

# THE LEAD LEAGUE



RICK REMENDER MAT BROOME ERIC CANETE ANDY MACDONALD

1941...



I WAKE UP FIVE  
MINUTES BEFORE  
THEY COME.

I SIT IN THE DARK  
LISTENING TO  
HUMMING MACHINES  
FILLING ME WITH  
POISON.

I PREFER  
THE DARK.

IN THE DARK I  
SEE MY PARENTS.

I IMAGINE THEY  
WILL BE THE ONES  
TO WAKE ME.



BUT THEY  
NEVER ARE.

AND THEY NEVER  
WILL BE AGAIN.



I PLAY MY CARDS.

I LET THEM THINK  
I'M ONE OF THEM.

LET THEM THINK  
THAT THEY'VE  
GOTTEN THROUGH  
TO ME.

PROGRAMMED  
ME TO BE THEIR  
KILLER.



UNDERNEATH THIS  
LAYER OF DIRT I AM  
STILL HUMAN...

THOUGH I FEEL  
IT FADING.





THEY TRAIN US TO  
KILL USING THE  
BODIES OF JEWS.

THE REMAINS  
OF GYPSIES.

BODIES OF  
DISSIDENTS...



THE BODIES OF  
PEOPLE LIKE MY  
PARENTS.

WOJTEK,  
I AM  
AFRAID.

WHERE DO  
THEY TAKE  
US?

MORE  
TRAINING.



TAKE  
THIS.  
DON'T  
GET CAUGHT  
WITH IT.

WE ARE NOT  
ALLOWED  
OUTDOORS.



REMEMBER...  
THERE IS ALWAYS  
A SILVER LINING,  
ELSA.

SUN, MOON,  
AND SKY ARE  
DISTANT  
MEMORIES.



OUR DAYS ARE HELD  
TO A STRICT REGIMEN,  
UNBENDING AND  
PRECISE.

THIS DIVERGENCE FROM  
OUR STANDARD ROUTINE  
IS UNCOMMON.



MY CHILDREN...



HIS VOICE IS GRAVELLY... DEAD SOUNDING.

IT FILLS ME WITH DREAD.



YOUR COUNTRY IS UNDER SIEGE.

THE HOUNDS ARE AT OUR GATES.



STALIN AND HIS COMMUNIST PIGS APPROACH BERLIN FROM THE EAST.

TO THE WEST THE JEW OVERLORDS OF AMERICA THRUST THEIR DEAD-EYED ARYAN DRONES HEADLONG INTO A HOPELESS CONFLICT.



SOON YOU WILL JOIN THE RIGHTEOUS STRUGGLE OF OUR PEOPLE.

BUT FIRST YOU MUST IMMERSE YOURSELF IN ITS EXCREMENT.

YOU MUST TASTE ITS TRUE FLAVOR.



WOJTEK! ARE YOU PREPARED TO SERVE YOUR FUHRER?

SIEG HEIL!

THE ACT IS EASY.

SOUNDS AND GESTURES THAT MEAN NOTHING.



WE WILL SEE.



TO MY RIGHT, HUMAN REMAINS, MARKERS IN FLESH...

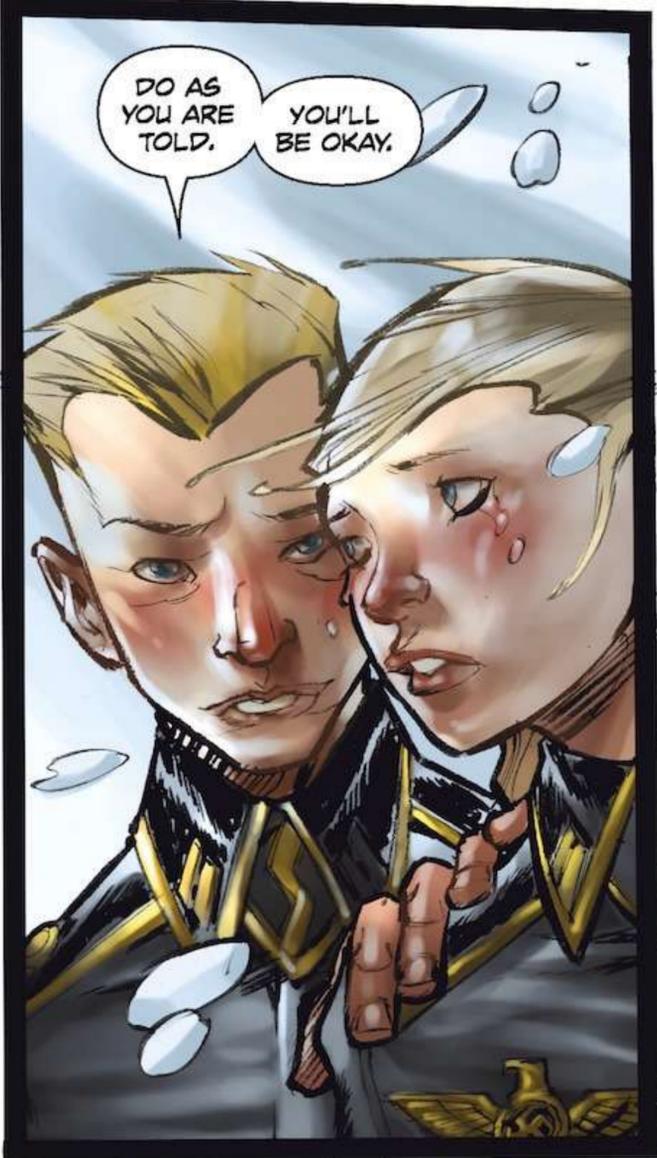
THE PRICE PAID TO ENSURE A *PURE* AND *ADVANCED* CIVILIZATION FOR OUR RACE.

I HAVE SEEN DEATH.

SEEN THE *GROTESQUE* RESULTS OF THEIR WAR.

BUT THIS SMELL...

I WILL TAKE IT TO MY GRAVE.



DO AS YOU ARE TOLD.

YOU'LL BE OKAY.



USE YOUR GIFTS.

DISPOSE OF THESE *DISEASED* RODENTS.



*NO ONE* LEAVES WITH *CLEAN* HANDS.