



GIOCHI





MISTA! HE'S  
ALREADY...

RESPONDED!  
TO THE  
RADIO FROM  
INSIDE THE  
ROOM!

## SEX PISTOLS APPEAR! PART ③

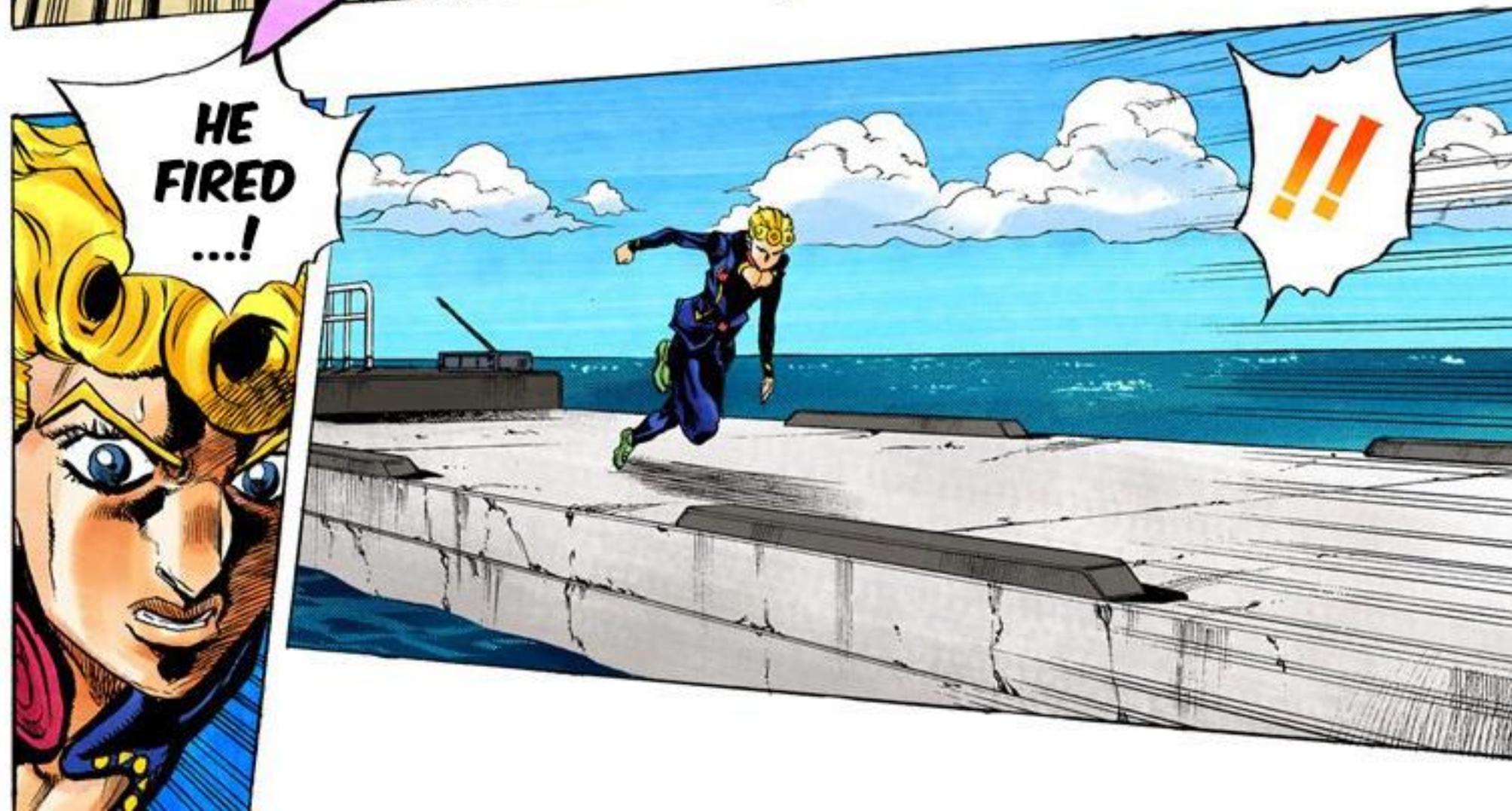


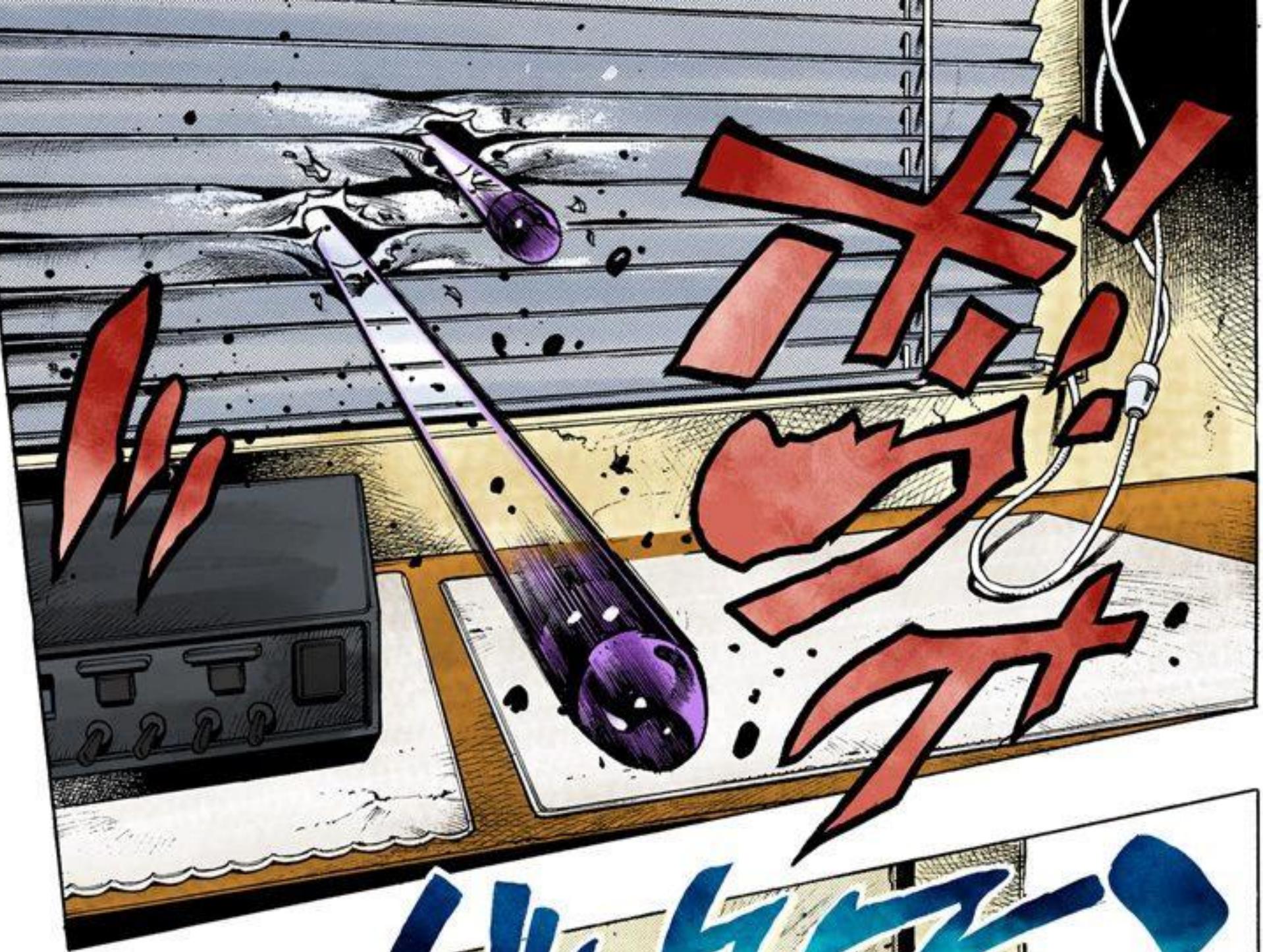


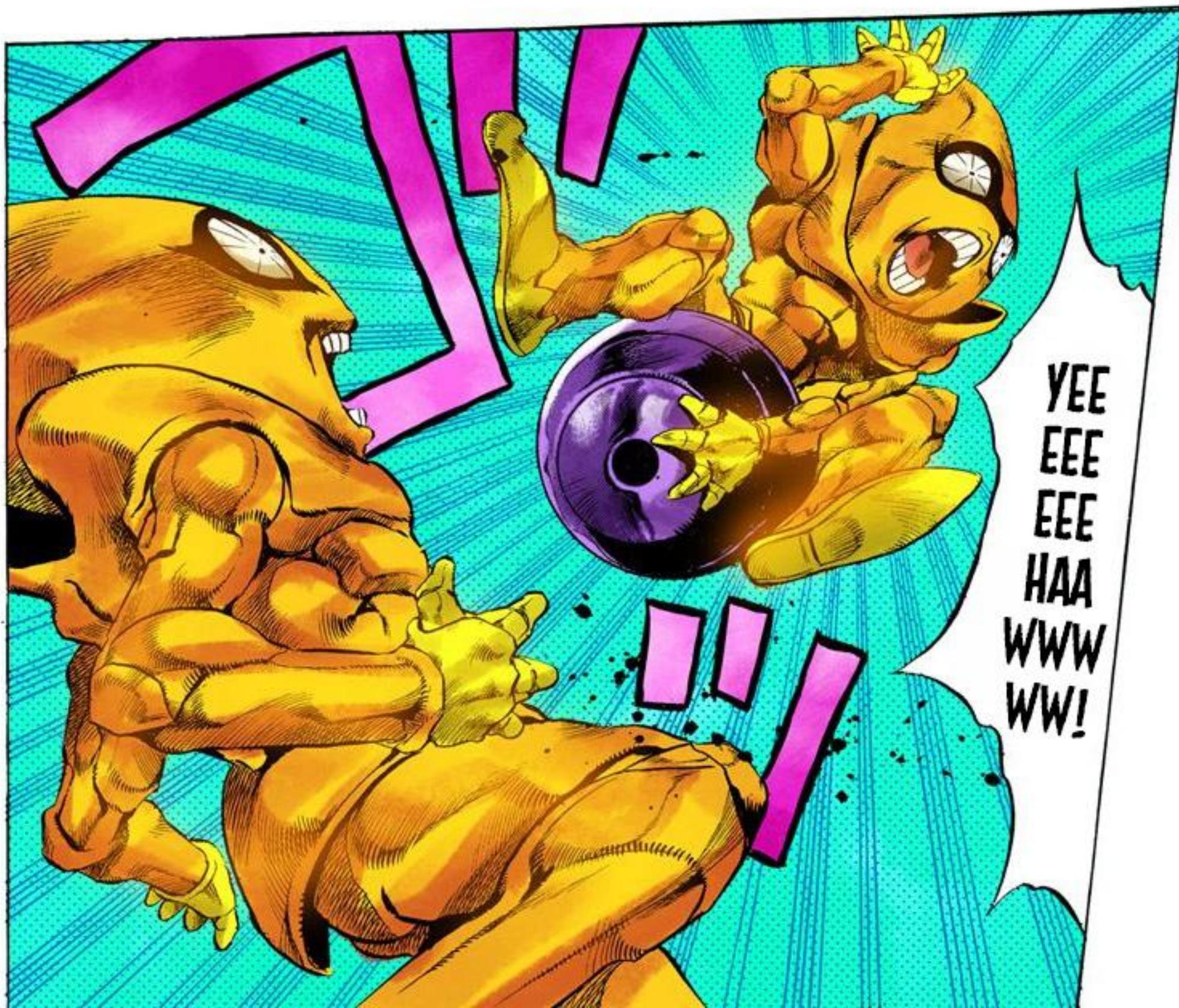
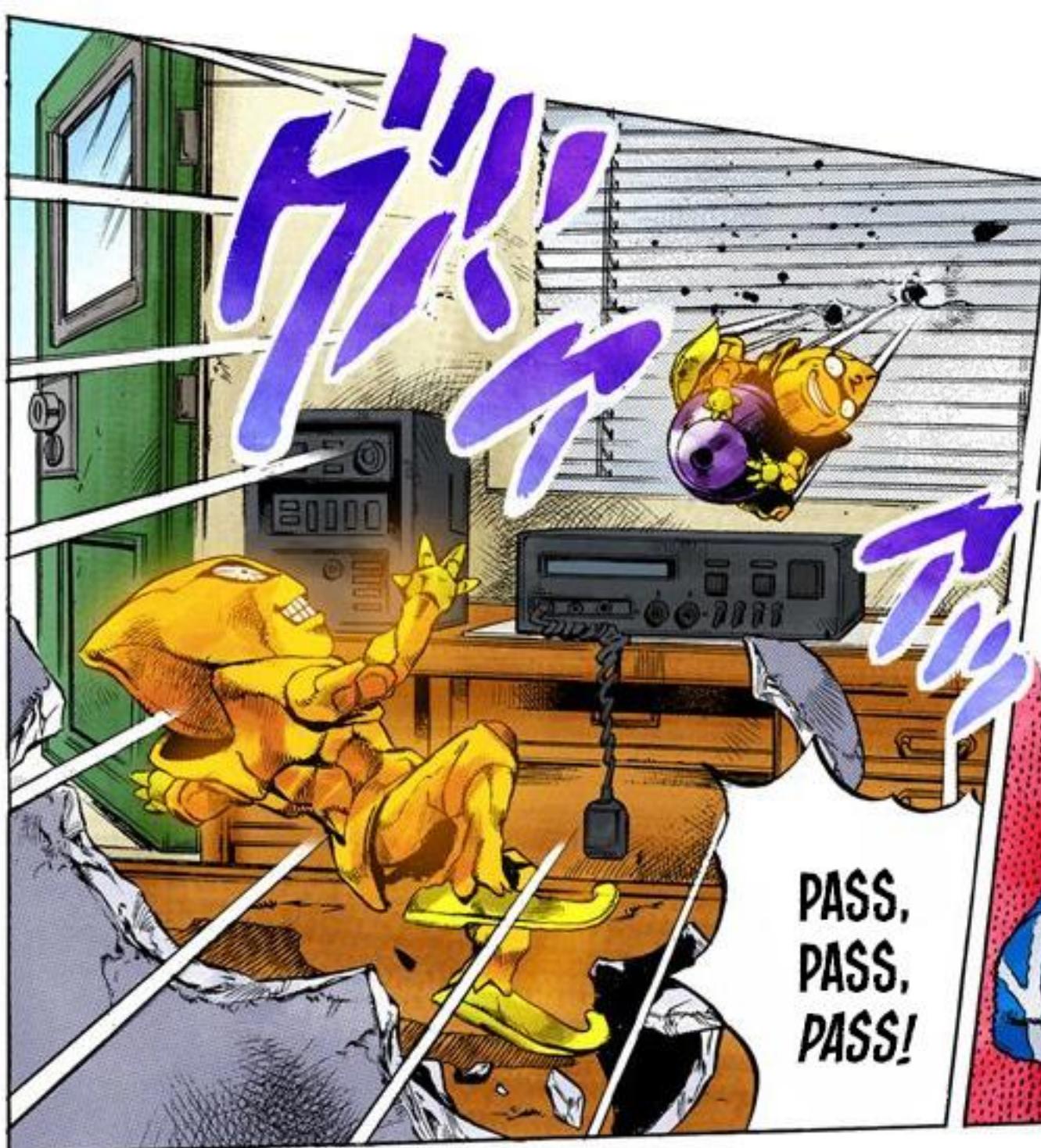
**SEXPISTOLS APPEAR!**

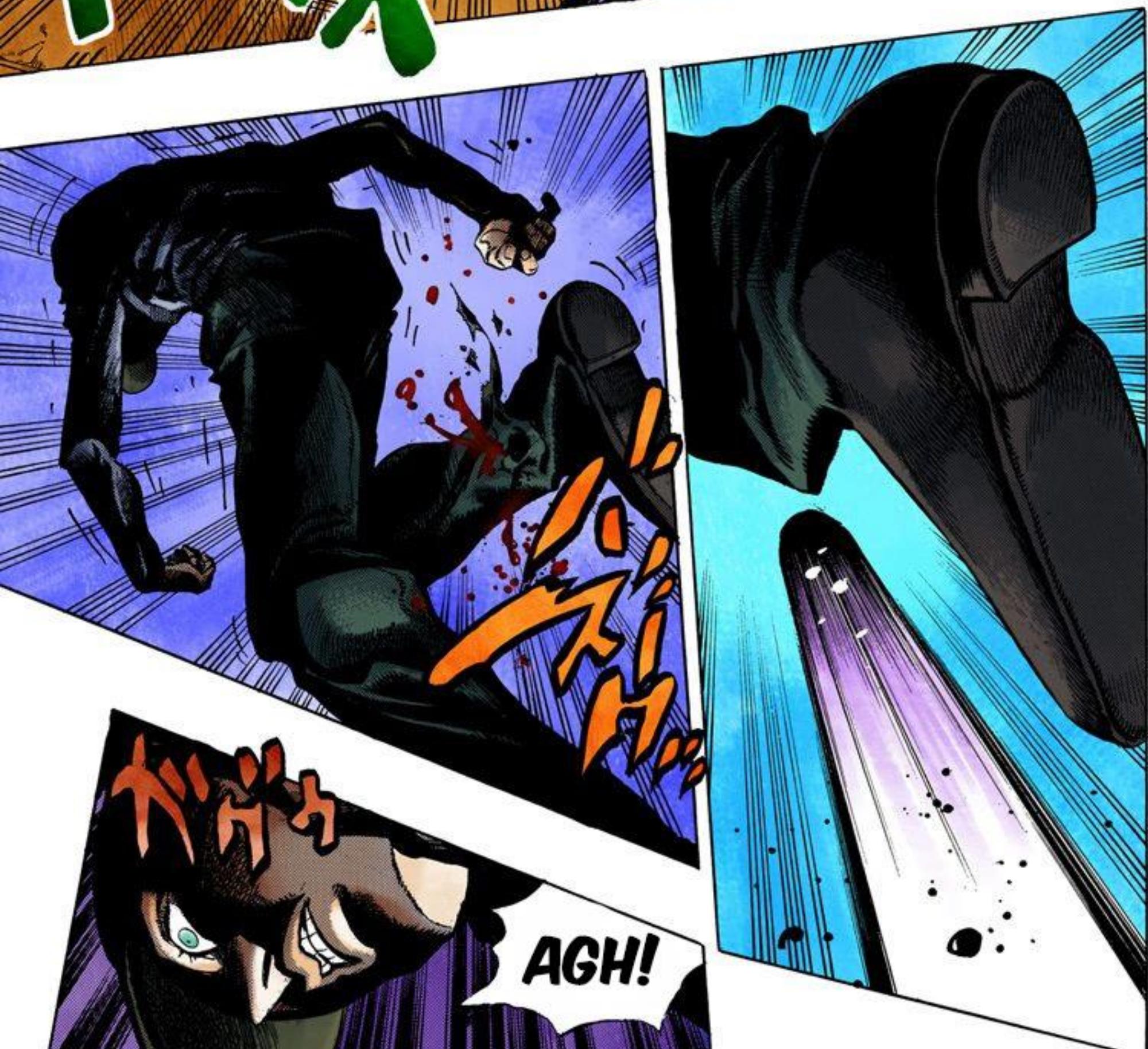
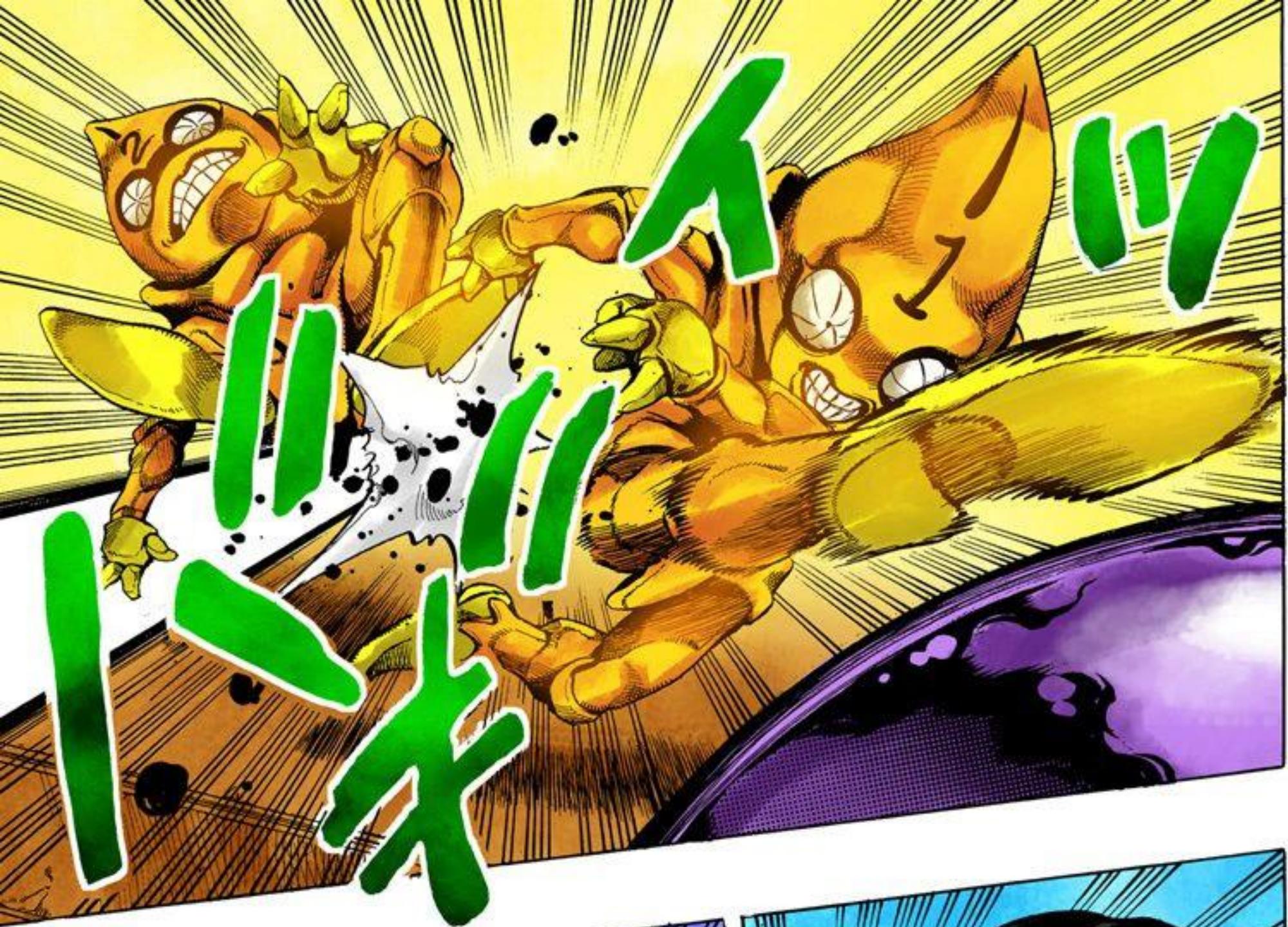
**PART 3**









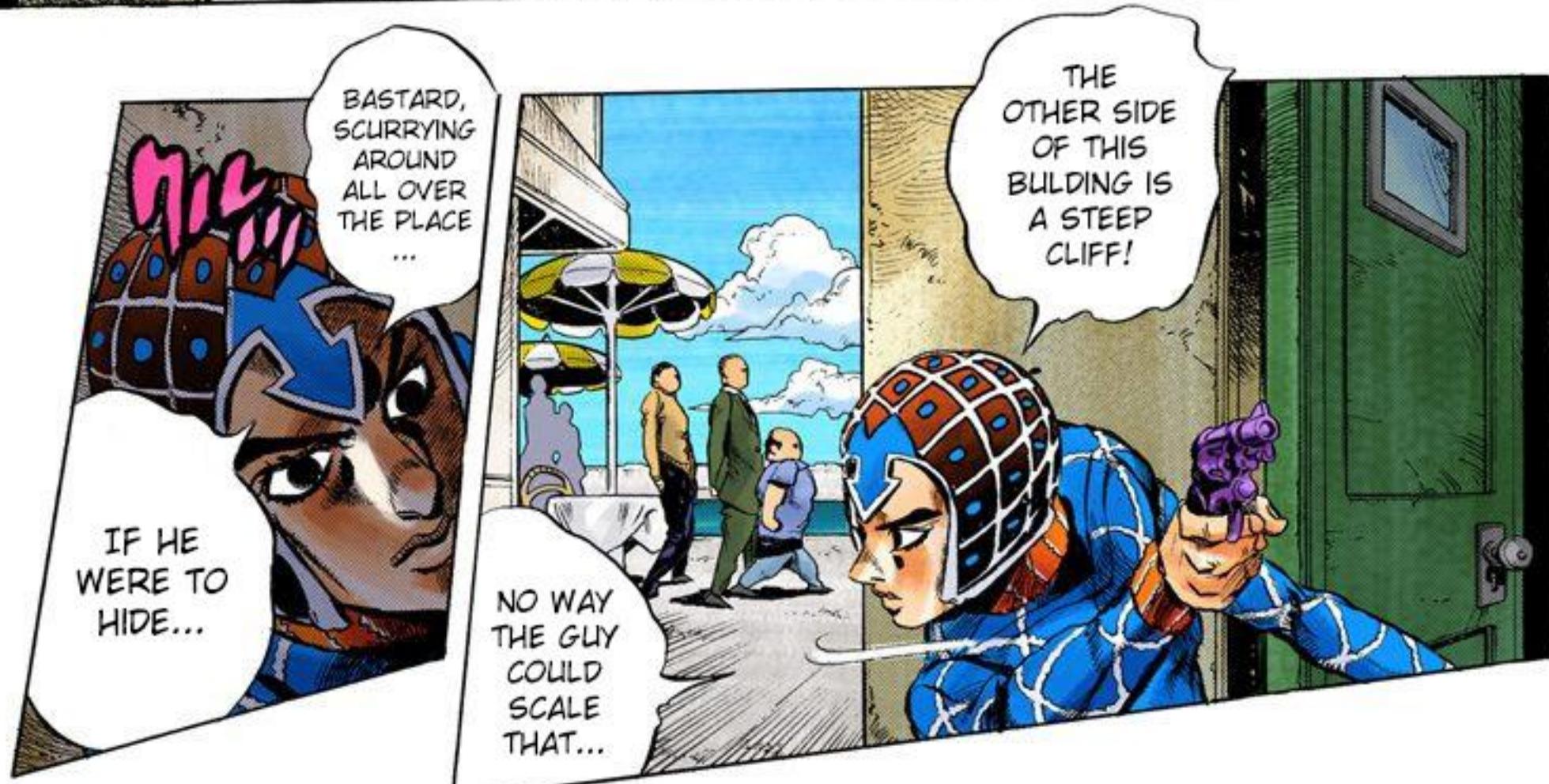
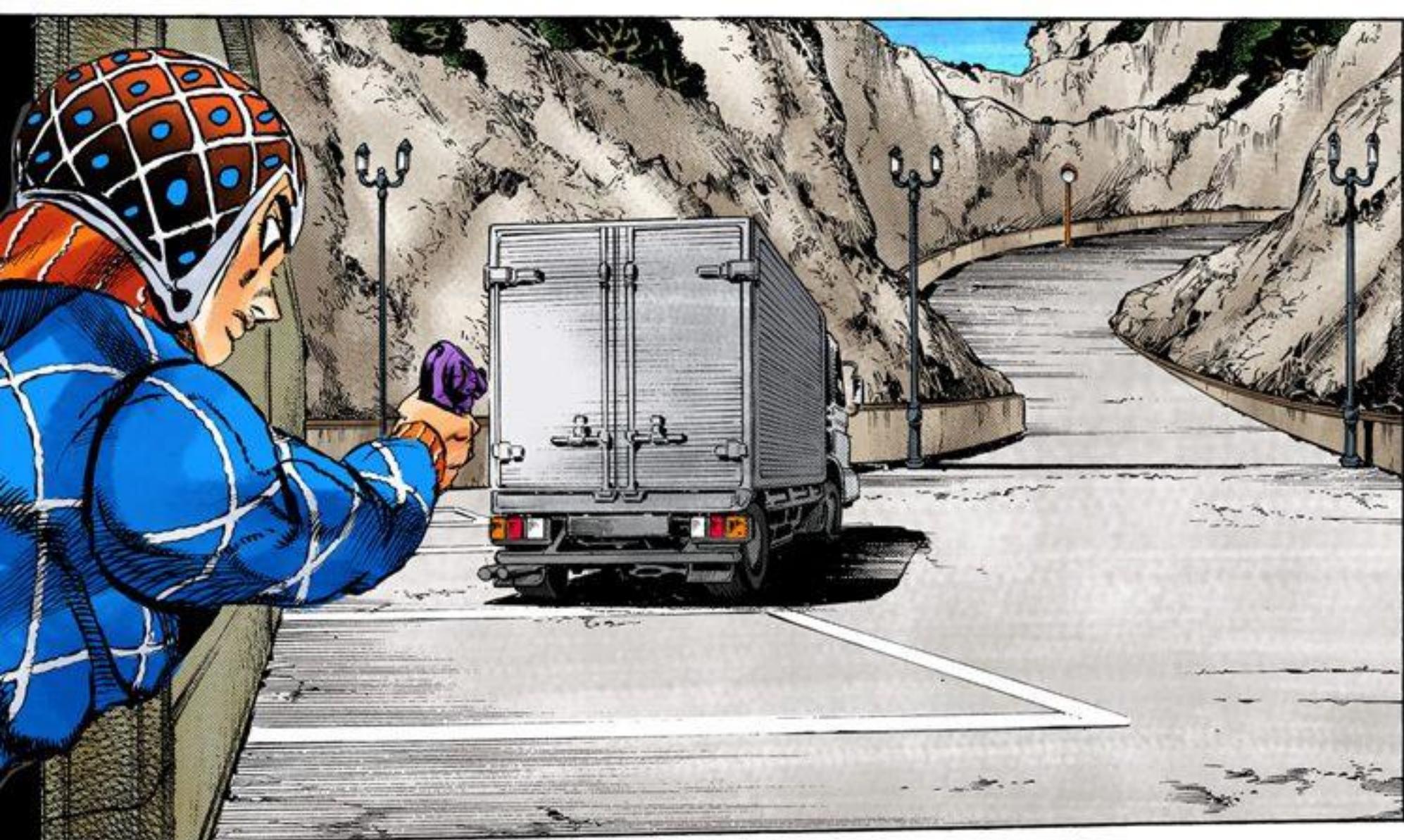


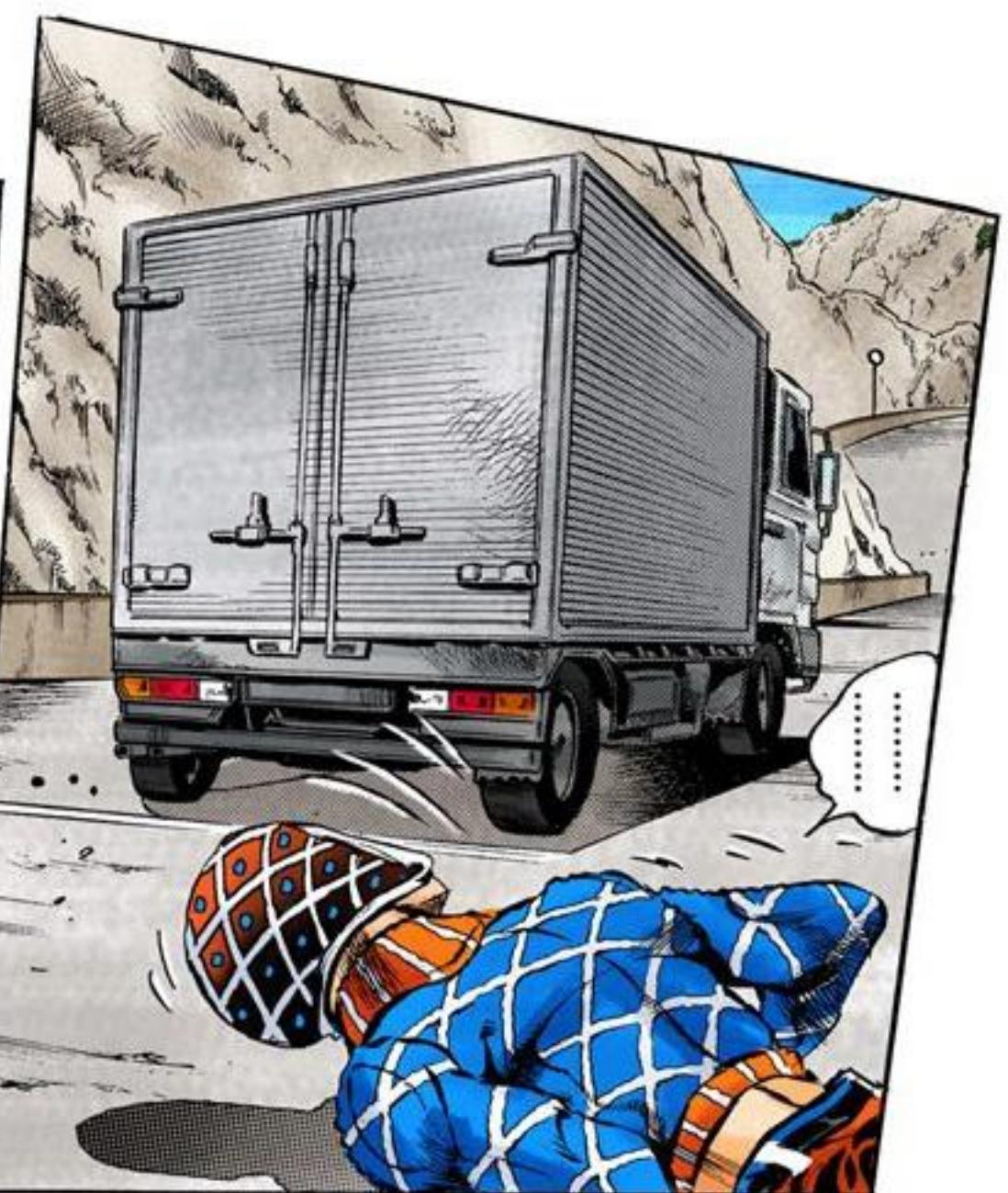
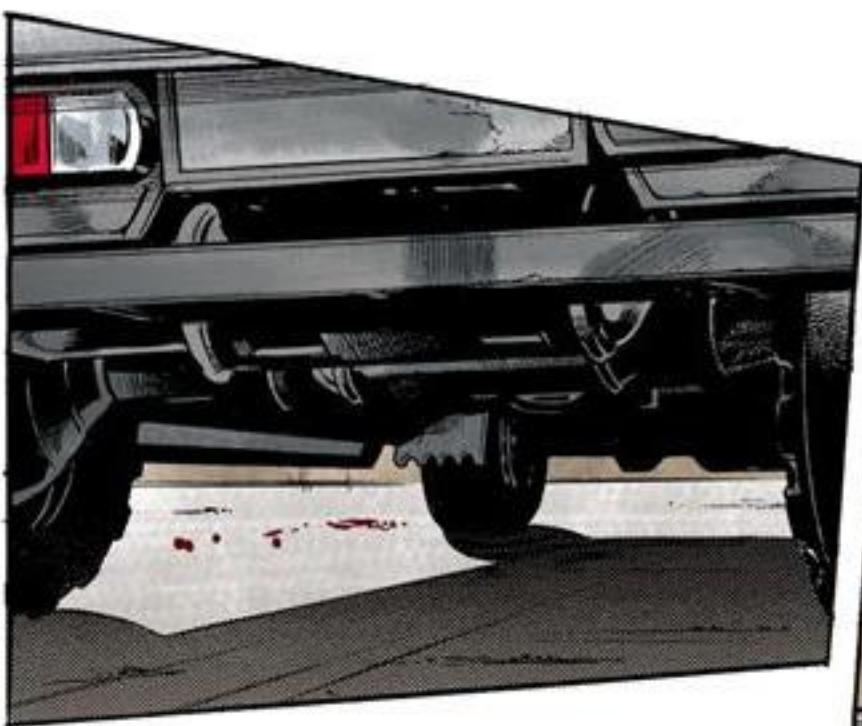
AGH!

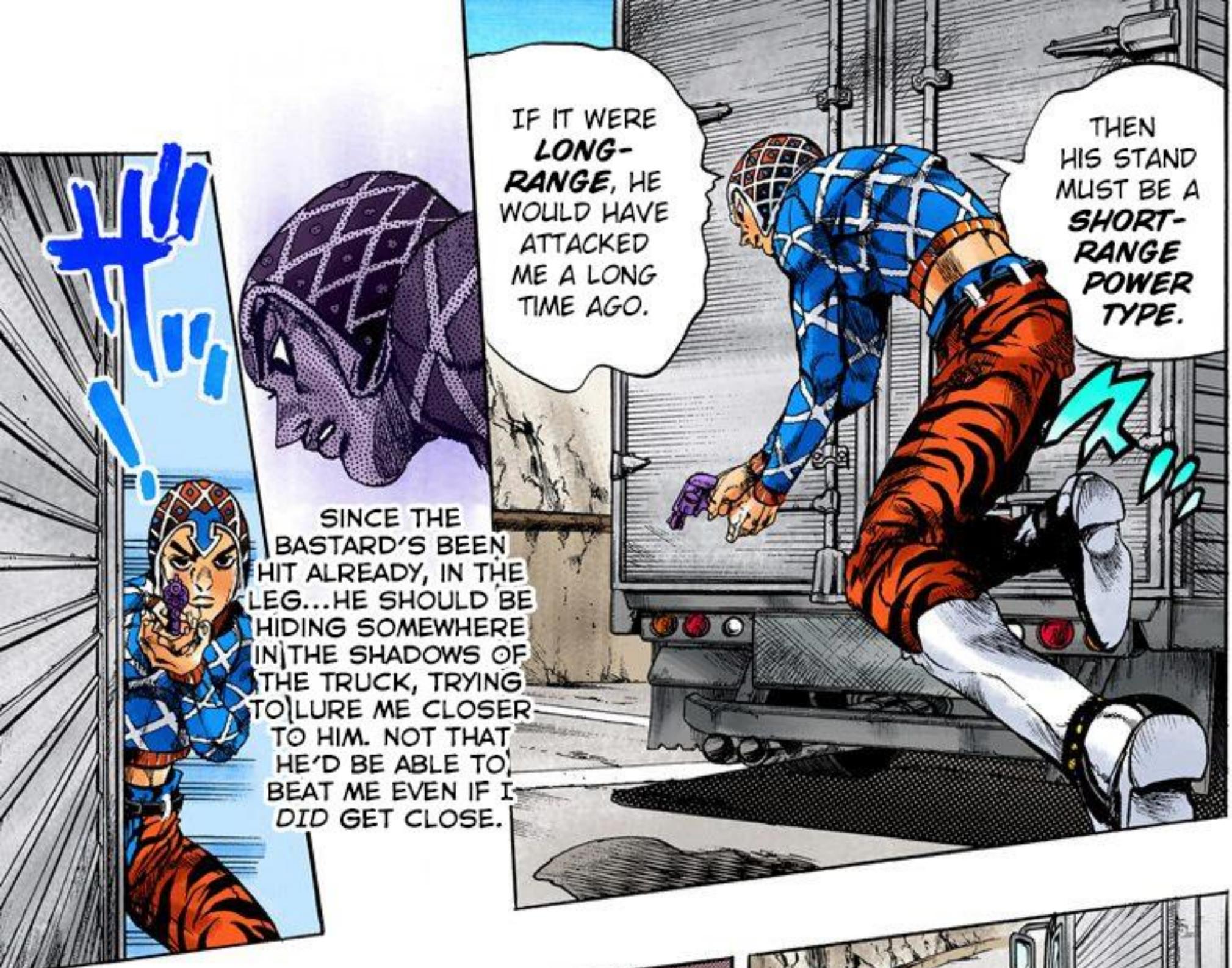






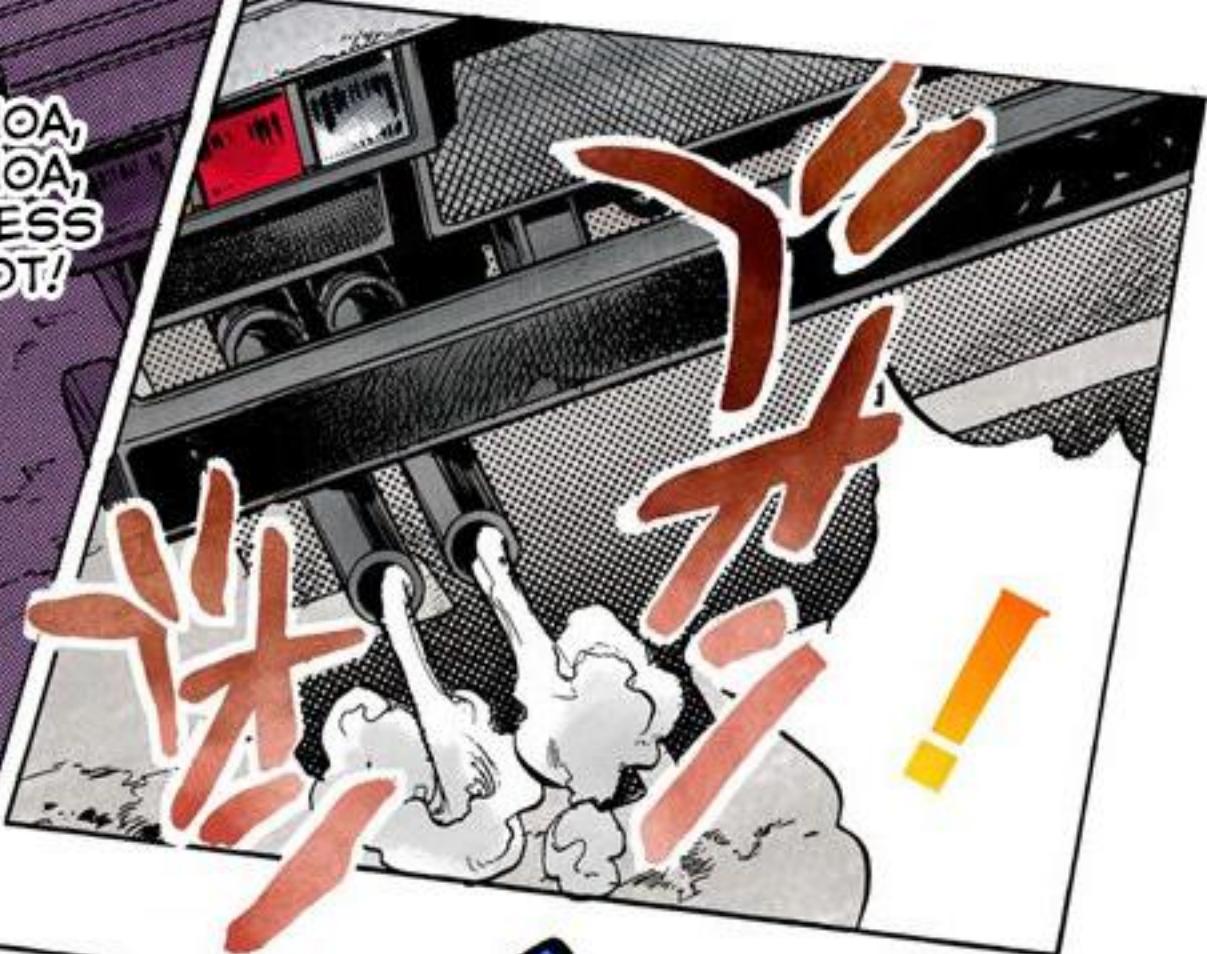






HE'S IN THE  
DRIVER'S  
SEAT RIGHT  
NOW! GUESS  
HE HOTWIRED  
IT, HUH? IF I  
LET HIM GET  
AWAY ON THIS  
TRUCK, WE'RE  
SCREWED!

WOA,  
WOA,  
GUESS  
NOT!



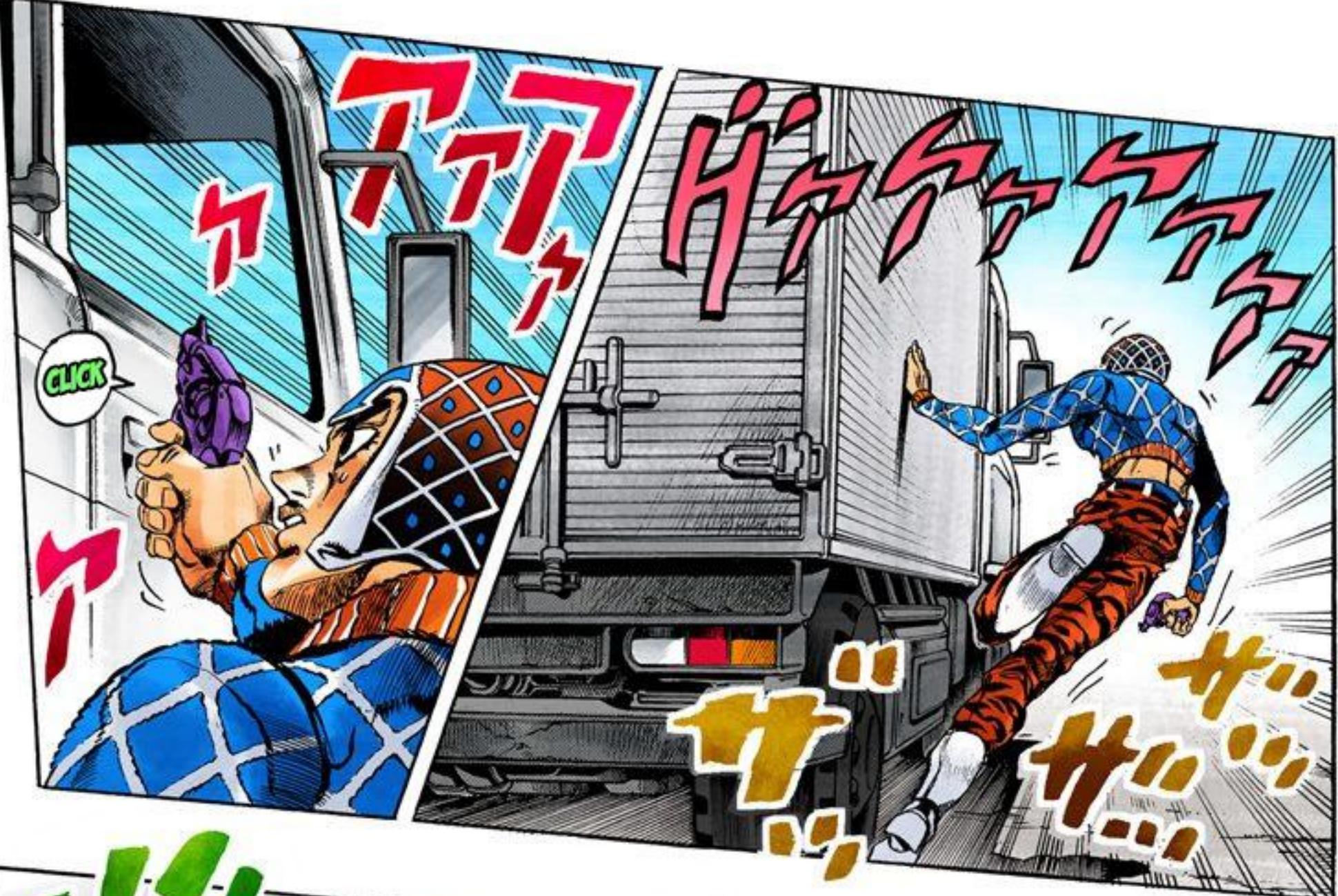
DAMN...



IF I LOSE THIS  
BASTARD NOW,  
HE'LL DEFINITELY  
AMBUSH US  
WITHOUT LETTING  
US FIND HIM!

SHIT! I  
HAVEN'T SEEN  
THIS GUY'S  
FACE YET!  
AND GIORNO  
PROBABLY  
HASN'T EITHER,  
EVEN WITH HIS  
BINOCULARS!



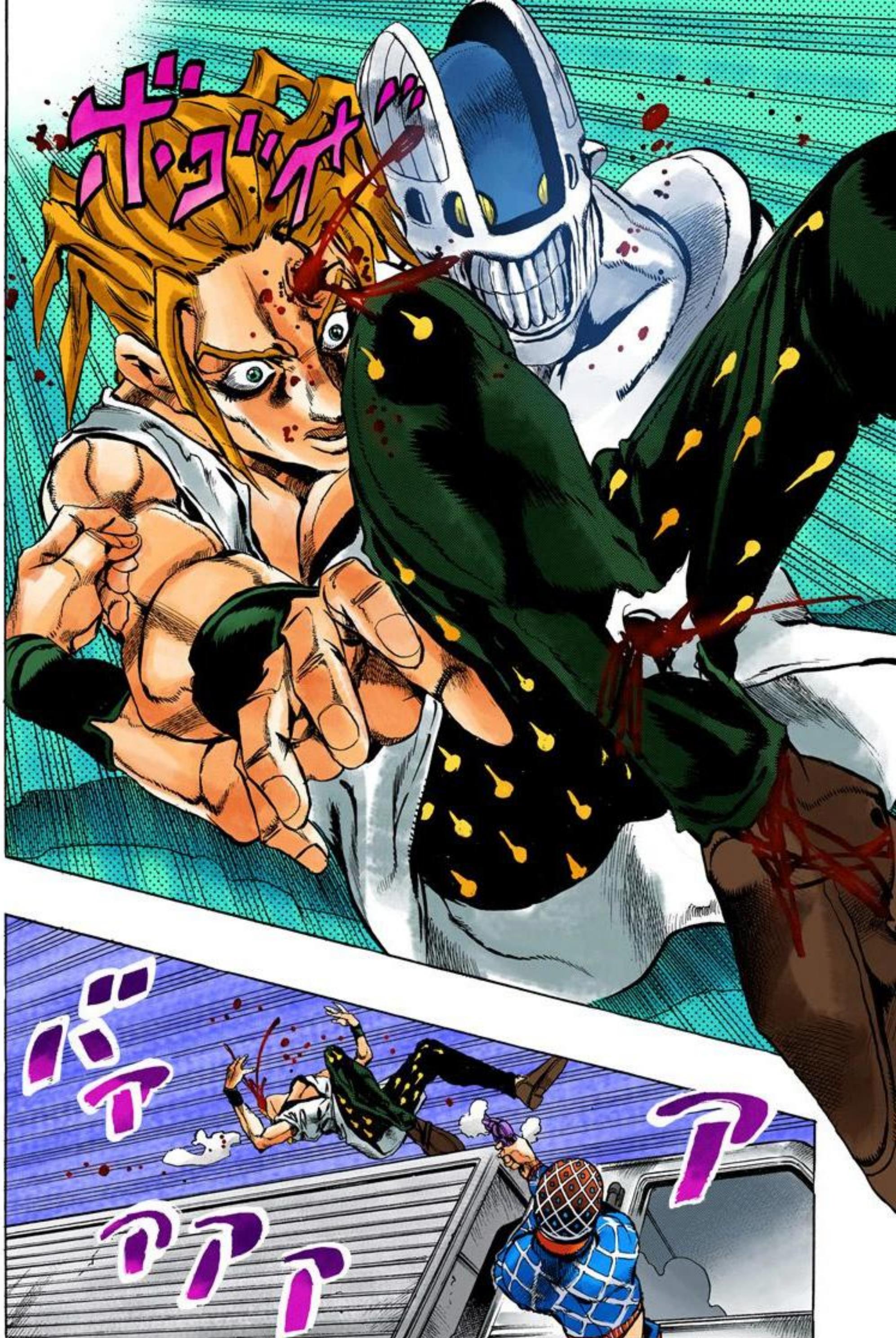






EAT  
THIS!









**Stand Name: *Sex Pistols***

**Host: Guido Mista (Age 18)**

Destructive Force: E

Speed: C

Range: As far as a bullet  
can fly!

Permanence: A

Precision: A

Growth: B

**Ability:** This stand resides within a handgun, and controls the bullets it fires. There are six beings, comprising a single stand. (Numbered 1 through 7, and skipping 4.) They are rather obstinate, and will get angry and refuse to work if not fed.

A: Very good

B: Good

C: Average

D: Poor

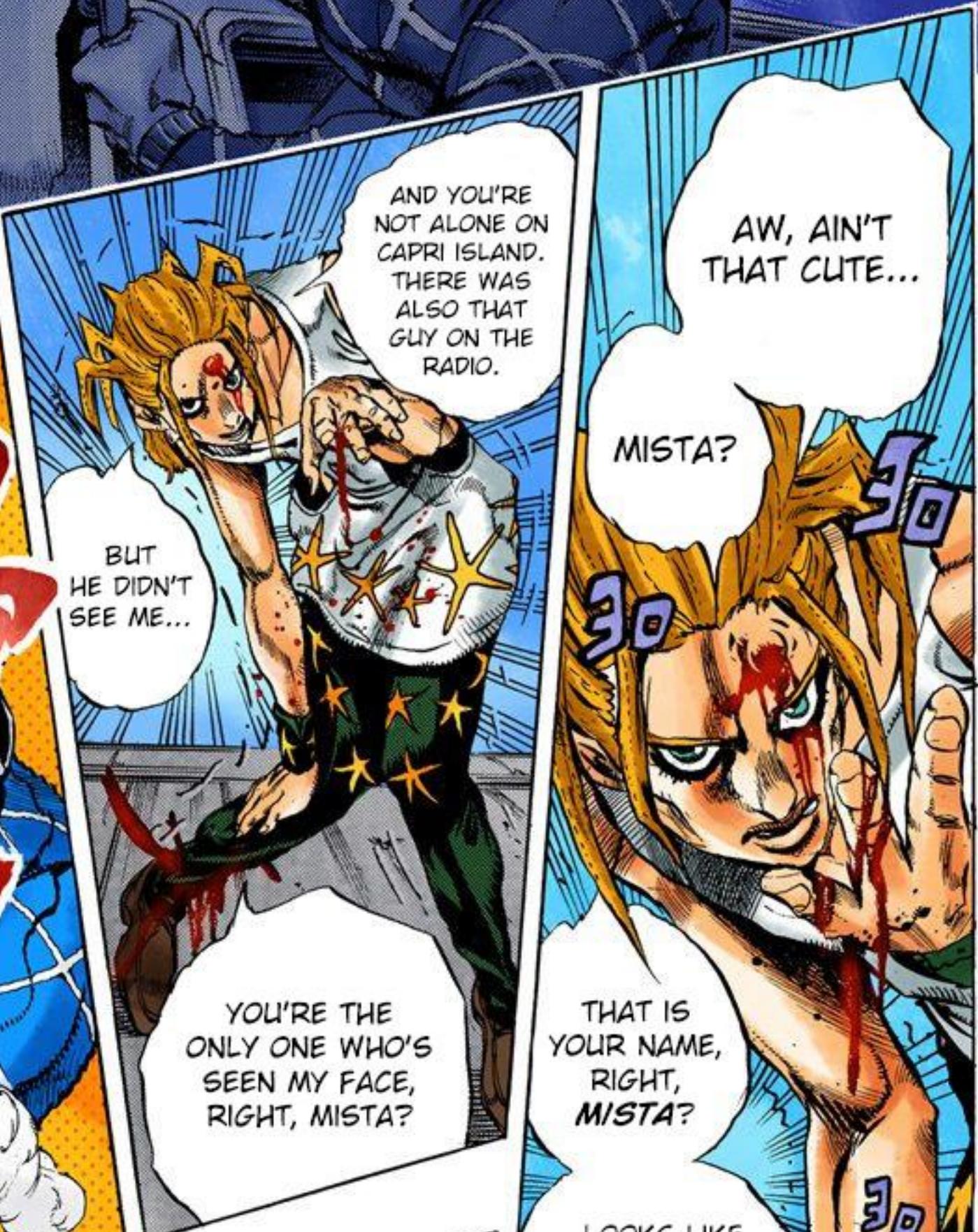
E: Very Poor

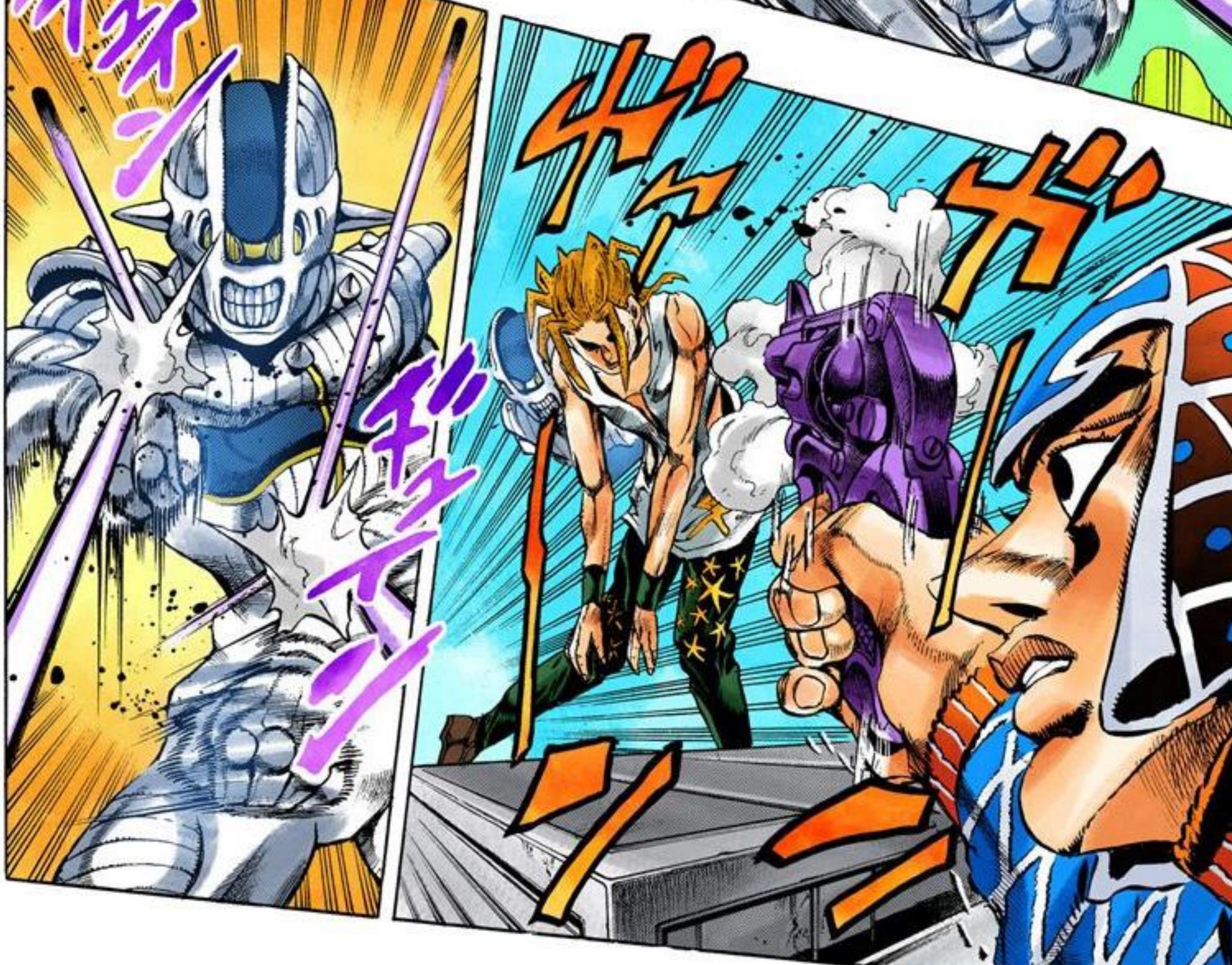
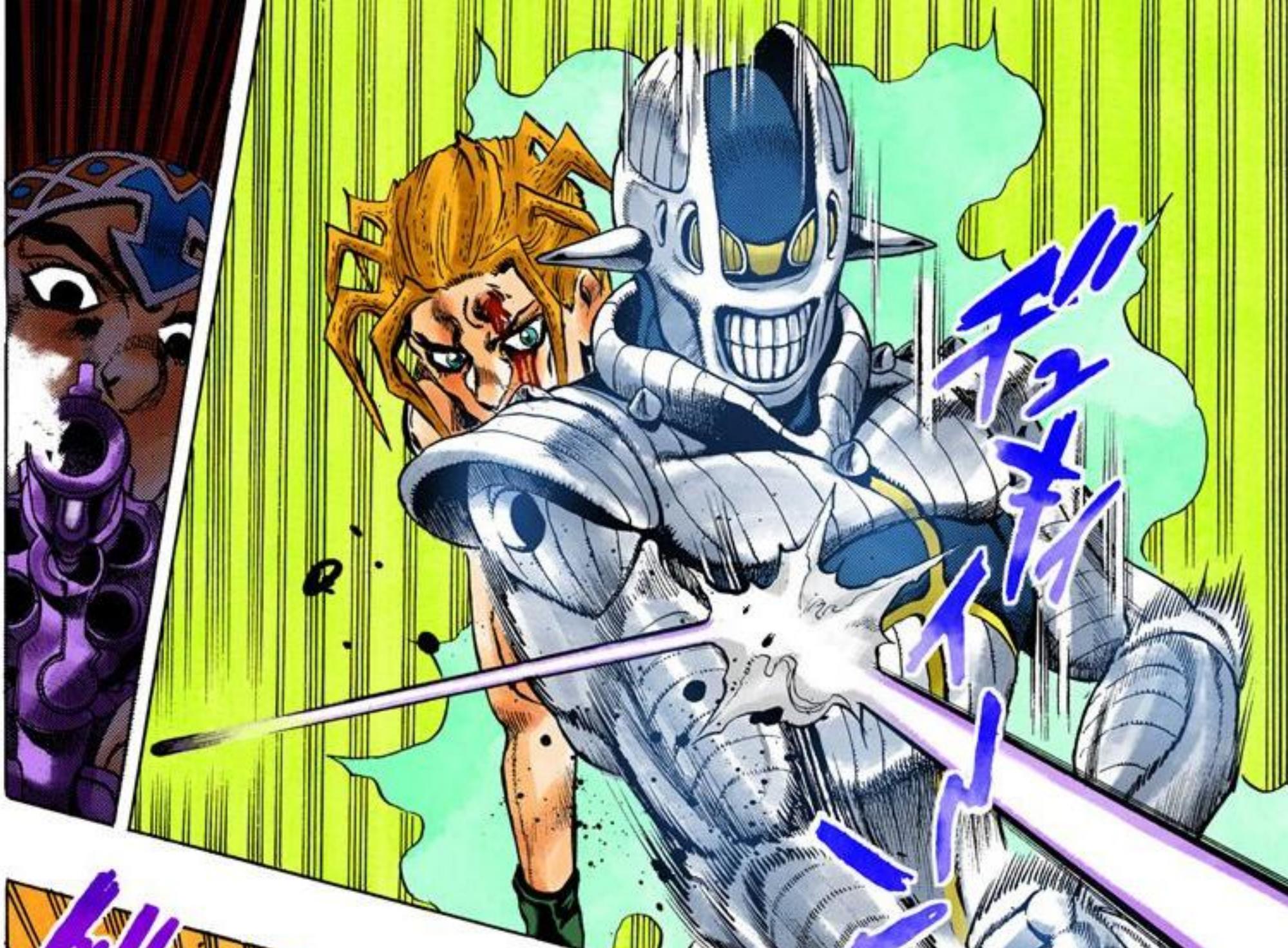


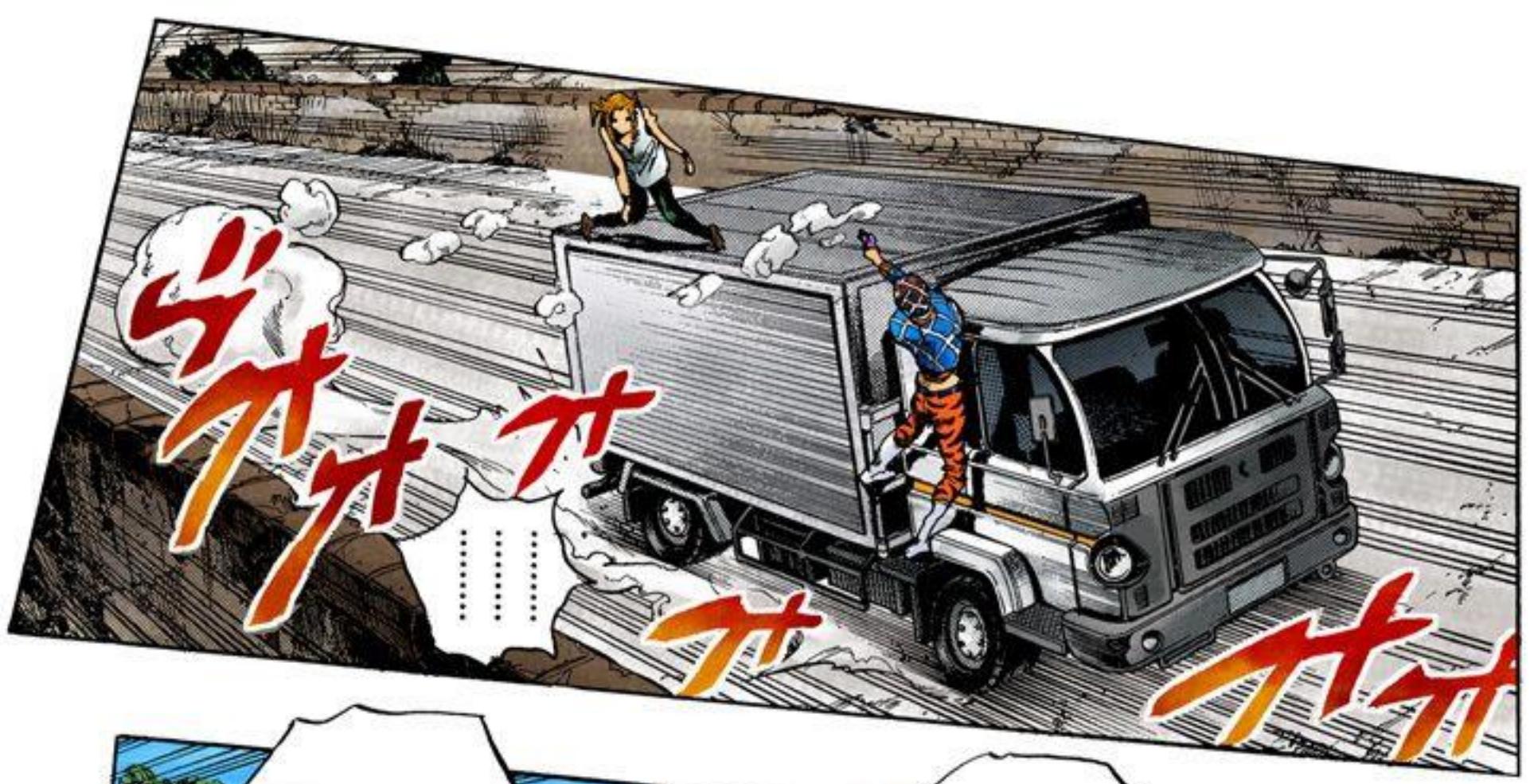
YOU SHOT  
ME TWICE, YOU  
SHITBAG!

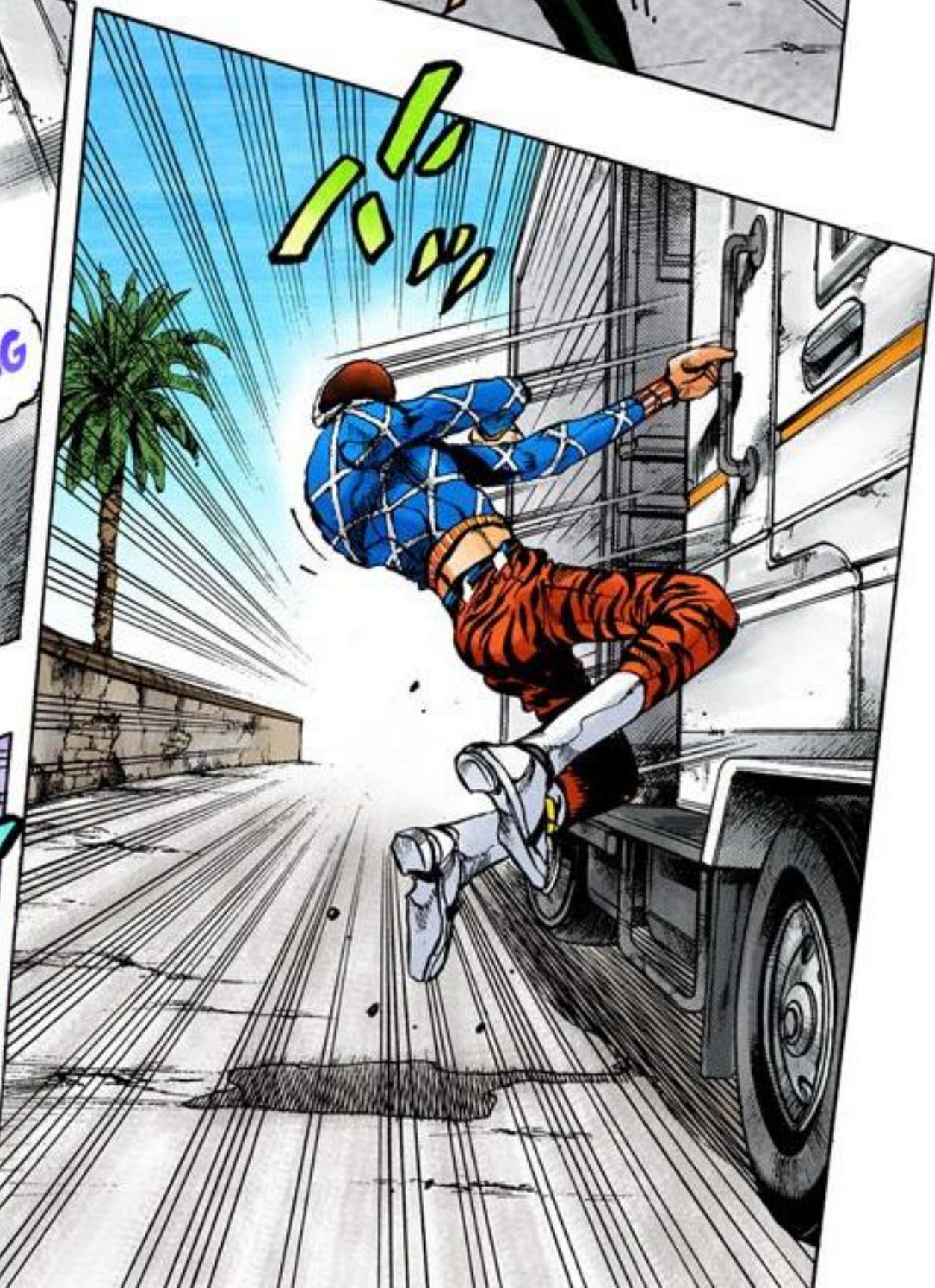
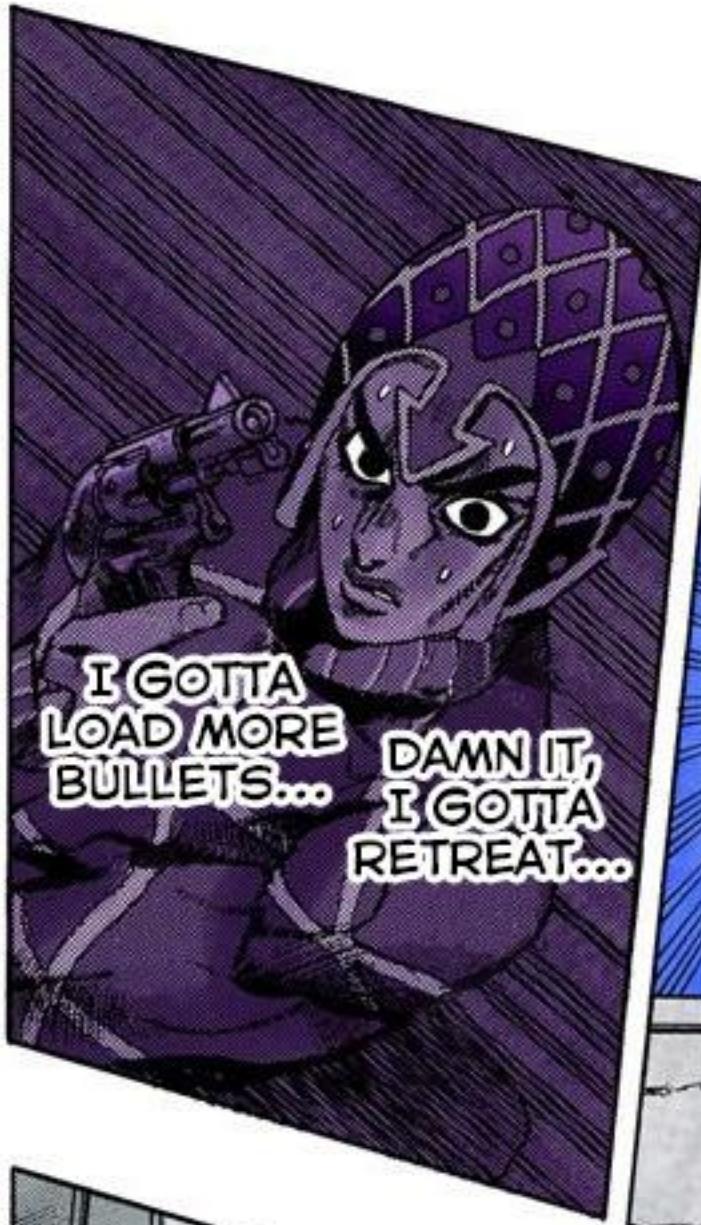
DON'T MOVE A  
MUSCLE, BITCH!  
I'M NOT GONNA  
MISS AGAIN!

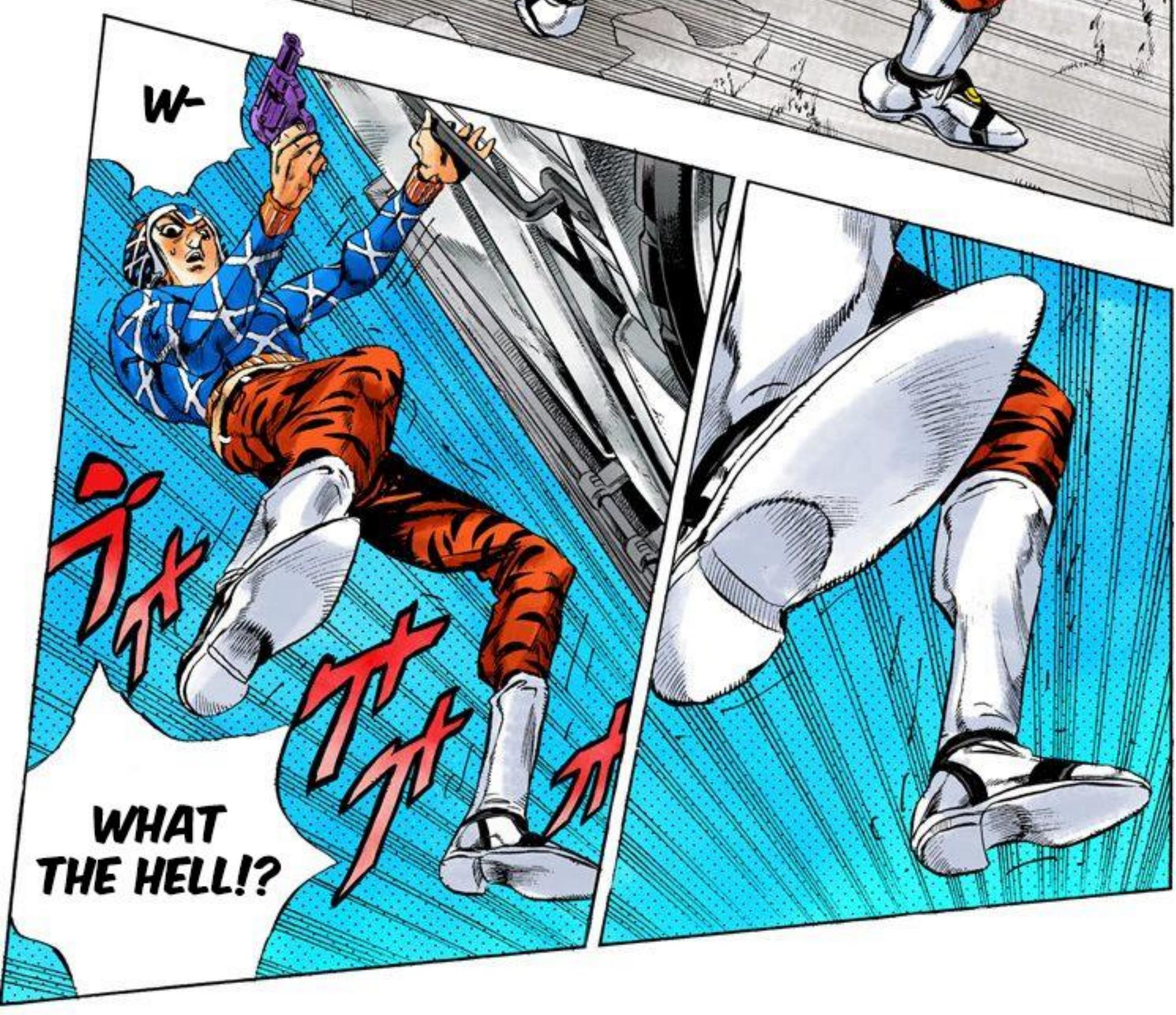
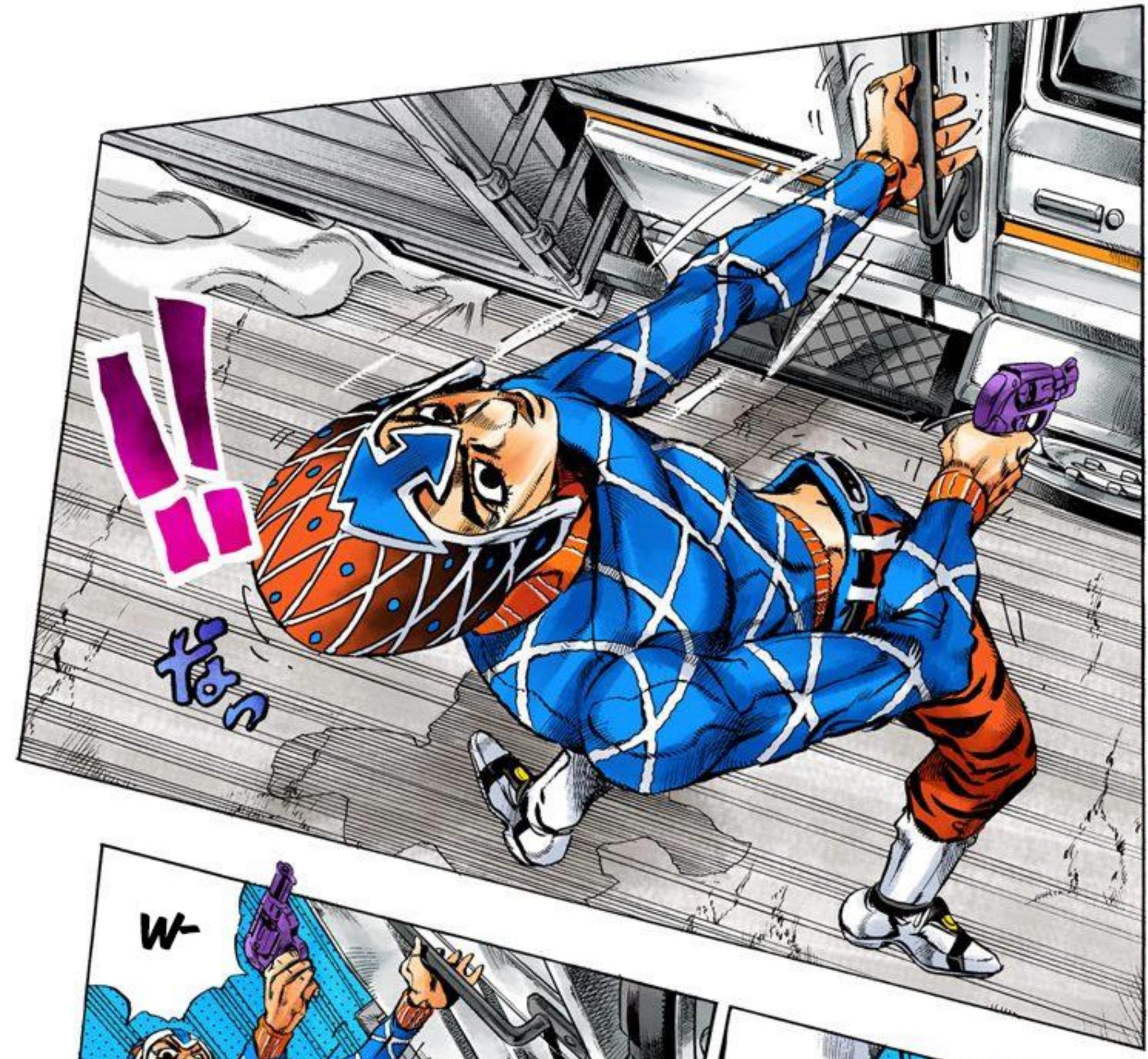
**SEX  
PISTOLS APPEAR!  
PART 4**

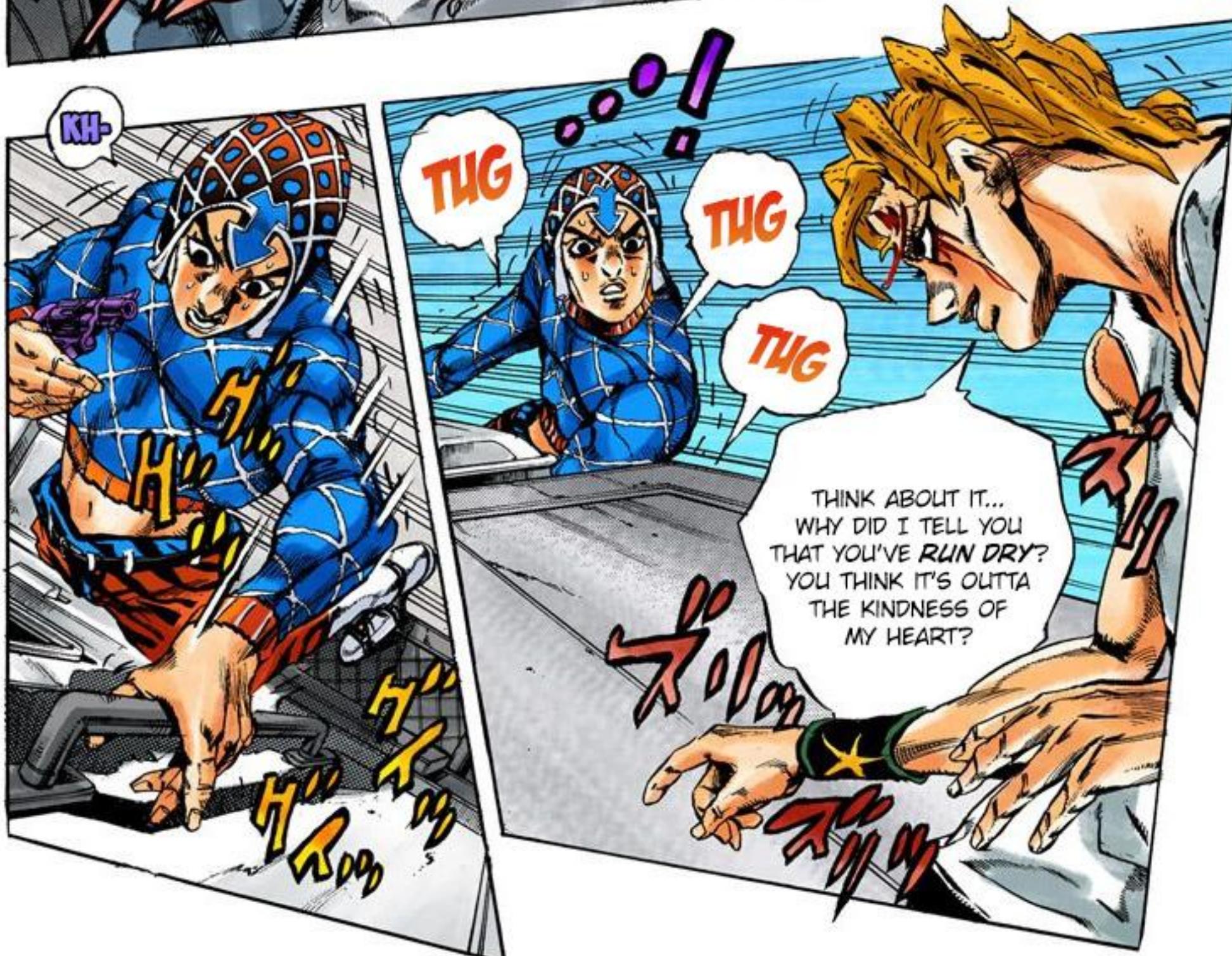
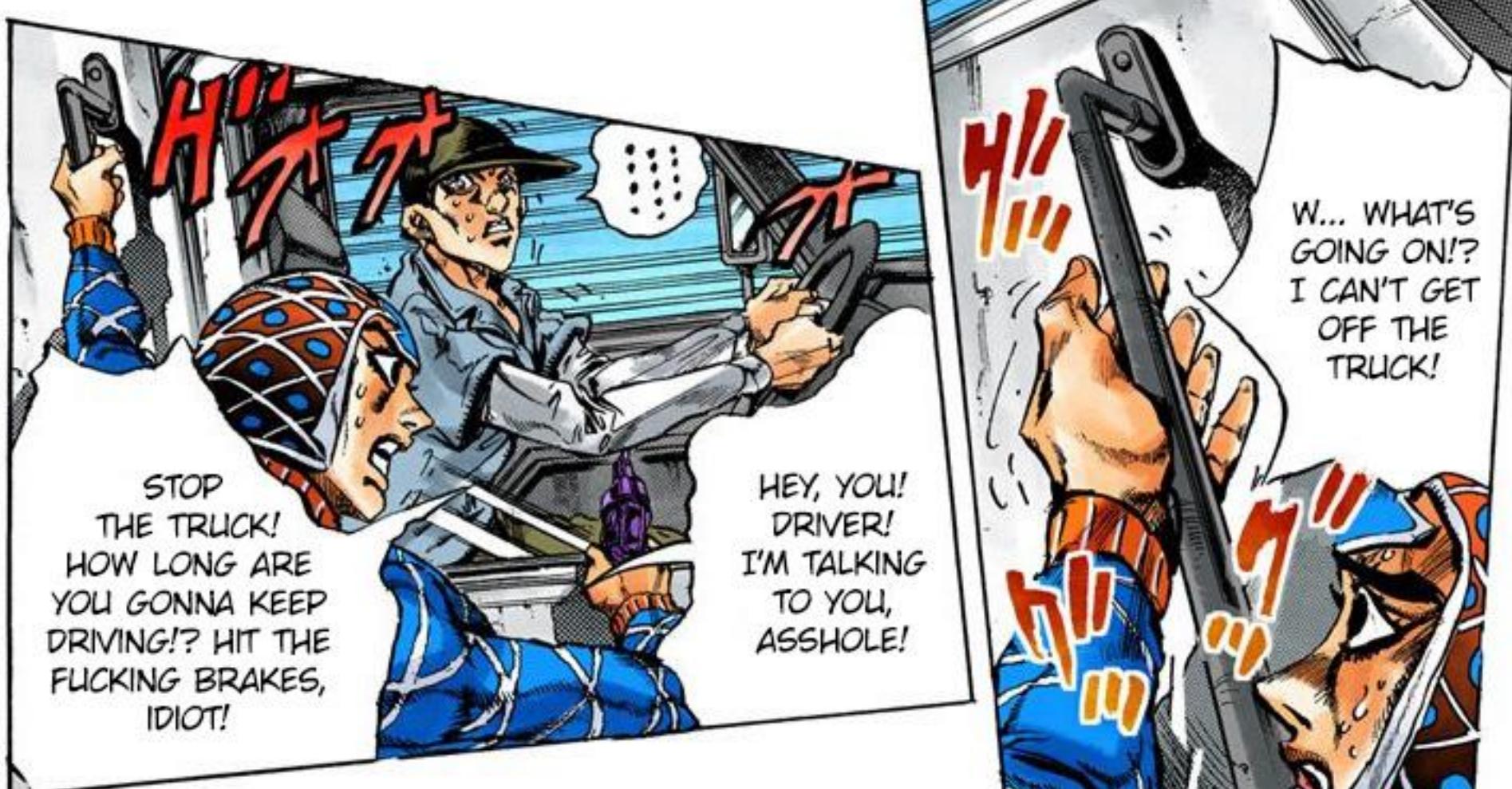


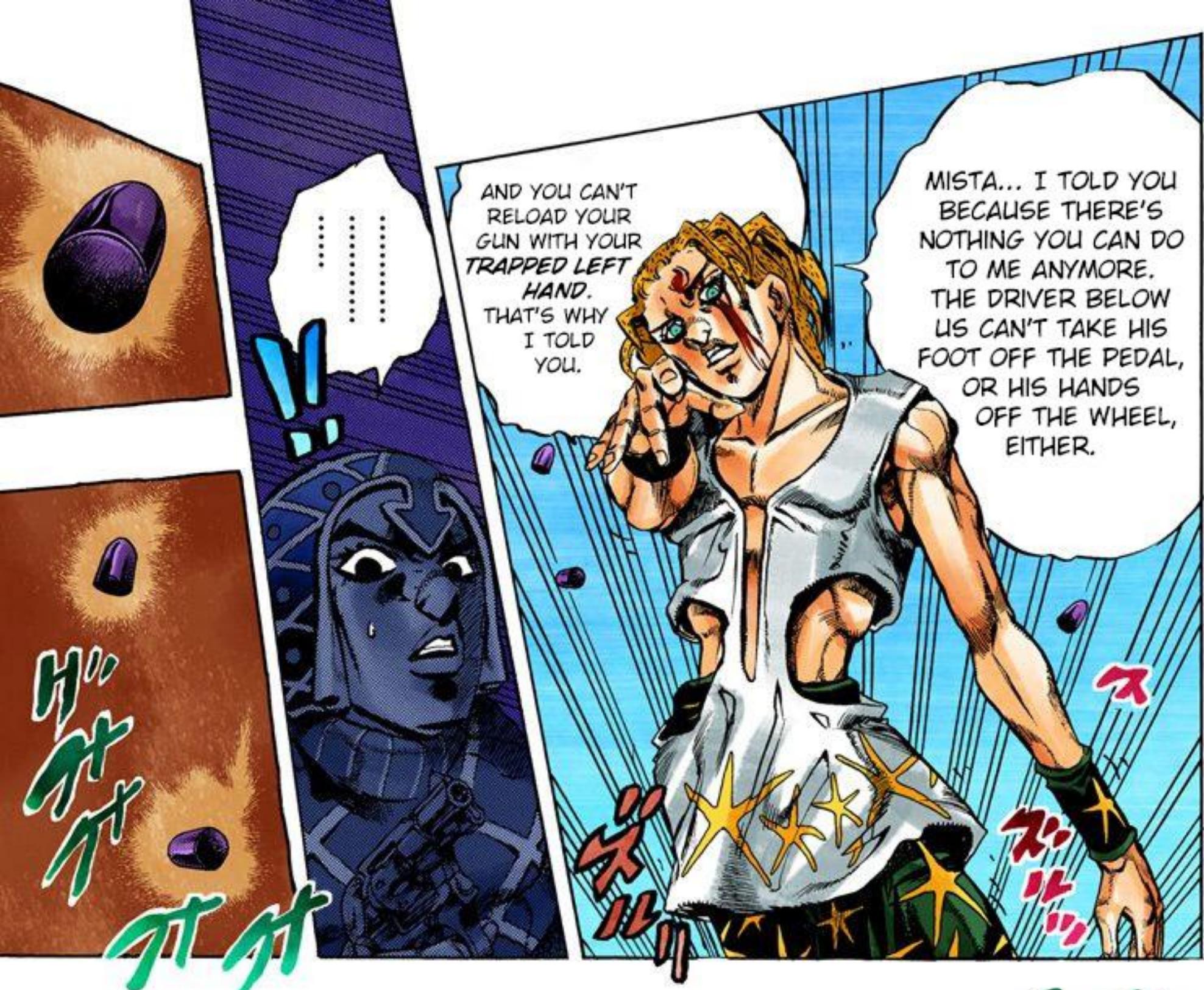














THESE ARE  
THE BULLETS  
HIS STAND  
DEFLECTED...

THEY'RE FOLLOWING  
THE TRUCK AROUND,  
AS IF THEY'RE  
LOCKED IN THE AIR...



MY BULLETS  
ARE LOCKED  
IN THE AIR  
BECAUSE THEY  
TOUCHED HIS  
ABILITY... DID  
THE DRIVER  
AND I GET  
LOCKED ONTO  
THE TRUCK  
WHEN HE  
TOUCHED IT,  
TOO!?



BULLETS  
...

LOCKED

...



MY SHOTS  
STOPPED AT HIS  
SKIN, AND DIDN'T  
GO ANY DEEPER  
INSIDE HIM!  
THAT'S WHY  
HE'S NOT  
DEAD!

HE HAS THE  
ABILITY TO  
**LOCK**  
ANYTHING  
HE TOUCHES  
IN PLACE...!



I CAN REALLY  
FEEL MY HOPE  
AND DRIVE  
WELLING UP  
INSIDE ME NOW,  
YA SEE!

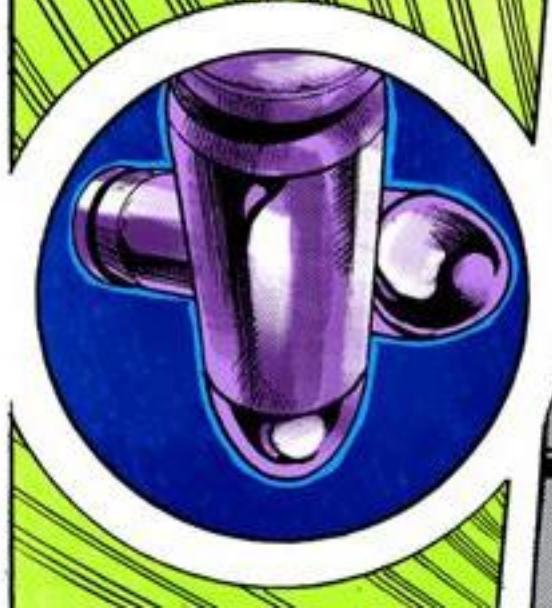
BUT IF  
YOU'RE  
ATTACKING  
ME, THEN  
THAT MEANS  
IT'S REAL.

YOU KNOW  
WHY? 'CAUSE NONE  
OF US KNOW FOR SURE  
THAT POLPO'S *SECRET  
STASH* REALLY EXISTS.  
IT'S JUST A RUMOR  
AMONG SMALL-TIME  
THUGS LIKE US.

SO GLAD  
IT MAKES  
ME FORGET  
YOU JUST  
SHOT ME...

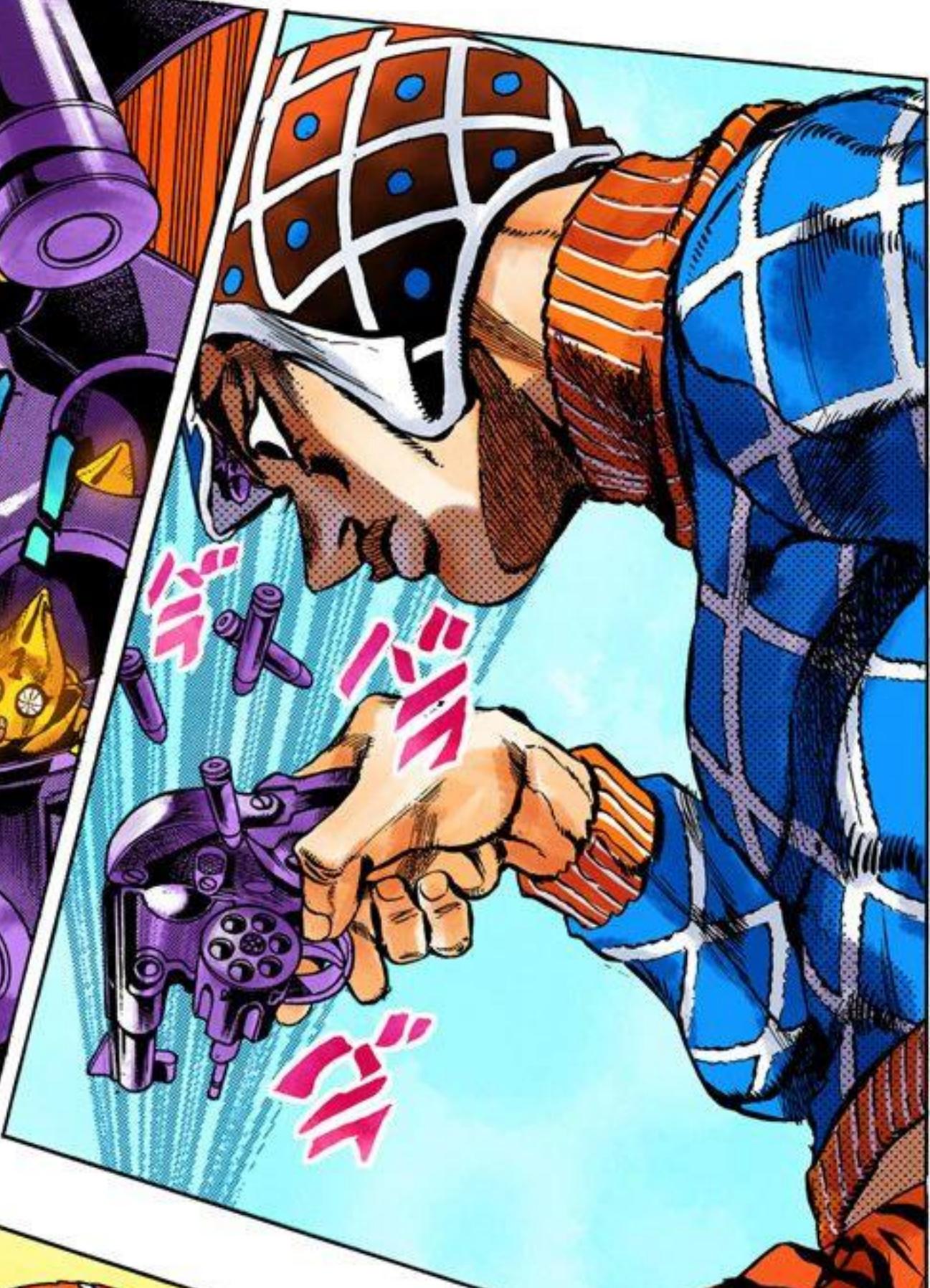
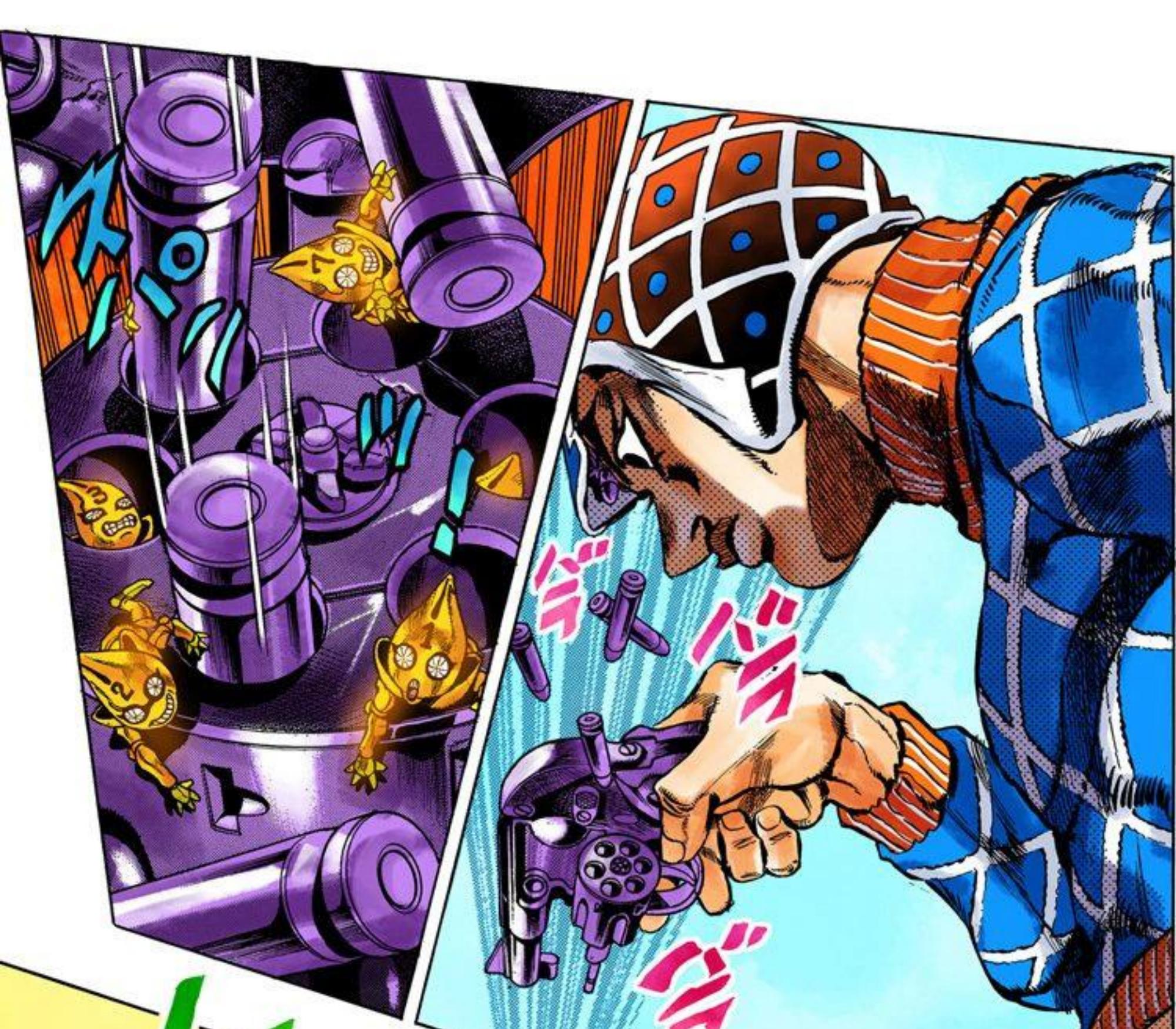
TO BE HONEST,  
~I'M REAL GLAD  
YOU'RE  
HERE TO  
KILL ME,  
MISTA.

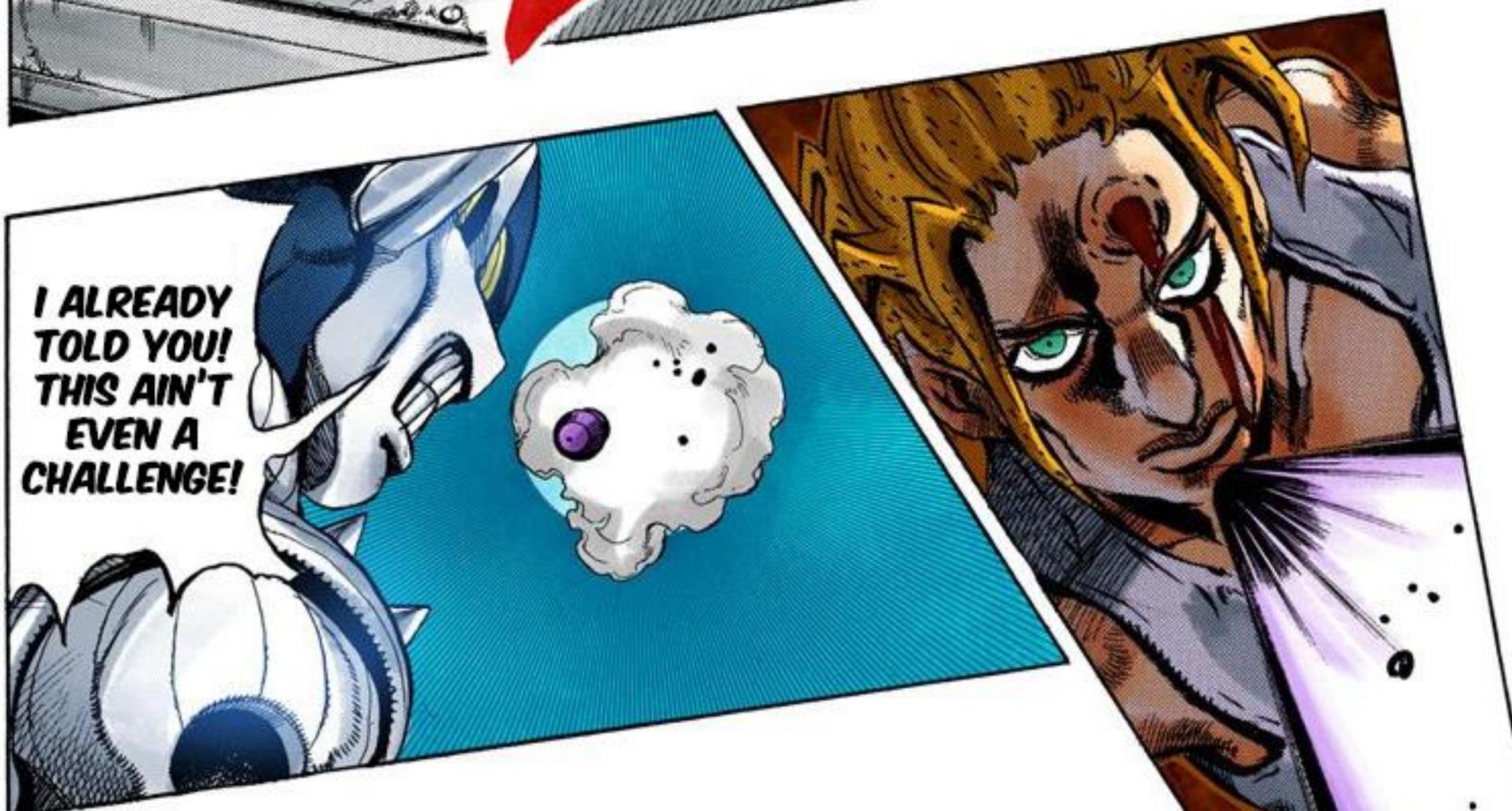


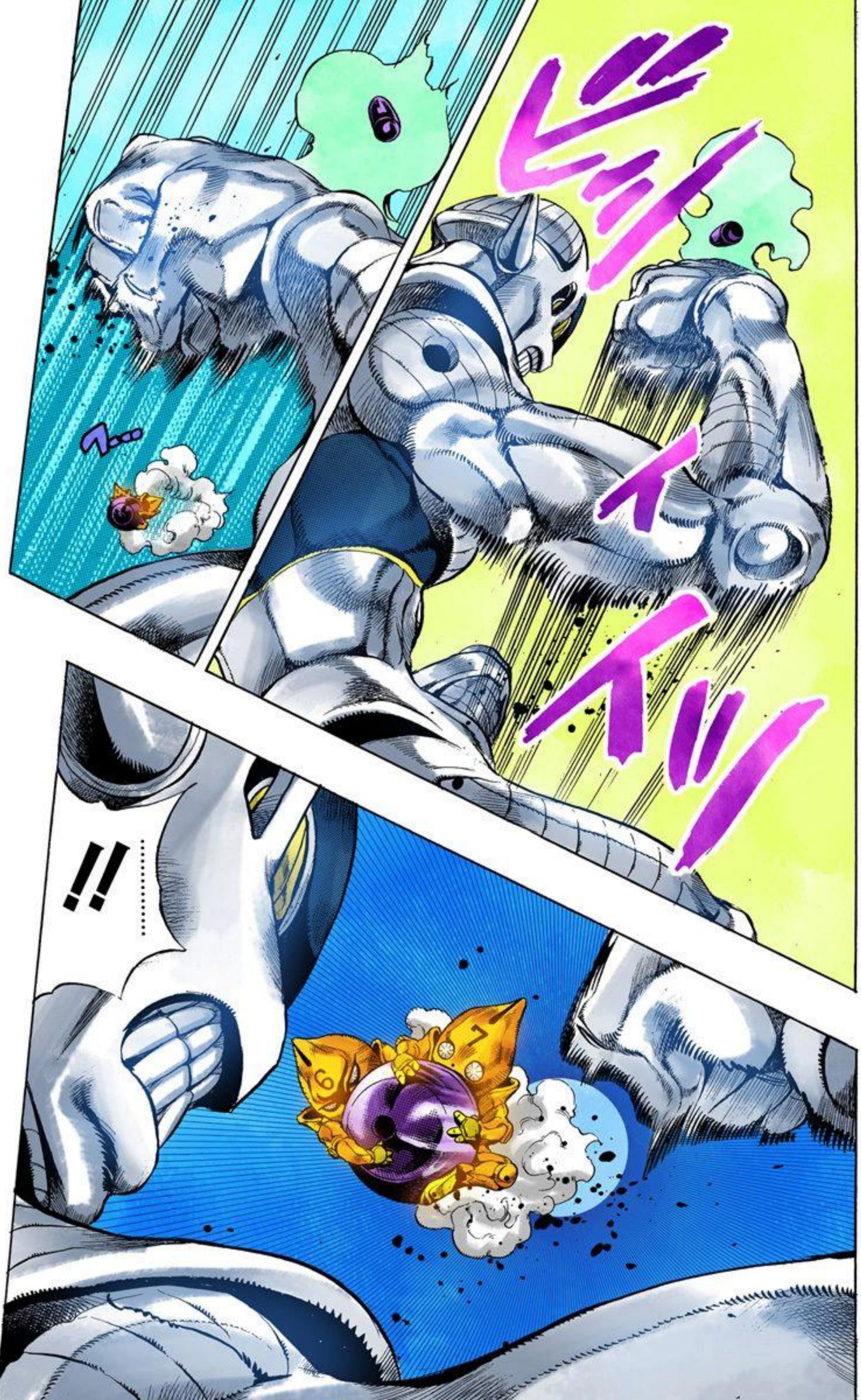


NOW I'VE GOT  
ALL THE IMPETUS  
I NEED TO STEAL  
THAT 600 MILLION  
YEN FROM  
BUCCELLATI!









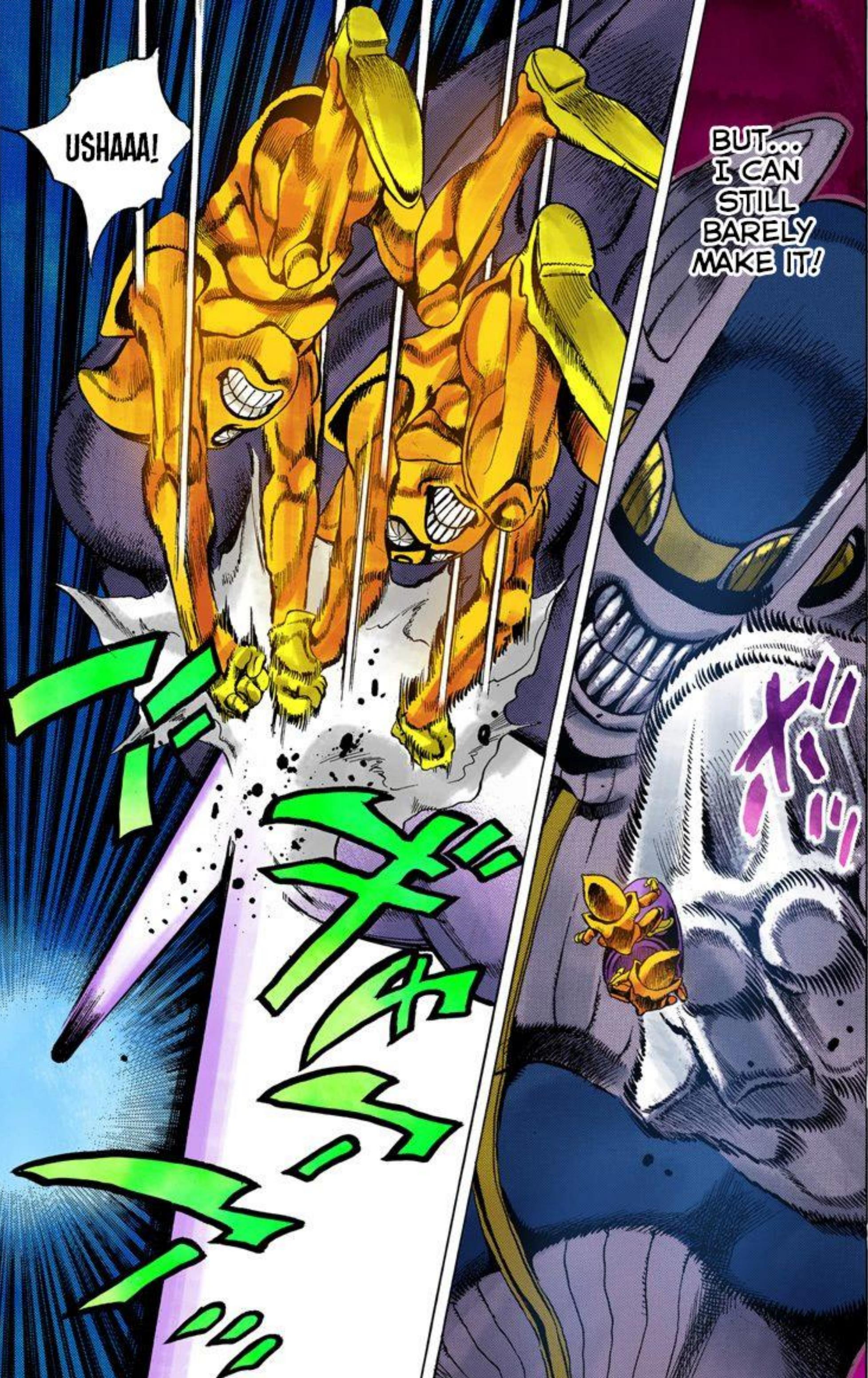
YEEEEEE  
EEEEEEEEE  
HAAAAAAA  
AAWW!

I...  
IS THIS  
MISTA'S  
STAND!?

W... WHAT!?  
THERE WAS ANOTHER  
BULLET BEHIND THE  
FIRST ONE!?  
HE FIRED TWO  
BULLETS AT ONCE!

UHAAA!

BUT...  
I CAN  
STILL  
BARELY  
MAKE IT!



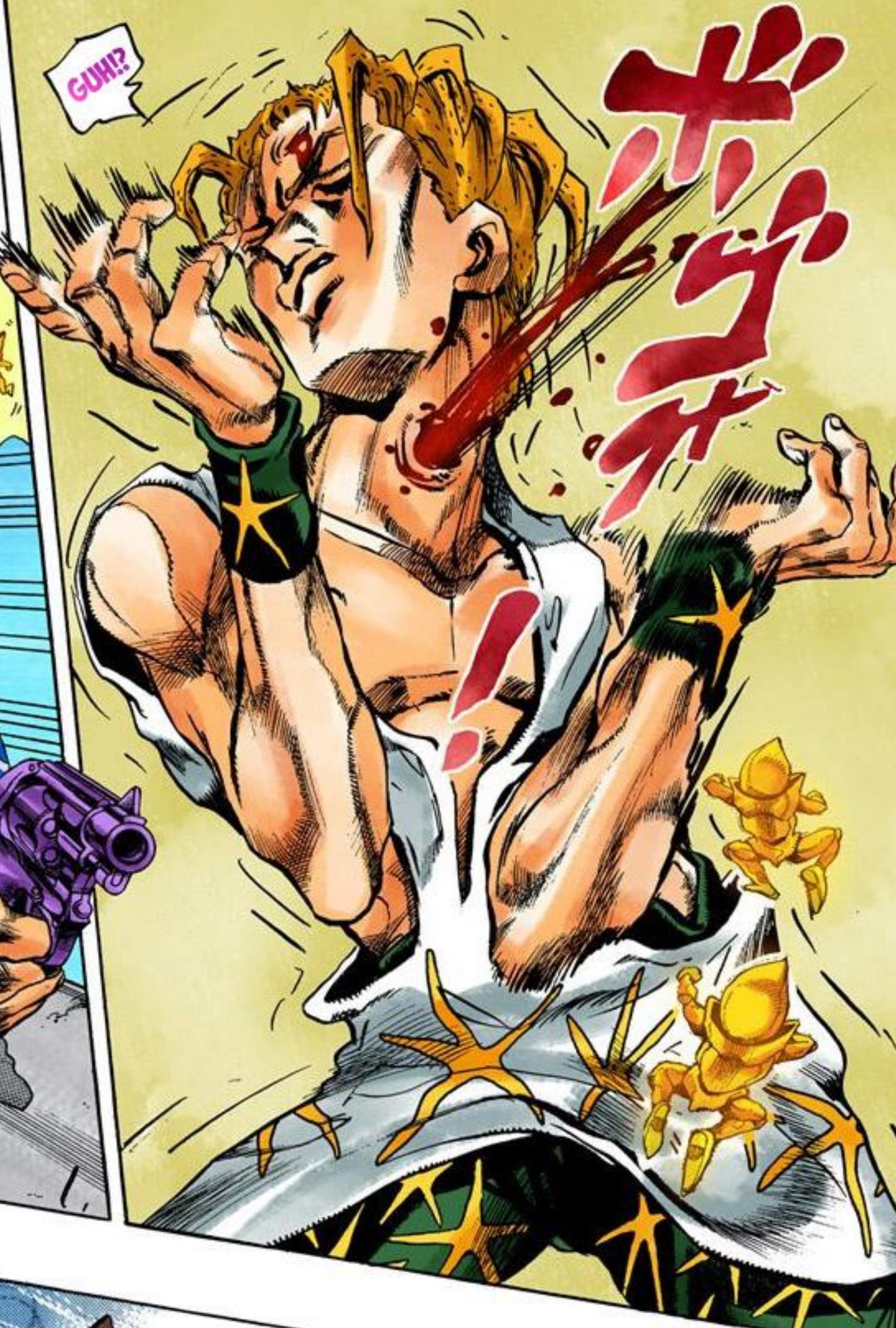
NICE SHOT,  
NO. 6 AND  
NO. 7!

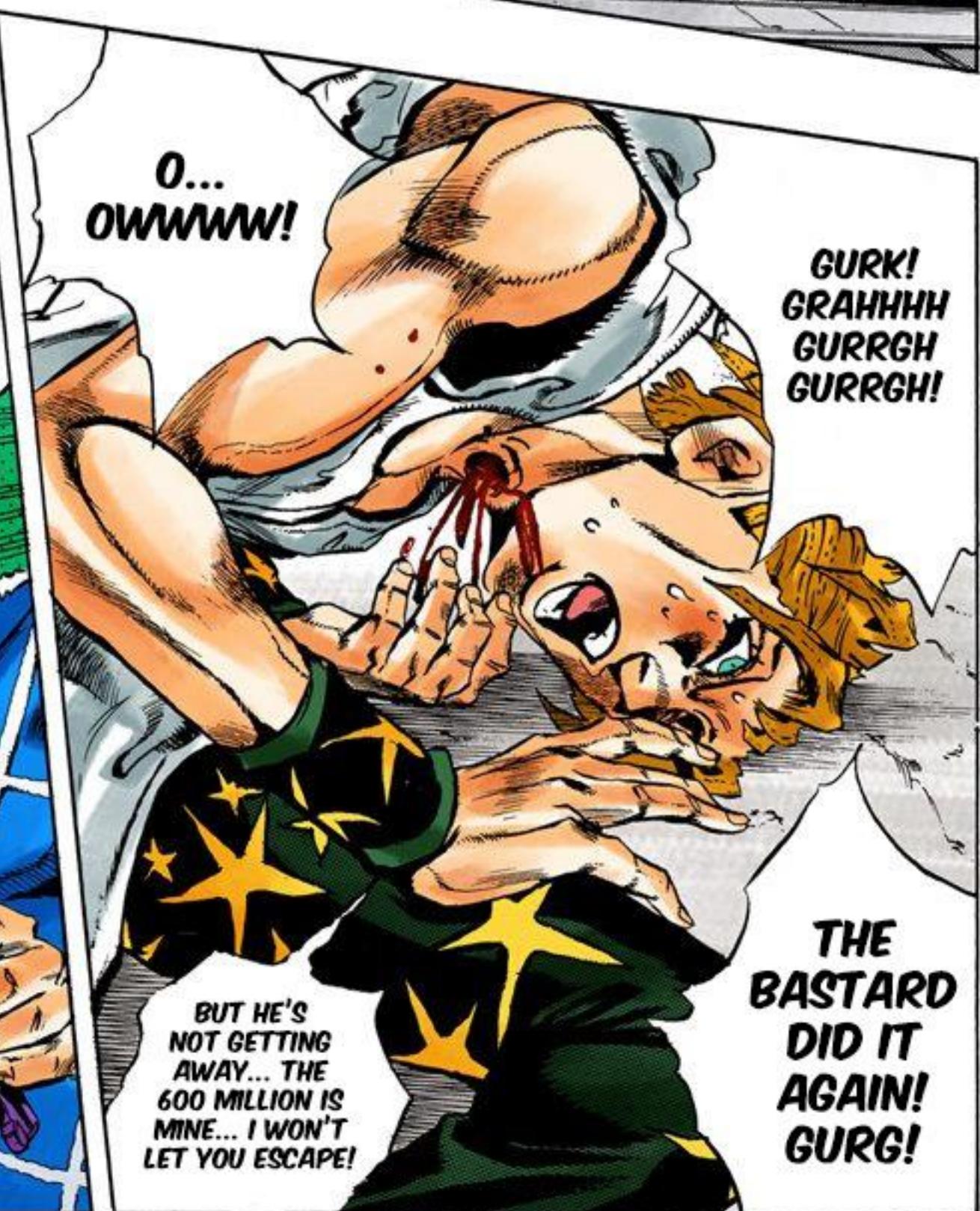
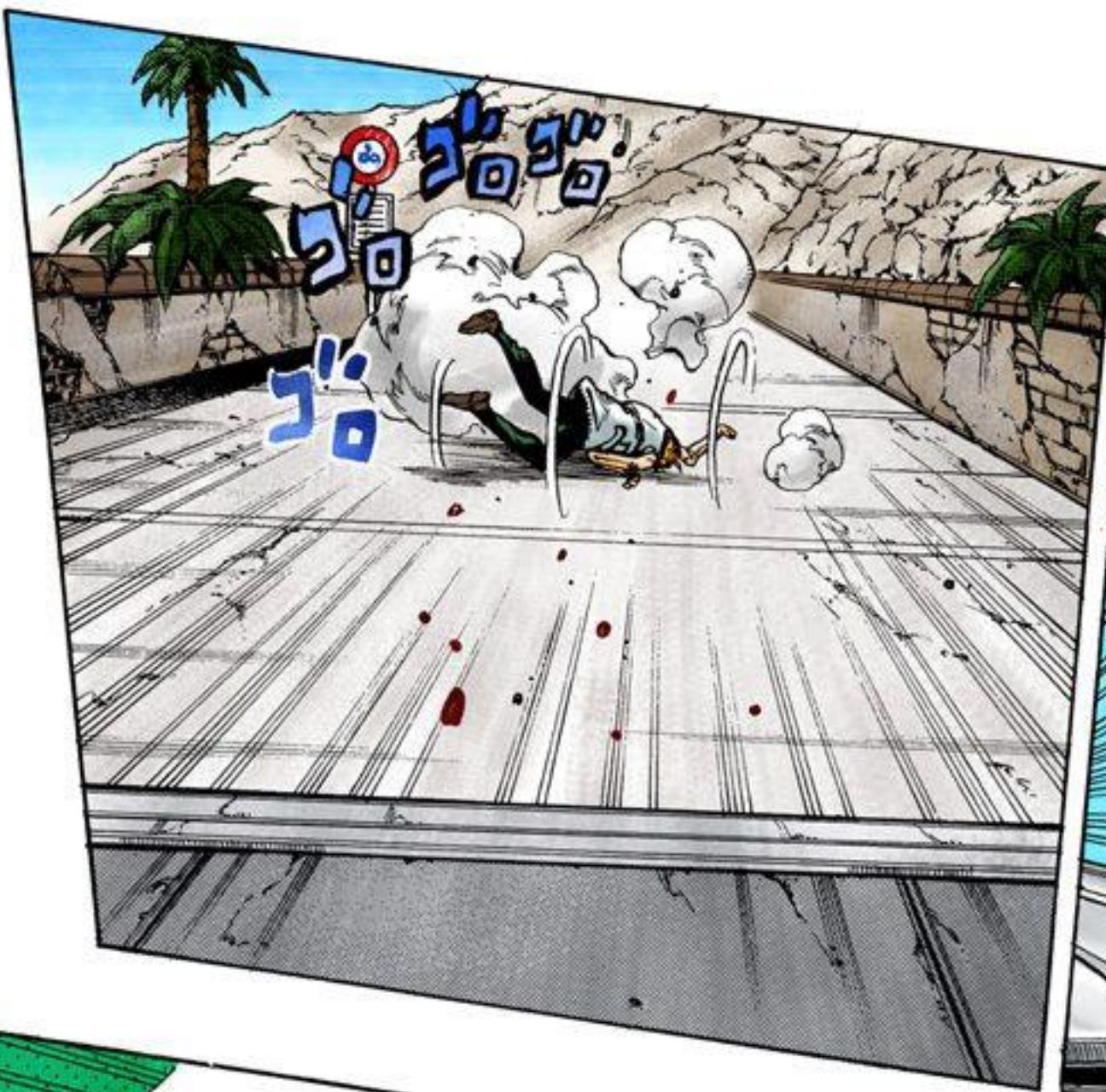
BOO-  
YAH!

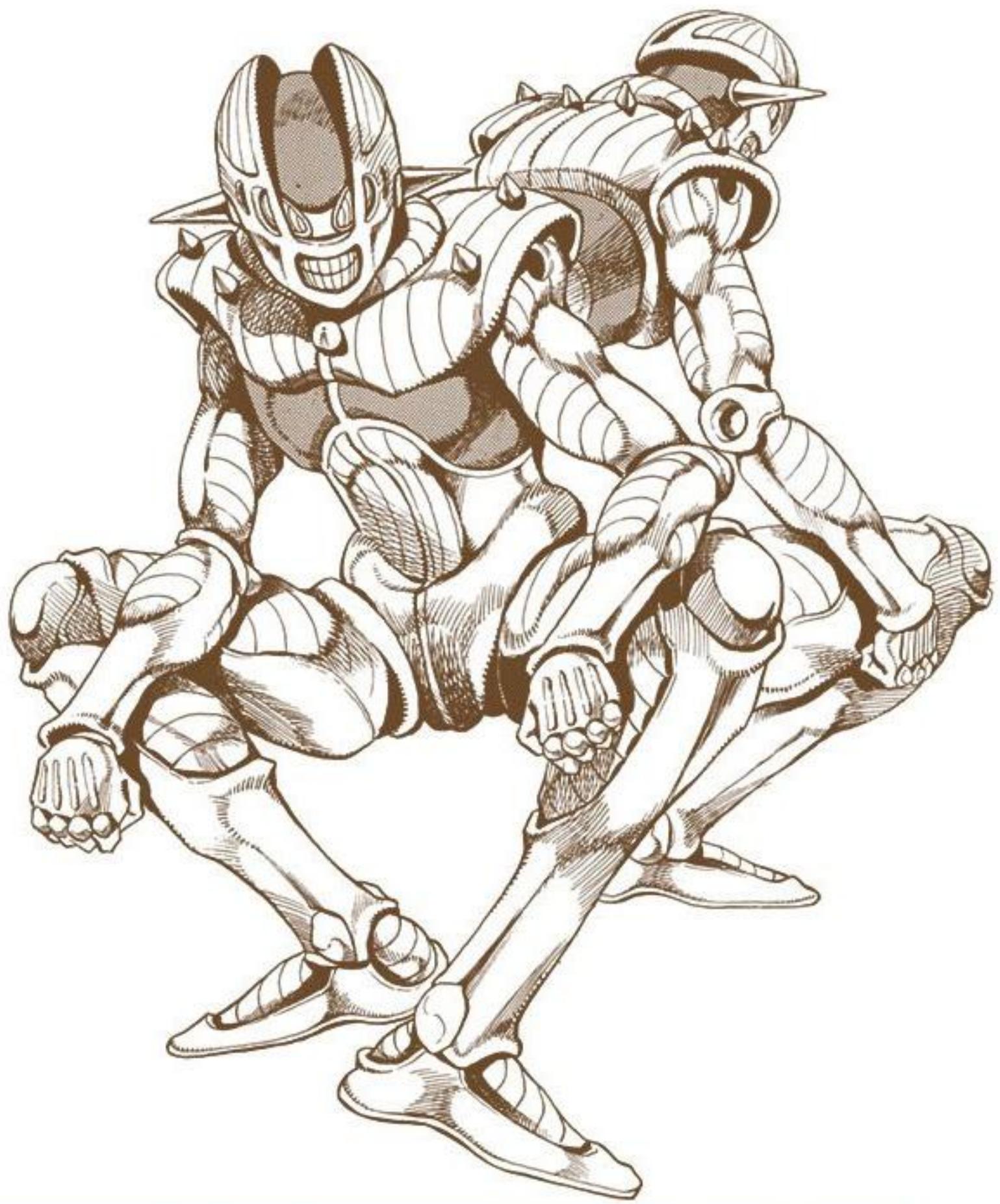
GUH?

POW!

PROBLEM  
SOLVED.  
ALL WE  
HAD TO DO  
WAS KNOCK  
YOUR ASS  
OFFA THIS  
TRUCK.







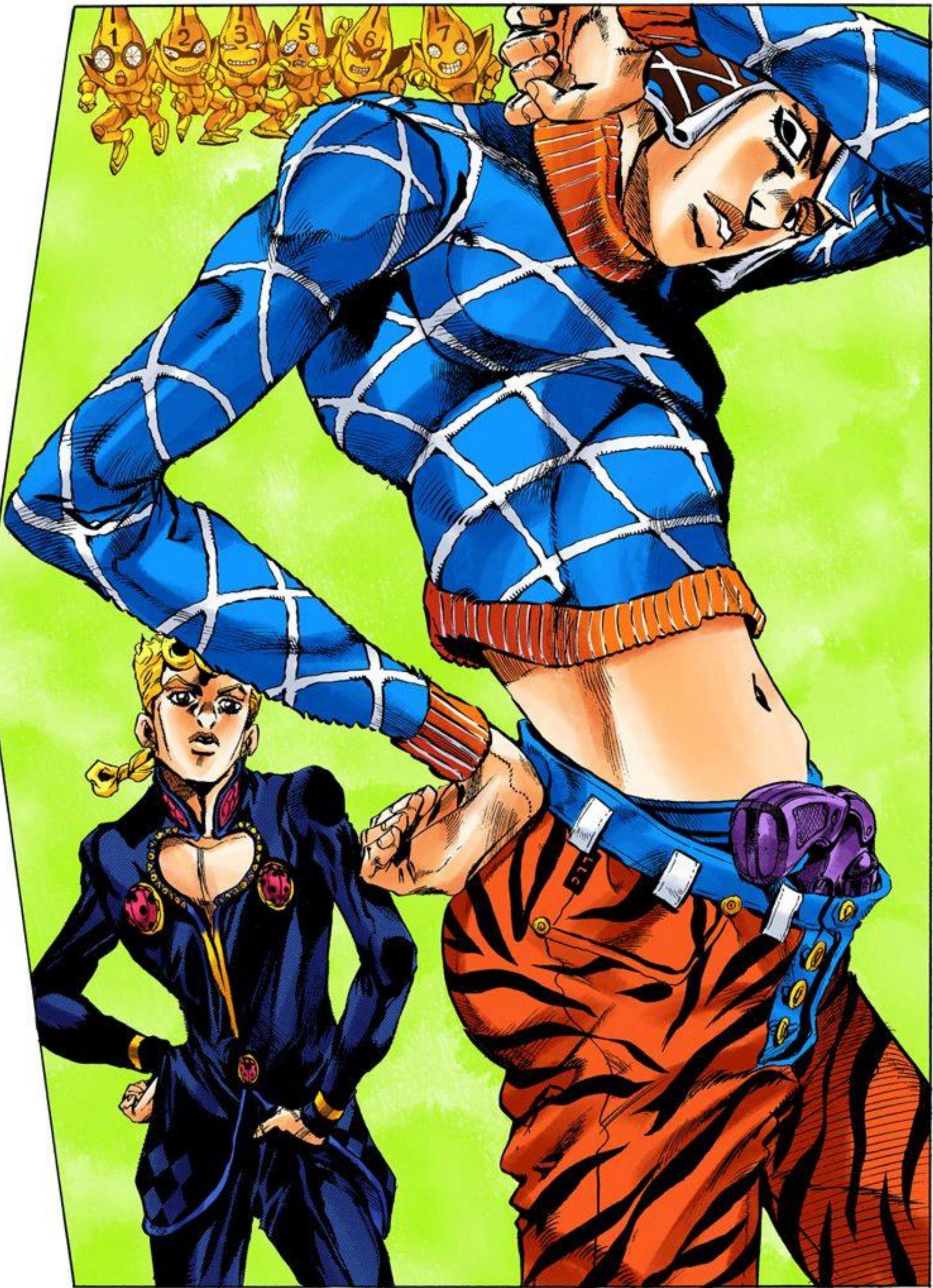
**Stand Name: *Kraft Work***

**Host: Sale**

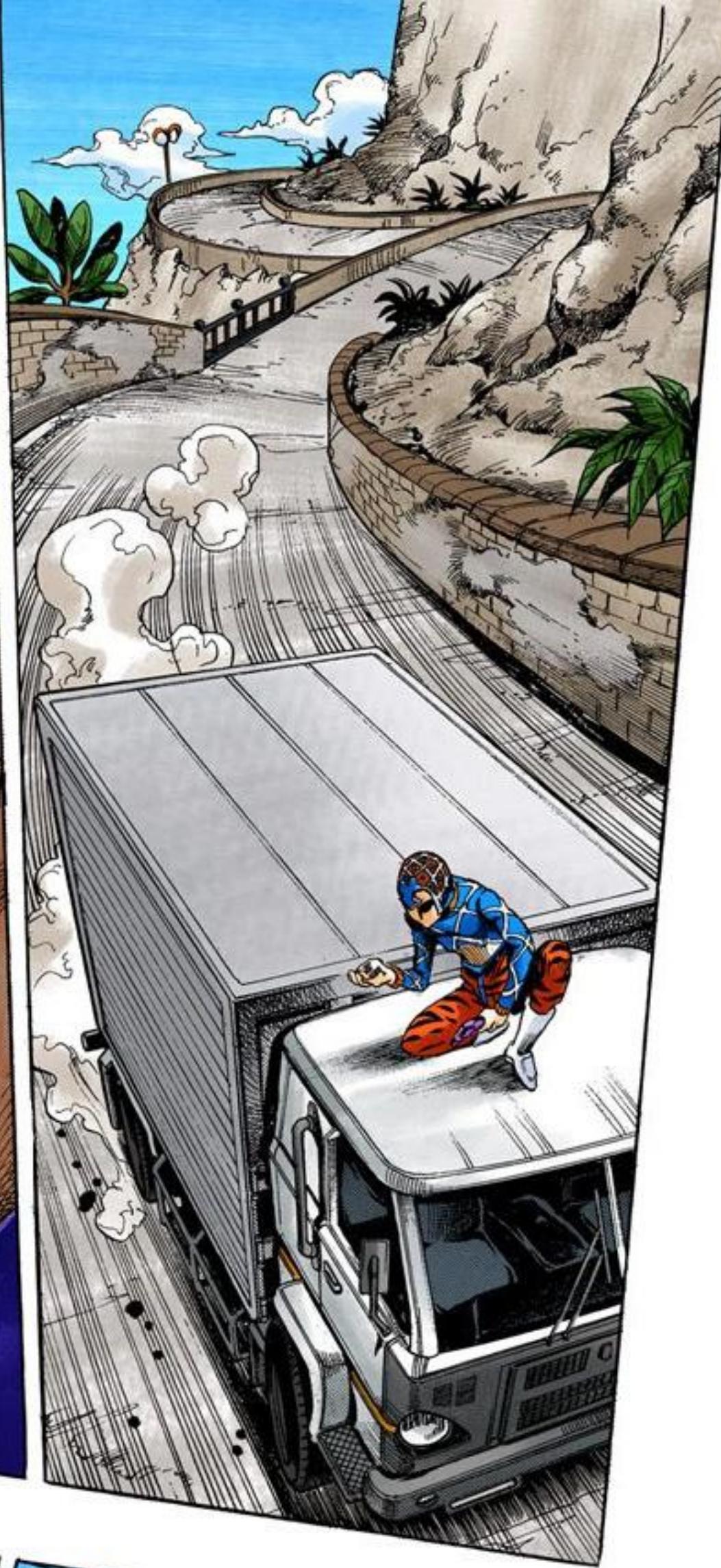
Power: A	Speed: B	Range: E
Permanence: C	Precision: E	Growth: E

**Ability:** Can instantaneously lock objects at any desired location.  
Can lock as many objects as the user wishes.

# **SEX PISTOLS APPEAR!**



**PART ⑤**



YOU SPILLED  
THEM, MISTA!

YOU DROPPED  
THE REST!

GUYS! HOW  
COME THERE'S  
ONLY FOUR  
BULLETS  
LEFT!?

DON'T  
LOAD 'EM IN!  
IT AIN'T GONNA  
END WELL!

THE NUMBER  
FOUR IS BAD LUCK,  
DUDE!

PAT

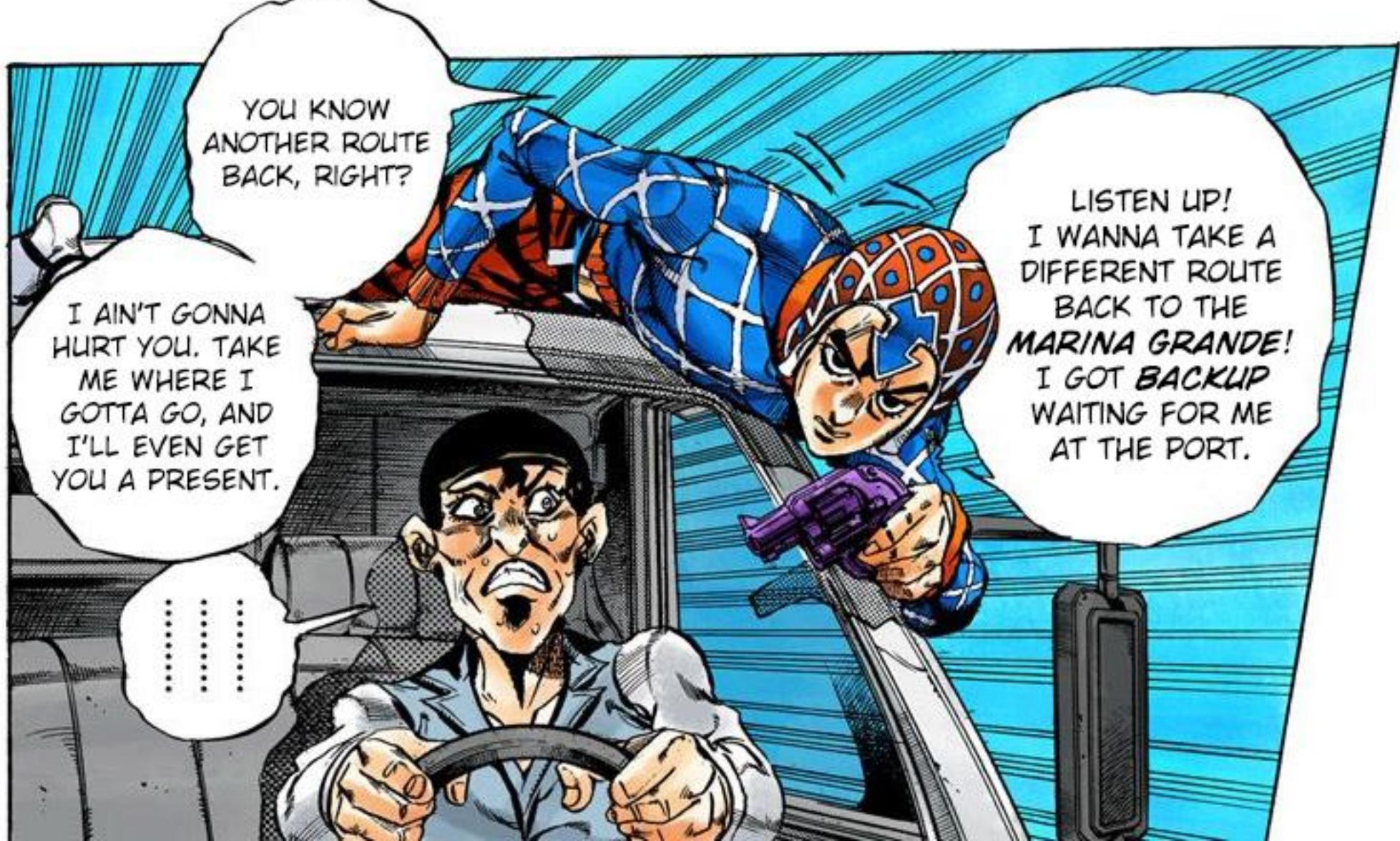
PAT

PAT

PAT

PAT





HOW CAN I BEAT HIM? IF I COULD JUST NAIL HIM IN THE MOUTH... HE'S GOTTA BE DEFENSELESS ON THE INSIDE! THAT MIGHT JUST KILL HIM!

THAT LOCKING ABILITY OF HIS STOPS MY SHOTS AT THE OUTERMOST LAYER OF SKIN. NOTHING CAN GET ANY DEEPER.

I'VE SEEN HIS FACE, I KNOW WHAT HE CAN DO... THERE'S NO NEED TO TAKE RISKS. IT'D BE SAFER TO REGROUP WITH GIORNO... I LEFT SOME SPARE AMMO IN MY BAG, TOO.

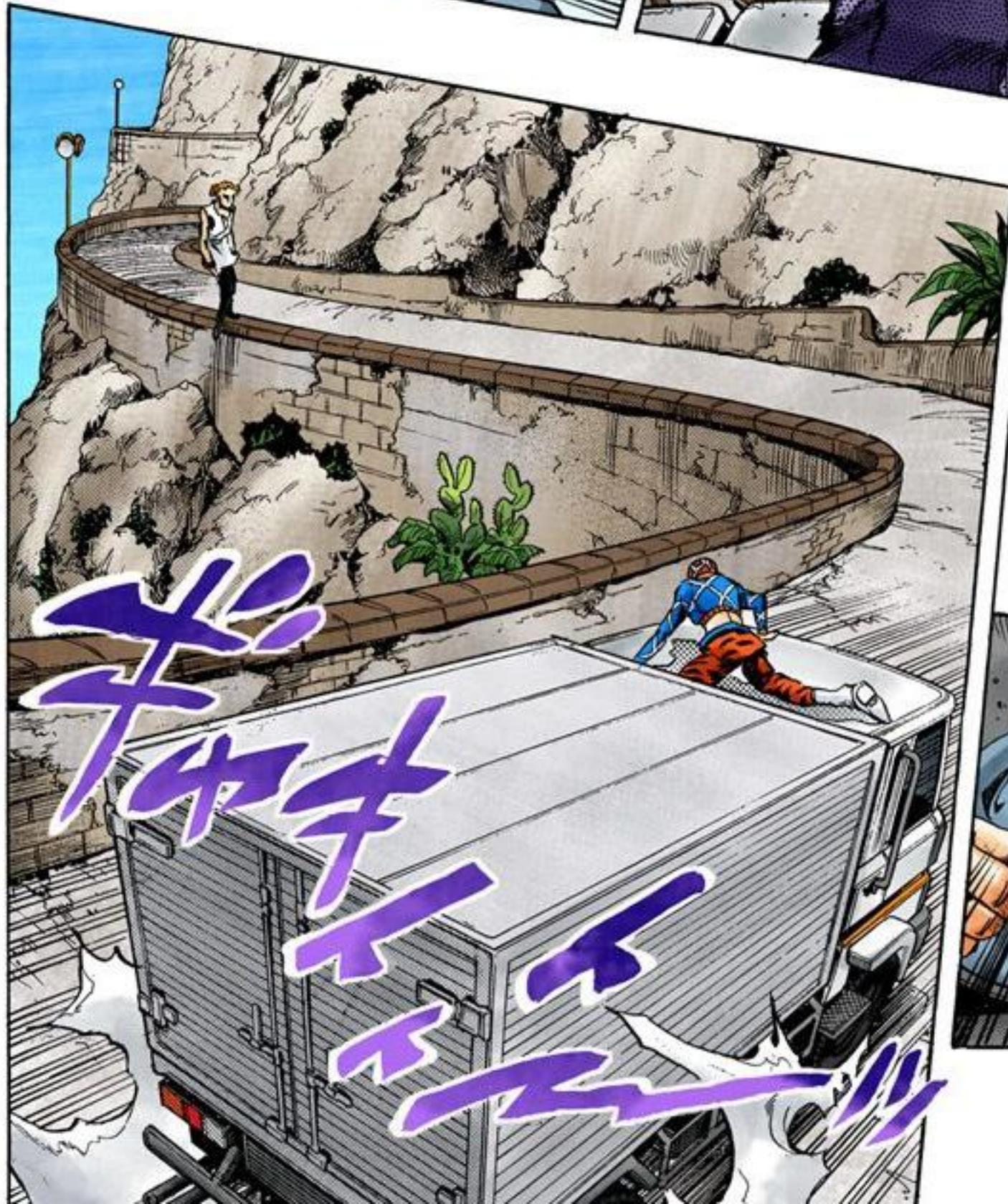
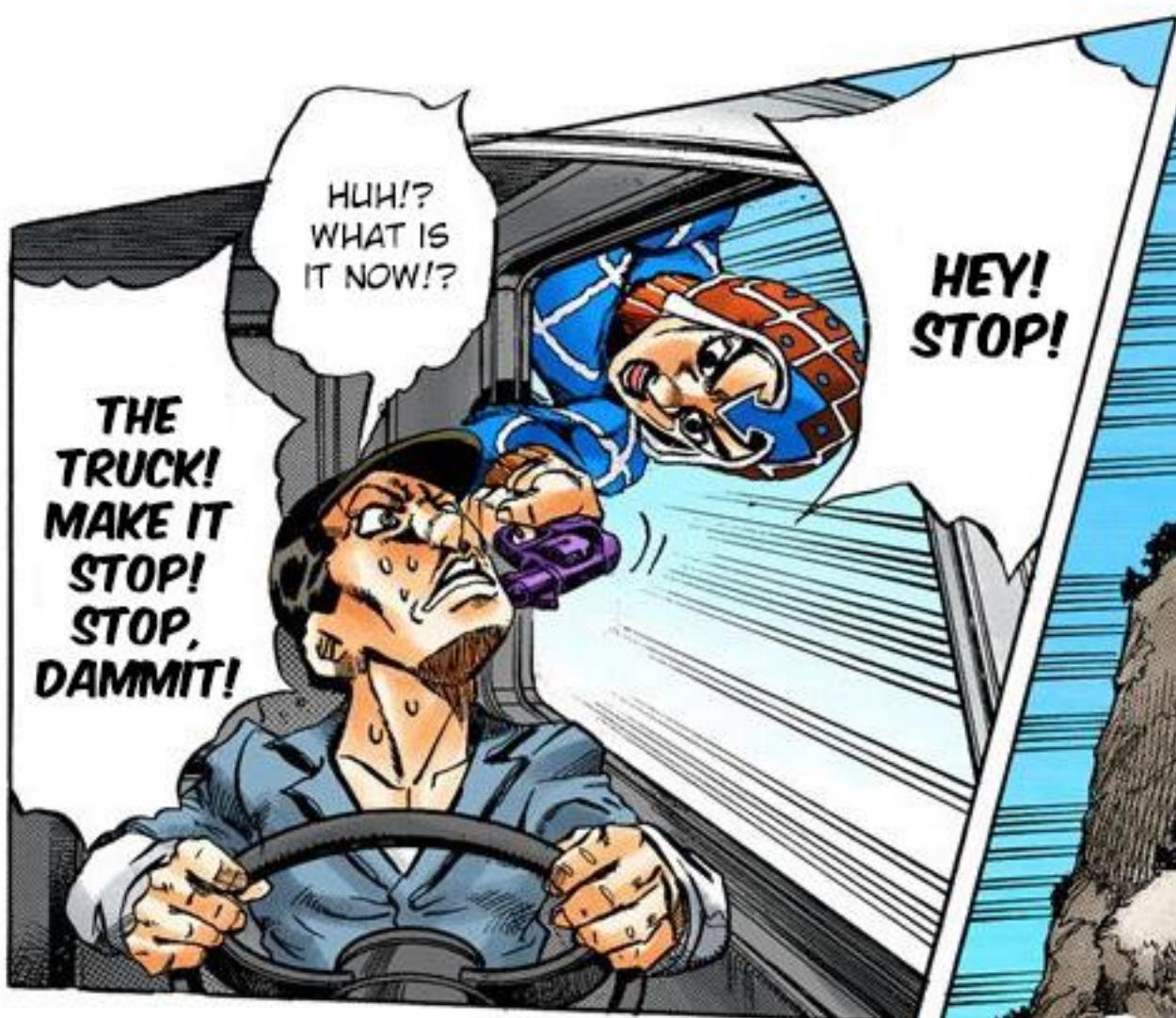
BUT I'VE ONLY GOT FOUR SHOTS LEFT! (DAMN IT, THIS IS SOME BAD MOJO! EVEN JUST THREE SHOTS WOULD BE BETTER!)

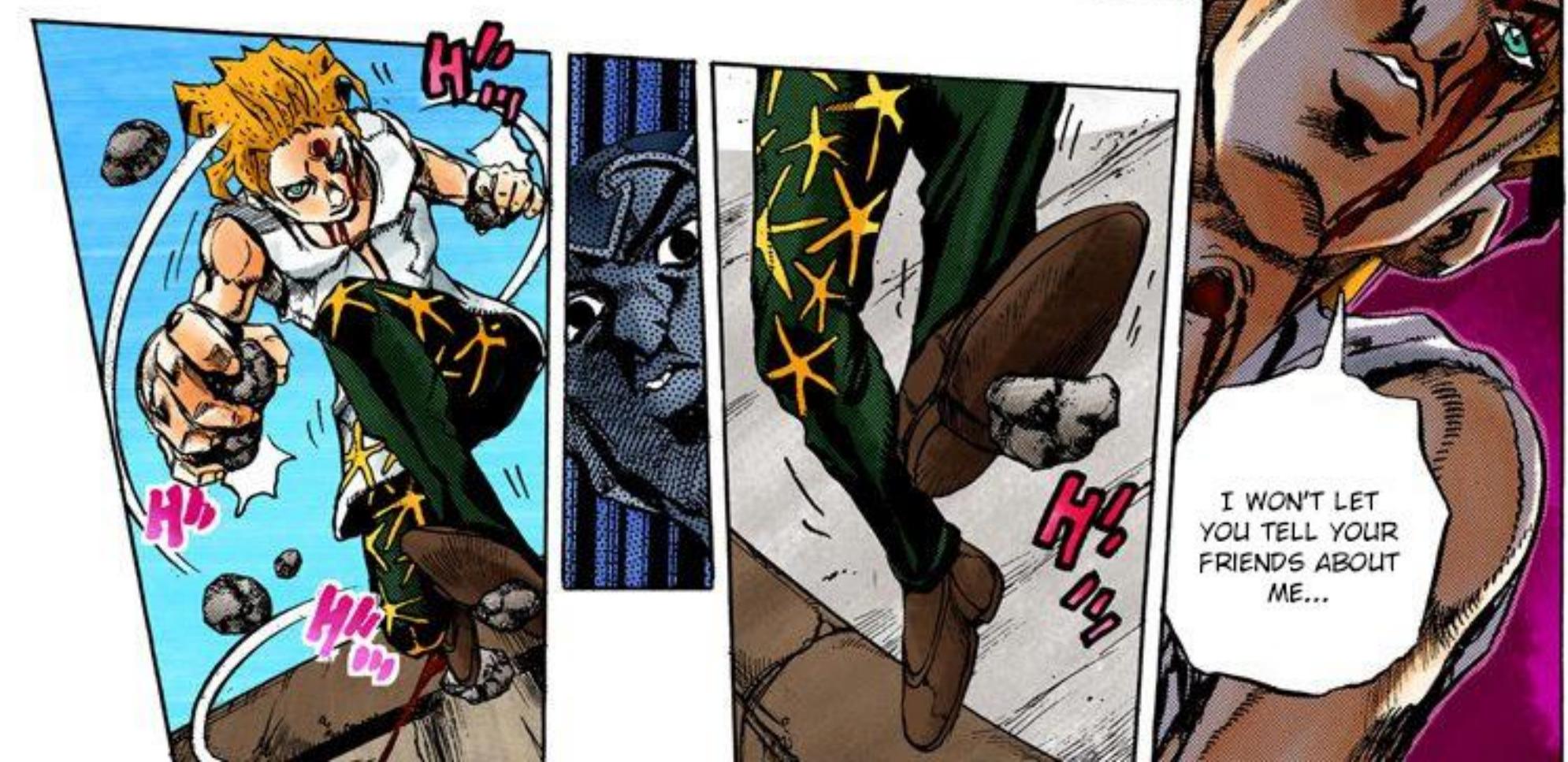
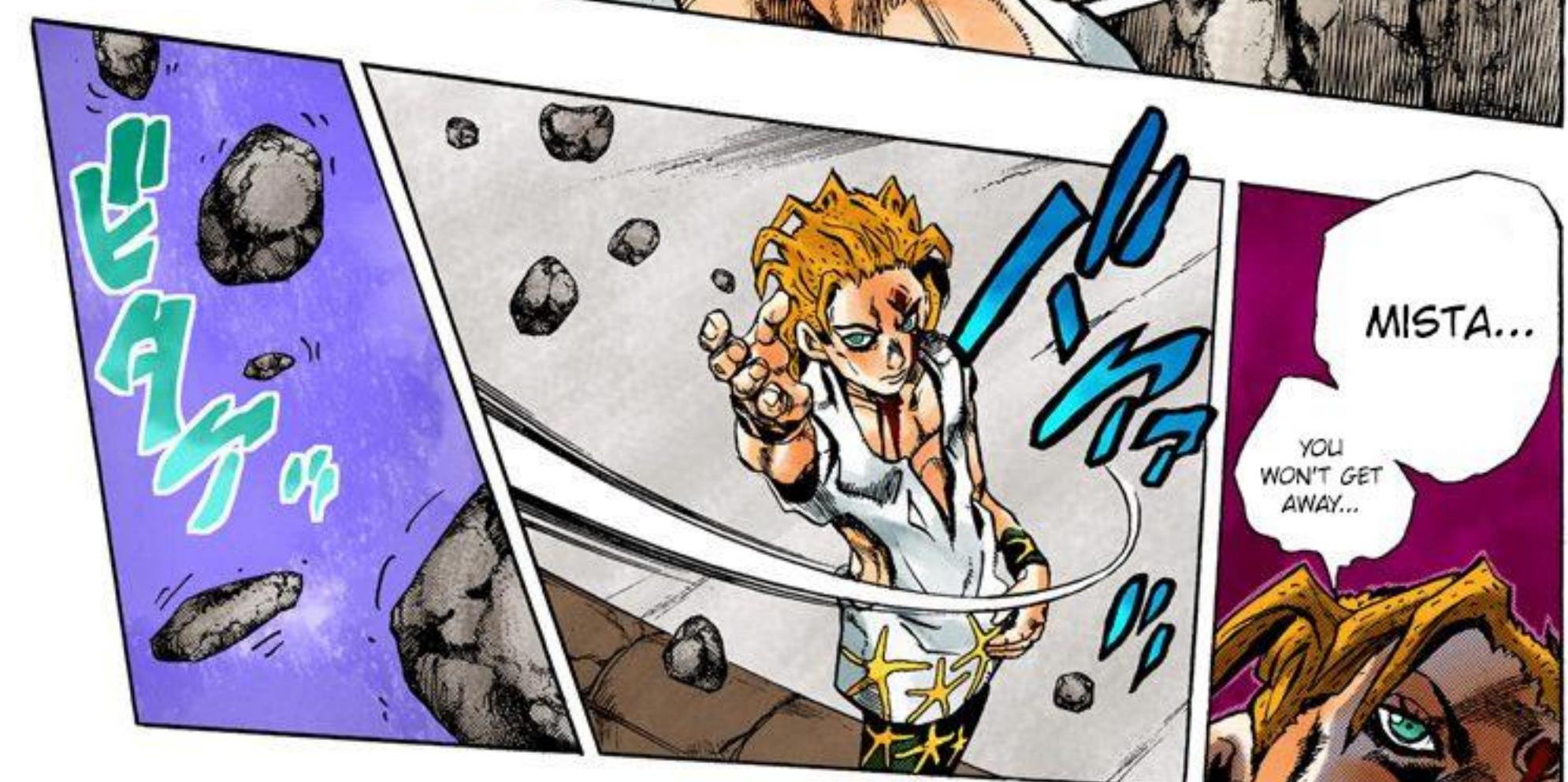
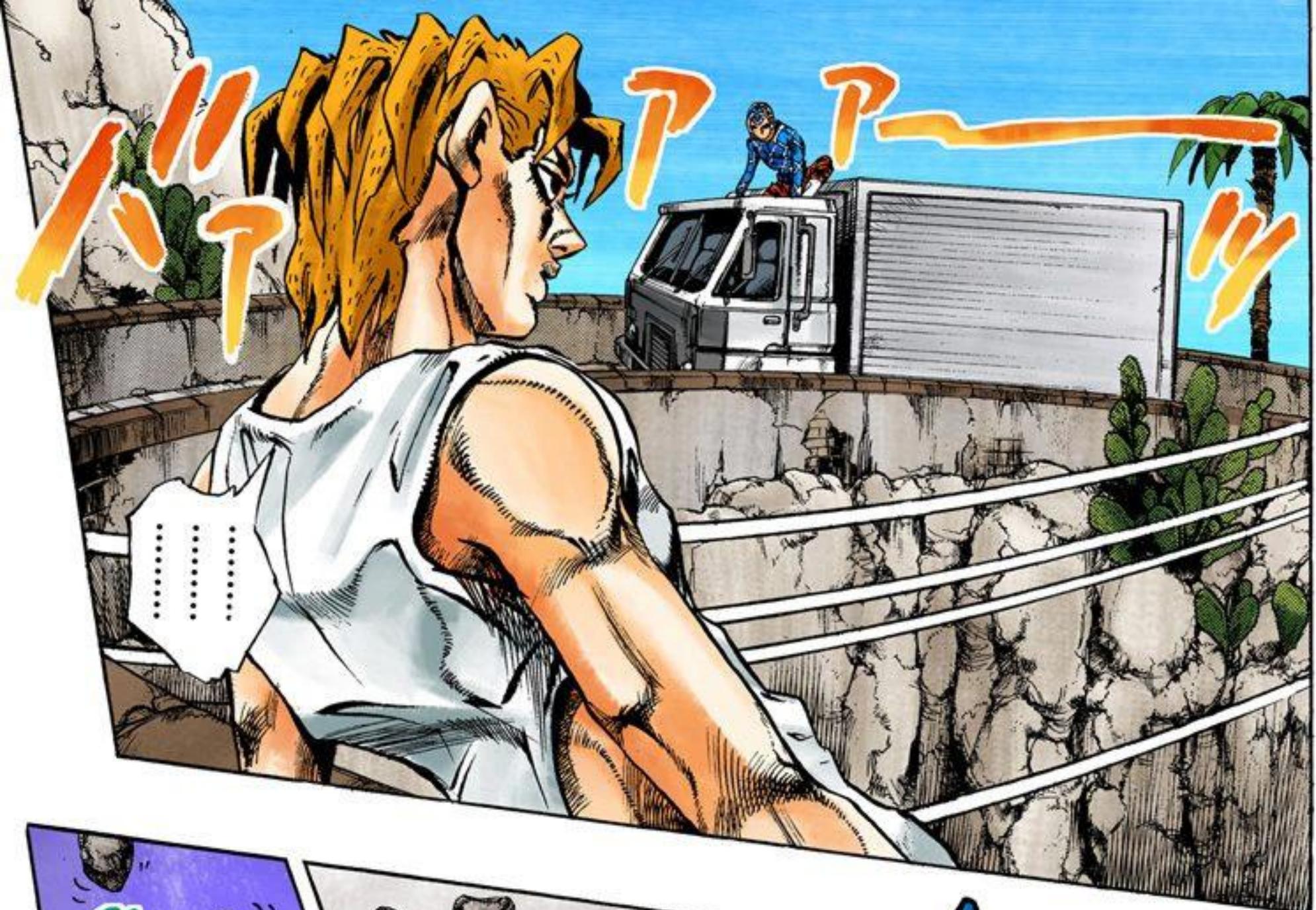


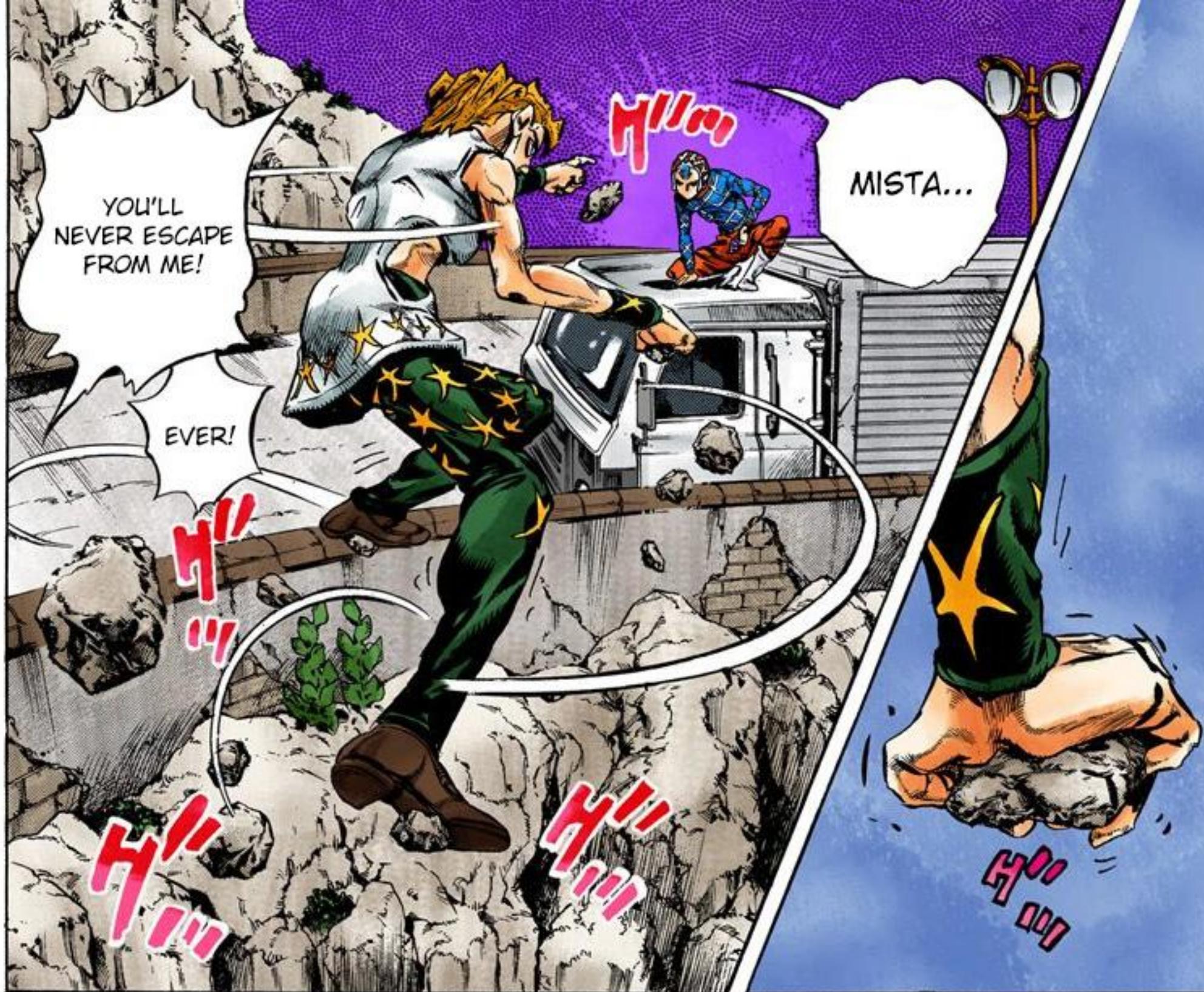


**HOW THE  
FUCK IS HE  
IN FRONT  
OF US  
NOW!?**







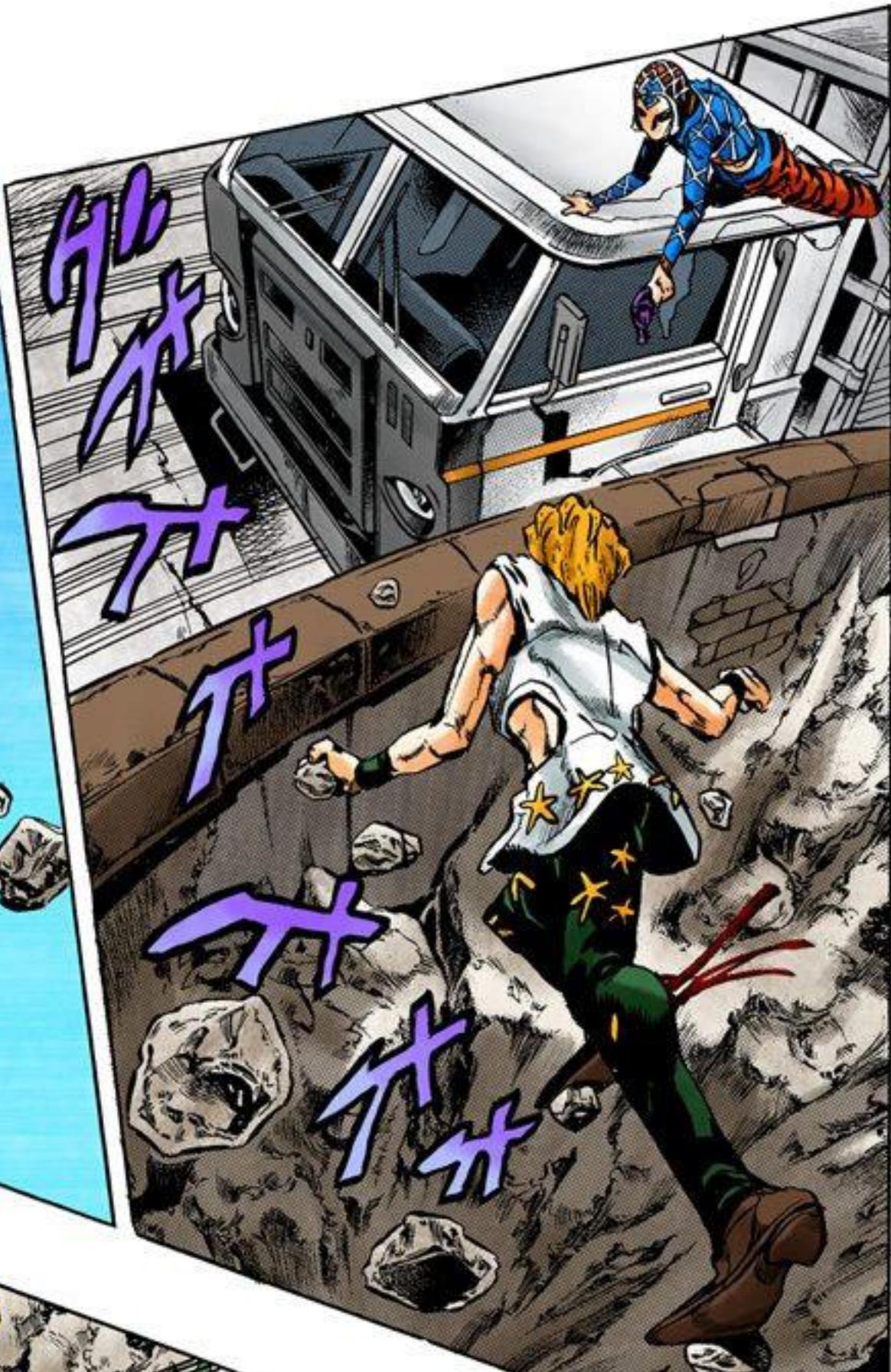


HE'S USING THEM LIKE A LADDER... IS THAT HOW HE GOT UP HERE!?  
SHIT, HE'S COMING AT US!



FIRST HE LOCKED MY BULLETS, AND NOW HE'S LOCKING THOSE PEBBLES IN THE AIR...





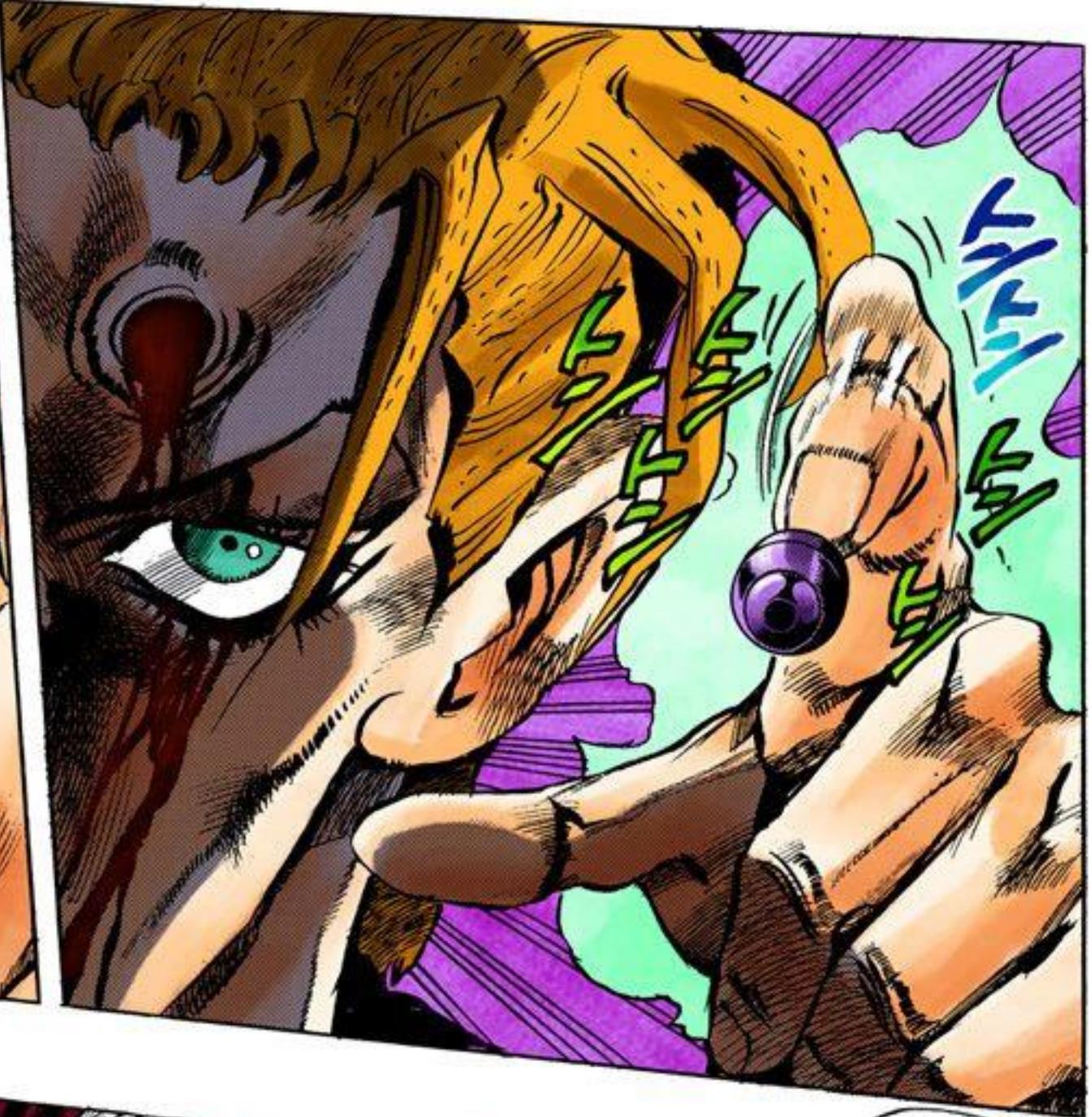
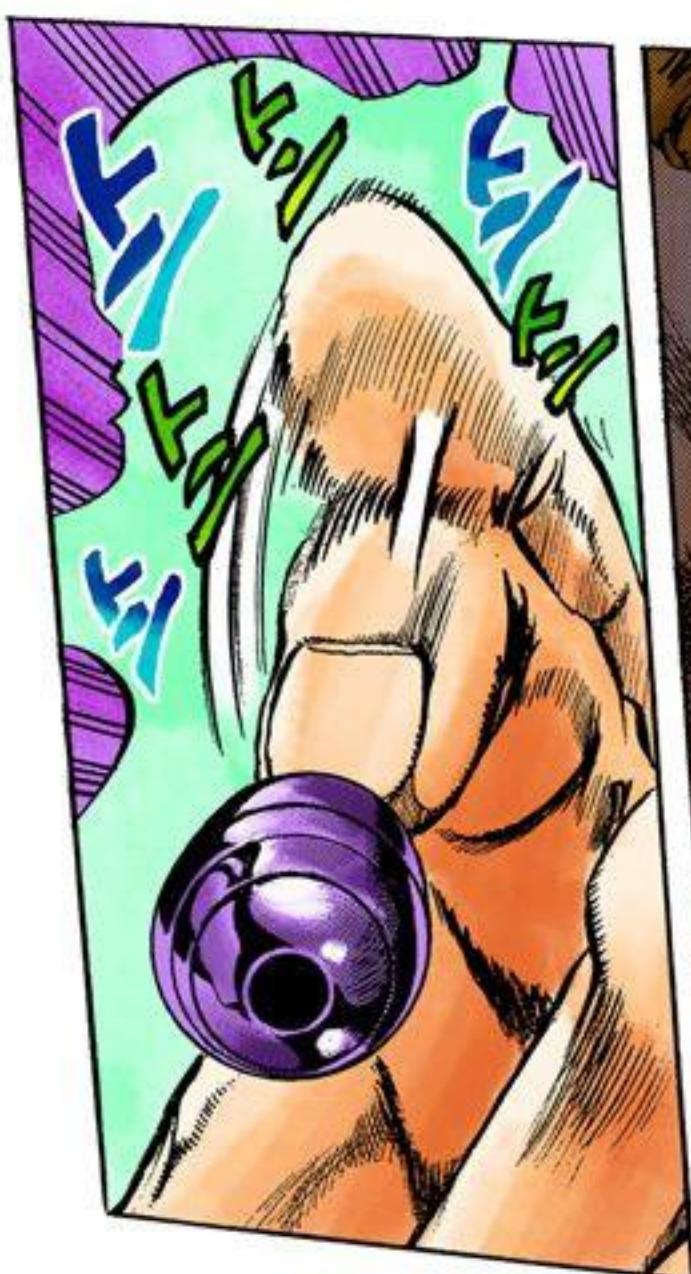
WE'LL END IT  
RIGHT HERE,  
RIGHT NOW.  
TIME TO BLAST  
A CAP IN HIS  
MOUTH!

THERE'S  
ONLY  
ONE WAY  
OUT!

DON'T YOU  
DARE STOP,  
DRIVER!

HE'S GONNA  
KILL YOU TOO,  
NOW THAT  
YOU'VE SEEN  
HIS FACE!

IF YOU  
DO...

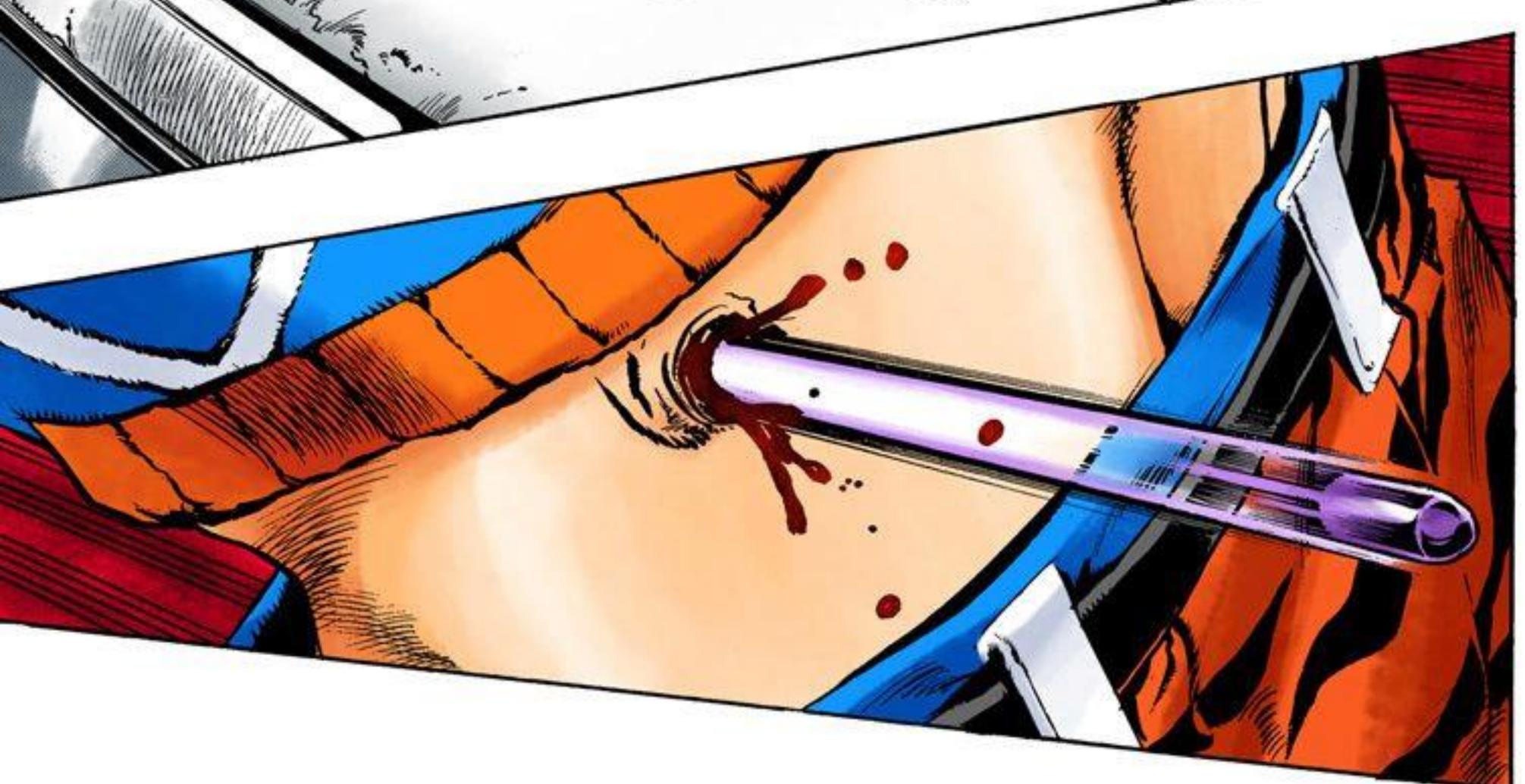


I'LL  
RELEASE  
IT!



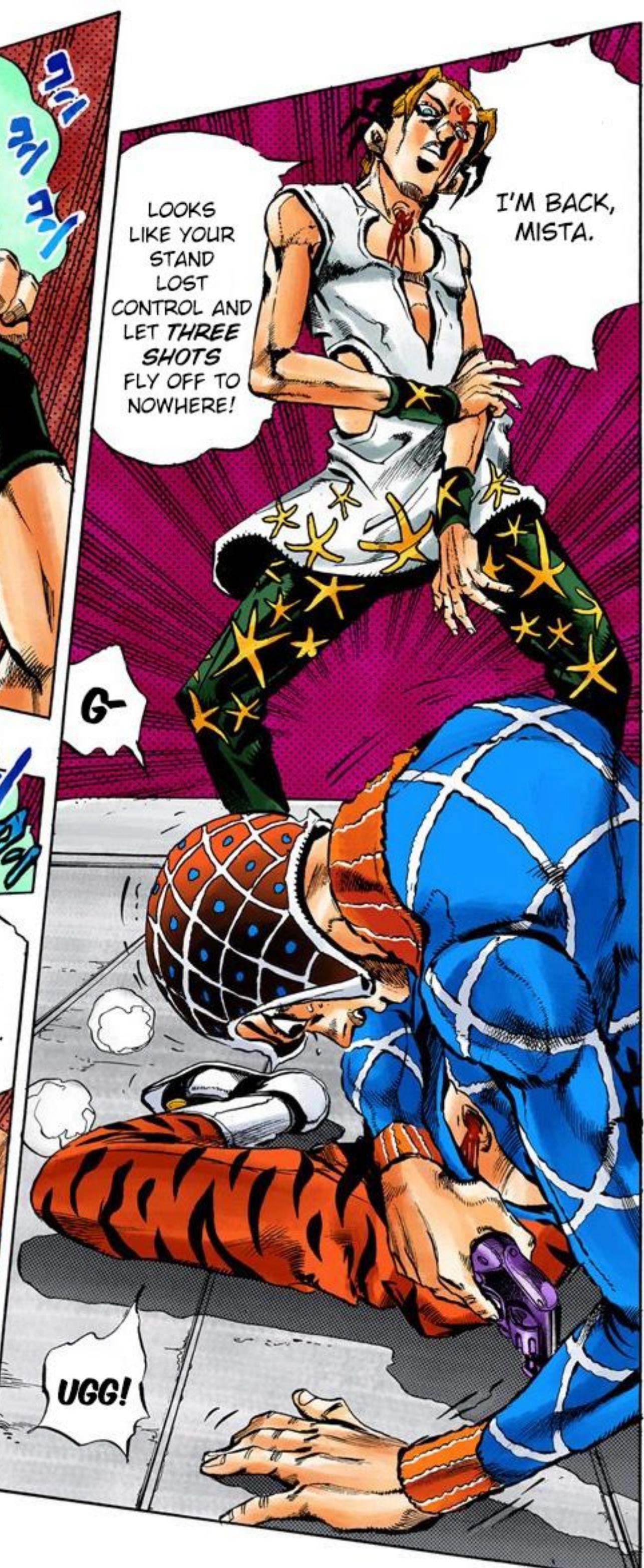
WHAT!?











IT'S TOO  
INACCURATE  
TO USE AGAINST  
SOMEONE WHO'S  
RUNNING  
AROUND...

LIKE YOU'RE  
SENDING OUT AN  
S.O.S. IN MORSE  
CODE...

BUT IT'S A  
PERFECT TOOL  
TO FINISH YOU  
OFF!

THERE'S NOTHING  
WORSE THAN THE  
NUMBER FOUR...  
IT'S BEEN THIS WAY  
EVER SINCE I WAS  
A KID... GUESS IT'S  
THE INVISIBLE HAND  
OF FATE OR  
SOMETHING....

FRICKIN'  
CALLED IT...  
THAT WAS  
SERIOUSLY  
UNLUCKY...

NOW IT'S  
ONLY ONE!  
NOW YOU'RE  
GONNA GET IT!

I'VE  
GOT ONLY  
ONE SHOT  
LEFT, BUT  
I'M OUTTA  
THE WOODS  
NOW!

BUT...  
ANY OTHER  
NUMBER  
IS FINE!





# **SEX PISTOLS APPEAR!**

## **PART ⑥**



NO 5!  
NO. 6! GATHER  
'ROUND!  
GET ON THIS  
ONE BULLET!

THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
SHOT LEFT!

# SEX PISTOLS APPEAR! PART 6

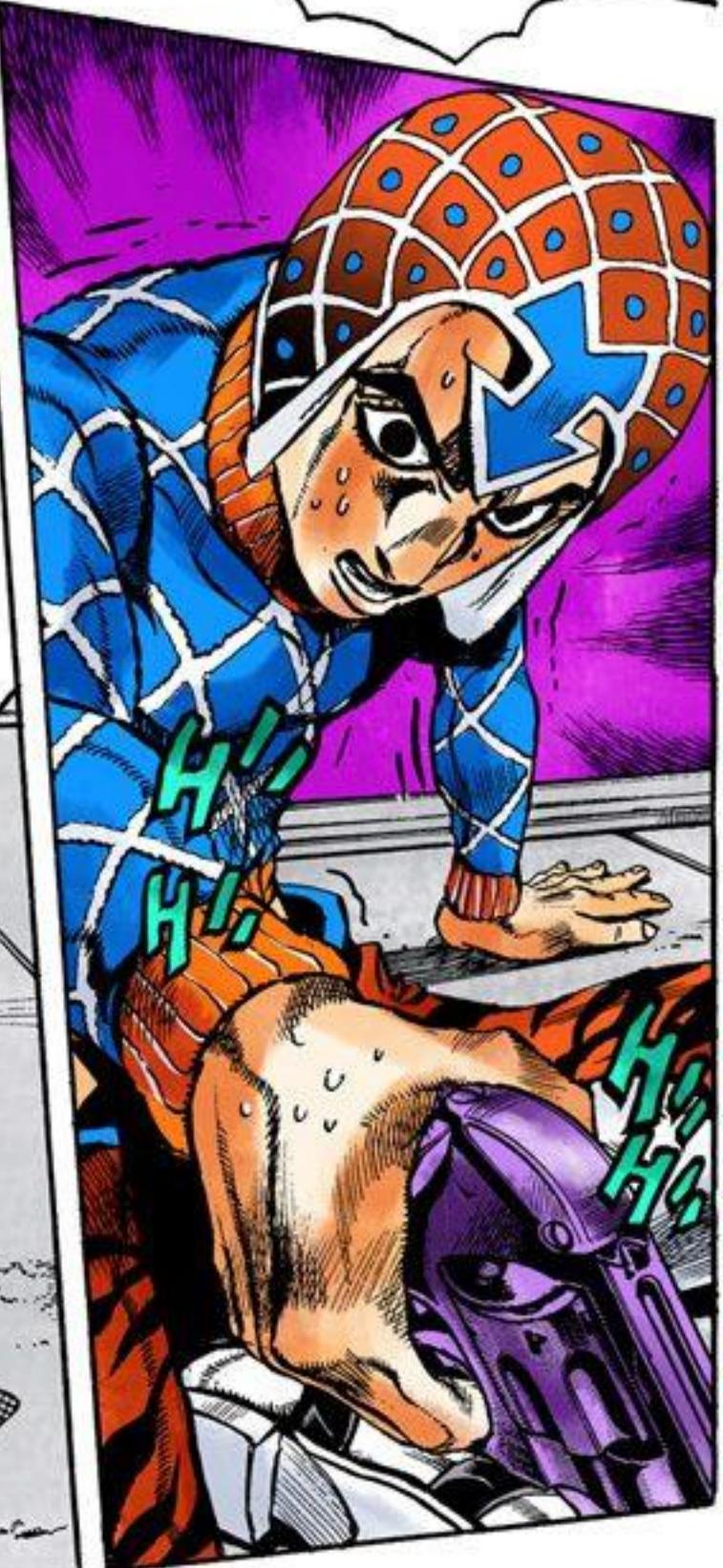


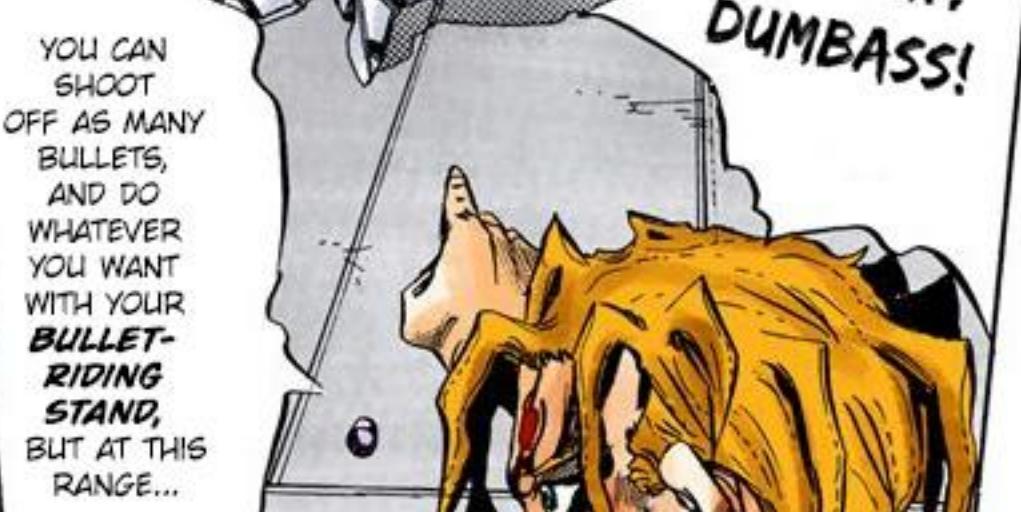
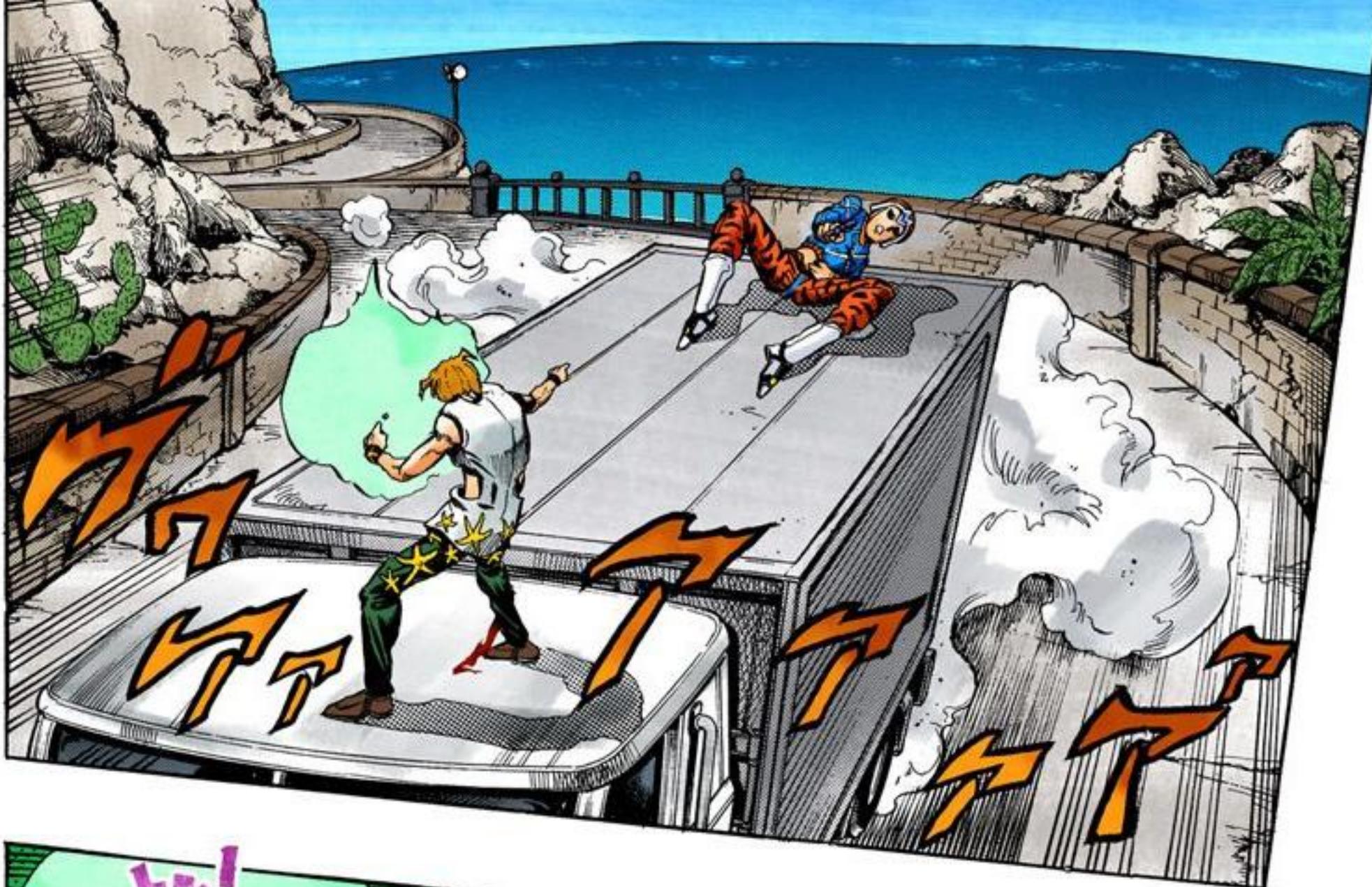
WE'VE ONLY  
GOT ONE SHOT AT  
THIS, SO WE'VE  
GOTTA MAKE IT  
COUNT! HEAD INTO  
HIS MOUTH!

GOTCHA!



STAY  
RIGHT  
THERE,  
MISTA!





WOULD  
YOU  
BELIEVE  
ME?

IF I  
ADMITTED  
THAT I'VE  
ONLY GOT  
ONE SHOT  
LEFT IN THE  
CYLINDER,

YOU'D FIND OUT  
SOONER OR LATER, SO  
I FIGURED I MIGHT  
AS WELL TELL YOU  
RIGHT NOW. IF I MISS  
THIS LAST SHOT,  
YOU'D REALIZE,  
"YOU'RE ALL  
OUTTA BULLETS  
NOW, MISTA!"

...IF I SHOOT,  
AND YOU BLOCK IT,  
THEN THAT LAST ONE  
GOES DOWN THE  
SHITTER, TOO.

IT'S THE  
TRUTH...  
I'VE GOT  
ONE SHOT  
LEFT...

YOU'RE  
NEVER  
GONNA  
BEAT ME!

ARE YOU STILL  
TALKING  
ABOUT THAT  
MEANINGLESS  
CRAP, MISTA...?

YOU CAN  
SHOOT ONCE,  
OR YOU CAN  
SHOOT 100 TIMES  
FOR ALL I CARE.

IS  
GOING  
RIGHT UP  
YOUR  
SORRY  
ASS!

BUT THAT TALK  
ABOUT MISSING  
IS JUST A  
HYPOTHETICAL.

'CAUSE  
THIS ONE  
SHOT...



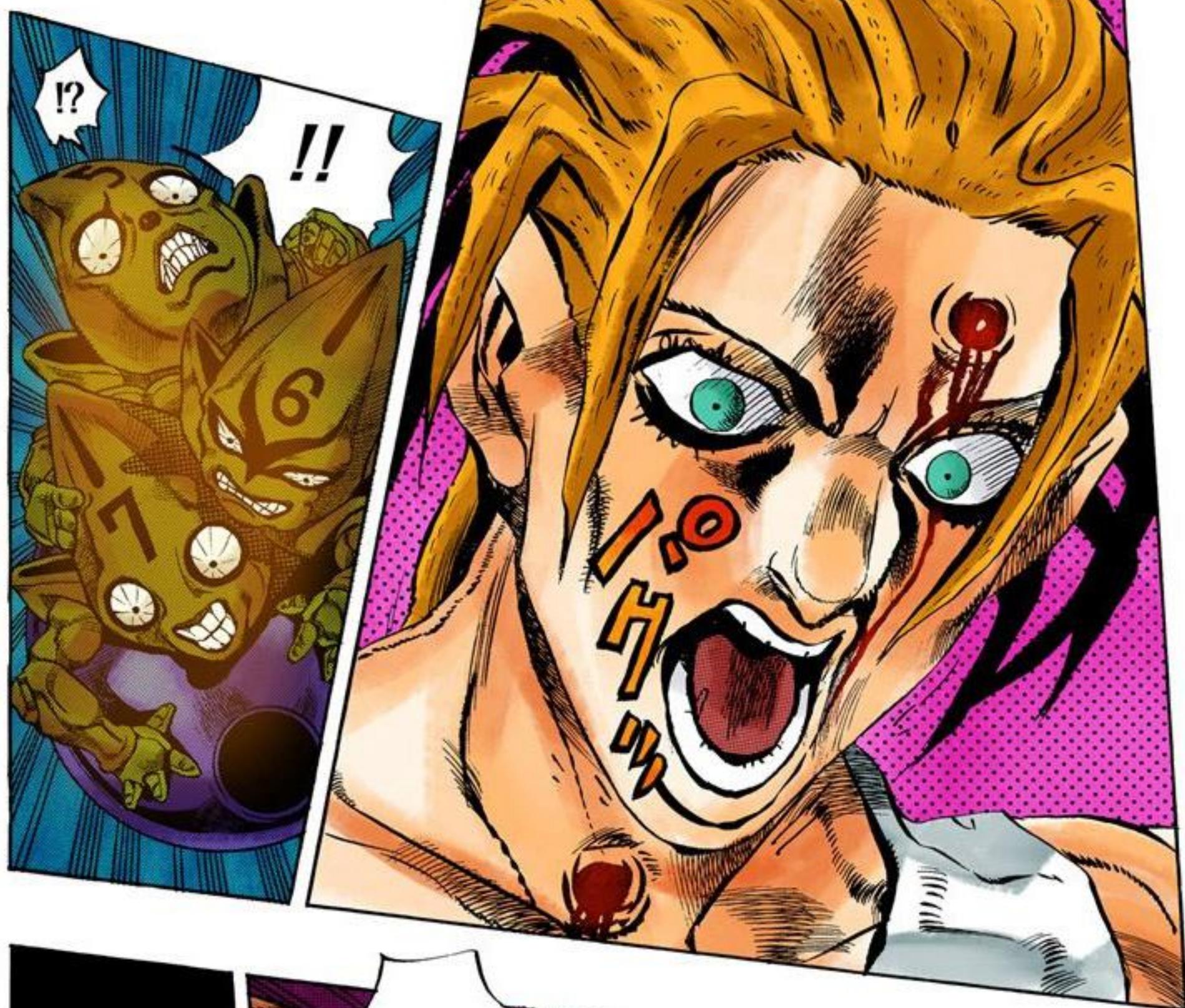
HOW CAN  
WE GET PAST IT  
AND INTO HIS  
MOUTH!?

HE BUSTED  
OUT HIS  
**STAND!**

LEAVE IT  
TO ME!

PUT YOUR  
BACKS INTO  
IT, BOYS!  
HERE WE  
GOOOO!!





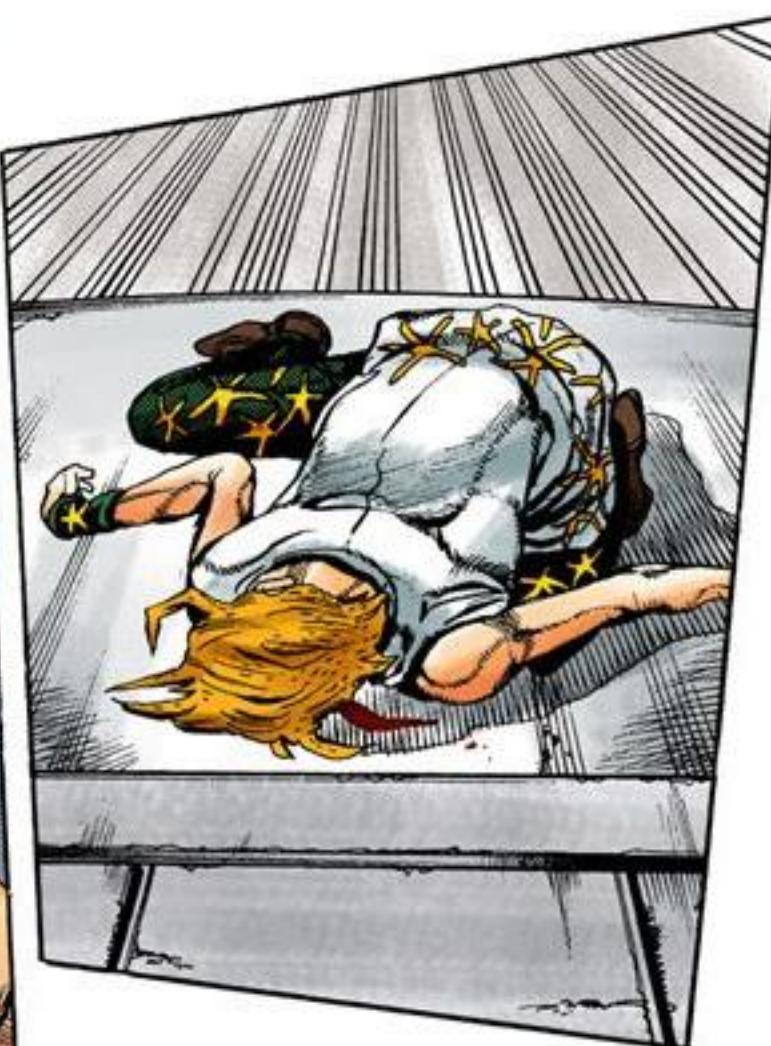
**KWAK!**

WE'LL JUST  
HAFTA RIDE  
THIS SUCKER  
RIGHT ON IN!

WHAT!? HE  
OPENED HIS  
MOUTH ON HIS  
OWN!

HE'S NOT  
EVEN TRYING  
TO BLOCK!







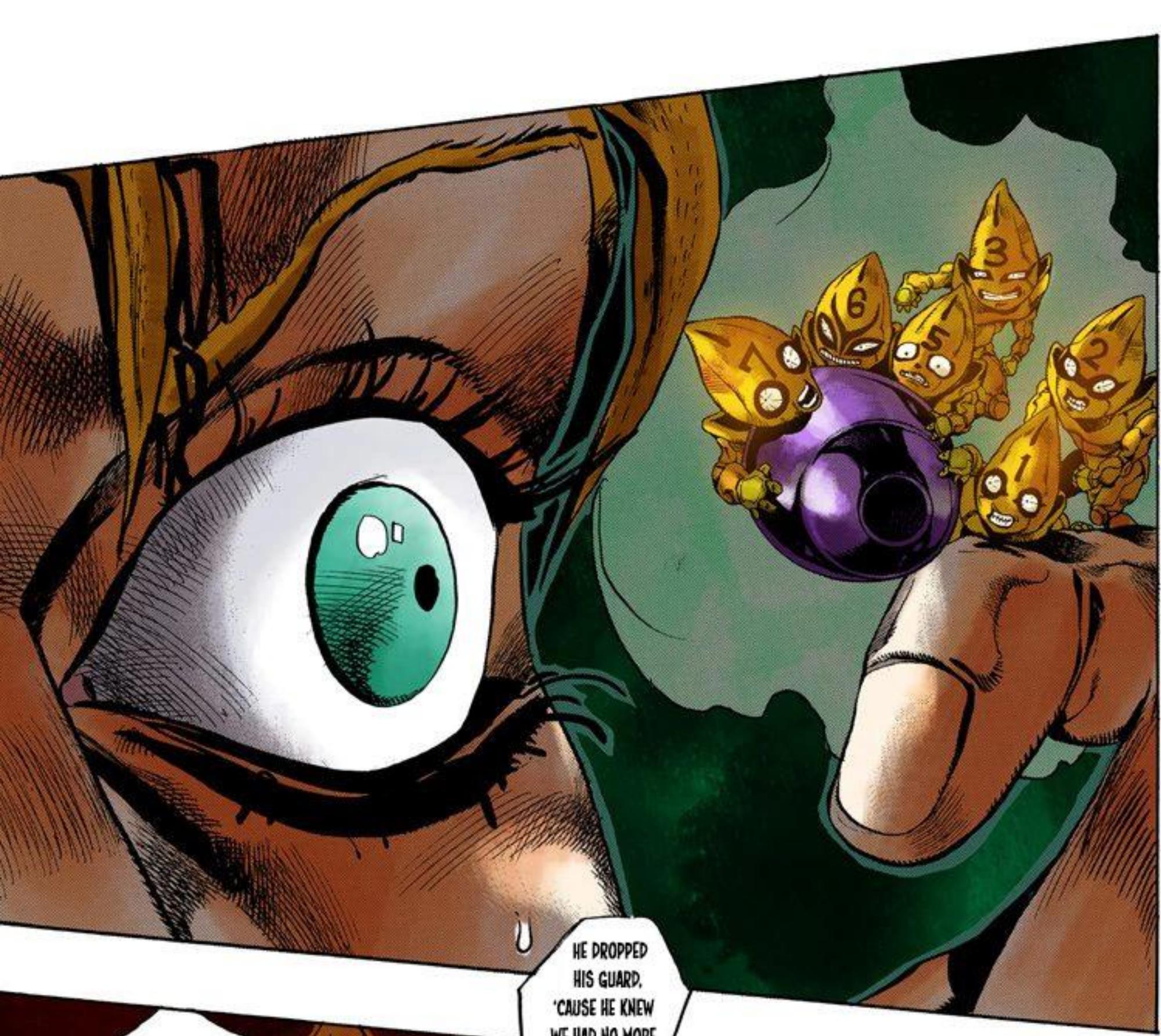
**TAKE THIS!  
RELEASE!**



HE  
RELEASED  
IT!

TOOK  
HIM LONG  
ENOUGH!





WE WERE TRYING  
TO GET CLOSER!  
THAT'D MAKE IT EASIER  
TO HIT OUR TARGET!

HE DROPPED  
HIS GUARD,  
'CAUSE HE KNEW  
WE HAD NO MORE  
SHOTS!

HE DROPPED  
HIS GUARD.  
JUST LIKE WE  
THOUGHT!

DAMN IT...  
THEY'RE  
TOO CLOSE...

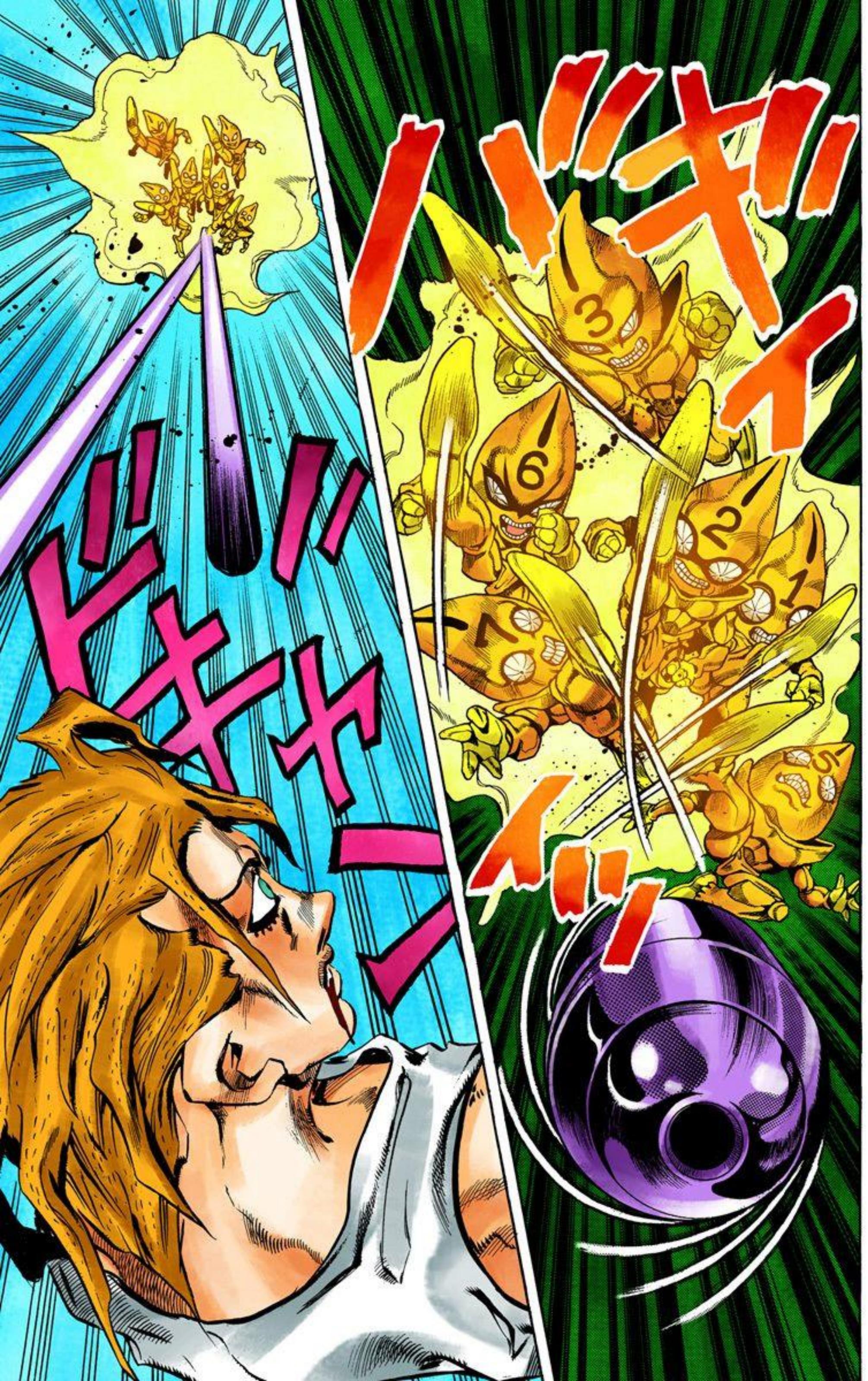
GET  
ON MY  
FINGER!?

W...  
WHEN DID  
THEY...

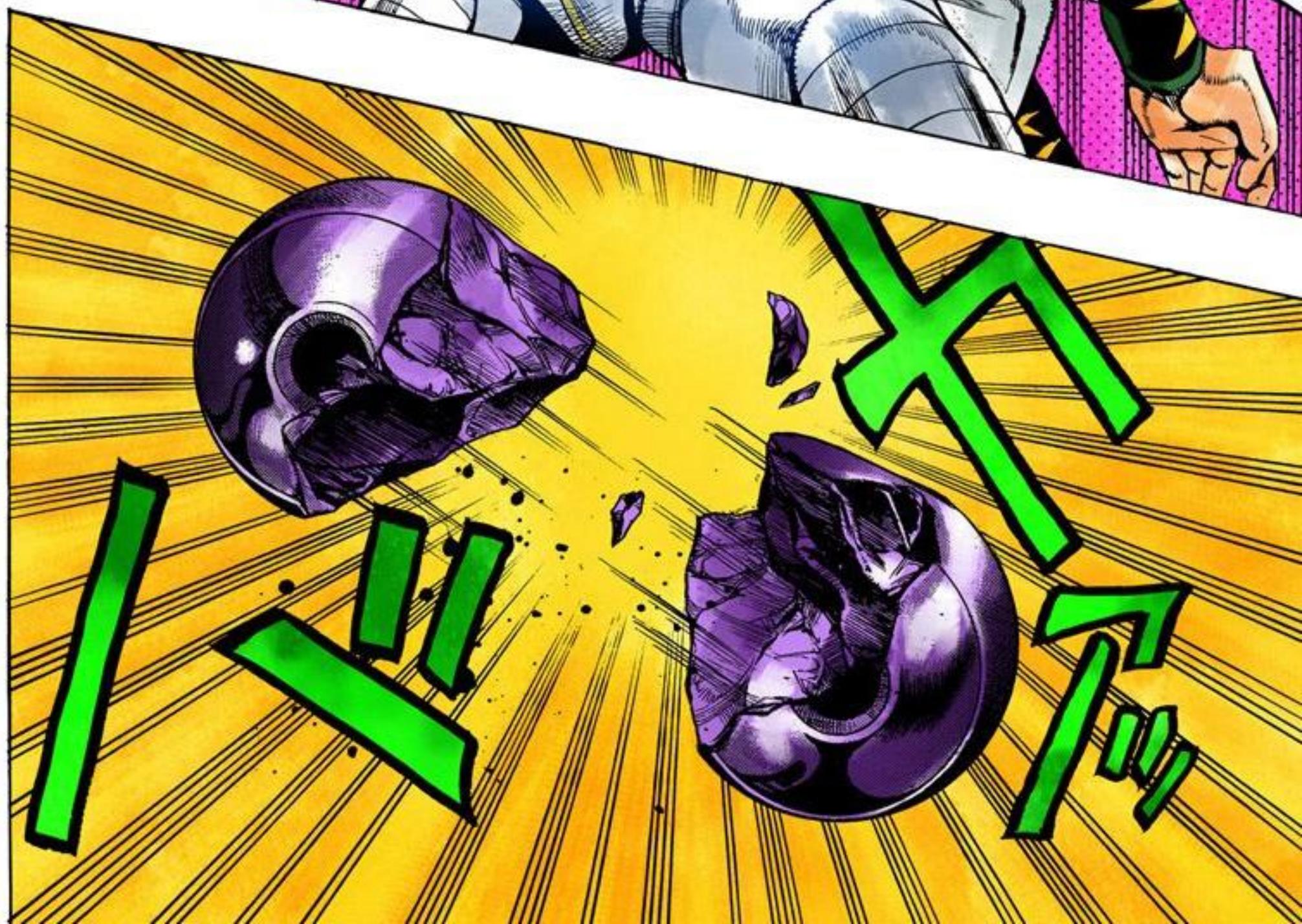
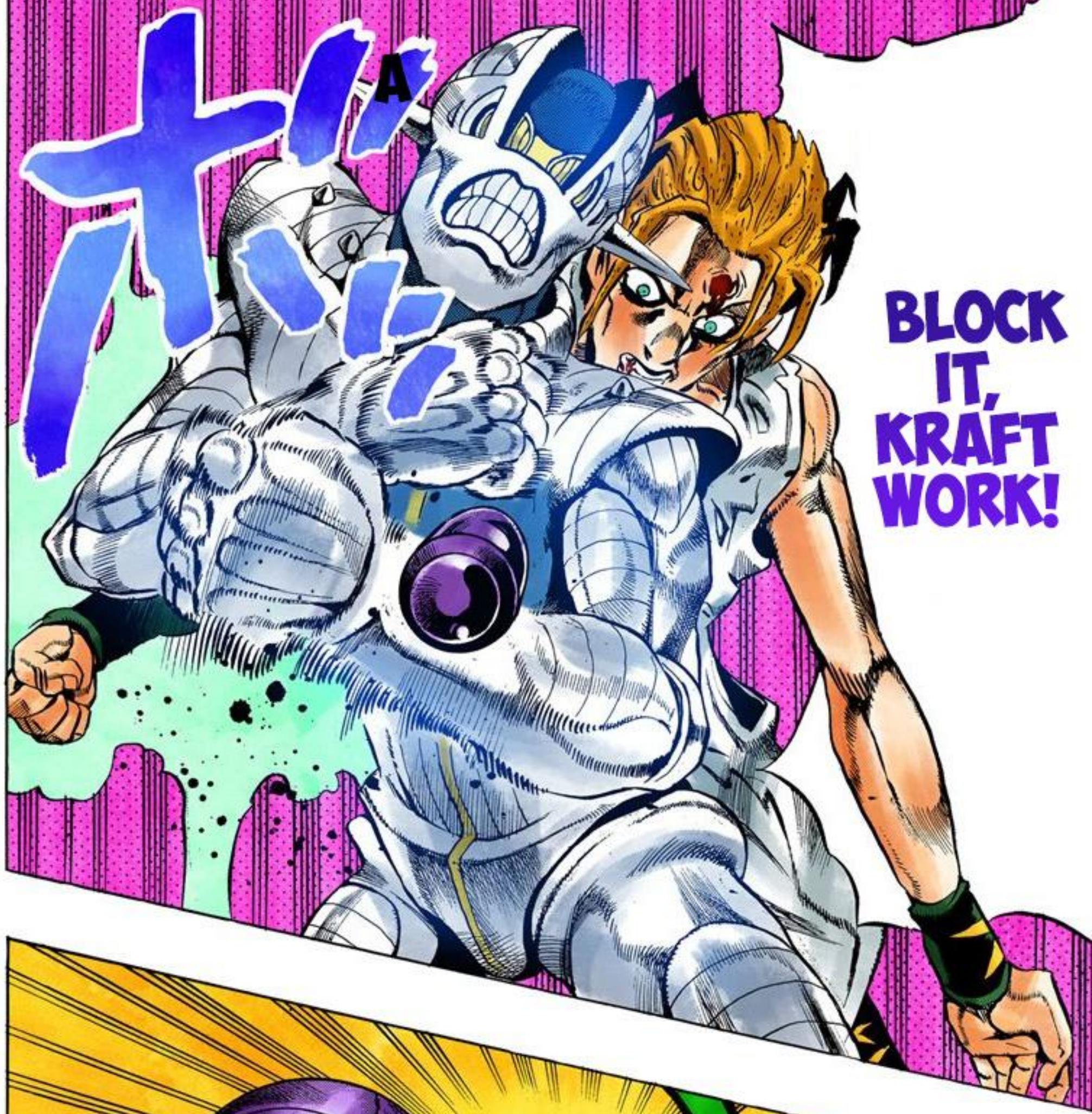
W...  
WHAAAT!?







**BLOCK  
IT,  
KRAFT  
WORK!**

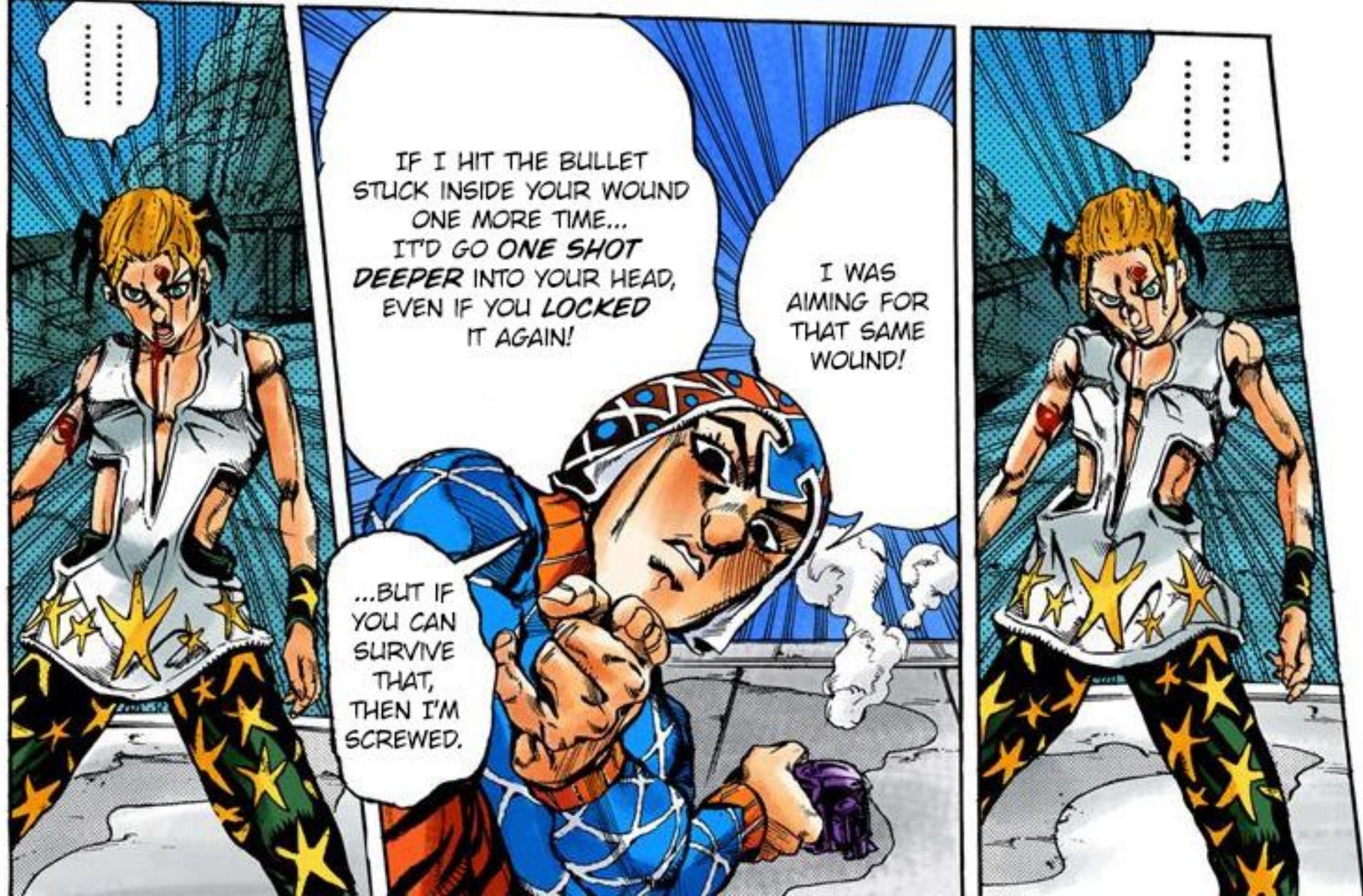
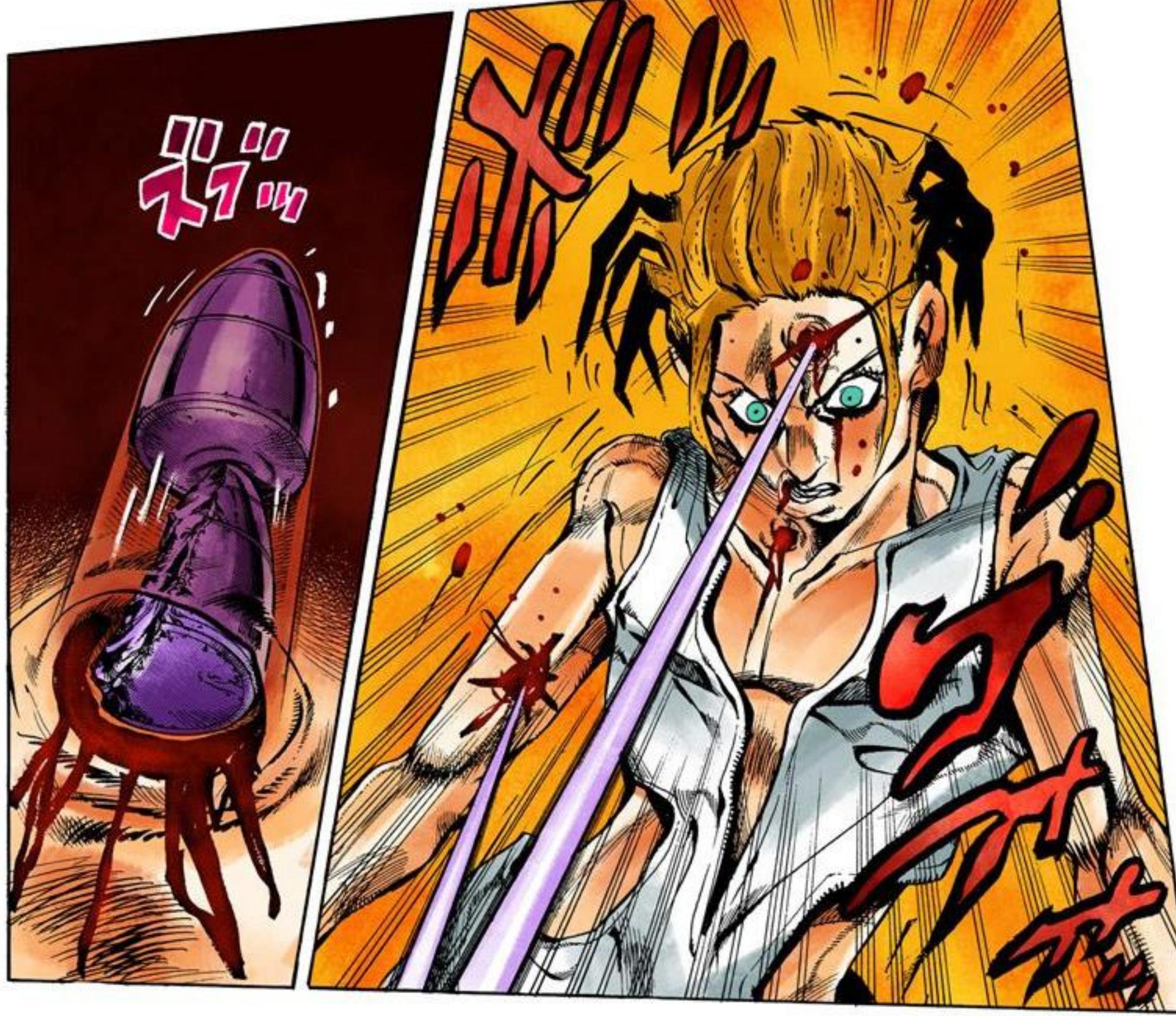


WHAT!?  
THE BULLET  
SPLIT IN  
HALF...

ONE MORE  
SHOT WON'T  
KILL ME, BUT  
DID THEY  
GET CLOSER  
TO... OH SHIT!  
THEY CAN'T  
BE AIMING  
THERE,  
CAN THEY!?

AAAAGHH!  
IS THAT  
WHAT THEY  
WERE  
AIMING  
FOR!?

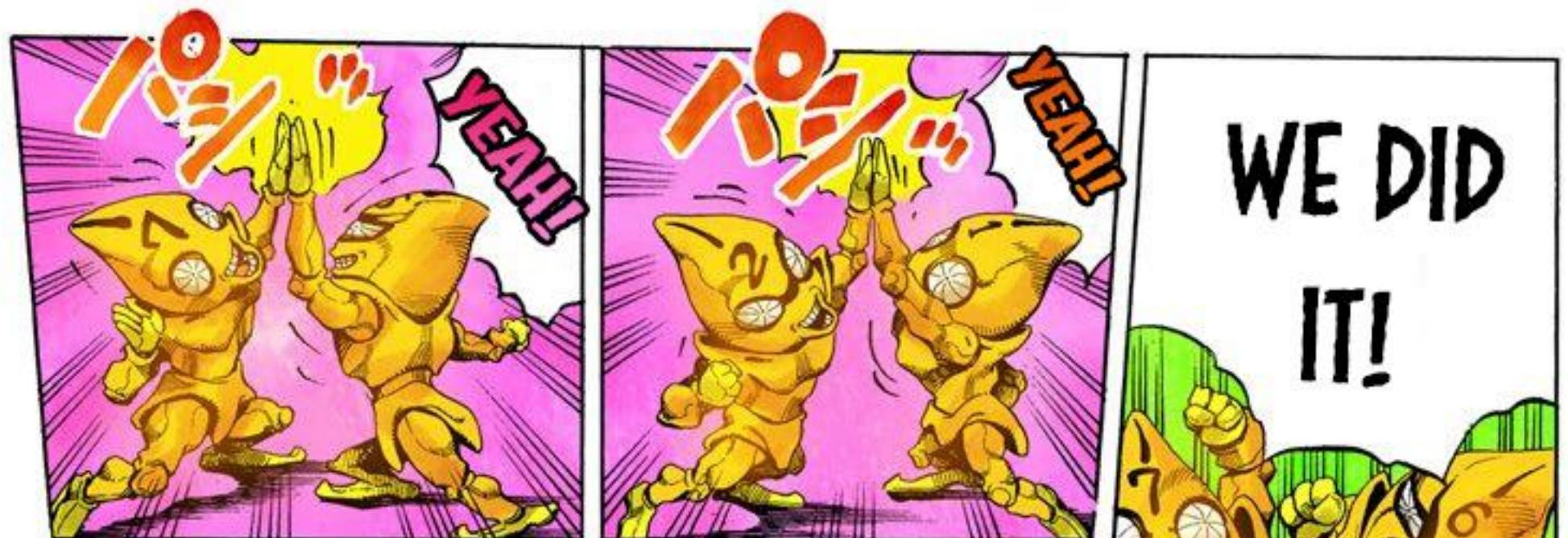
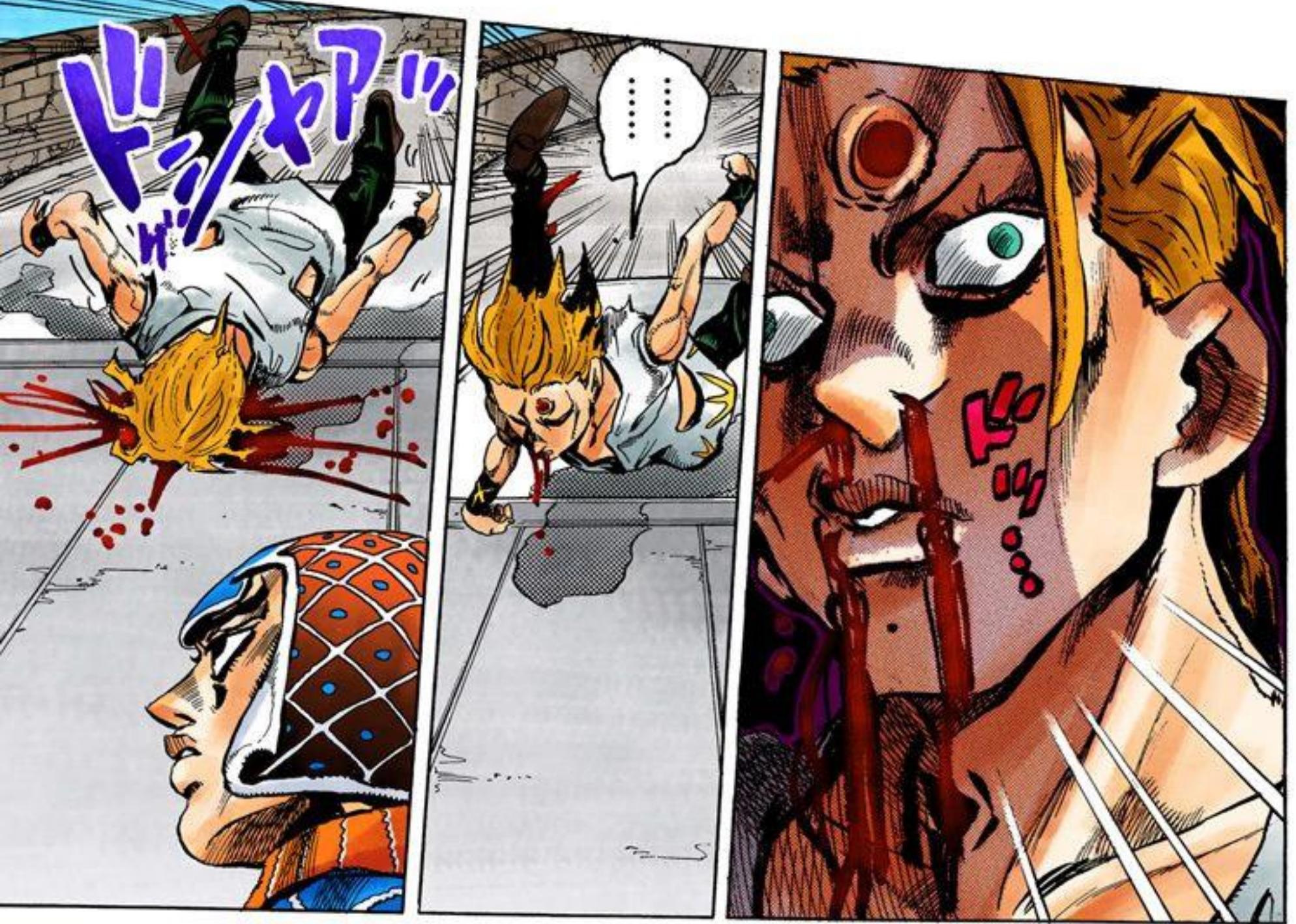
OH  
SHIT!  
NO!



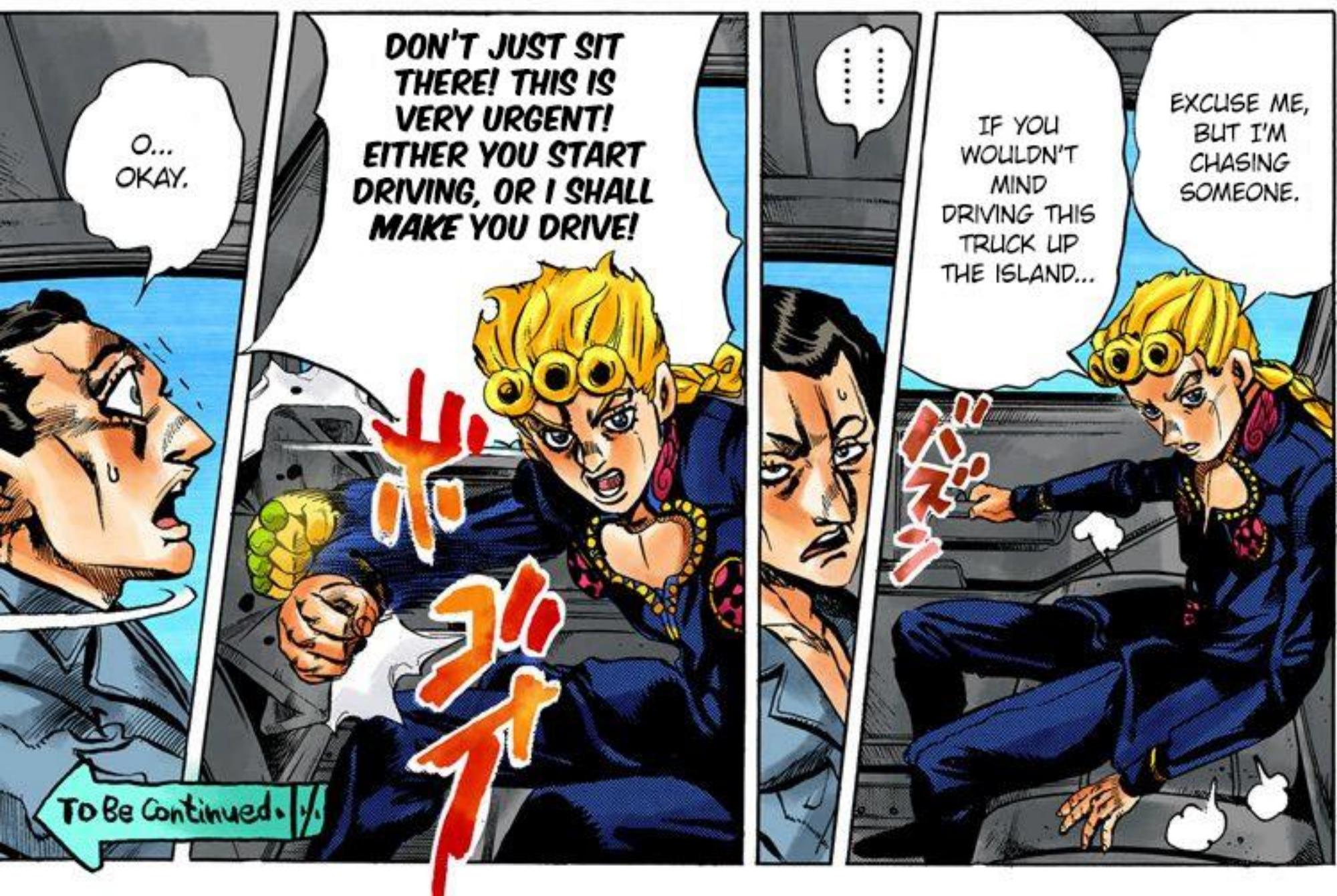
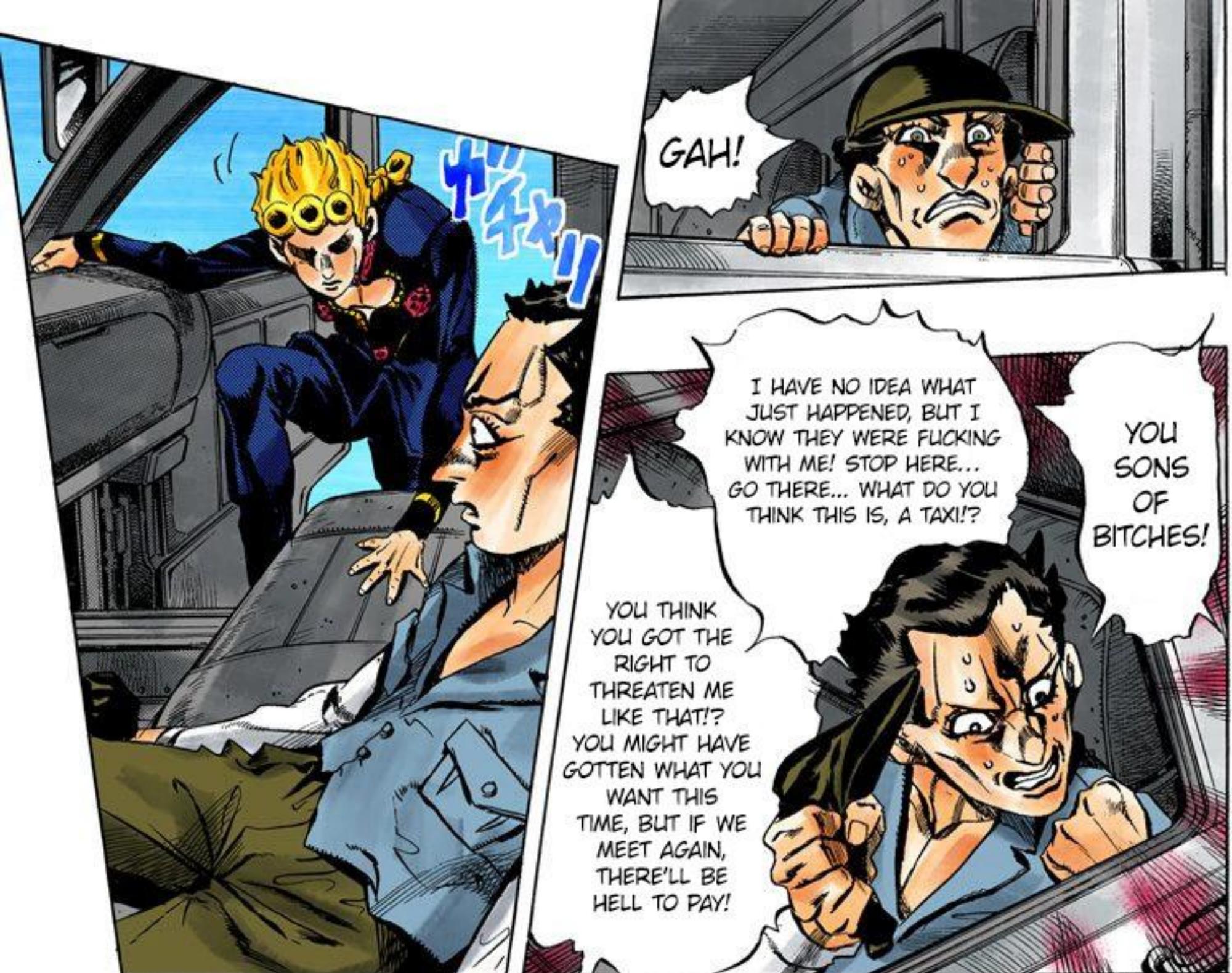
IF I HIT THE BULLET  
STUCK INSIDE YOUR WOUND  
ONE MORE TIME...  
IT'D GO ONE SHOT  
DEEPER INTO YOUR HEAD,  
EVEN IF YOU LOCKED  
IT AGAIN!

I WAS  
AIMING FOR  
THAT SAME  
WOUND!

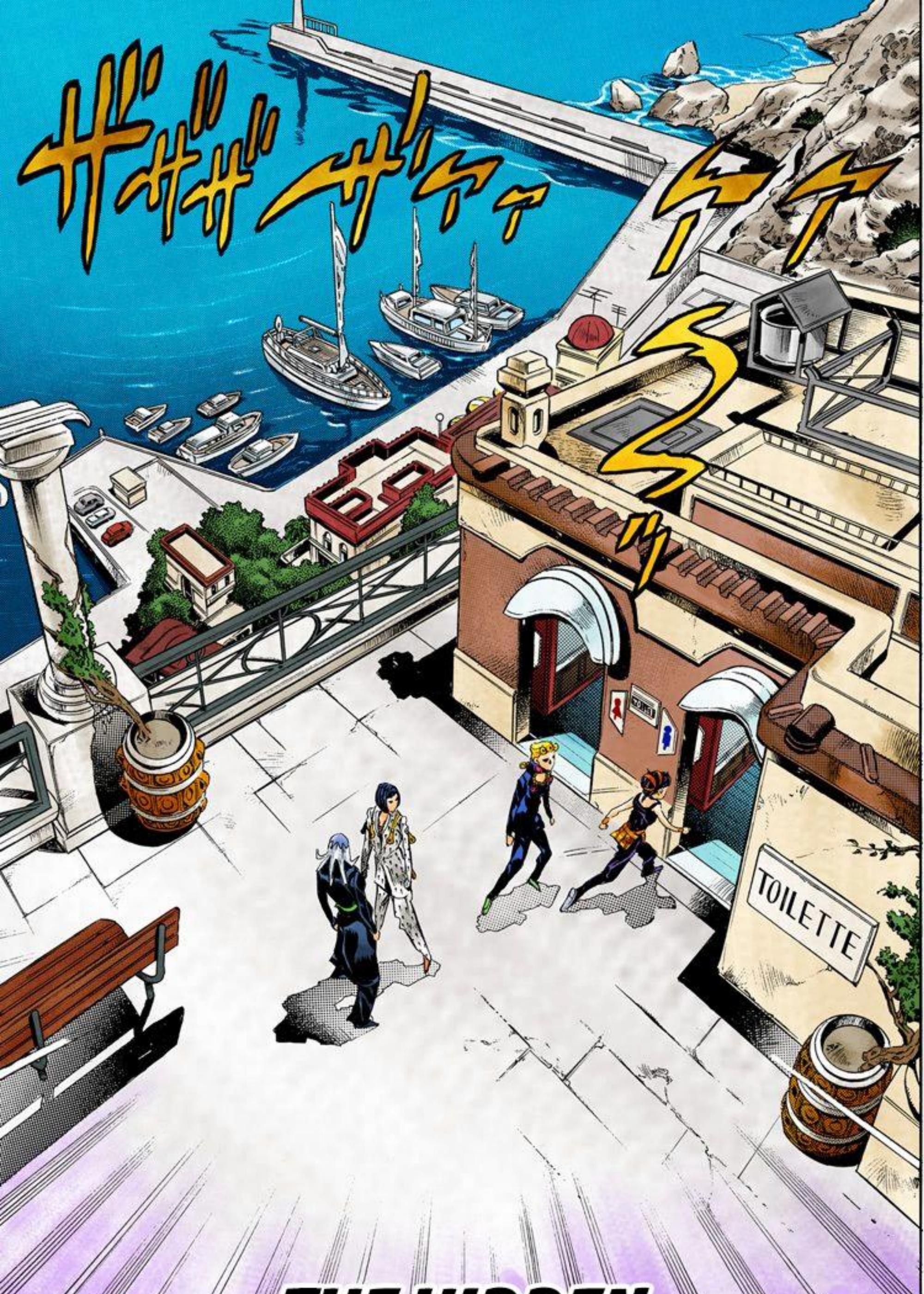
...BUT IF  
YOU CAN  
SURVIVE  
THAT,  
THEN I'M  
SCREWED.









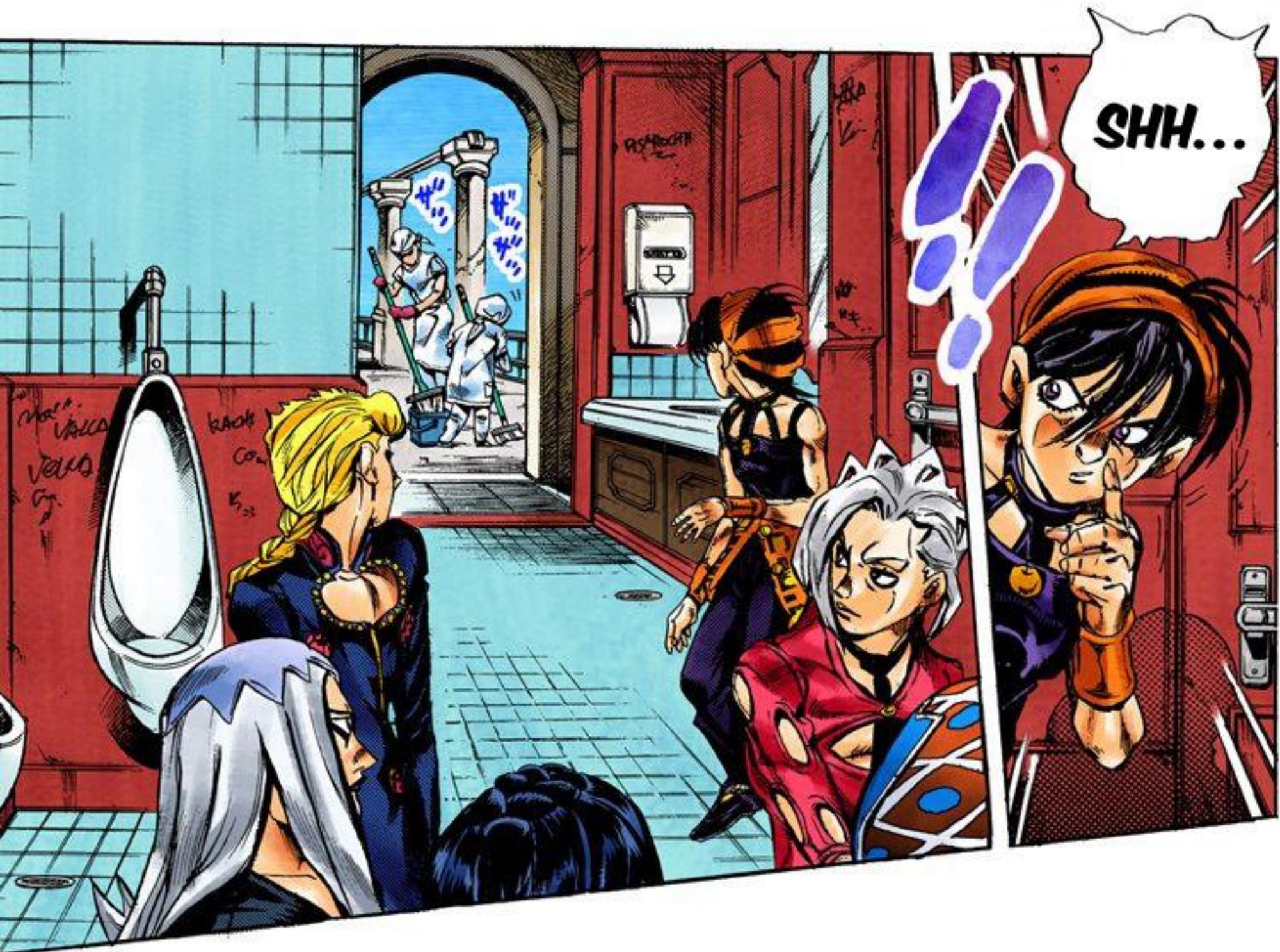


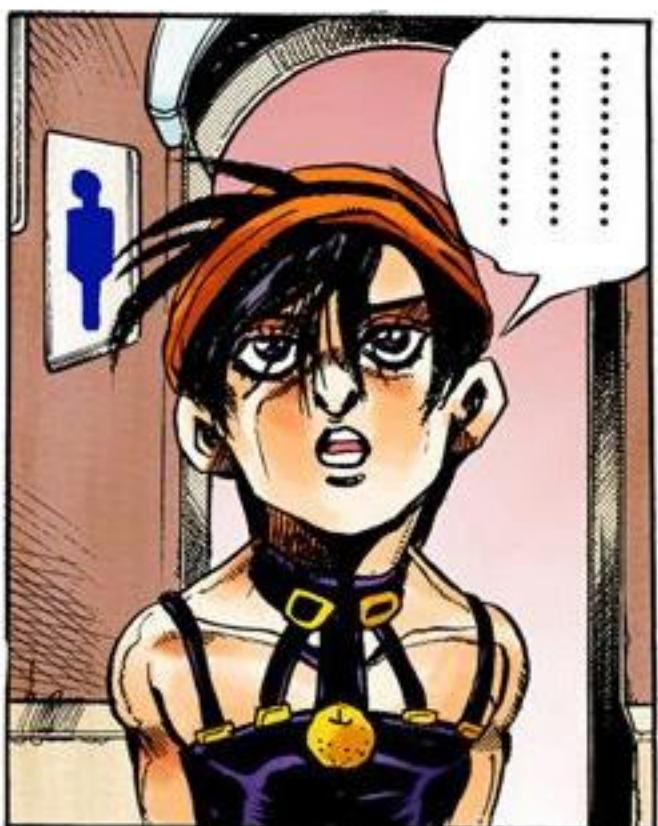
# THE HIDDEN 600-MILLION-YEN STASH

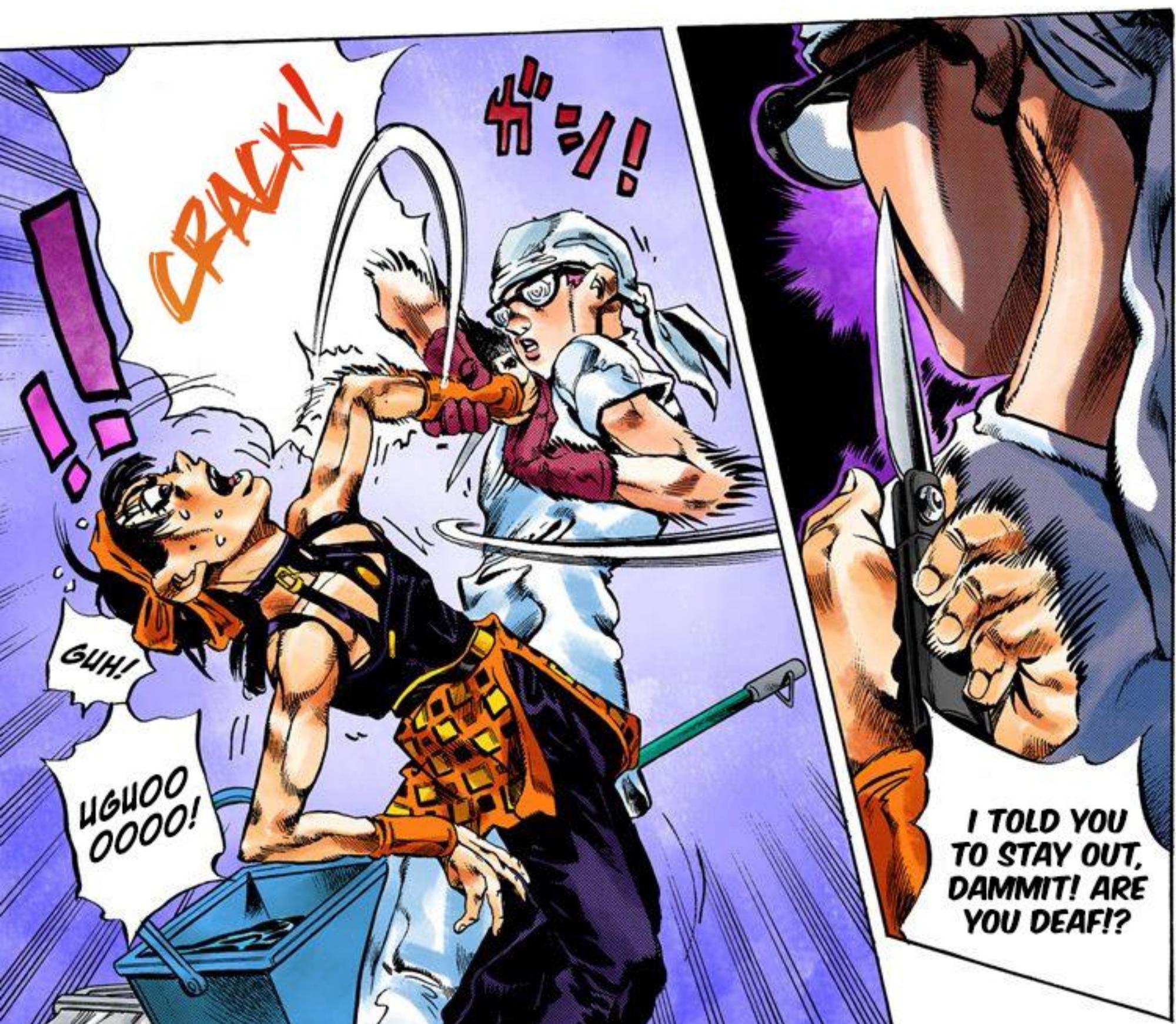
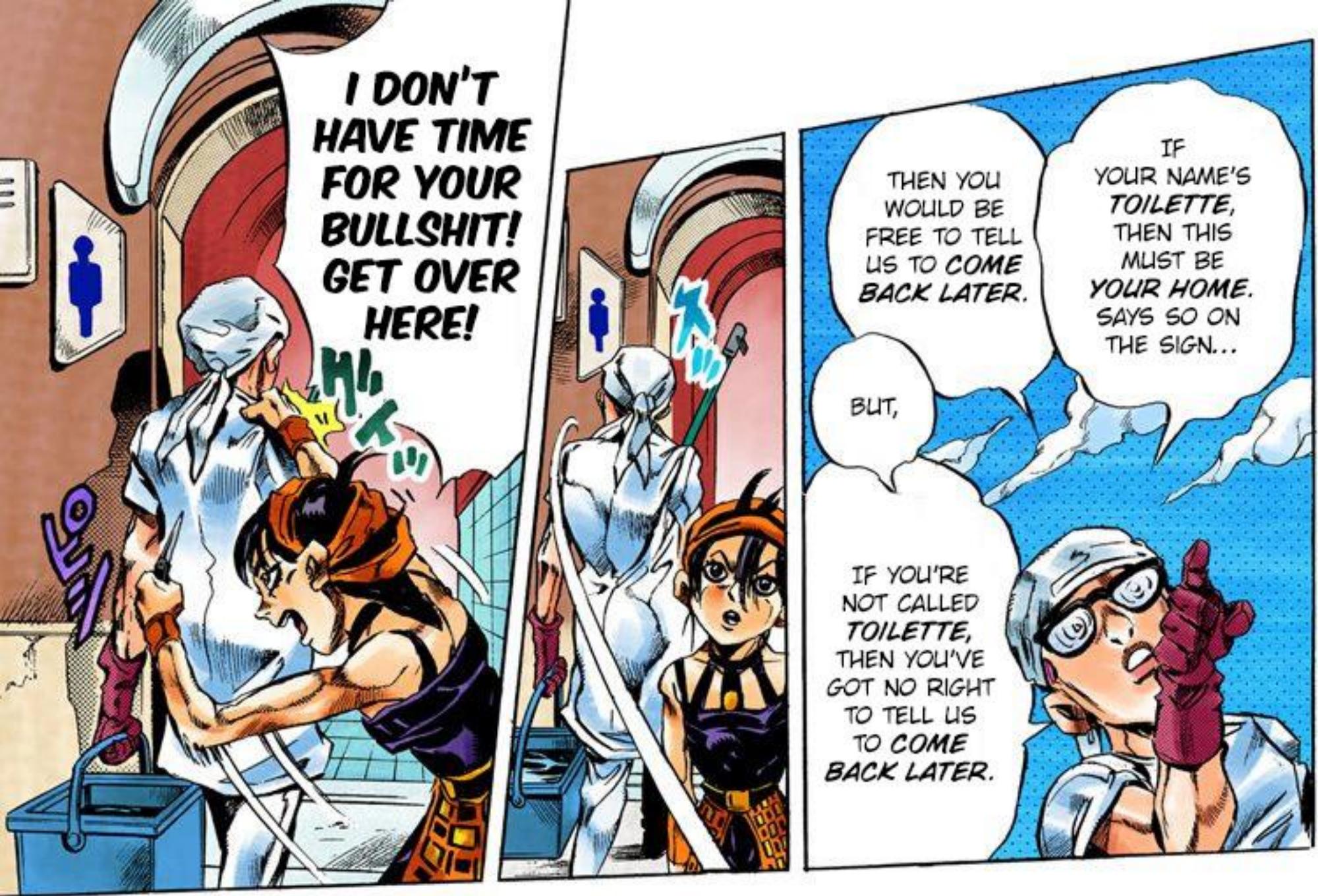


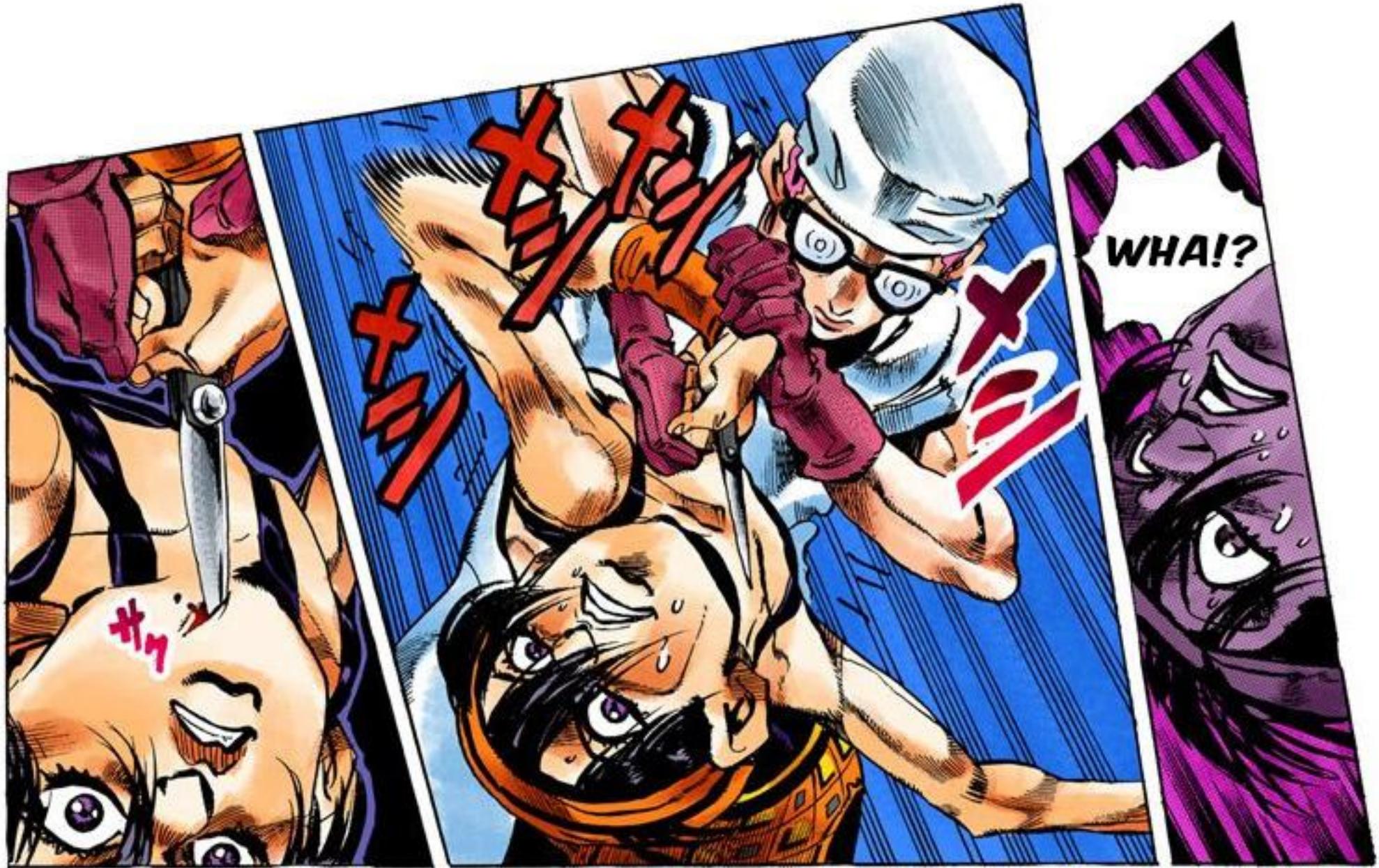












NO, WAIT!  
TEAM!  
MAKE  
NARANCIA  
STOP!

MORE  
OF  
THEM!?

W...  
WHAT!?

THAT  
CAN'T  
BE!

I'LL  
FUCKIN'  
MURDER  
YOU!

THOSE  
TWO  
MIGHT  
BE  
THE-!

I'M HERE TO  
COLLECT THE  
600 MILLION,  
BUCELLATI!

YES, THAT'S YOU,  
ISN'T IT? BRUNO  
BUCELLATI?

HM!  
MIGHT YOU  
BE BUCCEL-  
LATI...?



HUH?



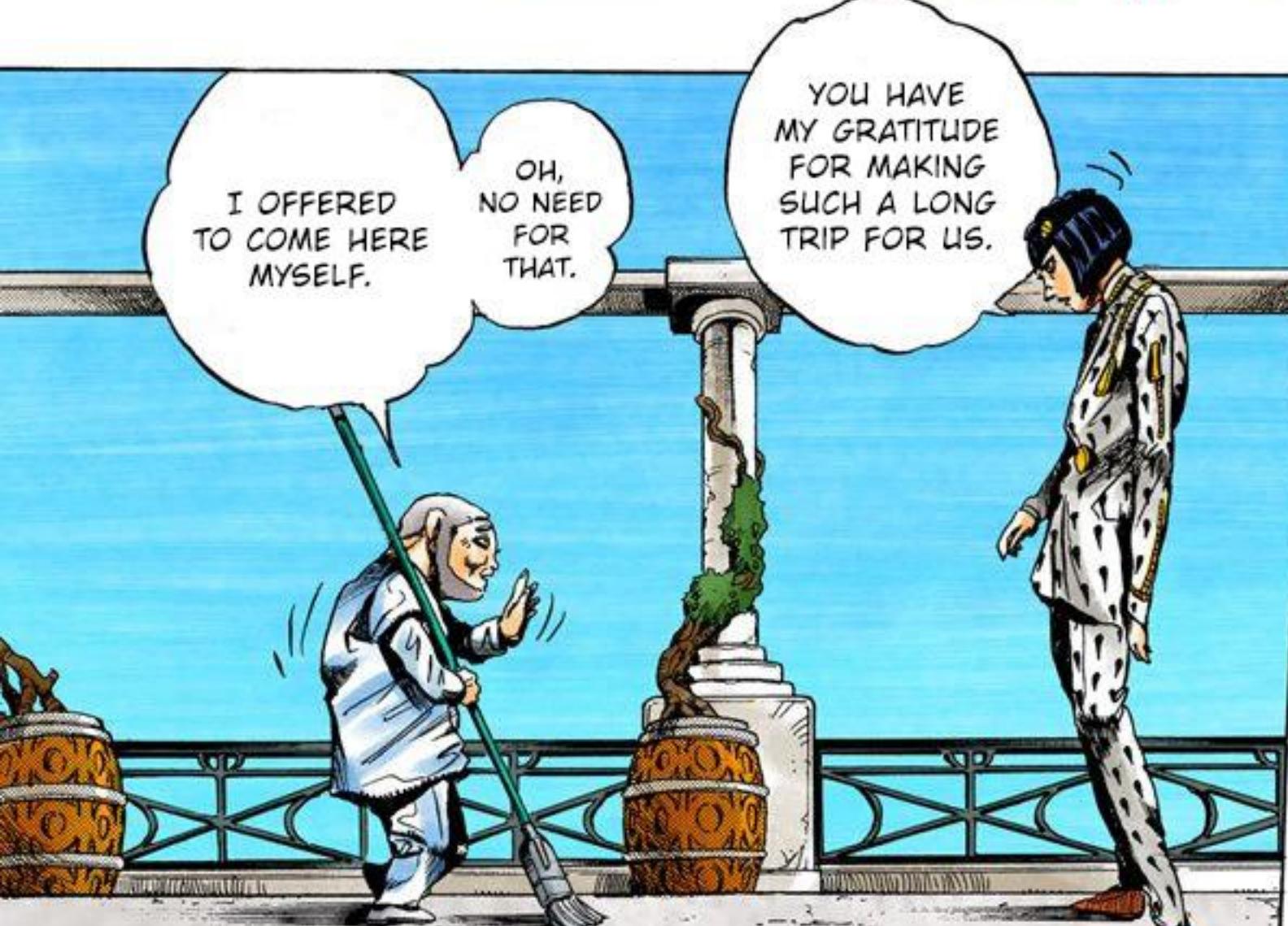
**BOW!  
ALL OF  
YOU!**

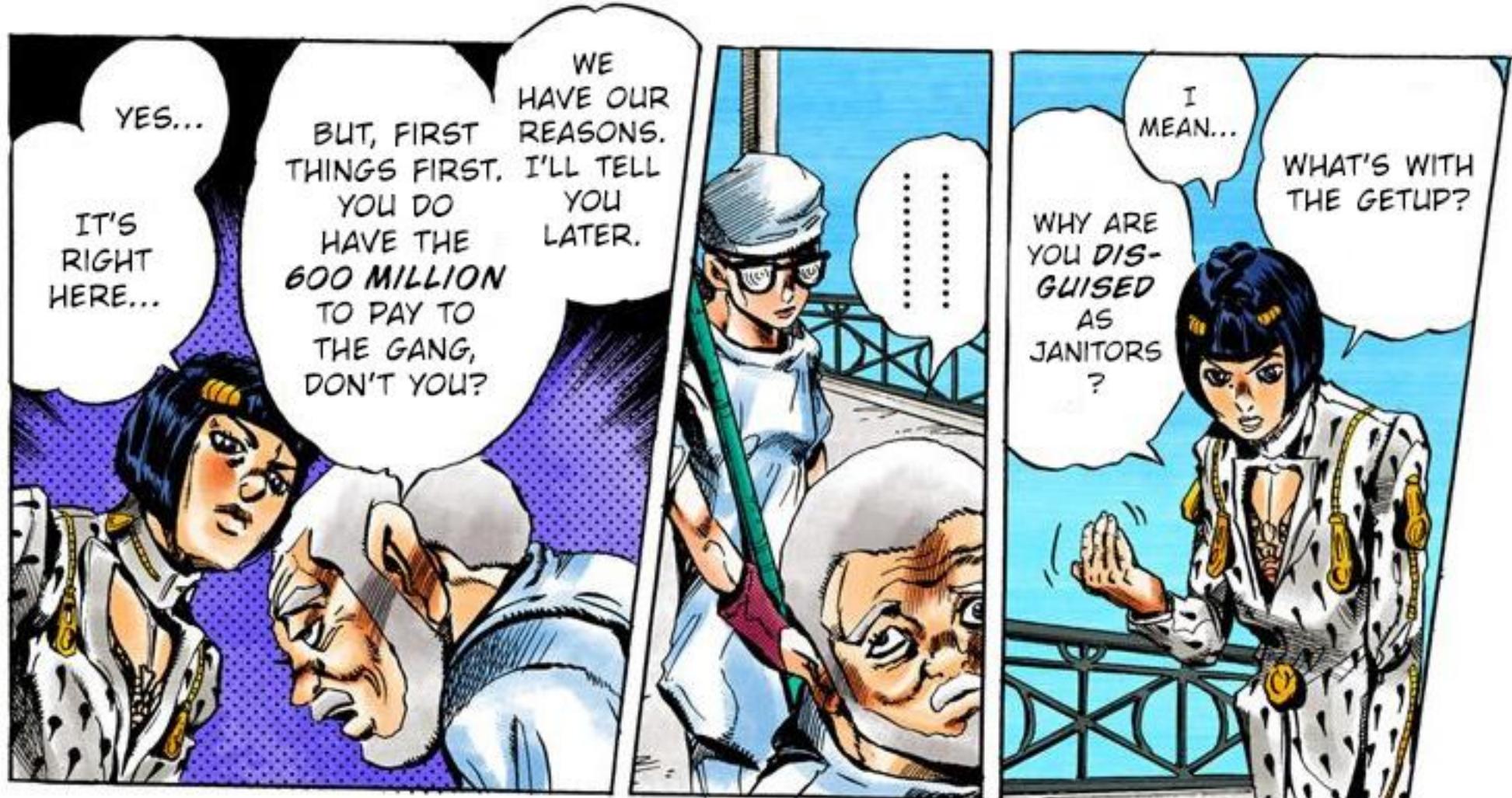
**HE'S THE  
PASSIONE  
CAPO,  
PERICOLO!**

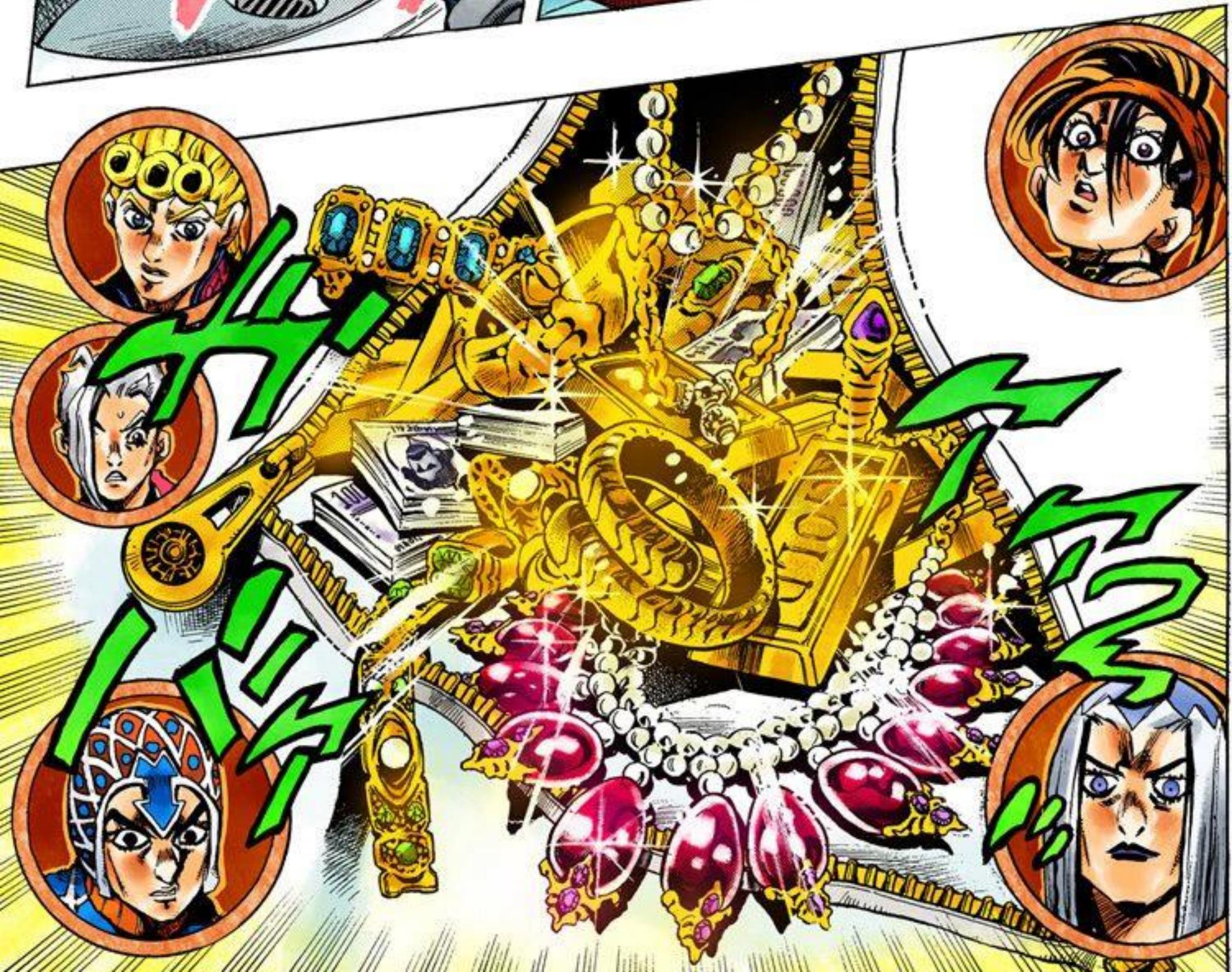
*Capo:* Short for "caporegime." An officer in the mafia.

**HE  
HAS COME  
ALL THIS  
WAY TO  
COLLECT  
OUR  
PAYMENT!**

**I CONTACTED  
HIM BEFORE  
WE LANDED ON  
THE ISLAND!**







I...  
INSIDE  
THE  
URINAL!?

WOAA  
AAHH!

WELL, I  
GUESS IT'S  
A SAFE PLACE  
TO HIDE, BUT  
THAT'S BAD  
KARMA FOR  
THE GUYS  
WHO'VE BEEN  
PISSING  
HERE!

DAMN,  
THAT'S  
CRAZY!

Y... YOU'RE  
PUTTING  
IT AWAY  
ALREADY?

HUH!?

PASSIONE  
HAS NOTHING  
TO COMPLAIN  
ABOUT, AS LONG  
AS THEY GET  
THEIR MONEY.

BUCCEL-  
LATI...  
I WON'T  
ASK YOU  
HOW YOU  
OBTAINED  
SUCH A  
HOARD...

C... CAN  
I JUST  
TOUCH IT  
A LITTLE?

OR EVEN  
A SNIFF...

THIS ONE  
ALONE COULD  
FETCH 70 TO  
80 MILLION  
AT BVLGARI.

HM...  
THESE  
ARE  
GENUINE.

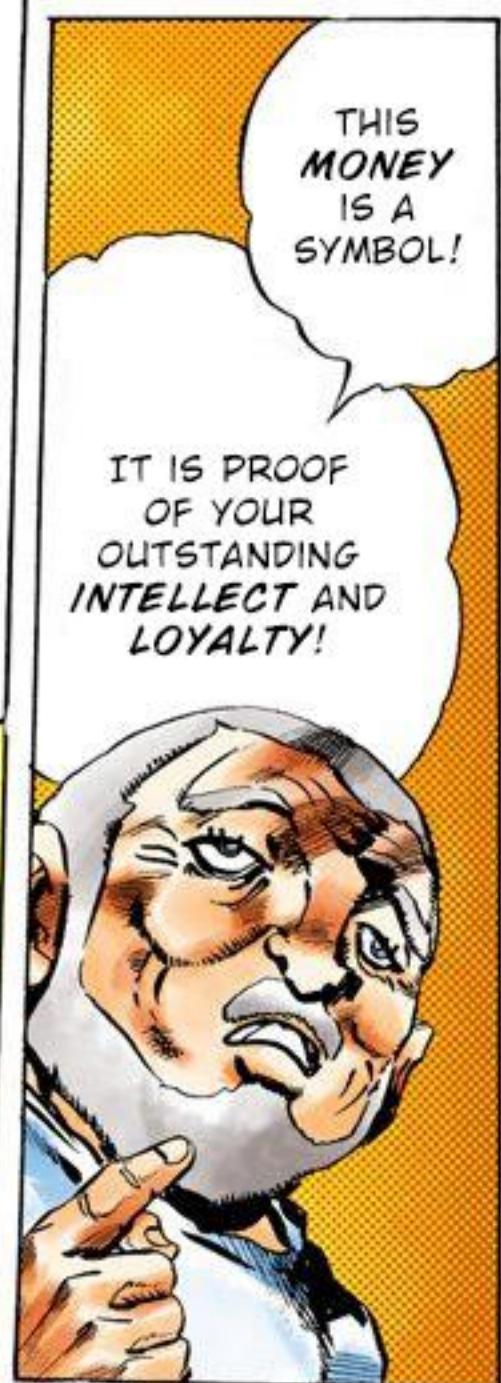
A...  
AW YEAH,  
BUCCEL-  
LATI!

WE SHALL  
PROMOTE  
YOU TO THE  
RANK OF  
CAPO!

CONGRATU-  
LATIONS,  
BUCCEL-  
LATI!

THIS  
MONEY  
IS A  
SYMBOL!

IT IS PROOF  
OF YOUR  
OUTSTANDING  
INTELLECT AND  
LOYALTY!



YOU'VE  
FINALLY  
BECOME  
A CAPO!

YOU'RE  
A  
CAPO!



THAT IS TO SAY, THE GAMBLING AND BETTING OPERATIONS, THE CONTROL OVER LOANSHARKING, THE OVERSIGHT OF SMUGGLING OPERATIONS, AND DOMINION OVER RESTAURANTS AND HOTELS IN THE REGION OF NAPOLI!

YOU SHALL INHERIT RIGHTS TO THE TERRITORY BELONGING TO THE DECEASED POLPO!

50% OF THE EARNINGS GO TO THE GANG... AND 50% GO TO YOU!

STUFF HAS STARTED TO HAPPEN ALL OF A SUDDEN AFTER GIORNO JOINED US. HE MIGHT HAVE SOME SERIOUS MOJO. HE'S A REAL LUCKY BOY, THAT HE IS!

BUT... THIS GIORNO KID...

HOT DAMN... WE GOT ALL THIS POWER IN ONE FELL SWOOP!  
ALL THANKS TO BUCELLATI'S BRAINS AND CHARISMA... HE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE US RICH.

BY THE WAY...



**GUARD THE  
BOSS'S  
DAUGHTER...  
WITH YOUR  
LIVES.**

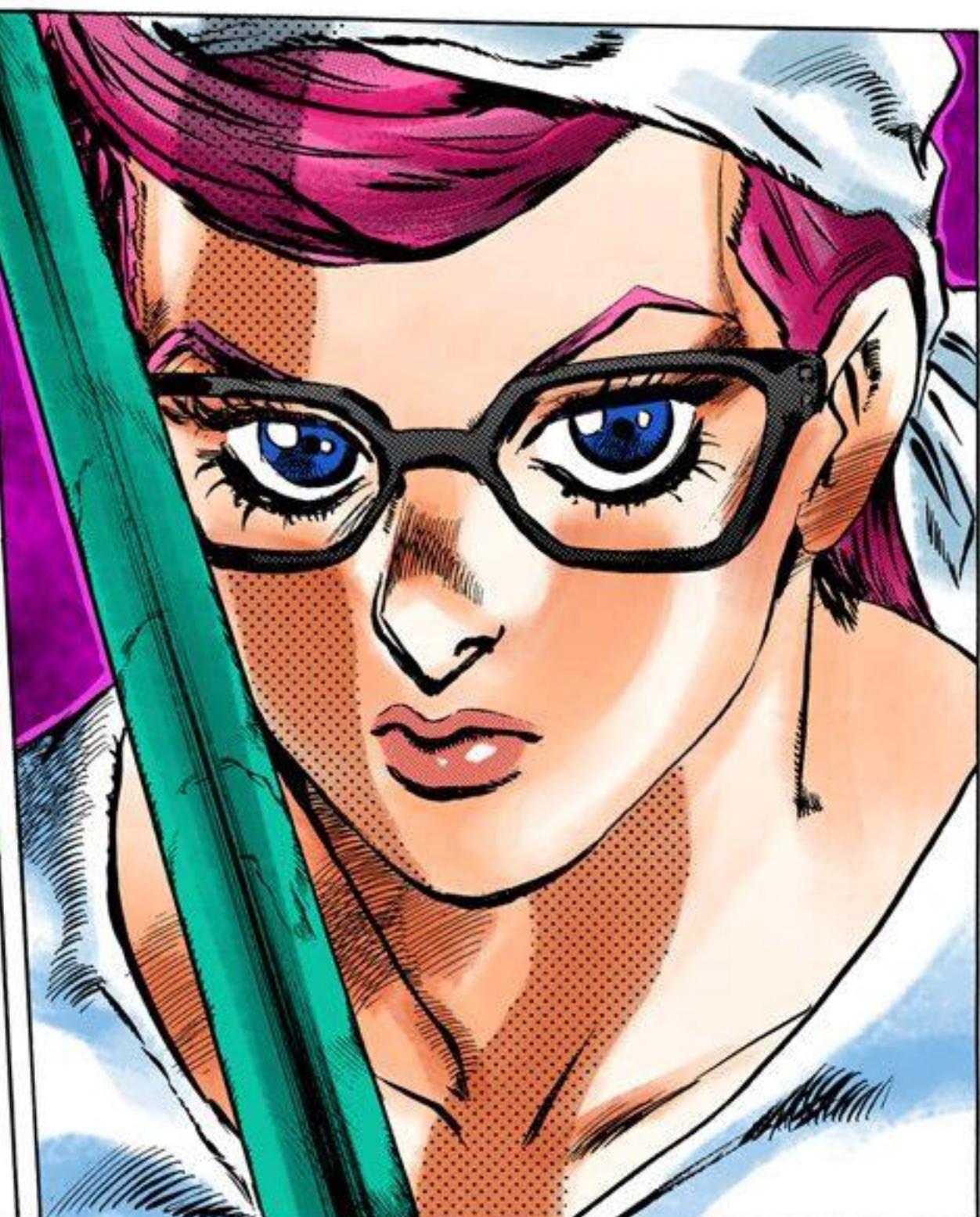
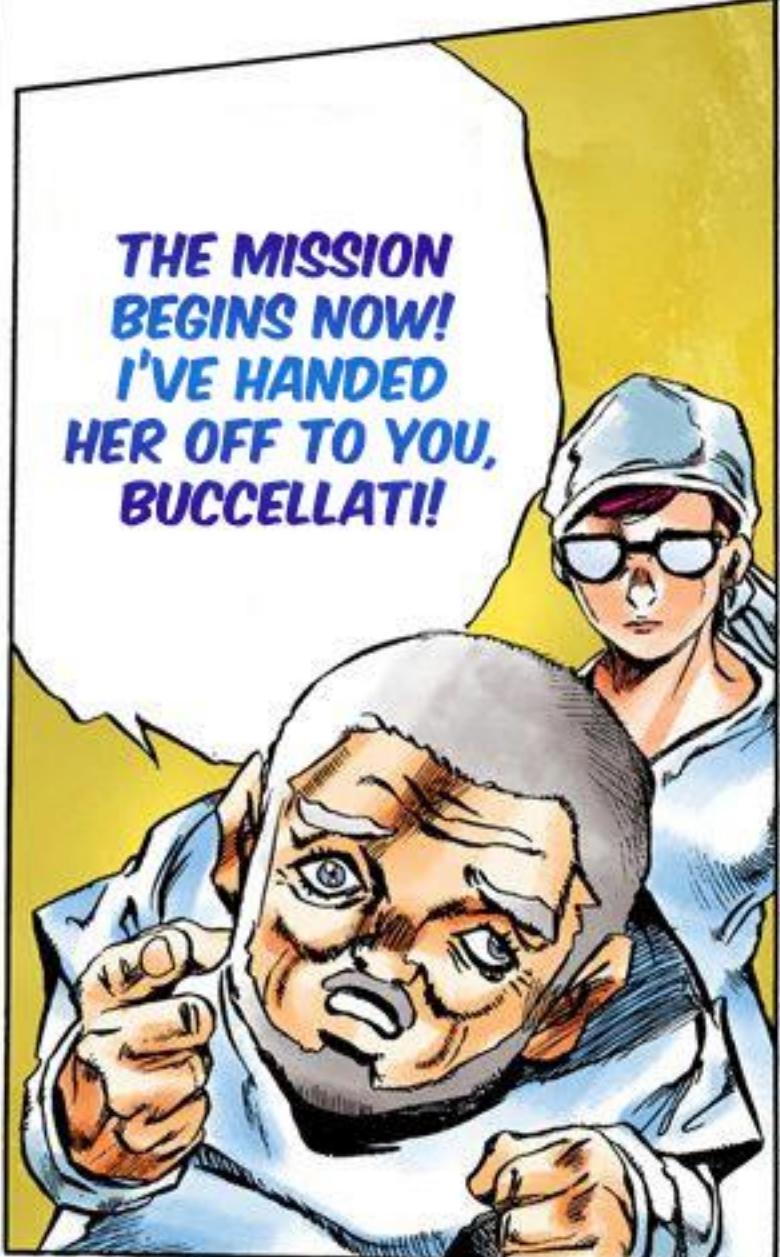
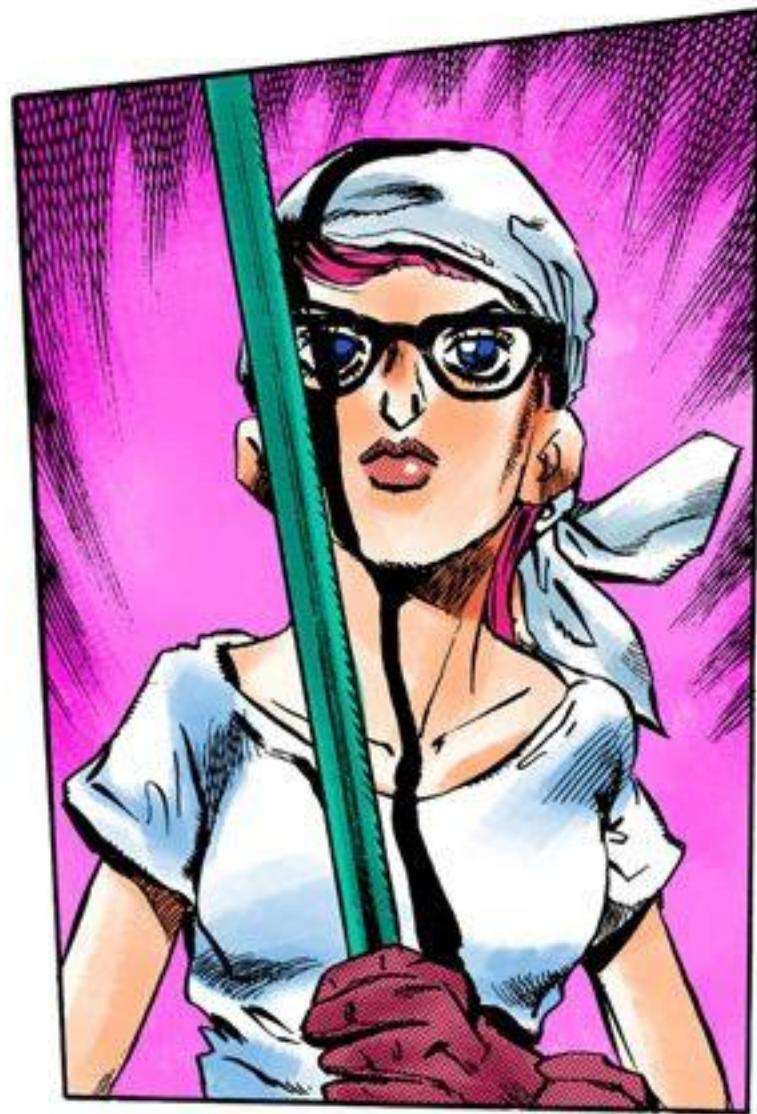


**HIS  
DAUGHTER!?  
THE BOSS  
HAD A  
DAUGHTER!?**

**HIS  
DAUGHTER!**

THE SAME  
BOSS THAT  
I'M ONE DAY  
GOING TO  
OVERTHROW...  
HAD A  
DAUGHTER!?

**THE  
BOSS...**



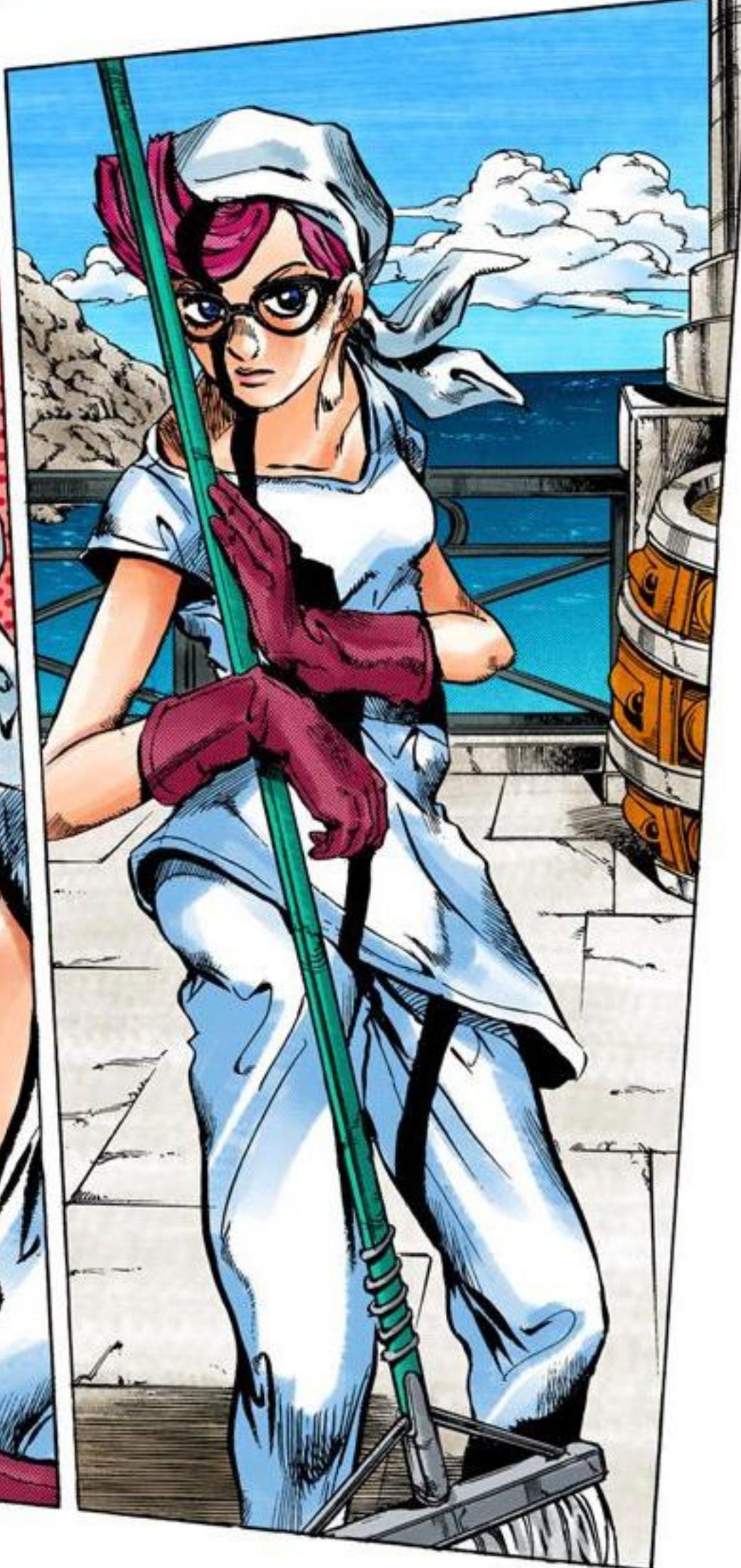
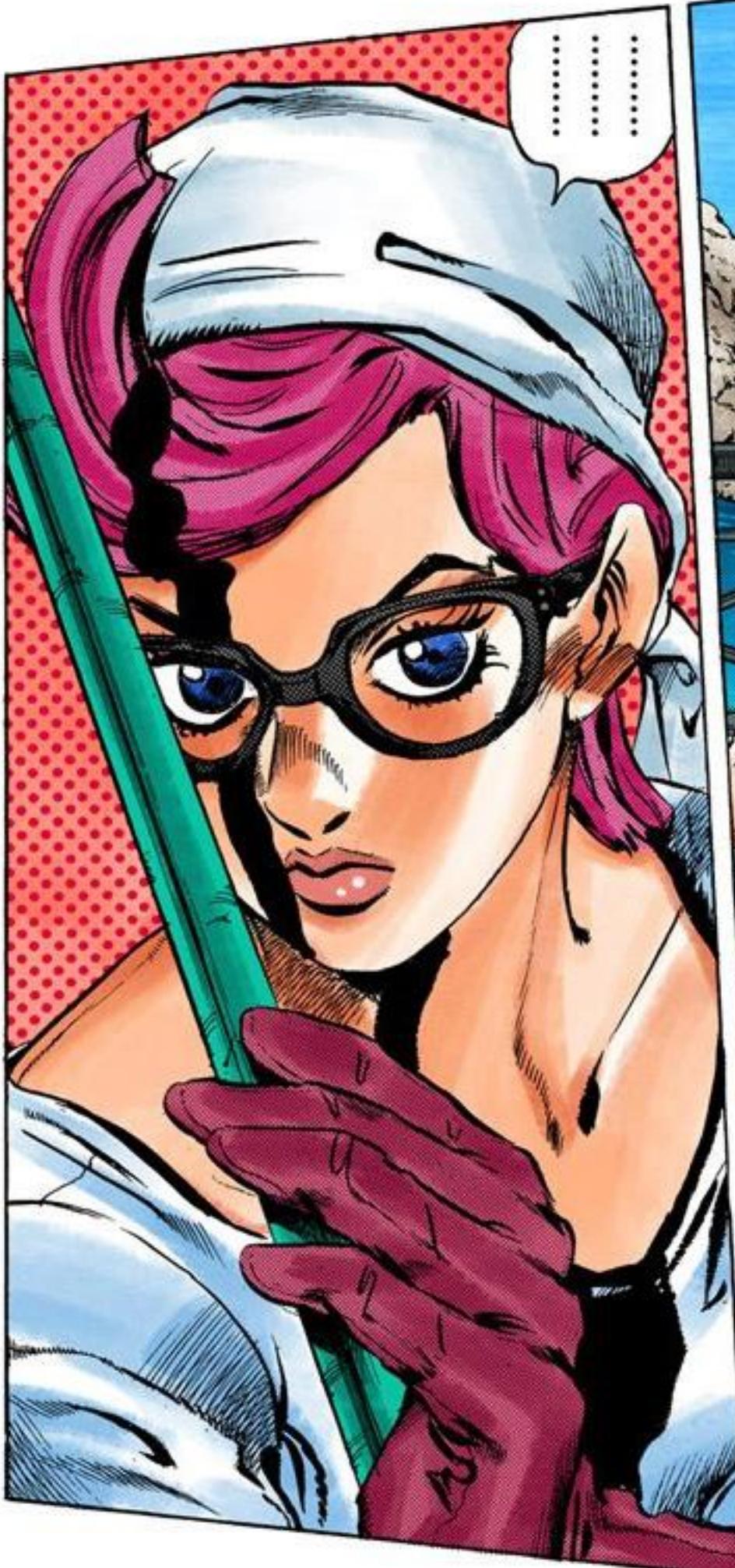


# **CAPO BUCCELLATI; FIRST ORDERS FROM THE BOSS**

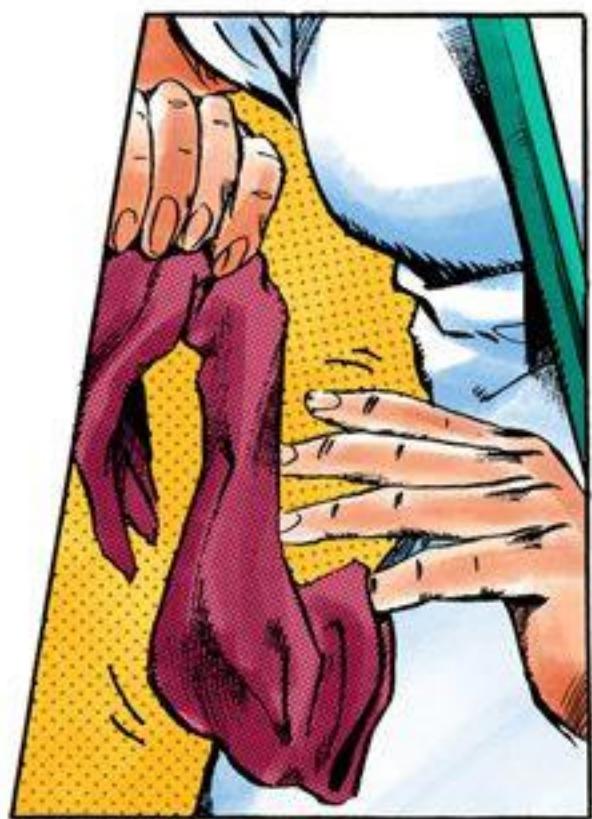
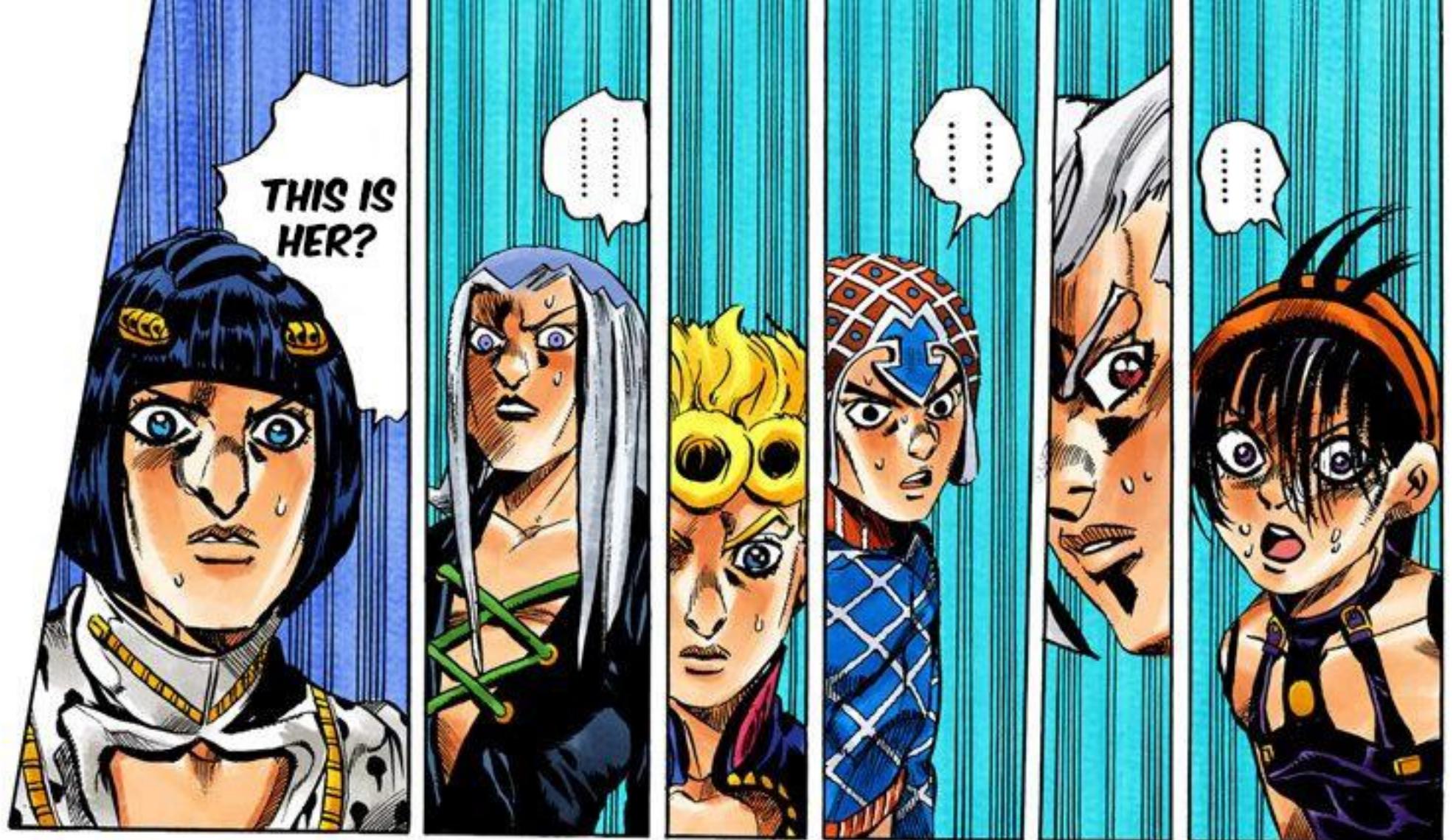


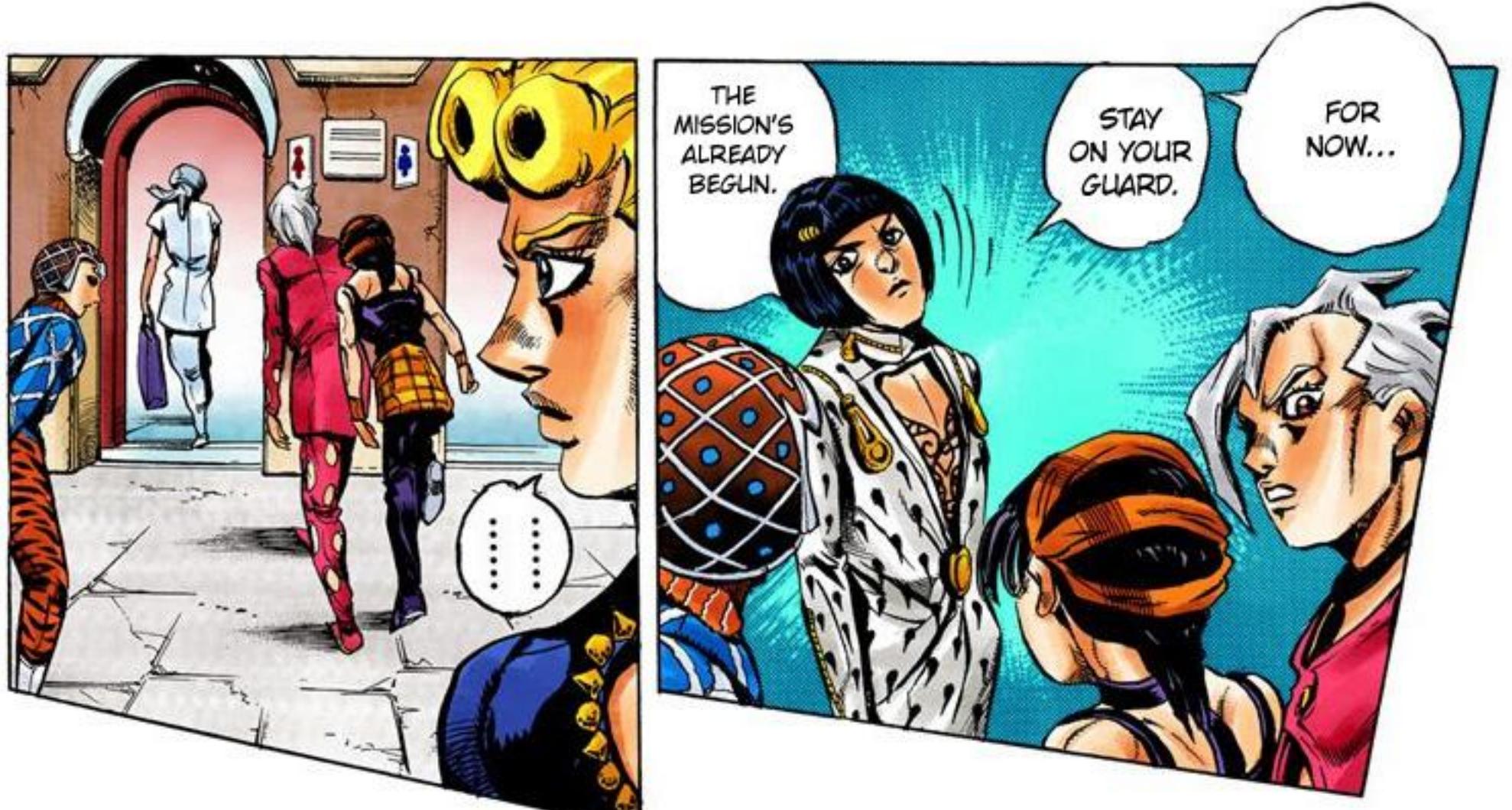


**THE BOSS'S  
DAUGHTER...**



THIS IS  
HER?





HER NAME  
IS TRISH LUNA,  
AGE 15.

OF COURSE,  
THAT'S NOT THE  
BOSS'S LAST NAME  
IT'S HER MOTHER'S,  
FOR YOUR  
INFORMATION.

TRISH ALREADY KNOWS  
THERE ARE PEOPLE  
AFTER HER, BUT SHE'S  
NEVER SEEN HER  
FATHER, THE BOSS,  
SINCE SHE WAS BORN...

OF NOTE, IN  
HIS YOUTH...

BUT  
NATURALLY,  
EVEN THE  
BOSS HAS  
A PAST.

NOT EVEN I  
HAVE EVER SEEN  
HIM IN PERSON.

AS YOU'RE AWARE,  
BUCCELLATI,  
NOBODY KNOWS  
THE BOSS'S  
IDENTITY.

A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, SHE SUDDENLY BEGAN SEARCHING FOR A MAN BY THE NAME OF SOLIDO NASO...

BASICALLY, SHE WAS THINKING, I'M NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD... I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THAT MAN I ONCE DATED BRIEFLY LONG AGO IS DOING NOW...

TWO MONTHS AGO, A WOMAN NAMED DONATELLA DIED OF ILLNESS IN A HOSPITAL IN THE TOWN OF CALABRIA.

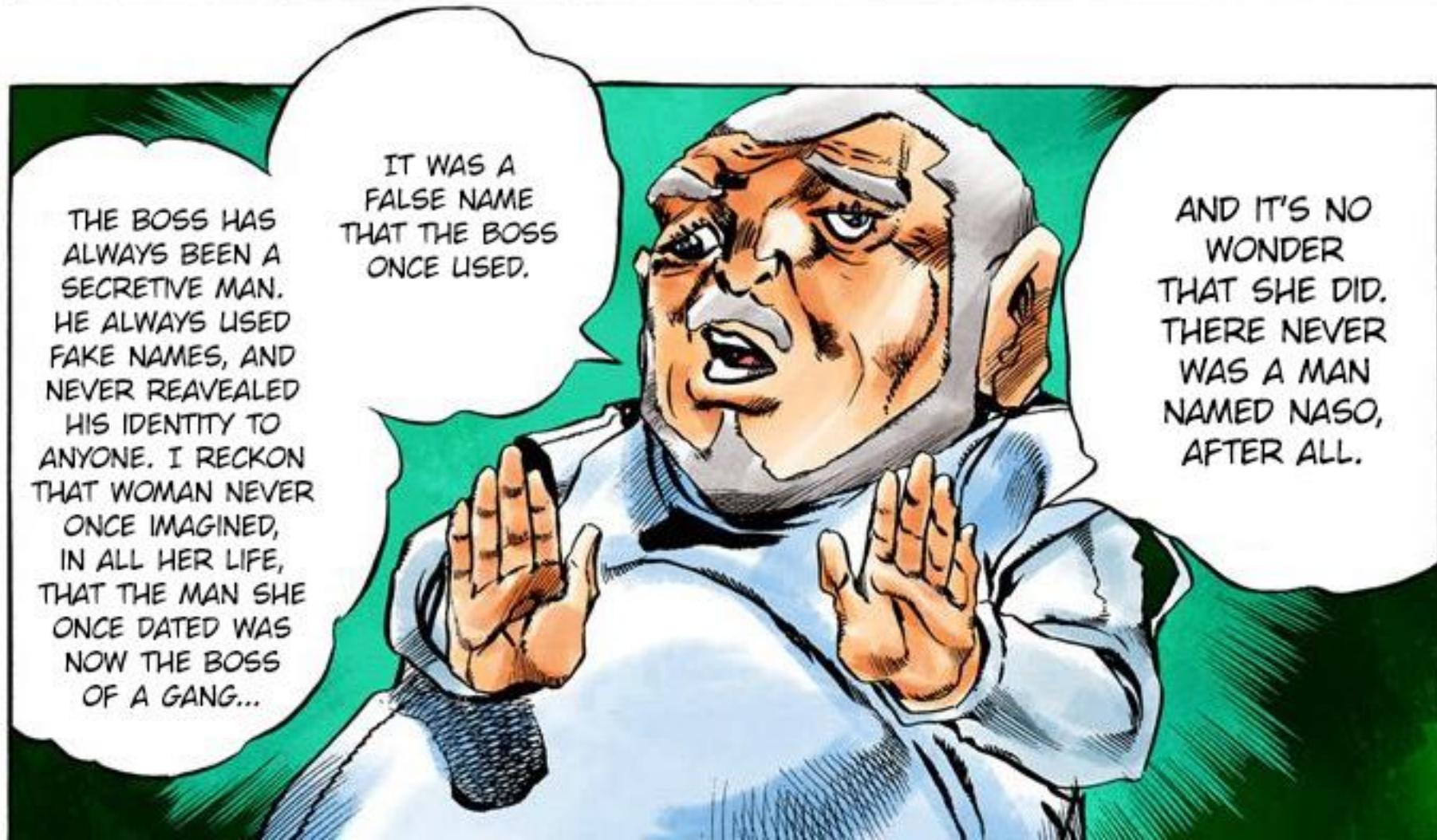


BUT...

SHE FAILED.



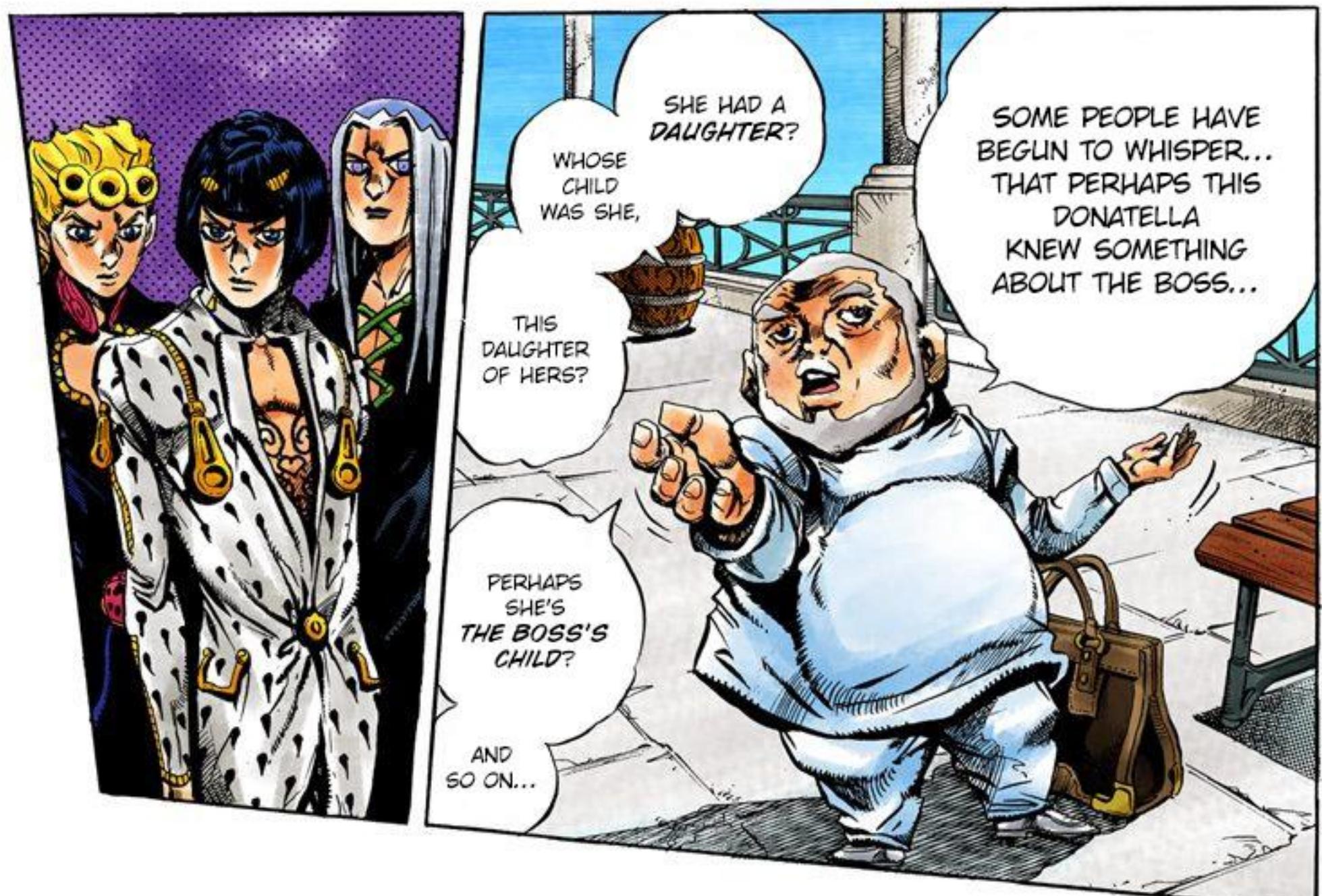
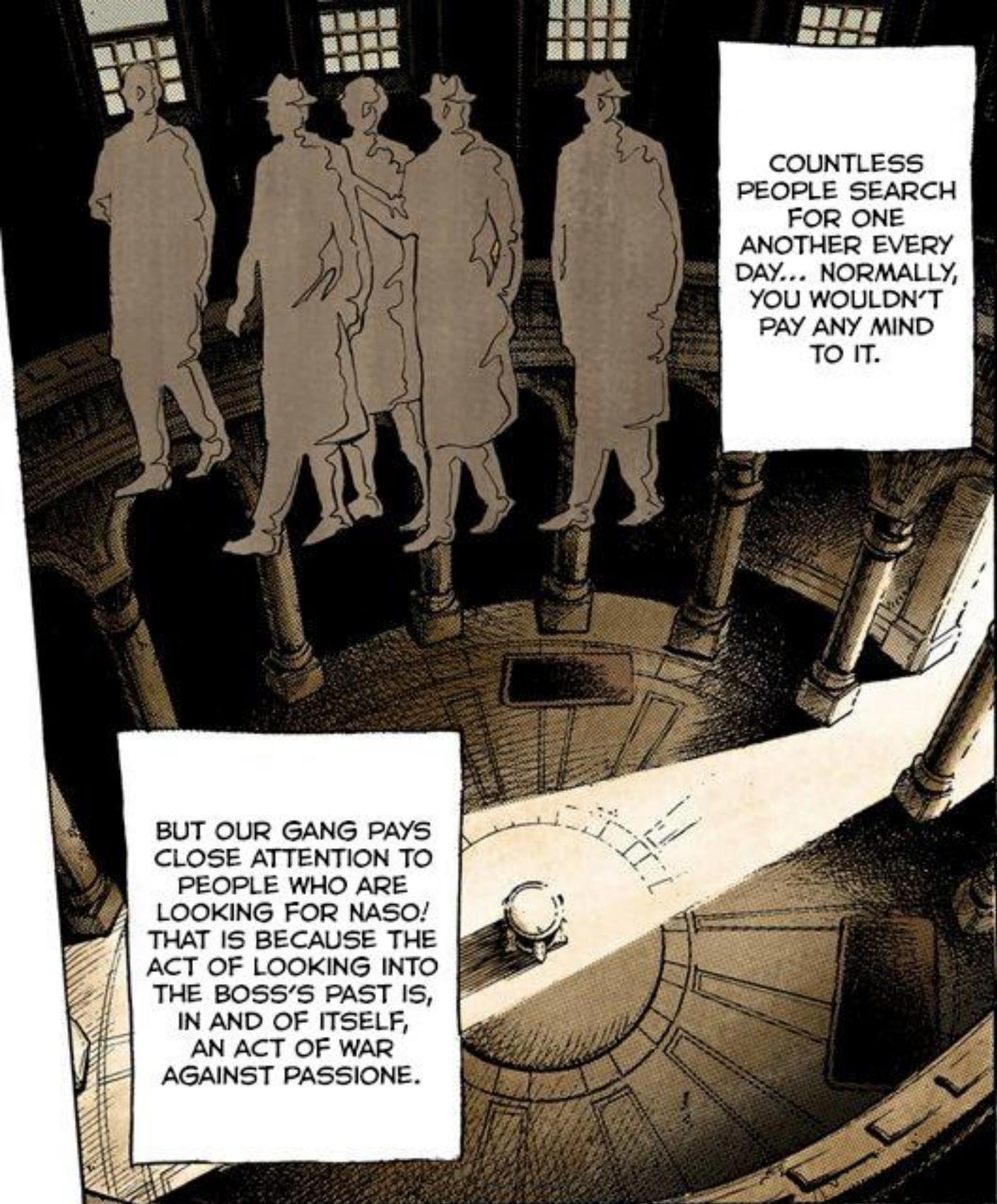
SHE HAD A DAUGHTER, AND SHE DID THIS ALL FOR HER. SHE WANTED TO FIND THE FATHER OF THE GIRL SHE WAS LEAVING BEHIND.



THE BOSS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A SECRETIVE MAN. HE ALWAYS USED FAKE NAMES, AND NEVER REVEALED HIS IDENTITY TO ANYONE. I RECKON THAT WOMAN NEVER ONCE IMAGINED, IN ALL HER LIFE, THAT THE MAN SHE ONCE DATED WAS NOW THE BOSS OF A GANG...

IT WAS A FALSE NAME THAT THE BOSS ONCE USED.

AND IT'S NO WONDER THAT SHE DID. THERE NEVER WAS A MAN NAMED NASO, AFTER ALL.



HIS DECISION  
WAS SWIFT:  
**GUARD THE  
GIRL, AND  
HIDE HER!**

AND OF COURSE,  
KNOWLEDGE OF  
**THAT MATTER**  
REACHED THE  
BOSS AT AROUND  
THE SAME TIME.

SOON AFTER I  
SECURED TRISH,  
WE CROSSED  
PATHS WITH  
SOME MEN,

WE TOOK  
HER INTO  
HIDING, AND  
NONE TOO  
SOON...

THE BOSS  
INSTINCTIVELY  
UNDERSTOOD  
THAT THE  
GIRL WAS HIS  
BLOOD-RELATED  
DAUGHTER...

SO HE  
SENT  
THE  
**ORDER**  
DOWN...

WE DISCOVERED  
THAT THESE MEN  
WERE LOOKING FOR  
TRISH, AND THAT  
THEY WANTED TO TAKE  
TRISH HOSTAGE.

THIS  
WAS TWO  
DAYS  
AGO...

AT FIFTEEN  
YEARS OLD...  
THIS GIRL,  
TRISH,  
WHOM NOT  
EVEN THE  
BOSS KNEW  
ABOUT, HAD  
SUDDENLY  
EMERGED,  
AS IF OUT  
OF THIN  
AIR.

WHO'S GOING AFTER HER?

AND WHO MIGHT "THEY" BE?

AND, THEY LIKELY WOULD HAVE KILLED HER,

SINCE THEY'D TRY TO MAKE HER TALK, THINKING, SHE'S GOTTA KNOW SOMETHING, ANYTHING ABOUT THE BOSS!

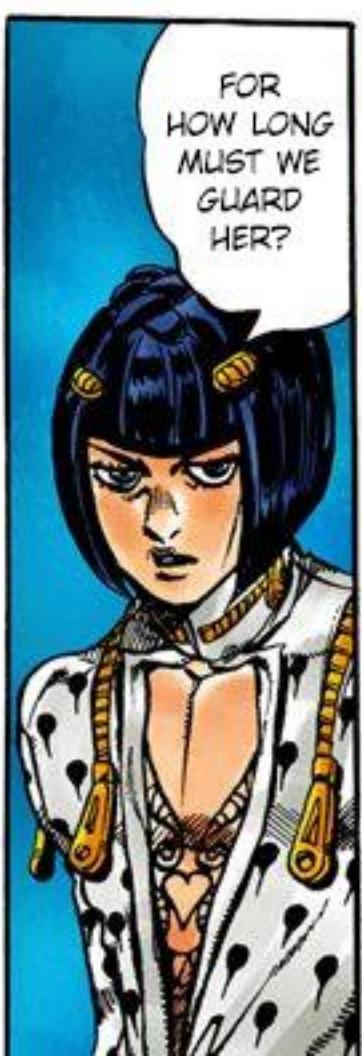
HAD THE BOSS'S ORDERS COME HALF AN HOUR LATER, TRISH WOULD HAVE FALLEN INTO THEIR HANDS.

TRAITORS FROM THE GANG.

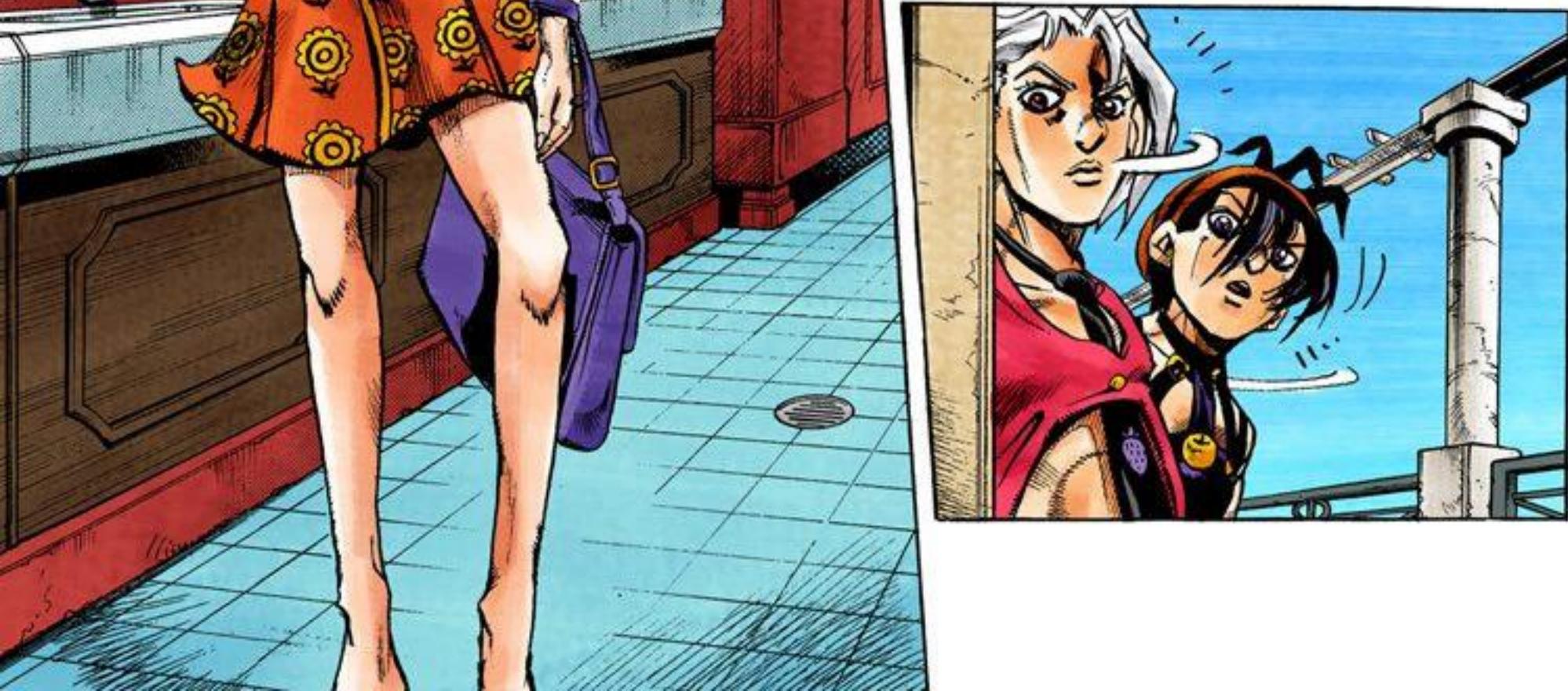
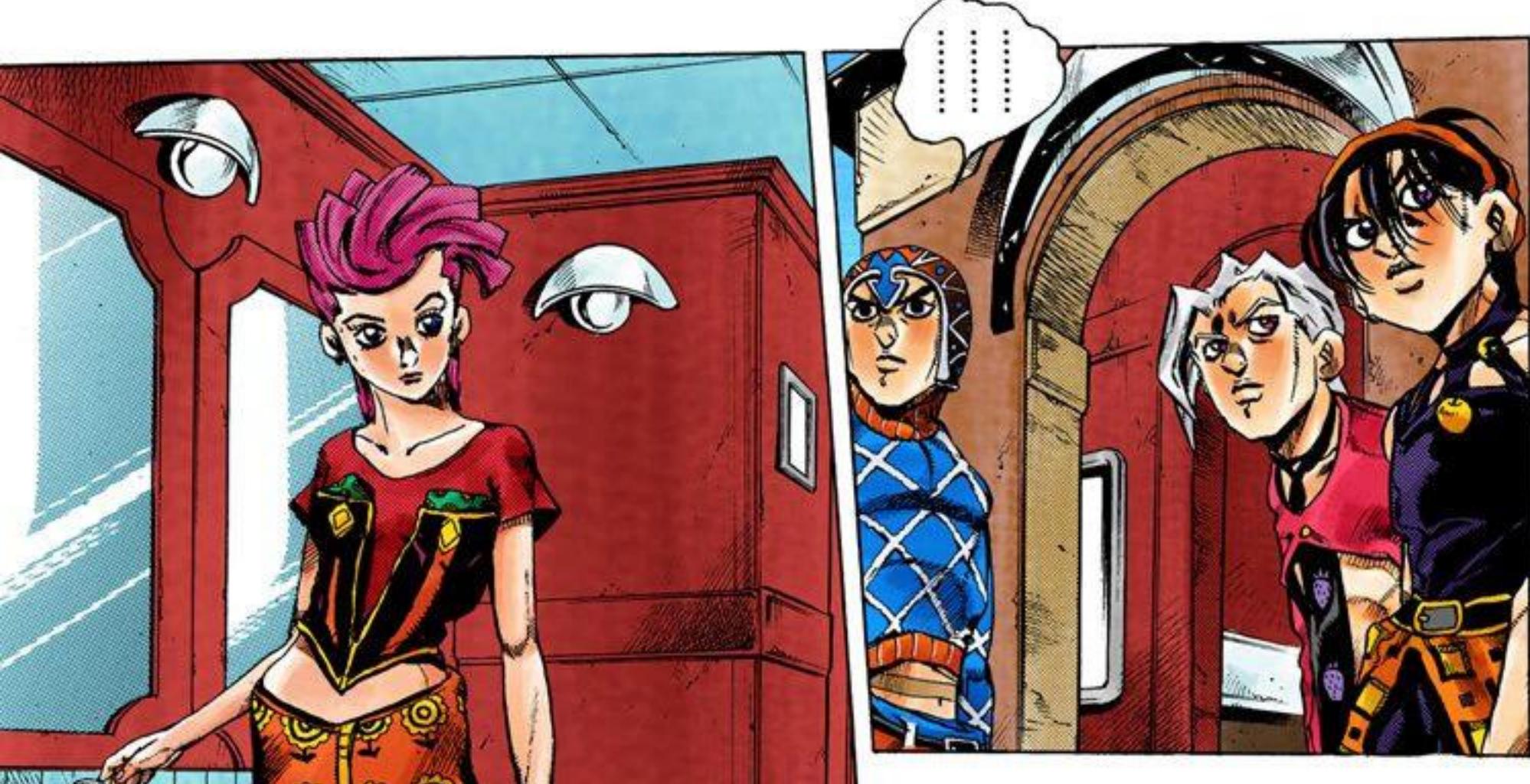
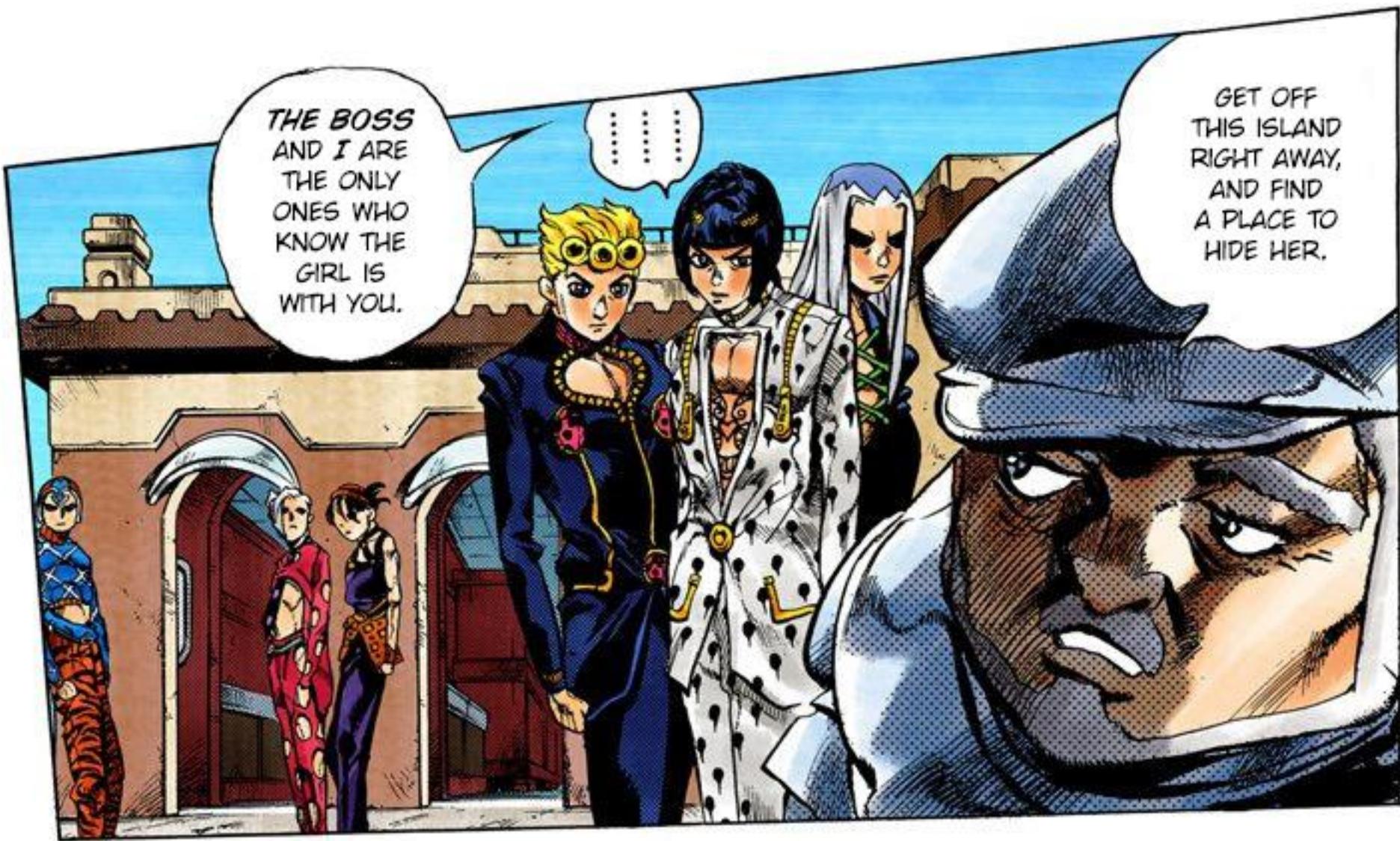
ONE WEEK!

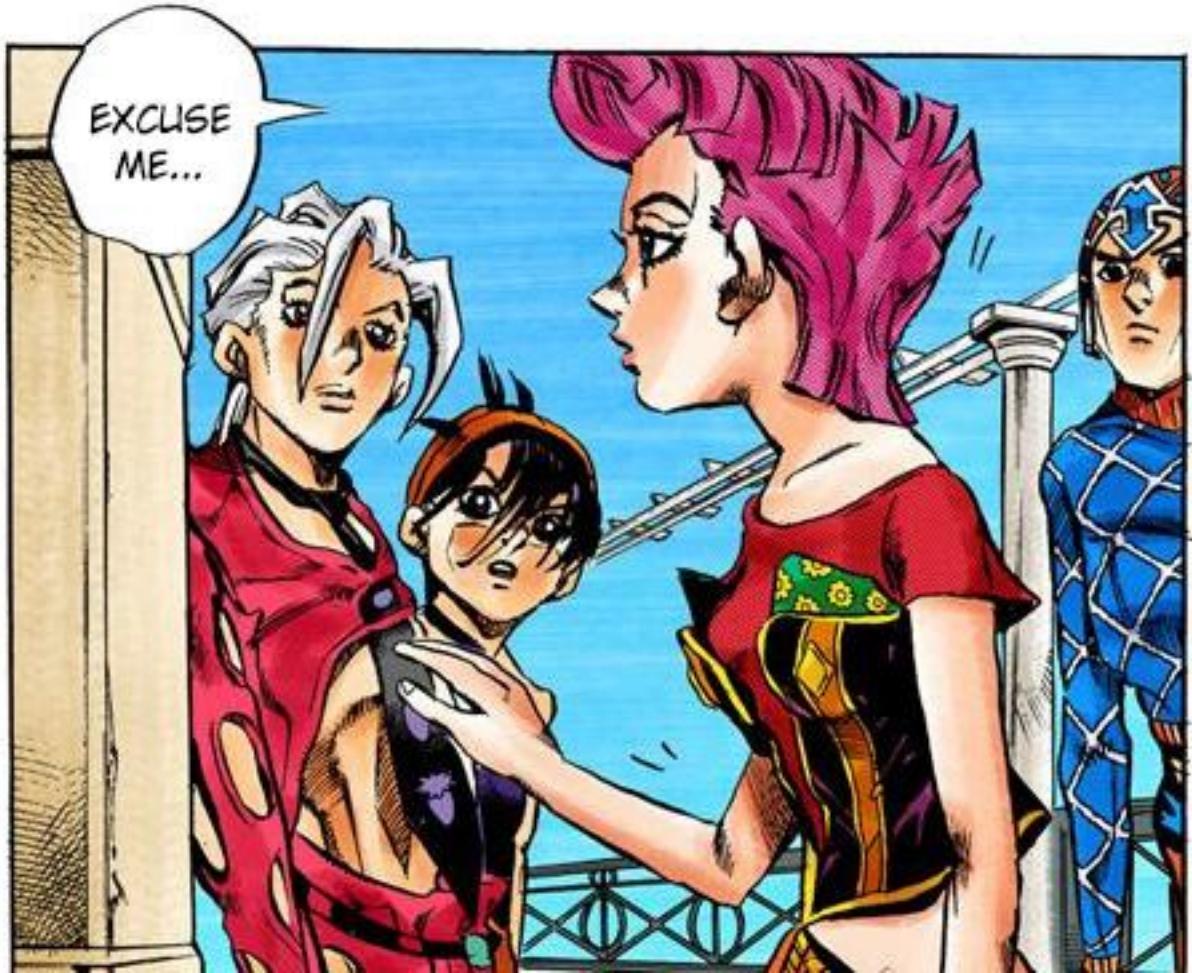
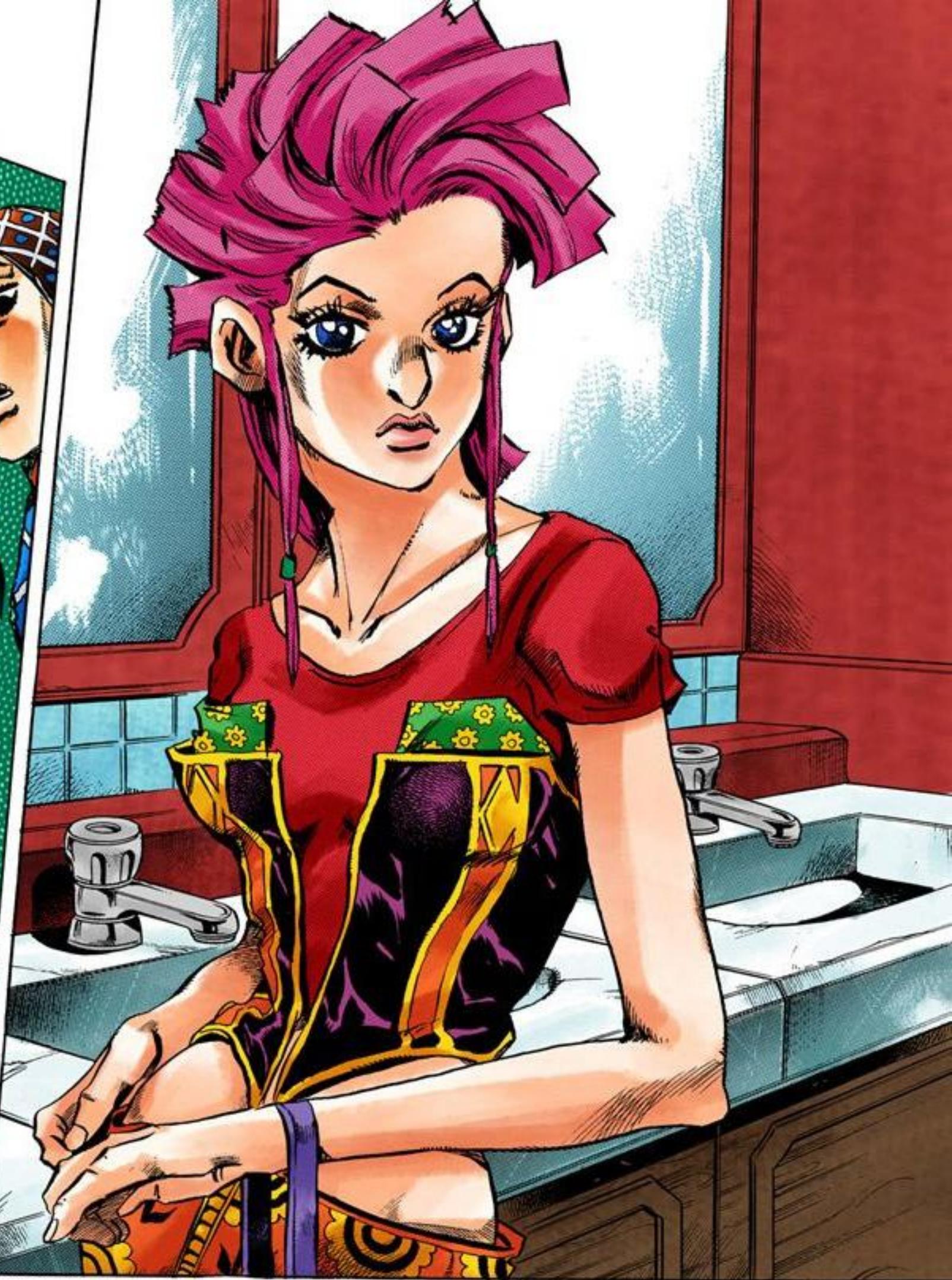
FOR HOW LONG MUST WE GUARD HER?

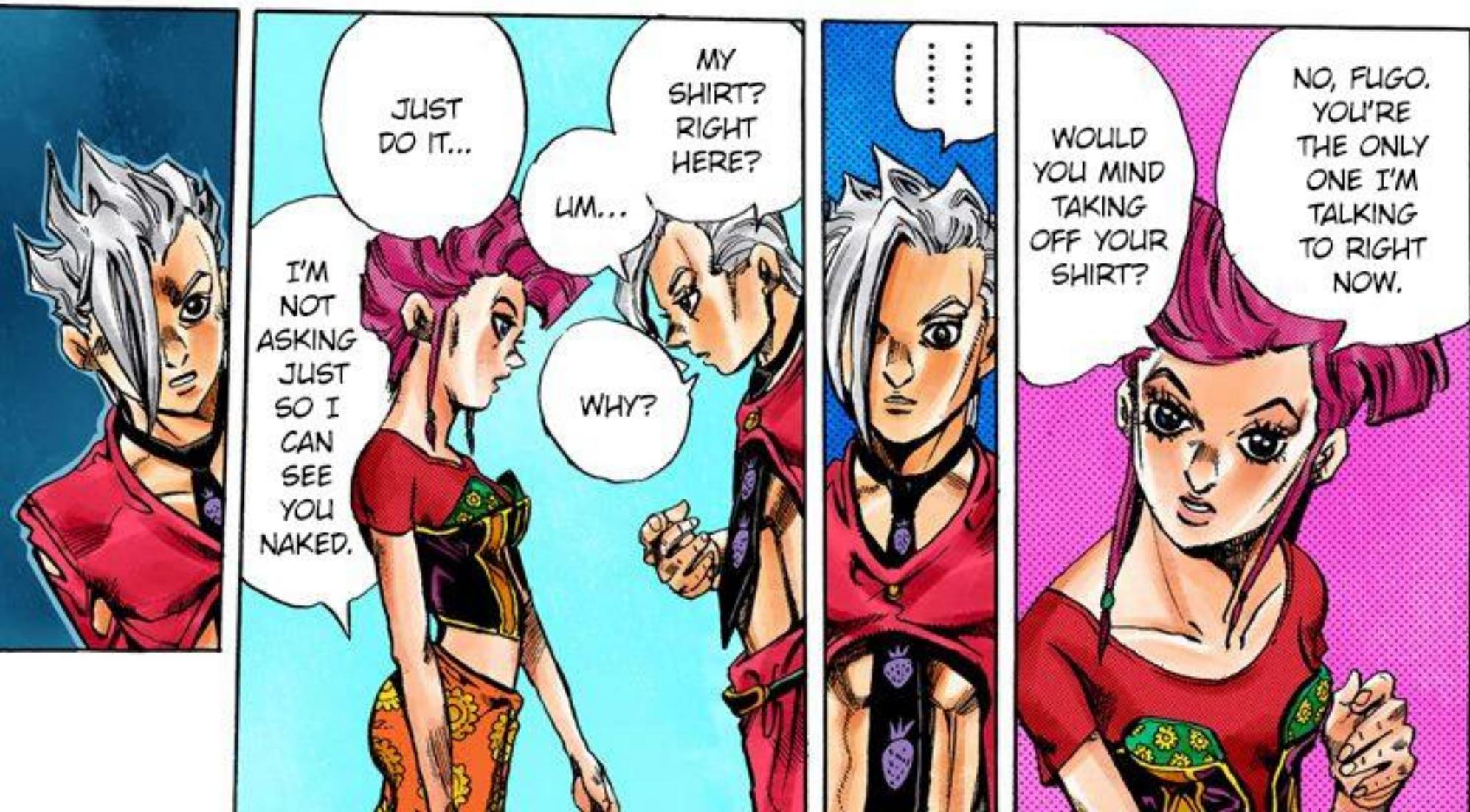
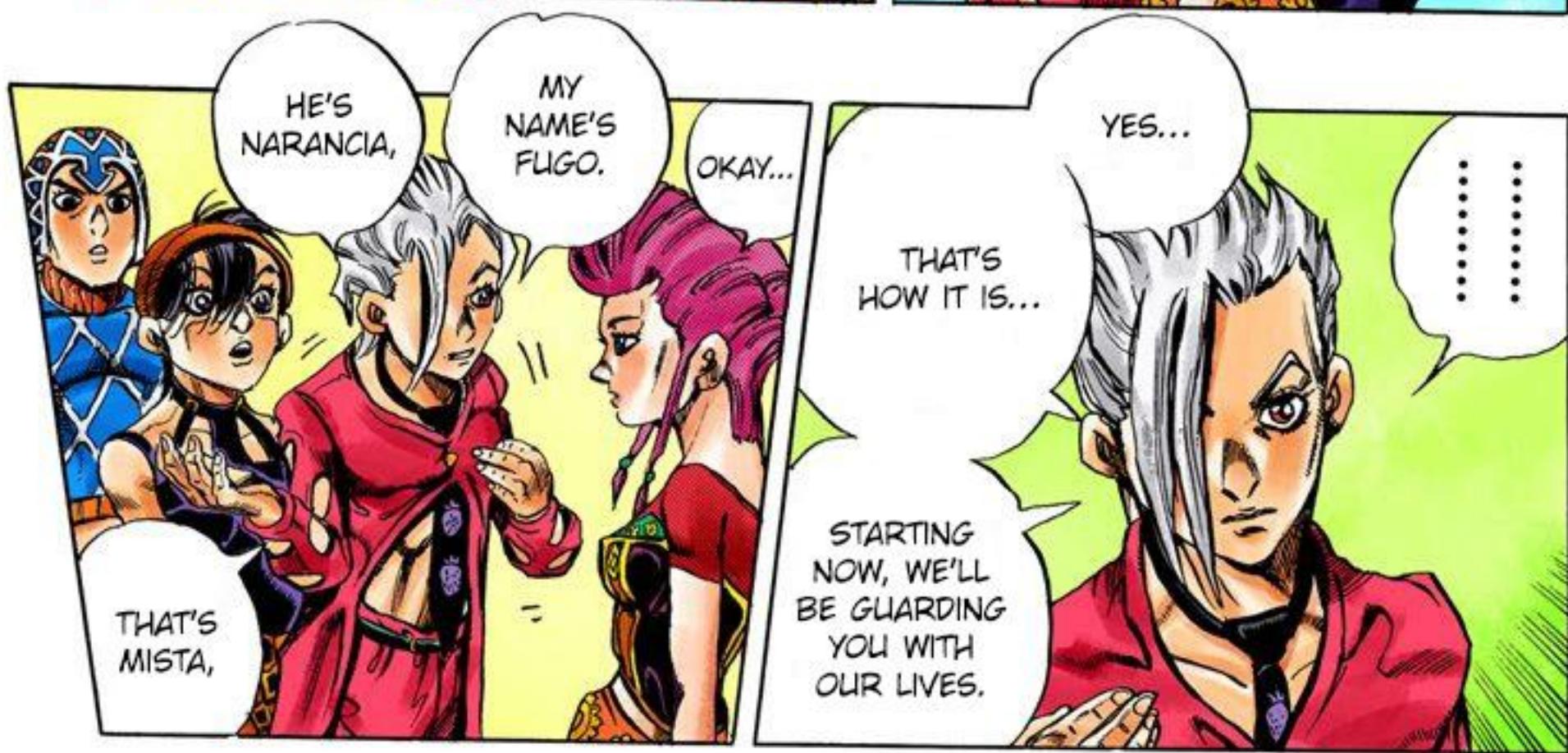
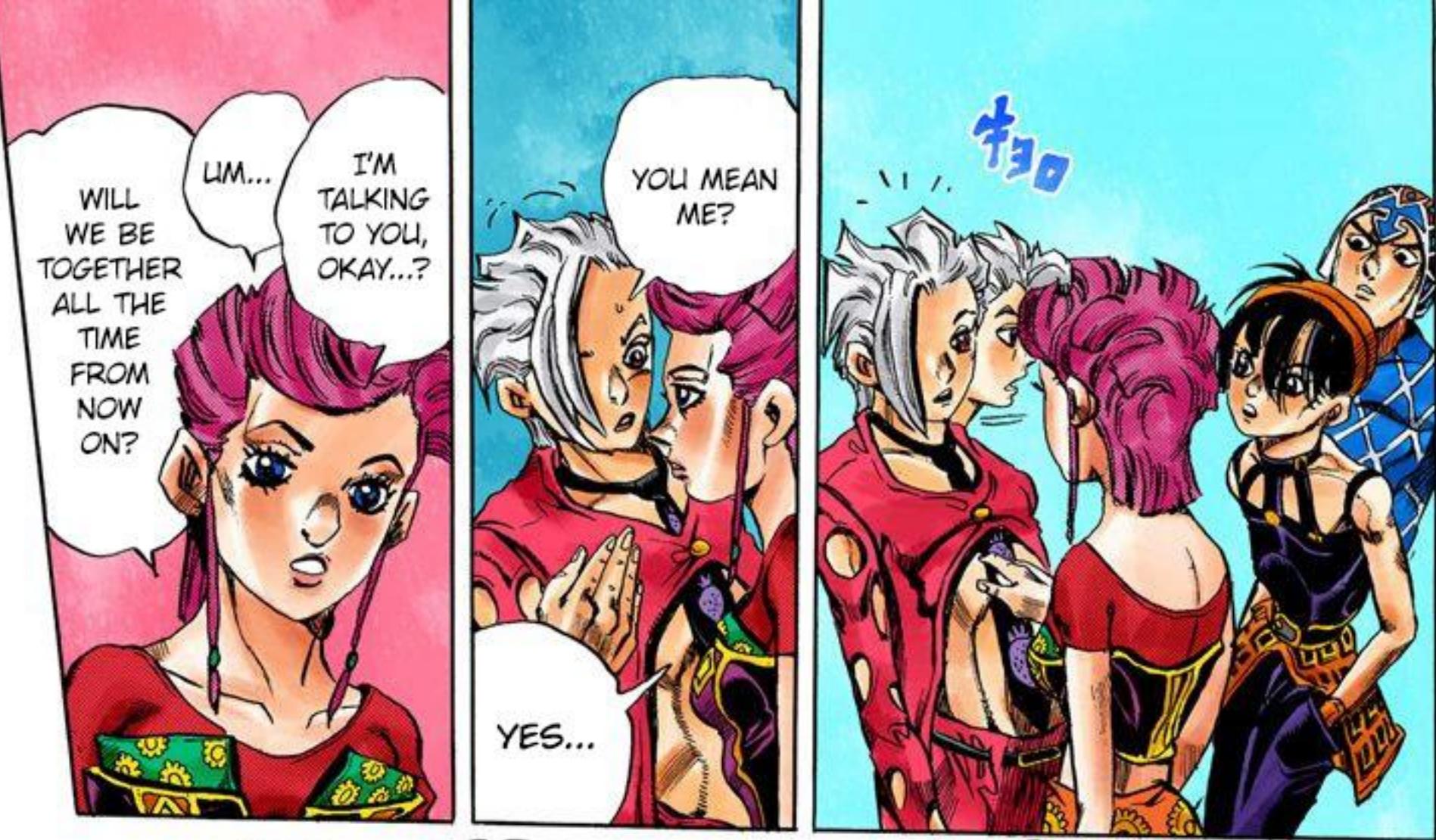
DRUGS ...

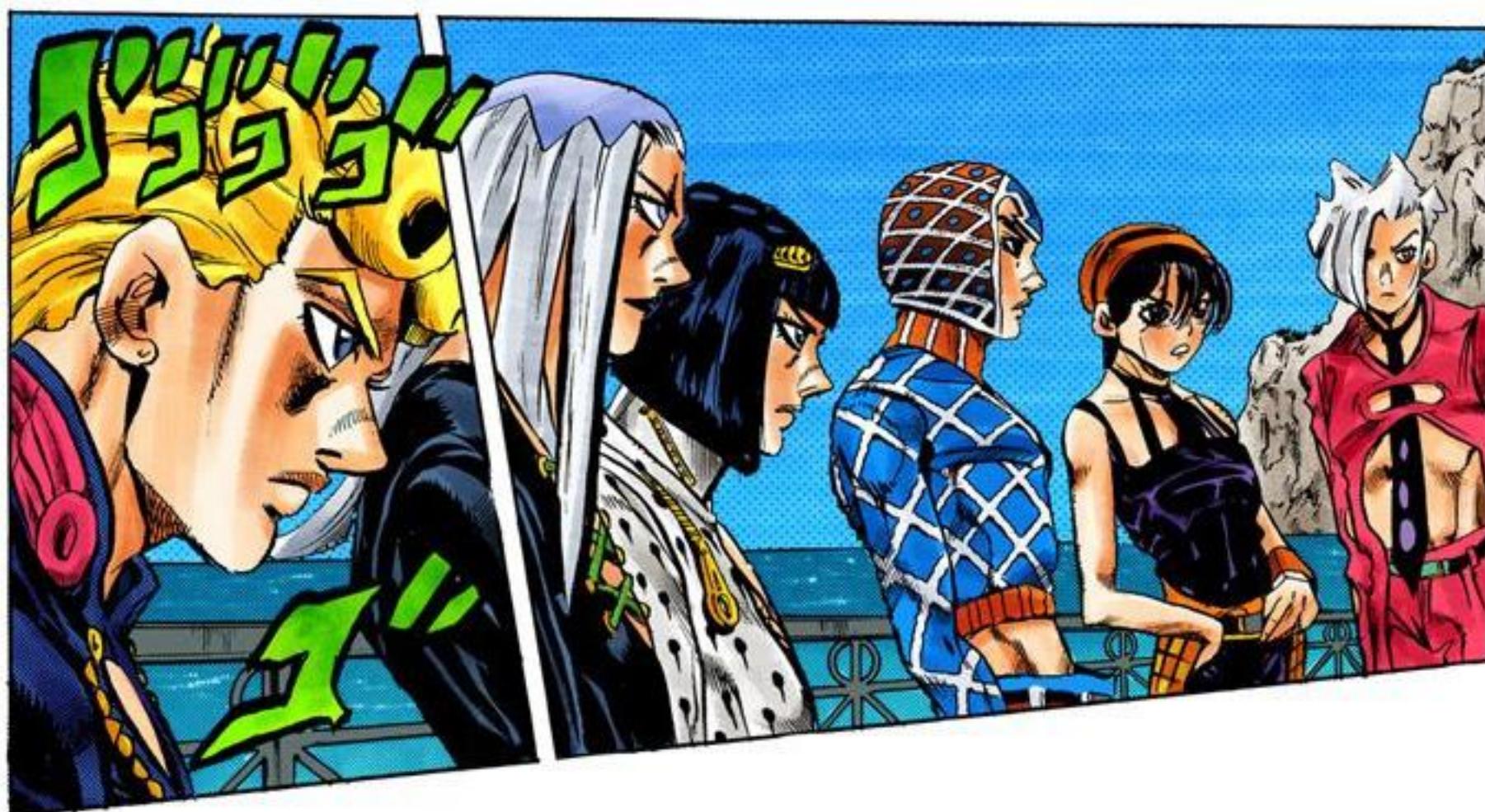














AT ANY RATE,  
WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE  
BUT TO GUARD HER  
WITH OUR LIVES!

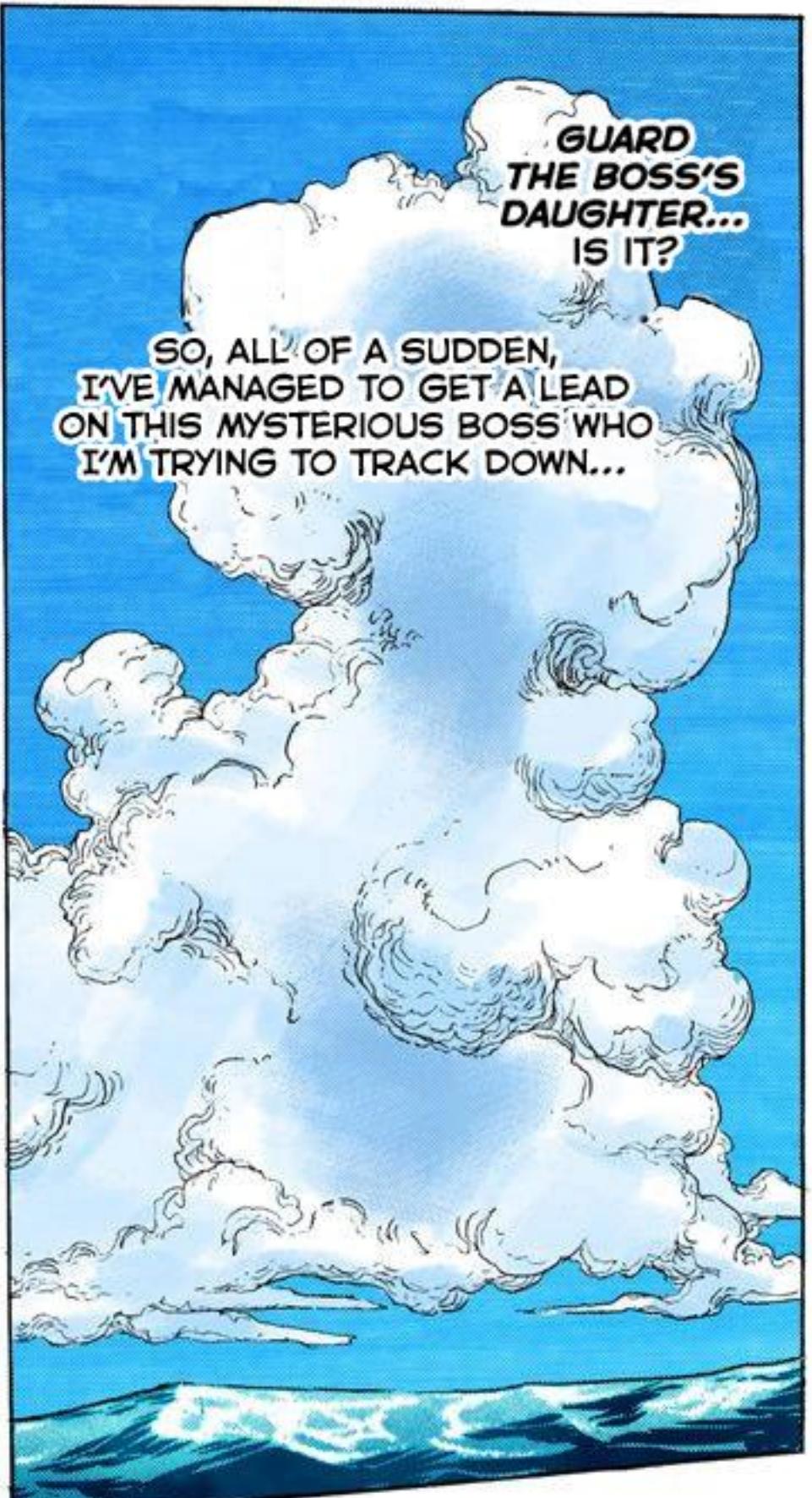
THERE'S A GOOD PAYOFF WAITING.

IF WE KEEP ON GUARDING HER,  
BUCELLATI WILL RISE TO THE SAME  
LEVEL OF TRUST THAT POLPO HAD...

BUT,  
IF WE  
FAIL...

GUARD  
THE BOSS'S  
DAUGHTER...  
IS IT?

SO, ALL OF A SUDDEN,  
I'VE MANAGED TO GET A LEAD  
ON THIS MYSTERIOUS BOSS WHO  
I'M TRYING TO TRACK DOWN...



THE  
SIX OF US  
KNOW THAT  
VERY WELL.

Boss  
?

Knows his  
secrets?

Daughter

Guarding

Buccellati, Giorno,  
and the other 4.

Trying to rise through the ranks

The Traitors'  
Group

Want to capture The Boss's daughter,  
and discover his identity

THEN  
THAT MEANS  
DEATH.

BEEP!

BT

Today,



Today, at 9:25 AM,



Today, at 9:25 AM, Polpo was found dead

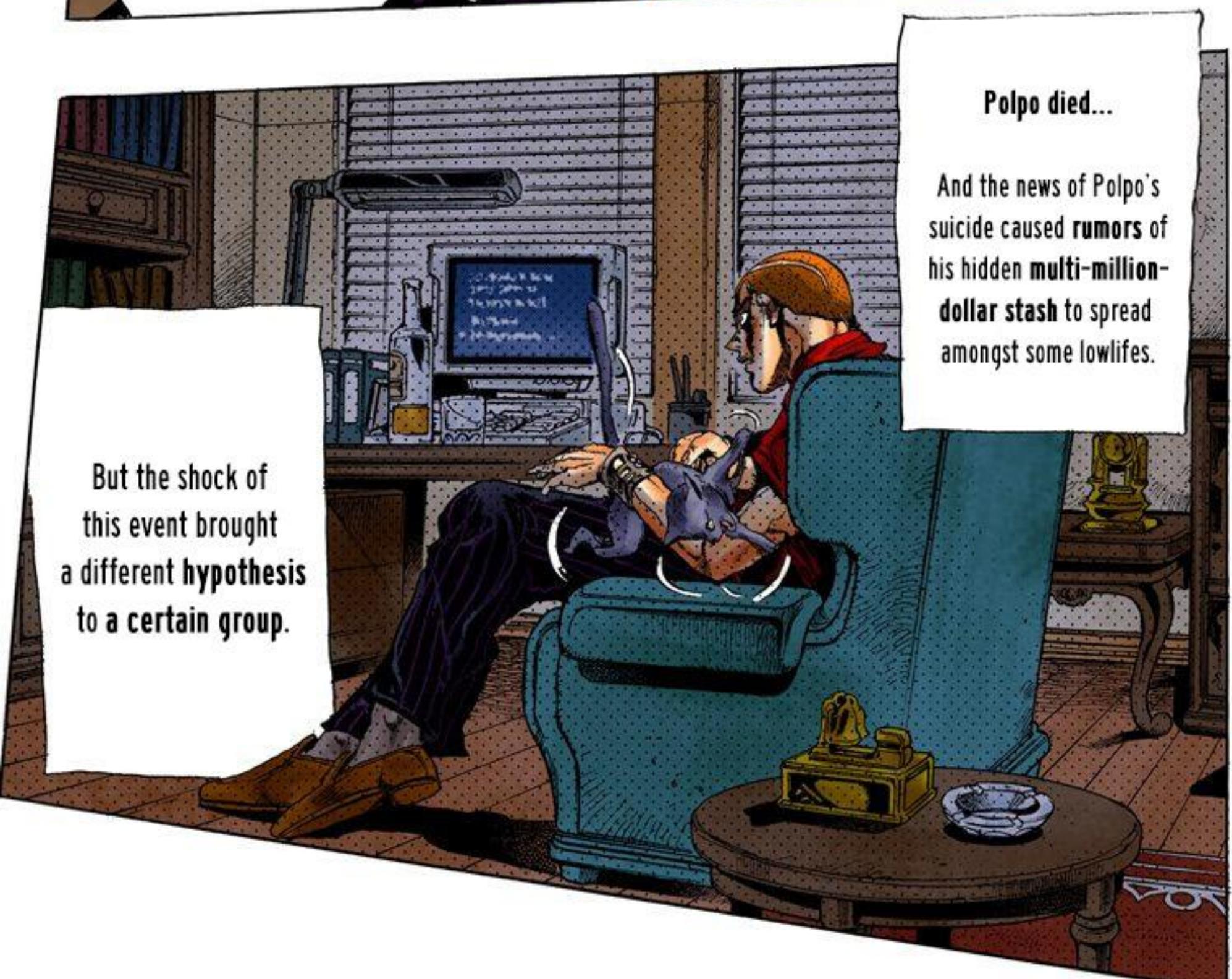
Today, at 9:25 AM, Polpo was found dead in his jail cell in Naples. The cause was a self-inflicted gunshot to the head. His death has been ruled as a suicide.



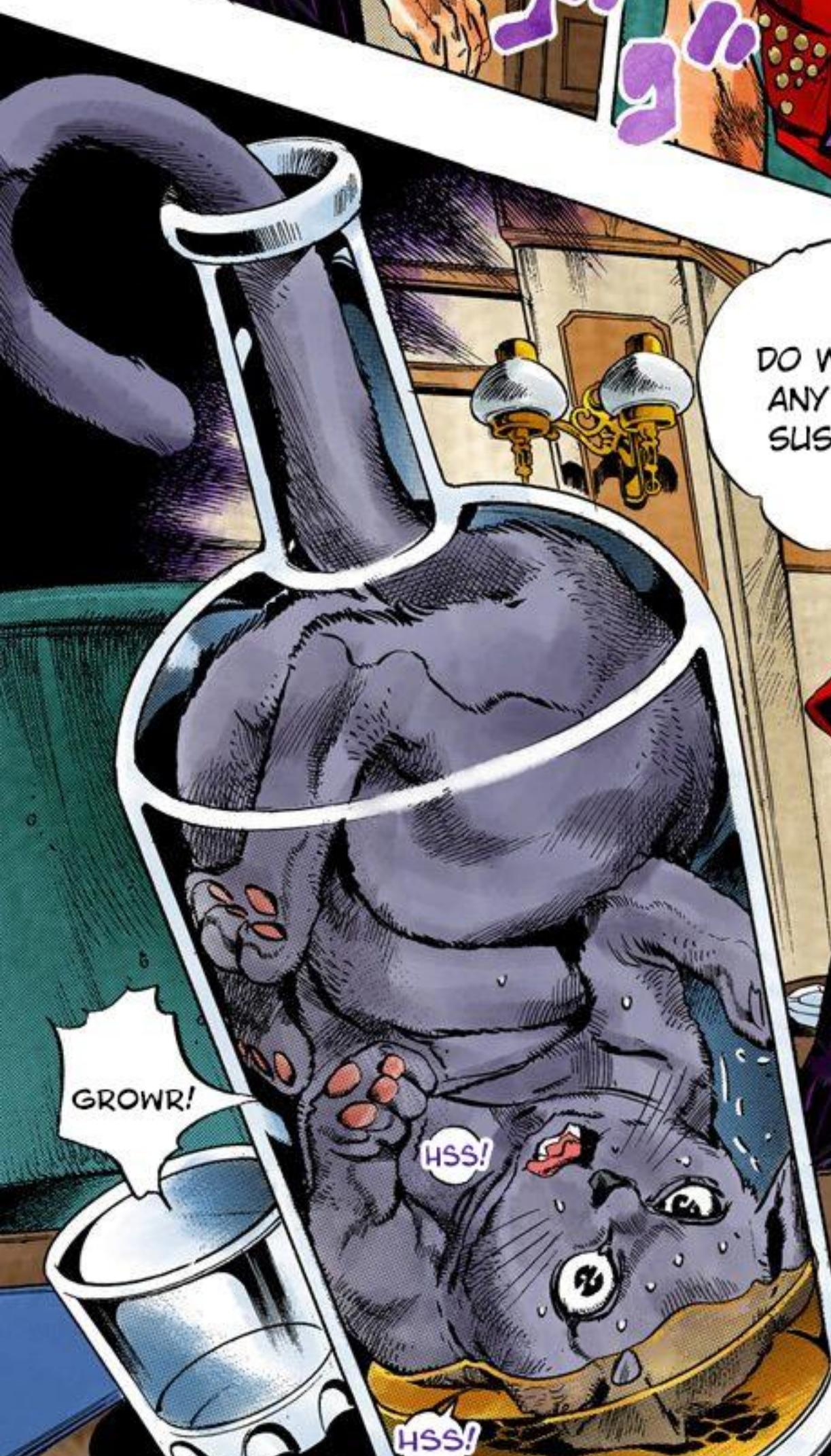
Polpo died...

And the news of Polpo's suicide caused rumors of his hidden multi-million-dollar stash to spread amongst some lowlives.

But the shock of this event brought a different hypothesis to a certain group.



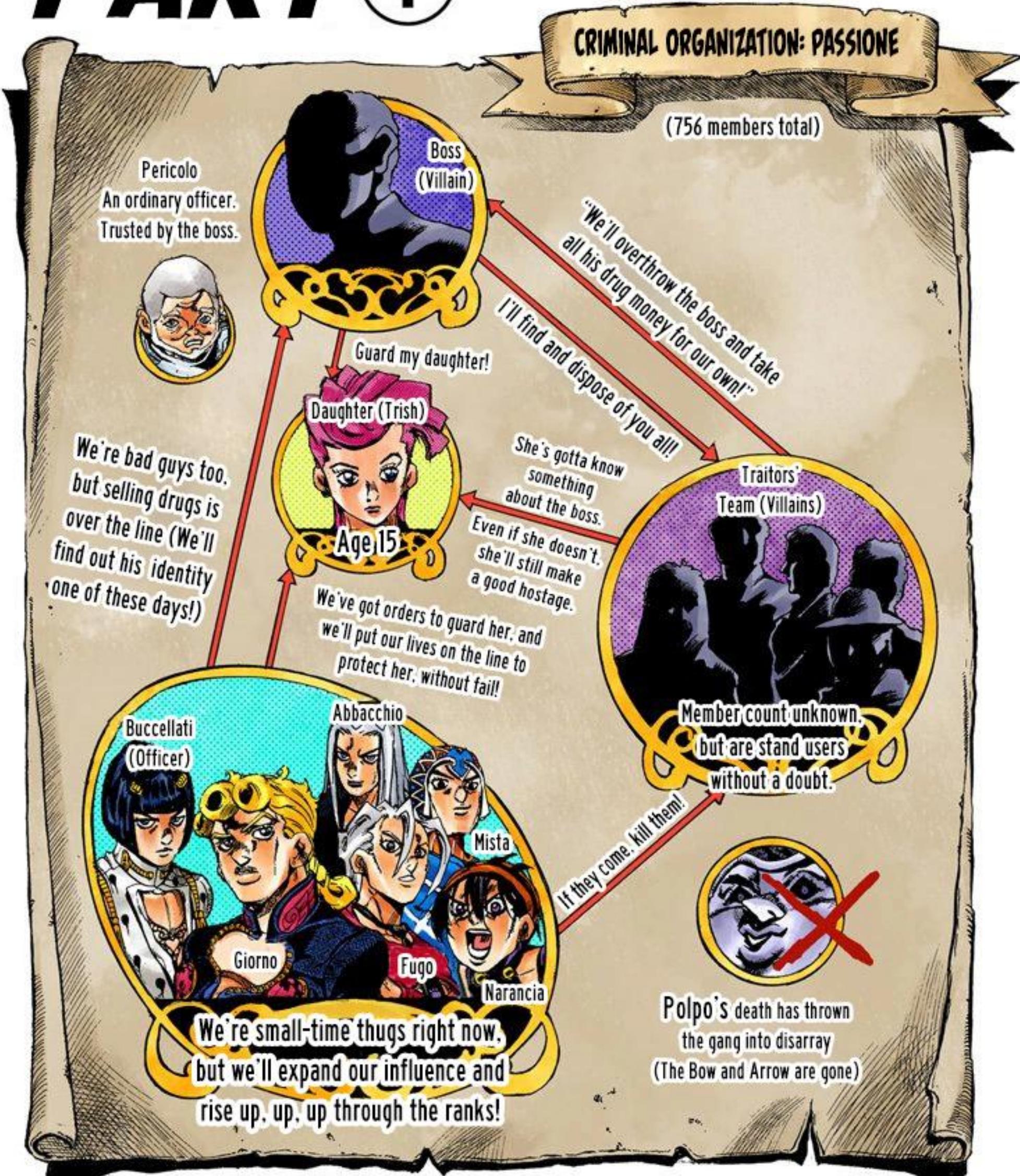


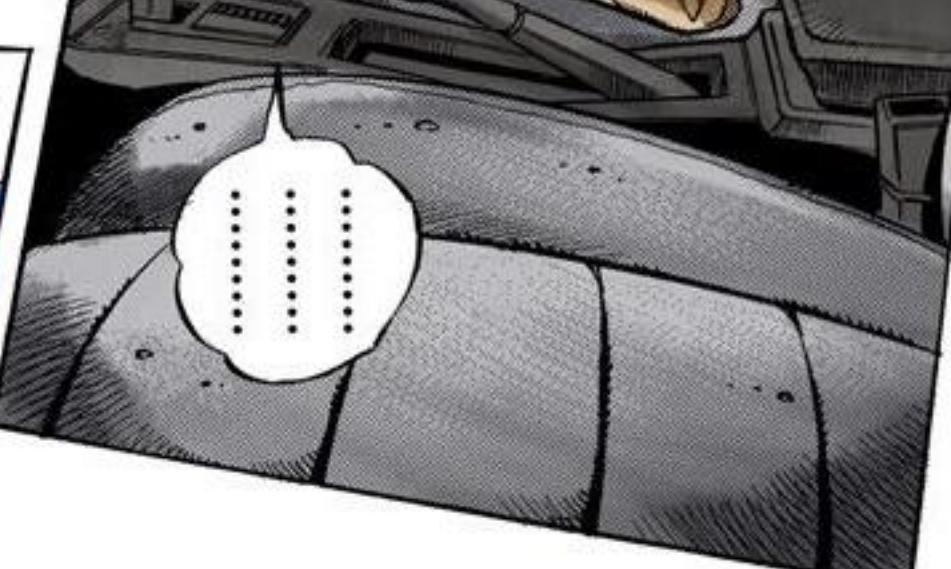


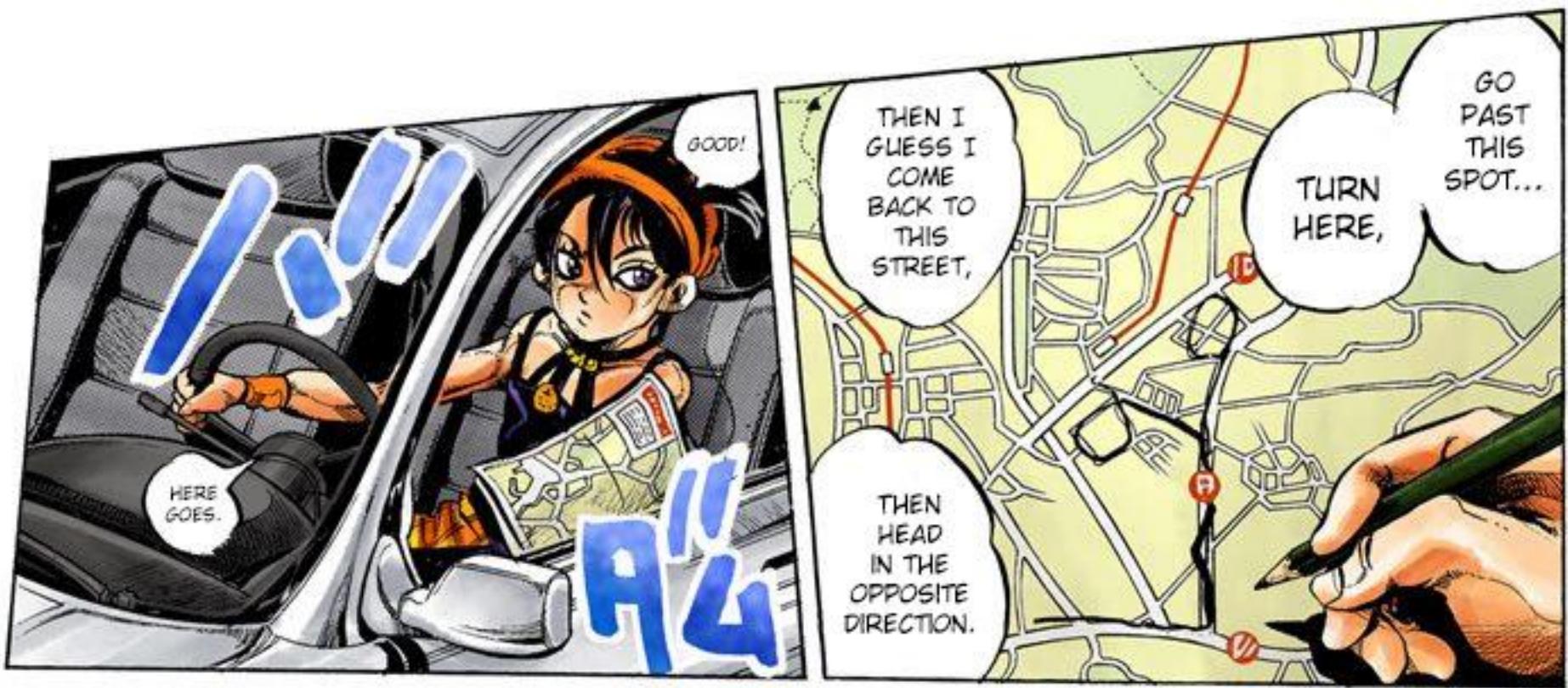


# NARANCIA'S AEROSMITH

## PART 1







ONCE  
YOU'RE DONE  
SHOPPING,  
FIRST DRIVE  
THE CAR  
IN CIRCLES  
AGAIN AND  
AGAIN AND  
AGAIN.

UNDERSTAND...?  
WE'VE GOTTA  
GO SHOPPING  
SOONER OR  
LATER.

BUT...  
WE CAN'T  
LET ANYONE  
KNOW ABOUT  
THIS SECRET  
HIDEOUT!

YEAH YEAH,  
I GET IT  
ALREADY!

QUIT  
BLABBIN  
AND JUST  
LEAVE IT  
TO ME!

NOBODY'S  
CAUGHT ON  
THAT WE'VE  
GOT THE  
**BOSS'S**  
DAUGHTER  
UP ON THE  
SECOND  
FLOOR, BUT,

TO BE SAFE,  
WE'VE LEFT  
ANOTHER CAR  
IN A PARKING  
LOT IN TOWN,  
SO SWITCH  
OVER TO THAT  
BEFORE YOU  
COME BACK.

AND,  
AND TRY  
MAKING A  
SUDDEN  
U-TURN...

YOU NEED  
TO MAKE  
SURE  
NOBODY'S  
FOLLOWING  
YOU.

ON THE OFF-  
CHANCE THAT  
SOMEONE'S  
TRYING TO FIND  
US, THE WORST  
THING WE CAN  
DO IS LET  
THEM FOLLOW  
US HERE.

ONCE I'M DONE SHOPPING, I'M SUPPOSED TO DRIVE ROUND AND 'ROUND THE WINEYARD,

ALRIGHT, THEN REPEAT THE STEPS I MENTIONED BACK TO ME.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT BULL-SHIT!

OWW! WHAT WAS THAT FOR!?

DO IT AGAIN, FROM THE START!

AGH!

WHAT FUGO DOES OR DOESN'T DO WITH THAT KEY IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS...

I JUST DON'T THINK WE SHOULD LET HIM GO SHOPPING!

WHAT WAS THAT FOR!? ABBACCHIO, TELL FUGO TO QUIT STABBIN' ME WITH THAT KEY!

BUT....

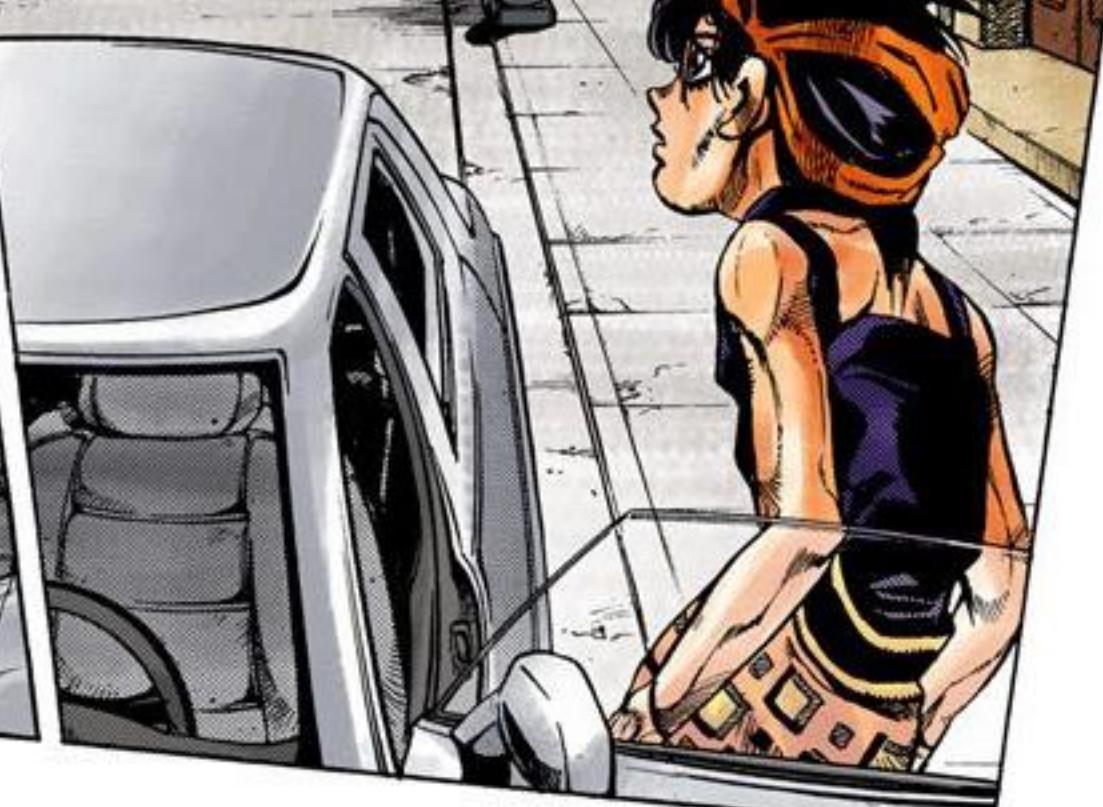
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE YOUNGER THAN ME!

WHEN I'M DRIVING, I GOTTA KEEP MY EYES FROM WANDERING AROUND...

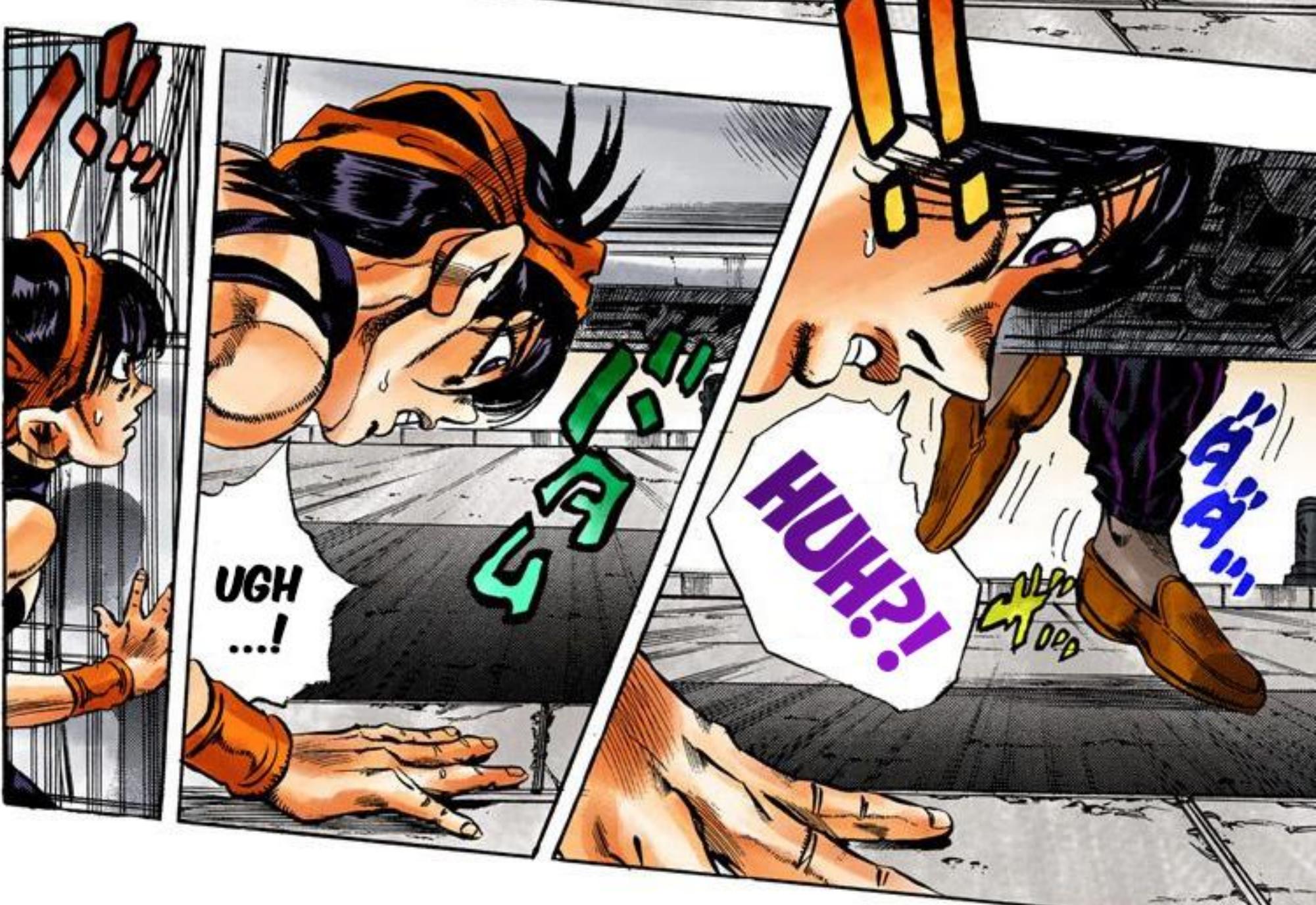
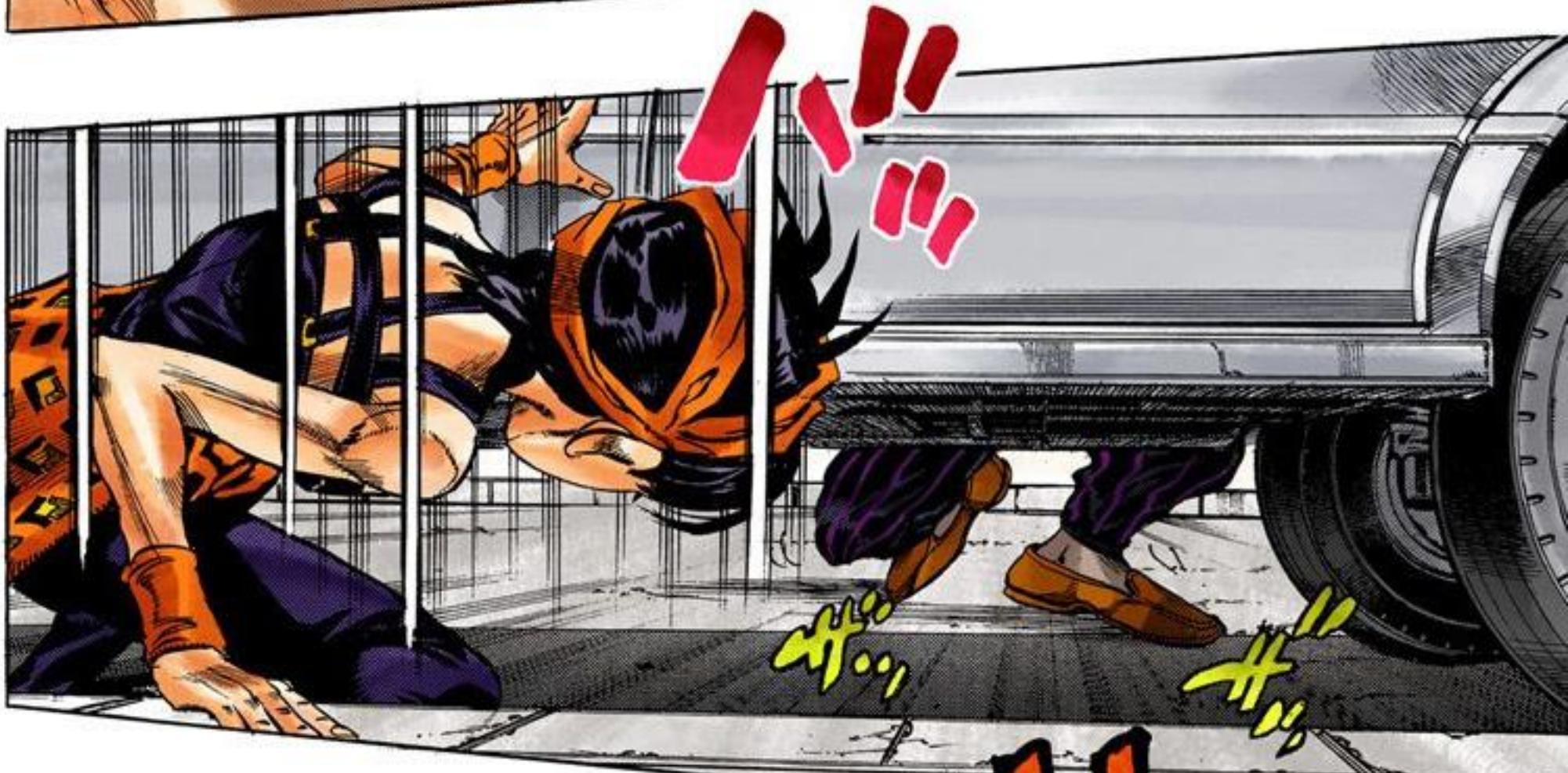
EUGH!

SO ALL I GOTTA DO IS  
MAKE SURE  
NOBODY'S  
FOLLOWING  
ME HOME!

EVEN IF WE WERE  
BEING TAILED,  
NARANCIA'S **STAND**  
**ABILITY** WILL MAKE  
SHORT WORK OF  
HIM. THAT'S WHY  
BUCELLATI WANTS  
HIM TO GO.









WHERE  
ARE YOU  
HEADED?  
SOMEONE  
TRYNA'  
FOLLOW  
YOU?

SAY,  
NARANCIA,



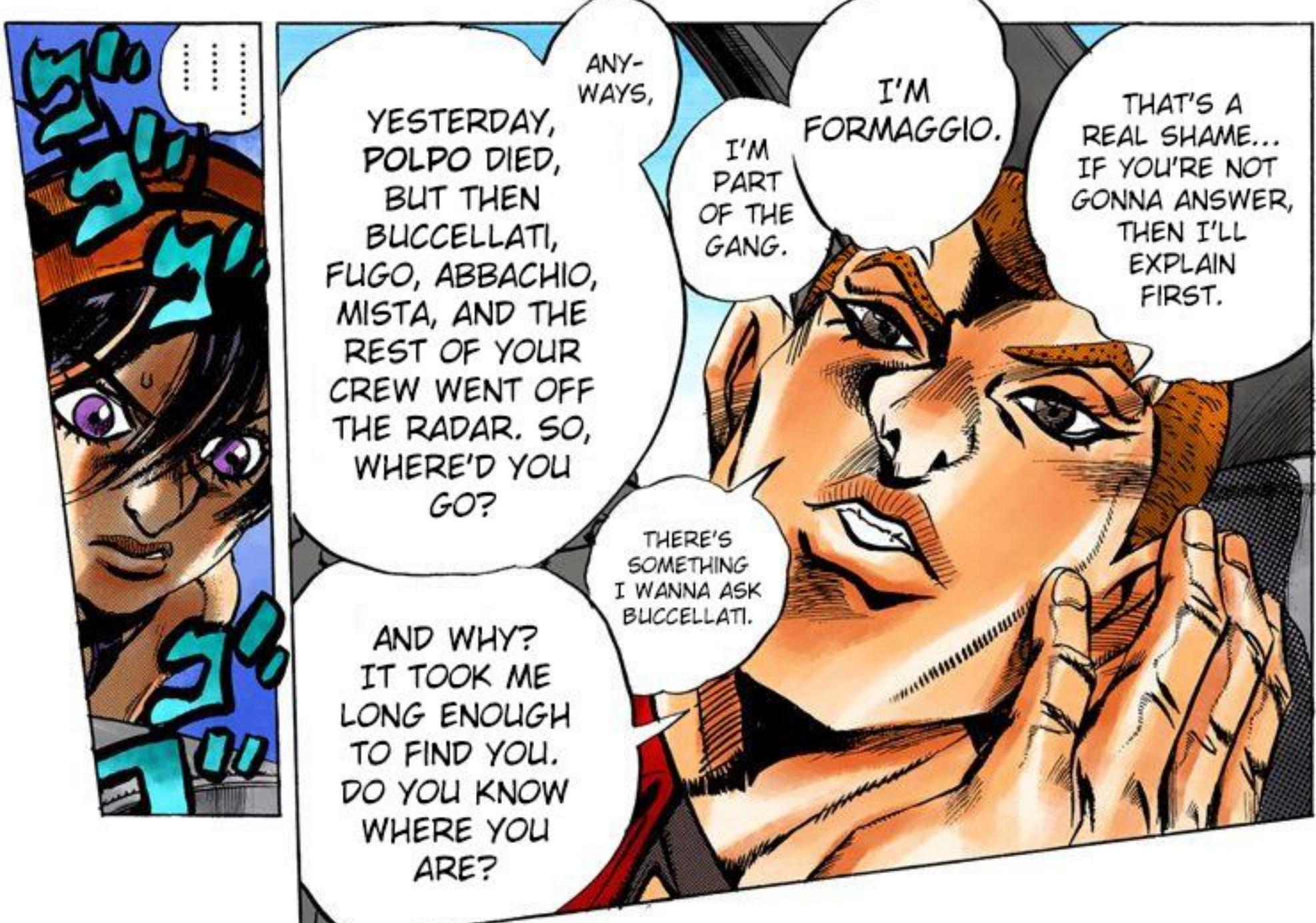
THE HELL  
DO YOU  
WANT!?

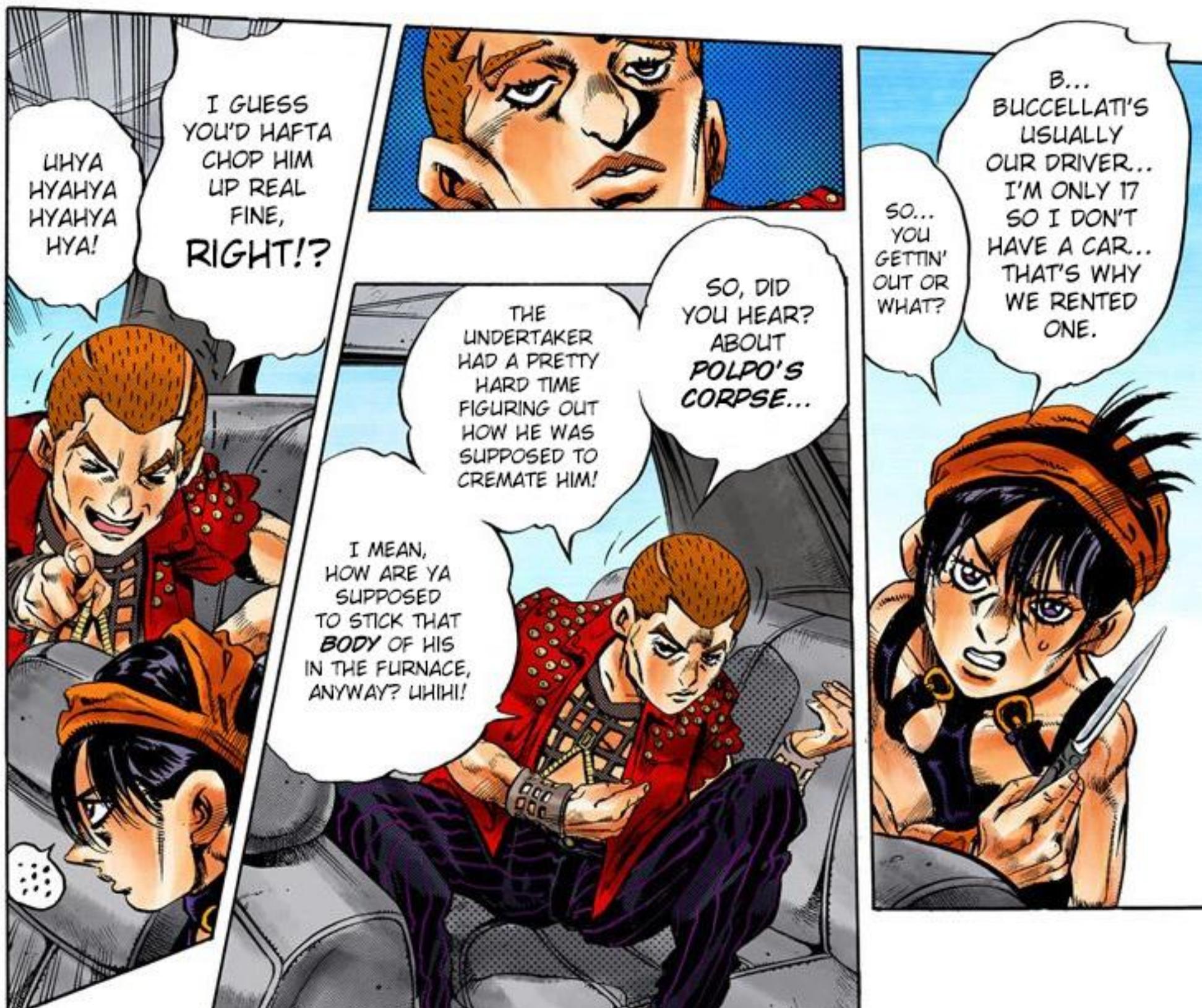
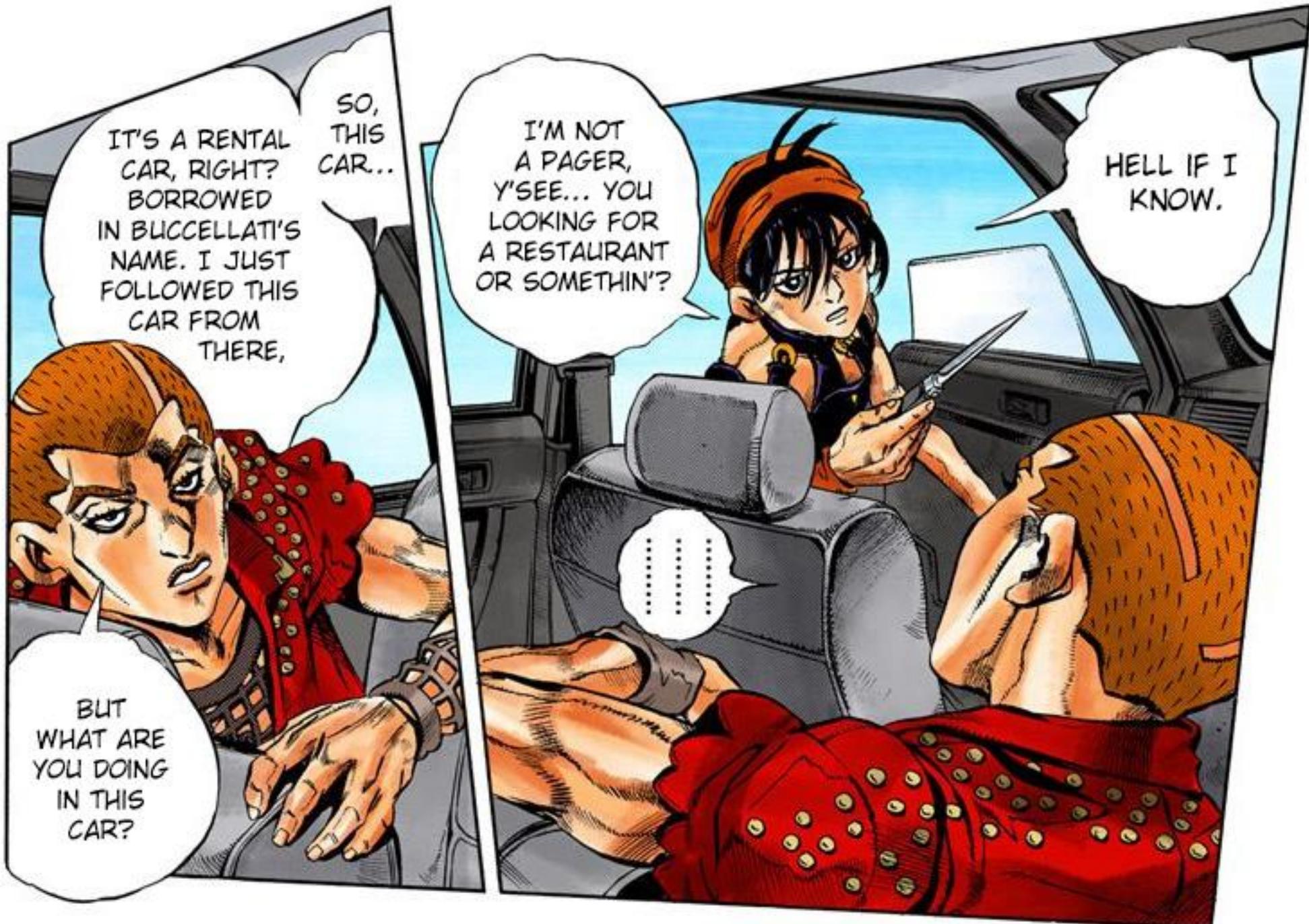
WOAH,  
WOAH,  
WOAH!

YOU'RE  
SCARIN'  
ME!

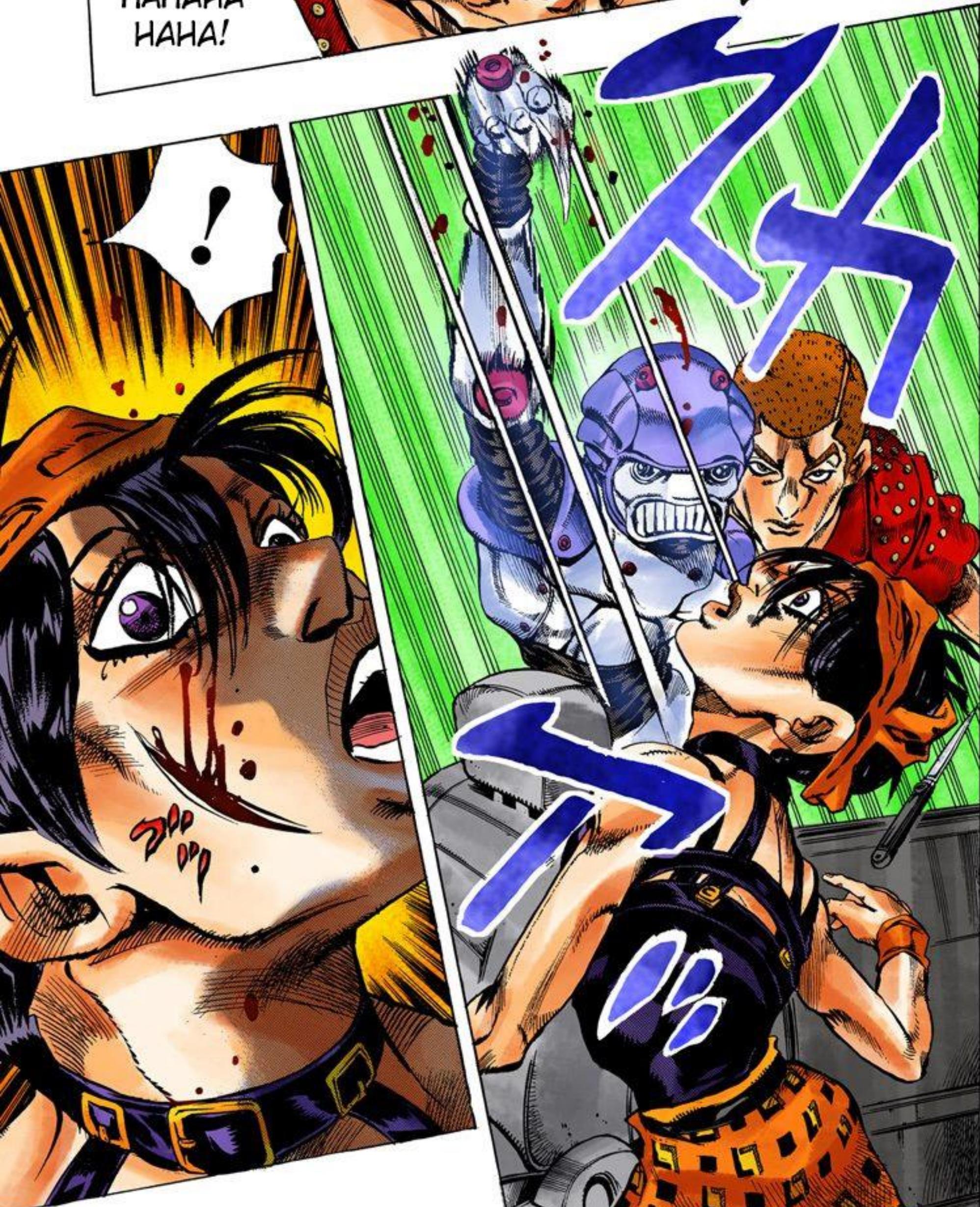
WHERE  
WERE YOU!?  
GET OUTTA  
MY CAR!







АНУАHYA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHA!



THAT'S  
A REAL  
SHAME!

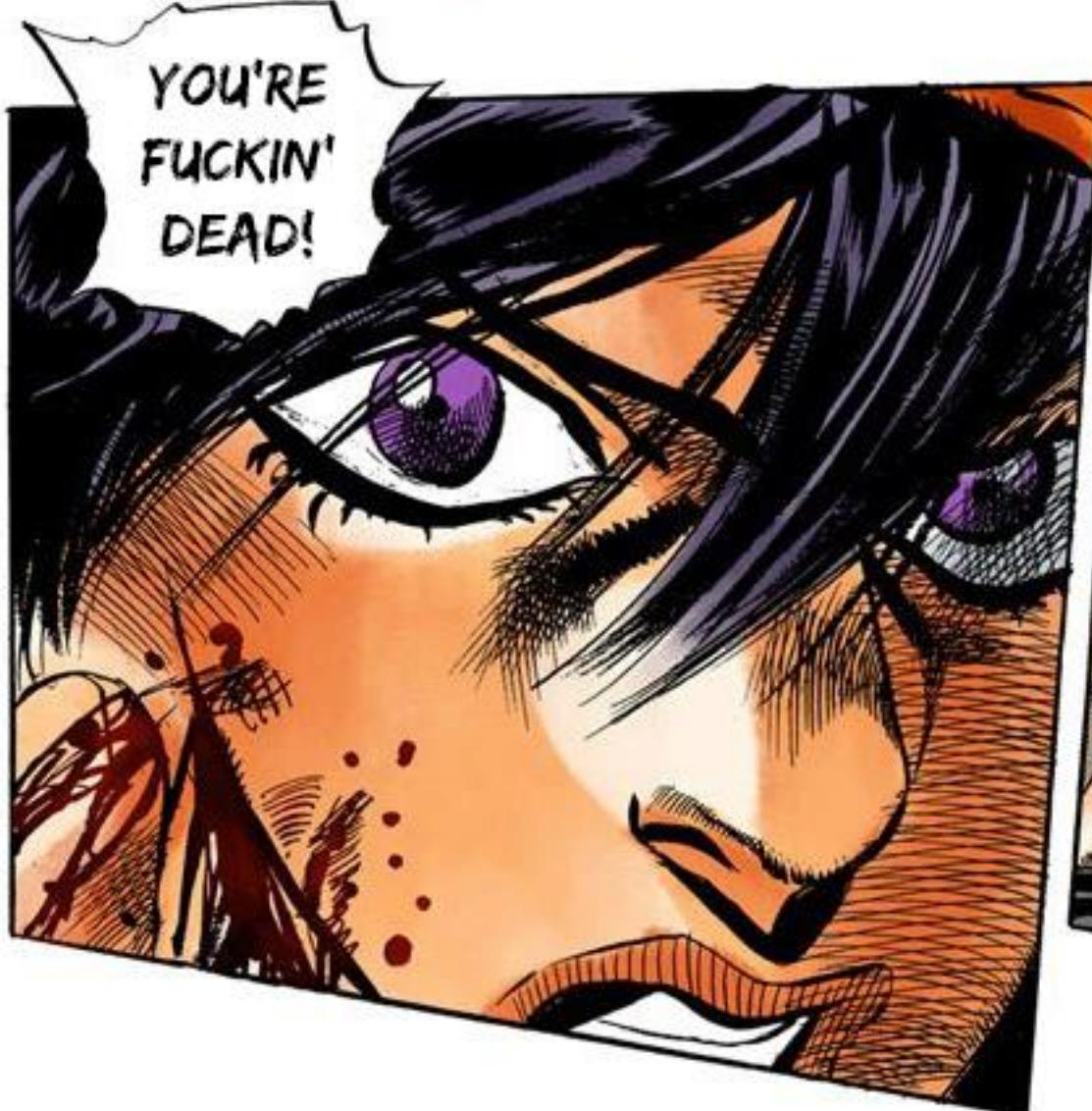
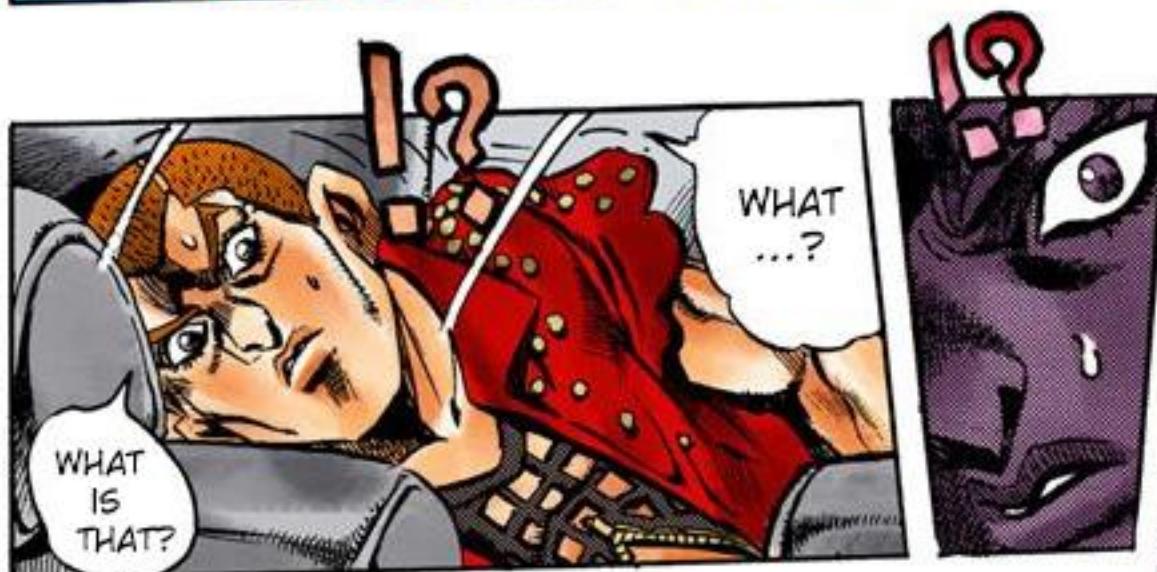
AA  
AA  
AAAA  
AAAA  
AAH  
HH  
H!

WAAAAGH!

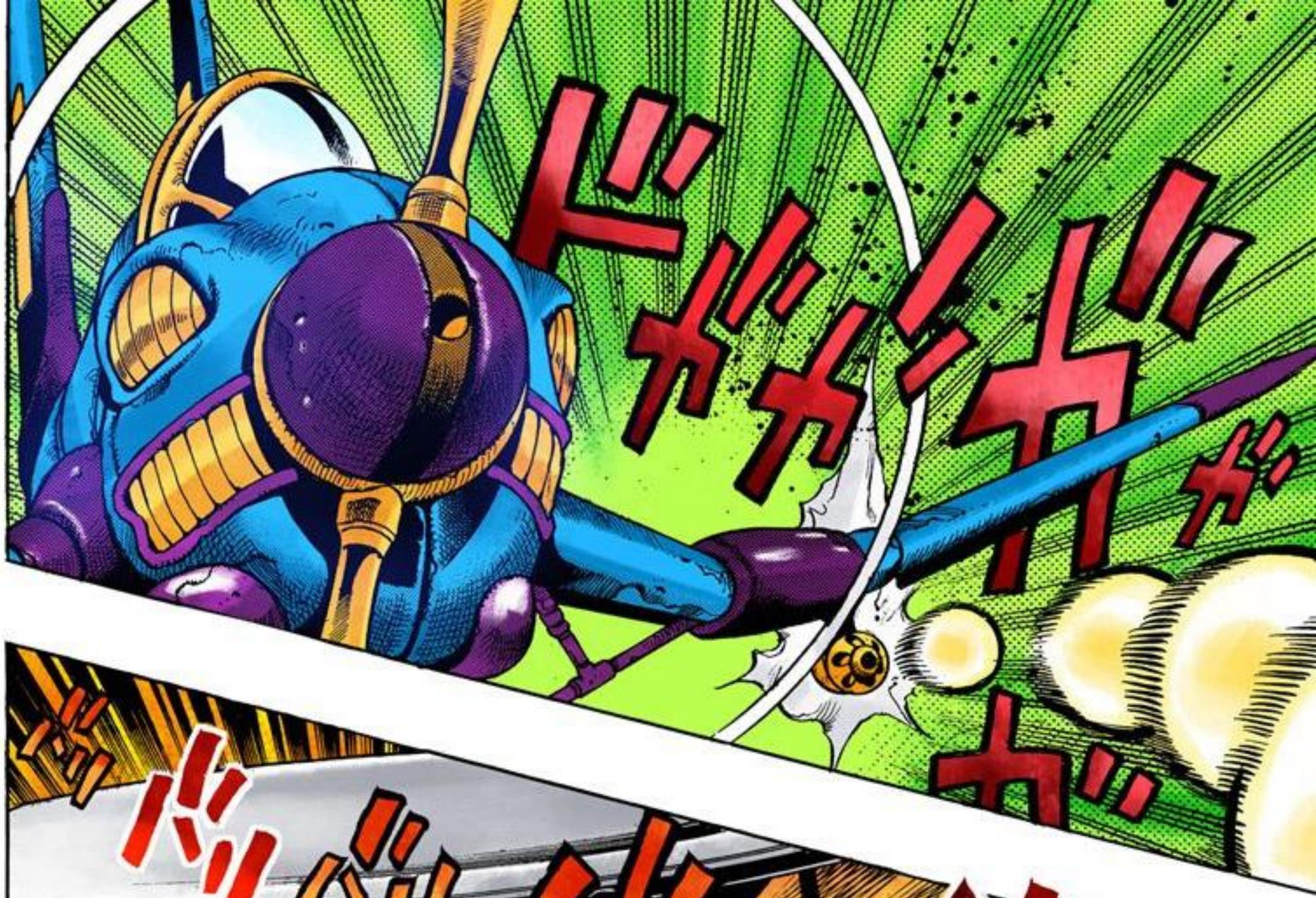
TALK,  
NARANCIA!  
IF IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE  
TO TAIL YOU,  
I'LL JUST  
HAVE TO  
MAKE YOU  
SING!

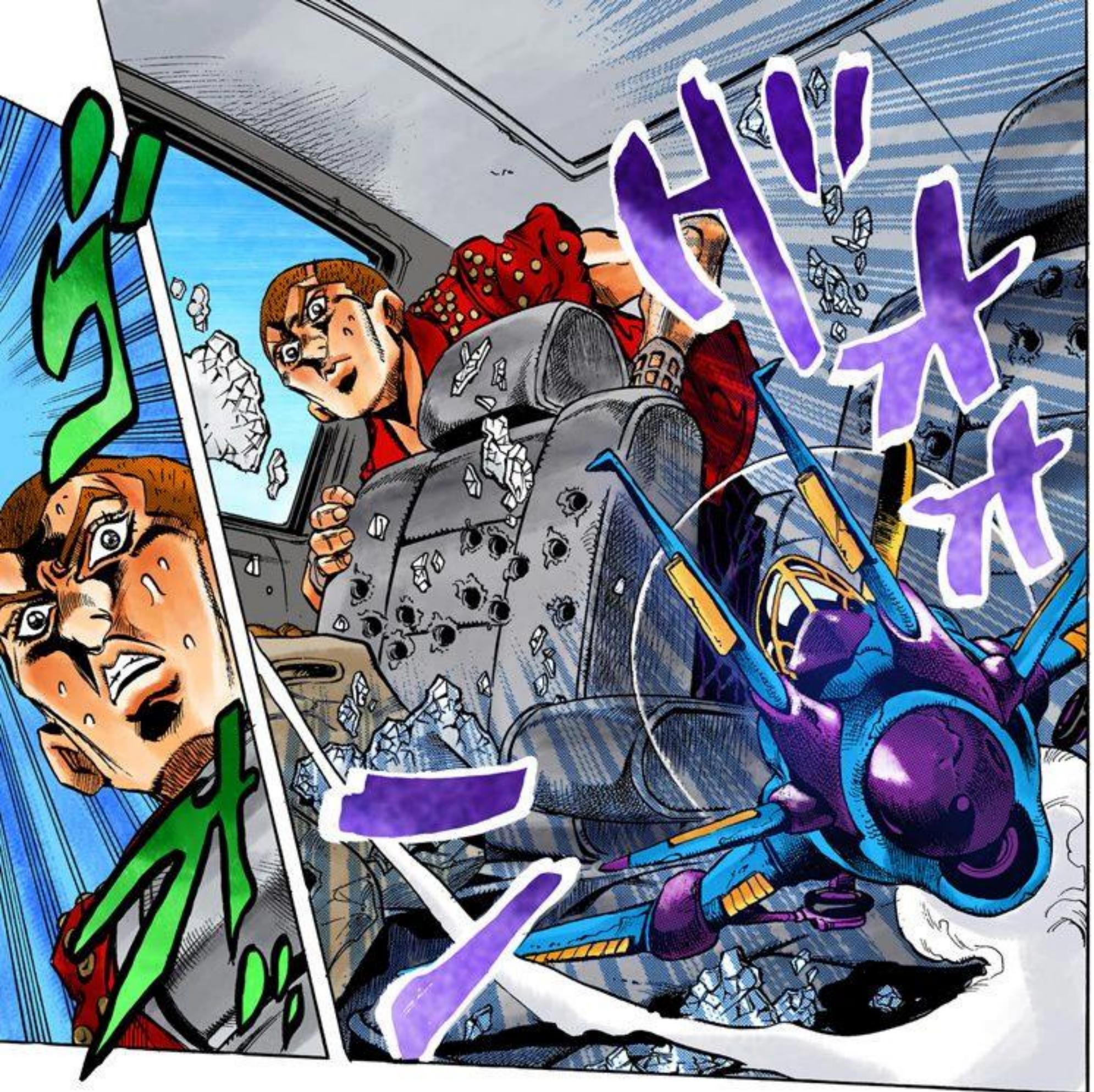
WHY  
THE HELL  
DIDN'T  
YOU GO  
TO AN  
OFFICER'S  
FUNERAL!?













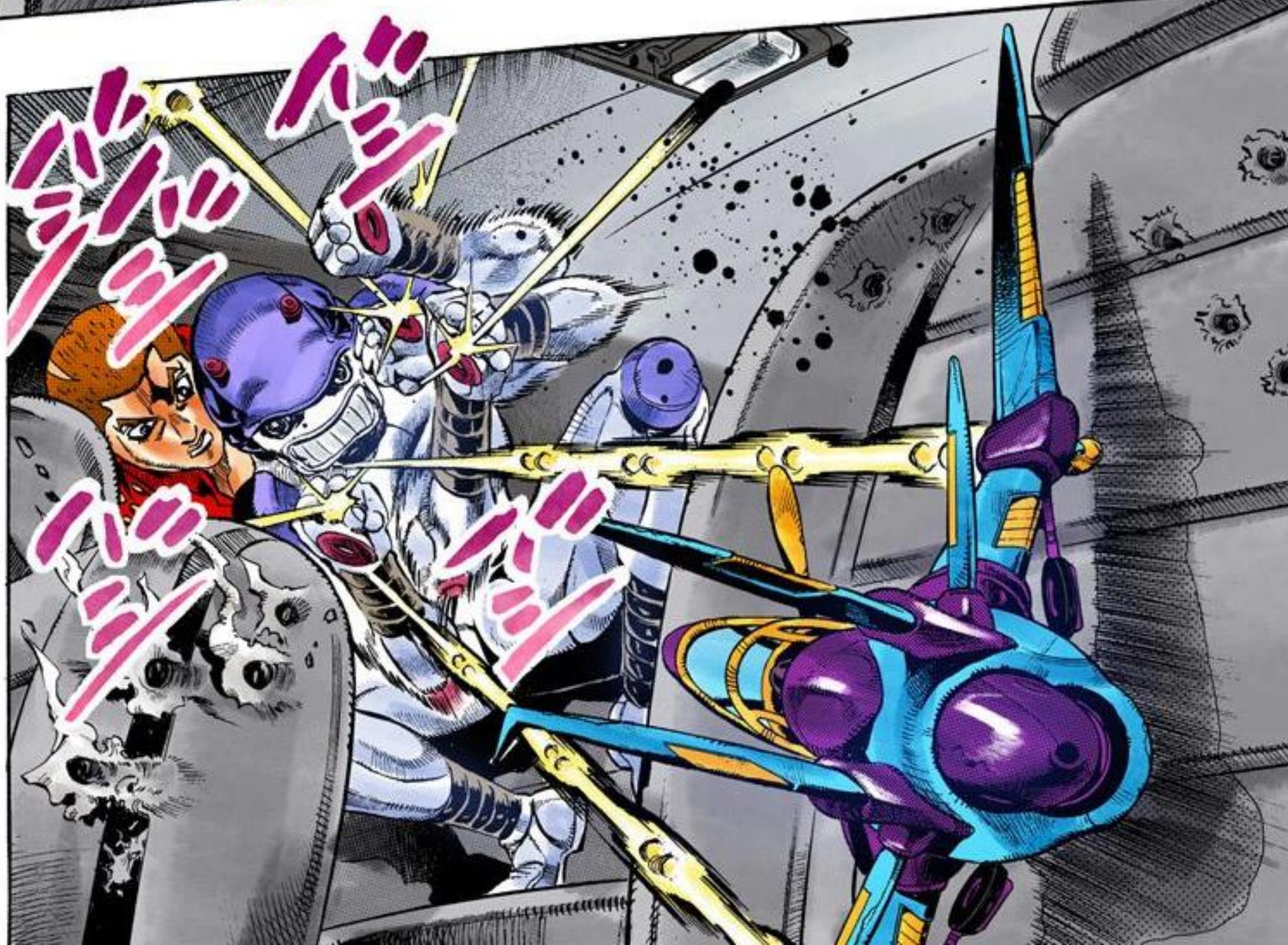
# NARANCIA'S AEROSMITH

## PART ②

GOD  
FUCKING  
DAMMIT!  
YOU'RE  
MAKING ME  
BLEED LIKE  
CRAZY!



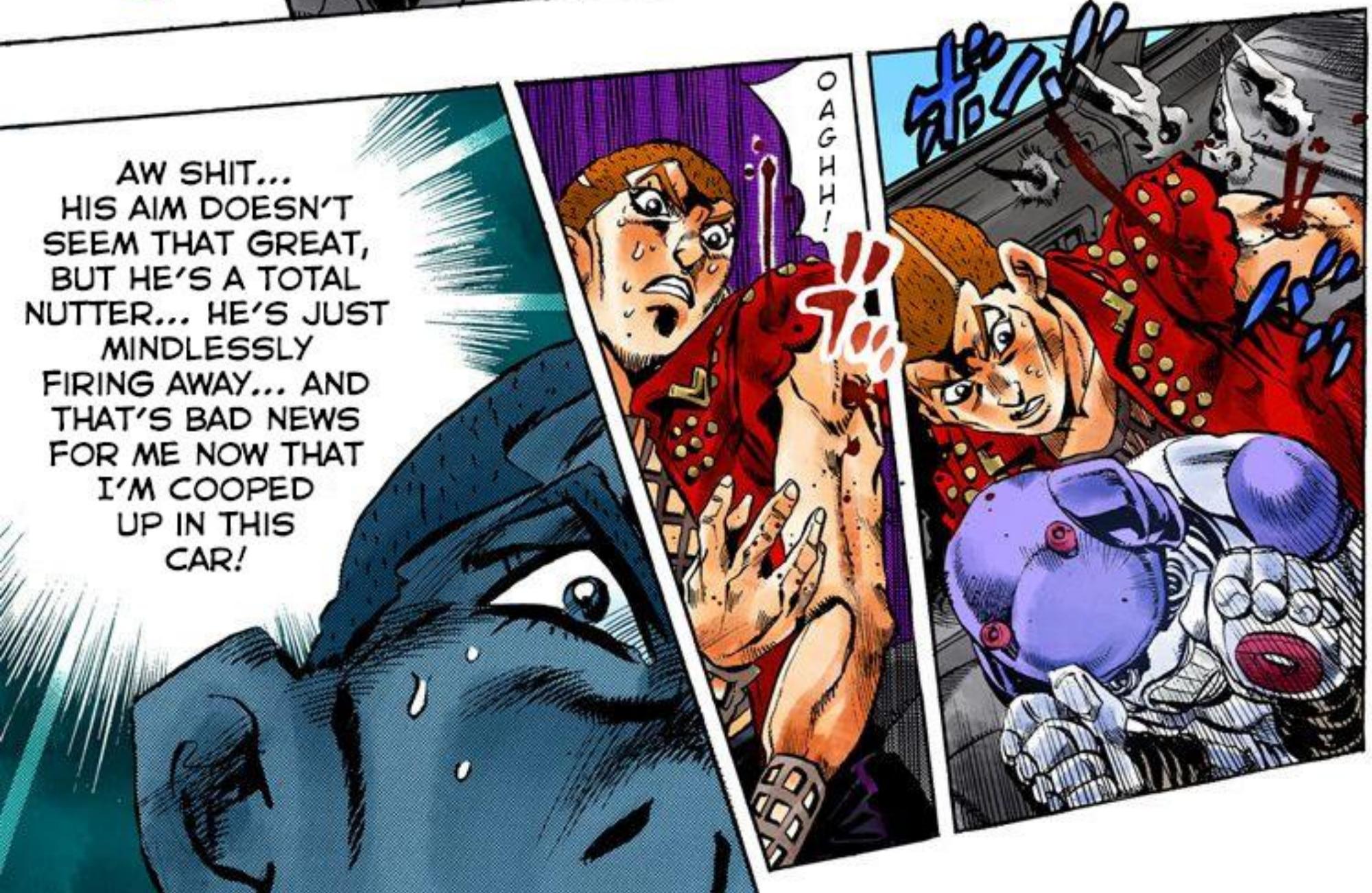
# **NARANCIA'S AEROSMITH PART ②**



# AEROSMITH!



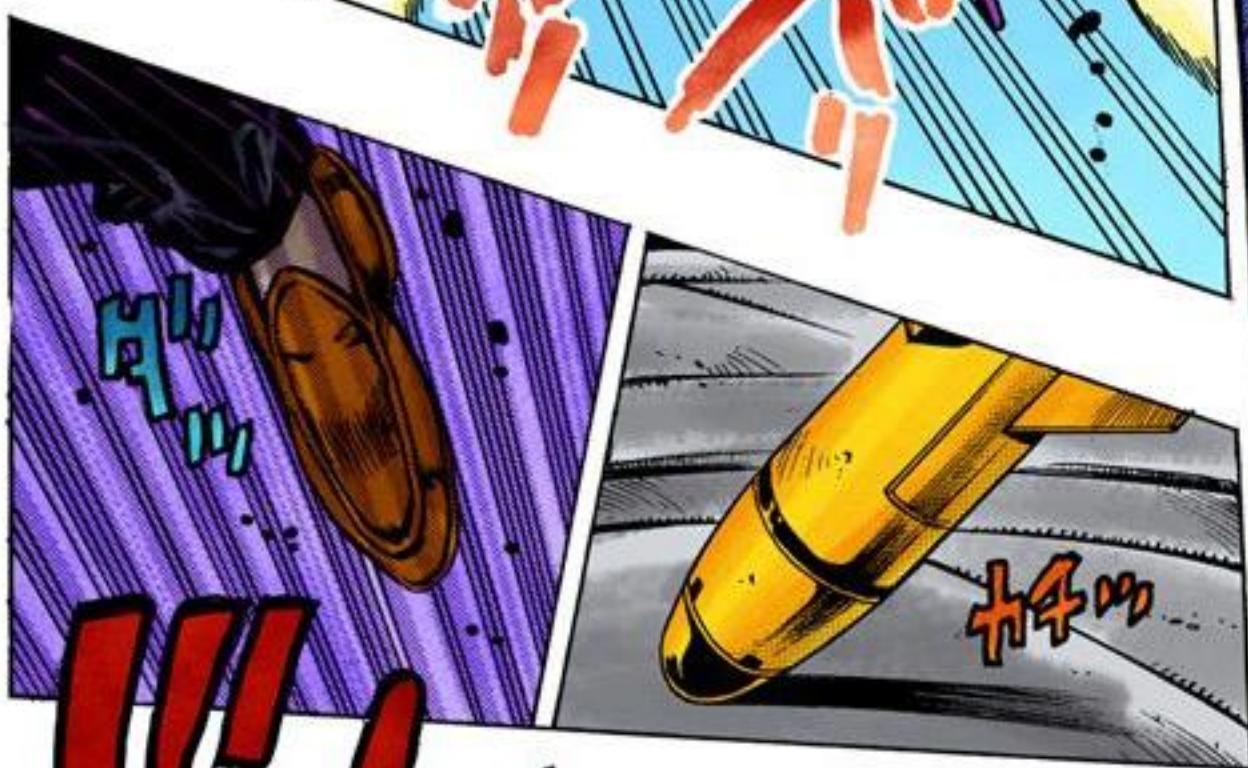
AW SHIT...  
HIS AIM DOESN'T  
SEEM THAT GREAT,  
BUT HE'S A TOTAL  
NUTTER... HE'S JUST  
MINDLESSLY  
FIRING AWAY... AND  
THAT'S BAD NEWS  
FOR ME NOW THAT  
I'M COOPED  
UP IN THIS  
CAR!



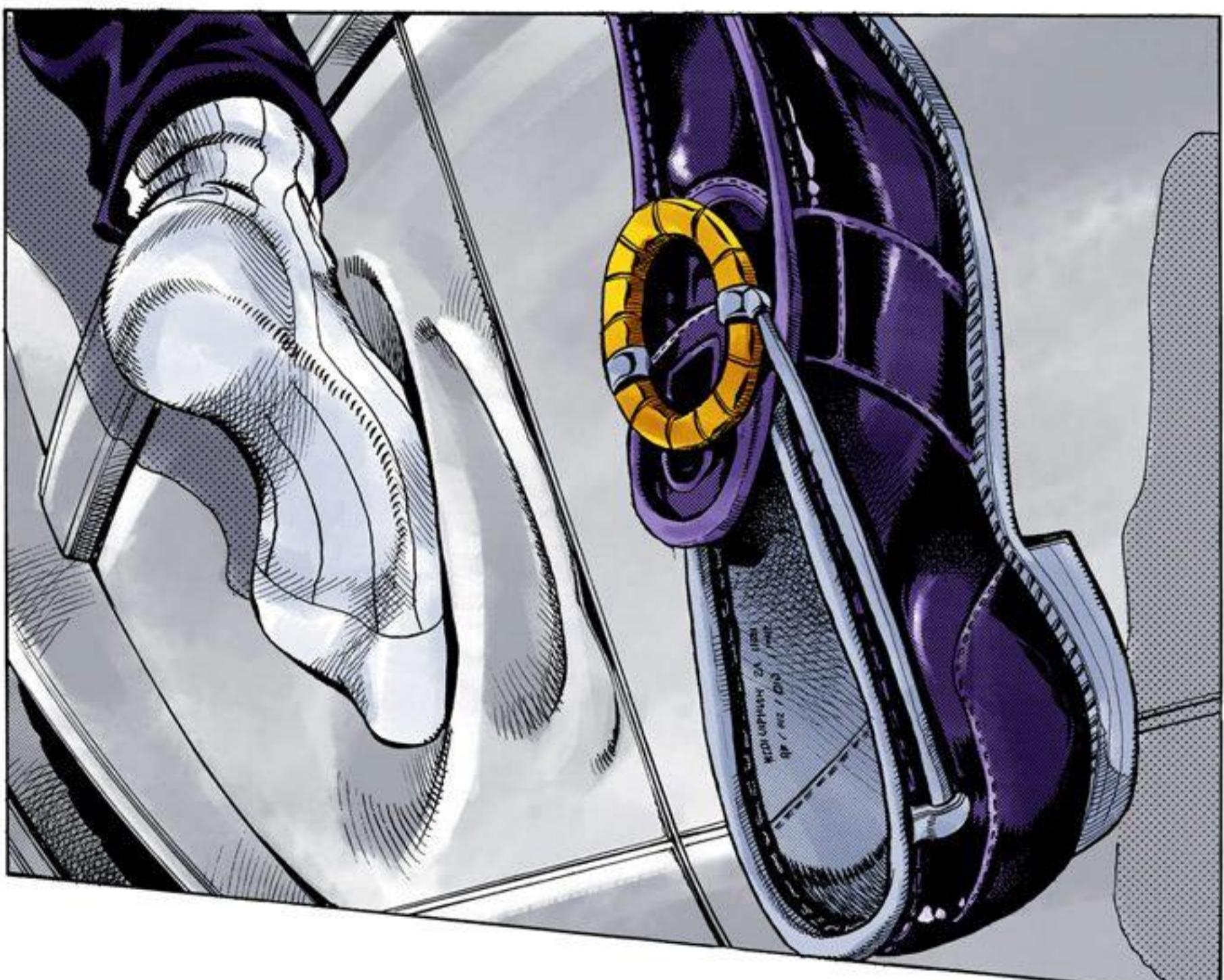




I'LL  
USE MY  
ABILITY JUST  
LIKE WHEN  
I STARTED  
TAILING  
HIM!



imooooo





**DAMN,  
THAT HURT!  
IS HE DEAD  
YET!?**



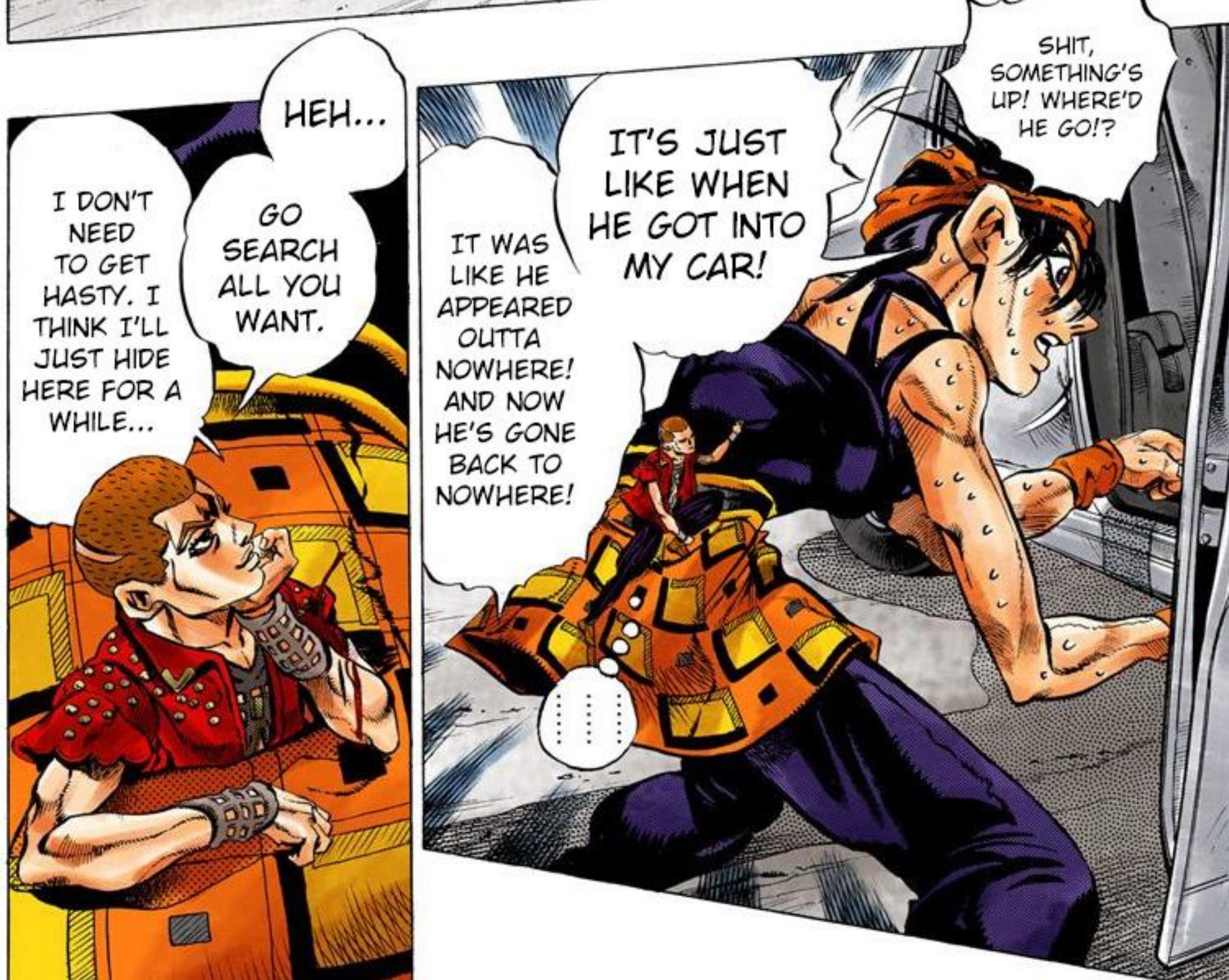
THAT'S MY  
ABILITY...  
*LITTLE*  
FEET!

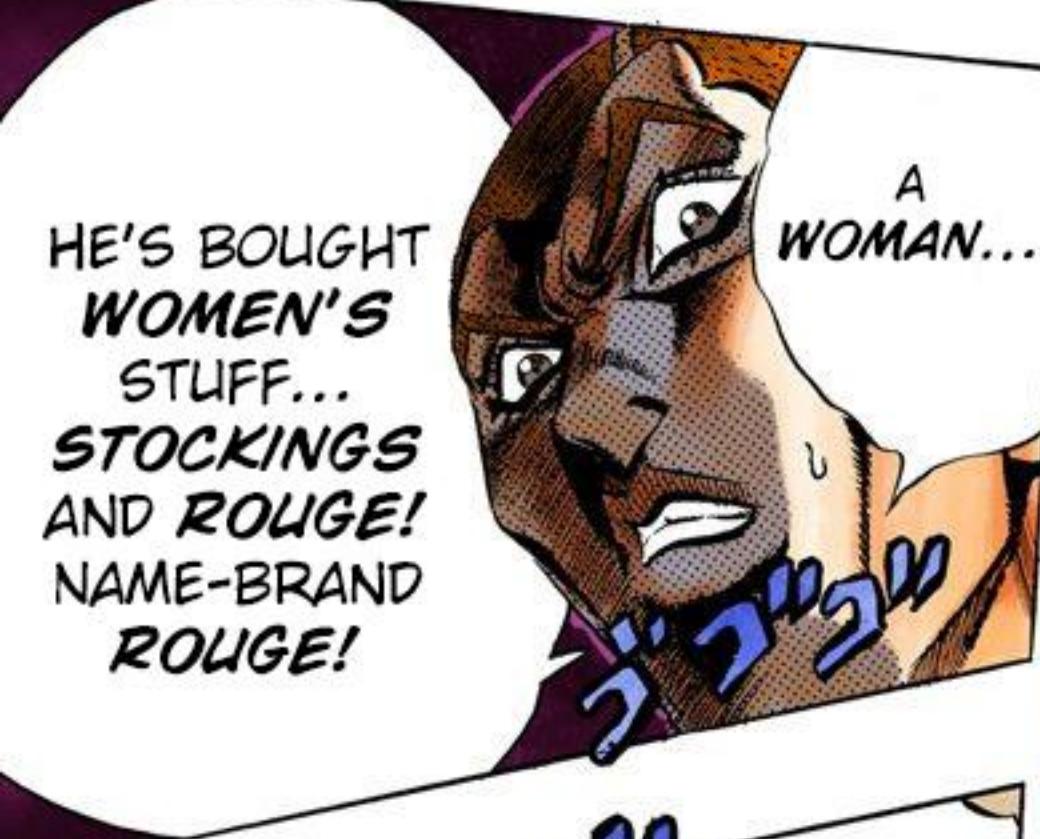
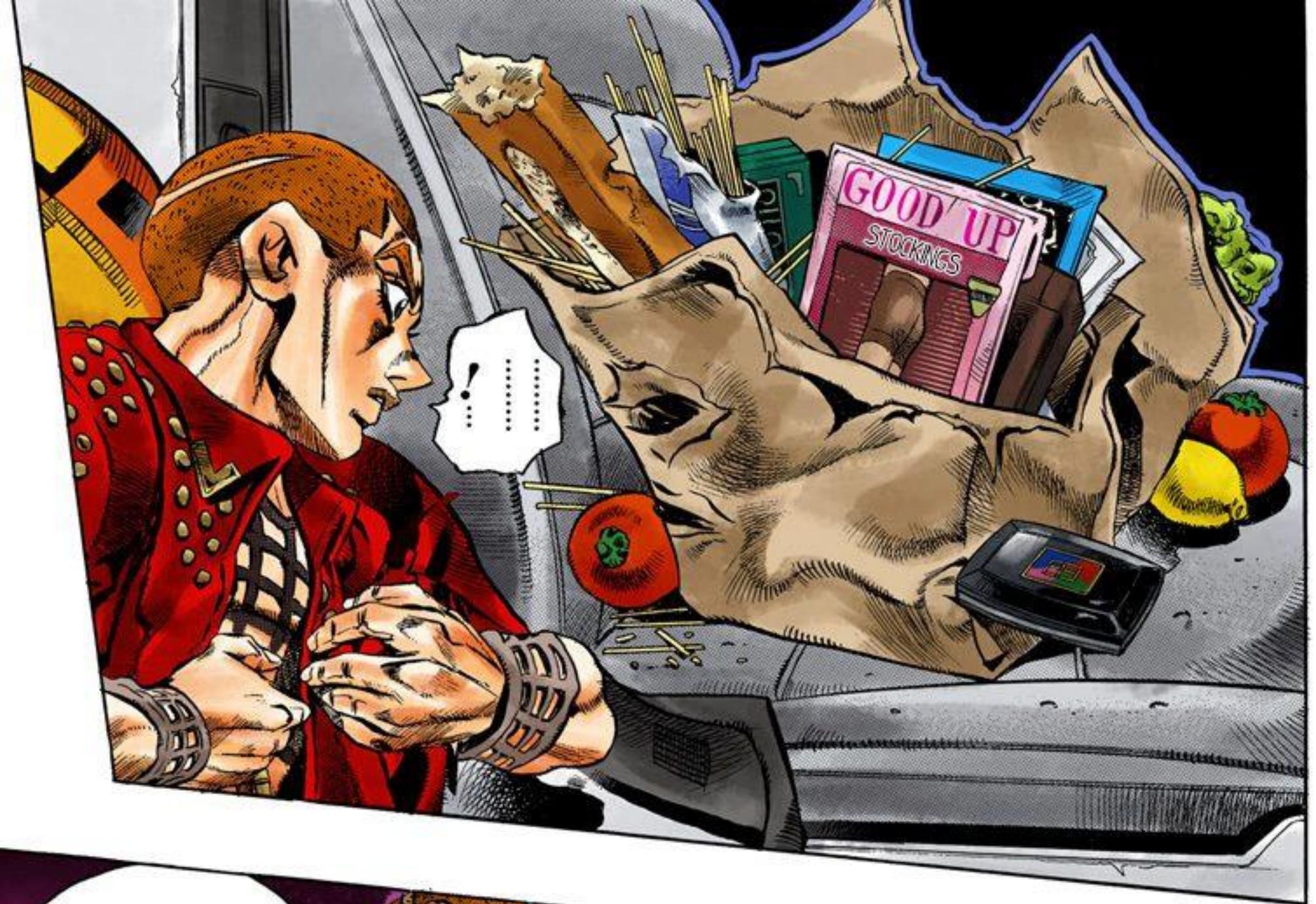
I  
SHRANK  
MYSELF!

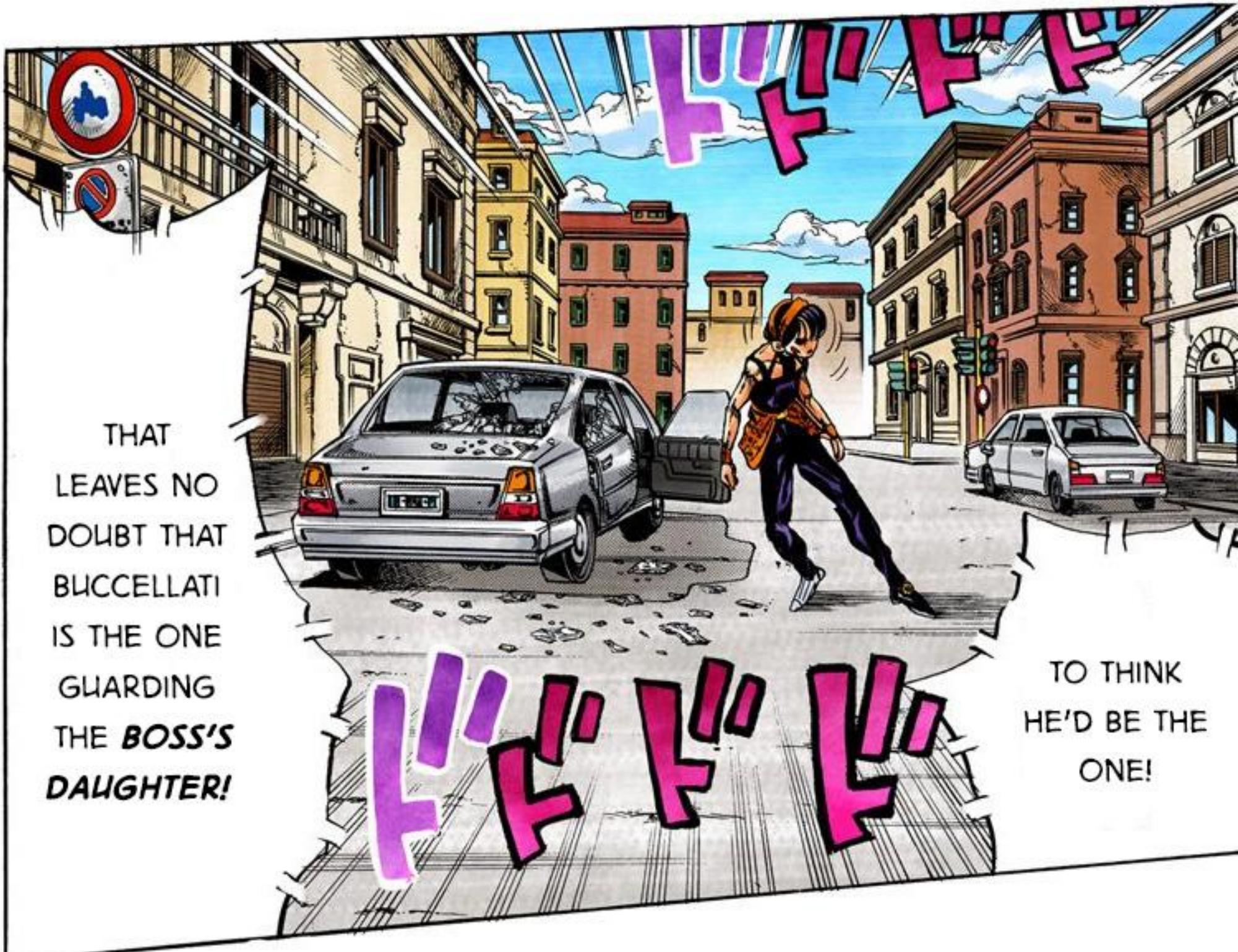
THAT'S  
A REAL  
SHAME...

W...  
WHERE'D  
HE GO!

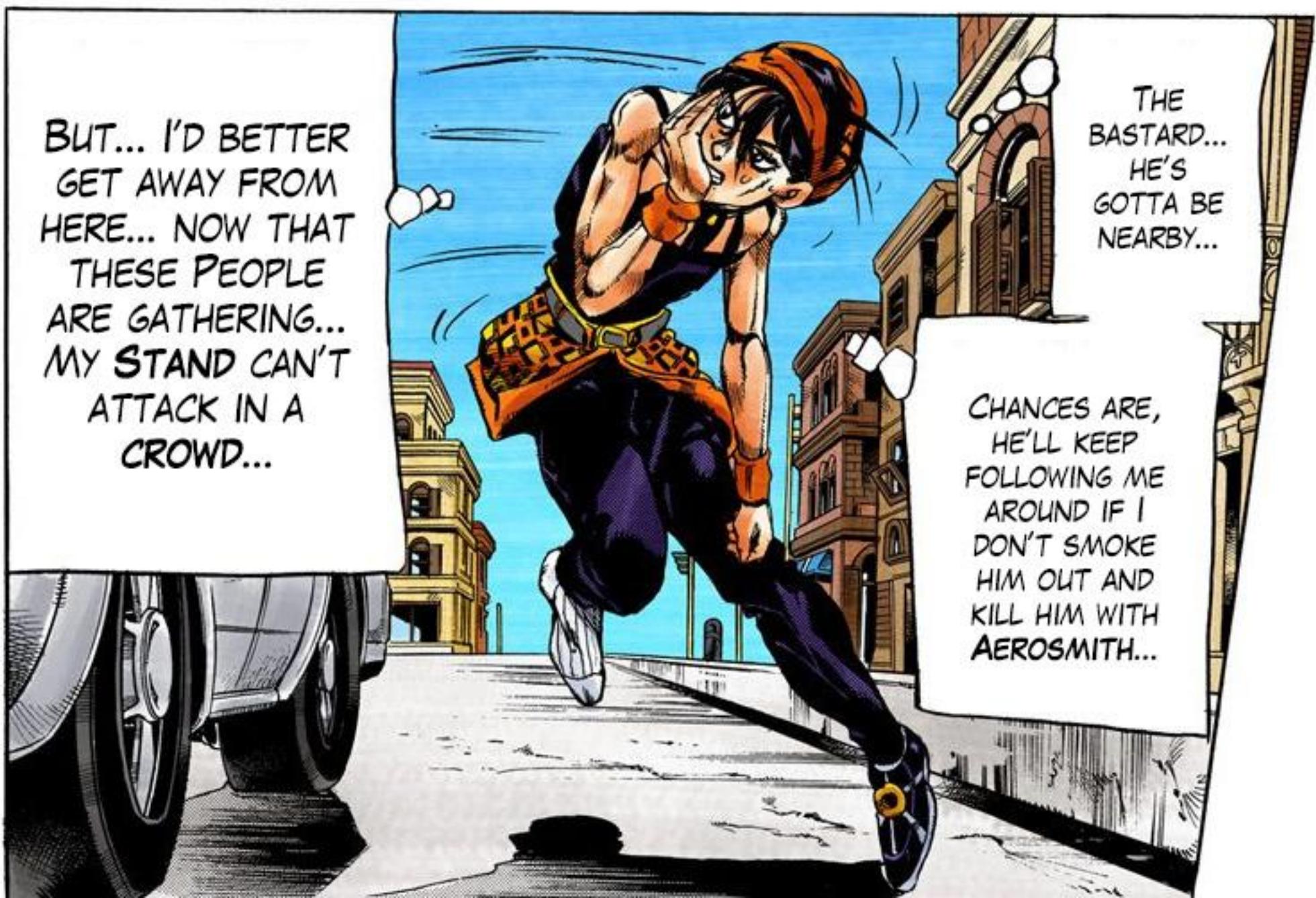
THE OTHER  
GUYS SAY IT'S  
WORTHLESS  
...HEH HEH HEH...  
WELL, WHETHER  
IT'S WORTHLESS  
OR WORTH-FUL  
IS ALL UP TO  
HOW YOU  
USE IT...

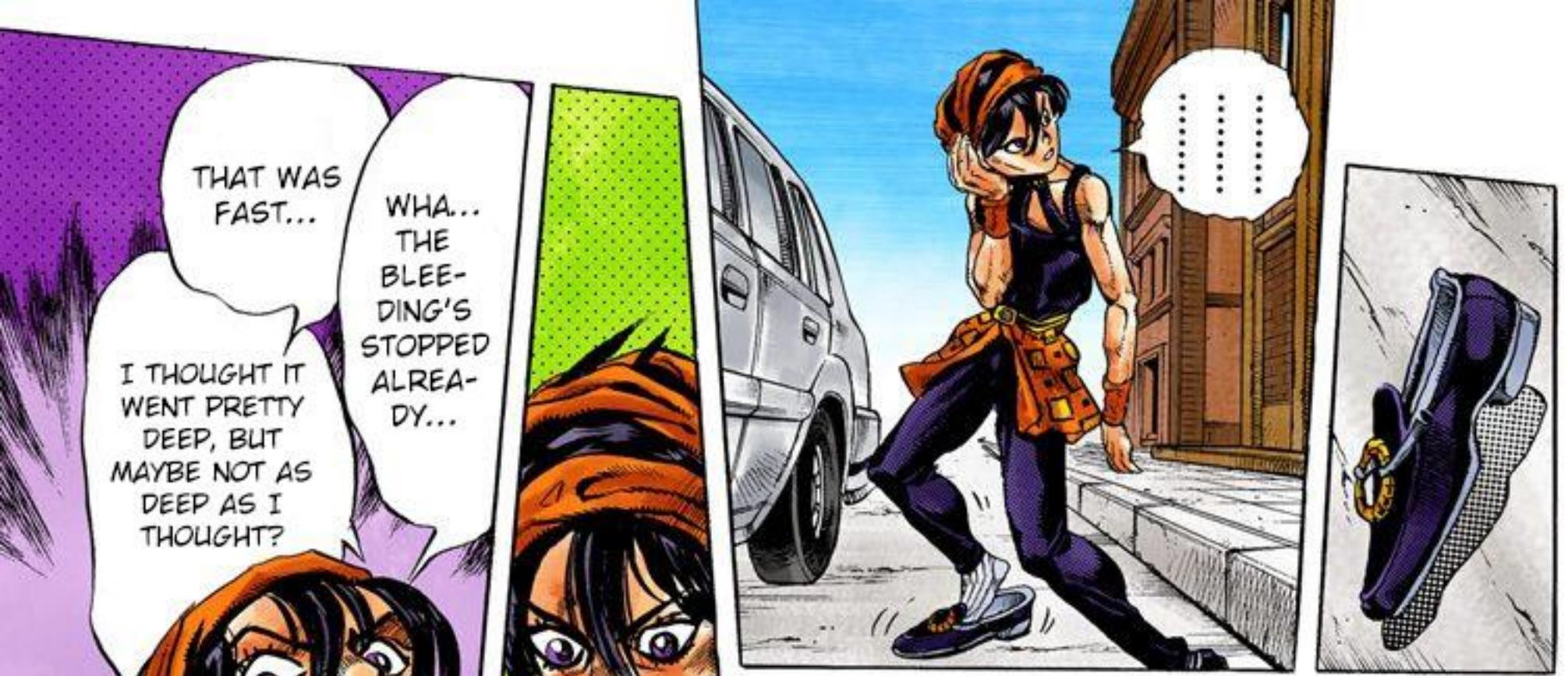


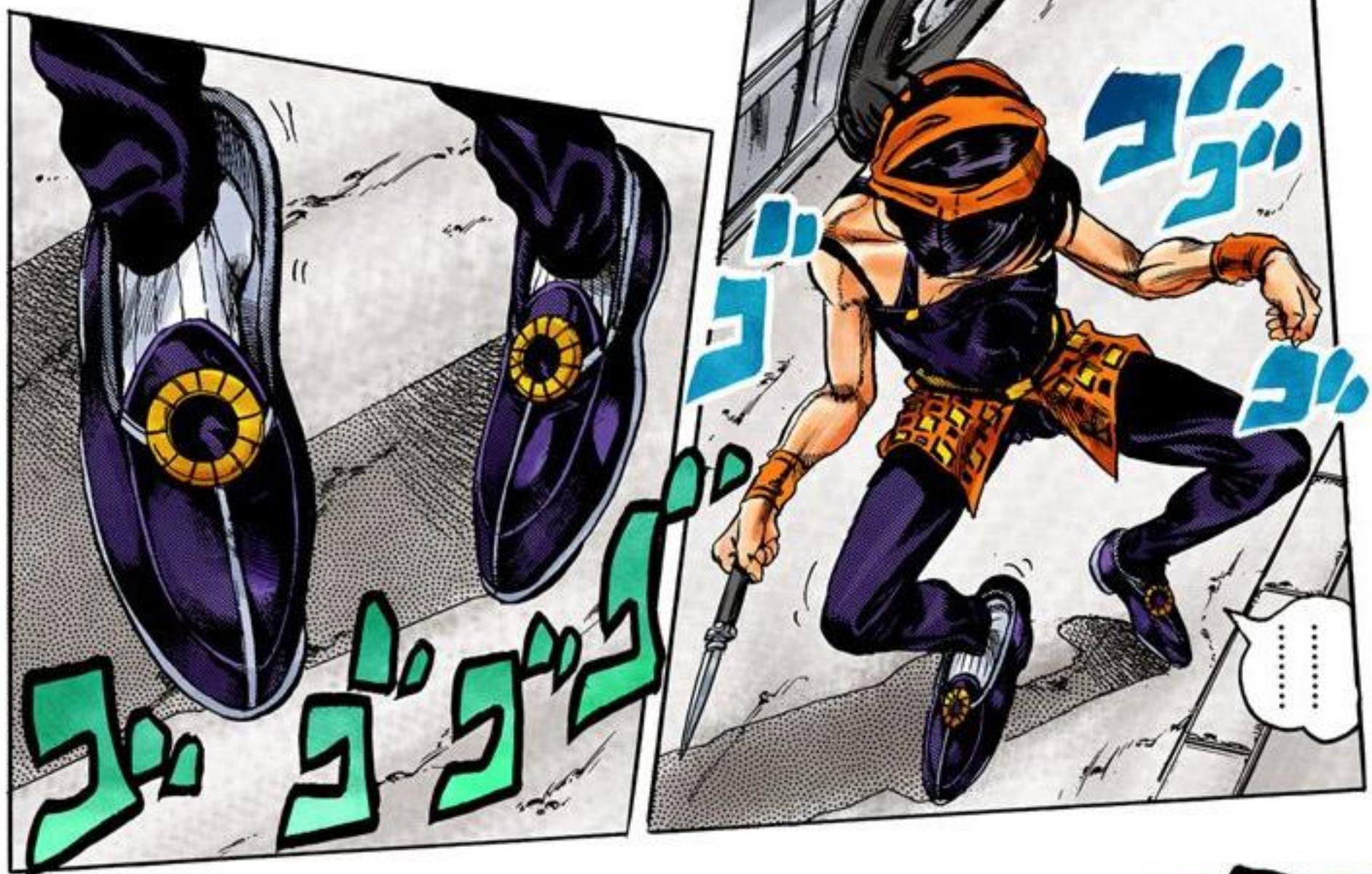


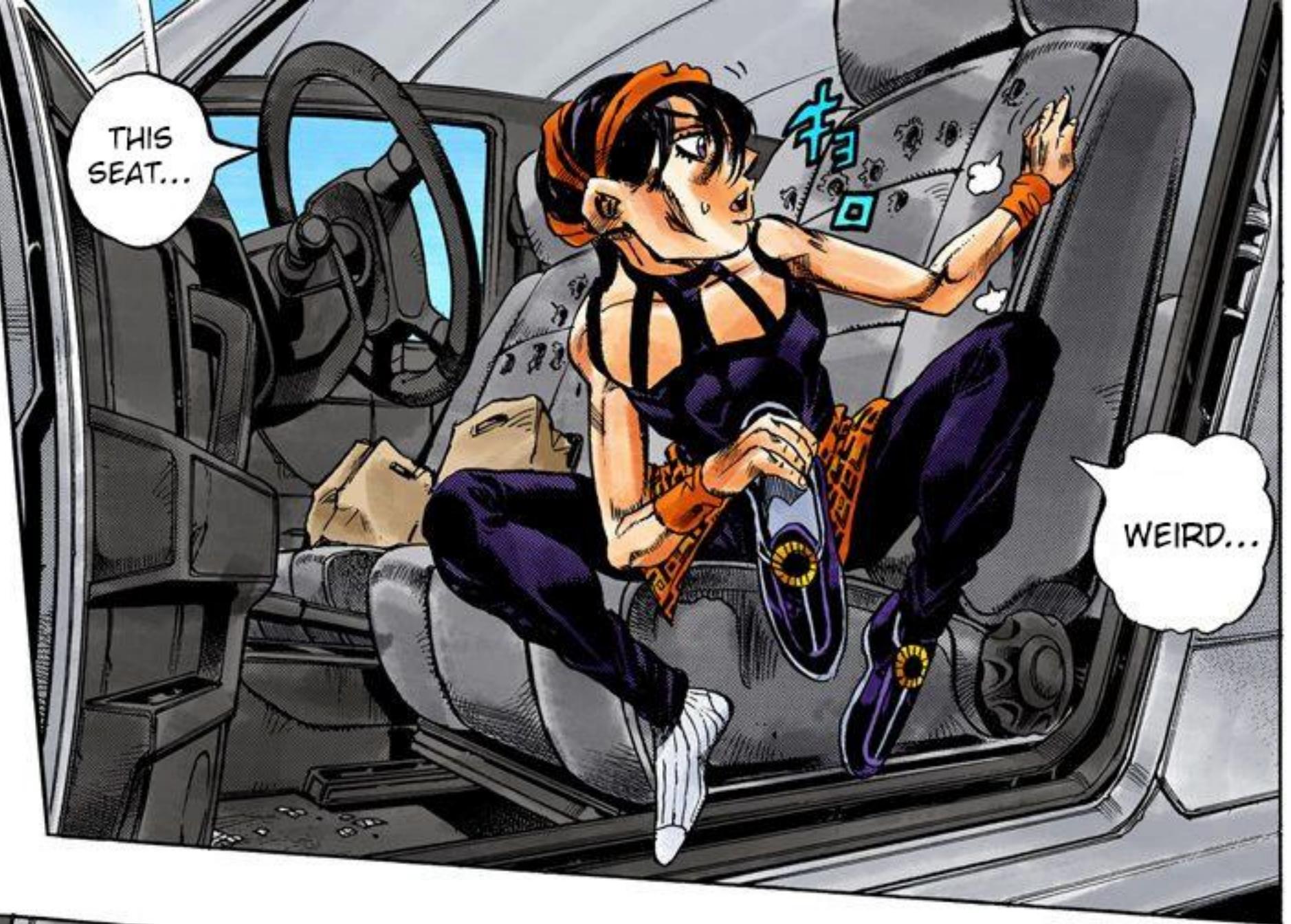


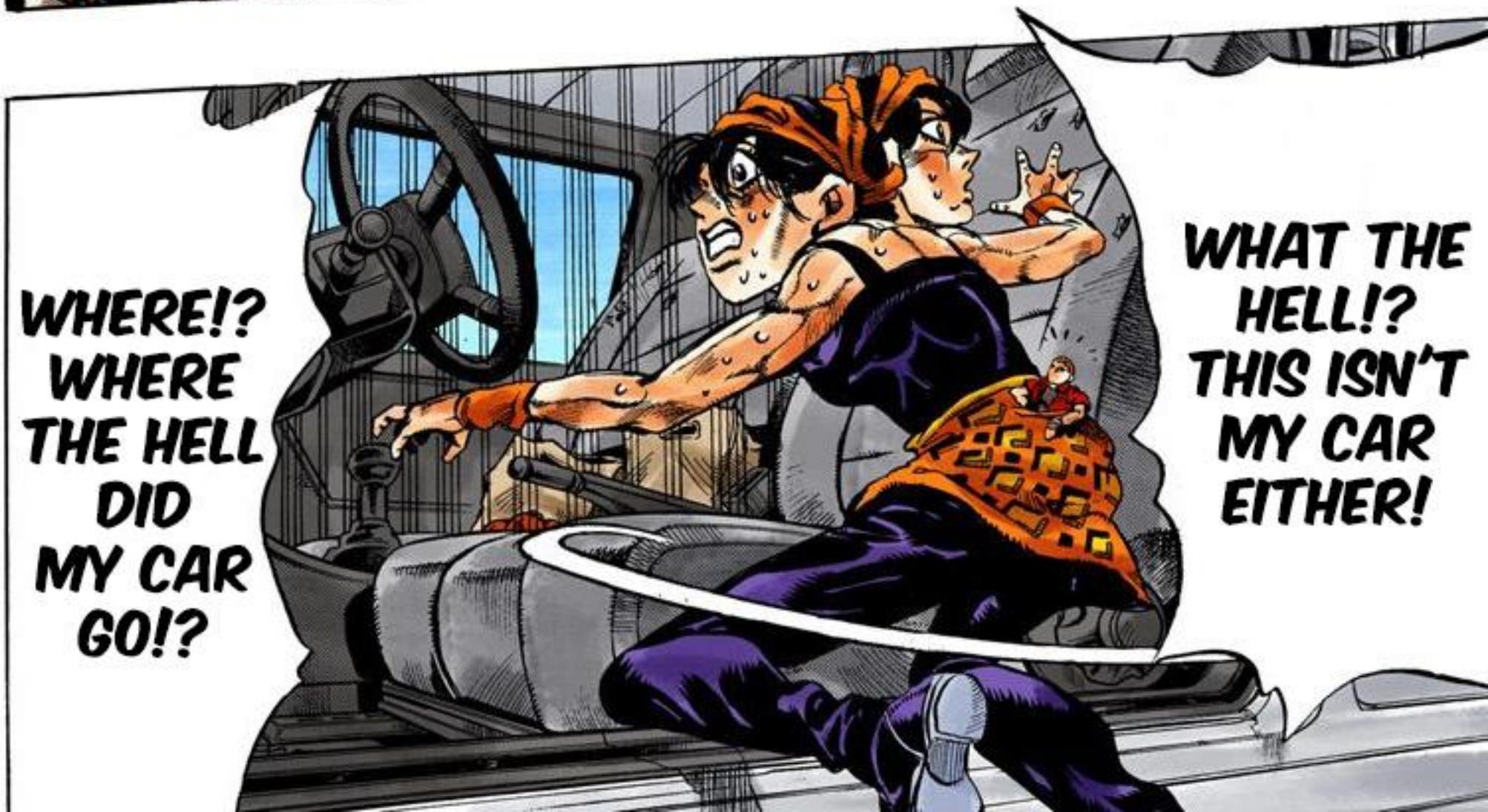












EVERYTHING  
ON YOU  
SHRUNK  
TOO, BUT  
YOUR  
KNIFE AND  
SHOE FELL  
OFF AND  
STOPPED  
SHRINKING!



IS THIS  
GUY AN IDIOT!?  
GET A CLUE!

YOU'VE  
SHRUNKEN,  
IDIOT! MY  
STAND'S  
FINALLY TAKING  
EFFECT!

KEEP ON  
GETTING  
SMALLER  
AND  
SMALLER

THEN IT'S TORTURE  
TIME, NARANCIA!  
ONCE YOU'RE ALL  
SHRUNKEN, I'LL  
MAKE YOU SPIT OUT  
**WHERE THE GIRL'S**  
**HIDING!** THE  
BATTLE'S ALREADY  
BEGUN, AND IT'S  
TOO LATE FOR  
EITHER OF  
US TO BACK  
OUT NOW...!

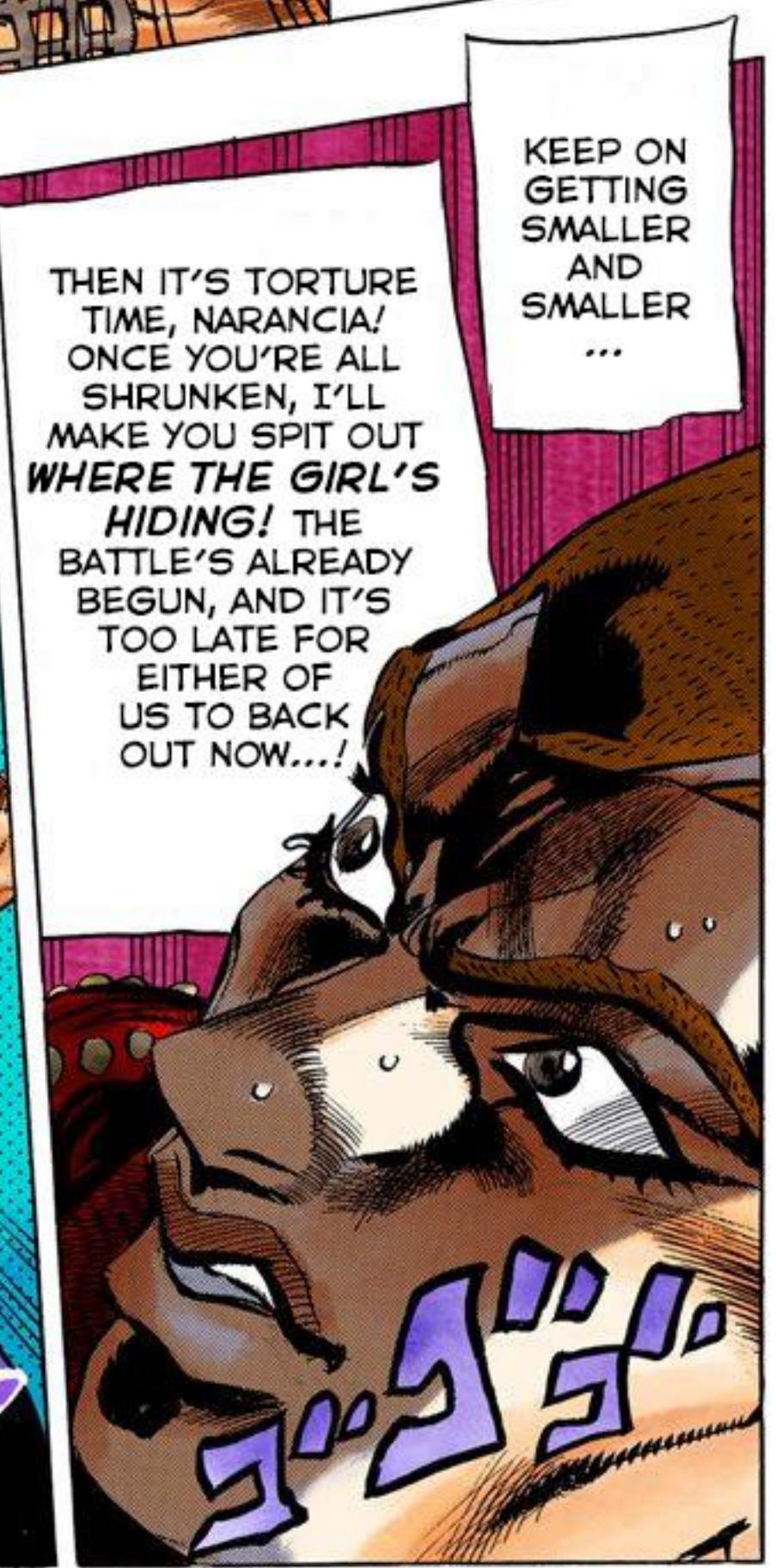
THAT  
MEANS

YOU'RE  
ALREADY  
TOO **SHORT**  
TO DRIVE,  
NARANCIA!

TH...  
THEN...

ARE THESE  
REALLY MY  
KNIFE AND  
SHOE AFTER  
ALL...!?

A...





THIS WAS  
THE REASON  
NARANCIA  
JOINED  
PASSIONE:



# NARANCIA'S AEROSMITH PART 3



HIS FATHER WAS AN HONEST GARDENER, BUT HE WAS NEVER ONE TO CARE MUCH FOR NARANCIA, AND WITH THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER, NARANCIA'S FATHER ONLY GREW MORE NEGLECTFUL OF NARANCIA.



WHEN HE WAS TEN YEARS OLD, HIS MOTHER CAUGHT AN EYE INFECTION, EVENTUALLY LEADING TO HER DEATH.

FULL NAME: NARANCIA GHIRGA, A LEO, BORN 1984.

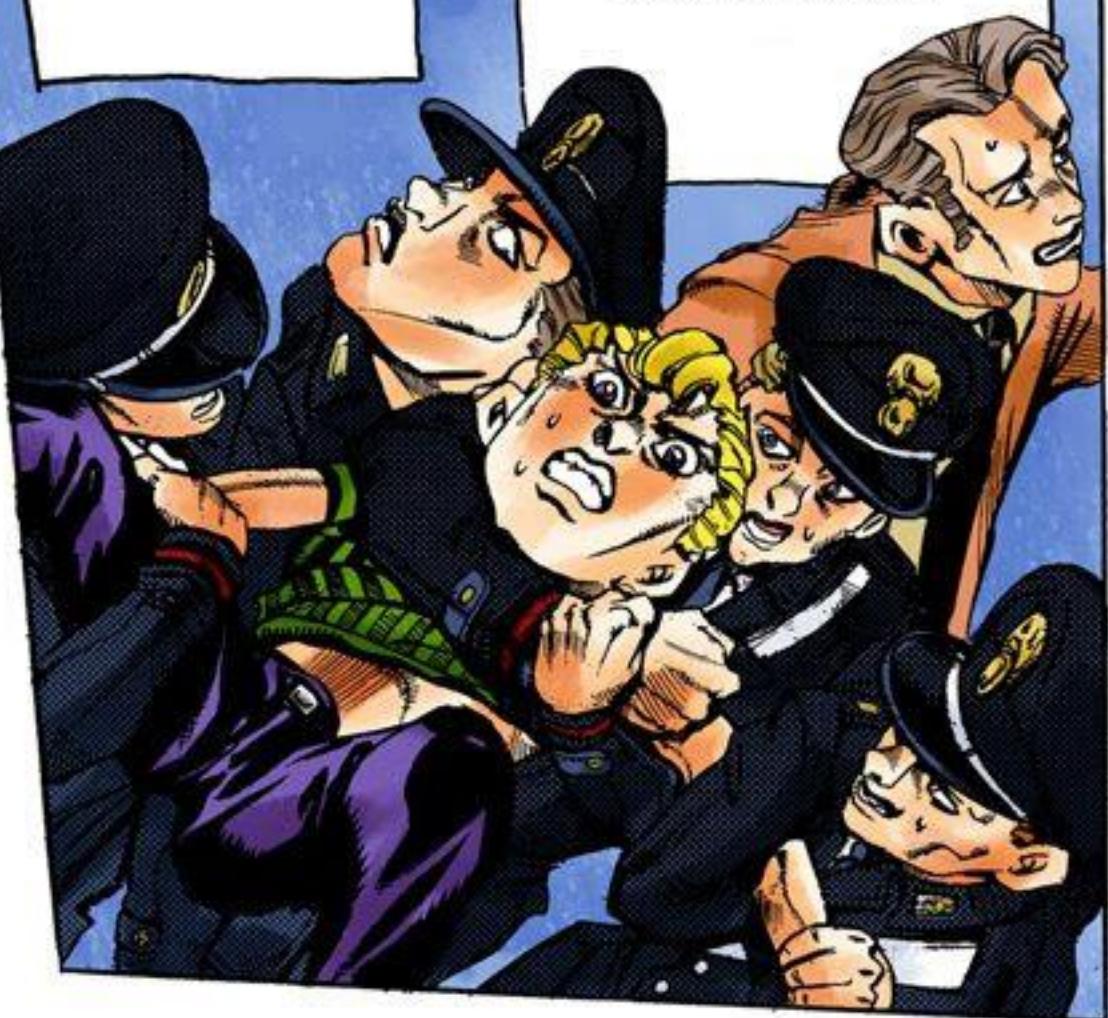


"FRIENDSHIP!" WAS NARANCIA'S ANSWER.

"WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD?"

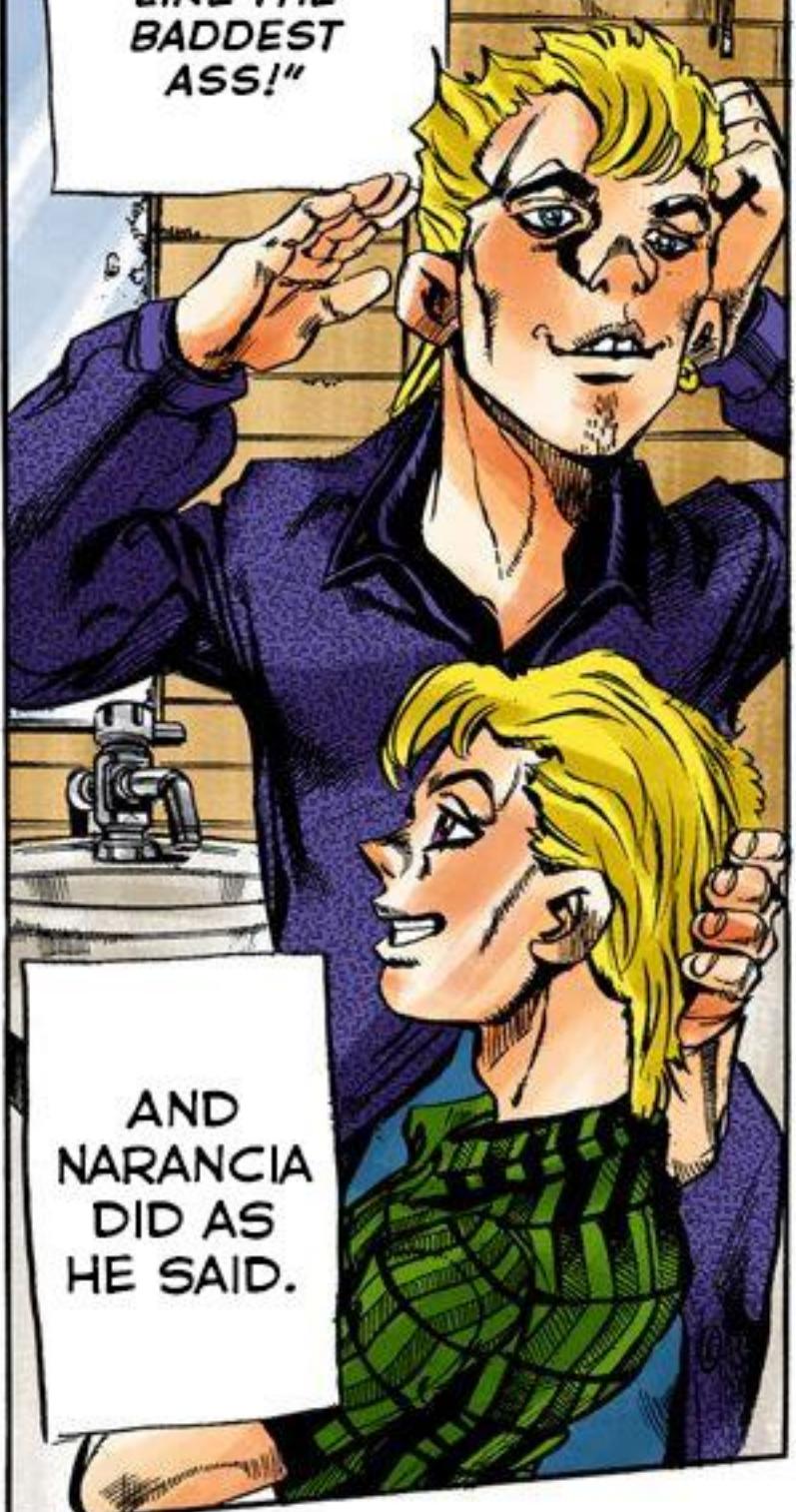
NARANCIA HAD TO SPEND ONE YEAR IN THAT REFORM SCHOOL.

THE NEXT DAY, THE POLICE SUDDENLY ARRESTED HIM, SHOUTING, "WE'RE GONNA THROW YOU INTO REFORM SCHOOL, YOU DAMNED BRAT!"



AN OLDER FRIEND OF HIS SAID TO HIM, "DYE YOUR HAIR BLOND LIKE MINE AND YOU'LL LOOK LIKE THE BADDEST ASS!"

THEN, ONE TIME,



AND, ALTHOUGH HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS HAPPENING,

AND NARANCIA DID AS HE SAID.



THE WOMAN ANGRILY TESTIFIED.

"THAT BLOND BRAT'S THE ONE! I'M SURE OF IT!"



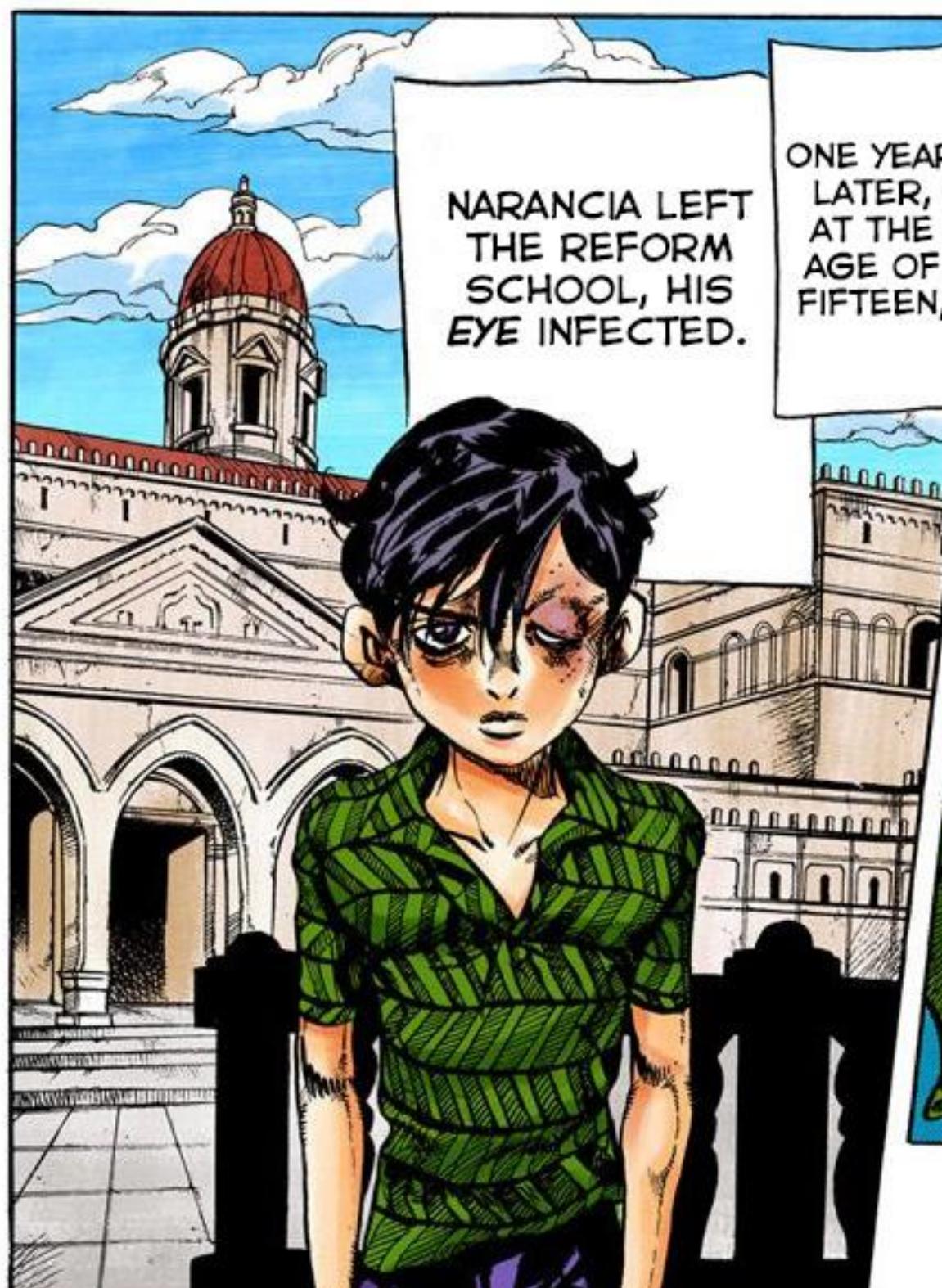
WHEN HE ASKED AROUND, HE DISCOVERED THAT AN ELDERLY WOMAN HAD HER HOME BROKEN INTO, AND WHEN THE WOMAN WITNESSED THE CRIME, THE CULPRIT BRUTALLY ASSAULTED HER.

AND IT WAS DETERMINED THAT THE CULPRIT WAS NARANCIA.

NARANCIA LEFT THE REFORM SCHOOL, HIS EYE INFECTED.

ONE YEAR LATER, AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN,

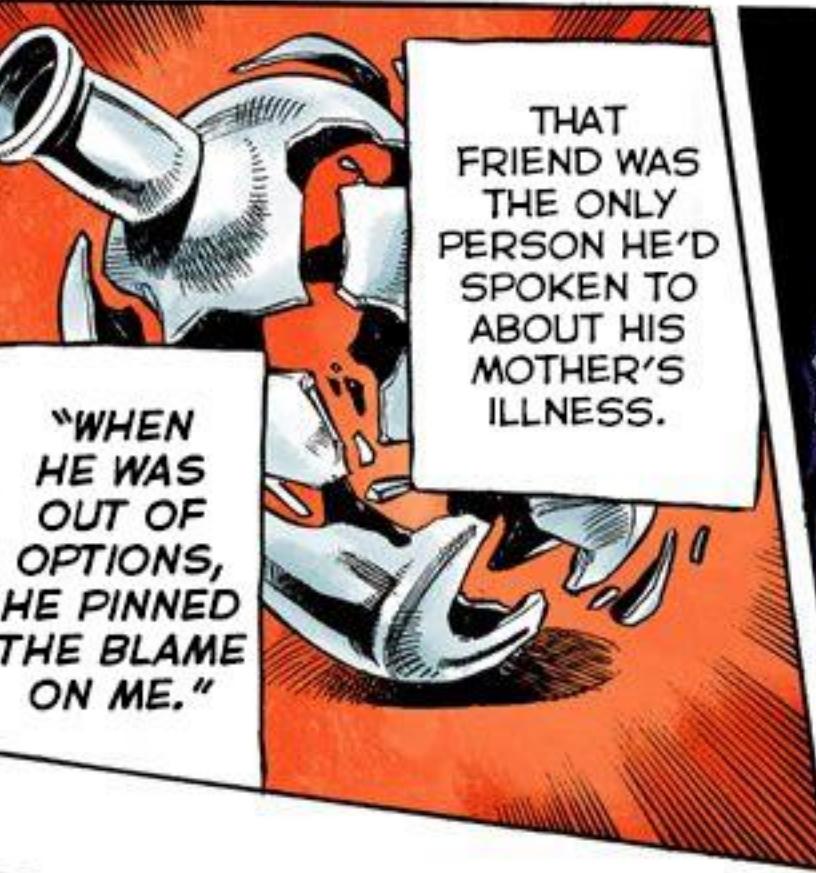
NARANCIA HAD FLEETING SUSPICIONS, "COULD MY FRIEND HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO DID IT?"



BUT, DISGUSTED AT HIMSELF FOR EVEN HAVING THE THOUGHT, HE CHASED IT OUT OF MIND.

WHEN HE RETURNED TO HIS HOMETOWN, A STRANGE RUMOR HAD SPREAD AMONGST HIS FRIENDS.

PERHAPS DUE TO HIS REFUSAL TO PLEAD GUILTY, OR THE FACT THAT HE DIDN'T SPEAK UP AT ALL, THE POLICE HAD BEATEN HIM, LEADING TO A LINGERING EYE INFECTION.

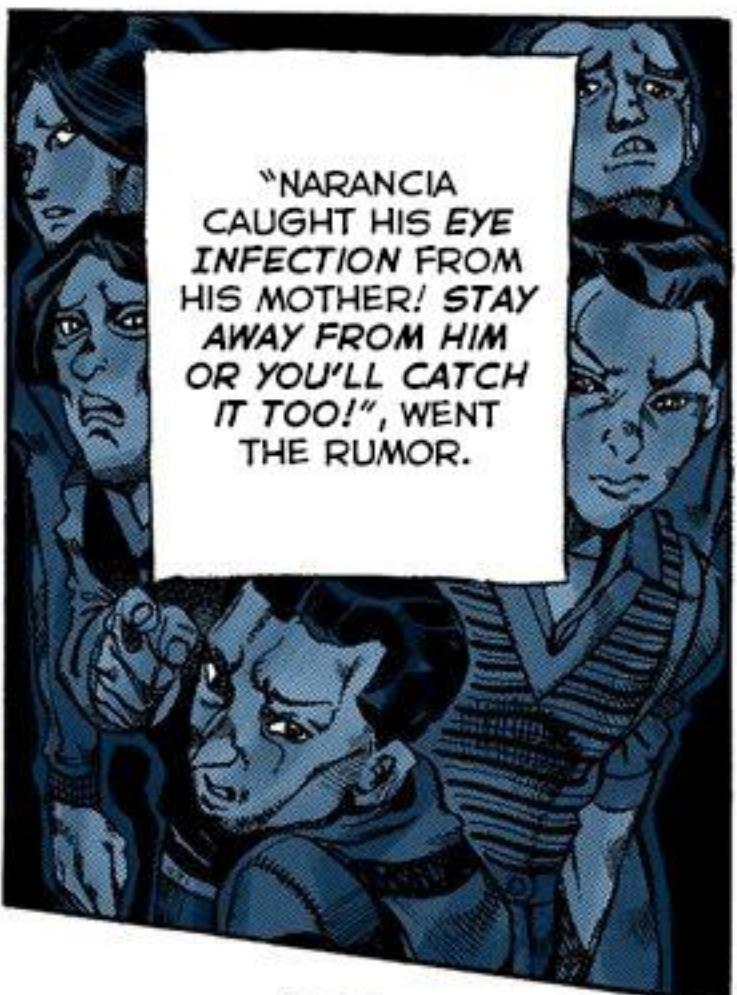


"WHEN HE WAS OUT OF OPTIONS, HE PINNED THE BLAME ON ME."

THAT FRIEND WAS THE ONLY PERSON HE'D SPOKEN TO ABOUT HIS MOTHER'S ILLNESS.

NARANCIA FINALLY REALIZED THE TRUTH.

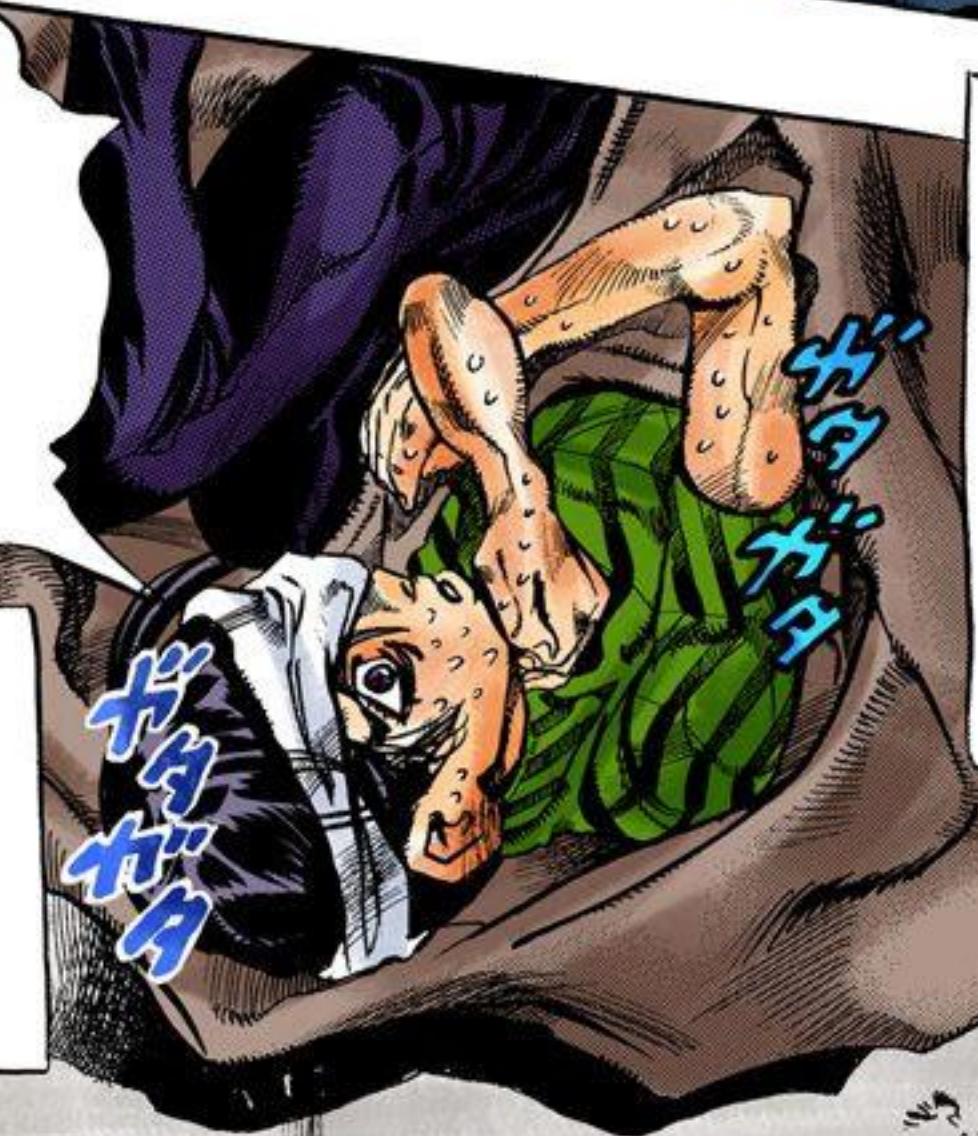
"NARANCIA CAUGHT HIS EYE INFECTION FROM HIS MOTHER! STAY AWAY FROM HIM OR YOU'LL CATCH IT TOO!", WENT THE RUMOR.



THIS IS MY FATE! SOON, THIS EYE INFECTION WILL KILL ME, JUST LIKE IT KILLED MY MOM!

BELIEVING THAT TO BE THE TRUTH, NARANCIA HAD NOWHERE ELSE TO GO. LEFT ALL ALONE, NARANCIA ABANDONED HIS LIFE AT THE AGE OF 15.

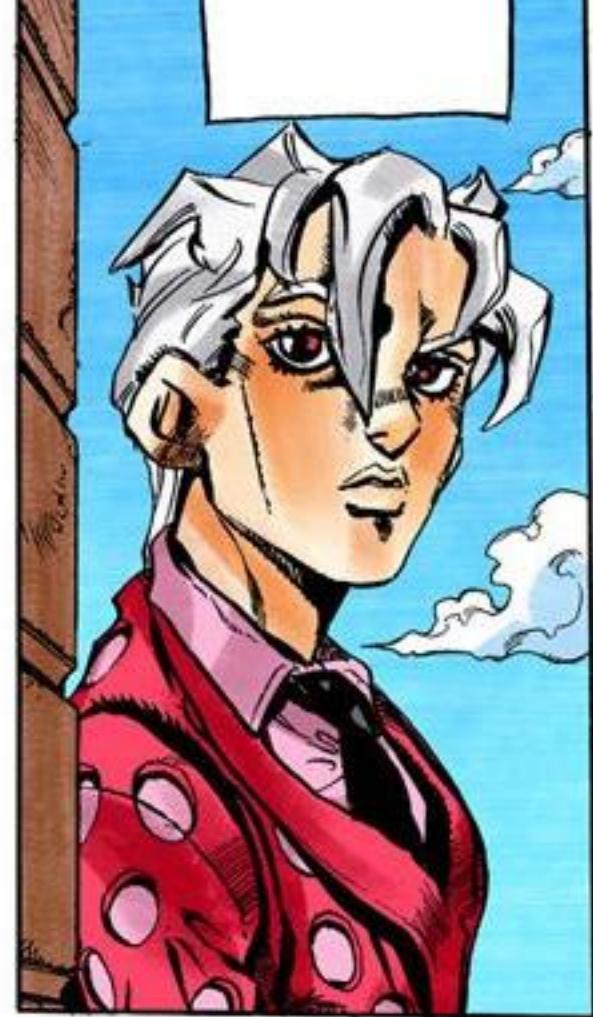
BUT THE ONE FRIGHTENED THE MOST, TO THE VERY CORE OF HIS BEING, BY THAT RUMOR WAS NARANCIA HIMSELF.



THAT  
MAN'S  
NAME WAS  
FUGO.

A YOUNG  
MAN NEAR  
HIS AGE  
HAPPENED  
TO WALK BY  
HIM.

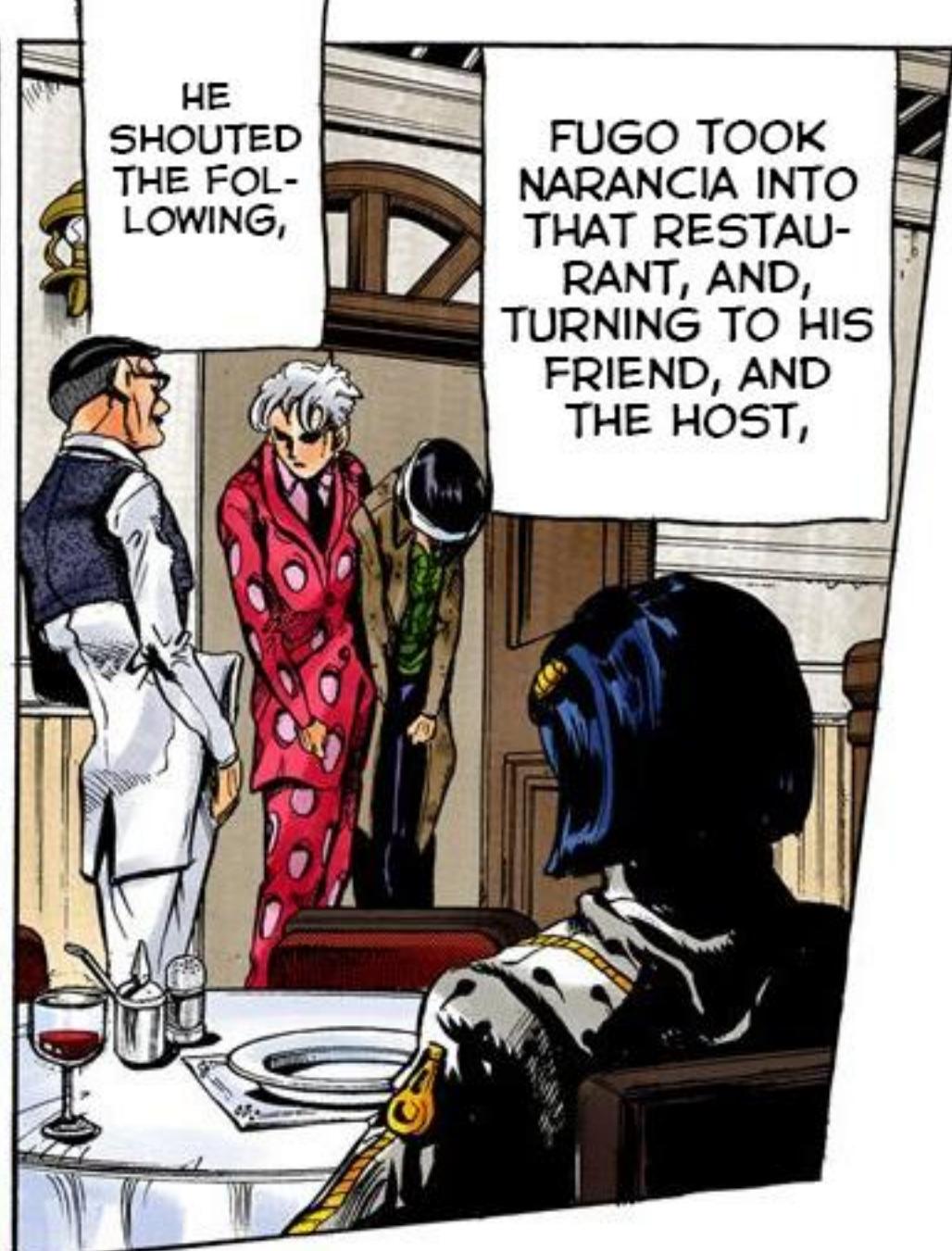
AT  
THAT  
TIME,  
NARANCIA  
WAS  
DIGGING  
THROUGH  
A RESTAU-  
RANT'S  
TRASH  
LIKE A  
STRAY  
CAT,



I'D LIKE TO  
ORDER THIS MAN  
SOME SPAGHETTI, IF  
YOU DON'T MIND!

HE  
SHOUTED  
THE FOL-  
LOWING,

FUGO TOOK  
NARANCIA INTO  
THAT RESTAU-  
RANT, AND,  
TURNING TO HIS  
FRIEND, AND  
THE HOST,



AND OFFERING IT TO THE FILTHY URCHIN.

HIS FRIEND AT THE TABLE DID NOT ASK HIM ANY QUESTIONS, NOR EVEN SHOW THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF DISPLEASURE, SIMPLY TAKING THE PLATE OF SPAGHETTI,

WHY WOULD YOU DO ALL THIS FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME?

AS THE MAN NEVER SPOKE, NARANCIA DECIDED TO ASK HIM FIRST,

AFTER THE MEAL, HE HAILED A TAXI AND TOOK NARANCIA TO THE DOCTOR.

WITH PROPER NUTRITION, OVER THREE WEEKS IN THE HOSPITAL, NARANCIA QUICKLY RE-COVERED FROM HIS EYE INFECTION.

I DON'T WANNA GO HOME! I'LL DO ANYTHING, JUST LET ME WORK FOR YOU!

DURING HIS HOSPITAL STAY, NARANCIA SLOWLY BEGAN TO REALIZE THIS MAN WAS A GANGSTER, AND SAID,

IF YOU'D LIKE, I'LL LET YOU STAY AT MY HOUSE FOR A WHILE.

HE DID NOT ANSWER NARANCIA'S QUESTION, BUT INSTEAD SPOKE EMOTIONLESSLY,

BUT KIDS LIKE YOU NEED TO GO HOME TO THEIR PARENTS. AND GO TO SCHOOL! UNDERSTAND...?

BUT HE NEVER OPENED HIMSELF UP TO HIS FATHER AGAIN.

NARANCIA RETURNED HOME, LIKE THE MAN TOLD HIM TO, AND EVEN BEGAN ATTENDING SCHOOL.

"DON'T ACT LIKE A SPOILED BRAT! SAY THAT AGAIN AND I'LL BEAT THE SHIT OUTTA YOU!"

WHEN HE DID, THE MAN SUDDENLY GREW ANGRY.

BUT, THAT ANGER WAS NOT OUT OF HATRED, OR DISGUST, OR ANY CONTEMPT FOR HIM... IT WAS UNLIKE THE ANGER OF THE POLICEMEN OR HIS FATHER.

HE KEPT THINKING ABOUT HOW THAT MAN WAS ANGRY AT HIM... "WHY DID HE GET SO ANGRY ALL OF A SUDDEN?"



AND, HALF A YEAR LATER, UNBEKNOWNST TO THAT MAN -BUCELLATI-NARANCIA WENT TO MEET WITH THE SENIOR GANG OFFICIAL POLPO...

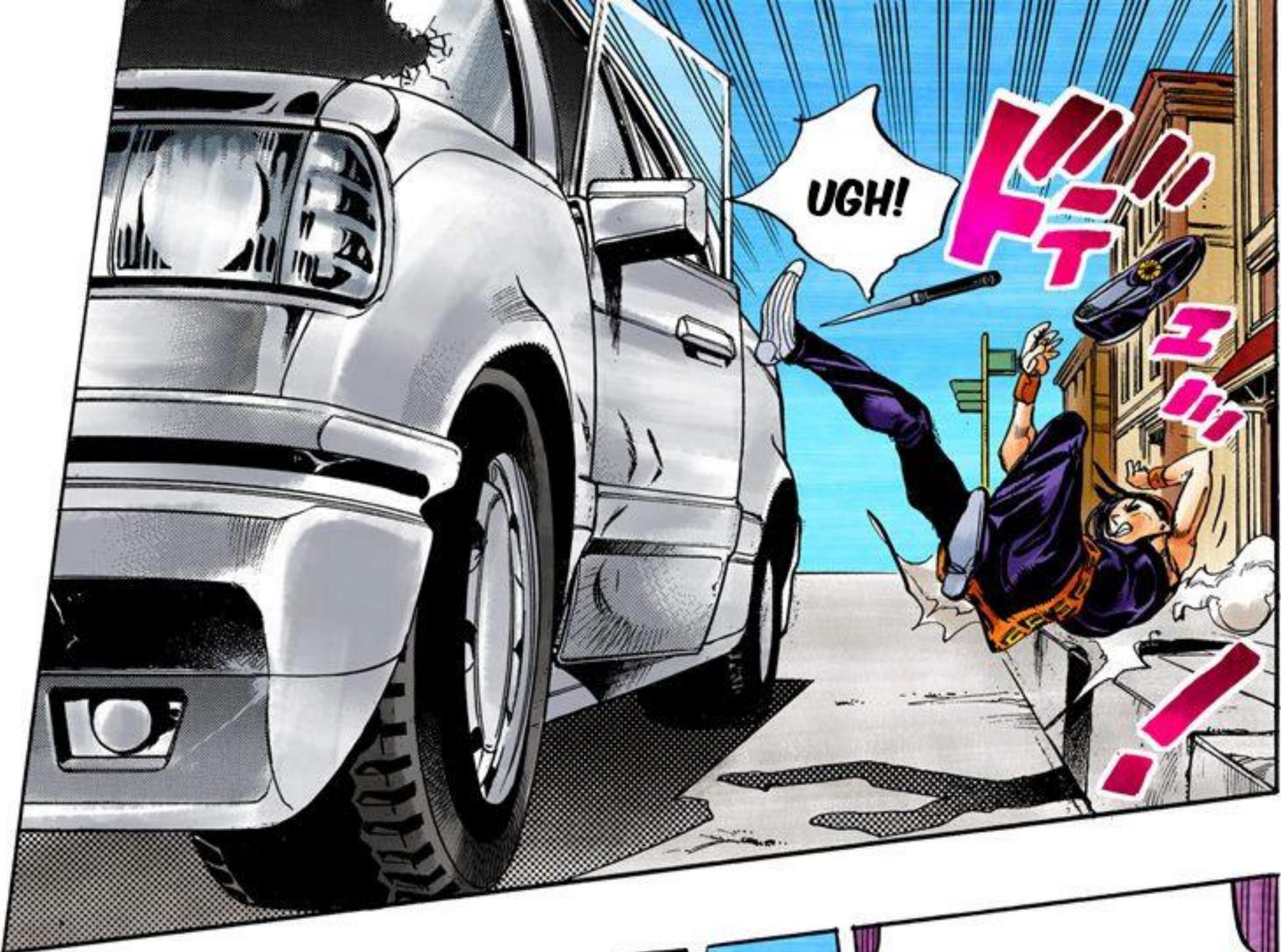
"MEN SHOULD WORK FOR PEOPLE LIKE HIM..." HE BEGAN TO THINK.

NARANCIA WANTED TO WORK FOR THAT MAN AND HIS FRIEND...

"THERE WAS NOTHING IN IT FOR HIM TO BE SO ANGRY AT ME..." THINKING OF THAT MAN'S ATTITUDE BROUGHT OUT NARANCIA'S COURAGE.

AND  
PASSED  
THE  
TEST.

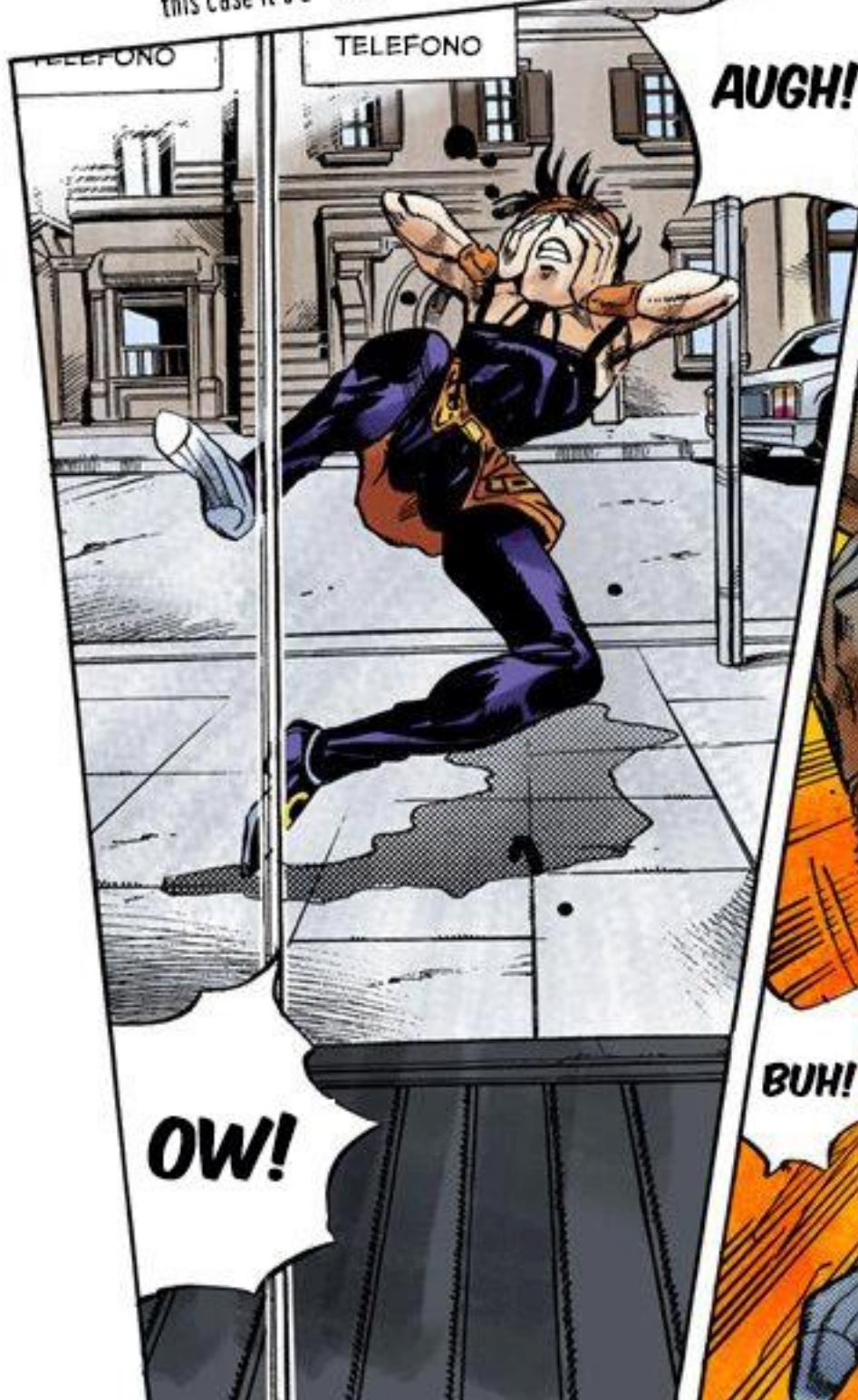






I'LL USE  
THOSE  
TO CALL  
THE SECRET  
HIDEOUT!

Author's note: Telefono means Phone in Italian, but in this case it's a "Telefono a moneta", a Payphone.





THAT DOOR DETECTS YOU BY WEIGHT, AND I'M TOO LIGHT TO OPEN IT...

AND WHAT'S THIS "M" STAND FOR!? WHAT'S "1M" MEAN!?

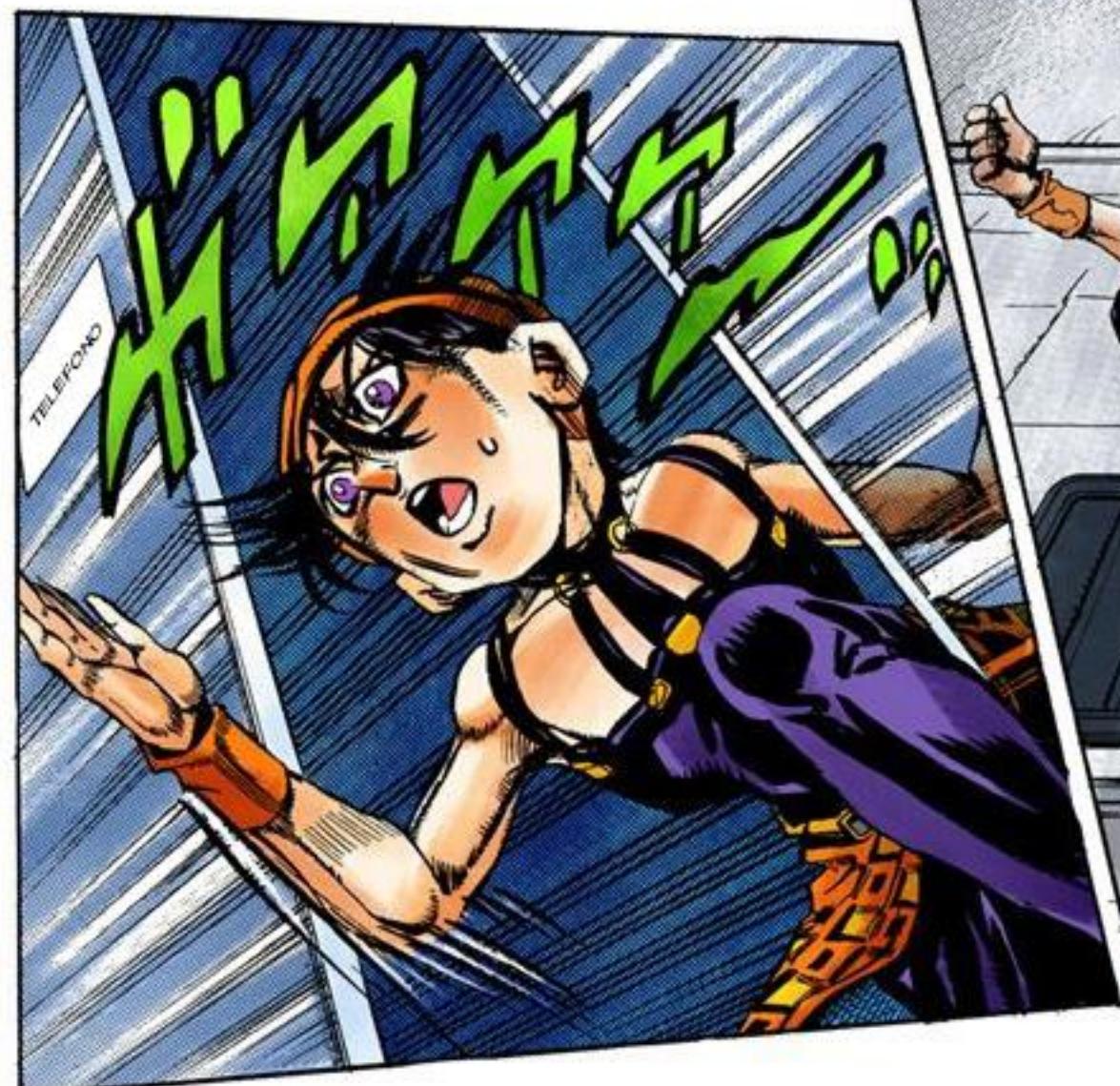
I'M ACTUALLY SHRINKING PRETTY FAST!

SHIT, DON'T TELL ME...!

HOW MANY CENTIMETERS TALL AM I NOW!?

BUT! IF I CAN'T EVEN USE THE PHONE TO CALL FOR HELP...!

THIS IS REALLY BAD! I'VE GOTTA MAKE THE CALL QUICK! IF I KEEP SHRINKING, I WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO USE THE TELEPHONE ANYMORE! I'VE GOTTA LET THE GUYS KNOW!



I... IT'S  
CLOSING  
ALREADY!?

WHAT!?

NOW THAT YOU'RE  
THIS SMALL, IT'S  
GONNA TAKE SOME  
EFFORT JUST TO  
MAKE A CALL!

TELEFONO

URK!

TELEFONO

ACK!  
GACK!

TELEFONO

UGH...

YOU NEED A TELE-  
PHONE CARD OR  
CHANGE TO USE A  
PUBLIC TELEPHONE,  
BUT EVERYTHING  
ON YOU'S SHRINK-  
ING TOO, CLOTHES  
AND WALLET IN-  
CLUDED!

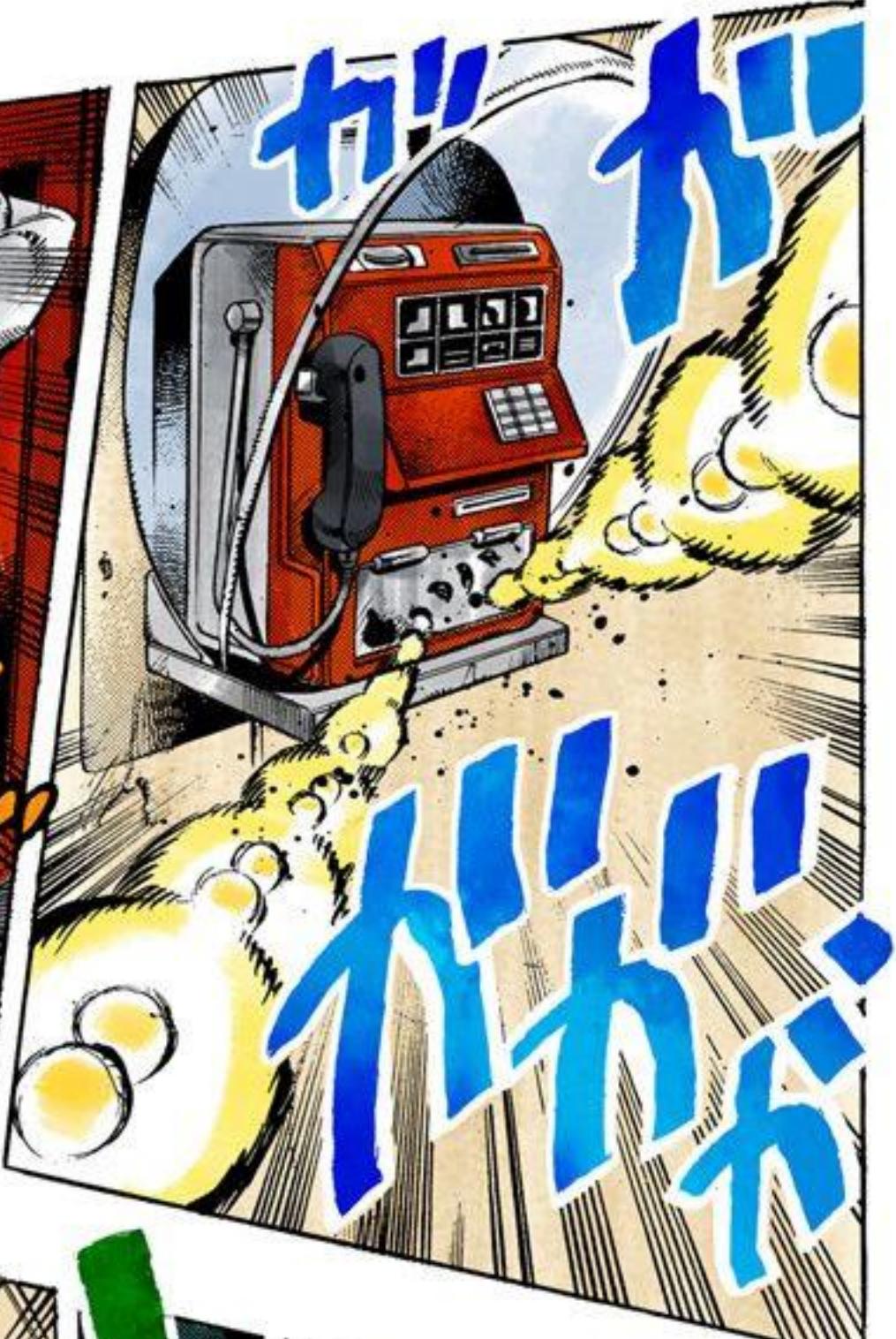
AND  
THOUGH  
YOU  
HAVEN'T  
NOTICED  
YET...

GEHH!

URR

...







デジタルカラー版  
ジョジョの奇妙な冒険  
PARTE 5 黄金の風  
4巻

荒木飛呂彦

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