



Paper Girls 9

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CLIFF CHIANG artist

MATT WILSON colors

JARED K. FLETCHER letters + design

DEE CUNNIFFE color flats

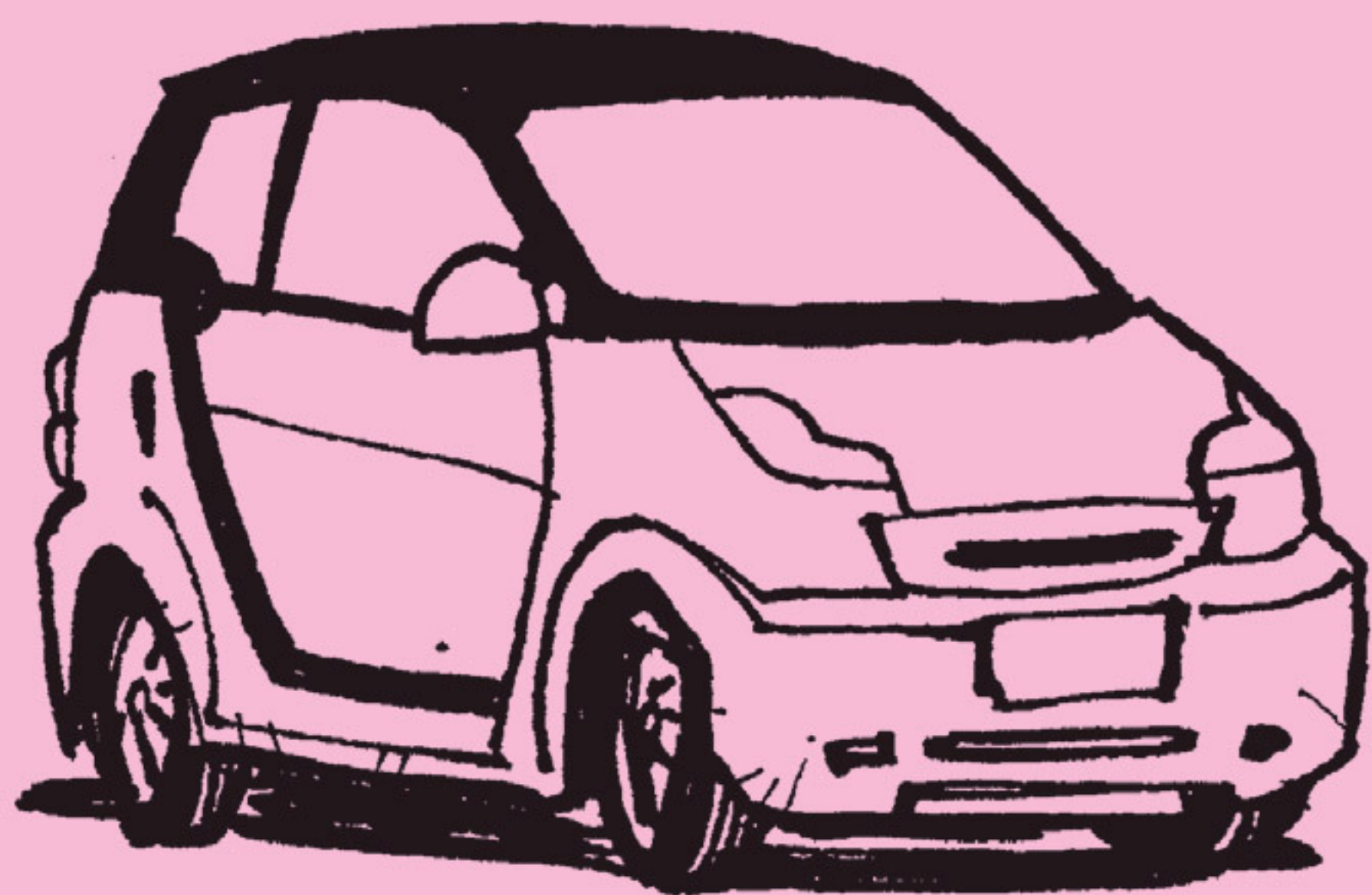


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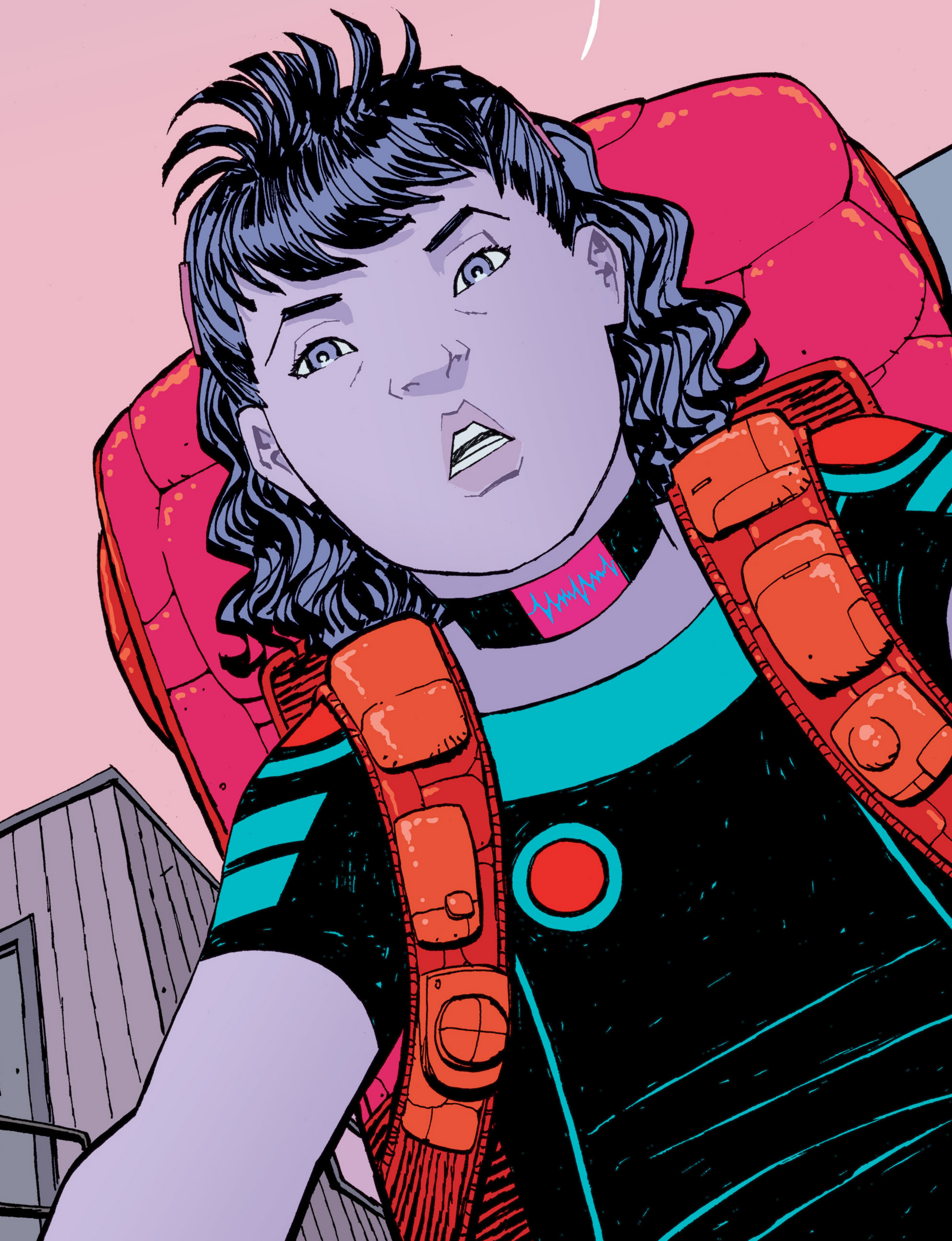


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THE HERE AND NOW IS NEITHER HERE NOR NOW



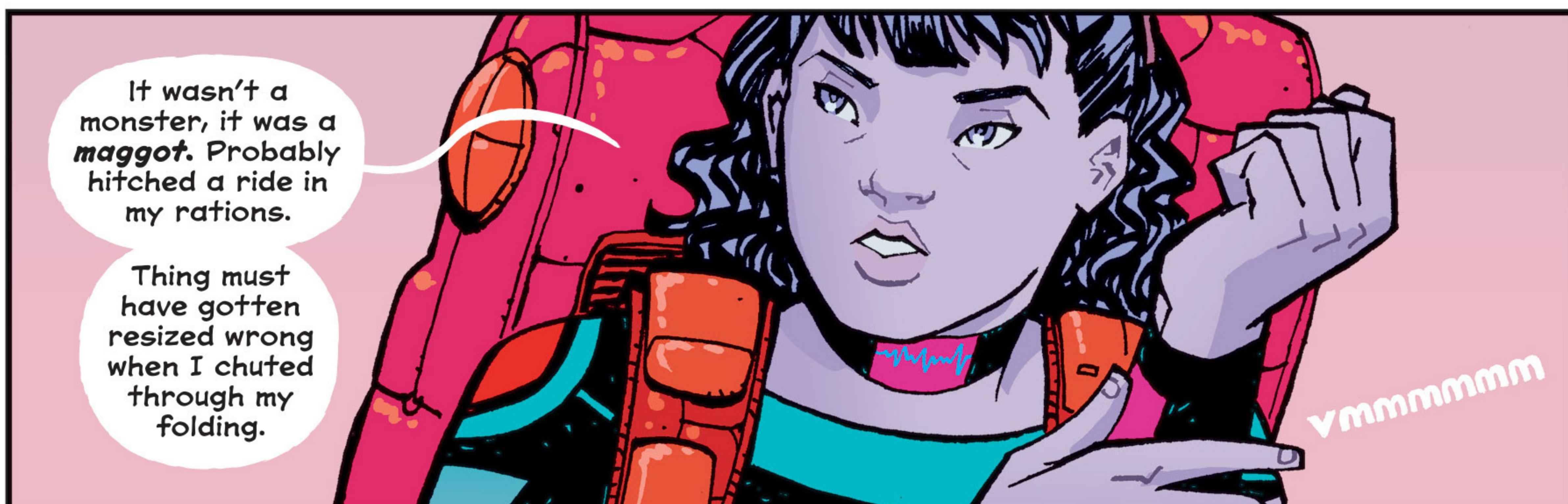
You must be
very confused,
but I have answers
to all your
questions.





Who the holy shit are you?!

And what did that *monster* do to me?!



It wasn't a monster, it was a *maggot*. Probably hitched a ride in my rations.

Thing must have gotten resized wrong when I chuted through my folding.

Vmmmmmm

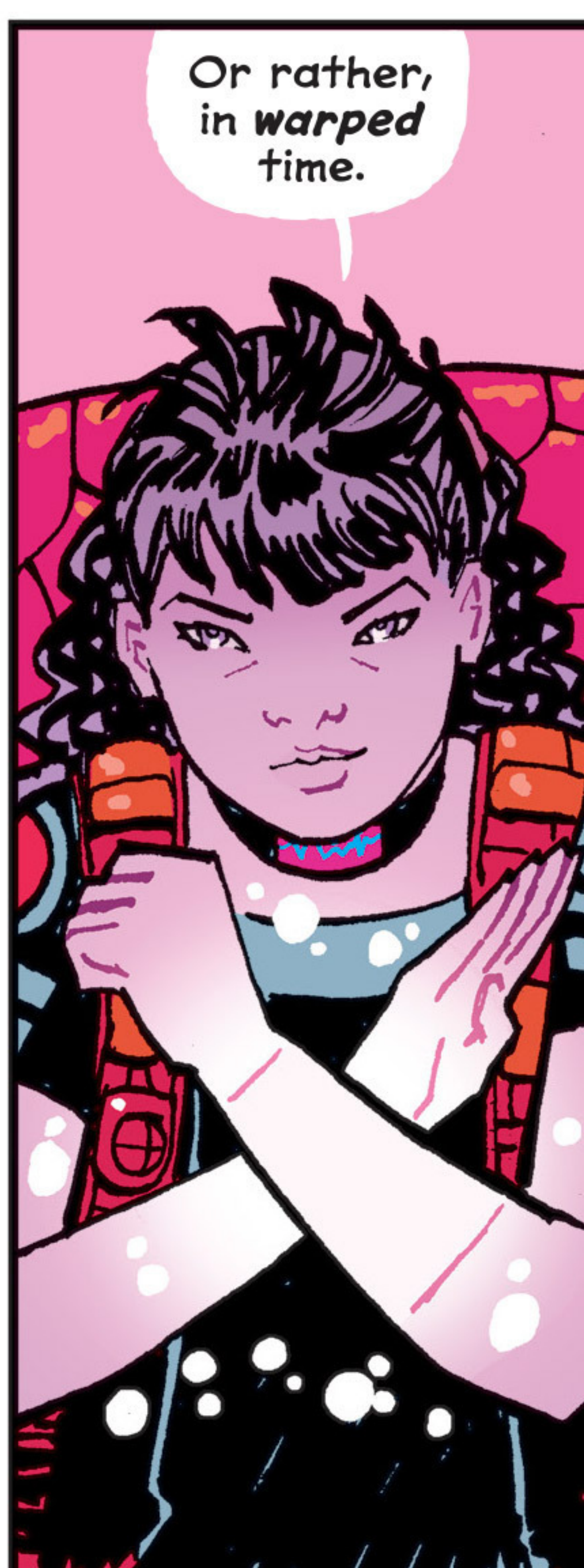


None of that is making us any less confused!

Well, just be glad I don't have head lice.

I hope.

Anyway, I'll have you out of that goop in no time.



Or rather, in *warped* time.



ZZAKK

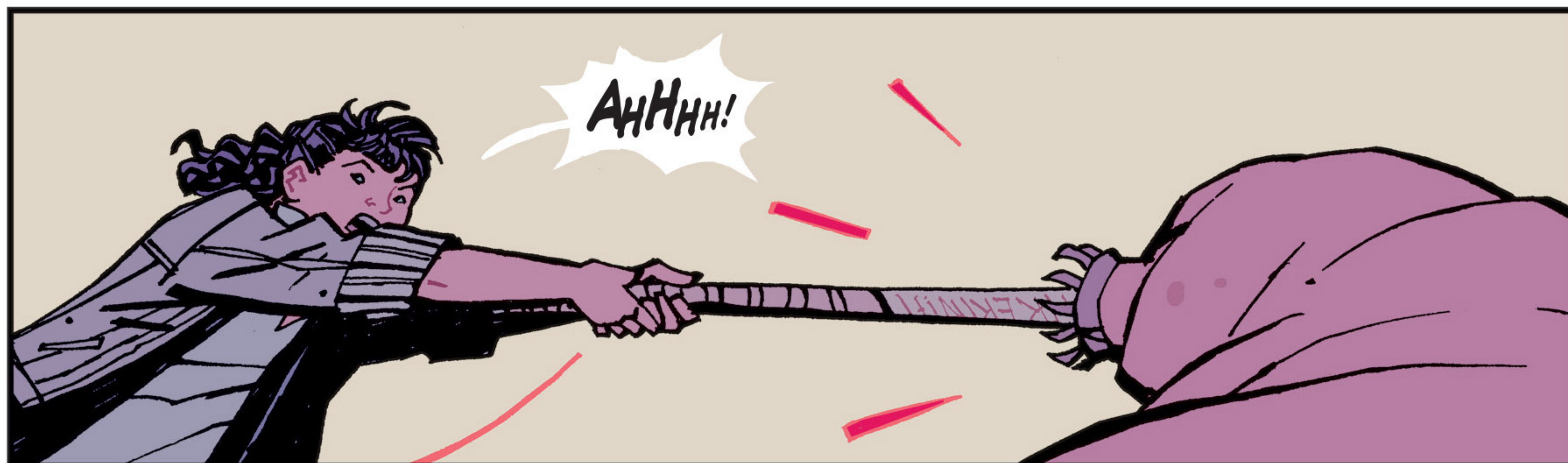








If Mom's
"in heaven,"
where the hell
is *Dad*?





Stand
aside,
ladies.

This is
about to
get...



...messy?



Who...?



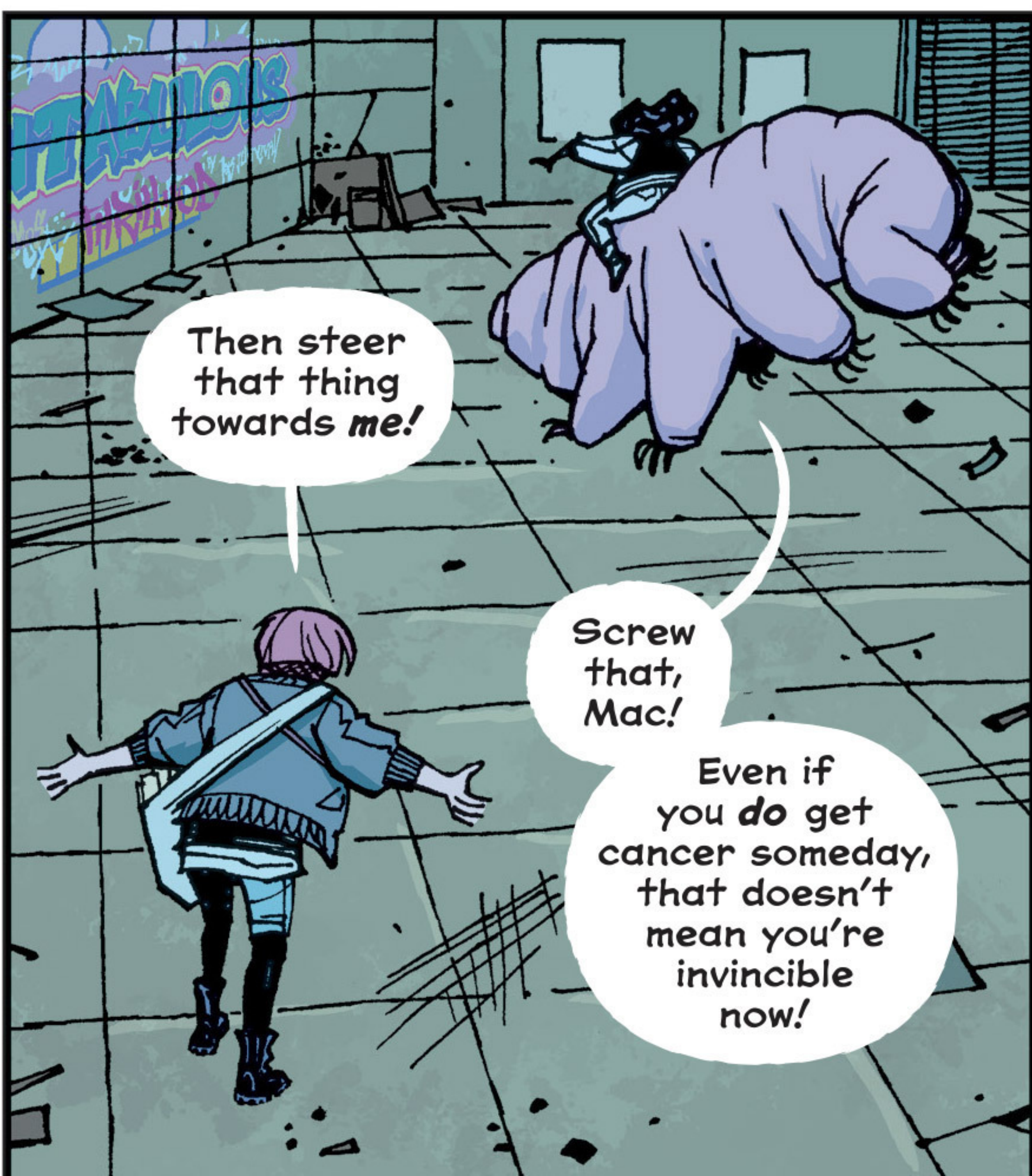
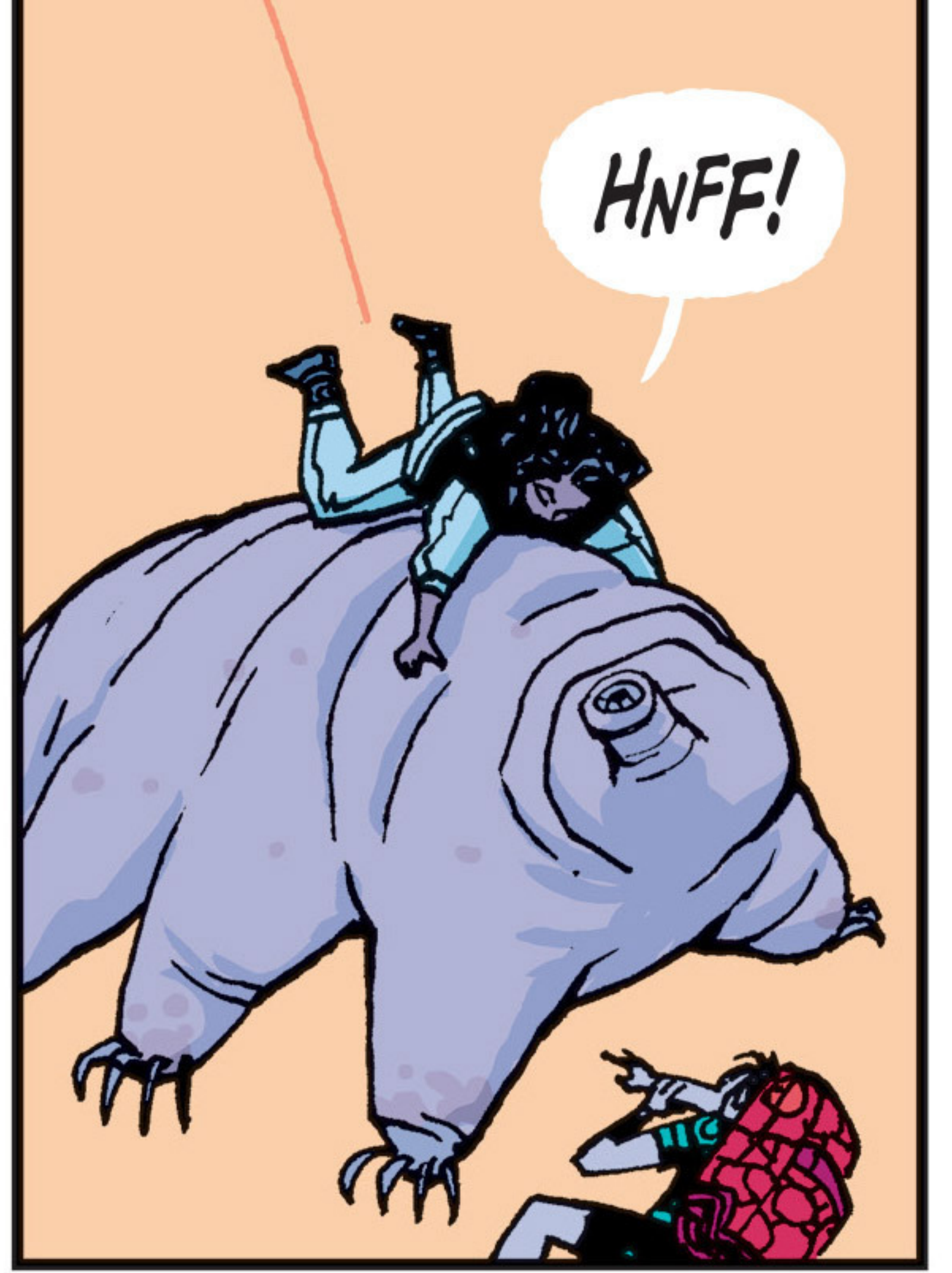
God.

Is that
how I'm
gonna look
when I'm
old?

**WATCH
OUT!**



UHHN!





Get away from her, Erin!

She's obviously some evil Mirror Universe version of us!



I swear, there's no such thing as other Earths, much less alternate universes.

This crappy home is the only one we've got.

Then you're, what...some kind of, like, alien body snatcher?



Why does everyone always jump to aliens?

I was made right here in Stony Stream, just in a time when people can duplicate more than *sheep*...or whatever mammal you're up to this year.



You're saying we were cloned?

By whom?

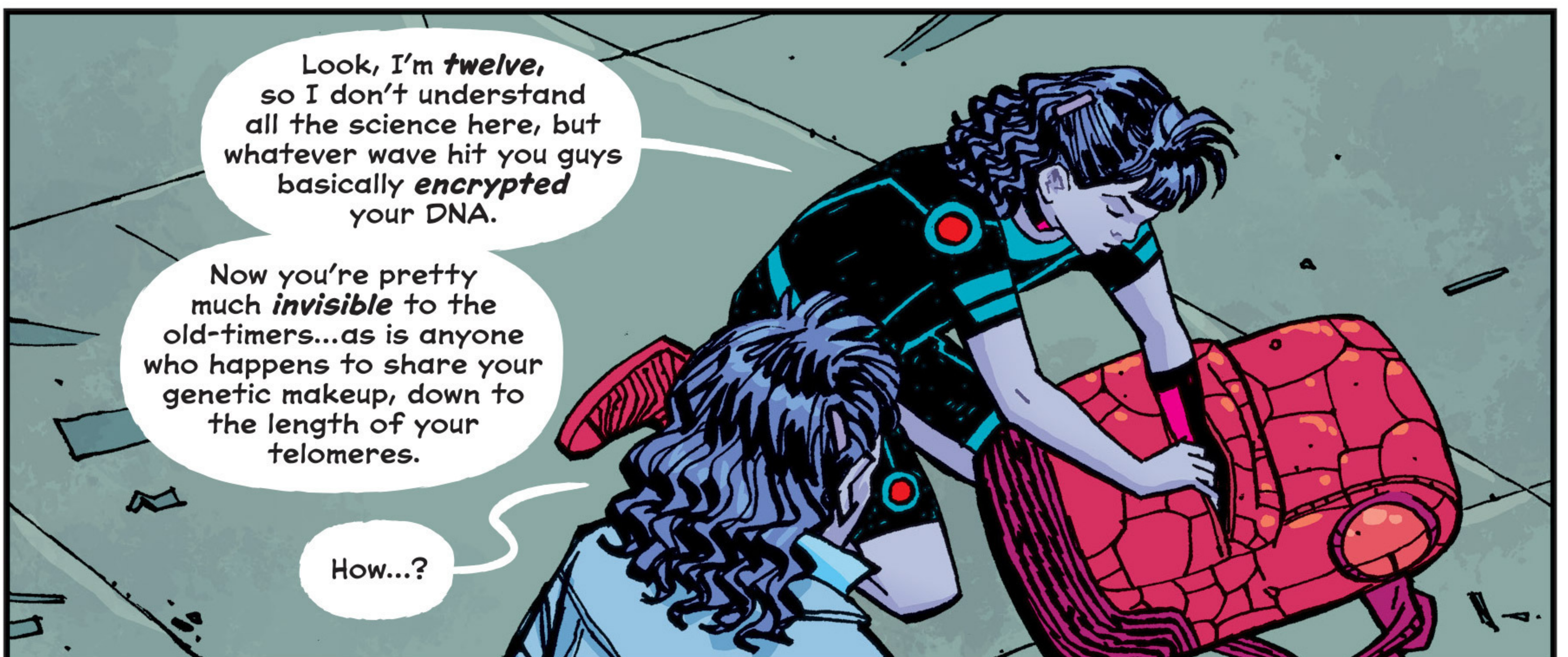
My creators, for lack of a less-weird term, though they couldn't have done it without Naldo and Uncle Heck.



Who and what?

Show some respect.

They're the future teens who died saving you.







You're
not in the
goddamn air,
are you?



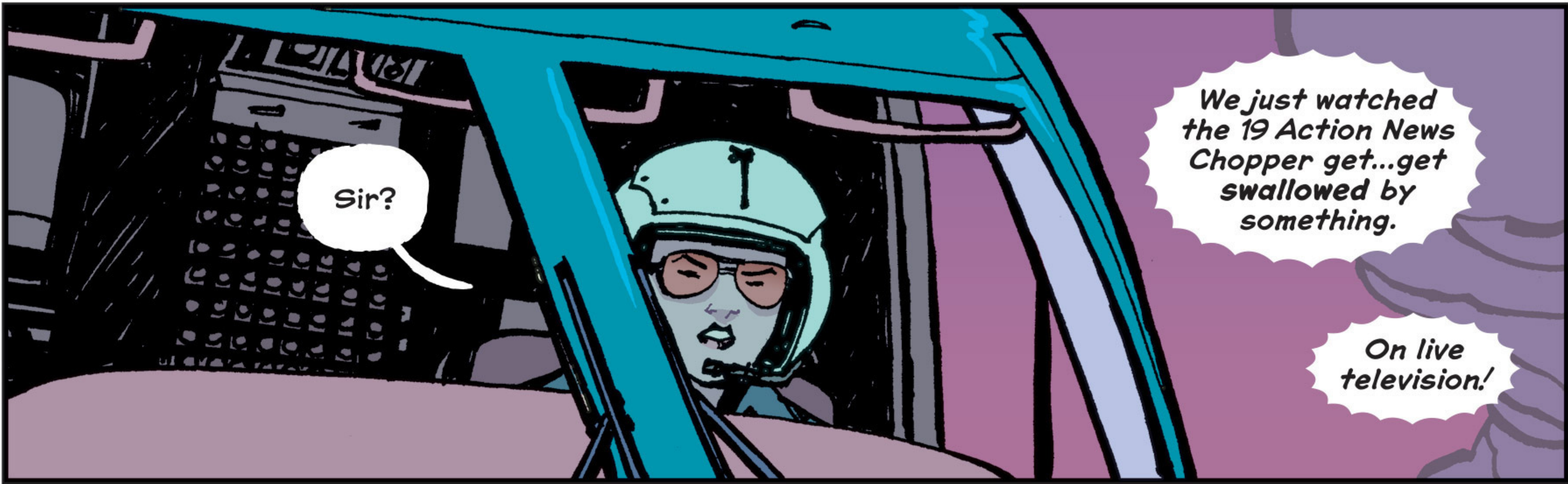
Listen, I know
I've logged too
many hours, but right
as I finished refueling
for the next crew,
I heard what's
gong on in
the Flats.

Donovan
said it's
straight out
of *Pacific
Rim*.



Like,
the movie,
not the
geographic--

Missy,
get back to
the hospital,
right now.



Sir?

We just watched
the 19 Action News
Chopper get...get
swallowed by
something.

On live
television!



What do
you mean
swallowed?

I thought it
was a commercial,
then Nikki started
screaming and--



Please do
not worry,
all shall be
done and
forgotten.

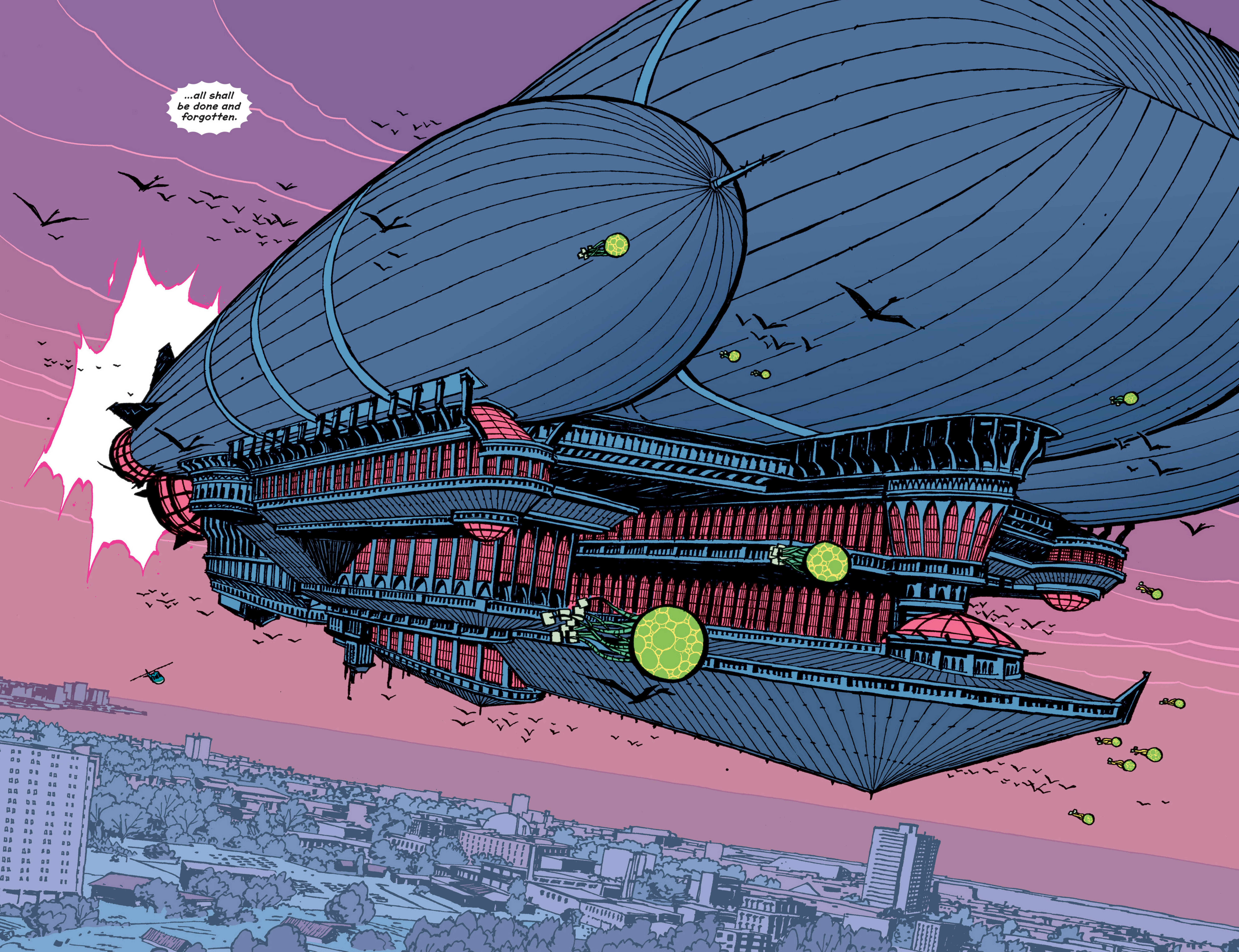
Who said
that?

Is there
someone
else on this
channel?

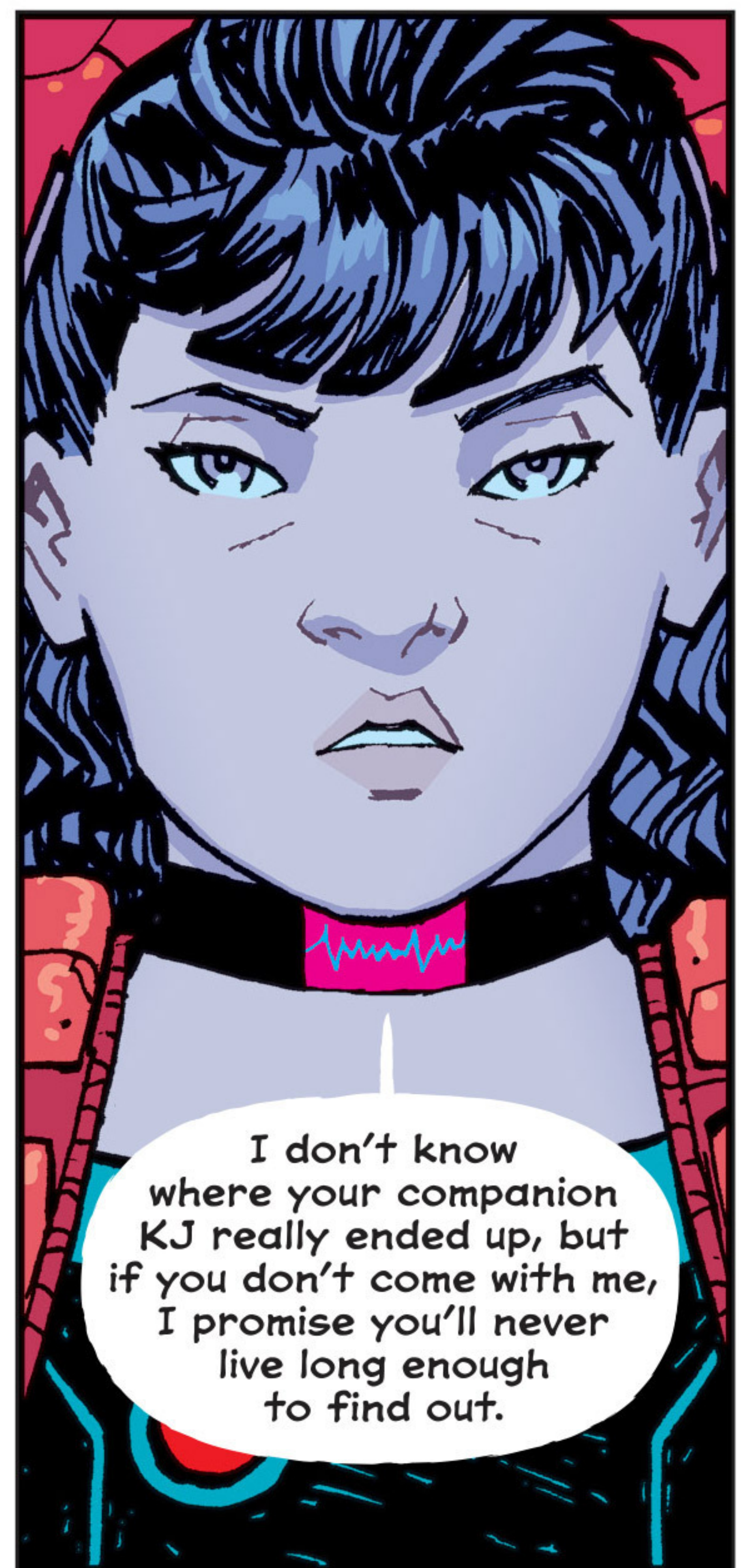


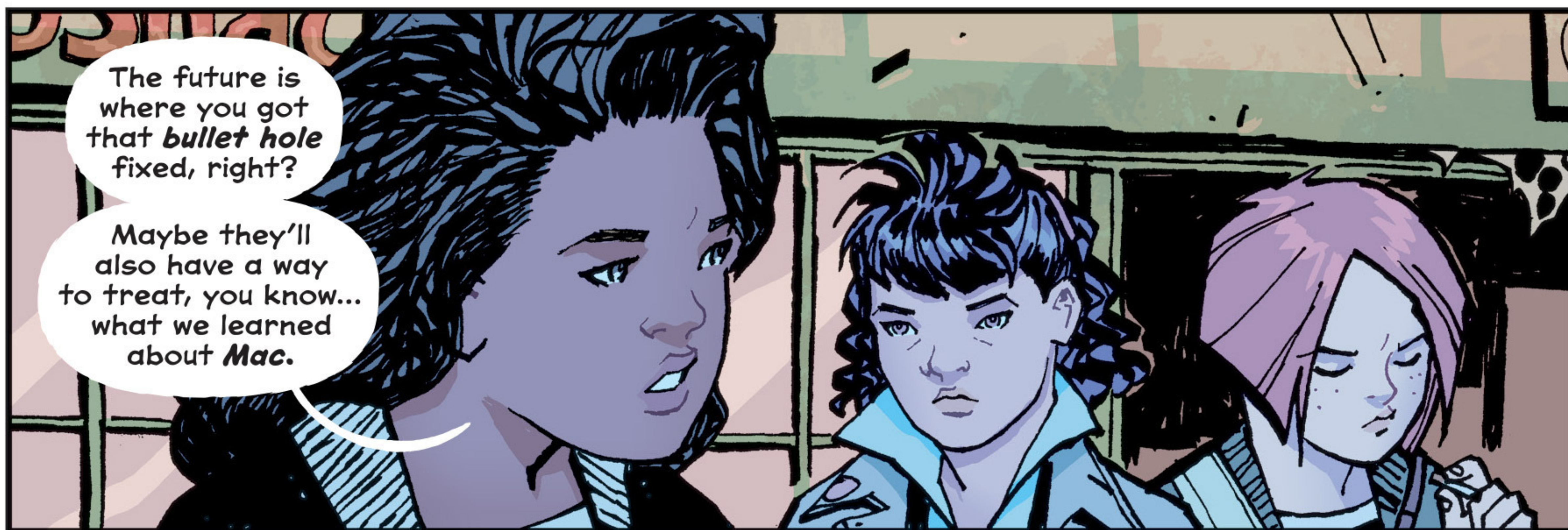
Please
do not
worry...

...all shall
be done and
forgotten.



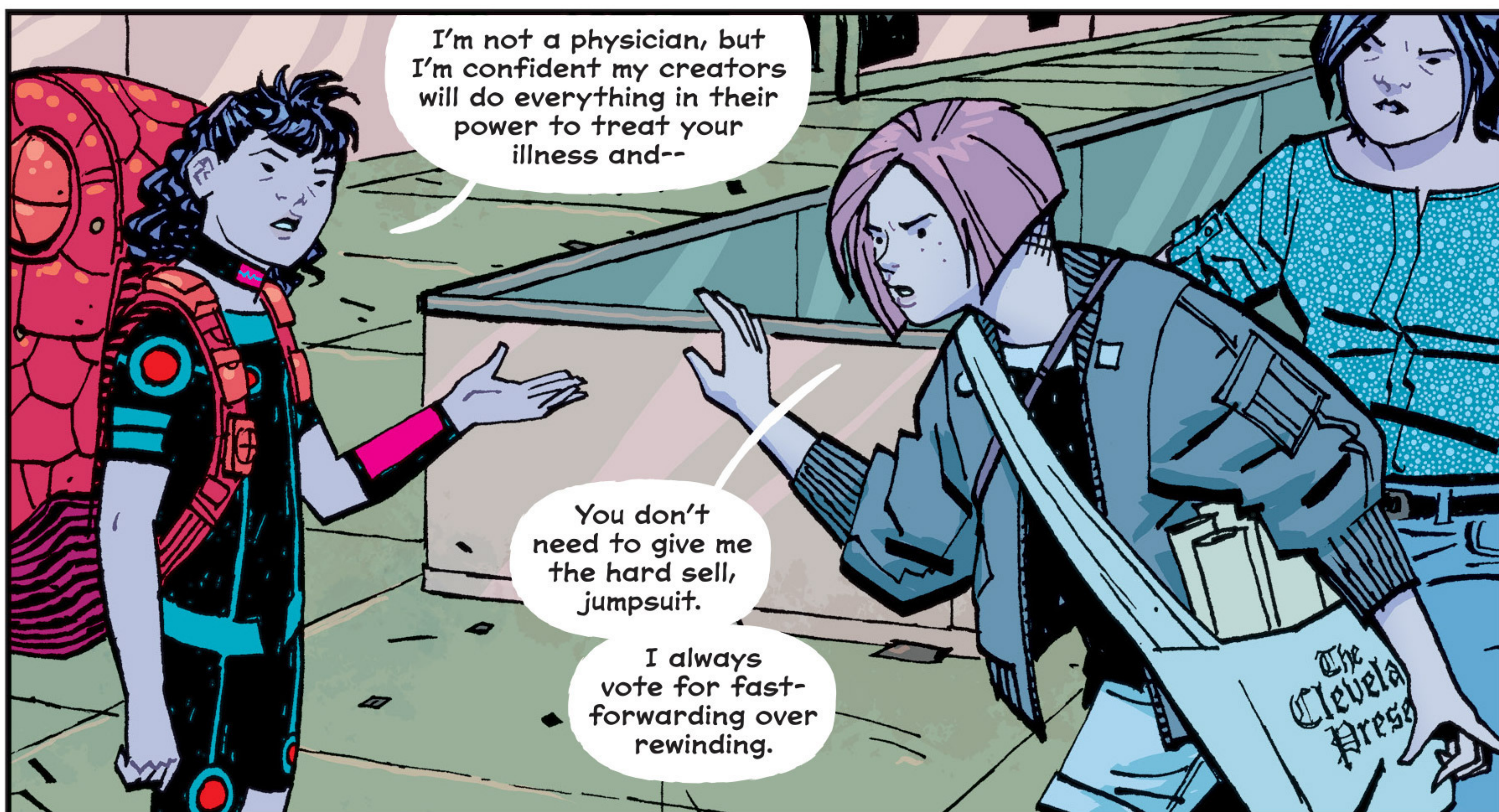






The future is where you got that **bullet hole** fixed, right?

Maybe they'll also have a way to treat, you know... what we learned about **Mac**.



I'm not a physician, but I'm confident my creators will do everything in their power to treat your illness and--

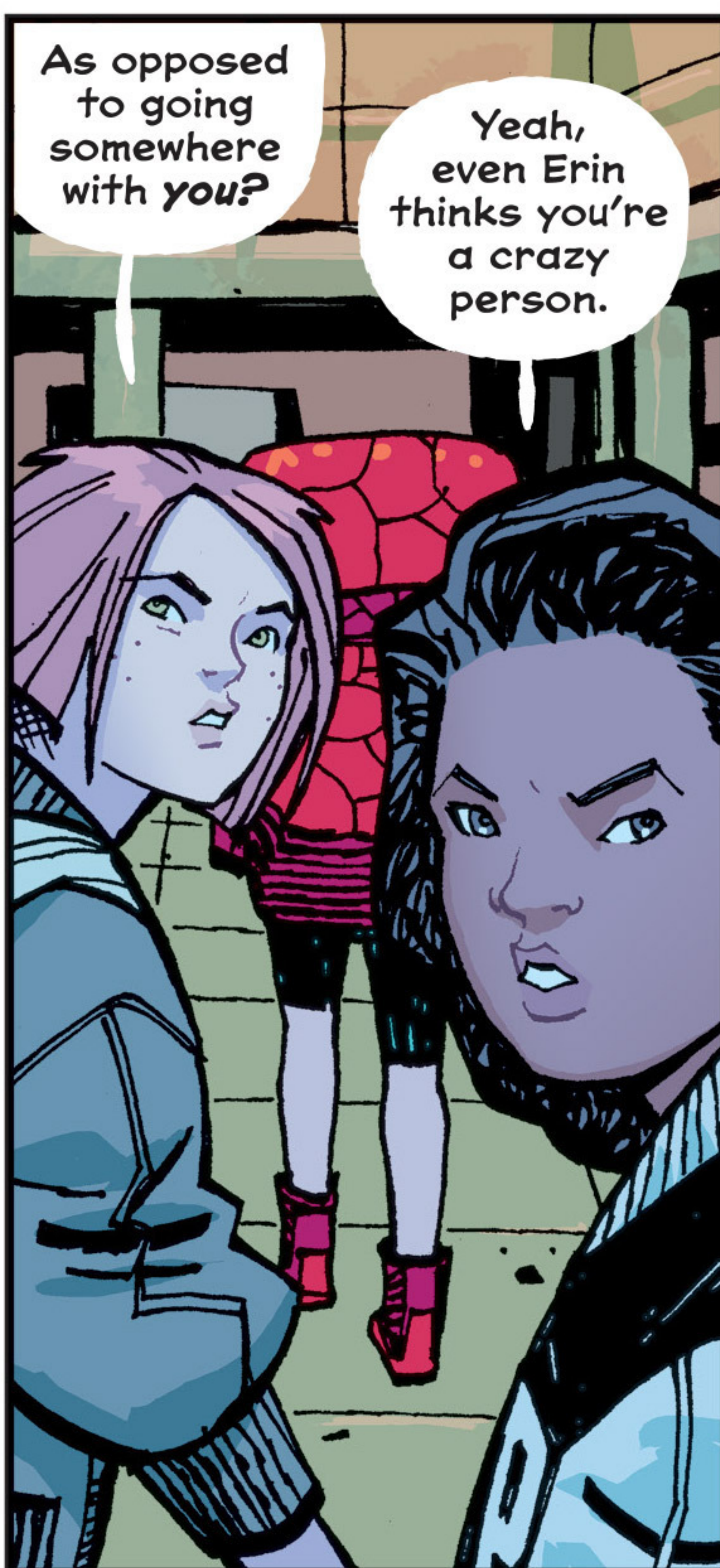
You don't need to give me the hard sell, jumpsuit.

I always vote for fast-forwarding over rewinding.



This is insane!

I'm not letting you girls leave here with some patently sinister stranger!



As opposed to going somewhere with **you**?

Yeah, even Erin thinks you're a crazy person.



What?



I...I didn't mean it like that.



Erin Tieng, if we have learned one thing over the last twenty-eight years, it's that most people are way better liars than us.

Please, please be smart about--



I hate to rush things, but this exit will only stay open for another...eighty-seven seconds.



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**

Well girls and boys, we've survived a crazy summer, haven't we? While we may not have been invaded by extra-dimensional visitors, does anyone else feel like we're living in some kind of parallel universe?

Like, every time I look at the newspapers I'm delivering, it seems as if there's something unbelievable happening in the world. And I find myself asking, is this all just part of growing up? Is this discovery that life is so much darker and stranger than we thought when we were kids something that every generation has had to face? Or was there a moment where something really messed up happened that, I don't know, altered the fabric of our world?

Sorry to get bleak with you, friends. But you feel me, right? I know some of you feel me. Like this first gut-punch of a letter from Petey Roy's old delivery bag...



Petey et al,

My mom passed away last week after four years of battling ovarian cancer. Getting this new issue in my hands was the first thing to really cheer me up. So, thank you for that.

Much love, **Sanford B.**

Ann Arbor, MI

My deepest condolences, Sanford. I hope that the healing process has continued for you, and that your fellow deliverers have not been strangers. I'm glad the publication our monthly newsletter appears in could help in some small way.

To A.N.D.G.,

I deliver for the *Independent* in New Jersey. I hate people that don't tip. I wish they'd get fried by aliens.

From, **Andy**

Newark, NJ

Yikes, Andy. No deliverer is a fan of poor tippers, but maybe you should examine if your own attitude might be to blame before condemning your customers to extraterrestrial annihilation.

To whom it may concern,

I regrettably read my copy of *Paper Girls* #1 way too late. Hopefully there are still spots in the A.N.D.G.

I also realize I am almost twenty years past the deadline, but hopefully that is okay.

Disregard, or regard, I don't care, the Spider-Man paper I've written this note on. I live alone

on the other end of the U.S. from everyone I've ever known. I'm in a weird space.

Yours, **Alex**

Kingsville, MD

PS. Here is a recipe for a juice:

Spinach

Apple

Lemon

Orange

Ginger

Mint

A whole lemon is too much if you ask me, so half should do. Put an extra apple in if you like it sweeter. If not, one apple and two oranges.

Yeah, we're all in a weird space, Alex. But it turns out that this delicious juice is exactly what I needed!

And you definitely made the cutoff for the latest round of membership entries. The window is now CLOSED, but for any of you who submitted your entries already, you can look for your cards in the mail soon as soon as I get the old laminator warmed up...

Dear Rita,

My human and I would like to be part of the A.N.D.G. I'm a girl so I'd like to be an official 'Paper Girl.' As you can see in my picture, I'm capable of delivering rolled-up bits of paper to my human (it was deliciously paired with an amuse-bouche of canary a la Costco, BTW).

I may need hints on how to deliver these papers, as the longer I hold onto them, the less likely I am to actually deliver them in one piece. I suppose that defeats the purpose of being a papergirl, but I'm sure my human will pick up the slack as usual. Anyhow, I hope you're well and if you're ever in San Diego, check out Fiesta Island's dog park. It's my absolute fave! I make my human fetch there all the time.

Yours, **Smores**

San Diego, CA



OMG, you're adorable, Smores! Between the juice and this cute puppy pic I'm finally starting to feel like myself again. So while dogs are not currently allowed in

the A.N.D.G., I'm going to create an honorary canine membership, just for you!

Keep up the good work, my furry friend.

Dear Madam or Sir,

I hope I am not too late to join the newspaper guild. I was twelve years old in 1988, and I'm enjoying thinking about that line of work again. In 1990, I briefly worked as a paperboy, but after a few weeks I gave it up to work in a comic book store, my first of six I would work in over the course of my career. My boss was a brilliant old curmudgeon who got me into Alan Moore, Peter Bagge, and Harlan Ellison. He had an amazing collection of WWII Marvels with all the propaganda covers. Those blew my mind as a kid.

I am enjoying all your books at the moment and I especially appreciate the continuity of artists, the high quality of the format (card stock cover on *Paper Girls*!) and you keeping the price at \$2.99. When *Saga Volume 1* came out, I had the pleasure of buying ten copies of the trade from Midtown Comics and giving them to everyone in my family and my non-comic reading girlfriend. I am excited for future issues of all of your comics, and to finally read *The Private Eye* when I get my next paycheck. Thanks very much.

Best, **Peter Kowalchick**

Westbury, NY

Thanks for sharing your story, Peter! And also for sharing your favorite print publications with the rest of your family and friends. We here at the A.N.D.G. certainly appreciate you doing your part to keep the presses running.

Dear Rita Pearl,

I'm a Valkyrie at my LCS. It's sort of a guild, too, which is made up

of women in comic book stores (behind the counter, owners, even some creators). As a Valkyrie, it's my job to make my shop, and comics in general, welcoming to those who may have been made to feel that comics are not for them. It's a very rewarding job. I find true joy seeing a young girl's eyes light up when I show her that girls can be anything from a superhero to a spy to a Paper Girl. It can be surprising to some how seeing ourselves in comics can mean so much. It's not surprising to me. I was hoping that I'd be able to bring the same welcoming spirit to newspaper delivery. So, this is me putting in a formal request for my A.N.D.G. membership, because comics, and as you have demonstrated, newspaper routes, are for everybody.

Thank you so much for this book!

Tracy Tice

Austin, TX

Wow, Tracy. You are truly inspiring. Yes, I think there is a very clear kinship between paper slingers and comic peddlers—and it's about time that we accept that both comics and paper routes are indeed for everyone!

I'm sure you still face resistance as you do your good work, so please know that we at the A.N.D.G. have got your back. Welcome to the club.

Dearest Rita,

I am so very excited to learn that you have reopened membership to the American Newspaper Delivery Guild (A.N.D.G.). When I first heard about the A.N.D.G. in 1988, I was ten. I had just moved to a new town after my parents' divorce.

My first new friend there was Will, and he was a paperboy. I think I was always a little jealous of Will, even though the work sounded awful: waking up hours before the sun on a cold Michigan morning

just to deliver a bunch of papers. But he kept at it, never gave up, until we got to high school. Looking back, I guess I thought paper delivery was something, well, that maybe I wasn't cut out for, but now, nearly thirty years later, I have an opportunity to rectify that mistake. Please accept my pledge for the A.N.D.G.

Sincerely, **Charlie Herbert**

Issaquah, WA

Hey, Charlie! I can completely understand your conflict at that young age. Delivering papers is not an easy job, but it can definitely be a rewarding one.

I will accept your application to the A.N.D.G. since you did put a stamp on your envelope and everything, but I want to ask you something: what else are you doing to "rectify that mistake?" Because membership in the A.N.D.G. is about more than just getting a cool new card for your wallet.

For example, take a look at this gem from the old mail pile:

Hey Petey Roy,

I'm excited to have been offered the opportunity to join the illustrious A.N.D.G.!

I believe, as our founding fathers did, that a free and widely distributed press is the backbone of any strong democracy; and I would be right chuffed to join the ranks of the frontline of journalism.

For a strong country needs educated citizens, and educated citizens require a fresh paper every morning!

And I don't care what those nerds at school say, their dumb computers can never replace this band of brothers!

Serving with gusto, **Noah W.**

Sent in 1988

You are spot on, Noah. I mean, except for the part about the computers. You could not have been more off the mark about the computers.

But...no one can really see into the future. The best we can do is to keep examining our own past experiences and rethink, reframe, and evolve.

Dear A.N.D.G.,

Well, I was never actually a paperboy, but I accompanied one of my best friends, Brenton, on his route every day. I even covered for him a couple of times when he was too sick or out of town. Placentia (yes, that's the name of my hometown) was a fairly small place and Brenton delivered to maybe forty houses. The highlight of the route was that the local baker at the grocery store would always give us a free donut and flirt with us in a weird (at the time) east European or Scandinavian accent.

The one, standout memory was the day a retired schoolteacher invited us to her home. She had a reputation as being pretty "crazy," with stories of her sending her students to other teachers' classrooms to steal supplies, and her smelling of alcohol from time to time. The day she invited us into her home was one of those times. She fed us stale cheesies and showed us pictures of her children who had moved away. She cried and lamented her lost husband. She commended us for being polite young boys and kept us there for what felt like hours. All of which made a few preteen boys feel pretty awkward. That day saddened me as a boy even and I find it even sadder today.

That's all I've got in the way of paperboy tales, but please accept my self-addressed envelope with estimated postage on it as enough to get a membership card to the A.N.D.G.

Steve

Sackville, NB, Canada

Thanks for the moving story, Steve. This is a beautiful example of the kind of connection that doing this important work can bring us—and our friends who tag along.

Dear Rita,

What do you like on your hot dogs? I've never been a fan of ketchup, have you?

Love, **Eloise P.**

Aurora, IL

Whew, after a particularly heavy mailbag, your letter was a welcome breath of fresh air, Eloise. And we are in complete agreement about ketchup, which totally overwhelms any food it touches with its sugary blandness. I've always been a mustard and onions girl. Not great before smooching, but an ideal meal in advance of a long bike ride.

For your excellent taste, I'm happy to name you our DELIVERER OF THE MONTH! Some sweet swag is winging its way towards Aurora as we speak.

Anyway, September is here, which means it's back to school for many of us in this business. That means riding our bikes down to the local big box store to spend some of those precious pennies we've saved up on a new backpack, notebook, new pack of pens...it means getting up early to do our jobs, to read, to study, to improve ourselves, and our communities.

If the world seems off its rocker, let's do our part to steady it, friends. Soon the temperatures will cool and the tempers will calm, and we'll get back to some kind of normal life again, all just a little wiser after our summer adventures.

Rita Pearl the Papergirl

BACK-TO-SCHOOL SURVEY

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

Pop quiz, students! But don't worry, this one doesn't have any wrong answers, and all of the surveys that deliverers like you complete and return to the A.N.D.G. will be automatically entered in a drawing to win some AMAZING PRIZES.

Ready...? Begin!

1) *Where do you go to school?*

2) *What grade are you in?*

3) *Does your school library carry any comics or graphic novels?*

4) *Who is the best teacher you've ever had?*

5) *And why?*

6) *What's your favorite subject?*

7) *Least favorite?*

8) *Have you ever gotten detention?*

9) *If so, may we ask why?*

10) *In which extracurricular activities do you participate?*

11) *What, if anything, would you do to improve your school?*

12) *Ever attend a school dance? If so, did you hate it?*

Pencils down!

CONGRATULATIONS
2016 *EISNER* AWARD
WINNERS

BEST NEW SERIES

Paper Girls

BEST ARTIST

CLIFF CHIANG



CONGRATULATIONS
2016 *EISNER* AWARD
WINNERS

BEST CONTINUING SERIES

SOUTHERN BASTARDS

BEST WRITER

JASON AARON



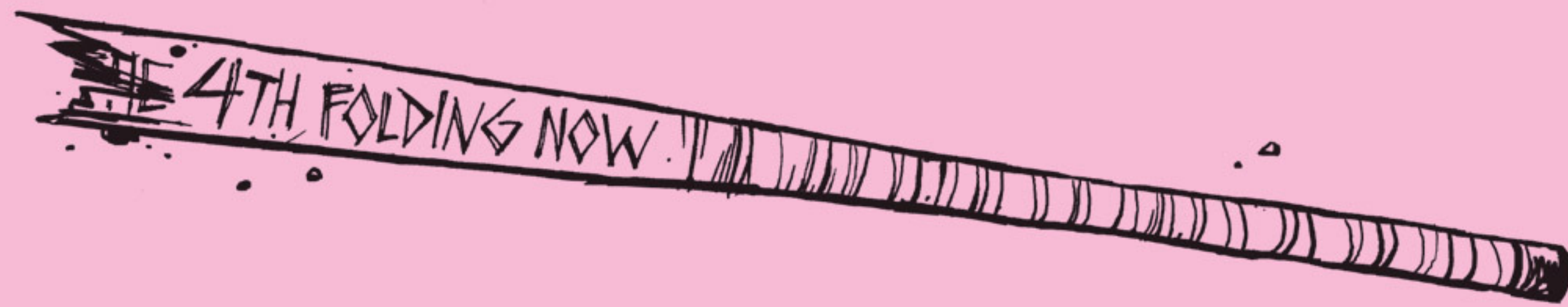




- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4

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



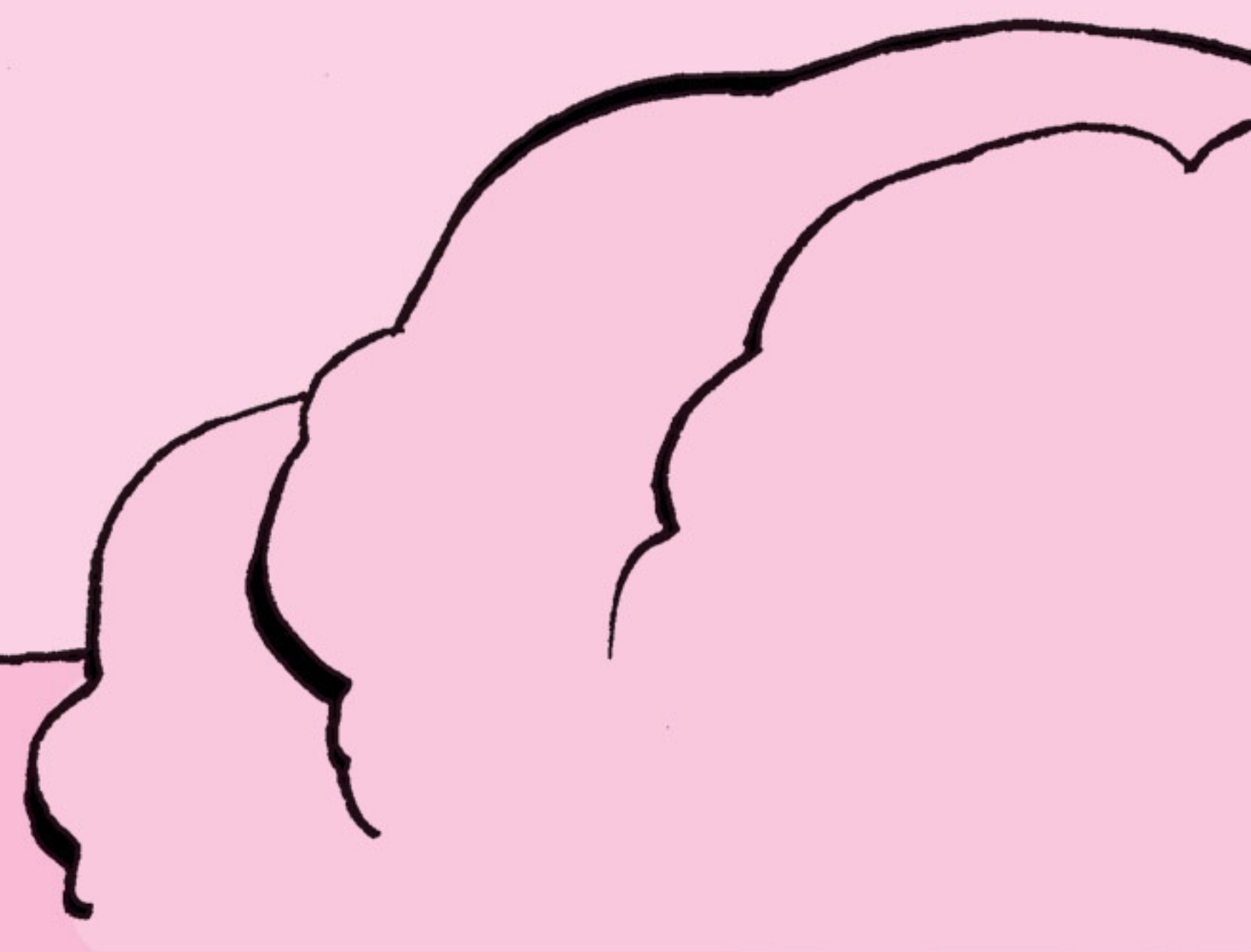


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ON SALE 10.05.16

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





ISSUE 09

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

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