

# JONESY™

BY CAITLIN ROSE BOYLE & SAM HUMPHRIES

COLORS BY BRITTANY PEER

LETTERS BY COREY BREEN

COVER BY CAITLIN ROSE BOYLE COLORS BY BRITTANY PEER

DESIGNER KELSEY DIETERICH

ASSISTANT EDITOR MATTHEW LEVINE

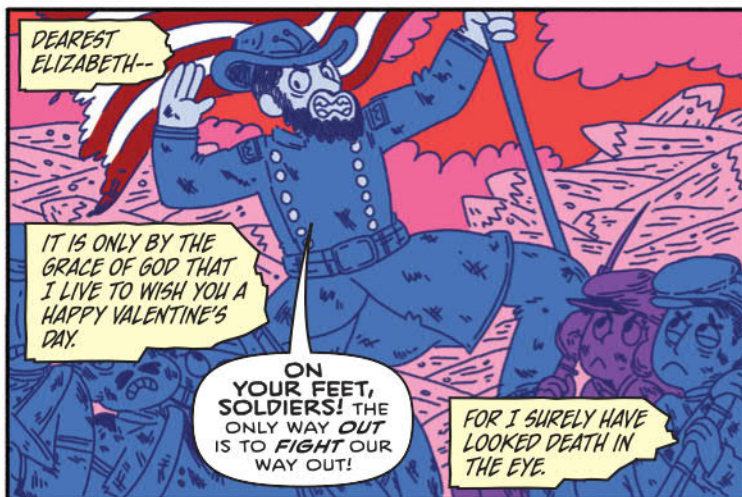
EDITORS JEANINE SCHAEFER & SHANNON WATTERS



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DEAREST ELIZABETH--

IT IS ONLY BY THE GRACE OF GOD THAT I LIVE TO WISH YOU A HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY.

ON YOUR FEET, SOLDIERS! THE ONLY WAY OUT IS TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT!

FOR I SURELY HAVE LOOKED DEATH IN THE EYE.



GRAB YOUR GUNS! ON YOUR-- HAUUURK!

WE WERE FIVE DAYS IN RETREAT. NO SLEEP. NO REST.

THE ENEMY HAD PICKED US OFF ONE BY ONE...UNTIL WE WERE HARDLY MORE THAN A HUNDRED.



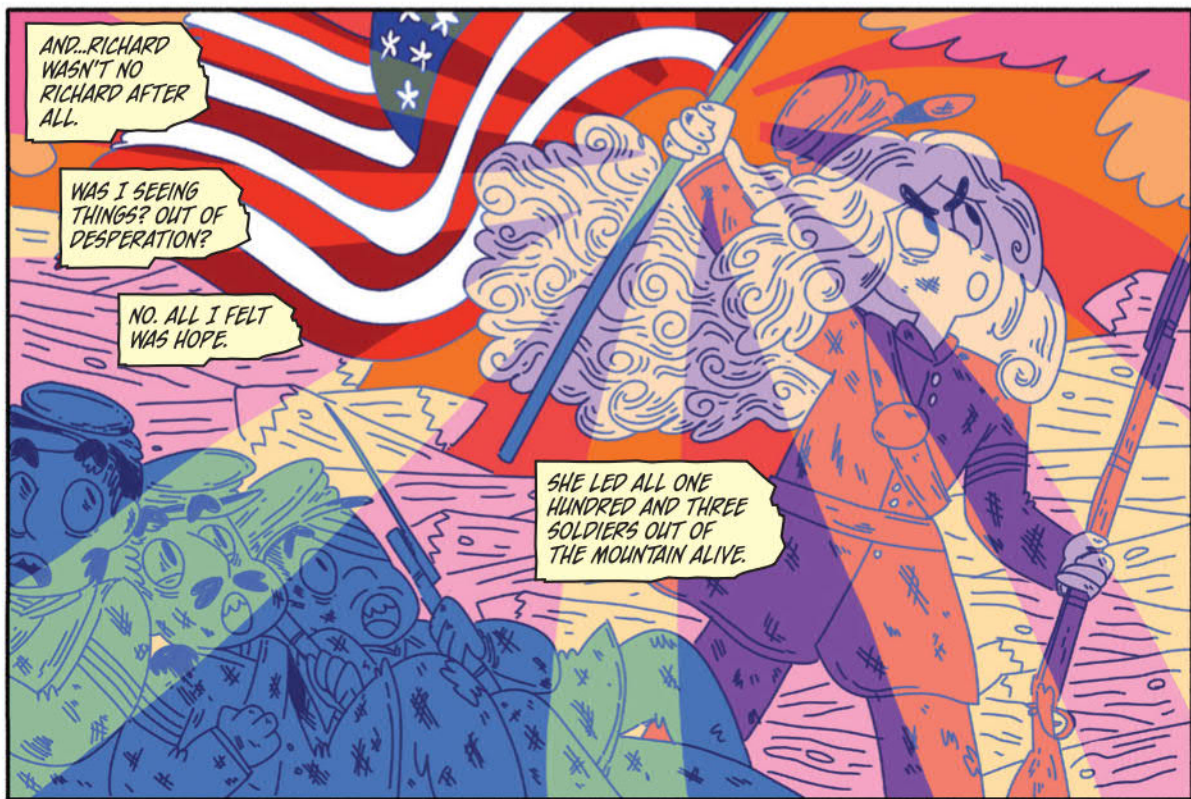
WE WERE TRAPPED IN THE MOUNTAINS. AND THOSE MOUNTAINS BELONGED TO THEM.

THEY KNEW WHERE WE WERE, AND THEY WERE COMING TO KILL US.



RICHARD PLYMOUTH GRABBED THE FLAG, BEFORE IT EVEN HIT THE GROUND.

IN HIS HASTE, HE KNOCKED OFF HIS HAT.



AND...RICHARD WASN'T NO RICHARD AFTER ALL.

WAS I SEEING THINGS? OUT OF DESPERATION?

NO. ALL I FELT WAS HOPE.

SHE LED ALL ONE HUNDRED AND THREE SOLDIERS OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN ALIVE.



WE OWE  
OUR LIVES  
TO LADY  
PLYMOUTH.

HEY!

OVER  
HERE!

IT'S ME,  
**JONESY!**

WELCOME  
TO THE *WORST*  
*DAY EVER*. NO,  
NOT VALENTINE'S  
DAY.

THE  
DAY *AFTER*  
VALENTINE'S  
DAY!

*ESPECIALLY*  
WHEN I'M STUCK  
CLEANING UP AFTER  
THE *PARADE!* IT'S PART OF  
MY *COMMUNITY SERVICE*.  
I'M PAYING MY DEBT TO  
SOCIETY FOR...WELL,  
I'VE GOT

**SECRET LOVE POWERS**

AND...I  
DIDN'T EXACTLY  
ALWAYS USE THEM  
FOR *GOOD*.

OKAY,  
I ALMOST  
*NEVER* DID!  
BUT I FACED  
THE MUSIC,  
AND--







"FINE, JOSEPHINE.  
I SUPPOSE YOU  
WANT SOME TIME TO  
THINK IT OVER? YOUR  
GENERATION...SO  
INDECISIVE."

"IN ORDER TO FEEL  
COMFORTABLE WITH  
YOU AMONG US, WE NEED  
SOME ASSURANCES.  
DON'T YOU AGREE?"

"AFTER ALL....YOU  
BETRAYED THE TRUST  
OF SO MANY HERE  
IN OUR TOWN."

NEVER...  
EVER?

NEVER  
USE MY  
POWERS  
AGAIN?!

DOES  
EVERYONE  
HATE ME?

PLYMOUTH  
IS MY  
HOME...





# chagrin partagé,

# chagrin diminué

SO  
WHAT ARE YOU  
GONNA DO,  
JONESY?!

