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of X

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V FOR VENDETTA™

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



Suggested
For Mature
Readers



V FOR VENDETTA

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V FOR VENDETTA 6

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NING POST
TIME FIGURES FALL

19)

EVENING POST

CRIME FIGURES FALL



Evening Post
CRIME FIGURES FALL



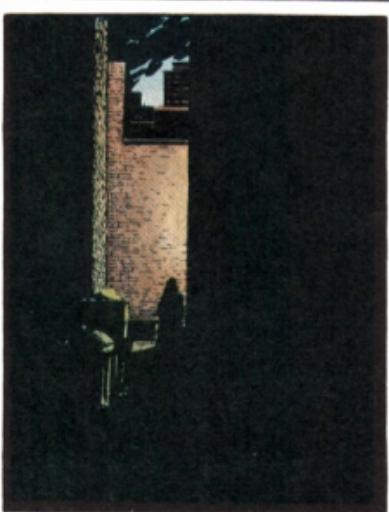


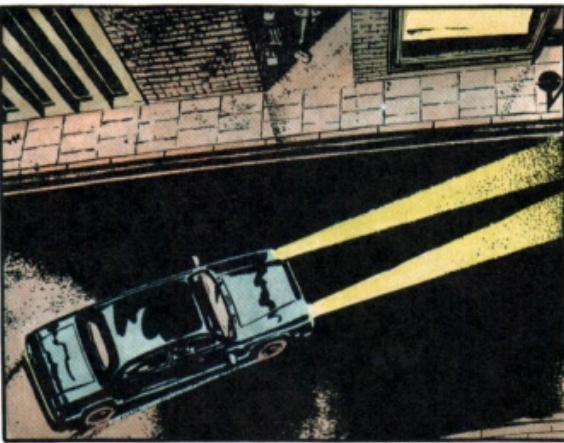
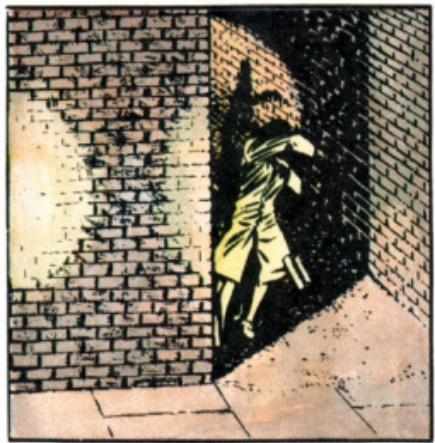


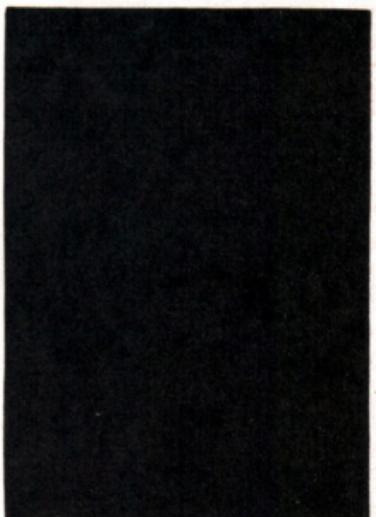
CHAPTER 8

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 MUFFLED
BLIMPINGS NEARBY.
STAGE-HANDS ARE
REARRANGING THE
SCENERY.

CHAPTER 9

MISSITUDE

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

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

VALERIE PAGE
THE ROSE FOREST

THE BLACK SHADOWS OF THE PAST
BRED THIS HALF-MAN HALF-DEVIL



RO

WEDD

**“BETTER THAN ‘Dracula’—
 THAN ‘Frankenstein’”**

**ROAD TO
MURDER** THE DEAD FOREST
IT'S TAKING ME SO LONG TO GET READY BEAST
WEDDING DOGS...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

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

387



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

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

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

THEY'RE STANDING IN A LINE
IN FRONT OF 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'M VERY FRIGHTENED NOW.
I DON'T RECOGNISE ANY OF
THE CORRIDORS, AND THE
MR. PUNCH-MAN WILL TURN
THE CORNER BEHIND ME
ANY SECOND.



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



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



THEY'VE LEFT ME ALONE
WITH HIM.



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



AND THERE'S A BIG FLIGHT
OF SPIRAL STAIRS INSTEAD

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

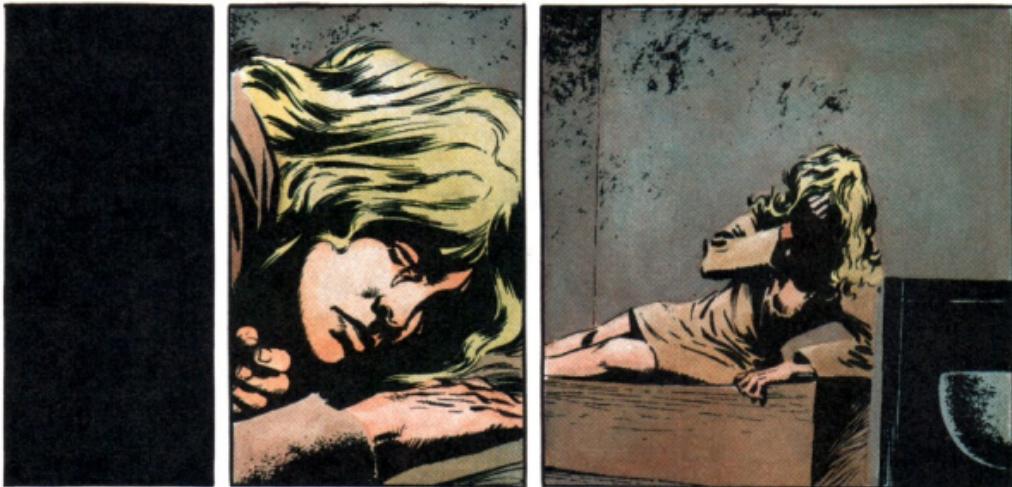


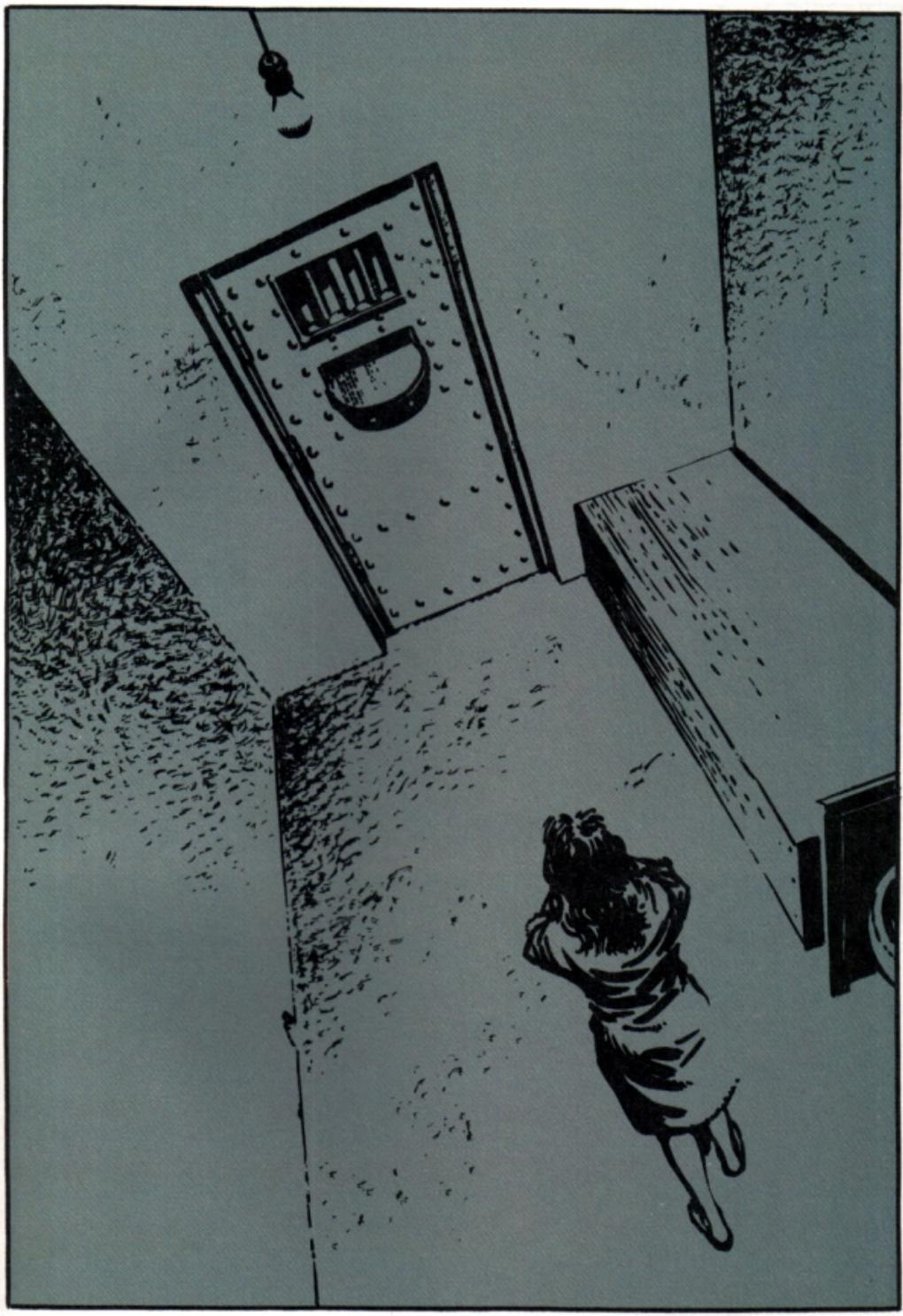
I GET TO THE TOP OF THE
STAIRS AND LOOK DOWN
THE WELL.

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

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

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

...AND THERE'S A RAT.

...AND THERE'S ME...

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



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.

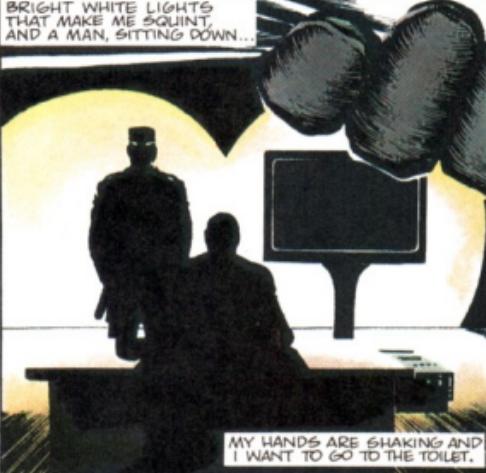
THERE'S A SOCKET
RIGHT UP NEAR THE
CEILING, BUT NO BULB.

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

THERE'S A RAT.



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

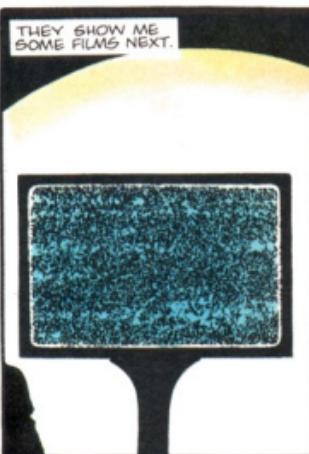


HE ASKS IF I
KNOW WHY
I'M HERE.

I SAY NO.



THEY SHOW ME
SOME FILMS NEXT.

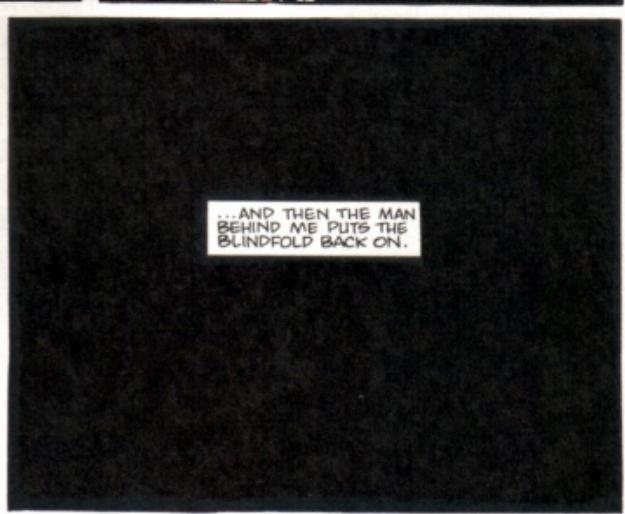
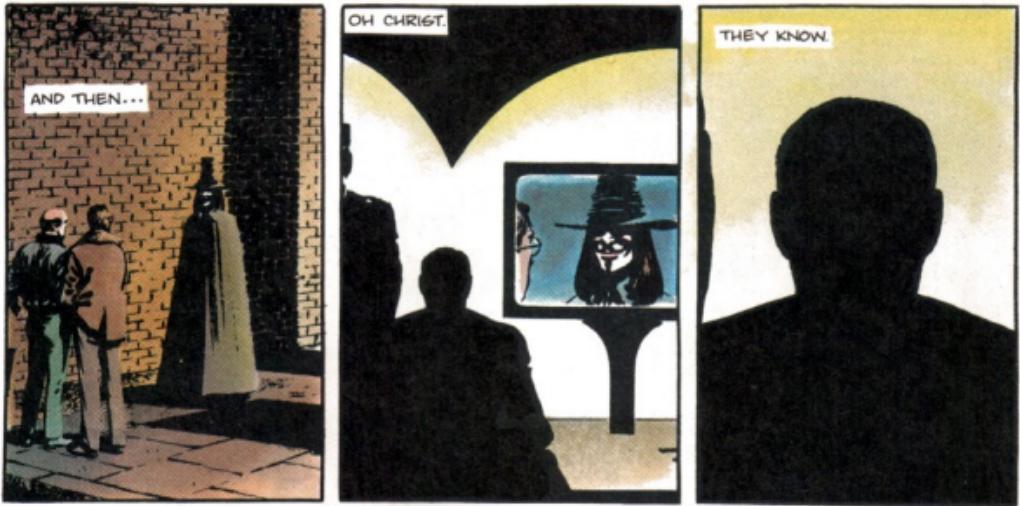


THERE'S A GIRL TALKING TO A MAN.
SHE'S SHOWING HER HIPS OUT AT
HIM, BUT IT LOOKS CLUMSY AND
AWFUL. SHE'S A PROSTITUTE, I THINK.



OH.





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...

63

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

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

THERE'S A RAT...

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

THERE'S SOMETHING
STICKING OUT OF IT...

NOT A RAT...

TOILET PAPER?

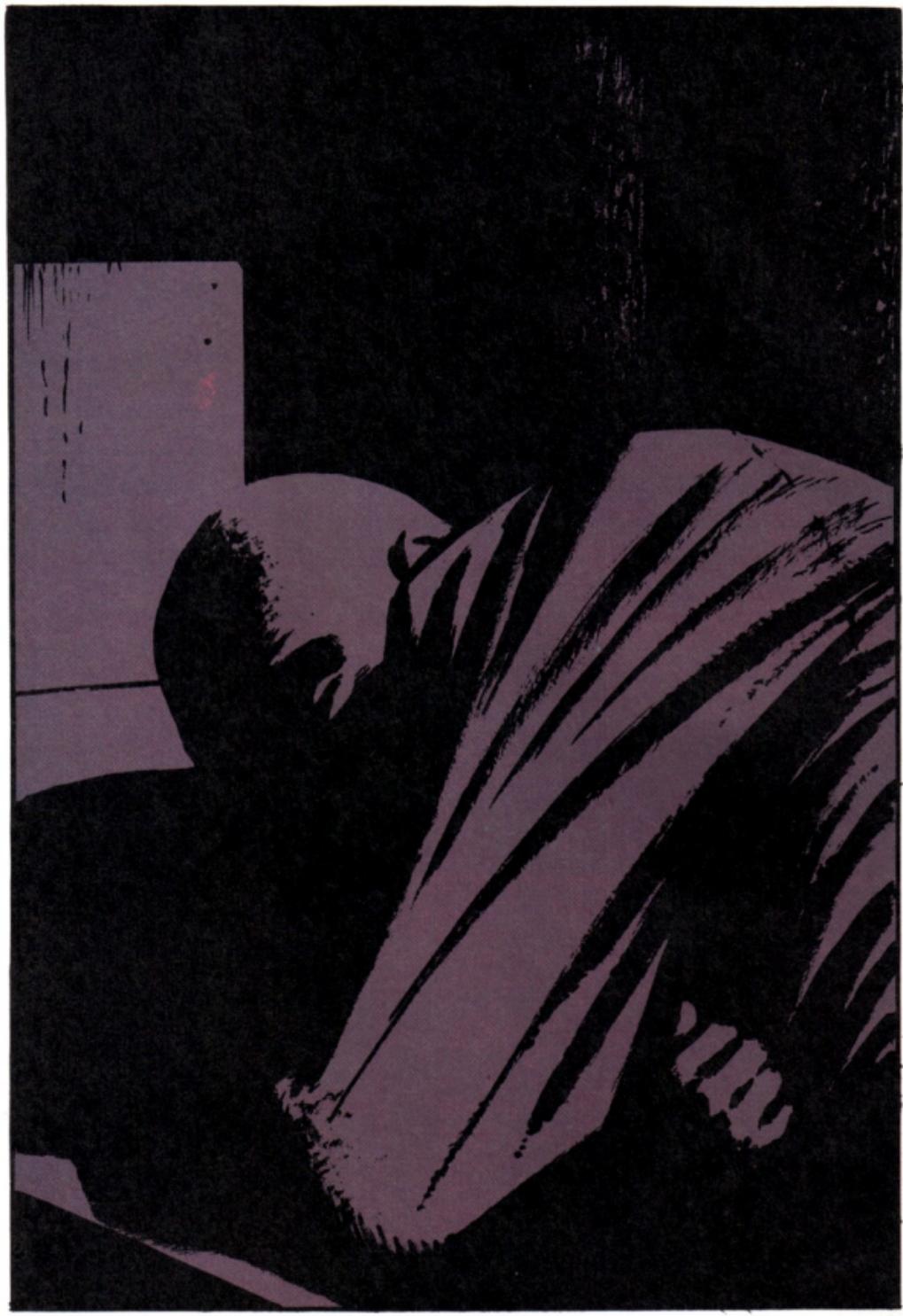
BUT WHY...?

THERE ARE FIVE
PAGES, WRITTEN
IN PENCIL.

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

HER NAME IS
VALERIE...

I LOOK AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE
LAST PAGE FIRST.



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



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT DAY IT
IS.



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

HER NAME'S VALERIE...

CHAPTER II VALERIE

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT SHE LOOKS
LIKE.



OVER AND
OVER...

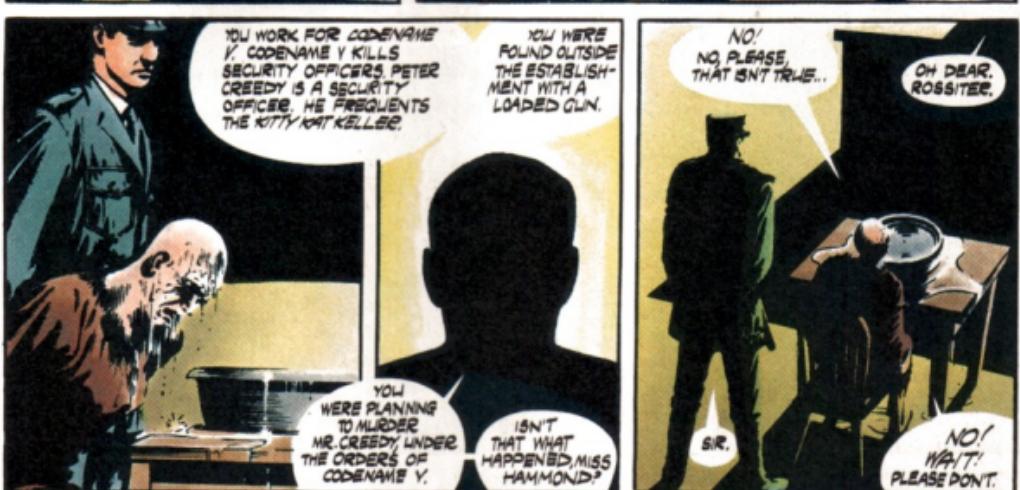
I READ HER LETTER, I HIDE IT I SLEEP,
I WAKE, THEY QUESTION ME I CRY
IT GETS DARK, IT GETS LIGHT, I READ
HER LETTER AGAIN...



I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
THERE IS NO WAY I CAN
IF THIS IS NOT ONE OF IT
DONT CARE. I AM ME,
WHO YOU ARE BUT I LOVE
A PENIC. 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



ALRIGHT.



"WHY IS IT SO SLOW? IT FEELS LIKE IT'S SO LITTLE, BUT IT'S ALL WE HAVE LEFT IN THIS PLACE. IT IS THE VERY LAST RICH OF US, BUT WITHIN THAT INCH WE ARE FREE."

LONDON: I WAS HAPPY IN LONDON. IN 1971 I PLAYED DANDINI IN CINDERELLA MY FIRST REEP WORK. THE WORLD WAS STRANGE AND RESTLESS AND EVERY, INVISIBLE CROWD BEHIND THE HOT LIGHTS AND ALL THAT BREATHLESS GLAMOUR. IT WAS EXCITING AND IT WAS LONELY. AT NIGHTS I'D GO TO GREEN ACRE OR ONE OF THE OTHER COASTS, BUT I WAS STUPID-OFFISH AND DIDN'T MIX EASILY. I SAW A LOT OF THE SCENE, BUT I NEVER FELT COMFORTABLE: THERE SO MANY OF THEM JUST WANTED TO BE GAY. IT HAS THEIR LIFE, THEIR AMBITION, ALL THEY TALKED ABOUT. AND I WANTED...

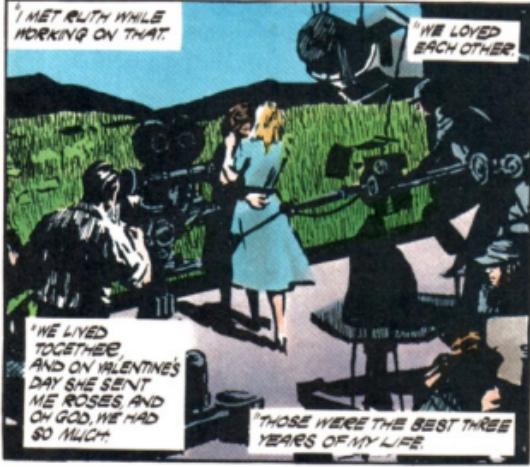


"WORK IMPROVED. I GOT SMALL FILM ROLES, THEN BIGGER ONES."



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

"I MET RUTH WHILE WORKING ON THAT."

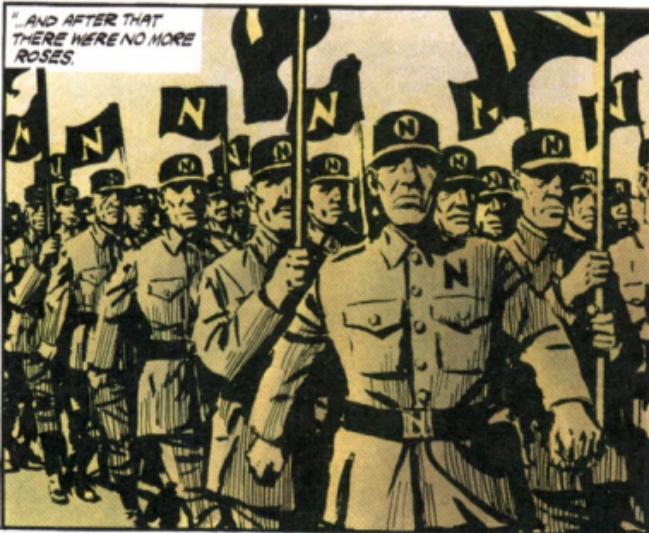


"IN 1988 THERE WAS THE WAR..."



"HE 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."



"NOT FOR ANYBODY."



'I DIDN'T
BLAME
HER.'

"IN 1992, 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
ID SEDUCED HER."

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

"BUT SHE DID

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

"OH RUTH."

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

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

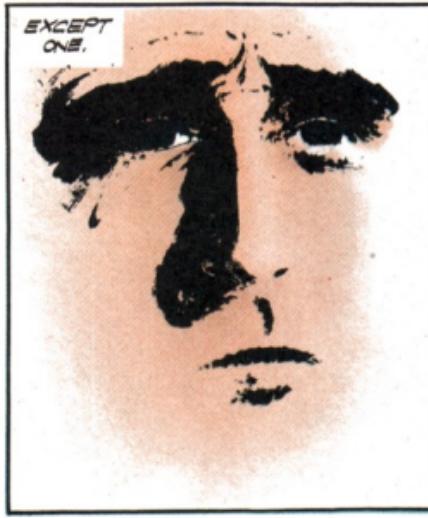
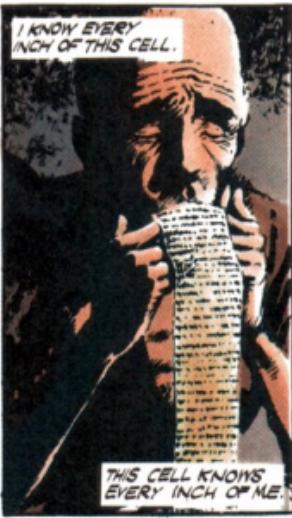
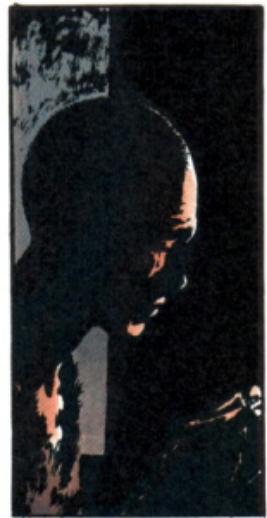
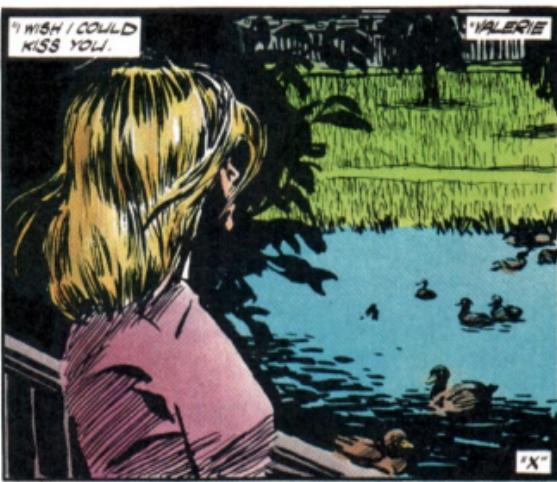
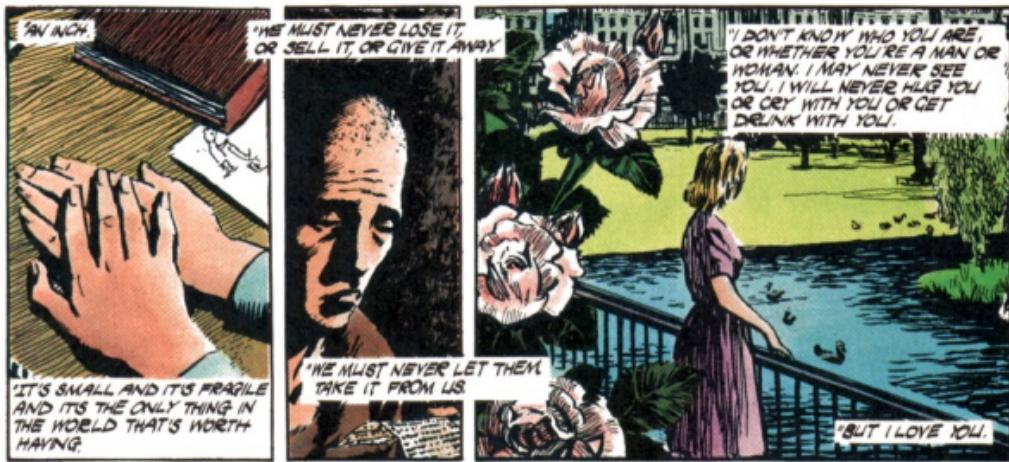
"THEY BROUGHT ME HERE AND
GAVE ME DRUGS. I CAN'T
FEEL MY TONGUE ANYMORE.
I CAN'T SPEAK."

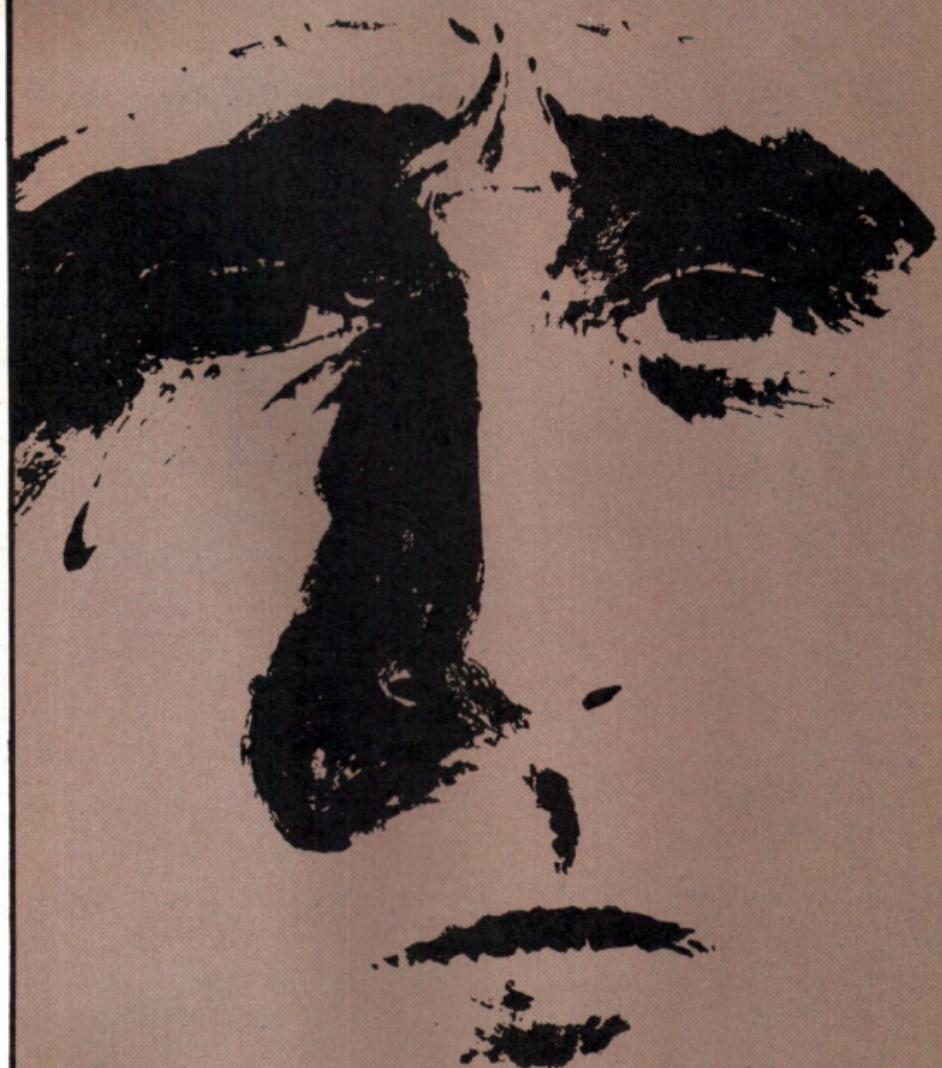
"THE OTHER GAY WOMAN HERE,
RITA, DIED TWO WEEKS AGO.
I IMAGINE I'LL DIE QUITE
SOON."

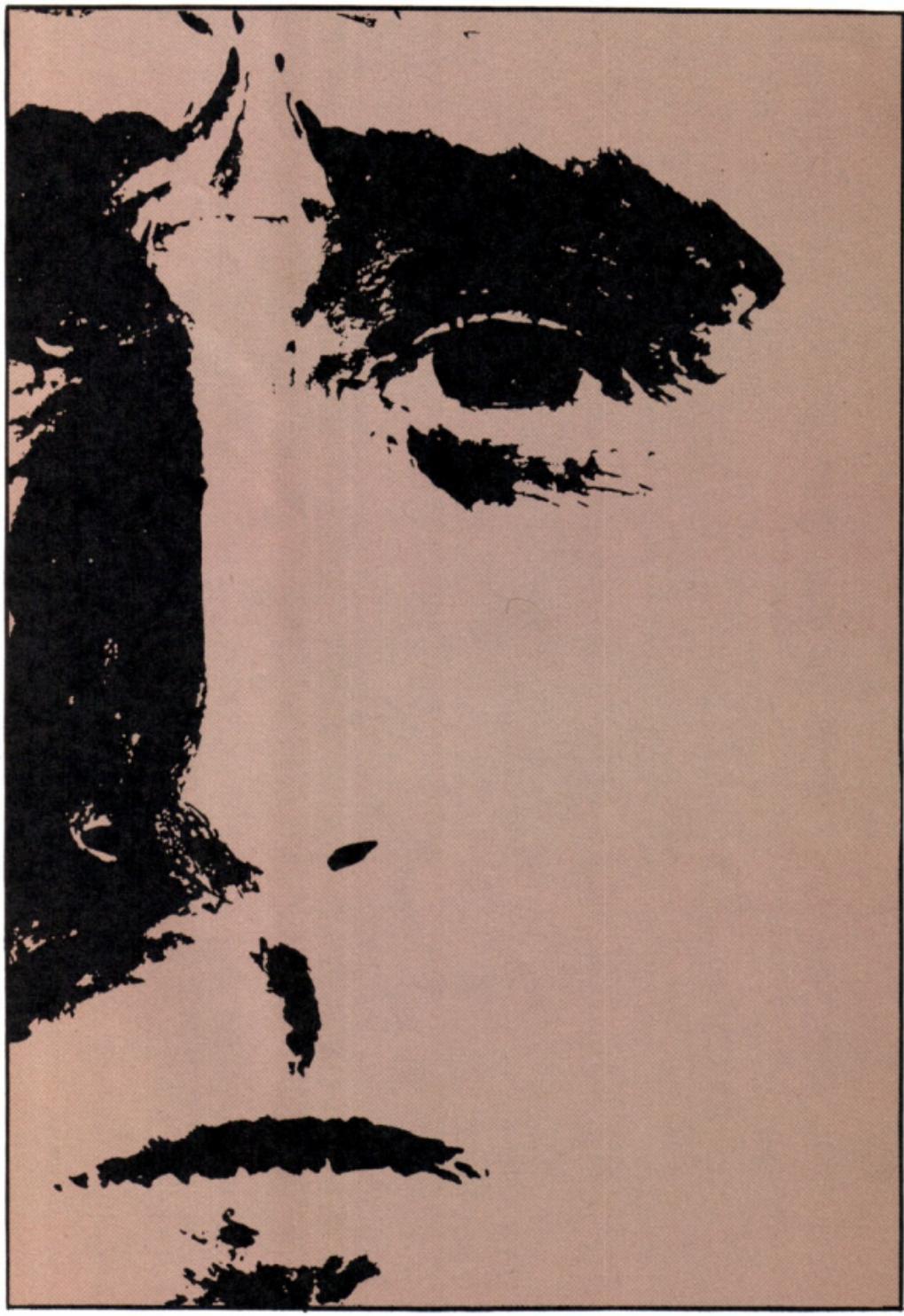
"IT IS STRANGE THAT
MY LIFE SHOULD END
IN SUCH A TERRIBLE
PLACE, BUT FOR
THREE YEARS I HAD
ROSES AND I APOLO-
CISED TO NOBODY."

"EXCEPT
ONE."

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









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