

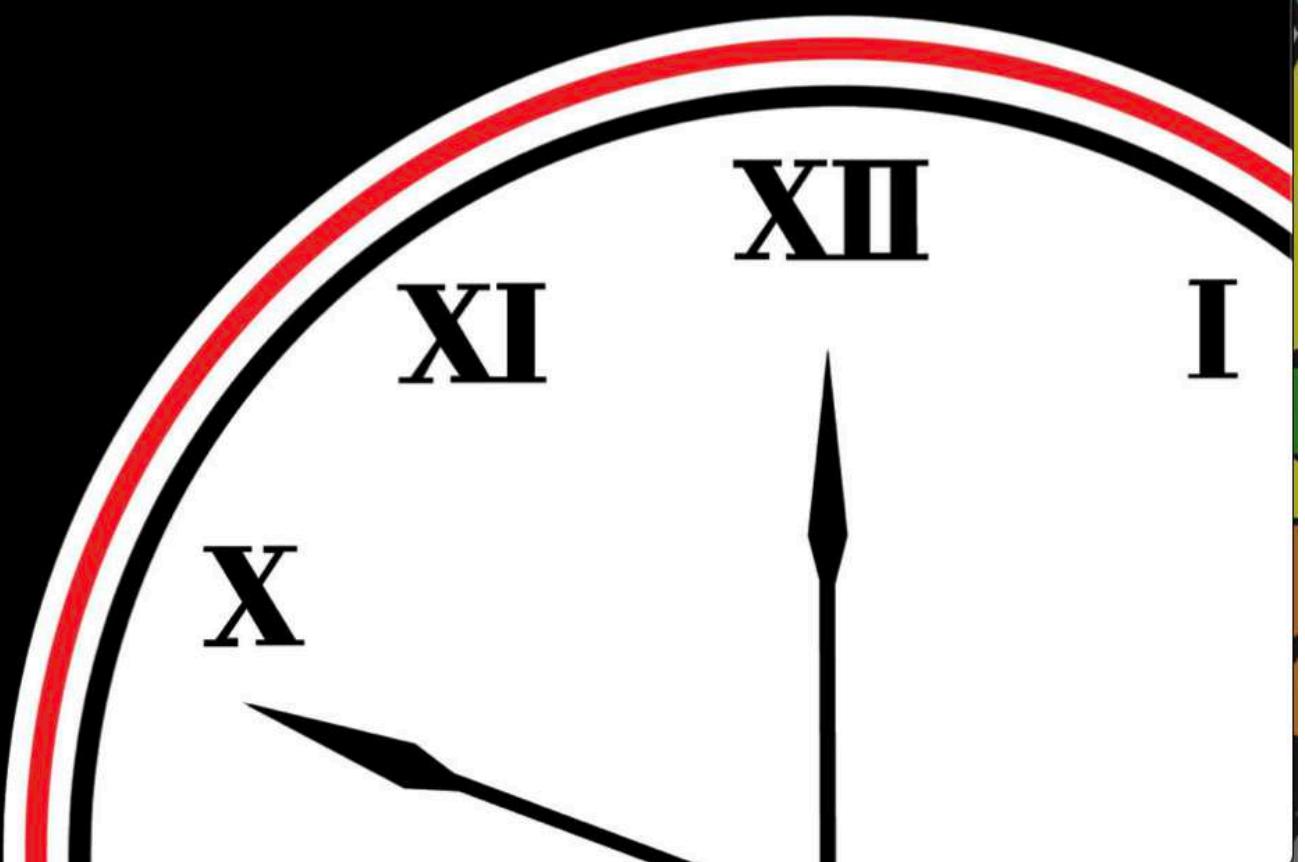


**XII**

**XI**

**I**

**X**



# **WATCHMEN**

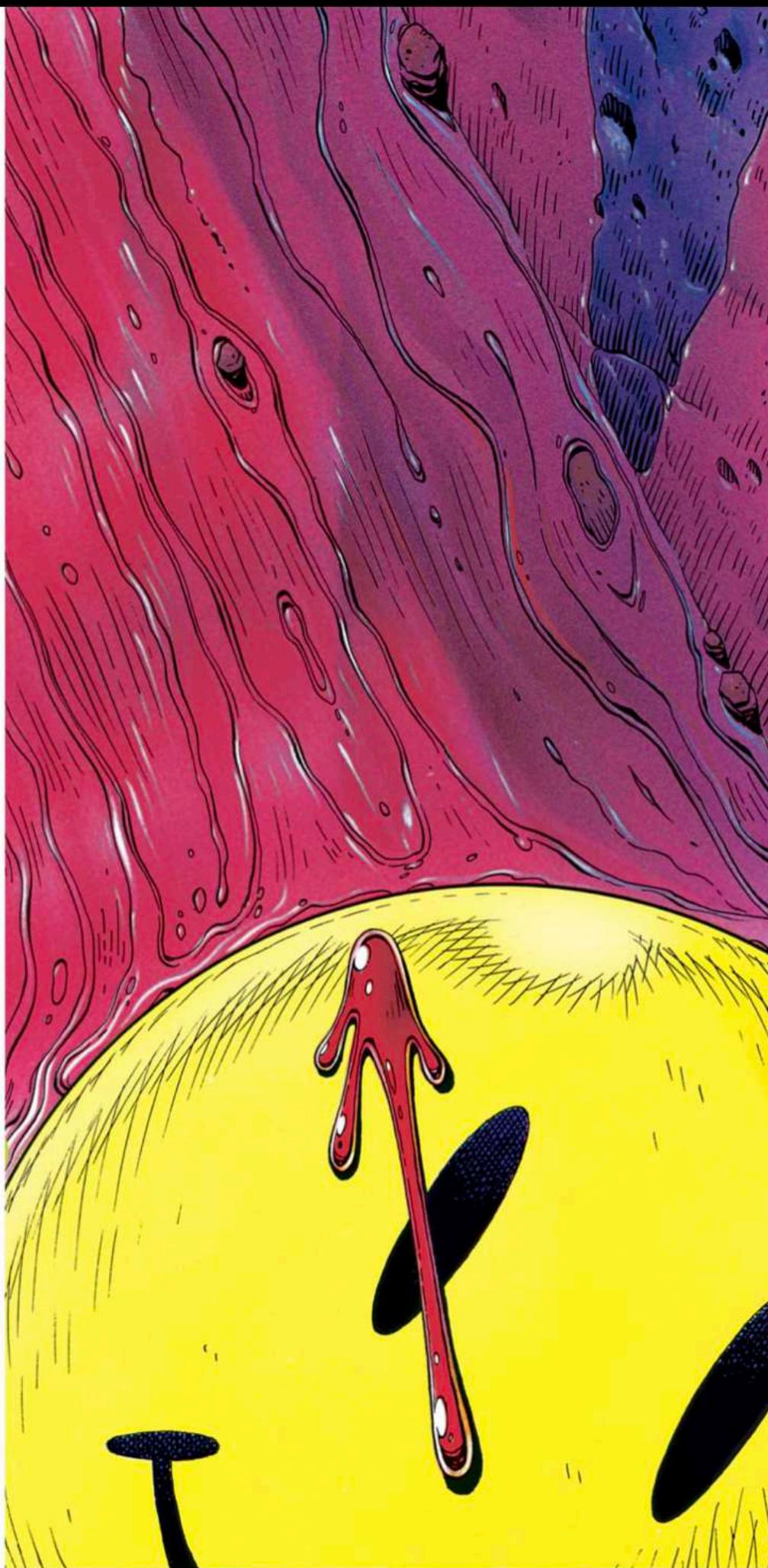
**ALAN MOORE**  
writer

**DAVE GIBBONS**  
illustrator/letterer

**JOHN HIGGINS**  
colorist



CHAPTER  
EIGHT



RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL.  
OCTOBER 12 TH, 1985.:

DOG CARCASS IN ALLEY  
THIS MORNING, TIRE TREAD  
ON BURST STOMACH. THIS  
CITY IS AFRAID OF ME.  
I HAVE SEEN ITS  
TRUE FACE. . .

THE STREETS ARE EXTENDED  
GUTTERS AND THE GUTTERS  
ARE FULL OF BLOOD AND  
WHEN THE DRAINS FINALLY  
SCAB OVER, ALL THE  
VERMIN WILL  
DROWN.

THE ACCUMULATED FILTH  
OF ALL THEIR SEX AND  
MURDER WILL FOAM UP ABOUT  
THEIR WAISTS AND ALL THE  
WHORES AND POLITICIANS  
WILL LOOK UP AND  
SHOUT "SAVE US!"...

THEY HAD A CHOICE,  
ALL OF THEM. THEY COULD  
HAVE FOLLOWED IN THE  
FOOTSTEPS OF GOOD MEN  
LIKE MY FATHER,  
OR PRESIDENT  
TRUMAN.

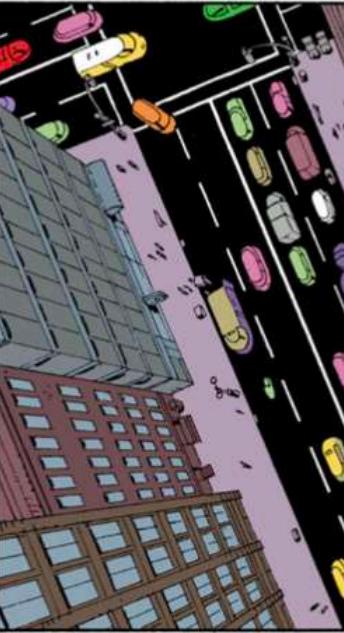
DECENT MEN  
WHO BELIEVED  
IN A DAY'S  
WORK FOR A  
DAY'S PAY.

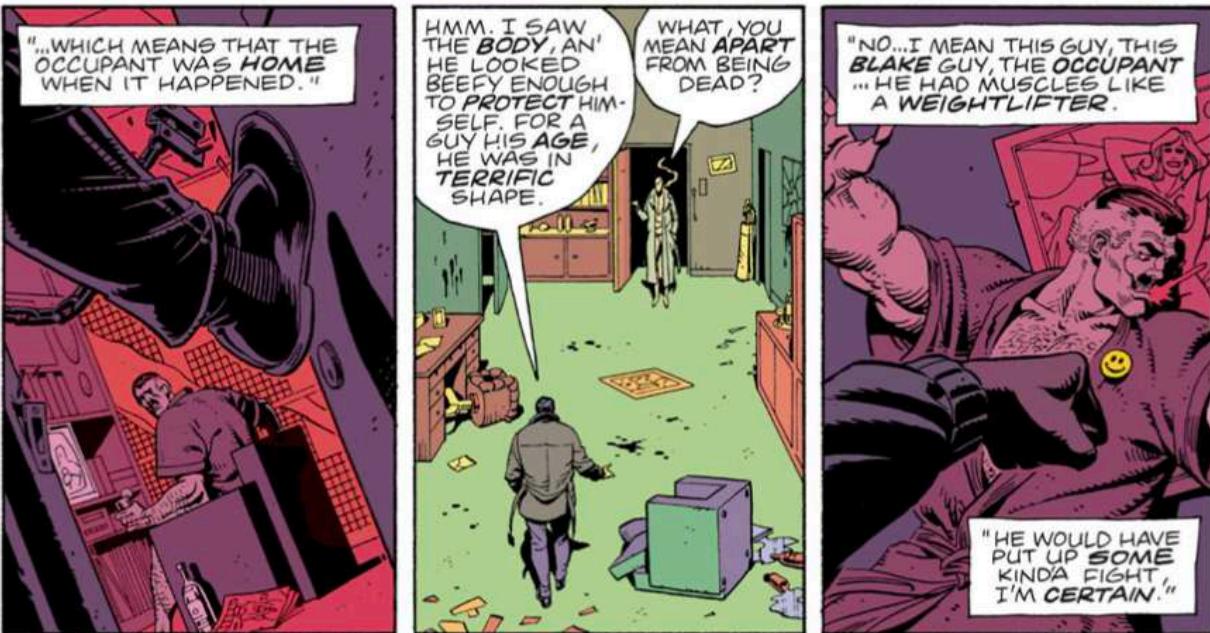
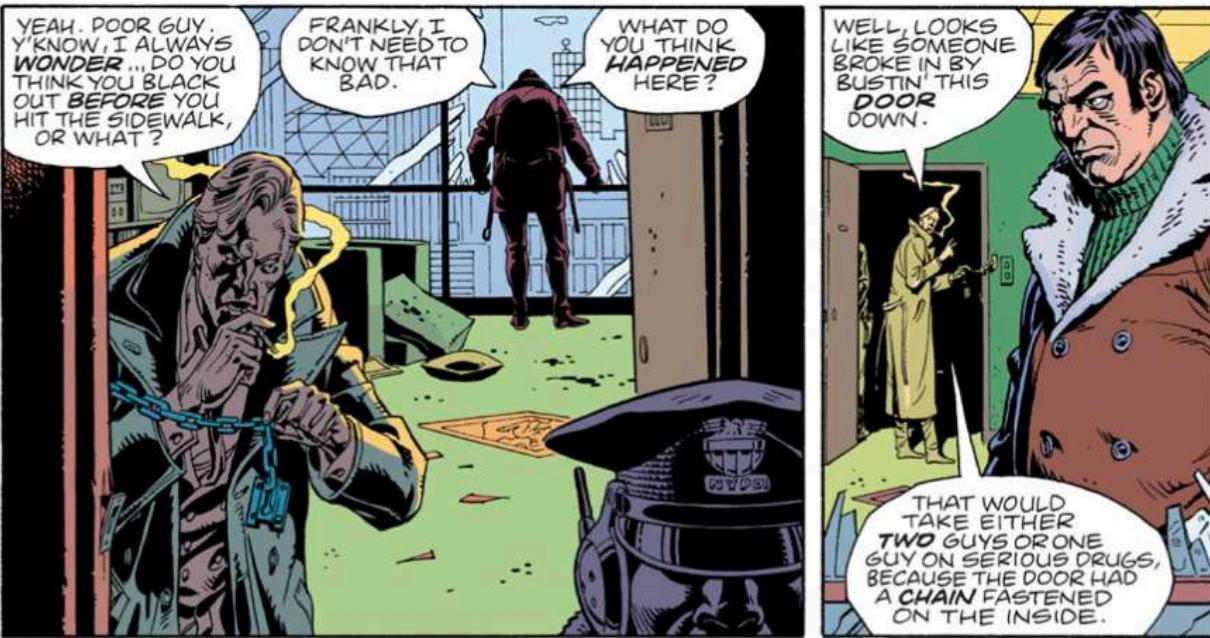
INSTEAD THEY FOLLOWED  
THE DROPPINGS OF LECHERS  
AND COMMUNISTS AND  
DON'T REALIZE THAT  
THE TRAIL LED OVER  
A PRECIPICE UNTIL  
IT WAS TOO  
LATE.

DON'T TELL  
ME THEY  
DIDN'T HAVE  
A CHOICE.

NOW THE WHOLE WORLD  
STANDS ON THE BRINK,  
STARING DOWN INTO  
BLOODY HELL. ALL THOSE  
LIBERALS AND  
INTELLECTUALS  
AND SMOOTH-  
TALKERS...

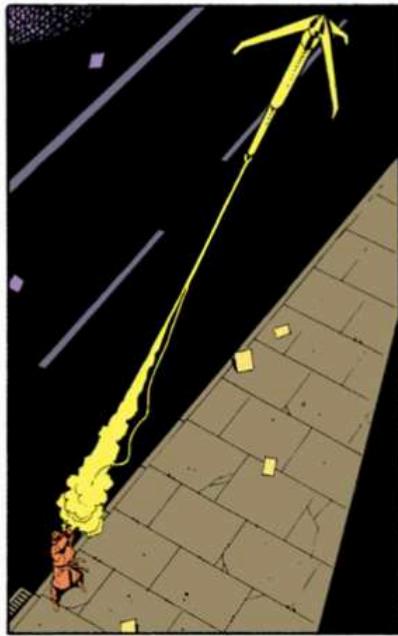
... AND ALL  
OF A SUDDEN,  
NOBODY CAN  
THINK OF  
ANYTHING  
TO SAY.







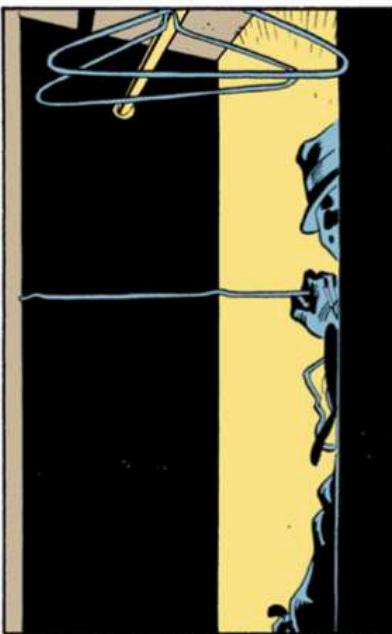
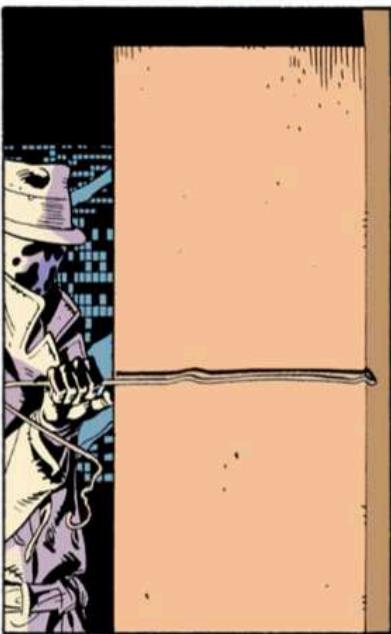




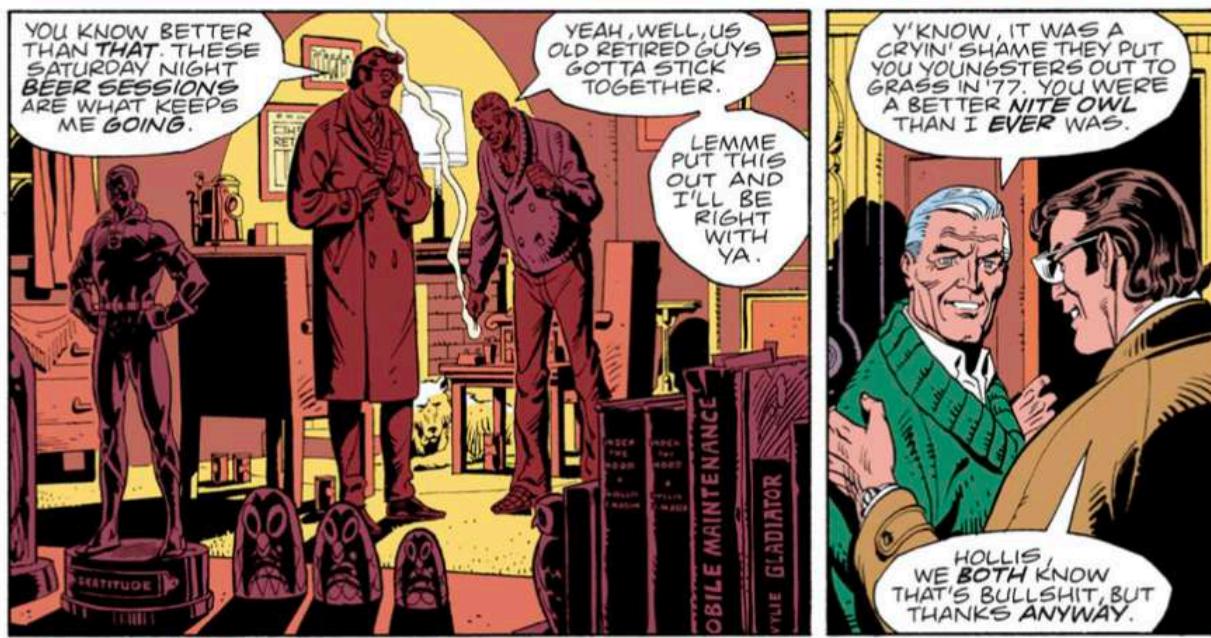
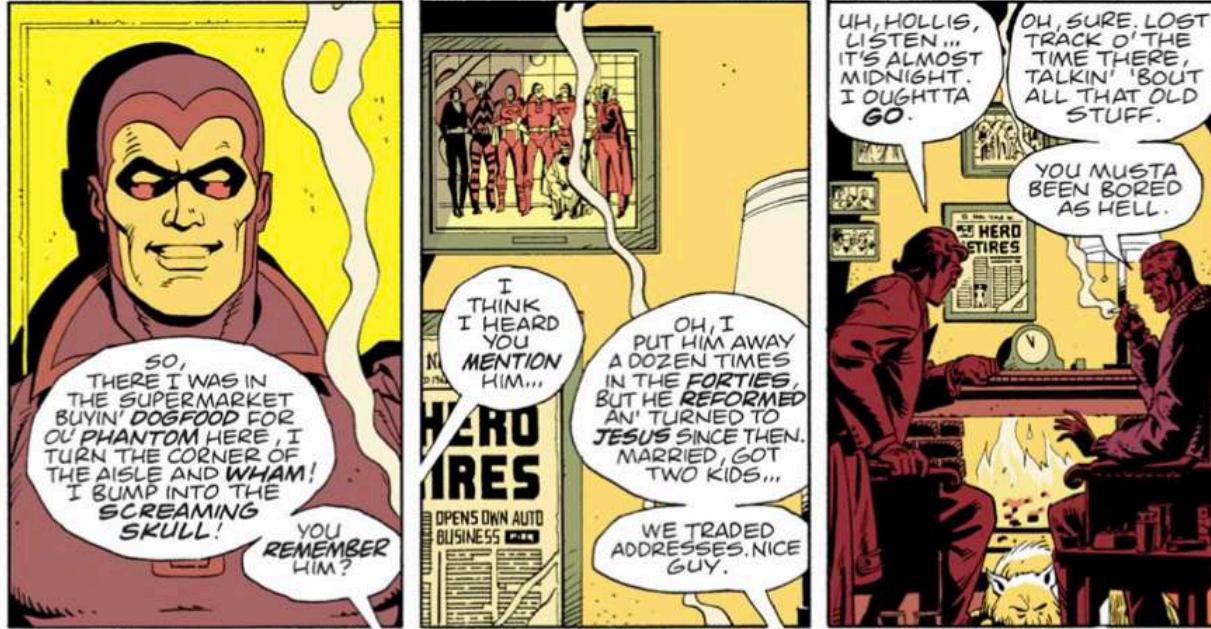


**AT MIDNIGHT, ALL THE AGENTS...**

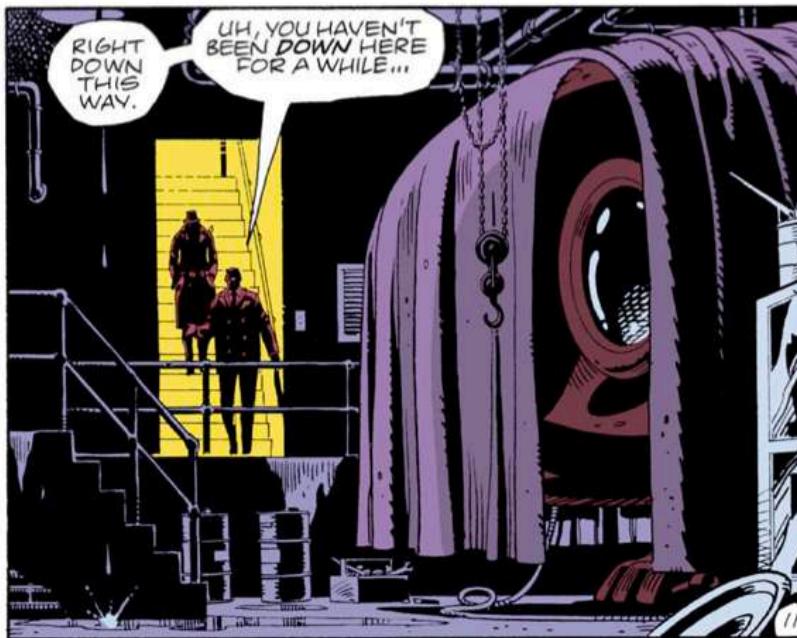


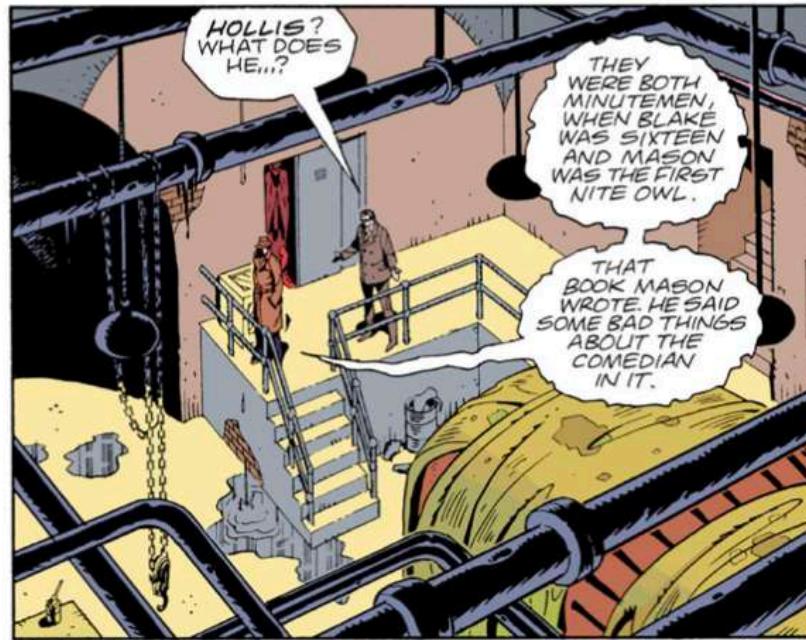
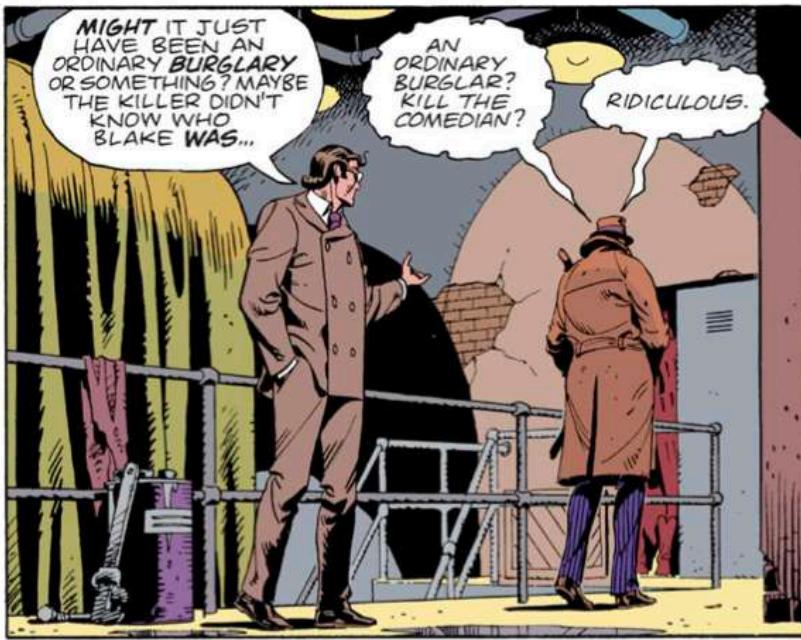








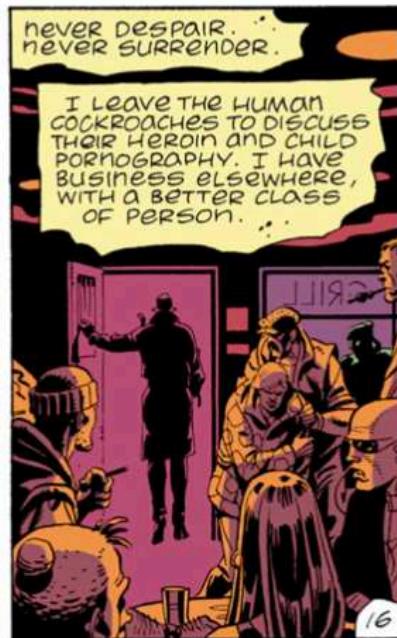
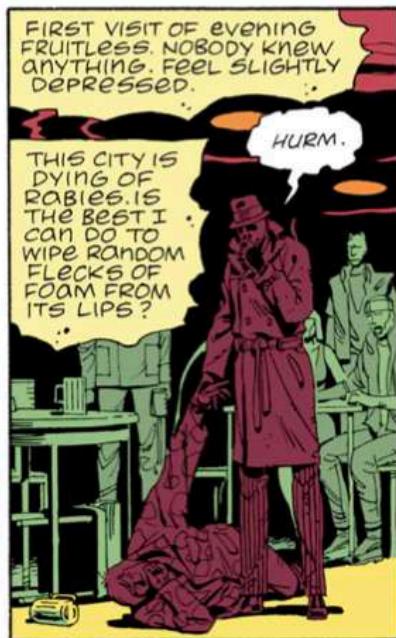




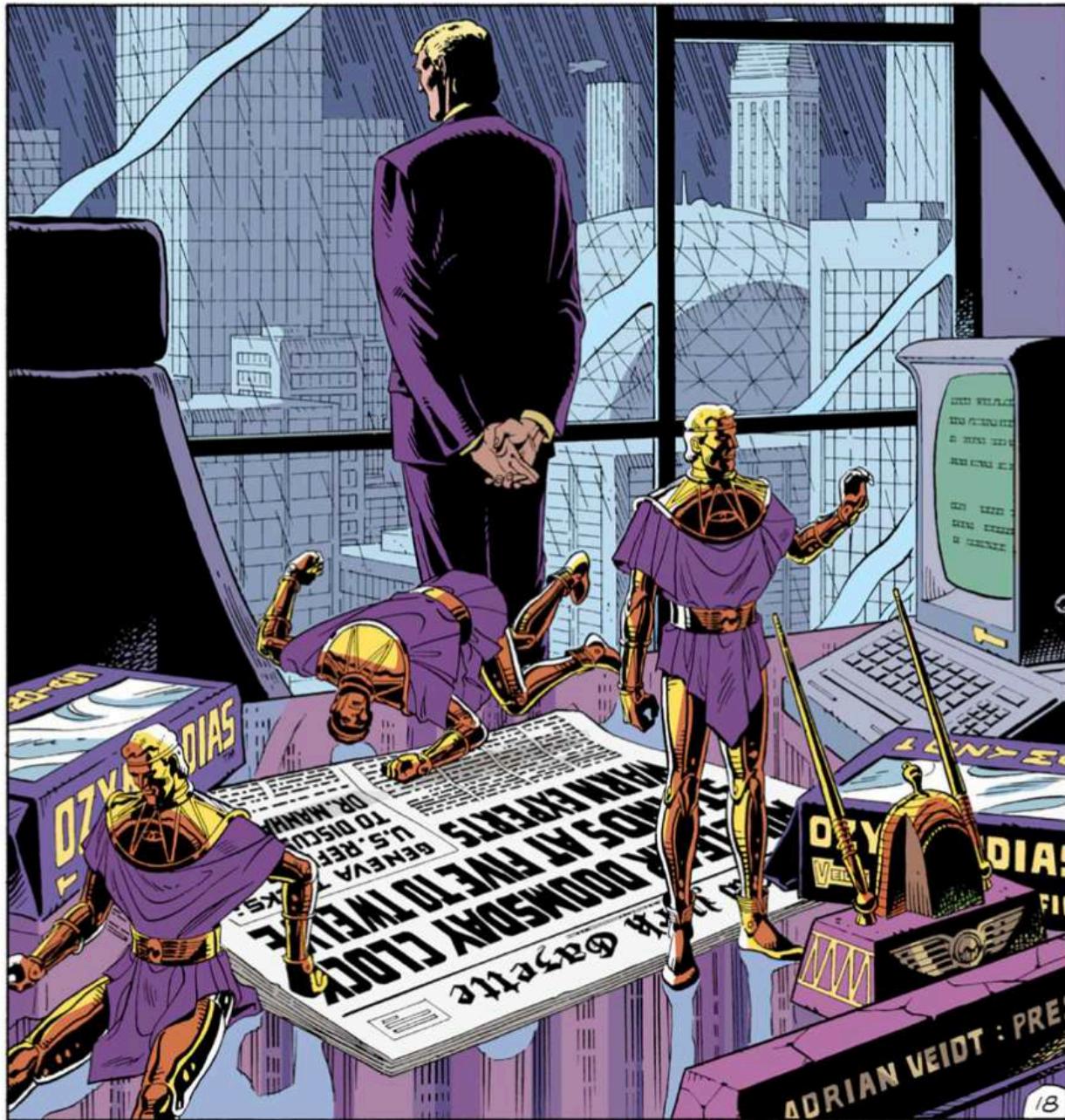


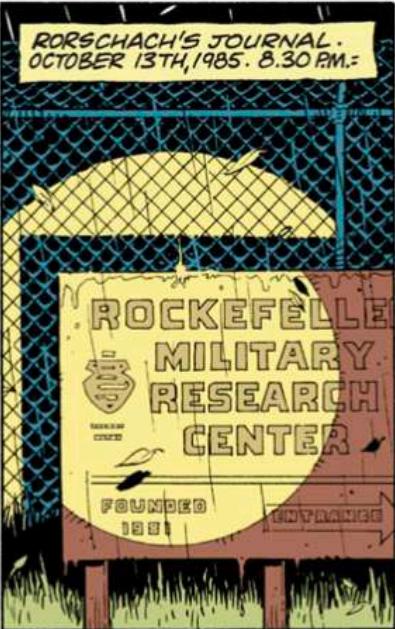


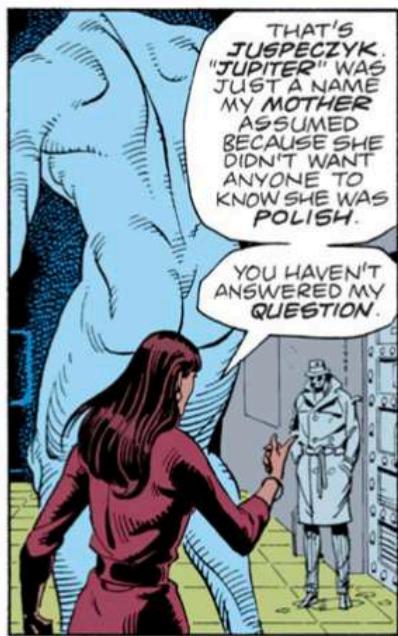


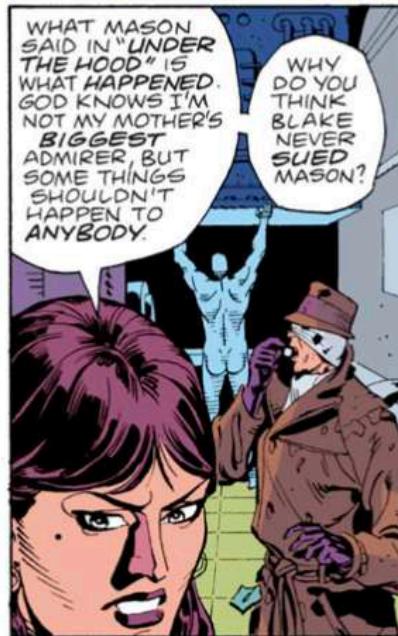
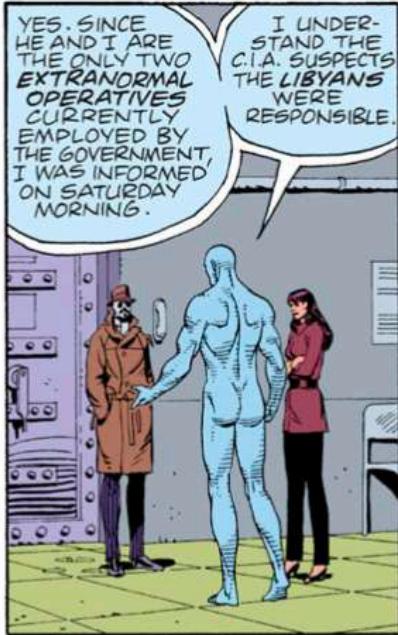


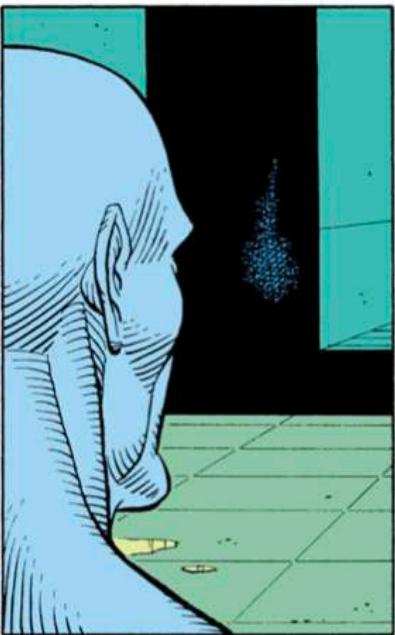




















At midnight, all  
the agents and  
superhuman crew,  
go out and round  
up everyone who  
knows more than  
they do.

—Bob Dylan

