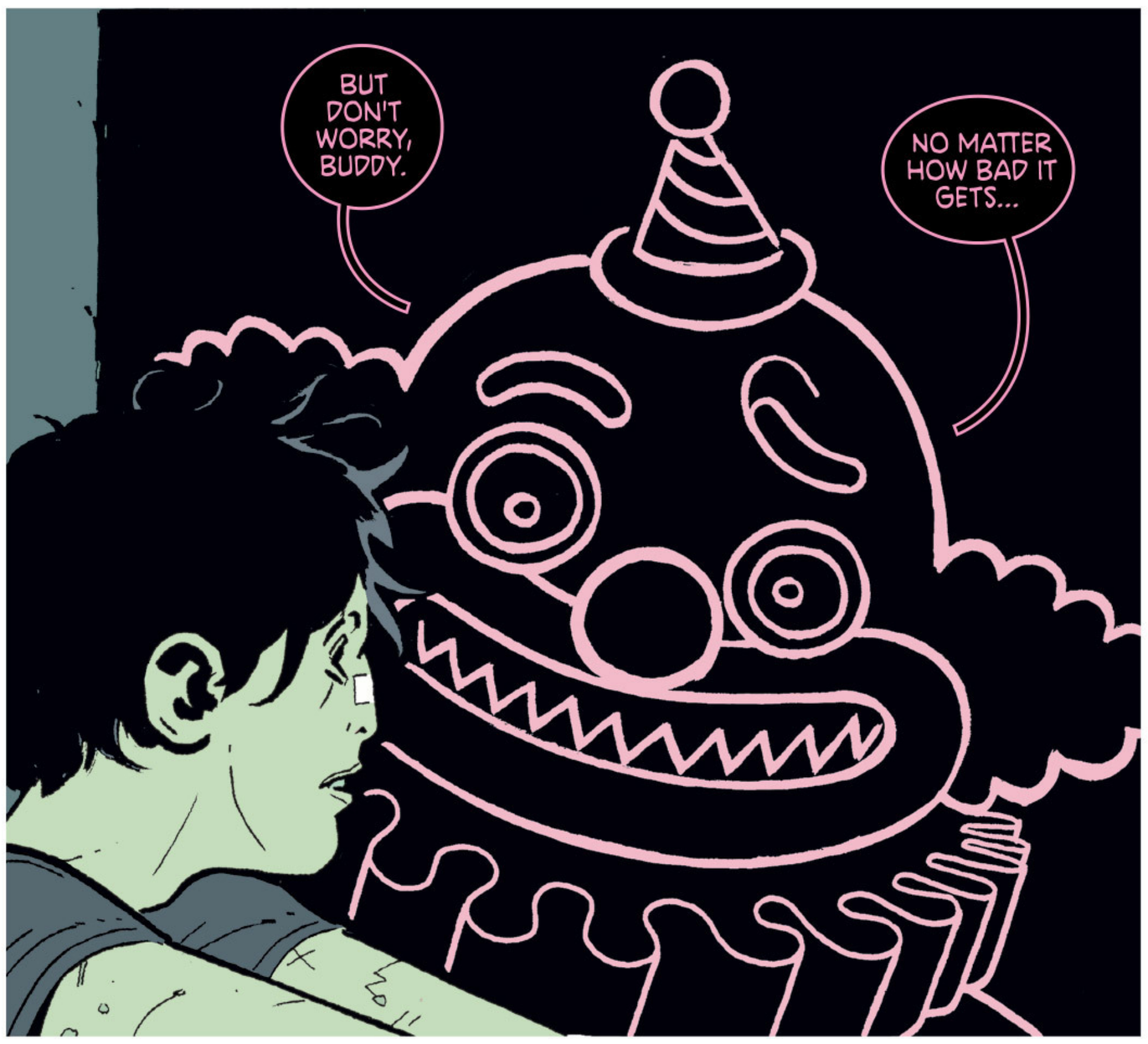
STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM US.

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

SNNF

IT'S HARD.


I GET IT.


BUT DON'T WORRY, BUDDY.
NO MATTER HOW BAD IT GETS...

...I'LL ALWAYS BE HERE.

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

UGH.

LOOK AT THESE ASSHOLES.

WHAT DO THESE DICKS HAVE TO OFFER TO ANYONE?

DATE RAPE, MARLBORO LIGHT CIGARETTES, COORS, AND SHITTY MUSIC.

CLICK

YELLING AND OBSESSING OVER THE WAY PEOPLE HIT BALLS AROUND A FIELD.

BEING MAD AT THE POPULAR KIDS NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE.

BETTER TO JUST IGNORE SHIT YOU DON'T LIKE THAN TO GIVE OXYGEN TO IT.

NO OXYGEN, NO FIRE.

FIRST TIME I MET LEX HE SAID SOMETHING I CAN'T FORGET.

SAID HE WAS GOING TO USE THIS TRAINING TO DO GOOD THINGS-- TO CHANGE THE WORLD WITH A BULLET.

AND HE GOT KILLED HUNTING A PSYCHOPATH.

CHANGING THE WORLD IS SOME HIPPIE BABY-BOOMER BULLSHIT.

WATCHED MY PARENTS DANCE AROUND AND PREACH THAT *"PEACE AND LOVE"* SPIEL.

YOUR PARENTS ARE HIPPIES?

UNTIL IT DROVE THEM NUTS.

DISILLUSIONED THEY JOINED A DEATH CULT.

NORMAL SUBURBANITES BY DAY, BLOOD SOAKED, ORGY-FUCKING RITUALS BY NIGHT.

THAT'S WHERE THEY MET MASTER LIN AND FOUND A WAY TO UNLOAD THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BEING A PARENT.

SNAP

DO THEY PAY TUITION?

I DUNNO. LISTEN, PARTY TONIGHT AT ME AND KENDAL'S, OKAY?

COME SPREAD SOME OF THAT ***FAMOUS*** MARCUS ARGUELLO LOPEZ SUNSHINE.

I HAVE 'SHROOMS.

YES--

GROWING BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.

HELLO, LITTLE BITCH RAT.

NOT SO MANY FRIENDS NOW, YES?

RESORTING TO PASTY GOTHIC GIRLS FOR COMPANY.

TO PERHAPS CRY AND LISTEN TO THE ROBERT SMITHS?

WHAT DO YOU WANT, VIKTOR?

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE SHOWER. YOU THINK YOU WERE BRAVE HERO TO SHABNAM. YOU THINK YOU EMBARRASSED ME.

THE PART THAT SHOULD HAVE EMBARRASSED YOU WAS WHEN YOU HELD YOUR DICK IN THE FACE OF A NAKED FAT KID.

ALL THAT CLOSETED CONFUSION SPILLING OUT AS AGGRESSION BECAUSE YOU'RE JUST TOO STUPID TO SEE WHAT YOU ***REALLY*** WANTED OUT OF THAT SITUATION.

STUPID?

I AM NOT THE ONE WHO GOT LEX KILLED.

I AM NOT THE ONE WHO SCREAMS ABOUT IT LIKE FRIGHTENED GIRL IN WOODS.

THE DRUGS, THEY GIVE YOU WEAK MIND AND LOOSE LIPS.

SIT DOWN, LITTLE BITCH.

SHOW RESPECT TO VIKTOR.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

PAYBACK FOR YOU DEFENDING THAT FAT LITTLE TICK.

HE IS A-- HOW YOU SAY... NARC? AND THAT IS WHY I TORMENT HIM.

BUT YOU-- YOU MAKE A BIG SHOW.

YOU ARE ***BIG HERO,*** YES?

HERO AND HIS FRIENDS BREAK THE SCHOOL CHARTER AND GET LEX SHOT DEAD.

LET US SEE BIG HERO SHOW TRUE SELF-- VIKTOR GIVES YOU A CHOICE.

GO TO MASTER LIN AND TURN YOUR ***FRIENDS*** IN OR TURN ***YOURSELF*** IN.

YOU HAVE TWO DAYS.

OR VIKTOR WILL TURN YOU ***ALL*** IN.

FUCK.

LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED! KICK OUT THE JAMS!

THAT'S A ***LOT*** OF MUSHROOMS, MARCUS.

GOOD.

YOU FEEL ANYTHING YET?

NO.

MAYBE.

MY HANDS ARE CLAMMY.

LOOK DOWN AT YOURSELF FROM SPACE.

YOU HIDE FROM THE LIFE SOME OTHER, SOME BETTER, VERSION OF YOURSELF IS LEADING.

BUT YOU'VE CHOSEN THIS ONE.

STEP-BY-STEP YOU'VE CREATED "YOU."

LOOK DOWN AT EARTH.

YOU'RE A GRAIN OF SAND ON A PEBBLE.

THAT'S PAINFUL.

ALL WE HAVE IS EACH OTHER. BUT LOVE AND PEACE--IT SOUNDS LIKE A MARKETING CAMPAIGN. THE WORDS DON'T HOLD ANY MEANING, AN IMPOSSIBLE CONCEPT TO BE SNICKERED AT.

BUT WE ALL NEED IT.

WE ALL NEED A WORLD WORKING TOGETHER FOR ONE COMMON GOAL.

WE NEED LOVE AND KINDNESS. BUT WE LAUGH AT IT. THIS THING WE'RE ALL STARVING FOR BECOMES A LARK.

BALLS TO THE WALL.

WE RIDICULE IT BECAUSE WE KNOW WE CAN'T HAVE IT. NOT IN THIS WORLD.

BUT I REMEMBER IT. I'M A LITTLE BOY, MOM BLOWING RASPBERRIES ON MY STOMACH. HER SMILE. THE WARM LIGHT AND THE LONG HUGS.

IT PERMEATED ME.

BUT THE MEMORY CAN ONLY SCRATCH WHAT IT WAS LIKE. THE MEMORY CAN'T GIVE ANY OF IT BACK--

CCCP

CCCP

*THE INTENSITY IS **GONE.** IT'S ALL NUMBED OUT. THE WORLD TOOK IT. THE WORLD THAT CAN'T BELIEVE IN PEACE AND LOVE. THE WORLD THAT LEARNED BETTER WHEN IT TRIED. THE WORLD THAT TOOK MOM AWAY.*

The drugs dissolve the socially acceptable trained behaviors you've adopted, revealing the arbitrary root origins--

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL!

Everything you know as normal--it's all just shit some other person cooked up because it served their interests!

You're processing the world around you in a different way now and it's dangerous to the people in power!

THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO FIGHT THE WAR ON DRUGS!

The war on drugs was a nice front for the real war against **sharing!**

That's why we were down there fucking around in Nicaragua.

we don't like to share. sharing means giving stuff up! stuff we earned by being the best! or born with it! or lucky! **whatever!**

THAT'S MY BOY! LET'S SPREAD THE WEALTH, SON!

BIG AMERICAN PARTY TIME FOR THOSE WHO HAVE SOMETHING TO LOSE!

W-WHY DID THEY ALL HAVE TO DIE?

WHY COULDN'T WE JUST SHARE?

I'M A CASUALTY!

can't have you brown people learning to **share** just south of **our** border!

can't have that disease so close to our **good home!**

Home of those who pull themselves up by the bootstraps!

TO PROTECT THAT I'D KILL A MILLION MOMMIES!

RAT TAT TA

I'd fuck your Mama's dead corpse to keep our good ideals safe!

The ends justify as much blood as it takes!

H-HE'S WINNING.

THE EVIL PEOPLE ARE WINNING.

YOU'RE NOT MAKING SENSE.

IT'S ALL MAKING ME COLDER AND APATHETIC.

I CAN'T SEE A WAY FORWARD. LIKE, IT'S NEVER GOING TO GET BETTER AND THE BAD PEOPLE IN CHARGE ARE TOO POWERFUL TO EVER BE TAKEN DOWN.

NORMAL PEOPLE ARE CRUSHED UNDER THEIR BOOTS.

SOMEONE NEEDS TO STOP THEM.

HEY. YOU'RE GOING DOWN INTO A DARK PLACE.

IT'S OKAY.

I'M--

REALLY?

WHAT DO YOU THINK THE "WHEEL IN THE SKY" REPRESENTS?

WHY DOES IT KEEP ON TURNING?

PROBABLY SOMETHING ABOUT THE ETERNAL FLOW OF TIME--

OH, ***FUCK OFF!*** YOU JUST MADE ME LOOK FOR THE DEEPER MEANING IN A ***JOURNEY*** SONG.

AND YOU'LL NEVER OUTRUN THE SHAME.

WHEN YOU WERE TRIPPING YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT YOUR MOM. IS SHE--

YEAH. HER AND DAD ARE BOTH GONE.

SHE WAS VERY QUIET.

NEVER PREACHED AT ME.

SO THE ONE TIME SHE EVER GAVE ME ANY ADVICE IT REALLY STUCK.

THERE'S NO TIME FOR PAUSE.

DON'T LET YOURSELF GET TRAPPED.

RUSH LIFE LIKE A YELLOW LIGHT.

OH, SHIT!

TYSON IS FUCKING YOU UP!

I'M THE KING OF *PUNCH OUT.*

YOU MIGHT RULE *PUNCH OUT,* BUT RUMOR HAS IT YOUR HOMEBOY WILLIE CAN'T PUNCH OUT SHIT.

BULLSHIT. WILLIE'S HARDCORE.

WHO YOU BEEN TALKIN' TO?

MARCUS. USED TO BE HIS BOY. HE WAS YAMMERING ABOUT IT ALL NIGHT TRIPPING BALLS.

WILLIE'S A PUNK. RIGHT, MARCUS?

HE'S A LIAR-- HE NEVER SHOT ANYONE.

FUCK.

I FUCKIN' KNEW IT, YO.

MOTHERFUCKIN' LIAR BEST HAVE SOME ANSWERS FOR THIS, OR I'M COMIN' BACK FOR ***YOU!***

JESUS.

WHAT DID I JUST DO?

LEFT! RIGHT! STICK AND MOVE!

CRAZY SHIT WHAT A GIRL CAN DO TO A FRIENDSHIP. IT'S THE CLICHÉ, RIGHT?

AND THE TRAPS, THE TRAPS ARE ALL FROM MOVIES AND SHIT.

THE GIRL WHO GAVE UP LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO COULD EVER BE KIND TO HER.

RIGHT HOOK!

THEN A SENSITIVE AND HANDSOME FELLOW COMES ALONG AND DOES.

AND SHE LOVES HIM FOREVER!

"NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN SO KIND TO ME," SHE'D SAY.

BUT IN REALITY SHE WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH NOT BEING ABUSED. ONCE THE NICE GUY LOVES HER, SHE RUNS. SHE NEEDS SOMETHING ELSE.

YOU'LL LEARN, MAN.

YOU CAN'T CHASE THEM.

UPPER CUT!

YOU HAVE TO SHOW YOUR LOVE WITH INDIFFERENCE TO THEM. OR A SLAP.

BET THAT'S WHAT WILLIE HAS OVER YOU.

JUST WAKE UP MARCUS.

PUT HIM AWAY!

YOU GOT ROPED INTO A BUNCH OF NONSENSE.

AND WILLIE IS NO KIND OF A FRIEND, PULLING THAT SHIT.

BODY BLOW! BODY BLOW!

KNOCKOUT!

YOU DID THE RIGHT THING DROPPING THE DIME.

NO SLEEP. HEAD SWIMMING WITH TRACERS AND LEFTOVERS FROM THE BAG OF MUSHROOMS.

AND GUILT.

THE KIND THAT LOCKS YOUR ENTIRE BODY UP. FEELS LIKE TERROR.

WILLIE DIDN'T DESERVE THAT.

I HAVE TO WARN HIM.

EXPOSURE IS THE ENEMY.

RISK ONLY THE MANDATORY.

REVEALING YOURSELF WILL HURT YOU.

WE ALL WANT TO TRUST, WE ALL WANT TO DISCLOSE, TO BE UNDERSTOOD--

--AND TO BE UNBURDENED IN THE COMFORT OF A FRIEND.

BUT ONCE YOU EXPOSE YOURSELF YOU CAN NEVER REGAIN YOUR COVER.

WHO WILL IT BE? TIME IS RUNNI OUT

FRIENDS DO ***NOT*** LAST.

NEITHER WILL YOU IF YOU TRUST YOUR LIFE TO THEM.

THEY WILL BE THE ONES WHO KILL YOU.

AAIIEEEEE!

MOTHER FUCK...

GNARLY.

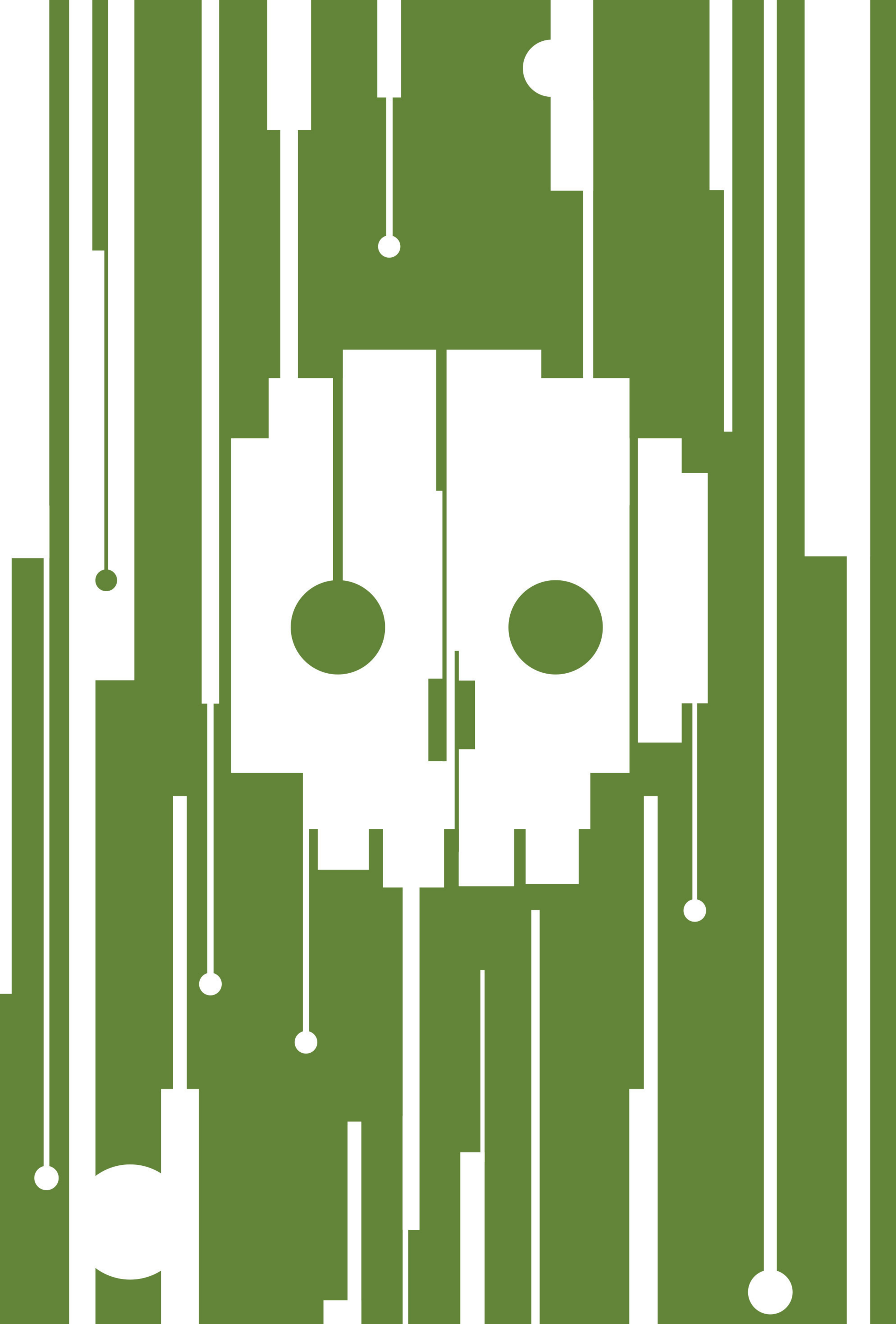
WHY?

WHY WOULD ANYONE DO THIS?

YOU ASK ME...

...SOMEBODY'S SENDING A MESSAGE.

A LOUD ONE.



SOME ***CRAZINESS*** AFOOT, *HUH,* ARGUELLO?

I MEAN, FIRST YOU TELL GABE ABOUT WILLIE'S ***BULLSHIT*** GANGSTER ROUTINE, AND THEN GABE ENDS UP ***EVISCERATED*** ON A FLAGPOLE.

SEEMS ***CONNECTED,*** YEAH?

PLEASE FUCK OFF, KENDAL.

LOOK, I KNOW YOU ***CAN'T*** HELP YOURSELF--OWN WORST ENEMY AND ALL THAT--SO I DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT-- I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU SEE THE ***DEPTHS*** OF THE DIARRHEA WHIRLPOOL YOU DOVE INTO.

RUMOR IS SAYA'S GOING TO KILL YOU FOR SNITCHING ON WILLIE.

TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW.

SHABNAM. THAT FAT LITTLE PENGUIN IS THE ***REAL*** VILLAIN AROUND HERE.

COBBLEPOT'S A PETTY CUNT WITH AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX WRAPPED IN A MEGALOMANIACAL EGO--AND HE'S GOT HIS SIGHTS ON ***YOU.***

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS?

YOU EVER SEE SOMEONE DROWNING? IT'S NOT EASY TO JUST STAND BY AND WATCH, YOU KNOW?

PLUS, I LIKE YOU OWING ME A FAVOR.

LOOKS LIKE FUCKING HERPES.

AND, DUDE, I DON'T MEAN TO TELL YOU ALL YOUR BUSINESS--

YOU SHOULD ***REALLY*** GET THAT RASH LOOKED AT.

VIKTOR.

SHABNAM.

WILLIE AND SAYA.

HERPES.

TOO MUCH TO DEAL WITH.

CALM DOWN.

COMPARTMENTALIZE.

BE SMART.

TAKE CARE OF ONE PROBLEM AT A TIME.

GOD DAMN IT! STOP SHADOWING ME! YOU KNOW I SEE YOU!

I'M SORRY, OKAY?

I MADE A MISTAKE. CAN'T WE JUST... SIT DOWN AND TALK IT THROUGH?

C'MON.

BE SEEING YOU, MARCUS.

I, TOO, WILL BE SEEING YOU.

TIME IS ALMOST UP TO MAKE BIG CHOICE!

FUCK.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

ON THE MUNI OVER A SECURITY GUARD GAVE ME A "NO PROOF OF PAYMENT" TICKET.

FREE CLINIC

EVERYONE TAKING SHOTS AT THE TARGET ON MY BACK.

THIS IS SOMEHOW WORSE THAN EVERY OTHER SHITTY THING.

IF THEY KILL ME, IT'S ALL OVER. BUT IF I LIVE--

HERPES.

DICK SORES.

FOREVER.

I'LL HAVE TO TELL EVERY GIRL I MEET THAT TO FUCK ME IS A TICKET TO LIFELONG VAGINAL SORES.

I'LL BE ALONE **FOREVER.**

ALONE WITH SORES ON MY DICK.

WOW. SHE'S **CUTE.**

MAYBE SHE HAS HERPES.

SHE'S OUT OF MY LEAGUE, BUT IF SHE HAS HERPES...

THAT PUTS US IN ***THE SAME LEAGUE!***

THE HERPES LEAGUE!

WE COULD GET MARRIED.

HAVE HERPES COVERED KIDS.

NO.

THEY MUST HAVE A WAY OF PREVENTING THAT.

HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

I'LL WAIT TILL SHE CHECKS IN AND TALK TO HER.

THIS IS FATE.

THIS DISEASE WILL BOND US... WE'LL GET MARRIED.

AND WE'LL BE STUCK TOGETHER BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WILL WANT US.

NOTHING WILL STAND BETWEEN OUR LOVE.

YEAH. I NEED A REFILL FOR MY H.I.V. MEDICATION.

"BEEN HAVING A LOT OF UNPROTECTED SEX LATELY, MARCUS?"

I... *UM*... SOME?

YEAH.

I MEAN, WHAT'S A LOT?

YOU TELL ME.

MARIA. SAYA. PETRA. THE TROLL...

DID YOU SAY *"THE TROLL"*? A MALE PARTNER?

NO. I'M STRAIGHT. THE TROLL IS...

...IT'S A NICKNAME, A GIRL'S, SHE LOOKS A BIT LIKE...IT'S NOT...I DON'T CALL HER THAT, THAT WOULD BE FUCKED, AND I ONLY SLEPT WITH HER JUST ONCE AND...

...I WAS PRETTY HIGH.

JUST LEVEL WITH ME, OKAY?

IS IT HERPES?

DO I NEED AN AIDS TEST?

YOU KNOW THE ODDS OF A STRAIGHT MALE GETTING H.I.V.?

NO...?

ONE OF THE GIRLS YOU WERE WITH NORMALLY KEEPS HER PUBICS SHAVED.

ONLY SHE HADN'T SHAVED IN A FEW DAYS.

SO, STUBBLE.

STUBBLE GAVE ME AIDS?

STUBBLE GAVE YOU A HAIR FOLLICLE INFECTION.

PETRA.

THANK GOD.

THANK YOU, DOCTOR. THANK YOU SO MUCH.

YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW RELIEVED I AM.

DON'T BE SO QUICK TO PULL THOSE PANTS UP--

WE STILL NEED TO SWAB THE INSIDE OF YOUR URETHRA FOR CHLAMYDIA.

DOESN'T MATTER HOW BAD IT HURTS.

I DODGED ONE BULLET

MAYBE I CAN DODGE THE OTHERS.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

HEY, SHABNAM.

DON'T "HEY" ME.

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.

WE NEED TO TALK.

FUUUUUUCK.

CAN IT WAIT?

NO.

WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT PETRA'S PARTY.

I'M SORRY ABOUT THE BONG WATER, MAN--

NO NEED. YOU'RE A COWARD. YOU'RE LOOKING TO IMPRESS THE OTHER KIDS BY FUCKING WITH ME.

I GET THAT MUCH.

BUT I NEED TO KNOW SOMETHING ELSE.

DID YOU KNOW I'M IN LOVE WITH GROGDA?

WHAT'S A GROGDA?

YOU CALL HER "TROLL".

I LOVED HER SINCE THE FIRST DAY I SAW HER. SHE'S ALL I THINK ABOUT. I TOLD YOU THAT. YOU KNEW THAT.

THAT'S NOT THE QUESTION.

THE QUESTION IS, DID YOU SLEEP WITH HER?

WHAT? NO. C'MON, MAN.

I DON'T KNOW WHO TOLD YOU THAT, BUT THEY'RE FULL OF SHIT.

TRUST ME--

KNOCK! KNOCK!

FUCK'S SAKE...

I'M PREGNANT.

W-WHAT?

SON OF A BITCH!

I... I MEAN...

ARE YOU SURE IT'S MINE--

DON'T YOU *EVEN* SAY IT! YOU THINK I *SLEEP AROUND?!*

YOU JUST SCREW ME AND *NEVER* TALK TO ME AGAIN AND NOW YOU'RE SAYING I'M A *SLUT?*

I DIDN'T--

I'M NO SLUT--I'M A *BITCH.*

A MEAN BITCH.

YOU'RE GOING TO DO RIGHT BY ME!

YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH THIS BITCH!

YOU'RE NOT A BITCH.

YOU'RE *BORING.*

AND YOU'RE A FUCKING LIAR.

WE'LL SAY IT *LOUD,*

BECAUSE WE'RE *PROUD!*

*SHE'S **NOT** PREGNANT.*

*NO WAY IS GOD **THAT** CRUEL.*

*SHE WAS **LYING.***

TRYING TO GET BACK AT ME FOR NOT CALLING HER.

IT CAN WAIT.

WILLIE AND SAYA CAN WAIT.

*VIKTOR **CAN'T.***

YOU HAVE BY TOMORROW MORNING TO MAKE YOUR CHOICE.

YOU KNOW YOUR FRIENDS WANT TO KILL YOU.

SHOULD BE *EASY* CHOICE.

TURN THEM IN. OR TURN YOURSELF IN.

I DO NOT GIVE THE SHIT.

BUT IF YOU DO NOT CHOOSE BY THE MORNING...

...I WILL TURN YOU ALL IN.

ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS.

VIKTOR HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT.

IF I TURN IN WILLIE AND SAYA THEY'D RAT ME OUT.

PLUS BILLY WOULD GET SWEPT UP.

I'M ENTIRELY FUCKED NO MATTER WHICH WAY I GO.

GET THEM TO FORGIVE ME, OR THEY'LL KILL ME.

I CAN WIN THEM BACK.

TELL EVERYONE I LIED ABOUT WILLIE, JEALOUS ABOUT SAYA.

I'LL PAY FOR TROLL'S ABORTION.

I'LL HELP SHABNAM GET A DATE WITH HER.

EVERY PIECE OF THIS CAN BE SORTED OUT BUT ONE.

"DON'T BE BRASH."

LIKE MASTER ZANE ALWAYS SAYS, "RISK ONLY THE MANDATORY."

"PREPARATION IS EVERYTHING."

FP

THERE'S ONE PIECE OF THIS THAT FUCKS UP ALL THE OTHERS.

ONE **MANDATORY** RISK.

CLK

OPTION A: RAT ON MYSELF.

OPTION B: RAT ON MY FRIENDS.

SO I'LL TAKE OPTION C--

HE GOES FOR A RUN EVERY MORNING.

THROUGH THE FAR END OF THE GRAVEYARD.

>HUFF<
>HUFF<

THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD.
WHERE IT'S QUIET.
HUFF HUFF HUFF
CCCP
KEEP IT TOGETHER.
HANDS SHAKING.
YOU MISS THE SHOT HE'LL BE ON YOU.
YOU LET HIM GET AWAY-- HE'LL CALL IN HIS PEOPLE.
HE'LL TELL MASTER LIN EVERYTHING.
FUCK US ALL.
THE SILENCER WILL LESSEN THE IMPACT.
SO YOU WAIT.
DO THIS RIGHT.
WAIT TILL HE'S **CLOSE.**
CLK
CLOSER.
FIVE MORE FEET.
ONE PROBLEM SOLVED...

ATTENTION ALL FRESHMEN!

THERE WILL BE AN END OF THE YEAR ORIENTATION IN THE AUDITORIUM IN TWENTY MINUTES.

ATTENDANCE IS *MANDATORY.*

FUCK! HE'S STILL TOO FAR--

MY ONLY CHANCE--

YES, YES, I WILL COME. AFTER A SHOWER, YES.

ALL RIGHT, BUT DON'T BE LATE.

RUMOR IS MASTER LIN HAS SOME BIG NEWS TO DROP.

NO.

NO.

NO.

DON'T TAKE TOO LONG, VIKTOR.

TODAY'S ASSEMBLY IS QUITE IMPORTANT.

HATE TO SEE MASTER LIN HOLD YOU BACK.

AND MASTER LIN WOULD HATE TO SMELL ***STINK*** OF MY EXERCISE.

BUT THANK YOU FOR ADVICE.

AND FUCK TO YOU, *"MASTER ZANE."*

STUPID NAME.

LIKE VIDEO GAME CHARACTER.

OR SMURF.

SCREEK

AH.

EARLY RISER GETS THE HOT WATER.

MR. SOAP--

BLAM

COCK-SUCKER!

I'M GLAD YOU CAME.

KRK

OOF!

KRK

TWOK

YOU WON'T BE.

GHAH!

SKRCH!

SPSH

UGARGH!

GOODNIGHT, YOU PRICK SON OF A--

WUHH--

DON'T MISS--

BANG

--CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY.

DO IT.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN--

BOOM.

HOLY FUCK!

OH.

OH, FUCKKKK!

OKAY.
OKAY.
OKAY.
OKAY.
KILL VIKTOR.
COVER THE GUN IN HIS PRINTS.
PIN IT ON HIM.
PHT!
ZANE HUMILIATED VIKTOR IN CLASS.
CRSH!
IT'LL SELL.
"I SOUGHT ONLY TO PREVENT MORE KILLINGS, MASTER LIN."
I'LL BE A HERO.

THANK YOU BOTH FOR *GRACING* US WITH YOUR *PRESENCE.*

HAVE A SEAT.

AS I WAS SAYING, THE END OF THE FRESHMAN YEAR IS A SPECIAL TIME.

YOU'VE WORKED SO HARD, LEARNED MUCH, AND GROWN INTO ADULTS.

YOU ARE THE GEARS THAT WILL ONE DAY TURN THE WORLD.

WE'VE PROVIDED YOU WITH THE WORLD'S FINEST TRAINING IN THE DEADLY ARTS.

NOW, MANY OF YOU HAVE INQUIRED AS TO THE VALIDITY OF SOME STUDENTS.

WONDERING WHY SOME STAY EVEN THOUGH NO ONE PAYS THEIR TUITION.

WHY SOME REMAIN AFTER SO MANY INFRACTIONS.

RATS.

RATS WHO KILLED CHICO.

RATS WHO KILLED LEX.

RATS WHO KILLED MARIA.

YOU HAVE SEEN EACH RAT HANDED THE BONES OF THEIR BROTHERS.

"YOU KNOW WHO THEY ARE."

BUT, REMEMBER, A RAT IS A VIRULENT AND TENACIOUS THING.

THEY ARE SURVIVORS, INCREDIBLY ADAPTABLE AND VICIOUS WHEN PUSHED INTO A CORNER.

IF, SOMEHOW, ONE SURVIVES THE HUNT, THAT RAT WILL HAVE A PLACE HERE.

FOREVER A LEGACY.

BUT WOULD YOU RISK ALLOWING THEM IN OUR MIDST?

YOUR FINAL BEGINS THE MOMENT THIS LIGHT GOES OUT.

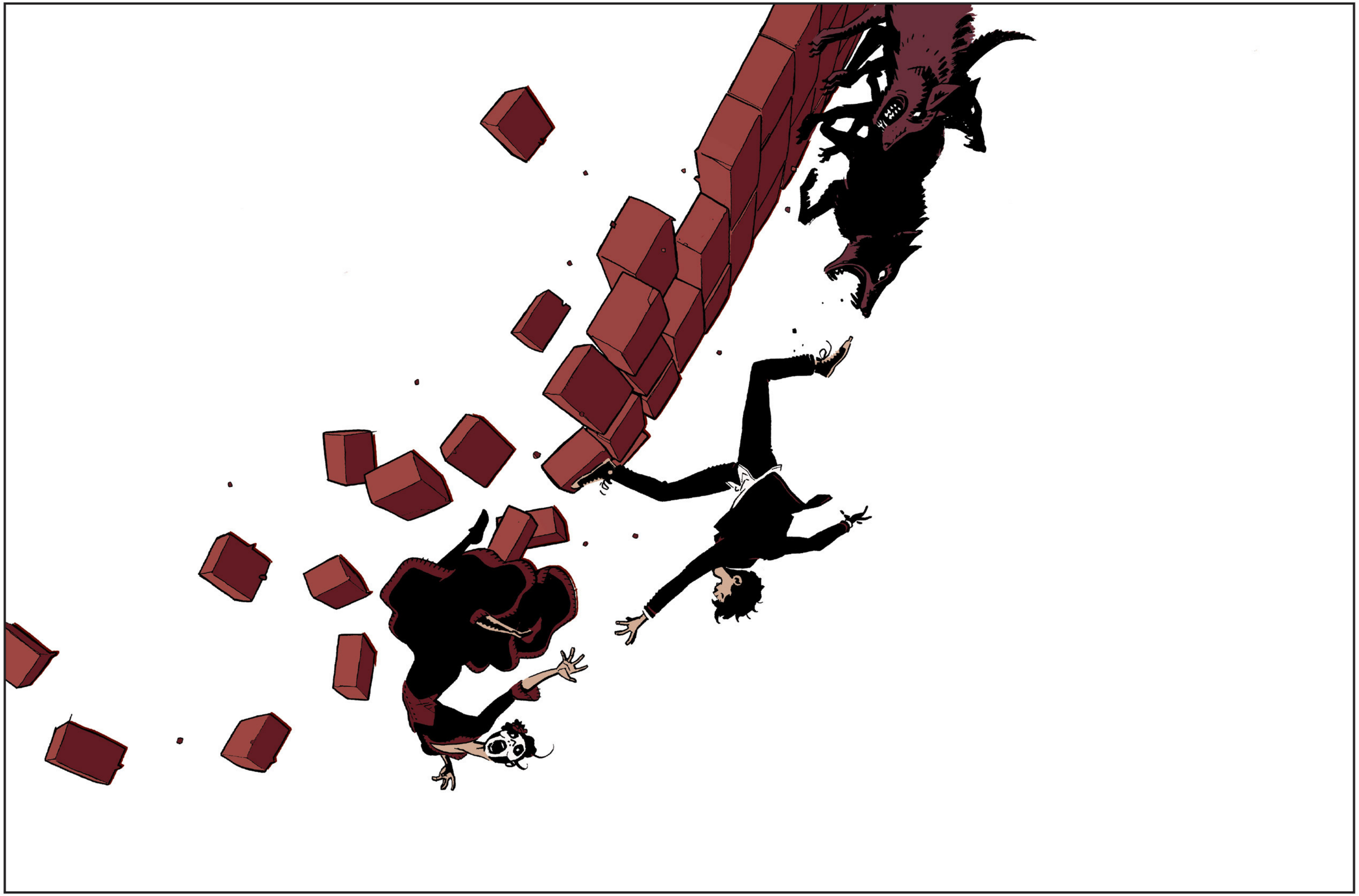
YOU HAVE ONE WEEK.

GO. WORK TOGETHER.

KKK

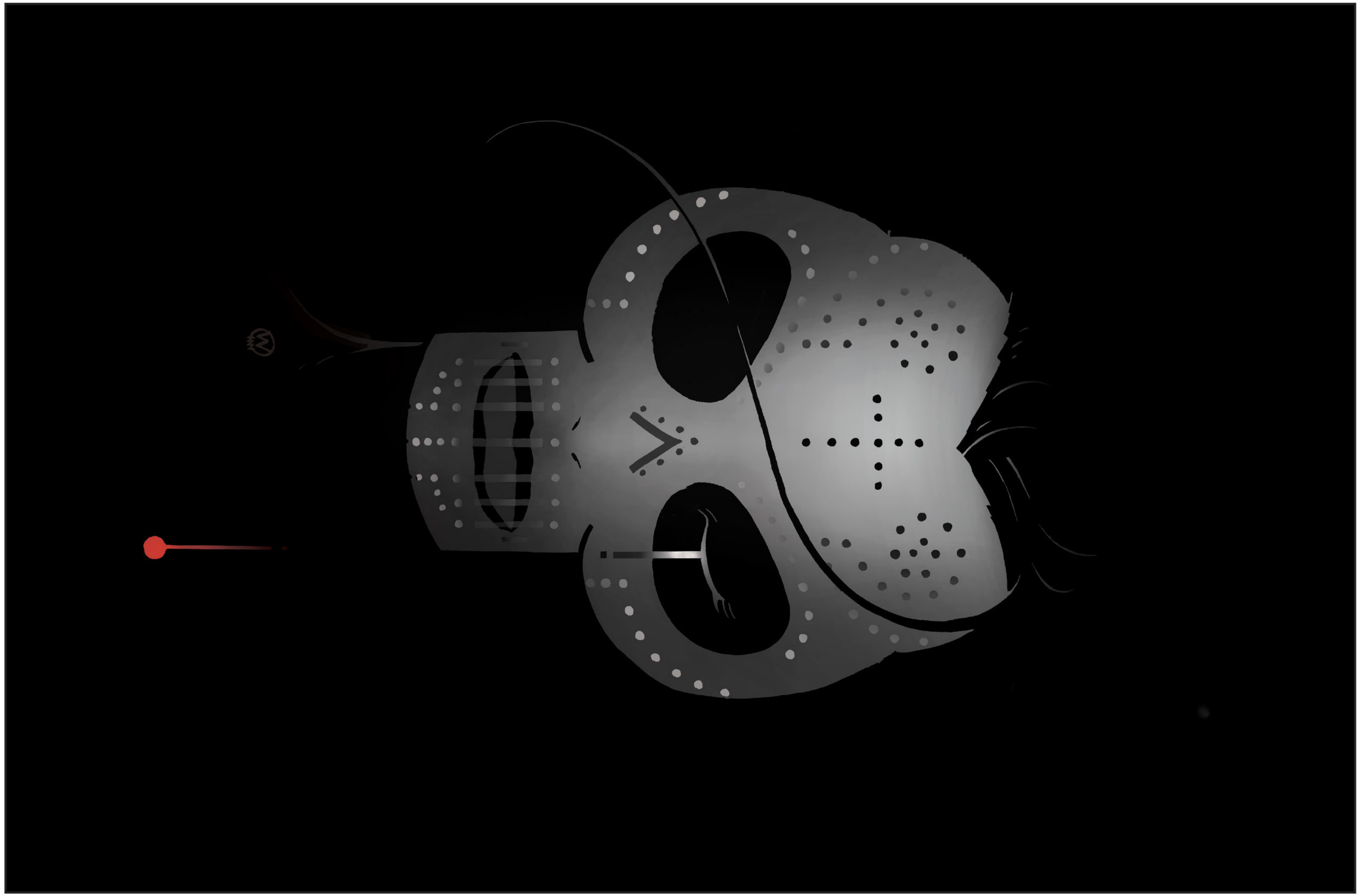
KILL THE RATS.

#12 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**



#12 VARIANT BY **JEROME OPEÑA**

#13 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**



#14 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**

#15 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**

#16 COVER BY **WES CRAIG**

EST
1637
IN VITAM MORTEM

"Rick Remender and Wes Craig have crafted a fascinating and brutal world full of some of the best characters and narration in comics."
—Marcus Orchard, *The Latest Pull*

"Remender expertly raises the stakes and subverts expectations right from the get-go…Craig's art conjures a frantic energy and emotional range…this team doesn't hold back and delivers a fierce start to *Deadly Class*' third arc."
—10/10, Kat Vendetti, *Newsarama*

"Remender and Craig turn teen angst into thrilling action."
—Oliver Sava, *The A.V. Club*

LEARNING TO BE HUMAN AMONG THE INHUMANE.

As his first year at Kings Dominion Atelier of the Deadly Arts draws to a close, teen-assassin-in-training Marcus Lopez has racked up a sizeable mound of sins, not to mention a body count, while trying to keep those he loves safe from the demons of his past. But when tragedy hits, his circle of friends begins to crumble, alliances and romances shift, leaving Marcus depressed, alone, and paranoid, beset by killers on all sides. Having lost the acceptance and security he deeply desires Marcus reacts by lashing out at everyone around him, and sets in motion a schism that threatens to tear him, and his new family, apart.

What Marcus is about to learn is that in a world where the ruthless rise to the top, love and friendship only weigh you down.

Witness the crimson death rattle of an era, as writer RICK REMENDER (*Black Science*, *Tokyo Ghost*) and artist WES CRAIG (*Black Hand Comics*) reflect the true teenage experience amidst the 1980s underground.

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