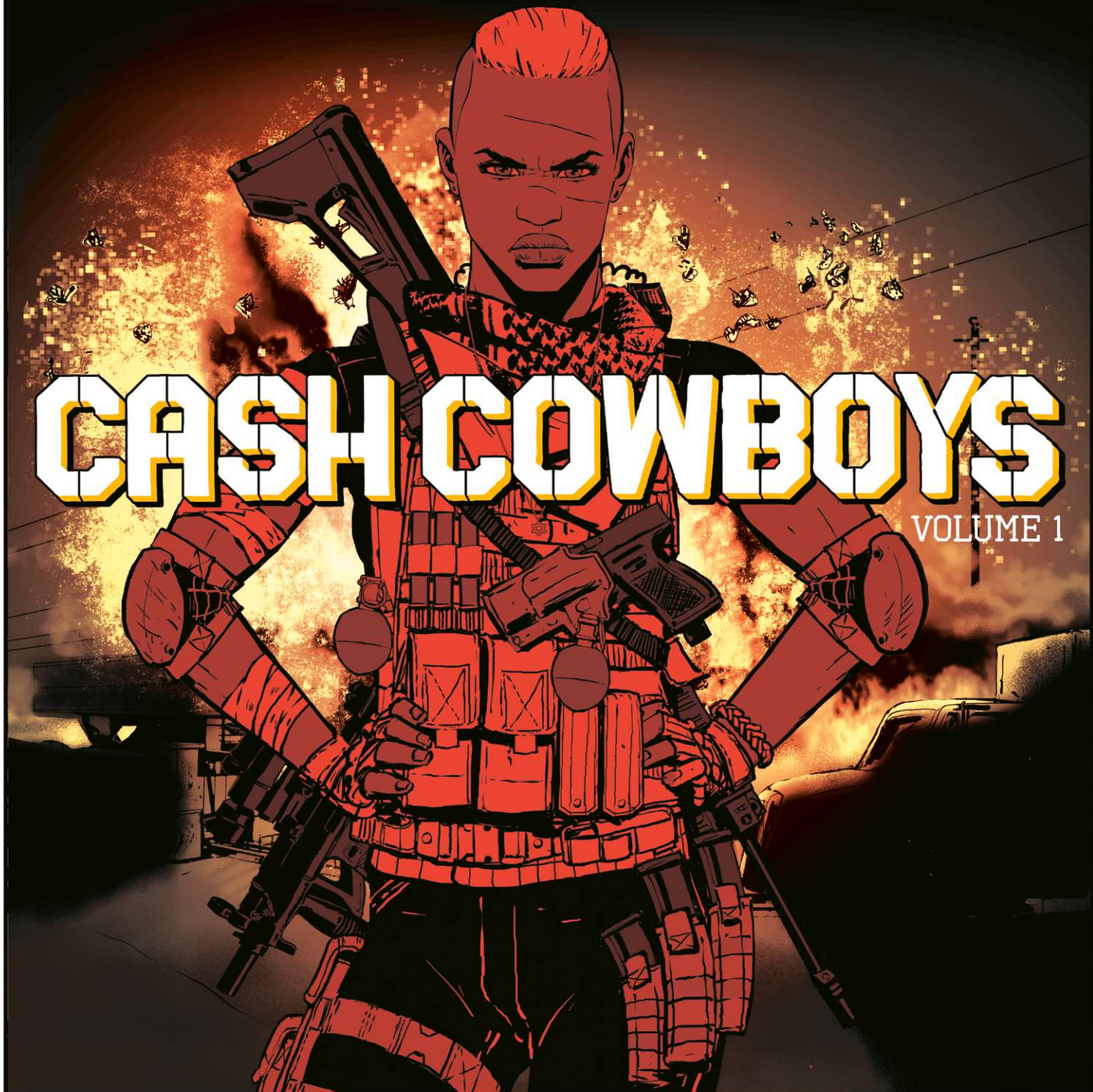


AMAZING
AMEZIANE







CASH COWBOYS

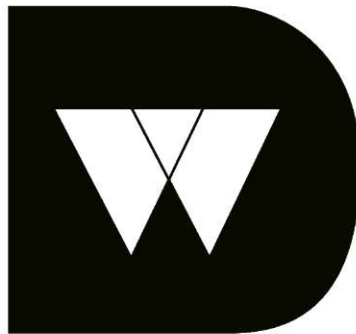
VOLUME 1



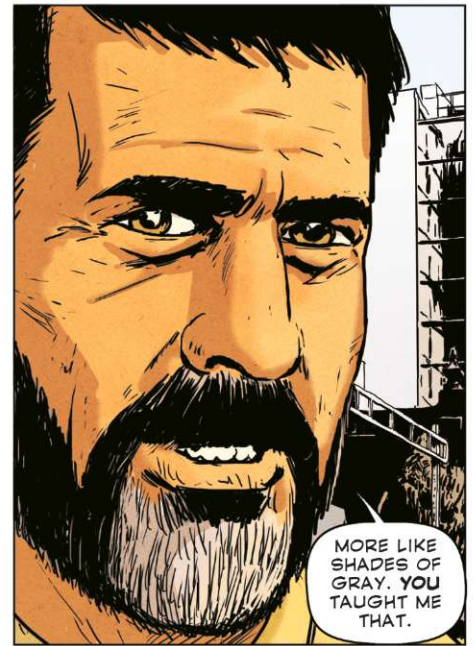
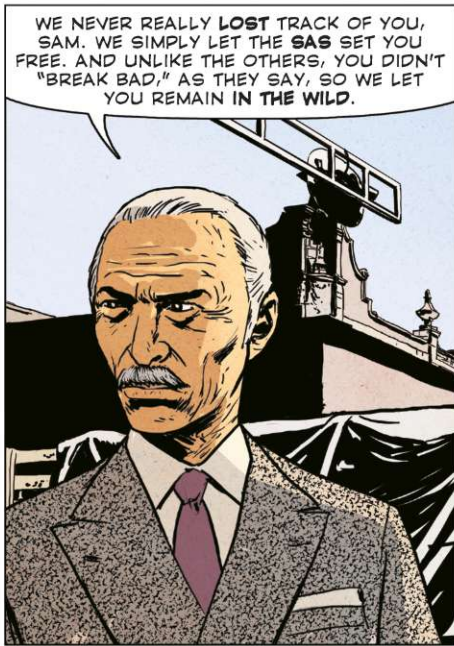
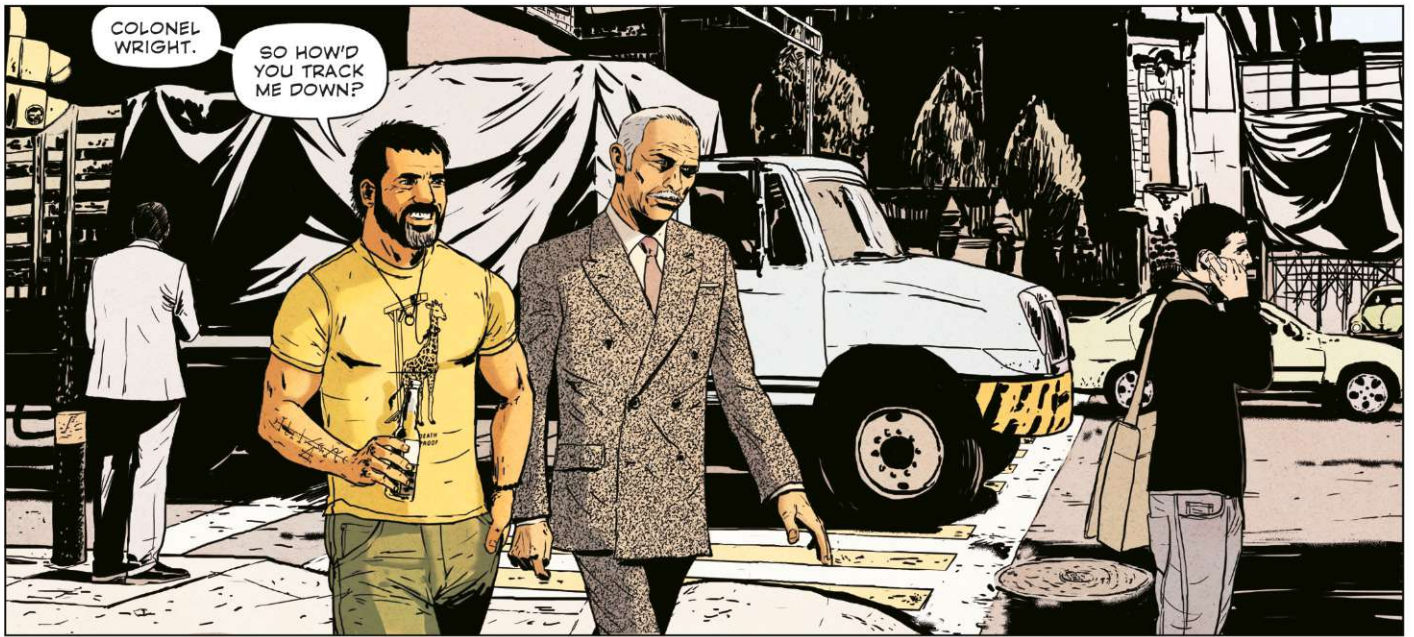
AMAZING AMEZIANE

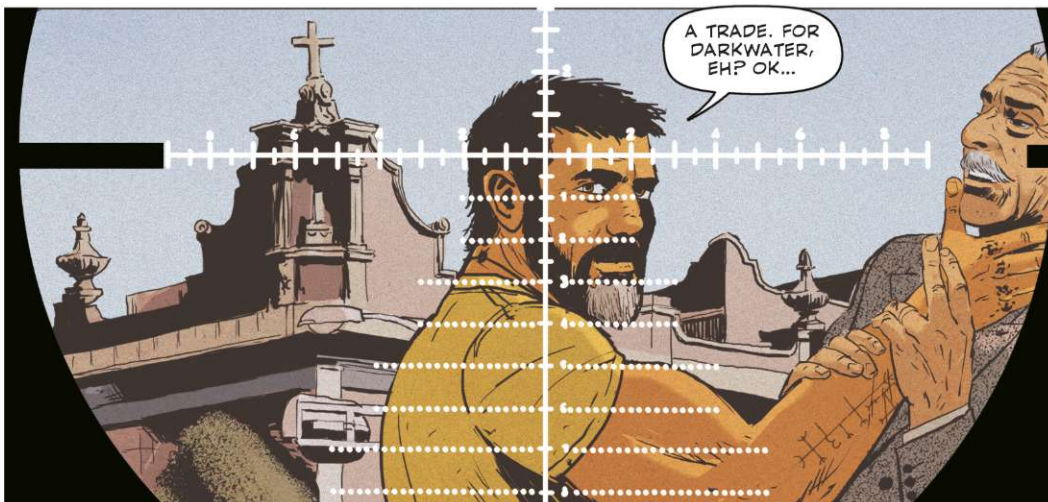
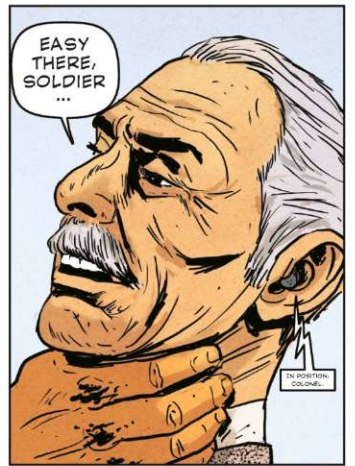
STORY, ART, COLORS & DESIGN





Secrets are a weapon older than swords.





WE'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WHERE YOU WERE, AND WE KNOW WHERE SHE IS. OR, MORE PRECISELY, WHERE SHE'LL BE IN A YEAR.

DARKWATER IS JASON KING'S OWN PRIVATE ARMY: 300,000 CASH COWBOYS, ALL EX-SPECIAL FORCES: DELTA FORCE, MOSSAD, KAIBILES, EVEN SAS.

1



PAWN
AND
KING



"When the game is over, pawn and king go back into the same box."

Italian proverb

WASHINGTON, D.C.
NINE MONTHS LATER.

**ALERT!
ALERT!**
THIS IS NOT A
DRILL!

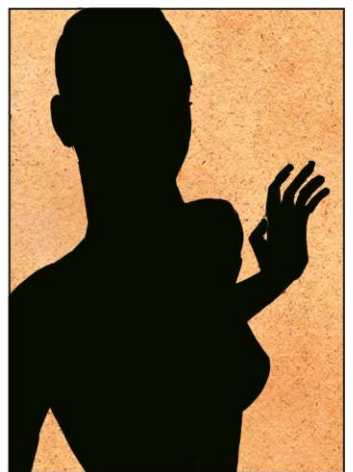
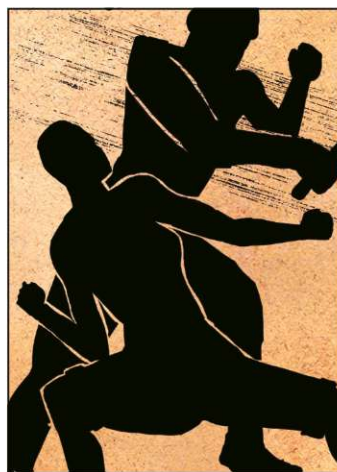
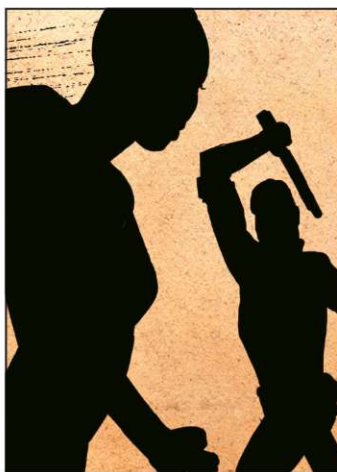
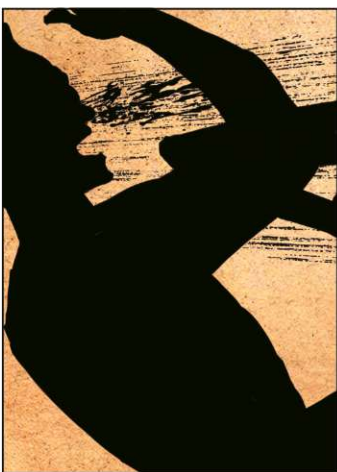
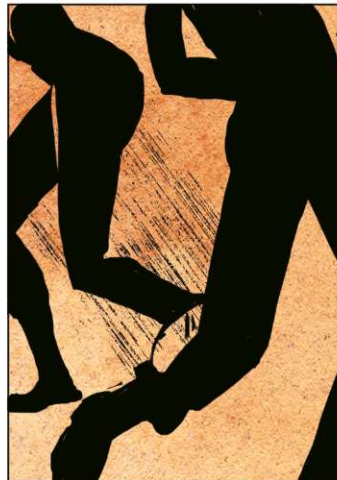
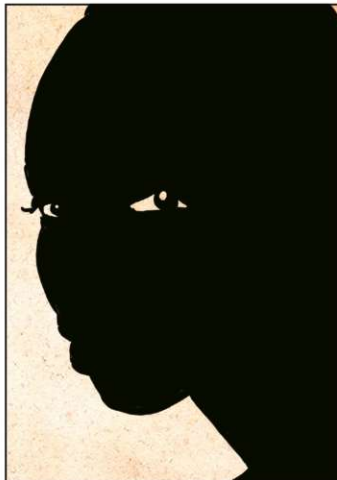
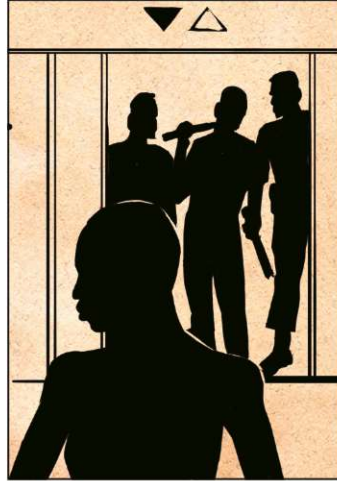
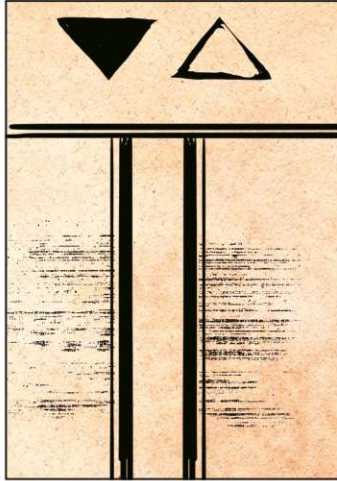
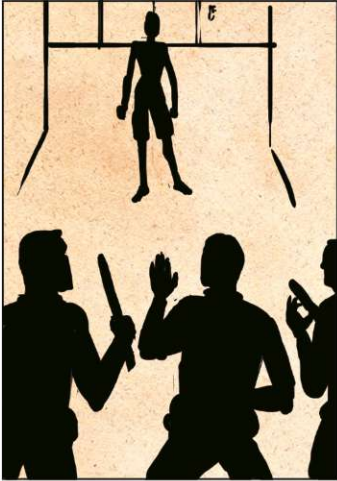
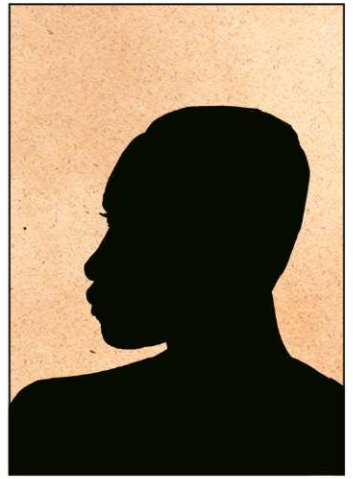
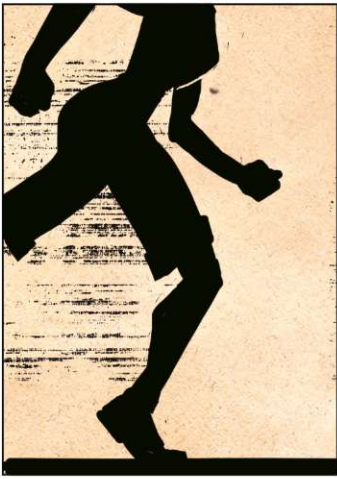
A DETAINEE
HAS ESCAPED.



SHE'S BEEN
SPOTTED ON
LEVEL 7. A SWAT
TEAM IS ALREADY
ON THE
PREMISES!



DO NOT ATTEMPT
TO ENGAGE! SHE
IS EXTREMELY
DANGEROUS!







THAT ALL YOU GOT, BOYS?

BE SEEING YOU!



ONLY COST US 3 1/2 NOSES THIS TIME. WE'RE GETTING BETTER.

STAND DOWN. THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL.



DIDN'T SEE YOU OUT THERE MIXING IT UP, ANDREW.

MEP Y'SEE, I DON'T NEED TO IMPRESS MARION.

WHO THE HELL IS THAT BROAD?



ASLEEP.

ASLEEP WITH A BLOODY SMILE ON HIS FACE.

NO ONE'S EVER JUST DOZED OFF HERE, SIR.

IT'S LIKE HE'S MOCKING US.

I'LL TURN ON THE INTERCOM SO YOU CAN ASK HIM YOURSELF, SIR.



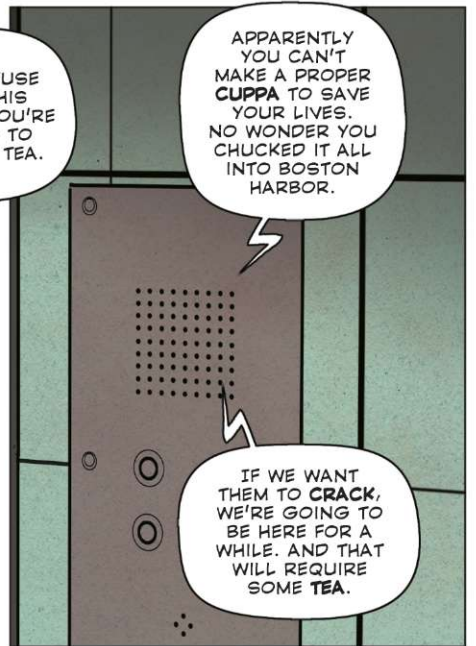
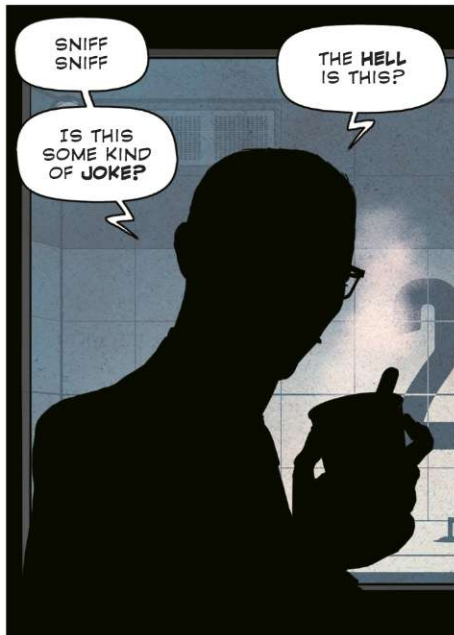
HEY, YOU! WAKE UP!

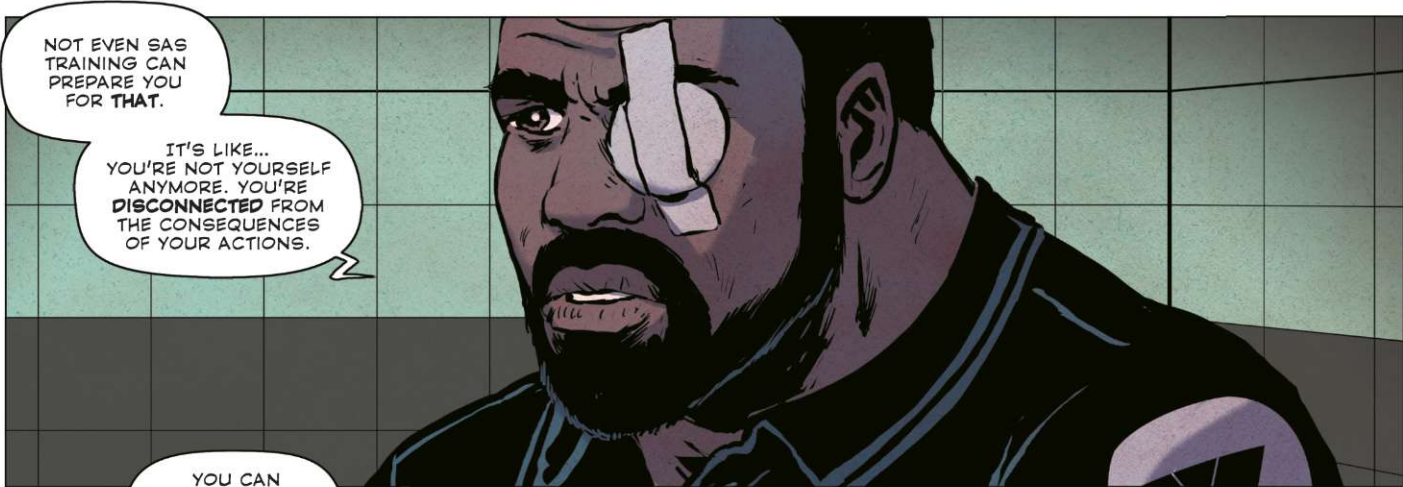
ON YOUR FEET! C'MON, SHAKE A LEG!

Yaaaawn.
ENOUGH ALREADY. WHAT, ARE YOU GONNA PLAY REVEILLE NEXT?

WORD OF ADVICE, I WOULDN'T TRY THIS WITH UMATA.

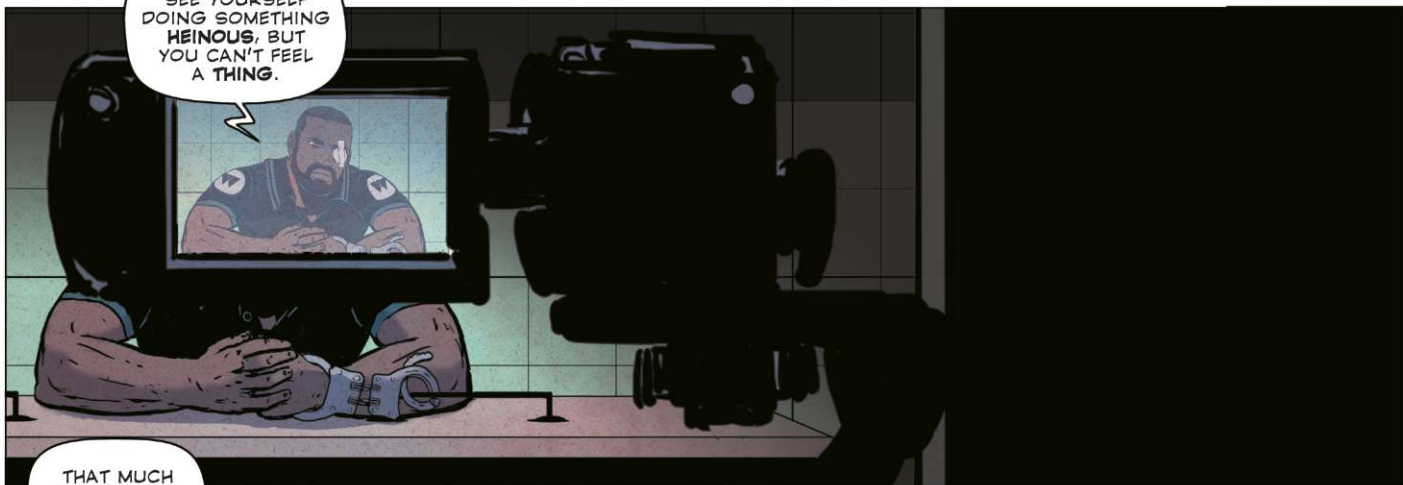






NOT EVEN SAS TRAINING CAN PREPARE YOU FOR THAT.

IT'S LIKE... YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF ANYMORE. YOU'RE DISCONNECTED FROM THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR ACTIONS.



YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF DOING SOMETHING HEINOUS, BUT YOU CAN'T FEEL A THING.

THAT MUCH WE ALREADY KNOW.

WHAT I WANT YOU TO TELL ME IS: WHERE IS SAM HICKS?

SAM, HUH? MY OLD PAL SAM... WHERE IS HE? NOW THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION...



I KILLED HIM.

A man with a beard, wearing a black t-shirt and yellow pants, is falling from a brown military transport plane. The plane is on the left side of the frame, and the man is on the right, falling away from it. The background is a light blue sky with some clouds. Several speech bubbles are scattered around the scene, containing dialogue.

SAM'S DEAD? DARWYN,
DID YOU SEE HIS COLD,
DEAD CORPSE?

YOU GET TOSSED OUT OF A
PLANE AT 10,000 FEET, AIN'T
NOTHING COLD OR DEAD ABOUT
YOU. STILL, I DON'T SEE HOW HE
COULD'VE WALKED AWAY FROM
THAT ONE WITHOUT A CHUTE.

NO IDEA WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
BODY AFTER. DON'T REMEMBER
MUCH OF ANYTHING, AFTER...

YOU CAN ASK UMATA,
THOUGH. SHE WAS WITH
US IN THE C-17.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE,
THE THOUGHT **DID**
CROSS OUR MINDS.

BUT SHE AIN'T
TALKING.

NOT A PEEP.

CAN'T SEE WHO ELSE WOULD
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO
SAM, BESIDES HER.

HOW DID SAM HICKS WIND UP WORKING FOR DARKWATER, ACCORDING TO YOU?

HE WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME, AND THAT PLACE WAS THIS SIDE OF THE BORDER.

ME, I HADN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THE DAY WE LEFT THE SAS.

SAM HICKS ENTERED THE U.S. ILLEGALLY?

YEP! AND HE GOT PICKED UP BY ICE* AFTER WIPING THE FLOOR WITH SOME MEXICAN COYOTES**.

DIDN'T CARE FOR THE WAY THEY DID THINGS, OR SO HE SAID.

BARELY HAD TIME TO LET OUT A...

CENTRAL, GOT AN ORDER FOR 12: 8 TACOS, 3 HAPPY MEALS, AND A SIDE OF LIMEY.



JAWOHL, MEIN FÜHRER!

...BEFORE HE FOUND HIMSELF BOUND HAND AND FOOT IN THE BACK OF A VAN.

Customs and Protection



* IMMIGRATION AND CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT.
** SMUGGLERS WHO TAKE IMMIGRANTS ACROSS THE BORDER ILLEGALLY.



TAKING A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE, EH LITTLE MAN?

NAH, MATE, I'M JUST AN ACCOUNTANT.

YOU SURE DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY ACCOUNTANT I'VE EVER MET.



OH, GOD, I'D HOPE NOT.

WE'RE GOOD, HE'S CLEAN. WELL, STINKS LIKE A HOG, BUT HE'S UNARMED.

Mommy, I'm scared!

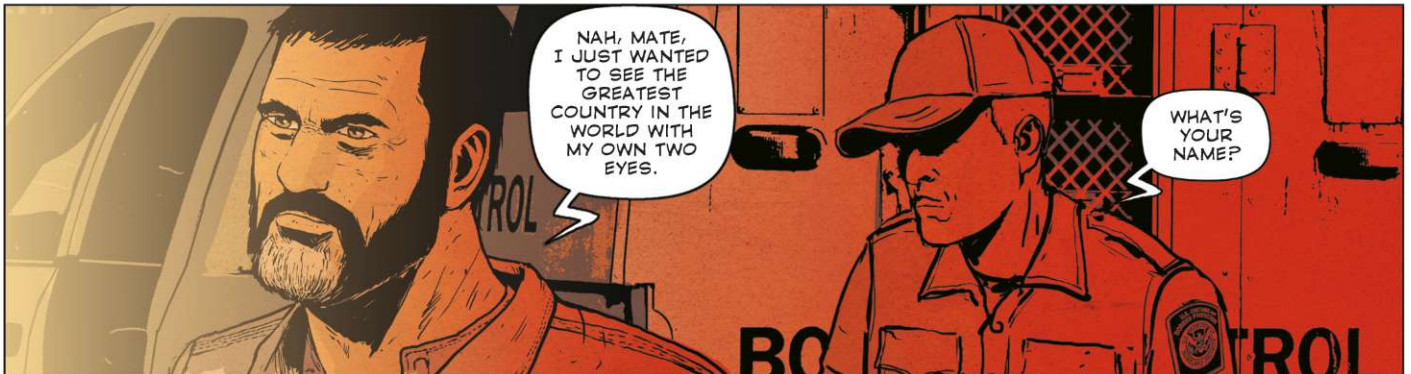


YOU DO ALL THIS?

YEP.

ON YOUR OWN? NO GUN?

WHO ARE YOU, CHUCK NORRIS?



NAH, MATE, I JUST WANTED TO SEE THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD WITH MY OWN TWO EYES.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



THROWING KIDS IN JAIL? NEVER A GOOD SIGN FOR A DEMOCRACY.

YOU'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A FETUS, BUT AS SOON AS THEY'RE OUT, FUCK 'EM.

YOU DONE, LIMEY? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

SAM HICKS.

WHAT KIND OF NAME IS "SAM X"?!

SAM. HICKS.

H-I-F-U-C-K-U.



USA - VIRGINIA - AN HOUR FROM LANGLEY



GOT A NEW SOLDIER IN THE DATABASE.



HICKS, SAMUEL. BORDER PATROL PICKED HIM UP 7 MINUTES AGO.

I'LL PULL THE FILE.



FORMER SAS. PERFECT.

RETIRED

GOOD. HE'S ON THE AVAILABLE ROSTER FOR ACTIVE DUTY.

DOCUMENT TYPE	
CLASSIFIED MI6	
AGENT PROFILE	
Name	HICKS, SAMUEL
Gender	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Male <input type="checkbox"/> Female
Known Address	Unknown
Number of Operations	UK122 A 77A39113003
Clearance	LEVEL 6
Active Job	<input type="checkbox"/> Active <input type="checkbox"/> Retired <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
Date of Birth	[24 03 68]
Nationality	U.K.
Height	5'10"
Eye Color	BROWN
Hair Color	LIGHT
Assignment	22 nd REGIMENT SAS.



WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO TIJUANA?

THE TUNNEL UNDER THE BORDER AND THE LURE OF GOOD PAY.



ZETA BOSS EL CUCHILLO HAD JUST TAKEN OUT ALL HIS RIVALS. NOW THEY WERE THE BIGGEST CARTEL IN MEXICO.



HE'D HEARD ABOUT THAT OLD DRUG-RUNNERS' TUNNEL THAT WENT ON FOR MILES UNDER THE BORDER.

HE WAS OBSESSED WITH IT. PROBLEM WAS, HE'D JUST WIPED OUT THE CARTEL THAT HAD BEEN USING IT.



THIS IS NO TIME TO BE A HERO. IF YOU KNOW SOMETHING, TALK!

LAST CHANCE!



MANOLITO, YOU'RE DRENCHED IN GASOLINE. THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO TALK, DON'T YOU THINK?



TALK! OR WE'LL ROLL YOU UP IN A BLANKET, LIGHT IT ON FIRE, AND THEN YANK IT OFF YOU ALL AT ONCE.



I'LL RUB VINEGAR WHERE YOUR SKIN USED TO BE. THEN SALT.



NO ONE KNEW WHERE IT WAS?

The tunnel... underneath...

...where they built the factory... *Kateu...*



AND ANYONE WHO DID KNOW...

NO!
NO!
ARRR...

...DIDN'T REALLY FEEL LIKE TALKING TO THE ZETAS.

FINALLY, EL CUCHILLO FOUND OUT THE TUNNEL WAS UNDER THE KATSU PLANT ON THE U.S. BORDER.

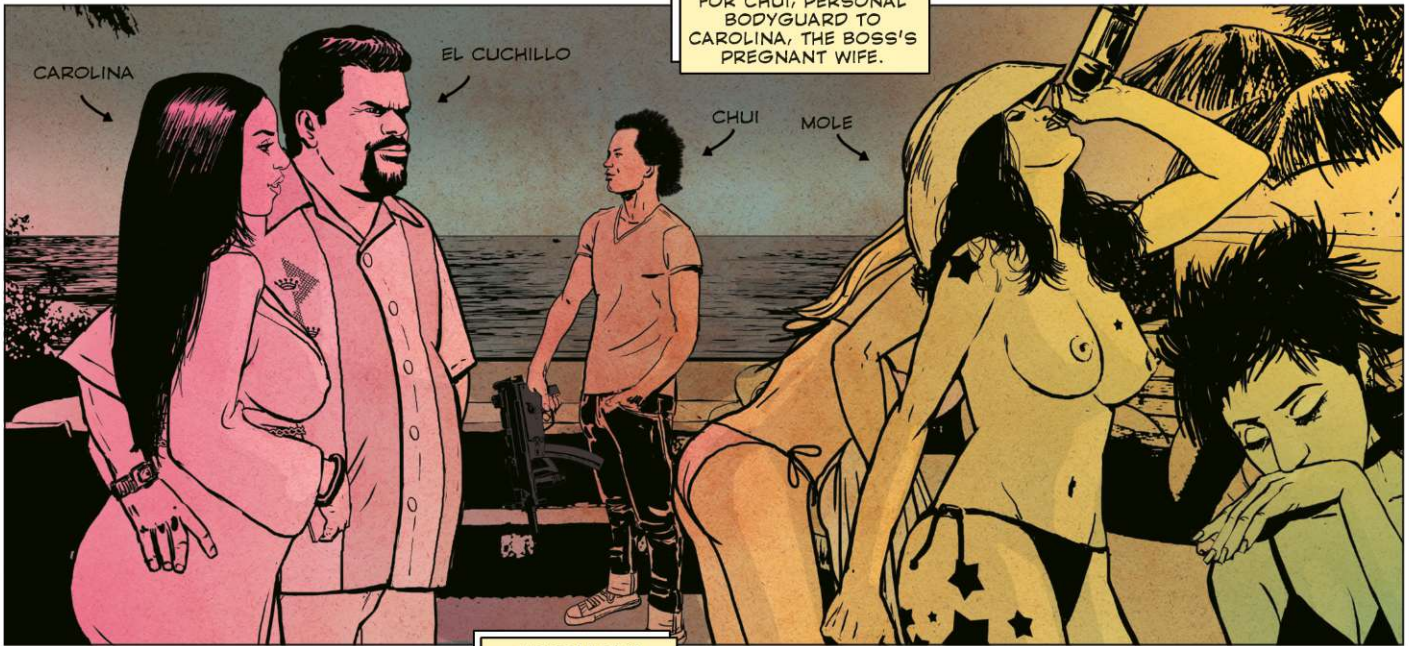
KATSU, THE OWNER, WOULDN'T LEAVE THE SITE. FIRST CAME THREATS, THEN KIDNAPPED WORKERS...

HE WAS SCARED SHITLESS, SO HE CALLED US BIG BAD GRINGOS IN FOR PROTECTION.

DARKWATER PUT A **BADASS** TEAM TOGETHER.

AND I HAD A GOOD SOURCE OF INFO ON THE INSIDE.

FIRST PIECE OF ADVICE: WATCH OUT FOR CHUI, PERSONAL BODYGUARD TO CAROLINA, THE BOSS'S PREGNANT WIFE.



WE COULD'VE WRAPPED IT UP QUICK BY KIDNAPPING CAROLINA.

GANG WAR OR NO GANG WAR, SHE WAS ALWAYS OUT FLASHING THAT PLASTIC, CHUI AND HIS MPS ALONG FOR THE RIDE.



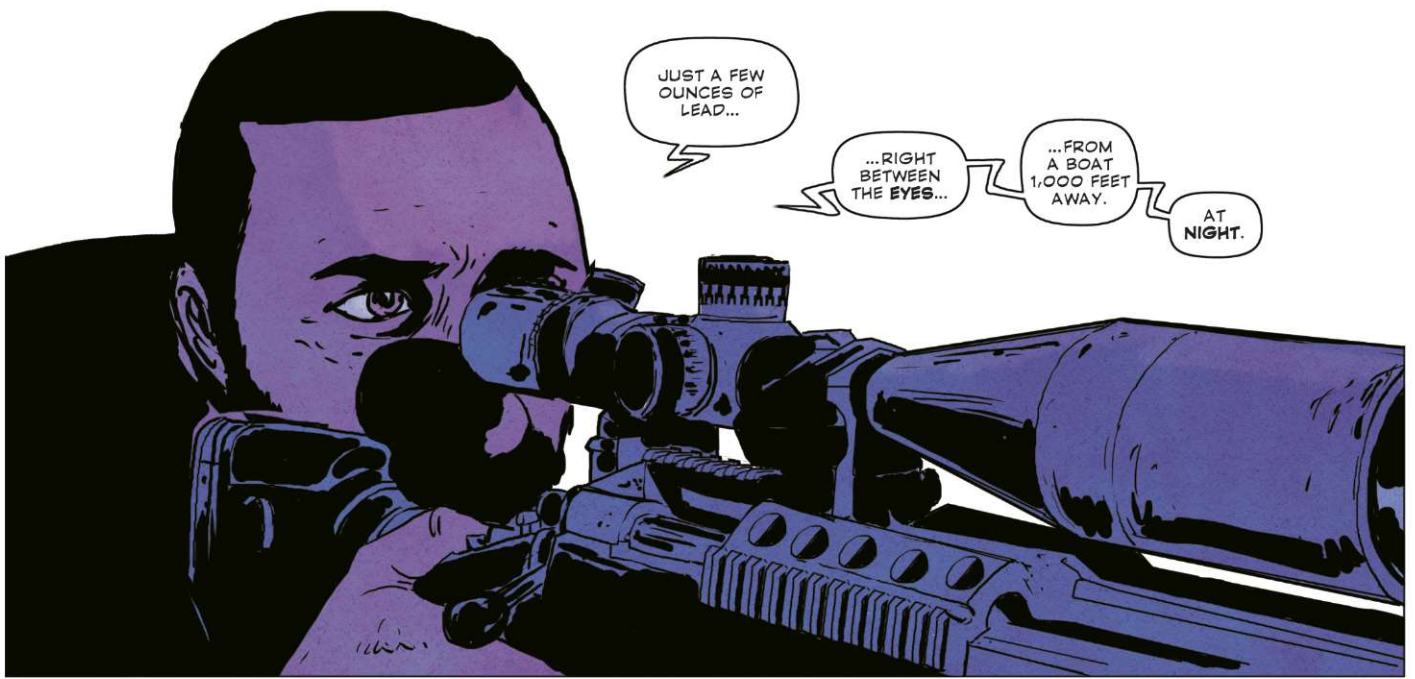
HER TAKE: WHAT WAS HAVING MILLIONS GOOD FOR, IF YOU DIDN'T SPEND 'EM?

SHE WANTED TO LIVE TO THE MAX, LIKE IN THOSE TELENOVELAS THAT HAD MADE HER A STAR.



BUT OUR CLIENT DECIDED GOING AFTER HER WAS TOO RISKY.

SO I CAME UP WITH A MORE... **SUBTLE** APPROACH.



JUST A FEW OUNCES OF LEAD...

...RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES...

...FROM A BOAT 1,000 FEET AWAY.

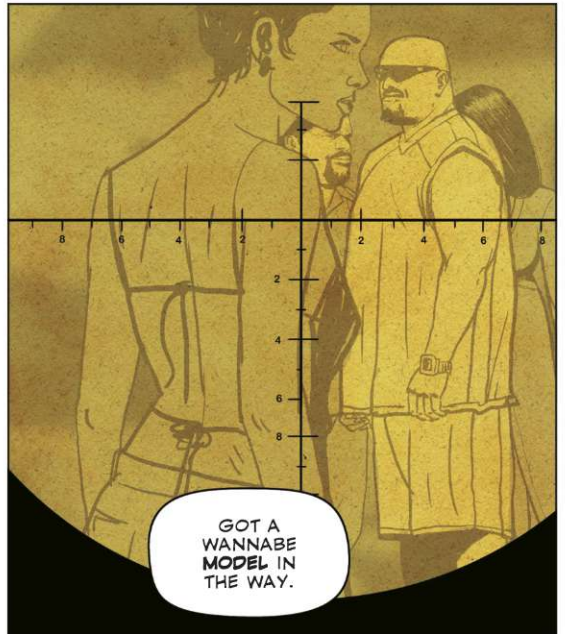
AT NIGHT.

EWAN

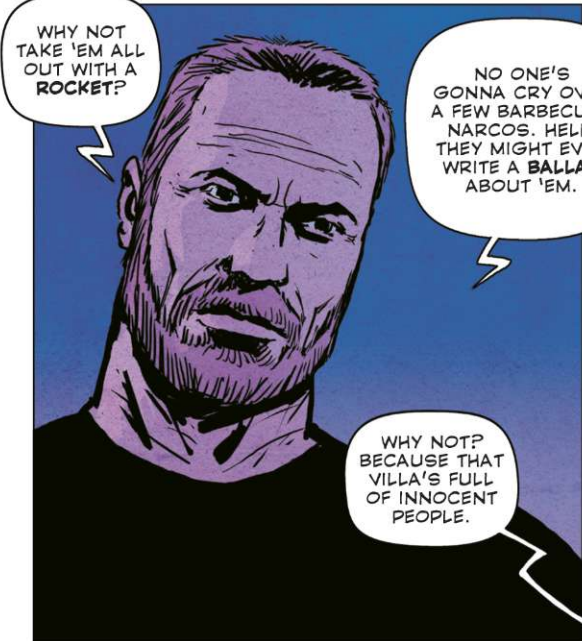


TELL ME ONCE YOU'VE PLUGGED THEM, BIG D.

GONNA HAVE TO SCRAM RAPIDOS.



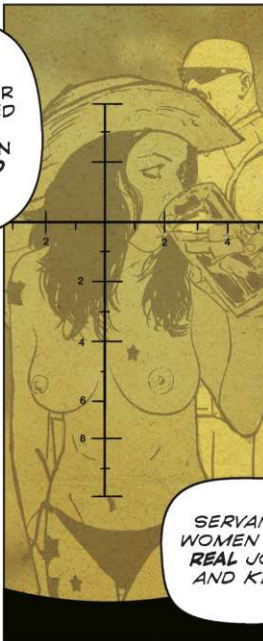
GOT A WANNABE MODEL IN THE WAY.



WHY NOT TAKE 'EM ALL OUT WITH A ROCKET?

NO ONE'S GONNA CRY OVER A FEW BARBECUED NARCOS. HELL, THEY MIGHT EVEN WRITE A BALLAD ABOUT 'EM.

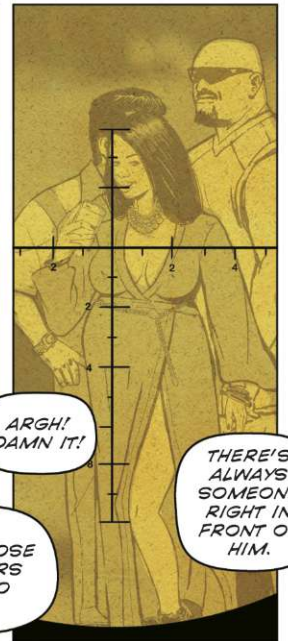
WHY NOT? BECAUSE THAT VILLA'S FULL OF INNOCENT PEOPLE.



SERVANTS. WOMEN WITH REAL JOBS, AND KIDS.



NOT TO MENTION THOSE WHITE TIGERS IN THE ZOO BEHIND.



ARGH! DAMN IT!

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.



I KNOW. THAT'S HOW I TOLD HIM TO PLAY IT.

WHAT?!



EWAN, WE'RE SCREWED.

THE ARSEHOLE JUST TOASTED ME.



NOW I'M SURE EL CUCHILLO PAYS BETTER THAN DARKWATER.



I WANT TO BE ON THE WINNING SIDE IN THE WAR ON DRUGS. AND WHERE I'M STANDING RIGHT NOW, I SURE DON'T FEEL LIKE A WINNER.



Bollocks.

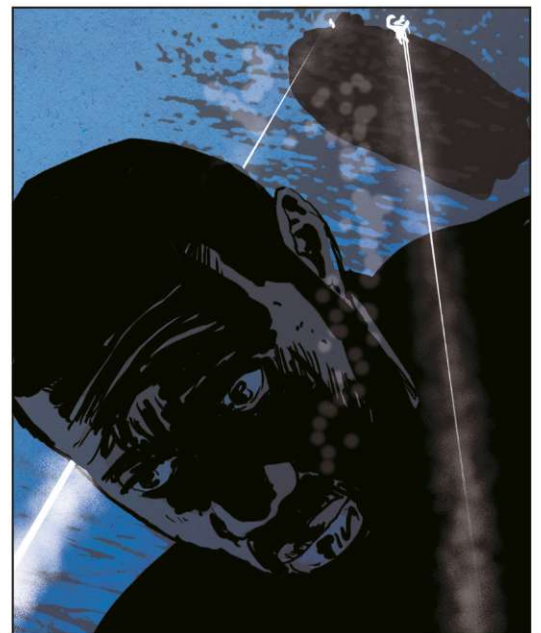
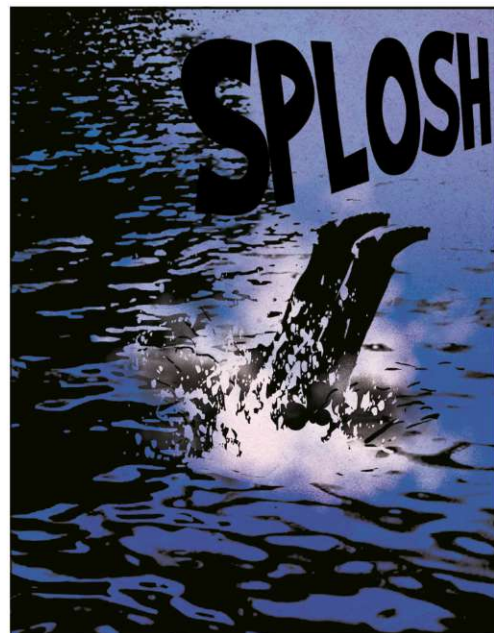


Y'KNOW, FROM WHERE I'M STANDING, I DON'T FEEL LIKE A WINNER EITHER.

HA! LEMME TELL YOU, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE. GOTTA MAKE BETTER CHOICES IN LIFE.



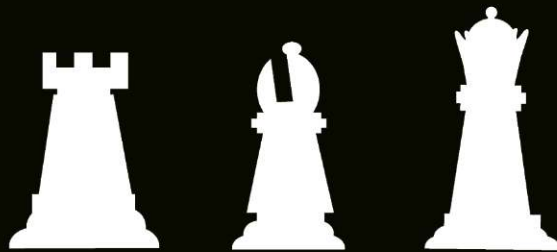
YOU GONNA DO ME LIKE THIS, AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH?





2

MANPOWER,
MONEY, AND
A MASSIVE
PAIR OF
BOLLOCKS

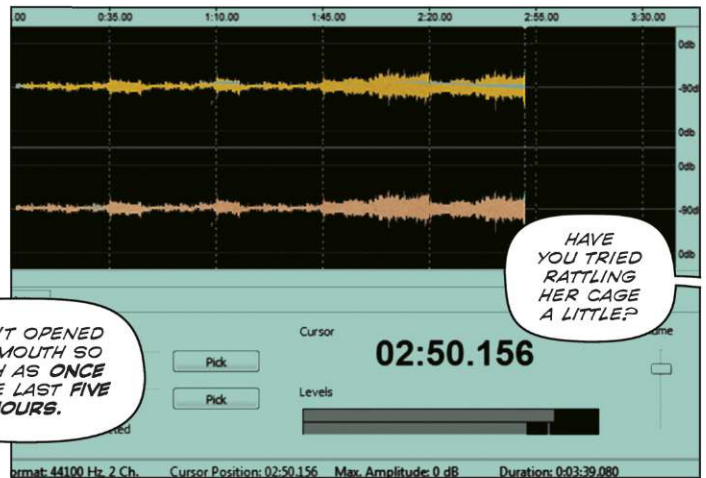




SHE SAY ANYTHING YET?

ZIP, ZILCH, NADA. RADIO SILENCE.

HASN'T OPENED HER MOUTH SO MUCH AS ONCE IN THE LAST FIVE HOURS.



HAVE YOU TRIED RATTLING HER CAGE A LITTLE?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE COULD DO THAT WOULD POSSIBLY SCARE HER. SHE'S FORMER ISRAELI SPECIAL FORCES. WE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET SO MUCH AS A PEEP OUT OF HER WHILE "ADHERING TO THE LETTER OF THE LAW."

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT TILL SHE FEELS LIKE TELLING US WHERE SAM HICKS IS.

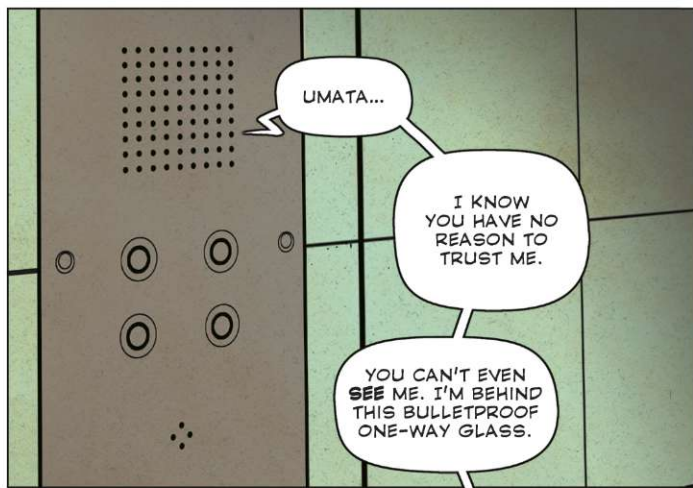
WE NEED HER TO TALK.



WE HAVE TO KNOW IF DARWYN WAS TELLING THE TRUTH.

LET ME HAVE A TRY.

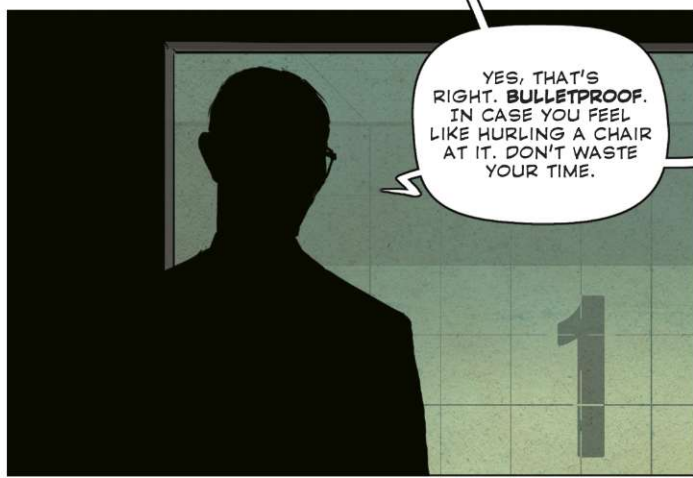
BY ALL MEANS. I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE IN THE SAME CLOTHES FOR THE LAST DAY AND CHANGE.



UMATA...

I KNOW YOU HAVE NO REASON TO TRUST ME.

YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE ME. I'M BEHIND THIS BULLETPROOF ONE-WAY GLASS.



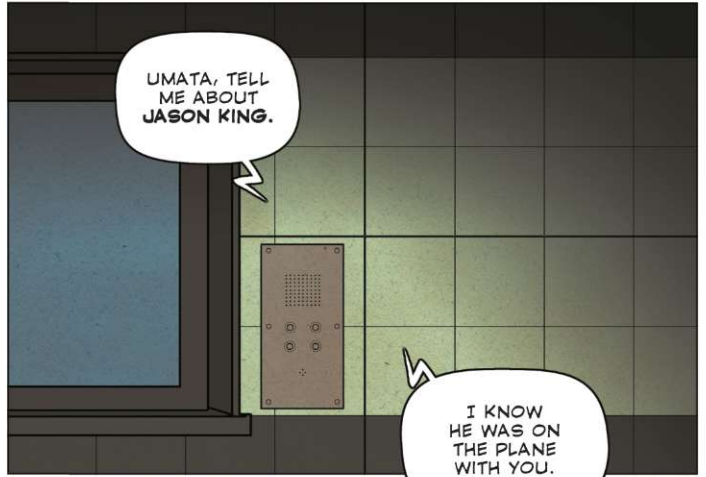
YES, THAT'S RIGHT. BULLETPROOF. IN CASE YOU FEEL LIKE HURLING A CHAIR AT IT. DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.



I HAVE TO KNOW WHERE SAM IS.

FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

WE'VE ARRESTED MOST OF DARKWATER'S MEN.



UMATA, TELL ME ABOUT JASON KING.

I KNOW HE WAS ON THE PLANE WITH YOU.



...



...

...



...



WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?!

HOURS WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HER TO OPEN HER MOUTH, AND NOW YOU HAVE TECHNICAL ISSUES?

I DON'T GET IT! EVERYTHING'S WORKING FINE!

Cursor
05:10.116



I'LL CHECK AGAIN...

NOPE. NO TECHNICAL ISSUES.

LET ME TURN UP THE VOLUME.

SOMETIMES, IT'S JUST SOMETHING SIMPLE.



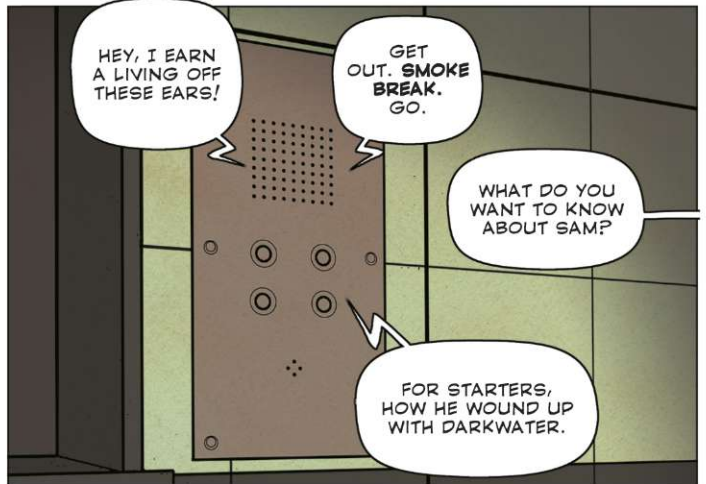
AAAAHHH!!!



ARGH! THAT CRAZY BITCH JUST BLEW OUT MY EARDRUM!



UMATA: ONE.
FBI: ZERO!



HEY, I EARN A LIVING OFF THESE EARS!

GET OUT. SMOKE BREAK. GO.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SAM?

FOR STARTERS, HOW HE WOUND UP WITH DARKWATER.



OUR MISSION IN TIJUANA WAS STARTING TO GO BAD **BIG-TIME**.

WE HAD TO REPLACE EWAN. **WASN'T** GOING TO BE EASY.

EWAN HAD SOLD US OUT TO GO WORK FOR THE ZETAS. DARWYN ALMOST BOUGHT IT, AND HE DIDN'T FEEL MUCH LIKE TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.

BUT WE GOT LUCKY. SAM WAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

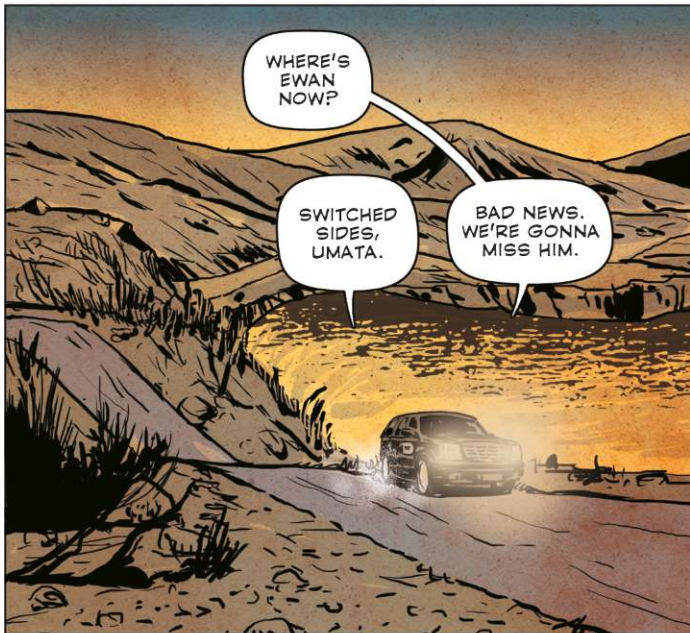
WELL, "LUCKY"... I MEAN, WHEN I THINK BACK, **SOMEONE** HAD TO BE PULLING FATE'S STRINGS A LITTLE.



HEY, CHIEF!
HOW'S THE
WATER?

GRRR...

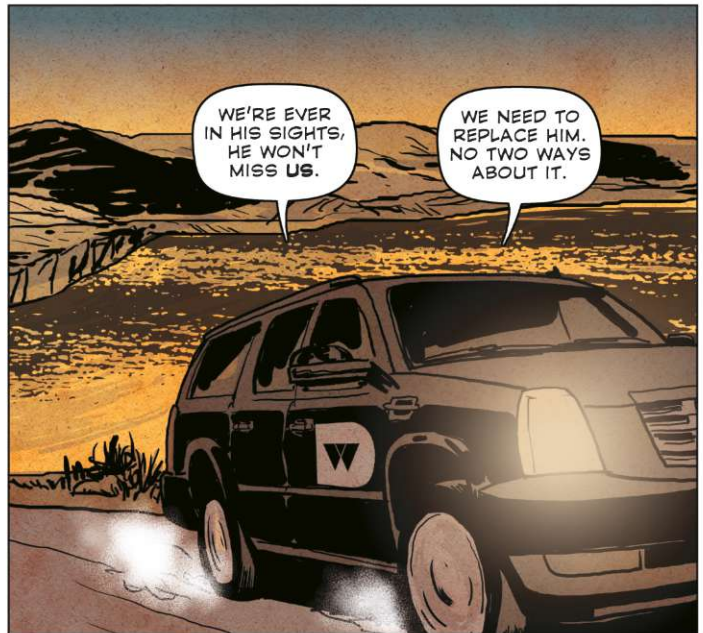
I TOLD
YOU NOT TO
TRUST HIM.



WHERE'S
EWAN
NOW?

SWITCHED
SIDES,
UMATA.

BAD NEWS.
WE'RE GONNA
MISS HIM.



WE'RE EVER
IN HIS SIGHTS,
HE WON'T
MISS US.

WE NEED TO
REPLACE HIM.
NO TWO WAYS
ABOUT IT.



CONTACT
DARKWATER
HQ TO SEE IF
THEY'VE GOT A
SOLDIER-FOR-
HIRE NEARBY.

THIS CAME
IN EARLIER.
MIGHT FIND
WHAT YOU'RE
AFTER.

DUNNO...
I CAN GET REAL
PICKY IN LOVE
AND WAR.



SO, NOT
HIM.

NO.
NOPE.

NUH-UH.
WHAT, THIS
ARSEHOLE
AIN'T DEAD
YET?

BINGO! JUST
THE GUY WE
NEED.

YOU WON'T
HAVE SEEN
HIS KIND IN
YOUR IDF.*



WERE YOU
CLOSE?

WE DIDN'T SEND
CHRISTMAS CARDS
OR NOTHING, BUT
WE SAVED EACH
OTHER'S BACON
A FEW TIMES.



7 YEARS
TOGETHER
IN THE SAS.

* Israel Defense Forces



SAM HICKS.



EWAN COOPER.



ALWAYS ON MISSIONS BEHIND ENEMY LINES.



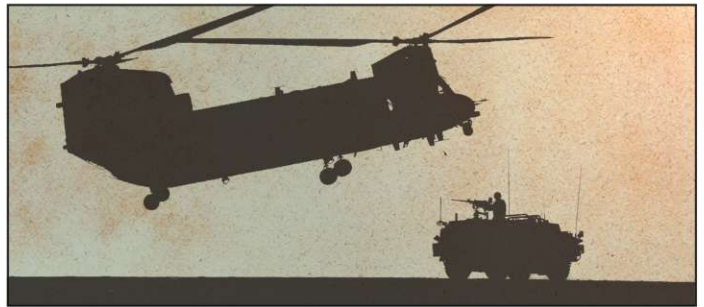
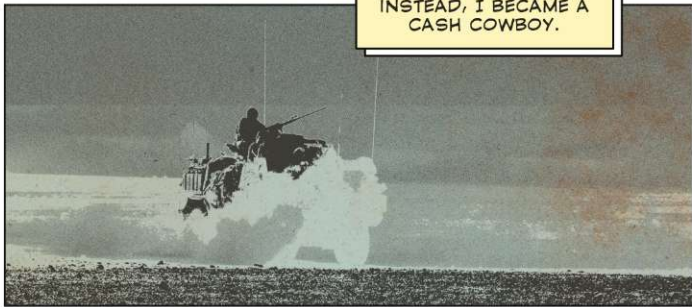
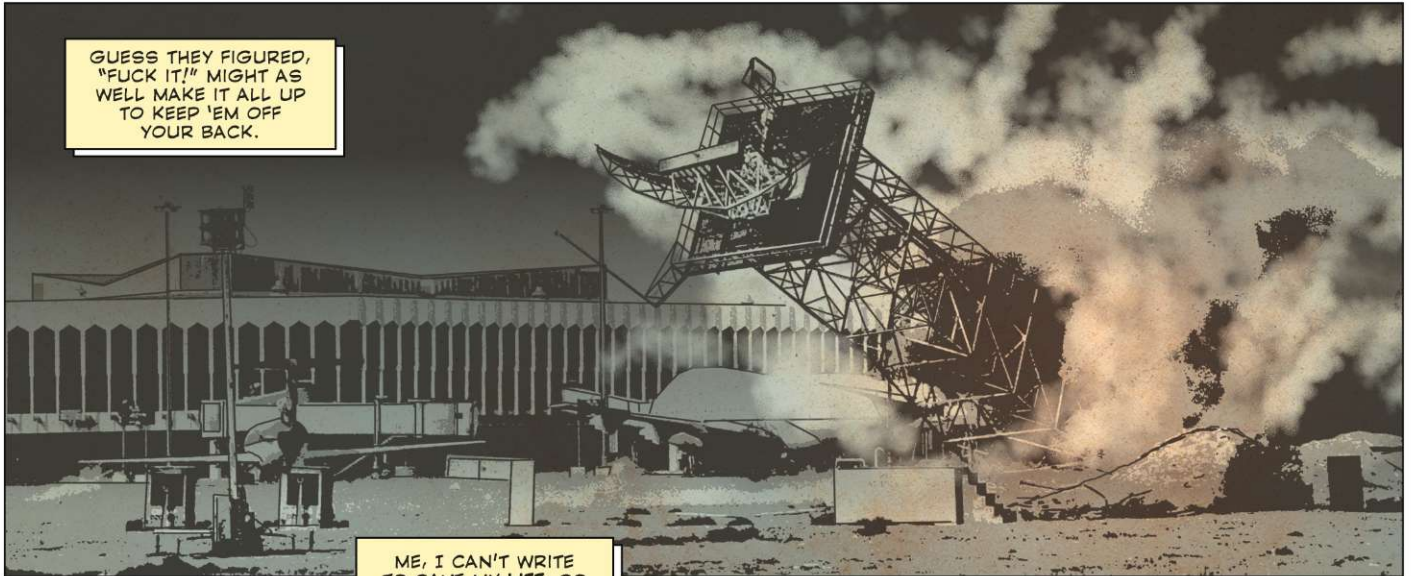
PEOPLE TALK A LOT OF SHIT ABOUT THE SAS.

AND THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN BE SURE OF: IT'S ALL LIES.

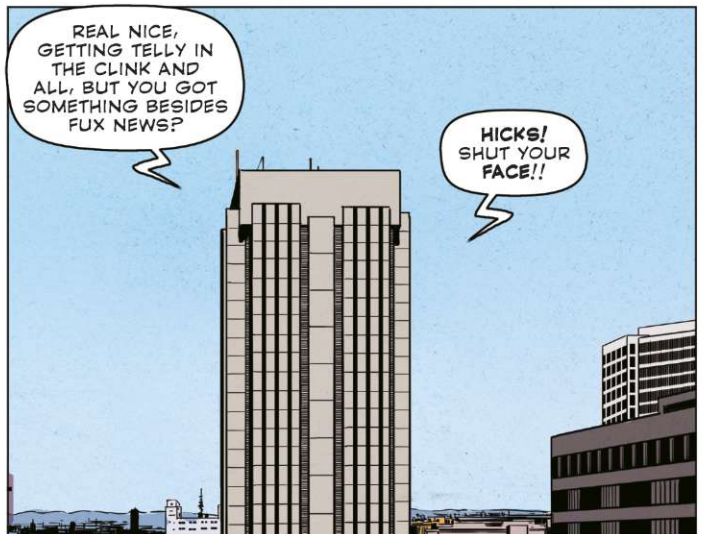
HER MAJESTY'S ARMED FORCES DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO TELL-ALL MEMOIRS.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY EX-SAS TYPES END UP NOVELISTS, Y'KNOW. COMES FROM HAVING TO KEEP SPINNING MADE-UP VERSIONS OF WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED OUT IN THE FIELD.



SAN DIEGO - METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER





TODAY ON FOX NEWS, OUR GUEST IS JASON KING, THE FOUNDER OF DARKWATER.

JASON, WITH DARKWATER, YOU ARE NOW AMERICA'S LAST LINE OF DEFENSE IN OUR WAR AGAINST THE VILEST, MOST COWARDLY ENEMY WE'VE EVER HAD TO FACE: TERRORISM.

NOW IF YOU ASK ME, THE SOLUTION'S OBVIOUS. SO TELL ME: WHY DOESN'T DARKWATER TAKE THIS FIGHT TO THE TERRORISTS?

GOOD QUESTION, SEAN.

THANKS, JASON.

TRUE, WE HAVE THE MANPOWER AND THE KNOW-HOW.

WE WANT TO TAKE THIS FIGHT TO THEM. BUT WHO'LL BANKROLL IT?

I WOULD IF I COULD. FOR AMERICA. FOR THE FREE WORLD.





HICKS WAS ON A MISSION FOR US. SO IT'S ONE HELL OF A SURPRISE TO FIND HIM HERE.

HEY, I HEAR YOU GUYS RAKE IN NORTH OF \$900 A DAY. IS THAT FOR REAL?

NO.

SOME OF US MAKE EVEN MORE.



HERE, TAKE MY CARD. WE'RE ALWAYS IN NEED OF QUALIFIED INDIVIDUALS AT DARKWATER.



WHAT WAS ALL THAT SHIT ABOUT A MISSION?



SAM, IF YOU WANT TO GO BACK AND MAKE SOME NEW FRIENDS IN THE SHOWERS, YOU JUST SAY THE WORD.



WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND. YOU IN OR OUT?



I SEE YOU KIDS ARE PUTTING ON A SHOW. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, RIGHT? WELL, LET ME MAKE ONE THING CLEAR: I CAN'T SING FOR SHIT.



SAM, THIS IS MY BODYGUARD. WE WORK FOR DARKWATER.



YOU'RE GONNA SWEAT BLOOD. YOU'RE GONNA GET STABBED, SHOT, BLOWN UP, AND SCREAMED AT. BUT THE PAY'S GOOD, AND THE BOSS GIVES US FREE REIN TO GET THE JOB DONE, NO QUESTIONS ASKED.



YOU SURE YOU GOT THE RIGHT GUY?



DEAL! I'LL JOIN THE CAST OF YOUR MUSICAL COMEDY. IT'S GONNA BE CLASS!



UH-HUH.



BE WARNED, THEY'LL CALL US THE "HICKS"!



OH, IT GETS BETTER. HE'S JUST WARMING UP.



SO, GORGEOUS, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

READ YOU LOUD AND CLEAR.

UMATA KICK YOUR ASS.



SO TELL ME, SAM, WHAT SHIT DID YOU PULL THIS TIME AROUND TO GET YOUR ARSE THROWN IN JAIL?

I WAS TRYING TO SNEAK OVER THE BORDER, BUT I RAN OUT OF PESOS FOR THE COYOTES.



SO I FOLLOWED THEM INSTEAD. BUT THEY SPLIT UP THE GROUP.

THEY WANTED THE GIRL.



NO WAY. OVER MY DEAD BODY.

HAVE THEIR WAY WITH HER, OR SELL HER TO THE NARCOS.

THEY WANTED TO KEEP THINGS QUIET, TO AVOID THE BORDER PATROL.

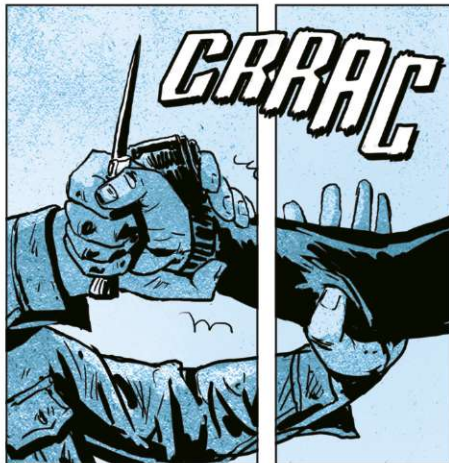


SO, NO GUNS.



THEY HAD NO IDEA...

...WHAT WAS ABOUT TO HIT THEM.



SWITCHBLADE CAME IN USEFUL FOR THE TWITCHY GUY WITH THE GUN.



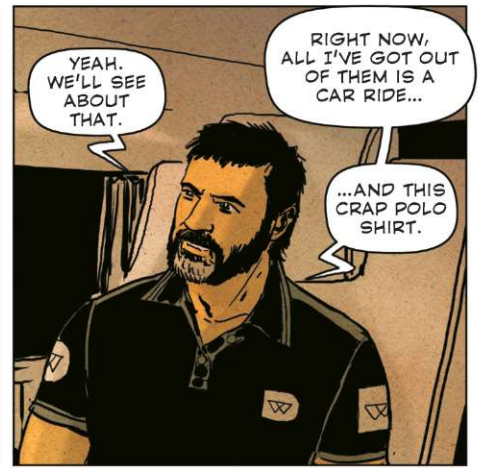
HE GOT ONE SHOT OFF BEFORE BORDER PATROL PICKED US ALL UP.





ALL THAT TROUBLE JUST TO CROSS OVER THE VERY NEXT DAY. GUESS THE CARDS WERE STACKED AGAINST ME.

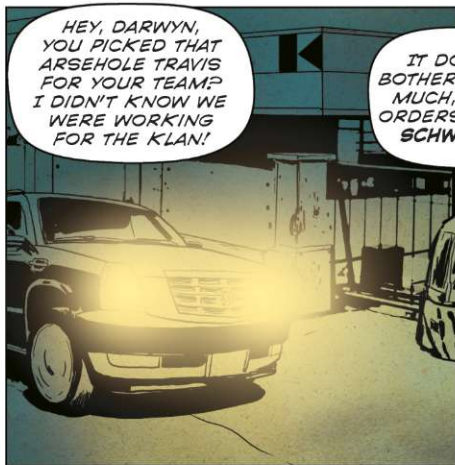
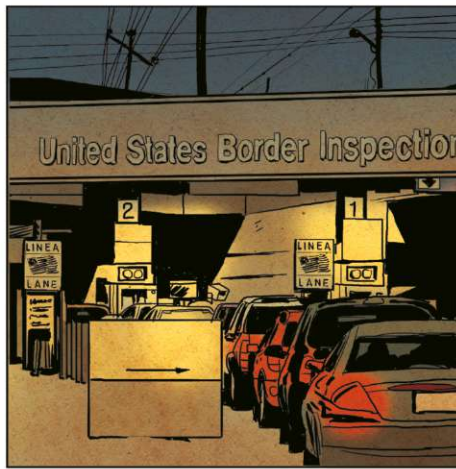
NOT ANYMORE, SAM. YOU'RE WORKING FOR DARKWATER NOW.



YEAH. WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.

RIGHT NOW, ALL I'VE GOT OUT OF THEM IS A CAR RIDE...

...AND THIS CRAP POLO SHIRT.



HEY, DARWYN, YOU PICKED THAT ARSEHOLE TRAVIS FOR YOUR TEAM? I DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE WORKING FOR THE KLAN!

IT DOESN'T BOTHER HIM TOO MUCH, TAKING ORDERS FROM A SCHWARZE*?



HEY, I DIDN'T PUT THIS TEAM TOGETHER. BUT WHY DO YOU THINK YOU'RE BUNKING IN HERE WHILE HE SPENDS THE NIGHT FREEZING HIS BALLS OFF OUTSIDE?



Black in German

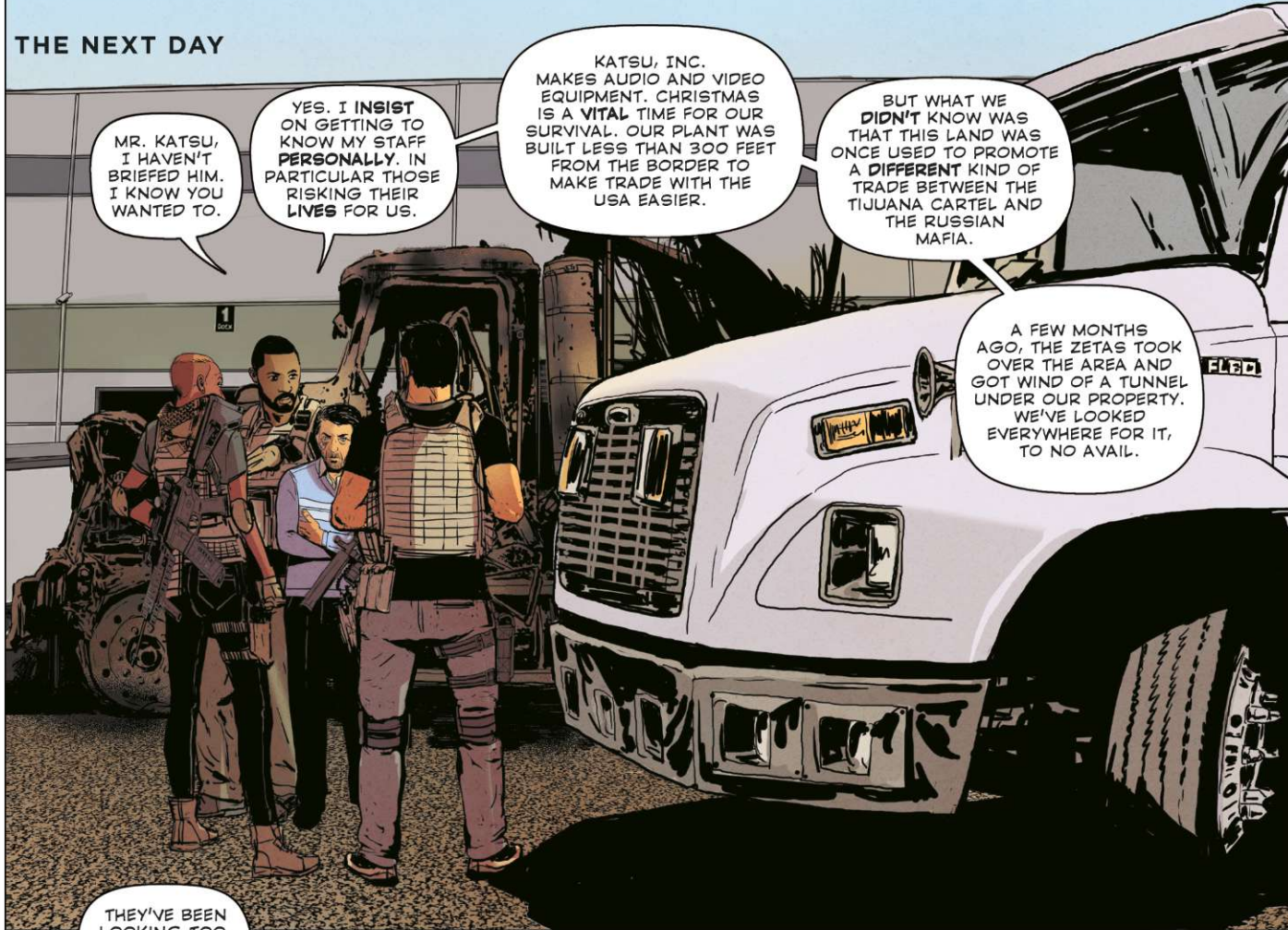


DARWYN MATE, YOU'D BETTER NOT HAVE SIGNED ME UP FOR A HITLERJUGEND FIELD TRIP.

'CAUSE IF YOU DID, I'M GRABBING UMATA AND GOING TO HIDE OUT ON SOME BEACH IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

THE CLEAR WATERS WILL GLITTER OVER OUR NAKED BODIES, AND... YOU WERE SAYING?

THE NEXT DAY



MR. KATSU, I HAVEN'T BRIEFED HIM. I KNOW YOU WANTED TO.

YES. I INSIST ON GETTING TO KNOW MY STAFF PERSONALLY. IN PARTICULAR THOSE RISKING THEIR LIVES FOR US.

KATSU, INC. MAKES AUDIO AND VIDEO EQUIPMENT. CHRISTMAS IS A VITAL TIME FOR OUR SURVIVAL. OUR PLANT WAS BUILT LESS THAN 300 FEET FROM THE BORDER TO MAKE TRADE WITH THE USA EASIER.

BUT WHAT WE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THIS LAND WAS ONCE USED TO PROMOTE A DIFFERENT KIND OF TRADE BETWEEN THE TIJUANA CARTEL AND THE RUSSIAN MAFIA.

A FEW MONTHS AGO, THE ZETAS TOOK OVER THE AREA AND GOT WIND OF A TUNNEL UNDER OUR PROPERTY. WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR IT, TO NO AVAIL.

THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING TOO. BUT A BIT MORE... ENERGETICALLY, YOU MIGHT SAY.

THE ZETAS GOT IN TOUCH WITH ME ABOUT USING THE TUNNEL, ONCE IT'S FOUND, OF COURSE. THE NEGOTIATIONS WERE...



...SHORT AND UNPLEASANT. JUST LIKE THEM.



SINCE THEY TOOK OUT THE TIJUANA CARTEL, THERE'S NO ONE ELSE LEFT TO TALK TO. AND THE FEW SURVIVORS ARE IN HIDING.

THAT'S WHEN THEY STARTED RETALIATING. FIRST IT WAS MY EQUIPMENT, THEN MY EXECUTIVES. WE'VE ALREADY PAID SEVERAL RANSOMS AND HAD TO BUY BACK DOZENS OF OUR OWN STOLEN TRUCKS.

BUT WHEN THEY STARTED ATTACKING MY MAQUILADORAS*...

...THAT'S WHEN I CALLED ON DARKWATER TO KEEP US SAFE.

* WORKERS SPECIALIZED IN MANUFACTURING OR ASSEMBLING RAW MATERIALS INTO A FINISHED PRODUCT, ALLOWING FACTORIES TO AVOID TARIFFS



SO, STOP ME IF I'M GETTING THIS WRONG: AN ARMY OF BANDIDOS IS ABOUT TO SWOOP DOWN ON A FACTORY NEXT TO THE MEXICAN BORDER, AND YOU HIRED 6 MERCENARIES TO HELP OUT.



CAN I BE STEVE MCQUEEN?

I CAN'T HELP IT. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A KUROSAWA FAN.

OK, FINE, I'LL BE YUL BRYNNER INSTEAD.



WHO ARE YOU, UMATA?

JAMES COBURN.

YOU THE KIND OF GAL HAS A KNIFE ON HER AT ALL TIMES, EVEN IN THE SHOWER?



WHAT DO YOU THINK?



HEY, YUL BRYNNER, DIDN'T I HEAR YOU SAY THERE WERE SIX OF US IN THIS TEAM?



YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I SAID.

I STILL HAD A FEW SURPRISES IN STORE FOR SAM.



* RUSSIAN FOR "BITCH"



STILL PISSED OFF AFTER I BEAT YOU BACK AT KOSOVO FIGHT CLUB, PIOTR?

SURE, SO I CHEATED. BIT YOU A LITTLE.

BUT LET ME TELL YOU, YOU WERE DELICIOUS.

SO, MATE, WHAT'VE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THESE YEARS? YOU FINALLY SHAVE OFF THAT FUR COAT SO THE ZOO WOULD LET YOU OUT?



DA. I VAS SICK OF SHARING CAGE WITH YOUR MOTHER.

SHE SNORE.



I KNOW. MUM NEVER HAD GREAT TASTE IN BLOKES.

I'VE GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, SERGEANT DARWYN! OF ALL THE TRIGGER-HAPPY CASH COWBOYS IN THE WORLD, YOU HAD TO HIRE THIS NO-BRAIN GORILLA.

HEY, IS IT TOO LATE TO SIDE WITH EWAN?



ENOUGH, YOU TWO! YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME NOW, AND WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE ON OUR HANDS AS IT IS WITH THIS MISSION. THE SHIT HAS HIT THE FAN, AND YOU'RE OUR CLIENT'S SPLATTER GUARD.

SO IF YOU TAKE A BIG OLD TURD TO THE FACE, I WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY, "DESSERT TASTES GREAT, BOSS!"

THAT'S WHY WE PAY YOU THE BIG BUCKS!



OTHERWISE, SEE THAT BIG SWINGING DOOR? IF YOU'RE NOT HAPPY, YOU WALK RIGHT ON THROUGH. AND GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

HAVE I MADE MYSELF CLEAR?

LOVED THE BIT ABOUT DESSERT, BOSS.

<UNTRANSLATABLE RUSSIAN INSULT>



THE HELL'S THAT?

A WAREHOUSE. SO'S THAT.

YEAH, I GOT THAT. BUT WHAT'S INSIDE? I HAVE TO KNOW WHETHER TO INCLUDE IT IN THE SECURITY PERIMETER.



OH, GOOD NEWS AT LAST. WE'VE GOT 2 MAXXPRO ARMORED VEHICLES. BUILT LIKE A BANK VAULT. MAKES ME FEEL SAFE.

DARWYN ORDERED ANOTHER ONE WHEN DARKWATER REFUSED TO SEND US REINFORCEMENTS.

THIS COMPOUND'S HUGE. HOW DO WE LOCK IT ALL DOWN?

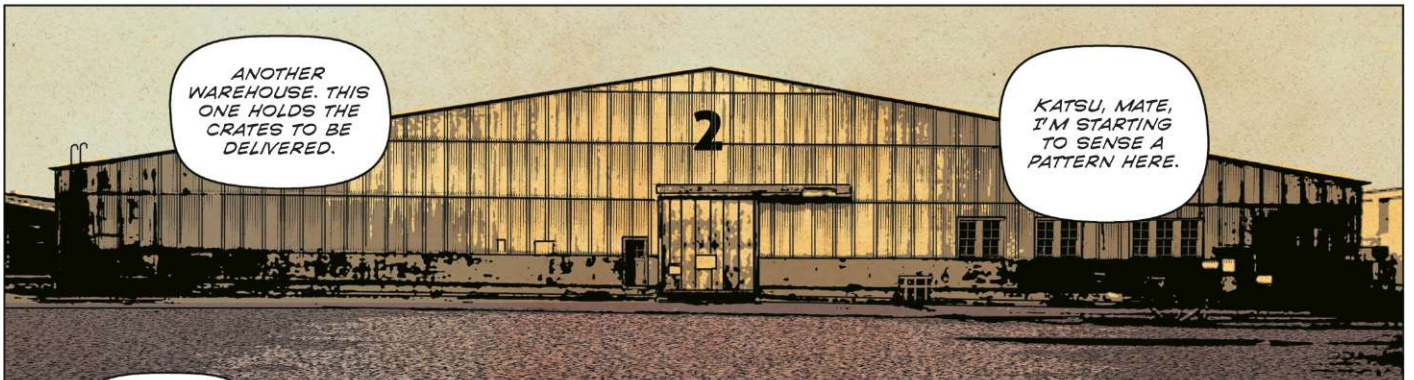




WAIT, SO EWAN PUT IN A SECOND SYSTEM OF MOTION-DETECTING CAMERAS?

YES.

BAD LUCK. THEY'RE THE ONLY GOOD THING HERE.



ANOTHER WAREHOUSE. THIS ONE HOLDS THE CRATES TO BE DELIVERED.

KATSU, MATE, I'M STARTING TO SENSE A PATTERN HERE.



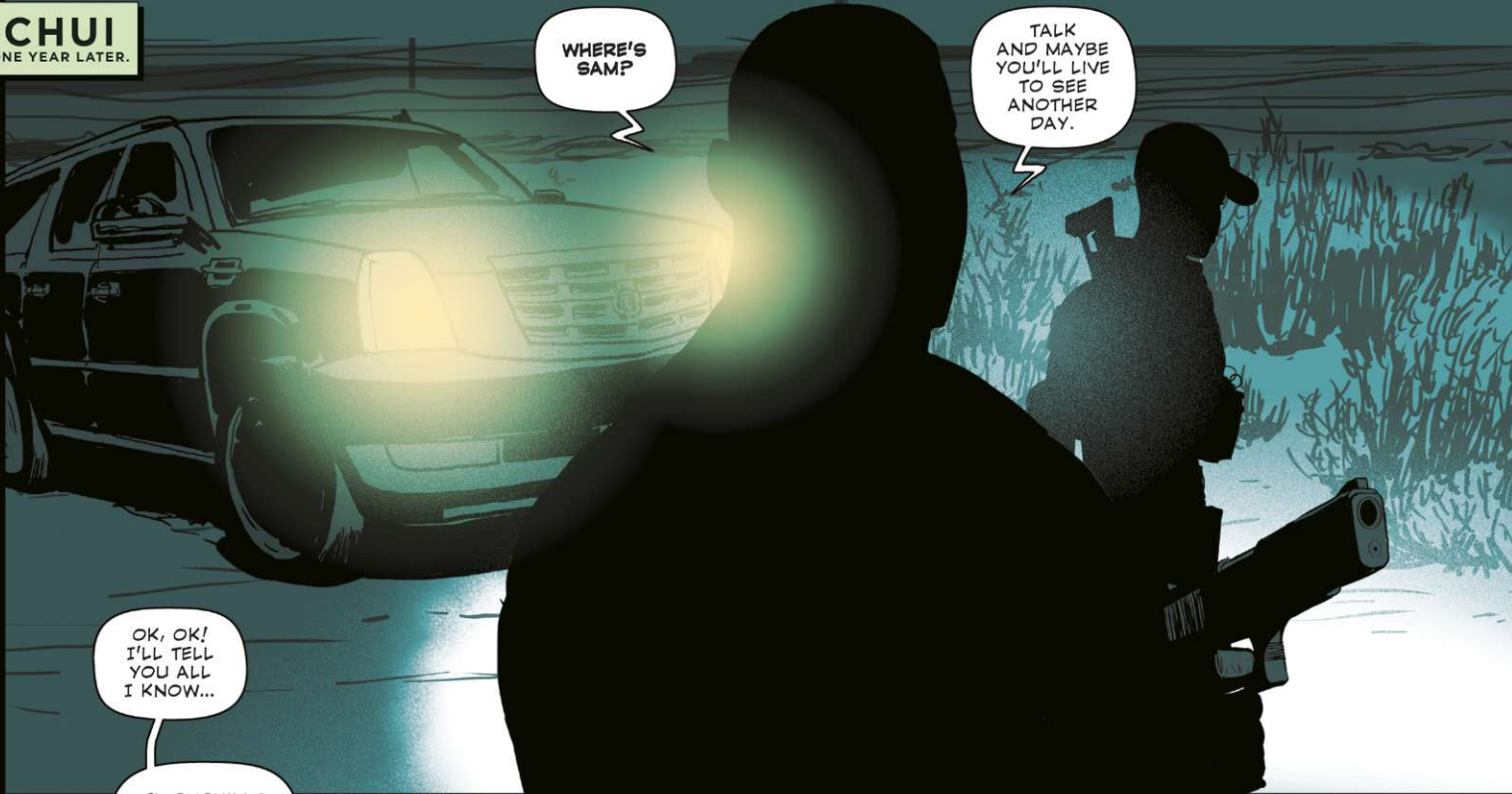
ARE YOU SURE, SAM?

YEAH. THEY'LL COME THROUGH HERE. WE LEAVE THIS PART AS IS, SO THEY'LL HAVE TO.

ALWAYS LEAVE A WEAK SPOT THAT'S EASY TO DEFEND.

KATSU
INDUSTRIAL PLASTIC

CHUI
ONE YEAR LATER.



WHERE'S
SAMP?

TALK
AND MAYBE
YOU'LL LIVE
TO SEE
ANOTHER
DAY.

OK, OK!
I'LL TELL
YOU ALL
I KNOW...

EL CUCHILLO
LOVED THE IDEA
OF HAVING HIS
OWN SAS AGENT
AS A PITBULL.

AND
STEALING
ONE FROM
DARKWATER,
WELL, HE
REALLY DUG
THAT.

WITH THAT FAT ASS
OF HIS FROM EATING TOO
MANY CHURROS, EL CUCHILLO
DIDN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH.
BUT HE'D BEEN WITH THE AFI,
MEXICO'S FBI. HE WASN'T
SOME ILLITERATE PEON.



AND EWAN?

NEVER LIKED
THE GUY
MYSELF.



ONCE A
TRAITOR,
ALWAYS A
TRAITOR.



PAPI*, YOU DONE YET? I'M BOOORED.



¡CÁLLATE LA BOCA, MARÍA!**

EWAN, YOU KNOW WHY I HIRED YOU?

* SUGAR DADDY ** SHUT YOUR MOUTH, MARIA!



BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER HAD A REDHEAD IN YOUR HAREM BEFORE, LATIN LOVER?



BOSS WASN'T DONE YET.



OH, LET THE MAN TALK. WHO CARES IF HE HAS A SMART MOUTH? AS LONG AS HE SHITS IN HIS OWN LITTER BOX.

AND I'VE HAD DOZENS OF REDHEADS. I HIRED YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE A SON OF A BITCH, EWAN.

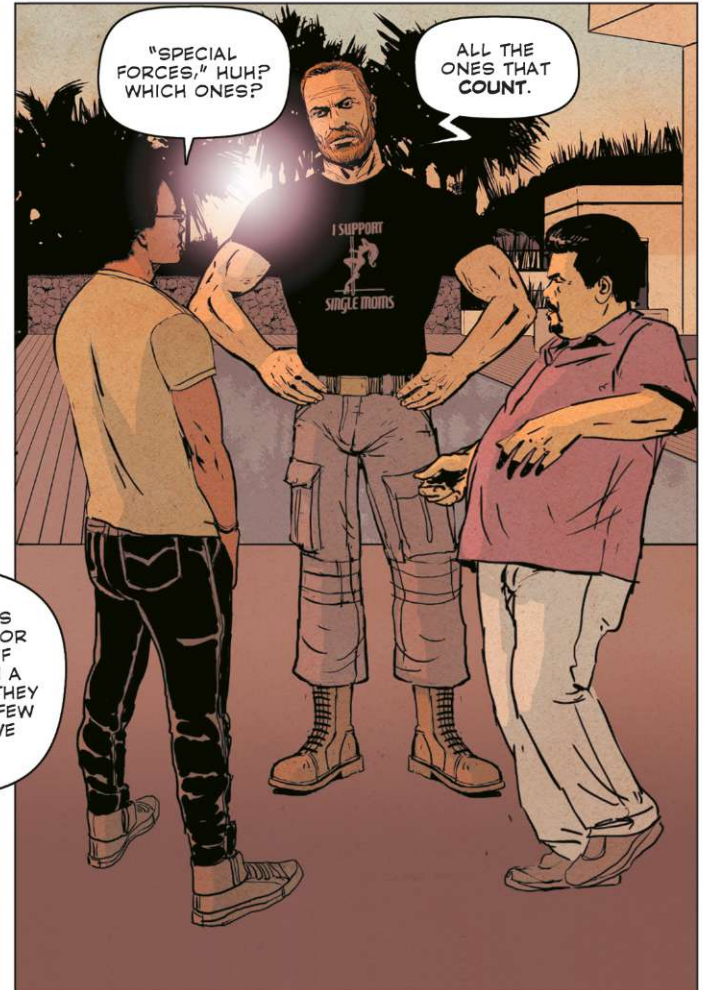
AND I LOVE WORKING WITH SONS OF BITCHES! NEVER ANY FUSS. YOU'RE A PRO. YOU DO YOUR THING, I LEAVE YOUR MONEY ON THE DRESSER.



YOU FINISHED? AM I SUPPOSED TO BE SCARED OR SMITTEN?



I LOVE THIS GUY!



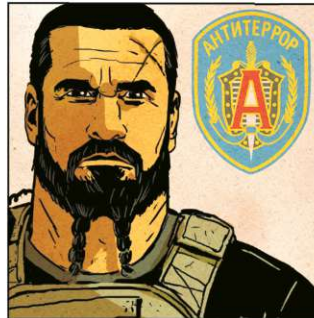


TRAVIS IS EX-CIA. REDNECK COMPLETELY OFF HIS ROCKER. NOT TO BE UNDERESTIMATED. YOU DON'T WIND UP WITH DARKWATER BY ACCIDENT.



UMATA'S AN IDF* INSTRUCTOR, MAYBE THE MOST DANGEROUS OF THE BUNCH. TAKE HER OUT FIRST IF YOU GET THE CHANCE.

* ISRAEL DEFENSE FORCES



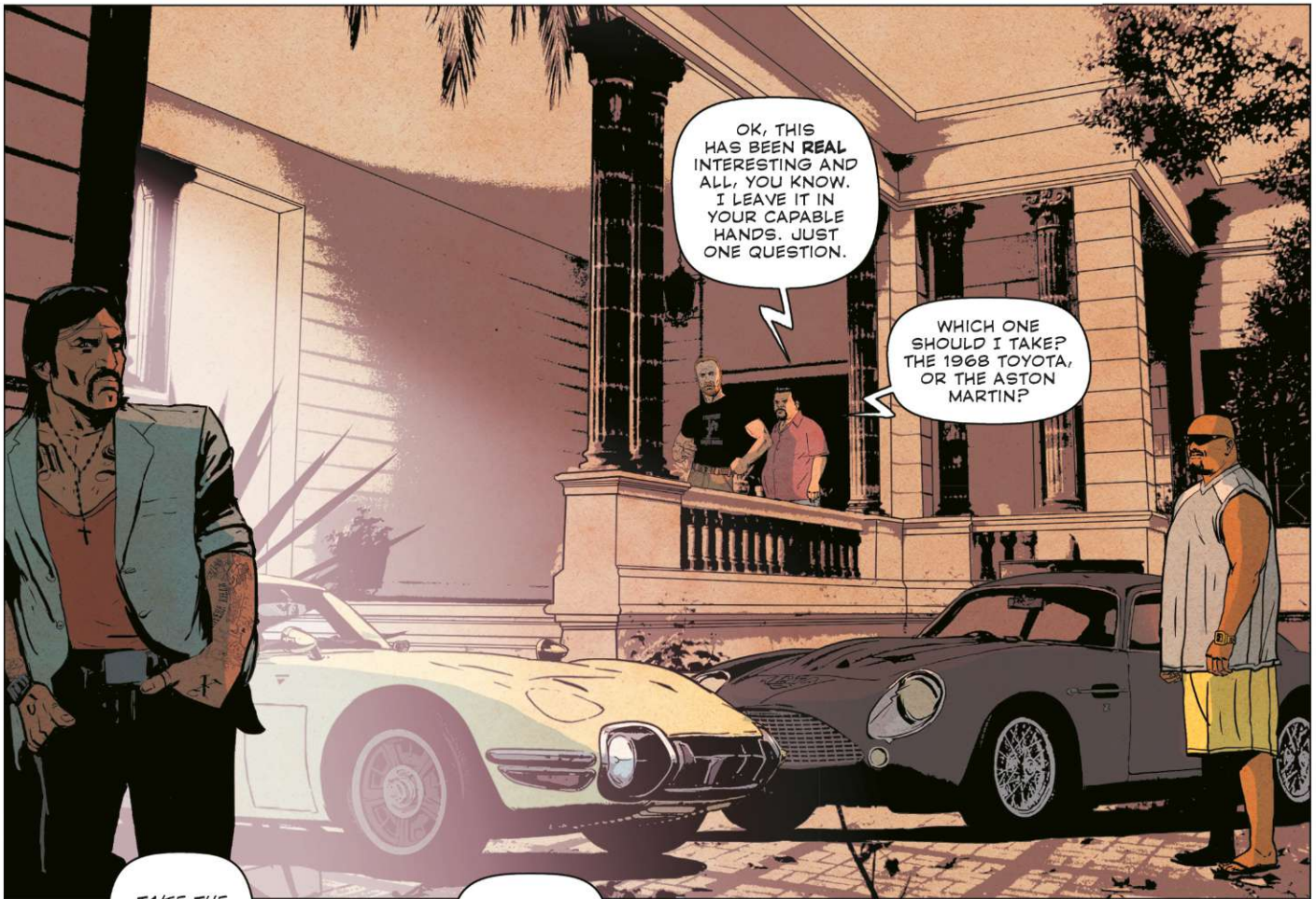
PIOTR'S EX-FSB*, A SPETSNAZ BASTARD BUILT LIKE A BRICK SHITHOUSE, AND DUMB AS ONE TOO. HIS MOTTO? "RELOADING IS FOR PUSSIES."

* EX-KGB



DARWYN (A.K.A. BIG D), THEIR BOSS, IS FORMER SAS*. WE SERVED THE CROWN TOGETHER FOR 4 YEARS. HE'S A BORN TACTICIAN AND TOUGH AS THEY COME.

* SPECIAL AIR SERVICE



OK, THIS HAS BEEN REAL INTERESTING AND ALL, YOU KNOW. I LEAVE IT IN YOUR CAPABLE HANDS. JUST ONE QUESTION.

WHICH ONE SHOULD I TAKE? THE 1968 TOYOTA, OR THE ASTON MARTIN?

TAKE THE TOYOTA AND GIVE ME THE ASTON.

KILL THOSE MARICONES, AND IT'S YOURS.



END OF VOLUME 1



By the same author



Europe Comics

- CLAN

- CASH COWBOYS



Dark Horse

with Sybille Titeux

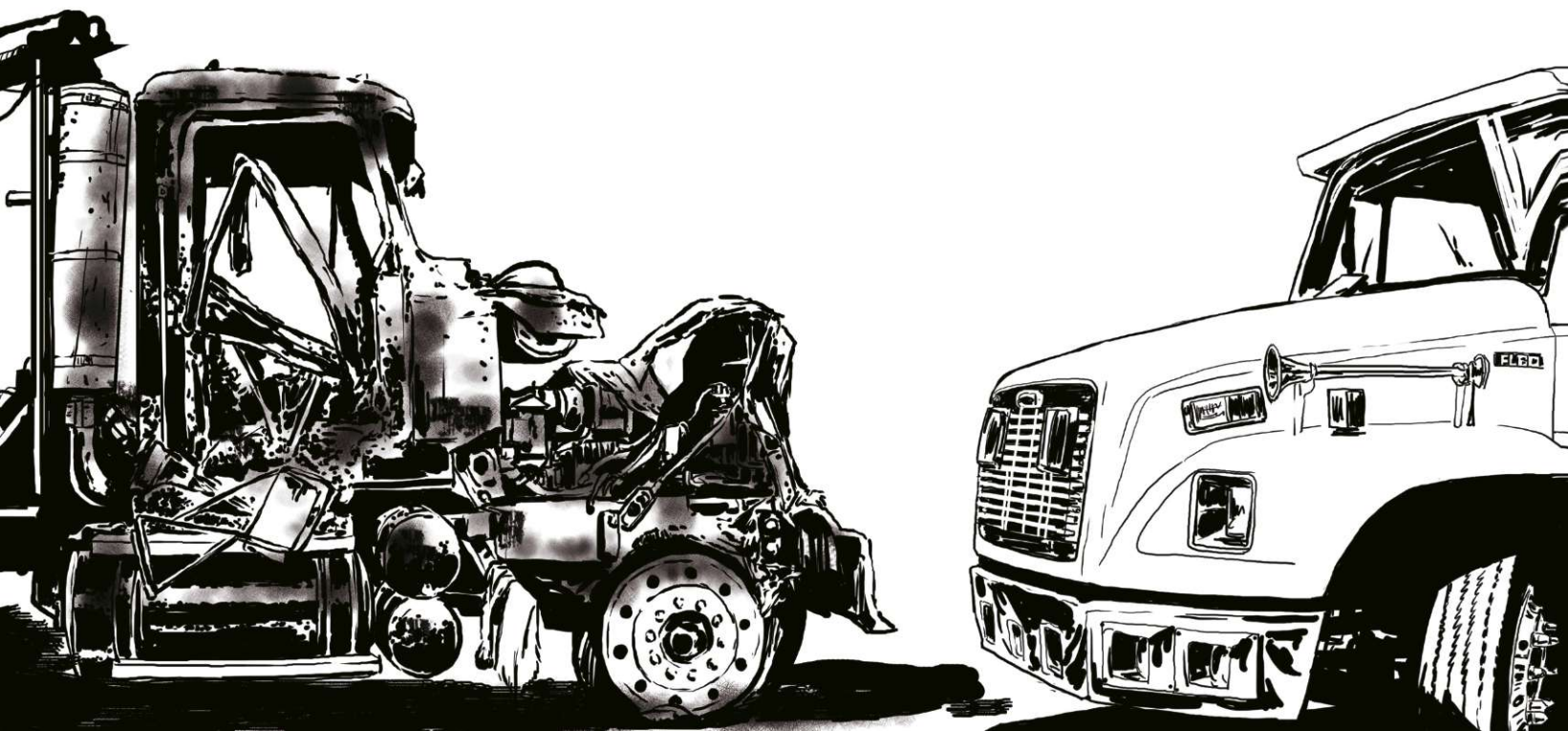
- MUHAMMAD ALI



Boom! Studios (2020)

with Jared Reinmuth

-BIG BLACK: STAND AT ATTICA



"Sympathy for the Devil" — performed by
the Rolling Stones, written by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards
© 1968, *Beggars Banquet*, ABKCO Music & Records, Inc.

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C4 IS LIKE TRUE FRIENDS. YOU CAN NEVER HAVE ENOUGH.

Everyone—the FBI, MI6, and MOSSAD—wants to get their hands on former SAS soldier Sam Hicks. Is he dead? Alive? Or has he just changed sides? Could it be he’s managed to checkmate Darkwater, a hard-hitting private army of former special forces members? (That’s a lot of questions, but the answers are all right here in CASH COWBOYS.)

