



HERE'S TO THE DEVIL...

...WITH HIS WOODEN PICK
AND SHOVEL...





BDMP...BDMP...BDMP...
I CAN FEEL MY HEARTBEAT
SLOWING DOWN. THE GROUND
IS DOING ITS WORK.
DEATH IS COMING.

I HOPE IT SPARES
ME NO SUFFERING...
I HAVE TO PAY FOR
MY FAILURES.



I THINK ABOUT THEM,
ALL THESE WOMEN CUT
OPEN FROM HEAD TO TOE,
VICTIMS OF TORTURE THAT
NO HUMAN MIND COULD HAVE
EVER IMAGINED...



THESE WOMEN
I COULDN'T
SAVE...

THEIR SCREAMS...
THE SMELL OF
THEIR BLOOD ON
MY HANDS...

...THEY WILL HAUNT
ME UNTIL MY LAST
BREATH. I KNOW IT.



FOR THEM
I MUST REVEAL
THE TRUTH...

...AND THE READER
OF THIS CONFESSION
BE DAMNED...

SOME WILL REMEMBER ME AS
A DETECTIVE FROM SCOTLAND YARD'S
CENTRAL DIVISION, THE MAN CHARGED
WITH THE INVESTIGATION OF
JACK THE RIPPER.



FOR OTHERS, I'LL BE
THE OBJECT OF THEIR
NIGHTMARES...



A NAME THAT EVOKES
SCREAMING, TEARS,
TERROR...



I DIDN'T THINK THIS
CASE WOULD BRING
ME THAT FAR INTO
DARKNESS...



...AND ABOVE ALL
THAT IT WOULD LEAD ME
TO DISCOVER THE
TERRIBLE TRUTH...



I, FREDERICK
ABBERLINE...



I AM JACK
THE RIPPER.



25 YEARS EARLIER.
LONDON,
SEPTEMBER 30, 1888.

YOU WANT TO
PLAY THE BUMBLER?
HANG ON, WE'LL
TEACH YOU GOOD
MANNERS!

LET GO OF
ME! NO!



HEY!
YOU, OVER
THERE!
STOP!

BLOODY
HELL...!
A WATCHMAN!



CLEAR OFF, GOP!
WE'RE TAKING CARE OF
OUR BUSINESS HERE...!



KILL HIM,
GEORGE!



BUT IF YOU DON'T
GET IT, WE CAN USE
STRONG-ARM TACTICS...!



NNG!



LET'S
MOVE!



THANK...
THANK
YOU!

SHUT UP! I ALMOST
GOT STABBED
BECAUSE OF YOU!

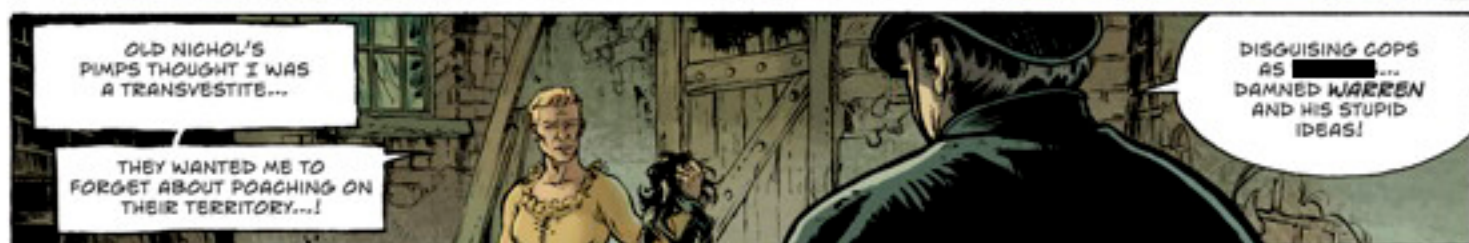


YOU'LL END
UP AT THE
STATION IF YOU
KEEP WORKING
THE STREETS IN
SUCH RISKY PLA--



SORRY,
PAL...

I'M
A COP
TOO!



OLD NICHOL'S
PUMPS THOUGHT I WAS
A TRANSESSITE...

THEY WANTED ME TO
FORGET ABOUT POACHING ON
THEIR TERRITORY...!

DISGUISED COPS
AS [REDACTED]...
DAMNED WARREN
AND HIS STUPID
IDEAS!



YOU ARRIVED
IN TIME!

I WAS THERE WHEN HE THREW
HIS DOGS ON JACK THE RIPPER'S
TRACKS AFTER THE FIRST
TWO MURDERS.

I IMAGINE THE
DOGS IN THE STENCH
OF WHITECHAPEL
SLAUGHTERHOUSE...
THAT'S NOT THE WAY
TO FIND HIM...



IN THE COMMISSIONER'S PLACE,
I WOULD HAVE ARRESTED THE
RIPPER A LONG TIME AGO!
MARY ANN NICHOLS* WAS SEEN
WITH A GUY WHOSE NICKNAME IS
"LEATHER APRON." YOU KNOW WHO'S
WEARING LEATHER APRONS IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD?

COBBLERS?



EXACTLY. AND YOU
KNOW WHAT? WHITECHAPEL
COBBLERS ARE ALL
FOREIGNERS...A NASTY
BUNCH OF JEWS...



YOU WANT THE
RIPPER'S HEAD?
YOU SEND THE
IMMIGRANTS TO THE
GALLOWS!

IT'S
THAT SIMP--
WAH!

?!
WAH!

*First victim of Jack the Ripper.



FOR THE THIRD TIME IN A MONTH,
BLOOD WAS SPREADING ON THE STREETS
AND IN EVERYONE'S THOUGHTS...NO ONE
COULD UNDERSTAND THE TERROR OF SUCH
BRUTALITY, BUT EVERYBODY WONDERED
WHEN THE BEAST WAS GOING
TO SATISFY HIS THIRST.

I KNEW THIS NEIGHBORHOOD WELL,
HAVING WORKED THERE AS A CLOCKMAKER.
I WAS GIVEN THE INVESTIGATION IN
HOPE I WOULD KNOW HOW TO GET
THIS CHAOS IN ORDER...

BUT THE ONLY THING I KNEW
WAS THAT WHITECHAPEL, UNLIKE
A WATCH, HAD NO DEFINED
SPACE, NO CENTER, NO EXIT.