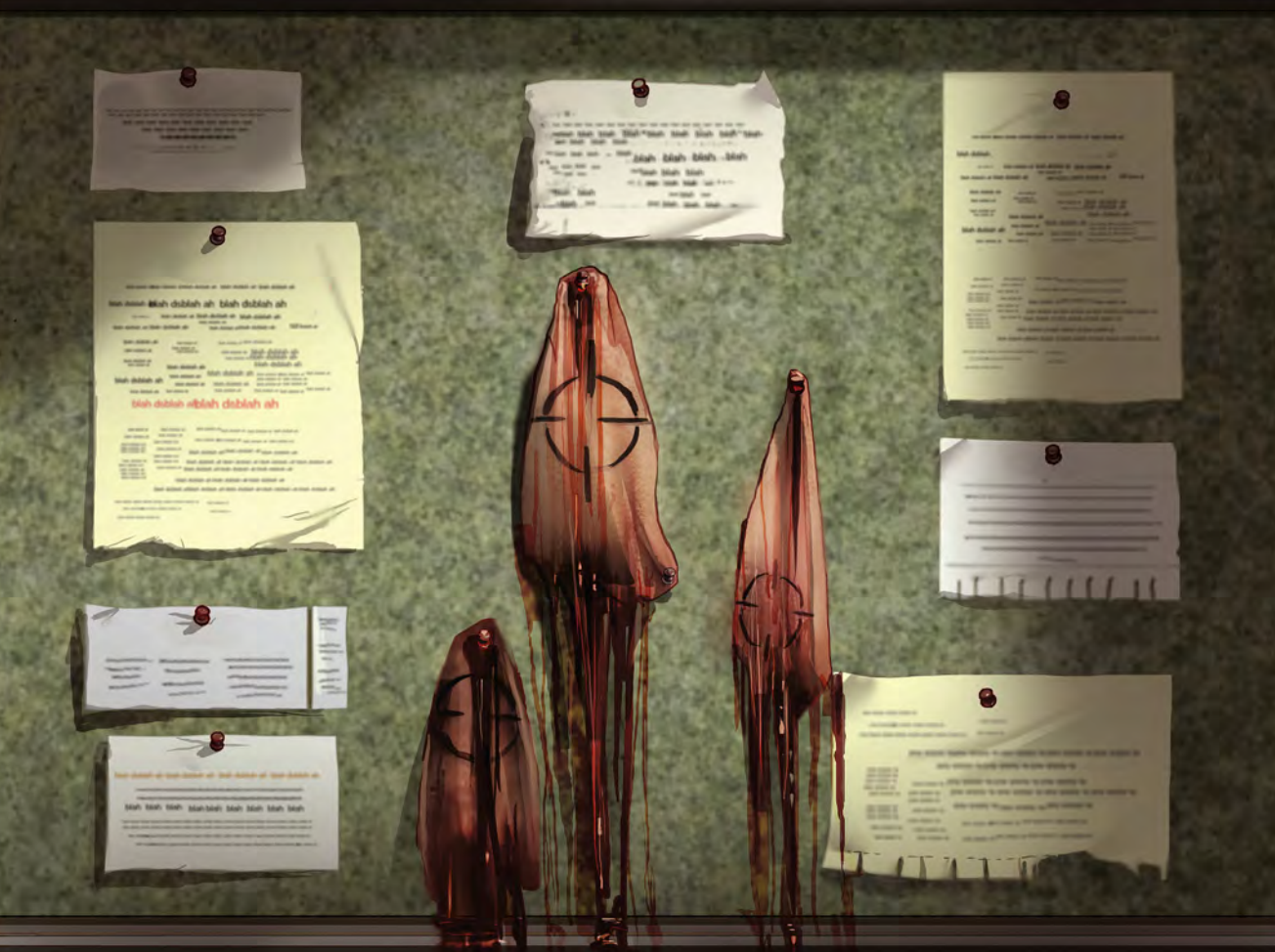
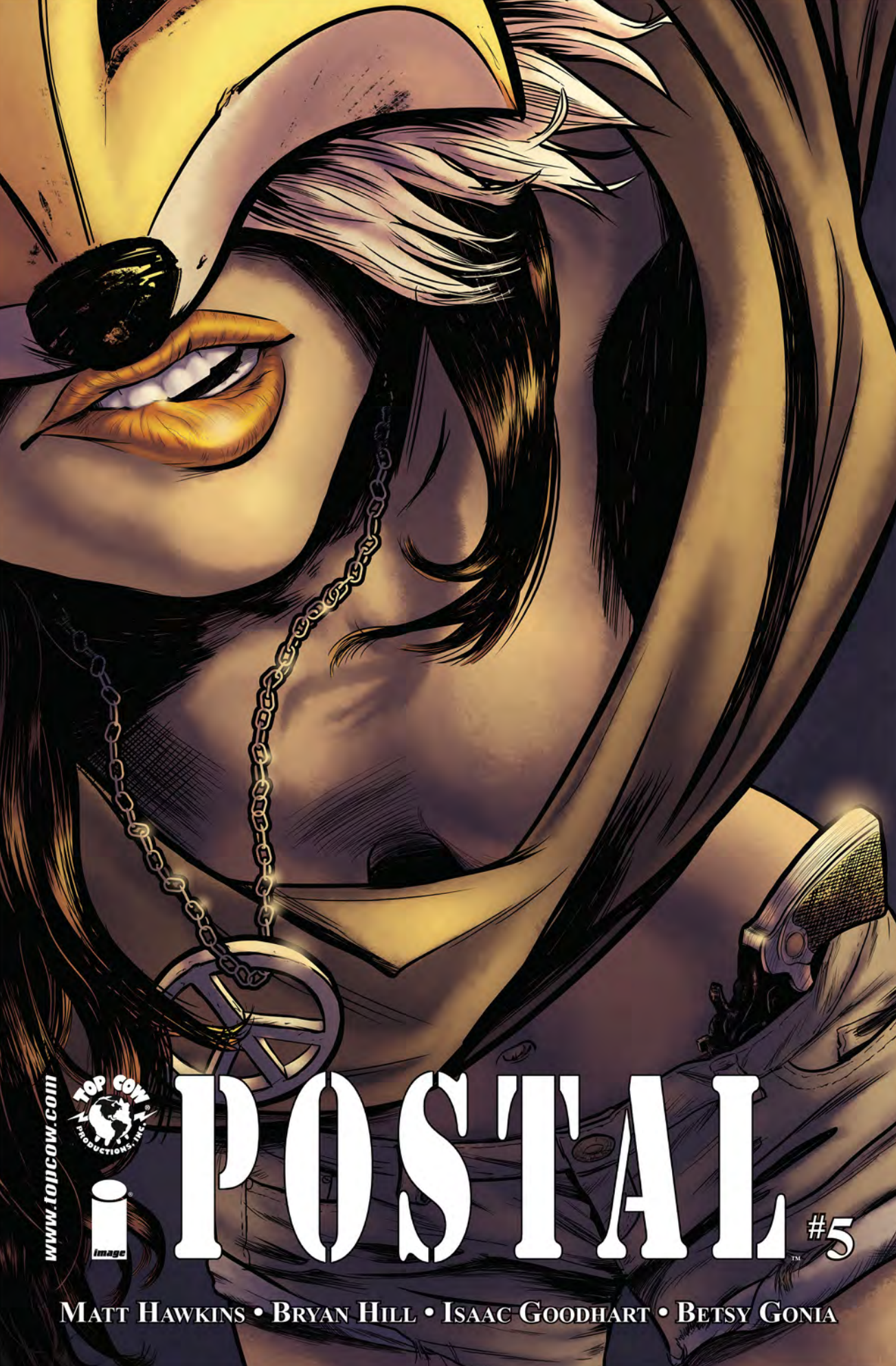




POSTAL #5

NOTICE BOARD





www.topcow.com



POSTAL

#5

MATT HAWKINS • BRYAN HILL • ISAAC GOODHART • BETSY GONIA

POSTAL

CREATED BY MATT HAWKINS

**BRYAN HILL
MATT HAWKINS**
WRITERS

ISAAC GOODHART
ARTIST

LINDA SEJIC
COVER A

BETSY GONIA
COLORIST & EDITOR

**ISAAC GOODHART &
BETSY GONIA**
COVER B

TROY PETERI
LETTERER

TRICIA RAMOS
PRODUCTION



For Top Cow Productions, Inc.

Marc Silvestri - CEO • Matt Hawkins - President and COO

Betsy Gonia - Managing Editor • Elena Salcedo - Operations Manager

Ryan Cady - Editorial Assistant • Vincent Valentine - Production Assistant



To find the comic shop
nearest you, call:
1-888-COMICBOOK

Want more info? Check out:
www.topcow.com
for news & exclusive Top Cow merchandise!



IMAGE COMICS, INC.
Richard Kirkman - Chief Executive Officer
Eric Larson - Chief Financial Officer
Todd McFarlane - President
Marc Silvestri - Chief Executive Officer
Jim Valentino - Vice President
Eric Stephenson - Publisher
Cory Magry - Director of Sales
Jeremy Kuttman - Director of Digital Sales
Karl Sauter - Director of PR & Marketing
Samy Amir - Director of Operations
Andrew Diagne/John - Director of Accounts Manager
Sarah Miller - Accounts Manager
Drew Cull - Art Director
Jonathan Chan - Production Manager
Marcello Walker - Print Manager
Randy Okamura - Marketing Production Designer
David Berthiaume - Content Manager
Addison Davis - Production Artist
Vincent Kuban - Production Artist
Sasha Head - Production Artist
Trista Roman - Production Artist
Eugene Dimitroff - Sales Assistant
Jessica Amabile - Administrative Assistant
IMAGECOMICS.COM

POSTAL ISSUE FIVE. JULY 2015. FIRST PRINTING.

Postal™ 2015 Matt Hawkins and Top Cow Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2001 Center Street, Sixth Floor, Berkeley, CA 94704. "Postal," its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are registered trademarks of Matt Hawkins and Top Cow Productions, Inc., unless otherwise noted. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Matt Hawkins and Top Cow Productions, Inc. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. Printed in the USA. For information regarding the CPSIA on this printed material call: 203-595-3636 and provide reference #RICH-629553.



EVERY WEEK IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME.

I GO TO THE SORTING FACILITY OUTSIDE OF THE TOWN. I PICK UP THE MAIL.



...THE BRUTAL, HOME INVASION HAPPENED THIS MORNING, THE THIRD IN AS MANY WEEKS...



...HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT ONE OR MORE OF THE ASSAILANTS MAY BE WOUNDED...



...MANHUNT IS UNDERWAY AND PEOPLE OUGHTA LOCK DOORS. STAY VIGILANT AND ALL THAT...



MAYOR SHIFFRON THANKS YOU FOR YOUR SILENCE.

SURE THING.

I PAY THE MANAGER TO NOT EXIST. FOR THE MAIL NOT TO EXIST. FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO KNOW NOTHING.

MY MOTHER SAYS MONEY IS THE ONE WORLD RELIGION.

ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND THE FAITHFUL, SHE SAYS.



IT'S A LONG DRIVE. THREE HOURS OUTSIDE OF THE TOWN. WHEN I LEAVE IT'S EVENING, WHEN I RETURN IT'S MORNING.

MY MOTHER ASKS ME TO CALL HER ONCE AN HOUR. I CAN ONLY USE THE CELL PHONE ON MY DRIVE. SHE REPLACES IT EVERY WEEK.

I COUNT THE ANIMALS I SEE. A RABBIT IS FIVE POINTS.

A DEER IS TEN.

A CAR IS A HUNDRED POINTS. BUT I NEVER SEE A CAR.

I NEVER SEE
PEOPLE
ON THIS
ROAD.





IF YOU HAVE A GUN DON'T GO FOR IT! I'LL WIPE YOU OUT, MAN.

I DON'T HAVE A GUN.



KEEP IT COOL, JACK. I JUST NEED SOME TIME.



AND TIME AIN'T YOURS SO IT'S FREE TO GIVE, RIGHT?

DRIVE UP A WAYS. THERE'S A PATH ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE. TAKE IT.

UNLESS YOU WANT THIS TRIGGER TO GO, JACK.

MY NAME IS MARK.

AND NO. I DON'T WANT THE TRIGGER TO GO.

RINGING

THAT YOUR HANDPHONE?

YOU LOOK LIKE A JACK.

AND JACK DON'T NEED NO HANDPHONE.

JACK NEEDS TO DRIVE UP THE LEFT-HAND PATH.

DRIVE.

"THERE'S A MAN YOU NEED TO MEET."

MY MOTHER IS THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS THAT PHONE NUMBER THAT WAS HER.

AND I ALWAYS ANSWER. I'M NOT SCARED OF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT.

BUT I AM CURIOUS.

AND THE PRETTY GIRL WITH THE GUN SMELLS LIKE FLOWERS.

SO JACK WILL DRIVE UP THE LEFT-HAND PATH.



CALLED HIM THREE TIMES AND NO ANSWER.

MARK'S A FUCKING CLOCK. HE'S LIKELY FINE.

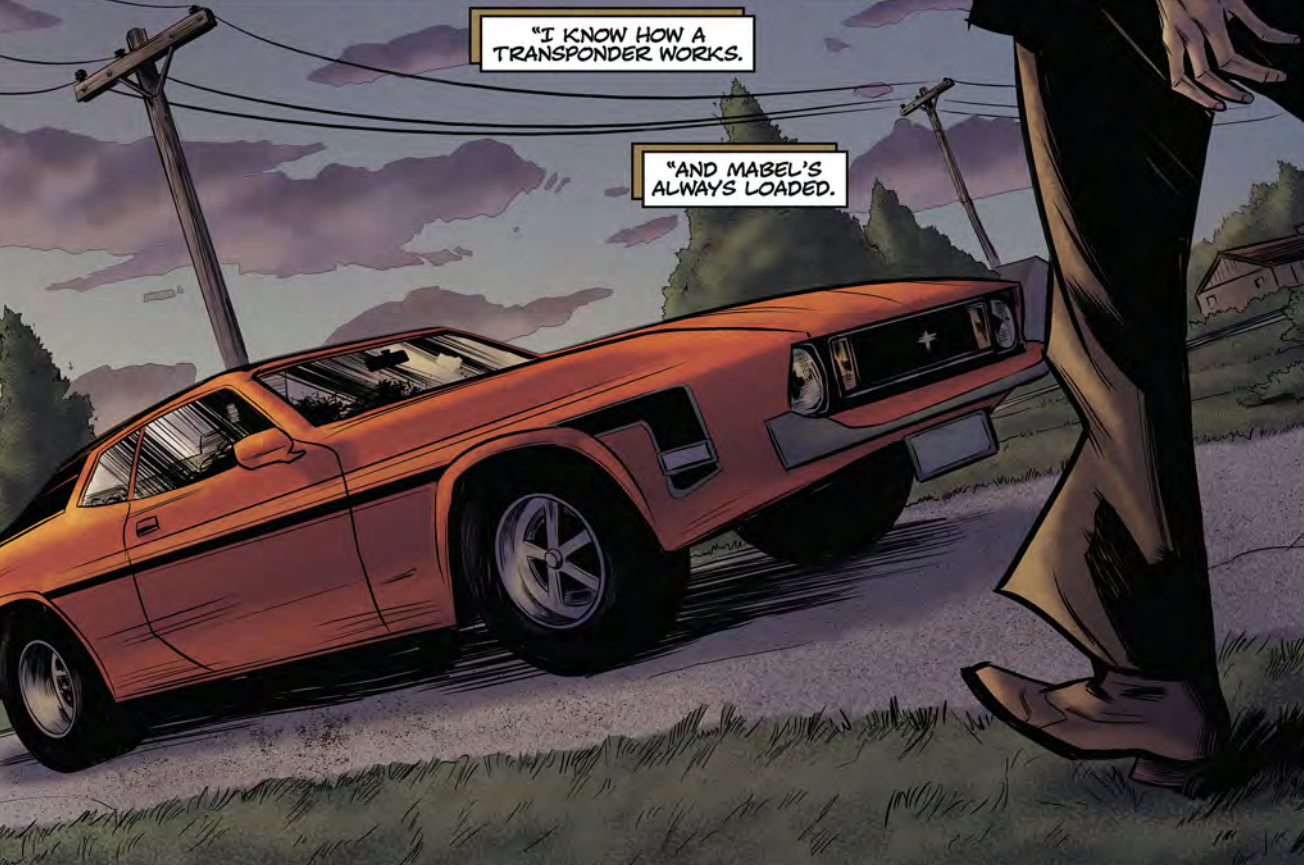
WITH THE WAY THIS YEAR'S BEEN GOING, I THINK MY PARANOIA IS JUSTIFIED.

YOU WANT ME TO SEND SOMEONE TO GET HIM?



I WANT YOU TO GO. DON'T WEAR THE BADGE.

TAKE MABEL. YOU'VE KEPT HER LOADED, RIGHT? YOU CAN FOLLOW THE TRANSPONDER TO FIND THE TRUCK. DRIVE HIS ROUTE AND IT'LL PING.

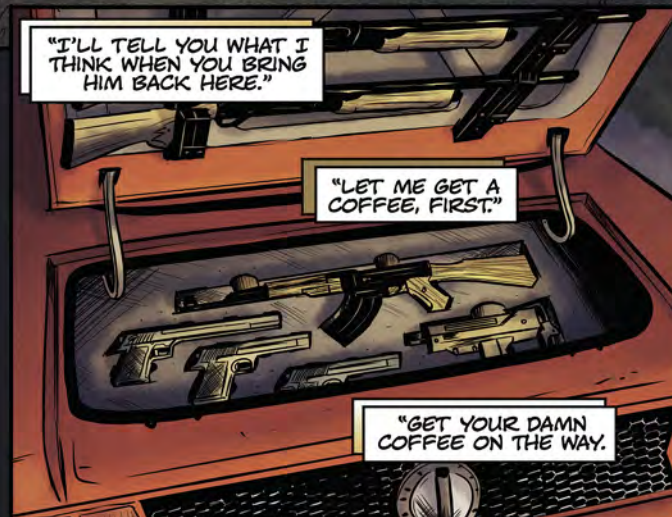


"I KNOW HOW A TRANSPONDER WORKS.

"AND MABEL'S ALWAYS LOADED.



"YOU THINK YOUR BOY'S IN TROUBLE?"



"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK WHEN YOU BRING HIM BACK HERE."

"LET ME GET A COFFEE, FIRST."

"GET YOUR DAMN COFFEE ON THE WAY."



THE LEFT-HAND
PATH LED ME UP
TO A CABIN.

SHE HOLDS THE PISTOL
WITH BOTH HANDS, LIKE
IT'S TOO HEAVY FOR HER.
HER SKIN SMELLS WARM
UNDER THE FLOWERS.

SHE KEEPS WHISTLING A
SONG I CAN ALMOST
REMEMBER. SHE NEVER
SINGS THE WORDS.

MOM TOLD ME WHEN I GET
AFRAID I SHOULD IMAGINE
MY LIFE IS A MOVIE. I
SHOULDN'T LIVE IT.

I SHOULD
WATCH IT.

SO THAT'S
WHAT I DO.



THE DOORWAY
SMELLS LIKE
WET ROT.

THE WOOD GROANS
UNDER ME.

THERE'S
A GREAT MAN
WAITING FOR
YOU. A MAN
FULL OF
LIGHT.

THE FIRST BREATH I
TAKE HAS THE SCENT
OF BLOOD IN IT.

OLD BLOOD. LIKE
WET PENNIES.

THE SMELL
CLIMBS DOWN MY
THROAT AND
SOAKS INTO MY
STOMACH.

THE WOMAN'S SKIN
TOUCHES MINE. HER
HAND ON THE BACK
OF MY NECK.

WHAT I SEE DOESN'T
MAKE ANY SENSE.

I'M NOT WATCHING
THIS ANYMORE. I'M
HERE IN THIS CABIN.

SHE
LIED.

THERE IS
NO LIGHT
IN HERE.



MASKS.

I DON'T IMMEDIATELY REALIZE THEY'RE WEARING MASKS.

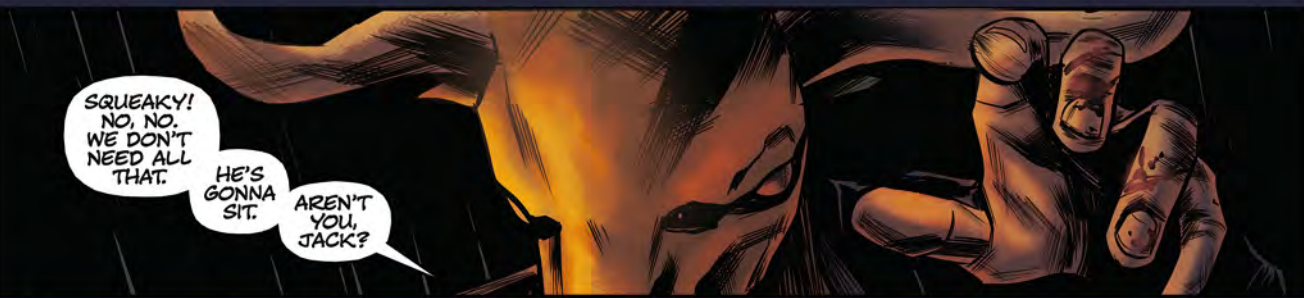
COME ON AND VISIT WITH ME. MEET WHAT EVERYONE'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT.

THE FOX-FACED WOMAN IS DEAD. I CAN SMELL HER. LIKE OLD MEAT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GARBAGE.

I WONDER IF SHE WAS PRETTY.



HE TOLD YOU TO SIT DOWN, JACK.



SQUEAKY! NO, NO, WE DON'T NEED ALL THAT.

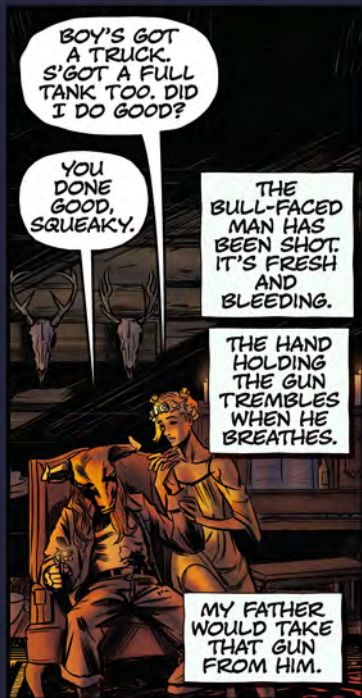
HE'S GONNA SIT.

AREN'T YOU, JACK?



I'LL SIT.

SEE? THIS IS CIVILIZED. NOT LIKE THAT WORLD OUT THERE. IN HERE WE HAVE RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER.



BOY'S GOT A TRUCK. S'GOT A FULL TANK TOO. DID I DO GOOD?

YOU DONE GOOD, SQUEAKY.

THE BULL-FACED MAN HAS BEEN SHOT. IT'S FRESH AND BLEEDING.

THE HAND HOLDING THE GUN TREMBLES WHEN HE BREATHES.

MY FATHER WOULD TAKE THAT GUN FROM HIM.



CAN I PLAY CARDS NOW?

GO ON, PLAY CARDS.



MY NAME IS BALL.

I WILL NEED THAT TRUCK BECAUSE ME AND SQUEAKY HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.

BUT WE CAN TALK A BIT. SHARE SOME THINGS.

YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC, JACK?



I NEED TO TAKE HIS GUN.

NO.



MAGIC DON'T NEED YOU TO BELIEVE IN IT.

HE GIGGLES AT ME AFTER HE SAYS IT. THE SMILE LIGHTS UP HIS EYES.

WE DO **MAGIC** EVERY DAY. EVERY TIME WE TURN **WORDS** INTO **FEELINGS**.

A WOMAN CAN TELL HER CHILD PRETTY WORDS AND PUT PICTURES IN THAT CHILD'S HEAD. THAT CHILD TURNS INTO A MAN. BUT HE NEVER FORGETS THOSE PICTURES. EVEN IF HE CAN'T REMEMBER HIS MAMA'S VOICE.

WHAT STORIES YOUR MAMA TELL YOU WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BOY, JACK?

MY MOTHER NEVER TOLD ME STORIES.

SOME MAMAS DON'T KNOW HOW TO LOVE.

REFORM SCHOOL WAS MY MAMA. MEN HOLDING ME DOWN, BEATING ME WITH LEATHER STRAPS. I USED TO SCREAM AND WONDER WHAT I DID WRONG.

I NEED TO TAKE THAT GUN.

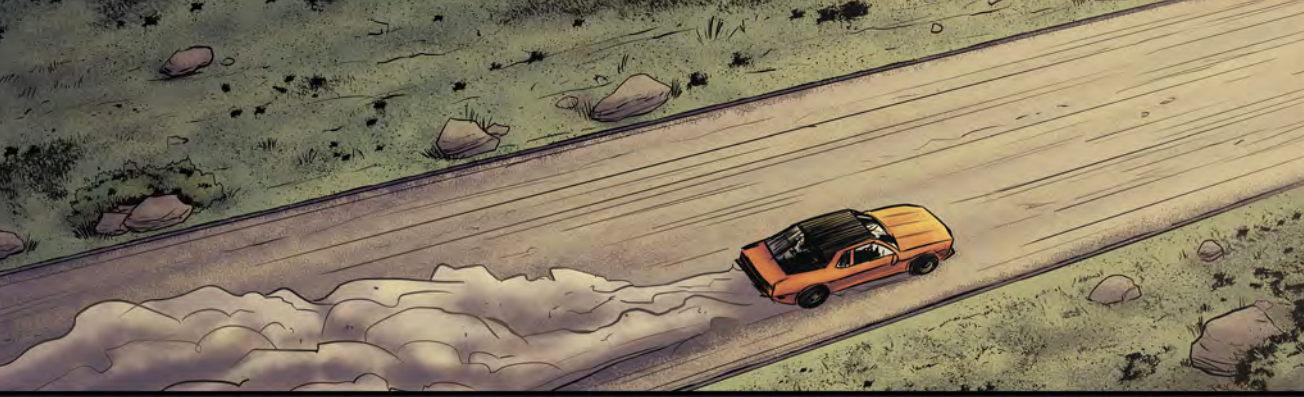
I KNOW WHAT THAT FEELS LIKE. WONDERING WHAT YOU DID WRONG.


HE SNORTS A LAUGH BEFORE HE ANSWERS. THE WORDS COME OUT WET AND THICK.

I BET YOU DID **NOTHING** WRONG.

I'M GONNA DO A LITTLE MAGIC FOR YOU. I'M GONNA TELL YOU SOME PRETTY WORDS. PUT SOME PICTURES IN YOUR MIND.

PICTURES YOU'LL HAVE FOREVER, JACK.





FLOWER GIRL
PLAYS WITH
CARDS THAT
HAVE PAINTINGS
ON THEM.

SHE BREATHES
LIKE MOVING AIR
THROUGH A COMB.

SHE DOESN'T
HAVE
HER GUN.



IMAGINE
WHAT I TELL
YOU. CLOSE
YOUR EYES
AND MAKE THE
PICTURES. I
NEED YOU TO
DO THAT,
JACK.

OKAY.

HIS WOUND
SMELLS WARM.
HE'S PUSHING
OUT
HIS BREATHS
BEHIND THE
MASK.
HIS HEAD NODS
LIKE SOMEONE
HELD IT WITH
A STRING.

MY FATHER
WOULD TAKE
HIS GUN.



I LISTEN TO
HIS VOICE AND
IMAGINE HIS
WORDS.



AIR IN THAT PLACE WAS OLD
AND THICK. BREATHING FELT
LIKE DRINKING.

I HEARD SOUNDS IN THE
WALLS. TINY FEET
MOVING IN THE PLASTER.
UP AND DOWN.

ABOVE AND
BELOW.

THE FIRST
HOUSE I DID WAS
A CASTLE ON A
HILL, SAW IT
FROM THE
HIGHWAY. BIG AS
A CHURCH.

PLACES LIVE, JACK. THEY
CAN CALL TO YOU. ASK
YOU TO COME INSIDE.

THEY WANT TO SHOW
YOU WHAT THEY ARE.



MY BOOTS
CLICKED LIKE
HOOVES ON
THE WOOD.

FOUND AN OLD MAN
EATING DINNER.

I THOUGHT
ABOUT HOW
NOBODY EVER
THOUGHT I'D
BE ANYTHING.

MY BLOOD
TURNED INTO
ANGER. I CAME
INTO THAT
HOUSE FOR
THE MONEY --

-- BUT I
NEEDED TO
KILL A KING.

THAT OLD MAN SAW
MY GUN AND HE
LAUGHED AT ME.

SO I SHOT
HIM.

SHOT HIM WITH
EVERY DAMN
BULLET I HAD.

I SWEAR TO YOU, JACK,
HE DIED BUT HE NEVER
STOPPED LAUGHING.

SO I BURNT
THAT HOUSE.

I FELL INTO THE
GRASS. FEAR
PUSHED TEARS
OUT MY EYES.

AND THAT'S WHEN
I HEARD A VOICE.
THE VOICE MADE
ME A PROMISE.

IT SAID I COULD
HAVE ANYTHING I
WANTED. I JUST HAD
TO MAKE SOME
SMALL SACRIFICES.

THAT'S WHAT IT
CALLED THE OLD
MAN. A SACRIFICE.

THE VOICE TOLD ME
THERE WAS NO GOD
AND NO DEVIL. NO
JUSTICE. NO LAW.

ONLY WHAT WE
WANTED AND
THE THINGS
KEEPING US
FROM HAVING
THEM.

I WANTED LOVE
AND THAT VOICE
GAVE IT TO ME.

FOUND
SQUEAKY
STANDING IN
DAYLIGHT,
WAITING TO
BE FREE.

SHE WAS A
GIFT, JACK.

THERE ARE
FORCES IN THIS
WORLD THAT GIVE.
YOU JUST HAVE TO
GIVE A LITTLE BACK.

THAT'S ALL MY
FRIENDS AND
I HAVE EVER
DONE TO ANY
OF THEM.

THAT'S ALL
WE CALL IT.

GIVIN'.



WHAT DO YOU WANT, JACK?



I WANT THAT GUN.

I DON'T KNOW.



THE CARDS KNOW WHAT HE WANTS.



HE WANTS A WOMAN.



IS SHE BEAUTIFUL? THE WOMAN YOU WANT.

MAGGIE FORCES HER WAY INTO MY MIND.

I BLINK TO MAKE HER LEAVE.

SHE SHOULDN'T BE HERE.



YES.



AND I PRETEND I'M MY FATHER.



PART OF
ME CAN
BE CRUEL.



NOT
EVERY GUN
YOU SEE IS
LOADED.



BUT
THIS ONE
IS.



I WANTED
YOU TO BE
A FRIEND,
JACK.

BUT YOU
JUST WANT
TO BE A
GIFT.



I'M NOT
HERE.

I'M JUST
WATCHING
THIS.





YOU HURT?

NO.

SOME KIND OF SOMETHING, THESE ONES.

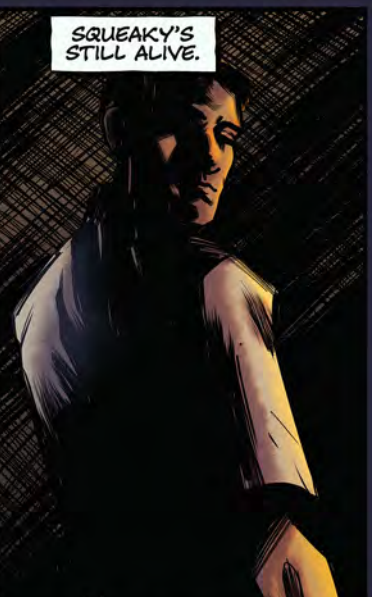


I'VE GOT THE GUN YOU TOUCHED.

LOOK AROUND AND MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T LEAVE ANYTHING ELSE.



I'LL CHECK THE TRUCK. DON'T TAKE TOO LONG.



SQUEAKY'S STILL ALIVE.



I COULD HELP HER. HER EYES BEG ME TO.

I THINK ABOUT WHAT I WANT.

AND I DO NOTHING.

I WHISPER ONE WORD. TO WHATEVER MIGHT BE LISTENING.



SACRIFICE.

I DIDN'T LOSE ANY OF THE MAIL.

THERE WASN'T MUCH. JUST LETTERS. ONLY ONE PACKAGE. SOMEONE SENT ABEL AND DAKOTA CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES IN A STEEL TIN.

23 CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES AND ONE THAT DIDN'T STAY WHOLE.

I'M GOING TO EAT THAT ONE.

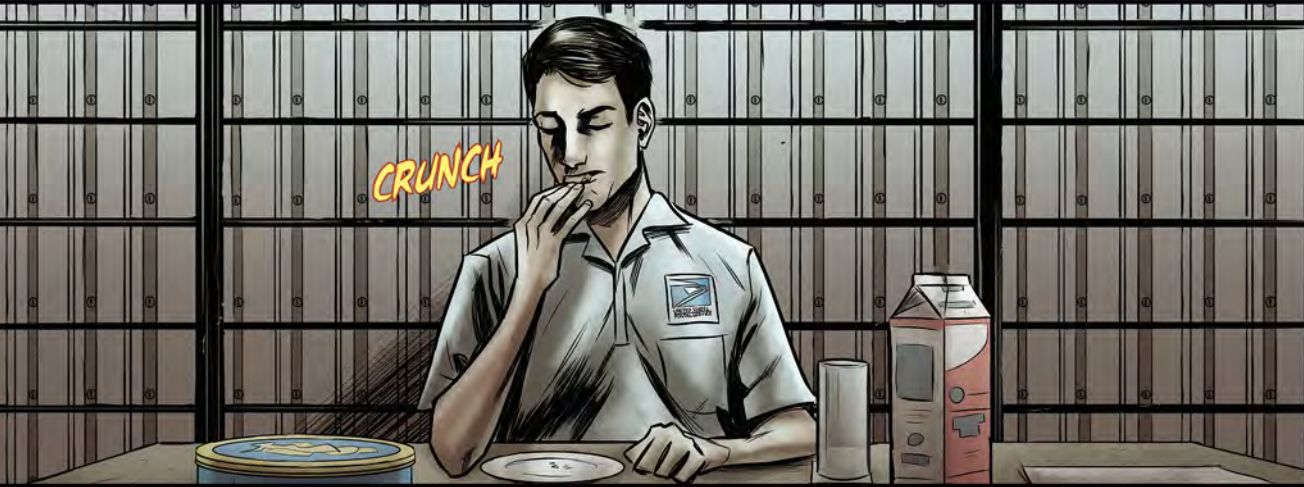
BECAUSE I WANT IT.



...IDENTIFIED AS LELAND BALL. ASSUMED TO BE THE LEADER OF THE GROUP. FOUND DEAD...

...SISSY FRUMMEL, WHO WENT MISSING ONE YEAR AGO WAS ALSO PART OF BALL'S SELF-ASCRIBED "FAMILY," HAD JUST TURNED NINETEEN-YEARS-OLD THIS JUNE...

...PATRICIA VELWINKLE HAD BEEN WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH ANOTHER ARMED ROBBERY. AUTHORITIES ARE STILL UNCERTAIN ABOUT WHEN SHE ALIGNED WITH BALL...

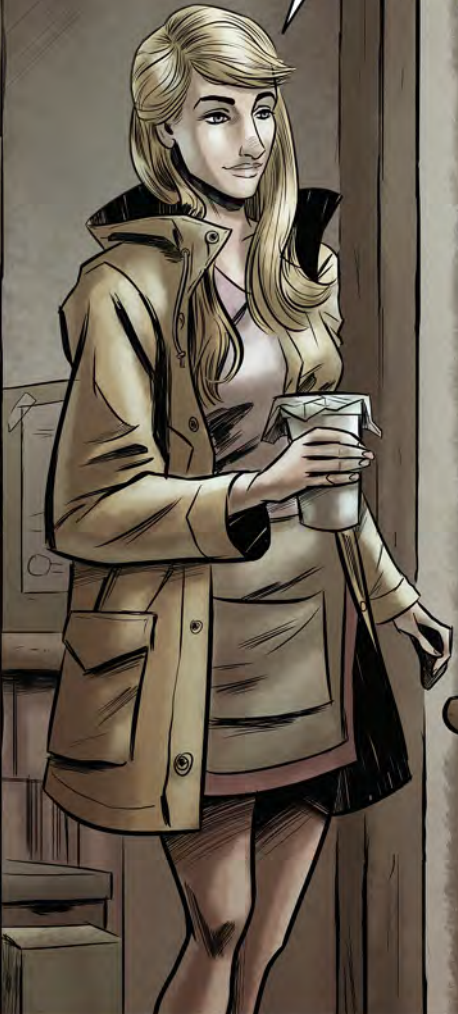


YOU DIDN'T
COME BY THE
DINER TODAY.
BROUGHT A
COFFEE IF YOU'VE
GOT SOME MUGS
TO PUT IT IN.

YOU JUST
POPPED IN
MY HEAD,
I GUESS.



MARK. YOU
OKAY?



I AM.

AND
I HAVE TWO
MUGS IN THE
KITCHEN.



I'D LIKE
TO DRINK IT
OUTSIDE. IF
THAT'S OKAY.

I'VE KEPT
MYSELF
INSIDE TOO
LONG.



END.

NEXT ISSUE

POSTAL #6



MAIL CALL: ISSUE #5

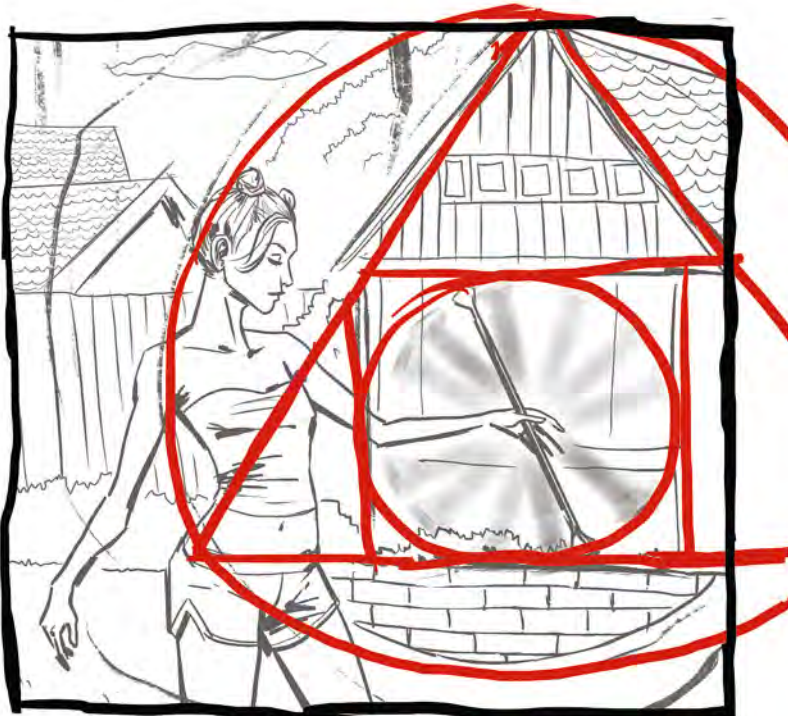


I transcribe all the mail now. I take the letters and postcards in different fonts and sizes and make them all the same. Times New Roman, 12-point font, 8 ½" x 11" bright white paper. I file them away for my mother.

Except for these three. These three are just for me.

Letter from Leland Ball, to Sissy "Squeaky" Frummel:

You wanna know what I see in you? What makes you special? You're a blossom, Squeaky. When I first came down from my pilgrimage of blood, I bore witness to your spectacle – a preparation for transformation. A display of potential. You showed me, with a twirl of baton; with the alchemic circle, symbol upon symbol, you proved your worth.



Letter from Sissy Frummel, to her Parents:

Let your daughter teach you, for you do not understand as I do. I have read your letters, childish scrawl, unlearned, concerned with the world I have abandoned. I ain't your "Sissy," I ain't your anything. I'm about something new. I'm about Ball, now, and His great work. He called me a "gift."

Watch me walking in the path of Jupiter, garland of flowers, guided by Him. When He found me, He saw the potential in me to become something more, to transform. And I have transformed and am still transforming. I'm prettier for Him than I was for you.

When I was with you "I understood as a child, but I have set aside childish things" – Ball has shown me better. Ball has shown me that truth is not a farmhouse or a high school dance or a lifetime working paycheck to paycheck. The truth is not my Sunday dress or the misunderstandings of the false prophets in your liar's churches. The truth, the real truth... that's a truth I can dig. Ball's truth. Your whole world was all show and no go. Ball's gonna teach me to tune it all out.

When you catch sight of me next, it will be as He sees me. Holy, wholly, light and free – of the air and the beyond. It's gonna take blood to show me and to show you. It always does.

Letter from Leland Ball, to Patricia Velwinkle:

That's a load of bull. Here's the heavy, friend – you can have anything you want if you're willing to give up what's necessary.

I can show you something more, if you want. I can show you a place where all the castles are kingless and all the moats are full of blood. I can teach you all about how they went and fucked the world with bombs and books. There was an old way of doing things. A right way. A path colored carmine, firelit, where a man made his own way and only hurt those that needed hurting.

Let me help you walk it. It ain't easy, but I can help you, if you'll let me. Won't you let me be a friend?

POSTAL

Patricia Velwinkle's Final Diary Entry

You know foxes eat their young? Ball taught me that. Ball taught me all kinds of stuff.

It's weird, ya know? I've been watching us on the news, folks always talking about us and what we do. I watched some chrome dome with a bad mustache asking you questions on the tube, and you said how you were just so afraid for me, and you were afraid I was gonna eat it once and for all.

But that's what you don't get – there's no such thing as once and for all. Permanency, transience, diamonds are forever – it's all bullshit. There's no start and no stop, and that's why it's okay. I saw you crying and I wanted to wipe off those tears and tell you that it was okay, no, better than okay.

It was good.

It was good when we broke into those people's homes and it was good when we gathered them and their families and cut them up and let them bleed. It was good of us to do that because that's how the cycle works. Ball taught me that, too, and at least we tried to teach those people before they bit it.

This body's hurting pretty bad. Ball says that the MEDIA will call this a suicide note, but that's so ignorant. That's so jacked and wrong. Because I'm not gonna die, man, I'm never gonna die. That's not what any of this is. There's blood everywhere but it's a good thing, because I'm not dying.

I'm being born. Maybe as something new. Maybe as a fox – wouldn't that be rad? My new mama would eat me and I'd start fresh right away. Far out. I love you, Mama. I love you, Dad. Almost as much as I loved Him.



NEW SERIES ARTIST!

ATILIO ROJO

(Transformers, Line of Defense)

STARTING ISSUE #5

MATT HAWKINS | ATILIO ROJO

IXTH
GENERATIONTM

ONGOING MONTHLY

www.topcow.com



we create...icons!

With GENERATION™ Top Cow Productions, Inc. 2015 All rights reserved.

DR. DAVID LOREN IS BACK.

MATT HAWKINS and RAHSAN EKEDAL reunite
for an all new volume of this fan-favorite series!

"A POTENT
METAPHOR FOR
OUR COUNTRY'S
ENTANGLEMENT
WITH THE
MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL
COMPLEX."
-NPR

SEPTEMBER 2015

"WORTH
YOUR
ATTENTION."
-IGN

www.topcow.com



we create...icons!

Top Cow Productions, Inc. 2015. All rights reserved.

From the creative team behind THINK TANK!

A heist story like no other...

"Very well-composed
...relevant."

-Comic Book Resources

"Had me hooked
from the first page
to the last."

-Comicosity

THE TITHE™

MATT HAWKINS | RAHSAN EKEDAL

ONGOING MONTHLY

www.topcow.com



we create...icons!

The TITHE™ Matt Hawkins, Rahsan Ekedal, & Top Cow Productions, Inc. 2015. All rights reserved.

From the *New York Times* bestselling and multiple Eisner Award-winning writer **Brian K. Vaughan** and **Steve Skroce**, legendary comic and storyboard artist.

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN ✦ **STEVE SKROCE**

WE STAND ON GUARD

An action-packed military thriller that pits badass Canadian freedom-fighters against the United States' hostile robot troops.

Available Now



We Stand on Guard™ copyright © 2015 Brian K. Vaughan and Steve Skroce. Image Comics® and its logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. All rights reserved.



IMAGECOMICS.COM

MEET THE CREATORS



MATT HAWKINS

A veteran of the initial Image Comics launch, Matt started his career in comic book publishing in 1993 and has been working with Image as a creator, writer and executive for over 20 years. President/COO of Top Cow since 1998, Matt has created and written over 30 new franchises for Top Cow and Image including Think Tank, Necromancer, VICE, Lady Pendragon, Aphrodite IX as well as handling the company's business affairs.

BRYAN HILL

Writes comics, writes movies and makes films. He lives and works in Los Angeles. @bryanedwardhill | Instagram/bryanehill



ISAAC GOODHART

A life-long comics fan, Isaac graduated from the School of Visual Arts in New York in 2010. In 2014, he was one of the winners for Top Cow's annual talent hunt. He currently lives in Los Angeles where he storyboards and draws comics.

BETSY GONIA

After graduating from the Savannah College of Art & Design in 2012, Betsy began working at Top Cow Productions. Now editing for the company, she also colors a few of their titles to actively partake in her favorite part of comic book creation.



TROY PETERI

Starting his career at Comicraft, Troy Peteri lettered titles such as *Iron Man*, *Wolverine*, and *Amazing Spider-Man*, among many others. He's been lettering roughly 97% of all Top Cow titles since 2005. In addition to Top Cow, he currently letters comics from multiple publishers and websites, such as Image Comics, Dynamite, and Archaia. He (along with co-writer Tom Martin and artist Dave Lanphear) is currently writing (and lettering) *Tales of Equinox*, a webcomic of his own creation for www.Thrillbent.com. (Once again, www.Thrillbent.com.) He's still bitter about no longer lettering *The Darkness* and wants it back on stands immediately.

OUR
DEMOCRACY
HAS BEEN
HACKED

IMAGECOMICS.COM
00511
7 098531018321 2
RATED T+ / TEEN PLUS COVER A \$3.99

MR. ROBOT 6/24 USA

WhosMrRobot.com

OUR
DEMOCRACY
HAS BEEN
HACKED

IMAGECOMICS.COM
00521
7 0985310183212
RATED T+ / TEEN PLUS COVER B \$3.99

MR. ROBOT 6/24 USA

WholsMrRobot.com