



Vol. VII
of X

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By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd

V FOR VENDETTA

DC

Suggested
For Mature
Readers



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By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

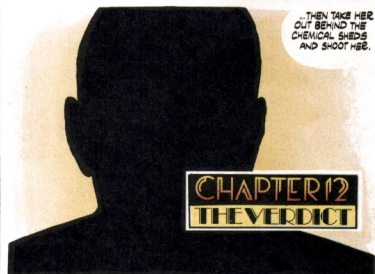
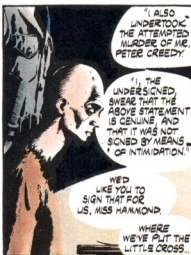
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IT'S TIME...



... UNLESS YOU WANT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND.

SIGN THAT STATEMENT, YOU COULD BE OUT INSIDE THREE YEARS. PERHAPS THEY'D FIND YOU A JOB WITH THE FINGER...

A LOT OF YOUR SORT GET WORK WITH THE FINGER.



THANK YOU...

BUT I'D RATHER DIE BEHIND THE CHEMICAL SHEDS.



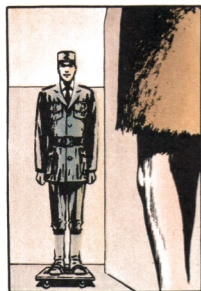
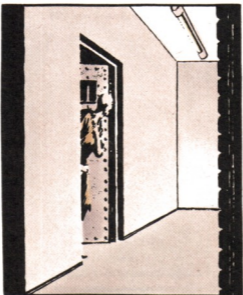
THEN THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO THREATEN WITH, IS THERE?

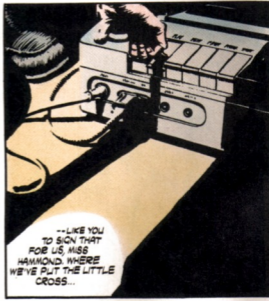
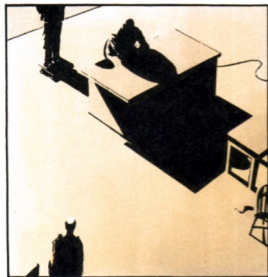
YOU ARE FREE.



WHAT?!









AS YOU WISH. ESCORT MISS HAMMOND BACK TO HER CELL, ROSSITER, WHERE SHE WILL WAIT WHILE YOU ARRANGE A WET DETAIL OF SIX MEN.



THEN TAKE HER OUT BEHIND THE CHEMICAL SHEDS AND SHOOT HER.





WELCOME HOME.





YOU



YOU DID THIS.



TO ME. YOU DID THIS TO ME.



YOU DID THIS TO ME.

YUH-YOU...

OH GOD OH GOD...



YUH-YOU HIT ME, AND AND YOU CUT OFF MY HAIR...

IT WAS YOU! IT WAS JUST YOU! ALL THIS TIME...



YOU... TORTURED ME...

OH, YOU TORTURED ME...

OH GOD, WHY?



BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

BECAUSE I WANT TO SET YOU FREE.

CHAPTER 13
VALUES



HAPPINESS IS A PRISON, EVEY.

HAPPINESS IS THE MOST INSIDIOUS PRISON OF ALL.

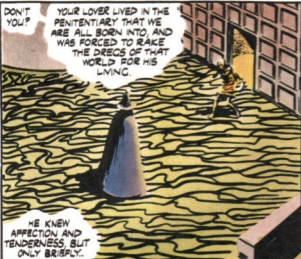


THAT'S WARRPED!
THAT'S WARRPED AND
EVIL AND WRRONG!

WHEN YOU THREW
ME OUT I WENT
TO LIVE WITH
SOMEBODY.

I WAS IN
LOVE WITH HIM.
I WAS HAPPY.

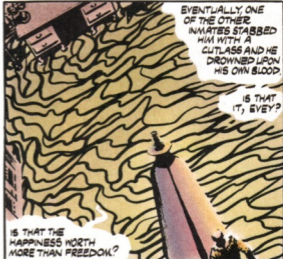
IF THAT'S A
PRISON, THEN
I DON'T CARE!



DON'T
YOU?

YOUR LOVER LIVED IN THE
PENITENTIARY THAT WE
ARE ALL BORN INTO, AND
WAS FORCED TO RAKE
THE DRECS OF THAT
WORLD FOR HIS
LIVING.

HE KNEW
AFFECTION AND
TENDERNESS, BUT
ONLY BRIEFLY..



EVENTUALLY, ONE
OF THE OTHER
INMATES STABBED
HIM WITH A
CUTLASS AND HE
DROWNED UPON
HIS OWN BLOOD.

IS THAT
IT, EVEY?

IS THAT THE
HAPPINESS WORTH
MORE THAN FREEDOM?



HOW
DID YOU
KNOW?

HOW DID YOU KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO GORDON?



IT'S NOT AN
UNCOMMON STORY,
EVEY. MANY
CONVICTS MEET
WITH MISERABLE
ENDS...

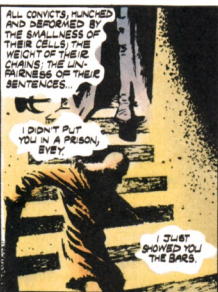


YOUR MOTHER.
YOUR FATHER.
YOUR LOVER.

ONE BY ONE,
TAKEN OUT
BEHIND THE
CHEMICAL
SHEDS..



...AND SHOT.



ALL CONVICTS, HUNCHED AND DEFORMED BY THE SMALLNESS OF THEIR CELLS; THE WEIGHT OF THEIR CHAINS; THE UNFAIRNESS OF THEIR SENTENCES...

I DIDN'T PUT YOU IN A PRISON, EVELY.

I JUST SHOWED YOU THE BARS.



YOU'RE WRONG! IT'S JUST LIFE. THAT'S ALL! IT'S HOW LIFE IS. IT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO PUT UP WITH.

IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT. WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO DECIDE IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH?



YOU'RE IN A PRISON, EVELY. YOU WERE BORN IN A PRISON. YOU'VE BEEN IN A PRISON SO LONG, YOU NO LONGER BELIEVE THERE'S A WORLD OUTSIDE.

SHUT UP! YOU'RE MAD! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT!



THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID, EVELY. YOU'RE AFRAID BECAUSE YOU CAN FEEL FREEDOM CLOSING IN UPON YOU. YOU'RE AFRAID BECAUSE FREEDOM IS TERRIFYING...

DON'T BACK AWAY FROM IT, EVELY. PART OF YOU UNDERSTANDS THE TRUTH EVEN AS PART PRETENDS NOT TO.

I CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING! THERE'S NOTHING TO FEEL! LEAVE ME ALONE!



WOMAN, THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE.

DON'T RUN FROM IT.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT... YOU'RE

OH GOD. OH GOD. I CAN'T BREATHE...

ASTHMA... WHEN WHEN I WAS... A LITTLE QUH-GIRL...



GOOD. YOU'RE ALMOST THERE. GO CLOSER. FEEL THE SHAPE OF IT.

YOUR MOTHER DIED. THEY TOOK YOUR FATHER AWAY. THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL, EVELY, AND SHE'S SCREAMING...

A-HUH...

A-A-HUH...

OH, MAKE IT STOP...

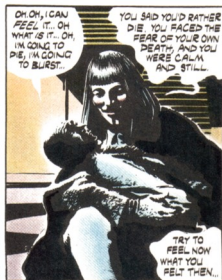


MUMMAY, DADDY PLEASE MAKE IT STOP!!



WHAT... ARE YOU DOING TO ME? OH, I CAN'T BREATHE ANYMORE...

YOU WERE IN A CELL, EYEV. THEY OFFERED YOU A CHOICE BETWEEN THE DEATH OF YOUR PRINCIPLES AND THE DEATH OF YOUR BODY.



OH, OH, I CAN FEEL IT... OH WHAT IS IT... OH, I'M GOING TO DIE, I'M GOING TO BURST...

YOU SAID YOU'D RATHER DIE. YOU FACED THE FEAR OF YOUR OWN DEATH, AND YOU WERE CALM AND STILL.

TRY TO FEEL NOW WHAT YOU FELT THEN...



...UHHH... OH GOD...

I FELT... HUUHH...

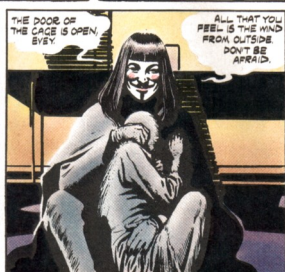


I... FELT... LIKE... AN ANGEL...



OH GOD, Y. OH GOD, I'M SO SCARED, I'M SO COLD...

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?



THE DOOR OF THE CAGE IS OPEN, EYEV.

ALL THAT YOU FEEL IS THE WIND FROM OUTSIDE. DON'T BE AFRAID.



TRY TO STAND. TRY TO WALK.

THE LIFT WILL TAKE US UP TO THE ROOF.

TO... THE ROOF...? OUTSIDE...?



I DON'T WANT... TO BE BLINDFOLDED...

NO, EYEV. NO MORE BLINDFOLDS.



ALL THE BLINDFOLDS ARE GONE.





SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1998
THE NOSE:

SIX MONTHS, AND NOT A PEEP DO YOU THINK IT'S ALL OVER?

MR. FINCH?

HMM?

SORRY DOMINIC, WHAT DID YOU SAY?

... I SAID 'DO YOU THINK IT'S ALL OVER?'

ALL OVER?

YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS.

WONDERFUL BOOKS, THESE KOESTLER AND BRONOWSKI! YOU OUGHT TO READ THEM SOMETIME.

UH, YES YES PERHAPS I WILL...

LOOK, UH, MR. FINCH... MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO HOME NOW. I CAN LOOK AFTER THE SHOP AFTER THE SHOP YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH TODAY.

COBBLERS.

I HAVEN'T DONE A STROKE SINCE I CAME BACK FROM THE EAST COAST, AND YOU KNOW IT, YOU'VE BEEN CARRYING ME.

OH... I PICKED UP THE SUPPLIES FROM THE PHARMACY THAT YOU GAVE ME THAT CHITTY FOR.

PHILLIPS SAID YOU'D HAVE TO CALL BY LATER TO SIGN THE POISONS REGISTER. I SAID YOU WOULD.

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, THOUGH, PERHAPS I WILL BE GETTING ALONG NOW...

HOPE THAT'S OKAY...

THAT'S FINE.

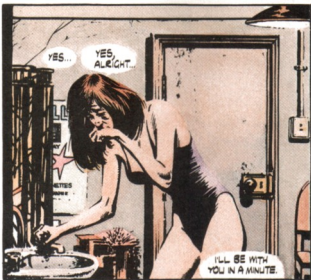
GOOD NIGHT, LAD.

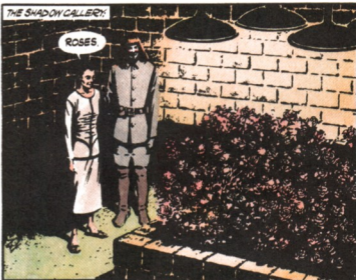
THE SHADOW GALLERY:

... THEN HE BRISKLY FRISKS THE TORN REMAINS FOR A FINGERPRINT OR CRIMSON STAINS AND ENDEAVOURS TO IGNORE THE CHAINS THAT HE WALKS IN TO HIS KNEES.

CHAPTER 14 VIGNETTES







ROSE?

(I'M SORRY I GET A BIT... NERVOUS... BEFORE I GO ON. I WAS SICK...)

OH GOD

C'MON GEL, THE MARTINETTES ARE ON IN TWO MINUTES.

OH... WELL... WE CAN'T HAVE YOU GOIN' ON IF YOU'RE POORLY. CAN WE? THEY CAN STILL DO THE ROUTINE WITH FIVE.

YOU STAY HERE IN THE DRESSING ROOM UNTIL YOU FEEL BETTER...

... AND I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY.

THE SHADY GALLERY!

ROSES

"AND THE WIDOWS WHO REFUSE TO CRY WILL BE DRESSED IN CARTER AND BOWTIE AND BE FORCED TO KICK THEIR LEGS UP HIGH IN THIS VICIOUS CASABET."

IN HER LETTER, VALERIE SAID SHE HOPED THERE WOULD BE ROSES AGAIN. DID YOU GROW THEM FOR HER?

GREW THEM IN HER MEMORY.

... BUT I GIVE THEM TO OTHERS, UPON OCCASION.

EVERY... ONCE YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULD NOT KILL, NOT EVEN FOR ME.

WHEN I PLUCKED YOU FROM THE STREETS YOU WERE ABOUT TO KILL A MAN.

ONE AUSTRIE HARBOR.

HE KILLED YOUR LOVER. YOU WANTED REVENGE.

THERE IS A ROSE HERE FOR HIM. YOU ONLY HAVE TO PLUCK IT AND HAND IT TO ME.

NOTHING ELSE



LEADER?

YOU CALLED OUT.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

1...

I DIDN'T
CALL OUT.

I COUGHED.
YOU MAY
RETURN TO
YOUR WORK.
ENGLAND
PREVAILS.





"YOU'LL KNOW WHEN IT COMES."



AND YOU?



ME?
I'M GOING TO GIVE THE WORLD WHAT VALERIE WANTED IT TO HAVE..

ROSES

A GREAT ABUNDANCE OF ROSES.



SHALL WE DANCE?



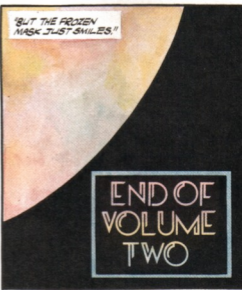
"BUT THE BACKDROPS PEEL AND THE SETS GIVE WAY AND THE CAST GET EATEN BY THE PLAY..."



"THERE'S A MURDERER AT THE MATINEE; THERE ARE DEAD MEN IN THE AISLES..."



"AND THE PATRONS AND THE ACTORS TOO ARE LINCER-TAIN IF THE SHOW IS THROUGH AND WITH SIDELONG LOOKS AWAT THEIR CUR..."



"BUT THE FROZEN MASK JUST SMILES."

END OF VOLUME TWO

INTERLUDE

IT IS BRITAIN, 1998. THE MILLS OF JUSTICE GRIND SLOWLY AND THEY GRIND EXCEEDING SMALL...

ONE MORE CHANCE, RYAN. ONE MORE CHANCE TO TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS "V" BLOKE...

...AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE PORKY PIES!

...AFTER ALL, THEY DON'T CALL IT A POLICE STATE FOR NOTHING.

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING. PLEASE... I'VE TOLD YOU ALL THIS. YOU WON'T LISTEN...

YOU' LISTEN, CHUMMY. I'M SICK OF LISTENING. THERE'S A SUBVERSIVE NUTCASE ON THE LOOSE OUT THERE...

HE'S CAUSED THIS COUNTRY MORE TROUBLE THAN THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD WORLD WARS PUT TOGETHER. HE CAN'T BE DOING IT ON HIS OWN, NOW CAN HE?

HE'S GOT TO HAVE A FIRM BACKING HIM UP. STANDS TO REASON. NOW YOU SAY THAT YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT. I SAY COBBLERS.

ALLRIGHT, RYAN. YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE. I THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE A WALK 'ROUND THE BLOCK.

THE WINDOW'S OVER THERE. GET GOING.

THE WINDOW? WHAT'S THAT TO DO WITH...

OH MY GOD. YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS...

I DON'T HEAR ANYBODY LAUGHING. YOU' HEAR ANYBODY LAUGHING?

OUT THE WINDOW, RYAN. IT'S ONLY ONCE AROUND THE BLOCK. MAYBE THE FRESH AIR WILL IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY.



OH CRIST. YOU CAN'T DO THIS. IT ISN'T LEGAL... I'LL COMPLAIN...



YEAH, YEAH. WE'LL HAVE THE COMPLAINT FORMS WRITING WHEN YOU GET BACK.

ANYWAY, WHATSAMATTA, RYAN? YOU DROPPIN' YOUR BOTTLE?



IT'LL BE A PIECE O' CAKE, MATE. THE LEDGE IS EIGHTEEN INCHES WIDE. IF IT WAS ON THE GROUND YOU WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT IT. SEE YA LATER.



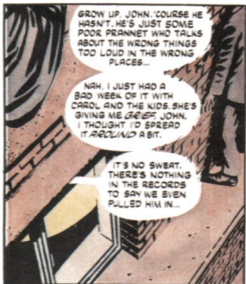
BUT THE LEDGE ISN'T ON THE GROUND. IT'S FIFTEEN STOREYS UP AND THE SOFT CLUCK OF THE WINDOW CLOSING BEHIND HIM SOUNDS LIKE IRON DOORS SLAMMING SHUT ON HIS LIFE...

VERTIGO

I'LL TELL THE CLEAN-UP BOYS TO HAVE A BODY BAG AROUND THE FRONT IN THE MORNING. LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER CASE SUCCESSFULLY CONCLUDED FOR THE BOYS IN GREY.



YEAH? YOU RECKON THIS RYAN'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS 'V' CHARACTER, THEN?



GROW UP, JOHN. COURSE HE HASN'T. HE'S JUST SOME POOR PRANNET WHO TALKS ABOUT THE WRONG THINGS TOO LOUD IN THE WRONG PLACES...

NAH, I JUST HAD A BAD WEEK OF IT WITH CAROL AND THE KIDS. SHE'S GIVING ME GREIF, JOHN. I THOUGHT I'D SPREAD IT AROUND A BIT.

IT'S NO SWEAT. THERE'S NOTHING IN THE RECORDS TO SAY WE EVEN PULLED HIM IN...



...ANYWAY WHO'S GOING TO CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO A ZERO LIKE RYAN?



THE LEDGE IS EIGHTEEN INCHES WIDE. IF IT WAS ON THE GROUND YOU WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT IT. THERES NO DIFFERENCE AT ALL, REALLY.

WELL, PERHAPS THERE ARE SOME DIFFERENCES...



THERES THAT SICK, TIMING FEELING IN THE SOLES OF YOUR FEET. YOU DONT GET THAT ON THE GROUND.



THERES THAT HORRIBLY FASCINATING WHISPER THAT ECHOES THROUGH YOUR MIND. "WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE WHEN I HIT? WILL I BE CONSCIOUS? WILL IT HURT?"

THESE ARE THINGS THAT DONT OCCUR TO YOU WHEN YOU'RE ON THE GROUND.



... AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE ARE THE CROSSWINDS THAT HOWL AROUND THE EDGE OF THESE TALL CONCRETE GEOMETRIES.

OH GOD.
OH NO
OH GOD...

THINGS LIKE THAT NEVER OCCUR TO YOU...



... UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.

LHHWOOOOOOWWWW



NICE NIGHT.

HE FAINTS. BLACK GLOVED HANDS DRAG HIM TO SAFETY AND HE DOESN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT IT.

MEANWHILE...



I RECKON THE WIND WOULD HAVE HAD HIM OFF AT THE FIRST CORNER. SUPPOSE I BETTER HAVE A LOOK...

HE'S BEEN GONE TEN MINUTES NOW, COLIN. WHADJA RECKON?



AH, NO SIGN OF HIM. LOOKS LIKE HE DECIDED TO ENTER THE FREE-STYLE HANG-GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS...

COME ON. LET'S HIT THE BRICKS. I'VE HAD A LONG DAY OF IT AND IF THAT COW STARTS UP THE MINUTE I'M IN THE DOOD, I'M GONNA CHIV HER.



ON SECOND THOUGHTS, HOW ABOUT STOPPING OFF AT THE OFFICER'S MESS FOR A SWIFT HALF AND A GAME OF... JOHN?

JOHN, DID YOU JUST HEAR SOMETHING? A SORT OF...



...CRACKING NOISE?

OH, CRIST.



I-IT'S YOU? ENNIT? YOU'RE HIM. OH BLOODY HELL...

LISTEN, I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE ONLY AFTER THE PARTY HIGH-LIFE. I'M JUST A COBBLE. YOU DON'T WANT NOTHING WITH ME...

...DO YOU?



OH, NO. YOU CAN'T WANT ME TO...

THE OFFICERS WORKING FOR THE ANGER HAVE A NAME FOR THIS MAN. THEY CALL HIM 'V'. HE STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING. HE KILLS WITHOUT COMPASSION. HE IS UTTERLY DEADLY.

IMAGINE YOU HAD A CHOICE BETWEEN CERTAIN DEATH FROM A BLACK GLOVED HAND AND THE CHANCE, HOWEVER SLIM, OF ESCAPE. WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

ALL RIGHT.

ALL RIGHT.

... AND AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, THE MAN WHO NEVER STOPS SMILING QUIETLY CLOSES THE WINDOW. HE CANNOT ABIDE DRAFTS.

OF COURSE, THE DRAFTS INSIDE ARE NOTHING...

COMPARED TO THE ONES OUTSIDE...

HE HAD TO COPE WITH WORSE THAN THIS ON HIS TRAINING COURSES. MUCH WORSE HE CAN MAKE IT. HE KNOWS HE CAN.

HE TAKES A STEP, HE TAKES ANOTHER STEP AGAIN, AGAIN...

INSPECTOR COLIN CLARKE HAS WORKED FOR THE FINGER SINCE IT WAS FORMED IN 1992. SIX YEARS AGO. BEFORE THAT HE WAS A SOLDIER.

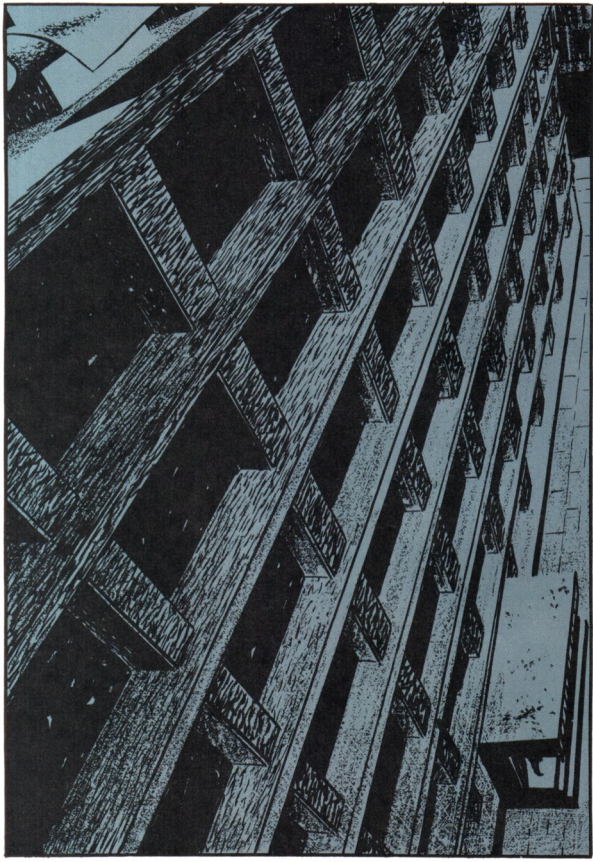
AFTER ALL, EIGHTEEN INCHES IS A LOT OF ROOM. IF IT WAS ON THE GROUND YOU WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT IT...

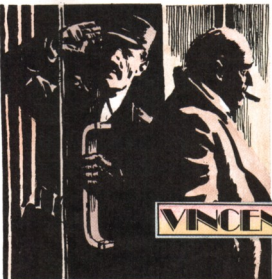
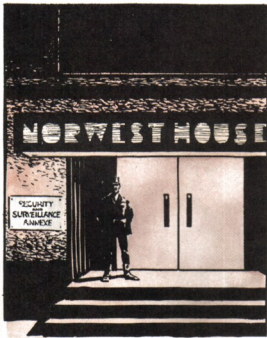
THERE IS THE MAN, THERE IS THE LEDGE. THERE IS THE DISMAL DROME OF THE WIND, THE UNCARING GLIMMER OF THE DISTANT STARS...

BEYOND THAT THERE IS ONLY SLAPSTICK. HE TAKES A STEP...

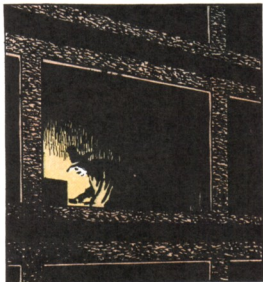
SLAPSTICK. THINGS LIKE THAT NEVER OCCUR TO YOU...

UNTIL IT'S FAR TOO LATE.





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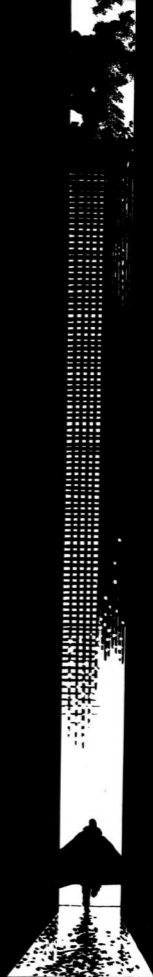
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