

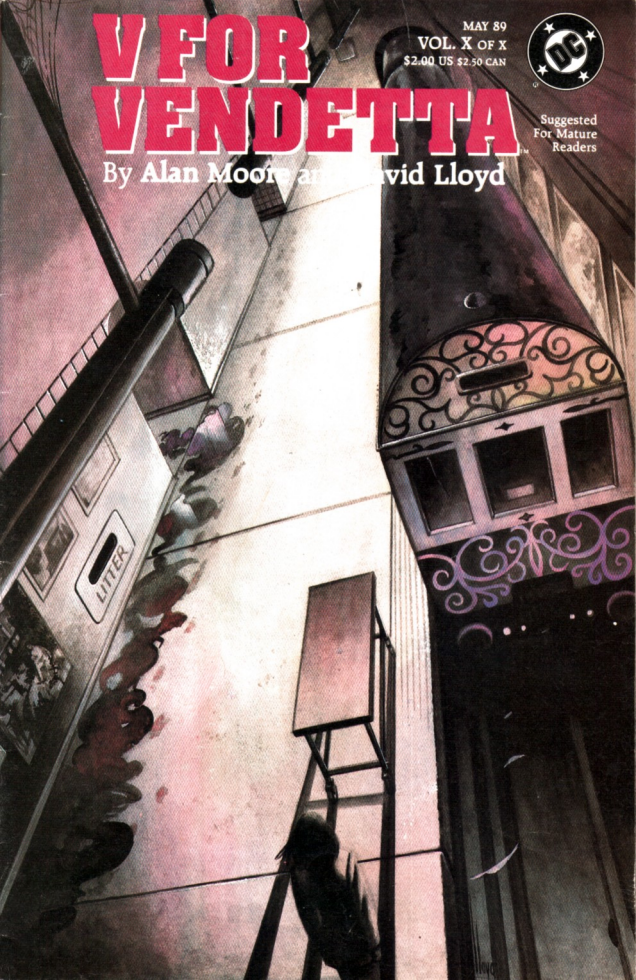
# V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

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Suggested  
For Mature  
Readers



# V FOR VENDETTA™

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V FOR VENDETTA 10

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...POINTLESS TRYING.  
WHAT COULD WE DO  
WITH HALF HIS  
HEAD GONE?



...ASK YOU ONE  
MORE TIME: IS THIS  
THE MAN THAT  
HIRED YOU?



...WAITING FOR  
NEWS OURSELVES.  
GET REINFORCEMENTS  
INTO PECKHAM  
AND AWAIT  
FURTHER  
INSTRUCTIONS.



CONRAD? WELL,  
SAY SOMETHING,  
FOR GOD'S SAKE!  
IS HE DEAD?

GENTLEMEN,  
QUIET,  
PLEASE...



A STATE OF EMERGENCY  
IS HEREBY DECLARED, AND  
FOR ITS DURATION, THE  
TASK OF MAINTAINING  
ORDER WILL NATURALLY  
PASS TO THE FINGER.

WHAT? WAIT  
A MINUTE...



CONRAD,  
SHUT UP! IT'S  
ALL RIGHT, LET  
HIM FINISH.

OUR FIRST PRIORITY  
IS THIS "Y" BUSINESS.  
BEFORE LUNCH WE RE-  
CEIVED A COMMUNIQUE,  
POSTMARKED  
YESTERDAY.

CODENAME  
Y INTENDS TO  
APPEAR AT MID-  
NIGHT TONIGHT,  
NO DOUBT PROVOK-  
ING FURTHER  
DISORDER.

WE  
MUST THERE-  
FORE...

HE'S  
DEAD.



CODENAME  
Y.

HE'S DEAD.



I  
SHOT HIM.



## CHAPTER 4 VULTURES



DO YOU THINK HE'S REALLY DEAD? THE TERRORIST. LIKE FINCH SAID?

FINCH IS HALF OUT OF HIS MIND ON DRUGS. BY ALL ACCOUNTS. STILL, HE'S A BORING, RELIABLE LITTLE MAN...

HE PROBABLY DID IT.

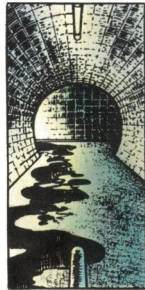


PARCEL ARRIVED FOR YOU, MR. HEYER.

HM? OH... THANK YOU!!!

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT NEXT? THE ASSASSINATION'S TAKEN US ALL BY SURPRISE. RIGHT NOW, THIS COUNTRY'S A POLITICAL VACUUM.

NOBODY'S IN CHARGE.



OF COURSE, CREEDY THINKS AGE IS, I HOPE HE ENJOYS THE FEELING WHILE IT LASTS.

THINGS NEED ARRANGING, SO I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT, AND WHO KNOWS, YOU LUCKY BOY!!!

... BY TONIGHT, I MIGHT BE IN QUITE A GOOD MOOD.





MR. FINCH...? LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE STILL SHOOK UP AND CONFUSED FROM THE DRUGS, BUT...

I MEAN, THE AMOUNT OF BLOOD I MUST HAVE KILLED HIM, BUT...

WELL, WE NEED TO KNOW CERTAIN THINGS: ARE YOU SURE YOU KILLED THE TERRORIST?

MORTALLY WOUNDED. YES, I'M SURE.

BUT WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MY BACK WAS TURNED, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS THERE...



...AND WHEN HE ALERTED ME, PULLING MY GUN OUT, I WAS SO SLOW...

I MEAN, HE'S LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, HE COULD HAVE STOPPED ME. HE...

HE COULD HAVE KILLED ME.

HM, YES, WELL, WE'LL TAKE IT HE'S DEAD, THEN...

...SO THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS, WHERE DID ALL THIS HAPPEN?



I, UH...

DO YOU KNOW, I DON'T REMEMBER.

MUST BE THE DRUGS, EH?



LOOK... HERE IT IS.  
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE  
HIDDEN, BUT YOU  
CAN SEE THE  
LENS.

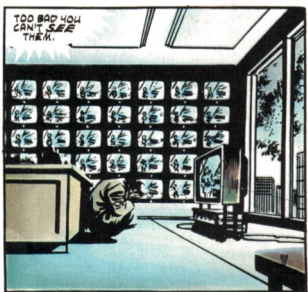
EVERY  
PARTY MEMBER'S  
BEDROOM HAS  
ONE EVEN HIS  
OWN!

AND HE  
WONDERS  
WHY I WON'T  
LET HIM  
TOUCH ME.

OF COURSE, NONE  
OF HIS SPY CAMERAS  
ARE WORKING  
NOW.

THERE HE  
SITS AT WORK  
AMIDST ALL THE  
FUSS OF THIS PARADE  
AND ALL HIS LITTLE  
SCREENS  
ARE DEAD.

A BLIND  
YOYEUR. HA!



HERE  
THEY ARE,  
CONRAD.

HERE'S WHAT  
YOU'RE  
MISSING.

TOO BAD YOU  
CAN'T SEE  
THEM.



ATTENTION, LONDON. THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER CREEDEY SPEAKING.



EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL. THE TERRORIST, CODENAME V, HAS BEEN SHOT AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

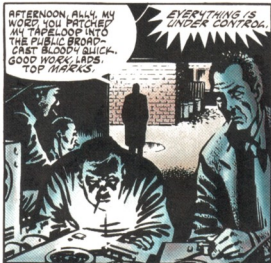
IF HE'S NOT APPEARED BEFORE MID-NIGHT, WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.



ATTENTION, LONDON.

WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT, THE INSURRECTION IS OVER, PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES, AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES.

THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER CREEDEY SPEAKING...



AFTERNOON, ALLY. MY WORD, YOU PATCHED MY TAPELOOP INTO THE PUBLIC BROADCAST BLOODY QUICK. GOOD WORK, LADS. TOP MARKS.

EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.



THE TERRORIST, CODENAME V, HAS BEEN SHOT AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

I TELL YOU, WITH SUSAN GONE, OUR PARTNERSHIP'LL REALLY COME INTO ITS OWN...

AHE, WELL, A BEN MEANIN' TAE TALK ABOUT THAT...



GOOD. LET'S TALK, CAN WE TURN THAT THING DOWN?

TERN ET DOON? A WUZ JUST THENKEN ET WUZ A BET QUI'ET, MASEL', MEBBE A SHUID TERN ET A?



TURN IT UP? COME ON, STOP ARSING AROUND, IT'S DEAFENING, YOU'D HAVE TO SCREAM TO BE HEARD OVER THAT.

AHE, EVEN THEN YE MIGHT HAAV PROBLEMS.

WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.



WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT.

WHAT? I'M NOT...

OH JESUS,

JESUS, ALLY, COME ON, DON'T LARK ABOUT. WHAT 'S THIS, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE? I'M PAYING YOU GOOD MONEY...



THE INSURRECTION IS OVER.

A HAAD A BETTER OFFER.

AAA!

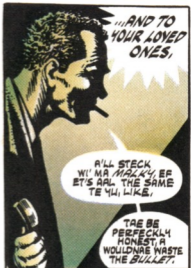


DOUGH, OH NO. OH NO !!!

SHOOT ME, COME ON, EH? PLEASE.

JUST SHOOT ME.

PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES!!!



...AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES,

A'LL STECK WI' MA MALKY, EF ET'S AAL, THE SAME TE MI, LIKE,

TAE BE PERFECTLY HONEST, A WOULDNAE WASTE THE BULLET.



ATTENTION, LONDON.

THIS IS EMERGENCY COMMANDER PETER GREEDY SPEAKING,



EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.



THE TERRORIST, CODENAME Y, HAS BEEN MORTALLY WOUNDED.



IF HE'S NOT APPEARED BEFORE MID-NIGHT, WE MAY ASSUME HE'S DEAD.



WE REPEAT, THE TERRORIST HAS BEEN SHOT, THE INSURRECTION IS OVER.

PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES, AND TO YOUR LOVED ONES.





EYE!!!



OH, YOU'RE BACK.

Y, YOU JUST WALKED OFF AFTER SHOWING ME THAT TRAIN THING.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?







"EVE ...

"EVE, LISTEN CAREFULLY, THE ONE I WAITED FOR HAS CALLED, AND NOW I HAVE NOT LONG ..."



Y... OH GOD DON'T TALK, I'LL GET BANDAGES ...

NO ... I'D BE DEAD ERE YOU RETURNED AND THERE ARE THINGS THAT YOU MUST KNOW ...



"THIS COUNTRY IS NOT SAVED ... DO NOT THINK THAT ... BUT ALL ITS OLD BELIEFS HAVE COME TO RUBBLE, AND FROM RUBBLE MAY WE BUILD ..."

"THAT IS THEIR TASK; TO RULE THEMSELVES; THEIR LIVES AND LOVES AND LAND ..."



WITH THIS ACHIEVED, THEN LET THEM TALK OF SALVATION, WITHOUT IT, THEY ARE SURELY CARRION.

OH NO, OH PLEASE ...

BY TURN OF CENTURY THEY'LL KNOW THEIR FATE: EITHER A ROSE MIDST RUBBLE BLOOMS, OR ELSE HAS BLOOMED TOO LATE.



"BUT WHAT OF YOU, CHILD, NOW I'M DEAD?"

"YOU'RE NOT! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE!"

"HUSH, FIRST, YOU MUST DISCOVER WHOSE FACE LIES BEHIND THIS MASK, BUT YOU MUST NEVER KNOW MY FACE, IS THAT QUITE CLEAR?"

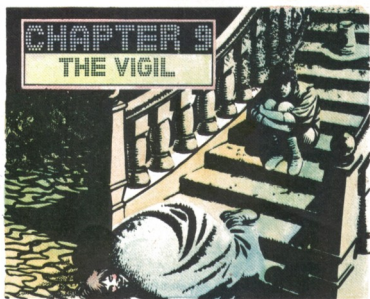


WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

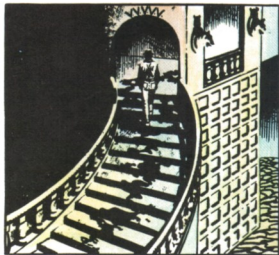
... ALSO ... THE VICTORIA LINE IS BLOCKED ... TWIXT WHITEHALL AND ST. JAMES ... GIVE ME A VIKING FUNERAL ...

GOOD LUCK, SWEET EVE, I LOVE YOU.

AYE ... ATQUE ... VALE ...



# CHAPTER 9 THE VIGIL



"SEE FOR YOURSELF, EVE."

"THE PIECES ARE SET OUT BEFORE ME, PERFECTLY ALIGNED."

"COMPLETE ONE MAY AT LAST GRASP THEIR DESIGN, THEIR GRAND SIGNIFICANCE ..."

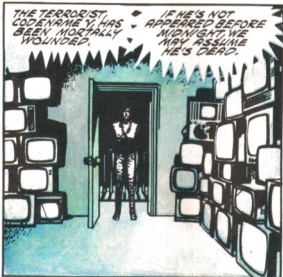


"... BUT 'ALMOST FINISHED' ... ?"

"YES."



"YES, I SUPPOSE I AM."



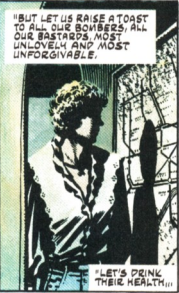
"ANARCHY WEARS TWO FACES, BOTH CREATOR AND DESTROYER."

"THUS DESTROYERS TOPPLE EMPIRES, MAKE A CANVAS OF CLEAN RUBBLE WHERE CREATORS THEN CAN BUILD A BETTER WORLD."



"RUBBLE, ONCE ACHIEVED, MAKES FURTHER RUIN'S MEANS IRRELEVANT."

"AWAY WITH OUR EXPLOSIVES THEN! AWAY WITH OUR DESTROYERS! THEY HAVE NO PLACE WITHIN OUR BETTER WORLD..."



"BUT LET US RAISE A TOAST TO ALL OUR BOMBERS, ALL OUR BASTARDS, MOST UNLOVELY AND MOST UNFORGIVABLE."

"LET'S DRINK THEIR HEALTH..."



"... THEN MEET WITH THEM NO MORE."



"THE VICTORIA LINE IS BLOCKED... TWIXT WHITEHALL AND ST. JAMES... GIVE ME A VIKING FUNERAL..."

"FIRST, YOU MUST DISCOVER WHOSE FACE LIES BEHIND THIS MASK, BUT YOU MUST NEVER KNOW MY FACE, IS THAT QUITE CLEAR?"



NO.

NO, IT ISN'T CLEAR AT ALL.

"YOU WOULDN'T DIE AND LEAVE ME IN ALL THIS CONFUSION, SO YOU CAN'T BE DEAD. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT."



"I'M GOING TO WALK UP THESE STAIRS AND THROUGH THAT DOOR AND YOU'LL BE ALIVE AND IT WILL BE JUST ANOTHER MEAN TRICK, ANOTHER PART OF MY EDUCATION."

NO HANGING BACK, STRAIGHT UP THE STAIRS, STRAIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR, AND..."



SO,  
DEAD  
THEN,

OH CHRIST, WHAT  
HAPPENS NEXT? I  
YOU NEVER SAID,  
YOU NEVER SAID  
WHAT YOU WERE  
EDUCATING ME  
FOR.

ALL RIGHT,  
ALL RIGHT,  
THEN,  
WHAT I DO  
IS THIS:

YOU NEVER TOLD  
ME WHAT I'M  
SUPPOSED TO DO,

I WALK  
TOWARDS THE  
BODY, VERY  
QUIETLY, VERY  
REVERENTLY

...AND I STOOP  
DOWN, MY FINGERS  
STRUGGLE CLUMSILY  
WITH ELASTICATED  
STRAPS...



NO.

NO, THAT  
ISN'T WHAT  
I DO.

... AND THEN I TAKE  
OFF THE MASK...



NO.

NO, THAT'S  
NOT IT.

WHAT I DO IS, IN  
TEARS I STUMBLE  
OVER TO THE CORPSE.

IT'S SLIPPERY WITH  
BLOOD BENEATH MY  
FINGERS, BUT I TEAR  
THE MASK ASIDE, AND...

... BECAUSE YOU WERE SO BIG, Y, AND WHAT IF YOU'RE JUST NOBODY?

... OR EVEN IF YOU'RE SOMEONE, YOU'LL BE SMALLER, 'CAUSE OF ALL THE PEOPLE THAT YOU COULD HAVE BEEN, BUT WEREN'T...

OH, I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

JUST DO IT. THERE'S NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T, NO ONE HERE TO STOP ME.

I'LL JUST WALK ACROSS THE FLOOR AND TAKE HOLD OF THE MASK, AND...



NO. NO, I'M PAST THAT ONE. YOU WEREN'T MY DAD. I KNOW THAT.

EVEN IF YOU WERE, IT WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH.

IF I TAKE OFF THAT MASK, SOMETHING WILL GO AWAY FOREVER, BE DIMINISHED BECAUSE WHOEVER YOU ARE ISN'T AS BIG AS THE IDEA OF YOU, BUT... BUT...

BUT YOU SAID I HAD TO, THAT I HAD TO KNOW...

... SO I START WALKING TOWARDS THE BODY, TRYING NOT TO TREAD IN ALL THE BLOOD...

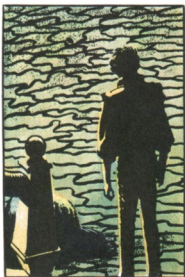
IT DOESN'T MOVE. IT DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A PERSON ANYMORE, SOMETHING HAS GONE FROM IT.

I KNEEL, MY HANDS ARE TREMBLING, I CAN HARDLY FIND THE FASTENINGS, BUT FINALLY I LIFT AWAY THAT MADDENING SMILE, AND...

... AND AT LAST I KNOW.

I KNOW WHO Y MUST BE.







NOVEMBER 9TH, 1998. 9.30 A.M.:



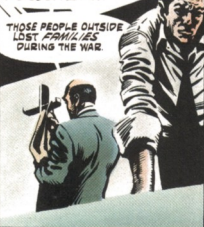
THEY'RE STILL DOING NOTHING, NOT DOING ANYTHING, MIND. JUST WAITING.



IT'S FUNNY... THEY'RE NOT THE TERRORIST'S FOLLOWERS OR ANYTHING. THEY'RE JUST RIOTERS.

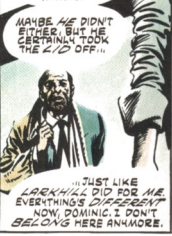
...BUT HE'S BECOME SOME SORT OF ALL-PURPOSE SYMBOL TO THEM, HASN'T HE?

PEOPLE NEED SYMBOLS; DOMINIC, HE UNDERSTOOD THAT. WE'VE FORGOTTEN IT.



THOSE PEOPLE OUTSIDE LOST FAMILIES DURING THE WAR.

WE'VE KEPT THE LID ON THEIR BITTERNESS FOR YEARS, BUT WE HAVEN'T HELPED THEM DEAL WITH IT.



MAYBE HE DIDN'T EITHER, BUT HE CERTAINLY TOOK THE LID OFF...

...JUST LIKE LARKHILL DID FOR ME. EVERYTHING'S DIFFERENT NOW, DOMINIC. I DON'T BELONG HERE ANYMORE.

4-YOU'RE GOING? MR. FINCH, LISTEN, IT'S THE DRUGS...



SUSAN'S DEAD, WITH CREEDY AND MEYER DIVIDING HIS CARCASS. THEY'RE NOT HALLUCINATIONS.



NEITHER WAS THE WAR. I LOST MY FAMILY AND THOUGHT FOLLOWING ORDERS COULD HEAL THAT.

IT CAN'T.

I'M FOLLOWING MY OWN ORDERS NOW, AND GETTING OUT BEFORE EVERYTHING BLOWS. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD, TOO.



GOODBYE, DOMINIC.

TAKE CARE, LAD.



# CHAPTER 10 THE VOLCANO





MULLDO?

SORRY AM LATE AN A' THAT, CREEDY TUKE A BET LOANER THUN UNTESSAPATED.

STELL, WE GOAT A COUPLE' HOOR BEFORE HUBBY GETS BAAK, EH?



BUT YOU CAN SEE THE LENS.

A CANNABE HEAR A WUD'UR SAYIN'. GESSA MENNET AN A'LL BE WI' YE.

EH, A SPOAK TAE MOST O' THE CHIEF COOPERS, AN' THEY ACCEPT THE NU MAANABEMENT, NAE BATHER.



SEE, THEY DIDNAE LIKE CREEDY EITHER, SO ET LUKES LIKE WE...

EVERY PARTY MEMBER'S BEDROOM HAS ONE, EVEN HIS OWN, AND HE WONDERS WHY I WON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME.



OF COURSE, NONE OF HIS SPY CAMERAS ARE WORKING NOW.

THERE HE SITS AT WORK AMIDST THE FUSS OF THIS PARADE, AND ALL HIS LITTLE SCREENS ARE DEAD.

A BLIND YOYEUR. HA!



HERE THEY ARE, CONRAD. HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE THEM.



YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HARD IT'S BEEN MANEUVERING HIM INTO A POSITION WHERE HE CAN TAKE CHARGE.

OF COURSE, I'LL BE MAKING ALL THE REAL DECISIONS ... BACKED UP BY YOUR MUSCLE, OBVIOUSLY.



I'M GOING TO BE LIKE EYA PERON, YOU KNOW.





OH.



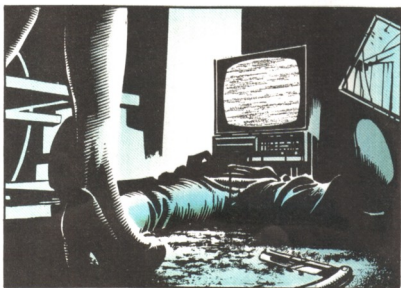
SO YOU FINALLY SHOWED UP I'VE BEEN ROUND HALF LONDON LOOKING FOR YOU.

WELL, YOU CAN PULL YOUR TROUSERS BACK UP AND PISS OFF CONRAD'S HOME IN AN HOUR.



AT LEAST NOBODY HAS SEEN CREEPY SINCE TEA-TIME, WHICH PROBABLY INDICATES YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING RIGHT AT LEAST.

BUT IF YOU THINK THAT ENTITLES YOU TO...



M. HELEN...?



I WON, HELEN...

I WAS... BEST MAN...

HE'S GONE... GONE NOW... WON'T COME BETWEEN US... ANYMORE...



CUT ME... HAD A RAZOR... THINK HE HIT A VEIN...

BUT YOU... YOU CAN GET ME TO A DOCTOR...

WE'VE BEEN... THROUGH A BAD PATCH, HELEN, BUT...



BUT WE CAN STICK...



DON'T TOUCH ME!

YOU STUPID PIECE OF SHIT, DON'T TOUCH ME!

YOU'VE RUINED IT! YOU'VE RUINED IT ALL!

HELEN...



HOW ARE WE GOING TO CONTROL THE FINGER NOW? CHRIST, I HAD IT ALL PLANNED! I HAD IT ALL PLANNED! OH, YOU STUPID...

H-HELEN...? WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, I KNOW IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE, BUT...

AH, FOUND IT!

HELEN... THERE'S NO TIME... I'M BLEEDING... BLEEDING VERY BADLY...

NEED A DOCTOR...

OH NO, NO, YOU DON'T.



I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED, CONRAD. I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WHAT YOU NEED.

YOU NEED TO WATCH, DON'T YOU, CONRAD? NEED TO WATCH IN YOUR WORK; IN YOUR BED...

WELL, I'VE GOT SOMETHING YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE.

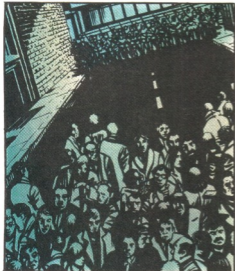


THERE, CONRAD. MY PARTING GIFT.

WATCH THAT.



HELEN?



ME? SENIOR AUTHORITY? WELL, WHERE'S CREEPY, FOR GOD'S SAKE? HE SHOULD BE HANDLING THIS.

I SHOULDN'T WORRY, SIR. THEY'LL PROBABLY GIVE UP AND GO HOME AT MIDNIGHT, ONCE THEY ACCEPT THE TERRORIST'S DEAD.

IT'S NEARLY TWELVE NOW...

AH, THERE YOU ARE, SIR.

THERE'S BIG BEN STRIKING THE HOUR NOW.

LOVELY, REASSURING SOUND, DON'T YOU THINK, SIR?

UH, YES. YES, I SUPPOSE I...



WAIT A MINUTE...

BIG BEN WAS BLOWN UP TWELVE MONTHS AGO.



THE *SPEAKERS*! IT'S COMING FROM THE *SPEAKERS*!

THAT MEANS SOMEONE MUST...



...HAVE...





GOOD EVENING,  
LONDON.

I WOULD  
INTRODUCE MY-  
SELF, BUT TRUTH  
TO TELL, I DO NOT  
HAVE A NAME.



YOU  
CAN CALL  
ME "Y".



SINCE MANKIND'S  
DAWN, A HANDFUL OF  
OPPRESSORS HAVE  
ACCEPTED THE RE-  
SPONSIBILITY OVER  
OUR LIVES THAT  
WE SHOULD HAVE  
ACCEPTED FOR  
OURSELVES.

BY DOING  
SO, THEY TOOK  
OUR POWER.

BY DOING  
NOTHING, WE  
GAVE IT AWAY.

WE'VE SEEN WHERE  
THEIR WAY LEADS,  
THROUGH CAMPS AND  
WARS, TOWARDS THE  
SLAUGHTERHOUSE

" IN ANARCHY,  
THERE IS  
ANOTHER  
WAY.



WITH  
ANARCHY, FROM  
RUBBLE COMES NEW  
LIFE, HOPE RE-  
INSTATED. THEY SAY  
ANARCHY'S DEAD,  
BUT SEE !!

REPORTS  
OF MY DEATH  
WERE !!!

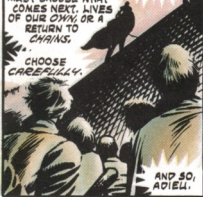


!!! EXAGGERATED.

TOMORROW, DOWNING  
STREET WILL BE  
DESTROYED, THE HEAD  
REDUCED TO RUINS, AN  
END TO WHAT HAS  
GONE BEFORE.

TONIGHT, YOU  
MUST CHOOSE WHAT  
COMES NEXT. LIVES  
OF OUR OWN, OR A  
RETURN TO  
CHAINS.

CHOOSE  
CAREFULLY.



AND SO,  
ADIEU.







NOVEMBER 10TH,  
1998, 2:00 A.M.:

"GIVE ME A VIKING  
FUNERAL," YOU SAID.

THAT ISN'T MUCH.

THAT ISN'T  
MUCH TO ASK.

NOT AFTER  
ALL YOU DID.

YOU CAME OUT OF  
AN ABATTOIR UN-  
HARMED, BUT NOT  
UNCHANGED, AND  
SAW FREEDOM'S  
NECESSITY; NOT  
JUST FOR YOU,  
BUT FOR US ALL.

YOU SAW, AND,  
SEEING, DARED  
TO DO.

HOW PURPOSEFUL  
WAS YOUR YENDETTA,  
HOW BENIGN, ALMOST  
LIKE SURGERY !!!

YOUR FOES ASSUMED  
YOU SOUGHT REVENGE  
UPON THEIR FLESH  
ALONE, BUT YOU DID  
NOT STOP THERE !!!

YOU GORED THEIR  
IDEOLOGY AS WELL.

THE PEOPLE STAND WITHIN  
THE RUINS OF SOCIETY, A  
JAIL INTENDED TO OUT-  
LIVE THEM ALL.

THE DOOR IS OPEN.  
THEY CAN LEAVE, OR  
FALL INSTEAD TO  
SQUABBLING AND  
THEIR NEW  
SLAVORIES.

THE CHOICE IS  
THEIRS, AS EVER  
IT MUST BE.

I WILL NOT LEAD THEM,  
BUT I'LL HELP THEM  
BUILD, HELP THEM  
CREATE WHERE I'LL  
NOT HELP THEM KILL.

THE AGE OF KILLERS  
IS NO MORE.

THEY HAVE NO  
PLACE WITHIN OUR  
BETTER WORLD.

"GIVE ME A VIKING  
FUNERAL," YOU SAID.

IT'S YOURS,  
MY LOVE...

## CHAPTER 11

## VALHALLA

IT'S YOURS.



AWAY.

AWAY YOU GO, WITH ALL YOUR GELIGNITE AND LILIES.



HOW MUCH EXPLOSIVE WAS THERE ON THAT TRAIN? I NEVER THOUGHT TO COUNT THE PACKAGES.

ENOUGH, I BET.

PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE...



YOU SAID THAT THE VICTORIA LINE WAS BLOCKED TWIXT WHITEHALL AND ST. JAMES. I CHECKED, AND YES, IT'S TRUE: THERE'S RUBBLE SEALING OFF THE LINE.

"GIVE ME A VIKING FUNERAL," YOU SAID.

I HAVE FOUR MINUTES LEFT TO TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE ROOF, SO EASY NOW TO FIND MY WAY AROUND...

I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND...

NOT THEN...

UPON OUR GUIDED TOUR YOU SHOWED THIS PLACE TO ME AND SAID IT WAS YOUR WILL...

... BUT YOU WERE RIGHT, OF COURSE, ABOUT THIS PLACE, YOU DID SHOW ME YOUR WILL...

... AND I'M SOLE BENEFICIARY.

IT'S TWO FOUR-TEEN, YOU'RE ALMOST THERE NOW, SPEEDING ON YOUR FUNERAL BARGE ALONG DRY SUBTERRANEAN CANALS...

DOWN THROUGH THE DARK TOWARDS YOUR DESTINATION...

... WHERE THE LINE IS BLOCKED TWIXT WHITE-HALL AND ST. JAMES...

... RIGHT UNDER DOWNING STREET.



AVE ATQUE VALE, Y.

I LOOKED IT UP.

"HAIL AND  
FAREWELL."

DESCENDING NOW TO  
CLAIM MY HERITAGE,  
I THINK ABOUT THE  
TASK AHEAD, SO VAST,  
SO VITAL AND SO  
DIFFICULT !!!

I FEEL ELATED,  
WILD,  
ENTHUSIASTIC...

... BUT NOT  
SCARED.

THERE ISN'T  
TIME FOR FEAR,  
FOR ME OR  
ANYONE.

WE'VE THINGS  
TO DO !!!

... PEOPLE  
TO SEE,

MWHH !!!?  
WHERE !!! ?

OH.

OH JESUS.

WELCOME, YOUNG MAN.  
I TRUST YOU ARE RE-  
COVERED QUITE FROM  
YOUR ORDEAL ? AS  
FOR YOUR  
QUESTION...

WE ARE  
IN THE  
SHADY  
GALLERY.

THIS IS MY  
HOME.



C'MON, JEANNIE

C'MON, WHASSAMATTER W'HER? GISSA SHAG, AH?

NO! WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME? AND MY NAME'S NOT JEANNIE!

YUH GIVE 'M ONE

HE HAD FOOD, TO REPLACE WHAT THAT RABBLE IN THE CITY STOLE FROM ME. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

'EY UP, WE'VE GOT COMPANY.

OH GOD, NOT ANOTHER ONE. HOW MANY OF YOU TRAMPS ARE LIVING OUT HERE? IT'S

WAIT A MINUTE

FINCH?

IS THAT YOU?

MRS. HEYER?

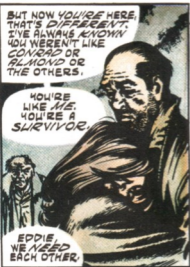
OH GOD, EDWARD FINCH, ISN'T IT?

EDWARD, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

A MOB TURNED MY CAR OVER ON THE WAY OUT OF LONDON AND TOOK EVERYTHING!

I'VE HAD TO SHELTER WITH THESE LOITS, JUST FOR PROTECTION...





BUT NOW YOU'RE HERE, THAT'S DIFFERENT, I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN YOU WEREN'T LIKE CONRAD OR ALMOND OR THE OTHERS.

YOU'RE LIKE ME, YOU'RE A SURVIVOR.

EDDIE, WE NEED EACH OTHER.



TOGETHER, WE CAN SALVAGE SOMETHING, THIS MOB AREN'T MUCH, BUT GIVEN TIME WE COULD BUILD A SMALL ARMY.

WE COULD RESTORE ORDER. OH EDDIE, WE CAN DO SO MUCH TOGETHER, YOU AND ME!!

WHAT DO YOU SAY?



QUEER!

ALL YOU BASTARD POLICE, YOU'RE ALL QUEERS! GOD DAMN YOU, YOU!!!

AY, C'MON, JEANNIE, COME N'SIT DOWN WIT US.

ISSA WAY MET, TIL MORNING.





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