

GARTH ENNIS ADRIANO BATISTA

JENNIFER BLOOD



SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS



JENNIFER BLOOD™

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TUESDAY

Beautiful day, so after I took the kids to school I did a little marine recon (so to speak). Almost instantly wished I hadn't.

I'M THE KINGA THE WORLD!
WHOA-HO-
WHOOOOAAAAH!

ORNK
ORNK
ORNK
ORNK

Lovely.

Z: MY HEART WILL GO ON

I mean right there on the open ocean, broad daylight, not a care in the world!

Andrew's binoculars are very good, much better than the ones I bought on ebay. I must ask him where he

I counted three crew, all wearing jackets in blazing sunshine, which meant a pistol each at the very least. Also what I was 90% certain was a shotgun, on a rack just inside the door to the bridge.

Had to assume they lived on board, doubling as security.

Which meant they'd have to go.

...PRICE IS FINE BUT IT'S A LITTLE TOO FAST FOR ME, LOT MORE POWER THAN I WAS EXPECTING. SO I'M NOT SURE.

WANT TO ASK YOUR HUSBAND AND GET BACK TO ME?

I REALLY SHOULD, IF THAT'S OKAY. HE MAKES ALL THE DECISIONS.

I hadn't expected them to put to sea when I went down there, but I was kind of pleased with how I improvised.

And in a way it worked out better, because getting near the boat when it was tied up would have meant approaching on foot, and that always increases the chances you'll be made.

(Another gold star for Jen- remembering to buy the factor 50 on the way. not that explaining sunburn to A would have been particularly tricky, but you let enough little things go and they start to add up.)

(God, I am so conceited! Serve me right if I'd gone home and forgotten to wash it off, and then had to explain that.)

The parking lot was just what I was hoping for. The yacht club building backs onto it, and at two floors you've got just the elevation you need for sniping. That brought back the whole dilemma over the HK33, but I really do need to get past that.

It's the 9mm thing all over again, of course. I just don't trust little bullets- 5.56 is nice and light, and you can carry lots and lots of it, but you just can't smash the life out of people the way you can with 7.62.

But show me a light, accurate rifle in that caliber that I can carry easily and that doesn't look like what it is concealed- and don't say the AK, because you might remember I mentioned sniping? If only I could get into position and then sort of magic a G3 into my hands, that would be so perfect!

You'd think someone would have come up with something by now, wouldn't you?

Honestly.



I KNOW, I ATE IT. YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD FOR PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY.

I FORGOT MY LUNCH AGAIN! I'M SORRY!

OH, JEN, I'D FORGET MY HEAD IF IT WASN'T SCREWED ON--!

IT'S OKAY.



HEY, JEN-JEN...!

WE HAVE NEW NEIGHBORS.

YEAH, I SAW. SHALL WE GO AND SAY HELLO?



HI THERE!

OH, HEY...

WELCOME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD. I'M ANDREW FELLOWS, AND THIS IS MY WIFE JEN AND OUR KIDS ALICE AND MARK.



JACK THOMAS. THIS IS LAURA.

IT'S OUR PLEASURE.

AND THIS IS JOHN. HI, JEN, IT'S SO NICE OF YOU TO COME OVER AND WELCOME US...



THE PLEASURE IS ENTIRELY MINE. NICE TO MEET YOU, JEN.

HI.

One look-

And I just knew this guy would be trouble.



LITTLE QUIETER, GUYS, YOU DON'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN HIM. SO ARE YOU FROM OUT OF TOWN?

YES, UPSTATE. JACK'S JOB BROUGHT US HERE. HEY, CAN I ASK YOU ABOUT SCHOOLS?



LEMME SEE, LEMME SEE!

HE'S SO CUTE!

...SHE WANTS TO THROW SOME KIND OF HOUSEWARMING THING, BUT I WAS GOING TO INVITE A FEW GUYS OVER TO WATCH THE GAME ON SATURDAY. YOU THINK YOU MIGHT KNOW A FEW PEOPLE?



AH, YEAH, BUT NO ONE THAT REALLY LIKES FOOTBALL. I'M QUITE A KEEN BIRDWATCHER, ACTUALLY, IS THAT SOMETHING YOU'RE INTERESTED IN?

HUH...

I MEAN I KNOW WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY FOR A FEW YEARS, BUT...

OH, I KNOW, HE'LL BE AT THAT AGE BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.



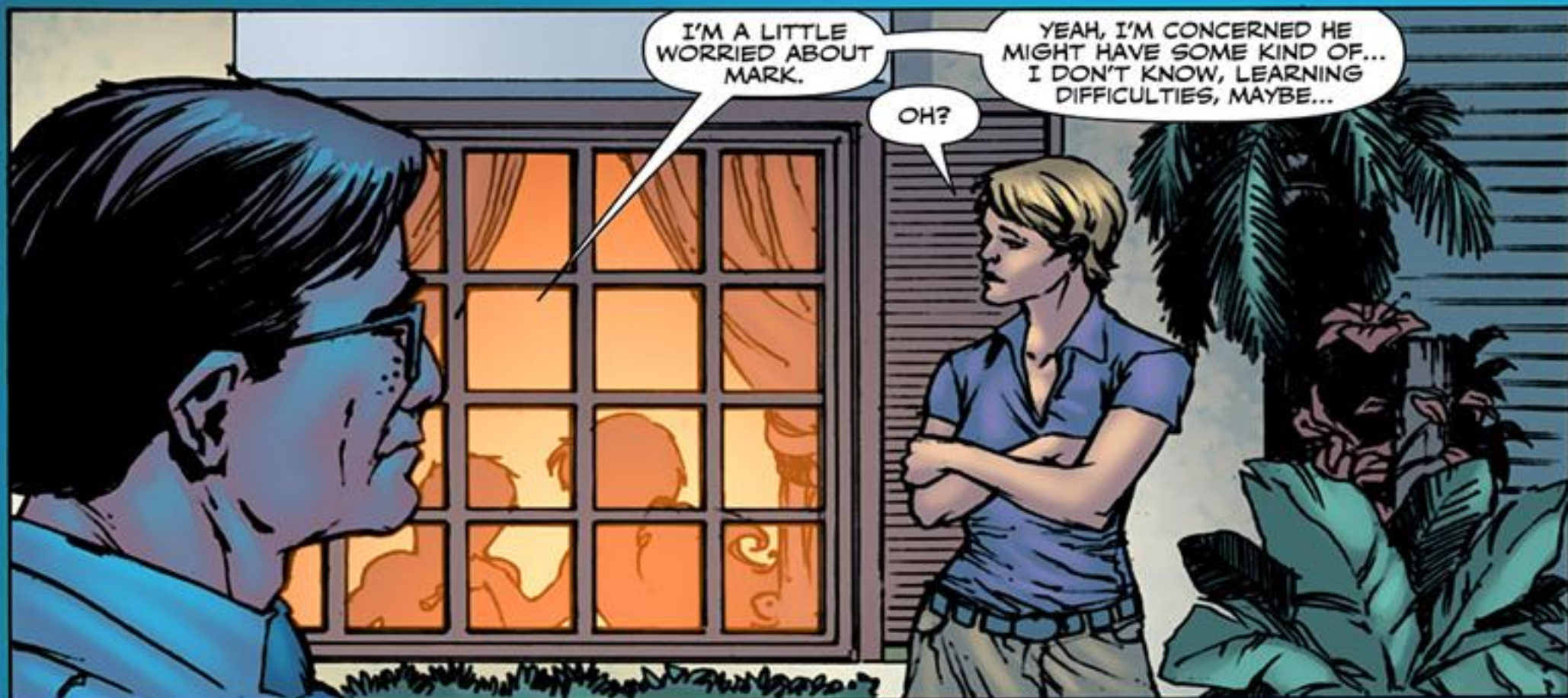
MARK'S STILL AT KINDERGARTEN BUT ALICE JUST STARTED FIRST GRADE, AND WE'RE REALLY HAPPY WITH BOTH PLACES...

Blah, blah, blah. Nice smile (but not too nice when Jack's looking), eyes bright, keep nodding. It's moments like that when I really do feel like I'm playing a role.



My mind always wanders. I'm talking schools but I'm thinking fields of fire.

I should probably try and stop that.



I'M A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT MARK.

OH?

YEAH, I'M CONCERNED HE MIGHT HAVE SOME KIND OF... I DON'T KNOW, LEARNING DIFFICULTIES, MAYBE...

True, in a way. Mark does have a learning difficulty- he's ~~stu~~ just not very bright. But how do you tell a man that about his son?

Obviously I'm a horrible mother for even thinking it, but sometimes you just can't call an angular excavation instrument a spade. Not out loud, and certainly not to A- apart from how upset he'd be he just wouldn't believe it, not with the brains that run in his family.



The male side, that is. His mother's the sort of person who pushes doors marked PULL.

Keeps pushing, too. Gives it her all, every single time.



YOU THINK HE MIGHT-MIGHT BE AUTISTIC?

I REALLY DON'T.

I'VE READ A LITTLE ABOUT IT, JUST IN A SORT OF THINGS-TO-TERRIFY-YOURSELF-WITH WAY, AND HE DOESN'T SHOW A SINGLE ONE OF THE MARKERS. I MEAN IF YOU REALLY WANT WE CAN HAVE HIM TESTED, BUT...

YOU KNOW, MRS. CALLAHAN SAYS HE'S VERY KEEN ON GAMES, LIKE SOCCER AND SO ON. WHY DON'T YOU BUY HIM A BALL?



I SUPPOSE I COULD DO THAT...

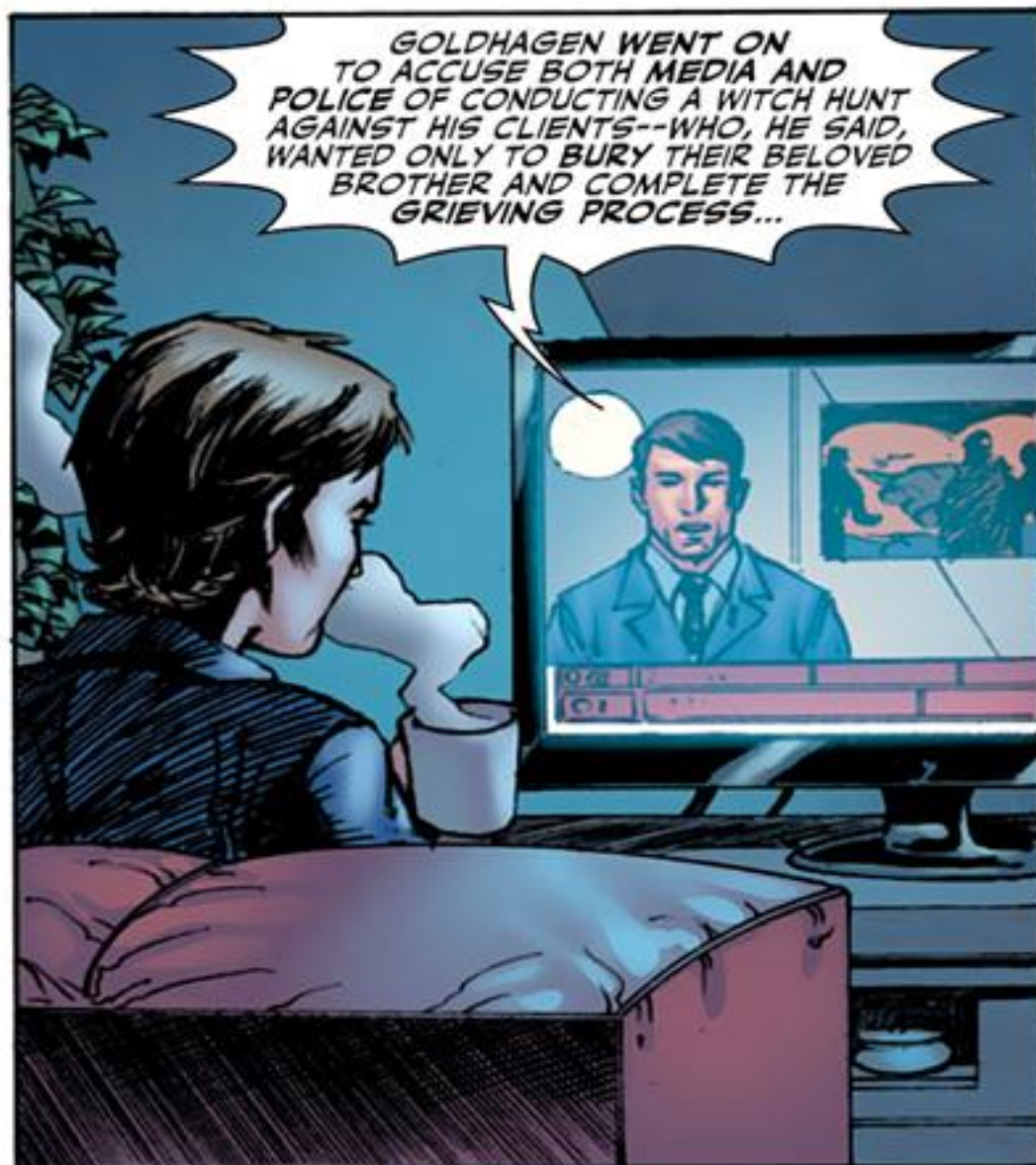


Because we each of us shine in our own way.

...LEFT TWELVE DEAD INCLUDING YOUNGEST BROTHER MICHAEL. THE FAMILY'S LAWYER, MARCUS GOLDHAGEN, MADE A SHORT STATEMENT IN WHICH HE CLAIMED THAT THE MASSACRE HAPPENED DURING A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS MEETING-- THIS DESPITE THE RECOVERY ON THE SCENE OF NUMEROUS FIREARMS, AND OVER TWENTY STOLEN CARS WORTH NEARLY ONE MILLION DOLLARS.



GOLDHAGEN WENT ON TO ACCUSE BOTH MEDIA AND POLICE OF CONDUCTING A WITCH HUNT AGAINST HIS CLIENTS--WHO, HE SAID, WANTED ONLY TO BURY THEIR BELOVED BROTHER AND COMPLETE THE GRIEVING PROCESS...



Major boo-boo at bedtime- I was so wrapped up in the TV coverage that I didn't notice that A hadn't taken the kids up like he'd said he would, so none of them were in bed when the extra-special cocoa worked its magic.

Zero out of ten for that one. Still kicking myself now.



Meant taking them up myself, changing Andrew into his pjs, cleaning up the mess on the table- just one stupid thing after another.


It's really is true what they say, you know.



UNNGH--!



A woman's work is never done.




SO WHO
THE FUCK
IS IT?

WELL FIRST OFF,
IT AIN'T NO ONE WE KNOW.
BECAUSE FOR ONE THING,
EVERYONE'S EITHER TOO
CHICKENSHIT OR TOO HAPPY
WITH THINGS THE WAY
THEY ARE TO COME
AT US--

YOU
SURE ABOUT
THAT?

STEVE, NAME
ME ONE GUY WE DO
BUSINESS WITH DON'T FIT
INTO ONE OF THEM TWO
CATEGORIES. YOU CAN'T,
RIGHT? SO DON'T
FUCKIN' INTERRUPT
ME AGAIN.

AN' FOR ANOTHER,
NO ONE WE KNOW IS
THAT CRAZY. I MEAN I'M
TALKIN' ABOUT A GODDAMN
MASSACRE HERE, TO SAY NOTHIN'
OF TAKIN' OUT OUR BROTHER--
THAT'S RUSSIAN OR SOUTH
AMERICAN SHIT. AN' IF THEY
WAS MAKIN' A MOVE, WE
WOULDA HEARD.



AGREED.
SO EITHER
SOMEONE LOCAL'S
SUDDENLY GROWN
A GIGANTIC PAIR OF
BALLS, OR IT'S
SOMEONE SO NEW
NO ONE'S GOT A
LINE ON 'EM.

NEITHER OF
WHICH SEEMS TOO
LIKELY, I GOTTA
SAY.

THERE
IS ANOTHER
POSSIBILITY.



YOU SAY
NO ONE WE
KNOW IS THAT
CRAZY.

HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN
HOW WE CAME
TO POWER?



WE KILLED
EVERY COCKSUCKER
THERE--HEY, WAIT A
MINUTE...!

PETE,
ARE YOU SAYIN'
THIS WAS ONE
OF US?

NO, NO,
COME ON!
WHY WOULD ANY
OF US MAKE A PLAY,
WE ALREADY GOT
EVERYTHING WE WANT!
I MEAN DOES ANYONE
HERE WANT THE
HEADACHE OF RUNNIN'
THE ENTIRE
OPERATION BY
THEMSELVES?

NOT ONE OF US.
SOMEONE LIKE US.



SOMEONE
FROM THE OLD
COUNTRY,
MAYBE.

PERHAPS...
EVEN...



WE AIN'T GETTIN' FREAKY
HERE, ARE WE? WE AIN'T
SAYIN' ANYONE'S COME BACK
FROM THE GRAVE?

GROW UP.
NOBODY WAS FAKIN'
ANYTHING THAT
DAY.

JENNIFER BLOOD,
THAT'S WHAT THIS WACK-JOB
PAINTED ON THE WALL. IS THAT
WHERE YOU'RE COMIN' FROM
WITH THIS?



IT IS
WHAT GOT
ME THINKING,
YES.

BUT THE
FAMILY'S DONE,
PETE, I MEAN WE
ARE IT...!



I made sure I brought enough to tear her guts out. P for Plenty, as my instructor liked to say.

I worked fast. My little screw-up with the cocoa had cost me half an hour.

I wasn't that worried, because I know the boys like to talk. But all the same.

Then it was out and into position for the next bit: a little psychological warfare, which I figured would make things interesting later while I was getting on with the main event.

Sort of like a recipe, I guess. Some people stick rigidly to the instructions, measure everything out to the half-ounce, add each ingredient in the order specified.

Others mix it up a little. Throw stuff in however it suits them. Swap rice for pasta, stuff like that.

A few- just a few-

like to add a little flourish of their own.



...RIGHT THERE
ON THE FRONTA
THE BOAT? THEY
JUST FUCKIN'
GO AT IT?

YEAH, THEY
DON'T GIVE A SHIT.
I MEAN YOU KNOW SHE
WAS LIKE A PORN STAR
BEFORE SHE MET
STEVE, RIGHT?

NO...!

NO SHIT.
REMEMBER
RENEE ROX
TAKES FIFTY
COCKS?

THAT WAS
HER...?

THAT
WAS HER, MAN.
SHE WAS A
BLONDE THEN,
YOU GOTTA
IMAGINE HER
WITH HER HAIR
DIFFERENT.

PLUS WITH
FIFTY GUYS
LININ' UP AN'
FUCKIN' HER THREE
AT A TIME,
I GUESS.

Tricky part here was to drop all
three without anyone getting off
a shot, which would of course give
the game away in an instant.

Not as easy as it sounds. Your pal's head suddenly
explodes and showers you in brains, you might
well freeze up straightaway- then again, if you've
got the training and you're a tough enough cookie,
it's not impossible that you'll hit the deck and just
start blasting until help comes.

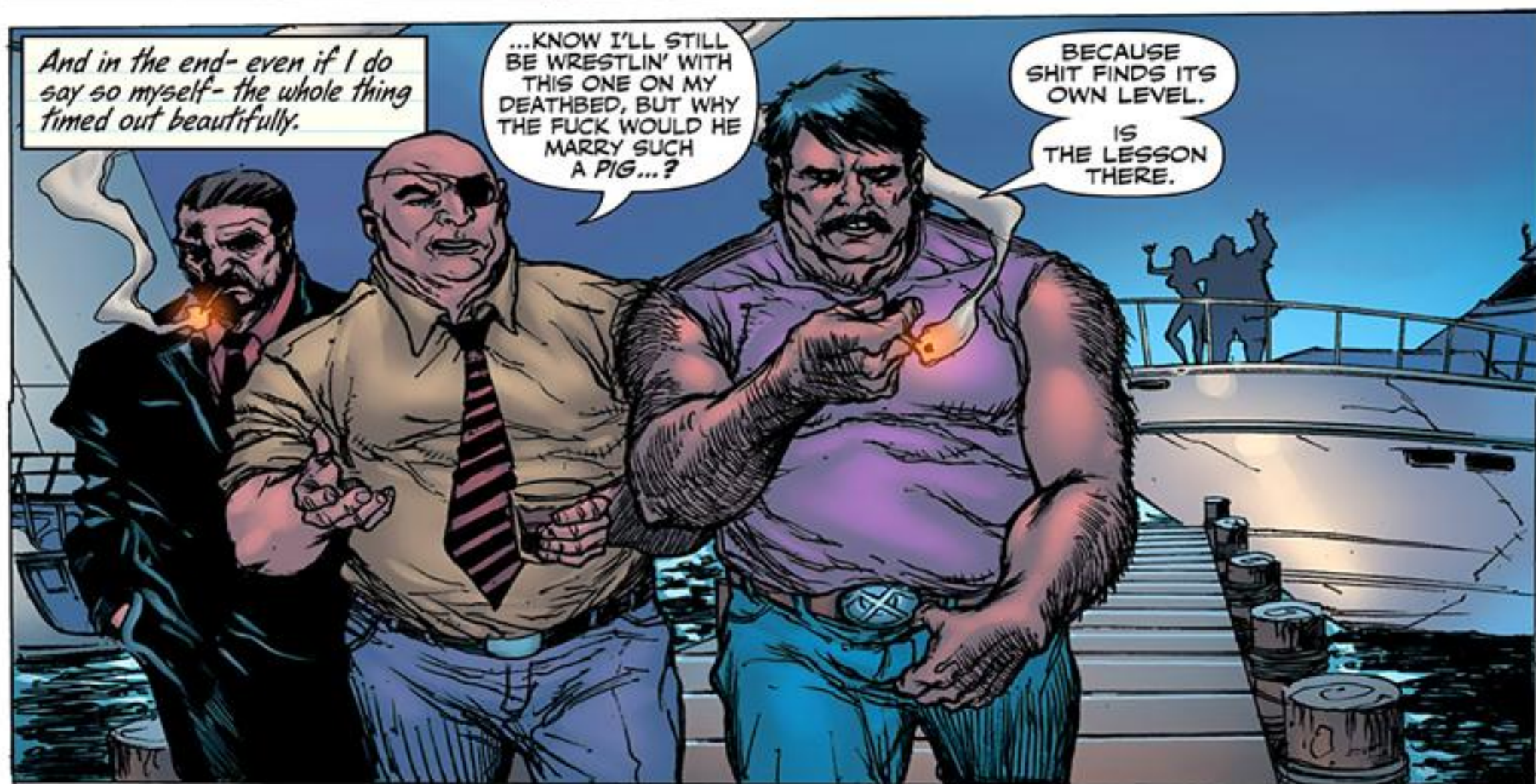
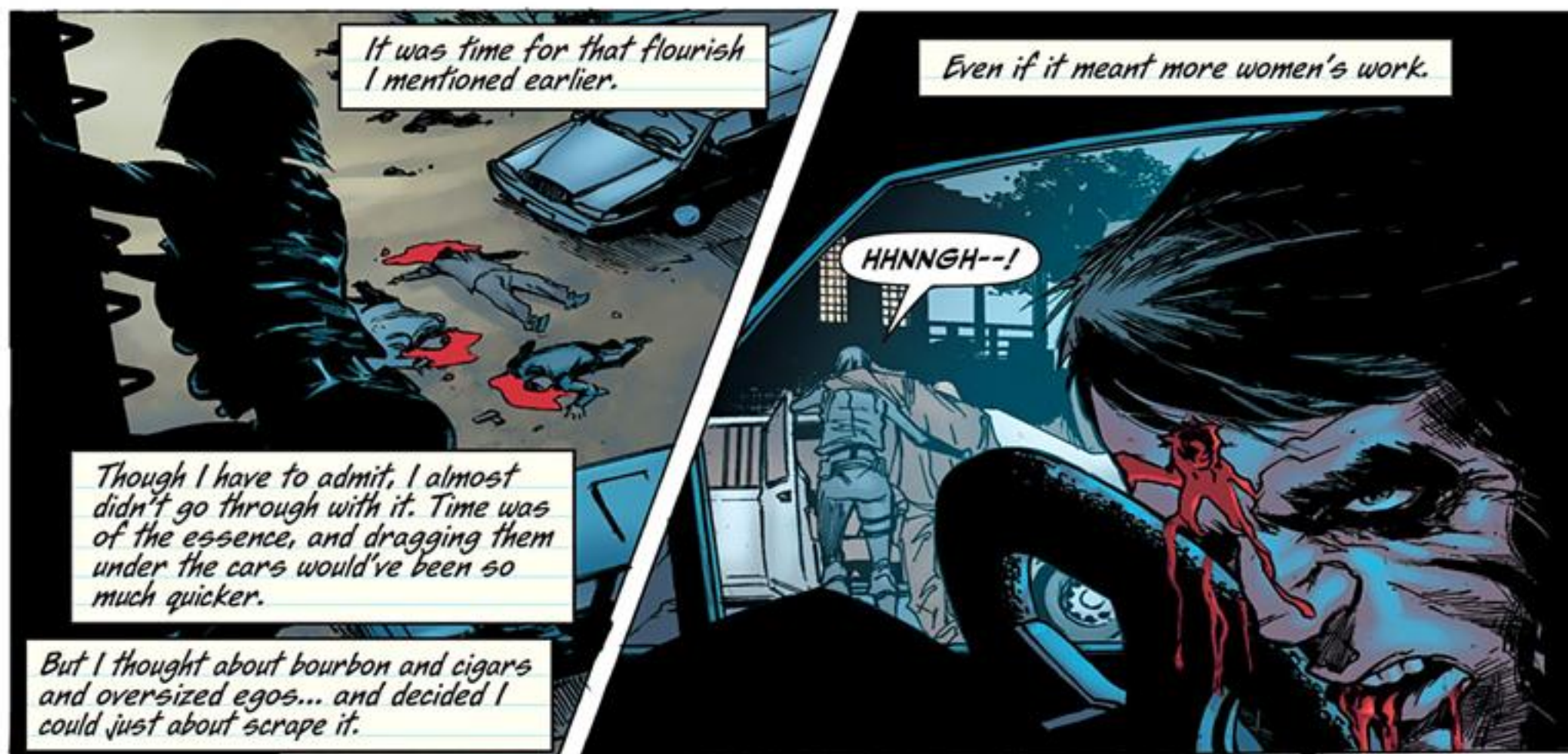
So:

WAIT
A MINUTE,
THERE
WAS A
SEQUEL?

YEAH,
RENEE ROX
TAKES FIFTY
COCKS
TWO.

HUNH







WE SHOULD BE THINKING MORE ABOUT IT OURSELVES. BECAUSE NO MATTER WHAT ELSE, SOMEONE HAS SPILLED THE BLOOD OF ONE OF OUR OWN.

THERE IS A DEBT TO BE SETTLED FOR MICHAEL.



ASSHOLES.

WERE THEY LIKE NOT RESPECTFUL OF YOU, BABY?

I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, THE PRICKS.

DID THEY LIKE NOT BEHOLD YOUR MIGHTY POWER?



I'M NOT EVEN THE FUCKIN' YOUNGEST, BUT I GOTTA TAKE SHIT FROM JIMMY OF ALL PEOPLE?

THEY GOTTA SEE YOU'RE LIKE, SOMEONE TO BE RECKONED WITH, BABY.

"GROW UP", FUCK YOU. "DON'T INTERRUPT ME AGAIN", FUCK YOU...

YOU'RE LIKE A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY. A MAN OF IRON.



YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, DON'T YOU, STEVIE-BABY...?

I LOVE YOU TOO, BABE. NOW GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AN' DRAIN MY BIG FAT HAIRY NUTSACK.

Suppressor.

Not silencer like in the movies. I got my knuckles rapped for that, metaphorically speaking.

And not a magic death ray that kills without even a whisper, either.

One, it does make a noise. Not the supersonic crack of a regular gunshot, but you better believe you can hear it.

ANDY--?

Fortunately, Uncle Steve and Aunt Renee were too busy to take any notice of a couple of dull thuds. But they weren't the only ones aboard.

Two, the suppressor only affects the shot. It does nothing whatsoever for weapons clattering when they're dropped, or a body flying through a window, or two hundred pounds of tough guy crashing to the deck like a wet meat.

So indoors, preferably. Target sitting down is ideal. Not too far to fall will do at a pinch.

SHE--

SHE--!

And three, all that weight on the end of the pistol does nothing for accuracy.

Get in close.





...OH MY GOD.



SO WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR?
HELLO?

NAME OF GOD--

HOLY FUCKIN' SHIT,
HE'S DEAD!!



LISTEN--LISTEN, SWEETHEART--

HOW THE FUCK IS IT HER--?

I KNOW YOU'RE PISSED, I KNOW WHAT YOU GOTTA BE THINKIN'--BUT WE CAN MAKE IT RIGHT, WE CAN SIT DOWN AN' SETTLE THIS AN' MAKE EVERYTHING OKAY AGAIN--!

I DIDN'T EVEN DO NOTHIN'! I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT ANY OF IT! I WASN'T EVEN THERE!

YOU'LL LIVE LONGER IF YOU DON'T TALK.

About an extra two minutes.



AND DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.

But I didn't see the point in bothering them with details.



JESUS CHRIST, STEVE--!



STEVE,
WHAT'S SHE
DOIN'? WHAT
IS THIS?

OKAY,
ENOUGH
THIS SHIT!
KNOCK IT
OFF!

GOOD JOB,
GUYS.

YOU LISTEN
TO YOUR FUCKIN'
UNCLE, YOU
HEAR ME?!



LISTEN
TO HIM SAYING
WHAT?

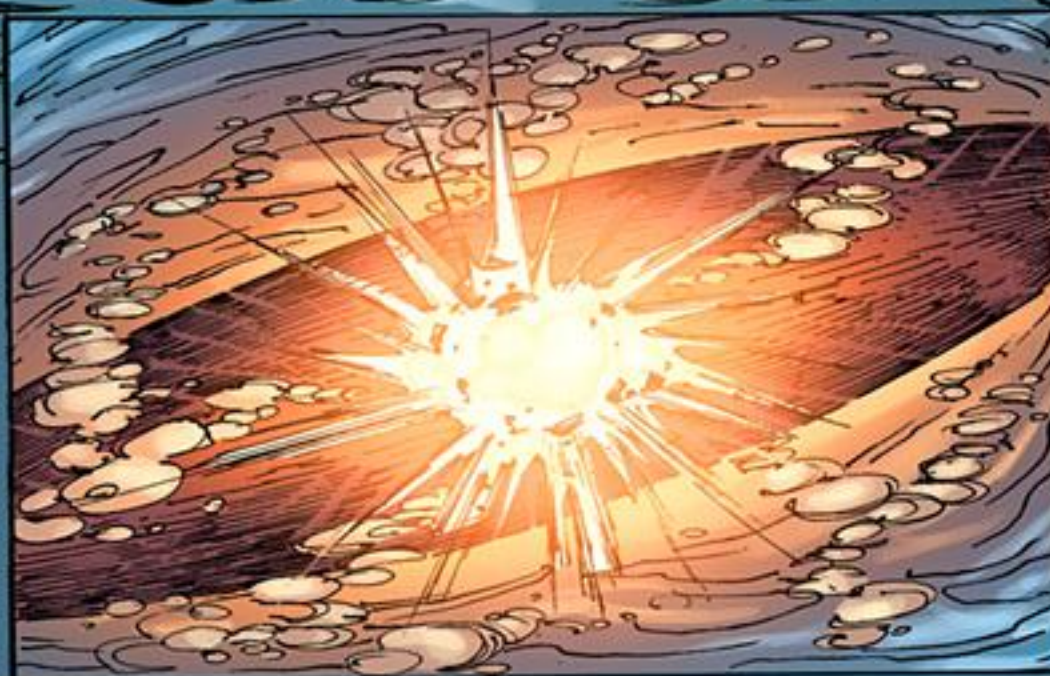
YOU CRAZY
LITTLE BITCH,
YOU'RE A BIGGER
PSYCHO THAN YOUR
OLD MAN! YOU GET
THESE FUCKIN'
CUFFS OFF ME AN'
YOUR AUNT!

AFTER ALL
THE LOVE AN' SHIT
WE SHOWED YOU,
YOU'RE GONNA FUCK
WITH US LIKE
THIS--?



IF HE HADN'T
BEEN SUCH A PSYCHO,
UNCLE MIKE, YOU'D
STILL BE AUNT
RENEE'S PIMP.

HANG ON
TIGHT.





WAAAAAAHHH!!!



OH GOD--!

YOU FUCKIN' LITTLE--YOU GET THE FUCK BACK HERE!

NOW!



NO! NO!
I DON'T WANNA
DIE LIKE THIS!

ARE YOU
HEARIN' ME, COOZE?
I'M FUCKIN' TELLIN'
YOU, I'M YOUR UNCLE
AN' I'M FUCKIN'
TELLIN' YOU--

STEVE,
YOU ASSHOLE,
THIS IS ALL YOUR
FAULT!



WHAT?!

YOU'RE THE
ONE PISSED HER
OFF, YOU AN' THEM
OTHER THREE FAGGOTS!
I WOULDN'T EVEN BE
HERE IF IT WASN'T
FOR YOU!

WHY,
YOU FUCKIN'
PIECE-OF-SHIT
SKANK--! IF IT
WASN'T FOR ME
YOU'D STILL BE
SUCKIN' COCK
TO GET BY!



I AM STILL SUCKIN'
COCK TO GET BY! JUST
YOUR LITTLE FUCKIN'
CHIPOLATA, I AIN'T TASTED
REAL MEAT SINCE
CALIFORNIA!

YOU
UNBELIEVABLE
BITCH! YOU
WHORE!

FUCK
YOU!!



SLUT!
CUNT!
QUEER!
NEEDLE--
GLUGG!
DICK--!

FUUGGGLLGGG



Uncle Nick hit the nail on the head.



OH,
FUCK ME.



IS THAT...?
MM.
OKAY.

"ANYONE STILL IN ANY
DOUBT THAT WE ARE
BEING FUCKED WITH?"



