

Vol. VIII
of X

V FOR VENDETTA™

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



Suggested
For Mature
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V FOR VENDETTA™

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V FOR VENDETTA 8

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NOVEMBER
SIX, 1996.
THE EAR:

HELLO,
MR. EETHERIDGE.
WORKING LATE,
THEN?

I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU'VE
SEEN MR. FINCH
TODAY,
AT ALL?

HAVEN'T SEEN ERIC
SINCE HE, UH, CAME OVER
FOR DINNER WITH, UH,
MRS. EETHERIDGE AND
MYSELF, UH, LAST
TUESDAY.

NOTHING,
UH, WRONG,
I HOPE...

SOMETHING JUST CAME
UP... PHARMACY CALLED
TO SAY THEY'D MISPLACED
THE RECORDS FOR SOME
TONIC CHEMICALS HE'D
REQUISITIONED TWO
MONTHS BACK.

THEY
WANTED TO
VERIFY WHAT
HE'D TAKEN. NOW
I CAN'T FIND
HIM.



HE'S BEEN A BIT
DEPRESSED LATELY
...ABOUT THE TERROR-
IST CASE. JUST SITS
AND READS ALL
THE TIME. PEOPLE
I'VE NEVER
HEARD OF.

SOMEONE
CALLED
KOESTLER.

THAT'D BE,
UH, ARTHUR
KOESTLER.

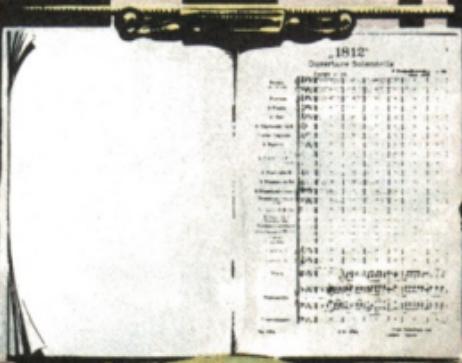
HE WAS, UH,
THE PRESIDENT
OF SOMETHING CALLED
"EXIT," A GROUP THAT
USED TO CAMPAIGN
FOR, UH, THE RIGHT TO
DIE WITH DIGNITY.

HE, UH,
KILLED HIM-
SELF AS I
REMEMBER.

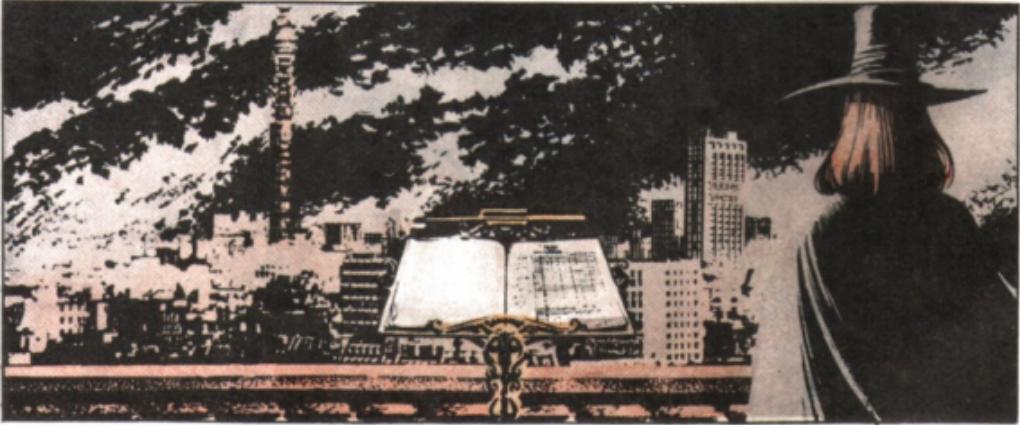
SO, UH, ANYWAY...
HOW IS THE, UH,
TERRORIST CASE
COMING ALONG?

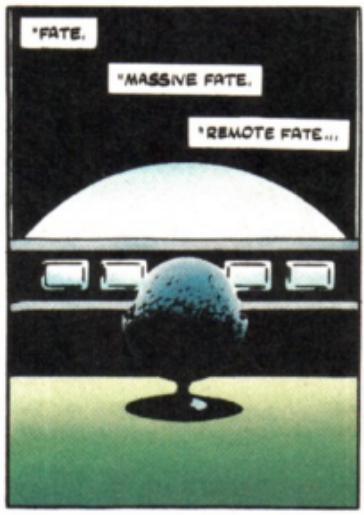
HMM? OH... UH, WELL,
THERE WAS THAT
TROUBLE EARLIER
IN THE YEAR, BUT
SINCE THEN...

...DEAD SILENCE.

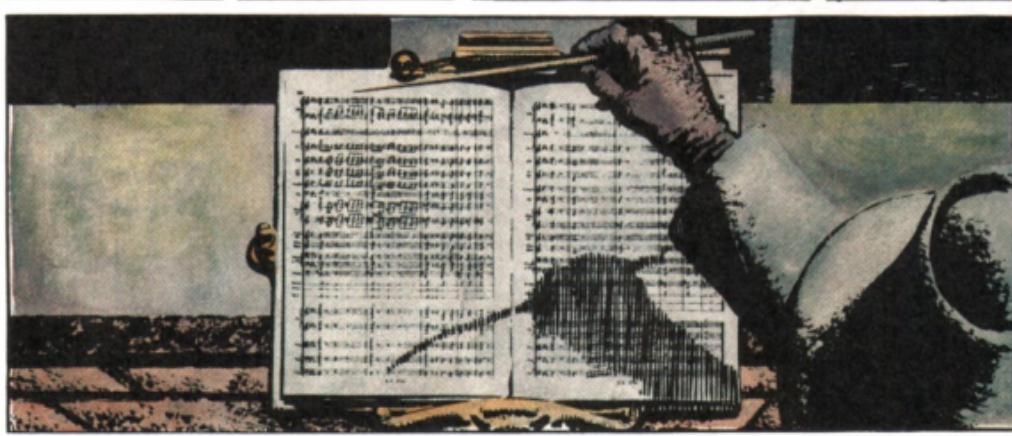


PROLOGUE:







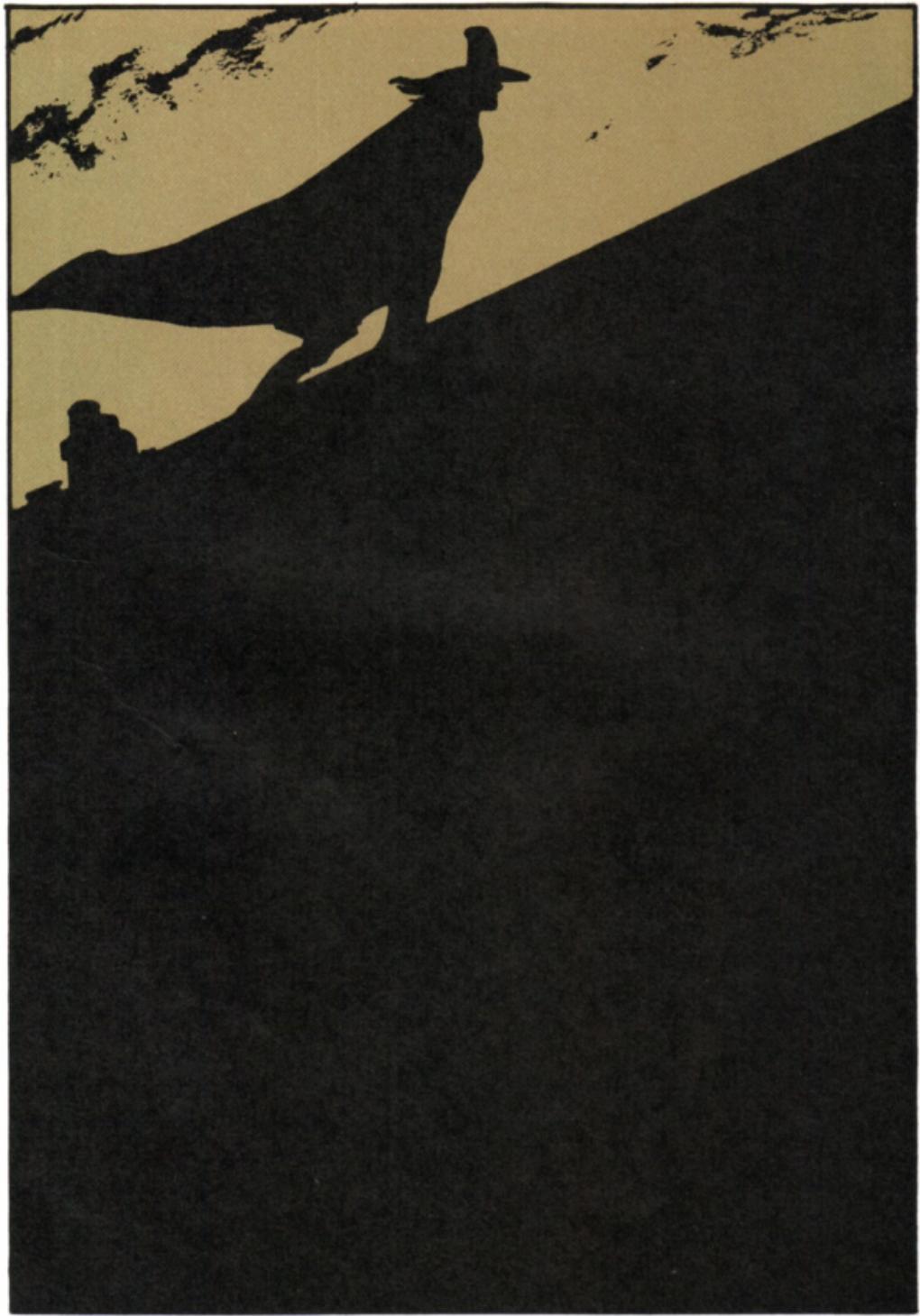


ALMOST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO TONIGHT, A GREAT CITIZEN MADE A MOST SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO OUR COMMON CULTURE.

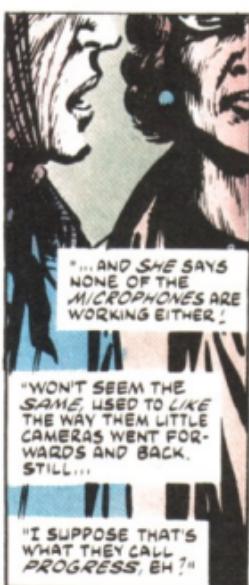
IT WAS A CONTRIBUTION FORGED IN STEALTH AND SILENCE AND SECRECY, ALTHOUGH IT IS BEST REMEMBERED IN NOISE AND BRIGHT LIGHT.



END OF PROLOGUE



NOVEMBER 6TH, 1998.



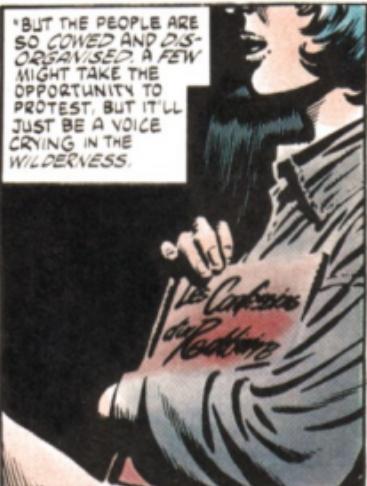














NOVEMBER 6TH, 1998:

FINGERWAGON
VICTOR-CHARLEY-NINER;
REQUEST ASSISTANCE;
CROUCH END...

CAN'T FOLLOW
THEM INTO BRIXTON.
HALF THE MEN NEED
CHOLERA JABS,
AND...

URGENTLY
REQUEST

BEFORE LOOTERS
REACH DEPTFORD MARSHES,
WE NEED TWO MORE
CARS AND...



HOW DID YEATS
PUT IT ... ?

"TURNING AND
TURNING IN THE WIDENING
GYRE, THE FALCON CAN
NOT HEAR THE FALCONER.
THINGS FALL
APART ...

"... THE
CENTRE CANNOT
HOLD."

THE RIOTS WILL STOP.
COMMUNICATIONS WILL
RESUME. LET ENGLAND
BRIEFLY MIND ITSELF.
AFTER MY TOIL I AM
ENTITLED TO SOME
TENDERNESS.

I GAZE, ENTRANCED,
INTO YOUR EYE.
LUMINOUS FINGERS
STROKE MY FACE.

FROM YOUR WORLD OF
PURE MATH YOU TOUCH
ME, IN THIS SOLID AND
ENCUMBERING PLACE...

THERE: A HANGING? IT
WENT BY SO QUICKLY...
LETTERS/WORDS; A STADIUM
CROWD; SHAVED ASIAN
WOMEN HERDED THROUGH
THE SHOWERS...

TOO FAST TO REGISTER,
DOUBLE EXPOSED BY
MEMORY, IMAGES RACE
ACROSS YOUR GLASS,
MATCHING MY PULSE,
ACCELERATING...

OH GOD, I'M... BURNING
SHOPS; A CHIMP CON-
VULSED BY SHOCKS...
THE FEELINGS, WHITE
SCREENS, OH MY GOD, MY...

... FATE ...

OH ...

OH, MY
LOVE, MY ...
OOHHHHH ...

AH,

HHH-
HAHHHHH ...

"MERE ANARCHY
IS LOOSED UPON
THE WORLD."

INVOLUNTARY ORDER BREEDS
DISSATISFACTION, MOTHER OF DISORDER, PARENT OF
THE GUILLOTINE.

AUTHORITARIAN
SOCIETIES ARE LIKE
FORMATION SKATING.
INTRICATE, MECHANICALLY
PRECISE AND ABOVE ALL,
PRECARIOUS. BEHIND
CIVILISATION'S FRAGILE
CRUST, COLD CHAOS
CHURNS...

"...AND THERE ARE PLACES WHERE
THE ICE IS TREAHEROUSLY THIN."

EXIT

L-LOOK, I'VE GOT THE
MONEY. DID YOU GET
THE... THE THING,
LIKE I ASKED?

TO DEFEND
MYSELF
WITH?

YUR UNDER
ARREST.

AAA!

NAH,
AM ORNY
KIDDEN.

OH! OH GOD,
YOU...

OM AHE,
THES'LL DEFEND
YE, RIGHT'NUFF.

AD ADVISE YE TE
GET ET HOME CHECK.
EF YUR SEARCHED,
AV NEVER SEEN 'EM
IN MA LIFE.

N-NO, I UNDER-
STAND. I'LL TAKE
IT STRAIGHT HOME.
THANK YOU
VERY MUCH.

THANK
YOU.

YUR
WULCOME.

THES'LL
DEFEND SOMEBODY'S
ENVARDS ENTAE
THE GUTTER.



AUTHORITY ALLOWS TWO ROLES: THE TORTURER AND THE TORTURED; TWISTS PEOPLE INTO JOYLESS MANNEQUINS THAT FEAR AND HATE, WHILE CULTURE PLUNGES INTO THE ABYSS.



AUTHORITY DEFORMS THE REARING OF THEIR CHILDREN, MAKES A COCKFIGHT OF THEIR LOVE ...

ALL RIGHT, CONRAD. THAT'S ENOUGH. GET ME A TOWEL.



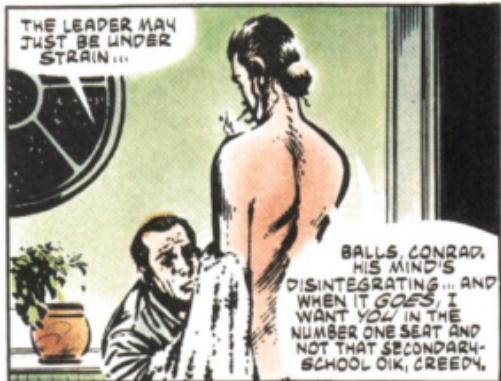
WHEN DID THE LEADER AUTHORIZE CREEDY TO RECRUIT A GOON SQUAD?

LATE THIS AFTERNOON. DO YOU WANT YOUR ROSE, HELEN?

NO.

DOESN'T SUSAN REALIZE THAT CREEDY'S ONLY WAITING FOR HIM TO CRACK COMPLETELY BEFORE MOVING IN WITH HIS PRIVATE ARMY AND STAGING A COUP?

THE LEADER MAY JUST BE UNDER STRAIN ...



BALLS, CONRAD. HIS MIND'S DISINTEGRATING ... AND WHEN IT GOES, I WANT YOU IN THE NUMBER ONE SEAT AND NOT THAT SECONDARY-SCHOOL OIK, CREEDY.

I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING, AS USUAL.

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE QUITE A SUCCESSFUL YOUNG MAN, CONRAD. IF YOUR SUCCESS WASN'T ENTIRELY DUE TO MY EFFORTS, I MIGHT EVEN FANCY YOU.

NOW, I'VE GOT THINGS TO ORGANISE IN THE MORNING, SO I'M GOING TO BED. I EXPECT I SHALL BE ASLEEP WHEN YOU COME UP.



YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THE LIGHT ON IN HERB, WILL YOU?



AUTHORITY'S COLLAPSE SENDS CRACKS THROUGH BEDROOM, BOARDROOM, CHURCH AND SCHOOL ALIKE. ALL IS MISERIE.



EQUALITY AND FREEDOM ARE NOT LUXURIES TO LIGHTLY CAST ASIDE. WITHOUT THEM, ORDER CANNOT LONG ENDURE BEFORE APPROACHING DEPTHS BEYOND IMAGINING.

V, WAIT A MINUTE...
WE HAVEN'T BEEN
DOWN HERE BEFORE.
WHERE ARE WE
GOING? DO YOU HAVE
SOMETHING HIDDEN
DOWN HERE?

V?

V,
ANSWER
ME...



HELLO. THIS IS
LONDON
6482732.



ERIC FINCH
SPEAKING.



I'M NOT IN AT THE
MOMENT, BUT IF YOU
LEAVE YOUR NAME AND
NUMBER AFTER THE
TONE, I'LL GET BACK
TO YOU.



HELLO?

UH, HELLO.
THIS IS DOMINIC
AGAIN ...



IT'S ALL COMING TO BITS,
MR. FINCH. I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I SHOULD DO.



WELL, I,
UH... I SUPPOSE
THAT'S ALL.

G'BYE.

TAKE CARE.



COME ON, V. I'M
WAITING FOR AN
ANSWER,
WHERE...?

THIS IS
MY SECRET
LOVE NEST,
EVE.

I'M TAKING
YOU TO MEET MY
MISTRESS.

YOUR
WHAT?

IT IS A TANGLED
AND UNHAPPY TALE OF
HEARTS BETRAYED AND
LOYALTIES MIS-
PLACED.

IT WAS NOT I
THAT STRAYED.
MY LOVE WAS
JUSTICE AND,
INFATUATED WITH
HER TRUTH AND
LOVELINESS, I
WORSHIPPED
HER.

...UNTIL, BEHIND MY BACK,
SHE TOOK UP WITH A
MAN WHO VIOLATED AND
ABUSED HER; SOMEONE
FIERCE AND BEAUTUL
WITH BURNED CHILDREN
ON HIS BREATH.

HE CHANGED
HER. SHE ACQUIRED
A TASTE FOR
LEATHER, CHAINS
AND WHIPS.

THE JUSTICE THAT I
LOVED WAS GONE; WHO
HAD SUCH KINDLY
EYES; WHO TOOK SUCH
SMALL AND CARE-
FUL STEPS...

IMAGINE, WHEN I
LEARNED OF HER
AFFAIR ...

MY ANGER AND
MY SHAME TO THINK
HOW THEY'D MADE MOCK OF
ALL THAT I LOVED MY JUSTICE
AND HER BESTIAL SWAIN,
CAVORTING IN THEIR
BLOODSTAINED
SHEETS.

STILL, ALL IN LOVE
AND WAR IS FAIR,
THEY SAY. THIS BEING
BOTH, AND TURN-
ABOUT'S FAIR PLAY.

THOUGH I
MUST BEAR A
CUCKOLD'S HORNS,
THEY'RE NOT A CROWN
THAT I SHALL
BEAR ALONE.

TRANSFORMED,
SHE GLAZED THROUGH
NARROW SLITS AND
GROUND GOOD MEN BE-
NEATH HER VIOCID HEEL.

YOU SEE, MY
RIVAL, THOUGH
INCLINED TO ROAM,
POSSESSED AT HOME
A WIFE THAT HE
ADORED.

HE'LL RUE HIS
PROMISCUITY, THE ROGUE
WHO STOLE MY ONLY LOVE,
WHEN HE'S INFORMED HOW
MANY YEARS IT IS ...

... SINCE FIRST I
BEDDED HIS.

NEW SCOTLAND YARD

THE NOSE,
NOVEMBER
TUE, 1998.

"ROSES ARE RED
VIOLETS ARE BLUE
EVERYTHING'S POSSIBLE
NOTHING IS TRUE."

THEY'RE
LIKE LITTLE
LOVE NOTES.
WHO ISSUED
THEM?

LEARNING
THAT'S YOUR
DEPARTMENT.

MY CIVILIAN
AUXILIARY LADS
FOUND 'EM ON
VARIOUS LAY-
ABOUTS THEY
ROUNDED UP
THIS MORNING.

"I LOVE
THE RAIN,
I LOVE THE MOON,
I LOVE THE WIND
AND STARS..."

WORK OF A
NUTCASE. COUNTRY'S
GOING BARMY. Y'KNOW
THERE'S FOOD RIOTS
IN MANCHESTER. IT'S OVER
A BLOODY COMPUTER
ERROR."

WHAT'S
IT
MEAN?

IT MEANS TROUBLE,
SON. TIMES LIKE THIS,
BLOKE NEEDS TO KNOW
WHO HIS FRIENDS
ARE.

TAKE YOU,
NOW... ACTING HEAD
OF THE NOSE SINCE
BALDY DISAPPEARED.
DOUGHY POSITION THINGS
AROUND HERE COULD
CHANGE OVERNIGHT.

OVER-
NIGHT.

'COURSE, THE
LEADER'S MARVELLOUS.
BUT, WELL, IF ANYTHING
HAPPENED, WHO'D FILL
THE VOID? HAVE TO
CONSIDER THESE
THINGS, EH?

"I KNOW. I
NEVER COTTONED TO
FINCH, BUT I COULD
COTTON TO YOU.

MAYBE OUR
DEPARTMENTS COULD
CO-OPERATE MORE
IN FUTURE.
PERHAPS...

"I LOVE YOU,
BUT WHY MUST
YOU LOVE THE LAW?
TIS PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE
THAT SHE'S A WHORE..."



"... THAT
VIRTUOUS PERSONS
HAVE NO NEED TO WOO;
THAT VILLAINS SCREW,
THEN STUDIOUSLY
IGNORE."

HA,
QUITE FUNNY,
THAT.

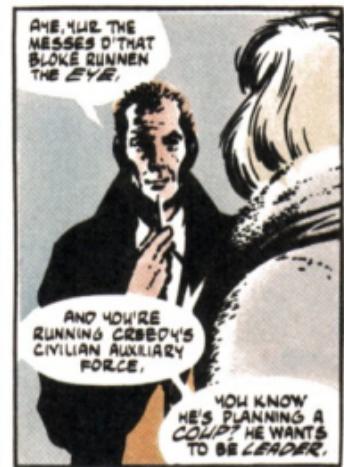
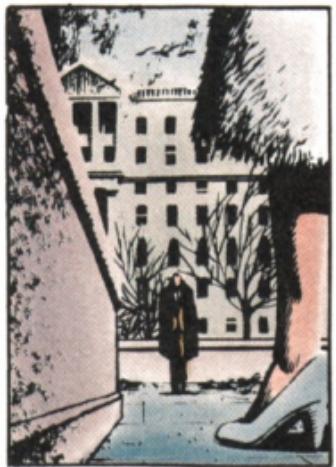
CAN YOU
FIND YOUR
OWN WAY OUT?



CHAPTER 3 VARIOUS VALENTINES







DEREK...

DEREK, YOU WERE USELESS, THEN YOU DIED. THAT'S ALL.

YOU DIED AND I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHTS.

DEREK, WHEN WE MARRIED, YOU REMEMBER, I WAS WORKING AT THE BANK AND YOU WERE IN INSURANCE. WE WERE GOING TO BUY A HOUSE IN SURREY, PERHAPS HAVE CHILDREN. THAT WAS IN '87...

YOU DIED AND LEFT ME BARE IN FRONT OF STRANGERS.

JUST BEFORE THE WAR.

AND THEN, IN '92, YOU JOINED THE PARTY.

MRS. RANA NEXT DOOR LOANED US FOOD ALL THROUGH THE WAR YEARS. WHEN THEY DRAGGED HER AND HER CHILDREN OFF IN SEPARATE VANS WE DIDN'T INTERVENE.

...AND NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I WALK HOME ALONE EACH NIGHT THROUGH RIOT ZONES, PAST LOOTINGS, SHOOTINGS, BURNING BUILDINGS...

NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I CAN'T SLEEP FOR BEING SCARED; FOR CRYING; HATING; THINKING "WHO HAS DONE THIS TO ME?"

I CAN'T SLEEP FOR WANTING JUSTICE; WANTING ALL THE WORLD TO KNOW OF ITS UNFAIRNESS...

CAN'T SLEEP FOR THE GUN BENEATH MY PILLOW.

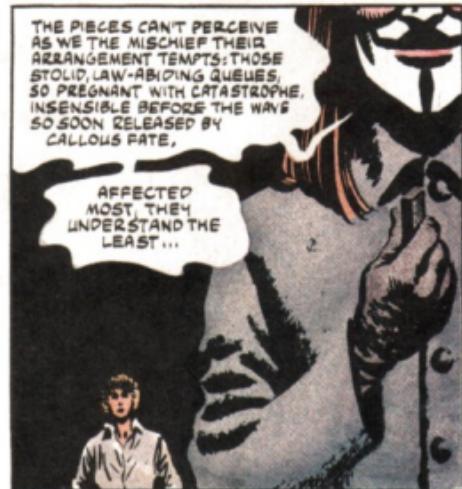
NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I CROUCH LIKE AN ANIMAL AND OFFER MY MIND— QUARTERS IN SUBMISSION TO THE WORLD.

TA VERY
MUCH.

U'KNOW, YOU WON'T FIND
ANYWHERE TO SLEEP OUT HERE.
THERE'S NO BED AND BREAKFASTS
ANYMORE. WERE YOU THINKING
OF CAMPING OR SOMETHING LIKE
THAT?

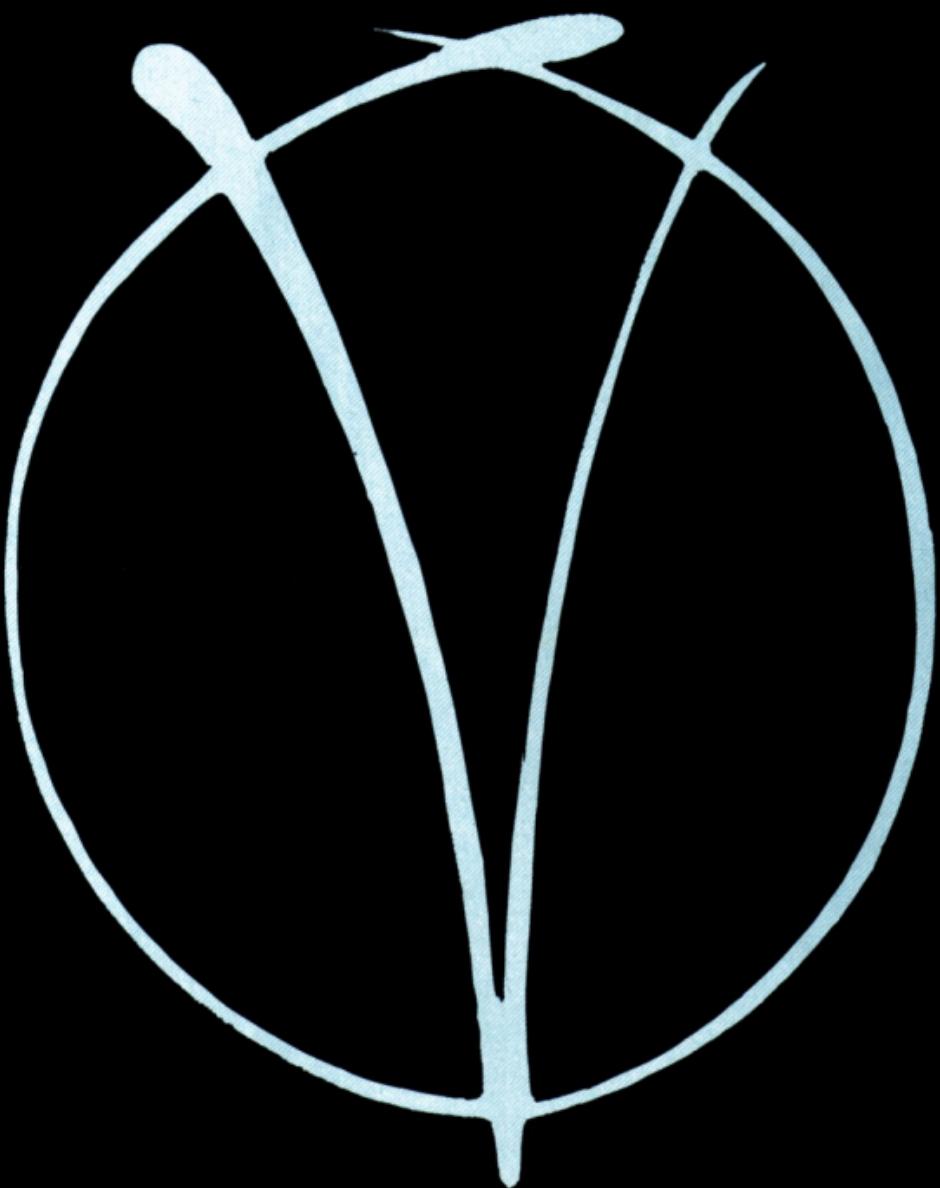
SOMETHING
LIKE THAT.











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