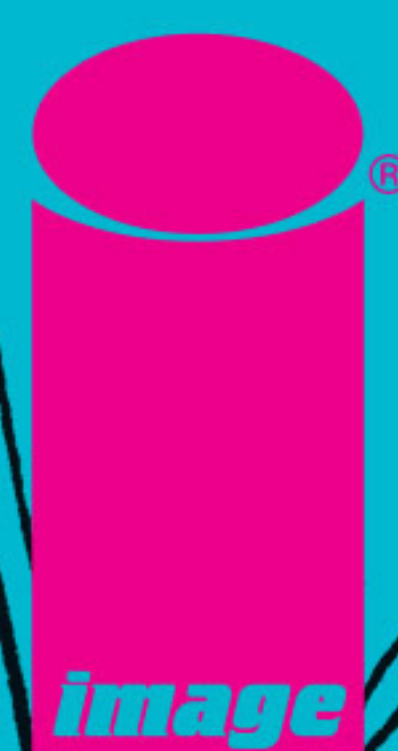




Paper Girls

5



Paper Girls 5

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN writer

CLIFF CHIANG artist

MATT WILSON colors

JARED K. FLETCHER letters + design



Image Comics, INC.

Robert Kirkman - Chief Operating Officer

Erik Larsen - Chief Financial Officer

Todd McFarlane - President

Marc Silvestri - Chief Executive Officer

Jim Valentino - Vice-President

Eric Stephenson - Publisher

Corey Murphy - Director of Sales

Jeff Boison - Director of Publishing Planning & Book Trade Sales

Jeremy Sullivan - Director of Digital Sales

Kat Salazar - Director of PR & Marketing

Emily Miller - Director of Operations

Branwyn Bigglestone - Senior Accounts Manager

Sarah Meilo - Accounts Manager

Drew Gill - Art Director

Jonathan Chan - Production Manager

Meredith Wallace - Print Manager

Bria Skelly - Publicity Assistant

Randy Okamura - Marketing Production Designer

David Brothers - Branding Manager

Ally Power - Content Manager

Addison Duke - Production Artist

Vincent Kukua - Production Artist

Sasha Head - Production Artist

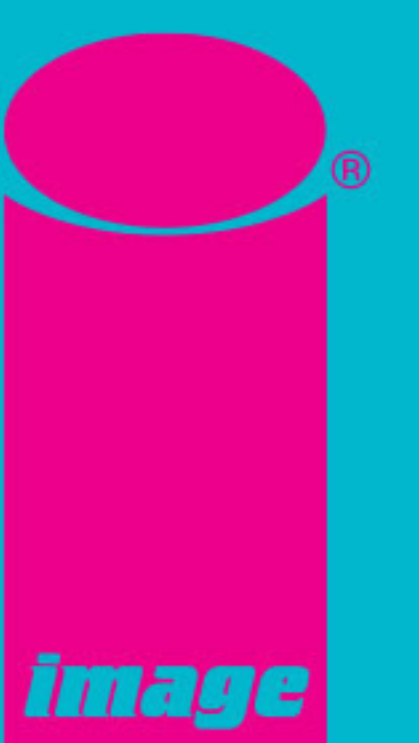
Tricia Ramos - Production Artist

Jeff Stang - Direct Market Sales Representative

Emilio Bautista - Digital Sales Associate

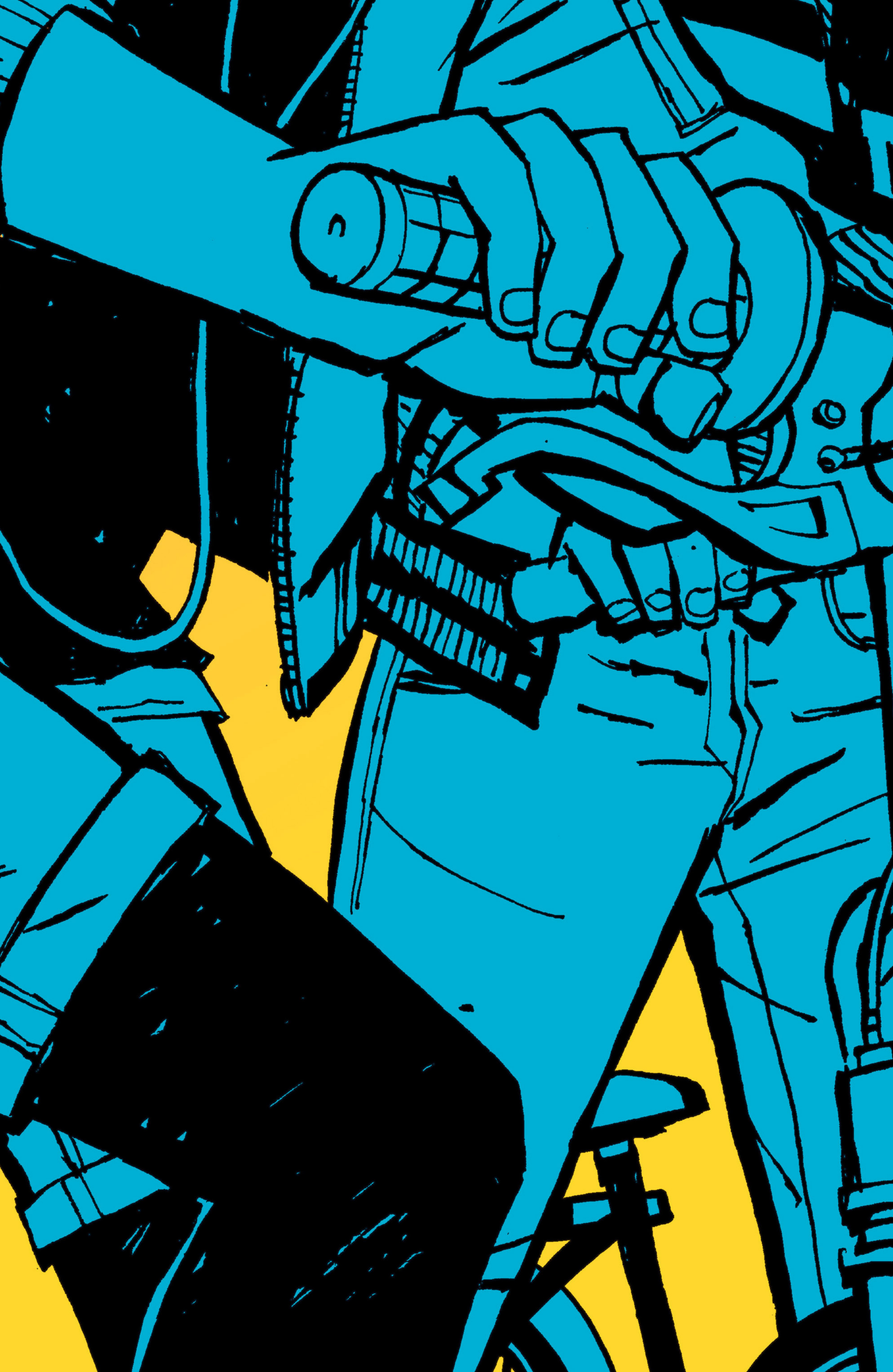
Chloe Ramos-Peterson - Administrative Assistant

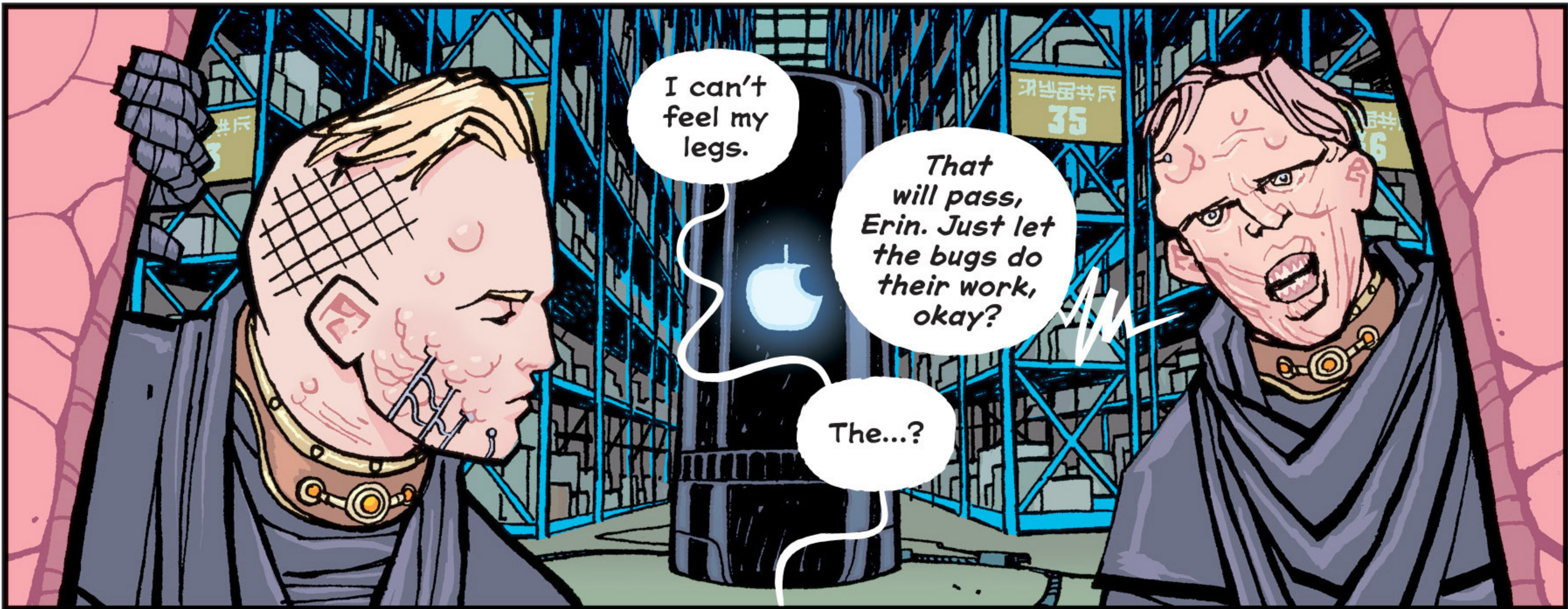
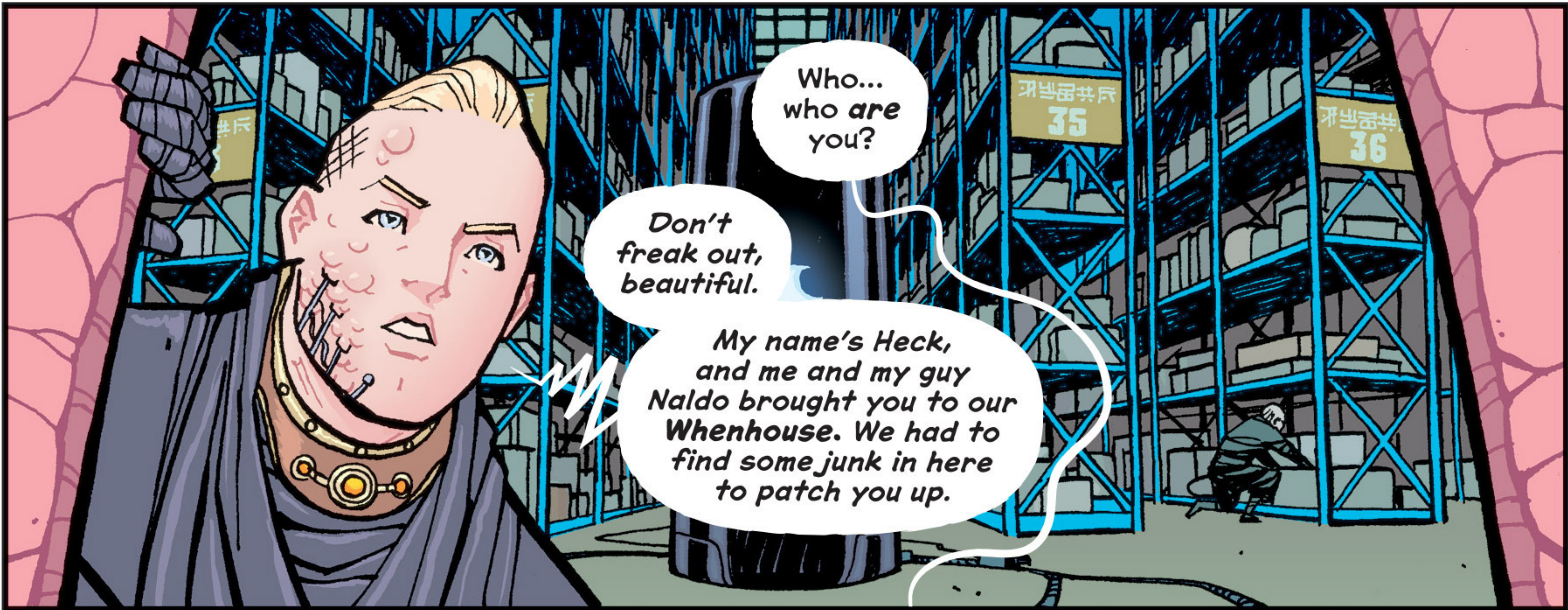
IMAGECOMICS.COM



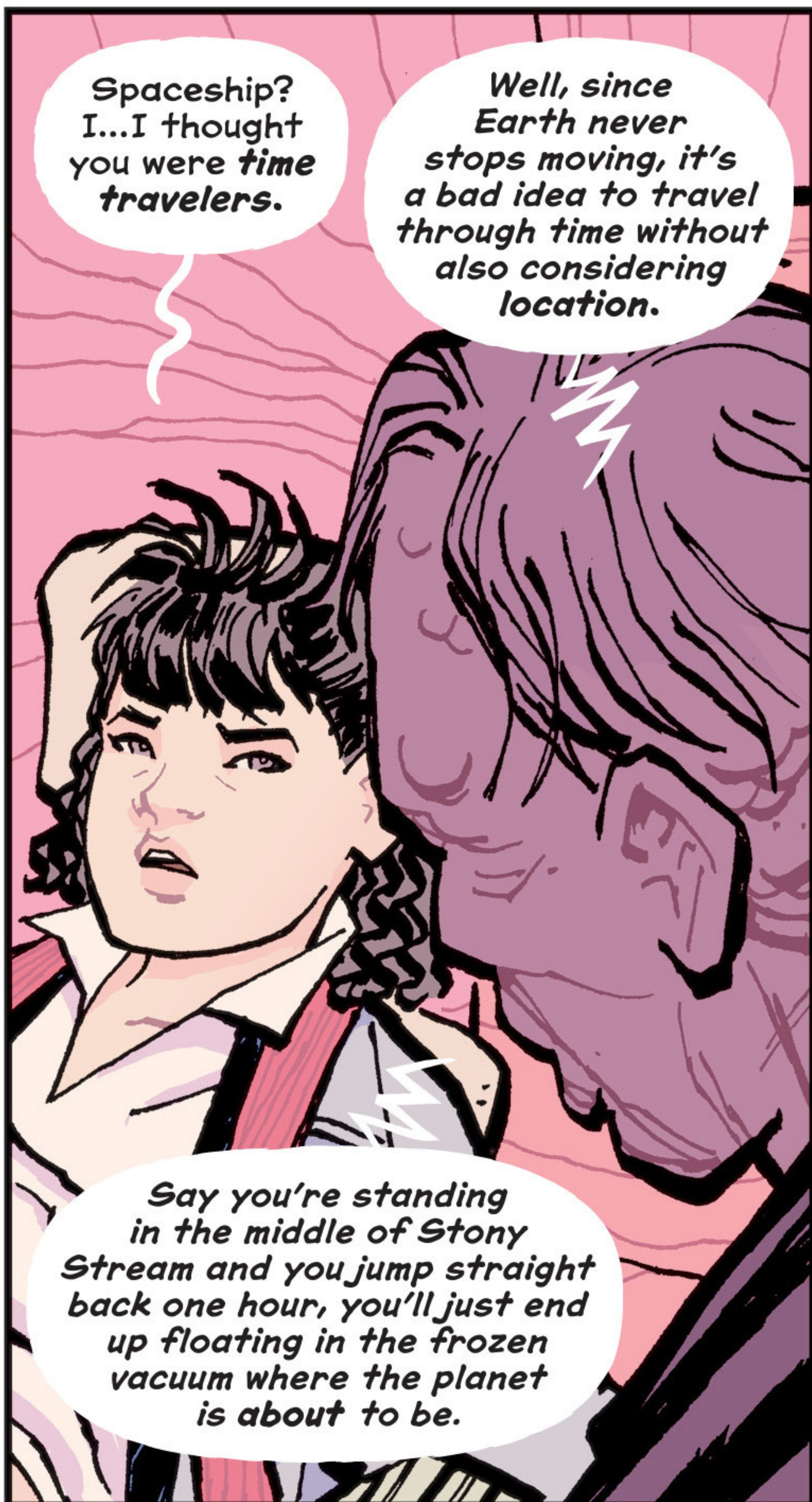
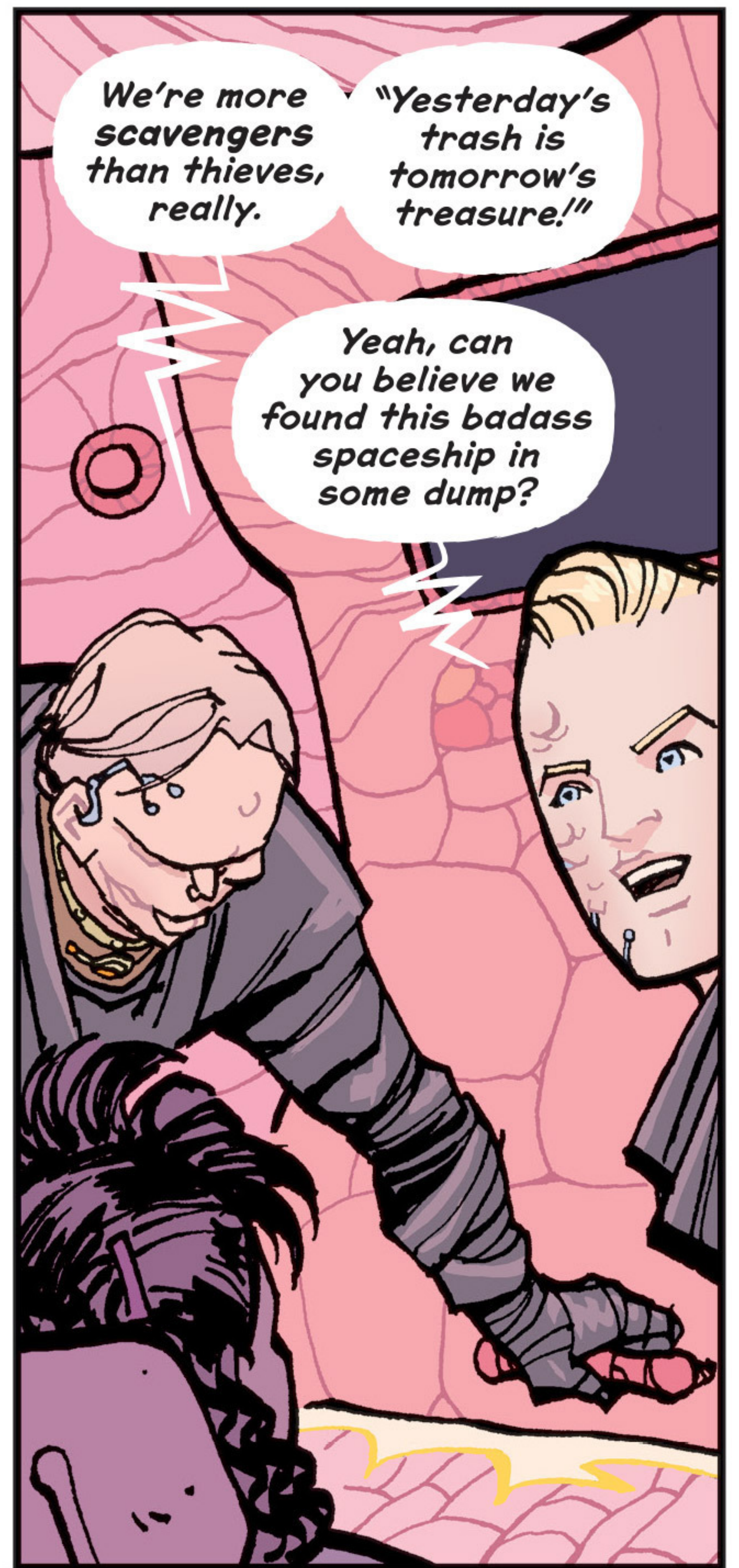
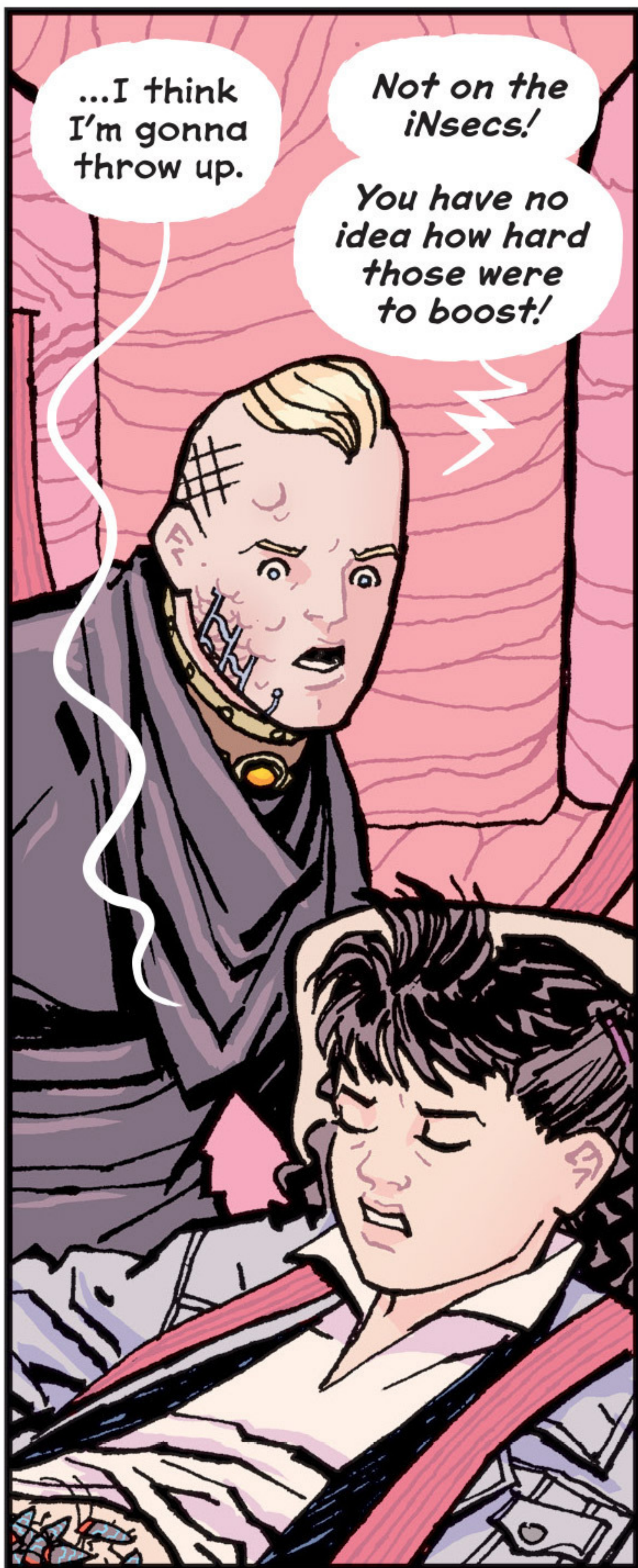
PAPER GIRLS #5. February 2016. Copyright © 2016 Brian K. Vaughan & Cliff Chiang. All rights reserved. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2001 Center Street, Sixth Floor, Berkeley, CA 94704. "Paper Girls," its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are trademarks of Brian K. Vaughan & Cliff Chiang, unless otherwise noted. "Image" and the Image Comics logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Brian K. Vaughan, Cliff Chiang or Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. Digital edition.

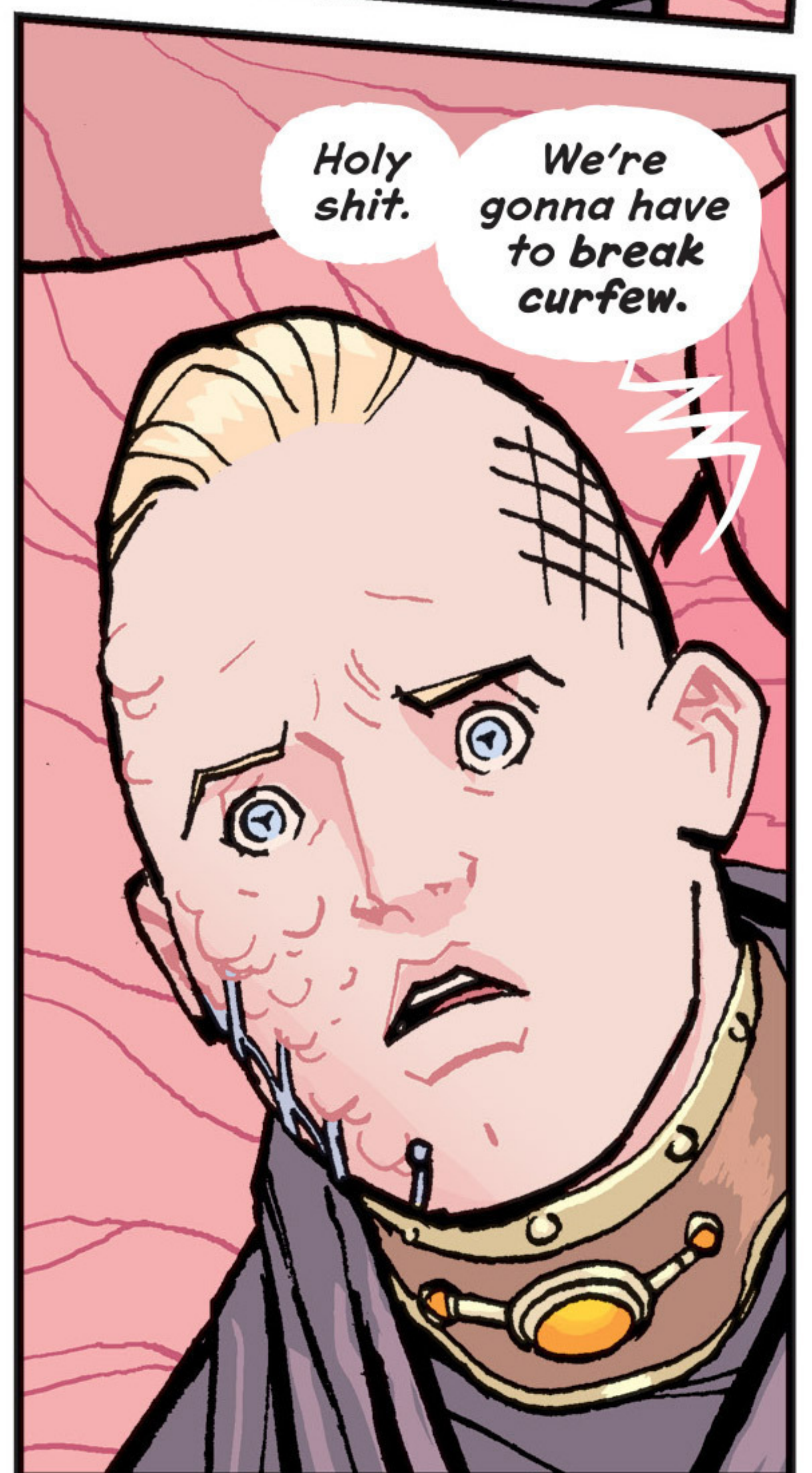
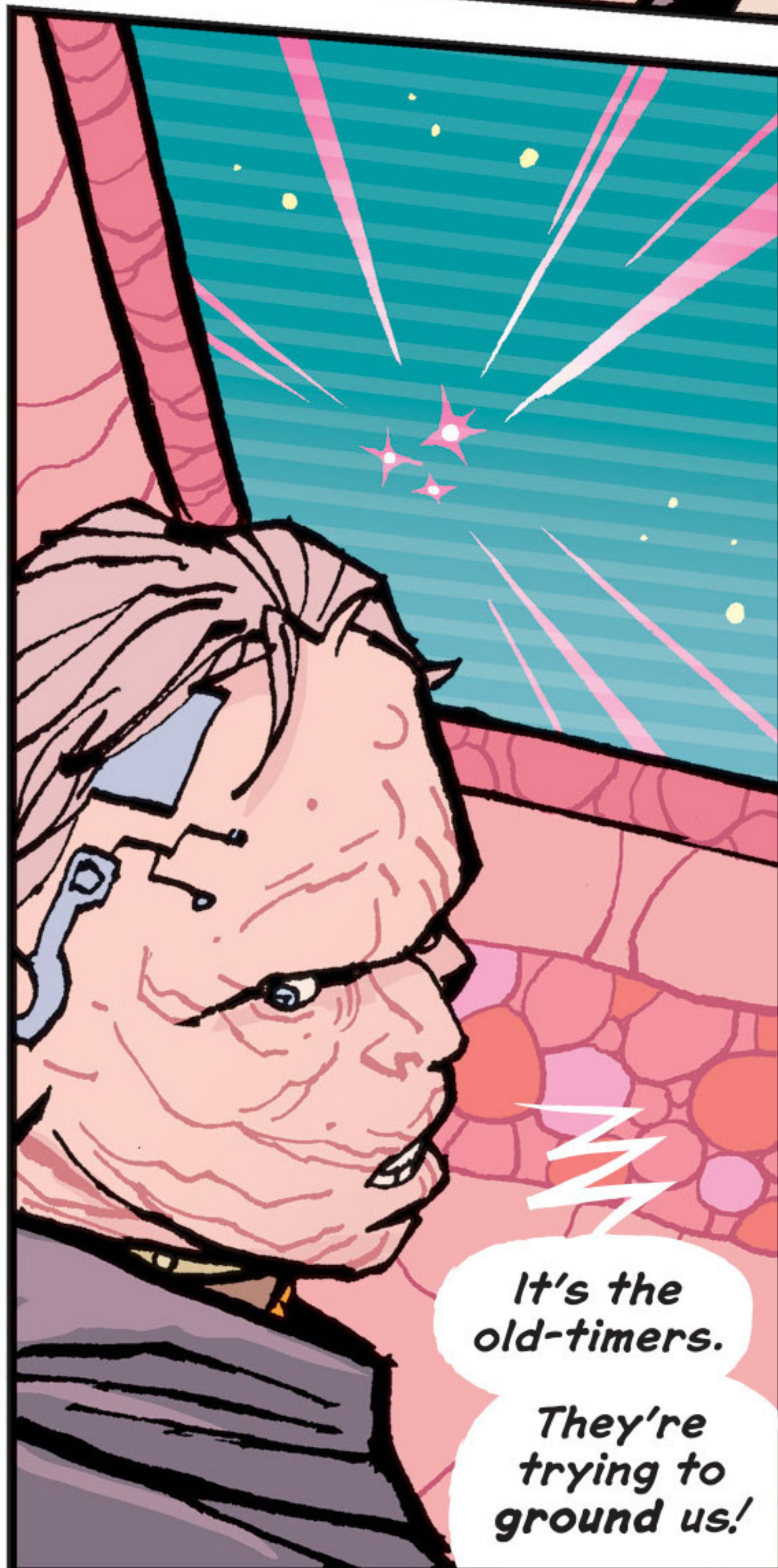
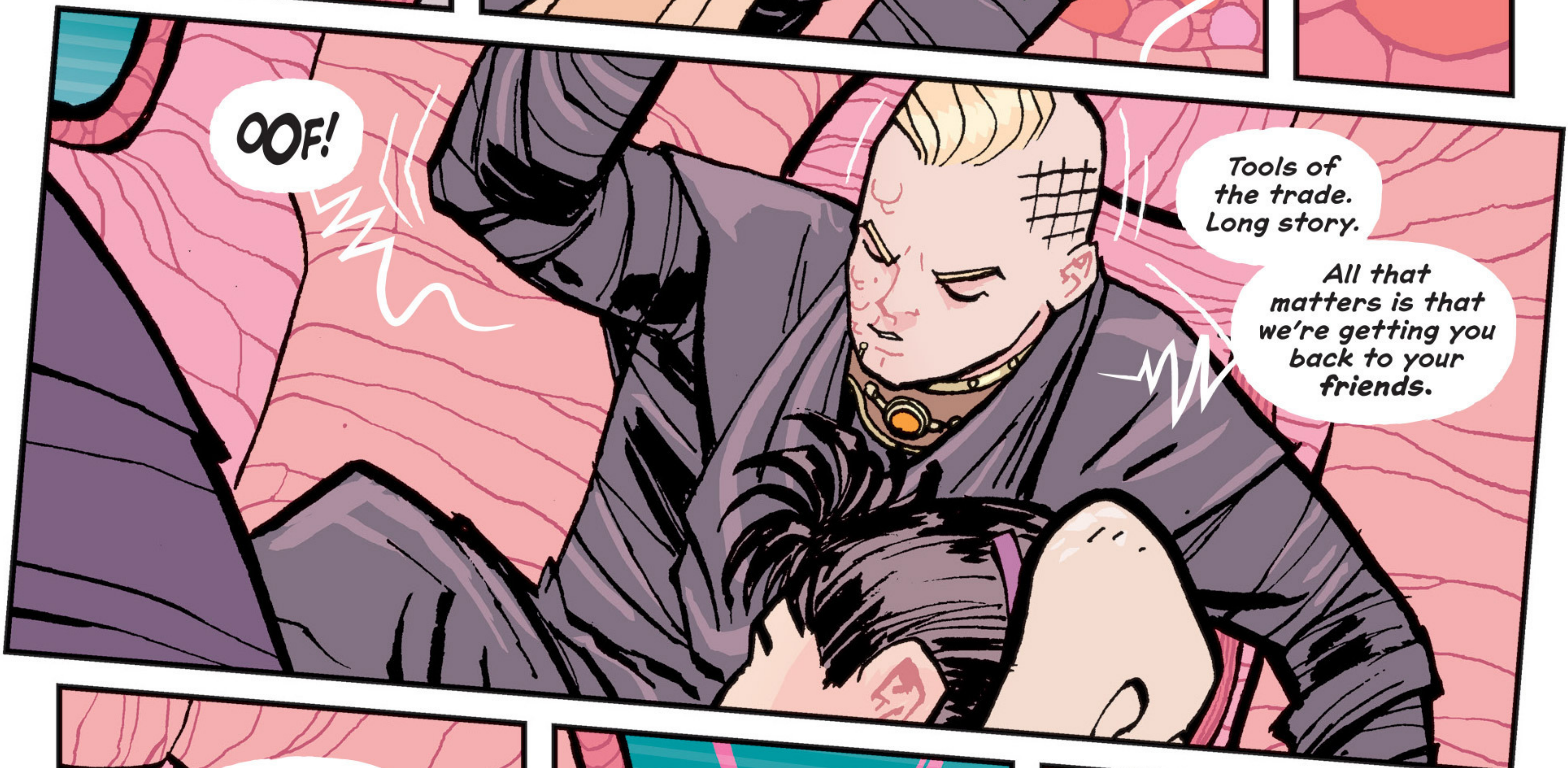
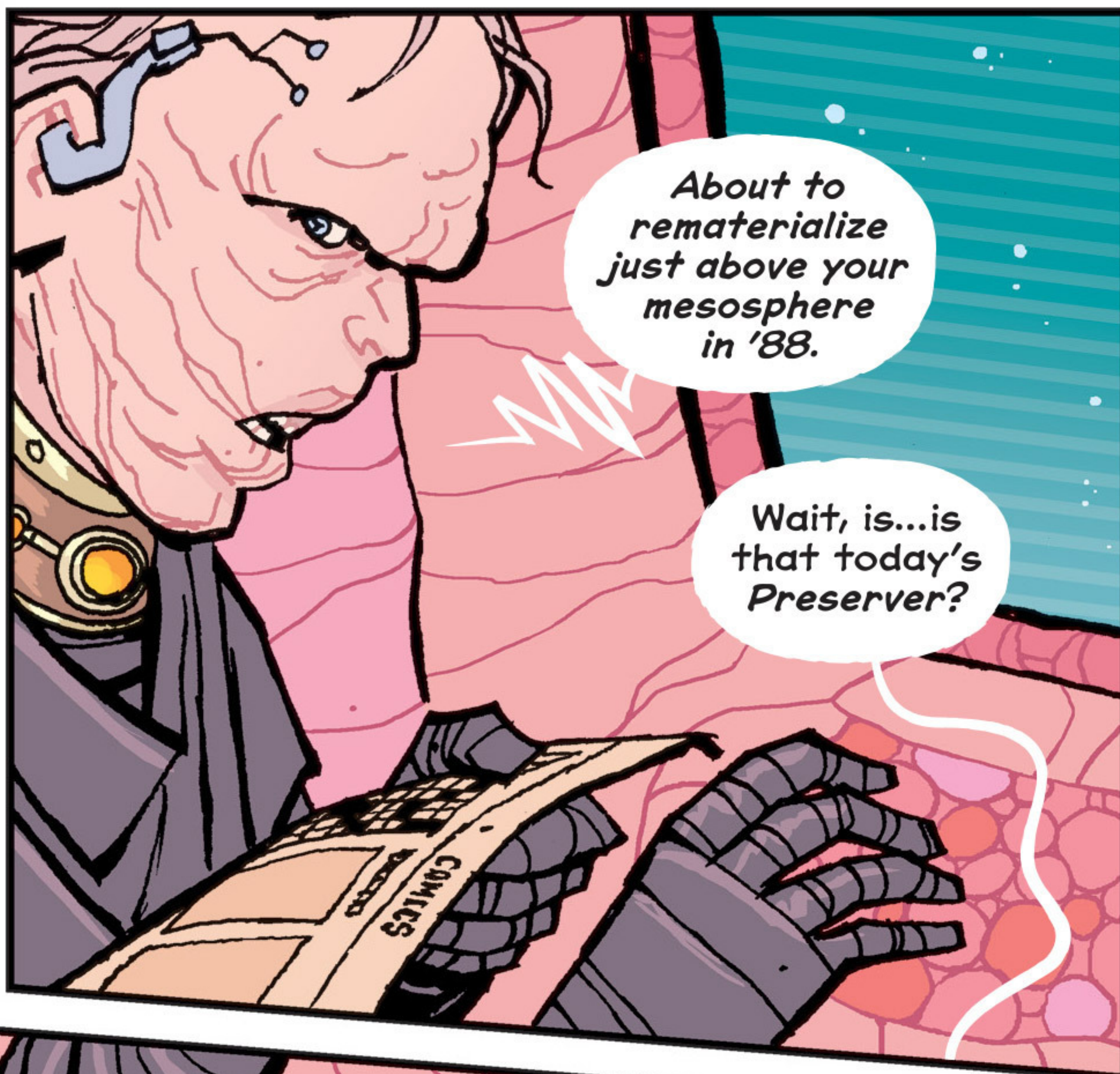
For international rights, contact: foreignlicensing@imagecomics.com

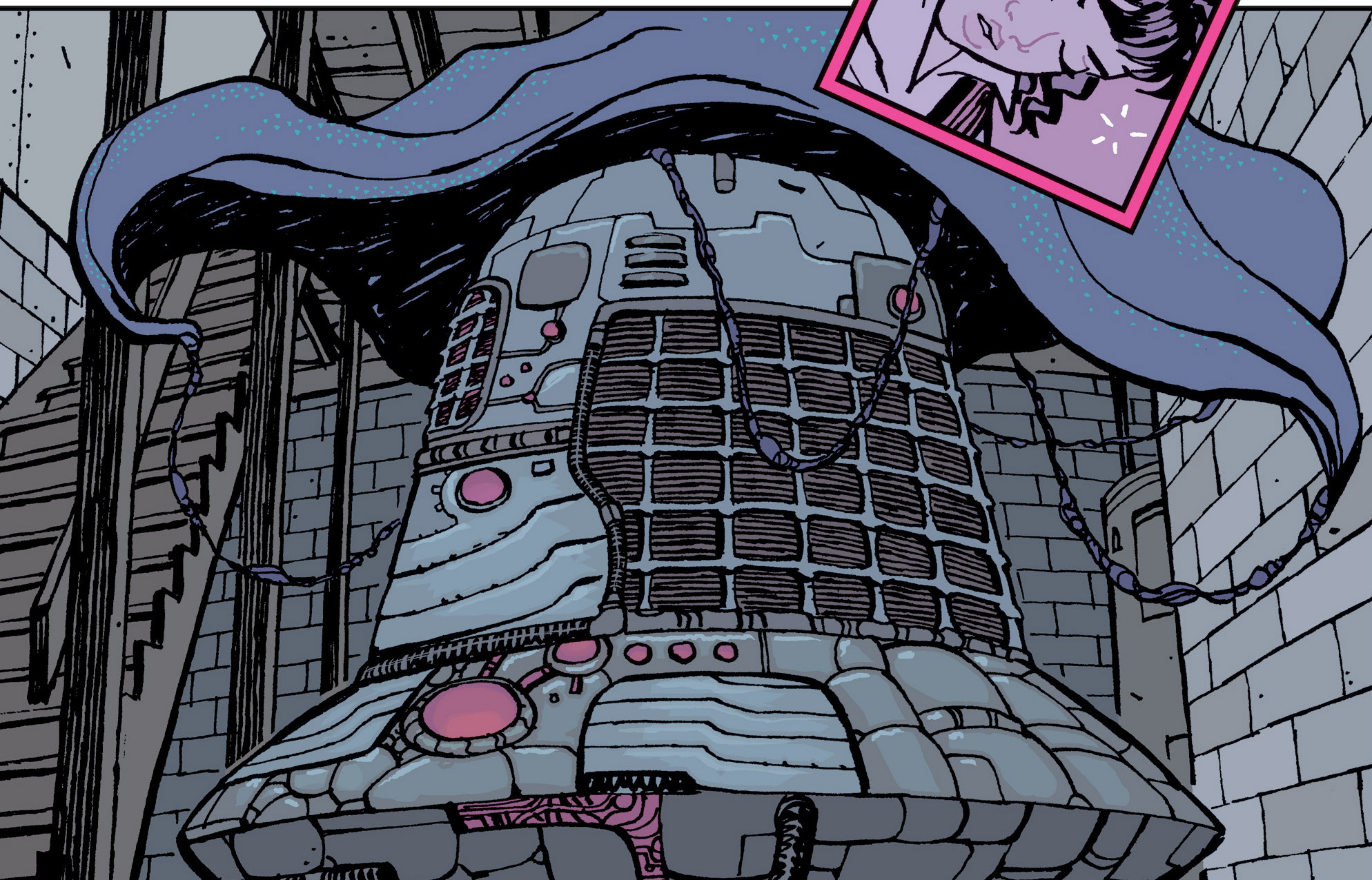
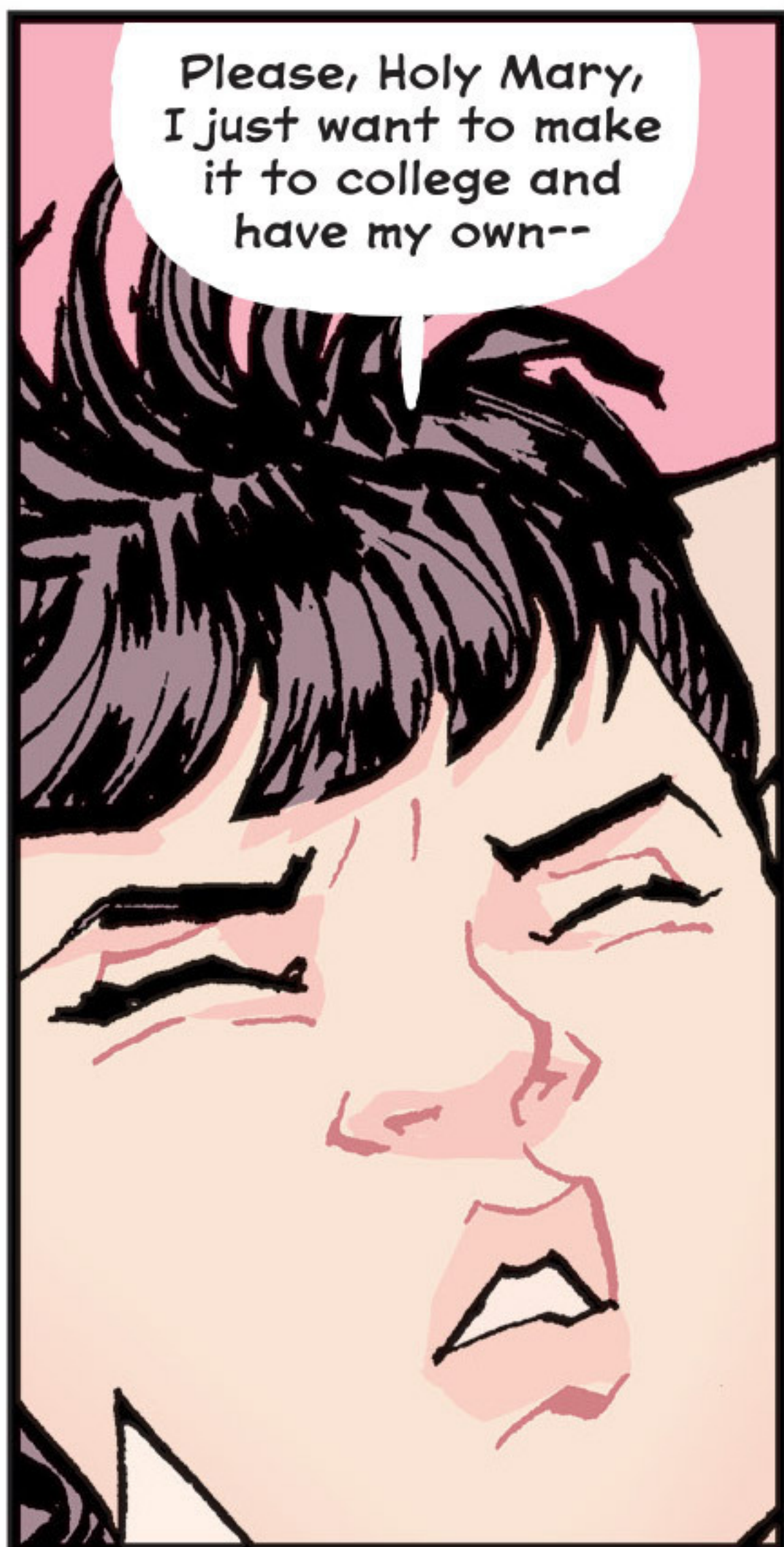
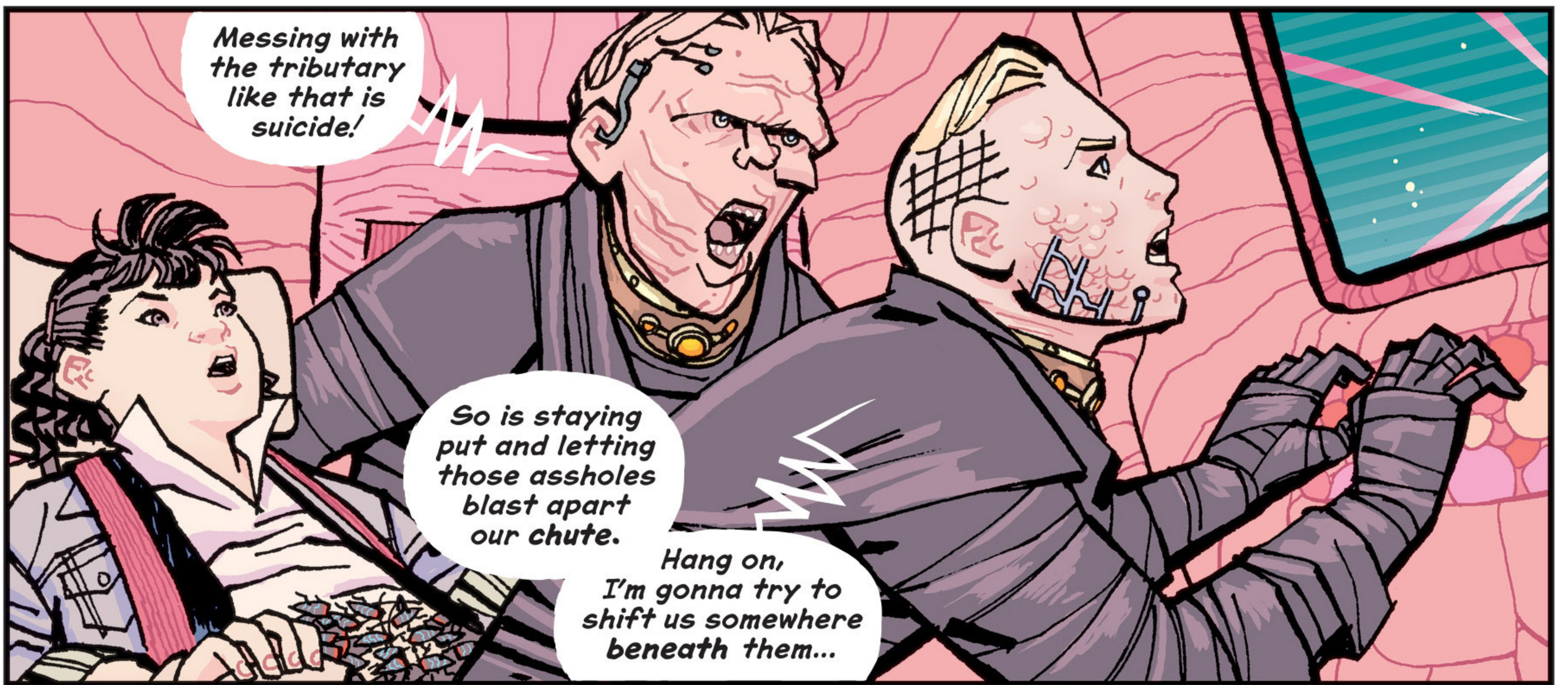














Wait a goddamn second.
The **basement**.



...is this a game, too?
Am I in it all over again...?

Mac, listen, we have to get back to where we first saw one of those... whatever the hell it was that just disappeared.



Why? You think we can use that **other** capsule-thing to chase after the one they used to kidnap Erin?



No, I'm thinking there never **was** an other.
What if the capsule-thing we found this morning was the exact **same** capsule-thing those guys just left in with the new kid?



I actually get what Kaje is saying.
If those guys really came here from the **future**, maybe that weird escape pod of theirs could--
Aweful deep waterz, lassie.



Come
ashore
peacenik
now,
aye?



We
don't.





Drop the magic wand
or I swear to God on
the Holy Bible I will
shoot your pet
in the *neck*.



Lies.



Ye...
ye wood
never.



kachick



Aight!



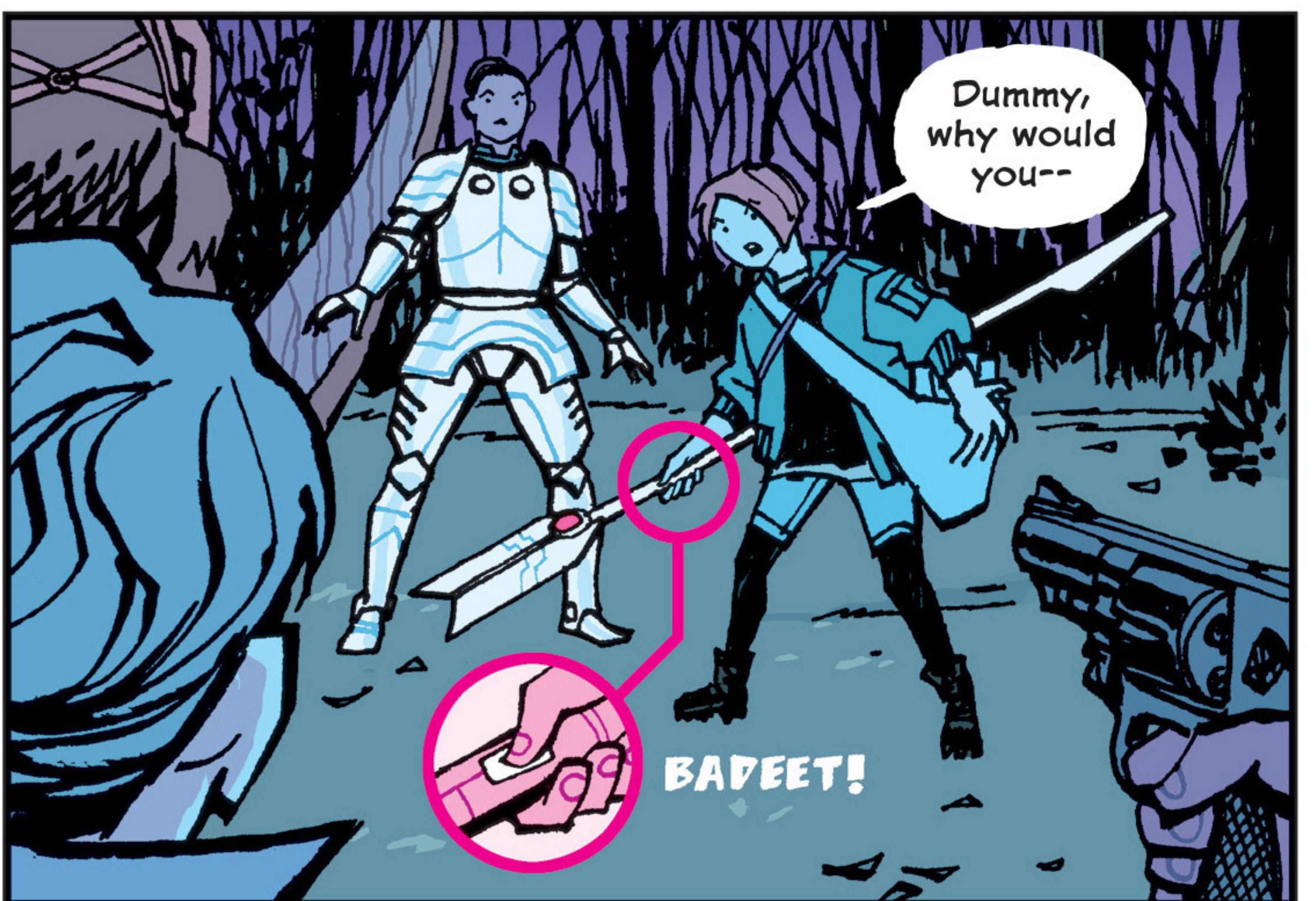
Begging.

Just...
just unarm
my girl.



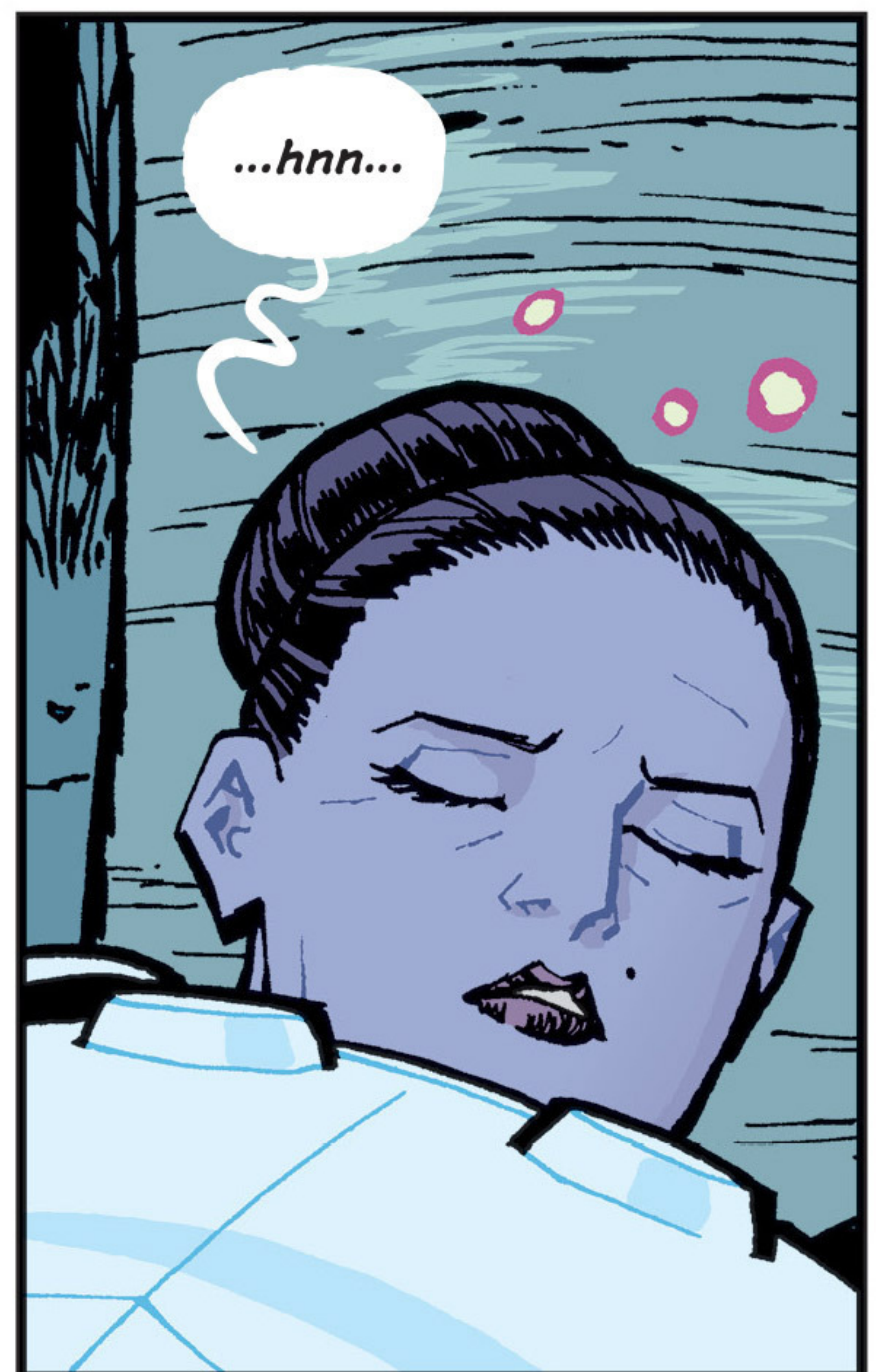
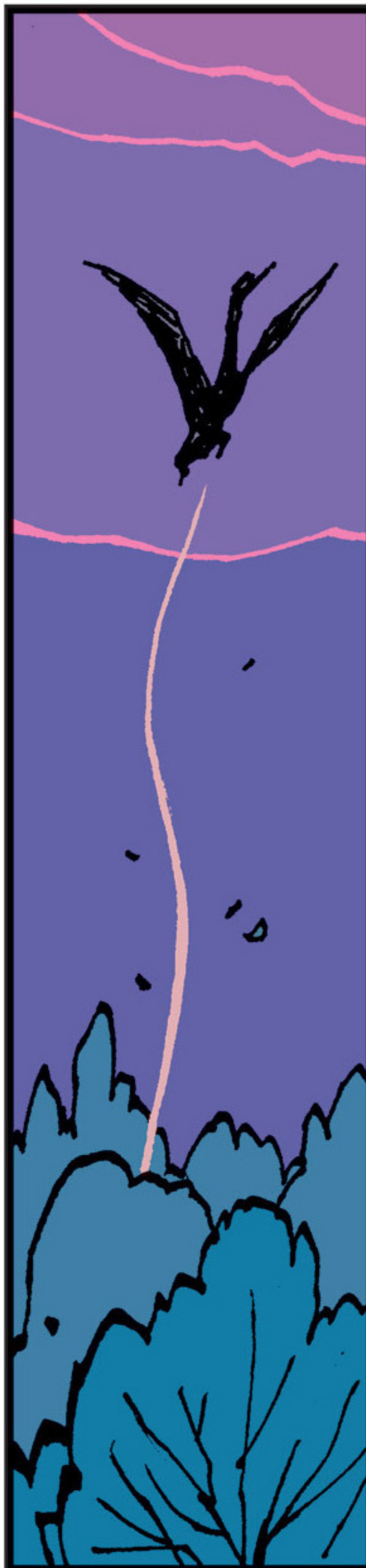
Ha,
smooth
move,
Ex-Lax.

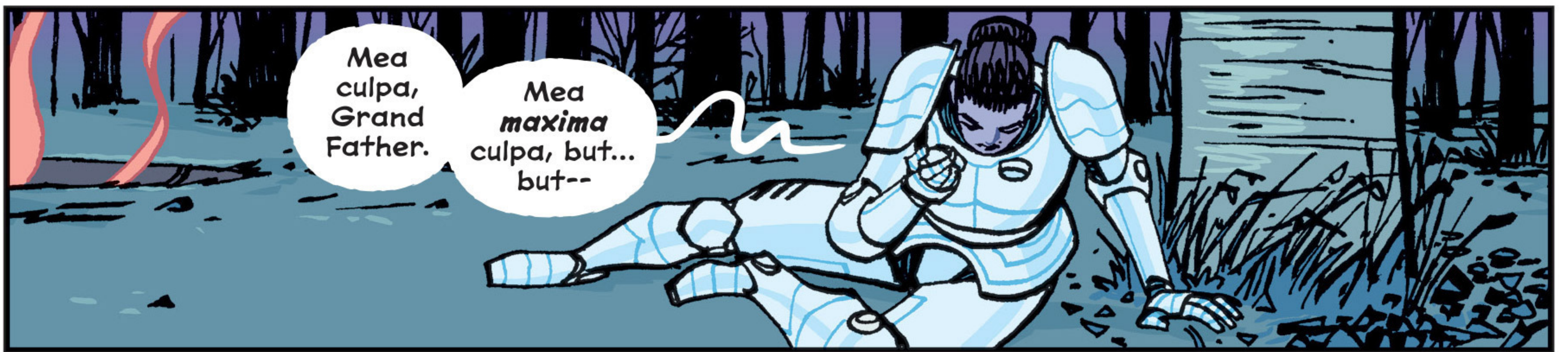
That gun
isn't even
loaded.

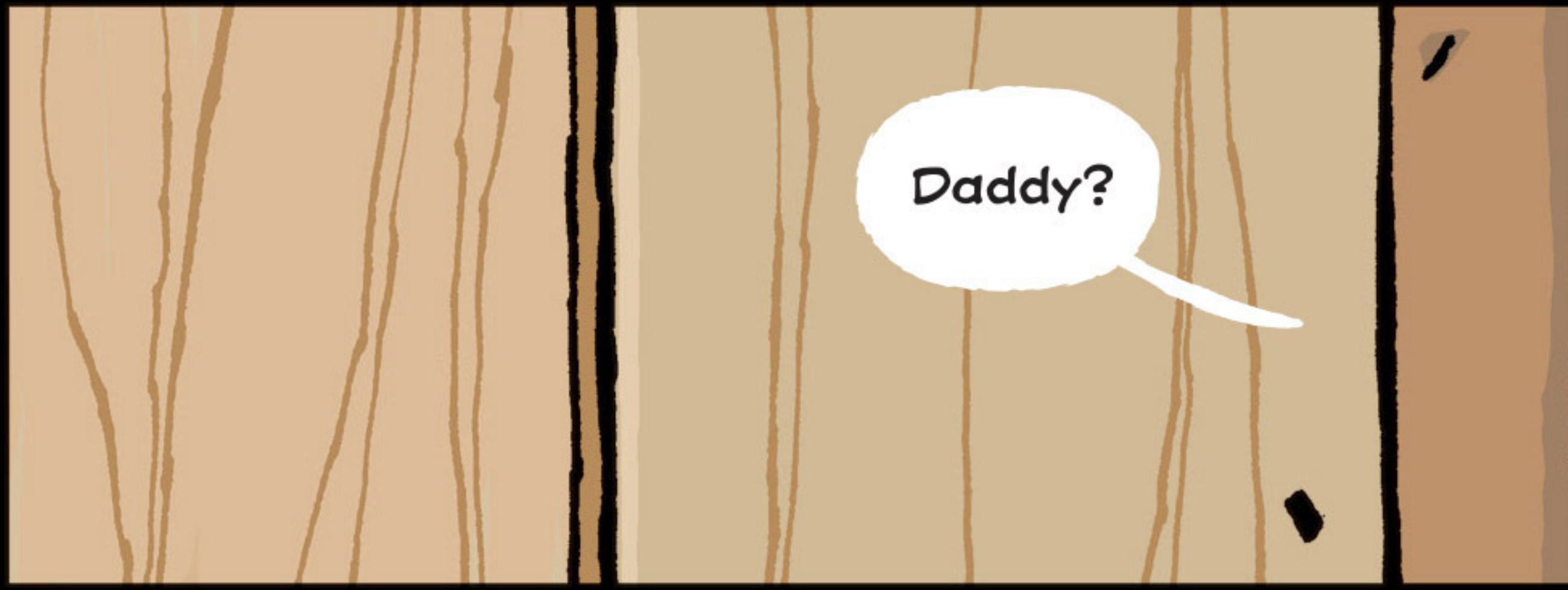


Dummy,
why would
you--

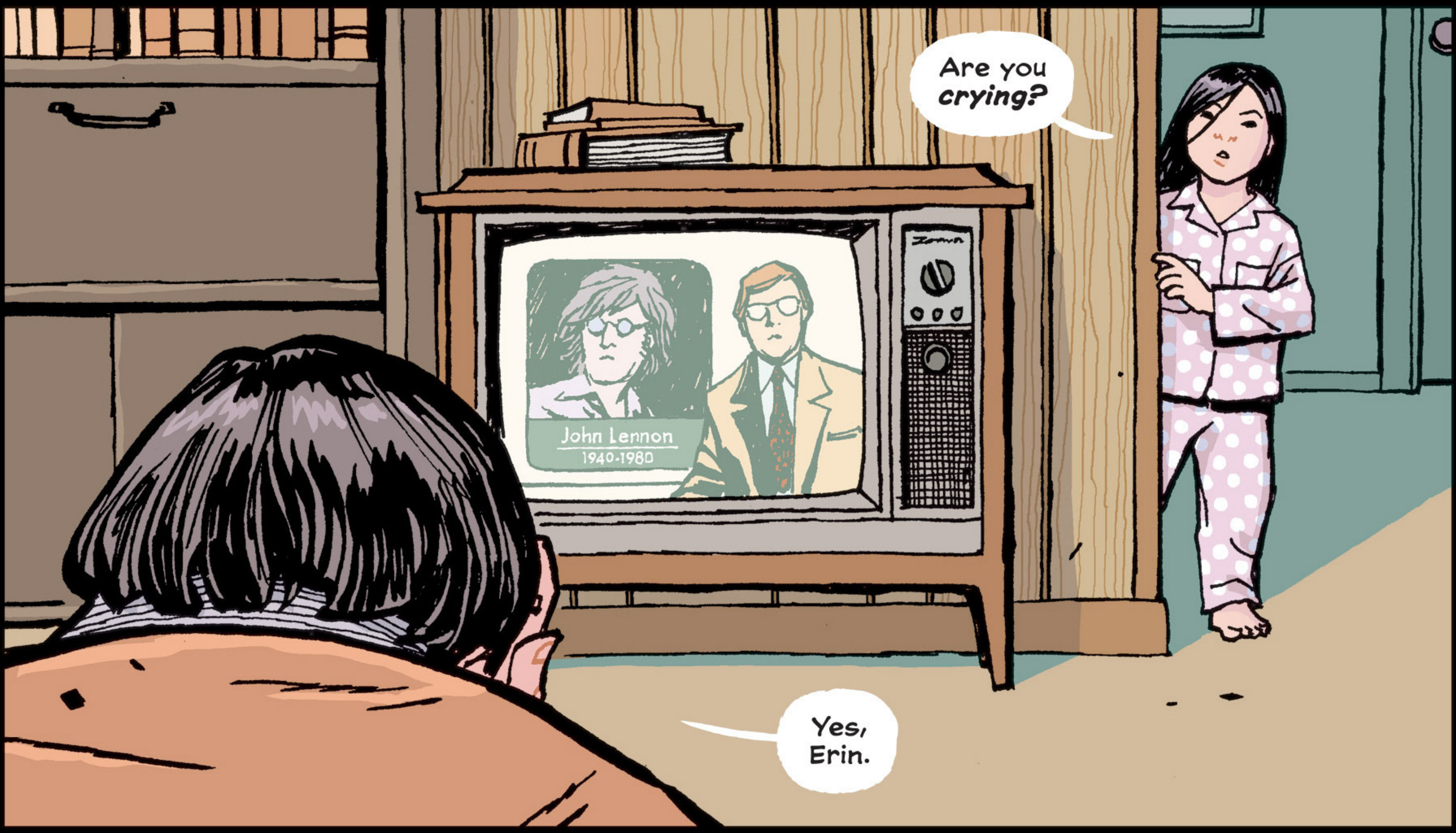
BADEET!







Daddy?



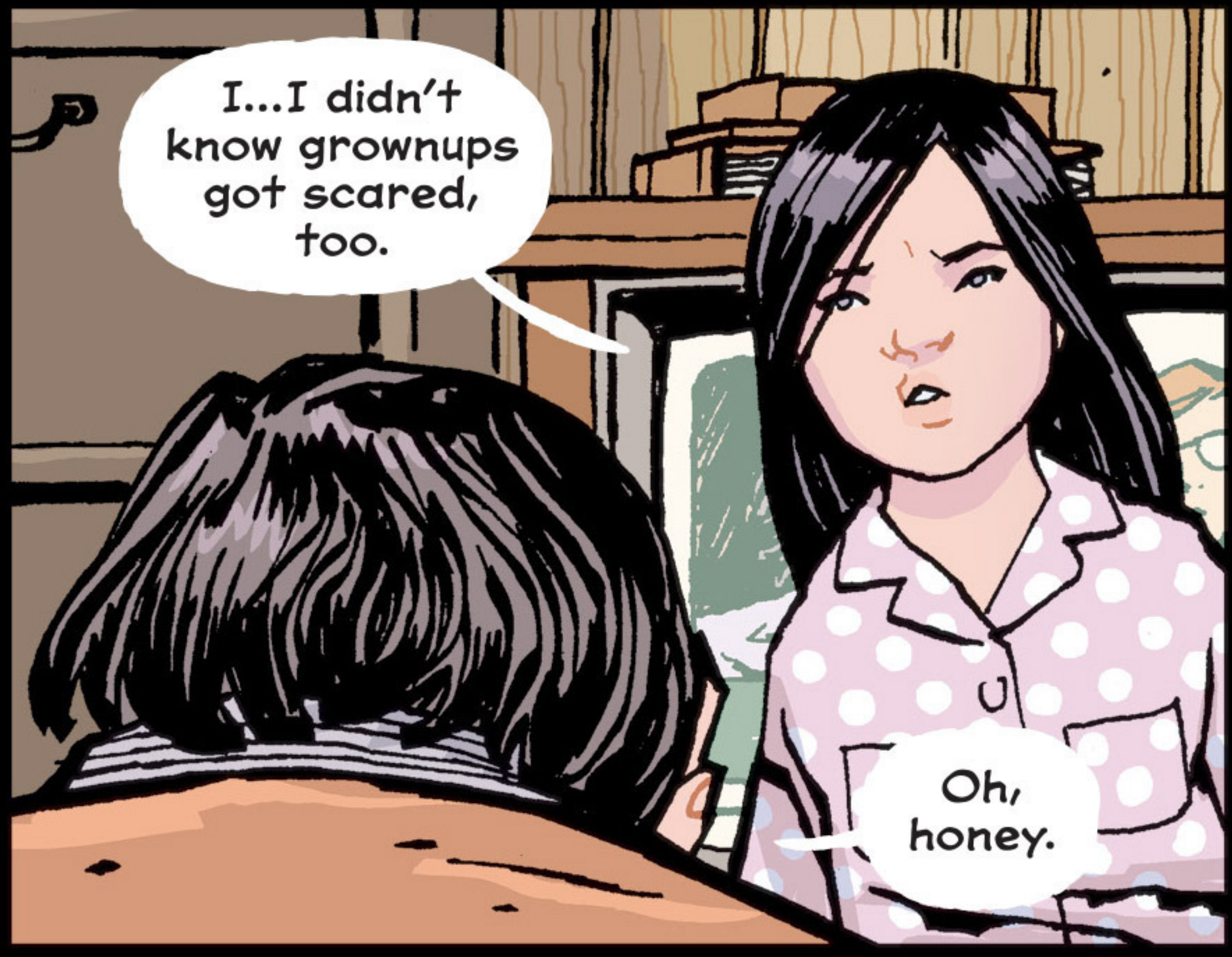
Are you crying?

Yes, Erin.



Why are you sad?

I'm more afraid than sad.

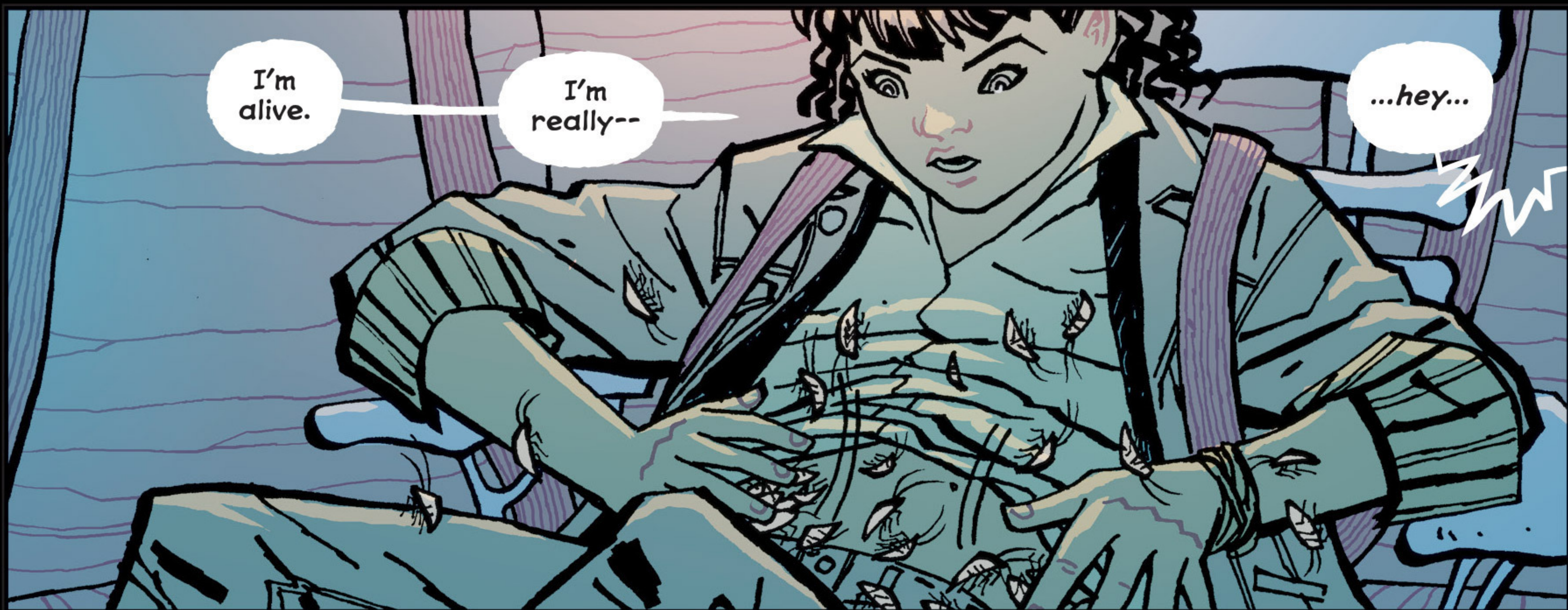
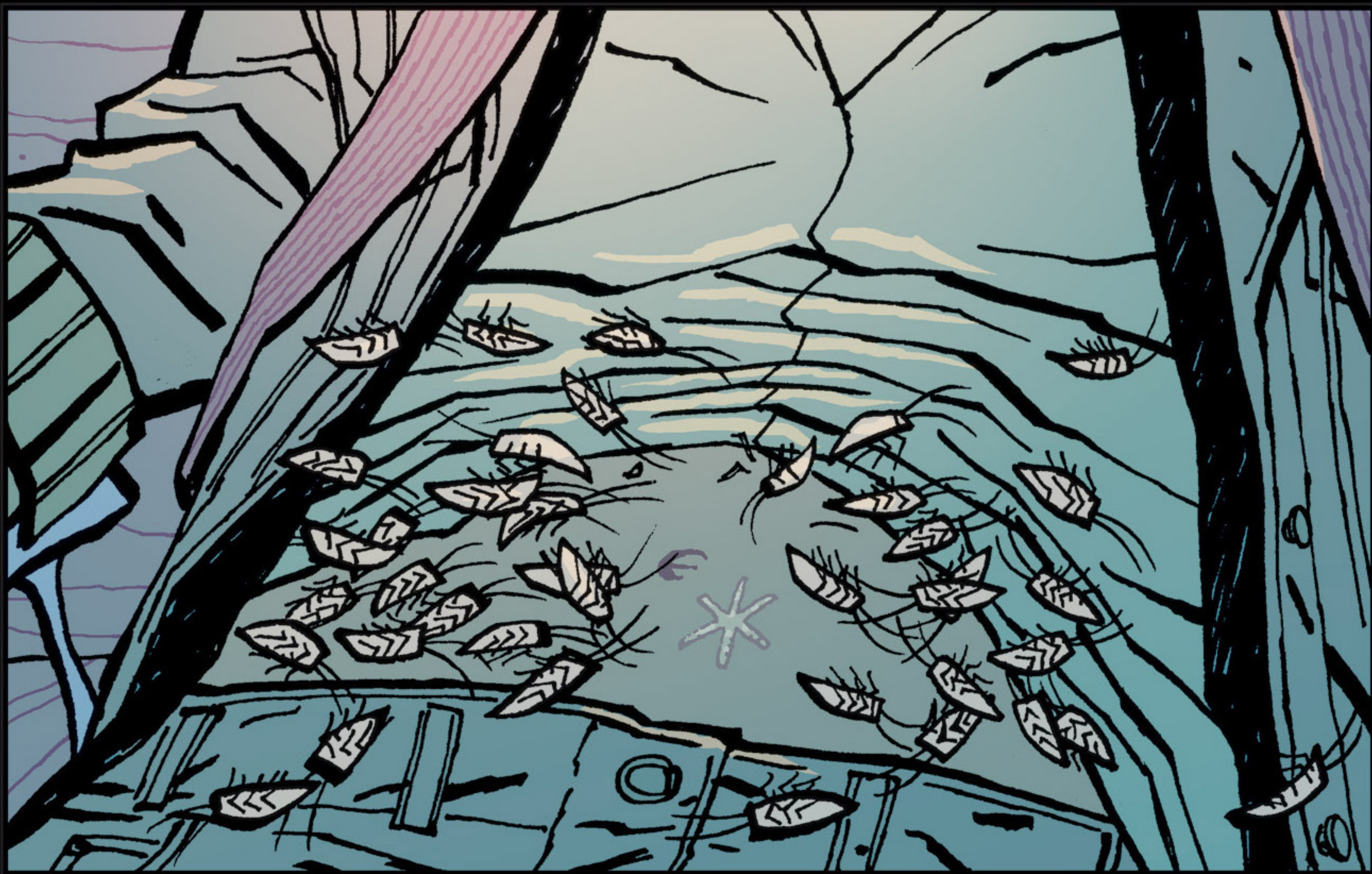


I...I didn't know grownups got scared, too.

Oh, honey.



We're terrified.





no

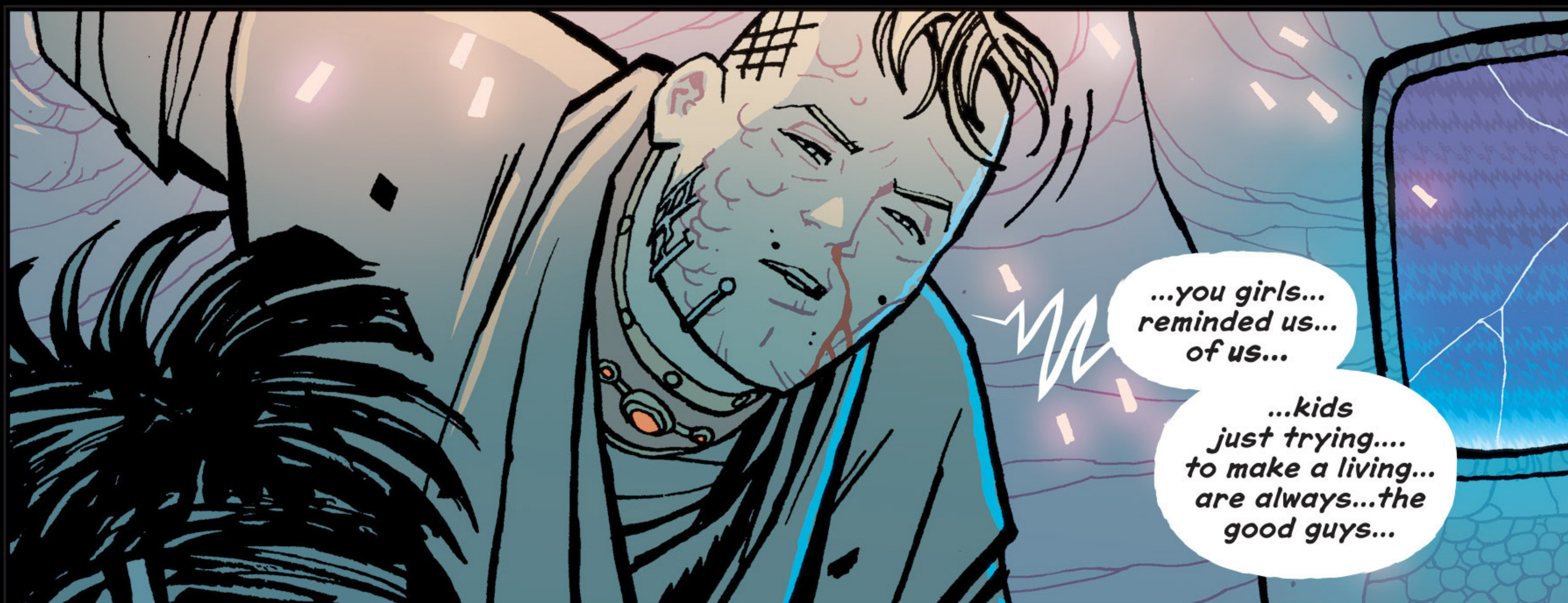
*...ship
kept us...
all in stasis...
long as it
could...*

*...but
I'm worried...
our storage cells...
coulda cracked...
so you need to...
vamoose...*



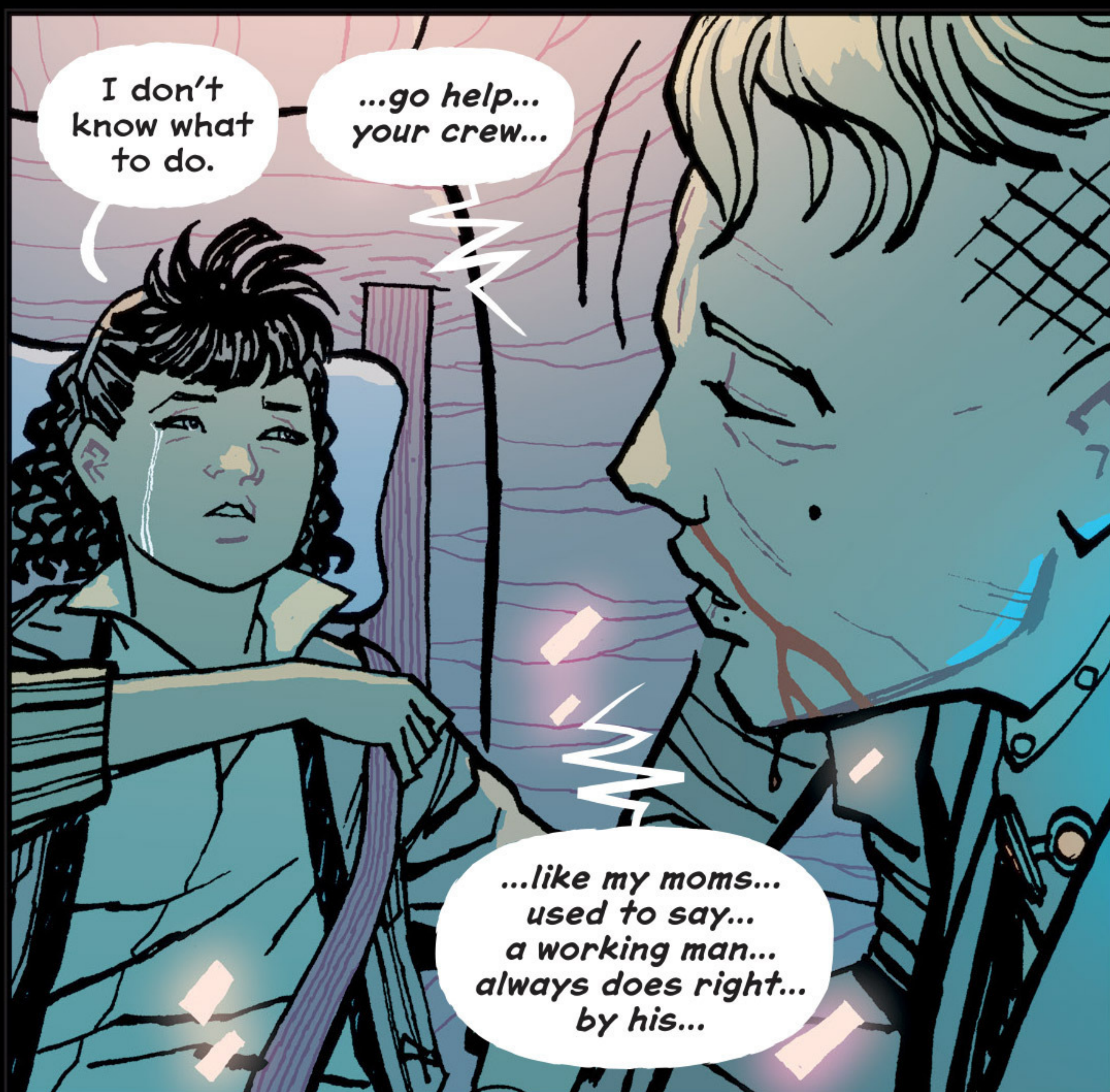
I don't
even
know you
people.

Why did
you do all
this for
me?



*...you girls...
reminded us...
of us...*

*...kids
just trying...
to make a living...
are always...the
good guys...*



I don't
know what
to do.

*...go help...
your crew...*

*...like my moms...
used to say...
a working man...
always does right...
by his...*



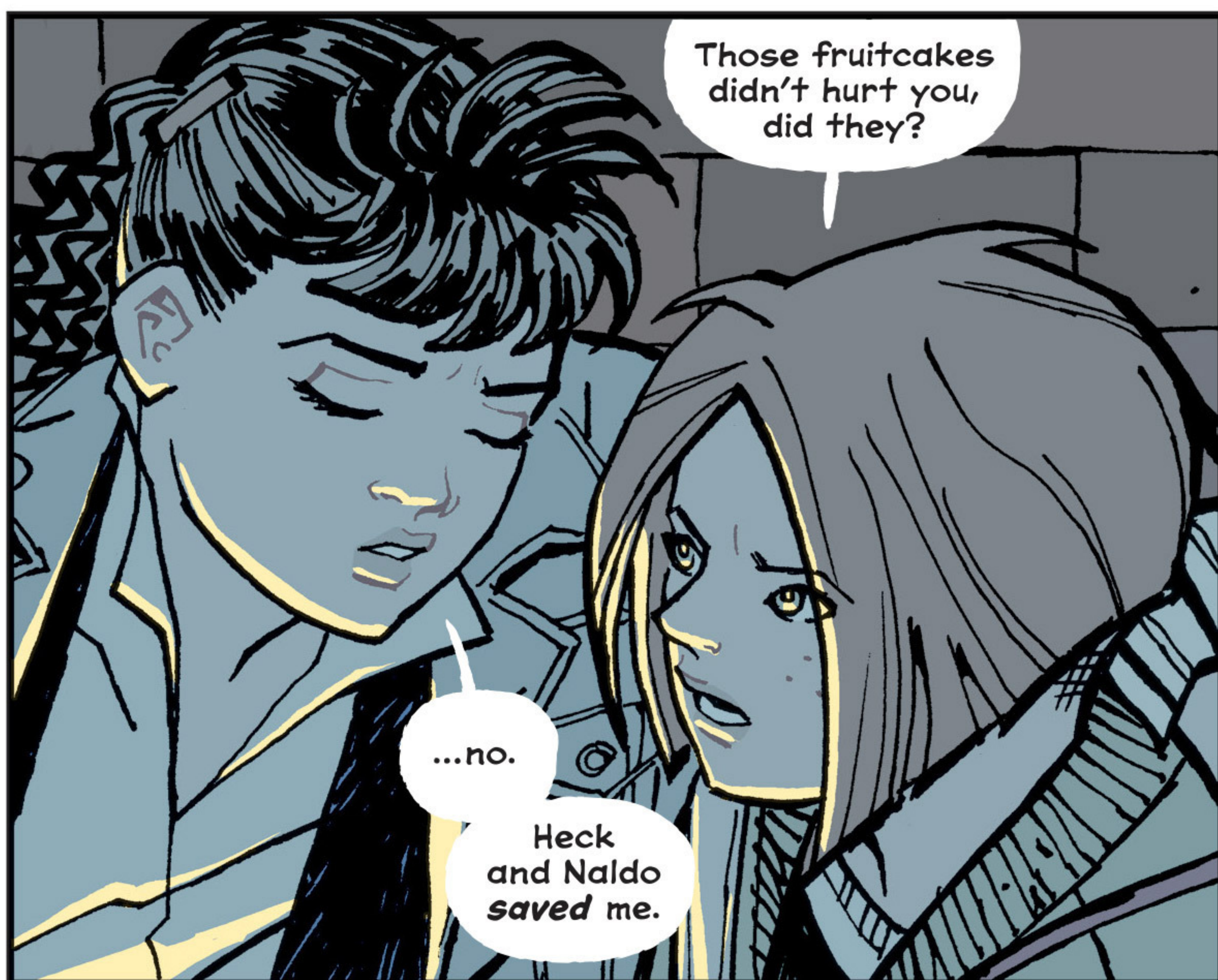




Back up,
does that mean
new girl was in there
the whole time she
was also down
here with--

Holy crap,
I was right!

Who cares,
she's *here*.



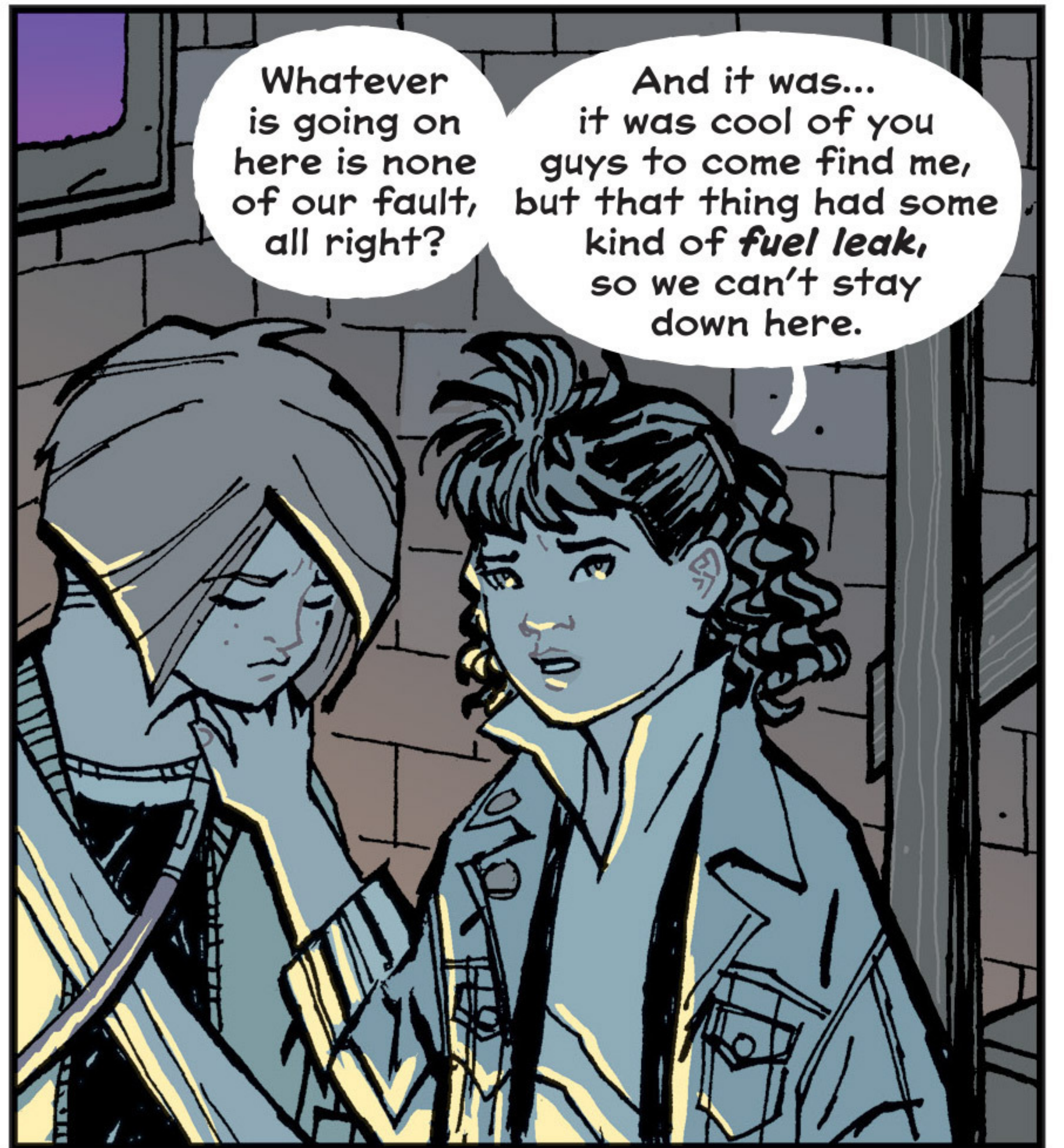
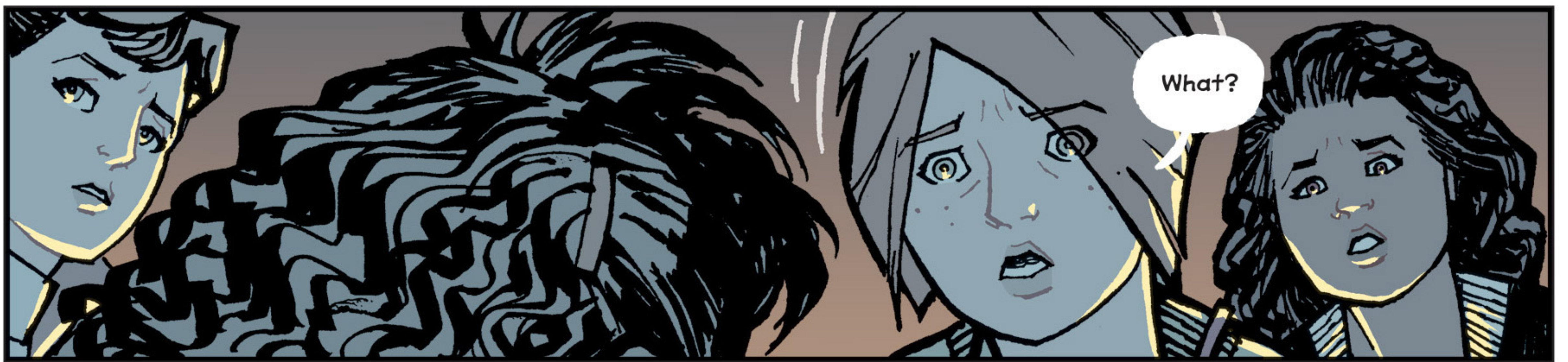
Those fruitcakes
didn't hurt you,
did they?

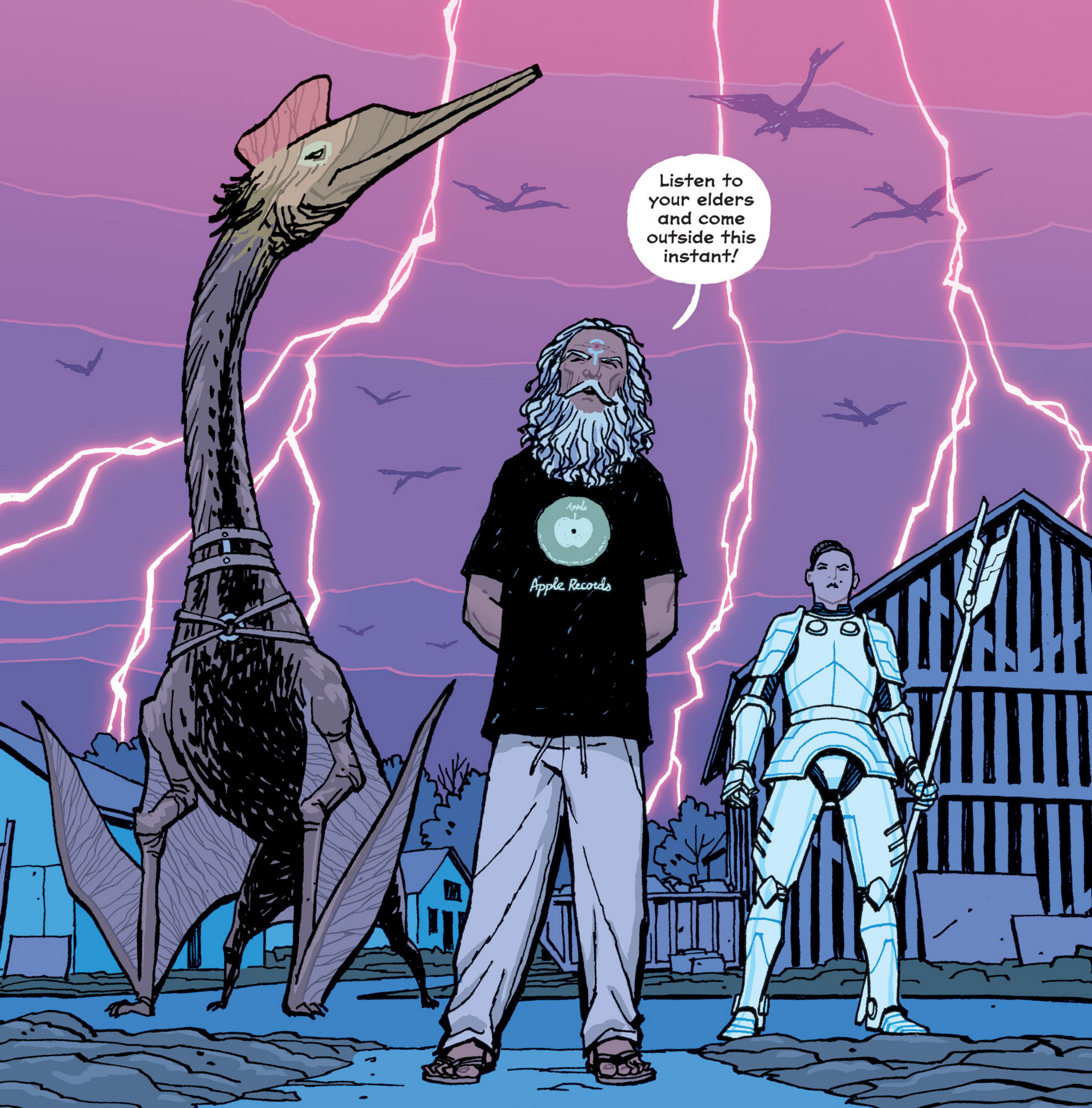
...no.

Heck
and Naldo
saved me.



And now
they're
dead.





Listen to your elders and come outside this instant!

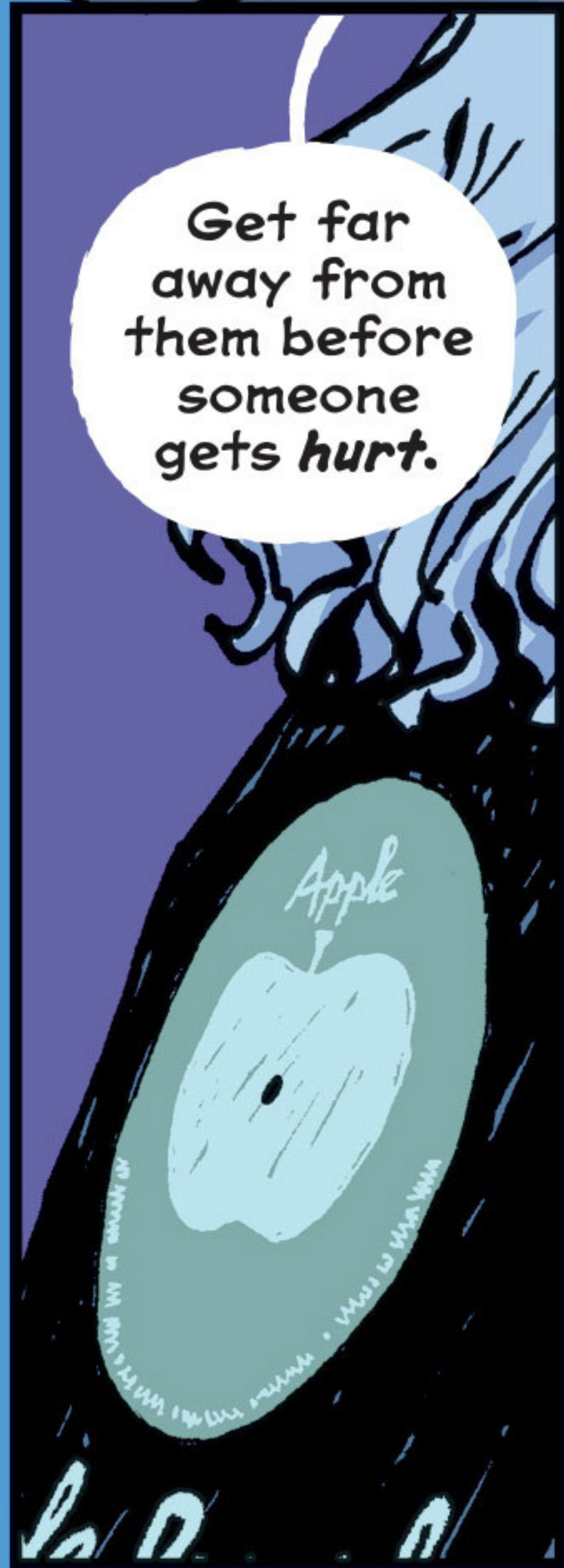


I'm sure you're confused, but whatever those *juvenile delinquents* in there told you is completely untrue.

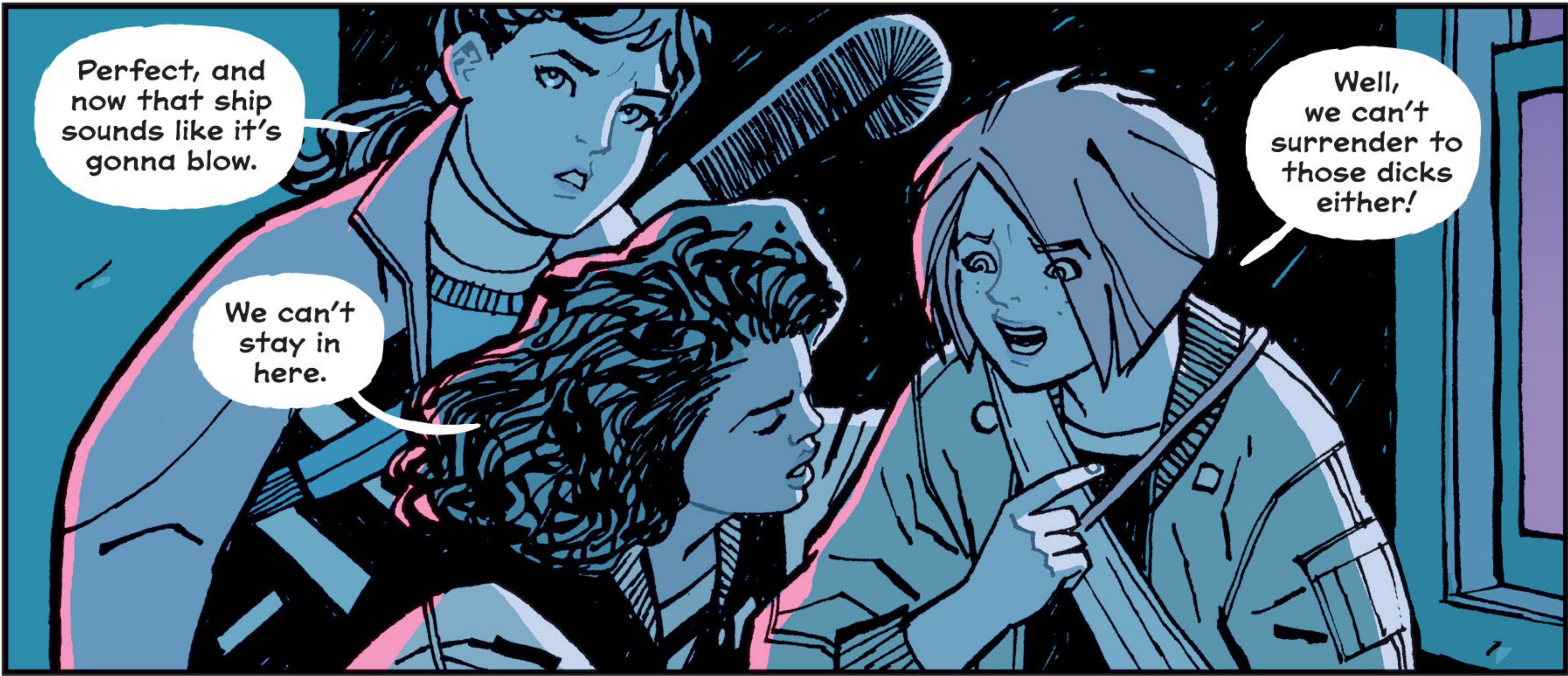
You have waded deep into a very old... generational conflict.

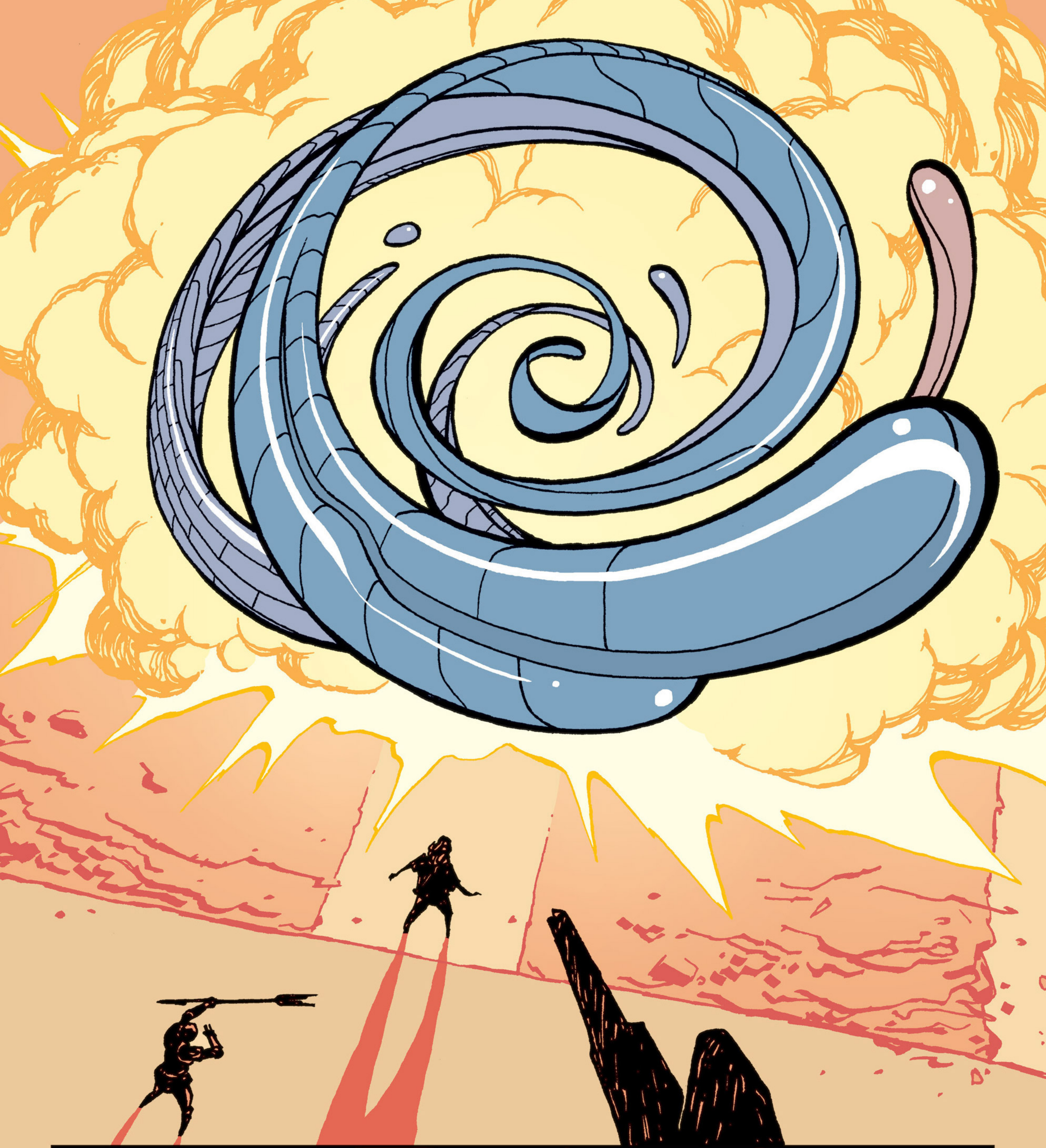


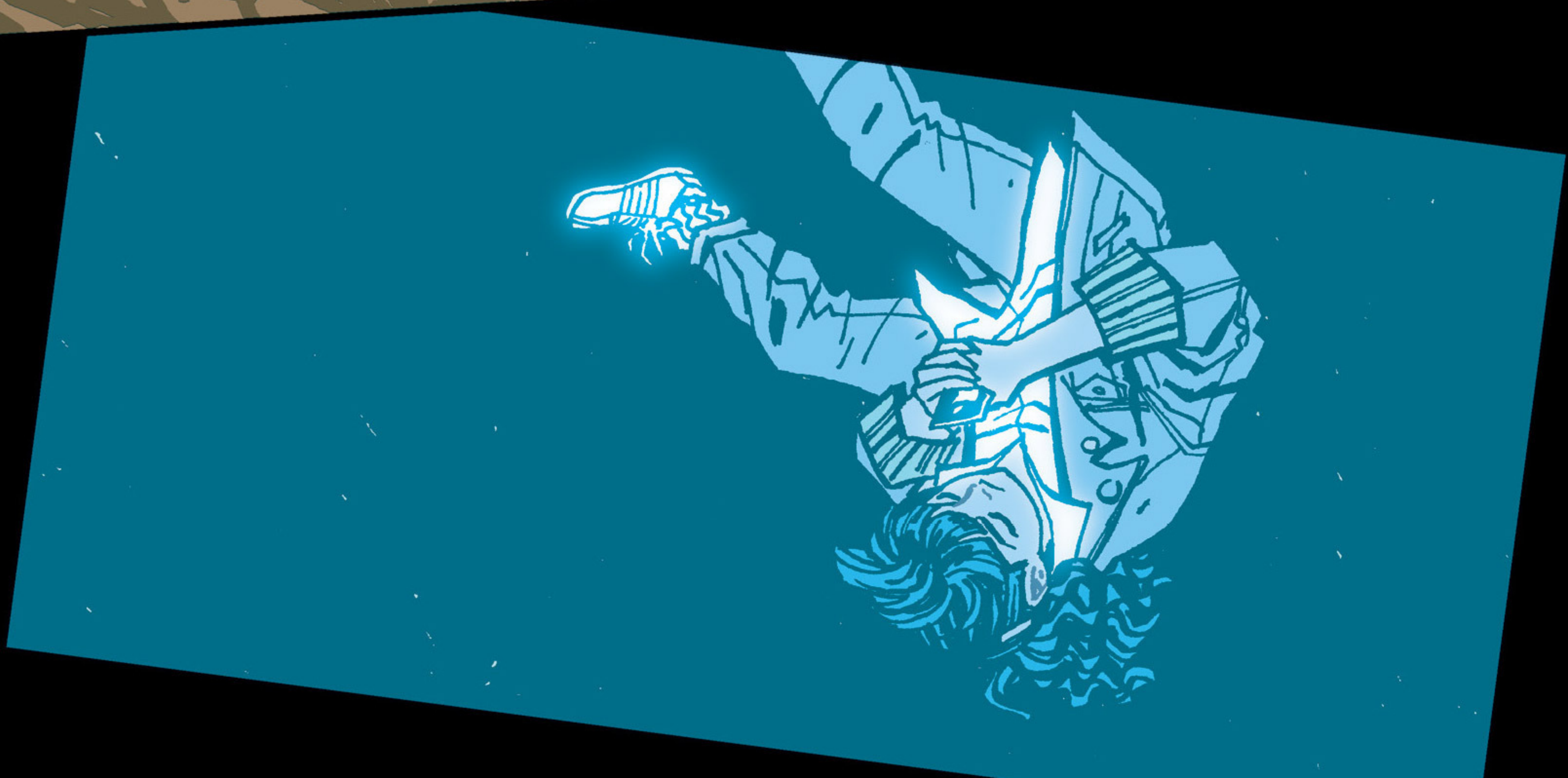
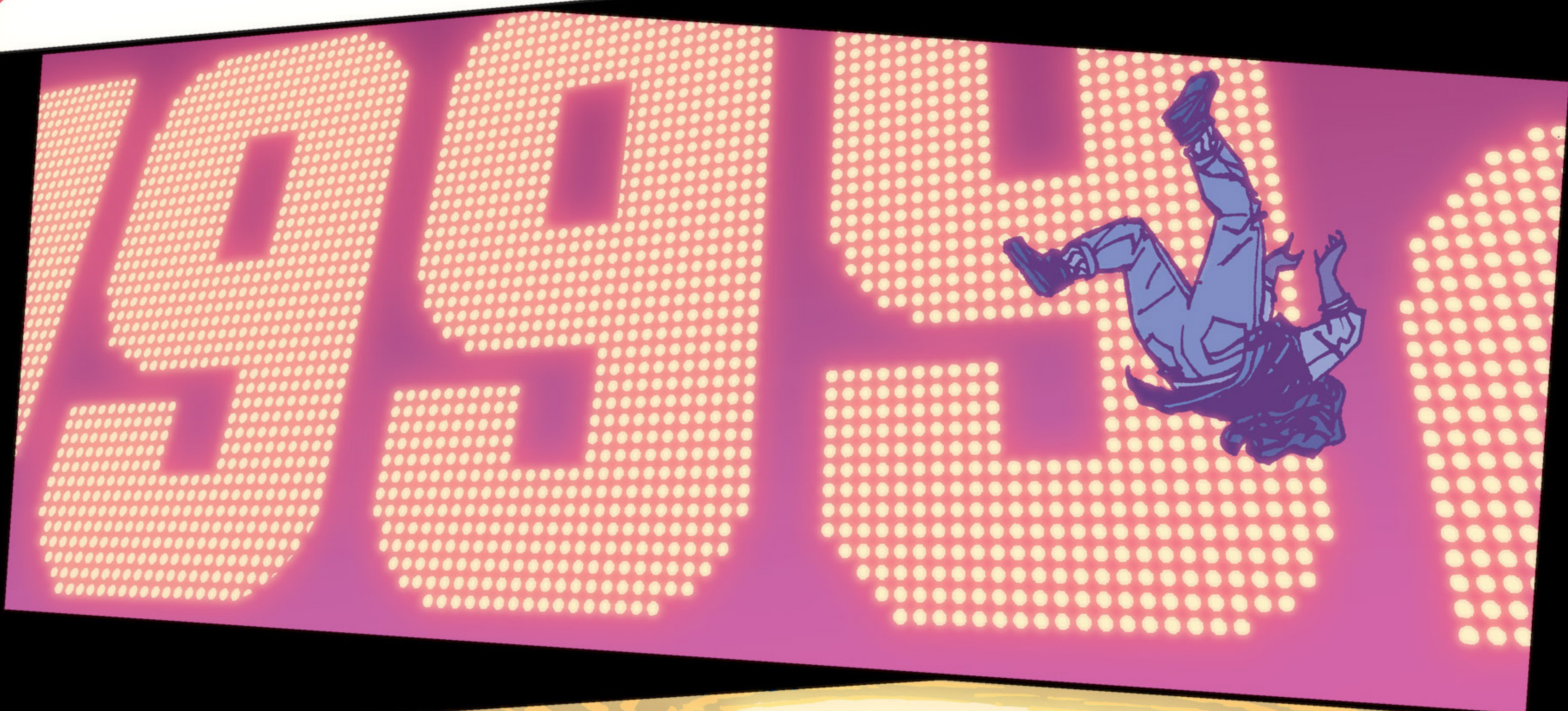
Those boys fancy themselves Robin Hoods, stealing from the past to fund the future, but they're just a murderous gang of thugs.

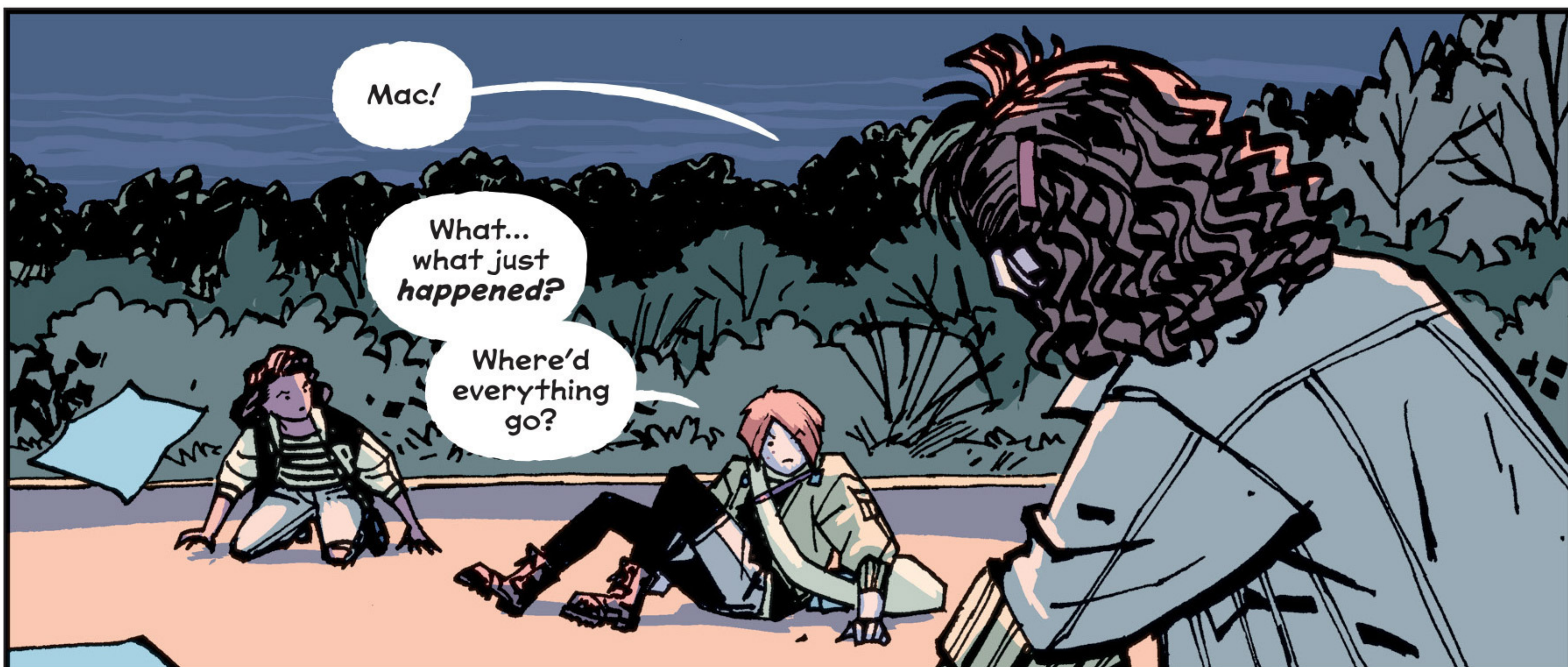
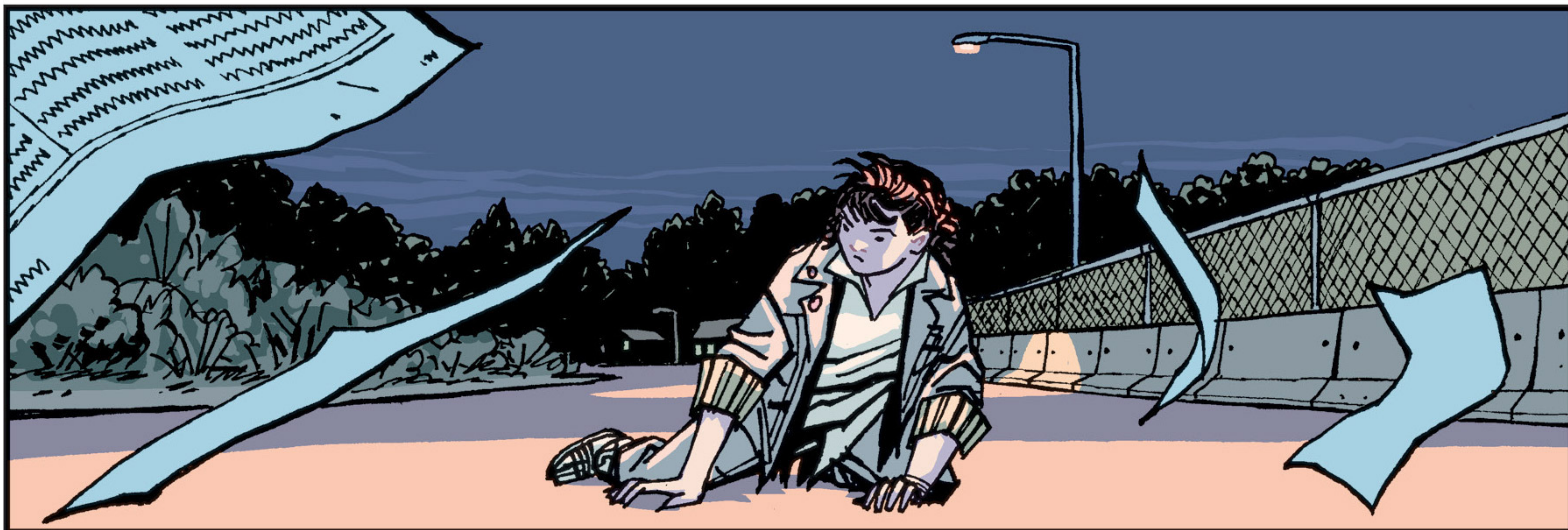


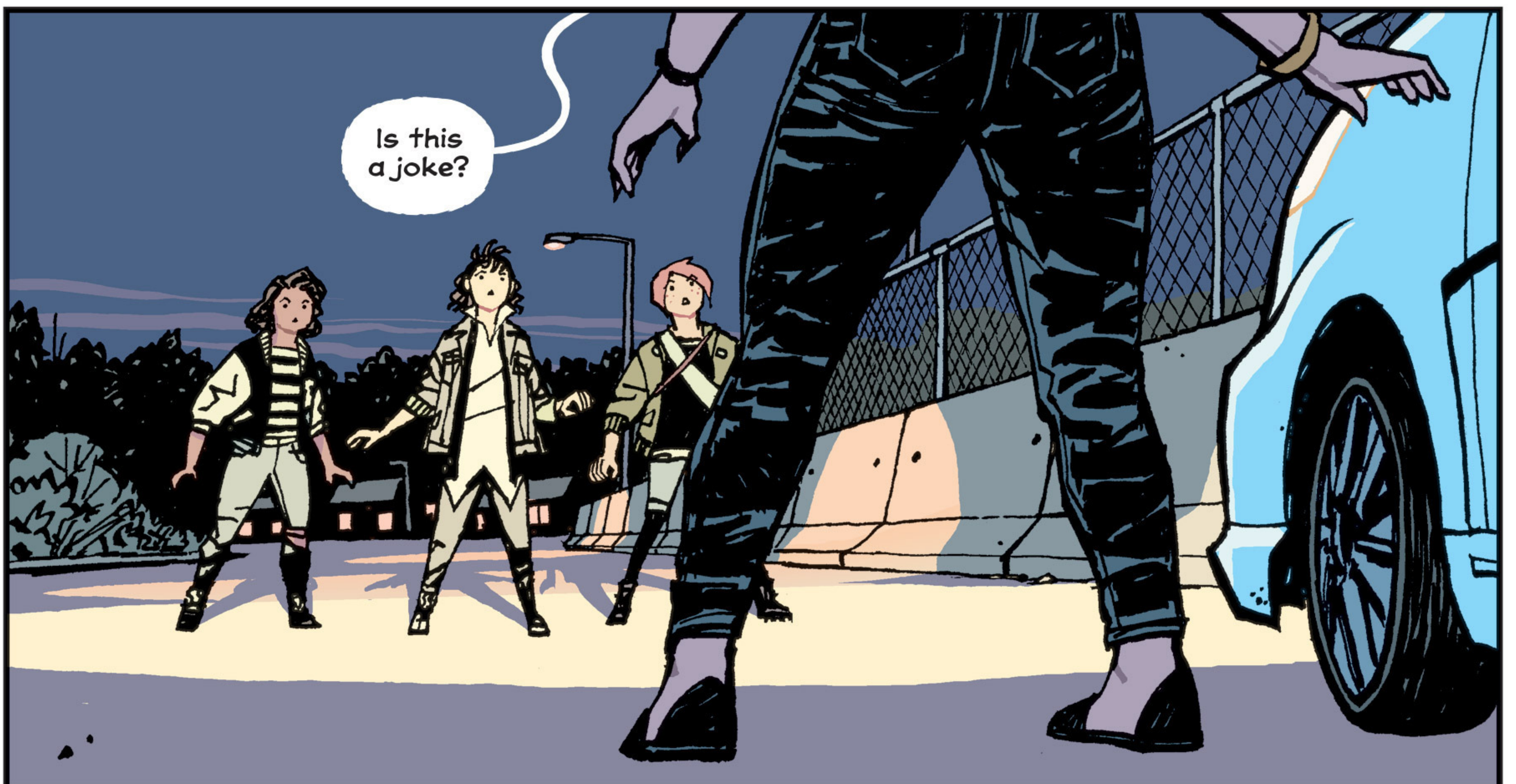
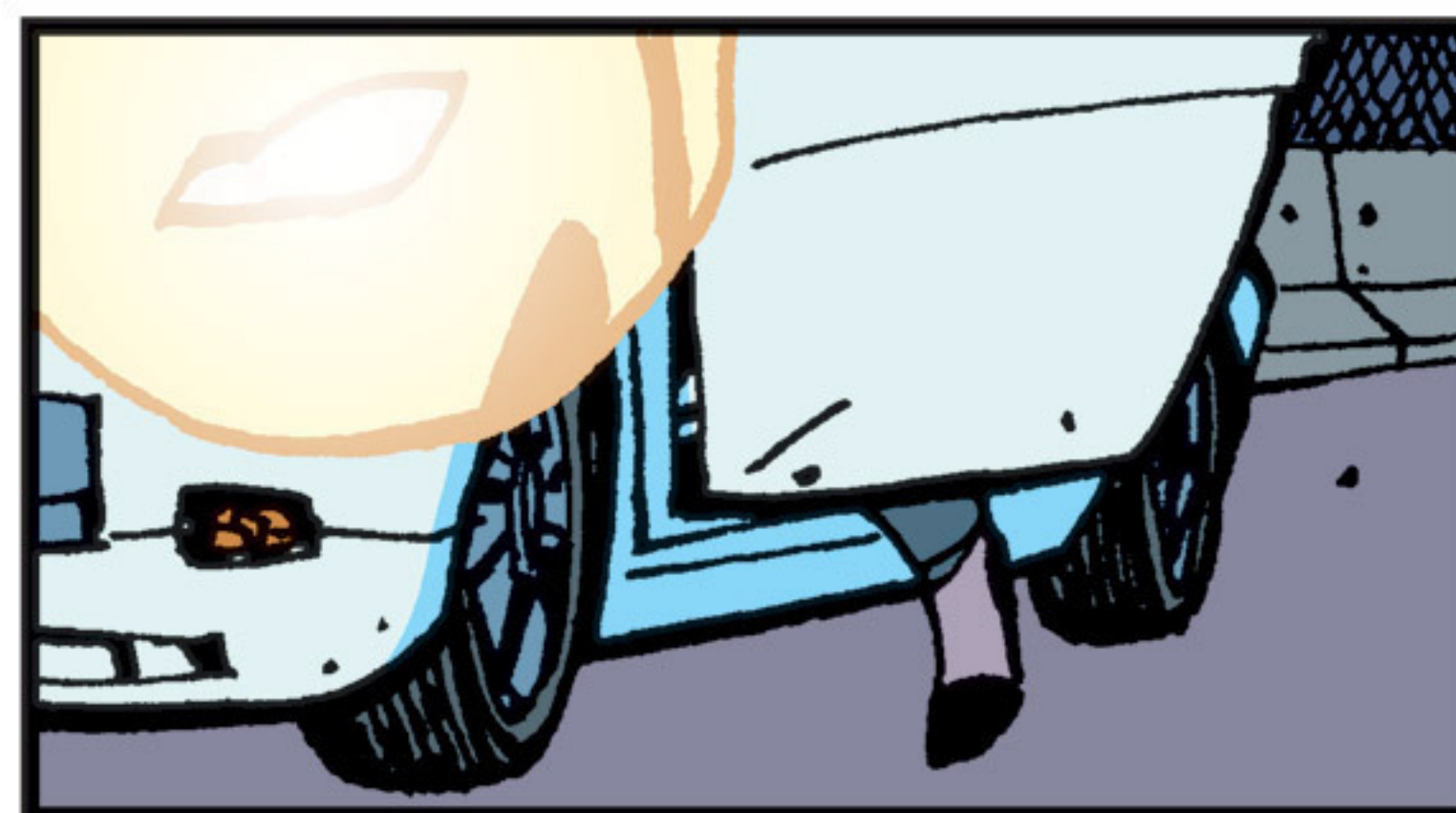
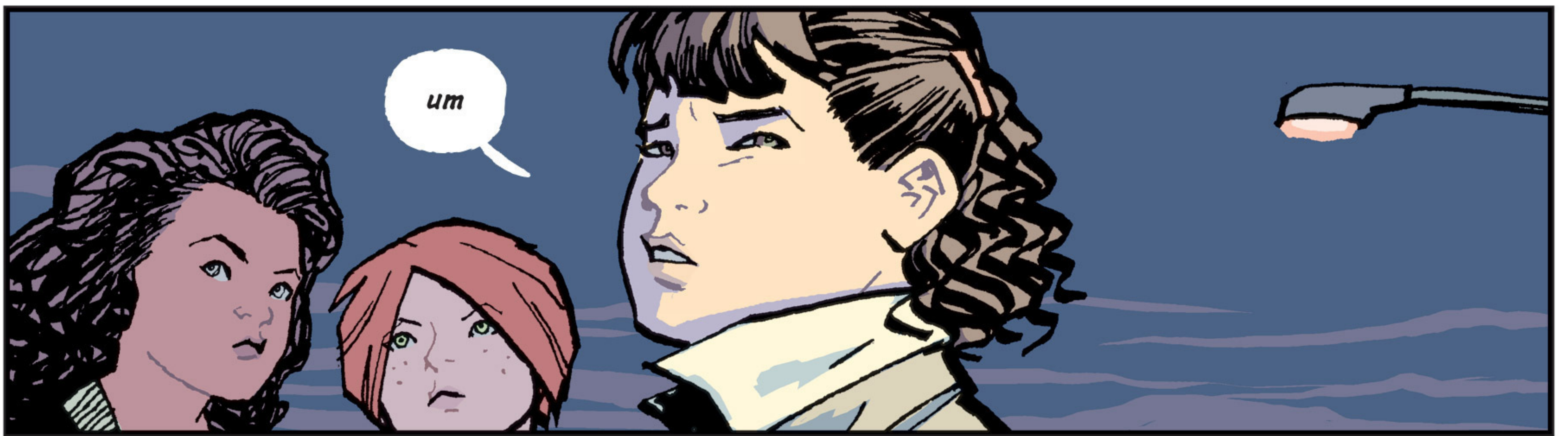
Get far away from them before someone gets *hurt*.













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!

Well, it all started a few installments ago, when your pal Petey Roy the Paper Boy asked what I thought was a simple question:

WOULD YOU FEEL COMFORTABLE GETTING YOUR MORNING PAPER DELIVERED BY A GIRL?

Fast-forward to today, and the A.N.D.G. mailroom is STILL overflowing with passionate responses from readers all across this great nation. So without further ado, let's get straight to some of your answers!



To Whom It May Concern,

Yes, I am comfortable getting my paper delivered by a girl.

Sincerely, **Hector C.**

Portland, OR

Succinct. I like your style, Hector!

Greetings and Salutations, Petey Roy,

Not only would I be comfortable with a girl delivering my paper, I'd PREFER it. In my experience, they're more reliable AND

punctual. Perfect guild material! Thanks for the time, and see you on the streets!

Sincerely, **David Harper**

Anchorage, AK

Duly noted, David.

Hi Petey Roy,

To answer your question about getting my morning paper delivered by a girl, I say ABSOLUTELY. Girls can do anything boys can do, and this has been true since I was a kid.

Sincerely, **Bison H.**

Oakland, CA

Thank you for your response, young man, but what on Earth kind of name is Bison?

Dear Petey,

I like girls and if they would like to deliver newspapers, I would like that. I am not a newspaper deliverer, but my dad was.

People in his neighborhood called him “the little merchant.” Or, he called himself that. He participated in many paper drives in the 1940s, and thinks that is where his copy of *Flash #1* ended up.

Petey, are you a member of other clubs? I was on the Sign & Poster Committee.

Keep up the good work, **Jim B.**

Hermosa Beach, CA

Well, now that you ask, I’m also a member of my school’s S&P Committee, as well as baseball team, baseball cards team, Good Citizen Club, magazine squad, Circus, and school paper (natch).

But let’s try to stay on topic, Jim.

Delivery Bag,

Heck yeah girls can deliver papers! Get with the times, Petey! (And sign me up while you’re at it.)

Best, **Dee H.**

Lawrence, KS

Dee? Could this be? An actual aspiring deliverer of the FEMALE persuasion? Or is this just more of that gender-bending nonsense, like that dreadful Twisted Sister “front man” Dee Snider?

Dear Delivery Bag,

Before I took over my sister’s route, I was slinging papers and stuffing Sunday editions at 3am in 1988. Here’s some stuff from my store, The Comic Book Shop in Wilmington, DE.

Keep being way cool, **Sara Titus**

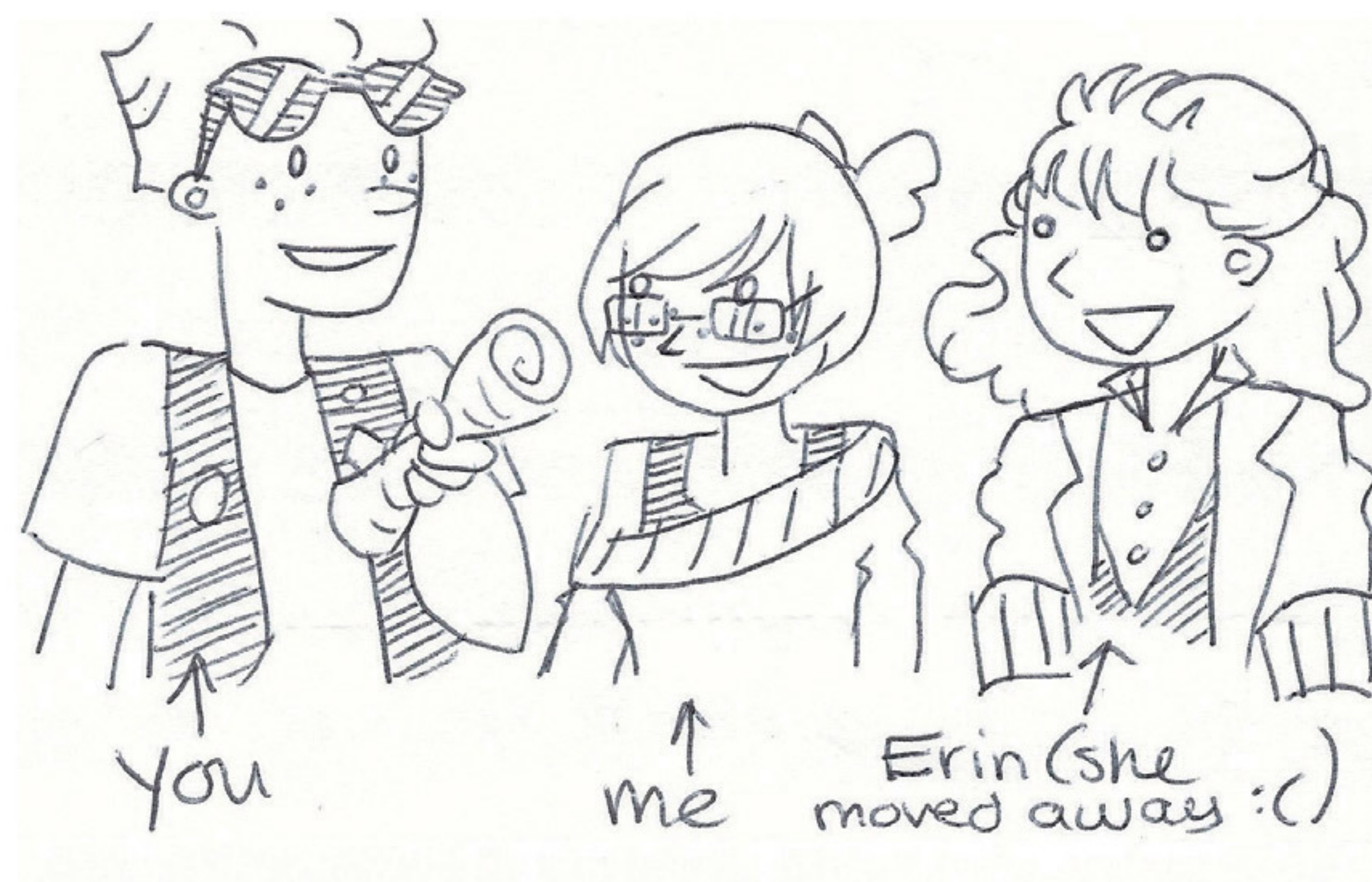
Whoa, a real girl for sure. Hmm, I’m not supposed to accept bribes, Sara... but I suppose the guild handbook does say that we’re allowed to accept small gifts “around” Christmastime.

Dear Petey,

I’m SO excited to be a part of the A.N.D.G., I had to draw you a picture of me and my fellow papergirl with you. I’m such a huge fan, I just have to say “thanks” for the opportunity.

Love, **Ellie H.**

Northampton, MA



What a flattering likeness of yours truly, Ellie! That made Petey’s month, so thanks, young lady.

Hello,

I have been a paper girl as a substitute when my nephew had to go on vacation (we are very close in age). I have been up before dawn folding papers and have out-pedaled many a dog. Paper girls are just as good as paper boys. Please send me my membership card.

Thank you, **Mary K.**

San Dimas, CA

And believe it or not, there were countless more letters just like Mary’s!

We here at the A.N.D.G. had heard that there were perhaps a handful of girl deliverers out there, but we had no idea that so many of you ladies had already started working so many routes across the United States.

So to all of you girls out there who were bold enough to speak up and write in, Petey Roy has one thing to say to you...welcome to the American Newspaper Delivery Guild!

As I’ve rapped about before in these pages, the A.N.D.G. has been around for almost a HUNDRED YEARS, and if we’re going to last another century, our membership needs to grow and change with the times. I’ll admit that I had my concerns about the safety of young female deliverers, but then I remembered my original motto from way back in 1899:

“As long as you pay your dues, Petey says ANYONE can deliver the news!”

Fellas, I know this changing landscape will be as threatening to a lot of you as it originally was to yours truly, but I want you to welcome these new recruits with open arms, understood...?

Dear Delivery Bag,

I am so excited to be joining the A.N.D.G. Since we are both in Sherman Oaks, maybe I'll deliver your paper one day.

Signed, **Michelle**

Sherman Oaks, CA

Well, don't be creepy, Michelle.

And speaking of creepy, let's take a brief break from all this controversy to give the floor over to a longtime American Deliverer with a very spooky tale for boys AND girls...

Dear Petey,

I really hadn't thought about it in such a long time. The summers of 1975 and '76. The summers I was a paperboy. I was going to school at Ohio State and came home that first summer and fell into a great gig. I painted houses during the day, came home to get a few hours sleep and would then catch up with some guys later, maybe at Jac & Do's Pizza or Putt-Putt Miniature Golf, or maybe the McDonald's on Trenton Avenue that they had just remodeled. Then it was off to the Findlay Publishing Company, publishers of *The Courier*, Northwestern Ohio's daily since 1850.

I would get there 11:30ish. The presses were well on their way by then and the banging staccato cacophony would envelop you. It's hard to describe that sound. It was a sound that made you alone, it was so loud you were alone with your thoughts. Even though there were a dozen other guys on the floor with you, you were alone. I worked at the insert station. Papers would come down the line and have adverts slid in the fold. They would move down to the counters and stackers would bundle up counts for the route drops. When the run was finished I would pick up my bundles and load up the van. That's when the fun started.

A 1975 full-size Ford Econoline van. It was a beautiful thing. And I needed all of it. You see, I dropped off the *Courier* to the paper route boys. My uncle was circulations manager...so I had an in. I loved that job. Something about working all night, bouncing back and forth on the radio from WKYC out of Cleveland and CKLW Detroit/Windsor, a guy in his van full

of newspapers making sure everyone would have their morning read with breakfast.

I had a city/county route. After delivering to the west-side carriers in Findlay I would hit the county roads going to towns like Bluffton, Beaverdam and Jenera. And between the small towns I would drop by the farmsteads that were too far for the paperboys to deliver. I have fond memories of steering with my left knee while grabbing a paper and rolling it and banding it for delivery. My halfway point was Lima, Ohio where I had two mailbags for the Lima post office full of copies of the *Courier* for out-of-state retirees. And then the back-roads return trip to Findlay for more deliveries.

Once, I was leaving Ada, Ohio on my way to Jenera on County Road 25. It was cloudy and there was very little moonlight. There wasn't a bend in the road, I wasn't coming out of a dip, just all of a sudden... it was there. It was in the middle of my lane and it was huge and it was on two legs. It was a brassy tan, like an orangey brown, I went violently left of center and then overcorrected while slamming on the brakes. In classic Starsky & Hutch fashion I came sliding to a stop perpendicular to the road straddling the double yellow lines.

Out of the corner of my eye to my right I see movement, not toward me or away from me, but parallel to me moving forward into the cornfield. It was massive. I have no idea what it was. Could it have been an impossibly tall, straggly-haired, disheveled hippy walking down the middle of the township road stoned on mushrooms at 2:30 in the morning wearing an outrageously large brown hunting coat in August? Sure, I guess, it was the 70s after all... but, I'm not so sure.

The only thing I am sure of, is that I was scared shitless. I'm 6'4" and at the time weighed 200lbs and had all the pretend bravado and made-up "live forever" moxie as any other 19 year old I knew... and I was scared f***ing s***less. I fired up the Econoline and did a three-point turn to get back into my lane and left with the full realization that I would be on the same road tomorrow and the day after, and the day after that, for the next month.

I never saw anything like it again. I finished the summer and went back to school chalking

it up as one big head scratcher. I've never told anyone what happened to me that night. It bothered me a little that there was this puzzle in my head. The only good puzzle is a figured-out puzzle, so obviously I wish I knew what it was, but it's not like that. Whatever happened that night certainly doesn't define me. Honestly, I hadn't thought about it until now.

From one paperboy to another,

Bryan Wilford

Columbus, OH

Was that freaky to the max or what? Petey's going to be sleeping with the lights on tonight, that's for sure. Thanks for sharing, Bryan!

Dear Petey,

I think that it's important for ALL of us to be safe on our routes. I am a female deliverer (and a new one at that) and all the houses still make me feel a bit nervous. Well, except for Mrs. Sudlow and her cat, Nipper. She makes some all right snickerdoodles.

Sincerely, **Reina H.**

Roseville, CA

Amen to all of the above, Reina.

Dearest Petey,

I have never been a newspaper delivery girl, but when I close my eyes I am one. I long to feel the cold morning air on my cheeks as I deliver America's people their daily news. It would be my honor to be in a guild like yours amongst people like you.

Yours truly, **Christina P.**

Melbourne, FL

Christina, that was so eloquent it almost made Petey cry. At first, I wasn't sure how I was going to feel about this brave new world of co-ed delivery, but letters like yours from upstanding young women like you make me confident that our ride together is going to be as smooth as it is long!

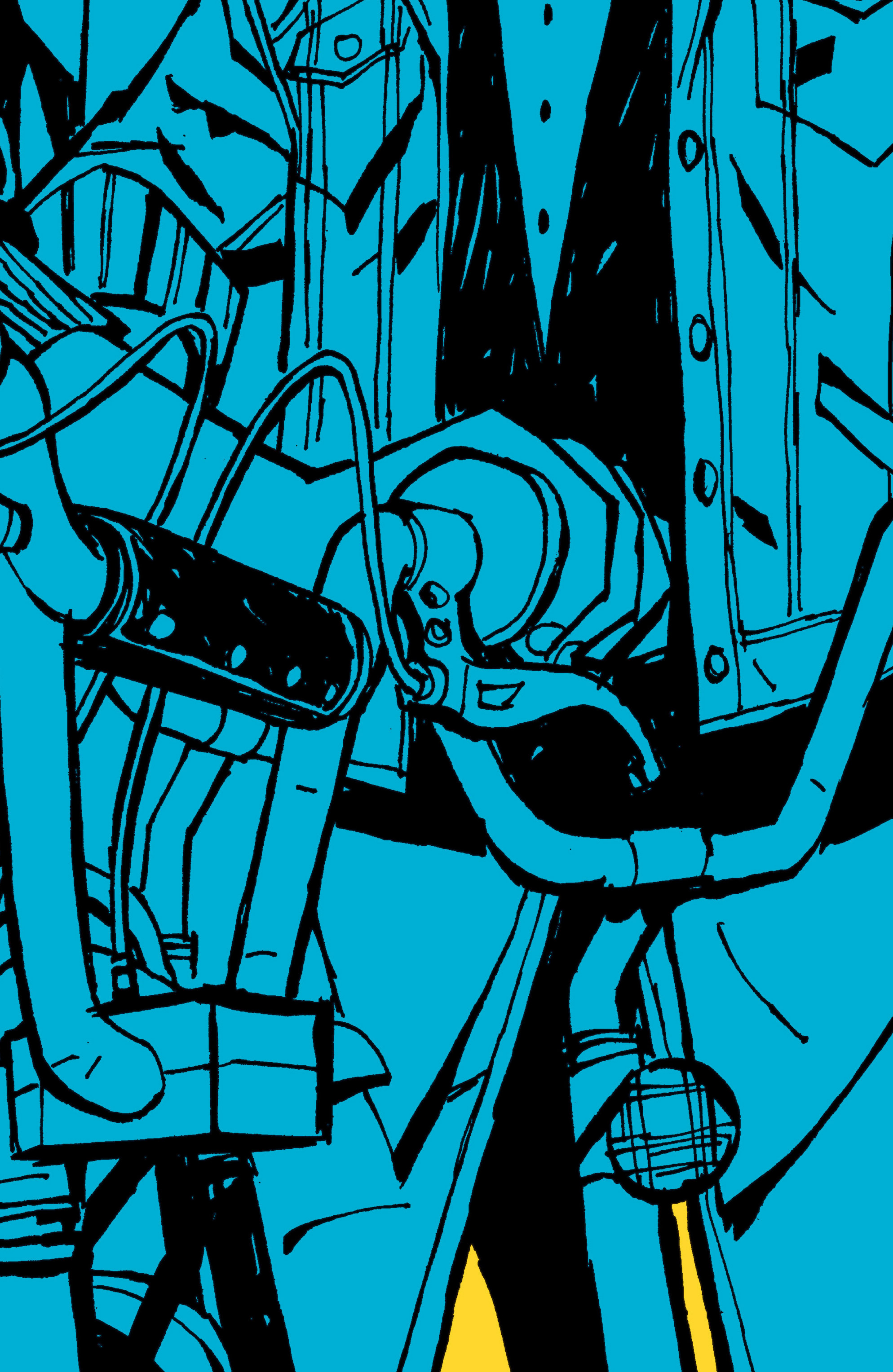
But for now, veteran readers of this newsletter know that it's once again time for our periodical to SUSPEND DELIVERY for the next three months, as Petey and the rest of the A.N.D.G. senior staff

head to the fair city of Cleveland, Ohio for our semiannual Deliver Con.

But we'll be back in JUNE, and I can already sense that the A.N.D.G. is going to return a very different, even awesomer organization, so please keep sending us your letters... especially all of you new guild SISTERS!

Catch you later,

Petey Roy the Paper Boy





4 of 4

1

2

3

4

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

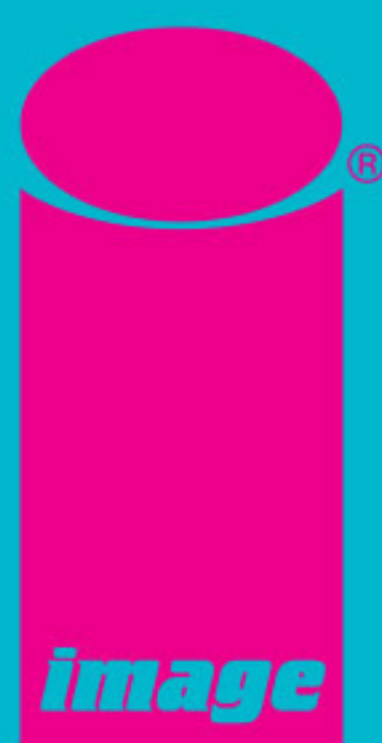




Paper Girls₆

ON SALE 06.01.16

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





ISSUE 05

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

IMAGECOMICS.COM

RATED **T+** | TEEN PLUS