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WATCHMEN

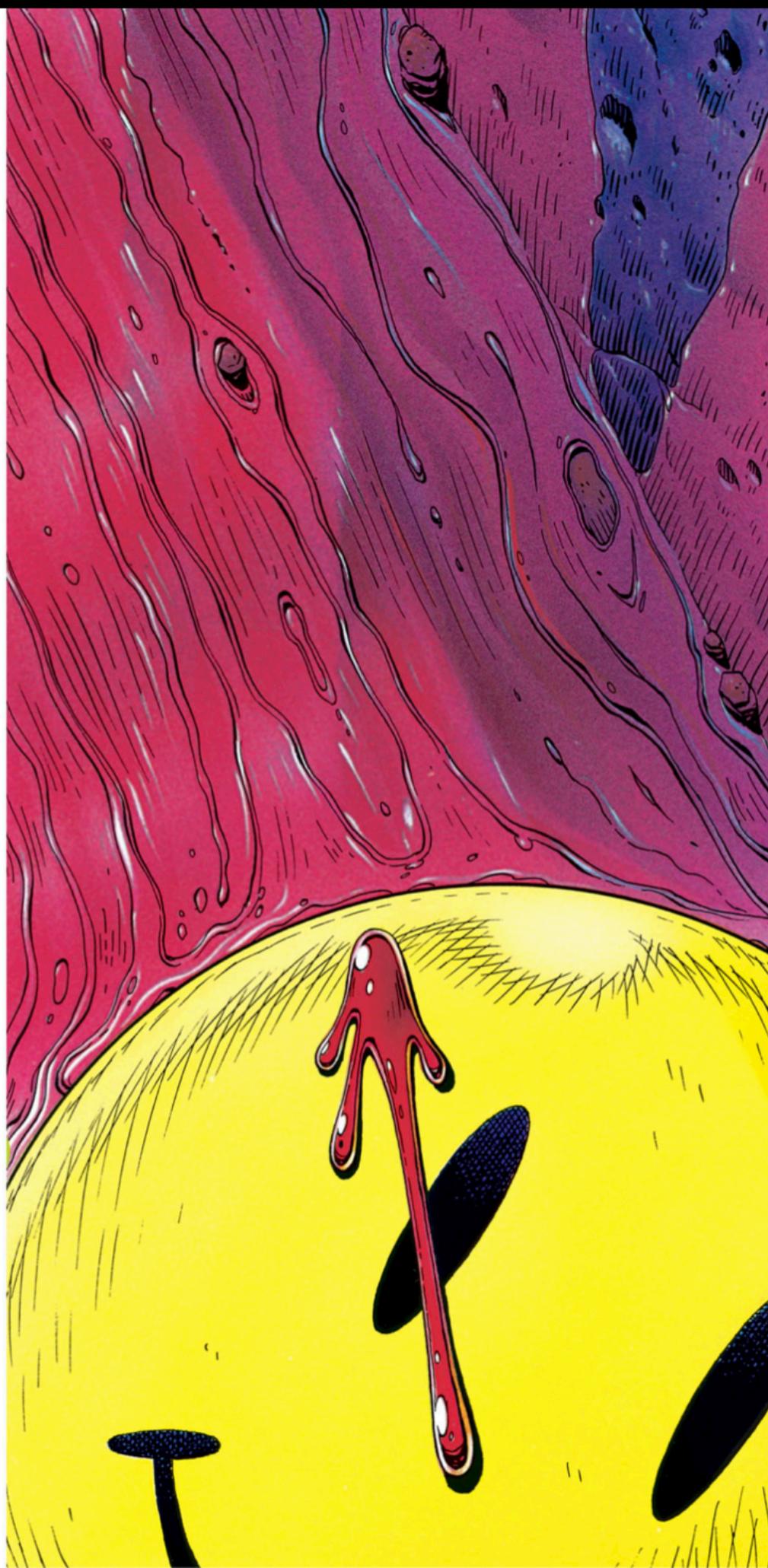
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writer

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illustrator/letterer

JOHN HIGGINS
colorist



CHAPTER



RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL.
OCTOBER 12 TH, 1985.:

DOG CARCASS IN ALLEY
THIS MORNING, TIRE TREAD
ON BURST STOMACH. THIS
CITY IS AFRAID OF ME.
I HAVE SEEN ITS
TRUE FACE. . .

THE STREETS ARE EXTENDED
GUTTERS AND THE GUTTERS
ARE FULL OF BLOOD AND
WHEN THE DRAINS FINALLY
SCAB OVER, ALL THE
VERMIN WILL
DROWN.

THE ACCUMULATED FILTH
OF ALL THEIR SEX AND
MURDER WILL FOAM UP ABOUT
THEIR WAISTS AND ALL THE
WHORES AND POLITICIANS
WILL LOOK UP AND
SHOUT "SAVE US!"...

THEY HAD A CHOICE,
ALL OF THEM. THEY COULD
HAVE FOLLOWED IN THE
FOOTSTEPS OF GOOD MEN
LIKE MY FATHER,
OR PRESIDENT
TRUMAN.

DECENT MEN
WHO BELIEVED
IN A DAY'S
WORK FOR A
DAY'S PAY.

INSTEAD THEY FOLLOWED
THE DROPPINGS OF LECHERS
AND COMMUNISTS AND
DON'T REALIZE THAT
THE TRAIL LED OVER
A PRECIPICE UNTIL
IT WAS TOO
LATE.

DON'T TELL
ME THEY
DIDN'T HAVE
A CHOICE.

NOW THE WHOLE WORLD
STANDS ON THE BRINK,
STARING DOWN INTO
BLOODY HELL. ALL THOSE
LIBERALS AND
INTELLECTUALS
AND SMOOTH-
TALKERS...

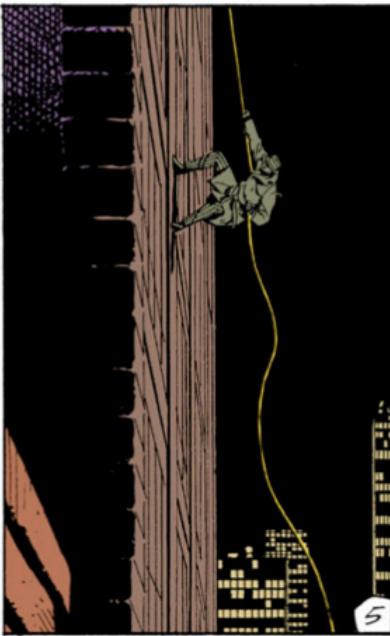
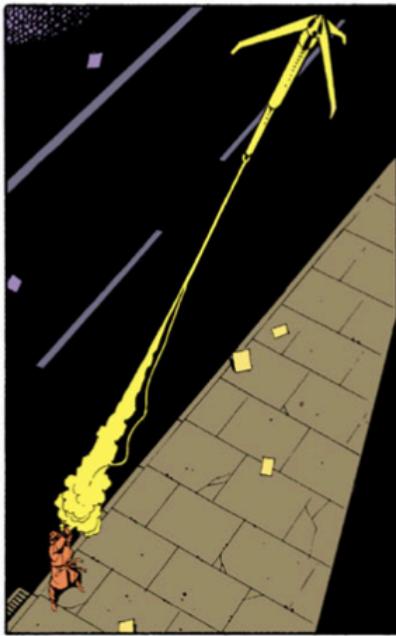
...AND ALL
OF A SUDDEN,
NOBODY CAN
THINK OF
ANYTHING
TO SAY.







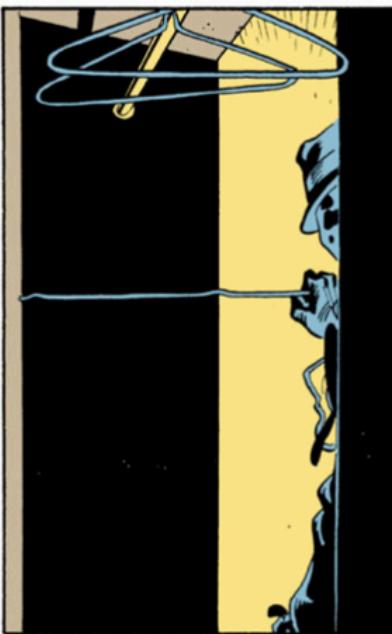
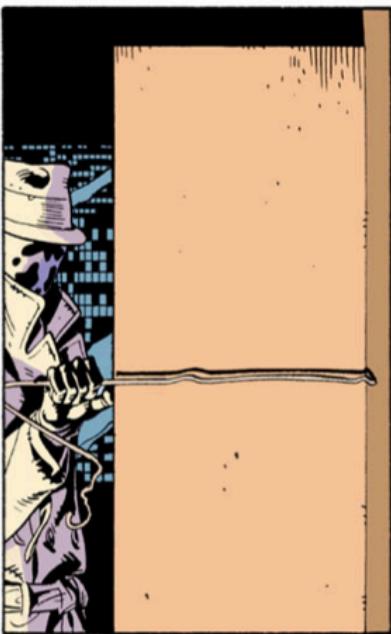


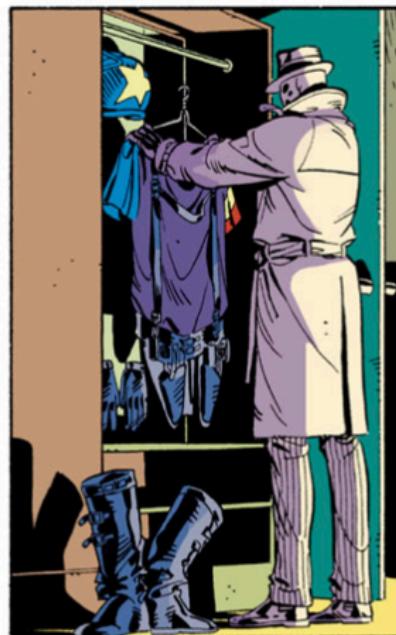




AT MIDNIGHT, ALL THE AGENTS...

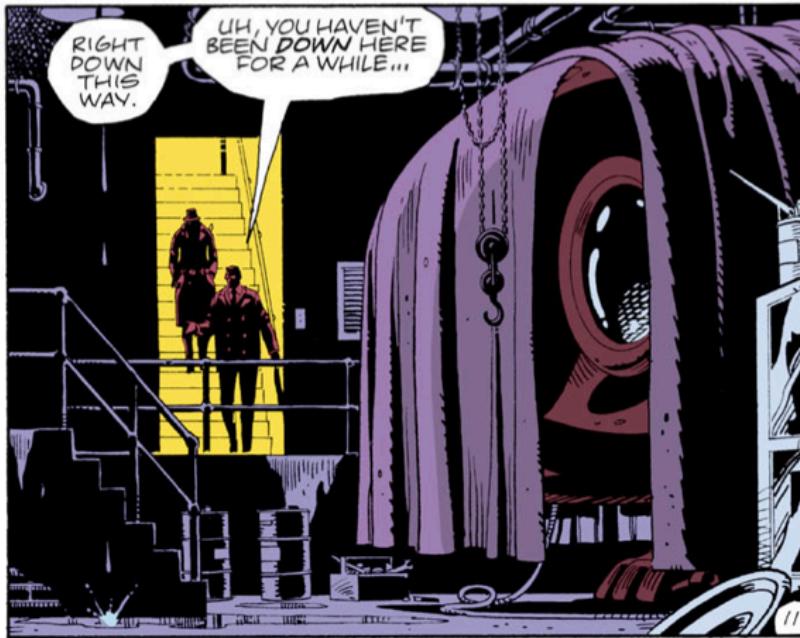


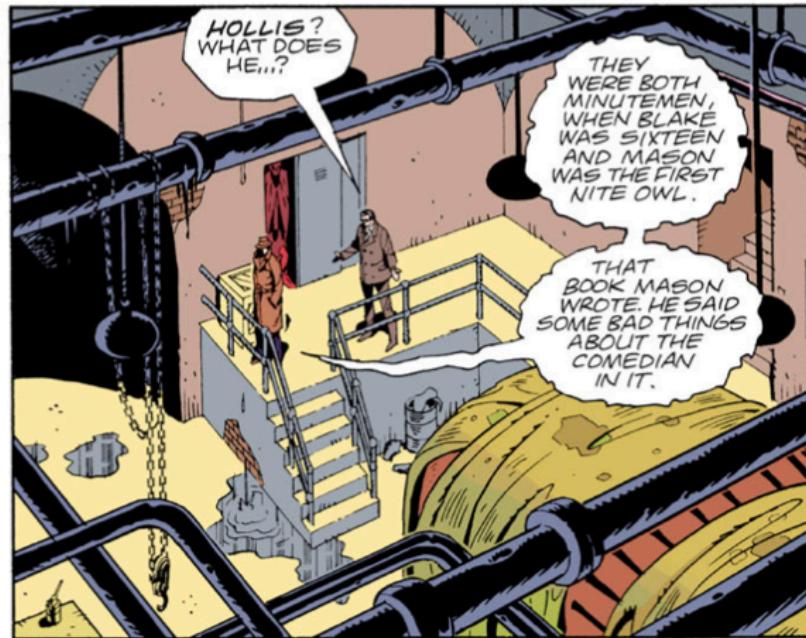




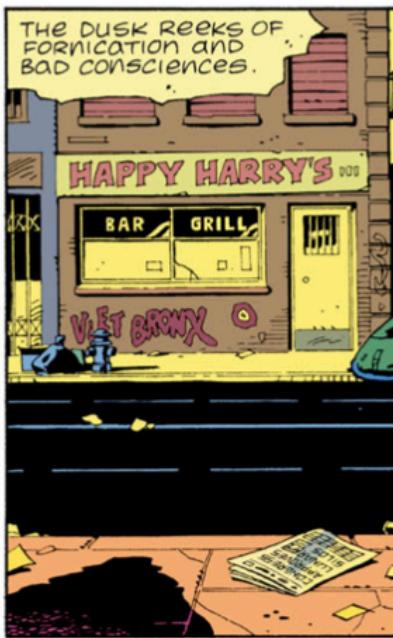
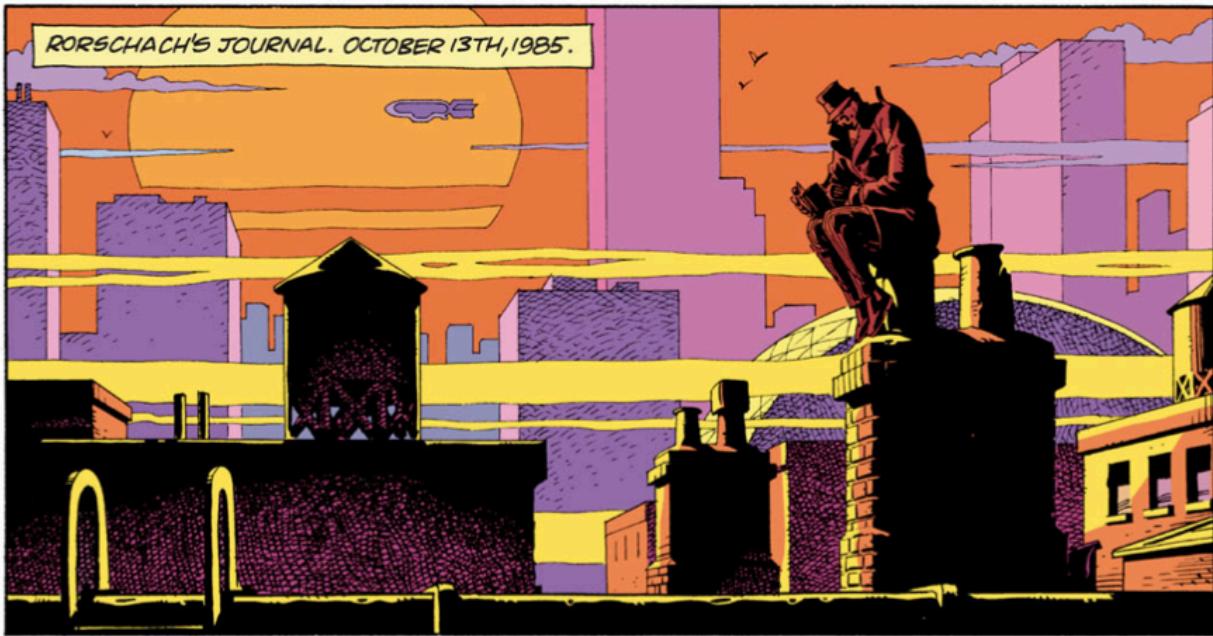




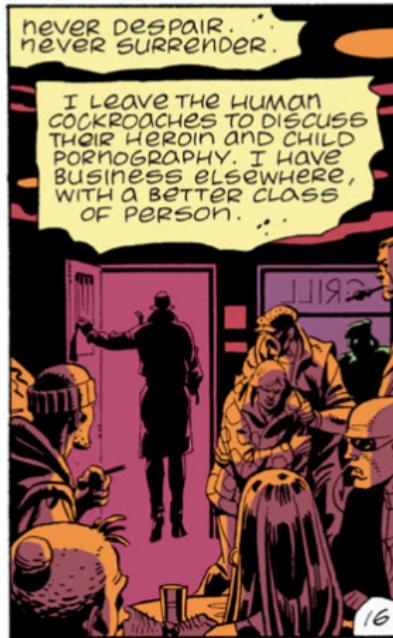


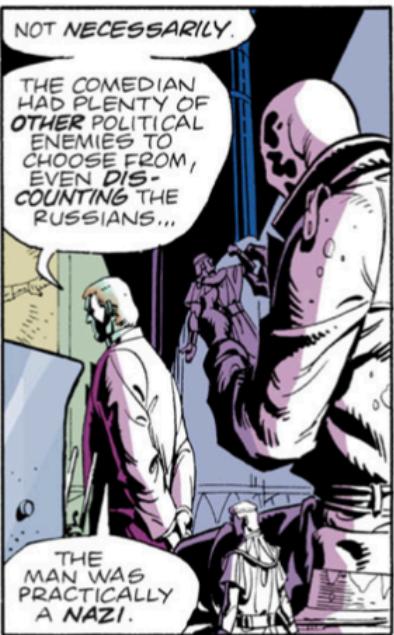


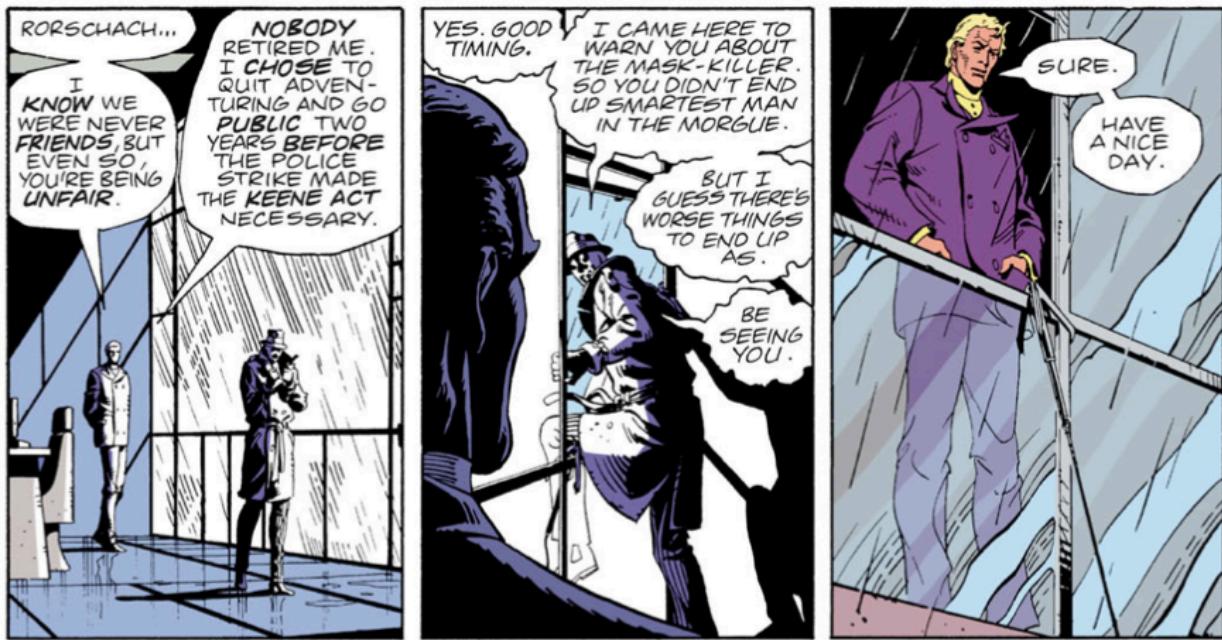


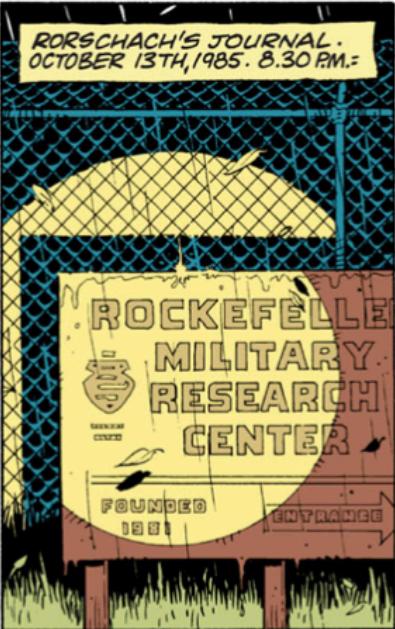


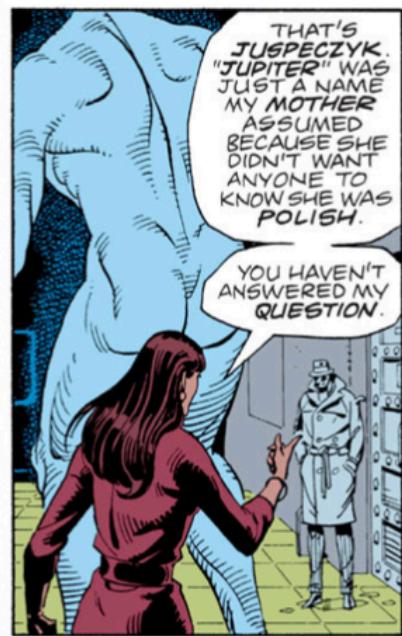
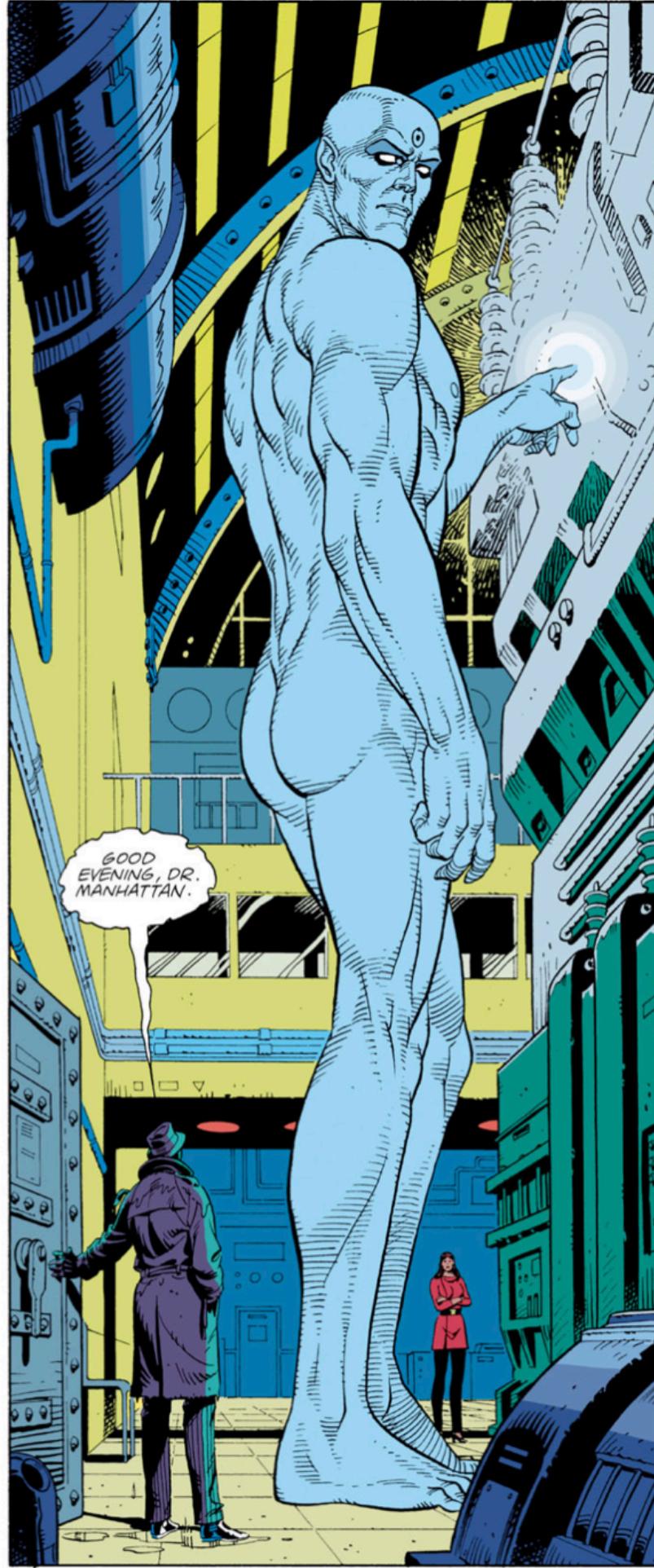


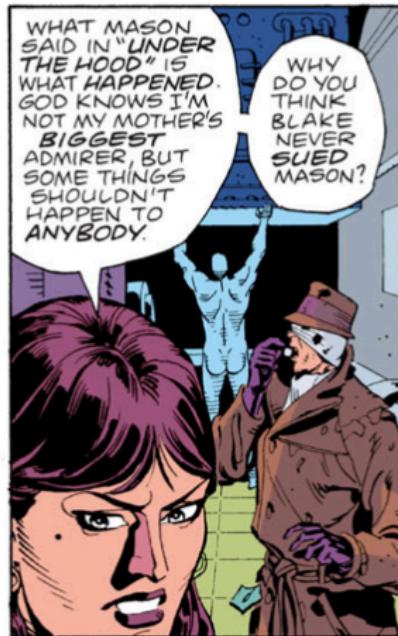
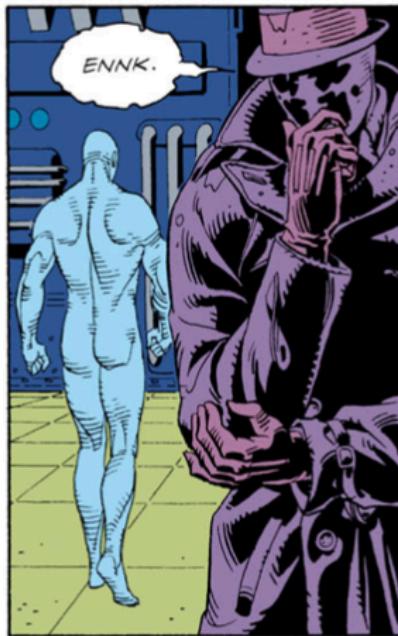
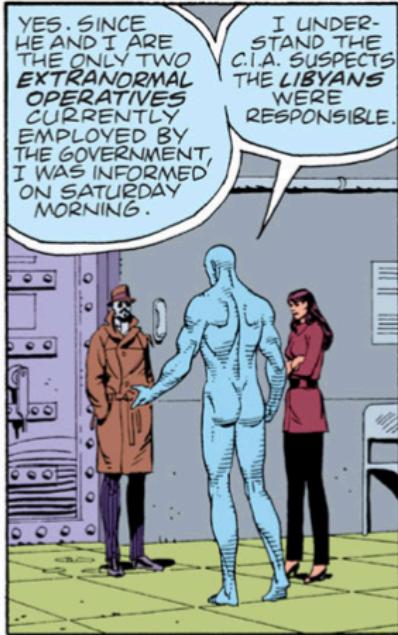




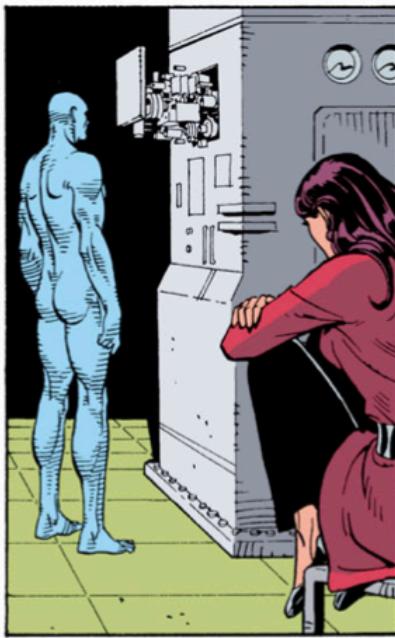




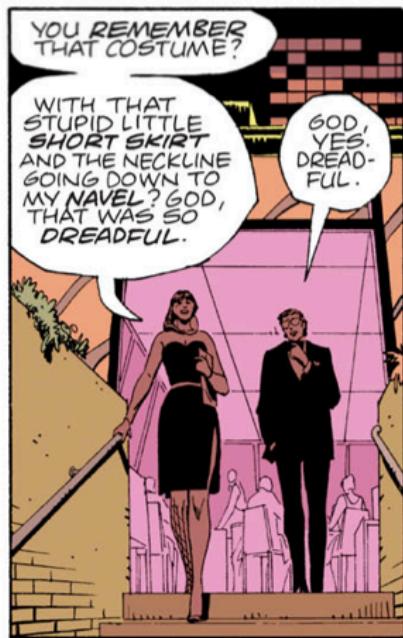














At midnight, all the agents and superhuman crew, go out and round up everyone who knows more than they do.

—Bob Dylan

