

Vol. VI
of X

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



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V FOR VENDETTA™



V FOR VENDETTA

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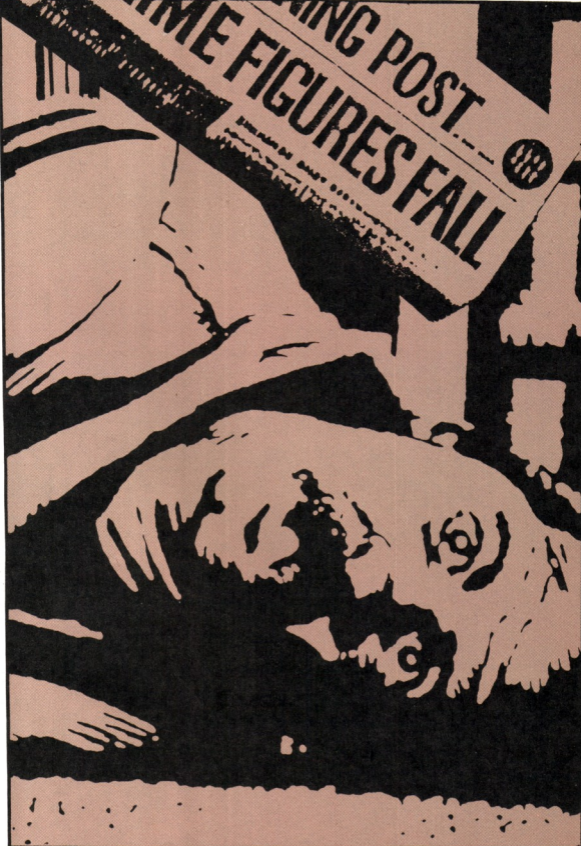
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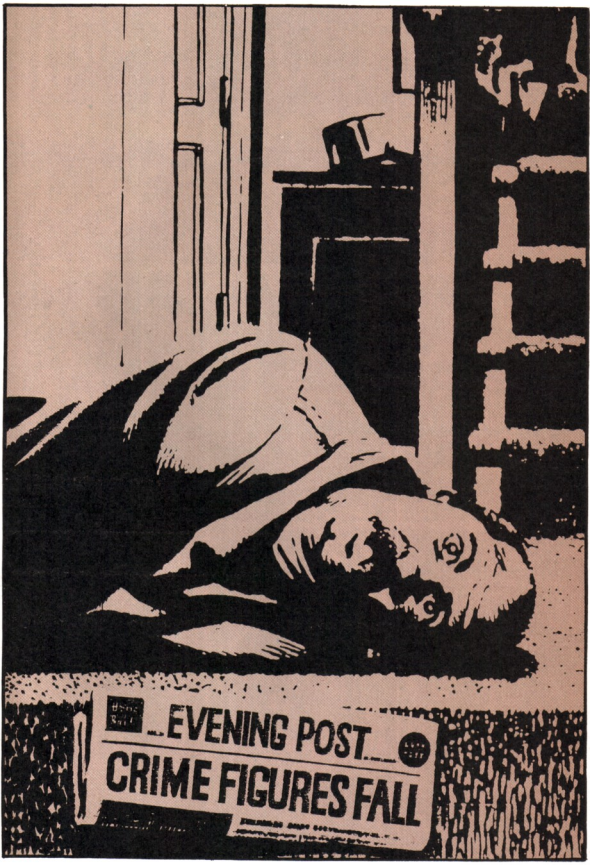


BEATS THE RECORD

EVENING POST

CRIME FIGURES FALL

Published by the Evening Post Company



THE
EVENING
POST

... EVENING POST ...

1957

CRIME FIGURES FALL

CRIME FIGURES FALL







CHAPTER 8

VENGEANCE



EXCUSE ME...

OAH!!



I'M SORRY...

I'M SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU.

I WONDERED IF YOU KNEW WHERE THE STAGE DOOR WAS?

STAGE?



I HAVE A JOB. I START TONIGHT...

I CAN'T FIND THE STAGE DOOR.

UH... NO.



NO, I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS. I'M SORRY PERHAPS ROUND THE BACK...?

YOUR NAME'S ROSE, ISN'T IT?

YES, THAT'S RIGHT.

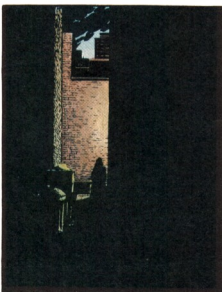
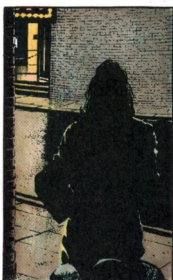
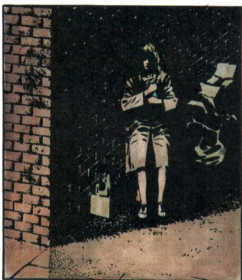
UH, WELL, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER LOOK...

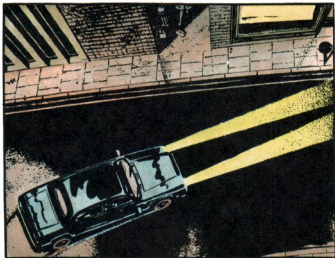


THANKS ANYWAY!

SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU.

THAT'S ALRIGHT.





EH, BOAS, Y'
GETUM EN, EH?

EH, YIZZA
TIGHT BASTUD,
YU'RE...

EH,
CO AN.

CISSA
PINTA HEAVY
ANNA BABYCHAM,
FUH YIBELF,
EH?

AM
PESSAWF,
WIYA P?

WHASSAMATTER,
BOAS? WEH
CELEBRATIN!

DY NO FEEL
LIKE CELEBRATIN
OR WHA?

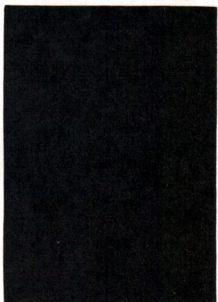


SPIKIN
FUH MASEL, AM
GETTUM STEAMIN'...

... SO WHOOSA ONE
YITHUH BEG TETS?
EZZAT CAROLE?

NAY,
THAS JEM'S BERD,
WHASSANAKE,
DIYAAJ...









THE STAIRS REMIND ME OF SOMEWHERE ELSE, AND I FEEL SAD, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY.



IT LOOKS LIKE I WILL GET TO THE PARTY AFTER ALL... BUT THEN DAD STEERS ME INTO ONE OF THE BEDROOMS.

HE WANTS TO SHOW ME THE SKY FROM THE WINDOW. HE SAYS IT'S YELLOW AND BLACK.



HE TELLS ME HE NEEDS MY OLD ROOM TO HIDE SOMETHING IN, BUT THAT I CAN SLEEP WITH HIM IN HERE FROM NOW ON.

THIS ROOM LOOKS FAMILIAR TOO, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY.



HE STARTS TO KISS ME, AND WE GET INTO BED.

I WONDER IF HE'S ILL? HE LOOKS SO OLD, SUDDENLY..



THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND MY MOTHER COMES IN. I REALISE THAT I'M IN BED WITH MY FATHER AND I START TO APOLOGISE.



SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND. SHE TELLS ME THAT THE PUNCH AND JUDY MAN IS ABOUT TO START.



I REALISE THAT SHE WANTS TO BE ALONE WITH DAD, SO I GO NEXT DOOR.

OUTSIDE, THE CORRIDOR LOOKS DIFFERENT. I'M CERTAIN NOW: THIS ISN'T OUR HOUSE.



BUT WHERE AM I?

SUDDENLY, I REMEMBER THAT I'M AT AN OLD FOLKS HOME IN SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY MAN HAS BEEN ARRANGED TO ENTERTAIN THE INMATES. WHY DID I THINK IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY?

I MOVE THROUGH THE CROWD FOR A BETTER LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING ON STAGE. SOME VOLUNTEERS HAVE GONE UP FROM THE AUDIENCE...

THEY'RE STANDING IN A LINE IN FRONT OF MR PUNCH. I THINK I KNOW SOME OF THEM.

WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?



THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT!

OH, DEAR DEAR DEAR

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY STOP HIM? EVERYBODY'S JUST LAUGHING!

I RUN OFF TO FIND MY MUM AND DAD, KNOWING AS I DO SO THAT HE'S SURE TO FOLLOW ME.



I'M VERY FRIGHTENED NOW,
I DON'T RECOGNISE ANY OF
THE CORRIDORS, AND THE
MURDERER WILL TURN
THE CORNER BEHIND ME
ANY SECOND.



I CAN HEAR MY HEART
HAMMERING INSIDE ME,
THERE IS NO OTHER NOISE
IN THE WHOLE THEATRE.



EVERYBODY ELSE MUST
BE DEAD. DAD, MUM,
GORDON...



THEY'VE LEFT ME ALONE
WITH HIM.



I TURN AND RUN
BACK THE WAY I'VE
COME, BUT THE
CORRIDOR HAS
GONE...



AND THERE'S A BIG FLIGHT
OF SPIRAL STAIRS INSTEAD.

MY LEGS ARE HEAVY. I CAN
HARDLY MOVE THEM. HE'S
GOING TO CATCH ME.



I GET TO THE TOP OF THE
STAIRS AND LOOK DOWN
THE WELL.


HE'S COMING UP AFTER
ME. ROLL AND ROLL
HE GOES...



I REMEMBER THAT THERE'S
A LIFT UP HERE THAT GOES
ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE
BASEMENT.



I'LL NEVER GET TO IT
IN TIME.



PLEASE DON'T LET THE
DOORS SHUT BEFORE
I GET TO IT.



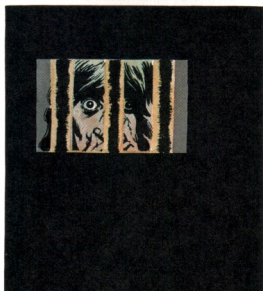
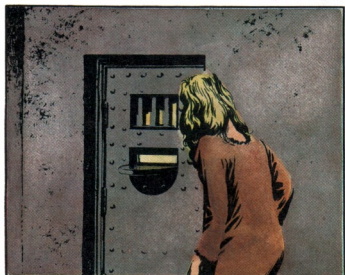
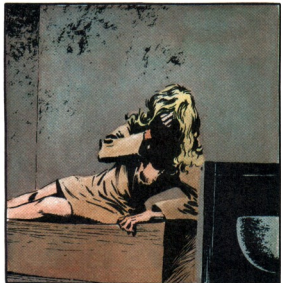
OH, THANK
GOD.

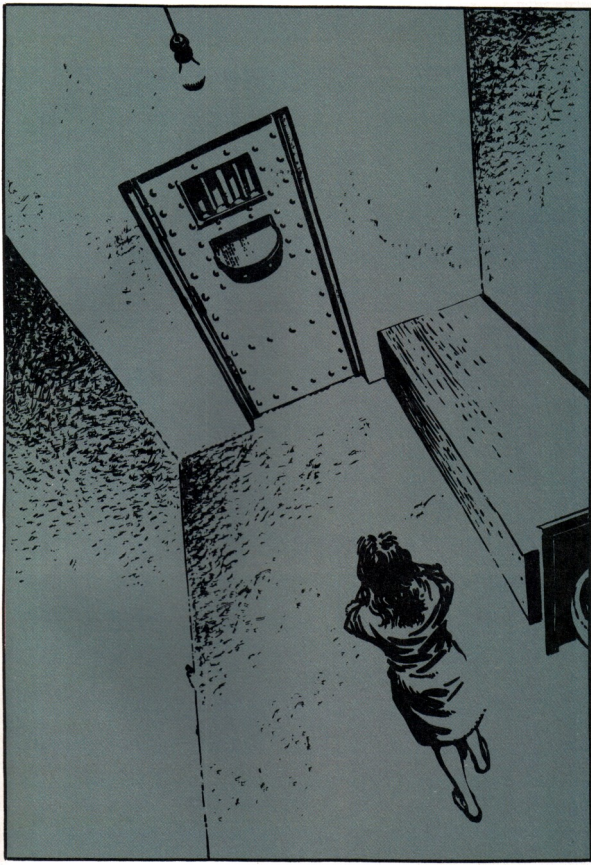
HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME.

I'M ALMOST THERE!

DOWN, DOWN TO THE
CRAWLING FLOOR. HE'LL
HAVE TO TAKE THE
SPIRS, AND...







THERE'S A RAT.



THERE'S A RAT.

I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING AT ALL, EXCEPT THERE'S A RAT, AND I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME...



I GET ON THE COT, HARD WOOD AGAINST MY BUM, KNEES STIFF WITH CRAMP DRAWN UP TO MY CHIN...

THERE'S FOUR WALLS, TWO WINDOWS WITH SIX BARS, ONE TOILET WITH NO SEAT, AND THERE'S A WOODEN PARTITION, AND A COT, AND CARVED ON THE COT IS THE NAME "EMMA"...



...AND THERE'S ME...

...AND THERE'S A RAT.

CHAPTER 10 VERMIN



LATER, THE RAT HAS GONE.



I HEAR TWO MEN TALKING IN THE CORRIDOR. SHORTLY A TRAY COMES THROUGH THE APERTURE IN THE DOOR.

I CAN'T EAT IT.

IF I DON'T EAT IT, THE RAT WILL COME BACK.



I STILL CAN'T EAT IT.

THERE'S A SOCKET RIGHT UP NEAR THE CEILING, BUT NO BULB.

WHEN THE WINDOW LIGHT FAILS, IT'S DARK. I TRY TO SLEEP.



THERE'S A RAT.



LATER, WAKING UP, VOICES...

SHE'S ASLEEP...

LAZY LITTLE COW.



WAKY-WAKY, DARLIN'...

COME ON, YOU CLAPPED OUT LITTLE PRO... MOVE IT!

PLEASE DO THE NECESSARY, ROSSITER.



SIR.



WHAT...?

MY GOD.

SO THIS SCRAWNY SPECIMEN IS THE FAMOUS MISS HAMMOND...



NO! WHERE AM I? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? I WON'T...

SHUT UP.



STOP IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PLEASE, I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING. WHAT AM I HERE FOR? I...



I SAID SHUT YOUR HOLE.



WALKING. I CAN'T SEE... HANDS, PUSHING ME, HARD, IN THE BACK...

FINALLY, WE STOP.

ALRIGHT. TAKE IT OFF...

BRIGHT WHITE LIGHTS
THAT MAKE ME SQUINT,
AND A MAN, SITTING DOWN...



MY HANDS ARE SHAKING AND
I WANT TO GO TO THE TOILET.

HE ASKS IF I
KNOW WHY
I'M HERE.

I SAY NO.



HE CALLS ME A LYING LITTLE
BASTARD, AND I FEEL LIKE I'VE
BEEN HIT IN THE STOMACH.

THEY SHOW ME
SOME FILMS NEXT.



THERE'S A GIRL TALKING TO A MAN.
SHE'S GHOVING HER HIPS OUT AT
HIM, BUT IT LOOKS CLUMSY AND
AWFUL. SHE'S A PROSTITUTE, I THINK.



WHY ARE THEY
SHOWING ME
THIS? IS THIS...?

OH.



OH, IT'S ME.



LAST NOVEMBER...
WESTMINSTER
BRIDGE, AND...



... THEY WERE GOING TO
RAPE ME. THEY HAD ME
UP AGAINST A WALL AND
THEY WERE GOING TO
KILL ME, AND THEN...



AND THEN...



OH CHRIST.



THEY KNOW.



THE MAN STARTS TALKING AGAIN, BUT I'M BARELY LISTENING...

WHAT AM I GOING TO SAY? WHAT CAN I TELL THEM?

HE SAYS I WAS FOUND OUTSIDE THE KITTY KAT KELLER BY OFFICERS WATCHING THE CLUB PRIOR TO A RAID.



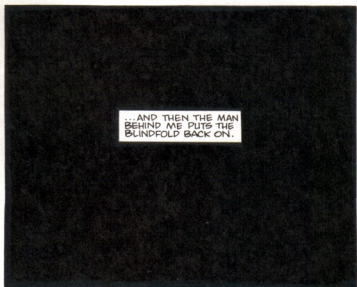
I WAS CHLOROFORMED TO AVOID AN ALARM.

I HAD A LOADED GUN...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WANTS ME TO SAY. WHY DON'T THEY STOP THE FILM? HE HAS A WELSH ACCENT. HE KEEPS TALKING...



... AND THEN HE TELLS ME THAT I'M TO BE FORMALLY CHARGED WITH THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF SENIOR OFFICER PETER CREEDEY A FREQUENT CUSTOMER OF THE KITTY KAT KELLER...



... AND THEN THE MAN BEHIND ME PUTS THE BLINDFOLD BACK ON.

BLIND, STUMBLING, SOMEONE'S
HAND ON MY WRISTS, TIGHT
ENOUGH TO HURT...

WE GO SOMEWHERE. THEY
PUSH ME DOWN. I SCREAM,
EXPECTING TO FALL...

... BUT THERE'S
A CHAIR.

SOMEONE GRABS
HOLD OF MY HAIR...



WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
I FEEL THEM CUTTING AT IT.

... AND THEN THERE'S
SOMETHING WET...

THEY'RE...

OH NO.
OH GOD...

THEY DON'T
NEED TO DO
THIS...



AFTER A LONG TIME,
IT'S FINISHED.

A DOOR OPENS.
I CAN HEAR A
WOMAN'S VOICE,
VERY CLOSE...



A DOCTOR? DID I HEAR
SOMEONE SAY THAT?

THEY STAND
ME UP, AND...

... I AM GIVEN...
AN EXAMINATION...

I THINK IT'S
THE WOMAN.



... AND THEN THEY
TAKE ME
SOMEWHERE ELSE...

... AND THEY TAKE
OFF THE BLINDFOLD...

... AND THERE'S
A CELL...



... AND THERE'S
A RAT.

ONLY NOW,
I DON'T MIND
THE RAT...

...BECAUSE I'M
NO BETTER.

LATER, WAKING UP...
OH GOD, I REMEMBER.
THEY CUT OFF MY HAIR...

...IT'S DARK, AND I
CRY FOR A LONG TIME...

WHAT WOKE ME?
A NOISE...
RUSTLING...

THERE'S A RAT...

I GET UP, IT'S ALMOST
LIGHT AND I CAN SEE
THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

THERE'S SOMETHING
STICKING OUT OF IT...

NOT A RAT...

TOILET PAPER?

BUT WHY...?

THERE ARE FIVE
PAGES, WRITTEN
IN PENCIL.

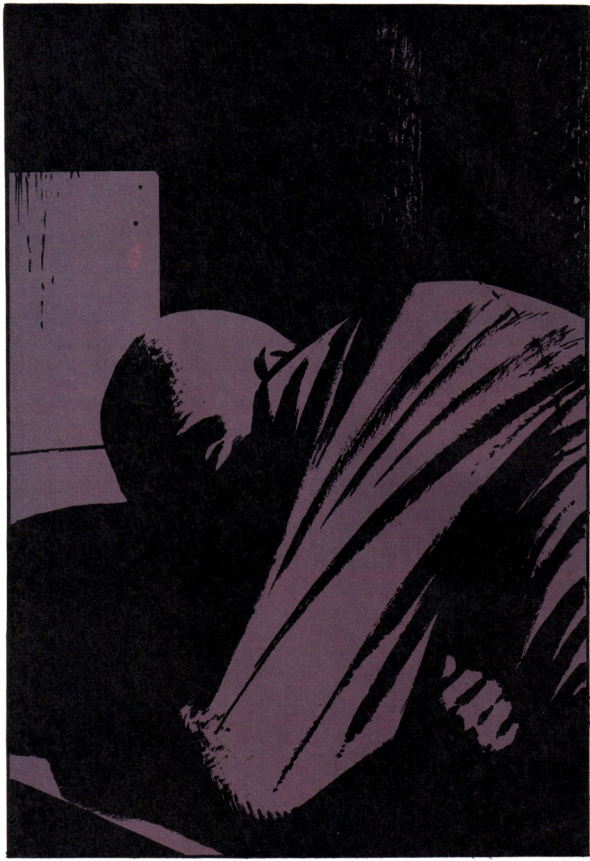
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE. PLEASE
BELIEVE. THERE IS NO WAY I CAN CONVINCE
YOU THAT THIS IS NOT ONE OF THEIR TRICKS
BUT I DON'T CARE. I AM ANF, AND I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT I LOVE YOU.
I HAVE A PENCIL, A LITTLE ONE THEY DID NOT
FIND. I AM A WOMAN. I HIDE IT INSIDE THE
PERFUMS. I WON'T BE ABLE TO WRITE
AGAIN, SO THIS IS A LONG LETTER ABOUT
MY LIFE. IT IS THE ONLY AUTOBIOGRAPHY
I WILL EVER WRITE AND OH GOD I'M
WRITING IT ON TOILET PAPER.



I LOOK AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE
LAST PAGE FIRST.

HER NAME IS
VALERIE...





I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS CELL. I KNOW EVERY PITTED INDENTATION IN THE ROUGH PLASTER LIKE I KNOW MY OWN BODY.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM.

I KNOW IT GETS DARK AND THEN LIGHT; THAT I WAKE, THEN SLEEP. THAT TIME PASSES MEASURED IN HAIR GROWING BACK BENEATH MY ARMS WHERE THEY WON'T LET ME SHAVE...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS.

I KNOW THAT THERE'S A WOMAN WHO WROTE ME A LETTER ON TOILET PAPER. I KNOW SHE'S ALONE. I KNOW THAT SHE LOVES ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE.

I READ HER LETTER, I HIDE IT. I SLEEP. I WAKE, THEY QUESTION ME, I CRY. IT GETS DARK, IT GETS LIGHT, I READ HER LETTER AGAIN...

... OVER AND OVER...

HER NAME'S VALERIE...

CHAPTER II VALERIE

DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
THERE IS NO WAY I CAN
THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE
MATTERS. I AM ME,
WHO YOU ARE BUT I LOVE
A PENCIL, A LITTLE ONE
A WOMAN. I HAD IT
I WON'T BE ABLE TO
THIS IS A LONG LETTER
. IT IS THE ONLY AUTOGRAPH
ER WRITE AND ON GOOD
IT ON TOILET PAPER

"I WAS BORN IN NOTTINGHAM
IN 1951 AND IT RAINED A
LOT. I PASSED MY ELEVEN
PLUS AND WENT TO GIRL'S
GRAMMAR. I WANTED TO
BE AN ACTRESS.

"I MET MY FIRST
GIRLFRIEND AT
SCHOOL..

"HER NAME WAS SARA.
SHE WAS FOURTEEN
AND I WAS FIFTEEN
BUT WE WERE BOTH
IN MISS WATSON'S
CLASS.

"HER WRISTS. HER
WRISTS WERE
BEAUTIFUL..



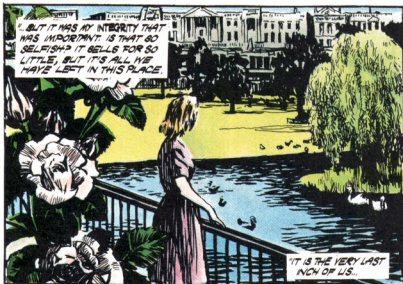
"I SAT IN BIOLOGY
CLASS, STARING AT
THE PICKLED RABBIT
FOOT IN ITS JAR,
LISTENING WHILE
MR. HIRD SAID IT WAS
AN ADOLESCENT
PHASE THAT
PEOPLE OUTGROW..

"SARA DID
I DIDN'T.



"IN 1976 I STOPPED
PRETENDING AND TOOK
A GIRL CALLED
CHRISTINE HOME TO
MEET MY PARENTS.

"A WEEK LATER I MOVED
TO LONDON, ENROLLING
AT DRAMA COLLEGE. MY
MOTHER SAID I BROKE
HER HEART..



"...BUT IT WAS MY INTEGRITY THAT
WAS IMPORTANT. IS THAT SO
SELFISH? IT BELLS FOR SO
LITTLE, BUT IT'S ALL WE
HAVE LEFT IN THIS PLACE.

"IT IS THE VERY LAST
INCH OF U.S..



"...BUT WITHIN THAT
INCH WE ARE FREE."

ALRIGHT

NOW, MISS HAMMOND, LET'S REVIEW THE FACTS.

YOU WORK FOR CODENAME Y. CODENAME Y KILLS SECURITY OFFICERS. PETER CREEDEY IS A SECURITY OFFICER. HE FREQUENTS THE KITTY HAT KILLER.

YOU WERE FOUND OUTSIDE THE ESTABLISHMENT WITH A LOADED GUN.

NO!
NO, PLEASE, THAT ISN'T TRUE...

OH DEAR, ROSSITER.

YOU WERE PLANNING TO MURDER MR. CREEDEY UNDER THE ORDERS OF CODENAME Y.

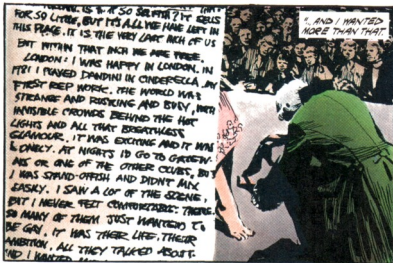
ISN'T THAT WHAT HAPPENED, MISS HAMMOND?

SIR.

NO!
WAIT!
PLEASE DON'T.

LONDON:

'I WAS HAPPY IN LONDON.'



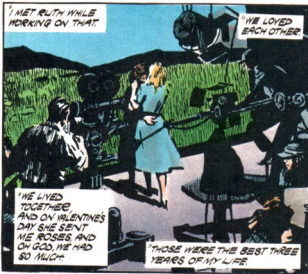
"IT'S NOT AS IF I'M SO SELFISH? MY BELLS FOR SO LONG, BUT IT'S ALL WE HAVE LEFT IN THIS PAGE. IT IS THE VERY LAST RICH OF US ENT WITHIN THAT MUCH WE ARE FREE. LONDON: I WAS HAPPY IN LONDON. IN 1951 I PLAYED DANDINI IN CINDERELLA MY FIRST REP WORK. THE WORLD WAS STRANGE AND RISKING AND BOLD, WITH VISIBLE CROWDS BEHIND THE HOT LIGHTS AND ALL THAT BRIGHTNESS'S GLAMOUR. IT WAS EXCITING AND IT WAS ONLY. AT NIGHTS I'D GO TO GREENWAYS OR ONE OF THE OTHER CLUBS, BUT I WAS STAND-OFFISH AND DIDN'T MIX EASILY. I SAW A LOT OF THE SCENE, BUT I NEVER FELT COMFORTABLE. THERE SO MANY OF THEM JUST WANTED TO BE GOIN', IT WAS THEIR LIFE, THEIR AMBITION, ALL THEY TALKED ABOUT. AND I HATED."

"AND I WANTED MORE THAN THAT."



"WORK IMPROVED. I GOT SMALL FILM ROLES, THEN BIGGER ONES."

"IN 1966 I STARTED IN THE SALT FLATS; IT PULLED IN THE AWARDS BUT NOT THE CROWDS."



"I MET RUTH WHILE WORKING ON THAT."

"WE LOVED EACH OTHER."

"WE LIVED TOGETHER AND ON VALENTINE'S DAY SHE SENT ME ROSES AND OH GOD, WE HAD SO MUCH."

"THOSE WERE THE BEST THREE YEARS OF MY LIFE."



"IN 1968 THERE WAS THE WAR..."



"...AND AFTER THAT THERE WERE NO MORE ROSES."



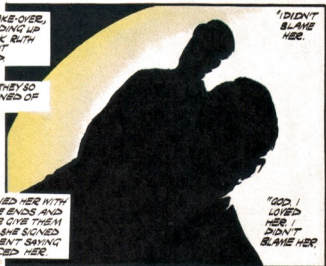
"NOT FOR ANYBODY."



"IN 1993, AFTER THE TAKE-OVER, THEY STARTED ROUNDING UP THE GAYS. THEY TOOK RUTH WHILE SHE WAS OUT LOOKING FOR FOOD

"WHY ARE THEY SO FRIGHTENED OF U.S.?"

"THEY BURNED HER WITH CIGARETTE ENDS AND MADE HER GIVE THEM MY NAME. SHE SIGNED A STATEMENT SAYING I'D SEDUCED HER.



"I DIDN'T BLAME HER.

"GOD, I LOVED HER. I DIDN'T BLAME HER.



"BUT SHE DID."

"SHE KILLED HERSELF IN HER CELL. SHE COULDN'T LIVE WITH BETRAYING ME, WITH GIVING UP THAT LAST NCH.

"OH RUTH.



"THEY CAME FOR ME. THEY TOLD ME THAT ALL MY FILMS WOULD BE BURNED.

"THEY SHAVED OFF MY HAIR. THEY HELD MY HEAD DOWN A TOILET BOYL. AND TOLD JOKES ABOUT LESBIANS



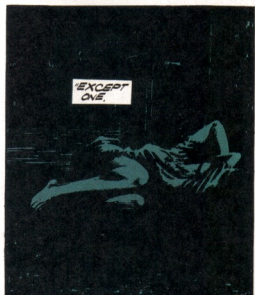
"THEY BROUGHT ME HERE AND GAVE ME DRUGS. I CAN'T FEEL MY TONGUE ANIMORE. I CAN'T SPEAK.



"THE OTHER GAY WOMAN HERE, RITA, DIED TWO WEEKS AGO. I IMAGINE I'LL DIE QUITE SOON.

"IT IS STRANGE THAT MY LIFE SHOULD END IN SUCH A TERRIBLE PLACE, BUT FOR THREE YEARS I HAD ROSES AND I APOLOGISED TO NOBODY.

"I SHALL DIE HERE. EVERY NCH OF ME SHALL PERISH..."



"EXCEPT ONE.

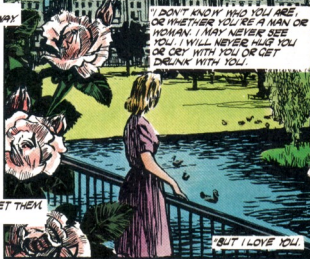


"IT'S SMALL AND IT'S FRAGILE AND IT'S THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD THAT'S WORTH HAVING."



"WE MUST NEVER LOSE IT, OR SELL IT, OR GIVE IT AWAY."

"WE MUST NEVER LET THEM TAKE IT FROM US."



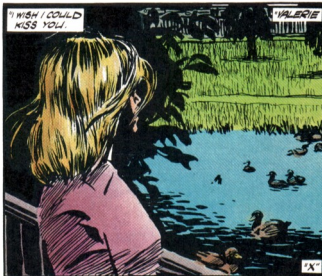
"I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, OR WHETHER YOU'RE A MAN OR WOMAN. I MAY NEVER SEE YOU. I WILL NEVER HUG YOU OR CRY WITH YOU OR GET DRUNK WITH YOU."

"BUT I LOVE YOU."



"I HOPE THAT YOU ESCAPE THIS PLACE."

"I HOPE THAT THE WORLD TURNS AND THAT THINGS GET BETTER, AND THAT ONE DAY PEOPLE HAVE ROSES AGAIN."



"I WISH I COULD KISS YOU."

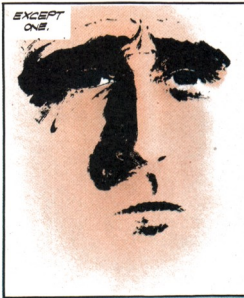
"VALERIE"

"X"

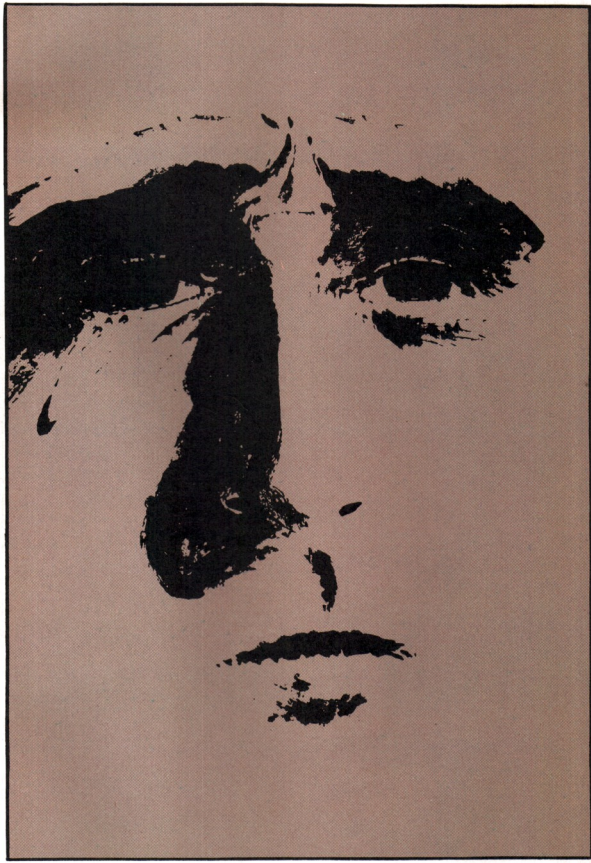


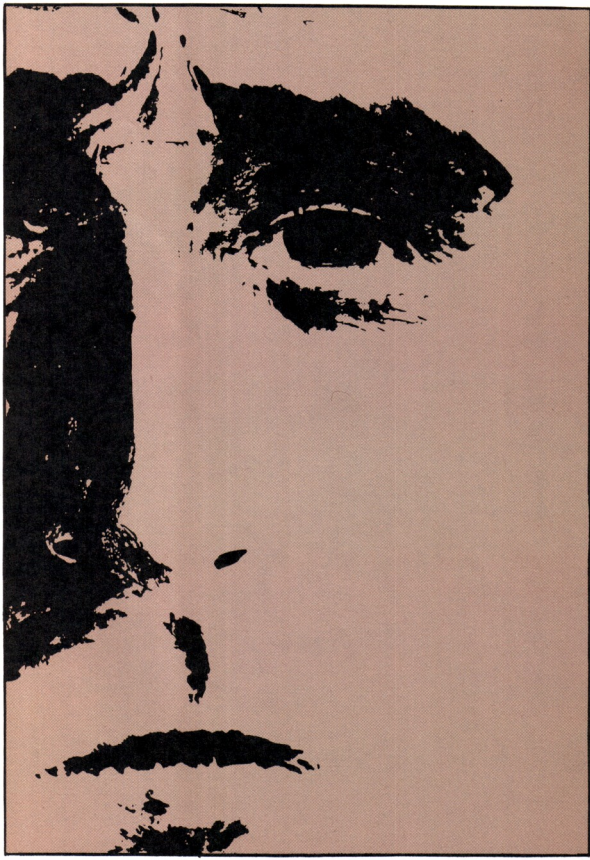
"I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS CELL."

"THIS CELL KNOWS EVERY INCH OF ME."



"EXCEPT ONE."







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1839

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