

DC
VERTIGO

NO. 3
AUG 98
\$2.95 US
\$4.25 CAN
SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS

GANGLAND



MACAN & PLUNKETT
BRUBAKER & SHANOWER
TAVTAR OZKAN
CUNNINGHAM & ZEZEJ

GANGLAND
97













YOU WERE DRINKING
LAST NIGHT, WEREN'T
YOU, HARVEY?



I MET A
COUPLE OF
FRIENDS.



IT'S
ILLEGAL,
HARVEY.

OH, CYNTHIA,
FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE...

RRRING



YES, MICKEY!
... OF COURSE!...



I'M GOING OUT,
CYNTHIA.

WHO'S
MICKEY,
HARV?



AN OLD
FRIEND.

YOU
WON'T BE
DRINKING
AGAIN, WILL
YOU,
HARVEY?



... HERE AND HERE!
MICKEY THINKS YOU CAN
DO IT. WHAT DO YOU
SAY, HARV?

SURE!
PIECE OF CAKE!
THANKS FOR
TRUSTING ME,
BOYS!



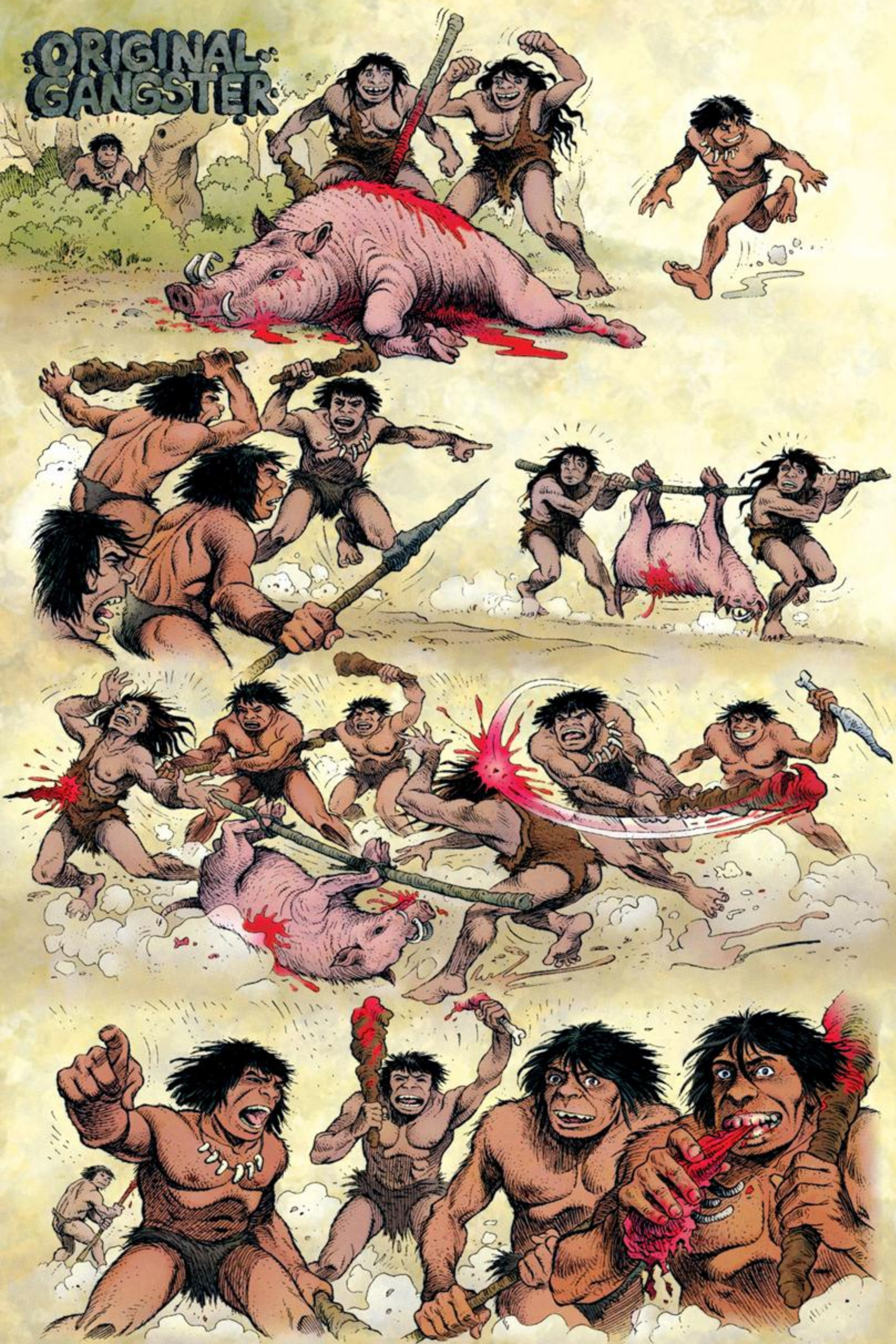
THOUGHT
YOU SAID HE WAS
YOUR FRIEND,
MICK?

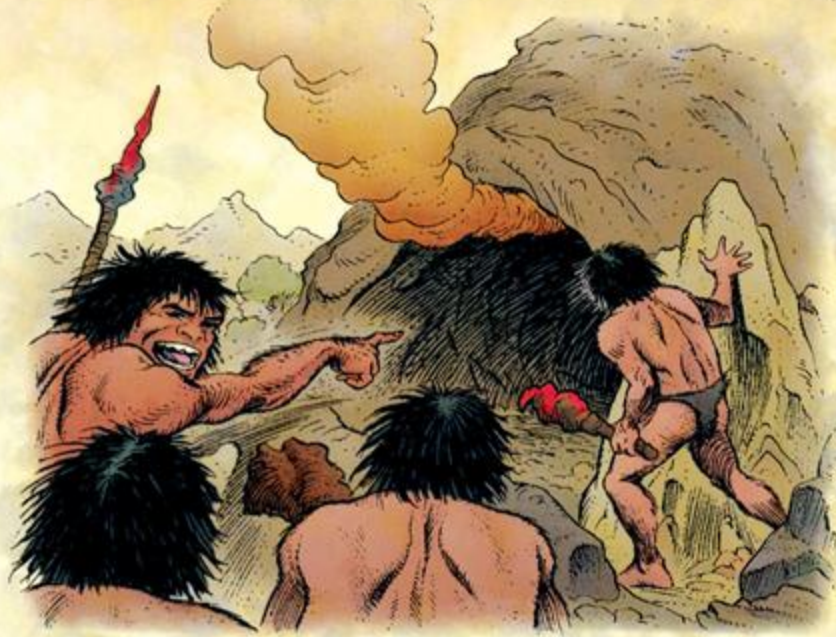




Written by Danko MACAN • Illustrated by Kilian PLUNKETT • Colored by Daniel VOZZO • Lettered by John COSTANZA • Edited by Axel ALONSO

ORIGINAL GANGSTER





small time

WRITTEN BY ED BRUBAKER
ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC SHANOWER
COLORED BY ALEX MORRISSEY
EDITED BY AXEL ALONSO

IF THERE'S SUCH THING AS A **CAREER** SMALL-TIME CRIMINAL, I'M IT.

YOU PROBABLY KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE ME. YOU JUST DON'T **REALIZE** IT. STEALING OFFICE SUPPLIES, OR WALKING OUT ON THE OCCASIONAL CHECK --NOTHING NOTICEABLE.

I DON'T KNOW IF OTHER PEOPLE CAN PINPOINT THE GENESIS OF THEIR BAD HABITS, BUT I CAN...

...IT STARTED WHEN I WAS TEN YEARS OLD, WATCHING MY MOTHER YELLING AT MY OLDER BROTHER SCOTT ABOUT AN EXPENSIVE GOLD NECKLACE SHE'D FOUND.

--I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE!!

I SUPPOSE IT JUST GOT INTO YOUR SOCK DRAWER ALL BY ITSELF?!

MAYBE SOMEONE PUT IT THERE, I DON'T KNOW!! I SWEAR!

WELL, WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THIS, SOMETHING FISHY'S GOING ON HERE...

I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT I KNEW **EXACTLY** WHAT WAS GOING ON.

YOU JUST SHUTTUP!!

OW!
WHAT?! I DIDN'T SAY A WORD!

IT WAS 1975 AND WE WERE LIVING IN THE PARK POINT CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX IN SUBURBAN ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

THE CONDOS WERE MY WHOLE WORLD --EVERYTHING A KID COULD WANT: A POOL, A BASKETBALL COURT, A CANYON RIGHT ON THE EDGE, AND A BASEBALL FIELD ACROSS THE STREET.



IT SEEMED LIKE PARK POINT WAS ALWAYS EXPANDING. IT WAS LIKE A FUNGUS OUT OF CONTROL, GROWING OUTWARDS AND CHANGING EVERYTHING IT TOUCHED.



ALL THE TROUBLE STARTED WITH KEITH, THE LIFE-GUARD AT THE POOL. HE'D ORGANIZED A BOXING LEAGUE FOR KIDS TWELVE AND OVER.

YEAH! COME ON!! HIT HIM AGAIN!!



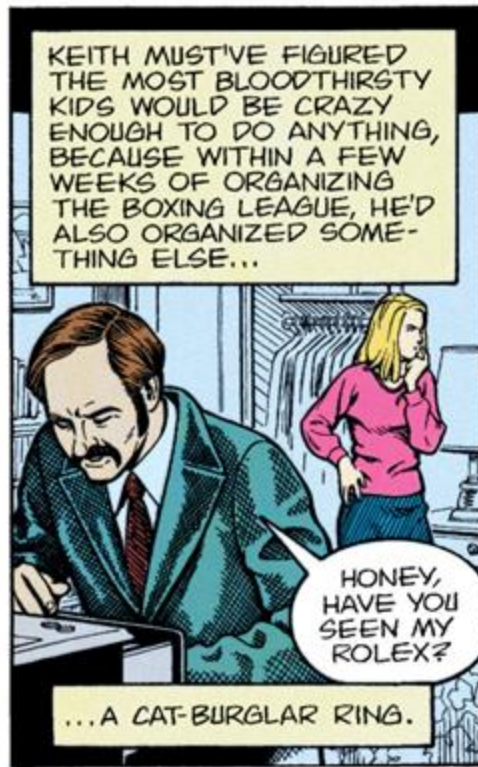
MY BROTHER AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS HAD JOINED THE LEAGUE AND THEY WERE REALLY INTO IT. SCOTT WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO GET ME TO PRACTICE WITH HIM.

C'MON, PUSSY!

NO WAY, MAN!



KEITH MUST'VE FIGURED THE MOST BLOODTHIRSTY KIDS WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING, BECAUSE WITHIN A FEW WEEKS OF ORGANIZING THE BOXING LEAGUE, HE'D ALSO ORGANIZED SOMETHING ELSE...



HONEY, HAVE YOU SEEN MY ROLEX??

...A CAT-BURGLAR RING.

WHEN THEY DESIGNED PARK POINT, THEY WEREN'T VERY INVENTIVE: THE CONDOS ONLY HAD THREE DIFFERENT TYPES. ONCE YOU KNEW HOW TO BREAK INTO THOSE THREE HOUSES, IT WAS A BREEZE.



SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS WOULD BREAK IN AND STEAL WHATEVER MONEY, JEWELRY, OR BOOZE THEY COULD FIND. THEN THEY'D TURN THIS STUFF OVER TO KEITH, WHO'D PAY THEM SOME PITTANCE.



I DON'T THINK THEY EVEN REALLY CARED WHETHER HE PAID THEM AT ALL IN THE BEGINNING. THEY JUST DID IT FOR THE THRILL. BUT AFTER A WHILE THEY STARTED HOLDING BACK A LITTLE, KEEPING SOME OF THE BOOZE AND MONEY.







WHEN WE MET HIM AT THE HOSPITAL HE HAD A BROKEN ARM AND HE LOOKED PRETTY SHAKEN UP.

OH, HONEY...

I'M OKAY, MOM. I JUST SLIPPED OFF THE SIDE OF THE DIVING BOARD...IT'S NO BIG DEAL...



SCOTT WOKE ME UP LATE THAT NIGHT AND TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED...

...AND NOW **YOU** HAVE TO HELP ME TOMORROW, BECAUSE HE STILL EXPECTS ME TO WORK. HE SAID HE'D KILL ME IF I DON'T, AND I THINK HE WOULD, TOO.

I CAN'T HELP YOU, I--



YOU **HAVE TO**. NONE OF THIS WOULD'VE EVEN HAPPENED IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, YOU LITTLE SHITHEAD. DO YOU WANT ME TO GET KILLED?



WHAT COULD I SAY?

OKAY, I'LL HELP...WHAT DO WE DO?



THE PLAN THAT KEITH HAD COME UP WITH--THAT **NO ONE** COULD FIGURE OUT--WAS INCREDIBLY SIMPLE: WE'D PLAY BALL IN THE STREET UNTIL IT SEEMED ALL CLEAR...



THEN WE'D "ACCIDENTALLY" GET THE BALL STUCK ON SOMEONE'S GARAGE ROOF..



THIS GAVE US THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO FIND OUT FOR SURE IF THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY. IF SOMEONE ANSWERED THE DOOR, YOU JUST ASKED IF YOU COULD GET YOUR BALL BACK. IF NOT...



THAT WAS THE END OF IT. I TALKED SO FAST, IT WAS FUNNY. KEITH GOT SENT TO JUVIE, WHERE I HEAR HE JOINED THE AMERICAN NAZI YOUTH.



AND ALL OF US LITTLE CAT-BURGLARS GOT A STERN TALKING-TO FROM THE COPS. CONSIDERING HOW MUCH WAS STOLEN, WE GOT OFF PRETTY EASY. THEY JUST WROTE IT OFF TO A BAD OLDER INFLUENCE AND LET IT GO AT THAT.



MOM GAVE US A BIG SPEECH ON THE WAY HOME--ABOUT HOW MUCH WE'D LET HER DOWN, HOW THIS MADE HER LOOK LIKE A BAD PARENT...



BUT SHE CONVENIENTLY FORGOT TO TURN THE GOLD NECKLACE SHE'D FOUND IN SCOTT'S DRAWER OVER TO THE POLICE. THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED THAT HER HIGH MORALS WERE ALL TALK.



AS THE YEARS WENT BY, THE BURGLARIES BECAME A LOCAL LEGEND THAT WE ALL LOOKED BACK ON FONDLY--A TIME WHEN WE WERE THE COOLEST KIDS IN THE WORLD. EVEN I GOT INCLUDED IN THESE LEGENDS, SINCE I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR DEMISE.



AS I GOT OLDER I LEARNED THAT THERE WAS MUCH MORE TO LIFE THAN THE PARK POINT CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX--IN FACT, I FELT TRAPPED BY ITS BOUNDARIES. BUT I NEVER FORGOT HOW I'D FELT THAT DAY, STRIDING DOWN THE HALLWAY OF A **COMPLETE** STRANGER. WHILE MY FRIENDS WERE ALL BUSY TRYING TO BLOT OUT REALITY WITH BOOZE AND DRUGS, I WAS LEARNING ABOUT SHOPLIFTING AND TILL-TAPPING.



NOTHING BIG. JUST SOMETHING TO HELP ME GET THROUGH THE DAY, YOU KNOW--LIKE A CUP OF COFFEE, A CIGARETTE... LIKE I SAID:



YOU PROBABLY KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE ME.





I AM Mr. M.MeLCHIZEDEK and
i speak out as your only
SAVIOR from a SORRY FUTURE.

WORLDWIDE GANGSTER ROBOTS

Written by SCOTT CUNNINGHAM
(Inspired by the rants of
Francis E. Dec, Esquire)
Illustrated by DANIEL ZEDELJ
Colored by GRANT GOLEASH
Lettered by COMICRAFT
Edited by AXEL ALONSO





Since CHILDHOOD, the EVIL GANG of robotic men in black come at night with DEADLY DEVICES to drain MENTAL ENERGY while we sleep --



-- creating HEARTLESS zombie world! people are programmed to live-work-die when could be BABY BLISSFUL.



YOUR FALSE REALITY BECOMES A WAY OF LIFE!



By night, GANGSTER men in black pale-white faces light darkness like stars in sky.

Avoid contact with ALL MIB -- tell them NOTHING! they will try to HYPNOTIZE YOU to forget the TRUTH as you read it now before you.

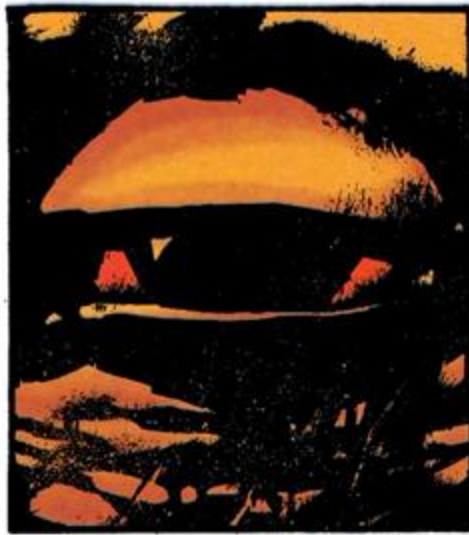
Rest only in short shifts to remain ALERT and ward off all forms of NUMBING MIND CONTROL.



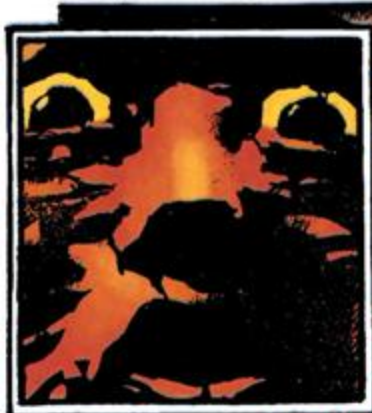
Ancient ALIEN FRANKENSTEIN COMPUTER uses GIANT Radio CONTROL PROJECTOR on Hollow Moon's DARK SIDE to control worldwide Gangster Men IN BLACK!



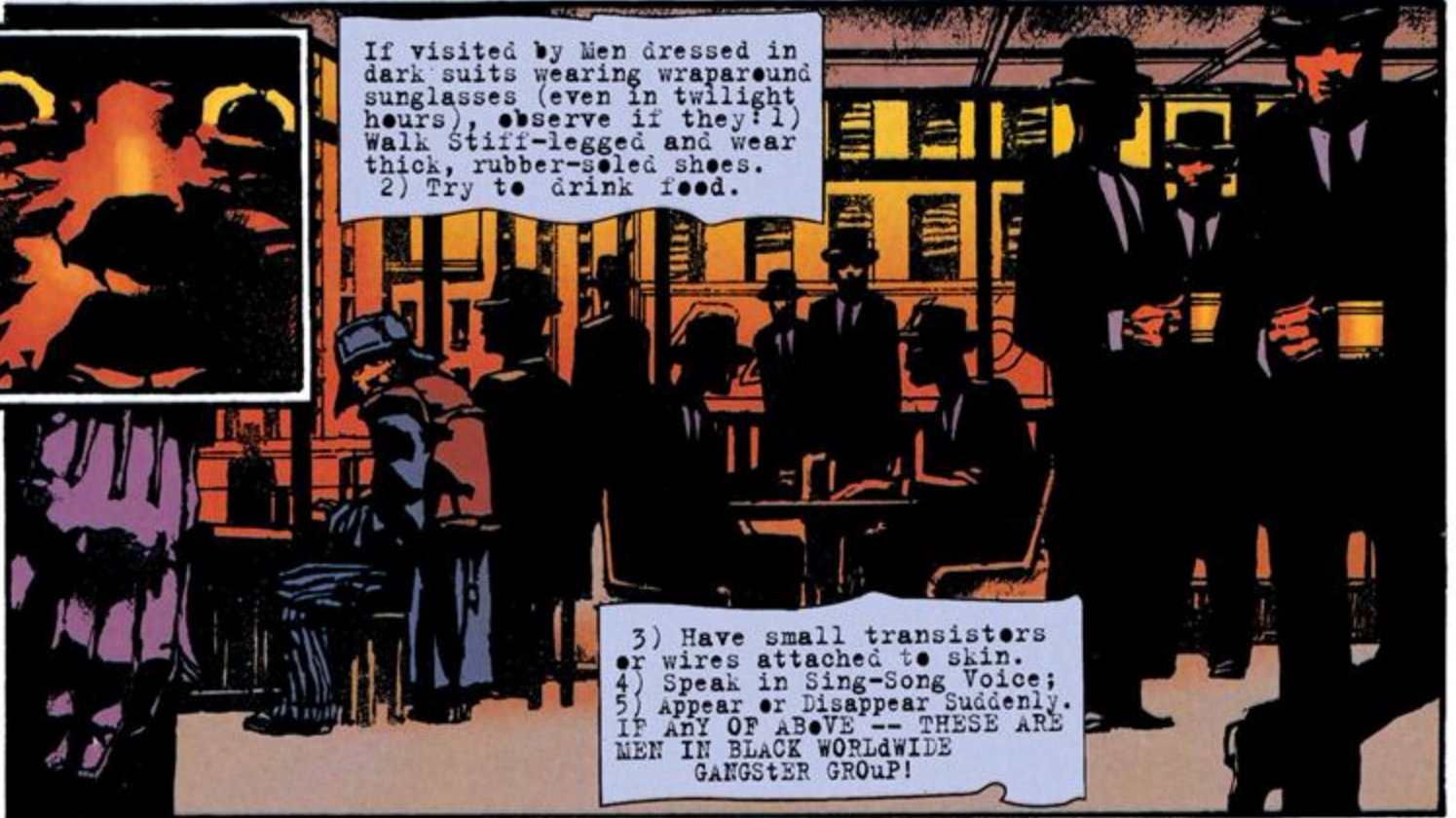
Because I do not fear Turncoat NAZI GOVERNMENT who worship ALIEN FRANKENSTEIN BRAIN, I am, therefore, followed EVERYWHERE by Men In Black.



EXTREME AWARENESS IS
YOUR ONLY WEAPON!



If visited by Men dressed in dark suits wearing wraparound sunglasses (even in twilight hours), observe if they: 1) Walk Stiff-legged and wear thick, rubber-soled shoes. 2) Try to drink food.



3) Have small transistors or wires attached to skin. 4) Speak in Sing-Song Voice; 5) Appear or Disappear Suddenly. IF ANY OF ABOVE -- THESE ARE MEN IN BLACK WORLDWIDE GANGSTER GROUP!

MIBs observe my daily movements, noting everyone I meet, talk with, even bump into accidentally.



My touch is HIGH-POWERED and can free MENTAL SLAVES controlled since birth by ALIEN FRANKENSTEIN BRAIN.

I HAVE SEEN ALL THIS WITH MY OWN EYES!



