

# BRZRKR<sup>TM</sup>

## BLOODLINES

VOLUME TWO

Published by





# **A FACEFUL OF BULLETS**

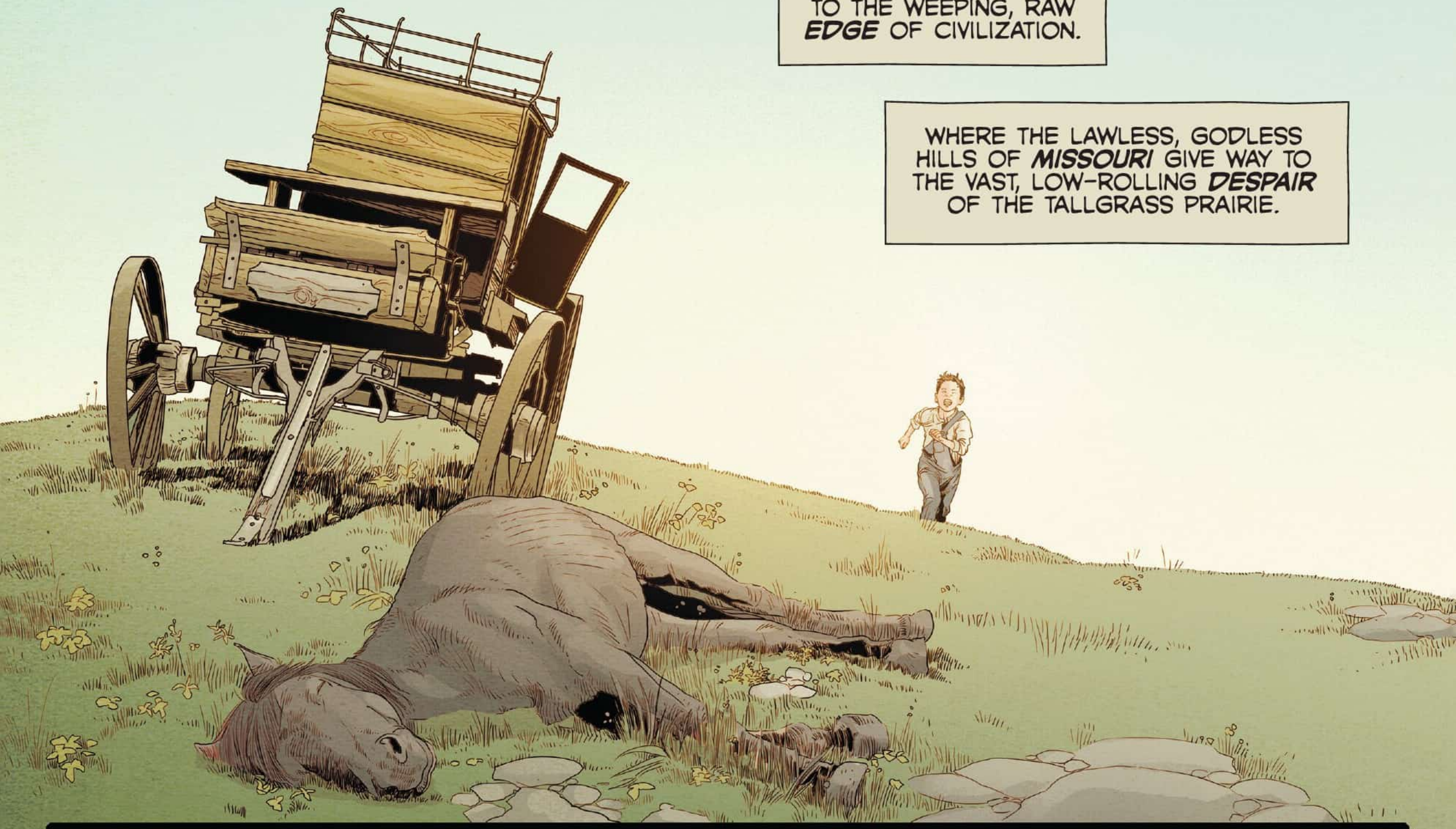


THE KANSAS TERRITORY. 1855.

KNOWING WHAT I KNOW  
OF HIM NOW, IT'S NO  
WONDER HE FOUND HIS  
WAY HERE WHEN HE DID.

TO THE WEEPING, RAW  
*EDGE* OF CIVILIZATION.

WHERE THE LAWLESS, GODLESS  
HILLS OF *MISSOURI* GIVE WAY TO  
THE VAST, LOW-ROLLING *DESPAIR*  
OF THE TALLGRASS PRAIRIE.



TO *BLEEDING*  
KANSAS.

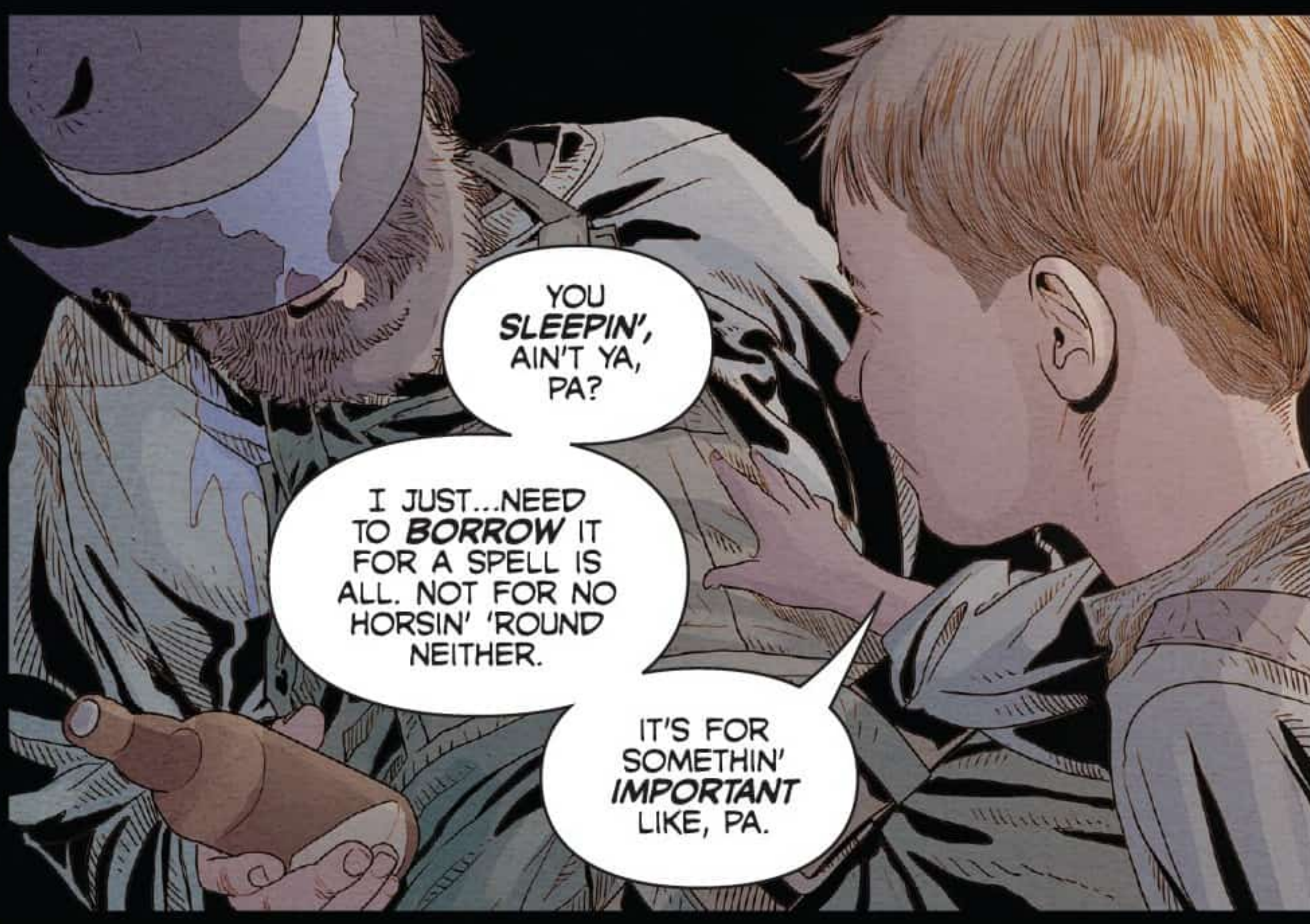
PA?



YOU  
*SLEEPIN'*,  
AIN'T YA,  
PA?

I JUST...NEED  
TO *BORROW* IT  
FOR A SPELL IS  
ALL. NOT FOR NO  
HORSIN' 'ROUND  
NEITHER.

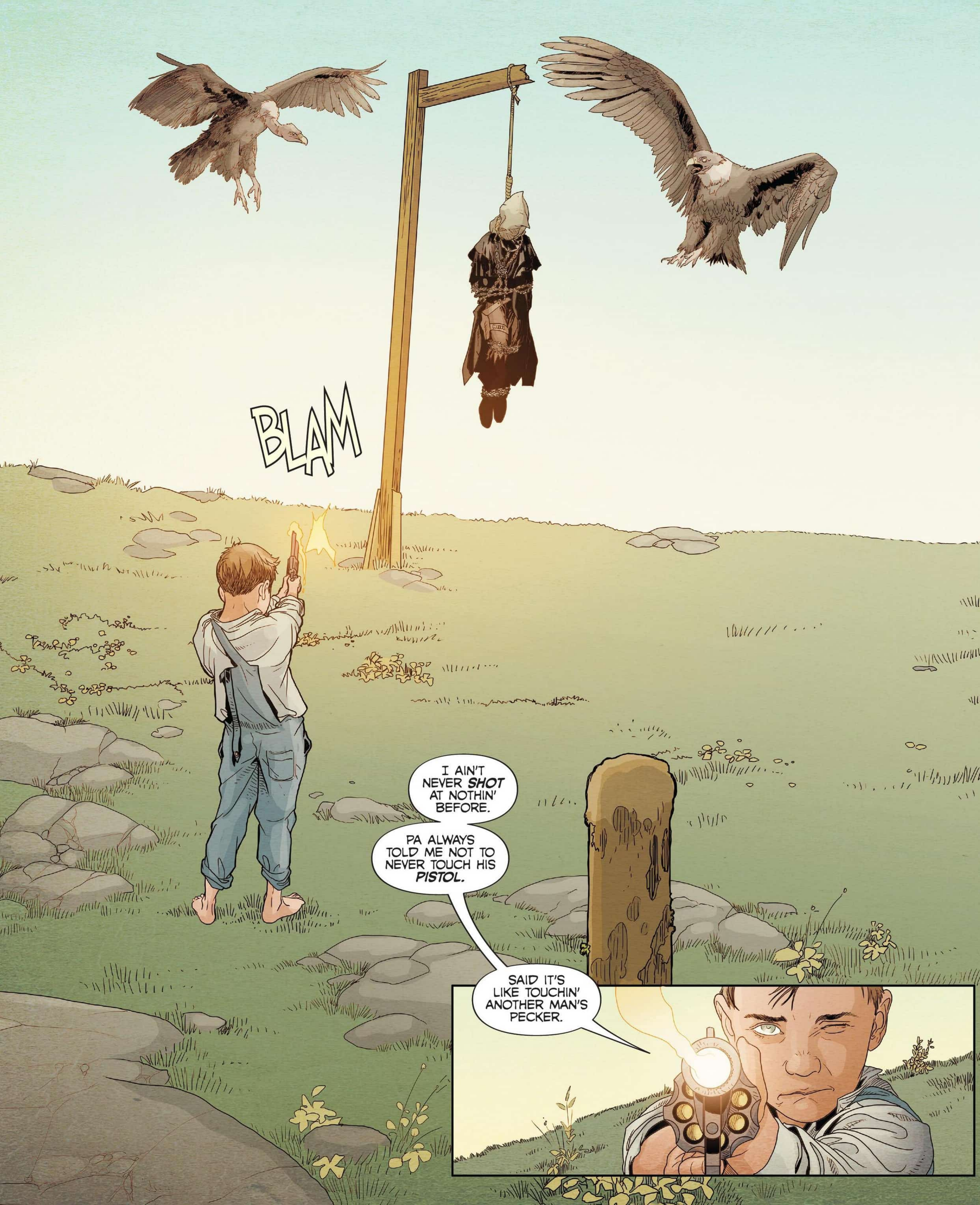
IT'S FOR  
SOMETHIN'  
*IMPORTANT*  
LIKE, PA.



IT'S FOR  
THE MAN IN  
THE TREE.







I AIN'T  
NEVER **SHOT**  
AT NOTHIN'  
BEFORE.

PA ALWAYS  
TOLD ME NOT TO  
NEVER TOUCH HIS  
**PISTOL**.

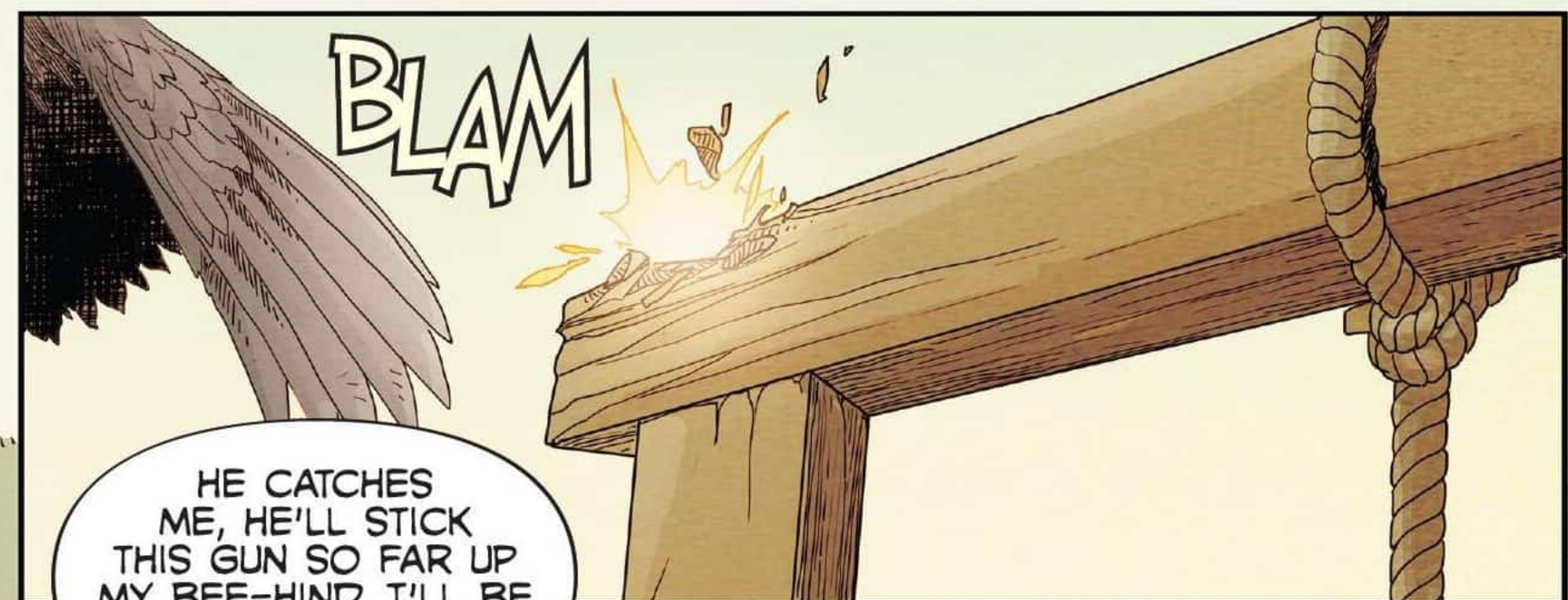
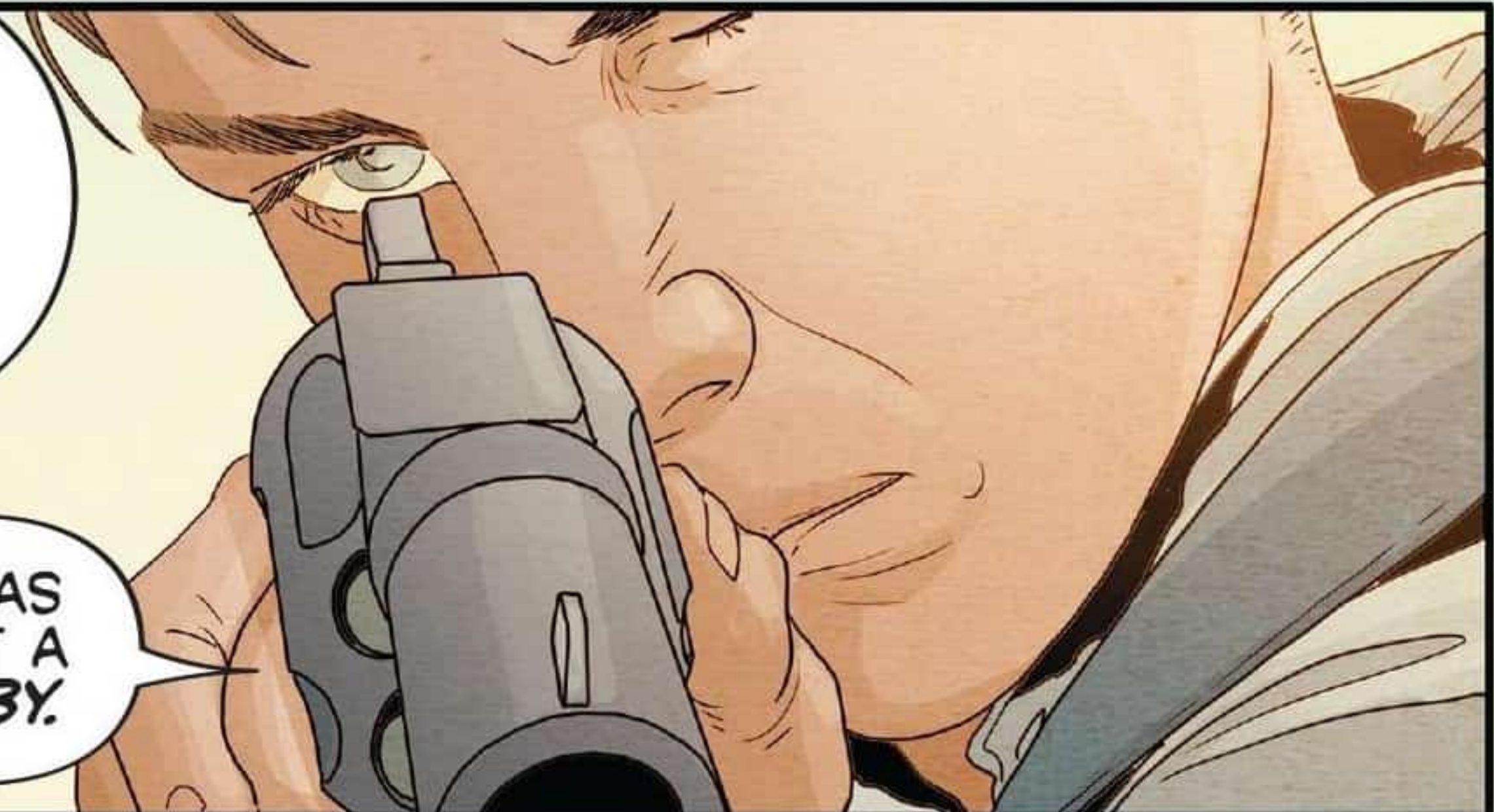
SAID IT'S  
LIKE TOUCHIN'  
ANOTHER MAN'S  
PECKER.



ONE TIME HE CAUGHT  
ME STARIN' AT THIS  
HERE SIX-GUN LIKE I  
WAS FIXIN' TO FINGER  
IT, AND HE **SWITCHED**  
ME 'TIL I 'BOUT **bled**  
MYSELF DRY.

OR SO HE  
SAYS. I CAN'T  
RIGHTLY  
RECALL.

I WAS  
JUST A  
**BABY**.



HE CATCHES  
ME, HE'LL STICK  
THIS GUN SO FAR UP  
MY BEE-HIND, I'LL BE  
BURPIN' BULLETS  
IN **HELL**.

JUST LIKE  
HE DONE TO  
**MOMMA** IN  
ST. LOUIE.

I GOTTA  
GET THIS BACK  
'FORE HE  
WAKES UP.



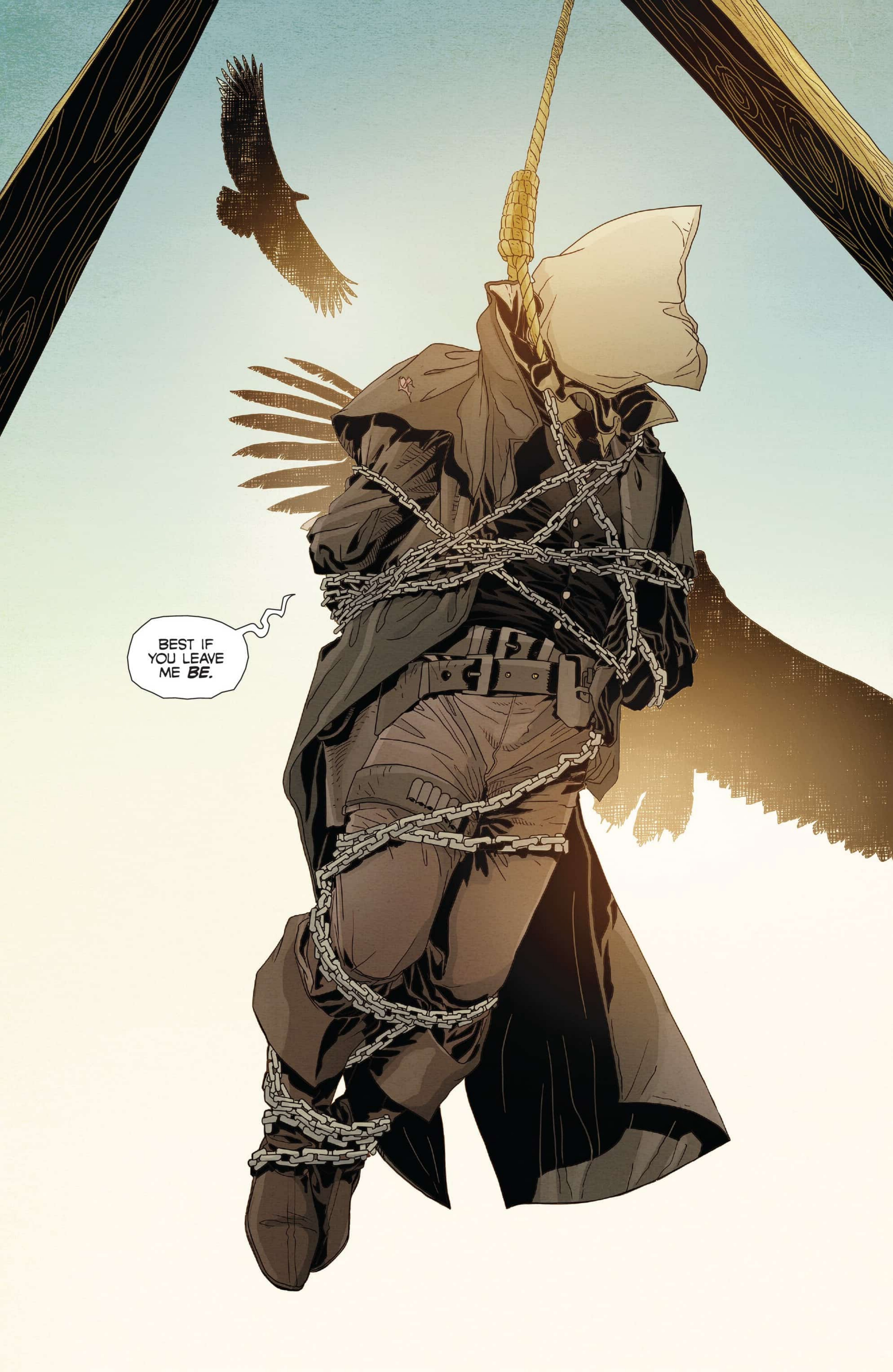
SHIT.

**SORRY.**

TOLD YA.  
DON'T  
NEED TO  
DO THIS.

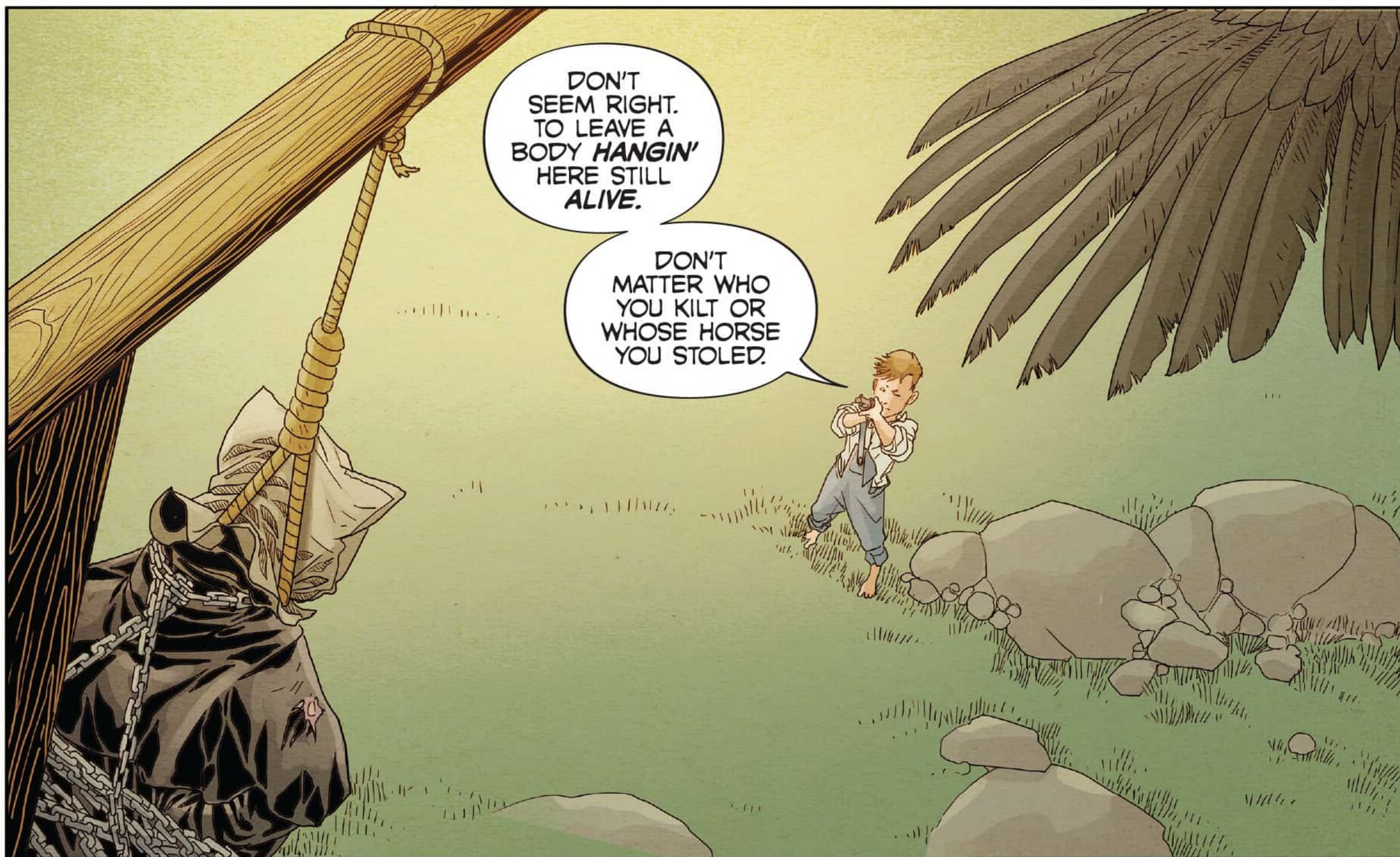






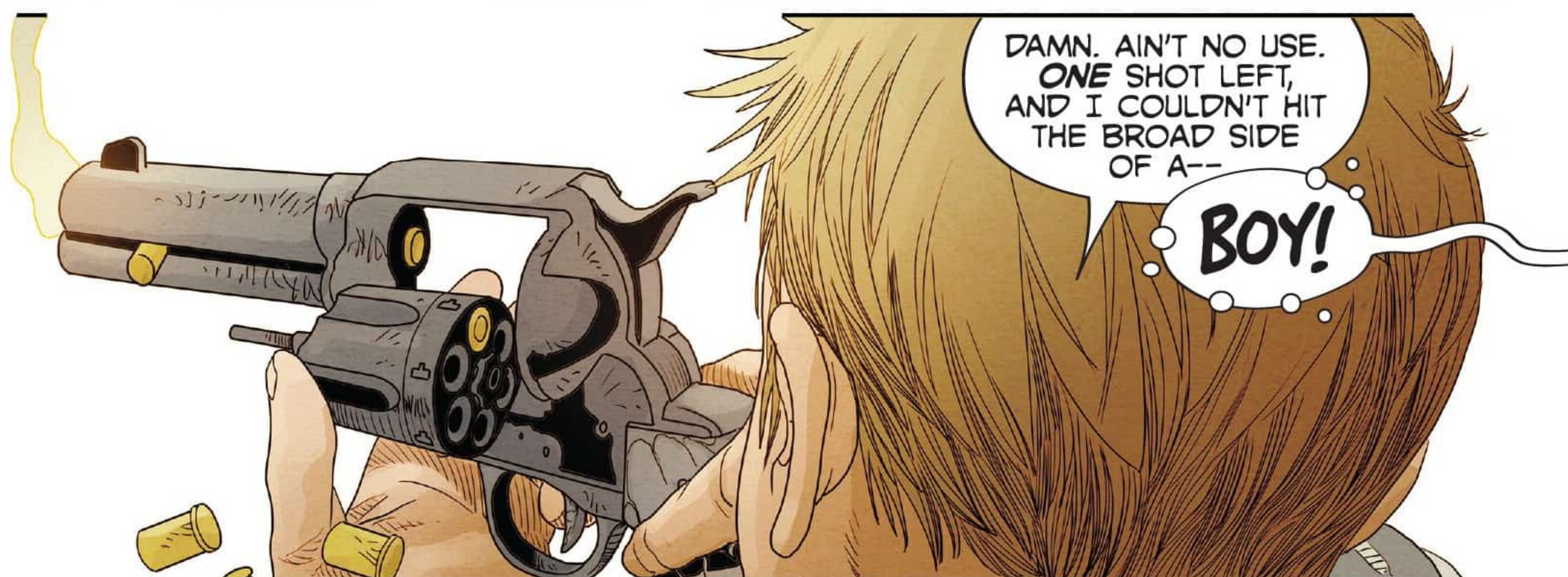
BEST IF  
YOU LEAVE  
ME **BE.**





DON'T SEEM RIGHT. TO LEAVE A BODY **HANGIN'** HERE STILL **ALIVE**.

DON'T MATTER WHO YOU KILT OR WHOSE HORSE YOU **STOED**.



DAMN. AIN'T NO USE. **ONE** SHOT LEFT, AND I COULDN'T HIT THE BROAD SIDE OF A--

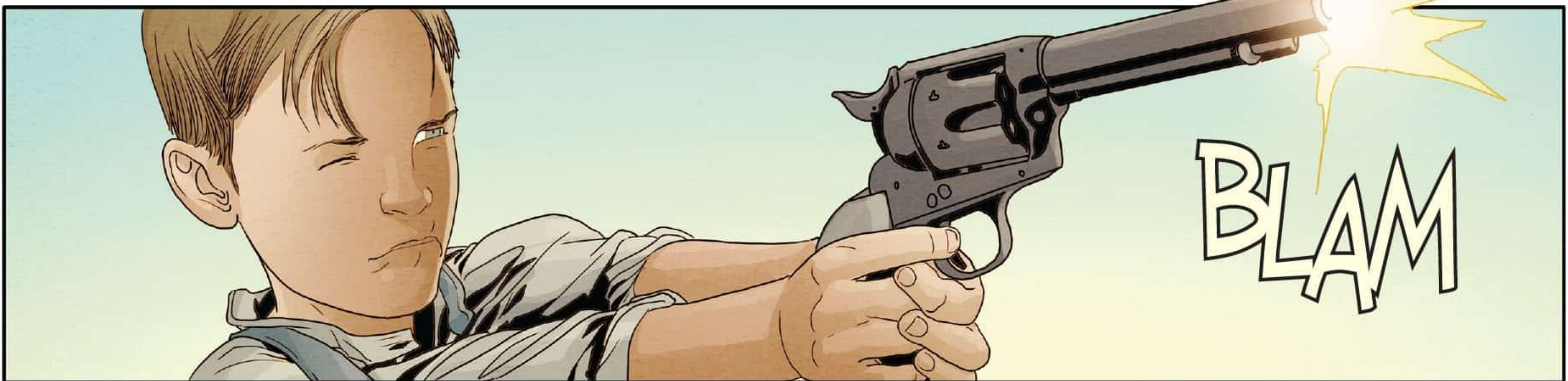
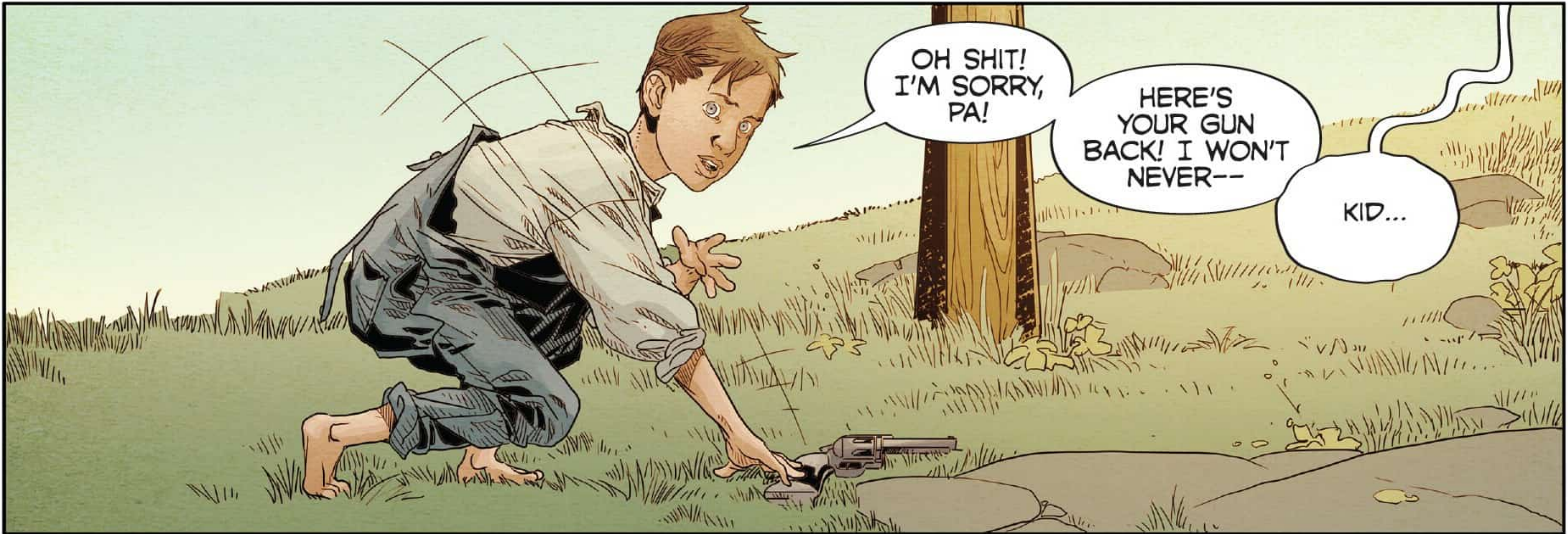
**BOY!**



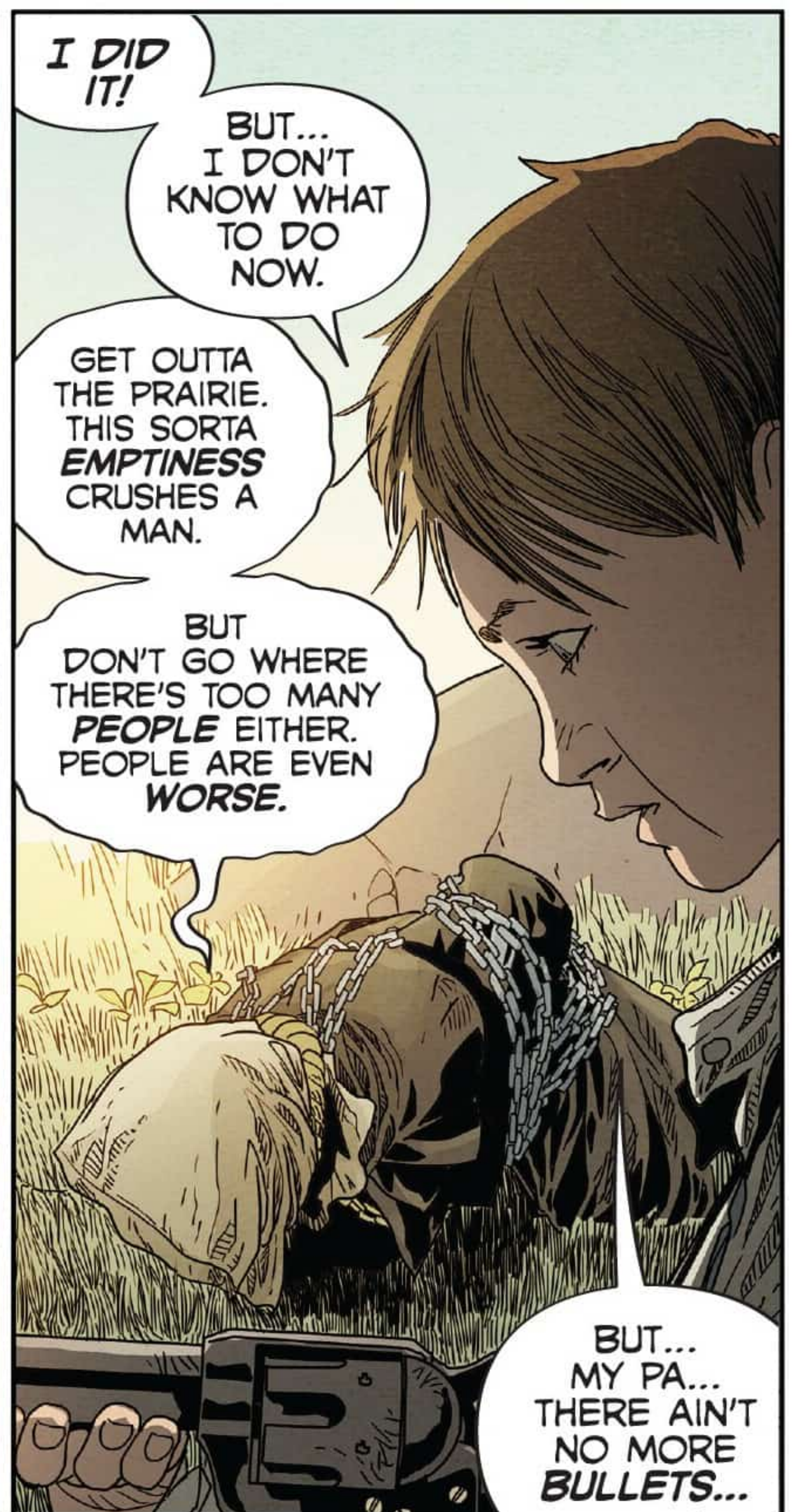
YOU DONE IT **NOW**, YOU LITTLE SONUVA WHORE!

WHAT'D I **TELL** YOU ABOUT TOUCHIN' MY GUN!?!











**BOOM! STUDIOS  
PROUDLY PRESENTS...**

**A  
KEANU REEVES  
PRODUCTION...**

**AS TOLD BY  
JASON AARON  
SALVADOR LARROCA  
LEE LOUGHRIDGE  
AND  
ED DUKESHIRE...**

**BRZRKR  
IN...**

# A FACEFUL OF BULLETS





MISSOURI. THE OZARKS. 1856.

IT'S BEEN MANY YEARS  
NOW, BUT NOT A DAY  
GOES BY HE DOESN'T  
COME DRIFTING BACK  
INTO MY THOUGHTS.

JUST LIKE HE  
DONE THAT DAY  
IN THE HILLS.

THE DAY THE *GUNS* RANG  
OUT LIKE THE PEALING  
OF CHURCH BELLS.

THE DAY OF  
MY BLESSED  
WEDDING.

AAAAARRGH!!!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM  
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM  
BKOW CHOOOM  
BLAM BLAM





SHIT! HOLD  
YER FUCKIN'  
FIRE!

IF YOU **COCKEYED**  
SONS A' BITCHES HIT THE  
**BRIDE, OLD MAN TUNT**  
WILL HAVE US GELDED  
FOR SURE.



SHE AIN'T HIT.  
JUST PITCHIN' A  
**HISSY FIT.**

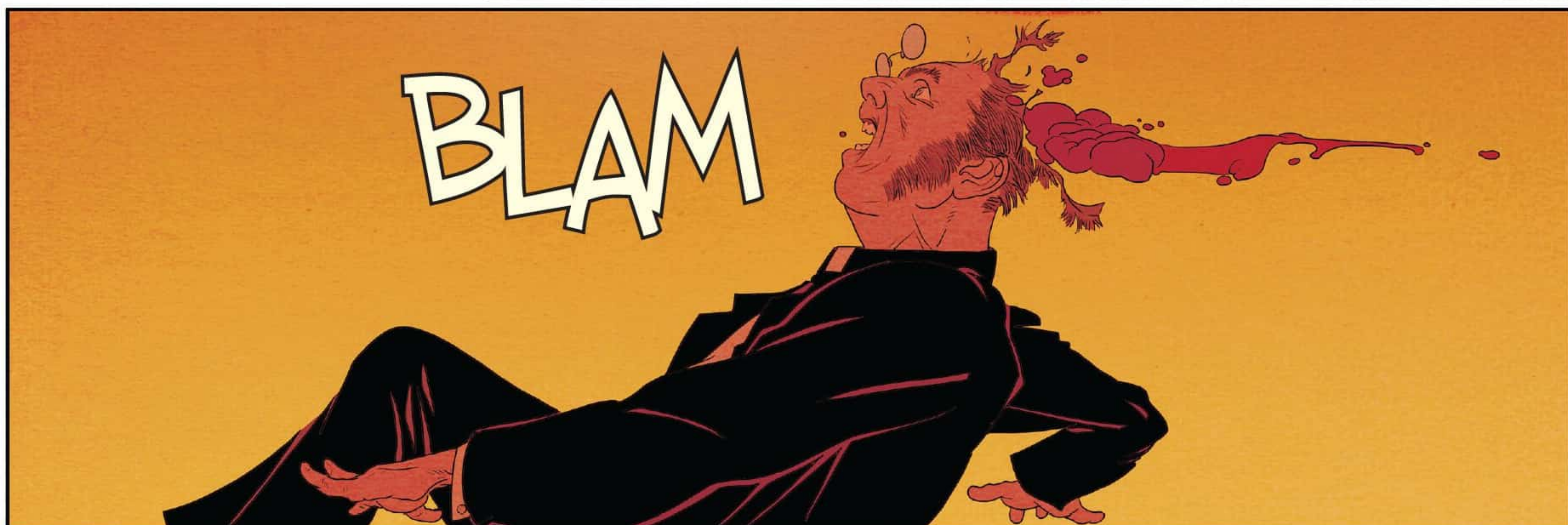
**GROOM'S**  
SURE DEADER'N  
SHIT, THOUGH. THINK  
WE MIGHTA WINGED  
THE **PREACHER**  
TOO.



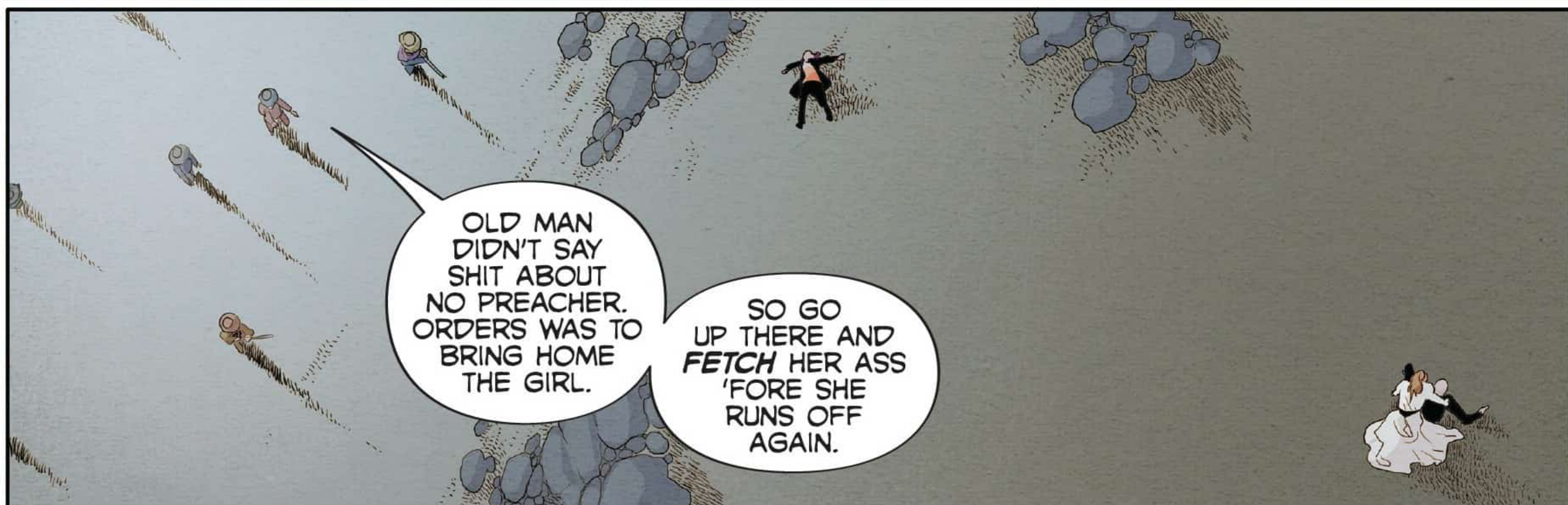
HOLD  
YOUR  
FIRE!

PLEASE,  
FOR THE LOVE  
OF GOD! I'M A  
MAN OF THE  
CLOTH!

I WAS ASKED  
TO PERFORM A  
WEDDING! WHATEVER  
THIS IS, IT AIN'T  
NONE OF MY  
CON--



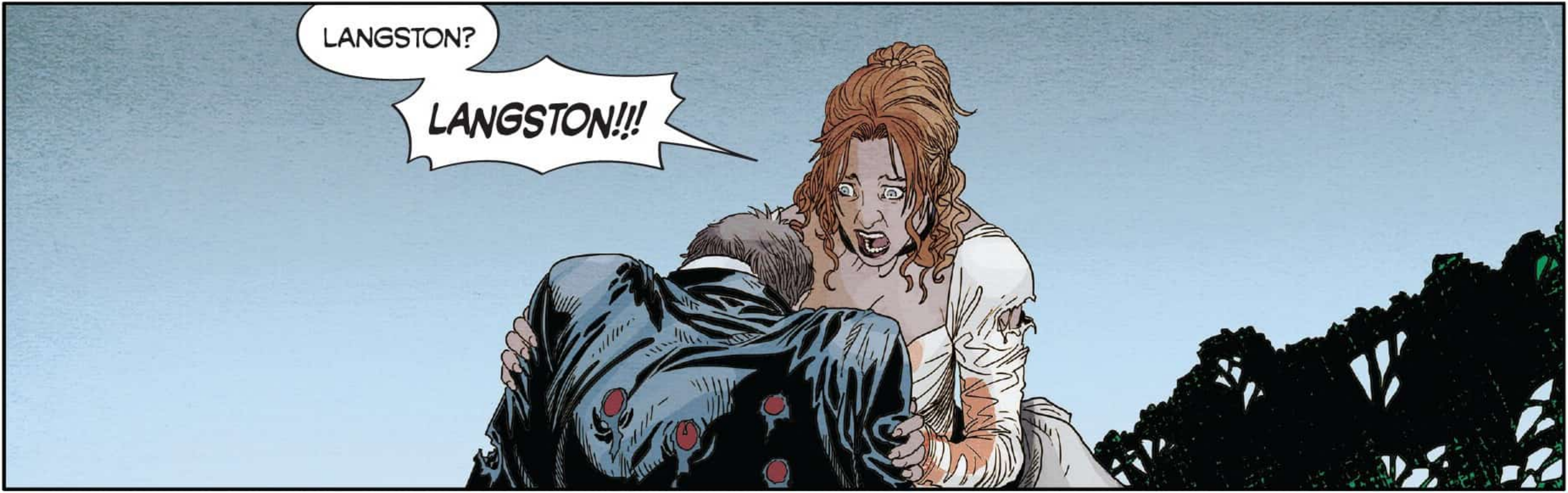
**BLAM**



OLD MAN  
DIDN'T SAY  
SHIT ABOUT  
NO PREACHER.  
ORDERS WAS TO  
BRING HOME  
THE GIRL.

SO GO  
UP THERE AND  
**FETCH** HER ASS  
'FORE SHE  
RUNS OFF  
AGAIN.





LANGSTON?

LANGSTON!!!



OH MY GOD...  
I'M SORRY...

SO SORRY  
YOU EVER  
*MET* ME.

LIKE SAUL ON THE ROAD TO  
DAMASCUS, WE ALL FIND OUR  
WAY TO THE LORD IN OUR OWN  
APPOINTED TIME AND MANNER.



OH GOD,  
WHAT DO I...  
WHAT DO I DO  
NOW...I...

LEAST THAT'S  
WHAT I *BELIEVED*  
I WAS DOING AT  
THE TIME.



PLEASE  
GOD...PLEASE  
DON'T LET  
THEM TAKE  
ME BACK.

ONLY I WASN'T  
BESEECHING GOD FOR  
*GRACE* OR THE POWER  
TO *FORGIVE* THEM FOR  
THEY KNOW NOT WHAT  
THEY DO.

PLEASE  
LORD SEND  
YOUR  
*HEAVENLY*  
HOST...



...TO MAKE  
THEM *PAY* FOR  
WHAT THEY'VE  
DONE.

I PRAYED AN  
*OLD TESTAMENT*  
PRAYER.

I PRAYED FOR THE  
TENTH PLAGUE AND THE  
BRIMSTONE STORMS OF  
GOMORRAH.

I PRAYED FOR  
THE SLAUGHTER  
OF THE  
PHILISTINES.





I PRAYED FOR  
VENGEANCE.

AND GOD  
SENT ALL  
HE HAD.



SHIT, WHO  
THE HELL'S  
THAT?

WHAT?  
WHO? I  
DON'T SEE  
NOBODY.

SWEAR I SAW  
SOMEBODY UP  
THERE'S, FOR  
JUST A--



CRUNCH

GAARRRRH!

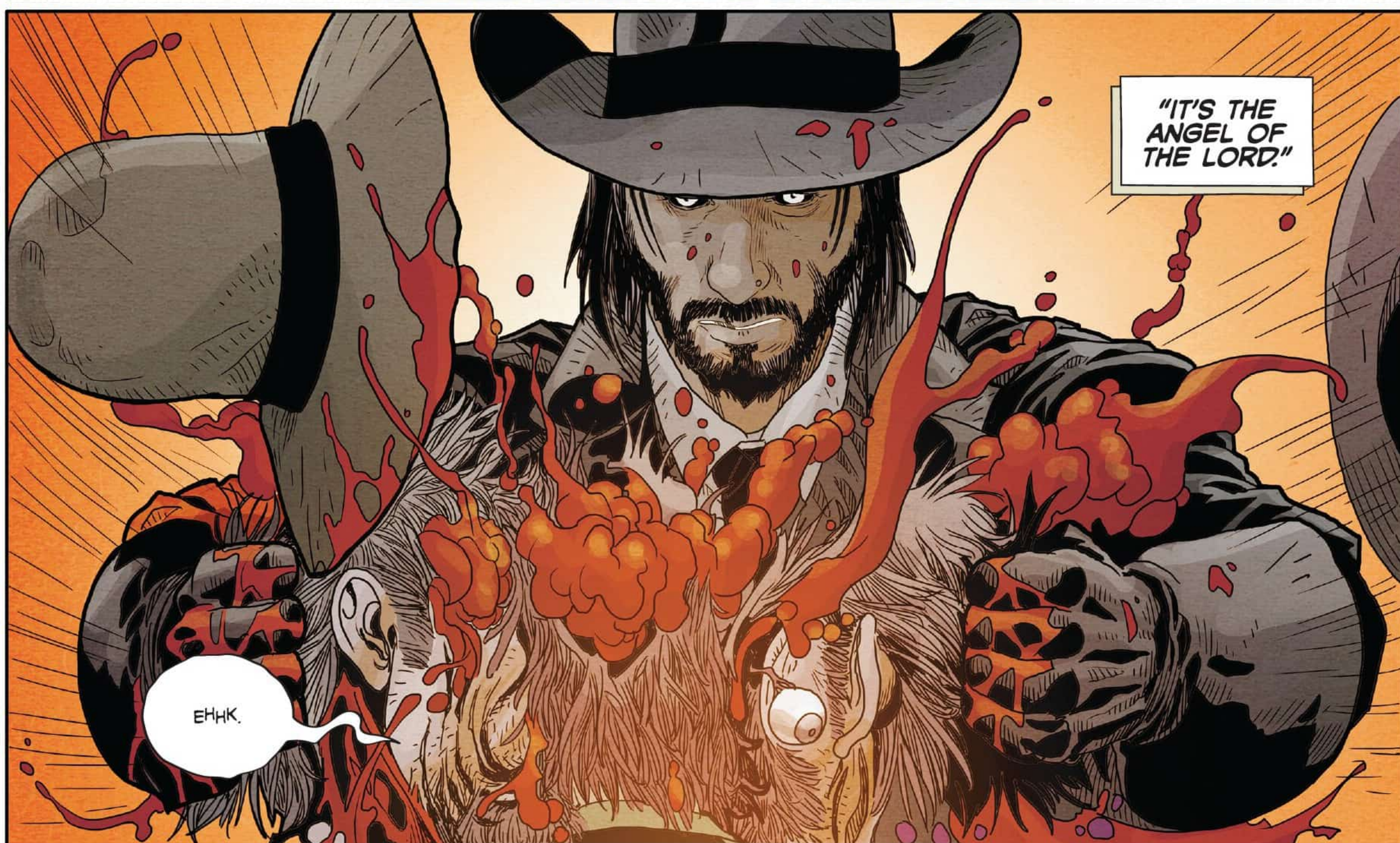
CHRIST  
ALMIGHTY!



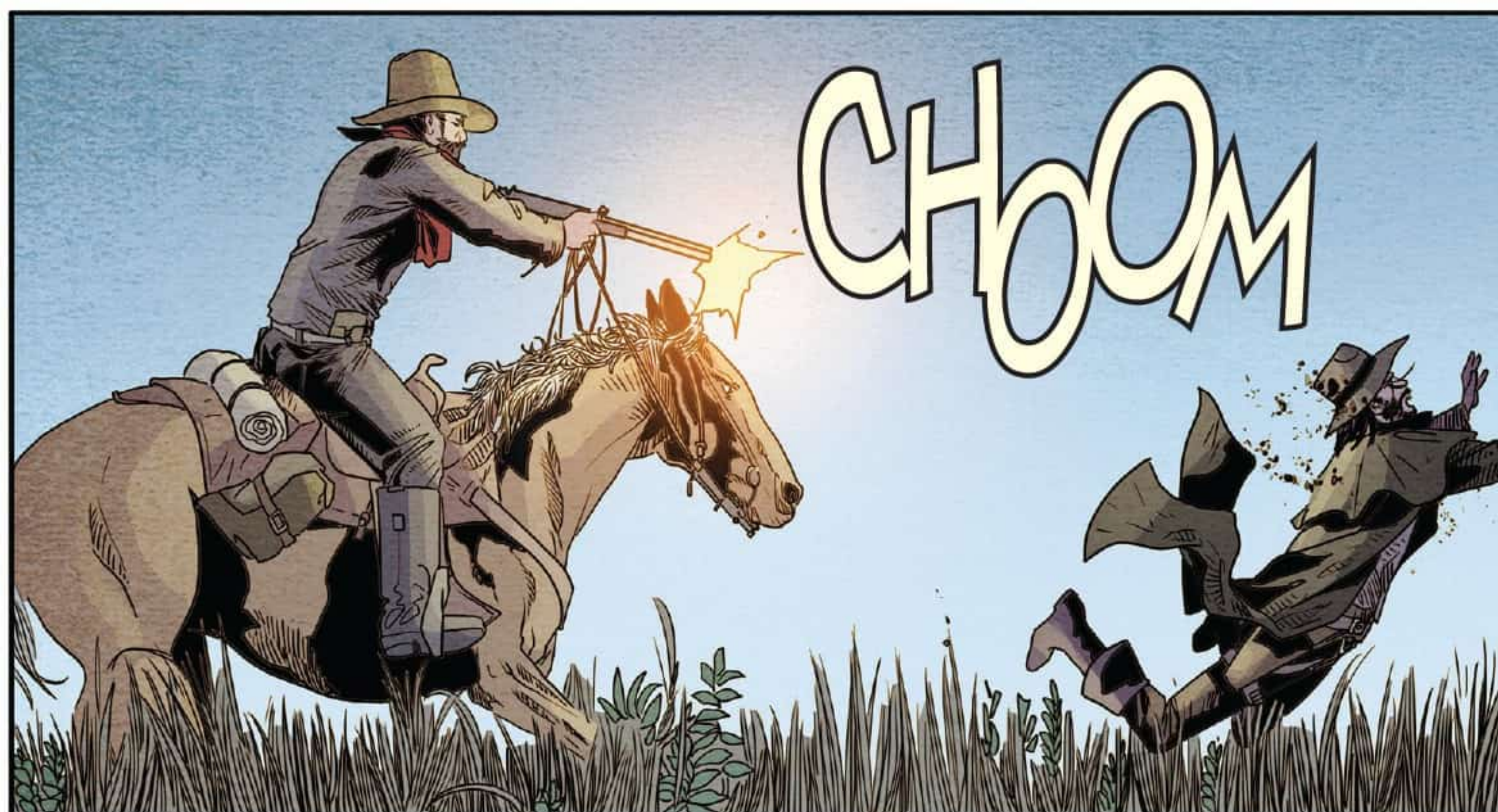
SHOOT 'IM  
DOWN!

BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM

















"...AND THEY WERE SORE AFRAID."

AAAAHHH



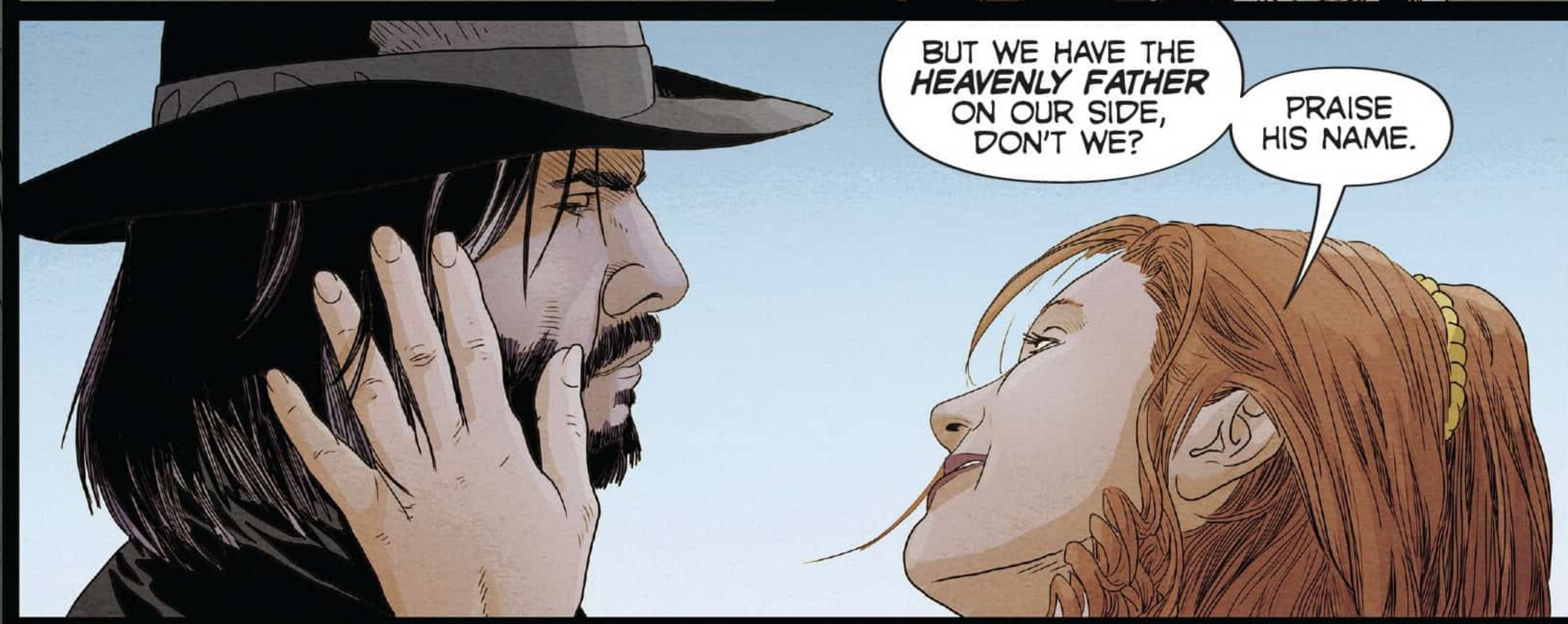
ONE GOT AWAY.

BUT I DON'T EXPECT HE'LL BE COMING BACK ANY TIME SOON.

HE WILL.



AND THIS TIME, MY DADDY WILL SEND AN ARMY WITH HIM.



BUT WE HAVE THE HEAVENLY FATHER ON OUR SIDE, DON'T WE?

PRAISE HIS NAME.





SAVE THE  
SERMONS FOR  
WHEN YOU'RE  
OUT OF THESE  
HILLS.



LANGSTON...  
MY...

I CAN'T SAY  
"MY HUSBAND,"  
BECAUSE WE  
NEVER EVEN MADE  
IT THAT FAR IN  
THE CEREMONY,  
DID WE?

HE HAS  
SOME **LAND** IN  
KANSAS. A SOD  
HOUSE AND PIG  
FARM IN THE  
**FLINT HILLS**.

HE WANTED US  
TO GET MARRIED THERE,  
ON THE PRAIRIE. I WAS  
THE ONE WHO DIDN'T  
WANT TO HAVE TO WAIT.



I WANTED TO...TO **LAY** WITH  
HIM AS MAN AND WIFE, HERE IN  
THESE HILLS, IN DEFIANCE OF  
EVERYTHING THIS MISERABLE  
LAND **STANDS** FOR.

I WANTED  
TO FUCK MY  
HUSBAND IN  
**MISSOURI**.

I DIDN'T  
THINK...DADDY  
WOULD...WOULD  
GO SO...



THEY WOULD'VE DRAGGED ME  
BACK TO HIM. MY FATHER, **WINSTON  
TUNT**. HIS PACK OF **GUNHANDS**  
AND **BUSHWHACKERS**.

BUT I PRAYED.  
I PRAYED FOR AN  
ANGEL. AND GOD  
HEARD. AND GOD  
SENT...



...YOU.

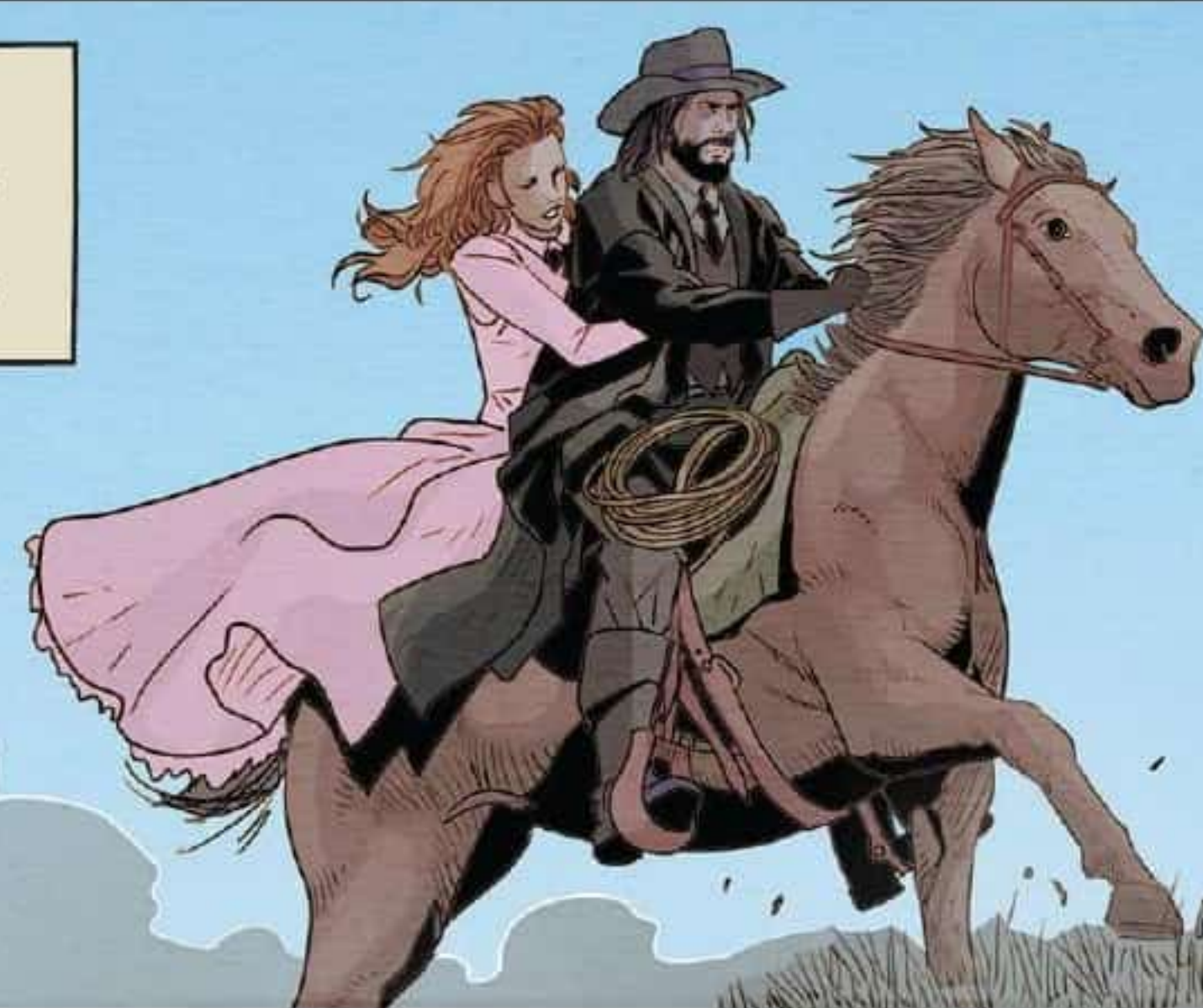


NO ANGELS  
IN THE OZARKS.  
OR ANYWHERE  
ELSE I'VE EVER  
BEEN.

BUT I'LL  
GET YOU TO  
KANSAS  
**ALIVE**.



WE BURIED  
LANGSTON AND  
THE PREACHER.



LEFT THE REST  
FOR THE COYOTES  
AND BUZZARDS.

AS WE RODE,  
HE NEVER ASKED A  
SINGLE QUESTION  
OF ME. BUT I GAVE  
HIM MY ANSWERS  
ANYWAY.



MY NAME IS **MAYBELL**. MY  
LATE GROOM LANGSTON WAS AN  
**ABOLITIONIST**. WORKING TO SEE  
THAT KANSAS ENTERED THE  
UNION AS A **FREE STATE**.

WE MET AT A TENT  
REVIVAL IN FORT SCOTT.  
WHEN OUR EYES WERE ON  
EACH OTHER, IT FELT  
LIKE...LIKE THE LORD HAD  
BROUGHT US TOGETHER IN  
THE ARMS OF HIS GRACE.

BUT MY  
FATHER...



YOUR FATHER'S  
A WEALTHY MAN,  
A WEALTH BUILT  
ON THE BACKS  
OF **SLAVES**.

YOU KNEW  
HE'D NEVER STAND  
FOR YOU MARRYING AN  
EMANCIPATIONIST. SO  
YOU DECIDED TO RUN  
OFF TOGETHER.

YOU JUST  
DIDN'T RUN  
FAST  
ENOUGH.



NO MATTER WHAT I SAID, IT WAS  
LIKE HE KNEW MY STORY BEFORE  
I COULD TELL IT. LIKE HE'D  
ALREADY KNOWN A THOUSAND  
VERSIONS OF IT IN HIS TIME.

AS IT PERTAINS TO  
HIS **OWN** TALE, ON  
THE OTHER HAND, HE  
DID NOT LET LOOSE  
A SOLITARY SOUND.

NOT JUST **YET**,  
AT LEAST.





YEARS LATER, I'D COME TO QUILT  
SOME SCRAPS OF IT TOGETHER.

FROM DIME NOVELS AND  
DEATHBED CONFESSIONS AND  
THE HUSHED WHISPERS OF  
HALF-DRUNK COWPOKES IN  
BACKWOODS SALOONS.

NO ONE COULD AGREE  
ON WHERE HE'D COME  
FROM OR WHEN HE'D  
FIRST MADE HIS WAY TO  
THESE UNITED STATES.

SOME SAID HE WAS HERE BEFORE  
THE PILGRIMS OR EVEN COLUMBUS.

THE OSAGE, THE SHAWNEE AND  
OTHER TRIBES OF THE MIDWEST  
HAD NAMES FOR HIM THAT'D  
SUPPOSEDLY BEEN PASSED DOWN  
FOR GENERATIONS.

NAMES IN DIFFERENT  
TONGUES THAT ALL ROUGHLY  
MEANT THE SAME THING.

"THE STORM  
WHO WALKS."

IT WAS SAID HE'D BEEN  
A FUR TRAPPER IN THE  
NORTH. A SCOUT ACROSS  
THE GREAT PLAINS. AN  
UNDEFEATED PRIZEFIGHTER  
BACK IN BOSTON.

AT SOME POINT  
HE'D GAINED A  
REPUTATION AMONG  
THE FRONTIER TOWNS  
AND CATTLE TRAILS  
AS A **GUNFIGHTER**  
OF SOME RENOWN.

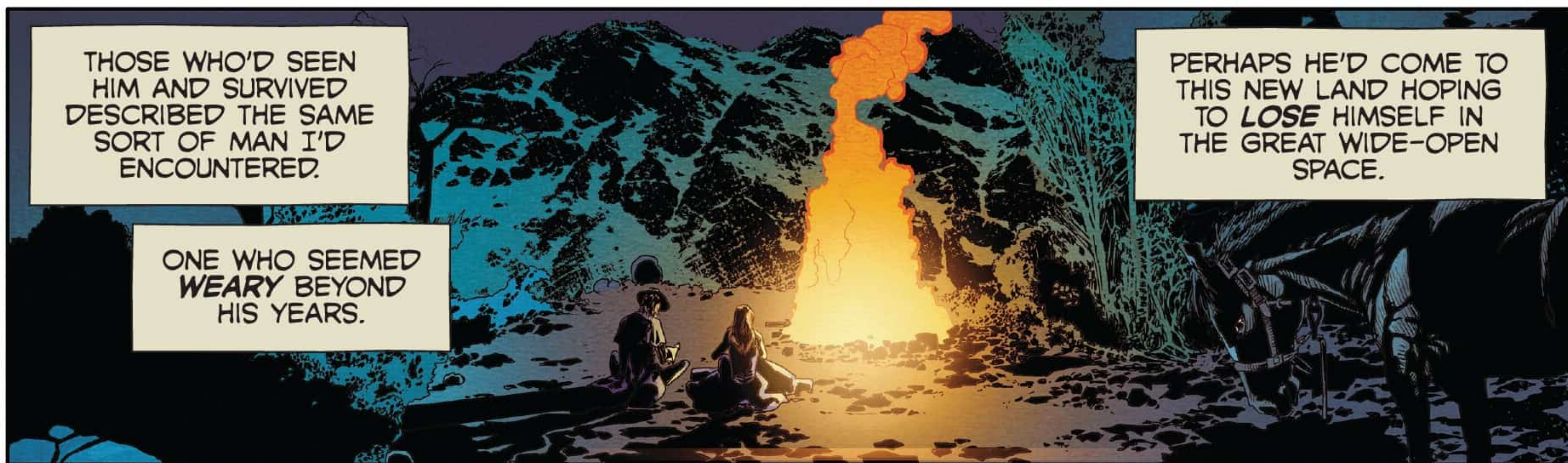
DESPITE  
A RATHER  
SURPRISING  
PECULIARITY.

BLAM





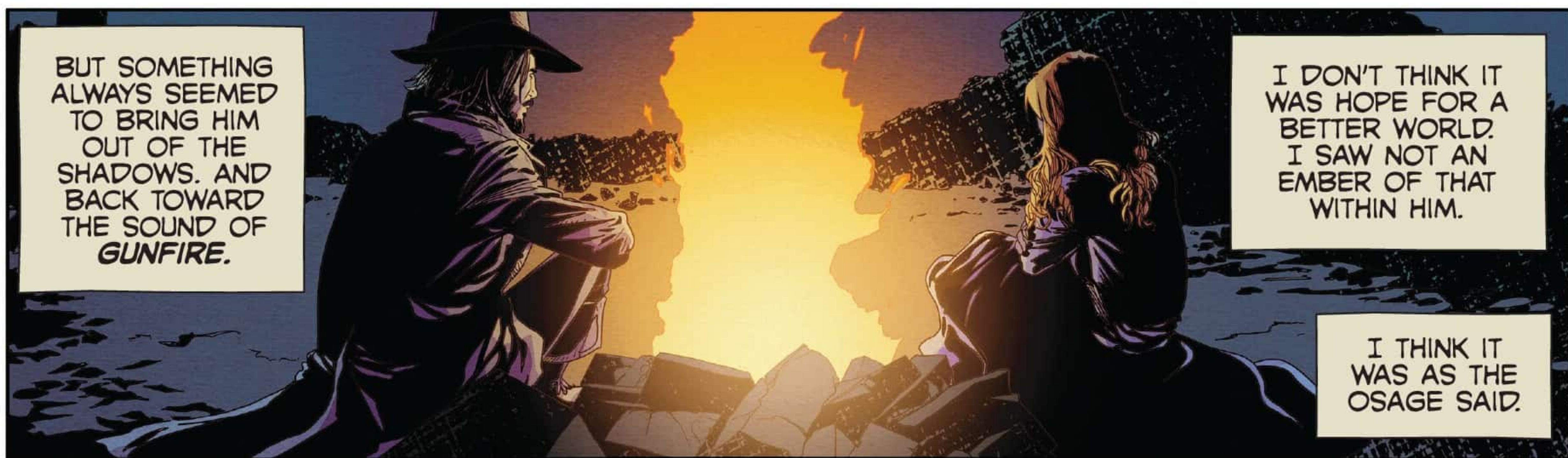




THOSE WHO'D SEEN HIM AND SURVIVED DESCRIBED THE SAME SORT OF MAN I'D ENCOUNTERED.

ONE WHO SEEMED **WEARY** BEYOND HIS YEARS.

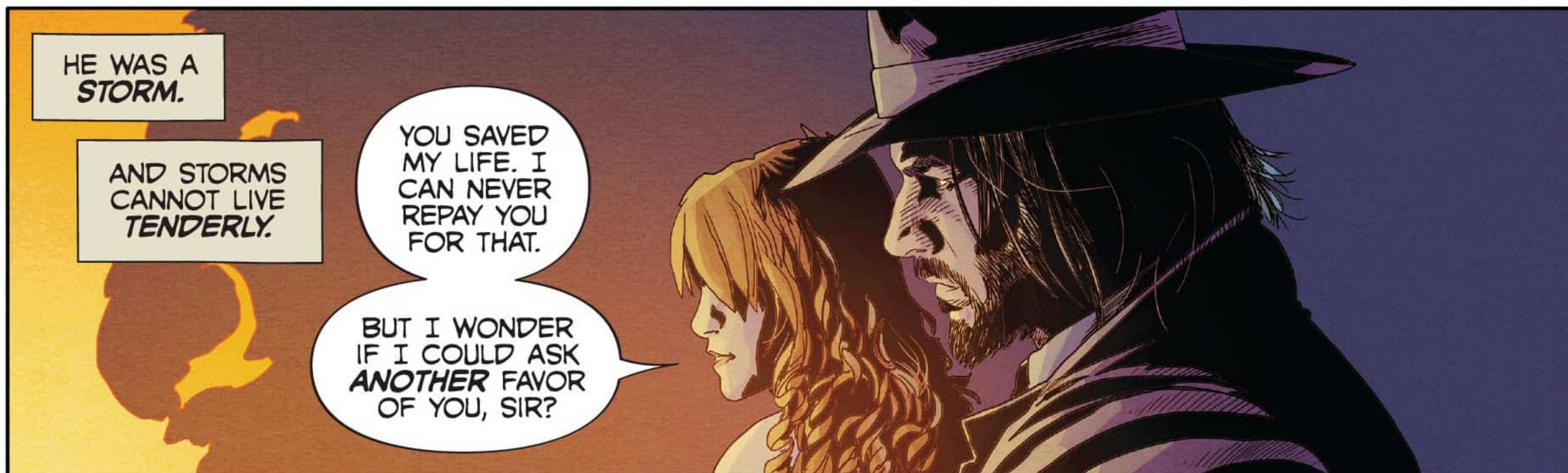
PERHAPS HE'D COME TO THIS NEW LAND HOPING TO **LOSE** HIMSELF IN THE GREAT WIDE-OPEN SPACE.



BUT SOMETHING ALWAYS SEEMED TO BRING HIM OUT OF THE SHADOWS. AND BACK TOWARD THE SOUND OF **GUNFIRE**.

I DON'T THINK IT WAS HOPE FOR A BETTER WORLD. I SAW NOT AN EMBER OF THAT WITHIN HIM.

I THINK IT WAS AS THE OSAGE SAID.



HE WAS A **STORM**.

AND STORMS CANNOT LIVE **TENDERLY**.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I CAN NEVER REPAY YOU FOR THAT.

BUT I WONDER IF I COULD ASK **ANOTHER** FAVOR OF YOU, SIR?



DON'T.



MIGHT I TROUBLE YOU TO **MURDER** MY FATHER?





GO TO  
SLEEP.



I TRY. BUT ALL  
I HEAR IS MY DEAR  
LANGSTON'S *DEATH*  
*GURGLE*.

HE WAS  
TRYING TO *SPEAK*  
TO ME, AS HE DIED,  
MY GROOM. LOOKING  
RIGHT AT ME. HIS  
BLOODY MOUTH  
*FUMBLING* WITH  
THE WORDS.

BUT I COULDN'T  
MAKE THEM OUT.  
OVER THE ROAR OF  
THE PISTOLS. AND  
THE *LAUGHTER* OF  
THE BUTCHERS WHO  
FIRED THEM.



THOSE MEN  
ARE ALREADY  
DEAD.

THE MAN  
WHO SENT  
THEM AFTER  
ME ISN'T.

AND MY  
FATHER HAS  
A LOT MORE  
WILLING KILLERS  
WHERE THOSE  
CAME FROM.



THEN GO  
FIND SOME  
YOURSELF.

OR IF  
YOU PREFER  
TO GET TO KANSAS  
SAFE AND SOUND...  
SHUT UP AND GET  
SOME SLEEP.



I HAD *OFFENDED*  
HIM. BY ASKING HIM  
TO KILL FOR ME.

A MAN WHO'D  
ALREADY TAKEN  
MORE LIVES THAN  
CHOLERA AND  
CONSUMPTION  
COMBINED.



BUT HE DID SO BASED UPON  
PRINCIPLES I SUSPECT NO MORTAL  
COULD RIGHTLY COMPREHEND.

I'M NOT SURE  
HE UNDERSTOOD  
THEM HIMSELF.





DOES IT  
HURT...WHEN  
YOU...

YEAH.

A GREAT  
DEAL.

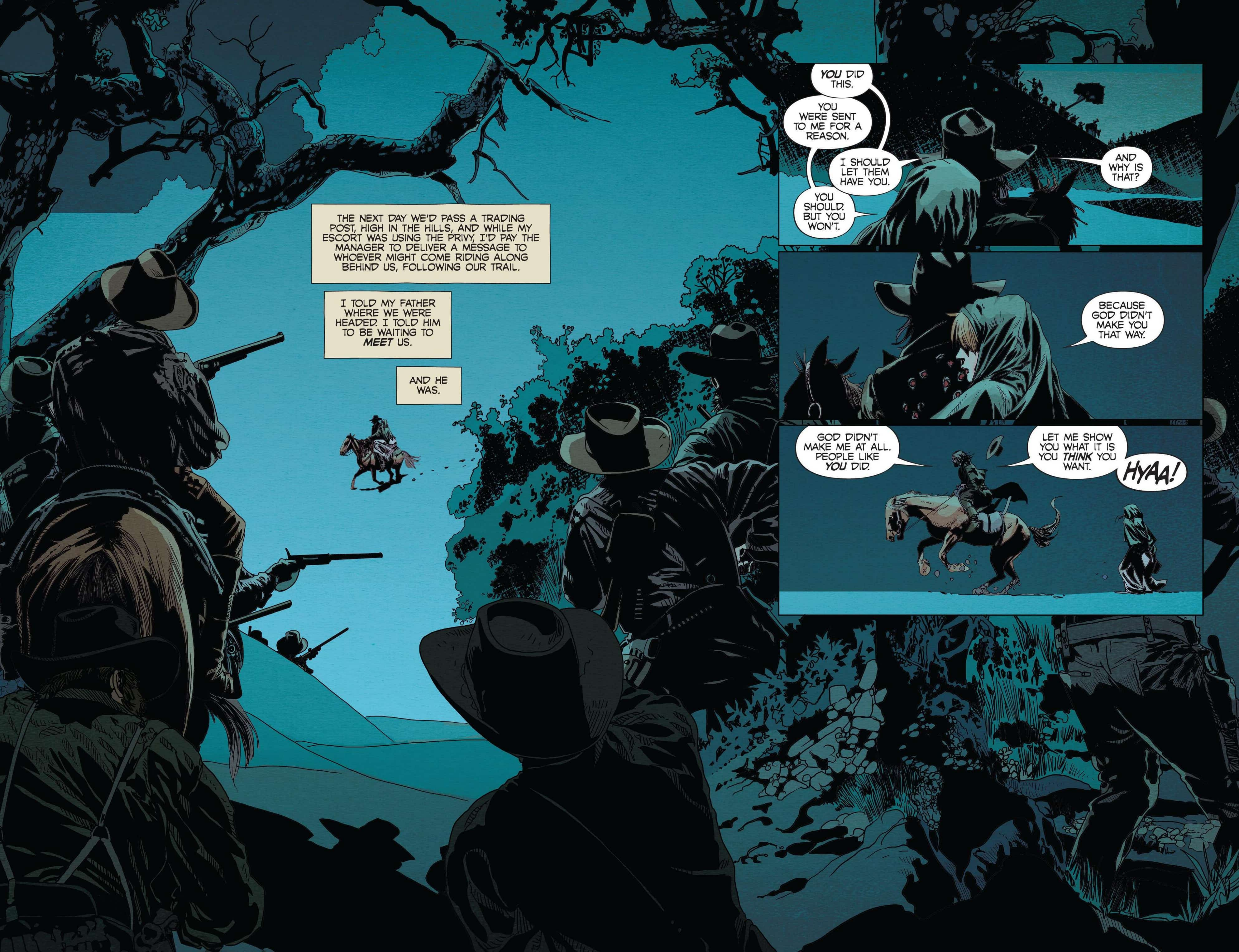
I'M  
SORRY.

I'M SORRY  
I ASKED YOU  
TO SIN FOR  
ME.

I FELT **SINCERE**  
WHEN I SAID  
THOSE WORDS.

BUT THEY WOULD  
PROVE TO BE A  
SIN OF MY OWN.





THE NEXT DAY WE'D PASS A TRADING POST, HIGH IN THE HILLS, AND WHILE MY ESCORT WAS USING THE PRIVY, I'D PAY THE MANAGER TO DELIVER A MESSAGE TO WHOEVER MIGHT COME RIDING ALONG BEHIND US, FOLLOWING OUR TRAIL.

I TOLD MY FATHER WHERE WE WERE HEADED. I TOLD HIM TO BE WAITING TO MEET US.

AND HE WAS.

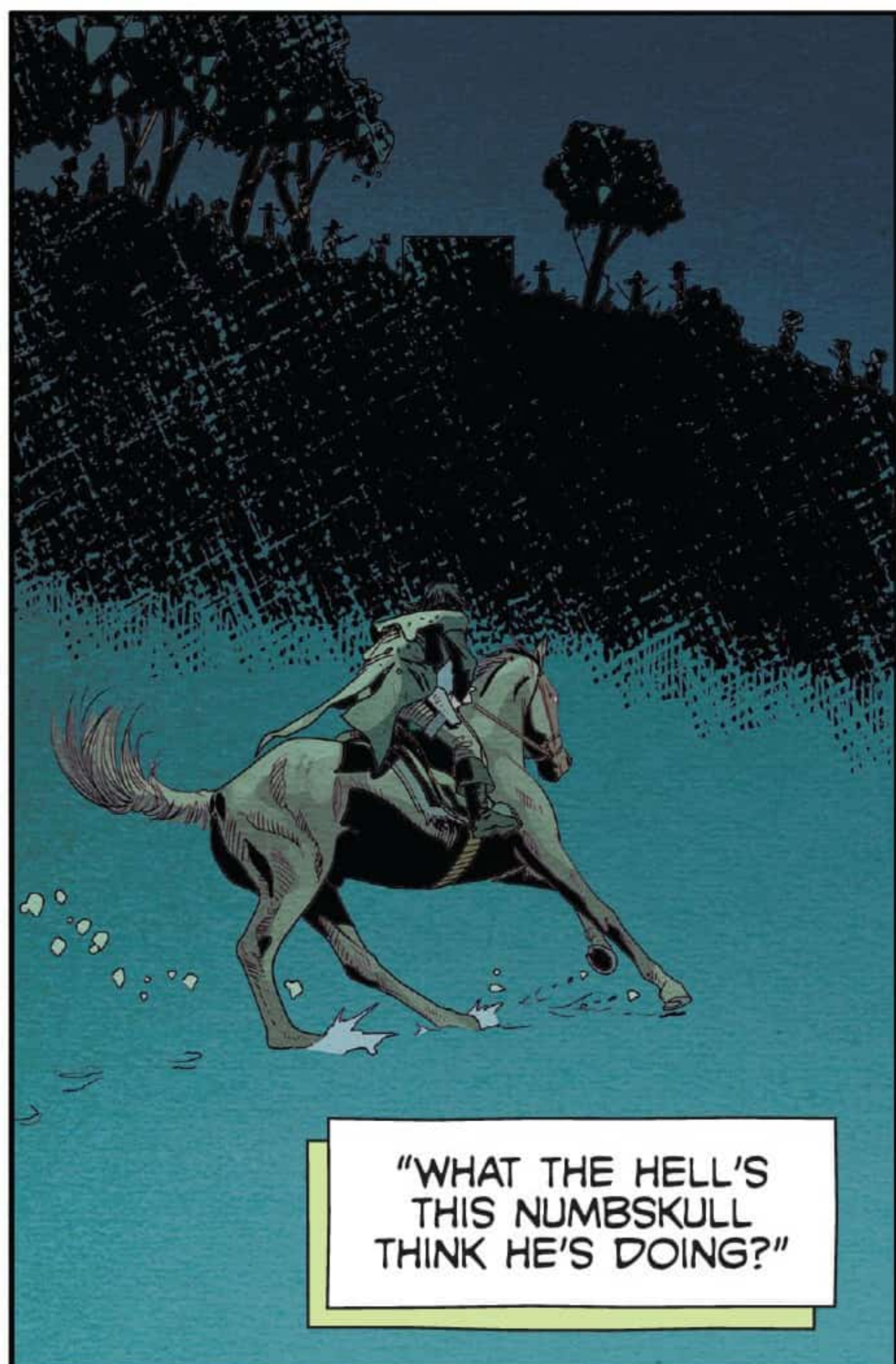
YOU DID THIS.  
YOU WERE SENT TO ME FOR A REASON.  
I SHOULD LET THEM HAVE YOU.  
YOU SHOULD, BUT YOU WON'T.

AND WHY IS THAT?

BECAUSE GOD DIDN'T MAKE YOU THAT WAY.

GOD DIDN'T MAKE ME AT ALL. PEOPLE LIKE YOU DID.  
LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS YOU THINK YOU WANT.  
HYAA!





"WHAT THE HELL'S  
THIS NUMBSKULL  
THINK HE'S DOING?"



HE'S COMIN' TO KILL EVERY LAST  
PIG-HEADED ONE OF US IS WHAT THE  
FUCK HE'S DOING! JESUS, Y'ALL WEREN'T  
THERE! YOU DIDN'T SEE WHAT THIS  
**DEMON** COULD DO!

YEAH, AND  
WE NEVER  
WILL.



WE LUGGED  
THIS HEAVY ASS  
SUMBITCH ALL  
THROUGH THE  
OZARKS.



LET'S MAKE IT  
WORTH OUR  
WHILE.

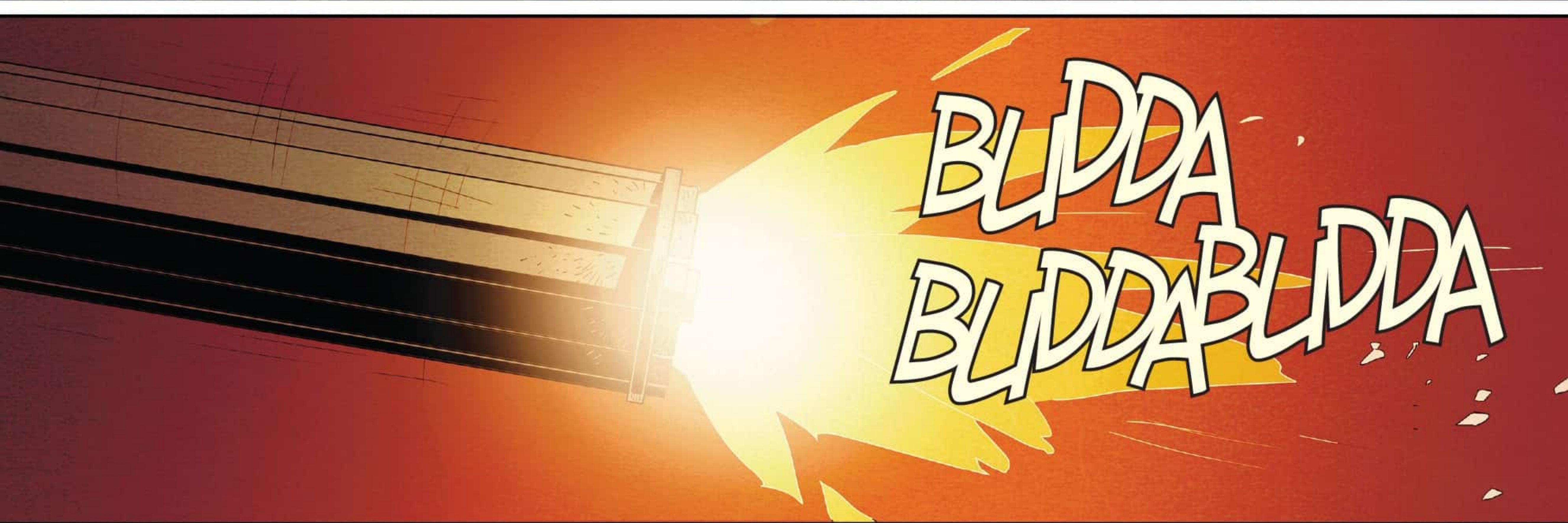




I'M  
SORRY, BOY.  
SORRY IT  
HAD TO BE  
THIS WAY.



MAY  
YOU FIND  
THE PEACE  
I'LL NEVER  
KNOW.



BLDDA  
BLDDA BLDDA

ALL THE DAYS  
WE TRAVELED  
THOSE HILLS, HE  
NEVER SAID A  
WORD ABOUT  
WHO HE WAS  
OR WHERE  
HE'D BEEN.

EXCEPT...FOR  
ONE NIGHT.



BLDDA  
BLDDA  
BLDDA





WE'D PASSED  
SOME **TRAPPERS**  
DURING THE DAY.  
FRESH MATS OF  
HAIR DRYING ON  
THEIR SADDLES.

PROBABLY SHAWNEE  
**SCALPS**, HE FIGURED.



SOME OF THE  
SCALPS...WERE  
MUCH **SMALLER**  
THAN THE REST.

BLDDA  
BLDDA



THAT NIGHT, HE LEFT OUR CAMP, SNUCK  
OFF ALONE, CAME BACK LATER, HIS BOOTS  
TRACKING **BLOOD** THROUGH THE SNOW.

A BOTTLE  
OF **CORN**  
**LIQUOR** IN  
HIS HAND.



THAT'S  
HIM?

YES,  
SIR.

THOUGHT  
YOU SAID HE  
WAS SOME KINDA  
BOOGIEMAN,  
COULDN'T BE  
KILT.

CERTAINLY  
SEEMED THAT  
WAY, SIR.



WELL, THAT  
SURE SOUNDS  
AN AWFUL LOT  
LIKE **DYING**  
TO ME.

NOW  
GO GET MY  
GODDAMNED  
**DAUGHTER**.

HE GOT GOOD AND  
DRUNK THAT NIGHT,  
STARING INTO THE FIRE,  
**SEETHING** MORE AND  
MORE WITH EVERY  
SWALLOW.

THAT'S WHEN MY  
BLESSED ANGEL  
BROKE DOWN  
AND TOLD ME...

...OF HIS **MANY**,  
**MANY** SINS.





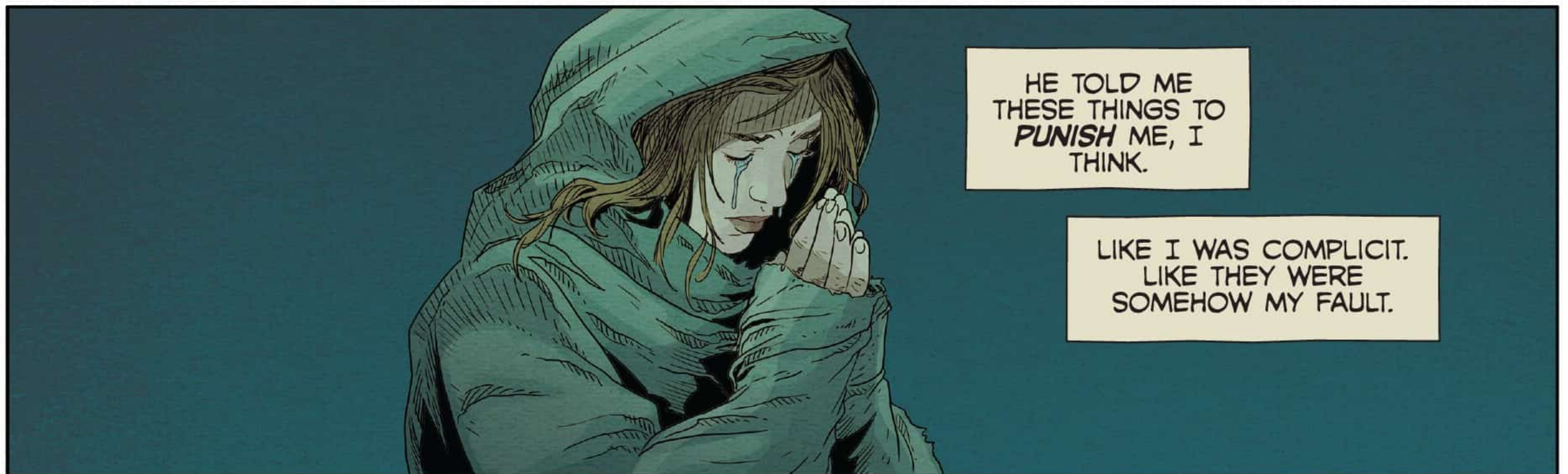
THAT'S  
ENOUGH!  
HOLD YOUR  
FIRE!

THE  
SLAUGHTERS.

ARMIES LAID  
TO WASTE.

WHOLE  
CIVILIZATIONS  
BROUGHT TO  
RUIN.

BY HIS HAND.



HE TOLD ME  
THESE THINGS TO  
**PUNISH** ME, I  
THINK.

LIKE I WAS COMPLICIT.  
LIKE THEY WERE  
SOMEHOW MY FAULT.



I SUSPECT HE  
ALREADY KNEW THAT  
I'D **BETRAYED** HIM.  
THAT WE WERE  
HEADED TO FACE  
MY FATHER.



SCRITCH



MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE  
CAME BACK THAT NIGHT  
FROM THE TRAPPERS IN  
SUCH A FOUL MOOD.

AND WHY HE BROUGHT  
MORE THAN JUST A  
**BOTTLE** BACK WITH HIM.

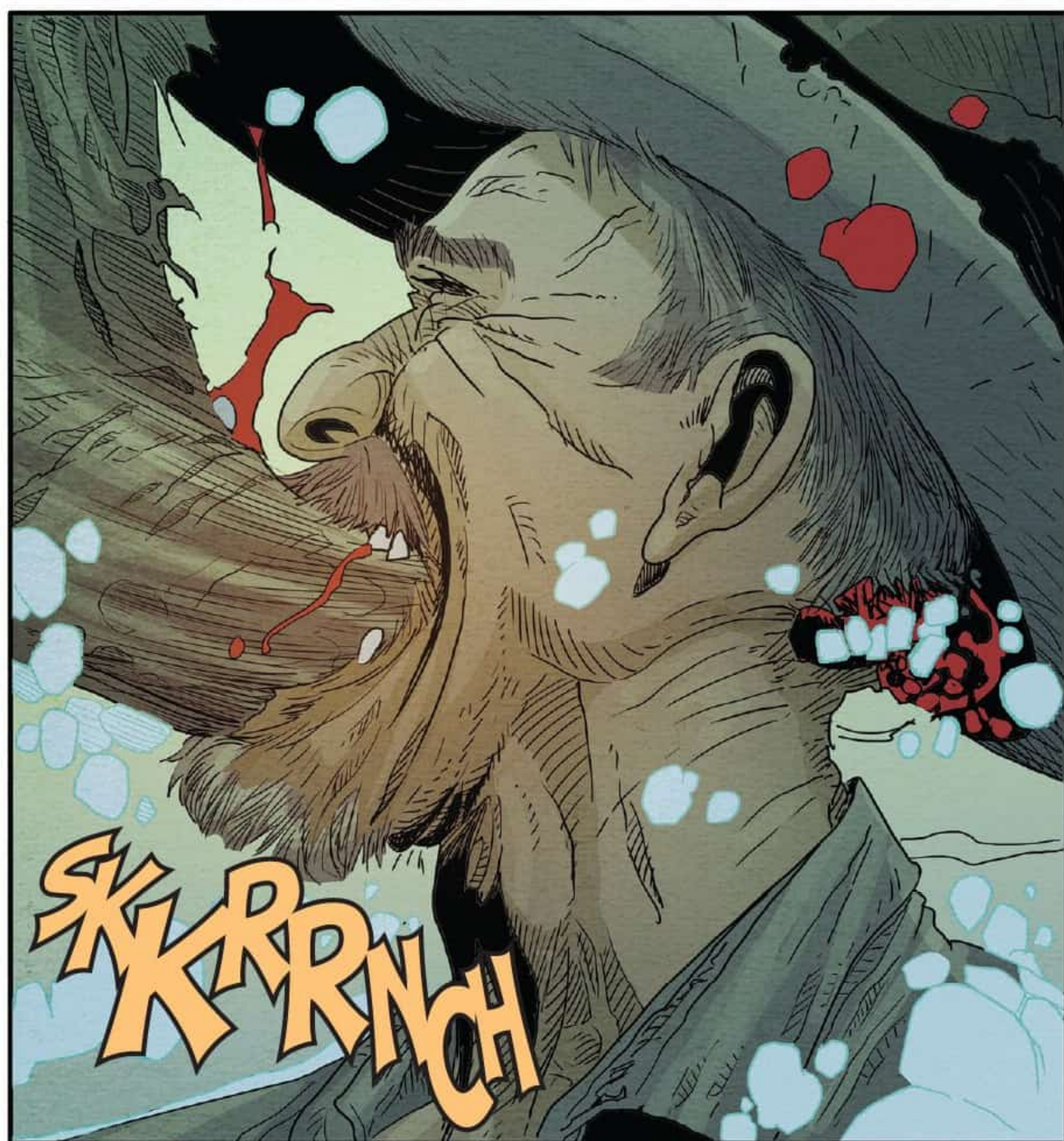
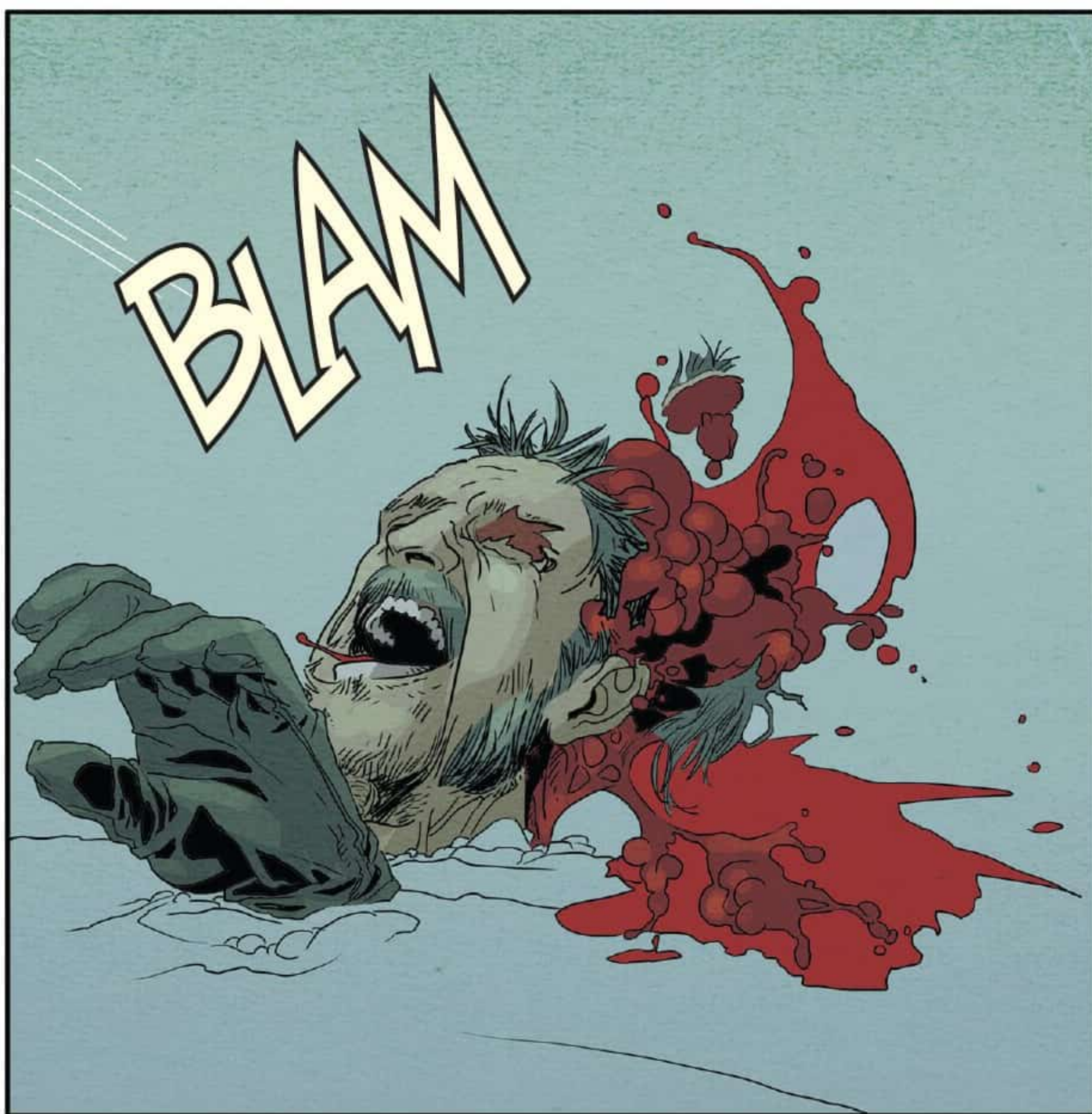
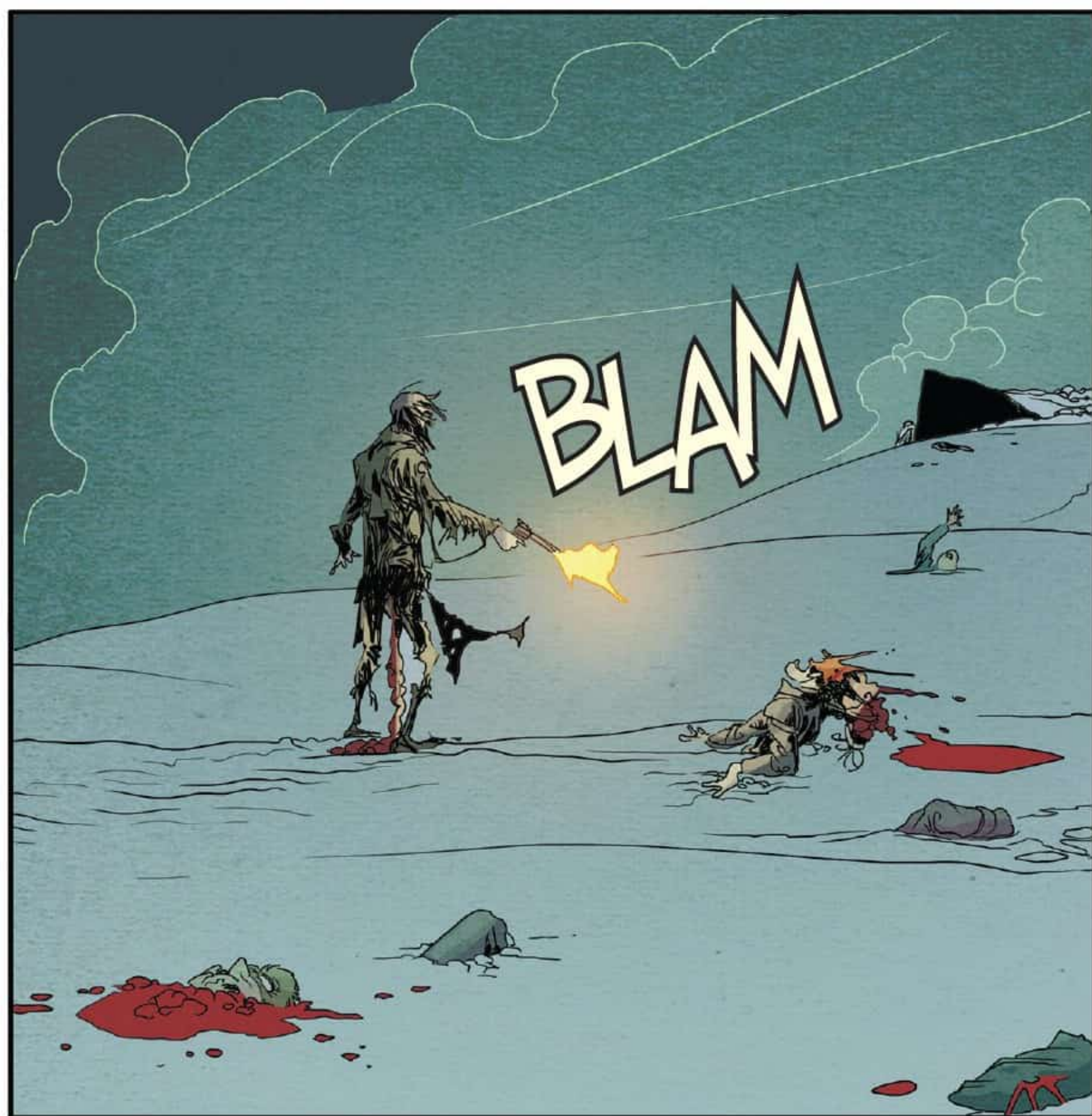












WHEN HE WAS DRUNK THAT NIGHT AROUND THE FIRE...

...TELLING ME IN GREAT DETAIL OF HIS MULTITUDE OF ATROCITIES...

...I EXPECT HE FIGURED HE'D FRIGHTEN ME.




INSTEAD HIS WORDS HAD QUITE THE OPPOSITE EFFECT.



SLEEP NEVER CAME BECAUSE MY MIND WAS SO *ALIVE*.

ALIVE WITH A LUST FOR *SLAUGHTER*.





BLDDA  
BLDDA  
BLDDA

HE WAS A STORM THAT  
HAD MASSACRED  
MILLIONS ACROSS THE  
FACE OF CREATION.

A STORM THAT DRENCHED THE  
WORLD TO ITS MOLTEN BONES.

AND NOW HE'D BLOWN  
HIS WAY TO MISSOURI.

ALL THE WAY  
TO ME.





AND TO MY  
DEVIL OF A  
FATHER.

BE THE  
STORM!

THAT NIGHT BY THE FIRE,  
I IMAGINED THE OLD  
MAN DYING IN ONE  
EXCRUCIATING MANNER  
AFTER ANOTHER.



AND I ROSE IN THE  
MORN WITH A HEART  
THAT BEAT FOR *JOY*.

**KILL  
THEM  
ALL!**



AND HUNGERED  
FOR BLOOD.

UUGH.

IF THERE'S  
ONE THING I'VE  
LEARNED OVER  
THE YEARS...

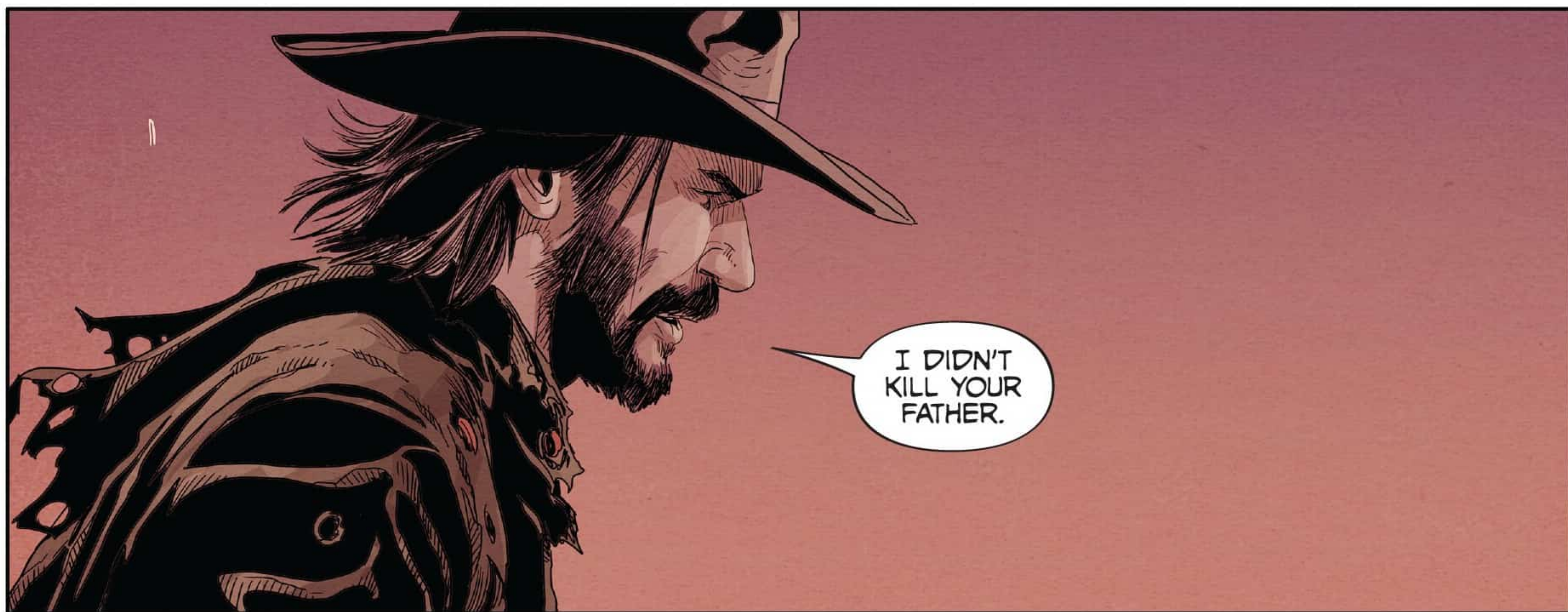
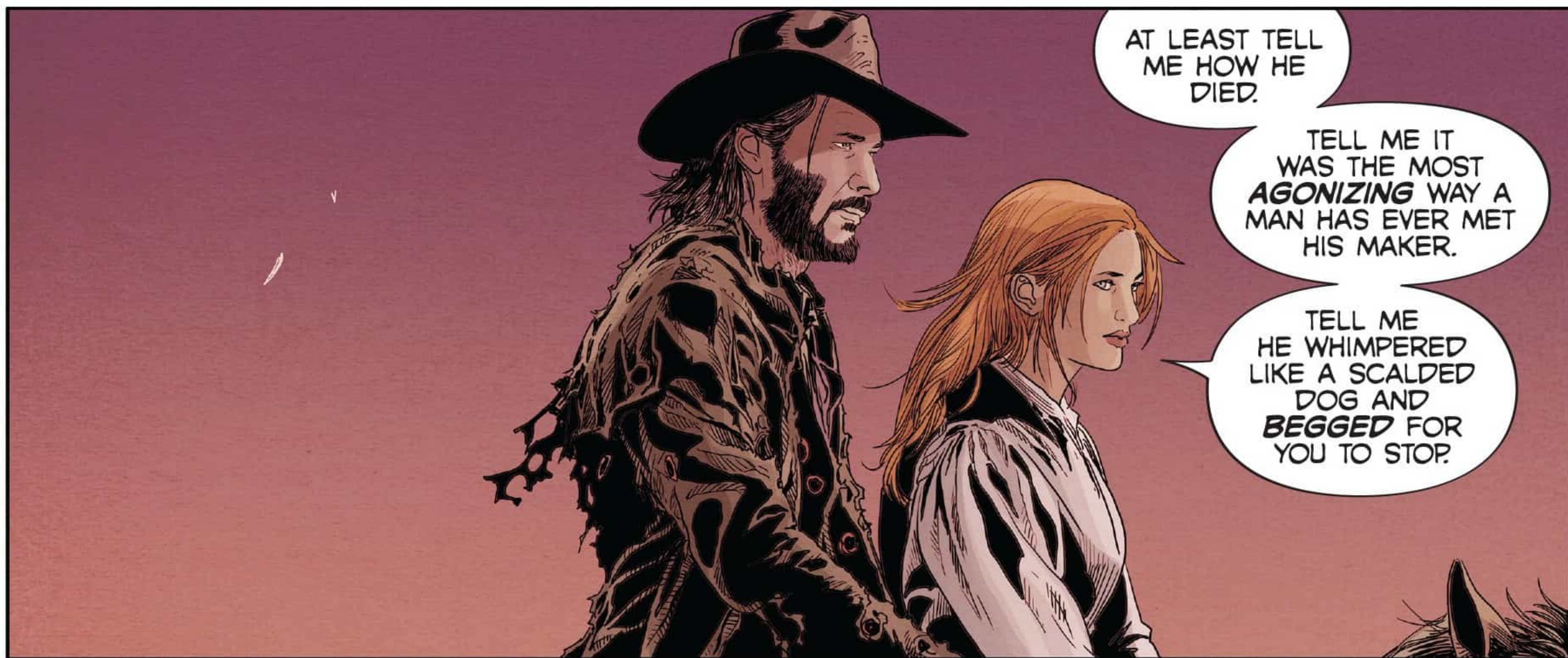
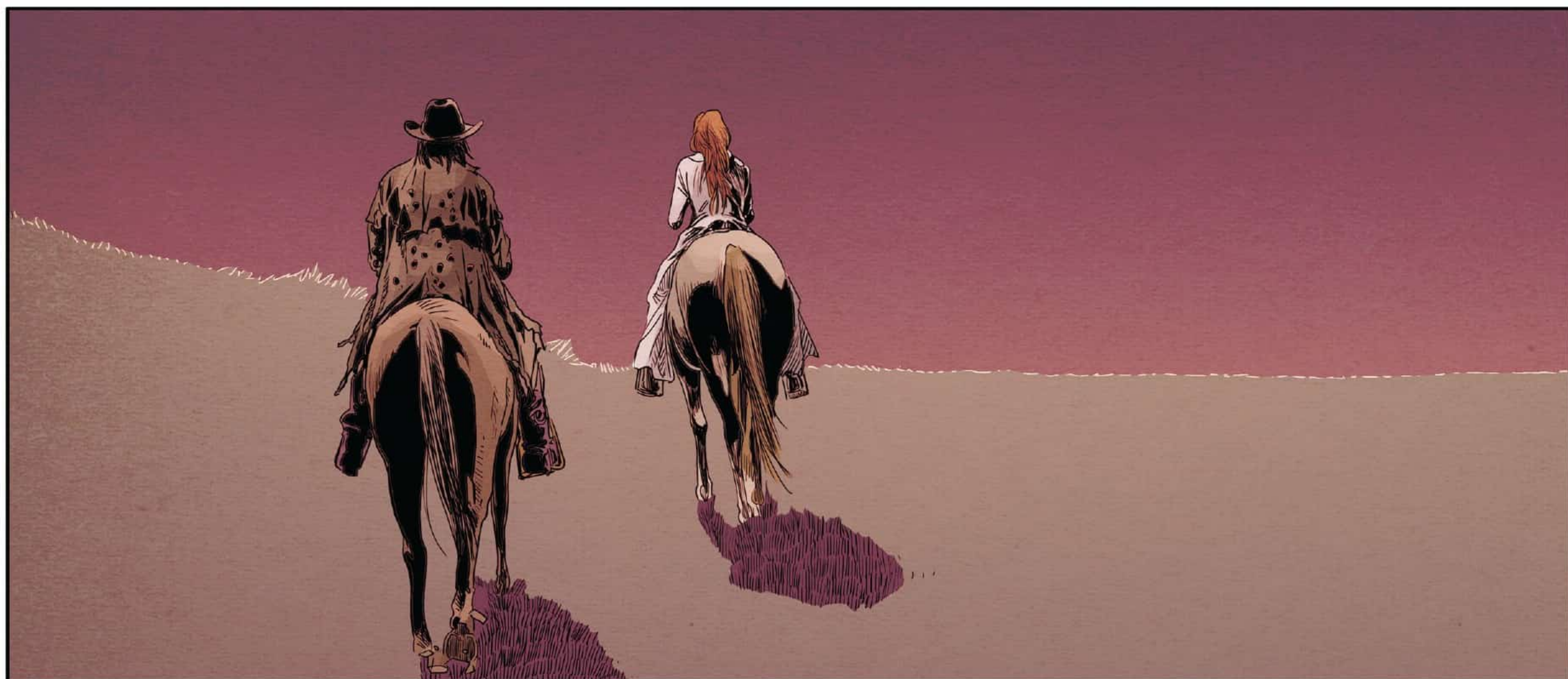


...IT'S THAT IT  
NEVER PAYS TO  
BE A *SHITTY*  
FATHER.

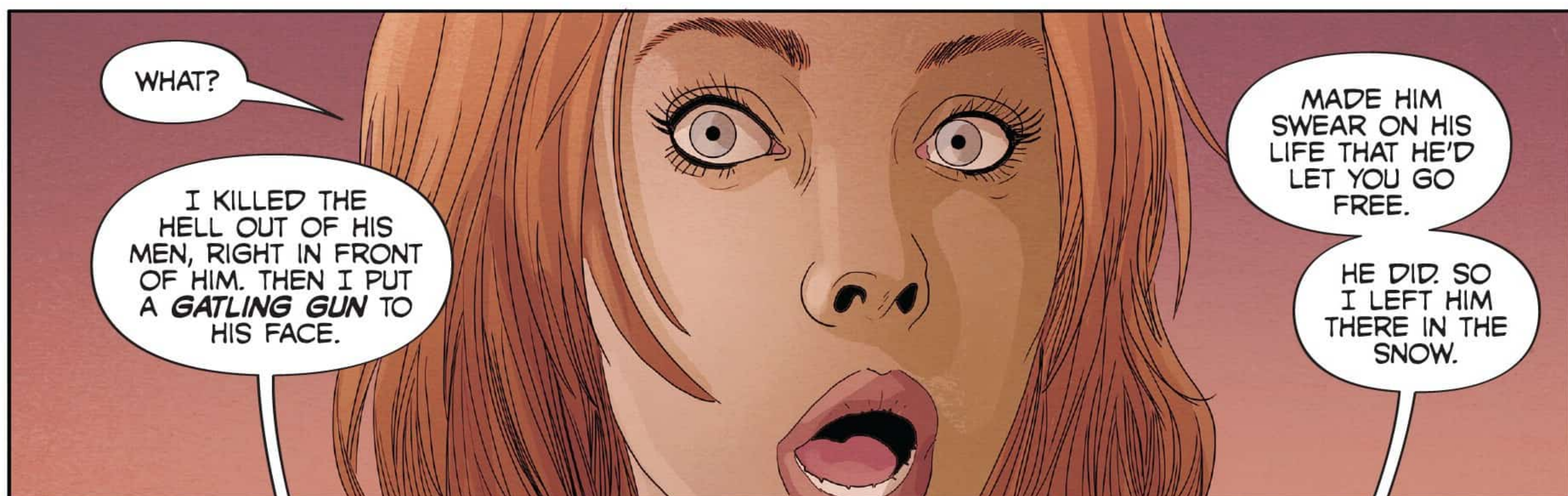










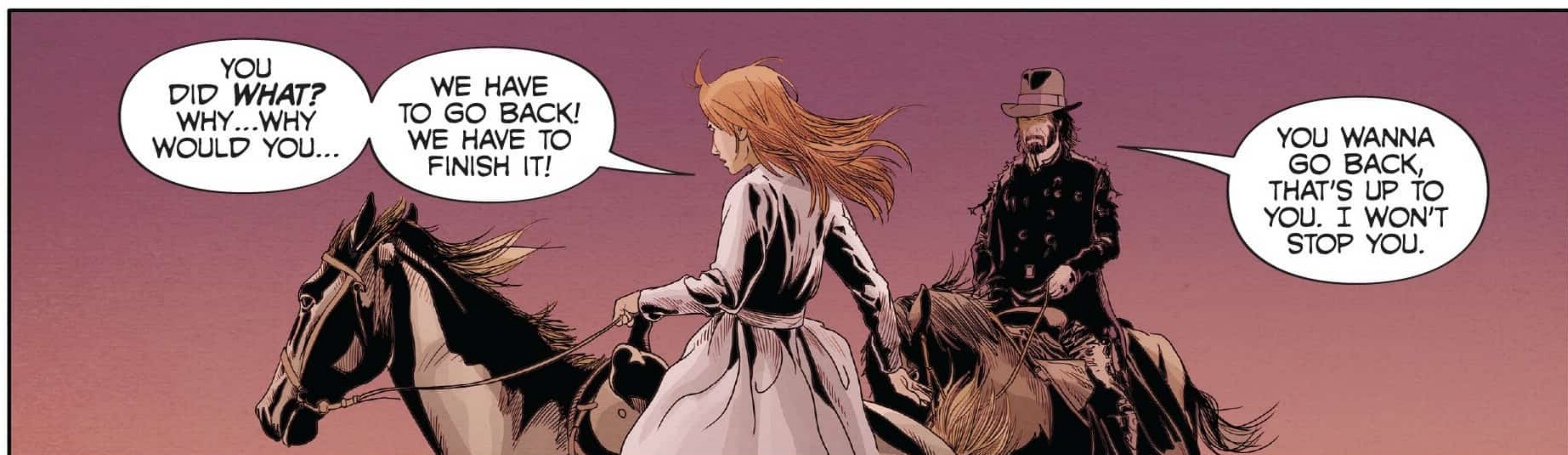


WHAT?

I KILLED THE  
HELL OUT OF HIS  
MEN, RIGHT IN FRONT  
OF HIM. THEN I PUT  
A **GATLING GUN** TO  
HIS FACE.

MADE HIM  
SWEAR ON HIS  
LIFE THAT HE'D  
LET YOU GO  
FREE.

HE DID. SO  
I LEFT HIM  
THERE IN THE  
SNOW.



YOU  
DID **WHAT?**  
WHY...WHY  
WOULD YOU...

WE HAVE  
TO GO BACK!  
WE HAVE TO  
FINISH IT!

YOU WANNA  
GO BACK,  
THAT'S UP TO  
YOU. I WON'T  
STOP YOU.



BUT I  
WON'T HELP YOU  
NO MORE EITHER.  
YOU AND I ARE  
**FINISHED.**

EXCEPT  
FOR THIS ONE  
LAST PIECE OF  
ADVICE. CALL IT  
MY **WEDDING**  
**GIFT.**



**LET IT GO.** YOU  
WANT REVENGE  
ON YOUR FATHER  
FOR WHAT HE'S  
DONE? KILLING  
HIM WON'T GIVE  
IT TO YOU.

GO LIVE THE  
LIFE YOU **WANTED.**  
THE ONE HE TRIED  
TO TAKE FROM  
YOU.



BE  
**BETTER**  
THAN  
HIM.

**BETTER**  
THAN **ME.**





YOU'RE  
JUST GONNA  
**LEAVE** ME  
HERE?

I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE THE  
STORM! YOU'RE A  
**COWARD** IS WHAT  
YOU ARE!



TOO AFRAID  
TO FACE  
**YOURSELF!**



YOU BELIEVE IT'S THE  
WORLD THAT MADE  
YOU THIS WAY?

**BULLSHIT!**

WHY DO  
YOU THINK **HELL**  
FOLLOWS  
WHEREVER YOU  
GO!?



IT'S NOT THE  
WORLD THAT  
RUINED YOU!

**IT'S  
YOU WHO'S  
RUINED THE  
WORLD!**

I REGRET  
THE THINGS I  
SCREAMED AT  
HIM THE DAY  
WE PARTED.

EVEN IF THEY'RE  
MOSTLY TRUE.

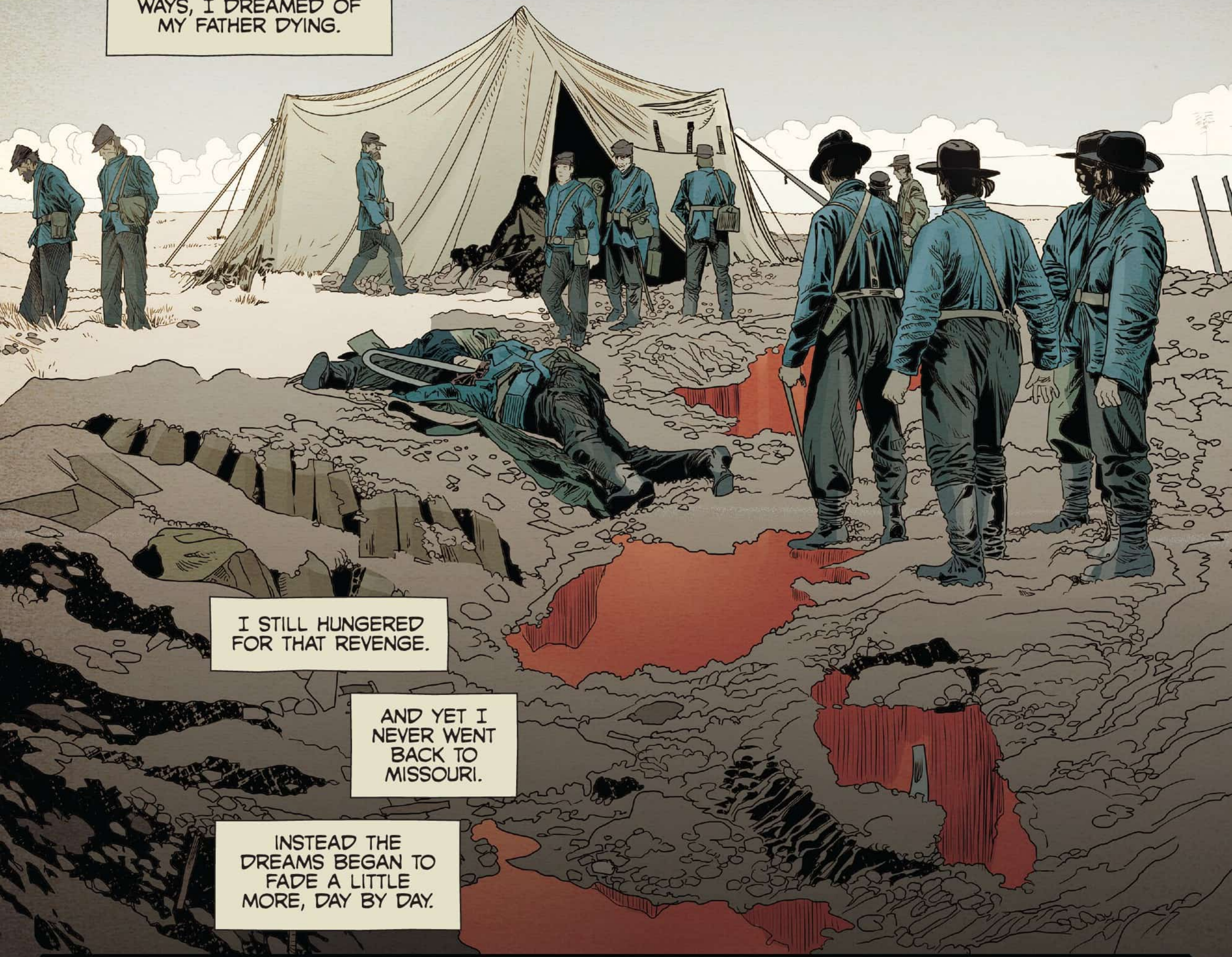


I REGRET  
THEM...BECAUSE  
HE WAS **RIGHT**.



**KANSAS. 1864.**  
**BATTLE OF MINE CREEK.**

FOR WEEKS AFTER WE  
WENT OUR SEPARATE  
WAYS, I DREAMED OF  
MY FATHER DYING.



I STILL HUNGERED  
FOR THAT REVENGE.

AND YET I  
NEVER WENT  
BACK TO  
MISSOURI.

INSTEAD THE  
DREAMS BEGAN TO  
FADE A LITTLE  
MORE, DAY BY DAY.



AND IN TIME, I  
FOUND A NEW  
CALLING.

AND A NEW  
GROOM.





LORD BE WITH  
YOU, MY SON.  
PEACE WILL BE  
UPON YOU  
SOON.

BELIEVE  
THAT I KNOW  
OF WHAT I  
SPEAK, AS A  
**BRIDE OF  
CHRIST.**



GIVE  
HIM WHISKEY  
FOR THE PAIN.  
HE WON'T LAST  
LONG.

YES, SISTER  
MAYBELL.



GET THAT ONE  
WITH THE LEG  
WOUND INTO  
SURGERY RIGHT  
AWAY.

THIS ONE HERE...  
IS ALREADY  
**GONE.**



THOUGH THE THOUGHTS OF  
REVENGE EVENTUALLY LEFT ME,  
THOUGHTS OF MY NAMELESS  
**ANGEL** NEVER HAVE AND I  
EXPECT NEVER WILL.

AS THE WAR  
RAGES, AND I  
HEAR MORE AND  
MORE REPORTS OF  
MASSACRES AND  
SLAUGHTERS, I  
OFTEN WONDER IF  
HE'S LYING  
SOMEWHERE OUT  
THERE AMONG THE  
WOUNDED.



OR IF **HE'S** THE  
ONE DOING THE  
WOUNDING.





AS FOR MY FATHER, I'VE NEVER  
ONCE GONE SEARCHING FOR HIM OR  
INQUIRED AS TO HIS WHEREABOUTS.



WHEREVER HE IS,  
I WISH HIM NO ILL  
WILL. I HOPE HE'S  
FINALLY FOUND THE  
TENDERNESS OF  
HEART HE SO  
SORELY NEEDED.

YOU'LL LEAVE HER BE.  
YOU'LL LET HER GO  
AND NEVER COME  
LOOKING FOR YOUR  
DAUGHTER.

YOU'LL  
LEAVE HER  
TO FIND HER  
OWN WAY.



OR YOU'LL  
SURE AS  
HELL SEE ME  
AGAIN.



HEH.



HA! **HAA HAA HAA**  
**HAAA!**



YEAH.

I THOUGHT  
YOU MIGHT  
SAY THAT.





BUT  
SHE'LL  
NEVER  
KNOW.

SHE'LL  
HAVE THE  
CHANCE YOU  
TOOK FROM  
HER.

TO CHOOSE  
*LIFE*, ALL ON  
HER OWN.

THE  
CHANCE  
TO BE SAFE  
FROM THE  
STORM.



BLDDA  
BLDDA  
BLDDA

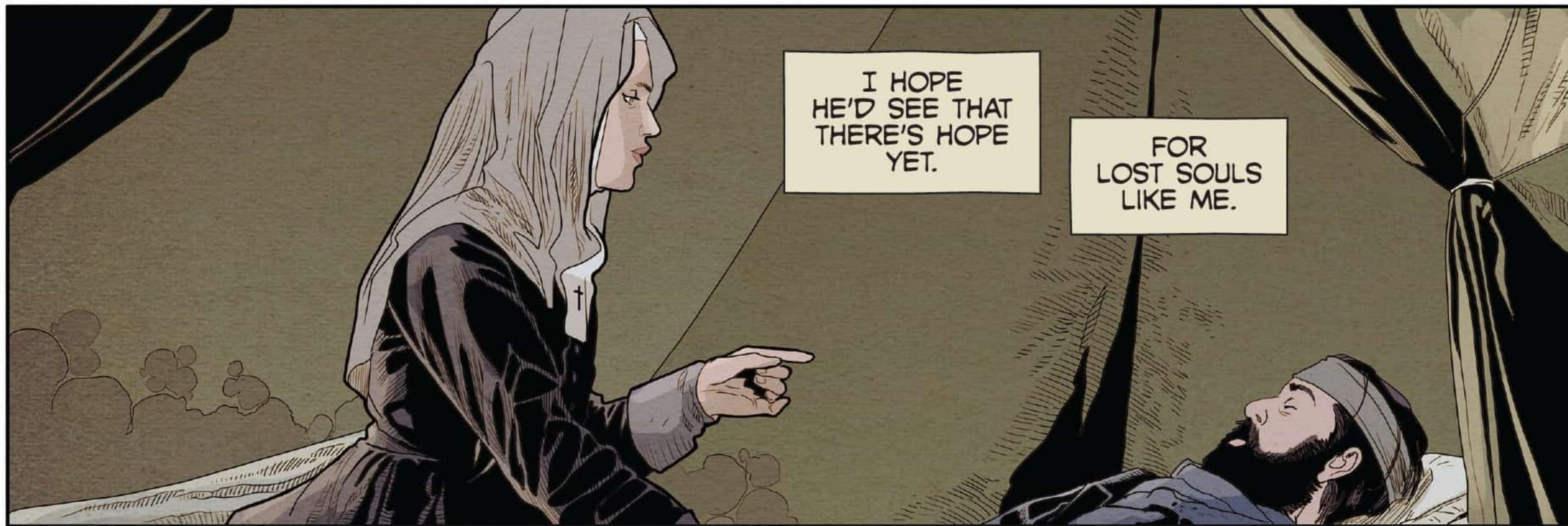






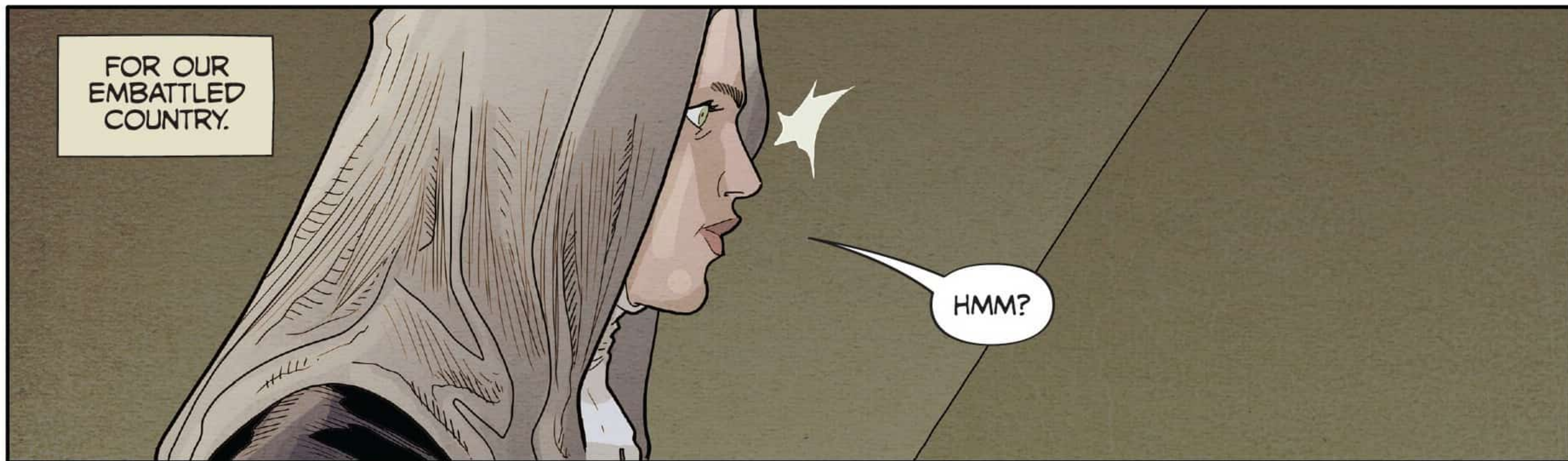
IF HE WAS TO SEE ME NOW,  
THAT GREAT MURDEROUS ANGEL  
OF A MAN, I LIKE TO THINK  
HE'D BE A MITE *PROUD*.

IF HE'S STILL  
CAPABLE OF  
SUCH A MORTAL  
FEELING.



I HOPE  
HE'D SEE THAT  
THERE'S HOPE  
YET.

FOR  
LOST SOULS  
LIKE ME.



FOR OUR  
EMBATTLED  
COUNTRY.

HMM?



AND MAYBE  
EVEN HOPE  
FOR *HIM*.

WAIT...  
THAT  
COULDN'T  
BE...



HOPE HE MIGHT  
SOMEDAY KNOW A  
FUTURE FULL OF  
TENDER MERCIES.

OF SOFT  
RAINS AND  
GENTLE  
WINDS.



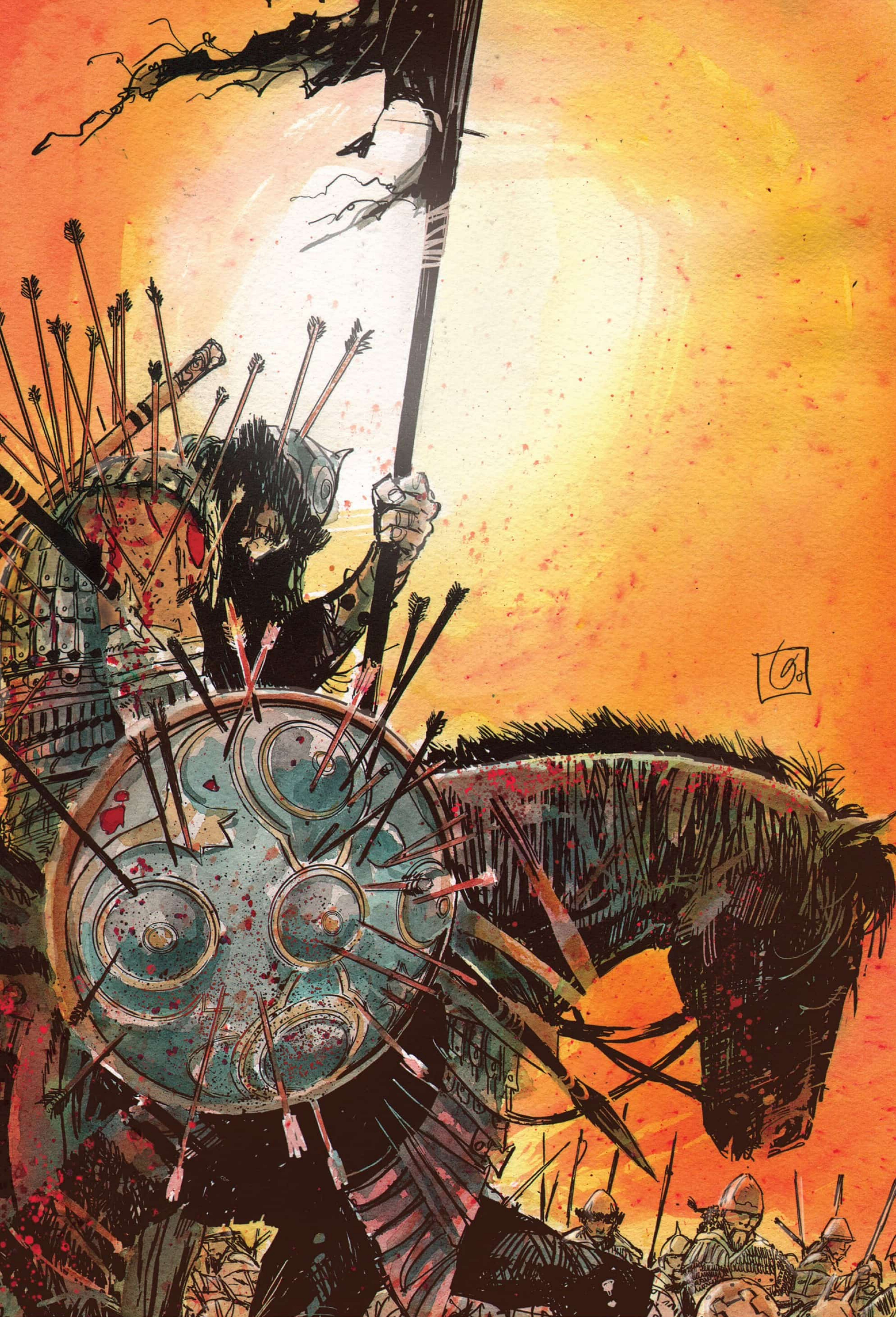
AND THE DEEP  
SILENCE THAT  
COMES AFTER  
THE FADING OF  
THE THUNDER.











BRZRKR: The Lost Book of B #1 Cover by **RON GARNEY** with colors by **MATT KINDT**





BRZRKR: The Lost Book of B #1 Cover by **MATTIA DE IULIS**





BRZRKR: The Lost Book of B #1 Cover by **BILL SIENKIEWICZ**





BRZRKR: A Faceful of Bullets #1 Cover by **FRANCESCO MANNA** with colors by **FRANCESCO SEGALA**





AFTER  
FRAZETTA

BRZRKR: A Faceful of Bullets #1 Cover by **MATTEO SCALERA**





BRZRKR: A Faceful of Bullets #1 Cover by **MAHMUD ASRAR** with colors by **MATTHEW WILSON**





**KEANU REEVES**, the iconic star of feature films such as *John Wick* and *The Matrix*, is the creator and co-writer of *BRZRKR*. Reeves is a celebrated actor whose 35-year film career has garnered enormous success at the box office and received widespread acclaim. *BRZRKR*, his first comic book and graphic novel series, is the highest funded comic book Kickstarter of all time and the highest selling original comic book series debut in over 25 years.



**MATT KINDT** is the *New York Times* bestselling writer and artist of the comics and graphic novels *Dept. H*, *Mind MGMT*, *Revolver*, *3 Story*, *Super Spy*, *2 Sisters*, and *Pistolwhip*, as well as the writer of *Folklords*, *Black Badge*, and the Eisner Award-nominated *Grass Kings* with BOOM! Studios, *Bang!*, *Ether*, *Fear Case*, and *Crimson Flower* with Dark Horse Comics, *Justice League of America* with DC Comics, *Spider-Man* with Marvel Comics, and *Unity*, *Ninjak*, *Rai*, and *Divinity* with Valiant Comics. He has won the PubWest book design award, been nominated for six Eisner Awards and six Harvey Awards (and won once). His work has been published in French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Korean.



**JASON AARON** is an award-winning comic book writer best known for his work with Marvel Comics, including a landmark seven-year run on *Thor* that introduced Jane Foster as the Mighty Thor. He's also had celebrated stints writing *Wolverine*, *Doctor Strange*, *Conan*, *Avengers*, *Punisher* and a relaunch of *Star Wars* that became the best-selling American comic book in more than 20 years. His critically acclaimed creator-owned work includes the Eisner and Harvey Award-winning *Southern Bastards* from Image Comics and the *New York Times* best-selling crime series *Scalped* from Vertigo Comics. Aaron was born and raised in Alabama and currently resides in Kansas City.



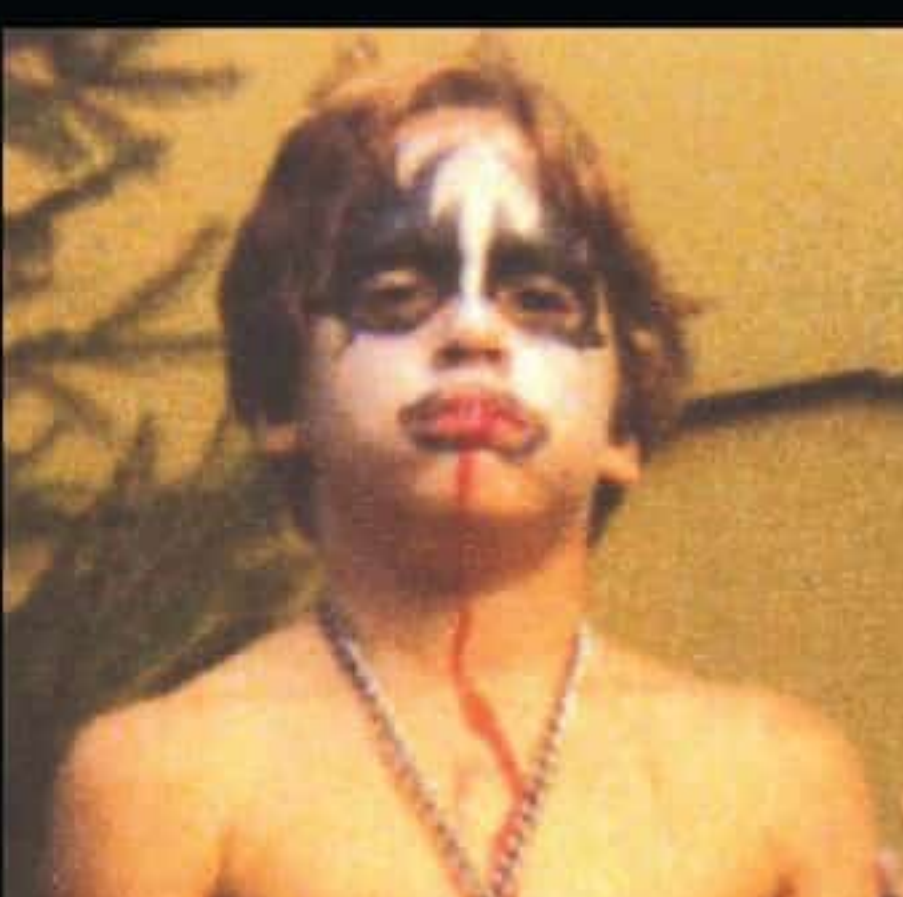
Over the course of his 30-year career, **RON GARNEY** has built a large fan following, illustrating some of the industry's greatest characters including Spider-Man, Hulk, Wolverine, Thor, X-Force, Captain America, Ghost Rider, Moon Knight, Silver Surfer, G.I. Joe, and the Justice League of America, along with original series like *Men of Wrath* with Jason Aaron. He recently completed acclaimed runs on *Daredevil* and *Savage Sword of Conan* at Marvel Entertainment. A perennial "Top Ten" artist during his career, Garney has been nominated twice for the industry's coveted Eisner Awards, for Best Artist and Best Serialized Story (*Captain America* with Mark Waid), and has worked in Hollywood on major projects, notably as a costume illustrator for *I Am Legend* (starring Will Smith) and providing illustrations for Marvel's *Daredevil* on Netflix.



**SALVADOR LARROCA** (born in Valencia, Spain in 1964) is a self-taught Eisner-Award winning artist. Fantasy and brushes were his first toys. He started his public career collaborating with local fanzines and from there, he has gone on to work for the most prestigious publishers in the industry, including Marvel, DC, Image, BOOM! Studios, and more. He's illustrated many iconic comic book characters and has worked on titles like the Eisner-Award-winning *Invincible Iron Man*, *Star Wars*, *Ghost Rider*, *X-Men*, *Fantastic Four*, and more for Marvel, and *Flash* for DC. He is currently hard at work on his next own personal project.



**BILL CRABTREE** has been coloring comics since 2003. His work has been nominated for Harvey and Eisner Awards. Career credits include colors on *Invincible*, *The Sixth Gun*, *The Damned*, *Bang!*, *Crimson Flower* and *BRZRKR*. He lives in Portland, Oregon with his partner, their daughter, two cats, and a dog.



**LEE LOUGHRIDGE** is an Eisner nominated colorist/writer, who has been working primarily in the comics industry for the past 30 years. He has worked on hundreds of titles for virtually every company in the business. He resides in Southern California, desperately searching for his lost testosterone.