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DEATH BE DAMNED™



"*Death Be Damned* captures the danger, the romance, and the poetry of the Western genre."

—**NATHAN FILLION**
(*Firefly*, *Castle*)



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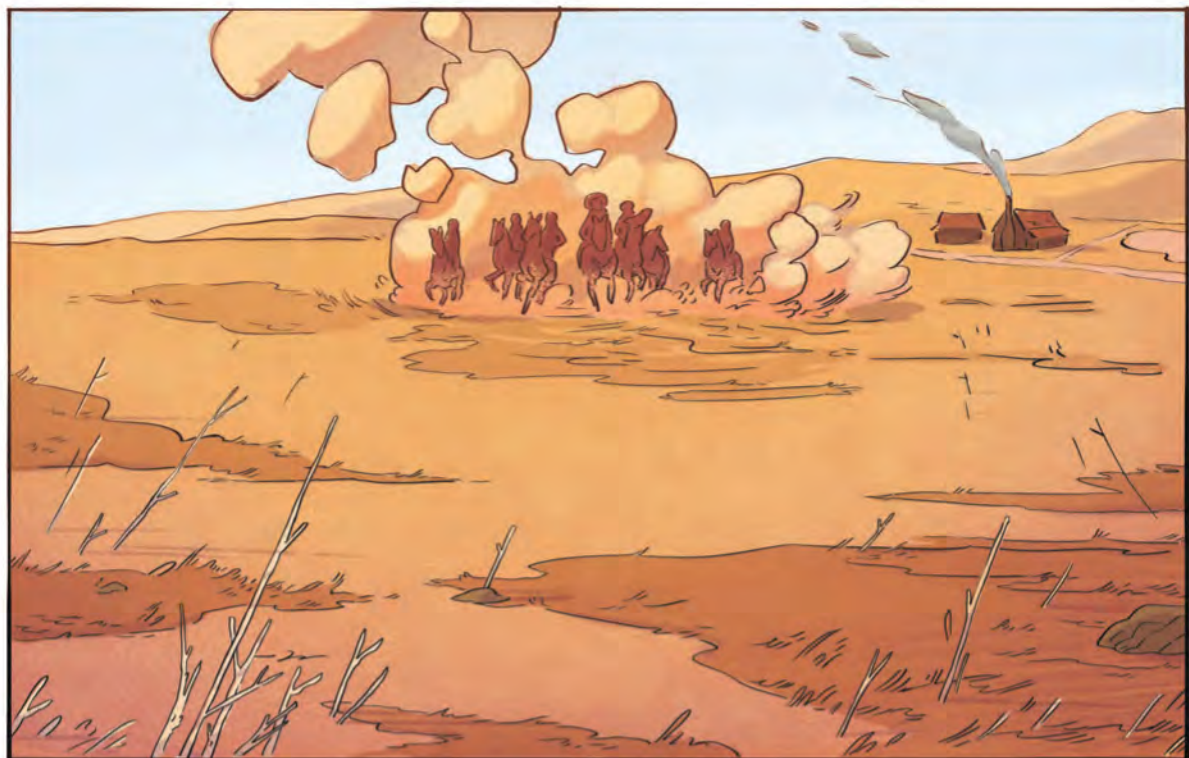
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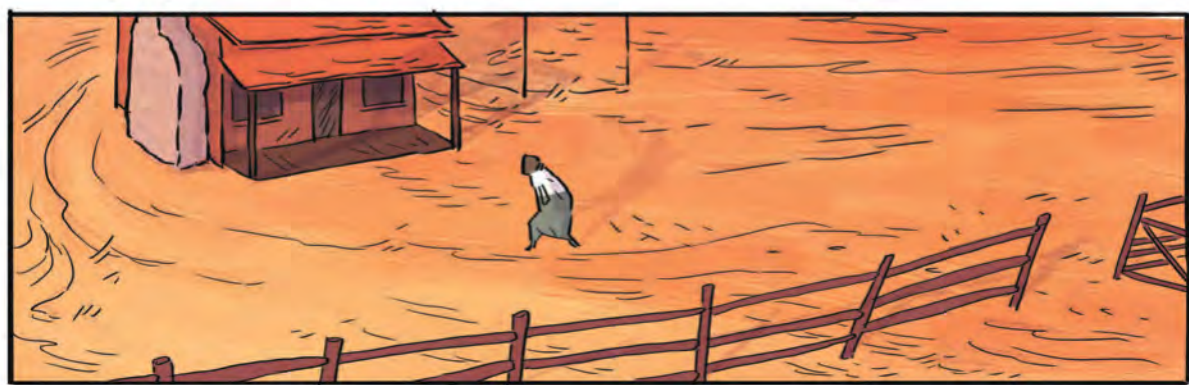
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SOUTH PASS CITY, WYOMING. 1873.

I 'preciate you seein' to my brother, Mr. Murray, truly I do. Mama was gettin' sore about him restin' on the porch as he was these past days, but I tole her, "Mama," I tole her, "I got responsibilities to Mr. Benson and his herd." That's what I tole her but Mama don't always--

How many days?

How many days whut?

Has your brother been dead? It's important.

Um. That's a interesting question, seein' as I weren't about when it happened. I was seein' to the responsibilities I got at Mr. Benson's and with his cattle 'n all--

Put him on the table, please.

He was dead when I got home three days ago.

Was he dead before you left?

He was alive then, sir.

You'll take care of Darien, won't you? Me 'n him didn't always see things the same way, but we was brothers after all. He didn't take care of his feet nor did he possess any warmth nor humor, but my mama is sad he's dead now, so I s'pose so'm I.

I'll take care of him, Gattis. It's what I do here.



LARAMIE CITY.

I ain't got need to apologize! I seen that dentist since I had a teeth-ache and that dentist tole me my teeth was rotted and then he pulled 'em out! I maintain he didn't need to do that to me nor my teeth.

Also, he let my Uncle Vernon die when my Uncle Vernon got the black vomit! He din't need do that neither. I possess no remorse for murderin' that dentist!

And them other men, Bickford? They deserve to die by your gun?

Them was self-righteous hound-kissers who was standin' 'tween me and that dentist!

Drop him, please.

SHRRRK!~



SOUTH PASS CITY.



I'm looking for
some men rode
in yesterday.

They'd be
kill-frenzied and
lookin' to sate
a particular
thirst.

Big guns
for a little lady.
Need me to take
'em off you?



Sir,
I aim to give
these men I seek
exactly that which
they deserve.
When they're
finished, there
may be somethin'
left over for a
helpful soul.



Whooo-ee! You are
offerin' precisely what the
most clamorous parts of
me was askin' about!

Your kindness
is overwhelmin'.
Are the men still
in town?



I'll tell ya, but only
after. I got concerns
that there might be none of
you left over once them
raucous fellas get done
with you.



