

COMICS
EXPERIENCE

DRONES #5

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Chris Lewis

Bruno Oliveira



Number Five: TOXICOLOGY RAPPORT

Writer

Chris Lewis

Artist

Bruno Oliveira

Colorist

Anderson Cabral

Letterer/Designer

E.T. Dollman

Story Editor

Jon Hogan

Consulting Editors

**Andy Schmidt &
Bobby Curnow**

Cover Artist

Cover A Brent McKee

Subscription Variant **Bruno Oliveira**

Angel Eyes is high on nanotech-infused heroin. Stinger is dressed as a woman. Queen Bee, the drugged-out leader of the Swarm, has turned a CIA assassination attempt into the greatest marriage proposal in the history of mankind. Wahad, fearful of Queen Bee's sexual proclivities, has wisely rejected her. The Last Oasis beach club on the roof of the Swords Hotel is about to get a lot hotter.



Andy Schmidt President & Publisher
Marta Tanrikulu Operations Manager
Nicole Boose Communications Manager
Alix Schmidt Director of Finances
Ken Frederick Web Designer
Chris Sotomayor Art Director
Pete Rogers Editor, Digital Content
E.T. Dollman Design & Production Manager
Rob Anderson Business Affairs Consultant

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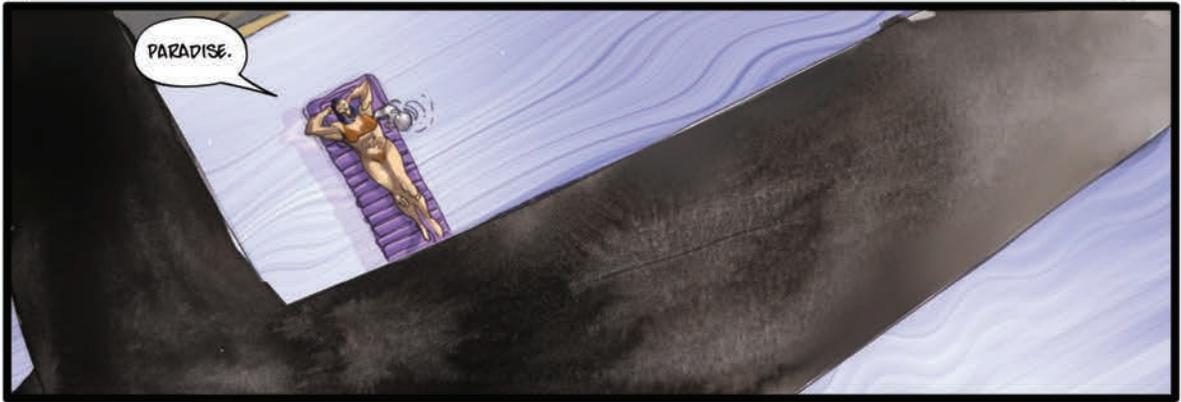
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WHERE ARE WEEEE?



PARADISE.



I THINK I BLACKED OUT. TRIPPIIN'.

WHERE DID ALL THE BLOOD COME FROM?

WHY DOES IT TASTE SO GOOD ON MY TONGUE?



YOU SAVED MY LIFE, AND WHERE THERE WAS PAIN, I NOW FEEL ONLY JOY.

LET THE WATER WASH AWAY OUR SINS.

SO I WON'T HAVE TO HURT ANYONE ANYMORE?



NO. THE SUN RISES, AND WITH IT, THE PROMISE OF A NEW BEGINNING.

FOR A WOMAN AND HER GOAT-FRIEND, THIS IS THE FIRST DAY... OF THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.

THOO!

05:15 HOURS. LAS VEGASTAN.

WHIIIIIIIZ!

SHROOM





OoOoKEE.



KILL MY BOYFRIEND!



EX!
SPECIFICALLY BECAUSE OF THINGS LIKE THIS!



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE, SMALL CHIPS?



COUPLE HOURS AND A FEW PINTS LATER, WAHAD HERE SHOWS UP WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES, SOBBING ABOUT APOCALYPSE NOW AND ALL THAT.

ONCE HE SAW OUR PLANES, THOUGH, HIS EYES LIT UP ALL STARRY-LIKE. HE KNOWS TALENT WHEN HE SEES IT. ASKED IF WE COULD PUT ON AN AIRSHOW.



ANGEL EYES LINED UP A RACE FOR YOU AND ME, CAPTAIN. SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SURPRISE.

BUT WHEN ME AND THE BOYS ARRIVED, ALL WE SAW WAS ANGEL'S CAR BEING TOWED BY SOME VERY POLITE HAMAS LADS. THEY TOLD US YOU WERE HERE SO WE DECIDED TO HAVE A LOOK.



I SUPPLIED THE RACING JACKETS, HE FLIES FOR ME. WE'RE BOTH SEXIER FOR IT. AND THE GUESTS REALLY SEEM TO BE HAVING A GOOD TIME.



WELL, I'M NOT! YOU'RE THE WHO KIDNAPPED ANGEL AND GOT US INTO THIS MESS!

I GAVE HER A -gah- VOUCHER!

WE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS TO DEAL WITH, CAPTAIN. ANGEL DOESN'T SEEM TO BE WELL, AND THERE'S THE... YOU KNOW... MISSILES AND ALL?



MAYBE I JUST HAND HIM OVER. PROBLEM SOLVED.



DEATH FROM ABOVE!

I THINK SHE'S PAST THE NEGOTIATION STAGE, CAPTAIN.



FINE. SO I'LL TAKE OUT "TORTURE-WIZARD" OVER THERE. JESUS, WHAT IS SHE WEARING?

THE GOWN WAS PART OF MY ABU GHRAIB HORROR WENCH LINE. IT WAS VERY WELL RECEIVED.



NOW WILL ONE OF YOU PLEASE DEAL WITH HER? I THINK I SAW MY DIVA. CLAUDIINE!



YOU STAY HERE, LANI. I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THIS, OK?

...S NOT LIKE A MOVIE. EXCEPT WHEN IT IS...

WAIT, CAPTAIN.



YOU AND ME, WE'RE STILL ON FOR LATER. I FIGURE YOU COULD USE A LITTLE PRACTICE. TAKE THIS.

WHAT IS--