

The BOYS

Dear Becky



02

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DYNAMITE.

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2020
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The BOYS™

Dear Becky

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GARTH ENNIS & DARICK ROBERTSON

02

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female were The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth — superpower. Some superheroes had to be watched. Some of them had to be controlled. And some of them — sometimes — had to be taken out of the picture.

The issue was decided in one final battle against a massed superhero army, when a plan concocted by the “supes” to overthrow the US government went horribly awry. Now, twelve years later, Hughie and his lover Annie January have returned to his home in the Scottish town of Auchterladle — their battles fought and won, their torment over.

The days when Colonel Greg Mallory led The Boys are firmly in the past. So too are the times Billy Butcher shared with a woman who strove to send him down a different road. All of that is over and done with. Finished.

Now read on...

DYNAMITE®

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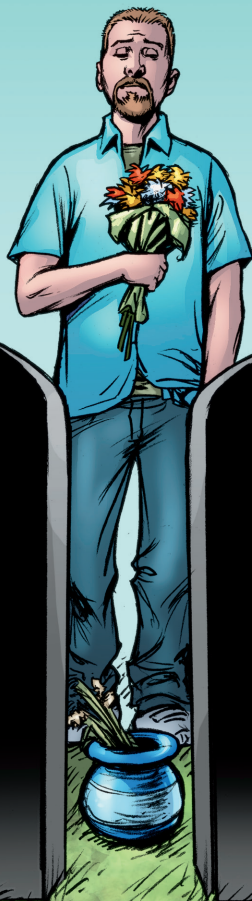
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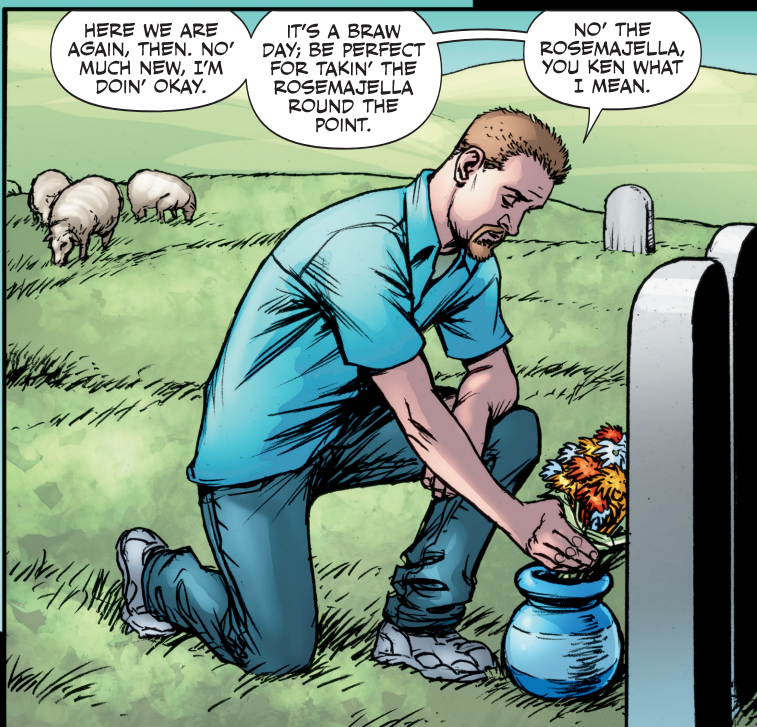
HULLO,
YOU TWO.



HERE WE ARE
AGAIN, THEN. NO'
MUCH NEW, I'M
DOIN' OKAY.

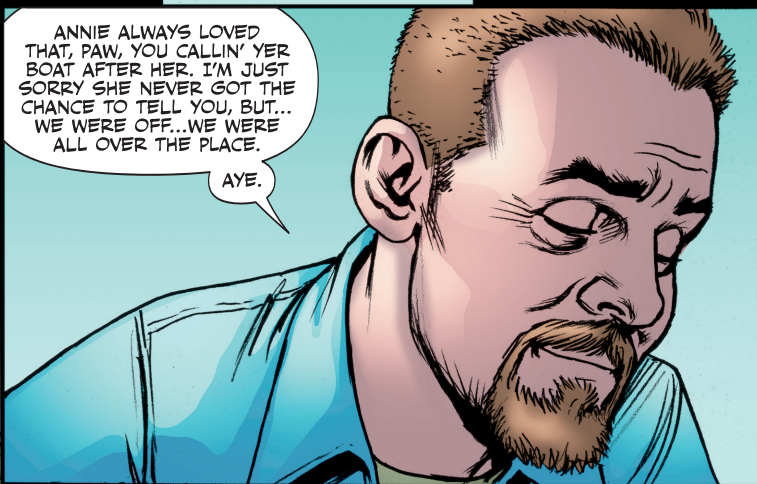
IT'S A BRAV
DAY; BE PERFECT
FOR TAKIN' THE
ROSEMAJELLA
ROUND THE
POINT.

NO' THE
ROSEMAJELLA,
YOU KEN WHAT
I MEAN.



ANNIE ALWAYS LOVED
THAT, PAW, YOU CALLIN' YER
BOAT AFTER HER. I'M JUST
SORRY SHE NEVER GOT THE
CHANCE TO TELL YOU, BUT...
WE WERE OFF...WE WERE
ALL OVER THE PLACE.

AYE.



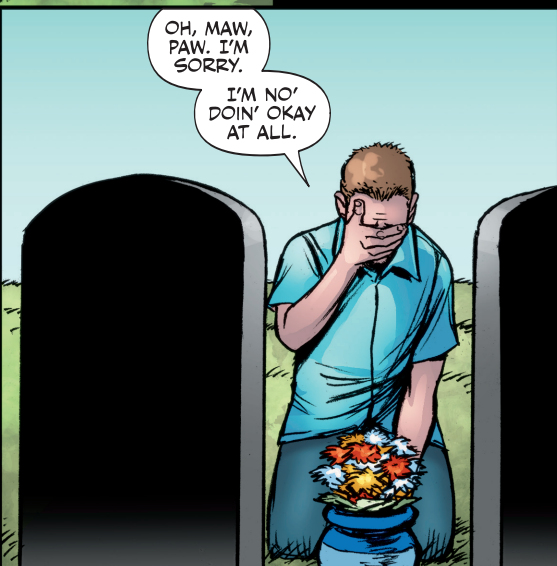
BUT WE'LL
TAKE HER OUT
THERE ONE O'
THESE DAYS.

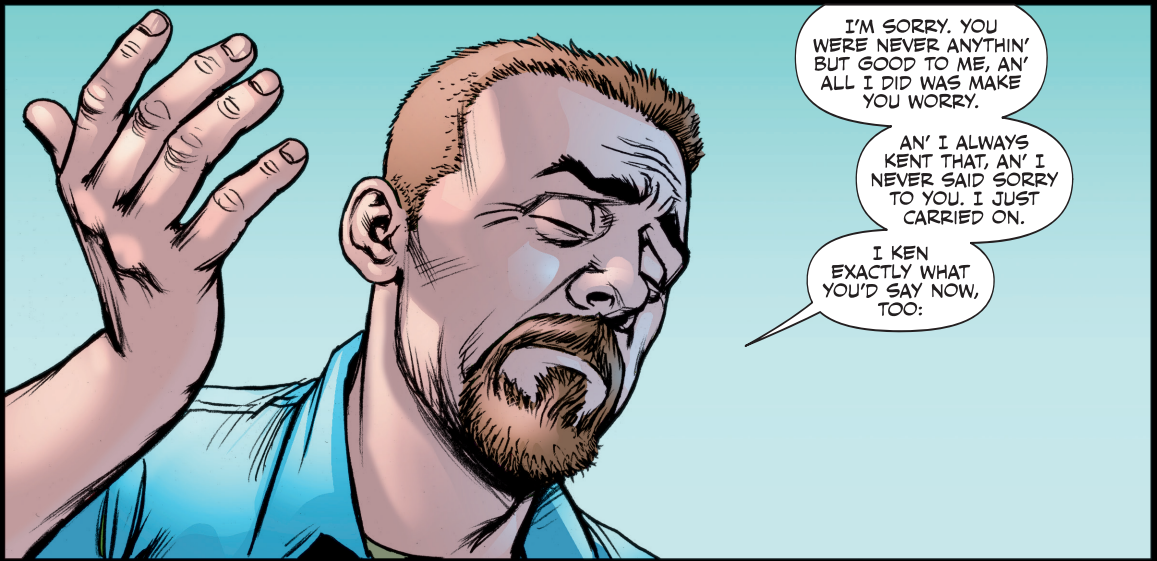
WE'LL...



OH, MAW,
PAW, I'M
SORRY.

I'M NO'
DOIN' OKAY
AT ALL.

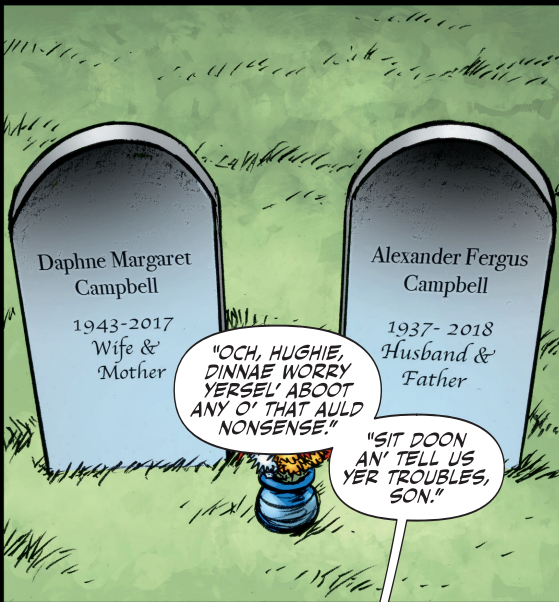




I'M SORRY. YOU WERE NEVER ANYTHIN' BUT GOOD TO ME, AN' ALL I DID WAS MAKE YOU WORRY.

AN' I ALWAYS KENT THAT, AN' I NEVER SAID SORRY TO YOU. I JUST CARRIED ON.

I KEN EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D SAY NOW, TOO:

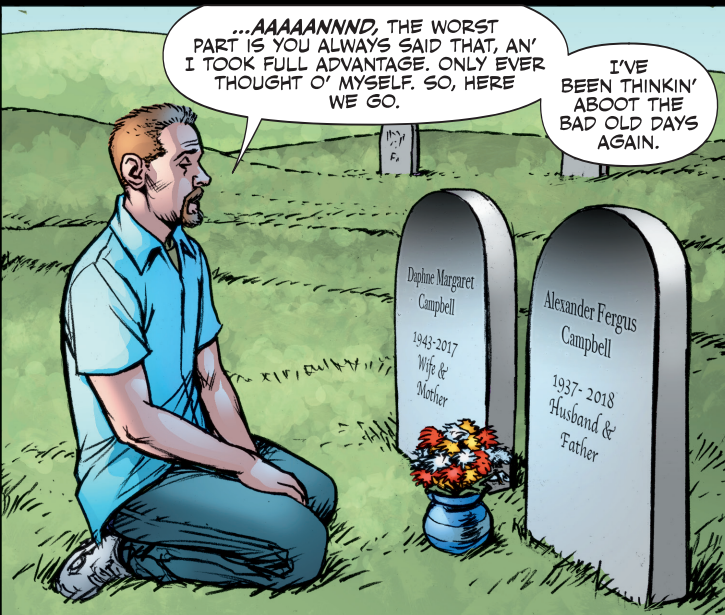


"OCH, HUGHIE, DINNAE WORRY YERSEL' ABOUT ANY O' THAT AULD NONSENSE."

"SIT DOON AN' TELL US YER TROUBLES, SON."



"SURE AREN'T YE OOR WEE BOY?"



...AAAAANND, THE WORST PART IS YOU ALWAYS SAID THAT, AN' I TOOK FULL ADVANTAGE. ONLY EVER THOUGHT O' MYSELF. SO, HERE WE GO.

I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT THE BAD OLD DAYS AGAIN.

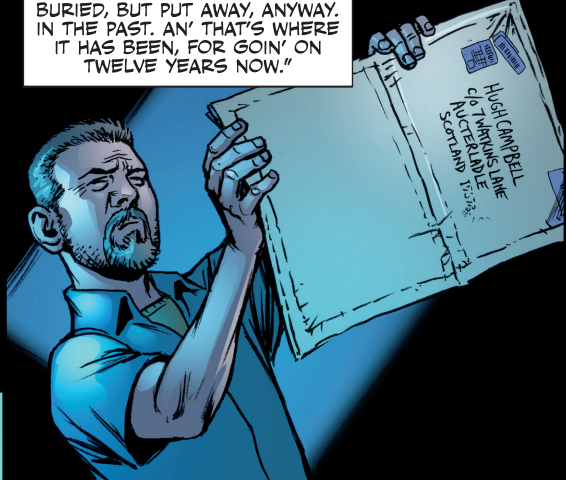


"THE TIMES I COULD NEVER, EVER TELL YOU ABOUT.

"I WON'T SAY WHY--"

"BECAUSE IF I'M HONEST I DON'T KNOW, I MEAN I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO GUESS WHERE THIS HAS COME FROM.

"IT'S STUFF I THOUGHT WAS--NO' EXACTLY DEAD AN' BURIED, BUT PUT AWAY, ANYWAY, IN THE PAST. AN' THAT'S WHERE IT HAS BEEN, FOR GOIN' ON TWELVE YEARS NOW."

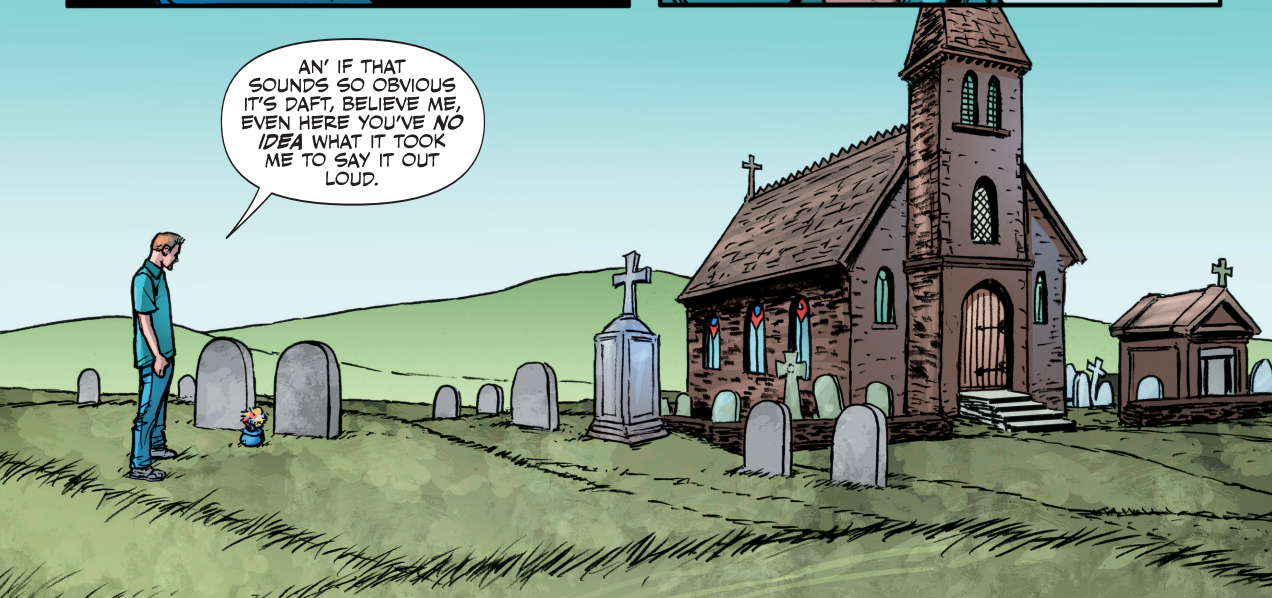


BUT... WHAT IT'S DONE...

IT'S BROUGHT UP SOMETHIN' I ALWAYS SORTA SUSPECTED ANYWAY, WHICH IS THE WHOLE THING LEFT ME MORE OF A MESS THAN I THOUGHT.



AN' IF THAT SOUNDS SO OBVIOUS IT'S DAFT, BELIEVE ME, EVEN HERE YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT IT TOOK ME TO SAY IT OUT LOUD.



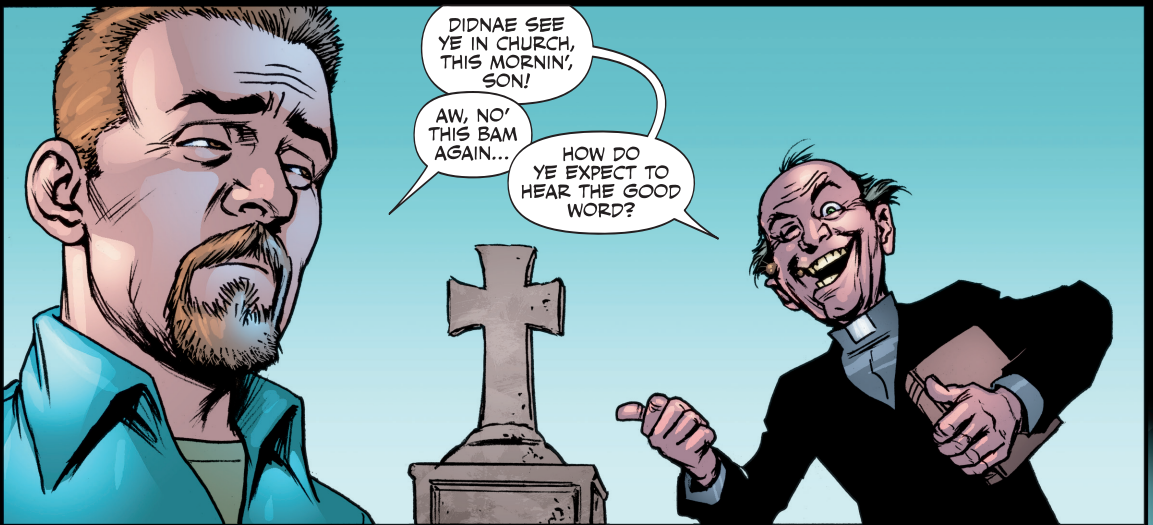
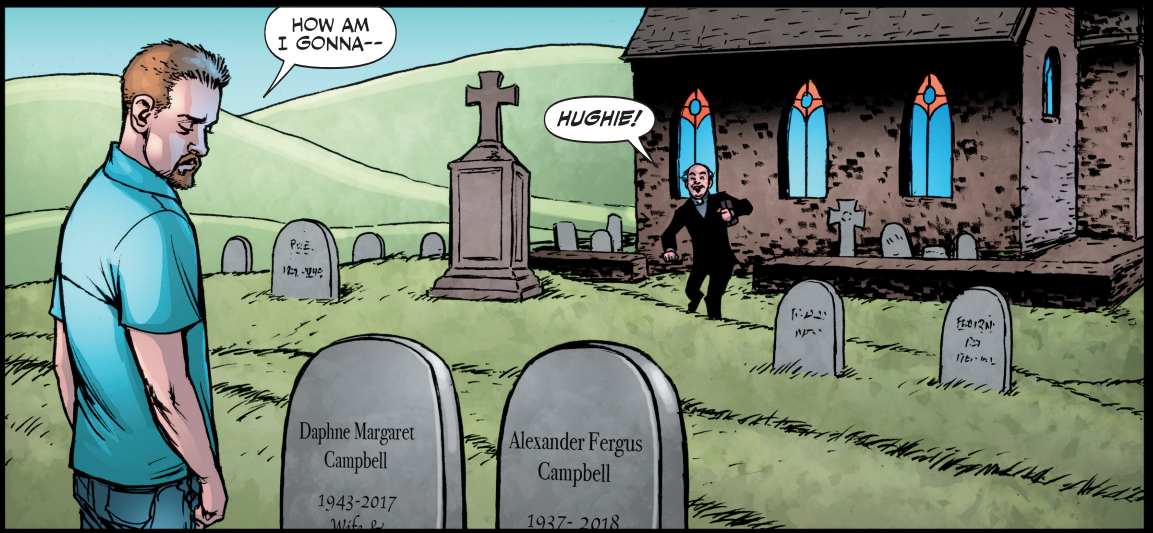
THE THING IS, EVERYTHING ELSE IS GREAT. WI' ME, ANYWAY, IF NO' THE REST O' THE WORLD. ANNIE'S JUST PURE DEAD BRILLIANT.

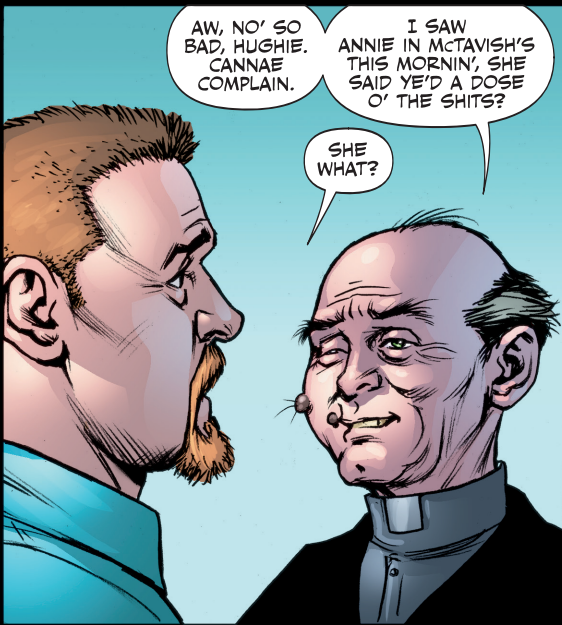
I KEEP FINDIN' EXCUSES NOT TO MARRY HER, AYE--BETWEEN YOU AN' ME--BUT SHE'S NO' PUSHY ABOUT IT. I THINK SHE MAYBE JUST LIKES COASTIN' ALONG THE SAME WAY I DO.

I MEAN IT'S ENOUGH THAT WE'RE TOGETHER, THAT'S NO' GONNA CHANGE--

AW, EXCEPT WE'RE NO' SUPPOSED TO HAVE ANY SECRETS...!







AW, NO' SO BAD, HUGHIE. CANNAE COMPLAIN.

I SAW ANNIE IN MCTAVISH'S THIS MORNIN', SHE SAID YE'D A DOSE O' THE SHITS?

SHE WHAT?



WELL, SHE SAID YE'D BEEN HAVIN' SOME STOMACH PROBLEMS-- BUT THAT'S YANKESE FOR THE SHITS, ISN'T IT?

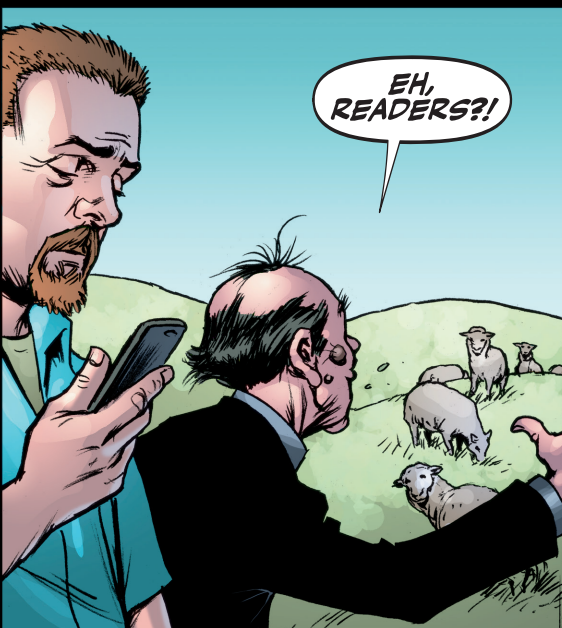
AW CHRIST, AYE, I TOLD HER I'D...

BOLLOCKS.



*THINKS!
FEIGNED ENGAGEMENT
ON SPURIOUS MATTERS!
FACILE SMALL
TALK!*

*HOW CAN THIS
HEATHEN WRETCH
RESIST THE PULL O'
MY PRESBYTERIAN
PITCH--*



EH, READERS?!



ANYWAY, I WAS--

*A FEAST O'
FUN EVERY WEEK,
HUGHIE! CRAZY
CAPERS WITH AW'
YER BIBLICAL
BUDDIES!*

AYE-- I WAS JUST HOPIN' TO GET A WEE--



THE BABY FACE PHARISEES! JUDAS THE DODGER! BARTHOLOMEW PLUM, YER SKINNED-ALIVE CHUM!

REVEREND DANDY...!



I REALLY JUST WANT A MOMENT TO MYSELF.

IF YOU KEN WHAT I MEAN.



...AYE, HUGHIE, O' COURSE, YOU TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED, SON.

THANKS, REVEREND.

I'LL SEE YE LATER, AYE? TAKE CARE O' YERSEL'.



'CAUSE GOOD FOLK ARE SCARCE.

YER PAW USED TO SAY THAT AW' THE TIME.



...JESUS.

THEY'RE CALLED WHAT?



LIKE IT SAYS.

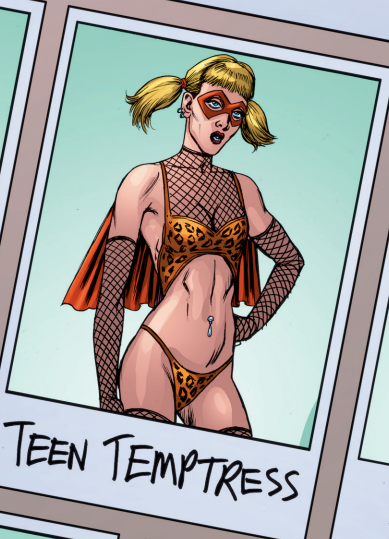
BLOODY HELL...

MON COLONEL?

THE SKORCHERS



SEX VICAR



TEEN TEMPTRESS



PONCING POOF



BLACK THVGG



Lenny...

EST-CE UNE SORTE OF JOKE?



NOT AT ALL. AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY'RE THE REASON YOU TWO WIRED THAT SUITE AT THE RITZ-CARLTON FOR SOUND LAST WEEK.

OUI...?

WE GOT WIND THEY'D BE STAYING THERE AFTER THEY FORMED UP.



BUT THESE NAMES, COLONEL MALLORY...THEY ARE...MOST UNUSUAL...

THAT THEY ARE.

SEX VICAR, WHOEVER HEARD OF SUCH A SUPE? EVEN THE SO-CALLED VILLAINS ARE MORE-- MORE--

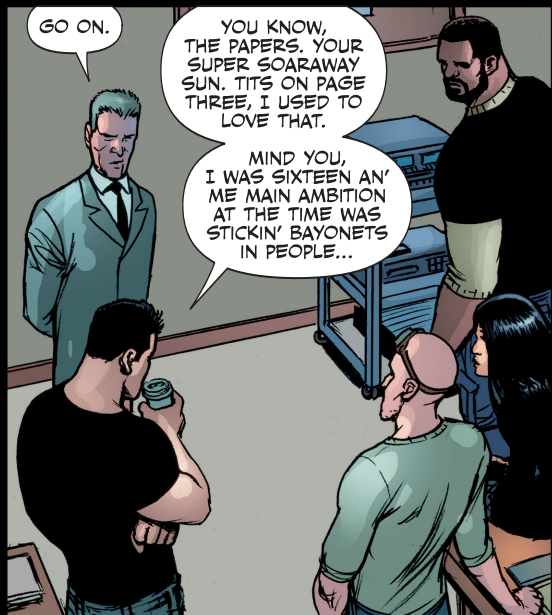
WHOLE-- SOME?



OUI, EXACTEMENT. SO WHERE DO SUCH--

THEY'RE ALL OUTTA THE FUCKIN' TABLOIDS.

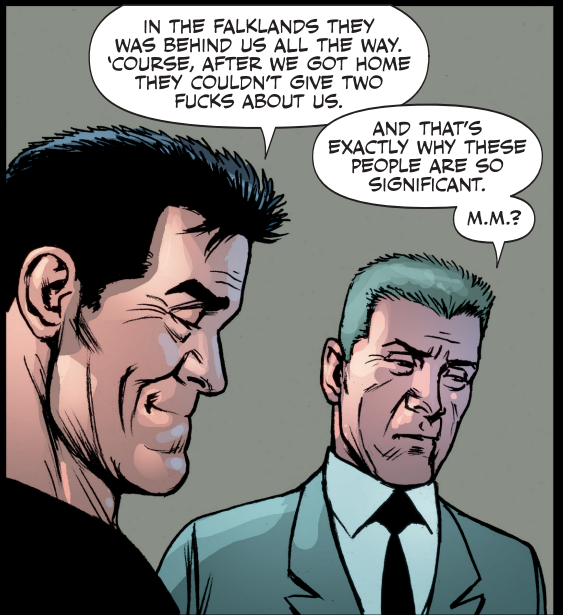
THE BRIT ONES.



GO ON.

YOU KNOW, THE PAPERS. YOUR SUPER SOARAWAY SUN. TITS ON PAGE THREE, I USED TO LOVE THAT.

MIND YOU, I WAS SIXTEEN AN' ME MAIN AMBITION AT THE TIME WAS STICKIN' BAYONETS IN PEOPLE...



IN THE FALKLANDS THEY WAS BEHIND US ALL THE WAY. 'COURSE, AFTER WE GOT HOME THEY COULDN'T GIVE TWO FUCKS ABOUT US.

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHY THESE PEOPLE ARE SO SIGNIFICANT.

M.M.?

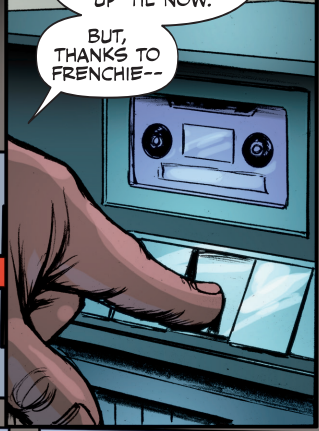
SKORCHERS ARE THE FIRST SUPE TEAM PROPOSED, FUNDED AN' LAUNCHED BY VOUGHT'S MEDIACORP DIVISION.

NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE. EVERYTHING CAME FROM SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

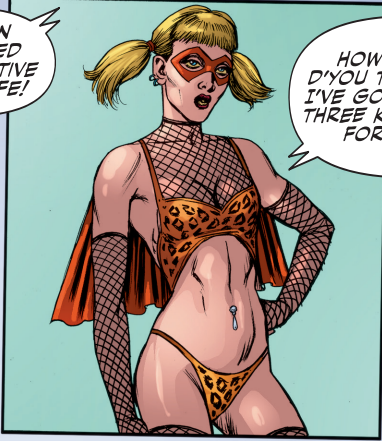
WHICH IS A PROBLEM, 'CAUSE THAT'S WHERE ALL OUR SOURCES BEEN UP 'TIL NOW.

BUT, THANKS TO FRENCHIE--

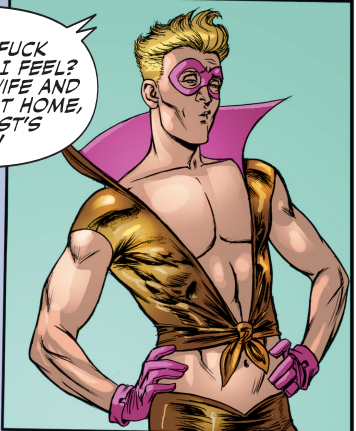
THE SKORCHERS



...I MEAN I'VE VOTED CONSERVATIVE ALL MY LIFE!



WELL HOW THE FUCK D'YOU THINK I FEEL? I'VE GOT A WIFE AND THREE KIDS AT HOME, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!



SEX VICAR

TEEN TEMPTRESS

PONCING POOF

LOOK, THE NINETIES ARE ALMOST OVER, WE'RE AT THE DAWN OF A COMPLETELY NEW MILLENNIUM--AND THAT'S GOING TO MEAN EXPERIMENTING WITH NEW--

WHAT'S THIS BLACK THUG SHIT SUPPOSED TO BE?



WELL--THERE ARE TWO GEEES, AREN'T THERE? IT'S A SORT OF KNOWING WINK TO YOUR DEMOGRAPHIC...

HOW SO?



WELL, YOU PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT GEEES--I'M A GEE, HE'S A GEE...YO...

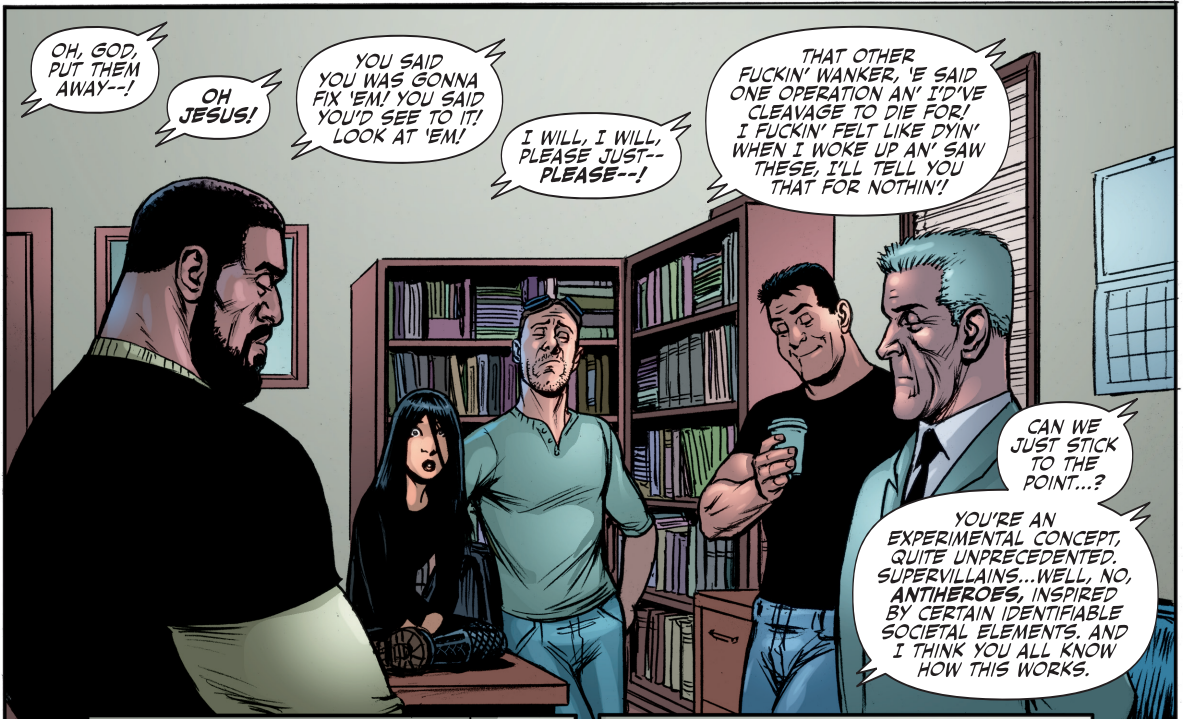
AH, YOU WANT TO RUN THAT SHIT BY ME AGAIN?

NOW CALM DOWN--

BLACK THUGG

LOONY LEFTIE

'ERE! OO'S GONNA DO SUMMINK ABOUT MY TITS?



OH, GOD, PUT THEM AWAY--!

OH JESUS!

YOU SAID YOU WAS GONNA FIX 'EM! YOU SAID YOU'D SEE TO IT! LOOK AT 'EM!

I WILL, I WILL, PLEASE JUST-- PLEASE--!

THAT OTHER FUCKIN' WANKER, 'E SAID ONE OPERATION AN' I'D'VE CLEAVAGE TO DIE FOR! I FUCKIN' FELT LIKE DYIN' WHEN I WOKE UP AN' SAW THESE, I'LL TELL YOU THAT FOR NOTHIN'!

CAN WE JUST STICK TO THE POINT...?

YOU'RE AN EXPERIMENTAL CONCEPT, QUITE UNPRECEDENTED. SUPERVILLAINS...WELL, NO, ANTIHEROES, INSPIRED BY CERTAIN IDENTIFIABLE SOCIETAL ELEMENTS. AND I THINK YOU ALL KNOW HOW THIS WORKS.



YOU'LL BE INTRODUCED INTO THE MAINSTREAM, YOU'LL BE BORN OF SOME CROSSOVER EVENT OR OTHER. YOU'LL BE AMBIGUOUS, EDGY, THE KIND OF CHARACTERS PEOPLE CAN'T MAKE UP THEIR MINDS ABOUT.



SOON THERE'LL BE ANOTHER EVENT. AND YOU'LL SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS. YOU'LL BE ACCEPTED BY THE OTHERS.

YOU'LL COME BACK AS HEROES, PROCEED AS SUCH FROM THAT DAY FORTH. SUBTLE CHANGES IN COSTUME, OUTLOOK, NAMES... ORIENTATION...

OH, THANK FUCKING CHRIST--!



YOU MIGHT HAVE THE OCCASIONAL RELAPSE, BUT ONLY THE NEWSWORTHY KIND. AND YOU'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE GOOD INSIDE YOURSELVES, EVENTUALLY.

AND--LET ME JUST LEAVE THIS HERE FOR YOU TO CHEW ON--ONCE YOU'RE ESTABLISHED, YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU'LL END UP.

THE MAVERIKZ, OR PAYBACK... OR...

THE SEV-ENN...



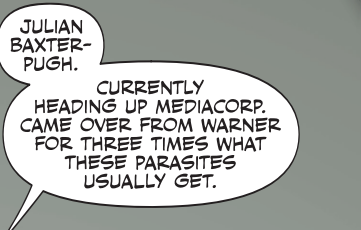
YOU CAN PROBABLY GUESS THEIR ANSWER.

RIGHT, WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE WE AIN'T BEEN HERE BEFORE, IS IT?



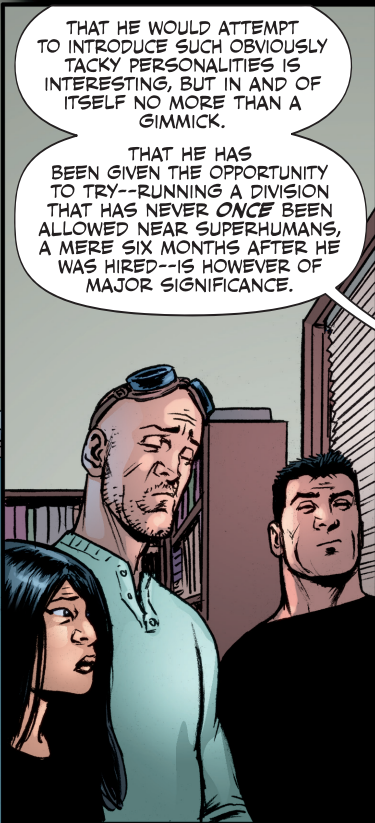
I MEAN WHAT MAKES THIS MOB SO DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHER MUPPETS WE RUN ACROSS UP TO NOW...?

THE OTHER VOICE ON THE TAPE.



JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH.

CURRENTLY HEADING UP MEDIACORP. CAME OVER FROM WARNER FOR THREE TIMES WHAT THESE PARASITES USUALLY GET.



THAT HE WOULD ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE SUCH OBVIOUSLY TACKY PERSONALITIES IS INTERESTING, BUT IN AND OF ITSELF NO MORE THAN A GIMMICK.

THAT HE HAS BEEN GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO TRY--RUNNING A DIVISION THAT HAS NEVER ONCE BEEN ALLOWED NEAR SUPERHUMANS, A MERE SIX MONTHS AFTER HE WAS HIRED--IS HOWEVER OF MAJOR SIGNIFICANCE.

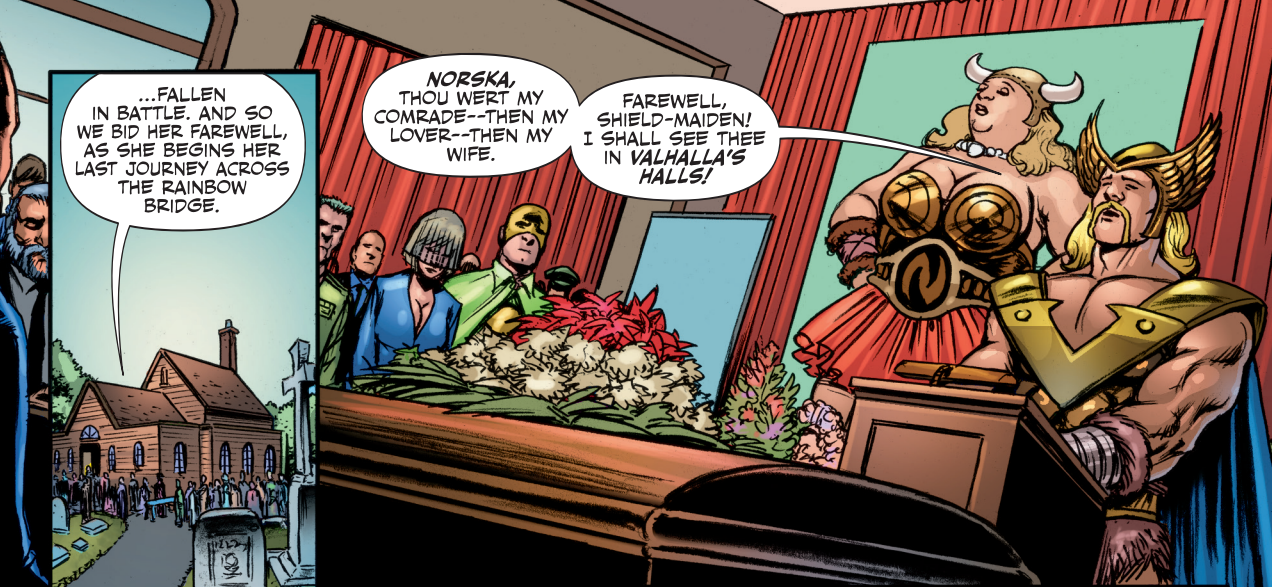


HAVING STUDIED THE FULL TRANSCRIPTS OF THE TAPES TO DATE, AND HAVING CONSIDERED OTHER DATA, I BELIEVE--AND M.M. AGREES WITH ME--THAT WE'RE SEEING EVIDENCE OF A POSSIBLY CATASTROPHIC RIFT INSIDE THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN CORPORATION.

THEREFORE WE WOULD BE FOOLS NOT TO EXPLOIT IT.



QUESTIONS?



...FALLEN IN BATTLE. AND SO WE BID HER FAREWELL, AS SHE BEGINS HER LAST JOURNEY ACROSS THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

NORSKA, THOU WERT MY COMRADE--THEN MY LOVER--THEN MY WIFE.

FAREWELL, SHIELD-MAIDEN! I SHALL SEE THEE IN VALHALLA'S HALLS!



SORRY

SO SORRY

A TRAGEDY, REALLY

MIGHTY WARRIOR



SO I BETTER GET GOING, THAT LOT OUTSIDE PROBABLY WANT US TO SIGN THE FUCKING ORDER OF SERVICE...

I SAY THEE NAY, LAMPLIGHTER. FOR VIKOR WILL ALWAYS FIND TIME FOR THE FANS.





OOORRRRGHH, DECLARE IT! SAY IT IS LIKE A MIGHTY HAMMER!

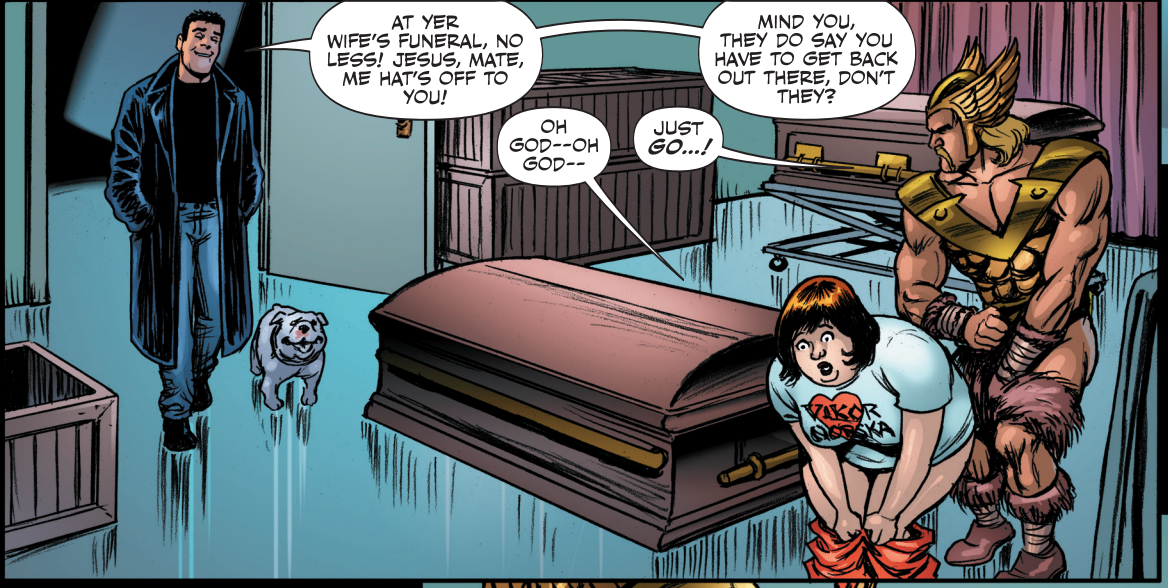
OH YES, VIKOR! YES! YES!

FUCKIN' HELL, BIG LAD...!

WH--

SHIT!

PRIV



AT YER WIFE'S FUNERAL, NO LESS! JESUS, MATE, ME HAT'S OFF TO YOU!

MIND YOU, THEY DO SAY YOU HAVE TO GET BACK OUT THERE, DON'T THEY?

OH GOD--OH GOD--

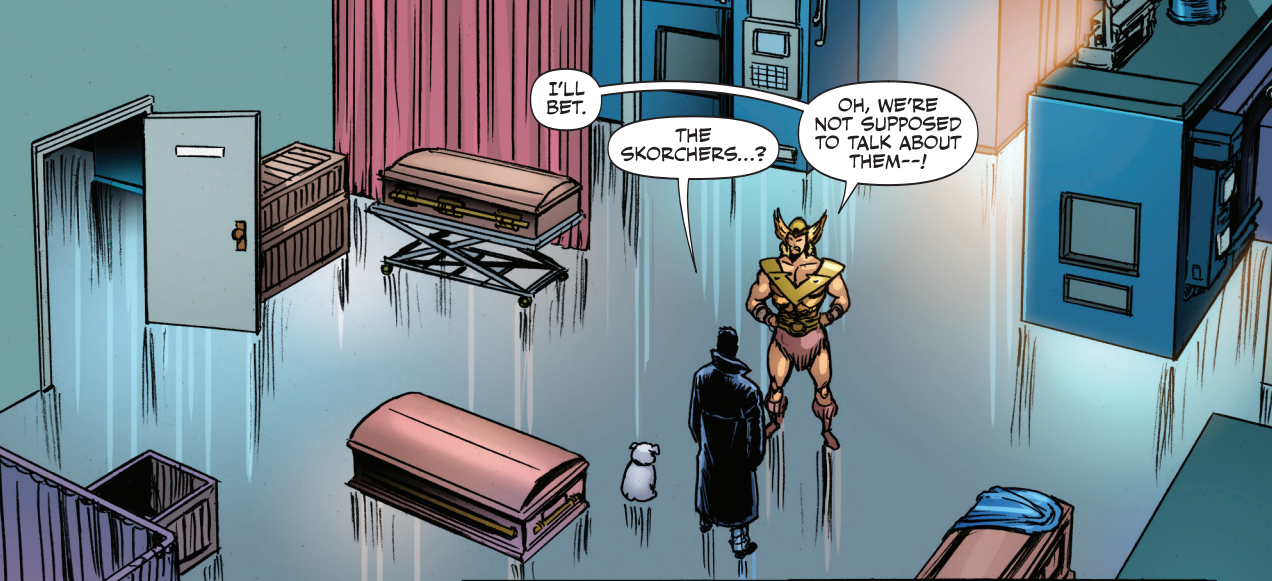
JUST GO...!



OHOO, TALK ABOUT WAVIN' A SAUSAGE IN THE ALBERT HALL...

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT--?

CHAT.



I'LL BET.

THE SKORCHERS...?

OH, WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK ABOUT THEM--!



WELL, I'M THE BLOKE YOU TALK TO, ABOUT THINGS YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK ABOUT.

NO, REALLY, WE'VE ALL BEEN TOLD TO BACK WAY OFF. NO CONTACT. BE POLITE IF WE SEE THEM, BUT *DO NOT ENGAGE...*

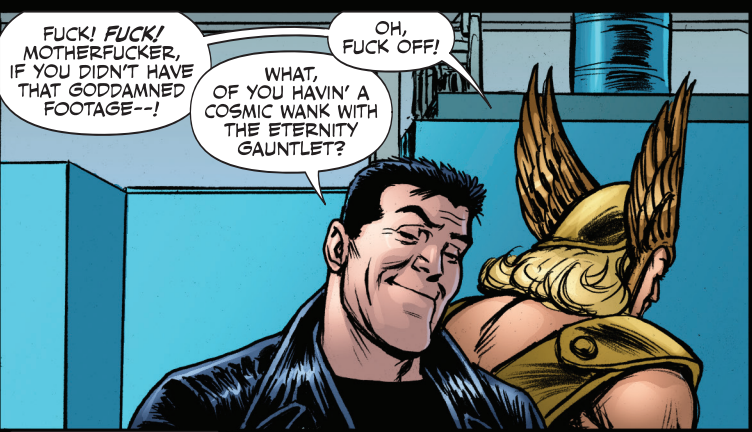


YOU BETTER FIND OUT WHY, THEN.

HEY, THIS CAME STRAIGHT FROM VOUGHT, I MEAN--

AN' THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT IS BY ENGAGIN'.

THIS IS FUCKING BULLSHIT...!



FUCK! *FUCK!* MOTHERFUCKER, IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THAT GODDAMNED FOOTAGE--!

OH, FUCK OFF!

WHAT, OF YOU HAVIN' A COSMIC WANK WITH THE ETERNITY GAUNTLET?



IT WAS ONCE! *ONCE!* I GOT CURIOUS! IT WAS JUST A STUPID FUCKING THING, I MEAN WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO SUFFER FOR THAT?

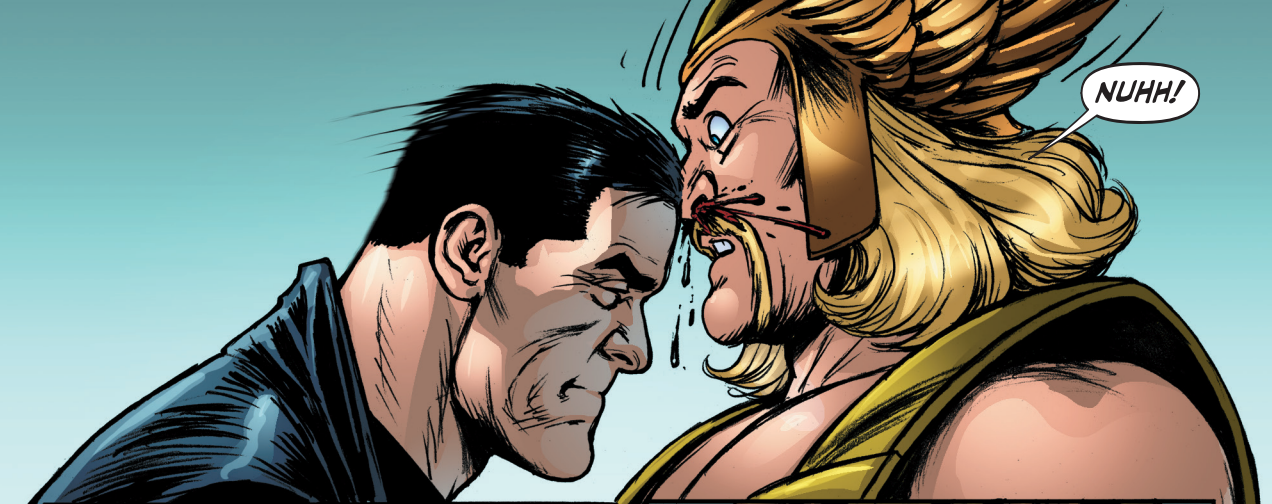
I'M VIKOR, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO GET *BLACKMAILED...!*

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

WHAT?

IF I DIDN'T HAVE THE FOOTAGE.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?



NUHH!



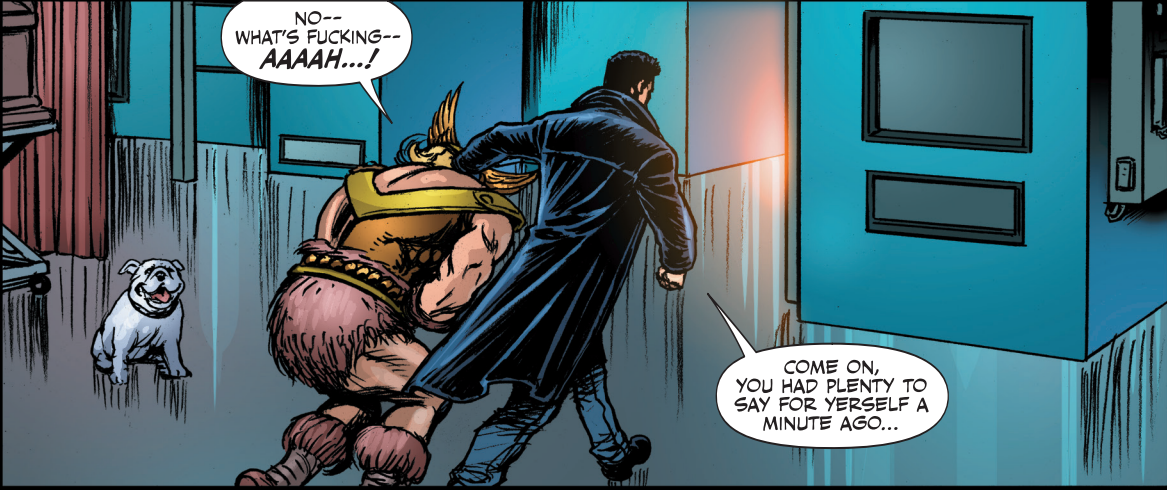
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT FOR--?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?



AWWH--!

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, WANKER?



NO-- WHAT'S FUCKING-- AAAAH...!

COME ON, YOU HAD PLENTY TO SAY FOR YERSELF A MINUTE AGO...



WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU--



FUCK FUCK NO NO NO



HNK--!

HNNNNNNHHHHHH

DO NOT OPEN
WHEN UNIT IN USE



YOU HEAR ME ALL RIGHT?

GOOD MAN!

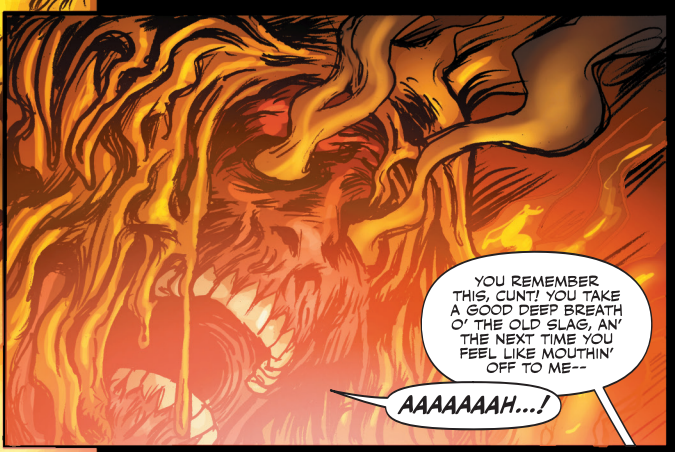
AAAAAAAHHH!



THAT'S YOUR WIFE IN THERE WITH YOU, SON! YOU SMELL HER BIG FAT ARSE BURNIN'?

AAAAAH--!

FALLEN IN BATTLE, I HEARD SHE FELL DOWN THE STAIRS BLIND DRUNK AN' BROKE HER NECK! I BET SHE SMELLS LIKE A FIRE IN A FUCKIN' DISTILLERY!



YOU REMEMBER THIS, CUNT! YOU TAKE A GOOD DEEP BREATH OF THE OLD SLAG, AN' THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL LIKE MOUTHIN' OFF TO ME--

AAAAAAH...!



YOU FUCKIN' REMEMBER...!



UUUUHHHHHHH...

COME ON, IT AIN'T THAT BAD.



YOU'LL HEAL. WITH YER MAGIC POTION OR WHATEVER.

UH...?

AN' WHEN YOU DO YOU CAN GET STARTED ON THAT LITTLE ERRAND, CAN'T YOU?

EVERYTHING YOU CAN FIND OUT ABOUT SPASTICS ANONYMOUS. SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MENTION JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH.

SUPE DEVELOPMENT VERSUS MEDIACORP, TRY THAT FOR AN ANGLE TOO.



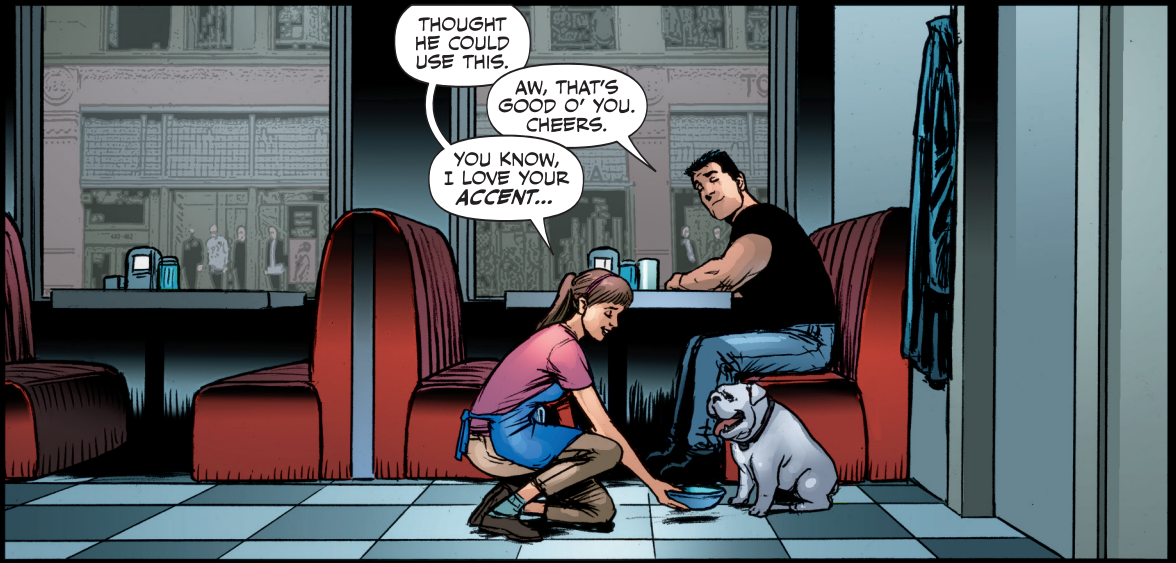
AN' QUIETLY DOES IT, YEAH? WON'T DO NEITHER OF US NO GOOD IF--AW, LEAVE IT, TERROR...!

YOU DON'T WANT NONE O' THAT, SON. FUCKIN' HORRIBLE, THAT IS.



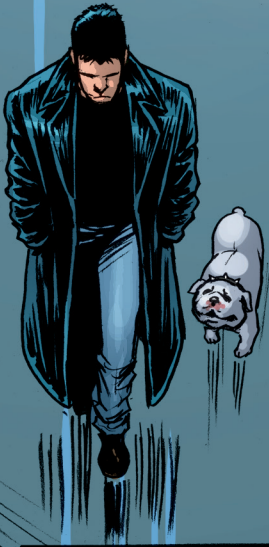
RIGHT, COME ON, THEN.

OFF WE GO.



I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO NONE OF THAT TO HIM. A SMACK ROUND THE HEAD WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH.

EVEN WRITING THAT I CAN SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE. THAT'S THE OLD ME, THE BLOKE YOU THOUGHT YOU GOT RID OF.



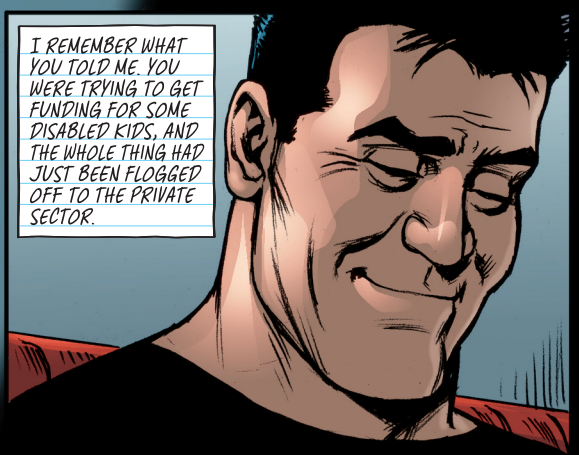
I DONE IT BECAUSE I WANTED TO. BECAUSE I'M IN SUCH A STINKING MOOD.

MALLORY AND HIS NEW TEAM AND HIS BLOODY TROUBLE AT YOUGH--IT STILL FEELS LIKE ALL WE'RE DOING'S PECKING AT THEM.

HALF THE TIME HE LETS SUPES OFF WITH JUST A SLAP AND A WARNING.



I REMEMBER WHAT YOU TOLD ME. YOU WERE TRYING TO GET FUNDING FOR SOME DISABLED KIDS, AND THE WHOLE THING HAD JUST BEEN FLOGGED OFF TO THE PRIVATE SECTOR.



YOU SAID--BILLY, GOVERNMENT IS A PAIN IN THE ARSE, BUT AT LEAST THERE'S A FEW PEOPLE IN IT CARE. AND IF YOU CAN REACH THEM YOU'RE SORTED.

BUT YOU SAID A CORPORATION'S NOTHING LIKE THAT. BECAUSE IT DOESN'T HAVE ANYONE TO ANSWER TO. AND IT JUST GOES ON FOREVER, IT GETS BIGGER AND BIGGER AND MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GET ANYTHING FROM IT.



A RIFT, MALLORY SAYS. THE BASTARDS ARE IMMUNE TO RIFTS.



THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, IF WE'RE REALLY TRYING TO HURT THE SUPES WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY ABOUT IT.



HOW YOU DOING IN THERE?



OH, I'M... I'M ALL RIGHT, AYE...

IS THAT STUFF I GOT YOU HELPING?

UH, WEE BIT SOON TO KEN FOR SURE.



I JUST SAW MISTER MCGONAGLE GO PAST IN HIS BUS. LOOKED LIKE HE'D BEEN SMOKING CRACK AGAIN.

AYE, WELL, HE DOES LIKE HIS CRACK...

D'YOU EVER THINK ABOUT WHAT THAT WOULD BE LIKE?

SMOKIN' CRACK? ANNIE--

NO, DUMMY, BEING ADDICTED.



HAVING SOMETHING YOU COULDN'T STOP DOING, NO MATTER HOW BAD YOU KNEW IT WAS FOR YOU.

OR EVEN GOING BACK TO IT YEARS LATER. WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS OUT OF YOUR LIFE.



...NO, NO, I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT THAT.

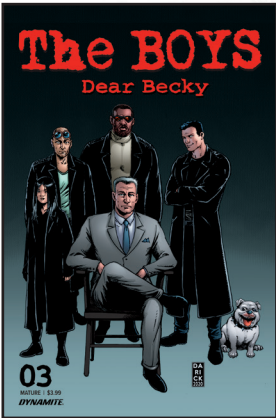
BIT OF A GRIM ONE THERE, HEN.

HUH. YEAH.

I'M GONNA READ MY BOOK. FEEL BETTER.



TO BE CONTINUED



NEXT ISSUE

Hughie fills Annie in on some of the CIA's anti-supe tactics in the years since the Boys were last around, but she has some pressing questions of her own. As Butcher finds himself in a sticky spot with the Children of Stormfront, he realizes Becky's influence is a good deal harder to escape than he'd thought.

WRITER JOHN LAYMAN LAYS IT DOWN

ON WHY RED SONJA IS UP AGAINST HER GREATEST CHALLENGE YET!

John, these pesky Martians have attacked all kinds of folks. From their peers who prefer to call the planet Barsoom, to KISS, finheads, lawgivers and the innocent minds of children lucky enough to come across the original cards. How does the She-Devil With a Sword measure up against the big brainies and is there a challenge in bringing them to the Hyborian Age?

One-on-one, Sonja definitely has the upper hand. But there is strength in numbers, not to mention large numbers of a technologically advanced alien society. It's not just laser swords and disintegration crossbows Sonja has to worry about, but the Martian mastermind behind this entire invasion. He's a scientific genius when it comes to weird, sci-fi experimentation, so Red Sonja will have to contend with that. She's got a tough road ahead of her.

Will fans get to see some of those infamously large noggins sliced through? We assume there is going to be a whole ton of action in this series. What's it like working with artist Fran Strukan to bring that to the page?

Fran has been great. I'm asking him to draw a lot of nutty stuff, and he is totally up to the challenge. Doesn't matter if it's barbarians with battle-axes or giant robots with laser beam eyes or genetically-engineered bugs... he nails it every time. And yes, there is plenty of Mars Attacks ultra-violence... it would not be Mars Attacks if there wasn't. Fran kicks ass on that too. As does our colorist, Valentina Briški.

Some cool kids may know this is actually a glorious return to the franchise for you, as you wrote a fan-favorite stretch of Mars Attacks previously. Has it been fun getting back into their twisted minds? Should we be on the lookout for any connections or Easter eggs?

In my mind it's all a connected universe, though of course by no means will you have had to read the older stuff, my magnificent 15 issues run on Mars Attacks. But, yes, there is a bit of connective tissue between books, and also with Red Sonja, whom I wrote a long, loooong time ago – one of my very first freelance gigs.

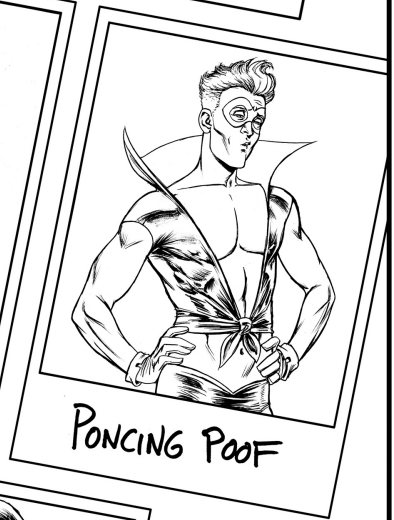
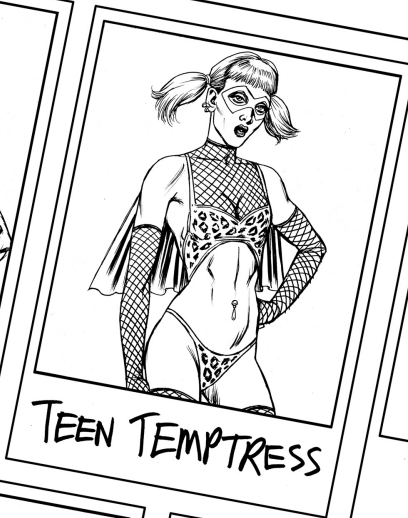
You've had your fair share of fun in the Dynamite stable and the sword & sorcery genre, going back to Red Sonja/Claw and your acclaimed run on Xena. What makes this genre such fun to tackle in comic books? And let's close out with your broad thoughts on Red Sonja herself!

Swords & Sorcery Barbarian stuff is something I haven't written nearly enough of, and I always enjoy it when I do. I purposely pursued this gig with Dynamite, sometimes I think they finally approved it because it was clear I wasn't going away. I love both Mars Attacks and Red Sonja and have had loads of fun writing them both. What could be more fun? Writing them together!

DYNAMITE DIGITAL EXCLUSIVE CONTENT



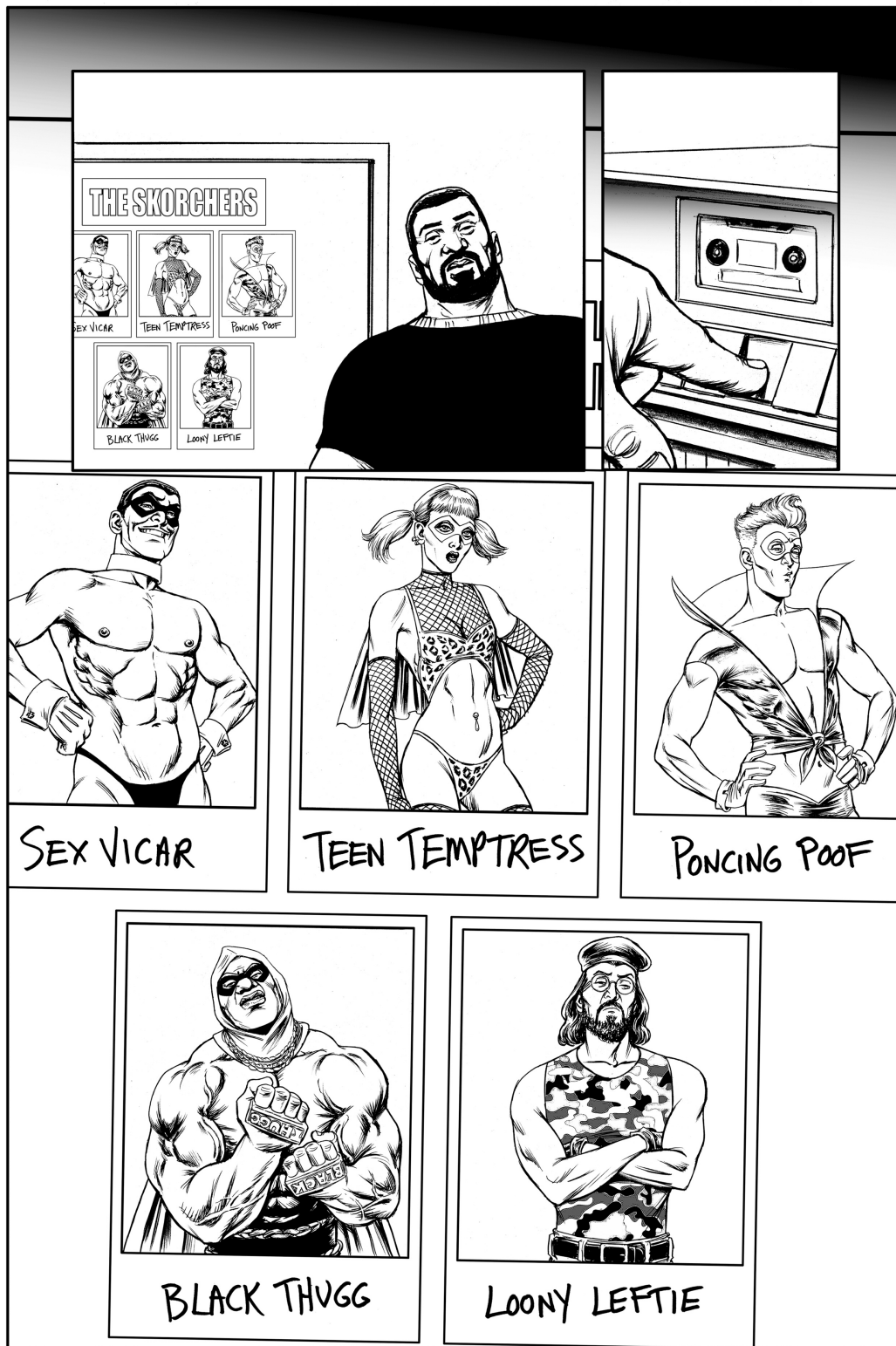
THE SKORCHERS



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