

**The following content is
intended to be enjoyed by
mature readers.**

By proceeding from this point,
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18 years of age or older.

THE LOSERS: ANTE UP

Written by Andy Diggle; Art and Cover by Jock

VERTIGO

"Hot and heavy... [with] vibrantly intense art. A."
—*Entertainment Weekly*



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MATURE READERS

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**WHITE SANDS
MISSILE RANGE,
NEW MEXICO**

BASE ONE, THIS IS
CAVALIER 415, SECTOR
EIGHT PERIMETER
CLEAR, PROCEEDING
TO SECTOR NINE.

OKAY, WE'RE
INTO THEIR V.H.F.
ENCRIPTION. FROM
NOW ON, THEY'RE
TALKIN' TO US.

REEL
'EM IN.

UH, ROGER THAT,
CAVALIER 415.

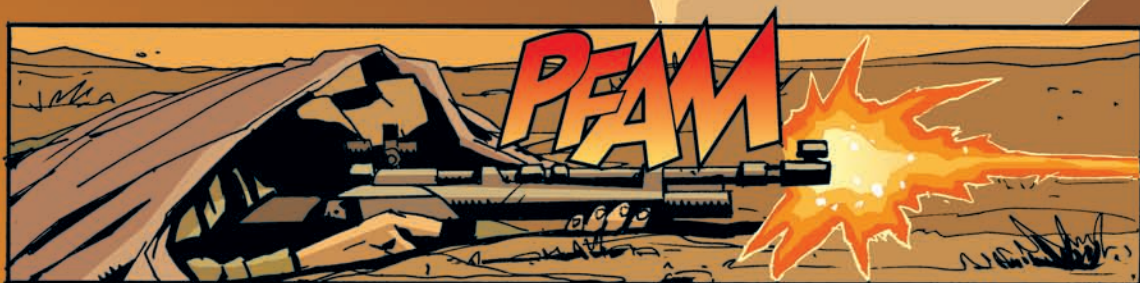
WE HAVE A REPORT OF A
CIVILIAN VEHICLE BREAKDOWN ON
U.S. 70, SECTOR NINE, GRID FOUR.
PLEASE RECONNOITER AND ASSIST
AS REQUIRED, OVER.

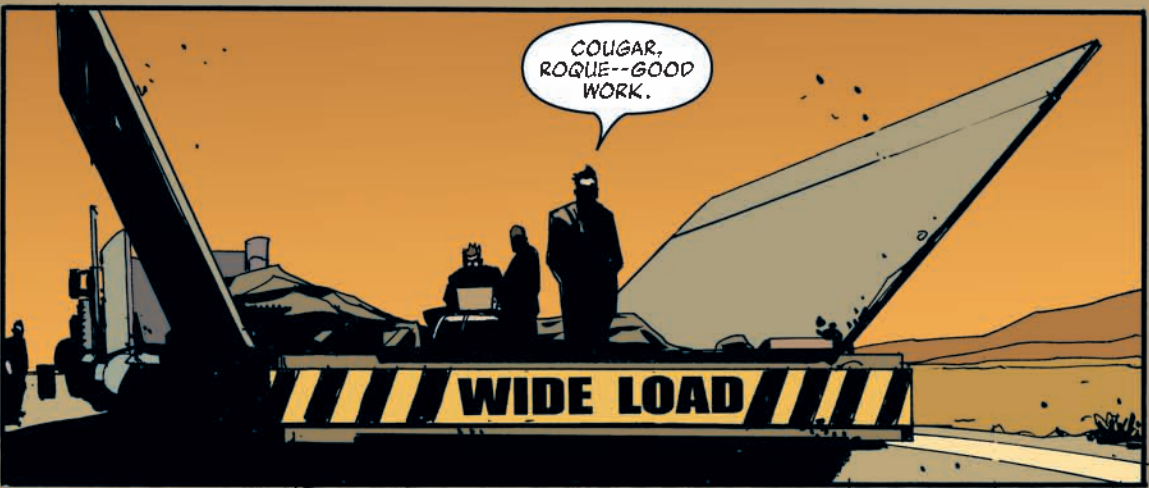
ROGER THAT,
BASE ONE. WILL
ADVISE, OUT.

...ARMY OF ONE.
MY ASS. MORE LIKE A
GODDAMN BREAKDOWN
SERVICE...

HEY! GIVE
YOU A HAND THERE,
BUDDY?

NO PROBLEM,
JUST CHANGING
THE TIRE.







POOCH--
SECURE THE
PATROL.
CHECK FOR
VITALS.

JENSEN--
MAKE THE
CALL.

YOU
GOT
IT.



BASE ONE, BASE ONE.
THIS IS CAVALIER 415! WE
HAVE BEEN IN COLLISION
WITH CIVILIAN VEHICLE--
FUCKIN' TRUCK FLIPPED US
RIGHT OFF THE ROAD!

CHAMBERLAIN'S DEAD AN'
SIMPSON'S HURT BAD! HE'S
FUCKED UP HIS NECK. HE
CAN'T FUCKIN' MOVE!

WE NEED
MEDEVAC--
IMMEDIATE!
I MEAN LIKE
RIGHT
NOW!



ROGER
THAT, CAVALIER 415!
HANG TIGHT, WE'RE
SCRAMBLING A CHOPPER.
STAND BY--

ROBERT
DE NIRO?
WHO THE
FUCK
IS HE?



SLEEPIN' LIKE
BABIES. NEAR
ENOUGH THE
BORDER, MAY
AS WELL CALL
IT A SIESTA.

WHAT
ABOUT THE
HUMVEE?



FLIP
IT.

...CAVALIER #15,
THIS IS MEDEVAC
DELTA. BE ADVISED
WE ARE AIRBORNE
AND INBOUND YOUR
POSITION.

MAN,
I HATE
WAITING.

AWFUL
LOT OF
TROUBLE
JUST TO
BUM A
RIDE...

BE COOL,
JENSEN.

I AM *WHOLLY* COOL. THAT'S
WHY I'M THE ONE WITH THE
SPINAL INJURY, AIN'T IT?

THAT'S WHAT YOU
NEED FOR THIS KINDA DEAL,
SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW
TO RELAX, TALK TO PEOPLE.
NO OFFENSE, BUT YOU GUYS
DON'T EXACTLY PUT PEOPLE
AT THEIR *EASE*.

STOP TALKING,
OR I BREAK YOUR
NECK FOR REAL.

WHOA, HEY-- WHO
RATTLED YOUR CAN, ROQUE?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD...

WE'RE *ALL* SUPPOSED
TO BE DEAD. THAT'S WHY
WE'RE HERE, ISN'T IT?

I GUESS, BUT...I
DUNNO, TAKIN' DOWN
OUR OWN GUYS, IT GOES
AGAINST THE GRAIN, IS
ALL. IT'S MAKIN'
ME ANTSY.

I MEAN, WHAT IF
WE'RE WRONG? THIS WARRIOR
WOMAN OF YOURS COULD BE
FEEDING US A LINE ABOUT
THE COMPANY, NEW YORK,
THE WHOLE DAMN THING...

OPEN
YOUR EYES,
KID. YOU WERE
THERE. YOU
KNOW WHAT
THEY DID.

WHUPPA
WHUPPA



THAT KIND
OF SHIT I TAKE
PERSONALLY.



OKAY, TALK TO
ME! NECK INJURY--
HAVE YOU TRIED
TO MOVE HIM?

NO.

THAT'S
GOOD.



IT'S ALL RIGHT,
BUDDY. JUST
RELAX. WE'RE
GONNA GET YOU
ALL PATCHED UP
IN NO TIME.

L-LISTEN,
Y-YOU GOTTA...
GOTTA TELL ME
SOMETHIN'...



YOU EVER...YOU EVER
TREAT ANYONE WHO'D
BEEN...WHO'D BEEN
GUT-SHOT, TOOK ONE
IN THE BELLY?

SURE, IN GRENADA.
JESUS, WHAT A
MESS THAT WAS.
BUT LISTEN,
THAT'S--



THAT'S
GOOD. MEANS
YOU KNOW WHAT'S
COMING TO YOU
IF YOU FLICK
WITH US.

NOW
LOSE THE
RADIO MIKE,
BONES.



WE'RE BURNING VALUABLE SECONDS HERE, GUYS. WHAT'S THE HOLDUP OUT THERE...?

RELAX, MAN. YOU REALLY SHOULD TRY TO MAINTAIN INNER CALM, Y'KNOW...?



STRESS IS A KILLER.



W-WHAT THE HELL IS THIS--?

YOU HEARD OF A CARJACK, YEAH? WELL, YOU JUST BEEN *CHOPPER-JACKED*, MY FRIEND.



YO JENSEN, HERE'S YOUR WILD GOOSE.



THE CREW?

UFF!

TRANQ 'EM. RECOVERY POSITION.

DON'T WANT 'EM CHOKING ON THEIR OWN VOMIT. WE GOT NO BEEF WITH THESE ASSHOLES.

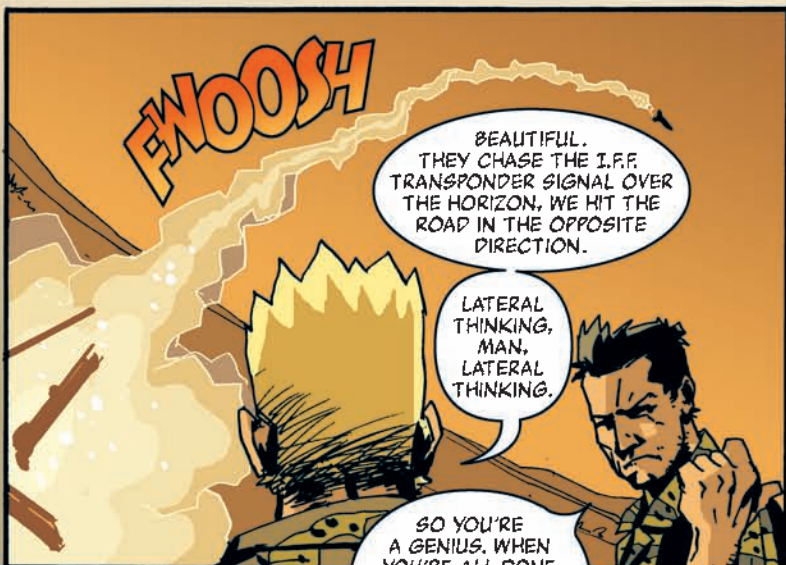


OKAY, WE'RE ALL SET HERE. READY TO TAKE A GIANT STEP FOR...WELL, FOR GUYS WHO **STEAL** STUFF, I GUESS.

ANYBODY WANNA MAKE A WISH?



HIT IT.



BEAUTIFUL. THEY CHASE THE I.F.F. TRANSPONDER SIGNAL OVER THE HORIZON, WE HIT THE ROAD IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

LATERAL THINKING, MAN, LATERAL THINKING.

SO YOU'RE A GENIUS. WHEN YOU'RE ALL DONE STROKING YOURSELF OFF, HELP SQUARE AWAY THE CHOPPER.

MEDEVAC DELTA, THIS IS BASE ONE. WHAT IS YOUR SITUATION, OVER?

MEDEVAC DELTA, COME IN PLEASE, OVER...

WE'D BEST DOUBLE-TIME IT HERE. THEY SEND OUT A SEARCH PARTY, THIS WHOLE VALLEY TURNS INTO FLIGHT OF THE VALKYRIES.

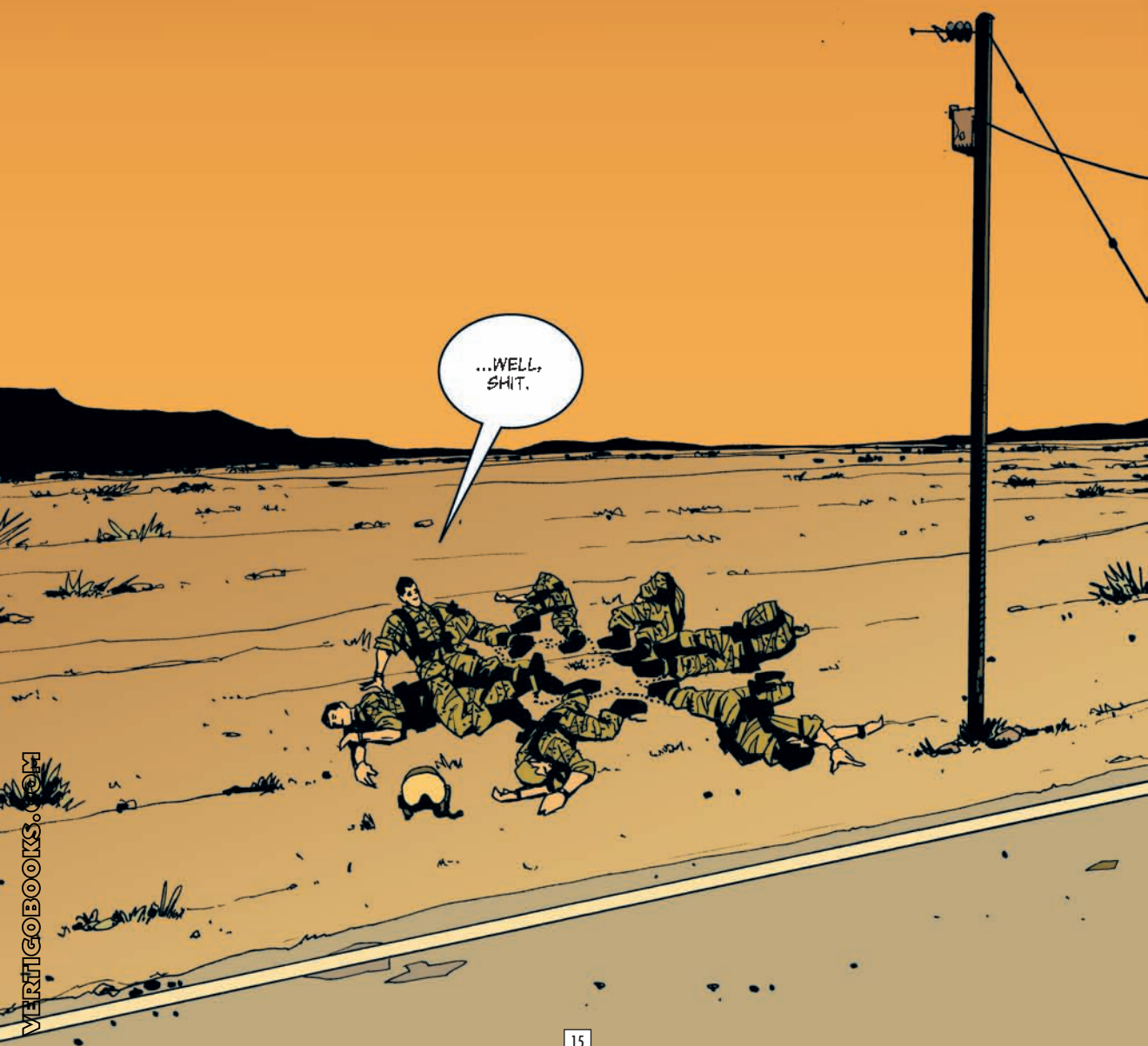
THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR A CHOPPER, NOT A FLATBED.

STILL, CLOCK'S TICKING. AISHA'S EN ROUTE, AND IT'S A LONG WAY TO NEW YORK.



ROAD

CLOSED



RED HOOK,
BROOKLYN

YO, CAPTAIN
BIRDSEYE! FEELS
LIKE IT'S BIN LIKE
FOREVER. SO YOU
GOT SOMETHIN'
FOR US?

RIGHT HERE, MY FRIEND.
FINEST IN THE MIDDLE EAST, ALL
FRESH AND UNSPOILED...

NOW
THAT'S WHAT
I'M TALKIN'
ABOUT.

YOU KNOW
WHAT OUR BOYS
CALL 'EM BACK
IN THE GULF?
M.B.O.s...

*MOVIN'
BLACK
OBJECTS.* HEH.

OKAY, LADIES,
HERE'S HOW IT WORKS. SEEN'
AS HOW NONE OF YOU ARE CARRYIN'
PASSPORTS OR VISAS, THAT'S GONNA
INCUR WHAT WE CALL A *IMMIGRATION
TAX* 'FORE WE CAN LET YOU
OFF THE BOAT.

SO MAKE WITH
THE GREEN, OR YOU
CAN GO TELL IT TO
THE *I.N.S.*



THERE HAS BEEN SOME MISUNDERSTANDING. WE WERE TOLD NOTHING OF THIS TAX.

MY SISTERS HAVE ALREADY GIVEN EVERY PENNY THEY OWN TO ESCAPE PERSECUTION FOR THE LAND OF THE FREE.



WELL, NOT *FREE* EXACTLY, BUT, UH... *CHEAP*. I'M SURE WE CAN FIGURE A WAY FOR YOU LADIES TO *WORK* IT OFF, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...?

SAY, YOU GOT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EYES I EVER SAW. YOU KNOW THAT? LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT YOU...



I WAS BORN IN A DESERT PLACE. *WAR* WAS MY ONLY MOTHER.

AS A CHILD, I MOVED THROUGH THE BATTLEFIELD AND SLIT THE THROATS OF SCREAMING RUSSIAN BOYS.

I FIREBOMBED MY FIRST TANK WHEN I WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD AND MACHINE-GUNNED THE CREW AS THEY FLED, BURNING.

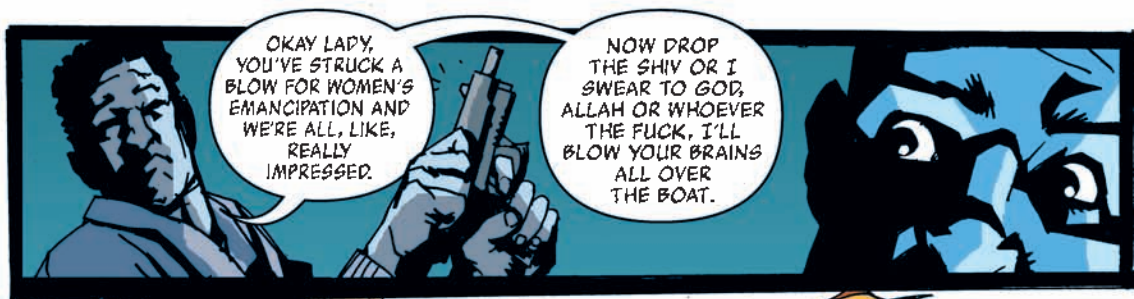
AND YET PERHAPS YOU EXPECT ME TO BE *AFRAID* OF YOU.

TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU THINK?



I THINK YOU HAVE A VERY PERSUASIVE NEGOTIATING STYLE.

BOYS, LET 'EM GO! I AIN'T KIDDIN' HERE!



**BDAM!
BDAM!**



...WHEEL.

OH SH--

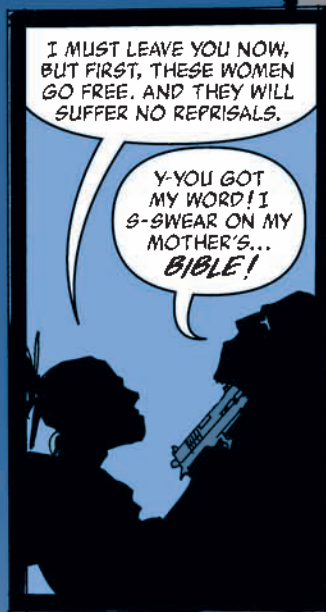
DOWN!
GET THE FUCK
DOWN!

BEHIND
THE WHEEL-ARCH!
BULLETS'LL GO
STRAIGHT THROUGH
THE BODYWORK,
BUT YOU'RE OKAY
BEHIND THE---

**KLINK
KLATTER**

BOOM!!





I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW,
BUT FIRST, THESE WOMEN
GO FREE. AND THEY WILL
SUFFER NO REPRISALS.

Y-YOU GOT
MY WORD! I
S-SWEAR ON MY
MOTHER'S...
BIBLE!



THAT IS GOOD.
BECAUSE IF I HEAR
THAT ANY HARM HAS
COME TO THEM...

I WILL BE
BACK FOR YOUR
TESTICLES.



NOW GO
IN PEACE, AND
MAY ALLAH BE
WITH YOU.

OH, AND BY
THE WAY...



WELCOME
TO AMERICA.

**GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,
UPPER NEW YORK HARBOR**

WHAT DO YOU FIGURE FOR THE ELECTROMAGNET? SUBMARINE BATTERIES, MAYBE...?

LOUSY WEIGHT-TO-ENERGY RATIO, MAN. THERE'S A REASON AIRCRAFT AIN'T ELECTRIC, Y'KNOW?

NO, WHAT YOU WANT IS A GAS-TURBINE GENERATOR RUNNIN' A FORCE-FED RECTIFIER UNIT, HOOK IT UP TO THE FUEL TANK.

'BOUT THE MOST EFFICIENT DEVICE THERE IS FOR TURNIN' FUEL INTO NOISE, BUT IT'LL PUT OUT ENOUGH JUICE TO LIGHT UP THE VEGAS STRIP.

I'LL GET JENSEN ON IT, SEE WHAT THE RUSSIANS CAN TURN UP.

WHAT ABOUT EXFILTRATION?

WE GOT AN AIR FORCE E.C.M. POD ON THE WAY THAT'LL SPOOK RADAR IN A TEN-MILE RADIUS. WE RUN LOW AND DARK IN THE CITY, WE'RE A GHOST.

WE STILL HAVE TO GET IN CLOSE. SMALL ARMS FIRE COULD BE A PROBLEM.

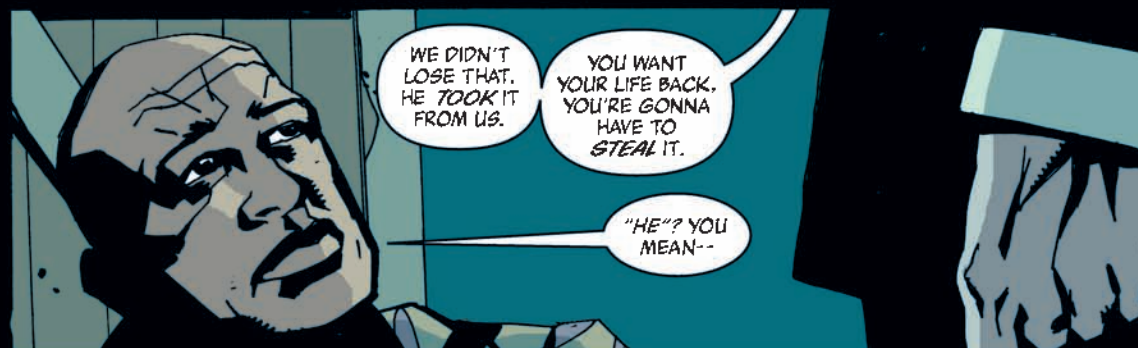
MOGADISHU ALL OVER AGAIN.

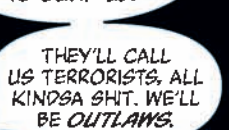
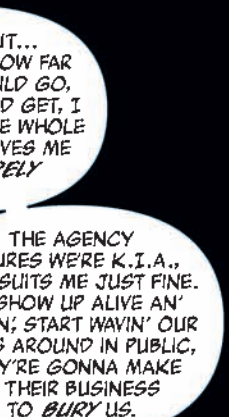
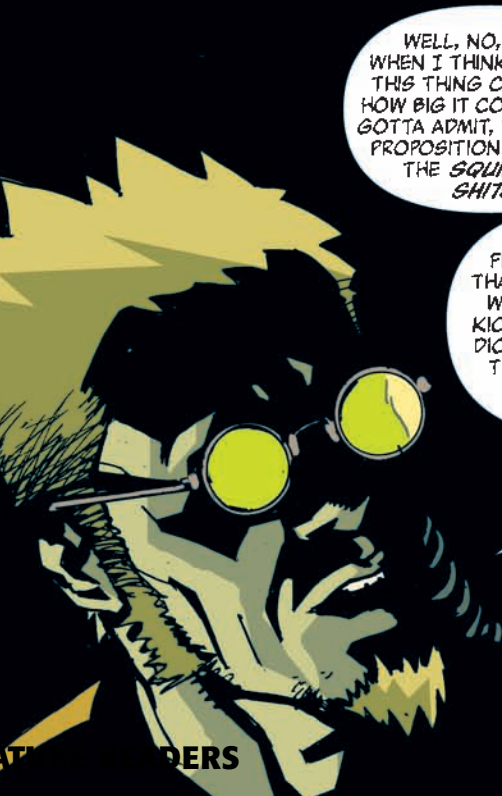
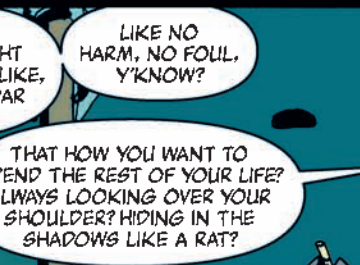
IT'S TAKEN CARE OF, WE LINED THE HULL WITH HALF-INCH STEEL PLATE.

AIN'T EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D CALL A FINESSE JOB, BUT IT'S FIT FOR PURPOSE.

YOU SURE IT CAN LIFT ALL THAT PLUS THE PAYLOAD?

CLAY, THIS PUPPY COULD LIFT A BANK.








MAYBE SO. BUT STILL,
IT'S A HELL OF A THING YOU'RE
PROPOSIN'. WE START DOWN THAT
ROAD, THERE AIN'T GONNA BE
NO TURNIN' BACK.

HELL, LET'S
JUST SAY IT OUT
LOUD. WE'RE TALKIN'
ABOUT *DECLARIN' WAR*
ON THE *CENTRAL*
INTELLIGENCE
AGENCY.




THEY
STARTED
IT.




ANYWAY, THIS ISN'T
ABOUT THE LAW. IT'S
ABOUT WHAT'S *RIGHT*. ASK
COUGAR WHAT HE SAW BACK
AT THE PASS, AND THEN TELL
ME THOSE SONS OF BITCHES
HAVEN'T BETRAYED THE
TRUST OF THE
AMERICAN PEOPLE.

BULLSHIT.



YOU'RE JUST
PISSED OFF AND LOOK-
ING FOR A LITTLE *PAYBACK*,
SAME AS THE REST
OF US.



SO, IS THAT
ALL YOUR MORAL
CRUSADE ADDS UP TO
IN THE END--*PETTY*
REVENGE?

YAAH--!

JESUS,
LADY! TEN OUTTA
TEN FOR *STEALTH* AN'
SHIT, BUT NEXT TIME
COULDN'T YA JUST
KNOCK?



AISHA.

WELCOME
TO THE
LOSERS.

**KENNEDY
INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT,
NEW YORK**

THIS IS A
DIPLOMATIC
PACKAGE,
CLEAR?

AS OF
THIS MOMENT,
THE TRUCK IS
DESIGNATED AN
EXTRATERRITORIAL
ZONE OF
IMMUNITY.

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES
WHATSOEVER ARE YOU OR YOUR
MEN TO ALLOW THE PACKAGE TO
LEAVE THE TRUCK BEFORE IT IS
SECURE IN THE COMPOUND. TO DO
SO WOULD BE CONSIDERED AN
ACT OF *TREASON*, AND
PUNISHABLE AS SUCH.

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND
YOUR ORDERS
AS I HAVE
EXPLAINED
THEM TO YOU,
CAPTAIN?

HUA!

UH, THAT
IS--HEARD,
UNDERSTOOD AND
ACKNOWLEDGED,
SIR.

DON'T WORRY, SIR. WE'VE GOT
A SIX-MAN UNIT RIDING WITH THE
PACKAGE AND ANOTHER UNIT
FOLLOWING BEHIND.

NOBODY WOULD
EVER DREAM OF
TRYING TO
HIT US.

NOBODY
WOULD BE
CRAZY
ENOUGH.

TRAFFIC'S BACKED UP ON THE BELT PARKWAY. WE ARE CURRENTLY RUNNING FIFTEEN, THAT'S ONE-FIVE, MINUTES BEHIND SCHEDULE.

Verrazano Narrows Br
Staten Island
New Jersey

GERMS!

YA GOT GERMS AND DISEASES ONNA WINDSHIELD! LEMME HELP YA!

TAKE A HIKE, ASS-HOLE!

JUST TWENNY DOLLARS! REAL CLEAN!

GET A JOB, YA LOSER!

I THINK THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL *COMPASSIONATE CONSERVATISM*. NICE TO SEE OUR TAX DOLLARS BEING PUT TO GOOD USE.

THAT IS, Y'KNOW, IF WE PAID TAXES.

WHATEVER.

GOOD CLEAN SIGNAL FROM THE G.P.S.-TARGET'S WESTBOUND, HEADIN' FOR THE BRIDGE.



THEY'RE
ALL YOURS
COUGAR. TAG
'EM AND
BAG 'EM.



SHIT--
BLOWOUT!



REAR UNIT--FORM A
DEFENSIVE PERIMETER!
THIS COULD BE
A HIT!

THEY'D
HAVE TO BE OUT OF
THEIR MINDS, THERE'S
NO WAY OFF THE
BRIDGE...

**HONNKHONNK
HONNKHONNKHONNK
PARRRRP
PARRRRP**



TEAR
GAS--!

GET YOUR
MASKS ON!
SECURE THE
PACKAGE!

CODE RED!
WE ARE UNDER
ATTACK!

WE NEED
CHOPPER SUPPORT
ON THE VERRAZANO
BRIDGE--
NOW!

**KRRZZZAY
AGAIN. DID NOT
COPY ZZZZKK**

JAMMING
US--!

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MATURE READERS



OH MY GOD--

SWAT TEAM--OPEN FIRE!



WHURRA
WHURRA

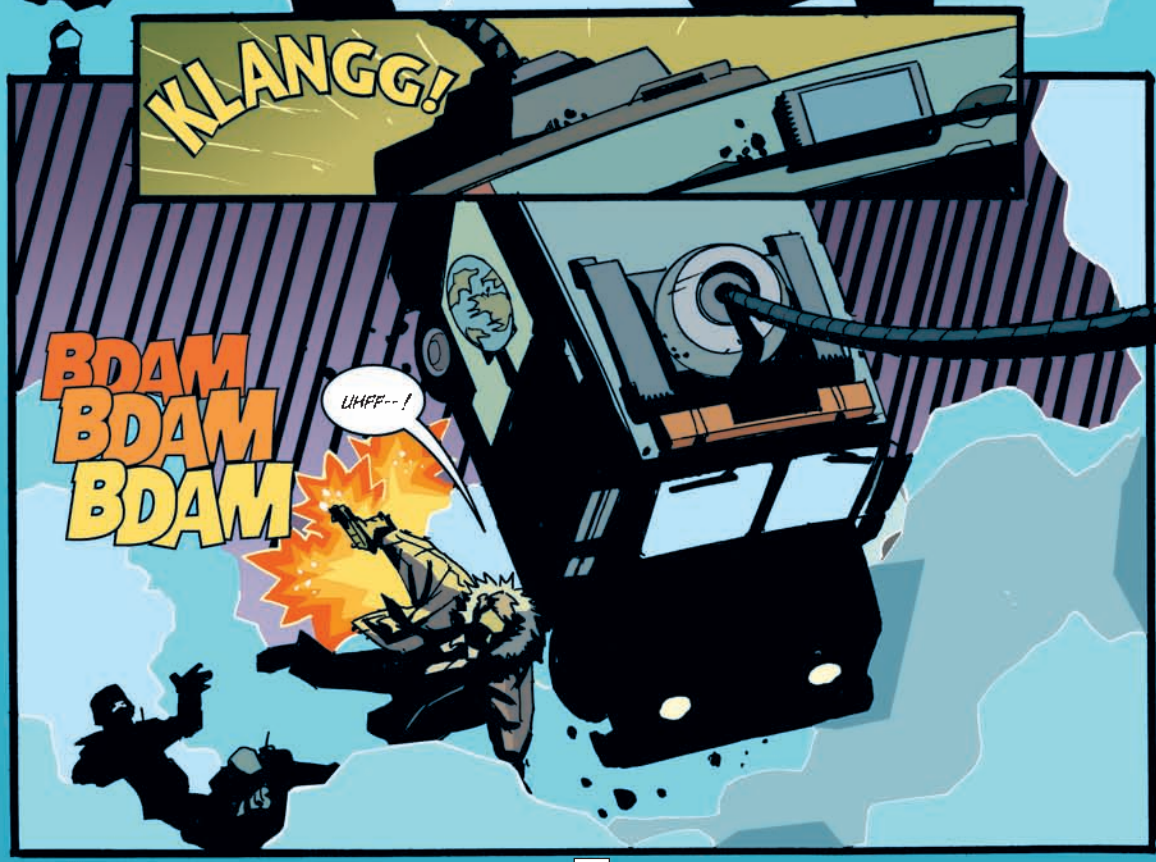
BUT SIR,
THEY'RE
N.X.P.D.--

OF COURSE
THEY'RE NOT,
YOU MORON!

SHOOT,
GODDAMMIT!



KLANGG!



BDAM
BDAM
BDAM

UHFF--!

WHUPPA
WHUPPA
WHUPPA





FIRE UP
THE BARBECUE,
BOYS...



THE FISH
IS ON THE
HOOK.



AAH!
SHIT--!

I THINK WE'RE...I THINK
WE'RE AIRBORNE!

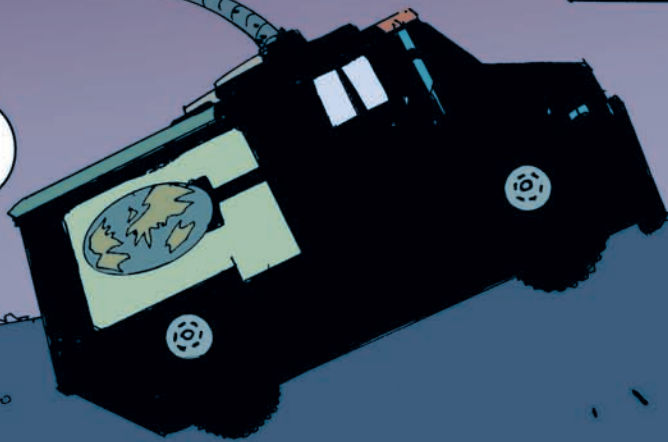
OH GOD...
TH-THEY'RE
GONNA
DROP US--!

NICE
CATCH,
POOCH.

NO SWEAT,
BOSS. AIN'T A
RIG BEEN BUILT
I AIN'T THE
MASTER OF...



JUST WATCH
WHERE YOU PLANT THAT
THING. ONE FALSE MOVE
AND I'M GONNA BE
WEARING IT.



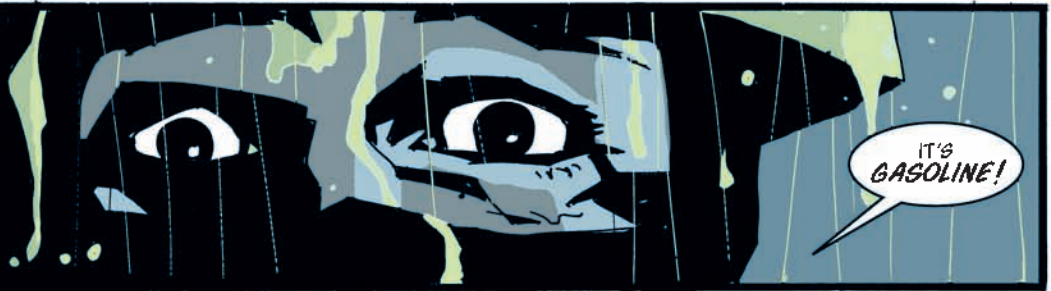
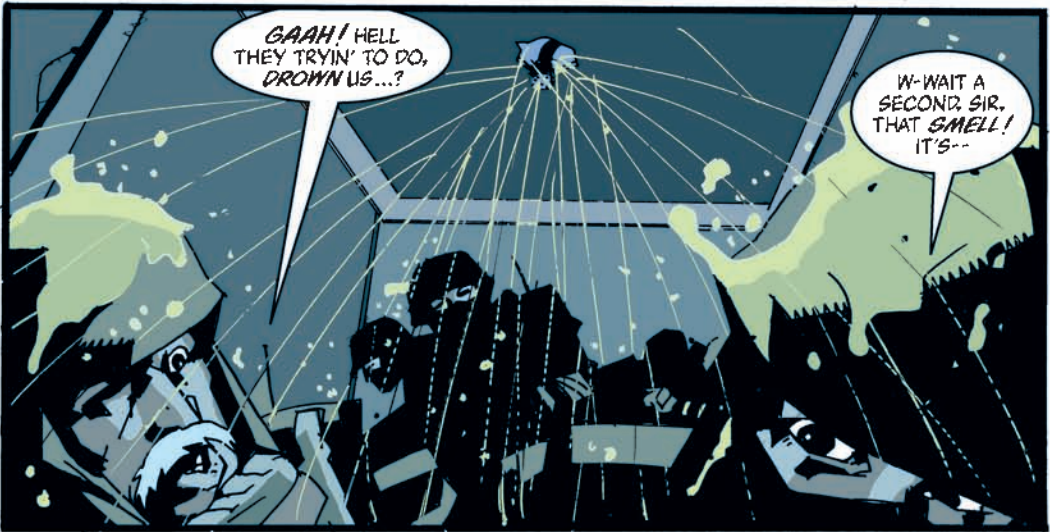
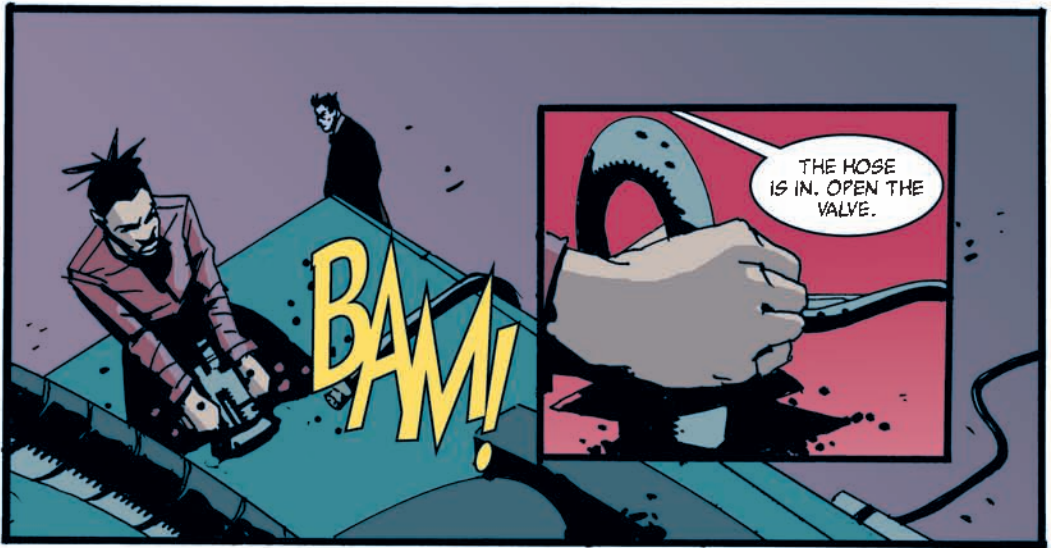
WE'RE
DOWN!

OKAY NOW, STAY
SHARP! DEPLOY THE
MOMENT THEY TRY
FOR THE DOORS.

REMEMBER,
CHECK YOUR TARGETS
AND WATCH YOUR BACK-
GROUND. THREE-ROUND
BURSTS, CENTER
MASS.



THESE ASSHOLES
ARE ABOUT TO GET THE
SURPRISE OF THEIR SHORT
FUCKIN' LIVES...







HOLY SHIT.

MAN, I DIDN'T REALLY WANNA BELIEVE IT, Y'KNOW...?

JAMAICA BAY WILDLIFE REFUGE, NEW YORK

I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO CAN MOVE SHIT. GIVE ME A COUPLE DAYS TO--

BURN IT.

ARE YOU *CRAZY*? THAT'S OVER A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF SMACK!

WITH THE MONEY FROM THIS, WE COULD--

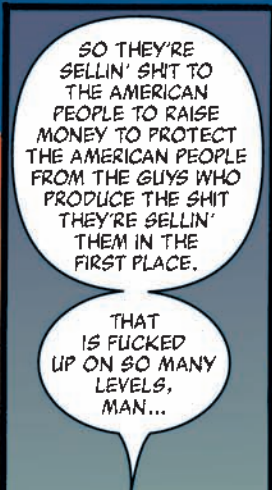
BURN IT.

SOMEBODY INSIDE THE AGENCY IS RUNNING HEROIN TO BANKROLL DIRTY OPERATIONS.

WE SELL THIS, WE'RE NO BETTER THAN THEY ARE.



I'D BE INTERESTED TO KNOW HOW WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BLACKMAIL THEM INTO GIVING US OUR LIVES BACK IF WE'VE BURNED ALL THE EVIDENCE.

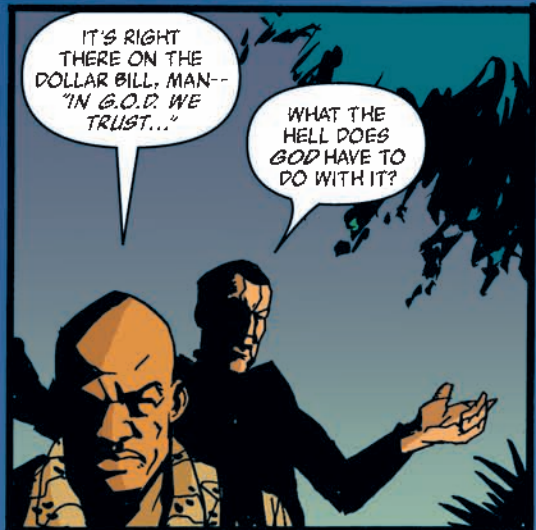


SO THEY'RE SELLIN' SHIT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO RAISE MONEY TO PROTECT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FROM THE GUYS WHO PRODUCE THE SHIT THEY'RE SELLIN' THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE.

THAT IS FUCKED UP ON SO MANY LEVELS, MAN...



DON'T KID YOURSELF. ONLY PEOPLE THEY'RE PROTECTING HERE ARE THEIR LOBBYIST BUDDIES IN ARMS AND OIL.



IT'S RIGHT THERE ON THE DOLLAR BILL, MAN-- "IN G.O.D. WE TRUST..."

WHAT THE HELL DOES GOD HAVE TO DO WITH IT?



GUNS. OIL. DRUGS. THE HOLY TRINITY.

THERE ARE FORCES AT WORK HERE WHICH--


AND YOU CAN SPARE ME THE CONSPIRACY THEORY BULLSHIT.



ROQUE'S RIGHT. WE GO PUBLIC, THAT'S WHAT IT'D SOUND LIKE. THEY'D BURY THE STORY AND US WITH IT. IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE.

NO, IF WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS AND WALK AWAY, WE NEED INSURANCE.


SO WHAT DO WE DO?




WE TAKE
IT TO THE NEXT
LEVEL.

AISHA TAKES
US DEEPER INSIDE. WE
HIT THEM WHERE IT HURTS.
AND WE *MAKE* THEM
TAKE US OFF THE
DEATH LIST.


WHO'S
IN?



LONG AS
YOU DON'T
START BURNING
THE *CASH*
NEXT TIME.



YOU KNOW
I'M ALL ABOUT
THE THRILL OF THE
HUNT. WOULDN'T
MISS IT.



I DON'T KNOW.
DON'T SEE WHY IT'S
DOWN TO US, TAKIN' IT
ON OURSELVES TO BE
JUDGE AN' JURY. BUT I
GUESS 'TIL WE OUIT
FROM UNDER
THE SHADOW...

YEAH,
ALL RIGHT.
I'M IN.



UH-HUH.

OUTSTANDING.

IT HELPS IF
YOU LOOK AT IT
THIS WAY...



WE'RE
ALREADY
DEAD...

WHAT
HAVE WE
GOT TO
LOSE?

DEAD MAN'S HAND

**ANDY
DIGGLE**
WRITER

JOCK
ARTIST
& COVER

**LEE
LOUGHRIDGE**
COLORIST

**CLEM
ROBINS**
LETTERER

**ZACHARY
RAU**
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