



Paper GirlsTM 15

Paper Girls

15

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CLIFF CHIANG artist

MATT WILSON colors

JARED K. FLETCHER letters + design

DEE CUNNIFFE color flats

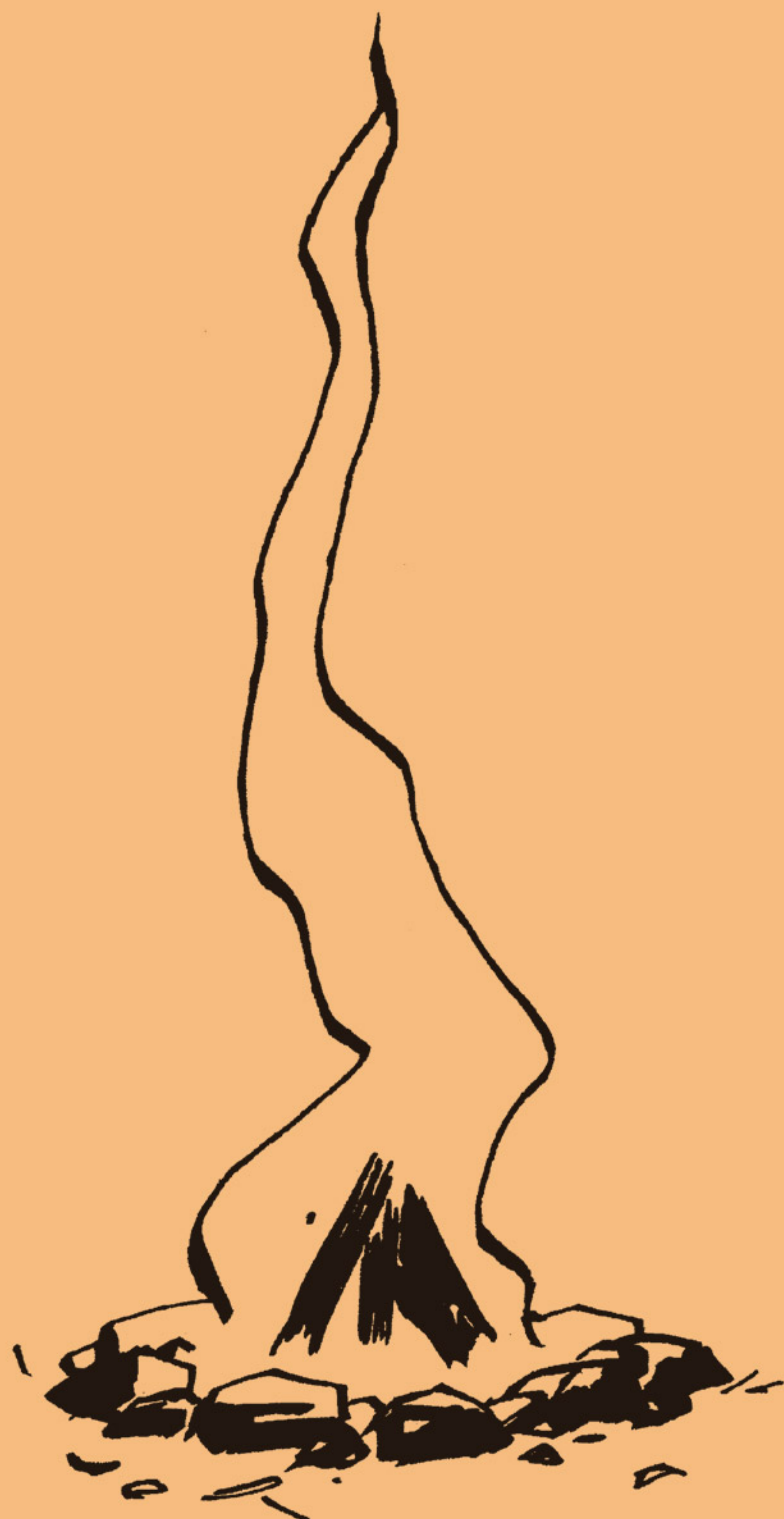


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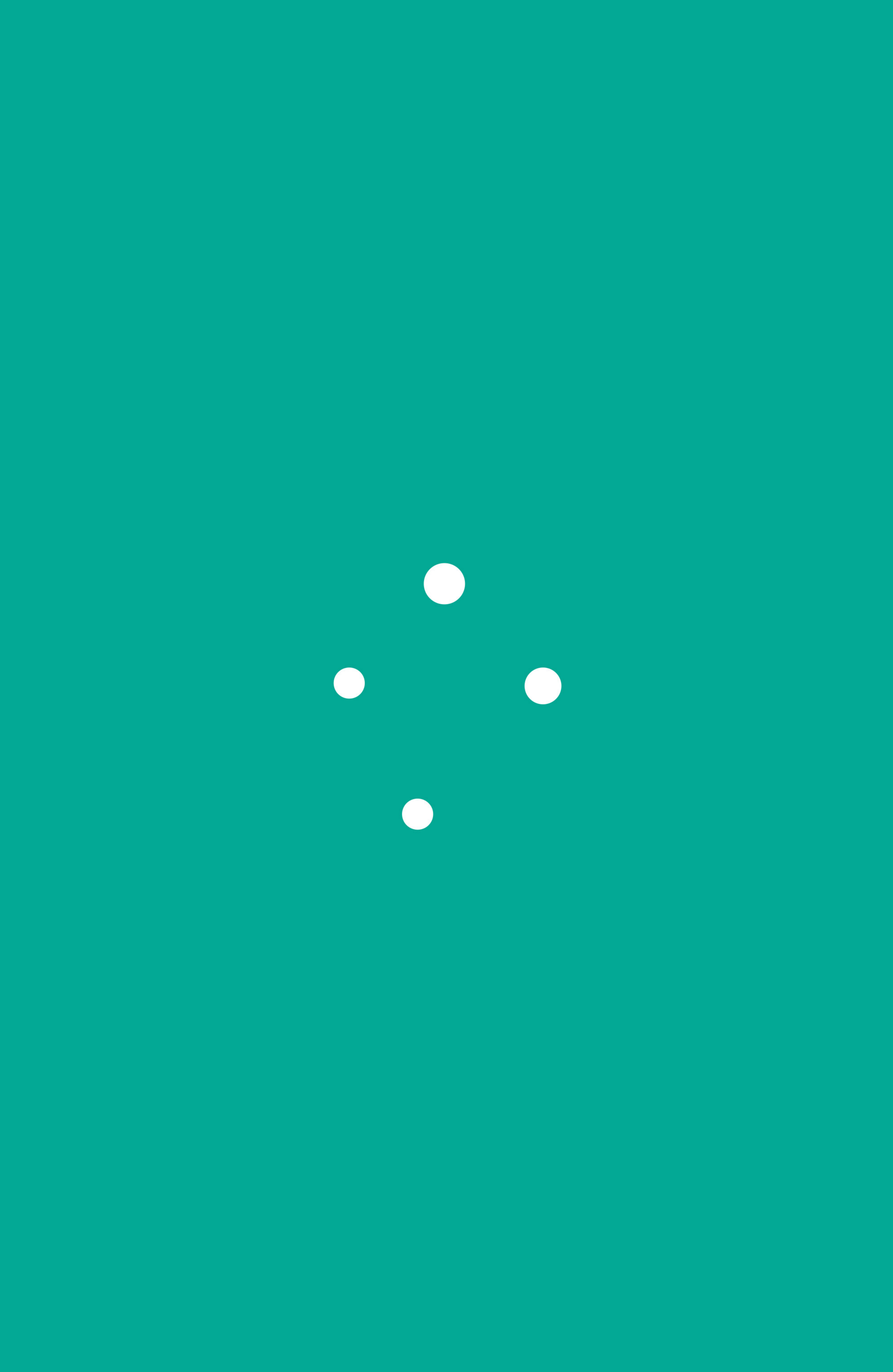
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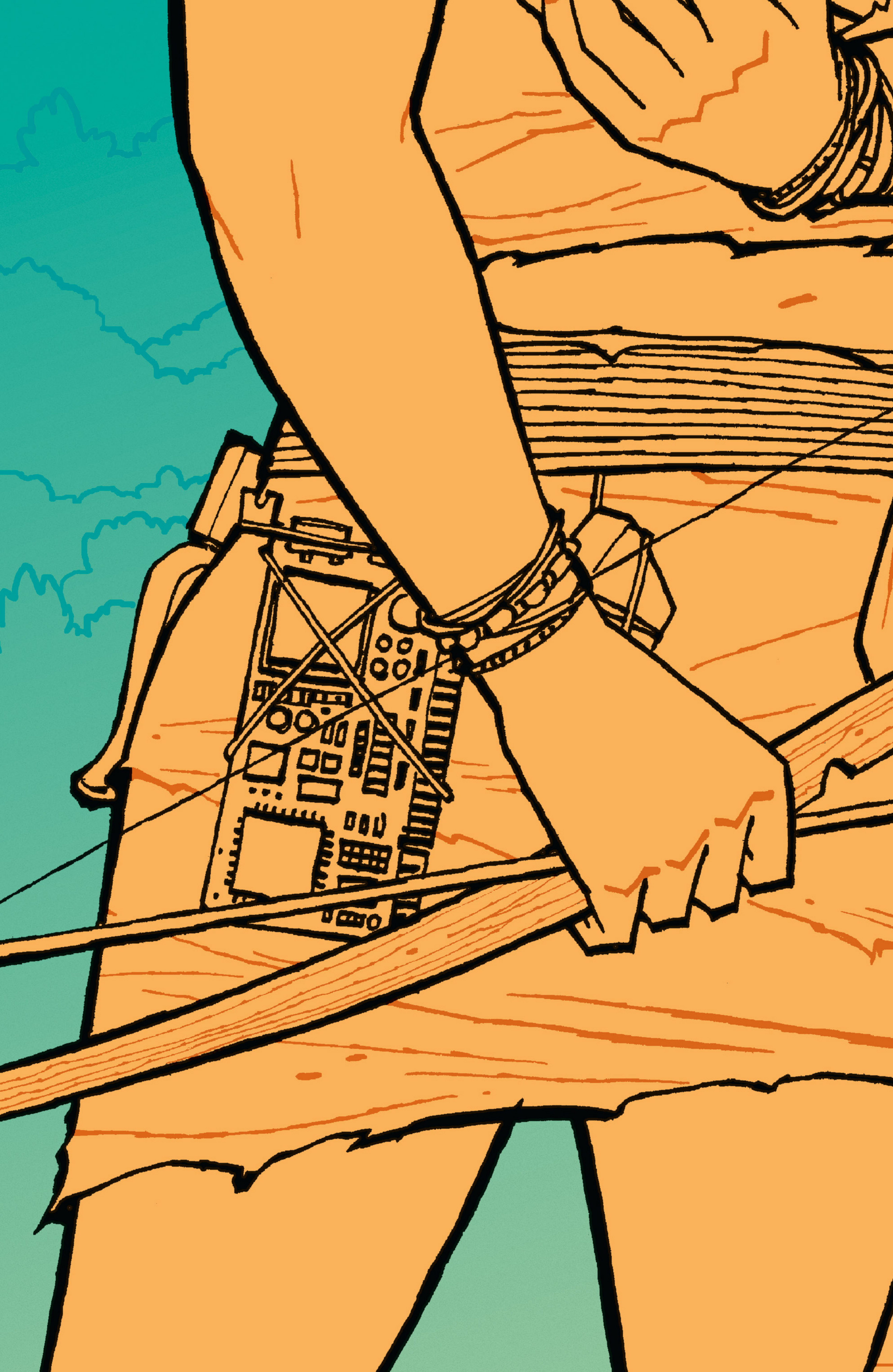
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You guys!

I'm alive!



Congrats.



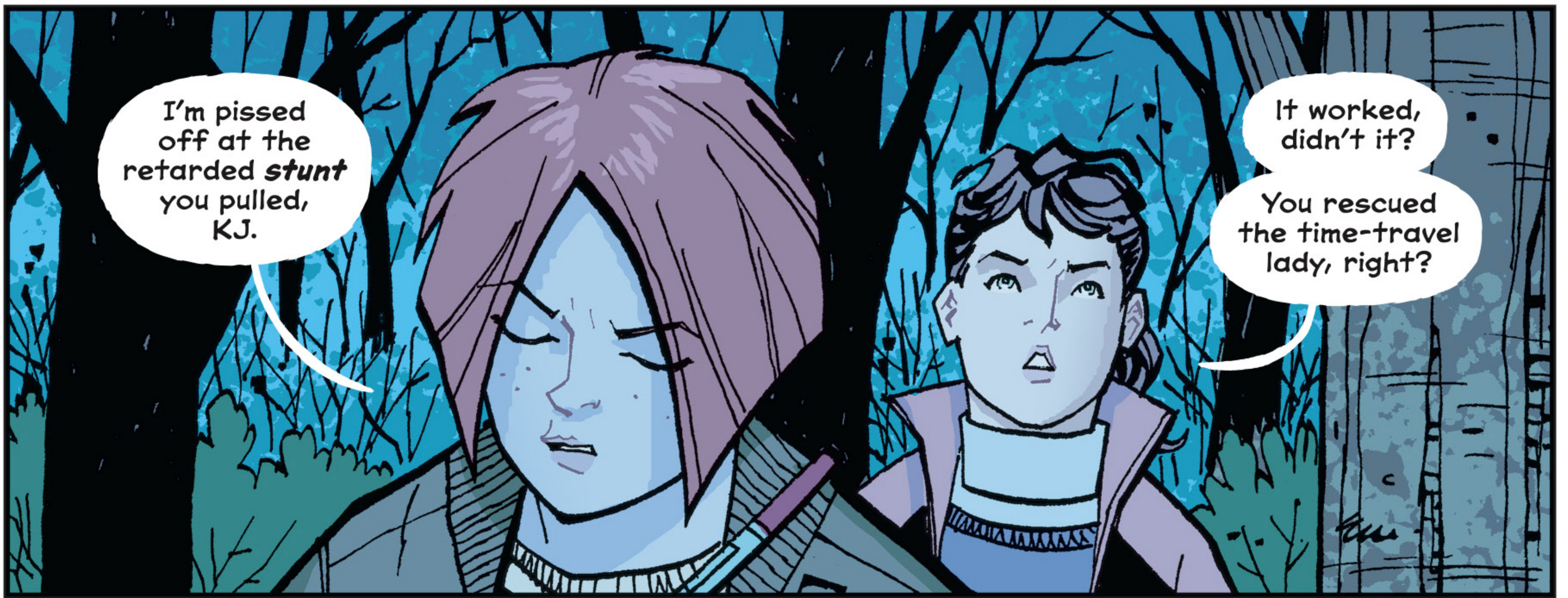
I'm alive and my boots have some kind of Turbo Boost!

Mac, I leapt over an entire--

Whatever, everybody's waiting.



Are you pissed off at me or something?



I'm pissed off at the retarded *stunt* you pulled, KJ.

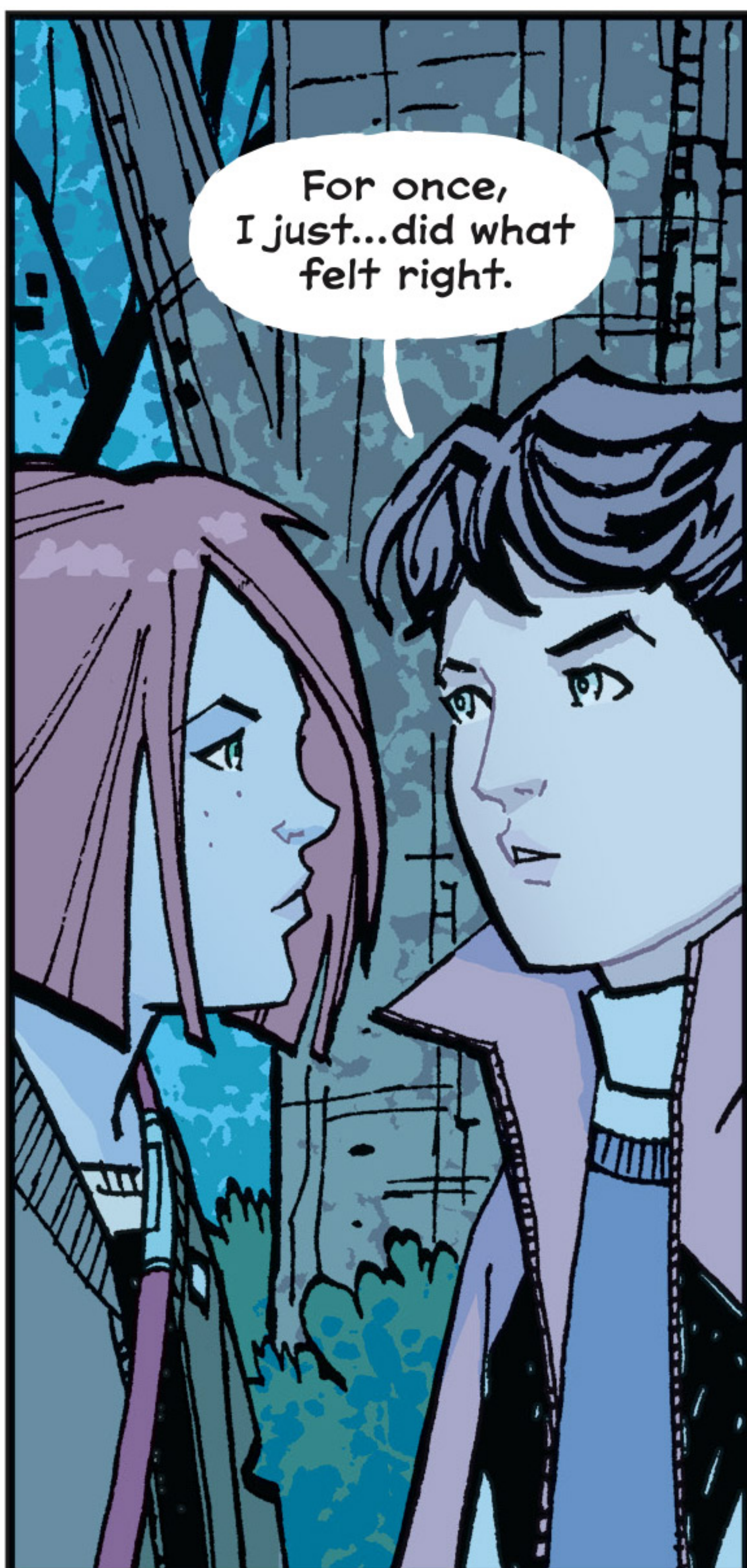
It worked, didn't it?
You rescued the time-travel lady, right?



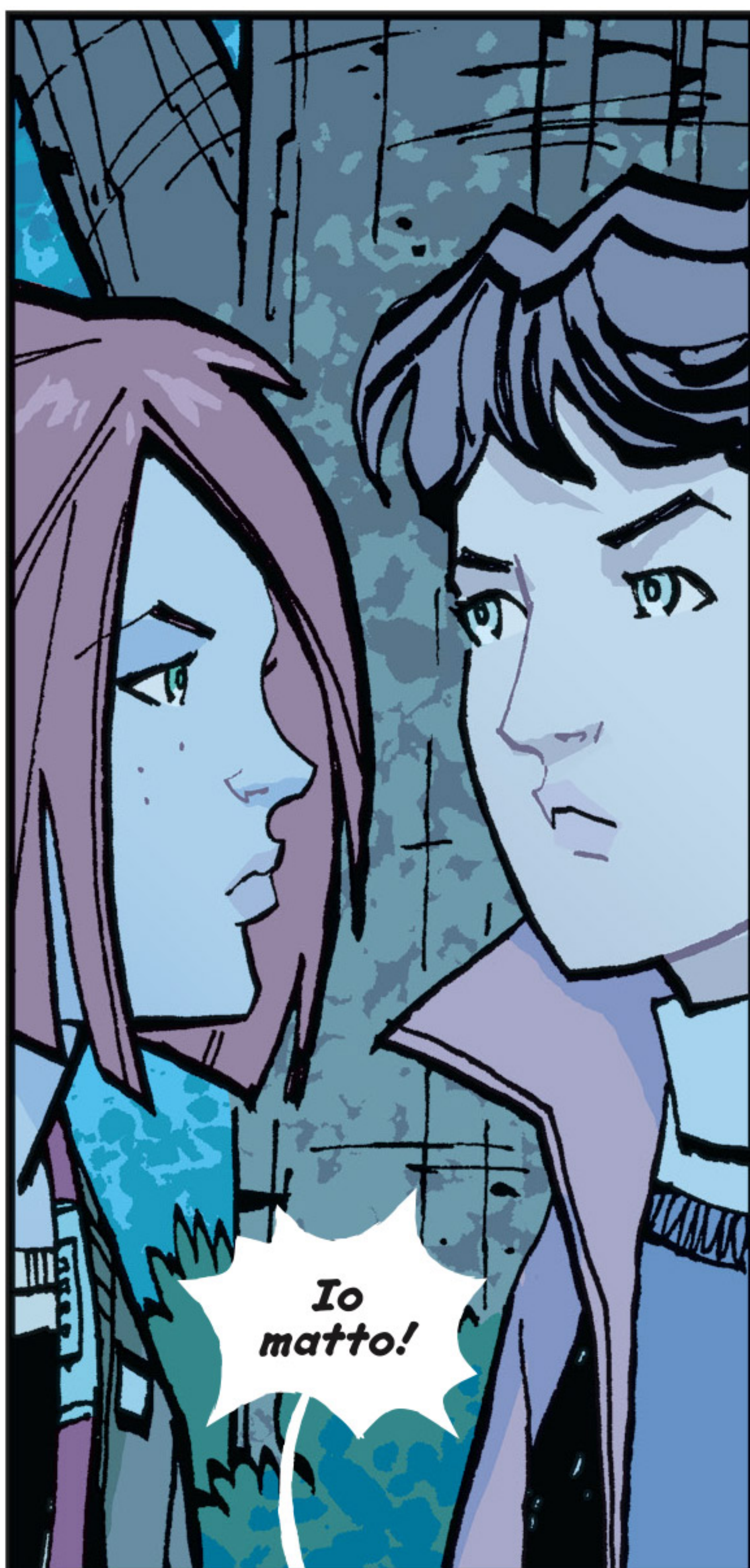
You're lucky Captain Caveman and his two sidekicks aren't putting babies into you right now!

What the hell were you thinking?

I *wasn't* thinking.



For once, I just...did what felt right.



Io matto!



Yeah, here's how that turned out.



To matto sheeb.



What's *Wari* doing here?

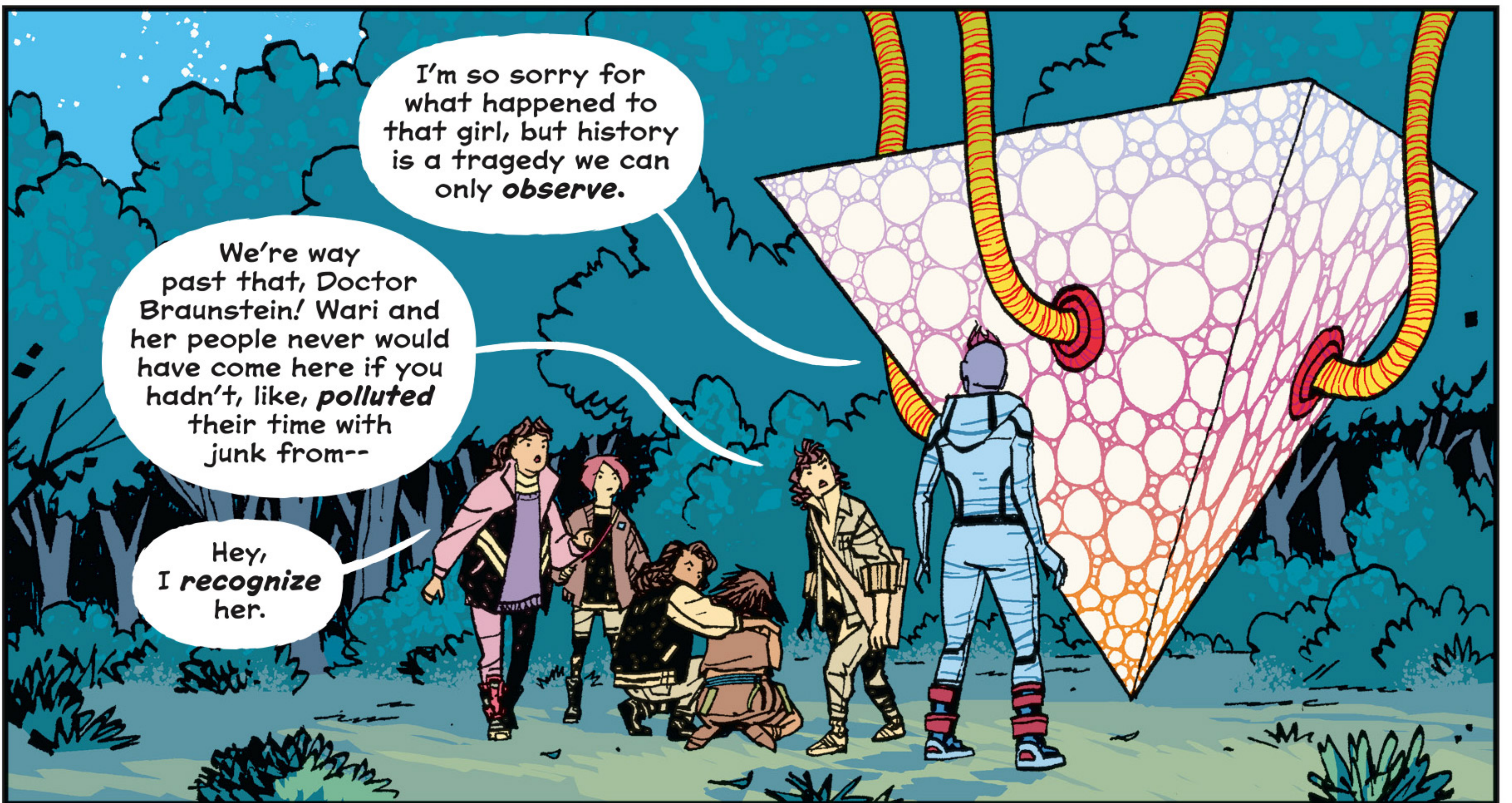
Those three assholes grabbed her kid.

But we're gonna help get Jahpo back.



We most certainly are not.

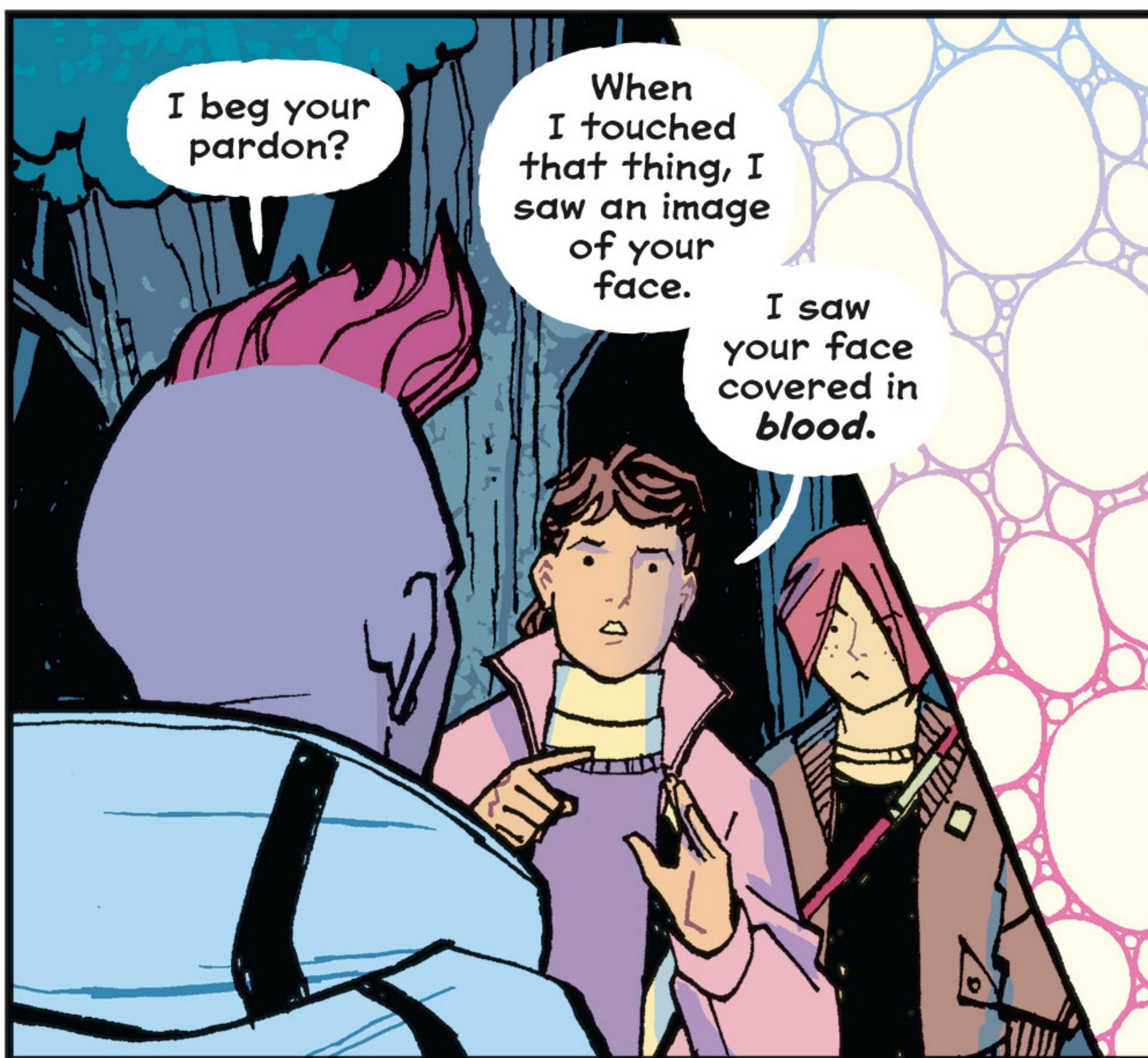
Directly interfering with the past doesn't just threaten the fate of the world... it fucks with the very fabric of *reality*.



I'm so sorry for what happened to that girl, but history is a tragedy we can only *observe*.

We're way past that, Doctor Braunstein! Wari and her people never would have come here if you hadn't, like, *polluted* their time with junk from--

Hey, I *recognize* her.



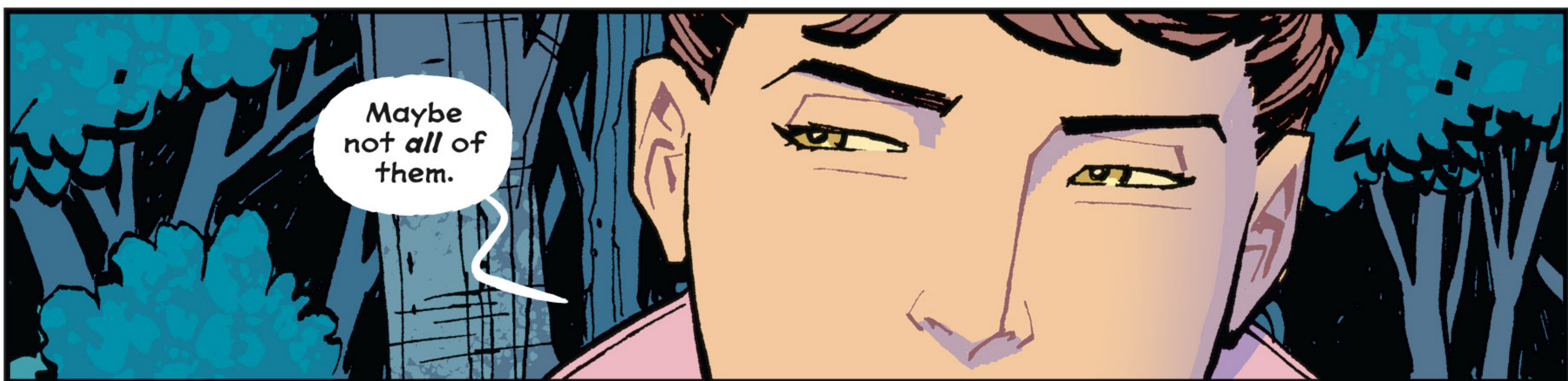
I beg your pardon?

When I touched that thing, I saw an image of your face.

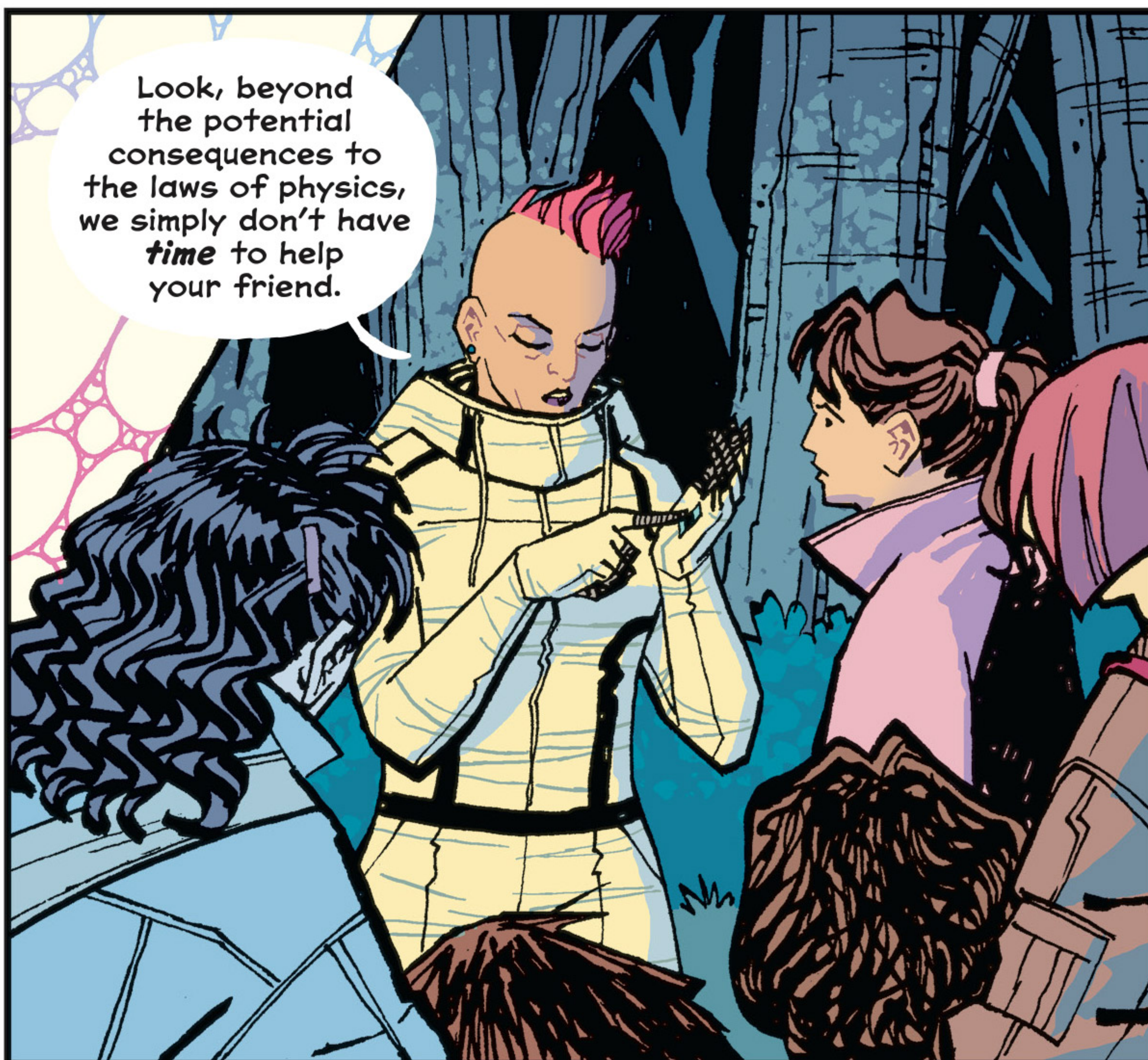
I saw your face covered in *blood*.



I thought you said the future visions that thing showed you were all *wrong*.



Maybe not *all* of them.



Look, beyond the potential consequences to the laws of physics, we simply don't have *time* to help your friend.



In less than two hours, my capsule will automatically return to the twenty-first century, with or without any of us aboard.



Then you should get moving.

But we're not leaving here until this girl has her *son* back.



Presuming those savages haven't already *eaten* the boy, how do you plan to deal with them?

You're completely unarmed!

Not necessarily.



What, Erin's dinky pocket-knife?

No, her dinky *supercomputer*.

The doc said that future-thing gave people *nightmares* by communicating straight with their minds, right?



Maybe we could crank that gadget up to eleven on Jahpo's kidnappers and use it to, you know...scramble their brains?



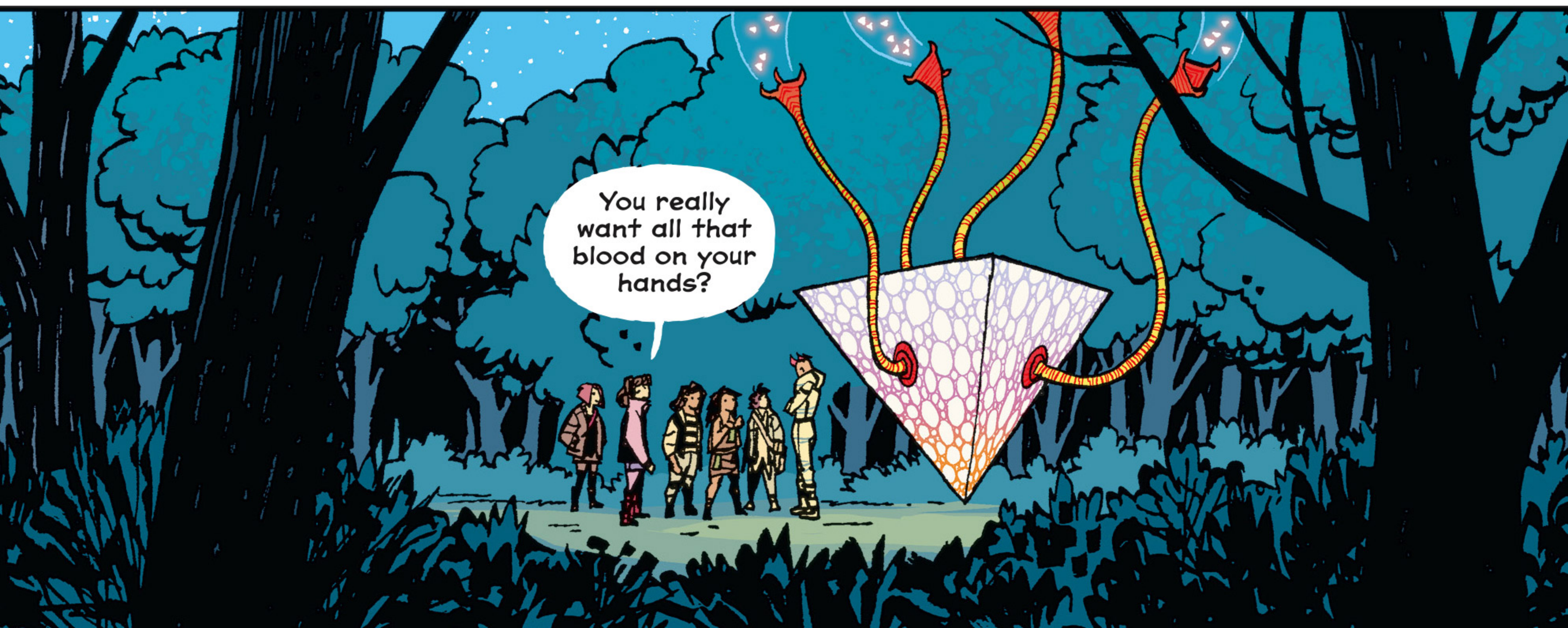
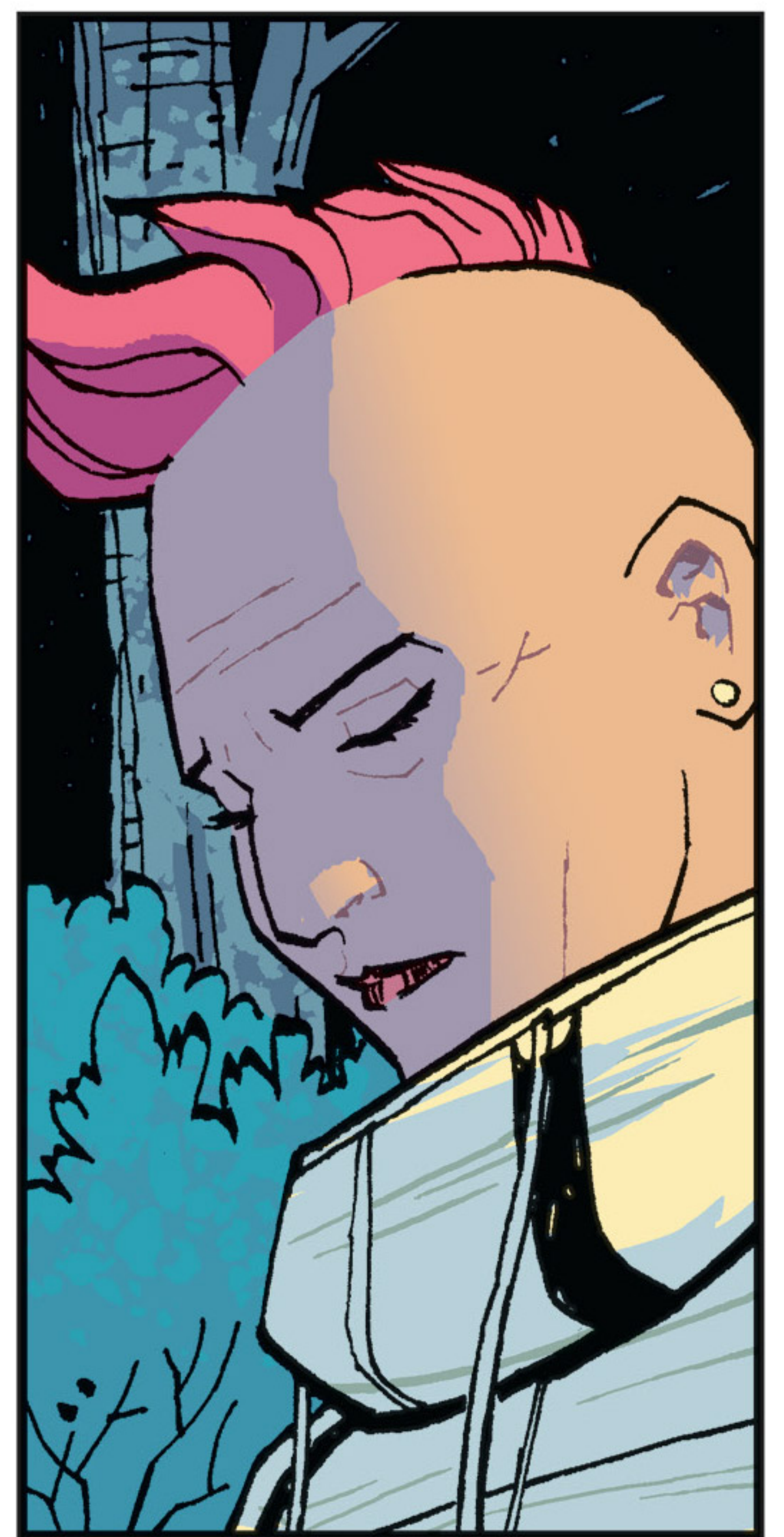
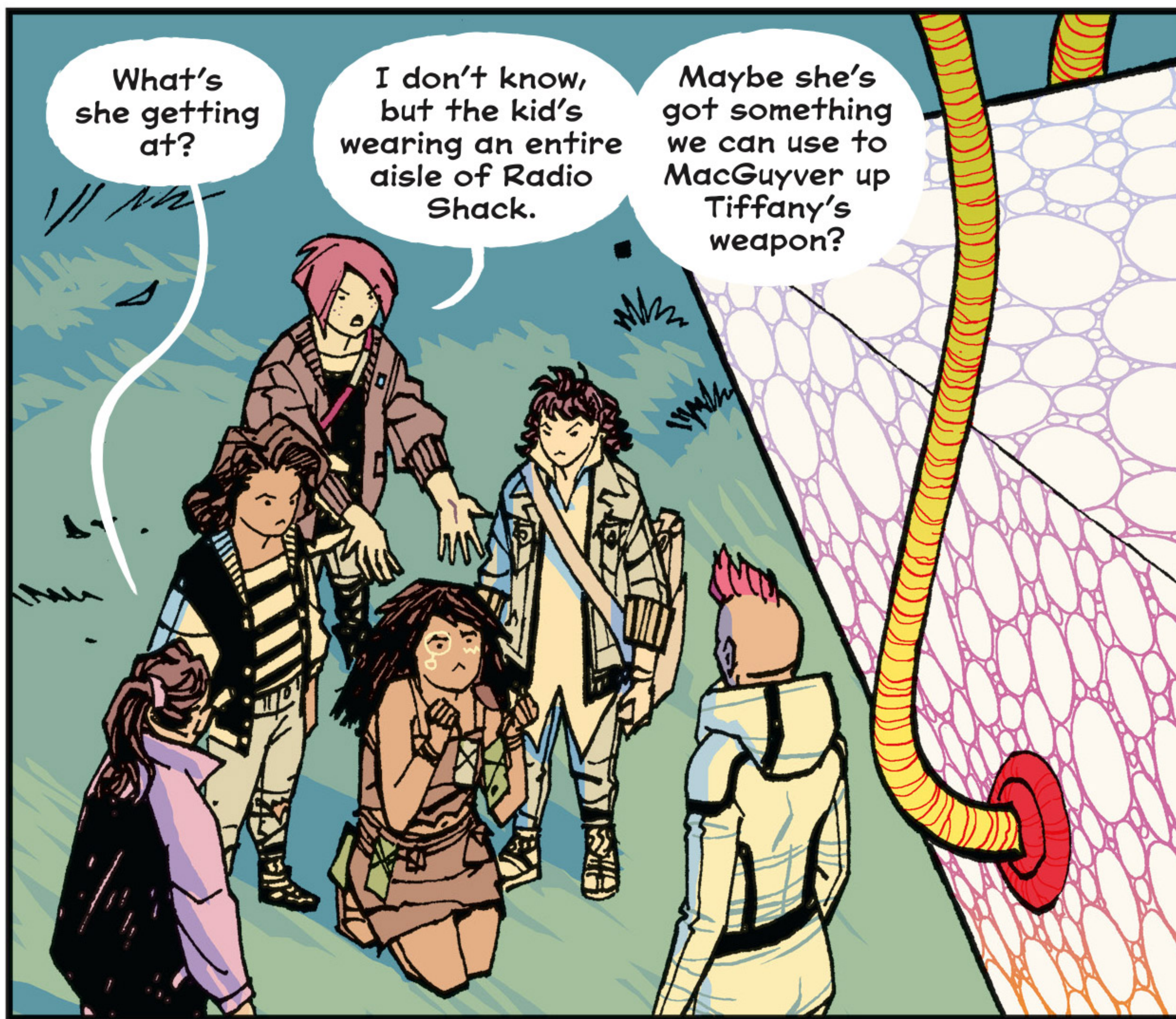
Young lady, you should go into theoretical engineering, because that's very clever... and also impossible.

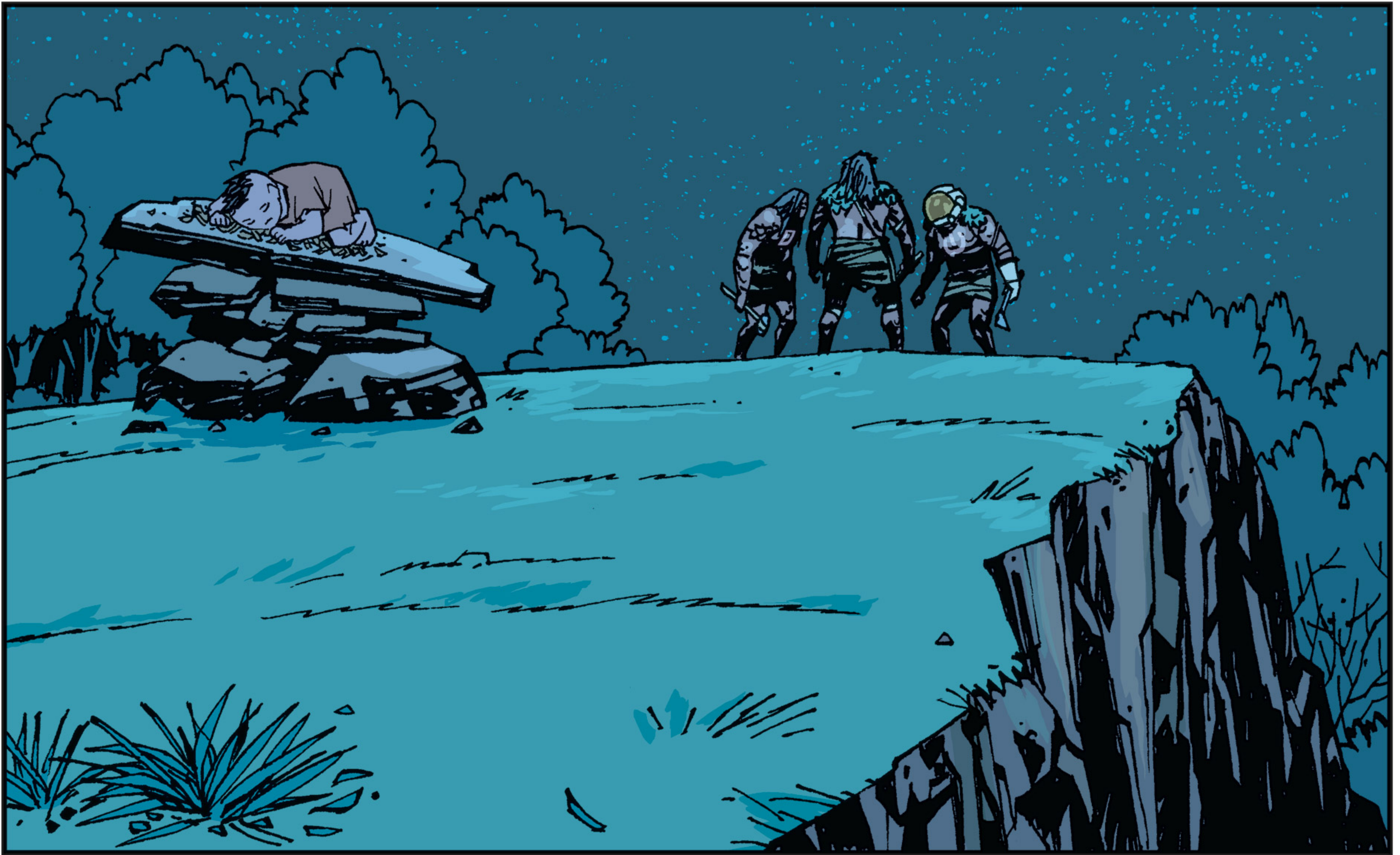
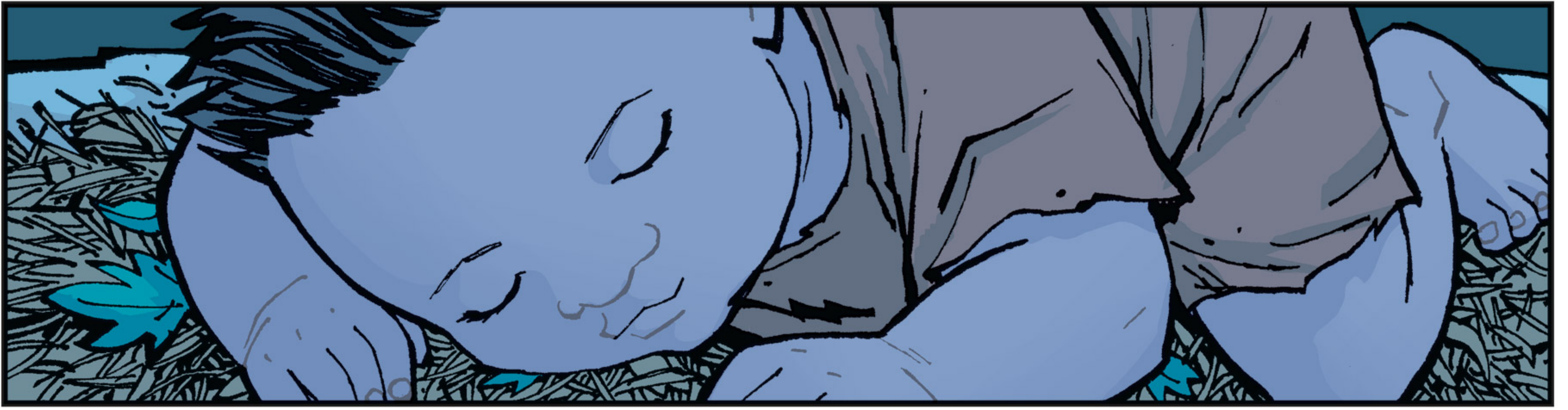
We can't alter this prototype without the right tools, ones that won't be invented for thousands of--

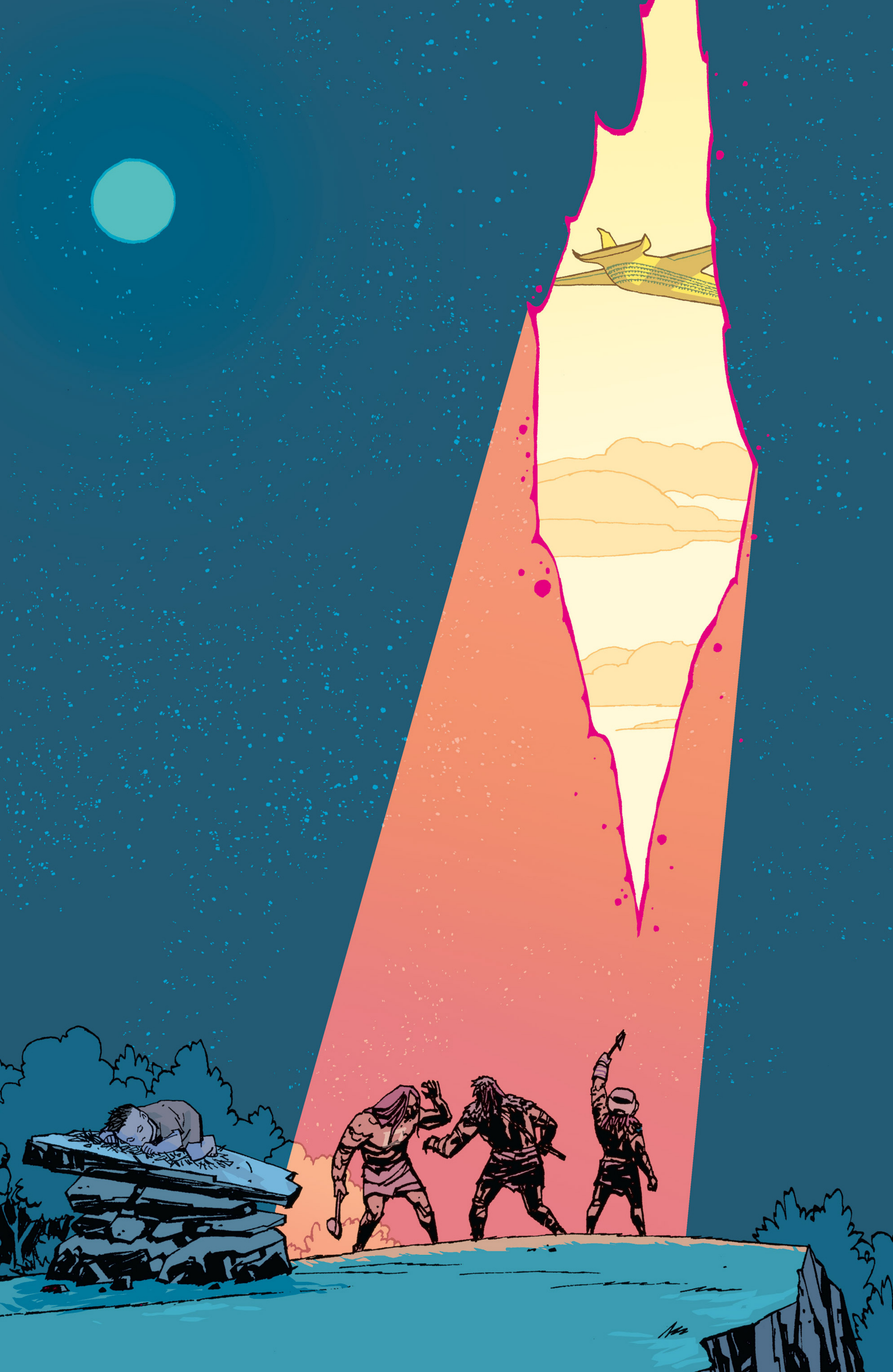
Elo!

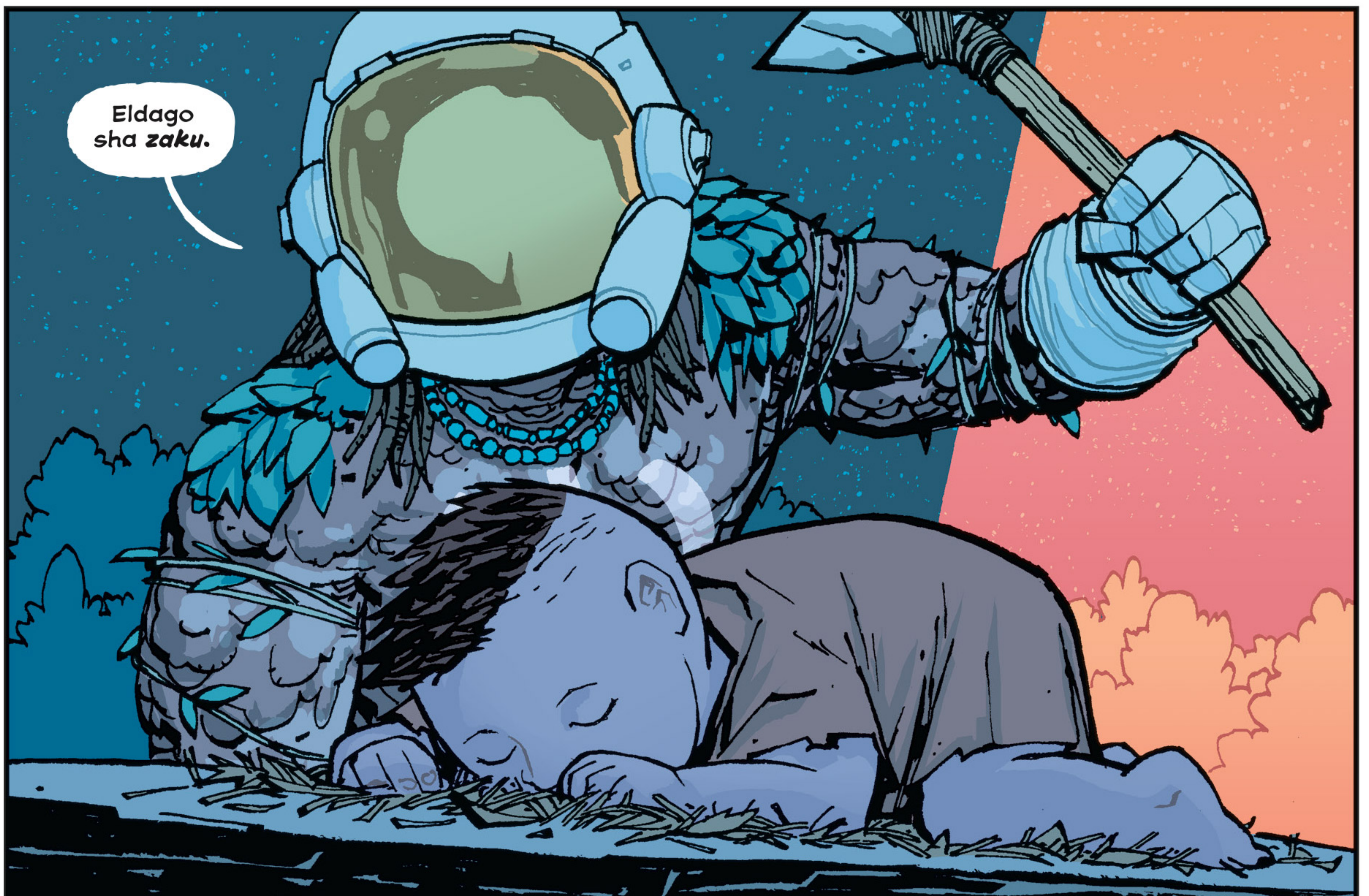
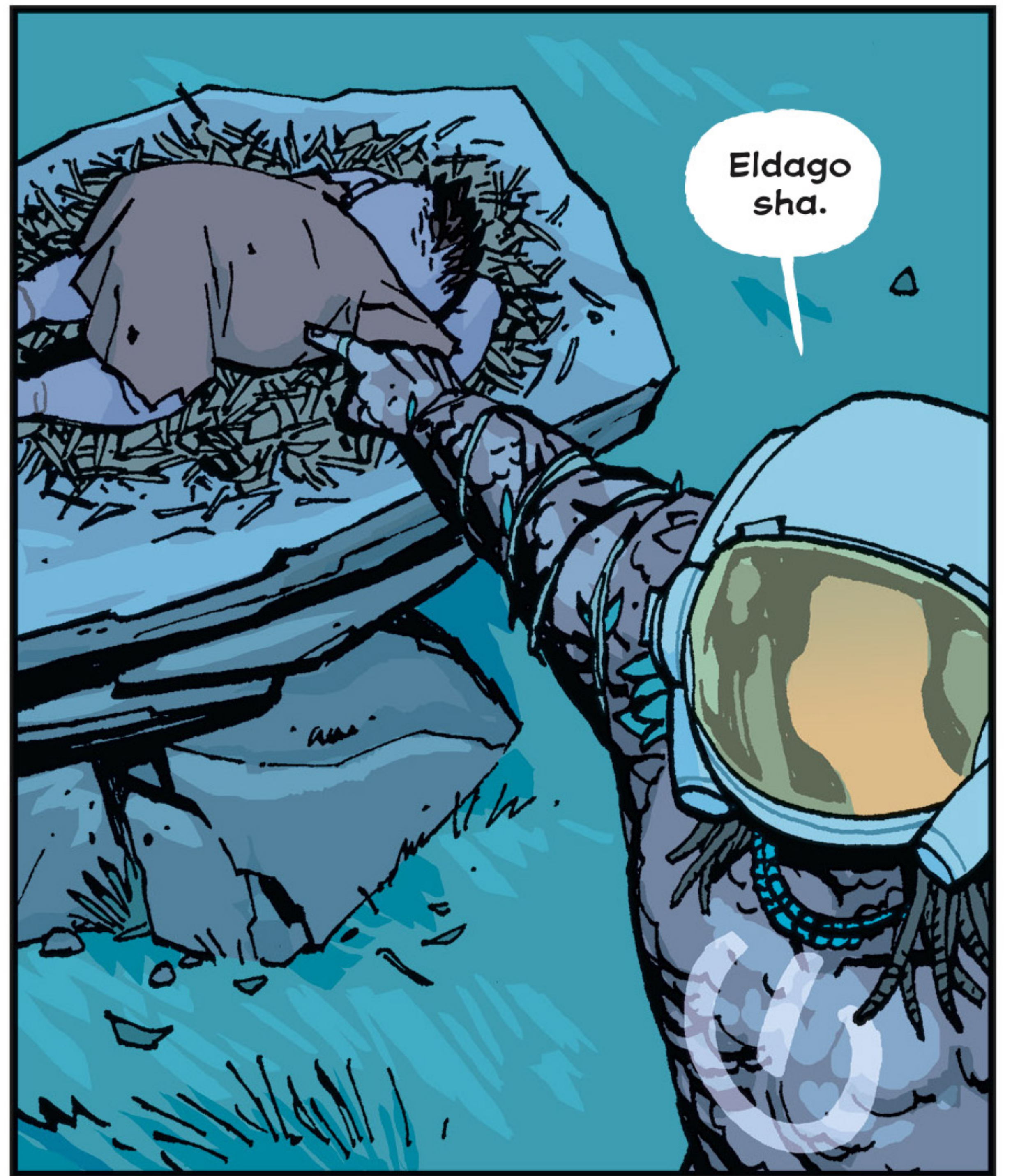
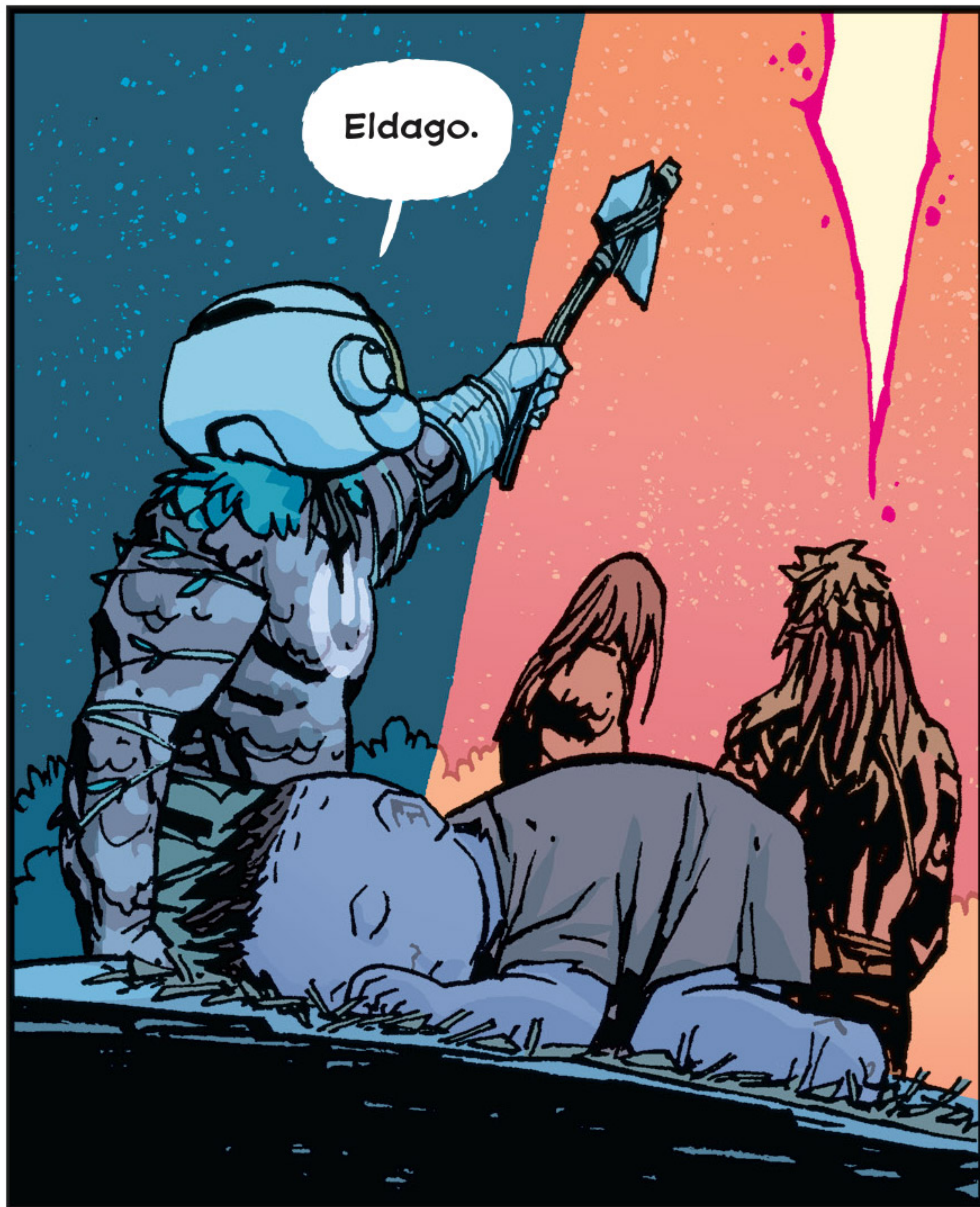


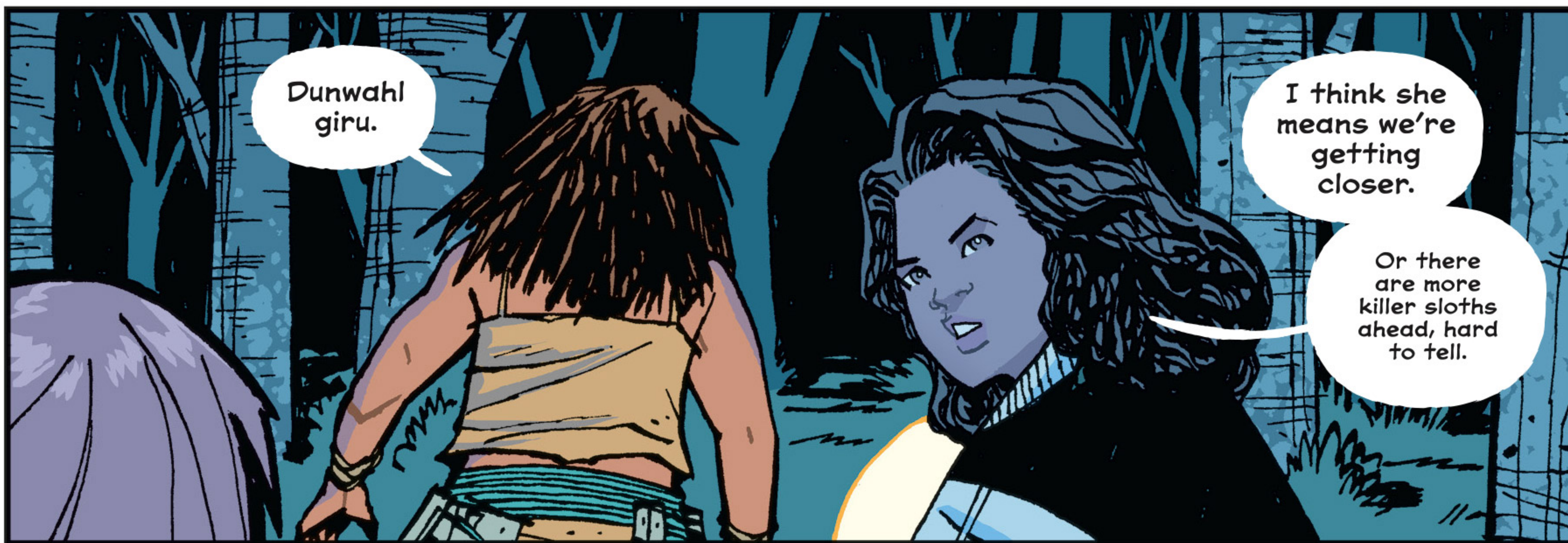
Elo denach ar!







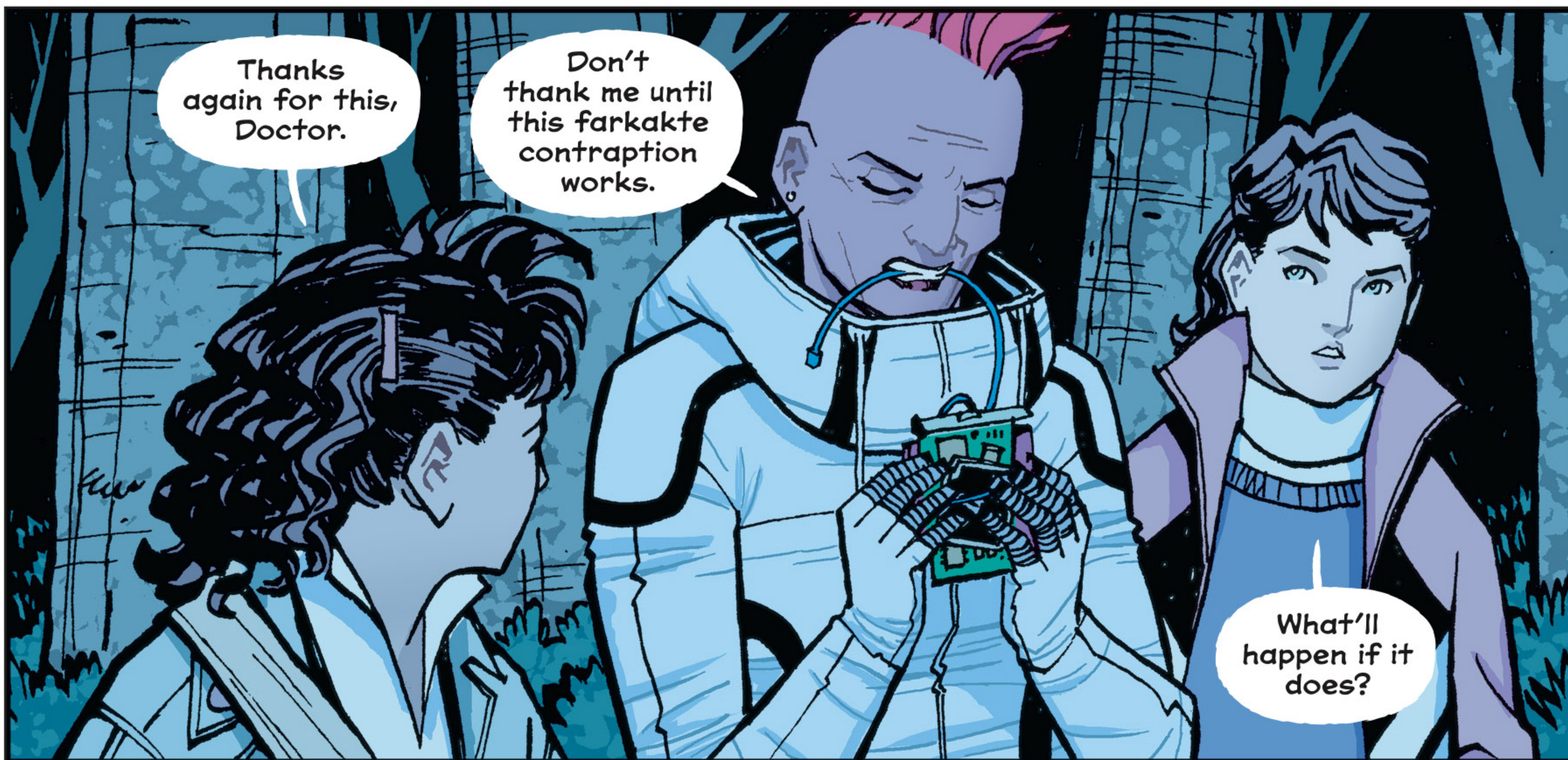




Dunwahl
giru.

I think she
means we're
getting
closer.

Or there
are more
killer sloths
ahead, hard
to tell.



Thanks
again for this,
Doctor.

Don't
thank me until
this farkakte
contraption
works.

What'll
happen if it
does?



Ideally, everyone within ten meters of this device will be rendered **unconscious** by a spectroscopic loop.

Wari can grab her child while the rest of us should have just enough time to run for the--



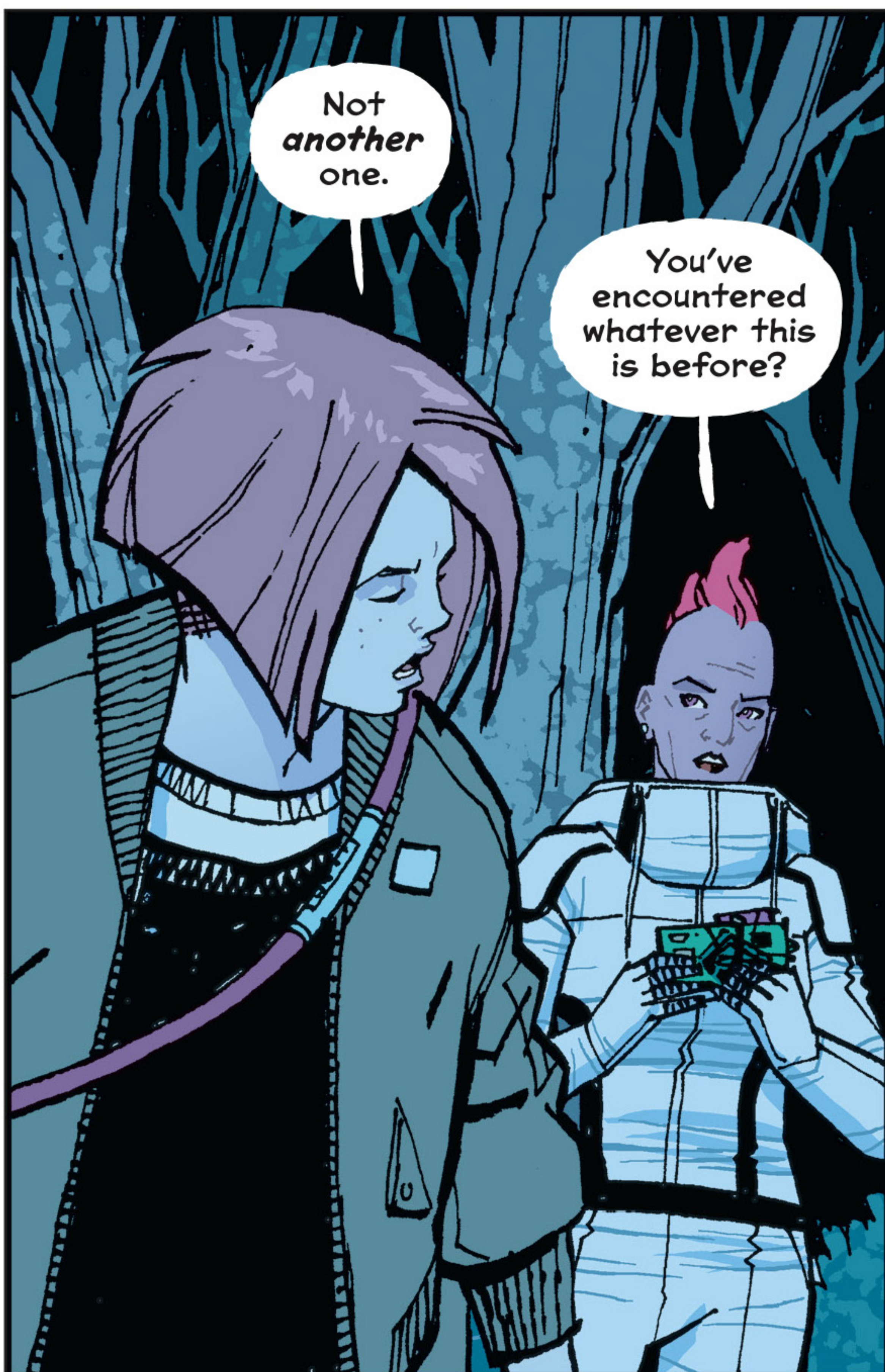
Huh.



Trouble?

I'm not sure.

But a **map program** just opened to tell me we're moving towards something called "The Last Folding."



Not another one.

You've encountered whatever this is before?



A folding is what brought us here, ma'am.

It's kind of like a...a floating time hole.

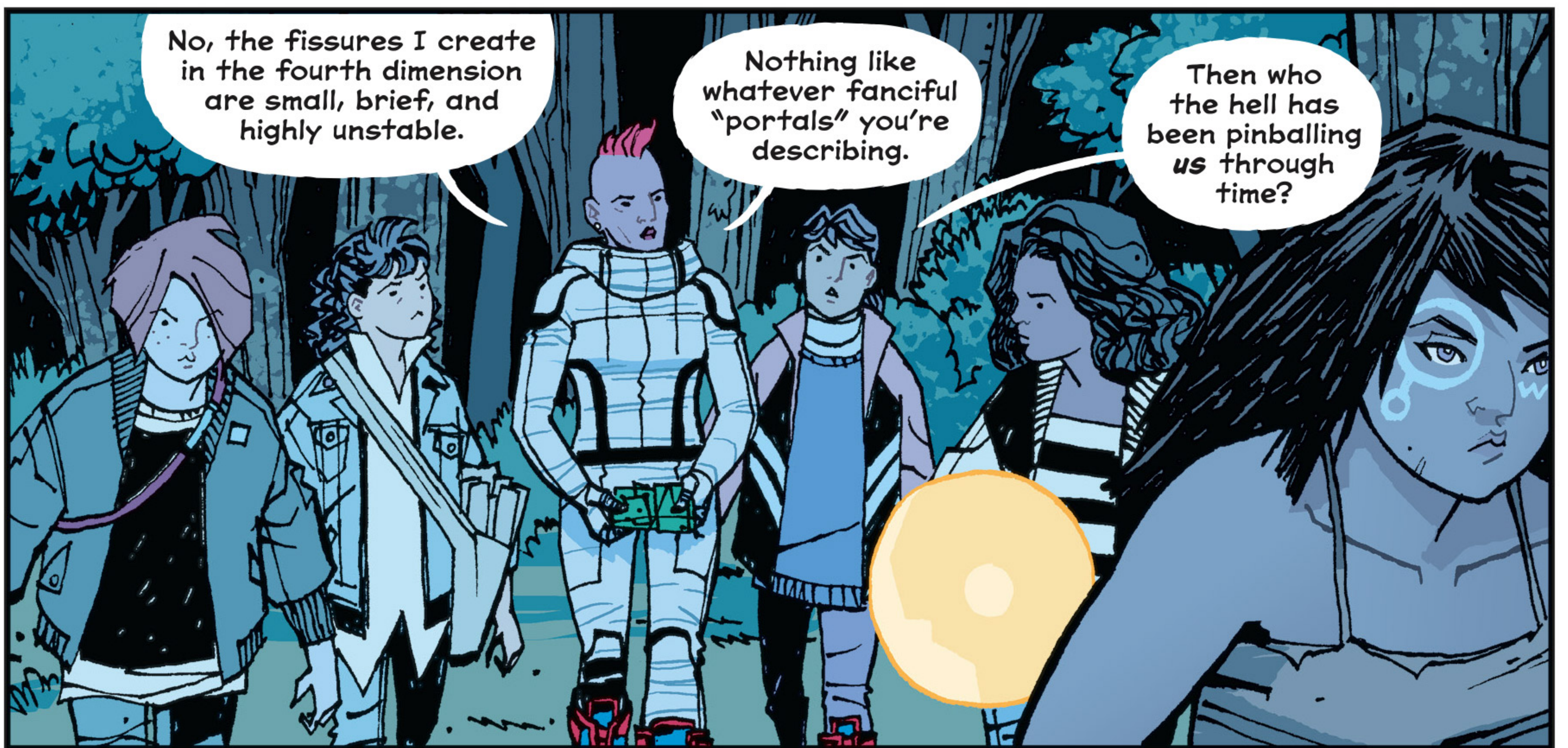
One that you four just passed through **unprotected?**



I take it that's not how you get around?

Hardly.

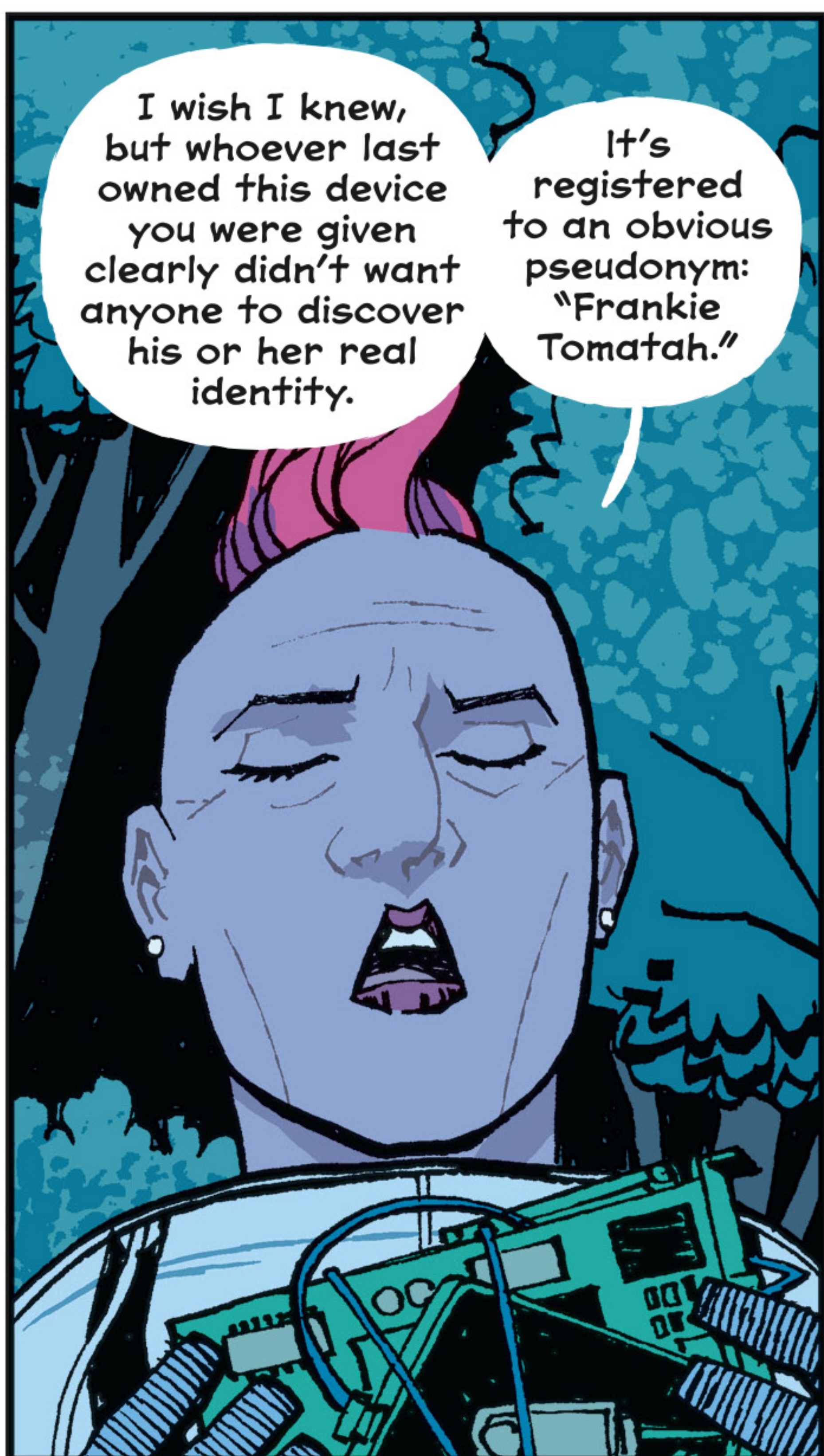
While we can control when I arrive, *where* is far less predictable, which is why my capsule only reenters in the relative safety of the space *above* Earth.



No, the fissures I create in the fourth dimension are small, brief, and highly unstable.

Nothing like whatever fanciful "portals" you're describing.

Then who the hell has been pinballing *us* through time?



I wish I knew, but whoever last owned this device you were given clearly didn't want anyone to discover his or her real identity.

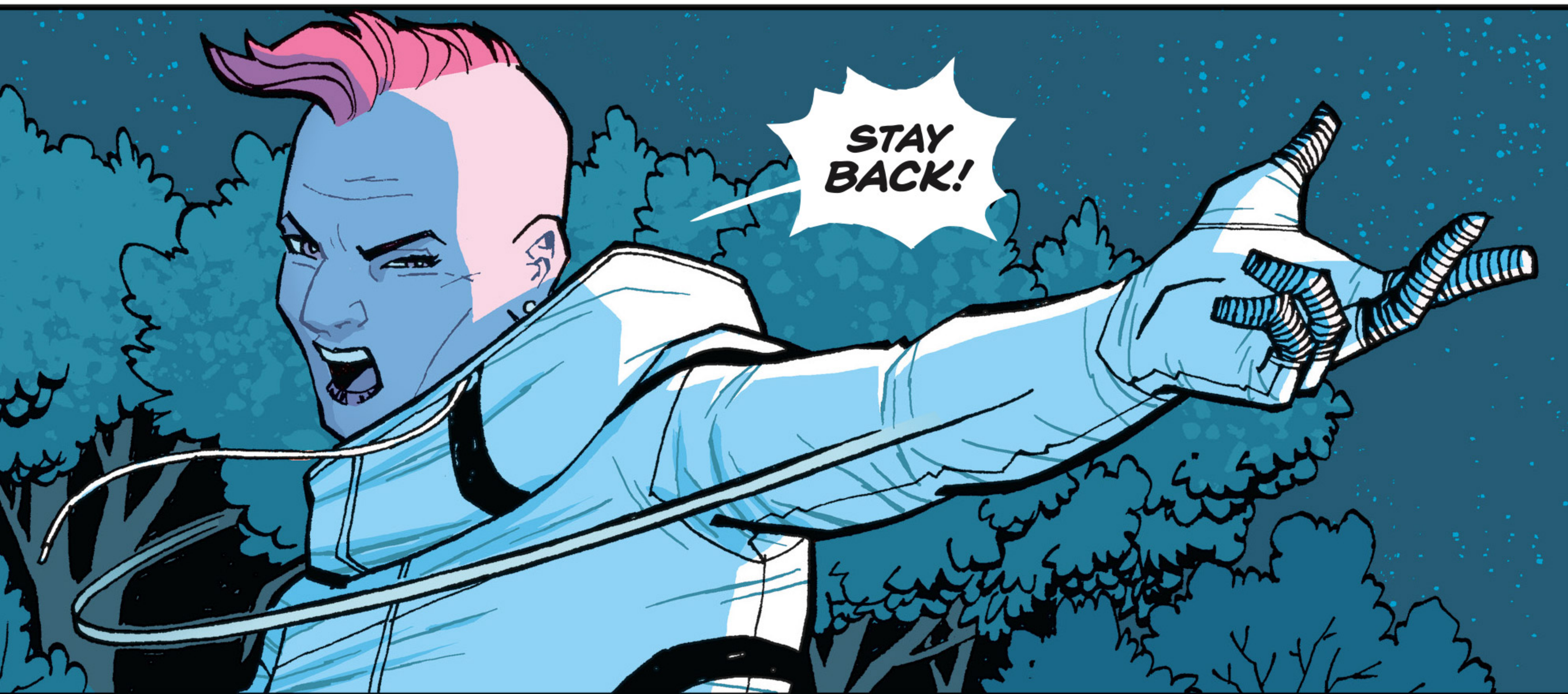
It's registered to an obvious pseudonym: "Frankie Tomatah."

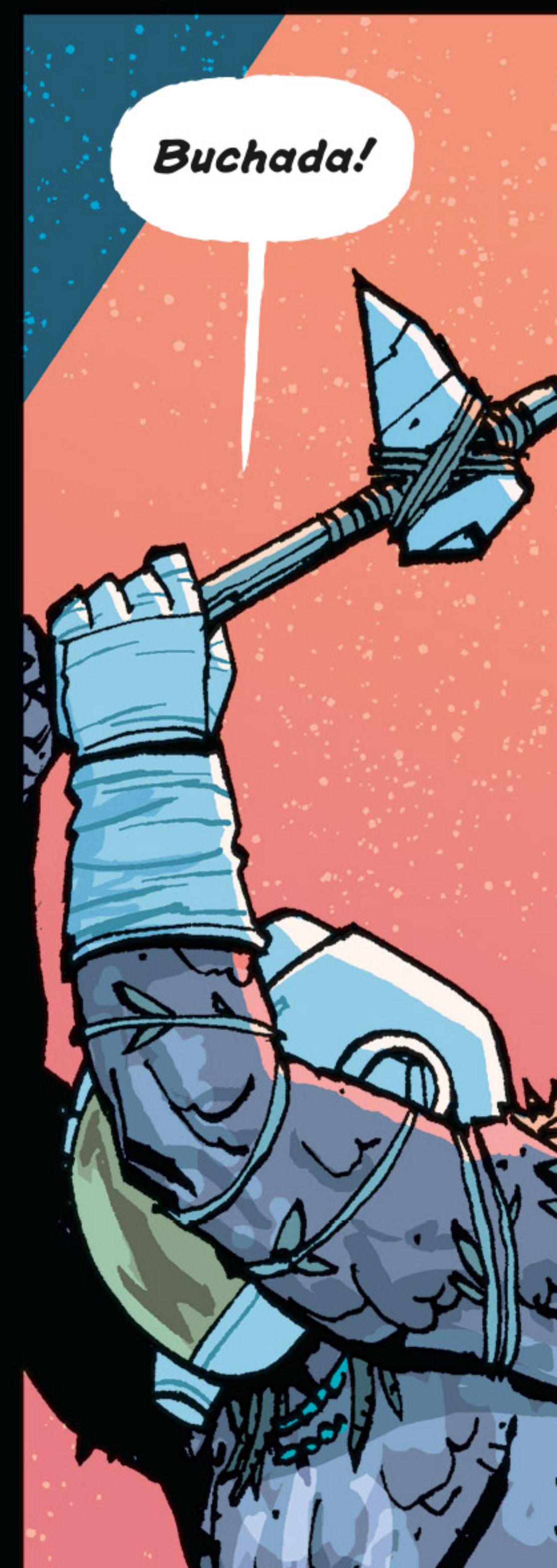


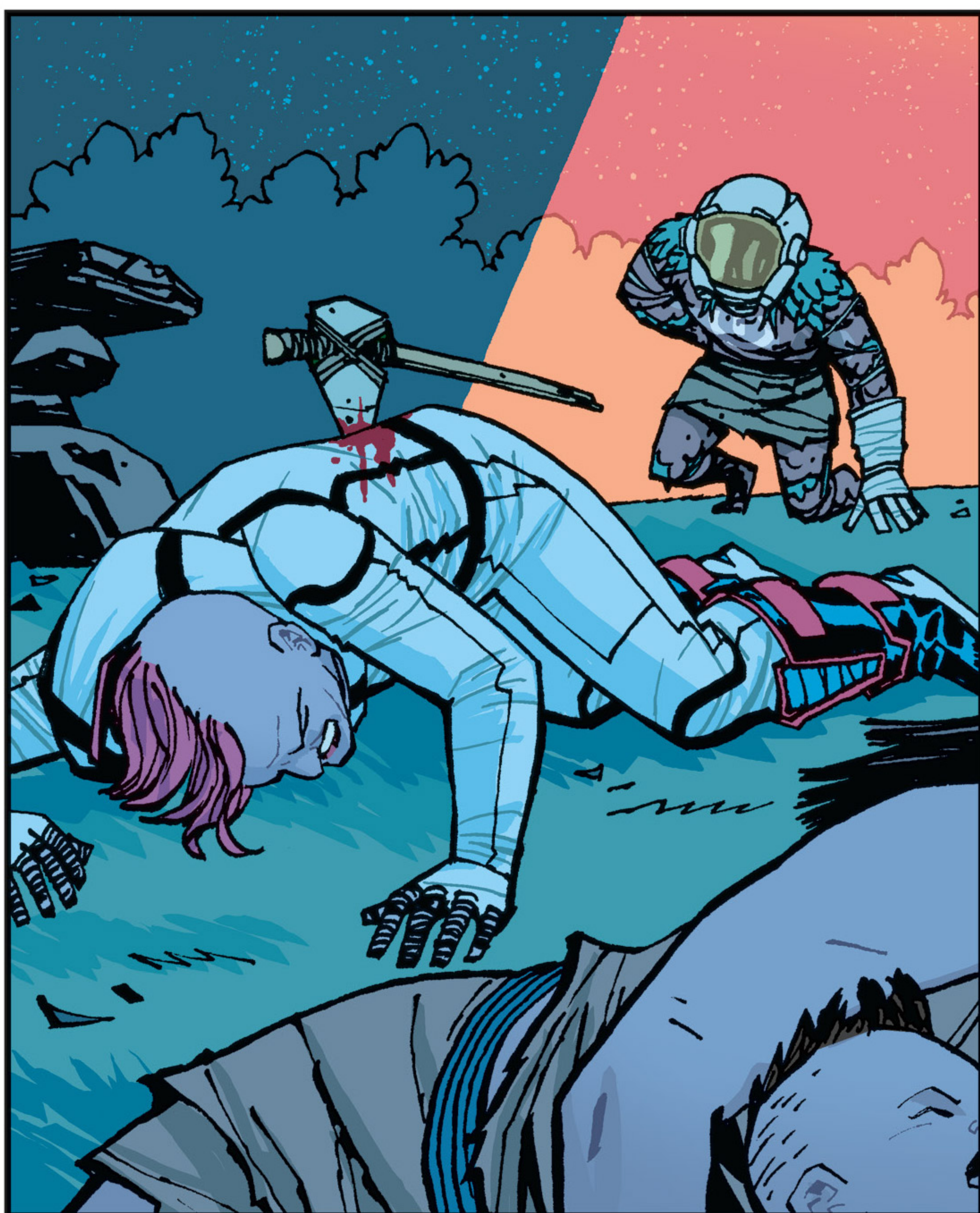
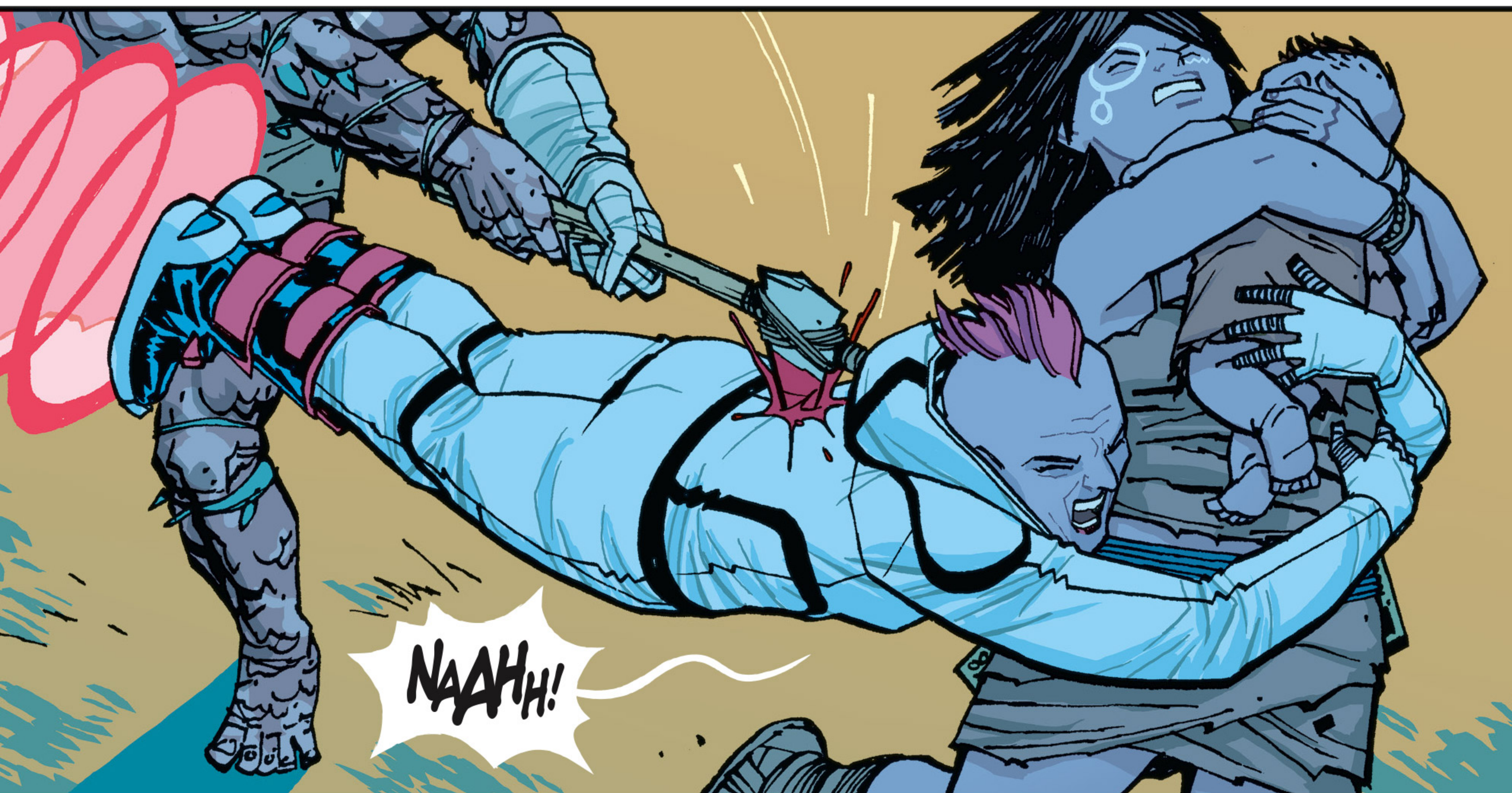
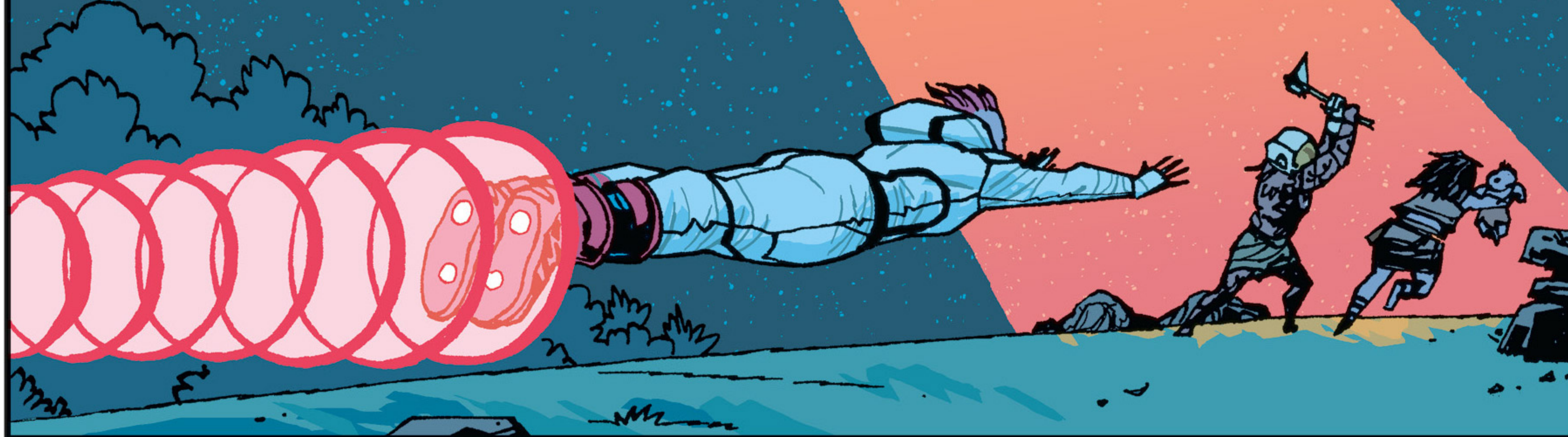
Where have I heard that name bef--

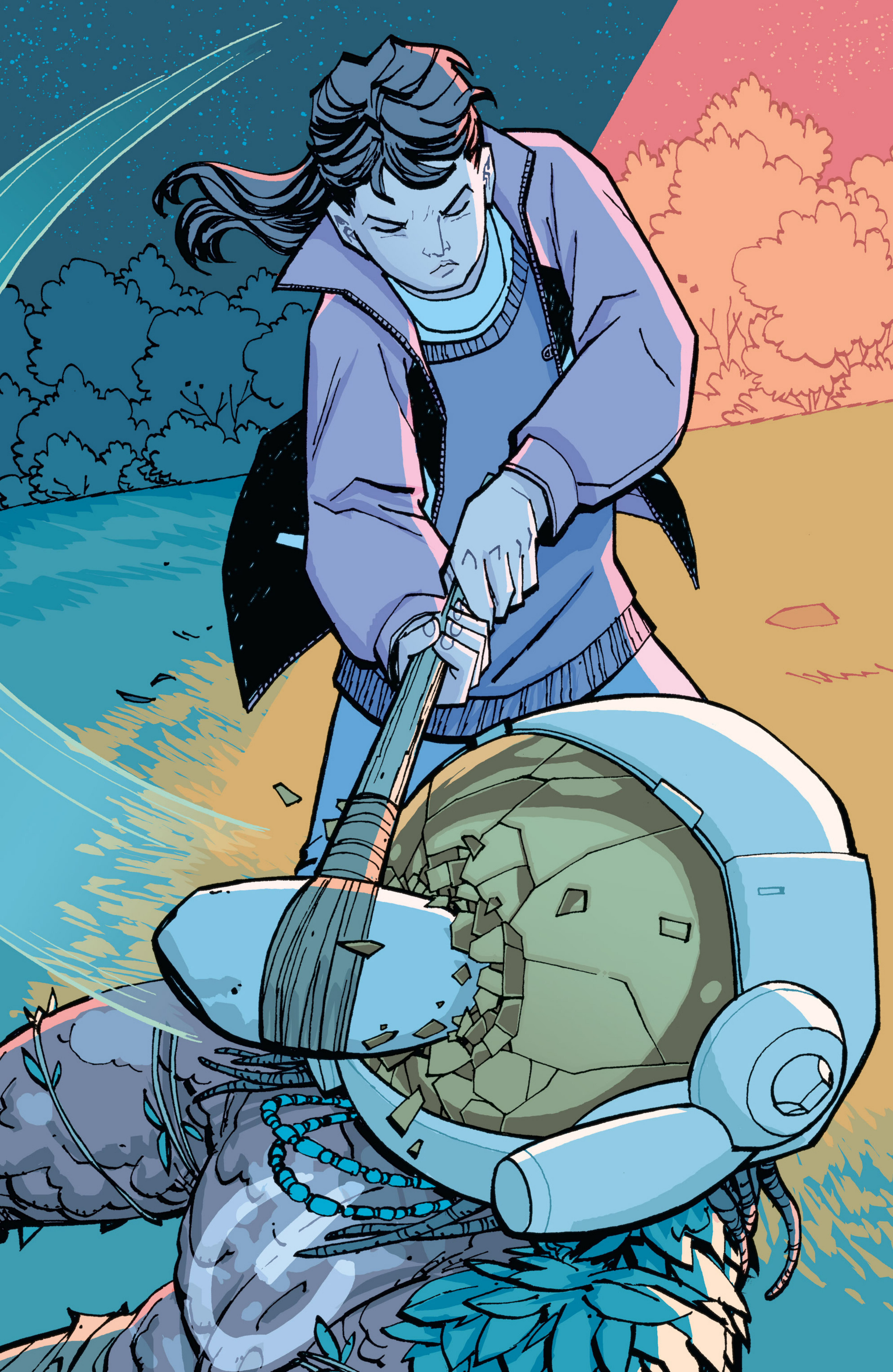


JAHPO!



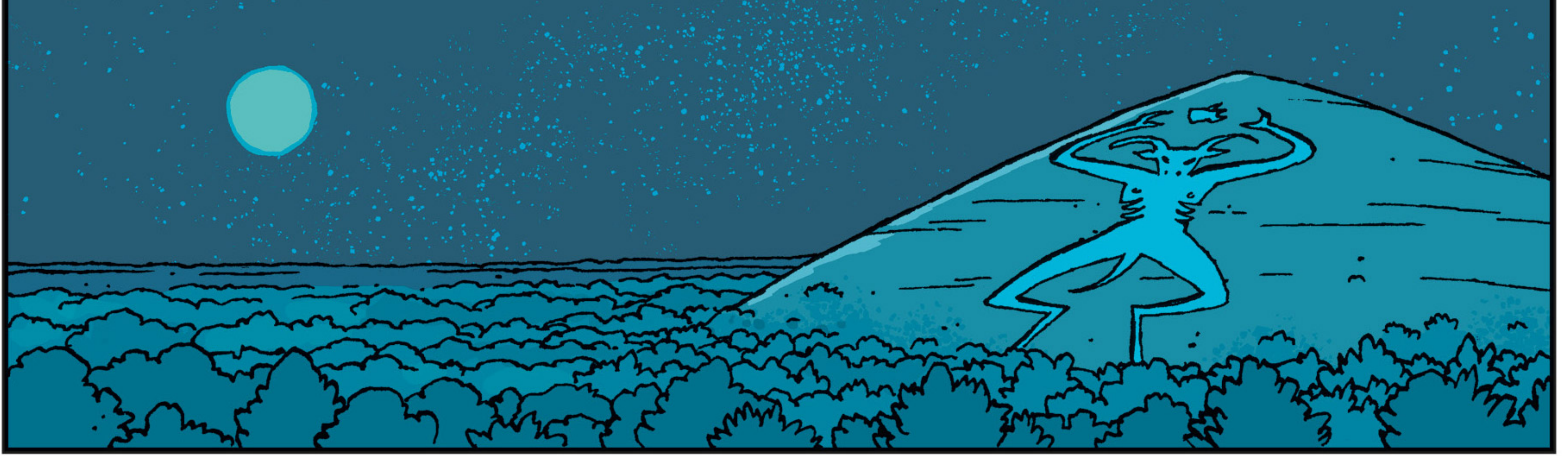












This way!

We're almost there!



He's dead. I, I *killed* a man.

You killed a monster.

And you saved a good woman.



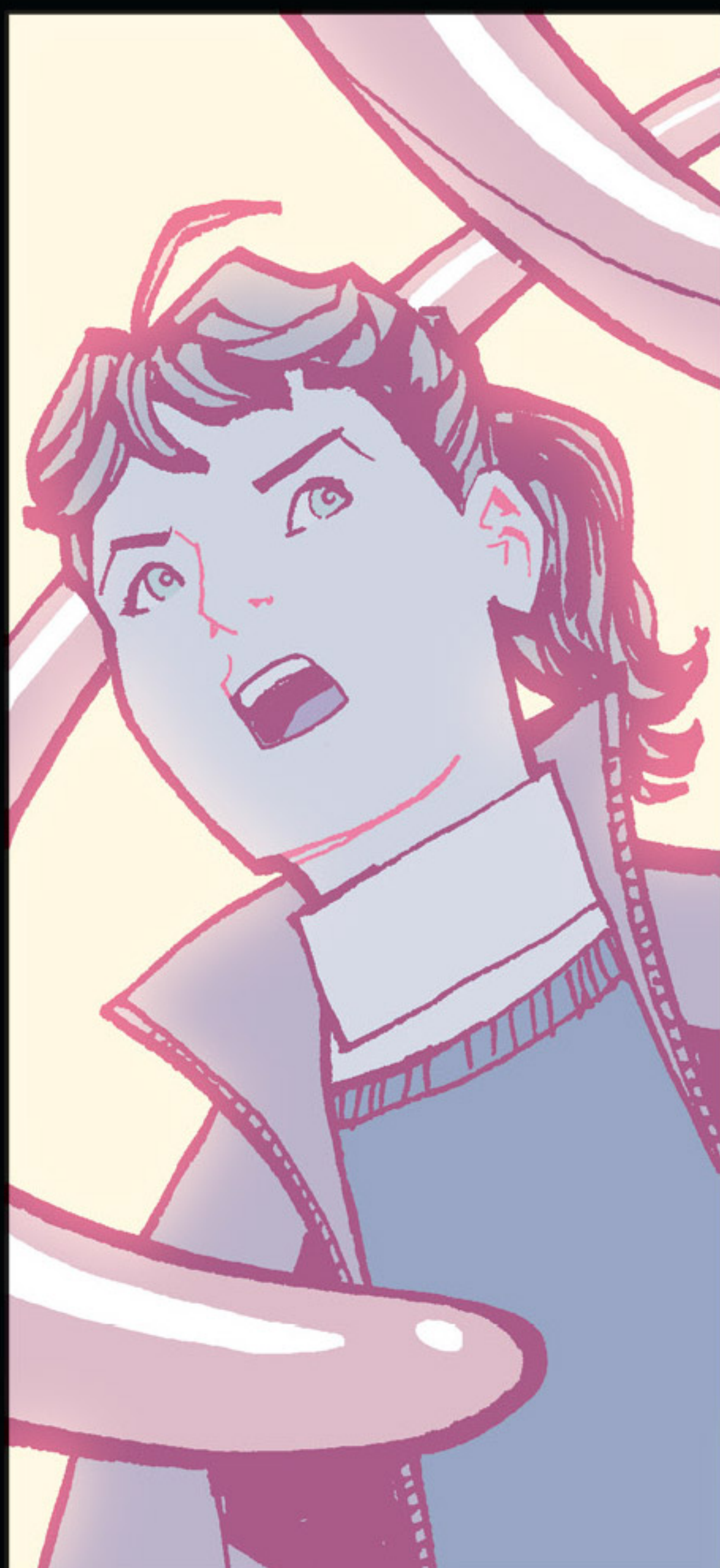
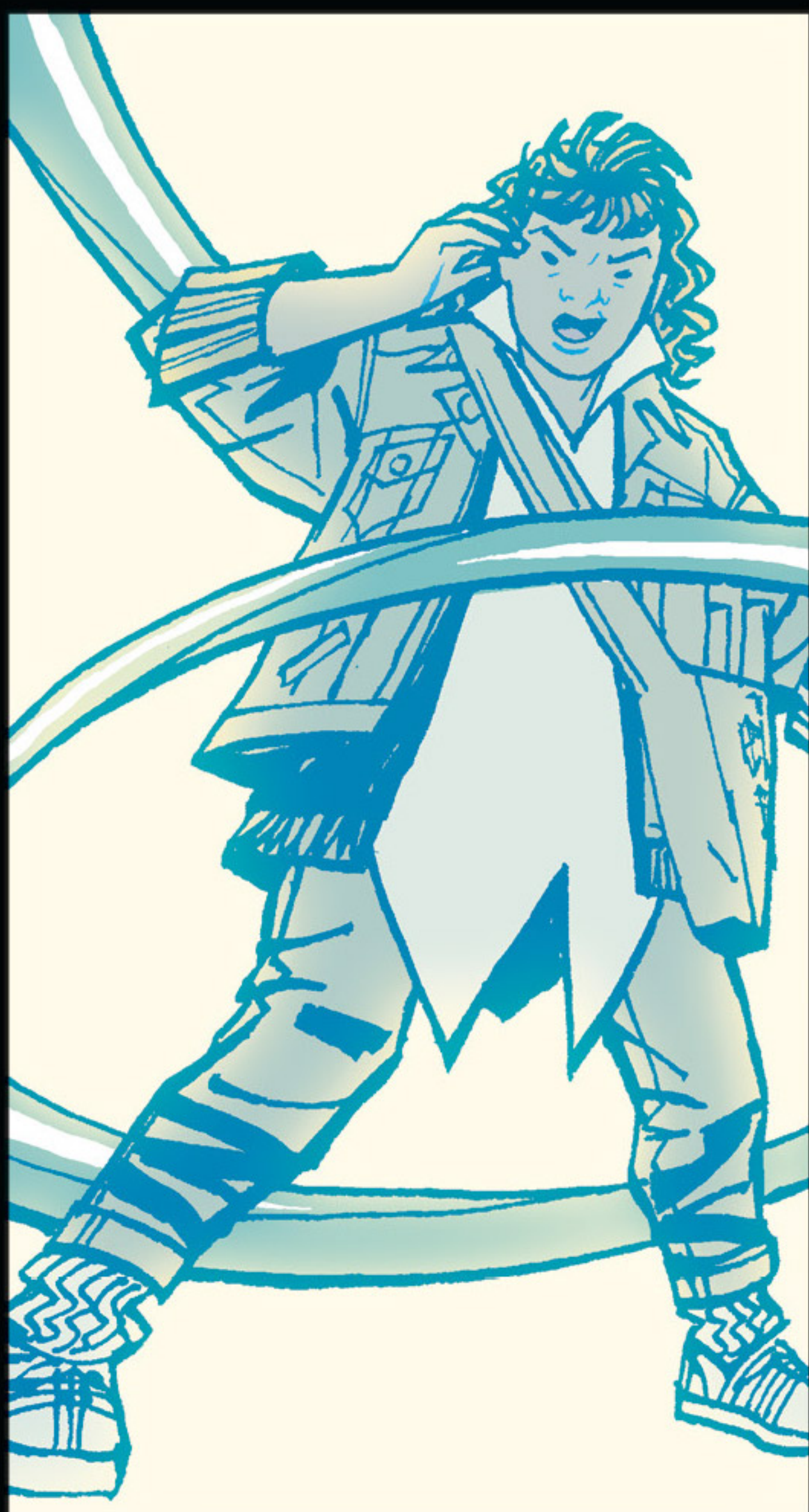
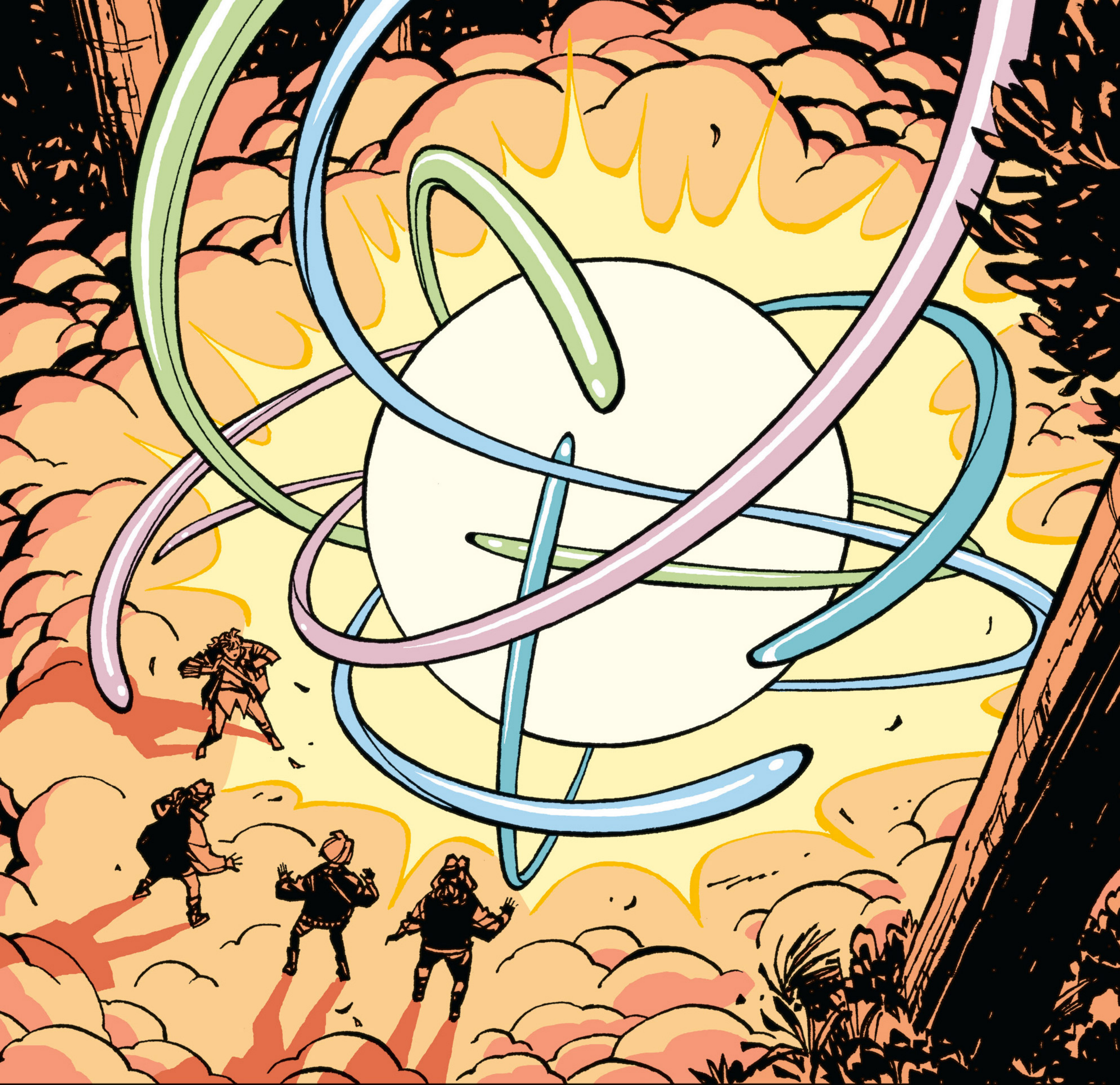
The one we're *abandoning*?

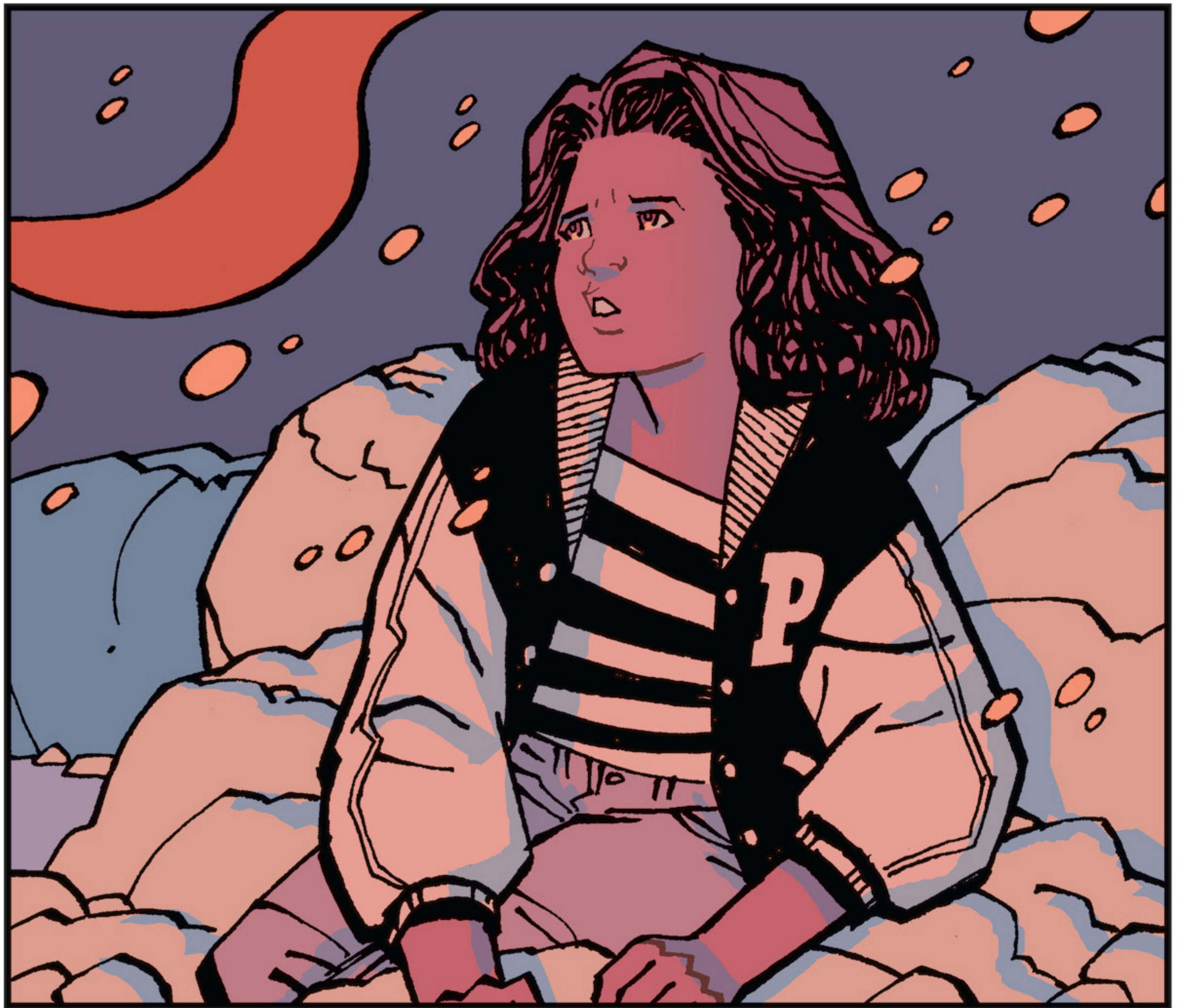
What are her people gonna do when they find out we ditched her and I *murdered* a--

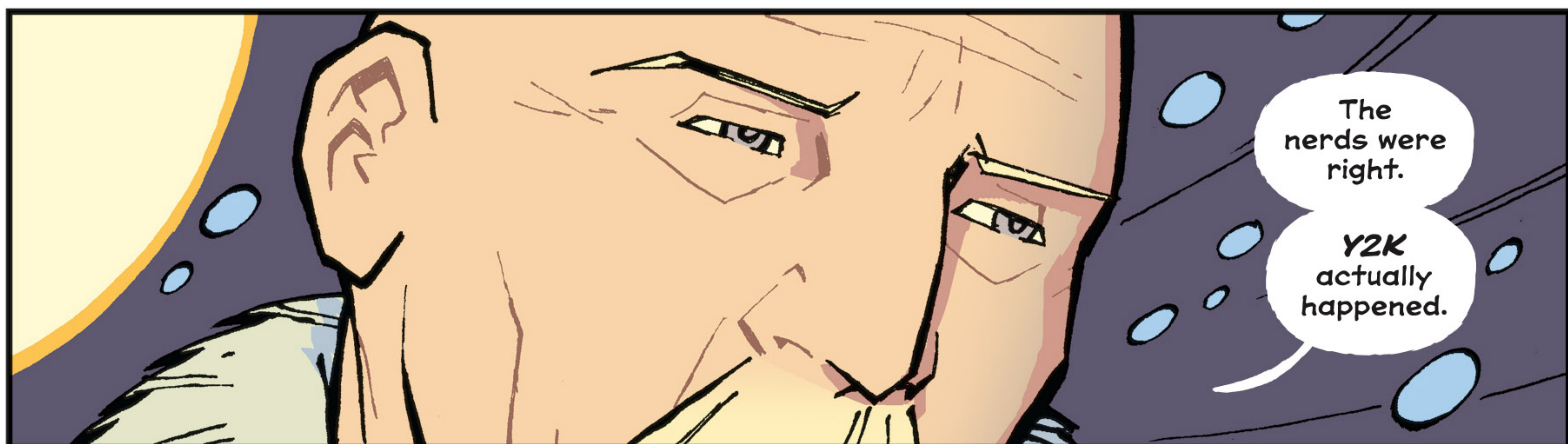
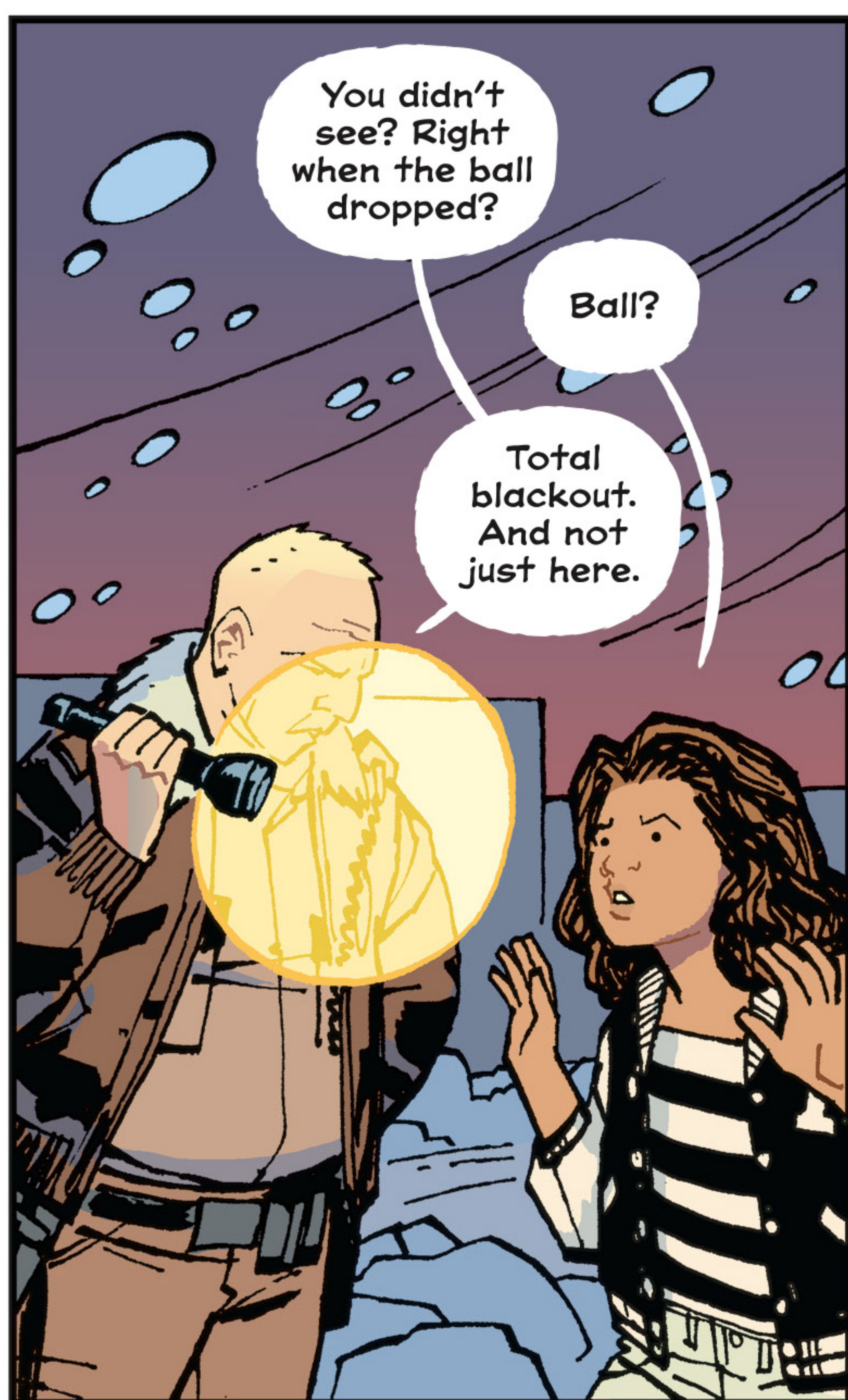


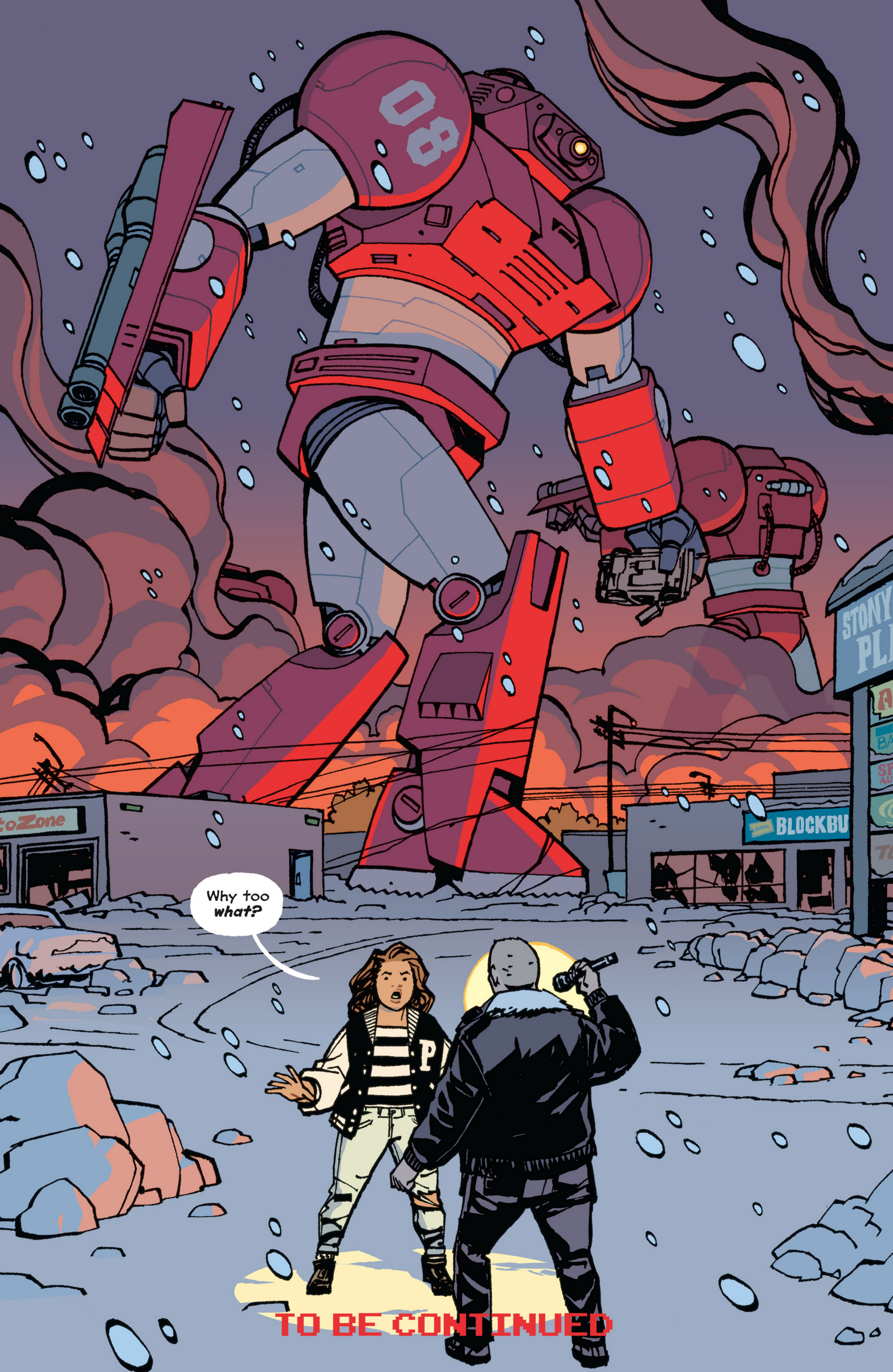
Goddammit.











Why too
what?

TO BE CONTINUED

The American Newspaper Delivery Guild

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



*Peter Roy
The Newsboy*

Extra! Extra!

Our new membership drive for the A.N.D.G. has CLOSED... for now!

Hiya, fellers! PETER ROY THE NEWSBOY here, and due to an overwhelming response of hopeful young deliverers applying to join our illustrious guild, I'm afraid we must temporarily suspend consideration for new members.

But if you missed this window, fear not—there will be more opportunities to apply after this esteemed newsletter returns in OCTOBER, following our regularly scheduled sabbatical. But if you were sharp enough to have already mailed us a properly stamped envelope featuring your correct address, ol' Peter promises to send you your very own MEMBERSHIP CARD soon enough!

Dear Mister Peter Roy:

I am powerful worried about what is happening in the Orient, what with those Boxer fellows in horrible Peking, and now what's happening with our own dear soldier boys on the distant islands of the Philippines. I thought we were going to leave all this fighting behind in the last century. Do you think our great nation will ever be able to rid the rest of this world of the terrible scourge of war?

Signed, *Jackson Davies*
Chicago, IL

I do believe that lasting peace for the globe is well within our reach, young man. As long as we don't lose hope and continue to support our armed troops in these closing days of combat, I am more certain than ever that a headline in our not-too-distant future will declare: "United States Department of War Closed for Business After Final Battles Won!"

Dear Intrepid Travelers,

If you are lost and looking for directions, keep your eyes on the funnies. The answer is right in front of your nose. Get it?

Best of luck, *Frankie Tomatah*
Stony Stream, OH

I most certainly do not "get it," Mister Tomatah. For the last time, our periodic newsletter has very limited space, and my colleagues and I dare not waste another inch of it on the tomfoolery with which you and your fellow hooligans continue to plague our pages. Be gone!

Dear Petey,

I'm so happy it's finally May. Perfect delivery weather! Not too hot, not too cold. Do you have a favorite month to work as a paperboy?

Hang in there, *Wyatt Diego*
Dallas, TX

Calling yourself a "paperboy" makes you sound like some kind of doll you might cut out of a magazine for children. Wyatt. And referring to me as "Petey" is equally in poor taste. Let us try to behave like professional newsboys, shall we? That said, you and I are in complete agreement: May being the ideal time to hawk our wares.

Dear Rita Pearl,

At first, I was as confused as everyone else. After multiple close reads, I think I finally understand.

Mr. Vaughan,
Thank you for always giving me
a chance to relax with a good read
and putting a smile on my face
each month. You are
a shining example of excellence
in your writing profession and I
hope you remain for as long as
possible. I truly can't wait to share
your stories with my children
(nine and twelve respectively)
and watch for the same responses
from them that I had. All the best
to your teams from all books,
and scratch Hamburger and his
new friend behind the ear for me
please.

Yours truly,

Benjamin Delcamp
New York, NY

*Much obliged, Benjamin. I'll
pass along your regards to Mr.
Vaughan next time I catch him by
the mailbox.*

Dear Rita,

Brother Crow Book One, a new
comic about two kids from Ohio,
is live on Kickstarter and could
use your support: [Facebook.com/
brothercrowcomic](https://www.facebook.com/brothercrowcomic)

Thanks,

Justin Rueff

*Thanks for the lovely postcard,
Justin! I'm quickly becoming a
fan of comics set in Ohio, so I'm
excited to check out your book.*

Hiya, A.N.D.G. gang!

After twelve great issues of your
comic magazine, I thought I'd
drop you a line! *Paper Girls* is
among the best titles I'm pulling
right now. I keep all the postcards
you send, and I even bought a
copy of #1 at a local comic show
signed by Brian, Cliff, Matt and
Jared. I love how you run contests
and puzzles in the back pages; I
think it's a great way to keep the
fans connected to each other, and
the creative team!

Anyways, I thought I'd share
something cool with you from my

younger days! Though I was never
a paperboy, in the fifth grade a
couple of my buddies and I gave
up our recesses to write for our
school newsletter. We didn't have
to get up early and bike the city
streets slinging papers, but in our
own way, we brought the news to
the people of our school.

Best,

Steven Mueller
Milwaukee, WI
Member #11013000

*Steven, the team behind Paper
Girls is always glad to hear from
readers like you, and we at the
A.N.D.G. are happy to include
intrepid young journalists in our
ranks. Keep spreading the news!*

*And speaking of news, the
following missive was scrawled
on a page torn from a recently
published national paper:*

RP the PG,

Thanks for all you do! Everyone
involved in getting journalism to
U.S. citizens is to be honored.
It's never been more important
thanks to the a--hole on the right
[pictured: POTUS #45].

Please let me join your mission!

James L.
Detroit, MI

*I'm not a huge fan of including
that kind of language—or
partisan politics—in these pages,
but I will be the first to admit that
it really stings to be called the
enemy of the American people.
Sheesh.*

*Anyway, in this crazy timeline
we're in, I'm thankful every day
that the free press is still free.
And grateful to be a part of an
organization that's fighting to
keep it that way. We can take all
comers on this mission.*

Dear Rita & Petey,

I'm not sure if it's a printing
mistake by "Peter" Roy, but issue
#11 said that applications for the

A.N.D.G. membership card were
being accepted again! Since
I was so bummed I missed out
before, I thought it was worth a
try sending in an S.A.S.E. and a
letter. Being a member would be
such an honor!

I'm older now, but I still remember
helping my friend deliver papers
for her brother. His route was a
big one, so we'd help out on our
bikes, zooming from house to
house, feeling pretty rad.

So, thanks for being the mascots
of such an awesome guild – I
really hope I can be a member.

Kate
Rochester, NY

*Kate, your membership request
successfully came in under the
wire! Please look for your card
sometime soon. For anyone just
seeing this now, I'm sorry to
report that membership is once
again CLOSED. To those who
missed the deadline: no worries!
Just keep in touch. There will be
another window soon enough.*

Dear A.N.D.G.,

I am writing to request two
membership cards for my
daughters – Emma & Lucy. Emma
will be three in May and Lucy
is two weeks old. Emma really
enjoys all sorts of indie comics
when we read aloud.

Emma and I are both hoping that
Lucy will also enjoy comics as
much as we do.

Thanks,

Alex
Seattle, WA

*How cute! I'm happy to make
your littles honorary members.
Their cards are in the mail, Alex.
Just be careful sharing some
of those comics once they can
read, okay? There's a lot stuff for
"mature readers" that could scar
a kid for life.*

- Cat food
- Dog food
- Hamburger meat
- Hamburger buns
- Ketchup
- Mustard

Victor Campos
Chula Vista, CA

Not totally sure how this quasi-poem relates to our newsletter, Victor, but maybe you just accidentally sent us your shopping list? Either way, thanks for writing.

Dear A.N.D.G.,

I, too, consider myself a lifelong member of the Guild. Growing up in the Cleveland, OH area, a fine location that I still call home to this day, I found myself in need of an income to fund my comic-collecting needs. Delivering newspapers up and down my block in the Old Brooklyn borough of Cleveland was a perfect way of making the money I needed. Pilfering quarters out of my Dad’s silver coin collection jar wasn’t going to cut it anymore with the rising prices of comics in the eighties, when they went from 50 cents up to the outrageous amount of 60 cents! (I do still apologize to this day to my father for spending his silver quarters on *Star Wars* and *Welcome Back, Kotter* cards, which were ironically thrown away by my parents when they moved to the suburbs). I also spent that hard-earned cash on back issues of *Claremont/Byrne X-Men* comics that I missed out on in the late 70s, early 80s.

I remember days of trudging through snow to deliver papers for the *Cleveland Press* (Cleveland’s only “color” newspaper) after school every afternoon. Looking back, it seems unusual that people would want a paper that late in the day, but that was the way it was. I would, however,

have to get up bright and early on Sunday mornings to put together the extra-large edition of the paper and deliver those before people would wake up. Those got pretty heavy when all loaded in the delivery sack, and getting them into plastic bags to protect from rain and snow was a chore. Mom would always worry that I would be abducted in those dark, early morning hours, but I would assure her that my twelve-year-old self could fight off any ne’er-do-wells.

Collecting money in the winter was the worst because you had to carry around the ring of subscriber cards and a hole-punch tool to mark off the paid weeks of your customers. It was hard to handle money and flip cards with gloves on, so I would oftentimes go gloveless and return home after a couple hours of trying to get people to pay up with red, stiff, frozen hands. Of course, I would be tempted to hold them under hot water, which would only increase the torture.

I rarely got tips, although a five or ten-cent tip was received from my nicer patrons. The guy who was never home when I collected or told me he didn’t have the one or two bucks he owed me for the paper would every now and then give me a \$1 tip, which would make me forget about all the trouble he would cause me with his late payments.

The *Press* went out of business while I worked for them, forced out by the larger *Plain Dealer* publication, and that ended my career in paper carrying, but I still have a paper delivered to my home every day, and always tip my carrier when given the opportunity!

Yours Truly,
Mike Fechner
Cleveland, OH

How cool, Mike! I’m glad you still have your fingers, and tons of great life experience to show for it. You are clearly a resourceful person who knows how to get what he wants, and I’m glad a job opportunity came along to save you from a life of quarter-pinching crime.

For your great story (and generous tipping to your current carrier), you have won the coveted title of “Deliverer of the Month!” Please look out for your exciting prize package in the mail.

Thanks to all who shared their thoughts, stories and questions with us. While our newsletter (and the comic that generously hosts it) will be going on hiatus for the next three months, please know that our Guild is always here for you. Never hesitate to write us with your questions, quandaries, pet peeves and proposals.

Yours in portage,
Rita Pearl, Paper Girl

THE A.N.D.G. Art Corner!

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

Heya!

I wanted to pay tribute to an amazing comic, so I drew one (two?) of my favorite characters.

This comic is so well written and beautifully illustrated. I look forward to each new issue and am excited to see how the story progresses!

Thank you!

Danielle Shultz

Green Bay, WI

This is gorgeous, Danielle! We here at the A.N.D.G. are also big fans of Wari and Jahpo, and hope to see them again soon (rumor has it we may have seen at least one of them long ago in the pages of Paper Girls?).

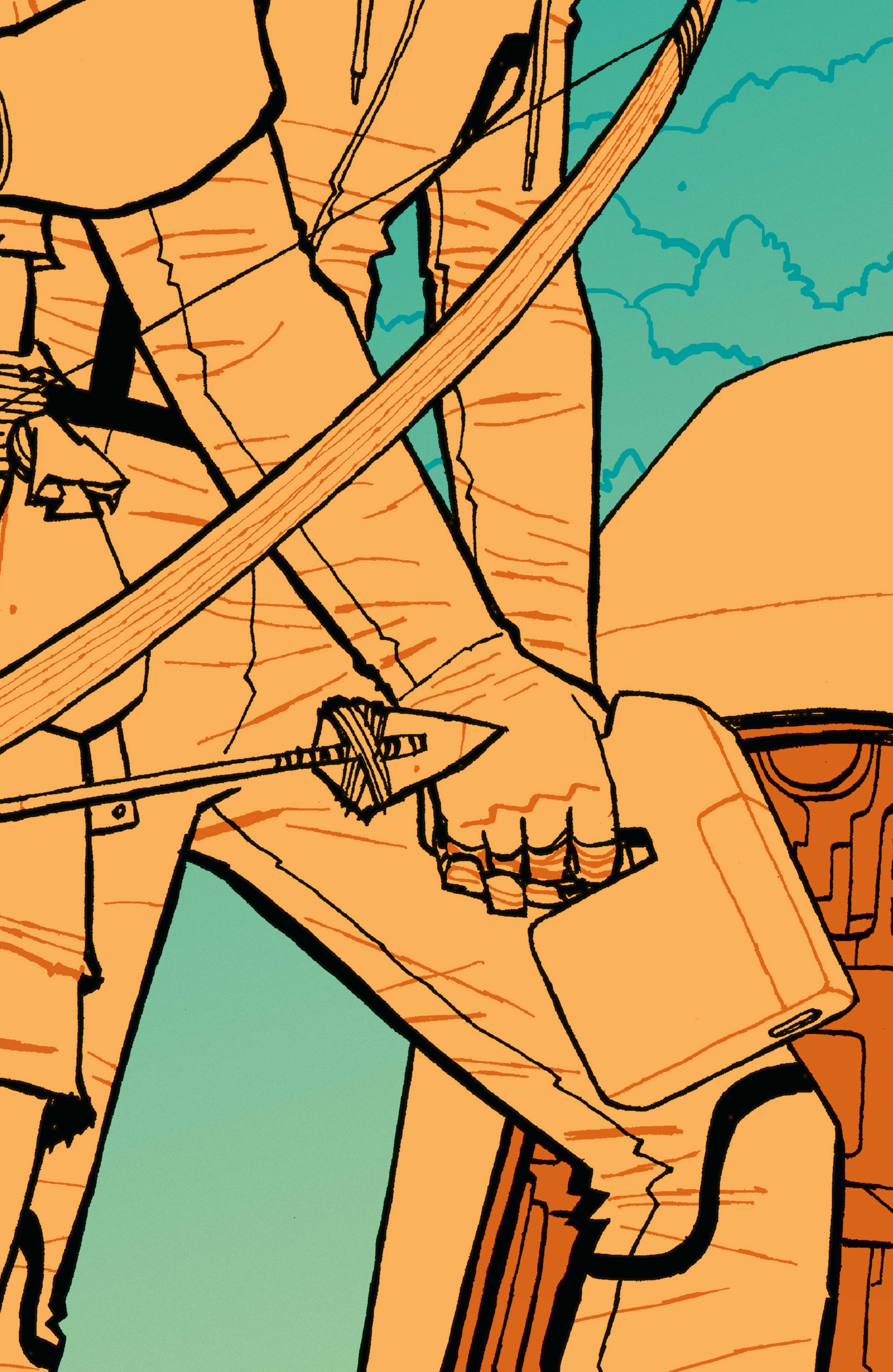
Anyway, in honor of your artistic contribution, we'll be sending you some of our highly coveted PETEY ROY & RITA PEARL PINS! ▼



As always, if any of you other deliverers out there would like to share a drawing with us (it can be a character or characters from Paper Girls, or anything at all to do with our line of work), just send your masterpiece to the address above!



Danielle Shultz





4 of 4

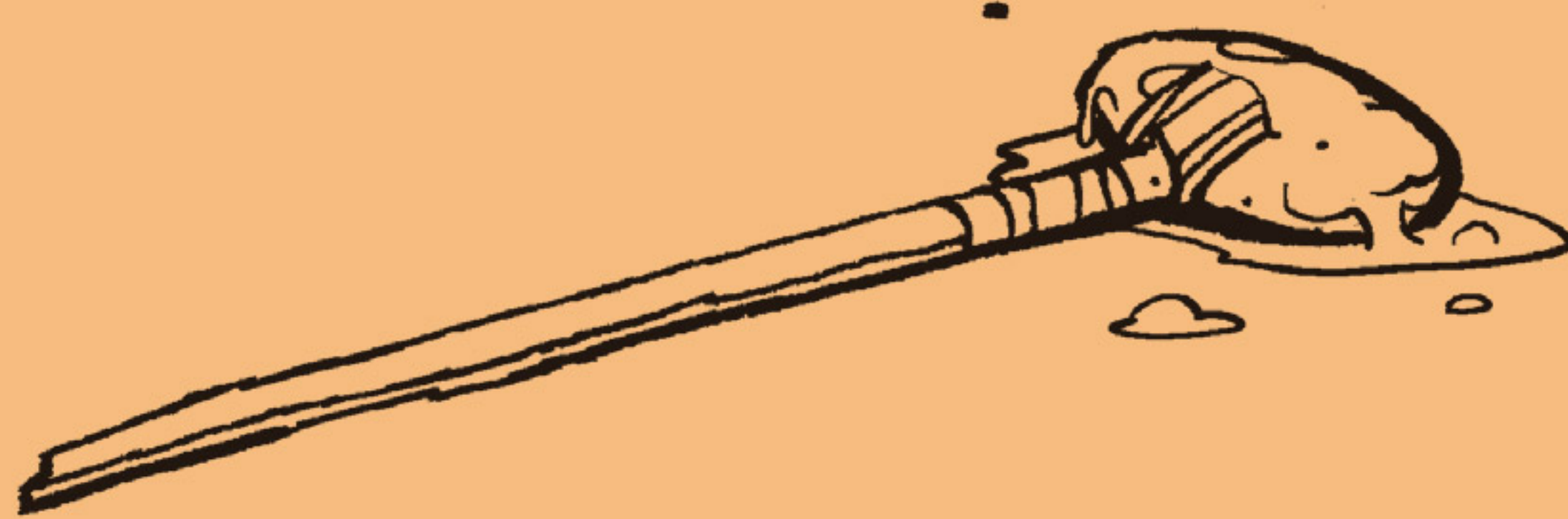
1

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



Paper Girls 16

ON SALE 10.04.17

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





ISSUE 15

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN
CLIFF CHIANG
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