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THE DARKNESS



VOLUME ONE



The DARKNESS[®]

VOLUME ONE



Published by Top Cow Productions, Inc.
Los Angeles

THE DARKNESS[®]

The Darkness created by
Garth Ennis, Marc Silvestri, and David Wohl

Mafia Hitman Jackie Estacado will become both blessed and cursed on his 21st birthday when he becomes the bearer of The Darkness, an elemental force that allows those who wield it access to an otherworldly dimension and control over the demons who dwell there. Forces for good in the world will rise up to face Jackie and the evil his gift represents. There is one small problem, in this story...evil is good.

Edits by **Marc Silvestri, Matt Hawkins** and **Ryan Cady**
Special thanks to **Giuseppe Cafaro**

For this edition...

Cover by **Marc Silvestri** and **Arif Prianto**

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For Top Cow Productions, Inc.
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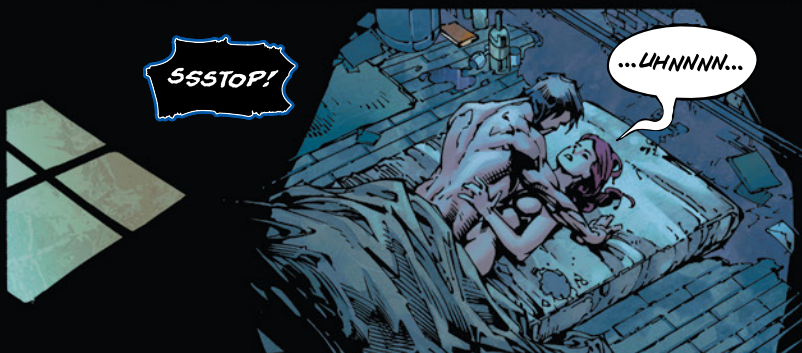
ISSUE ONE





LNNNN...

SSSTOP.



SSSTOP!

...LNNNNN...

YOUUU MUSSST SSSTOP!



LULLLHH...

SSSTOP!



SSSTOP NOWWWW!

DO NOT DOOO THISSSS!

LULLLHH!

LULLLHH!



GO F*CK YOURSELVES.



AAARGH!

OOOOHHHH!



CRASH



YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD HIDE FROM M--



YOU FOOL!

WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE?!



CREATED A BETTER MAN THAN ME...



...GOOD LUCK, YOU SON OF A BITCH.



AAAAA AAAAA

AAAAAAAAA!



!GASP!

Y...YES, FATHER.

BAD DREAMS AGAIN?

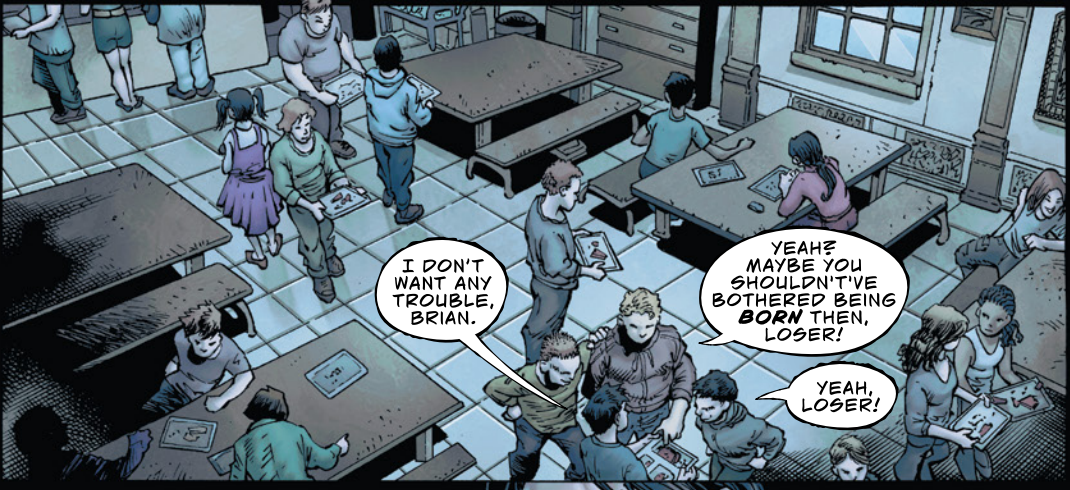
MR. ESTACADO, I'VE TOLD YOU OVER AND OVER THAT DREAMS CAN'T HURT YOU. NOW GO BACK TO SLEEP, AND BE QUIET...

...YOU DON'T WANT TO BE PUNISHED AGAIN, DO YOU?

"NO, FATHER."

SAINT EMILIANI HOME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

WELL, IF IT ISN'T JACKIE "I'M GONNA CRY LIKE A LITTLE BITCH ALL NIGHT AND WAKE EVERYBODY UP" ESTACADO.

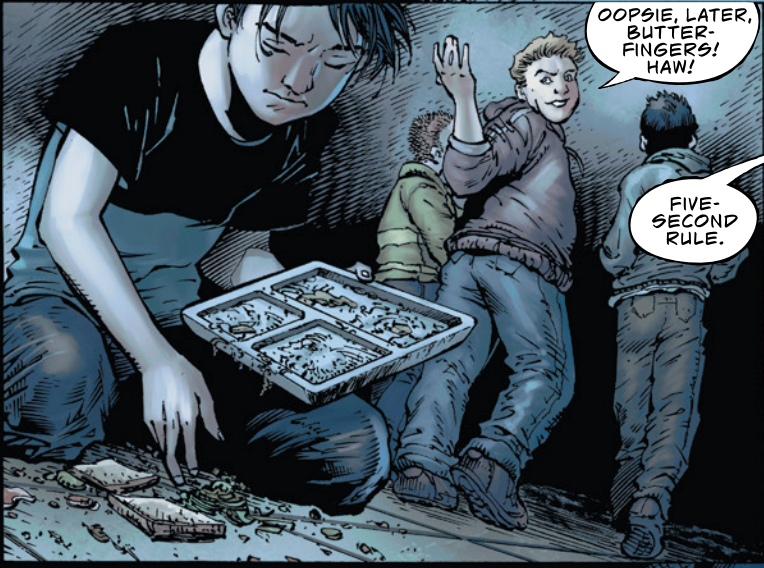


I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE, BRIAN.

YEAH? MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T'VE BOTHERED BEING BORN THEN, LOSER!

YEAH, LOSER!

WHACK
CLATTER

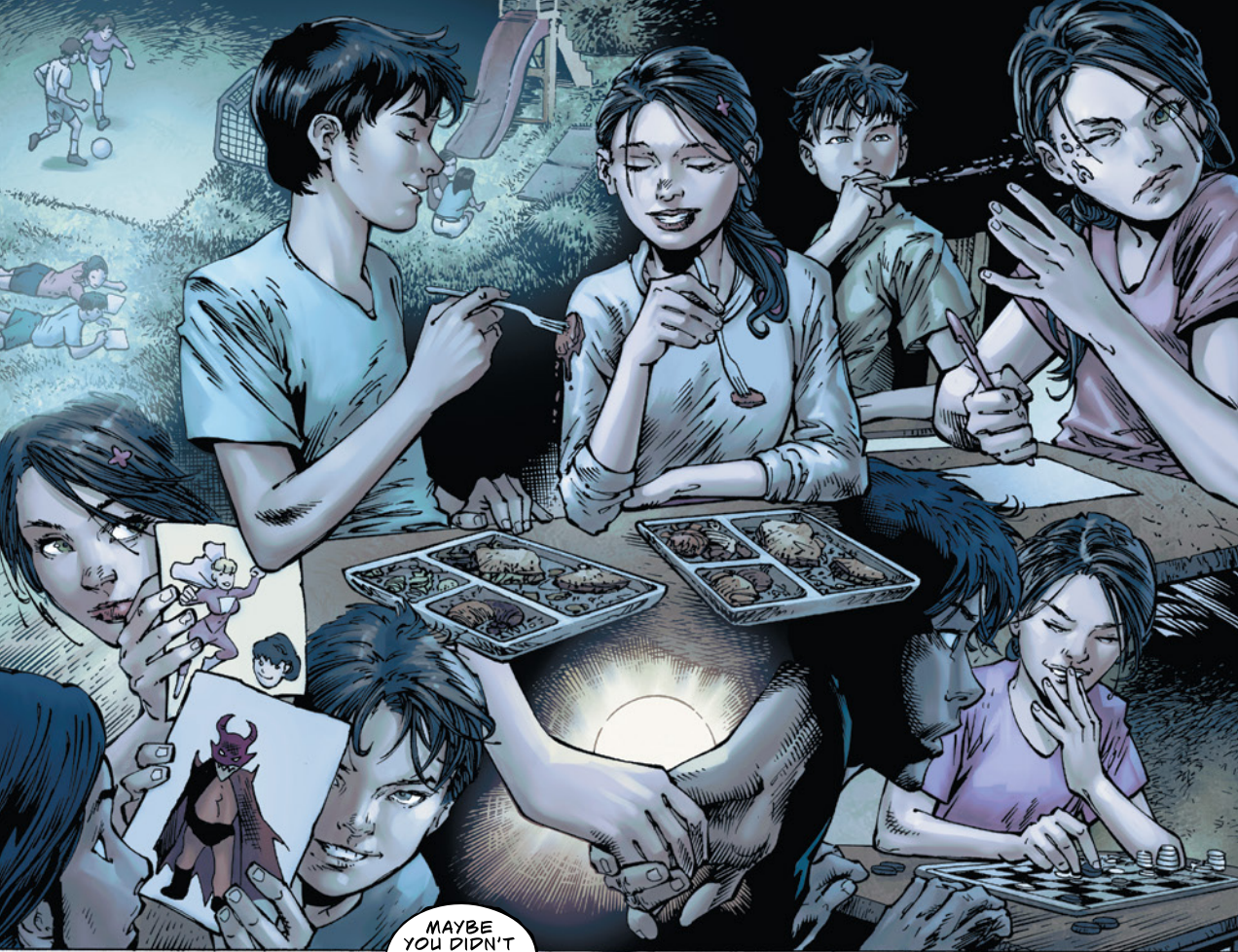


OOPSIE, LATER, BUTTER-FINGERS! HAW!

FIVE-SECOND RULE.



HI, I'M JENNY.



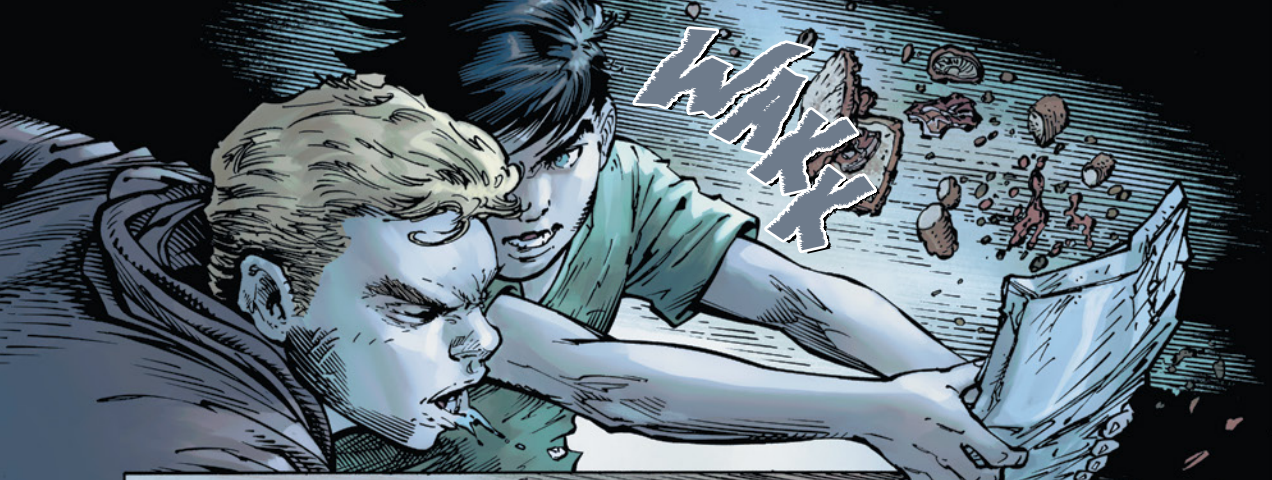
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME TOO GOOD, JENNY.

I SAID, YOU AIN'T GETTING PAST UNTIL YOU PAY THE TOLL.

YEAH, PAY UP! HA!

YOU CAN TAKE YOUR "TOLL" AND SHOVE IT ALL THE WAY UP YOUR @\$\$, BRIAN.

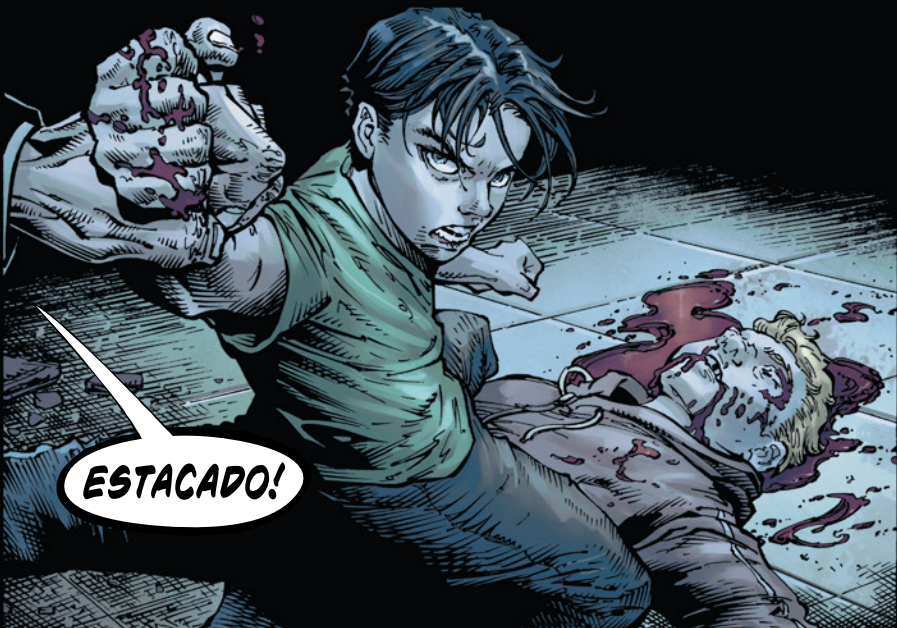




GONNA...



...KILL Y--



ESTACADO!



THAT'S ENOUGH!
AS GOD IS MY WITNESS, BOY,
THE DEVIL HIMSELF LIVES IN Y--



AAAGH!

RRRRUMBLE

MR. FRANCHETTI, I'D BE REMISS IF I DIDN'T MENTION THAT JACKIE CAN, AT TIMES, BE... DIFFICULT.

NOT A PROBLEM, PADRE, I LIKE A KID WITH SPIRIT. BESIDES, THE MISSUS ALWAYS WANTED A LITTLE BAMBINO, SHE JUST LOVES 'EM!

A PUPPY WOULD'VE BEEN NICE.

JESUS, JANETTE, YOU CAN PLAY FETCH WITH THE STAROIN' KID IF YOU WANT, OKAY?

SO PADRE, WE GOT A DEAL OR WHAT?

YES, MR. FRANCHETTI...

"...WE HAVE A DEAL."

RRRRUMBLE



CREATED A BETTER MAN THAN ME...

...GOOD LUCK...



...YOU SON OF A BITCH.

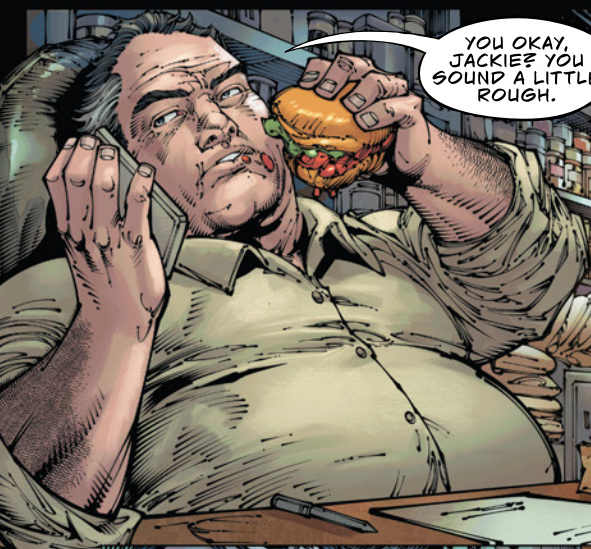
NO!

BRRRRING
BRRRRING



CHRIST.

HELLO? OH, HEY, UNCLE FRANKIE.



YOU OKAY, JACKIE? YOU SOUND A LITTLE ROUGH.

I'M FINE, JUST A BAD--

JUST A BAD WHAT?

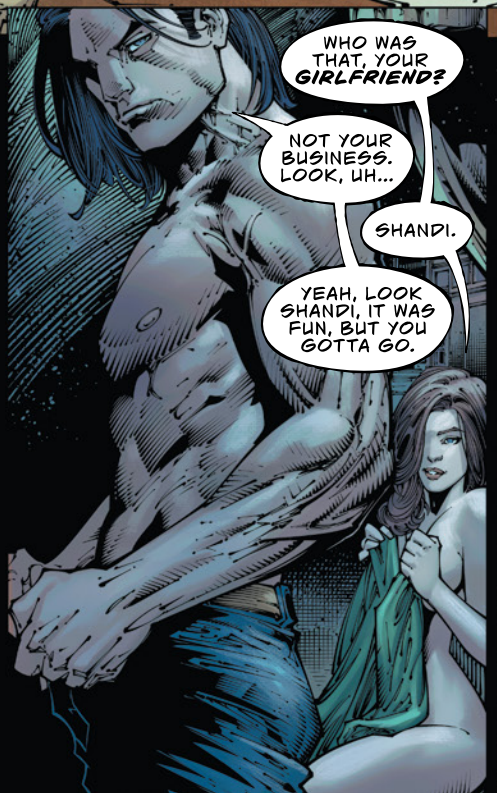
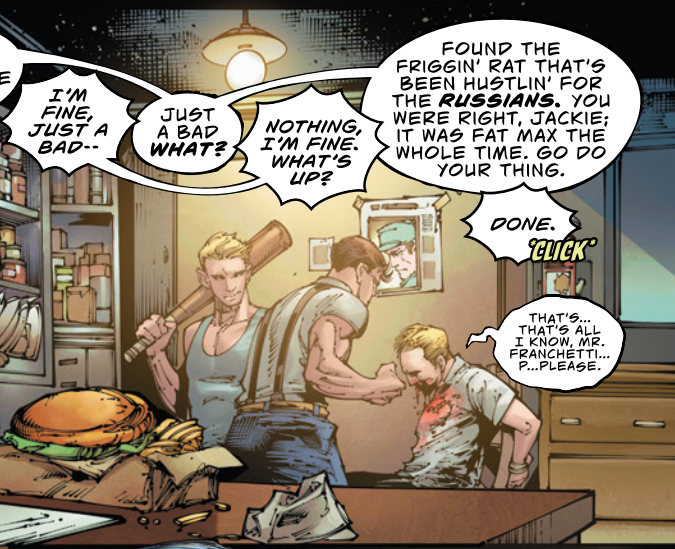
NOTHING, I'M FINE. WHAT'S UP?

FOUND THE FRIGGIN' RAT THAT'S BEEN HUSTLIN' FOR THE RUSSIANS. YOU WERE RIGHT, JACKIE; IT WAS FAT MAX THE WHOLE TIME. GO DO YOUR THING.

DONE.

click

THAT'S... THAT'S ALL I KNOW, MR. FRANCHETTI... P...PLEASE.



WHO WAS THAT, YOUR GIRLFRIEND?

NOT YOUR BUSINESS. LOOK, UH...

SHANDI.

YEAH, LOOK SHANDI, IT WAS FUN, BUT YOU GOTTA GO.



ARE YOU SHAGGING ME, DUDE? DO I LOOK LIKE SOME KIND OF CHEAP HOOKER TO YOU?

WELL, I WOULDN'T SAY CHEAP, CONSIDERING WHAT I JUST PAID FOR DINNER.

OH OKAY, I SEE HOW IT IS... JERKOFF.

THANKS TO YOU, I WON'T HAVE TO. THE DOORMAN WILL GET YOU AN UBER.

**THE
BRONX.**

YOU
GOT ME ALL
WRONG,
JACKIE!

DOUBTFUL.
I GOTTA BE
HONEST WITH YOU,
MAX, THIS REALLY
BUMS ME OUT. YOU
WERE ONE OF MY
FAVORITES.

YOU KNOW,
I STILL USE THE
SAME SILENCER
THAT YOU GOT ME
FOR MY TWELFTH
BIRTHDAY...
YOUR GIFTS WERE
ALWAYS SO
THOUGHTFUL, IT'S
A DAMN SHAME
YOU TURNED OUT
TO BE SUCH A
TWT.

JACKIE, I
SWEAR TO GOD,
I GOT NOTHIN'
TO DO WITH THE
RUSSIANS!

AGAIN,
DOUBTFUL.
BUT SPEAKING
OF GIFTS, IS THAT
THE TIE MY UNCLE
FRANKIE GOT YOU
FOR CHRISTMAS
LAST YEAR?

Y...YEAH.

CLIK

WELL MAX,
CONSIDERING THE
STATE OF AFFAIRS WE
NOW FIND OURSELVES
IN, I'M THINKING HE
MIGHT WANT IT
BACK.

SNIT

OH,
SH...



SHIT!



BRRRRRT
BRRRRRT

HELLO?

SHIT!

SHIT!

SHIT!



HEY BUTCHER, YOU BUSY?

NEVER TOO BUSY FOR YOU, JACKIE!

SHIT.

SPLAT



YOU'RE THE BEST, BUTCH. CLEAN UP ON AISLE THREE, THE USUAL PLACE.

YOU GOT IT, BOSS!



LITTLE ITALY.

HERE YOU GO, MARIO, AND TRY TO KEEP IT UNDER A HUNDRED WHEN YOU PARK IT THIS TIME, CAPISCÉE?

HAHA! CAPISCÉE, MR. ESTACADO!

LISTEN, NOVIKOV, I'M NOT GIVIN' THIRTY-FIVE PERCENT OF MY CITY TO NOBODY.

ESPECIALLY NOT SOME CHEAP, COLOGNE-WEARIN' JACKASS PAYIN' IN RUBLES. HOW'S THAT FOR A COUNTER?



YOU DO HAVE COLORFUL WAY OF NEGOTIATING, MR. FRANCHETTI, BUT I'M AFRAID WE HAVE MISUNDERSTANDING. I'M NOT ASKING FOR THIRTY-FIVE PERCENT...

...I'M OFFERING TO LET YOU KEEP THIRTY-FIVE PERCENT. FAIR DEAL TO AVOID ANY FUTURE BLOOD-SHED, NO?



WHAT?! SCOUGHES YOU CAN SHOVE YOUR SHUAACKS "DEAL" DOWN YOUR COMMIE THROAT, YOU BORSCHT-EATING PIECE OF MF*G!

THIS HOW YOU WANT? OKAY...



...ENJOY YOUR MEAL, THEN...

...AND SWALLOW YOUR FOOD BEFORE YOU SPEAK TO ME, YOU FAT ZHOPA.

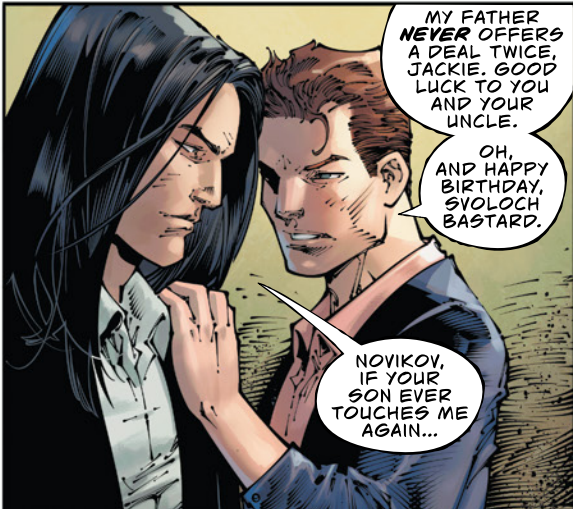
COME, DIMITRI.

GO SUCK PUTIN'S TANT, YOU COMMIE PRICK!



NOW GET OUTTA MY RESTAURANT AND MY CITY, STUGOTZ! AND KNOW THAT ANY PERCENTAGE PAID WILL BE IN COMMIE BLOOD!

YOUR UNCLE HAS JUST MADE VERY BAD DECISION, ESTACADO.



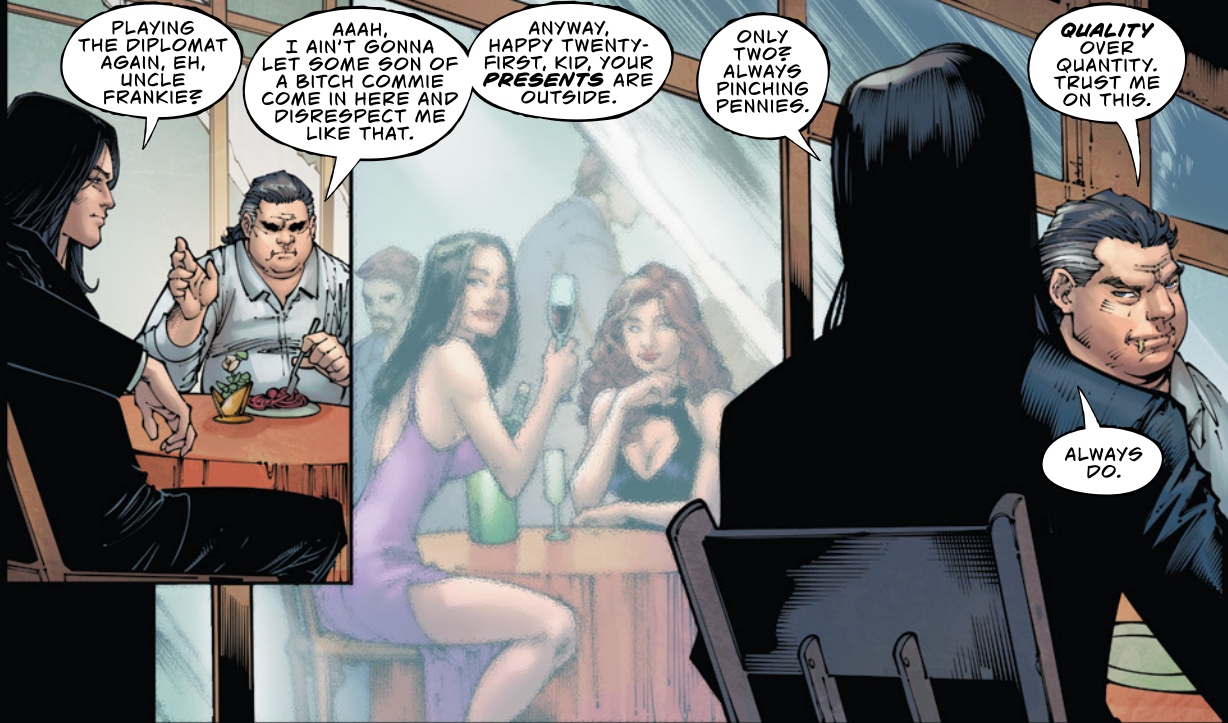
MY FATHER NEVER OFFERS A DEAL TWICE, JACKIE. GOOD LUCK TO YOU AND YOUR UNCLE.

OH, AND HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SVOLOCH BASTARD.

NOVIKOV, IF YOUR SON EVER TOUCHES ME AGAIN...



...YOU'LL HAVE ONE LESS HEIR TO YOUR LITTLE THRONE OF MF*G.



PLAYING THE DIPLOMAT AGAIN, EH, UNCLE FRANKIE?

AAAH, I AIN'T GONNA LET SOME SON OF A BITCH COMMIE COME IN HERE AND DISRESPECT ME LIKE THAT.

ANYWAY, HAPPY TWENTY-FIRST, KID, YOUR PRESENTS ARE OUTSIDE.

ONLY TWO? ALWAYS PINCHING PENNIES.

QUALITY OVER QUANTITY. TRUST ME ON THIS.

ALWAYS DO.



CURIOUS, THOUGH, HOW NOVIKOV CALLS A MEETING RIGHT AFTER FAT MAX LEARNS HE CAN'T FLY.

NEVER HURTS TO SEND A MESSAGE, JACKIE. WE GOT 'EM SPOOKED.

I DUNNO, UNCLE FRANKIE, THE RUSSIANS CAN BE A PRETTY HUMORLESS BUNCH WHEN THEY DON'T GET THEIR WAY. NOT TO MENTION, THEY OUTGUN US TWO-TO-ONE.



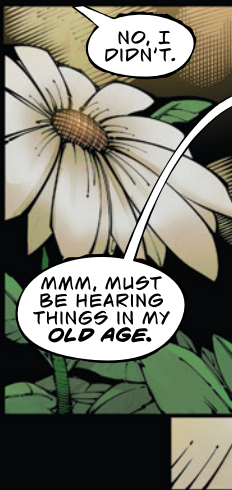
QUALITY OVER QUANTITY.

S00000N JACKIEEEE.

SOON WHAT?

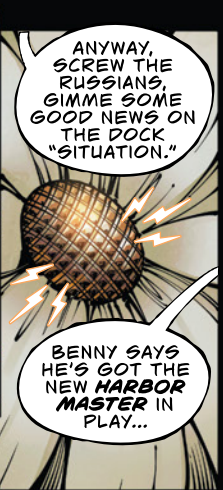
HUH?

YOU SAID "SOON."



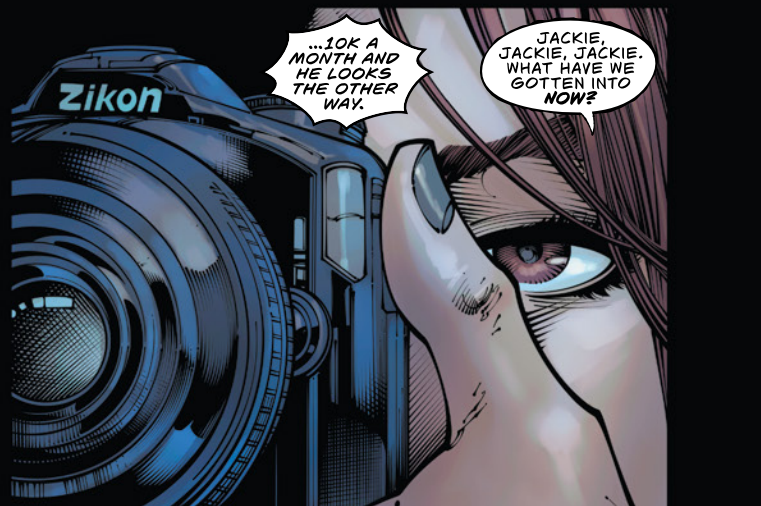
NO, I DIDN'T.

MMM, MUST BE HEARING THINGS IN MY OLD AGE.



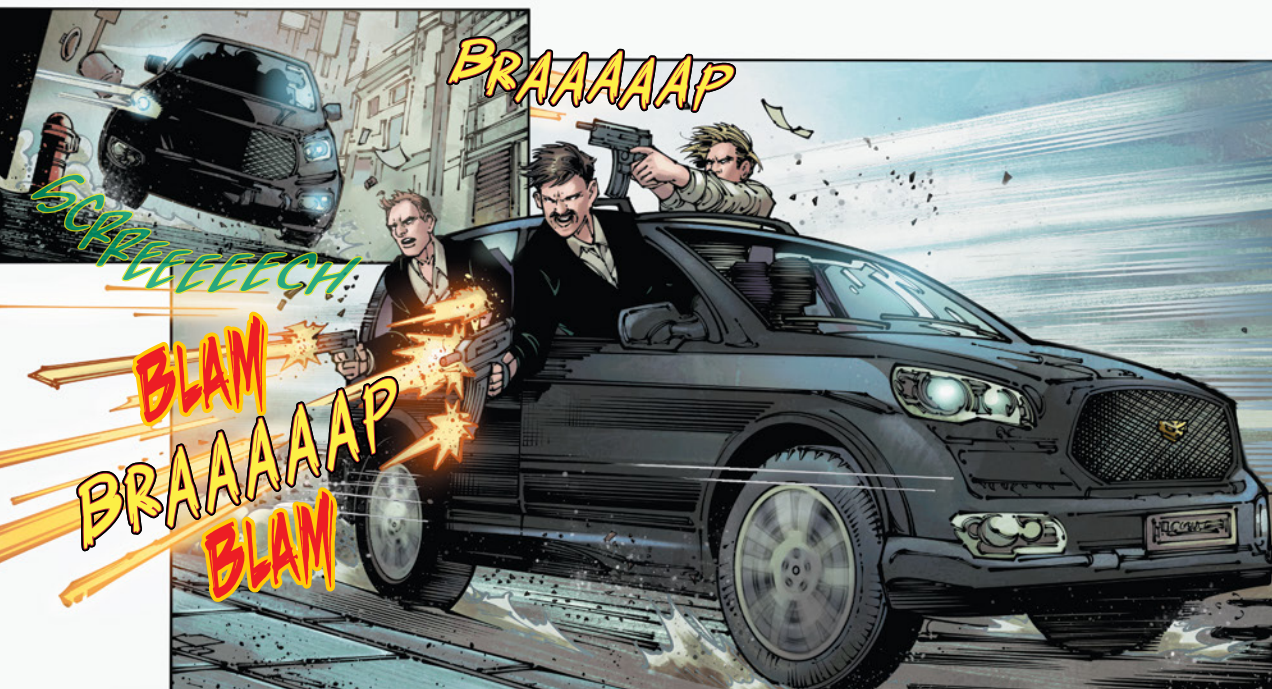
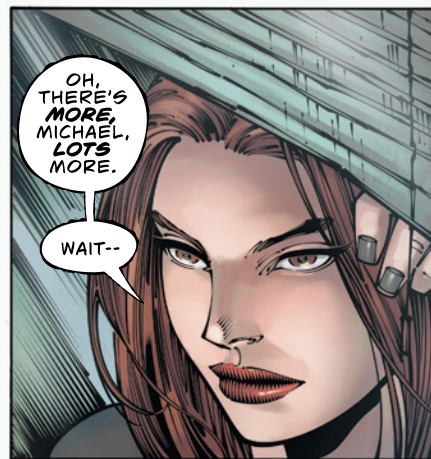
ANYWAY, SCREW THE RUSSIANS, GIMME SOME GOOD NEWS ON THE DOCK "SITUATION."

BENNY SAYS HE'S GOT THE NEW HARBOR MASTER IN PLAY...



...10K A MONTH AND HE LOOKS THE OTHER WAY.

JACKIE, JACKIE, JACKIE. WHAT HAVE WE GOTTEN INTO NOW?





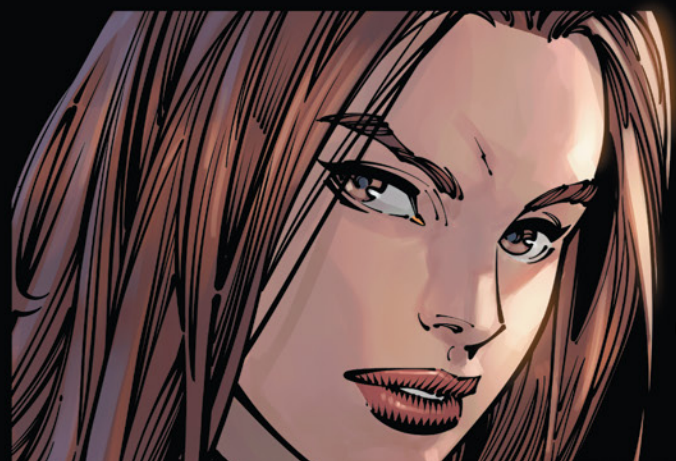
MICHAEL,
YOU TAKE
CARE OF
HER... I GOT
THIS ONE.



WE
GOTTA GET YOU
OUT OF HERE,
UNCLE FRANKIE.
I--



SARAE



...

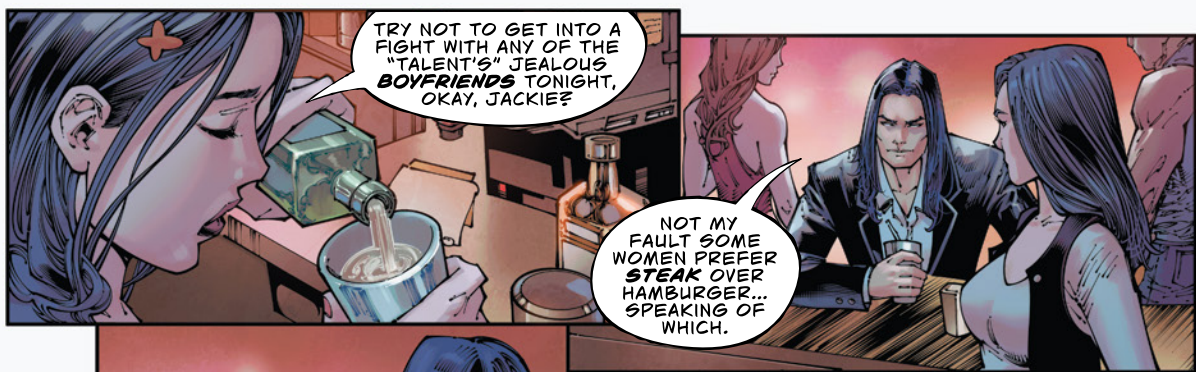


I'LL HAVE MY USUAL "MARTINI."

HERE YOU GO. ONE CLUB SODA ON THE ROCKS. NOT SHAKEN, NOT STIRRED.

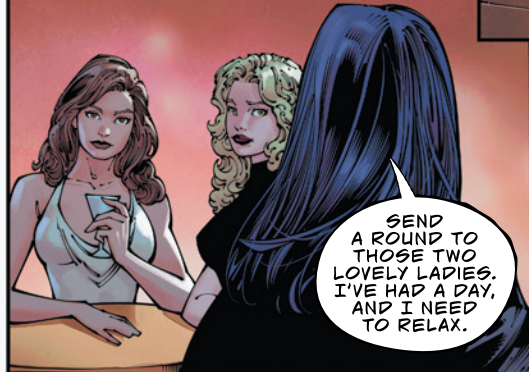
YOU'RE A BARTENDING LEGEND, JENNY, THANKS.

BUSY NIGHT. LOTS OF TALENT.



TRY NOT TO GET INTO A FIGHT WITH ANY OF THE "TALENT'S" JEALOUS BOYFRIENDS TONIGHT, OKAY, JACKIE?

NOT MY FAULT SOME WOMEN PREFER STEAK OVER HAMBURGER... SPEAKING OF WHICH.



SEND A ROUND TO THOSE TWO LOVELY LADIES. I'VE HAD A DAY, AND I NEED TO RELAX.



JESUS, JACKIE, HOW MANY DIFFERENT WOMEN CAN YOU SLEEP WITH IN ONE WEEK?

IT'S LIKE YOU'RE ALLERGIC TO KEEPING YOUR PANTS ON OR SOMETHING.

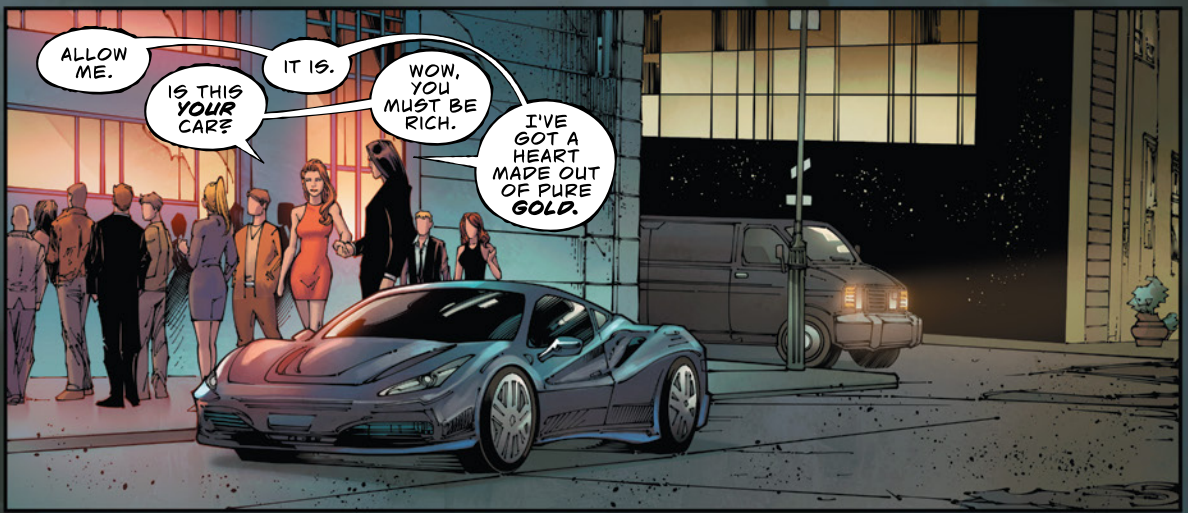


WE ALL HAVE OUR CROSS TO BEAR, JENNY, MINE JUST HAPPENS TO BE MADE UP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

SWELL. ANYWAY, SODA'S ON THE HOUSE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JACKIE. AND YEAH, I REMEMBERED.



CRAP...WAY TO BE A TOTAL #F%&@HEAD, JACKIE.



ALLOW ME.

IS THIS YOUR CAR?

IT IS.

WOW, YOU MUST BE RICH.

I'VE GOT A HEART MADE OUT OF PURE GOLD.

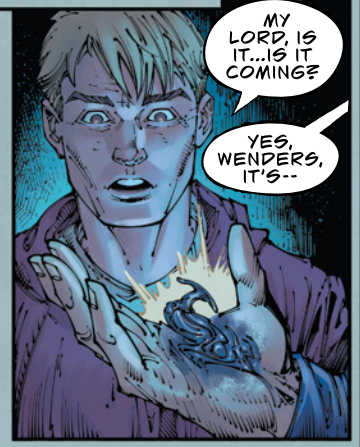


ESTACADO'S JUST NOW LEAVING THE BAR. HE HAS A GIRL WITH HIM.



OF COURSE HE DOES. HE'S OBVIOUSLY HEADED BACK TO HIS APARTMENT.

STAY CLOSE...AND BE READY.



MY LORD, IS IT...IS IT COMING?

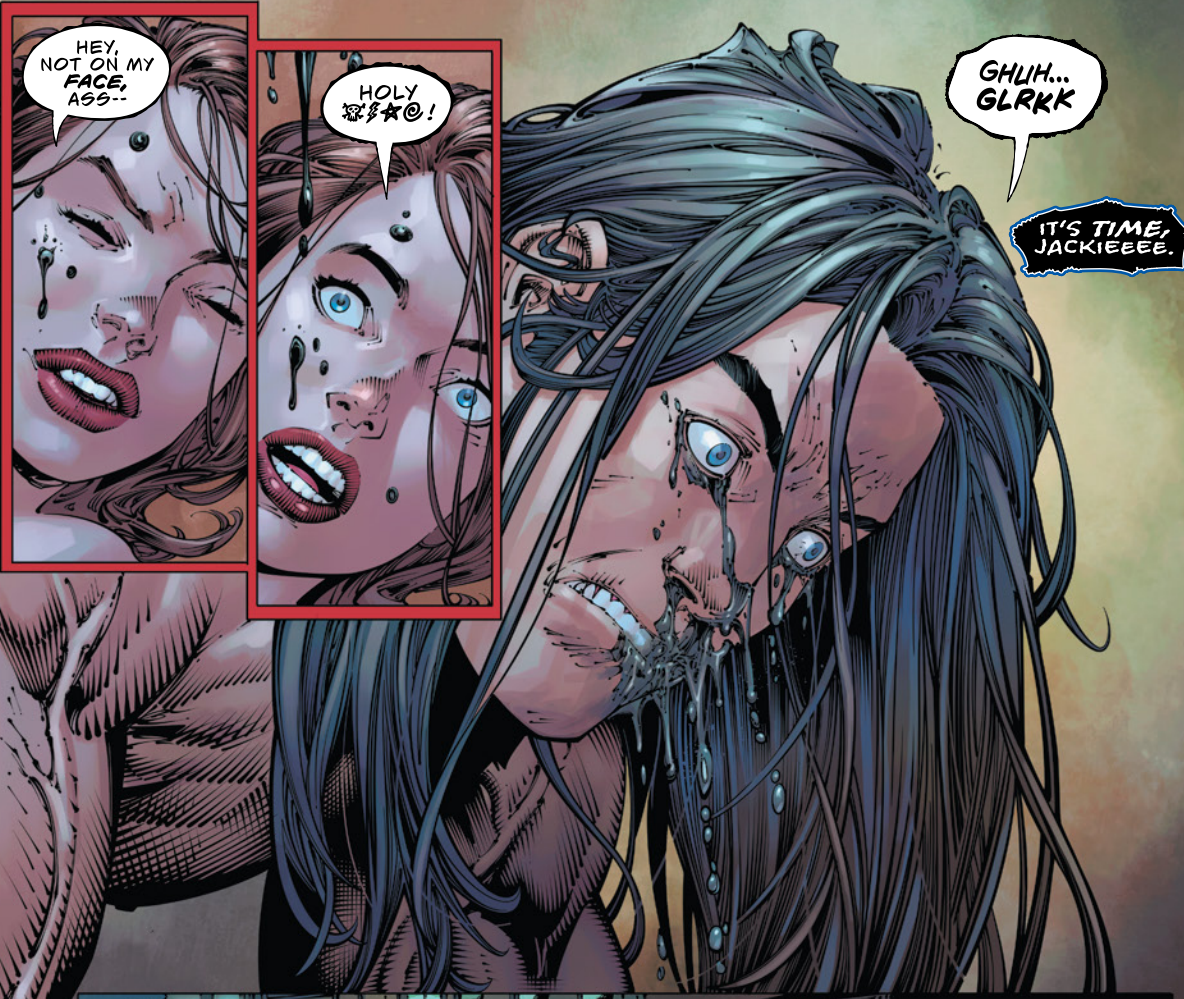
YES, WENDERS, IT'S--



CLIMMING...
...LULUHHH...



...LULUHHH...
LULUHHH.

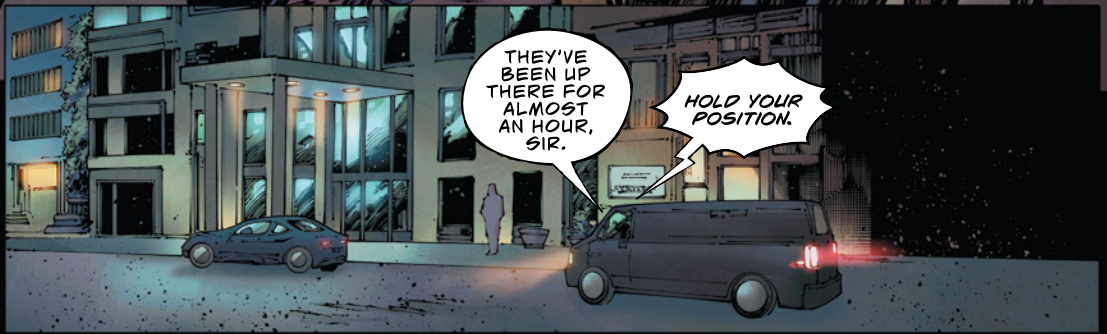


HEY,
NOT ON MY
FACE,
ASS--

HOLY
SHIT!

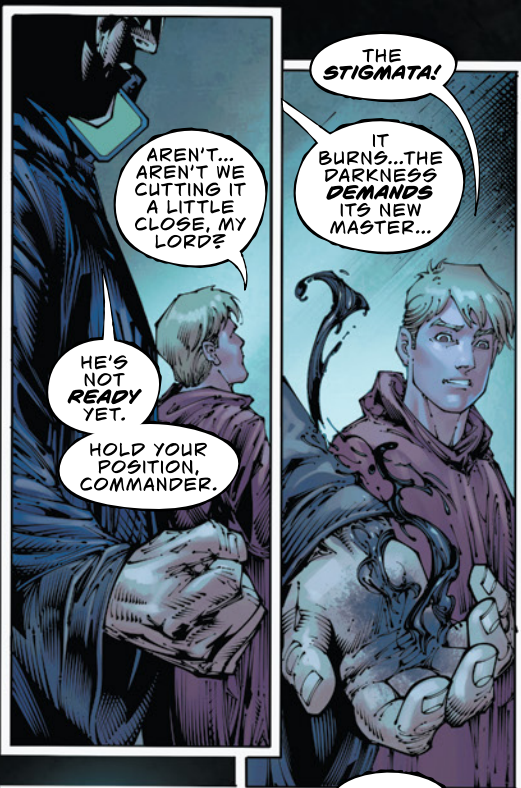
GHUH...
GLRKK

IT'S TIME,
JACKIEEEE.



THEY'VE
BEEN UP
THERE FOR
ALMOST
AN HOUR,
SIR.

HOLD YOUR
POSITION.



AREN'T...
AREN'T WE
CUTTING IT
A LITTLE
CLOSE, MY
LORD?

HE'S
NOT
READY
YET.

HOLD YOUR
POSITION,
COMMANDER.

THE
STIGMATA!

IT
BURNS...THE
DARKNESS
DEMANDS
ITS NEW
MASTER...



NOW...**GO**
NOW!

YES,
SIR!

THE SELF-
INDULGENT CHILD
THAT WAS JACKIE
ESTACADO **DIES**
TONIGHT,
WENPERS.

REPLACED
BY A WIELDER
OF CHAOS AND
NIGHTMARES...

...A GOD THAT
WILL **CRUSH** THE
LIGHT OF THIS
WORLD AND THEN
RULE OVER IT IN
DARKNESS.



AND WHAT OF
THE ANGELUS,
MY LORD?



SHE'LL KNOW
WHERE TO FIND
HIM NOW. THE TIMING
HAS TO BE **PERFECT.**
WE MUST **ENSURE**
THAT HE ACCEPTS
THE DARKNESS
WILLINGLY...

"...OR ALL
WILL BE
LOST."

I FEEL
HIM, HE'S
CLOSE...

...THE DREAD
THAT HANGS IN
THE AIR BURNS
MY LUNGS
WITH EVERY
BREATH.

WE ARE
READY, MY
QUEEN.

I WOULD
HOPE SO. YOU MUST
STRIKE HIM DOWN
AT THE EXACT
MOMENT OF HIS
REBIRTH, GENERAL
KRAKUS.

SONATINE HAS
HIDDEN THE NEW
WIELDER WELL AND WILL
PROTECT HIM. HE WILL BE
VULNERABLE FOR ONLY A
FEW MINUTES, SO WHEN
YOU SEE HIM, DO NOT
HESITATE.

...THE DARK HAS
SHAT OUT A NEW
MASTER FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN ALMOST
TWO-HUNDRED YEARS.
I WILL NOT MISS
THIS CHANCE TO
DESTROY HIM.

I
UNDERSTAND.
I WILL PERSONALLY
BRING YOU HIS
HEAD, MY--

QUIET...

...I
HAVE
HIM.





THIS IS IT. WE HAVE ONE JOB; KEEP **THE ANGELUS** FROM GETTING TO ESTACADO. LOCK AND LOAD...



...AND SET VISION TO ULTRA SHORT-WAVE UV. WE WANT TO **SEE** WHAT WE'RE SHOOTING AT. **BTW?**

VRRRRRRRRRR

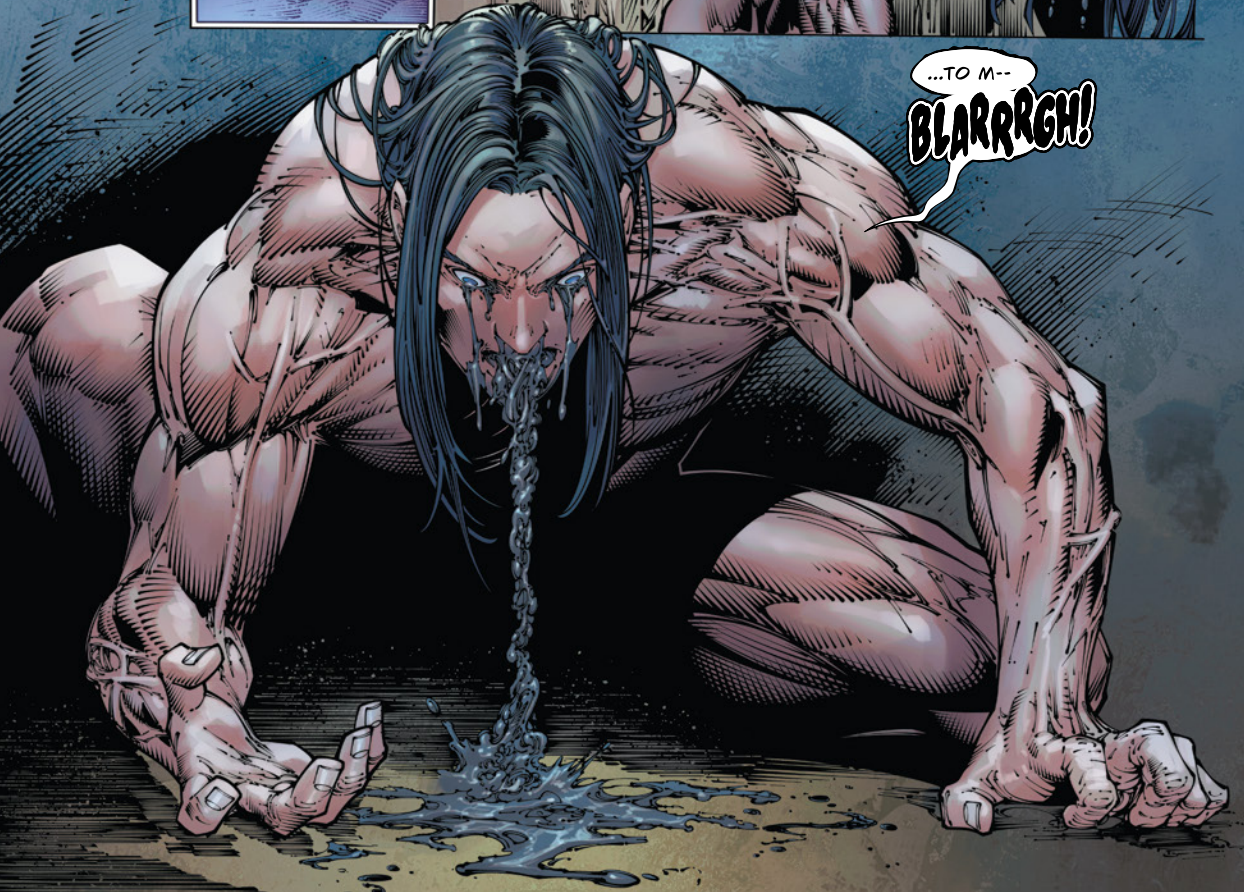
☹☹☹

HERE THEY COME! MOVE IT!



ARE YOU **OKAY?** YOU DON'T HAVE, LIKE, A **WEIRD STD** OR SOMETHING, DO YOU?

KAFFÉ GLRGH... WHAT THE **SHIT** IS HAPPENING-- **GHUHH...**



...TO M--
BLARRRGH!

ACCEPT US,
JACKIEEE...

BLAM

WHAT
THE HELL ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT? GET
OUT OF MY
F*CKING
HEAD!

...WE CAN
SAVE YOU.

BRRRTT

UNNGH!
OH, GOD...STOP,
STOP!

KEEP
FIRING!
CONTINUE
MISSION...

SHIKK

...DON'T
LET--

AAARGH!

EMBRACE
YOUR
DESTINY...

**NR
RA
AA!**

...EMBRACE
YOUR
DARKNESS

NNNN...

**DIE,
WIELDER!**

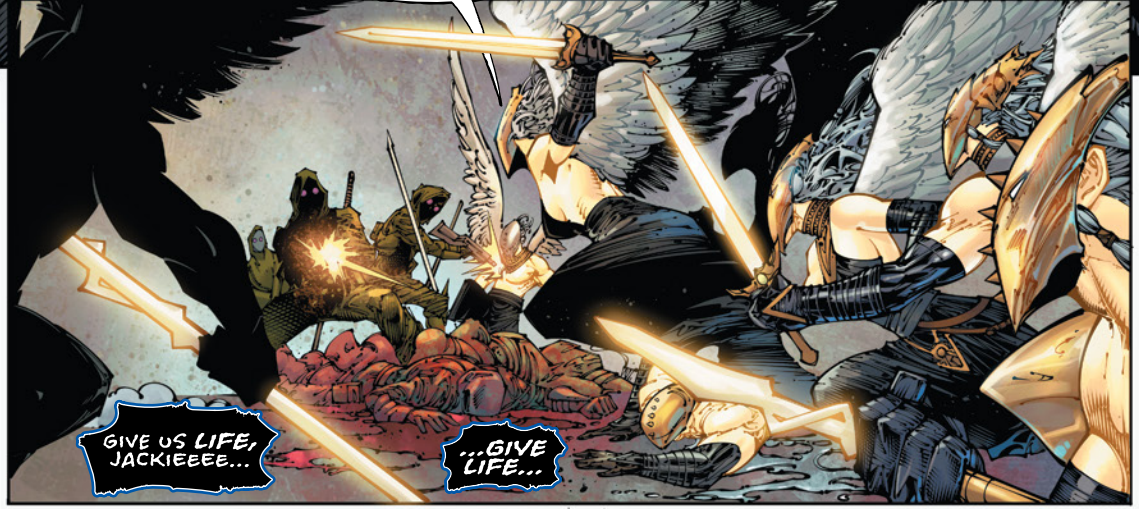
TSHINNING TSSSSSS

NO.



**THE
REBIRTH!**

**QUICKLY,
BEFORE HE FULLY
MANIFESTS!**



**GIVE US LIFE,
JACKIEEEE...**

**...GIVE
LIFE...**



...TO YOUR NIGHTMARES!

YEEHAWWWW!

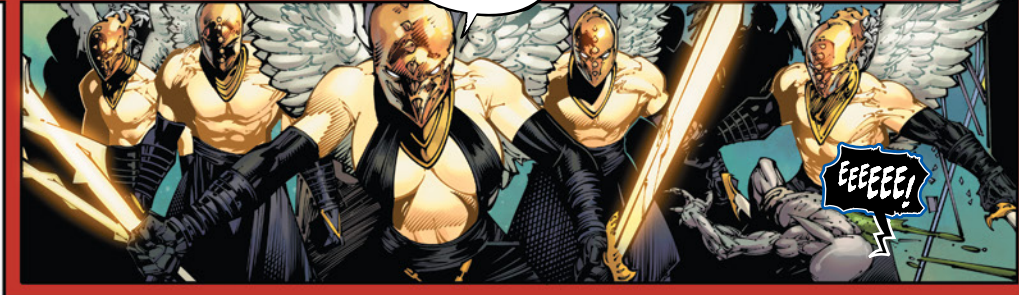
IT'S KNIFE TO MEET YOU!

HEEEHEEE!

SHUNK

GHUH!

THESE MONSTERS WILL NOT SAVE YOU, WIELDER.



EEEEEE!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS BULLSHIT IS, BUT I GOTTA GET AWAY FROM IT.

WELL, YOUR NIGHT'S NOT GONNA GET ANY LESS F*CKED IF YOU DON'T.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

NAME'S ZACK, AND SINCE YOU DON'T HAVE A CLUE WHAT YOU'RE DOING, LEAVING WOULDN'T BE THE DUMBEST DECISION YOU'LL MAKE TODAY.

WE'RE TWENTY STORIES UP, I CAN'T JUST FLY OUT OF HERE.

NO, BUT UM... THEY CAN.

...F*CKED YEAH.





LET'S GO, TWEETY BIRD...

HURGH!



KRESHH HHHH

...START FLAPPIN'.

UNGH, SON-OF-A-BITCH BURNING MY HANDS...

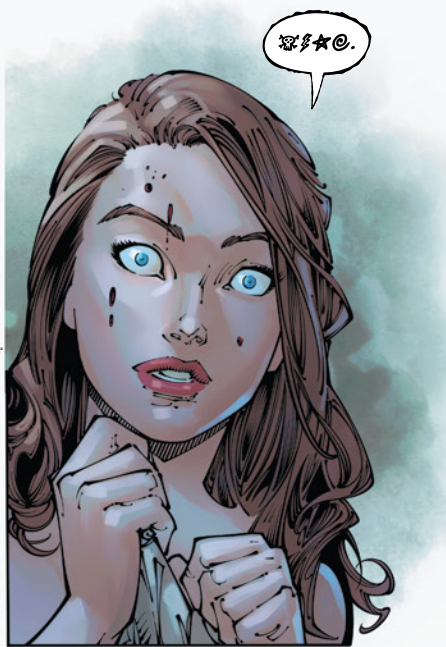
STILL A LONG WAY DOWN...

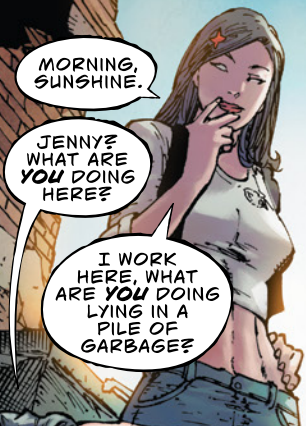


...BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO.

SKRRRIP

EEXAAAGH!





MORNING, SUNSHINE.

JENNY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I WORK HERE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING LYING IN A PILE OF GARBAGE?

I...I DON'T KNOW.

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO OPEN UP. HOW ABOUT A CUP OF COFFEE?

HOW ABOUT A WHISKEY?

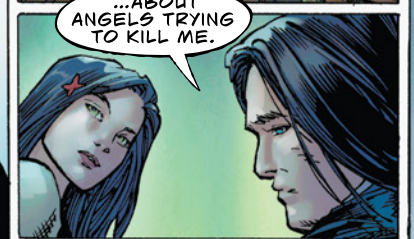


HERE YOU GO. SINCE WHEN DID YOU START DRINKING?

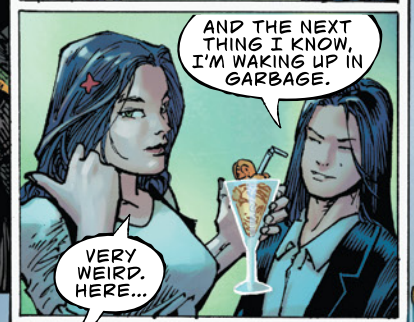
SINCE I STARTED **NEEDING TO... SO NOW, BASICALLY.**

MMHMM, WANNA TALK ABOUT IT?

IT'S WEIRD... I HAD THIS REALLY MESSED-UP DREAM...



...ABOUT ANGELS TRYING TO KILL ME.



AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW, I'M WAKING UP IN GARBAGE.

VERY WEIRD. HERE...

...IT'S FROM THE SKANK.





...



THE HELL? DO YOU UM, SEE ANYTHING **ODD** ON THE WALL BEHIND ME?



THE ONLY "ODD" THING I SEE RIGHT NOW IS **YOU**.

YOU SURE SOME JEALOUS BOYFRIEND DIDN'T JUST SMACK OUT OF THAT ONE-TRACK MIND OF YOURS LAST NIGHT?

THAT WOULD EXPLAIN A FEW THINGS. I--



HELLO, JACKIE.

! HOW DID YOU KNOW MY--WHY DO I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD BE **RUNNING** FROM YOU RIGHT NOW?

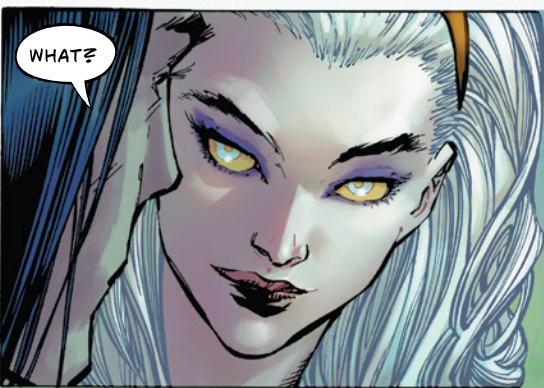
WOULDN'T YOU RATHER BE ~~STAYING~~ **STAYING** ME?



GREAT, LIKE I NEED TO BE HEARING **THIS** CRAP FIRST THING IN THE MORNING. IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, I'LL BE OVER HERE **ABSOLUTELY AVOIDING** THIS CONVERSATION.

=GULP=

YOU HAVE YOUR **FATHER'S** EYES.



WHAT?

SO...ASIDE FROM TAKING A MUCH-NEEDED SHOWER, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR TODAY?

MY SUGGESTION TO HIM, WOULD BE TO **STAY AWAY** FROM **YOU**.

I'LL HAVE A DRY SHERRY, PLEASE. SO, WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT THEN?

THE **YOUNG LADY** HERE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE INTIMATE RELATIONS WITH ME, WHOEVER THE **WTF@ YOU** ARE.

IT WOULD NO DOUBT BE A NIGHT TO REMEMBER, **WHORES** HAVE A WAY WITH THAT SORT OF THING.

MY NAME IS **SONATINE**. THAT IS THE **ANGELUS**.

AND TRUTH BE TOLD, SHE'S NOT ALL THAT YOUNG.

YEAH? WHAT DID SHE MEAN ABOUT ME HAVING MY **FATHER'S EYES**?

YOU DO. I KNEW YOUR FATHER WELL, JACKIE. HE WAS A **GREAT** MAN WHO LEFT YOU A POWERFUL **BIRTH-RIGHT**.

ACTUALLY, HE LEFT YOU WITH A **CURSE** THAT WILL BE THE RUIN OF **EVERYTHING** YOU HOLD DEAR.

HE WAS A VISIONARY AND A GENIUS.

HE WAS A NARCISSISTIC ASS THAT LEFT YOU WITH A TERRIBLE BURDEN.

HE GAVE YOU THE TOOLS TO CHANGE THE **WORLD**.

WHEN **SONATINE** SAYS **CHANGE**, HE MEANS **DESTROY**. HE'S A BIT SLOW AND SOMETIMES GETS CONFUSED.

TO BE CLEAR, JACKIE, IN ADDITION TO BEING A **WHORE**, THE **ANGELUS** IS A DERANGED **PSYCHOPATH**. SHE **HATES** YOU, AND HER HAPPINESS IS COMPLETELY DEPENDENT UPON YOUR MISERY.

YOU SEEM LIKE A DECENT GUY, JACKIE, SO IT PAINS ME TO THINK OF YOU SUFFERING THE LIFE **SONATINE** HAS PLANNED FOR YOU.

BELIEVE ME, LAST NIGHT WAS **NOTHING** COMPARED TO THE LUBE-LESS PEGGING THAT AWAITS YOU IF YOU GO SKIPPING DOWN **THIS** LITTLE TURD'S YELLOW BRICK ROAD.

WILL YOU JUST SHUT THE **WTF@ UP**? CHRIST, HOW LONG HAVE YOU TWO BEEN **MARRIED**?

AND NICE **WTF@ING** NAMES, BY THE WAY, YOU GUYS MEET AT A RENAISSANCE FAIRE?

OOOH, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A **FEISTY** ONE, **SONATINE**. I HOPE YOU HAVE A **LEASH** STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD HIM.

I SUPPOSE WE'LL FIND OUT.

I LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU AGAIN, **JENNY**... KEEP THE CHANGE.



WHAT DID SHE MEAN BY "LEASH"?

NOT IMPORTANT.

WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT SHE'LL KILL YOU, JACKIE.



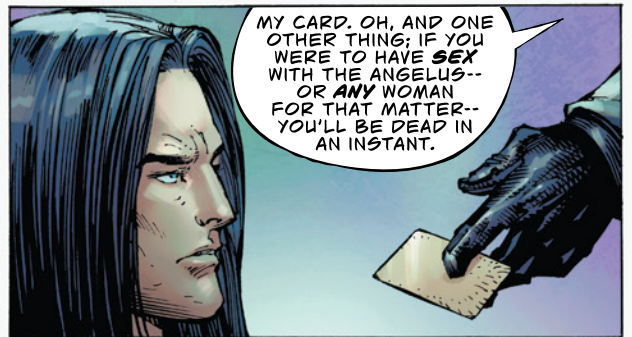
SHE'LL KILL HER, TOO, AND ANYONE ELSE THAT MATTERS TO YOU. BUT I CAN HELP. IT'S WHAT I DO.



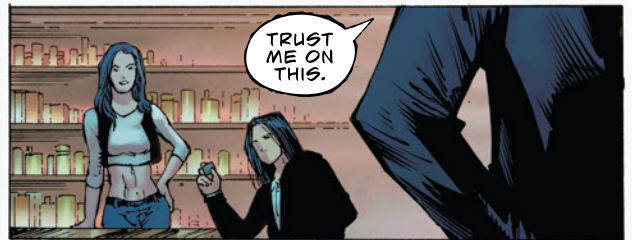
THE MAN YOU WERE IS DEAD, JACKIE, I'M HERE TO MAKE SURE THAT THE MAN YOU ARE STAYS ALIVE.

THE ANGELUS EXISTS ONLY TO DESTROY YOU, SO THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE HER, I'D ADVISE YOU TO RUN LIKE HELL.

AND IF YOU CAN'T RUN...FIND YOURSELF A DARK SPOT TO HIDE IN.



MY CARD. OH, AND ONE OTHER THING; IF YOU WERE TO HAVE SEX WITH THE ANGELUS-- OR ANY WOMAN FOR THAT MATTER-- YOU'LL BE DEAD IN AN INSTANT.



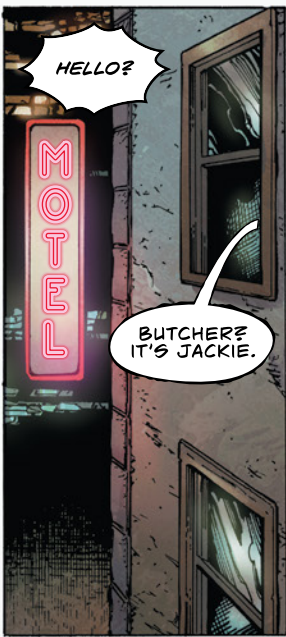
TRUST ME ON THIS.



...I KNOW THIS GUY FROM SOMEWHERE.

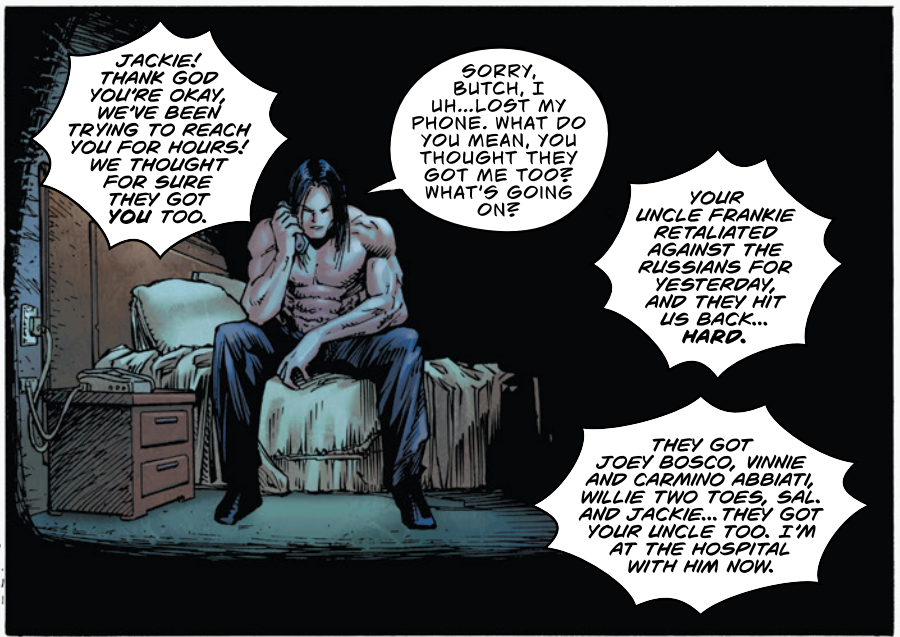
WHAT I WANNA KNOW, IS WHY THAT BITCH KNEW MY NAME.

BRRRTT BRRRTT



HELLO?

BUTCHER?
IT'S JACKIE.



JACKIE!
THANK GOD
YOU'RE OKAY,
WE'VE BEEN
TRYING TO REACH
YOU FOR HOURS!
WE THOUGHT
FOR SURE
THEY GOT
YOU TOO.

SORRY,
BUTCH, I
UH...LOST MY
PHONE. WHAT DO
YOU MEAN, YOU
THOUGHT THEY
GOT ME TOO?
WHAT'S GOING
ON?

YOUR
UNCLE FRANKIE
RETALIATED
AGAINST THE
RUSSIANS FOR
YESTERDAY,
AND THEY HIT
US BACK...
HARD.

THEY GOT
JOEY BOSCO,
VINNIE
AND CARMINO
ABBIATI,
WILLIE TWO
TOES, SAL,
AND JACKIE...
THEY GOT
YOUR UNCLE
TOO. I'M
AT THE
HOSPITAL
WITH HIM
NOW.



HOW
BAD
IS HE?

BAD. HE'S
HANGIN' IN
THERE BUT IT
DON'T LOOK TOO
GOOD. THEY
GOT US ON
THE RUIN,
JACKIE.
WHAT ARE
WE GONNA
DO?

OKAY,
BUTCH, JUST
RELAX. CALL
SCROTE,
AND YOU TELL
HIM TO MAKE
SURE MY
UNCLE IS
PROTECTED.
I GOTTA
LOOK INTO
SOME STUFF
BUT I MIGHT
HAVE A WAY
TO TAKE CARE
OF THIS.
YOU WATCH
YOUR BACK,
BUTCH.
I'LL BE IN
TOUCH.



WILL DO,
JACKIE.

CLICK



OKAY
FREAKSHOW,
NOW TELL
ME...



...WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

WHY, WE'RE THE GOOD STUFF, JACKIE, THE FUN STUFF.

THE SUPPRESSED MONSTERS OF LUST, RAGE AND CHAOS BROUGHT TO GRUESOME LIFE. A VERITABLE TREASURE TROVE OF BAD INTENTIONS!

IN OTHER WORDS, JACKIE...



...WE'RE YOU.

