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V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



Suggested
For Mature
Readers



V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

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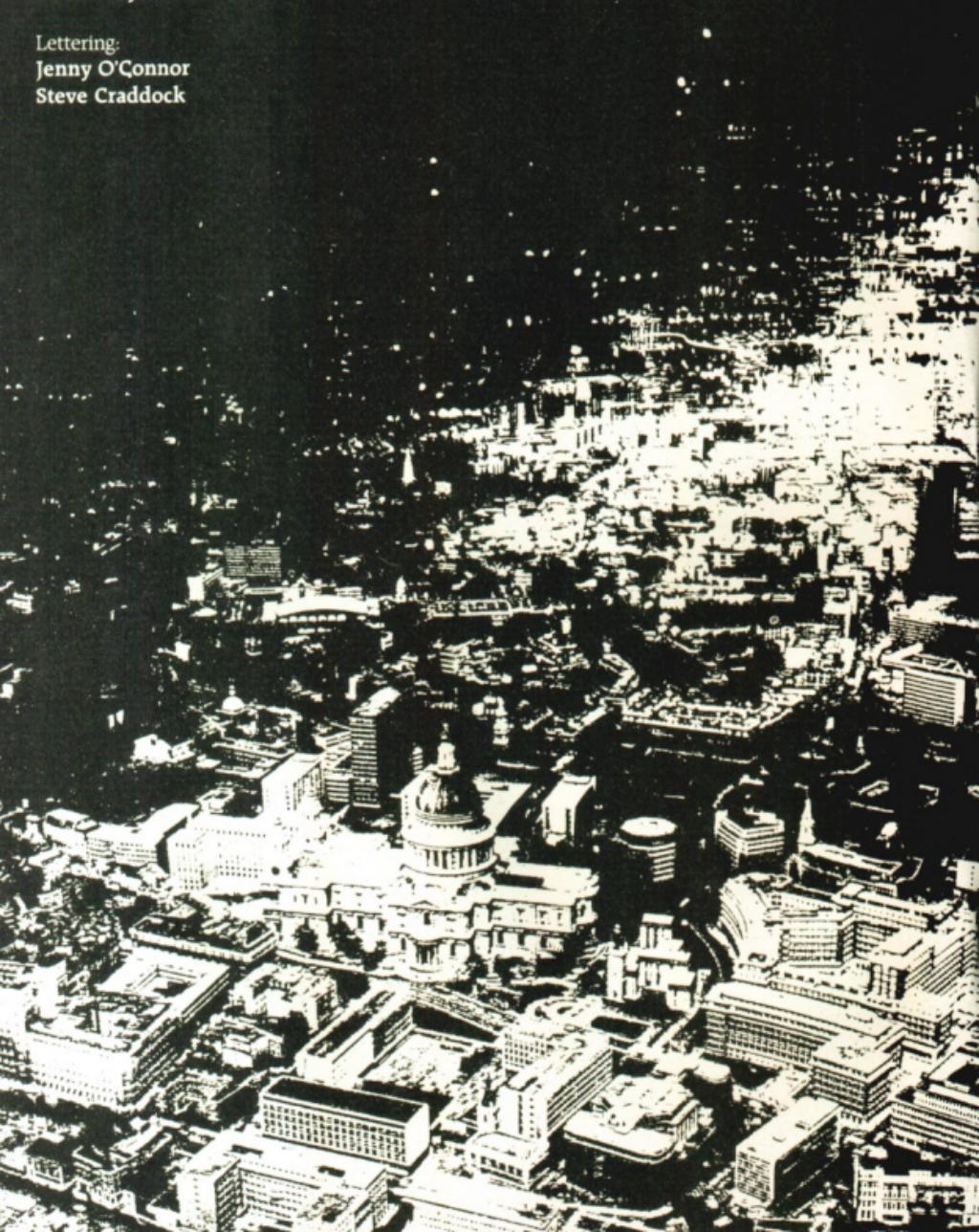
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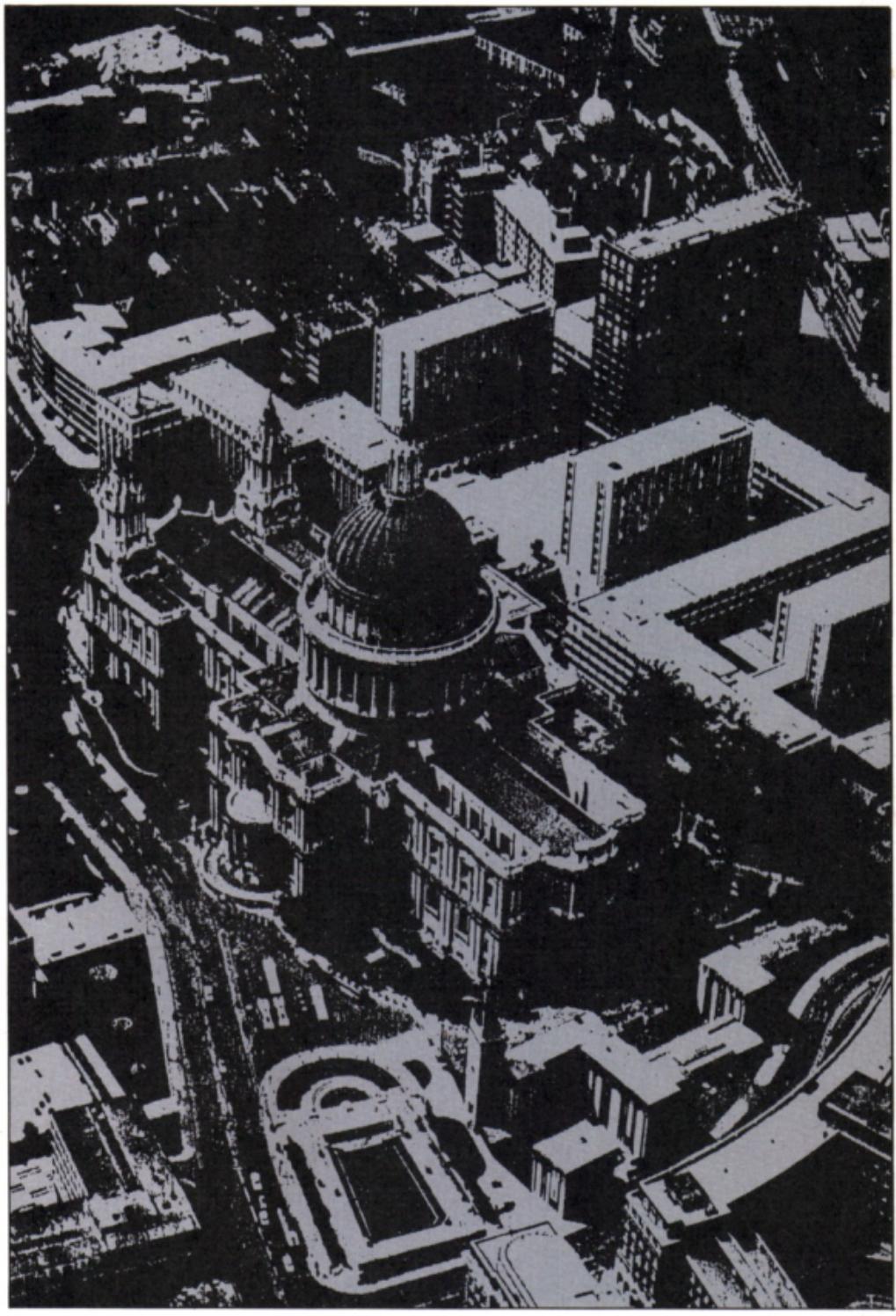
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V FOR VENDETTA 2

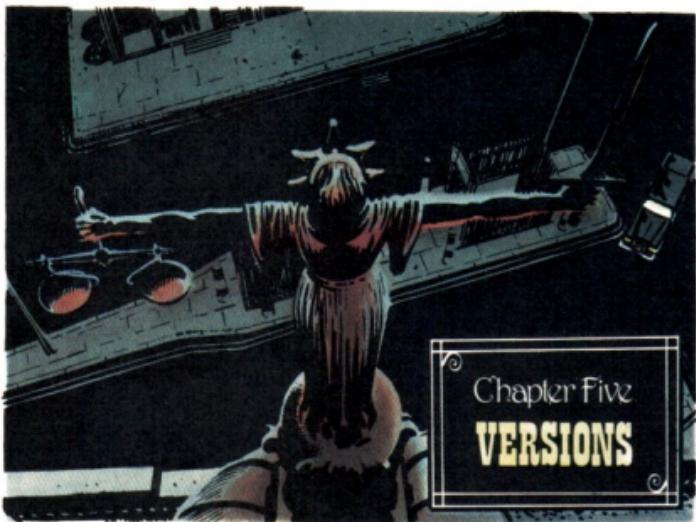
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THE ONLY FREEDOM LEFT TO
MY PEOPLE IS THE FREEDOM TO
STARVE, THE FREEDOM TO
DIE, THE FREEDOM TO LIVE IN
A WORLD OF CHAOS.

DO I RESERVE FOR MYSELF THE FREEDOM
I DENY TO OTHERS? I DO NOT. I SIT HERE
WITHIN MY CAGE AND I AM BUT A
SERVANT, I, WHO AM MASTER OF
ALL THAT I SEE.

I AM NOT LOVED, I KNOW THAT NOT
IN SOUL OR BODY. I HAVE NEVER
KNOWN THE SOFT WHISPER OF
ENDERMENT NEVER KNOWN
THE PEACE THAT LIES BETWEEN
THE THIGHS OF WOMAN.

SHOULD I
ALLOW
THEM THAT
FREEDOM?

I THINK NOT.
I THINK NOT.

I SEE DESOLATION. I SEE ASHES,
I HATE SO VERY MUCH. I HATE SO
VERY LITTLE.

BUT I AM RESPECTED. I AM
FEARED, AND THAT WILL
SUFFICE.

BECAUSE I LOVE, I, WHO AM NOT
LOVED IN RETURN, I HATE A LOVE
THAT IS FAR DEEPER THAN THE
EMPTY GASP AND CONTILUSIONS
OF BRITISH COUPLING.

SHE HAS NO EYES TO FLIRT OR
PROMISE, BUT SHE SEES ALL
SEES AND UNDERSTANDS
WITH A WISDOM THAT IS GOD-
LIKE IN ITS SCALE.

HER SOUL IS CLEAN, UNTINTED BY THE
SNARES AND AMBIGUITIES OF EMOTION
SHE DOES NOT HATE, SHE DOES NOT
YEARN, SHE IS UNTOUCHED BY JOY OR
SORROW.

SHALL I SPEAK OF HER?
SHALL I SPEAK OF MY BRIDE?

I STAND AT THE GATES OF
HER INTELLECT AND I AM
BLINDED BY THE LIGHT
WITHIN. HOW STUPID I MUST
SEEM TO HER, HOW CHILD-
LIKE AND UNCOMPREHENDING.

I CHERISH THE PURITY OF HER DISDAIN,
SHE DOES NOT RESPECT ME. SHE DOES
NOT FEAR ME.

SHE DOES NOT LOVE ME.

THEY THINK SHE
IS HARD AND
COLD, THOSE
WHO DO NOT
KNOW HER.
THEY THINK SHE
IS LIFELESS
AND WITHOUT
PASSION.

SHE TOUCHES ME, AND I AM
TOUCHED BY GOD, BY DESTINY
THE WHOLE OF EXISTENCE
COURSES THROUGH HER. I
WORSHIP HER. I AM HER
SLAVE.

THEY DO NOT
KNOW HER.
SHE HAS NOT
TOUCHED
THEM.

NO FREEDOM EVER WAS
SO SWEET.

MY LOVE, I WOULD STAY WITH
YOU FOREVER, WOULD
SPEND MY LIFE WITHIN YOU.

FATE...

I WOULD WAIT UPON YOUR
EVERY LITTERANCE AND
NEVER ASK THE MEREST
SPLINTER OF AFFECTION.

FATE...

I LOVE YOU.



THE OLD BAILEY. SECOND VERSION:



HELLO, DEAR
LADY.

A LOVELY EVENING,
IS IT NOT?



THERE. NOW WE KNOW EACH OTHER, ACTUALLY. I'VE BEEN A FAN OF YOURS FOR QUITE SOME TIME. OH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...

"THE POOR BOY HAS A CRUSH ON ME... AN ADOLESCENT INFATUATION."

"I'VE LONG ADMIRERED YOU... ALBET ONLY FROM A DISTANCE. I USED TO STARE AT YOU FROM THE STREETS BELOW WHEN I WAS A CHILD."

PLEASE DON'T THINK IT WAS MERELY PHYSICAL. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT THAT SORT OF GIRL. NO, I LOVED YOU AS A PERSON. AS AN IDEAL

"BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM. IT ISN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL."

"ID SAY, TO MY FATHER. 'WHO IS THAT LADY?' AND HE'D SAY, 'THAT'S MADMADAM JUSTICE.' AND ID SAY, 'ISN'T SHE PRETTY?'"

"WHAT? V FOR SHAME! YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME FOR SOME HARLOT, SOME KRAIN AND POUTING HUSSY WITH PAINTED LIPS AND A KNOWING SMILE!"

"THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOME ONE ELSE NOW..."

"AH-HA! THAT SURPRISED YOU, DIDN'T IT? YOU THOUGHT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR LITTLE FLING, BUT I DO. I KNOW EVERYTHING!"

"FRANKLY, I WASN'T SURPRISED WHEN I FOUND OUT YOU ALWAYS DID HAVE AN EYE FOR A MAN IN UNIFORM."

"UNIFORM? WHY I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. IT WAS ALWAYS YOU, V. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE..."

"LAR! SLIT! WHORE! DENY THAT YOU LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY WITH YOU, HIM WITH HIS ARM-BANDS AND JACK-BOOTS!"

"WELL! CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?"

"I THOUGHT AS MUCH."

VERY WELL. SO YOU AT
STAND REVEALED AT LAST.
YOU ARE NO LONGER MY JUSTICE.
YOU ARE HIS JUSTICE
NOW. YOU HAVE
BEDDED ANOTHER.

"SO! CHOKE! WH-WHO
IS SHE, V? WHAT
IS HER NAME?"

SHE HAS TAUGHT
ME THAT JUSTICE IS
MEANINGLESS WITHOUT
FREEDOM. SHE IS HONEST.
SHE MAKES NO PROMISES
AND BREAKS NONE.
UNLIKE YOU, JEZEBEL.

WELL,
WHO CAN PLAY
AT THAT
GAME!

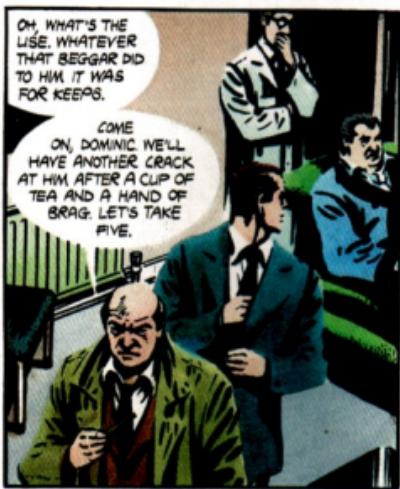
HER
NAME IS ANARCHY
AND SHE HAS TALTGH ME
MORE AS A MISTRESS
THAN YOU EVER
DID!

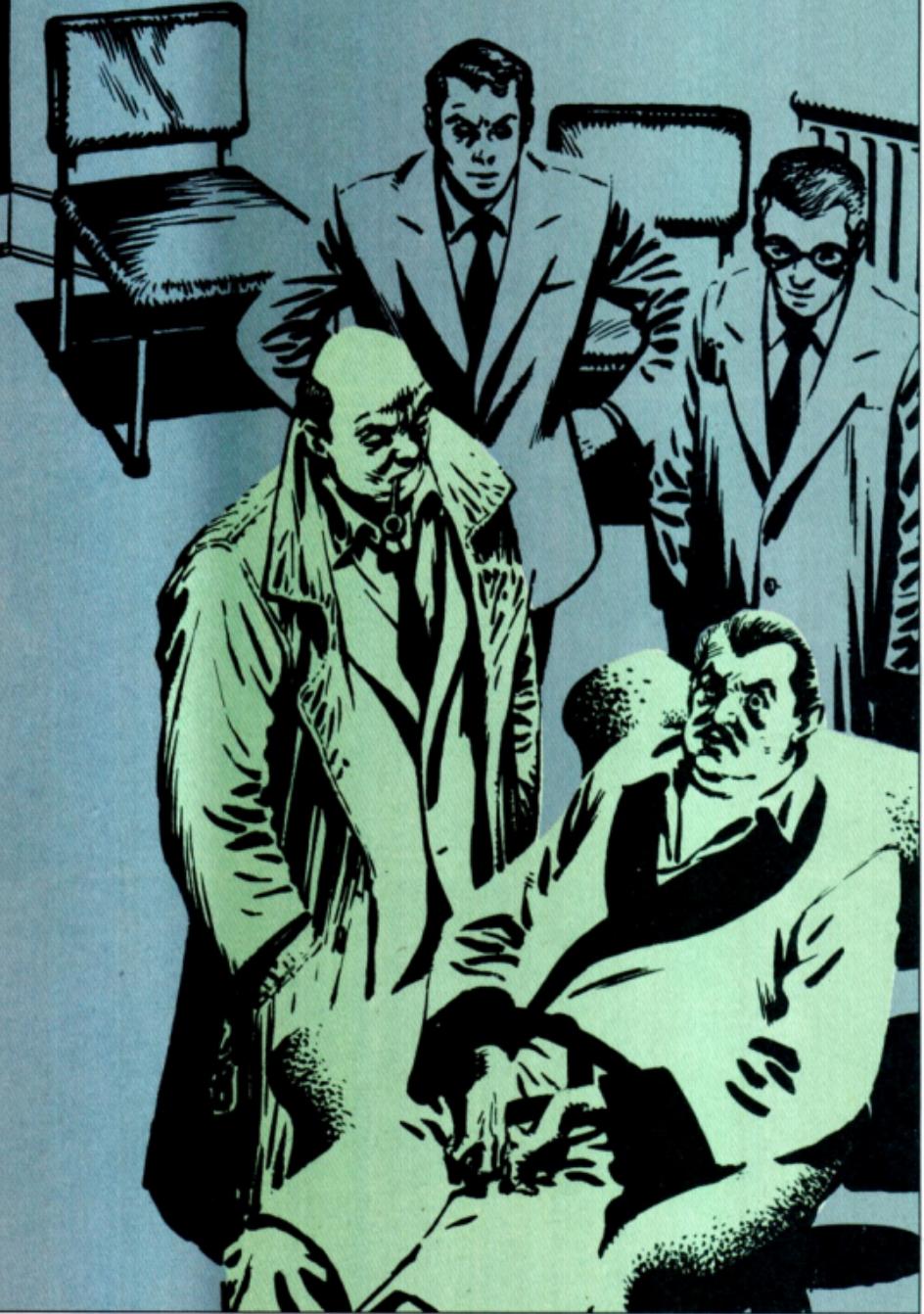
I USED TO
WONDER WHY YOU
COULD NEVER LOOK ME
IN THE EYE. NOW I
KNOW.

SO GOODBYE, DEAR LADY.
I WOULD BE SADDENED BY
OUR PARTING EVEN NOW, SAYE
THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER
THE WOMAN THAT I ONCE
LOVED.

HERE
IS A FINAL GIFT.
I LEAVE IT AT
YOUR FEET.







SOMETIMES I COULD
JUST PUNCH YOU IN
YOUR STUPID SMILEY
FACE! 'VVVVVV' IT'S THE
INSCRIPTION ON THAT
ARCH IN THE BIG HALL.
YOU KNOW IT IS.

"VVVVV."

EVEY
EVEY EVEY
EVEY EVEY

I JUST
WONDERED
WHAT IT MEANT,
THAT'S ALL.



NO
DEALS, EVEY NOT
UNLESS YOU WANT
THEM.

I THINK I DO. I MEAN, PART OF ME JUST WANTS TO STAY IN HERE FOREVER AND NEVER HAVE TO GO OUTSIDE AND FACE WHAT'S GOING ON...

BUT THAT'S NOT RIGHT, IS IT? THAT'S NOT TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR MYSELF, LIKE WHAT YOU SAID. I WANT TO HELP YOU Y. I WANT TO DO SOMETHING.

I WON'T GET IN THE WAY, I PROMISE.
CAN I, Y? CAN WE MAKE A DEAL?





FOR I HAVE
SEEN A VISION ... A
VISION OF DARK AND
SATANIC EVIL THAT
COMETH FORTH FROM
THE NIGHT TO ENSNARE
THE WEAK AND THE
SINFUL ...

OH, GOD, THOU WHO KNOWEST ALL THAT WE DO, THOU WHO ART OUR FATE AND FINAL DESTINY, HELP US TO CLEARLY PERCEIVE THY HOLY WILL.

HELP US
TO RESIST THE
WILES OF THE EVIL ONE
AND STAND FIRM IN THEE.
ONE RACE, ONE NATION,
UNITED IN THY LOVE.

THIS WE ASK IN THE
NAME OF THE FATHER,
AND OF THE SON, AND
OF THE HOLY GHOST.

AN AVATAR OF DAMNATION,
WHO WILL SEEK TO BULLY
THY TRUTH WITH HIS VENOMOUS LIES AND SHALLOW
SOPHISITATIONS.

THROUGH
JESUS CHRIST,
OUR LORD

AMEN



Chapter Six THE VISION

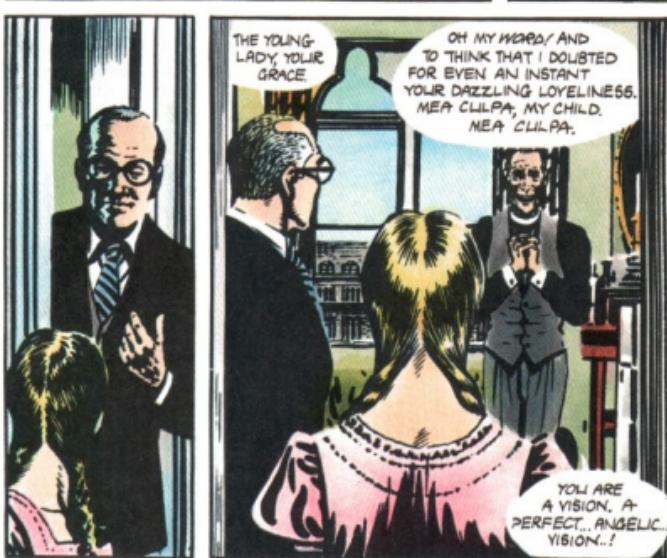
HELLO, DEREK. ROSEMARY.
DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO
SPEAK TO YOU BEFORE
WE WENT IN, HOW'S
THINGS?

HELLO, CONRAD.
HELLO, HELEN. NOT SO
BAD. THE OLD MAN'S
BEEN RIDING ME A BIT
ABOUT THIS TERRORIST
CASE, BUT WHO CARES?
HOW ARE THINGS
IN THE EYE?

WELL, WE'VE HAD A
FEW TECHNICAL
PROBLEMS WITH
THE MARK IX VI-
CORDER, BUT...







PLEASE DON'T
THANK ME, MY
CHILD, BELIEVE
ME...

THE
PLEASURE IS
ALL MINE.

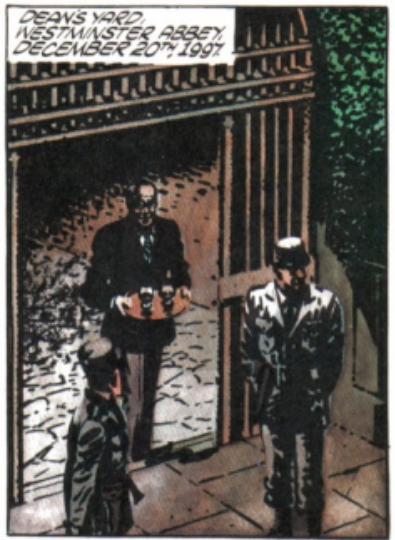
THE SHADOW GALLERY.

"BRING ME MY SICK OF
BURNING GOLD,
BRING ME MY ARROWS OF DESIRE,
BRING ME MY SPEAR,
O CLOUDS UNFOLD,
BRING ME MY CHARIOT
OF FIRE...

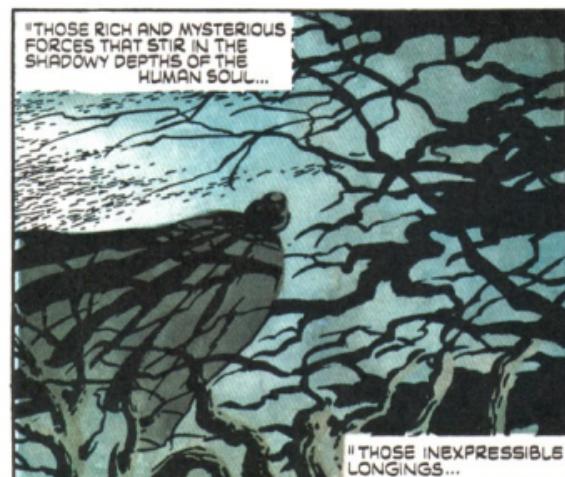




DEAN'S YARD,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
DECEMBER 20TH 1987



© Chapter Seven
**VIRTUE
VICTORIOUS**



YOU FEEL THAT
TOO, DON'T YOU?

I KNOW
YOU DO.

UH, YES.
YES I DO.

UH... YOU'VE
GOT A LOVELY
VOICE, Y'KNOW. IT'S
SO SINCERE. I BET
IT WOULD BE REALLY
THRILLING TO HEAR
YOU READ SOME-
THING RELIGIOUS.

THRILLING?

WELL... HEH HEH...
I DON'T USUALLY
DO PRIVATE PER-
FORMANCES. BUT
AS YOU DO SEEM
SO... RECEPTIVE...

OH YES, I AM.
RECEPTIVE,
EVER SO.

VERY WELL. THERE'S
A PARTICULARLY GOOD
PIECE THAT I READ JUST
THIS MORNING.

IT'S IN THE OTHER
ROOM. PERHAPS
IF YOU'D STEP
THIS WAY.

YEAH. LOVELY.



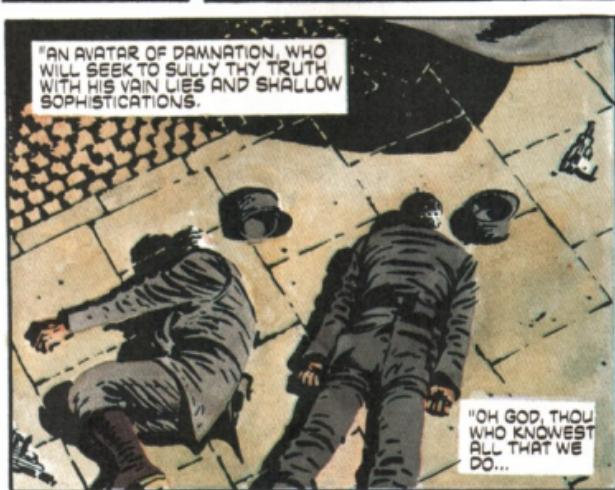
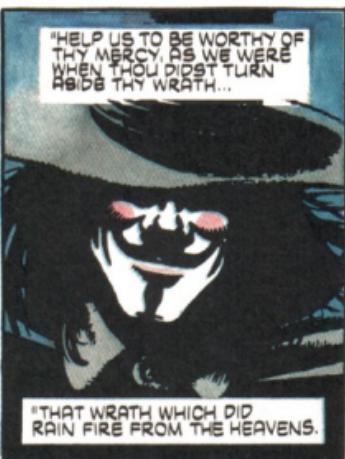
UH, THIS IS
THE OTHER ROOM?

YES. NOT TOO...
EXTRAVAGANT.
I TRUST?

NO, NO IT'S
LOVELY. REALLY
NICE.



GOOD. JUST SIT
YOURSELF DOWN
OVER THERE... SORRY
ABOUT THE LACK OF
CHAIRS... AND I'LL
BEGIN.



"THOU WHO ART OUR
FATE AND OUR FINAL
DESTINY...

"HELP US TO CLEARLY
PERCEIVE THY WILL.

"HELP US TO PERCEIVE THE WILES OF
THE EVIL ONE AND STAND FIRM IN THEE.
ONE RACE, ONE NATION, UNITED IN THY
LOVE.

"THIS WE ASK IN
THE NAME OF
THE FATHER...

"AND OF THE SON...

"AND OF THE HOLY
GHOST."

AMEN.

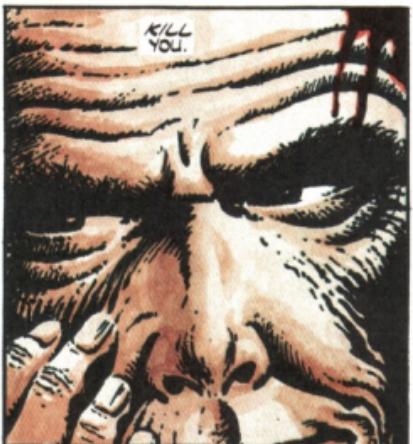
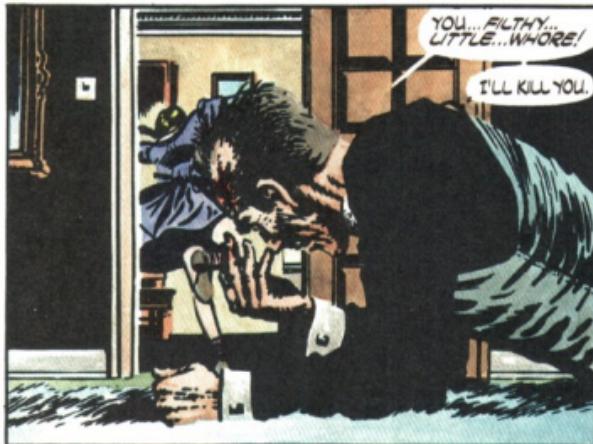
TAKE YOUR
DRESS OFF,
PLEASE.

WHAT???

BUT, LOOK
UK, I WAS...

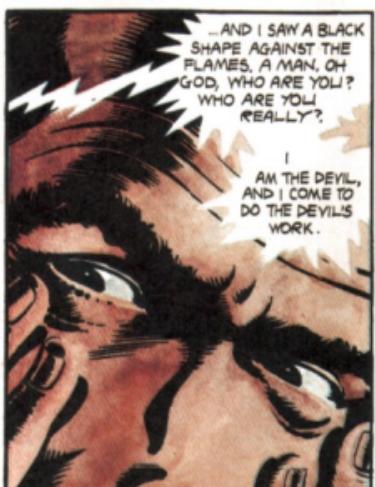
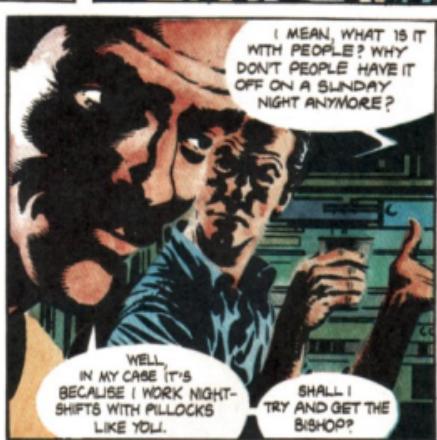
OH NEVER MIND.
ALLOW ME TO...







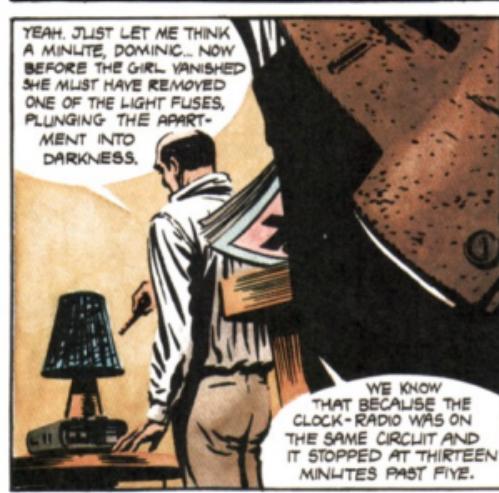
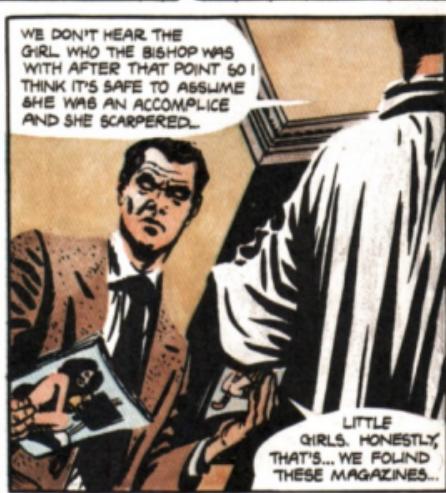
THE EAR, DECEMBER 20TH,
1997.











IT'S DARK, HE PUTS THE RECORD ON IN THE DARK.



AND THEN HE SAYS SOMETHING TO THE BISHOP... SOMETHING WE CAN'T HEAR BECAUSE OF THE MUSIC.

NEXT TIME WE HEAR THE BISHOP, IT'S THIS BIT:



"...FIVE, OF COURSE, IT WAS YOU ON THAT NIGHT. MY GOD, I STILL DREAM ABOUT IT. I HAVEN'T STOPPED DREAMING ABOUT IT IN FOUR YEARS.

"IT WAS LIKE HELL, MEN BURNING... CHOKING IN THE YELLOW FOG, AND A BLACK SHAPE AGAINST THE FLAMES. A MAN.



"OH GOD, WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU REALLY?"

"I AM THE DEVIL, AND I COME TO DO THE DEVIL'S WORK.

THAT'S A QUOTE. THAT BIT ABOUT THE DEVIL'S WORK.



"I DO NOT HAVE A NAME. YOU CAN C- "

FAMOUS MURDER CASE. NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO NOW. BEFORE YOUR TIME, I EXPECT.



THEN CODENAME Y READS OUT THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

I'LL FAST FORWARD UNTIL WE GET TO THAT BIT WHERE...

RIGHT. SHOULD BE ABOUT THERE.

...OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

ALRIGHT, CHUMMY, ALRIGHT. HOLD IT RIGHT THERE...



THIS IS THE BIT WHERE THE VALET, DENNIS, COMES IN. LISTEN. THE STEREO SUDDENLY SHUTS OFF.

"YOUR GRACE? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?"

"HE HASN'T HURT ME. BE CAREFUL, DENNIS. HE'S..."

REMEMBER, DOMINIC DENNIS HAS GOT A GUN! THIS IS IN THE DARK, BY THE DOOR.

"ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, I'M GOING TO COUNT TO FIVE, I WANT YOU TO STEP OVER BY THE WINDOW WITH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD."

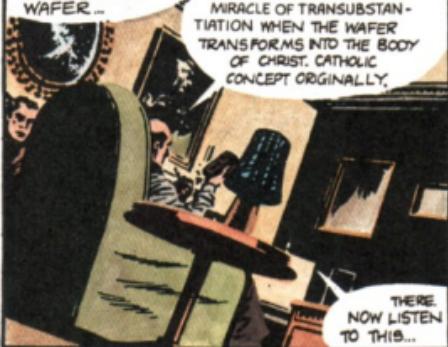


"ONE... TWO..."



THERE'S SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE "KILL ME SENTIMENT" - JUST GIBBERISH.. AND THEN THEY TALK ABOUT COMMUNION AND THE COMMUNION WAFER...

THERE'S THE WORD "TRANSUBSTANTIATION". THAT'S THE MIRACLE OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION WHEN THE WAFER TRANSFORMS INTO THE BODY OF CHRIST. CATHOLIC CONCEPT ORIGINALLY.



THERE. NOW LISTEN TO THIS...

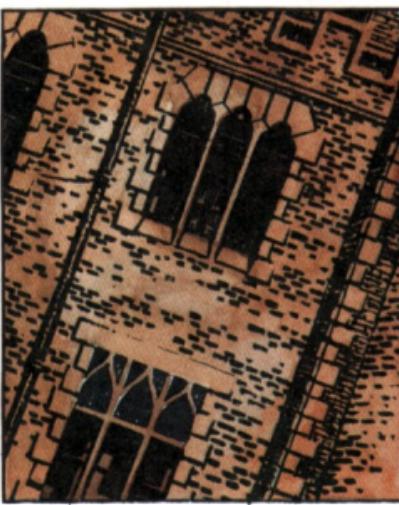
"... AND AT THE MOMENT IT ENTERS YOUR MOUTH IT BECOMES THE FLESH OF THE SAVIOUR."

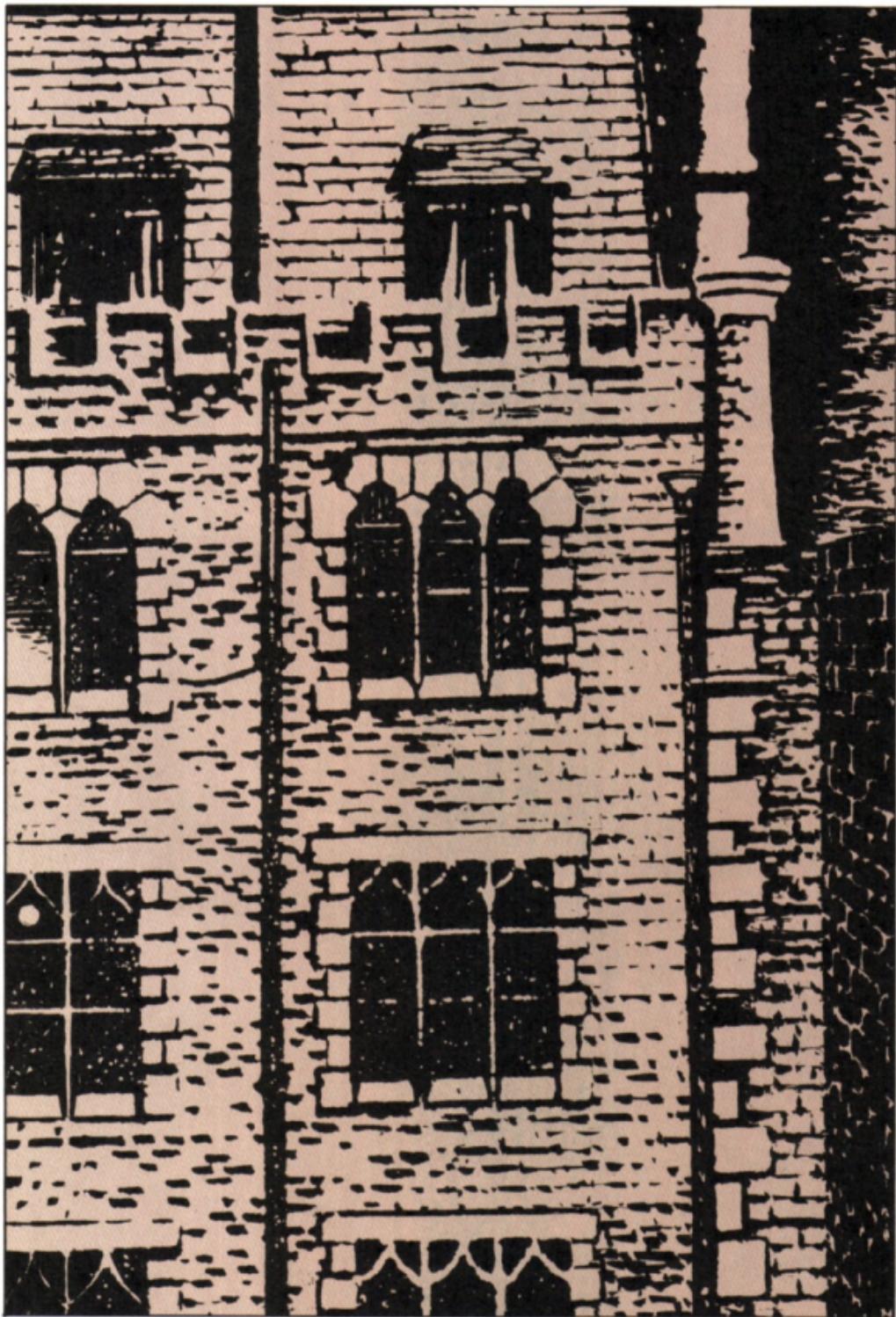
"YES. YES. LOOK, PLEASE..."

"AND WHATEVER IT IS MADE OF NOW IT WILL BECOME THE BODY OF CHRIST?"

"YES. WHATEVER IT IS NOW. WHATEVER."







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