

Vol. III
of X

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VFOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



Suggested
For Mature
Readers



END



V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

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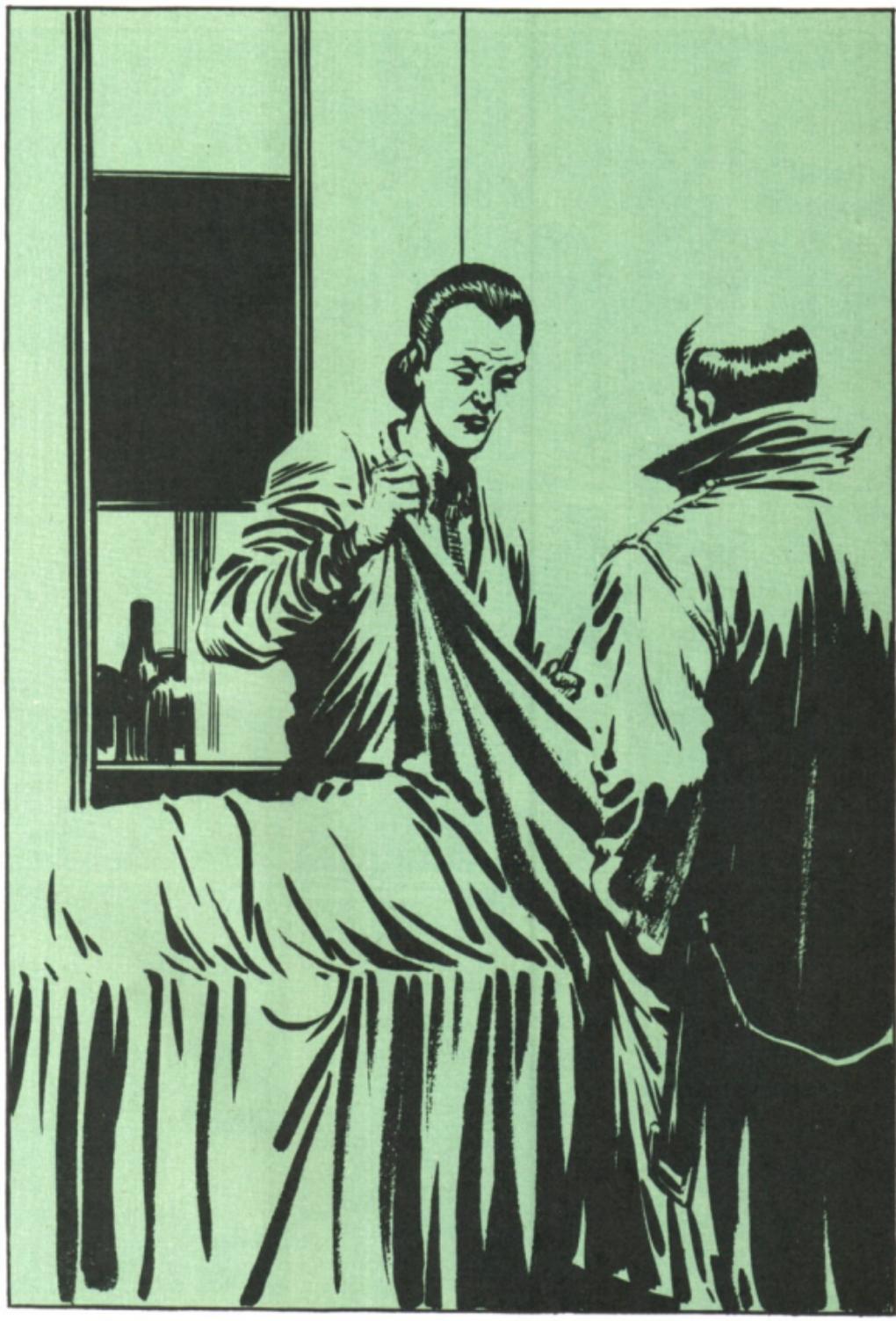
Steve Craddock

AUTOPSY ROOM ▶



AUTOPSY ROOM ➤





THE NOSE, NEW SCOTLAND YARD.
DECEMBER 23RD, 1997

THE WOUND'S BEEN CLEARED
UP A LITTLE, ERIC, BUT YOU
CAN SEE THAT IT HAS A
FAIRLY RAGGED EDGE.

SO YOU'RE RIGHT, IT ISN'T A KNIFE
WOUND. IT LOOKS LIKE SOME-
THING'S BEEN PLUNCHED
THROUGH THE SKIN WITH
INcredible force.



AHH, WELL, THANKS FOR
THE HELP, DELIA. ME AND
THE LAD ARE SITTING
UP WITH THIS CASE
TONIGHT. YOU'VE GIVEN
US SOMETHING ELSE
TO CHEW OVER.

SOUNDS
LIKE YOU'VE ALREADY
BITTEN OFF ENOUGH
TO RUIN YOUR CHRISTMAS.
DON'T DOMINIC TELL ME
THAT YOU WERE GOING TO
CONSULT FATE?

MR. THE LEADER IS
AUTHORIZED AN
EXTENSION LINK FOR
ME. THINGS MUST BE
DESPERATE. HE'S
USUALLY FUNNY
ABOUT OTHER
PEOPLE USING
FATE...

OH, DELIA,
BEFORE I
FORGET...



CAN YOU TELL US ANY-
THING ABOUT THIS? WE
FOUND TWO OF THEM...
ONE IN THE CARRIAGE WHEN HE
GRABBED LEWIS
PROTHERO...

WHY, YES, YES OF
COURSE, I'M KNOCK-
ING OFF IN A
FEW MINUTES,
BLIT...

PERHAPS
I COULD TAKE
IT HOME...



SEE YOU TO-
MORROW THEN,
DELIA. 'BYE.'

THE OTHER IN
THE BISHOP'S
ROOM...

IT'S A
VIOLET CARSON.
I'D HEARD THAT STRAIN
HAD DIED SINCE THE WAR.
THOUGHT A BOTANIST MIGHT
BE ABLE TO SHED SOME
LIGHT ON IT...



ISN'T
IT?

AND AS
FOR ME INVOLVING
YOU, I SEEM TO RE-
MEMBER THAT YOU WERE
THE ONE ANXIOUS TO MAKE
A DEAL.

YOU
WERE THE
ONE WHO...

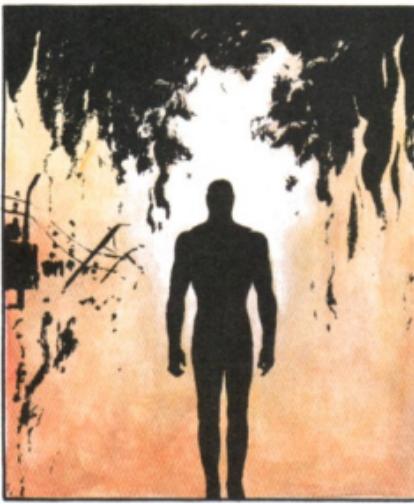
OH
CHRIST, Y...



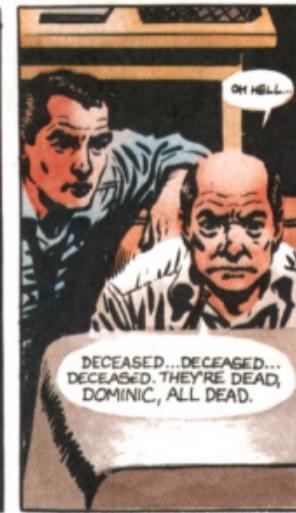
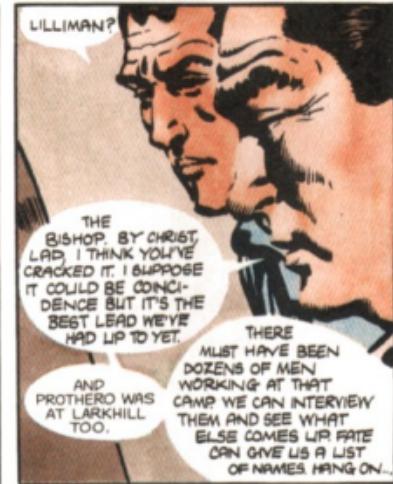
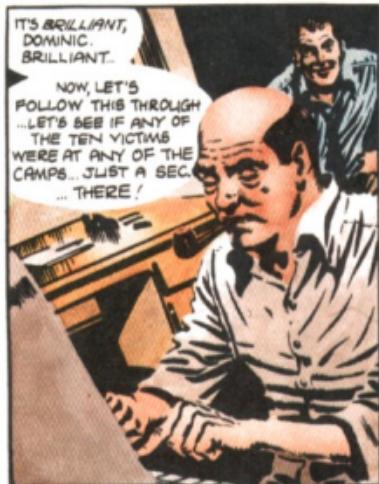
YOU'LL
LEARN,
EVEY.







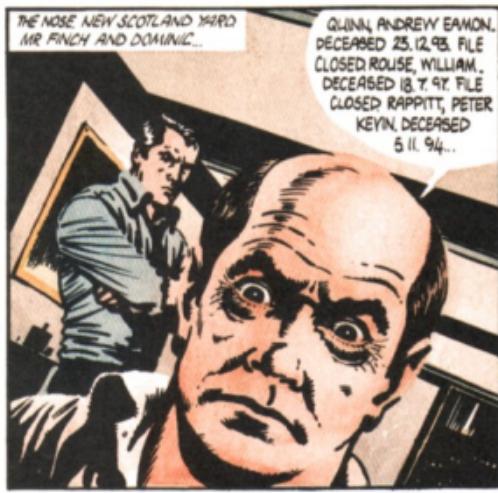


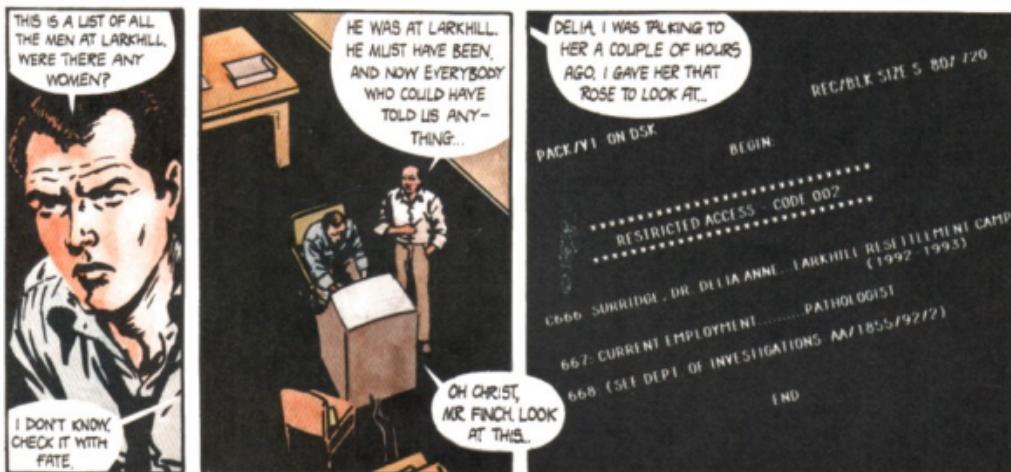






DECEMBER 23rd, 1997 KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
MR AND MRS ALMOND...





NO. I
THOUGHT I WOULD
BE BUT I'M NOT, I'M...
RELIEVED OH GOD, ALL
THESE YEARS, ALL
THIS WAITING...

YOU SEE, I
ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D
COME BACK...

WHEN I SAW YOU THAT
NIGHT... THE NIGHT YOU
ESCAPED, YOU WERE
STANDING AGAINST THE
FLAMES. YOU TURNED
AND YOU LOOKED
STRAIGHT AT ME.

I KNEW THEN THAT
ONE DAY YOU'D COME
LOOKING FOR ME, THAT
YOU'D FIND ME.

WHAT... WHAT WE DID WHAT
I DID AT LARKHILL THAT
TERRIBLE KNOWLEDGE.
IT'S BEEN WITH ME
FOR SO LONG THAT I
COULD DO THINGS
LIKE THAT.

I HEARD OF AN EX-
PERIMENT ONCE, ONE THE
AMERICANS DID. THEY HAD VOLUN-
TEERS WORKING A SHOCK GENERATOR.
THE VOLUNTEERS WERE TOLD THAT IT
WAS WIRED TO A PATIENT IN AN
ADMINISTERING ROOM...

IT WASN'T THERE
WAS ONLY AN ACTOR,
WHOSE VOICE COULD BE
HEARD THROUGH THE INTER-
COM. THE VOLUNTEERS WERE
INSTRUCTED BY A DOCTOR
TO START ADMINISTERING
ELECTRIC SHOCKS.

THEY WERE TOLD
TO GRADUALLY IN-
CREASE THE VOLTAGE.
THE "VICTIM" BEGAN BEG-
GING THEM TO STOP. THEY
WERE TOLD TO INCREASE
IT AGAIN. THIS TIME
THE VICTIM STARTED
SCREAMING.

AFTER A WHILE THE
SCREAMS WERE CHOKED OFF
TO BE REPLACED BY
SILENCE. THE VOLUNTEERS
WERE TOLD TO INCREASE
THE VOLTAGE ONCE
MORE...

NEARLY 80%
OF THOSE TESTED
CARRIED ON ADMINISTER-
ING SHOCKS AFTER THE
"VICTIM" BEGGED THEM TO
STOP. NEARLY 60% CON-
TINUED EVEN AFTER
THEY BELIEVED THAT
THEY'D KILLED HIM.

THEY WERE ORDINARY
PEOPLE, AND THEY WERE
PREPARED TO TORTURE
A STRANGER TO DEATH.
JUST BECAUSE THEY WERE
TOLD TO BY SOMEONE IN
AUTHORITY.

SOME OF
THEM SAID THEY'D
EVEN ENJOINED IT. I
THINK I ENJOINED WHAT
I DID AT THE TIME. PEOPLE
ARE STUPID AND EVIL.
THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG WITH US...

SOME
HIDEOUS
PLAN...

WE
DESERVE TO BE
KILLED.

WE
DESERVE
IT...

KNIGHTSBRIDGE

HELLO? YES,
ALMOND
SPEAKING.

YEAH.

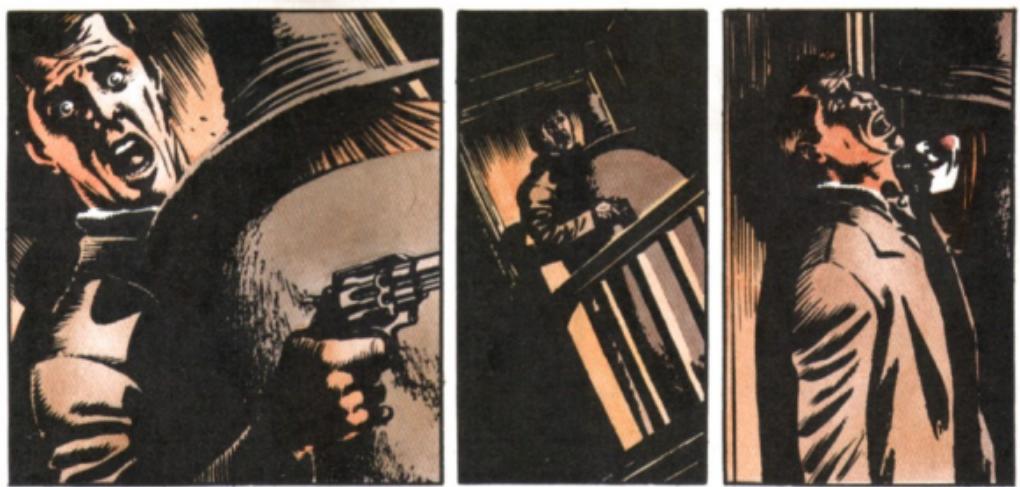
YOU
HAVE? HOW
DID YOU?







BECAUSE
YOU'RE STANDING
OVER THERE WITH
YOUR BLOODY FANCY
KNIVES AND YOUR
BLOODY FANCY
KARATE GIMMICKS...



CHRISTMAS EYE, 1997. 12:04 AM.

MR. FINCH...
ER... SOMEBODY'S
GONE TO TELL
MRS. ALMOND,
AND, UH...



I'LL SEE
HIM DEAD
FOR THIS,
DOMINIC.

SHE WAS A
GOOD WOMAN. SHE
WORKED ALL HOURS
AS A DOCTOR. BEFORE
SHE STARTED IN PATHO-
LOGY SHE CARED ABOUT
PEOPLE.

I'VE SEEN HER
TREATING LITTLE
KIDS WHO...

BY CHRIST,
DOMINIC, I'LL
SEE HIM DEAD
FOR THIS.



WE FOUND THIS
ON THE BUREAU TABLE,
SIR. IT'S DR. BURKHARD'S
DIARY. IT COVERS HER
YEARS AT LARKHILL. IT
MIGHT CONTAIN THE
WHOLE STORY...

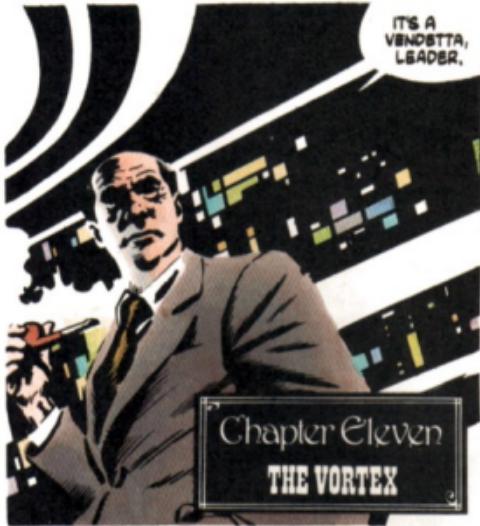
I'M
SICK OF STORIES,
DOMINIC. I'M SICK
OF FACTS AND
DATES AND DEAD
BODIES. I'M
TOO OLD.

I'M
TOO
TIRED.





IT'S A
VENDetta
LEADER.



AT AROUND TEN O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT, CODENAME "IV" ENTERED THE HOME OF PATHOLOGIST DR. DELIA SURRIDGE AND INJECTED HER WITH AN AS-YET-UNIDENTIFIED POISON. DR. SURRIDGE IS DEAD.

BEFORE HE COULD LEAVE THE PREMISES, CODENAME "IV" WAS SURPRISED BY THE ARRIVAL OF MR. ALMOND. MR. ALMOND WAS ARMED WITH A REVOLVER.

APPARENTLY HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO LOAD IT. CODENAME "IV" STRUCK MR. ALMOND WITH AN EDGED IMPLEMENT. PROBABLY A KNIFE.



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 ...



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



"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.



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

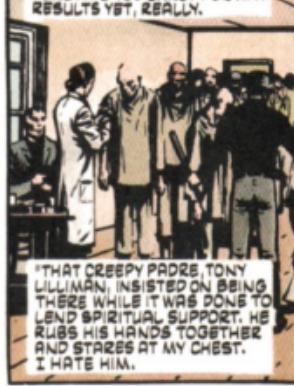
"HORMONE RESEARCH IS ALMOST USELESS WHEN RATS OR RABBITS ARE USED, AND THIS IS A HEAVEN-SENT OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN SOMETHING POSITIVE. I START NEXT WEEK, ALL BEING WELL.



"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.



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

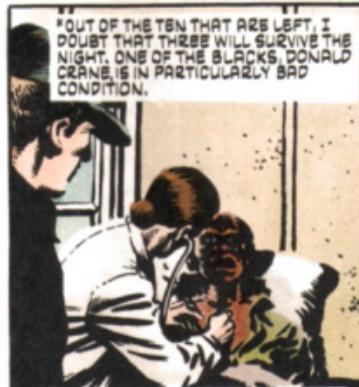


"JUNE THE NINTH.

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



"OUT OF THE TEN THAT ARE LEFT, I DOUBT THAT THESE 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.



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



"BUT HE'S QUITE INSANE. BATCH 5 SEEMS TO HAVE BROUGHT ON SOME KIND OF PSYCHOTIC BREAK-DOWN."

"STRANGELY, HE'S DEVELOPED ONE OF THOSE CURIOUS SIDE EFFECTS WHICH SEEM TO AFFLICT 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."



"HIS 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 CLOSURE ORDER ON THE PROJECT BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE HOW IT DEVELOPS. PROTHERO SAID AS MUCH THIS MORNING. WE'LL SEE."

"JULY 12TH: PRTEL, THE ASIAN 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."



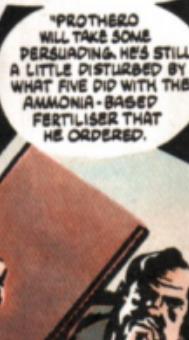
"HE'S SORTED OUT THE WHITEFLY AND IT LOOKS LIKE BEING A GOOD YIELD."

"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 THE AMMONIA-BASED FERTILISER THAT HE ORDERED."

"IT'S ARRANGED IN PILES AROUND HIS CELL. IT MAKES A KIND OF GEOMETRIC SHAPE. HE SITS 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 SWIPE 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 PATTERNS OF SOLVENT AND FERTILISER ON THE FLOOR OF FIVE'S CUBICLE ARE BECOMING SO INTRICATE. I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THIS OBSESSION TO THE END. IT MIGHT BE A NEW SYNDROME."

"I'M SURE THAT IN HIS MIND ALL THIS MAKES PERFECT SENSE. I'M SURE OF IT."

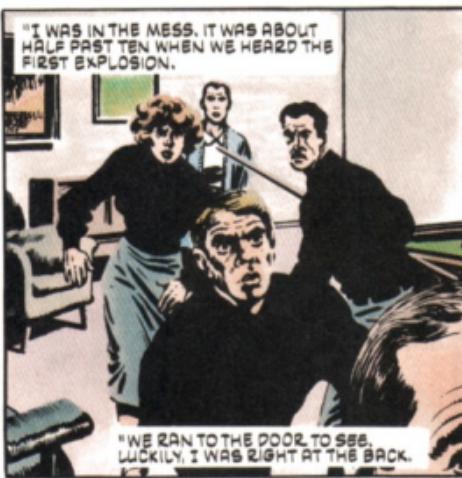
THE NEXT ENTRY I WANT TO READ WAS MADE ON DECEMBER 24TH, 1953, AND IT REFERS TO THE EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS DAY.

IT STARTS WITH THE WORDS "HE LOOKED AT" WHICH ARE CROSSED 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...

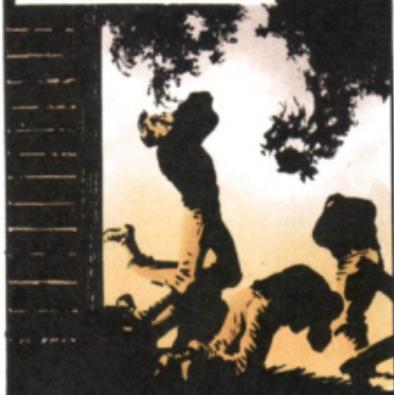
"I WAS IN THE MESS. IT WAS ABOUT HALF PAST TEN WHEN WE HEARD THE FIRST EXPLOSION.

"WE RAN TO THE DOOR TO SEE. LUCKILY, I WAS RIGHT AT THE BACK.



"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.



"MEN SCREAMING. I HATE THAT. I HATE THE SOUND OF MEN SCREAMING."

"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..."



"I COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN... THE AMMONIA, THE GREASE SOLVENT AND ALL THE OTHER STUFF, HE'D BEEN MAKING THINGS WITH THEM."



"...AND NAPALM."



"AND IN THE YARD, I SAW HIM. HE HAD THE FLAMES BEHIND HIM. HE WAS NAKED..."



"HE LOOKED AT ME."



"AS IF I WERE AN INSECT, OH GOD. AS IF I WERE SOMETHING MOUNTED ON A SLIDE."

"HE LOOKED AT ME."

"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.

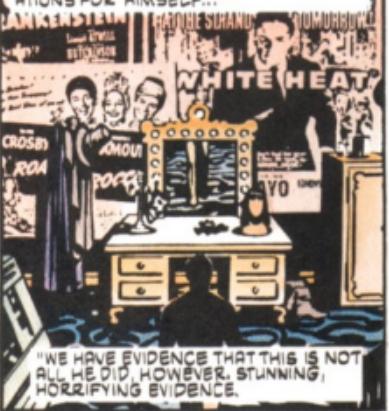


"EXCEPT THAT IT WASN'T, WAS IT? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAN IN ROOM FIVE? WHAT DID HE DO IN THE FOUR YEARS FOLLOWING HIS ESCAPE FROM LARKHILL?"

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



"SOME OF THAT FOUR YEARS WAS PERHAPS SPENT IN LAYING THE ELABORATE GROUND-WORK 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."



"PROTHERO IS NOW INCURABLY INSANE."



"HE VISITED BISHOP LILLIMAN 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 GALLOWS HUMOUR? I DUNNO. PERHAPS YOU CAN'T."

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



"HER, AND EVERYBODY ELSE WHO WORKED AT LARKHILL. HER 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, FUNNILY 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. SURRIDGE WHO DID THAT."



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

"AND FURTHERMORE, IF HIS VENDETTA IS REALLY OVER..."

"WHY DID HE CARE WHETHER WE KNEW OR NOT?"

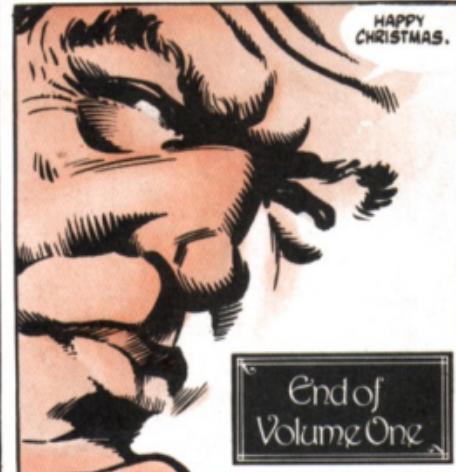
"HE'S PLAYING GAMES WITH US. HE'S PLAYING GAMES THAT ARE JUST AS ELABORATE AS THE DESIGN ON THE FLOOR OF ROOM FIVE, AS ELABORATE, AND AS MAD..."



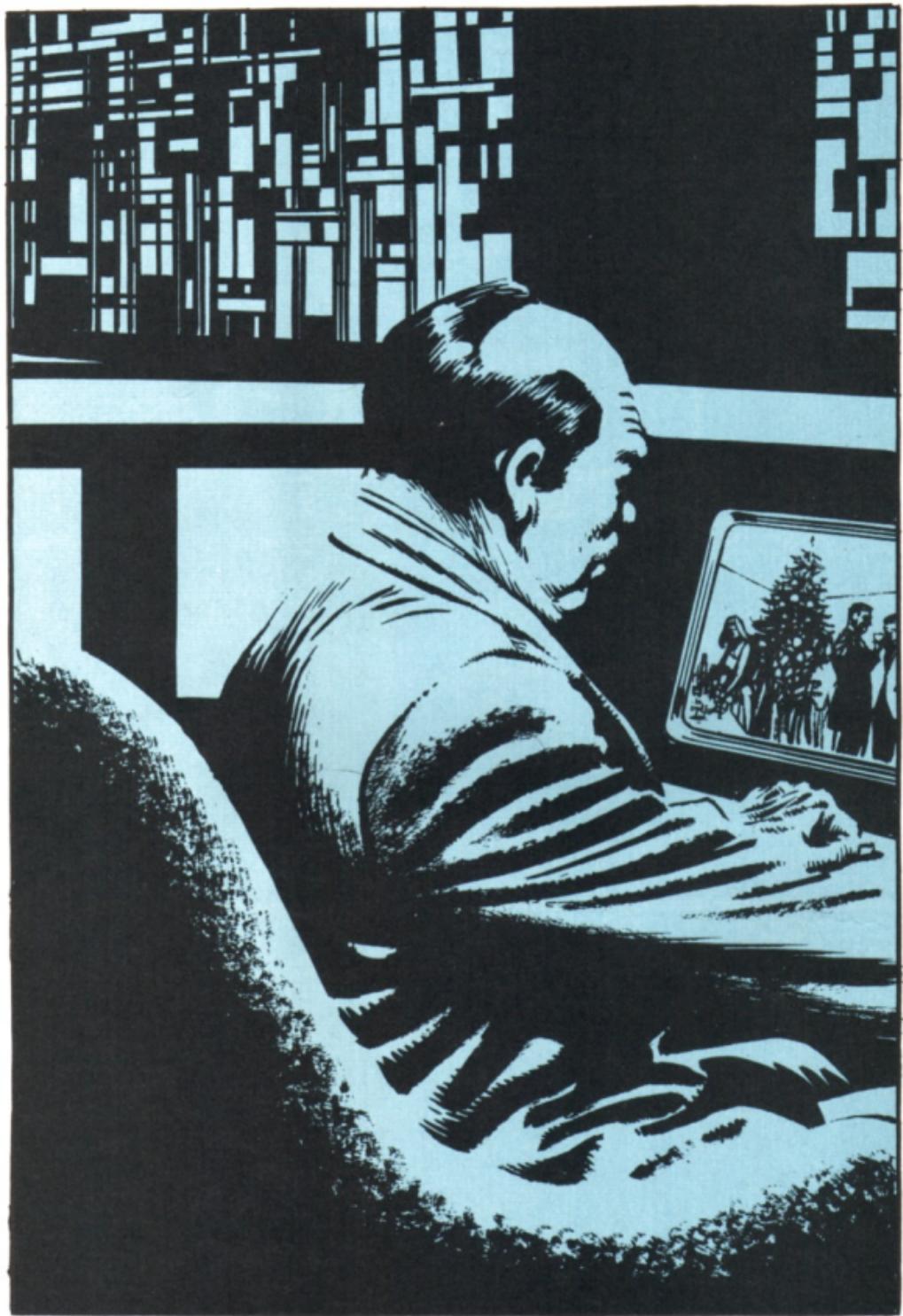
"... AND AS DEADLY."

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

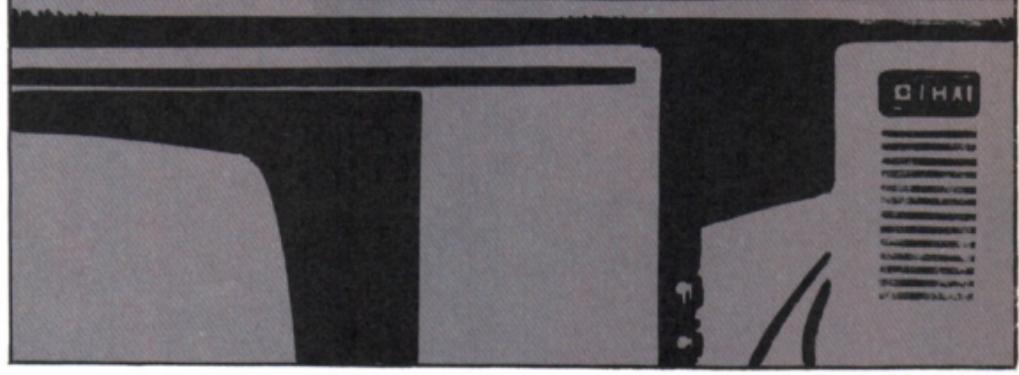
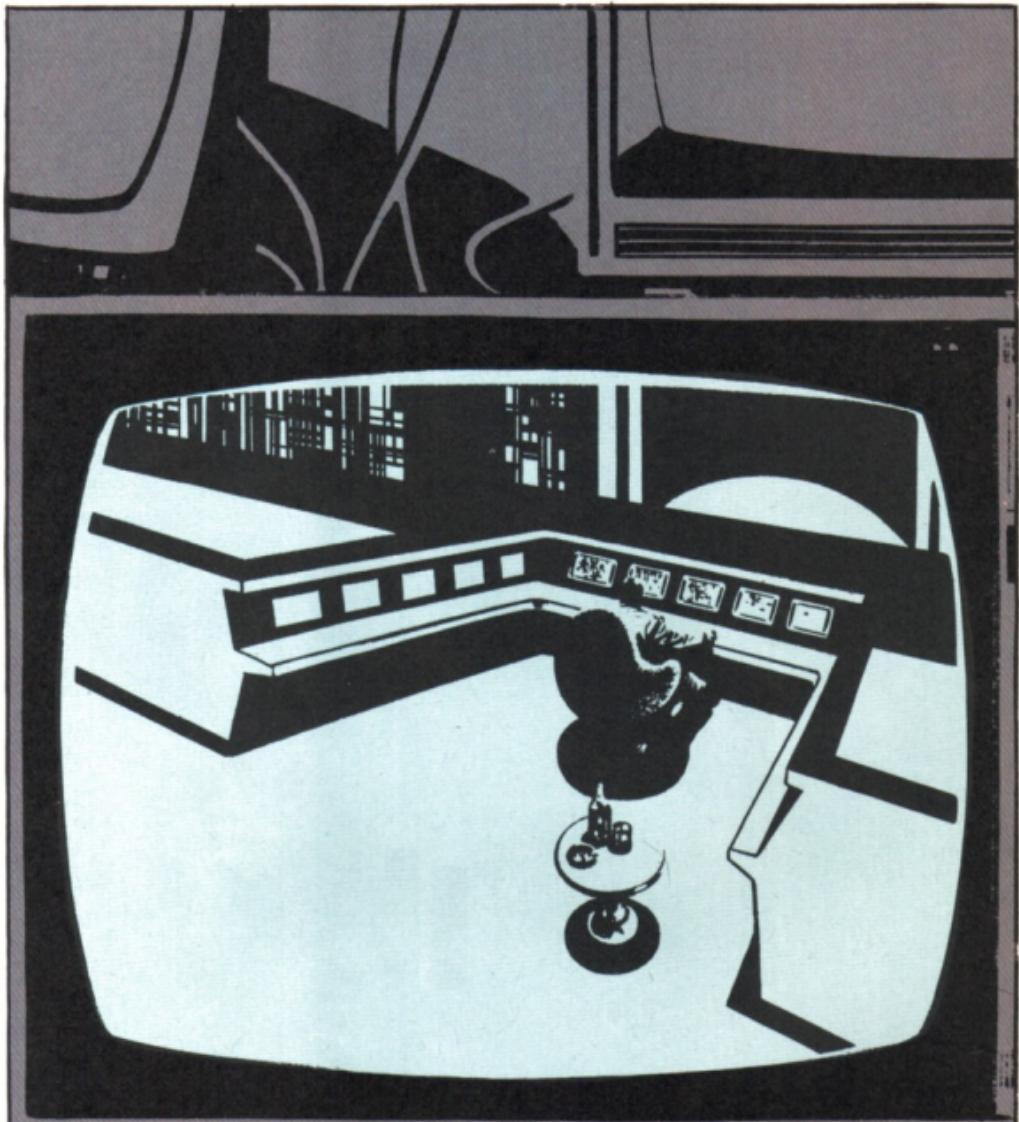
BUT LOOK... FOR ALL WE KNOW, THIS PIARY COULD BE A COMPLETE AND UTTER FAKE. CODENAME "N" COULD HAVE WRITTEN IT HIMSELF.



End of
Volume One







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V FOR VENDETTA

ALAN MOORE
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WITH STEVE WHITAKER AND SIOBHAN DODDS

