

Vol. IV
of X

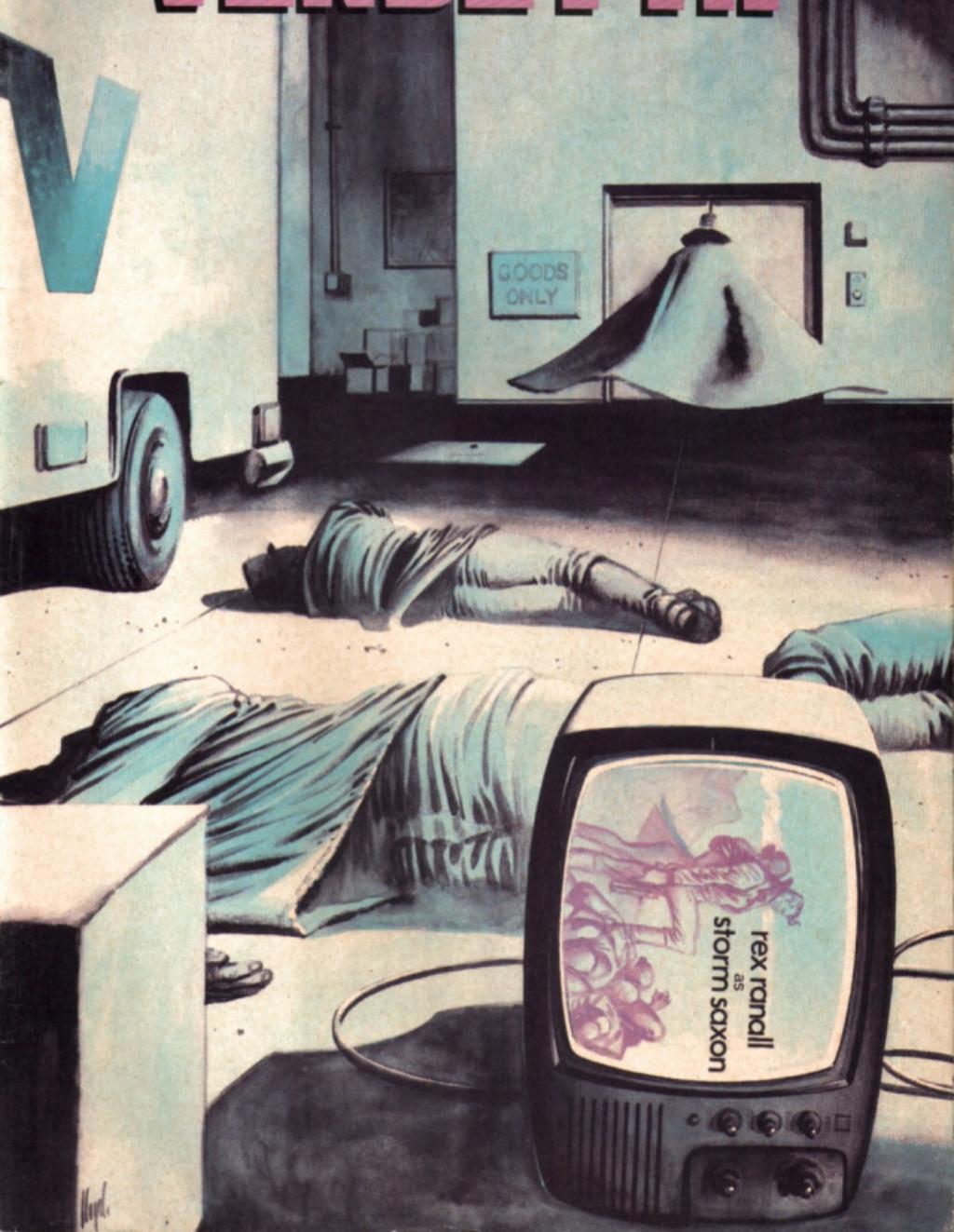
DEC 88
\$2.00 US
\$2.95 CAN

V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



Suggested
For Mature
Readers



V FOR VENDETTA™

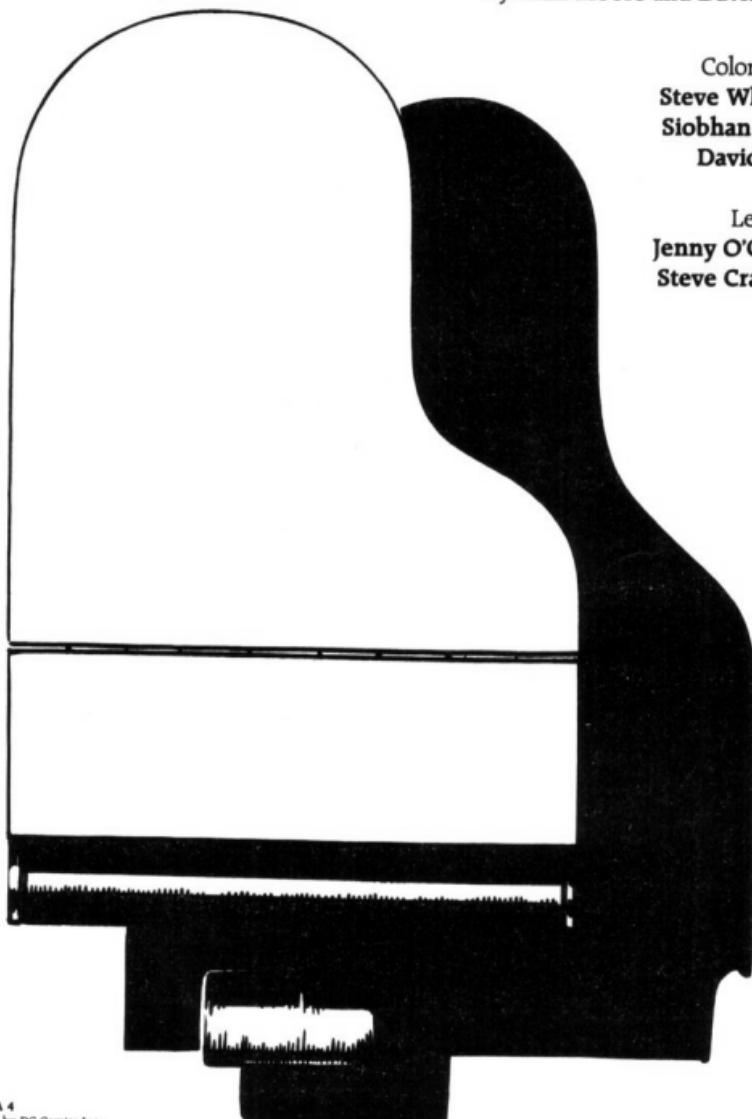
By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

Color artists:

Steve Whitaker
Siobhan Dodds
David Lloyd

Lettering:

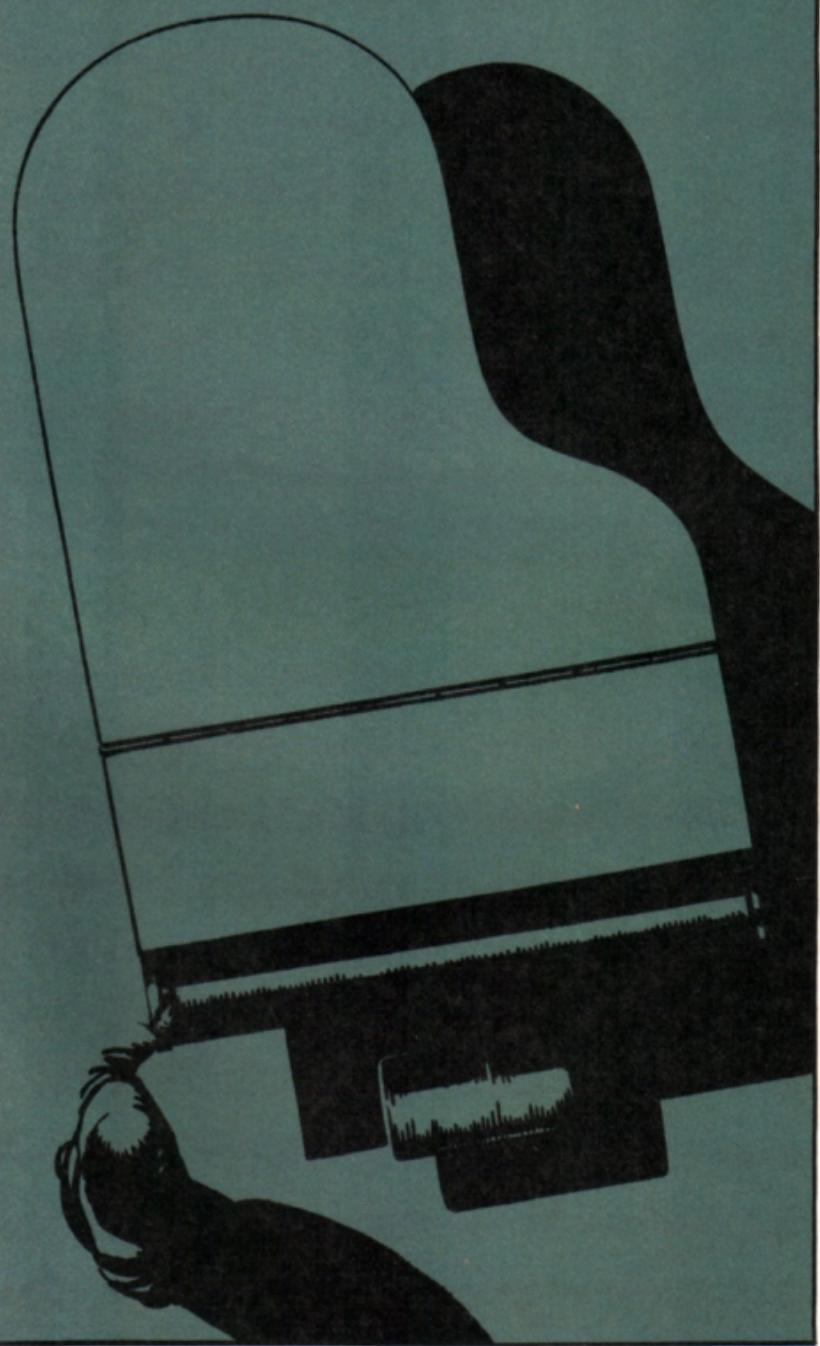
Jenny O'Connor
Steve Craddock



V FOR VENDETTA 4

Published monthly by DC Comics Inc.
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103
© 1988 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved.
The stories, characters and incidents
mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional.
All characters featured in this issue
and the distinctive likenesses thereof
are trademarks of DC Comics Inc.
Printed in Canada.

V FOR VENDETTA, Book 2.
Prelude, Chapters 1, 2 & 3 first published 1983
in the United Kingdom by
Quality Communications Limited.
DC Comics Inc.
A Warner Communications Company.







THEY SAY THAT THERE'S
A BROKEN LIGHT FOR
EVERY HEART ON
BROADWAY.

THEY
SAY THAT LIFE IS
A GAME AND THEN
THEY TAKE THE
BOARDWAY

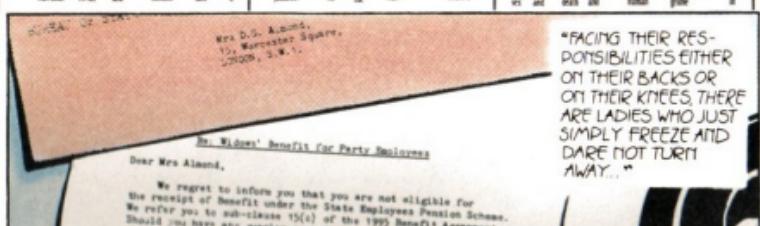
THEY
GIVE YOU MASKS
AND COSTUMES
AND AN OUTLINE
OF THE STORY.



Then say that there's a broken light for every heart on Broadway. Then say that life is a game and then they take the Boardway.



HORNS CALMLY SING IN THE KITTIES
THERE ARE WARRANTS, FORMS AND CHITTIES AND JACKBOOTS ON THE STAIR.



Notes: *Ballet who just simply freeze and dance and let's go*
And the waltzes who re-face to cry will be dressed in pier and how he and he

"AND THE WIDOWS WHO REFUSE TO CRY WILL BE DRESSED IN GARTER AND BOW-TIE AND BE TAUGHT TO KICK THEIR LEGS UP HIGH IN THIS VICIOUS CABARET."

"AT LAST THE 1998 SHOW! THE BALLET ON THE BURNING STAGE! THE DOCUMENTARY SEEN UPON THE FRACTURED SCREEN."

Notes: *taught to kick their legs up high in the waltzes*
let the screen mostly right
the Juliet in the burning stage
the documentary seen up

"THE DREADFUL POEM SCRABELED UPON THE CRUMPLED PAGE!"

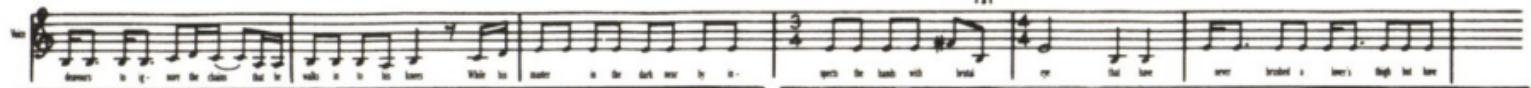
"THERE'S A POLICEMAN WITH AN HONEST SOUL THAT HAS SEEN WHOSE HEAD IS ON THE POLE AND HE GRUNTS AND FILLS HIS BRIAR BOWL WITH A FEELING OF DISEASE"

Notes: *in the fractured screen the dreadful poem scrawled upon the crumpled page*
Then a policeman with an honest soul who

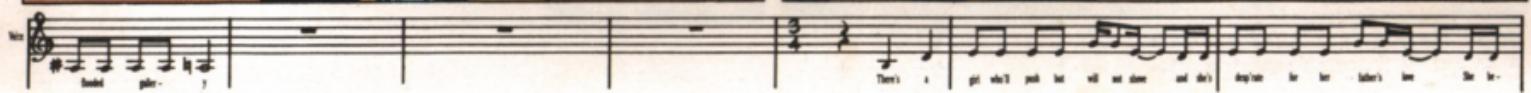
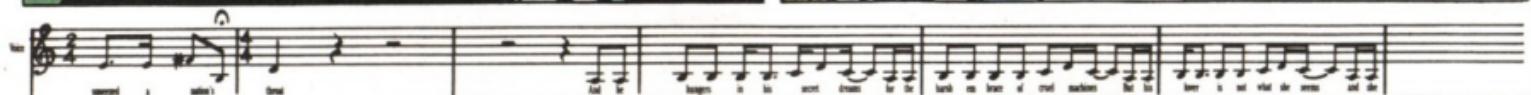
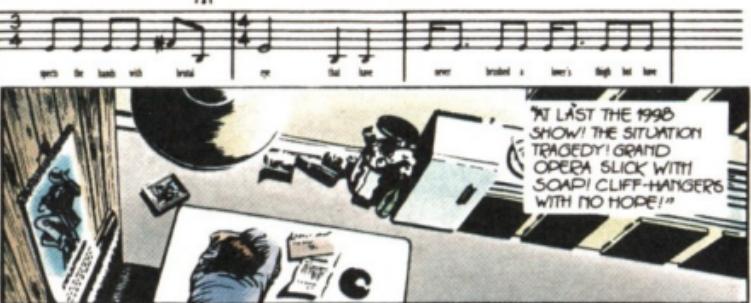
"THEN HE BRISKLY FRISKES THE TORN REMAINS FOR A FINGERPRINT OR CRIMSON STAINS AND ENDEAVOURS TO IGNORE THE CHAINS THAT HE WALKS IN TO HIS KNEES"

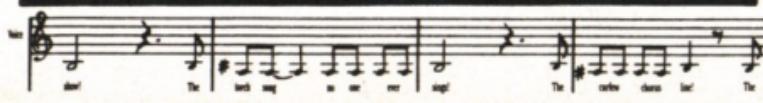
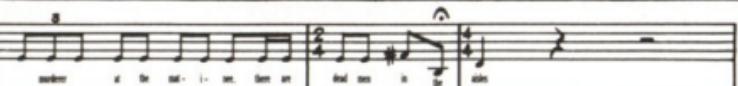
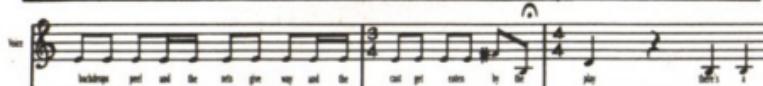
"WHILE HIS MASTER IN THE DARK NEARBY INSPECTS THE HANDS WITH BRUTAL EYE THAT HAVE NEVER BRUSHED A LOVER'S THIGH BUT HAVE SQUEEZED A NATION'S THROAT."

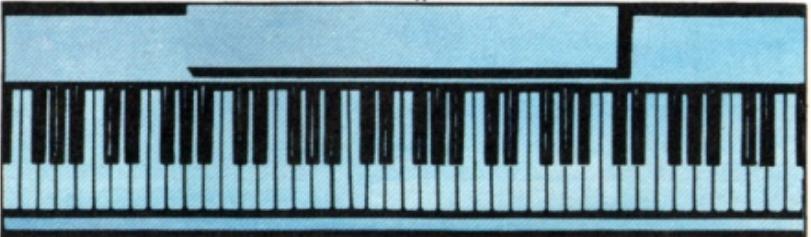
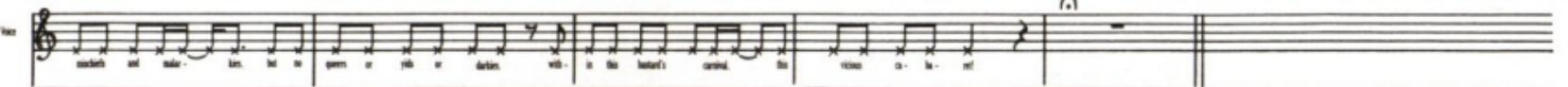
Notes: *in the dark nearby inspects the hands with a brutal eye that have never brushed a lover's thigh but have squeezed a nation's throat*



"AND HE HUNGRERS IN HIS SECRET DREAMS FOR THE HARSH EMBRACE OF CRUEL MACHINES BUT HIS LOVER IS NOT WHAT SHE SEEMS AND SHE WILL NOT LEAVE A NOTE."





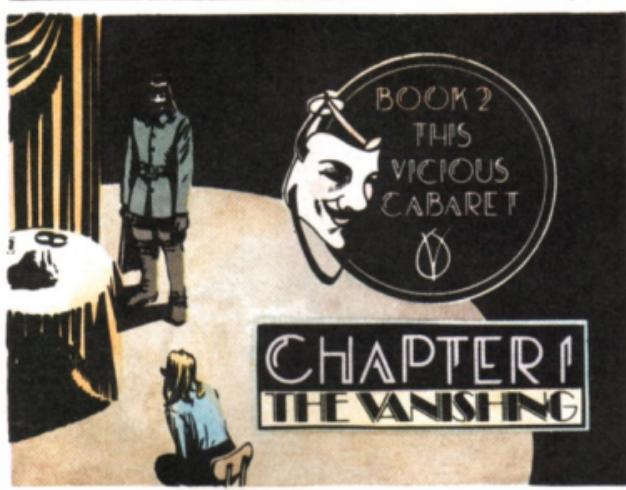


END OF
PRELUDE



JANUARY 5TH, 1998. THE SHADOW GALLERY...





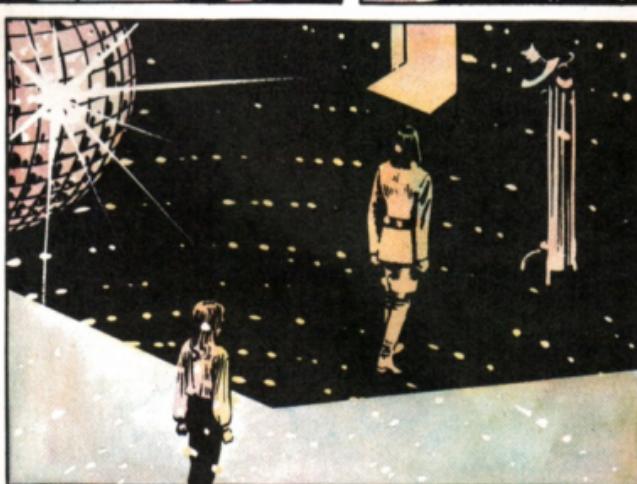
YOU'VE NEVER...
I MEAN SINCE
I'VE BEEN HERE
YOU HAVEN'T...

WELL, WHAT I MEAN IS,
IT'S NOT IM PORTANT, BUT,
WELL, I JUST SORT OF
THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT BE
THAT YOU, LIH...

DON'T
FANCY
ME.

AT
ALL.

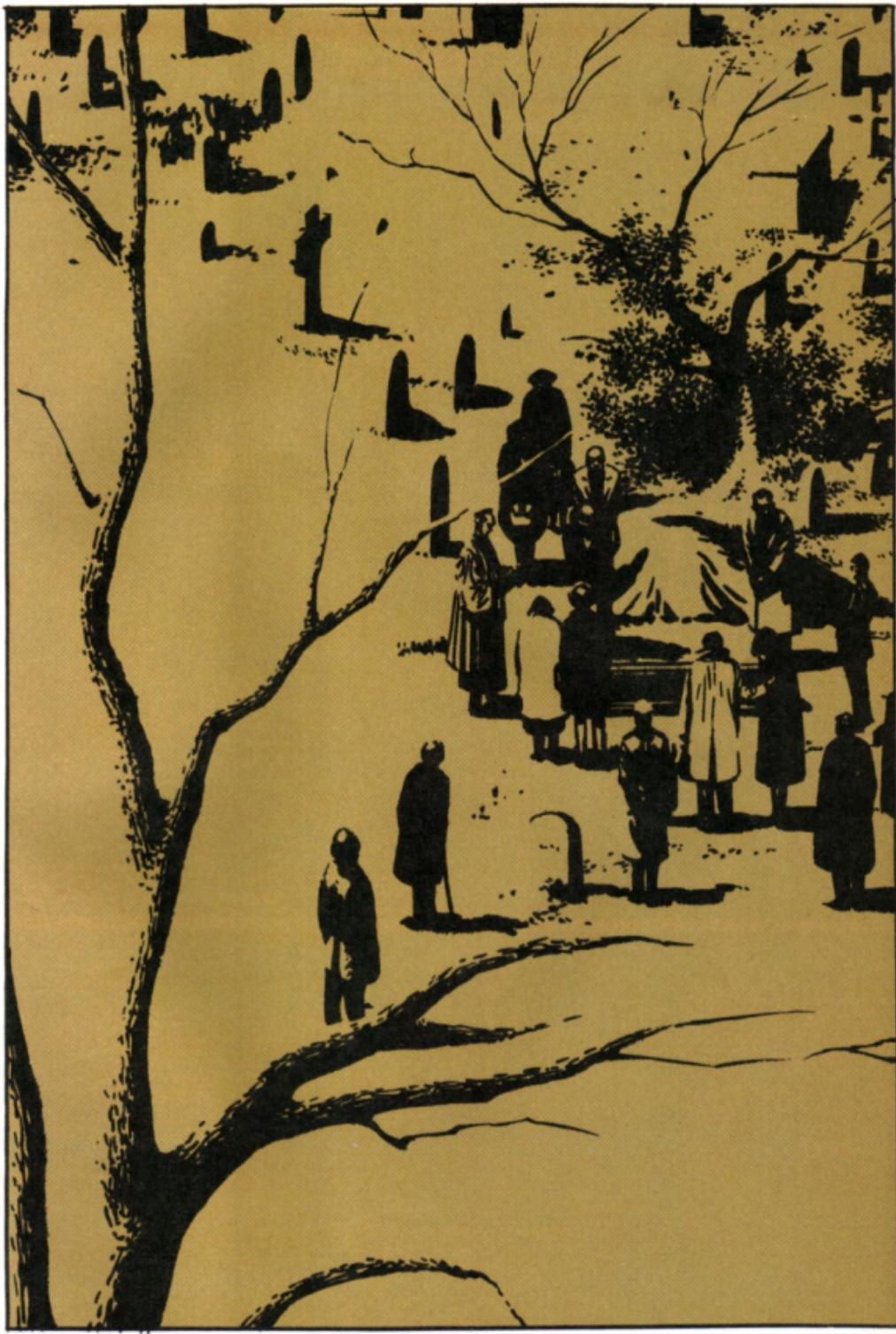












YOU'VE GONE, DEREK.
I NEVER LIKED YOU.
I WAS AFRAID OF YOU.
I LOVED YOU.

YOU'VE GONE BEYOND THE
VEL...

ME TOO.

CHAPTER 2

THE VELL

THEY WERE ALL THERE, AT THE
FUNERAL. THEY DIDN'T LIKE
YOU EITHER, DID THEY? I
NEVER REALISED THAT BEFORE.

HELEN HAYER BARELY SPOKE
TO ME. SHE LOOKED AFRAID,
AS IF BEREAVEMENT WAS
CATCHING.

ROGER DASCOMBE
WAS THERE. HE
ASKED HOW I WAS
COPING WITH THE
BILLS.

WHEN I LEFT HE SHOOK
MY HAND AND TOLD
ME TO RING HIM IF I
NEEDED ANYTHING.

HE WAS VERY FRIENDLY
TOWARDS ME.

SMILED, JUST BRIEFLY,
AS HE SAID IT.

HELD MY HAND TOO
LONG.

IT WAS AN OFFER, DEREK, AND
YES, HE MAKES ME SICK, AND
YES, I HATE HIM...

AND I'M ALONE.

...BUT WHEN YOU'RE A WIDOW, THE
WORLD LOOKS DIFFERENT. YOU STEP
THROUGH A CURTAIN AND YOU'RE IN
A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE TREAT YOU
DIFFERENTLY, A BLEAK PLACE. YOU'RE
GONE, DEREK...



...AND DEREK, WHERE I AM, IT'S COLD AND IT'S DARK AND IT'S FRIGHTENING.



AND THIS WORLD IS SO DANGEROUS.



YOU'RE NAKED IN THE RAIN. EVERYTHING'S BEEN TAKEN AWAY... ALL THE SECURITY AND THE WARMTH AND THE SHELTER...



...AND YOU'LL TRY ANY REFUGE.



ANY REFUGE AT ALL.



YOU SEE, YOU'RE LOST. ALL THE WORLD YOU UNDERSTOOD HAS GONE AND EVERYWHERE LOOKS SINISTER AND DIFFERENT.



...AND THEN YOU MAKE CONTACT. CONTACT OF A SORT.

YOU'RE PLUMBLING IN THE DARK...

...AND IT MIGHT NOT BE PLEASANT, AND YOU MIGHT BE REPULSED AND DRAW BACK FROM IT, NO, NOT THAT, ANYTHING BUT THAT...

...BUT REALLY, WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GO? WHAT OTHER CHOICES DO YOU HAVE?



EXCEPT CARRYING ON, DOWN INTO THE DARK.

ALONE.

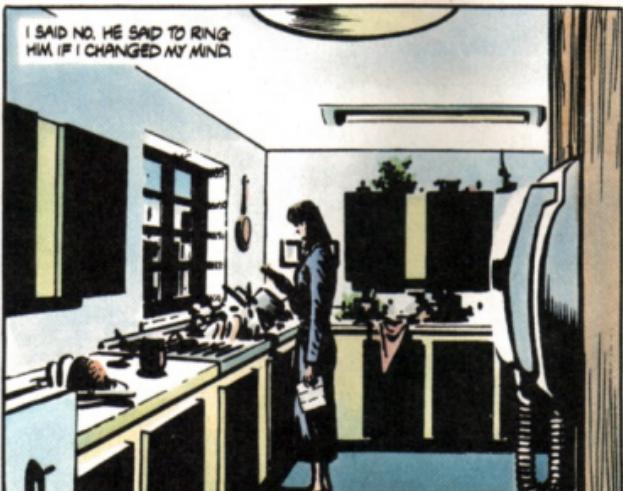


COMPLETELY AND LITTERLY ALONE.



DASCOMBE RANG EARLIER. HE SUGGESTED A MEAL AND A DRINK, TO CHEER ME UP.

I SAID NO. HE SAID TO RING HIM IF I CHANGED MY MIND.



THEY WON'T GIVE ME
STATE SUPPORT,
DEREK. AND I CAN'T
GET A JOB. NO
EXPERIENCE, YOU
SEE. I HAD A HOME
TO LOOK AFTER...



THERE'S THE MORTGAGE,
AND THE ELECTRICITY,
AND THE PHONE.

I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU, DEREK, ABOUT
HAVING SEX AND NOT HAVING SEX
AND THE FIGHTING AND THE DRINK
AND I REALLY DID LOVE YOU.



YOU WERE MY LIFELINE. I WAS STUCK AT HOME
YOU CONNECTED ME TO THE WORLD, AND
I'M STILL CLUTCHING AT YOU, EVEN THOUGH
YOU'RE BROKEN AND I'M ADRIFT...

AND THE SAME PICTURES
PLAY OVER AND OVER.



AND I'M IN THE BACK
ROW, WATCHING THEM...

...IN THE GRUBBY BROKEN CINEMA
OF MEMORY.



I'LL GO BACK INTO THE CORNERS
OF THE PAST, EVEN THE
SHADOWY, SORDID CORNERS...



JUST BECAUSE YOU
WERE THERE THEN.

I'M TRYING TO HANG ON. HANG ON
TO SOMETHING EVEN THOUGH I
KNOW IT'S GONE. EVEN THOUGH
I KNOW YOU AREN'T THERE
ANYMORE.



YOLL

Awards
Nomination
Best Film
1986

the
salt
flats

it's about
letting
go...

ERIE PAGE
MOTTO
AW

THE LOVED ONE.



YOU'RE GONE.



ALL I CAN DO IS
PACK AWAY ALL
THE THINGS I
REMEMBER, PUT
THEM IN A DRAWER
WITH ALL OTHER
USELESS
SOUVENIRS...



AND JUST
CARRY ON.



YOU'VE GOT TO CARRY ON.

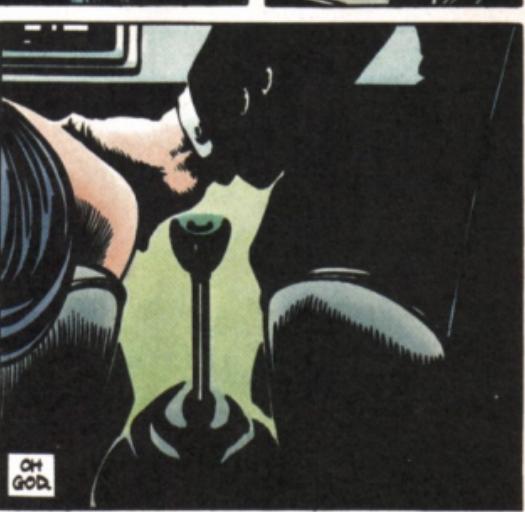
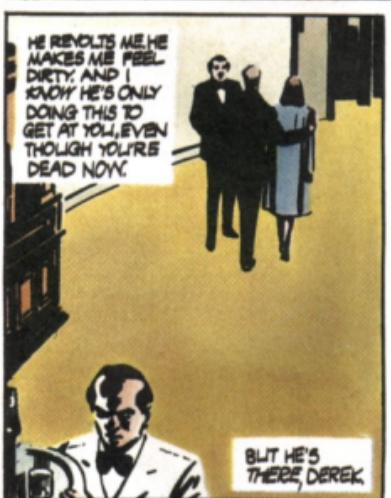


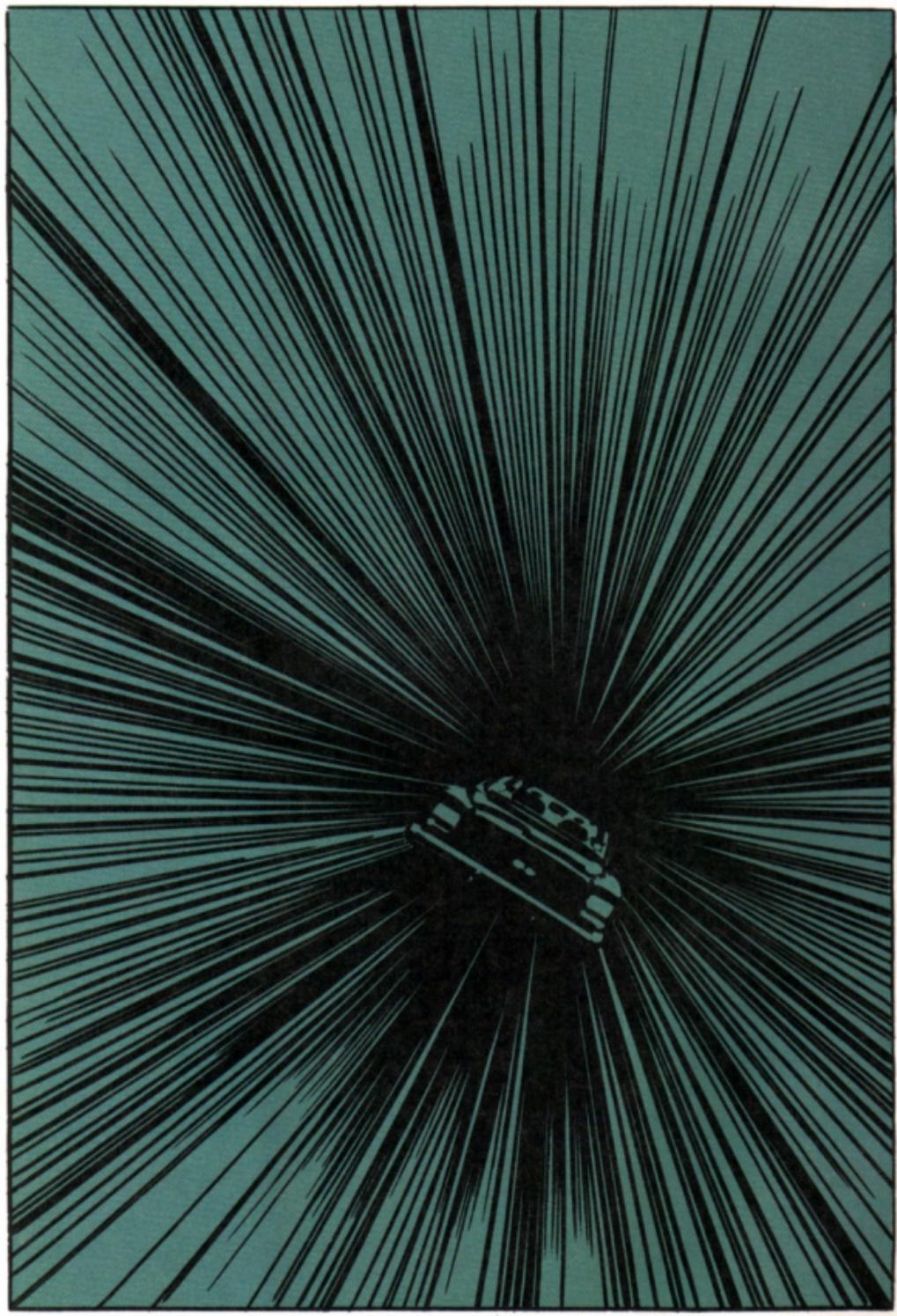
WE'VE ALL GOT TO JUST CARRY ON. THAT'S
HOW WE SURVIVE.



THAT'S OUR PURPOSE.







FEBRUARY 23 RD, 1998.

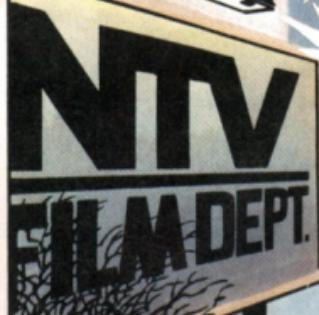
TODAY, HEIDI!
OCTOBER FIRST,
250L...

... THIS IS
WHEN IT
BEGINS!

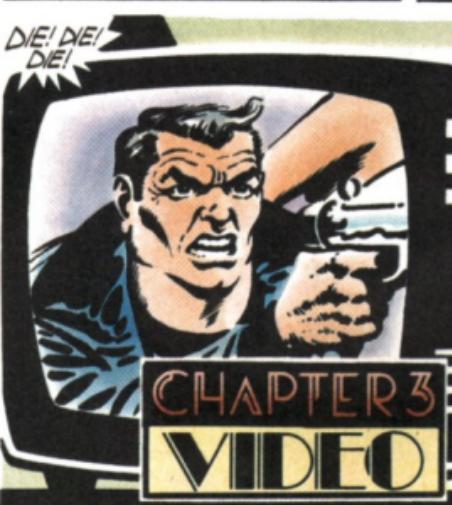
THOSE BLACK
BLITCHERS HAVE
HAD IT THEIR OWN
WAY FOR TOO LONG!
THEY RAPE OUR WOMEN,
THEY BURN OUR
HOUSES, OUR
POSSESSIONS...

BUT NO MORE,
HEIDI...

BECAUSE
STARTING FROM
TODAY...



LERON! LOOK OUT!
DE WHITE DEBIL
GOT HIM A LASER-
LUGER!!



IRN BRU BOTTLE
FULLA PETROL,
BIT O' RAG...



HERE IN EASTER-
HOUSE, WELL,
VIOLENCE IS
ON ITS WAY
UP...



YES, I
BET 'E DID!



M-16s, PLUNGE STICKS, WHITE PHOSPHORUS, FRAG-BOMBS WITH PLASTIC SPLINTERSTHAT DON'T SHOW UP UNDER X-RAY...



HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHA!



IT ISN'T A PRETTY PICTURE, IS IT? HOWEVER, SLOWLY AND SURELY, THE S.N.A. ARE BEING DRIVEN FURTHER NORTH...



...AND HOPEFULLY, BY THE TARGET DATE OF THE YEAR 2000, THE UNITED KINGDOM WILL STAND ONCE MORE UNITED



Test
2:0

WELL, NEXT WEEK INTERFACE LOOKS AT SOME SATELLITE PICTURES OF THE SOVIET WHEAT-CROP FAILURE, AND ASKS: IS RUSSIA FACING ANOTHER REVOLUTION?



...UNTIL THEN,
GOOD NIGHT.



WHAT IF SOMEBODY COMES IN?



I MEAN, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE JOBS...

OOH,
SID! GET OFF!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAY!

SID!!





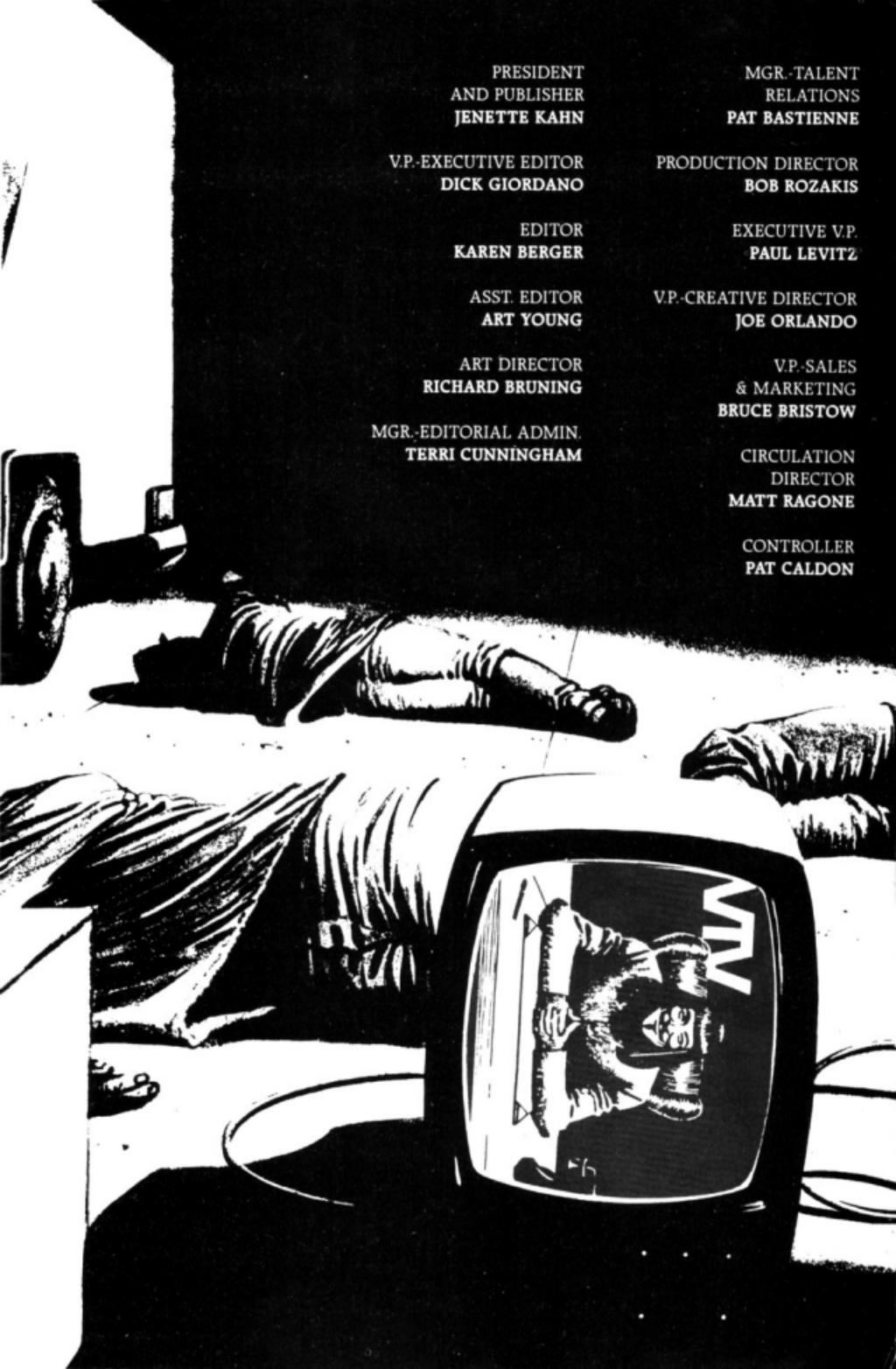




MTV



5



PRESIDENT
AND PUBLISHER
JENETTE KAHN

MGR.-TALENT
RELATIONS
PAT BASTIENNE

V.P.-EXECUTIVE EDITOR
DICK GIORDANO

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR
BOB ROZAKIS

EDITOR
KAREN BERGER

EXECUTIVE V.P.
PAUL LEVITZ

ASST. EDITOR
ART YOUNG

V.P.-CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JOE ORLANDO

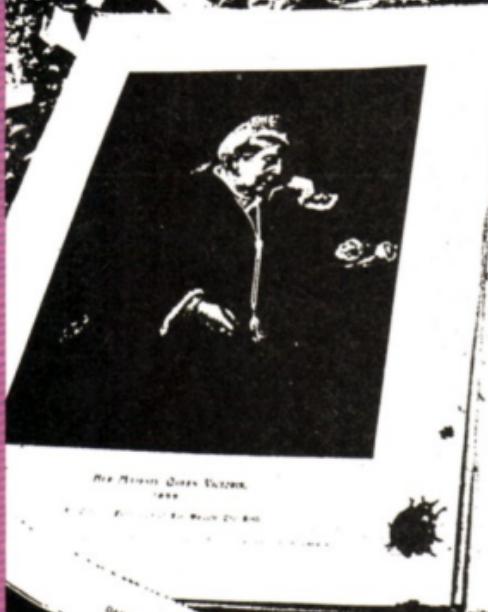
ART DIRECTOR
RICHARD BRUNING

V.P.-SALES
& MARKETING
BRUCE BRISTOW

MGR.-EDITORIAL ADMIN.
TERRI CUNNINGHAM

CIRCULATION
DIRECTOR
MATT RAGONE

CONTROLLER
PAT CALDON



PRINTED BY TIRIE
AS HIS MARQUEE
PUBLISHED BY HAF



Photo: Mitch Jenkins