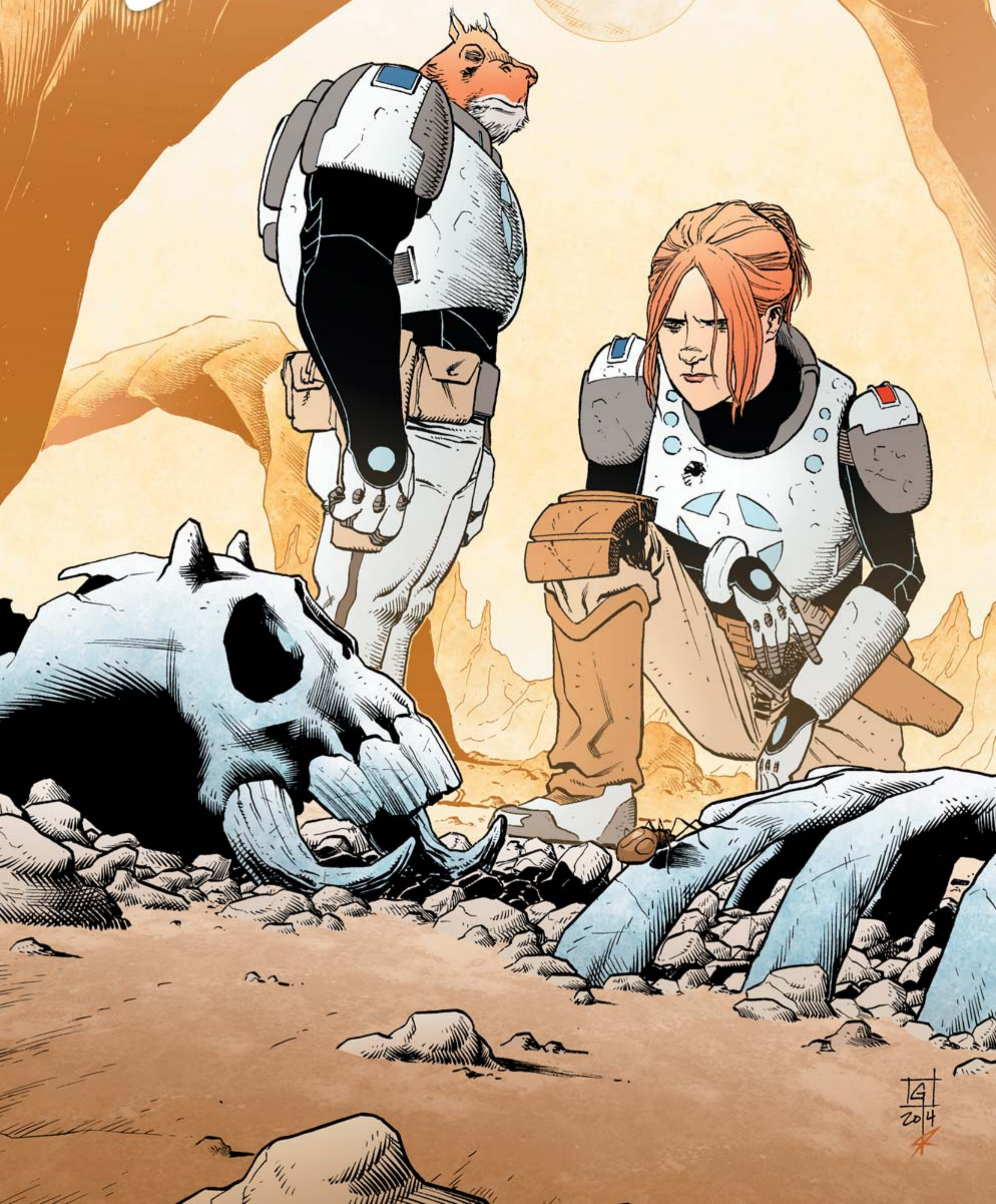


FAERBER • GODLEWSKI • RILEY • MAUER

# iCOPPERHEAD™

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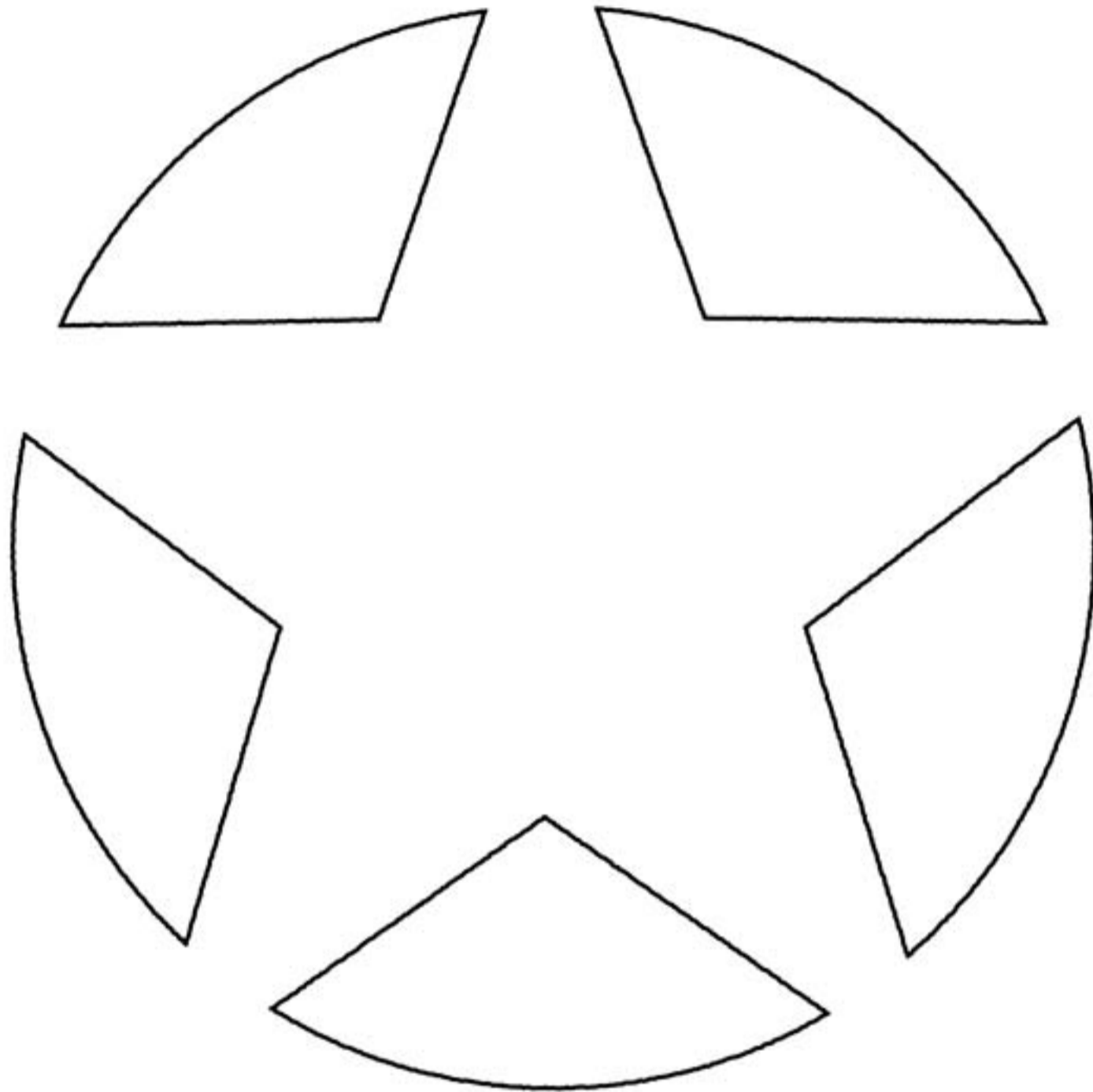


14  
2014

CREATED BY Jay Faerber & Scott Godlweski

# COPPERHEAD™

writer JAY FAERBER SCOTT GODLEWSKI artist  
colorist RON RILEY THOMAS MAUER letterer



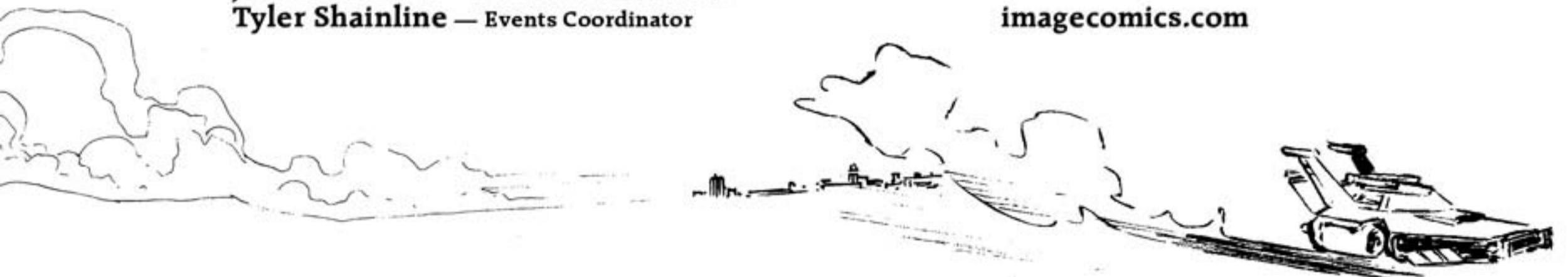
**Image Comics, Inc.**

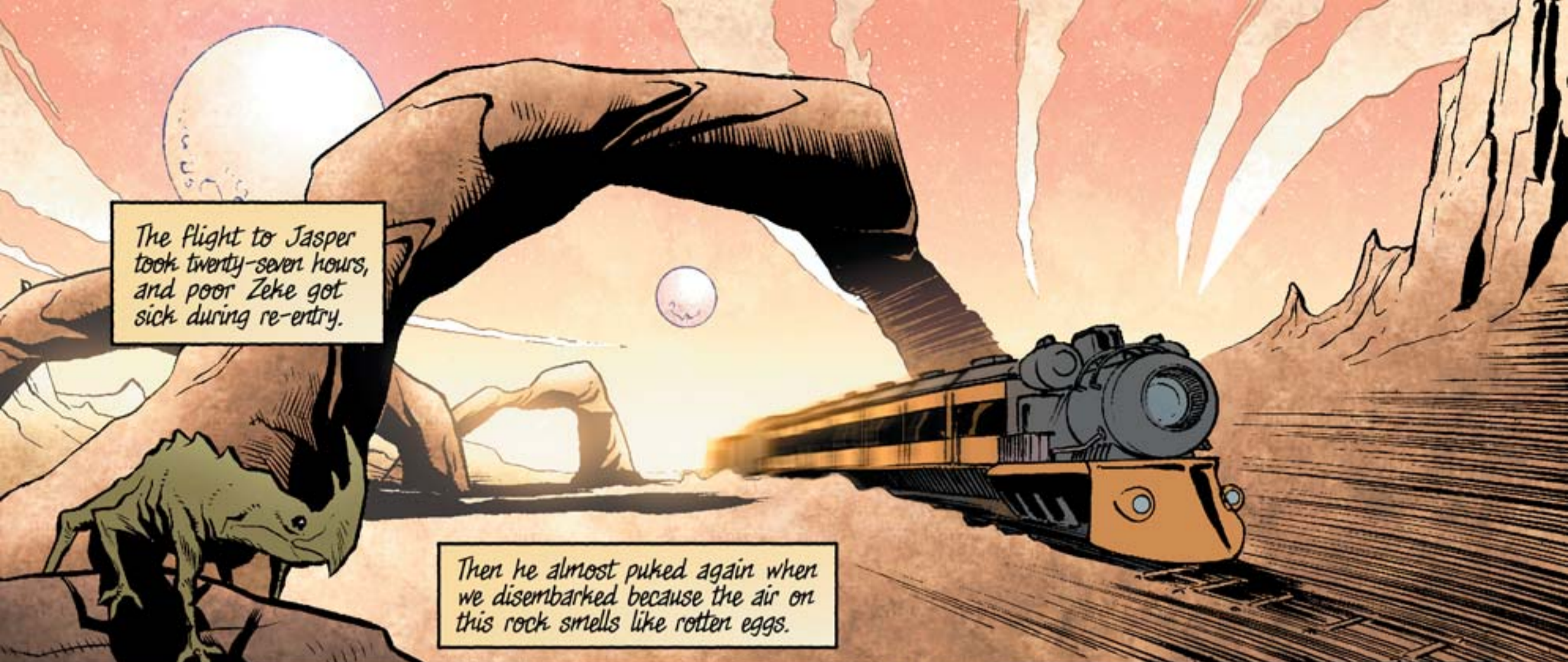
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**Todd McFarlane** — President  
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**Eric Stephenson** — Publisher  
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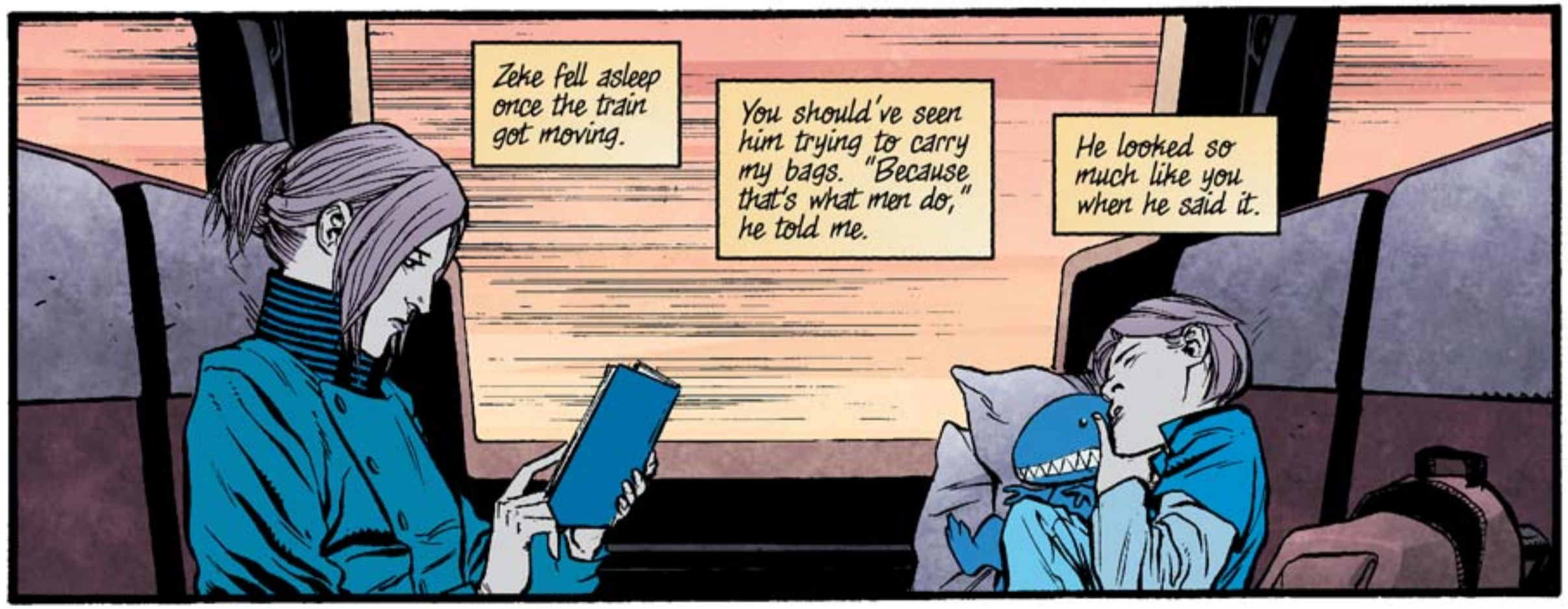
The flight to Jasper took twenty-seven hours, and poor Zeke got sick during re-entry.

Then he almost puked again when we disembarked because the air on this rock smells like rotten eggs.



The train to Copperhead isn't too bad.

Nothing like we had back home, but at least it's mag-lev, so the ride's smooth.



Zeke fell asleep once the train got moving.

You should've seen him trying to carry my bags. "Because that's what men do," he told me.

He looked so much like you when he said it.



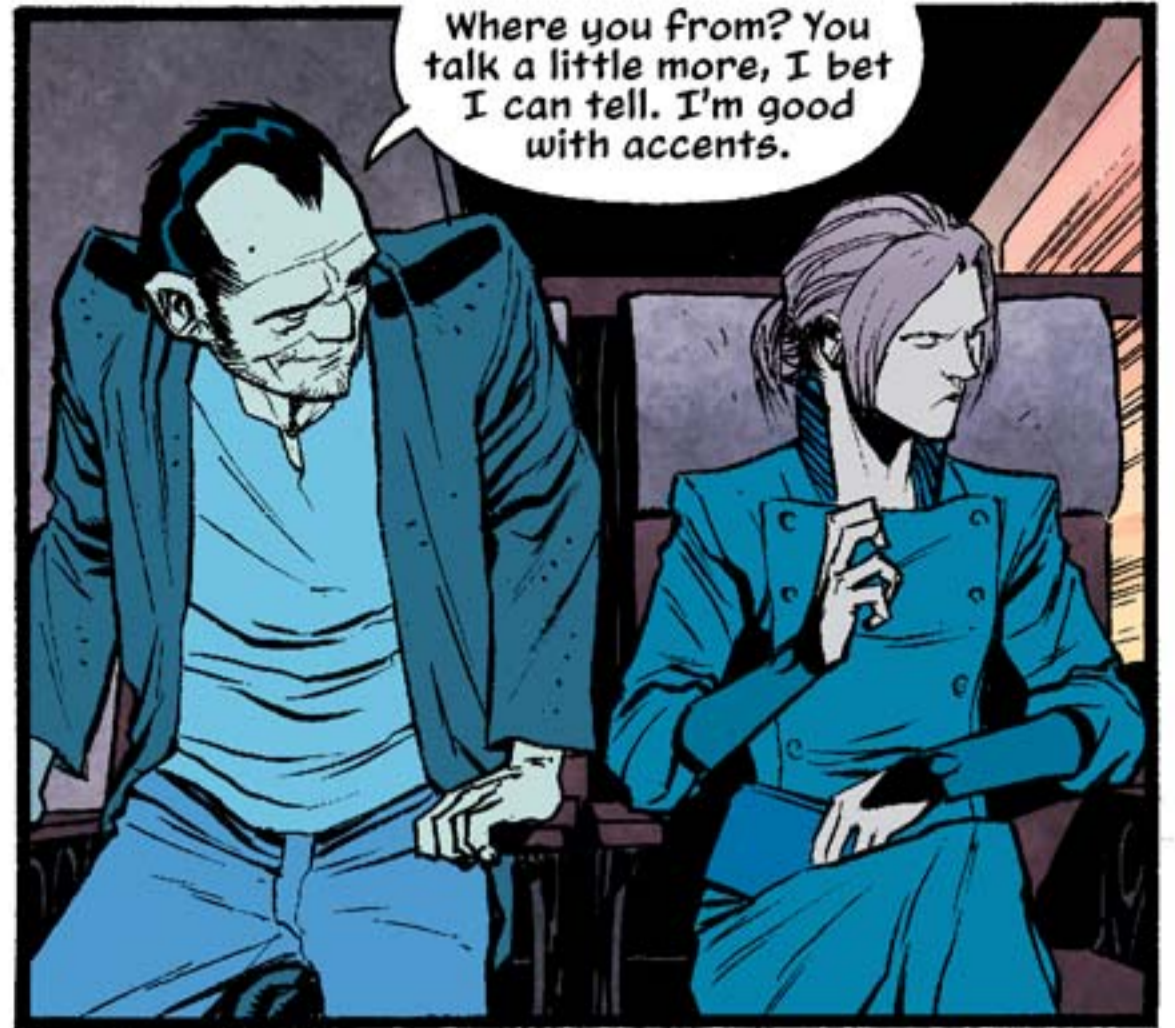
This seat taken?

Hold on. I was wondering how long it would take for this to happen.



Move along.

Come on now, missy. That ain't very friendly.



Where you from? You talk a little more, I bet I can tell. I'm good with accents.



What's a matter? Don't wanna play?



So it's just you and the boy, then?

I like kids.



I think the lady wants to be left alone.



Time for you to move along, friend.

Piss off.



sigh

Sir, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but this really isn't necessary.



It's no trouble at all, ma'am.

Hey--



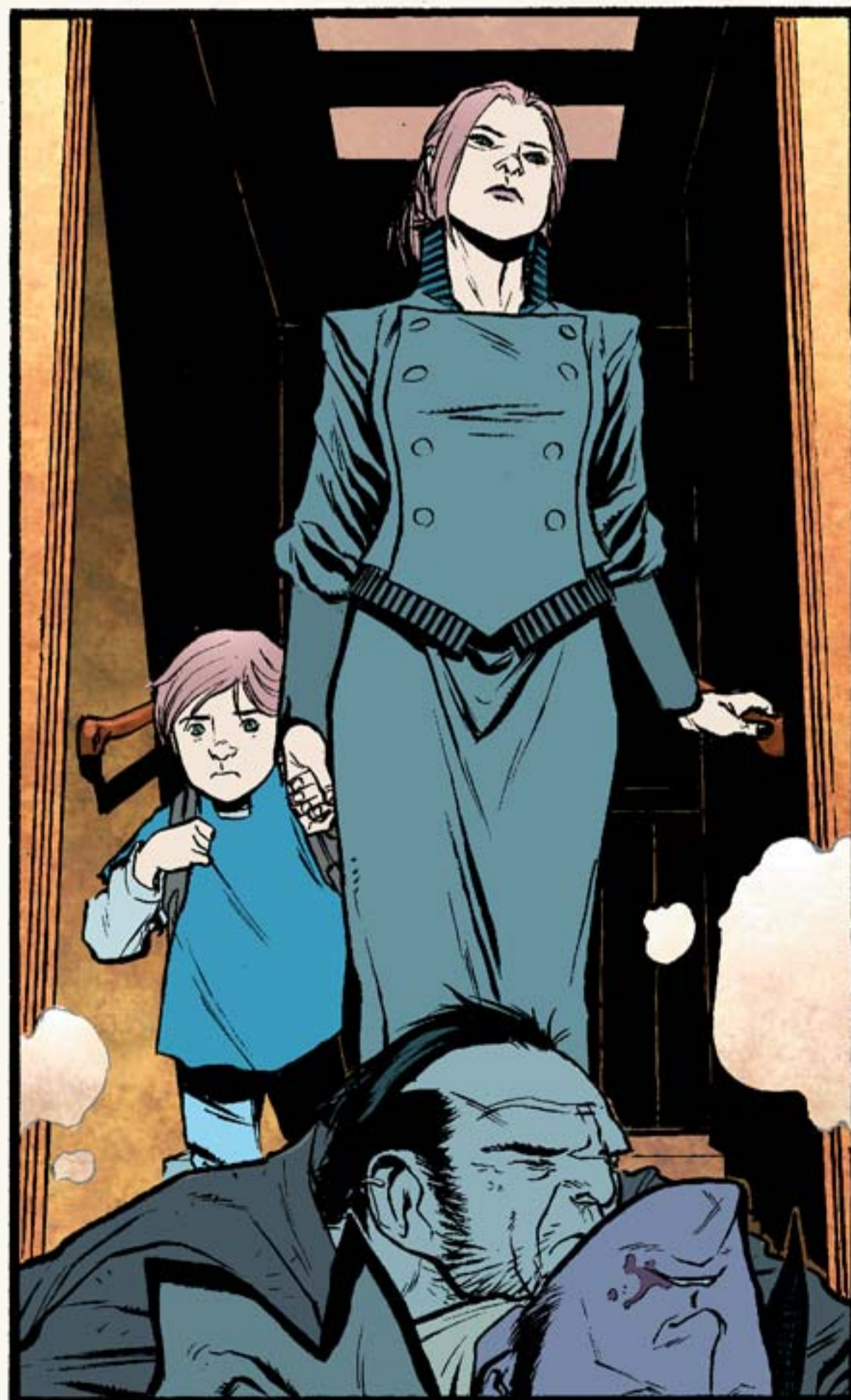
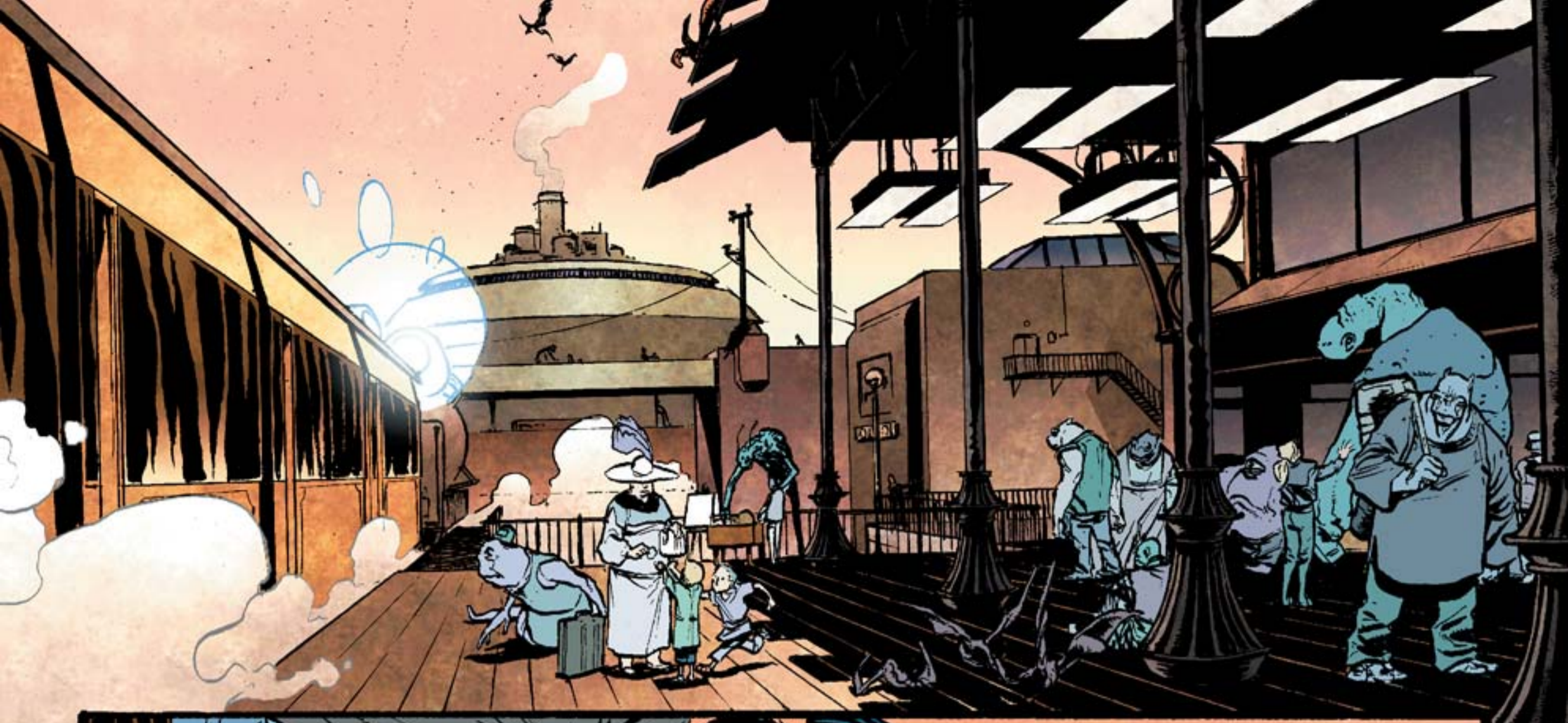
Gentlemen... my boy and I have been traveling quite a distance. As you can see, he's very tired.

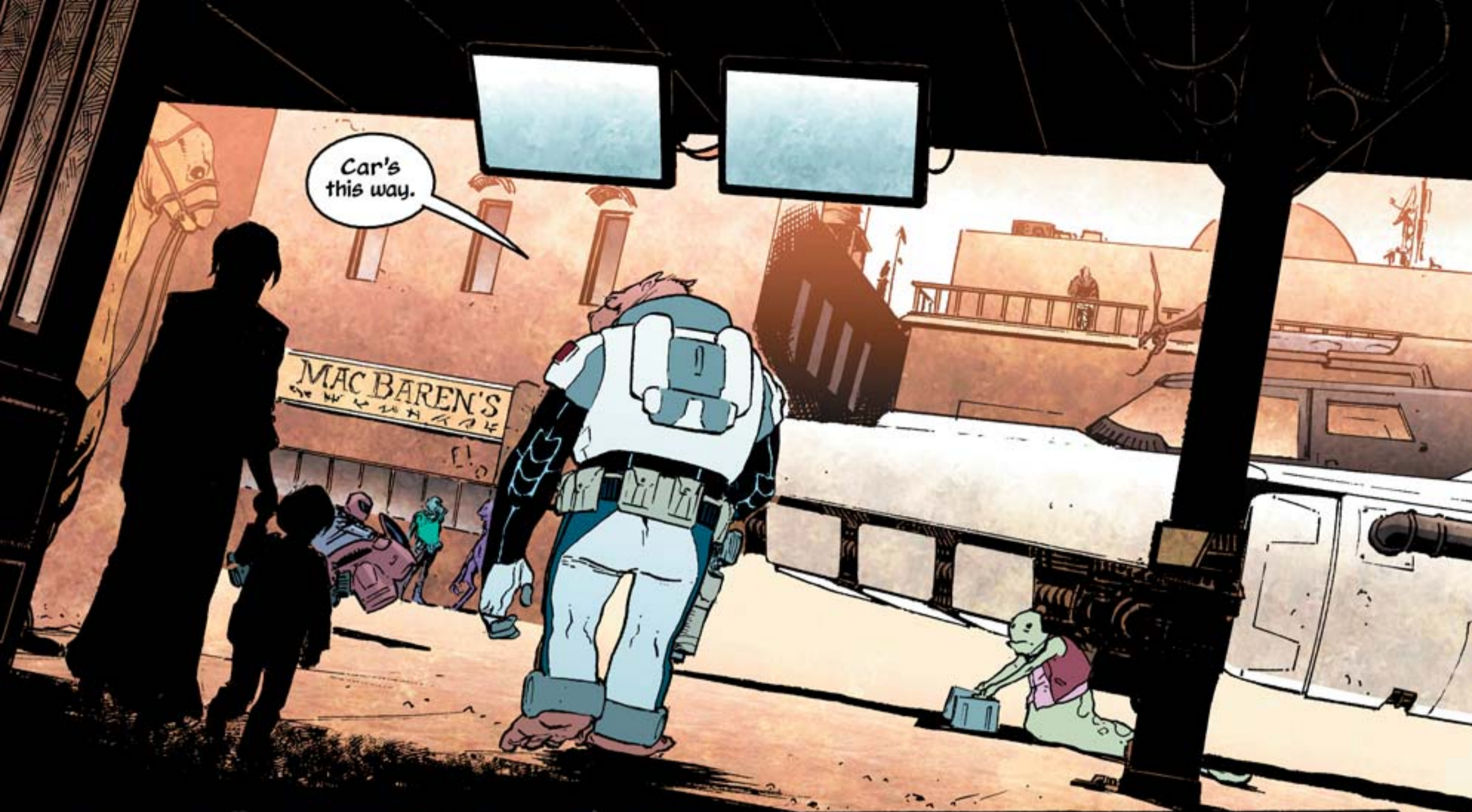
I'd really prefer you not wake him.



We'll do this nice and quiet-like. isn't that right, friend?







Car's this way.

MAC BAREN'S



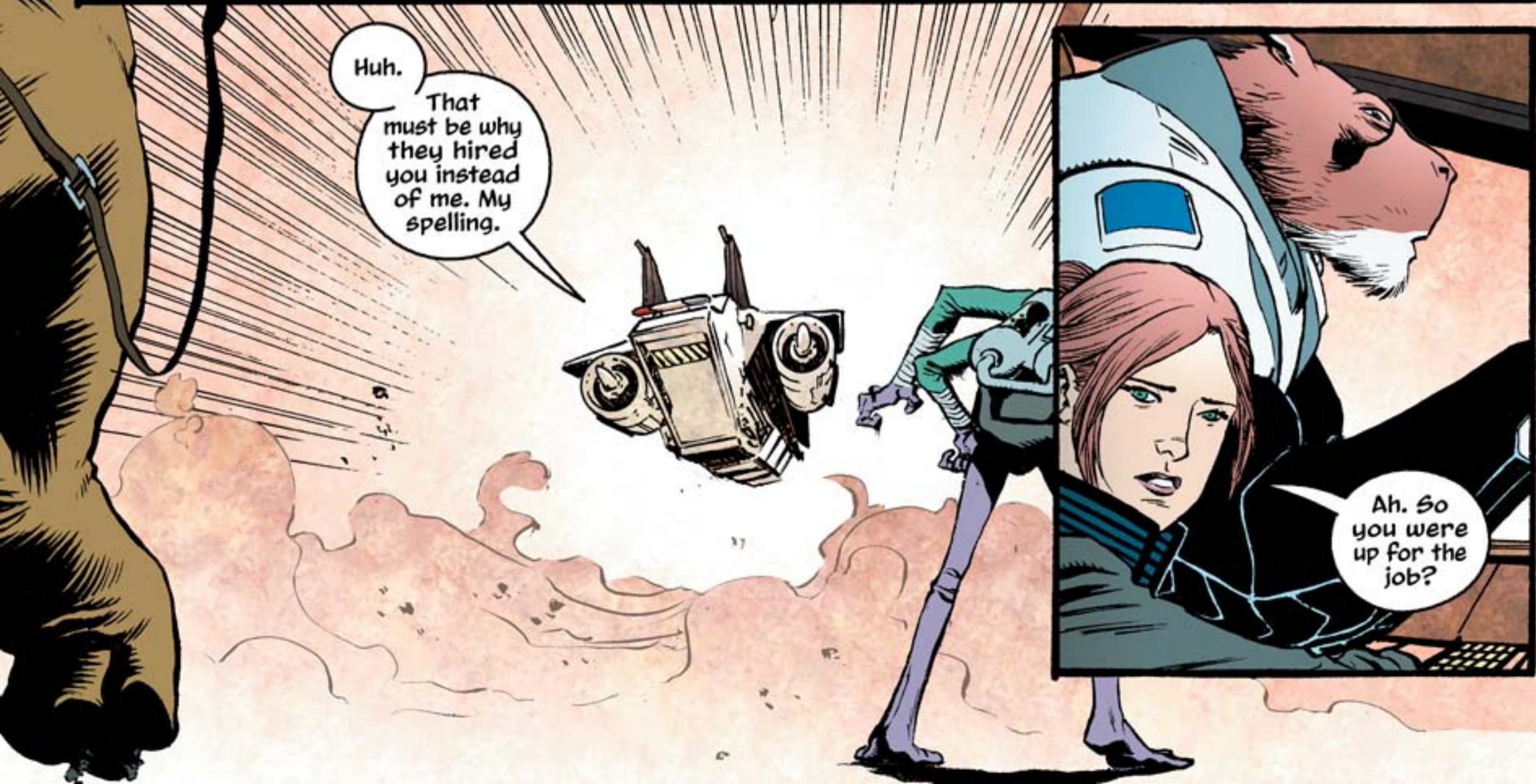
No, it's okay. I got this.



There's two Fs, you know.

Beg pardon?

In "Sheriff." Your little sign. You spelled "Sheriff" wrong.



Huh.

That must be why they hired you instead of me. My spelling.

Ah. So you were up for the job?



Of course I was up for the job. I've been a deputy here ever since the war ended.

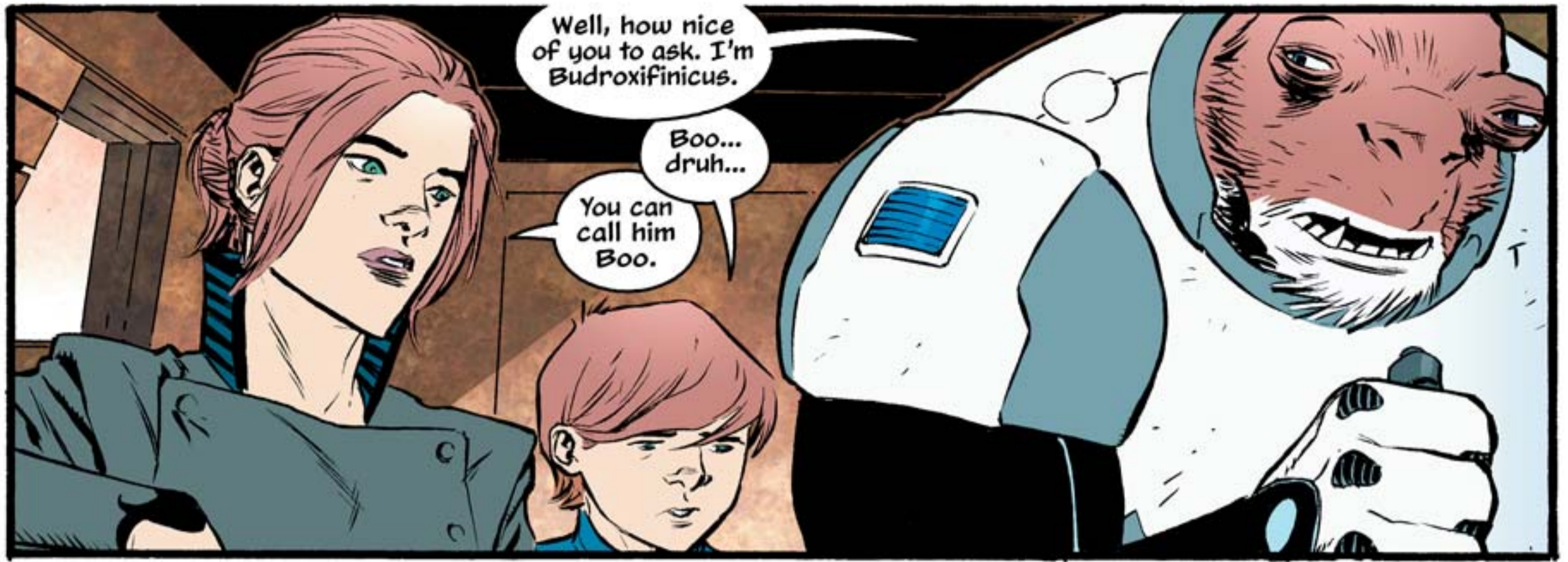
You people talk about how we're supposed to be fully assimilated, but I can't help noticing my people are *never* in charge.

Second-in-command, that's fine. But a true position of authority? Guess we're not quite ready for that.

Well, you have such a sunny disposition I can't imagine why the mayor didn't hire you.

Feh. The mayor. Like *he's* calling the shots around here.

What's your name?



Well, how nice of you to ask. I'm Budroxifinicus.

Boo... druh...

You can call him Boo.



I'd really rather you didn't.

You can call me Clara. And that's Zeke.

Hi, Boo!



Sigh

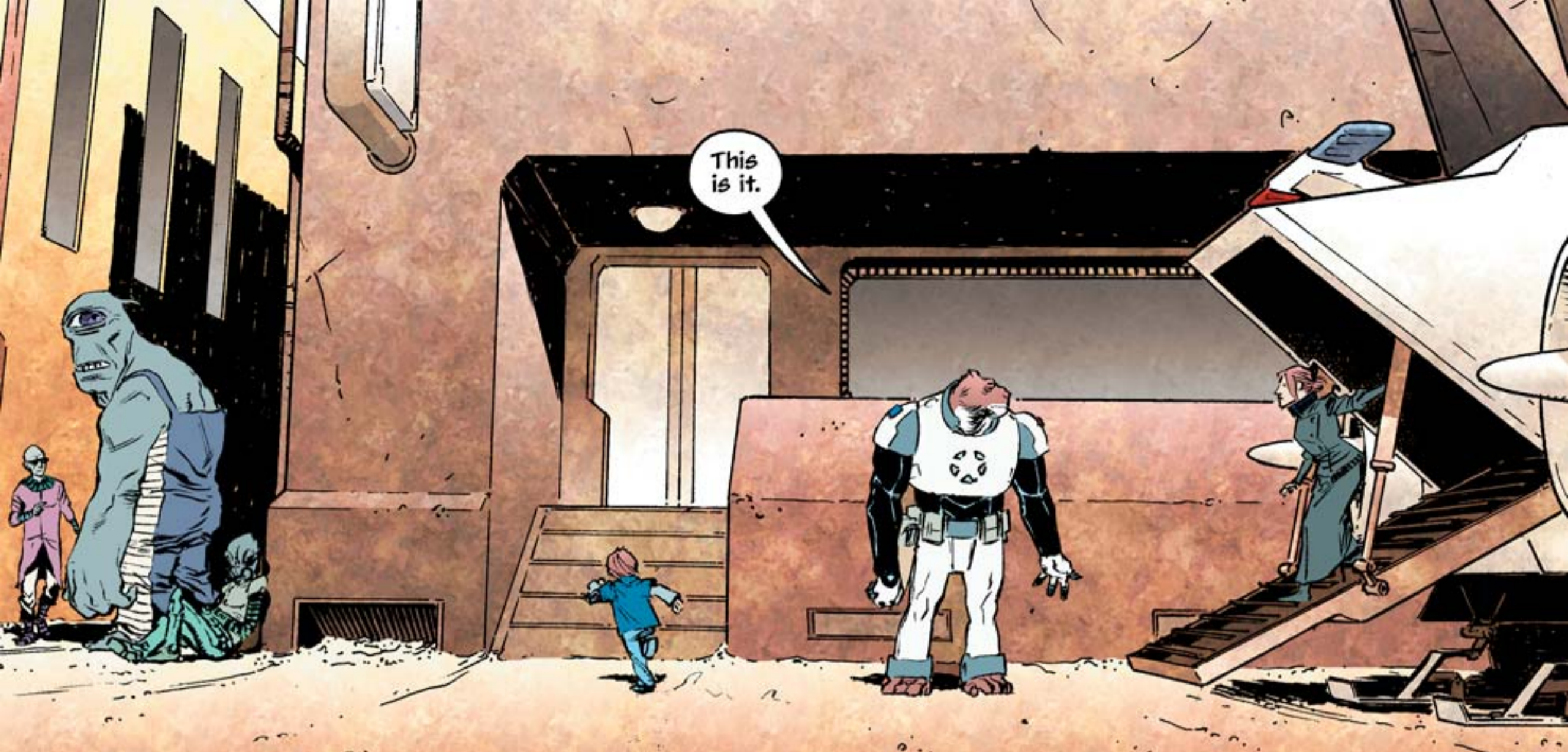


So why a crappy little mining town like Copperhead?

Couldn't you find someplace better?



We needed a fresh start.



This is it.



Well, this is... charming.

It's the police station, not the tourism welcome center.

Copperhead has a tourism welcome center?



Cool!  
Mom, is this yours?

Look, it's got bullet holes and everything!



I see...



It belonged to your predecessor.

Department doesn't have funds for a new uniform or gear.



We'll see about--



Deputy Budroxifinicus! The Sewells are going at it again!



I'm coming, just let me get my--

Ahem.



Oh. Right. Tell her.

I'm Sheriff Bronson.

With two Fs.



Um, okay, well, the Sewells are fightin' again. It's gettin' ugly. Last time, Missus Sewell wound up in the hospital!

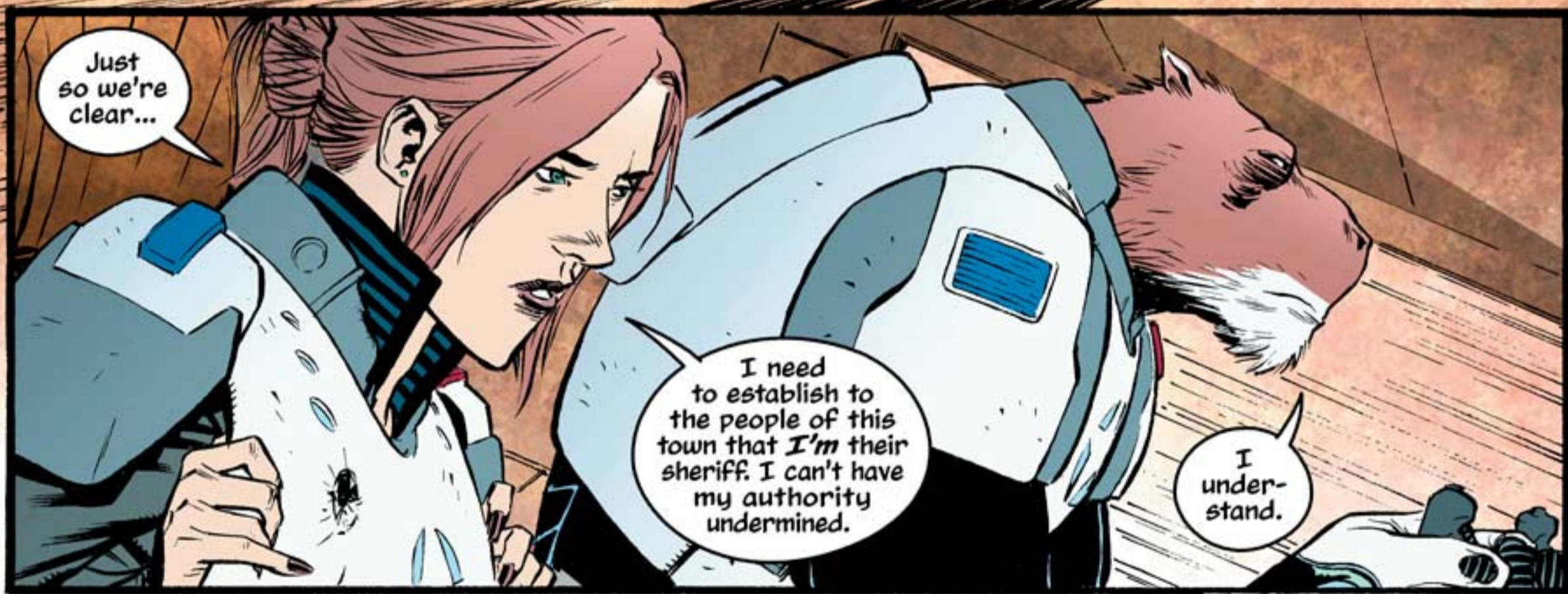
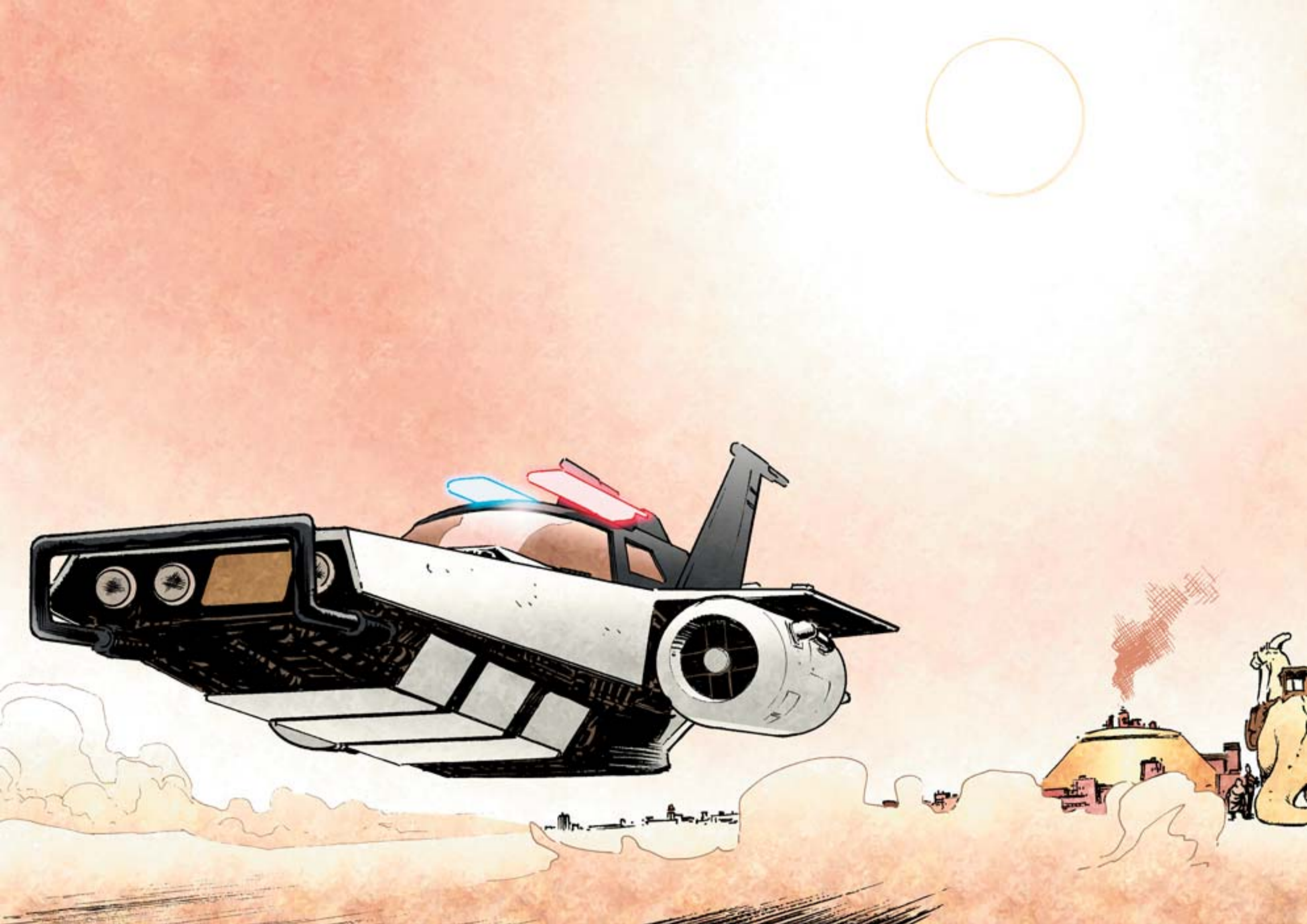


I gotta go to work.

I know the drill.

Stay here, don't go anywhere, don't talk to anyone.

I said I know!



Just so we're clear...

I need to establish to the people of this town that *I'm* their sheriff. I can't have my authority undermined.

I understand.



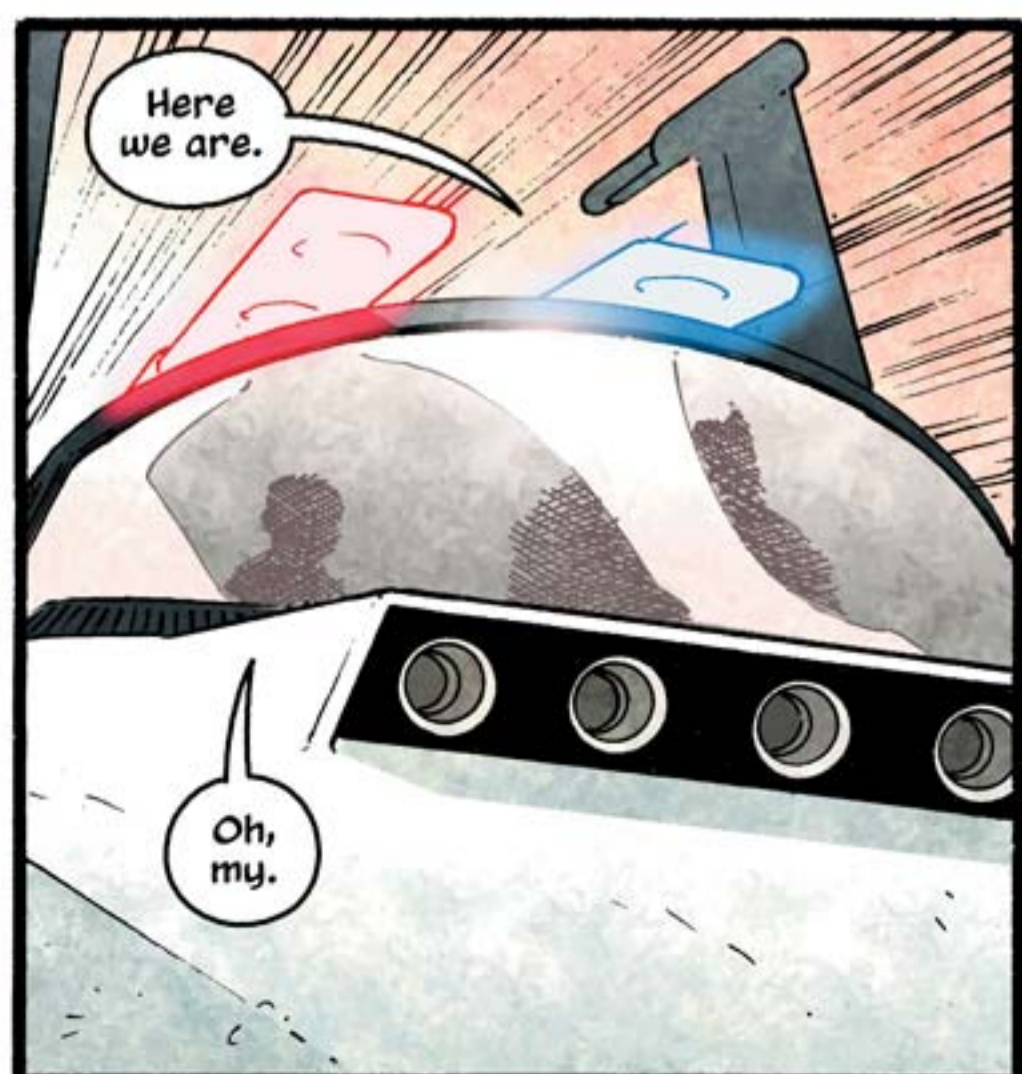
I can overlook what happened back at the office. You're not used to working with me yet--you've been doing this job by yourself for the past few weeks. I get it.

But from here on out, you need to defer to me.



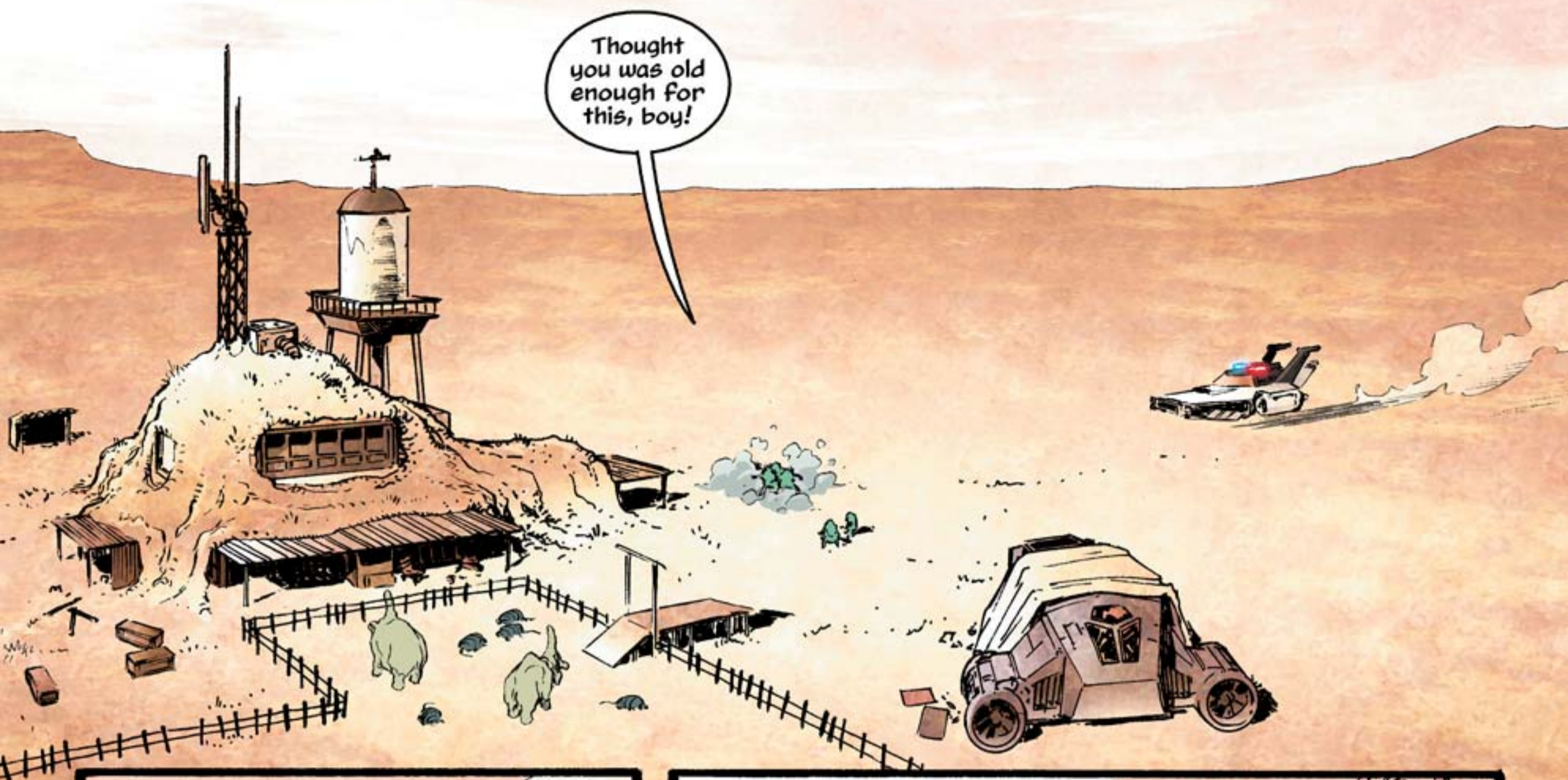
Of course, Sheriff.

Won't happen again.



Here we are.

Oh, my.



Thought you was old enough for this, boy!



Aw, crap.

Ma's gonna be pissed.



Sweet Jesus.

Classic domestic squabble.



Hey! You two! Knock it off!