



GIO GHO



IF I GO  
TO THE  
PLACE IN  
THE PHOTO  
AND DIG  
AROUND,

HIT IT

'CAUSE TRISH  
IS PROBABLY  
HIDING SOME-  
WHERE ALONG  
THIS BRIDGE, AND  
THIS SOM-  
ETHING IS SO  
PRECIOUS TO  
YOU, YOU HAD  
TO TAKE THE  
PRECAUTION OF  
SPLITTING  
UP.

I CAN'T  
AFFORD  
TO LEAVE  
WITHOUT  
IT, EITHER.

AT ANY RATE,  
IF TRISH AIN'T  
HERE...



PART 1





# **WHITE ALBUM**

## **PART 1**







THERE'S THE MERCHANT OF VENICE AND DEATH IN VENICE...

SO HOW COME EVERYONE CALLS VENEZIA BY ITS ENGLISH NAME, "VENICE"!?

IN ENGLISH, THEY SAY IT LIKE "PAIR-ISS"...

BUT THE REST OF THE WORLD SAYS "PA-REE", LIKE THE FRENCH DO.



IT'S ITALIAN, YOU GODDAMN BASTARDS!  
SPEAK FUCKING ITALIAN!  
FUCK, THAT PISSES ME OFF!

IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A FUCKING JOKE!?

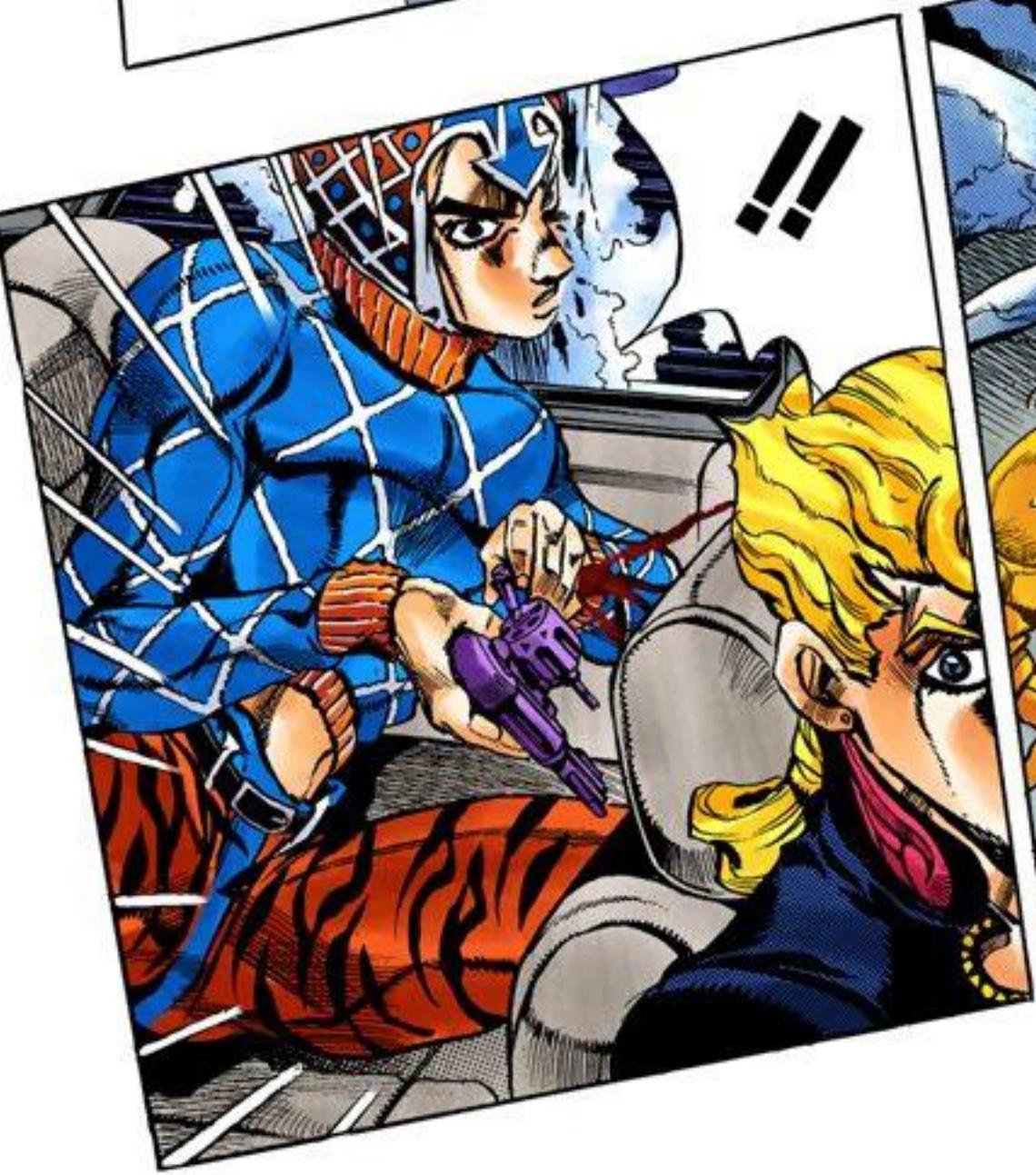
ARE YOU HAPPY WITH THAT!?

WHY CAN'T THEY CALL IT DEATH IN VENEZIA!?

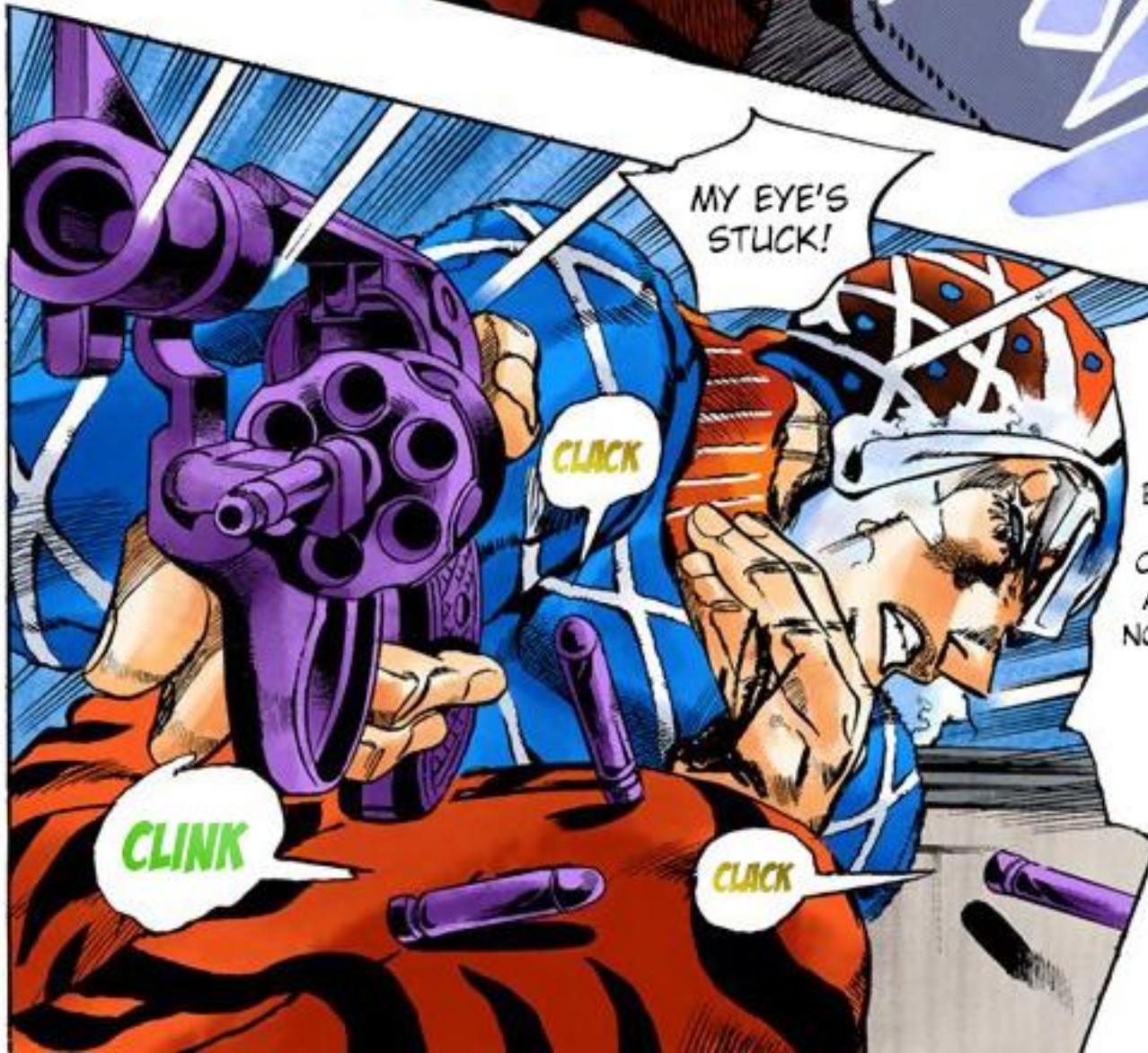
YOU STUPID MOTHER-FUCKERS!

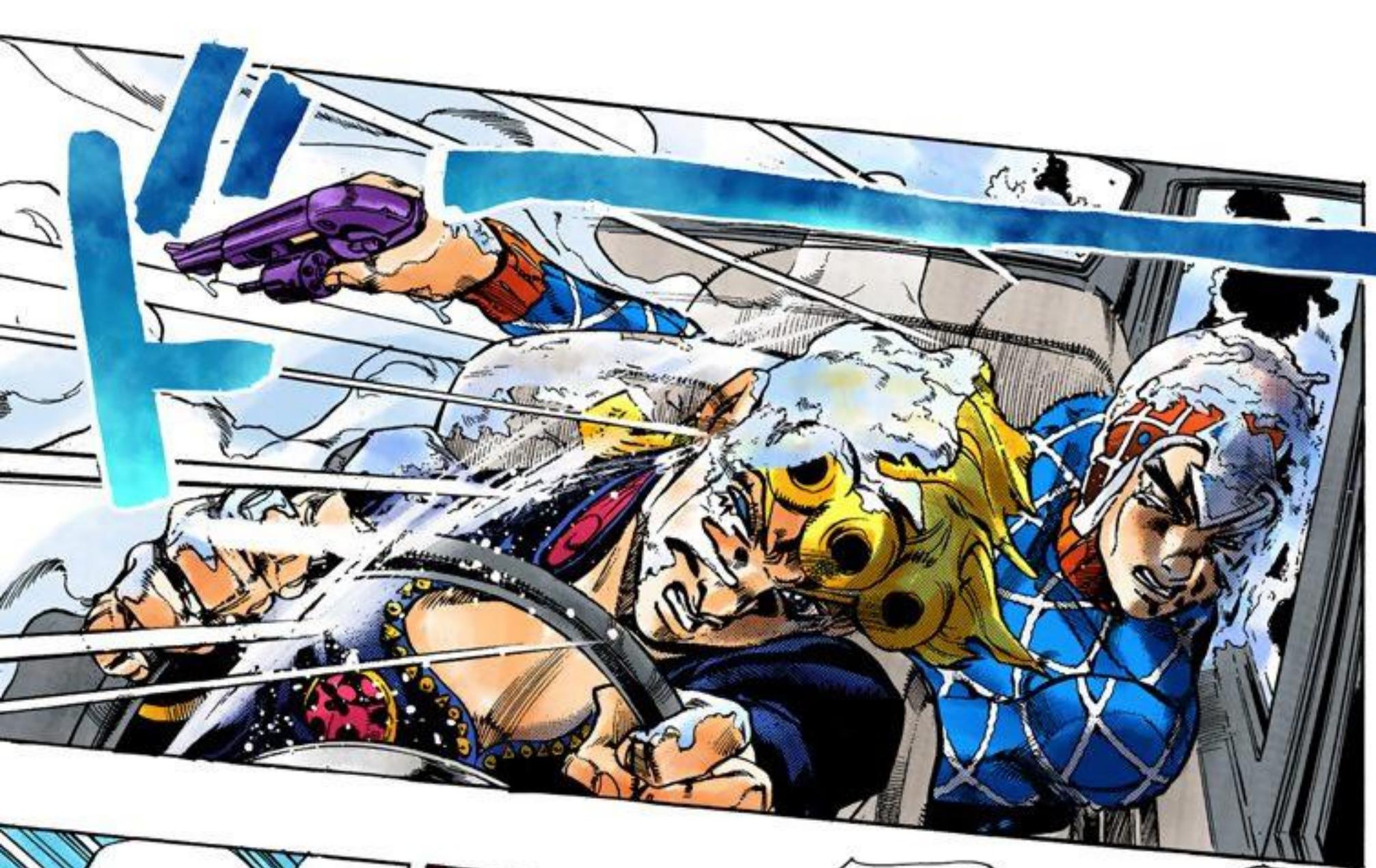
I'M NOT HAPPY AT ALL!



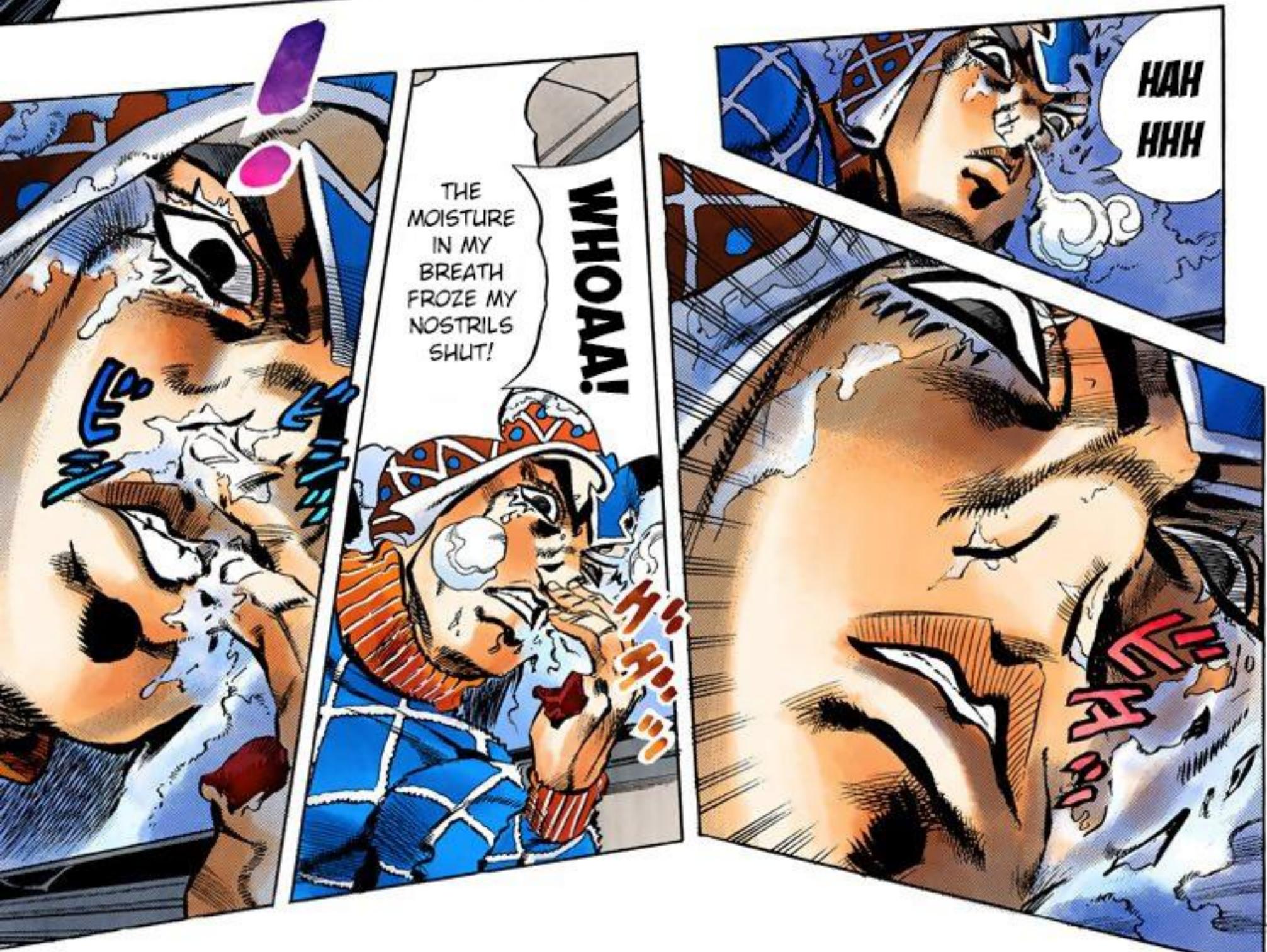
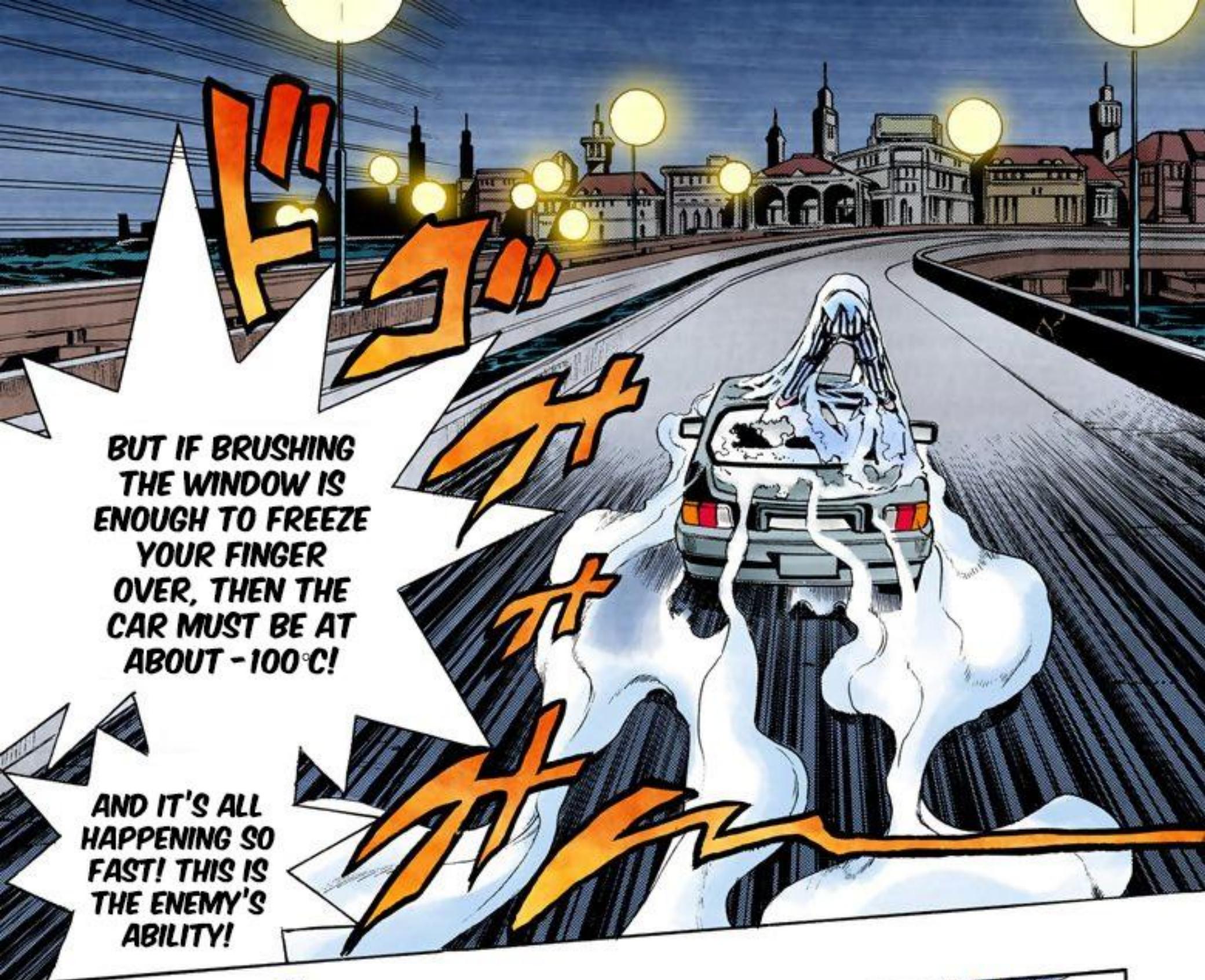


WHAaaaaat!?





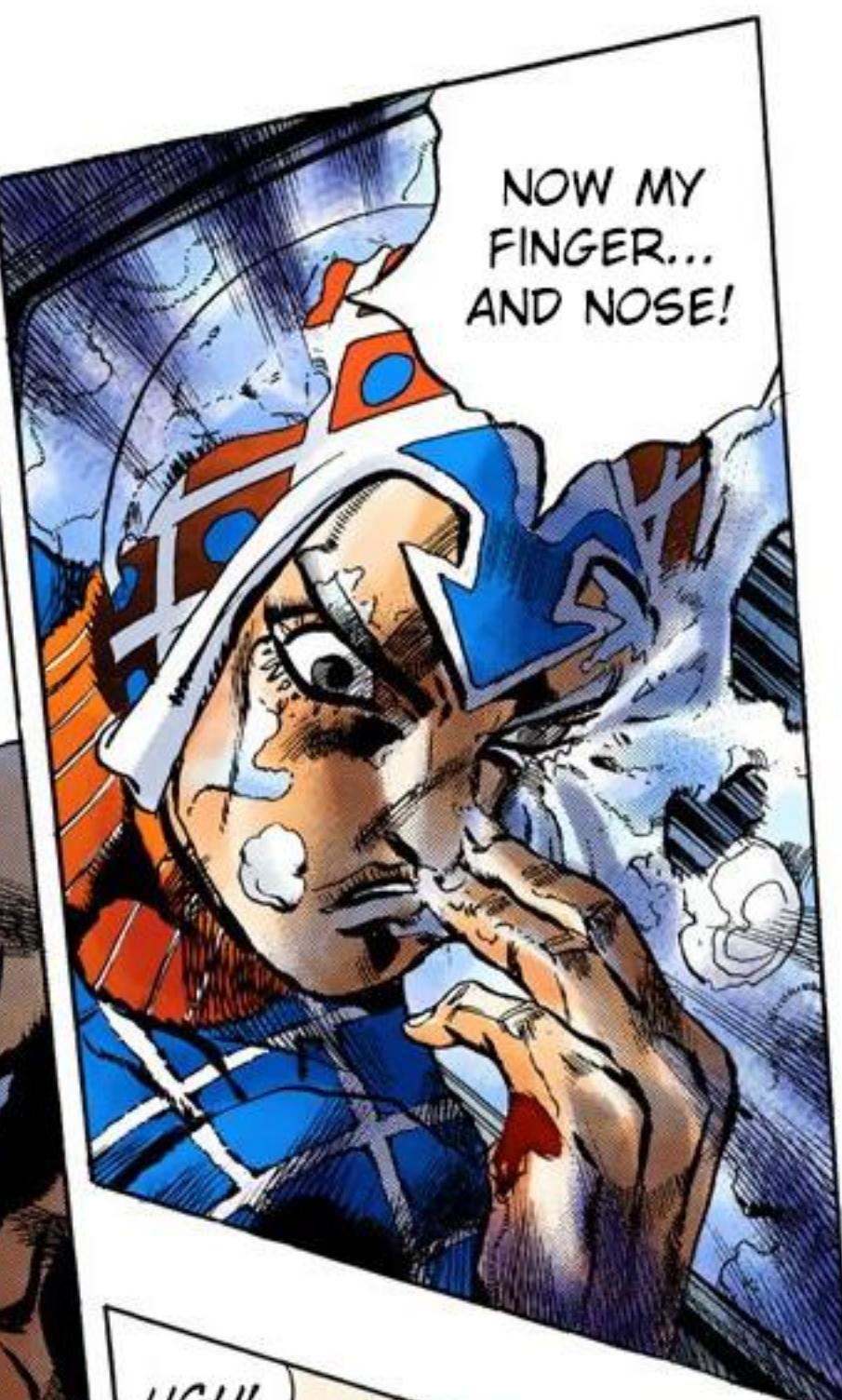




"COLD" DOESN'T EVEN BEGIN TO DESCRIBE THIS BULLSHIT... IF WE DON'T STOP HIM, WE'RE GONNA SUFFOCATE!

OH SHIT! EVEN MY LIPS!

NOW MY FINGER... AND NOSE!



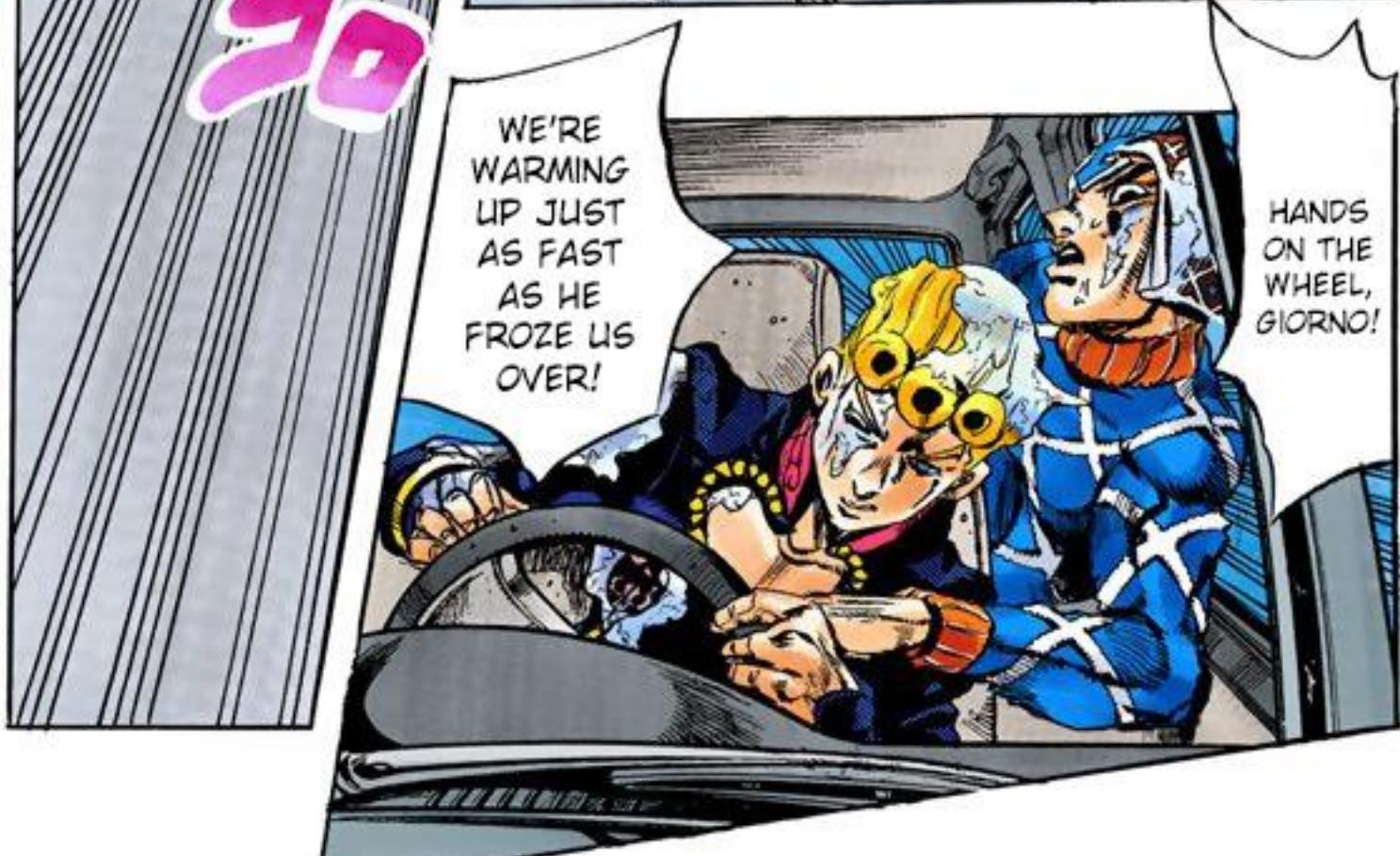


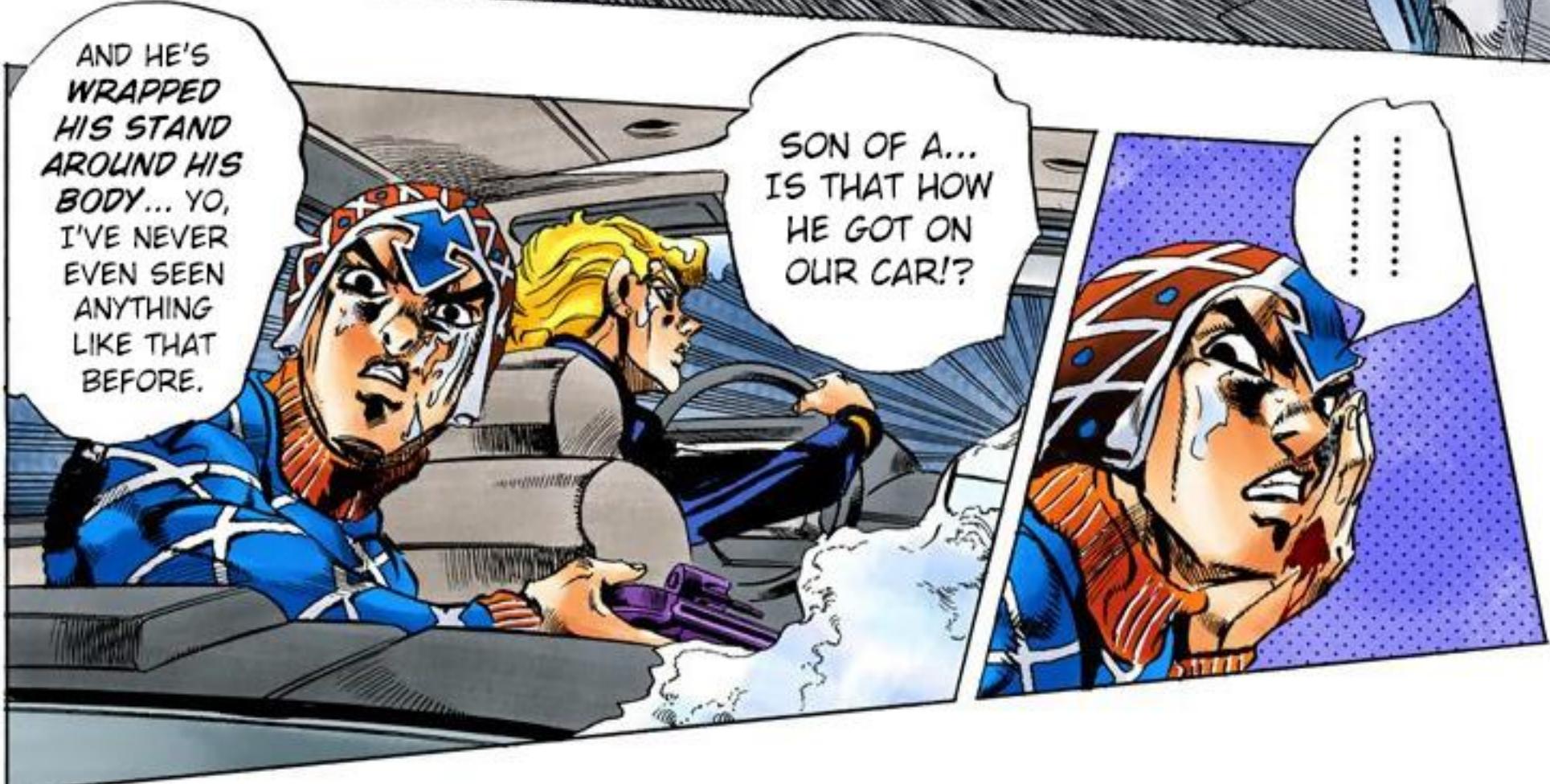
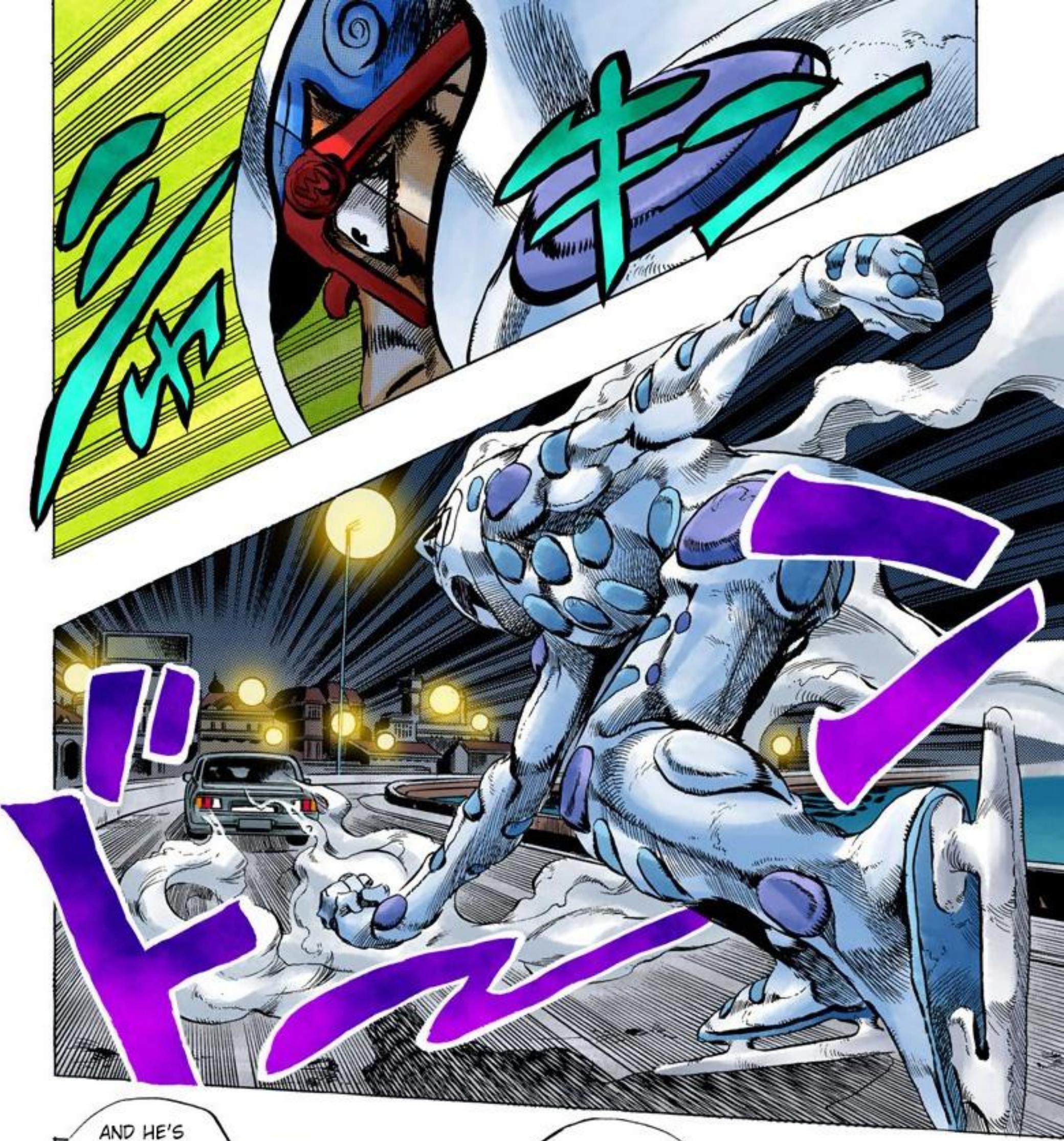




**COLD  
EXPERIENCE!**







IS THAT  
THE ABILITY OF  
GIORNO GIOVANNA,  
**THE NEW STAND**  
USER THAT  
MELONE  
MENTIONED...?

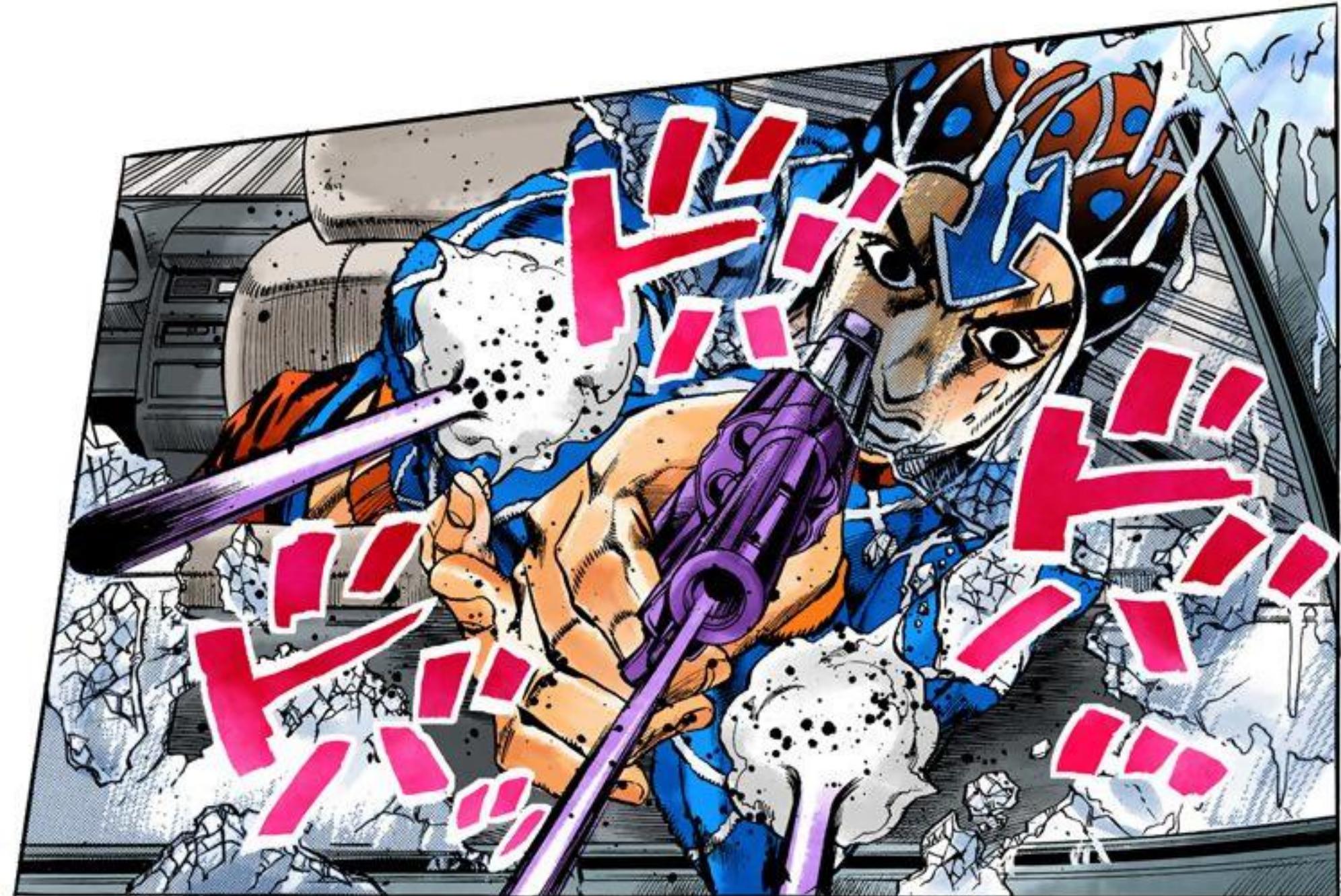
TCH!

**HE'S  
COMING  
AFTER  
US!!**

EITHER WAY,  
YOU WON'T  
ESCAPE... THE  
**OBJECT** AT THE  
STATION IS COMING  
HOME WITH ME,  
**GHIACCIO.**

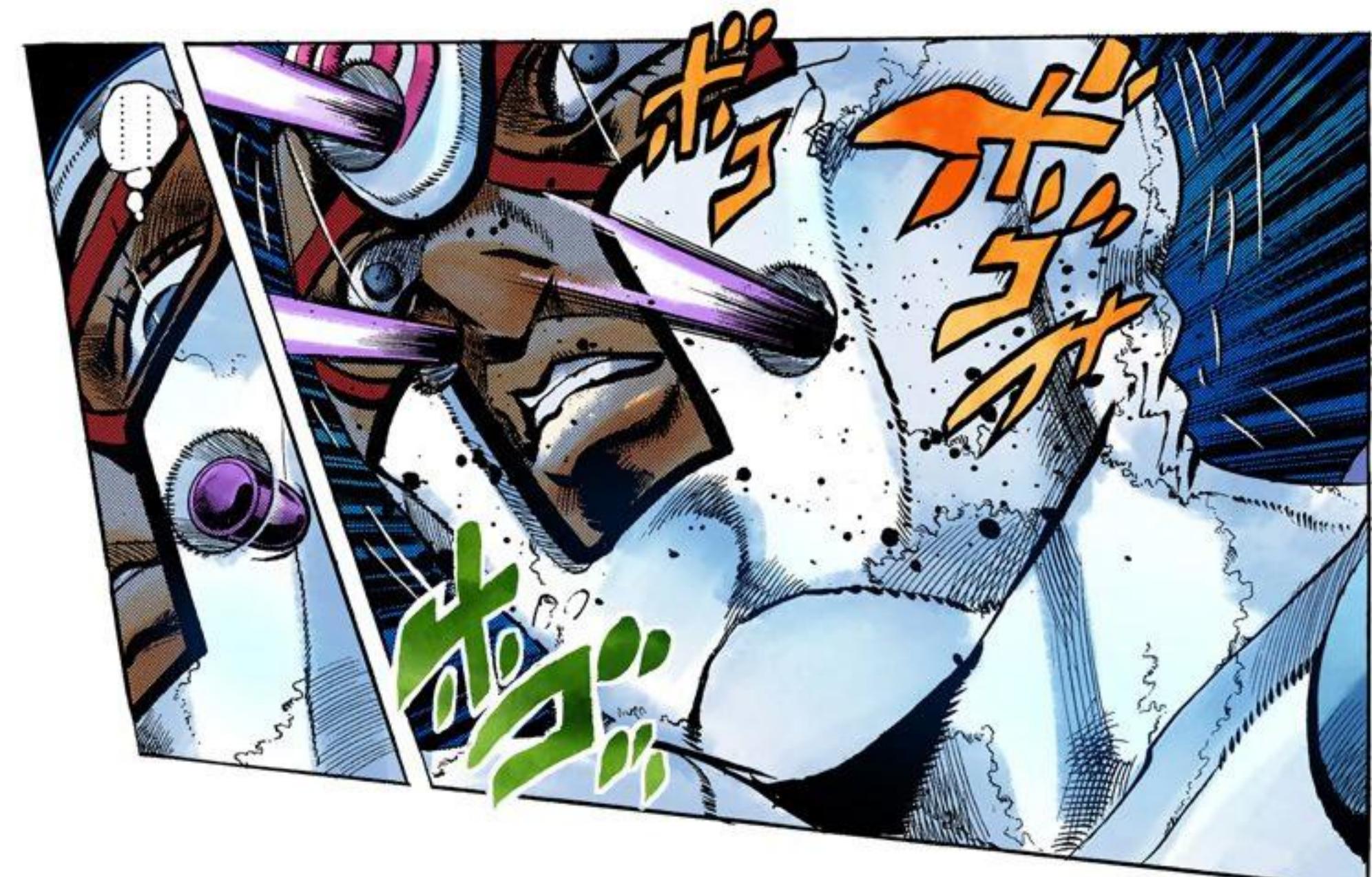
Name: Ghiaccio  
Stand: **White Album**

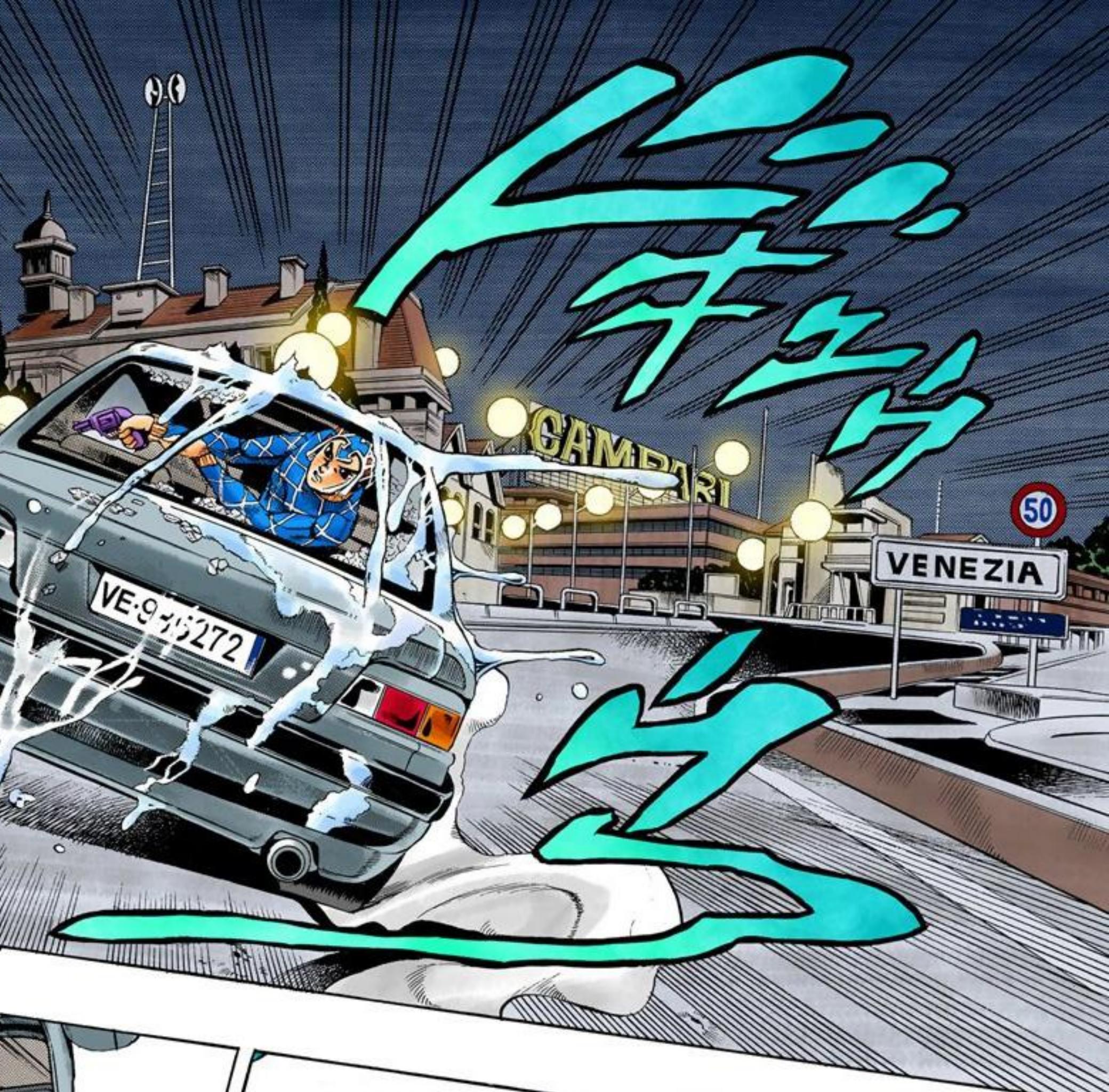




# **WHITE ALBUM**

## **PART ②**



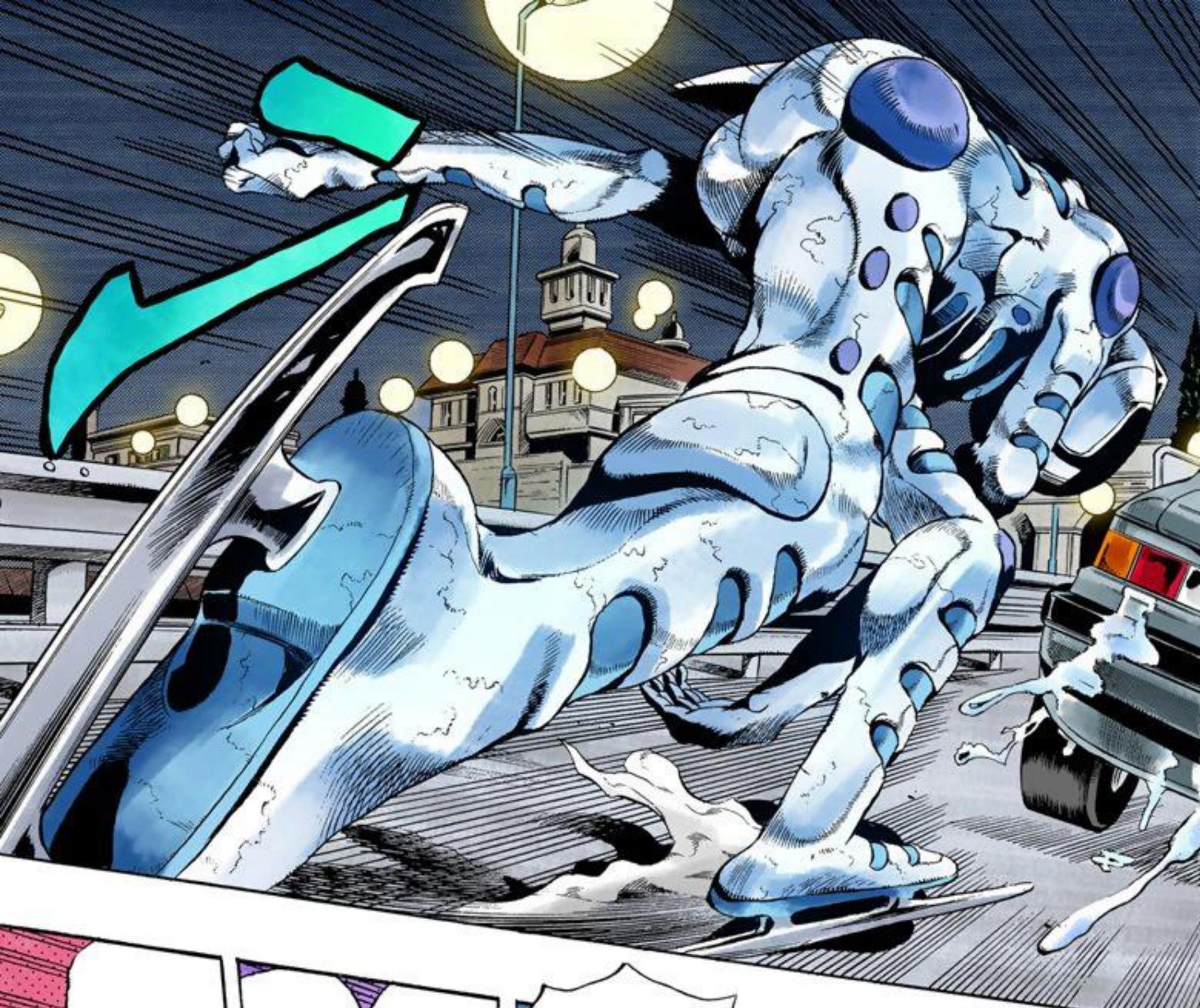


HE'S  
SPEEDING  
UP!

MY ABILITY,  
**WHITE ALBUM**,  
USES CRYOGENIC  
TEMPERATURES  
TO FREEZE THE  
MOISTURE IN THE  
AIR INTO A SUIT  
OF ARMOR.

I CAN  
USE IT  
TO SKATE  
AROUND, AND  
IT'S STRONG  
ENOUGH  
TO STOP  
BULLETS!

YOU'RE  
WASTING  
YOUR  
AMMO.



SURE, BUT  
AT LEAST  
HE DOESN'T  
KNOW  
WHERE  
TRISH AND  
THE TURTLE  
ARE  
HIDING!

HE KNOWS  
WE'RE  
GOING  
THERE  
TO PICK  
UP OUR  
NEXT  
OBJECTIVE....!



**WE CAN'T  
GO ANY  
FASTER!**  
THE CAR HASN'T  
COMPLETELY  
DEFROSTED  
YET!

ANY  
FASTER  
AND OUR  
REMAINING  
TIRES WILL  
SLIP!

GIORNO!  
HIT THE  
GAS!



IF WE  
SLIP, WE'LL  
JUST LOSE  
MORE  
SPEED!

I TOLD  
YOU, I  
CAN'T!

BUT THAT  
WON'T  
MATTER  
IF HE  
CATCHES  
US! GO  
FASTER,  
GIORNO!

YOU'LL NEVER  
REACH SANTA  
LUCIA STATION!  
THIS IS WHERE  
YOU DIE!

I DON'T  
CARE!  
DO IT!  
WE NEED  
MORE  
SPEED!



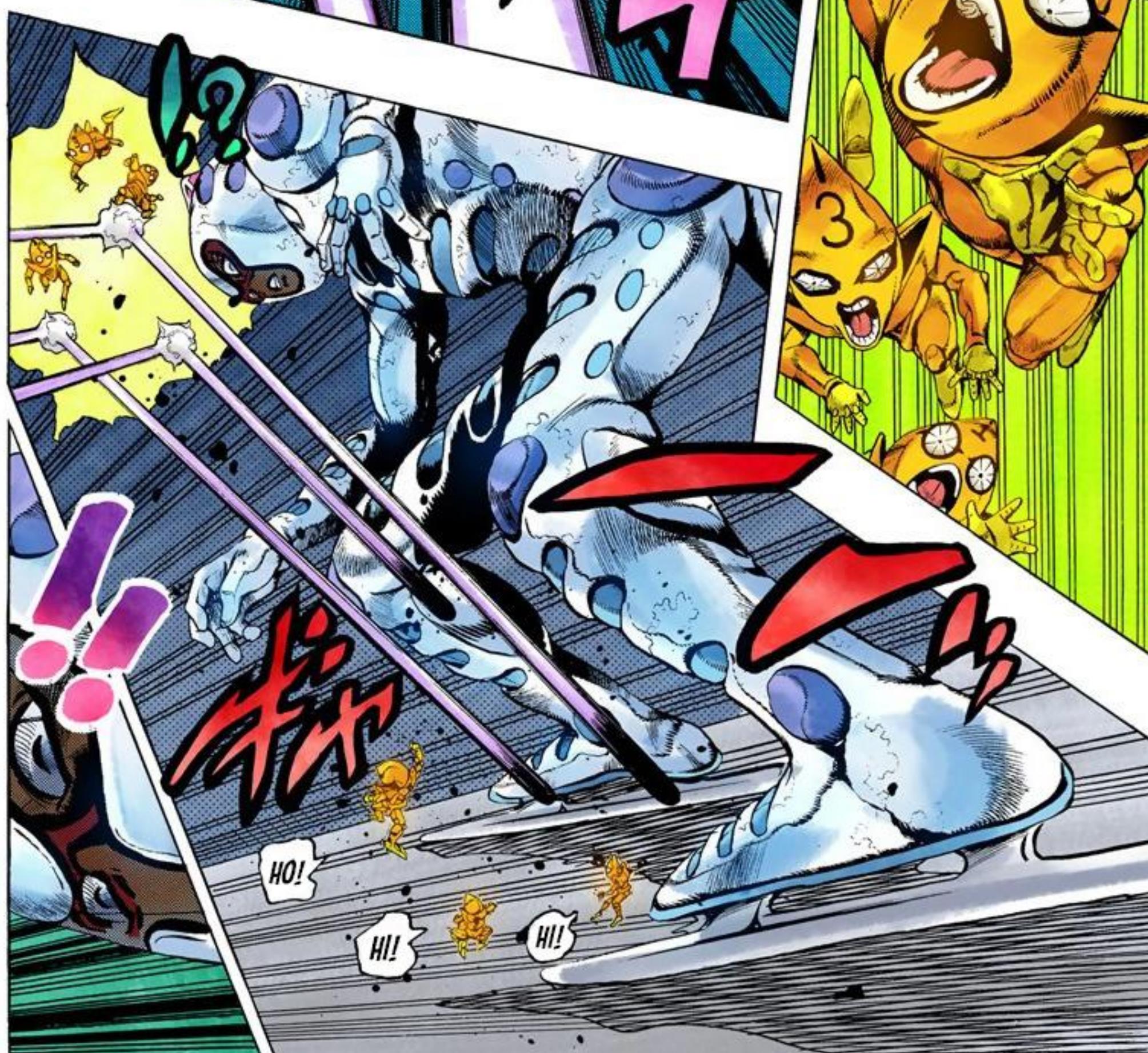
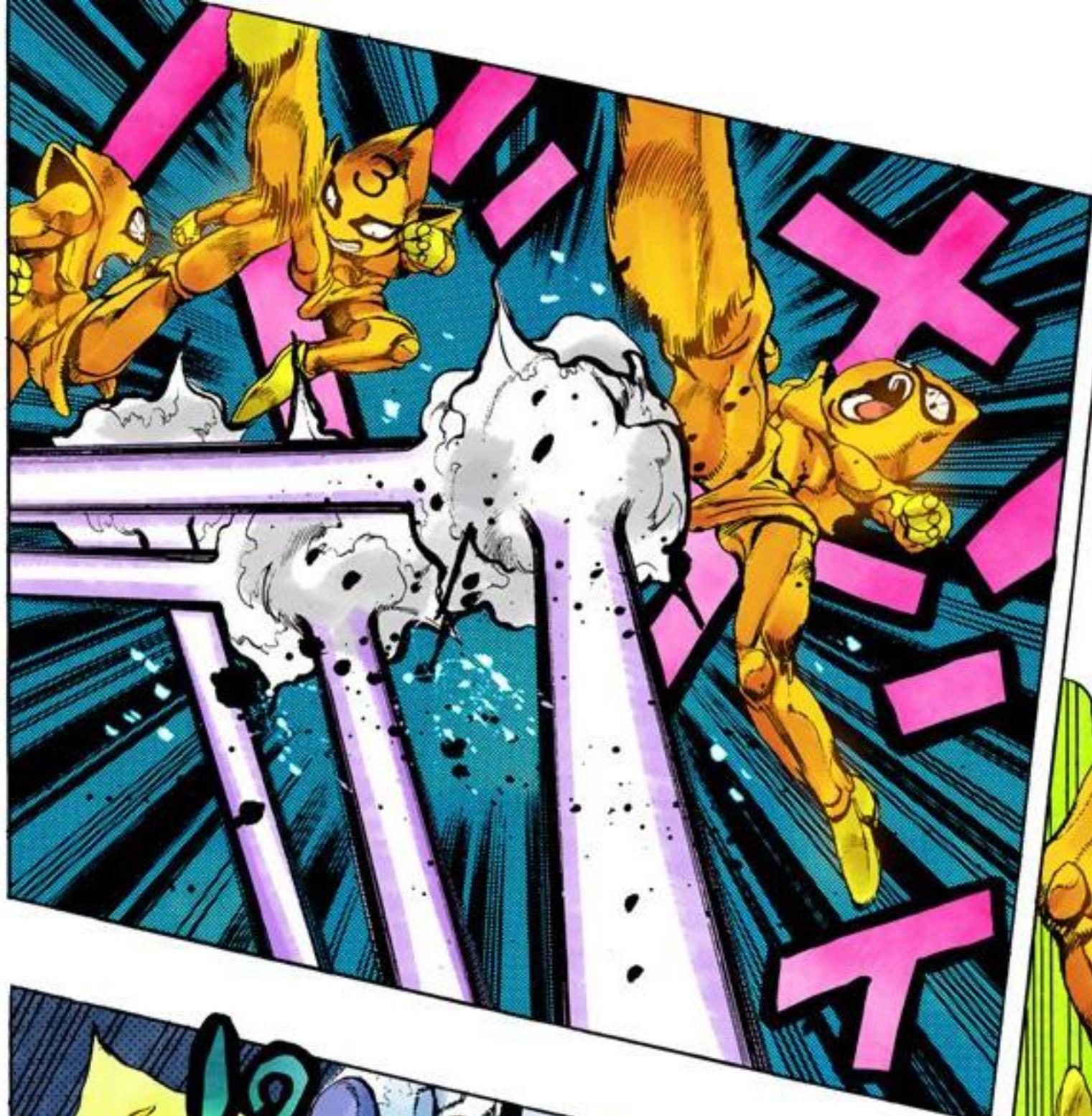
**C'MON,  
ARE YOU  
DEAF!?  
THAT PEA-  
SHOOTER  
OF YOURS  
CAN'T  
HARM  
ME!!**

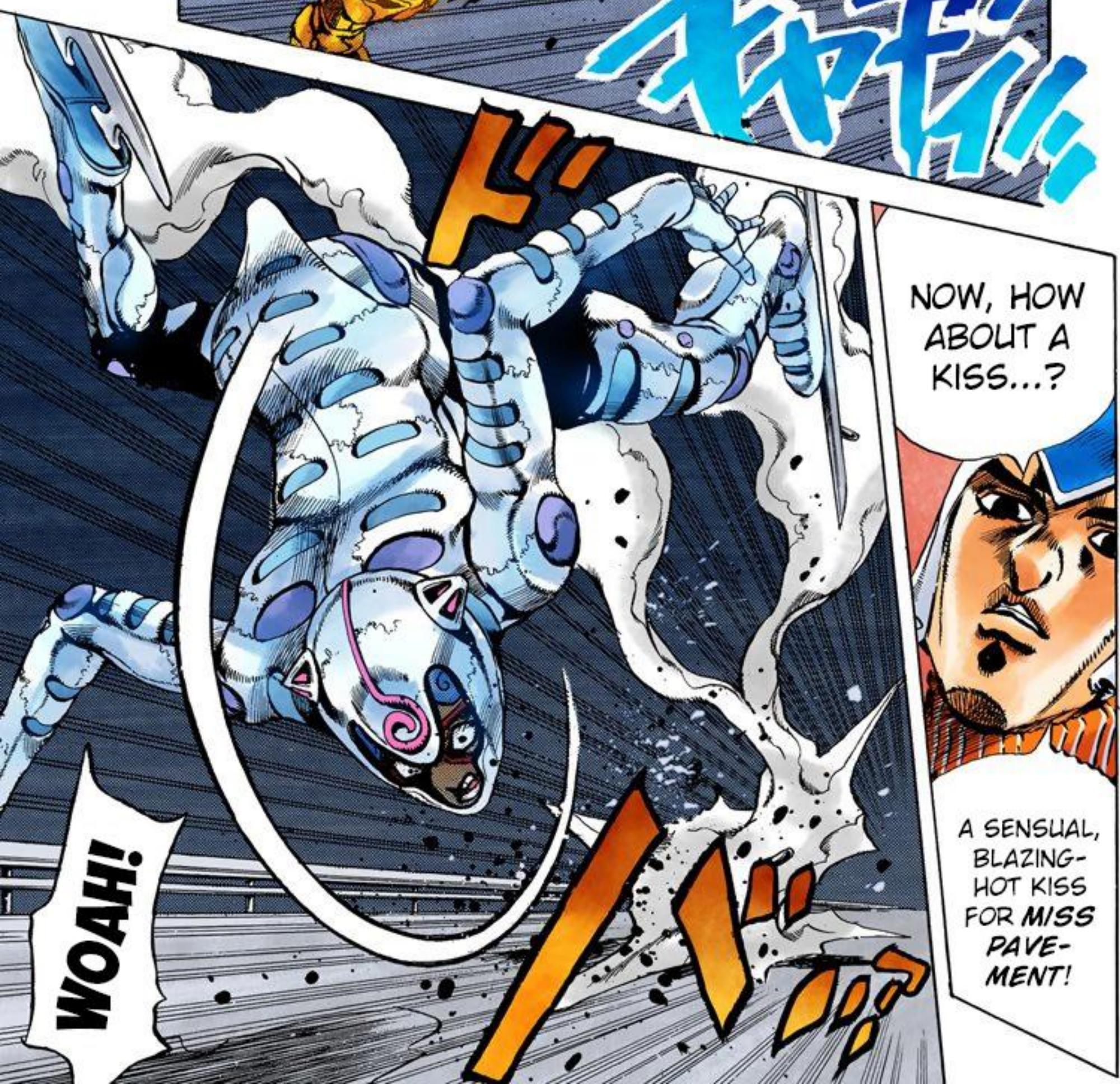
**NO, 2!  
NO. 3! DOWN  
FROM THE  
ROOF, NOW!**

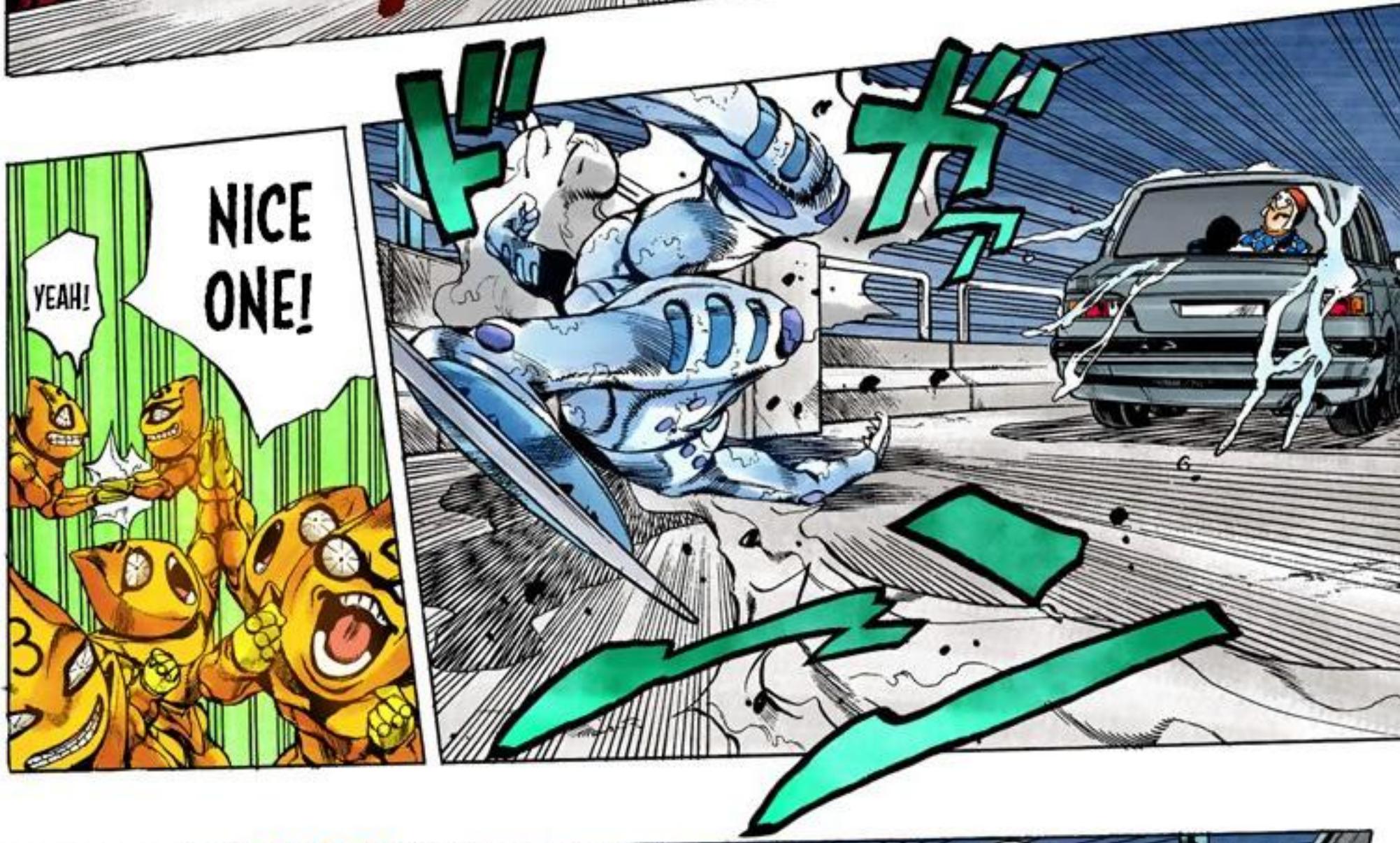
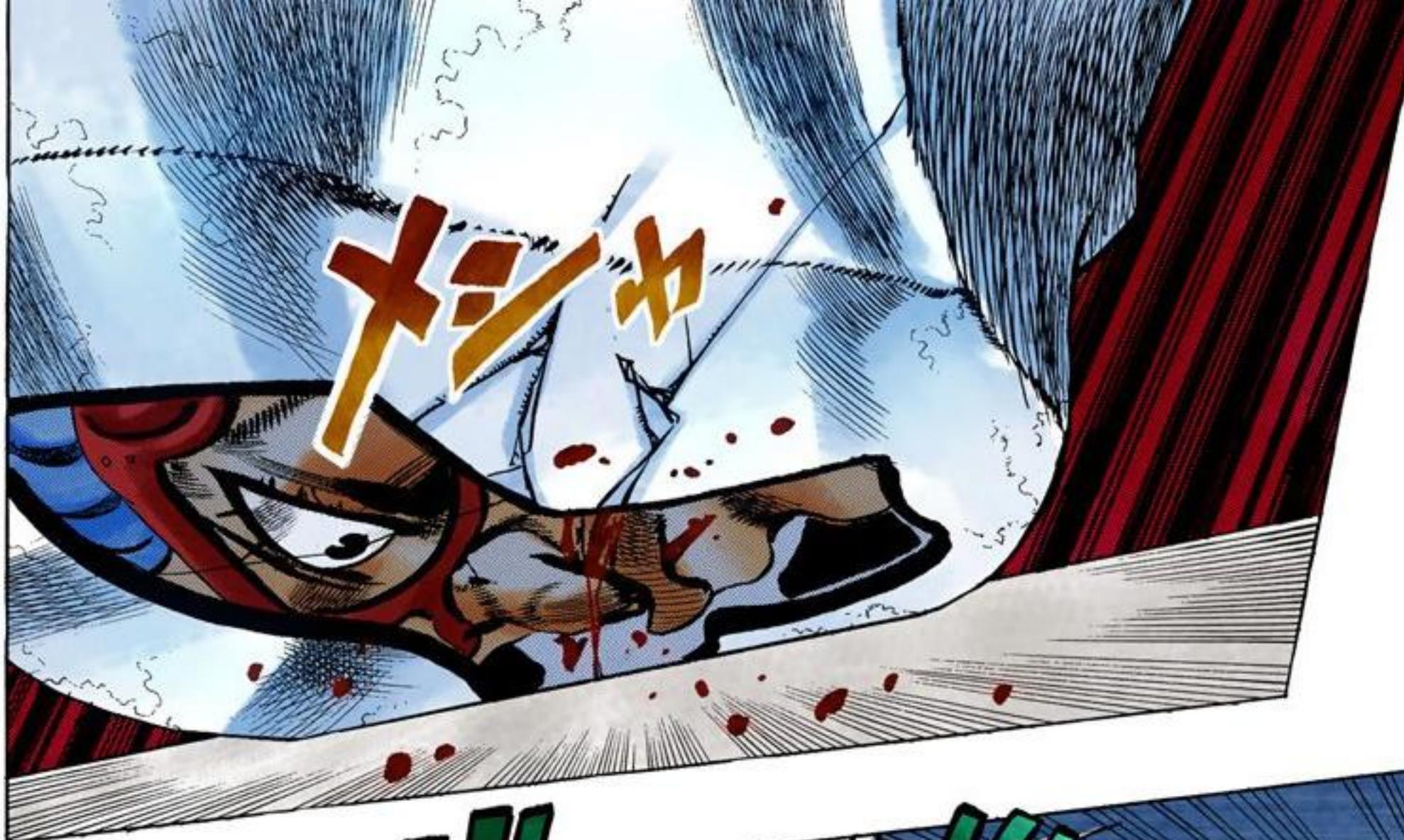


VEEEEEE-III

MAAAAW!!!









HE'S MAKING  
A ROPE OUTTA  
THE WATER  
FROM THE CAR...  
LIKE A FIRE  
CREEPING UP  
A TRAIL OF  
GASOLINE!

WHAT  
THE!?

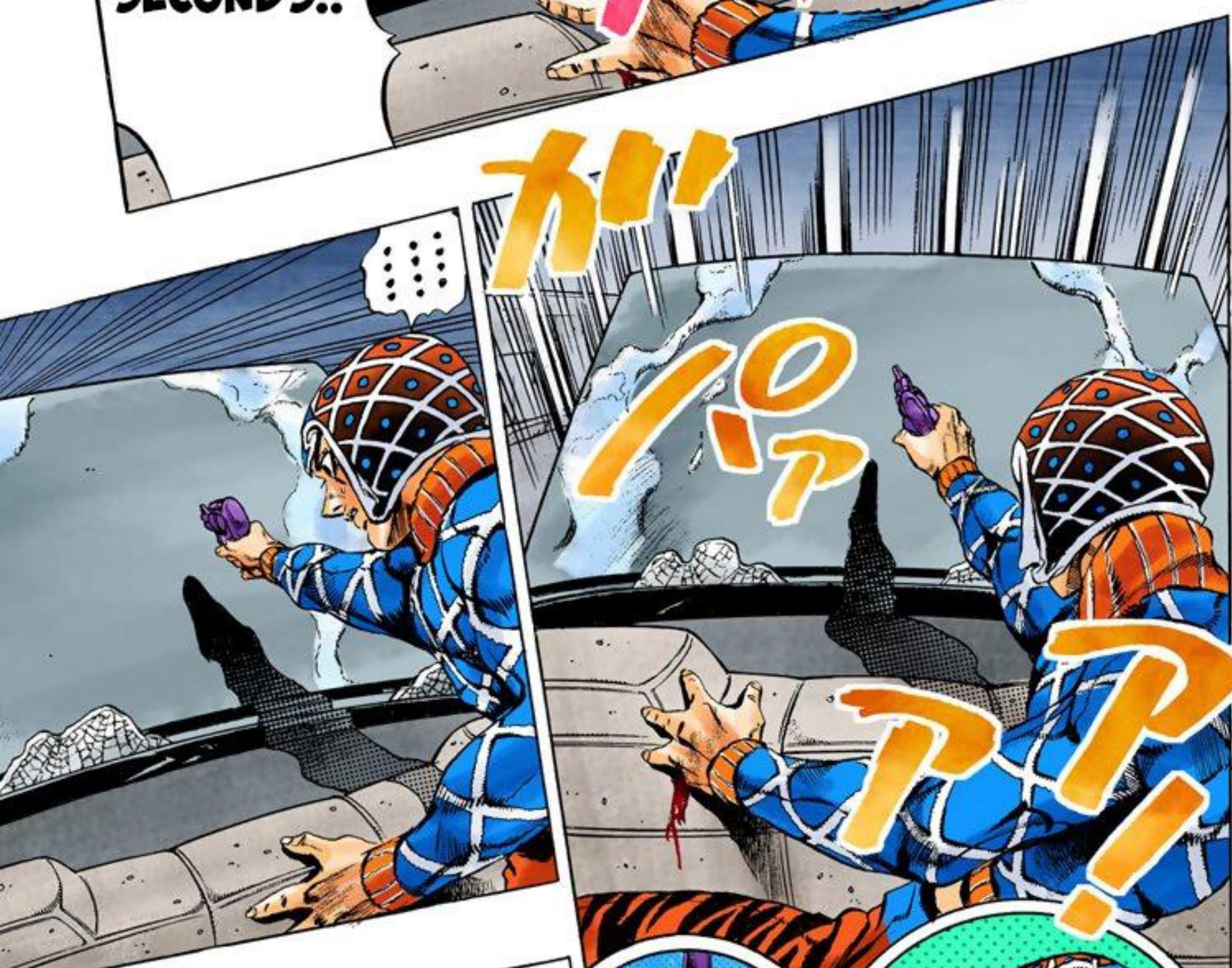
JUST HOW  
COLD DO YOU  
NEED TO BE  
TO DO THAT!?

YO,  
BITCH!





**YOU  
BACK FOR  
SECONDS!?**



THEN... THAT MEANS...

SHIT,  
HE OPENED  
THE TRUNK!



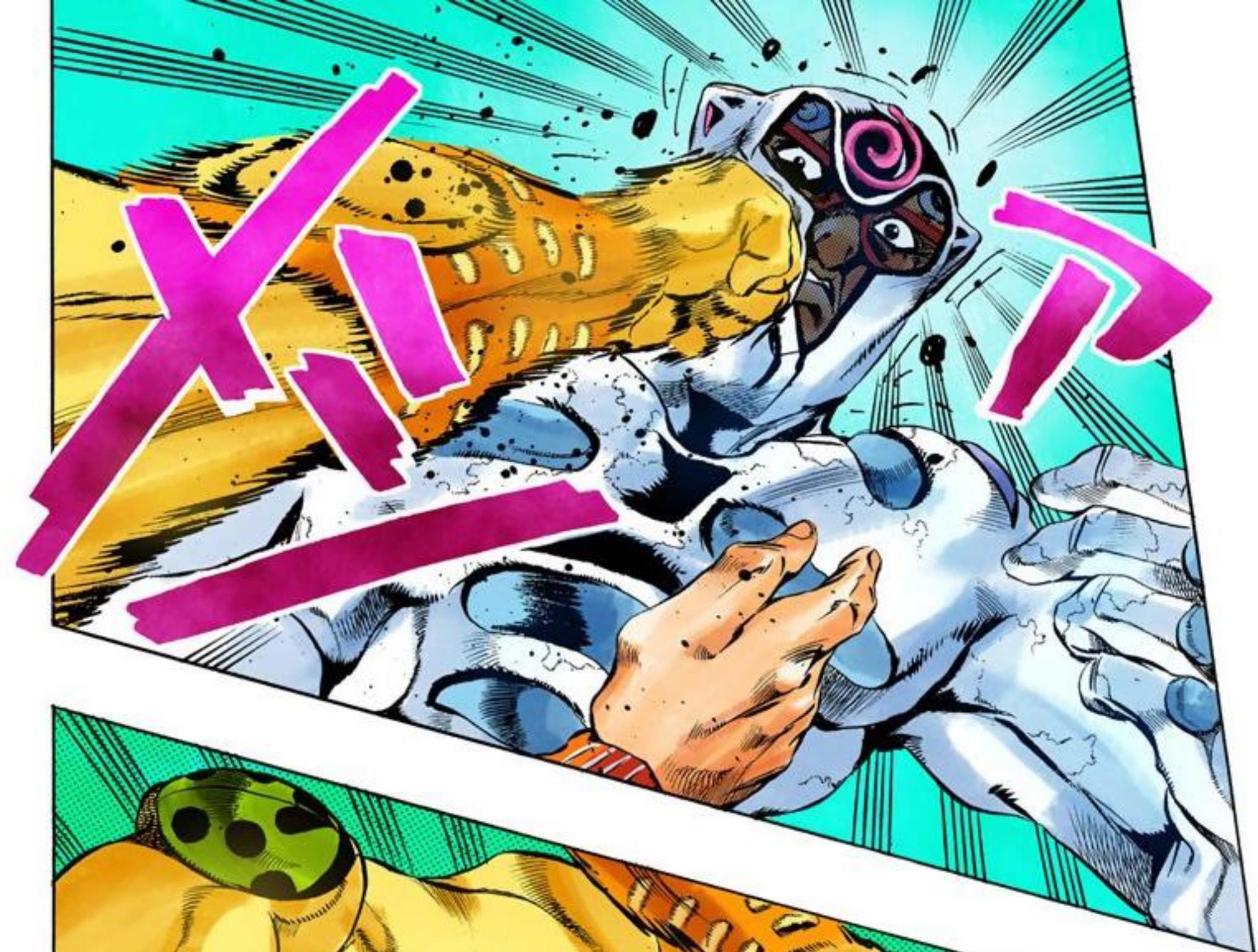


NOT  
THIS TIME,  
COWBOY!  
NOW, I'M JUST  
FREEZING YOU  
ALL DIRECTLY. I  
WOULD'A DONE  
THIS FROM THE  
START IF I  
KNEW TRISH  
WASN'T HERE!

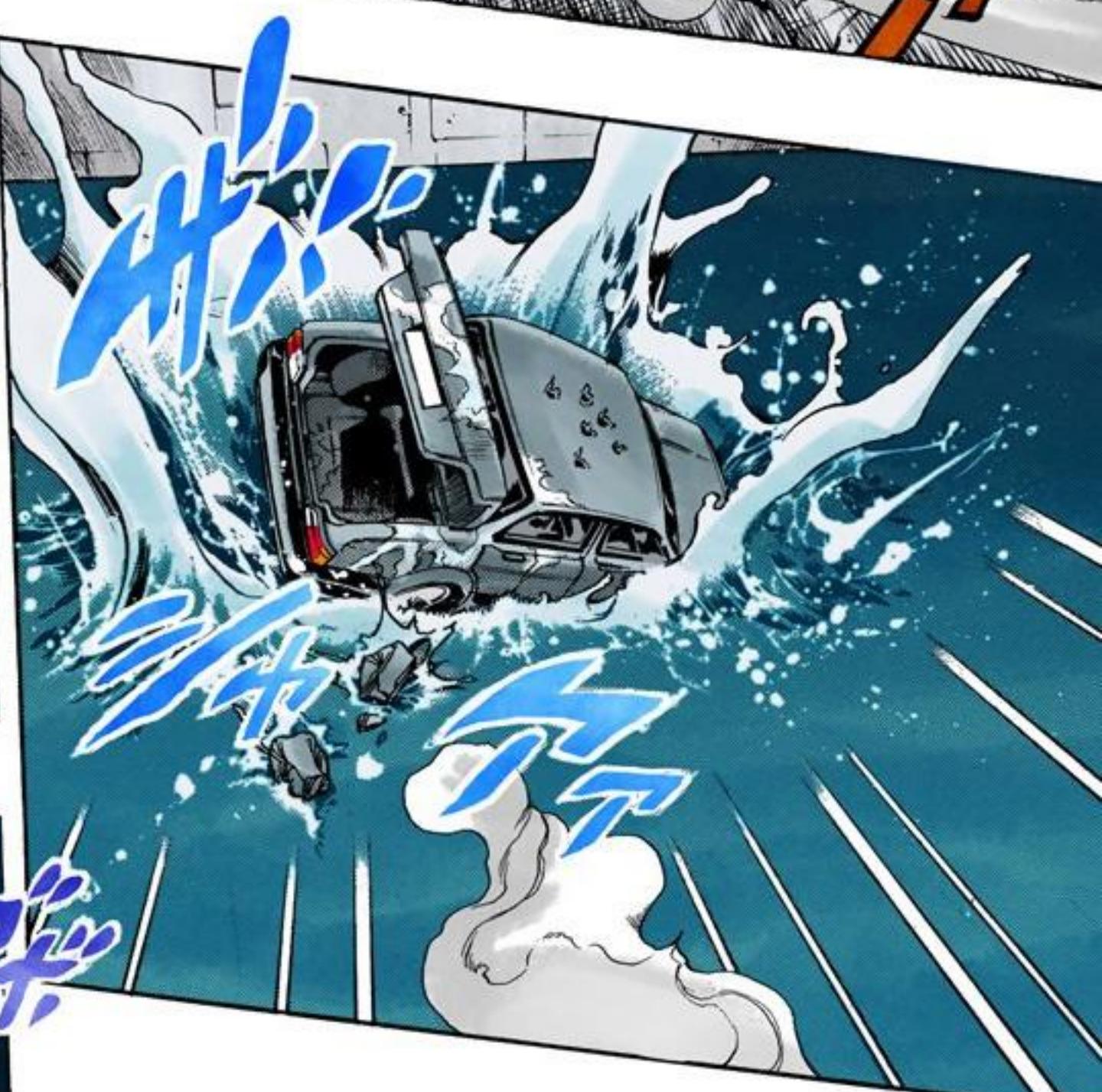
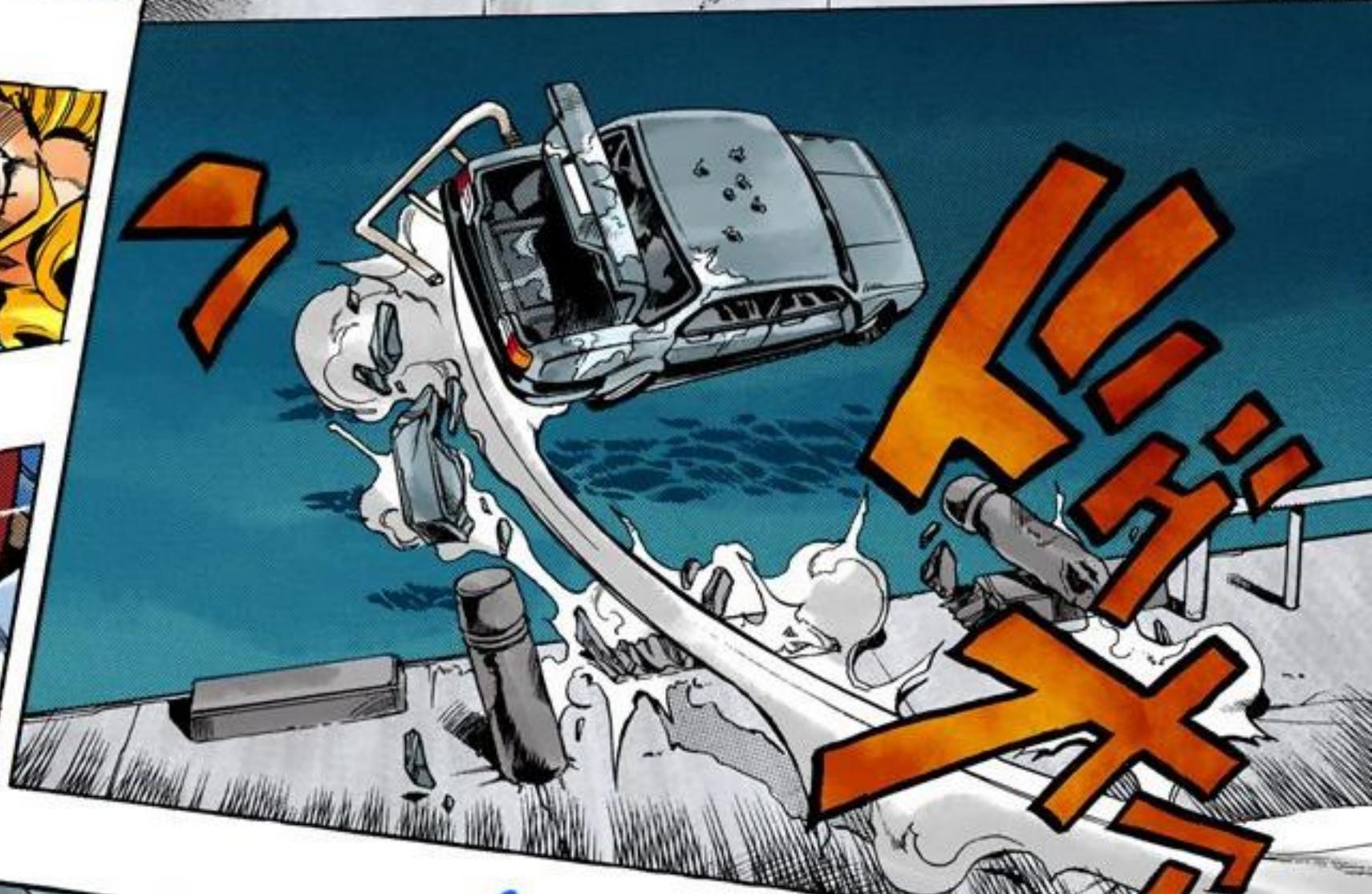
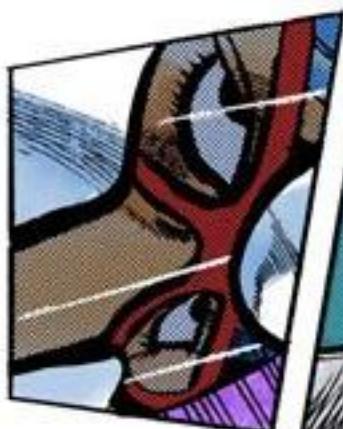
AAAAA  
AAAAA  
AAGH  
HH!!!

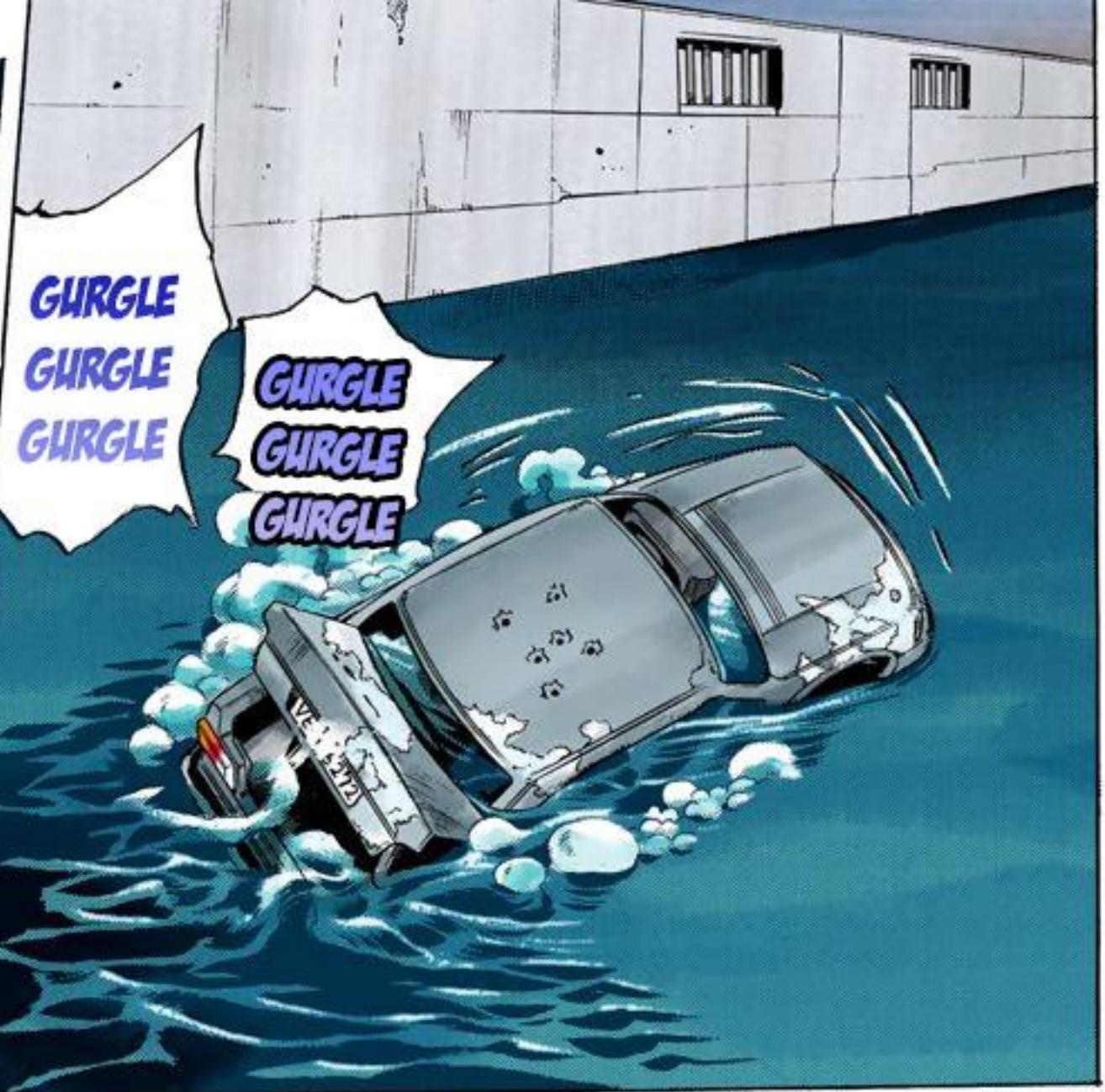
...IN  
PIECES.

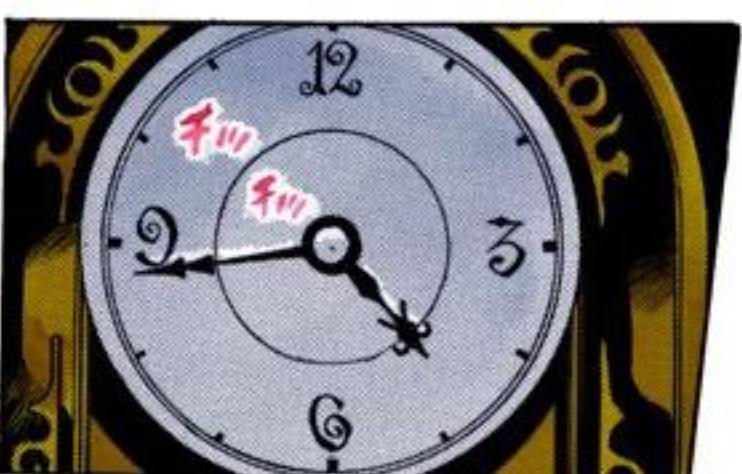
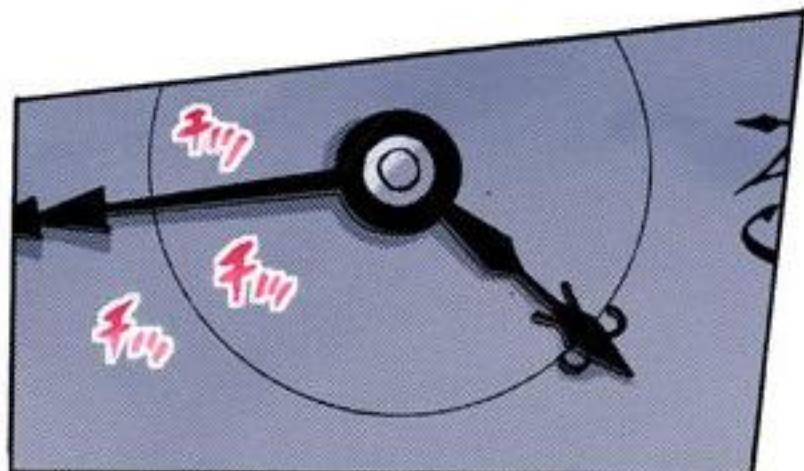
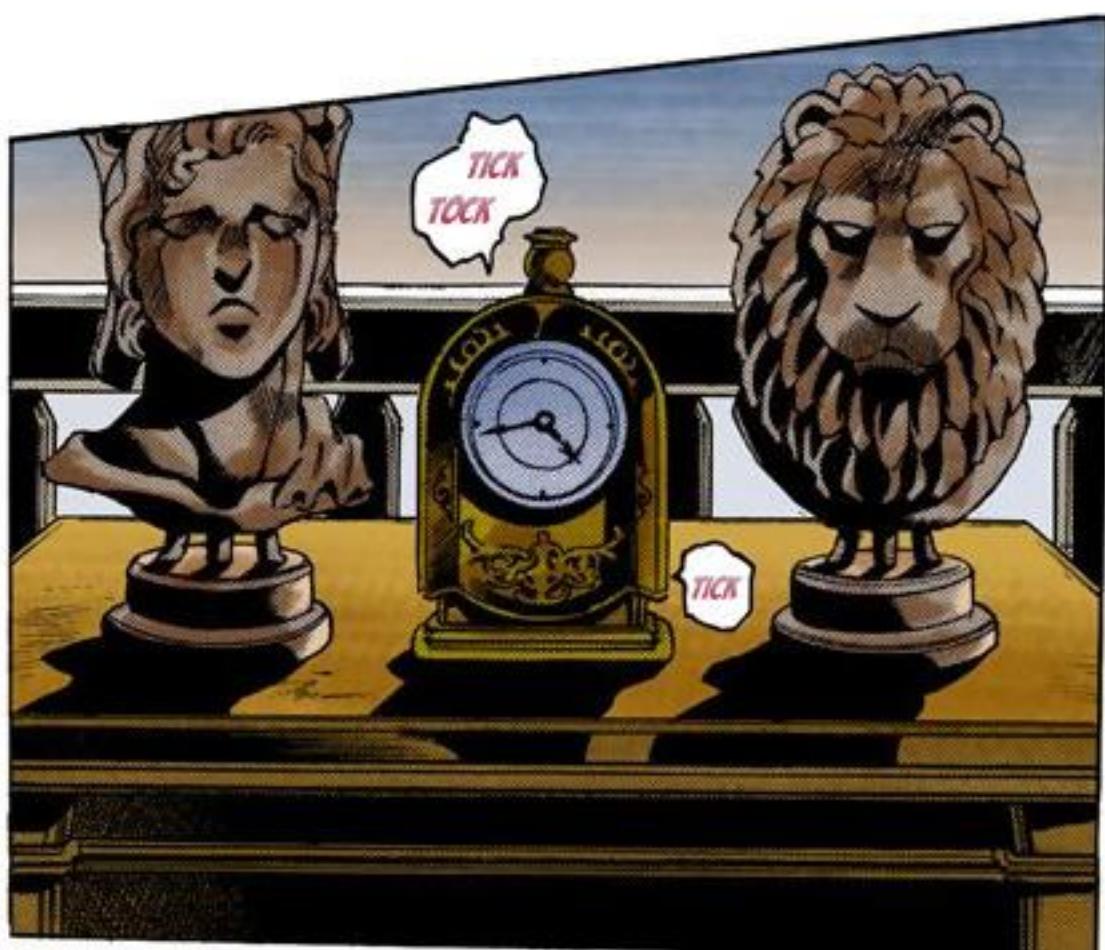
REST  
...











OH  
TRISH,  
MY  
DAUGH-  
TER...

IF YOU ALL  
FAIL, THEN IT  
WILL BE QUITE  
DIFFICULT TO  
FIND ME... FOR  
THAT FINAL,  
CRUCIAL  
STEP...

...THE  
DISC...

TAKE...

HERE IN  
VENEZIA  
...

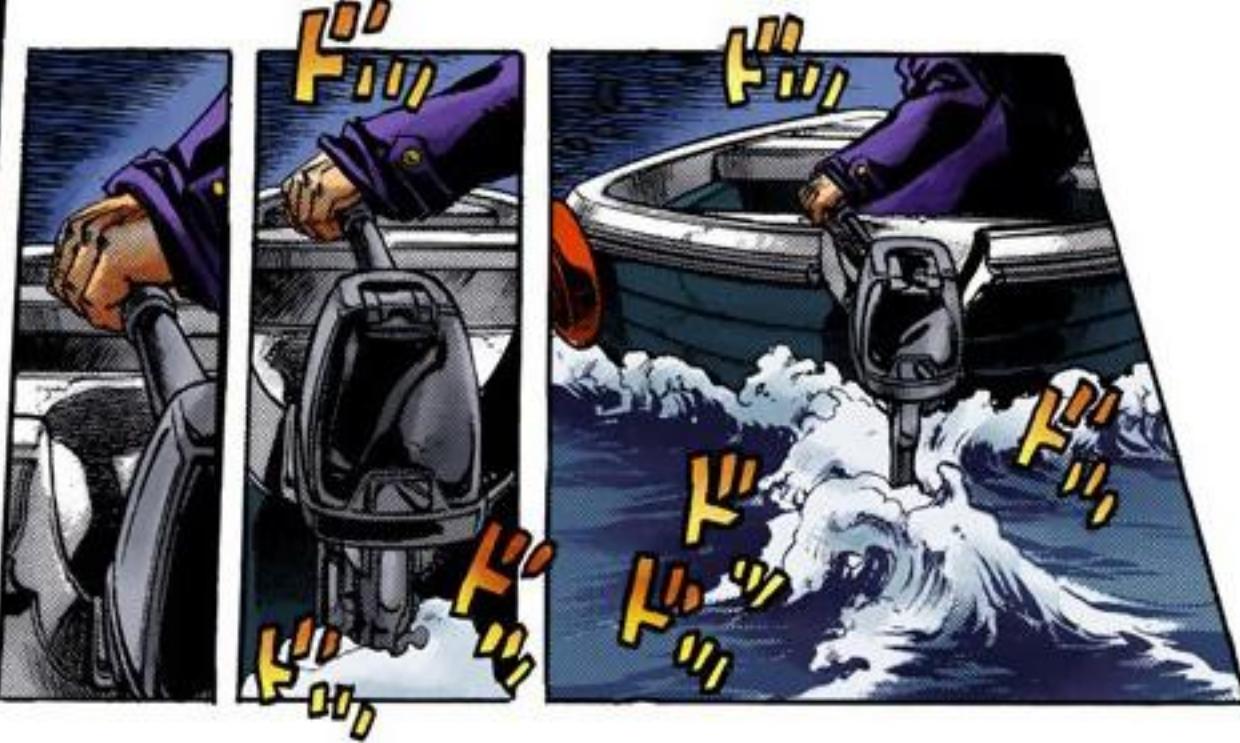
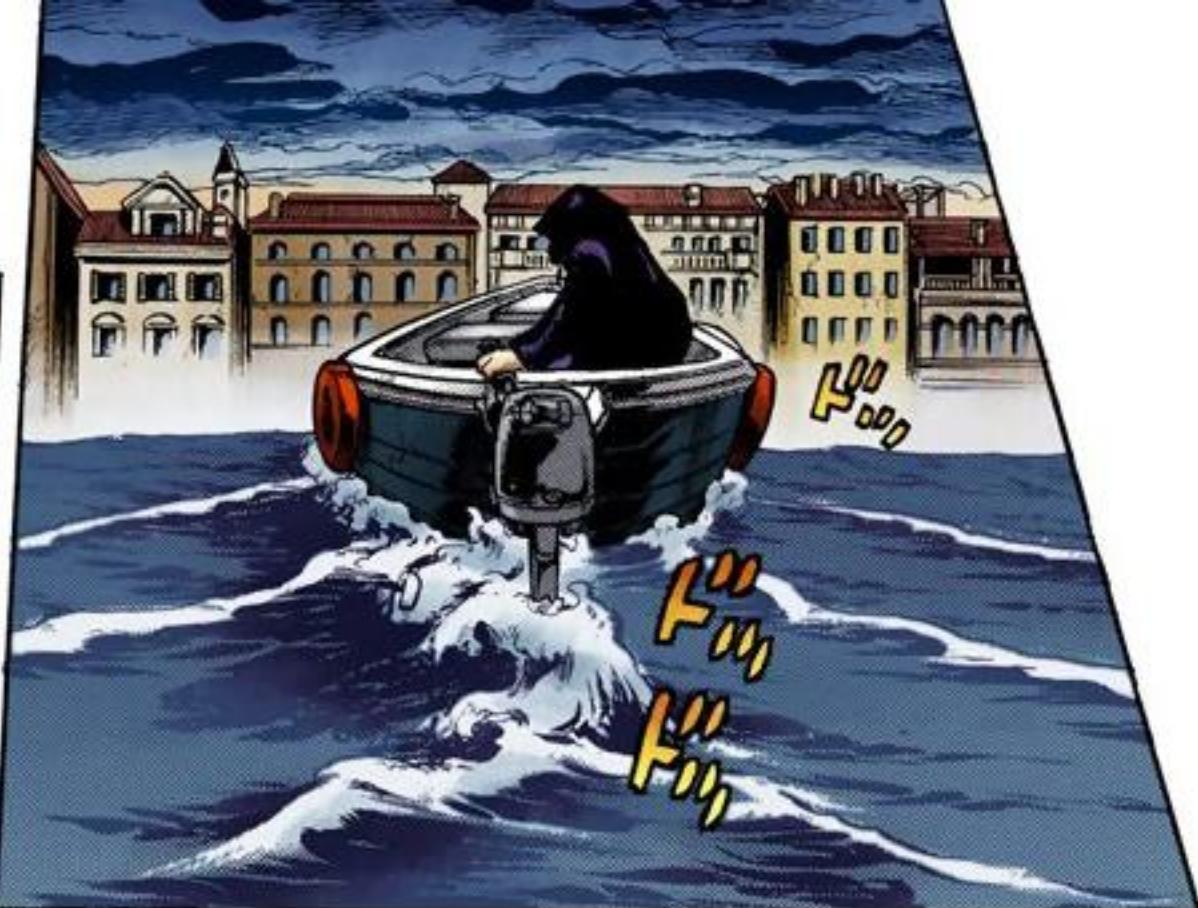
THEY  
SHOULD BE  
ARRIVING  
SOON...

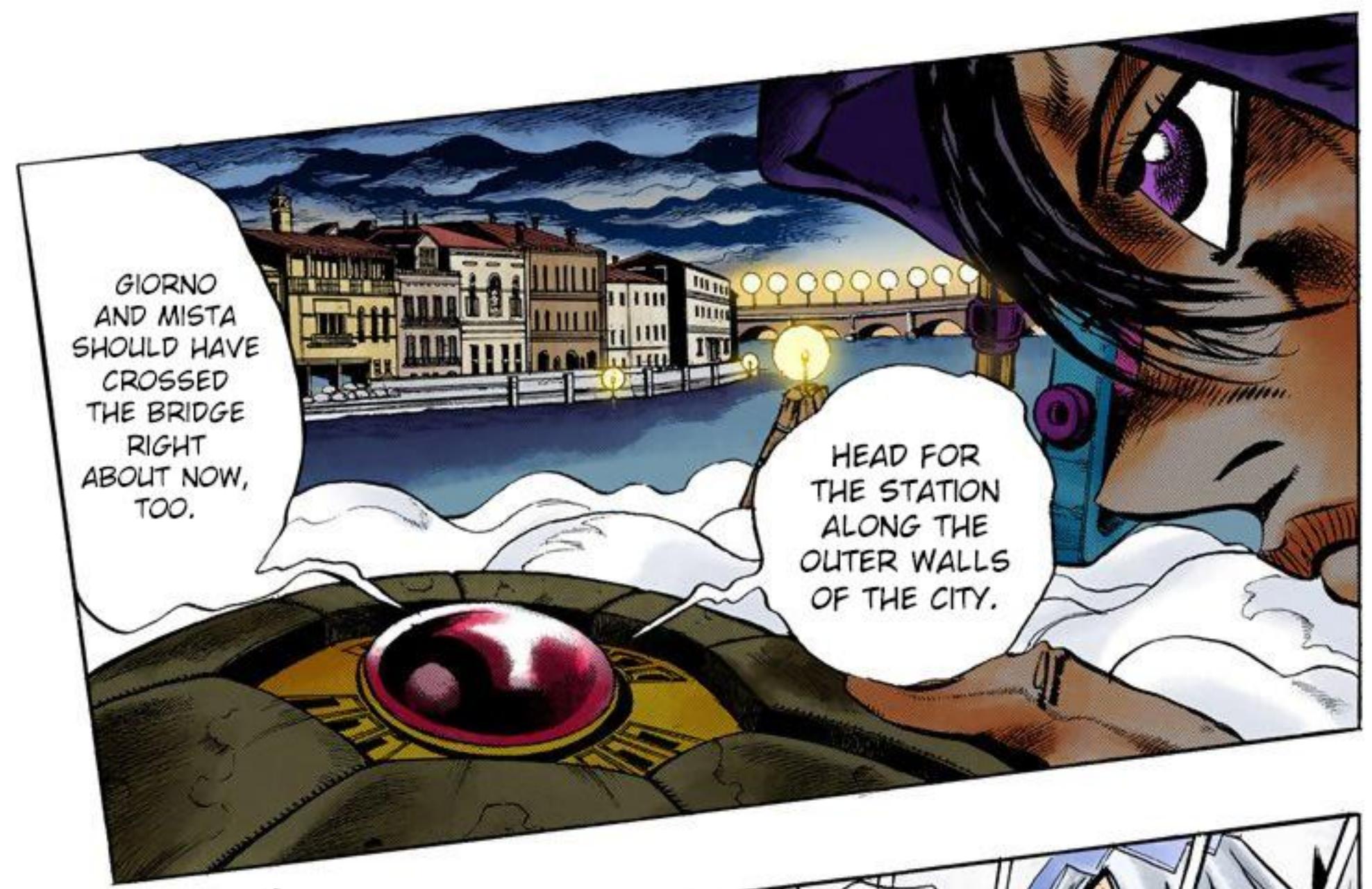




# **WHITE ALBUM**

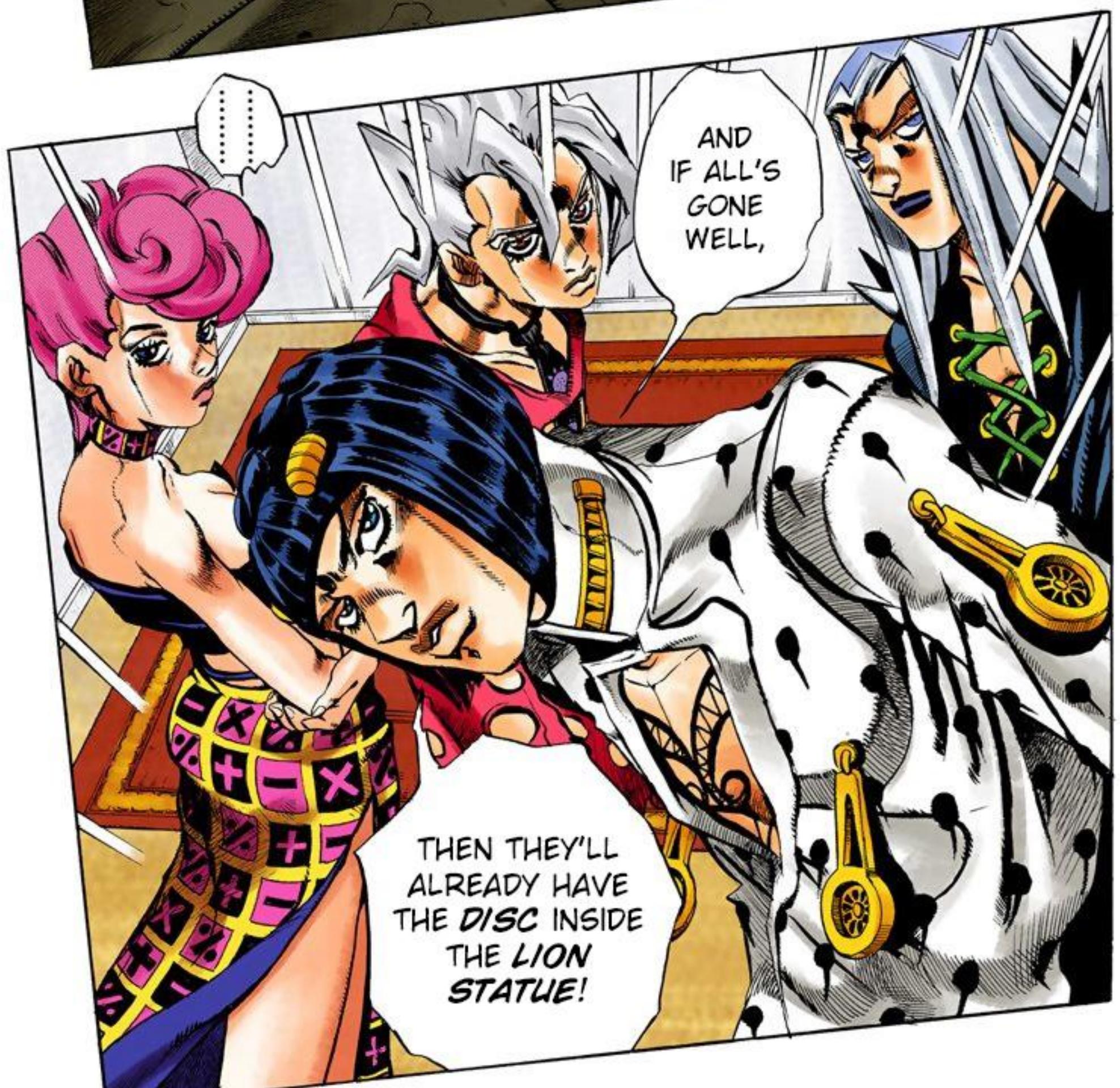
**PART ③**





GIORNO  
AND MISTA  
SHOULD HAVE  
CROSSED  
THE BRIDGE  
RIGHT  
ABOUT NOW,  
TOO.

HEAD FOR  
THE STATION  
ALONG THE  
OUTER WALLS  
OF THE CITY.



THEN THEY'LL  
ALREADY HAVE  
THE DISC INSIDE  
THE LION  
STATUE!

AND  
IF ALL'S  
GONE  
WELL,





**MISTA,  
GET OUT  
OF THE  
CAR RIGHT  
NOW!**



**GIORNO!**

W-WOAH!  
HOLY SHIT,  
DUDE...!

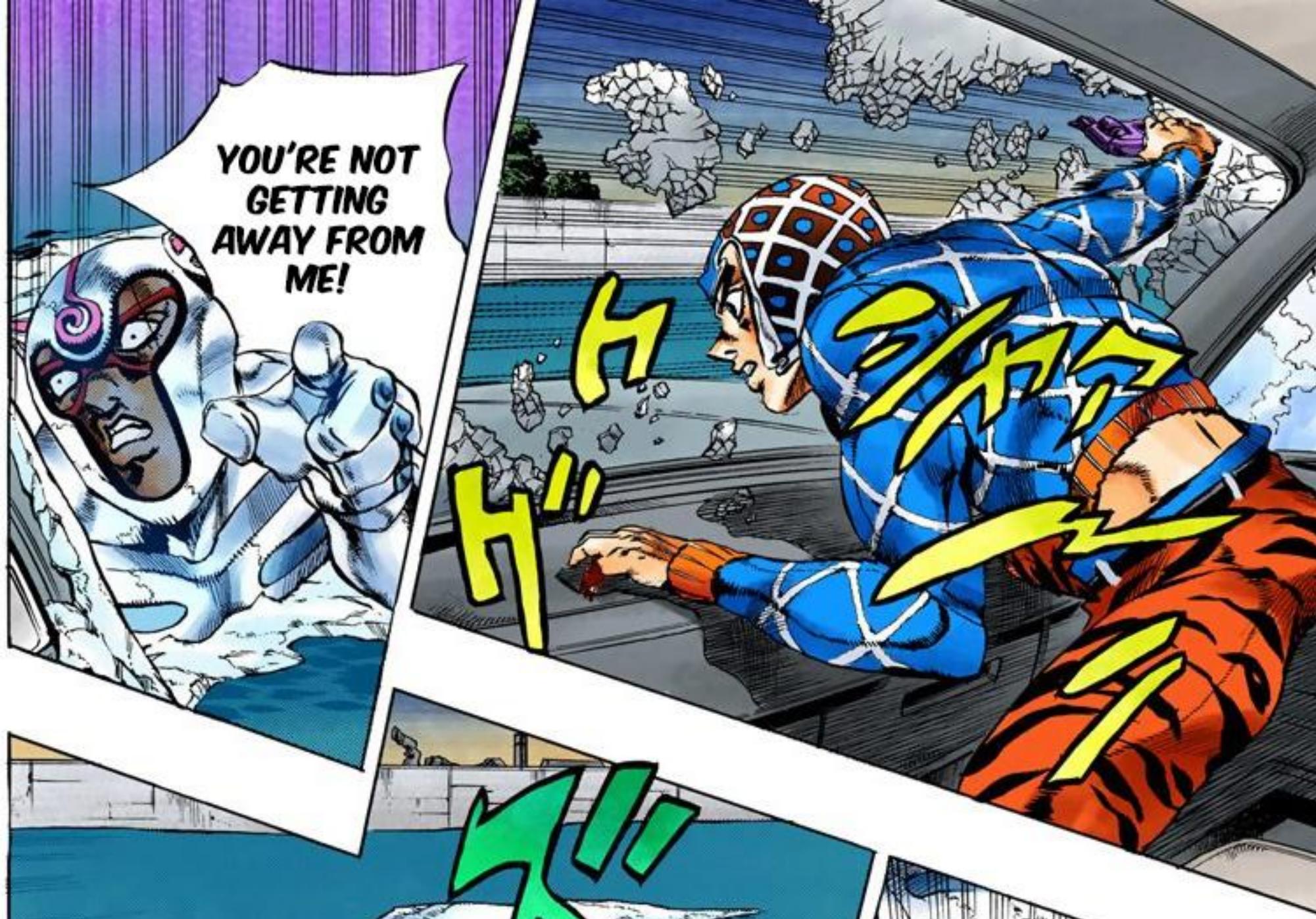
UGH!

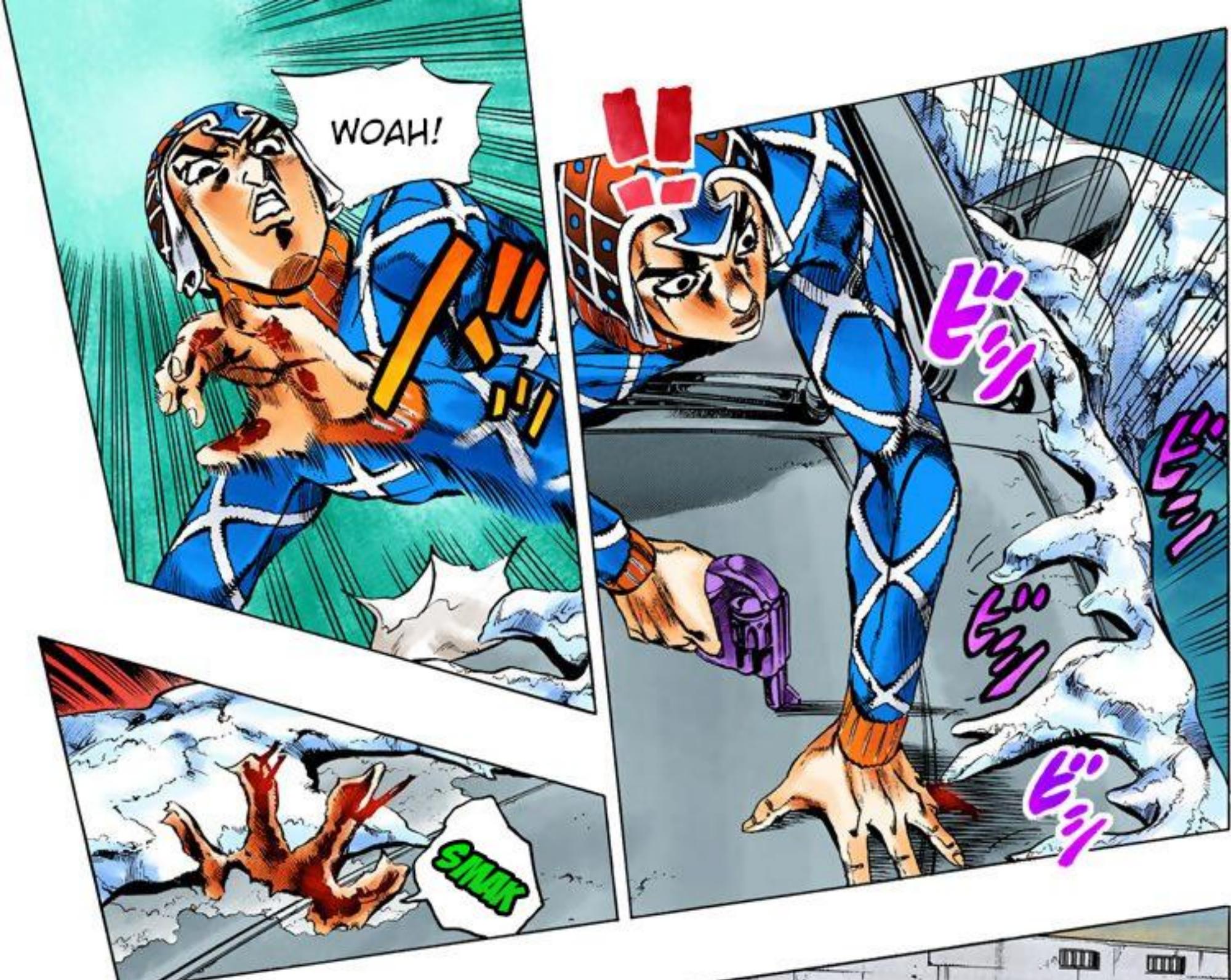
OBTAINING  
IT MEANS  
VICTORY FOR  
US AND  
DEFEAT  
FOR HIM.

I BELIEVE  
YOU ARE  
AWARE OF  
THIS, BUT  
OUR TOP  
PRIORITY IS  
TO OBTAIN  
THE  
OBJECT.

PLEASE,  
LEAVE ME BE  
AND HEAD FOR  
THE SHORE!  
OTHERWISE,  
WE'LL BOTH BE  
TRAPPED IN  
THE CAR!







DAMN IT ALL!  
DRIVING INTO  
THE CANAL HAS  
ONLY WORKED  
AGAINST US!  
HIS ICE HAS NO  
WEAKNESSES!

S... SO MUCH  
WATER, YET HIS  
ICE SPREADS  
ACROSS JUST  
AS FAST AS  
YOU'D LAY DOWN  
A CARPET!

IF MISTA  
JUMPS IN,  
HE'S DONE  
FOR...

TURN THE  
CAR INTO  
A PLANT,  
GIORNO!

TRYING  
TO MAKE  
VINES TO  
USE AS  
ROPE?

MAKE SOME  
PLANTS GROW  
ON IT WHILE  
IT CAN STILL  
SUPPORT  
LIFE!

THERE'S  
STILL NO  
ICE UP  
ON THE  
BONNET!

NOT ON  
MY WATCH!  
WHITE  
ALBUM!



THE HOOD  
MAY NOT BE  
FROZEN, BUT  
IT'S ALREADY  
TOO COLD!  
THE ONLY  
THINGS THAT  
CAN GROW ON  
IT ARE SHORT  
TUNDRA  
GRASSES!

FAST-GROWING  
PLANTS, LIKE MY  
**VINES**, CAN'T  
GROW LONG  
ENOUGH TO  
REACH THE  
SHORE WITHOUT  
SUFFICIENT  
HEAT!

IT'S NOT  
WORKING!

JUST AS I  
FEARED...

YOU'RE  
DOING  
FINE!

WHO SAID  
ANYTHING  
ABOUT VINES,  
GIORNO?

THESE **SHORT**  
**GRASSES** ARE  
FINE! **SHORT**  
**GRASSES** THAT  
THRIVE IN THE  
COLD ARE FINE!

I'M  
SORRY,  
MISTA...

DRIVING  
INTO THE  
CANAL WAS  
A TERRIBLE  
DECISION...!

**STOP AND  
YOU'RE  
GOOD AS  
DEAD!**

**COME ON!  
KEEP 'EM  
COMING!  
GROW MORE  
IF YOU  
WANT TO  
LIVE!**

**GROW MORE!**

**BUT  
THIS  
AIN'T  
ENOUGH,  
GIORNO!**

**MORE!**

**HURRY!**

**KRAK**  
AND NOW  
THE CAR'S  
COMPLETELY  
FROZEN  
OVER!



NOPE,  
TOO BAD!  
THOSE  
THINGS  
AIN'T  
GONNA  
GET  
YOU TO  
SHORE!

**KRAK**  
IT'S  
STARTING  
TO ICE  
OVER.

GOOD  
GOING,  
GIORNO!

NOW,  
YOU'LL  
BE SAFE.





...INTO A  
SLED...

AND  
FROZE  
THEM...

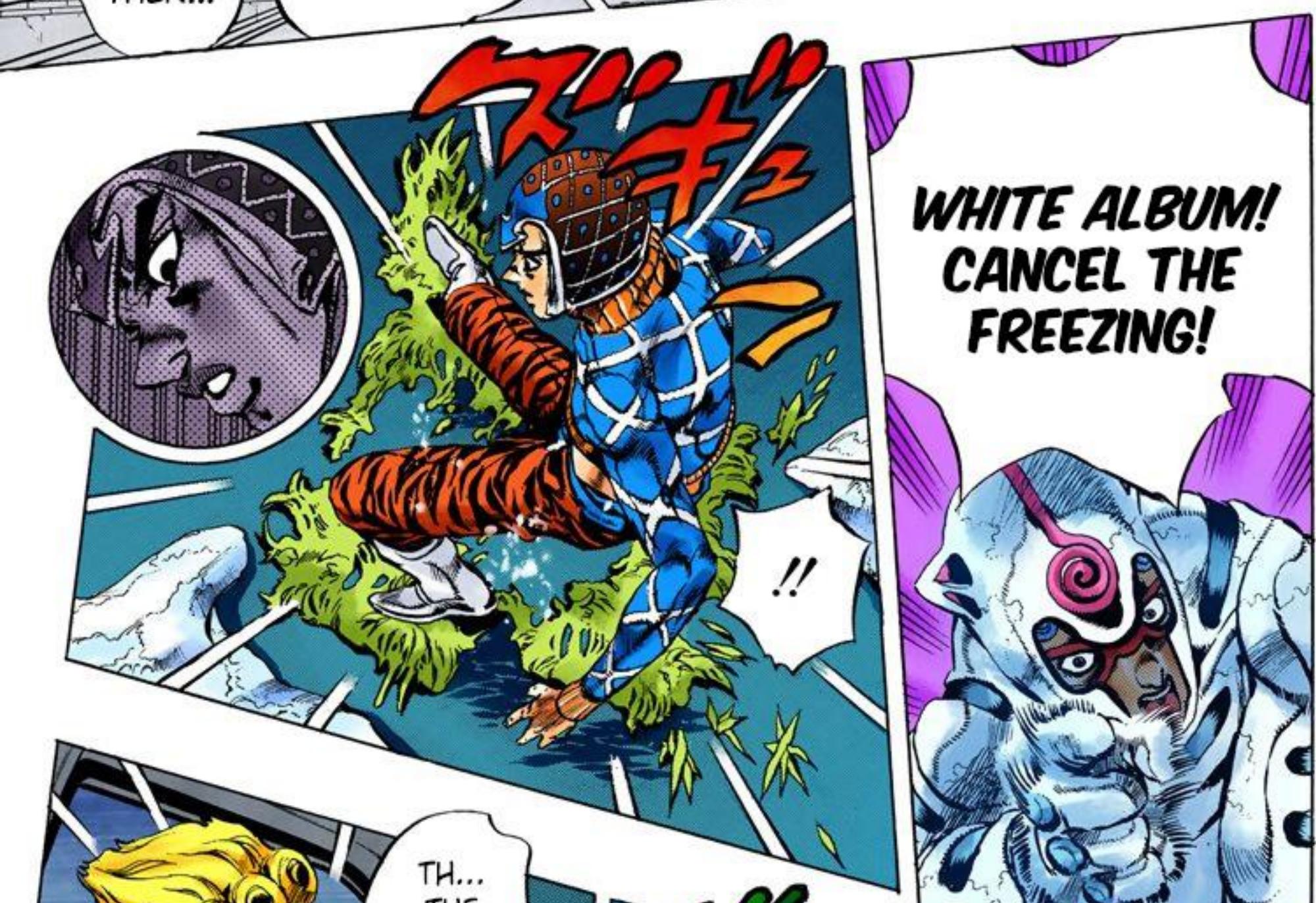
H... HE  
STUCK THOSE  
SHORT GRASSES  
TOGETHER...

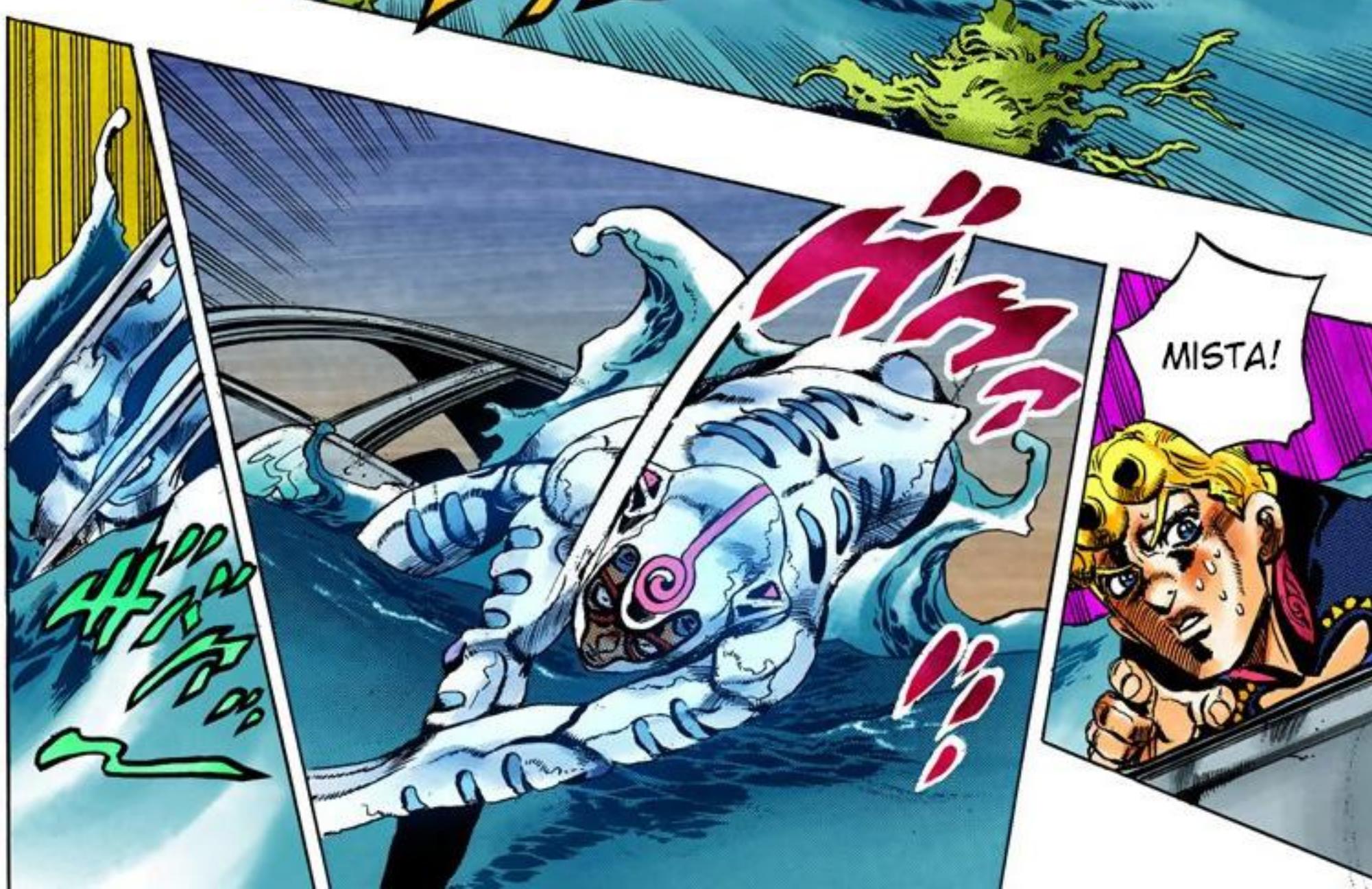


NO!  
HE TOOK  
ADVANTAGE  
OF MY  
FREEZING  
TO BUILD  
A SNOW-  
BOARD!



F...FUCK! THAT  
SON OF A BITCH!  
HE'S GONNA  
MAKE IT TO  
THE STATION!







HE'S GOING  
TO EXTEND ICE  
ACROSS THE  
SURFACE TO  
ATTACK YOU! SWIM  
TO THE SHORE,  
QUICKLY!





BUT WHAT  
WILL YOU DO  
NOW, MISTA!?  
DID YOU  
FIGURE OUT  
A WAY TO  
ESCAPE  
FROM HIM!?

THAT  
WAGER PAID  
OFF AND  
SAVED ME  
FROM THE  
ICE...

MISTA KNEW  
THE ENEMY  
WOULD MELT  
THE ICE AND  
DROP HIM INTO  
THE RIVER...  
AND HE DID IT  
ANYWAY!

# WHITE ALBUM

## PART 4



# **WHITE ALBUM**

## **PART ④**

**SWIM  
SHORE,  
ICKLY!  
SWIM!!**

**HE'S  
ATTACKING,  
MISTA!**

# HIT

THERE IS  
NOTHING THAT  
CAN MOVE IN THE  
CRYOGENIC WORLD.  
I CAN FREEZE  
ANYTHING IN THE  
UNIVERSE!

ONCE YOU  
HIT CRYOGENIC  
TEMPERATURES,  
YOU ENTER A  
WORLD OF  
STILLNESS...

THAT'S WHAT MAKES  
MY **WHITE ALBUM**  
SO PERFECT! EVEN  
ROARING TRAIN  
ENGINES, EVEN THE  
RAGING SEAS  
WILL COME TO A  
GRINDING HALT  
AT MY COMMAND!

NONE  
CAN  
DEFY  
MY  
WHIMS!

S  
FOR  
QU  
SV



N...



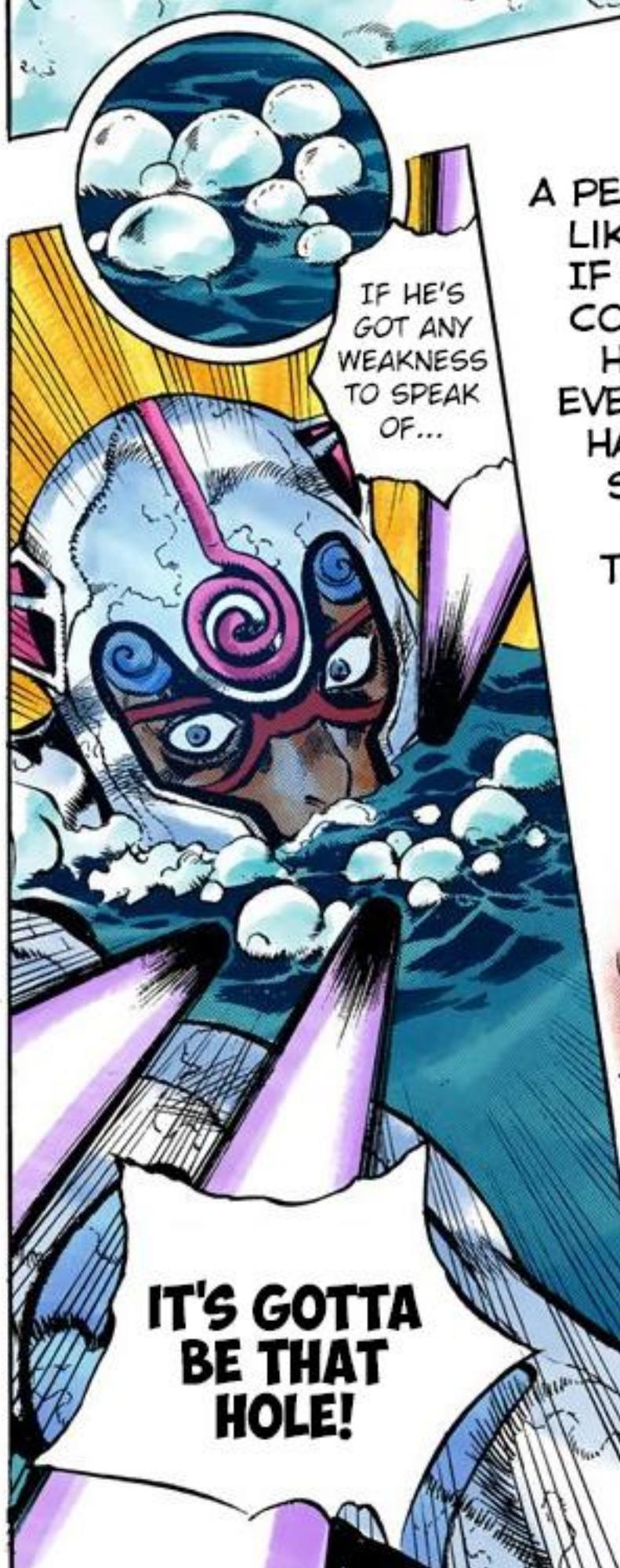
CLIMB  
ONTO  
SHORE,  
NOW!



I'LL JUST  
HAVE TO  
KILL HIM  
FIRST!

NOT  
GONNA  
HAPPEN!  
THE WALL'S  
TOO HIGH!  
I WON'T  
MAKE IT!





A PERFECT ABILITY?  
LIKE HELL IT IS!  
IF HE'S TOTALLY  
COVERED IN ICE,  
HOW DOES HE  
EVEN BREATHE? HE  
HAS TO BREATHE  
SOMEHOW. AIR  
HAS TO ENTER  
THROUGH SOME  
SORTA VENT!





I CAN  
STOP ALL  
OF YOUR  
ATTACKS  
THE MOMENT  
THEY COME  
IN CONTACT  
WITH MY  
CRYOGENIC  
COLD!

DON'T  
YOU  
GET IT!?





!?

MISTA! I  
TOLD YOU  
TO COLLECT  
THE GRASS  
YOU USED  
TO MAKE  
YOUR  
BOARD!

EAT  
LEAD!

F...  
FUCK  
YOU,  
ASS-  
HOLE!

DO IT WHILE  
YOUR RIGHT  
HAND CAN  
STILL FIRE  
THAT GUN!



DON'T YOU  
EVER LEARN!?  
YOUR ATTACKS  
ARE USELESS  
AGAINST ME!

GIVE  
IT UP,  
MISTA!!



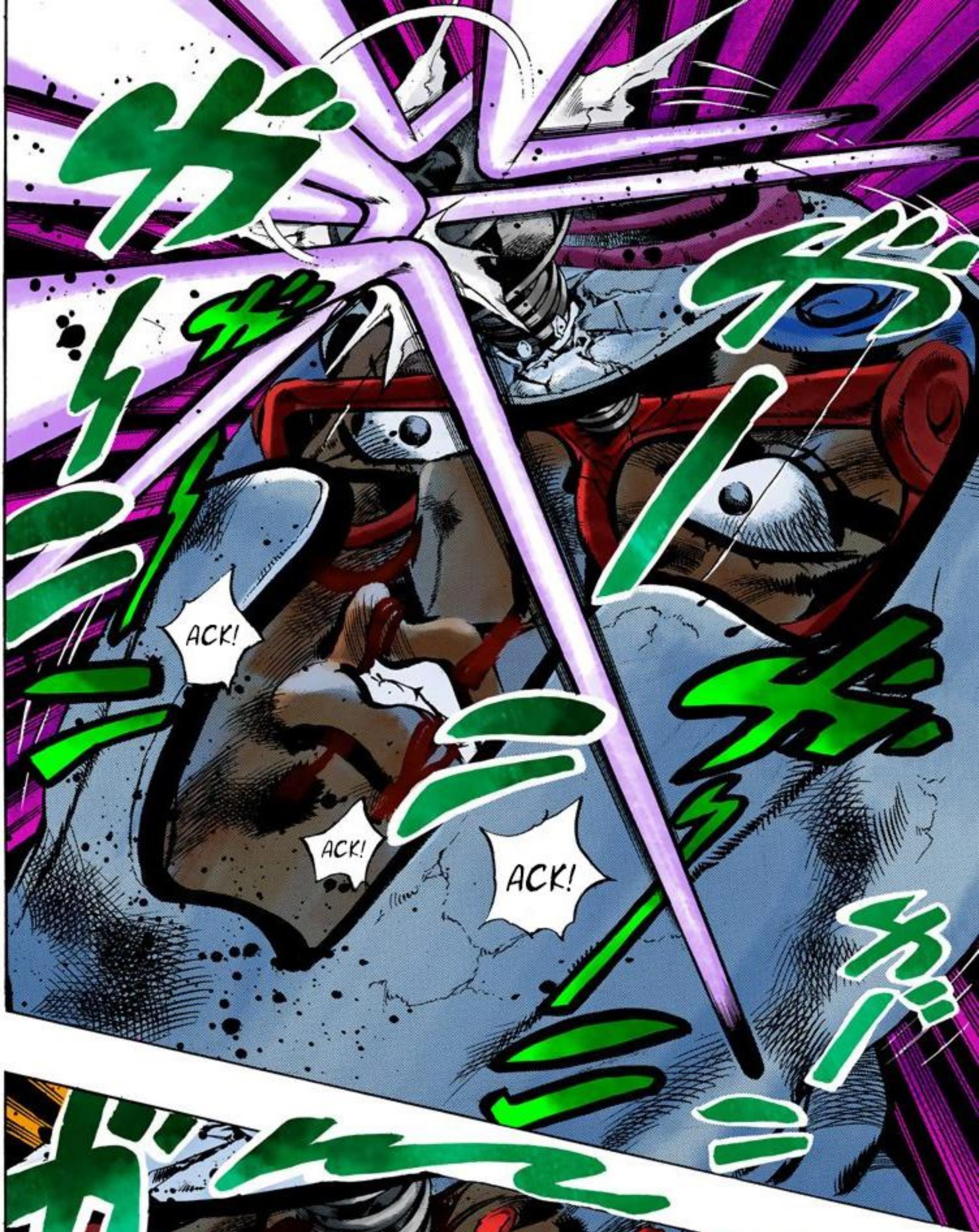




BECAUSE  
THAT'S  
WHAT  
THEY WERE  
ORIGINALLY  
MADE  
FROM.

W  
H  
A  
A  
A  
T  
!?

AND THAT  
LETS ME  
SHOOT 'EM  
INTO YOU!



IS HE DEAD?!

I...



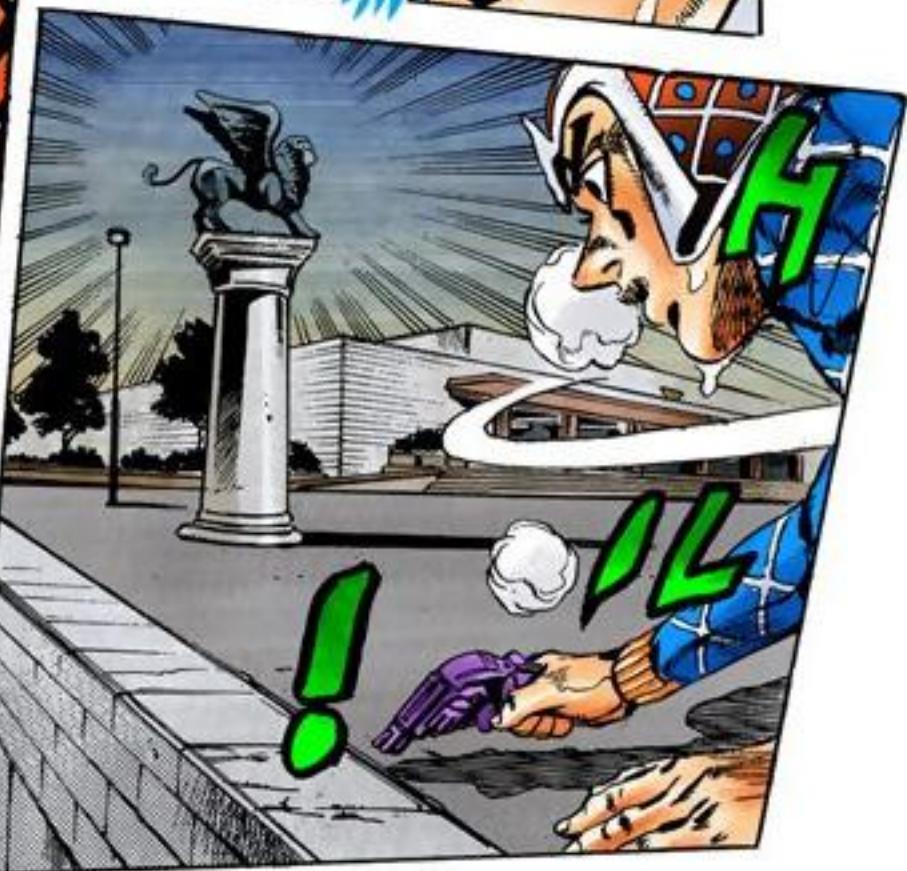
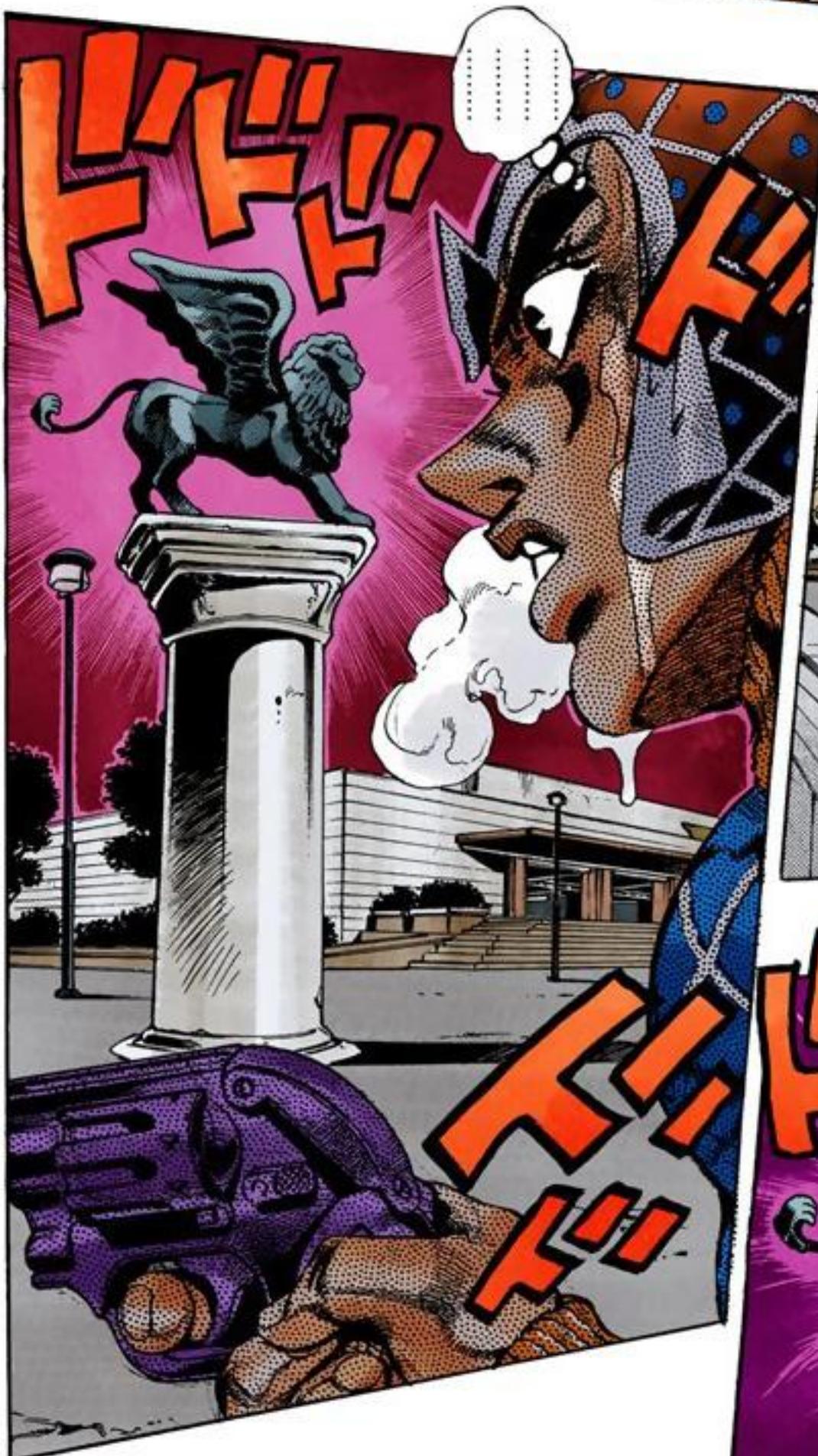
DON'T  
LET HIM  
CATCH  
YOU  
AGAIN!

BUT NOW'S  
YOUR CHANCE!  
FIND THE  
OBJECT  
AND MAKE  
YOURSELF  
SCARCE!

YOU ONLY  
MANAGED  
TO BUY  
SOME  
TIME!

NO,  
THAT'S  
JUST A  
SCRATCH!



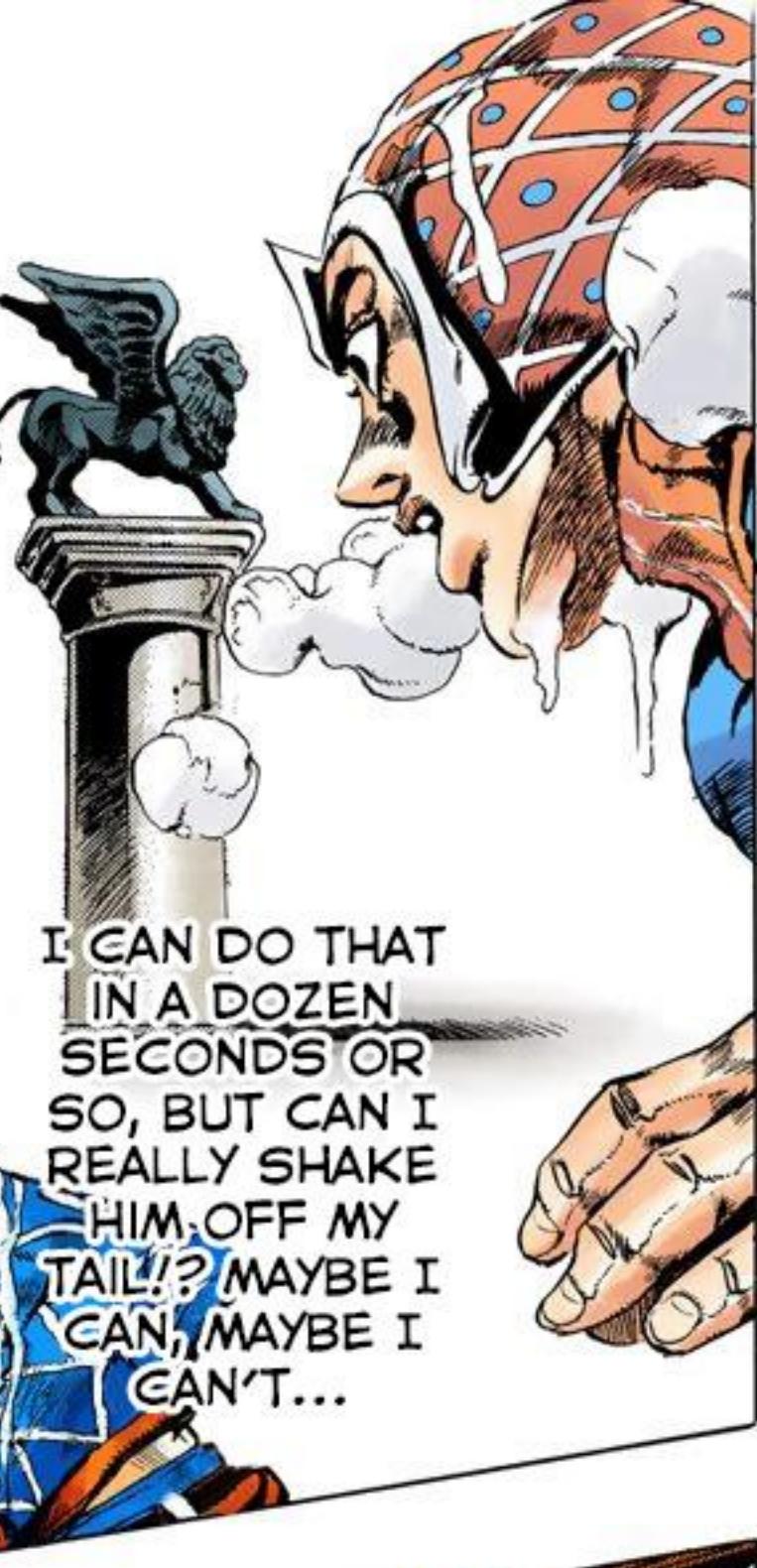


AIN'T NOTHING BUT GUESSWORK ON MY PART, BUT HE'S GOTTA HAVE A **WEAK POINT** SOMEWHERE. IF I WANNA FIND HIS **AIRHOLE**, NOW'S THE TIME! THAT **AIRHOLE'S** GONNA BE BLEEDIN' OBVIOUS WHILE HE'S IN THE WATER.



THIS GUY IS WAY TOO DANGEROUS! IF BUCELLATI'S GROUP RUNS INTO HIM, WE'RE SERIOUSLY SCREWED! IF I WANNA KILL HIM, I GOTTA DO IT NOW! THIS IS OUR ONE AND ONLY CHANCE TO FIND HIS AIRHOLE!

BREAK THE LION STATUE AND A **DISC** WILL POP UP SOMEWHERE. I GOTTA GRAB THAT AND HIDE OUT IN THE CITY...



I CAN DO THAT IN A DOZEN SECONDS OR SO, BUT CAN I REALLY SHAKE HIM OFF MY TAIL!? MAYBE I CAN, MAYBE I CAN'T...



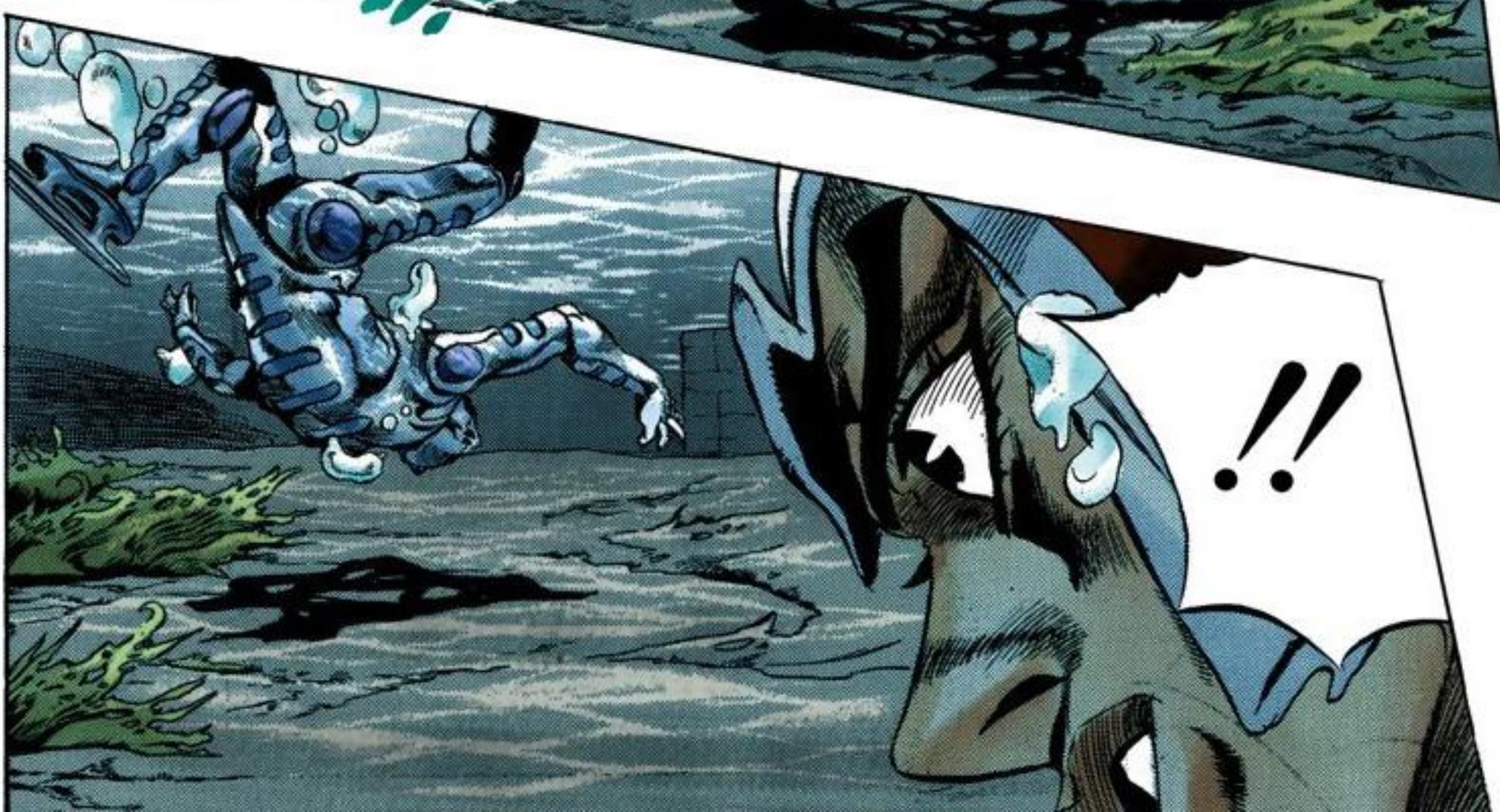
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



HELL NO, GIORNO! I'M PUTTING THIS MOTHER-FUCKER TO SLEEP!

MISTA,  
WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING!?

WHA-!?



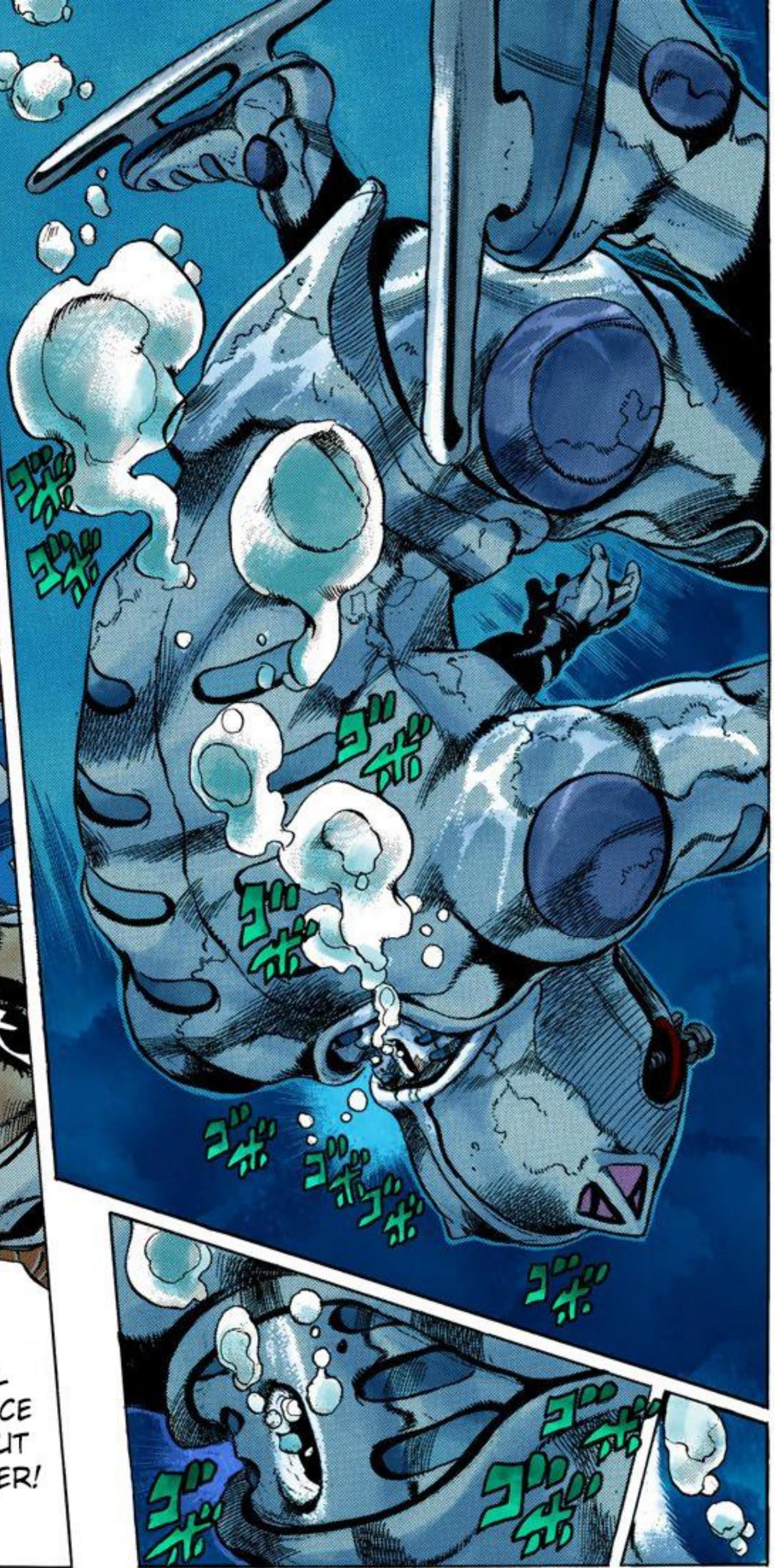


AIR'S  
COMING  
OUT...

BINGO  
...

THAT'S  
GOTTA  
BE IT.  
  
THAT'S  
WHERE HE'S  
BREATHING  
FROM... THE  
BACK OF HIS  
NECK...

OKAY! I'LL  
GET HIM ONCE  
HE POPS OUT  
OF THE WATER!





# **WHITE ALBUM**

## **PART ⑤**

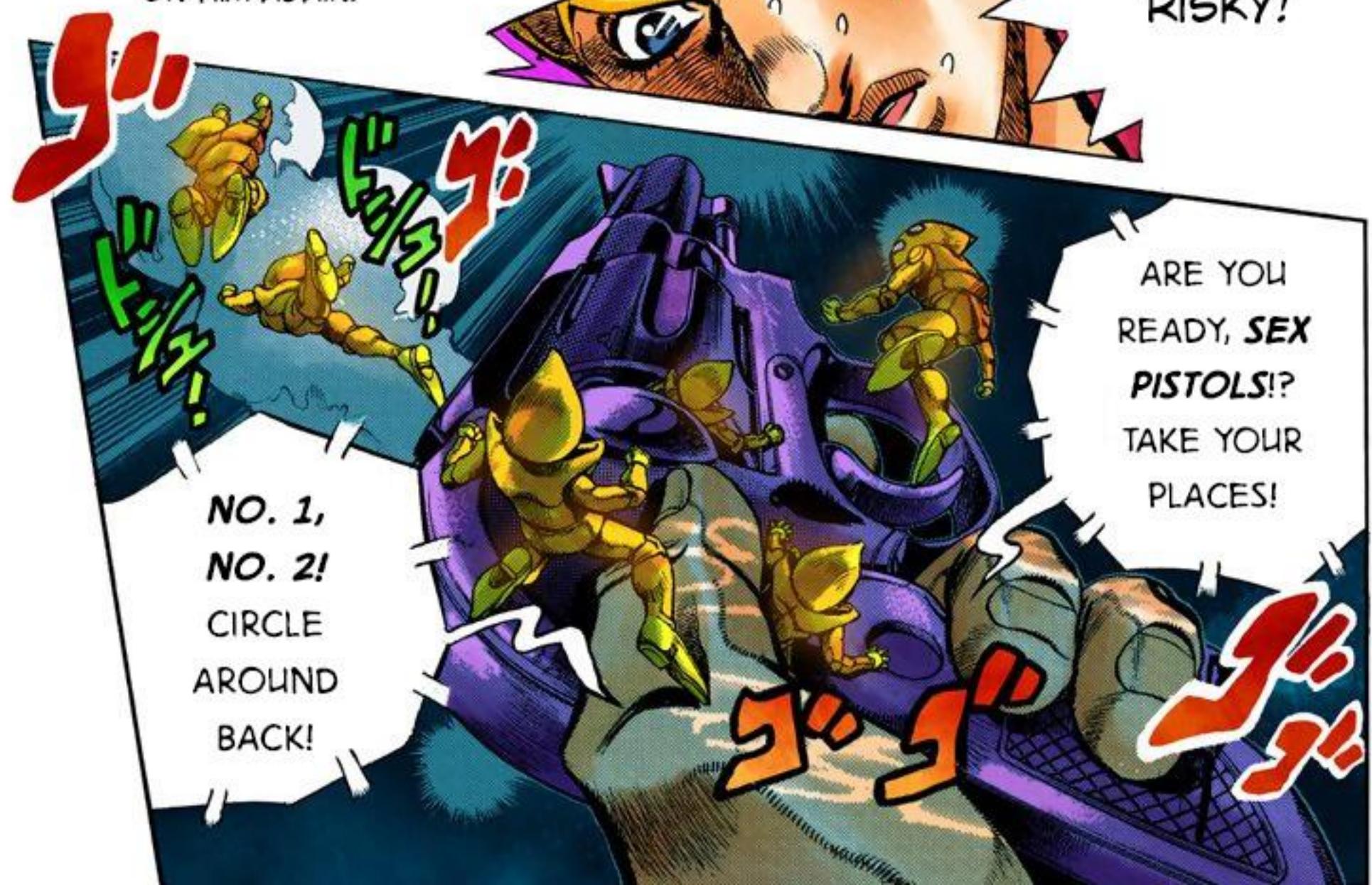


ARE YOU  
TRYING TO  
FINISH HIM  
HERE!?

WH...  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING,  
MISTA!?

THE DAMAGE YOU  
INFILCTED UPON HIM HAS  
MADE HIM MORE FURIOUS  
AND CAUTIOUS! THOSE  
*TRICKS* WON'T WORK  
ON HIM AGAIN!

THAT'S  
TOO  
RISKY!





# WHITE ALBUM

## PART ⑤

WAAAHH!  
HE'S LOOKING  
THIS WAY,  
MISTA!

HE'S  
LOOKING  
AT YOU!

WAIT UNTIL HE  
POPS OUTTA THE  
WATER, THEN  
SHOOT HIM DOWN!  
THERE'S NO  
TURNING BACK  
NOW!

YOUR  
TARGET'S  
**THE HOLE ON**  
**THE BACK OF**  
**HIS NECK!**  
MAKE THOSE  
SHOTS  
COUNT!

HE'S  
FLOATING  
UP!

NAH...  
HE'S  
GONNA  
FLOAT UP  
TO THE  
SURFACE  
FIRST.

HE'S  
GONNA HIT  
YOU WITH  
ICE AGAIN!

HE NEEDS  
TO DO SO! THAT  
PROVES HIS  
DEFENSES AREN'T  
PERFECT!

HE'S  
GOT AN  
AIR-  
HOLE!

MISTA! NO. 1 WENT  
BEHIND HIM AND HE  
SAYS HIS HELMET'S  
BLOCKING THE HOLE ON  
THE BACK OF HIS NECK!



HE SAYS THE  
HOLE IS BEING  
COVERED BY  
HIS HELMET!

HE CAN'T  
SEE THE HOLE  
ANYMORE!

NOW HE'S  
FACING UP!  
THE HOLE'S  
BEEN  
BLOCKED!

IT'S HIS  
POSTURE!

HIS HEAD  
WAS BENT DOWN  
WHEN HE FELL  
IN THE WATER,  
LEAVING THE BACK  
OF HIS NECK  
EXPOSED.



HE'S  
BREACHING  
THE  
SURFACE!



HE'S  
GONNA  
ATTACK!



NO. 1 AND  
NO. 2 SAY THEY  
CAN'T MAKE  
THEIR SHOTS!



SHUT UP!  
NO. 1, NO. 2,  
STAY RIGHT  
WHERE YOU  
ARE!

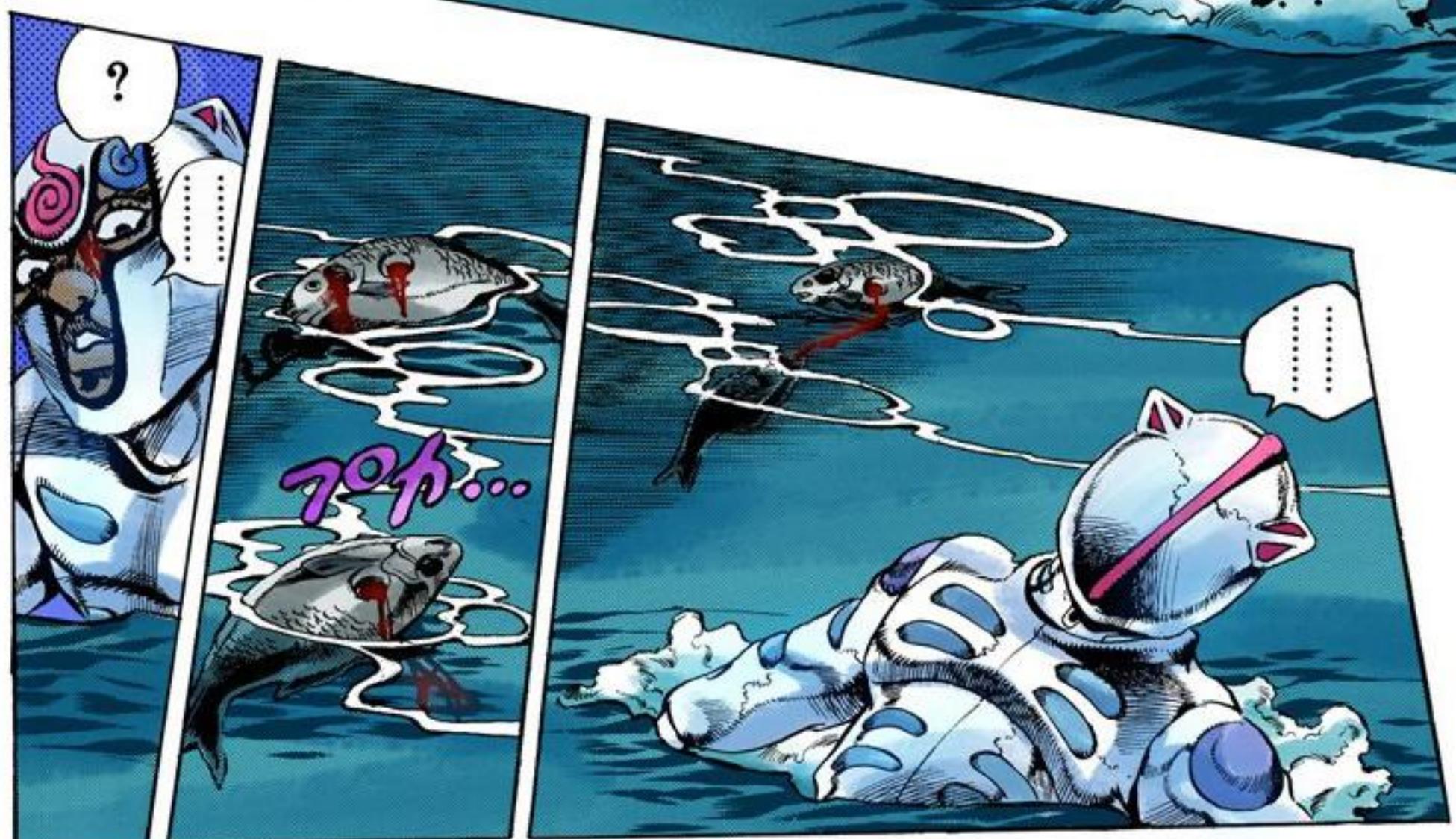


BUBBLES ARE  
COMING OUT, BUT  
NO BULLETS CAN  
GO IN AS LONG AS  
THAT HOLE IS  
OUTTA SIGHT!

MISTA!

SON OF A  
BITCH! WHAT  
DID YOU  
DO TO MY  
FACE!?





...SUCH A THING!!?

...WOULD YOU DO...

...THE HELL...



F' F' F'

F' F' F' F'

HE'S  
FACING  
DOWN TO  
LOOK AT  
THE FISH!

THERE IT IS!  
HE'S LEFT  
HIS HOLE  
EXPOSED!

F' F' F'



H' H' H' H'





THERE  
IT GOES!

BOOYAH!  
BULLSEYE!  
RIGHT ON  
TARGET!



BOOYAH!

BULLSEYE!

RIGHT ON

TARGET!



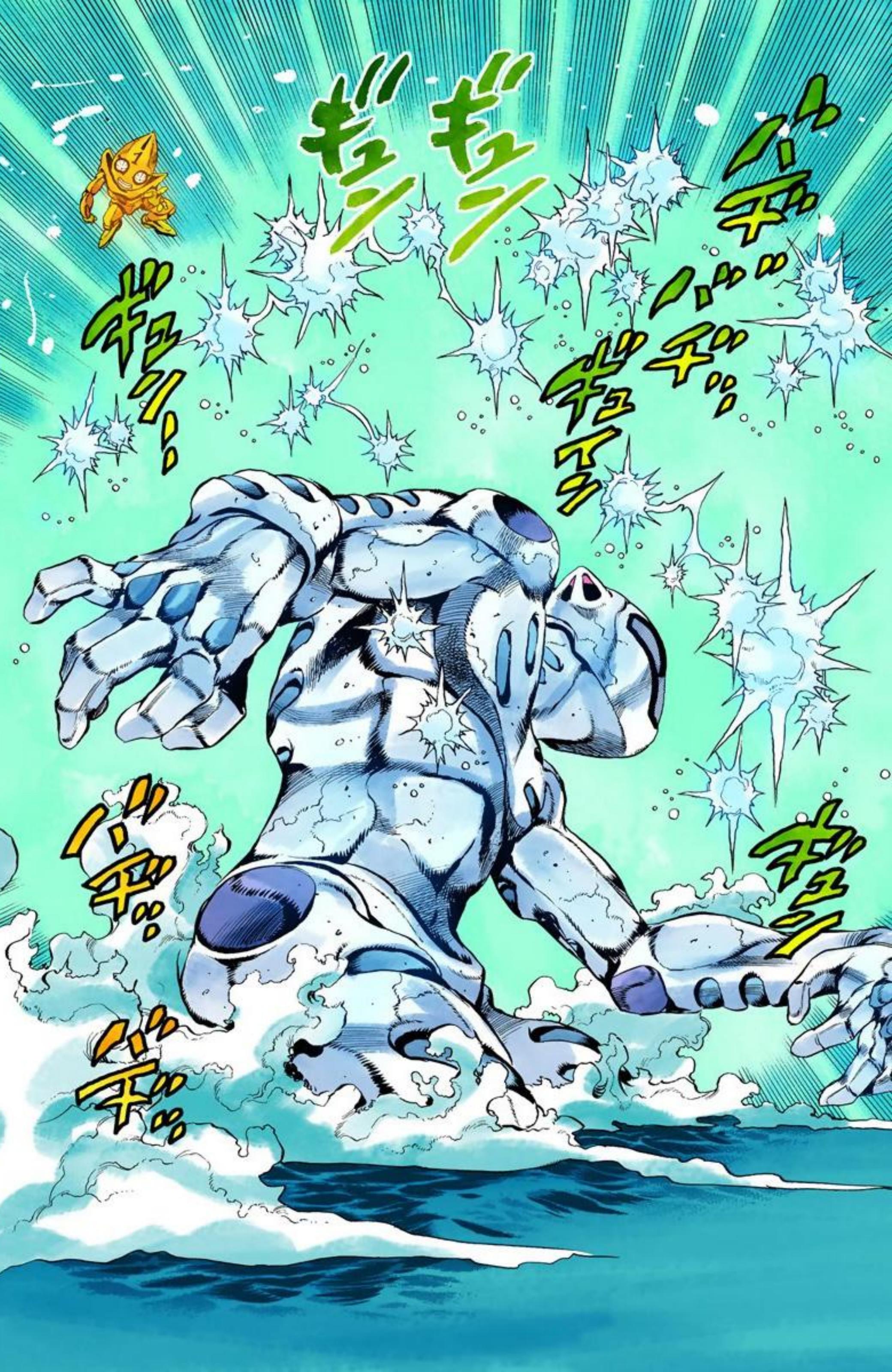
WOW!

WOW!

WOW!

WOW!

WOW!







BUT I  
ALREADY TOLD  
YOU! CRYOGENIC  
TEMPERATURES  
BRING EVERYTHING  
TO A STANDSTILL!  
AND I WASN'T JUST  
TALKING ABOUT  
YOUR ATTACKS!

EH,  
MISTA?

SO, YOU  
FOUND MY  
BREATHING  
HOLE AND TRIED  
TO SHOOT  
INTO IT?

I WAS SAYING  
THAT NO MATTER  
CAN MOVE IN THE  
CRYOGENIC WORLD!  
DRIFTING GASES  
CONDENSE INTO  
FLOWING LIQUIDS,  
AND LIQUIDS  
HARDEN INTO  
SOLIDS!

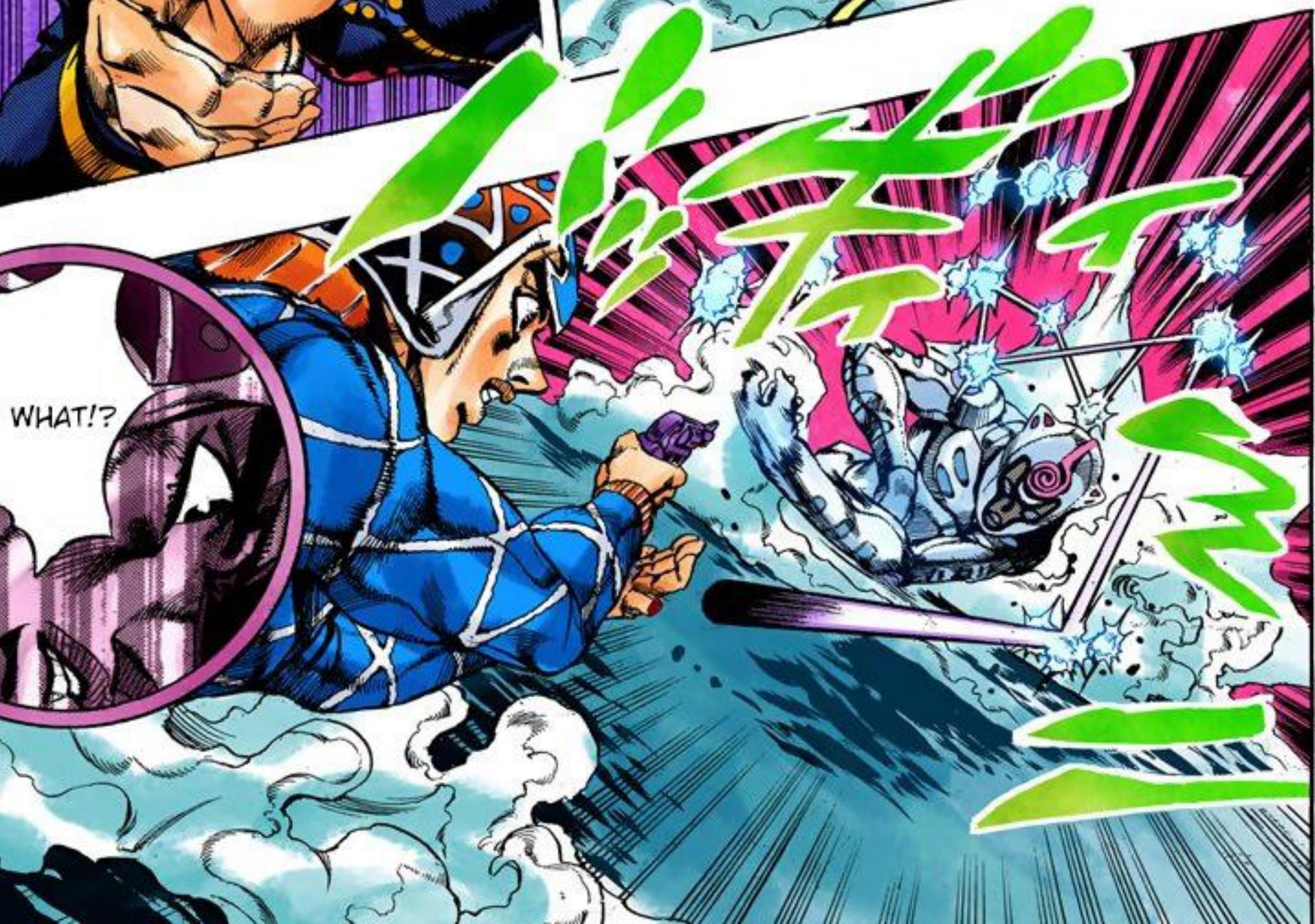
NO, IT  
CAN'T  
BE!

THAT NOISE...

**THAT'S  
YOUR BULLET,  
MISTA! THAT'S  
THE SOUND OF  
YOUR BULLET  
BOUNCING  
BACK!**

YOU DON'T  
SEE IT? YOU  
DON'T SEE THE  
FROZEN AIR?  
THEN GET  
YOUR EYES  
CHECKED!

AND BY THE  
WAY, AIR STARTS  
FREEZING INTO A  
**SOLID** AT -210°C!





EVEN YOUR MATES, BUCELLATI AND EVEN FUGO WITH HIS DISEASE-POWERED STAND, WILL ALL STOP DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS ONCE I DESCEND UPON THEM!

THIS BURNS A LOT OF MY STAND POWER, BUT AT LEAST YOUR BOLTS WON'T BE HURTING ME ANYMORE!

YOU'VE TAUGHT ME A LESSON, MISTA, AND I TOOK IT TO HEART!

GI...

I MUST BEAR THE RESPONSIBILITY... THIS IS MY FAULT.

I... COULDN'T ...  
...FOOL HIM A SECOND TIME...

YOU WERE RIGHT... GIORNO

IF ONLY I'D GRABBED IT AND WENT INTO HIDING...

I WOULD'VE HAD TIME... MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME TO HIDE...

NOTHING  
HERE LOOKS  
VALUABLE...  
AND THEY  
COULDN'T HAVE  
JUST LEFT IT  
OUT IN PLAIN  
SIGHT,  
EITHER.

THERE'S  
NOTHING IN  
THE TRASH  
CAN OR  
BENEATH THE  
BENCH.



DAMN...

THERE  
SHOULD  
BE A HINT  
SOMEWHERE  
IN THE  
PICTURE.

WHERE  
IS IT?

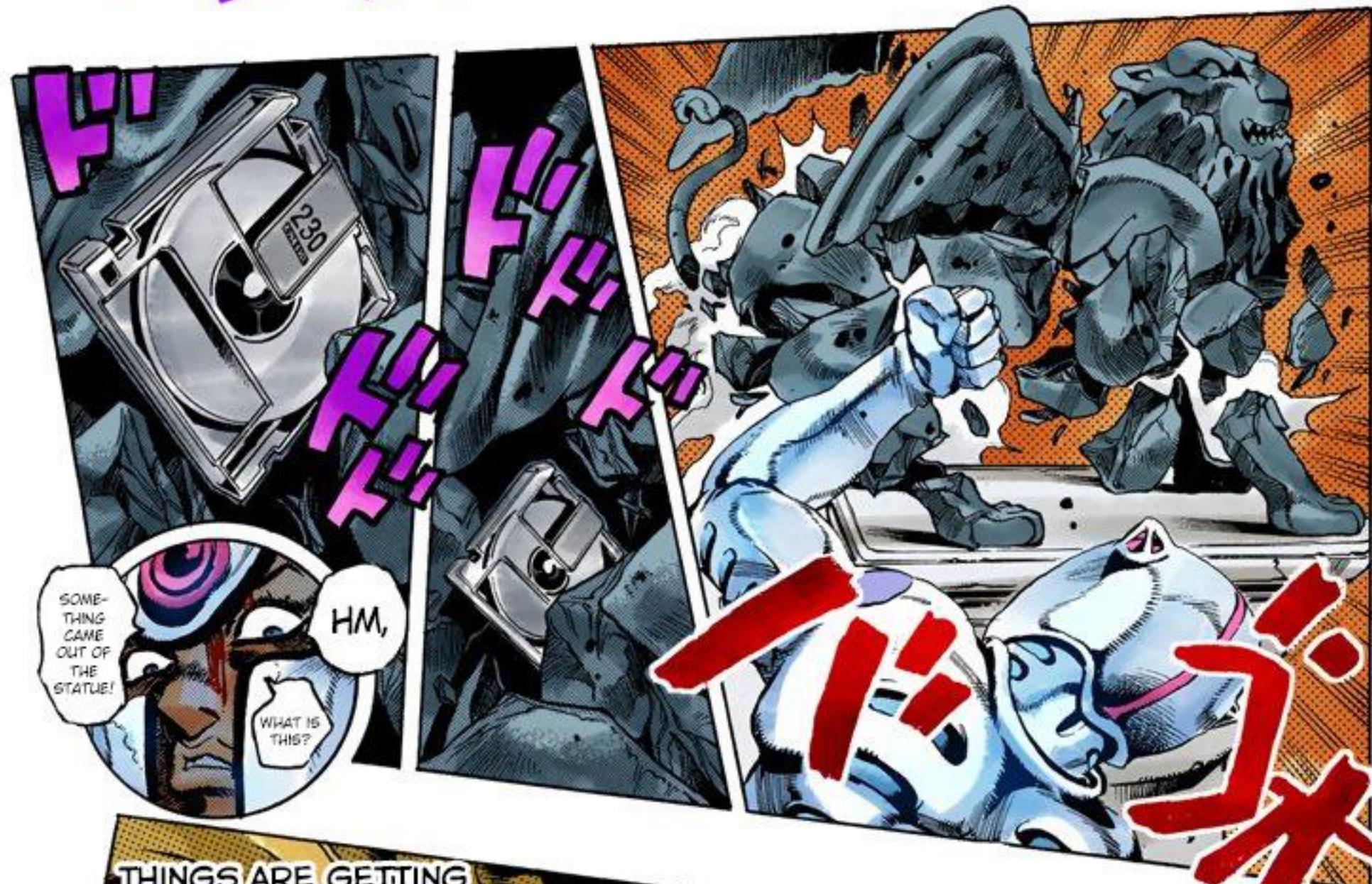
BUT IF  
MISTA'S SO  
DESPERATE TO  
RUN, IT MUST  
BE CLOSE  
AT HAND!

FINDING IT WILL  
BE A SNAP  
COMPARED TO  
HOW LONG IT'S  
TAKING ME  
TO KILL YOU  
TWO, AM I  
RIGHT?



MISTA IS GETTING DESPERATE. HE THINKS THIS IS ALL HIS FAULT, AND HE'S READY TO THROW AWAY HIS OWN LIFE TO BEAR THAT RESPONSIBILITY...

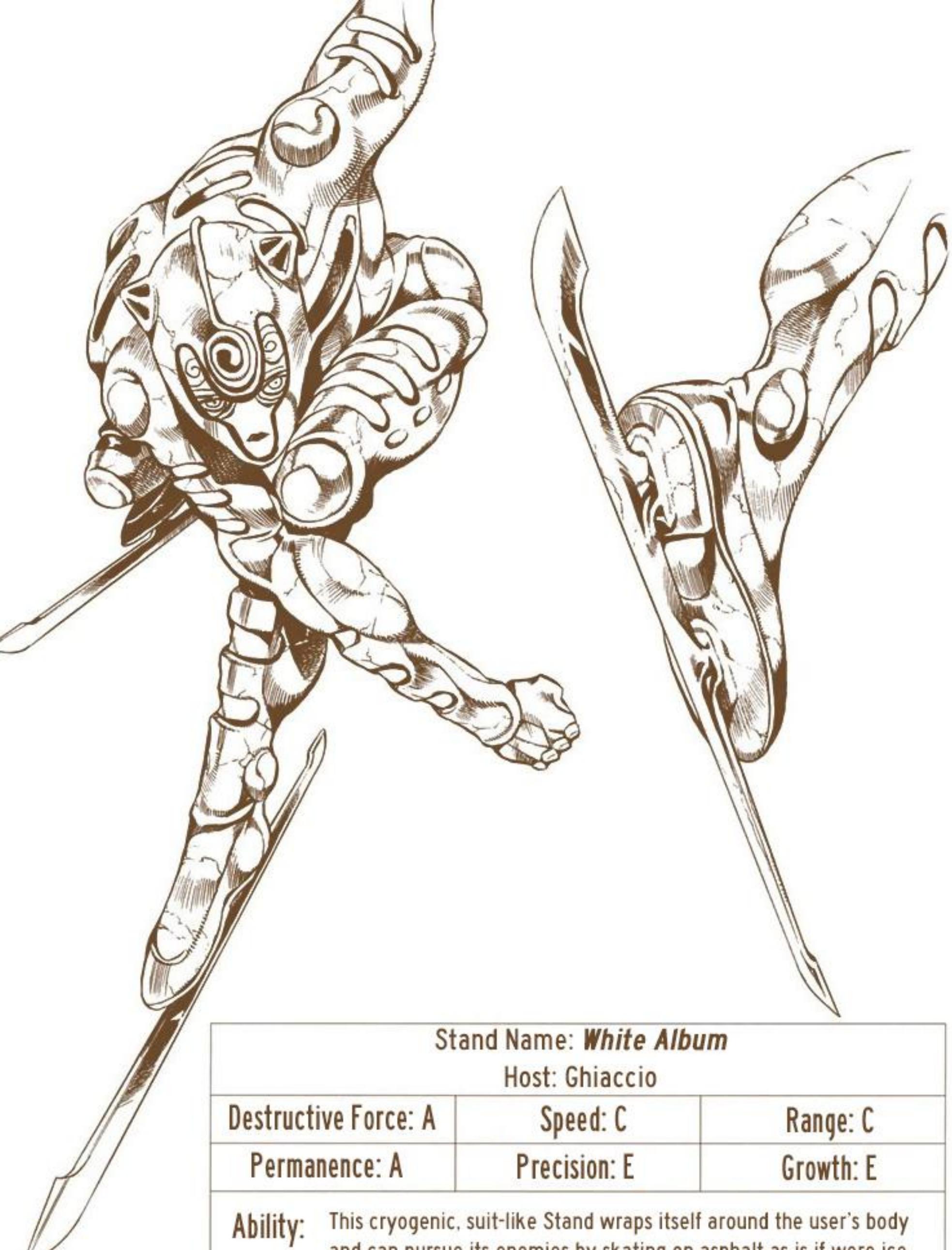
THIS IS BAD... THE WORST POSSIBLE OUTCOME...



THINGS ARE GETTING EXCITING... IF THE WORST COMES TO THE WORST, AT LEAST ONE OF US WILL DIE IN THE PROCESS... BUT THIS IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY, AND OUR RESOLVE SHALL CLEAR THE PATH!

BUT, ONLY THOSE WITH RESOLVE CAN CLEAR A PATH THROUGH THE DARKNESS...





Stand Name: **White Album**

Host: Ghiaccio

Destructive Force: A

Speed: C

Range: C

Permanence: A

Precision: E

Growth: E

**Ability:** This cryogenic, suit-like Stand wraps itself around the user's body and can pursue its enemies by skating on asphalt as if were ice. The interior of the suit is apparently very warm and cozy. Its weakness is the fact that the user needs an external air supply in order to breathe. As a side note, the lowest temperature in the world is -273°C. The motion of all matter halts at this temperature.

A: Very Good

B: Good

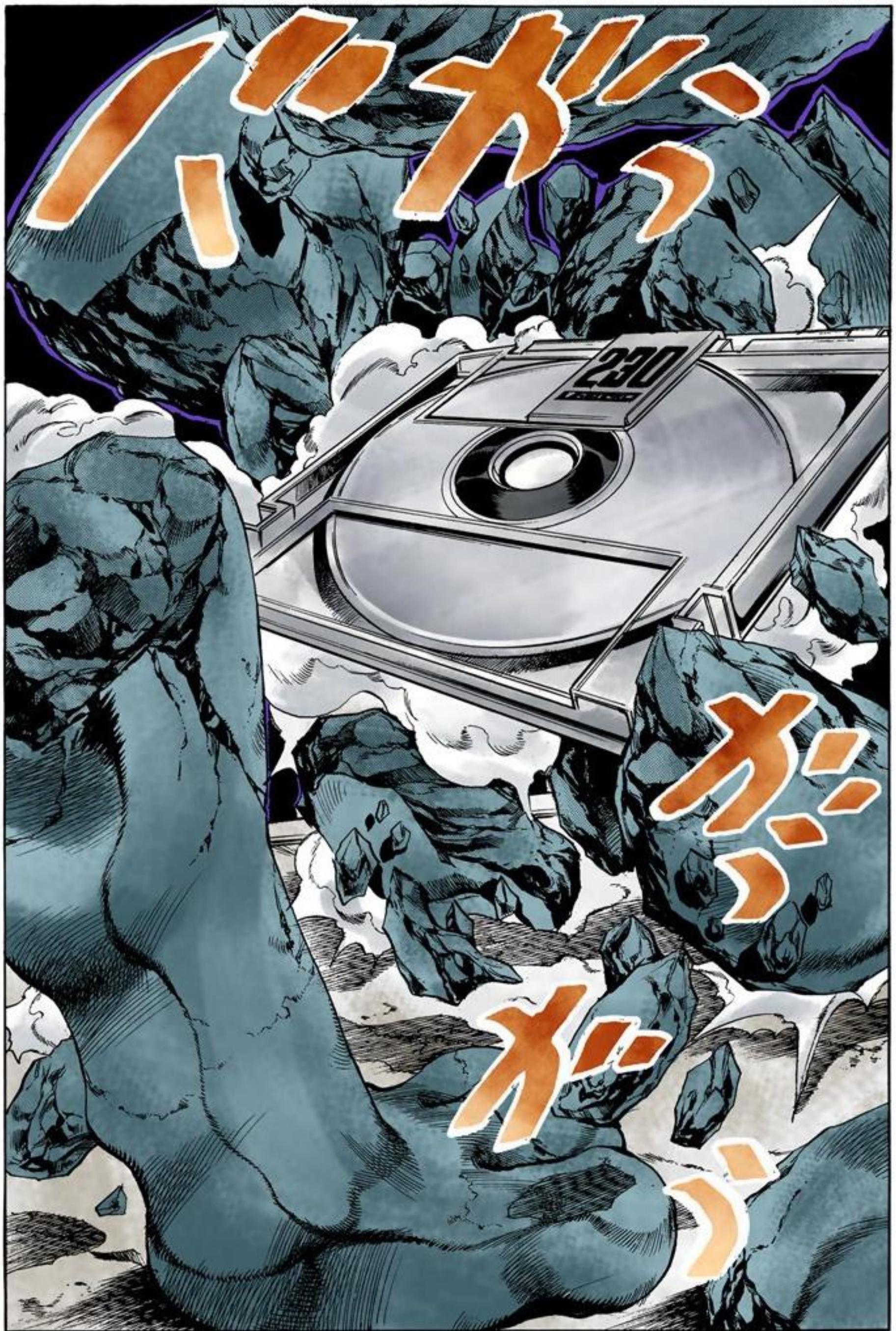
C: Average

D: Poor

E: Very Poor

# WHITE ALBUM PART 6







I'VE GOTTA  
GO POINT  
BLANK;  
GODDAMMIT!

IT WAS  
BURIED INSIDE  
THE STATUE!  
DID THEY SLIP  
IT THROUGH  
A CRACK  
SOMEWHERE?

IS  
THIS  
IT?

F F F F

F F

F F F F

HE NEEDS TO BREATHE  
THROUGH THAT AIRHOLE,  
I KNOW HE DOES! IF ONLY  
I COULD CLOSE THE  
DISTANCE AND HIT HIM  
DIRECTLY IN THAT HOLE....!  
THAT PIECE OF THE CAR  
HIT HIM JUST FINE! I JUST  
GOTTA GET THROUGH THAT  
WALL OF AIR AND HIT HIM  
POINT BLANK!

ONE  
MORE  
SHOT!



BUT DESPERATE  
FLAILING WON'T  
GET US ANYWHERE!  
IT'S RESOLVE!  
RESOLVE IS WHAT  
WE NEED!

HE'S GOTTEN  
DESPERATE!  
HE'S WILLING  
TO BEAR THE  
RESPON-  
SIBILITY BY  
PAYING WITH  
HIS LIFE!

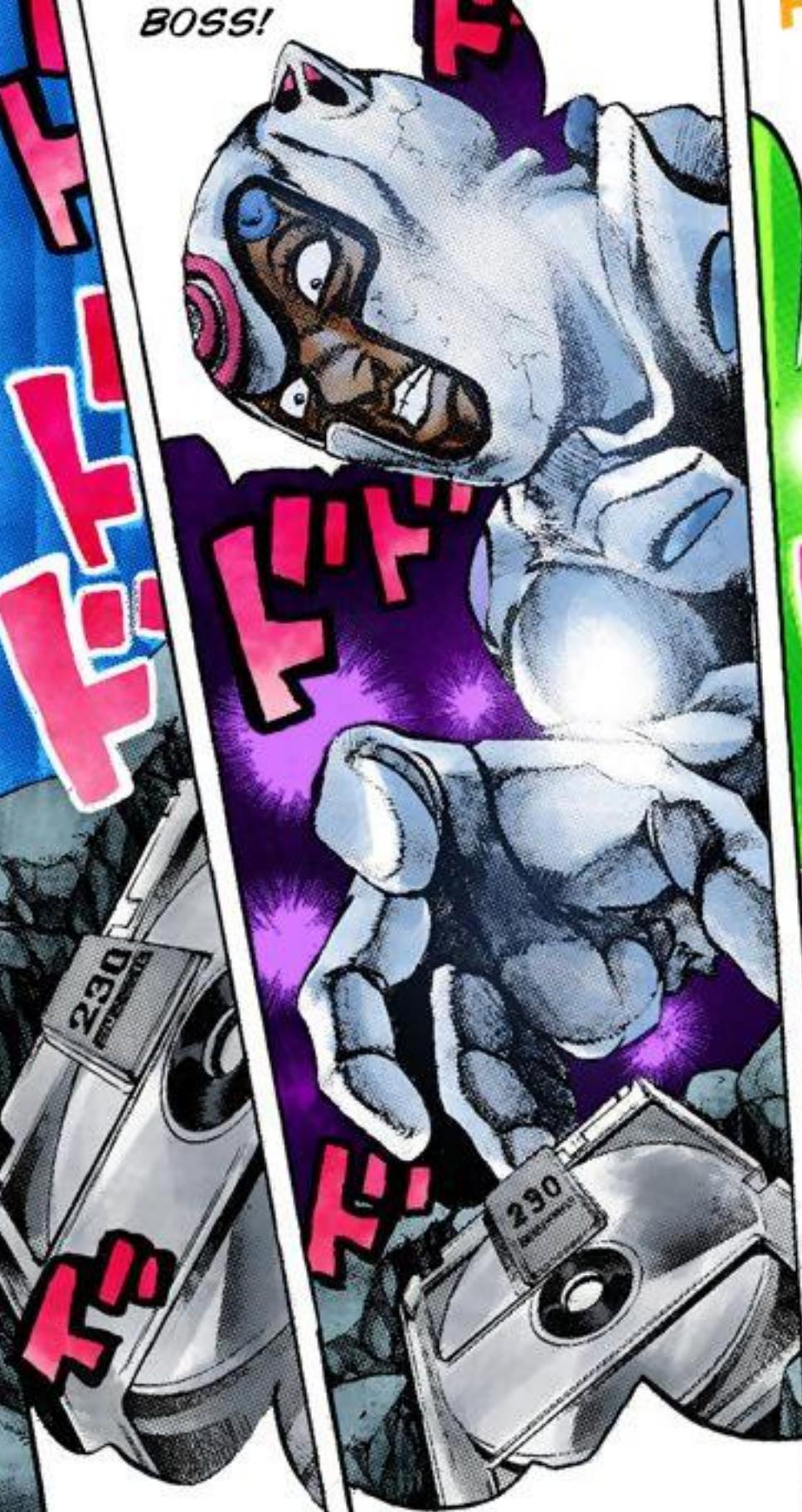
MISTA!



IT WAS  
INTEL! YOU  
WERE HEADED  
HERE TO FIND  
OUT HOW TO  
MEET THE  
BOSS!

I KNEW  
IT!

IT'S A  
DISC  
FOR A  
COMPUTER!



AND ALL  
THAT'S  
LEFT  
NOW...

HELL YEAH!  
NOW WE CAN  
UNCOVER  
THE BOSS'S  
IDENTITY!

IT IS NOT  
THE  
WILL  
OF SELF-  
SACRI-  
FICE!

THIS  
IS NOT  
RESOLVE!

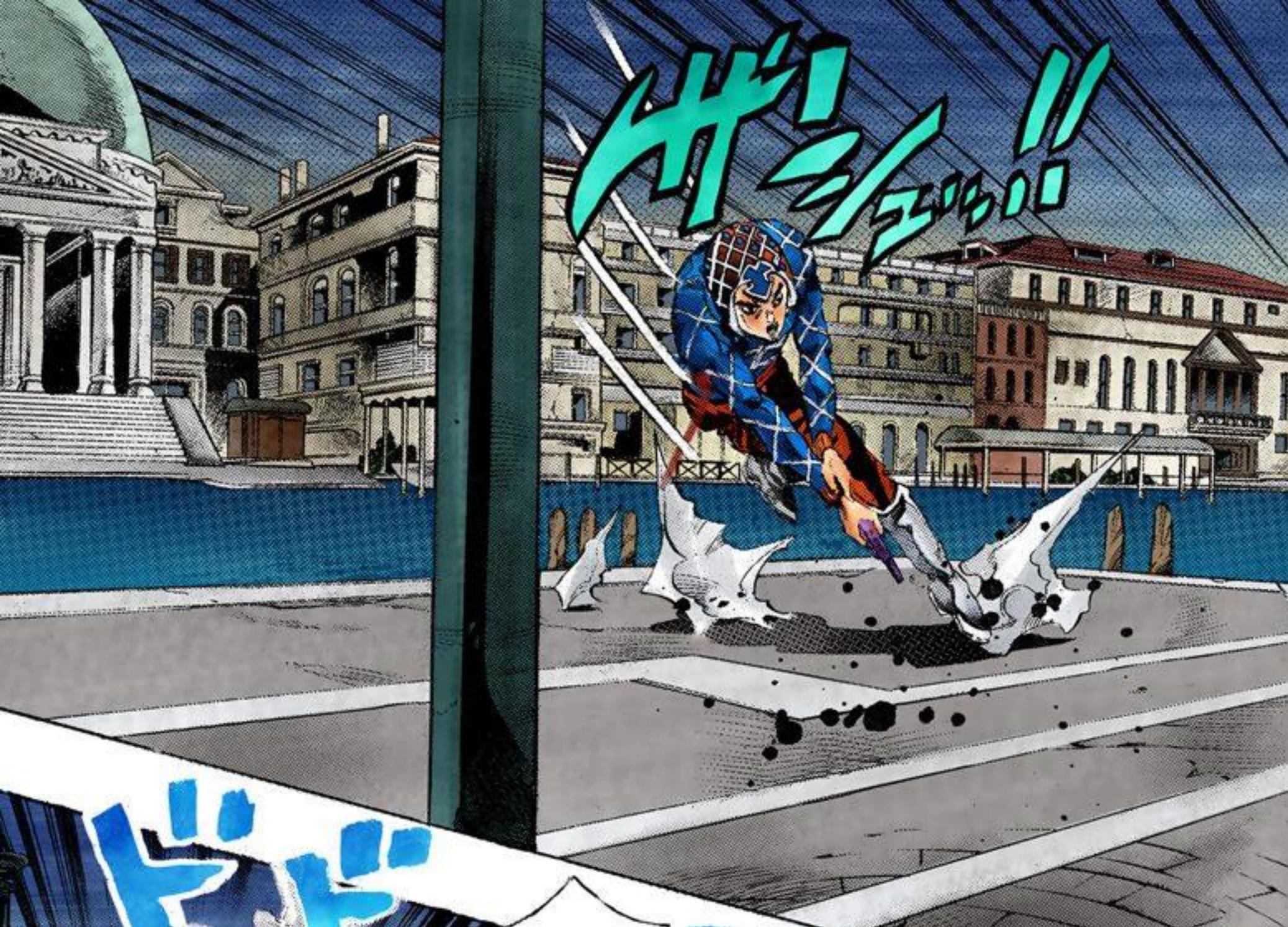




AFTER  
I KILL  
YOU  
ALL!

...IS  
TRISH!

AND  
I'LL GO  
SNATCH  
HER...



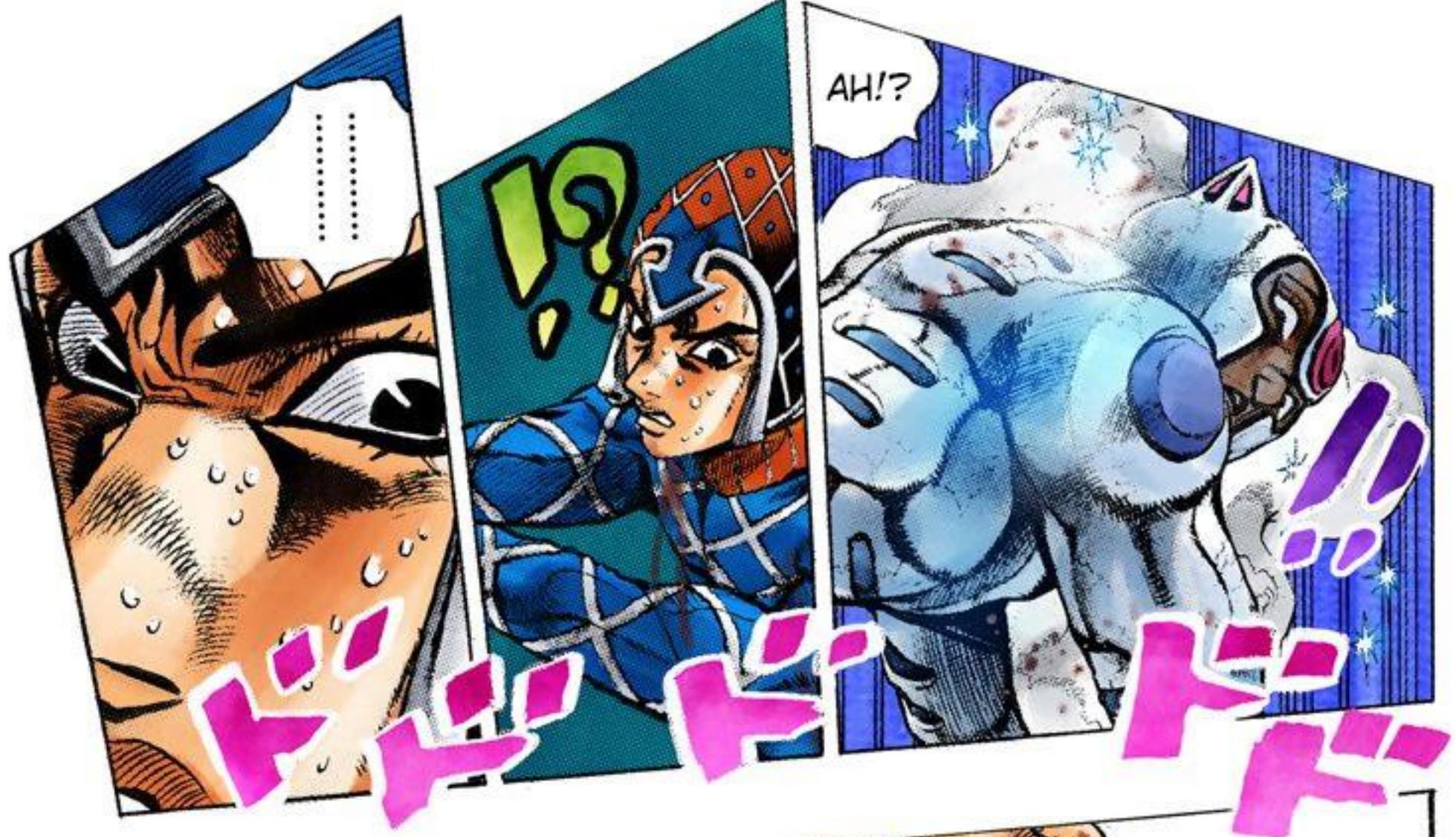
MIAA

MIAAA!













**THERE  
IT IS!!**



**I GOTCHA,  
GIORNO! I CAN  
SEE THE PATH  
THROUGH THE  
DARKNESS!**



GO,  
PISTOLS!

YE  
EEEE  
EEE!

SH!

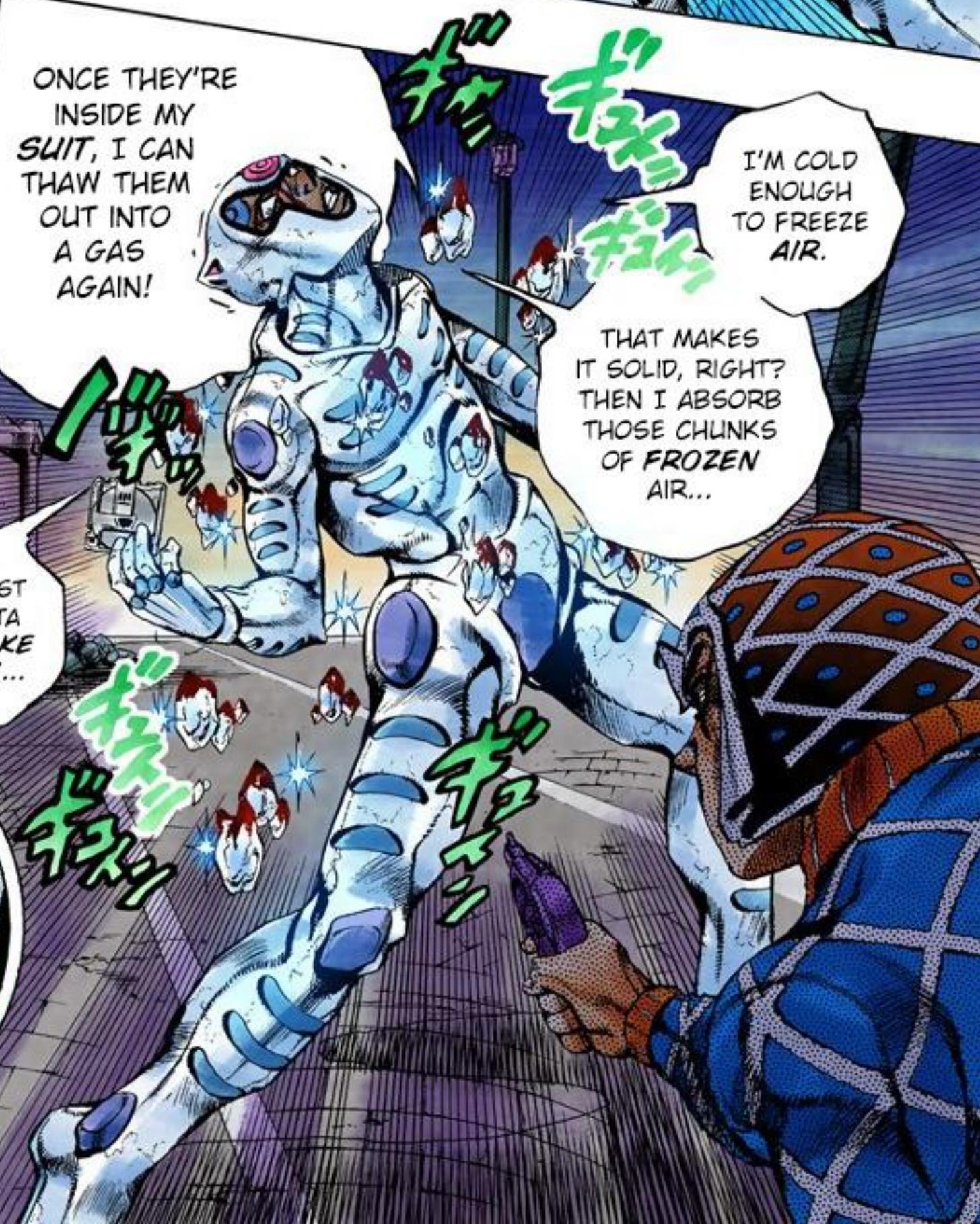
SH!

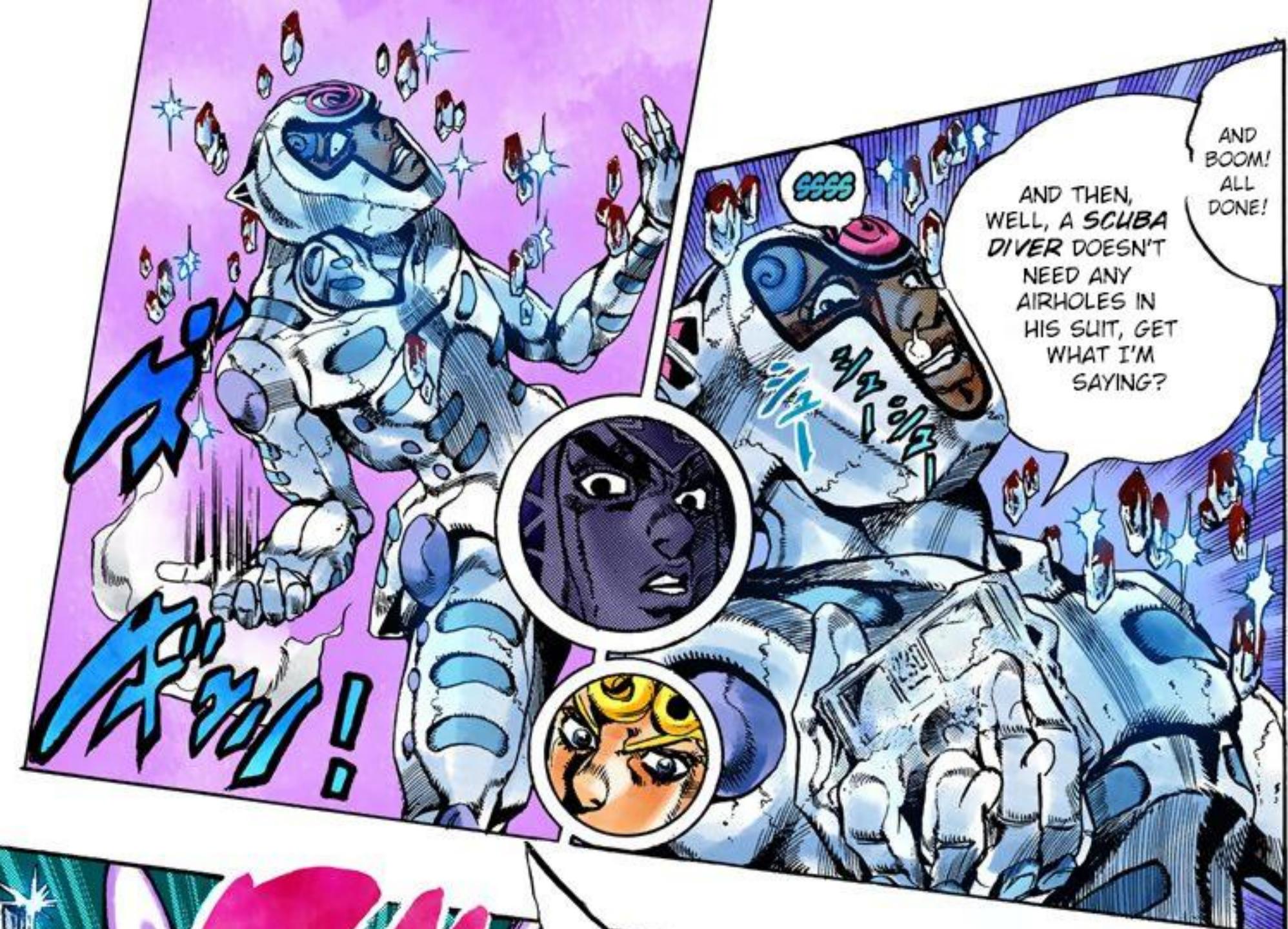




ONCE THEY'RE  
INSIDE MY  
SUIT, I CAN  
THAW THEM  
OUT INTO  
A GAS  
AGAIN!

I JUST  
GOTTA  
GO LIKE  
THIS...







YOU'RE  
FINISHED!



YEAH... I GOT THE RESOLVE TO PULL THIS OFF, GIORNO...

IF YOUR ACTIONS HADN'T GUIDED ME, I WOULD HAVE GIVEN IN TO DESPERATION...



IF YOU HADN'T SHARED YOUR RESOLVE WITH ME, I WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN THIS PATH...



THE PATH OF RESOLVE, LEADING ME INTO MY OWN LINE OF FIRE!

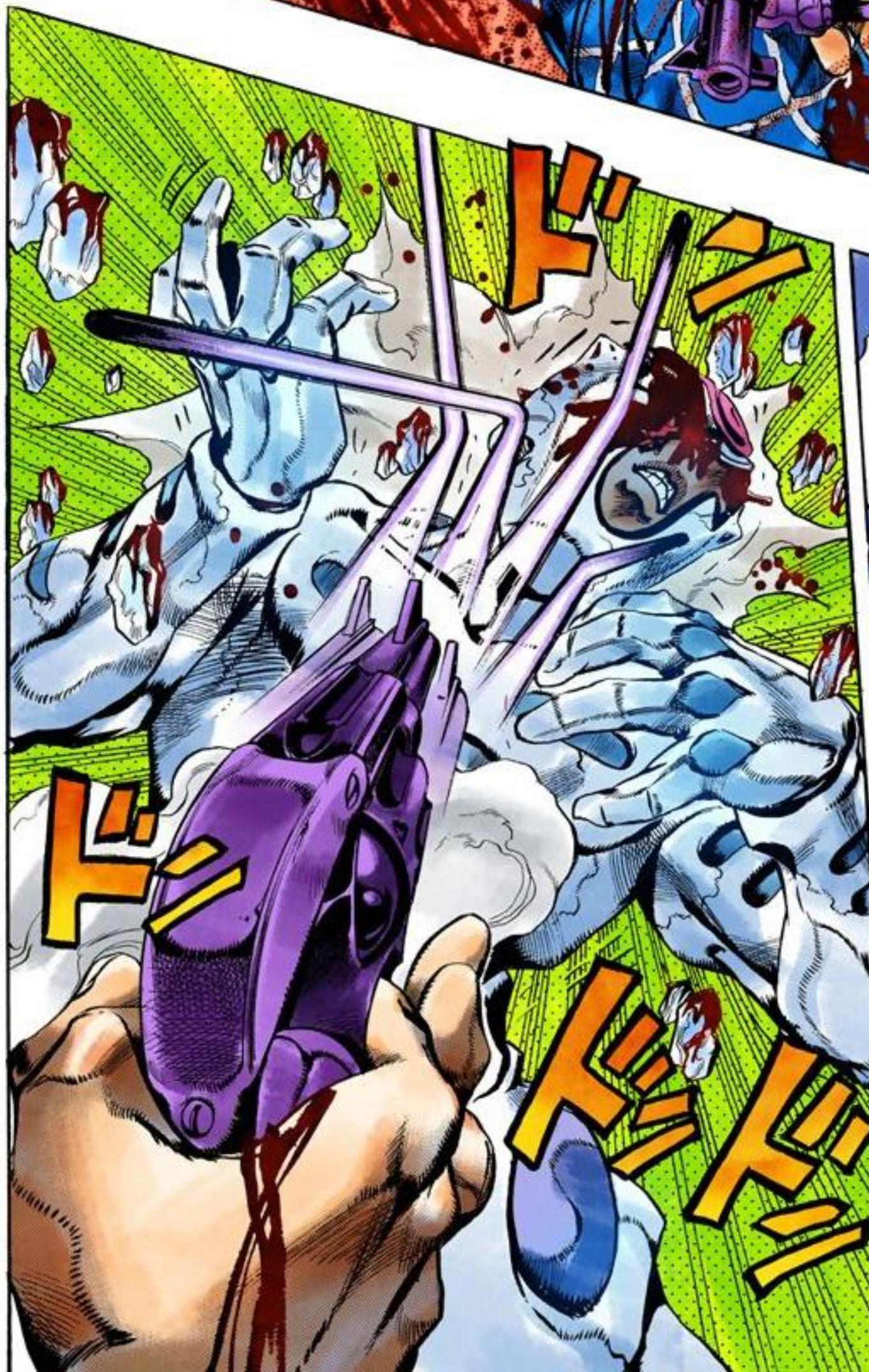
GIORNO!  
YOU'RE A GUY  
WHO GUIDES  
OTHERS DOWN THE  
PROPER DIRECTION  
EVEN WITHOUT THEM  
KNOWING IT! I  
NEVER NOTICED  
IT EITHER, BUT  
YOU'VE BEEN  
GUIDING ME THE  
WHOLE TIME, TOO...

IT WAS  
THE PATH OF  
DELIBERATELY  
COVERING  
YOUR FACE  
WITH MY OWN  
BLOOD.

I-

THE PATH I  
SAW... IN THE  
DARKNESS...

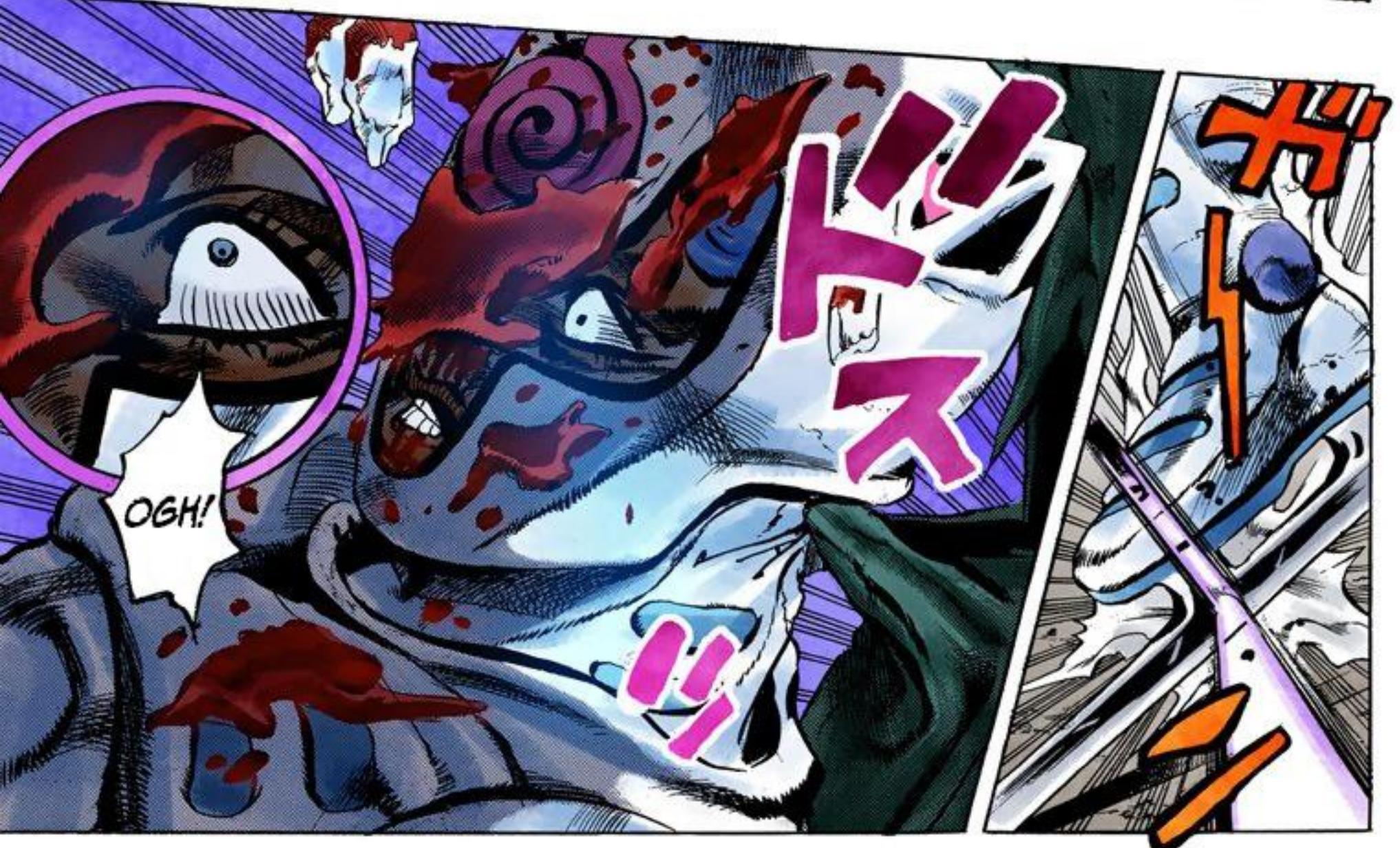
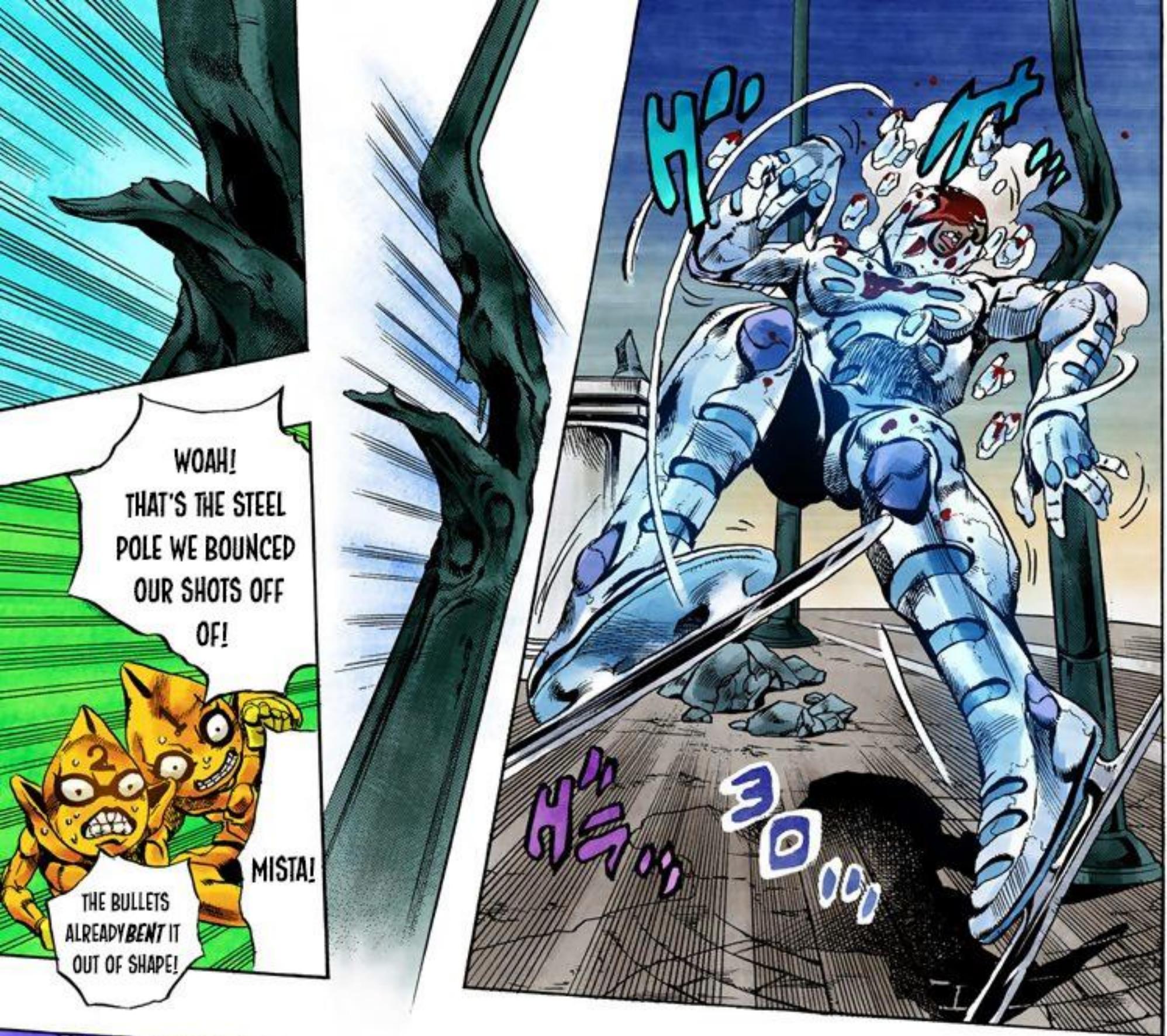
...WAS NOT  
THE PATH MY  
BULLETS TOOK  
THROUGH YOUR  
DEFENSES!



THE  
BLOOD  
FROZE  
TO MY  
FACE!

I... I  
CAN'T  
SEE!

FUCK!  
I CAN'T  
GET IT  
OFF!





BLOOD!  
AM I  
BLEEDING!?

THIS ISN'T REAL! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!  
THERE'S SOME SPIKE IN MY NECK! IS IT STABBING THROUGH MY ARMOR LIKE THE BOLT DID?! IMPOSSIBLE!  
IS MY WHITE ALBUM UNABLE TO SUPPORT MY ENTIRE WEIGHT?!

WHAT IS THIS HEAT DРИPPING DOWN MY NECK?!

AAAAA  
AAGH!  
MY  
NECK!

HOT!  
HOT  
HOT  
HOT!!

## WHITE ALBUM PART 7

YOU ASKED ME...

YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT.

NO, IT FUCKING WASN'T ...

WELL, IT WASN'T.

IF THAT WAS ALL THE RESOLVE I HAD LEFT...

RIGHT?

BUT YOU'D  
BETTER SHOW  
SOME *RESOLVE*  
OF YOUR OWN!

# WHITE ALBUM PART 7



GUH!

カツ

UOO  
000  
000  
000  
000  
O!!!

UOOO  
0000  
000!!

キ

**BRUTE FORCE  
IS OUR ONLY  
OPTION! IT'S  
TIME FOR MY  
TRUE RESOLVE  
TO SHINE!  
PISTOLS! YOU  
GUYS BETTER  
GET YOUR  
ASSES IN  
GEAR, TOO!**

YOU'LL DIE  
BEFORE  
HE DOES!

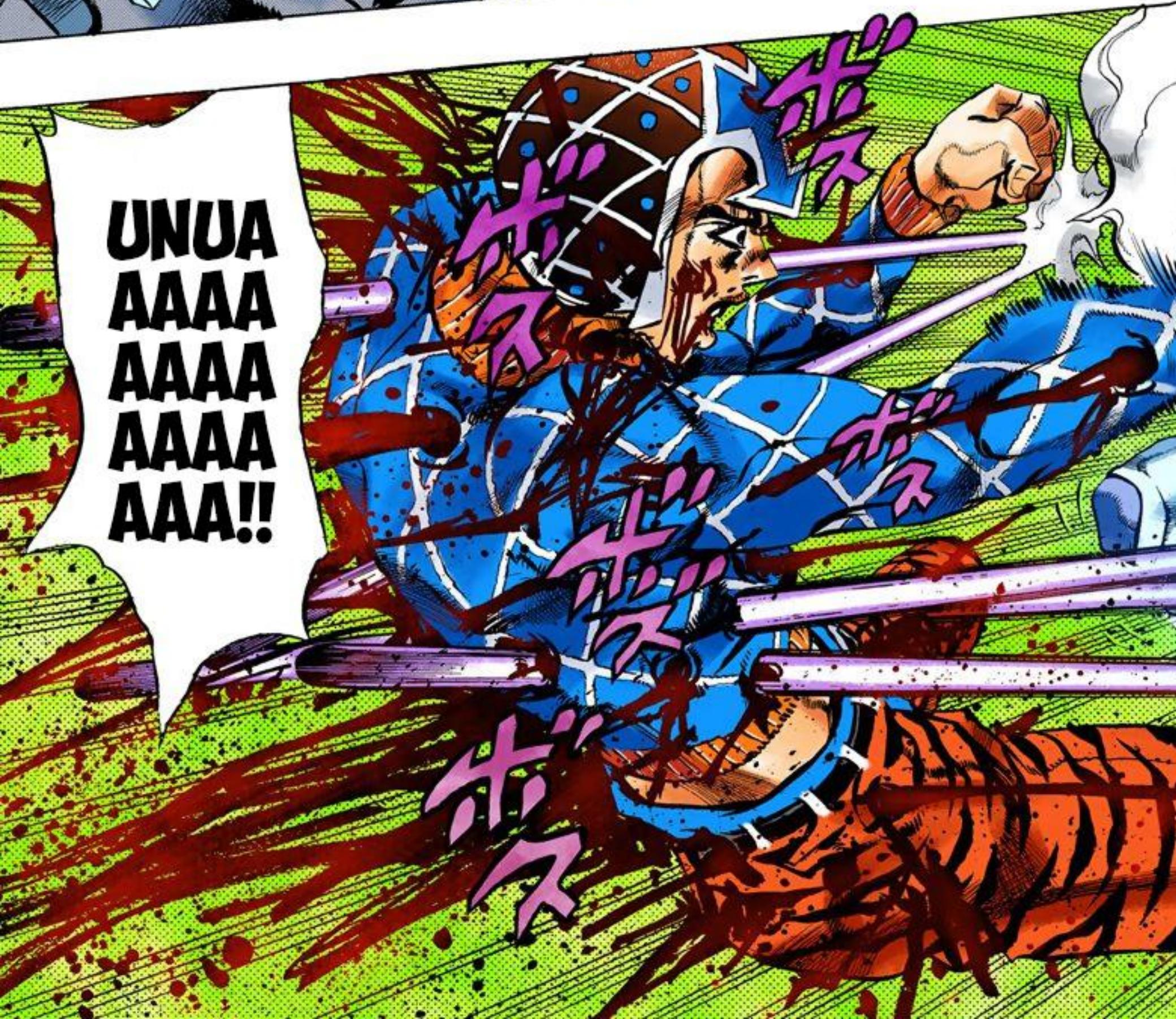
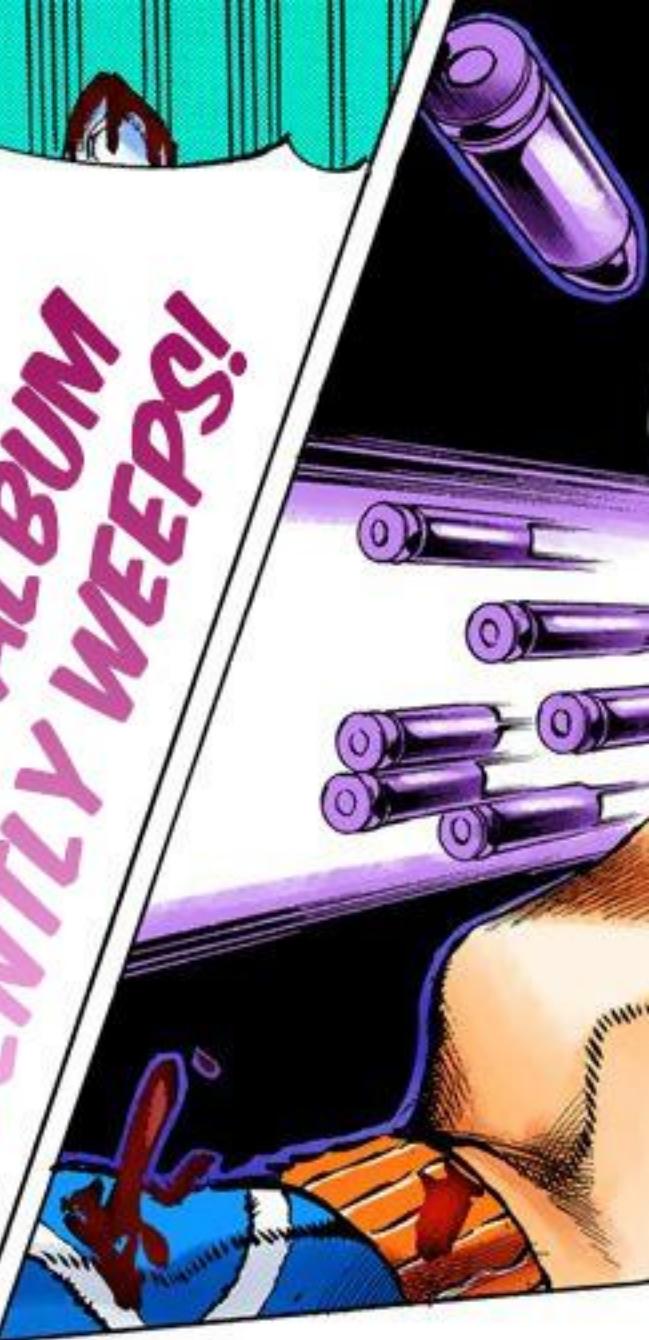
MISTA!  
THIS IS  
INSANE! THE  
BULLETS ARE  
COMING  
BACK!

OO  
OO  
OH  
H!!





WHITE ALBUM  
GENTLY WEEP!



UNUA  
AAAAA  
AAAAA  
AAAAA  
AAA!!

UOOO  
OOO!!

ギャー!  
ギャー!  
ギャー!

MISTA  
AAA!

ギャー!

ギャー!

ギャー!

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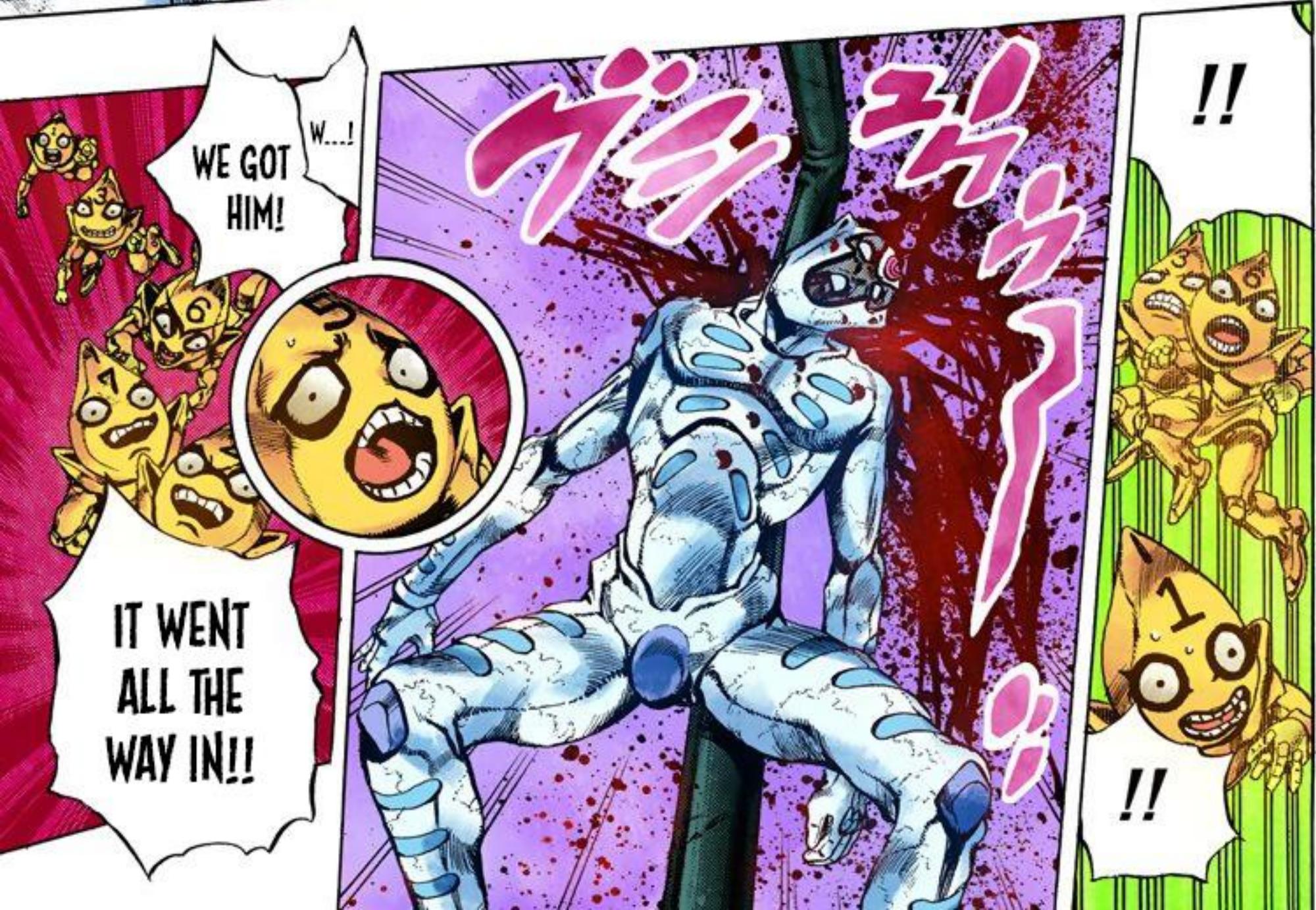
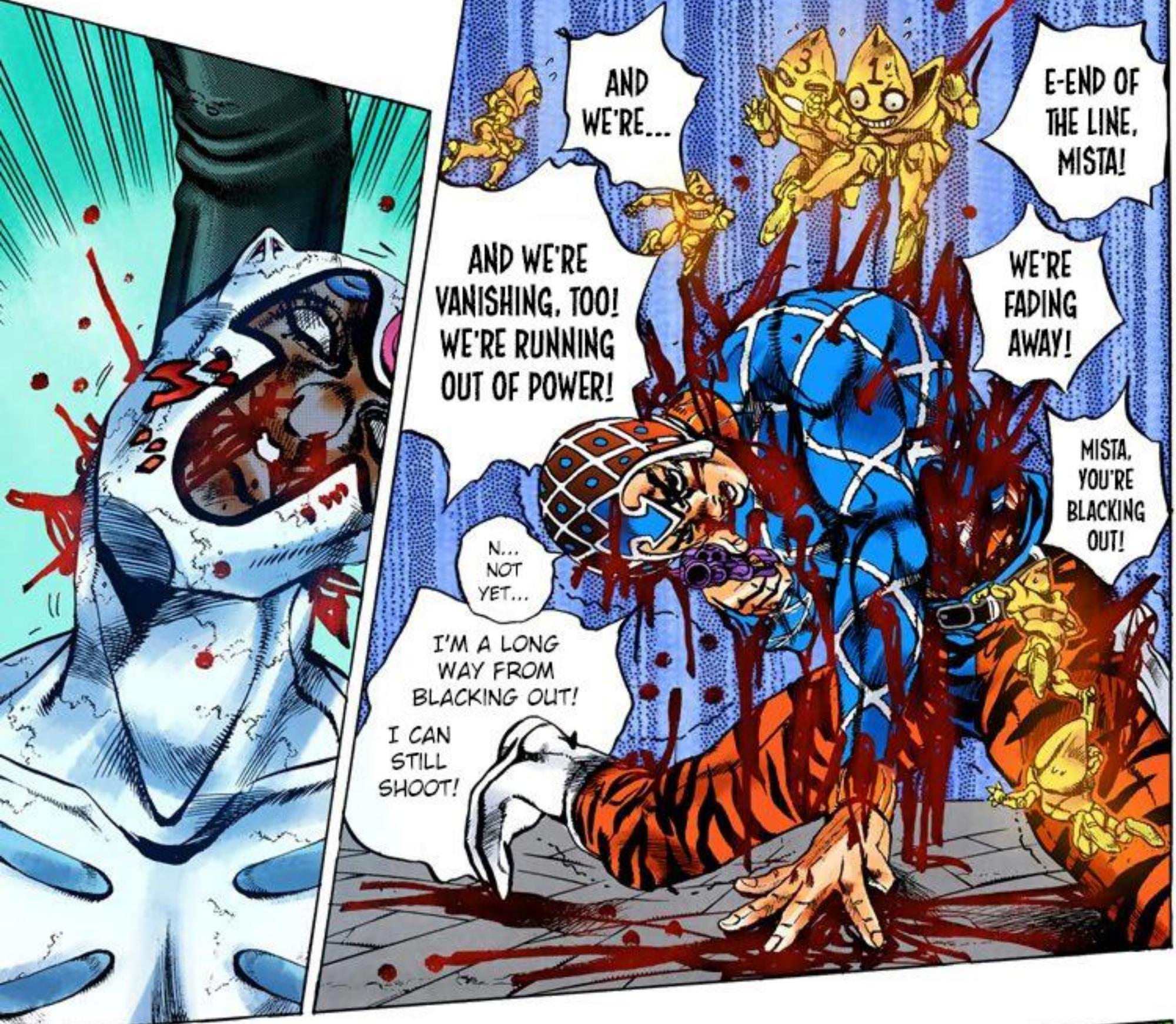
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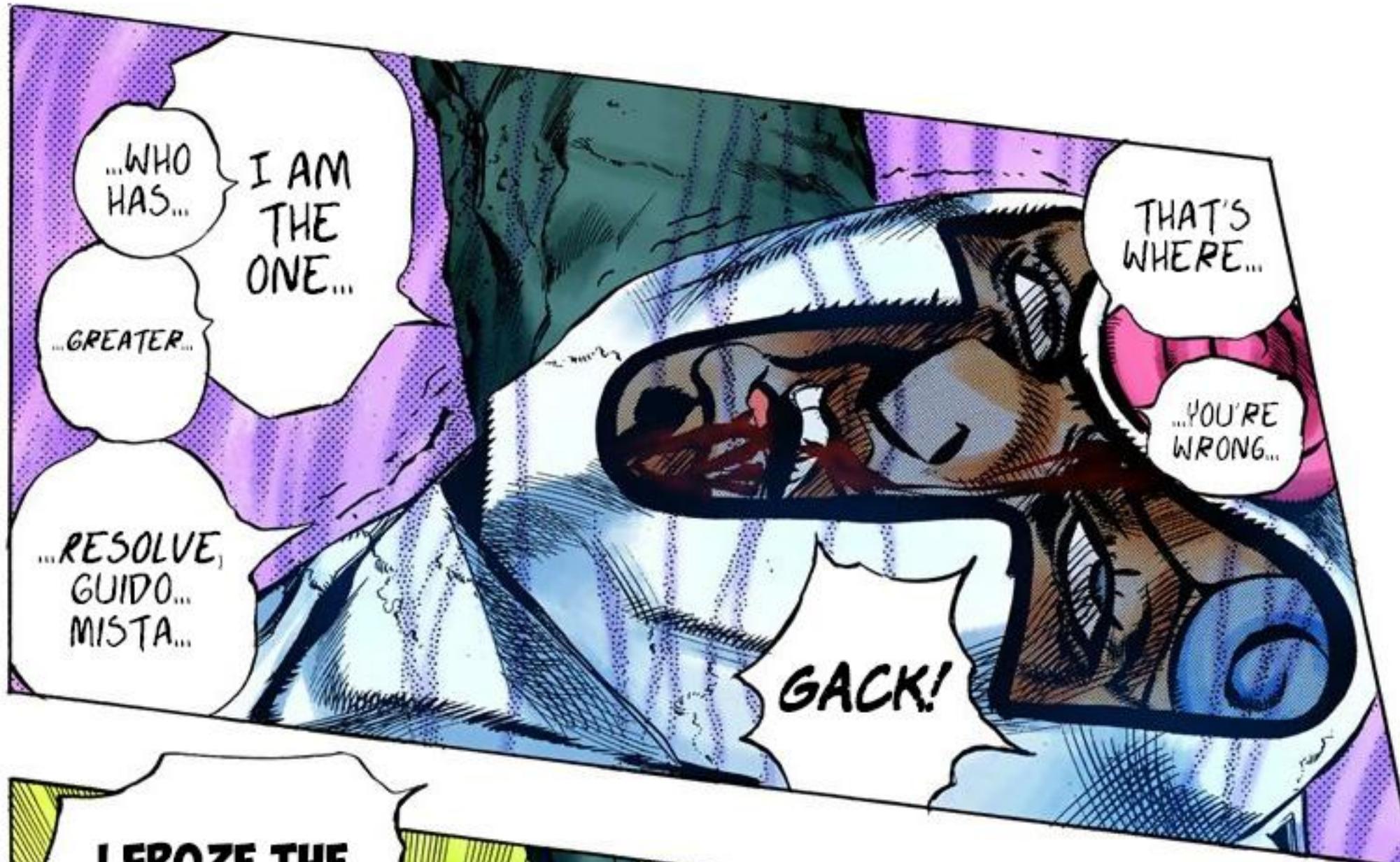
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AND... OUR  
LAST BULLET'S  
STILL FLYING  
AROUND...

AND  
SO'S  
MISTA...

THIS IS  
THE END...  
WE'RE  
FADING  
OUT...



HEADSHOT!  
VICTORY  
IS MINE!



YOUR  
RESOLVE  
SHINES WITH  
A RADIANCE  
THAT  
SURPASSES  
EVEN THE  
SUN RISING  
AT OUR BACKS,  
AND SHEDS  
LIGHT  
UPON OUR  
PATH...

MISTA...

AND IT  
ILLUMINATES  
THE **RIGHTEOUS**,  
**FATED PATH**  
THAT WE SHALL  
WALK TOGETHER  
HEREAFTER,  
AS WELL!

WHA-!?



WHAT THE  
FUUUUUU  
UUUCK!!!?

MUDA

MUDA

MUDA

MUDA

MUDA

MUDA  
MUDA

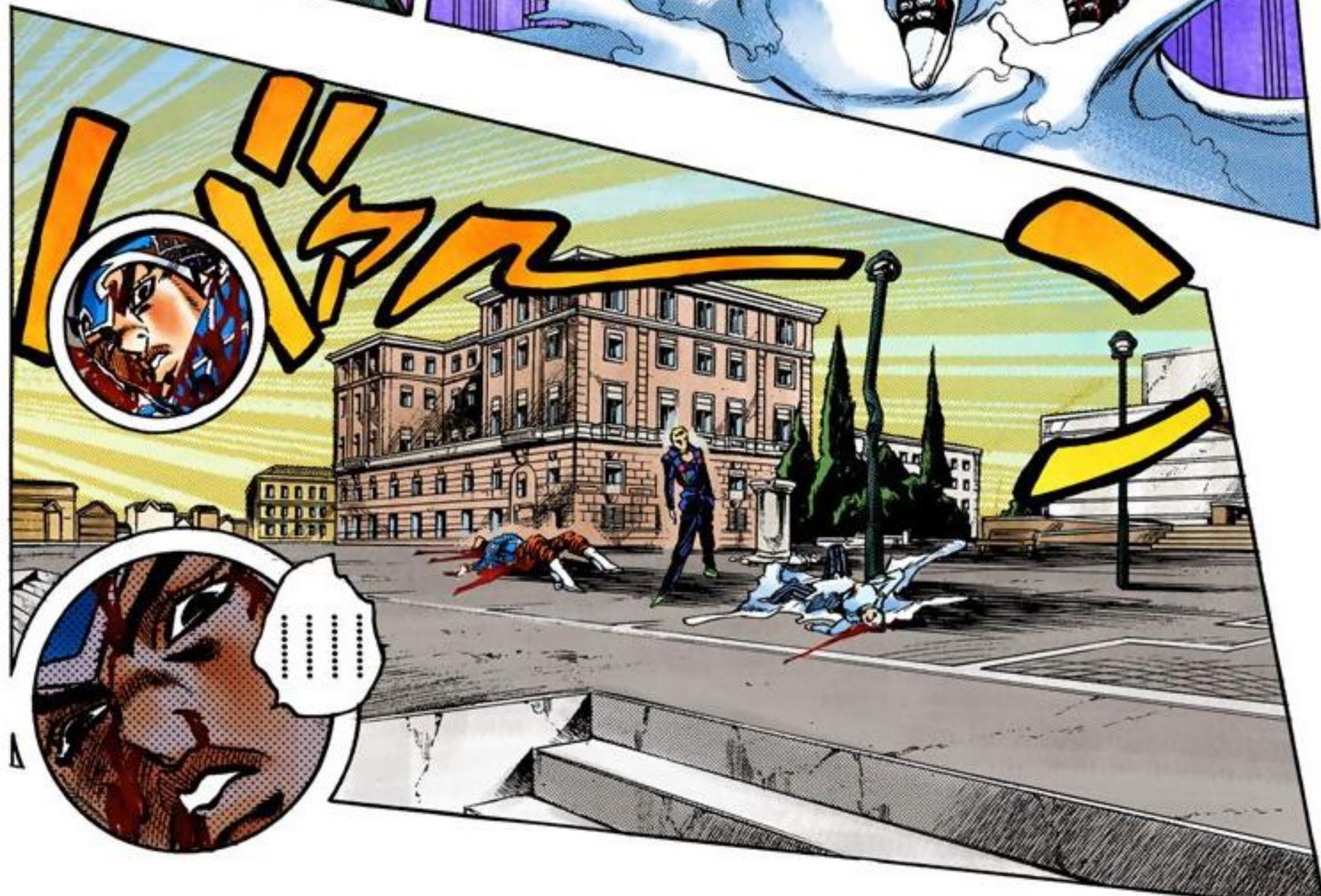
H  
H  
H



MUDA  
MUDA  
MUDA  
MUDA  
MUDA  
MUDA  
MUDA  
!!!!

UGUEH  
НИИИИ!!!

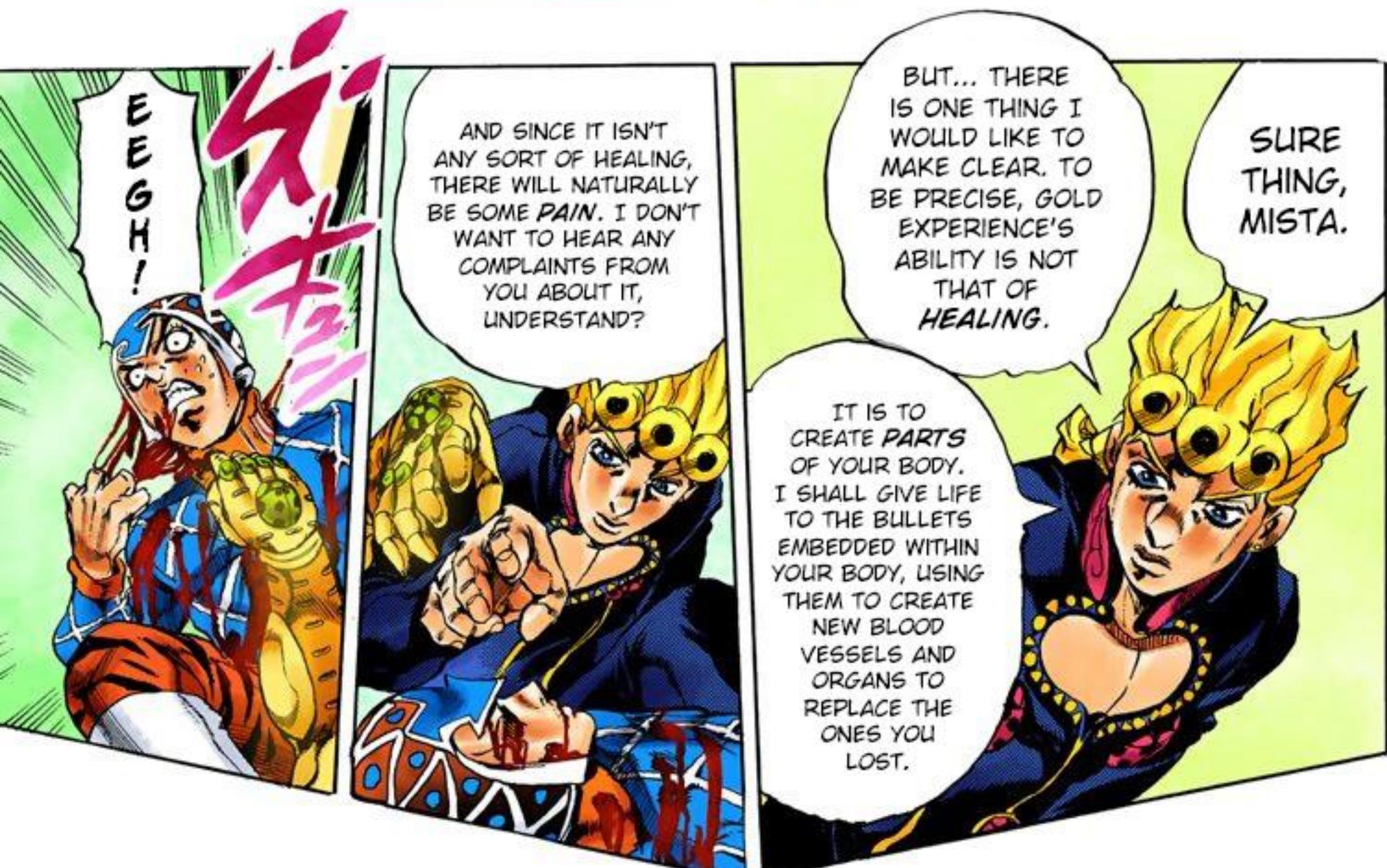
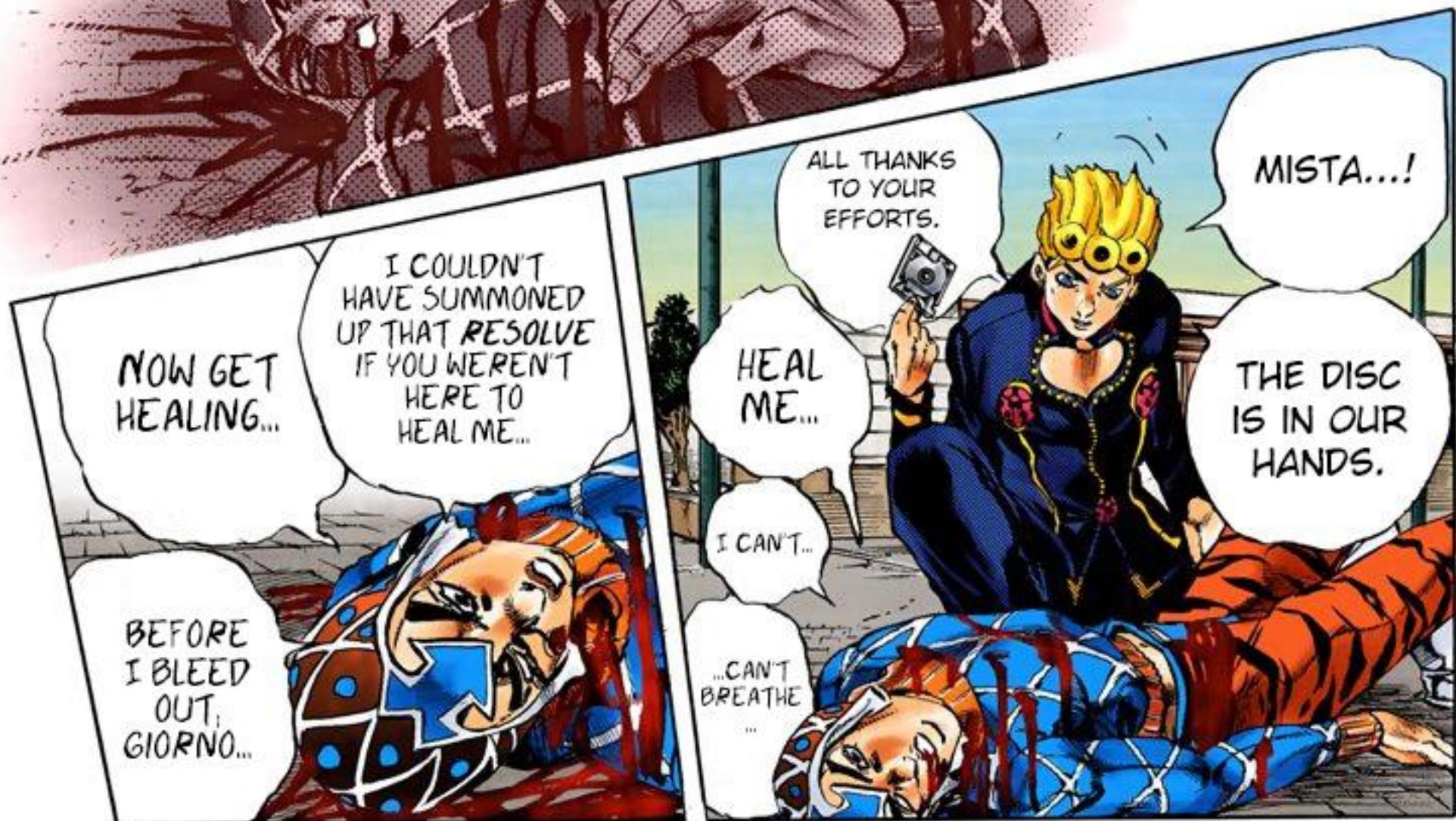


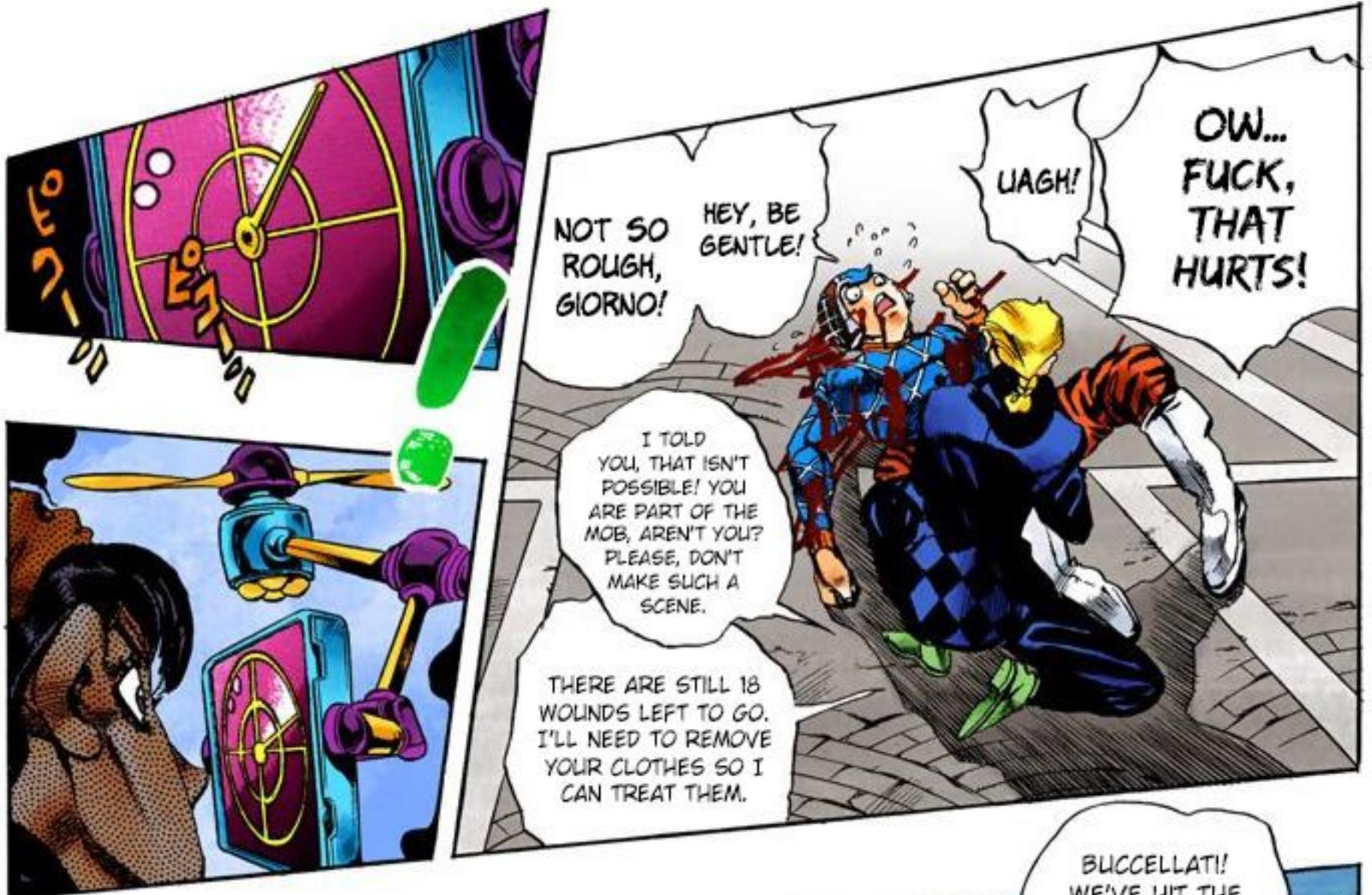


EVERYTHING GOES  
JUST THE WAY HE SAYS...  
THAT RESOLVE WAS HIS JUST AS  
MUCH AS IT WAS MINE! AND I  
DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE HE WAS  
SHARING HIS STRENGTH WITH  
ME ALL THIS TIME... IT'S ALMOST  
AS IF HE'S MORE OF A LEADER  
TO ME THAN BUCELLATI...

LATELY, I'VE STARTED  
NOTICING SOMETHING  
ABOUT THIS KID,  
GIORNO GIOVANNA...

HE'S JUST  
A NEWBIE, BUT...











# **FINAL ORDERS FROM THE BOSS**



GOOD. KEEP THE BOAT MOVING.

But first, there is something I must warn you of. The data on this disc was entered when you boarded the **train** in Napoli.

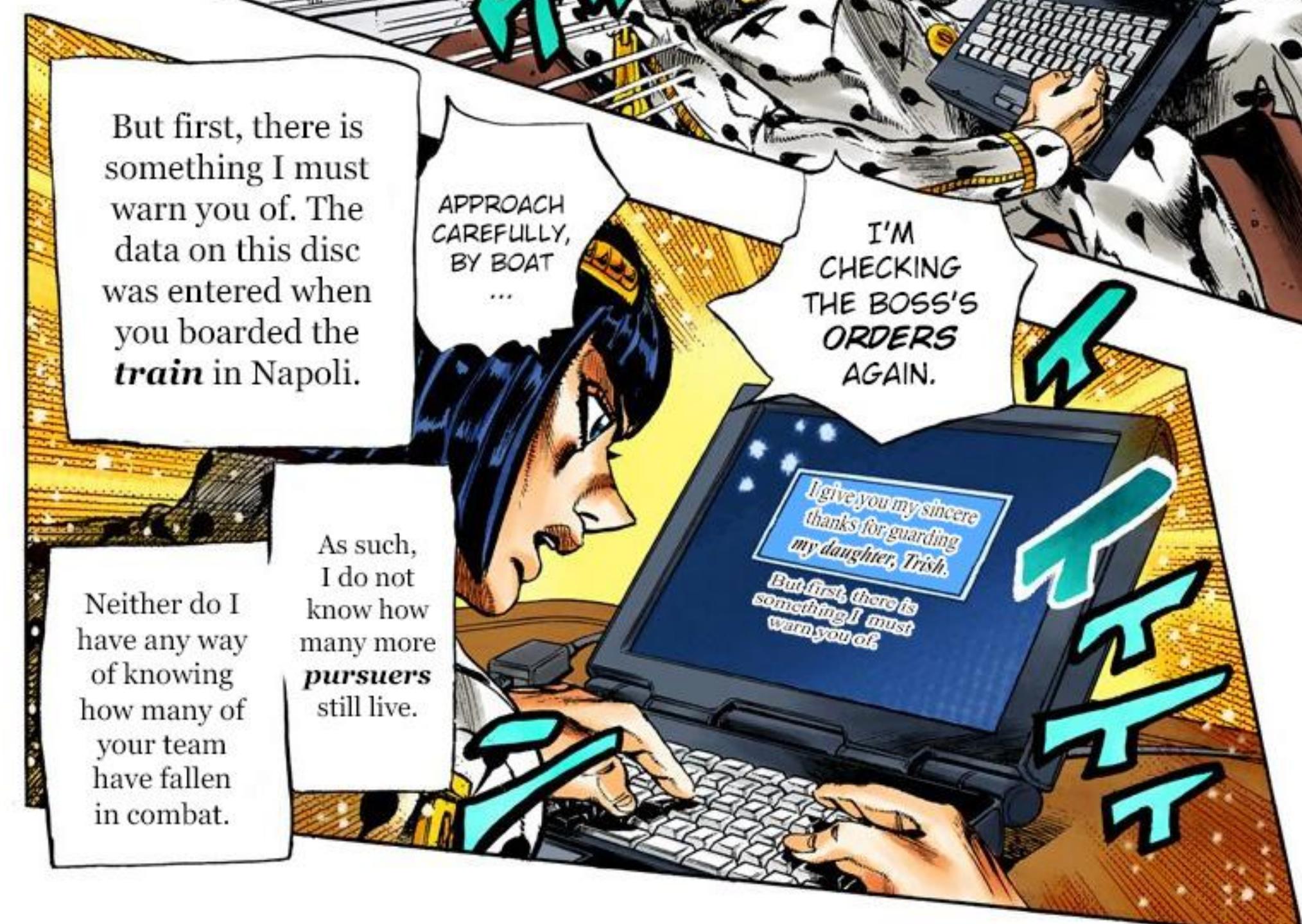
APPROACH CAREFULLY, BY BOAT  
...

I'M CHECKING THE BOSS'S ORDERS AGAIN.

Neither do I have any way of knowing how many of your team have fallen in combat.

As such, I do not know how many more **pursuers** still live.

I give you my sincere thanks for guarding my daughter, Trish.  
But first, there is something I must warn you of.



BUT WE  
DON'T KNOW  
WHETHER OR  
NOT HE'S  
IN VENEZIA  
RIGHT NOW.

I shall also warn  
you that you are not  
allowed to deviate at  
all from the **orders**  
detailed on this disc.

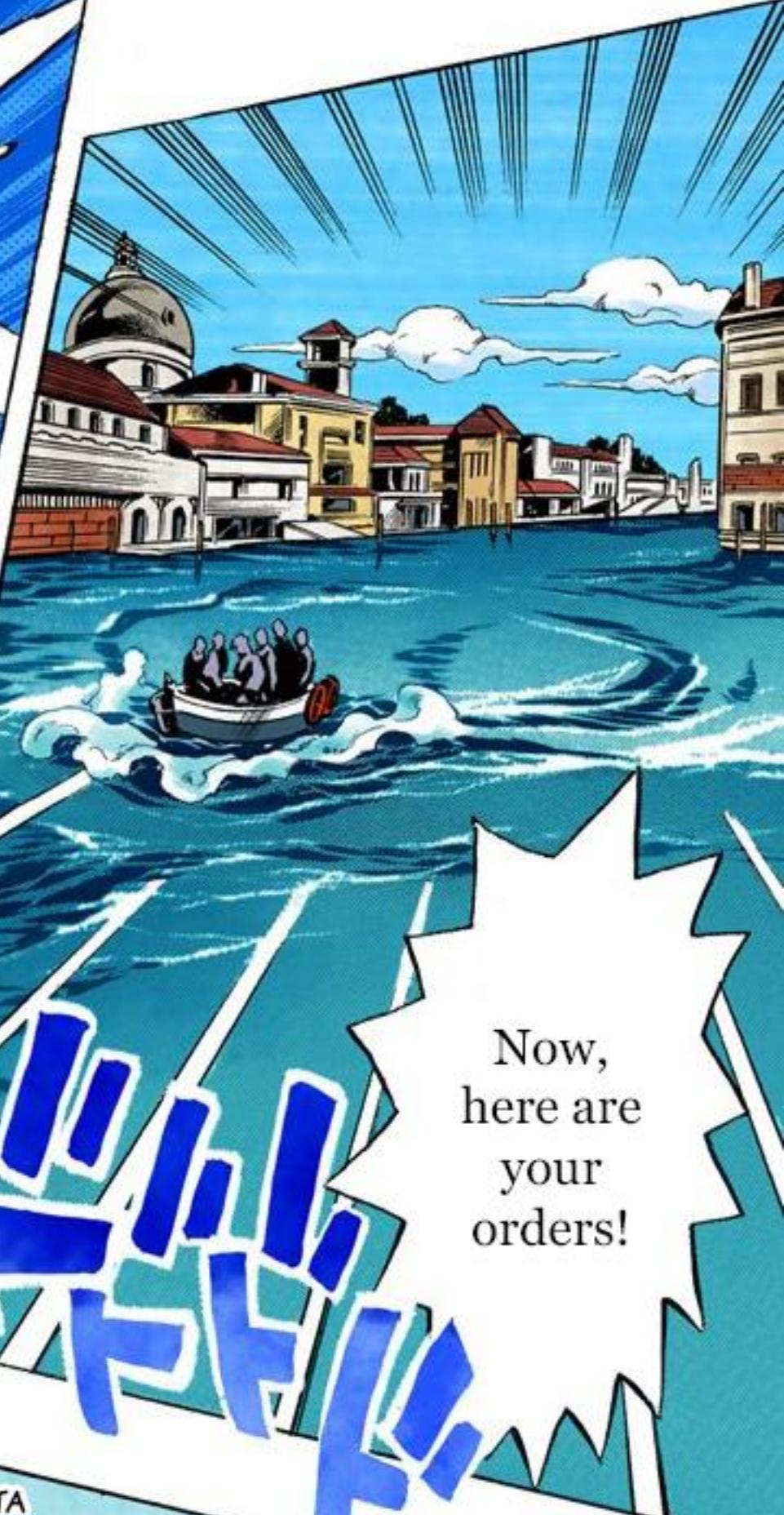
If any of you act  
in violation of  
these **orders**, even  
if it is a coincidental  
occurrence, then I shall  
take it as a **warning**  
**of your  
hostility**,

and it will  
become very  
difficult to  
reunite **me**  
with **my  
daughter**.

OUR  
**PURSUERS**  
...  
IF WE  
SUBTRACT  
THE ONES  
WE'VE  
TAKEN OUT  
...  
THAT  
LEAVES  
ONLY ONE  
LEFT  
...

The disc contains  
the information  
you need to safely  
allow me to meet  
**my daughter**.  
These will be your  
**final orders**.

Your next destination will be ***the island of San Giorgio Maggiore!***



Now, here are your orders!



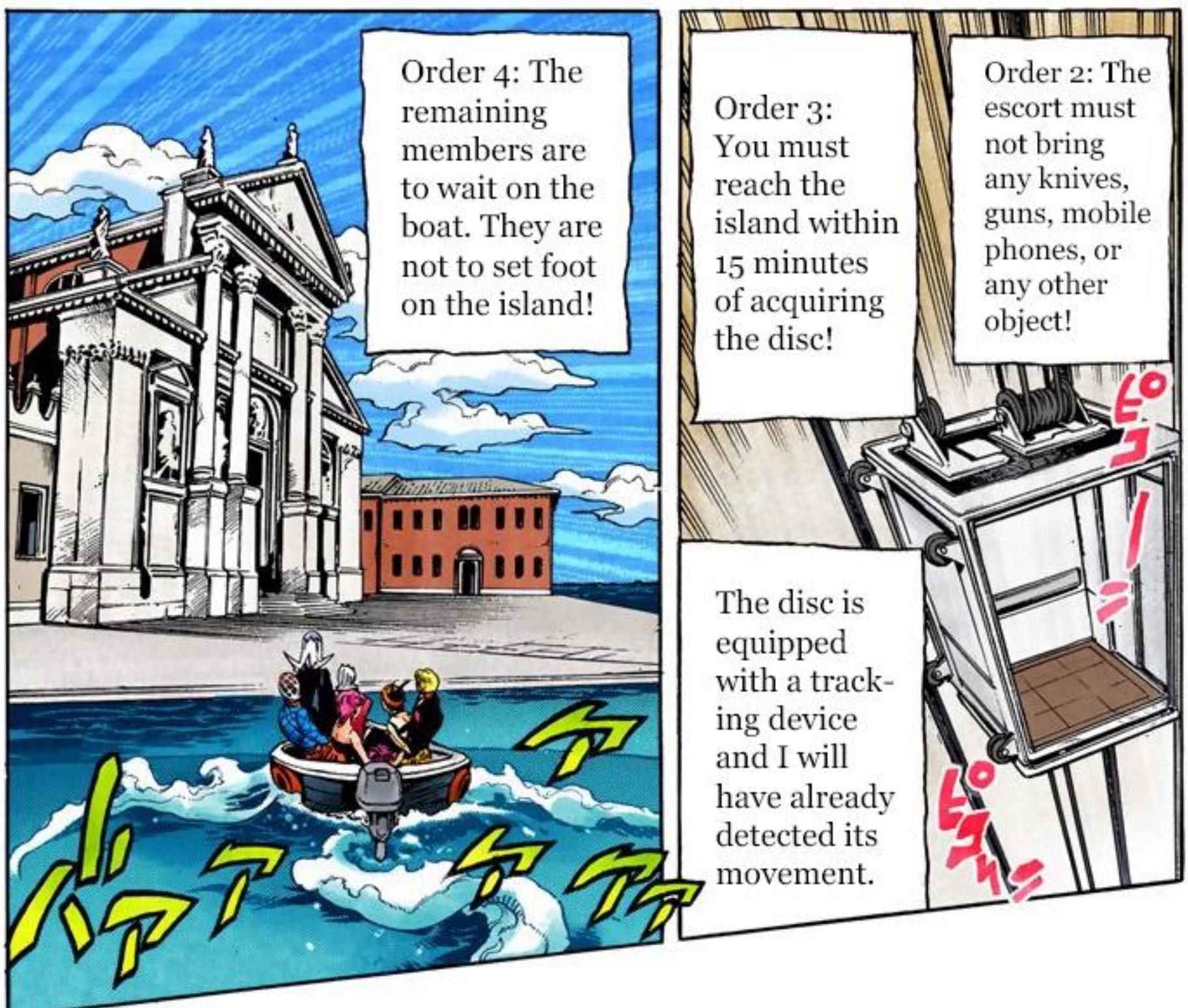
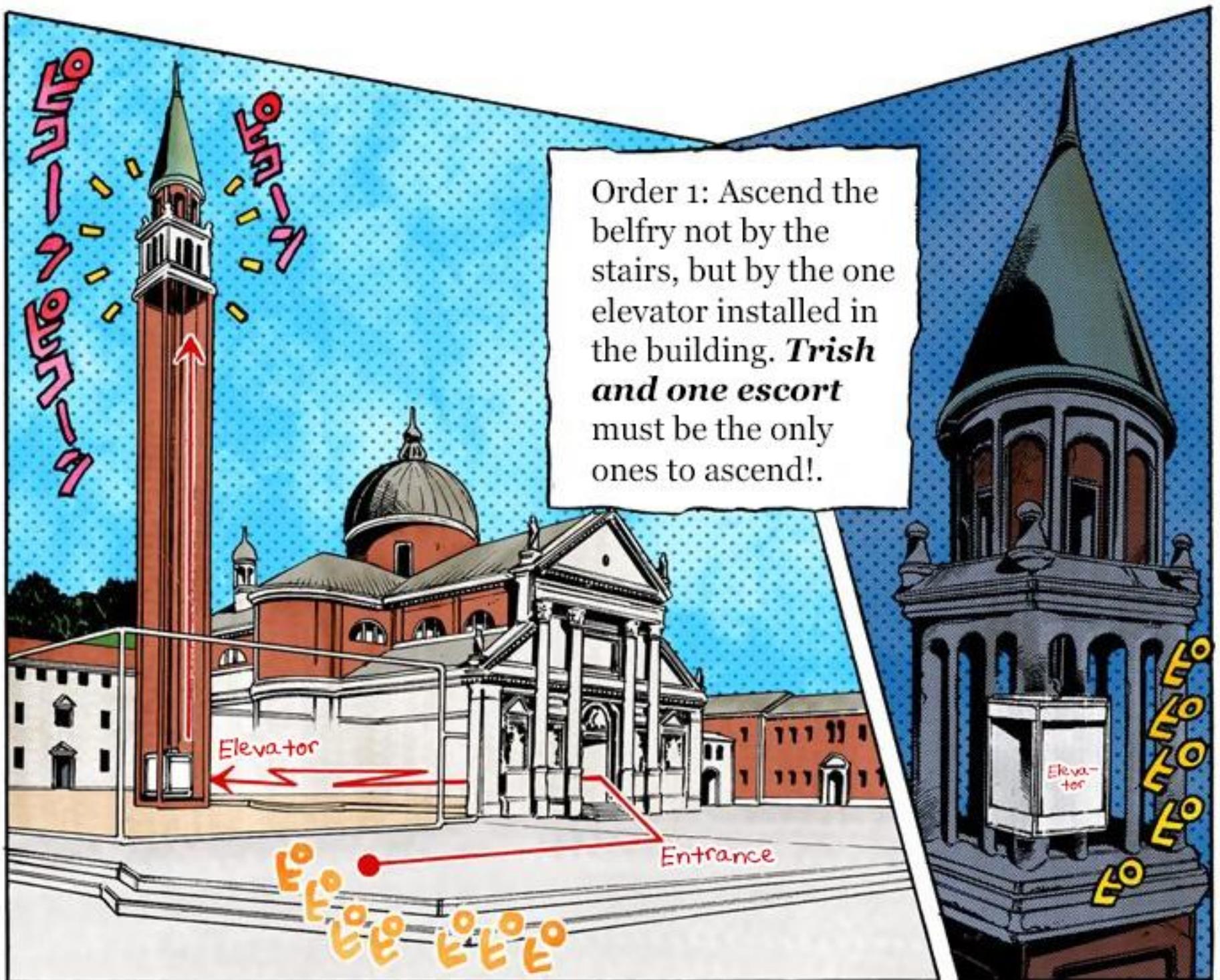
You shall  
be taking my  
daughter to  
***the top of  
the belfry!***

And that  
church  
contains  
a lone  
belfry!

This island  
contains  
nothing  
but a lone  
church.

Your mission  
will conclude  
once you bring  
my daughter  
to ***the top of  
the belfry!***









THE BOSS NEVER GAVE A NAME BECAUSE HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO WOULD MAKE IT HERE!

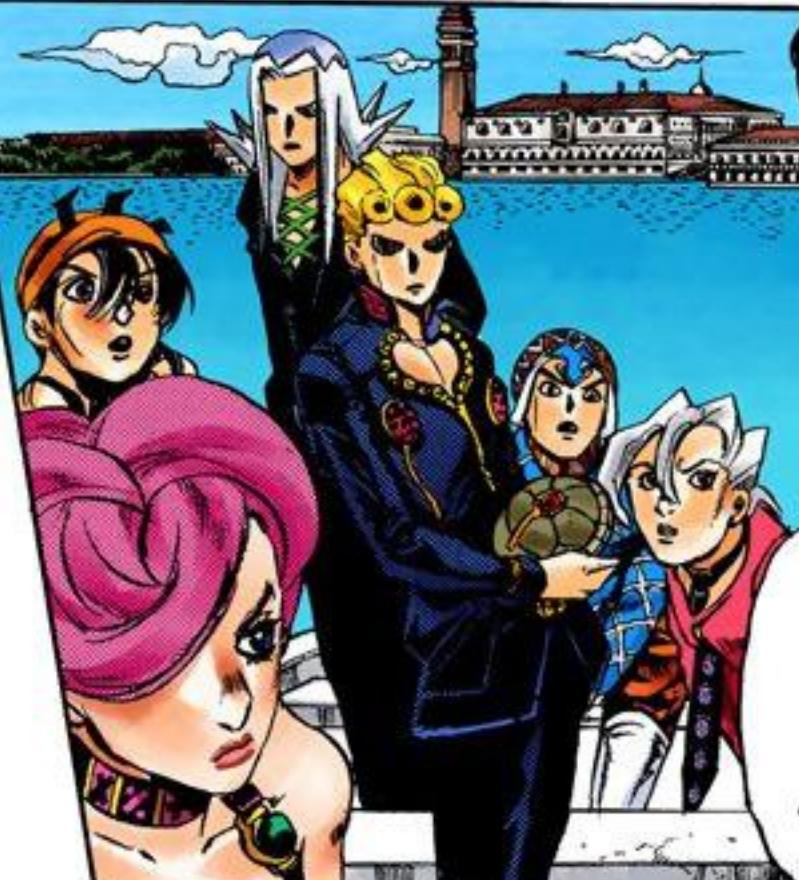
WHY WOULD ANYONE ELSE BUT OUR OFFICER, BUCELLATI, TAKE HER UP THERE, YOU STUPID BITCH!?

THE BOSS NEVER SAID WHO HAD TO TAKE HER UP.

THE MISSION IS AS GOOD AS DONE. IF ALL WE NEED TO DO IS BRING HER UP THERE, THEN I CAN-

A ROOKIE LIKE YOU AIN'T WORTHY OF ESCORTING HER!

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SAYING!?



STEP ONTO THE ISLAND, TRISH. ONLY YOU AND ME AS ORDERED.

I'LL GO.

IT'S ONLY NATURAL.



Jgo



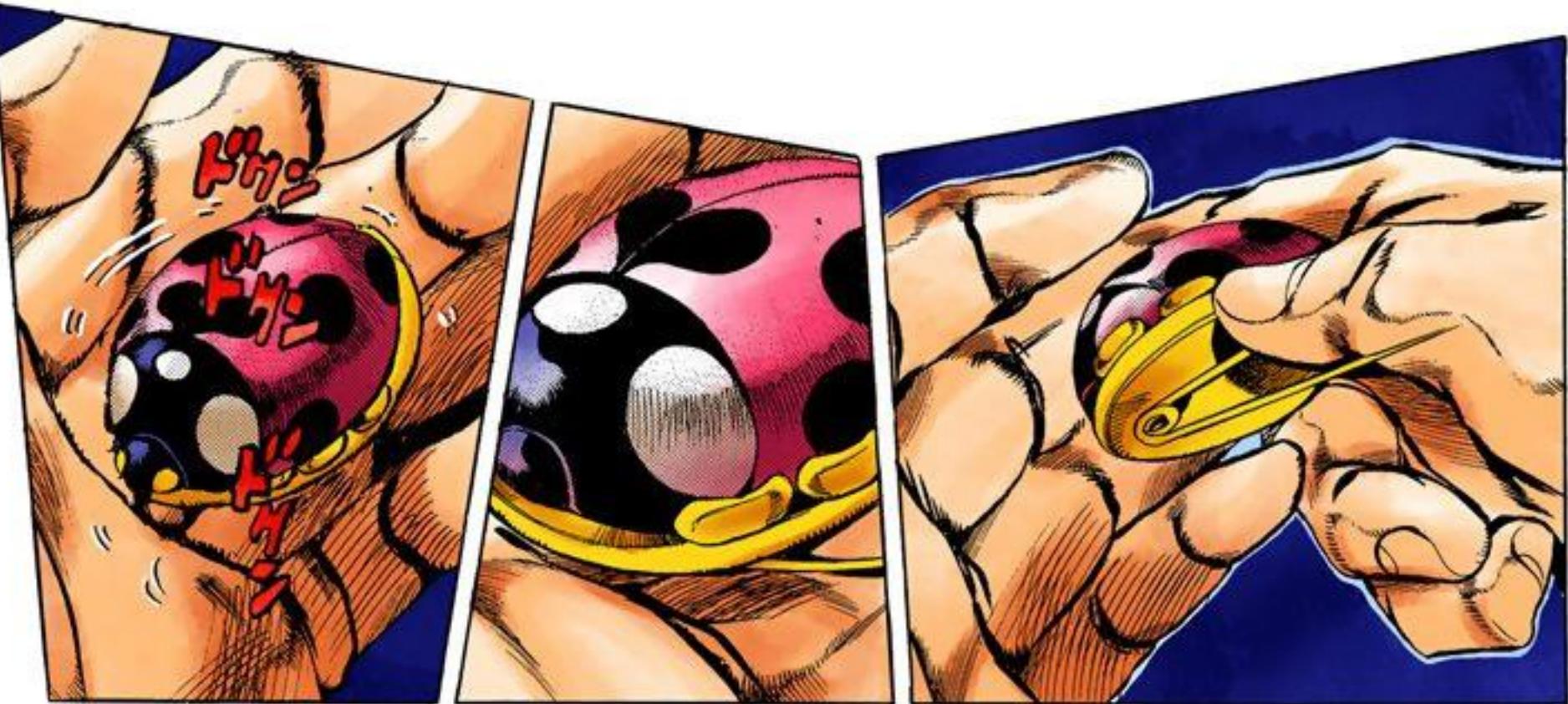
Jgo



THIS IS OUR CHANCE! I'M NOT HERE JUST TO ESCORT TRISH... I JUST NEED TO GET SOMETHING, EVEN THE SLIGHTEST LEAD...

I KNOW, GIORNO... I KNOW! IF WE WANT TO LEARN EVEN A LITTLE ABOUT THE BOSS'S IDENTITY...

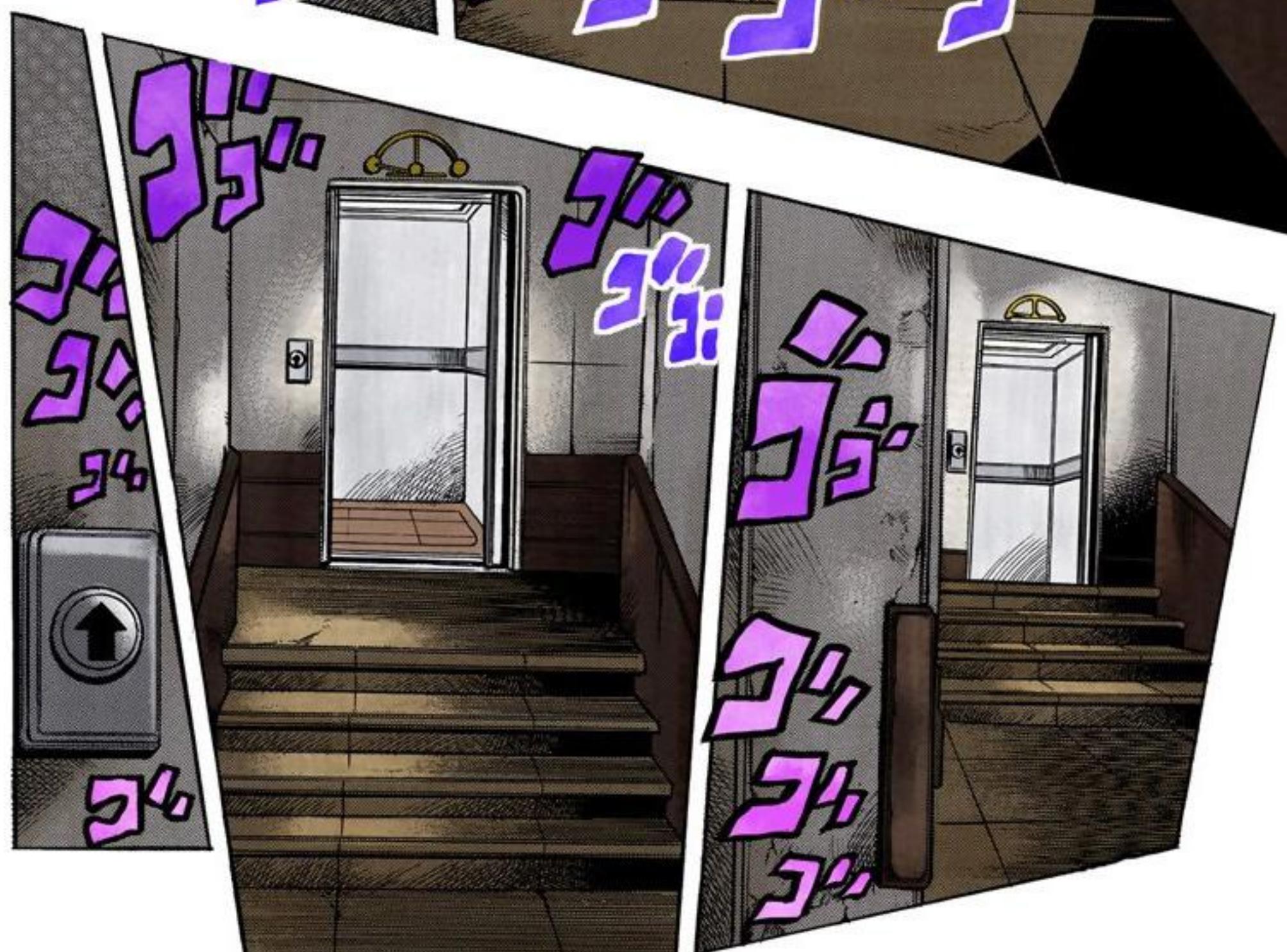




HE'S MAKING THIS BROOCH INTO A SENSOR... IF I CAN PUT IT ON THE BOSS, GIORNO WILL BE ABLE TO SENSE HIS LOCATION. ALL I CAN DO FOR NOW IS PIN DOWN HIS IDENTITY, BUT ONE DAY...

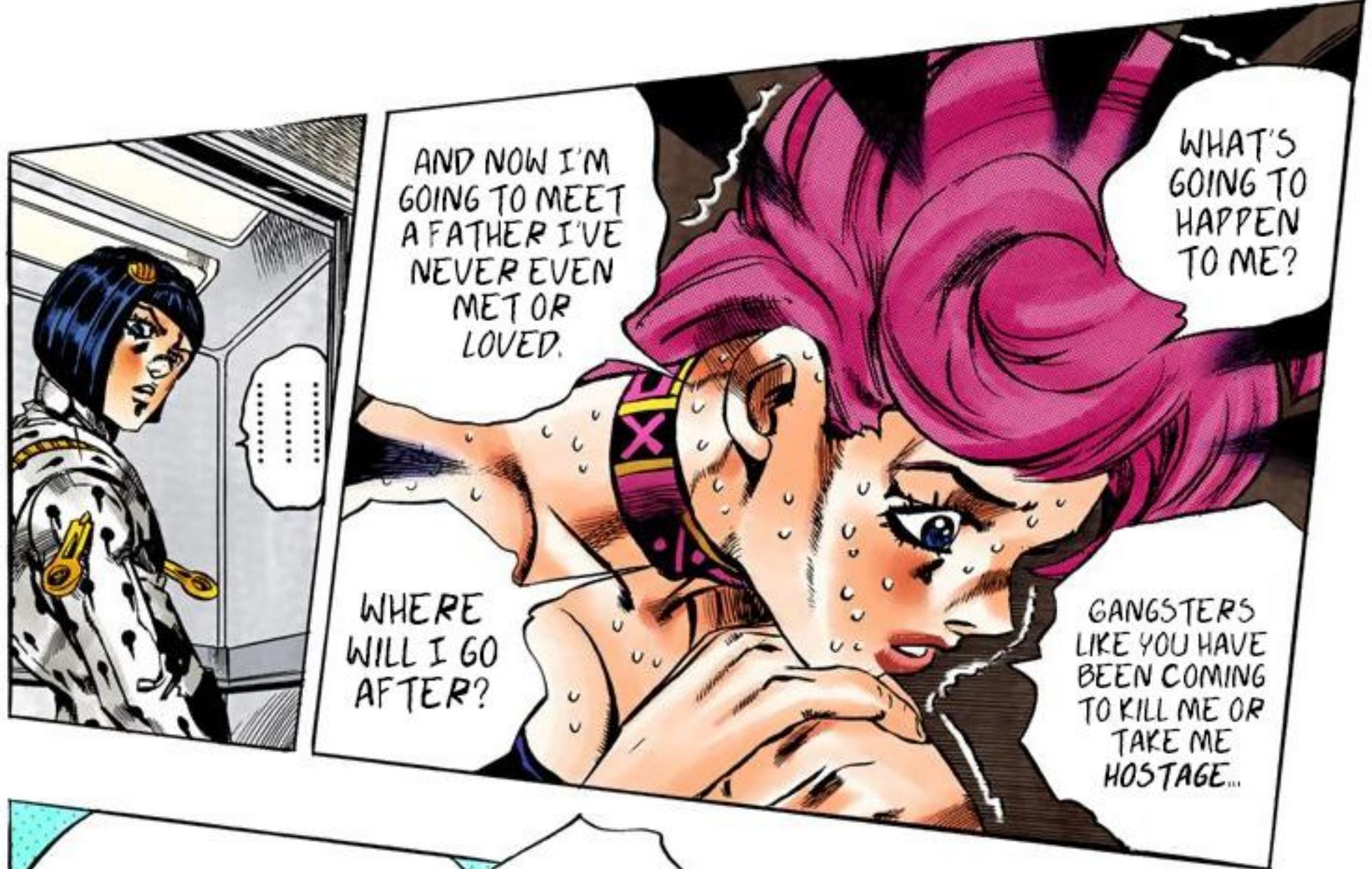
GOLD EXPERIENCE'S ABILITY... HE USED IT TO GIVE LIFE TO THE LADYBUG BROOCH...

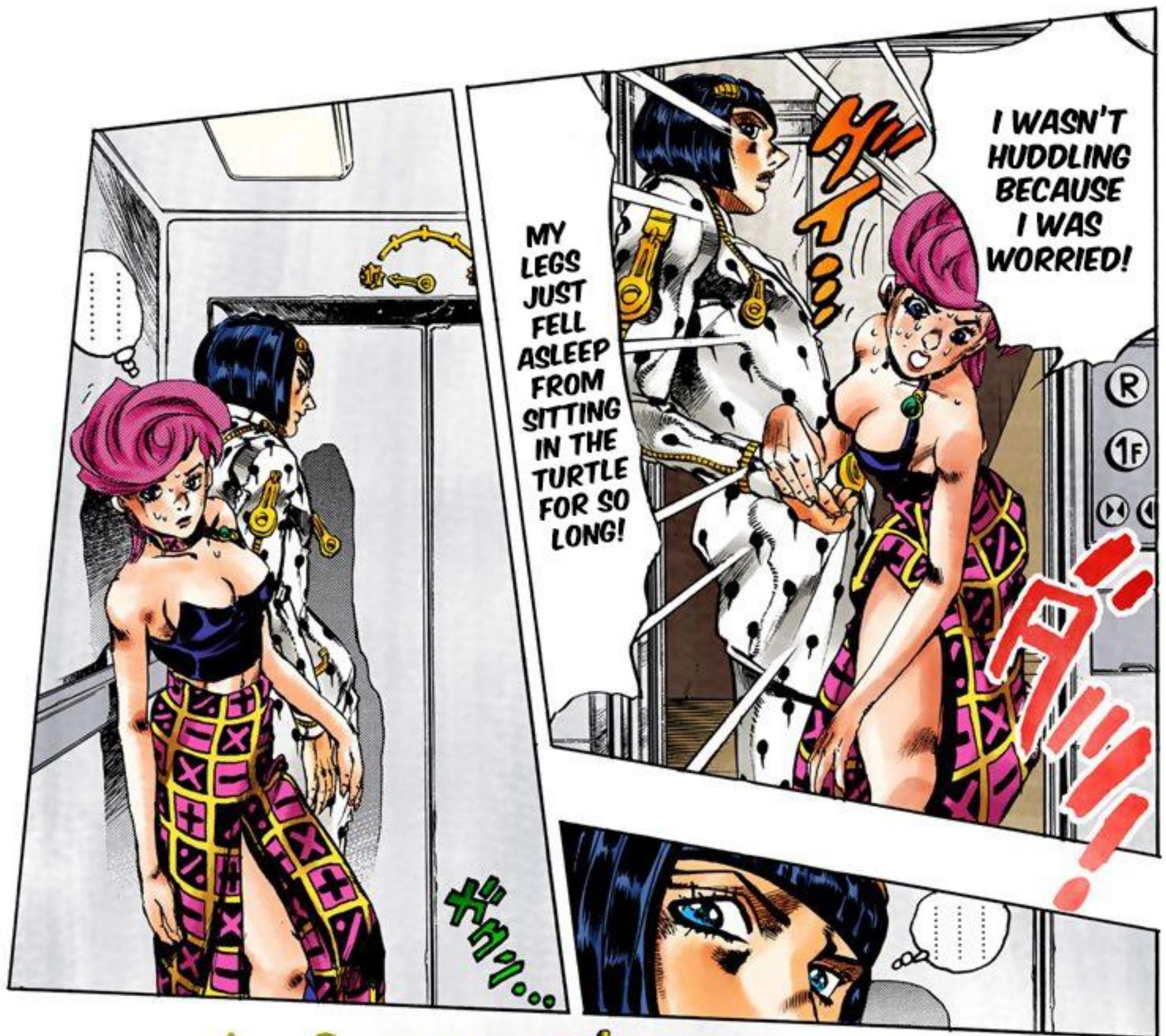




THERE  
ARE ONLY  
BUTTONS FOR  
THE FIRST  
FLOOR AND  
THE TOP. IT'S  
A DIRECT TRIP  
AND THERE ARE  
NO OTHER  
FLOORS TO  
GET OFF AT.







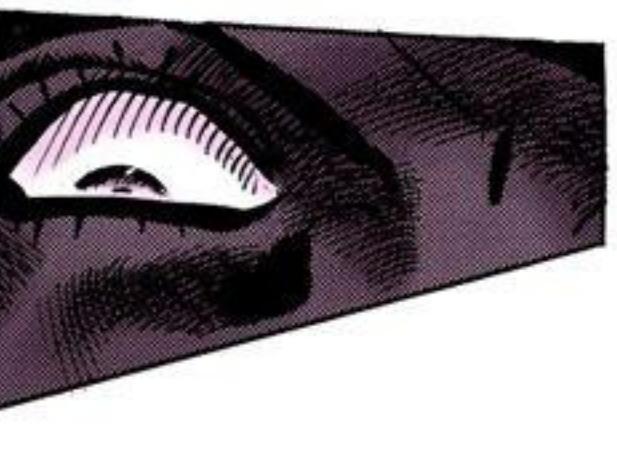
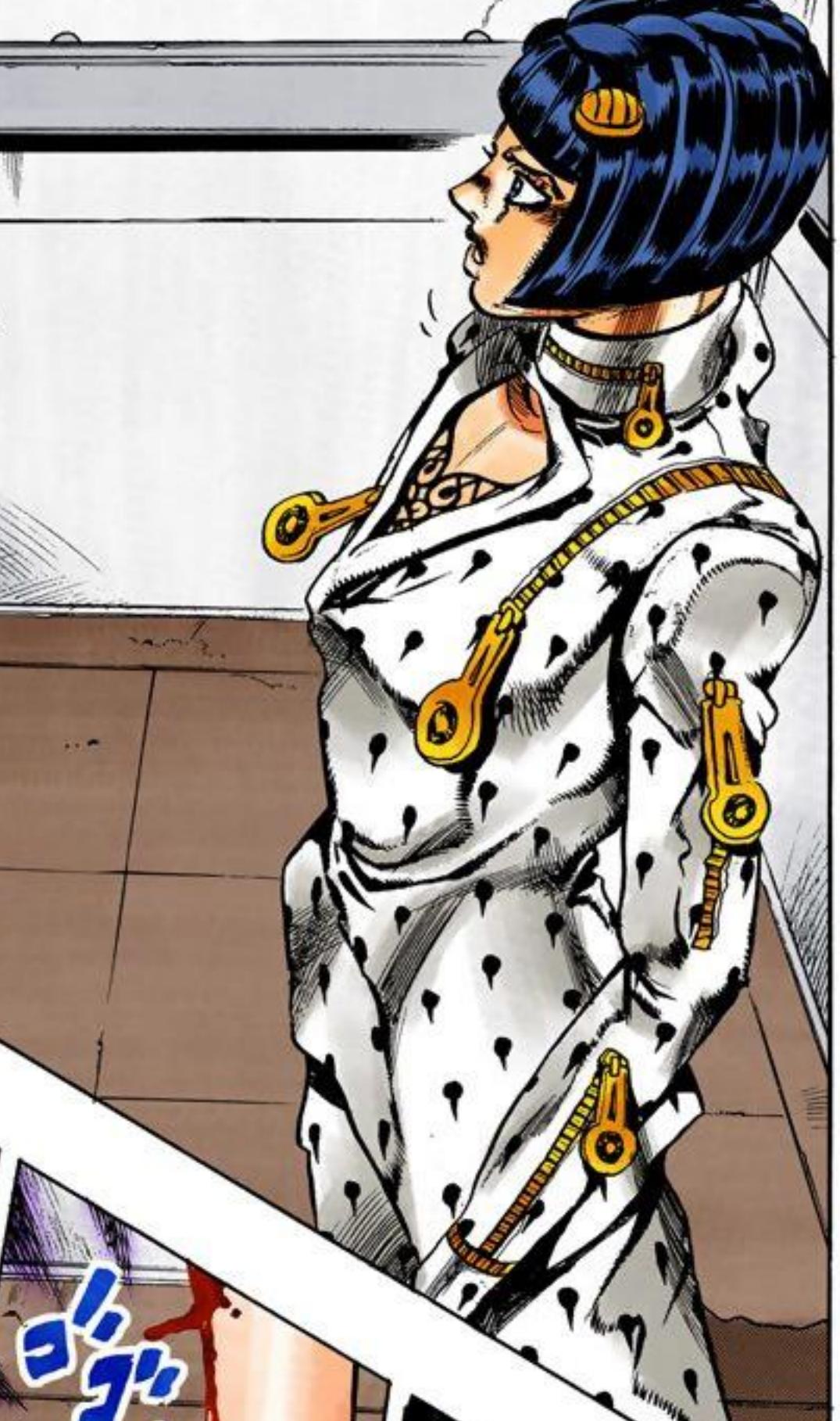


I DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT AT ALL...

YEAH ...



TRISH!!



WHAAAAA  
AAAT!!!?



HE  
WANTED TO  
COMPLETELY  
ERASE HIS  
WHOLE  
IDENTITY!

THE  
BOSS!  
I DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!

NO!

TRISH!!

THE REASON HE  
MADE US ESCORT  
HIS DAUGHTER  
WAS SO HE CAN  
KILL HER WITH  
HIS OWN HANDS!

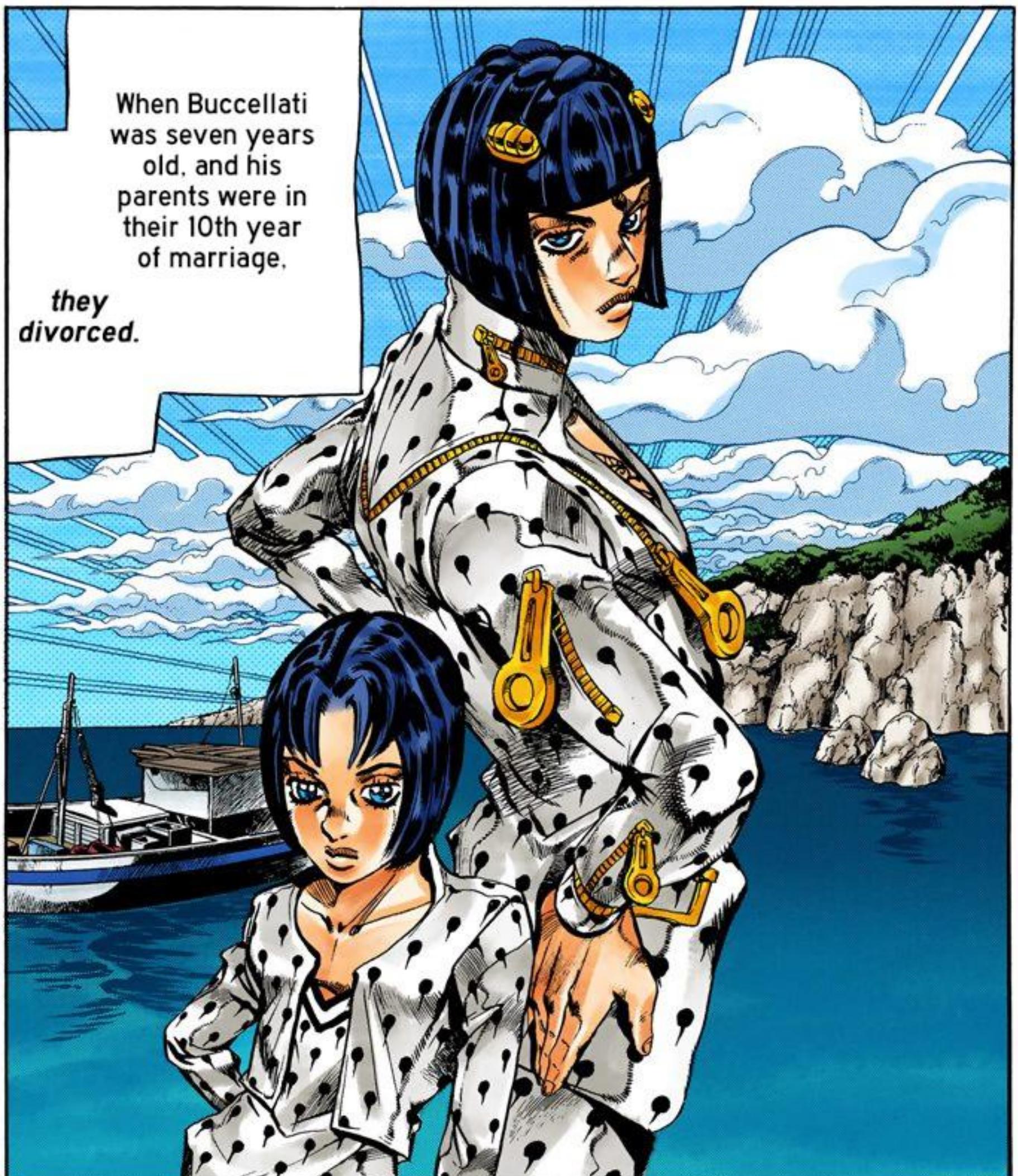
HOW  
COULD  
HE!?

DID  
HE-!?



When Buccellati was seven years old, and his parents were in their 10th year of marriage,

*they divorced.*



# ***BRUNO BUCELLATI: CHILDHOOD***

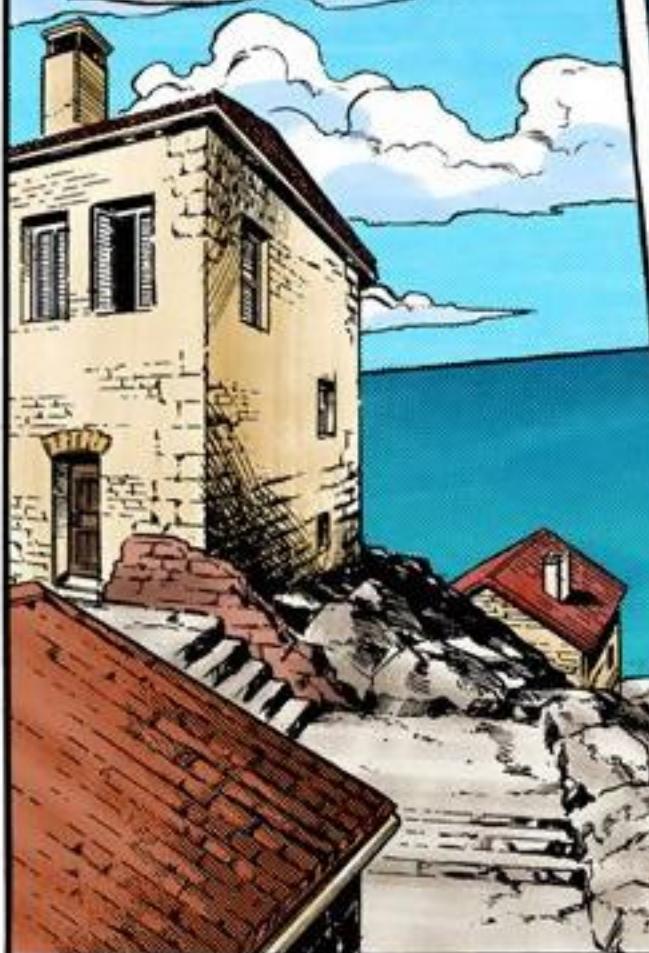
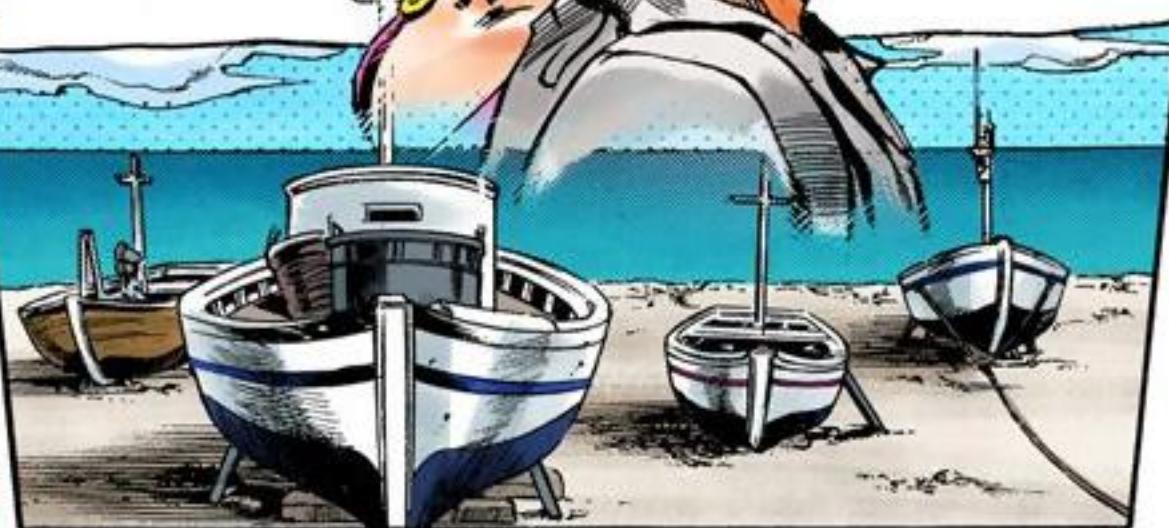
And after some discussion, the two decided to let the seven-year-old Buccellati make a *single choice*.

Buccellati's mother said she was leaving town.

His mother was a very loving woman. Buccellati loved talking with his mother, and he always enjoyed the bedtime stories she would read to him.

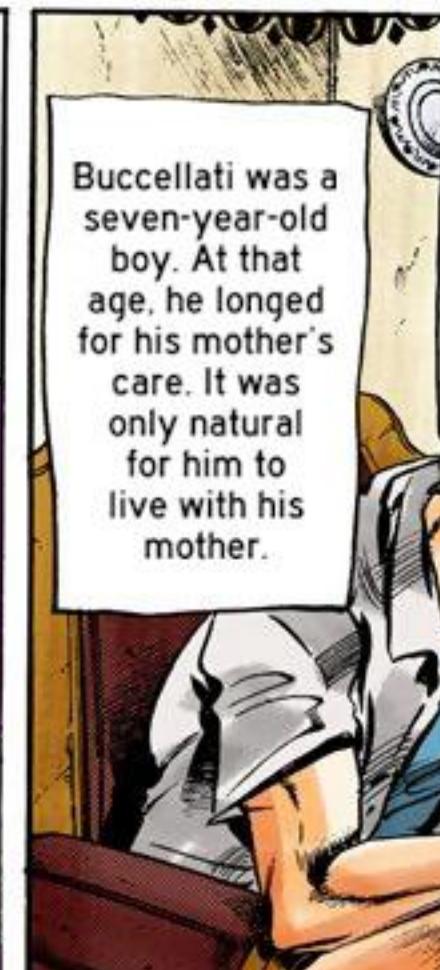


His father was not a social man, but he was an honest, diligent fisherman, and he did all he could to protect his family from the cruelties of the world.



Why did  
they divorce?  
Perhaps only  
the two of  
them will  
ever know.

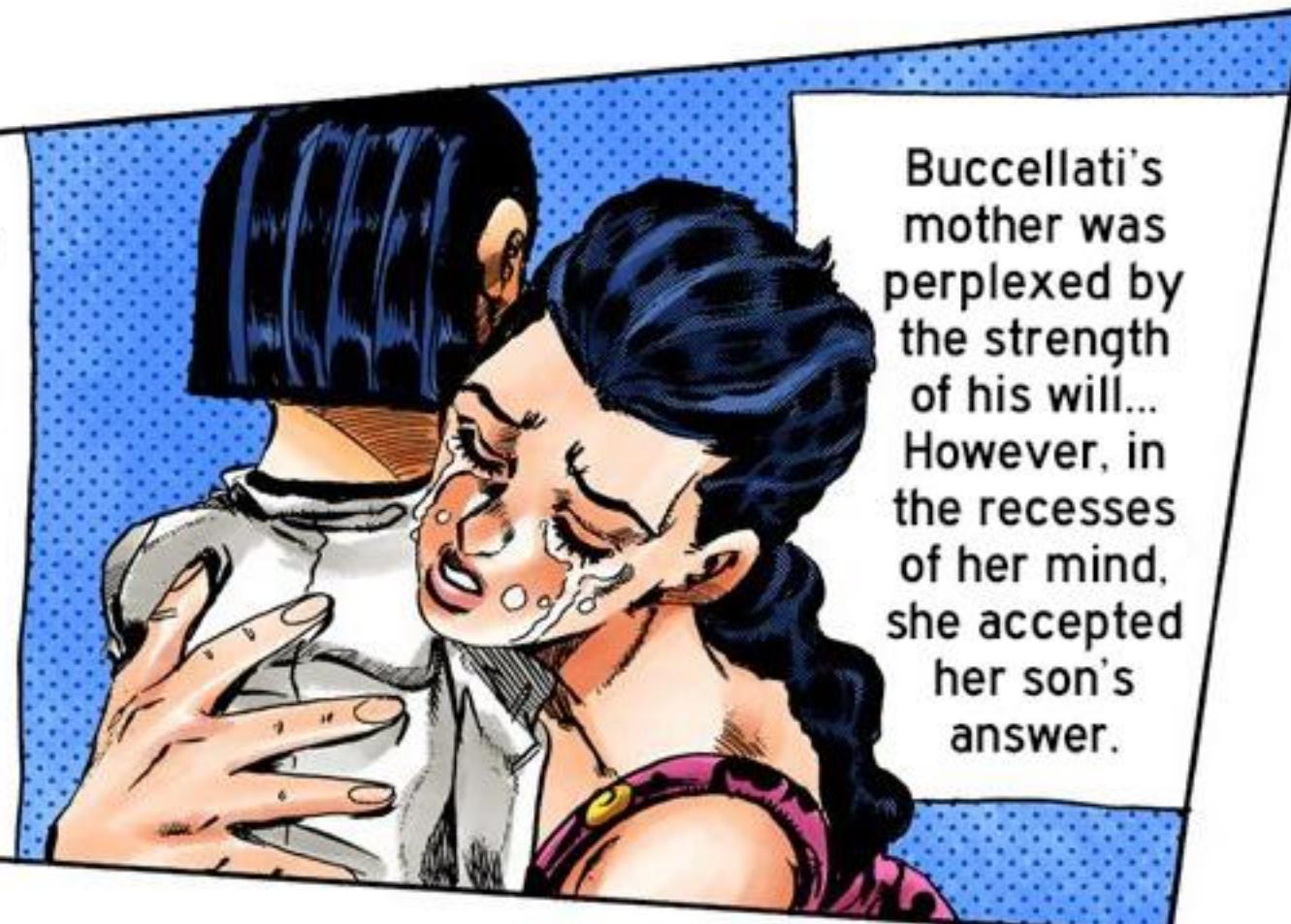




Buccellati's mother led the conversation and asked loaded questions, but his father didn't say a word.



Buccellati instinctively knew that his father was the true victim of the divorce. Although, his mother may cry now, she will surely forget the past and move on with her life after settling down in the city.



Buccellati's mother was perplexed by the strength of his will... However, in the recesses of her mind, she accepted her son's answer.

she hoped that the *kindness to overly sympathize with others' sorrows* would not become a source of *misfortune* to him.

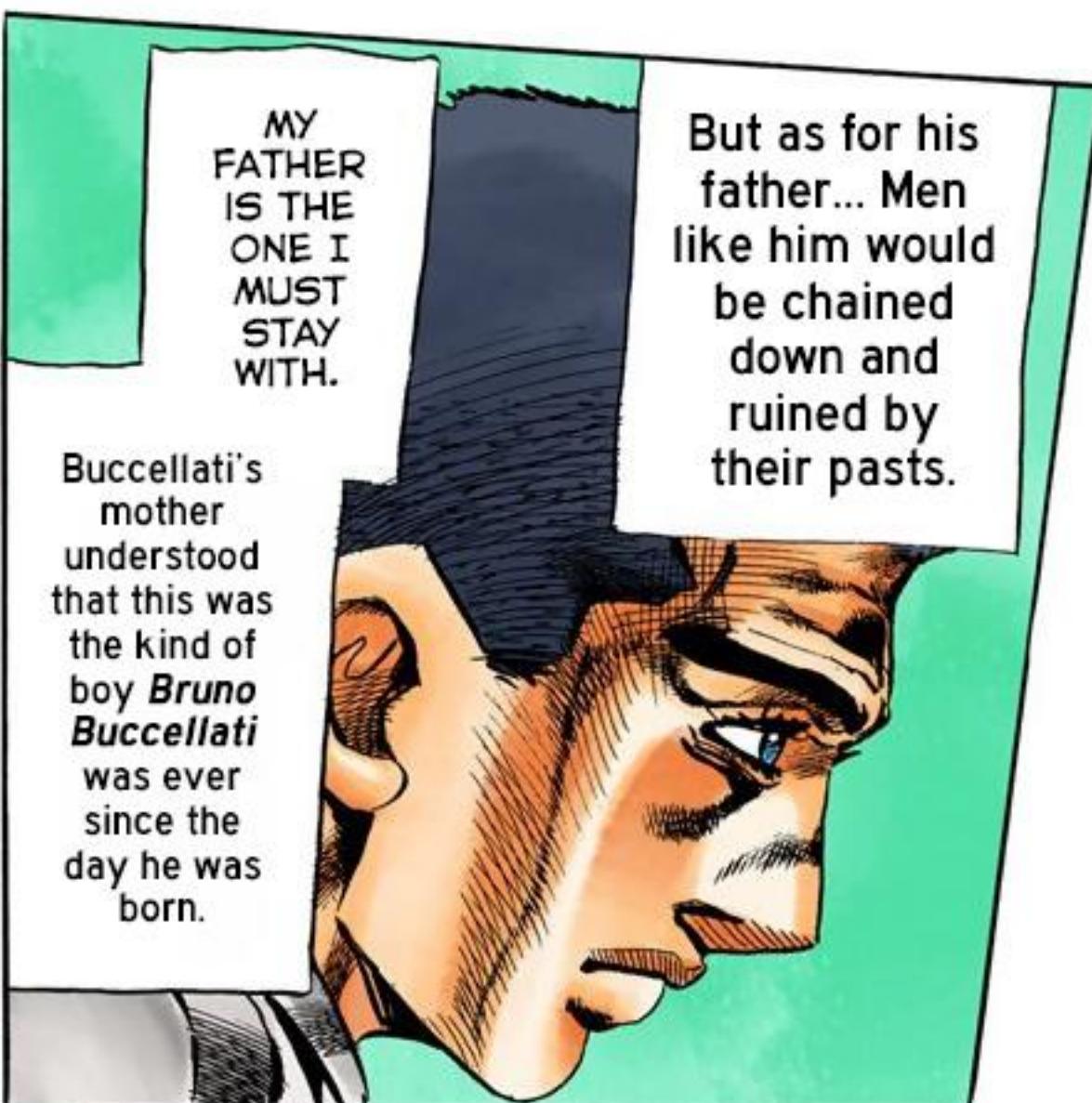
And, although she was proud of her son,



MY FATHER IS THE ONE I MUST STAY WITH.

Buccellati's mother understood that this was the kind of boy *Bruno Buccellati* was ever since the day he was born.

But as for his father... Men like him would be chained down and ruined by their pasts.



By the time Buccellati was 12 years old, he and his mother met only on Christmas.



Buccellati's instinct spoke true. His mother left the town and married a man from Milan two years later.

And the **wheels of fate**  
did continue to revolve.

They asked him if they could *ride his fishing boat to an islet off the coast of Naples.*

One day,  
**two visiting fishers** came to Buccellati's father.

It was only for the tuition that he fished so diligently.

He had even started allowing visiting fishermen to ride his boat on his off days.

but when his wife left the town, he began to hope instead that Buccellati would go to a nice school in the city.

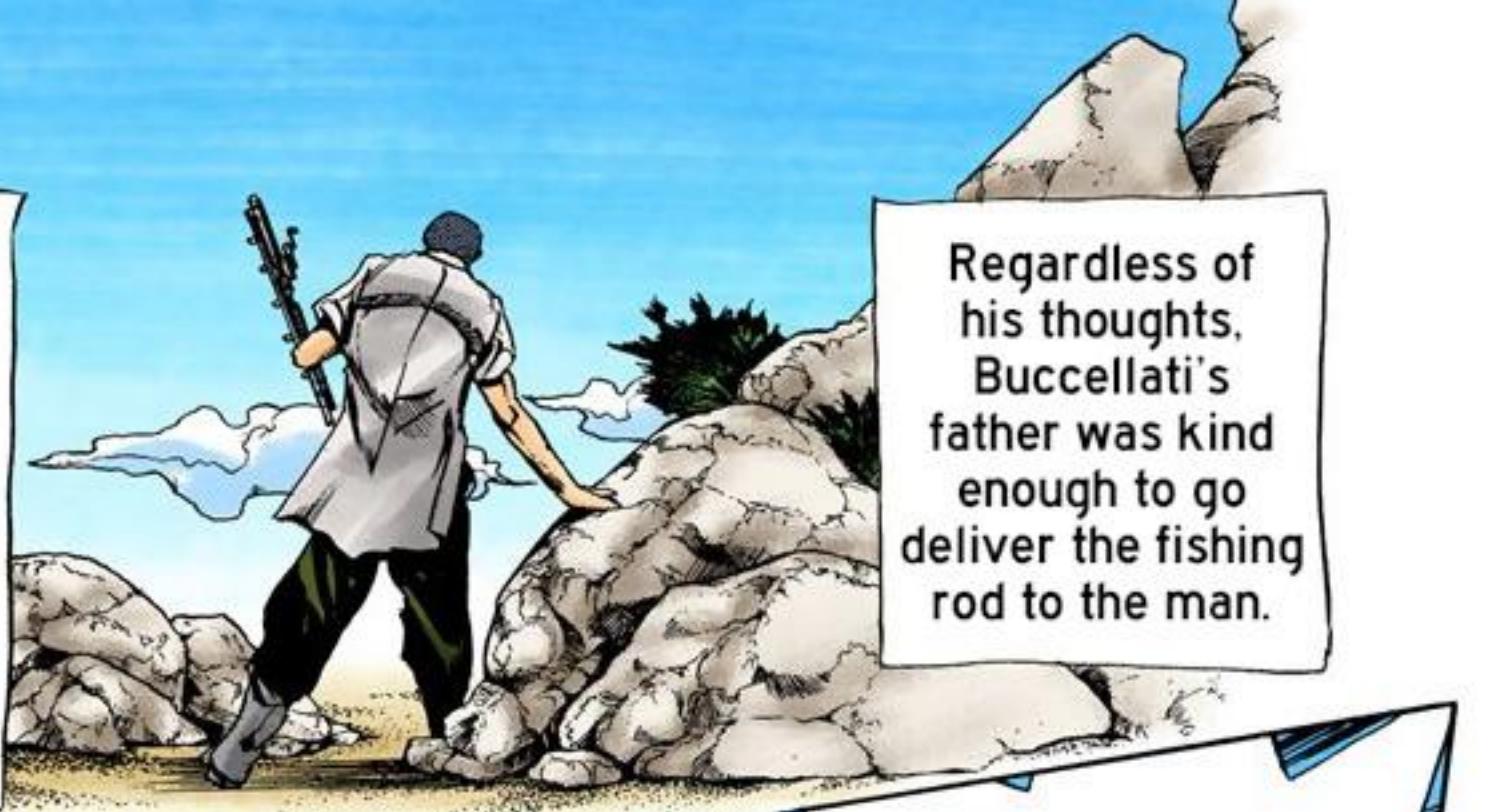
Originally, Buccellati's father thought his son would grow up to be a fisherman.

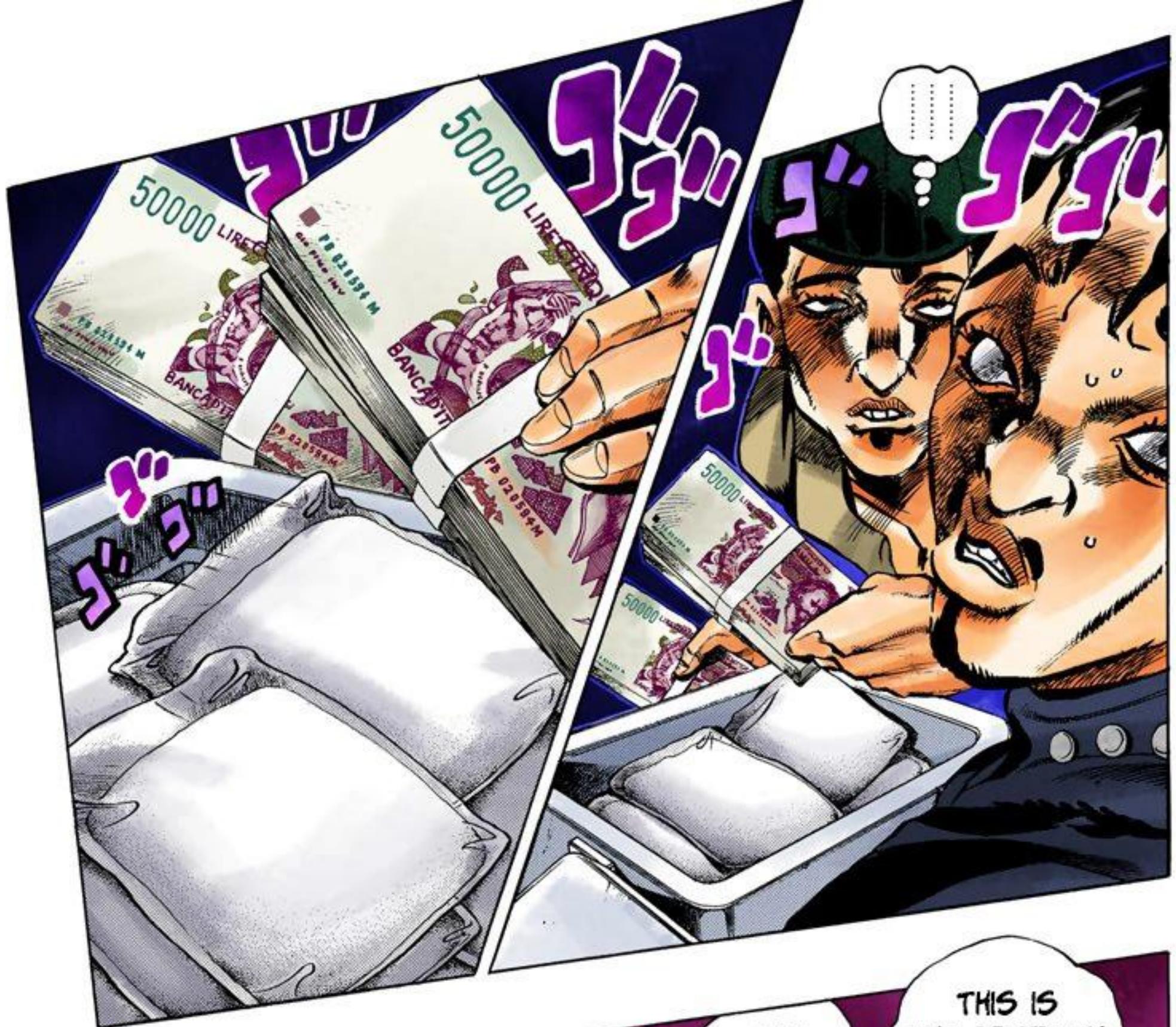
Though, they had come to fish, one of them had left his *fishing rod* behind when he disembarked onto the islet.

WHAT AN IDIOT...

But these fishermen were unusual...

But, it would have been wiser for him to regard this man as **suspicious**, rather than **idiotic**.







If **luck** was the factor that saved his father's life, then Buccellati's father was a very lucky man.

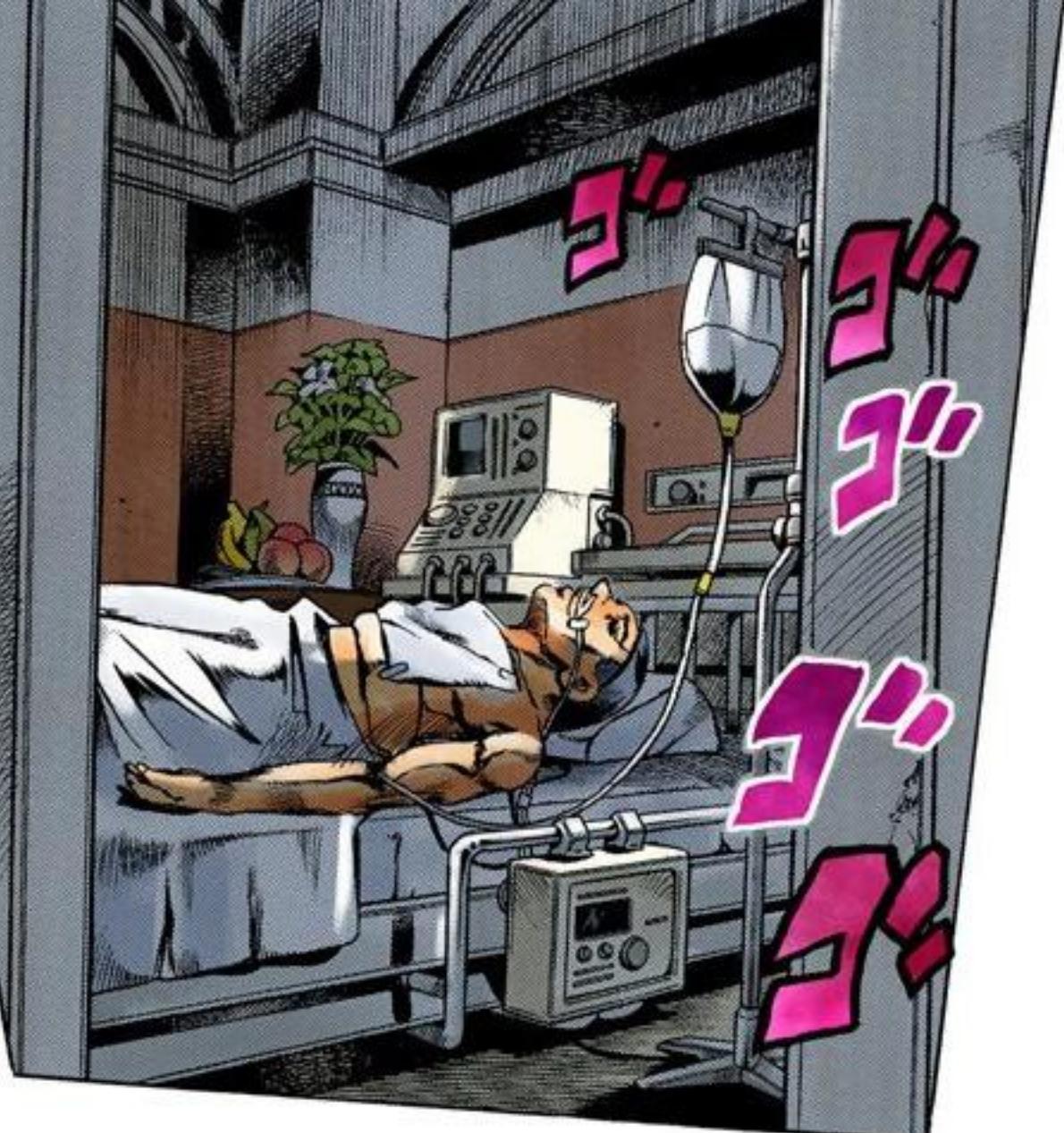
Luck.



They found the empty boat, and Buccellati's father with it. They were equipped to administer first aid, and although Buccellati's father remained unconscious, he survived the trip to the hospital.

Though seven bullets pierced his body, a coast guard ship just happened to be passing by.





MAKE IT  
QUICK!

THE  
MOTHERFUCKER  
CAN'T EVEN  
STAY DEAD!

THAT DAMN  
FISHERMAN.  
HE'S A TOUGH  
BASTARD, I'LL  
GIVE HIM  
THAT!

THAT'S  
HIM...

I'LL  
KEEP  
WATCH!  
JUST  
KILL HIM  
NOW!

COMING OUT  
HERE'S IN THE  
DEAD OF  
NIGHT'S A  
SERIOUS  
PAIN IN THE  
ASS!

AND THIS  
TIME, DON'T  
COME BACK!

GO TO  
HELL!!



JUST  
PIN HIM  
DOWN!

HE'S  
JUST  
A KID!

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING  
UNDER THE  
BED!?

A... A  
KID!?

E...  
EASY  
THERE...

W...

WHO'S  
THERE!?

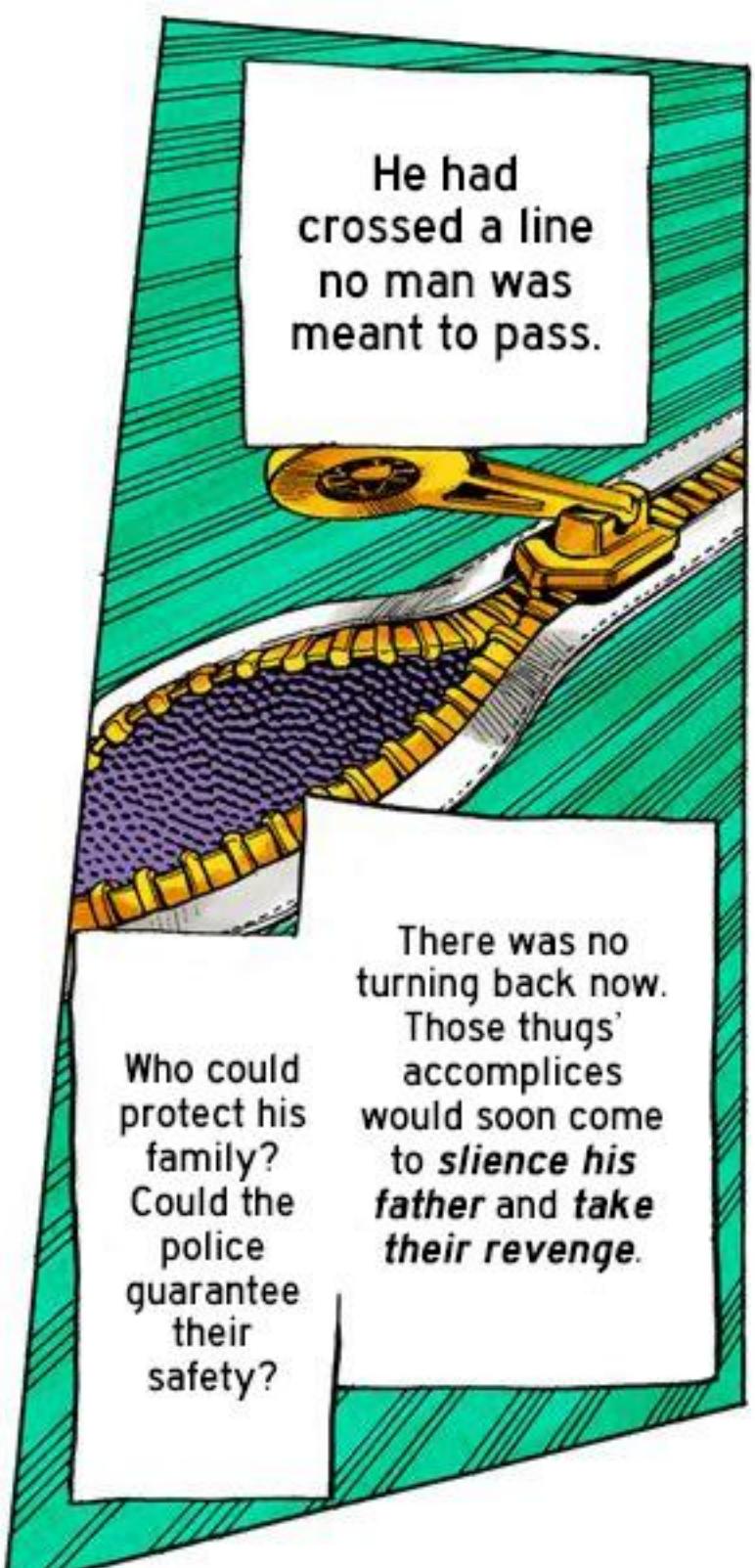
P-PUT  
THAT KNIFE  
DOWN! THAT  
AIN'T A TOY!



AAAAAH!!  
W-W-W-  
WHAT THE  
FUCK!!?

A  
G  
I  
  
-IAAAHHH!!!





Who could protect his family? Could the police guarantee their safety?

There was no turning back now. Those thugs' accomplices would soon come to *silence his father* and take *their revenge*.

Bruno Buccellati committed murder at the age of twelve.



at that time, the *gang* had been *violating its own code* to expand the *drug trade* domestically!

Back then, Buccellati believed the **gang** to be the justice in the world, but ironically,

Thus, Bruno Buccellati **swore loyalty to the gang, in exchange for the safety of his family.**

The only force that could save him was the **gang** that secretly ruled the **city**.



In a few years, he became a favorite of **the officer Polpo.**

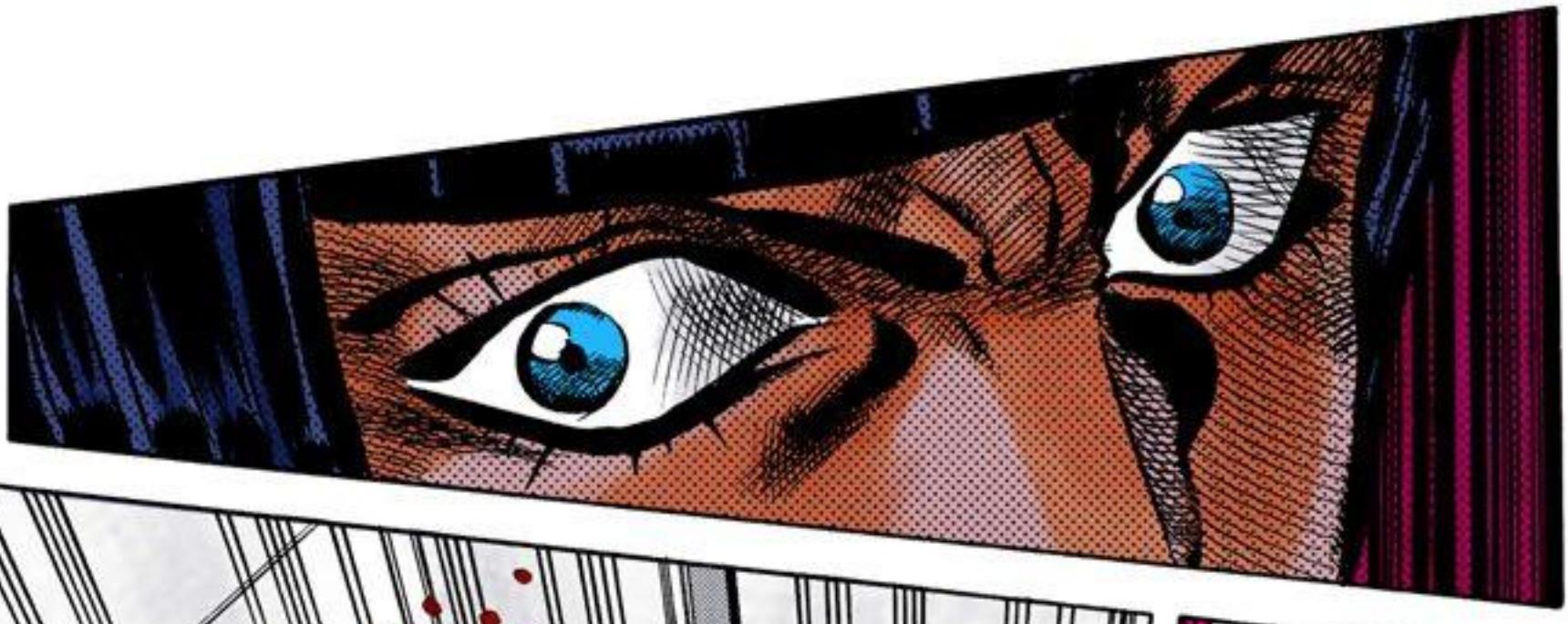


...was none other than the **boss of the gang**, whom he had so trusted!

THE BOSS!



Buccellati's father continued to suffer complications from the shooting, dying five years later. And, Buccellati discovered that the source of the **avaricious white powder** that ruined both of their lives...



**YOU'RE USING YOUR  
OWN INNOCENT  
DAUGHTER JUST  
TO FURTHER YOUR  
OWN GREED!**

**YOU ARE THE  
VERY DEFINITION  
OF NAUSEATING  
EVIL!**

**ALL FOR  
YOUR OWN  
PERSONAL  
BENEFIT!**

**YOU  
ABUSE THE  
INNOCENT  
AND  
UNKNOWING!**

**YOU MUST PAY!  
YOU HAVE  
BETRAYED MY  
HEART ONCE  
AGAIN!**

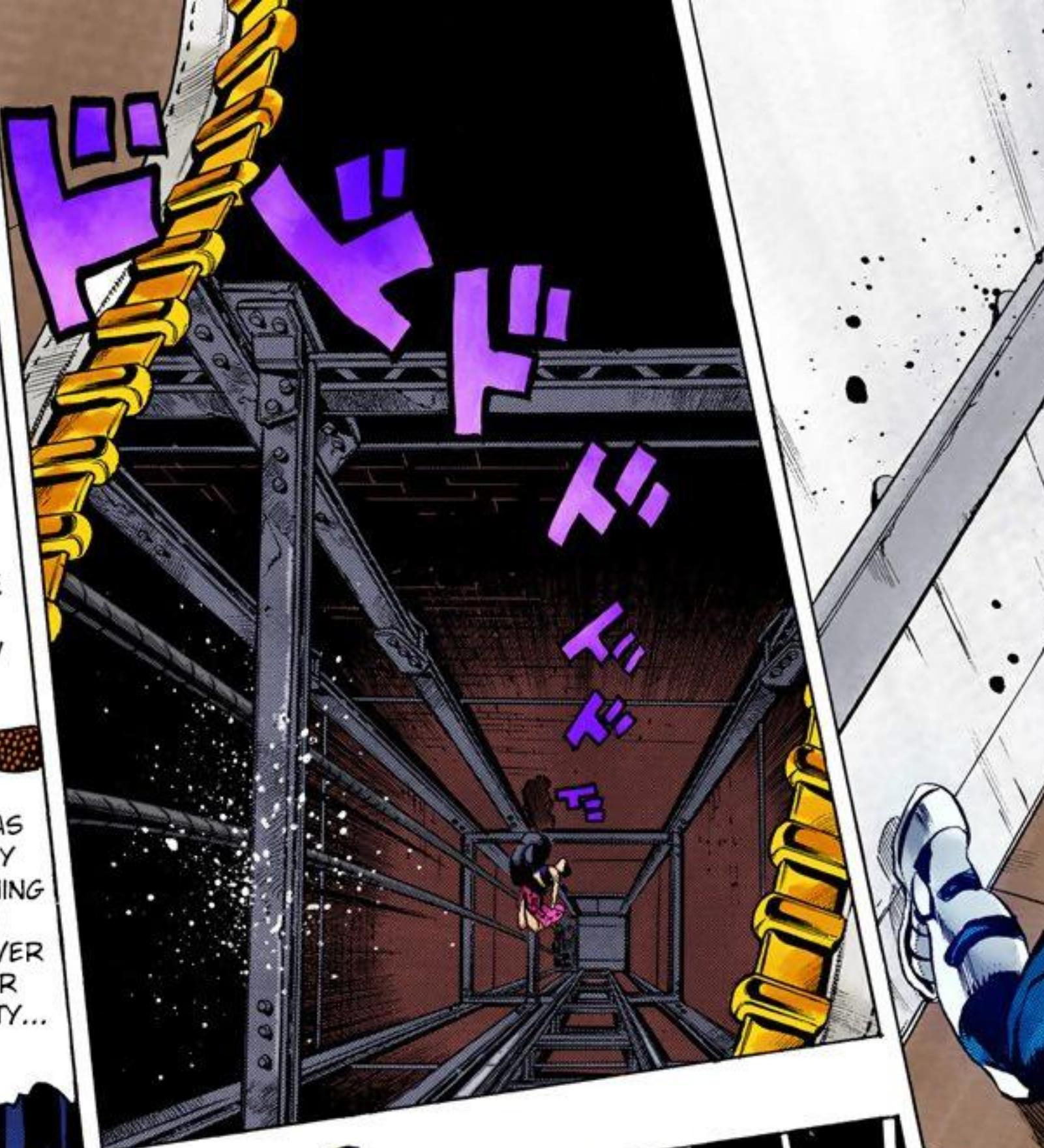


THERE  
HE IS!

I DON'T  
KNOW HOW  
HE GOT  
THERE, BUT  
HE'S AT THE  
BOTTOM OF  
THE BELFRY!

I WAS  
ONLY  
PLANNING  
TO  
UNCOVER  
YOUR  
IDENTITY...

BUT THERE  
HAS BEEN A  
CHANGE OF  
PLANS! I'M  
GOING TO KILL  
YOU INSTEAD!  
RIGHT NOW!





デジタルカラー版  
ジョジョの奇妙な冒険  
PARTE 5 黄金の風  
9巻

荒木飛呂彦

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