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Suggested
For Mature
Readers

V FOR VENDETTA

by Alan Moore and David Lloyd



I began *V for Vendetta*

In the summer of 1981, during a working holiday upon the Isle of Wight, my youngest daughter, Amber, was a few months old. I finished it in the late winter of 1988, after a gap in publishing of nearly five years from the discontinuation of England's *Warrior Magazine*, its initial home. Amber is now seven; I don't know why I mentioned that, it's just one of those unremarkable facts that strike you suddenly, with unexpected force, so that you have to go and sit down.

Along with Marvelman (now Miracleman), *V for Vendetta* represents my first attempt at a continuing series, begun at the outset of my career. For this reason, amongst others, there are things that ring oddly in earlier episodes when judged in the light of the strip's later development. I trust you'll bear with us during any initial clumsiness, and share our opinion that it was for the best to show the early episodes unrevised, warts and all, rather than go back and eradicate all trace of youthful creative inexperience.

There is also a certain amount of political inexperience upon my part evident in these early episodes. Back in 1981 the term "nuclear winter" had not passed into common currency, and although my guess about climatic upheaval came pretty close to the eventual truth of the situation, the fact remains that the story to hand suggests that a nuclear war, even a limited one, might be survivable. To the best of my current knowledge, this is not the case.

Nanette can also be detected in my supposition that it would take something as melodramatic as a near-miss nuclear conflict to nudge England towards fascism. Although in fairness to myself and David, there were no better or more accurate predictions of our country's future available in comic form at that time. The simple fact that much of the historical background of the story precedes from a predicted Conservative defeat in the 1982 General Election should tell you how reliable we were in our role as Cassandras.

It's 1988 now. Margaret Thatcher is entering her third term of office and talking confidently of an unbroken Conservative leadership well into the next century. My youngest daughter is seven and the tabloid press are circulating the idea of concentration camps for persons with AIDS. The new riot police wear black visors, as do their horses, and their vans have rotating video cameras mounted on top. The government has expressed a desire to eradicate homosexuality, even as an abstract concept, and one can only speculate as to which minority will be the next legislated against. I'm thinking of taking my family and getting out of this country soon, sometime over the next couple of years. It's cold and it's mean-spirited and I don't like it here anymore.

Goodnight England. Goodnight Home Service and *V for Vendetta*.



Alan Moore
Northampton, March 1988

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

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VFOR VENDETTA



QUEEN ZARA TODAY APPEARED AT THE OPENING OF A NEW WASTE RECLAMATION PLANT IN PALSTON. THIS WAS THE QUEEN'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY IN JUNE.

THE QUEEN WAS WEARING A SUIT OF PEACH SILK CREATED SPECIALLY FOR THE OCCASION BY THE ROYAL COUTURIER.

IN A SPEECH TODAY MR ADRIAN KAREL, PARTY MINISTER FOR INDUSTRY, STATED THAT BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHTER THAN AT ANY TIME SINCE THE LAST WAR.

MURKABEL WENT ON TO SAY THAT IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY MAN IN THIS COUNTRY TO SEIZE THE INITIATIVE AND MAKE BRITAIN GREAT AGAIN.

AND THAT IS THE FACE OF LONDON TONIGHT. WE REMIND YOU THAT TOMORROW IS THE FINAL DATE FOR THE COMPLETION OF YOUR CAUSIS FORMS...

AND THE TARGET DATE FOR THE CONCLUSION OF THE DEPTFORD MARSH CLEARANCE PROJECT. THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE SIGNING OFF.

JIMMY
his New Picture from
WARNER BROS

Chapter One THE VILLAIN

PARLIAMENT'S COLD SHADOW RILLS ON WEST-MINSTER BRIDGE. AND SHE SHIVERS. THERE HAS POWER HERE. ONCE POWER THAT DECIDED THE DESTINY OF MILLIONS.

HER TRANSACTIONS, HER DECISIONS, ARE INSIGNIFICANT. THEY AFFECT NO ONE...

MURKABEL?

EXCEPT HER.

...UH... WOULD... WOULD YOU LIKE TO... UH... SLEEP WITH ME OR ANYTHING?

I MEAN...
UH... FOR MONEY?







"REMEMBER,
REMEMBER
THE FIFTH OF NOV-
EMBER, THE GUN-
POWDER TREASON
AND PLOT. I KNOW
OF NO REASON
WHY THE GUN-
POWDER TREASON,



ON, ON, THE HOUSES
OF PARLIAMENT!
THEY'VE BEEN... DID YOU
DO THAT?

BUT THAT, THAT'S
AGAINST THE LAW!
THEY'LL KILL YOU.
THEY'LL...

DID YOU
REALLY DO
THAT?



FIREWORKS! REAL
FIREWORKS!

I REALLY DID
THAT. NOW HUSH.
THERE'S A MONEY...

AND SUDDENLY
THE SKY IS
ALIGHT WITH...

OH GOD, THEY'RE
SO BEAUTIFUL!



...AND ALL OVER LONDON WINDOWS ARE THROWN
OPEN AND FACES LIT WITH AWE AND WONDER
GAZE AT THE OVEN SCORCHED IN FIRE ON
THE NIGHT

THERE THE OVER-
TURE IS FINISHED.

COME WE MUST
PREPARE FOR THE
FIRST ACT.

MEH?
B-BUT.
...OH
OKAY.

IT IS PRECISELY 9.07PM
IT BEGINS TO RAIN.



NOVEMBER THE SIXTY, 1971. IT IS SIX-THIRTY IN THE MORNING...

I WILL HEAR YOUR REPORTS NOW, GENTLEMEN.

WE HAVE JUST UNDER THREE HUNDRED FEET OF USEABLE FOOTAGE, LEADING THE LARGE MAJORITY OF OUR 1/2-INCH RECORDERS WERE DAMAGED IN THE EXPLOSION.

TO MY LEFT IS AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE SUSPECT'S FACE. I'M AFRAID THE MASK MAKES IDENTIFICATION IMPOSSIBLE.

AH, THANK YOU MR HEYER. MR ETHERIDGE WILL NOW SPEAK FOR THE LEADS.

MR. HEYER WILL SPEAK FOR THE LEADS.

CLOSE-UP IF YOU PLEASE, MR HEYER...

MR. PHONE SURVEILLANCE INDICATES THAT A LARGE PROPORTION OF THE WH. PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE WH. EXPLOSION. THAT'S INSIDE LONDON.

MR ALMOND IS WITH ME AT PRESENT. I SHALL INFORM HIM. MR FINCH WILL SPEAK FOR THE LEADS.

WE'VE FOUND THE DEVICE PROBABLY USED TO LAUNCH THE FIREWORKS AND SOME SPENT CASINGS INDIVIDUALLY WEIGHTED FLARES AT A GUESS.

ALL SUSPECT OR SIGNIFICANT TRANSCRIPTS ARE BEING FORWARDED TO MR. WH. ALMOND AT THE FINGER.

DESPITE ITS SCAMMATIC ACTION I SHOULD SAY THAT THE DEVICE WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY HOME-MADE, AND THIS UNTRACEABLE SORRY LEADER. NOTHING ELSE YET.

THANK YOU, MR. FINCH. THE THREE OF YOU WILL INFORM ME OF ANY FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS AND AWAIT MY DIRECTIVE. ENGLAND PREVAILS, GENTLEMEN.

LEADER,

WELL, WE HAVE HEARD FROM THE REST OF THE HEAD THAT LEAVES YOU, MR. ALMOND. THREE RANGERIEN WERE KILLED LAST NIGHT BY ONE SOLITARY LUNATIC.

IT IS ALSO HIGHLY PROBABLE THAT THIS SAME PERSON HAD EARLIER PLANTED AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE OF SHOCKING CAPABILITY WITHIN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



GOOD MORNING, LONDON.
THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE
BROADCASTING ON 275 AND
285 METRES IN THE
MEDIUM WAVE.

HMM. WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING ABOUT
THE FIREWORKS? IF ANY
ONE ASKS LATER, WE'LL
SAY IT WAS A FREAK
EFFECT OF THE
BLAST.

Chapter Two THE VOICE

LISTEN TO LEWIS. ISN'T
HE MARVELLOUS? FATE
REALLY HAD A VOICE. IT WOULD
BOUND JUST LIKE THAT. IF ONLY
PEOPLE KNEW WHAT A
GOOD JOB HE'S DOING...

DON'T BE STUPID. DISCOURSE
THE WHOLE IDEA IS THAT PEOPLE
THINK IT'S AMATEUR TALKING. IT MAKES
FATE APPEAR MORE HUMAN.
GIVES PEOPLE CONFIDENCE.

HE
COLLECTS DOLLS. YOU
KNOW, WOULDN'T THINK IT
WOULD YOUR BIG MAN LIKE
THAT, COLLECTING DOLLS. HE'S
SENSITIVE. YOU SEE YOU
CAN TELL BY HIS VOICE.

YES, A LOT OF YOU MEDIA
PEOPLE ARE SENSITIVE.
AREN'T YOU? I DON'T
KNOW WHY THE LEADER
TOLERATES YOU.

MY
DEAR DEREK.
THE LEADER IS THE
MOST SENSITIVE
OF US ALL.

IN FACT, WHEN
YOU'D FINISHED EX-
PLAINING HOW A LONE
LUNATIC COULD KILL THREE
FINGERMEN AND BLOW
UP A BUILDING, SHOULD
IMAGINE HE WAS VERY
SENSITIVE.

YOU'RE
A DANGEROUS
DISCOURSE

-BITTER
ALMOND! OH
DEAR ME! HA
HA HA HA HA!



PLEASE YOURSELF.

ALRIGHT, LEWIS. FROM THE TOP.

"BITTER ALMOND" OH DEAR ME! HA HA HA HA!

THE SHADOW GALLERY

LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO SOUND UNGRATEFUL, I MEAN, AFTER YOU RESCUED ME? BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS WHO YOU ARE, OR WHAT YOU WANT OR ANYTHING.

I MEAN, I KNOW YOU MUST HAVE HAD A REASON FOR SNEAKING ME WHEN YOU BROUGHT ME HERE, BUT COULDN'T YOU JUST TELL ME WHERE WE ARE? ARE WE STILL IN LONDON?

WE ARE IN THE SHADOW GALLERY. THIS IS MY HOME.

DO YOU LIKE IT? I BUILT IT MYSELF YOU KNOW.

YOU COULDN'T BE EXPECTED TO KNOW THEY HAVE ERADICATED CULTURE, THROWN IT AWAY LIKE A FISTFUL OF DEAD ROSES...

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! ALL OF THESE PAINTINGS AND BOOKS... I DON'T EVEN KNOW THERE HERE THINGS LIKE THIS.

ALL THE BOOKS, ALL THE PLATES, ALL THE MUSIC.

THE MUSIC IS BEAUTIFUL! I MUST THINK I'M REALLY STUPID... ALL I'VE EVER HEARD IS THE MILITARY STUFF THEY PLAY ON THE RADIO.

BUT ALL THIS STUFF ON YOUR DUNKE BOX SOUNDS SO DUONO, ALMOST WHAT'S THIS PLAYING NOW? THE WOMAN'S VOICE DOESN'T EVEN SOUND ENGLISH.

IT'S NOT AND THE WORD IS "WAVE-BOX" WITH A J-T-

THE SONG IS CALLED "SWINGIN' IN THE STREETS" IT'S BEING SUNG BY MARTHA AND THE MONTELLA'S, PERHAPS THE TERM "MOTOWN" IS FAMILIAR TO YOU?

OBVIOUSLY NOT HARDLY SURPRISING, I SUPPOSE AFTER ALL...

...THEY ERADICATED SOME CULTURES MORE THOROUGHLY THAN THEY DID OTHERS

NO TAMILA AND NO TROJAN. NO BILLIE HOLIDAY OR BLACK UNIVERSE...

WE'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT...



SORRY THIS COMPARTMENT IS FULL.



WELL BLOCKED TED. CAN'T HAVE THE CARriage FULL OF CIVILIANS. CIVILIANS DON'T APPRECIATE TRAINS. TAKES A MILITARY MAN TO APPRECIATE TRAINS...



ER...YES, MR PROTHERO. I THINK YOU ALREADY HAVE MENENTIONED IT ONCE OR TWICE. VERY INTERESTING.



INTERESTING. THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT. MIND YOU, ACCORDING TO A MILITARY MAN ASK YOUR AVERAGE CITIZEN, HE'D SAY DOLLS WERE FOR POOPDADS. IGNORANT, YOU SEE.









NOVEMBER 6 '93 1993...

SO LET'S JUST HERE IT
ONCE MORE IN YOUR OWN WORDS.
THE TRAIN ENTERED THE TUNNEL...
AND THEN? WHAT?

WELL, I MEAN, IT'S DIFFICULT TO
SAY. IT ALL HAPPENED SO QUICK.
DIDN'T IT?



COULD YOU GIVE US A
DESCRIPTION OF YOUR
ATTACKER? HEIGHT, DRESS,
ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

AND IT HAD A FACE,
ONLY NOT A FROZEN
FACE. SEE? I AN IT WAS
SEEING.

NO, I MEAN, THAT
WAS THE FUNNY BIT.
IT JUST SORT OF
TOUCHED ME, UP
HERE ON ME NECK.



I SEE. AND THEN? WHAT
HAPPENED? DID IT HIT YOU?
STRIKE YOU IN ANY WAY?



I FELT THIS... IT WAS
LIKE AN ELECTRIC SHOCK,
SORT OF. AN THEN I JUST
PASSED OUT.



AND CAME TO AN HOUR
LATER WHEN THE SECURITY
FORCE ARRIVED ON THE
SCENE. I SEE

WELL, MR. BISHOP, WHAT DO YOU
THINK? IS IT THE SAME BLOKE
WHO DID THE PARLIAMENT
BOMBING OR WHAT?

WELL, MR. FINCH, WHAT DO YOU
THINK? IS IT THE SAME BLOKE
WHO DID THE PARLIAMENT
BOMBING OR WHAT?

WELL, I THINK THAT'S ABOUT
IT. MR. BISHOP, THE OFFICER
WILL TAKE YOUR ADDRESS IN
CASE WE NEED TO CONTACT YOU.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE.

I HOPE SO, DOMINIC,
BECAUSE IF IT'S NOT, THEN
THERE MUST BE TWO OF
EM...

AND THAT'S A POS-
SIBILITY I'D RATHER NOT
CONSIDER WITHOUT A STIFF
DRINK TO HAND.

ME NEITHER. ME, FINCH.
WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE
DISCUSSING? WHO
OF THIS CHARACTER?

I MEAN, ALL THIS BUSINESS
ABOUT BOARDING MOVING
TRAINS IS LIKE SOMETHING
OUT OF THE PICTURES.
NORMAL PEOPLE CAN'T
DO THINGS LIKE THAT.

BECAUSE IF I'M GOING TO
CRACK THIS CASE... AND
I AM... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO
GET RIGHT INSIDE HIS HEAD
TO THINK THE WAY HE THINKS.
AND THAT BORES ME.

AH, HERE
WE ARE.

ANYTHING BEEN
TOUCHED IN HERE?

NO, SIR. EVERYTHING'S AS WE FOUND IT
WHEN WE GOT THE TRAIN OUT OF THE TUNNEL.

YOU'RE RIGHT, DOMINIC. ONE KNOCK OUT
A THIRTEEN STONE TRAIN DRIVER BY TOUCHING
HIM LIGHTLY ON THE NECK. NORMAL
PEOPLE CAN'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT.

IN FACT, I DON'T THINK
IT'S GOING TO FIRE TO SAY
THAT 44697 NORMAL PEOPLE
HAVE NEVER EVEN CONSIDERED
BLOWING UP THE HOUSES OF
PARLIAMENT.

SO WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST IS
SOMEONE WHO ISN'T NORMAL
PEOPLE... EITHER PHYSICALLY
OR MENTALLY. IT'S THE "MEN-
TALLY" BIT THAT BOTHERS ME.

HMM... I'LL NEED SOME
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS
Chest WOUND. IT
WASN'T A KNIFE OR
BULLET THAT DID
THIS...

IN FACT, I'VE GOT A MISTY
SUSPICION THAT WHO-
EVER DID THAT DID IT
WITH THEIR FINGERS.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE
OF THIS, ME, FINCH?

DAMNED IF I KNOW. GET
A PHOTOGRAPH OF IT AND
LET ME HAVE SOME PRINT
SCRAPINGS FOR ANALYSES...

PERHAPS THE FORENSIC
PEOPLE BACK AT THE
MOSE WILL BE ABLE
TO TELL US SOMETHING.
ALTHOUGH FRANKLY I
DOUBT IT.

...OTHER THAN THAT, JUST THE
USUAL STUFF. DUST THE CABIN
FOR DUST. GET A PATH REPORT
ON THE BODIES.

FATE WILL
WANT A COPY.
REMEMBER...

Chapter Three

VICTIMS





I IT WAS WHEN YOU
WENT OUT EARLIER
ON AND DIDN'T SAY
WHERE YOU WERE
GOING... I THOUGHT
... I DIDN'T THINK...
THAT IS, I MEAN...



I KNOW I'M STUPID, BUT
MY LIFE'S SUDDENLY BE-
COME VERY STRANGE. I
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENING ANYMORE.

NOBODY EVER
DOES. YOU'VE
BEEN CRYING.

LAST NIGHT... THOSE MEN,
THEY WERE GOING TO... THEY
SAID THEY'D KILL ME. AND
YOU RESCUED ME.

YOU RESCUED ME AND
BROUGHT ME TO THIS FANT-
ASTIC PLACE. AND IT'S SO
BEAUTIFUL AND IT MAKES
ME FEEL SO SURF AND... AND...

I DON'T HAVE
A NAME. YOU
CAN CALL ME
"U."
WHAT SHALL I
CALL YOU?

...AND I DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHAT
YOUR NAME IS.

MY NAME IS
EVERY... EVER
HAMMOND.

I'M NOBODY.
NOBODY SPECIAL.
NOT LIKE YOU.

EVERYBODY IS SPECIAL.
EVERYBODY. EVERYBODY IS A
HERO, A LOVER, A FOOL, A
VILLAIN. EVERYBODY.

BUT THERE'S NOTHING
TO TELL. I'M ONLY SIX-
TEEN. I HAVEN'T DONE
ANYTHING.



T-YES. IN SEPTEMBER. WE
USED TO LIVE ON SHOOTER'S
HILL IN SOUTH LONDON. IT WAS
NICE THERE. I'VE GOT A PHOTO-
GRAPH IF YOU WANT TO SEE...

JUST ME AND MUM AND DAD.
I DIDN'T HAVE ANY BROTHERS
OR SISTERS... DAD SAID HE
COULDN'T AFFORD ANY MORE
KIDS...



THIS WAS DURING
THE RECESSION
OF THE EIGHTIES.

"YERH... I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT THAT... I KNOW DAD SAID THINGS DIDN'T GET MUCH BETTER WHEN LABOUR GOT INTO POWER..."

"AND THE WAR, EVER DO YOU REMEMBER THE WAR?"

"OF COURSE I DO. I WAS ONLY SEVEN BUT I REMEMBER WHEN THE NEWS CAME OVER THE RADIO. DAD KEPT TELLING MUM NOT TO WORRY. HE WAS SCARED TO DEATH... IT WAS ABOUT ATOMIC BOMB AND THE ATOMIC WAR. WASN'T IT? AND PRESIDENT KENNEDY SAID HE'D USE THE BOMB IF THEY DIDN'T GET OUT. THAT'S WHAT DAD TOLD ME."

"HE SAID THAT THE ONLY ELECTION PROMISE THAT THEY KEPT WAS GETTING RID OF THE AMERICAN AIRMEN AND AIRCRAFT THAT WERE STATIONED OVER HERE."

"IT WAS HORRIBLE. NOBODY KNEW IF BRITAIN WOULD GET BOMBED OR NOT. I REMEMBER MUM SAYING 'KIDS DON'T GET THERE ANYMORE!' THAT'S ALL SHE SAID."

"BUT BRITAIN DONT GET BOMBED. NOT THAT IT MADE MUCH DIFFERENCE. ALL THE BOMBS AND THINGS HAD DONE SOMETHING TO THE HEADS THERE. SOMETHING BAD."

"I THOUGHT ABOUT ALL THE LIONS AND ELEPHANTS BEING DEAD. IT MADE ME CRY. I WAS ONLY SEVEN."

"I REMEMBER ONE DAY DAD CALLED MUM AND ME INTO THE BACK BEDROOM. HE SAID HE WANTED TO SHOW US SOMETHING..."

"WE COULD SEE RIGHT ACROSS LONDON FROM THE BEDROOM WINDOW. IT WAS NEARLY ALL UNDER WATER. THE THAMES BREAKER HAD BURST."

"MUM WOULDN'T GO. JUST AS WELL, I SUPPOSE. IT TURNED OUT THAT THE COUNTRYSIDE WAS WORSE THAN THE TOWNS."

"THE SKY WAS ALL YELLOW AND BLACK. I'VE NEVER SEEN A SKY LIKE IT. DAD SAID LONDON WAS FINISHED. HE WANTED TO TAKE MUM AND ME TO THE COUNTRY."

"THE WEATHER HAD DESTROYED ALL THE CROPS. BEET AND THERE WAS NO FOOD COMING FROM EUROPE. BECAUSE EUROPE HAD GONE, LIKE AFRICA."

"I DIDN'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT THE NEXT FOUR YEARS. WE'D GOT TOGETHER WITH SOME NEIGHBOURS IN A PROTECTION COMMITTEE. IT DIDN'T HELP MUCH..."



"THERE WAS NO FOOD, AND THE SEWERS WERE FLOODED AND EVERYBODY GOT SICK. MUM DIED IN 1991. DAD WOULDN'T LET ME SEE HER."

"THERE WERE ANARCHISTS, AND PEOPLE WITH GUNS. NOBODY KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. EVERYONE WAS WAITING FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO DO SOMETHING..."

"BUT THERE WASN'T ANY GOVERNMENT ANYMORE. JUST LOTS OF LITTLE GANGS. ALL TRYING TO TAKE OVER. AND THEN IN 1992, SOMEBODY FINALLY DID..."

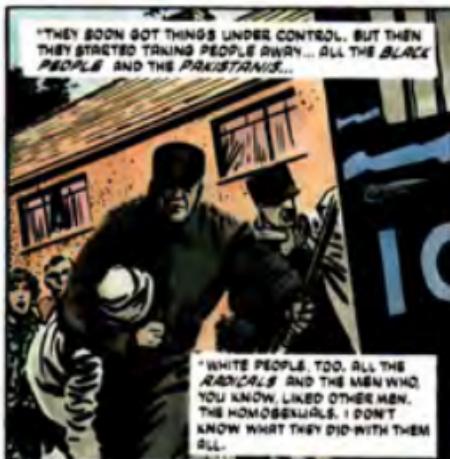


"IT WAS ALL THE FASCIST GROUPS, THE RIGHT-WINGERS. THEY'D ALL GOT TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE BIG CORPORATIONS THAT HAD SURVIVED. 'PROGRESSIVE' THEY CALLED THEMSELVES."



"I REMEMBER WHEN THEY MARCHED INTO LONDON. THEY HAD A FLAG WITH THEIR SYMBOL ON. EVERYONE WAS CHEERING. I THOUGHT THEY WERE SCARY."

"THEY SOON GOT THINGS UNDER CONTROL. BUT THEN THEY STARTED TAKING PEOPLE AWAY... ALL THE BLACK PEOPLE AND THE PROTESTANTS..."



"WHITE PEOPLE, TOO. ALL THE ADOLESCENTS AND THE MEN WHO YOU KNOW, LIKED OTHER MEN. THE HOMOSEXUALS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DID WITH THEM ALL."

"DAD HAD BEEN IN A SOCIALIST GROUP WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER. THEY CRAMMED HIM ONE SEPTEMBER MORNING IN 1993..."



"IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY. I WAS TWELVE. I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN."



"I LIVED IN A HOSTEL. IT WAS COLD AND DIRTY AND I JUST USED TO CRY ALL THE TIME. I WANTED MY DAD."



"THEY WERE DOING TO EHH... EHH... EHH..."

"THEY MADE ME GO AND WORK IN A FACTORY WITH A LOT OF OTHER KIDS. WE WERE PUTTING MATCHES INTO BOXES."

"...THAT'S HOW IT WAS FOR FOUR YEARS. NOT ENOUGH FOOD, NOT ENOUGH MONEY. SOME OF THE OLDER GIRLS MADE MONEY GOING WITH MEN."

"THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO, LAST NIGHT, BUT THEY WERE PUNISHED. THEY WERE DOING... THEY WERE GOING TO..."





NOVEMBER THE SEVENTH, 1947
THE LEADER AND MR FINCH

I THINK HE'S
A PSYCHOPATH,
LEADER.

I USE
THE WORD IN
ITS MOST PRECISE
SENSE

I SEE, THEN WE CAN'T
ASSUME THAT "CODE-
NAME V" WILL BE
HAVE LIKE A CONVENT-
IONAL TERRORIST

DON'T
THINK HE'S OUT
FOR CONCESSIONS,
LEADER.

I
THINK HE'S
OUT FOR
BLOOD

WE CAN'T
ASSUME THAT HE WILL
EVENTUALLY ISSUE A SET
OF DEMANDS OR ASK
FOR THE LEGAL
CONCESSIONS

THEN
GETTING IT ISN'T HE, MR.
FINCH? HE'S BLOWN UP THE
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,
DISPATCHED FIVE OF MR.
ALMOND'S FINGER-
MEN... AND

NOW HE IS ABSOLUT-
ED OUR TOP BROADCASTER
IF PROTHERO IS UNABLE
TO MAKE HIS "VOICE OF FATE"
BROADCASTS AS SCHED-
ULED, OUR CRED-
IBILITY WILL SLIPPER.

TWO
DAYS, MR FINCH
THAT'S ALL IT'S
TAKEN HIM.

COULDNT MR DASCOMBE
ARRANGE A STAND-IN
FOR PROTHERO, LEADER?

OH YES.
BUT THE PROBLEM
IS THAT MR DASCOMBE IS
TOO GOOD AT HIS WORK,
THE PEOPLE ACTUALLY BE-
LIEVE THAT THE VOICE OF
LEWIS PROTHERO IS
THAT OF THE FATE
COMPUTER.

BRITAIN'S
BELIEF IN THE IN-
TEGRITY OF FATE IS THE
CORNERSTONE OF OUR
NEW ORDER. ANY CHANCE
IN THE VOICE AND IT JUST
WON'T BE THE SAME.

I SEE, FROM A PROP-
AGANDA ANGLE WE'VE
BEEN PUT IN A BIT OF
A SPOT, HAVENT WE?

indeed I DO, MR.
FINCH, YOU HAVE EX-
PRESSED SUCH SENTIMENTS
BEFORE. THAT YOU ARE STILL
ALIVE IS A MARK OF MY
RESPECT FOR YOU
AND YOUR CRAFT.

ENGLAND
PREVAILS,
LEADER.

ALTHOUGH
PERSONALLY I DON'T
GO MUCH FOR THIS "NEW
ORDER" BUSINESS IT'S JUST
MY JOB, TO HELP BRITAIN
OUT OF THIS MESS. YOU
ALREADY KNOW THAT,
LEADER.

LEAVE
ME NOW, THERE
ARE MANY PROBLEMS
TO CONSIDER. I WISH TO
SPEAK WITH
FATE.

ENGLAND
PREVAILS,
MR FINCH.

THE SHADOW GALLERY
EVEY HAMMOND



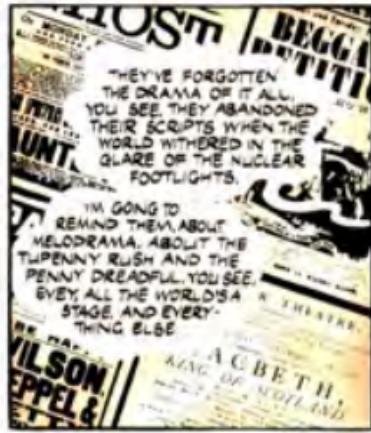
OH, HM. NOTHING. I
WAS JUST TRYING TO
GET USED TO SAYING IT
OUT LOUD. IT'S A
FUNNY THING TO CALL
YOURSELF.



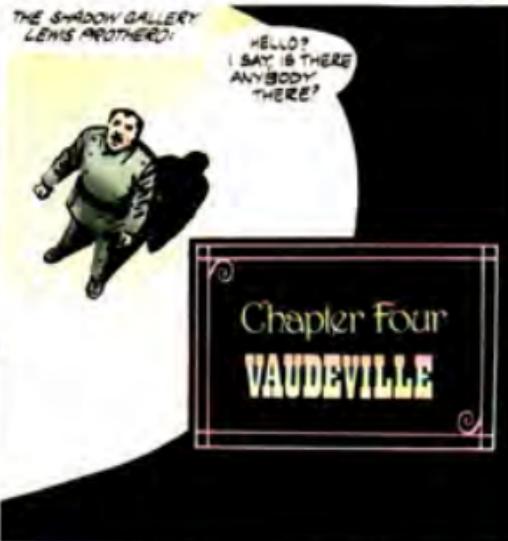
YOU'RE A KIND PERSON.
LISTENING TO ME TELLING
YOU MY SOB STORY, ALL
ABOUT THE WAR, AND MUM
AND DAD. ALL ABOUT
MY STUPID LIFE.



THAT'S VERY
IMPORTANT TO
YOU, ISN'T IT? ALL
THAT THEATRICAL
STUFF



THE SHADOW GALLERY
LEWIS BROTHERO!



Chapter Four
VAUDEVILLE

SUPPOSE YOU THINK
ALL THIS IS BLOODY FUNNY?
ALL THIS RESETTLEMENT
CAMP MALARKEY ALL
THIS PUTTING ME IN
UNIFORM.

WELL,
ALL I CAN SAY
IS THAT YOU'VE GOT
A DAMN QUEER
SENSE OF HUMOUR.

LARKHILL
RESETTLEMENT
CAMP

DAMN
QUEER

YOU'VE GOT THE
WRONG MAN,
CHUMMY. THE RE-
SETTLEMENT CAMPS
MEAN BIGGER ALL
TO ME. BIGGER ALL
YOU'VE GOT THE
WRONG MAN!

OH
GOD. IS THERE
ANYBODY
THERE?

GOOD
MORNING
CAMPERS.

UNIFORM ALL
BRUSHED, PRESSED
AND READY FOR DUTY.
SEE GOOD MAN, COM-
MANDER PROTHERO.
GOOD MAN.

LET'S GET TO
WORK, SHALL WE?
THESE CONCENTRATION
CAMPS. SORRY, THESE
RESETTLEMENT CAMPS
DON'T RUN THEM-
SELVES, DO THEY?

LOOK. I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU ARE
OR HOW YOU GOT
THIS BLOODY SILLY
IDEA INTO YOUR
BONNET, BUT YOU'VE
GOT THE WRONG
MAN!

I'M A BROADCASTER.
I DON'T HAVE ANY-
THING TO DO WITH
THE GON. WITH THE
RESETTLEMENT
CAMPS. I

LARKHILL
1943.
I WAS
THERE, COM-
MANDER PROTHERO.

YOU
WERE
TH

OH
GOD

LOOK SMART,
COMMANDER. WE'VE
GOT TO MAKE THE
TOUR OF INSPECTION
NOW YOU
REMEMBER.

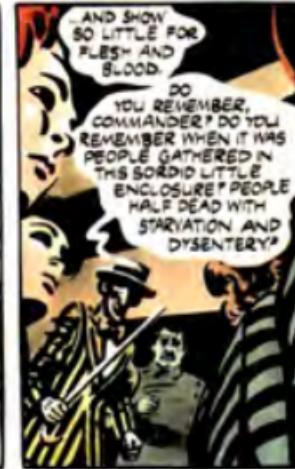
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THE
WAY YOU USED TO
MAKE IT EVERY EVEN-
ING. BACK IN THE
GOOD OLD
DAYS

OH
GOD.

ALL COMING
BACK TO YOU, EH?
THE MAN BODY OF
THE PRISONERS WOULD
BE GATHERED IN THE
YARD AWAITING YOUR
INSPECTION.

YOU
SIMPLY HAD TO
WALK FROM YOUR
OFFICE DOWN PAST THE
NISEEN HUTS, TURN
THE CORNER



ROOM FIVE

Y
O



THAT'S RIGHT.

REMEMBER YOU USED TO CALL OUT TO US SOMETIMES, LITTLE JOKES. YOU HAD A SPECIAL NAME FOR THE MEDICAL BLOCK. YOU USED TO CALL IT THE FUNNY FARM.



A MAN OF MANY TALENTS, EH, COMMANDER?



OH, NO, MY DOLLS. PLEASE YOU CAN'T...

PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU, PLEASE.

MA-MA
MA-MA
MA-MA

NOT MY DOLLS!



MA-MA
MA-MA
MA-MA







Vol. II
of X

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V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



Suggested
For Mature
Readers



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Color artists:

Steve Whitaker

Siobhan Dodds

David Lloyd

Lettering:

Jenny O'Connor

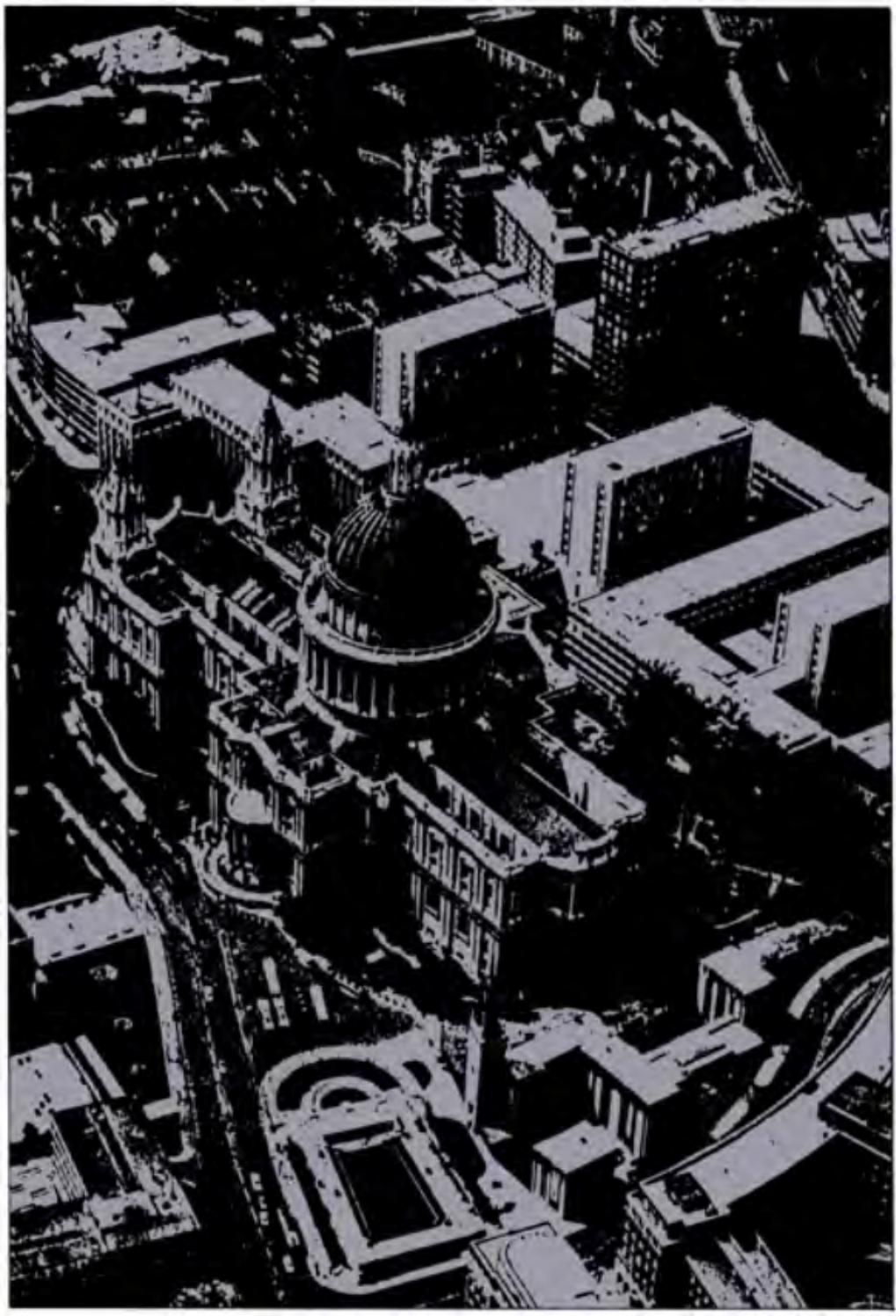
Steve Craddock

V FOR VENDETTA 2.

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Chapter Five
VERSIONS



THE ONLY FREEDOM LEFT TO
MY PEOPLE IS THE FREEDOM
TO STARVE, THE FREEDOM TO
DIE, THE FREEDOM TO LIVE IN
A WORLD OF CHAOS.

DO I RESERVE FOR MYSELF THE FREEDOM
I DENY TO OTHERS? I DO NOT. I SIT HERE
WITHIN MY CAGE AND I AM BUT A
SERVANT, I WHO AM MASTER OF
ALL THAT I SEE.

I AM NOT LOVED, I KNOW THAT NOT
IN SOUL OR BODY. I HAVE NEVER
KNOWN THE SOFT WHISPER OF
ENDEARMMENT, NEVER KNOWN
THE PEACE THAT LIES BETWEEN
THE THIGHS OF WOMAN.

SHOULD I
ALLOW
THEM THAT
FREEDOM?

I THINK NOT.
I THINK NOT.

I SEE DESOLATION. I SEE ASHES,
I HATE SO VERY MUCH. I HATE SO
VERY LITTLE.

BUT I AM RESPECTED. I AM
FEARED, AND THAT WILL
SUFFICE.

BECAUSE I LOVE, I WHO AM NOT
LOVED IN RETURN, I HAVE A LOVE
THAT IS FAR DEEPER THAN THE
EMPTY GASPS AND CONTORTIONS
OF BRUTISH COUPLING.

SHE HAS NO EYES TO FLIRT OR
PROMISE, BUT SHE SEES ALL
SEES AND UNDERSTANDS
WITH A WISDOM THAT IS GOD-
LIKE IN ITS SCALE.

HER SOUL IS CLEAN, UNTINTED BY THE
SNARES AND AMBIGUITIES OF EMOTION.
SHE DOES NOT HATE, SHE DOES NOT
YEARN, SHE IS UNTOUCHED BY JOY OR
SORROW.

SHALL I SPEAK OF HER?
SHALL I SPEAK OF MY BRIDE?

I STAND AT THE GATES OF
HER INTELLECT AND I AM
BLINDED BY THE LIGHT
WITHIN. HOW STUPID I MUST
SEEM TO HER, HOW CHILD-
LIKE AND UNCOMPREHENDING.

I CHERISH THE PURITY OF HER DISDAIN.
SHE DOES NOT RESPECT ME. SHE DOES
NOT FEAR ME.

SHE DOES NOT LOVE ME.

THEY THINK SHE
IS HARD AND
COLD, THOSE
WHO DO NOT
KNOW HER.
THEY THINK SHE
IS LIFELESS
AND WITHOUT
PASSION.

THEY DO NOT
KNOW HER.
SHE HAS NOT
TOUCHED
THEM.

SHE TOUCHES ME, AND I AM
TOUCHED BY GOD, BY DESTINY
THE WHOLE OF EXISTENCE
COURSES THROUGH HER. I
WORSHIP HER. I AM HER
SLAVE.

NO FREEDOM EVER WAS
SO SWEET.

MY LOVE, I WOULD STAY WITH YOU FOREVER, WOULD SPEND MY LIFE WITHIN YOU.

FATE

I LOVE YOU.

I WOULD WAIT UPON YOUR EVERY LITTERANCE AND NEVER ASK THE MEREST SPLINTER OF AFFECTION.

FATE

THE OLD BAILEY, SECOND VERSION!

HELLO, DEAR LADY

A LOVELY EVENING, IS IT NOT?

FORGIVE ME FOR INTRUDING. PERHAPS YOU WERE INTENDING TO TAKE A STROLL, PERHAPS YOU WERE MERELY ENJOYING THE VIEW.

NO MATTER. I THOUGHT THAT IT WAS TIME WE HAD A LITTLE CHAT, YOU AND I.

AHH... I WAS FORGETTING THAT WE ARE NOT PROPERLY INTRODUCED.

DO NOT HAVE A NAME. YOU CAN CALL ME Y.

MADAM JUSTICE, THIS IS Y.

V. THIS IS MADAM JUSTICE.

HELLO, MADAM JUSTICE.

"GOOD EVENING, Y."









SOMETIMES I COULD JUST PUNCH YOU IN YOUR STUPID SMILEY FACE! "YYYYYY!" IT'S THE INSCRIPTION ON THAT ARCH IN THE BIG HALL. YOU KNOW IT IS.

"YYYYYY."

EVEY EVEY
EVEY EVEY

I JUST WONDERED
WHAT IT MEANT,
THAT'S ALL.

IT'S
A QUOTATION.
A MOTTO... "VI
VERI VENI VERSUM
VIVIS VICI."

"BY THE POWER
OF TRUTH, I, WHILE
LIVING, HAVE CONQUIER-
ED THE UNIVERSE."
LATIN.

HMM.. I SUPPOSE YOU
HAVE, SORT OF. YOU
CAN DO WHAT-
EVER YOU WANT,
CAN'T YOU?
I SUPPOSE THAT'S
CONQUERING THE
UNIVERSE DOING WHAT
YOU WANT.

THIS
PLACE IS THE
ONLY UNIVERSE I'VE
GOT AT THE
MOMENT.

DOES THAT
BOTHER
YOU?

NO.
YES. OH, I
DUNNO.

IT'S JUST
THAT I KEEP THINKING
I SHOULD TRY TO HELP
YOU, THE WAY YOU'RE
HELPING ME. I MEAN,
THAT'S THE DEAL,
ISN'T IT?

NO
DEALS, EVEY NOT
UNLESS YOU WANT
THEM.

I THINK I DO. I MEAN,
PART OF ME JUST WANTS
TO STAY IN HERE FOREVER
AND NEVER HAVE TO GO
OUTSIDE AND FACE
WHAT'S GOING ON...

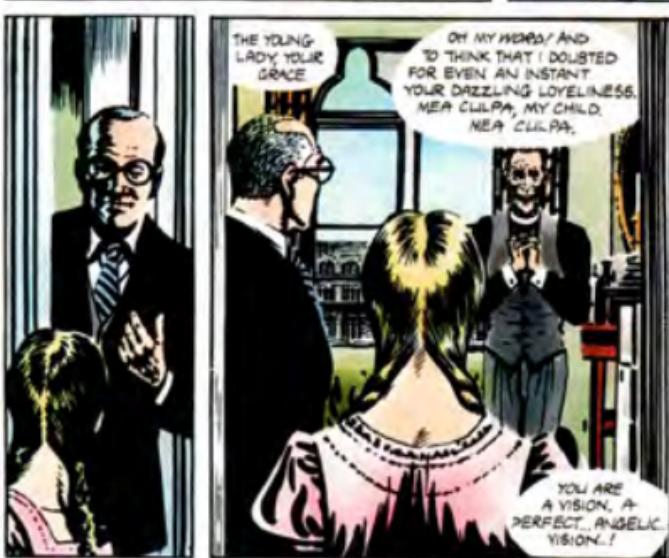
BUT THAT'S NOT
RIGHT, IS IT? THAT'S NOT
TAKING RESPONSIBILITY
FOR MYSELF, LIKE WHAT
YOU SAID. I WANT TO HELP
YOU. I WANT TO
DO SOMETHING.

I WON'T GET IN
THE WAY, I PROMISE.
CAN I? CAN
WE MAKE A
DEAL?









PLEASE DON'T
THANK ME, MY
CHILD, BELIEVE
ME...

THE
PLEASURE IS
ALL MINE.

THE SHADOW GALLER...

"BRING ME MY SICK OF
BURNING GOLD,
BRING ME MY ARROWS OF DESIRE,
BRING ME MY SPEAR,
O CLOUDS UNFOLD,
BRING ME MY CHARIOT
OF FIRE...

I WILL NOT
CEASE FROM
MENTAL FIGHT...

NOR SHALL
MY SWORD SLEEP
IN MY HAND...

"TILL WE
HAVE BUILT
JERUSALEM...

"IN ENGLAND'S
GREEN AND PLEASANT
LAND."



DEAN'S YARD,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
DECEMBER 20TH 1997



BESTS ME WHY YOU PEOPLE HAVE TO STAND OUT HERE AT ALL. THOUGH, LOOKING AFTER HIS GRACE IS MY JOB. NO OFFENCE. MIND YOU.



NO, WELL, IT'S ORDERS, ENNIT? FROM PRETTY BOY ALMOND. THIS TERRORIST THINGS PUT THE WIND UP THE PARTY A BIT.



COR, THAT'S SMASHIN'. THAT IS, DENNIS. GUZ DOWN A TREAT. DROP OUT O' THE BISHOP'S PRIVATE STOCK, IZZIT?



VEAR? WHAT. OH, OH YEARN. THAT LITTLE CHICK WITH THE PIGTAILS. VER-BE NICE.



OH, THE LORD PROVIDES. THERE MAY BE NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED...

...BUT THE RIGHTEOUS CAN GET A PIECE WHENEVER THEY FEEL LIKE IT.



© Chapter Seven
**VIRTUE
VICTORIOUS**



YOU FEEL THAT
TOO, DON'T YOU?

I KNOW
YOU DO.

UH, YES.
YES I DO.

UH... YOU'VE
GOT A LOVELY
VOICE, Y KNOW. IT'S
SO SINCERE. I BET
IT WOULD BE REALLY
THRILLING TO HEAR
YOU READ SOMETHING RELIGIOUS.

THRILLING?

WELL... HEH HEH...
I DON'T USUALLY
DO PRIVATE PER-
FORMANCES, BUT
AS YOU DO SEEM
SO... RECEPTIVE...

OH YES, I AM.
RECEPTIVE,
EVER SO.

VERY WELL. THERE'S
A PARTICULARLY GOOD
PIECE THAT I READ JUST
THIS MORNING.

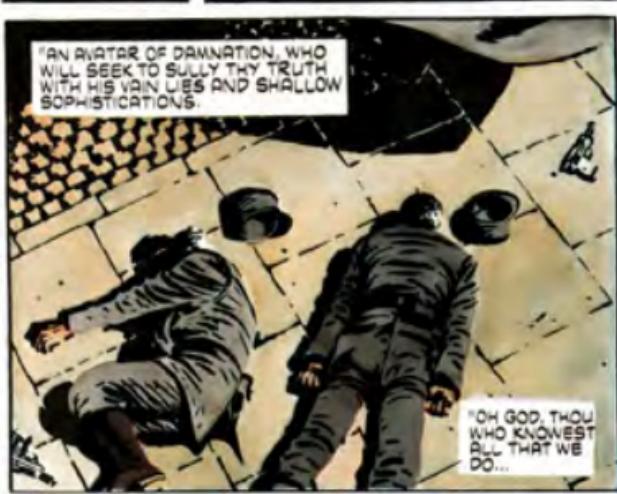
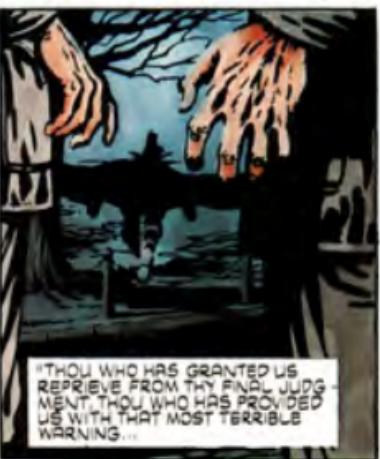
IT IS IN THE OTHER
ROOM... PERHAPS
IF YOU'D STEP
THIS WAY.

YEAH, LOVELY.



GOOD. JUST SIT
YOURSELF DOWN
OVER THERE... SORRY
ABOUT THE LACK OF
CHAIRS... AND I'LL
BEGIN.

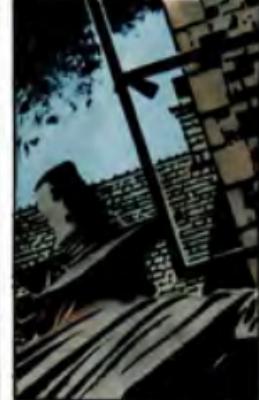


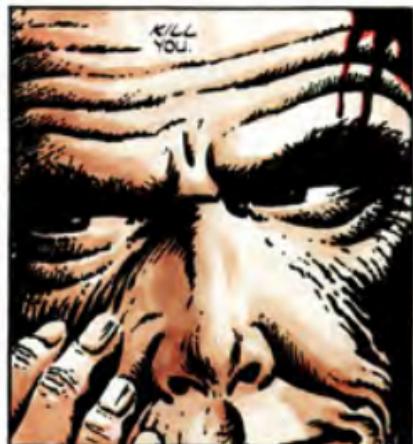


"THOU WHO ART OUR FATE AND OUR FINAL DESTINY....



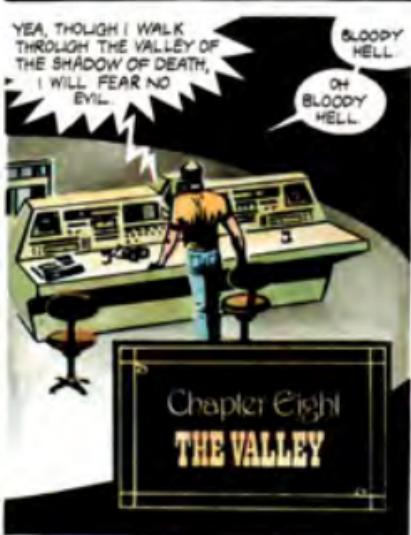
"THIS WE ASK IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER....

















IT'S DARK, HE PUTS
THE RECORD ON IN
THE DARK,



AND
THEN HE SAYS
SOMETHING TO THE
BISHOP... SOMETHING
WE CAN'T HEAR
BECAUSE OF THE
MUSIC.

NEXT TIME WE HEAR THE
BISHOP, IT IS THIS BIT!



"...FIVE, OF COURSE, IT WAS YOU ON
THAT NIGHT, MY GOD, I STILL
DREAM ABOUT IT. I HAVEN'T
STOPPED DREAMING ABOUT IT
IN FOUR YEARS.



"OH GOD, WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU REALLY?"



"I AM THE DEVIL, AND I
COME TO DO THE DEVIL'S
WORK."



THAT'S A QUOTE.
THAT BIT ABOUT
THE DEVIL'S
WORK.



FAMOUS MURDER CASE.
NEARLY TWENTY YEARS
AGO NOW. BEFORE
YOUR TIME, I EXPECT.



THEN CODENAME
Y READS OUT THE
TWENTY-THIRD
PSALM.

I'LL
FAST FORWARD
UNTIL WE GET
TO THAT BIT
WHERE...

RIGHT,
SHOULD BE
ABOUT THERE.



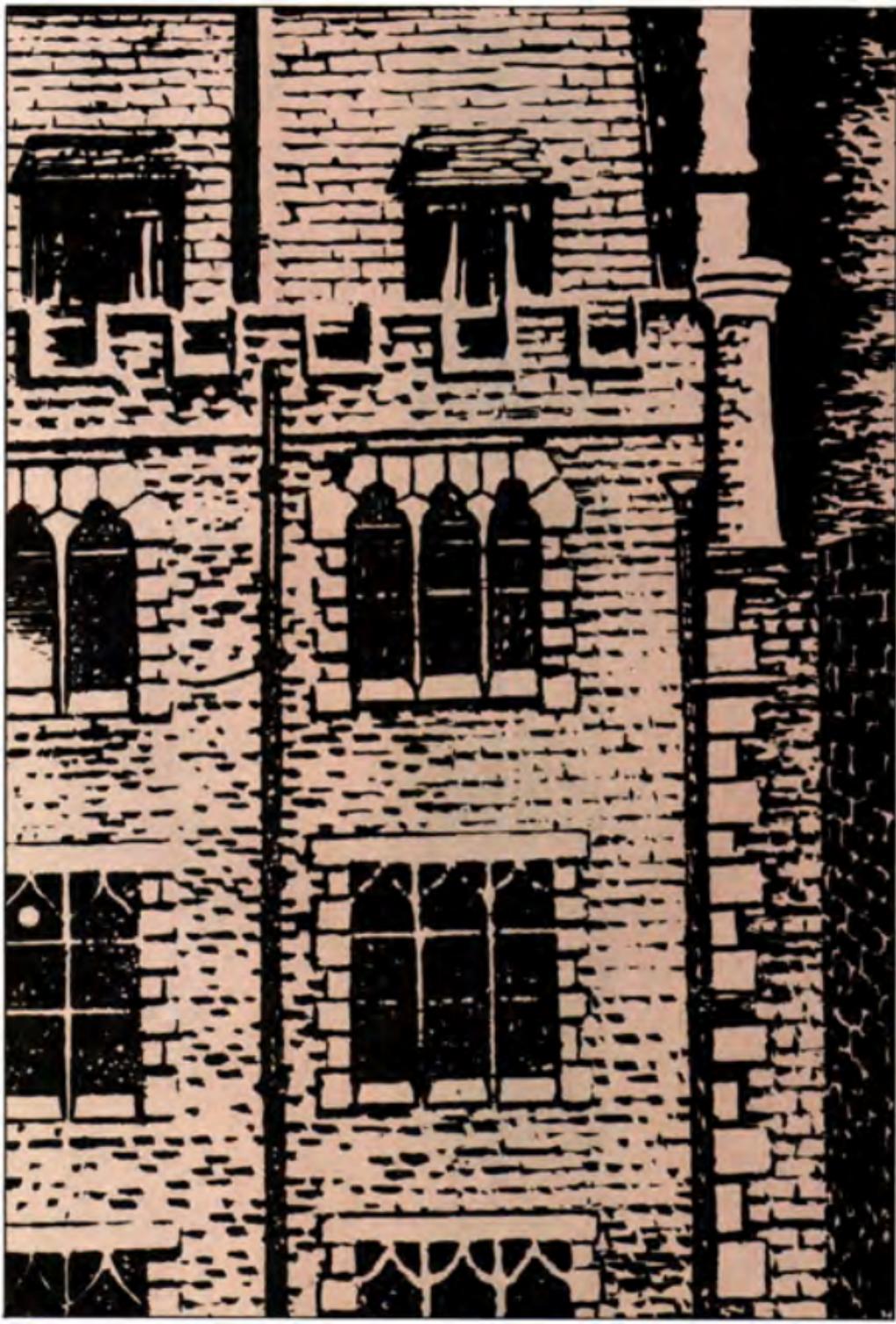
...OF THE
SHADOW OF
DEATH, I WILL
FEAR NO EVIL.

ALRIGHT,
CHUMBY, ALRIGHT,
HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE...

THIS IS
THE BIT WHERE THE
VALET, DENNIS, COMES
IN. LISTEN. THE STEREO
SUDDENLY SHUTS
OFF.







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AUTOPSY ROOM ▶

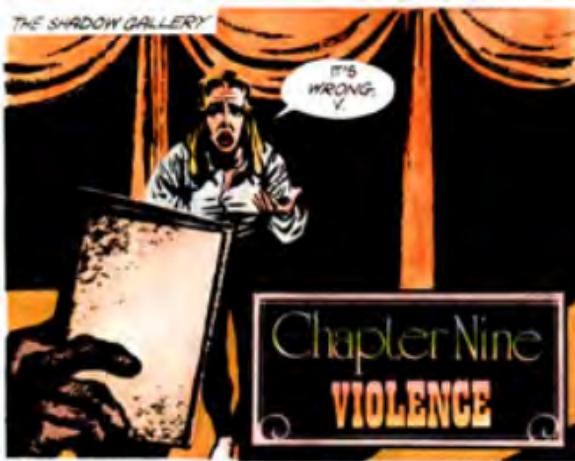
AUTOPSY ROOM ➤

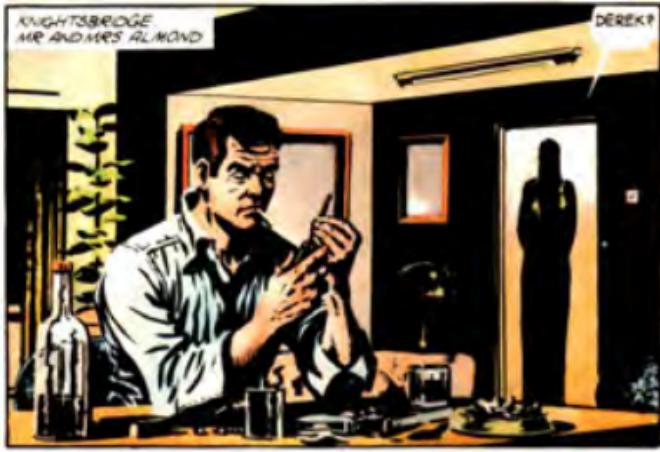


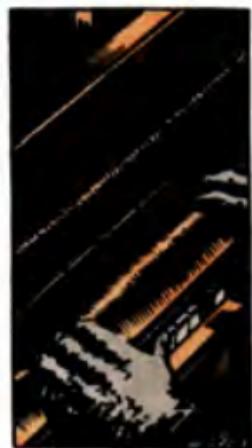
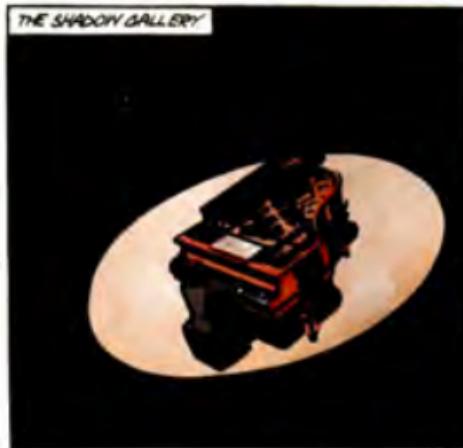


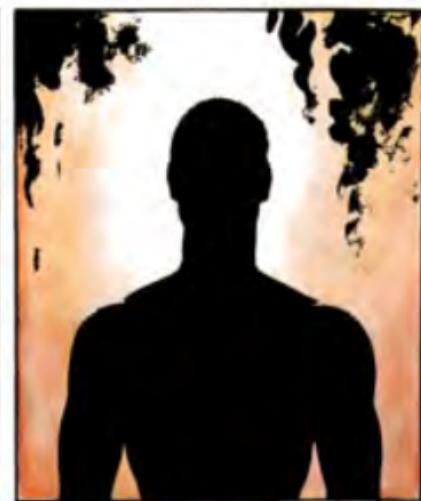
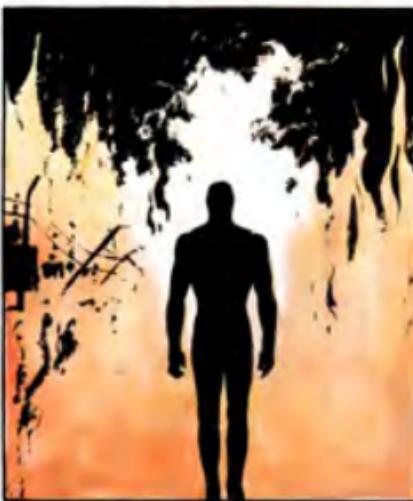
THE NOSE, NEW SCOTLAND YARD
DECEMBER 23RD, 1997



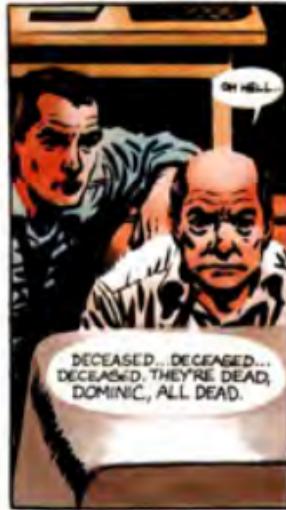
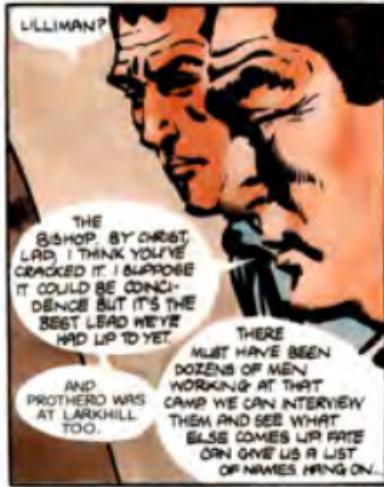










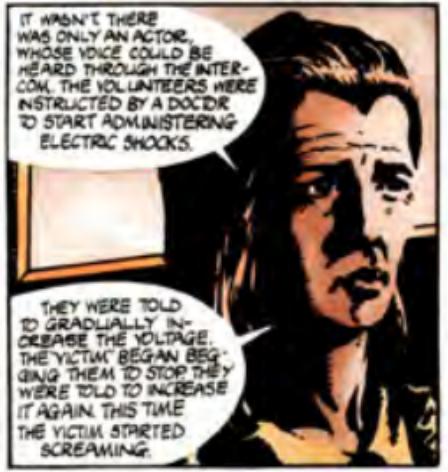
















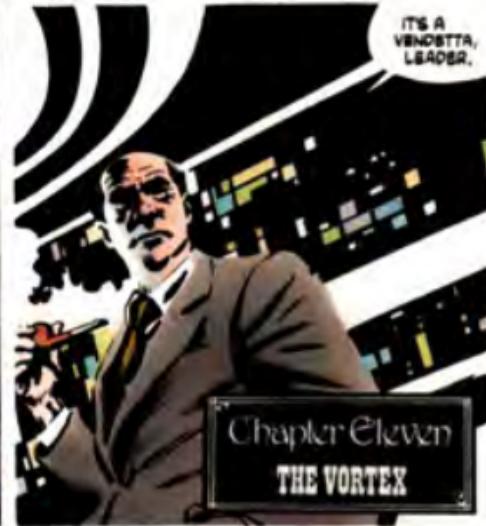
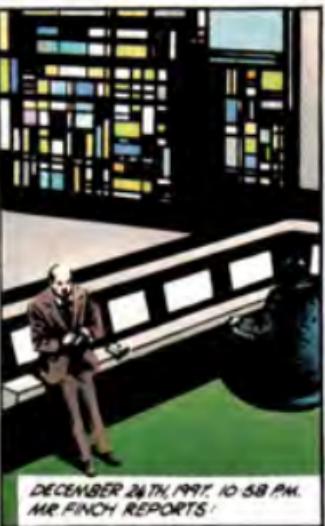








IT'S A
VENDOMA
LEADER.



I'VE TAKEN KEY EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY, BALANCED THEM AGAINST MY OWN FINDINGS AND PLACED THEM IN ORDER. THE STORY THAT EMERGES IS, FRANKLY, INCREDIBLE...



IT BEGINS
ON APRIL 20TH,
1993. I'LL READ
IT TO YOU.

"I ARRIVED AT LADDHILL THIS MORNING. MY DRIVER WAS A MAN NAMED GOSUNG. HE DIDN'T SAY A WORD TO ME ALL THE WAY FROM ANDOVER.



"GOD, THIS PLACE
IS MISERABLE.

"I MET COMMANDER PROTHERO, WHO I'M AFRAID I FIND RATHER VULGAR, AND UNPLEASANT. HE PROMISED TO SHOW ME MY RESEARCH STOCK ONCE I'D SETTLED IN, AND DID SO THIS AFTERNOON.



"THEY'RE A POOR BUNCH. PROTHERO TELLS ME THAT THEIR HABITS ARE FILTHY. NONE OF THEM WILL BE ANY USE TO ME IF I DON'T GET TO WORK ON THEM SOON.

"MAY 17TH: ALMOST FINISHED THE FINAL DRAFT OF THE SCHEDULES FOR MY PROJECT. VERY EXCITED ABOUT IT SO FAR.



"JUNE THE
NINTH.

"OF THE ORIGINAL FOUR DOZEN, OVER SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT ARE DEAD NOW.

"MAY 23RD: PROTHERO HAS PICKED THE SUBJECTS... FOUR DOZEN OF THEM. AND I'VE GOT TO INSPECT THEM THIS AFTERNOON. THEY'RE SO WEAK AND PATHETIC YOU FIND YOURSELF HATING THEM.



"THEY DON'T FIGHT OR STRUGGLE AGAINST DEATH. THEY JUST STARE AT YOU WITH WEAK EYES. THEY MAKE ME WANT TO BE SICK, PHYSICALLY. THEY'RE HORRIBLY HUMAN.

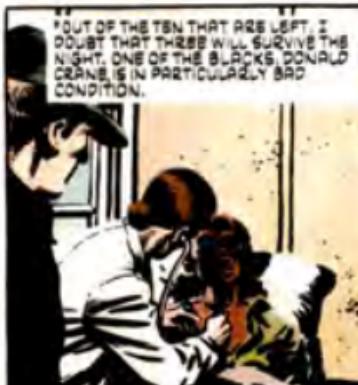
"JUNES: WELL, WE DID IT. ALL FOUR DOZEN OF THEM GOT A SHOT OF BATCH 5, WHICH IS THE PITUININ/PINAZIN Mixture. IT'S TOO EARLY FOR ANY RESULTS YET, REALLY.



"THAT CREEPY PRODE, TONY WILMAN, INSISTED ON BEING THERE WHILE IT WAS DONE TO LEND SPIRITUAL SUPPORT. HE RUBS HIS HANDS TOGETHER AND STARES AT MY CHEST. I HATE HIM.



"OUT OF THE TEN THAT ARE LEFT, I DOUBT THAT THREE WILL SURVIVE THE NIGHT. ONE OF THE BLACKS, DONALD CRANE, IS IN PARTICULARLY BAD CONDITION.



"HE IS DELIRIOUS ALL THE TIME, AND IMAGINES HE IS IN TRENCHCITY, JAMAICA. HE HAS STARTED TO DEVELOP FOUR EXTRA NIPPLES, AND HIS GENITAL ORGANS HAVE ATROPHIED.

"STRANGELY, THERE ARE NO CLEAR PATTERNS EMERGING AS TO WHICH GROUP SUCCUMBS QUICKEST. IF ANYTHING, THE WOMEN ARE SLIGHTLY MORE RESISTANT THAN THE MEN, ESPECIALLY THE BLACK WOMEN.



"RITA BOYD, THE LESBIAN, DIED AT TEA-TIME. DURING THE AUTOPSY WE FOUND FOUR TINY VESTIGIAL FINGERS FORMING WITHIN THE CALF OF HER LEG.

JUNE 18TH: ONLY FIVE LEFT NOW. TWO MEN AND THREE WOMEN, WHICH TENDS TO CONTRADICT MY ENTRY OF THE 9TH OF JUNE. WE'VE HOUSED THEM IN INDIVIDUAL CUBICLES AT THE MEDICAL BLOCK.



"THE MAN IN ROOM 5 IS A REALLY FASCINATING CASE."

"PHYSICALLY, THERE'S DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING WRONG WITH HIM. NO CELLULAR ANOMALIES, NOTHING."



"BUT HE'S QUITE INSANE. BARTH'S SEEMS TO HAVE BROUGHT ON SOME KIND OF PSYCHOTIC BREAKDOWN."

"STRANGELY, HE'S DEVELOPED ONE OF THOSE CURIOUS SIDE EFFECTS WHICH SEEM TO REFLECT CERTAIN CATEGORIES OF SCHIZOPHRENIC:



"HIS PERSONALITY HAS BECOME TOTALLY MAGNETIC. HE SAYS VERY LITTLE... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY HE LOOKS AT YOU."

"HE LOOKED AT ME TODAY AS IF I WERE SOME SORT OF INSECT. HE LOOKED AT ME AS IF HE FELT SORRY FOR ME."



"THIS FACE IS VERY UGLY. I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT ALL EVENING."

"I THINK HIS BEHAVIOR PATTERNS ARE WHAT INTEREST ME. THEY'RE UTTERLY IRATIONAL, BUT THEY SEEM TO HAVE A CERTAIN DERANGED LOGIC UNDERSCORING THEM."



"I'M WORRIED THAT SOMEONE IN THE PARTY MIGHT TRY A CLOSE-UP ORDER ON THE PROJECT BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE HOW IT DEVELOPS. PROTHERO SAID AS MUCH THIS MORNING. WELL SEE."

"JULY 12TH: PART 16. THE ASHTRAY IN CUBICLE THREE DIED TODAY. HIS LIVER HAD CEASED FUNCTIONING. HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO OPEN HIM UP AND FIND OUT WHY."



"I'VE BEEN SPENDING A LOT OF TIME STUDYING ROOM 5 AGAIN. I'M AFRAID."

"I'M GLAD WE LET HIM HAVE A GO AT THE GARDENING PROJECT. PROTHERO WAS RELUCTANT AT FIRST. I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE WITH THE FOOD SHORTAGE, THESE PLACES HAVE TO BE SELF-SUPPORTING."



"HE'S SORTED OUT THE WHITEFLY AND IT LOOKS LIKE BEING A GOOD YIELD."

"AUG 7TH: THE CROP PRODUCTION HAS ALMOST DOUBLED. PROTHERO'S LETTING ROOM FIVE ORDER SOME GARDEN SUPPLIES AND HE'S EVEN GIVEN HIM A PATCH TO GROW FLOWERS ON."



"HE GROWS ROSES. BEAUTIFUL ROSES. THE WOMAN IN ROOM ONE DIED THIS MORNING. THE SKIN ON HER FACE AND NECK WAS LIKE POLYTHENE."

"SEPTEMBER 16TH: GARDEN DOESN'T REQUIRE MUCH WORK THIS TIME OF YEAR. ROOM FIVE WANTS TO HELP WITH THE DECORATING IN THE STAFF QUARTERS."



"PROTHERO WILL TAKE SOME PERSUADING. HE'S STILL A LITTLE DISTURBED BY WHAT FIVE DID WITH THIS AMMONIA-BASED FERTILISER THAT HE ORDERED."

IT'S ARRANGED IN PILES AROUND HIS CELL. IT MAKES A KIND OF GEOMETRIC SHAPE. HE STAYS MOTIONLESS FOR HOURS IN THE CENTRE OF IT. THE AMMONIA STENCH IS TERRIBLE.

SEPTEMBER 24TH: PROTHERO ON MY BACK ABOUT FIVE'S GREASE SOLVENT. HE ORDERS FOURTEEN GALLONS OF IT AND THEN SWIPES HALF TO DECORATE HIS CELL. PROTHERO PICKS HIS NOSE.

NOV. 5TH: HIS CUBICLE IS COVERED WITH SO MUCH JUNK, THE AMMONIA SMELLS TERRIBLE AND THERE IS A SORT OF SWIMMING POOL SMELL TOO. LORD KNOWS WHERE THAT COMES FROM.



THE NEXT ENTRY I WANT TO READ WAS MADE ON DECEMBER 24TH, 1953, AND IT REFERS TO THE EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS DAY.

IT STARTS WITH THE WORDS "HE LOOKED AT WHICH ARE CROSSING OUT, THEN IT SAYS "NO, CAN'T WRITE ABOUT IT YET, CAN'T HOLD..." AND THEN ANOTHER GAP.

WHEN IT RESUMES, IT'S IN A DIFFERENT COLORED INK...

I WAS IN THE MESS. IT WAS ABOUT HALF PAST TEN WHEN WE HEARD THE FIRST EXPLOSION.



THE ONES AT THE FRONT RAN STRAIGHT INTO THE GAS. IT WAS HORRIBLE.

A FEW OF US WENT OUT THROUGH THE REAR DOOR TO AVOID THE GAS. YOU COULD HEAR PEOPLE SCREAMING EVERYWHERE.



"IN THE CENTRE OF THE CAMP, EVERYTHING WAS ON FIRE. WHILE WE WERE TRYING TO WORK OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON, THE OVENS EXPLODED.



"I RAN, BUT EVERYONE WAS RUNNING, AND ALL IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS. IT WAS HORRIBLE.



"IT WAS THE MAN IN ROOM FIVE, WHO HAD GOT OUT, WHO HAD GOT AWAY. HE BLEW IT UP, HE KILLED...



"HE'S GONE. THE CAMP IS BEING CLOSED. NOBODY IS TALKING ABOUT IT. NOBODY KNOWS WHERE HE'S GONE."

"THAT'S THE LAST ENTRY UNTIL SIX MONTHS LATER WHEN DR. SURRIDGE IS RESTED AND BACK IN LONDON."



END OF STORY.

"EXCEPT THAT IT WASN'T. WAS IT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAN IN ROOM FIVE? WHAT DID HE DO IN THE FOUR YEARS FOLLOWING HIS ESCAPE FROM LARKHILL?"



"HOW DID HE BECOME CODE NAME 'V'?"



"SOME OF THAT FOUR YEARS WAS PERHAPS SPENT IN LAYING THE ELABORATE GROUNDWORK FOR HIS CURRENT MANOEUVRES. MAYBE IN PREPARING A BASE OF OPERATIONS FOR HIMSELF..."

"BETWEEN 1993 AND 1997, OVER FORTY PEOPLE WHO WERE PREVIOUSLY AT LARKHILL MET WITH WHAT WERE BELIEVED TO BE ACCIDENTAL DEATHS. EVENTUALLY, ONLY THREE REMAINED."

"HE ABDUCTED LEWIS PROTHERO, THE CAMP COMMANDER WHO HAD CHOSEN HIM TO RECEIVE BATCH 5, THE PREPARATION THAT HAD DESTROYED HIS MIND."



"WE HAVE EVIDENCE THAT THIS IS NOT ALL HE DID, HOWEVER. STUNNING, HORRIFYING EVIDENCE."



"THE THREE WOULD BEEN SAVING UNTIL LAST."



"PROTHERO IS NOW INCREDIBLY INSANOID."

"HE VISITED BISHOP LILLMAN AND MADE HIM SWALLOW A POISONED COMMUNION WAFER. THAT'S A DREADFUL, DEGRADING WAY FOR A MAN LIKE THAT TO DIE."



"BUT YOU CAN SEE A SORT OF BLACK POETRY THERE. CAN'T YOU? A SORT OF GALLONS, HUMOUR? I DONNO. PERHAPS YOU CAN'T."

"FINALLY, THERE IS DR. DEL A SURRIDGE, WHO CODENAME 'V' VISITED THIS MORNING FOUR YEARS TO THE DAY AFTER ESCAPING LARKHILL. SHE WAS A GOOD WOMAN, A HUMANIC WOMAN. BUT THEN I READ THIS DIARY AND..."



"I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW. SHE'S DEAD NOW."

"HER, AND EVERYBODY ELSE WHO WORKED AT LARKHILL, HE'S AND EVERYBODY ELSE WHO COULD HAVE IDENTIFIED HIM."



"YOU SEE, THERE ARE TWO POSSIBLE MOTIVES HERE, NOT ONE."

"THE FIRST MOTIVE IS REVENGE. HE ESCAPES FROM LARKHILL AND VOWS TO GET EVEN WITH HIS TORMENTORS. THE PARLIAMENT BOMBING AND THE OTHER STUFF IS JUST A SMOKESCREEN."



"THE WHOLE EXERCISE WAS AN ELABORATE, CHILLING VENDETTA."

"THAT'S THE EXPLANATION THAT I FIND MOST REASSURING, FUNNLY ENOUGH."



"BECAUSE THAT MEANS HE'S FINISHED NOW. THAT MEANS IT'S OVER."

"THE SECOND MOTIVE IS MORE SINISTER. LIKE I SAID, EVERYONE WHO COULD HAVE IDENTIFIED HIM IS NOW DEAD."



"WHAT IF HE'S JUST BEEN CLEARING THE GROUND ?"

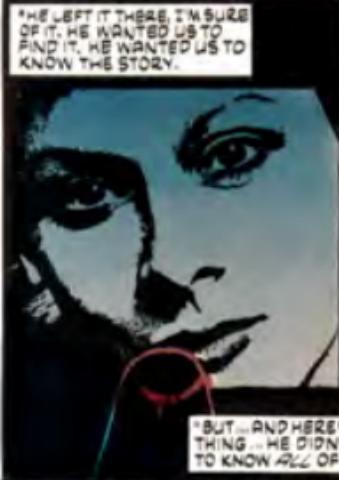
"WHAT IF HE'S PLANNING SOMETHING ELSE ?"



"YOU SEE, THIS DIARY THAT WE FOUND... IT WAS IN FULL VIEW ON THE DOCTOR'S WRITING BUREAU. WE DIDN'T HAVE TO SEARCH FOR IT."



"HE LEFT IT THERE, I'M SURE OF IT. HE WANTED US TO FIND IT. HE WANTED US TO KNOW THE STORY."



"BUT... AND HERE'S A FUNNY THING... HE DIDN'T WANT US TO KNOW ALL OF IT."

"WHEN WE FOUND THE DIARY, SOME OF THE PAGES HAD BEEN TORN OUT. IT WASN'T DR. SURGEON WHO DID THAT."



"WHAT WAS ON THE MISSING PAGES, EH? HIS NAME? HIS AGE? WHETHER HE WAS JEWISH, OR HOMOSEKUAL, OR BLACK OR WHITE ?"

"AND FURTHERMORE, IF HIS VENDETTA IS REALLY OVER...
WE KNEW OR NOT ?"

"HE'S PLAYING GAMES WITH US. HE'S PLAYING GAMES THAT ARE JUST AS ELABORATE AS THE DESIGN ON THE FLOOR OF ROOM FIVE, AS ELABORATE, AND AS MAD..."



"... AND AS DEADLY."

YOU SEE, YOU DEAL WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS... A SCHEME THAT'S AS INGENIOUS AS IT IS IRATIONAL AND IT'S LIKE WALKING ON QUICK-SAND; YOU GET SLOWLY SUCKED INTO IT...

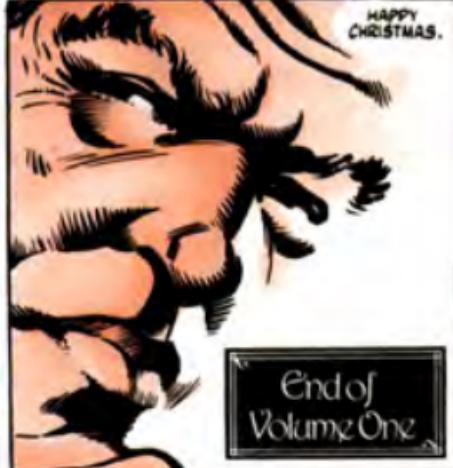
BUT LOOK... FOR ALL WE KNOW, THIS DIRTY COULD BE A COMPLETE AND UTTER PIAK. CODENAME "Y" COULD HAVE WRITTEN IT HIMSELF.



MR. FINCH, CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT ANYONE WOULD KILL OVER FIFTY PEOPLE FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN TO PROVIDE HIMSELF WITH A COVER STORY?



THE VERY IDEA IS...

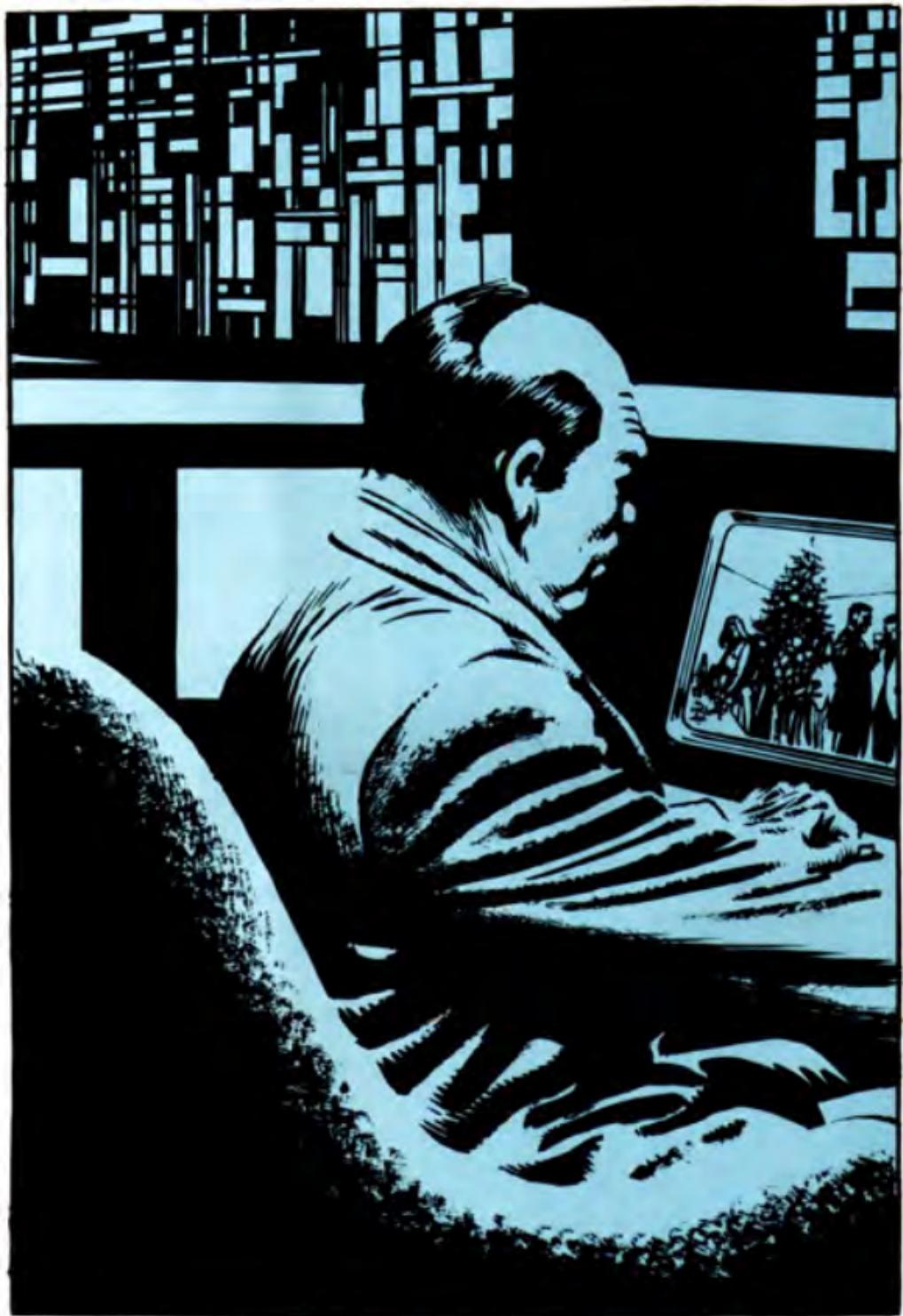


VERY WELL, I THINK THAT WILL BE ALL, MR. FINCH. ENGLAND PREVAILS.

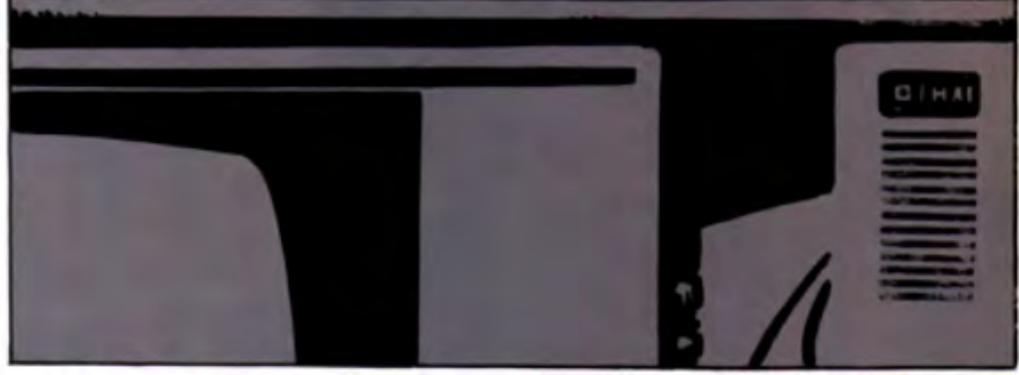


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End of Volume One







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V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



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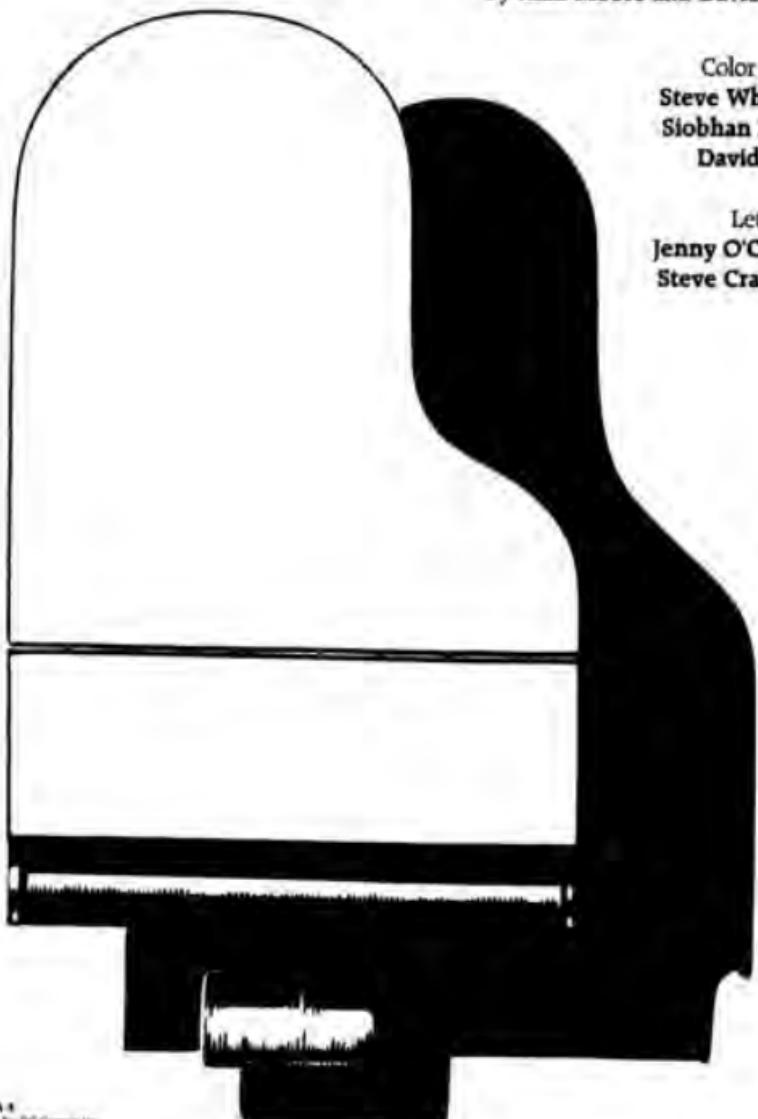


V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

Color artists:
Steve Whitaker
Siobhan Dodds
David Lloyd

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V FOR VENDETTA #8

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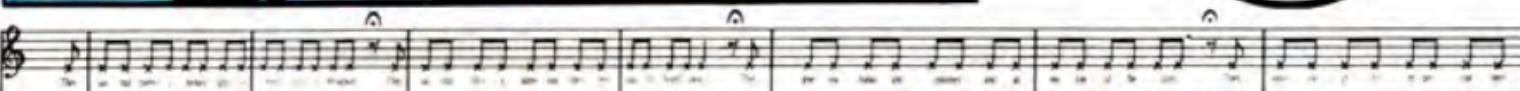




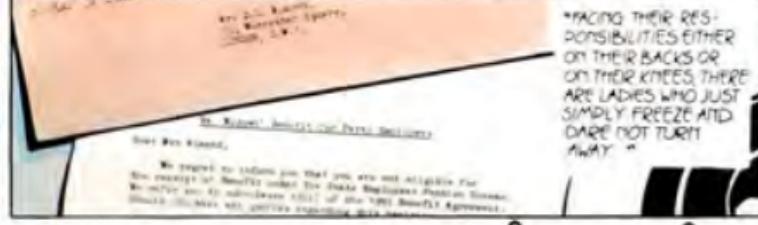
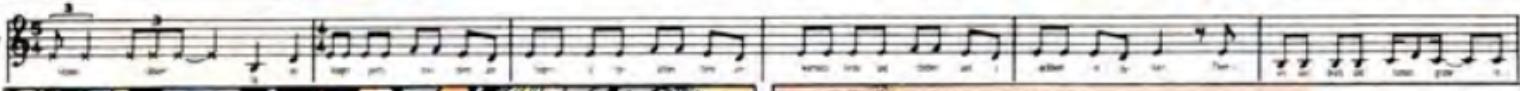
THEY SAY THAT THERE'S
A BROKEN LIGHT FOR
EVERY HEART ON
BROADWAY

THEY
SAY THAT LIFE'S
A GAME AND THEN
THEY TAKE THE
BOARDWAY

THEY
GIVE YOU MASKS
AND COSTUMES
AND AN OUTLINE
OF THE STORY

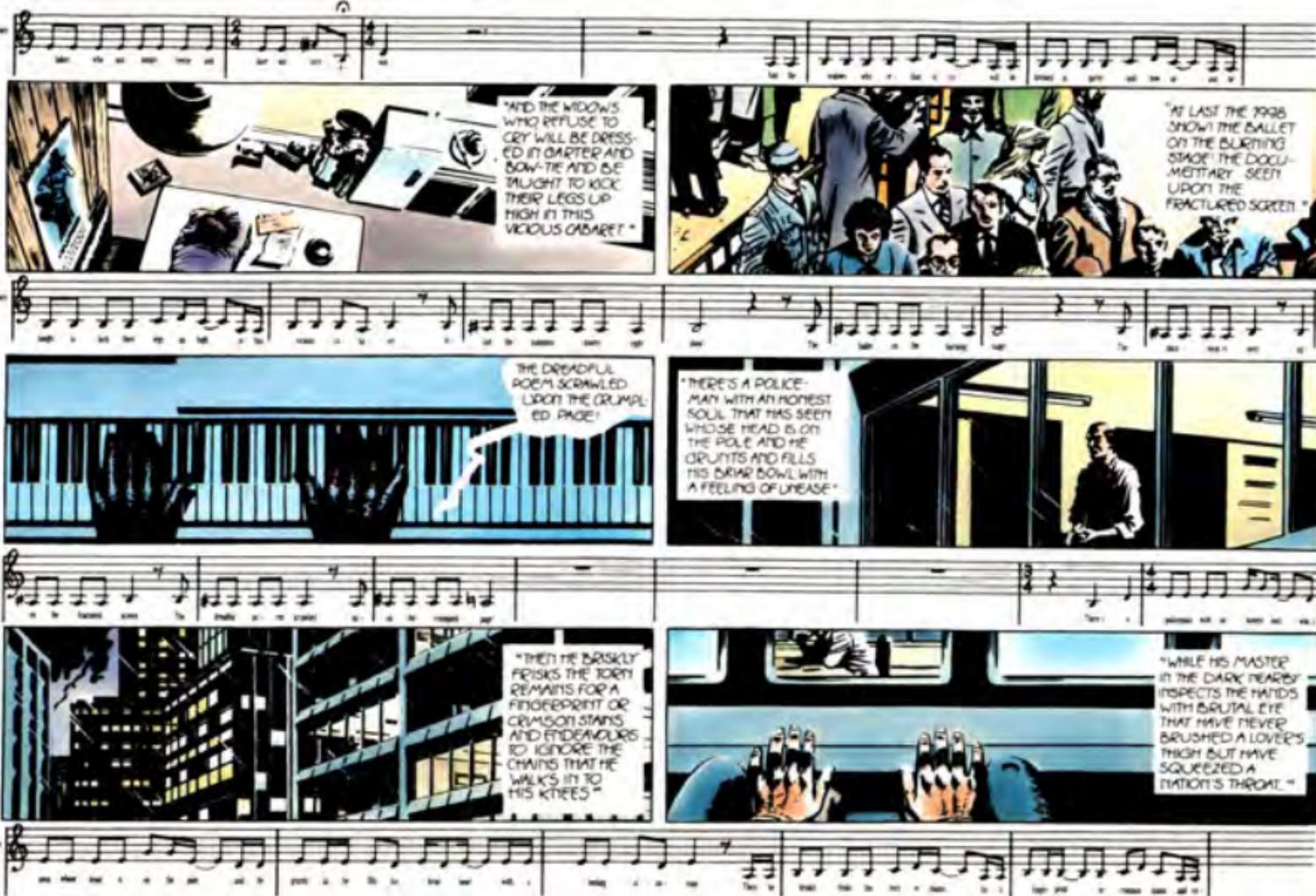


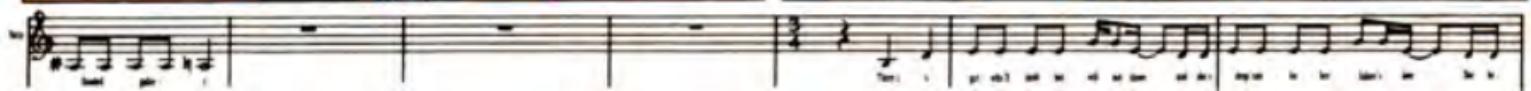
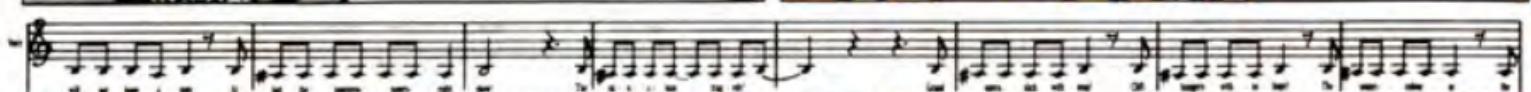
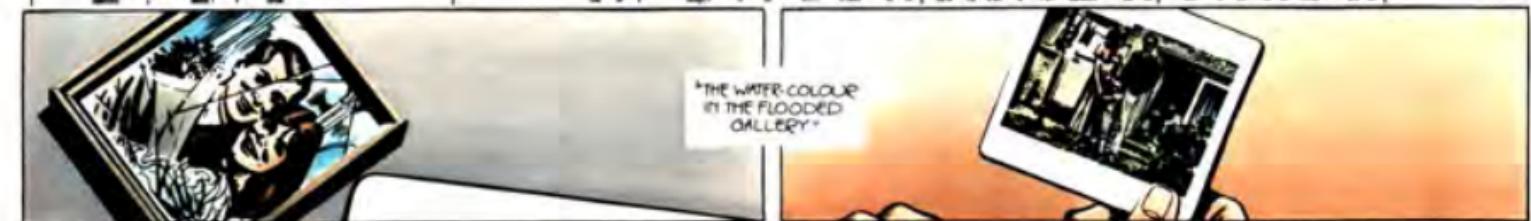
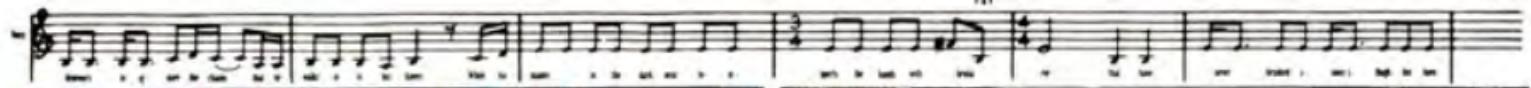
"IN NO LONGER-
PRETTY CITIES
THERE ARE FINDERS
IN THE KITTIES,
THERE ARE WARRANTS,
FORMS AND CHITFIES,
AND A JACKBOOT ON
THE STAIR."

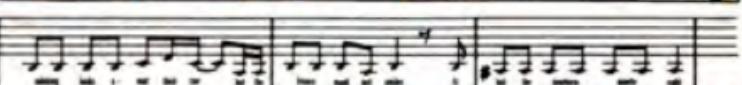
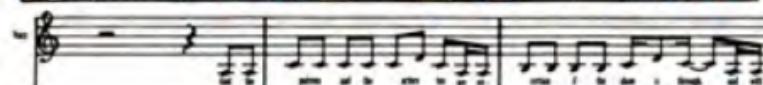
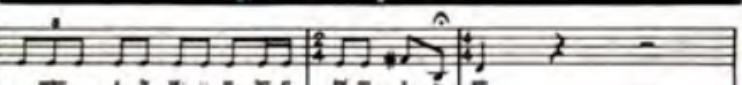
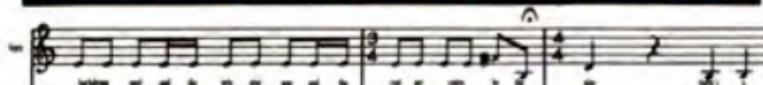
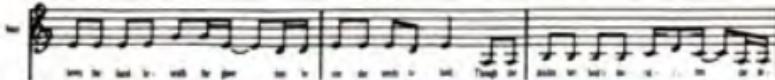


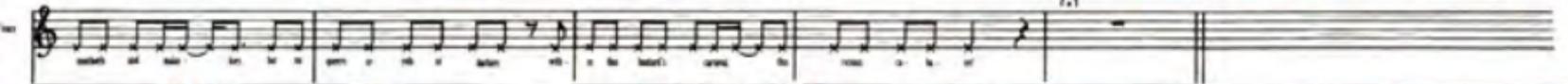
"FACING THEIR RES-
POSIBILITIES EITHER
ON THEIR BACKS OR
ON THEIR KNEES, THERE
ARE LADIES WHO JUST
SIMPLY FREEZE AND
DARE NOT TURN
AWAY."













JANUARY 5TH, 1998 THE SHADOW GALLERY...



AS YOU SEE, MY HANDS ARE QUITE EMPTY...



CONCEALING NOTHING...





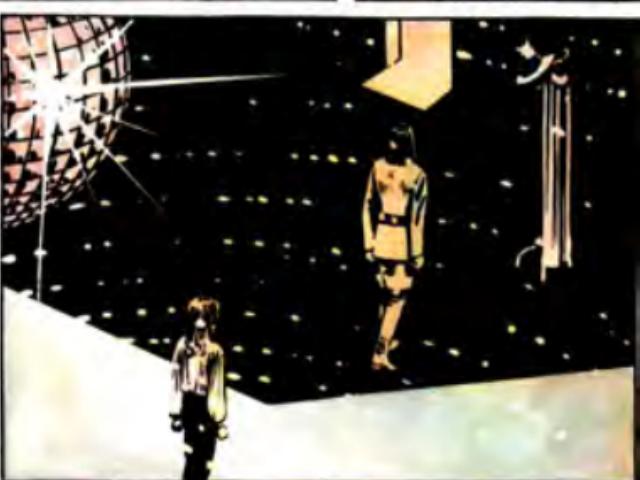
I'VE NEVER...
I MEAN SINCE
I'VE BEEN HERE
YOU HAVEN'T...

WELL, WHAT I MEAN IS,
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT, BUT,
WELL, I JUST SORT OF
THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT BE
THAT YOU, UH...

DON'T
FANCY
ME.

AT
ALL...



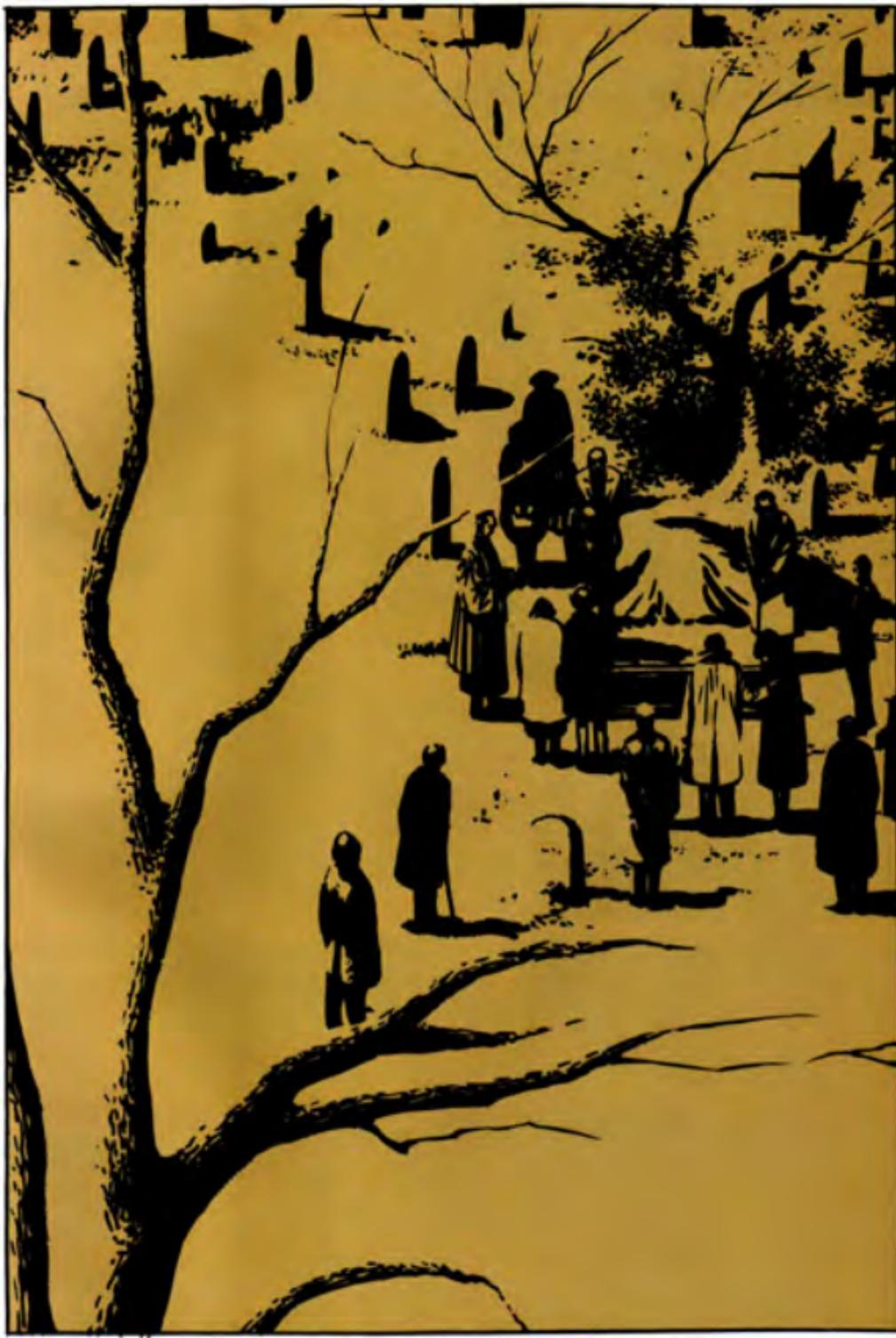


THIS WAY...





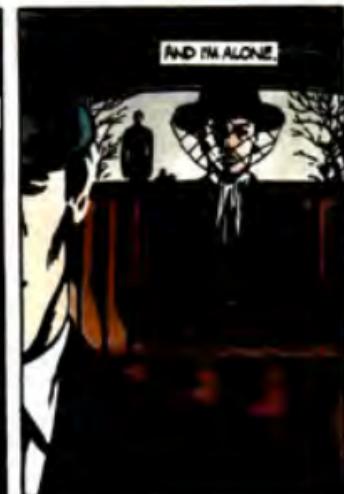






CHAPTER 2

THE VELL





...AND DEREK, WHERE I AM, IT'S COLD AND IT'S DARK AND IT'S FRIGHTENING.



AND THIS WORLD IS SO DANGEROUS.



YOU'RE PLUMBLING IN THE DARK...

...AND IT MIGHT NOT BE PLEASANT, AND YOU MIGHT BE REPULSED AND DRAW BACK FROM IT, NO, NOT THAT, ANYTHING BUT THAT...



...BUT REALLY, WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GO? WHAT OTHER CHOICES DO YOU HAVE?



EXCEPT CARRYING ON, DOWN INTO THE DARK.



ALONE.



COMPLETELY AND LITTERLY ALONE.



DASCOMBE RANG EARLIER. HE SUGGESTED A MEAL AND A DRINK, TO CHEER ME UP.



I SAID NO. HE SAID TO RING HIM IF I CHANGED MY MIND.



THEY WON'T GIVE ME
STATE SUPPORT,
DEREK, AND I CAN'T
GET A JOB, NO
EXPERIENCE, YOU
SEE, I HAD A HOME
TO LOOK AFTER...



THERE'S THE MORTGAGE,
AND THE ELECTRICITY,
AND THE PHONE.

I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU, DEREK, ABOUT
HAVING SEX AND NOT HAVING SEX
AND THE FIGHTING AND THE DRINK
AND I REALLY DID LOVE YOU.



YOU WERE MY LIFELINE, I WAS STUCK AT HOME,
YOU CONNECTED ME TO THE WORLD, AND
I'M STILL CLUTCHING AT YOU, EVEN THOUGH
YOU'RE BROKEN AND I'M ADRIFT...

AND THE SAME PICTURES
PLAY OVER AND OVER,



AND I'M IN THE BACK
ROW, WATCHING THEM...

...IN THE GRUBBY BROKEN CINEMA
OF MEMORY.



I'LL GO BACK INTO THE CORNERS
OF THE PAST, EVEN THE
SHADOWY, SORDID CORNERS...



JUST BECAUSE YOU
WERE THERE THEN.

I'M TRYING TO HANG ON, HANG ON
TO SOMETHING EVEN THOUGH I
KNOW IT'S GONE, EVEN THOUGH
I KNOW YOU AREN'T THERE
ANYMORE.



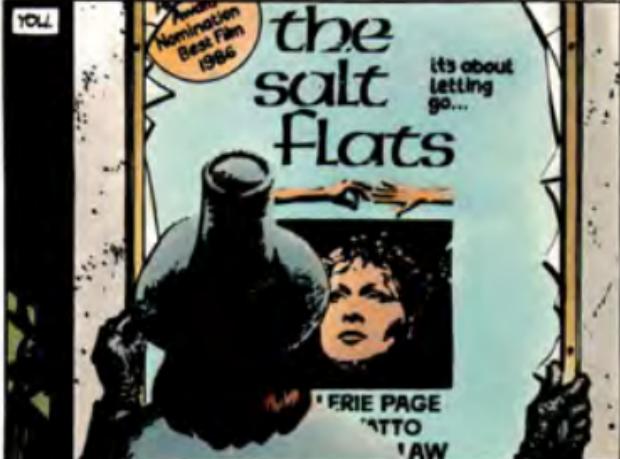
YOLL

Academy
Nomination
Best Film
1986

the
salt
flats

It's about
Letting
go...

ERIE PAGE
ATT
AW



THE LOVED ONE.



YOU'RE GONE.



NOTHING WILL
CHANGE THAT.

ALL I CAN DO IS
PACK AWAY ALL
THE THINGS I
REMEMBER, PUT
THEM IN A DRAWER
WITH ALL OTHER
USELESS
SOUVENIRS...



AND JUST
CARRY ON.



YOU'VE GOT TO CARRY ON.



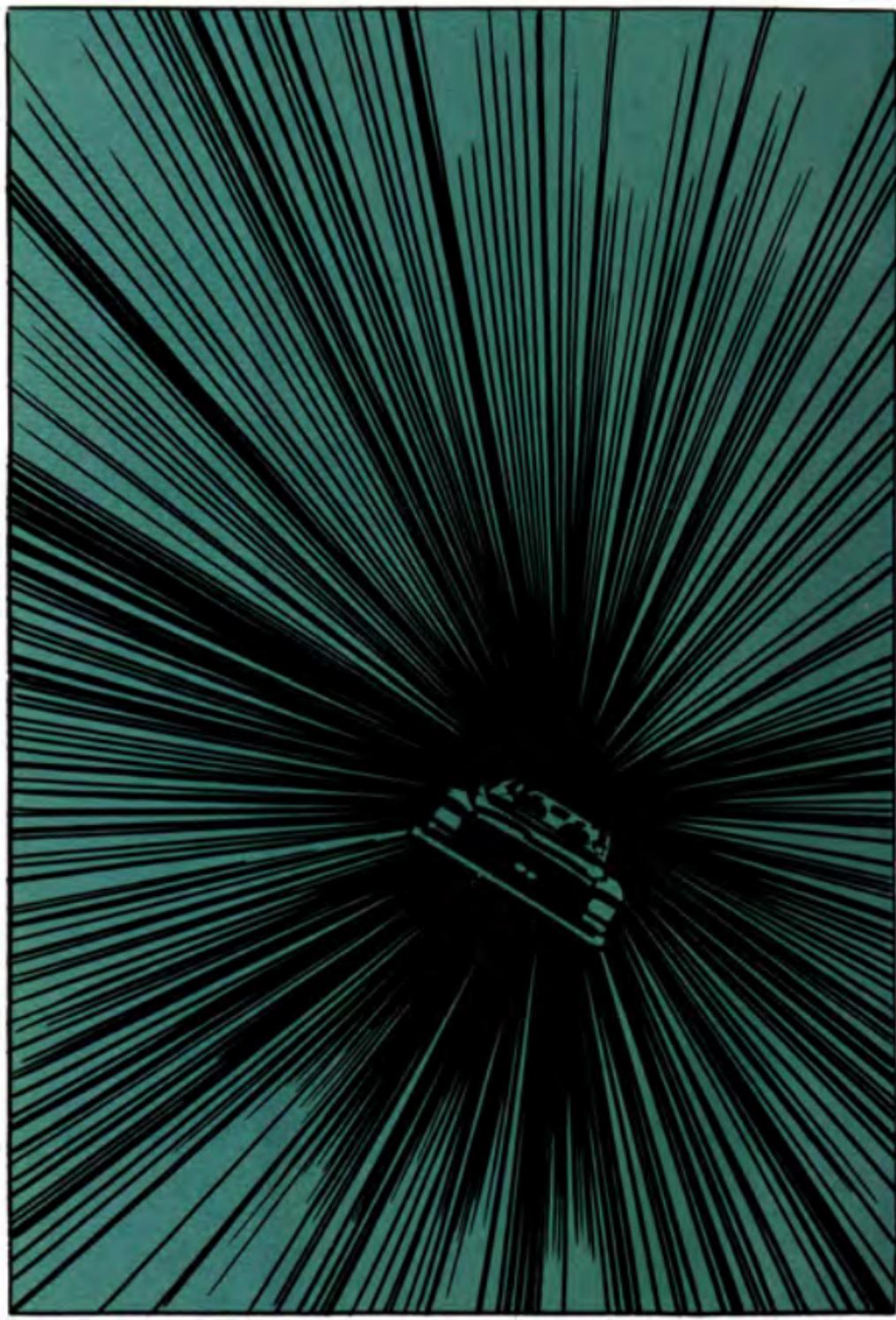
WE'VE ALL GOT TO JUST CARRY ON. THAT'S
HOW WE SURVIVE.



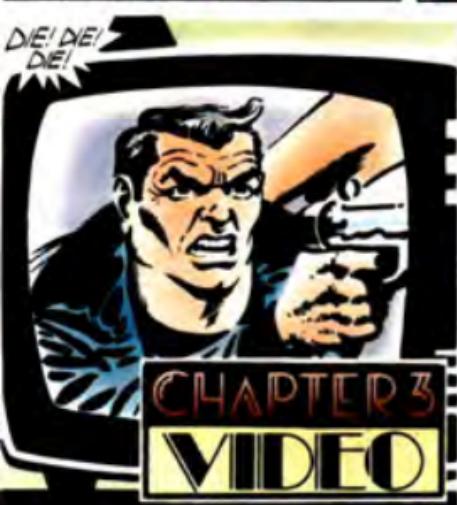
THAT'S OUR PURPOSE.

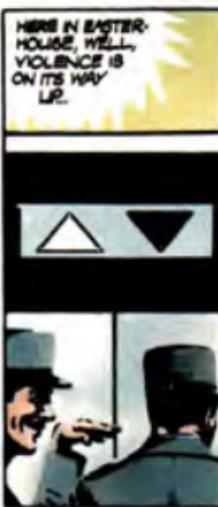




















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By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



WHAT'S
MY
LINE?



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Elitta Pell

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FEBRUARY 23RD, 1998: PEAK TIME.



WELL DONE, THOU GOOD
AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.

ALSO, PLEASE DON'T THINK I'VE
FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOUR OUT-
STANDING SERVICE RECORD, OR
ABOUT ALL OF THE INVALUABLE
CONTRIBUTIONS THAT YOU'VE
MADE TO THE COMPANY...

BUT...WELL, TO BE FRANK,
WE'VE HAD OUR PROBLEMS TOO.
THERE'S NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT I
THINK A LOT OF IT STEMS
FROM? I'LL TELL YOU...

WE'VE OFFERED YOU
PROMOTION TIME AND
TIME AGAIN, AND EACH
TIME YOU'VE TURNED
US DOWN.

"I COULDN'T
HANDLE THE
WORK, GUVNOR,"
YOU WHEELED.
"I KNOW MY PLACE."

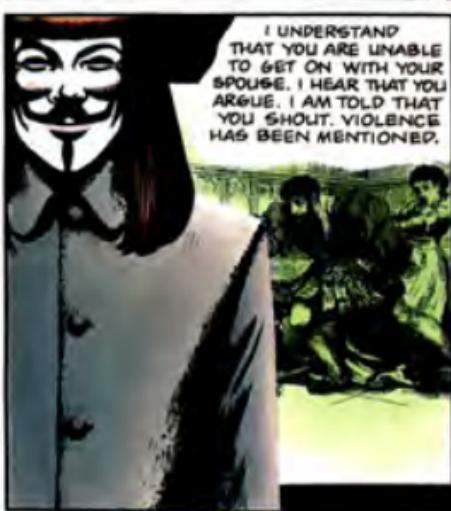
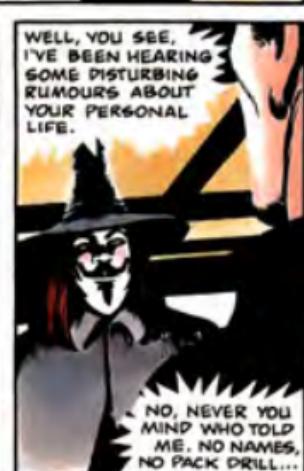
TO BE FRANK,
YOU'RE NOT TRYING.
ARE YOU?

IT'S YOUR BASIC UNWILLINGNESS
TO GET ON' WITHIN THE COMPANY.
YOU DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO FACE
UP TO ANY REAL RESPONSIBILITY,
OR TO BE YOUR OWN BOSS.

LORD KNOWS, YOU'VE
BEEN GIVEN PLENTY
OF OPPORTUNITIES...

YOU SEE, YOU'VE BEEN
STANDING STILL FOR FAR TOO
LONG, AND IT'S STARTING TO
SHOW IN YOUR WORK...

AND, I MIGHT ADD,
IN YOUR GENERAL
STANDARD OF
BEHAVIOUR.



AND WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN? IT'S ALWAYS THE CHILDREN WHO SUFFER, AS YOU'RE WELL AWARE.



WHAT ARE THEY TO MAKE OF YOUR BULLYING, YOUR DESPAIR, YOUR COWARDICE AND ALL YOUR FONDLY NURTURED BIGOTRIES?



REALLY, IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH, IS IT?



AND IT'S NO GOOD BLAMING THE DROP IN WORK STANDARDS UPON BAD MANAGEMENT, EITHER...



...THOUGH, TO BE SURE, THE MANAGEMENT IS VERY BAD.

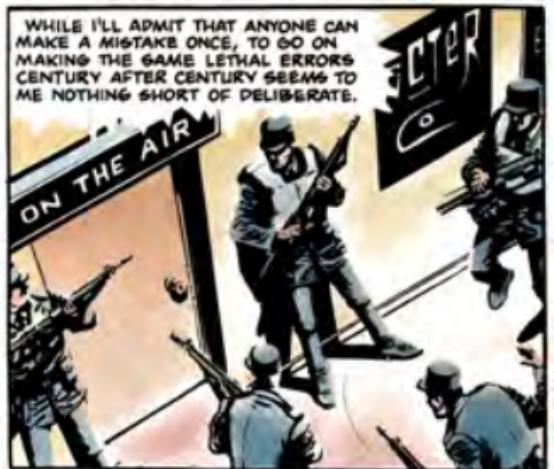


BUT WHO ELECTED THEM?

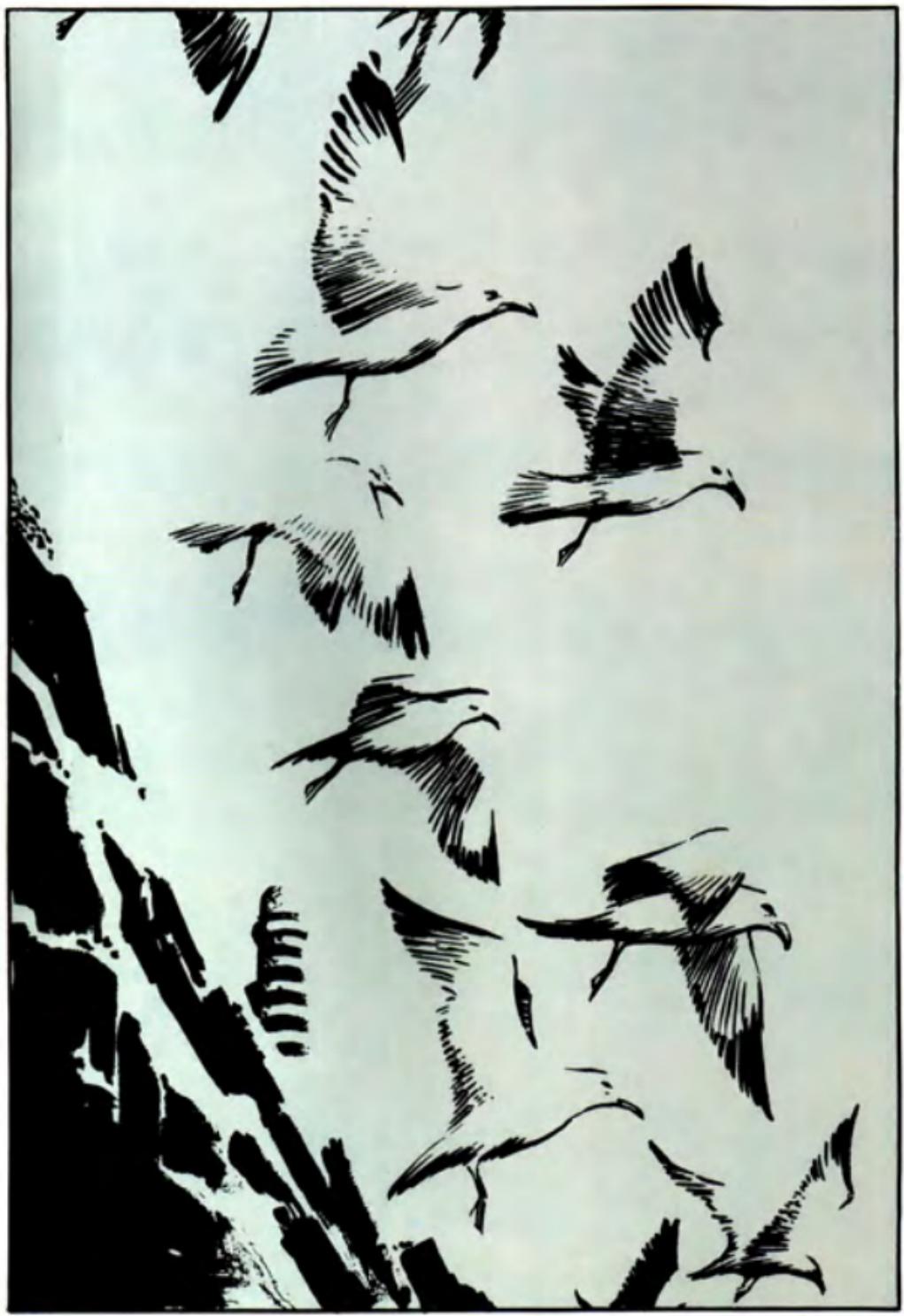


IT WAS YOU! YOU WHO APPOINTED THESE PEOPLE! YOU WHO GAVE THEM THE POWER TO MAKE YOUR DECISIONS FOR YOU!

WHILE I'LL ADMIT THAT ANYONE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE ONCE, TO GO ON MAKING THE SAME LETHAL ERRORS CENTURY AFTER CENTURY SEEMS TO ME NOTHING SHORT OF DELIBERATE.



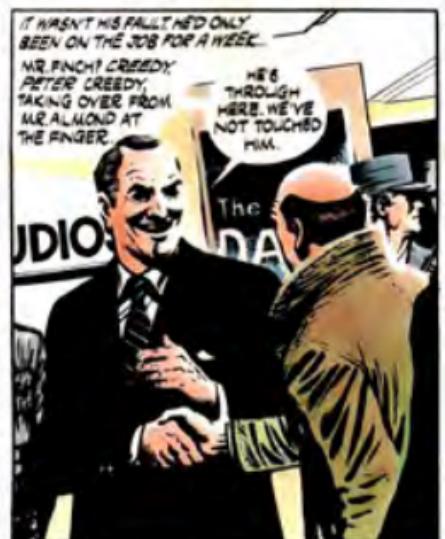






CHAPTER 5

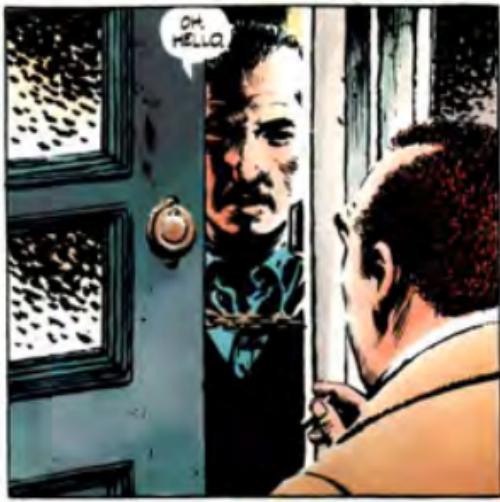
THE VACATION

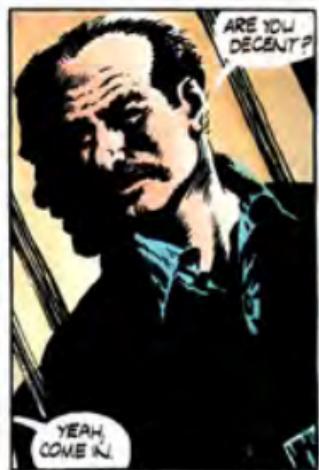














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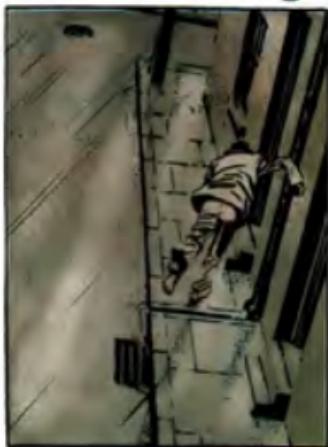


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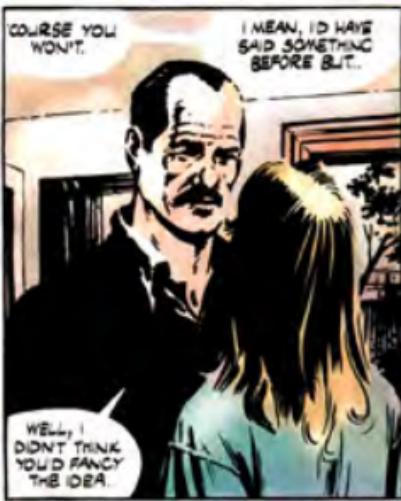


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Suggested
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Siobhan Dodds
David Lloyd

Lettering:
Jenny O'Connor
Elitta Fell

V FOR VENDETTA #6

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NING POST
TIME FIGURES FALL

19)

B.

EVENING POST
CRIME FIGURES FALL



EVENING POST
CRIME FIGURES FALL



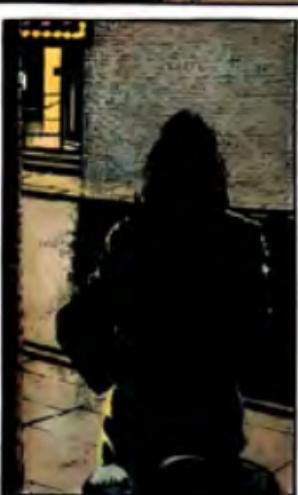




CHAPTER 8

VENGEANCE











THE AIR AROUND ME IS COMPLETELY BLACK. I THINK THAT PERHAPS I'M BACKSTAGE AT THE THEATRE, DURING THE INTERVAL.

I SMELL ROSES AND THINK ABOUT THE SCENTED BIRTHDAY CARDS MY MOTHER FOUND IN A SHOE BOX AT OUR HOUSE ON SHOOTER'S HILL.

THE PETALS FALL, PENCIL SHAVINGS OF CREAM FLESH.

EVERYTHING CHANGES

THERE ARE MURMURED SWINGS NEARBY. STAGE-HANDS ARE REARRANGING THE SCENERY.

CHAPTER 9 VICISSITUDE

IT'S MY BIRTHDAY. I'M STILL IN THE THEATRE, BUT I KNOW THAT IT'S REALLY OUR OLD HOUSE.

VALERIE PAGE
HE ROSE FOREST

'WAII
I CAN HEAR A PARTY IN THE ROOM UPSTAIRS.

...going in Hawaii!

I KNOW IT'S A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR ME, BUT I HAVE A SINKING FEELING THAT IT WILL BE OVER BY THE TIME I GET THERE.

ROAD TO THE DEAD FOR WEDDING
IT'S TAKING ME SO LONG TO GET READY. BEADS

THE BACK

JOGS HAIL L

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M BOthering to get dressed up like this, but I feel as if it's expected of me.

W.C. CROSBY
SON OF RANKIN

I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO, I WANT TO GO TO THE PARTY NOW!

EVEY?

YOU'RE MISSING THE CITY WE'VE HIRED A PUNCH AND JUDY MAN SPECIALLY.

I'M GLAD DAD COULD COME. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM MUCH SINCE I STARTED WORK AT THE MATCH FACTORY.

HE LEADS ME UPSTAIRS TO THE PARTY, AND I WONDER IF THIS IS OUR OLD HOUSE AFTER ALL.



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 INVITED.
AND DID I THINK IT WAS MY
BIRTHDAY?

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

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

WHAT'S HE GOING
TO DO?

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.

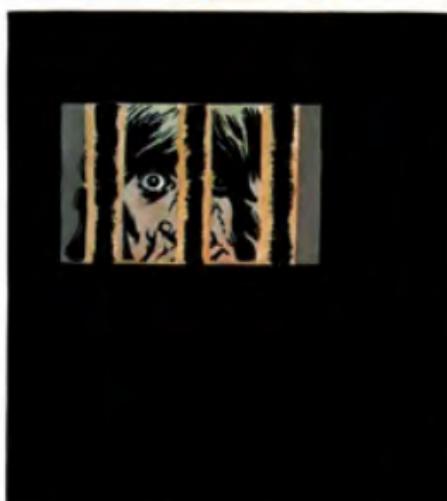
THAT'S THE
WAY TO DO
IT.

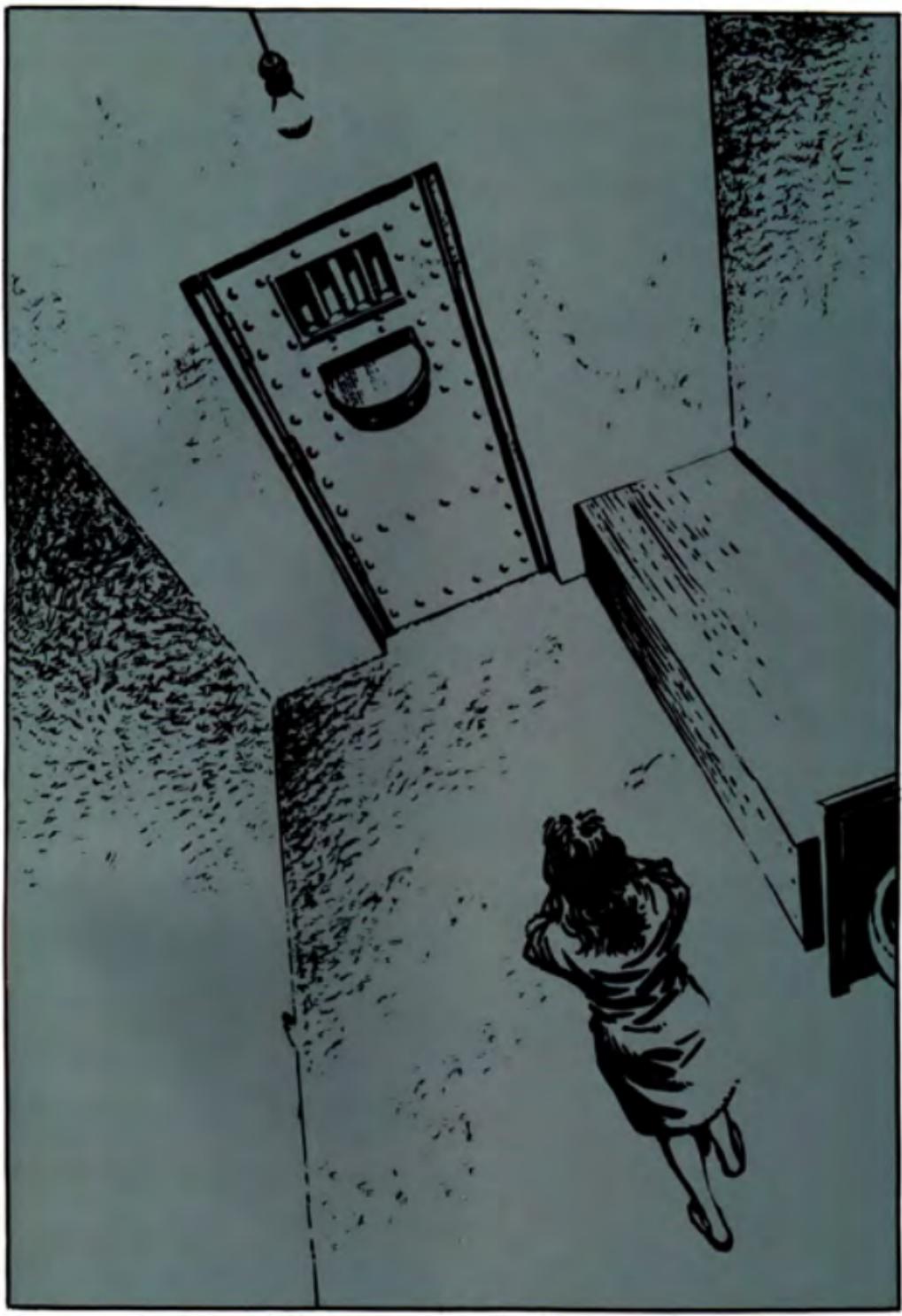




I REMEMBER THAT THERE'S
A LIFT UP HERE THAT GOES
ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE
BASEMENT.







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

THERE'S FOUR WALLS, TWO
WINDOWS WITH IRK 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.

LATER, THE RAT HAS GONE.

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.

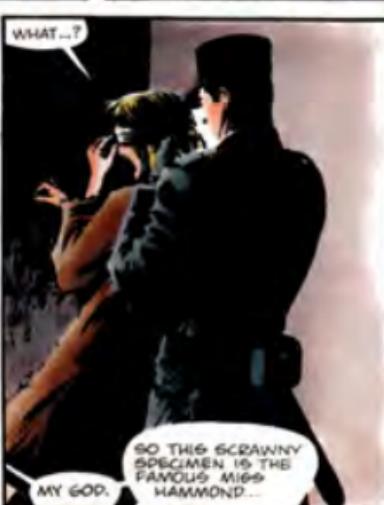
IF I DON'T EAT
IT, THE RAT
WILL COME BACK.

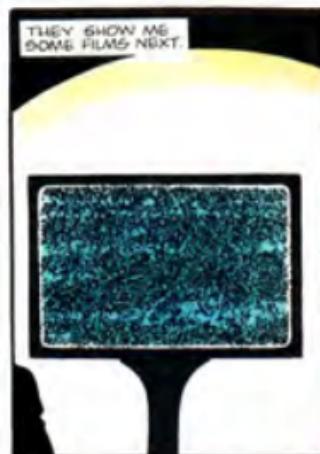
I STILL CAN'T
EAT IT.

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.







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...

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...

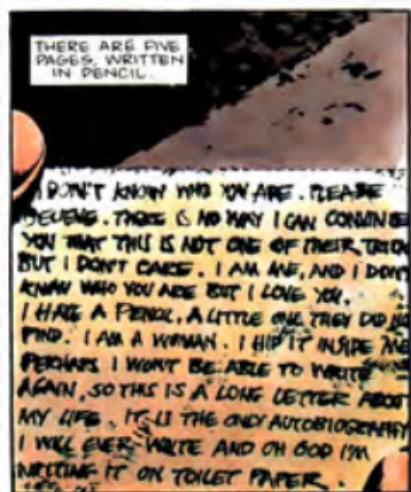
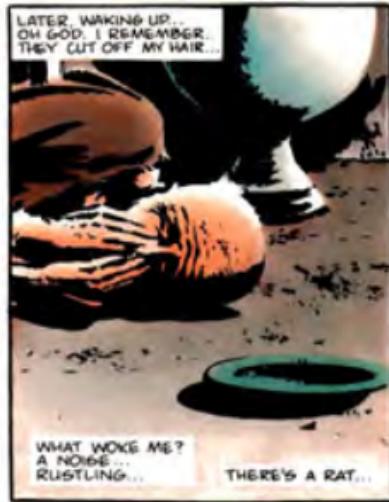
...AND THERE'S
A RAT.



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...





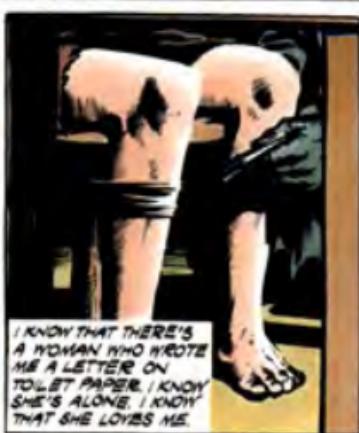
I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS
CELL. I KNOW EVERY PITED
INDENTATION IN THE ROUGH
PLASTER LIKE I KNOW
MY OWN BODY.



I DON'T KNOW WHERE I
AM.



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT DAY IT
IS.



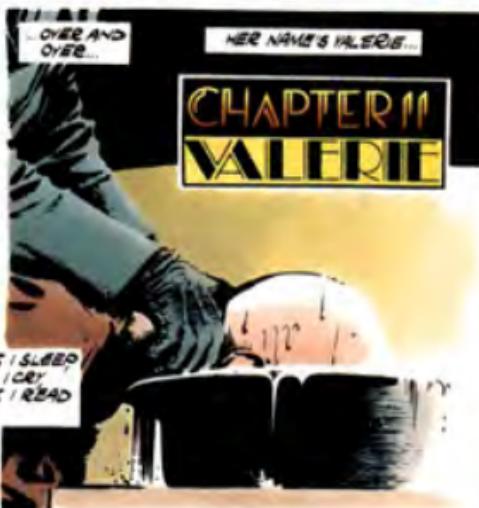
I KNOW THAT THERE'S
A WOMAN WHO WROTE
ME A LETTER ON
TOILET PAPER. I KNOW
SHE'S ALONE. I KNOW
THAT SHE LOVES ME.



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT SHE LOOKS
LIKE.



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

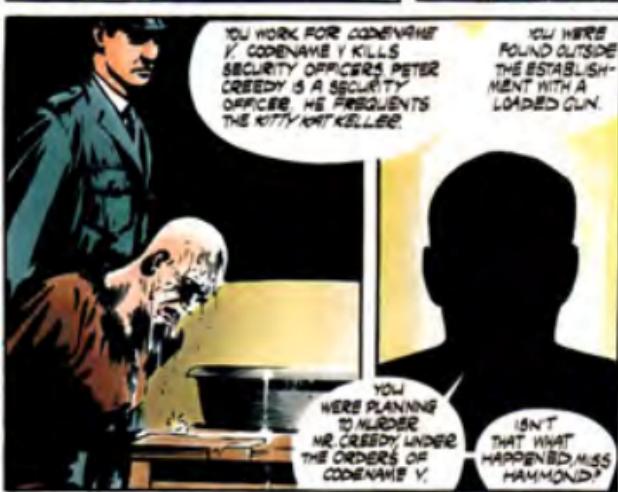


HER NAME IS VALERIE...

CHAPTER II VALERIE

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
I TALK & NO WAY I CAN
IF THIS IS NOT ONE OF I
DONT CARE. I AM ME,
WHO YOU ARE BUT I LOVE
A PENNY, A LITTLE ONE I
AM A WOMAN. I HID IT
I WONT BE ABLE TO
TO THIS IS A LONG LETTER
. IT IS THE ONLY AUTOM
ER WRITE AND OH GO
IT ON TOILET PAPER





FOR SO LONG? IT SELLS
FOR SO LITTLE, BUT IT'S ALL WE HAVE LEFT IN
THIS PLACE. IT IS THE VERY LAST RICH OF US
BUT IT'S NOT THAT MUCH WE ARE FREE.
LONDON! I WAS HAPPY IN LONDON. IN
1971 I PLAYED DANDINI IN CINDERELLA AT
THE REEP NORC. THE WORLD WAS
STRANGE AND RESTLESS AND EVERY, INVISIBLE
CROWD BEHIND THE HAIR
LIGHTS AND ALL THAT BRIGHTNESS
Glamour... IT WAS EXCITING AND IT WAS
DAMNED. AT NIGHTS I'D GO TO GREEN-
AIS OR ONE OF THE OTHER COASTS, BUT
I WAS SPUNK-OFFISH AND DIDN'T MIX
EASILY. I SAW A LOT OF THE SCENE,
BUT I NEVER FELT CONNECTED: THERE
SO MANY OF THEM JUST WANTED TO
BE GAY. IT HAS THEIR LIFE, THEIR
MOTIVATION, ALL THEY TALKED ABOUT.
AND I WANTED...



'IN 1980 I STARRED IN THE
SALT FLATS. IT PULLED IN
THE AWARDS BUT NOT
THE CROWDS.'



'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 1988 THERE
WAS THE MAF...'



'AND AFTER THAT
THERE WERE NO MORE
ROSES.'



'NOT FOR ANYBODY.'

'I DIDN'T
BLAME
HER.'

'IN 1982, AFTER THE TAKE-OVER,
THEY STARTED ROUNDING UP
THE GAYS. THEY TOOK RUTH
WHILE SHE WAS OUT
LOOKING FOR FOOD.'

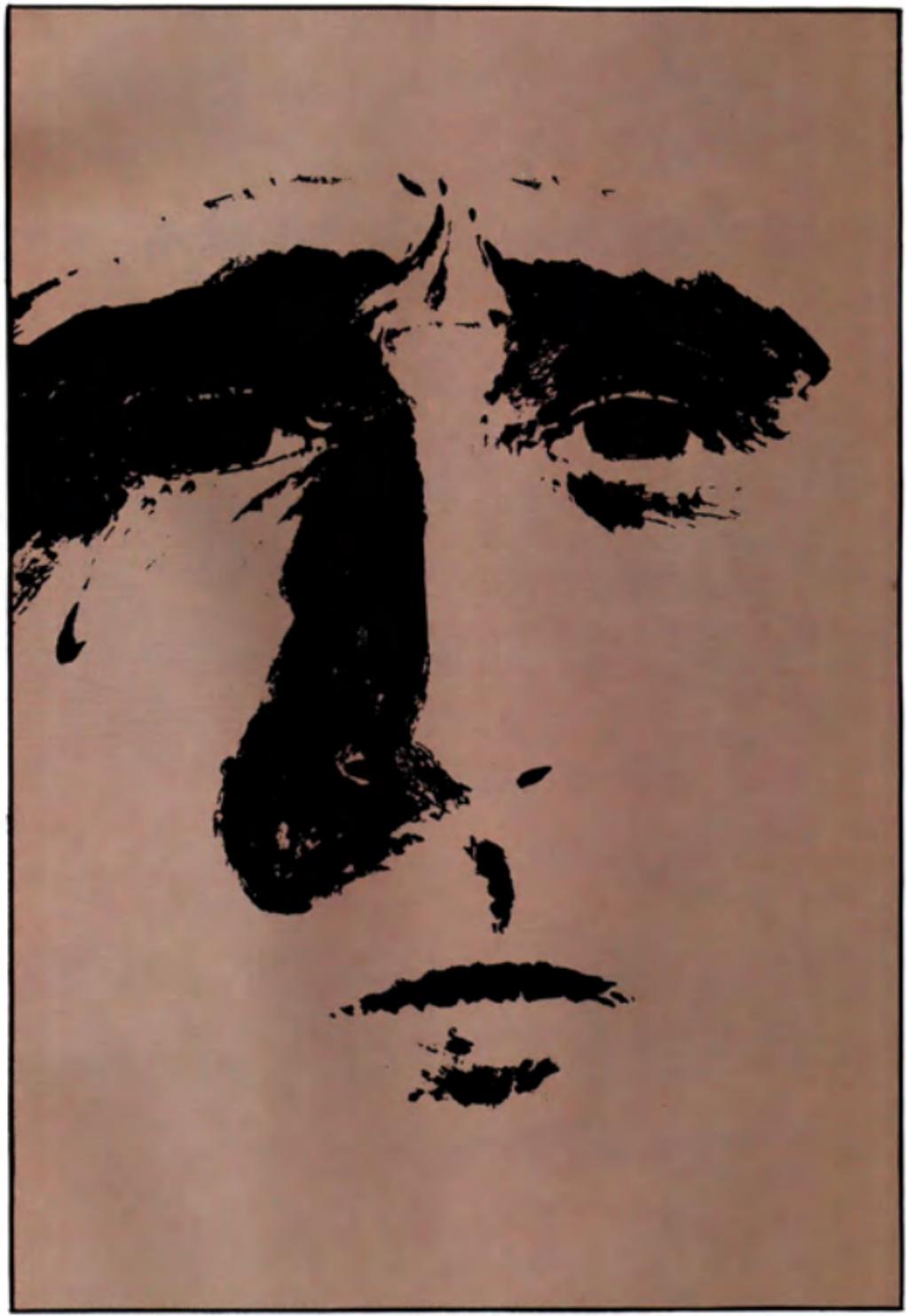
'WHY ARE THEY SO
FRIGHTENED OF
US?'

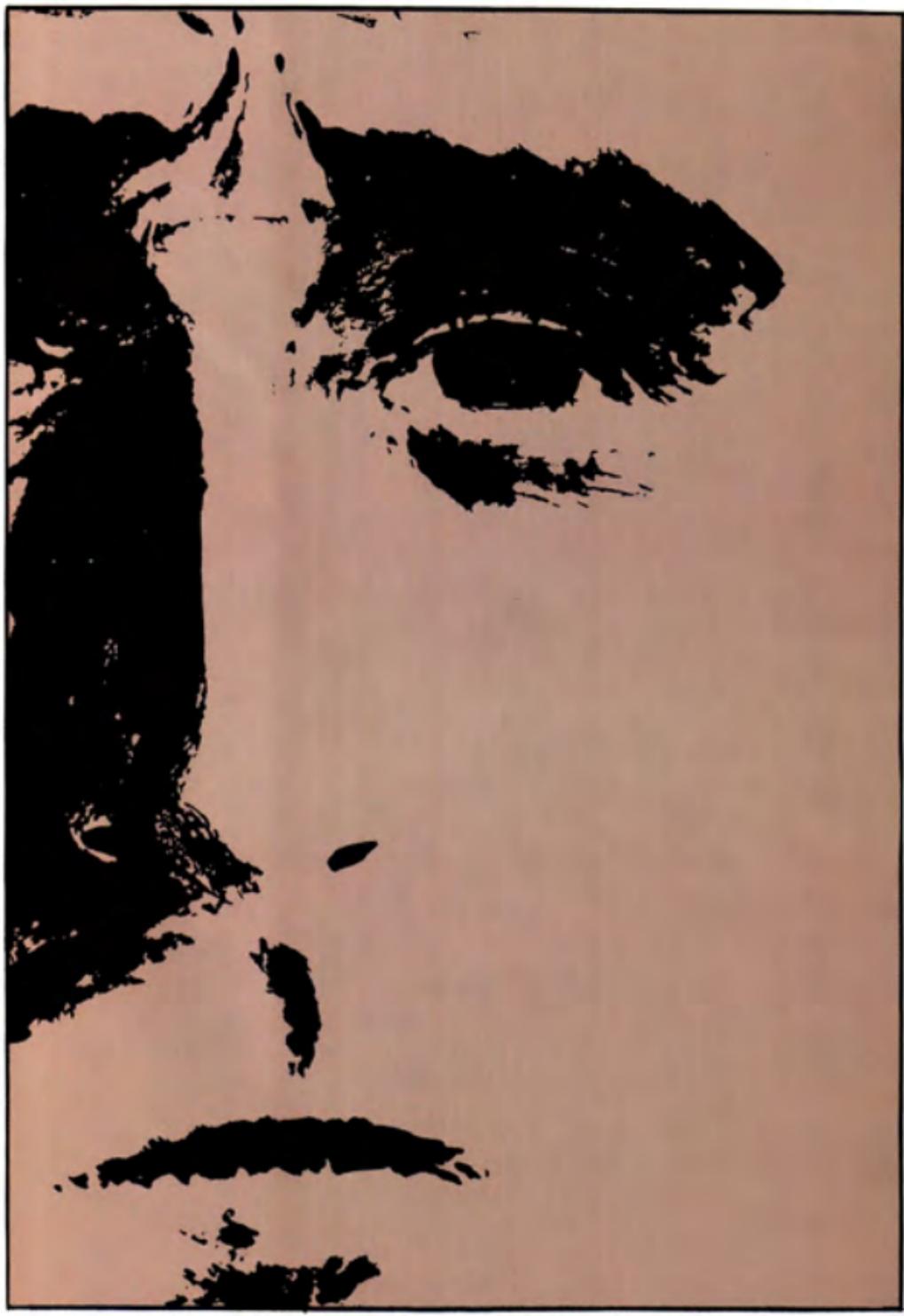
'THEY BURNED HER WITH
CIGARETTE ENDS AND
MADE HER GIVE THEM
MY NAME. SHE SIGNED
A STATEMENT SAYING
I'D SEDUCED HER.'

'GOOD. I
LOVED
HER. I
DON'T
BLAME HER.'











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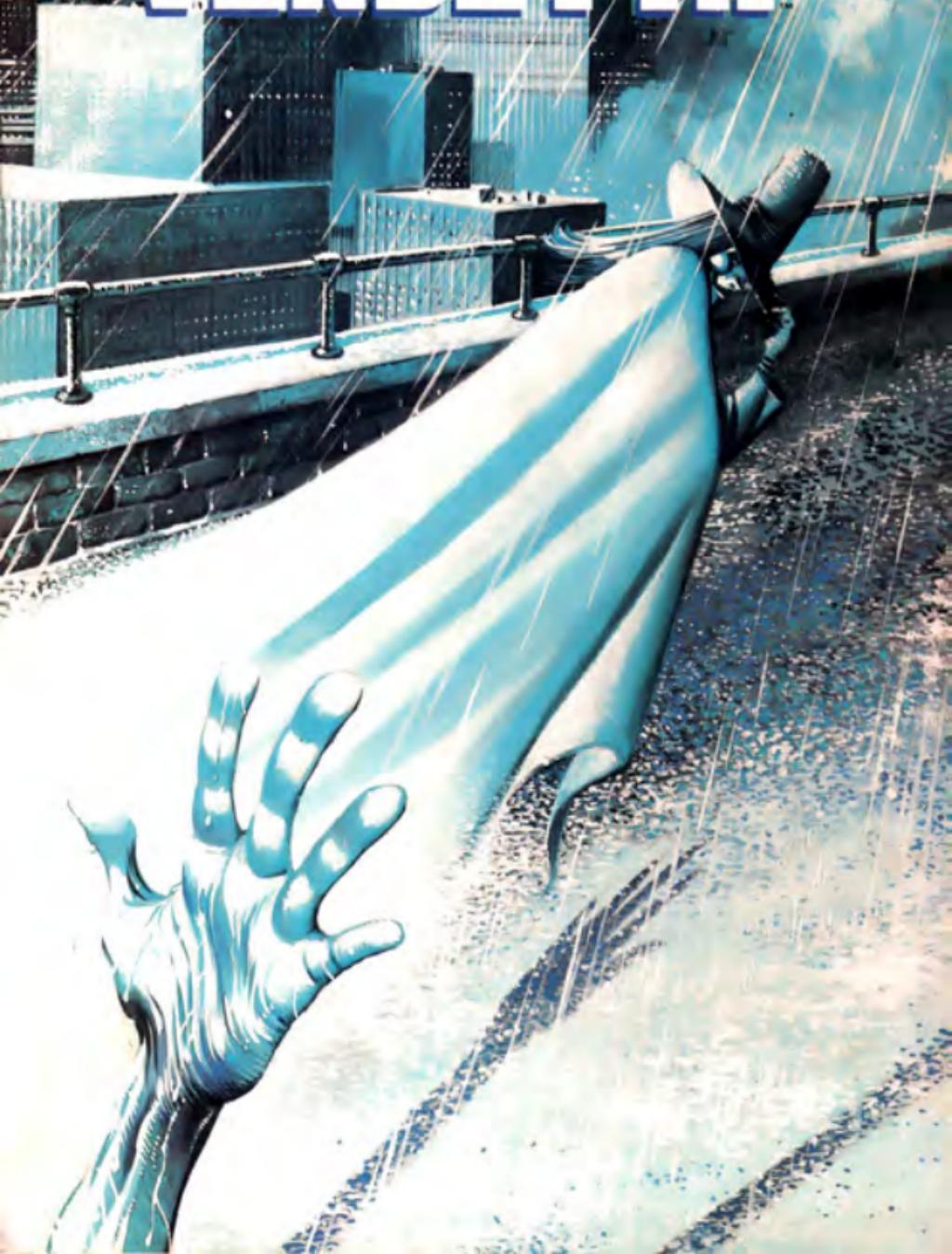
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Suggested
For Mature
Readers





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Steve Whitaker

Siobhan Dodds

David Lloyd

Lettering:

Jenny O'Connor

Steve Craddock

V FOR VENDETTA I

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Chapters 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16

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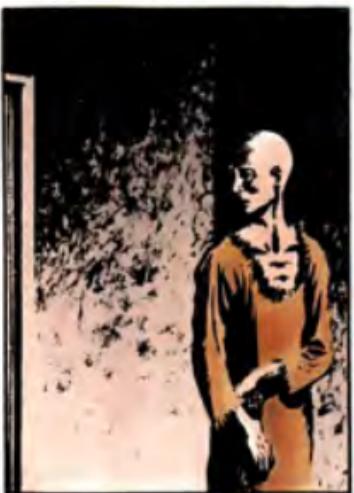
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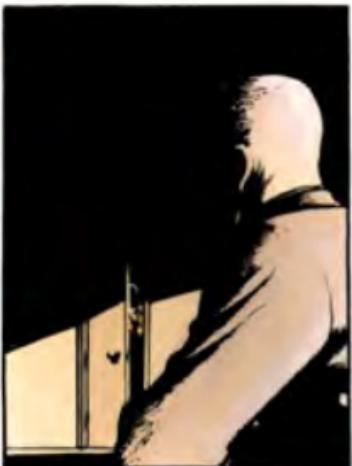
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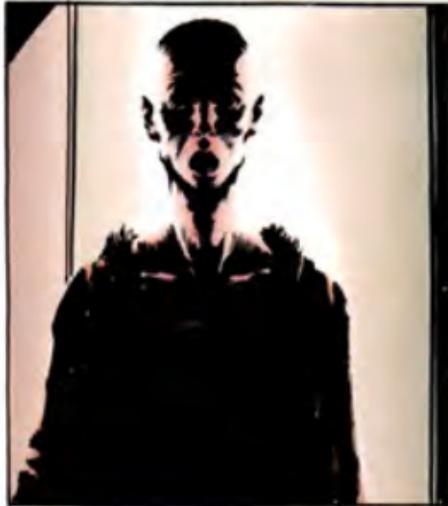
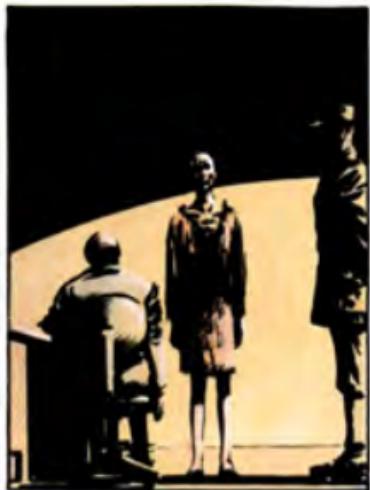


CHAPTER 12
THE VERDICT













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HAPPINESS IS A PRISON, EVER.

HAPPINESS IS THE MOST INSIDIOUS PRISON OF ALL...



THAT'S WARDED!
THAT'S WARPED AND
EVIL AND WRONG!

WHEN YOU THREW
ME OUT I WENT
TO LIVE WITH
SOMEBODY

I WAS IN
LOVE WITH HIM.
I WAS HAPPY.

IF THAT'S A
PERSON 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 DREDS 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, EVER?

HOW
DID YOU
KNOW?

HOW DID YOU KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO GORDON?



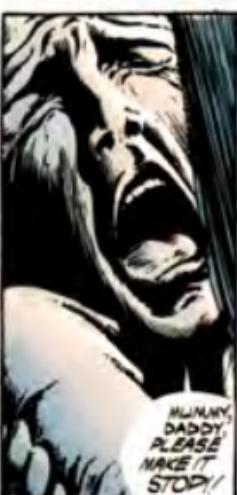
IT'S NOT AN
UNCOMMON STORY,
EVER. MANY
CONVICTS MEET
WITH MISERABLE
ENDS...



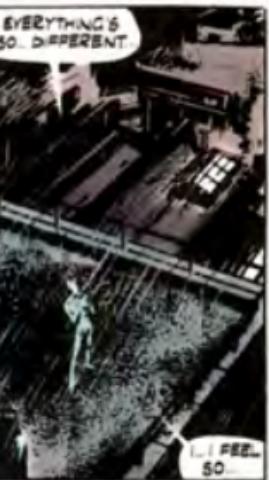
YOUR MOTHER.
YOUR FATHER.
YOUR LOVEE.



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









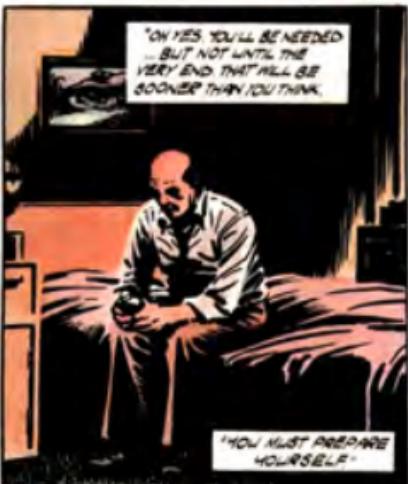


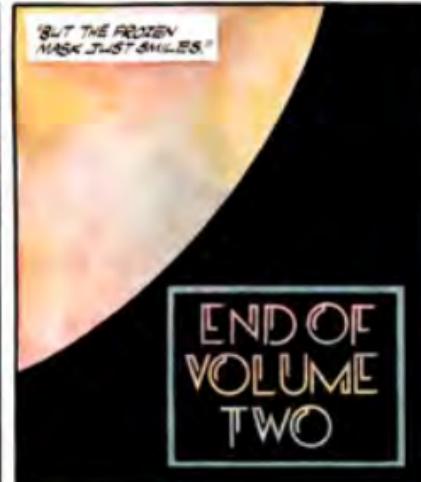












INTERLUDE

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 ANGRY PIES.

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

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

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

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

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 COBBLENS.



THE WINDOW'S OVER THERE. GET GOING.



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

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



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





THERE'S THAT SICK TINGLING FEELING IN THE SOLES OF YOUR FEET. YOU DON'T GET THAT ON THE GROUND.

THERE'S THAT HORRIBLY FASCINATING WHISPER THAT ECHOES THROUGH YOUR MIND: 'WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE WHEN I HIT? WILL I BE CONSCIOUS? WILL IT HURT?'

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





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 AVOID DRASTS.

OF COURSE, THE DRASTS INSIDE ARE NOTHING...

...COMPARED TO THE ONES OUTSIDE...

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

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

HE HAD TO Cope WITH HORSE SHIT THIS ON HIS TRAINING COURSES. MUCH WORSE HE CAN MAKE IT. HE KNOWS HE CAN.

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

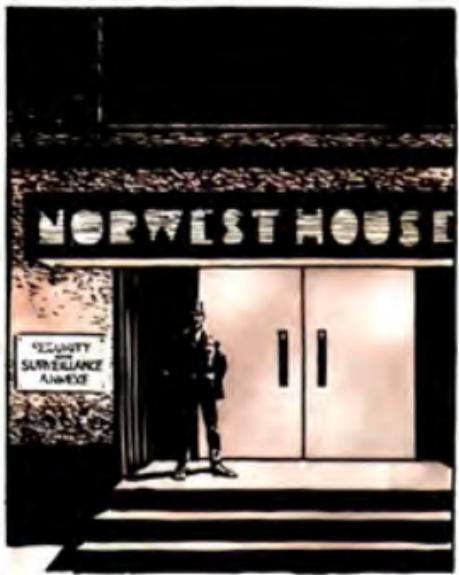
HE TAKES A STEP. HE TAKES ANOTHER STEP. AGAIN. AGAIN...

THERE IS THE MAN. THERE IS THE LEDGE. THERE IS THE DISMAL DRONE OF THE WIND. THE UNGARING GLIMMER OF THE DISTANT STARS...

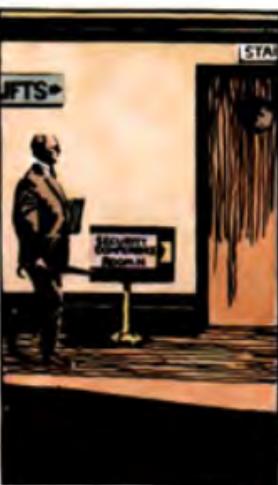
SLAPSTICK THINGS LIKE THAT NEVER OCCUR TO YOU...

UNTIL IT'S FAR TOO LATE...











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Vol. VIII
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V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore
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VFOR VENDETTA

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Color artists:

Steve Whitaker

Siobhan Dodds

David Lloyd

Lettering:

Steve Craddock

Additional art for
"Valerie" in Vol. VI and
"Vincent" in Vol. VII
by Tony Weare



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NOVEMBER
SIX, 1986.
THE BAR

HELLO,
MR. ETHERIDGE.
WORKING LATE,
THEN?

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

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

NOTHING,
UH, WRONG,
I HOPE...

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.

NO, UH,
DOMINIC...

NO.
NOTHING
SERIOUS.

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

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

SOMEONE
CALLED
KOESTLER

THAT'D BE
UM, ARTHUR
KOESTLER.

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

HE, UH,
KILLED HIM-
SELF AS I
REMEMBER.

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

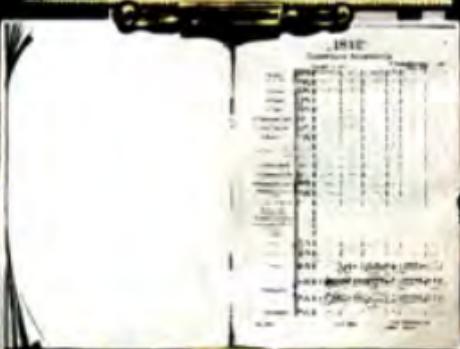
MMH. OH-UH, WELL,
THERE WAS THAT
TROUBLE EARLIER
IN THE YEAR, BUT
SINCE THEN...

DEAD SILENCE.

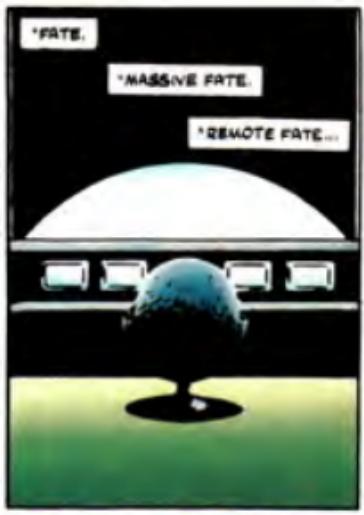
BOOK 3

THE
LAND OF
DO-HS-YOU-
PLEASE

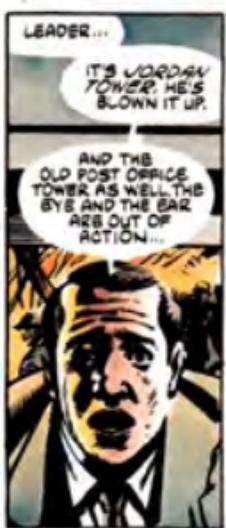
PROLOGUE!









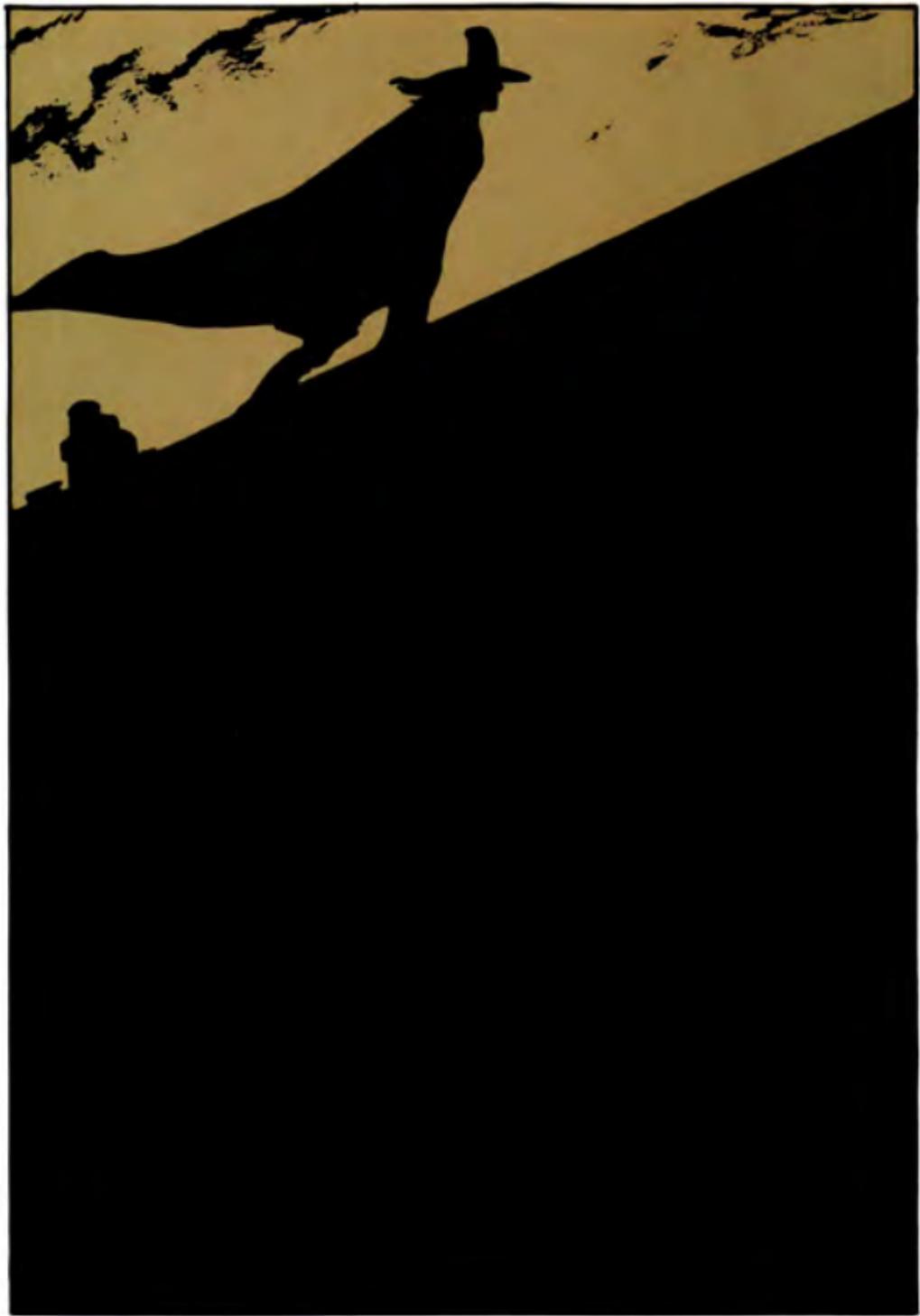


ALMOST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO TONIGHT, A GREAT CITIZEN MADE A MOST SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO OUR COMMON CULTURE.

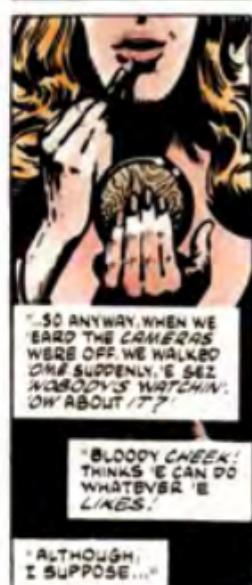
IT WAS A CONTRIBUTION FORGED IN STEALTH AND SILENCE AND SECRECY, ALTHOUGH IT IS BEST REMEMBERED IN NOISE AND BRIGHT LIGHT.



END OF PROLOGUE



NOVEMBER 6TH, 1998.



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

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

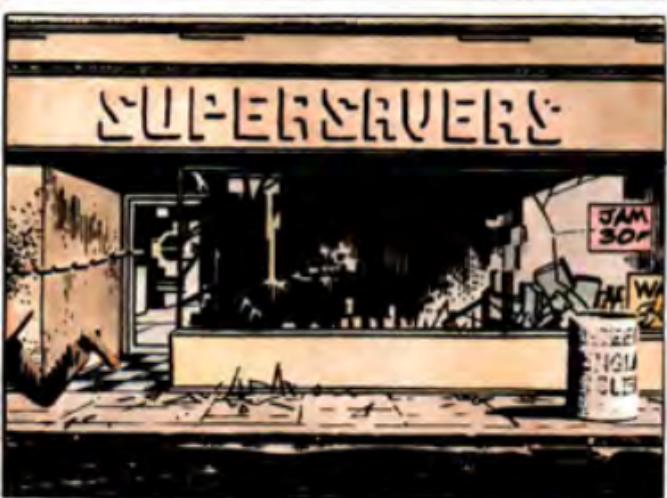
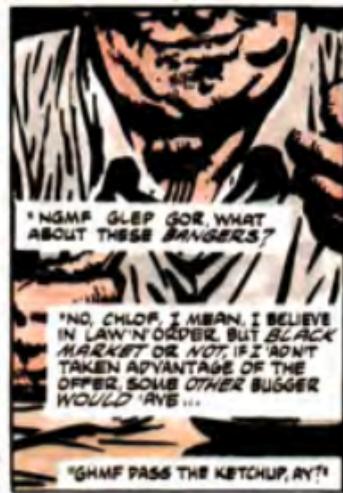
"BLOODY CHEEK!" THINKS 'E CAN DO WHATEVER 'E LIKES."

"ALTHOUGH, I SUPPOSE..."



CHAPTER 1 VOX POPULI

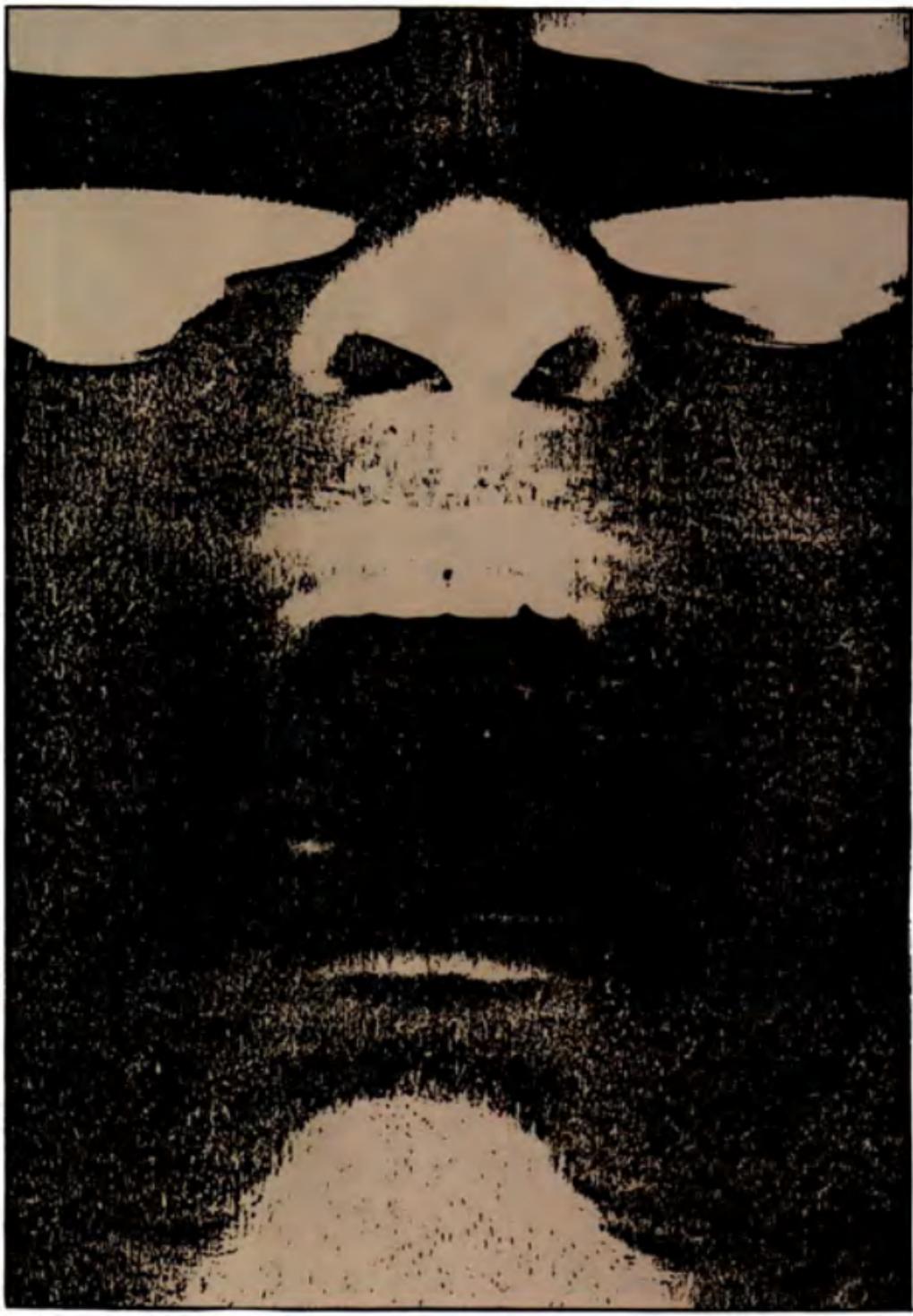












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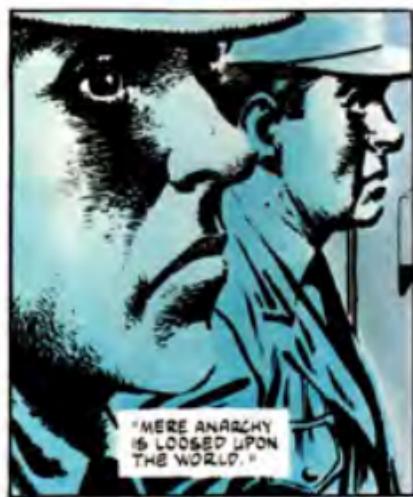
FINGERWAGON
VICTOR-CHARLEY-NINER.
REQUEST ASSISTANCE.
CROUCH END...

CAN'T FOLLOW
THEM INTO BRITON.
HALF THE MEN NEED
CHOLERA JABS.
AND...

URGENTLY
REQUEST

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





INVOLUNTARY ORDER BREEDS
DISSATISFACTION. MOTHER OF DISORDERS. PARENT OF
THE GUILLOTINE.

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

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

EXIT

IN





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 REARING OF THEIR CHILDREN, MAKES A COCKFIGHT OF THEIR LOVE ...

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



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

LATE THIS AFTERNOON, DO YOU WANT YOUR ROSE, HELEN?



NO.

DOESN'T SUSAN REALIZE THAT CREDONY'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, CREDONY.

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 ENVY YOU.



NOW, I'VE GOT THINGS TO ORGANISE IN THE MORNING, SO I'M GOING TO BED. I EXPECT I'LL 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 MISERIE.



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





YOUR
WHAT?

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

IT WAS NOT I
THAT STRANED;
MY LOVE WAS
JUSTICE AND
INFATUATED WITH
HER TRUTH AND
LOVELINESS; I
WOLSHIPPED
HER.

...UNTIL, BEHIND MY BACK,
SHE TOOK UP WITH A
MAN WHO VIOLATED AND
ABUSED HER; SOMEONE
FIERCE AND BEAUTIFUL
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 CARE-
FUL STEPS...

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,
CARYING IN THEIR
BLOODSTAINED
SHEETS.

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

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

TRANSFORMED,
SHE GLAZED THROUGH
NARROW SLOTS AND
GROUND 3000 MEN BE-
NEATH HER VICIOUS HEELS.

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

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...





**NEW
SCOTLAND
YARD**

THE NOSE
NOVEMBER
12, 1988

"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.

IN CIVILIAN
AUXILIARY LABS
FOUND 'EM ON
VARIOUS LAH-
ABOUTS THEY
ROUNDED UP
THIS MORNING.

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

WORK OF A
NUCLEAR COUNTRY'S
GOING BRIANLY KNOWN
THERE'S FOOD RIOTS
IN MANCHESTER. DUE TO
A BLOODY COMPUTER
ERROR.

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

WHAT'S
IT
MEANT?

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

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

OVER
NIGHT.

"COURESS, THE
LEADERS MARVELLOUS.
BUT, WELL, IF ANYTHING
HAPPENED, WHO'D FILL
THE VOID? I HAD
TO CONSIDER THESE
THINGS, EH?"

"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 LOW?
TIS PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE
THAT SHE'S A WHORE..."

"...THAT
VIRTUOUS PERSONS
HAVE NO NEED TO HOOD;
THAT VILAINS SCREW;
THEN STUPIDOUSLY
IGNORE."

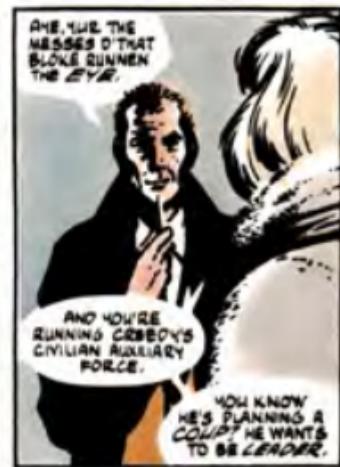
HAA,
QUITE FUNNY,
THAT.

CAN YOU
FIND YOUR
OWN WAY OUT?



CHAPTER 3 VARIOUS VALENTINES





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 '81.

YOU DIED AND LEFT ME BARE IN FRONT OF STRANGERS.

JUST BEFORE THE WAR.

AND THEN, IN '82, YOU JOINED THE PARTY.

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

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

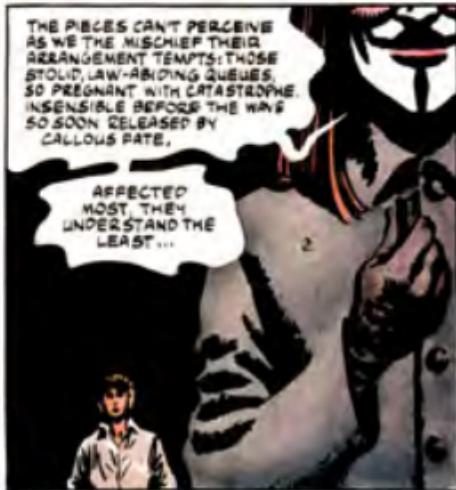
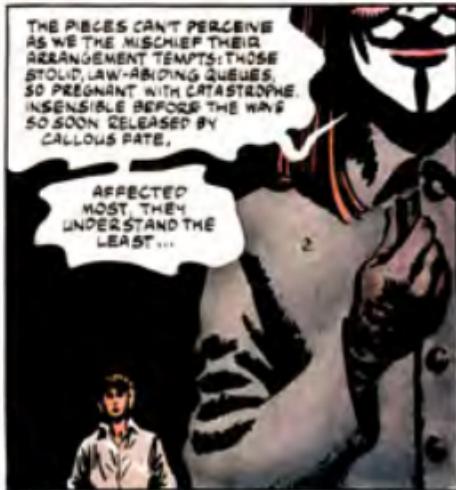
NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I CROUCH LIKE AN ANIMAL AND OFFER MY MIND— QUARTERS IN SUBMISSION TO THE WORLD.

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...

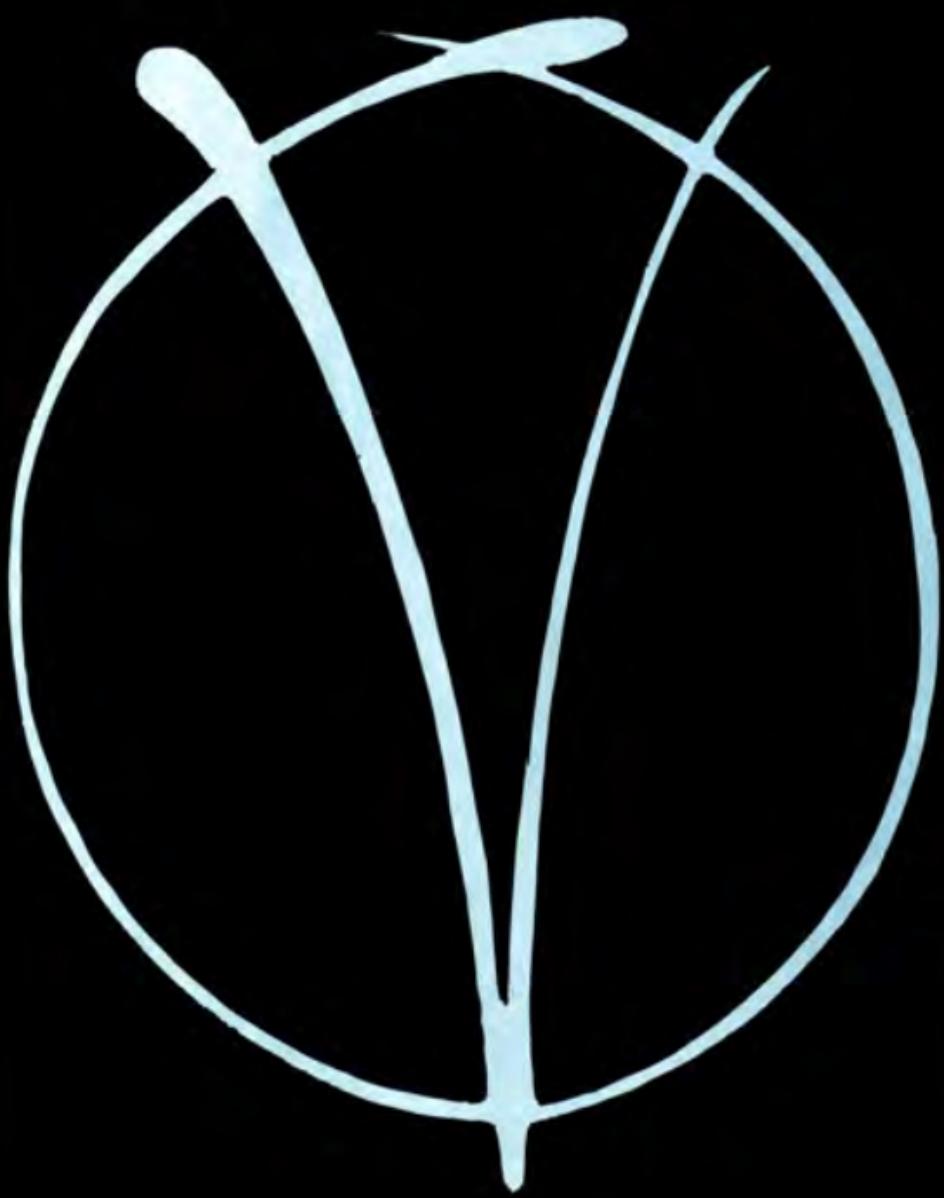
CAN'T SLEEP FOR THE GUN BENEATH MY PILLOW.











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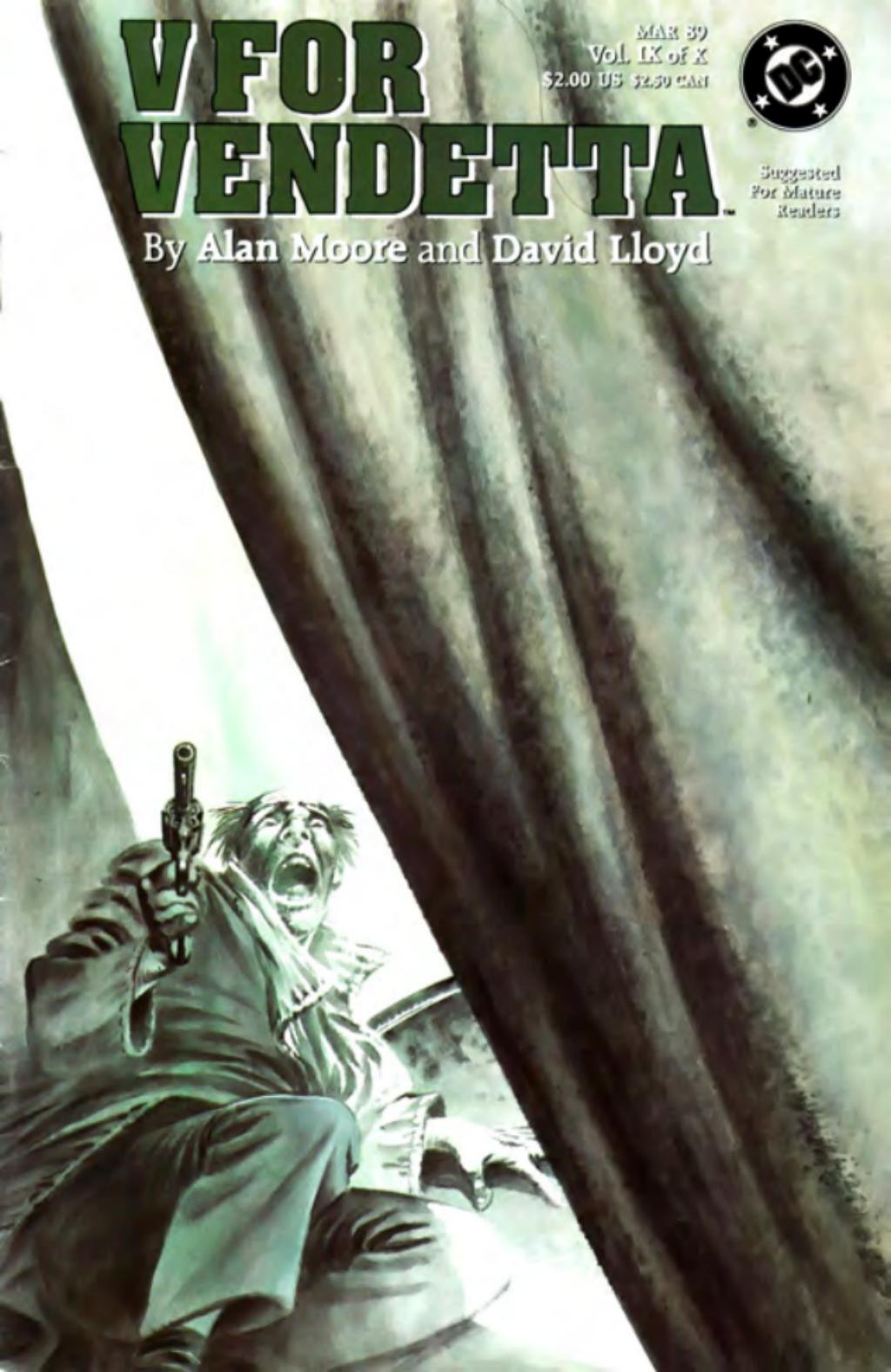
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By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

MAR 89
Vol. IX of X
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For Mature
Readers



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By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

Color artists:

Steve Whitaker

Siobhan Dodds

David Lloyd

Lettering:

Steve Craddock

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NOVEMBER 7th, 1998.

"WE'RE UP AGAINST
SOMEONE WHO ISN'T
'NORMAL PEOPLE'...
EITHER PHYSICALLY
OR MENTALLY."

"IT'S THE 'MENTALITY'
BIT THAT BOthers
ME..."

"...BECAUSE IF I'M GOING
TO CRACK THIS CASE...
AND I AM... I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO GET RIGHT
INSIDE HIS HEAD."

"TO THINK THE WAY
HE THINKS..."

"...AND THAT
SCARES ME."

I SAID THAT.

I SAID THAT A YEAR
AGO, AND NOTHING'S
CHANGED. IT'S STILL
TRUE.

I'M STILL
SCARED.

I KNOW SO LITTLE
ABOUT THIS STUFF,
COULDN'T ASK
WITHOUT AROUSING
SUSPICION.

LYSERGIC ACID
DIETHYLAMIDE.
STANDARD DOSE IS
ABOUT TWO HUNDRED
MICROGRAMMES,
BUT HOW DO I
MEASURE THAT?

THEY SAY THE
TINIEST AMOUNTS
CAN ALTER
EVERYTHING...

THE PAINTER'S TRACES.

CHAPTER 4 VESTICES



I'VE NEVER SEEN THE CAMPS BEFORE. ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS. SO THIS IS THE TOILET WE FLUSHED ALL THOSE PEOPLE DOWN...



OH WELL.

AGAINST MY TONGUE LIE LITTLE PIECES OF SOUP... MY SALIVA TASTING OF TIN FOIL... A BUBBLE OF APPREHENSION FORMING LOW IN MY STOMACH...



THERE.

NOW I'M STRAPPED IN, COUNTDOWN TICKING FROM BOWEL TO BLOOD-STREAM TO BATHIN, TOWARDS TAKE-OFF. BUT I'VE NEVER FLOWN BEFORE. WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN?

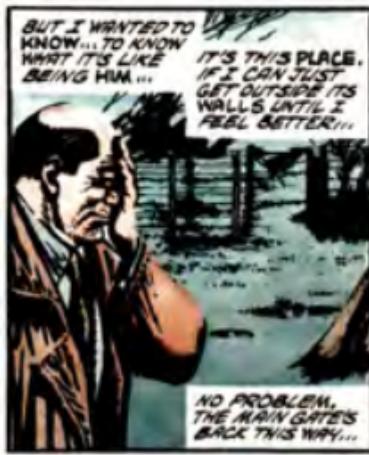


THESE MUST BE THE OVENS. OVENS FOR PEOPLE. PEOPLE OVENS...



WE COULDN'T LET THE CHAOS AFTER THE WAR CONTINUE. ANY SOCIETY'S BETTER THAN THAT WE NEEDED ORDER...





OH JESUS, I'VE
MISSSED YOU.

I'VE MISSED YOUR VOICES
AND YOUR WALK, YOUR
FOOD, YOUR CLOTHES,
YOUR DYED PINK HAIR,

WAIT...

SAY YOU SAW BEYOND
MY UNIFORM. PLEASE
SAY YOU KNEW I
CARED. I...

WAIT! WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?

PLEASE...

MY FRIENDS... THERE
AT THE CARNIVAL, THE
GAY PRIDE MARCHES.

PLEASE DON'T
LEAVE ME.

WE TREATED YOU SO BADLY,
ALL THE HATEFUL THINGS WE
PRINTED, DID AND SAID... BUT
PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T RE-
SPISE US. WE WERE STUPID, WE
WERE KIDS. WE DIDN'T KNOW.

COME BACK.
OH PLEASE
COME BACK.

I LOVE
YOU.

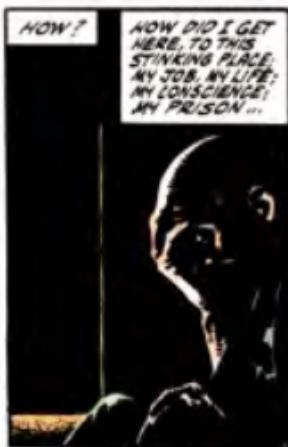
AHUUH.

AHUUHUUH...

I LOVE
HOW I



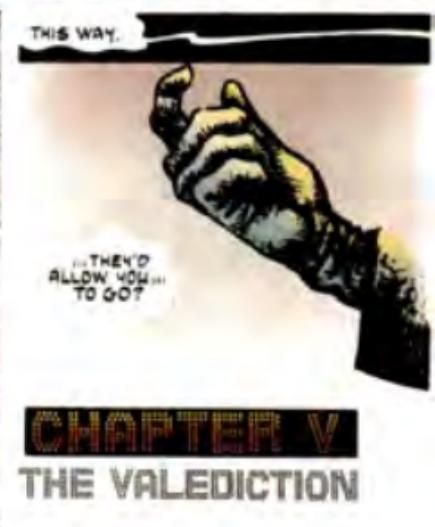








NOVEMBER 7TH, 1995.
THE SHADOW GALLERY.





ALWAYS,
ALWAYS ROMANCE.

MIDST INSURRECTION'S CLAMOUR, WE MAY EASILY FORGET JUST WHAT IT IS FOR WHICH WE STRIVE...

ISN'T IT DANCING? SCENTED SHOULDER'S? PUPILS WIDENED BY DESIRE OR WINE?

ANARCHY MUST EMBRACE THE DIN OF BOMBS AND CANNON-FIRE...

"...NET ALWAYS MUST IT LOVE SWEET MUSIC MORE."

"...BUT HOW STRANGE... THE CHANGE... FROM MAJOR TO MINOR..."

NO. I STILL CAN'T GET THAT LAST BIT.

PERSEVERE, EVE. UNDERSTANDING MUSIC, WE MAY HEAR THE MUSIC THAT THERE IS IN LIFE, FROM ITS FIRST INSUFFICIENT TRILLS...

...UNTO ITS CLOSING MINOR CHORDS.

SO LET ME SEE...

OH, I GET IT. THOSE THREE ROOMS UPSTAIRS ARE JOINED WITH THE PIANO ROOM BELOW.

INDEED. IMAGINE WE'RE INSIDE YOUR MIND, EACH AREA WITH ITS SKILLS AND FUNCTIONS: KNOWLEDGE, PLEASURE, CREATIVITY...

ALL THAT REMAINS, THEN, IS TO MAKE THE PROPER NEURAL CONNECTIONS. UP THERE, THE HIGHER ATTRIBUTES OF REASON, LOVE AND CULTURE ARE CONTAINED.

DOWN HERE THE SHADOW GALLERY HAS EYES.

WAIT. LET ME GET MY BEARINGS. MY ROOM'S ON THIS LEVEL, OFF THE OTHER STAIRCASE, SOMEWHERE OVER... THERE? IS THAT RIGHT?

UNERRINGOLY.

BUT COME... HERE'S SOMETHING THAT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN...

INDEED FEW MEN HAVE HAD THE CHANCE TO STUDY THEIR OWN OPTIC NERVES.

YEAH ALL THESE T.V.'S... THEY'RE WORKING. I THOUGHT YOU'D BLACKED ALL THE TELEVISIONS OUT?

OH NO. THE MONITOR CAMERAS ARE STILL FUNCTIONING, BUT OUR ADVERSARIES' BROADCASTING AND RECEIVING APPARATUS ISN'T.

MY AP-PARATUS, BY CONTRAST, WORKS PERFECTLY.

OF COURSE, WITH ALL STATE BROADCASTING BLANKED OUT, THE ONLY THINGS I SEEM TO GET ARE ALL THESE RIOT-ZONE SOAP OPERAS AND BAD DISASTER MOVIES.

SOME-TIMES I MISS 'STORM SAXON.'

THE DIALOGUE WAS BETTER.

BUT... YOU CAN SEE ALL LONDON FROM HERE.

NATURALLY, THIS ROOM'S THE PINNACLE OF AN INVERTED HILL WHICH ONE DESCENDS TO REACH THE PEAK, BUT, ONCE ARRIVED, CAN SEE FOR MILES.

COME...

TOO MUCH TELEVISION'S BAD, AND YOU HAVE HOMEWORK STILL TO DO.

IN HERE YOU'LL FIND BOOKS AND EQUIPMENT THAT WILL TELL YOU HOW TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES OUT OF COFFEE, OR MAKE PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS AS CHEAP AS WATER.

USE THEM HOWEVER IF AT ALL.

UNLIKE T.V., WE CANNOT HAVE TOO MUCH OF SCIENCE, DESPITE ITS NUCLEAR QUIRKS.

WITH SCIENCE, IDEAS CAN GERMINATE WITHIN A BED OF THEORY, FORM, AND PRACTICE THAT ASSISTS THEIR GROWTH. BUT WE, AS GARDENERS, MUST BEWARE...

FOR SOME SEEDS ARE THE SEEDS OF RUIN...

...AND THE MOST IRIDESCENT BLOOMS ARE OFTEN THE MOST DANGEROUS.

OH, THE ROSE
ROOM...

YOU KNOW,
THIS PLACE MAKES
ME FEEL FUNNY. IT'S
LIKE THAT RAM-BRAD-
BURY STORY YOU READ
ME, WITH THE CORN-
FIELD, AND EACH EAR
OF CORN IS SOME-
BODY'S LIFE...

...EXCEPT YOU CAN'T
HAVE A ROSE FOR
EVERYBODY HERE,
CAN YOU? JUST
SPECIAL
PEOPLE...

OH NO, NOT HERE, FOR
HIM. I'VE CULTIVATED
A MOST SPECIAL
ROSE.

COME... LET
US LEAVE THIS
SCENTED BOWER. I TRUST
YOU WILL TAKE
CARE OF IT.

YOU'RE LETTING
ME LOOK AFTER
THE ROSES? THAT'LL BE
NICE. I...

IS THERE
A ROSE HERE
FOR THE LEADER;
FOR MR. SUSAN?

WHAT'S ON THE
NEXT FLOOR?

AH, BACK
ON THE STAIR-
WELL. ARE WE GOING
FARTHER DOWN?

OH YES.
YOU'LL COME TO
KNOW THIS PLACE,
IN ALL ITS LENGTHS
AND DEPTHS.

NOT SO MUCH
A FLOOR, BUT MORE
A MEZZANINE THERE
ARE THINGS STORED HERE
THAT WE'LL SOON HAVE
NEED OF FARTHER DOWN.

THERE IS BUT ONE
FLOOR TO GO, IF YOU
COULD CARRY ONE
OF THESE SMALL
PARCELS. IT'D BE
GREATLY APPRECIATED
BUT TAKE
CARE.

GELIGNITE.

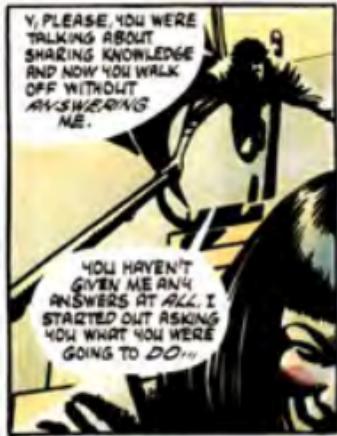
V, I'M NOT HELPING
WITH ANY KILLING.
WHAT ARE YOU
PLANNING TO DO
WITH IT?

SURE.
WHAT'S IN
THEM?

AFTER ALL,
AS YOU POINT
OUT, YOU WON'T
BE NEEDING IT.

DISPOSE
OF IT.





**YOU ARE NOW
LEAVING
LONDON**

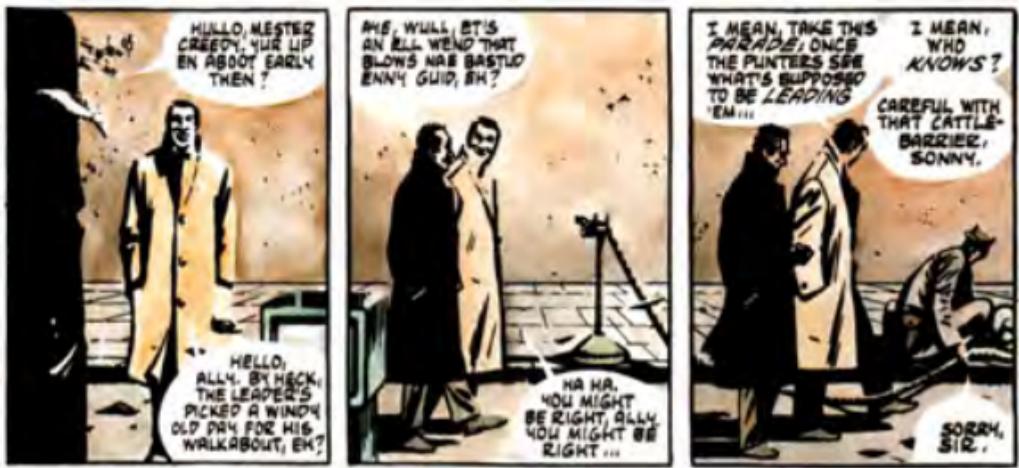


NOVEMBER 9TH, 1998:



CHAPTER 6 VECTORS









**EVERY PARTY
MEMBER'S BED-
ROOM HAS ONE.
EVEN HIS
OWN!**

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



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

THERE HE SITS
AT WORK, AMID
ALL THE FLESS OF
HIS PARADE, AND
ALL HIS LITTLE
SCREENS ARE
DEAD.



HERE THEY ARE,
COMEDY. HERE'S
WHAT YOU'VE
MISSING.

TOO BAD
YOU CAN'T
SEE THEM.



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



IM GOING TO
BE LIKE EVA
PERON, YOU
KNOW, DID
YOU EVER SEE
"EVITA"?

DON'T
CRY FOR ME,
ARGENTINA.
THE TRUTH IS...

**C'MORAN, GESSA
DERRIG**



**A-A! DON'T GRASS.
THIS GRASS COST
GOOD MONEY.**

**IF YOU WANT
SOME, YOU'LL HAVE
TO EARN IT.**



OH,
A'LL EARN ST.
A'RIGHT

AM VERY
LIABLE ON
THE DATES, SO
MAY -

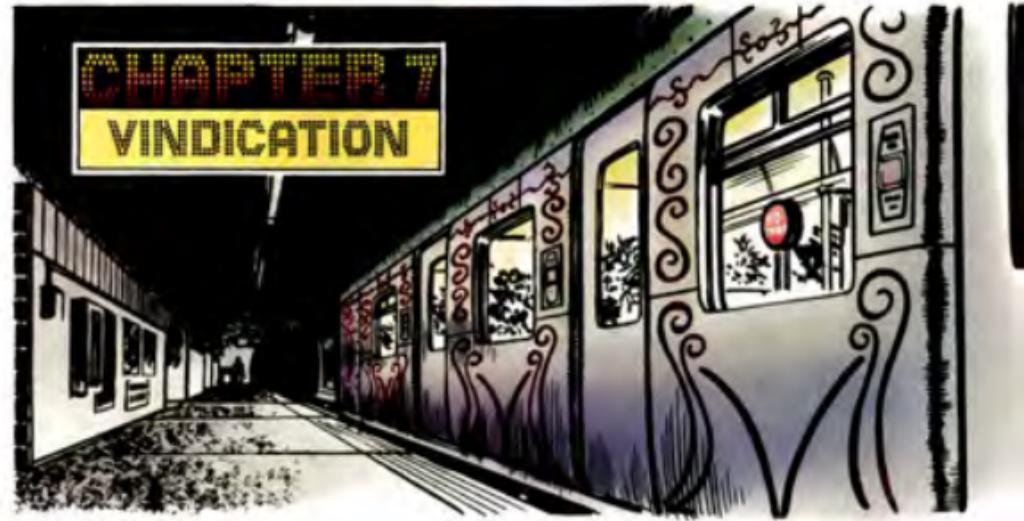


A black and white illustration showing a wall of television screens displaying various scenes from the movie 'The Wizard of Oz'. The screens show Dorothy, the Tin Man, the Scarecrow, the Cowardly Lion, and the Emerald City.









LAUGHING, CHEERING,
WAIVING: THEY AT LEAST
HAVE NOT FORSAKEN
ME...



BUT WHY CAN'T
I FEEL ANYTHING
FOR THEM?

THERE'S ONLY ME
HERE, ISN'T THERE?
I'VE KNOWN SINCE
CHILDHOOD NO ONE
ELSE IS REAL.



JUST ME AND GOD.
NO BOSS UPON THE
DRIVER'S NECK; NO
STINKING LEATHER-
ETTE; NO CROWDS...

I'D TALK TO MY CREATOR,
ABOUT NIGGAR BOYS ON
THE ESTATES; AND MEN,
AWAKED IN BED, RUBBING
TOGETHER, RUBBING,
PUSHING...



WHEN I
GREW WEAK,
WE'D TALK.

I TALKED TO GOD, WHILE
COLLEAGUES LAUGHED...



...BUT I WAS VINDICATED;
GOD WAS REAL, EMBODIED
IN A FORM THAT I COULD
LOVE. WHEN I FIRST SAW
HER SCREENS, HER SMOOTH
UNYIELDING LINES...

NOT AS A WOMAN, WITH
STRANGE SWEAT AND UGLY
BODY HAIR, BUT SOMETHING'S
COLD, HARD-SENSUAL. WE
LOVED, MY GOD AND I, BUT
THEN...



THEN SHE BETRAYED
ME. NOW THERE'S
NOTHING. NOW I AM
ALONE...



EXCEPT FOR THEM,
WAVING BEYOND THE
GLASS, I'LL TRY TO
LOVE THEM MORE.
THEY'RE ALL I HAVE.

SHOULD I WAVE BACK? IT
MUSTN'T LOOK REKENNED;
OR INSINCERE. BUT BE IN-
STEAD A GESTURE FROM
THE HEART...



...AS SPONTANEOUS
AS THEIR OWN.



THEY LOVE ME.
I PASS ON.

ENGLAND
PREVAILS.

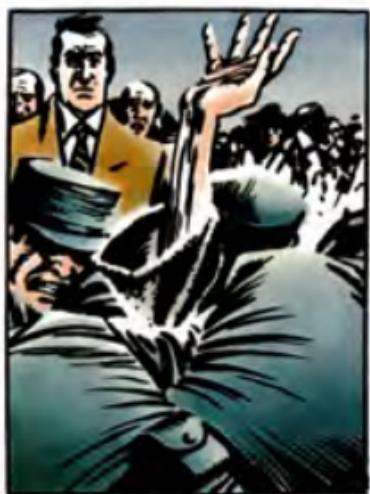
RIGHT... CUT
DOON THE EMBARK-
MENT THE WHITEHALL
AN' WAIT FIR THE
MOTORCAFE WITH THE
PARTY FAITHFUL
DOON THERE.

...AN' LESS
HAVE A BET
NUDE CHEERIN'
THESE TIME, EH?

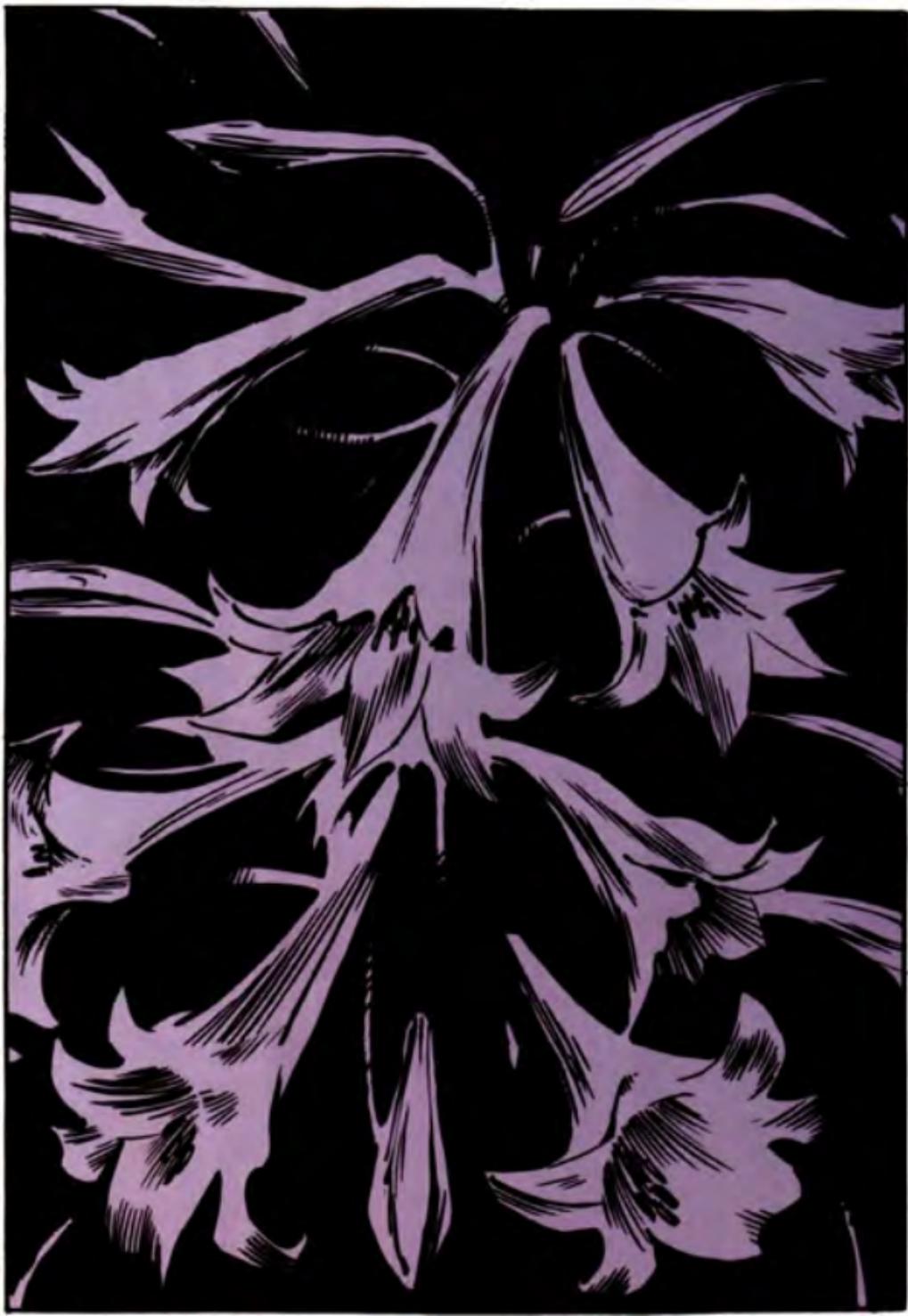












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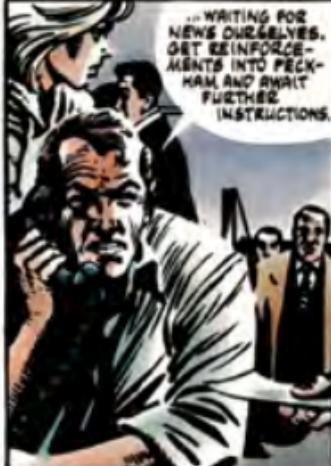


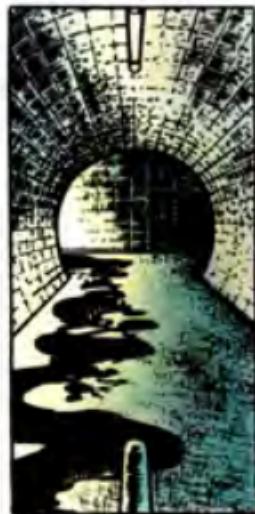
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...POINTLESS TRYING.
WHAT COULD WE DO
WITH HALF HIS
HEAD GONE?

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

...WRITING FOR
NEWS OURSELVES.
GET REINFORCE-
MENTS INTO PECK-
HAM, AND AWAIT
FURTHER
INSTRUCTIONS.











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

EVERYTHING IS
UNDER CONTROL.

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 RE-
TURN TO YOUR HOMES.
AND TO YOUR LOVED
ONES.

AFTERNOON, ALLY. MY
WORD, YOU PATCHED
MY TAPELOOP INTO
THE PUBLIC BROAD-
CAST 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...



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

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



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

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 HAve
PROBLEMS.

WE REPEAT,
THE TERROR-
IST HAS BEEN
SHOT.

WHAT I'M
NOT...
OH JESUS.

TERN ET DOON?
A WUZ JUST THENKEN
ET WUZ A BET QUIET.
MASL', MEBBE A SHUD
TERN ET AD?

WE
MAY ASSUME
HE'S DEAD.

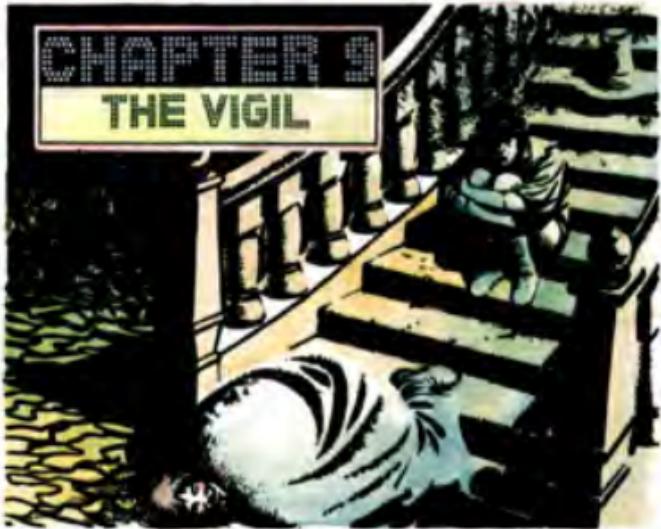


JESUS, ALLY.
COME ON, DON'T
LARK ABOUT.
WHAT'S THIS?
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE?
I'M PAYING YOU
GOOD MONEY...













"ANARCHY WEARS
TWO FACES BOTH
CREATOR AND
DESTROYER."

"THIS 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 DES-
TROYERS; 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 DIS-
COVER 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."

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

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

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



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

...OR EVEN IF
YOU'RE SOME-
ONE, YOU'LL
BE SMALLER,
CAUSE OF ALL
THE PEOPLE
THAT YOU COULD
HAVE BEEN.
BUT WERENT...

ON, I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I MERN.

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 WERENT
MY DAD. I KNOW THAT.

EVEN IF YOU
WERE, IT
WOLLN'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...

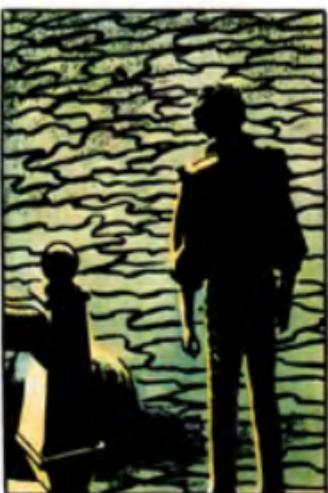
IT DOESN'T MOVE. IT
DOESN'T LOOK MUCH
LIKE A PERSON ANY
MORE. SOMETHING
HAS GONE FROM IT.

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 SIX,
1988. 3:30 P.M.



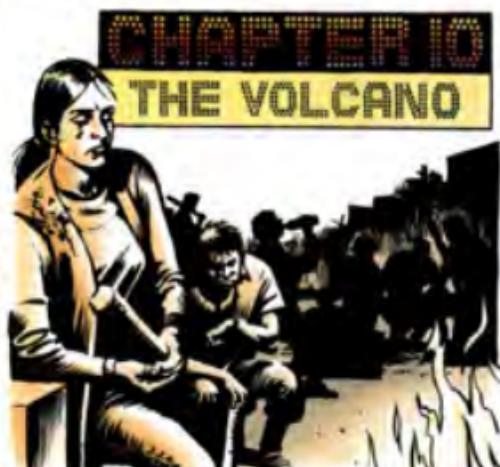
WE'VE KEPT THE LID ON THEIR BITTERNESS FOR YEARS, BUT WE HAVEN'T HELPED THEM DEAR WITH IT.

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.



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

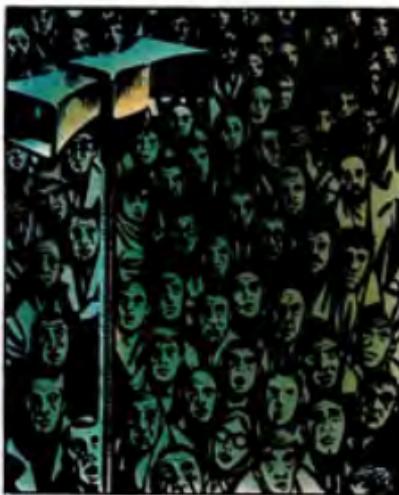
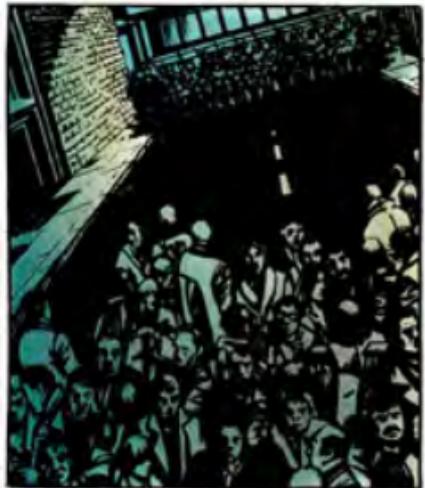












GOOD EVENING,
LONDON.

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

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.

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

YOU
CAN CALL
ME "Y".

BY DOING
SO, THEY TOOK
OUR POWER.

BY DOING
NOTHING, WE
GAVE IT AWAY.

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.

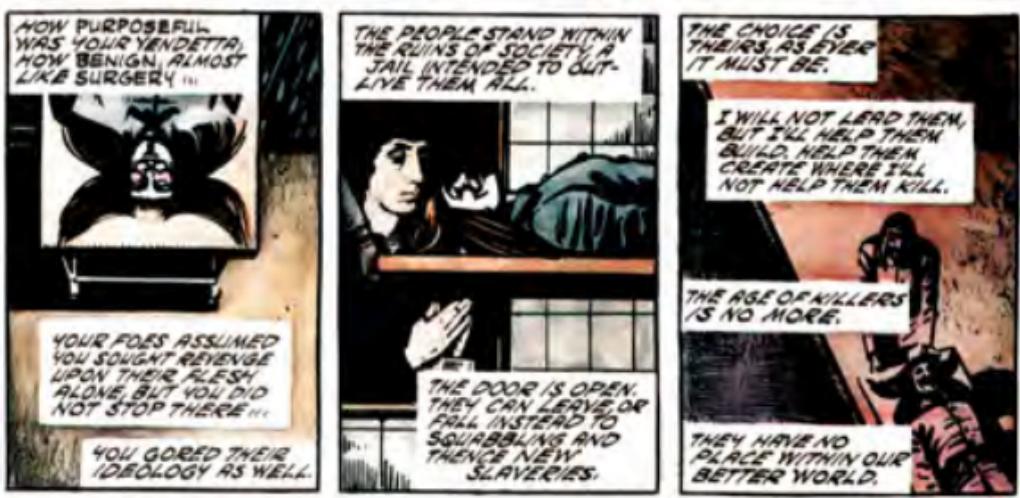
CHOOSE
CAREFULLY.

AND SO,
ADIEU.











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

I DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND...

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

NOT THEN...

...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
SUBTERFANEAN
CANALS...

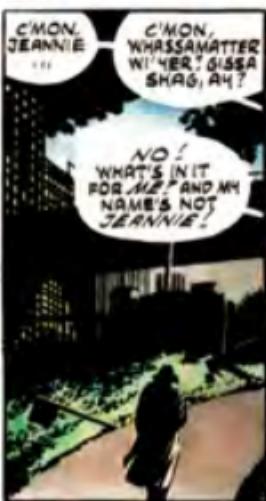
DOWN THROUGH
THE DARK TO-
WARDS YOUR
DESTINATION...

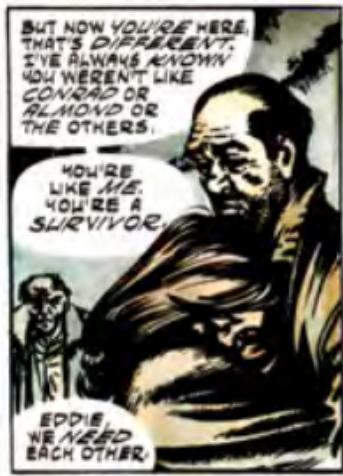
...WHERE THE LINE IS
BLOCKED TWENTY WHITE-
HALL AND ST. JAMES...

...RIGHT UNDER
DOWNING STREET.











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