

Vol. VII
of X

V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



Suggested
For Mature
Readers

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V FOR VENDETTA™

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Chapters 12, 13, 14, Vertigo

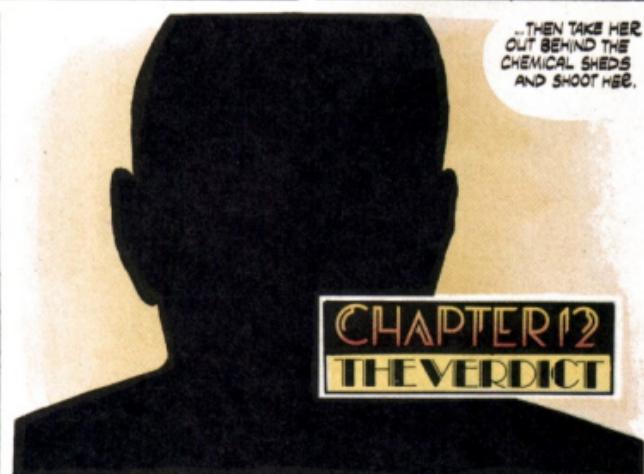
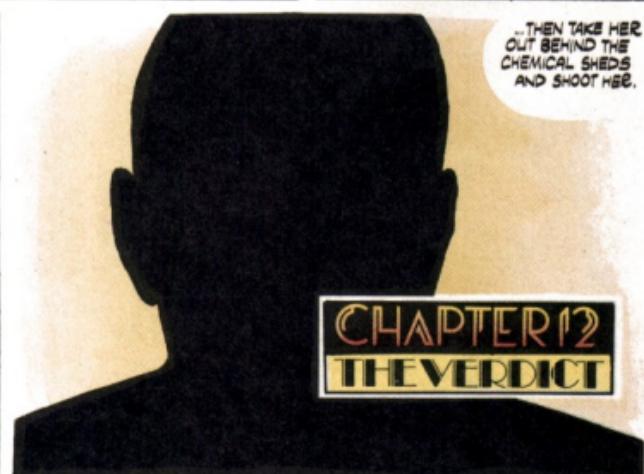
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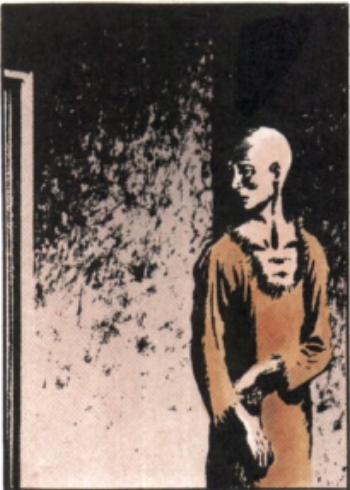
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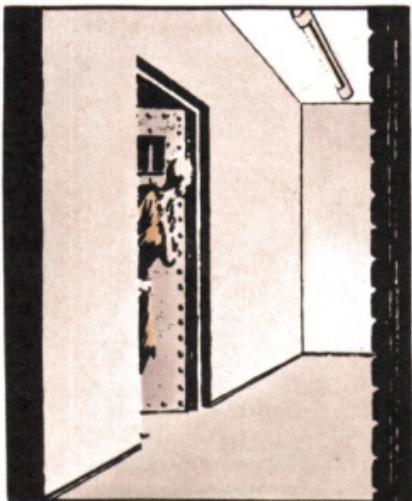
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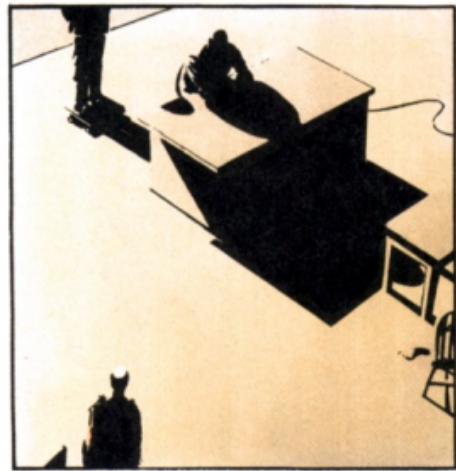
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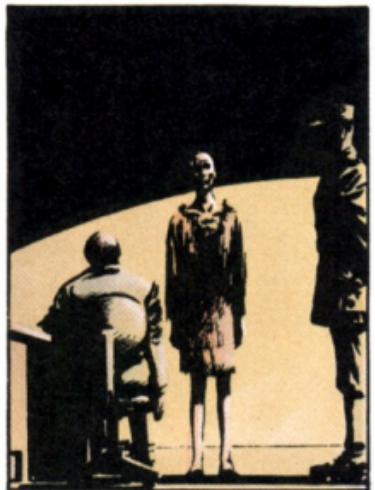


**CHAPTER 12
THE VERDICT**





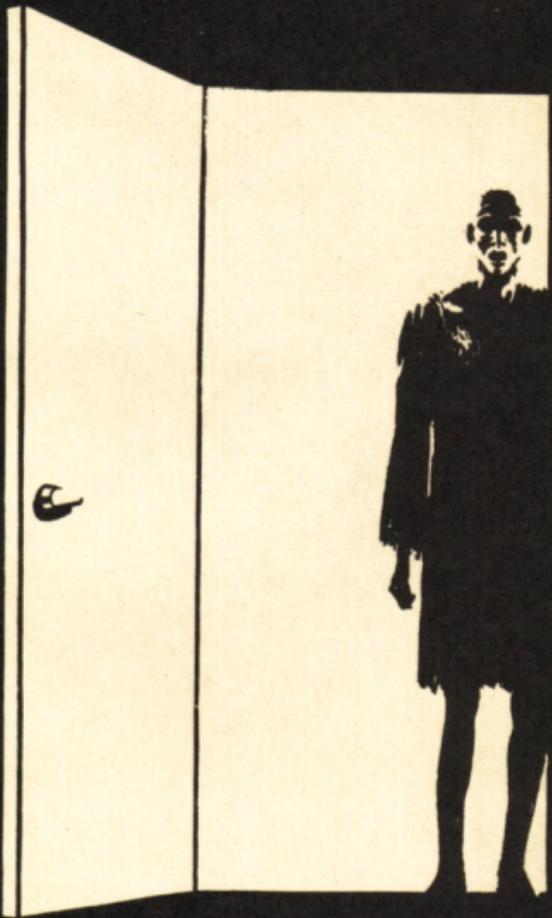






WELCOME
HOME.





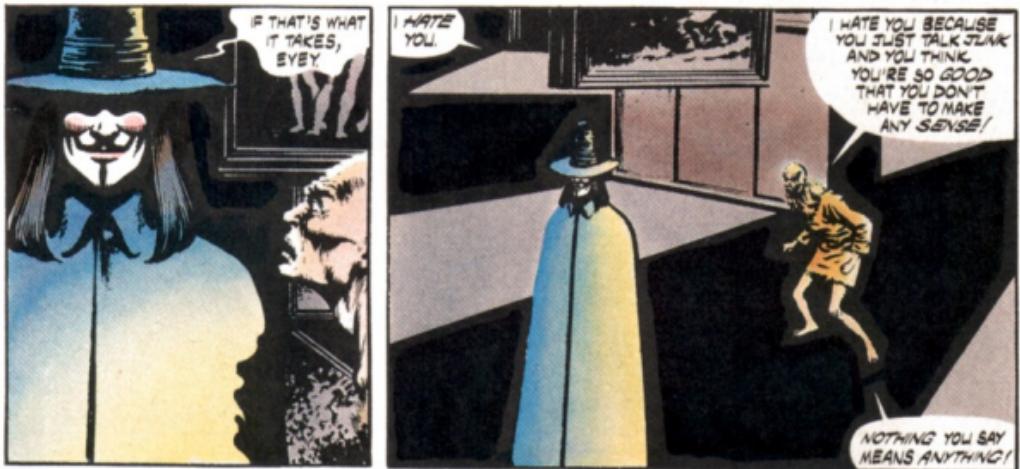
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HAPPINESS IS A PRISON, EVER.

HAPPINESS IS THE MOST INSIDIOUS PRISON OF ALL...

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

LI WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM. I WAS HAPPY.

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

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

DON'T YOU?

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

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

HE KNEW AFFECTION AND TENDERNESS, BUT ONLY BRIEFLY...

IS THAT THE HAPPINESS WORTH MORE THAN FREEDOM?

IS THAT IT, EVER?

HOW DID YOU KNOW?

HOW DID YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO GORDON?

YOUR MOTHER. YOUR FATHER. YOUR LOVER.

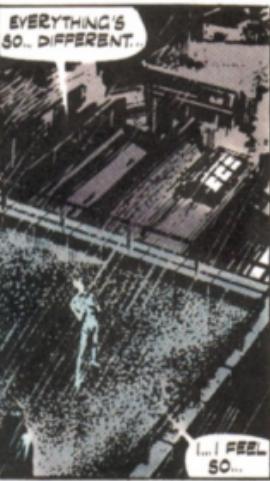
IT'S NOT AN UNCOMMON STORY, EVER. MANY CONVICTS MEET WITH MISERABLE ENDS...

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

PREMIER TRIUMPH!
ALEX RINGER

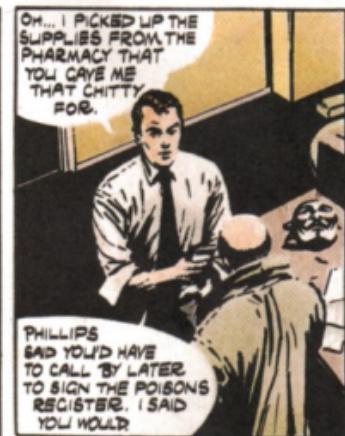








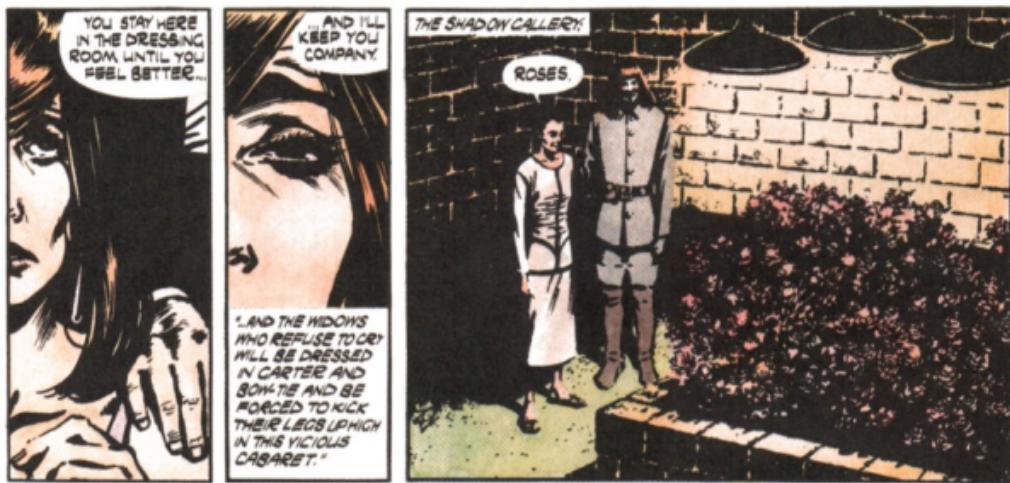
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CHAPTER 14 VIGNETTES





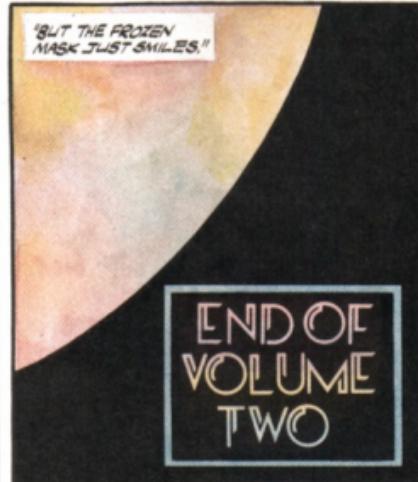




THE HEAD:







INTERLUDE

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



THE WINDOW'S OVER THERE. GET GOING.



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

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

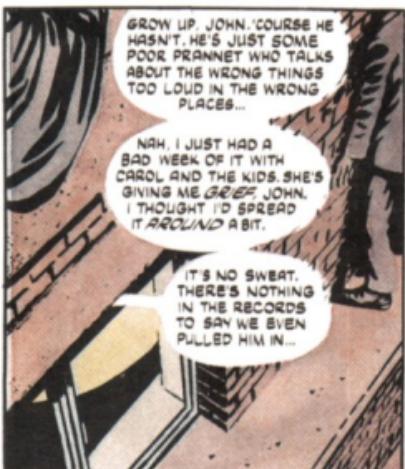


I DON'T HEAR ANYBODY LAUGHING. YOU HEAR ANYBODY LAUGHING?

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



VERTIGO





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?"

WELL, PERHAPS THERE ARE
SOME DIFFERENCES...

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



THINGS LIKE
THAT NEVER
OCCUR TO YOU....

...UNTIL
IT'S TOO
LATE.

THESE ARE THINGS THAT DON'T
OCCUR TO YOU WHEN YOU'RE
ON THE GROUND.



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

MERIWHALE...

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

HE'S BEEN GONE
TEN MINUTES NOW.
COLIN. WHERE'DA
RECKON?

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

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

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

...CRACKING NOISE?

OH, CHRIST.

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

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

...DO YOU?

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

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

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

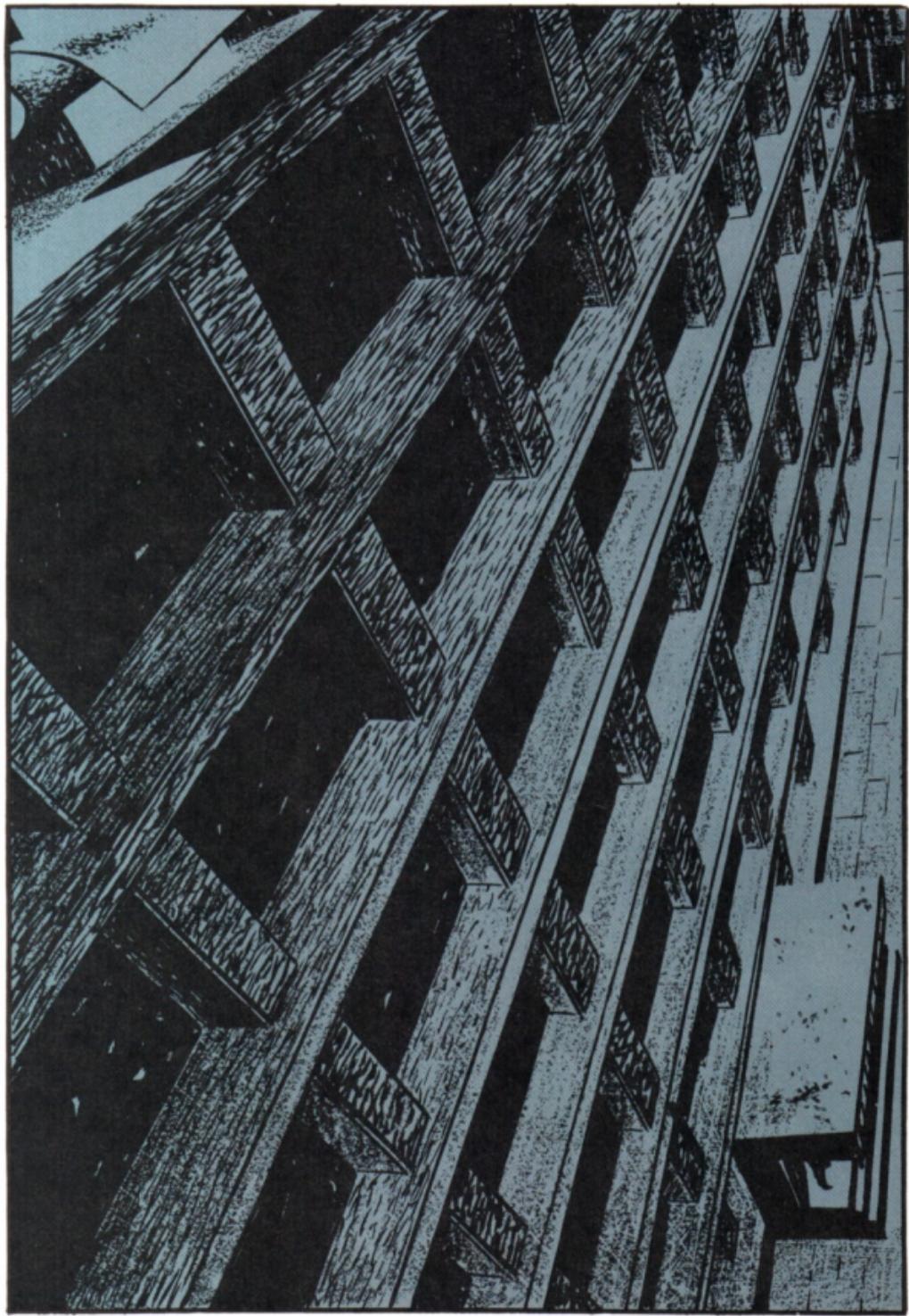


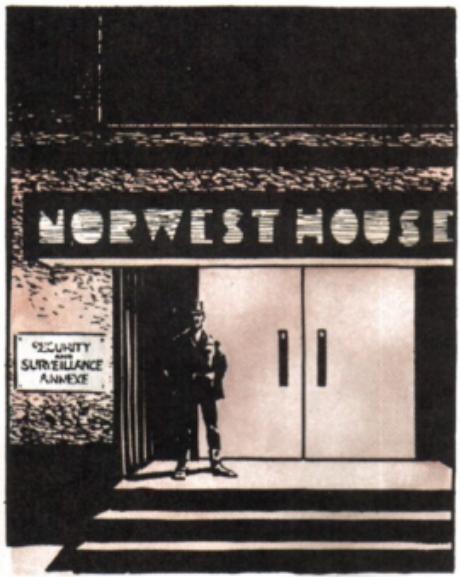
... AND AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, THE MAN WHO NEVER STOPS SMILING QUIETLY CLOSES THE WINDOW. HE CANNOT ABIDE DRAFFTS.



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

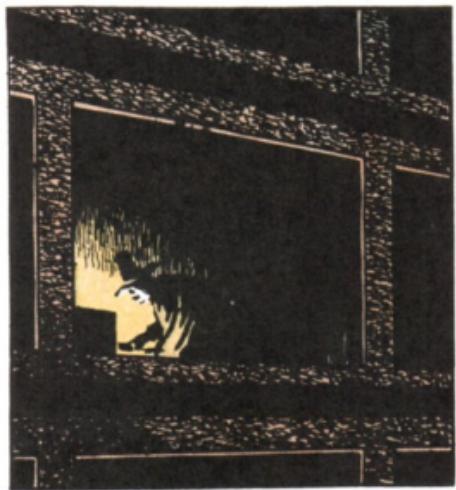


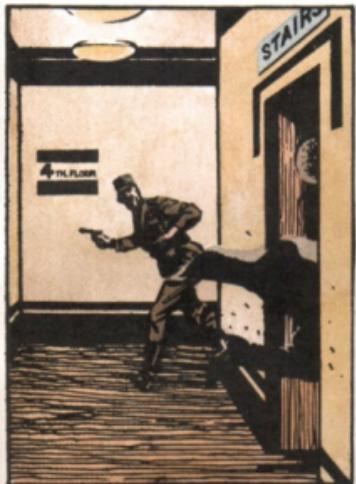




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