

# Paper Girls 6





# Paper Girls

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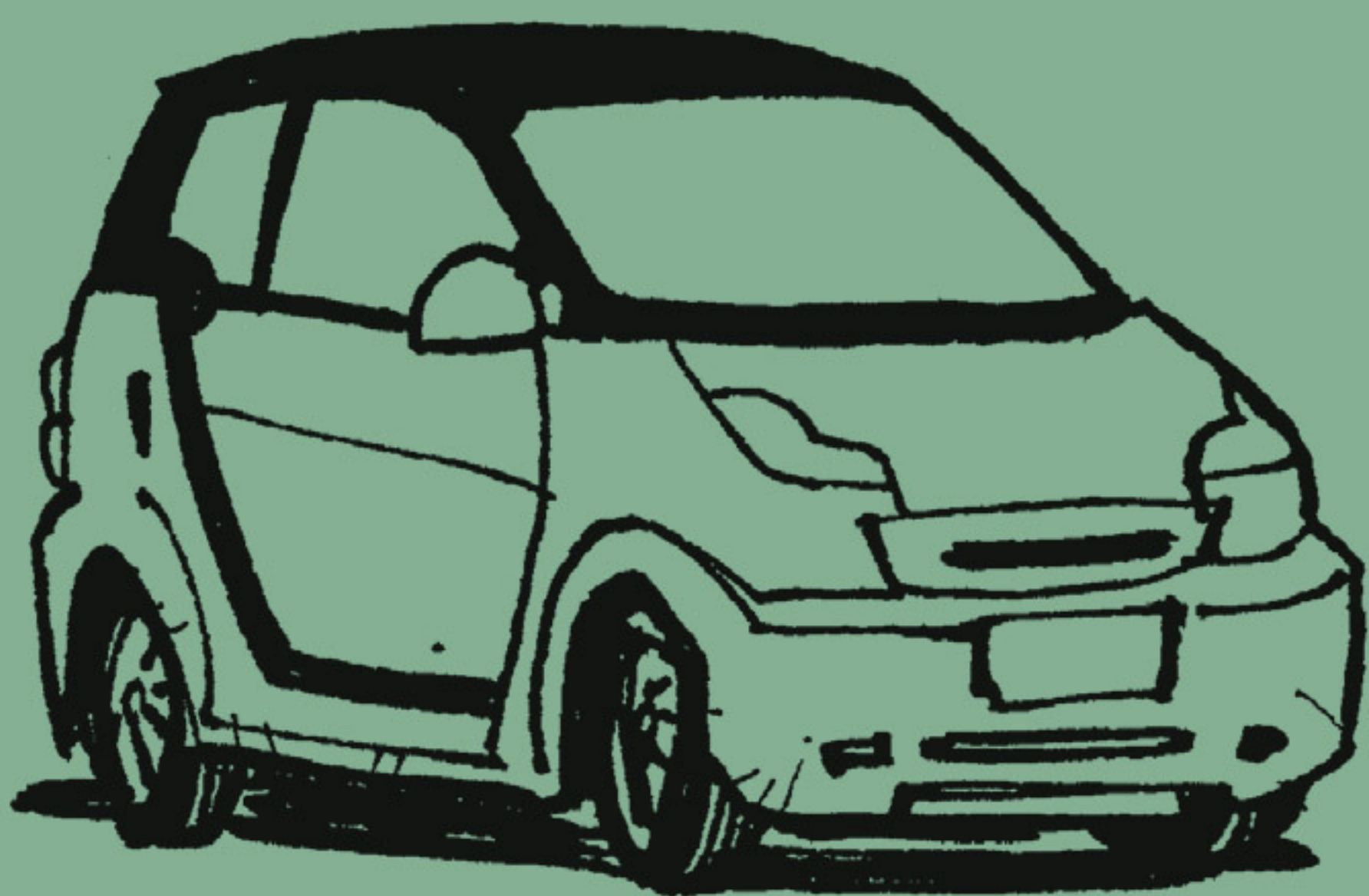


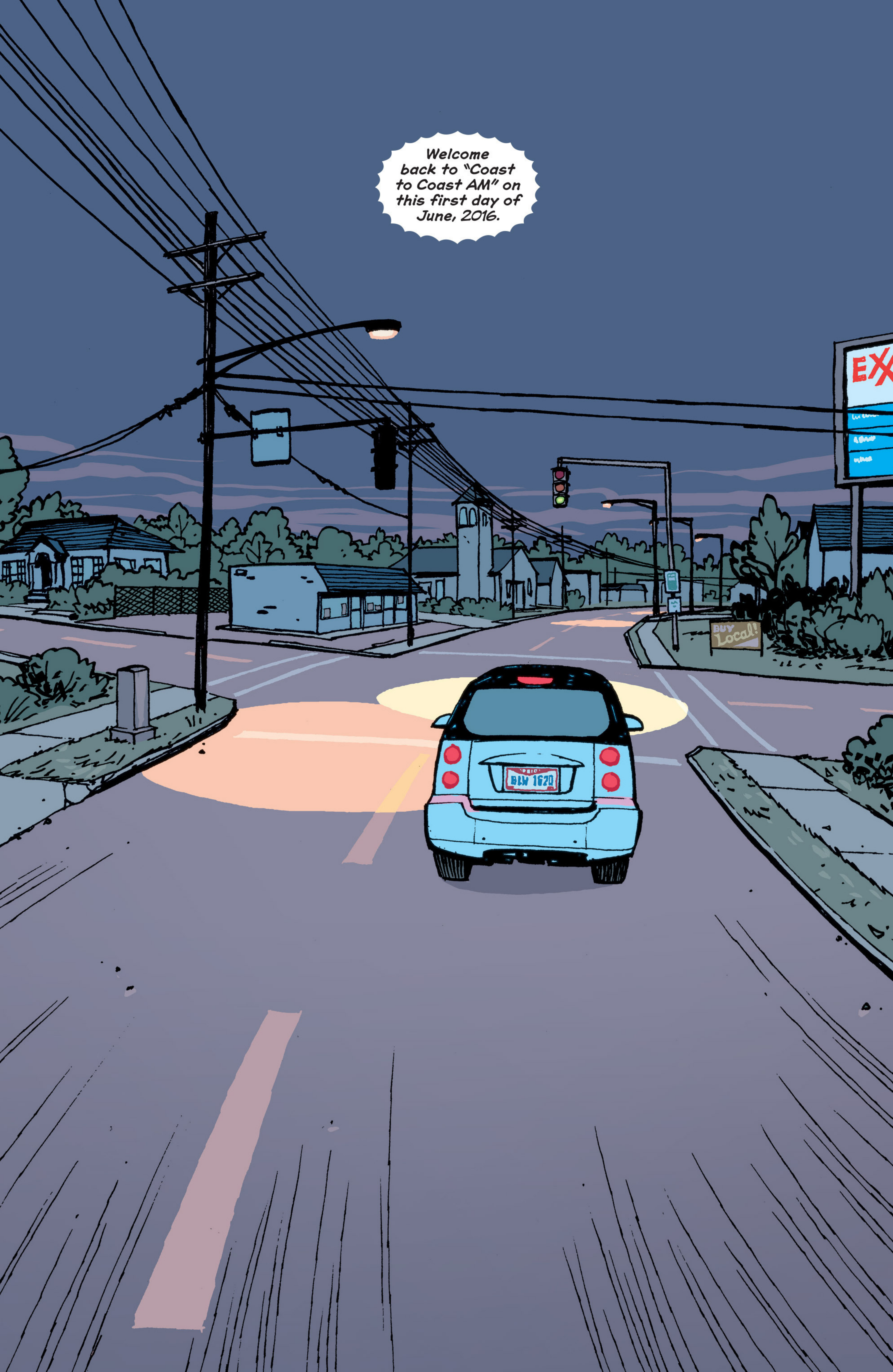
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Welcome  
back to "Coast  
to Coast AM" on  
this first day of  
June, 2016.



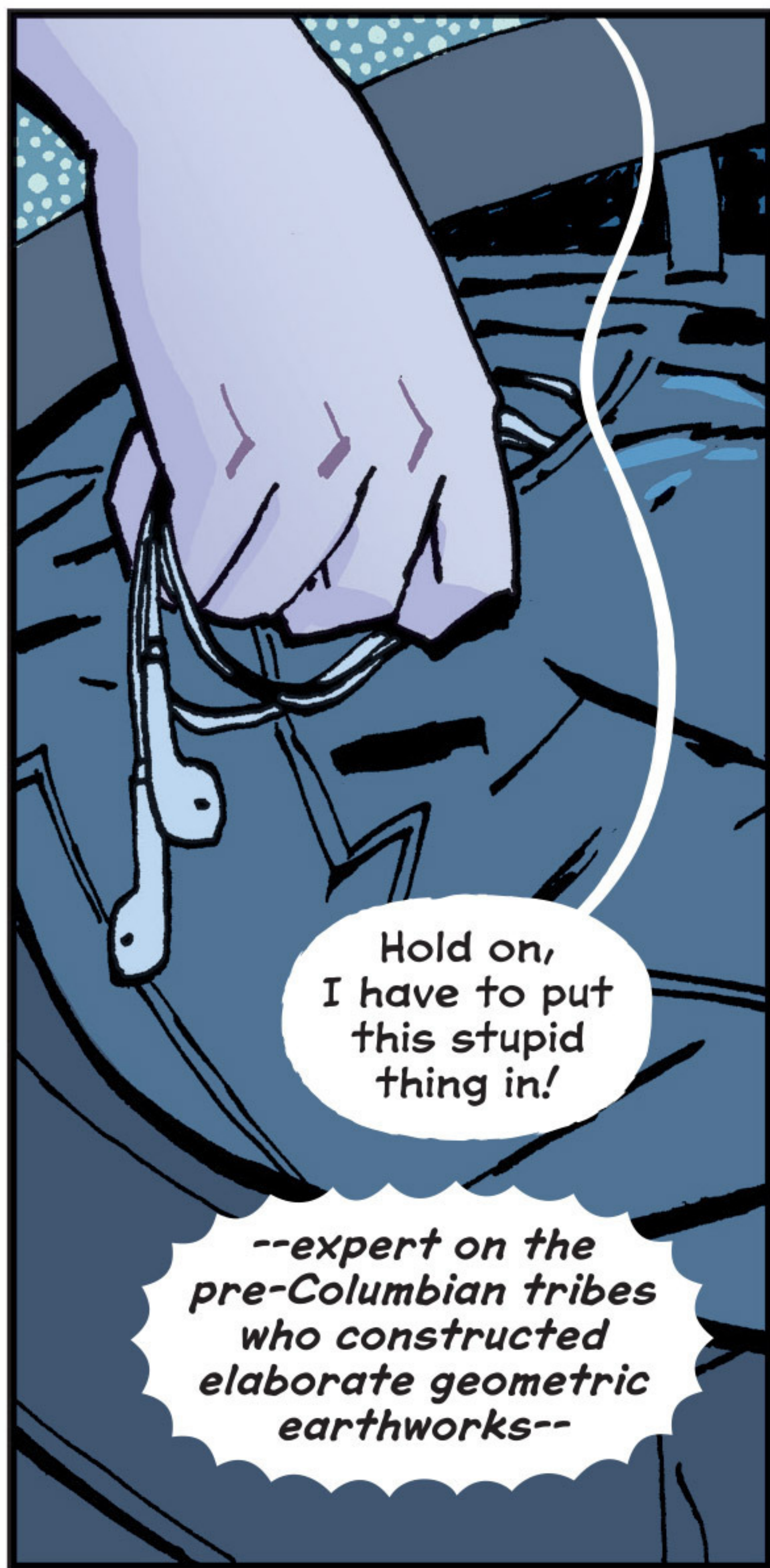




*In the next hour, we'll be discussing **Mound Builders**, and new evidence that suggests these Native Americans were the first humans to make extraterrestrial contact.*



*My guests today include the bestselling author of countless ebooks and--*



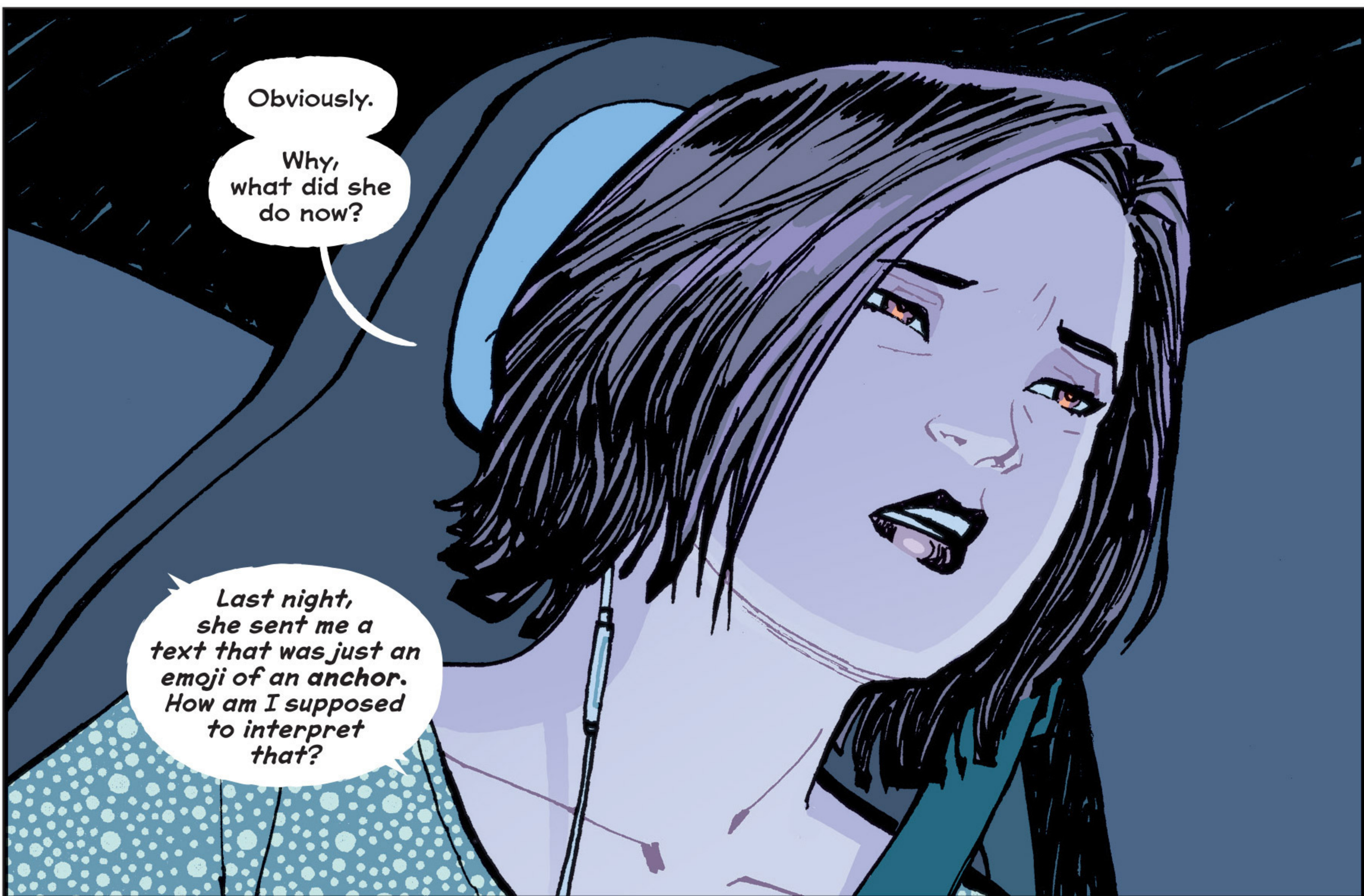
*Hold on, I have to put this stupid thing in!*

*--expert on the pre-Columbian tribes who constructed elaborate geometric earthworks--*



*Sorry, hello...?*

*Is mom insane?*

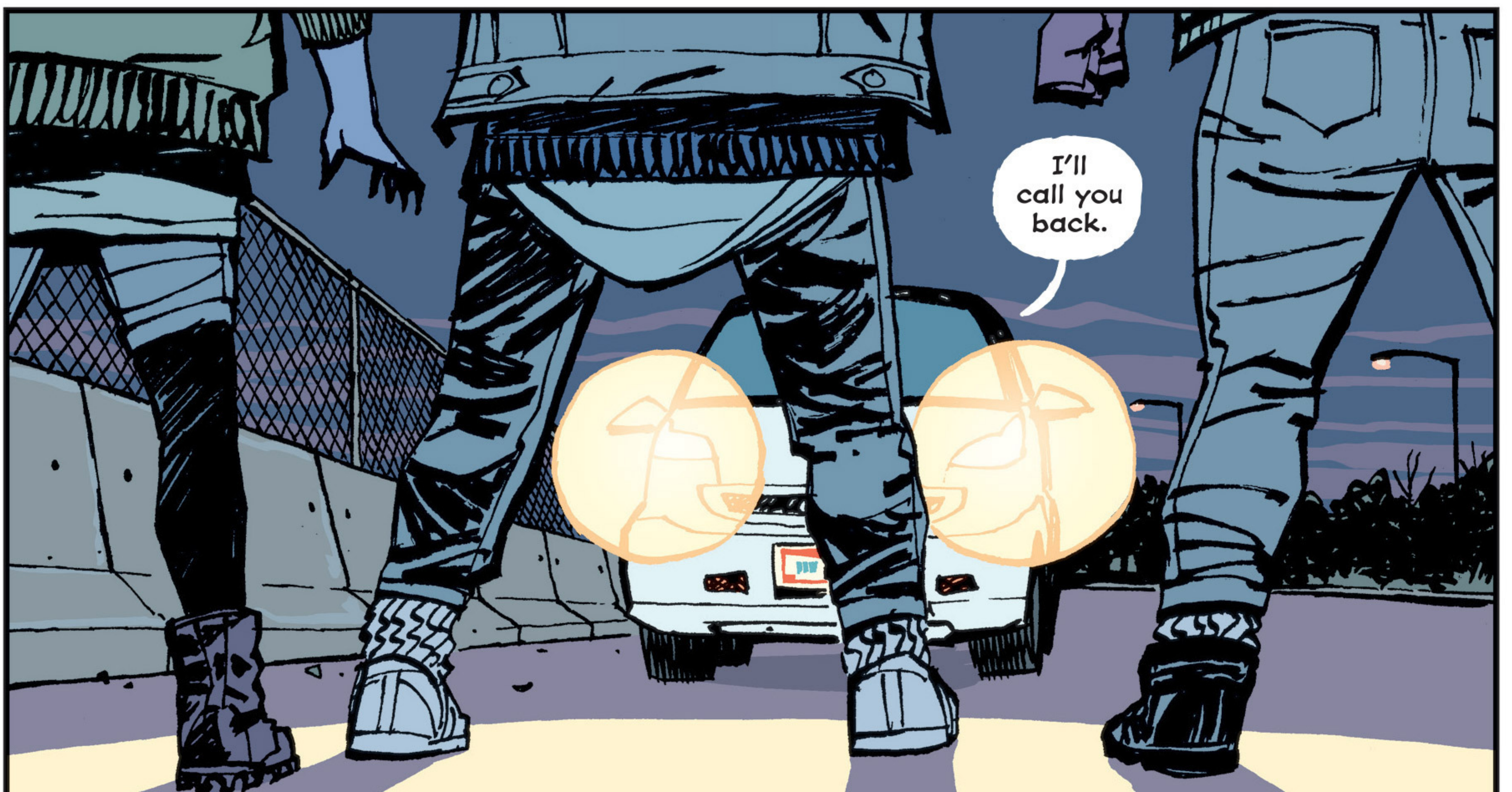
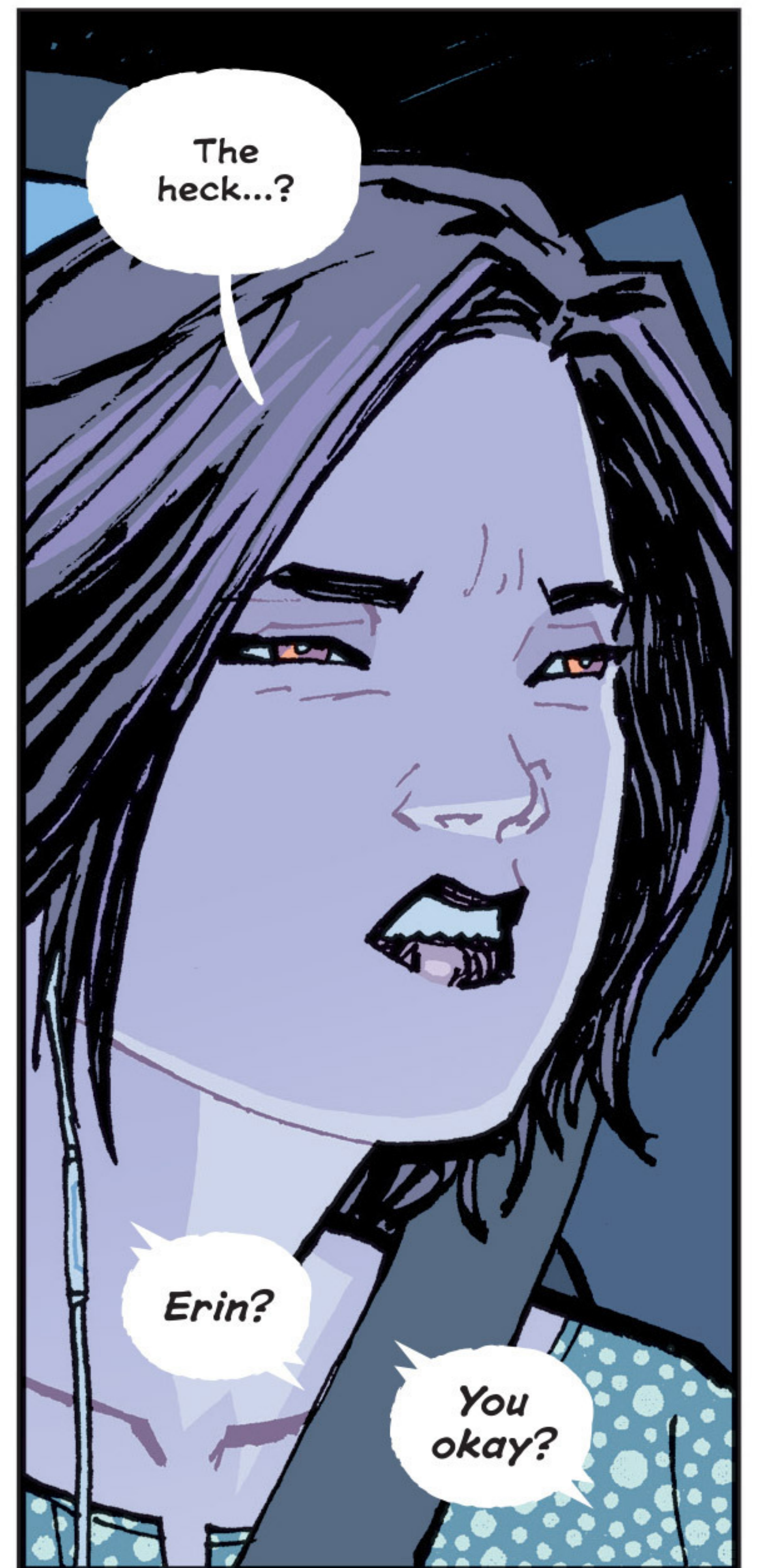
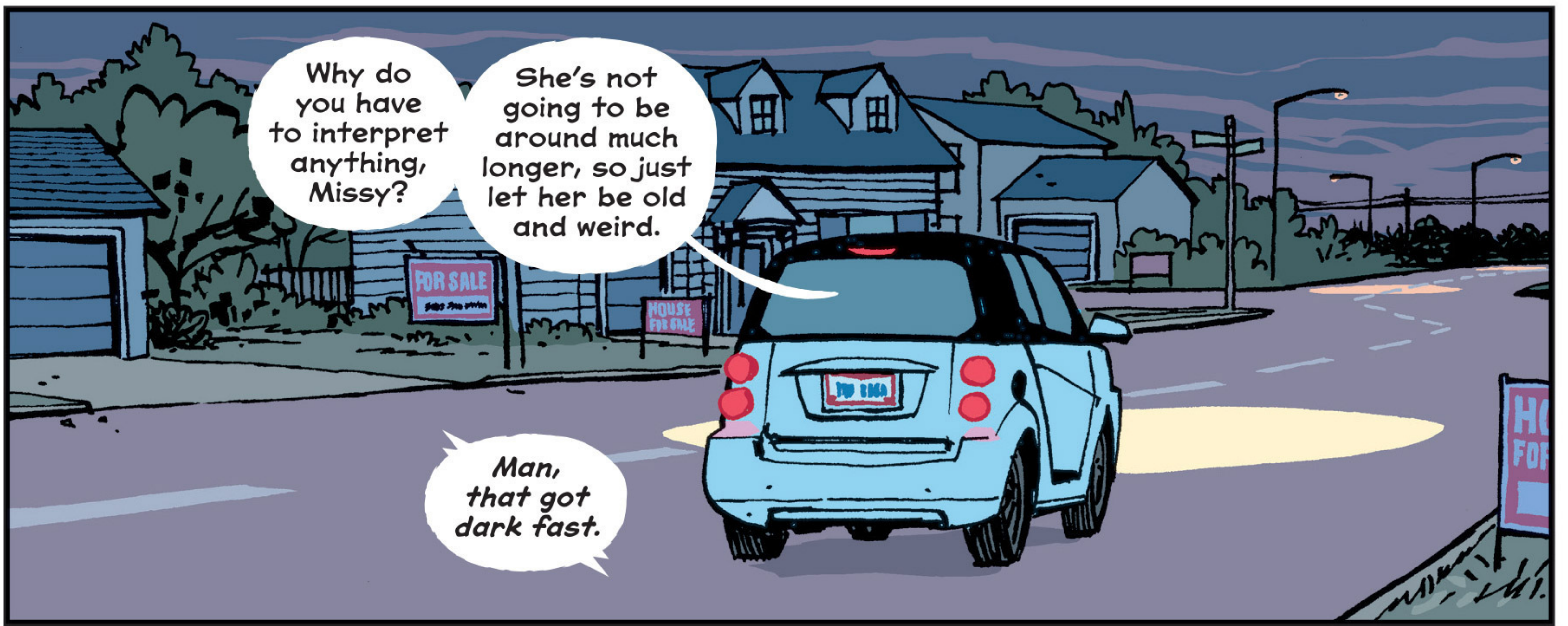


*Obviously.*

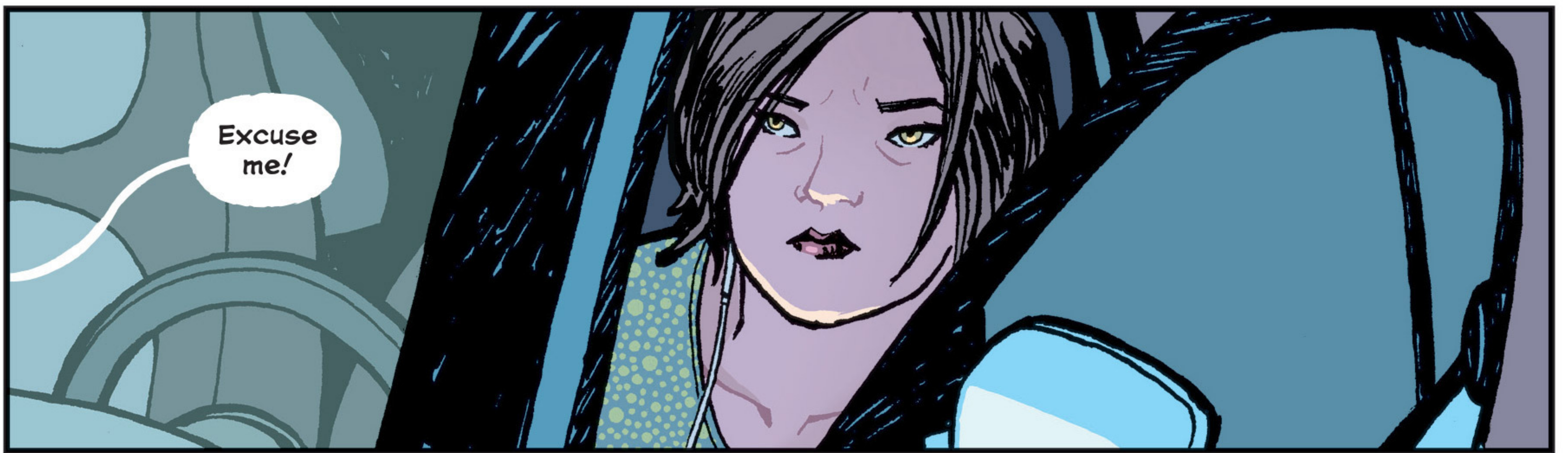
*Why, what did she do now?*

*Last night, she sent me a text that was just an emoji of an anchor. How am I supposed to interpret that?*













So she's...?



Could you please tell us when the hell this is?



It's...it's twenty sixteen.



What is that, military time?



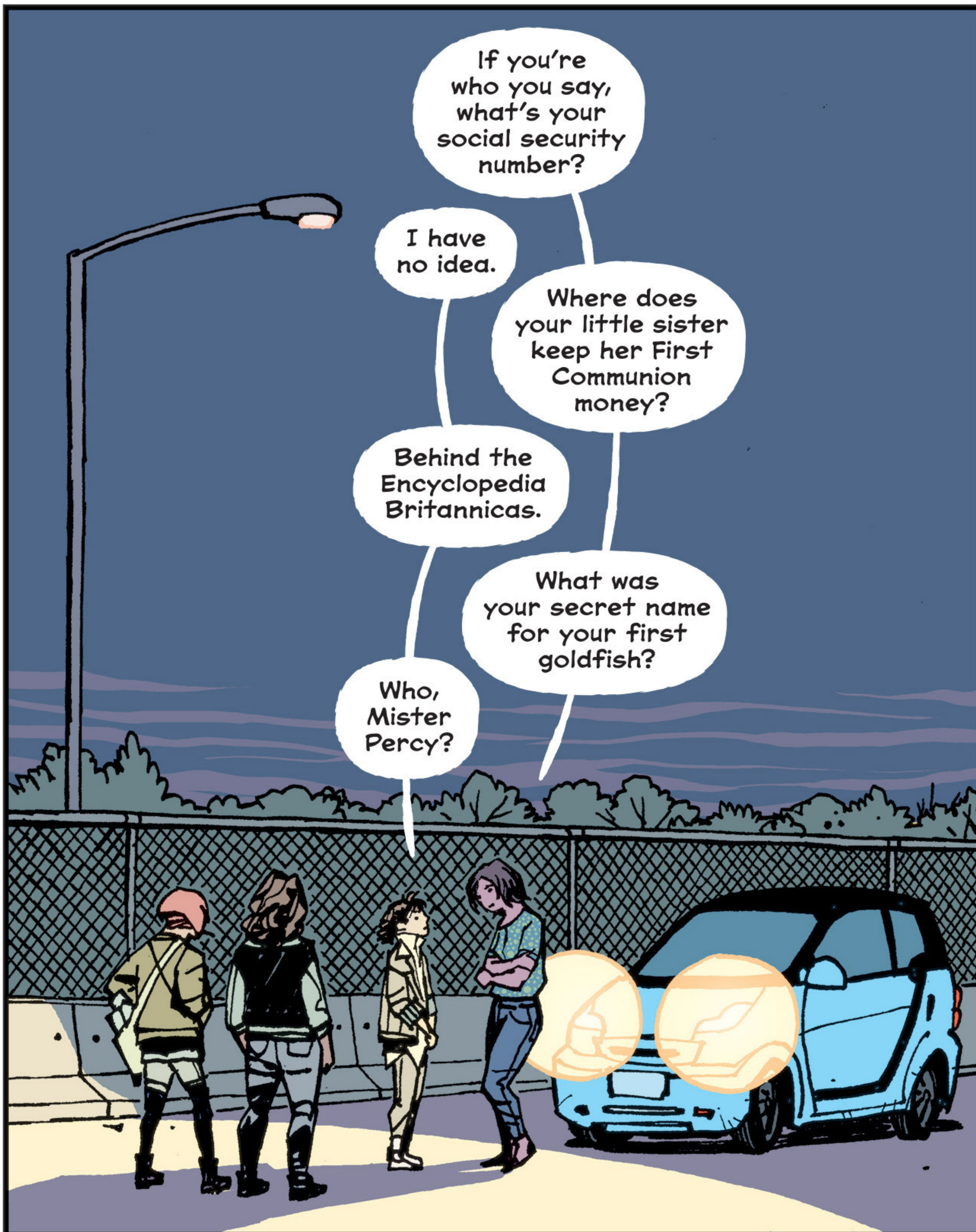
We're trying to figure out what **year** we just got zapped to.



Mac, I think she meant we're in the year **two thousand and sixteen**.



The twenty-first century?



If you're who you say, what's your social security number?

I have no idea.

Where does your little sister keep her First Communion money?

Behind the Encyclopedia Britannicas.

What was your secret name for your first goldfish?

Who, Mister Percy?



Lift up your shirt.





Um...

Your stomach.

Do you have a scar?



Please.

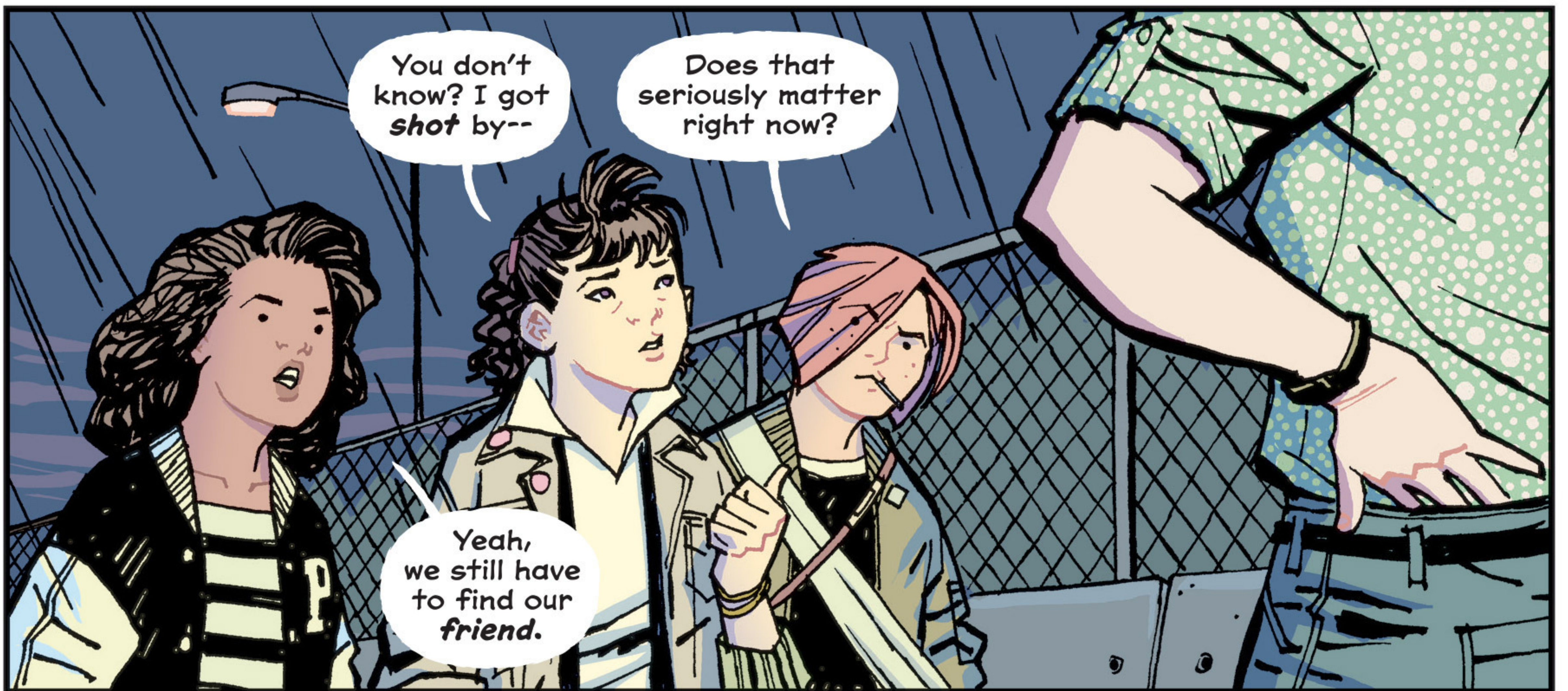
Do you have a scar on your stomach?



I do now, I guess.



I have wanted to know where this came from for almost *thirty* years.



You don't know? I got **shot** by--

Does that seriously matter right now?

Yeah, we still have to find our **friend**.





What is she talking about?



I don't know what happened, but Tiffany, Mac and I got separated from the other girl we were delivering with.

You remember *KJ*, right? From Hell Morning?



I... I'm not sure.

That was a lifetime ago.



Whatever, we'll track her down ourselves.

Wait!

Jesus Christ, you guys can't just be out here!



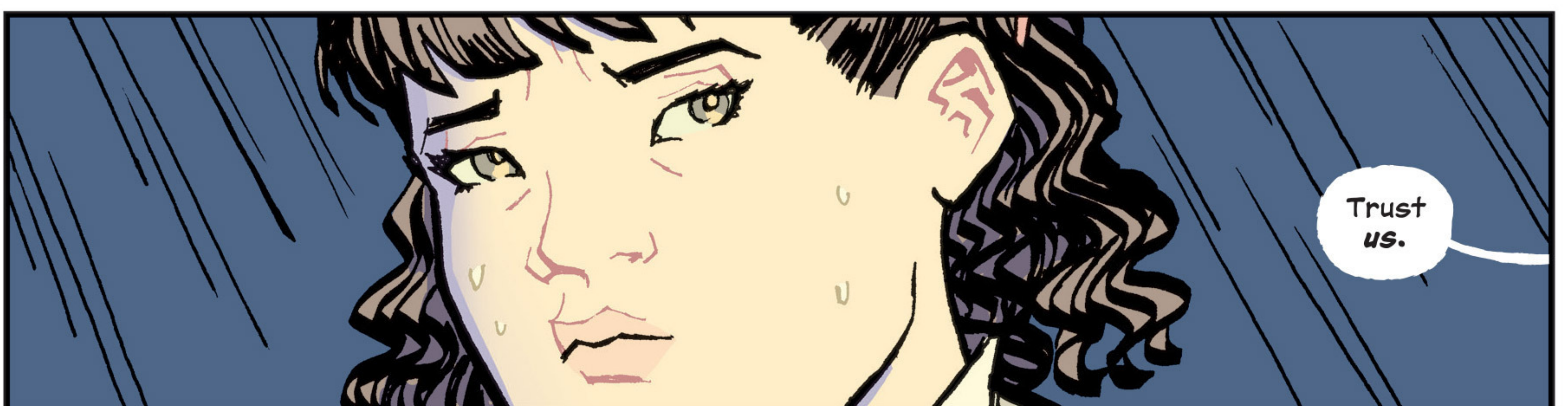
Besides, if you're telling me that...that *time travel* is suddenly a real thing, maybe this other paper girl got here *before* you.

If she did, she probably didn't stick around a bunch of vacant lots, and neither should you.



Look, I don't understand what's happening here either, but we'll figure it out together. Until then, you'll be safe at my place.

Trust me.



Trust *us*.





Defug jus  
pass, Grand  
Father?

Their  
folding.

It must  
have doubled  
the cube...  
bent *inside*  
itself.



R dey  
ashes?

Aye, it looks  
as if our teenage  
intruders died  
in the blast.

But I fear  
the four local girls  
they embroiled in all  
this have been  
*timelined*.





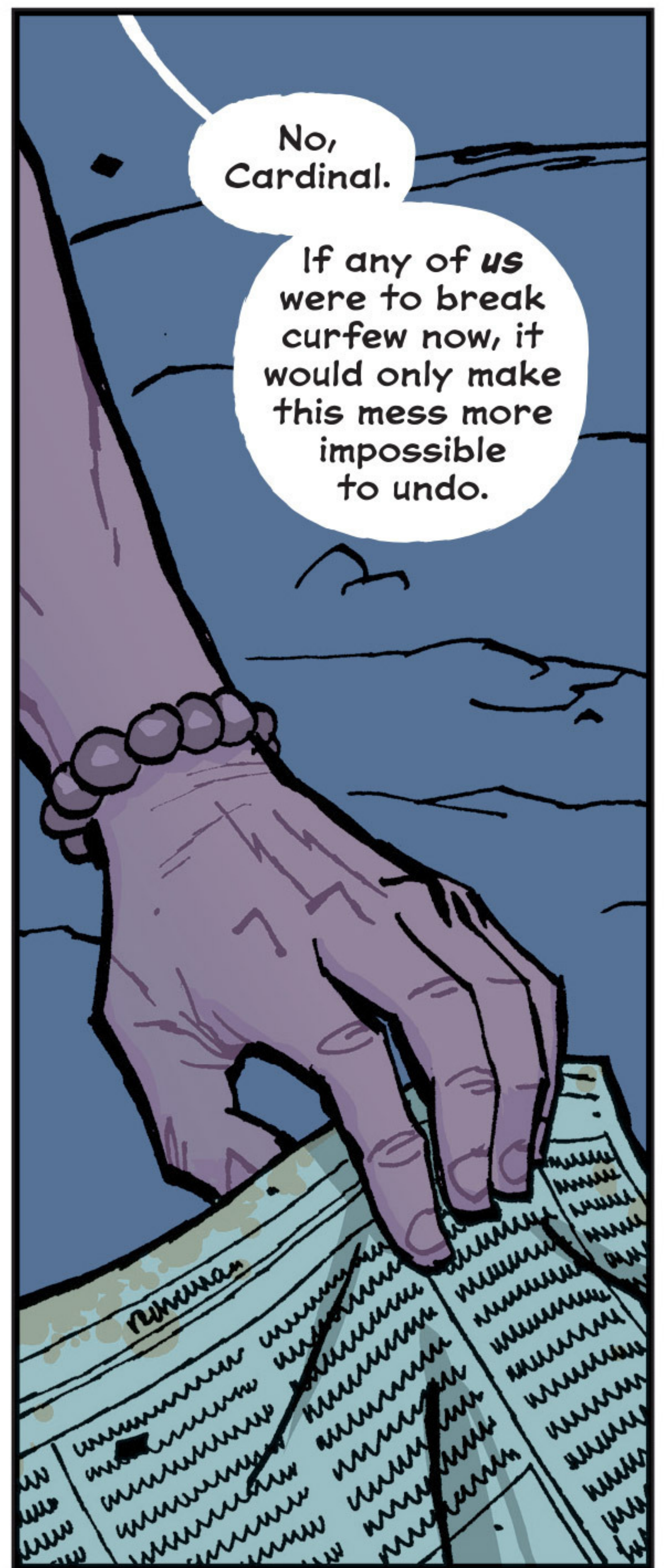
Timelined?

Soda  
jungs cud b  
anywhere?



Well, they could be  
anywhere in *time*...but  
the force of the fissure  
would have kept them  
each synched to  
this *place*.

Zen we  
callon de  
*hunt*.



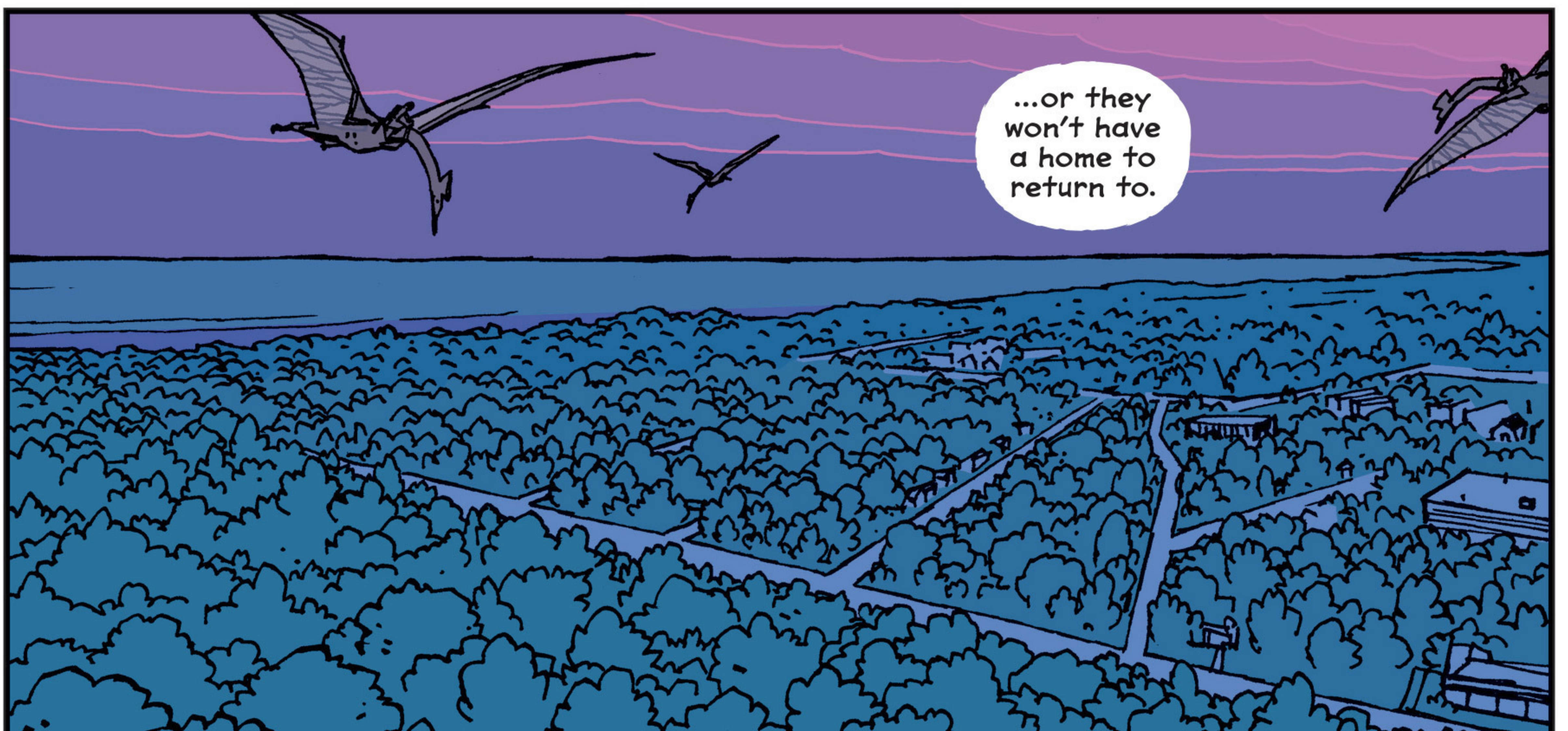
No,  
Cardinal.

If any of *us*  
were to break  
curfew now, it  
would only make  
this mess more  
impossible  
to undo.



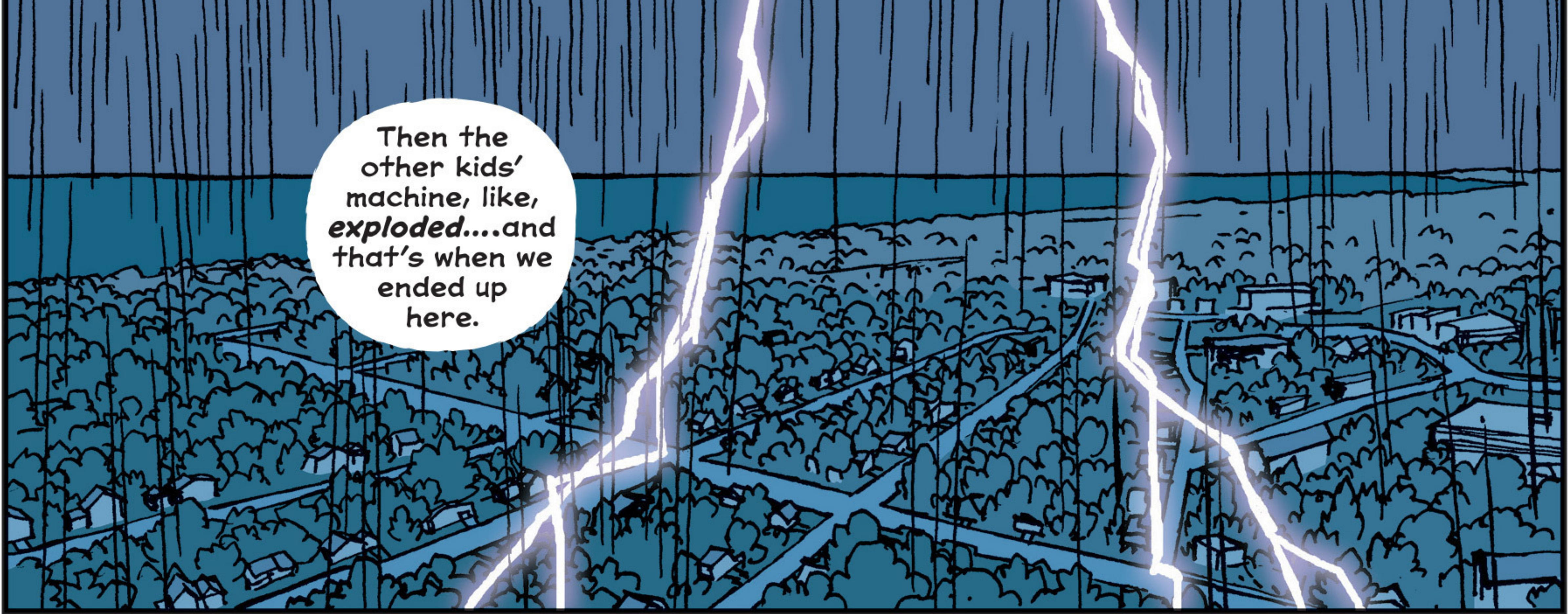
I'm afraid  
our fates rest  
with this young  
quartet.

Either the  
girls somehow  
find their way  
home soon...

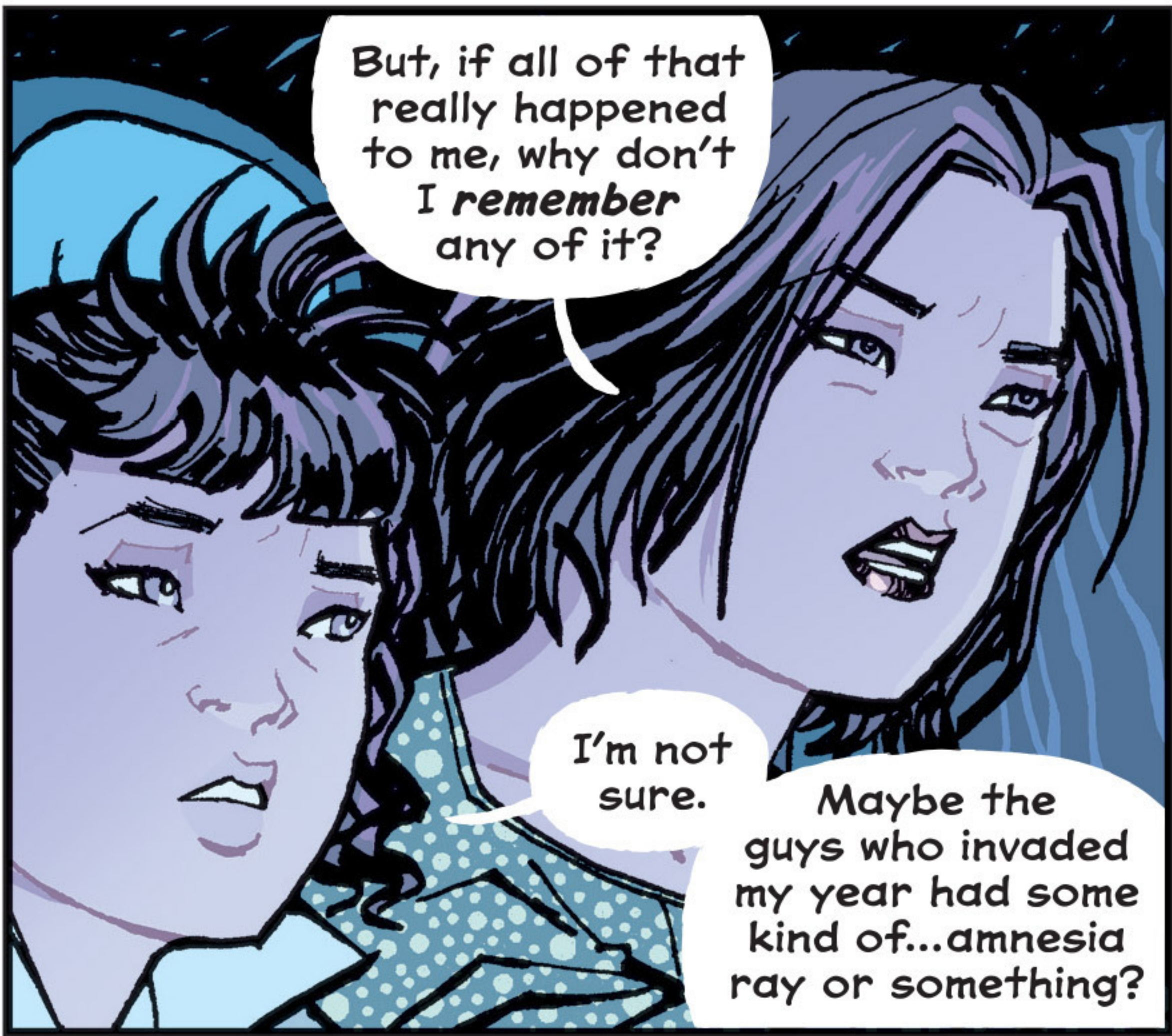


...or they  
won't have  
a home to  
return to.





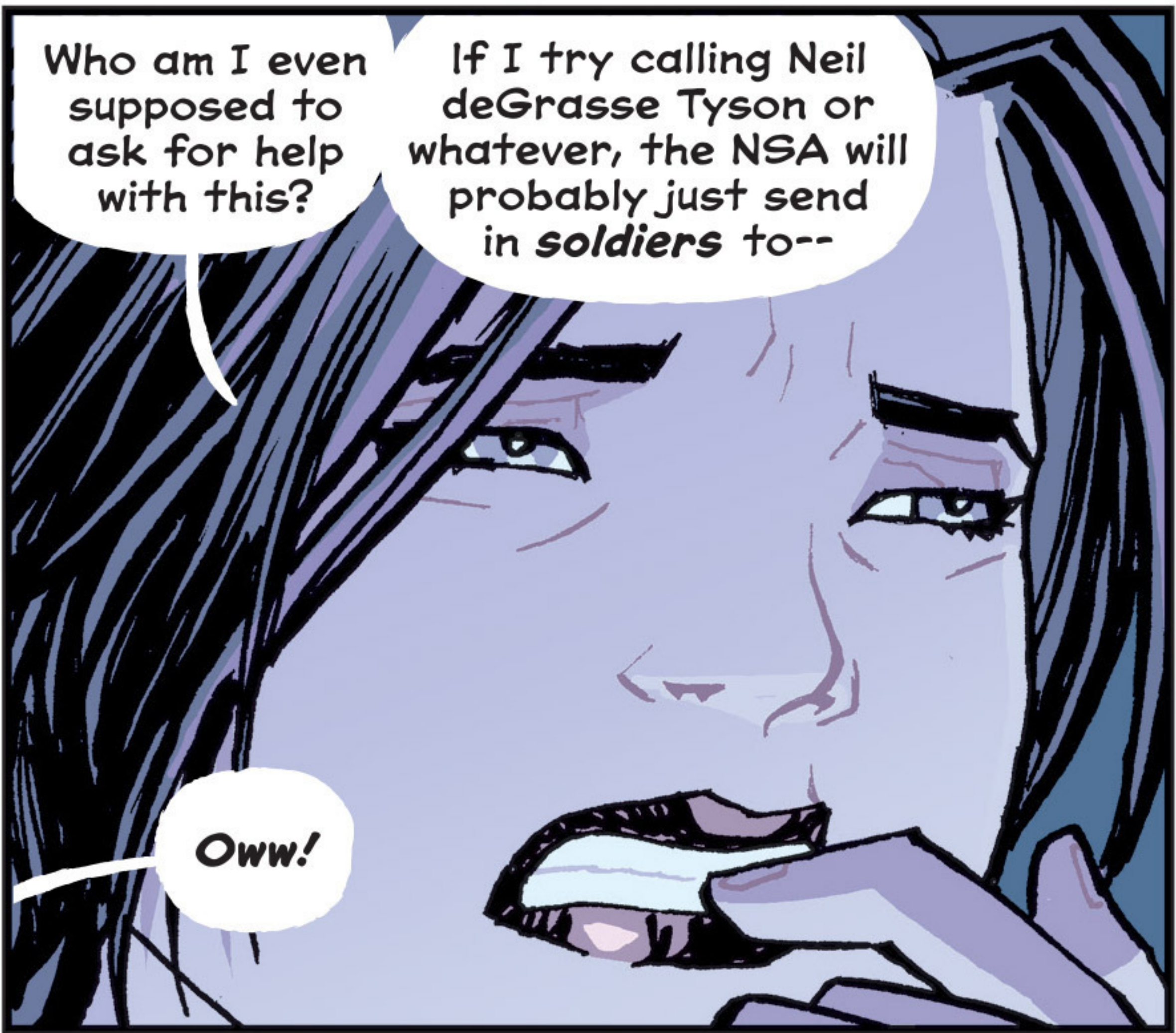
Then the other kids' machine, like, **exploded....**and that's when we ended up here.



But, if all of that really happened to me, why don't I **remember** any of it?

I'm not sure.

Maybe the guys who invaded my year had some kind of...amnesia ray or something?



Who am I even supposed to ask for help with this?

If I try calling Neil deGrasse Tyson or whatever, the NSA will probably just send in **soldiers** to--

Oww!



Your elbow is in my boob!

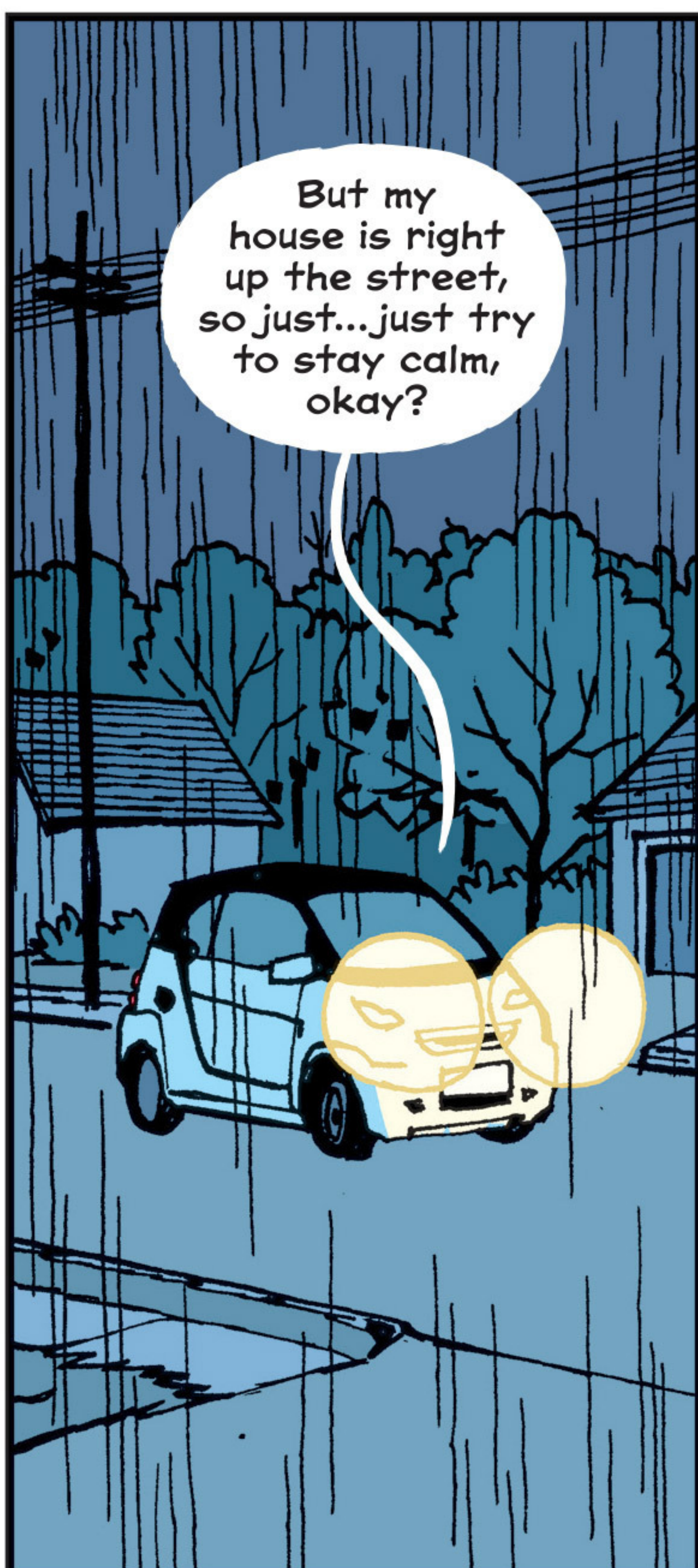
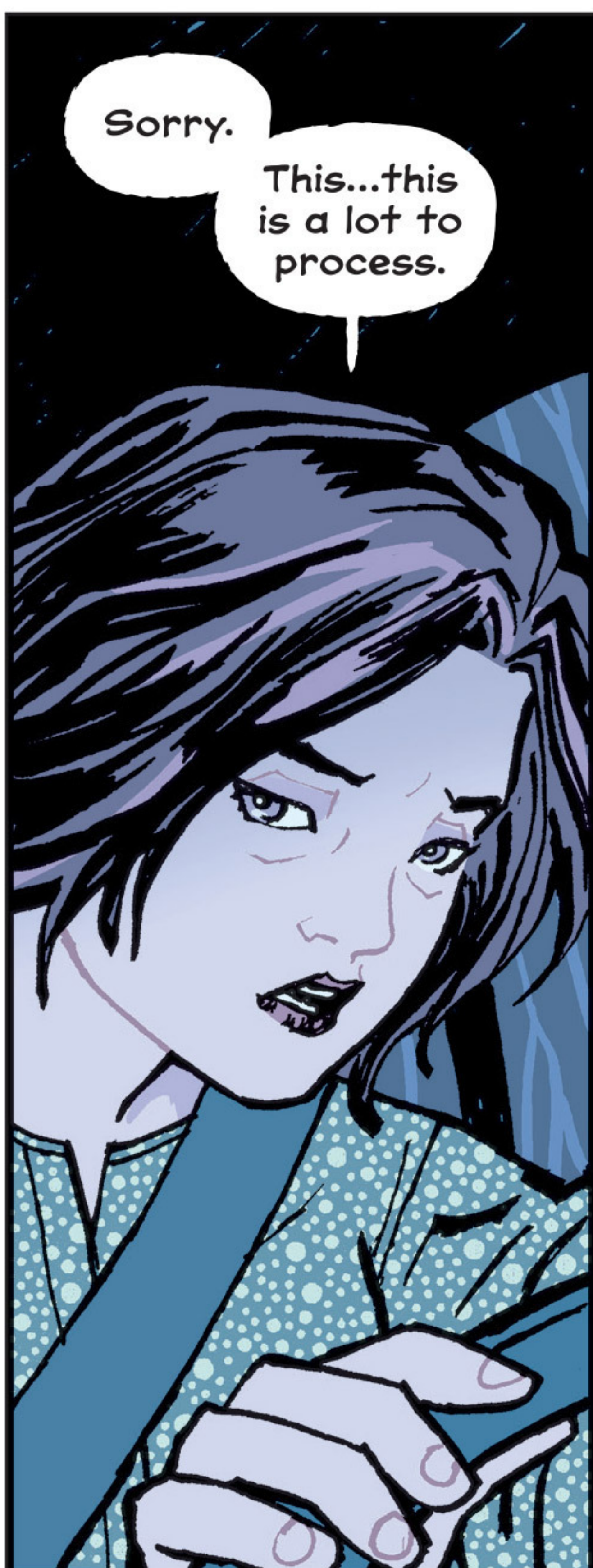
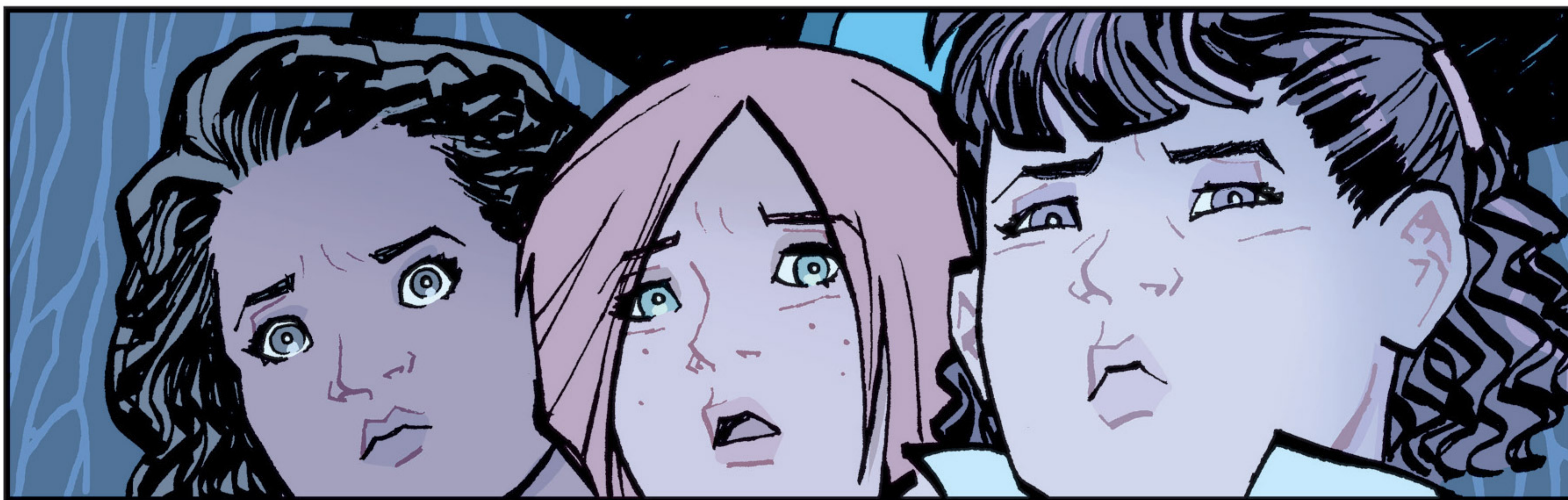
It's got nowhere else to go, Tiff!

These shitty Future Cars are the size of Hot Wheels! I told you, we should have gone after KJ by--

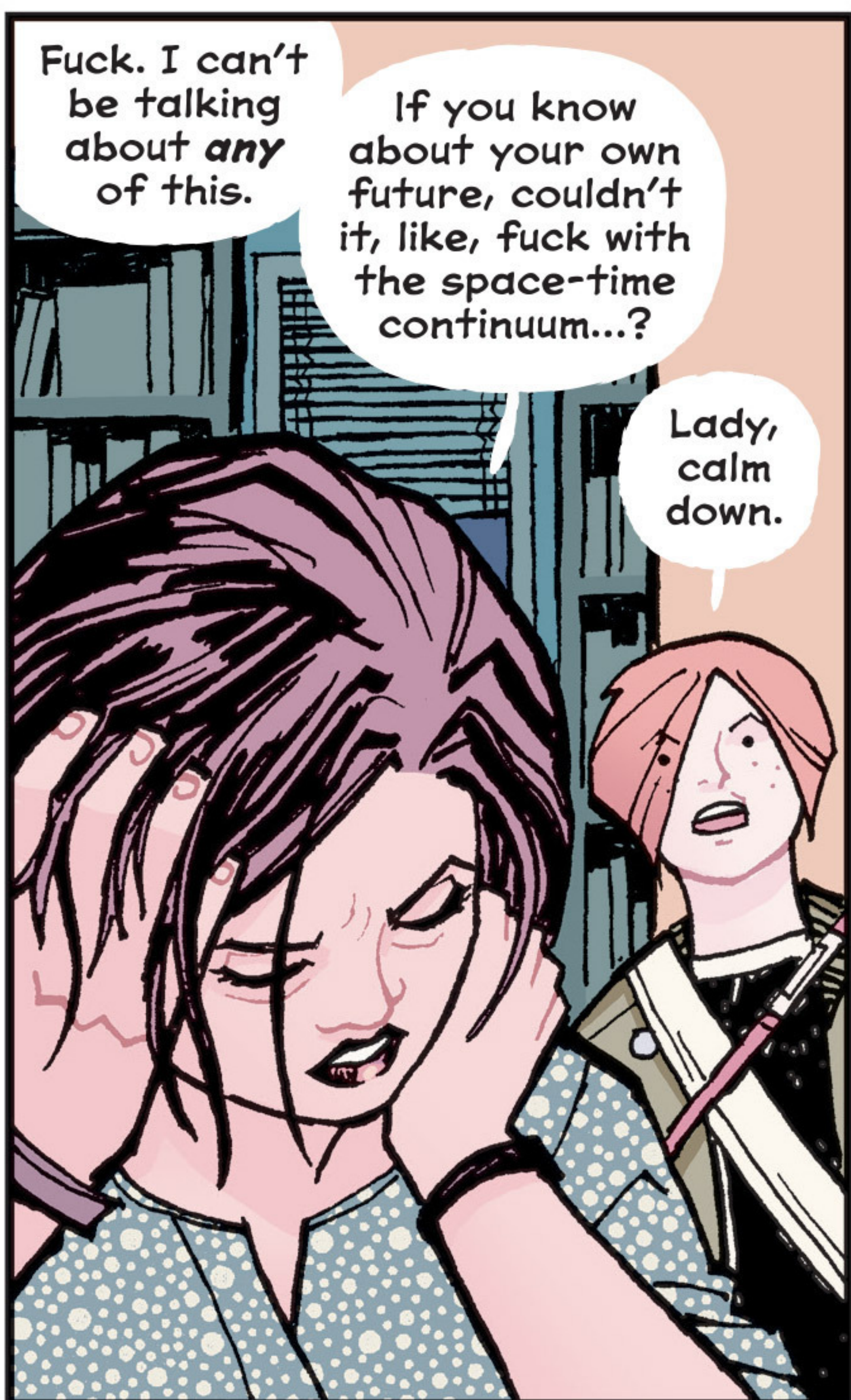
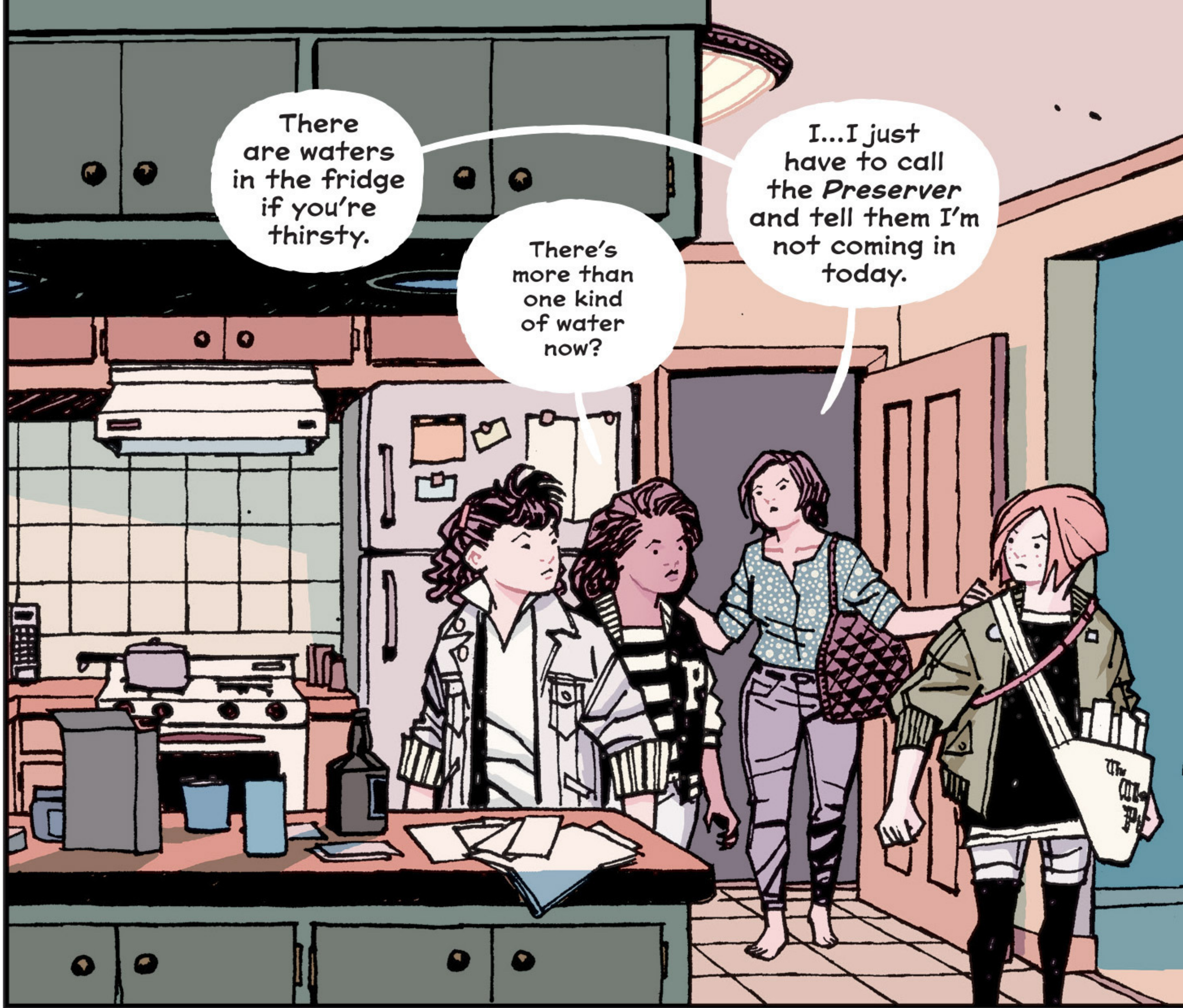


**ENOUGH!**





















Apparently, these dazzling lights appeared not far from the Terminal Tower earlier this morning--

Holy crap.



Does... does this have something to do with you guys?

Looks a lot like our sky did when the *dinosaurs* showed up.

Whatever, how fast can you get us downtown?



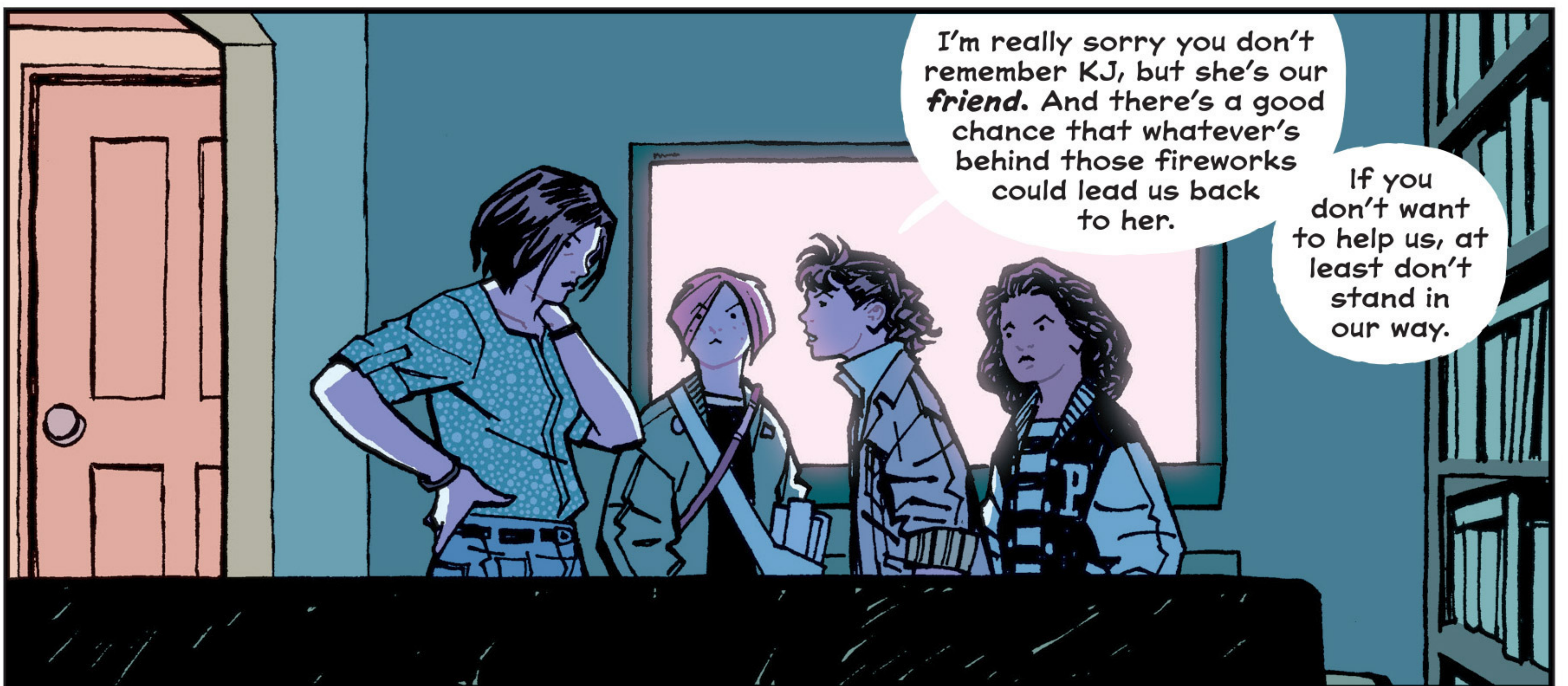
Down...?!

I'm not taking a bunch of children to look for some Time Tunnel that a-a-a fucking *T-Rex* might fall out of!

Could you maybe not swear so much?



It, um, just sounds like we're trying to be cool.



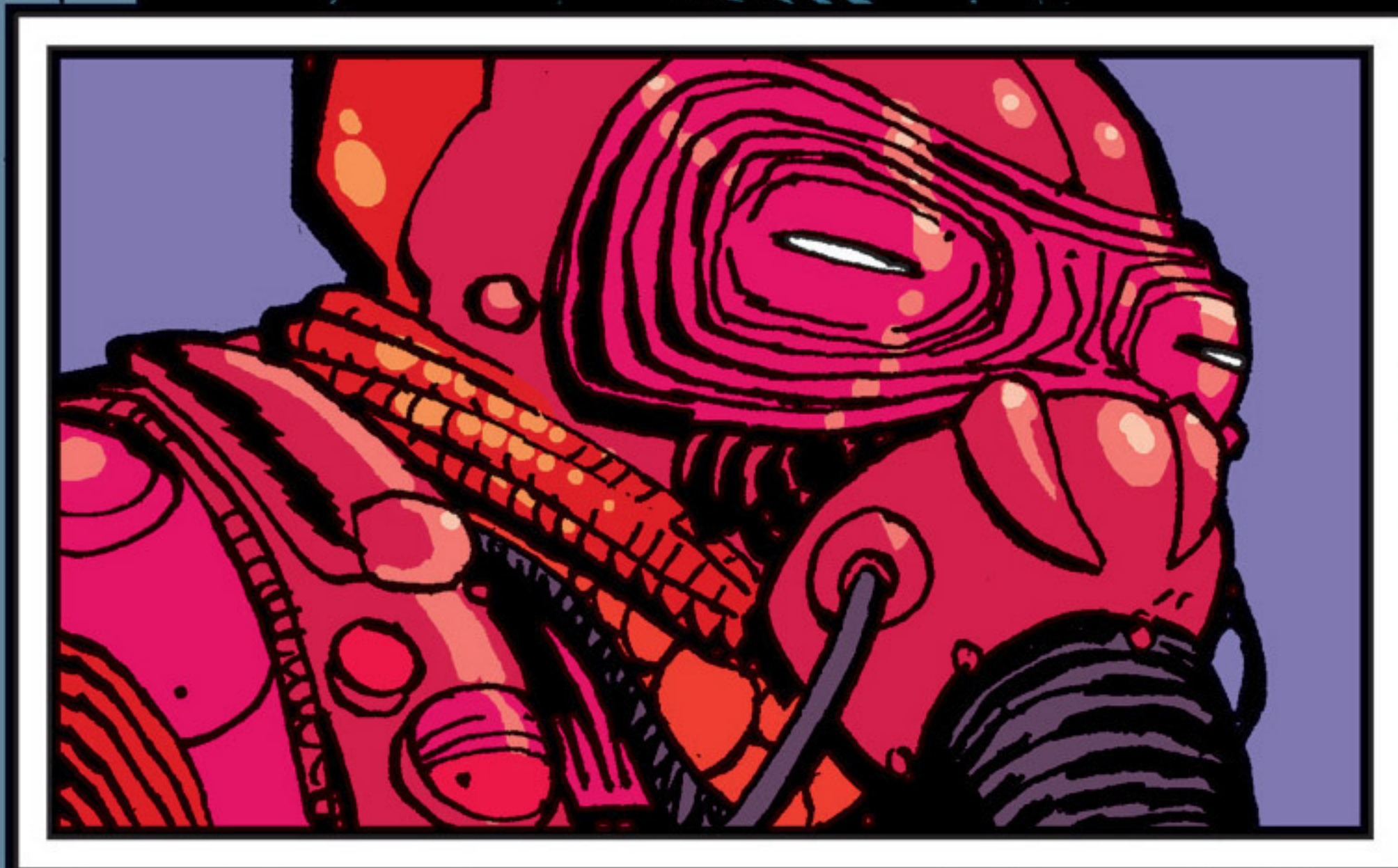
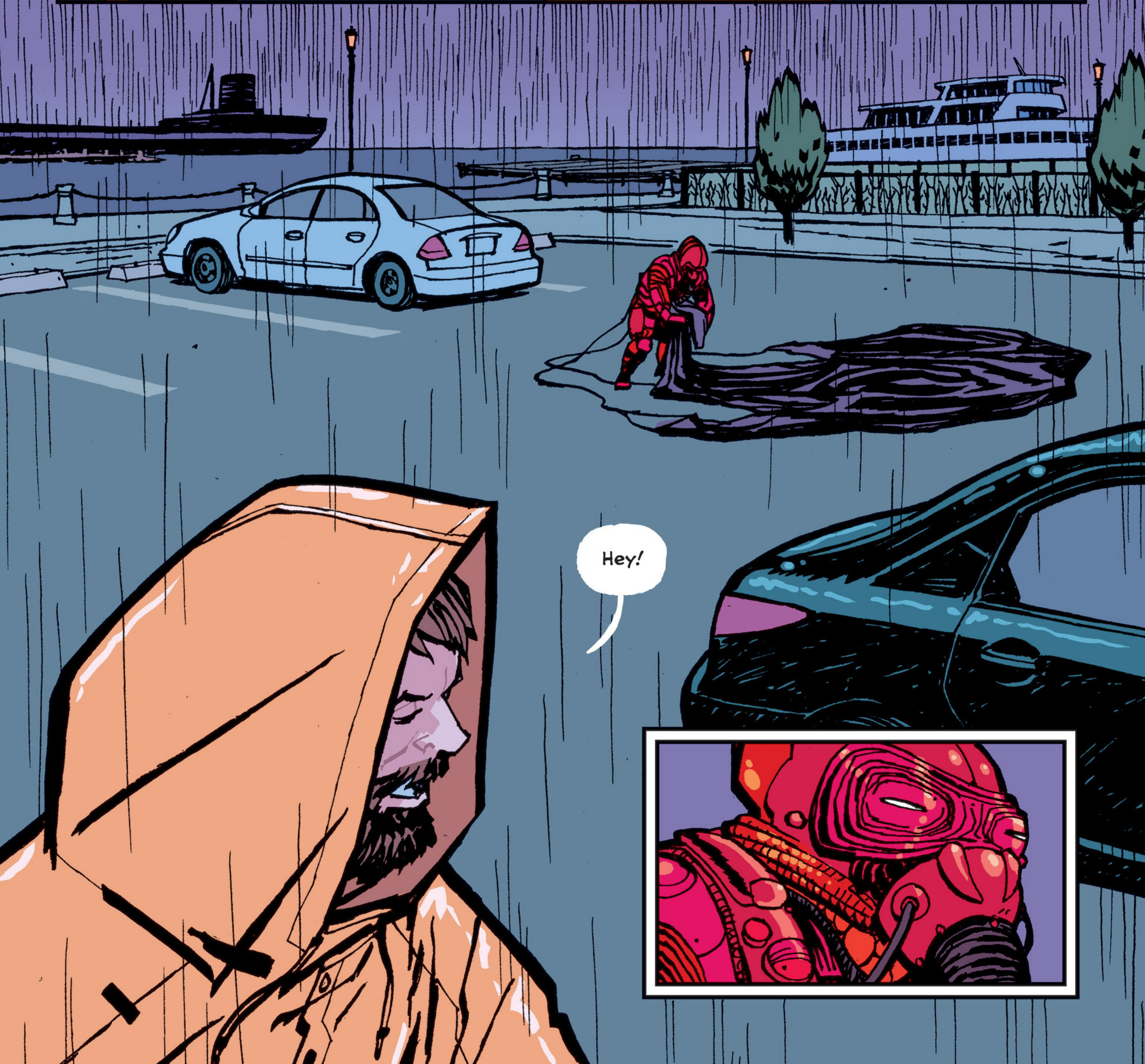
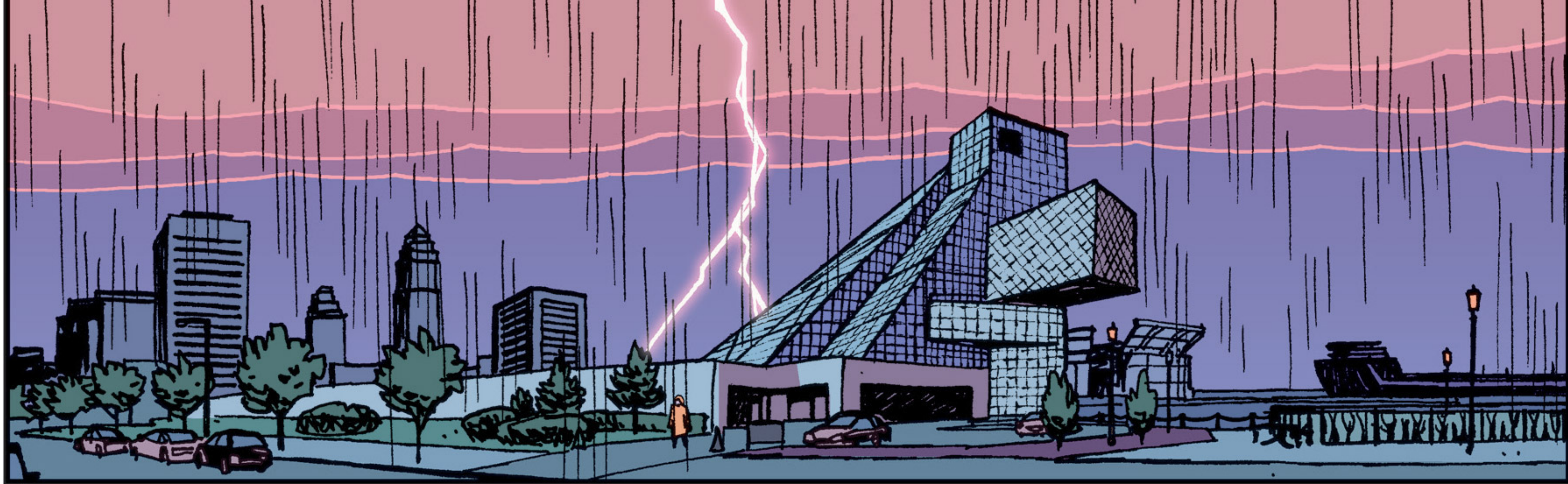
I'm really sorry you don't remember KJ, but she's our *friend*. And there's a good chance that whatever's behind those fireworks could lead us back to her.

If you don't want to help us, at least don't stand in our way.

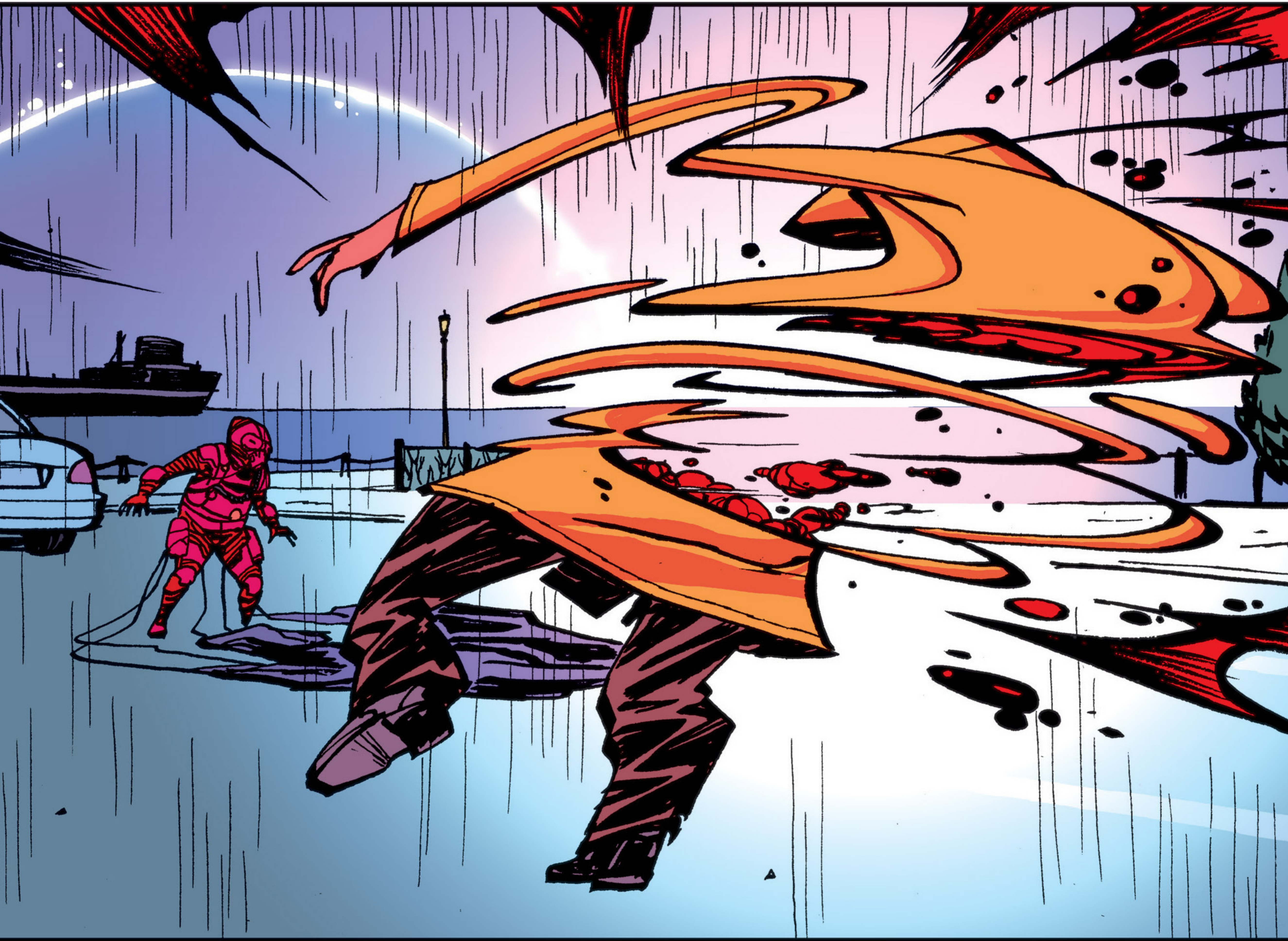
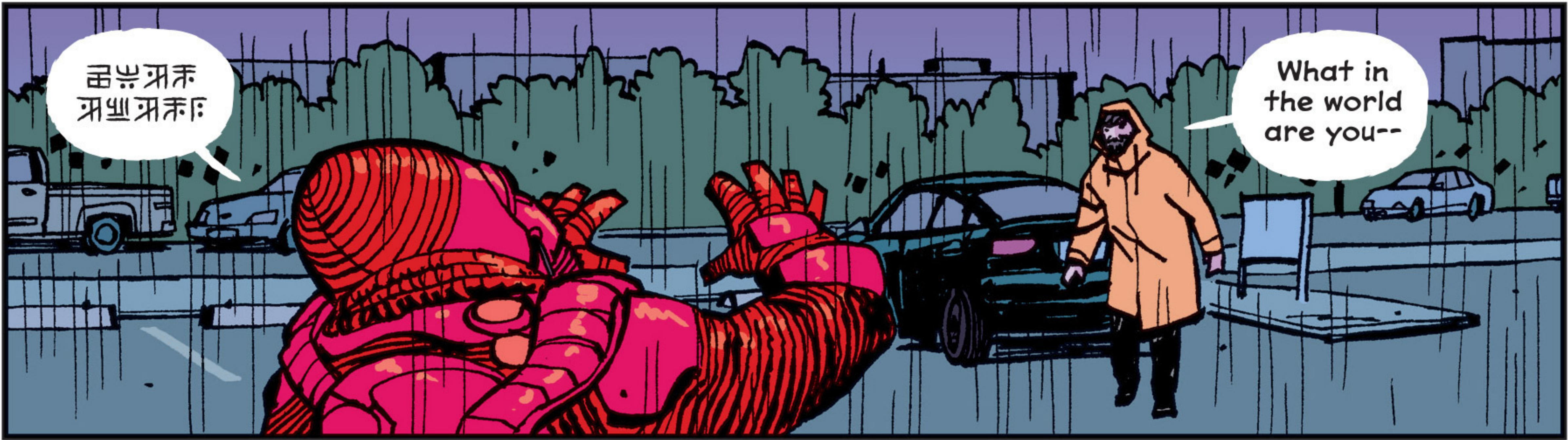


...  
And we're *how* old right now?



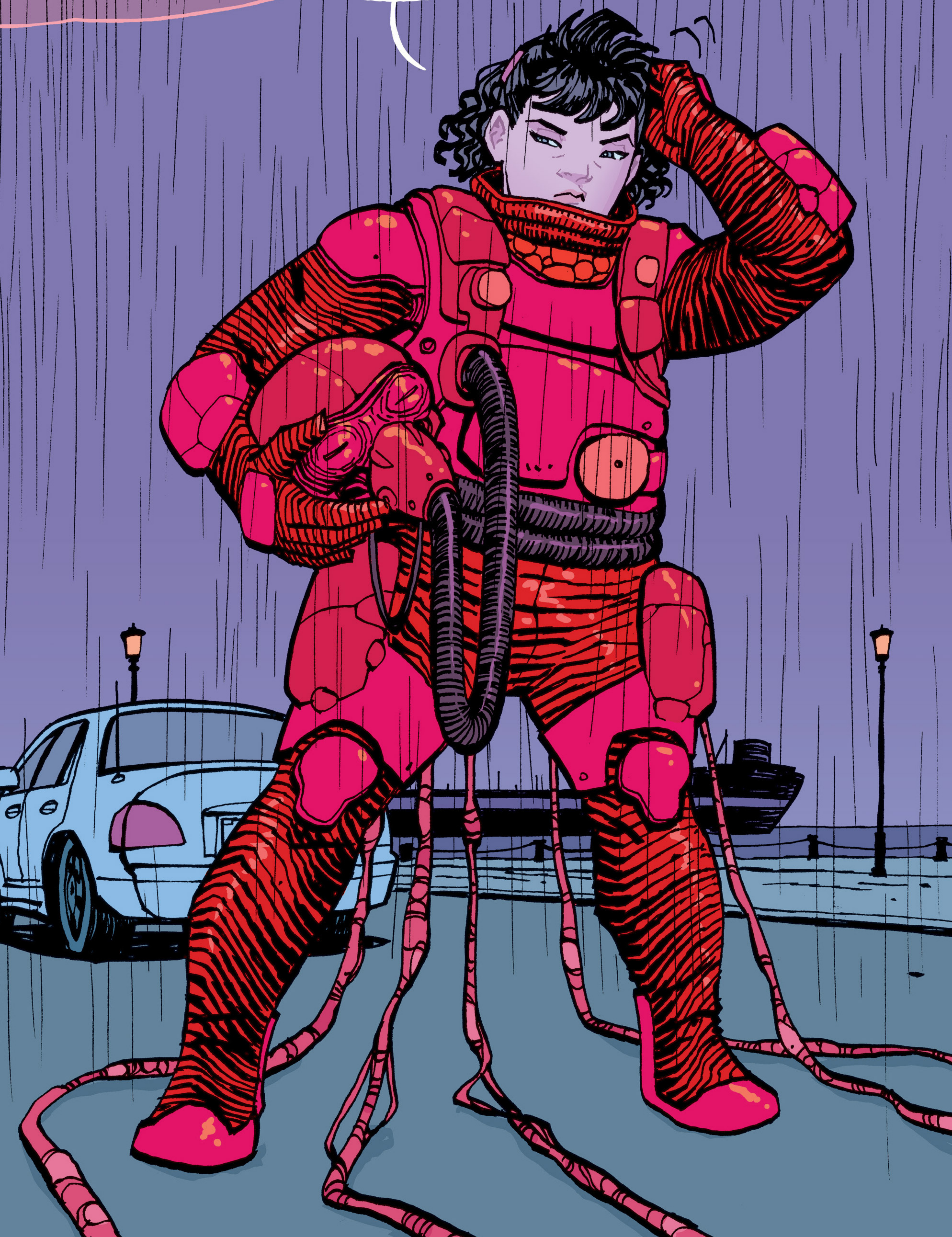




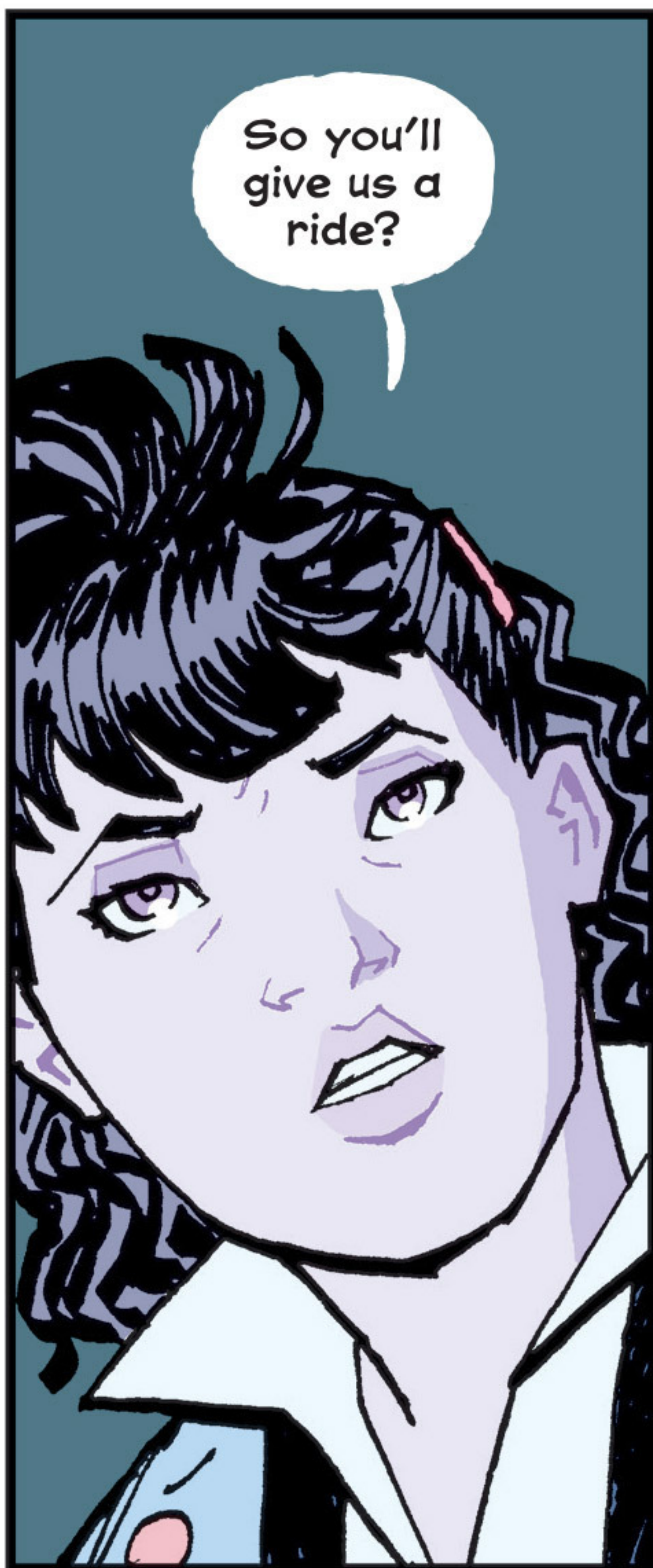




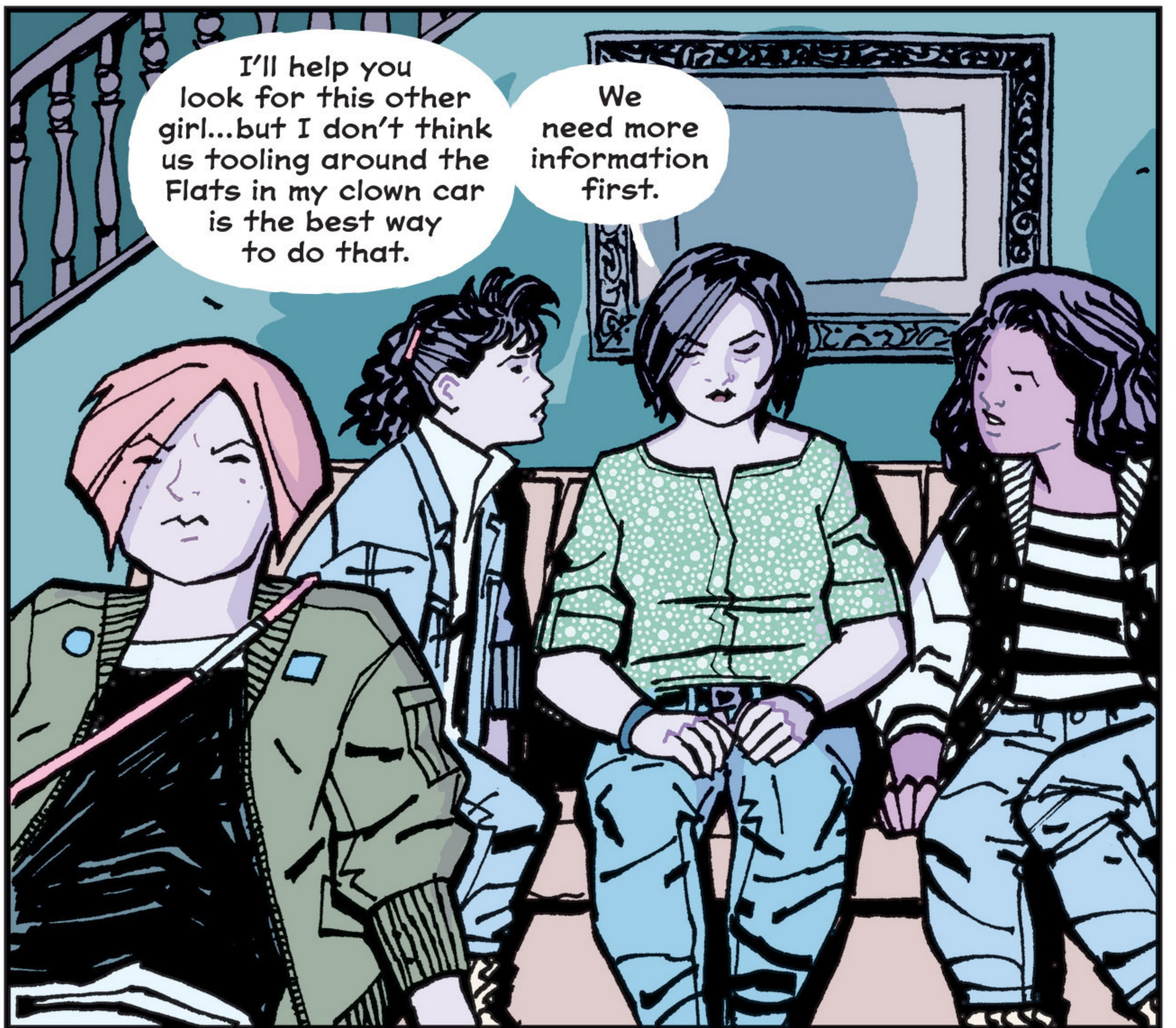
이제야  
내 진짜 모습을  
보게 됐네







So you'll give us a ride?



I'll help you look for this other girl...but I don't think us tooling around the Flats in my clown car is the best way to do that.

We need more information first.



--meteorologist to explain exactly what ball lightning is, and how it could have created these vibrant--

We're not gonna get any clues from these dummies.

They still think this is just the...



...weather?



Here we go.





This happened last time?

Right before everything went apeshit.

Power went out for the whole Stream.



At least I'm still getting a signal.

What *is* that?



Oh.

It's kind of hard to explain, but it's like a--

It's got the same symbol as that thing Erin found!



You didn't lose it in the jump, did you?

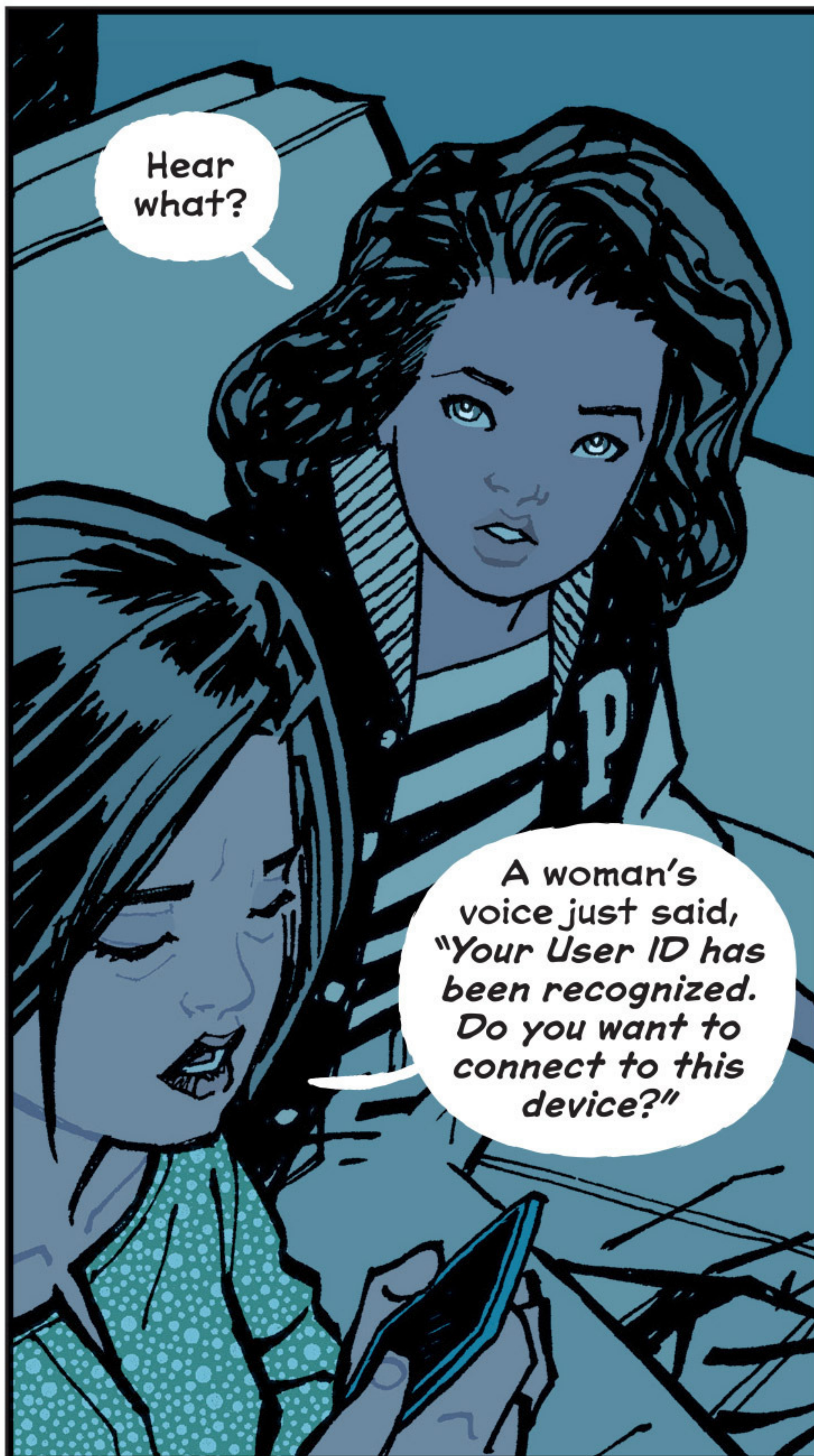
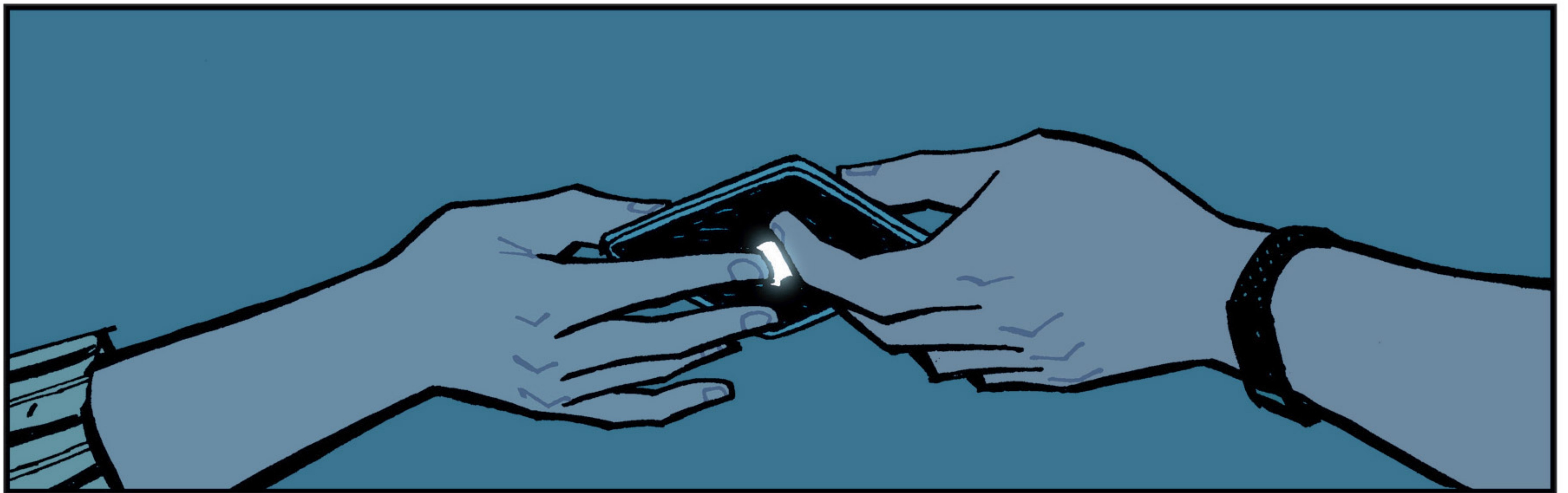
Hold on, lose what?



Right.

Almost forgot.









Fuck  
yeah.

TO BE CONTINUED



# THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DELIVERY GUILD

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

SINCE 1899!

## Hey, Guys...and Girls!



Rita Pearl the **Papergirl**

According to the old A.N.D.G. handbook, new deliverers are supposed to formally present themselves to the customers on their routes, so please allow me to introduce myself... Rita Pearl, the Papergirl!

Yes, those crazy internet rumors are true! Although the original American Newspaper Delivery Guild was forced to disband in 1998, just one year before its 100th anniversary, the rights to this little club were recently purchased in early 2016 by an anonymous investor who has decided to resurrect the guild with a new mission for the modern age!

And while she figures out what the hell that mission is supposed to be, your new mascot here has been asked to help with the massive backlog of letters sent to our home office over the last... almost two decades, so let's get to WERK!



Petey Roy,

I would be more than comfortable with a girl delivering my paper. I say this because I AM a papergirl and since the summer I've been working twice as hard as the boys just to try to get some respect for myself and other aspiring papergirls in the area. Please accept my A.N.D.G. membership request.

Yours truly, **Sarah C.**

Devine, TX

*You go, Sarah!*

But while we've decided to maintain the late-80s vibe that our original mascot gave this newsletter, it's with some regret that I've been asked to inform you that Petey Roy the Paperboy has finally decided to RETIRE.

I'm bummed, since I used to have a bit of a crush on old Petey, even if he always seemed a little... uncomfortable with females. Still, his legacy will live on with something we just discovered under a pile of undelivered newspapers: a box of vintage A.N.D.G. cards featuring Petey's likeness!

For a VERY LIMITED TIME, we'll be REOPENING REGISTRATION, and sending out these classic membership cards to anyone who a) doesn't already have one, and b) understands how to send an old-school self-addressed STAMPED envelope to the address above (if you don't know what

an S.A.S.E. is, please ask your grandparents, as any envelopes not containing proper ones will be discarded!).

Those of you who are already guild members from back in the day may have received a cool postcard in the mail from us a few weeks back. If you did, and you now decide to mail that postcard BACK to us, you'll be automatically entered in an exclusive drawing for some SUPER AMAZING PRIZES.

Whether you're a guild veteran or an aspiring member, everyone agrees that the United States Postal Service is the new social media, so get mailing, yo!

Dear American Newspaper Delivery Guild,

There's a really cute girl who delivers papers in my neighborhood, but I'm too afraid to talk to her. Do you have any advice?



Thanks, **Greg W.**

Address withheld by request

*First of all, Greg, any girl who's out there delivering papers like a boss is probably game for a little conversation. That said, if you want to open a dialogue with a girl, you have to find some reason that's a little deeper than just her being "really cute." Being cute is not something that a girl has much control over one way or the other, so it's probably not something she's particularly interested in talking about.*

*Before you start a conversation, look out for a choice she's made that you appreciate, and talk to her about that! Like, if she ever wears a t-shirt with a show or a band she likes, why not ask her about it? In fact, here's a little tip for all you shy boys out there: the only reason a girl ever wears a t-shirt with anything on it is because she wants people to see her for that choice, and not the boobs underneath it.*

*So, be cool, stay alert, and when you find something you have in common, speak up! And if you can't find anything you like about her beyond the fact that she's cute... well, my friend, maybe she's just not for you.*

To Whom It May Concern,

Do you listen to music while you deliver? I think I'm getting a new Walkman for Christmas, so if you have any song recommendations, that would be totally ace.

Thanks! **Kim. N**

Grand Rapids, MI

*Ha! I love these vintage letters. My dad still has an old Walkman that actually plays cassette tapes, it's so huge!! Like, how did anyone ever run with one of those giant machines on their hip? Maybe that's why they all went "jogging."*

*Anyway, I recently discovered a*

*song called "Shave My Head" by the band Slutface, and I literally-not-figuratively can't stop listening to it. Also, I'm way into the band Beirut right now. They have some amazingly chill beats for cruising through your route.*

Dear Latchkey Lunchroom,

Here's a great recipe:

1 piece of American Cheese

1 Slice of White Bread

Carefully center Cheese on top of White Bread

Broil in Oven until Cheese starts to swell and crackle light brown

Remove and enjoy, being careful of hot steam pouring from pulsating cheesy goodness

Best, **Jeff L.**

Dayton, OH

*Eww, did kids really eat like this in the 80s?! Jeff, I don't think you were a latchkey kid, you're a victim of criminal neglect.*

To Petey Roy, the beautiful paperboy!

I grew up in a particularly poor household. All we had was an easel, a parakeet (Louisa!), and of course our beloved microwave. On special occasions, my ma would make us banana pudding in it! The best thing about this delicious pudding is that it only takes three ingredients to make and they're SO CHEAP! In total, our banana pudding costs about 20 cents! Here's what you'll need:

1 package instant ramen noodle (w/o seasoning)

1 ripe and ready banana

1 tspsp maple-flavored syrup (we got ours from our neighbor)

Serves 4 (1/4 cup per serving)

1. Remove dry ramen noodles from package and place in a large microwavable bowl with two cups of tap water. Remember

to put the seasoning packet aside for another day!

2. Microwave ramen for upwards of five minutes or until mushy.

3. Break up the noodles with a fork.

4. Add the (peeled) banana into the same bowl and mash into the noodles.

5. Stir in your tablespoon of maple-flavored syrup.

6. If you're lucky enough to own milk, add a splash for extra creamy texture! Serve and enjoy!

Thanks, Petey! And please remember to fight the good fight against Russia's communistic propaganda!

Sincerely, **Lily O.**

Normon, OK

*Lily, I admit that I was skeptical, but I just tried your recipe... and it's as delicious as it is fiscally responsible. You're a microwave gangster, girl.*

Dear A.N.D.G.,

Is it considered overly morbid to read the obituary page first? I just want to show some respect for the dead in my own way.

Sincerely, **Nicholas. L.**

Wichita Falls, TX

*Actually, I think that's very cool of you, Nicholas. Because what is "overly morbid," exactly? What is life but a long march towards the grave? I think it's really mature to pay your respects to the people who've punched out before going on with the rest of the day's news. Especially if you deliver papers in a small community--it can be truly essential to know if one of your regulars has passed along or suffered a loss.*

Dear Petey,

I began delivering papers in 1986, when I was three years old.



I know this sounds unbelievable, but it's true! You see, my mother had a paper route to make ends meet (in addition to an evening job). My father would get my four older siblings dressed and fed, while my mother took me with her to help stuff papers and run them up to doors. When we got home, dad would go to work and mom would get the rest of the kids off to school. Then she and I would eat cereal and take naps. Sometimes she would read the comics to me from the paper.

Looking back, I think the paper route is one of the reasons why I am clearly my mom's favorite child. She even let me quit preschool when I was four, because I missed staying home with her and working the route too much. I have always had a

strong work ethic, and I know this time I spent on the route with her helped to firmly established that in me. So I know it might be slightly unorthodox, but I am hoping you will allow me to join the A.N.D.G. even though I did not technically have a route of my own. I know how proud my mom won't be when I show her my membership card!

Kindly, **Susan R.**

Seattle, WA

*Susan, for your dedication as both a deliverer and a daughter, the revived A.N.D.G. is honored to name you as its inaugural DELIVERER OF THE MONTH.*

*Not only will you be getting your membership card, but also a SPECIAL PRIZE created by noted*

*illustrator Cliff Chiang.*

*We can't wait to send it to you, but unfortunately, we also can't seem to locate your current mailing address, Susan. If you'd kindly drop us a note revealing the town where you originally had your route, we'll send out your prize (and a few extra goodies for your trouble).*

*Speaking of overdue accolades, while going through Petey's old delivery bag, I also found a bunch of entries to an A.N.D.G. Art Contest from 1988, where the prompt was: "What do you predict for the future?"*

*My favorite response came in the form of this drawing from El Paso deliverer Edgar Borunda, who notes that his father "delivers bulk bundles to stores while I deliver to the neighborhood."*

*Edgar, we were all impressed by your optimistic vision AND your drawing chops, so I'm pleased to finally send you some COMIC-BOOK COLLECTIBLES for your richly deserved reward.*

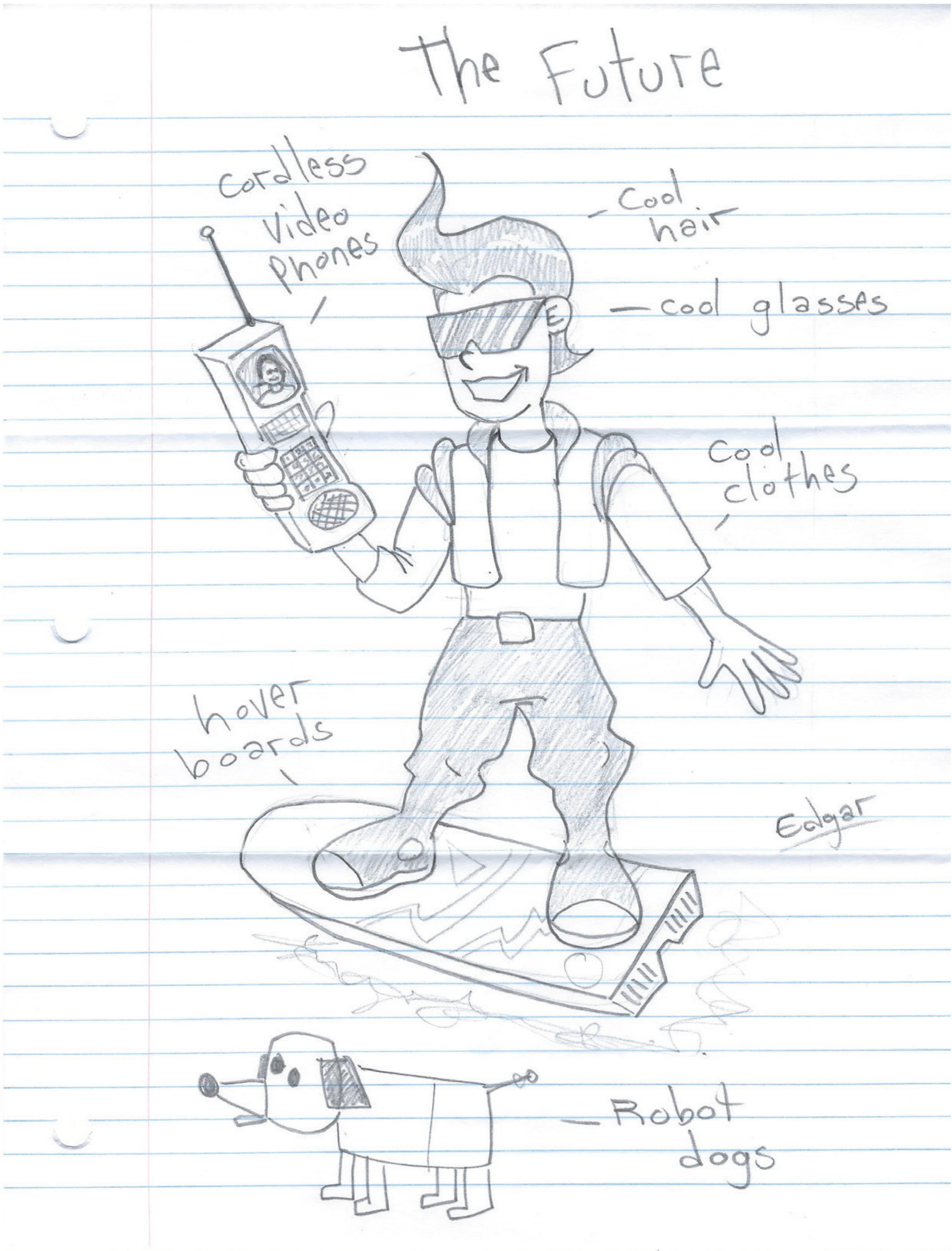
*Well, that's just about all for this month, but I look forward to seeing you back here in thirty days, hopefully with some NEW questions/comments/words of advice from you loyal A.N.D.G. members.*

*And hey, I realize that newspaper delivery has changed a lot since our guild last existed, but I believe the values that made us great at our field's height are just as important today.*

*We're all tasked with carrying something in this life, what really matters is how we get that something where it needs to be...*

*Lotsa love,*

**Rita Pearl the Papergirl**





# THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DELIVERY GUILD

SINCE 1899!

## THE TIME CAPSULE CONTEST!

*Time to put on your prognosticating hats, deliverers! Think you know what the world will look like in roughly three years? Submit your best answers to the questions below before September 1, 2016, and we'll bury your submissions deep beneath A.N.D.G. Headquarters.*

*Then, sometime in the year 2019 (!), the A.N.D.G. will finally excavate your entries and award an EXTREMELY VALUABLE PRIZE to the one individual we independently determine to be the "most correct" (with additional awards for "most entertaining").*

*The payoff may be a few years in the future, but there's no time like the present to submit your completed form (or a copy of it) to the address above. Good luck!*

- 
- 1) Who will be President of the United States in 2019?*
  - 2) Will artificial intelligence be a danger to humanity by 2019?*
  - 3) Who will play James Bond in 2019?*
  - 4) Will the city of Cleveland have won any major sports championships by 2019?*
  - 5) Which nation or group will pose the greatest security threat to the world in 2019?*
  - 6) Will superhero movies still dominate Hollywood in 2019?*
  - 7) Which will be more valuable in 2019, Apple or Google?*
  - 8) What company, if any, will be more valuable than either of those companies by 2019?*
  - 9) Will climate change have significantly impacted your country by 2019?*
  - 10) Which beloved celebrity will no longer be with us by 2019?*
  - 11) Will marijuana be largely legalized throughout most of the U.S. by 2019?*
  - 12) What disease will we have a cure for by 2019?*
  - 13) What food will be the new "superfood" in 2019?*
  - 14) What current technology will be completely obsolete by 2019?*
  - 15) Will there still be print newspapers in 2019?*
- 



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# KIERON GILLEN & JAMIE MCKELVIE



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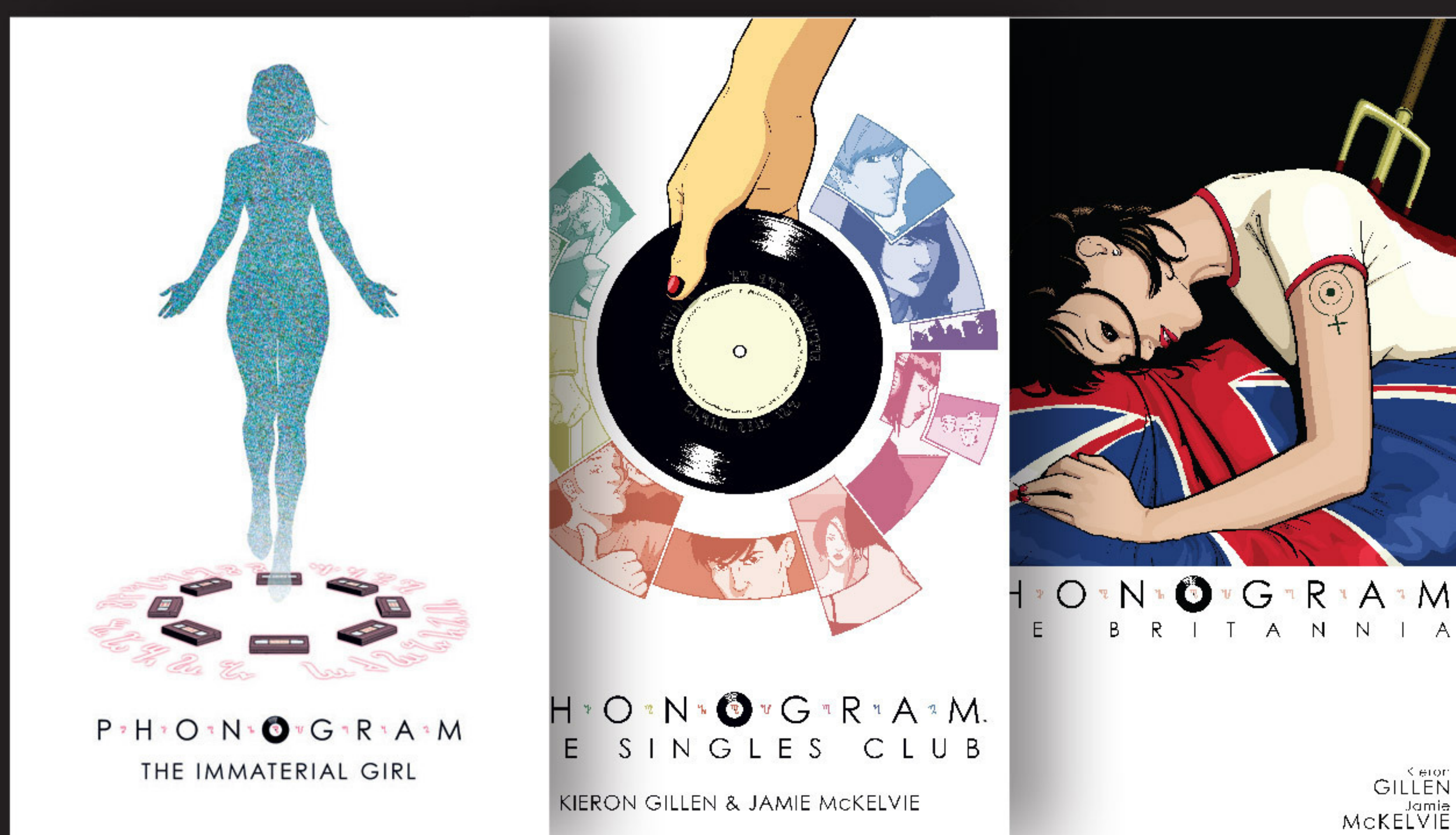
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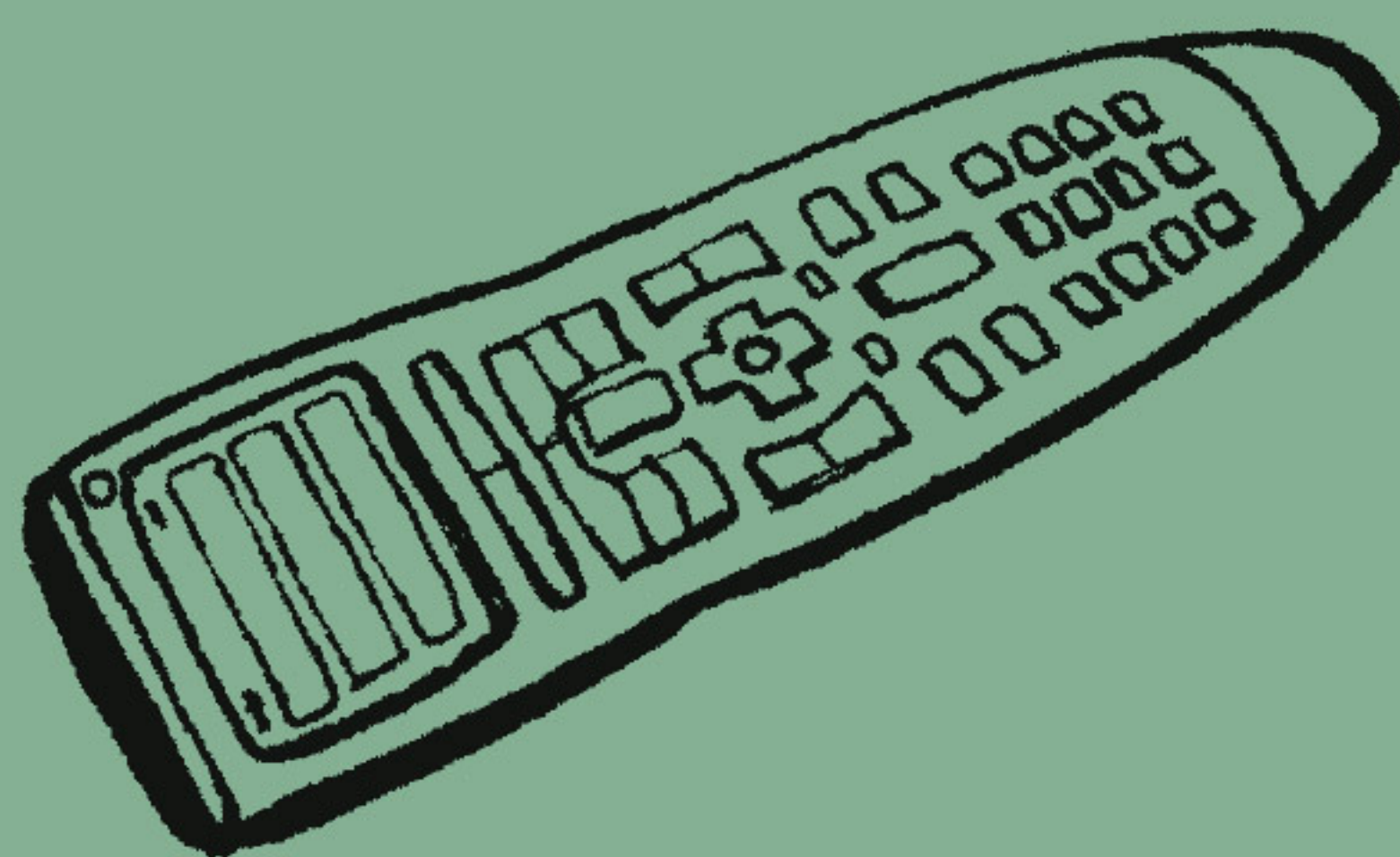
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