



WARNAUTS & RAIVES

# PURPLE HEART

VOLUME 1 SAVIOR



euRoPe  
COMICS



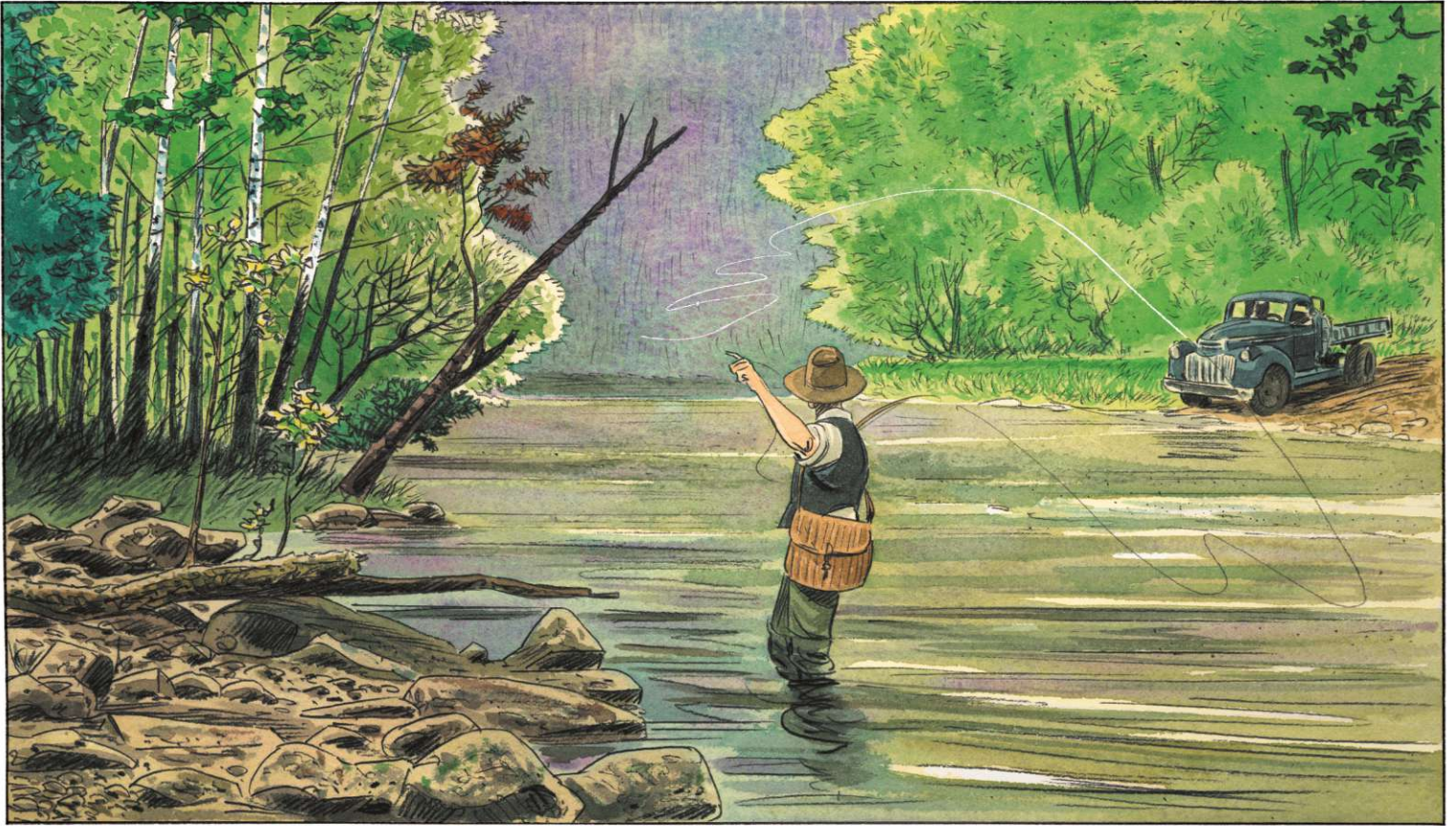
WARNAUTS & RAIVES

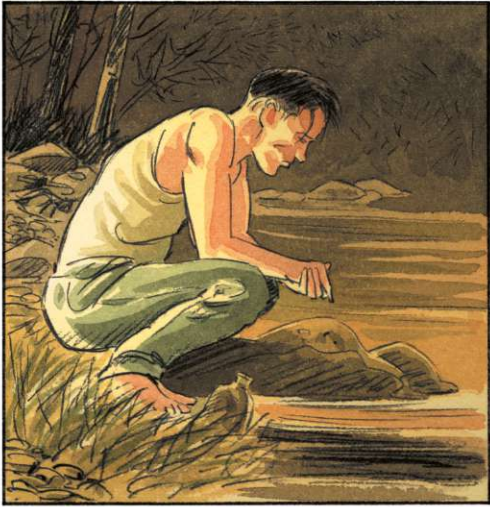
**PURPLE  
HEART**

VOLUME 1 SAVIOR









Joshua, "the savior"... What could have gotten into his mother when she chose that name out of the hundreds in that Bible she always had with her? And why did his father, that nasty Irishman, let her do it? Maybe because he knew no one is ever saved...



Whatever the reason, Joshua couldn't save Mike, despite the promises he'd made to Sally. He'd done all he could to stop the hemorrhaging after his friend stepped on a mine in that valley in the Belgian Ardennes. It had earned them the Purple Heart. Mike got his posthumously, Joshua for getting wounded. "A hell of a lot of good that does him!!!" Mike's young widow shouted at his funeral back home, refusing to accept the case containing the Purple Heart. So Joshua did what he thought he had to. He burnt that goddamn medal.





UNBELIEVABLE. EVERY TIME I COME TO SEE YOU, THE CITY HAS CHANGED.

IT'S GROWING LIKE A WEED. APPARENTLY, REAL ESTATE HASN'T DONE THIS WELL SINCE THE GREAT CRASH BACK IN '29.

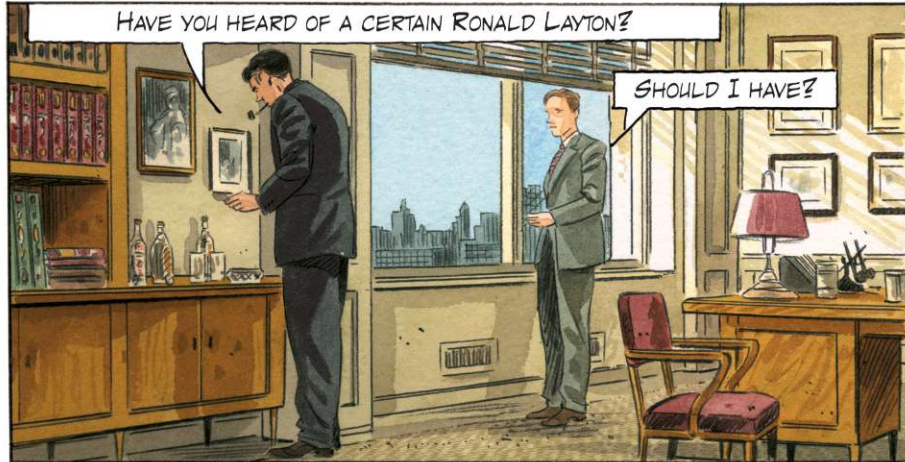
IMPRESSIVE!

SOON, WE WON'T BE ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF NEW YORK ANYMORE. MIDTOWN WILL TAKE OFF AND THE EMPIRE STATE WILL FINALLY TURN A PROFIT.



SOMEONE MUST BE GETTING RICH OFF ALL THIS---

SWARMING SHARKS ARE A GOOD THING FOR THE LAW OFFICE OF GLENN, RODGER, AND BERNSTEIN.



HAVE YOU HEARD OF A CERTAIN RONALD LAYTON?

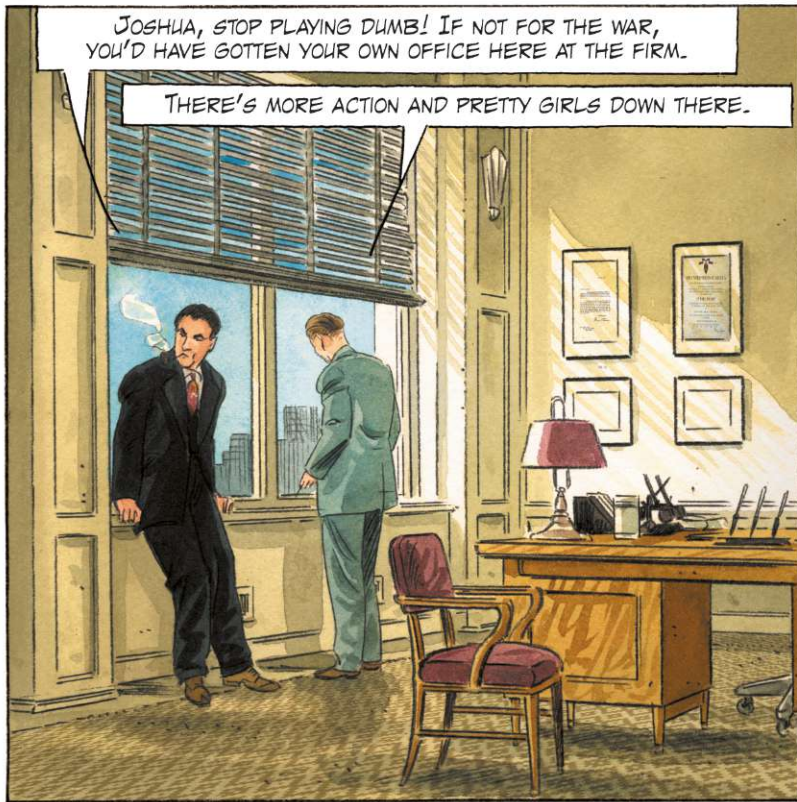
SHOULD I HAVE?



YOU MIGHT HAVE. HE KEEPS CROPPING UP IN THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

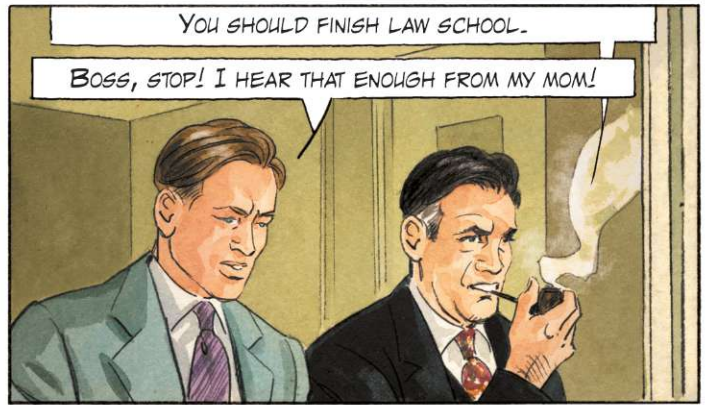
I PREFER THE HERALD'S SPORTS PAGE.





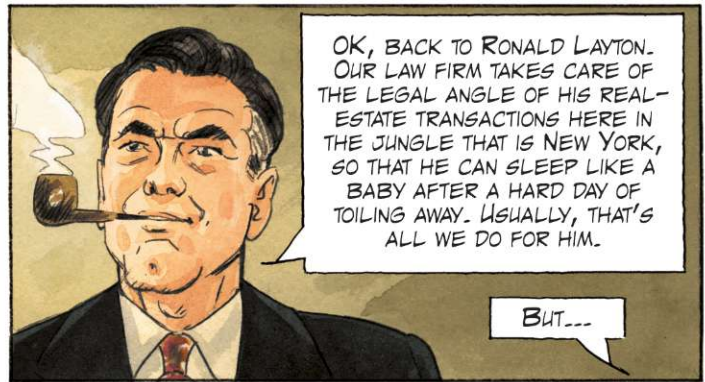
JOSHUA, STOP PLAYING DUMB! IF NOT FOR THE WAR, YOU'D HAVE GOTTEN YOUR OWN OFFICE HERE AT THE FIRM.

THERE'S MORE ACTION AND PRETTY GIRLS DOWN THERE.



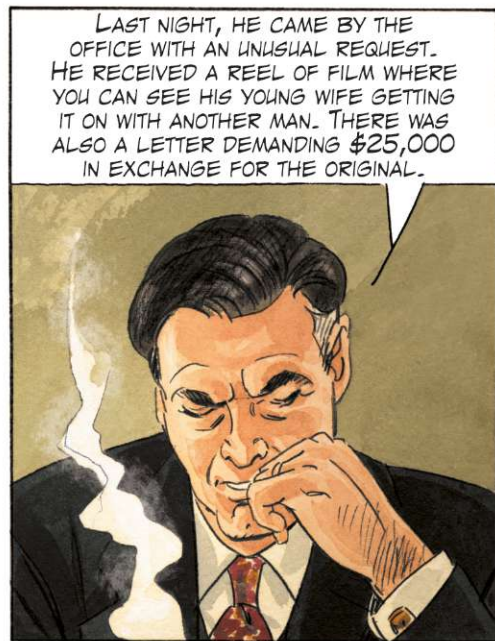
YOU SHOULD FINISH LAW SCHOOL.

BOSS, STOP! I HEAR THAT ENOUGH FROM MY MOM!



OK, BACK TO RONALD LAYTON. OUR LAW FIRM TAKES CARE OF THE LEGAL ANGLE OF HIS REAL-ESTATE TRANSACTIONS HERE IN THE JUNGLE THAT IS NEW YORK, SO THAT HE CAN SLEEP LIKE A BABY AFTER A HARD DAY OF TOILING AWAY. USUALLY, THAT'S ALL WE DO FOR HIM.

BUT...



LAST NIGHT, HE CAME BY THE OFFICE WITH AN UNUSUAL REQUEST. HE RECEIVED A REEL OF FILM WHERE YOU CAN SEE HIS YOUNG WIFE GETTING IT ON WITH ANOTHER MAN. THERE WAS ALSO A LETTER DEMANDING \$25,000 IN EXCHANGE FOR THE ORIGINAL.



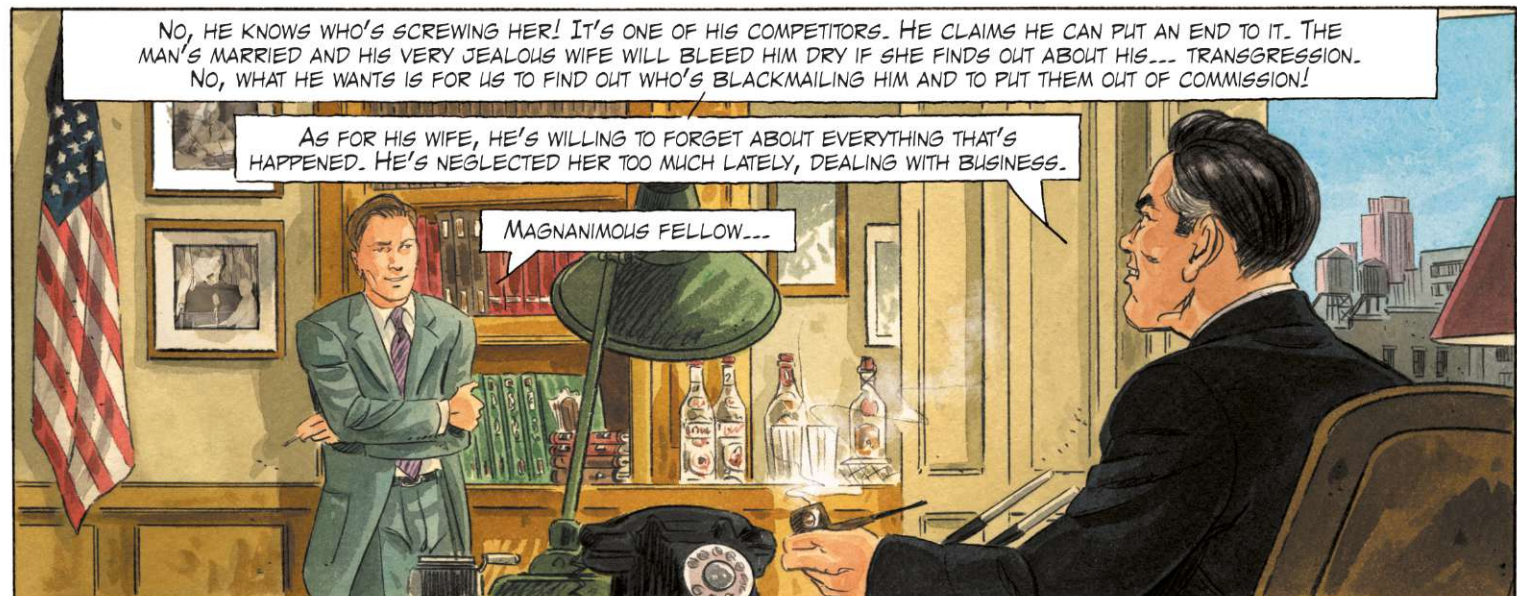
BLACKMAIL?!? THAT'S A POLICE MATTER!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I TOLD HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T WANT TO LISTEN.



HE'S CONVINCED THAT WORD WILL GET OUT. AND THAT'S THE LAST THING HE WANTS.

HE WANTS ME TO FIND OUT WHO THE BOYFRIEND IS?



NO, HE KNOWS WHO'S SCREWING HER! IT'S ONE OF HIS COMPETITORS. HE CLAIMS HE CAN PUT AN END TO IT. THE MAN'S MARRIED AND HIS VERY JEALOUS WIFE WILL BLEED HIM DRY IF SHE FINDS OUT ABOUT HIS... TRANSGRESSION. NO, WHAT HE WANTS IS FOR US TO FIND OUT WHO'S BLACKMAILING HIM AND TO PUT THEM OUT OF COMMISSION!

AS FOR HIS WIFE, HE'S WILLING TO FORGET ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED. HE'S NEGLECTED HER TOO MUCH LATELY, DEALING WITH BUSINESS.

MAGNANIMOUS FELLOW...

HIS WIFE'S A LOT YOUNGER THAN HIM. HE CLAIMS HE'S MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER. SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF AN ENGLISH DIPLOMAT, AND SHE HAD A TROUBLED CHILDHOOD. HE DOESN'T WANT HER TO GET HURT MORE THAN SHE WAS.

YOU BELIEVE HIM?



IT'S CERTAINLY NOT THE ONLY REASON. THE SCANDAL THAT THE FILM WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY CREATE WOULD LIKELY PUT HIS DAZZLING CAREER IN JEOPARDY. THERE ARE MUTTERINGS THAT HE HAS POLITICAL AMBITIONS.



THAT COULD BE A MOTIVE.

THAT, AND A DOZEN OTHERS...

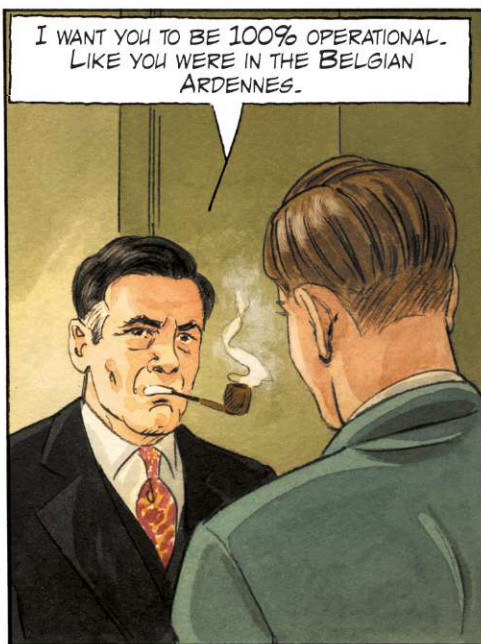


THE FILM... DO I BRING IT?

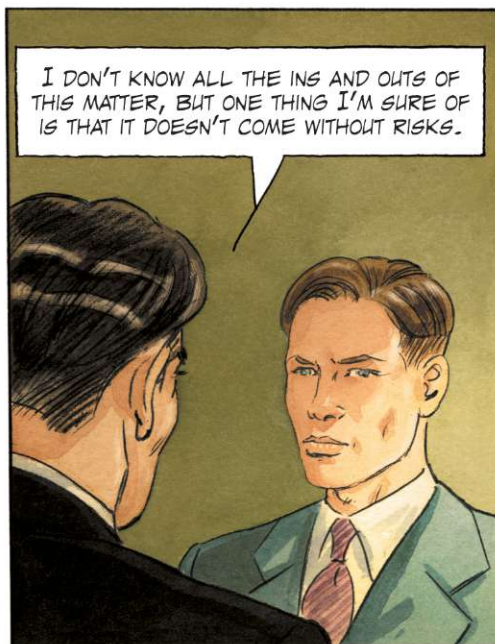
TSK, TSK, TSK... YOUR TESTOSTERONE LEVELS ARE ALREADY TOO HIGH!



I WANT YOU TO BE 100% OPERATIONAL. LIKE YOU WERE IN THE BELGIAN ARDENNES.



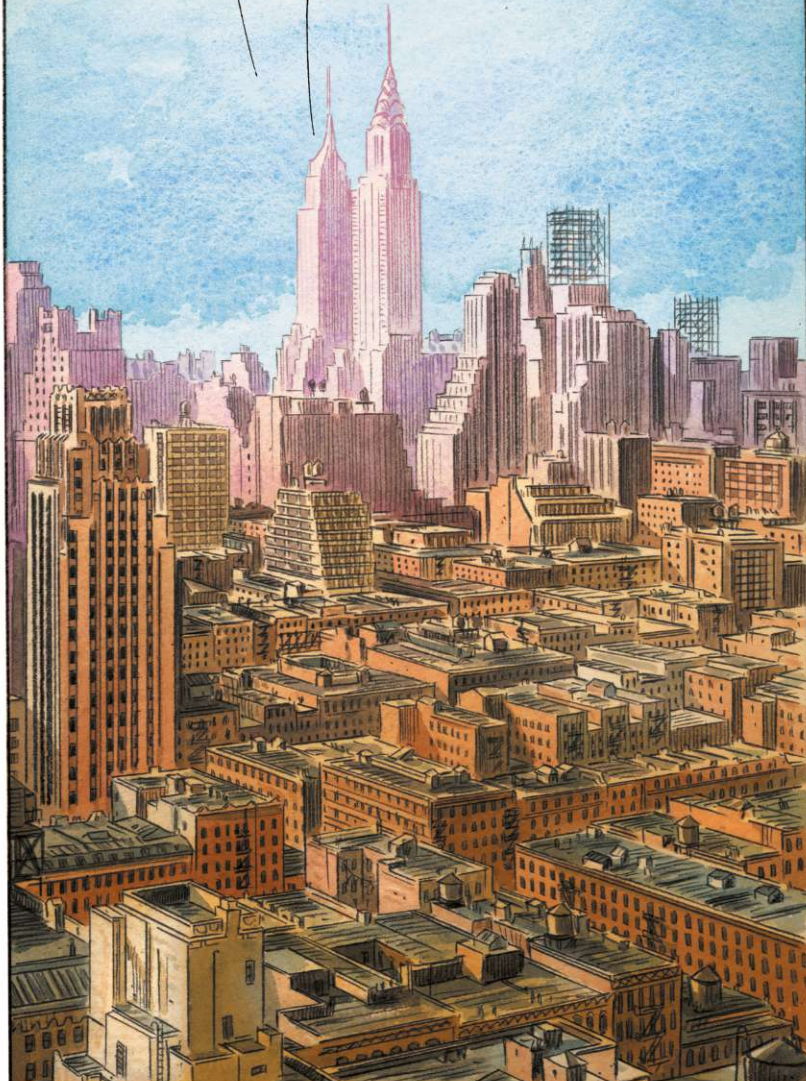
I DON'T KNOW ALL THE INS AND OUTS OF THIS MATTER, BUT ONE THING I'M SURE OF IS THAT IT DOESN'T COME WITHOUT RISKS.



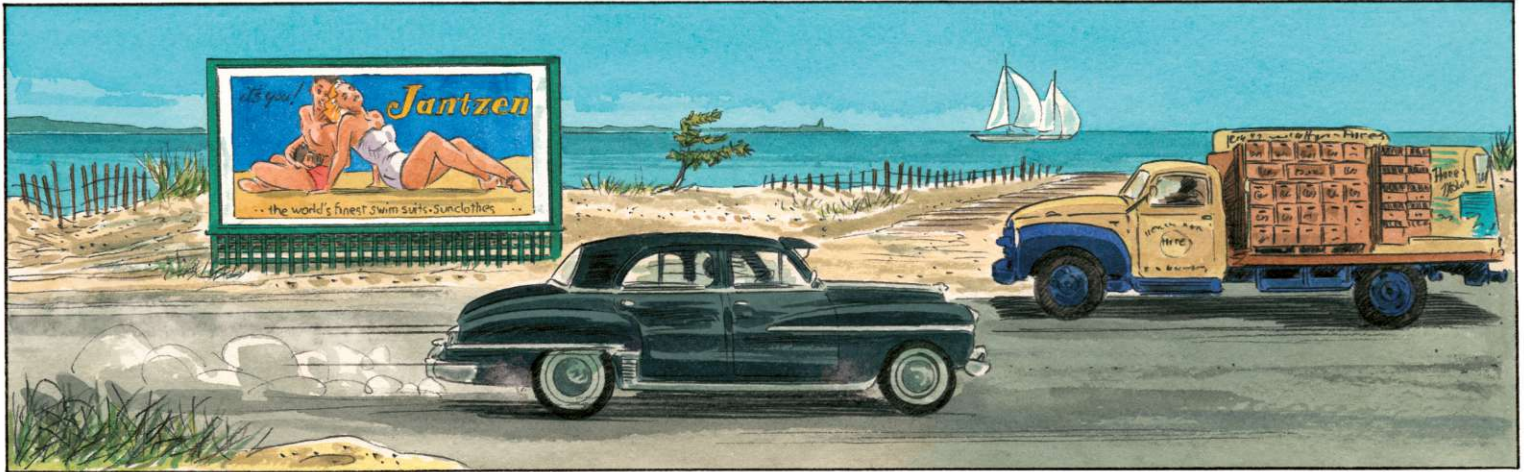
NEW YORK REAL ESTATE IS A VERY RISKY SECTOR. I TOLD HIM ABOUT YOU. HE WANTS TO MEET YOU, WITH HIS WIFE. BUT HE DOESN'T WANT HER TO KNOW WHAT YOUR JOB WILL BE.

THIS GUY'S DIRTY.

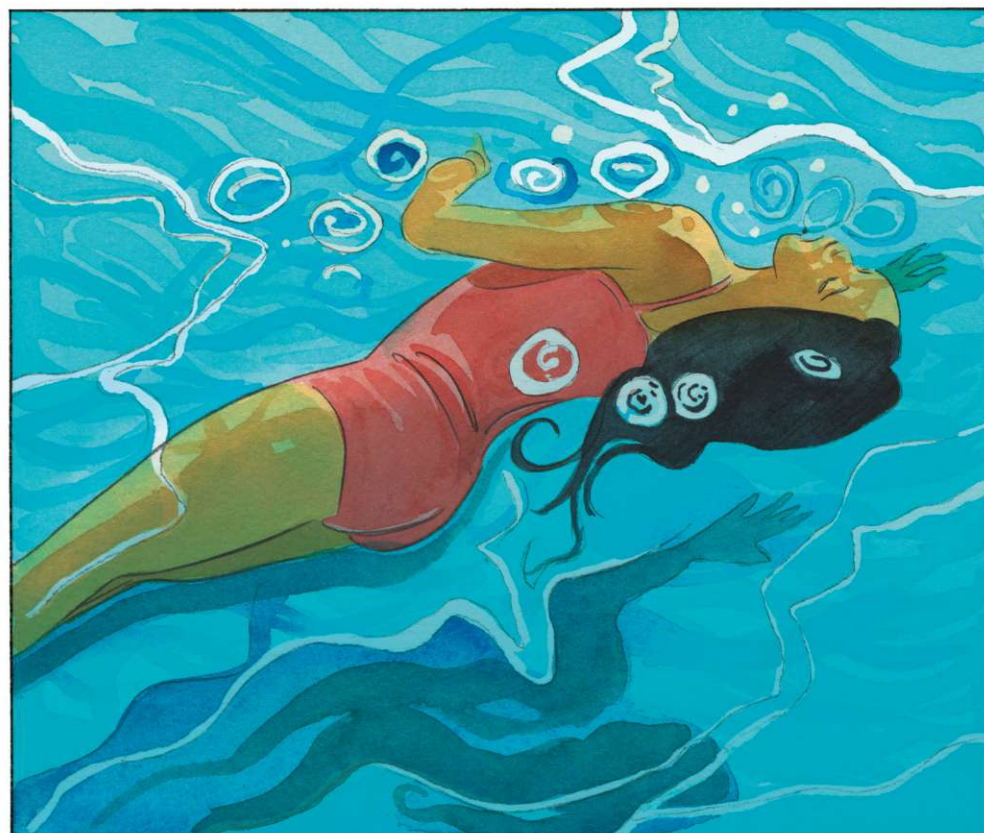
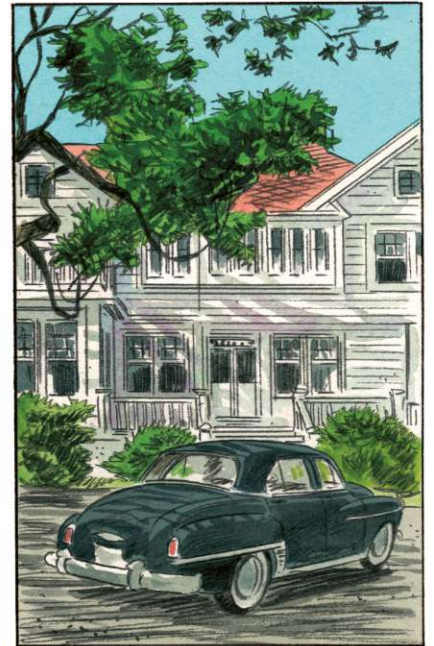
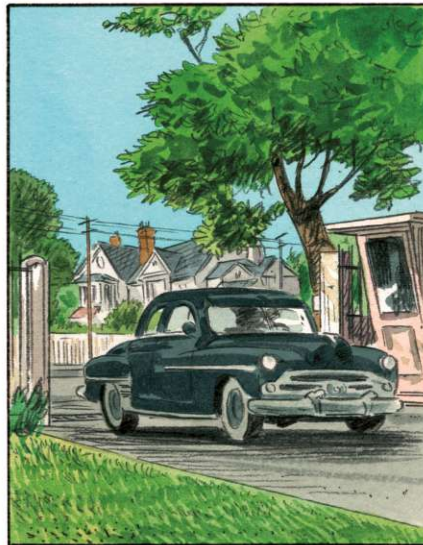
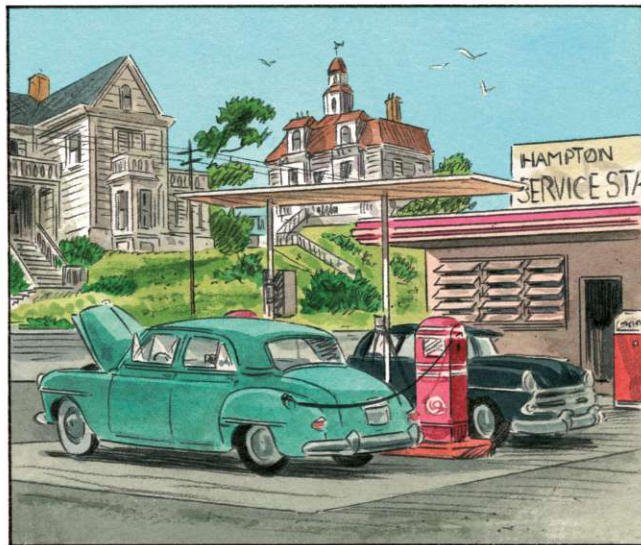
BUT HE'S ALSO ONE OF OUR BIGGEST CLIENTS. HE'S EXPECTING YOU THIS AFTERNOON AT HIS SEASIDE COTTAGE ON LONG ISLAND. A WONDERFUL SPOT, YOU'LL SEE.

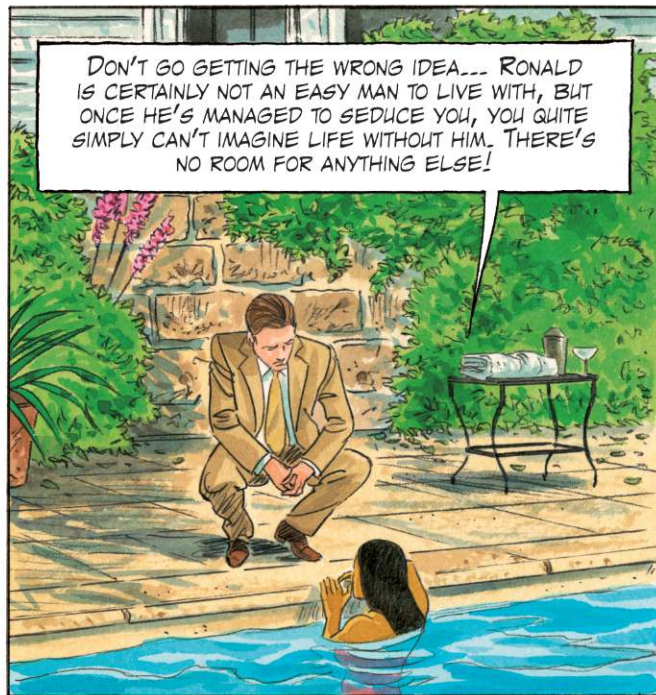


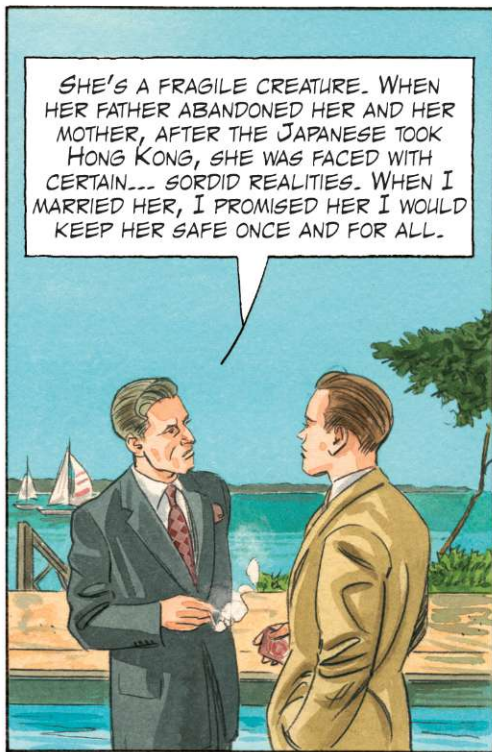
The Dodge followed the coastline, standing out against the waves of the Atlantic while Joshua thought about James Rodger. Under his command, he'd resisted the German counteroffensive during the horrible winter of '44. Time had gone by since then, but in his eyes, his mentor remained the closest thing to a father figure he had.



The advantage of wealthy seaside resorts is that they judge you based on appearances. In his boss's sedan, Joshua blended in, and the guard saluted him as he entered the private grounds that led up to the Laytons' mansion.







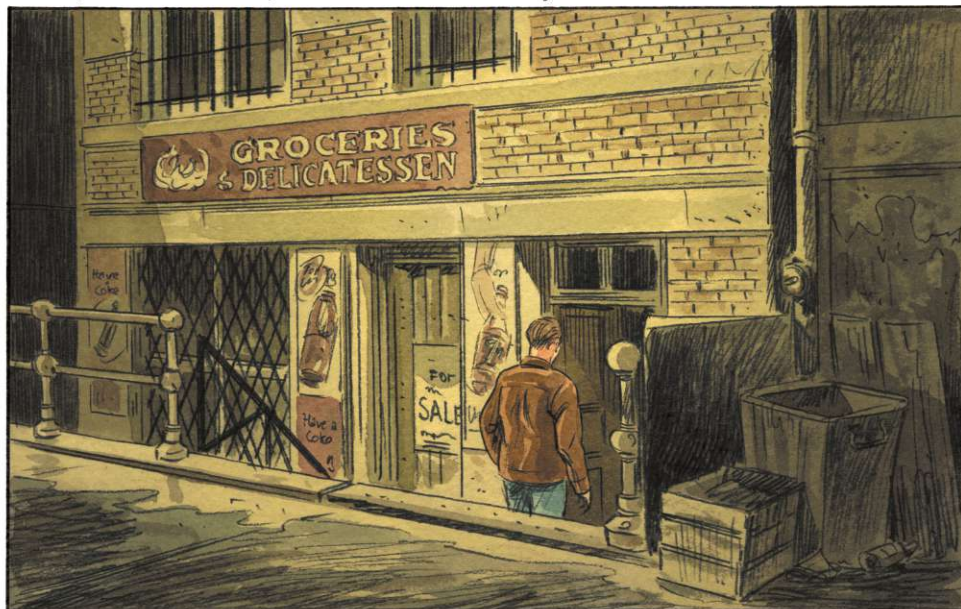
"Odd characters," Joshua thought, recalling his meeting with the Laytons. The dashing businessman and the sumptuous Eurasian seemed to have nothing in common: not their ages, personalities, or even emotions. He had the impression that he'd witnessed a play with carefully studied dialogue and consciously wrought attitudes, as if the couple were living out their lives onstage.



Aron Seligmann's shop was open seven days a week. Aron hadn't honored the Sabbath since getting out of the camps. Joshua had gone in one day to buy a saxophone he'd seen in the window. He'd just broken up with Lucia after a six-month relationship, a record for him. He needed to compensate.



When Aron handed him the dusty instrument, Joshua couldn't help but notice the row of numbers on the man's forearm. The two men looked at each other and, without a word, understood that they both had trodden over that scene of utmost horror, one as a victim, one as a liberator. They became friends then and there.





YOU WILL TELL US,  
VERFLICHTE JUDE!  
SCHWEINEHUND!

TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN  
THE PAINTINGS!

**BAF BAF**

Owww!

TELL US!!!

GO TO HELL!

**BAF BAF**



I DON'T HAVE THEM. SOMEONE  
GOT THEM THIS MORNING!

WHO?!?!

Owww!

WHO GOT THEM?!?!

---



YOU'RE LYING, DRECKSAU!!!  
NO ONE CAME BY. DO YOU WANT US  
TO FINISH THE JOB THAT OUR  
COMRADES COULDN'T?!?!



POLICE! YOU'RE SURROUNDED!  
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!  
I'LL GIVE YOU TO TEN...

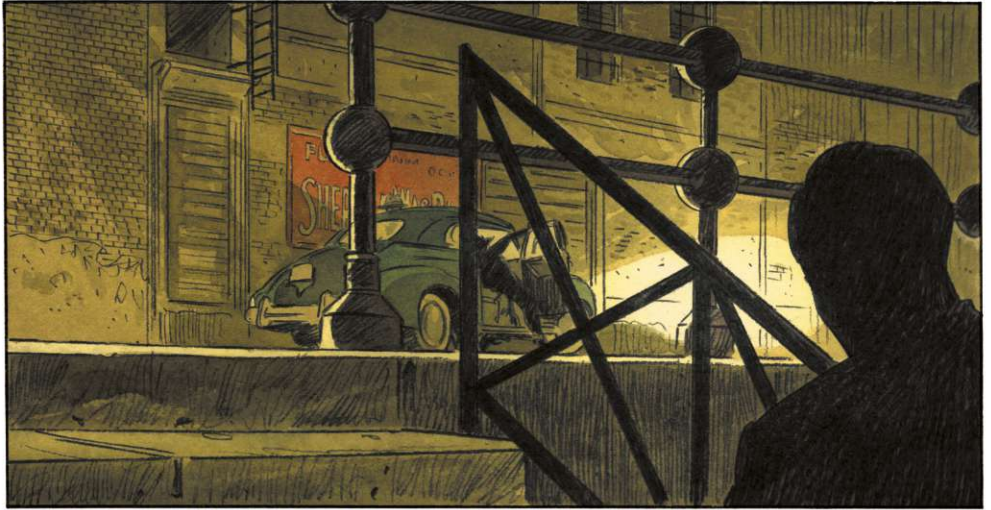


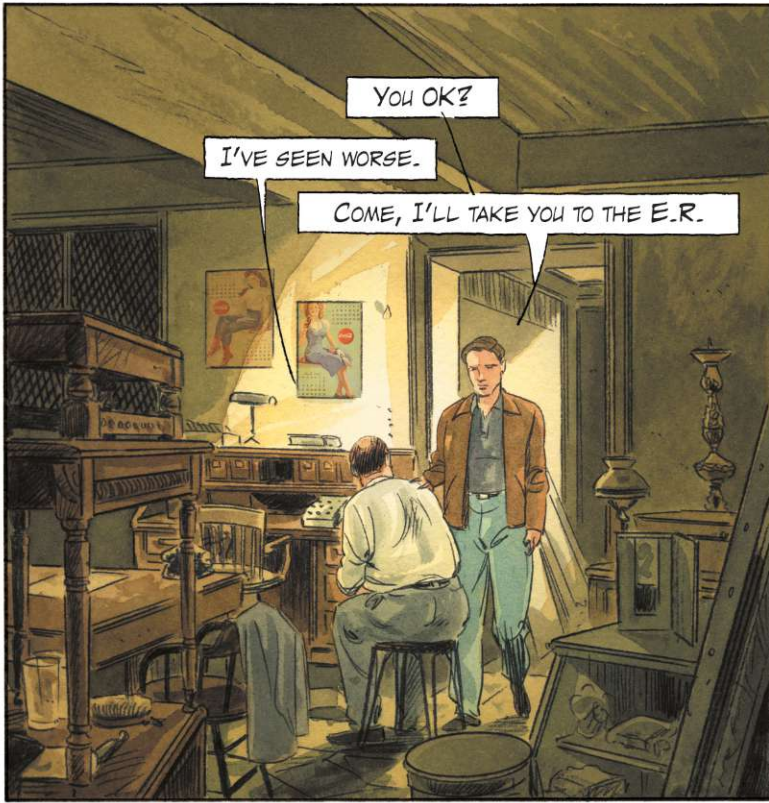
ONE, TWO, THREE...

LET'S GO...









YOU OK?

I'VE SEEN WORSE.

COME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE E.R.



YOU'RE JOKING... I JUST NEED SOME AIR. THEN I'LL CLEAN MYSELF UP.



GOOD GOD, ARON!!!

NO! JOSHUA, PLEASE. I'M NOT GOING TO LET THOSE NAZI THUGS RUIN MY EVENING!!!

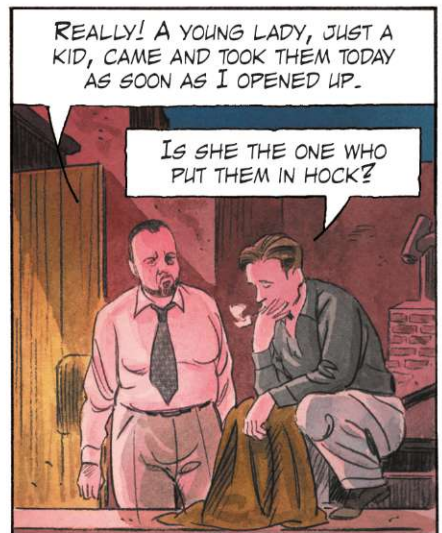
C'MON. THE ROOF.



WHAT WERE THEY AFTER?!!?

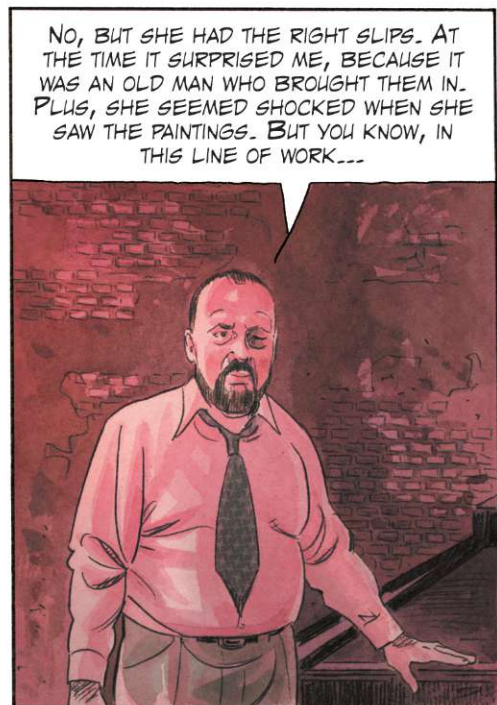
THREE PAINTINGS I HAD IN THE SHOP.

YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE THEM?!!?



REALLY! A YOUNG LADY, JUST A KID, CAME AND TOOK THEM TODAY AS SOON AS I OPENED UP.

IS SHE THE ONE WHO PUT THEM IN HOCK?



NO, BUT SHE HAD THE RIGHT SLIPS. AT THE TIME IT SURPRISED ME, BECAUSE IT WAS AN OLD MAN WHO BROUGHT THEM IN. PLUS, SHE SEEMED SHOCKED WHEN SHE SAW THE PAINTINGS. BUT YOU KNOW, IN THIS LINE OF WORK...



ARE THEY WORTH ANYTHING?!!?

NADA! THEY'RE CRAP. NO RESALE VALUE...



ALL THE SAME, THOSE TWO NAZIS REALLY SEEMED TO WANT TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THEM.

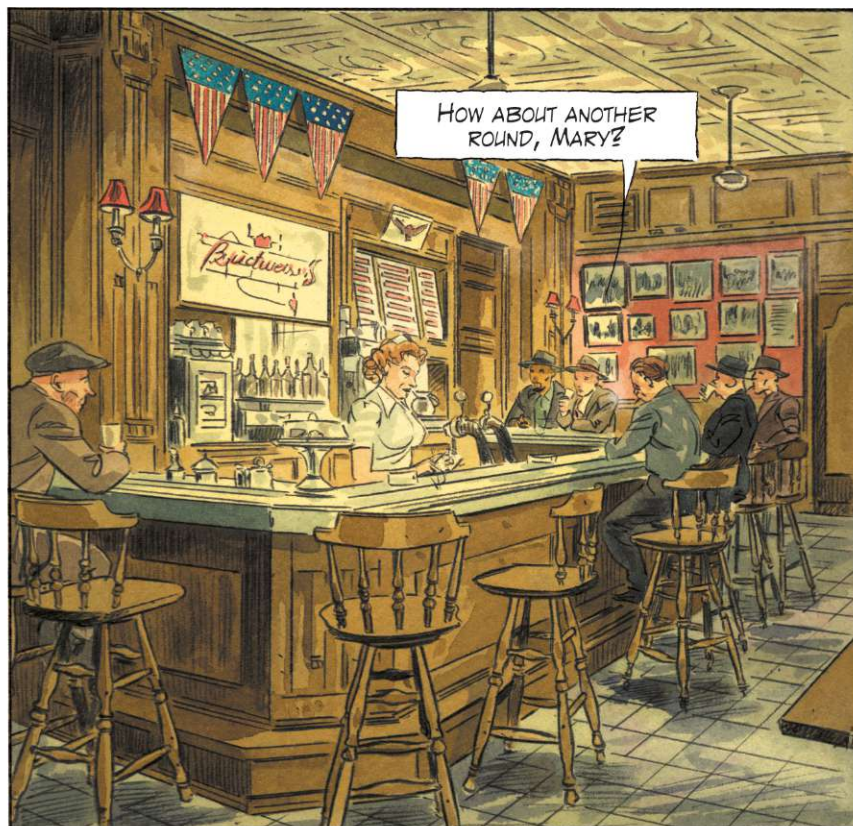
YOU KNOW, NAZIS AND THEIR TASTE IN ART...







Joshua had made an appointment at the veterans' home, a stone's throw from Mount Sinai Hospital where Winston worked. It's where former soldiers went to convalesce, but Joshua knew that most of them had left too much of themselves on the battlefield to ever be healed. Without really knowing why, they'd made it their HQ.





YOU GUYS ALL RIGHT?

ALL GOOD, DOLL.



I'M ASKING BECAUSE FOR SOME VETS, WHAT'S GOING ON IN KOREA IS BRINGING BACK CERTAIN THINGS... NOT THE BEST THINGS, EITHER...



BUT YOU TWO ARE OK, YEAH?

I'M GLAD.



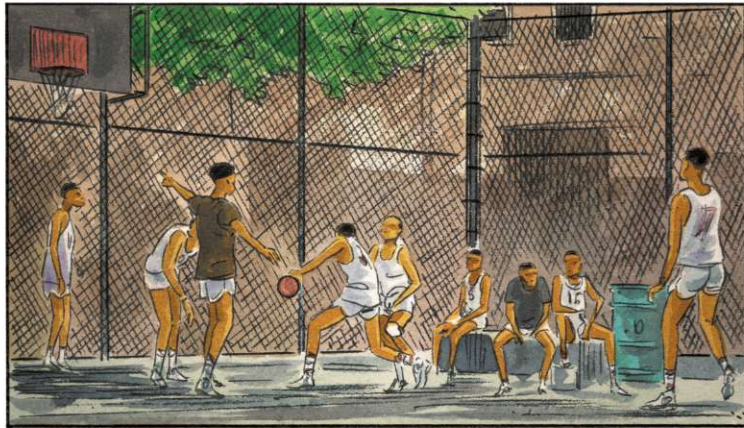
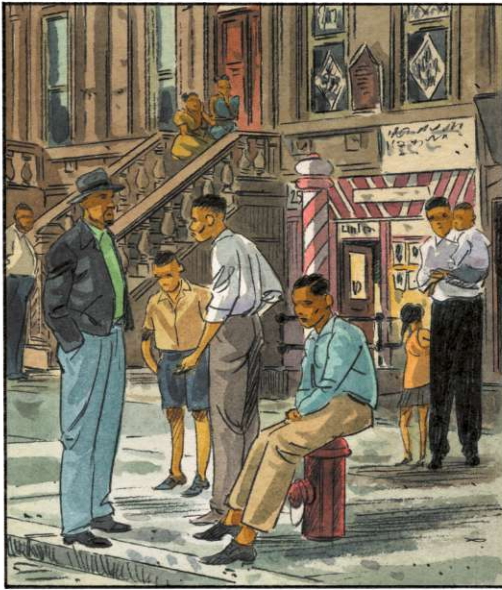
OK, C'MON... I'LL GO TALK TO THAT KID.



KNOW WHERE HE LIVES?

ARON TOLD ME.

HE KNEW JULIUS WOULDN'T TALK TO YOU.



Joshua had met Winston Woods while he was on a stretcher waiting at the country outpost where he'd been brought after the mine exploded. By making him a top-priority case, Winston had saved his life. It didn't matter if, for Winston, it was a professional decision. Joshua felt he owed him. Winston gave him the address of the young lady who'd picked up the paintings at Aron's. Her pad was over in Brooklyn. Joshua would go there as soon as he'd finished with an appointment he couldn't get out of.



DON'T GET ANY IDEAS THAT IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT.



WHAT'S WRONG?!? DO YOU HAVE A GIRL?

NOTHING SERIOUS.

I SEE. PROFESSIONAL CONSCIENCE.  
YOU DON'T DO IT WITH A CLIENT.



I KNEW YOU'D BE A GOOD SCREW...

YOU STAY IN SHAPE.



MAY I REMIND YOU THAT YOU WORK FOR RONALD, NOT FOR ME. UNLESS YOU CONSIDER WHAT JUST HAPPENED TO BE WORK... BUT I SERIOUSLY DOUBT THAT YOU WORK FOR FREE.



WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER DONE THAT?

SERIOUSLY?

YEP.



NO.

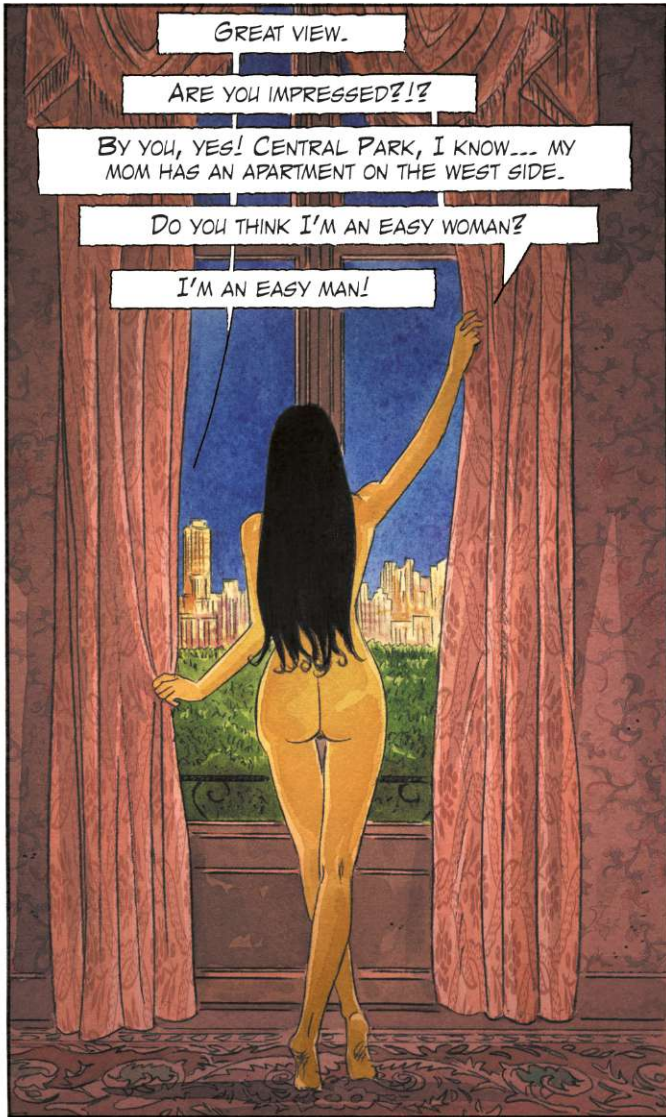
AND IF I SAID WITH YOU, IT'S DIFFERENT,  
I'M NOT FOOLING AROUND...

JOSHUA... YOU'RE NOT LIKE  
OTHER MEN THAT I'VE KNOWN.



YOU SEEM SO FREE. HOW DO YOU  
DO IT, SWEETIE?!? I'M JEALOUS.





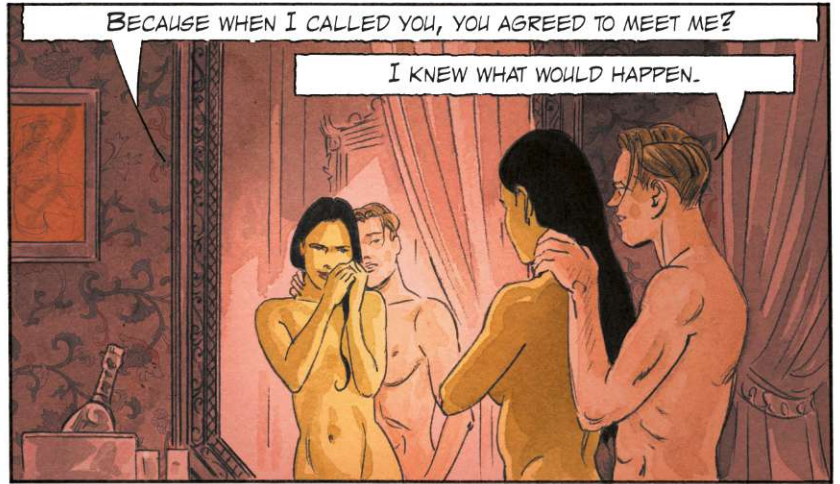
GREAT VIEW.

ARE YOU IMPRESSED?!?

BY YOU, YES! CENTRAL PARK, I KNOW... MY MOM HAS AN APARTMENT ON THE WEST SIDE.

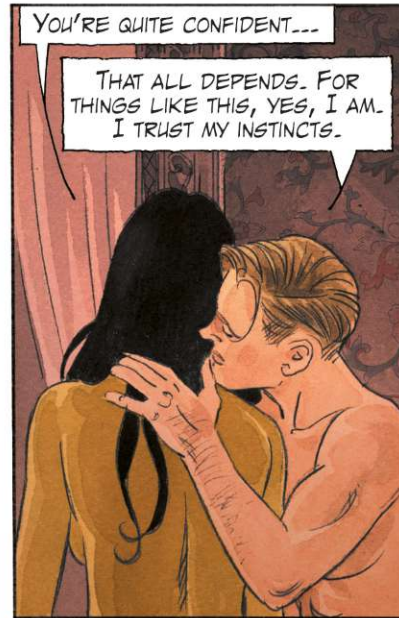
DO YOU THINK I'M AN EASY WOMAN?

I'M AN EASY MAN!



BECAUSE WHEN I CALLED YOU, YOU AGREED TO MEET ME?

I KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.



YOU'RE QUITE CONFIDENT...

THAT ALL DEPENDS. FOR THINGS LIKE THIS, YES, I AM. I TRUST MY INSTINCTS.



THERE'S SOME THINGS I WANT TO TELL YOU... PERSONAL THINGS ABOUT ME AND RONALD. I KNOW ABOUT THE FILM.

DO YOU USUALLY DO EVERYTHING IN REVERSE?



LIKE SCREW BEFORE CONFIDING?

I WOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT...

BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN!

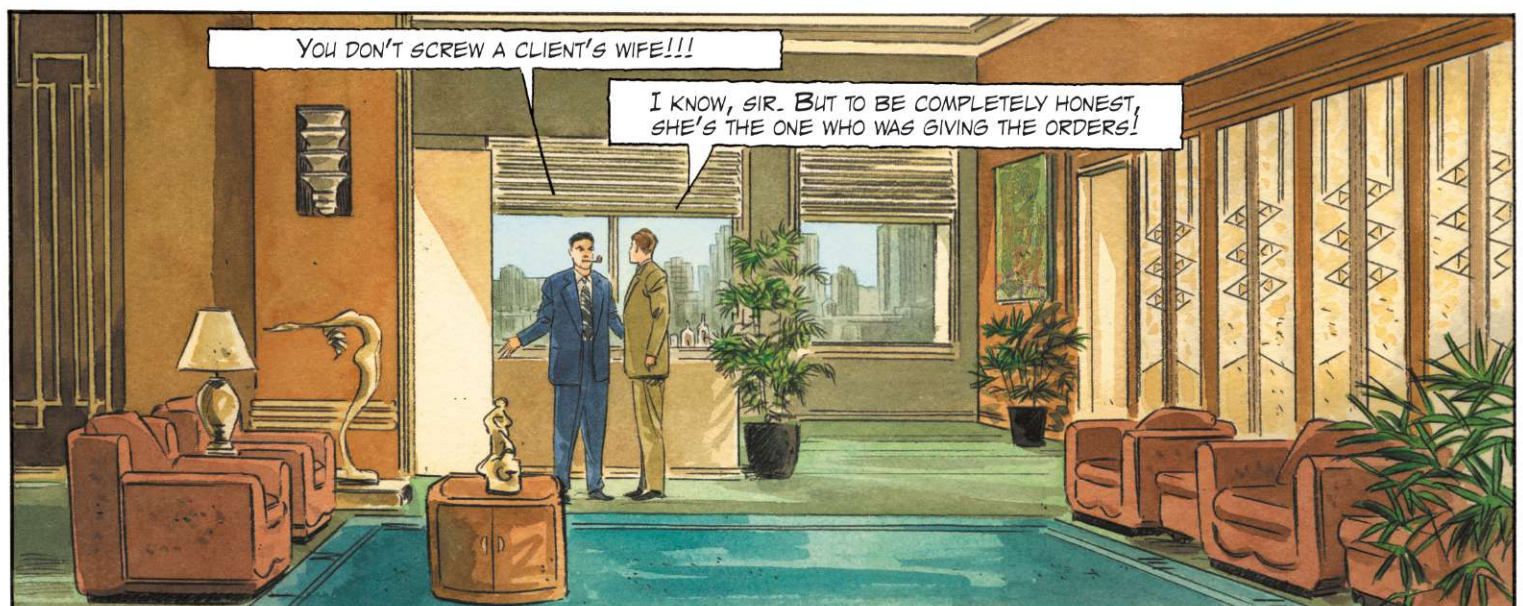
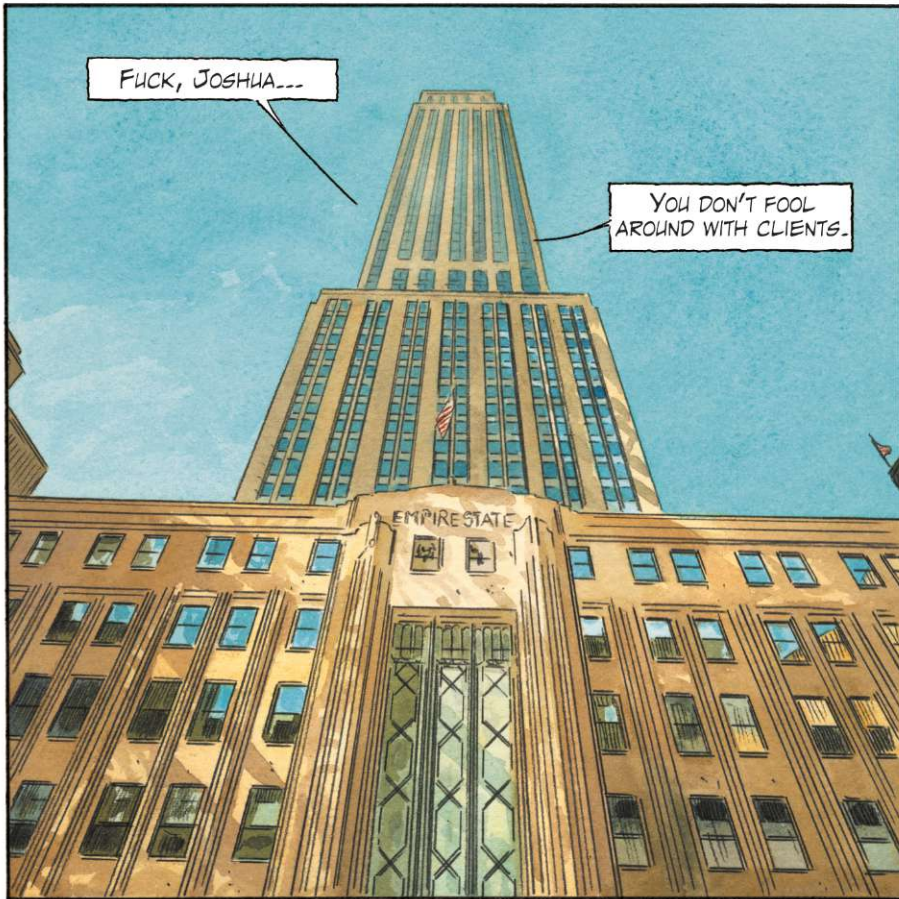
I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER, THEN WE'LL GO EAT IN A FRENCH RESTAURANT IN THE VILLAGE.

WILL YOU JOIN ME?

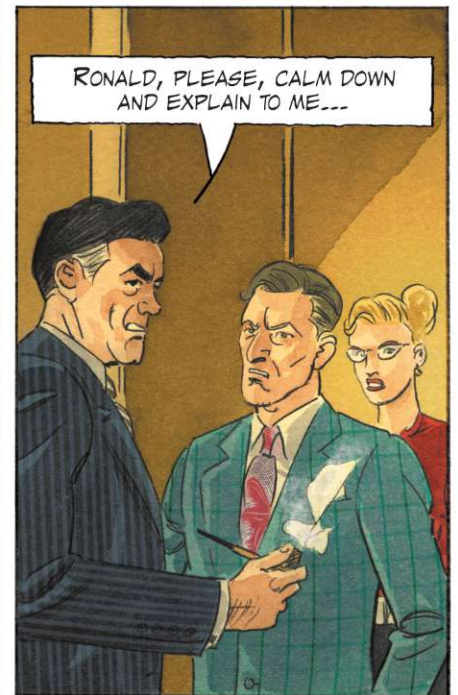
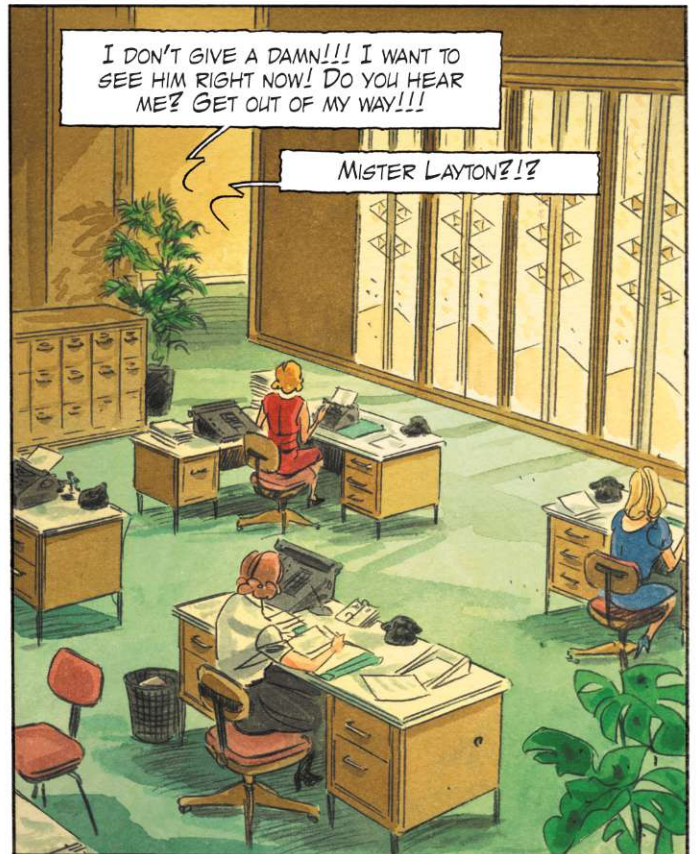


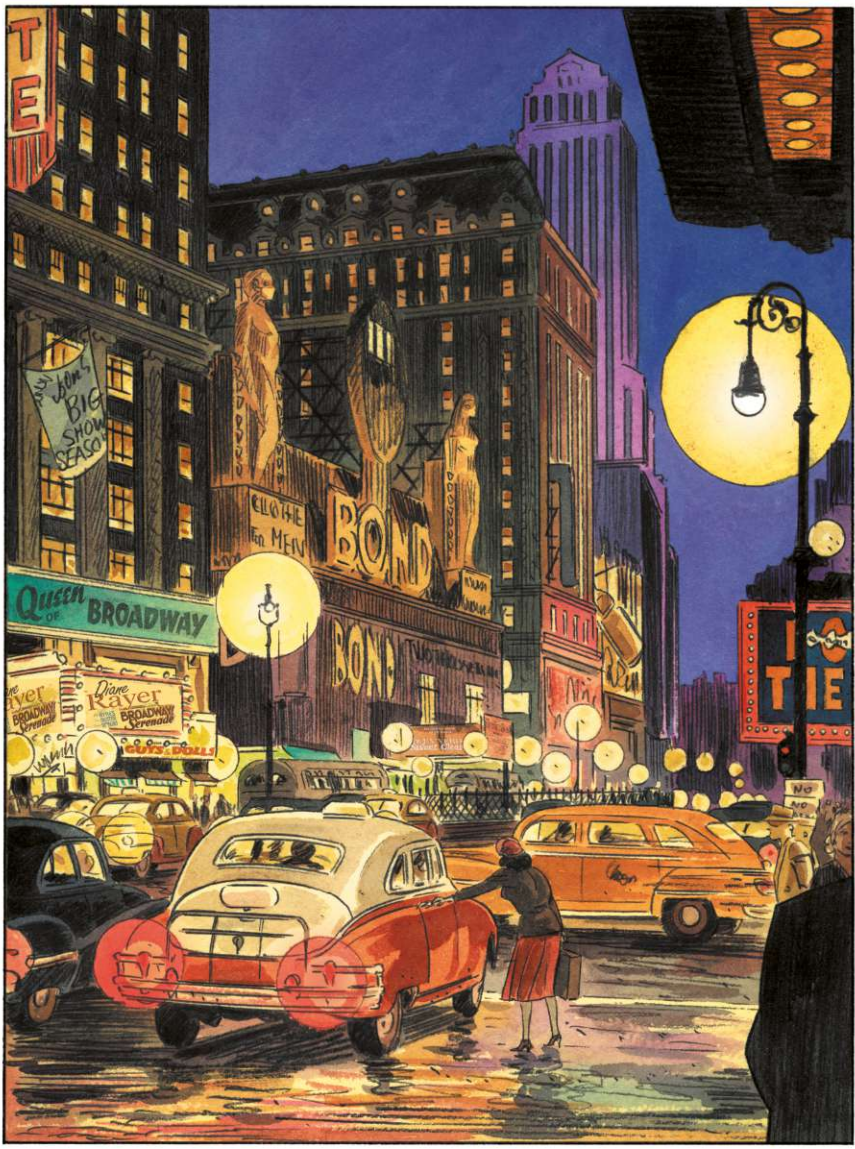
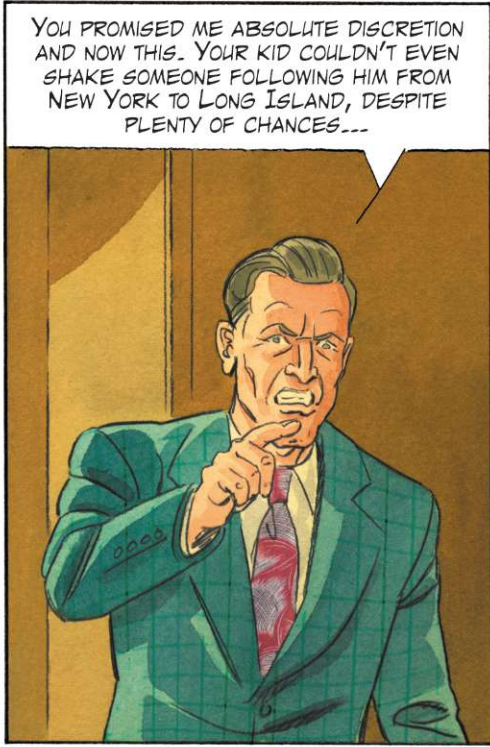
MMHHH... I SUPPOSE I SHOULD TAKE THAT FOR A YES...

Joshua had to make up for lost time. He'd had three years of youth stolen from him, all those things he should have discovered and lived in total freedom, carefree... just thinking about it made him furious and it was only when he'd been satisfied, lying next to a woman's body, that his anger subsided. Lauren seemed to sense his dark side and she abandoned herself, trusting him...



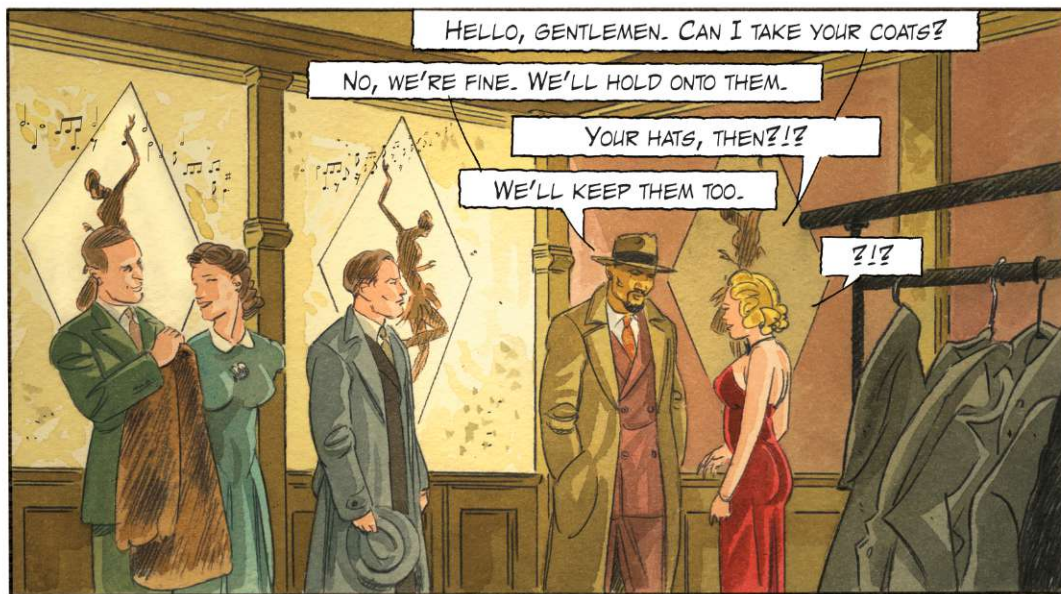






Once Layton calmed down, Joshua left the law offices and took the subway to Brooklyn and the boardinghouse where the young lady with the paintings lived. The landlady either had time to kill or else it was in her nature. She gave Joshua a whole load of information that could have come straight out of J. Edgar Hoover's secret files. The young boarder seemed serious even if she worked the coat room at a nightclub along the Hudson River. Not the type to sneak a man up into her room, even if she was no longer virgin territory, considering the luxurious stockings hanging from her window. Joshua decided to have a look for himself..

The jazz club in question seemed more like a cozy nightclub. A lot of white jazz fans and pretty, long-legged, light-skinned girls dancing to swing tunes, wearing next to nothing in the style of Josephine Baker...





SO, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

COULD YOU GIVE US A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME?



I'M NOT ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE COATROOM. I HAVE TO KEEP AN EYE ON IT... AND THERE ARE SOME REALLY CUTE GIRLS READY TO LOOK AFTER YOU INSIDE THE CLUB...



I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO INSIST, MISS ESTELLE...



I... HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?!? IT WAS THOSE STUPID HICK BOUNCERS! THEY MUST HAVE OPENED UP THEIR BIG MOUTHS AGAIN!!!



ARE YOU SAYING THAT THAT'S ONE OF OUR PERSONALITY TRAITS... WE'RE ALL UNCLE TOMS?!?



NO, NOT AT ALL!

OR ELSE I WOULDN'T WORK HERE!



ESTELLE, LISTEN TO ME. TWO MEN, A COUPLE OF FORMER NAZIS, ARE LOOKING FOR THE PAINTINGS YOU PICKED UP AT ARON SELIGMANN'S, THE PAWN BROKER. THEY BEAT HIM RUTHLESSLY. AND BELIEVE ME, THEY'RE PREPARED TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THEM. IT'S IN YOUR BEST INTEREST!



IS THAT A THREAT?!?

WE'RE TRYING TO PROTECT YOU.

WHAT, BY TRYING TO SCARE ME?!?

WHERE DID YOU PUT THE PAINTINGS?



I PUT THEM UNDER HERE.

WHAT?!!?



WELL, WHAT?!!? I WAS TOO TIRED TO TAKE THEM BACK TO BROOKLYN.

AND I WASN'T GOING TO PAY SOMEONE TO MOVE THIS CRAP AROUND!!!



HMM... INTERESTING... LOOK WHO'S HERE! OUR TEUTONIC FRIENDS.

DEAL WITH THE PAINTINGS!

AND YOU, FOLLOW ME!

Ronald Layton was right. Apparently, he couldn't shake a tail lately. How long had the two Germans been following him? Joshua saw them approach, mocking smiles on their faces, looking so sure of themselves. Nazi arrogance, the arrogance of the "superior" race they felt they belonged to. Everything he'd enlisted ten years earlier to fight against...



ÜBERRASCHUNG, MEINE DAMEN UND HERREN ! ICH HAB' DAS GEFÜHL DIESE BILDER GEHÖREN UNG\*...



SAY, WINSTON... CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT DID THEY JUST ASK US TO EXPLAIN OURSELVES?!!?



TAKE CARE OF THE PAINTINGS! I'LL DEAL WITH THEM.



\*SURPRISE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BUT IT SEEMS THAT THESE PAINTINGS BELONG TO US.

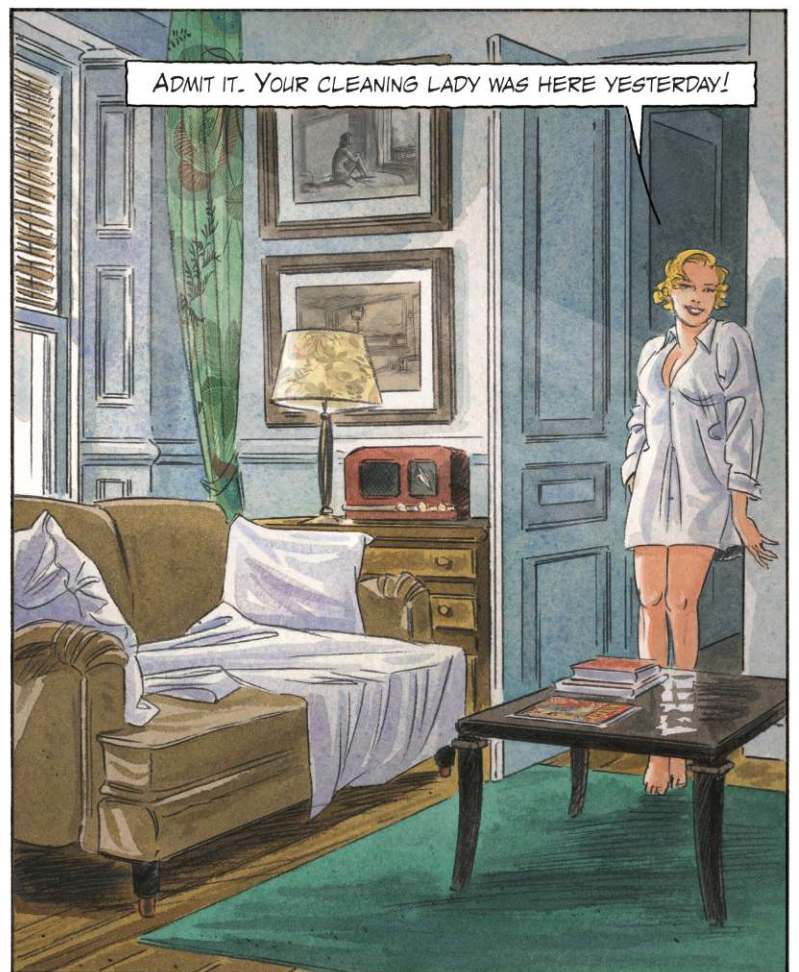




The young lady assigned to the coatroom seemed to know what she was doing. She dragged Joshua into the maze of hallways and dressing rooms where the dancers were changing outfits between scenes...



Joshua managed to convince Estelle that she needed to get somewhere safe. Winston burst out laughing when he heard his friend suggest spending the night at his place. May as well ask Little Red Riding Hood to crash in the wolf's den...





A CLEANING LADY?!? LORD HAVE MERCY...

SO, THE EGGS?!?



OVER EASY... WITH BACON AND COFFEE. DID YOU SLEEP ALL RIGHT?!



I'VE SLEPT IN WORSE PLACES THAN THAT SOFA. TELL ME, HOW DID YOU END UP IN POSSESSION OF THOSE PAINTINGS?!

I KNEW YOU HADN'T GONE TO SO MUCH TROUBLE FOR NOTHING...



MY CHATTERBOX LANDLADY MUST HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT MY NEIGHBOR... THE OLD FRENCHMAN WHO TOOK OFF...



HE KEPT PRETTY MUCH TO HIMSELF. WE'D SAY A FEW WORDS WHEN WE SAW EACH OTHER ON THE LANDING. SMALL TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER, INFLATION, OUR LANDLADY'S NEVERENDING REMARKS... HE COULD BE QUITE WITTY SOMETIMES.

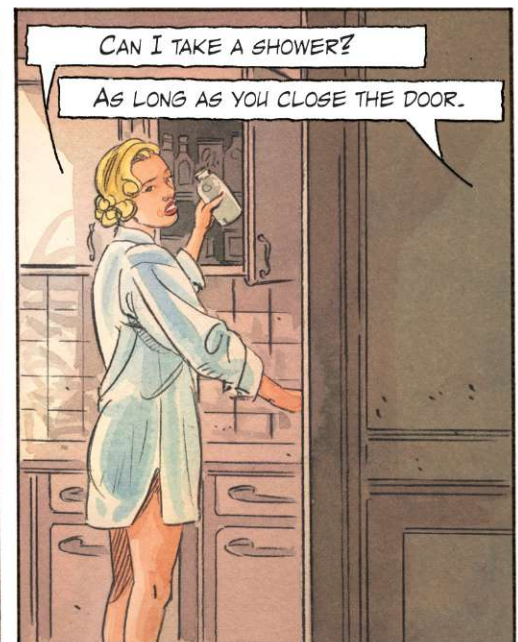
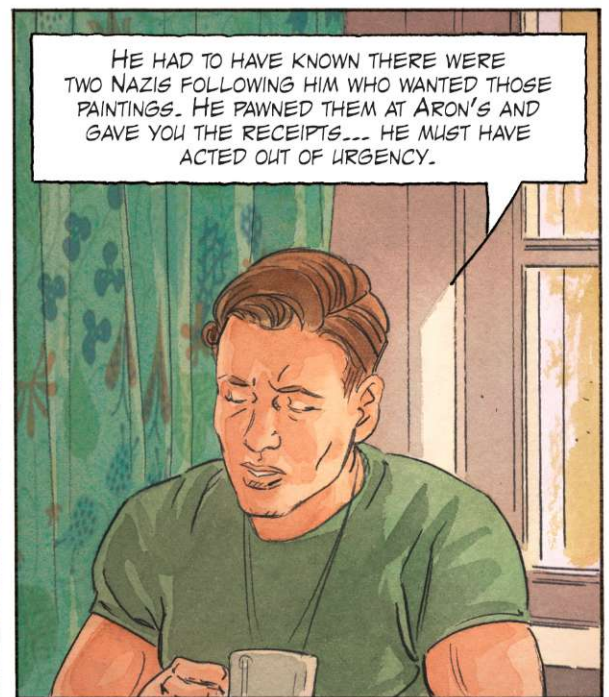
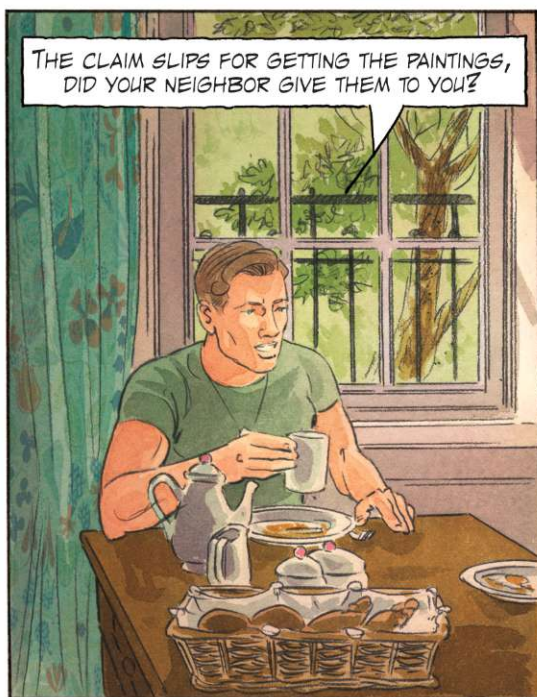


YOU WEREN'T SURPRISED WHEN, FROM ONE DAY TO THE NEXT, HE WAS GONE?!?

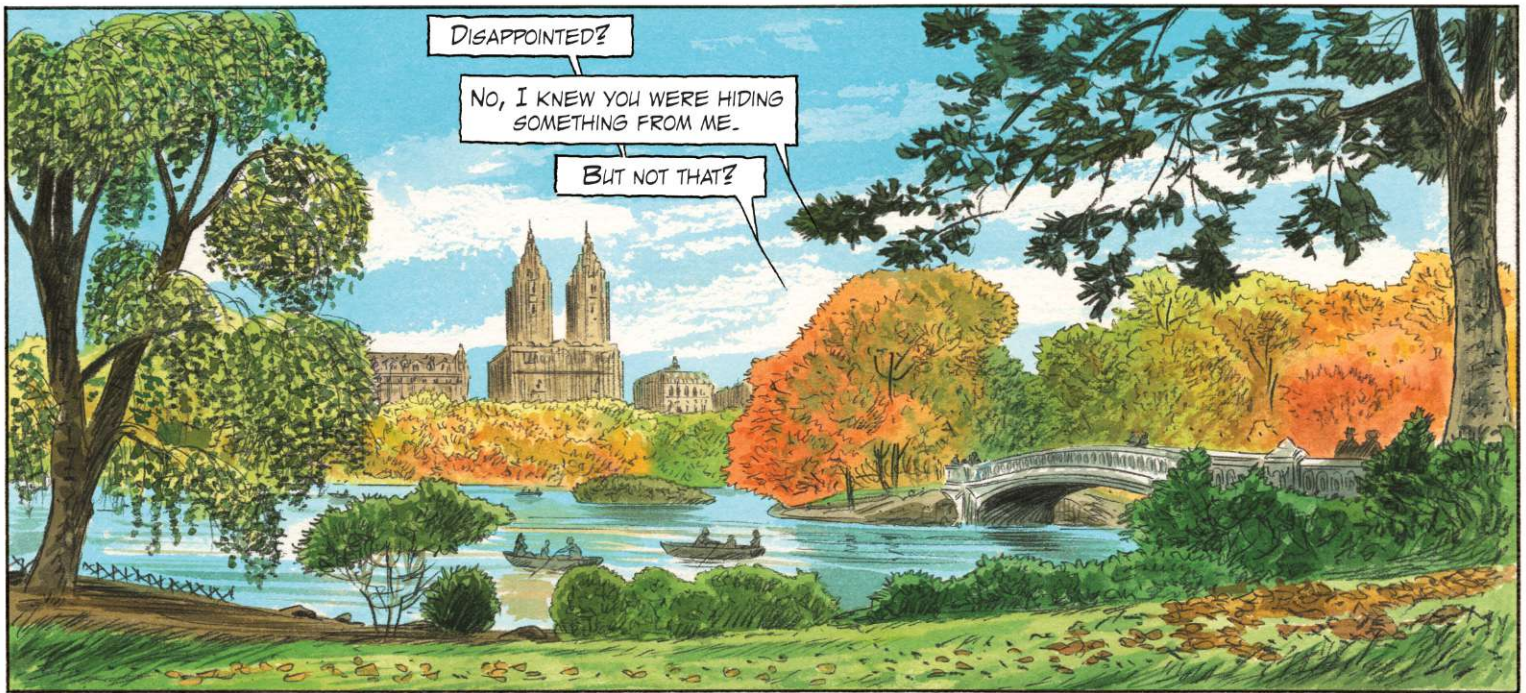
AT THE TIME, NO. BUT LOOKING BACK ON IT... YEAH, IT DOES SEEM A BIT STRANGE.



IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN. HE NEVER REALLY TOLD ME MUCH ABOUT HIS PERSONAL LIFE, ABOUT HIS PAST--IT WAS AS IF HE HAD SOMETHING TO HIDE, SECRETS YOU DON'T REALLY SHARE.



It was a bright, sunny day, and Central Park seemed to sparkle like a diamond ring. The first chilly nights had begun to dry out the leaves on the maples and elms along the walkways, tingeing the whole park with a palette of warm colors you might find in one of Claude Monet's impressionist paintings.



DISAPPOINTED?

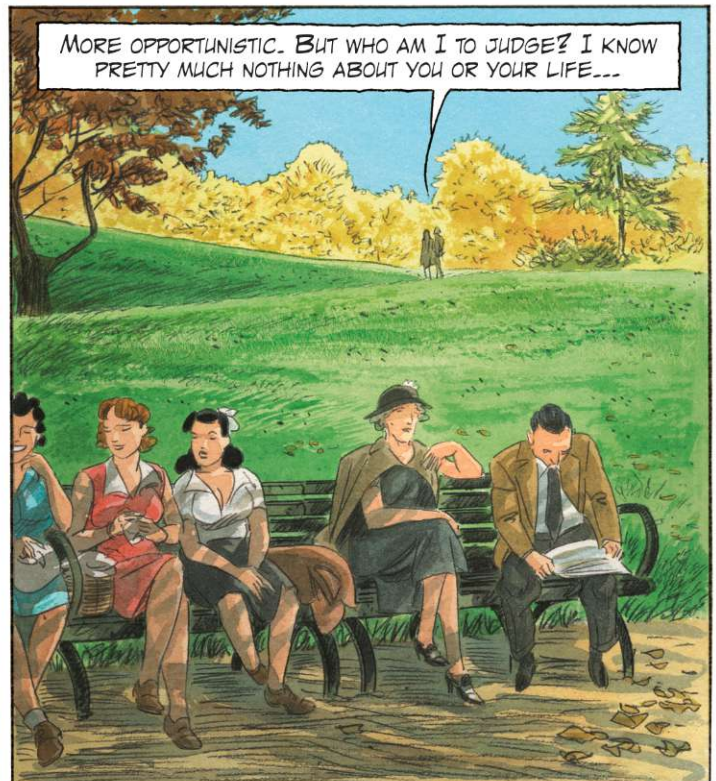
NO, I KNEW YOU WERE HIDING SOMETHING FROM ME.

BUT NOT THAT?



I'D FIGURED OUT THAT YOUR RELATIONSHIP WAS UNHEALTHY, THAT IT WAS HIDING SOMETHING SHADY.

DO YOU THINK I'M A CHEAP GIRL?

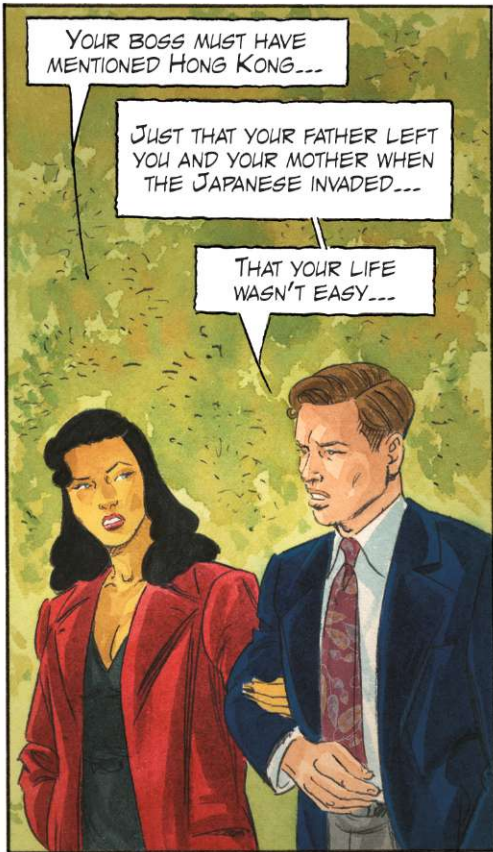


MORE OPPORTUNISTIC. BUT WHO AM I TO JUDGE? I KNOW PRETTY MUCH NOTHING ABOUT YOU OR YOUR LIFE...



THAT'S NOT THE WORD I WOULD USE.

HOW ABOUT CYNICAL?



YOUR BOSS MUST HAVE MENTIONED HONG KONG...

JUST THAT YOUR FATHER LEFT YOU AND YOUR MOTHER WHEN THE JAPANESE INVADED...

THAT YOUR LIFE WASN'T EASY...

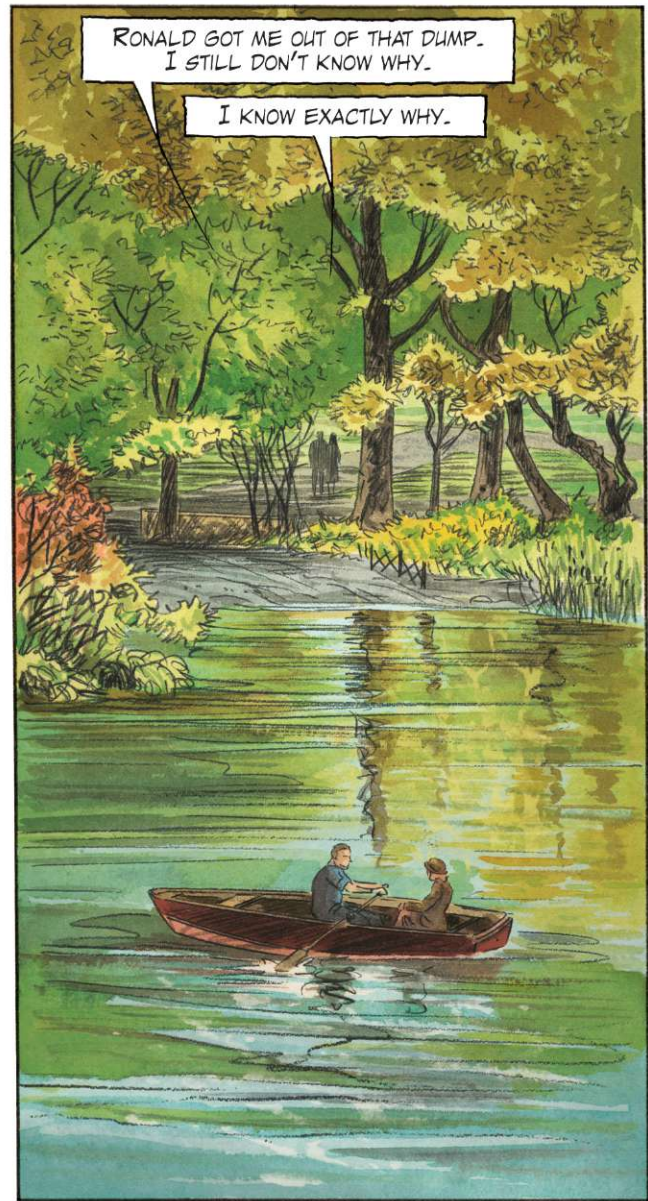


WASN'T EASY!!! HA HA HA! THAT'S SOME EUPHEMISM. AS A TOP LAWYER, YOUR BOSS HAS GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO USING SANITIZED EXPRESSIONS.

IN FACT, WE ENDED UP IN A FILTHY BROTHEL IN WAN CHAI, THE RED-LIGHT DISTRICT.



MY MOTHER WAS A STRONG WOMAN. SHE MANAGED TO KEEP ME SAFE FOR ONE YEAR AND FIFTY-SIX DAYS, UNTIL THE BOSS NOTICED THAT MY BODY WAS CHANGING AND I WAS NO LONGER A LITTLE GIRL.



RONALD GOT ME OUT OF THAT DUMP. I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY.

I KNOW EXACTLY WHY.



I'D BECOME THE BOSS'S WHORE... AN OLD MAN WHO LEFT ME ALONE MOST OF THE TIME. RONALD BOUGHT ME MY FREEDOM. THE OLD MAN MADE HIM COUGH UP A SMALL FORTUNE.



EVER SINCE, YOU'VE BEEN REPAYING HIM WITH THESE SCAMS. YOU SLEEP WITH CERTAIN COMPETITORS OF HIS SO THEY WITHDRAW THEIR BIDS... AND RONALD FILMS YOUR ANTICS FROM BEHIND THE MIRRORS.



THE BUILDING BELONGS TO HIS COMPANY. HE HAS TOTAL CONTROL! I BELONG TO HIM LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE. I'M PAYING OFF MY DEBT.



WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE, GET A DIVORCE?

IMPOSSIBLE. HE WANTS TO GET INTO POLITICS. WHEN THAT'S THE CASE, GETTING DIVORCED IS THE LAST THING YOU DO.



BUT I WANT IT ALL TO STOP.

HOW LONG'S IT BEEN GOING ON?

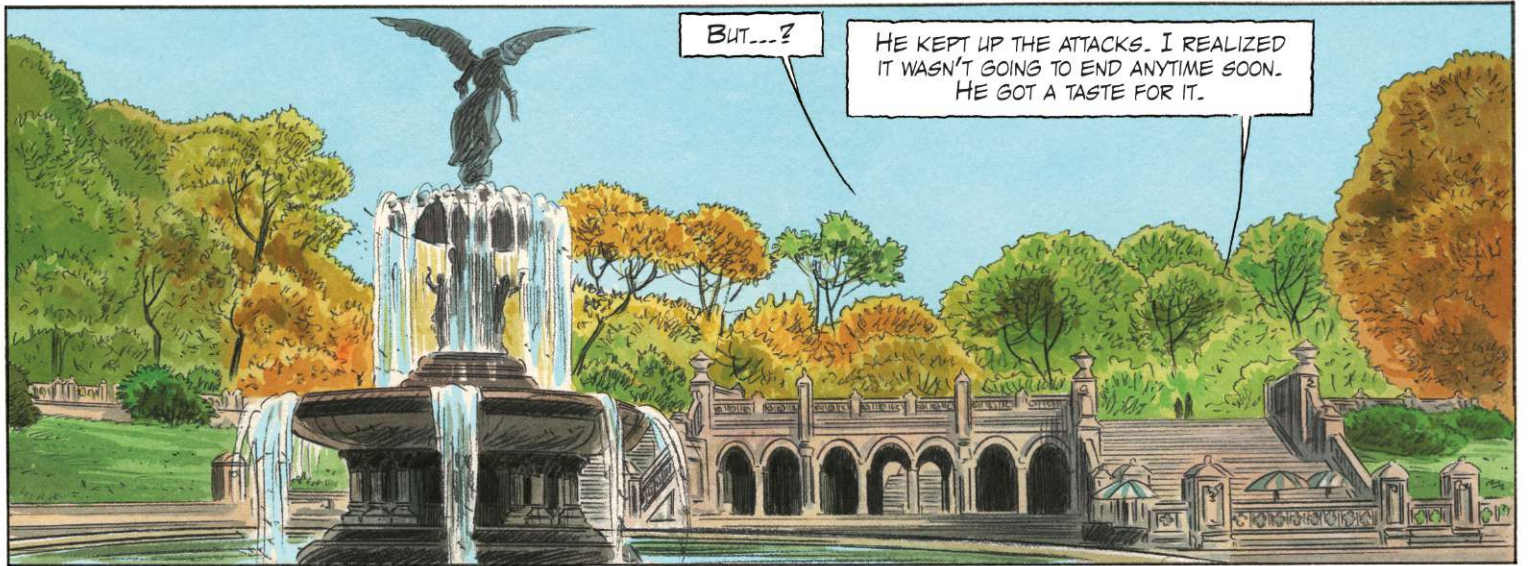


IT ALL STARTED THREE YEARS AGO.

HOW MANY SUCKERS HAVE YOU TRICKED?



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE HURTFUL... NOT AS MANY AS YOU THINK. RONALD PROMISED ME IT WOULDN'T LAST VERY LONG, THAT THESE WERE JUST OPPORTUNITIES NOT TO BE MISSED. HE CAN BE QUITE CONVINCING.



BUT...?

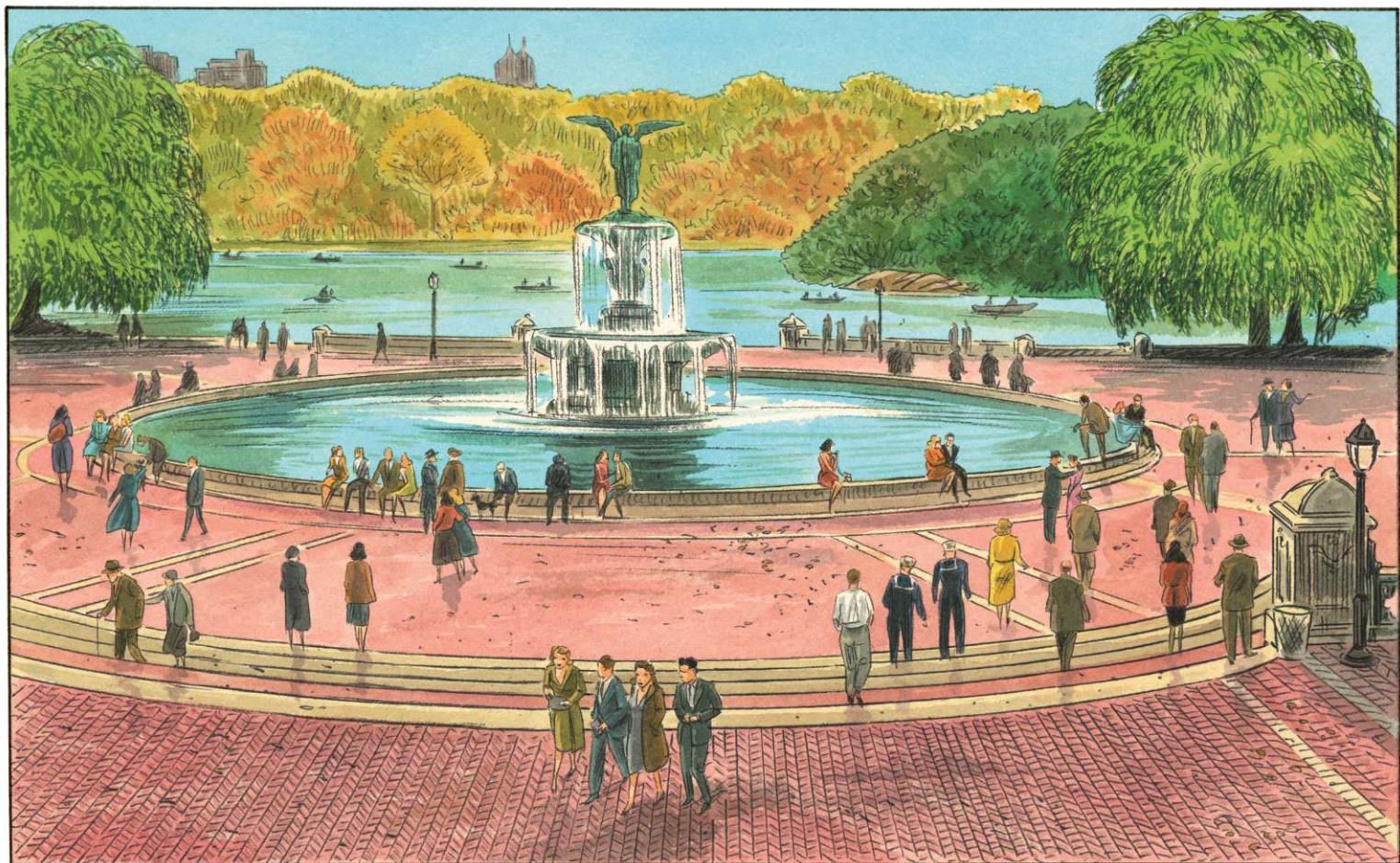
HE KEPT UP THE ATTACKS. I REALIZED IT WASN'T GOING TO END ANYTIME SOON. HE GOT A TASTE FOR IT.

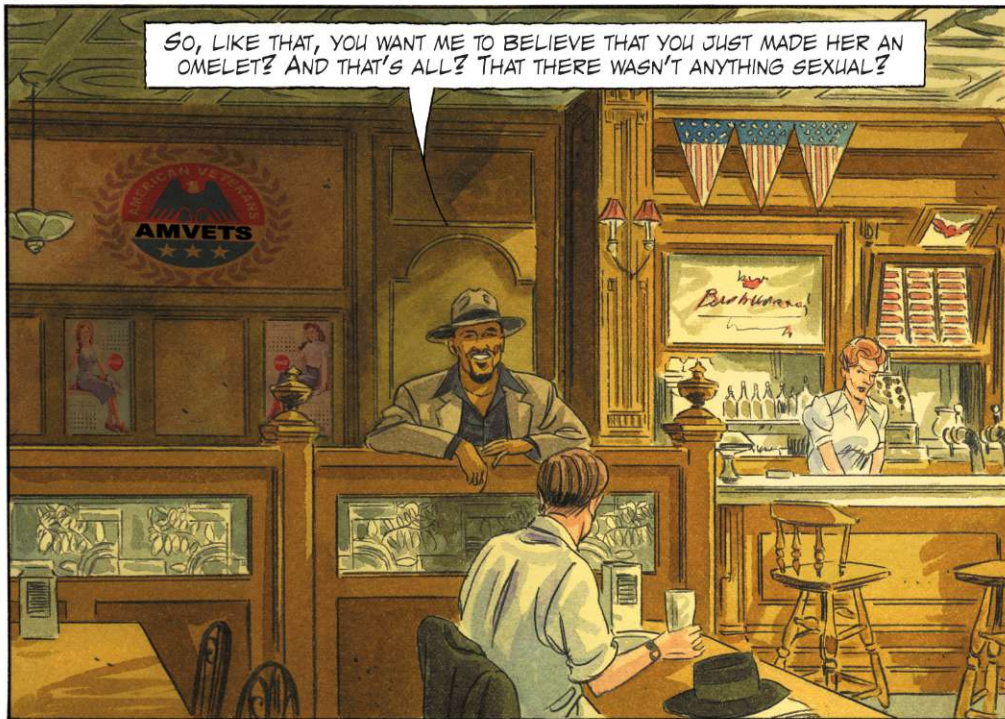


SO YOU HAD THE IDEA TO CATCH HIM IN HIS OWN TRAP? TO BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME...

YES.









\*MISTER HEROES





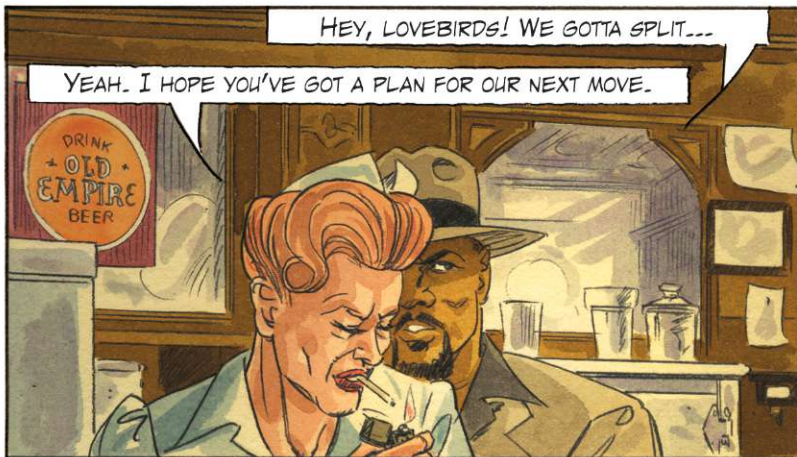
THEY SHOWED UP AT MY PLACE WHILE I WAS PUTTING A FEW DRESSES IN MY SUITCASE.



I TOLD YOU NOT TO SET FOOT IN THERE!



I NEEDED TO GET CHANGED.  
I CAN'T WEAR THE SAME CLOTHES THREE DAYS IN A ROW.



HEY, LOVEBIRDS! WE GOTTA SPLIT...

YEAH. I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A PLAN FOR OUR NEXT MOVE.

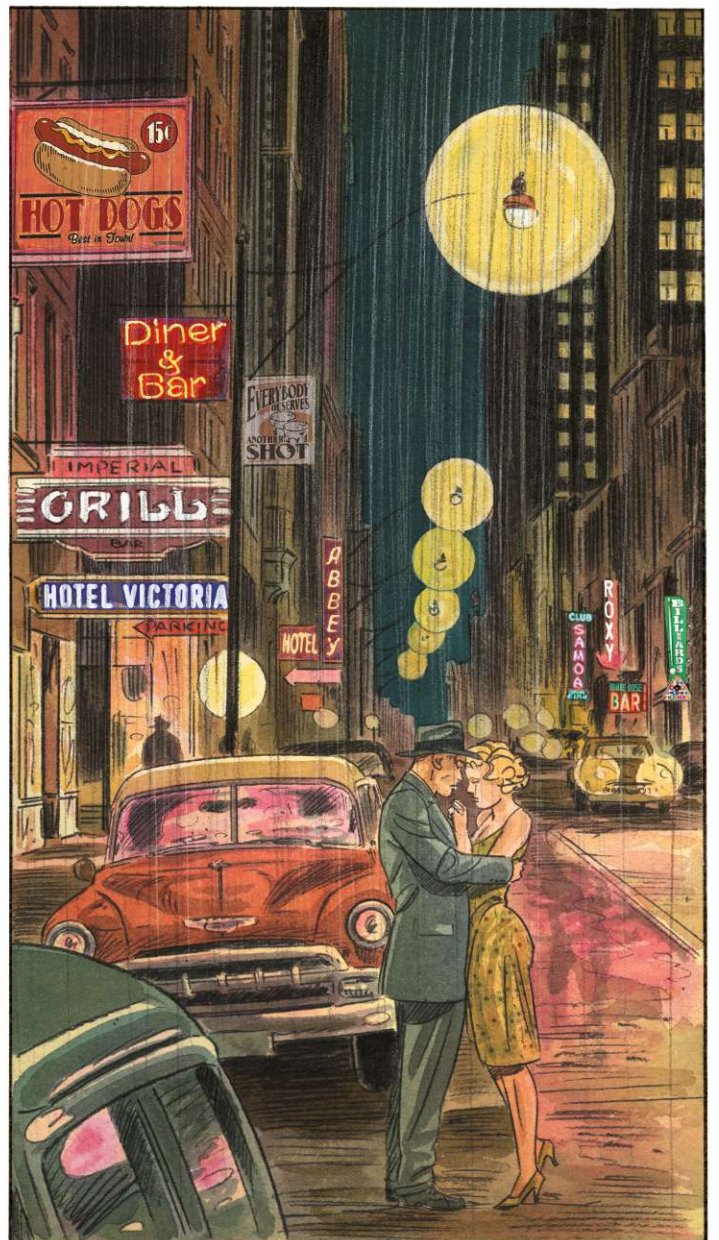


DO WE PUT THEM IN THE MEAT LOCKER?

AND I CUT THEM INTO STEAKS FOR THE VETS?!!?



NOT SURE THEY'D BE OPPOSED...



Once outside, the young lady started shaking in her light dress. Joshua knew that it had less to do with the freezing wind sweeping down 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue than with her realizing what she'd just witnessed. He knew that you never get used to people dying, whether you're in a uniform or civvies. Mary and Winston's banter was just a futile, illusory attempt to shrug it off. He leaned towards Estelle and kissed her. But her trembling only stopped once she was pressed up against him in the disarray of the unmade bed, her naked body kept warm by Joshua's.



ONCE AGAIN, HE WON'T BE INTRODUCING ME TO THE MOTHER OF MY FUTURE GRANDKIDS. NOT TODAY.



MOTHER!!!

STOP BEING SUCH A WASP! DON'T FORGET, YOU'VE ALSO GOT LATIN BLOOD FLOWING IN YOUR VEINS!

COMMANDER---



GOOD GOD, JOSHUA!!! WHEN WILL YOU GET IT IN YOUR HEAD THAT THE WAR'S OVER?

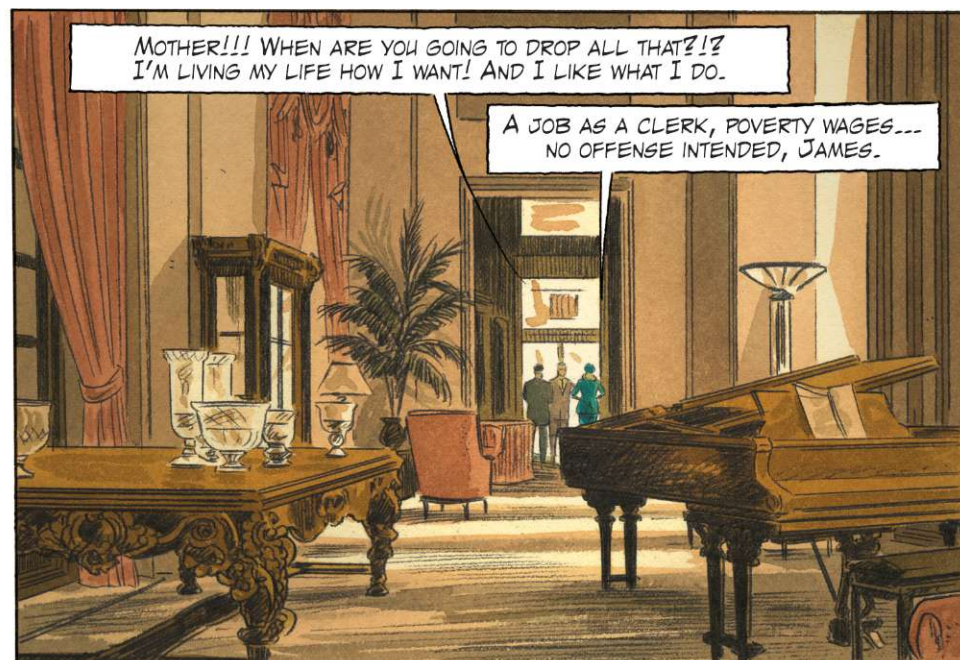


YOU CAN'T KEEP WASTING YOUR TIME THIS WAY... YOU HAVE TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL.

WHAT?!? AM I CRAZY?!?



IT'S BEEN OVER FOR SIX YEARS! AND WHAT'S HE DONE SINCE EXCEPT FOOL AROUND?

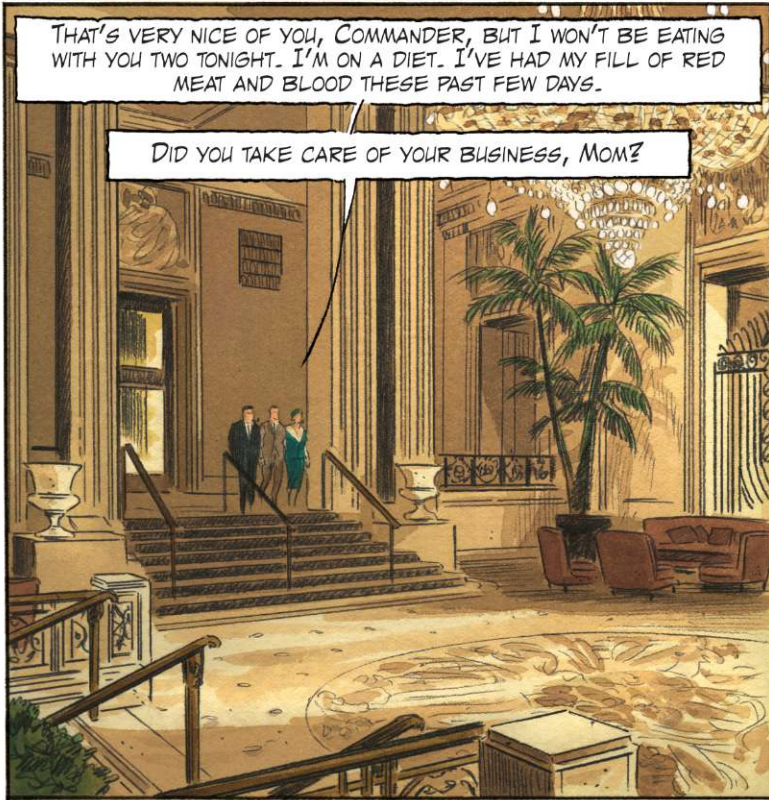


MOTHER!!! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO DROP ALL THAT?!? I'M LIVING MY LIFE HOW I WANT! AND I LIKE WHAT I DO.

A JOB AS A CLERK, POVERTY WAGES... NO OFFENSE INTENDED, JAMES.



WHAT SAY WE GO INTO THE RESTAURANT? THEIR FRENCH CHEF MAKES A HELL OF A CANARD AU SANG.



THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU, COMMANDER, BUT I WON'T BE EATING WITH YOU TWO TONIGHT. I'M ON A DIET. I'VE HAD MY FILL OF RED MEAT AND BLOOD THESE PAST FEW DAYS.

DID YOU TAKE CARE OF YOUR BUSINESS, MOM?



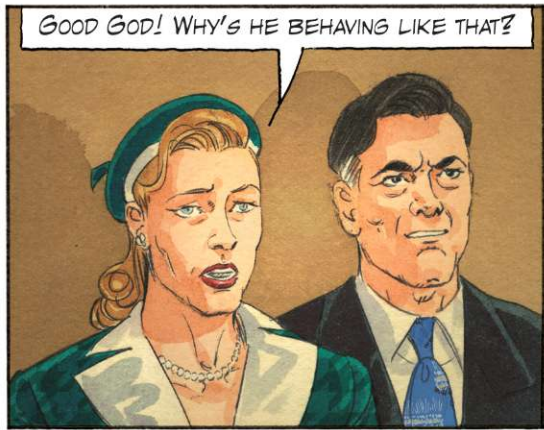
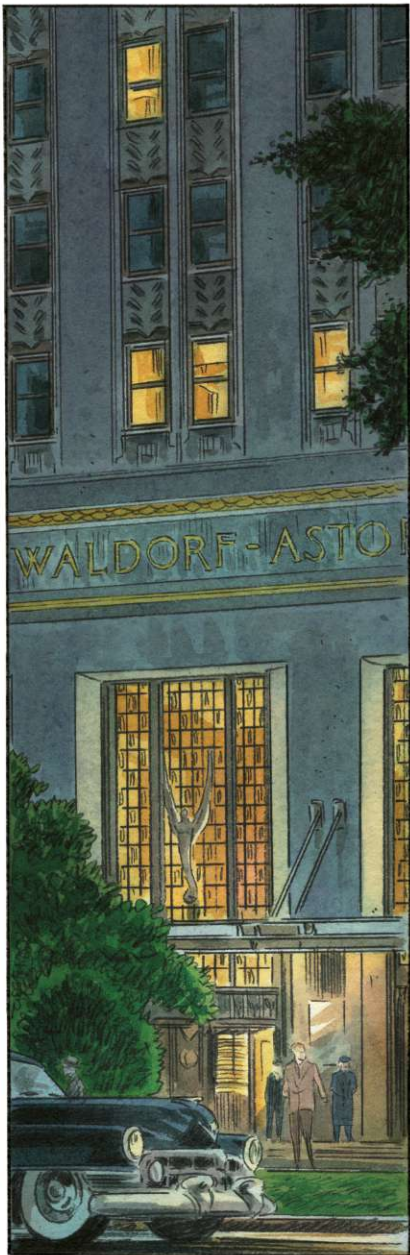
YES, I'M GOING BACK TO BALTIMORE IN TWO DAYS.



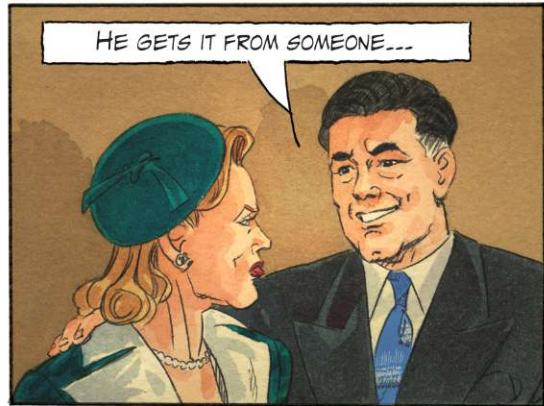
HAVE A GOOD TRIP TO MARYLAND. I'M HAPPY TO SEE THAT YOU'RE LOOKING HEALTHY AS EVER.



COMMANDER... SEE YOU MONDAY IN THE OFFICE.



GOOD GOD! WHY'S HE BEHAVING LIKE THAT?

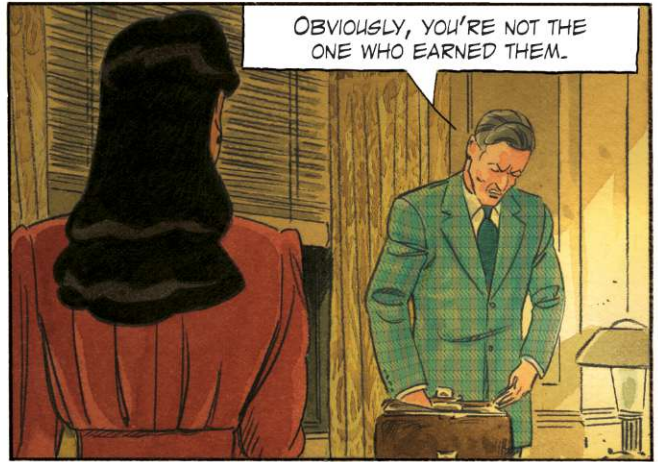


HE GETS IT FROM SOMEONE...

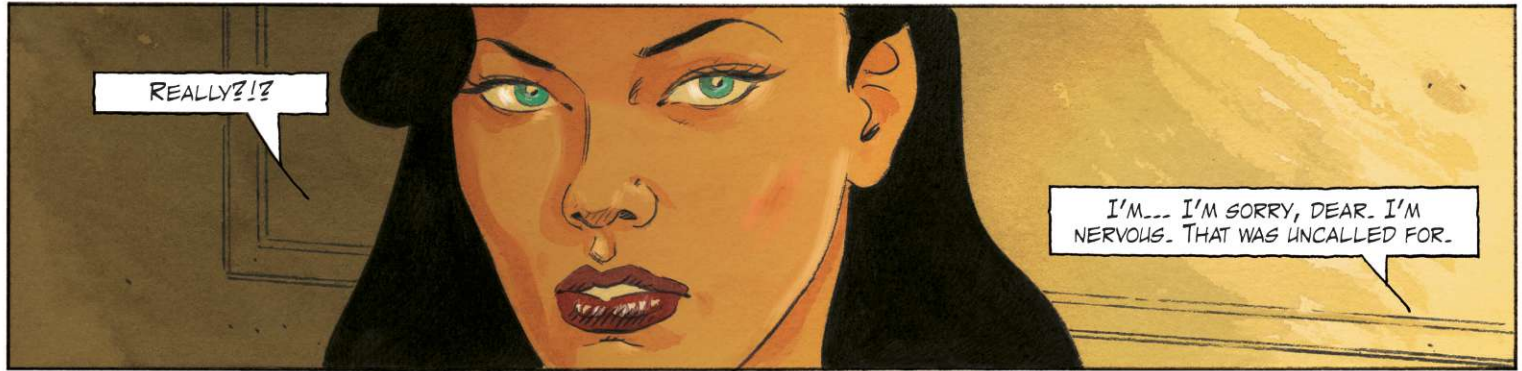




FOR CRISSAKES, RONALD! HOW MANY TIMES ARE YOU GOING TO COUNT THOSE BILLS?!!?



OBVIOUSLY, YOU'RE NOT THE ONE WHO EARNED THEM.



REALLY?!?

I'M... I'M SORRY, DEAR. I'M NERVOUS. THAT WAS UNCALLED FOR.



IT'S ALL THERE, RONALD. OUR ACCOUNTANTS MADE SURE OF THAT.

NOW WE JUST WAIT FOR INSTRUCTIONS...



ARE YOU SURE ABOUT YOUR PEOPLE? THE POLICE WEREN'T NOTIFIED, WERE THEY?

RONALD!!!



RING!  
RING!  
RING!  
RING!







YOU'RE SPOILED... THIS YEAR'S CADILLAC.

IT'S A GEM.

REAR SUSPENSION-- WORTHY OF A ROLLS...



I THOUGHT IT'D BE MORE BELIEVABLE, THAT IT'D HELP YOU GET YOUR BOSS TO SWALLOW THE STORY YOU'VE CONCOCTED.



A BLACK GUY IN A BRAND-NEW, FLASHY CAR... YOU TOOK SOME RISKS.



I TOOK IT OFF MADISON, AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE VETERANS' CLUB. I DIDN'T HAVE TO DRIVE FAR TO THE TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE. BESIDES, AT NIGHT, EVERY CAT LOOKS GRAY--EVEN THE BLACK ONES.



YOU'D SWEAR THAT THEY JUST GAVE UP THE GHOST.

MARY SET THEM OUT ALL DAY TO DEFROST BEFORE MAKING HER PHONE CALL.



WHAT CAN I SAY? SHE'S GOOD!

YEAH.

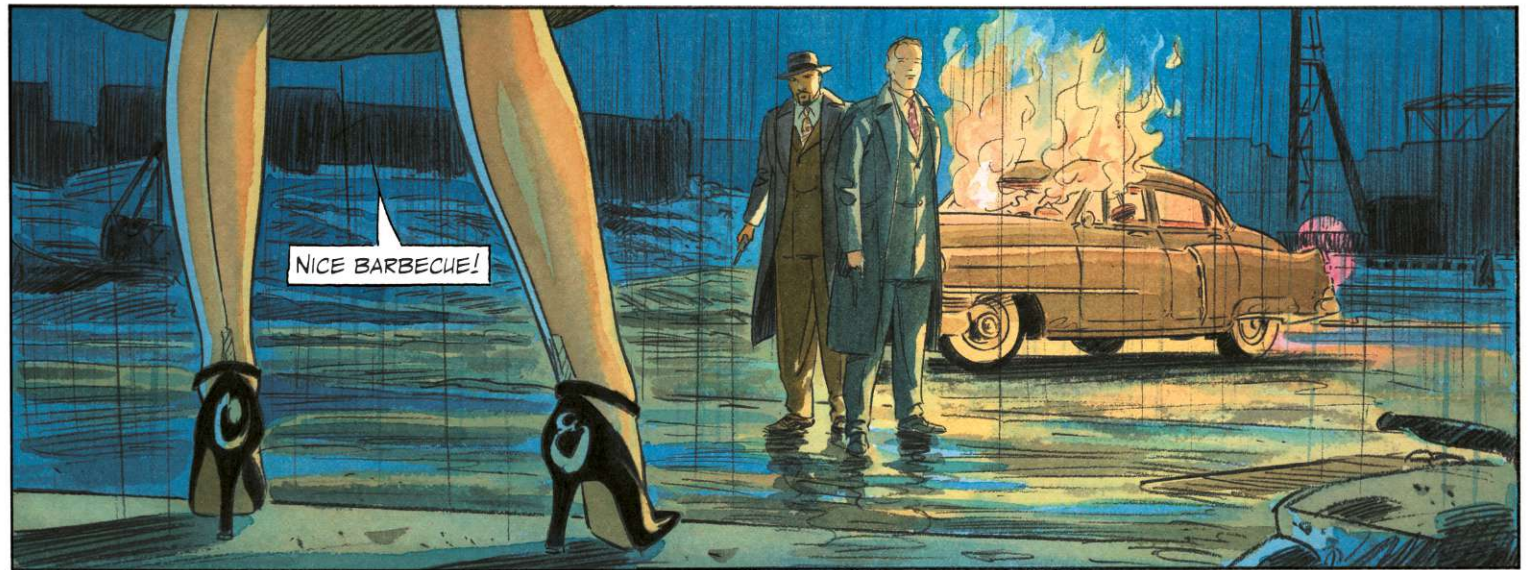
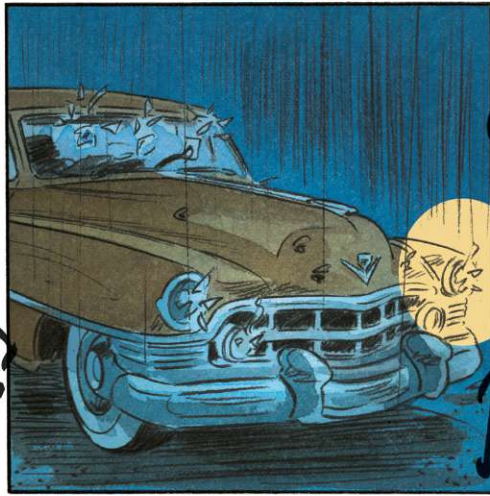


SHE DESERVES A MEDAL.

MMM... OK, SHALL WE?



WHENEVER...





A LOCKER AT GRAND CENTRAL... NUMBER 69... I ALWAYS MAKE SURE TO COVER MY REAR.

LOCKER 69?

JOSHUA! REALLY?!? SEX WILL BE YOUR DOWNFALL.



RONALD'S MONEY IS THERE, MINUS MY COMMISSION.

OF COURSE, MISTER 30%.



THAT STILL LEAVES ME WITH PLENTY TO START A NEW LIFE.

THINK WE'LL MEET AGAIN?



NOT LIKELY... BUT WHO KNOWS? I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

YES, YOUR CITY...



I COME FROM NOWHERE, AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING.

BYE, HONEY!

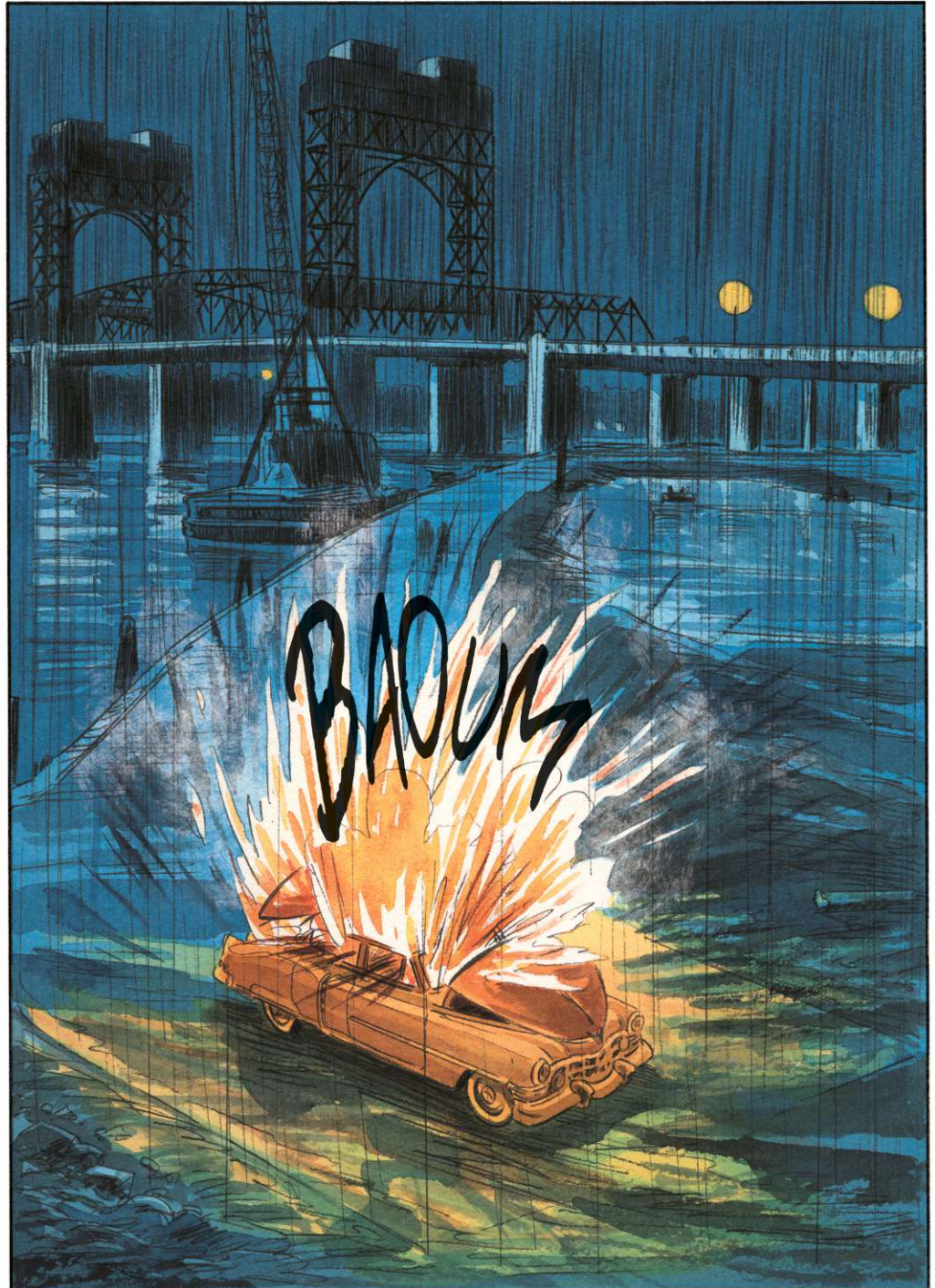


DAMN, MAN! YOU WEAR ME OUT.

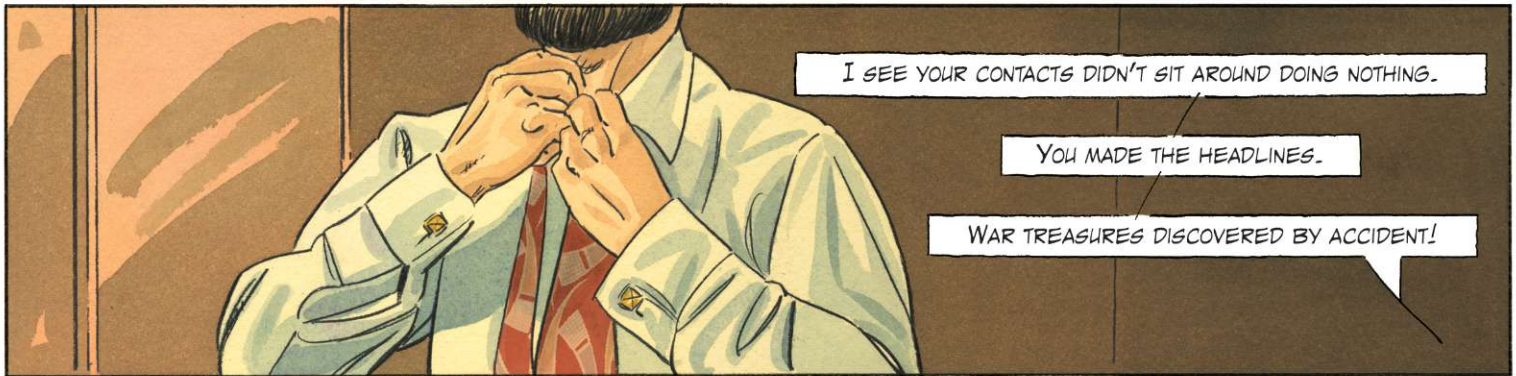
I'M NOT WORRIED. YOU'RE JUST LAZY.



HA HA HA!!! C'MON, LET ME WIPE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND YOUR PRETTY FACE A BIT BEFORE WE GET OUT OF HERE.



All that Joshua had left to do was dish up a convincing story to Ronald Layton. Tell him how he had successfully escaped a trap laid by blackmailers after one hell of a shoot-out, get him to visualize the stunt that had allowed him to get away, and inform him that all the money had gone up in smoke when the Cadillac exploded. With his bruised face and torn-up suit, he managed to convince Layton without too much trouble. The fact that the reels of film had met the same fate as the money must have been convincing. The death of the two thugs put a definitive end to any further threats. Ronald was more relieved by that news than he was saddened to see Lauren leave him. That little fact would certainly hurt his political ambitions, but it was nothing compared to the disaster that would have been unleashed if his transgressions had been revealed. All things considered, it was worth \$35,000.



I SEE YOUR CONTACTS DIDN'T SIT AROUND DOING NOTHING.

YOU MADE THE HEADLINES.

WAR TREASURES DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT!



TWO MATISSES MIRACULOUSLY SAVED!



SO, YOU SOLD THEM ALL A REAL FAIRY TALE.

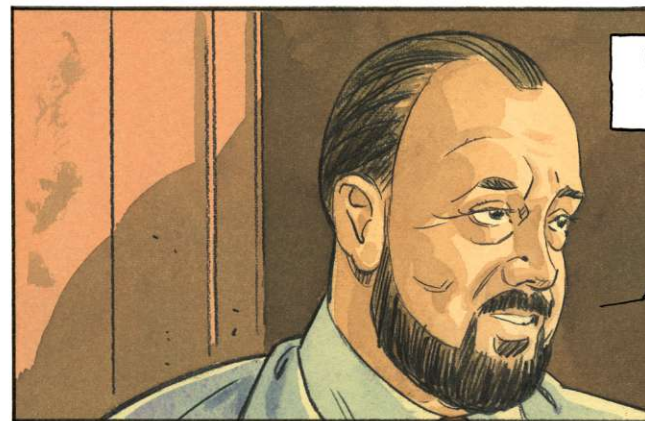
DON'T YOU KNOW IT!



HOW'D YOU DO IT?!



I WENT THROUGH A FRIEND WHO PUT ME IN TOUCH WITH ROSE VALLAND, THE CURATOR OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL MUSEUMS.



DURING THE OCCUPATION, SHE WORKED AT THE JEU DE PAUME DES TUILERIES MUSEUM, WHICH WAS USED AS A WAREHOUSE FOR ART STOLEN BY THE NAZIS. SHE MANAGED TO MAKE A LIST OF WORKS STOLEN FROM JEWS.

YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S NEIGHBOR WAS VICTOR MARTIN. AS AN UPPER-LEVEL CIVIL SERVANT, HE COULD SIGN EXPORTATION PERMITS FOR GERMANY AND AUSTRIA. HE ALSO TRAFFICKED WITH PARISIAN ART GALLERIES AND AUCTION HOUSES, MOST OF WHICH WERE MENTIONED IN GERMAN ART DEALERS' ACCOUNTING RECORDS THAT WERE DISCOVERED AFTER THE WAR.



DID YOU KNOW THAT WHEN A JEWISH BUILDING WAS SEIZED, EVERYTHING WAS TAKEN, DOWN TO BATHROOM PIPES?



YOU KNOW THAT THE FRENCH DON'T REALLY WANT TO DWELL ON THE MATTER. WE CAME UP WITH A STORY AND BIDED OUR TIME UNTIL THE DAY OF TRUTH FINALLY CAME. HOPING THAT IT WOULD ACTUALLY COME.



COME ON! I'M TAKING YOU TO SEE A HELL OF A QUARTET, RIGHT NEARBY.



I DOUBT THAT MANY PEOPLE ARE WORRIED ABOUT VICTOR MARTIN'S DISAPPEARANCE, NO MORE THAN THAT OF THE TWO NAZIS WHO WERE AFTER HIM.



LET'S GO HAVE FUN LISTENING TO MUSIC THAT POUNDS LIKE YOUR HEART. LET'S DO IT FOR ALL THE FRIENDS WE'VE LOST.



... LOVE FOR SALE, APPETIZING YOUNG LOVE FOR SALE. LOVE THAT'S FRESH AND STILL UNSPOILED. LOVE THAT'S ONLY SLIGHTLY...

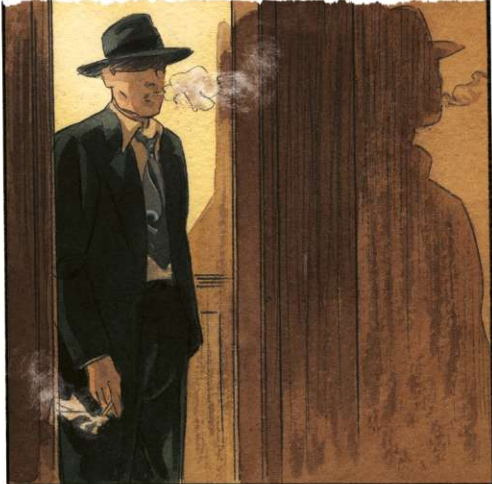


... WHO'S PREPARED TO PAY THE PRICE, FOR A TRIP TO PARADISE ? LOVE FOR SALE...



NICE PERFORMANCE, YOU BASTARD.

... I KNOW EVERY TYPE OF LOVE BETTER FAR THAN THEY. IF YOU WANT THE THRILL OF LOVE...





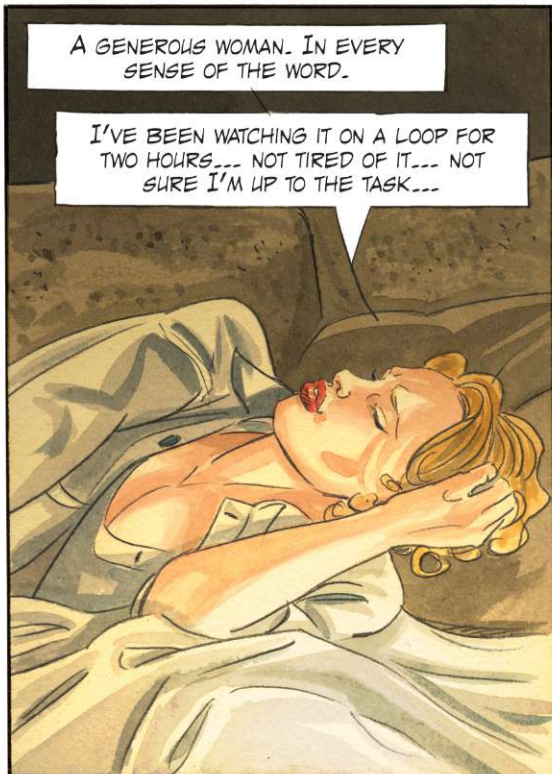


I THOUGHT YOU'D BE DIFFERENT. APPARENTLY, YOU HAVE A LOT OF THINGS TO TEACH ME.

A GIFT FROM A CERTAIN LAUREN.



FILM AND PROJECTOR DELIVERED HERE.



A GENEROUS WOMAN. IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD.

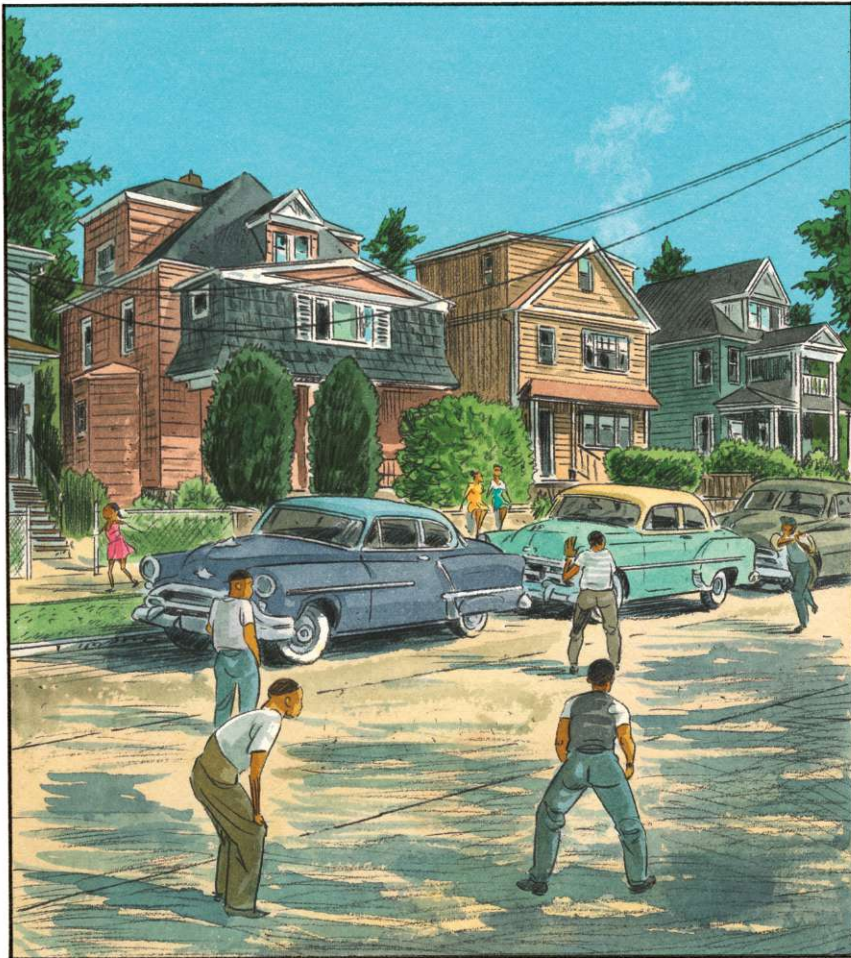
I'VE BEEN WATCHING IT ON A LOOP FOR TWO HOURS... NOT TIRED OF IT... NOT SURE I'M UP TO THE TASK...



... OLD LOVE, NEW LOVE, EVERY LOVE BUT TRUE LOVE, LOVE FOR SALE. APPETIZING YOUNG LOVE...



... LOVE FOR SALE, OH... LOVE FOR SALE... LOVE FOR SALE...



WINGS AND RIBS, CAJUN STYLE! SOAKING IN A MARINADE ALL NIGHT LONG. RECIPE PASSED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION. YOU'LL LOVE IT!!!



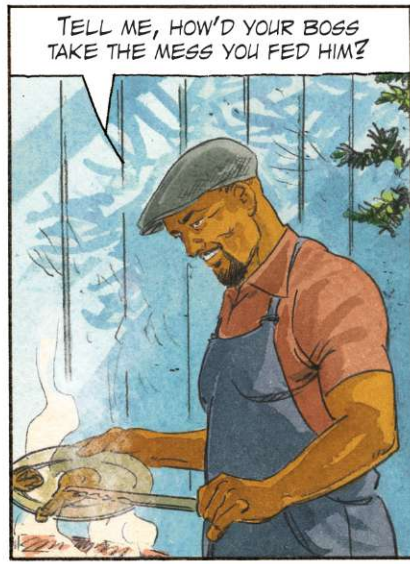
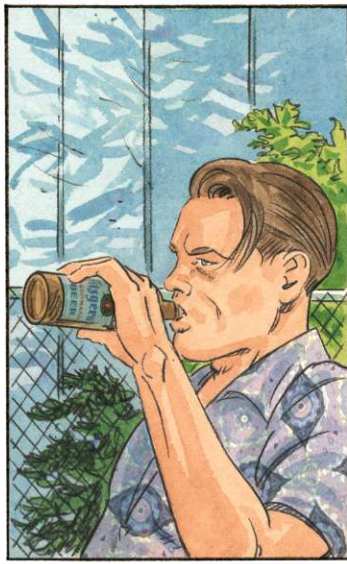
SO, JUST LIKE THAT, SHE REALLY TOOK OFF?



THEY TOOK OFF, YOU MEAN TO SAY!!!

MARY, PLEASE!

NOT LYIN'...



TELL ME, HOW'D YOUR BOSS TAKE THE MESS YOU FED HIM?

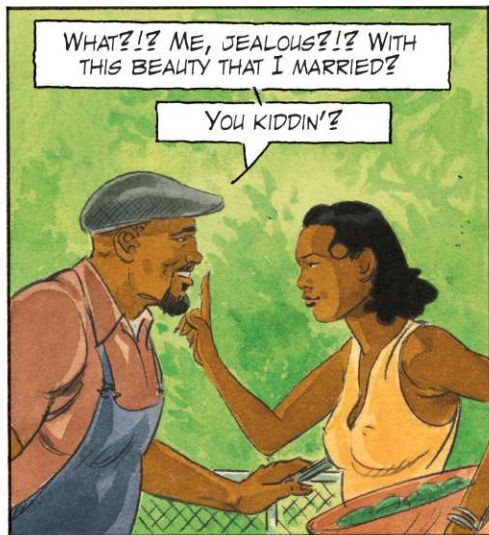
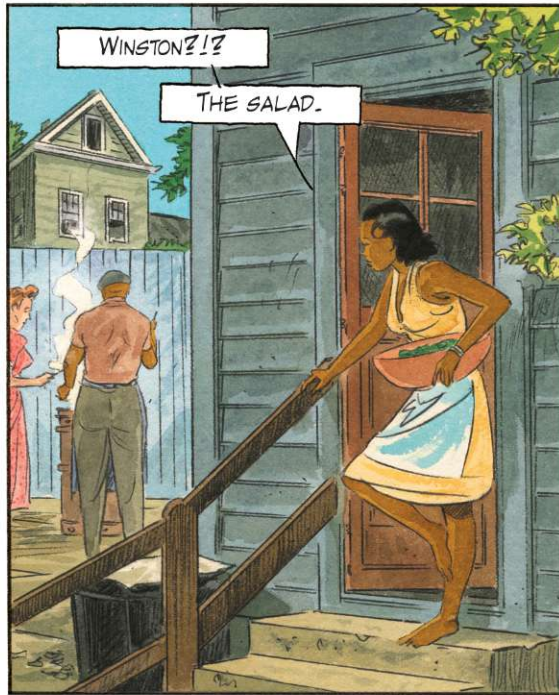


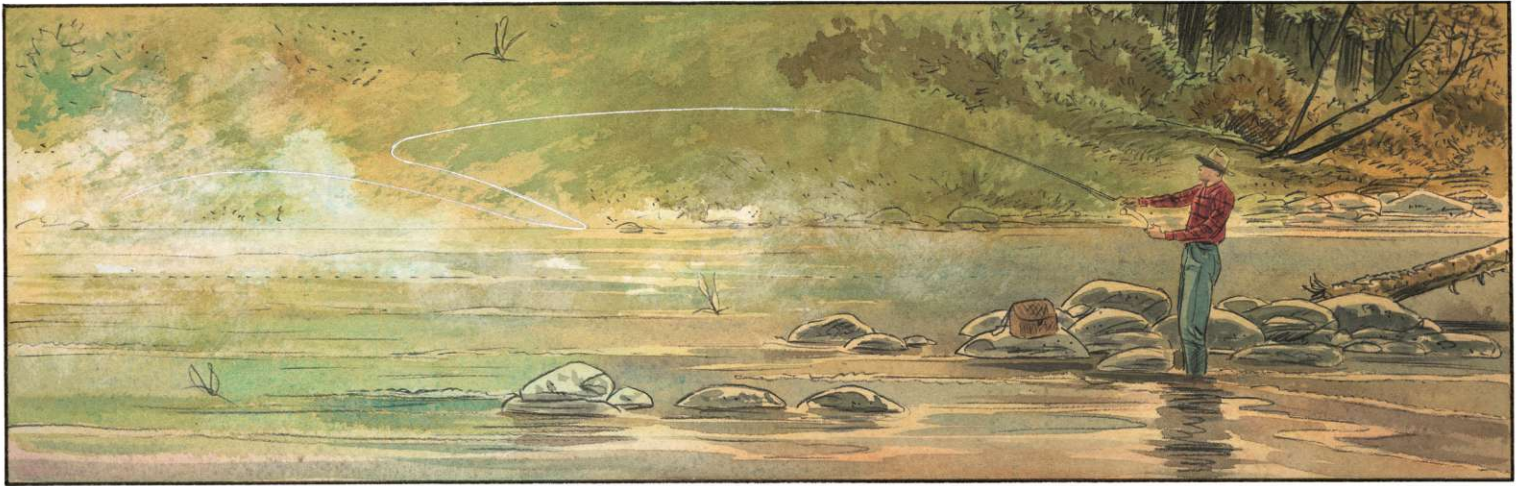
THE DEATH OF THE BLACKMAILERS, THE MONEY ALL UP IN SMOKE...

HE DIDN'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS, NOT HIS STYLE... AS LONG AS THE CLIENT'S SATISFIED.



BUT HE'S NO FOOL.





He'd spent the day fishing, catching and releasing a bucketful of shimmering trout that the first frosts didn't seem to bother. He kept just three of them for dinner. While they were cooking away, sizzling gently, he breathed in the fresh air coming off the hills around him. He opened the case and took out his friend's medal with its purple ribbon. It had become a ritual whose precise meaning he didn't know, but that he knew was essential for him to keep going. He didn't know if, one day, he'd be able to forego it to rediscover what it was to be carefree, like he was before he went off to fight in Europe. He asked Mike the question... but once again, Mike remained silent.



WARNAUT / Liege, London, Fanzel / Guy Raveres 02/19



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**LE LOMBARD**





## NEW YORK, THE 1950'S

Joshua Harrison survived the war. He even came back from it with the Purple Heart, one of the most distinguished medals awarded by the U.S. Army. Needing something to do, he starts working for a powerful law firm as a private investigator.

From the slums of the city to its highest skyscrapers, he'll dive into an unknown world woven with schemes and unmentionable secrets.

For Joshua, the war isn't over yet. It's just changed appearances.

