

IT'S SO HUGE OUT THERE. MAKES ME THINK OF THE FUTURE.
LIKE IN THE MOVIES. THE **FUTURE FUTURE**.

JETPACKS
AND DIVERSITY
AND WORLD PEACE
AND UHURA.

**MACHETE
BETTY**

HEY! GET OUT OF
HERE! I CATCH YOU
AGAIN, I'M CALLING
THE COPS!

WHUP, MUST'VE
DRIFTED OFF
THERE.

I DON'T LIVE HERE IN THE CITY. THEY'RE FAR CLOSER
TO THE **FUTURE FUTURE** THAN OUR LITTLE HOME.

OUR **BOROUGH**. ONE OF THREE
SURROUNDING THE CITY, THAT THE
WEALTH AND THE COPS IGNORE.

OUR LITTLE
MARK ON THE MAP--
A BLEMISH ON THAT
BIG, RICH CITY THAT'S
LEFT US TO FEND
FOR OURSELVES.

WELCOME TO
OLD BEACH

OUR
OLD BEACH.



ME AND THE GIRLS ARE MEETING TONIGHT, BUT FIRST I GOTTA PICK UP A LITTLE FIRECRACKER.



GIVE ME ALL YOUR FREAKIN' MONEY NOW, AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STU--

THE COPS DON'T COME TO OLD BEACH. OUR JUSTICE IS D.I.Y.



FUNNY LIKE "HA HA" FUNNY? OR FUNNY LIKE YER TEETH IN MY MOP BUCKET? 'CUZ THAT'S FUNNY.

VIOLET VOLT



FIVE FEET, ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF RED-HOT ATTITUDE.



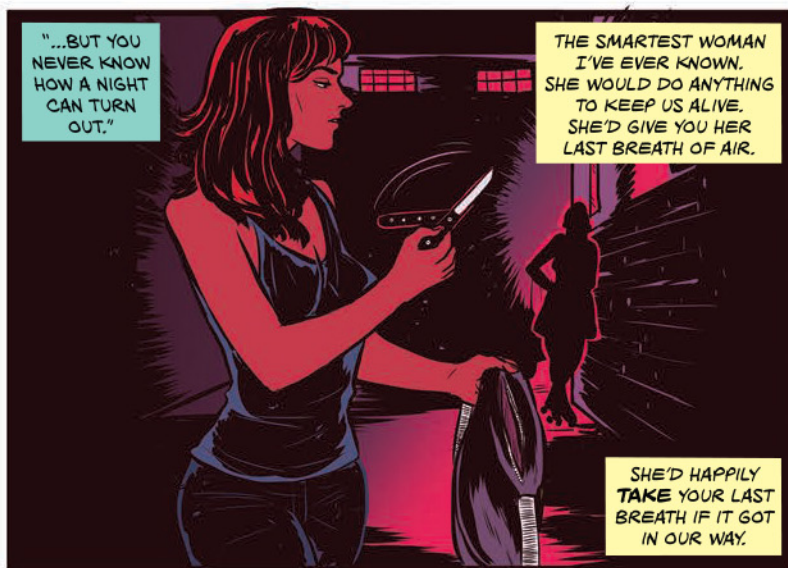
THAT'S MY GIRL.

MMMF UMMF!



SORRY FOR THE WAIT, BETTY. HAD TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH!

**CHNK
CHNK
CHNK**





GO ON...
SAY IT.



**BLOODY
MARY**

SAY MY
NAME.

I DARE
YOU.



SHE'S YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE
IF YOU GET ON HER BAD SIDE.
IF YOU'RE STANDING BEHIND HER?
HONEY, YOU'RE GOLDEN.



I'M GOING OUT WITH
THE GIRLS, MOM, BUT
I'LL BE BACK TO GIVE
YOU YOUR MEDICINE.
SLEEP WELL. I LOVE
YOU SO MUCH.

SHE DOESN'T
DESERVE THIS.
NONE OF US DO.



'SUP,
DOLL?

HEY, YOU
ALL RIGHT?

YEAH, FINE.
LET'S JUST GO.
I NEED A
DRINK.

THESE ARE MY SISTERS-IN-ARMS. THIS IS OUR TURF.
WE HAVE A VOICE, AND IT'S LOUD AS ALL HELL.
WE HAVE OUR FISTS. WE HAVE EACH OTHER.



WE ARE
THE FEVER.



JEALOUS COWARDS
TRY TO CONTROL!
RISE ABOVE!
WE'RE GONNA RISE
ABOVE!



WOAH,
WHEN DID
VIOLET JOIN
A BAND?

JUST NOW,
APPARENTLY.
I DON'T THINK
SHE EVEN
ASKED.



SHE ISN'T
HALF BAD.

HOW DOES
SOMEONE
HER AGE EVEN
KNOW ANY
BLACK FLAG
LYRICS?

SHE'S BEEN
RAIDING MY VINYL
SHE'S BEEN
RAIDING MY VINYL
AGAIN. LITTLE
KLEPTO.



AH, TO BE YOUNG AND
GUTSY. REMEMBER
WHEN WE USED TO
DO THAT, BETTY?



WE ARE **TIRED**
OF YOUR **ABUSE!**
TRY TO **STOP** US,
IT'S NO **USE!**



YOUNG? DAISY, WE'RE
TWENTY-FIVE. BESIDES, IT TAKES
GUTS JUST TO **LIVE** HERE. GETTING
ON A STAGE IS EASY. STILL, IT IS
KINDA LIKE LOOKING THROUGH
A MAGIC MIRROR.



IT'S QUIET,
THANK GOD.

BUT THAT DOESN'T TAKE
AWAY THE STRUGGLE OF
LIVING HERE, OR THE
EDGE THAT COMES WITH
CARRYING BLADES.

THE BLADES DON'T
TAKE AWAY THE
WEIGHT THAT COMES
WITH DOING THIS JOB
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.



FOR THE MOST PART, OLD BEACH HAS GOOD PEOPLE
JUST TRYING TO LIVE. THE GUNS FROM NEWPORT AND
THE DRUGS FROM BAYSIDE MAKE THIS OUR WAY OF LIFE.

OUR MEANS OF
SURVIVAL. BUT MORE
OFTEN THAN NOT--



GO...
LET'S GO!

IT'S THE
FREAKIN'
FEVER GIRL,
MAN!

DAMN.



WHO'S--

CASE IN
POINT.



YOU
[REDACTED]

I RECOGNIZE THE
KIDS. NEWPORT PUNKS.
CALL THEMSELVES
"THE WRATH."





TAKE IT EASY,
BASE. I DON'T
WANNA HAVE TO
HURT YOU.



YOU'RE THE
NEW WRATH KID,
YEAH? THIS IS
FEVER TURF. YOU
KNOW THAT.

JUST TURN
AROUND AND
LEAVE.

YOU SHOULD
HEED YOUR OWN
ADVICE. GET THE
HELL OUT OF HERE
AND I'LL FORGET
I SAW Y--



...FEVER
PUNK SCUM!

OH GOOD, WRATH KID
BROUGHT OUT A GUN.



GUNS ARE FOR
COWARDS. ONE OF THE
FEW RULES BETWEEN
THE BOROUGHS:
ONLY USE ONE WHEN
YOU HAVE TO...

CHIZ
CHIZ
CHIZ



...AND THE
CONSEQUENCES
ARE YOURS.
GUN JAMMED.
LUCKY ME.
POOR HIM.

AHH, MY HAND!
MY FREAKING HAND,
YOU BITC--

YOU NEVER
SAY THAT WORD
TO ME!



MY HAND HURTS
ABOUT AS MUCH
AS HIS.

THIS IS
BAD.



Y-YOU JUST
SIGNED A DEATH
WARRANT. YOU AND YOUR
WHOLE CREW...AND
THAT CUTE LITTLE
S-SISTER--

CHIK
CHIK
CHIK



AHH, WHAT ARE
YOU DOING, YOU
CRAZY BITCH--

THIS COULD
GO A MILLION
DIFFERENT
WAYS.



I TOLD YOU
NEVER TO SAY
THAT.

BUT I ONLY
FEEL ONE, AND
IT RATTLES IN
MY BONES.

ALL I CAN THINK
ABOUT IS SWEET PEA.
MY SISTERS. THIS PUNK'S
GUN UNJAMMING.



~UHHNN~

NOW I'M
GONNA MAKE
SURE OF IT.

I AM VOID OF
CONTROL. SO I'M
TAKING HIS.

