

Paper Girls 1



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CLIFF CHIANG artist

MATT WILSON colors

JARED K. FLETCHER letters + design



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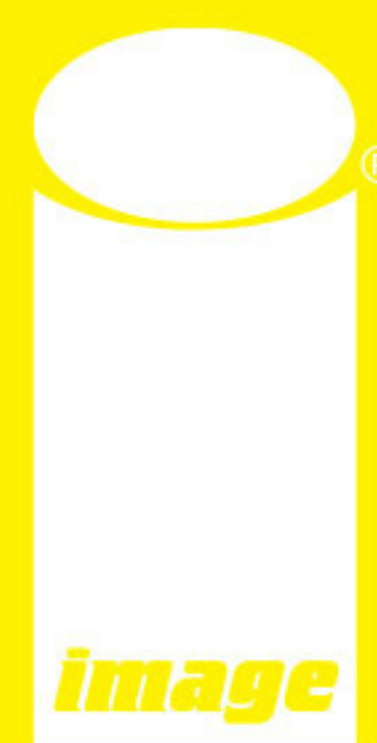
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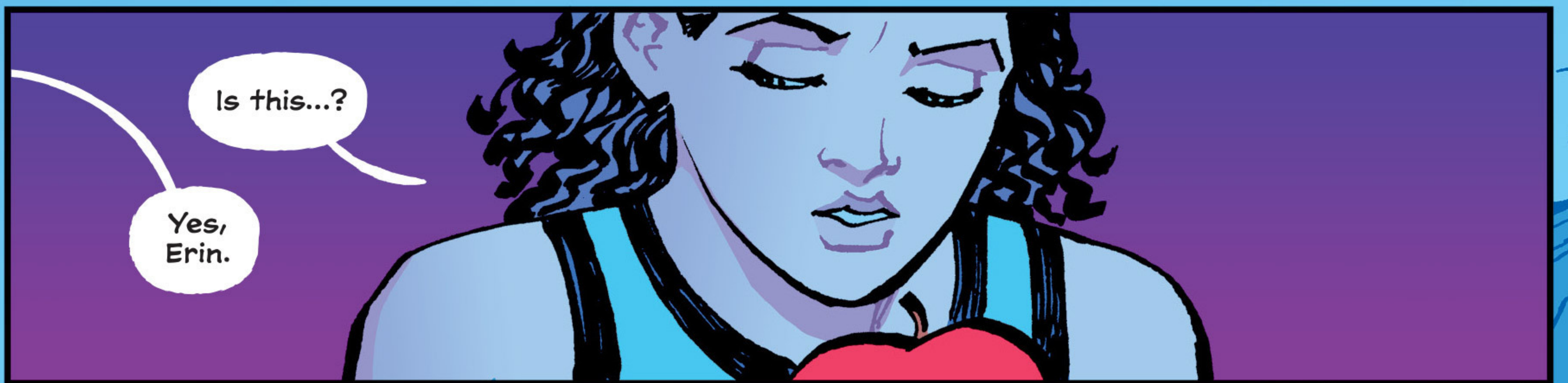
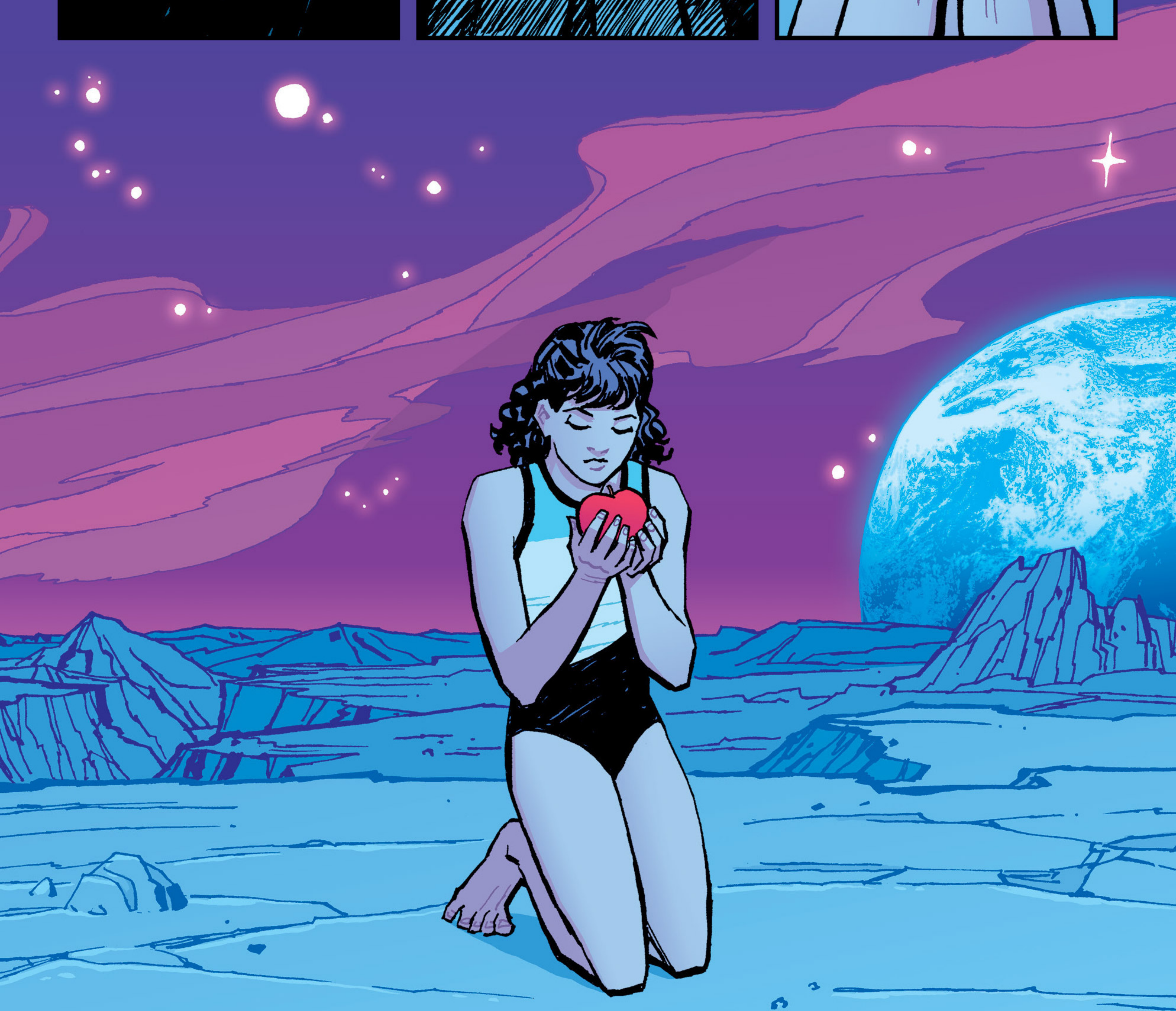
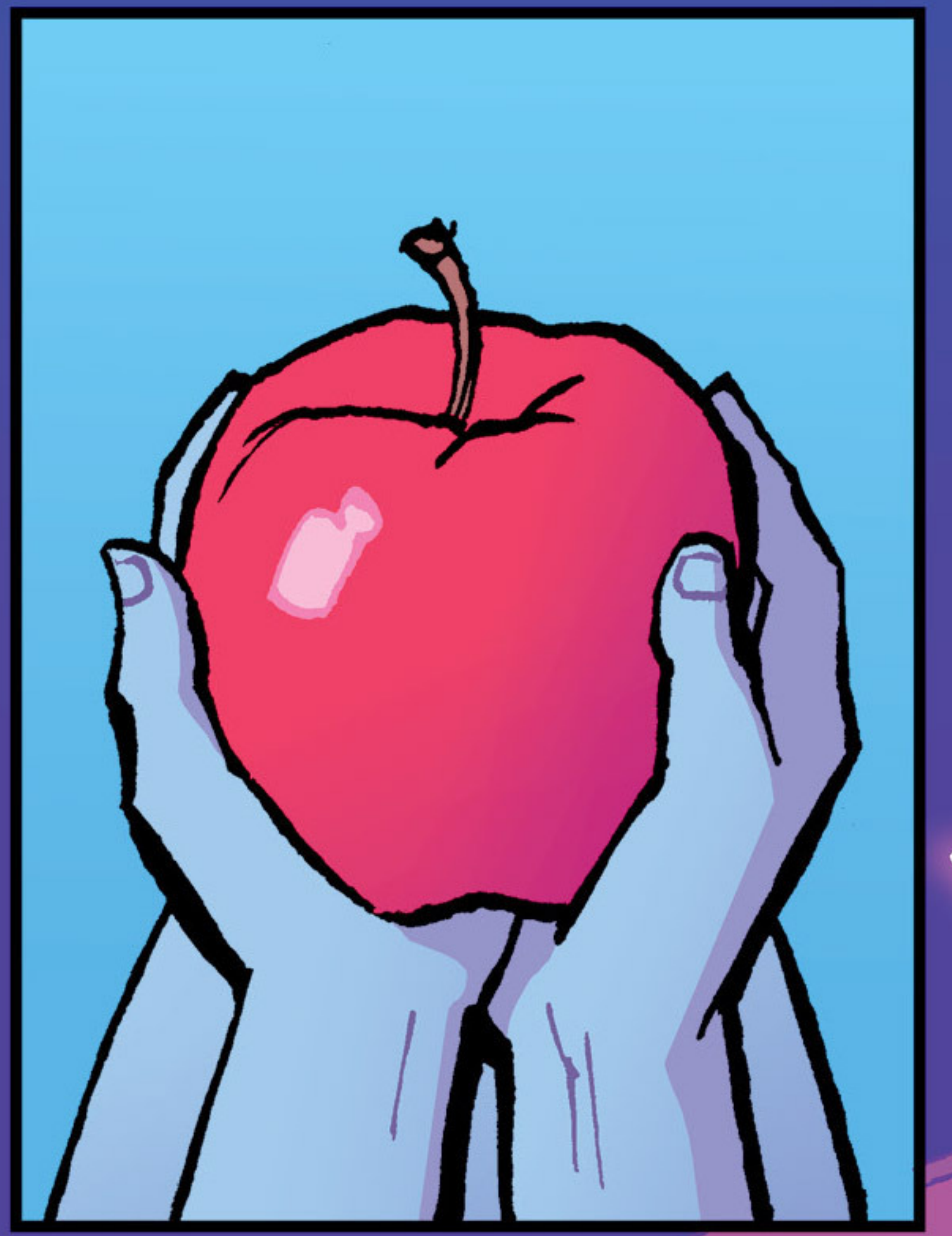
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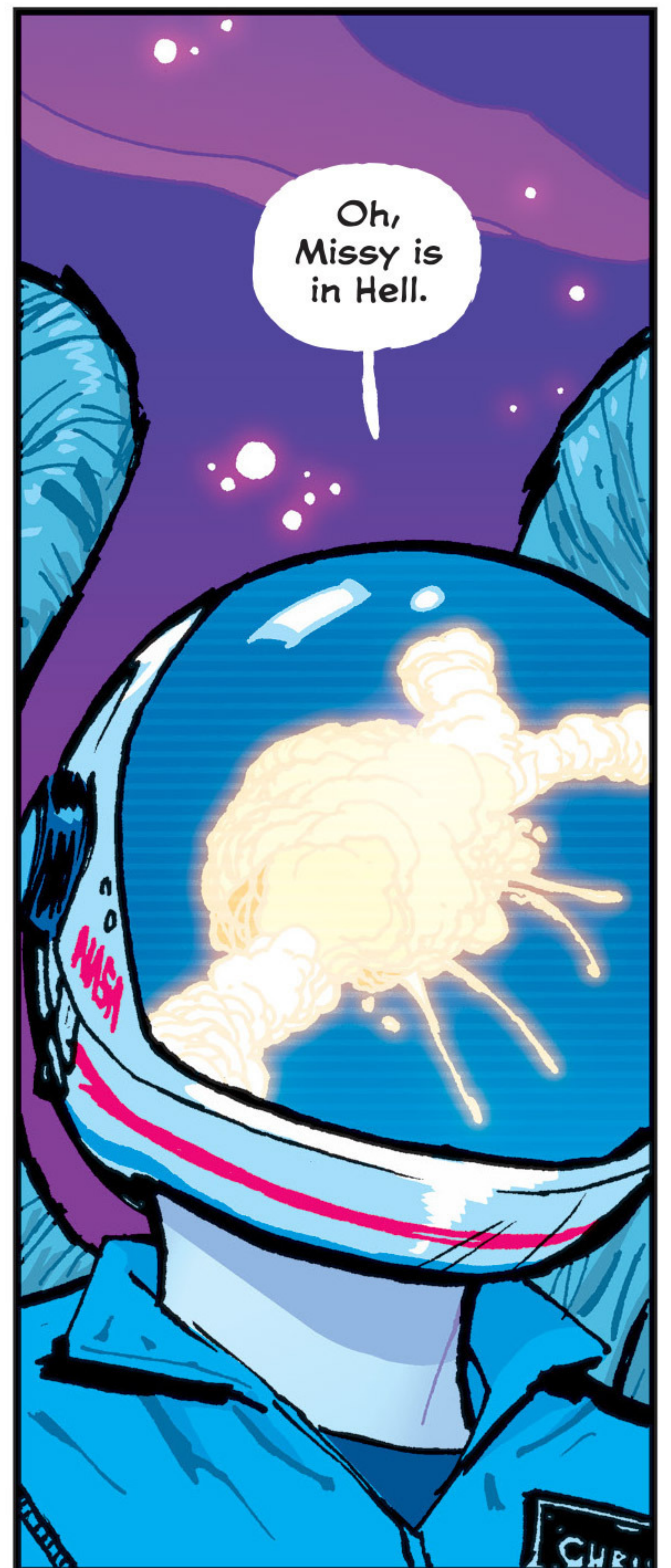


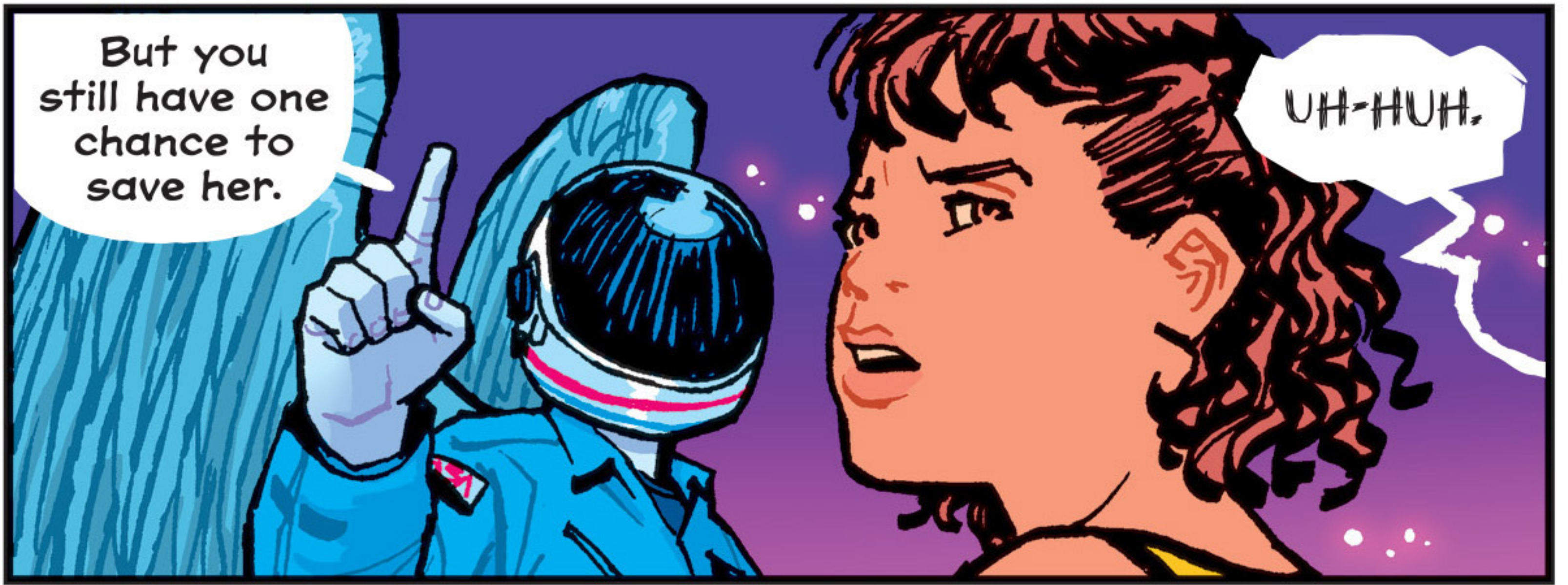
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Is this...?

Yes,
Erin.







WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I've had this dream before.

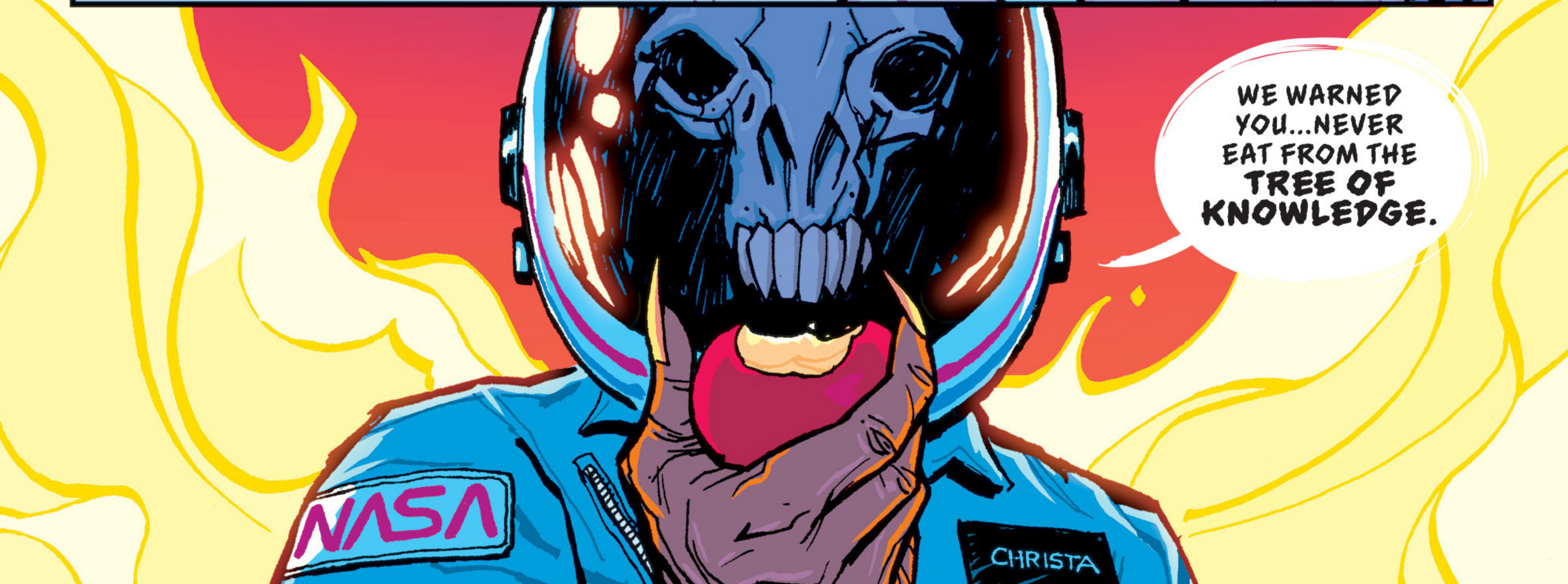
It...it isn't even real, so it doesn't count if I swear in here.



INCORRECT.



Please.



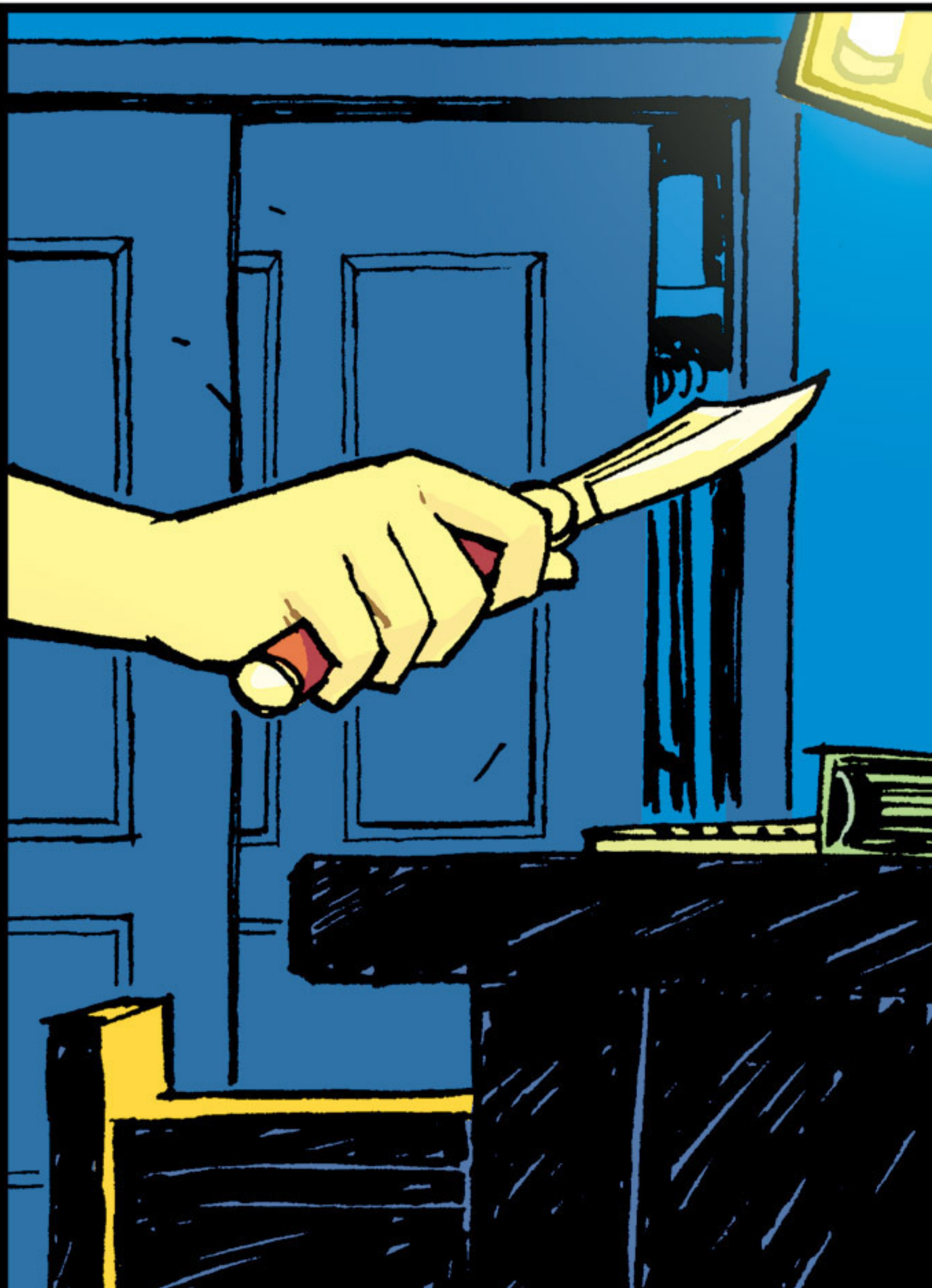
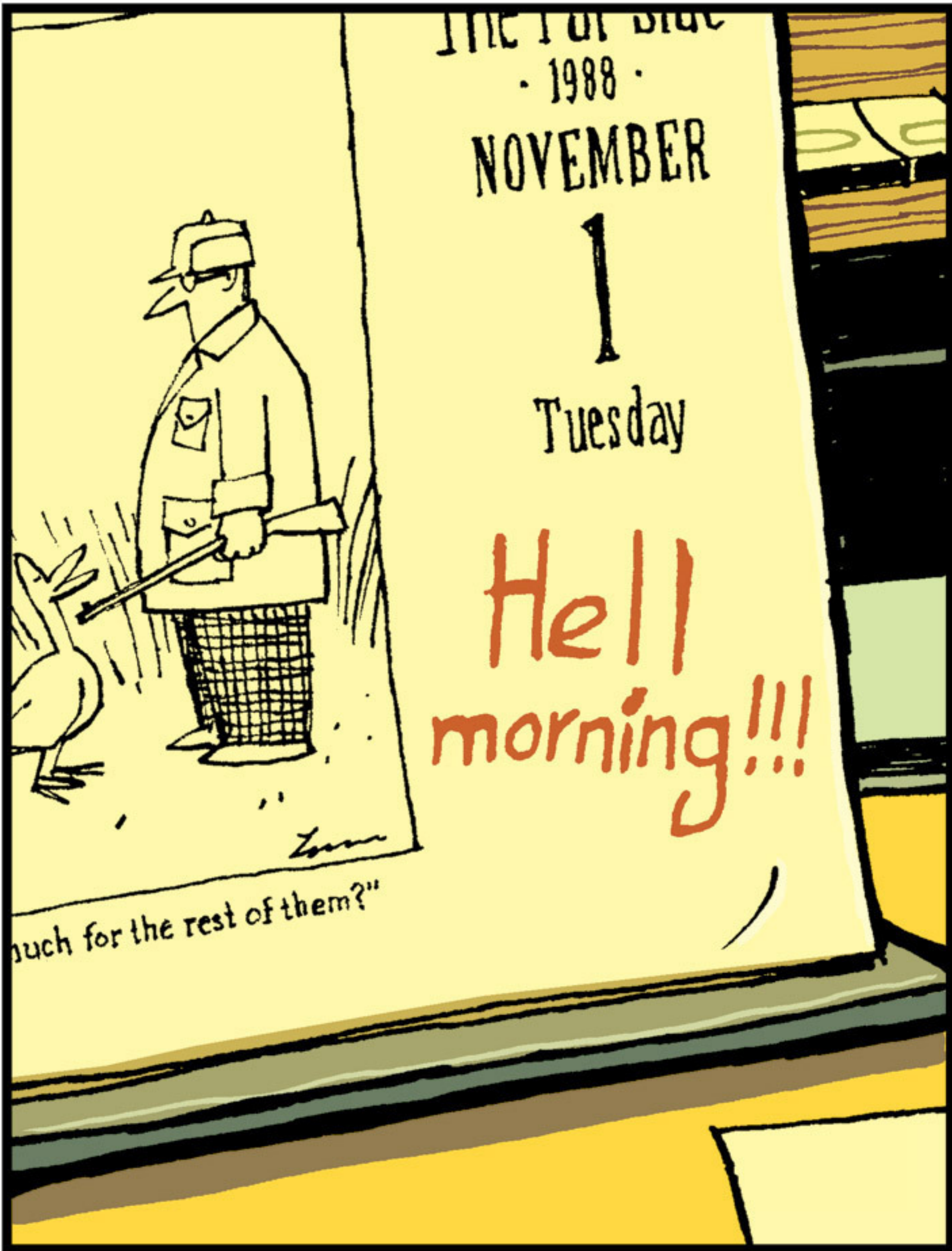
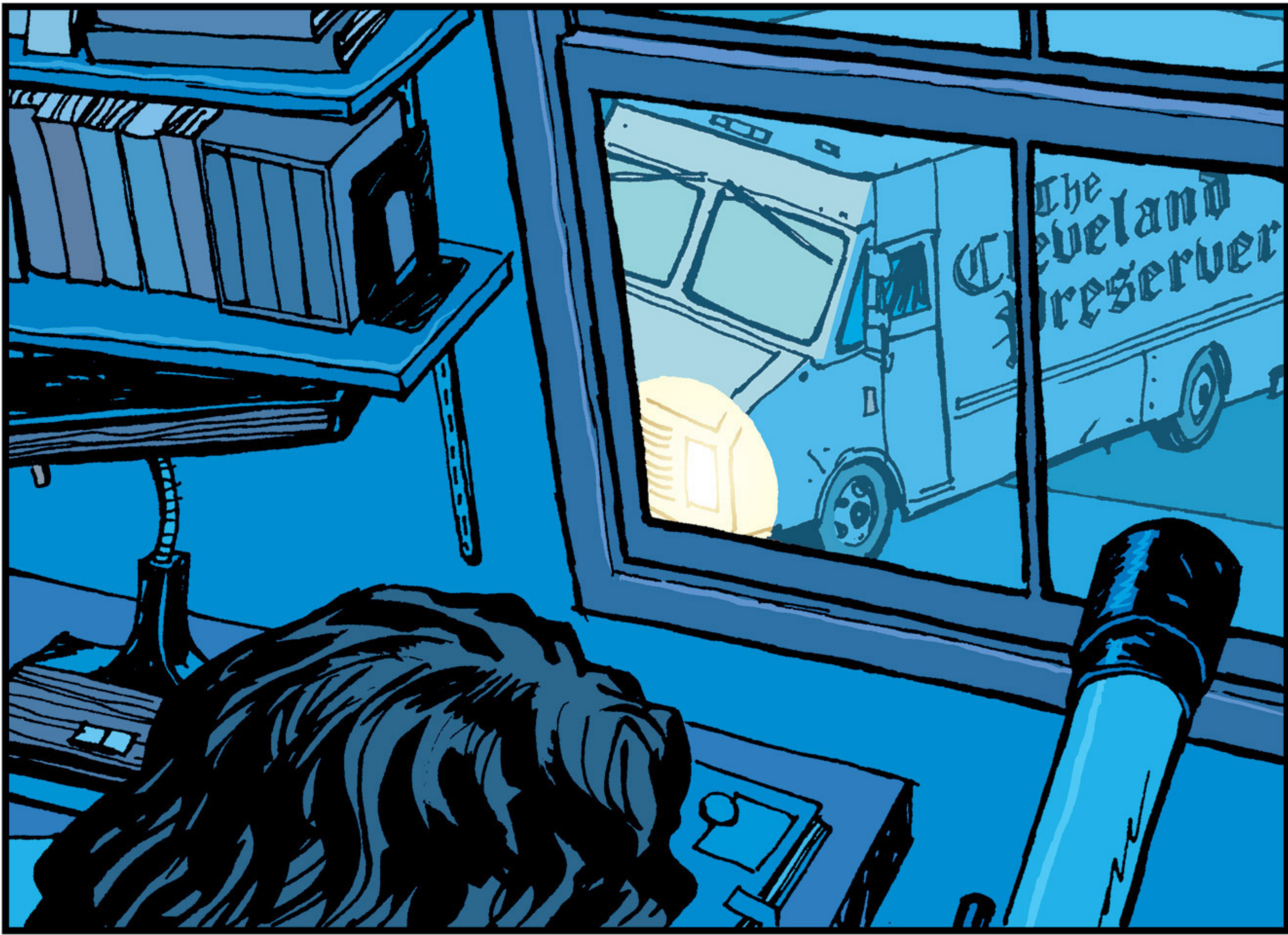
WE WARNED YOU...NEVER EAT FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

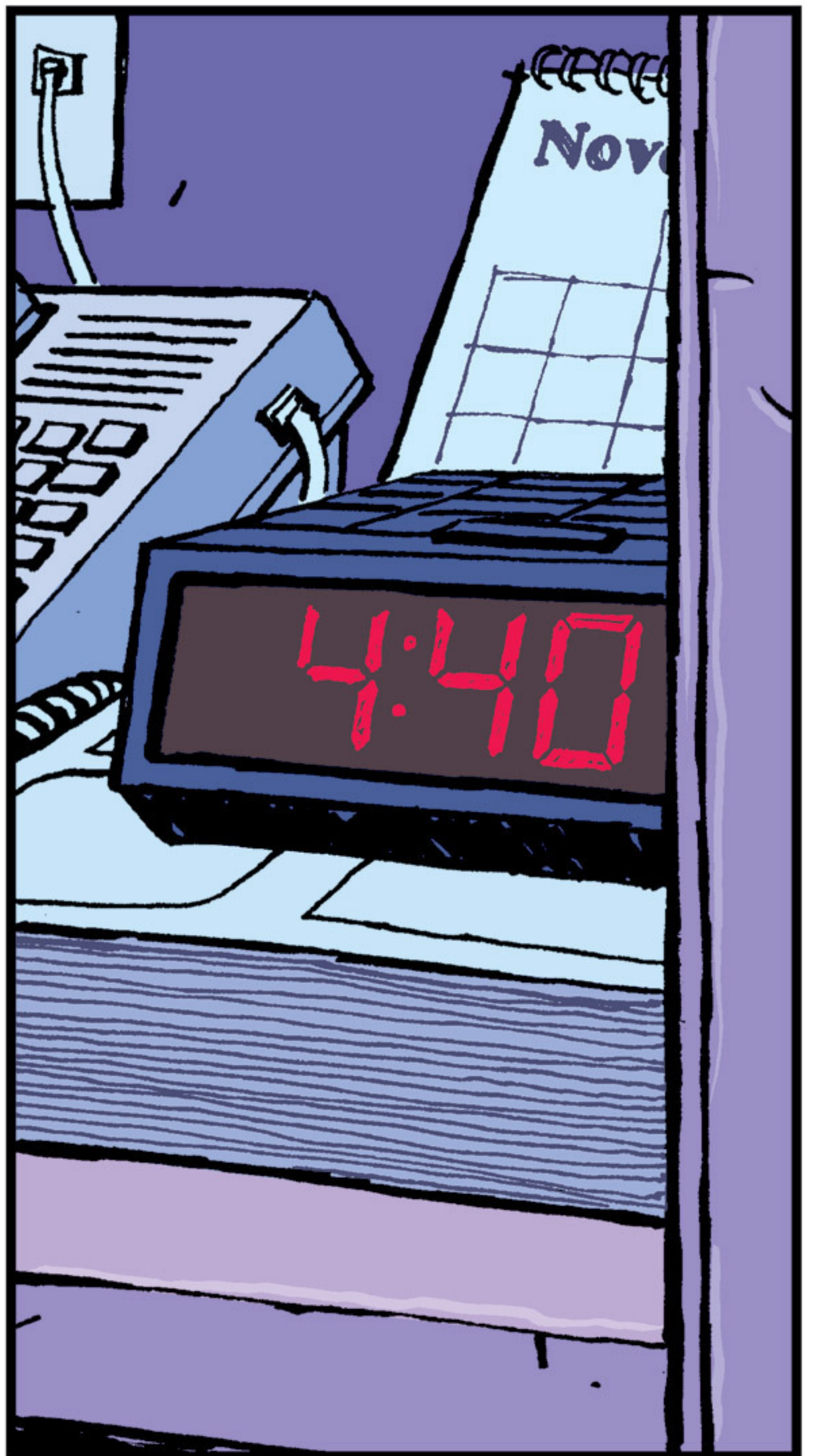
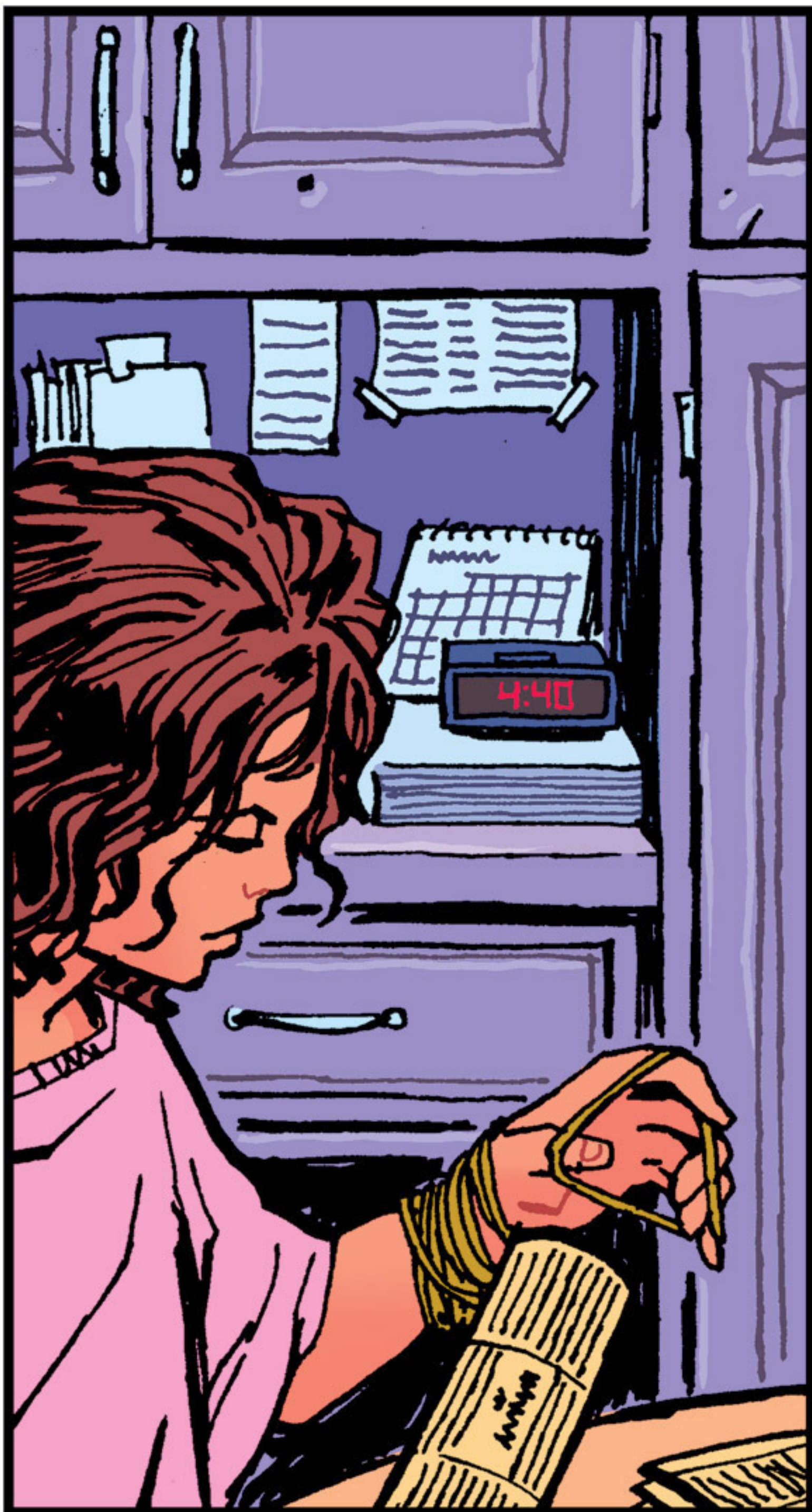
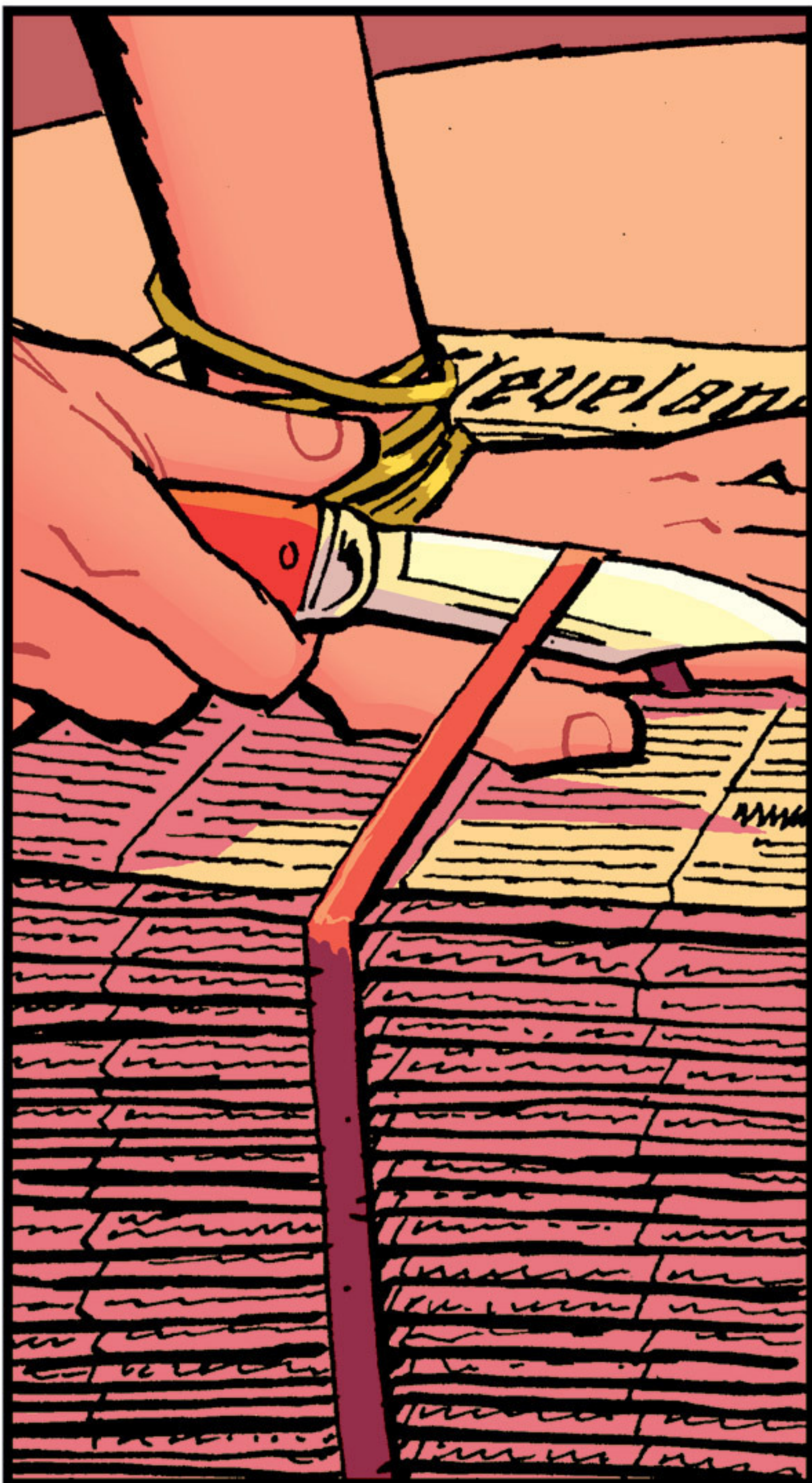
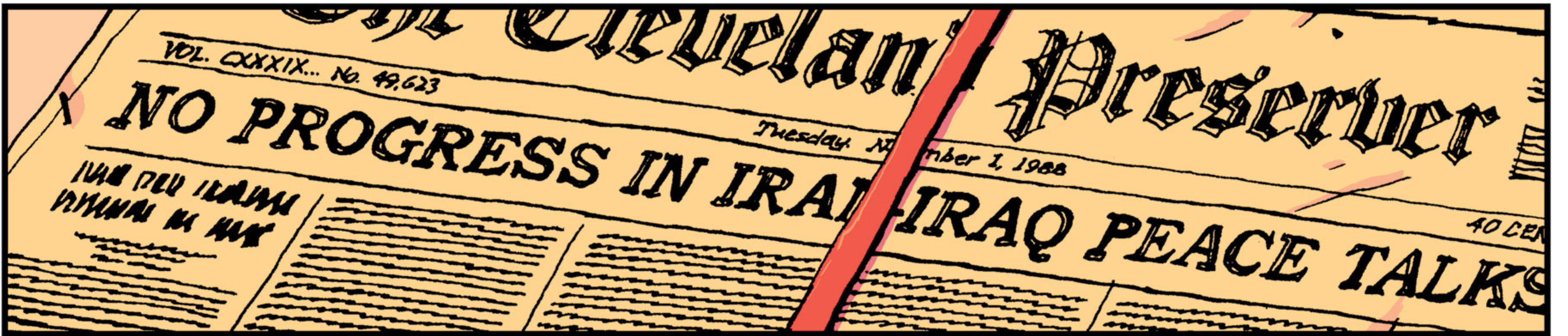
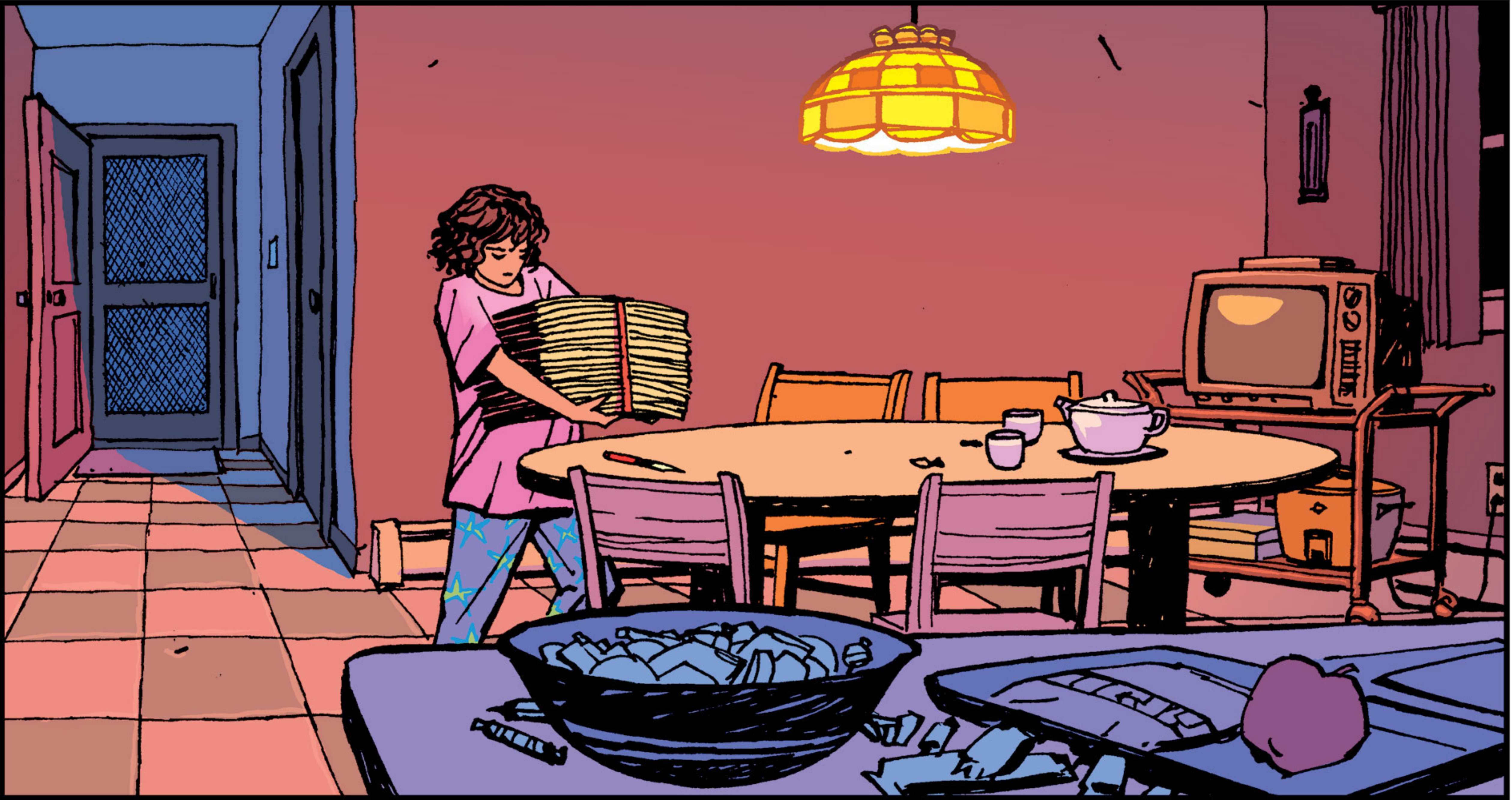


Missy?

Are you
dead?

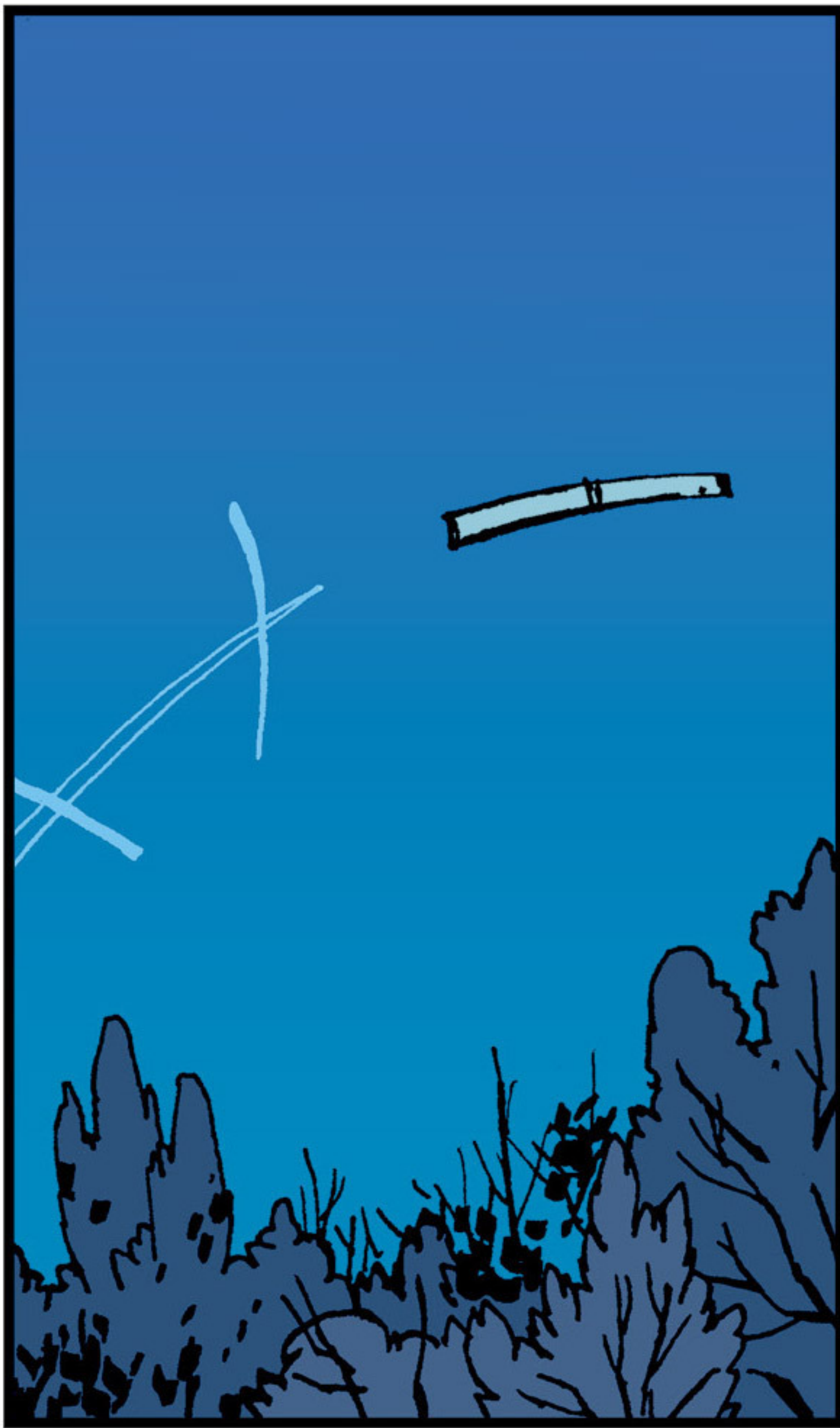


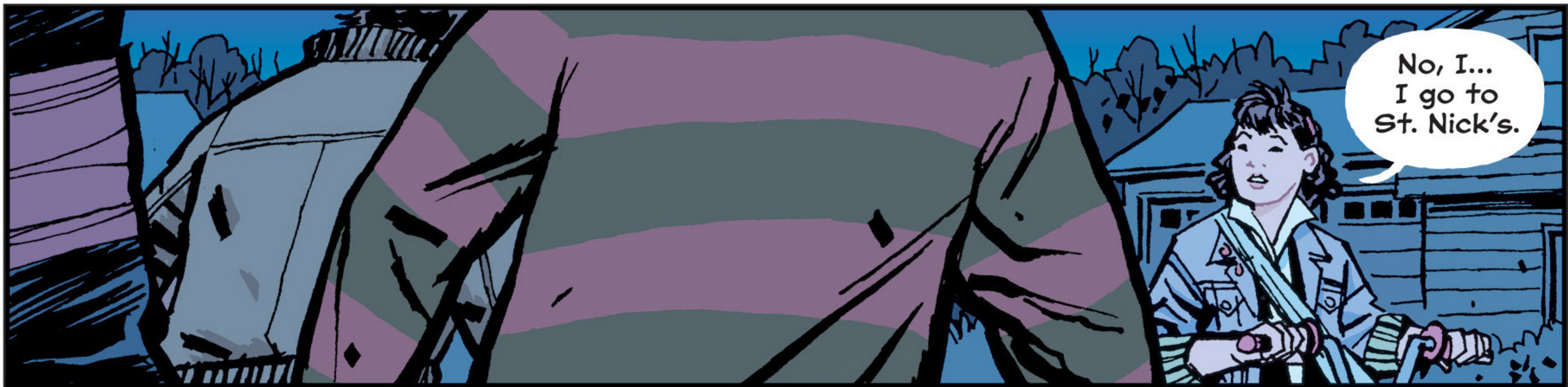














Cool
costume,
faggot.



Excuse me?

You heard me, AIDS patient.

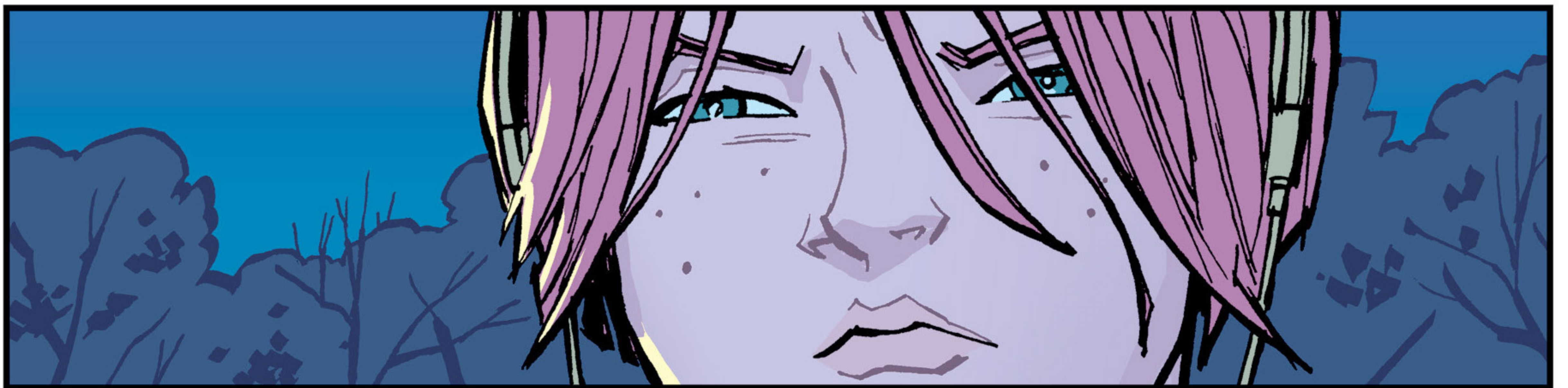
Get lost.



Or what?

Or I tell your gym coach of a dad that you were out past curfew, harassing little girls.

And I kick the shit out of you for being a *rat*.



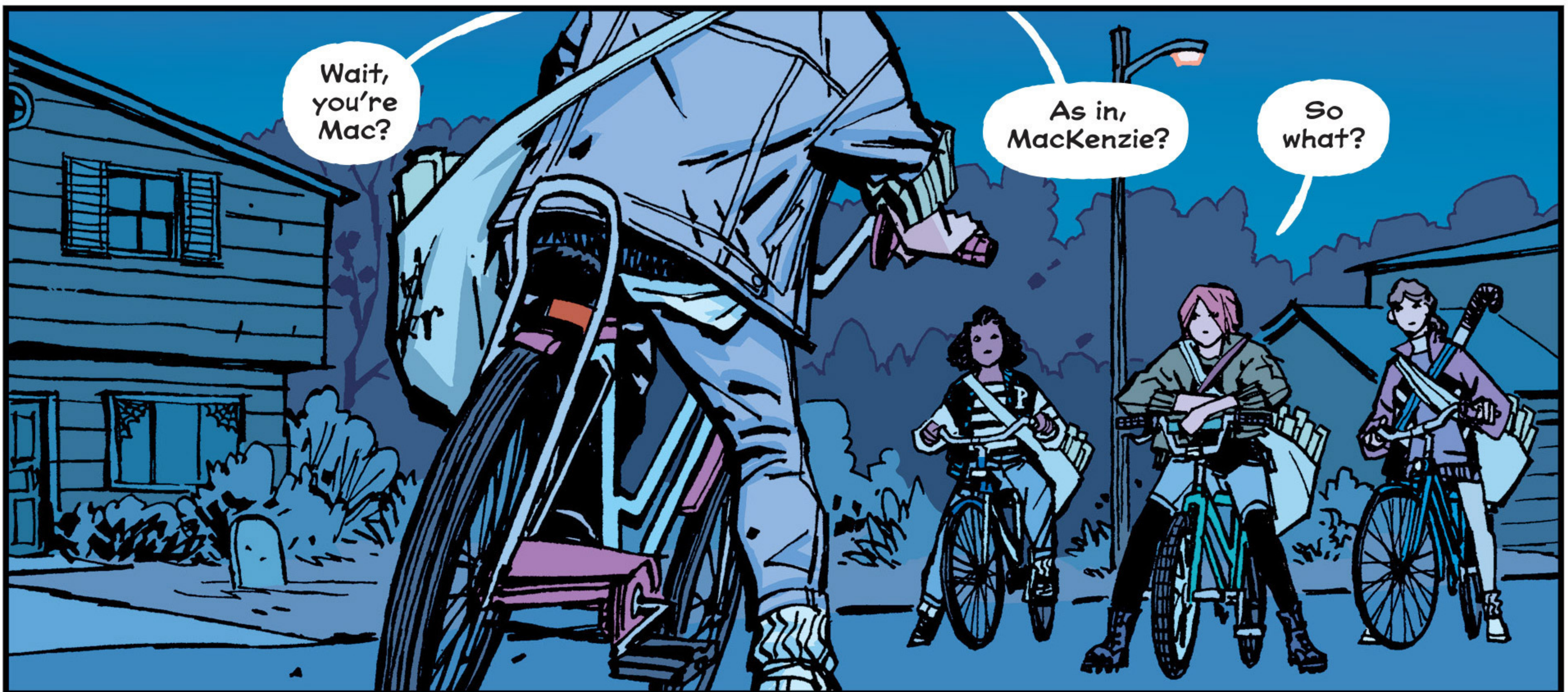
Whatever.

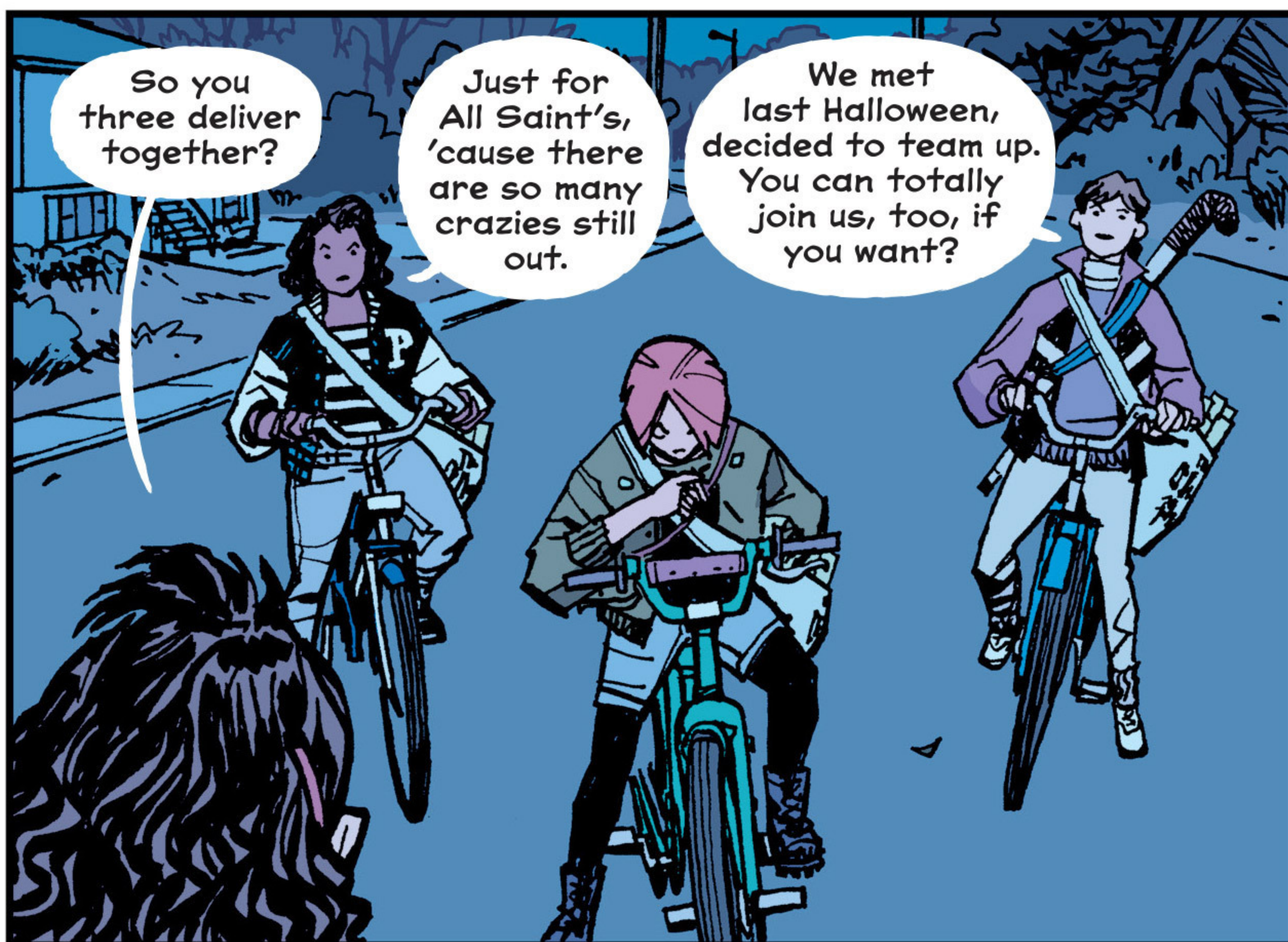
Good luck getting home alive, bitch.



Can I have your grape Nerds?

Under no circumstances.



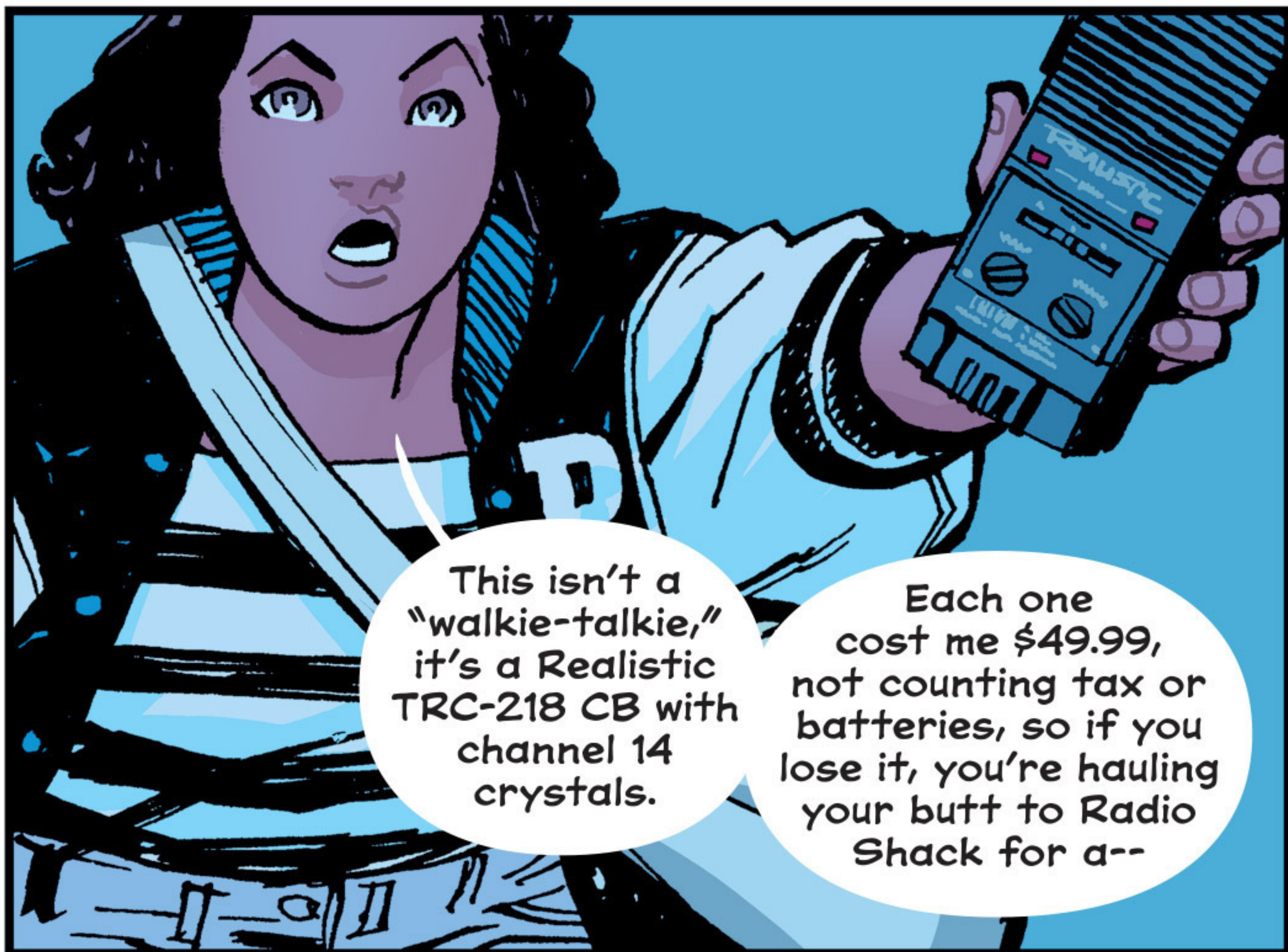




Um, it's Erin.

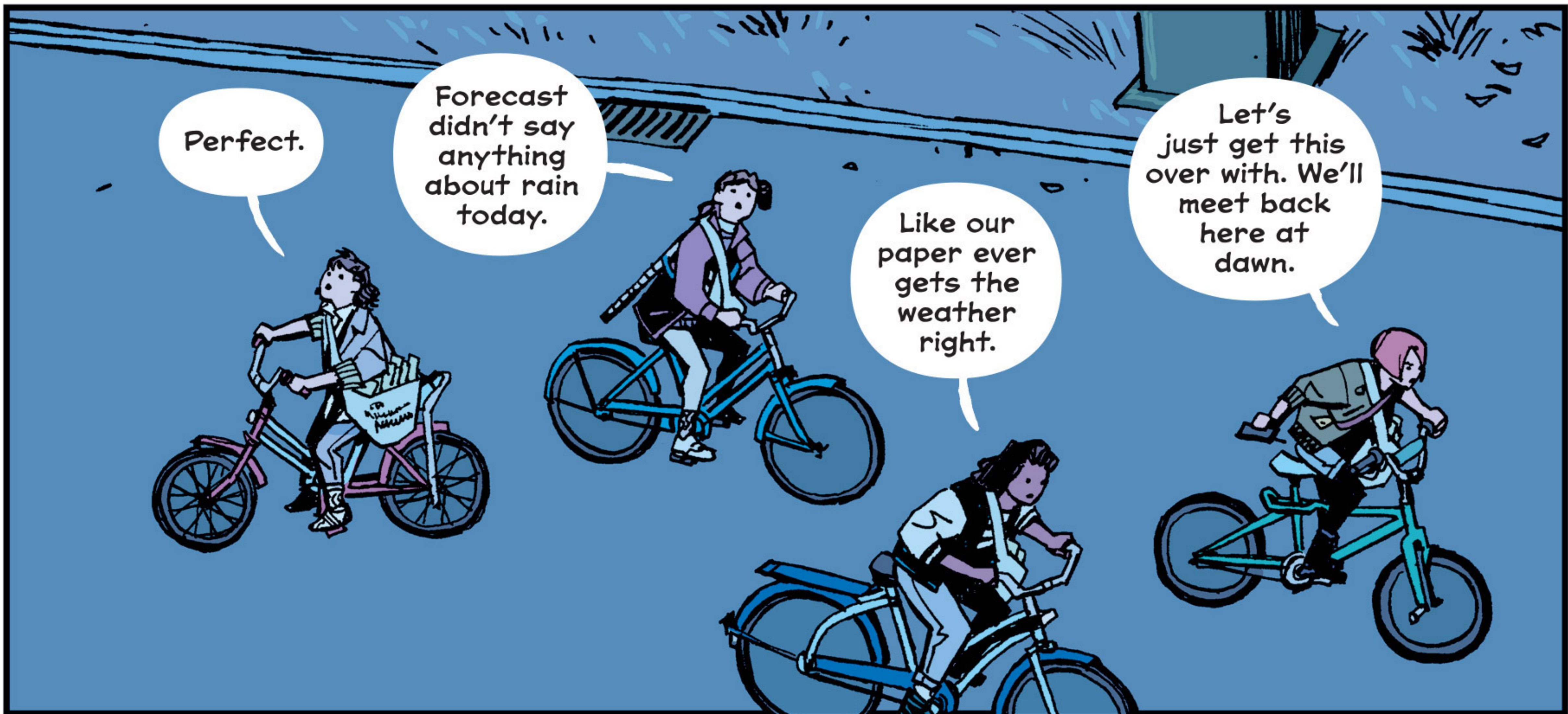
My name is--

Tiff, can we borrow one of your walkie-talkies?



This isn't a "walkie-talkie," it's a Realistic TRC-218 CB with channel 14 crystals.

Each one cost me \$49.99, not counting tax or batteries, so if you lose it, you're hauling your butt to Radio Shack for a--

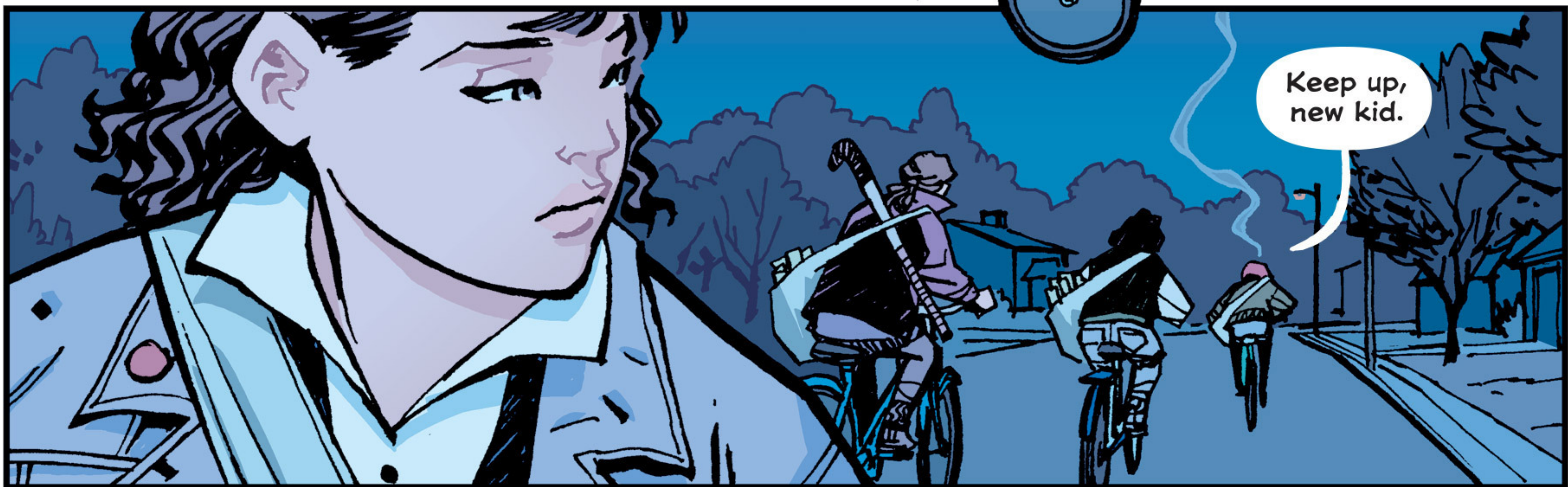


Perfect.

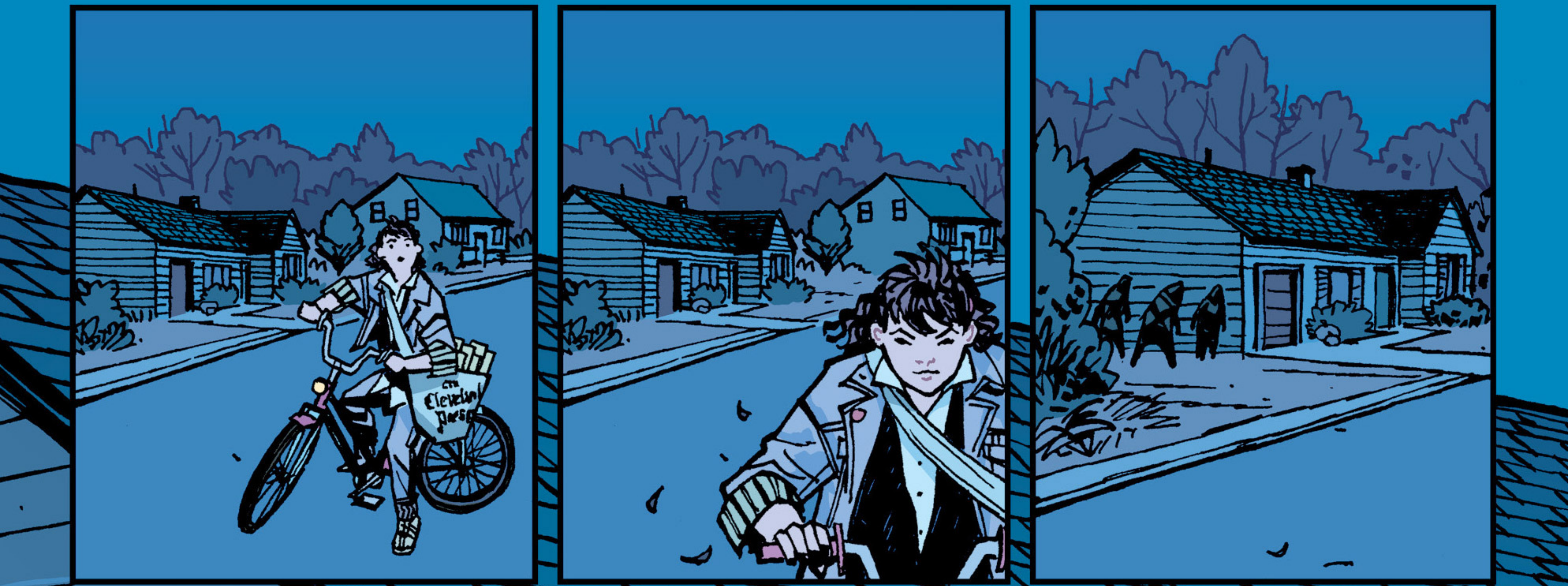
Forecast didn't say anything about rain today.

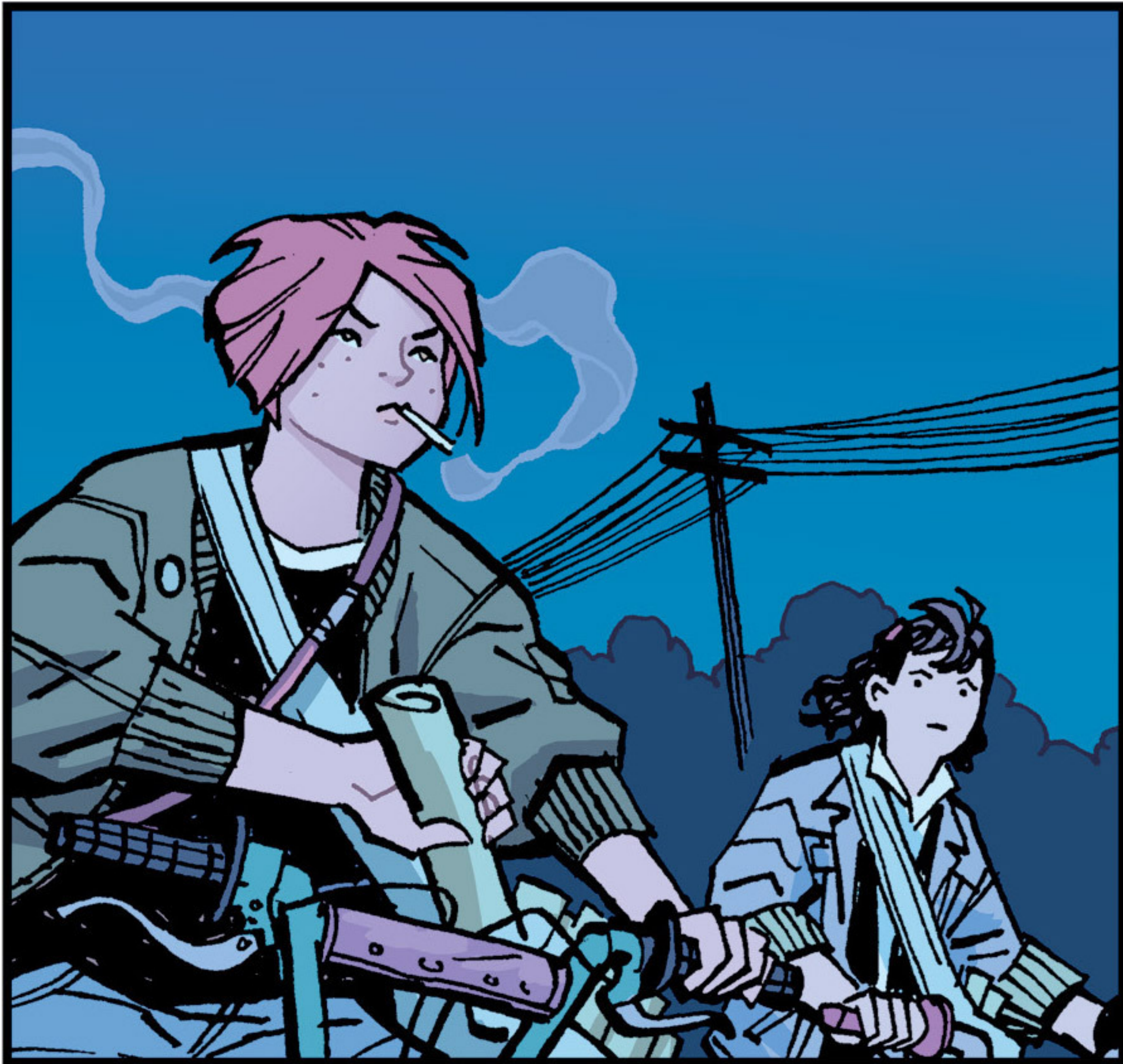
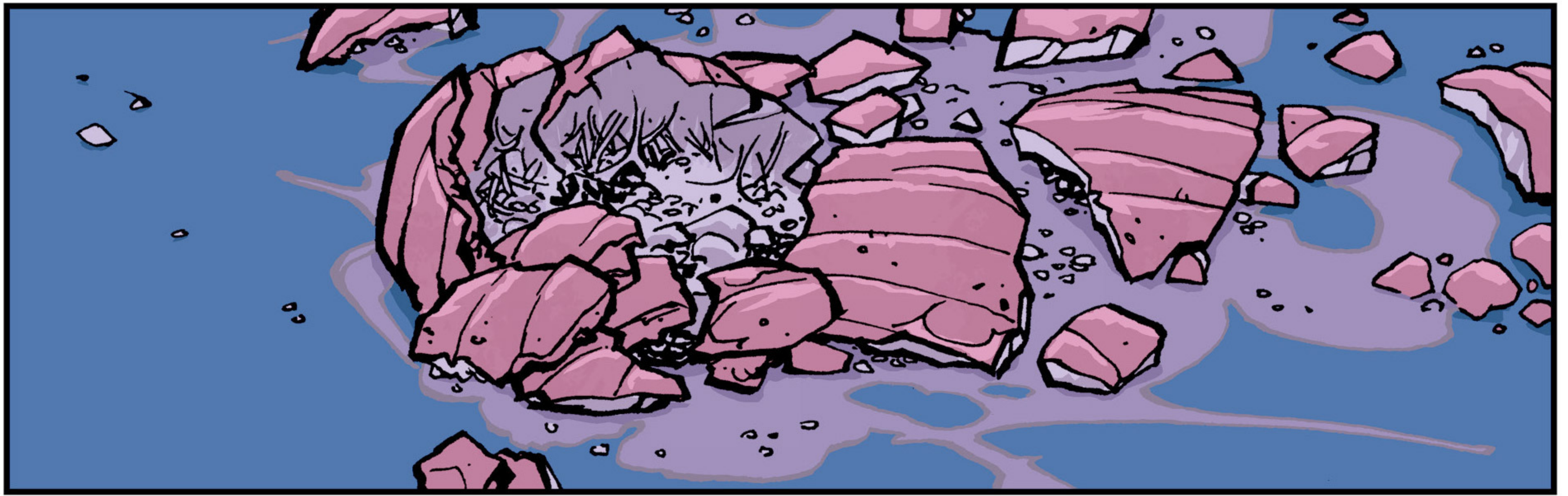
Like our paper ever gets the weather right.

Let's just get this over with. We'll meet back here at dawn.



Keep up, new kid.





You want to bum a Camel, just ask.

A cigarette? No way.

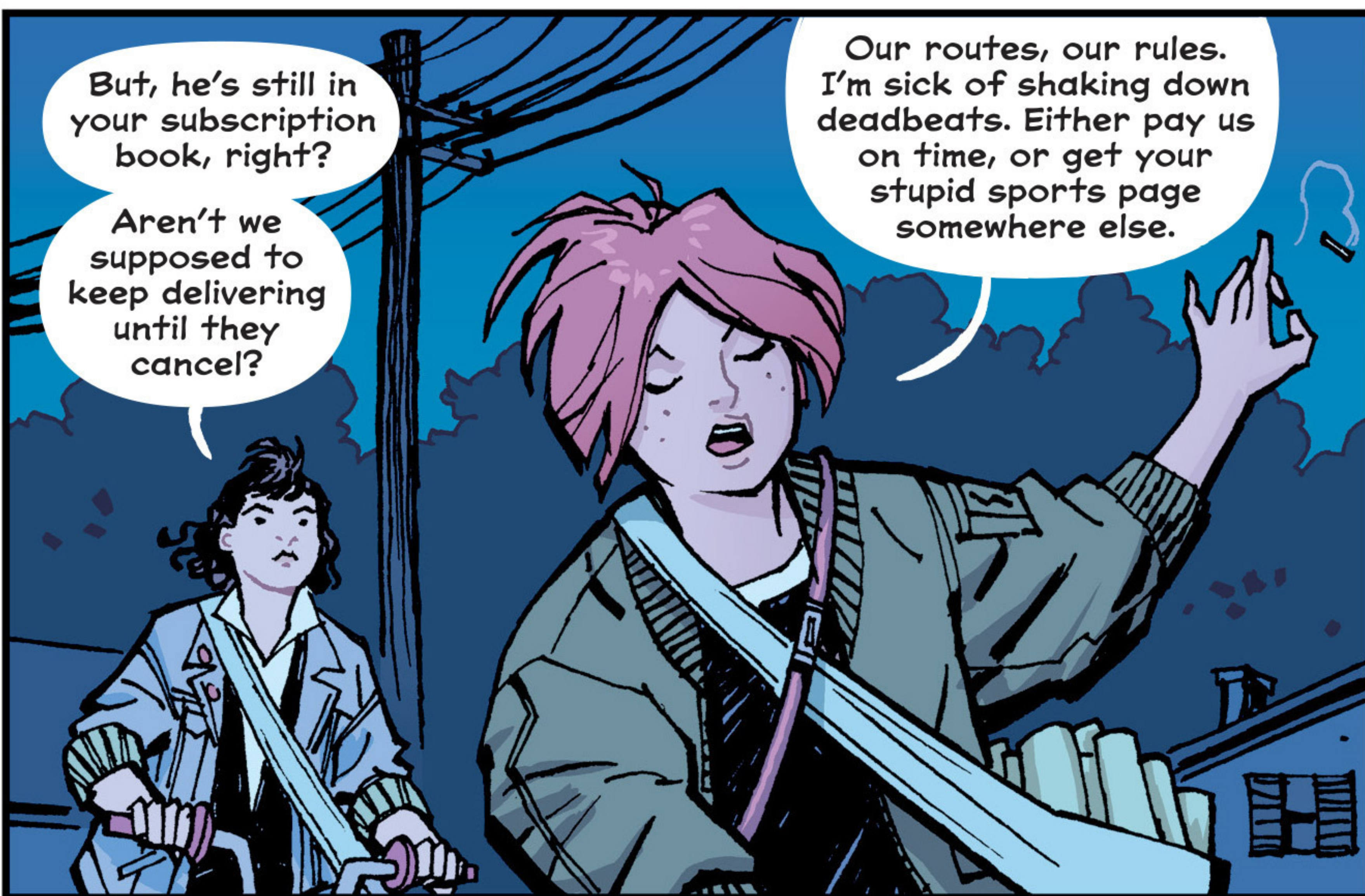
I mean, no thanks. My grandmother died of lung cancer.



Anyway... you have every house on Poplar?

All of 'em except 1833.

That bald creep stiffed me last time I came to collect, said he'd make it up to me next month. As if.



But, he's still in your subscription book, right?

Aren't we supposed to keep delivering until they cancel?

Our routes, our rules. I'm sick of shaking down deadbeats. Either pay us on time, or get your stupid sports page somewhere else.



Cool.





What the hell are you up to?

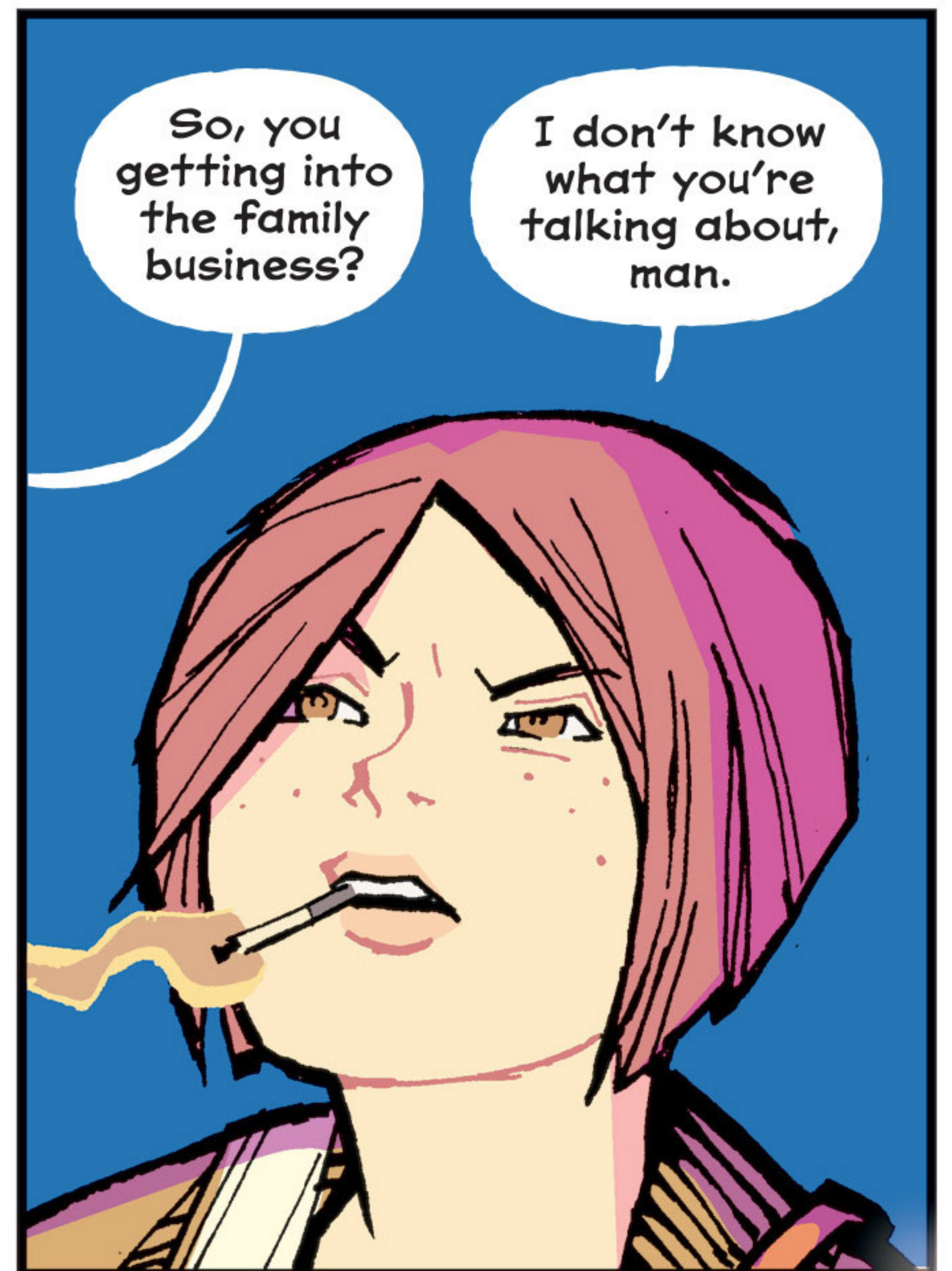
My job?



Bull.

I got multiple reports of someone *smashing windows* in this development.

So what?



So, you getting into the family business?

I don't know what you're talking about, man.



You address me as **Officer**, young lady.

And put out that cigarette before I write you up.

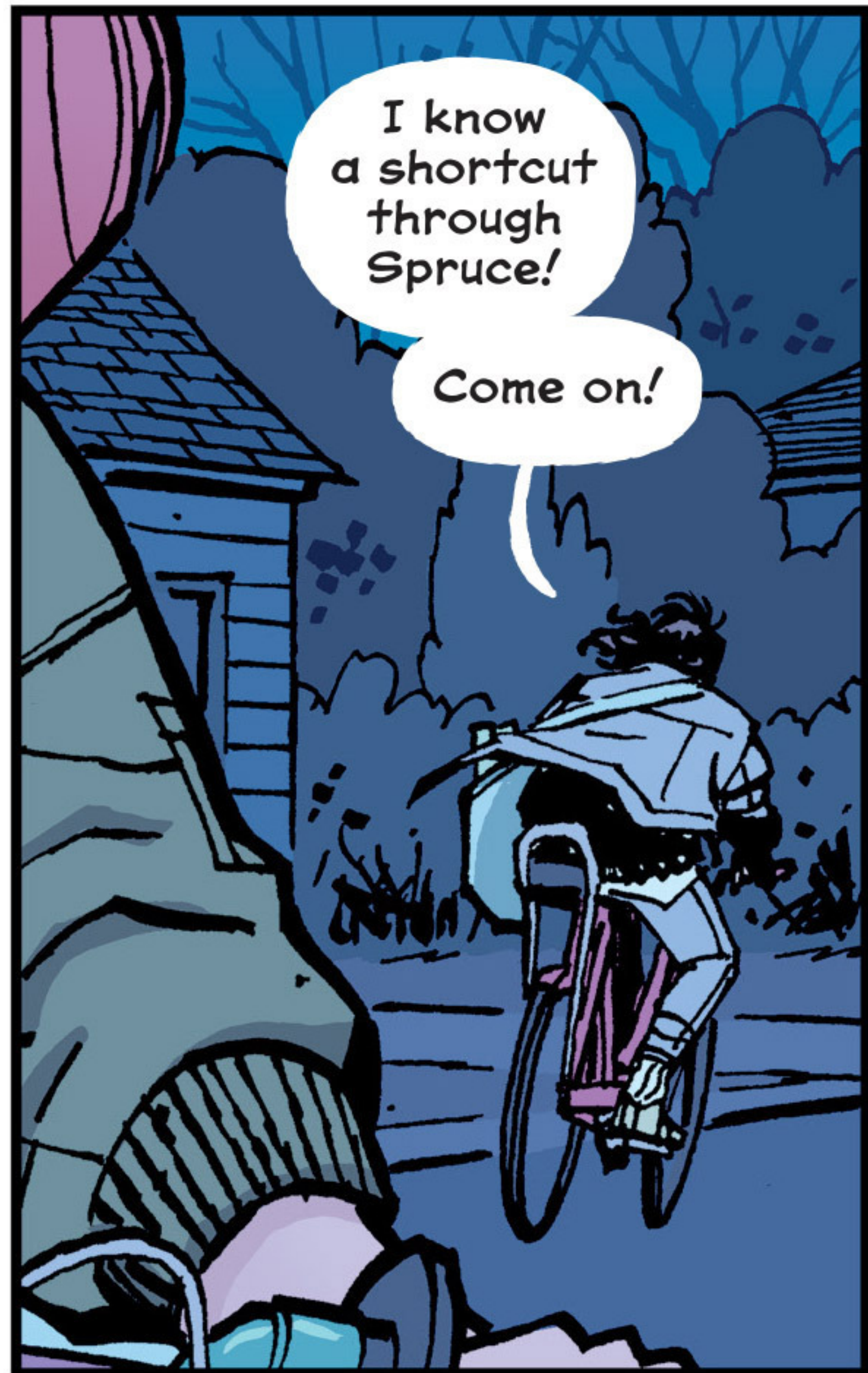
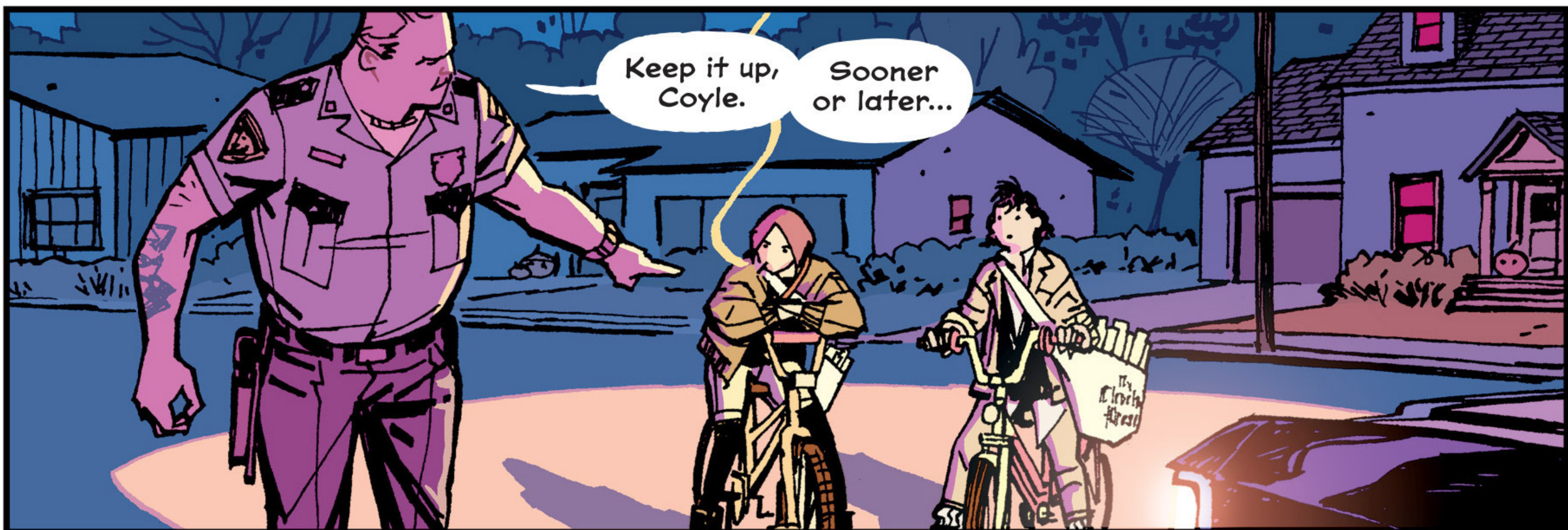


There's no law against me having smokes.

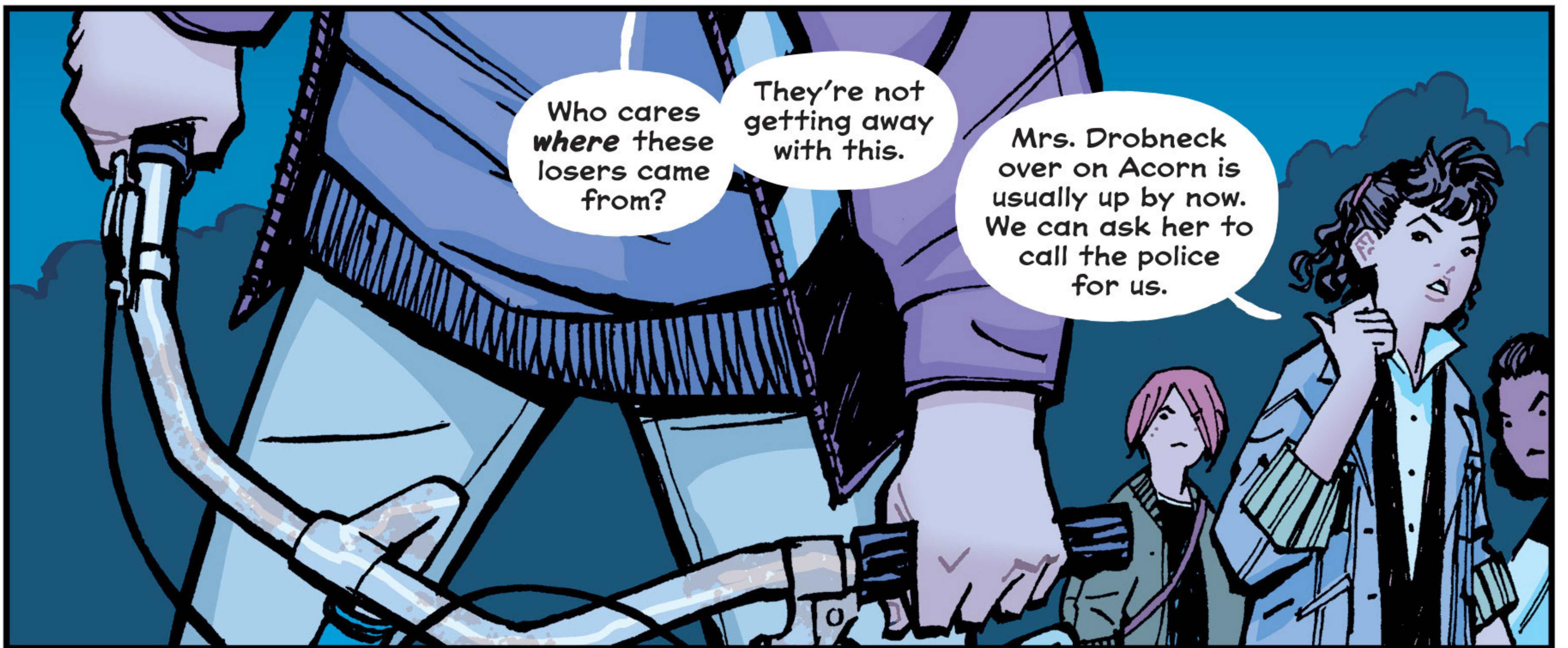
But there is one against underage brats like you *buying* them.

Good thing I got these trick-or-treating.

Ah, I've been with Mackenzie all night, Officer. She...she hasn't done anything wrong.







Who cares
where these
losers came
from?

They're not
getting away
with this.

Mrs. Drobneck
over on Acorn is
usually up by now.
We can ask her to
call the police
for us.



The same
cops who
think I'm a
criminal?

Yeah,
Stony PD is
the worst.

I tried to report
this weird lady following
me in her station wagon one
time, and the 911 operator
just told me to call back
when I had an "actual
emergency."

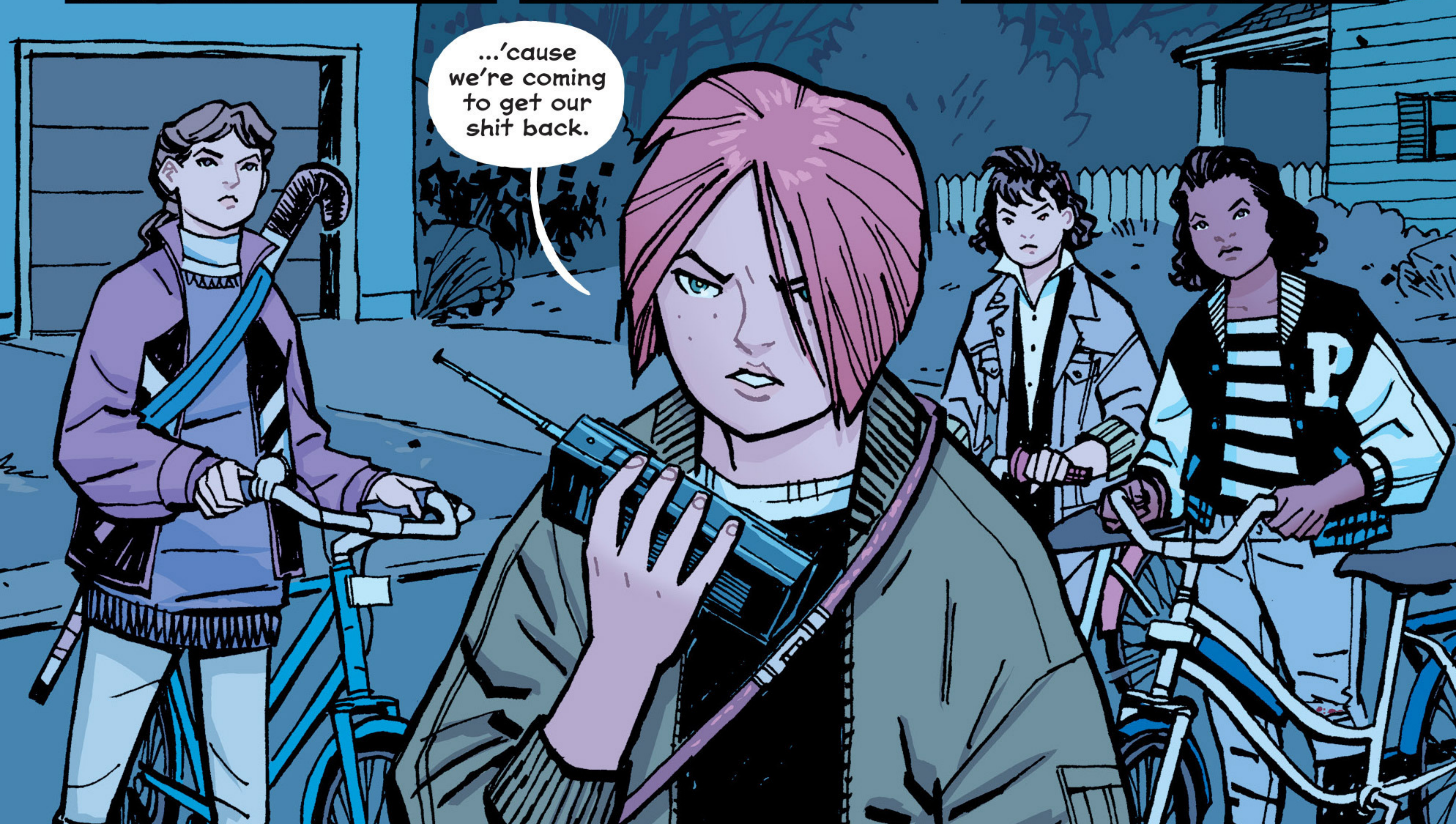


So
what do
we do?

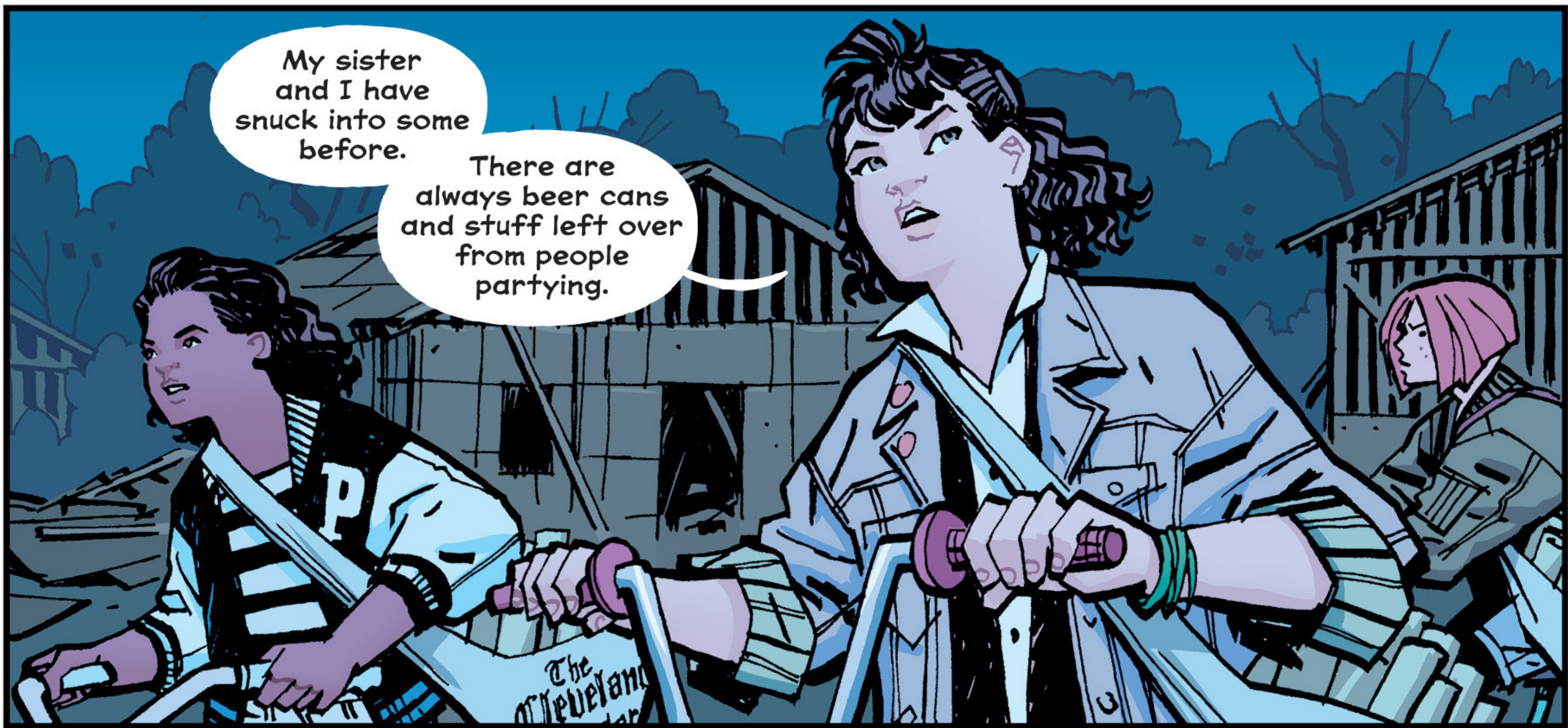
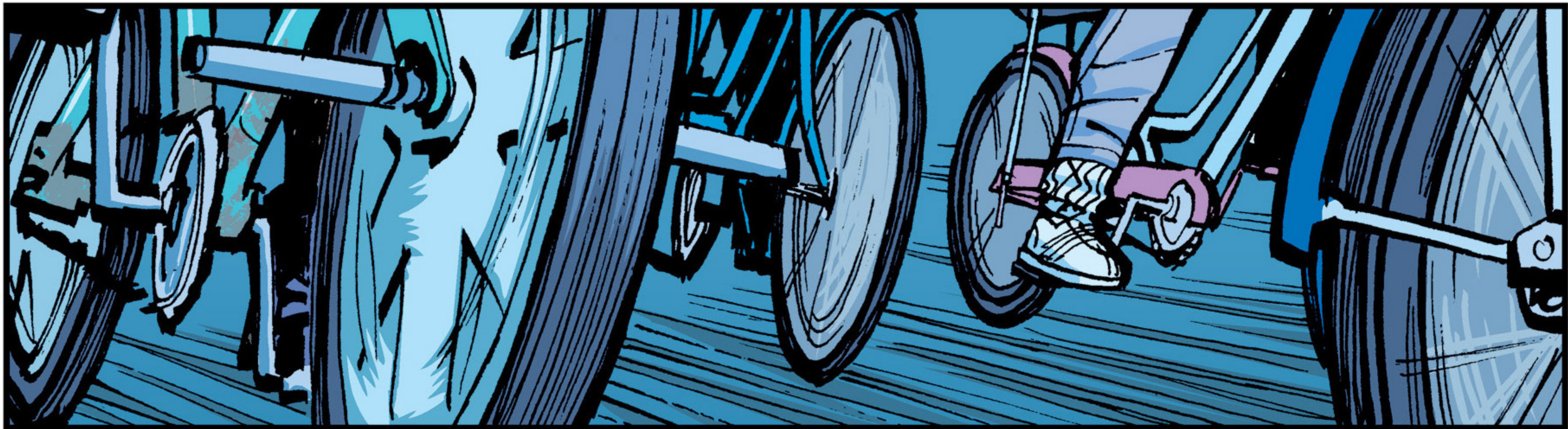
What
do you
think?

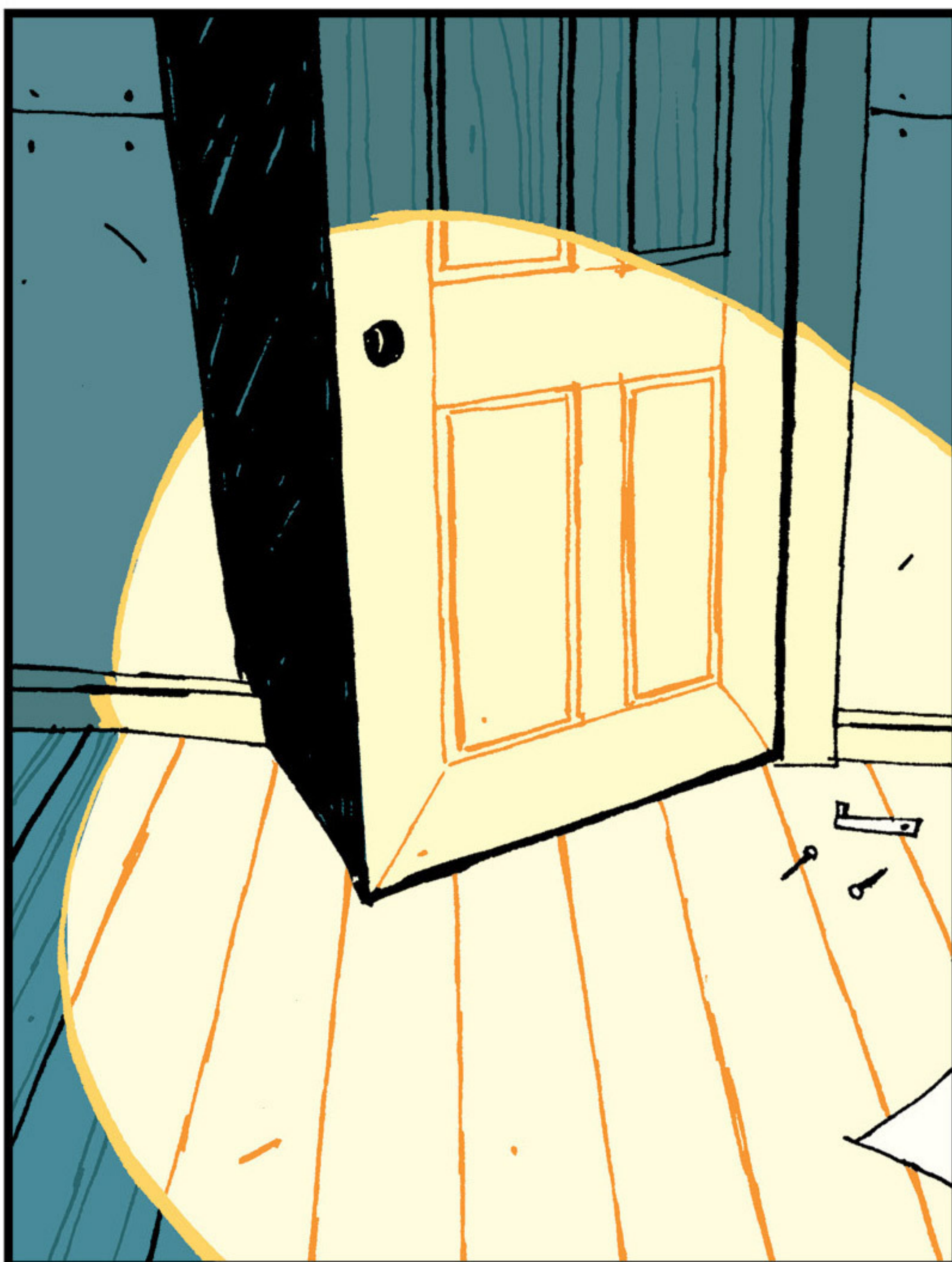


Hey,
whichever dumb
fucks just robbed
our friend, if you
can hear this,
get ready...



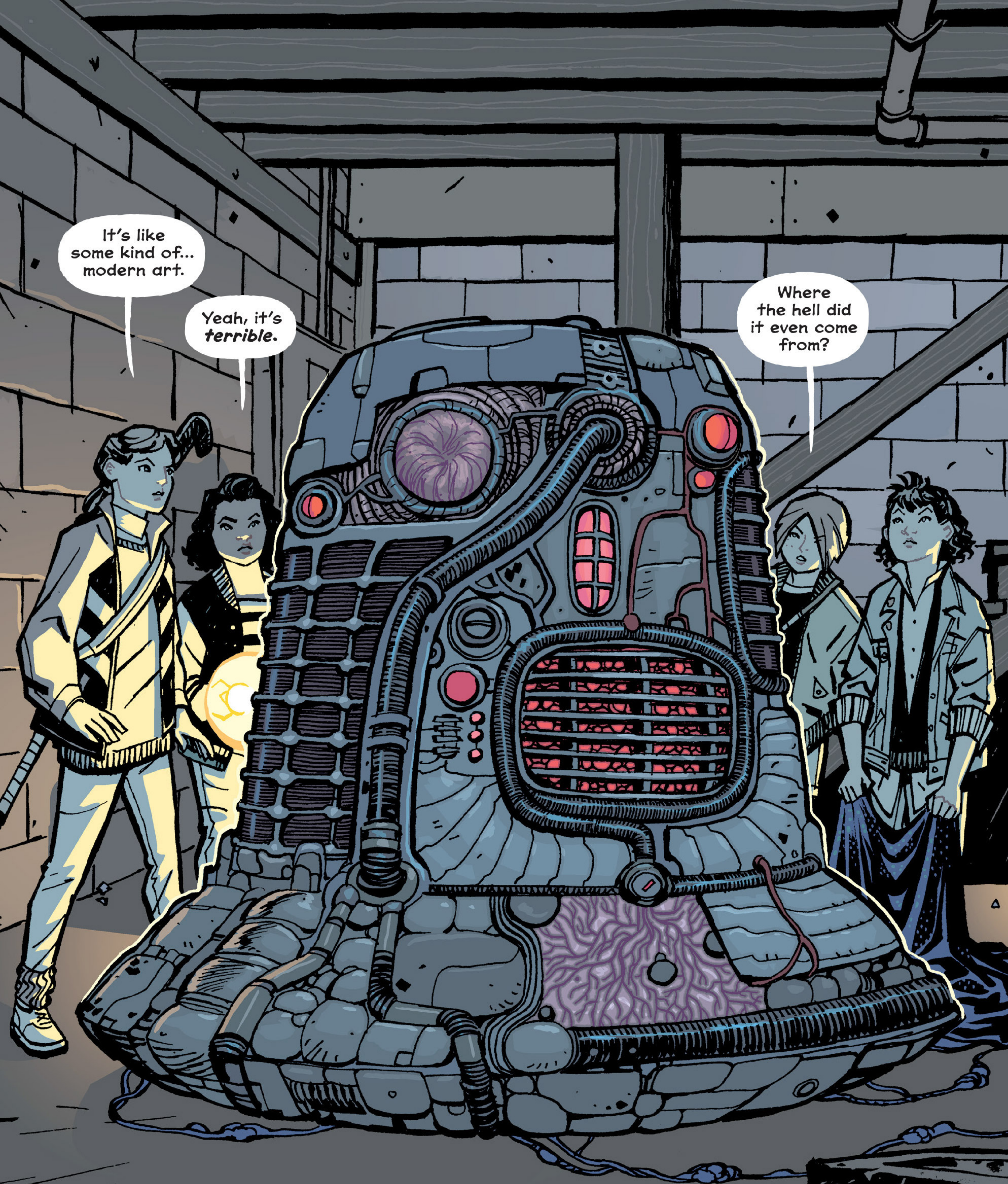
... 'cause
we're coming
to get our
shit back.













Shut up.

I'm not kidding.

This thing looks a lot like an old *Apollo capsule*.



I thought NASA was just using shuttles these days.

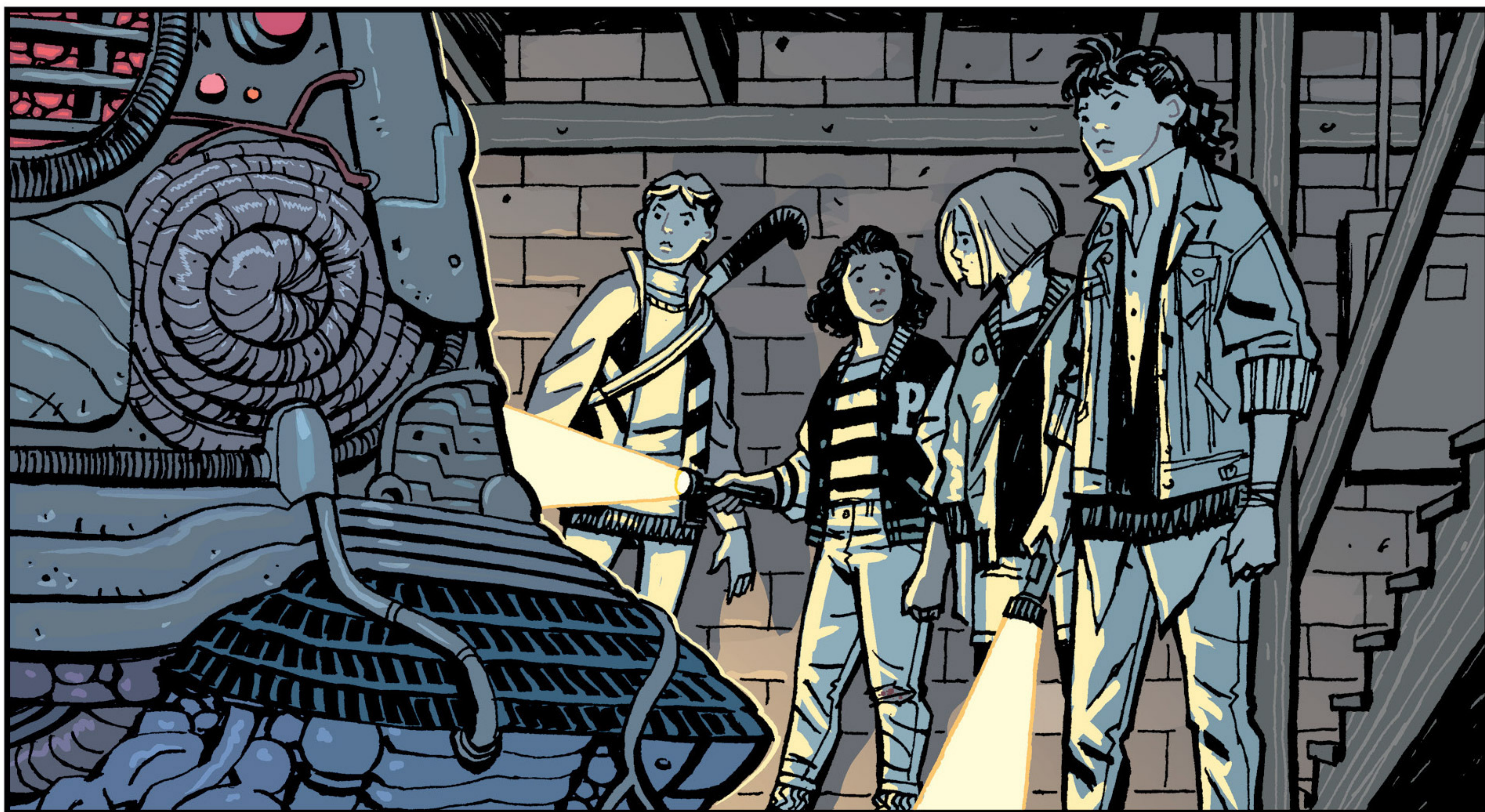
They are.

But maybe this thing came from Russia or something.



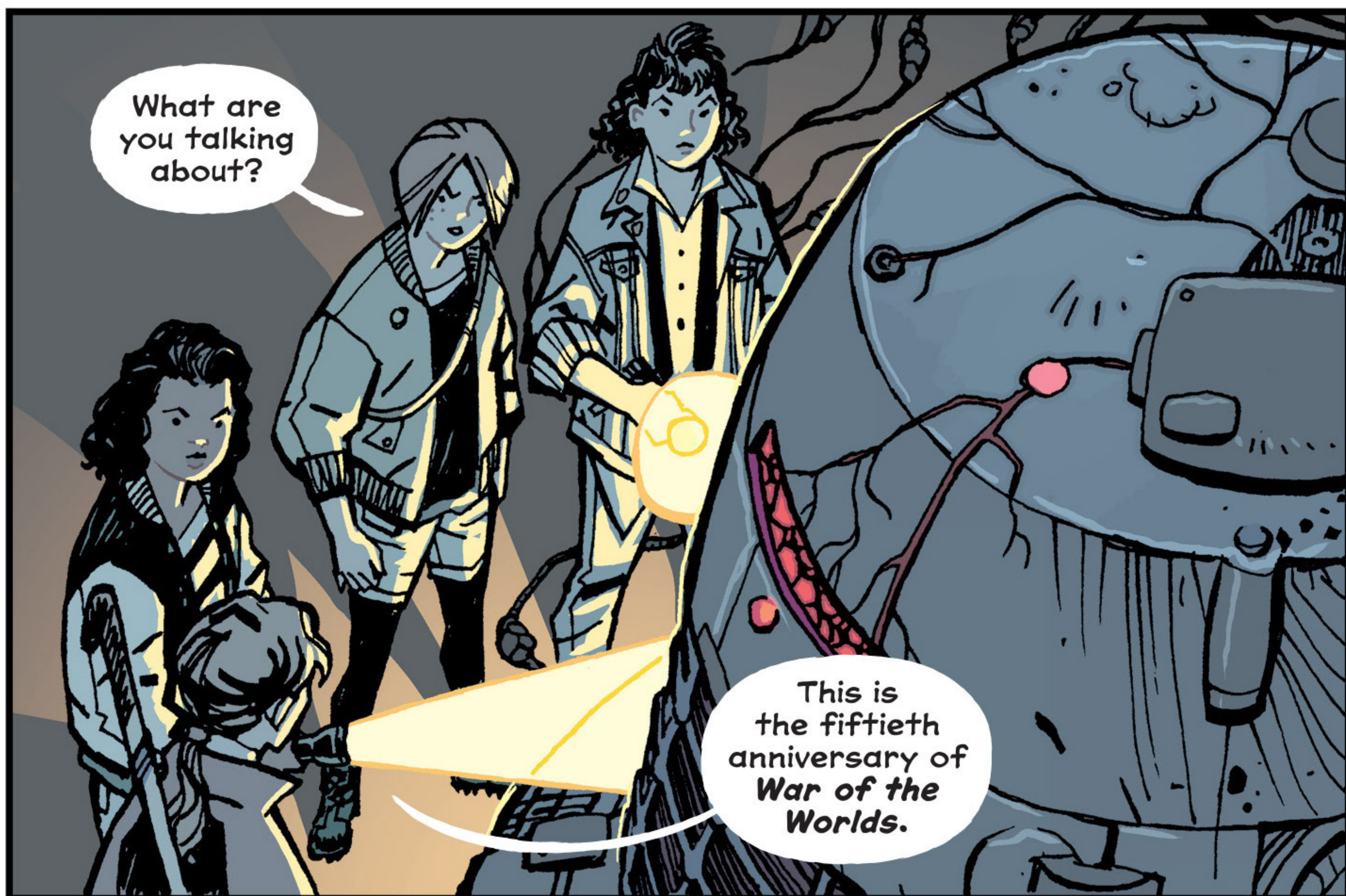
Or something?

Erin... what if it's *alien*?



Oh, come on. You dummies seriously don't realize what this is?

Am I the only one who actually *reads* the thing we deliver?



What are you talking about?

This is the fiftieth anniversary of *War of the Worlds*.



That stupid new TV show?



It was on the *radio* long before that.

This actor named, like, Orville Wright tried to trick everyone into believing there was a real alien invasion going on, and the whole country freaked out.



This is obviously just a rip-off of that *hoax*.

The guys who took Tiff's walkie *wanted* us to come here and find this stupid prop they built in shop class.

klang
klang



Why?

Because we work for the *newspaper*.

These dorks figured we'd tell the *Preserver* that we found E.T.'s ship and help get them on TV's *Bloopers & Practical Whatever*.

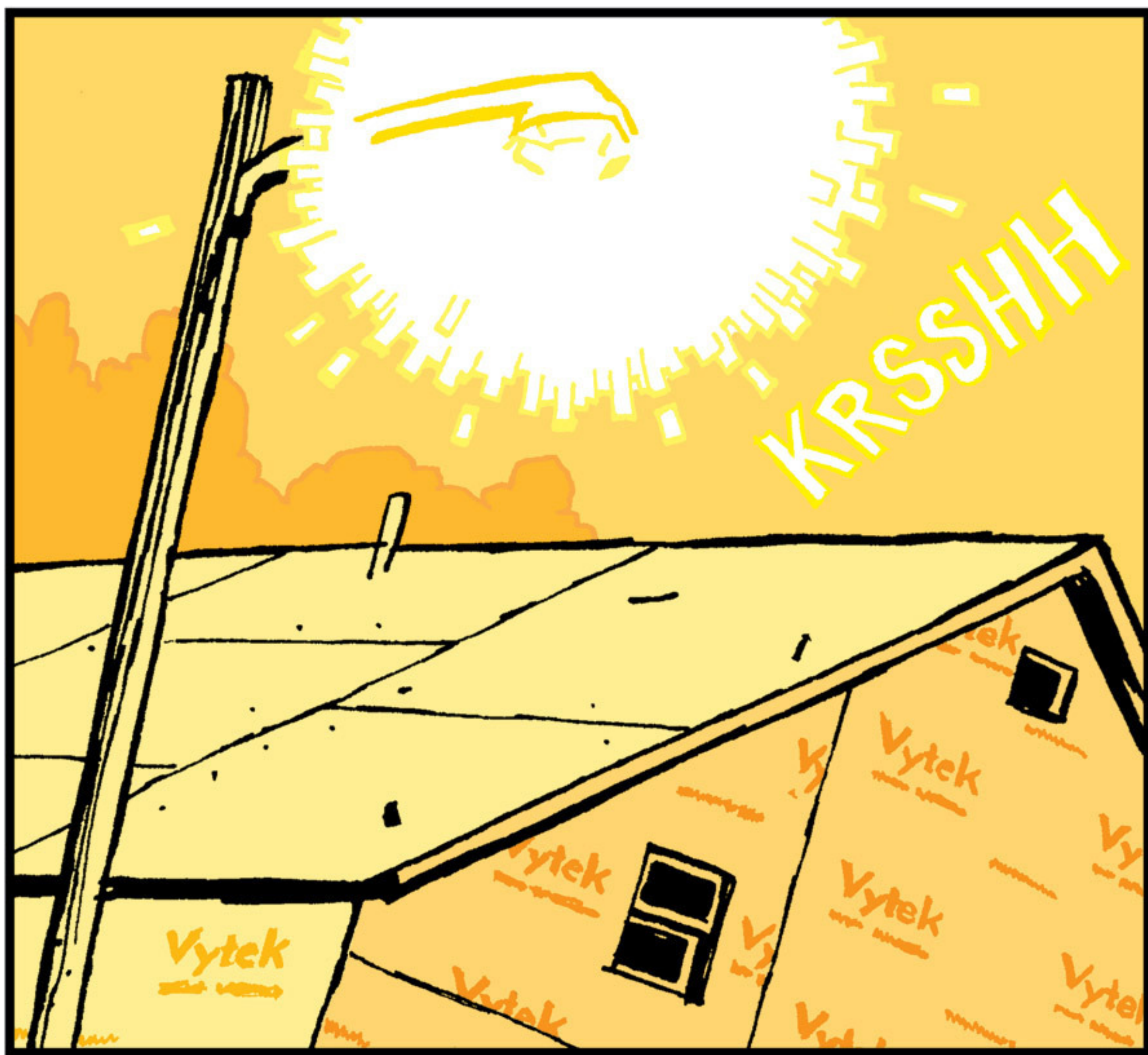


But, how'd they even get it down here?

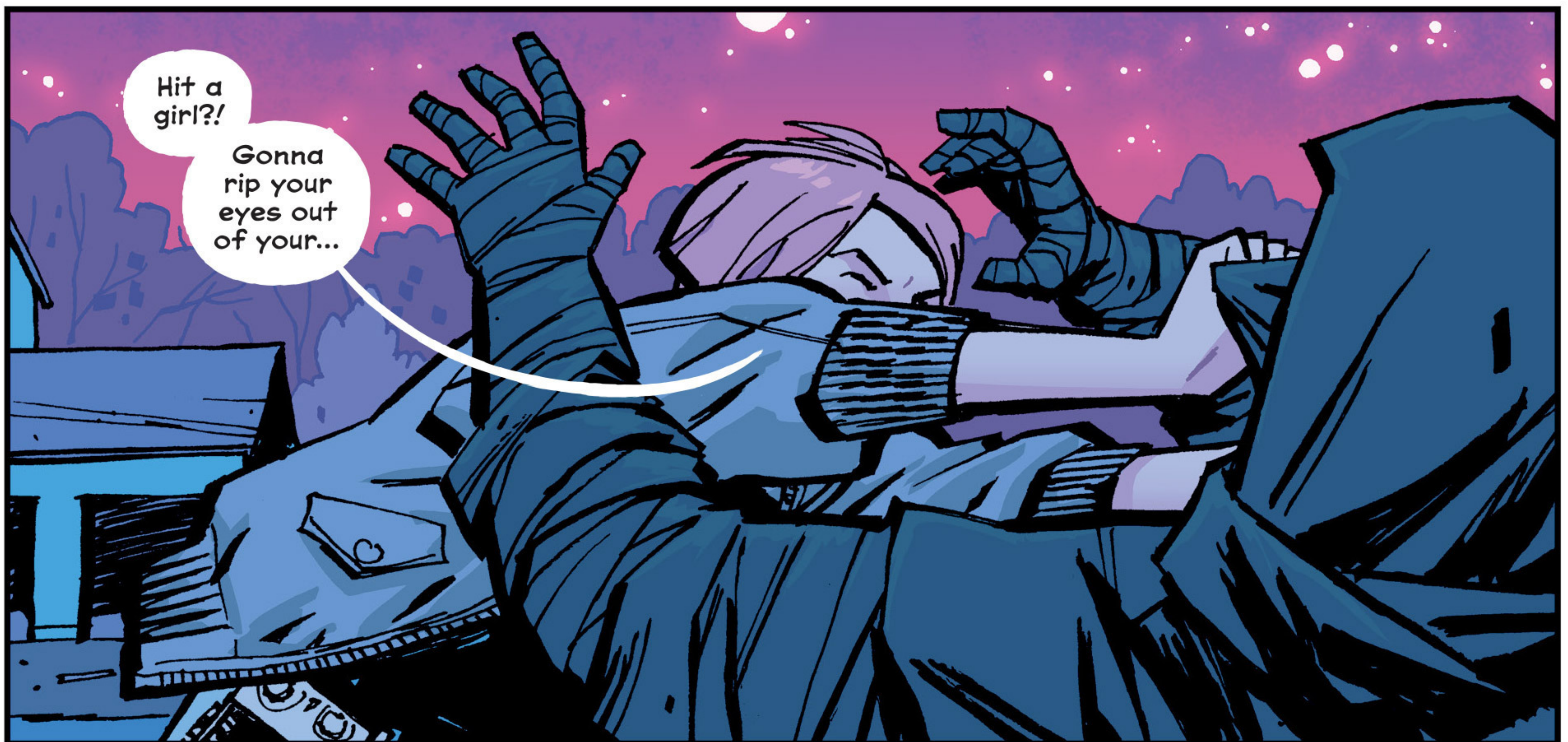
There's no way this thing could fit through that--

VMMMMMM



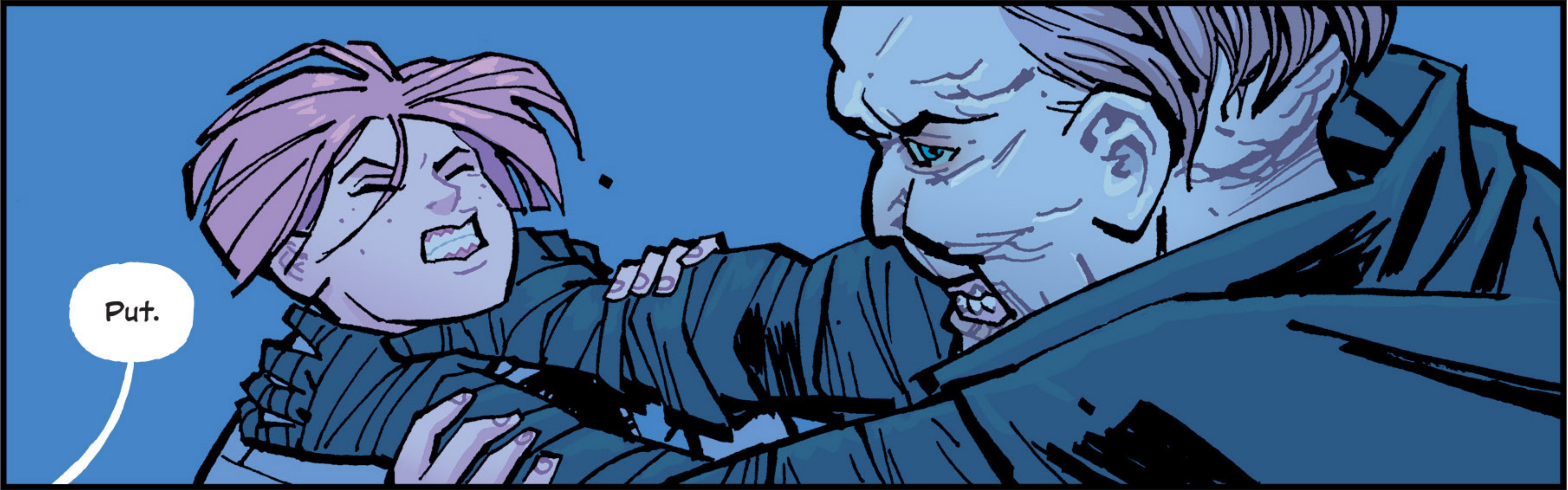
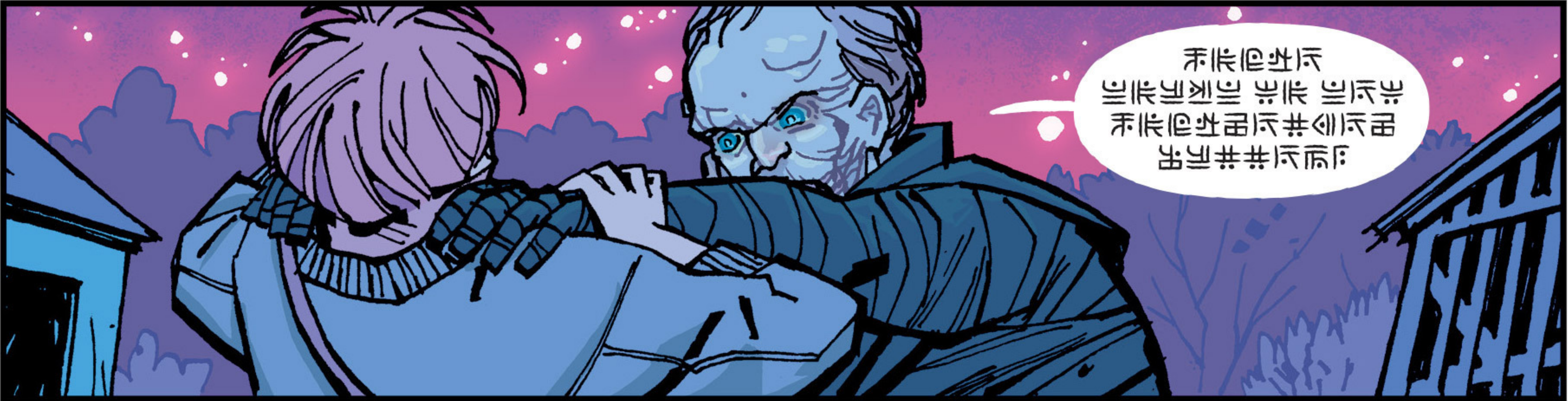








哇哇哇哇哇哇哇哇哇哇



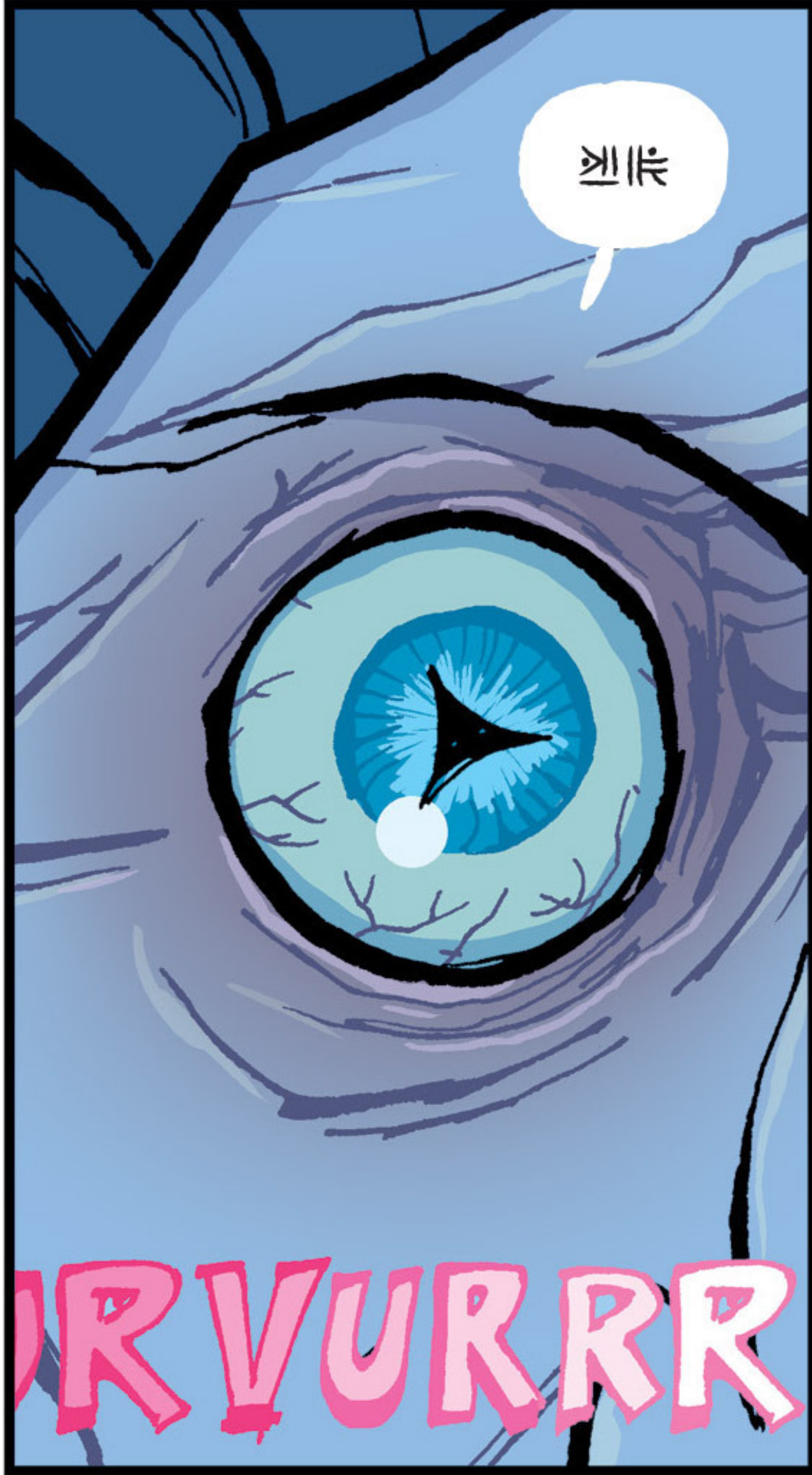


THUNK



未幾に 凶徒は凶井に
刃を刺し 未幾に 未幾に
未幾に止

VURVURVURVURRR



未幾







It's an apple.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DELIVERY GUILD

4335 Van Nuys Boulevard - Suite 332, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403 U.S.A.

SINCE 1899!



Petey Roy, **Paperboy**

Hey, Guys!

Did you know that it's not too late to join the **A.N.D.G.**?

All it costs is one **SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE** mailed to the address above!

Cool benefits include:

- 1) **One MEMBERSHIP CARD*** with your own unique **Deliverer Number!**
- 2) **Lifetime access to future SPECIAL EVENTS!**
- 3) **Exclusive opportunities to win AWESOME PRIZES!**

*While supplies last. Please allow 8 - 12 weeks for delivery.



Dear Delivery Bag,

My brother says I have to wait to be 14 years old to be a paperboy. Is he wrong?

Thanks, **Henry J.**

Bloomington, IN

Henry, your brother isn't just wrong, he's dead wrong. Thanks to an exemption in the Fair Labor Standards Act passed by the United States Congress, child labor laws do NOT apply to "youth engaged in the delivery of newspapers to consumers." In other words, if you're old enough to read this, you're probably old enough to start earning money by helping your community as a newspaper delivery boy!

Petey,

I've been delivering for well over two and a half years, and I have to admit that what's on the front pages of my papers these days is starting to make me somewhat depressive. Any advice for a loyal reader?

Sincerely, **Andrew S.**

Deliverer #8891217

Dallas, TX

Thanks for the great question, Andrew. I suppose the easy answer would be to just never read your local paper again, but Petey Roy doesn't believe in hiding from problems. Even though things can sometimes seem bleak, never forget that we're lucky enough to live in the greatest country in the world, a country that has always believed in Freedom of the Press. The news might not always be what we want it to be, but at least we have access to the TRUTH. Deliverers like us play a vital role in our Democracy, so even when the weight of what's in your bag is getting you down, just keep pedaling!

Dear Petey...

I'd like to respectfully disagree with "Colin from Yonkers" about your updated appearance. I happen to love it! No offense, but you finally look like you've joined the Modern Age.

Regards, **Donny S.**

Deliverer #71564

Dallas, TX

Thanks for the two cents, Donny! I may look like I'm your guys' age, but I've actually been the mascot of the American Newspaper Delivery Guild since it was founded way back in 1899! And I've lasted almost a century for the same reason that the A.N.D.G. has: by constantly evolving with the times. I know we won't always be able to please everyone, but we'll never stop trying. So here's to the next 100 years and beyond!

Dear Delivery Bag,

One of the customers on my route insists on having the paper left on her back porch, even though I have to climb a fence to reach it. I think this is kind of unreasonable, but my dad says I should just do it anyway. What do you think?

Sincerely, **KJ**

Deliverer #0191217

Stony Stream, OH

There's a reason "the customer is always right" is one of the oldest sayings around, KJ, so we're with your father on this one. Who knows what condition this woman you mentioned might be suffering from? Newspapers are crucial lifelines for millions of Americans, so we need to be able to do whatever it takes to reach the people who depend on them (and on guys like us!).

DELIVERERS OF THE MONTH

Nominated by customers from local routes around the country!



CLIFF C.
Closter, NJ
Deliverer #7015933



BRIAN V.
Westlake, OH
Deliverer #9763572



MATTHEW W.
Orlando, FL
Deliverer #8688407



JARED F.
North Kingstown, RI
Deliverer #9991834

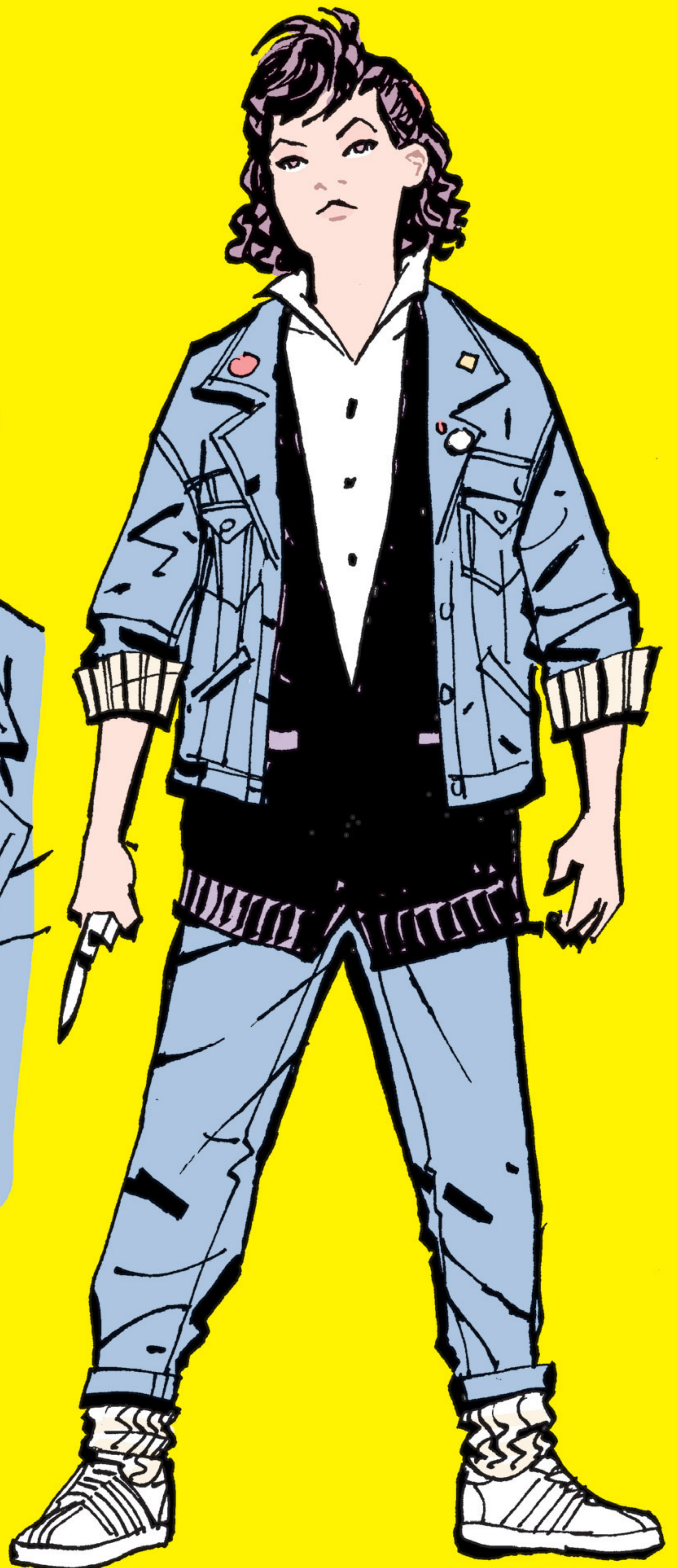
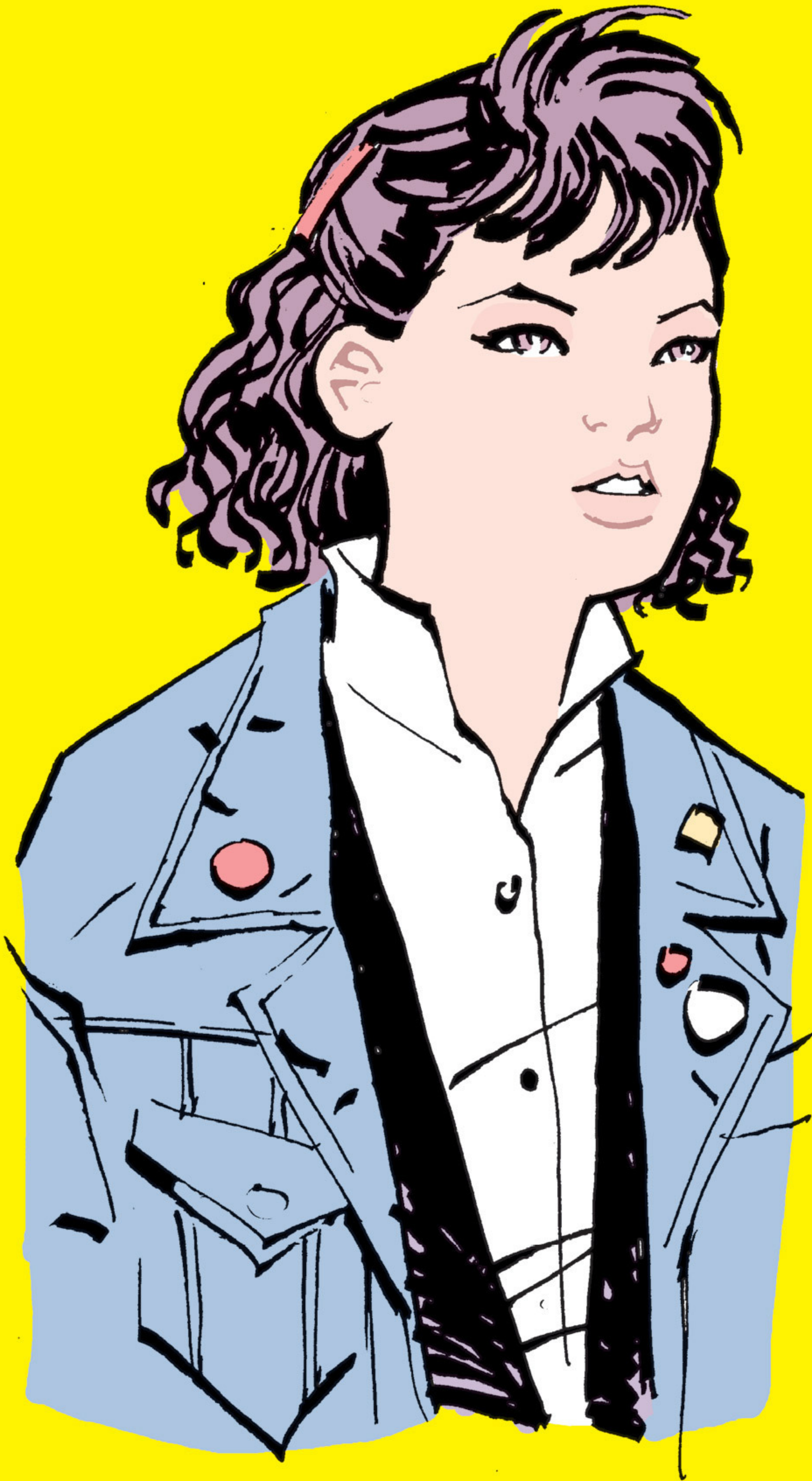
Monthly nominees will be automatically entered in the annual A.N.D.G. Grand Prize Drawing to win one **NEW SHINEFAST BICYCLE**, so good luck to all of our deserving deliverers!

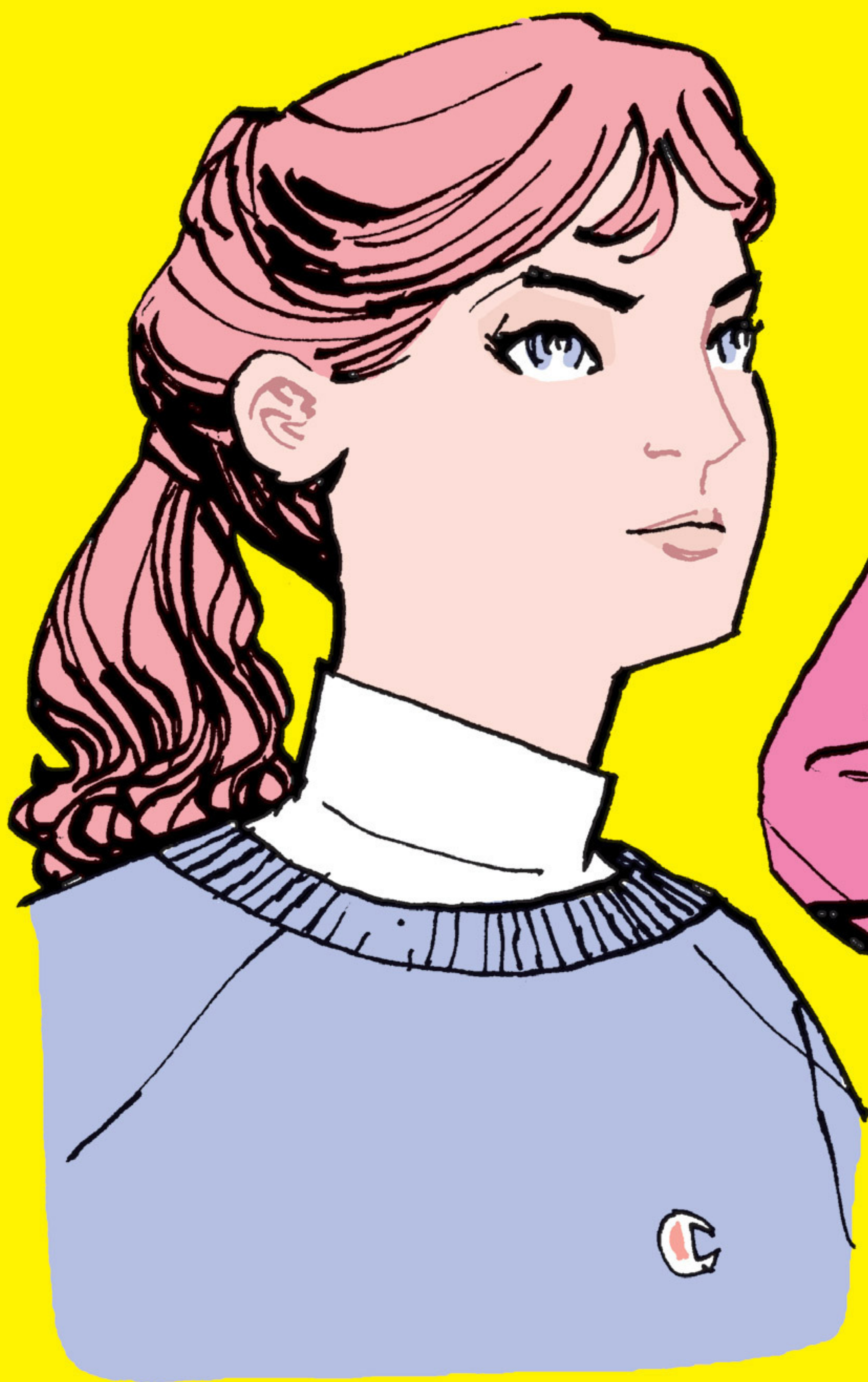


Nominees for this year's contest must be submitted on or before December 31, 1988.

MEET THE A.N.D.G. LOCAL 412!

Erin





KV



Mac





Tiffany

IN THE FUTURE,
EVERYONE WILL HAVE
A SECRET IDENTITY.



THE PRIVATE EYE

DELUXE HARDCOVER

BY

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN & MARCOS MARTIN

WITH

MUNTSÁ VICENTE



DECEMBER 2015

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"Increasingly tense and captivating." —*Comic Book Resources*

"This is, hands down, one of the best comic books in years." —*IGN*



JASON AARON JASON LATOUR
**SOUTHERN
BASTARDS™**
BOOK ONE PREMIER HARDCOVER

COLLECTS ISSUES 1-8

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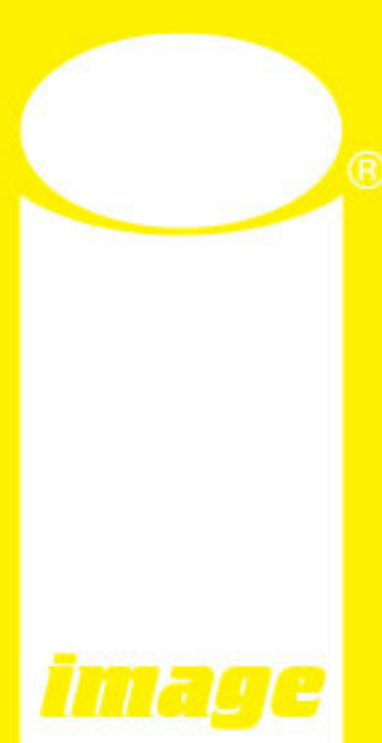




Paper Girls₂

ON SALE 11.04.15

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN
CLIFF CHIANG
MATT WILSON
JARED K. FLETCHER



ISSUE 01

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CLIFF CHIANG
MATT WILSON
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