



THE BLACKOUT BOMBHELL

NO1

SUMERIAN

Louis SOUTHARD

Dean KOTZ

Patrick BUERMEYER

Buddy BEAUDOIN

CHAPTER ONE :

WHEN YOUR BRAIN CATCHES
UP WITH THE REST OF YOU

Sterling City, 1967.

WHERE THE
█ AM I?

PISTOL
AREHOUSE

DOMA



CAR. I'M
IN A CAR.

HEAD IS
POUNDED.
MOUTH TASTES
LIKE VOMIT.

AM
I GETTING
KIDNAPPED?

NO. MAYBE?

PROBABLY NOT.

STILL CAN MOVE,
SMART KIDNAPPERS
WOULD'VE BOUND
ME SOMEHOW.

DEAR LORD, I'VE
BEEN STOLEN BY
IDIOT KIDNAPPERS!

HEY, YOU'RE
FINALLY
AWAKE.

THAT'S
LUCKY. WE
SHOULD BE CLOSE
TO YOUR STREET
SOON.

STREET?
MY STREET?

IS THIS A
GODFORSAKEN
TAXICAB?

SAY, PAL,
I'M NOT IN
ANY TROUBLE,
AM I?

TROUBLE?
HOW DO YOU
MEAN?



FRIENDO,
MY MEMORY
IS AS SHOT AS
A RIFLE ON AN
AUTUMNAL
HUNT.

JUST
TELL ME
WHY ON GOD'S
GREEN EARTH
I'M SITTING IN
YOUR CAR.

AH, THE
BOSS SAID YOU
HAD ONE TOO
MANY.

SAID
YOU NEEDED
A RIDE HOME.



RICKY!
THAT BASTARD
BARTENDER!

IT'S MY
LIVER SO IT'S MY
BUSINESS!

I DON'T NEED
SOME ██████
SECOND MOTHER
LOOKING OVER
MY WAY!



HEY,
BUDDY, WOULD
YOU MIND THE
SWEARING?

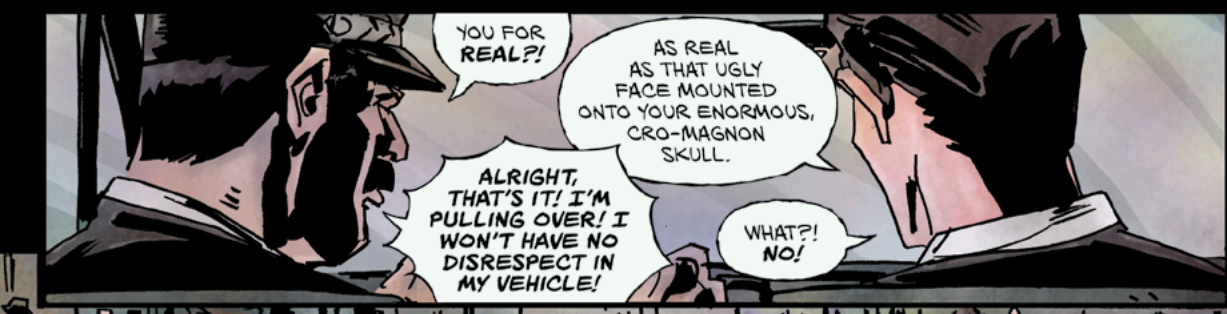
NOTHING
PERSONAL, I
JUST DON'T
TOLERATE THAT
STUFF.



SWEARING?

TOLERATION?

BETTER
REQUEST, WHY
DON'T YOU GROW
THE HELL
UP?



YOU FOR
REAL?!

AS REAL
AS THAT UGLY
FACE MOUNTED
ONTO YOUR ENORMOUS,
CRO-MAGNON
SKULL.

ALRIGHT,
THAT'S IT! I'M
PULLING OVER! I
WON'T HAVE NO
DISRESPECT IN
MY VEHICLE!

WHAT?!
NO!



**GET
OUT!**

FINE!
I DIDN'T WANT
TO BE IN YOUR
WRETCHED, RINKY-
DINK TAXICAB
ANYWAYS!



One Walk
Later.

I NEED TO
CUT BACK
ON DRINKING.
BLACKOUTS
ARE GETTING
OUTRAGEOUS.

TOMORROW, ON
THE SOUL OF
GRANDPAPPY
ATLAS, I QUIT
TOMORROW.

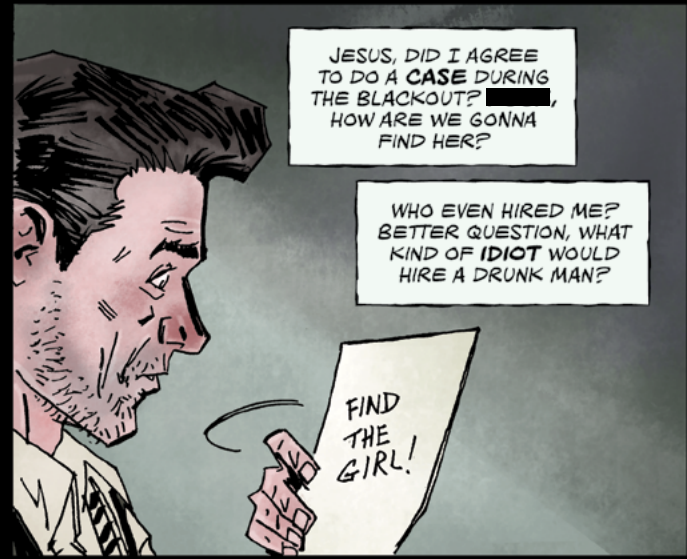
THAT'S WHAT
YOU SAID A
MONTH AGO.

SILENCE YOURSELF! I
CAN QUIT, I KNOW I CAN!
MY WILLPOWER WOULD
MAKE A NUN WEEP!

OH, HOW THE HELL
DID WE END UP
LIKE THIS?

WHATEVER HAPPENED
TO THAT BRIGHT-
EYED BOY FROM
SOUTHTOWN?

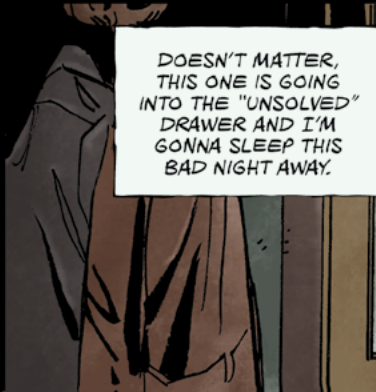
HE LET THE WORLD
CHEW HIM UP AND
SPIT HIM OUT ONE
TOO MANY TIMES.



JESUS, DID I AGREE TO DO A CASE DURING THE BLACKOUT? [REDACTED], HOW ARE WE GONNA FIND HER?

WHO EVEN HIRED ME? BETTER QUESTION, WHAT KIND OF IDIOT WOULD HIRE A DRUNK MAN?

FIND THE GIRL!



DOESN'T MATTER, THIS ONE IS GOING INTO THE "UNSOLVED" DRAWER AND I'M GONNA SLEEP THIS BAD NIGHT AWAY.



KNOCK KNOCK

WE'RE CLOSED!



HEY! I SAID WE'RE CLOSED!!

MR.
ATLAS?

MY NAME
IS **AUDREY
CALVET** AND I
DESPERATELY
NEED YOUR
HELP.

**JESUS
CHRIST.**

I'M THE
**GREATEST
DAMN DETECTIVE**
IN THE WHOLE
WIDE WORLD.