

# Paper Girls 2



# Paper Girls 2

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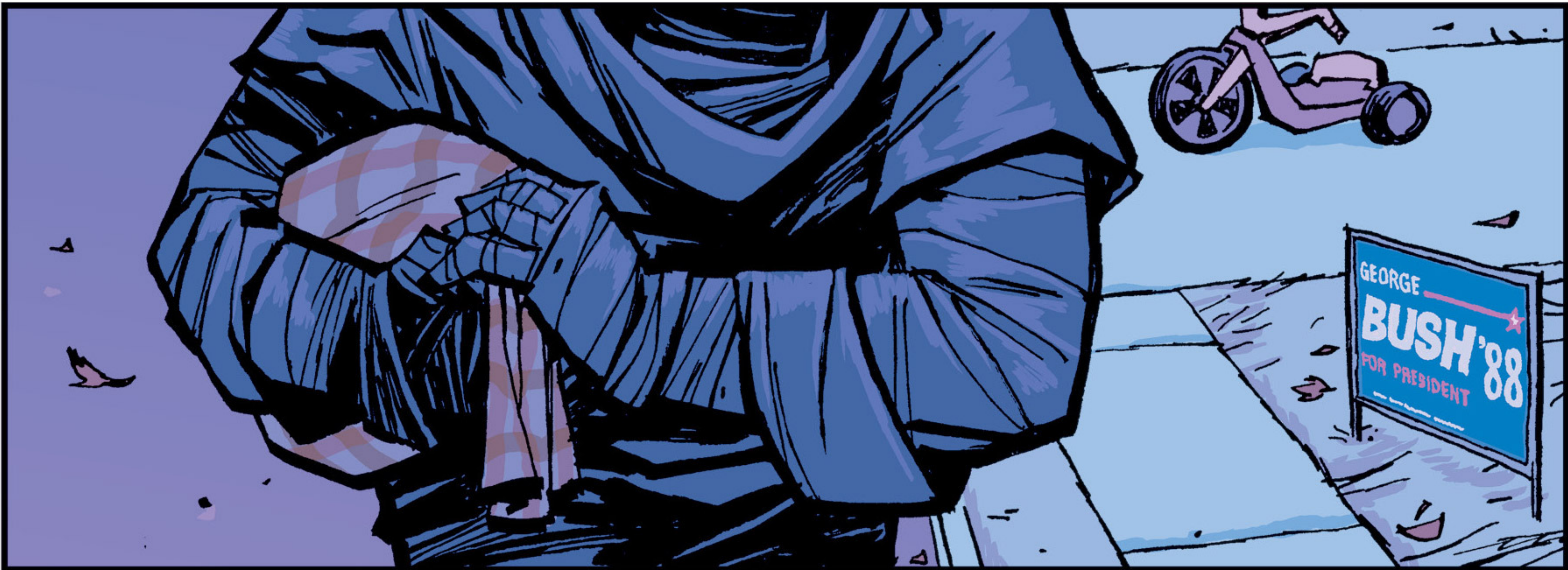


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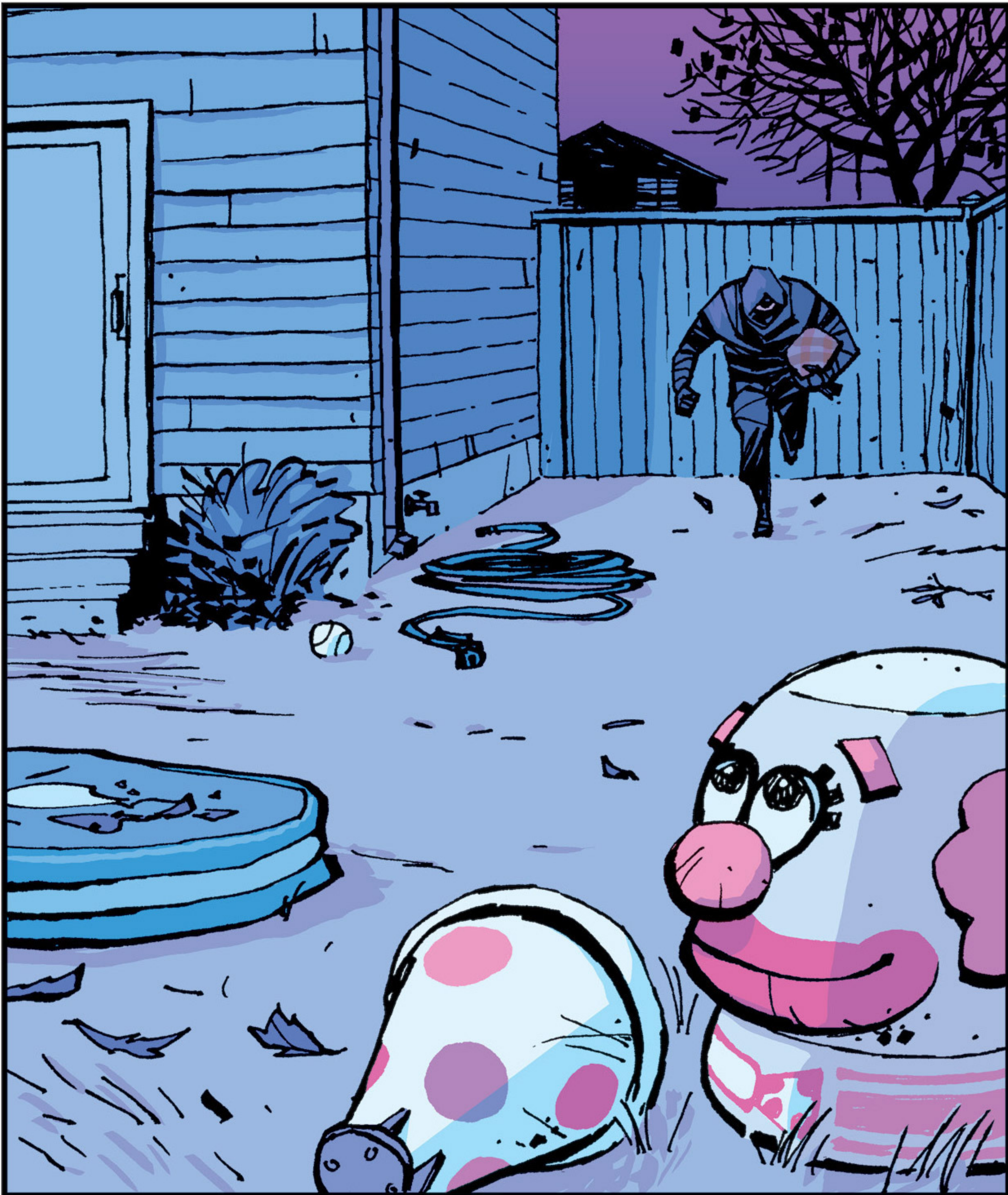








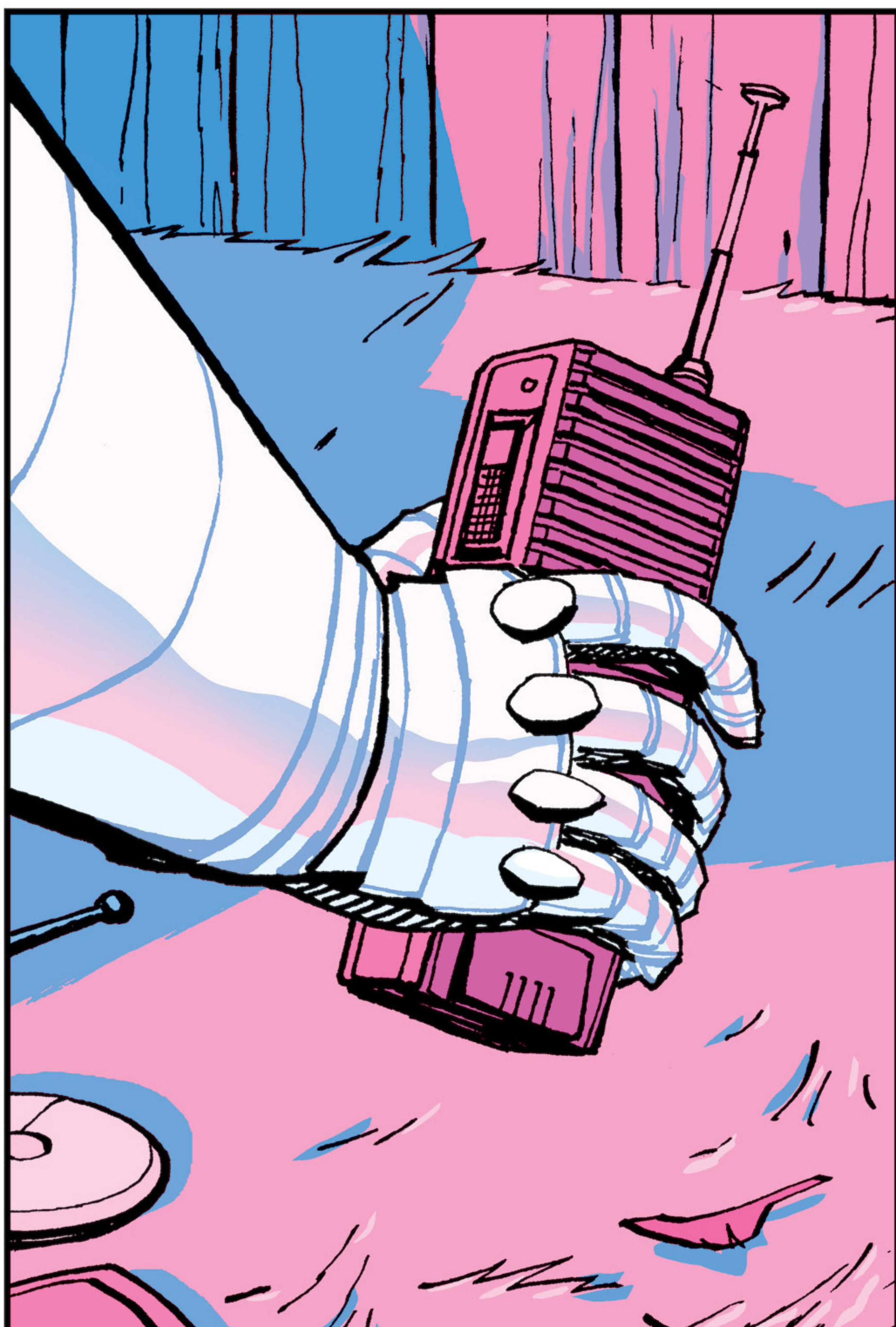
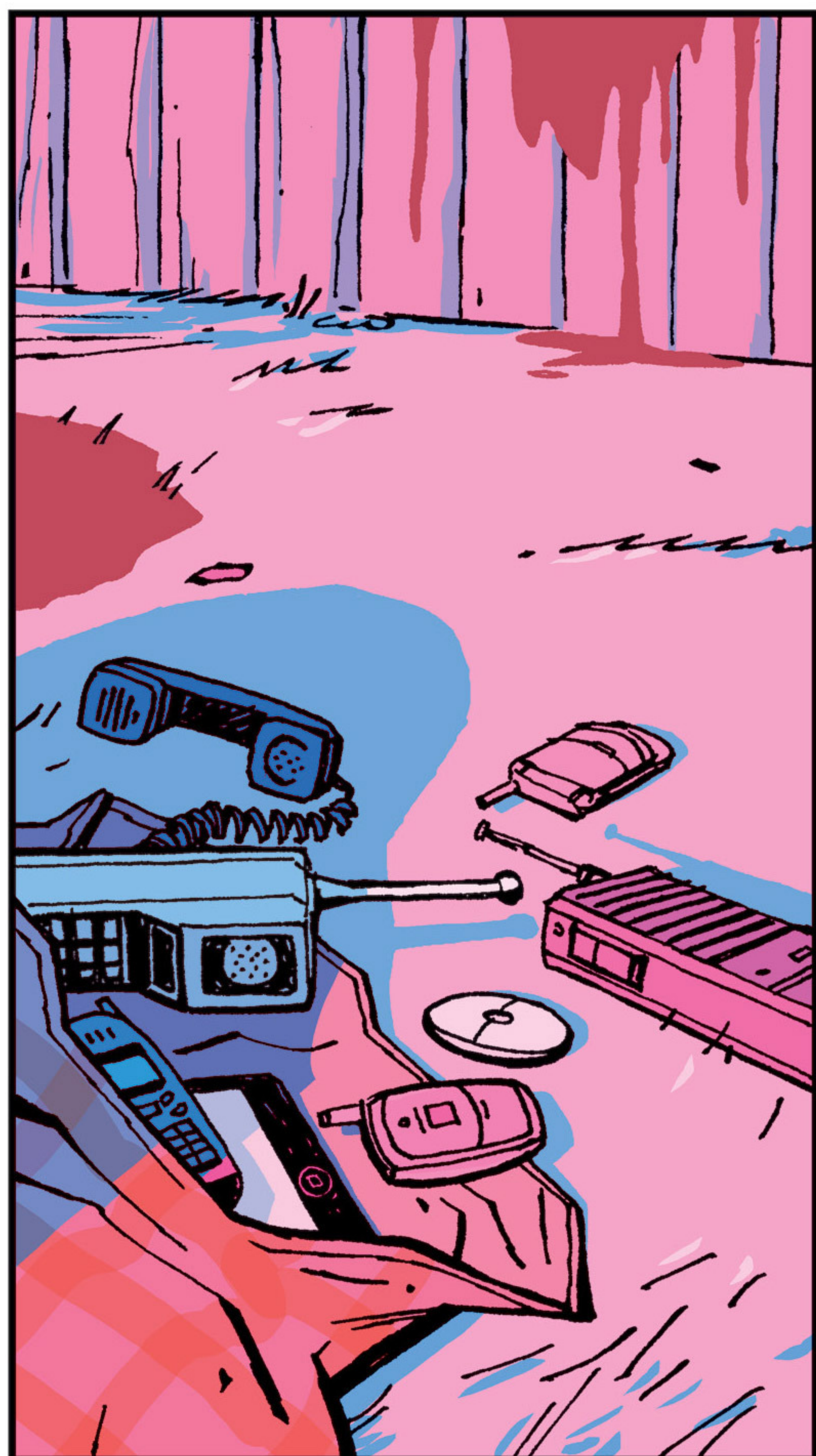
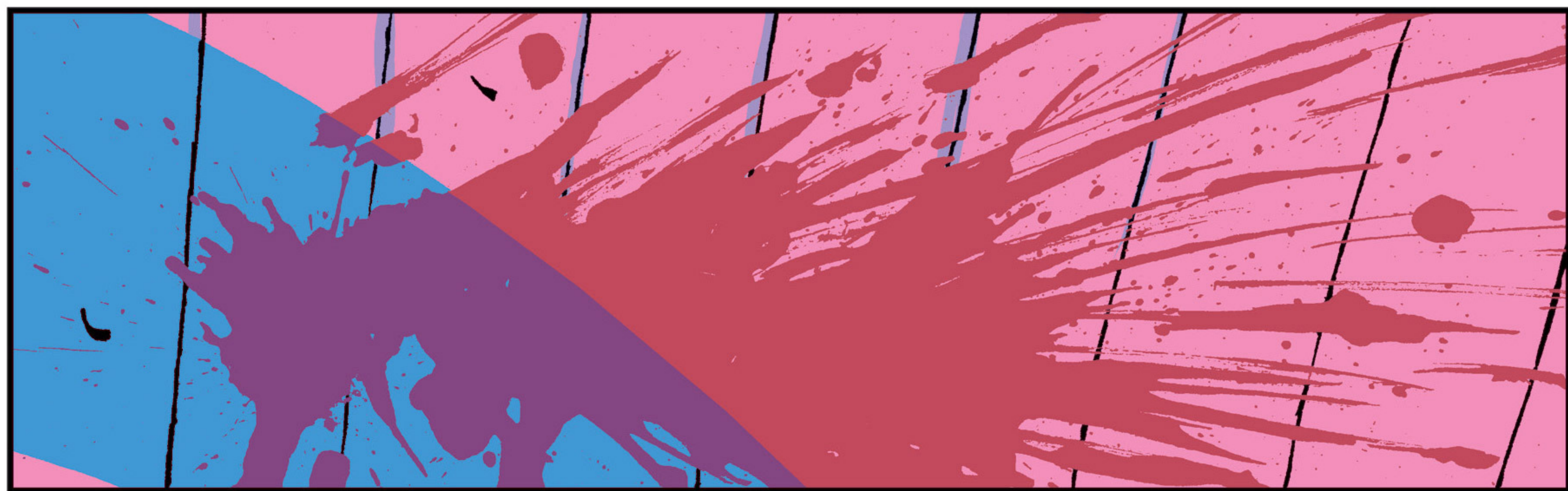
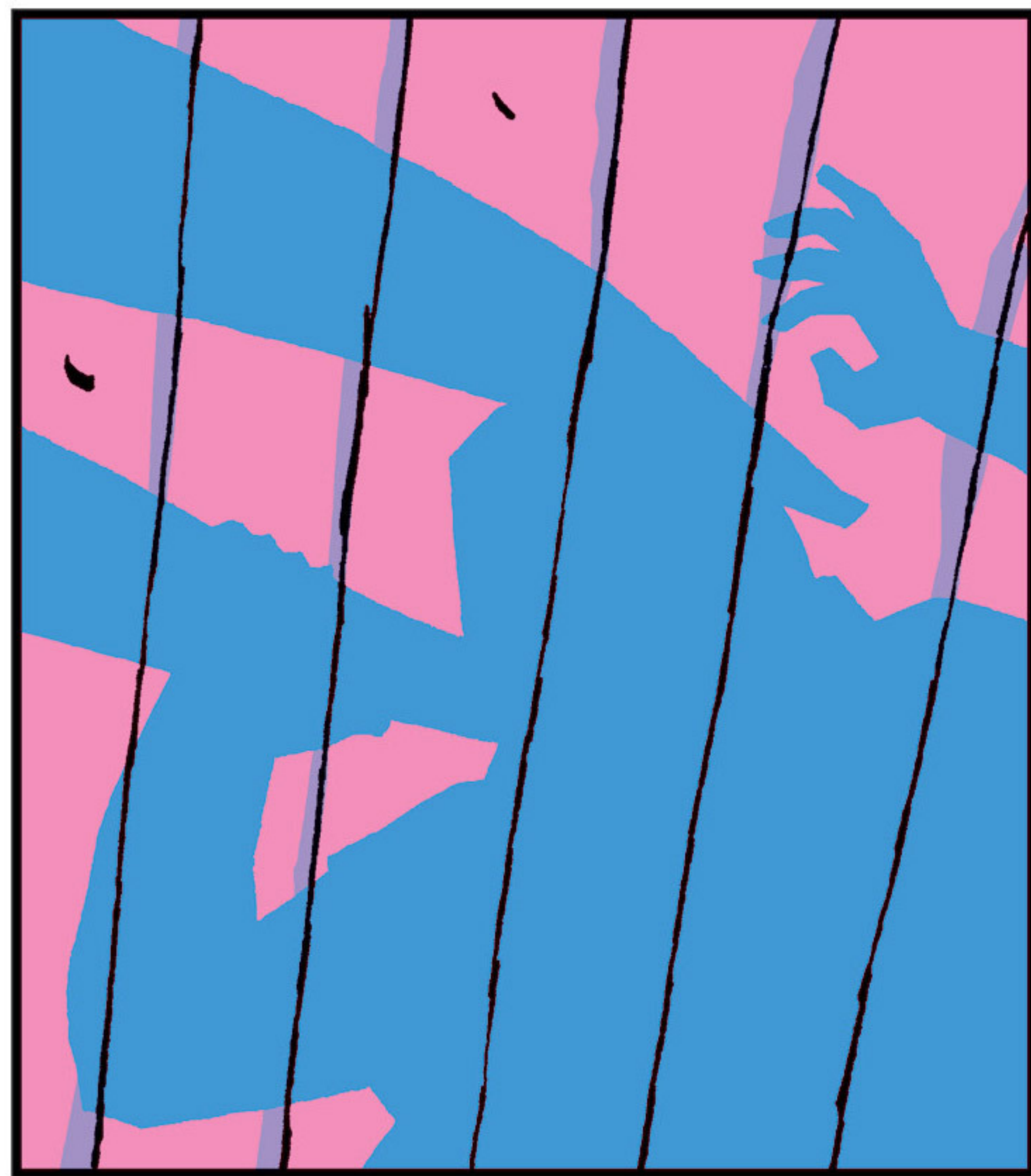




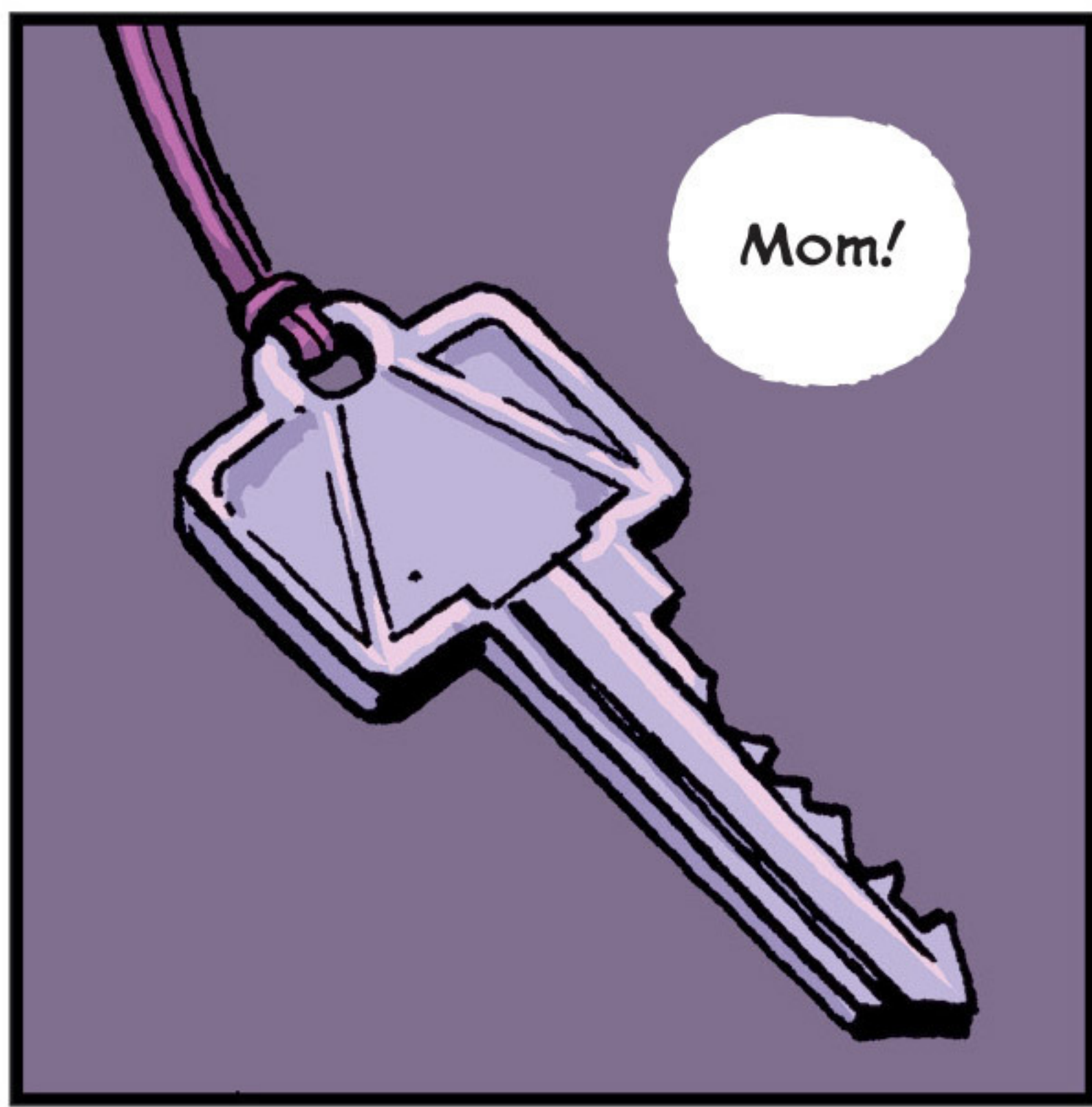




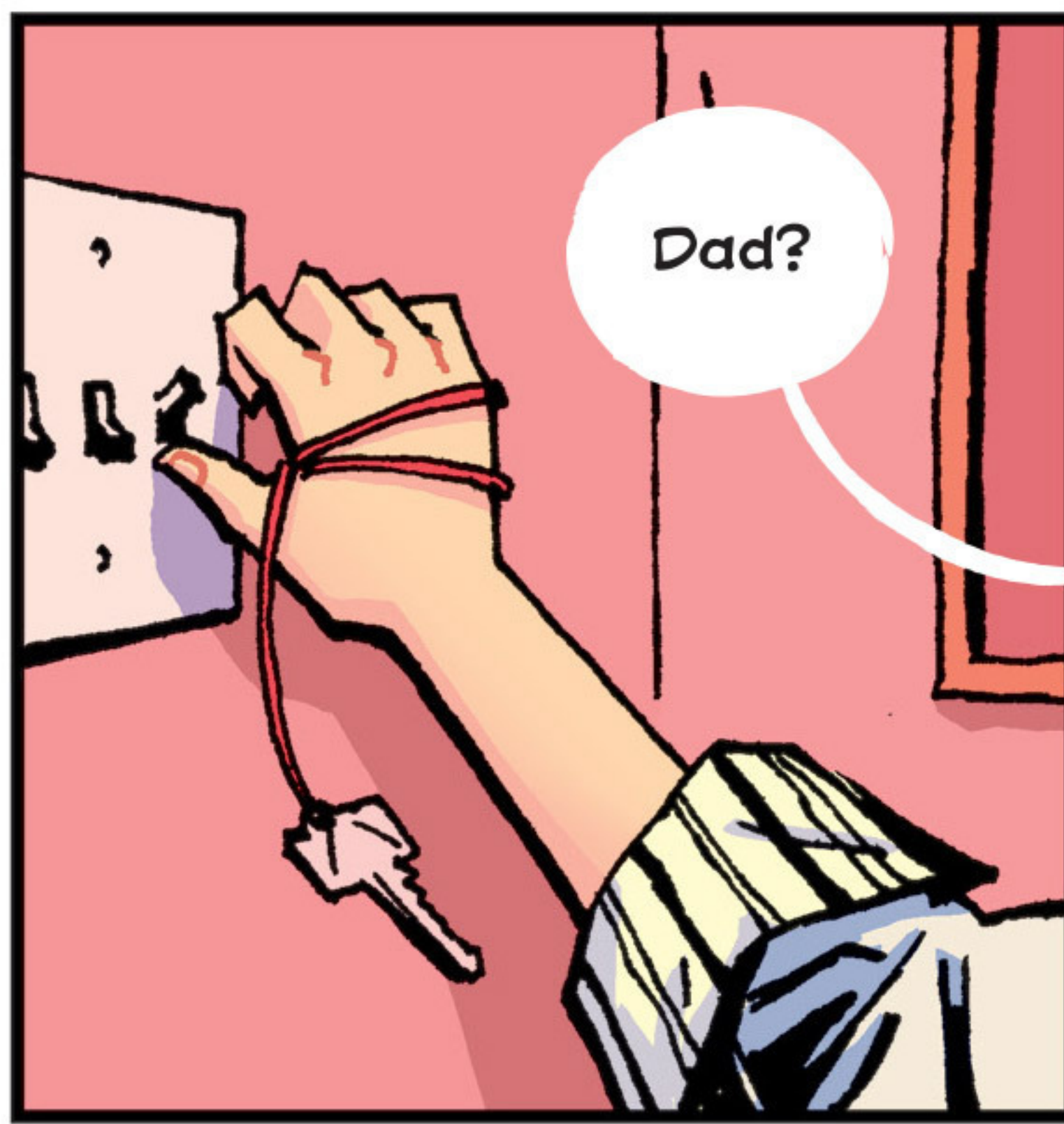








Mom!



Dad?



Anyone...?



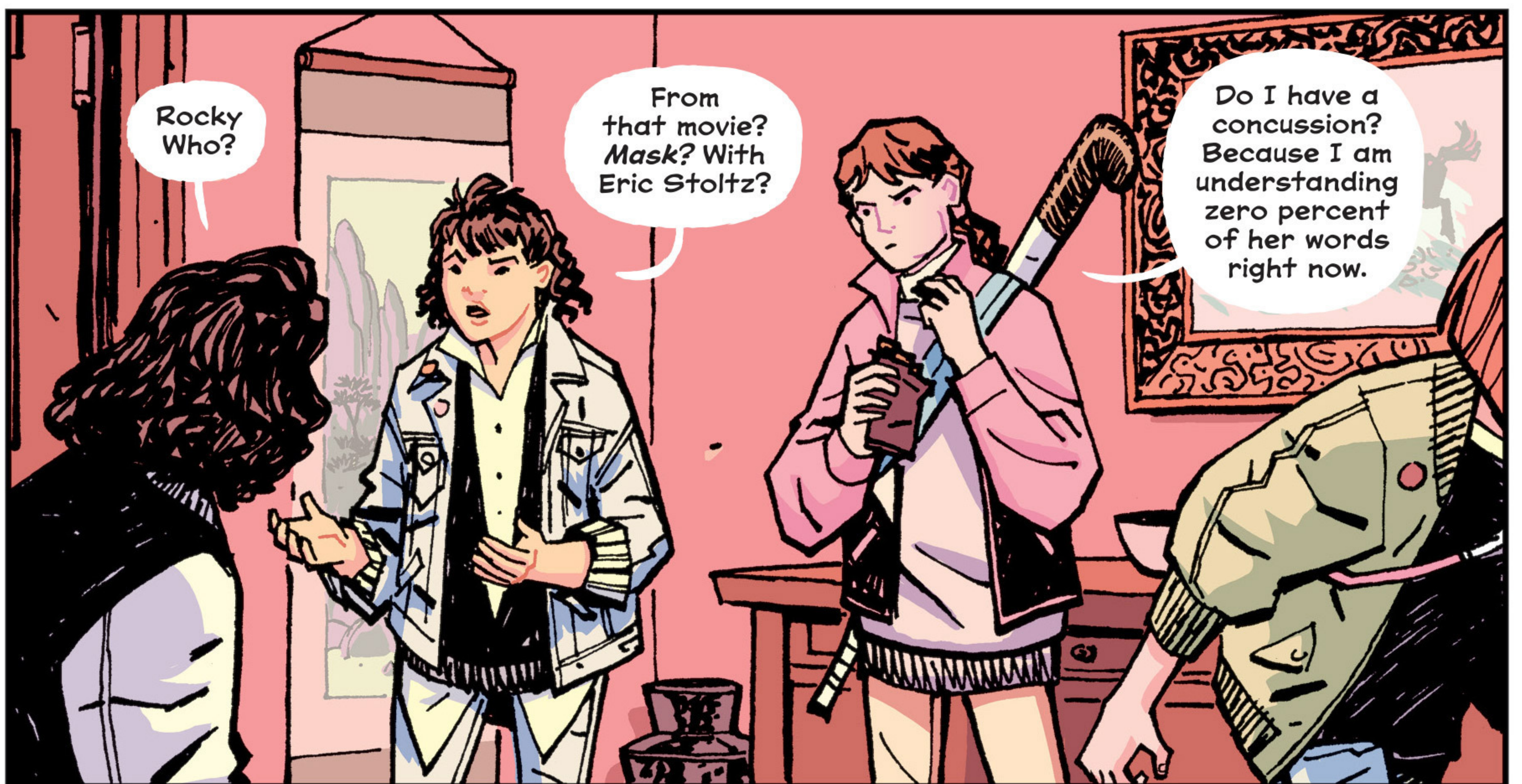
Maybe your parents already left for work, Erin.

But, what about my sister? Missy always goes to school with me.

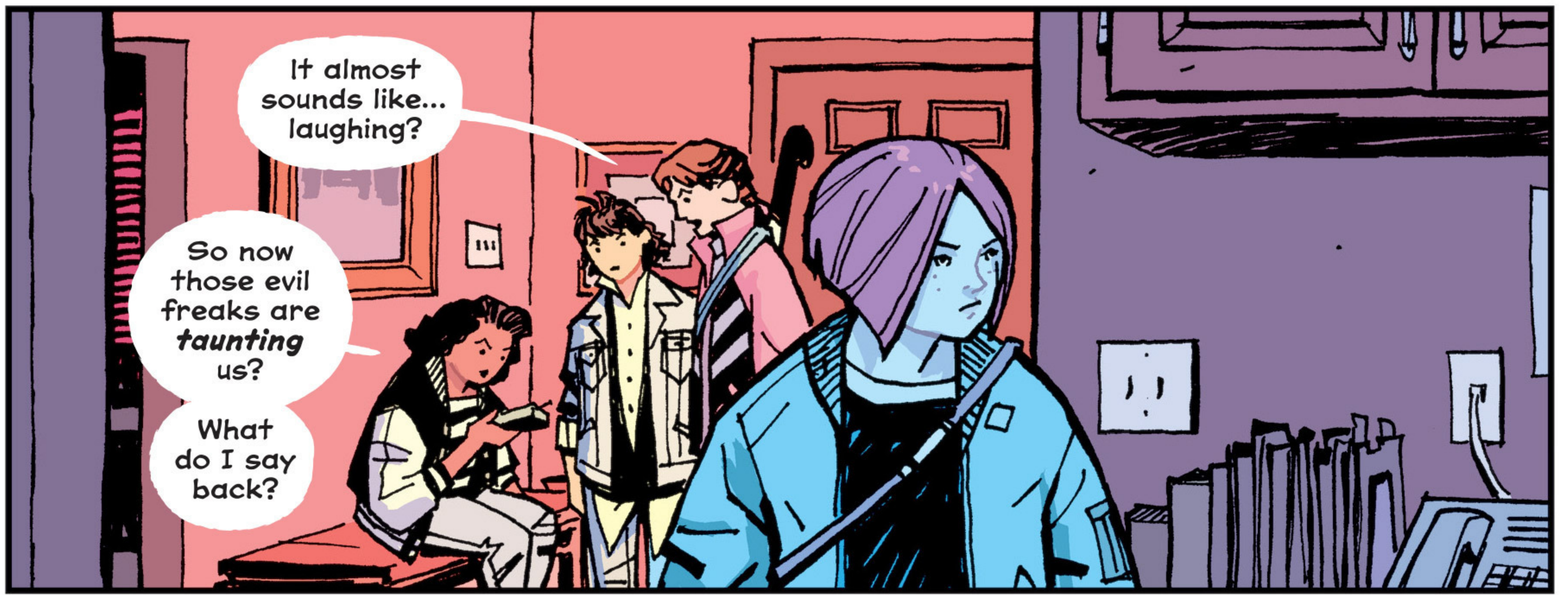
After all the insane crap going on? Your family probably got the hell out of Stony Stream.

Oh my god!





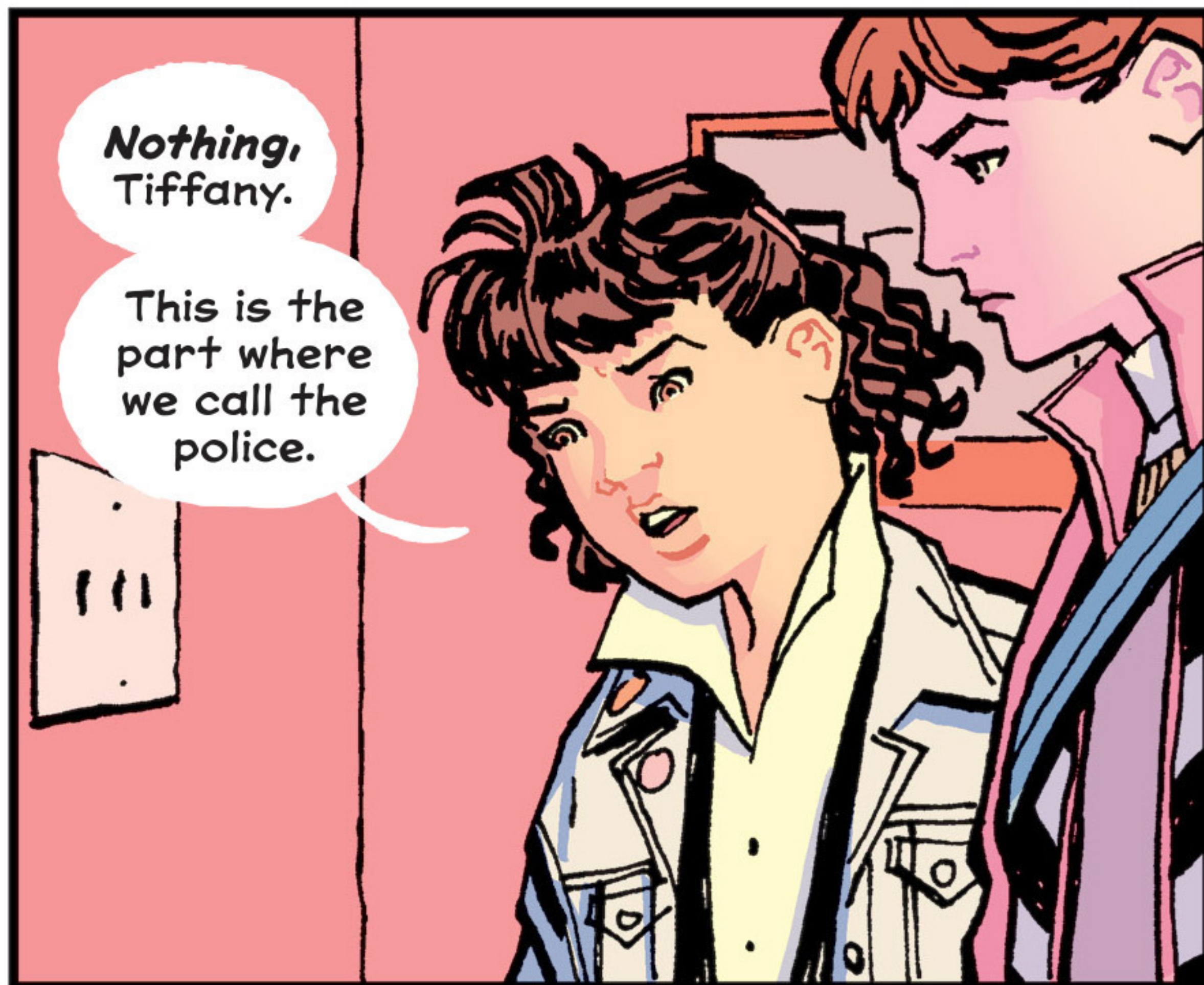




It almost sounds like... laughing?

So now those evil freaks are *taunting* us?

What do I say back?



*Nothing, Tiffany.*

This is the part where we call the police.



Way ahead of you.



But there's no dial tone, just that emergency broadcast sound.

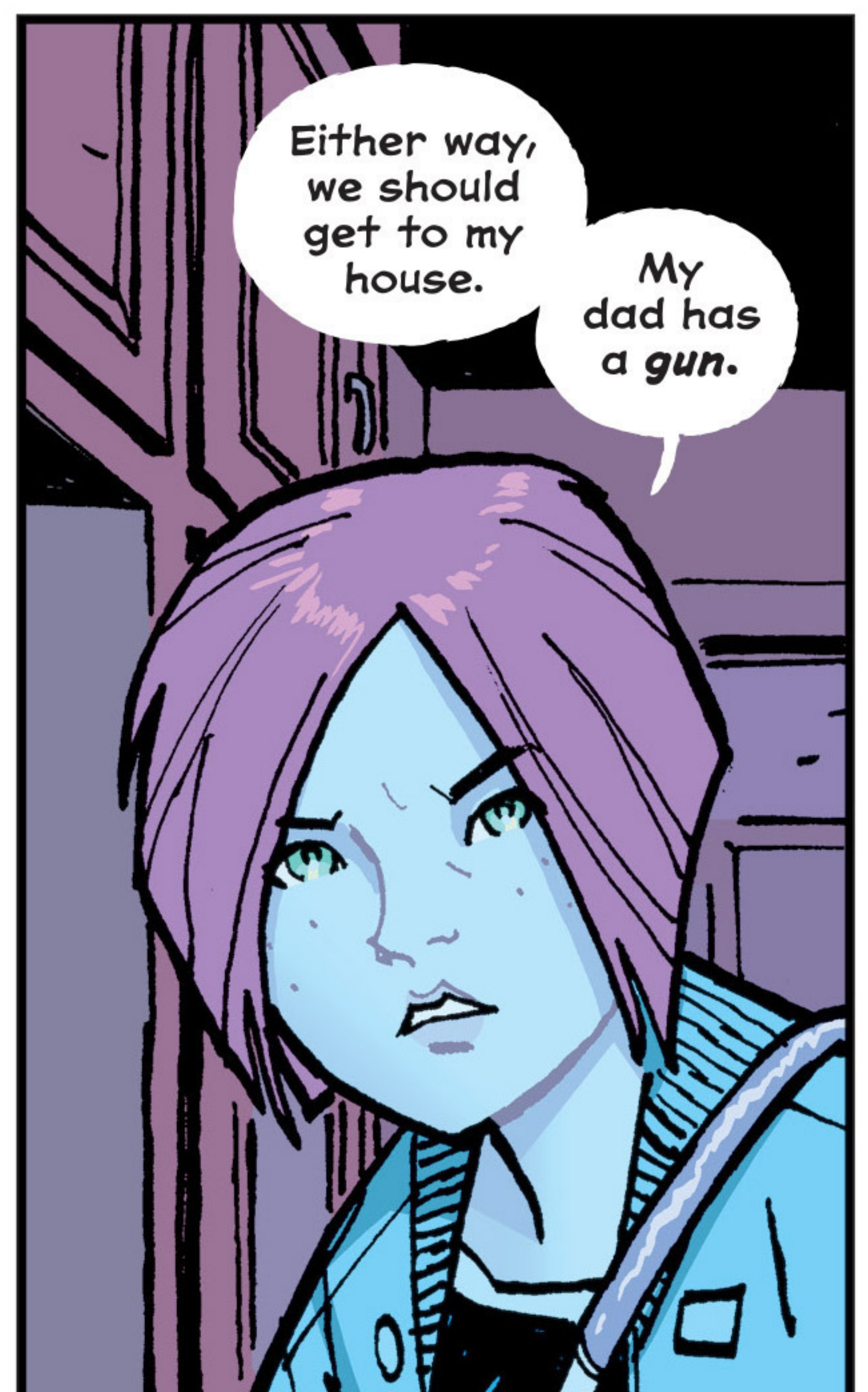
I'm telling you, everybody must have gotten the order to *evacuate*.



And they left *without* us?

Maybe our folks figured one of the dispatch trucks already picked us up.

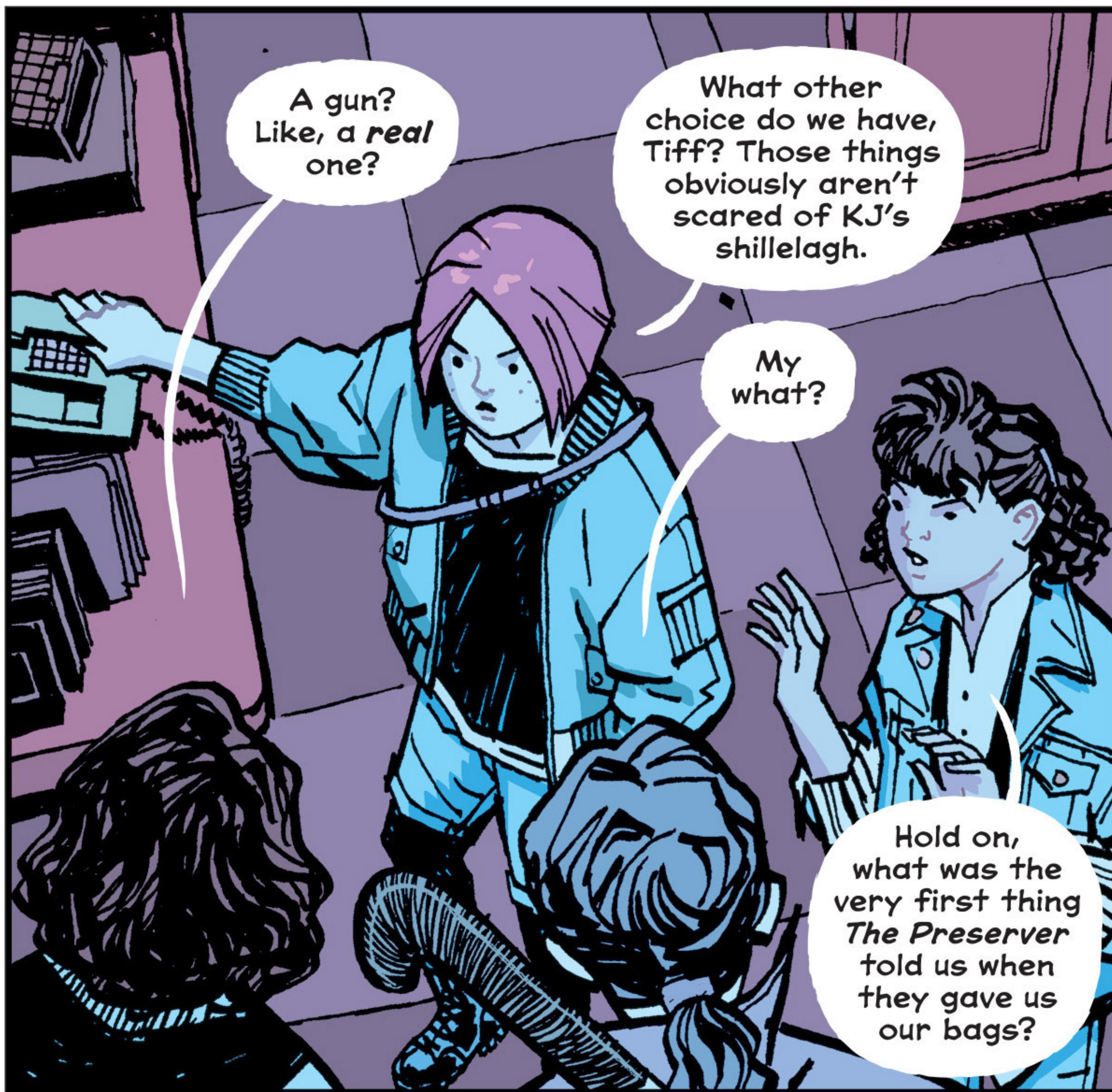
Like in the blizzard last year?



Either way, we should get to my house.

My dad has a *gun*.





A gun?  
Like, a *real*  
one?

What other  
choice do we have,  
Tiff? Those things  
obviously aren't  
scared of KJ's  
shillelagh.

My  
what?

Hold on,  
what was the  
very first thing  
*The Preserver*  
told us when  
they gave us  
our bags?



We aren't the news,  
we don't even *report*  
the news, we just get  
the news where it  
needs to be.

If we see bad  
stuff happen, we're  
supposed to stay back  
and let the adults  
handle it.



The adults  
already blew this  
popsicle stand,  
new kid.

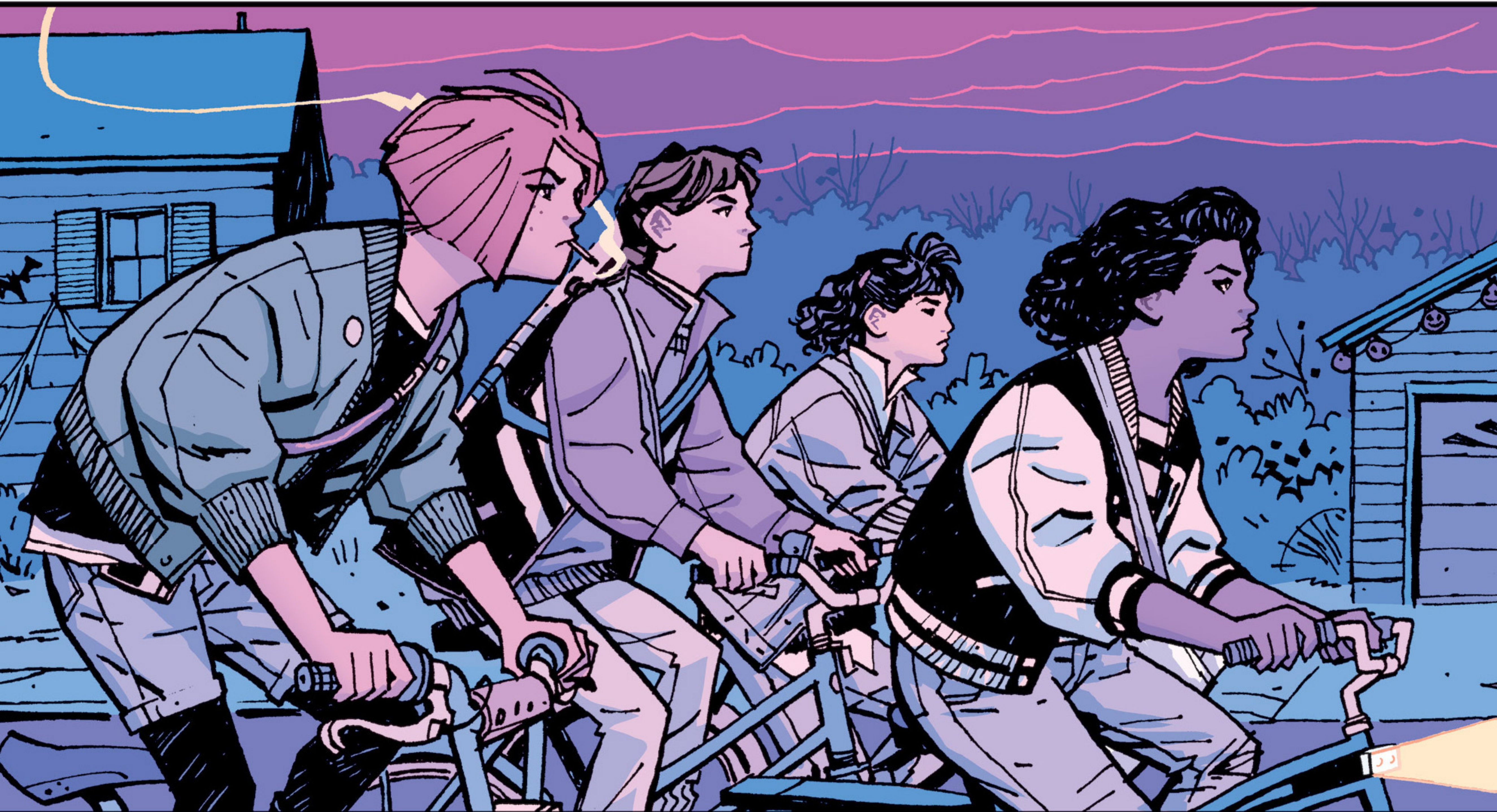
So you can hide  
out here and wait for  
those Frankensteins to  
break in and rape your  
face, but *I'm* gonna find  
a way to defend  
myself.



Who's  
with me?











Because of that fruity thing they dropped?

It has a logo a lot like the one on the **computer** my school got last year.

I've been thinking, what if this is some kind of...**micro version** of it?



How would you fit an entire computer inside something the size of a Klondike bar?

Well, thirty years ago, computers used to fill up entire rooms.

Maybe they'll get even smaller in the **future**.



Back up, you think we're being invaded by, what...**time travelers**?

And that's less dumb than monsters **how**, Erin?



It's at least **sort of** scientifically possible. I mean, what if the people who jumped us used that **capsule thing** we found to slingshot around the sun?

You know, like in **Star Trek IV**?



Yeah, sorry, I'm not really into science fiction flicks. Unless you count **Peggy Sue Got Married**?

That's actually more of a **fantasy** time travel story than--

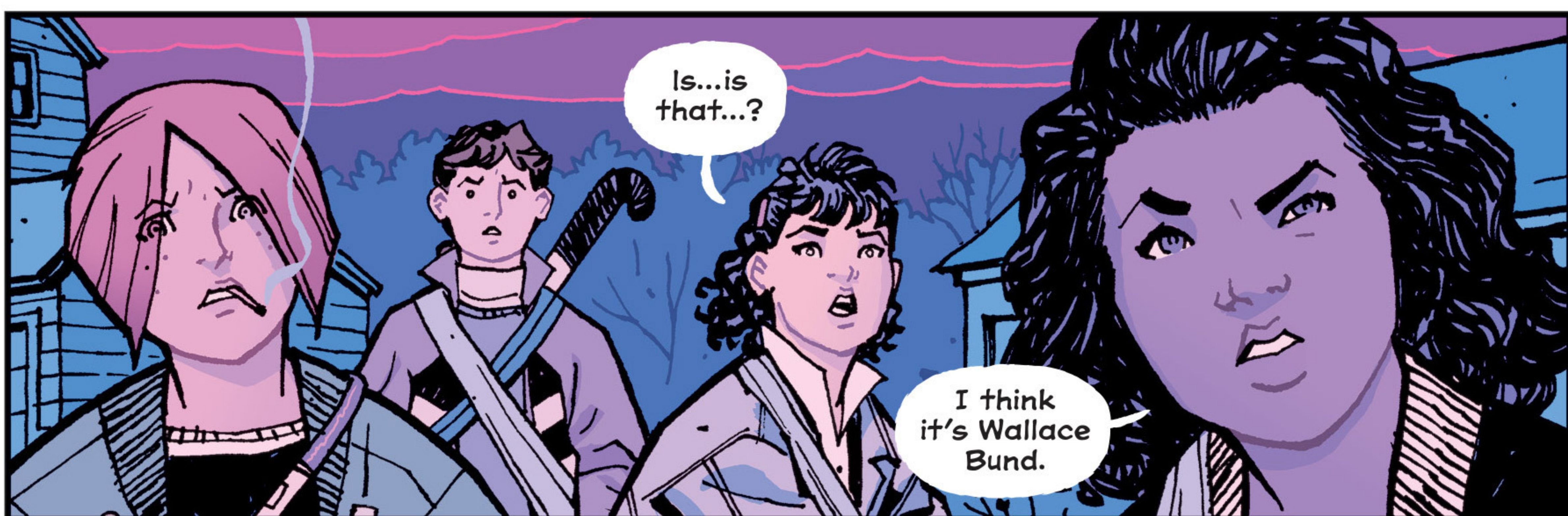
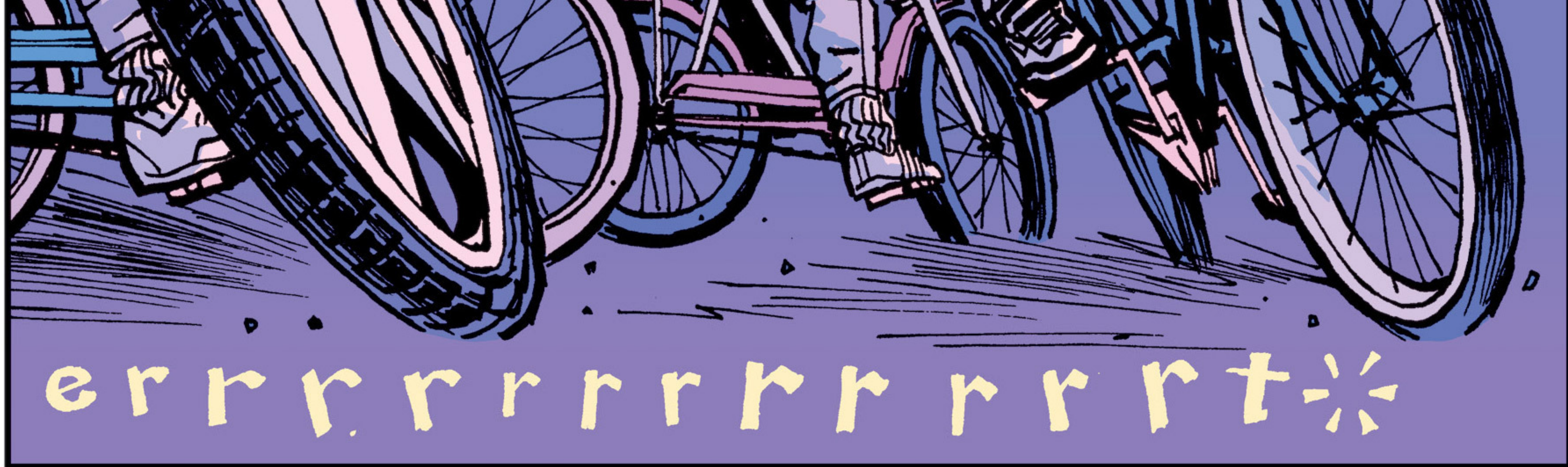


Hey, Siskel and Ebert, would you please zip it?

We're supposed to be keeping our eyes peeled for--

**GUYS!**









Who?

Eighth grader.

He brought a *mask* exactly like that to school yesterday.



Why's he just standing there like a creep?

He's kind of a creep.



What's up, Wally?

Don't get close to him, Tiff!

What if it's another one of those... whatever!



It's definitely him.

I can smell his gross Drakkar Noir from here.



This is kind of a terrible idea!

Please, let's keep moving!

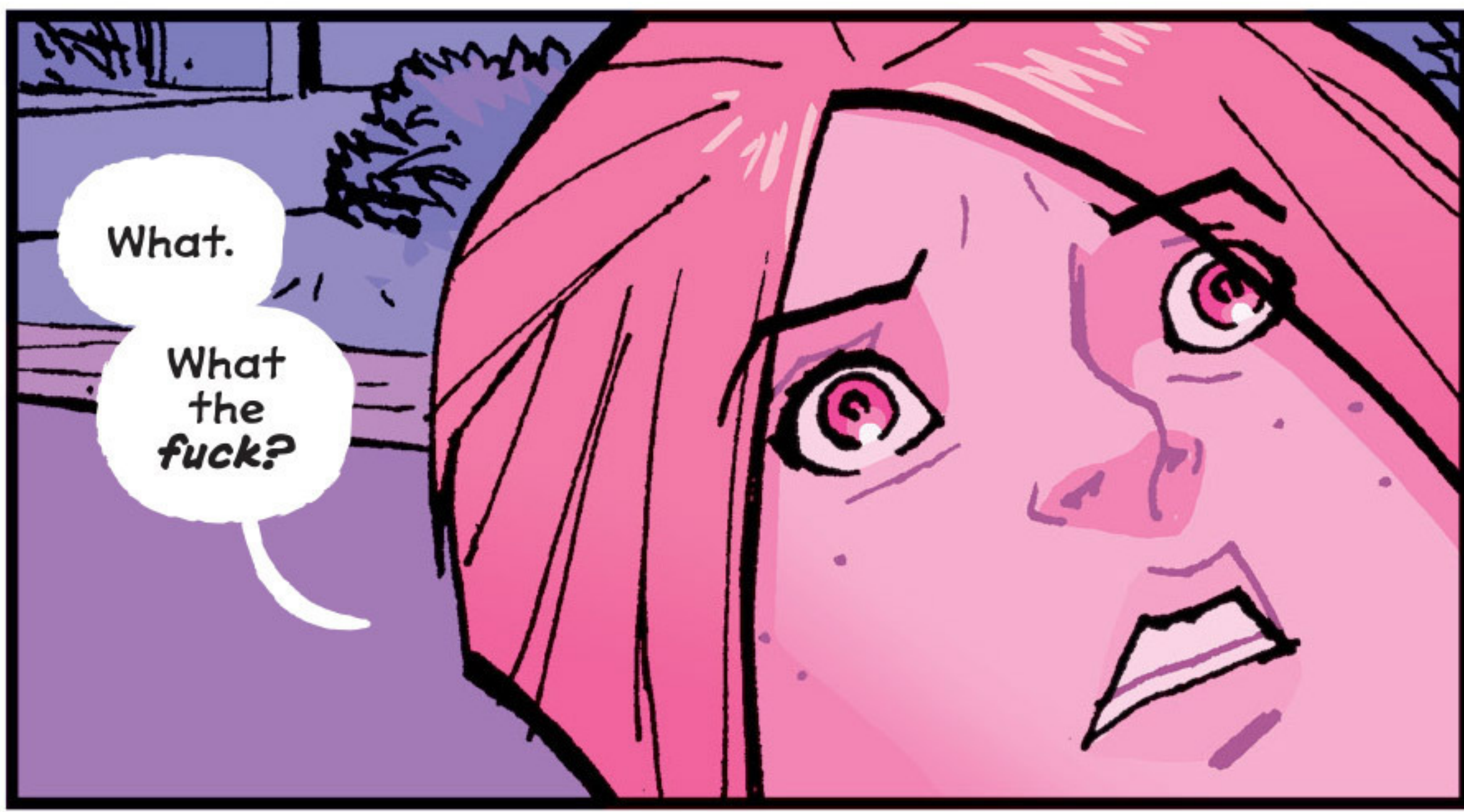




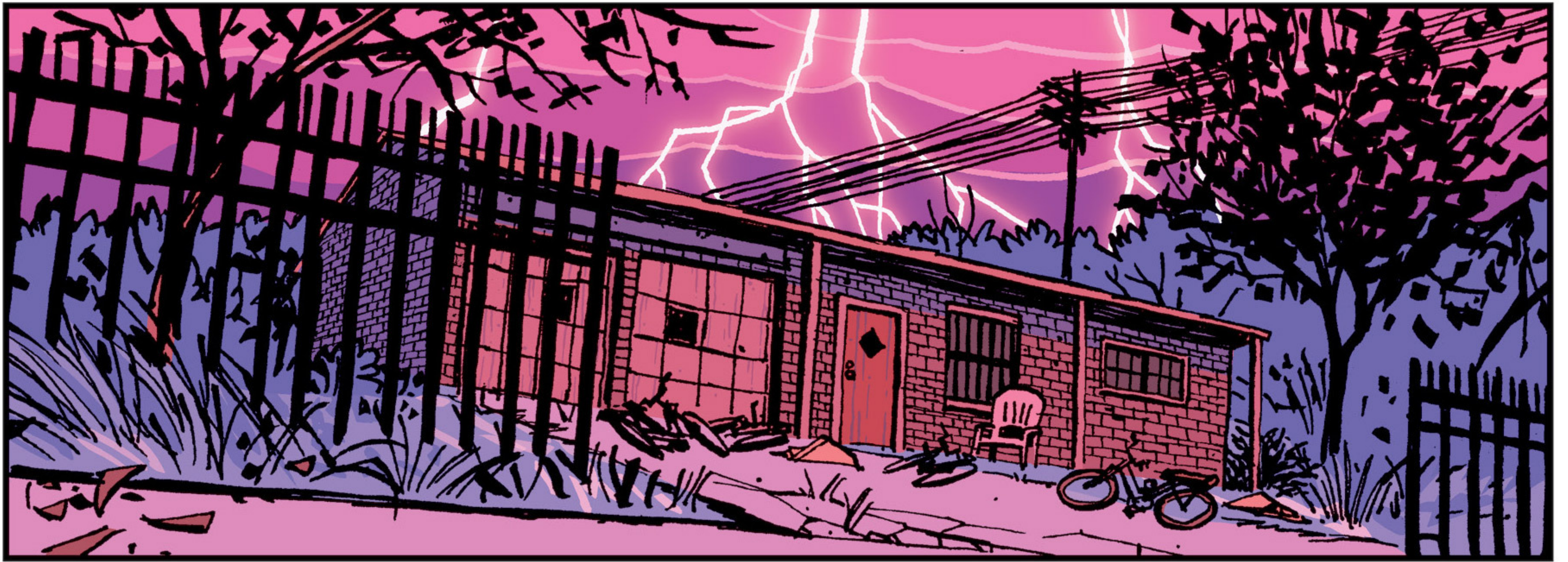




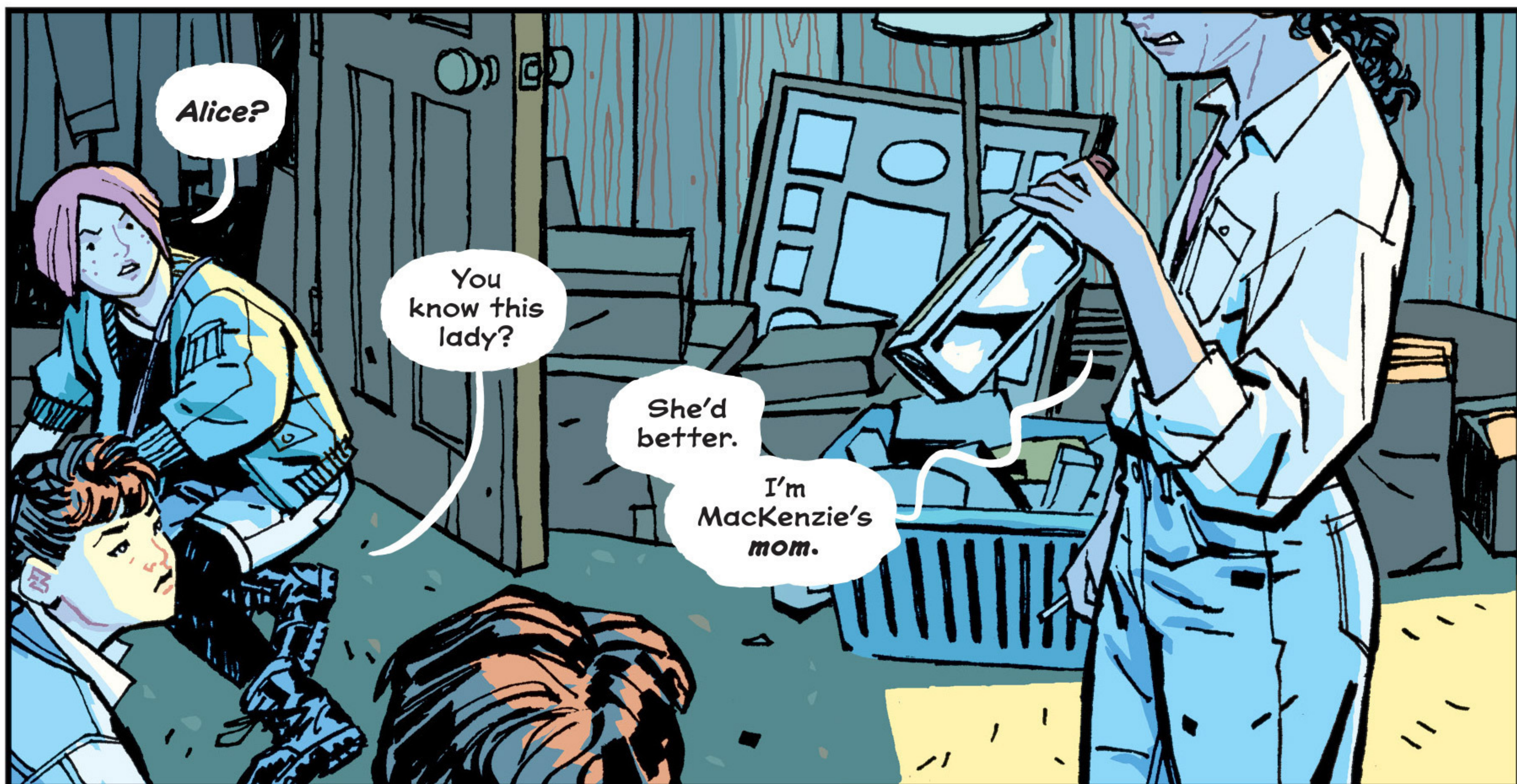




















He's gone.

Forever.



What are you--

I was dozing next to him in bed when this, this awful *sound* woke us both up, and then...

...then I watched my husband just, just *vanish*. Disappeared into thin air.



Wallace.



Your father was a good man, which is why he got sucked up to Heaven.

See, 'cause of Dukakis and... and all those people, we're finally living through that Bible thing that predicted this was gonna happen.

What the hell are you *talking* about? What Bible thing?



I forget exactly what it's called.

Maybe if I'd ever opened the damn book...



...I wouldn't be stranded here with the rest of you sinners.





Alice,  
please.

Please  
put that  
down.

There's only  
one thing the Lord  
wants us to do here,  
you understand  
that, right?



Look, we don't  
know exactly what's  
happening out there,  
but it doesn't have  
anything to do  
with God.

Trust me,  
I...I've gone to  
Catholic school  
my whole life.

Yeah,  
I thought I  
knew everything  
when I was your  
age, too.



I hated being twelve.  
Back in '65, I just wanted  
to grow up fast so every-  
thing would finally be  
good, you know?

But truth is,  
life was actually way  
better back then. Turns  
out, the older you get...the  
more everything just  
turns to *shit*.

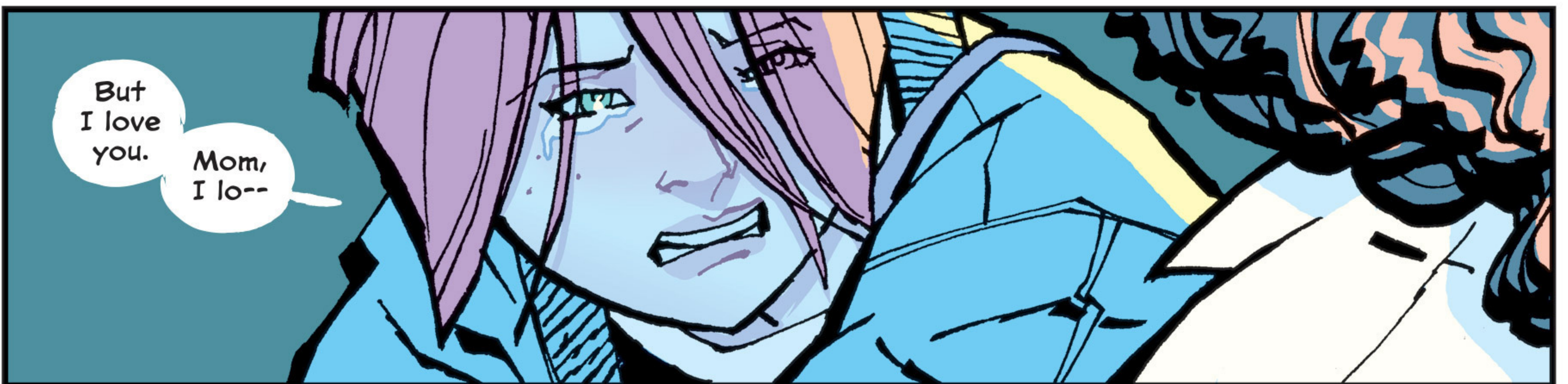


You girls  
are lucky  
you'll never  
have to find  
that out.



**DON'T!**







# THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DELIVERY GUILD

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

SINCE 1899!



Petey Roy, **Paperboy**

# Hey, Gang!

*Your pal, Petey Roy the Paper Boy here!*

*Since we're still waiting for the mailman to deliver your most recent thoughts, here's a very special letter from a gentleman named CLIFF BIGGERS, who started an awesome new publication called COMIC SHOP NEWS in 1987, and even though it's only a year old, we're already sure CSN is going to be a smash hit for decades to come. Mr. Biggers was nice enough to share this fantastic story with us, and I'd encourage any of you other former newspaper deliverers to please do the same by sending your favorite memories to the address above!*

*For now, take it away, Cliff...*



Dear Petey's Delivery Bag,

Because my dad worked for the *Rome News-Tribune* (he was the sports editor when I was a pre-teen, moving to city editor and managing editor later on), he felt that it might look like nepotism if I delivered the Rome paper, so instead I got a job delivering the *Atlanta Constitution* in late 1965 through mid-1966, when I was twelve (no kidding!).

My route was in my extended neighborhood—before my parents would let me take the route, they checked it out to make sure that I didn't have to cross Shorter Avenue, the major four-

lane road in West Rome that was the worry of parents of pre-teens all over West Rome. I rode the route in a bicycle that had wire "saddlebag baskets" on the back wheels that could hold the newspapers. The route manager would drop off my newspapers in a big stack at my house; it was my job to roll 'em, rubber-band 'em, load 'em on my bike, and deliver them to the appropriate addresses. Every now and then he'd accidentally short me a paper or two, and I'd determine which customers didn't get a paper that day based on who was late paying me the prior week or month. (Yes, they expected twelve-year-olds to also go door to door and collect the subscription money, then turn it in every week!)

I hated Sunday papers because they came in two stacks—the news section and the ads—and I had to put 'em together and then band them. I also discovered that my bike baskets weren't always big enough to hold all the papers if there were a lot of ads, so I'd have to do half my route, pedal back home, then load up and do the other half.



At first I hated the idea of getting up early, but after a little while I became really fascinated with seeing so many houses with their dark windows, knowing that I was doing my job while they were sleeping. When I'd see a house with one or two lights on, I'd make up little stories in my head about what was going on behind those doors and windows. Way too often, it involved spies and/or aliens...

Rain was the worst. They didn't give us plastic bags for the papers back then, just rubber bands, so if it was raining, I had to put the papers in the mailbox or on the porch... and that made the route twice as long.

I quit the route when two problem customers refused to pay up for their monthly subscription and the route manager took the cost out of my pay. That left me with very little money for all that work (I was only getting about three cents a paper for each paper I delivered, and my route only had about 50 or so subscribers, so two people stiffing me for a month would wipe out about 2/3 of my income for that month), and I had been hoping to save up for an Aurora monster model AND a Revell B-24 airplane model that I wanted. Until then, it had been fun; now it seemed like pre-teen slave labor. I grumbled about it to my parents, and I believe Dad had some harsh words with the route manager; the next day, he told me he'd give me an increase in my allowance if I'd do a few more chores, and I didn't have to do the paper any more.

My favorite memory? Christmas morning 1965. On Christmas Eve, Mom and Dad had given me an early gift: eight Signet paperback editions of Ian Fleming *James Bond* novels that I had asked my parents to let me read. "We've decided you're old enough to read these," they told me--and I had stayed up way too late reading *Dr. No* and *Live and Let Die* into the post-midnight hours, when the only thing on the radio worth listening to was the distant signals of stations from Chicago and New Orleans that could only be heard when other stations in the area powered down their AM signal at sunset. Then, when I got up early to do my paper route on Christmas morning before we opened presents, Dad was already awake, sitting at the kitchen table with his cup of coffee. "The car's already warmed up,"

he told me. "Let's go deliver some papers." He drove me and I would get out to put the papers in the boxes or on the porch, because they were so big that if I had rubber-banded them and thrown them, they would have busted the bands and scattered paper all over the place. I thought we made a pretty good team, and it made Christmas morning seem particularly good because "us working guys," as I referred to Dad and me when we got home, had already worked our shift before everybody else got up.

Okay, way too much stuff... but I really did like my paper route for the most part, in spite of Mr. G----- and Mr. A----- (yes, all these years later, I remember the two people who stiffed me and made me pay for their papers...)

Best, **Cliff B.**

Deliverer #6853218

Marietta, GA

*Thanks again for the gripping yarn, Cliff. And if you ever need help delivering copies of Comic Shop News, you know who to call!*

**DON'T FORGET,  
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JOIN THE A.N.D.G.!**

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# THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DELIVERY GUILD

SINCE 1899!

## 1988 NEWSPAPER DELIVERER SURVEY

The year is almost over, and that means it's time for our annual **DELIVERER SURVEY!**

Answer the following questions and send them to the **A.N.D.G.** address

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

and you'll be automatically entered in a drawing in which one lucky reader will be randomly selected to receive a real check for **EIGHTY-EIGHT DOLLARS**, so complete your survey and mail it back to us today!

- 
1. What was your favorite movie of 1988? \_\_\_\_\_
  2. What was your favorite TV show of 1988? \_\_\_\_\_
  3. What was your favorite song of 1988? \_\_\_\_\_
  4. What was your favorite music video of 1988? \_\_\_\_\_
  5. What was your favorite video game of 1988? \_\_\_\_\_
  6. What was your favorite toy of 1988? \_\_\_\_\_
  7. What was your favorite comic book of 1988? \_\_\_\_\_
  8. How old did you turn this year? \_\_\_\_\_
  9. Where do you currently reside? \_\_\_\_\_
  10. Where did you buy the periodical you're holding now? \_\_\_\_\_
  11. Are you a boy or a girl? \_\_\_\_\_

Thanks for participating, and best of luck!



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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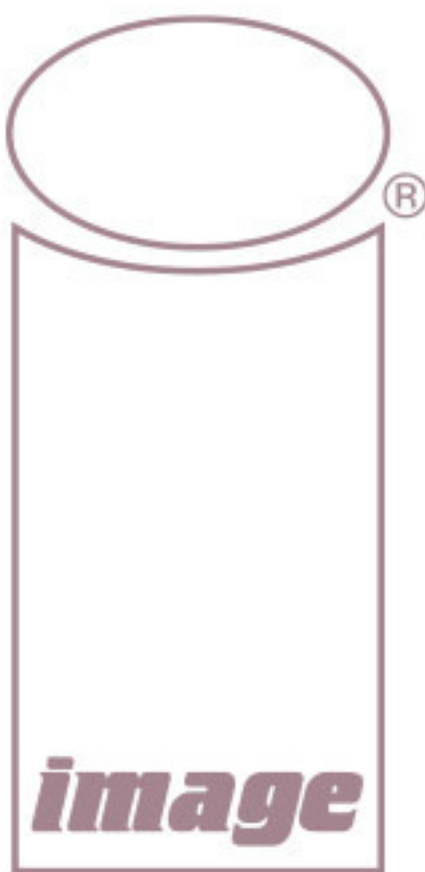
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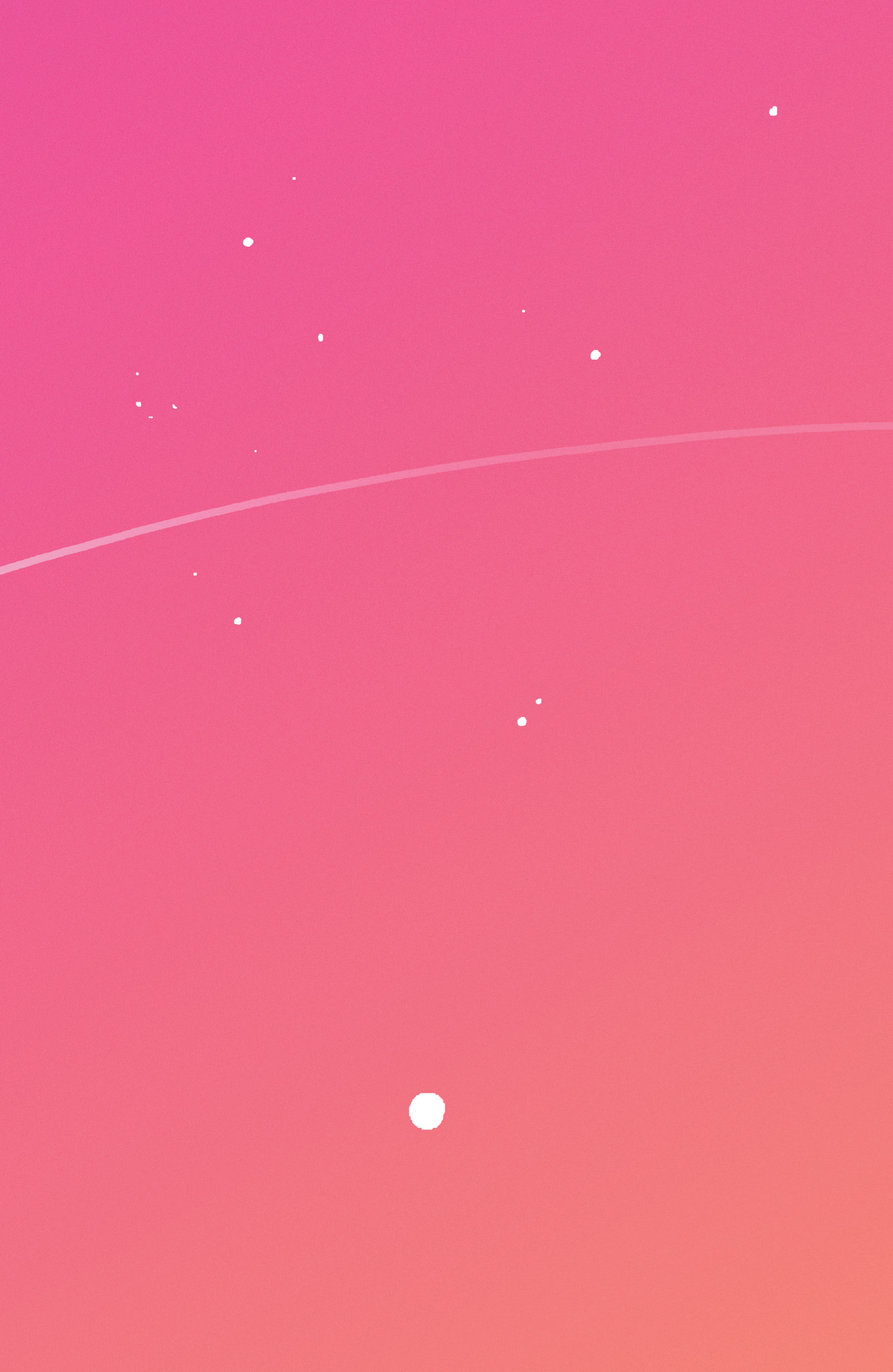


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1 of 4

1

2

3

4

Carefully remove each poster and connect  
all four to see the bigger picture!







# Paper Girls 3

ON SALE 12.02.15

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





# ISSUE 02

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN  
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