

Vol. VIII  
of X

By Alan Moore  
and David Lloyd



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For Mature  
Readers

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# V FOR VENDETTA



# V FOR VENDETTA™

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

Color artists:

**Steve Whitaker**

**Slobhan Dodds**

**David Lloyd**

Lettering:

**Steve Craddock**

Additional art for  
"Valerie" in Vol. VI and

"Vincent" in Vol. VII

by **Tony Weare**

#### V FOR VENDETTA 8

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NOVEMBER 5TH, 1898. THE EAR:

HELLO, MR. ETHERIDGE, WORKING LATE, THEN?

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN MR. FINCH TODAY, AT ALL?

NO, UH, DOMINIC...

HAVEN'T SEEN ERIC SINCE HE, UH, CAME OVER FOR DINNER WITH, UH, MRS. ETHERIDGE AND MYSELF, UH, LAST TUESDAY.

NOTHING, UH, WRONG, I HOPE...

NO, NOTHING SERIOUS.

SOMETHING JUST CAME UP... PHARMACY CALLED TO SAY THEY'D MISPLACED THE RECORDS FOR SOME TONIC CHEMICALS HE'D REQUISITIONED TWO MONTHS BACK.

THEY WANTED TO VERIFY WHAT HE'D TAKEN, NOW I CAN'T FIND HIM.

I WOULDN'T WORRY, BUT... WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE HIM.

HE'S BEEN A BIT DEPRESSED LATELY... ABOUT THE TERRORIST CASE. JUST SITS AND READS ALL THE TIME. PEOPLE I'VE NEVER HEARD OF.

THAT'D BE, UH, ARTHUR KOESTLER.

HE, UH, KILLED HIMSELF AS I REMEMBER.

SO, UH, ANYWAY... HOW'S THE, UH, TERRORIST CASE COMING ALONG?

HMM? OH... UH, WELL, THERE WAS THAT TROUBLE EARLIER IN THE YEAR, BUT SINCE THEN...

SOMEONE CALLED KOESTLER.

HE WAS, UH, THE PRESIDENT OF SOMETHING CALLED "EXIT", A GROUP THAT USED TO CAMPAIGN FOR, UH, THE RIGHT TO DIE WITH DIGNITY.

... DEAD SILENCE.

BOOK 3

THE LAND OF DO-AS-YOU-PLEASE

1912		
Quarterly Statistics		
Jan	100.0	100.0
Feb	100.0	100.0
Mar	100.0	100.0
Apr	100.0	100.0
May	100.0	100.0
Jun	100.0	100.0
Jul	100.0	100.0
Aug	100.0	100.0
Sep	100.0	100.0
Oct	100.0	100.0
Nov	100.0	100.0
Dec	100.0	100.0

PROLOGUE:









OH MY GOD.

YOU...  
AREN'T YOU  
FINCH'S MAN...



WHAT  
HAPPENED HERE!  
WE WERE JUST  
ARRIVING WHEN  
WE HEARD THE  
EXPLOSION...



M-MR. HEYER?

BOMB... I WAS  
JUST... C-COMING  
OUT OF THE  
BUILDING...

MR.  
ETHERIDGE,  
SIR... HE WAS  
WORKING  
LATE...



ETHERIDGE?  
WHAT. IS HE  
HURT?

H-HE'S DEAD,  
SIR.

OH GOD,  
I THINK I'M  
GOING TO BE  
SICK...



UGH,

CONRAD, WHAT'S  
GOING ON? YOU  
JUST RAN OFF  
AND LEFT ME!

TH-THERE'S  
BEEN A BOMB.  
THE TOWER...



THE EYE AND THE EAR  
ARE BOTH CRIPPLED!  
I'VE GOT TO GET IN  
TOUCH WITH THE LEADER  
STRAIGHT AWAY...

HALF LONDON  
HEARD THAT BANG.  
THE MOUTH WILL  
HAVE TO ISSUE A  
STATEMENT...



ANOTHER 'SCHEDULED  
DEMOLITION'? WHO'S  
GOING TO BELIEVE IT  
AFTER THE HOUSES  
OF PARLIAMENT AND  
THE OLD BAILEY?  
WHAT CAN THEY  
POSSIBLY SAY?

I DON'T  
KNOW, ANY-  
THING.

AT A TIME  
LIKE THIS, ANY-  
THING'S BETTER  
THAN SILENCE...





MR. CREEPY ON SCREEN TWO. MR. HEYER ON SCREEN FOUR, LEADER.



CAN'T IT WAIT?



I... UH, I'M SORRY, LEADER?



NOTHING.

PUT CREEPY ON. HAVE HEYER HOLD FOR A MOMENT.



LEADER...

IT'S JORDAN TOWER. HE'S BLOWN IT UP.

AND THE OLD POST OFFICE TOWER AS WELL. THE EYE AND THE EAR ARE OUT OF ACTION...



BLIND AND DEAF AND UNABLE TO SPEAK...

GET MOBILE TRANSMITTERS OUT ON THE STREETS AT ONCE.

THERE MUST BE NO PANIC, EVEN IF WE CANNOT IMMEDIATELY BROADCAST OUR REASSURANCES TO THE PEOPLE...



THAT'S JUST IT, LEADER. WE CAN'T BROADCAST IMMEDIATELY...

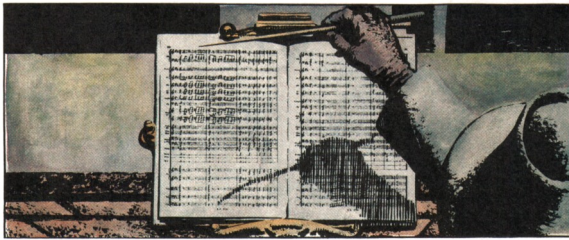
...BUT SOMEBODY ELSE ALREADY IS.

LISTEN TO THIS...



GOOD EVENING, LONDON.

THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE.



ALMOST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO TONIGHT, A GREAT CITIZEN MADE A MOST SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO OUR COMMON CULTURE.



IT WAS A CONTRIBUTION FORGED IN STEALTH AND SILENCE AND SECRECY, ALTHOUGH IT IS BEST REMEMBERED IN NOISE AND BRIGHT LIGHT.



TO COMMEMORATE THIS MOST GLORIOUS OF EVENINGS, HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT IS PLEASED TO RETURN THE RIGHTS OF SECRECY AND PRIVACY TO YOU, ITS LOYAL SUBJECTS.



FOR THREE DAYS, YOUR MOVEMENTS WILL NOT BE WATCHED...



YOUR CONVERSATIONS WILL NOT BE LISTENED TO...



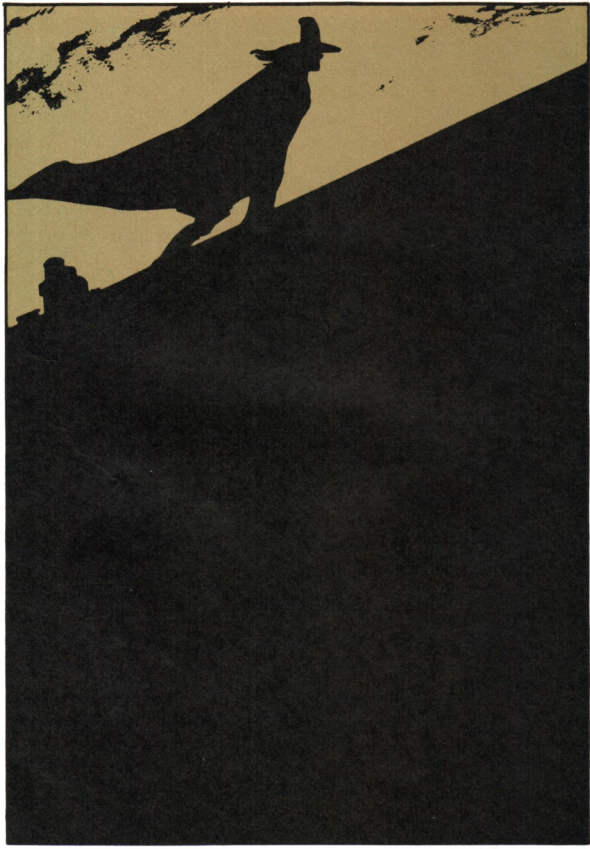
... AND DO WHAT GOD BLESS THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.

... AND GOODNIGHT.



END OF PROLOGUE









"NO TELLY?"

"WHAT, AN' NO RADIO NEITHER? WELL, THAT'S BLOODY MARVELOUS! 'ERE'S ME PAYIN' LICENSE MONEY AND..."

"'ERE, 'ANG ABOUT: YOU SAID 'E BOMBED THE G.P.O. TOWER AS WELL, DOES THAT MEAN THEY CAN'T..."



BOLLOCKS.



"...AND SHE SAYS NONE OF THE MICROPHONES ARE WORKING EITHER!"

"WON'T SEEM THE SAME, USED TO LIKE THE WAY THEM LITTLE CAMERAS WENT FORWARDS AND BACK, STILL..."

"I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL 'PROGRESS', EH?"



"...SO ANYWAY, WHEN WE 'EARD THE CAMERAS WERE OFF, WE WALKED ONE SUDDENLY, 'E SEZ 'WOBODY'S WATCHIN'. 'OH ABOUT IT?'"

"BLOODY CHEEK! THINKS 'E CAN DO WHATEVER 'E LIKES!"

"ALTHOUGH, I SUPPOSE..."



BOLLOCKS.



HAHA.



BOLLOCKS MR. SUSAN,  
BOLLOCKS FATE...

BOLLOCKS  
OUR DAD,  
BOLLOCKS MISS  
PLATT AT THE  
SCHOOL...

BOLLOCKS,  
BOLLOCKS,  
BOLLOCKS!



"...TERRORIST WHAT  
DONE IT. EVIL MAN,  
BUT VERY CLEVER.  
WHAT THEY CALL AN  
EVIL GENIUS."

"DUGHTTA 'AVE A PROPER  
NAME: 'THE PANTHER,  
'THE FON,' 'THE RIPPER.'  
THOSE WERE PROPER  
NAMES, NOT EFFIN'  
INITIALS!"

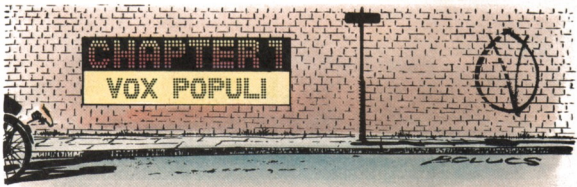
"STILL, YER GOTTER  
'AND IT TO 'IM..."



"HE'S TAKEN IT."

"HE'S TAKEN AWAY  
THE VOICE OF FATE.  
HOW SHALL I FILL  
THE GAP IT LEAVES?"

"HOW SHALL MY  
COUNTRY FILL  
THE SILENCE?"



CHAPTER 1  
VOX POPULI



BOLLOCKS



WELL, THE PEOPLE HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TO SAY SO FAR, LEADER.

THINGS ARE QUIET... ALTHOUGH IT'S EARLY YET SOME REINFORCEMENTS MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA JUST IN CASE.



MY PROBLEMS, WITH BUNNY... UH, MR. ETHERIDGE BEING BURIED IMMEDIATELY. SOME OFFICERS HAVE REQUESTED FUNERAL LEAVE.

I DON'T LIKE GRANTING IT, SITUATION BEING WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'LL OBVIOUSLY UPSET MRS. ETHERIDGE, NOBODY TURNING UP...



THE OTHER PROBLEM'S MR. FINCH. HE'S BEEN ACTING FUNNY... ABSENT FOR TWO DAYS, NO CRITICISM INTENDED, LEADER, BUT PERHAPS DIRECTING THE NOSE IS A JOB...

"I LOVE YOU."

...FOR A YOUNGER MAN, AND...



I..

I'M SORRY LEADER?

D-DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?



NO, NO, I DON'T THINK SO.

SEND MRS. ETHERIDGE SOME FLOWERS WITH MY APOLOGIES. CANCEL ALL POLICE LEAVE AND DOUBLE THE MANPOWER ON THE STREETS.

OH YES... AND LOOTERS ARE TO BE SHOT.



THAT WILL BE ALL, MR. CREDY.

ENGLAND PREVAILS.



"NGMF GLEP GOR, WHAT ABOUT THESE *BANGERS*?"

"NO, CHLOF, I MEAN, I BELIEVE IN LAW'N'ORDER, BUT *BLACK MARKET* OR *NOT*, IF I 'ADN'T TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THE OFFER, SOME *OTHER BUGGER* WOULD 'AVE ..."

"GHMF PASS THE KETCHUP, AY?"



"...TO YOUR HOMES AND REMAIN CALM. NOTHING IS HAPPENING."

"THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL, AND CITIZENS ARE ADVISED TO CARRY ON THEIR BUSINESS PRECISELY AS *NORMAL*."

"I REPEAT..."



"HELLO."


"I'D LIKE TO BUY A GUN."






OAH! Y'WANTAE  
BUY A SHOOTER,  
EH?

WULL, AM  
SHURA DONT KNOW  
WHY YUR ASKIN' ME,  
AM OOT FER A BEVVY,  
Y'KNOW? AM NO INTAE  
R THIS GANGSTER SHITE.




I-I-I'VE GOT MONEY, I HEARD  
YOU WERE THE PERSON  
TO ASK, AND THIS SEEMED  
THE BEST TIME, WHILE  
THE MONITORS ARE  
OFF.



AYE, WELL, RIGHT ENUFF,  
BUT AM NO CONVENCED.  
YUR NO THE SHOOTER  
TYPE, KNOWHATTAMEAN?  
WHURE YE WANTIN'  
SHORT?

NOBODY!

I... I JUST  
WANT PROTECTION,  
THINGS ARE SO THREAT-  
ENING LATELY...



WHAT YUR WANTIN'S A  
MAN ABOUT THE PLACE,  
WEE GIRRULS SHOULDNAE  
FRIG ABOUT WI BLOODY  
CANNONS. ESS NO A  
WOMAN'S GAME.

I'VE GOT  
FOUR HUNDRED  
POUNDS.




I CAN GIVE YOU  
HALF NOW, THE  
REST WHEN...

SHH, NO  
SLOID, FER  
CHRIS-  
SAKES!


FOOR HUNDRED  
QUED, EH? AN YUR  
JUST AFTER WANTEN  
TAE PROTECT Y'ISEL?

YES,



HMM, WULL,  
MEET'IS ROODN'S  
BAAK, CLOSEN TIME,  
A'LL SEE WHUT  
A KEN DO.

A HOPE  
Y'KNOW HOWTAE  
HANDLE ONE O'THSE  
THINGS, MISSUS.



ESS NO A POP GUN,  
Y'KNOW WHUT AM  
SAYIN'? MAKESAN  
OFFLY BIG BANG, YU  
WAIT TEL YUR HOLDEN  
ONE, YU'LL SEE.

A'LL  
BE SEEN  
Y' LATER, THEN.

BYE  
FER NOO.





"BANG."



"... 'APPENIN' OVER EAST FINCHLEY TONIGHT."

"WHAT I 'ERD THIS NOBBY, 'IZ BIRD GOT FINGERED OVER A TIN O' BEANS, ONLY SHOT THE POOR LOW, DIDN'T THEY? SO, LIKE, EVERYBODY'S TOOLED UP AN'..."



"... JUST AS IF SHE WAS A PAK! WELL, THEY'VE 'AD IT! THEY COME ROUND 'ERE TONIGHT, THEY'RE GUNNA GEDDA KICK IN THE 'ED..."

"A BIG KICK."

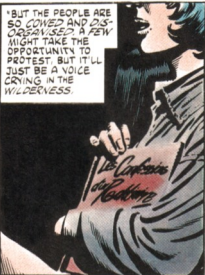


"IT DOES NOT DO TO RELY TOO MUCH ON SILENT MAJORITIES, EYEV, FOR SILENCE IS A FRAGILE THING..."

"ONE LOUD NOISE, AND IT'S GONE."



"BUT THE PEOPLE ARE SO COWED AND DIS-ORGANISED, A FEW MIGHT TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO PROTEST, BUT IT'LL JUST BE A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS."



"NOISE IS RELATIVE TO THE SILENCE PRECEDING IT. THE MORE ABSOLUTE THE HUSH, THE MORE SHOCKING THE THUNDERCLAP."

"OUR MASTERS HAVE NOT HEARD THE PEOPLE'S VOICE FOR GENERATIONS, EVEN..."



"...AND IT IS MUCH, MUCH LOUDER THAN THEY CARE TO REMEMBER."



FINGERWAGON  
VICTOR-CHARLEY-NINER,  
REQUEST ASSISTANCE,  
CROUCH END...

CAN'T FOLLOW  
THEM INTO BRIXTON.  
HALF THE MEN NEED  
CHOLERA TABS,  
AND...

URGENTLY  
REQUEST

BEFORE LOOTERS  
REACH DEPTFORD MARSHES,  
WE NEED TWO MORE  
CARS AND...

GREEN PARK,  
MOST PEOPLE IN-  
DOORS, BUT A CROWD  
FORMING IN KING'S  
ROAD AREA SEND

AGENCY,  
ALL CARS IN  
TOTTENHAM  
AREA

CK'S SAKE  
MAN, GET US  
SOME BACK-  
UP HERE

WHAT'S  
THAT?

A LATE SEVENTIES  
RADIO / CASSETTE, YOU  
CAN TUNE THEM TO THE  
POLICE BAND, EVEN  
IN A BROADCASTING  
BLACKOUT.

PROTESTING  
THE EXECUTIONS.  
IF WE CHARGE,  
THEY MIGHT

RECOMMEND  
TEAR GAS OR

VICTOR-  
CHARLEY-NINER,  
COME /N/, PLEASE.

THE OLD BROADWATER  
FARM ESTATE, TELL  
MR. CREEBY THERE'S  
FIRES...

ALL THIS  
RIOT AND UPROAR,  
Y... IS THIS  
ANARCHY?

IS THIS  
THE LAND OF  
DO-AS-YOU-  
PLEASE?

PLEASE  
RESPOND, REPEAT:  
VICTOR-CHARLEY-  
NINER...

NO. THIS IS ONLY THE LAND  
OF TAKE-WHAT-YOU-WANT.  
ANARCHY MEANS "WITHOUT  
LEADERS"; NOT "WITHOUT  
ORDER"

WITH ANARCHY  
COMES AN AGE OF  
ORDERING, OF TRUE  
ORDER, WHICH IS TO  
SAY VOLUNTARY  
ORDER.

THIS AGE OF ORDERING  
WILL BEGIN WHEN  
THE MAD AND INCO-  
HERENT CYCLE OF  
VERWIRRLING THAT  
THESE BULLETINS  
REVEAL HAS RUN ITS  
COURSE.

THIS IS  
CHAOS!

THIS  
IS NOT  
ANARCHY, EVE.

## CHAPTER 2 VERWIRRLUNG



HOW DID YEARS  
PUT IT ...

"TURNING AND  
TURNING IN THE WIPENING  
GYRE, THE FALCON CAN-  
NOT HEAR THE FALCONER.  
THINGS FALL  
APART ...

"... THE  
CENTRE CANNOT  
HOLD."



THE RIOTS WILL STOP.  
COMMUNICATIONS WILL  
RESUME. LET ENGLAND  
BRIEFLY MIND ITSELF.  
AFTER MY TOIL, I AM  
ENTITLED TO SOME  
TENDERNESS.

I GAZE, ENTRANCED,  
INTO YOUR EYE.  
LUMINOUS FINGERS  
STROKE MY FACE.

FROM YOUR WORLD OF  
PURE MATH YOU TOUCH  
ME, IN THIS SOLID AND  
ENCUMBERING PLACE...



TOO FAST TO REGISTER,  
DOUBLE EXPOSED BY  
MEMORY, IMAGES RACE  
ACROSS YOUR GLASS,  
HATCHING MY PULSE,  
ACCELERATING ...

THERE: A HANGING? IT  
WENT BY SO QUICKLY...  
LETTERS; WORDS; A STADIUM  
CROWD; SHAVED ASIAN  
WOMEN HERDED THROUGH  
THE SHOWERS ...



OH GOD, I'M ... BURNING  
SHOPS; A CHIMP CON-  
VULSED BY SHOCKS...  
THE FEELINGS, WHITE  
SCREENS, OH MY GOD, MY ...



... FATE ...

OH ...

OH, MY  
LOVE, MY ...  
OOHHH ...

HHH-  
HAHHH ...

AH.



"MERE ANARCHY  
IS LOOSED UPON  
THE WORLD."



INVOLUNTARY ORDER BREEDS DISSATISFACTION, MOTHER OF DISORDER; PARENT OF THE GUILLOTINE.

AUTHORITARIAN SOCIETIES ARE LIKE FORMATION SKATING. INTRICATE, MECHANICALLY PRECISE AND ABOVE ALL, PRECARIOUS. BENEATH CIVILISATION'S FRAGILE CRUST, COLD CHAOS CHURNS...



"...AND THERE ARE PLACES WHERE THE ICE IS TREACHEROUSLY THIN."



YUR UNDER ARREST.

AAA!

NAH, AM DARN KIDDEN.



OH! OH GOD, YOU ...

L-LOOK, I'VE GOT THE MONEY. DID YOU GET THE "THE THING" LIKE I ASKED?

TO DEFEND MYSELF WITH?

OH AYE, THES'LL DEFEND YE, RIGHT 'NUFF.



THES'LL DEFEND SOMEBODY'S ENNARDS ENTAE THE GUTTER.



AD ADVISE YE TE GET ET HOME QUECK. EF YUR SERZCHED AV NEVER SEEN YE IN MA LIFE.

N-NO, I UNDERSTAND. I'LL TAKE IT STRAIGHT HOME. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

THANK YOU.



YUR WULCOME.



HELLO, ALLY. THOUGHT IT WAS TIME WE HAD A LITTLE CHIN-WAG.

MESTER CREEDEY. LUKE AM NO AWARE OF HAVIN DONE ANYTHENG TE UPSET ME..

HA HA HA! WHAT A LOAD OF BOLLOCKS. THERE'S G.B.M. ARMED ROBBERY PROBABLY A MURDER OR TWO...

YOU'RE QUITE A LAD, ALLY.

AA LUKE C'MDAN, GESSA BREAK, EH?

A BREAK? HA HA HA!

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE THAN A BREAK, ME OLD SON.

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A JOB.

IT'S THESE RIOTS, ALLY. THE FINGER'S STRETCHED A BIT THIN AT PRESENT, AND I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO HIRE SOME EXTRA MUSCLE.

JUST FIND ME A FEW DOZEN HARD CASES, LOOKING FOR NIGHT WORK, CASH IN HAND. THERE'LL BE A COMMISSION FOR YOU, OBVIOUSLY. THINK YOU CAN DO THAT?

AHE, WELL...

WELCOME TO THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER.

AUTHORITY, WHEN FIRST DETECTING CHAOS AT ITS HEELS, WILL ENTERTAIN THE VILEST SCHEMES TO SAVE ITS ORDERLY FACADE...

GREAT STUFF, ALLY, GREAT STUFF!

...BUT ALWAYS ORDER WITHOUT JUSTICE, WITHOUT LOVE OR LIBERTY, WHICH CANNOT LONG POSTPONE THEIR WORLD'S DESCENT TO PANDEMONIUM.

AUTHORITY ALLOWS TWO ROLES: THE TORTURER AND THE TORTURED; TWISTS PEOPLE INTO JOYLESS MANNEQUINS THAT FEAR AND HATE, WHILE CULTURE PLUNGES INTO THE ABYSS.

AUTHORITY DEFORMS THE REAKING OF THEIR CHILDREN, MAKES A COCKFIGHT OF THEIR LOVE ...

ALL RIGHT, CONRAD. THAT'S ENOUGH. GET ME A TOWEL.

WHEN DID THE LEADER AUTHORIZE CREEDEY TO RECRUIT A GOON SQUAD?

LATE THIS AFTER-NOON, DO YOU WANT YOUR ROBE, HELEN?

NO.  
DOESN'T SUSAN REALIZE THAT CREEDEY'S ONLY WAITING FOR HIM TO CRACK COMPLETELY BEFORE MOVING IN WITH HIS PRIVATE ARMY AND STAGING A COUP?

THE LEADER MAY JUST BE UNDER STRAIN ...

BALLS, CONRAD. HIS MIND'S DISINTEGRATING ... AND WHEN IT GOES, I WANT YOU IN THE NUMBER ONE SEAT AND NOT THAT SECONDARY-SCHOOL OIK, CREEDEY.

I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING, AS USUAL.

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE QUITE A SUCCESSFUL YOUNG MAN, CONRAD, IF YOUR SUCCESS WASN'T ENTIRELY DUE TO MY EFFORTS, I MIGHT EVEN FANCY YOU.

NOW, I'VE GOT THINGS TO ORGANISE IN THE MORNING, SO I'M GOING TO BED. I EXPECT I SHALL BE ASLEEP WHEN YOU COME UP.

YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THE LIGHT ON IN HERE, WILL YOU?

AUTHORITY'S COLLAPSE SENDS CRACKS THROUGH BEDROOM, BOARDROOM, CHURCH AND SCHOOL ALIKE. ALL IS MISRALE.

EQUALITY AND FREEDOM ARE NOT LUXURIES TO LIGHTLY CAST ASIDE. WITHOUT THEM, ORDER CANNOT LONG ENDURE BEFORE APPROACHING DEPTHS BEYOND IMAGINING.

V, WAIT A MINUTE...  
WE HAVEN'T BEEN  
DOWN HERE BEFORE.  
WHERE ARE WE  
GOING? DO YOU HAVE  
SOMETHING HIDDEN  
DOWN HERE?

V?

V,  
ANSWER  
ME...

HELLO, THIS IS  
LONDON  
6482732...

ERIC FINCH  
SPEAKING.

I'M NOT IN AT THE  
MOMENT, BUT IF YOU  
LEAVE YOUR NAME AND  
NUMBER AFTER THE  
TONE, I'LL GET BACK  
TO YOU.

HELLO?

UH, HELLO.  
THIS IS DOMING  
AGAIN...

SUPPLIER

BT ON

LISTEN, JUST...  
JUST GET IN TOUCH.  
PLEASE, THERE'S PROB-  
LEMS WITH MR. SUSAN  
AND MR. CREEPY. I CAN'T  
SAY MUCH ON THE PHONE.

IT'S ALL COMING TO BITS,  
MR. FINCH. I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I SHOULD DO.

WELL, I,  
UH... I SUPPOSE  
THAT'S ALL.

GBYE.

TAKE CARE.

REGISTERED POLICE  
IT IS AN OFFENSE  
TO DESTROY THIS  
PROPERTY

V?

COME ON, V, I'M  
WAITING FOR AN  
ANSWER,  
WHERE...?

THIS IS  
MY SECRET  
LOVE NEST,  
EYE.

I'M TAKING  
YOU TO MEET MY  
MISTRESS.



YOUR WHAT?

IT IS A TANGLED AND UNHAPPY TALE OF HEARTS BETRAYED AND LOYALTIES MIS-PLACED.

IT WAS NOT I THAT STRANER. MY LOVE WAS JUSTICE, AND, INFATUATED WITH HER TRUTH AND LOVELINESS, I WORSHIPPED HER.

...UNTIL, BEHIND MY BACK, SHE TOOK UP WITH A MAN WHO VIOLATED AND ABUSED HER; SOMEONE FIERCE AND BRUTAL WITH BURNED CHILDREN ON HIS BREATH.

HE CHANGED HER. SHE ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR LEATHER, CHAINS AND WHIPS.

THE JUSTICE THAT I LOVED WAS GONE; WHO HAD SUCH KINDLY EYES; WHO TOOK SUCH SMALL AND CAREFUL STEPS...

TRANSFORMED, SHE GLAZED THROUGH NARROW SLITS AND GROUND GOOD MEN BENEATH HER VICIOUS HEEL.

IMAGINE, WHEN I LEARNED OF HER AFFAIR ...

MY ANGER AND MY SHAME TO THINK HOW THEY'D MADE MOCK OF ALL THAT I LOVED MY JUSTICE AND HER BESTIAL SWAIN, CAVORTING IN THEIR BLOODSTAINED SHEETS.

STILL, ALL IN LOVE AND WAR IS FAIR, THEY SAY, THIS BEING BOTH, AND TURN-ABOUT'S FAIR PLAY.

THOUGH I MUST BEAR A CUCKOLD'S HORNS, THEY'RE NOT A CROWN THAT I SHALL BEAR ALONE.

YOU SEE, MY RIVAL, THOUGH INCLINED TO ROAM, POSSESSED AT HOME A WIFE THAT HE ADDED.

HE'LL RUE HIS PROMISCUITY, THE ROGUE WHO STOLE MY ONLY LOVE, WHEN HE'S INFORMED HOW MANY YEARS IT IS ...

... SINCE FIRST I BEDDED HIS.



A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a sign for 'NEW SCOTLAND YARD'. The sign is a large, light-colored rectangular panel with a dark border, mounted on a dark, possibly metal, structure. The text 'NEW SCOTLAND YARD' is written in a bold, blocky, sans-serif font, with each letter having a thick, dark outline. The sign is positioned at an angle, and the background consists of a bright sky with dark, silhouetted trees and a portion of a building with a grid-like window pattern on the left side. The overall aesthetic is stark and graphic, with deep blacks and bright whites, and a grainy texture.

THE NOSE.  
NOVEMBER  
7<sup>TH</sup>, 1898.

"ROSES ARE RED  
VIOLETS ARE BLUE  
EVERYTHING'S POSSIBLE  
NOTHING IS TRUE."

THEY'RE  
LIKE LITTLE  
LOVE NOTES.  
WHO ISSUED  
THEM?

LEARNING  
THAT'S YOUR  
DEPARTMENT.

MY CIVILIAN  
AUXILIARY LADS  
FOUND 'EM ON  
VARIOUS LAY-  
ABOUTS THEY  
ROUNDED UP  
THIS MORNING.

"I LOVE  
THE RAIN,  
I LOVE THE MOON,  
I LOVE THE WIND  
AND STARS..."

WORK OF A  
NUTCASE COUNTRY'S  
GOING BARNEY. Y'KNOW  
THERE'S FOOD RIOTS  
IN MANCHESTER? OVER  
A BLOODY COMPUTER  
ERROR?

"... I'D LOVE  
TO VISIT YOU  
QUITE SOON  
AND KISS YOU  
THROUGH THE  
BARS."

WHAT'S  
IT  
MEAN?

IT MEANS TROUBLE,  
SON. TIMES LIKE THIS,  
BLOKE NEEDS TO KNOW  
WHO HIS FRIENDS  
ARE.

TAKE YOU,  
NOW... ACTING HEAD  
OF THE NOSE SINCE  
BALDY DISAPPEARED  
DODGY POSITION. THINGS  
AROUND HERE COULD  
CHANGE OVERNIGHT.

OVER-  
NIGHT.

'COURSE THE  
LEADERS MARVELLOUS,  
BUT WELL, IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENED, WOULD ALL  
THE YOUNG 'UNS HAVE  
TO CONSIDER THESE  
THINGS, EN?

"I KNOW, I  
NEVER COTTONED TO  
FINCH, BUT I COULD  
COTTON TO YOU."

MAYBE OUR  
DEPARTMENTS COULD  
CO-OPERATE MORE  
IN FUTURE,  
PERHAPS...

"I LOVE YOU,  
BUT WHY MUST  
YOU LOVE THE LAW?  
IT'S PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE  
THAT SHE'S A WHORE..."

"... THAT  
VIRTUOUS PERSONS  
HAVE NO NEED TO WOO;  
THAT VILLAINS SCREW,  
THEN STUDDENLY  
IGNORE."

HA,  
QUITE FUNNY,  
THAT.

CAN YOU  
FIND YOUR  
OWN WAY OUT?

## CHAPTER 3 VARIOUS VALENTINES



ORGANIZEN A PROTEST  
AGAINST THE SHOOTENS,  
EH?

A WULL, SLENG  
THE LETTLE GOABSHITE  
EN THE WAA'N W' THE  
REST. CAN Y'NO SEE AM  
ON MA LUNCHBREAK?

MORNING, ALLY.  
KEEPING  
BUSY?

A, ET'S A  
DODDLE. ALL A THUS  
MONEY FUR DAMAGIN'  
SOME PUIZ BASTUD AN  
TACHIN AP THUR MESSUSEZ  
EN THE STREP. SERRCH.

YUZ COPERS 'RE  
CLEVER BASTUDS.  
KEEPEN THESS  
NUMBER TAE  
YOURSELN.

HABA, WELL,  
PLAY YOUR CARDS  
RIGHT, YOUR LADS  
COULD HAVE  
REGULAR WORK  
HERE.

I LIKE YOUR  
STYLE, AND WITH  
THINGS HOW THEY ARE,  
A LITTLE AUXILIARY  
FORCE COULD COME  
IN YBRY HANDY.

SAY FOR EXAMPLE  
I OFFERED FOUR  
HUNDRED A  
WEEK.

I MEAN, FOR  
THAT I'D WANT YOUR  
GUARANTEED LOYALTY  
IF PUSH COME TO SHOVE,  
UNDERSTAND WHAT  
I'M SAYING?

A THINK A  
MIGHT HAV AN  
EINKLENG.

WELL, THINK  
ON. I COULD PROMISE  
GOOD PROSPECTS  
IN ANY SYSTEM THAT  
MIGHT DEVELOP.  
YOU KNOW...

IF PUSH  
COME TO SHOVE,

SEE, THINGS ARE PRECARIOUS.  
APPARENTLY, THEY'VE HAD POWER  
FAILURES IN LIVERPOOL.  
IF THAT HAPPENED  
HERE...

A, NAE BOTHER.  
FUR FOOR HUNNERD  
QUED, YEV MA FULL  
SUPPORT.

NOW,  
EF YU'LL  
EXCUSE ME...

OFF ALREADY? NOT  
PURSUING OTHER  
BUSINESS INTERESTS.  
I HOPE?

NAH, ET'S  
JUSS THESS  
BERRD.

LESSEN, A  
FOOND SOME MAIR.  
O' THEY LETTERS.  
Y'BETTER HAVE  
'EM TAE LUKE AT.



SEE YUZ  
LATER,  
A'RIGHT?





HULLO, MESSER. A GOAT FER MUSSAGE. SORRY AM LATE AN A' THAT...

IN FUTURE, YOU'LL BE PUNCTUAL. I DON'T LIKE WAITING.

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?



AHE, YUR THE MESSER D' THAT BLOKE RUNNEN THE EYE.

AND YOU'RE RUNNING CREEDEY'S CIVILIAN AUXILIARY FORCE.

YOU KNOW HE'S PLANNING A COUP? HE WANTS TO BE LEADER.



A WULL, A KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT AN A' THAT...

DON'T PLAY DUMB. THIS IS A STRAIGHT FORWARD BUSINESS DECISION; CREEDEY WANTS TO BE LEADER; I WANT CONRAD TO BE LEADER.

HOW MUCH IS HE PAYING YOU?



WULL, UH, AM GETTIN' FIVE HUNNED AT PRESENT...

REALLY? I'D HAVE THOUGHT FOUR HUNDRED MAXIMUM.

I'M PREPARED TO OFFER S/X, PLUS AN INCREASE UPON YOUR THUGS' CURRENT WAGES.



HE DON'T PESS ABOUT, DO YE? WHAT'S MA JOAB?

YOU CARRY ON WORKING FOR CREEDEY, BUT REPORTING TO ME...

... AND WHEN THE TIME COMES, YOU REMEMBER WHO YOU'RE REALLY WORKING FOR.



LUKE, AM NO AGGRAVIN' THE POLIS. CREEDEY'S RUNNEN THE FENGER...

HARPER, DO AS I SAY AN YOU'LL SOON BE RUNNING THE FINGER.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT CREEDEY, HE'S IN A HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION...



LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS PREDECESSOR.





DEREK ...

DEREK, YOU WERE USELESS, THEN YOU DIED. THAT'S ALL.

YOU DIED AND I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHTS.

DEREK, WHEN WE MARRIED, YOU REMEMBER, I WAS WORKING AT THE BANK AND YOU WERE IN INSURANCE. WE WERE GOING TO BUY A HOUSE IN SURREY, PERHAPS, HAVE CHILDREN. THAT WAS IN '51...

YOU DIED AND LEFT ME BARE IN FRONT OF STRANGERS.

JUST BEFORE THE WAR.

AND THEN, IN '52, YOU JOINED THE PARTY.

MRS. DANA NEXT DOOR LOANED US FOOD ALL THROUGH THE WAR YEARS. WHEN THEY DRAGGED HER AND HER CHILDREN OFF IN SEPARATE VANS WE DIDN'T INTERVENE.

... AND NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I WALK HOME ALONE EACH NIGHT THROUGH RIOT ZONES, PAST LOOTINGS, SHOOTINGS, BURNING BUILDINGS...

NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I CROUCH LIKE AN ANIMAL AND OFFER MY HIND-QUARTERS IN SUBMISSION TO THE WORLD.

NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I CAN'T SLEEP FOR BEING SCARED; FOR CRYING; HATING; THINKING "WHO HAS DONE THIS TO ME?"

I CAN'T SLEEP FOR WANTING JUSTICE; WANTING ALL THE WORLD TO KNOW OF ITS UNFAIRNESS...

CAN'T SLEEP FOR THE GUN BENEATH MY PILLOW.



TA VERY MUCH.

Y'KNOW, YOU WON'T FIND ANYWHERE TO SLEEP OUT HERE. THERE'S NO BED AND BREAKFASTS ANYMORE. WERE YOU THINKING OF CAMPING OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

YES.



SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



THIS IS FOR YOU, DELIA. YOU MORE THAN ANYBODY.

I WAS HAPPY WITH YOU. YES, YES, I WAS HAPPY WITH CYNTHIA AND LITTLE PAUL, BUT THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO.

I'D GOTTEN OVER THAT.



I'M DOING THIS FOR YOU, DELIA.

FOR THE COUNTRY, YES, THAT TOO; AND FOR ME, OF COURSE FOR ME; BUT YOU MORE THAN ANYBODY.



YOU'RE THE REASON I CAME HERE.

THIS IS WHERE IT STARTED.



THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS.





V?

YOU'RE ALMOST FINISHED, AREN'T YOU?

SEE FOR YOURSELF.



"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.



"THOUGH RECOGNITION'S BEEN DELAYED BY ITS CIRCUITOUS CONSTRUCTION, NOW THE PATTERN LONG CONCEALED EMERGES INTO VIEW."

"IS IT NOT FINE? IS IT NOT SIMPLE AND ELEGANT AND SEVERE?"

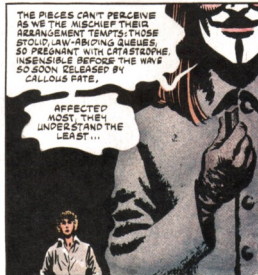


HOW STRANGE, AFTER THE LONG EXACTING TOIL OF PREPARATION, THAT IT TAKES ONLY THE SLIGHTEST EFFORT AND LESS THOUGHT TO START THIS BRIEF, ELABORATE AMUSEMENT ON ITS BREATHLESS, HURTLING RACE:

THE MEREST TOUCH, NO MORE...



"...AND EVERYTHING FALLS INTO PLACE."



THE PIECES CAN'T PERCEIVE AS WE THE MISCHIEF THEIR ARRANGEMENT TEMPTS; THOSE STOLID, LAW-ABIDING QUEUES, SO PREGNANT WITH CATASTROPHE, INSENSIBLE BEFORE THE WAY SO SOON RELEASED BY CALLOUS FATE,

AFFECTED MOST, THEY UNDERSTAND THE LEAST...





"...AND UNDERSTANDING, WHEN IT COMES, INVARIABLY ARRIVES TOO LATE."

"YOU SAY YOU LOVE AND FEELS AND CARES FOR YOU. BUT THE HEAD AND HER CARES. SHE'S UNTRUE."



INDEED, THEY'LL NOT KNOW ANYTHING'S AMISS UNTIL THEY'VE CAUGHT UP IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENTUM. POSSIBLY MISTAKING IT AT FIRST FOR BOLD DECISIVE ACTION, SOME LAST MINUTE RALLY TO AVERT DISASTER, CHARGING TO THE RESCUE ...



"... BUT THEY ARE NOT CHARGING."

"THEY ARE FALLING."



POOR LITTLE THINGS.

YOU SEE THEM? STANDING WITH THEIR NUMBERS ON THEIR BLANK, INDIFFERENT FACES, NUREMBERG IN MINIATURE, THE RANKS OF PAINTED, WOODEN MEN ...



"POOR DOMINOES."

"YOUR PRETTY EMPIRE TOOK SO LONG TO BUILD, NOW, WITH A SNAP OF HISTORY'S FINGERS ..."

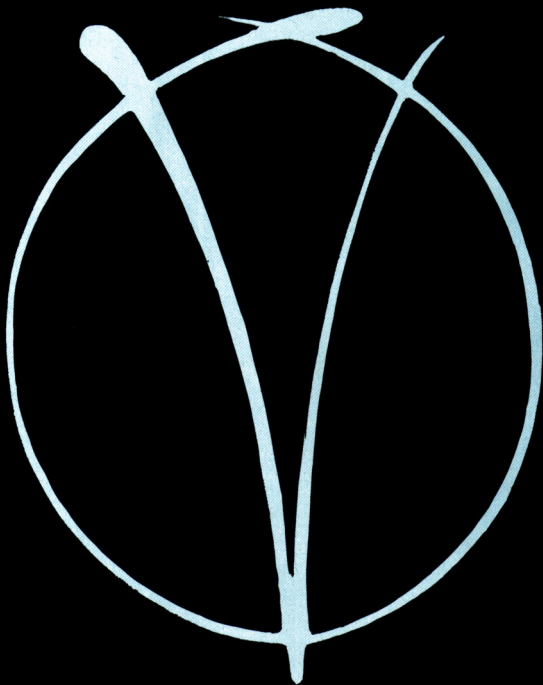


... DOWN IT GOES.









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