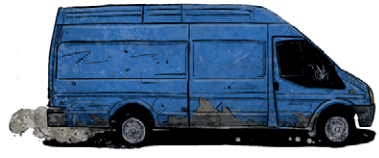
"Brutal, shocking, and packed with a creeping sense of dread that will linger long after you've finished reading." - Big Comic Page

SINK

WELCOME TO GLASGOW



FOREWORD BY FRANK QUITELY

John Lees
Alex Cormack
Shawn Lee
Colin Bell

COMIX TRIBE

SINK

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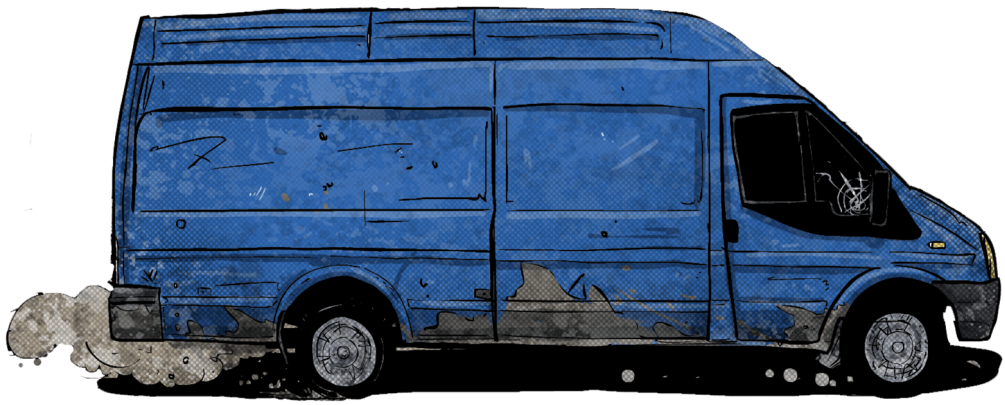

SINK: Welcome to Glasgow
Volume 1

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Now get in the van.

PRINTED IN KOREA.

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WELCOME TO GLASGOW

VOLUME ONE

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That sinking feeling...

SINK starts with the end of a night out in the city centre. A young Glaswegian suburbanite misses his last bus home, and with his phone dead, has to walk. His walk across the very real city of Glasgow takes him through the thankfully fictitious, yet horribly familiar, East End area of Sinkhill.

Sinkhill is the stage and backdrop to five standalone stories that together paint a harrowing portrait of a Glasgow slum, and are connected by more than just their location. The stories of the main characters and their supporting cast recur and overlap, interweaving urban legends, surreal horror, human bloodsports, torture, ultra violence and death.

SINK is both cleverly layered and boldly anarchic, claustrophobic and explosive, funny, familiar and frightening, and unashamedly thrilling.

John Lees and Alex Cormack are at the top of their game here.

Together, they take us on a ride that changes pace, tone and genre to suit the story, characters or scene, along paths that feel dreadfully inevitable, yet are full of surprising turns, and leaves us at destinations we hadn't expected to arrive at.

SINK is a thrill-ride.

So get in the van.

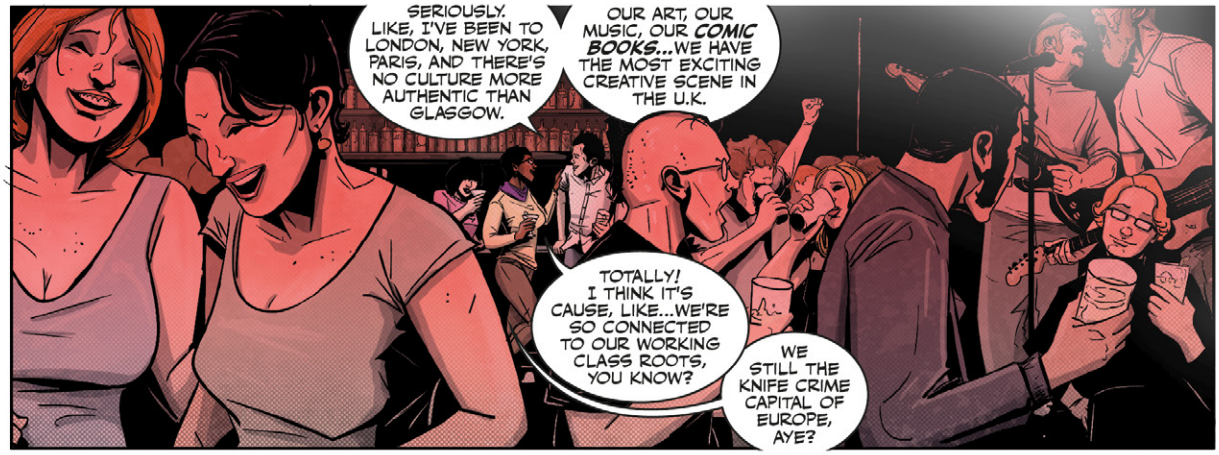
Frank Quitely
Glasgow, 2018

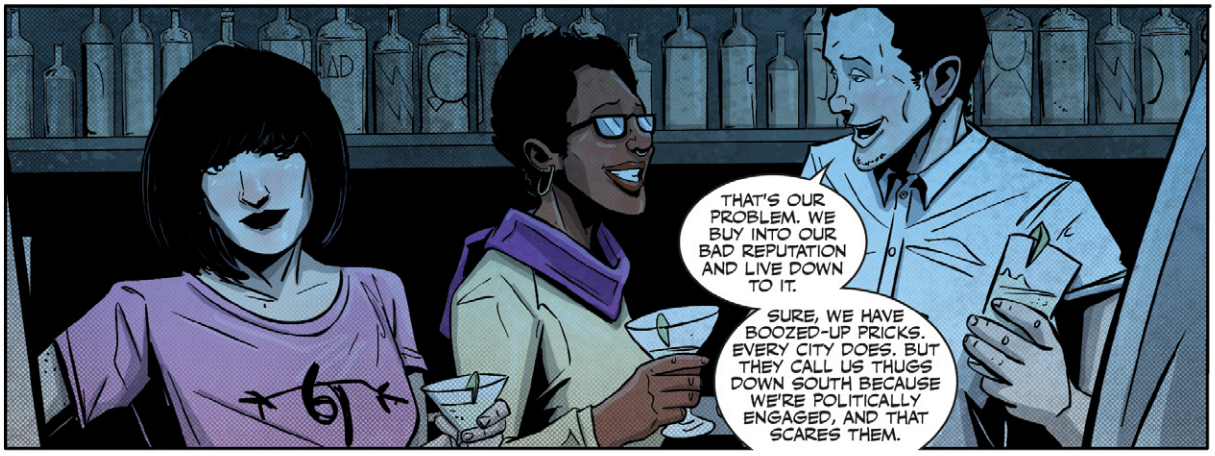
Welcome to Glasgow

"BLUE VAN COUNTRY"

ONE

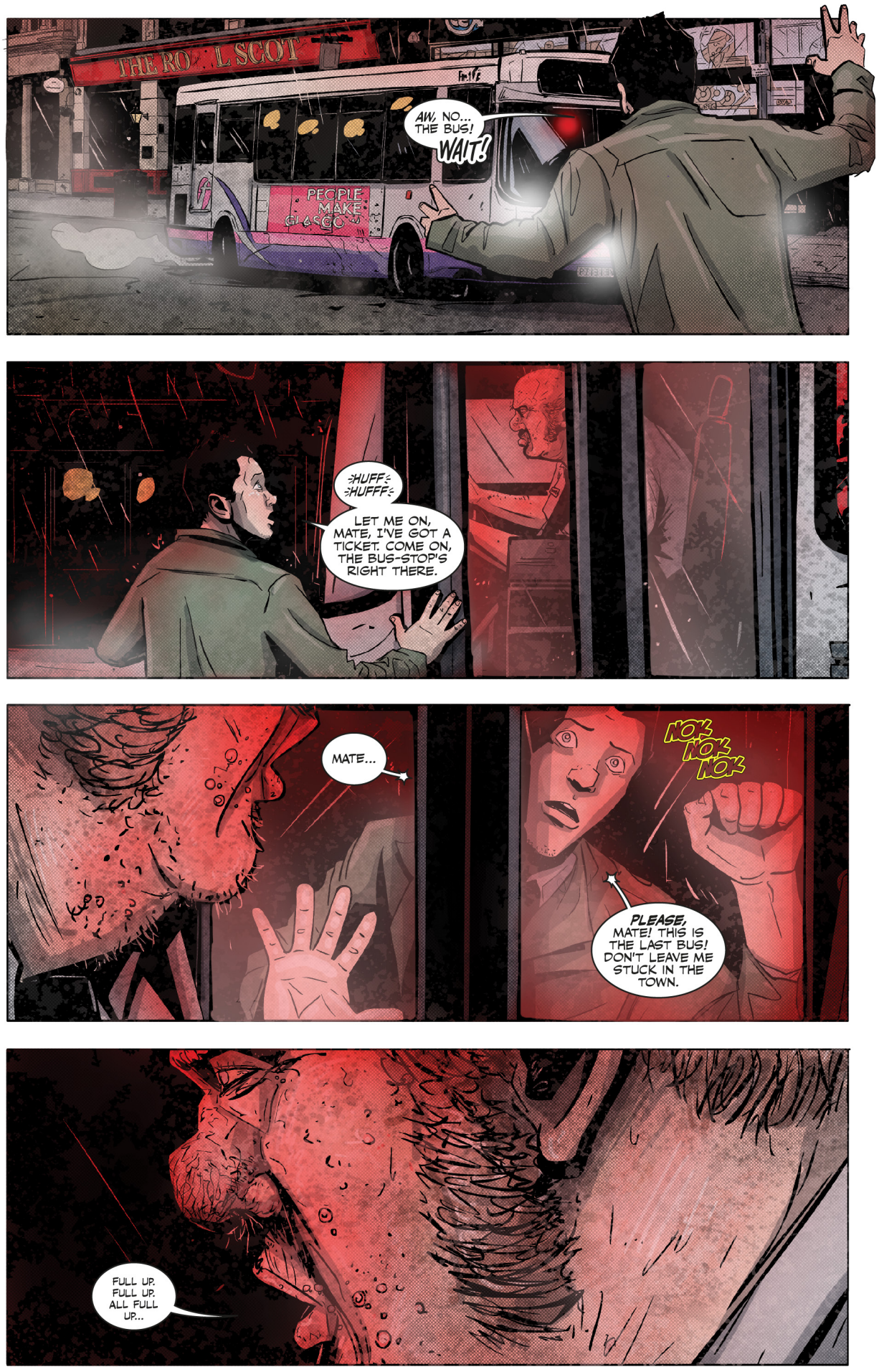
"GLASGOW, SCOTLAND... THE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD!"
Bus gate ahead
All other traffic


SERIOUSLY. LIKE, I'VE BEEN TO LONDON, NEW YORK, PARIS, AND THERE'S NO CULTURE MORE AUTHENTIC THAN GLASGOW.
OUR ART, OUR MUSIC, OUR COMIC BOOKS...WE HAVE THE MOST EXCITING CREATIVE SCENE IN THE U.K.
TOTALLY! I THINK IT'S CAUSE, LIKE...WE'RE SO CONNECTED TO OUR WORKING CLASS ROOTS, YOU KNOW?
WE STILL THE KNIFE CRIME CAPITAL OF EUROPE, AYE?


THAT'S OUR PROBLEM. WE BUY INTO OUR BAD REPUTATION AND LIVE DOWN TO IT.
SURE, WE HAVE BOOZED-UP PRICKS. EVERY CITY DOES. BUT THEY CALL US THUGS DOWN SOUTH BECAUSE WE'RE POLITICALLY ENGAGED, AND THAT SCARES THEM.

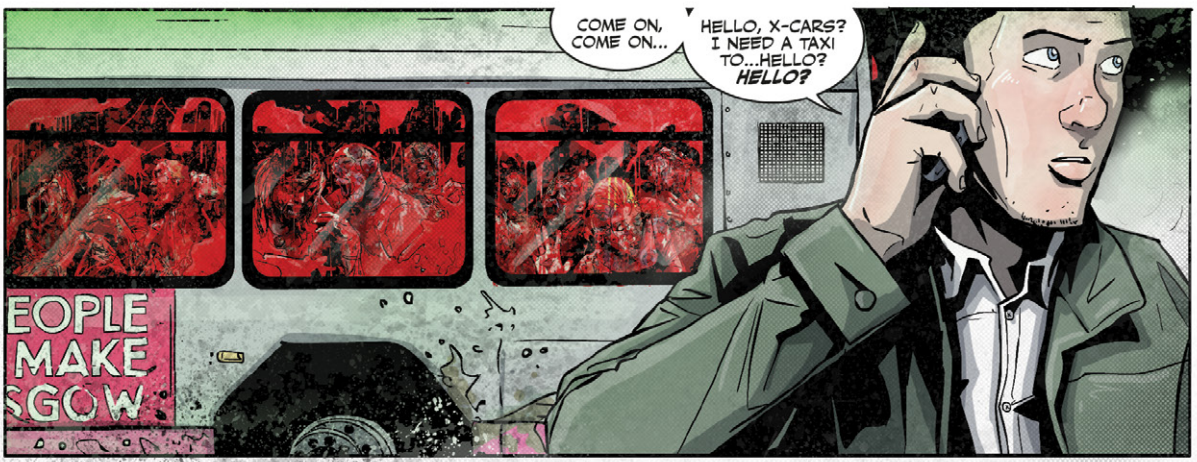
I'M A GLASWEGIAN, I'VE GOT THE GLASGOW GRIT IN MY BLOOD. BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME A NED.
IT'S TIME WE STOP SHYING AWAY FROM OURSELVES AND START SAYING WE'RE SCOTTISH AND PROUD!

OF COURSE, YOU DON'T HALF GET YOUR SHARE OF WEIRD STUFF GROWING UP IN GLASGOW...DEEP-FRIED MARS BARS?
IRN BRU ICE-CREAM FLOATS!
AND DO YOU REMEMBER THAT OLD STORY WE GOT TOLD IN SCHOOL ABOUT THE BLUE VAN...
...DON'T! I REMEMBER THAT TERRIFYING ME!
TAXI!
IT LOOKS LIKE MY RIDE'S HERE. YOU WANT A LIFT, ALLAN?
NAH, I'LL GET THE LAST BUS.
JUST BE CAREFUL. SEND ME A TEXT WHEN YOU'RE HOME?
COME ON, HEATHER, I'LL BE FINE. THIS IS MY TOWN!
AND THEN THERE WAS ONE.
HEH, HEH...
CENTR


THE RO L SCOT
PEOPLE MAKE GLASGO
AW, NO... THE BUS!
WAIT!
:HUFF: :HUFFF:
LET ME ON, MATE, I'VE GOT A TICKET. COME ON, THE BUS-STOP'S RIGHT THERE.
MATE...
NOK NOK NOK
PLEASE, MATE! THIS IS THE LAST BUS! DON'T LEAVE ME STUCK IN THE TOWN.
FULL UP. FULL UP. ALL FULL UP...

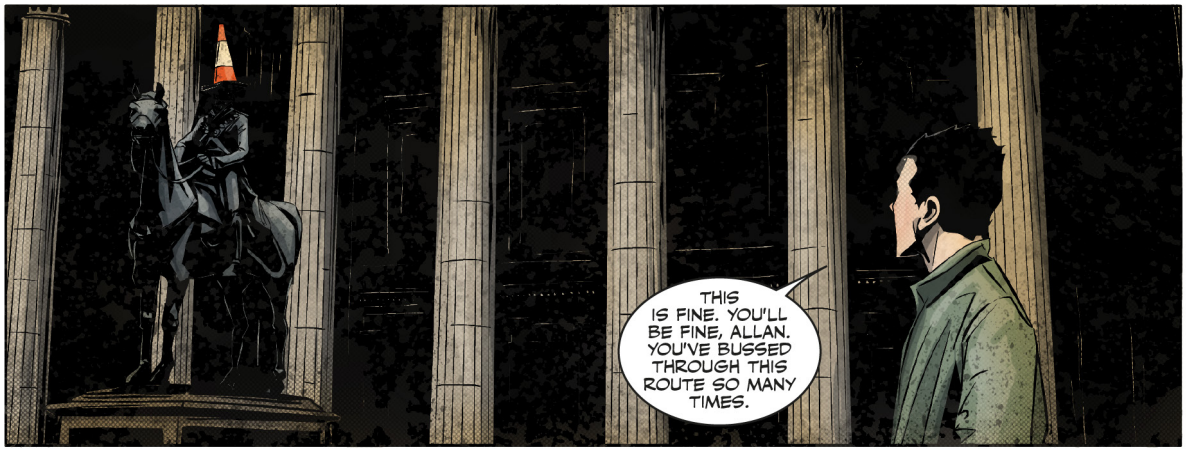
NO! DON'T DO THIS TO ME, YOU BASTARD!
VRRROOM

BLOODY HELL, JUST MY ROTTEN LUCK...


COME ON, COME ON...
HELLO, X-CARS? I NEED A TAXI TO...HELLO? HELLO?
EOPLE
MAKE
SGOW

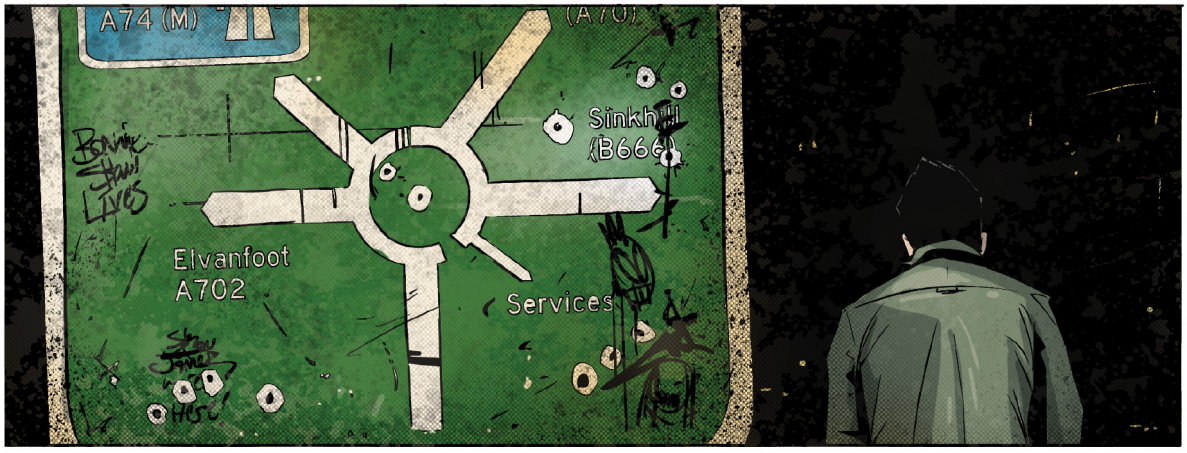
NO, NO...NOT NOW!

GUESS I'M WALKING IT, THEN.


THIS IS FINE. YOU'LL BE FINE, ALLAN. YOU'VE BUSSED THROUGH THIS ROUTE SO MANY TIMES.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE BY BUS TO GET HOME, HALF AN HOUR? YOU CAN WALK THIS IN, LIKE...AN HOUR? TWO HOURS?

AYE, THIS AREA SEEMS A LOT LESS CREEPY WHEN YOU'RE GOING THROUGH IT ON A BUS...
BARROWLAND


A74 (M)
(A70)
Sinkhill
(B666)
Elvanfoot
A702
Services

FUCK YOUR MONEY
HEY, KID.
IF I WERE YOU...
I'D WALK FASTER.

UUUUH...
AWRITE, CHIEF? I WAS JUST HAVIN' A WEE LIE-DOWN THERE.
I'M PURE MAD WAE IT, HAW-HAW!
YOU LOOK LIKE AN ACTUAL ROCKET, BY THE WAY. I'M IAN. I'M IAN.
OH...I'M ALLAN. NICE TO MEET YOU.
YOU KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN' OUT HERE THE NIGHT? I'M HUNTIN' FOXES.
HO, DON'T LAUGH AT ME, I'M SERIOUS! IT'S NO JUST UPPITY ENGLISH CUNTS WHO TOUCH WEANS THAT CAN HUNT FOXES.
WE HAVE A... FOX PROBLEM IN GLASGOW, Y'SEE.
I'M NOT LAUGHING AT THAT, IT'S JUST.. I SAW A FOX ON THE ROAD, JUST A MINUTE AGO...
WHERE!? ARE YOU HIDING THE FOX, YA DICK?
WHAT!? NO! MATE...
I'M NO YOUR MATE, MATE! THINK YOU CAN BAM ME UP? YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN ME...

YOU EVER SEEN A KNIFE LIKE THIS BEFORE? HOW ABOUT I CHIB YOU RIGHT HERE, SEE IF YOU'RE SO FULL OF HOT AIR WITH SOME HOLES POKED IN YOU?
I'M S-SORRY...I DIDN'T M-MEAN ANYTHING, I...I JUST WANT TO LEAVE AND GO HOME TO MY MUM.
W-WILL YOU P-PLEASE LET ME L-LEAVE?
EEEEEAAAH!
AYE, OFF YOU POP, WEE MAN!
YOU WON'T GET FAR!

BEEP!

BEEP!
BE-
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!

FRESH MEAT

WITNESS!
WITNESS!
FIND A WITNESS!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, WITNESS MICK?

WE'D LEAD HIM RIGHT WHERE WE WANTED HIM.

DON'T CUM IN YOUR PANTS YET, DICKHEADS.
YOU GOT THE MEAT IN THE HOLE, BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY POINTS FOR THAT. WHAT MATTERS IS WHAT YOU DO WITH YOUR MEAT.
WE'VE GOT IT SORTED. JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET IT ALL ON FILM FOR THE BIG MAN.
N-NO! NOOO! YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS!
NAW, BUT WE WANT TO.
YOU ALL THINK YOU HAVE THAT BOY BACKED IN CORNER, YES?

TRUTH IS... I HAVE ALL YOU IN CORNER NOW.
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!

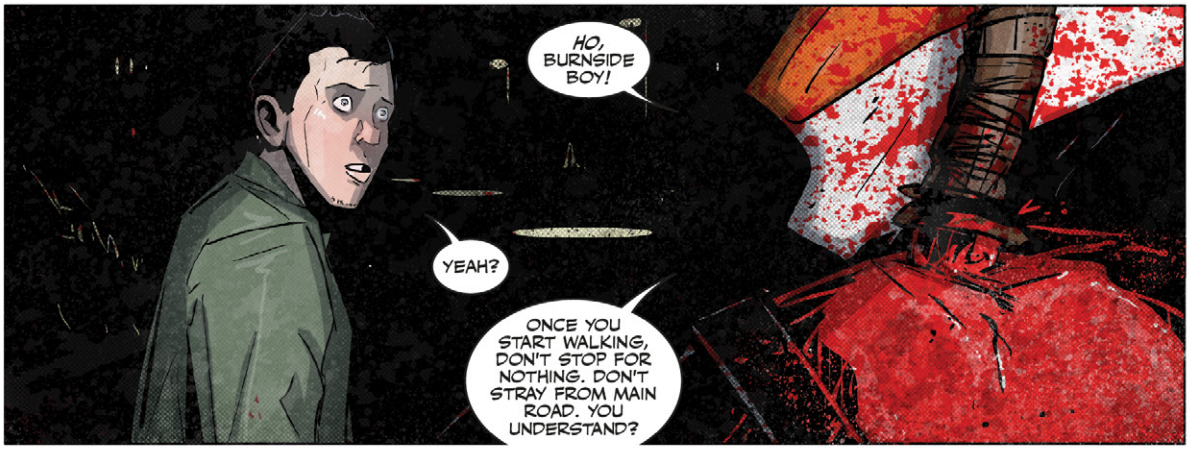
KRAK
KRAKOH
OOF!
WHUT
WHAK
KRIK
AAH!
AAAAH!
THUK
BAM
PHUNT

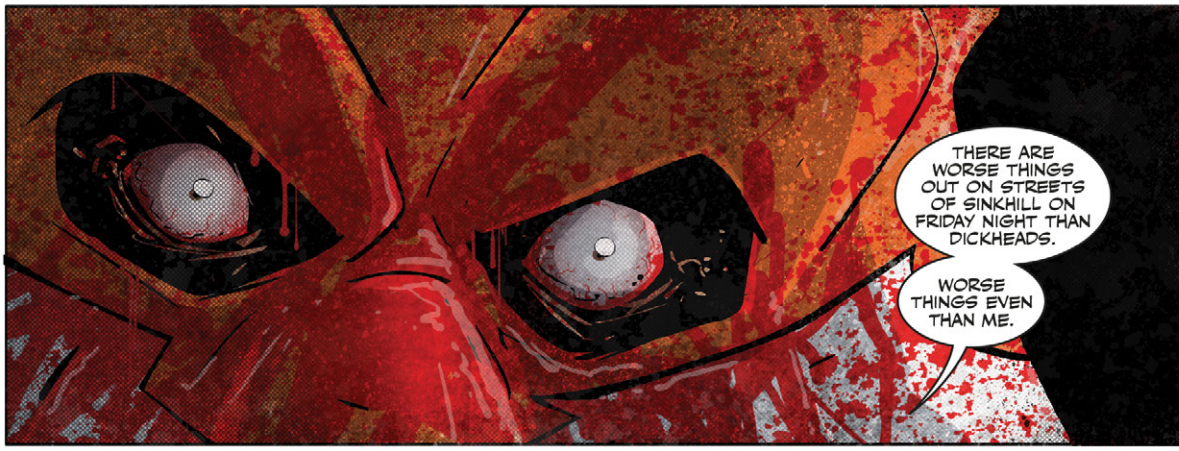
UNH!
HA!
SCHICK
UUUUH...
:LLK!:
KERRAK
N-NO, PLEASE, WAIT...
KRTTSSSSH
WITNESS THIS!

I TELL YOU, PAL, I'VE GOT FOOT-LONG STAUNER IN MY PANTS AFTER THAT EXCITEMENT.
YOU...YOU SAVED MY LIFE. THANK YOU. THANK YOU SO...
DIDN'T DO IT TO SAVE YOUR ARSE, PAL...
POP!
I DID IT FOR SCALPS.
WHO ARE YOU?
YOU CAN CALL ME MR. DIG.
THESE BOYS HERE ARE DICKHEADS. THEY THOUGHT KILLING YOU WOULD BE NASTY ENOUGH DEED TO GET PROMOTED TO SI MCKIRDIE'S GANG.
AND WHO IS SI--
IT'S BEST YOU DON'T ASK.
WELL, WHATEVER YOUR REASONS, THANKS... MR. DIG. THESE ANIMALS WOULD HAVE KILLED ME.
PEOPLE LIKE THIS GIVE US GLASWEGIANS A BAD NAME.

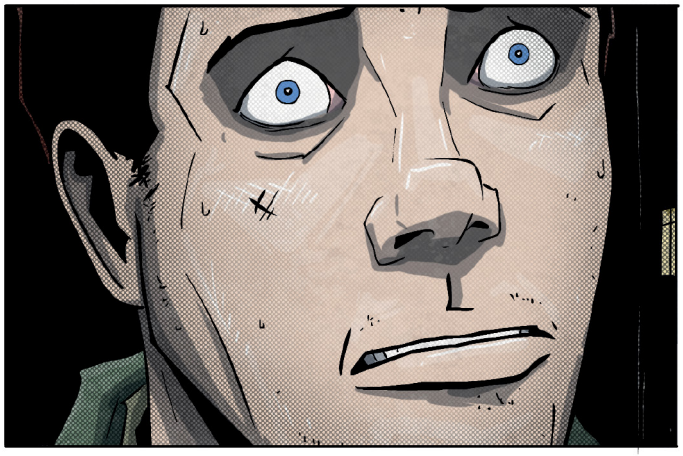
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
UMM...PEOPLE LIKE THIS GIVE US GLASWEGIANS...
US GLASWEGIANS?
WHERE DO YOU LIVE, MATE?
BURNSIDE.
AH, OKAY. NICE AREA, YES?
IT'S ALRIGHT. WE GET...UMM... SHOPLIFTING, SOMETIMES.
THANK ME NOW, AYE, BUT YOU'RE TYPE WHO'D CROSS STREET TO AVOID US SINKHILL SCUM...NOT JUST ONES WITH KNIVES.
YOU ACT LIKE YOU KNOW GLASGOW BECAUSE YOU BUS IN ON WEEKENDS? WE LIVE HERE.
MAYBE THE ONLY THING MAKING THESE ANIMALS ANY DIFFERENT FROM YOU IS THEY DON'T HAVE NICE HOUSE IN SUBURBS.
SO, YOU'RE ALIVE. YOU'RE WELCOME.
NOW, FUCK OFF BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

TURN RIGHT AT MAIN ROAD, WALK STRAIGHT FROM THERE. EVENTUALLY YOU GET TO RUTHERGLEN, THEN YOU'RE IN CLEAR.


HO, BURNSIDE BOY!
YEAH?
ONCE YOU START WALKING, DON'T STOP FOR NOTHING. DON'T STRAY FROM MAIN ROAD. YOU UNDERSTAND?


THERE ARE WORSE THINGS OUT ON STREETS OF SINKHILL ON FRIDAY NIGHT THAN DICKHEADS.
WORSE THINGS EVEN THAN ME.

SKREEEE



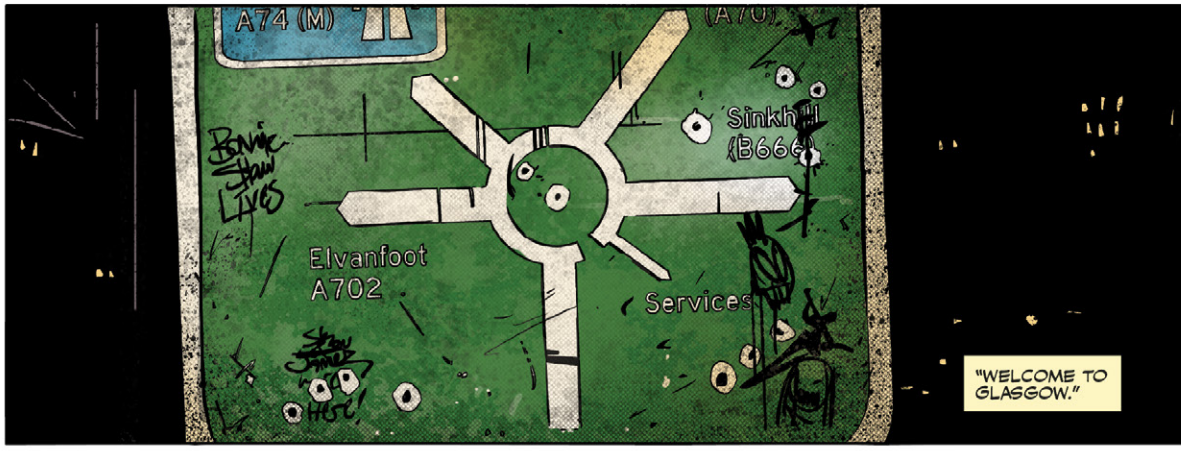
AAAAHA HAHAHA HAHAHA!
HEH-HEH-HEH AH-HEH-HEH-HEH...
NO!
NOOOOOOO!
HA HA HA HA
MMF!
MMMMMF!
THOOM

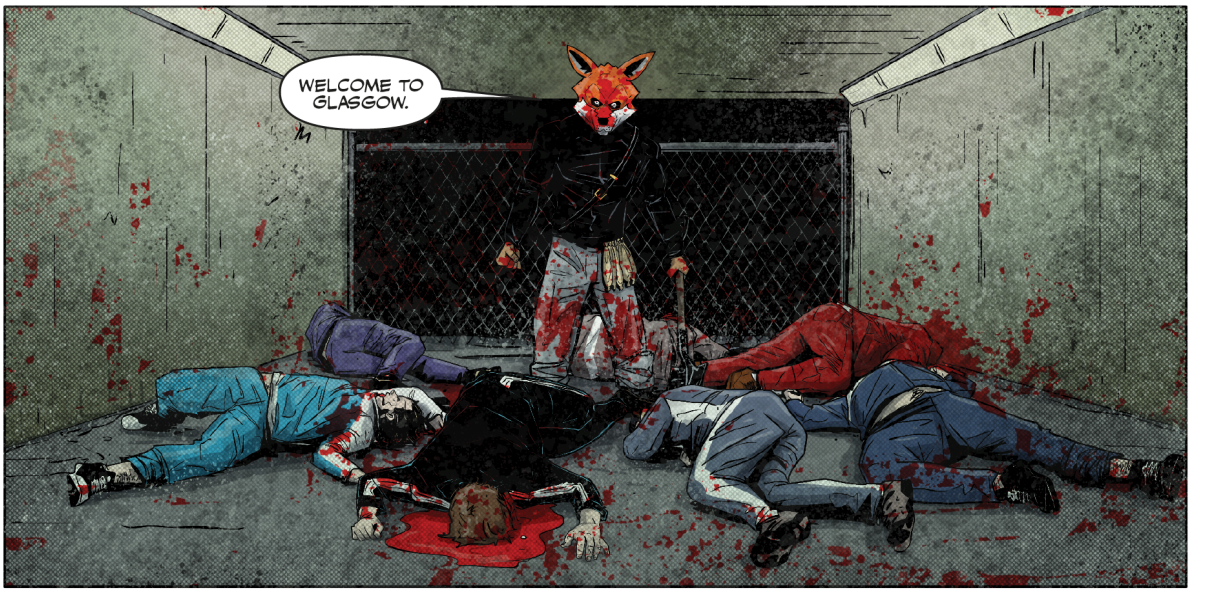
I WANT TO GO HOME...
AH-HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH...
PLEEEEEASE!
NNNNNNN!
AH-HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH-SMILE SMILE SMILE HEE HEEEE!
SCHLICK SCHLICK SCHLICK!
GLLK! NNNG!
AHO HOHOHODA LOOKADDANOSE! HOHOHO!
LOOKADDA NOSE!
DA NOOOO ZZZZZ!
SCHLKKK!
AAAAARGGGH!
FFOOOOOO!
HA HAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHA HAHA!

ONE OF US NOW YESSSS...
HEE HEE HEE ONE OF US HEE HEE!
ONE OF US! ONE OF US!
ONEOFUSONEOFUSONEOFUS!
HA HA
HAHA HAHA HA
HA HA
HA HA HA

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

PEOPLE
MAKE
GLASGOW

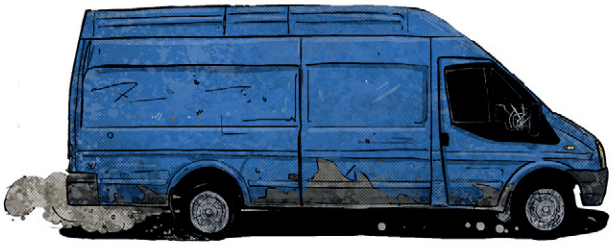

A74 (M)
A70
Sinkhill
(B666)
Elvanfoot
A702
Services
"WELCOME TO GLASGOW."


WELCOME TO GLASGOW.

WELCOME TO GLASGOW.

WELCOME TO GLASGOW.

SINK

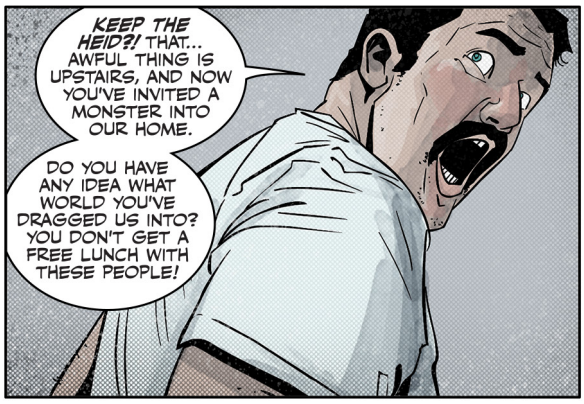


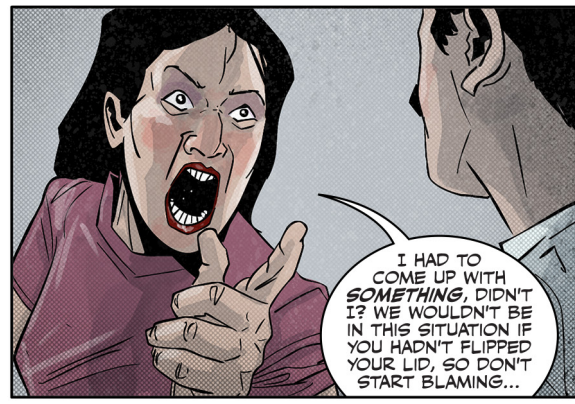
SINK #1 VARIANT COVER BY ALEX CORMACK

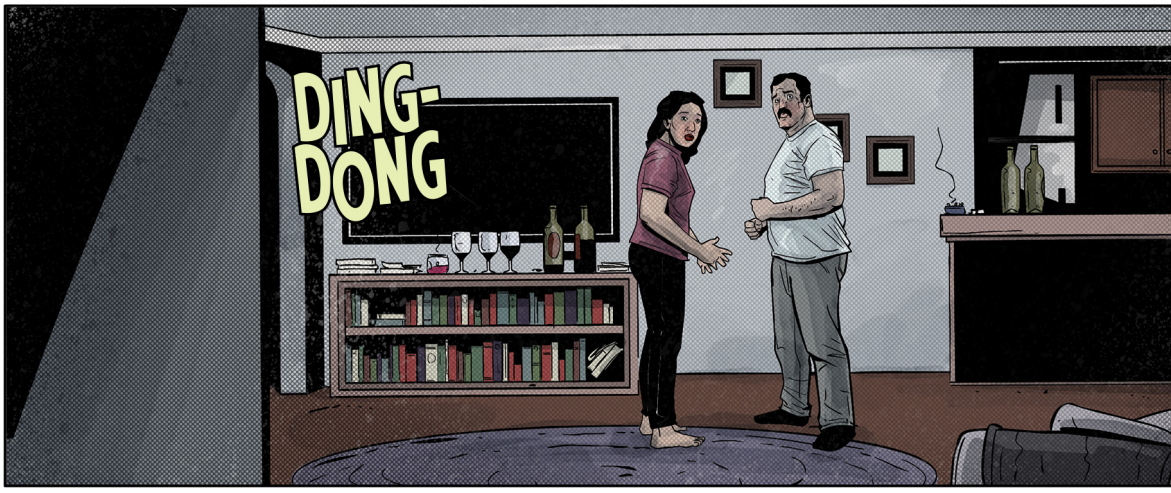
“THE DOOR AT THE END”

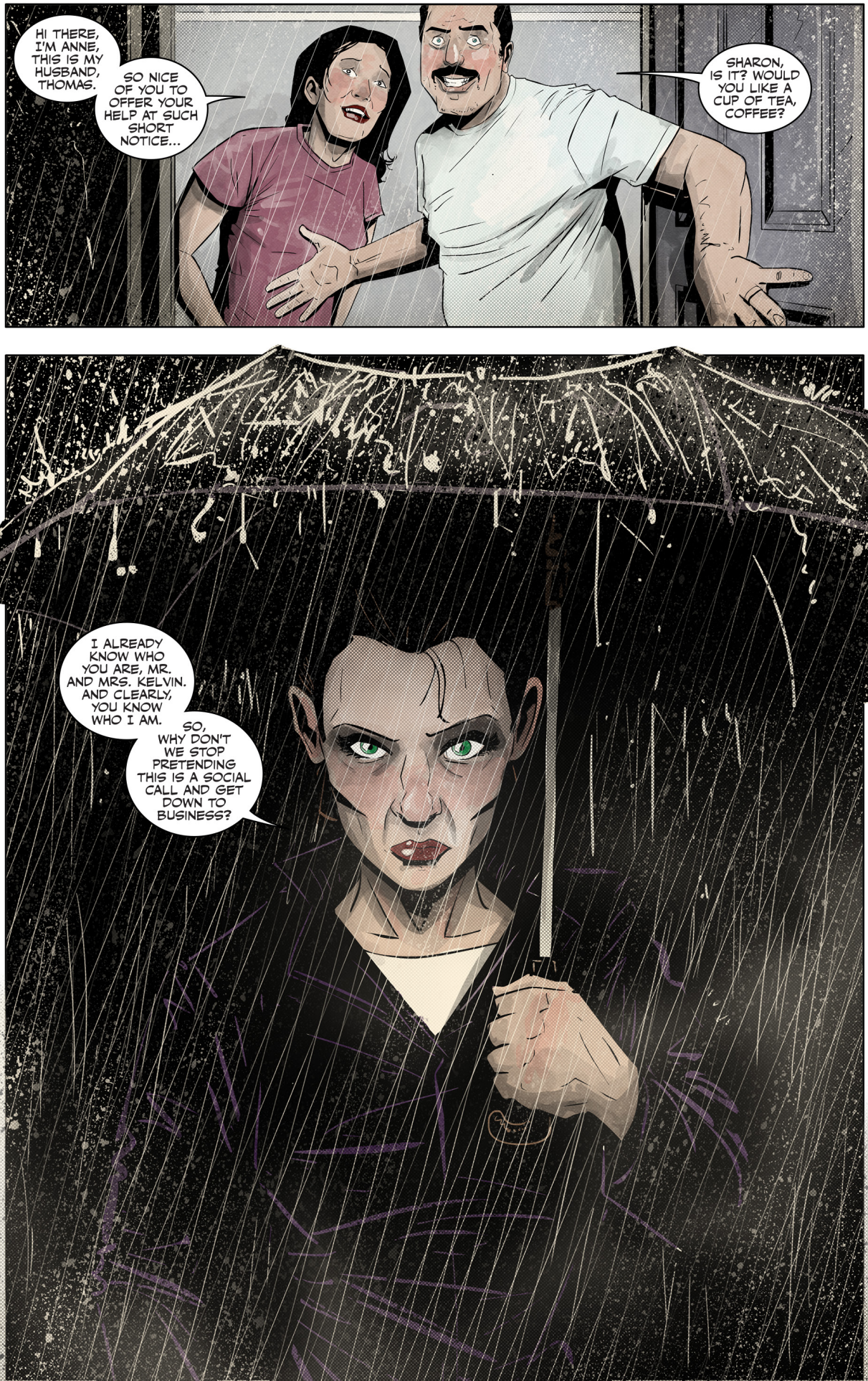
TWO

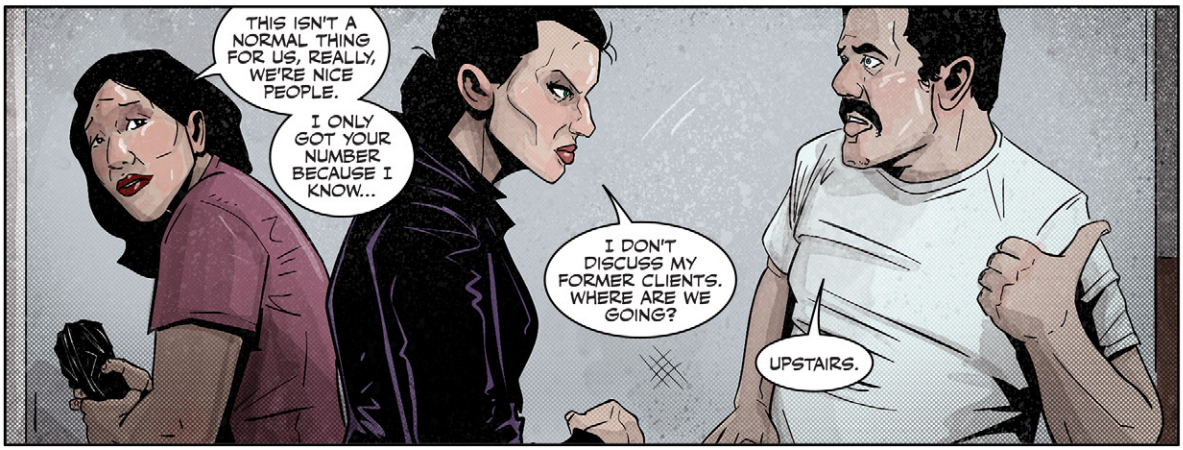
FUCK... FUCK! THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO!?
NOT PISSING OUR PANTS, FOR STARTERS. WE'RE BOTH UP SHIT CREEK IF YOU CAN'T KEEP THE HEID.


KEEP THE HEID?! THAT... AWFUL THING IS UPSTAIRS, AND NOW YOU'VE INVITED A MONSTER INTO OUR HOME.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WORLD YOU'VE DRAGGED US INTO? YOU DON'T GET A FREE LUNCH WITH THESE PEOPLE!


I HAD TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING, DIDN'T I? WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS SITUATION IF YOU HADN'T FLIPPED YOUR LID, SO DON'T START BLAMING...

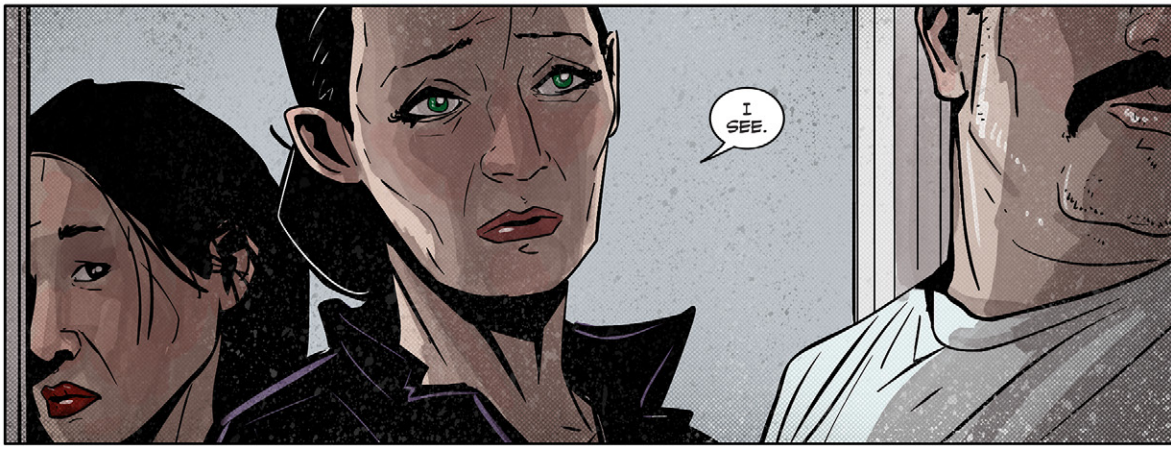

DING-DONG


HI THERE, I'M ANNE, THIS IS MY HUSBAND, THOMAS.
SO NICE OF YOU TO OFFER YOUR HELP AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE...
SHARON, IS IT? WOULD YOU LIKE A CUP OF TEA, COFFEE?
I ALREADY KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MR. AND MRS. KELVIN. AND CLEARLY, YOU KNOW WHO I AM.
SO, WHY DON'T WE STOP PRETENDING THIS IS A SOCIAL CALL AND GET DOWN TO BUSINESS?


THIS ISN'T A NORMAL THING FOR US, REALLY, WE'RE NICE PEOPLE.
I ONLY GOT YOUR NUMBER BECAUSE I KNOW...
I DON'T DISCUSS MY FORMER CLIENTS. WHERE ARE WE GOING?
UPSTAIRS.

WE JUST WANT THIS MESS TO ALL GO AWAY, AND WE KNOW YOU MUST BE THE BEST AT... THIS SORT OF THING.
I HEARD YOU DO WORK FOR SI MCKIRDIE...
LIKE I SAID... I DON'T DISCUSS CLIENTS.

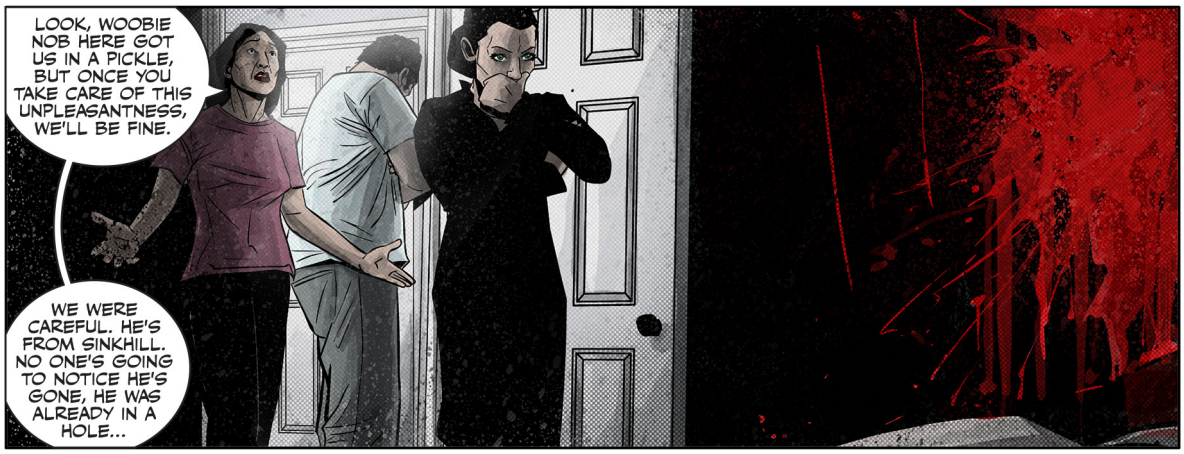
ALL THAT NEED CONCERN YOU IS THAT, YES, I AM VERY GOOD AT THIS SORT OF THING.
NOW... WHERE HAVE YOU PUT YOUR MESS?
THROUGH HERE...

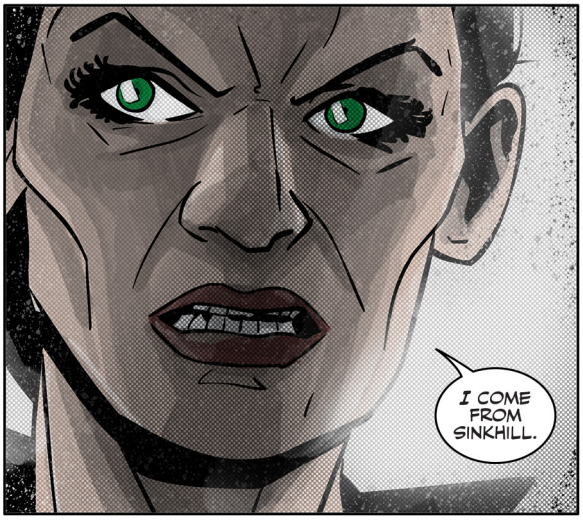

I SEE.

WHAT'S HIS NAME?
UMM... SCOTT, HE SAID.
SUCH A PITY. WHAT HAPPENED TO SCOTT, THEN?
I DON'T THINK THE DETAILS ARE IMPORTANT...

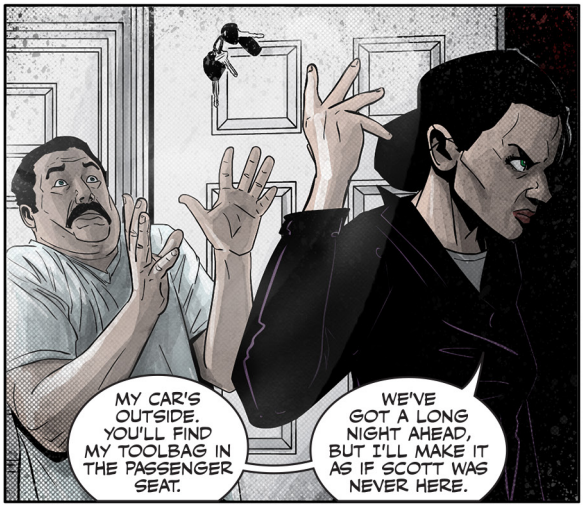
I'M LOOKING AT A DEAD LAD IN HIS KNICKERS LYING IN YOUR BED, MR. KELVIN, WE'RE PAST BEING COY.
TELL ME EVERYTHING, THEN I'LL DECIDE WHAT DETAILS ARE IMPORTANT.

WELL... WE SET UP.. UMM, A MEETING ONLINE. FOR HIM AND ME AND ANNE TO... YOU KNOW. AND IT ALL WENT WRONG.
WENT WRONG! HE REALISED HE WAS THE JEALOUS TYPE ONCE THE COCKS WERE AKIMBO.


LOOK, WOOBIE NOB HERE GOT US IN A PICKLE, BUT ONCE YOU TAKE CARE OF THIS UNPLEASANTNESS, WE'LL BE FINE.
WE WERE CAREFUL. HE'S FROM SINKHILL. NO ONE'S GOING TO NOTICE HE'S GONE, HE WAS ALREADY IN A HOLE...


I COME FROM SINKHILL.

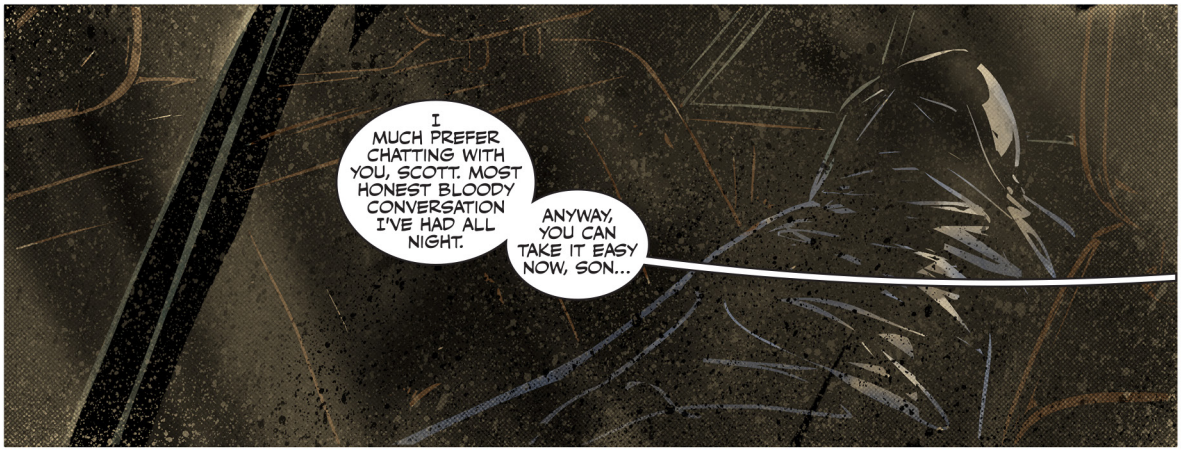
OH... I... I DIDN'T MEAN...

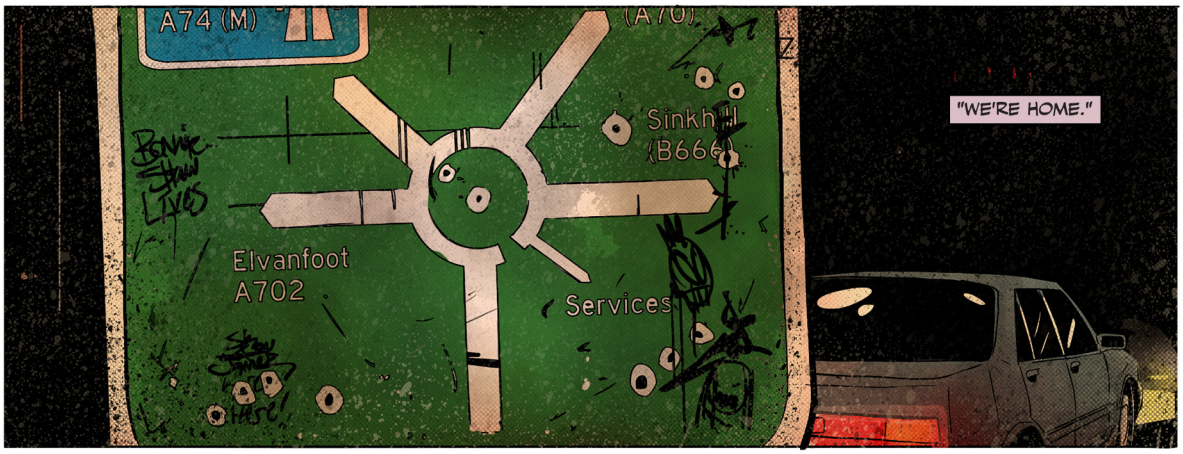

MY CAR'S OUTSIDE. YOU'LL FIND MY TOOLBAG IN THE PASSENGER SEAT.
WE'VE GOT A LONG NIGHT AHEAD, BUT I'LL MAKE IT AS IF SCOTT WAS NEVER HERE.

THEN WE'LL DISCUSS MY FEE, WHICH IS NON-NEGOTIABLE.
OH, ONE MORE THING. A PERTINENT FACT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW GOING FORWARD...

YOU'RE NOT NICE PEOPLE.

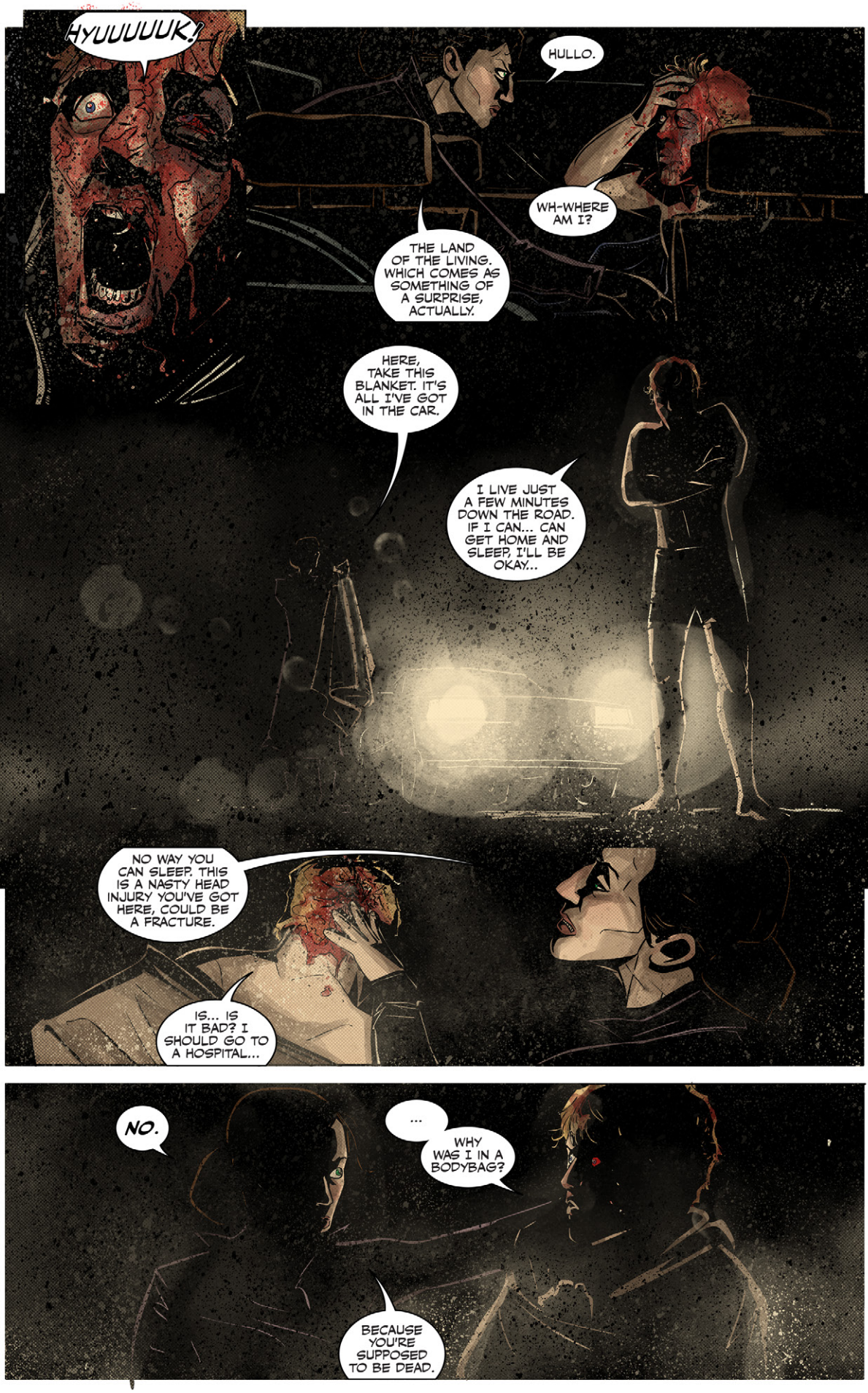
"MESS, UNPLEASANTNESS... IT'S A CORPSE! YOU PUT IT THERE! MAKES ME SICK."

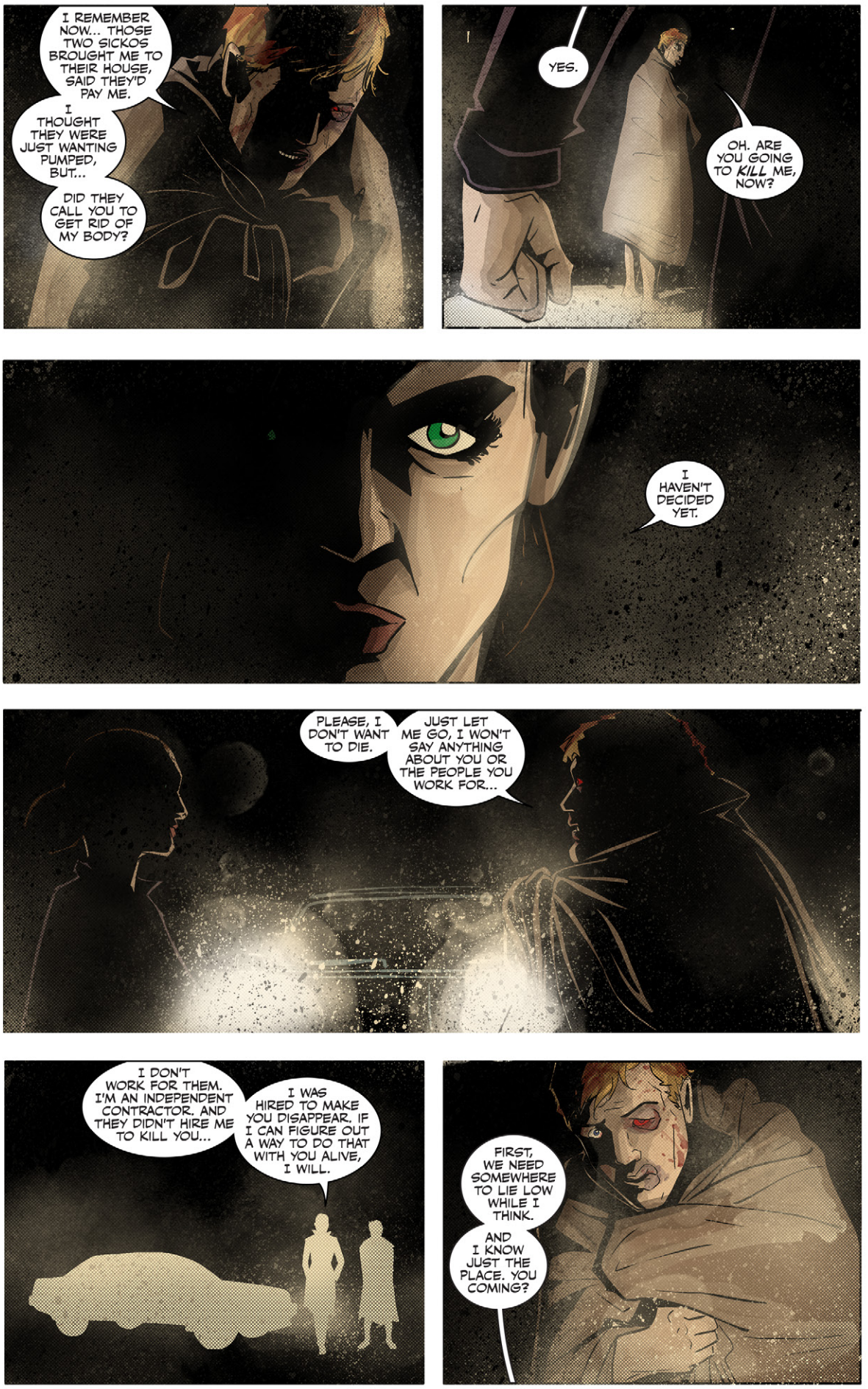

I MUCH PREFER CHATTING WITH YOU, SCOTT. MOST HONEST BLOODY CONVERSATION I'VE HAD ALL NIGHT.
ANYWAY, YOU CAN TAKE IT EASY NOW, SON...


A74 (M)
(A70)
Sinkhill
(B666)
Elvanfoot
A702
Services
"WE'RE HOME."

WHAT THE KELVINS OF THE WORLD NEED TO REMEMBER IS THAT IT HAPPENS TO US ALL.
BUT NO ONE LIKES TO THINK OF THEMSELVES AS A LIFELESS BAG OF BLOOD AND BONES THAT SOMEONE ELSE HAS TO TAKE CARE OF...

?!
FIZZOLINE
OH, FUCK!
SKREE
FUCK ME! FUCKING HELL!


HYUUUUUK!
HULLO.
WH-WHERE AM I?
THE LAND OF THE LIVING. WHICH COMES AS SOMETHING OF A SURPRISE, ACTUALLY.
HERE, TAKE THIS BLANKET. IT'S ALL I'VE GOT IN THE CAR.
I LIVE JUST A FEW MINUTES DOWN THE ROAD. IF I CAN... CAN GET HOME AND SLEEP, I'LL BE OKAY...
NO WAY YOU CAN SLEEP. THIS IS A NASTY HEAD INJURY YOU'VE GOT HERE, COULD BE A FRACTURE.
IS... IS IT BAD? I SHOULD GO TO A HOSPITAL...
NO.
...
WHY WAS I IN A BODYBAG?
BECAUSE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

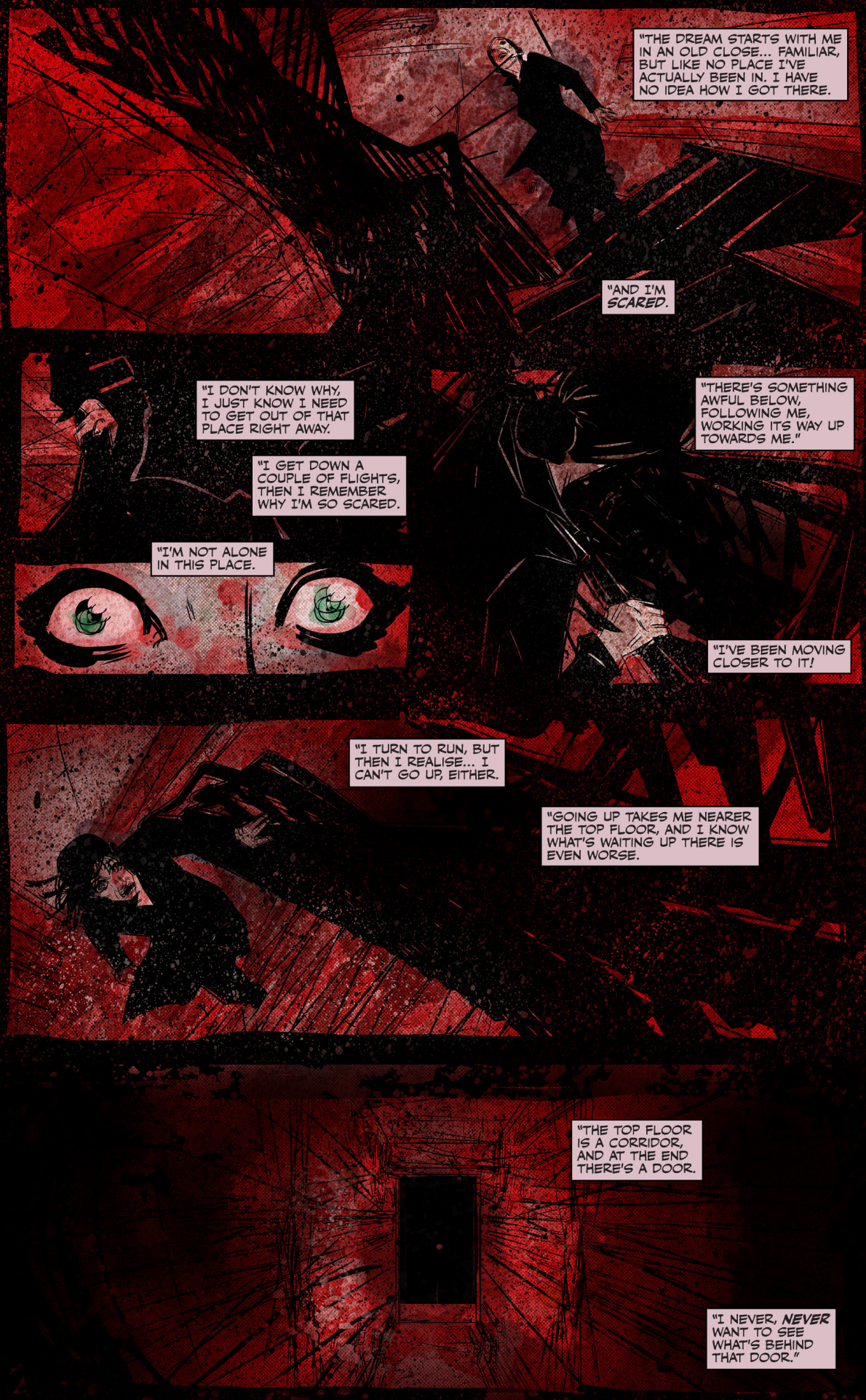

I REMEMBER NOW... THOSE TWO SICKOS BROUGHT ME TO THEIR HOUSE, SAID THEY'D PAY ME.
I THOUGHT THEY WERE JUST WANTING PUMPED, BUT...
DID THEY CALL YOU TO GET RID OF MY BODY?
YES.
OH. ARE YOU GOING TO KILL ME, NOW?
I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET.
PLEASE, I DON'T WANT TO DIE.
JUST LET ME GO, I WON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT YOU OR THE PEOPLE YOU WORK FOR...
I DON'T WORK FOR THEM. I'M AN INDEPENDENT CONTRACTOR. AND THEY DIDN'T HIRE ME TO KILL YOU...
I WAS HIRED TO MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR. IF I CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO DO THAT WITH YOU ALIVE, I WILL.
FIRST, WE NEED SOMEWHERE TO LIE LOW WHILE I THINK.
AND I KNOW JUST THE PLACE. YOU COMING?

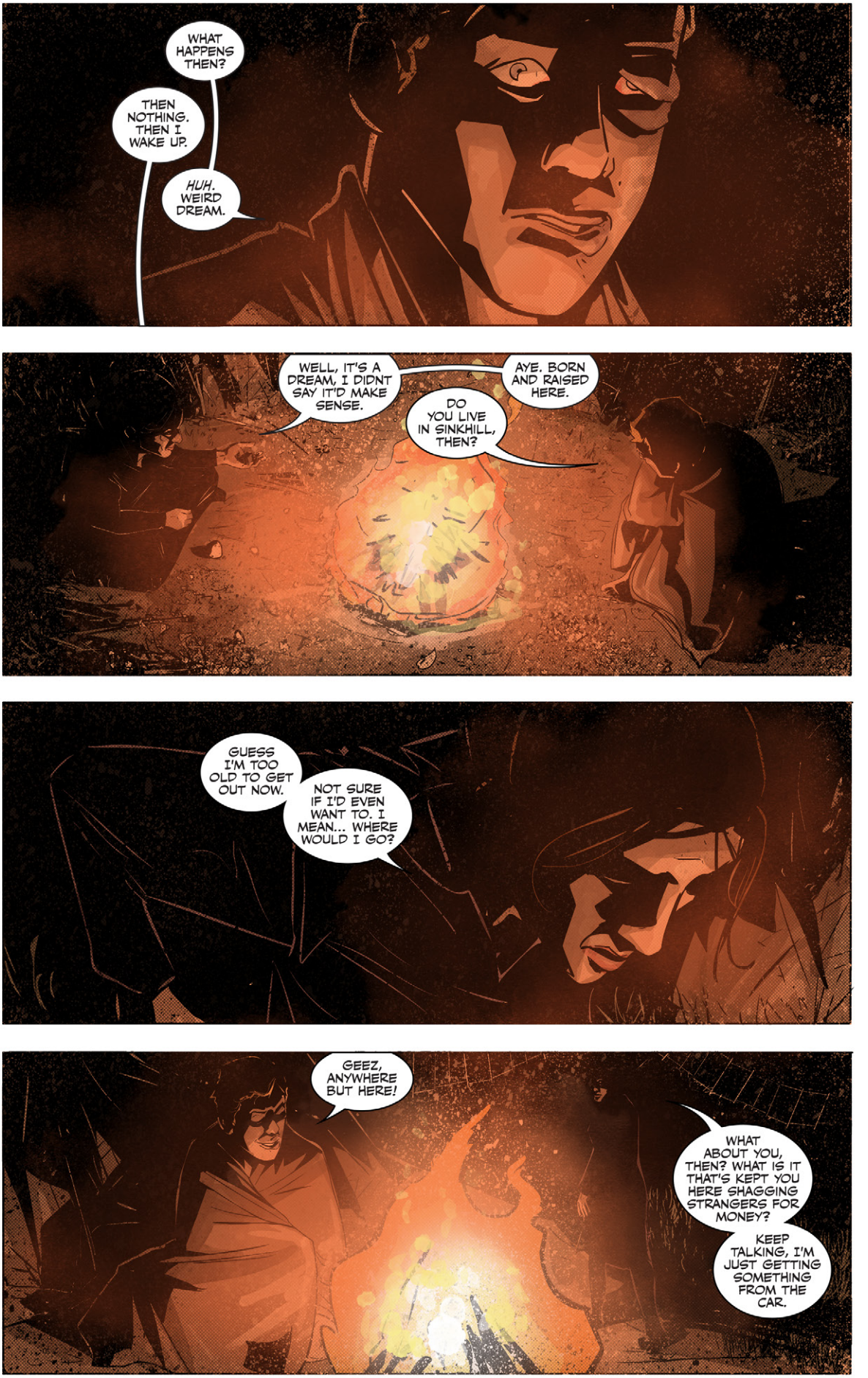
"THEY CALL THIS PLACE *THE SPEAKEASY*.
"THE GROUNDS USED TO BE PART OF A STEELWORKS, BUT THAT CLOSED DOWN LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE AROUND HERE."
"NOW IT'S A HAVEN FOR THOSE WHO'VE SLIPPED THROUGH THE CRACKS, A SAFE PLACE FREE OF JUDGEMENT OR OUTSIDE INFLUENCE."
YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT HERE.
INCLUDING KILLING PEOPLE?
I BELIEVE THAT'S FROWNED UPON.
I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT.

WATCH YOUR STEP. THIS REALLY ISN'T A PLACE YOU SHOULD BE WALKING AROUND BAREFOOT.
WATCH OUT FOR DOG SHITE, AYE?
I WAS THINKING MORE JUNKIE'S NEEDLES, BUT AYE, THAT TOO.
YAAA!
ARE... YOU... READY...?

TO BOOGIE?!
M DA-DA-DUM DA-DUM-DA-DUM DUM-DUM
DUM DA-DUM-DA

THAT WAS YER MAN TAM, THERE. HE'S ABOUT THE CLOSEST SOMEONE GETS TO RUNNING THIS PLACE.
HE SEEMED AN OKAY GUY.
AYE, CAN CUT A RUG, TOO.
SO... WHAT EXACTLY IS IT THAT YOU DO, SHARON?
IT'S PRETTY SIMPLE. WHEN SOMEONE HAS A DEAD BODY THEY NEED DISPOSING OF, I CAN MAKE A VERY THOROUGH JOB OF IT.
BEEN DOING IT FOR OVER TEN YEARS NOW. USED TO MAINLY WORK FOR ONE CLIENT, NOW I'M FREELANCE.
RIGHT. AND YOU CAN STILL SLEEP OKAY AT NIGHT?
WHY WOULDN'T I? I'M NOT THE ONE KILLING PEOPLE. I'VE NEVER KILLED ANYONE IN MY LIFE.
THE DAMAGE IS ALREADY DONE WHEN I GET THERE, I'M JUST A CLEANER. MY CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR.
HAVING SAID THAT... NO, I HAVEN'T BEEN SLEEPING WELL LATELY.
I HAVE THIS... RECURRING DREAM...


"THE DREAM STARTS WITH ME IN AN OLD CLOSE... FAMILIAR, BUT LIKE NO PLACE I'VE ACTUALLY BEEN IN. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW I GOT THERE.
"AND I'M *SCARED*.
"I DON'T KNOW WHY, I JUST KNOW I NEED TO GET OUT OF THAT PLACE RIGHT AWAY.
"I GET DOWN A COUPLE OF FLIGHTS, THEN I REMEMBER WHY I'M SO SCARED.
"THERE'S SOMETHING AWFUL BELOW, FOLLOWING ME, WORKING ITS WAY UP TOWARDS ME."
"I'M NOT ALONE IN THIS PLACE.
"I'VE BEEN MOVING CLOSER TO IT!
"I TURN TO RUN, BUT THEN I REALISE... I CAN'T GO UP, EITHER.
"GOING UP TAKES ME NEARER THE TOP FLOOR, AND I KNOW WHAT'S WAITING UP THERE IS EVEN WORSE.
"THE TOP FLOOR IS A CORRIDOR, AND AT THE END THERE'S A DOOR.
"I NEVER, *NEVER* WANT TO SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR."


WHAT HAPPENS THEN?
THEN NOTHING. THEN I WAKE UP.
HUH. WEIRD DREAM.
WELL, IT'S A DREAM, I DIDNT SAY IT'D MAKE SENSE.
AYE. BORN AND RAISED HERE.
DO YOU LIVE IN SINKHILL, THEN?
GUESS I'M TOO OLD TO GET OUT NOW.
NOT SURE IF I'D EVEN WANT TO. I MEAN... WHERE WOULD I GO?
GEEZ, ANYWHERE BUT HERE!
WHAT ABOUT YOU, THEN? WHAT IS IT THAT'S KEPT YOU HERE SHAGGING STRANGERS FOR MONEY?
KEEP TALKING, I'M JUST GETTING SOMETHING FROM THE CAR.

I DUNNO... IT WASN'T REALLY ABOUT THE MONEY, I MEAN THAT HELPED, AYE.
WAS JUST A BIT OF FUN, Y'KNOW? I'M YOUNG...
I'M YOUNG. I KEEP SAYING THAT... BUT HOW LONG IS THAT AN EXCUSE FOR TREADING WATER?
YOU KEEP SAYING THERE'S LOADS OF TIME TO GET LIFE PROPER STARTED, THEN YOU LOOK BACK AND SEE ALL THE DOORS THAT HAVE CLOSED FOR YOU.
IF I DID DIE TONIGHT... IF I *DO* DIE TONIGHT... WHAT HAVE I DONE WITH MY LIFE?
IS THAT ALL I GET?
SHARON... IF YOU DO HAVE TO KILL ME, JUST... CAN YOU TAKE ME BACK TO MY MUM? I'LL TELL YOU HER ADDRESS, AND...
I THINK I'M OKAY WITH DYING. I JUST DON'T WANT TO VANISH, HER NEVER KNOWING WHERE I'VE GONE.
SHARON? YOU STILL BACK THERE?

EVERYTHING OKAY?
I'M FINE, JUST GRABBING SOME THINGS. I THINK I'VE COME UP WITH A SOLUTION.

REALLY? YOU'RE GOING TO *HELP* ME? HOW?
WELL... COME WITH ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU.
I DON'T LIKE THIS. WHERE ARE WE GOING?
IT'S JUST A LITTLE FURTHER. YOU'LL KNOW IT WHEN YOU SEE IT...
YOU... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ME HERE, ARE YOU, SHARON?
I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU *VANISH*.
WE'RE HERE. TAKE A LOOK.
WHAT? IS...

IS THAT A BOAT?
VERY OBSERVANT. THE CLYDE RUNS RIGHT THROUGH THE SPEAKEASY.
YOU FOLLOW THE RIVER, IT TAKES YOU OUT OF GLASGOW AND OUT TO THE COAST.
I'VE GOT ENOUGH MONEY STORED ON THE BOAT TO START A NEW LIFE OUT THERE.
THAT WAS MY PLAN, FOR WHEN THE TIME CAME FOR ME TO DISAPPEAR.
BUT I REALISE NOW THAT YOU DESERVE THAT NEW LIFE MORE THAN I DO.

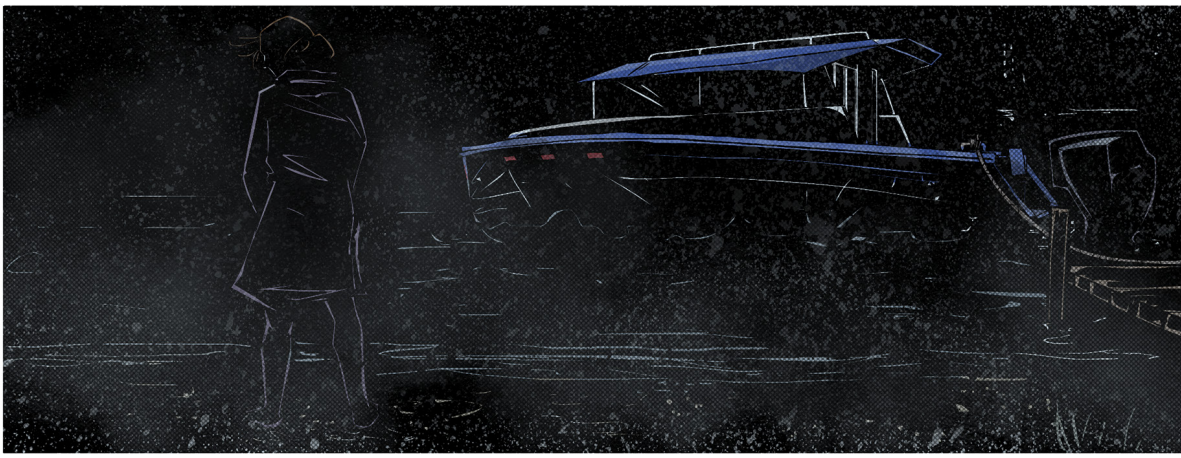
THERE SHOULD BE SOME CLOTHES IN THE CABIN.
THEY'RE MINE, BUT IT'S ALL TROUSERS AND COATS AND YOU'RE PRETTY SLIM...
COME WITH ME!

NO... IF I WAS GOING TO ESCAPE, I'D HAVE DONE IT ALREADY. I'M A LIFER. BUT YOU HAVE A CHANCE.
THE DOORS AREN'T CLOSED FOR YOU, RIGHT? YOU ARE ALL POTENTIAL, SCOTT, AND LET NO ONE TELL YOU OTHERWISE.

I HAD A SON... HE'D HAVE BEEN ABOUT YOUR AGE BY NOW. I WANT YOU TO *LIVE*.
THAT'S STRANGE.

WHAT?
YOU'RE SMILING. FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN THAT ALL NIGHT.

GOODBYE, SHARON!
NO...
DEID IS DEID.



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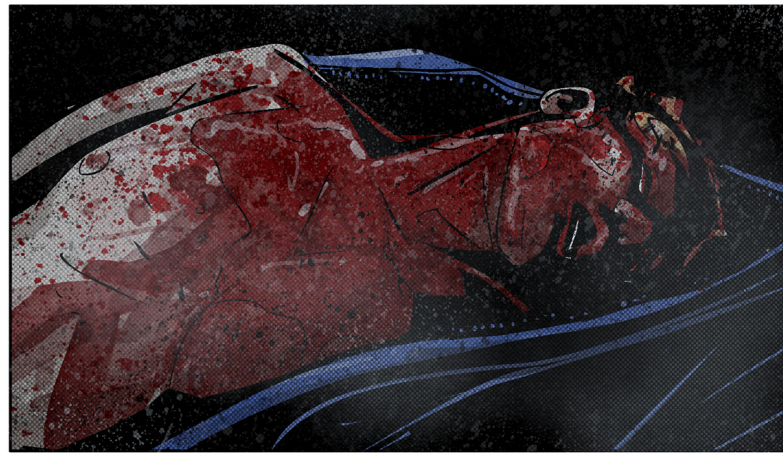
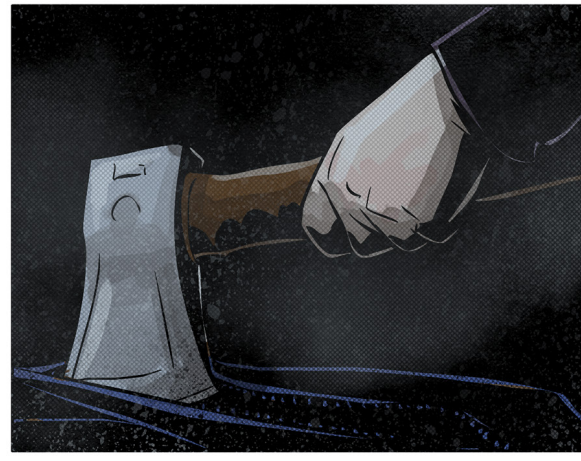
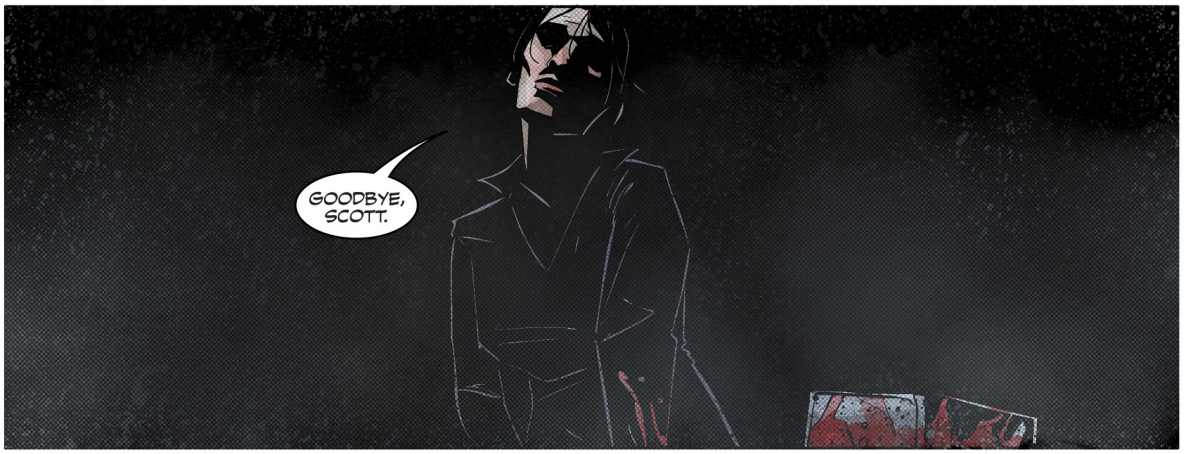




SHUNK


GOODBYE, SCOTT.

SINK

SINK #2 VARIANT COVER BY RYAN LEE

"A HEAD FULL OF WASPS"

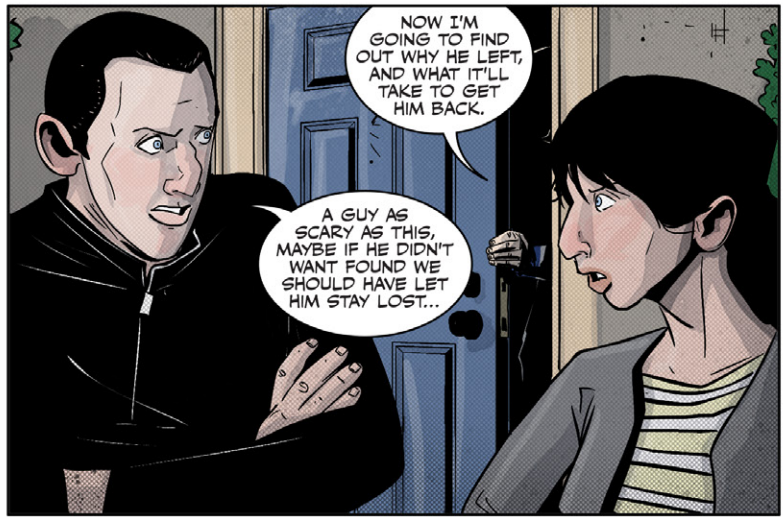
THREE

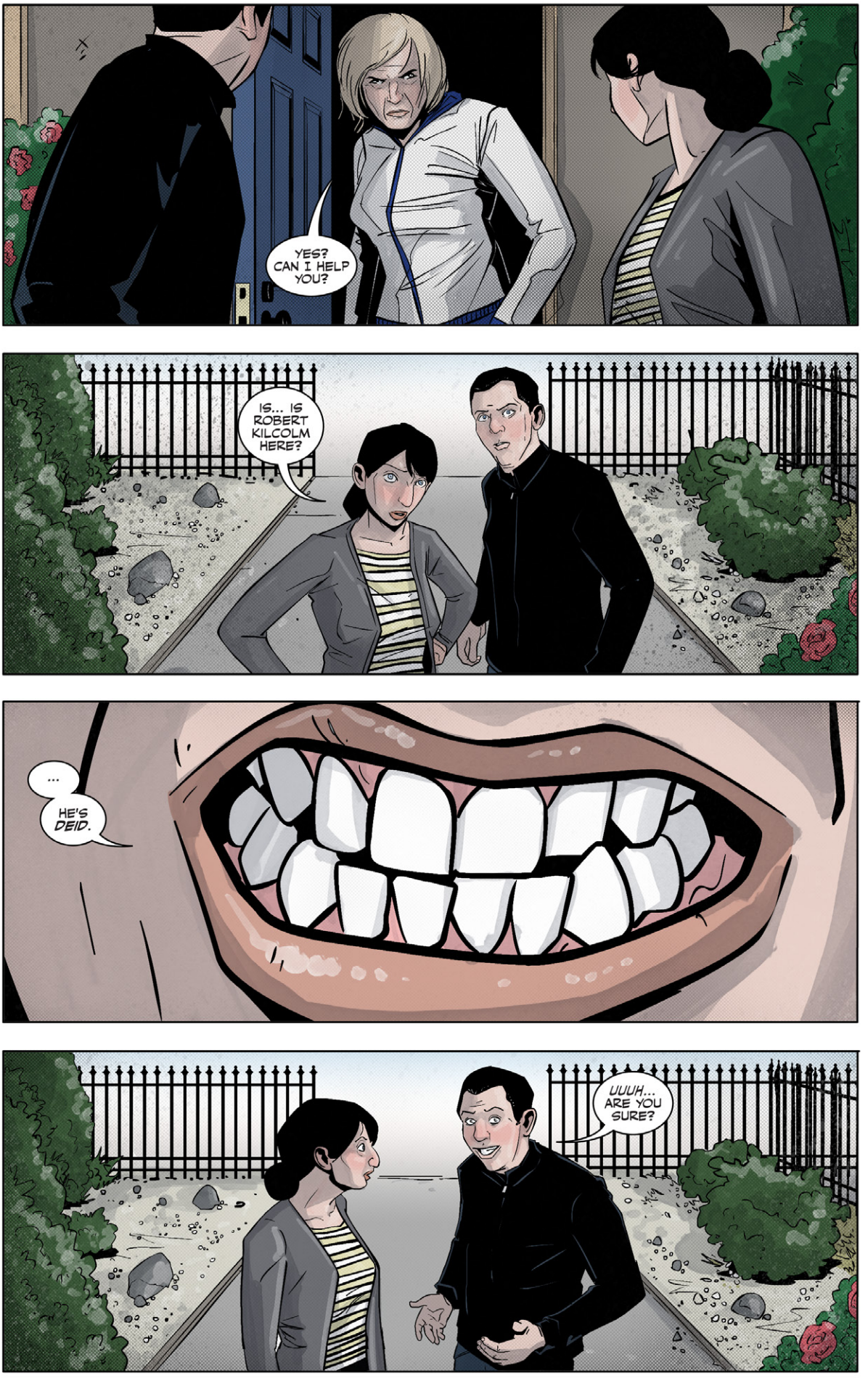
"EDINBURGH..."
"IT'S LIKE BEING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD."

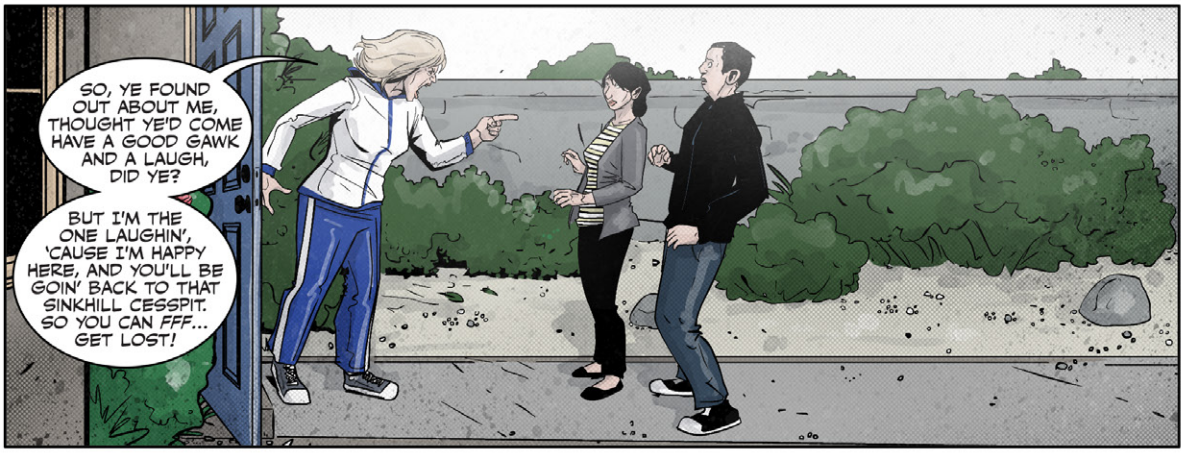
IT'S AN HOUR ON THE TRAIN, COLIN, GET A GRIP.
I'VE NEVER BEEN OUT OF GLASGOW, MIND.
YOU REALLY THINK THIS GUY WILL HELP US?
AYE, IF ANYONE WILL IT'S HIM.

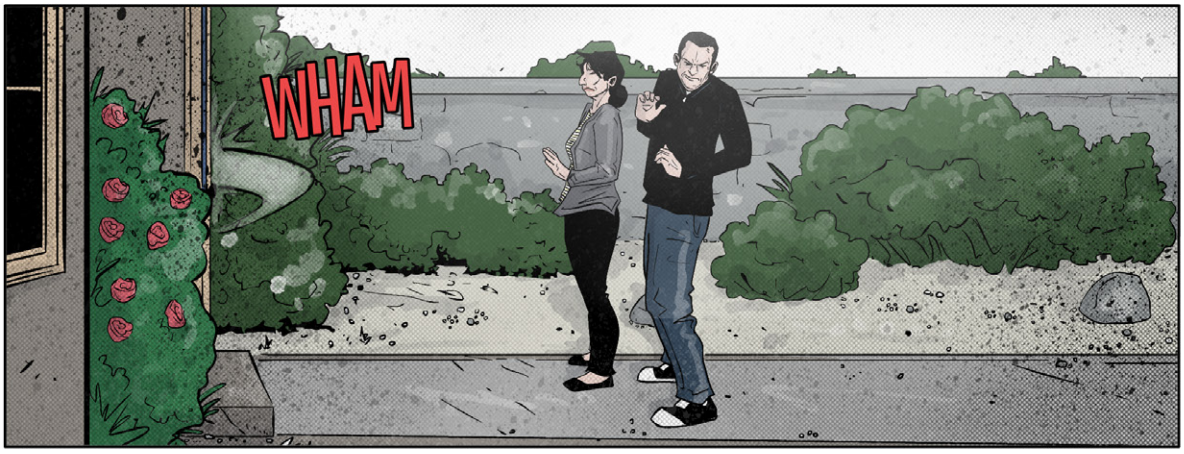
"RAB KILCOLM, THE HARDEST BASTARD TO EVER STOMP THROUGH SINKHILL."
"NO ONE DARED CROSS HIM OR HIS, NOT THE POLIS, NOT EVEN THE GANGSTERS. HE WAS A KING."

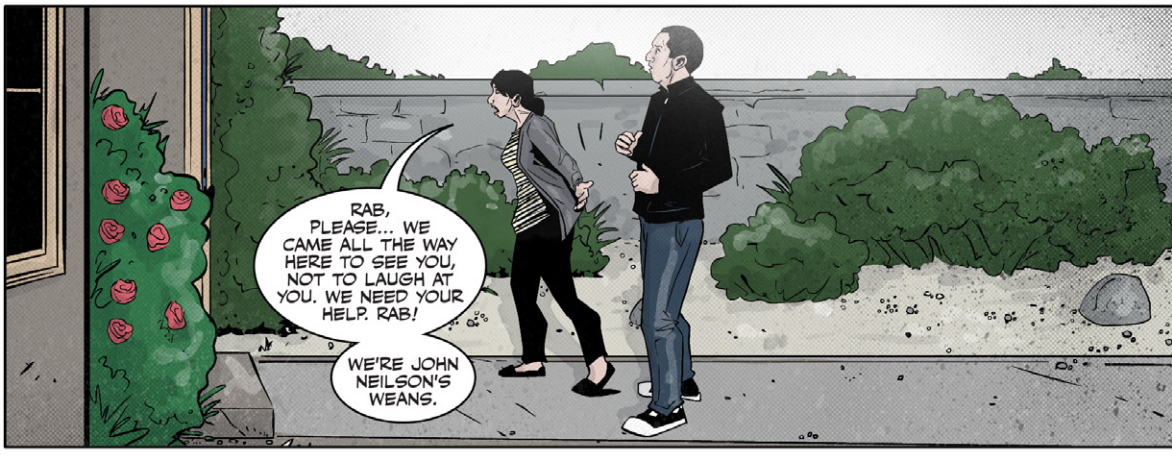
THEN, TEN YEARS AGO, HE UPS AND LEAVES... AND ENDS UP RIGHT HERE.
DING DONG

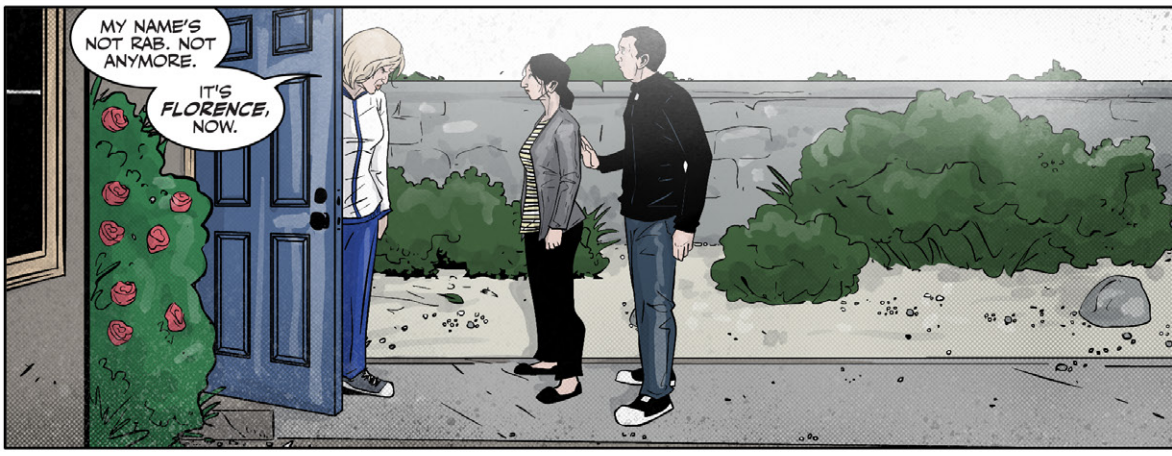

NOW I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY HE LEFT, AND WHAT IT'LL TAKE TO GET HIM BACK.
A GUY AS SCARY AS THIS, MAYBE IF HE DIDN'T WANT FOUND WE SHOULD HAVE LET HIM STAY LOST...

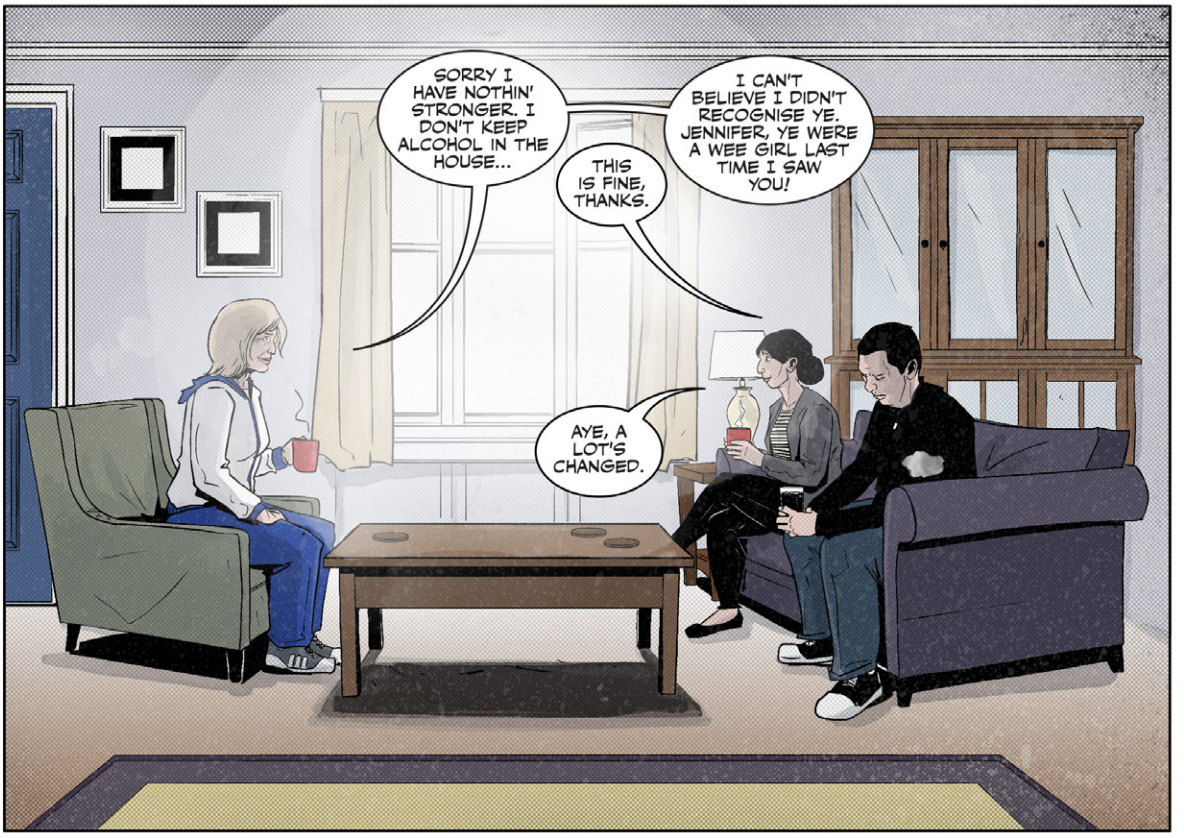

YES? CAN I HELP YOU?
IS... IS ROBERT KILCOLM HERE?
...
HE'S DEID.
UUUH... ARE YOU SURE?

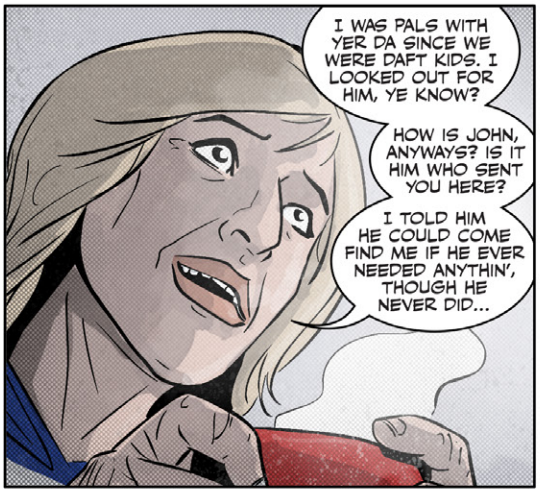

SO, YE FOUND OUT ABOUT ME, THOUGHT YE'D COME HAVE A GOOD GAWK AND A LAUGH, DID YE?
BUT I'M THE ONE LAUGHIN', 'CAUSE I'M HAPPY HERE, AND YOU'LL BE GOIN' BACK TO THAT SINKHILL CESSPIT. SO YOU CAN *FFF*... GET LOST!

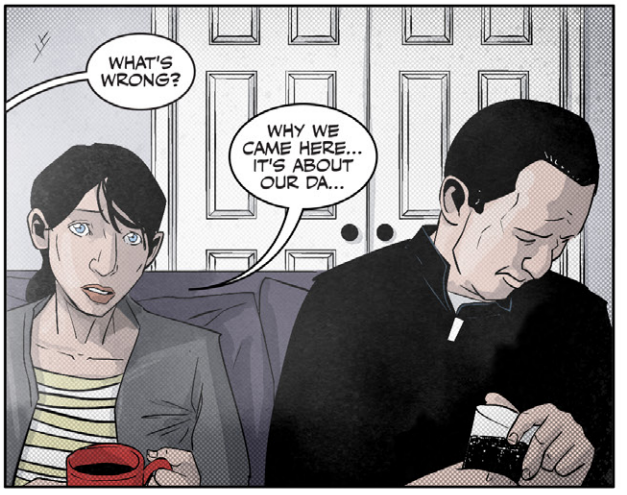

WHAM


RAB, PLEASE... WE CAME ALL THE WAY HERE TO SEE YOU, NOT TO LAUGH AT YOU. WE NEED YOUR HELP. RAB!
WE'RE JOHN NEILSON'S WEANS.


MY NAME'S NOT RAB. NOT ANYMORE.
IT'S ***FLORENCE***, NOW.

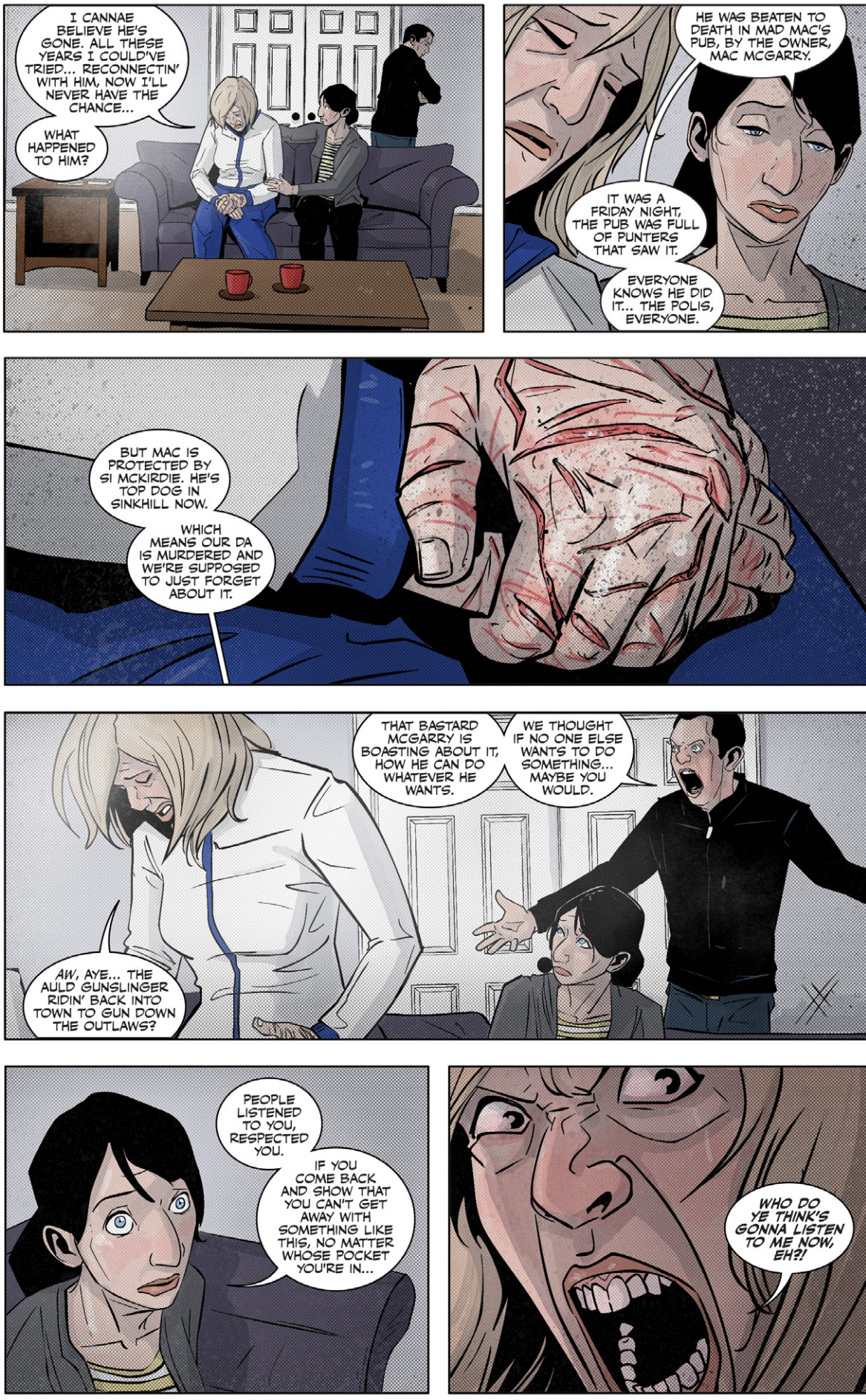

SORRY I HAVE NOTHIN' STRONGER. I DON'T KEEP ALCOHOL IN THE HOUSE...
I CAN'T BELIEVE I DIDN'T RECOGNISE YE. JENNIFER, YE WERE A WEE GIRL LAST TIME I SAW YOU!
THIS IS FINE, THANKS.
AYE, A LOT'S CHANGED.


I WAS PALS WITH YER DA SINCE WE WERE DAFT KIDS. I LOOKED OUT FOR HIM, YE KNOW?
HOW IS JOHN, ANYWAYS? IS IT HIM WHO SENT YOU HERE?
I TOLD HIM HE COULD COME FIND ME IF HE EVER NEEDED ANYTHIN', THOUGH HE NEVER DID...

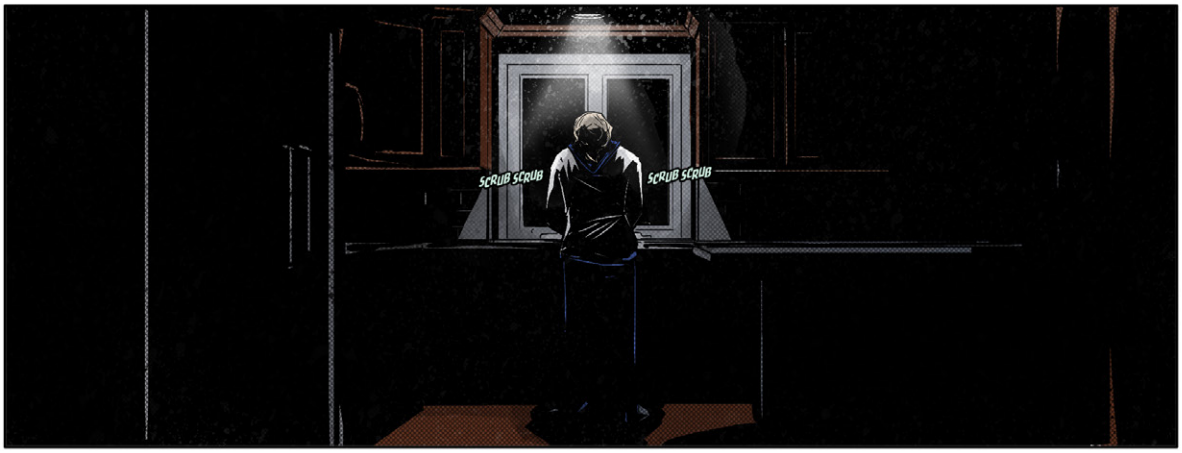

WHAT'S WRONG?
WHY WE CAME HERE... IT'S ABOUT OUR DA...

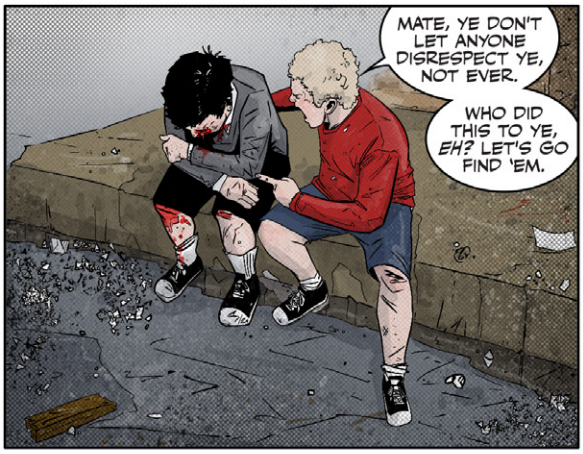
HE WAS KILLED LAST WEEK.

WH-WHAT?


I CANNAE BELIEVE HE'S GONE. ALL THESE YEARS I COULD'VE TRIED... RECONNECTIN' WITH HIM, NOW I'LL NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE...
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
HE WAS BEATEN TO DEATH IN MAD MAC'S PUB, BY THE OWNER, MAC MCGARRY.
IT WAS A FRIDAY NIGHT, THE PUB WAS FULL OF PUNTERS THAT SAW IT.
EVERYONE KNOWS HE DID IT... THE POLIS, EVERYONE.
BUT MAC IS PROTECTED BY SI MCKIRDIE. HE'S TOP DOG IN SINKHILL NOW.
WHICH MEANS OUR DA IS MURDERED AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO JUST FORGET ABOUT IT.
THAT BASTARD MCGARRY IS BOASTING ABOUT IT, HOW HE CAN DO WHATEVER HE WANTS.
WE THOUGHT IF NO ONE ELSE WANTS TO DO SOMETHING... MAYBE YOU WOULD.
AW, AYE... THE AULD GUNSLINGER RIDIN' BACK INTO TOWN TO GUN DOWN THE OUTLAWS?
PEOPLE LISTENED TO YOU, RESPECTED YOU.
IF YOU COME BACK AND SHOW THAT YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS, NO MATTER WHOSE POCKET YOU'RE IN...
WHO DO YE THINK'S GONNA LISTEN TO ME NOW, EH?!

I'M NO' THAT PERSON ANYMORE. BEIN' THAT PERSON NEARLY KILLED ME.
PEOPLE TALKED LIKE RAB WAS SOME LEGEND, BUT I WAS JUST... SO ANGRY, ALL THE TIME.
I HATED EVERYONE, MYSEL' MOST OF ALL... AND IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO UNDERSTAND WHY.
I'M MUCH CLOSER TO WHO I WANNA BE NOW, BUT I STILL FEEL THAT ANGER BUBBLIN'... LIKE A HEAD FULL OF WASPS.
I GO BACK TO THAT WORLD I LEFT BEHIND... I MIGHT NEVER GET OUT AGAIN.
SO, YOU'RE SAYING YOU'RE NOT GONNA HELP US?
I CANNAE, I'M SORRY.
FINE. COME ON, JENNIFER, WE'RE GOING.
YOU'RE ABANDONING MY DA WHEN HE REALLY NEEDS YOU... AND WHY?
YOU SCARED ALL YOUR OLD CRONIES WILL GIVE YOU A HARD TIME NOW YOU'RE A WOMAN? GO ON, THEN, KEEP RUNNING AWAY...
WHO IS IT YOU THINK I'M RUNNN' FROM, EXACTLY?
THERE'S NOTHIN' ANY OF THEM COULD DO TO HURT ME. IT'S NOT WHAT THEY'D DO THAT SCARES ME.
RAB... THAT'S NO' ME. HE FEELS LIKE A DEMON I EXORCISED. YE DON'T WANT HIM BROUGHT BACK.

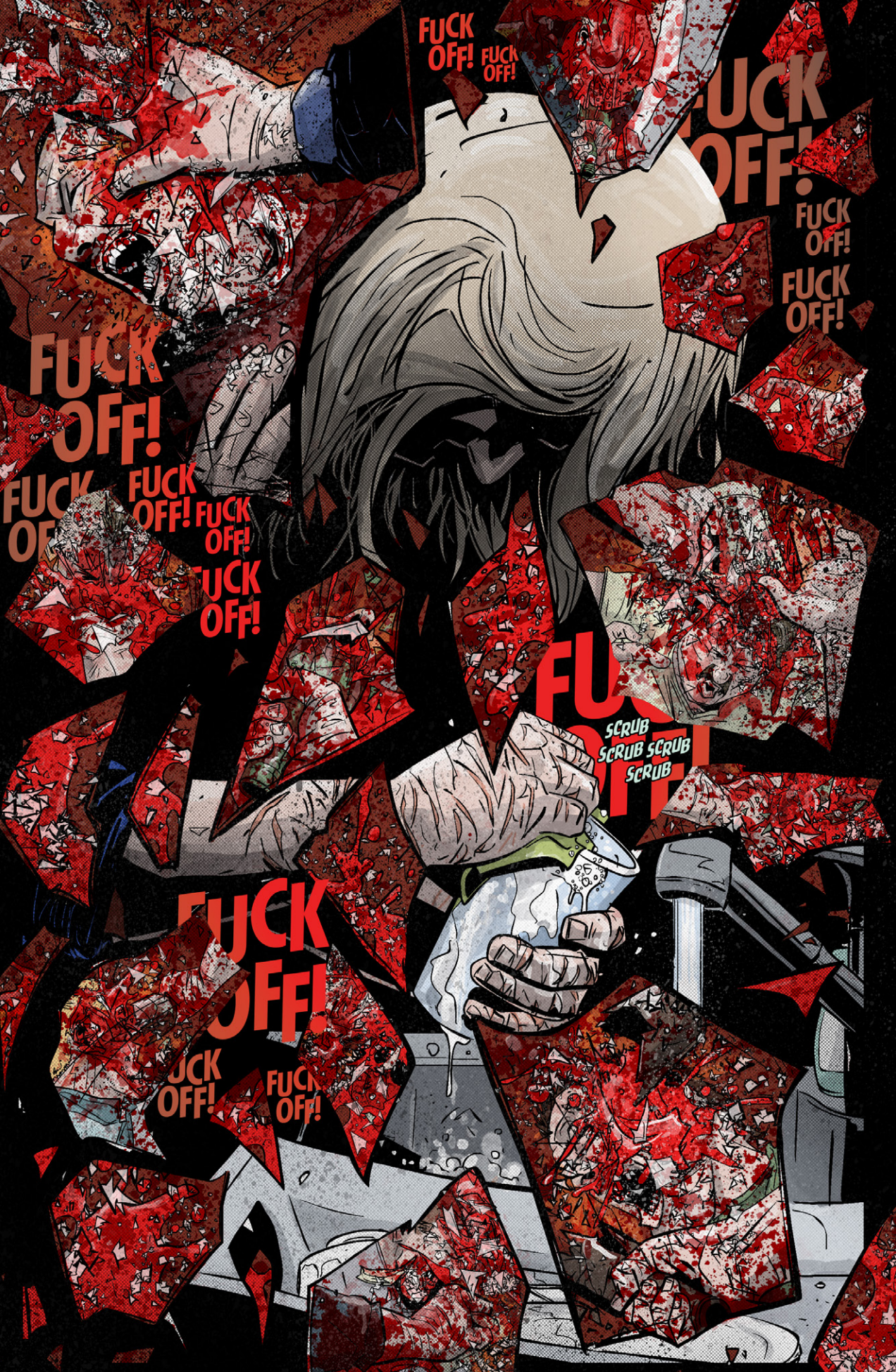

SCRUB SCRUB
SCRUB SCRUB


MATE, YE DON'T LET ANYONE DISRESPECT YE, NOT EVER.
WHO DID THIS TO YE, EH? LET'S GO FIND 'EM.

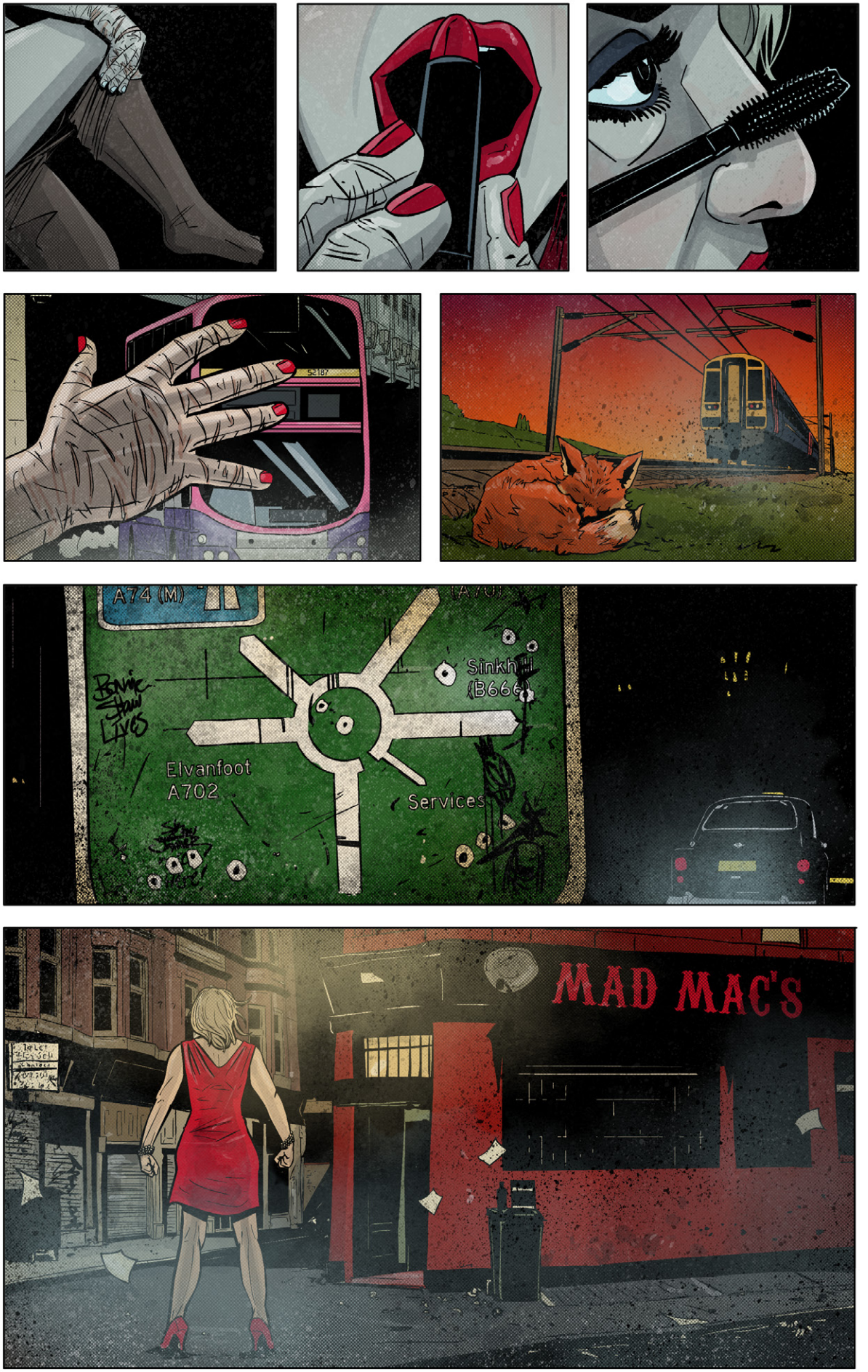
WHAT A SCUMBAG, PUSHIN' HIS WOMAN AROUND LIKE THAT.
YE SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN YE SQUARED UP TO 'IM?
SHITE HIMSELF! FUCKIN' COWARD. HAW-HAW!

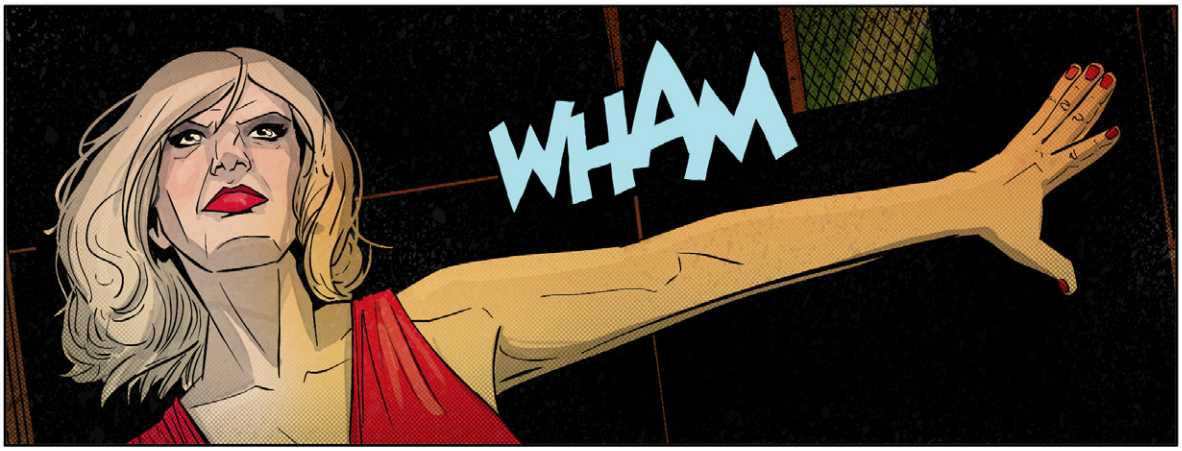
YOU SEE THE WAY THAT PRICK SMILED AT ME? THAT... FUCKIN'... FUCK! I'M GONNA KICK HIS CUNT IN!
COME ON, RAB, HE DIDNAE MEAN ANYTHIN'. NO' EVERYONE ON EARTH IS LOOKIN' TO FIGHT YE.
WE'RE NO' KIDS ANYMORE, YOU NEED TO TAKE IT EASY...

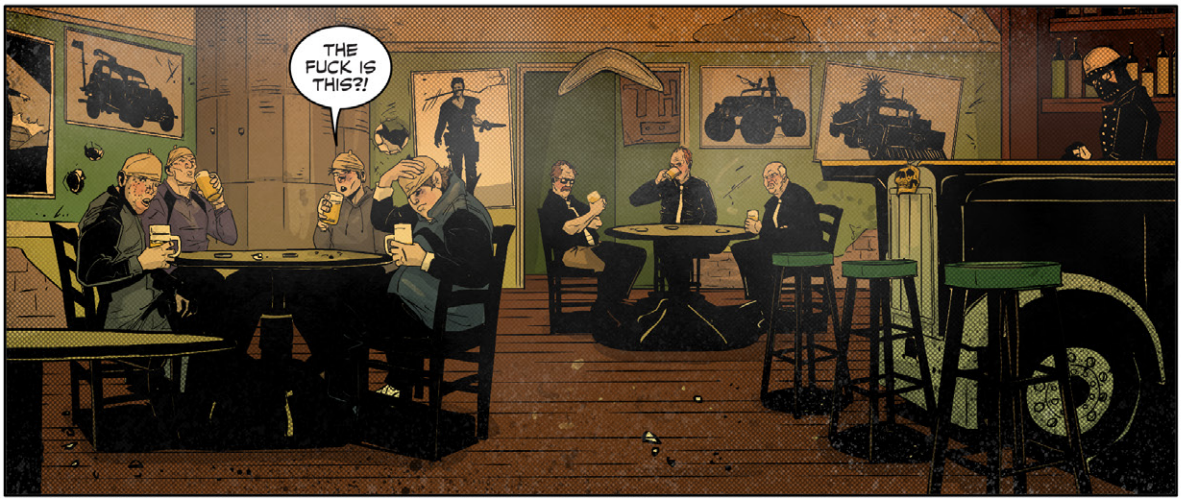
TAKE IT EASY?! AFTER AW I'VE DONE FOR YOU, YE'RE GONNA TALK TO ME LIKE SOME FUCKIN' EEJIT?!
PLEASE, RAB...

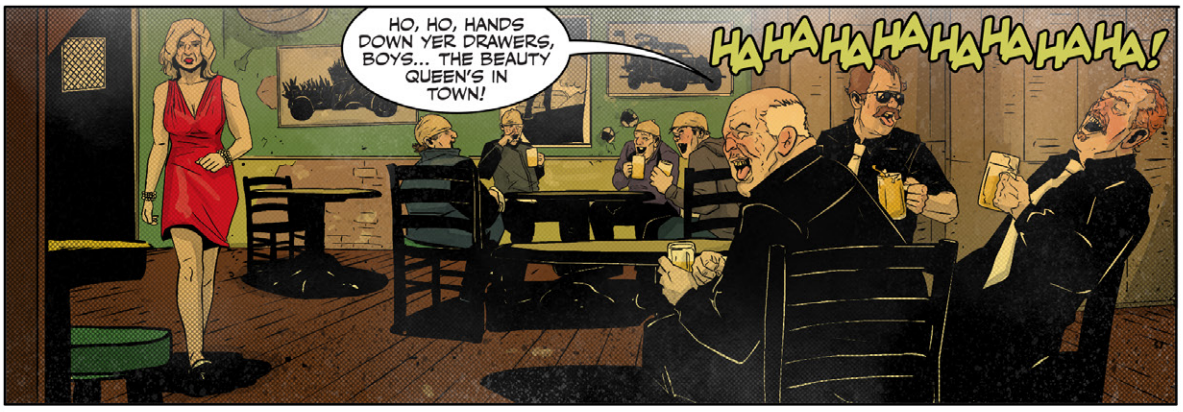

FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
FUCK OFF!
SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB

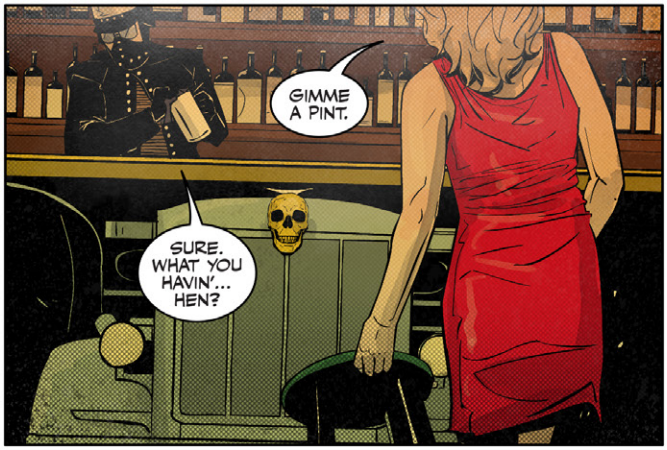
KRRK
AWRIGHT, FLORENCE, YE MAKE THIS RIGHT...
...BUT DON'T LOSE YERSELF.


A74 (M)
Sinkh
(B666)
Elvanfoot
A702
Services
MAD MAC'S

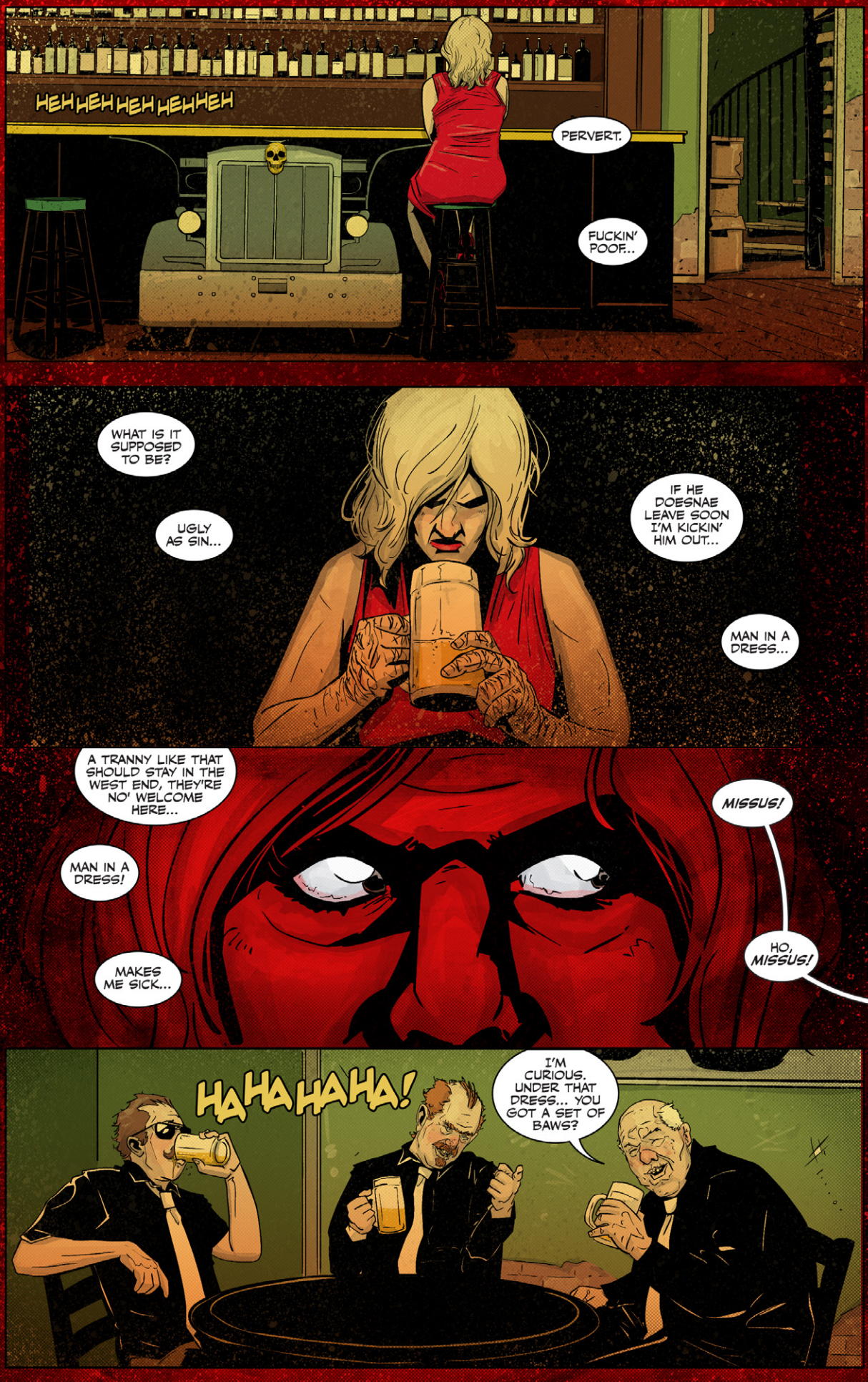

WHAM


THE FUCK IS THIS?!

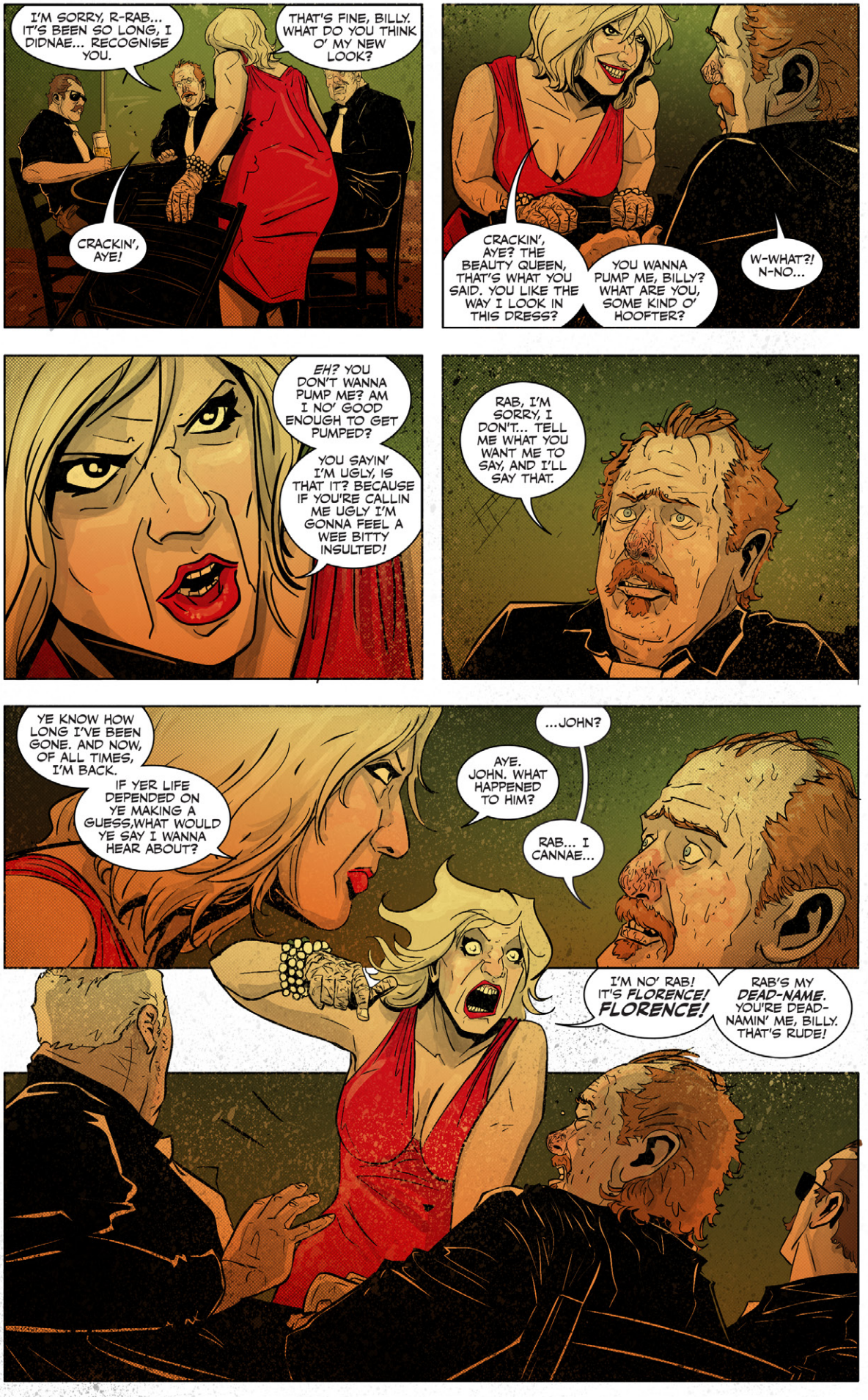

HO, HO, HANDS DOWN YER DRAWERS, BOYS... THE BEAUTY QUEEN'S IN TOWN!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!


GIMME A PINT.
SURE. WHAT YOU HAVIN'... HEN?

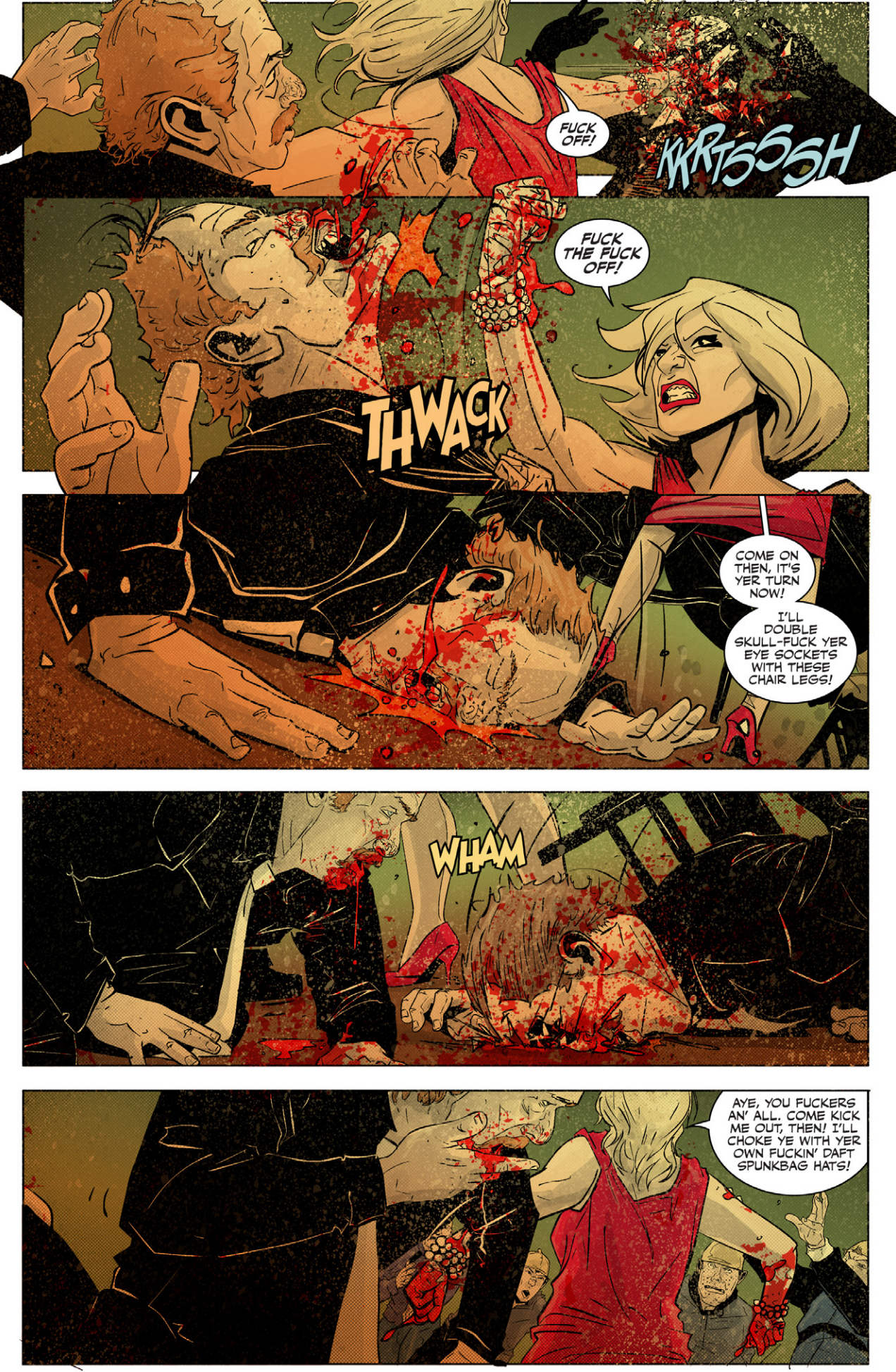
WHATEVER SWILL'S ON TAP.
SOMETHIN' STRONG... MAKIN' UP FOR LOST TIME.


HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH
PERVERT.
FUCKIN' POOF...
WHAT IS IT SUPPOSED TO BE?
UGLY AS SIN...
IF HE DOESNAE LEAVE SOON I'M KICKIN' HIM OUT...
MAN IN A DRESS...
A TRANNY LIKE THAT SHOULD STAY IN THE WEST END, THEY'RE NO' WELCOME HERE...
MAN IN A DRESS!
MAKES ME SICK...
MISSUS!
HO, MISSUS!
HAHAHAHA!
I'M CURIOUS. UNDER THAT DRESS... YOU GOT A SET OF BAWS?

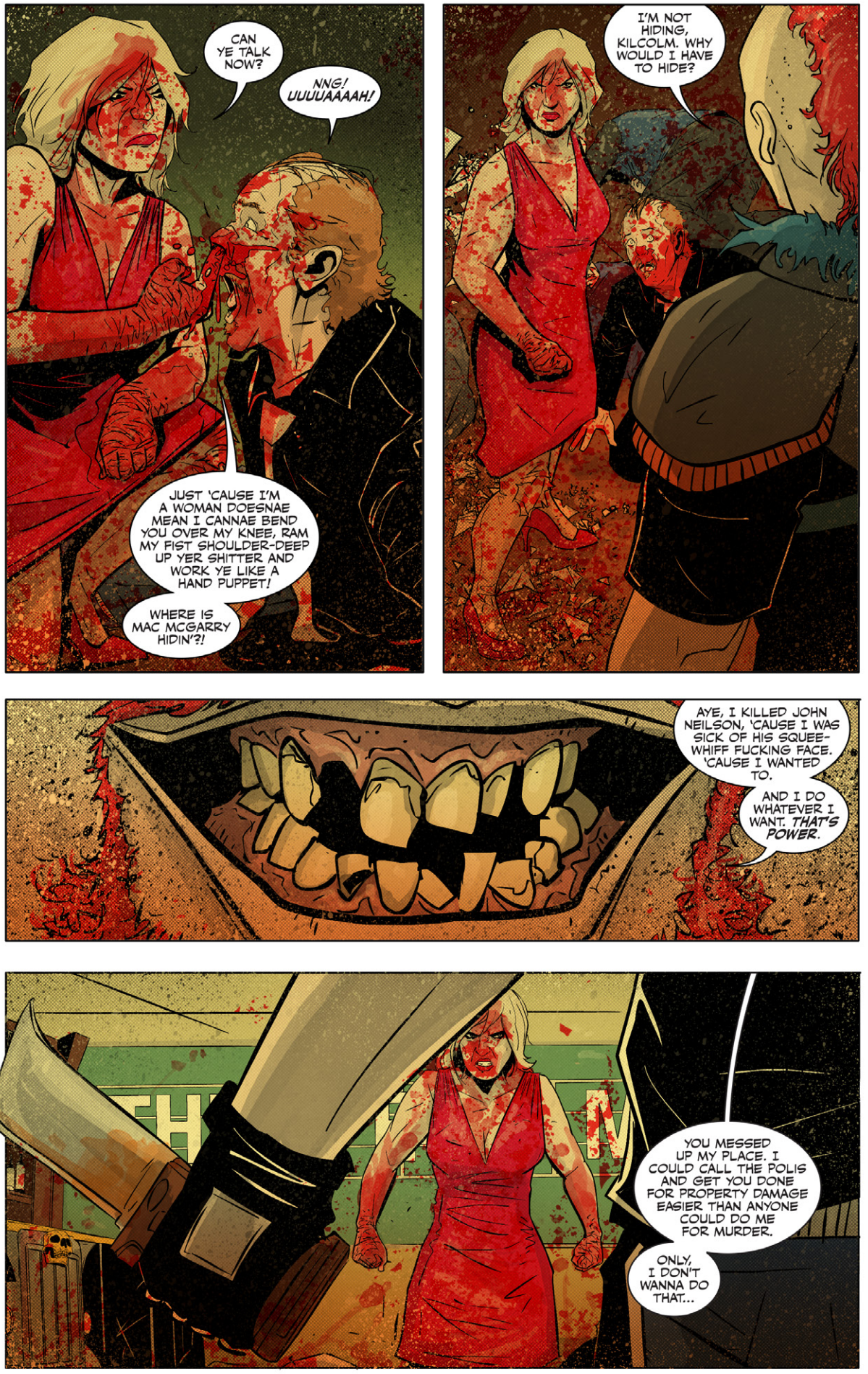
THUD
YAAH!
ASK ME A QUESTION LIKE THAT AGAIN... YOU WON'T HAVE.


I'M SORRY, R-RAB... IT'S BEEN SO LONG, I DIDNAE... RECOGNISE YOU.
THAT'S FINE, BILLY. WHAT DO YOU THINK O' MY NEW LOOK?
CRACKIN', AYE!
CRACKIN', AYE? THE BEAUTY QUEEN, THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID. YOU LIKE THE WAY I LOOK IN THIS DRESS?
YOU WANNA PUMP ME, BILLY? WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND O' HOOFTER?
W-WHAT?! N-NO...
EH? YOU DON'T WANNA PUMP ME? AM I NO' GOOD ENOUGH TO GET PUMPED?
YOU SAYIN' I'M UGLY, IS THAT IT? BECAUSE IF YOU'RE CALLIN ME UGLY I'M GONNA FEEL A WEE BITTY INSULTED!
RAB, I'M SORRY, I DON'T... TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT ME TO SAY, AND I'LL SAY THAT.
YE KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN GONE. AND NOW, OF ALL TIMES, I'M BACK.
IF YER LIFE DEPENDED ON YE MAKING A GUESS,WHAT WOULD YE SAY I WANNA HEAR ABOUT?
...JOHN?
AYE. JOHN. WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
RAB... I CANNAE...
I'M NO' RAB! IT'S *FLORENCE!* ***FLORENCE!***
RAB'S MY ***DEAD-NAME.*** YOU'RE DEAD-NAMIN' ME, BILLY. THAT'S RUDE!

NAW! SIT YER ARSES DOWN OR I'LL GLASS HIS NUT IN!
IT'S NO' YER TURN YET. I'LL GET TO YOU TWO DIDDIES SOON.
AND ALL YOUS... I HEARD YE TALKIN' LIKE YE WERE GONNA KICK FUCK OUT ME. BIG HARD MEN.
BUT WHEN MY FRIEND GETS MURDERED RIGHT IN FRONT OF YE, YE JUST LOOK DOWN AND QUAFF YER PINTS.
BILLY HERE TALKS ABOUT BAWS? I LOOK IN THIS DUMP AND I SAY YOU'VE NO' GOT ONE PAIR BETWEEN THE LOT OF YE.
HERE, FLORENCE... OR WHATEVER YOU'RE CALLING YOURSELF. WE REMEMBER YOU, BUT YOU'VE BEEN GONE A LONG TIME...
AND MAC ISN'T THE NOSTALGIC TYPE.
OUT OF RESPECT FOR WHO YOU WERE, WE'LL LET YOU WALK AWAY WITHOUT BOTHERING HIM... IF YOU LEAVE, NOW.


FUCK OFF!
KKRTSSSH
FUCK THE FUCK OFF!
THWACK
COME ON THEN, IT'S YER TURN NOW!
I'LL DOUBLE SKULL-FUCK YER EYE SOCKETS WITH THESE CHAIR LEGS!
WHAM
AYE, YOU FUCKERS AN' ALL. COME KICK ME OUT, THEN! I'LL CHOKE YE WITH YER OWN FUCKIN' DAFT SPUNKBAG HATS!

STAY DOWN, FUCKER!
WHACK
KRUK
MMMF!
A GAGGLE OF WEANS! NUMPTIES!
BAM
AAAAARGHH!
THUCK
YOU FUDS CALL THAT A FIGHT?! I DIDNAE EVEN NEED TO TAKE MY HEELS OFF!


CAN YE TALK NOW?
NNG! UUUUAAAAH!
JUST 'CAUSE I'M A WOMAN DOESNAE MEAN I CANNAE BEND YOU OVER MY KNEE, RAM MY FIST SHOULDER-DEEP UP YER SHITTER AND WORK YE LIKE A HAND PUPPET!
WHERE IS MAC MCGARRY HIDIN'?!
I'M NOT HIDING, KILCOLM. WHY WOULD I HAVE TO HIDE?
AYE, I KILLED JOHN NEILSON, 'CAUSE I WAS SICK OF HIS SQUEE-WHIFF FUCKING FACE. 'CAUSE I WANTED TO.
AND I DO WHATEVER I WANT. THAT'S POWER.
YOU MESSED UP MY PLACE. I COULD CALL THE POLIS AND GET YOU DONE FOR PROPERTY DAMAGE EASIER THAN ANYONE COULD DO ME FOR MURDER.
ONLY, I DON'T WANNA DO THAT...

I WANNA CUT YOU UP INTO BITS AND NAIL PIECES OF YOU TO THE WALLS.
YOUR NAME STILL MEANS JUST ENOUGH FOR THAT TO BE A MESSAGE TO SINKHILL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FUCK WITH MAC MCGARRY!
WHEN I WAS A KID, EVERYONE TALKED ABOUT HOW YOU WERE THE MEANEST DOG IN THE YARD. BUT THAT WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO. YOU'RE DONE.
YOU TALK A LOT O' SHITE...
KRRROH
I THINK YOU NEED REMINDIN' EXACTLY WHO YER TALKIN' TO.

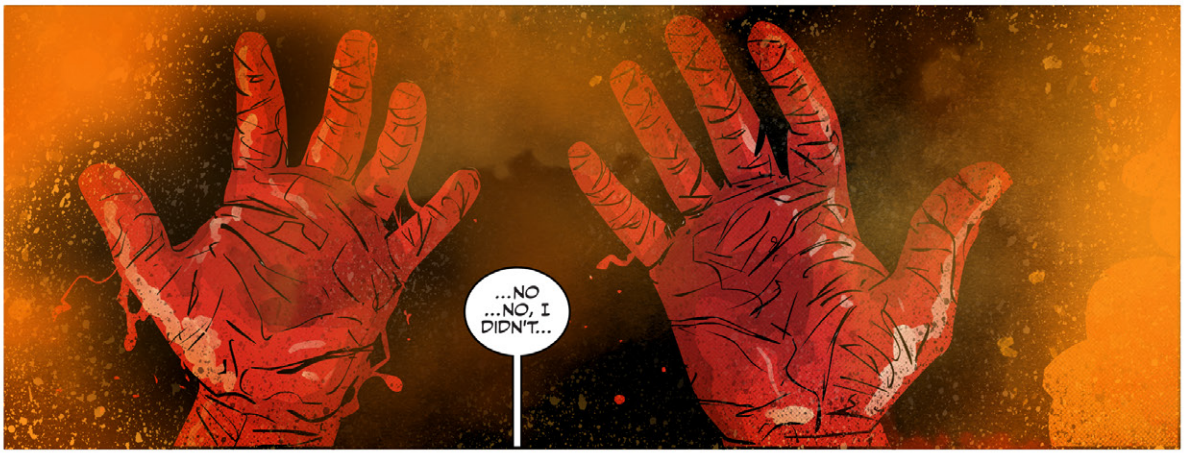
AND WHO ARE YOU, FLORENCE?
YAAAH!
ALL YOU EVER WERE WAS SOME FIGHTING DRUNK, ANYONE WHO RESPECTED YOU IS OLD OR DEID.
SINKHILL HAS CHANGED, AND ALL YOU HAD LEFT WAS YOUR NAME...
AND YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE THAT ANYMORE!
AAAARGHH!
ANY NAME I HAD I GOT ON MY OWN.
IT WASNAE HANDED TO ME ON A PLATE BY A GANGSTER SUGAR-DADDY...
WHAKK
UNNF!
YOU'RE PATHETIC, YOU KNOW THAT? YOU SHOULD HAVE JUST STAYED GONE, INSTEAD OF COMING BACK LOOKING LIKE SOME CIRCUS FREAK.
THIS IS HOW YOU'LL BE REMEMBERED NOW. PEOPLE WILL LAUGH WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT HOW YOU DIED.
THE BIG, UGLY HARDMAN OF SINKHILL...
AND YOU SERIOUSLY THOUGHT ANYONE WOULD EVER ACCEPT YOU AS A LADY?

UUUAAAHHH!
CRUNCH
FUCK WHAT ANYONE ACCEPTS, AND LET THEM LAUGH. I AM A WOMAN, DOLL...
URK!
SHUNK
BUT I NEVER CLAIMED TO BE A LADY.
GGLLLLK! FFFFFFFFT...
RIGHT, THEN...
...IS EVERYBODY HERE?

FUCK THIS FOR A GAME OF SOLDIERS!
?!
EEEEEEE
HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH
HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH
AW, NO...

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS.
TAKE A GOOD LOOK.
DID HE GIVE YE ALL A SPEECH LIKE THIS WHEN HE KILLED JOHN NEILSON?
BUT I'M DIFFERENT. SEE, IF YE TALKED ABOUT HIM, HE'D GO TATTLIN' TO HIS BOSS.
IF YE TALK ABOUT ME... I'LL STRANGLE YE IN YER BED MYSELF.
ARE YOU NO' ALL TIRED OF BEING BIGOTED, HATEFUL CUNTS?
I GOT TIRED OF IT. WE'RE ALL SO BUSY FUMIN' OVER BULLSHIT DIFFERENCES THAT WE CANNAE SEE ALL WE HAVE IN COMMON.
EVERYONE OUTSIDE THIS CITY SHITS ON US... MAYBE WE SHOULD BE A BIT LESS SHIT TO EACH OTHER?
YOU SHOULD ALL START TRYIN'... OR HAVE ME TO ANSWER TO.
AND IF ANY OF YE SEE SI MCKIRDIE... YOU TELL HIM THAT FLORENCE KILCOLM HAS COME HOME.
AND YE CAN TELL HIM SHE'S NO' GOING ANYWHERE..

THIS ISN'T YOU, FLORENCE. YOU HAD TO DO THIS FOR JOHN...


...NO ...NO, I DIDN'T...

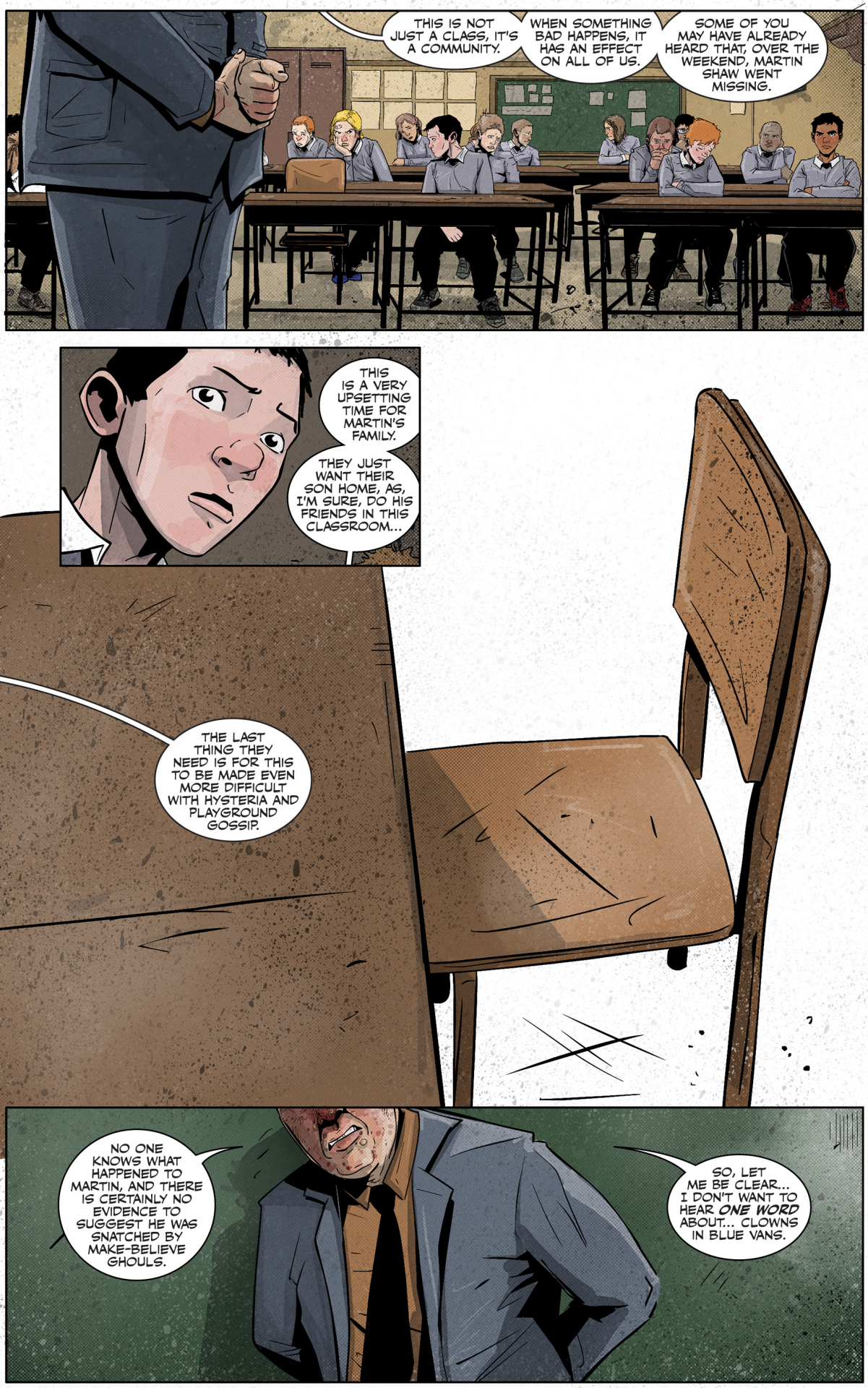
...I DID THIS FOR ME.

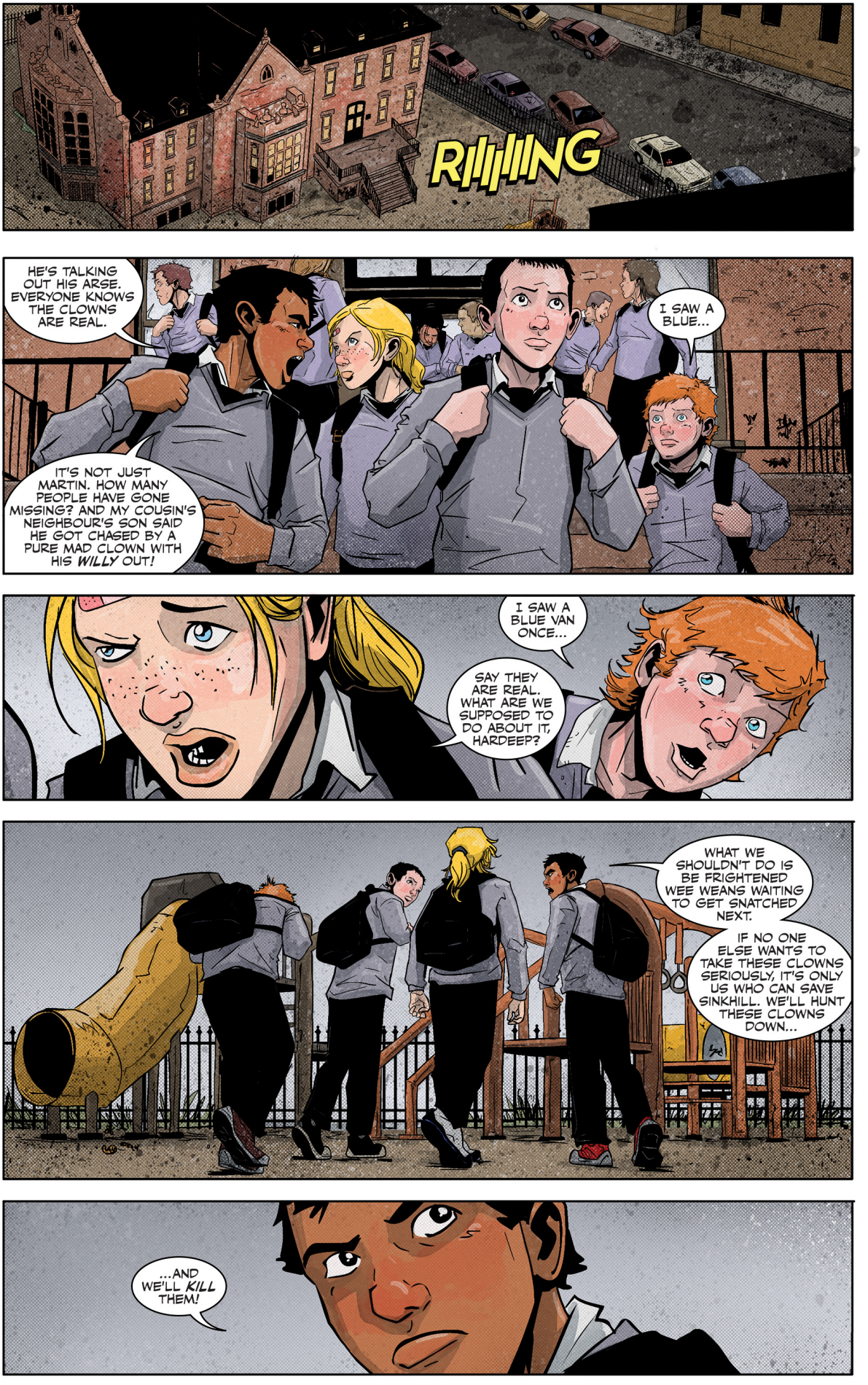
SINK

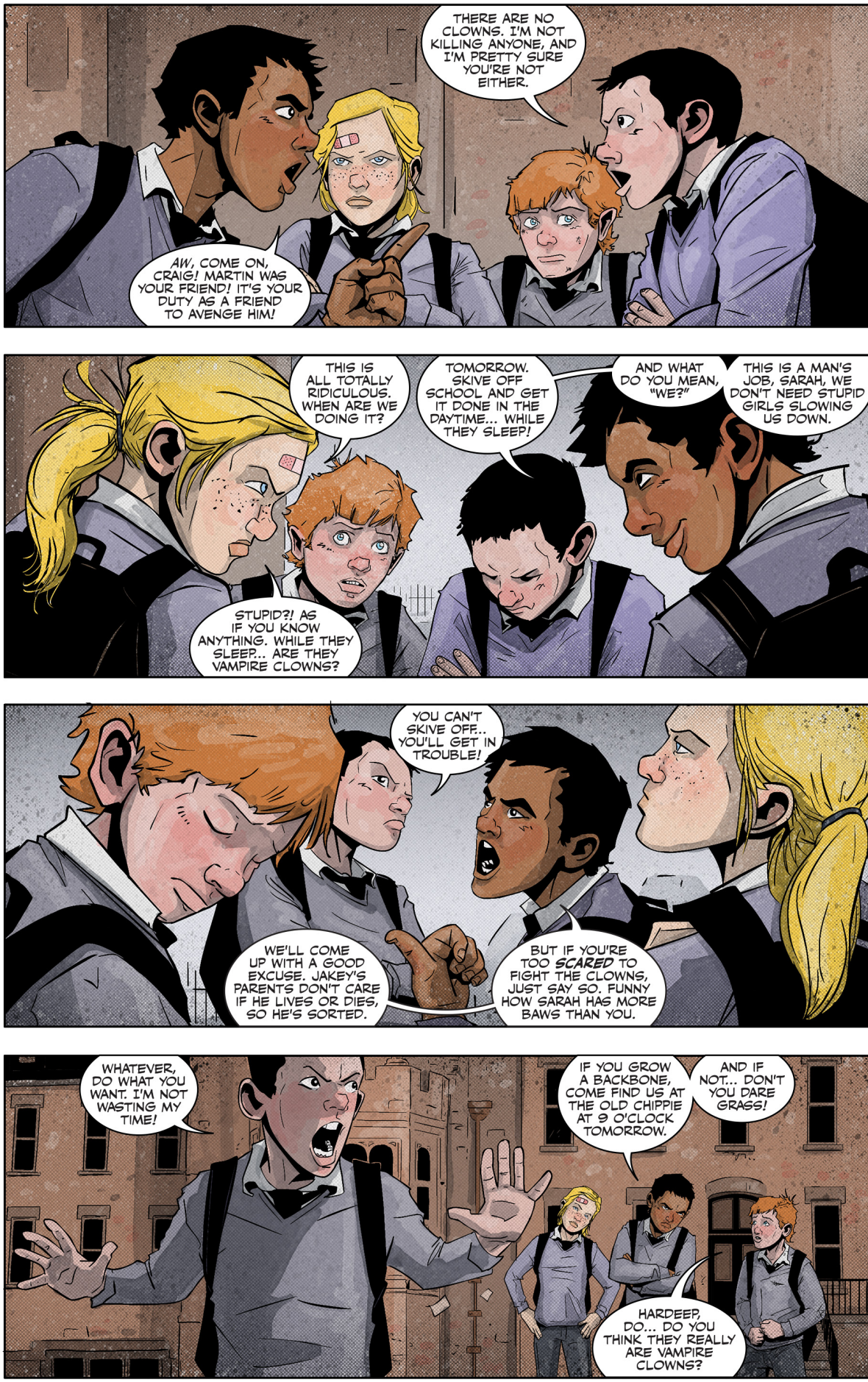
SINK #3 VARIANT COVER BY ANDREW JERZ

"YOUNG TEAM"

FOUR


THIS IS NOT JUST A CLASS, IT'S A COMMUNITY.
WHEN SOMETHING BAD HAPPENS, IT HAS AN EFFECT ON ALL OF US.
SOME OF YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY HEARD THAT, OVER THE WEEKEND, MARTIN SHAW WENT MISSING.
THIS IS A VERY UPSETTING TIME FOR MARTIN'S FAMILY.
THEY JUST WANT THEIR SON HOME, AS, I'M SURE, DO HIS FRIENDS IN THIS CLASSROOM...
THE LAST THING THEY NEED IS FOR THIS TO BE MADE EVEN MORE DIFFICULT WITH HYSTERIA AND PLAYGROUND GOSSIP.
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO MARTIN, AND THERE IS CERTAINLY NO EVIDENCE TO SUGGEST HE WAS SNATCHED BY MAKE-BELIEVE GHOULS.
SO, LET ME BE CLEAR... I DON'T WANT TO HEAR *ONE WORD* ABOUT... CLOWNS IN BLUE VANS.


RIIIING
HE'S TALKING OUT HIS ARSE. EVERYONE KNOWS THE CLOWNS ARE REAL.
I SAW A BLUE...
IT'S NOT JUST MARTIN. HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE GONE MISSING? AND MY COUSIN'S NEIGHBOUR'S SON SAID HE GOT CHASED BY A PURE MAD CLOWN WITH HIS *WILLY* OUT!
I SAW A BLUE VAN ONCE...
SAY THEY ARE REAL. WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT IT, HARDEEP?
WHAT WE SHOULDN'T DO IS BE FRIGHTENED WEE WEANS WAITING TO GET SNATCHED NEXT.
IF NO ONE ELSE WANTS TO TAKE THESE CLOWNS SERIOUSLY, IT'S ONLY US WHO CAN SAVE SINKHILL. WE'LL HUNT THESE CLOWNS DOWN...
...AND WE'LL *KILL* THEM!

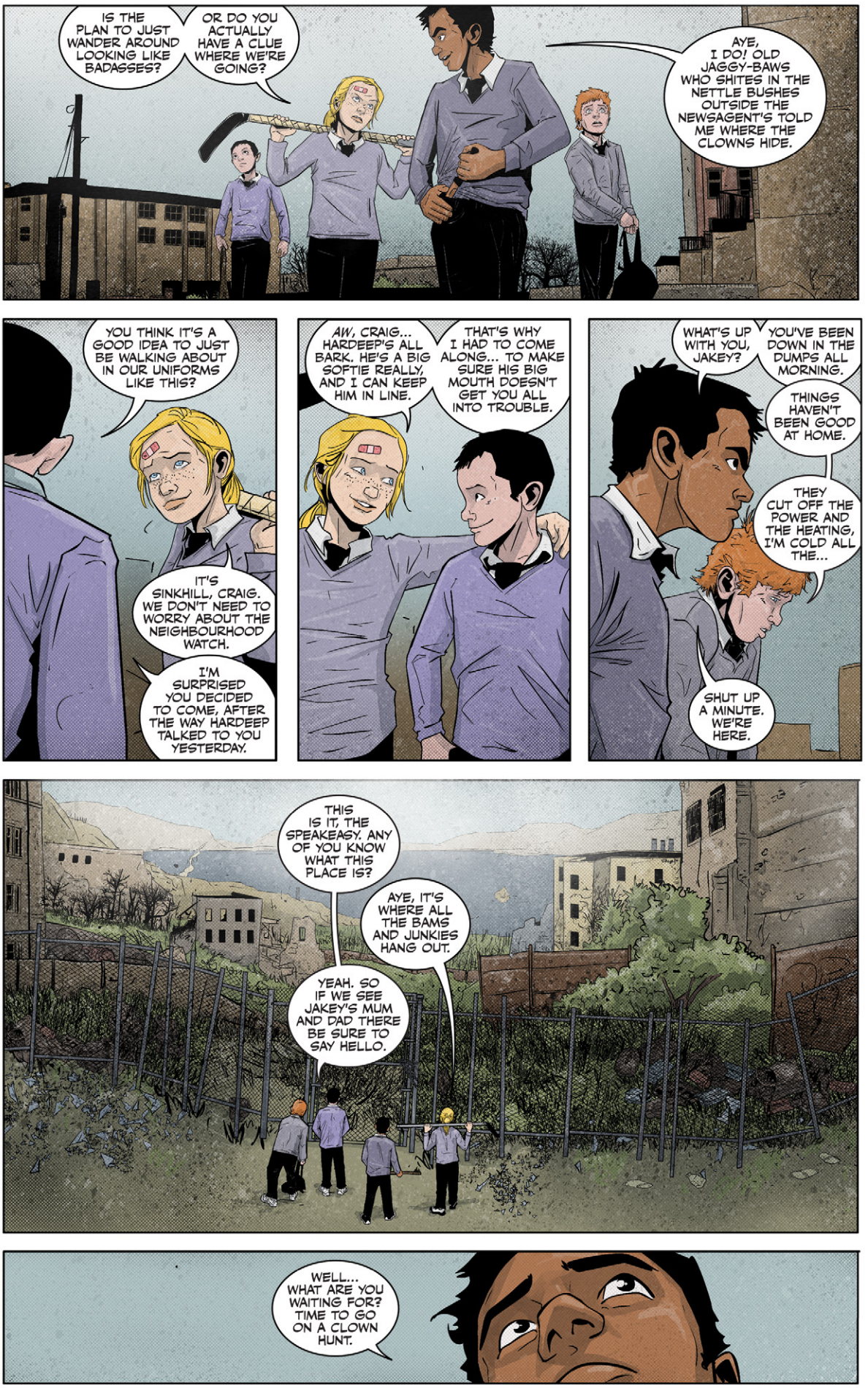

THERE ARE NO CLOWNS. I'M NOT KILLING ANYONE, AND I'M PRETTY SURE YOU'RE NOT EITHER.
AW, COME ON, CRAIG! MARTIN WAS YOUR FRIEND! IT'S YOUR DUTY AS A FRIEND TO AVENGE HIM!
THIS IS ALL TOTALLY RIDICULOUS. WHEN ARE WE DOING IT?
TOMORROW. SKIVE OFF SCHOOL AND GET IT DONE IN THE DAYTIME... WHILE THEY SLEEP!
AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WE?"
THIS IS A MAN'S JOB, SARAH, WE DON'T NEED STUPID GIRLS SLOWING US DOWN.
STUPID?! AS IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING. WHILE THEY SLEEP... ARE THEY VAMPIRE CLOWNS?
YOU CAN'T SKIVE OFF... YOU'LL GET IN TROUBLE!
WE'LL COME UP WITH A GOOD EXCUSE. JAKEY'S PARENTS DON'T CARE IF HE LIVES OR DIES, SO HE'S SORTED.
BUT IF YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO FIGHT THE CLOWNS, JUST SAY SO. FUNNY HOW SARAH HAS MORE BAWS THAN YOU.
WHATEVER, DO WHAT YOU WANT. I'M NOT WASTING MY TIME!
IF YOU GROW A BACKBONE, COME FIND US AT THE OLD CHIPPIE AT 9 O'CLOCK TOMORROW.
AND IF NOT... DON'T YOU DARE GRASS!
HARDEEP, DO... DO YOU THINK THEY REALLY ARE VAMPIRE CLOWNS?

CREEEEEEEK
SREEEEEK

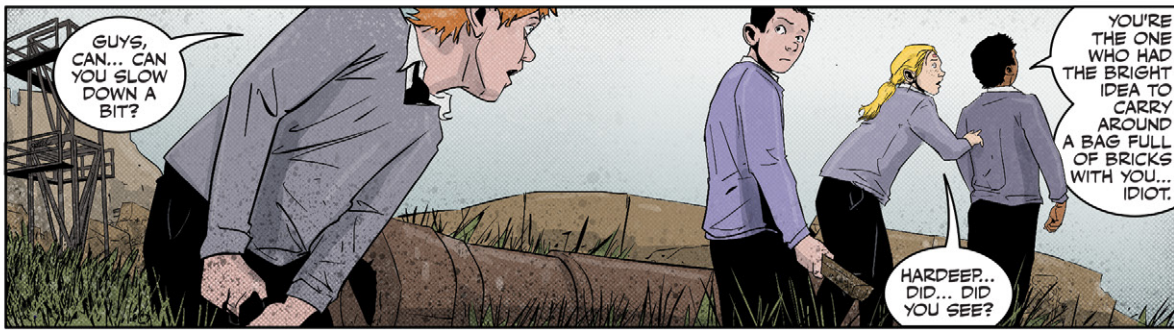
NO WAY I'M GOING UPSTAIRS, THE BLACK DOOR'S UP THERE.
CREEEEEK
IS... IS IT A CLOWN?

IIII CAAAN
BEEEE AAAAA
CLOW-UUUUUUNNN..
!

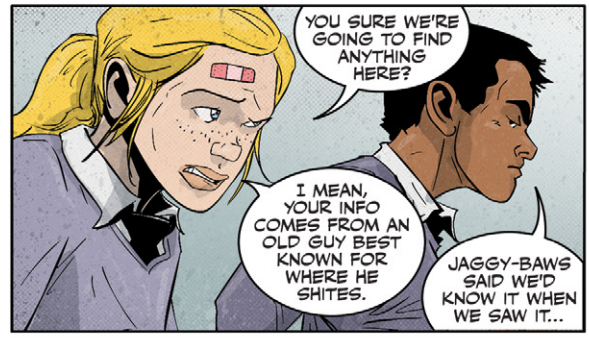
SO, YOU ALL CAME OUT LIKE YOU WERE GOING TO SCHOOL LIKE NORMAL, GOOD. WE CAN HIDE OUR SCHOOLBAGS UNDER THE CRATES OVER THERE.
DID YOU ALL BRING YOUR SPECIAL CLOWN-SLAYING WEAPONS LIKE I TOLD YOU?
I'VE GOT MY HOCKEY STICK.
I'M NOT SLAYING ANYONE, 'CAUSE MURDER ISN'T JUSTICE. BUT THIS CAN STILL BREAK SOME FACES!
I... UH... CAN'T LEAVE MY SCHOOLBAG BEHIND, IT'S MY WEAPON, TOO. FILLED IT WITH BRICKS.
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SPARE WEAPONS, DO YOU?
ACTUALLY, WE FOUND THIS HERE. HAVE IT.
WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?
I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE I'LL SLEEP BETTER IF I KNOW FOR SURE THE CLOWNS AREN'T OUT THERE.

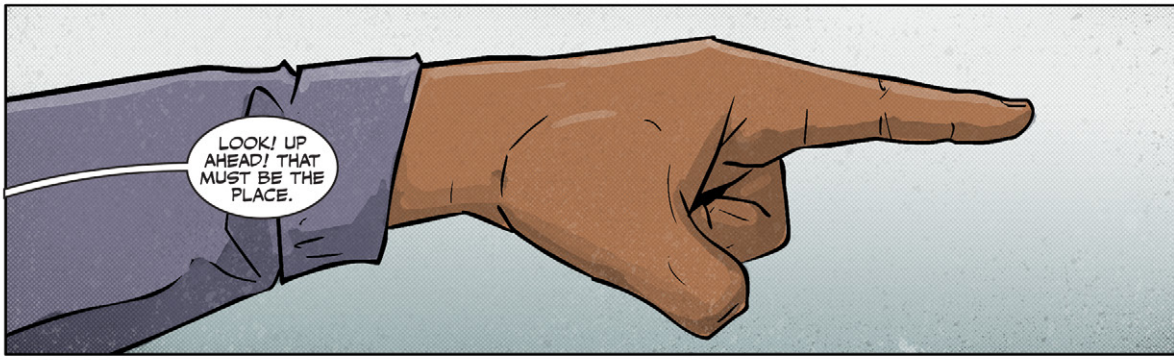

IS THE PLAN TO JUST WANDER AROUND LOOKING LIKE BADASSES?
OR DO YOU ACTUALLY HAVE A CLUE WHERE WE'RE GOING?
AYE, I DO! OLD JAGGY-BAWS WHO SHITES IN THE NETTLE BUSHES OUTSIDE THE NEWSAGENT'S TOLD ME WHERE THE CLOWNS HIDE.
YOU THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO JUST BE WALKING ABOUT IN OUR UNIFORMS LIKE THIS?
IT'S SINKHILL, CRAIG. WE DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH.
I'M SURPRISED YOU DECIDED TO COME, AFTER THE WAY HARDEEP TALKED TO YOU YESTERDAY.
AW, CRAIG... HARDEEP'S ALL BARK. HE'S A BIG SOFTIE REALLY, AND I CAN KEEP HIM IN LINE.
THAT'S WHY I HAD TO COME ALONG... TO MAKE SURE HIS BIG MOUTH DOESN'T GET YOU ALL INTO TROUBLE.
WHAT'S UP WITH YOU, JAKEY?
YOU'VE BEEN DOWN IN THE DUMPS ALL MORNING.
THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN GOOD AT HOME.
THEY CUT OFF THE POWER AND THE HEATING, I'M COLD ALL THE...
SHUT UP A MINUTE. WE'RE HERE.
THIS IS IT, THE SPEAKEASY. ANY OF YOU KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE IS?
AYE, IT'S WHERE ALL THE BAMS AND JUNKIES HANG OUT.
YEAH. SO IF WE SEE JAKEY'S MUM AND DAD THERE BE SURE TO SAY HELLO.
WELL... WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? TIME TO GO ON A CLOWN HUNT.

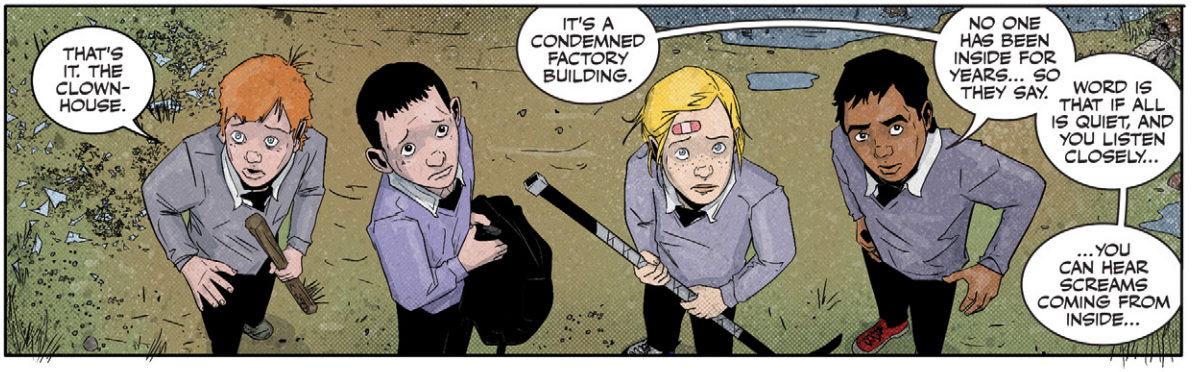
SSSSSSHHH...


GUYS, CAN... CAN YOU SLOW DOWN A BIT?
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO HAD THE BRIGHT IDEA TO CARRY AROUND A BAG FULL OF BRICKS WITH YOU... IDIOT.
HARDEEP... DID... DID YOU SEE?

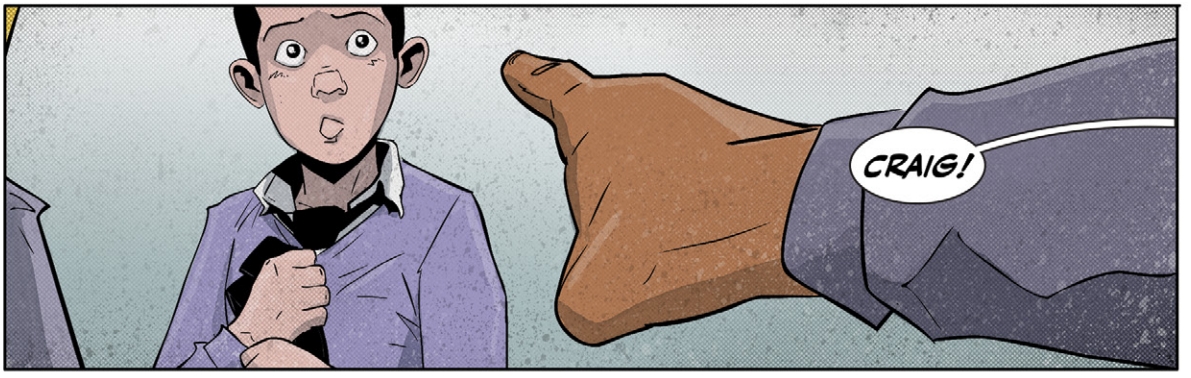
YOU SHOULDN'T LET HIM TREAT YOU LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW.
ACH, IT'S FINE. IT'S JUST HARDEEP'S WAY OF JOKING AROUND.
I KNOW HE'S NICE REALLY.
I'M NOT SURE HE IS, JAKE...


YOU SURE WE'RE GOING TO FIND ANYTHING HERE?
I MEAN, YOUR INFO COMES FROM AN OLD GUY BEST KNOWN FOR WHERE HE SHITES.
JAGGY-BAWS SAID WE'D KNOW IT WHEN WE SAW IT...

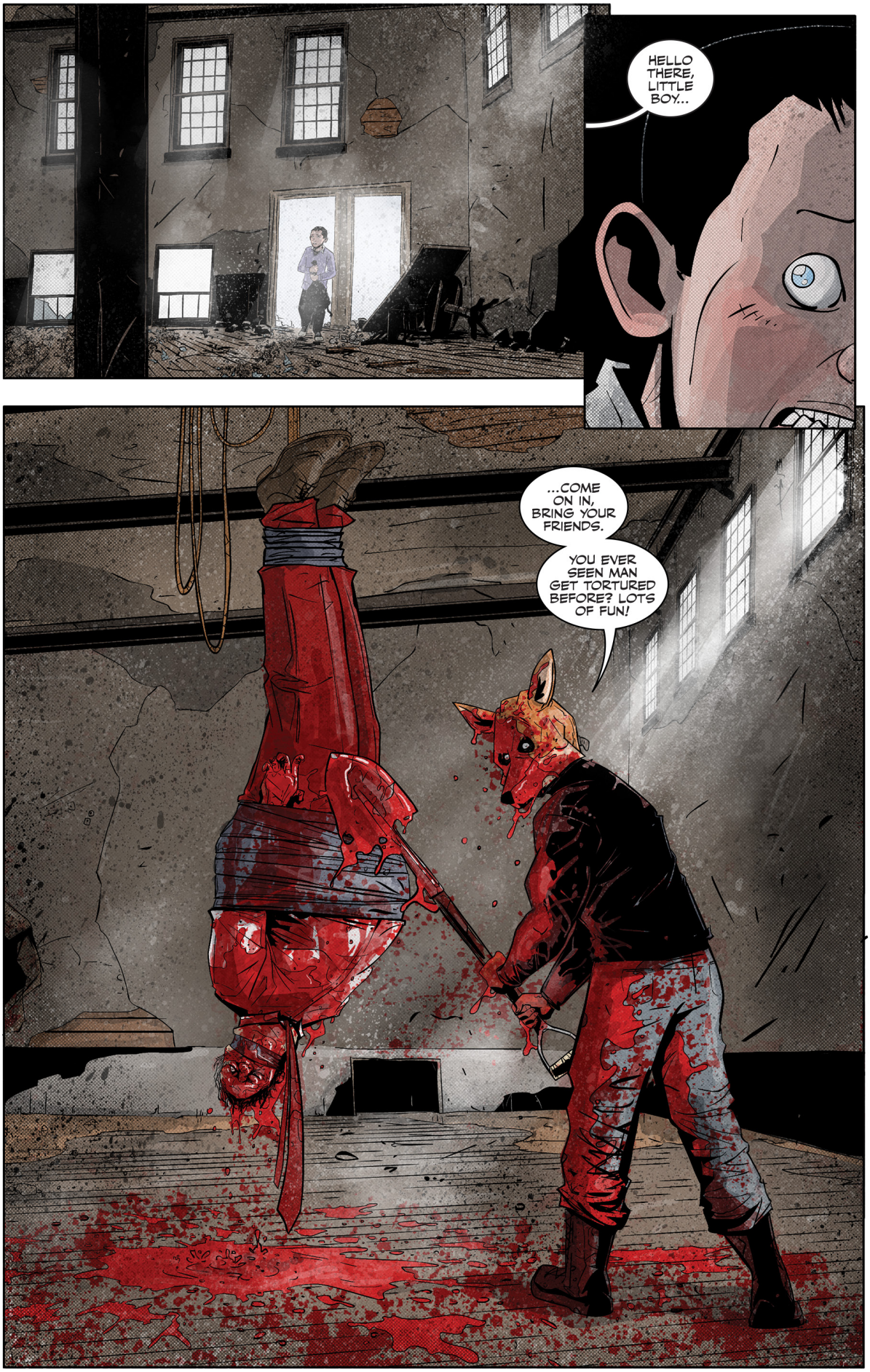

LOOK! UP AHEAD! THAT MUST BE THE PLACE.

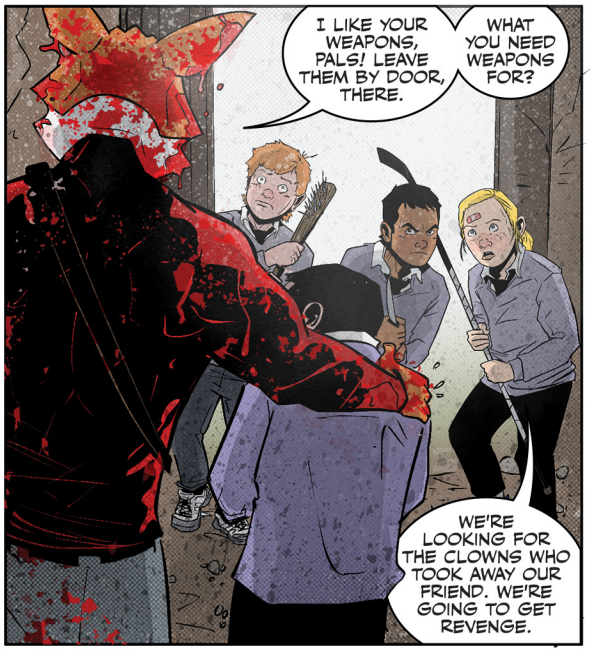

THAT'S IT. THE CLOWN-HOUSE.
IT'S A CONDEMNED FACTORY BUILDING.
NO ONE HAS BEEN INSIDE FOR YEARS... SO THEY SAY.
WORD IS THAT IF ALL IS QUIET, AND YOU LISTEN CLOSELY...
...YOU CAN HEAR SCREAMS COMING FROM INSIDE...

OKAY... WHAT HAPPENS NOW? PROBABLY BEST WE RUSH IN QUICK, TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE...
UUUH... MAYBE BEST GO QUIET. ONE OF US SHOULD SNEAK IN FIRST, SEE WHAT EXACTLY IS IN THERE...


CRAIG!

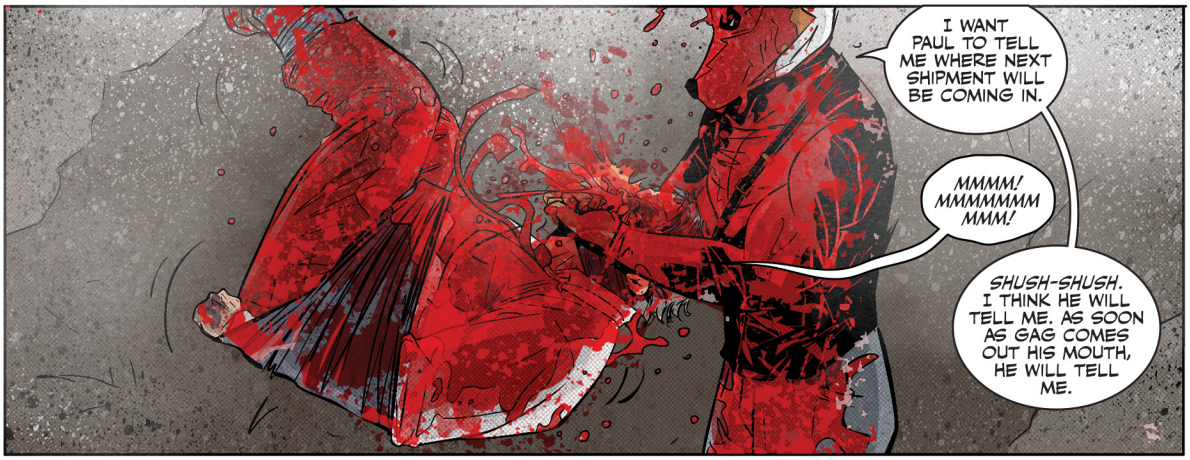
YOU JOINED THE TEAM LAST, IT SHOULD BE YOU.
WHAT? BUT... BUT...
COME ON. YOU WANT TO KNOW IF THE CLOWNS ARE REALLY OUT THERE?
GO FIND OUT.

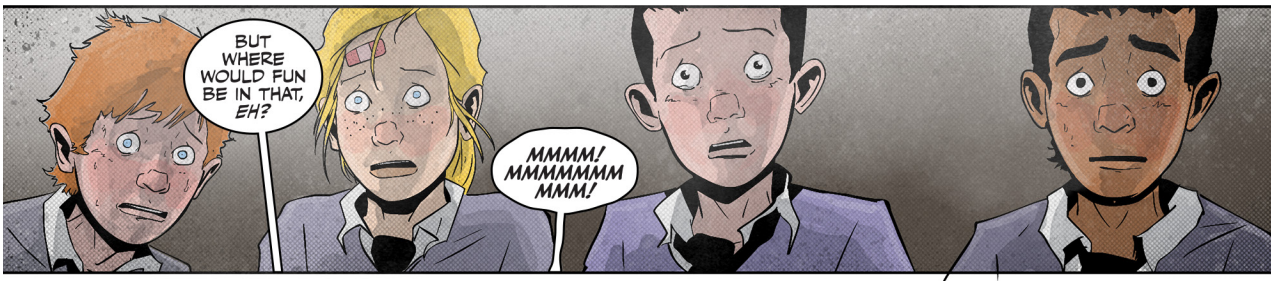

HELLO THERE, LITTLE BOY...
...COME ON IN, BRING YOUR FRIENDS.
YOU EVER SEEN MAN GET TORTURED BEFORE? LOTS OF FUN!


I LIKE YOUR WEAPONS, PALS! LEAVE THEM BY DOOR, THERE.
WHAT YOU NEED WEAPONS FOR?
WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE CLOWNS WHO TOOK AWAY OUR FRIEND. WE'RE GOING TO GET REVENGE.

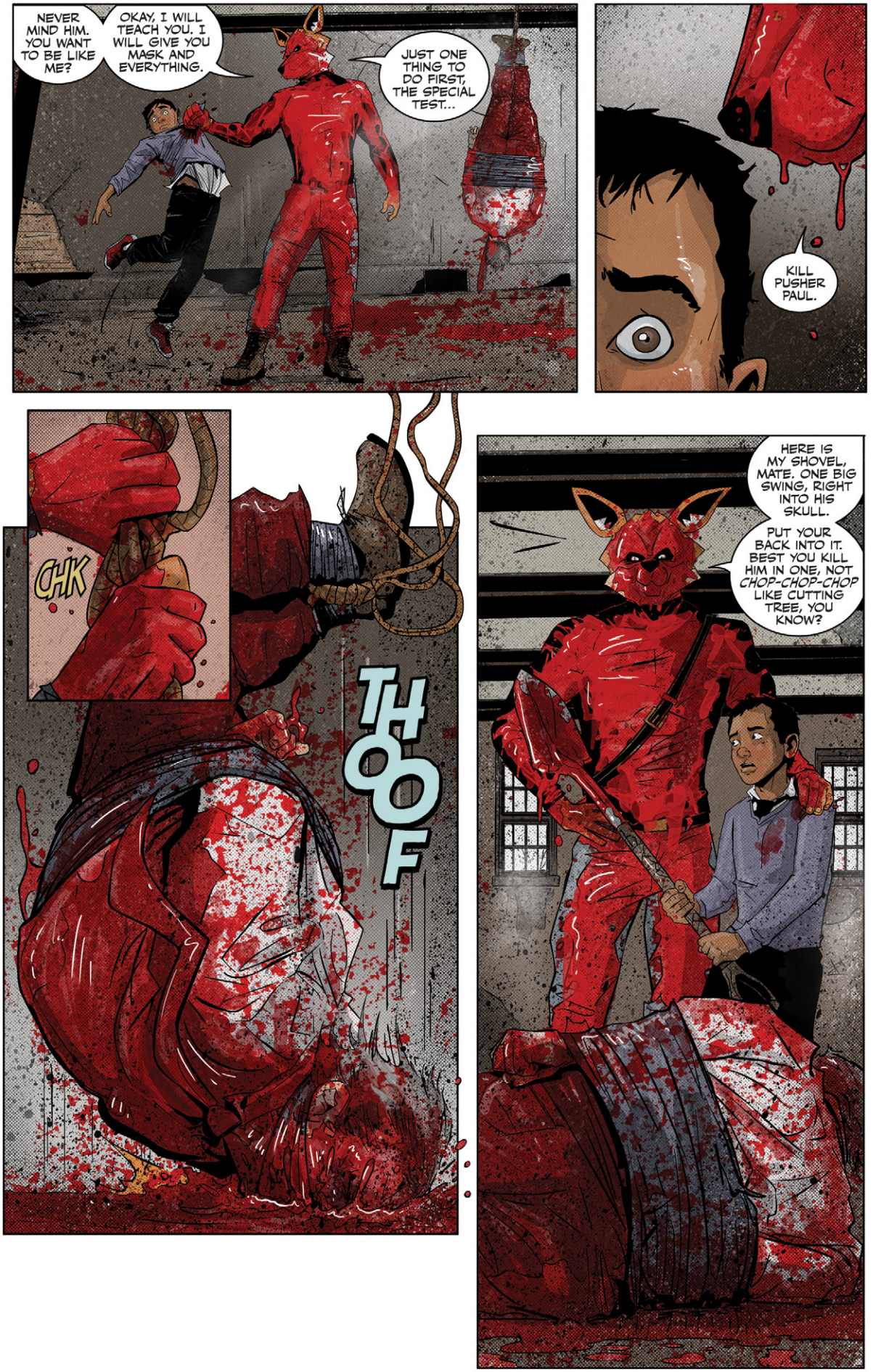
REVENGE! I AM ALL FOR THAT. I AM MR. DIG. COME MEET PUSHER PAUL. HE WORKS FOR SI MCKIRDIE.
DIFFERENT TYPES WORK FOR MCKIRDIE. THE WITNESSES HANDLE RECRUITMENT. THE ENFORCERS ARE MUSCLE. GHOSTERS... *HEH*, I'LL TELL YOU WHEN YOU ARE GROWN UP.

BUT PAUL HERE IS PUSHER. THAT MEANS HE SELLS MCKIRDIE'S DRUGS.
FILTH THESE ANIMALS PUT OUT ON STREET MAKES MANY MORE PEOPLE IN SINKHILL DISAPPEAR THAN CLOWNS.

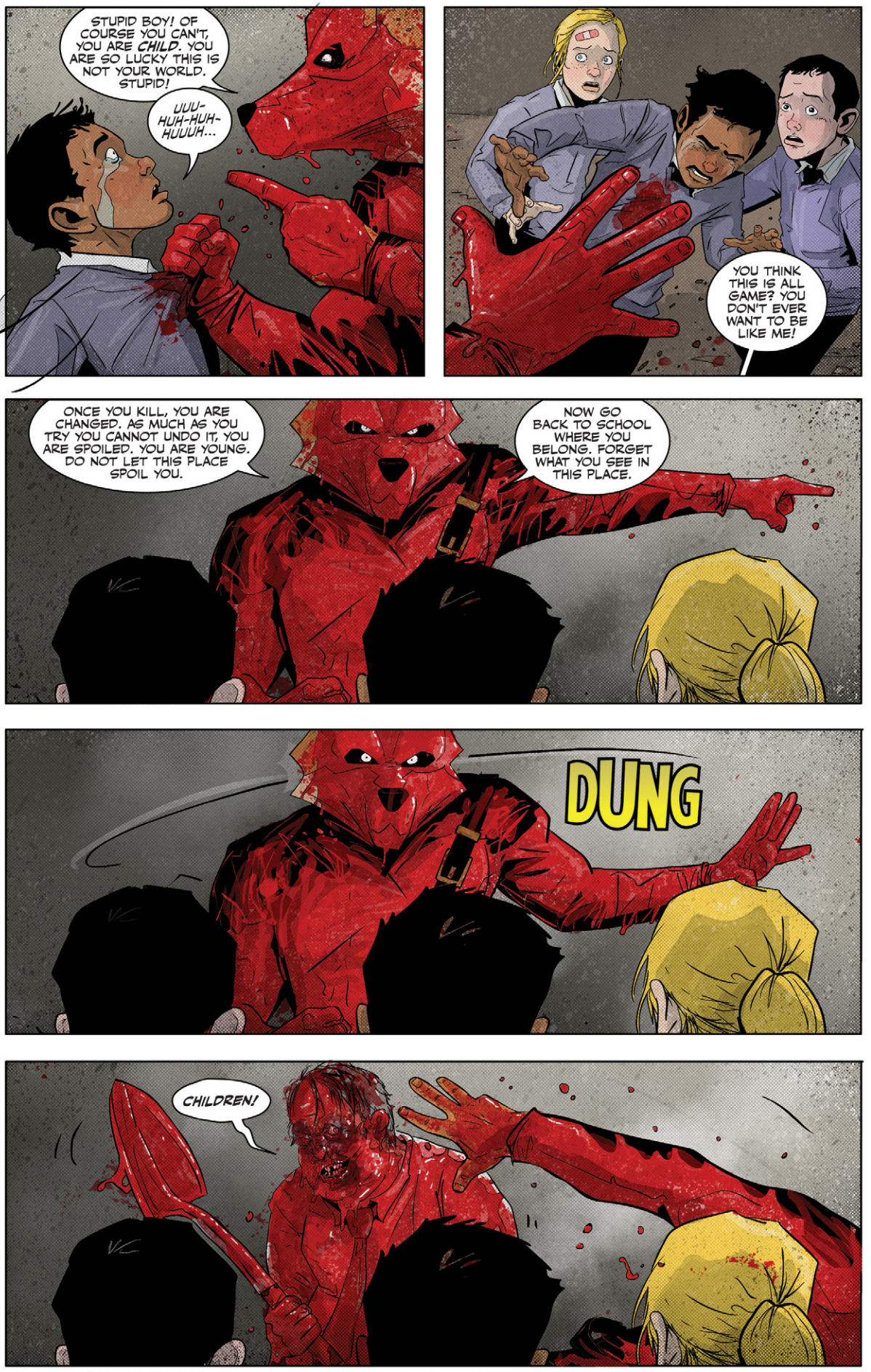

I WANT PAUL TO TELL ME WHERE NEXT SHIPMENT WILL BE COMING IN.
MMMM! MMMMMMMM MMM!
SHUSH-SHUSH. I THINK HE WILL TELL ME. AS SOON AS GAG COMES OUT HIS MOUTH, HE WILL TELL ME.

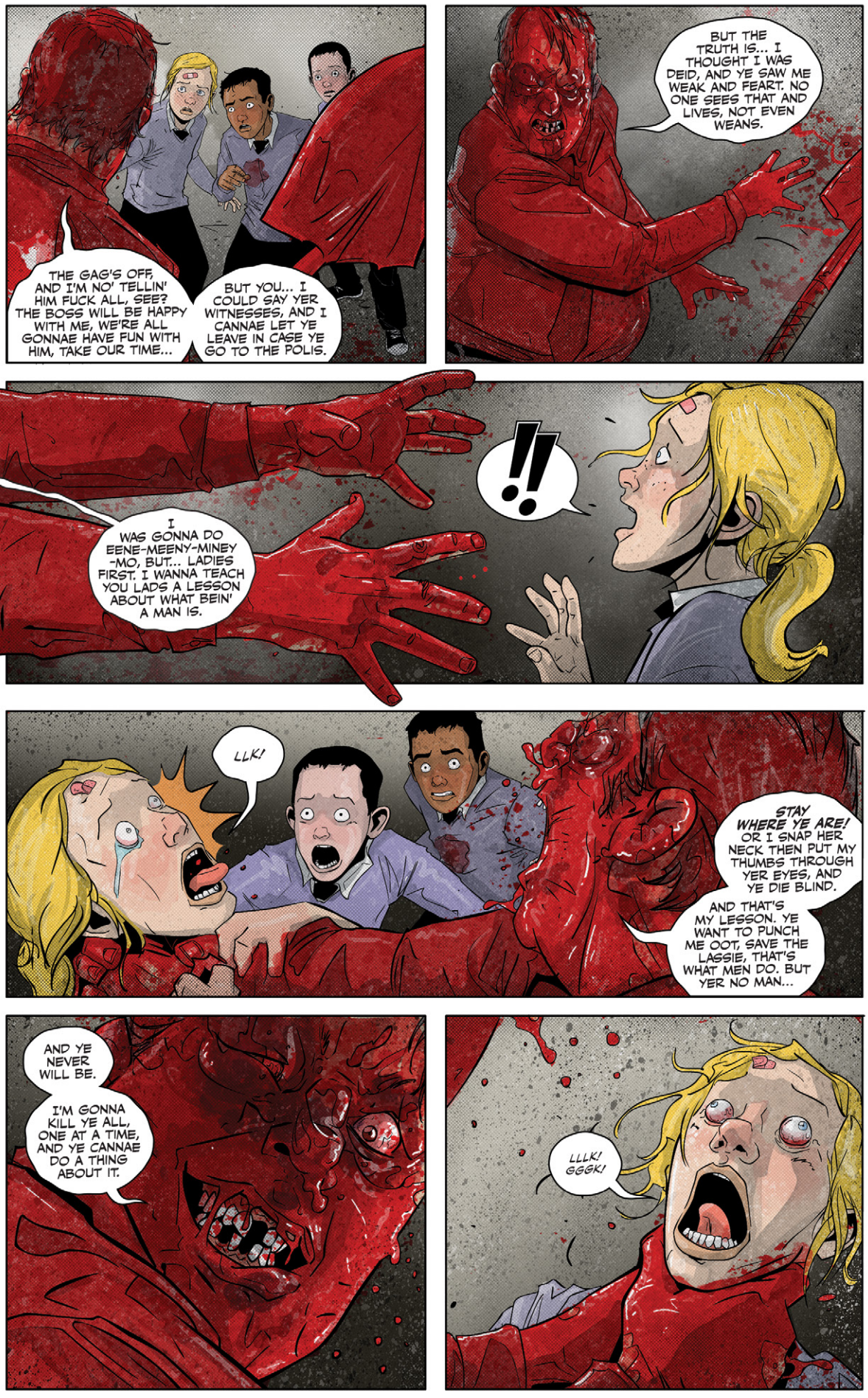

BUT WHERE WOULD FUN BE IN THAT, *EH?*
MMMM! MMMMMMM MMM!

ARE... ARE YOU A SUPERHERO?
THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE, KIDS, GETTING REVENGE ON BAD PEOPLE. LOOK LIKE FUN TO YOU, YES?
MR. DIG, SIR... DO YOU KNOW IF THE CLOWNS ARE REAL?
FORGET THAT! CAN YOU TEACH US HOW TO BEAT UP BAD GUYS LIKE YOU?
WE CAN BE YOUR SIDEKICKS! THIS CITY NEEDS CLEANING UP, AND YOU CAN DEPEND ON US TO HELP YOU DO IT.
MAYBE NOT JAKEY. HIS PARENTS ARE BOTH SMACKHEADS AND HE REEKS OF PISH, HARDLY CRIME-FIGHTING MATERIAL...
JAKE! MY NAME'S JAKE! NOT JAKEY! JAKE!
EVERY DAY YOU TREAT ME LIKE SHITE, AND I TAKE IT... 'CAUSE MY TIME HANGING WITH YOU GUYS IS STILL THE BEST PART OF MY DAY.
HOW SAD IS THAT? I'M NOT A JOKE. I DESERVE BETTER THAN YOU... ALL OF YOU!
YOU'RE NOT NICE PEOPLE. I'M GOING HOME.


NEVER MIND HIM. YOU WANT TO BE LIKE ME?
OKAY, I WILL TEACH YOU. I WILL GIVE YOU MASK AND EVERYTHING.
JUST ONE THING TO DO FIRST, THE SPECIAL TEST...
KILL PUSHER PAUL.
CHK
THOOF
HERE IS MY SHOVEL, MATE. ONE BIG SWING, RIGHT INTO HIS SKULL.
PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT. BEST YOU KILL HIM IN ONE, NOT CHOP-CHOP-CHOP LIKE CUTTING TREE, YOU KNOW?

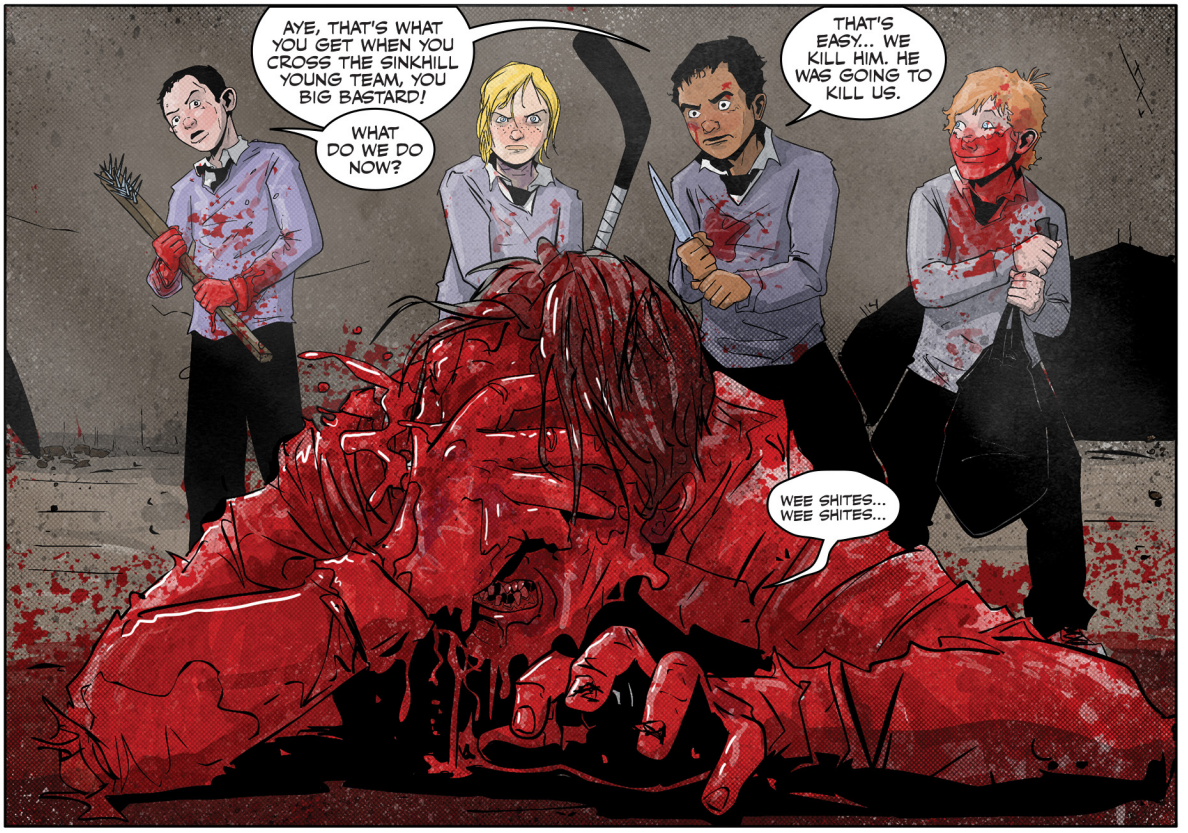
I... I CAN'T...

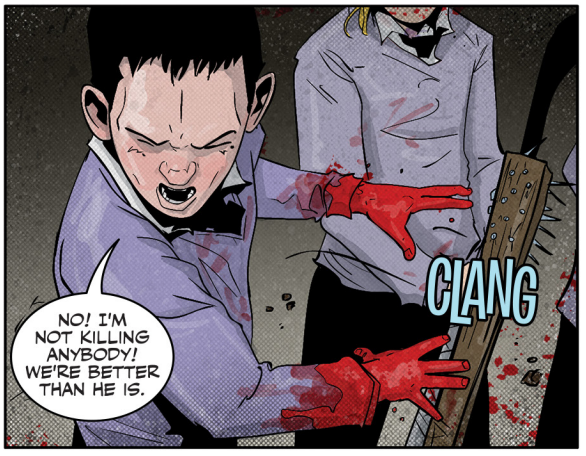

STUPID BOY! OF COURSE YOU CAN'T, YOU ARE CHILD. YOU ARE SO LUCKY THIS IS NOT YOUR WORLD. STUPID!
UUU-HUH-HUH-HUUUH...
YOU THINK THIS IS ALL GAME? YOU DON'T EVER WANT TO BE LIKE ME!
ONCE YOU KILL, YOU ARE CHANGED. AS MUCH AS YOU TRY YOU CANNOT UNDO IT, YOU ARE SPOILED. YOU ARE YOUNG. DO NOT LET THIS PLACE SPOIL YOU.
NOW GO BACK TO SCHOOL WHERE YOU BELONG. FORGET WHAT YOU SEE IN THIS PLACE.
DUNG
CHILDREN!

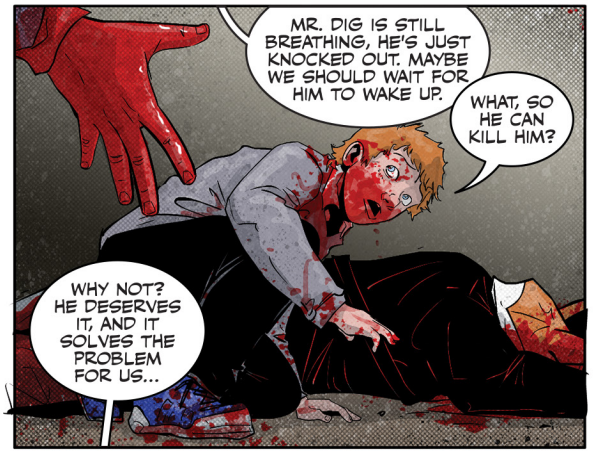

THE GAG'S OFF, AND I'M NO' TELLIN' HIM FUCK ALL, SEE? THE BOSS WILL BE HAPPY WITH ME, WE'RE ALL GONNAE HAVE FUN WITH HIM, TAKE OUR TIME...
BUT YOU... I COULD SAY YER WITNESSES, AND I CANNAE LET YE LEAVE IN CASE YE GO TO THE POLIS.
BUT THE TRUTH IS... I THOUGHT I WAS DEID, AND YE SAW ME WEAK AND FEART. NO ONE SEES THAT AND LIVES, NOT EVEN WEANS.
I WAS GONNA DO EENE-MEENY-MINEY -MO, BUT... LADIES FIRST. I WANNA TEACH YOU LADS A LESSON ABOUT WHAT BEIN' A MAN IS.
!!
LLK!
STAY WHERE YE ARE! OR I SNAP HER NECK THEN PUT MY THUMBS THROUGH YER EYES, AND YE DIE BLIND.
AND THAT'S MY LESSON. YE WANT TO PUNCH ME OOT, SAVE THE LASSIE, THAT'S WHAT MEN DO. BUT YER NO MAN...
AND YE NEVER WILL BE.
I'M GONNA KILL YE ALL, ONE AT A TIME, AND YE CANNAE DO A THING ABOUT IT.
LLLK! GGGK!

AAARRRGGHH!
KRAAKK
SARAH, ARE YOU OKAY?
HHHHHHH! -:COFF:- -:COFF:- -:COFF:-
THOK
RAAAAH!
GET HIM!

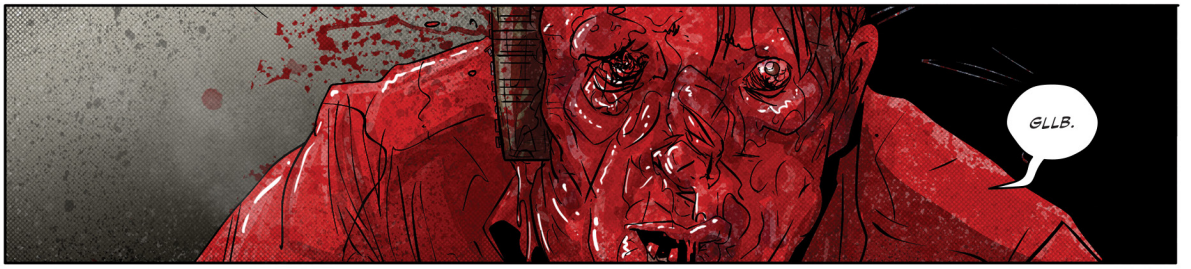
WHAM
AAAH!
UNN!
WHUD
EEEAARRRGH!
AAAAH!
AAAAAH!
AAAAAAAAAHH!
PFFFT


AYE, THAT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU CROSS THE SINKHILL YOUNG TEAM, YOU BIG BASTARD!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
THAT'S EASY... WE KILL HIM. HE WAS GOING TO KILL US.
WEE SHITES... WEE SHITES...

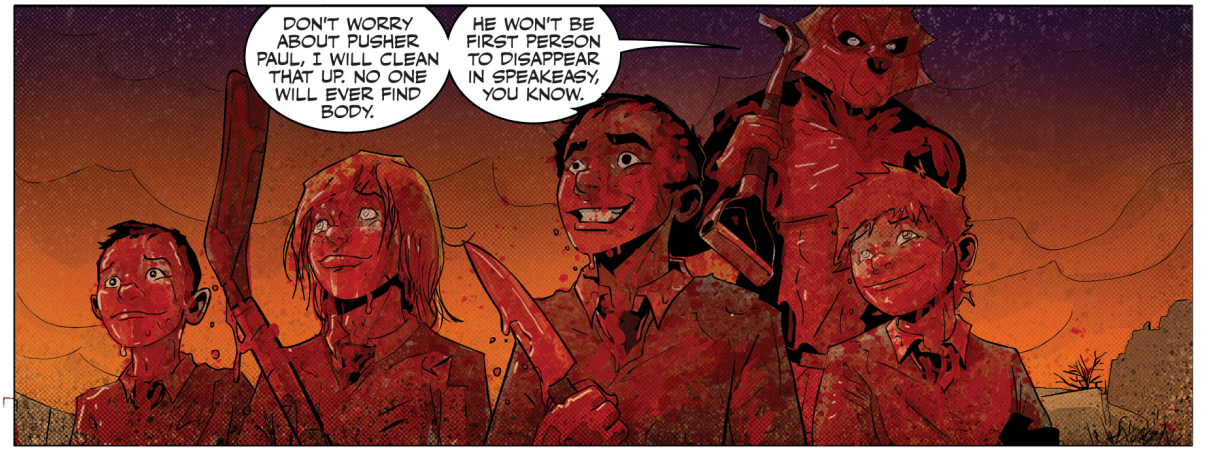

CLANG
NO! I'M NOT KILLING ANYBODY! WE'RE BETTER THAN HE IS.


MR. DIG IS STILL BREATHING, HE'S JUST KNOCKED OUT. MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT FOR HIM TO WAKE UP.
WHAT, SO HE CAN KILL HIM?
WHY NOT? HE DESERVES IT, AND IT SOLVES THE PROBLEM FOR US...

SHUNK

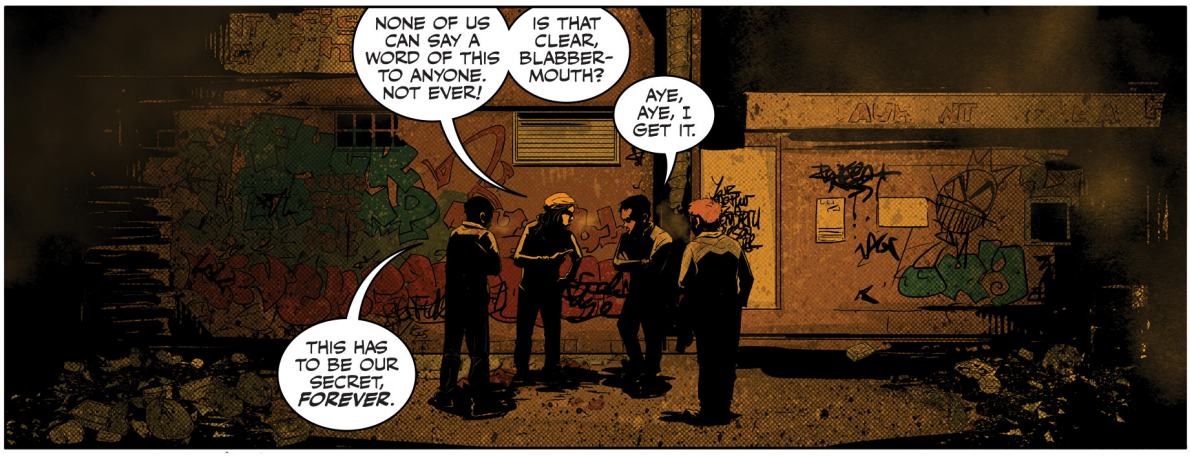

GLLB.

SCHLICK
LADIES FIRST, YOU FAT FUCK!
SCHLICK
RAAAH!
KRUNK
COME ON, CRAIG, JOIN IN! DON'T BE LAME!
WAKK


DON'T WORRY ABOUT PUSHER PAUL, I WILL CLEAN THAT UP. NO ONE WILL EVER FIND BODY.
HE WON'T BE FIRST PERSON TO DISAPPEAR IN SPEAKEASY, YOU KNOW.

RIGHT, GET HOME QUICK, IT WILL BE DARK SOON.
I AM SORRY. I WAS STUPID, AND BECAUSE OF THAT YOU HAD TO DO A TERRIBLE THING.
I LET YOU DOWN... BUT YOU SAVED MY LIFE. THANK YOU.

BUT YOU ARE ALL MUCH NAUGHTIER THAN MY KIDS.


NONE OF US CAN SAY A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE. NOT EVER!
IS THAT CLEAR, BLABBER-MOUTH?
AYE, AYE, I GET IT.
THIS HAS TO BE OUR SECRET, FOREVER.

COME ON, JAKEY. YOU WANT TO STAY OVER AT MY HOUSE TONIGHT?
WE CAN PLAY VIDEO GAMES.

CRAIG... I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT MR. DIG SAID EARLIER.
I THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT THAT MAN DID TO ME, AND... I WANTED TO KILL HIM.
AM I... DOES THAT MEAN THAT I'M SPOILED, NOW?

SARAH, IF YOU'RE SPOILED... WE ALL ARE.

I'M NOT AFRAID ANYMORE.

THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR.

SINK

SINK #4 VARIANT COVER BY JOE MULVEY

"WHITE DOG"

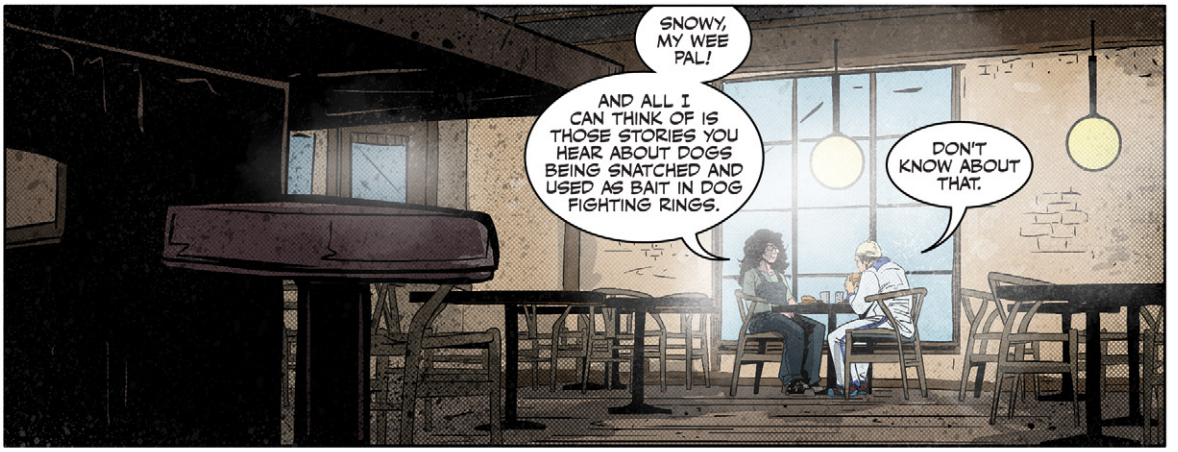
FIVE

MISSING
SNOW
EST HIGHLAND TE
6 YEARS OLD.
IF FOUND. CONTA

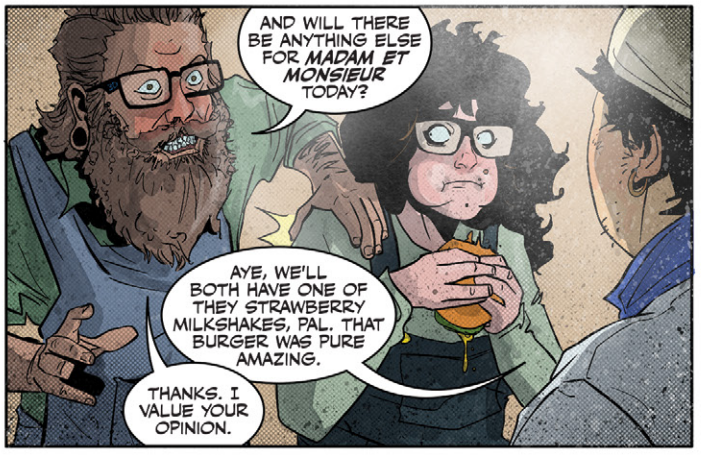
MISSING
MISSING
Allan MacTitchie
THK
MISSING
MISSING

SNOWY!
SNOOOWEEEEEE!

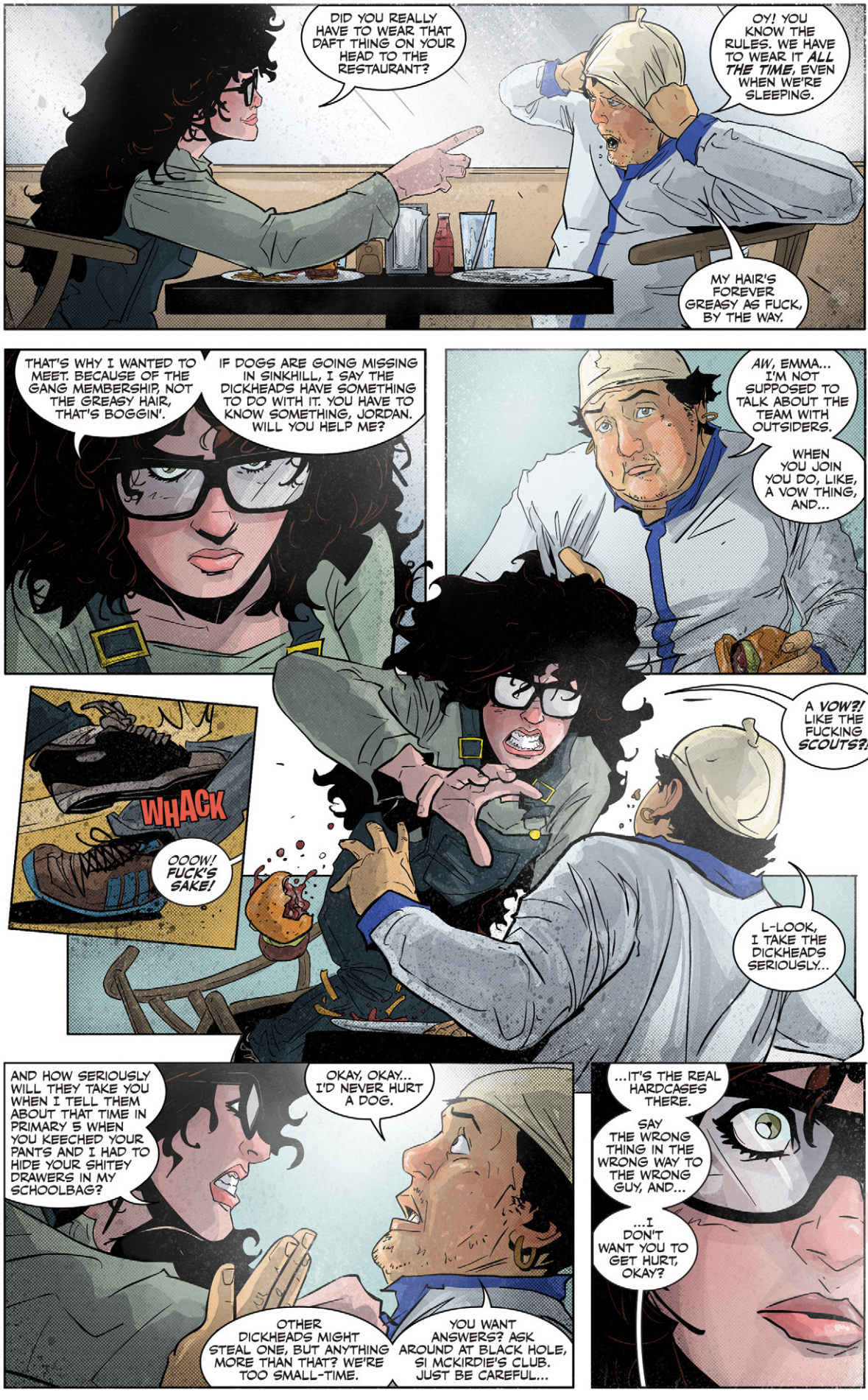
"I LET HIM OUT INTO THE GARDEN FOR A PEE LIKE I ALWAYS DO AND THEN HE WAS GONE!"
ARTISAN BURGER CO

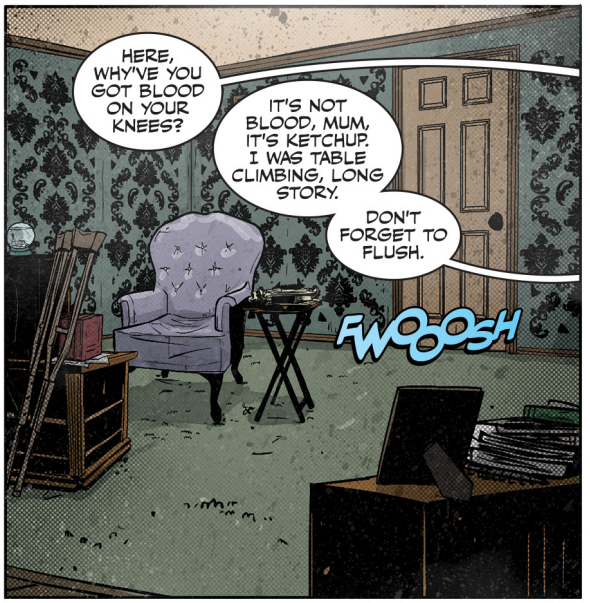

SNOWY, MY WEE PAL!
AND ALL I CAN THINK OF IS THOSE STORIES YOU HEAR ABOUT DOGS BEING SNATCHED AND USED AS BAIT IN DOG FIGHTING RINGS.
DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

I'M REALLY SORRY, EMMA. I KNOW YOU LOVE THAT DOG.
BUT DON'T THINK THE WORST. MAYBE HE JUST GOT OUT, RAN AWAY?


AND WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE FOR *MADAM ET MONSIEUR* TODAY?
AYE, WE'LL BOTH HAVE ONE OF THEY STRAWBERRY MILKSHAKES, PAL. THAT BURGER WAS PURE AMAZING.
THANKS. I VALUE YOUR OPINION.

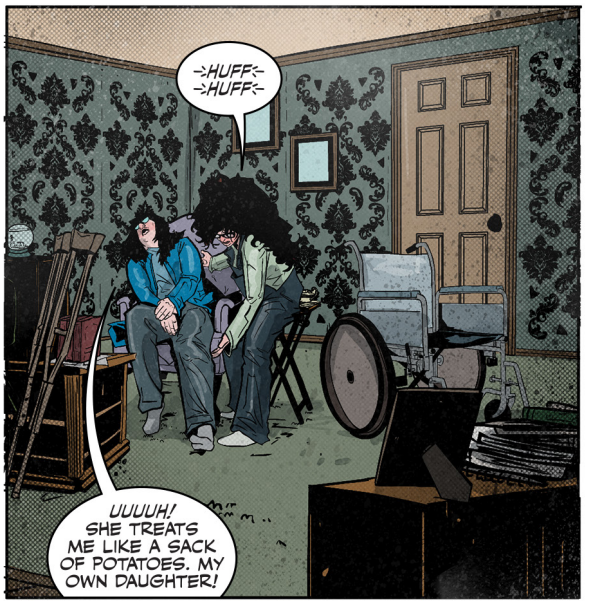
UGH! SCUM.

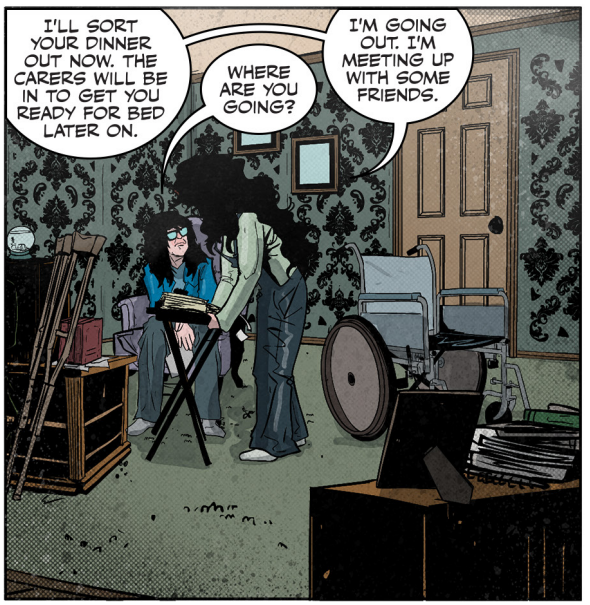

DID YOU REALLY HAVE TO WEAR THAT DAFT THING ON YOUR HEAD TO THE RESTAURANT?
OY! YOU KNOW THE RULES. WE HAVE TO WEAR IT ALL THE TIME, EVEN WHEN WE'RE SLEEPING.
MY HAIR'S FOREVER GREASY AS FUCK, BY THE WAY.
THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO MEET. BECAUSE OF THE GANG MEMBERSHIP, NOT THE GREASY HAIR, THAT'S BOGGIN'.
IF DOGS ARE GOING MISSING IN SINKHILL, I SAY THE DICKHEADS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT. YOU HAVE TO KNOW SOMETHING, JORDAN. WILL YOU HELP ME?
AW, EMMA... I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK ABOUT THE TEAM WITH OUTSIDERS.
WHEN YOU JOIN YOU DO, LIKE, A VOW THING, AND...
A VOW?! LIKE THE FUCKING SCOUTS?!
WHACK
OOOW! FUCK'S SAKE!
L-LOOK, I TAKE THE DICKHEADS SERIOUSLY...
AND HOW SERIOUSLY WILL THEY TAKE YOU WHEN I TELL THEM ABOUT THAT TIME IN PRIMARY 5 WHEN YOU KEECHED YOUR PANTS AND I HAD TO HIDE YOUR SHITEY DRAWERS IN MY SCHOOLBAG?
OKAY, OKAY... I'D NEVER HURT A DOG.
OTHER DICKHEADS MIGHT STEAL ONE, BUT ANYTHING MORE THAN THAT? WE'RE TOO SMALL-TIME.
YOU WANT ANSWERS? ASK AROUND AT BLACK HOLE, SI MCKIRDIE'S CLUB. JUST BE CAREFUL...
...IT'S THE REAL HARDCASES THERE.
SAY THE WRONG THING IN THE WRONG WAY TO THE WRONG GUY, AND...
...I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET HURT, OKAY?


HERE, WHY'VE YOU GOT BLOOD ON YOUR KNEES?
IT'S NOT BLOOD, MUM, IT'S KETCHUP. I WAS TABLE CLIMBING, LONG STORY.
DON'T FORGET TO FLUSH.
FWOOSH

WHAT ABOUT YOUR CRUTCHES? REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID, THE CHAIR SHOULD ONLY BE FOR OUT AND ABOUT, YOU NEED TO...
MY LEGS ARE BAD TODAY, RIGHT? YOU DON'T KNOW HOW THIS FEELS... THE PAIN!
...I NEVER THOUGHT I'D END UP LIKE THIS. THE STRAIN OF RAISING YOU, ALL ALONE...

NNG! I CAN'T DRAG YOU, MUM, YOU NEED TO TURN.
I AM TURNING! I AM TURNING!


-:HUFF:-
-:HUFF:-
UUUUH! SHE TREATS ME LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES. MY OWN DAUGHTER!

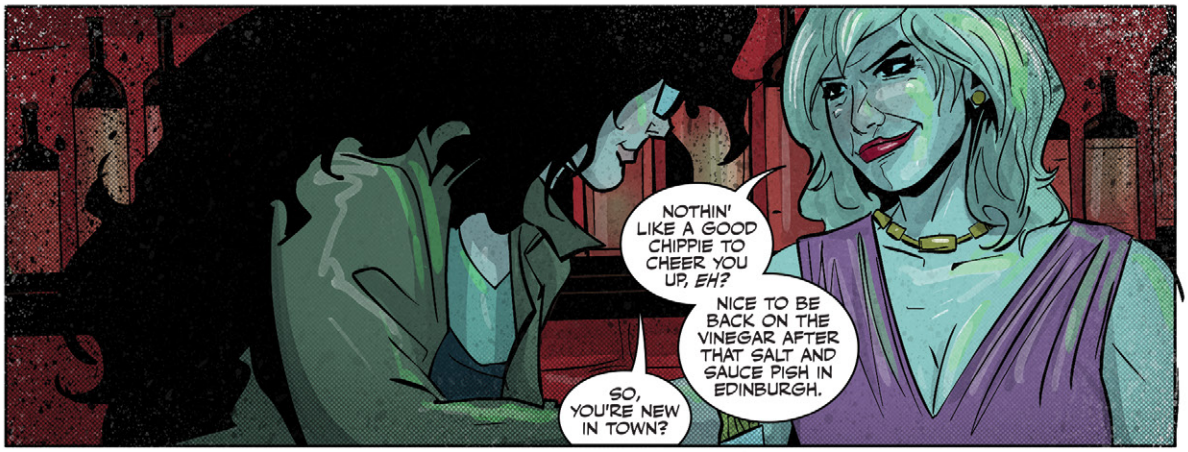

I'LL SORT YOUR DINNER OUT NOW. THE CARERS WILL BE IN TO GET YOU READY FOR BED LATER ON.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING OUT. I'M MEETING UP WITH SOME FRIENDS.

YOU DON'T HAVE FRIENDS.
IF YOU'RE GOING OUT TO HUNT FOR THAT DOG, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. IT'S A GONER BY NOW.
...
YOU'RE GETTING BACK ON THE CRUTCHES. STARTING TOMORROW.
OR YOU CAN STAY IN THAT CHAIR FOREVER, UP TO YOU. I'M PAST CARING.

REMEMBER WHAT JORDAN SAID, EMMA, DON'T GET YOURSELF HURT...
BLACK HOLE

...AND WATCH THAT BIG MOUTH OF YOURS.

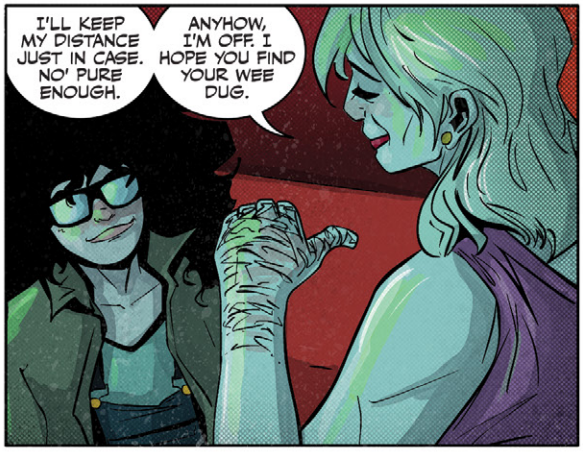
HIYA, ILLUMINATI PEOPLE! ANYONE SEEN MY DOG?
HIS NAME'S SNOWY. HE'S MY PAL AND I'M GOING TO RESCUE HIM.
SOMEONE HERE MUST KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT WHERE ALL THE STOLEN DOGS ARE BEING TAKEN. ANYONE? COME ON!
MISSING
WANKERS! BUNCH OF WANKERS!
C'MON, I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE FEARSOME UNDERWORLD TYPES, NOT A BUNCH OF CLUB SILENCIO LOOKING FANNIES!
THEY'VE NOTICED YOU, HEN. THEY DID LET YE IN FOR A REASON...
THEY LET ME IN 'CAUSE THEY WOULDNAE DARE TRY TO KEEP ME OUT. YOU? MAYBE THEY'RE CURIOUS.
THE NAME'S FLORENCE KILCOLM. PARK YER BUM FOR A CHINWAG.

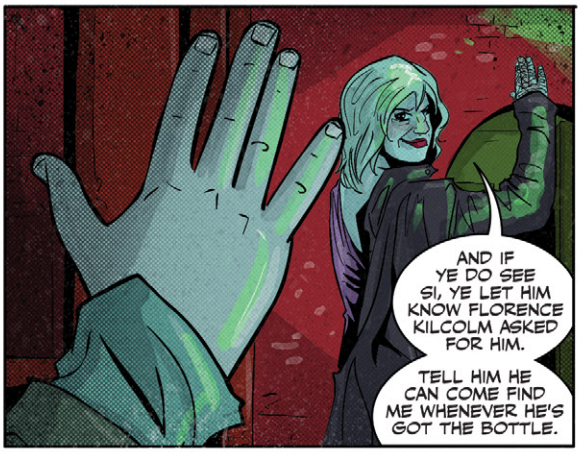

NOTHIN' LIKE A GOOD CHIPPIE TO CHEER YOU UP, *EH?*
NICE TO BE BACK ON THE VINEGAR AFTER THAT SALT AND SAUCE PISH IN EDINBURGH.
SO, YOU'RE NEW IN TOWN?

HEH, OLD IN TOWN MORE LIKE. JUST CAME BACK RECENTLY, STAYIN' WITH MY PAL'S WEANS. GOOD KIDS.
I DON'T PLAN ON STAYIN' LONG. GOT SOME BUSINESS HERE. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

MY DOG GOT TAKEN, AND NO ONE WANTS TO SAY WHO BY, OR WHERE TO.
I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE AFRAID OF SI MCKIRDIE OR BECAUSE THEY WORK FOR HIM AND THEY'RE IN ON IT.

SI MCKIRDIE, *EH?*
HE LIVES IN THAT HOUSE IN UNSUNK HILL PARK. NO MUSCLE, JUST HIM.
LOCAL DAFTIES THINK HE USES BLACK MAGIC TO KEEP OUT ALL BUT THE PURE O' HEART.
BLACK MAGIC! LOAD OF BAWS.


I'LL KEEP MY DISTANCE JUST IN CASE. NO' PURE ENOUGH.
ANYHOW, I'M OFF. I HOPE YOU FIND YOUR WEE DUG.


AND IF YE DO SEE SI, YE LET HIM KNOW FLORENCE KILCOLM ASKED FOR HIM.
TELL HIM HE CAN COME FIND ME WHENEVER HE'S GOT THE BOTTLE.

YOU HAVE BEEN ASKING ABOUT MR. MCKIRDIE.
HUH?
HE HAS BEEN MADE AWARE OF YOUR ENQUIRIES, AND REQUESTED I GIVE THIS TO YOU.
REQUESTED? HOW DID HE...?
THERE IS LITTLE MR. MCKIRDIE IS NOT AWARE OF, MISS CALLAGHAN.
You are cordially invited

HELLO?

QUITE THE COLLECTION, ISN'T IT?

NO POINT SHUFFLING ABOUT, DEAR, YOU'VE BEEN RUMBLED.
MIGHT AS WELL COME HERE, LET ME GET A GOOD LOOK AT YOU.

REALLY? YOU'RE SI MCKIRDIE?
I AM INDEED. AND YOU'RE JUST IN TIME...
...I MADE ROCKY ROAD!
GO ON, PERCH YOURSELF THERE. I'LL MAKE US SOME TEA.
GREEN TEA OKAY?
I'M REALLY SORRY FOR WALKING IN. I KNOCKED ON THE DOOR BUT NOBODY ANSWERED, SO I JUST...
IT'S NO BOTHER. IF YOU MEANT ME ANY HARM, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GOT INSIDE.
NO ONE GETS TO THIS TABLE WITHOUT ME KNOWING EXACTLY WHO I'M DEALING WITH, EMMA CALLAGHAN... SO, TELL YOUR TALE.

DON'T YOU KNOW ALREADY?
MAYBE I WANT TO HEAR YOU TELL IT.
MY DOG, SNOWY, WAS STOLEN. I THINK THE DOG-FIGHTING CREW HAS HIM. WHERE ARE THEY?
I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT SNOWY, EMMA, I LOVE DOGS. BUT WHY COME TO ME ABOUT IT?
WELL, YOU'RE... LIKE... THE KINGPIN OF SINKHILL, RIGHT?
EVERYONE SAYS NO ROTTEN THING HAPPENS HERE WITHOUT YOU HAVING A HAND IN IT.
THAT'S QUITE AN INSULTING ASPERSION TO CAST ON A MAN IN HIS OWN KITCHEN, ISN'T IT?
WHO IS EVERYONE? IF THEY'RE SAYING IT, IT'S NOT TO MY FACE. IF I WAS REALLY THE VILLAIN YOU SAY I AM...
WOULDN'T I JUST THROTTLE YOU WHERE YOU SIT?
WHATEVER IT IS YOU DO... NONE OF MY BUSINESS.
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS GETTING MY DOG BACK, AND YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN HELP.
BUT FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, IF YOU REALLY LOVED DOGS? YOU WOULDN'T BE HAVING THEM KILL EACH OTHER. IT'S SICK.
...
YOU CAN'T RESCUE YOUR DOG. NOT ALONE, ANYWAY.

"I MET FLORENCE KILCOLM, BY THE WAY. SHE SAYS SHE'S ASKING FOR YOU."

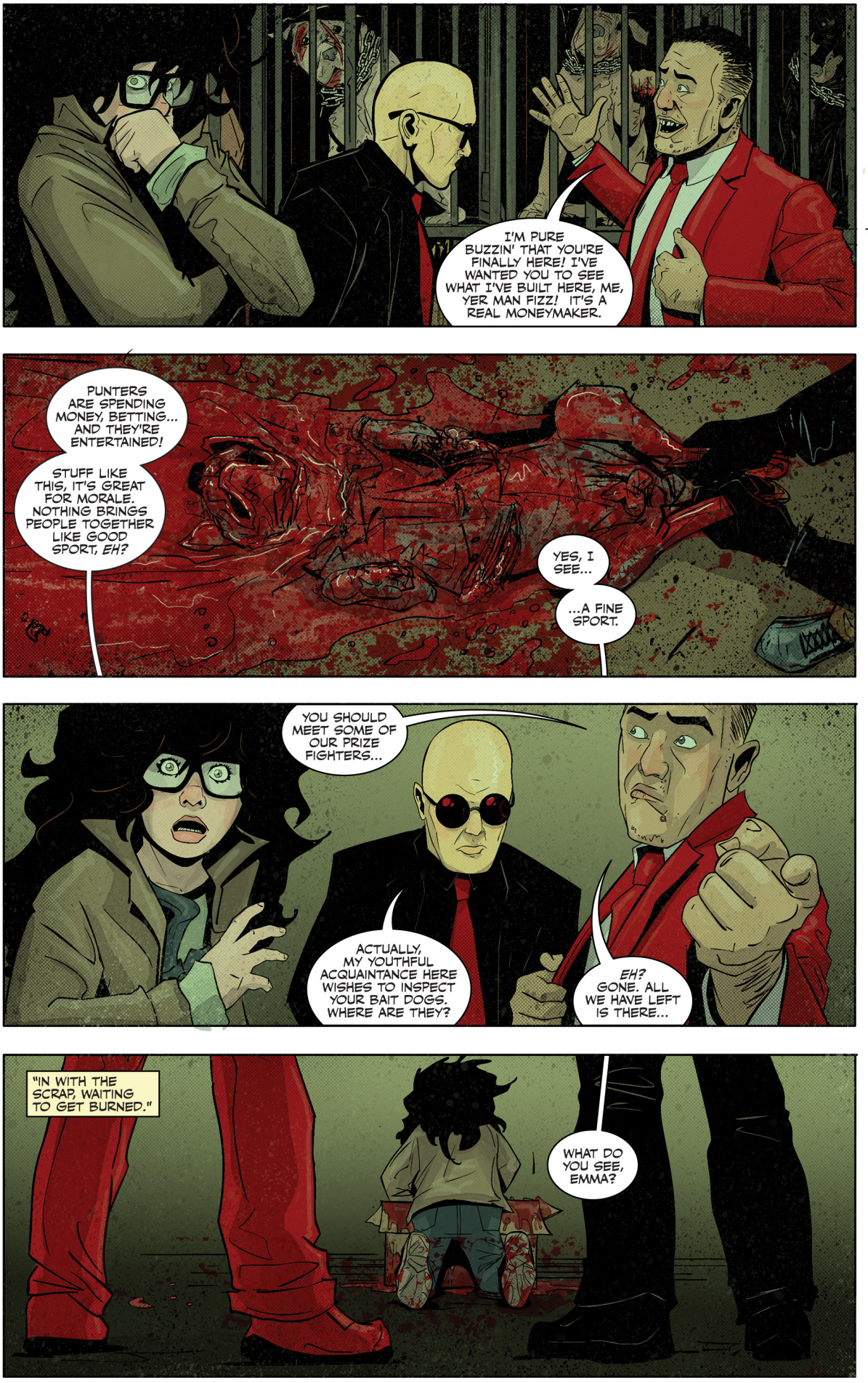
I KNOW ALL ABOUT MISS KILCOLM. I LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING HER.
I *DO* LOVE DOGS, BY THE WAY. I'M NOT PERSONALLY INVOLVED IN WHAT MY AFFILIATES DO OUT HERE.
IT'S YOUR PEOPLE, YOUR OPERATION. IT ONLY HAPPENS BECAUSE YOU LET IT.
YOU CAN'T JUST CUT YOURSELF OFF FROM THE CONSEQUENCES OF WHAT YOU DO.
YOU CAN BAKE CAKES ALL YOU WANT, DOESN'T CHANGE THAT YOU GET RICH OFF MAKING THE WORLD A WORSE PLACE.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID WHAT I DO WAS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS?
WE'RE GOING TO COLLECT YOUR DOG. NOTHING ELSE CHANGES.
ALL THIS, IT'S A MACHINE. YOU JAM YOUR HAND IN THE MECHANICS, THERE'S A COST.

I DON'T ALLOW MANY TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT. IT'S A GOOD THING I LIKE YOU.
AYE, I'M VERY LIKEABLE, I'M TOLD.
YOU'RE A NICE GIRL. IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE THIS BE, IT'S NOT TOO LATE...

"BUT IT WILL BE SOON."

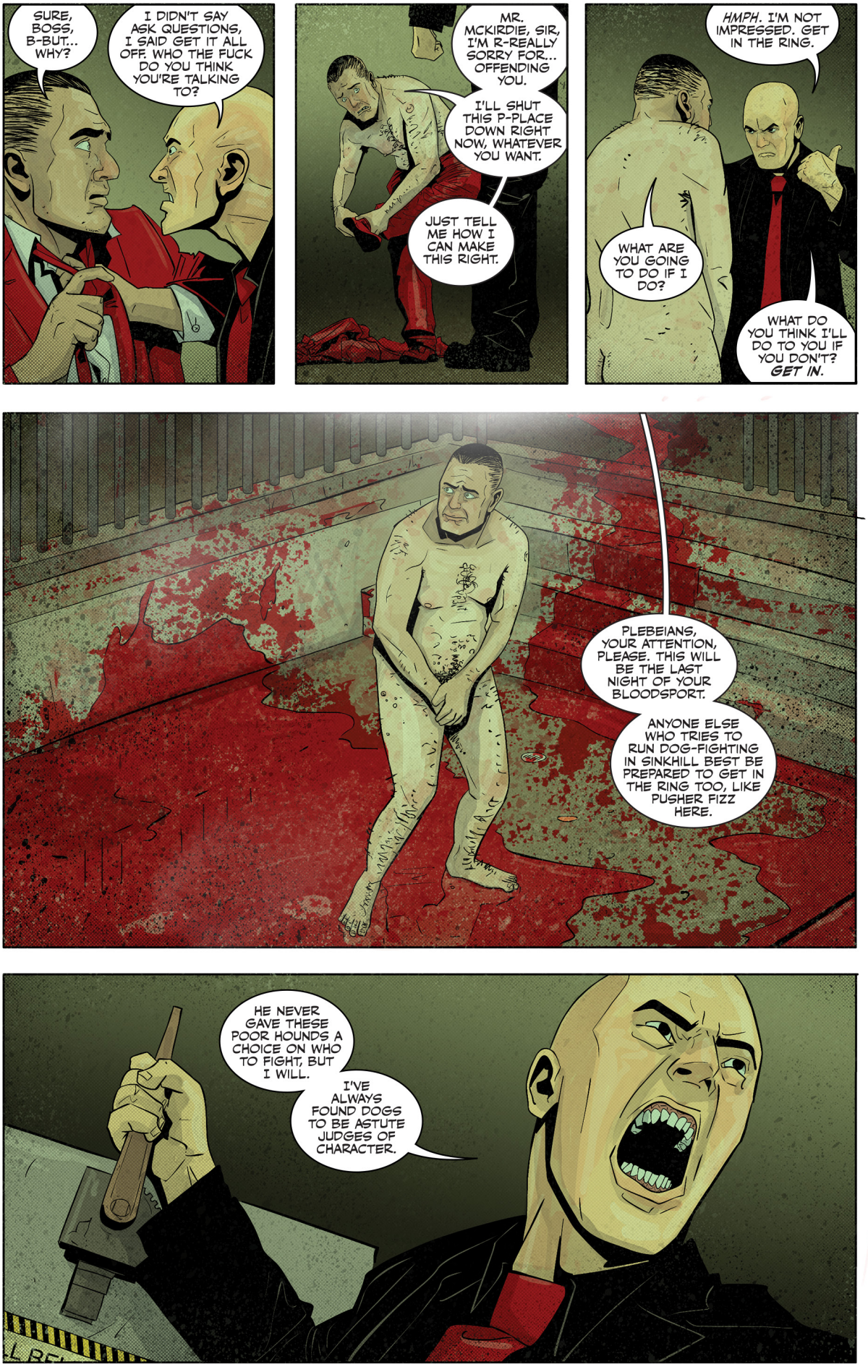
SHOOM
NICE OF YOU TO VISIT, BOSS...
...WELCOME TO THE THUNDERDOME.


I'M PURE BUZZIN' THAT YOU'RE FINALLY HERE! I'VE WANTED YOU TO SEE WHAT I'VE BUILT HERE, ME, YER MAN FIZZ! IT'S A REAL MONEYMAKER.
PUNTERS ARE SPENDING MONEY, BETTING... AND THEY'RE ENTERTAINED!
STUFF LIKE THIS, IT'S GREAT FOR MORALE. NOTHING BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER LIKE GOOD SPORT, *EH?*
YES, I SEE...
...A FINE SPORT.
YOU SHOULD MEET SOME OF OUR PRIZE FIGHTERS...
ACTUALLY, MY YOUTHFUL ACQUAINTANCE HERE WISHES TO INSPECT YOUR BAIT DOGS. WHERE ARE THEY?
EH? GONE. ALL WE HAVE LEFT IS THERE...
"IN WITH THE SCRAP, WAITING TO GET BURNED."
WHAT DO YOU SEE, EMMA?

WHAT'S IN THE BOX?
OH... OH...

SNOWY

RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH. SHUT THIS PLACE DOWN.
WH-WHAT?! I GET THE GIRL IS SAD, BUT I PUT A LOT OF TIME AND EFFORT INTO THIS...
I DON'T CARE. FIND HOMES FOR THESE DOGS, FIZZ. WE'RE DONE BUTCHERING ANIMALS.
ALL THIS FOR A FUCKING MUTT?
I'VE KILLED PEOPLE FOR YOU, BUT YOUR HEART BLEEDS FOR DUMB ANIMALS?
I THINK YOUR ARSE HAS GONE, MCKIRDIE, TOO MUCH TIME IN YOUR CASTLE MADE YOU SOFT!
SORRY, BOSS, LOST MYSELF THERE. SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT IN FRONT OF PEOPLE.
LET'S TALK THIS OVER SOMEWHERE QUIET AND...
TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES.


SURE, BOSS, B-BUT... WHY?
I DIDN'T SAY ASK QUESTIONS, I SAID GET IT ALL OFF. WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO?
MR. MCKIRDIE, SIR, I'M R-REALLY SORRY FOR... OFFENDING YOU.
I'LL SHUT THIS P-PLACE DOWN RIGHT NOW, WHATEVER YOU WANT.
JUST TELL ME HOW I CAN MAKE THIS RIGHT.
HMPH. I'M NOT IMPRESSED. GET IN THE RING.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO IF I DO?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I'LL DO TO YOU IF YOU DON'T? ***GET IN.***
PLEBEIANS, YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE. THIS WILL BE THE LAST NIGHT OF YOUR BLOODSPORT.
ANYONE ELSE WHO TRIES TO RUN DOG-FIGHTING IN SINKHILL BEST BE PREPARED TO GET IN THE RING TOO, LIKE PUSHER FIZZ HERE.
HE NEVER GAVE THESE POOR HOUNDS A CHOICE ON WHO TO FIGHT, BUT I WILL.
I'VE ALWAYS FOUND DOGS TO BE ASTUTE JUDGES OF CHARACTER.

SHIK
TIME TO PLAY DEAD, FIZZEEEE!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
NOOO!

AAAARRRGGGHHH!
NO! YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK! THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS IN MY WORLD. THIS IS WHAT CHANGE COSTS.
DON'T ACT SHOCKED. WHEN YOU ASKED FOR MY HELP YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN THIS IS WHAT YOU'D GET. ARE YOU HAPPY?
I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR FACE AGAIN, AT MY HOME OR ANYWHERE ELSE. DO YOU COMPREHEND ME?

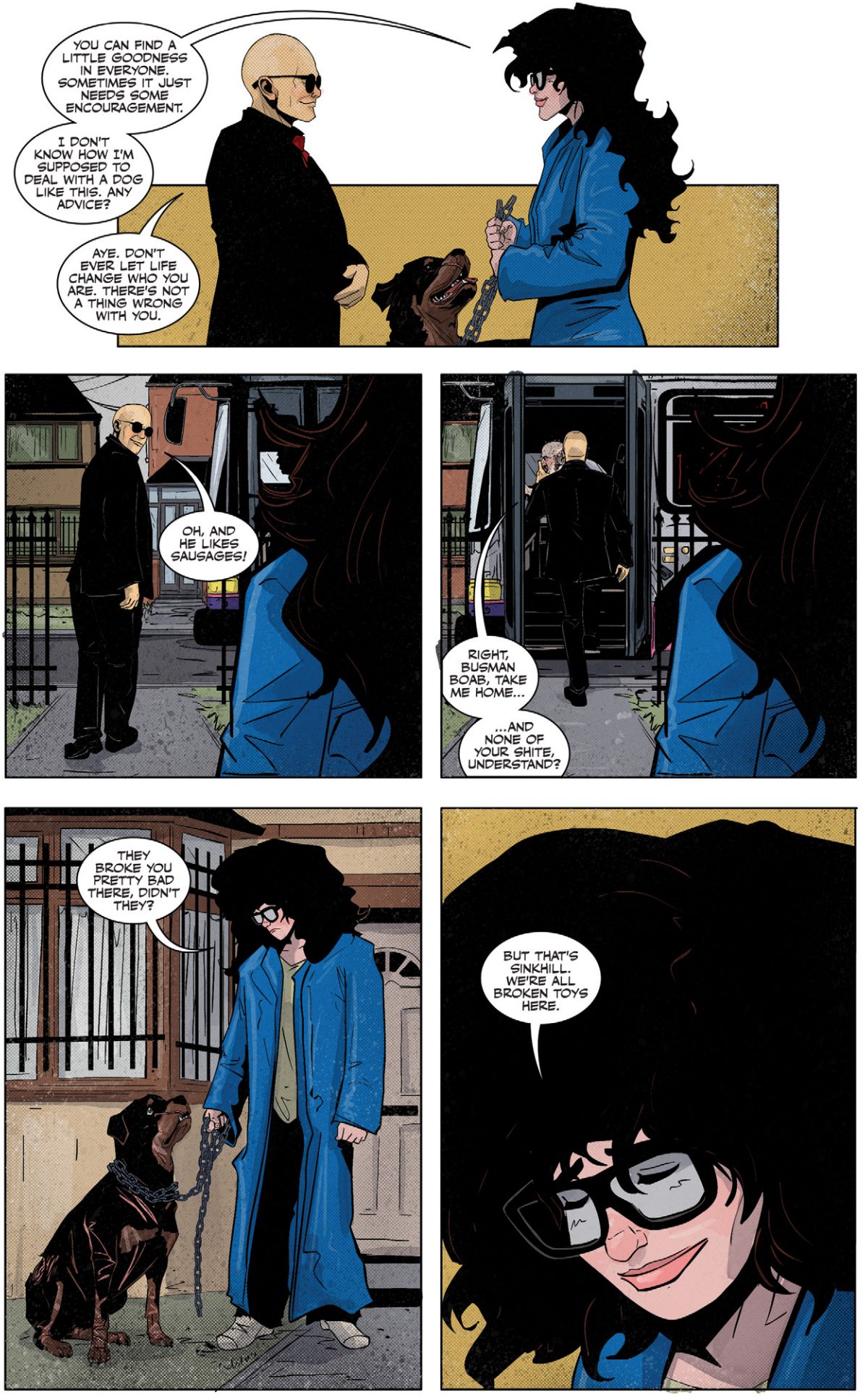
EMMA, SI MCKIRDIE IS OUTSIDE! THE SI MCKIRDIE! HE SAYS HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?
NOTHING. TELL HIM I CAN'T COME OUT.

BUT YOU CAN. YOU'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS ROOM FOR TWO DAYS NOW.

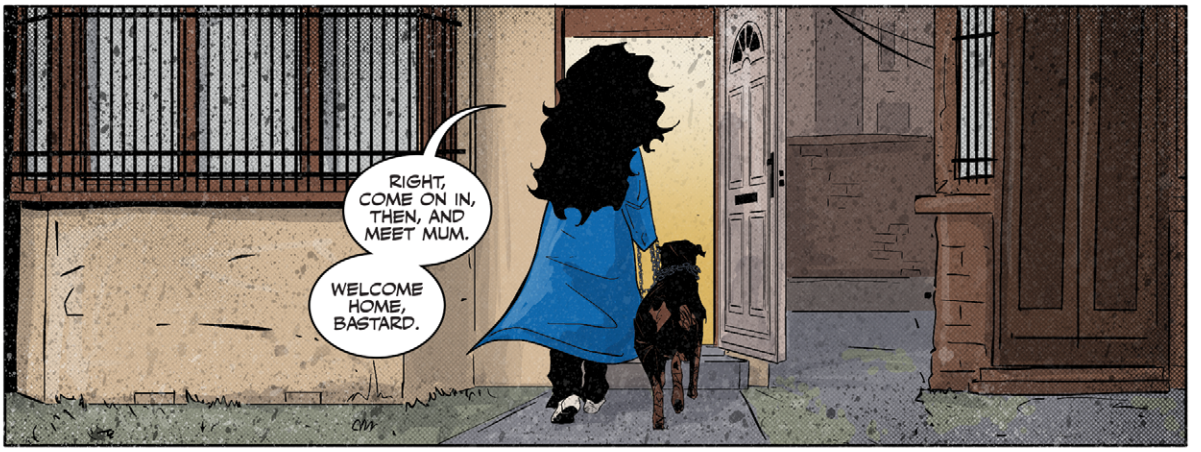
I'M UP ON THE CRUTCHES, SEE? LIKE YOU TOLD ME.
BECAUSE THE TIME COMES WHEN YOU HAVE TO SUCK UP THE PAIN AND GET ON WITH IT, AYE? SO COME ON, LOVE, UP YOU GET.

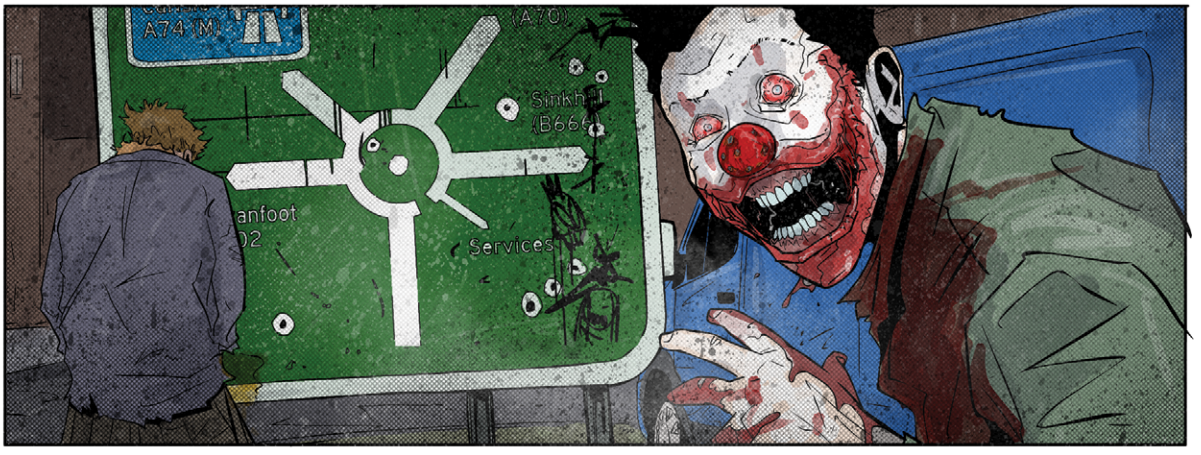
YOU DESERVE BETTER THAN ME. I'M GOING TO TRY HARDER, I PROMISE.
LOVE YOU, MUM.

HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
I'M THE KINGPIN OF SINKHILL, REMEMBER?
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT TO SEE ME EVER AGAIN?
WELL, AS IT SO HAPPENS I NEED YOUR HELP.
ALL OUR CANINE FRIENDS HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY REHOMED... SAVE FOR ONE.
THIS ONE'S A HANDFUL, NEEDS SOMEONE TOUGH AS NAILS TO KEEP HIM RIGHT.
WHAT'S HIS NAME?
BASTARD.
I KNOW, SORRY, BUT IT'S THE ONLY NAME HE ANSWERS TO. IN TRUTH, I HAVE A GOOD DEAL OF COMPASSION FOR THE OLD BOY.
ALL ANYONE SEES HIM AS IS A SAVAGE KILLER, A MONSTER.
BUT JUST ONE PERSON SEEING A LITTLE GOODNESS IN HIM... IT MIGHT JUST MAKE A DIFFERENCE.


YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE GOODNESS IN EVERYONE. SOMETIMES IT JUST NEEDS SOME ENCOURAGEMENT.
I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO DEAL WITH A DOG LIKE THIS. ANY ADVICE?
AYE. DON'T EVER LET LIFE CHANGE WHO YOU ARE. THERE'S NOT A THING WRONG WITH YOU.
OH, AND HE LIKES SAUSAGES!
RIGHT, BUSMAN BOAB, TAKE ME HOME...
...AND NONE OF YOUR SHITE, UNDERSTAND?
THEY BROKE YOU PRETTY BAD THERE, DIDN'T THEY?
BUT THAT'S SINKHILL. WE'RE ALL BROKEN TOYS HERE.

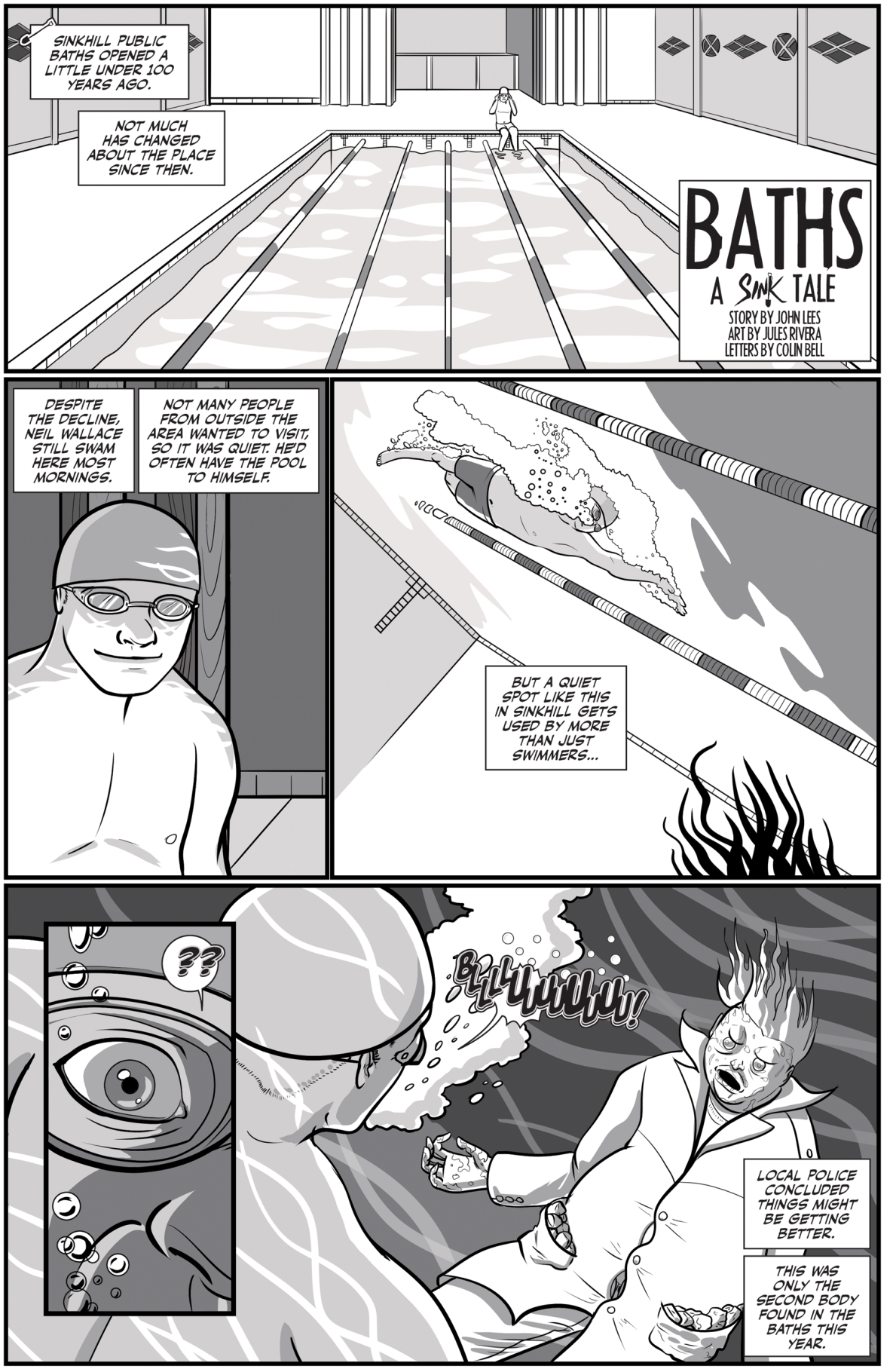
"EVERYONE ELSE THINKS WE'RE TRASH, AND IT'S SO EASY TO THINK OF OURSELVES THE SAME WAY."
"THERE'S SOMETHING CALLED THE GLASGOW EFFECT... LIKE, JUST BEING BORN HERE MAKES YOU MORE LIKELY TO DIE SOONER."
"SO WHAT, WE JUST HATE OURSELVES AND DIE? FUCK THAT. FUCK ALL OF THEM. WE HAVE EACH OTHER."
"YOU GET ALL KINDS IN SINKHILL, GOOD AND BAD. JUST LIKE ANYWHERE ELSE."
"AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO HAVE LIVED ANYWHERE ELSE. THE STUFF THAT HAPPENS TO US IS PART OF WHO WE ARE..."
WE'RE ALL GLASGOW. WE'RE ALL SINKHILL.


RIGHT, COME ON IN, THEN, AND MEET MUM.
WELCOME HOME, BASTARD.

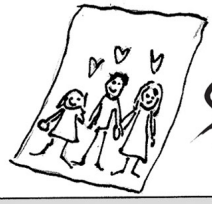

A74 M
(A70)
Sinkhill
(B666)
anfoot
02
Services

SINK

SINK #5 VARIANT COVER BY ROBERT WILSON IV

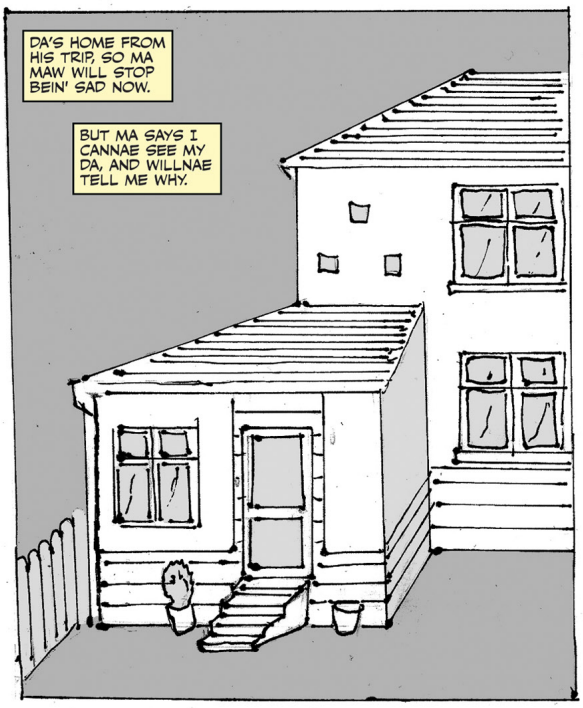

SINKHILL PUBLIC BATHS OPENED A LITTLE UNDER 100 YEARS AGO.
NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED ABOUT THE PLACE SINCE THEN.
BATHS
A SINK TALE
STORY BY JOHN LEES
ART BY JULES RIVERA
LETTERS BY COLIN BELL
DESPITE THE DECLINE, NEIL WALLACE STILL SWAM HERE MOST MORNINGS.
NOT MANY PEOPLE FROM OUTSIDE THE AREA WANTED TO VISIT, SO IT WAS QUIET. HE'D OFTEN HAVE THE POOL TO HIMSELF.
BUT A QUIET SPOT LIKE THIS IN SINKHILL GETS USED BY MORE THAN JUST SWIMMERS...
??
BLLLUUUUU!
LOCAL POLICE CONCLUDED THINGS MIGHT BE GETTING BETTER.
THIS WAS ONLY THE SECOND BODY FOUND IN THE BATHS THIS YEAR.
SINK

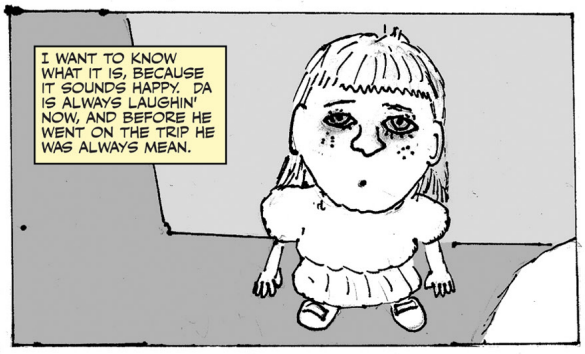
DA'S HOME

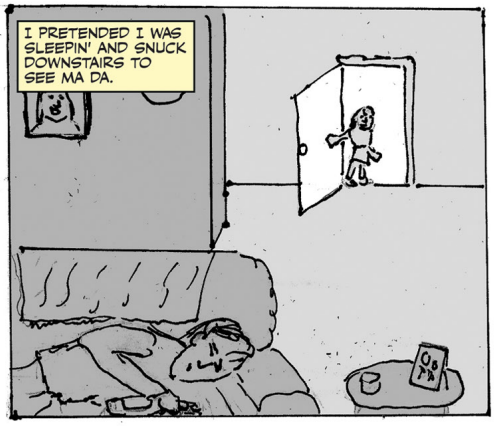


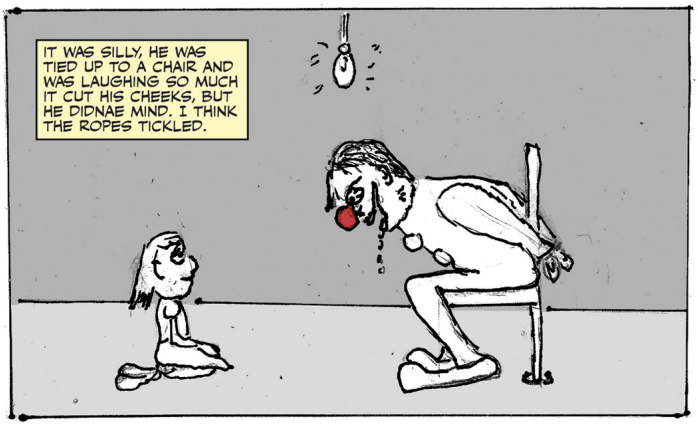
A SINK TALE

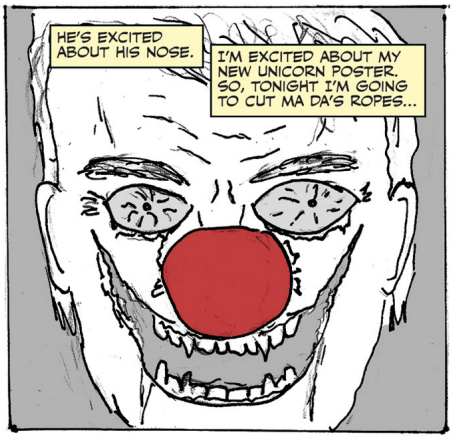
STORY BY **ALEX CORMACK** | ART & COLOURS BY **JOHN LEES** | LETTERS BY **SHAWN LEE**

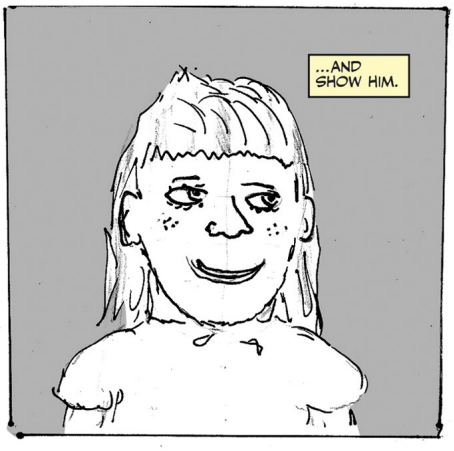


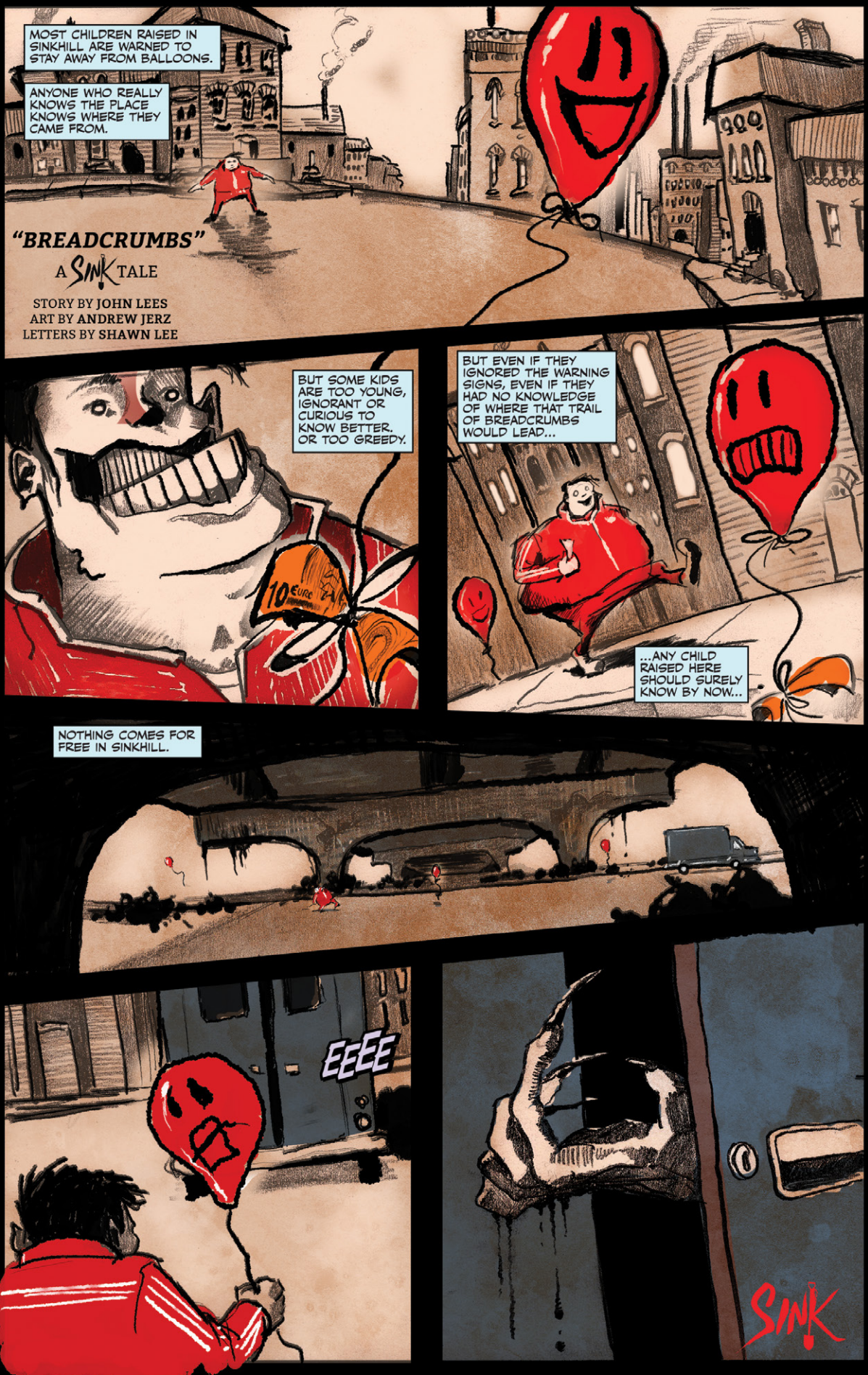











MOST CHILDREN RAISED IN SINKHILL ARE WARNED TO STAY AWAY FROM BALLOONS.
ANYONE WHO REALLY KNOWS THE PLACE KNOWS WHERE THEY CAME FROM.
"BREADCRUMBS"
A SINK TALE
STORY BY JOHN LEES
ART BY ANDREW JERZ
LETTERS BY SHAWN LEE
BUT SOME KIDS ARE TOO YOUNG, IGNORANT OR CURIOUS TO KNOW BETTER. OR TOO GREEDY.
10 EURO
BUT EVEN IF THEY IGNORED THE WARNING SIGNS, EVEN IF THEY HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF WHERE THAT TRAIL OF BREADCRUMBS WOULD LEAD...
...ANY CHILD RAISED HERE SHOULD SURELY KNOW BY NOW...
NOTHING COMES FOR FREE IN SINKHILL.
EEEE
SINK

TILL

A Sink Christmas Tale

by John Lees

Christmas Eve, and it was snowing in Sinkhill.

The people of Glasgow generally do not expect snow on Christmas, settling instead for more of the punishing rain that tends to fall for much of the rest of the year. But this year, it would seem a fortuitously timed touch of Christmas magic had fallen on Glasgow. Not that much of that magic made it out as far as Sinkhill.

Most of the local businesses based in Sinkhill had long been closed down and shuttered, but even the few that remained open had shut up shop, and would remain closed for Christmas Day and Boxing Day. The residents of Sinkhill had either retreated back to their homes, or scurried to one of the grimy local pubs that were always open, which would always be open, which would be open even after the nuclear apocalypse where the only survivors would be the cockroaches and the pub regulars swaying eternally from the edge of the bar. But one local business did still have the lights on this bitter cold Christmas Eve night.

Isa's Cafe was struggling, and perhaps Isa would have accepted defeat by now if she didn't have so much invested in the place. It wasn't just that her name was above the door, written on a battered, faded banner decades old. It was that she lived in the wee flat above the small cafe, that she spent all her time here. It was her life. And she made just enough to get by and keep the engines running. Enough people, mostly old pensioners like her, stopped by daily at lunchtime for tea and tattie scones to make the venture worthwhile. And Isa was thankful for that, grateful that she had a livelihood and a roof over her head that many didn't. That's why, each Christmas, she kept the doors open, and offered free meals and hot drinks to any of the area's homeless who stopped by for some shelter from the cold.

It was near 8pm, and only a handful of people were in Isa's Cafe. This made Isa concerned. There was no shortage of homeless people in Glasgow, and many found themselves gravitating to Sinkhill. The Speakeasy out on the fringes of the district drew them in like a siren call: a derelict quarry which the authorities steered clear from, which had become a sanctuary of sorts to many of the city's lost and disenfranchised. But Sinkhill was not a safe place for anyone after dark, least of all those with no doors to lock themselves behind, and things had been getting worse lately. The fact that some regulars of previous years were nowhere to be seen worried Isa deeply. But there were a couple of new faces, including a gaunt teenage boy, shivering in clothes that would be hopelessly inadequate in shielding him from the elements. Isa's heart ached as she looked at him, slumped in a chair at the corner of the cafe, eyes darting around nervously. Sighing, she spooned some hot chocolate into a cup and took it over to him.

"Have some hot chocolate, son," Isa said, smiling gently, "It'll heat you up."

"Aye, thanks," the boy replied, not making eye contact as the cup was sat on the table in front of him.

It had not been Ryan's intention to be rude, or dismissive of Isa's kindness. Truth was, his mind was just occupied on other things. Chiefly, a mad bastard called Big Mark. Ryan wasn't too torn up about being away from home at Christmas, because that place had never been much of a home to him nor the people in it much of a family, so fuck them. No, it was Big Mark that weighed on Ryan's mind, and the £100 that Ryan owed him. Or, at least, that Big Mark said Ryan owed him.

Big Mark was a Dickhead. Not just in terms of his personality. He was one of the Dickheads, the gang that ran roughshod through Sinkhill. Ryan knew to avoid them whenever he could, and had been successful in doing so for the most part, but his luck ran out the day before, when he crossed paths with Big Mark. Towering a good head taller than him and twice as wide, Big Mark had taken great delight in backing Ryan into a corner and informing him of the rent he owed. The way Big Mark saw it, the Dickheads owned the streets of Sinkhill, and that made the homeless people living their tenants, which meant Ryan owed him rent money. £100, he'd said, he didn't care how he got it. All that mattered was that Ryan had until the clock struck midnight on Christmas Day began to get it to him. If he didn't make that deadline, there would be consequences.

That's what was running through Ryan's mind as he sat in Isa's Cafe, sipping anxiously at his cup of hot chocolate. In his position, £100 might as well be £1000, £10,000. He looked out the window and thought of all the people who had casually thrown away £100 in the City Centre this past week like it was nothing, on junk to wrap up for Christmas that would be forgotten about by New Year. Then he looked across at the ticking clock hung up on the wall and realised that time was running out. He could try to run, hide, but he knew Big Mark would find him before long. Or he could just wait here for Big Mark to come for him, that way he could at least be warm for what remained of his life...

Then Ryan's eyes wandered to the front of the cafe, and to the open till.

Isa had disappeared, heading up to her flat and leaving the front of the store briefly unattended. She must not have realised that her till at the checkout had popped open, revealing a wad of £10s and £20s sitting there temptingly, announcing themselves to Ryan as the solution to all his problems. If he'd had a minute, Ryan would have been disgusted with himself at the very thought of stealing that money. Isa was a frail old lady, clearly having a tough time getting by herself, and she was going out of her way to try to help those in need. She had been nice to him, something no one else had been in quite some time. If he'd had a minute, Ryan would have pushed that horrible, selfish thought right out of his mind.

But he didn't have a minute. And so, before his brain could even really process what he was doing, his legs were carrying him up to the open till, and his hands were stuffing all the notes into his pocket. Then he was running out the door, back out into the cold, alone once more.

Running through the snow, hands stuffed in his pockets, the first feeling to hit Ryan was raw, visceral relief. A whole day thinking he was a dead man, and just in the nick of time a solution had fallen into his lap. The endorphins were coursing through him, his heart pounding in his chest. But something else was running through him, a gurgling nausea at the pit of his stomach over what he'd done. He told himself that it was the survival instinct kicking in, that having a sense of self-preservation didn't make him wicked. But that didn't make his stomach feel any better.

And with all the inner turmoil going on within him, Ryan failed to notice the figure trailing a little behind, barely visible through the snow. A man with a fox mask, following him...

...

"Here he is, dead man walking!"

Big Mark smirked as Ryan shuffled towards him. He'd stepped outside the pub for a smoke and spotted his scrawny little form approaching. He'd not told Ryan where to find him, he liked the idea of making the kid sweat trying to seek him out, running from place to place in the biting cold. Not that Big Mark expected him to have any actual money, no, he was expecting excuses, readying himself for Ryan to fall on his knees and start begging. Big Mark was looking forward to that.

Ryan noted the mean-spirited grin spreading across Big Mark's face, and all of a sudden felt like a mouse approaching a cat to offer cheese in exchange for being left alone. For a fleeting moment he considered turning on his heels and running, using the money he'd grabbed to get a train to somewhere far away. But as much as Big Mark frightened him, somehow the prospect of leaving Glasgow frightened Ryan more. So, forward he went, until he was standing face-to-face with his tormentor.

Like all Dickheads, Big Mark wore a condom over his head at all times, giving his brow a greasy sheen. You might think it'd look ridiculous, but no one would dare laugh in Big Mark's face. He had a big bulbous nose and a row of crooked, yellowing teeth, and as Ryan got closer he started to get a strong whiff of B.O. rising from under his tracksuit. Even after weeks of living rough, Ryan somehow had better standards of hygiene than this guy. He was not a pleasant person to be around, and Ryan told himself that the sooner this interaction was over with, the better. £100 and it would all be done with, he'd be off the hook and Big Mark would move on to some other poor sod. And it turned out Ryan had lifted a little more than £100 out the till, so he'd been able to keep some extra money aside to get himself a nice meal or two in the week ahead. All he had to do was get this over with...

"You got my rent money?" Big Mark asked.

"Yeah," Ryan replied, "£100."

Ryan pulled the £100 out of his pocket, and handed it over to Big Mark, who looked surprised, and even a little disappointed. He stared down at the wad of notes in his greasy hand, and said nothing.

"So, that's us done, yeah?" Ryan asked, "Now you'll leave me alone?"

As he pushed the money into his pocket, a smile once again crept across Big Mark's face.

"Naw, mate," he said, "We're not done."

And out of nowhere, Big Mark whacked Ryan across the face with a stiff right hook. Ryan's legs immediately gave out from under him, and he hit the ground like a sack of potatoes. Casually tossing his cigarette aside, Big Mark gave Ryan a swift kick in the gut while he lay on the ground.

"Aye, we're square on rent," Big Mark said, "But turns out, I have another use for you. See, I'm sick of wearing this thing on my head all the time, and I'm thinking what I want for Christmas is a promotion, start getting paid to be an Enforcer or a Pusher for Si McKirdie. And to get that, all I need to do is have a Witness record me doing something really nasty. You can help me out with that, can't you, pal? I've got some great ideas."

Ryan was crawling along the ground now, desperate to somehow get away even as he knew deep down he wasn't going anywhere. Why had he come here? Why hadn't he just stayed at Isa's?

"I'm getting a Witness now," Big Mark said with a chuckle, taking out his phone, "You just lie right there, I'll get back to you in a..."

DUUM!

Ryan was looking down at the ground. He didn't see the shovel connect with the back of Big Mark's head. All he saw was a spray of red on the white snow, closely followed by a cluster of those yellow teeth landing in an arc on the ground in front of him. Then, Big Mark collapsed forward, felled like a tree, landing on the ground next to Ryan. For a moment, Ryan was frozen with surprise as he found himself staring into the pulverised face of Big Mark, semi-conscious and baffled as blood pooled around his head at the point where he'd landed.

"Wuzzat?" Big Mark muttered incoherently, "Wuzzat fox?"

Then those survival instincts kicked in, and Ryan made to push himself up to his feet. But before he could, he felt a foot on his back, pressing his chin back down into the snow. A hand reached down over him and grabbed onto the condom on Big Mark's head, pulling it off with a little POP sound, like an elastic band snapping.

"No presents for him this Christmas," a deep, eerily cheerful voice boomed above Ryan, "He was on naughty list."

The foot came off Ryan's back, and immediately he spun around onto his back, scrambling backwards. Looming over him was a muscular man even taller than Big Mark, wielding a bloody shovel. But even more than the shovel, what Ryan found himself staring at was the man's face. He was wearing a fox mask, and behind the mask were a pair of beady, wild-looking eyes glaring out at him. Somewhat incongruously, the man was also wearing a Santa hat.

"You're on naughty list too, mate," Mr. Dig said, "I followed you from Isa's. You have something that's not yours in your pocket. Hang on, that reminds me..."

Mr. Dig turned his attention back to Big Mark, leaning over and retrieving the £100 from his pocket. Big Mark let out a feeble whimper, prompting Mr. Dig to give him an extra boot in the arse for good measure. He turned back to face Ryan.

"You gave him some, but you have rest. I saw you."

"Please," Ryan said, "He was going to kill me. I didn't have a choice..."

"You always have choice," answered Mr. Dig.

Reaching forward, Mr. Dig grabbed a handful of Ryan's jacket and hauled him up to his feet. Then he patted him on the shoulder.

"You are stupid boy," Mr. Dig said, "But it's not too late to be good. Come with me."

...

Ryan and Mr. Dig walked together through the snowy night, not encountering another soul. They didn't exchange any words, but Ryan would occasionally look up at the tank of a man walking alongside him with a mix of terror and wonder. Who was he? And why had he helped him? Or was he even helping him? Maybe his goal had been to retrieve the stolen money, or beat the snot out of Big Mark, and saving Ryan's life had been incidental.

Of course, Ryan knew where they were going. And before long, he saw the warm glow of the lights from inside Isa's Cafe. Then that nausea in his stomach started to come bubbling back. Ryan stopped walking, and Mr. Dig turned to face him.

"Move," he said.

Ryan took out the remaining money from his pocket, extending it towards Mr. Dig with a trembling hand.

"You give it to her," Ryan said, "I can't face her, after what I did."

Mr. Dig didn't take the money. Instead, he took out the £100 he'd taken back off Big Mark and slapped it down onto Ryan's open hand.

"No," Mr. Dig replied, "Your mess. You clean it up."

Ryan put the money back in his pocket, taking big gulps, trying not to cry.

"I know I messed up, and I'm sorry. I was scared, okay? I was scared and I did something stupid. And I want to fix it. But please... please don't make me go back in there and face that nice old lady. Everyone else thinks I'm garbage but her, she was nice to me. And when I tell her what I did, she's going to realise that everyone else is right and I *am* garbage. She's going to look at me like that too. I can't take it!"

Mr. Dig stared at him with those unhinged, pinpoint eyes, not saying anything for a moment. When he finally spoke, it was just to repeat one word.

"Move."

Then he turned and continued walking towards Isa's Cafe. Letting out a defeated sigh, Ryan trudged on after him.

...

The cafe had a few more people in it now, all looking grateful for the food and shelter. Isa was happy for them, but her stomach was in a knot with anxiety over the stolen money. How could she be so careless? But her eyes brightened as Mr. Dig stepped into Isa's Cafe.

"Mr. Dig!" she exclaimed with joy, not paying heed to some gasps of surprise coming from the others in the cafe, "There he is! The nice young man who helped me set up my Christmas tree! What a good boy you are, come on in."

"Thanks, Isa, think I will."

Mr. Dig gave Isa a hug and stepped inside. That's when Isa noticed the boy from earlier walking in after him, looking shamefaced.

"There you are," Isa said, "I was worried about you. What happened? Why did you run off?"

Eyes fixed down on the ground, Ryan pulled the stolen money out of his pocket and handed it over to Isa.

"I.." Ryan began, "Sorry, I..."

"He was very stupid," cut in Mr. Dig, putting a hand on his shoulder, "Dickhead came into cafe while you were upstairs, stole money from your till, and idiot here ran after him to get it back. Got punch in face for his troubles. But I helped him out and we got your money back."

"Oh, thank you so much!" Isa exclaimed, pulling in a stunned Ryan for a hug.

Isa led Ryan over to a seat, then turned to Mr. Dig.

"It's just about to turn midnight," she said, "Why don't you ring in Christmas with us, Mr. Dig? I've got Yule log."

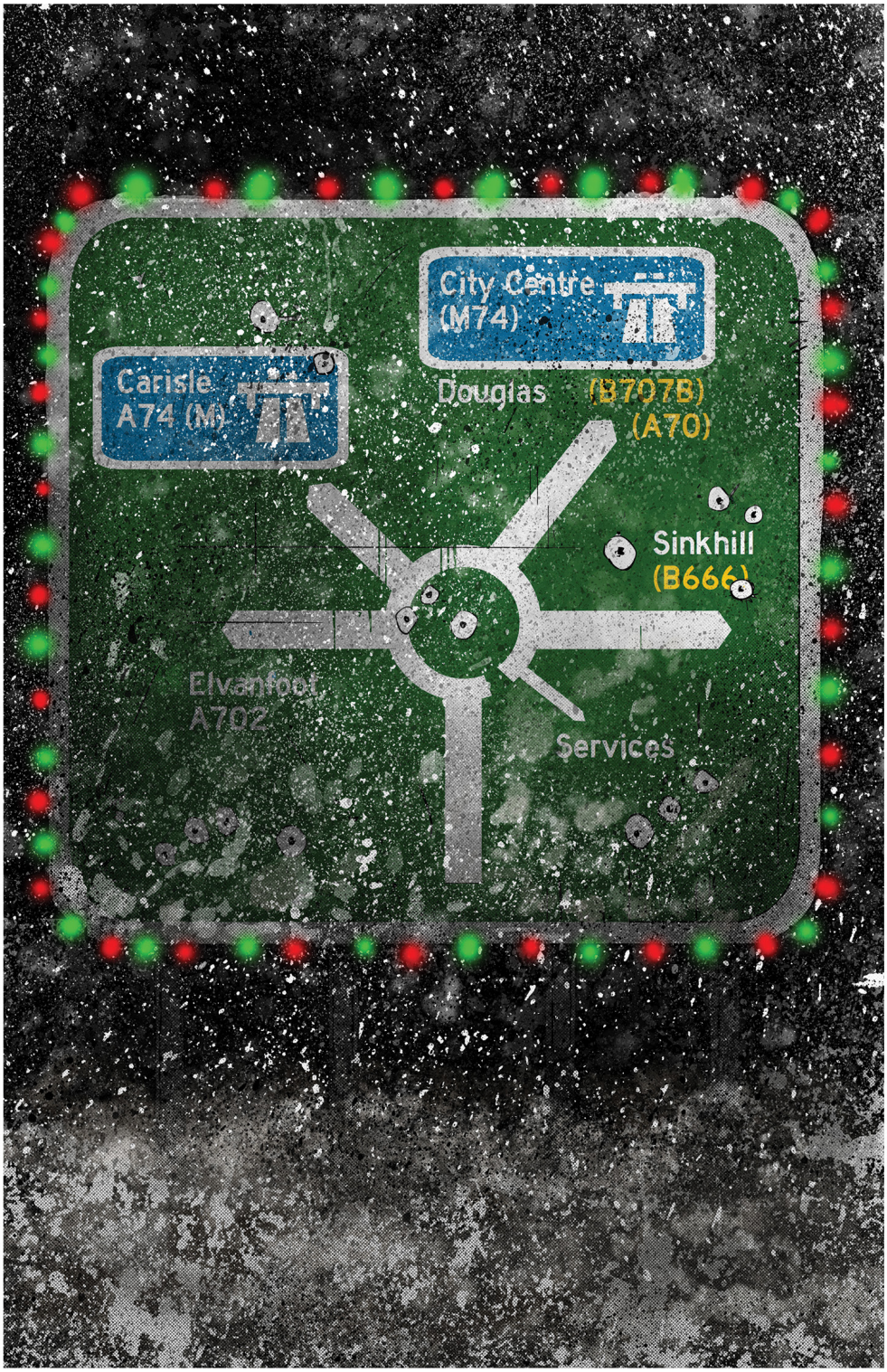
Mr. Dig looked around at the people in the cafe. Sinkhill was a horrible place, but there were still good people and acts of kindness to be found, if you looked hard enough.

"Aye," he said, "Why not."

Sitting down his shovel next to the Christmas tree, Mr. Dig took a seat at the far corner of the cafe. He looked up at the clock. Midnight.

"Merry Christmas, Sinkhill."

THE END



SINK #1 UK EXCLUSIVE COVER BY IAIN LAURIE

SINK #1 NEW YORK COMIC CON BRAIN TRUST EXCLUSIVE
VARIANT COVER BY RYAN KINCAID

SINK #1 NEW YORK COMIC CON BRAIN TRUST EXCLUSIVE
VARIANT COVER BY STEVEN WILCOX

SINK #1 COLLECTOR CAVE VARIANT COVER
BY JOE MULVEY & CESAR FELICIANO, COLORS BY JASON LEWIS

DON'T GET IN THE VAN.

SINK #1 LARRY'S COMICS VARIANT COVER BY ALEX CORMACK

SINK #1 VARIANT COVER BY CHARLES PAUL WILSON, III

SINK #2 DALLAS FAN DAYS BRAIN TRUST EXCLUSIVE
VARIANT COVER BY STEVEN WILCOX (AFTER JOCK)

LOCAL COMIC SHOP DAY COMIXTRIBE BLACK BAG COVER
BY ALEX CORMACK

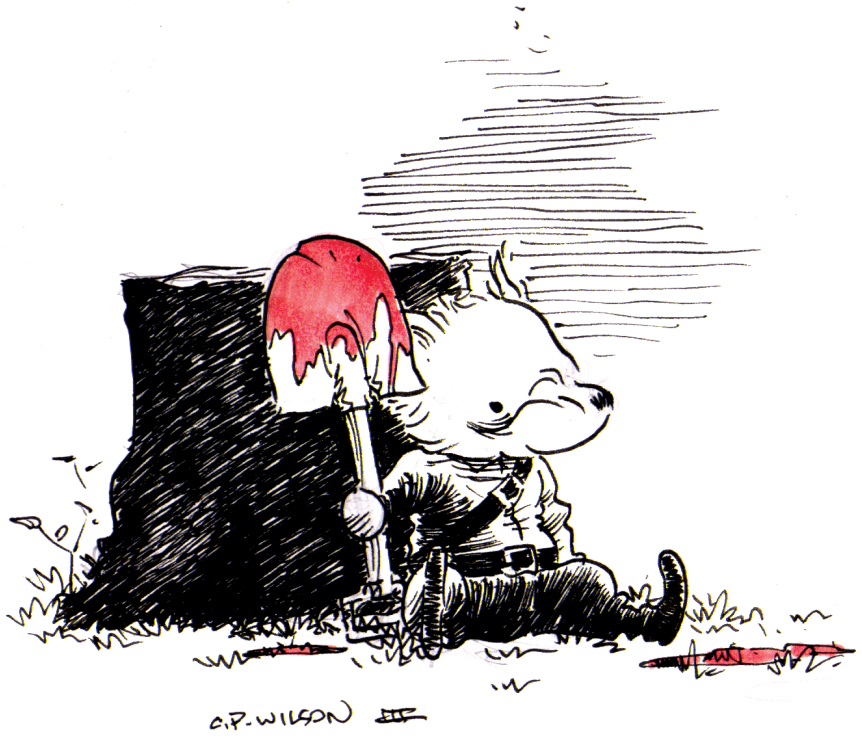
SINK #3 BRAIN TRUST EXCLUSIVE VARIANT COVER
BY GREG KIRKPATRICK

SINK #4 BRAIN TRUST EXCLUSIVE VARIANT COVER
BY FRANCK UZAN, COLORS BY HEDWIN ZALDIVAR

SINK #4 BIG PETE'S EXCLUSIVE VARIANT COVER
BY JOHN GALLAGHER

SINK #5 BRAIN TRUST EXCLUSIVE VARIANT COVER BY RYAN KINCAID

ART BY FRANCK UZAN, COLORS BY HEDWIN ZALDIVAR



SINK sketches by **Charles Paul Wilson** (***The Stuff of Legend***)

SINKHILL IS FULL OF MYSTERIES. ONE INVOLVES A BIN BEHIND THE OLD DROONT RAT PUB.
"BIN" A SINK TALE
MISSING PEOPLE ARE NOT UNCOMMON IN THIS AREA. BUT SOMETIMES, THE CLOTHES OF MEN LAST SEEN DRINKING IN THE DROONT RAT WILL BE FOUND IN A BUNDLE BESIDE THIS BIN.
STORY BY JOHN LEES
ART BY KELLY WILLIAMS
LETTERS BY SHAWN LEE
WHERE DO THESE MEN GO, THAT THEY ALWAYS HAVE TO GO NAKED?
AND IF THEY'RE DUMPING THEIR CLOTHES, WHY NOT PUT THEM IN THE BIN THAT'S RIGHT THERE?
SOME LOCALS HAVE REPORTED HEARING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SINGING COMING FROM BEHIND THE PUB.
A FEW HAVE SPECULATED THAT THE ANGELIC VOICE BELONGS TO A SIREN, TAKING SAD, LONELY MEN AWAY TO A HAPPIER PLACE...
EEEE

THE BLUE VAN WILL RETURN IN...

SINK

VOLUME TWO

"AS A HORROR LOVER, SINK HAS QUICKLY MOVED ITS WAY TO THE TOP OF MY PULL LIST..."
- KRIS KOLISH (GEEKERY MAGAZINE)

"CLEVERLY LAYERED..."

"THRILLING..."

"STILL ENJOYING SINK AFTER MULTIPLE READINGS... NEAR PERFECT."
- MIKE CLARKE (POP CULTURE PODIUM)

"CLAUSTROPHOBIC AND EXPLOSIVE..."

"INTRIGUING, WELL-ILLUSTRATED AND ULTIMATELY THOUGHT-PROVOKING..."
- CRAIG NIELSON ADAMS (BIG COMIC PAGE)

"FUNNY..."

"SINK IS UNCOMFORTABLE AND EDGY IN A WAY COMICS HAVEN'T SEEN IN YEARS..."
- DUSTIN CABEAL (COMIC BASTARDS)

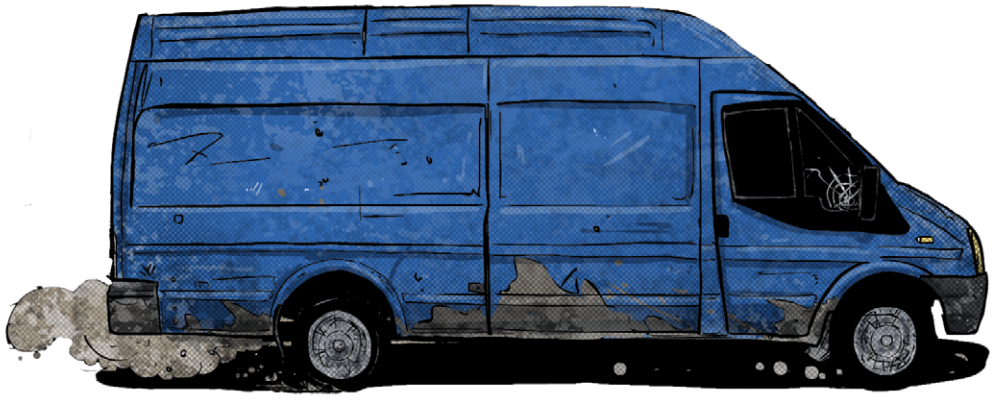
"FAMILIAR AND FRIGHTENING..."

"IF YOU LOVE HORROR STORIES AND COMICS, THEN GO NO FURTHER THAN SINK..."
- BRAD GISCHIA (BAG & BORED)

"BOLDLY ANARCHIC..."

"SINK NEVER DISAPPOINTS. IT PULLS NO PUNCHES AND ALWAYS DELIVERS A SOLID HORROR READ..."
- JAMES FERGUSON (HORRORTALK)

"TERRIFYING..."



A forgotten East End district of a warped funhouse mirror vision of Glasgow, Scotland, **Sinkhill** is a hive of crooks, deviants and killers, and ordinary folk unfortunate enough to live among them.

If killer clowns prowl the streets in a blue van, a shovel-wielding vigilante in a fox mask serves brutal justice after dark, and the last bus home is always full of corpses...

YOU MUST BE IN SINKHILL!

SINK.COMIXTRIBE.COM