

ED BRUBAKER SEAN PHILLIPS

FATALE™

Number
Thirteen



Colors by Elizabeth Breitweiser



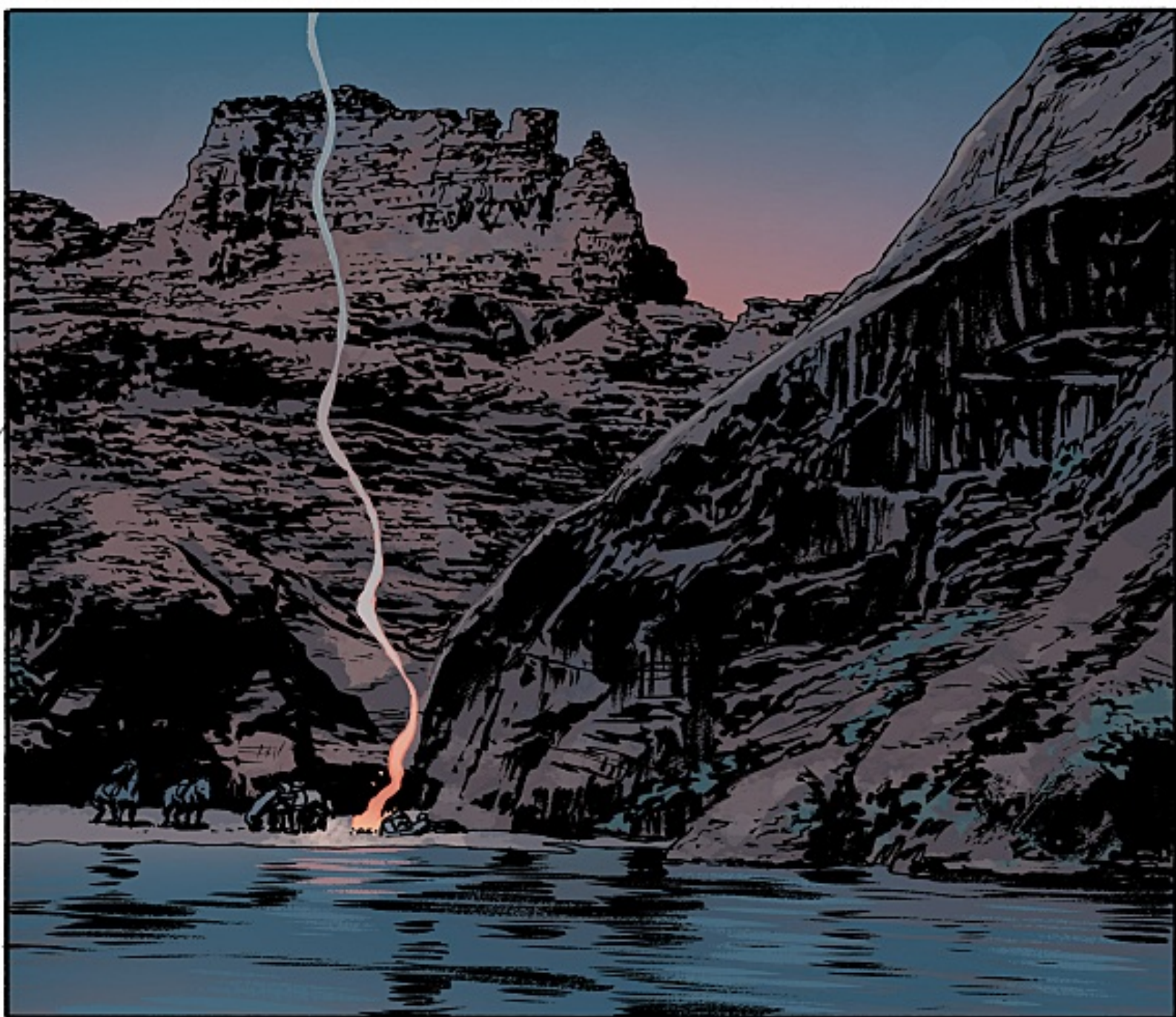
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Down The Darkest Trail



Colorado
- 1883

SHE HAD KILLED
MORE MEN THAN SHE
CARED TO COUNT...



...BUT "BLACK" BONNIE
WAS A TERRIBLE SHOT.



IT HADN'T BEEN A
PROBLEM SO FAR...

DAWN IT
TO HELL...



...SINCE CROCK AND
THE BOYS DID MOST
OF THE SHOOTING.



BUT SHE KNEW
THEY WOULDN'T
ALWAYS BE
THERE. THEY
WOULDN'T LAST.



MEN NEVER DID.

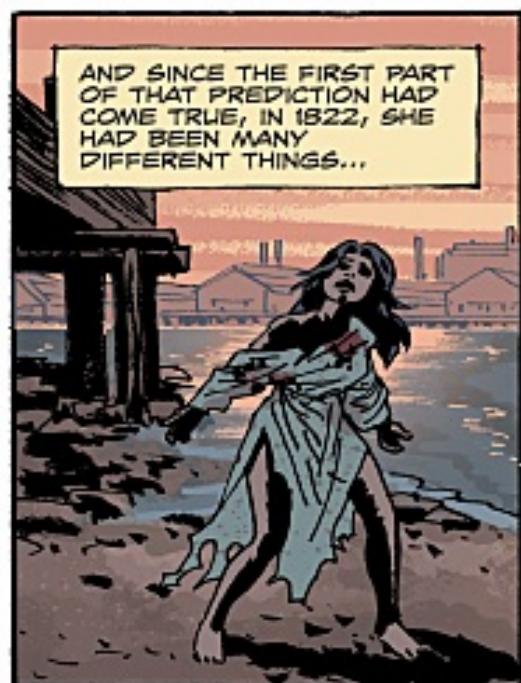
NOT LIKE HER.



WHEN SHE WAS A CHILD, BACK IN BOSTON, A FORTUNE-TELLER TOLD BONNIE SHE WOULD DIE THREE TIMES.



AND SINCE THE FIRST PART OF THAT PREDICTION HAD COME TRUE, IN 1822, SHE HAD BEEN MANY DIFFERENT THINGS...



THE WIFE OF A RANCHER...



A NUN...



A SINGER...



A MOTHER...



A PRISONER...



AND FINALLY AN OUTLAW...
WHICH SHE HADN'T EXPECTED.

SHE'D SPENT MOST OF
HER YEARS TRYING TO
AVOID PUBLIC ATTENTION.

BUT AFTER EVERYTHING SHE HAD
LOST, HER *FREEDOM* WAS THE LAST
THING SHE STILL CARED ABOUT.


AND IN HER WORLD, FREEDOM
WASN'T SOMETHING A *WOMAN*
CAME BY EASILY...

EVEN A WOMAN
LIKE BONNIE.

BUT SHE'D LEARNED TO
CONTROL THE *POWER*
SHE HAD OVER MEN.


SO CROCK AND HIS GANG
DID WHAT SHE SAID...

...AND LEFT HER
ALONE WHEN SHE
WANTED TO BE.




SHE COULDN'T CONTROL THEIR DREAMS... OR THEIR DESIRES...


BUT UNLIKE HER EARLY DAYS, SHE COULD MAKE SURE THEY NEVER TOUCHED HER.



THE LAST MAN WHO EVEN TRIED HAD HUNG HIMSELF FOR THE OFFENSE.



THAT WAS AS CLOSE TO FREEDOM AS BONNIE WOULD GET, SHE KNEW.



JUST TO BE LEFT ALONE.



AND THAT WOULDN'T LAST, EITHER.

BLAM BLAM

-- ?

BLAM

CROCK?!

BLAM



NOOO!

WHO THE HELL WAS THIS GUY? A BOUNTY HUNTER?

YOU PUT THAT GUN DOWN, YOU BASTARD... NOW.



WELL, HE'D PICKED THE WRONG WANTED POSTER THIS TIME.

WHY WOULD I DO THAT?

BECAUSE I TOLD YOU TO.



AND MEN ALWAYS DO WHAT SHE TELLS THEM...



...DON'T THEY?

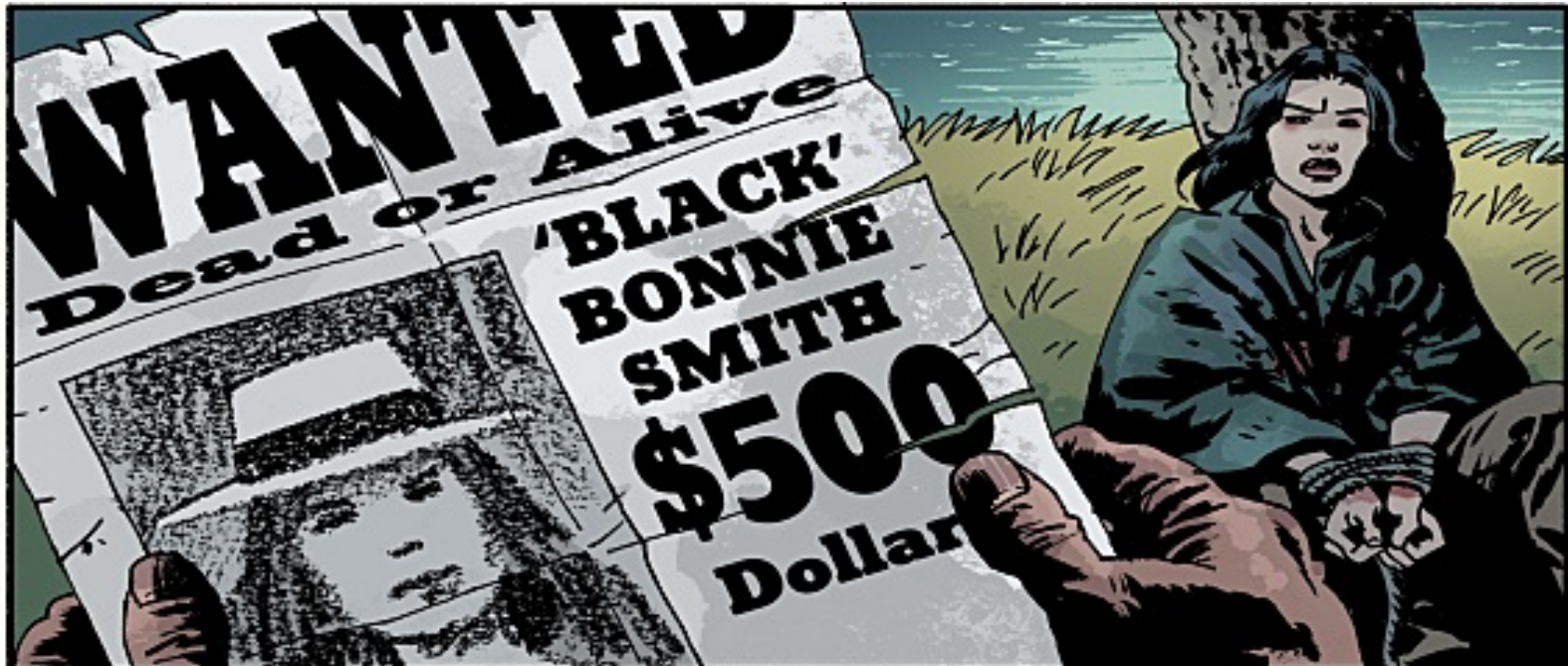


FOR A SPLIT-SECOND, SHE WONDERS WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING...



...AND THEN SHE DIES A SECOND TIME.





HOW COULD THIS BE? HOW
COULD THIS MAN DEFY HER?
HAD HER *SPELL* BEEN BROKEN?

SURELY SHE WOULD
FEEL *DIFFERENT*
SOMEHOW IF IT HAD.



NO, IT WAS HIM. *HE*
WAS THE ONE THAT
WAS DIFFERENT.



WHERE THE
FUCKING HELL
ARE YOU
TAKING ME?



TO SEE
SOMEONE...
THREE
MOONS
EAST OF
HERE.



WHO?



SOMEONE
WHO *CUSSES*
ALMOST AS
MUCH AS YOU
DO.



...THREE
MOONS... GOD,
I HATE
INDIANS...



NOT AS
MUCH AS
THEY HATE
YOU.



FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS, BONNIE WAS PRETTY SURE HE WAS **WRONG** ABOUT THAT.

SHE WAS AS ANGRY AS SHE'D EVER BEEN...



...UNTIL SHE SAW **WHO** HE WAS DELIVERING HER TO.

THEN SHE WAS JUST CONFUSED.



THIS WAS NO **LAWMAN**.

MILKFED, GOD DAMN IT...

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?



YOU SAID I COULD SHOOT HER.

I SAID IF YOU HAD TO!



HOW ELSE COULD I BE SURE SHE WAS THE **RIGHT ONE**?





ASSHOLE.
GET OUT OF
HERE.

GO CHECK ON
OUR FRIENDS...
MAKE YOURSELF
USEFUL...



I APOLOGIZE,
MA'AM... MY
COMPANION HAS
A *SICK* SENSE
OF HUMOR...

I DIDN'T
INTEND FOR
HIM TO *HURT*
YOU.



WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU
WANT WITH
ME?

I AM
PROFESSOR
WALDO SMYTHE,
CHEMIST AND
SCHOLAR, AT
YOUR
SERVICE...



...AND I HAVE
BEEN HOPING
TO MEET YOU
FOR QUITE
SOME TIME,
BONNIE.



SO YOU SEND
SOME *INDIAN*
TO KIDNAP
ME?



YOU WERE
SURROUNDED BY
MURDERERS AND
THIEVES...

HOW *ELSE*
WAS I GOING
TO SAVE
YOU?



SAVE ME
FROM
WHAT?

COME THIS WAY
AND YOU'LL
SEE...







THAT'S JUST HIS *DEATH* THROES... HELL...



WHAT - WHAT -

KEEP BACK.



NOW LOOK AT *THAT*... EVEN WITH ITS LAST BREATH, HE *SENSES* HER...



SHHKK

AMAZING.



WHAT *IS* THAT THING? IS THAT A MAN?

IT MAY HAVE BEEN ONCE... I'M NOT SURE...



DID YOU FIND ANYTHING USEFUL?

MAYBE...



...LET'S JUST HOPE ITS GOT AN EYE BENT TOWARDS HOME.

AFTER DAYS AS A CAPTIVE, BONNIE'S FIRST INSTINCT WHEN THEY GAVE HER BACK HER GUNS WAS TO RUN...

BUT SHE COULDN'T.

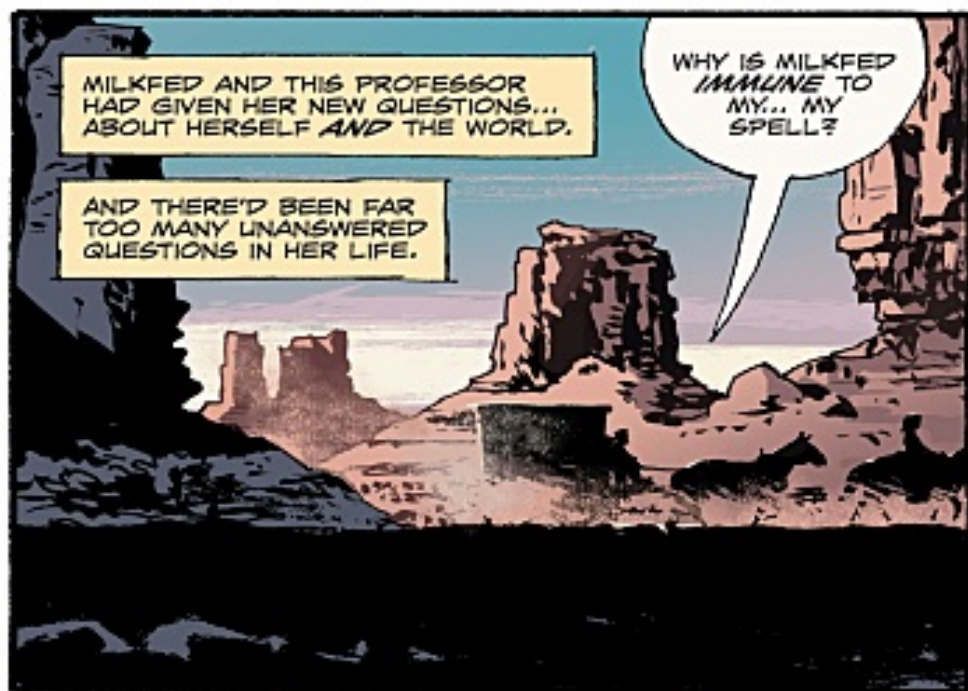
THE EYE SAYS WE GO THIS WAY.



MILKFED AND THIS PROFESSOR HAD GIVEN HER NEW QUESTIONS... ABOUT HERSELF AND THE WORLD.

AND THERE'D BEEN FAR TOO MANY UNANSWERED QUESTIONS IN HER LIFE.

WHY IS MILKFED IMMUNE TO MY... MY SPELL?



THE MARKINGS ON HIM. TATTOOS AND PAINT...

THEY PROTECT HIM FROM THINGS LIKE YOU.



AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, THEN? YOU HAVE TATTOOS HIDDEN UNDER THERE?



YOU'VE REALLY NEVER MET A MAN YOU COULDN'T CONTROL?



NOT SINCE I KNEW HOW TO...



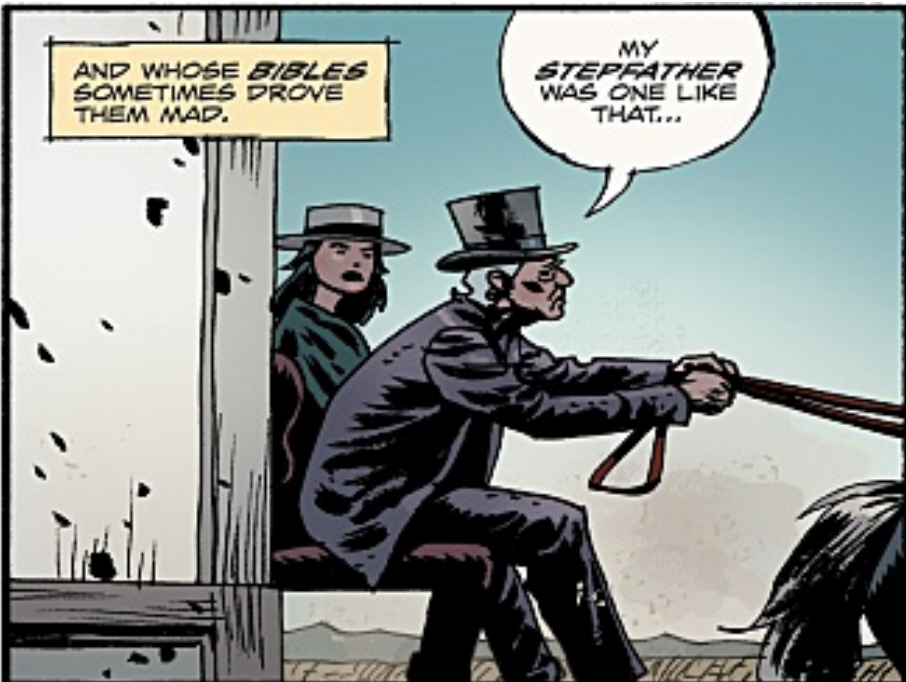
THE PROFESSOR TOLD BONNIE THERE WERE WHOLE *CHURCHES* FULL OF MEN WHO SHE'D HAVE NO EFFECT ON.

MEN WHO WORSHIPPED GODS WITH *UNPRONOUNCEABLE* NAMES...



AND WHOSE *BIBLES* SOMETIMES PROVE THEM MAD.

MY *STEPFATHER* WAS ONE LIKE THAT...



HE'D LEARNED OF THESE HIDDEN PARTS OF THE WORLD AS A CHILD, AND HAD SPENT *DECADES* TRACKING AND CATALOGING THEM.

BECOMING AN EXPERT, OR SOMETHING CLOSE TO IT.



EACH NIGHT, HE DREW *SYMBOLS* IN THE DIRT AROUND THEIR CAMP...



...AND THEY STAYED UP LATE TALKING...

YES, THERE WAS A *PARTY*... ON A BOAT IN NEW YORK...

BUT... I ONLY REMEMBER *PIECES* OF IT...

HOW LONG WAS IT AFTER THAT YOU REALIZED YOU WERE DIFFERENT?





A FEW MONTHS, MAYBE... I WAS SICK FOR A LONG TIME...



BUT YOU LEARNED TO CONTROL IT? WHAT YOU DO TO MOST MEN?



NOT RIGHT AWAY, NOT FOR A LONG TIME.

I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST... HAPPENING.



I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD MAKE IT HAPPEN.


HOW DID YOU FIGURE OUT THAT YOU COULD?



WELL...



...ONE DAY INDIANS KIDNAPPED ME AND MY DAUGHTER... AND THEY KILLED HER...



AND SO I WISHED FOR THEM - THE WHOLE TRIBE - TO DIE.



"AND THEY DID. FIRST THE MEN SLAUGHTERED THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN...

"...AND THEN THEY HACKED EACH OTHER TO PIECES."

IT WAS TWO MORE WEEKS BEFORE THEY REACHED THEIR DESTINATION...

WHAT THE HELL IS A LIGHTHOUSE DOING IN A PRAIRIE?



IT'S THEIR CHURCH TOWER...
...SHINING ITS BEACON FOR THINGS WE CAN'T SEE...



THIS IS WHERE THE MEN HUNTING ME CAME FROM?



PROBABLY WHERE THEY MEANT TO DELIVER YOU.

AND WHAT EXACTLY IS YOUR PLAN HERE, PROFESSOR?



I TOLD YOU, GIRL... I'M A SCHOLAR...

I WANT THEIR BIBLE.



I'VE TAUGHT YOU WHAT I KNOW, BUT IF YOU WANT REAL ANSWERS...

...THEY'RE DOWN THERE.



AND I HATE TO BE THE BEARER OF BAD NEWS... BUT THEY KNOW YOU'RE HERE.





THE COLD EYES OF THESE
MEN GAVE HER NOTHING...



...YET THEIR DESIRE
FOR HER WAS PALPABLE
AND DESPERATE...



LIKE DROWNING MEN
STRUGGLING FOR AIR...



THEY CLIMBED OVER THEIR
DEAD TO GET TO HER...



THEY SCREAMED IN
UNKNOWN TONGUES
AS MILKFED BLEW
THEM APART...



AND STILL THEY CAME,
LIKE A DRUNKEN SWARM...



ON AND ON...



UNTIL THERE WERE
NO MORE TO KILL.



NOT BAD...
YOU ACTUALLY
HIT A FEW...

YOU'RE
SHOT.



I'LL BE
FINE...

WE NEED TO
GET TO THAT
LIGHTHOUSE...

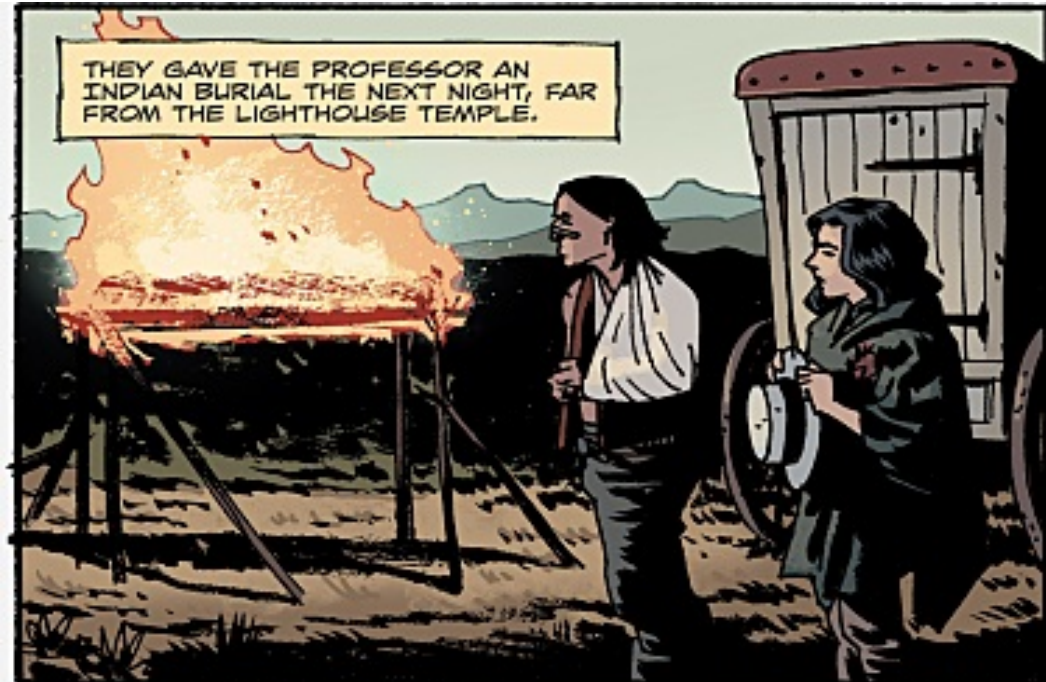


THE
PROFESSOR
SHOULD'VE
BEEN BACK
BY NOW.





THEY GAVE THE PROFESSOR AN INDIAN BURIAL THE NEXT NIGHT, FAR FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE TEMPLE.



THEN MILKFED AND BONNIE TOOK ALL HER KNOWLEDGE AND OCCULT PARAPHERNALIA AND RODE WEST... TO START A NEW LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.



HER SPELL NEVER WORKED ON HIM, BUT HE NEVER LEFT HER SIDE.

AND HE PROTECTED HER UNTIL HE WAS OLD AND COULDN'T ANYMORE.



WHEN SHE FOLLOWED HIM TO THE GRAVE A YEAR LATER, THE EARTH BROKE OPEN AND AN ENTIRE CITY BURNED...



...AND SHE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THE WORDS WRITTEN IN THAT BOOK.





FATALE Number Thirteen Ed Brubaker Sean Phillips

Rated M / Mature