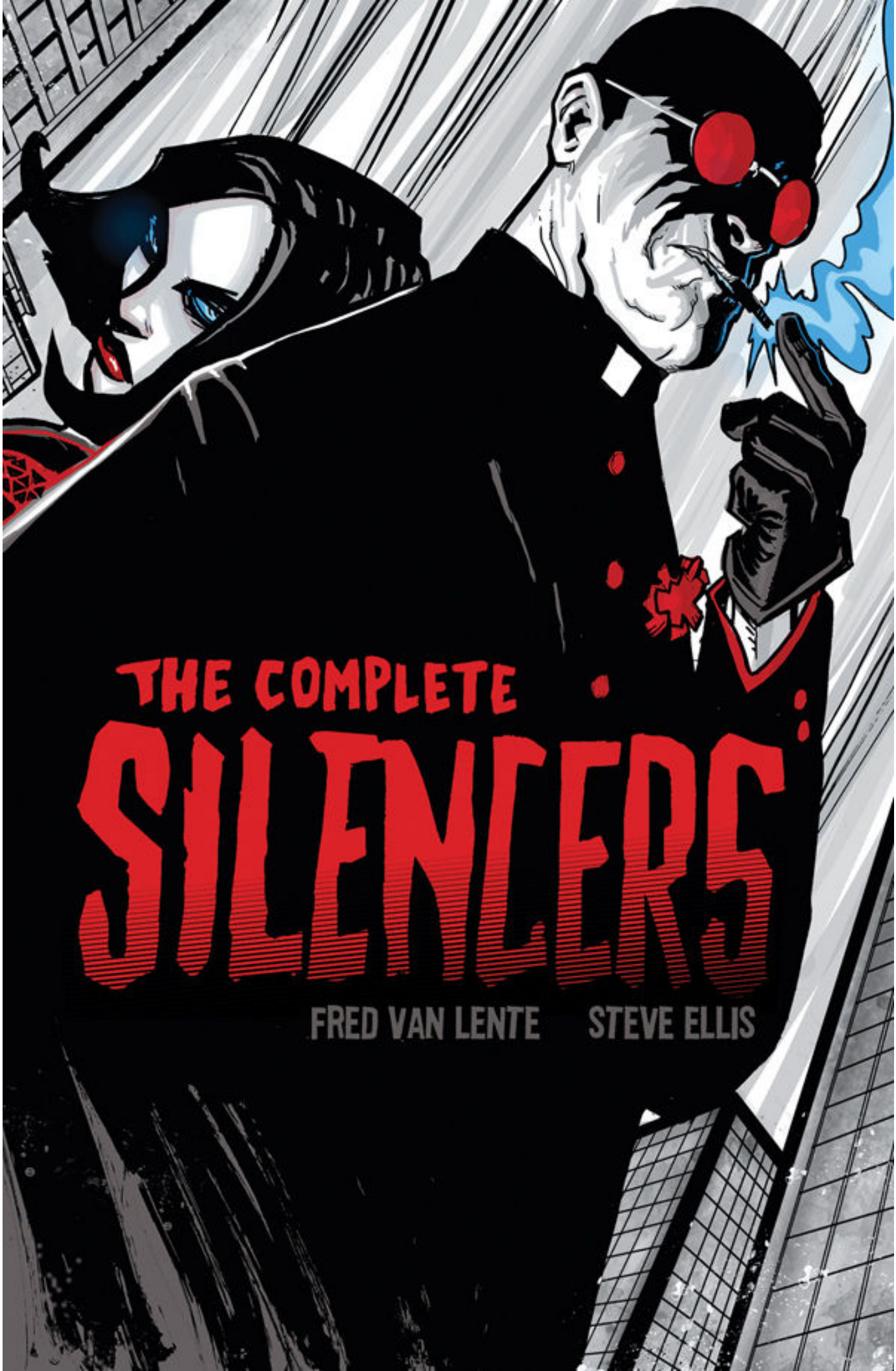
THE COMPLETE
SILENCERS
FRED VAN LENTE
STEVE ELLIS

BOOM!

SLOW!!
DAMN
ALWAYS
SO
SLOW!

YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE, IVAN?

DA! DA! S-S-SILENCERS!
THEN YOU KNOW WHO WE WORK FOR, RIGHT?
PROVENZANOS! PROVENZANOS!

TWO FOR TWO. VERY NICE, IVAN. BUT NOW WE GO FOR BROKE. NOW WE SEE WHETHER YOU LEAVE HERE IN AN AMBULANCE OR A HEARSE.

WHERE'S YOUR BOSS, IVAN? WHERE'S VASILY?
WE HAVE A MESSAGE FOR HIM.

>HUH!<
>HUH!<
3UZS296

>COME ON--<
>COME ON--<

>COME...<

AAAAAAAH!
НЕТ, НЕТ! ПОШЛИ! ПОШЛИ!

NICE WORK, NIL.
VASILY, VASILY, VASILY...YOU RUSSIANS ARE ALL ALIKE.

JUST BECAUSE YOU SURVIVED BREZHNEV'S GULAGS AND K.G.B. CAR BATTERY TORTURE YOU THINK YOU GOT A TITANIUM STEEL PAIR.
BULLETS BOUNCE OFF 'EM. NOBODY CAN PUSH YOU AROUND.
REALITY'S A BITCH, THOUGH, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?
PLEASE... JUST DON'T BRING HIM AROUND...JUST TELL ME YOU DIDN'T BRING HIM...
THE BIGGEST INSULT IS NOT YOUR BETRAYAL, VASILY LEONOV...
...BUT THAT YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT.
YOU REALLY THINK THE PROVENZANO FAMILY WOULD LET YOU SPIT IN OUR FACE LIKE THIS?
LET YOU PACKAGE OTHER PEOPLE'S DRUGS... IN OUR TERRITORY?
YOU THOUGHT WE'D BE TOO WEAK...TOO OLD-FASHIONED TO STRIKE BACK?
YOU WERE MISTAKEN, VASILY LEONOV. MOST SORELY MISTAKEN.
AND NOW YOU MUST BE RE-EDUCATED.

C-C-CARDINAL, PLEASE UNDERSTAND, IT IS ALL SYNDICATE!
THEY MAKE ME TURN MY OPERATION OVER TO DISTRIBUTING BLACK KISS!
THEY TAKE MY DAUGHTER HOSTAGE--THEY SHOW ME EVIDENCE THEY CAN BRING TO FEDS!
THEY DO SAME THING TO CROWN HEIGHTS POSSE--SUNSET PARK CARTEL--MOTT STREET TRIADS--
--THEY TRY TO TAKE OVER WHOLE CITY!!
FSSSS...
CARDINAL, I SWEAR TO GOD, I AM TELLING THE TRUTH, YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME--
I BELIEVE YOU, VASILY.
YOU. RETURN TO BRIGHTON BEACH. INFORM VASILY'S MASTERS THAT AS LONG AS THE SILENCERS STILL LIVE, THE PROVENZANOS STILL RUN THE FIVE BOROUGHS--
--AND ANY OTHER CREW THINKING OF DEFECTING TO THIS ALLEGED SYNDICATE WILL HAVE TO BE SILENCED.

DIE!!
CARDINAL!!

NO--WAIT!
I WASTED MY LIFE DEALING DRUGS, BEATING MY WIFE--MY MISTRESSES!

WHEN I WAS SEVEN I PUSHED MY LITTLE SISTER DOWN THE STAIRS--IT BROKE HER COLLARBONE!
I›SOB!‹ D-DON'T DESERVE TO ›SOB!‹ LI-HI-HI-VE!

BLAM!
THAT WAS CHARACTERISTICALLY COLD-BLOODED OF YOU...

...EUPHORIA.
YOU'RE WELCOME. SOMEONE HAS TO WATCH THE BACK OF YOUR SHINY, BALD HEAD, FEARLESS LEADER...
...AND OVERWHELMING SOME DEGENERATE'S FRONTAL CORTEX WITH COGNITIVE NOISE WAS REALLY THE LEAST I COULD DO...I MEAN IT.

NIL, WHAT IS IT--
OH BOLLOCKS, CARDINAL! BLOODY TIGHTS!
BUT--HE'S FIVE MINUTES EARLY! MY CALCULATIONS OF HIS USUAL NIGHTLY PATROL WOULD HAVE HIM OVER THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT RIGHT NOW--BLAST!
YOU DID YOUR BEST, BIG NUMBERS. SILENCERS! MOVE!
WHAT THE HELL?! WHY'RE WE RUNNING, KID? WE JUST WHACKED A COMMUNAL FARM'S WORTH OF THESE BORSCHT-BREATHS WITHOUT BREAKING A SWEAT! I CAN TAKE HIM TONIGHT, MAN, I CAN FEEL IT! I'M ON A ROLL--
THE PROVENZANOS PAID GOOD MONEY TO DRAG YOUR SORRY ASS OUT OF THE GUTTER, HAIR-TRIGGER! GET YOURSELF KILLED ON YOUR OWN TIME! MOVE IT!
GRUMBLE
WIMPS!
?
PROVENZANO LEAD PRODUCTS