

TOKYO GHOST

#1 "THIS ONE LAST JOB"

RICK REMENDER & SEAN MURPHY

WRITER • CREATORS • ARTIST

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH

COLORIST

RUS WOOTON • SEBASTIAN GIRNER

LETTERER EDITOR

VARIANT COVER BY SEAN MURPHY & DAVE MCCAIG

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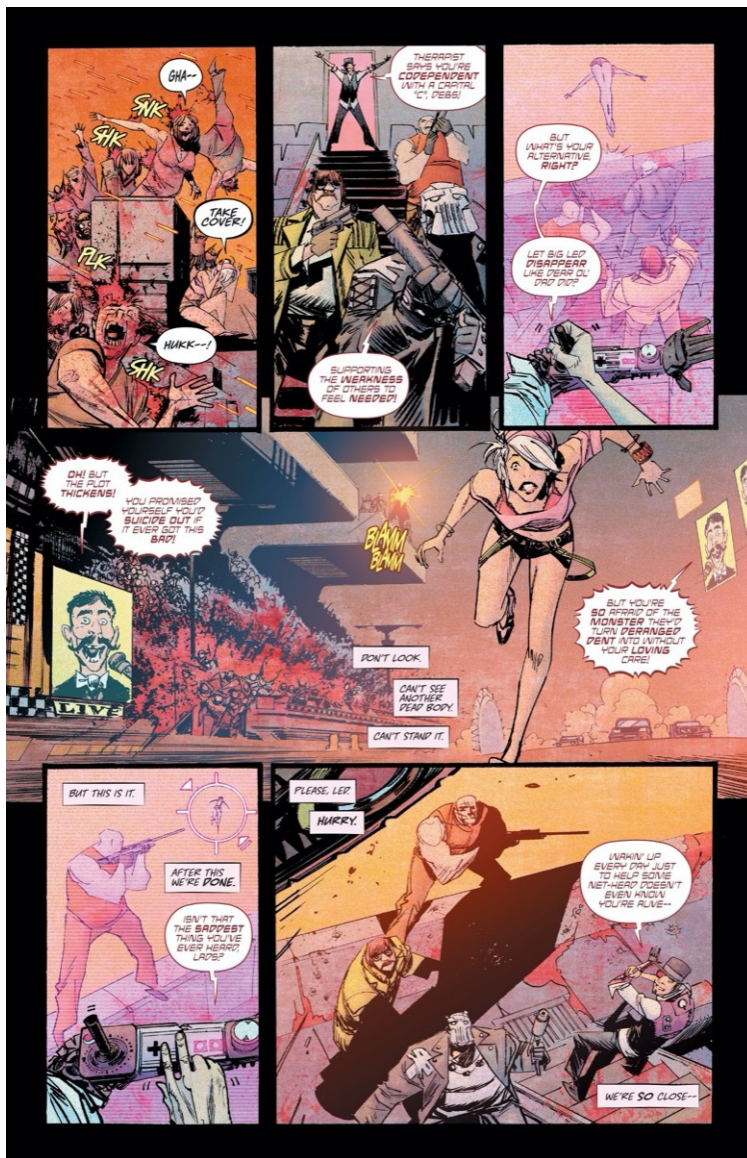
TOKYO GHOST

REMENDER • MURPHY • HOLLINGSWORTH

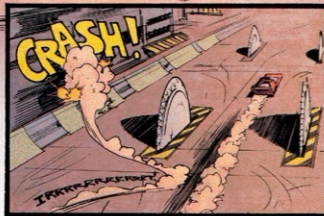
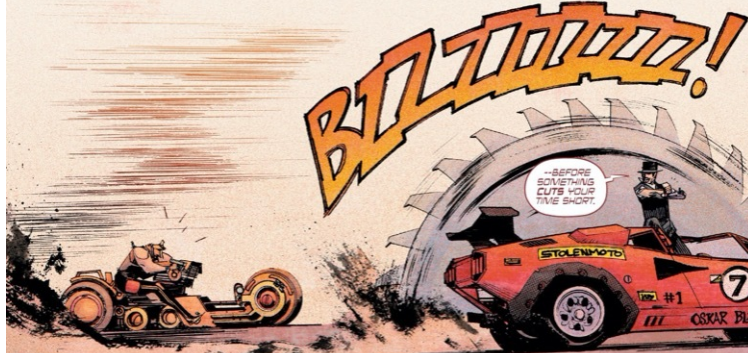






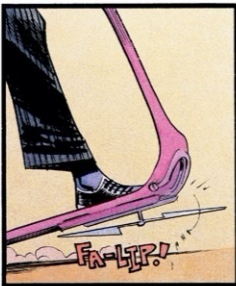
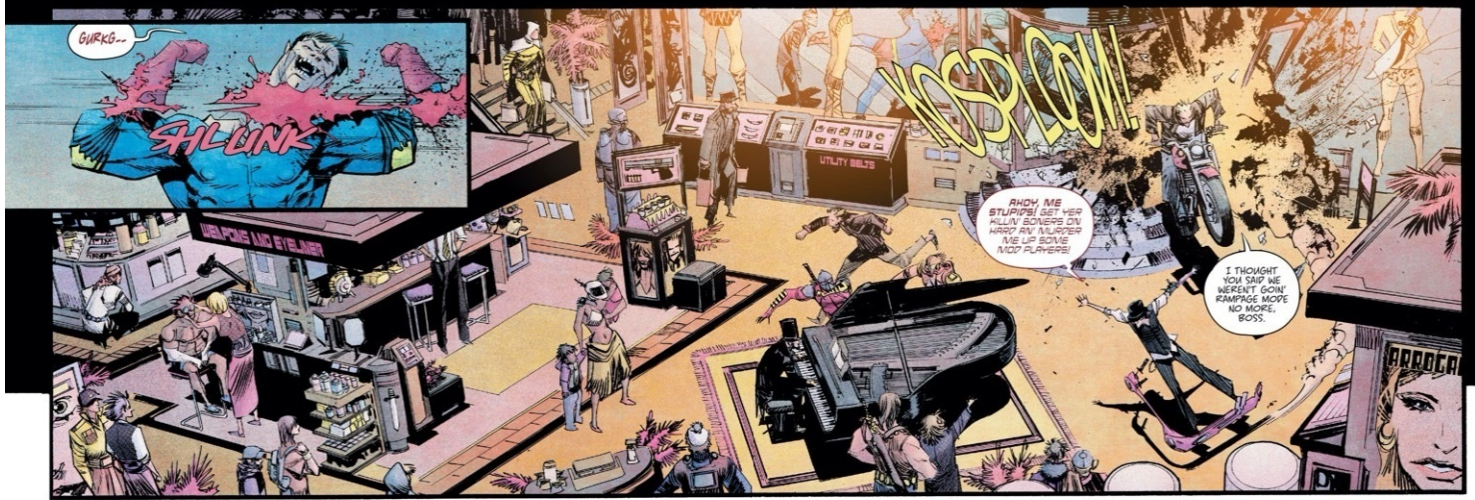
















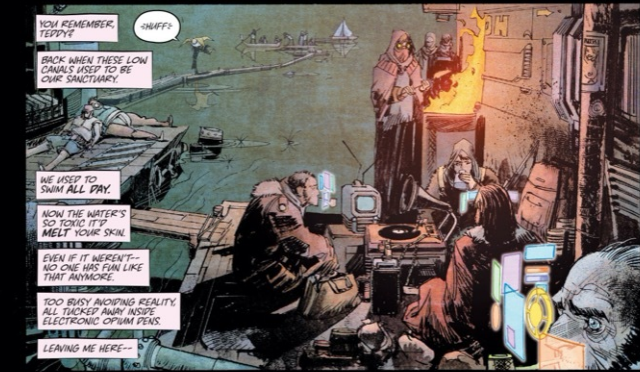


The Isles of Los Angeles, 2088.

A SONG ABOUT A HAPPY ELEPHANT
EDGES THROUGH A FRESH SMEAR
OF GREY MIST ON THE CANALS.

MEAT HERDERS PLAYING
SOFT MUSIC TO LURE
CURIOUS CHILDREN.

I LOVED THIS
SONG AS A KID.



YOU REMEMBER,
TEPPYE?

-SHUFF-

BACK WHEN THESE LOW
CANALS USED TO BE
OUR SANCTUARY.

WE USED TO
SWIM ALL DAY.

NOW THE WATER'S
SO TOXIC IT'
MELTS YOUR SKIN.

EVEN IF IT WERENT--
NO ONE HAS FUN LIKE
THAT ANYMORE.

TOO BUSY ANCHORING REALITY,
ALL TUCKER AWAY INSIDE
ELECTRONIC OPIUM PENS.

LEAVING ME HERE--



--THE ONLY TECH-FREE OBSERVER
TO THIS ILLUSTRIOUS GROUP APATHY.

OUTTA
MY WAY,
NUTBAG!



BUT I HAVE ONE
THING LEFT.

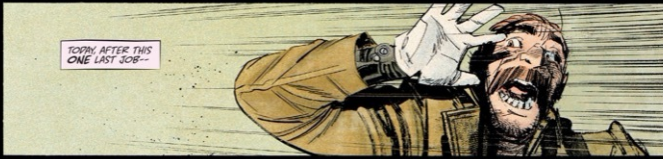
-SHUFF-

ONE BIG
PUMPS
DREAM.



THE THING THAT'S
KEPT ME ALIVE.

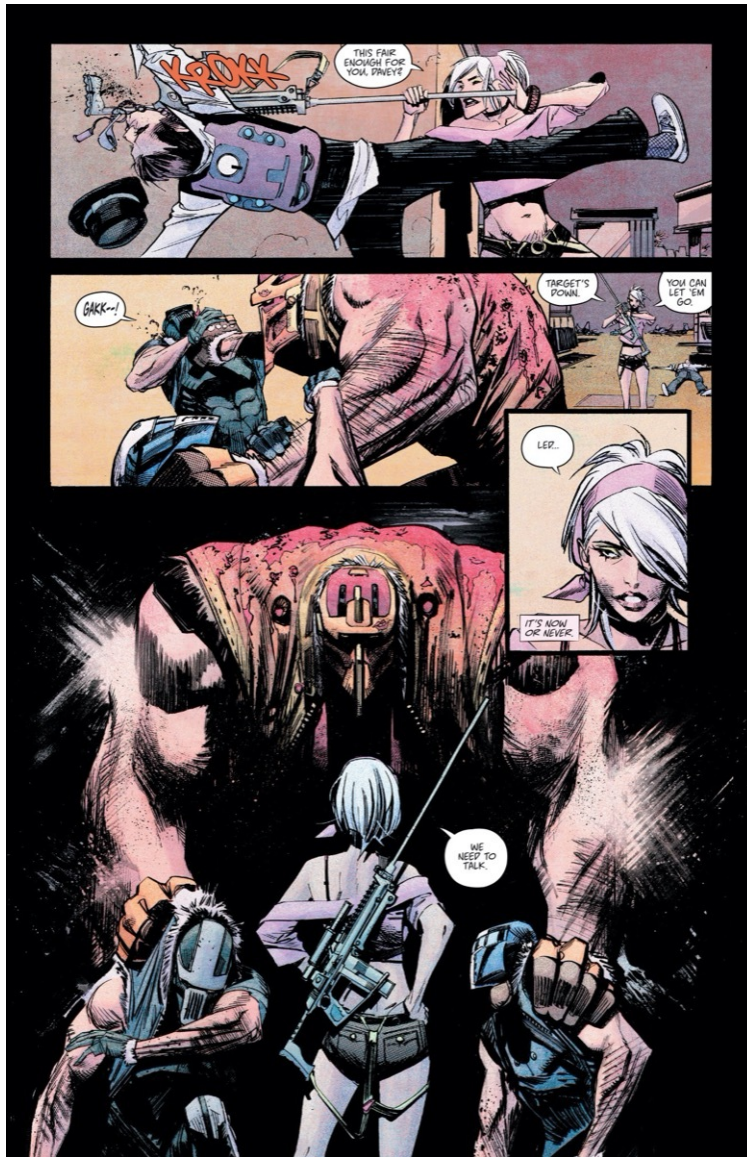
AND TODAY IT
COMES TRUE.



TODAY, AFTER THIS
ONE LAST JOB--

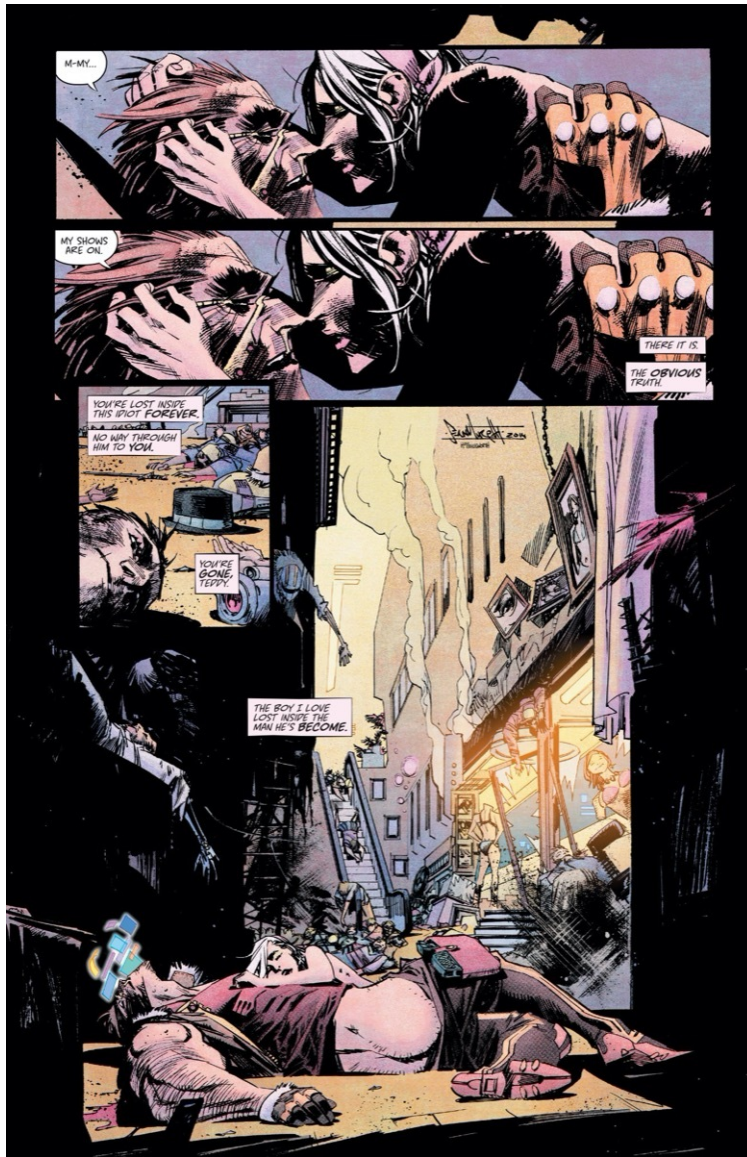












WELCOME...

TOKYO GHOST #2 PREVIEW

...to the first issue of the strange love story that is TOKYO GHOST.

Led Dent and Debbie Decay are constables for the Flak entertainment conglomerate that rules the putrid squalor of the Isles of Los Angeles, 2089. All of society centers on distraction, everyone trying desperately to flee from the harsh reality of the noxious sewer world has become. Led and Debbie are the law; whatever Flak Corp happens to say the law is that day.

Underneath our obvious love letter to *Road Warrior*, *Judge Dredd*, and *13 Assassins* (which will be more visible in coming issues) is an examination of our growing addiction to technology and triviality. The idea to look at our collective home opium den, the Internet, came during one of the many brainstorming sessions Sean and I've had over the past couple of years while developing this book and it's a fertile soil for commentary and examination. A look at the effect tech has had on modern society and where we are going as a civilization addicted to distraction and entertainment. Think of the social norms smart phones have changed in just six years, when was the last time you had lunch with someone, and they didn't look at their phone in the middle of a conversation? Our impulse control is gone; our attention spans are shorter, and it's only getting worse. Now multiply exponentially as the decades pass and you have the world of TOKYO GHOST.

Equally of interest to me was the idea that just as all other addicts in our modern world depend on a codependent loved one to get by; that will surely emerge with hard-core tech heads as well. As Led slowly disappears into the net, Debbie is there, keeping him together, until she's the only thing holding him up. Her history of neglect and abandonment leads her to stay with her man, even as he begins to fade away in a virtual haze. Debbie is Led's Jiminy Cricket, on his shoulder trying to steer him right, and to serve the people as well they can even if it puts them at odds with their marching orders.

Debbie is the only person left in the Isles of New Los Angeles, who is tech-free. So she's a perfect counterpoint to Led, who is a walking distraction. At any given time, he's engrossed in a dozen different reality shows, and porn clips, a dozen more social network feeds, blood sports, death races, and on and on. He is the natural, exponential end that we are all facing with our phones, the Internet, and the fifteen different blogs we all run. He dials into it all to the point of being unaware of what he's doing, which makes him the perfect Constable for Mister Flak and his decrepit little corporation.

Grim as it all sounds, the story is guaranteed to surprise you as we follow these two damaged and confused love birds to the last tech-free nation on earth: the paradisiac Garden of Tokyo. This is where they attempt to save what is left of their love. This is where the last true stand of humanity is being waged in the war against our collective abandonment of reality. Will this pure green place cure our heroes, or will they taint it with their illness? I could tell you, but you'd miss out on some top-notch art by Sean and Matt, unquestionably one of the best teams in the history of comics. The series will continue to shift in tone and focus every issue, the idea being to deliver to you an imaginative and wholly unpredictable story. We don't want you able to predict a single turn.

In the meantime, we need a name for our letter page. Please send in your ideas, along with any other thoughts you may have about the first issue, to WriteReminder@gmail.com. We'll make sure to print all the mail we get.

See you in 30,
Rick



