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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.

Naiveté 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 Victory*.

Hello the Voice of Fate and *V for Vendetta*.

Alan Moore
Northampton, March 1988



By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

Color artists: David Lloyd
Siobhan Dodd

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Steve Craddock



V FOR VENDETTA



GOOD EVENING, LONDON.
IT'S NINE O'CLOCK AND THIS
IS THE VOICE OF FATE
BROADCASTING ON 275 AND 285
IN THE MEDIUM WAVE... IT IS
THE FIFTH OF THE ELEVENTH
NINETEEN-NINETY-SEVEN.

THE WEATHER WILL BE FINE
UNTIL 12.07 A.M. WHEN A
SHOWER WILL COMMENCE,
LASTING UNTIL 1.30 A.M...

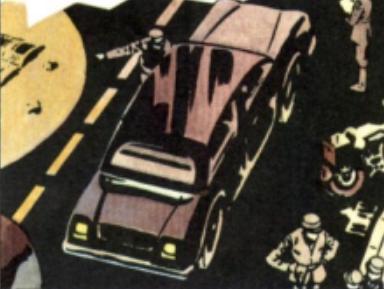
JORDAN POWER

THE TEMPERATURE WILL
VARY BETWEEN 3 AND 4
DEGREES CENTIGRADE
THROUGHOUT
THE NIGHT.

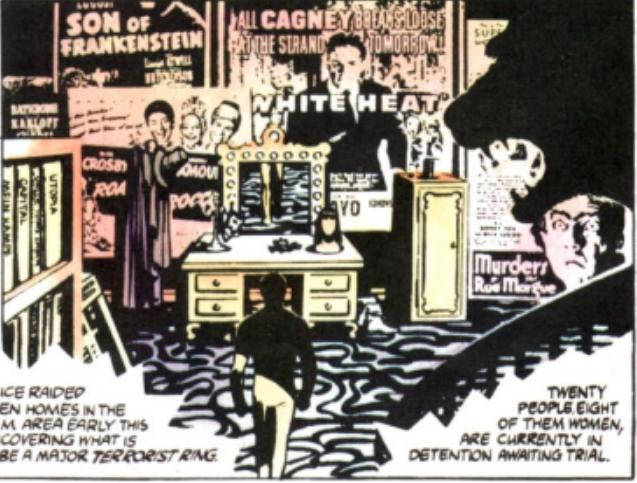
THE PEOPLE OF LONDON ARE
ADVISED THAT THE BRIXTON AND
STREATHAM AREAS ARE QUARANTINE
ZONES AS OF TODAY IT IS SUGGESTED
THAT THESE AREAS BE AVOIDED FOR
REASONS OF HEALTH AND SAFETY.

PRODUCTIVITY REPORTS FROM
HEREFORDSHIRE INDICATE
A POSSIBLE END TO
MEAT RATIONING STARTING
FROM MID-FEBRUARY,
1998...

FOR YOUR
PROTECTION



THIS GOOD NEWS FOLLOWS
SIMILAR ANNOUNCEMENTS
CONCERNING THE IN-
CREASED PRODUC-
TION OF BOTH EGGS
AND POTATOES.



POLICE RAIDED
SEVENTEEN HOMES IN THE
BIRMINGHAM AREA EARLY THIS
MORNING UNCOVERING WHAT IS
BELIEVED TO BE A MAJOR TERRORIST RING.

TWENTY
PEOPLE EIGHT
OF THEM WOMEN,
ARE CURRENTLY IN
DETENTION AWAITING TRIAL.

QUEEN ZARA TODAY APPEARED AT THE OPENING OF A NEW WASTE RECLAMATION PLANT IN PLAISTOW. 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.

MR. KAREL 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 CENSUS 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 Hit From
WARNER BROS

Chapter One THE VILLAIN

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

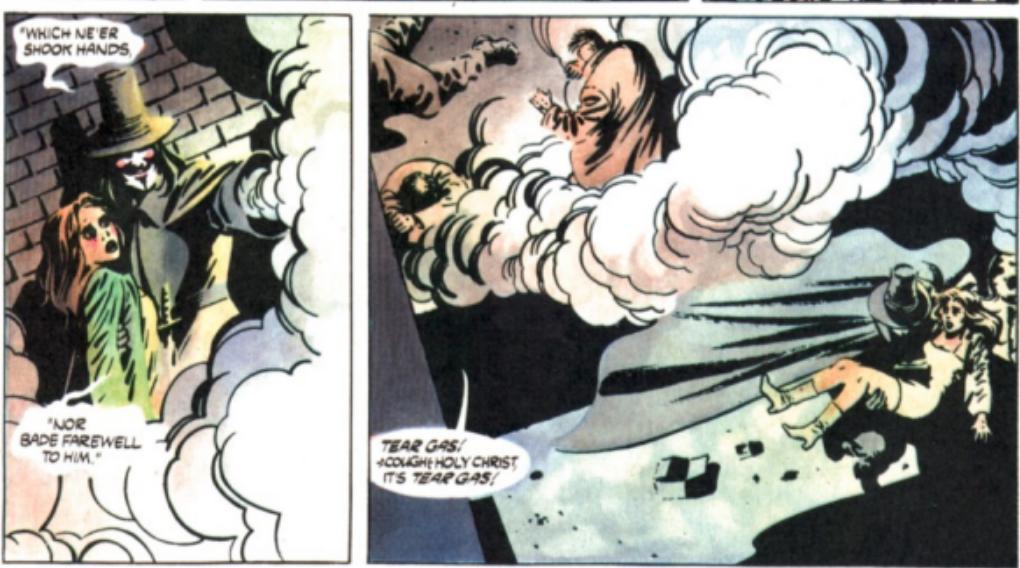
HER TRANSACTIONS, HER DECISIONS, ARE INSIGNIFICANT. THEY AFFECT NO ONE...



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







I GOT HIS ARMS. WHAT
SHALL I DO WITH HIS



"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, THEY'VE
BEEN... DID YOU
DO THAT?

...SHOULD EVER
BE FORGOTTEN."

I DID THAT.

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

DID YOU
REALLY DO
THAT?

I REALLY DID
THAT. NOW HUSH.
THERE'S MORE...

THE RUMBLE OF THE EXPLOSION HAS
NOT YET DIED AWAY AS FROM FAR
BELOW COMES THE RATTLE OF
SMALLER REPORTS.

FIREWORKS! REAL
FIREWORKS!

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 OMEN SCRABLED IN FIRE ON
THE NIGHT

THERE THE OVER-
TURE IS FINISHED.

COME WE MUST
PREPARE FOR THE
FIRST ACT...

ME?!

B-BUT...

...OH
OKAY.

IT IS PRECISELY 2:07 AM
IT BEGINS TO RAIN...





NOVEMBER THE SIXTH, 1972 IT IS SIX-THIRTY IN THE MORNING...

I WILL HEAR YOUR REPORTS NOW, GENTLEMEN.

WE HAVE JUST UNDER THREE MINUTES OF USEABLE FOOTAGE, LEADER. THE LARGE MAJORITY OF OUR 1/4" RECORDERS WERE DAMAGED IN THE EXPLOSION.

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

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

MR. HEYER WILL SPEAK FOR THE EYE.

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

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

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

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. UH, ALMOND AT THE FINGER.

DESPITE ITS SOPHISTICATEDNESS I SHOULD SAY THAT THE DEVICE WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY HOME-MADE, AND THIS ULTRACRIMINAL, 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 FINGERMEN 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 CANNIBILITY WITHIN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



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

FATE DOESN'T THINK
WE SHOULD MENTION
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? IF FATE
REALLY HAD A VOICE IT WOULD
SOUND JUST LIKE THAT. IF ONLY
PEOPLE KNEW WHAT A
GOOD JOB HE'S DOING...

DON'T BE STUPID, DASCOMBE.
THE WHOLE IDEA IS THAT PEOPLE
THINK IT'S AM72 TALKING. IT MAKES
FATE APPEAR MORE HUMAN.
GIVES PEOPLE CONFIDENCE.

HMM...

HE
COLLECTS DOLLS, YOU
KNOW. WOULDN'T THINK IT.
WOULD YOU? 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 PARLIAMENT, I SHOULD
IMAGINE HE WAS VERY
SENSITIVE.

YOU'RE
A DEGENERATE,
DASCOMBE.

"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 HA!

THE SHADOW GALLERY:

LOOK, I DON'T WANT
TO SOUND WINGRAVEFUL,
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 BLINDFOLDING
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 MY-
SELF, YOU KNOW.

IT... IT'S UN-
BELIEVABLE! ALL OF
THESE PAINTINGS
AND BOOKS... I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW THERE
WERE THINGS
LIKE THIS.

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

ALL
THE BOOKS,
ALL THE FILMS...
ALL THE MUSIC.

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

THE SONG IS CALLED "DANCING IN THE
STREETS." IT'S BEING SUNG BY
MARHTA AND THE VANDELLAS,
PERHAPS THE TERM "TAMLA
MOTOWN" IS FAMILIAR TO YOU?

BUT ALL THIS
STUFF ON YOUR DANCE
BOX SOUNDS SO... I
DUNNO... ALIVE? WHAT'S
THIS PLAYING NOW? THE
WOMAN'S VOICE DOESN'T
EVEN SOUND ENGLISH.

IT'S NOT.
AND THE WORD
IS "JAZZ-BOX"
WITH A "J"!

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 UHURU...

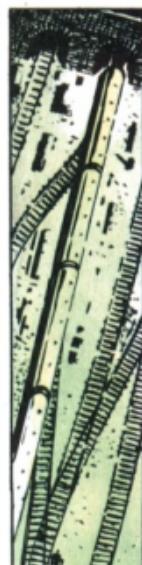
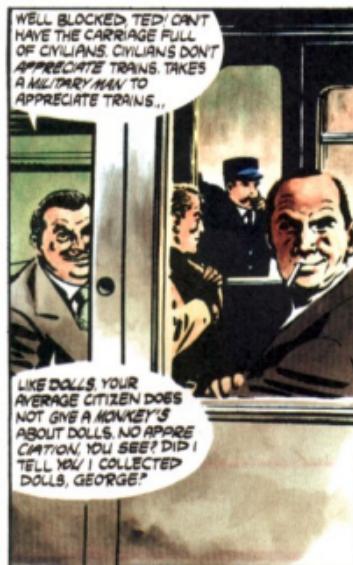
WELL HAVE TO SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT...



SORRY, THIS COMPARTMENT IS FULL.



FULL... YES, OF COURSE. FULL.



LIKE DOLLS. YOUR AVERAGE CITIZEN DOES NOT GIVE A MONKEY'S ABOUT DOLLS. NO APPRECIATION, YOU SEE? DID I TELL YOU I COLLECTED DOLLS, GEORGE?



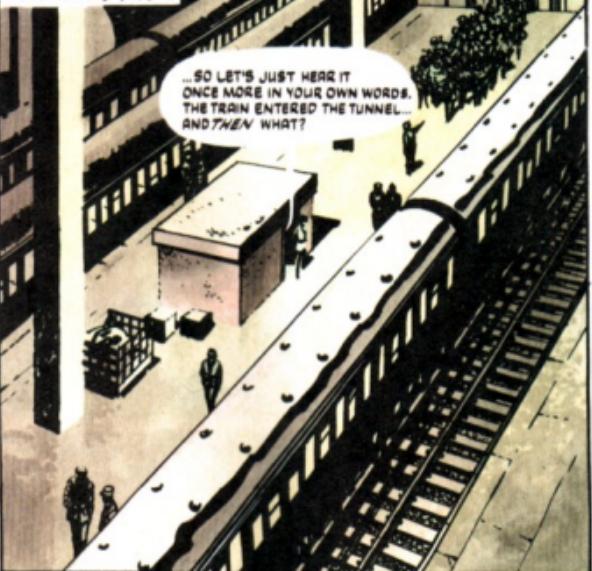




NOVEMBER 6TH 1997...

SO LET'S JUST HEAR 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 PROPER
FACE. SEE I AN' IT WAS
SMILING.

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

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



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



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

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



ME NEITHER, MR.FINCH.
WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE
UP AGAINST THERE WHO
IS 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 SCARES ME.

AHH, 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.

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 NASTY
SUSPICION THAT WHO-
EVER DID THAT DID IT
WITH THEIR FINGERS.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE
OF THIS, MR.FINCH?

DAMNED IF I KNOW. GET
A PHOTOGRAPH OF IT, AND
LET ME HAVE SOME PRINT
SCRAPINGS FOR ANA-
LYSIS...

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

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

... IN FACT, I DON'T THINK
IT'S GOING TOO FAR 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.

Chapter Three VICTIMS

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

FATE WILL
WANT A COPY.
REMEMBER...



HELLO.
WHAT'S
THIS?



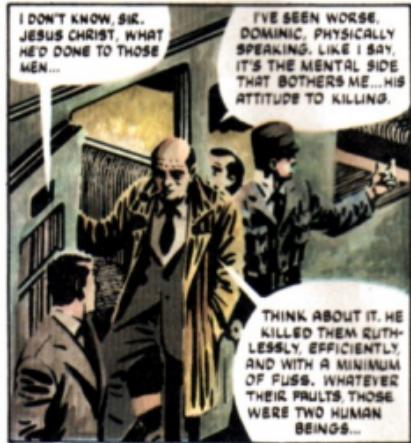
A ROSE, A "VIOLET
CARSON" ROSE, FUNNY...
I THOUGHT THEY'D BEEN
EXTINCT SINCE THE
WAR...



AND UNLESS WE FIND
A BODY IN THE NEXT
COUPLE OF HOURS,
IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S
GOT LEWIS PRO-
THEO AS WELL.

BLOWING UP THE
HOUSES OF
PARLIAMENT,
KIDNAPPING OUR
TOP BROAD-
CASTER...

DO YOU THINK
HE'S TRYING
TO TELL US
SOMETHING?



I DON'T KNOW, SIR.
JESUS CHRIST, WHAT
HE'D DONE TO THOSE
MEN...

I'VE SEEN WORSE.
DOMINIC, PHYSICALLY
SPEAKING, LIKE I SAY,
IT'S THE MENTAL SIDE
THAT BOTHERS ME... HIS
ATTITUDE TO KILLING.

THINK ABOUT IT. HE
KILLED THEM RUTH-
LESSLY, EFFICIENTLY,
AND WITH A MINIMUM
OF PUSS. WHATEVER
THEIR FAULTS, THOSE
WERE TWO HUMAN
BEINGS...

...AND HE
SLAUGHTERED
THEM LIKE
CATTLE!



THE SHADOW GALLERY...





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 FAN-
TASTIC PLACE, AND IT'S SO
BEAUTIFUL AND IT MAKES
ME FEEL SO SAFE AND... AND...

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



MY NAME IS
EVEY... EVEY
HAMMOND.

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



EVERYBODY HAS THEIR
STORY TO TELL. EVEN
EVEY HAMMOND. I SHOULD
VERY MUCH LIKE TO HEAR
EVEY HAMMOND'S STORY.

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



Y-YES. IN SEPTEMBER. WE
USED TO LIVE ON SHOOTER'S
HILL IN SOUTH LONDON. IT WAS
NICE THERE. I- I'VE GOT A PHOTO-
GRAPH IF YOU WANT TO SEE...



THIS WAS DURING
THE RECESSION
OF THE EIGHTIES?

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

"YEAH... 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, EVEY. 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 POLAND AND THE ALBEMARLE. 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 MISSILES THAT WERE STATIONED OVER HERE."

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

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

"BUT BRITAIN DIDN'T GET BOMBED. NOT THAT IT MADE MUCH DIFFERENCE. ALL THE BOMBS AND THINGS HAD DONE SOMETHING TO THE WEATHER. SOMETHING BAD."

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

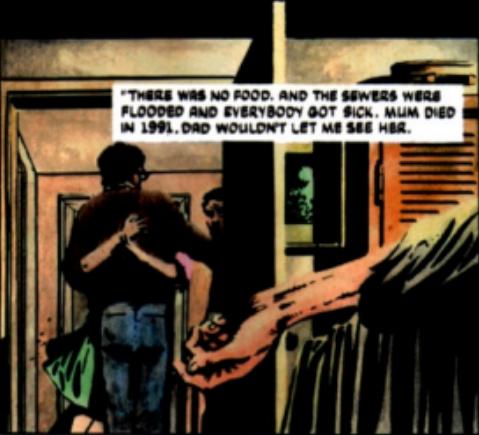
"THE SKY WAS ALL YELLOW AND BLACK. I'VE NEVER SEEN A SKY LIKE IT. DAD SAID LONDON WAS FINISHED. HE WANTED TO TAKE MUM AND ME TO THE COUNTRY."

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

"THE WEATHER HAD DESTROYED ALL THE CROPS. SEED 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 1993. DAD WOULDN'T LET ME SEE HER."



"THERE WERE ARDOS, 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..."

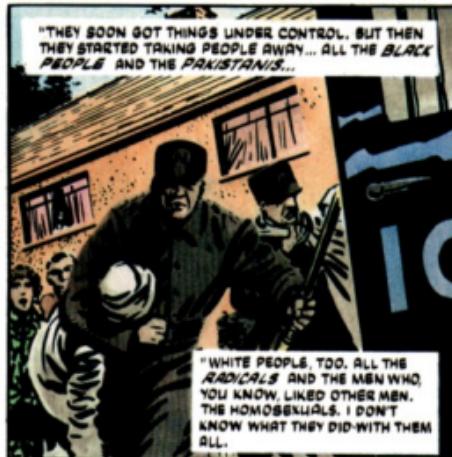


"IT WAS ALL THE FASCIST GROUPS, THE RIGHT-WINGERS. THEY'D ALL GOT TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE BIG CORPORATIONS THAT HAD SURVIVED. 'MOSSEFIRE' THEY CALLED THEMSELVES."



"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 PAKISTANIS..."



"WHITE PEOPLE, TOO. ALL THE RADICALS 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 CAME FOR HIM ONE SEPTEMBER MORNING IN 1993..."



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

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



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

"...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 PIMPERS. THEY WERE GOING... THEY WERE GOING TO..."

"THEY WERE GOING TO RUH... RUH... RUH..."



HUSH, CHILD, HUSH. IT'S OVER, NOW.
YOU'RE SAFE. THE PAST CAN'T HURT
YOU ANYMORE. NOT UNLESS YOU
LET IT.

ENDLESS
TROUBLE...

BLOOD
STS...
4!

THEY MADE YOU INTO
A VICTIM, EVEY. THEY
MADE YOU INTO A STAT-
ISTIC. BUT THAT'S NOT
THE REAL YOU. THAT'S
NOT WHO YOU ARE
INSIDE.

T-BRO
JUNKEY
A. Gossman
A. Gossman

JUST TRUST ME, EVEY, AND
WE CAN WIPE IT ALL AWAY.
ALL THE PAIN, ALL THE
CRUELTY, ALL THE RE-
VENGEANCE. WE CAN
START AGAIN.



HIS NIGHTMARE IS ONLY
JUST BEGINNING!





NOVEMBER THE SEVENTH, 1997
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.

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

THINK HE'S
OUT FOR
BLOOD.

WE CAN'T
ASSUME THAT HE WILL
EVENTUALLY ISSUE A SET
OF DEMANDS OR ASK
FOR THE USUAL
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'S ABSOLUT-
ED OUR TOP BROADCASTER
IF PROTHERO IS UNABLE
TO MAKE HIS "VOICE OF FATE"
BROADCASTS AS SCHED-
ULED, OUR CRED-
IBILITY WILL SUFFER.

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

COULDN'T 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 CHANGE
IN THE VOICE AND IT JUST
WON'T BE THE SAME.

I SEE. FROM A PROPA-
GANDA ANGLE WE'VE
BEEN PUT IN A BIT OF
A SPOT, HAVEN'T
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
EYEB HAMMOND:



V...

HMM?

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



I'M A FUNNY
PERSON, EYEB.
YOU'LL FIND THAT OUT
WHEN YOU'VE KNOWN
ME LONGER. A VERY
FUNNY PERSON
INDEED.

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



LAUGH AND BE MAD
WILSON KEPPEL
BEAT THE TIDE
MORECAMBE AND
WISE BALLOON
TRIO BOB
WHAT
ARE YOU GOING TO
DO, Y? THE WORLD IS
SO BIG AND HORRIBLE
AND THERE'S JUST
YOU... AND ME, I SUPPOSE.



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



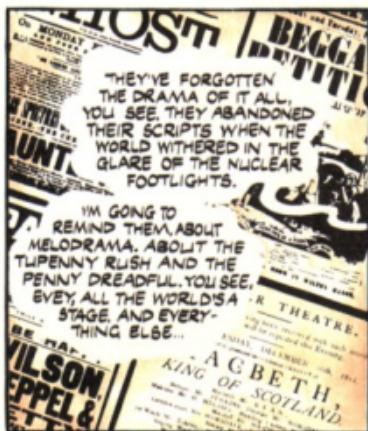
...IS
VAUDEVILLE



IT'S EVERYTHING.

EYEB. THE PERFECT
ENTRANCE, THE
GRAND ILLUSION.

...AND
I'M GOING TO
BRING THE
HOUSE DOWN.



THEY'VE FORGOTTEN
THE DRAMA OF IT ALL,
YOU SEE. THEY ABANDONED
THEIR SCRIPTS WHEN THE
WORLD WITHERED IN THE
GLARE OF THE NUCLEAR
FOOTLIGHTS.

I'M GOING TO
REMNIND THEM ABOUT
MELODRAMA. ABOUT THE
TUPPENNY RUSH AND THE
PENNY DREADFUL. YOU SEE,
EYEB, ALL THE WORLD'S A
STAGE, AND EVERY
THING ELSE...



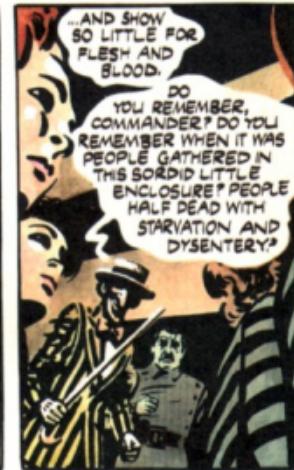
THE SHADOW GALLERY.
LEWIS FROTHORPE!



HELLO?
I SAY, IS THERE
ANYBODY
THERE?

Chapter Four
VAUDEVILLE





ROOM FIVE

Y
O

ROOM FIVE? BUT
THAT WAS WHERE
THEY KEPT... WHERE
THEY KEPT...

OH,
NO, THAT WAS YOU,
WASN'T IT? YOU'RE...
YOU'RE THE
MAN...

YOU'RE
THE MAN FROM
ROOM FIVE.

THAT'S
RIGHT.

I REMEMBER YOU
USED TO CALL OUT TO
US SOMETIME. 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?

I
REMEMBER WHAT
A GOOD VOICE YOU
HAD, I IMAGINE THAT'S
WHY THEY PICKED YOU
TO DO THE RADI
BROADCASTS.

AND THEN,
OF COURSE, THERE WAS
THAT OTHER LITTLE
JOB YOU USED TO DO.

THE OVENS,
COMMANDER.
YOU USED TO
WORK THE
OVENS.

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

PLEASE.
I'M BEGGING
YOU.
PLEASE.

MA-MA-
MA-MA-
MA-MA-

NOT
MY
DOLLS!

IGNITE

MA-MA-
MA-MA-
MA-MA-





