

An artistic illustration for the comic book 'Angel & Faith'. In the upper left, Angel is depicted in a dynamic pose, holding a large battle-axe. A long, red, serpentine tongue extends from his mouth. In the lower right, Faith is shown from the waist up, looking back over her shoulder with a determined expression while holding a dagger. The background features a large, purple tentacle with yellow suction cups reaching towards the center. At the bottom, several skeletal hands are shown reaching up from a dark, wavy base. The entire scene is set against a backdrop of stylized trees and a bright, hazy sky.

ANGEL & FAITH™

VICTOR GISCHLER WILL CONRAD

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER JOSS WHEDON

WHERE *the* RIVER
MEETS *the* SEA



BOYS, I CAN'T SAY I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR VALET SKILLS.

NOW COME HERE AND GET STAKED, YOU UGLY--



SHWIK



SHWAK



OKAY, POINTS FOR A TIMELY ASSIST.

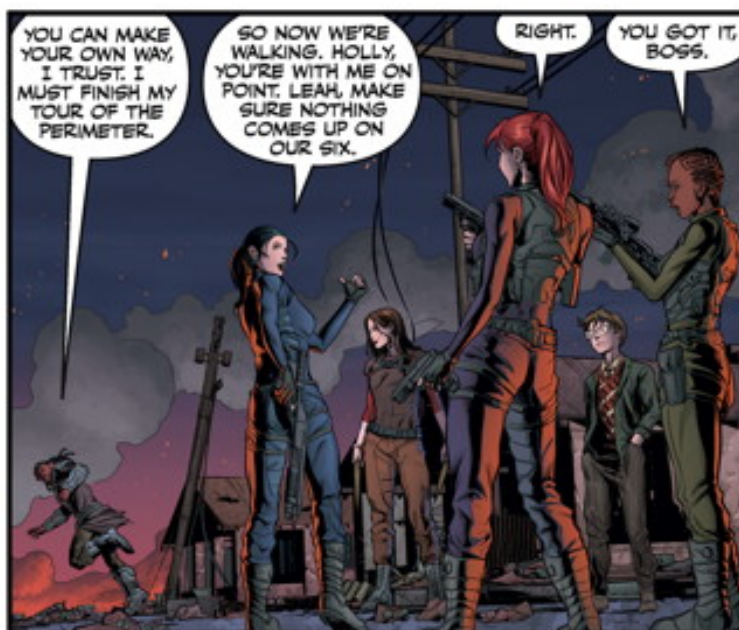
YOU GOT A NAME, SUNSHINE?



KOH! WHAT'S THE STORY?

I AM DRIVING THEM TOWARD THE CENTER OF TOWN WHERE BUFFY AND THE OTHERS HAVE SET A TRAP.

A NEW FACE FOR TEAM AMERICA, HUH? LOOKS LIKE I HAVE BEEN OUT OF THE LOOP.



YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN WAY, I TRUST. I MUST FINISH MY TOUR OF THE PERIMETER.

SO NOW WE'RE WALKING. HOLLY, YOU'RE WITH ME ON POINT. LEAH, MAKE SURE NOTHING COMES UP ON OUR SIX.

RIGHT.

YOU GOT IT, BOSS.



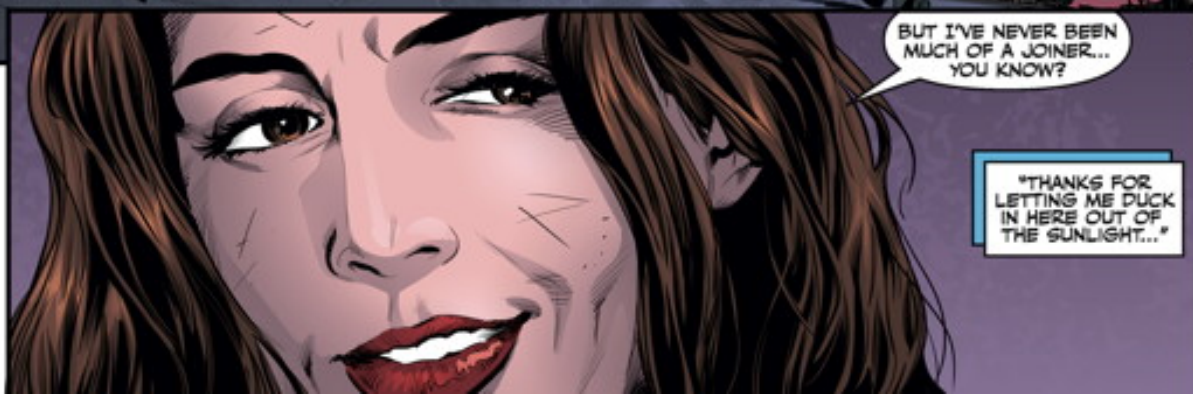
EFFICIENT, AREN'T THEY?

KENNEDY'S CREW? SUPPOSED TO BE A REGULAR SLAYER DELTA FORCE.

YOU'RE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING HER OFFER?

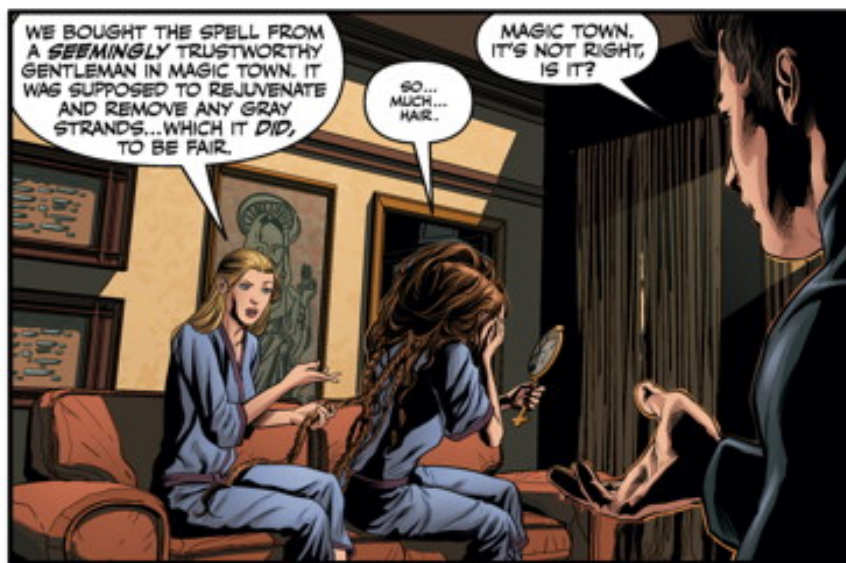
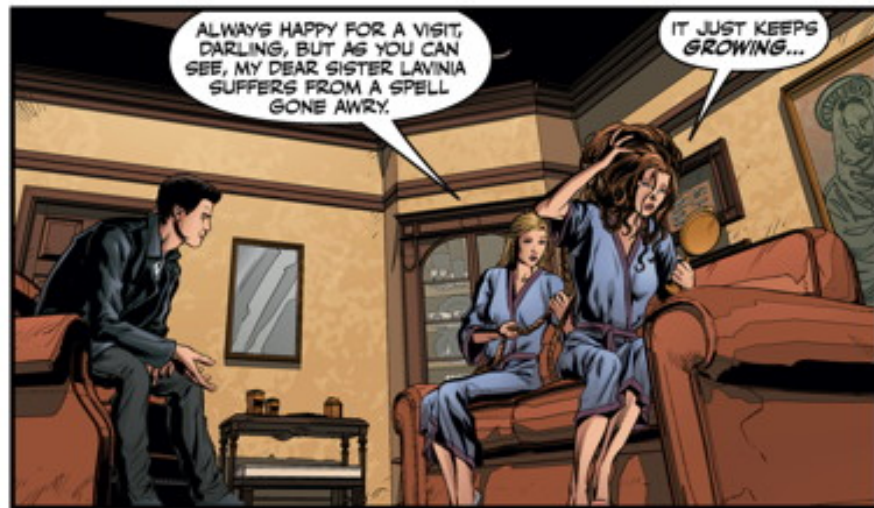


YOU KNOW WHAT A POLITE GAL I AM, G. I'LL LISTEN TO THE SPIEL.



BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A JOINER... YOU KNOW?

"THANKS FOR LETTING ME DUCK IN HERE OUT OF THE SUNLIGHT..."









"DON'T TELL THOSE BLOODY
PIXIES IT WAS OLD RORY
WHAT PUT YOU ONTO THEM."



I THOUGHT ABOUT
MENTIONING THE
GLASS BLOWER TO
RORY, BUT I DIDN'T
WANT TO GET
SIDETRACKED.

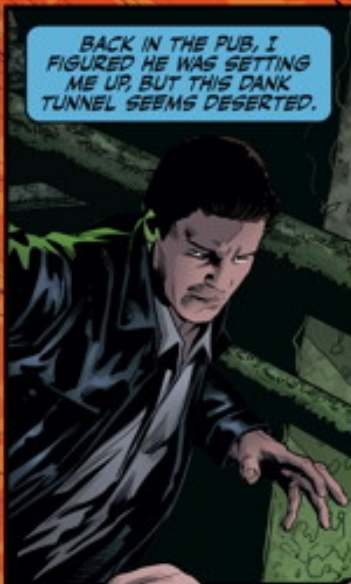
AM I CURIOUS
WHAT NADIRA
WAS BABBLING
ABOUT? SURE.



BUT NONE OF THAT
GETS ME CORKY.

AND RIGHT NOW
EVERYTHING
ELSE CAN WAIT.

I DON'T TRUST
RORY, BUT I STILL
THINK HE COULD
BE USEFUL.



BACK IN THE PUB, I
FIGURED HE WAS SETTING
ME UP, BUT THIS DANK
TUNNEL SEEMS DESERTED.



GAH!

I STAND
CORRECTED.



HE HAS TO
HIT HIS HEAD
AGAINST THE
WALL TO SEE
FOR HIMSELF.
MAYBE--

OH! ANGEL,
WE WERE JUST
TALKING ABOUT
YOU.

WE?



SORRY YOUR
PIXIE HUNT WAS
A BUST. DID YOU
HAVE A NICE CHAT
WITH INSPECTOR
BRANDT?

YOU'RE NOT
HAVING ME
FOLLOWED,
ARE YOU?



I DON'T NEED
TO HAVE YOU
FOLLOWED.

ANGEL, YOU'RE
LIKE A HOLE OF
BLACKNESS THAT
ALL THE COLORS
SWIRL AROUND AND
DISAPPEAR INTO.
I COULDN'T LOOK
AWAY FROM YOU
IF I TRIED.



IS THAT WHY EVERYONE
SEES ME COMING?
EVERY TIME I THINK I'M
ABOUT TO GET THE DROP
ON CORKY, HE SEEMS
A STEP AHEAD.

I'M GETTING
TIRED OF BEING
ON THE SHORT
END.

THEN WHY NOT
START TRYING
IT MY WAY?



I'M TRYING TO CATCH
A PIXIE. AND IT'S **NOT**
AS CUTE AS IT SOUNDS.
YOU WANT ME TO
DO SOMETHING
ELSE.

AM I JUST
SUPPOSED TO
FORGET ABOUT
CORKY?

SOMETIMES A
CROOKED PATH
GETS YOU HOME
FASTER. YOU NEED
TO **LISTEN** TO ME
IF THIS IS GOING
TO WORK.



IF WHAT'S
GOING TO
WORK?





NOT GOING TO LIE.
I'M NOT OPTIMISTIC AS I
HIT THE STREETS AGAIN.

NADIRA'S ERRAND
HAS WILD GOOSE
CHASE WRITTEN
ALL OVER IT.

STIRLING
ACKROYD

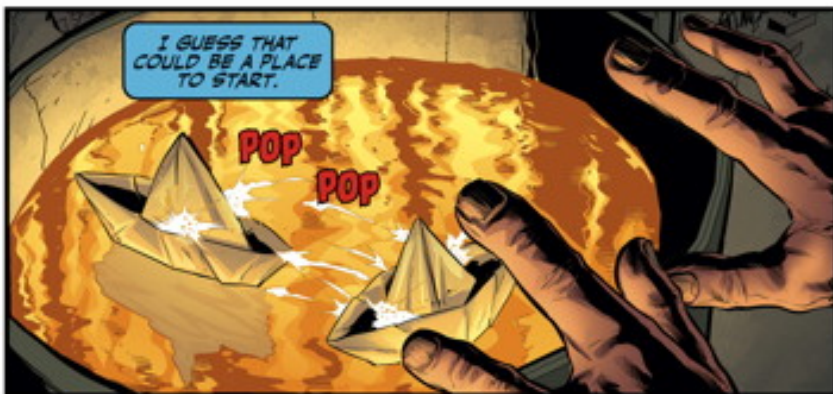


MAYBE I'M THE
CRAZY ONE.



BUT THEN SOMETHING
HAPPENS, LIKE A LOCK
OPENING. YOU CAN ALMOST
HEAR THE CLICK.

WELL, THERE'S THE
OLD GLASSWORKS
ON THE NORTH EDGE
OF MAGIC TOWN.



I GUESS THAT
COULD BE A PLACE
TO START.

POP
POP

