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XAVIER DORISON

UNDERTAKER

1. THE GOLD EATER



RALPH
MEYER
2014





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I. THE GOLD EATER



COLORISTS:

CAROLINE DELABIE AND RALPH MEYER

*"Even for all the gold in the world, thou shalt not send
thy kids to die like fools digging rat-holes."*

SAINT PAUL TO THE CALIFORNIANS.
CHAPTER 4, VERSE 2.



You can find news and unpublished images from the Undertaker series
on the "Undertaker. La BD western" Facebook page
as well as on Ralph Meyer's personal page.
and on the "Ralph Meyer_BD" Twitter account.

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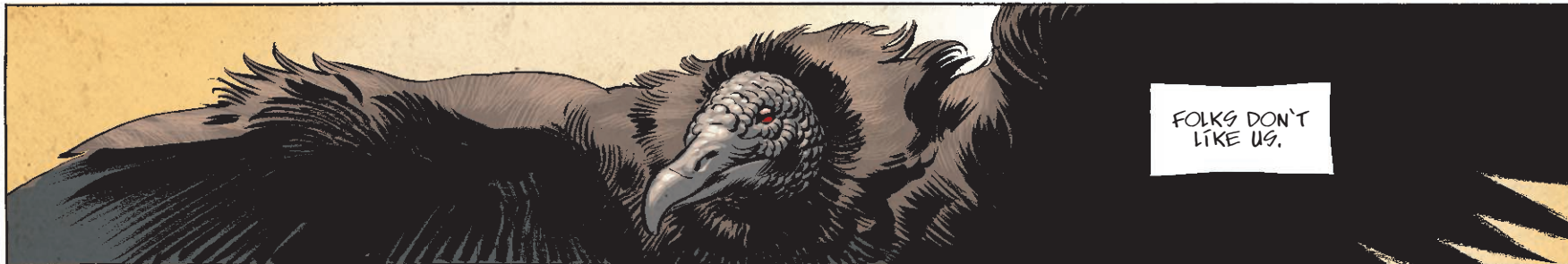
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DARGAUD
BENELUX





FOLKS DON'T LIKE US.



SOME SAY IT'S BECAUSE WE SPEND OUR TIME WITH CADAVERS.

AS IF WE SPREAD DEATH THE WAY OTHERS SPREAD SMALLPOX.

ALSO SEEMS WE SMELL BAD AND BRING BAD LUCK.



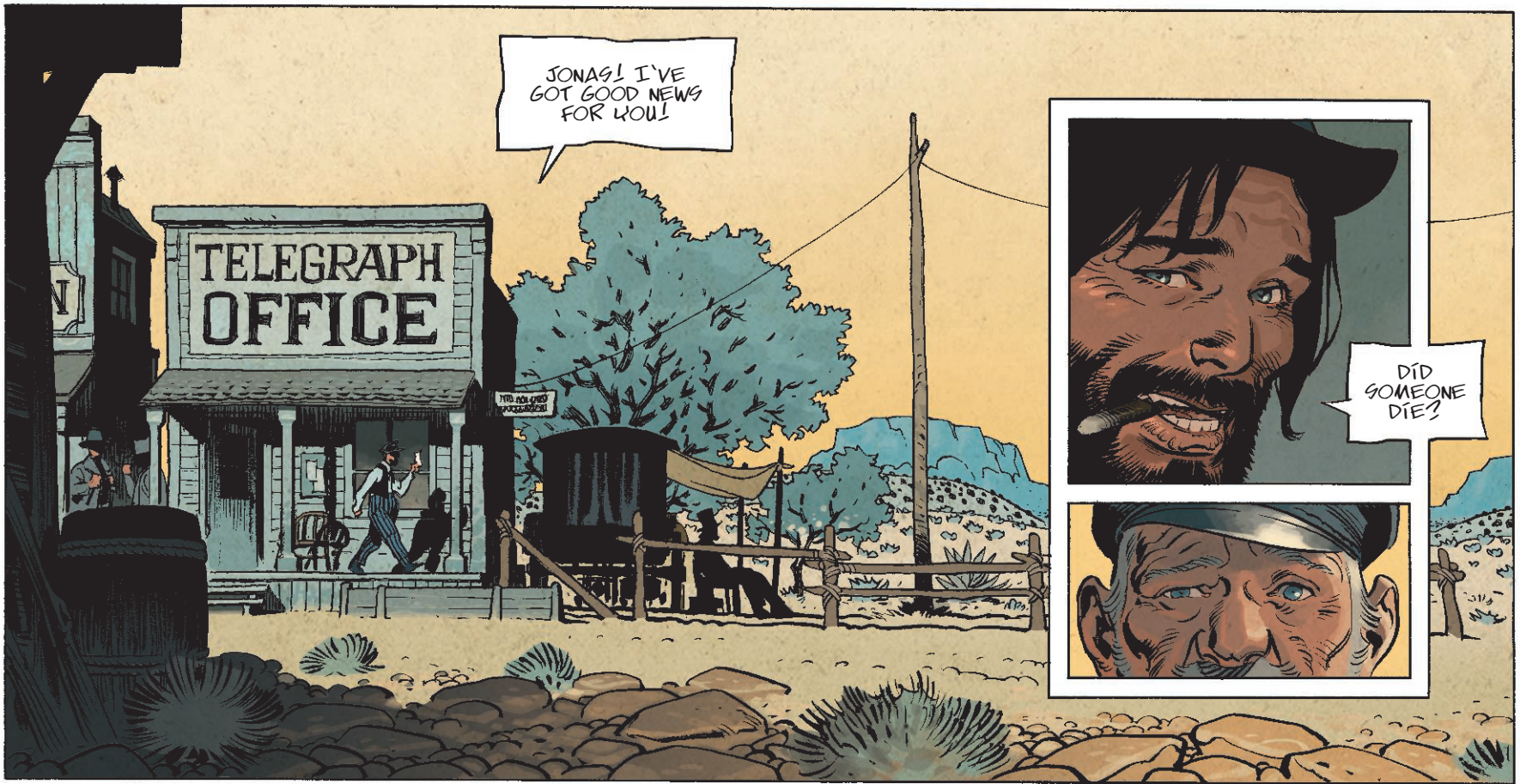
GO FIGURE WHERE THEY GOT THAT IDEA!

THE FACT IS, FOLKS DON'T LIKE US.

JUST AS WELL.



I DON'T LIKE THEM EITHER.



JONAS! I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU!

DID SOMEONE DIE?

!!!



SEEMS SO... THEY NEED AN UNDERTAKER IN ANOKI CITY, FOR A CERTAIN JOE CUSCO.

TELL ME FLITBURN OR WOODMACK AREN'T ONTO IT.



THEY'D HAVE TO GET THE MESSAGE! AND SINCE THEY'LL NEVER SEE IT... YOU OWE ME THREE BUCKS!



THREE BUCKS! NOW, THAT AIN'T RIGHT! ELMER, YOU'RE A REAL...

LIKE THEM?



FIRST COVOTES KILL MY NAG AND NOW THESE NASTY VULTURES, THEY GIVE ME THE GODDAMN CREEPS.

STILL GOT YOUR 20 CALIBER?

YEP.

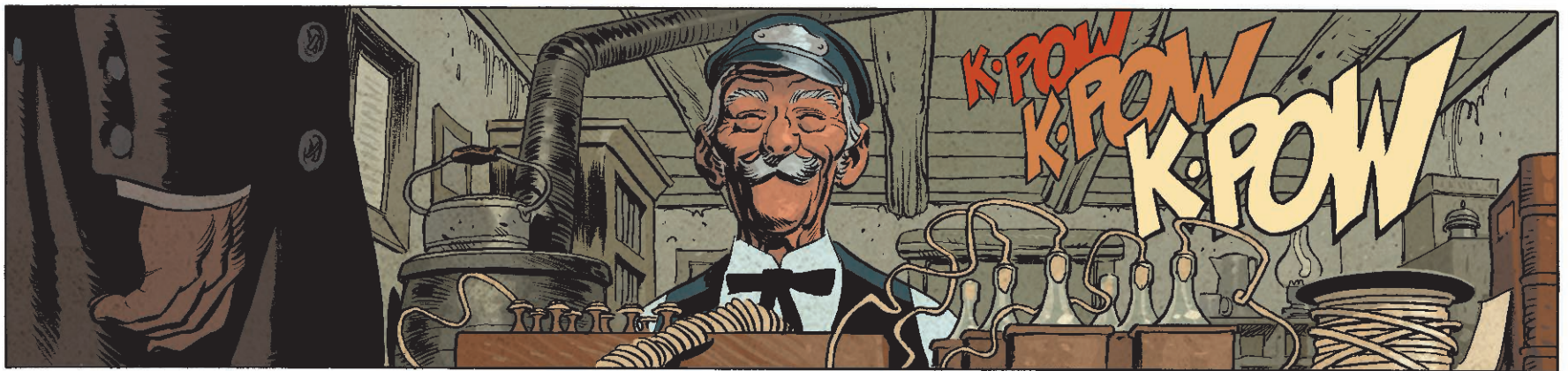


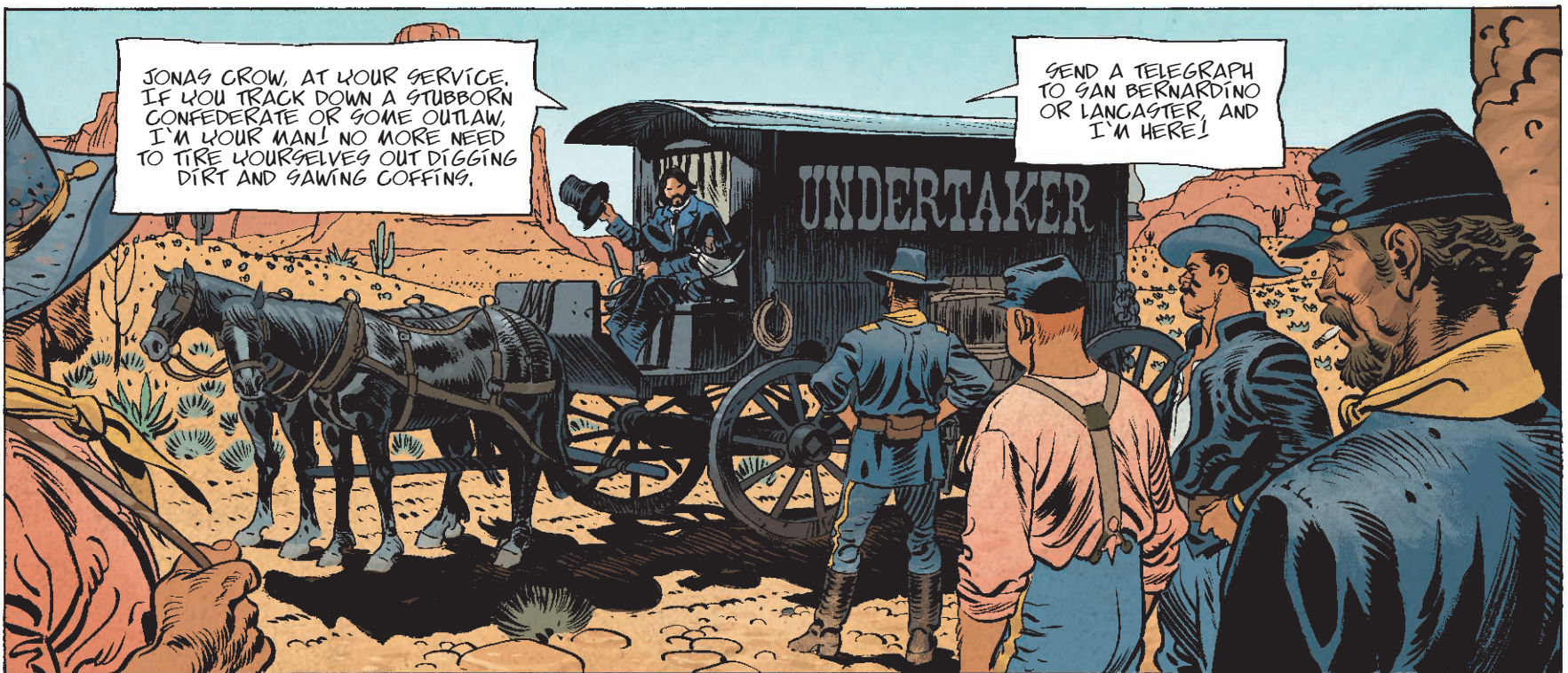
HOW MUCH TO GET RID OF THESE VULTURES FOR ME?

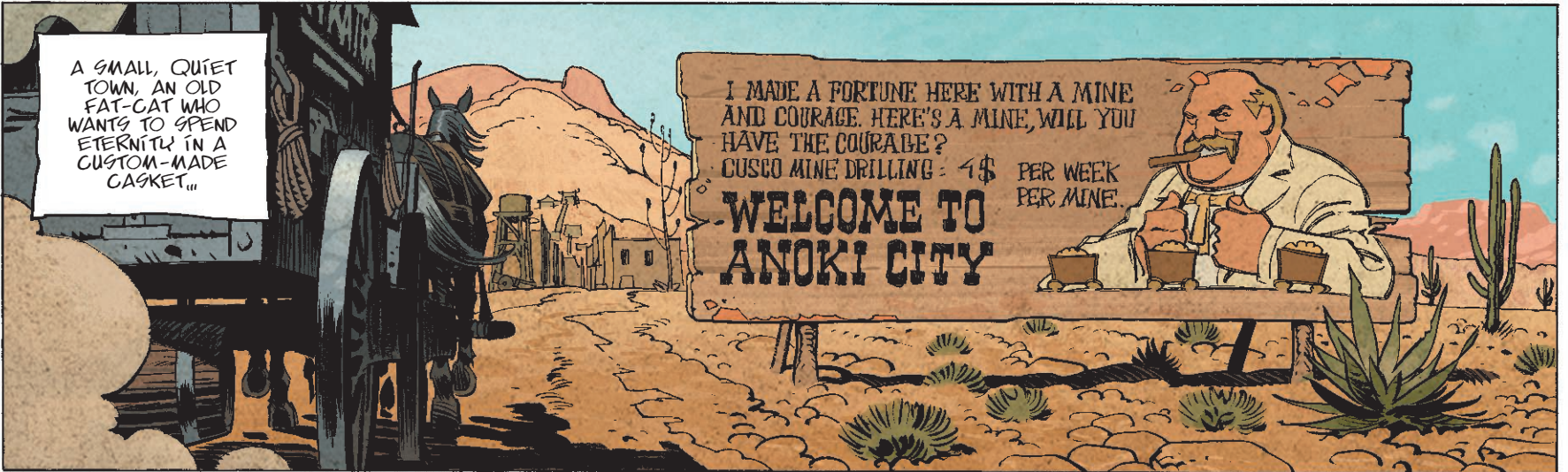
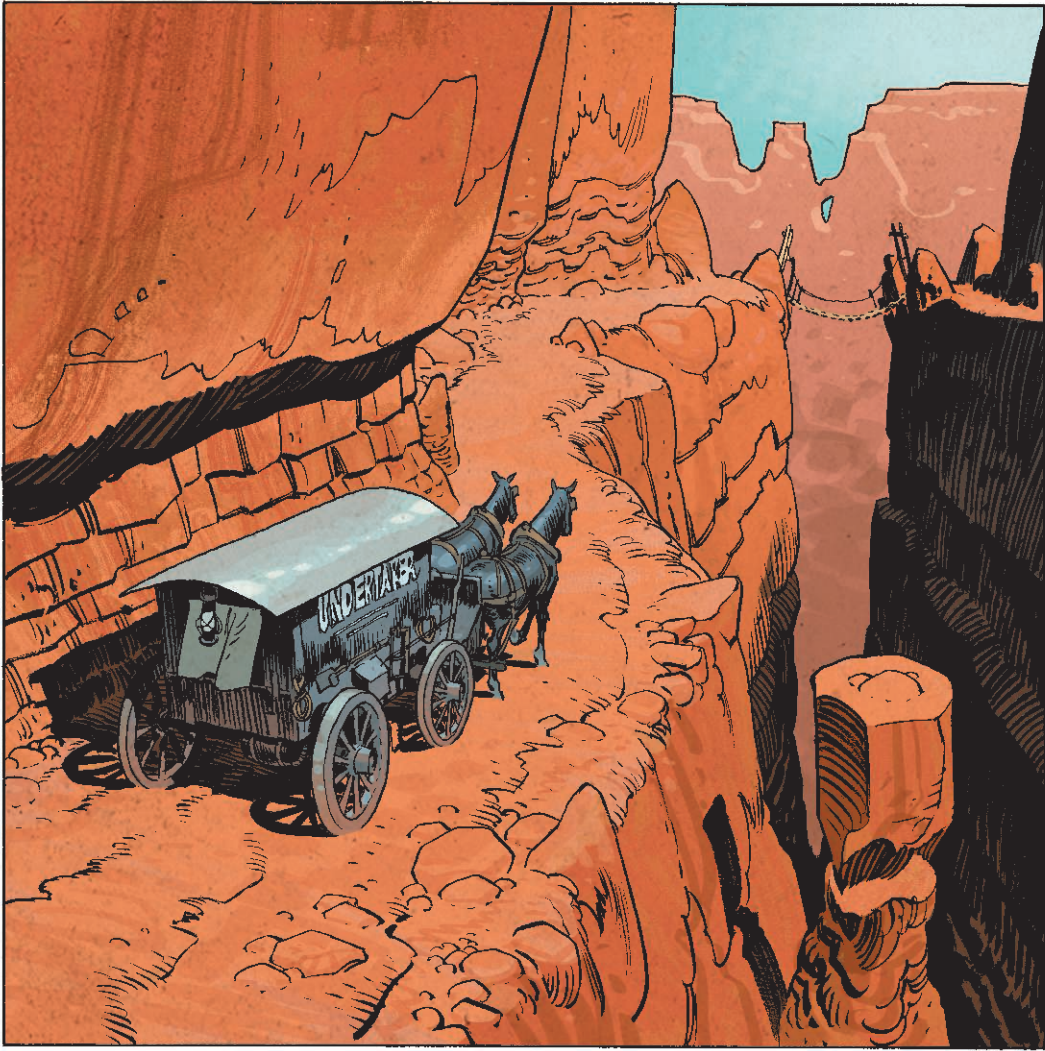


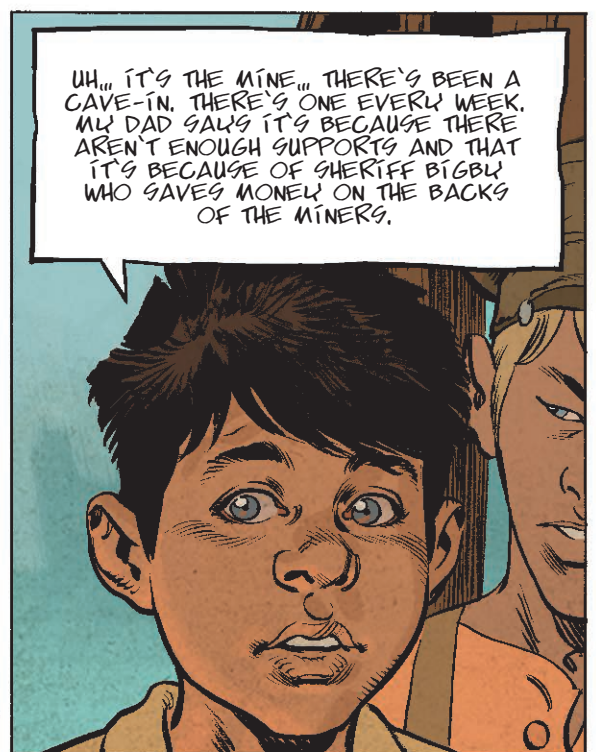
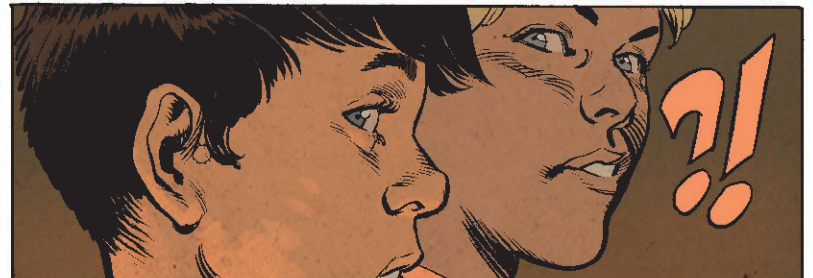
THREE BUCKS.

!!!







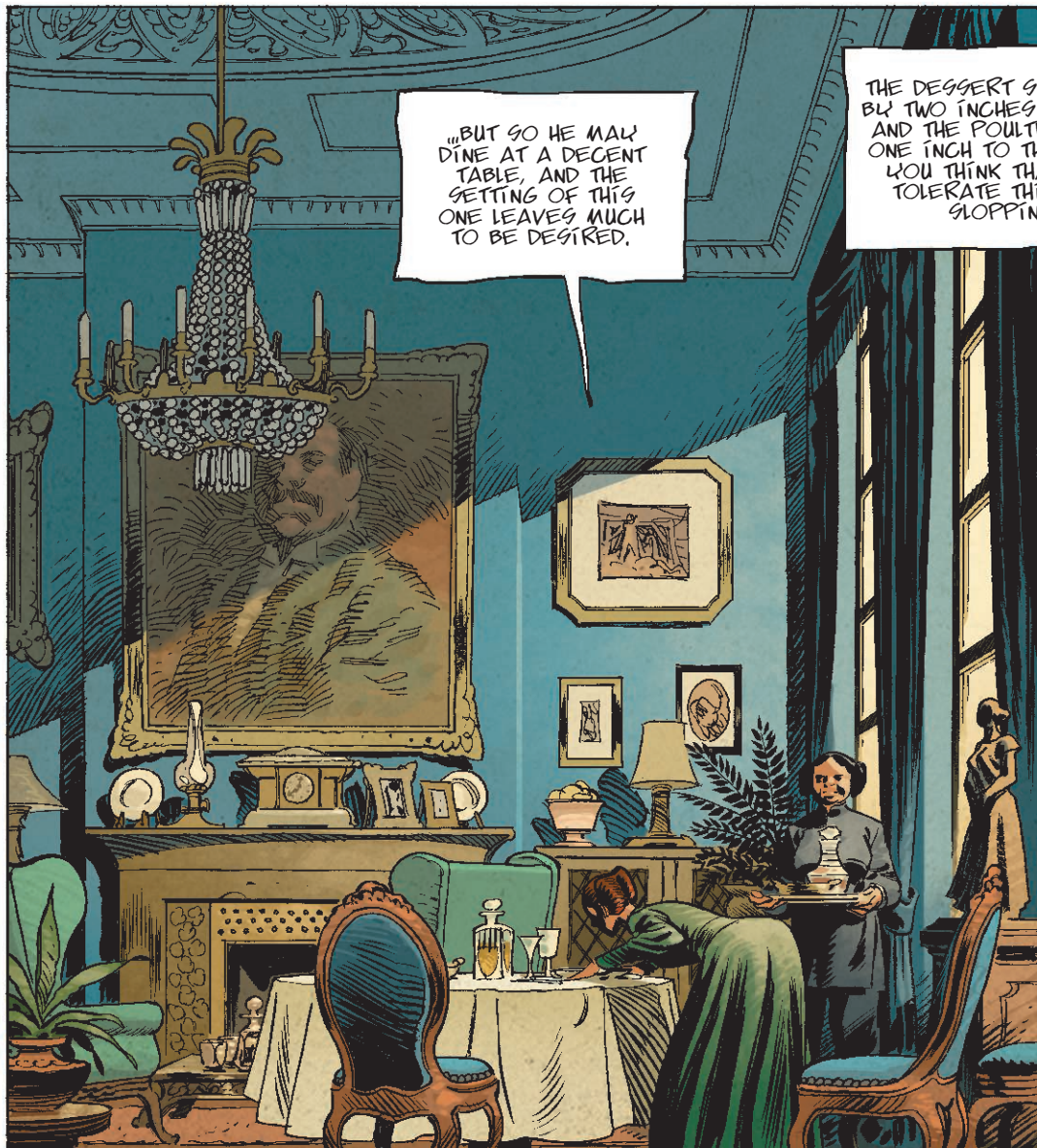




MISS LIN.

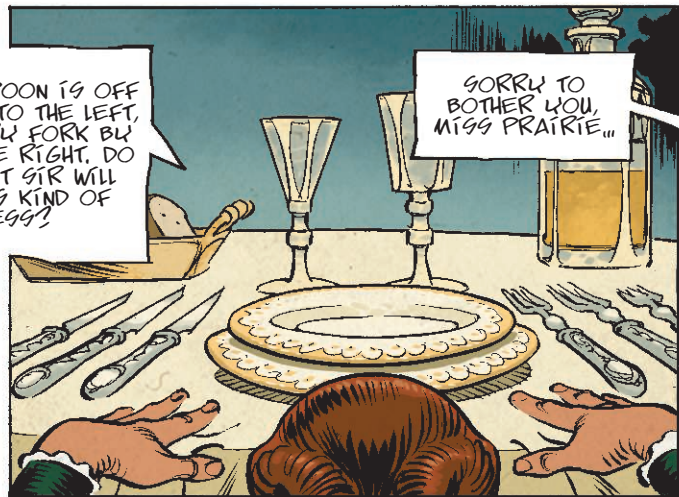


MR. CUSCO DOESN'T PAY YOU TO STARE OUT THE WINDOW...



...BUT SO HE MAY DINE AT A DECENT TABLE, AND THE SETTING OF THIS ONE LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED.

THE DESSERT SPOON IS OFF BY TWO INCHES TO THE LEFT, AND THE POULTRY FORK BY ONE INCH TO THE RIGHT. DO YOU THINK THAT SIR WILL TOLERATE THIS KIND OF SLOPPINESS?

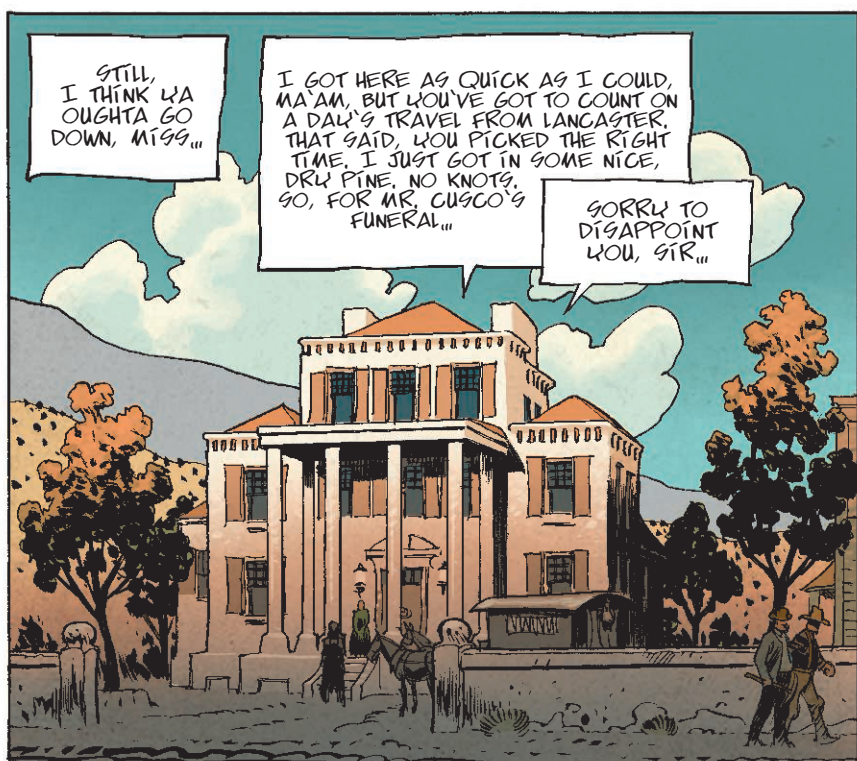


SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MISS PRAIRIE...



...BUT YOU HAVE TO COME SEE, THERE'S AN ODD FELLA HERE FOR MR. CUSCO.

IMPOSSIBLE, MR. MCKULLEN, NO ONE HAS AN APPOINTMENT AND I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BASIC TASK WHICH MISS LIN WAS UNABLE TO PERFORM.



STILL, I THINK YA OUGHTA GO DOWN, MISS...

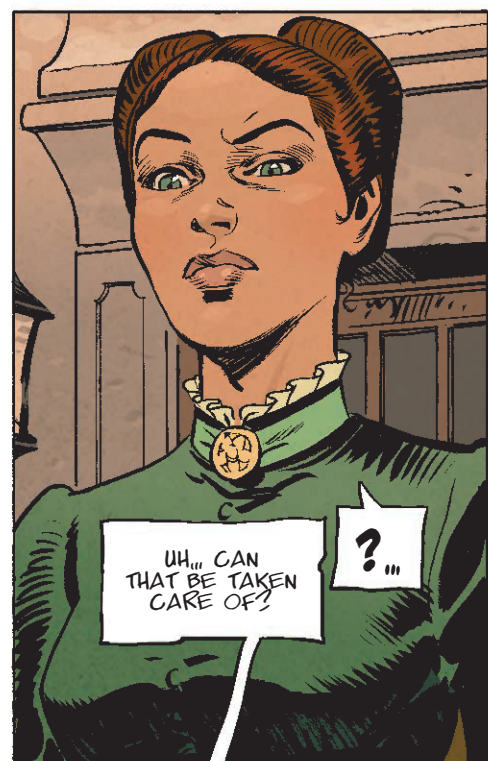
I GOT HERE AS QUICK AS I COULD, MA'AM, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO COUNT ON A DAL'S TRAVEL FROM LANCASTER. THAT SAID, YOU PICKED THE RIGHT TIME, I JUST GOT IN SOME NICE, DRW PINE, NO KNOTS, SO, FOR MR. CUSCO'S FUNERAL...

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, SIR...



...BUT MR. CUSCO IS FAR FROM DEAD.

??

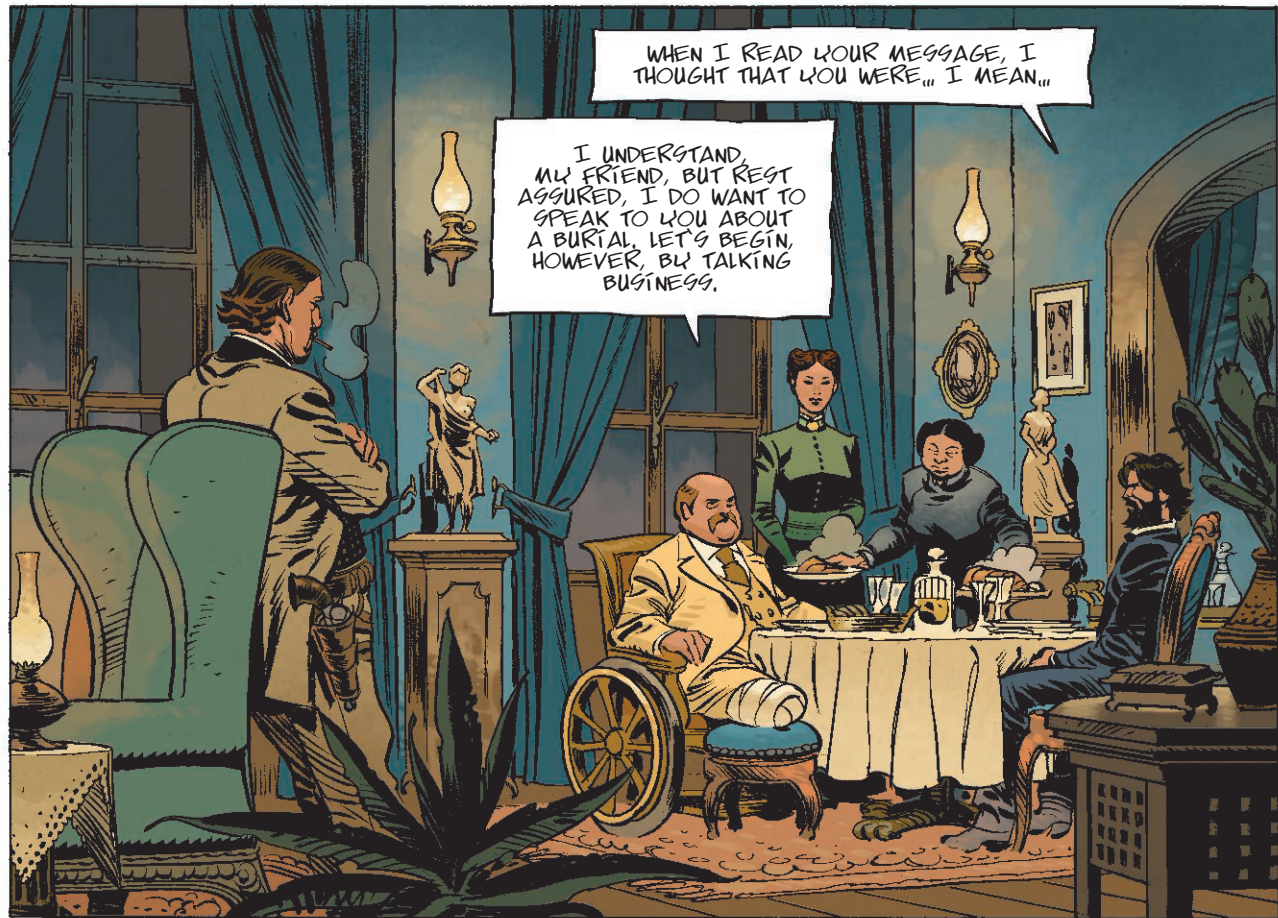


UH... CAN THAT BE TAKEN CARE OF?

?...



I'M THE ONE WHO HAD HIM COME, ROSE.



WHEN I READ YOUR MESSAGE, I THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE... I MEAN...

I UNDERSTAND, MY FRIEND, BUT REST ASSURED, I DO WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT A BURIAL. LET'S BEGIN, HOWEVER, BY TALKING BUSINESS.



OH, I CAN CHAT WHILE EATING...

OF COURSE... BUT FIRST LET'S HEAR WHAT YOUR RATES ARE.

GRRMM...



THAT ALL DEPENDS, SIR, THE COFFIN, THAT VARIES DEPENDING ON WHETHER IT'S BASIC PINE OR IF IT'S GOT ELM OR OAK TRIM, AND IF THERE'S A CLOTH INTERIOR OR NOT. I'VE GOT COTTON, SILK, AND VELVET.



THEN THERE'S THE PREPARATION OF THE BODY, I START AT A DOLLAR FOR DRESSING AND A BIT OF PRESERVATION, I CAN ALSO FIX 'EM UP SO THEY LOOK MORE NATURAL.



THAT'S WHAT MATTERS TO FAMILIES... THE LAST IMAGE WE WANT TO KEEP IS OF OUR LOVED ONES STILL STRONG, NOT ALL BATTERED AFTER A HORSE TRAMPLES THEM OR AFTER SOME BUCKSHOT HAS REWORKED THEIR FACE.



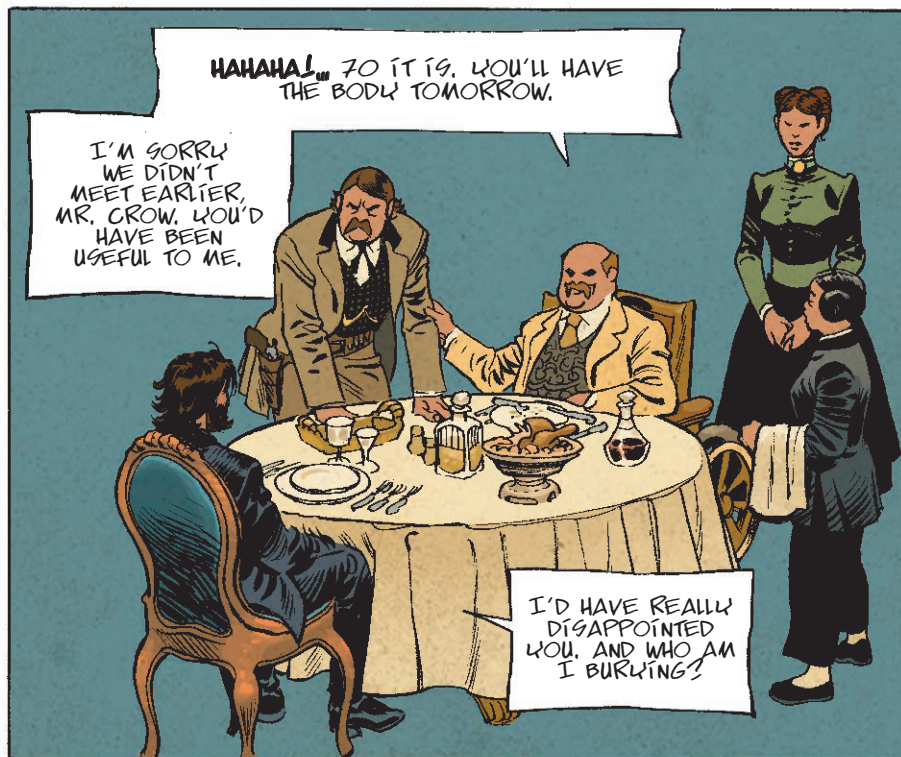
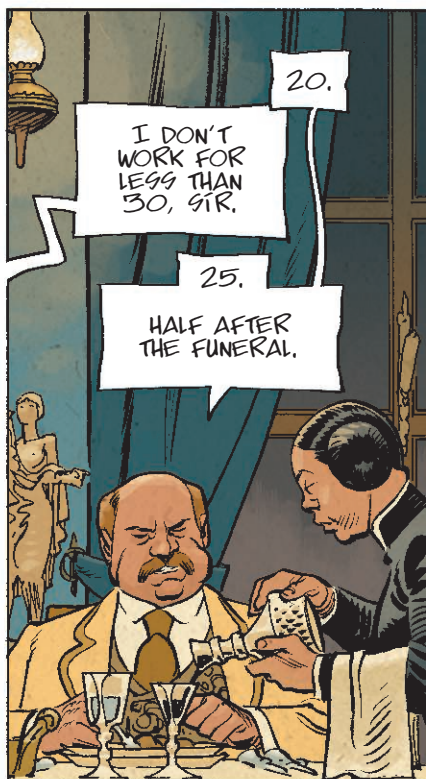
FOR COSMETIC WORK, YOU HAVE IN FRONT OF YOU ONE OF THE VERY BEST! I KNOW SOME FOLKS EVEN SAY: "JONAS CROW GIVES LIFE BACK TO THE DEAD"! IN ALL MODESTY, OF COURSE.



AS FOR THE REST, YOU HAVE TO FIGURE IN TRANSPORT AT TEN CENTS A MILE, PLUS, THERE'S A FEE FOR PLACING THEM IN THE CASKET AND THE BURIAL. NEXT, I PUT UP A WOODEN CROSS. FOR A STONE TOMB, YOU...

NO TOMB, NO FABRIC, JUST A COFFIN, THE CHEAPEST ONE AND 50 MILES TRANSPORT.

HOW MUCH?





MR. CUSCO?
YOUR DESSERT.

COME
IN.



YOUR
ALMOND-CREAM
DELIGHT! TELL ME
WHAT YOU THINK
OF IT, SIR.



SLAM

YOU
SHUT MOUTH.
HIM TOO
DANGEROUS
FOR YOU.



MAY WE
SPEAK WITH
YOU A MINUTE,
UNDERTAKER?

NO, SIR...
YOU DON'T TALK
TO UNDERTAKERS.
YOU IGNORE THEM
OR YOU OFFER
THEM WORK.



THERE'S BEEN A
DEATH... WE JUST GOT
HIS BODY OUT... WELL,
WHAT'S LEFT OF IT...



AND?

HE WAS SIXTEEN...
HE WON'T GET TO LIVE
HIS LOUSY LIFE. WE
WAS SAWIN' HOW IT'D
BE NICE IF HIS DEATH
HAD BEEN SOMETHIN'...
AT LEAST CLEAN...
PRESENTABLE.

30
BUCKS.



HAHA... EVEN
HIS PICK WAS
ON CREDIT. HIS
FOLKS'VE LOST
EVERYTHIN' HERE.



A STEAK.

WHAT?



WHAT'S A REAL STEAK COST 'ROUND HERE?

I NEVER HAD ONE, BUT... IT MUST BE ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS.

I'LL BURY HIM FOR A STEAK, I'LL FIX HIM UP SO HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD, AT LEAST HIS FACE...



MEAT'S A LUXURY HERE, SIR... BUT WE'LL ALL CHIP IN.

DEAL.

CANWWW!



UMM... HOLD ON... LET'S SAY TWO STEAKS.



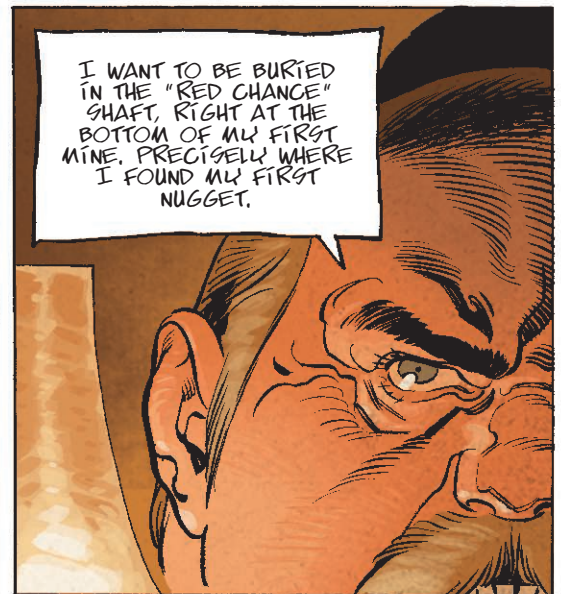
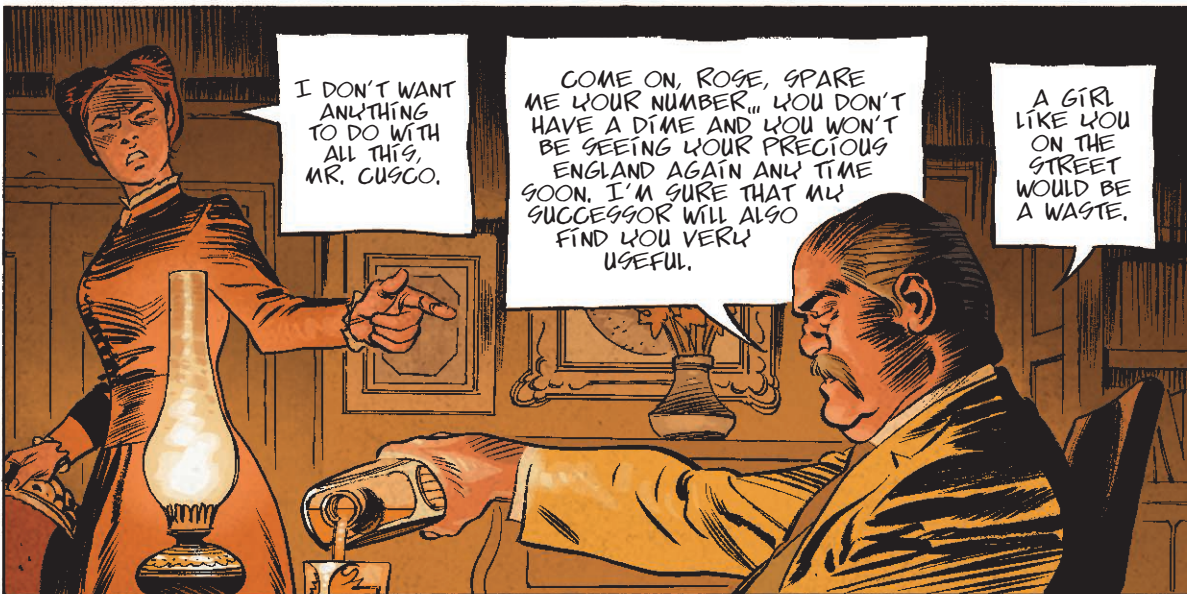
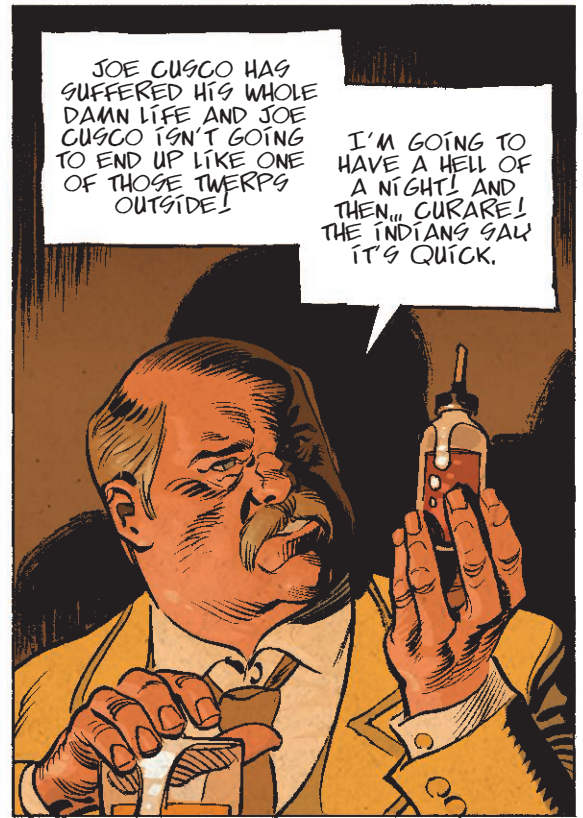
A DEAL'S A DEAL, MISTER...

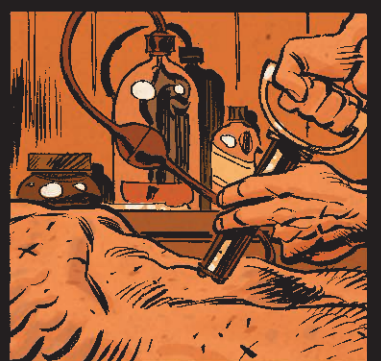


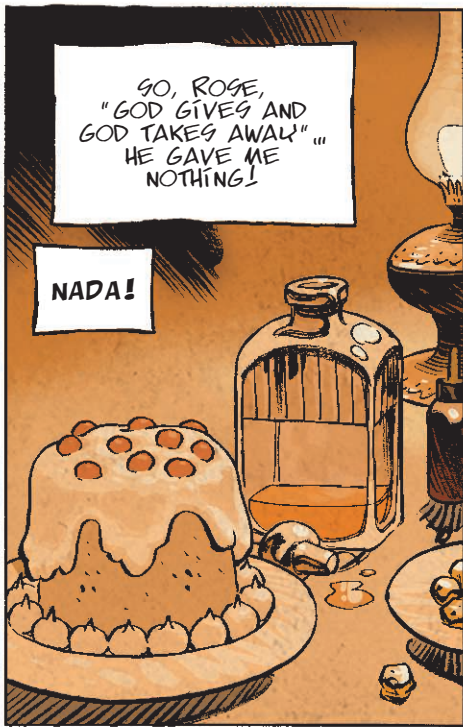
WELL, SO WHAT? WE'RE HUNGRY!



YOU TOO SOFT, NOT GOOD FOR BUSINESS.







SO, ROSE,
"GOD GIVES AND
GOD TAKES AWAY"
HE GAVE ME
NOTHING!

NADA!



NOT ONE DOLLAR MADE IT TO MY POCKET
WITHOUT ME BREAKING MY BACK SWINGING A PICK
OR FLAYING MY HANDS ON THE SLUICE*
TO EARN IT...

*RIVER-MINING TOOL.



ALL I HAVE
IS MINE! ALL MINE!
AND NO ONE ELSE'S!



YOU'RE WAITING FOR
ME TO DIE, HUH? TO
DUMP ME IN THE GROUND
SO YOU CAN THROW
YOURSELVES ON MY
GOLD LIKE VULTURES?
AND WHY SHOULD
YOU GET IT?
HUH?

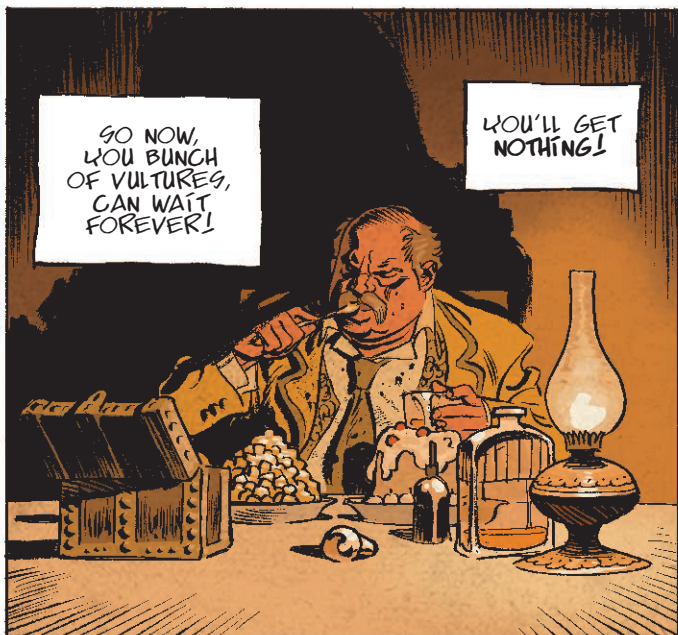
I NEVER STOLE
ANYTHING FROM YOU!
NEVER ASKED FOR
ANYTHING! YOU
GAVE ME NOTHING!



TO GET TO WHERE I'M AT,
I EVEN ATE SOME OF THE
YELLOW METAL! IT WAS THE
ONLY WAY TO GET IT OUT OF
THE SHAFT WITHOUT GETTING
KNIFED! I STARTED OUT
MIXING GOLD AND SHIT...



AND
THAT'S HOW
I'M GOING
TO END!

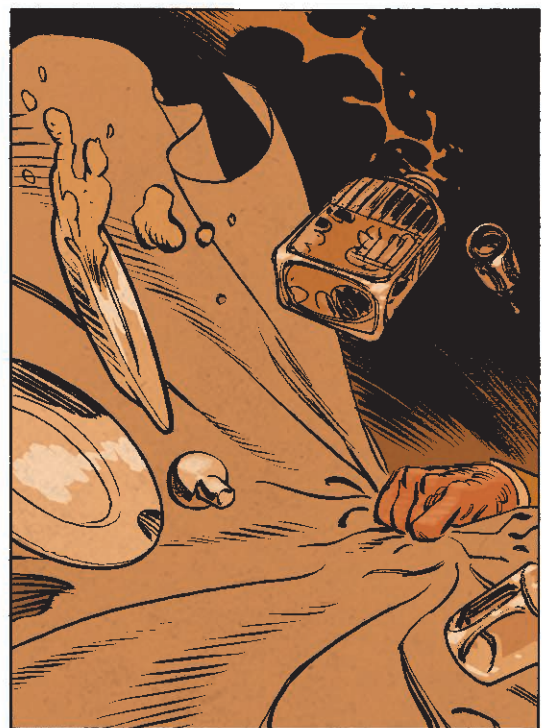


SO NOW,
YOU BUNCH
OF VULTURES,
CAN WAIT
FOREVER!

YOU'LL GET
NOTHING!



I'M
KEEPING
WHAT'S MINE!





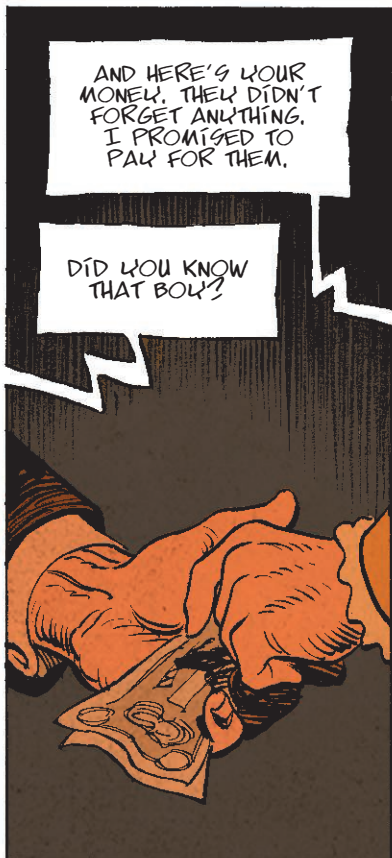


NICE SERMON, MR. CROW. THEY MUST FEEL TRULLY COMFORTED.



NOT ENOUGH FOR THEM TO REMEMBER TO PAY ME MY \$10. WHAT I TOLD THEM, MISS, WAS THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH IS LIKE RED-HOT IRON ON A WOUND. PAINFUL BUT EFFECTIVE.

THE TRUE LORD IS THERE TO CLOSE ALL WOUNDS. I'M AFRAID YOURS OPENS THEM.



AND HERE'S YOUR MONEY. THEY DIDN'T FORGET ANYTHING. I PROMISED TO PAY FOR THEM.

DID YOU KNOW THAT BOY?



I SAW HIM AT CHURCH.

I DIDN'T RECKON IT WAS DOWN IN THE MINE. TOO DIRTY.



MR. CROW, YOU WEREN'T HIRED TO MAKE COMMENTS, BUT TO GIVE YOUR UTMOST CARE TO MR. CUSCO'S BODY AFTER HIS DEMISE.



FURTHERMORE, WE WON'T LEAVE UNTIL I'VE BEEN ABLE TO ORGANIZE A DECENT MASS. DURING THE VOYAGE, KINDLY, PLEASE, NO SMOKING, DRINKING, OR SWEARING.

AND KEEP THAT "THING" AWAY FROM ME.

IS THAT ALL?



NO. AS I'LL BE TRAVELING BESIDE YOU, I'D APPRECIATE IT.

IF YOU'D TAKE A BATH.



ARE YOU DONE?

YES.

GOOD.



GO TO HELL!!!

MY HEARSE, MY RULES!

?!?



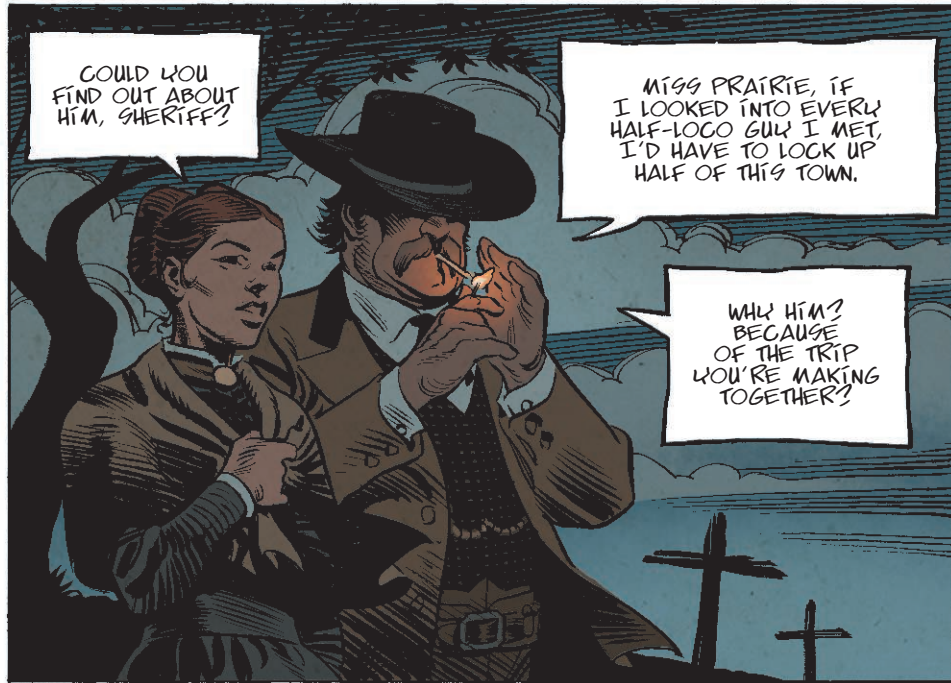
I ENVY YOU, MR. CROW, TO BE LACKING ALL DIGNITY MUST NO DOUBT BE VERY AGREEABLE.

???

EF



STRANGE FELLA...



COULD YOU FIND OUT ABOUT HIM, SHERIFF?

MISS PRAIRIE, IF I LOOKED INTO EVERY HALF-LOCO GUY I MET, I'D HAVE TO LOCK UP HALF OF THIS TOWN.

WHY HIM? BECAUSE OF THE TRIP YOU'RE MAKING TOGETHER?



NO.



BECAUSE I'VE SEEN ENOUGH DANGEROUS MEN IN MY LIFE...

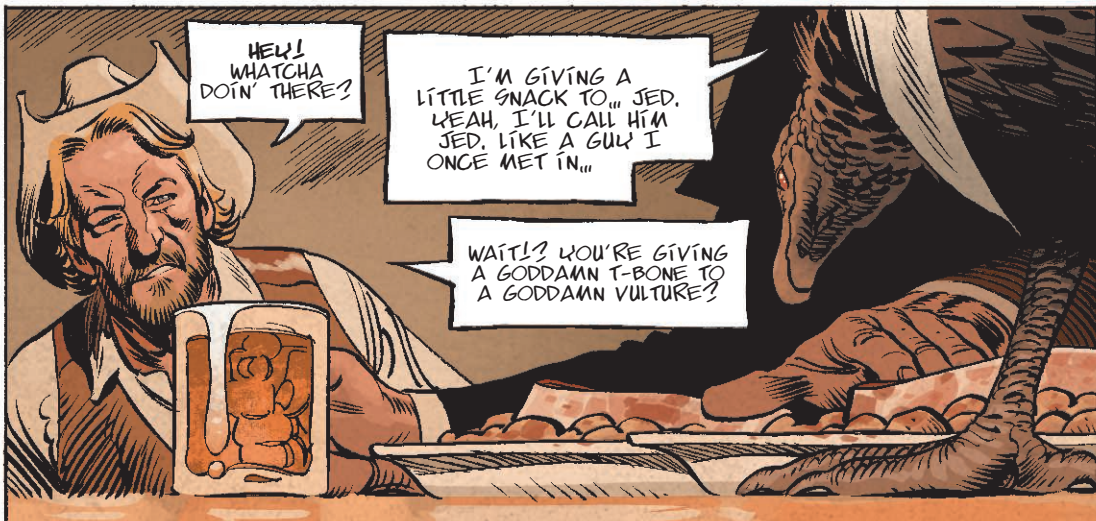


TO KNOW ONE WHEN I MEET ONE.



TWO STEAKS! QUITE A LUXURY, MR. UNDERTAKER! GOTTA BELIEVE THAT PALS, KEEPING CADAVERS FOR COMPANY. ALL WE GET IS SALT-PORK AND BEANS, MORNIN', NOON, AND NIGHT.

AIN'T TOO SMART, EATIN' THAT HERE, IN FRONT OF ALL THESE FOLKS.



HEW! WHATCHA DOIN' THERE?

I'M GIVING A LITTLE SNACK TO... JED. YEAH, I'LL CALL HIM JED. LIKE A GUY I ONCE MET IN...

WATT!? YOU'RE GIVING A GODDAMN T-BONE TO A GODDAMN VULTURE?



I AIN'T GONNA GIVE HIM SALAD.





YOU LOGO OR WHAT? YOU WERE GONNA KILL THAT GUY FOR A STEAK? FOR HIS STEAK?

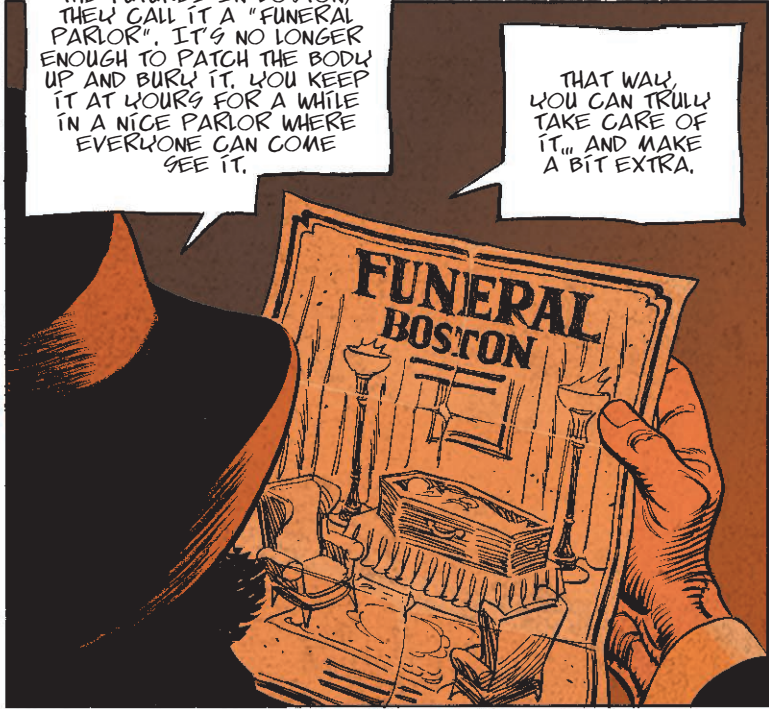
HE... PROVOKED US, SHERIFF!... AND I'M QUICK, BUT HE... HE AIN'T JUST A DAMN UNDERTAKER! IF HE STARTS UP AGAIN, IT'LL GIVE THE MINERS IDEAS! THEY'LL MAKE TROUBLE FOR US! WE GOTTA FIND OUT WHO THIS GUY IS!

I INTEND TO.



THERE'S NO NEED TO LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! WHAT ELSE COULD I HAVE DONE?

OKAY... I'M NOT SAYING THAT BUSINESS HASN'T BEEN BETTER IN THE PAST, BUT DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT BIG PLANS!



LOOK AT THAT. THAT'S THE FUTURE! IN BOSTON, THEY CALL IT A "FUNERAL PARLOR". IT'S NO LONGER ENOUGH TO PATCH THE BODY UP AND BURY IT. YOU KEEP IT AT HOURS FOR A WHILE IN A NICE PARLOR WHERE EVERYONE CAN COME SEE IT.

THAT WAY, YOU CAN TRULLY TAKE CARE OF IT... AND MAKE A BIT EXTRA.



JUST NEED A PILE OF CASH...

"A BIG PILE!"



YOU EAT FIRST, DREAM LATER.

???



TO WHAT DO I OWE...?

FOR SHOW. MICE ON GROUND. VERY FUNNY.

CROAA?



YOU BETTER FOR FUN THAN FOR BURLING.

HERE, THEN, IS MY WILL, MISS PRAIRIE, PERHAPS ONE DAY YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR THE METHODS I'M GOING TO USE...

...BUT I'LL TELL YOU THAT, AS I WRITE THESE LINES, REMORSE EATS AWAY AT ME LESS THAN THE DESIRE TO KEEP IN THE HEREAFTER WHAT I EARNED IN THIS LIFE.

I GOLD FIFTY YEARS OF TOIL AND TURNED IT ALL INTO GOLD.

I'VE EATEN THAT GOLD.

YES, EATEN, SO IT'S IN ME UNTIL THE END OF TIME, IN THE PLACE MY REAL LIFE BEGAN... AT THE "RED CHANCE" SHAFT.

I'VE TOLD YOU THAT I TRUST YOU, AND IT'S TRUE, BUT WITH ME GONE, YOU WON'T BE LONELY ANYMORE... AND MEN BEING WHAT THEY ARE, AND THE GOLD BEING THERE, I HAD TO TAKE SEVERAL PRECAUTIONS TO INSURE THAT MY LAST WISHES WOULD BE CARRIED OUT.

IN FACT, IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, I HIRED A NATIVE WHO OWES ME EVERYTHING TO TAKE A MAN OF THEIR CHOOSING AS HOSTAGE, YOU DON'T KNOW THIS MAN, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HIM AND YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM, BUT...

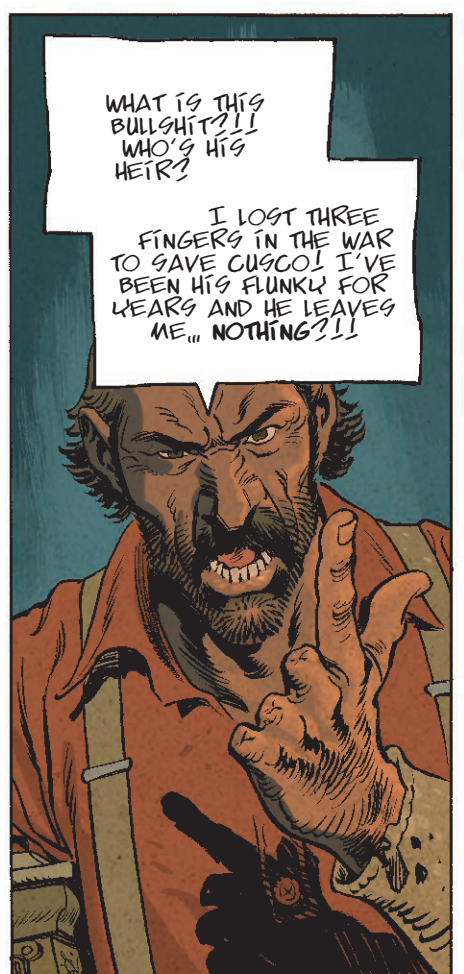
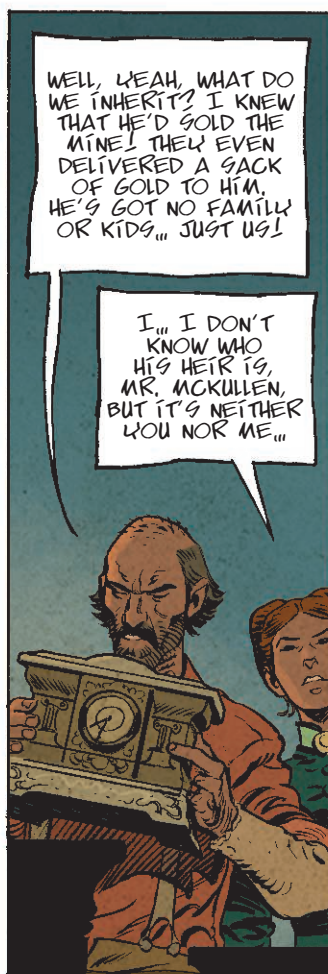
...IF MY CADAVER HASN'T ARRIVED, INTACT, AT THE "RED CHANCE" SHAFT IN THREE DAYS, THE INDIAN WILL KILL THE HOSTAGE, SLOWLY, SURELY, AND WITH A SKILL WHOSE REFINEMENT GOES FAR BEYOND WHAT A WHITE MAN COULD IMAGINE.

LUCKILY, AS I KNOW YOUR DETERMINATION AND SINCERITY, I'M SURE IT WON'T COME TO THAT, I'M PUTTING MY PEN DOWN, I WOULDN'T WANT TO DELAY YOU, YOU HAVE LIMITED TIME, NOW.

YOUR DEAD MAN, JOE CUSCO.

P.S. 1: ATTACHED IS THE LOCATION OF THE "RED CHANCE" SHAFT, YOU SUPERVISED A DELIVERY FOR ME THERE ONCE, BUT I DOUBT YOU COULD FIND YOUR WAY AGAIN.

P.S. 2: IF YOU ARRIVE WITH ANY BACK-UP BESIDES THE UNDERTAKER, OR IF YOU TRY TO BRIBE MY NATIVE, THE HOSTAGE WILL BE... WELL, YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO HIM...





MISS PRAIRIE! YOU MUST COME! MUST TALK MINERS! THEY MAD! QUICK! YOU COME RIGHT...



...AWAY...?!



IF THE OLD MAN IS DEAD, THE MINE IS OURS! WE'VE WORKED IT ENOUGH FOR HIM! WE DESERVE IT!

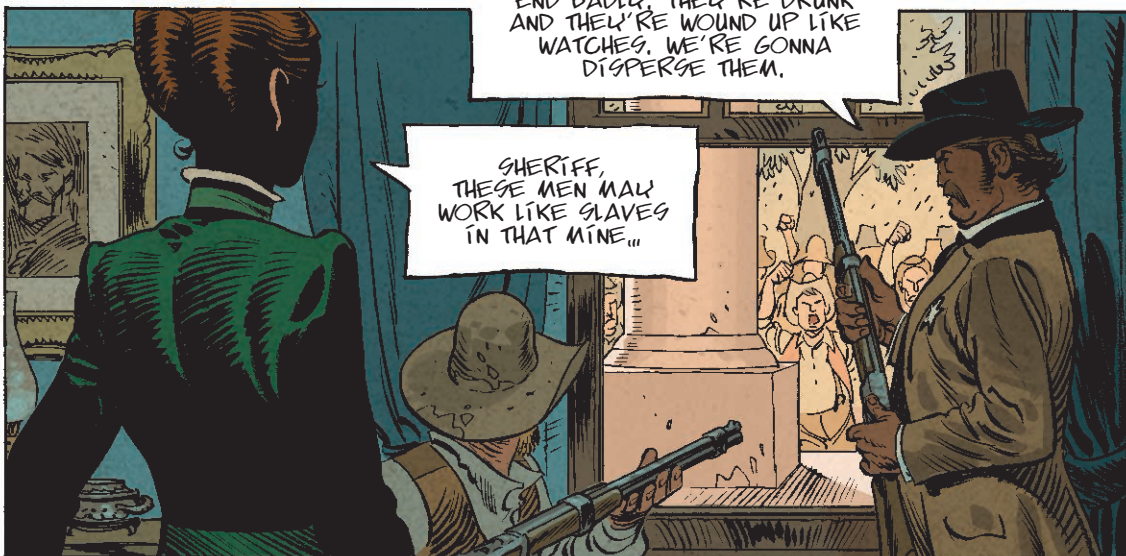
NO MORE PAYING TO DIG! IT'S OURS NOW!

WE WANNA SEE MISS PRAIRIE! WE WANT THE CONCESSION DEEDS!

SHE SHOULD GIVE US THE TITLE! IT'S RIGHTFULLY OURS!

BIGBY! LET US SEE THE ENGLISH LADY!

DON'T GO OUT, MISS. IT'LL END BADLY. THEY'RE DRUNK AND THEY'RE WOUND UP LIKE WATCHES. WE'RE GONNA DISPERSE THEM.



SHERIFF, THESE MEN MAY WORK LIKE SLAVES IN THAT MINE...



...BUT THEY DESERVE THE TRUTH MORE THAN THE WHIP.



YOU TELL YOURSELVES THAT YOU'VE SWEAT BLOOD AND WATER HERE, THAT YOUR LABOR MADE THIS MINE, THAT YOU DESERVE IT MORE THAN ANYONE.

IT'S TRUE.

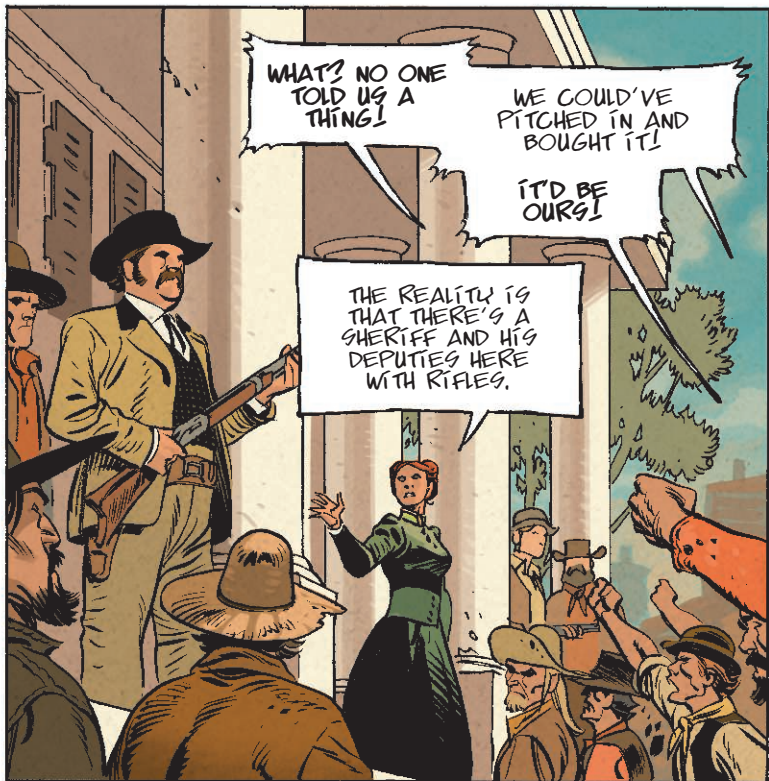


BUT IT WILL NOT HAPPEN.

BECAUSE THE QUESTION ISN'T TO DETERMINE WHAT'S RIGHT, BUT WHAT'S REAL.



AND THE REALITY IS THAT THE MINE WAS SOLD A MONTH AGO.



WHAT? NO ONE TOLD US A THING!

WE COULD'VE PITCHED IN AND BOUGHT IT! IT'D BE OURS!

THE REALITY IS THAT THERE'S A SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES HERE WITH RIFLES.



THE REALITY IS THAT YOUR WIFE AND KIDS WANT YOU FREE AND UNHARMED...



...NOT WOUNDED OR BEHIND BARS.

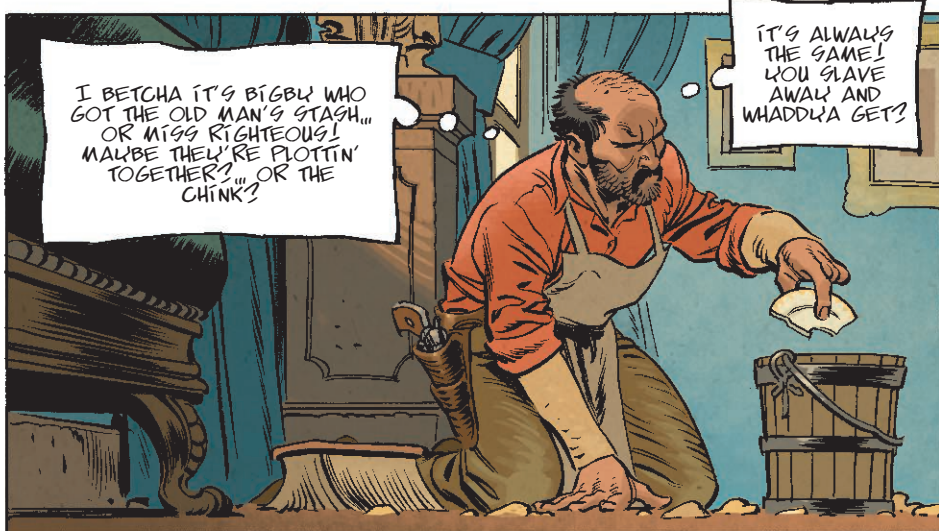
THE REALITY IS THAT YOU MUST GO BACK TO WORK.



...OR LEAVE THIS TOWN.



WE ALL MUST GO BACK TO WORK...



I BETCHA IT'S BIGBY WHO GOT THE OLD MAN'S STASH... OR MISS RIGHTEOUS! MA'BE THEY'RE PLOTTIN' TOGETHER?... OR THE CHINK?

IT'S ALWAYS THE GAME! YOU SLAVE AWAY AND WHADDA GET?



NOTHIN'...
??!



STOP!!!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING??!

WHAT YOU ASKED ME TO, MISS... PREPARING THE BODY.



I... I NEVER ASKED YOU TO DO THAT. DON'T TOUCH HIM!

UHH... BUT... SORRY TO BRING UP THIS SORT OF DETAIL, BUT WITH THE HEAT, HE'S GOING TO DECAY QUICKER AND...



SO YOU GLOBE THE CASKET AND WE GO. I WANT TO LEAVE! AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



AND YOUR MARR?

NO MARR.

AND MY BATH?

NO BATH.



IN THAT CASE... BUT IT'LL BE THE SAME PRICE, AND WE HAVE TO GET WATER AND VITTLES BEFORE LEAVING. OTHERWISE THERE WON'T BE ANYONE TO BURY HIM FOR YOU WHEN WE GET THERE.

FINE, FINE... DO AS YOU SEE FIT...



... BUT MAKE IT QUICK.



LARD, BEANS AND FLOUR, BUT YOU'RE MISSING THE ESSENTIAL, SIR.

EVEN IF HE'S DEAD, I'M SURE THERE ARE STILL SOME FOLKS WHO'D LIKE TO FINISH OLD CUSCO OFF. YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON YOUR BELT, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE A COLT? I GOT SOME BRAND-NEW "NAVIES" ...

NO, THANKS.



YOU DON'T LIKE THEM?

NEVER COULD HANDLE A GUN.



BUT... UMM... WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SOMETHING FOR A... UMM... VULTURE TO PECK AT?

FOR A VULTURE??!



IT NEEDS ROTTEN MEAT, I SUPPOSE? EVEN IN THIS STATE THE SHOPS DON'T CARRY IT. AND WHY NOT EGGS? AN OMELET?

OKAY, I'LL TAKE THE BASKET. HOW MUCH FOR THEM ALL?



I CAN GIVE YOU \$40... NO MORE.

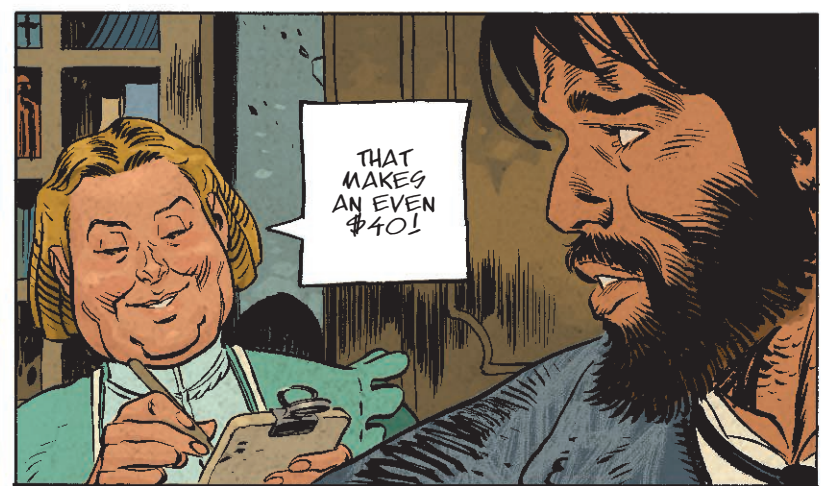
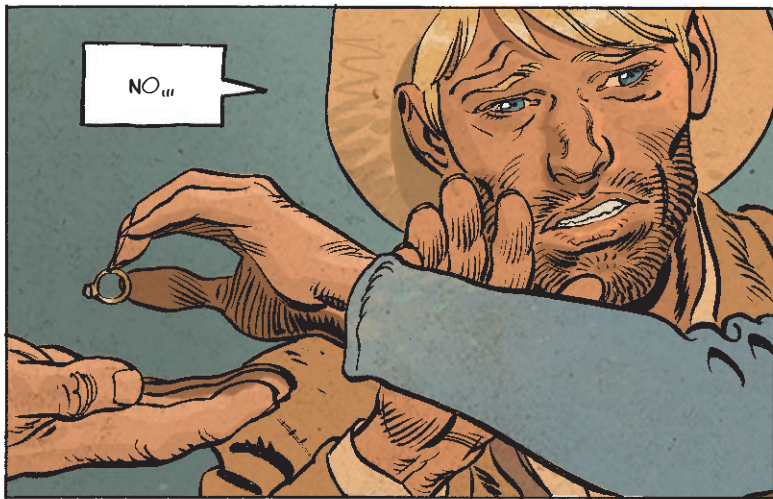
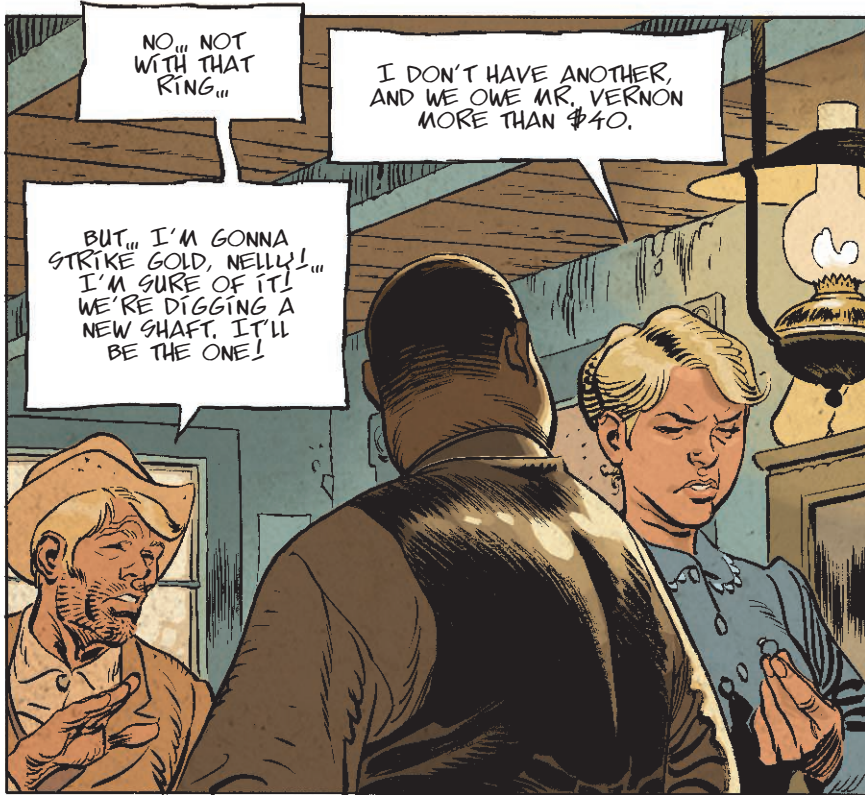
IT'S WORTH MORE THAN 600 IN BOSTON!

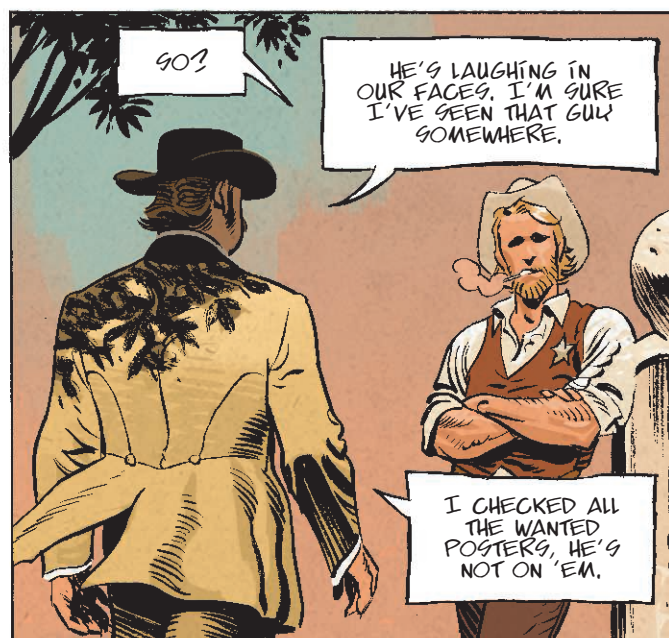
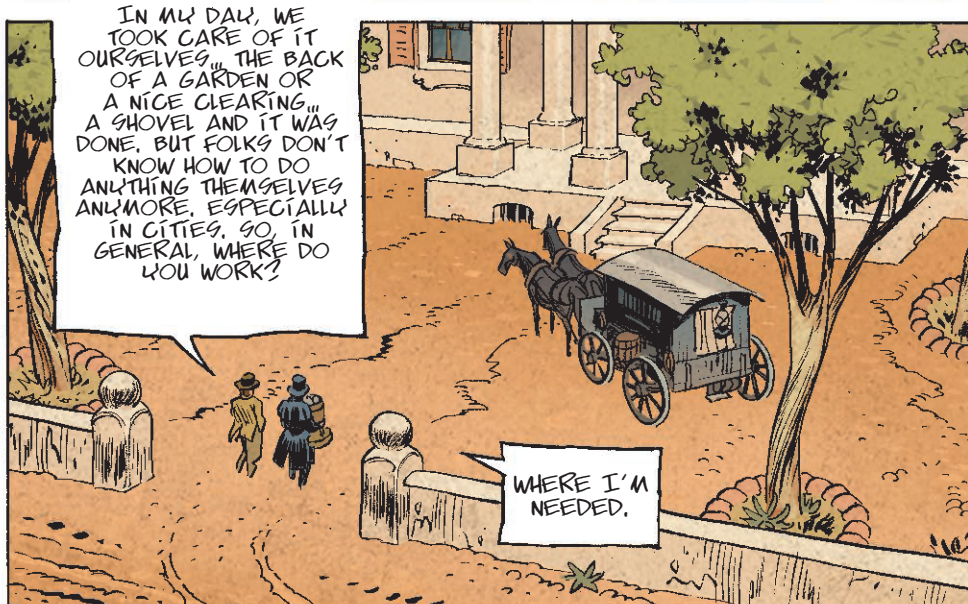
NO DOUBT, MRS. HILL, BUT WE'RE IN ANOKI CITY.



NELLY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M PUTTING FOOD ON OUR FAMILY'S PLATES, GEORGE.







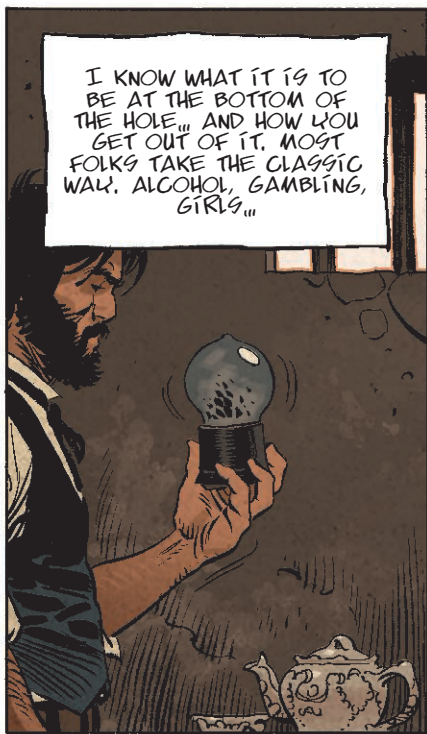
SHE... HUFF... NEEDS... PUFF... ALL... OF THIS...

NO, STILL A TRUNK. TOO HEAVY FOR HER. YOU GET IT FROM HER BEDROOM.



HER "BEDROOM"?

WHEN THERE ARE BARS, IT'S GOT A DIFFERENT NAME...



I KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLE... AND HOW YOU GET OUT OF IT. MOST FOLKS TAKE THE CLASSIC WAY. ALCOHOL, GAMBLING, GIRLS...



OTHERS WILL ALWAYS SURPRISE ME...



SON OF A...



GOT TWO MINUTES??



WE HAVE TO TALK!

HELL MICE!

CRACK!



STOP!
YOU HAVEN'T
ASKED HIM
ANYTHING
YET!

GULYS LIKE
THIS, OLIVE...
YA GOTTA
SOFTEN 'EM
UP BEFORE
TALKING!

BAM



HAND ME
THAT IRON
THERE.

NICE!
ARE YOU
SICK?! WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING??



GETTIN'
PAUBACK.



WHAT YOU
DOING HERE?

?!
!!



WELL... I... I WANTED TO LEAVE
ONE LAST MEMENTO...

YOU, FAT
BASTARD,
LEAVE.



NO!



AAAAA
SHRRRIIIII



STOP
DAMMIT! IT
AIN'T LIKE
THAT THAT WE'LL
FIND OUT WHO
HE IS!

SHUT UP!



YOU GOT
TWO MINUTES
BEFORE EARNIN'
YOURSELF A NICE
TATTOO TO WEAR
ON YOUR LITTLE
BURIAL FACE...

SO, AGGHOLE...
WHAT'S YOUR
REAL NAME?





AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

I BLEW IT.

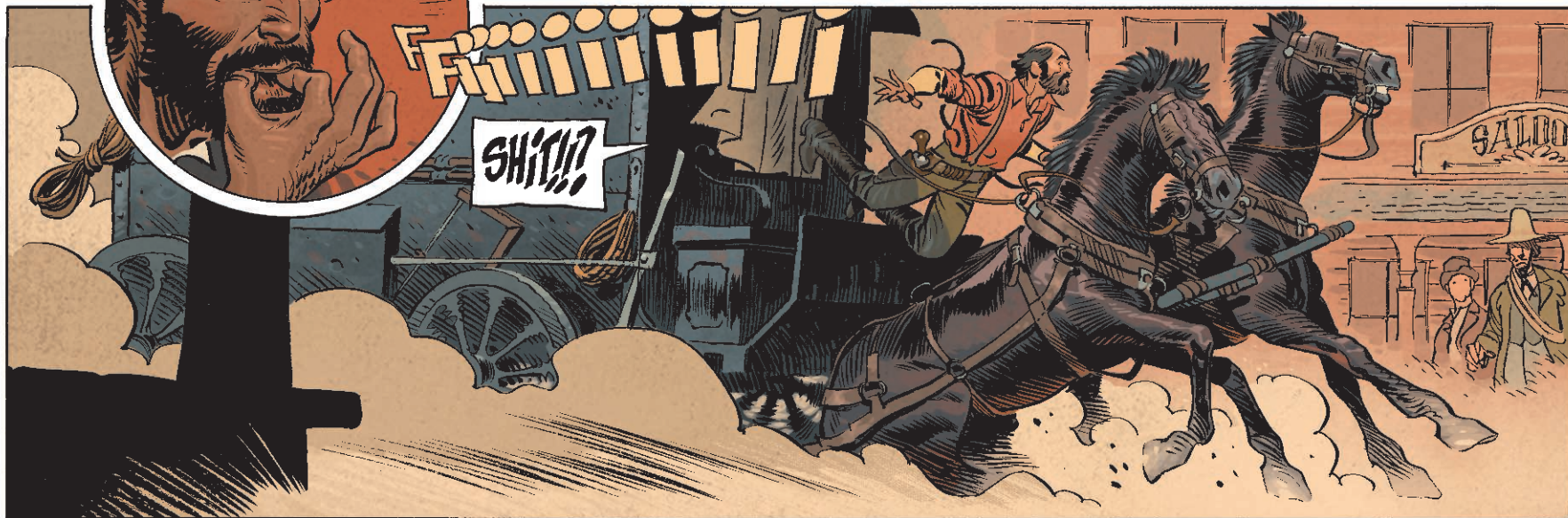


!!!



YAAAAAAH!
FASTER!

ZEPHYR!
COBAIT!



SHIT!!!



UNGH!



I... I WASN'T STEALING THE HEARSE... I WAS SAVING THE TOWN'S GOLD!

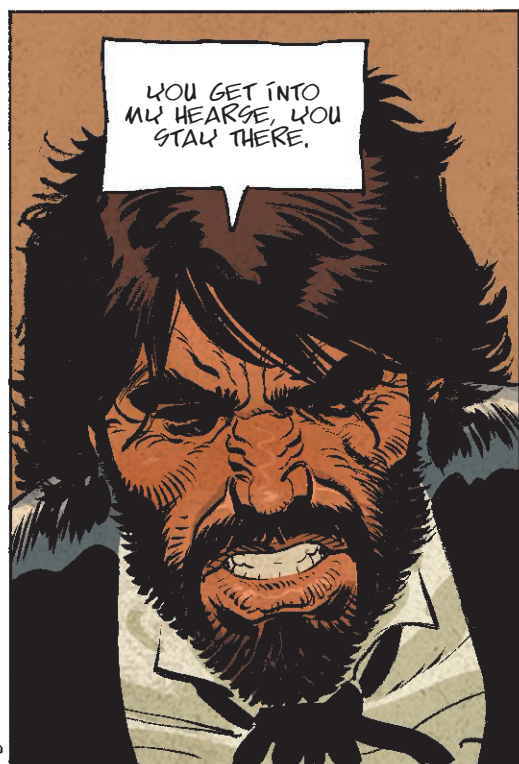


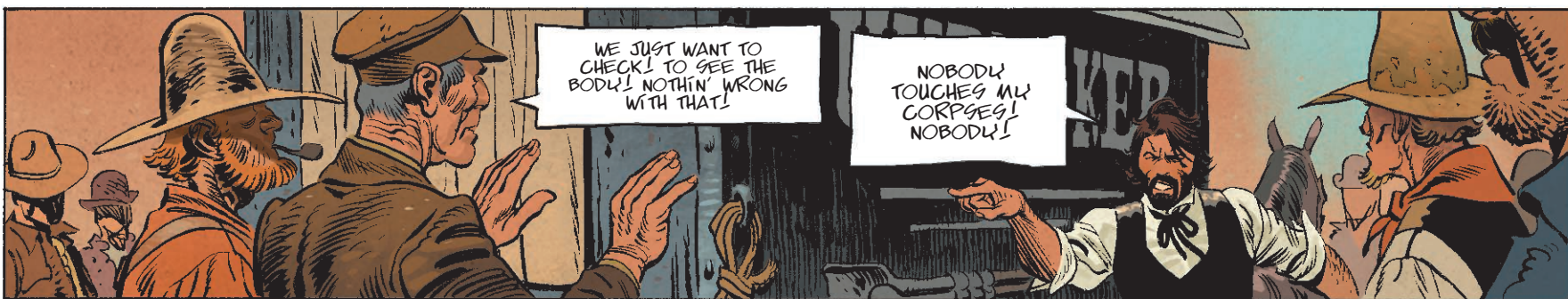
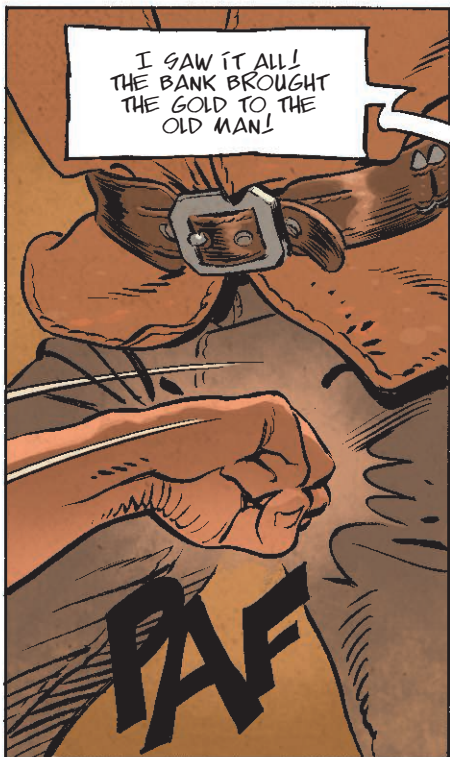
THE ENGLISH BITCH AND THE UNDERTAKER LIED TO US! TO ALL OF US!

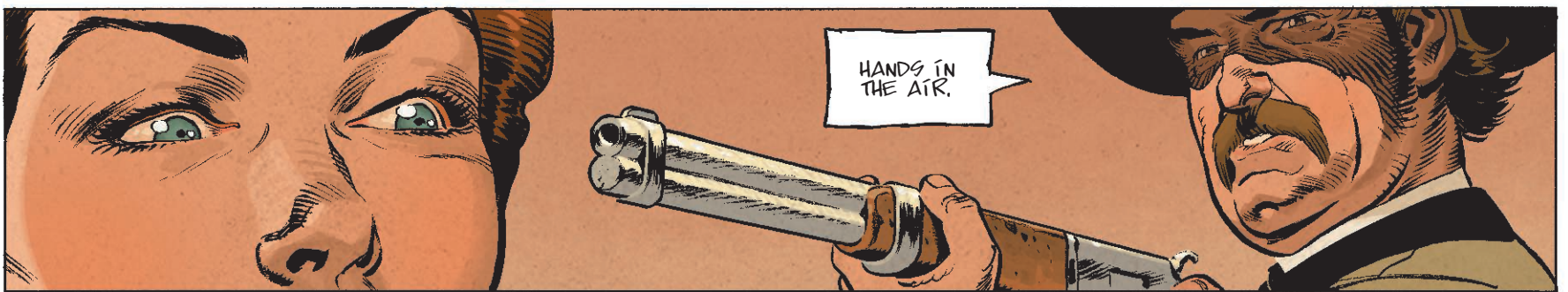
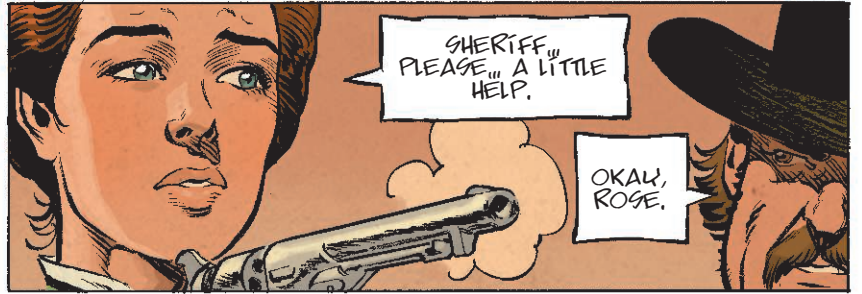
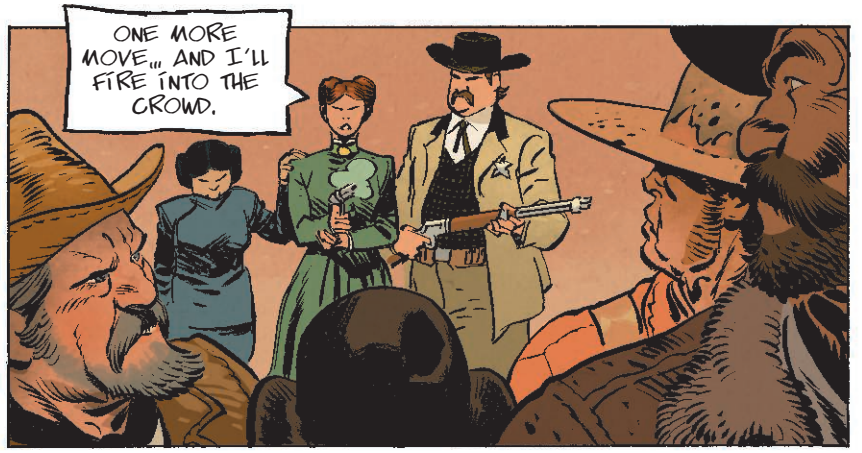


THEY'RE TAKING JOE CISCO'S GOLD!!!

?!?









THINK WHAT YOU WANT, MR. CROW! IF JOE CUSCO'S CADAVER ISN'T AT THE "RED CHANCE" SHAFT IN THREE DAYS, A HOSTAGE WILL BE KILLED THERE. I KEPT QUIET FOR HIS SAKE! ONLY FOR HIM!



WELL NOW... A HOSTAGE! WHAT HOSTAGE? WHO?

I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA!!! AND I DON'T SEE HOW HIS IDENTITY CHANGES MATTERS!



HOLD ON... CUSCO TOLD YOU THERE'S A HOSTAGE YOU DON'T KNOW... AND YOU FELL FOR HIS BLUFF. YOU'RE RISKING YOUR HIDE FOR A TOTAL STRANGER?

MR. CUSCO, HIM... NEVER BLUFF.



W'YEAH... YOU STILL COULD'VE GIVEN THE CADAVER TO BIGBY OR ANYONE YOU WANTED...

NOW, I HOPE YOUR HOSTAGE IS WORTH IT.



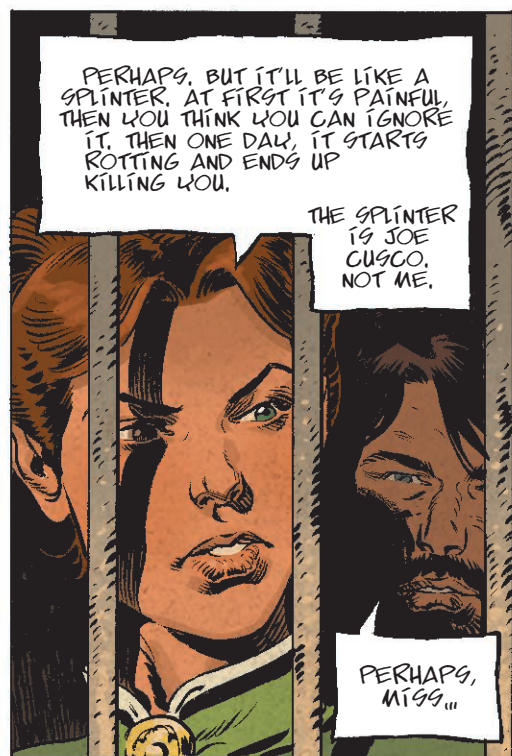
BE PRECISE, MR. CROW... WHAT DO YOU HOPE? THAT A LIFE IS WORTH MORE THAN A FEW POUNDS OF GOLD?



NO, MISS. THAT THIS GUY'S LIFE IS WORTH US RISKING THE THREE OF OURS. BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT'LL HAPPEN AND THAT'S WHAT YOU DECIDED FOR US.

WHAT "I" DECIDED! FRANKLY, MR. CROW, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOUR LIFE WILL BE LIKE AFTER LETTING A MAN DIE WITHOUT LIFTING A FINGER?

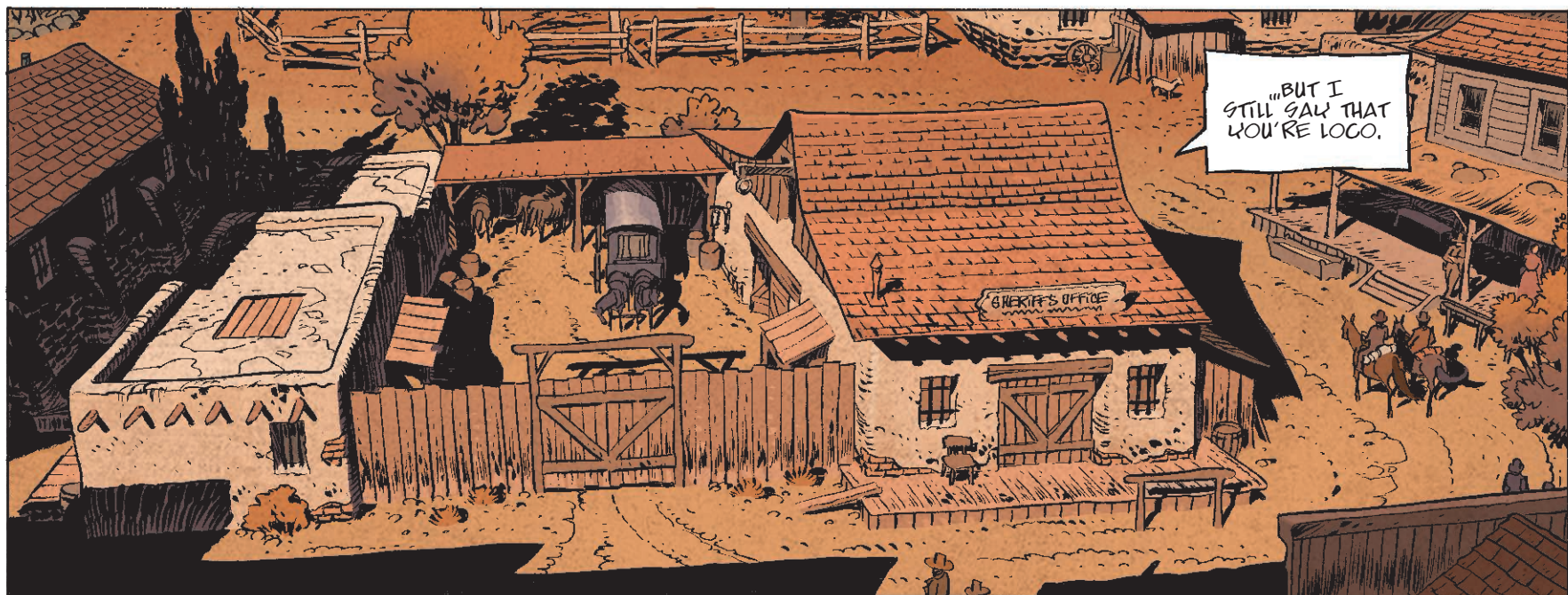
LONG.



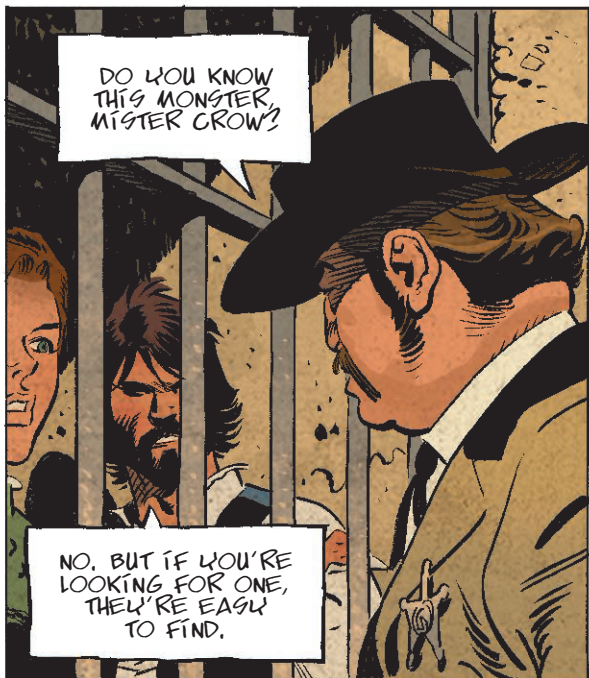
PERHAPS. BUT IT'LL BE LIKE A SPLINTER. AT FIRST IT'S PAINFUL, THEN YOU THINK YOU CAN IGNORE IT. THEN ONE DAY, IT STARTS ROTTING AND ENDS UP KILLING YOU.

THE SPLINTER IS JOE CUSCO, NOT ME.

PERHAPS, MISS...



"BUT I STILL SAY THAT YOU'RE LOCO."





JUST BECAUSE THAT DOG CUSCO DIED DOESN'T MEAN HE CAN STEAL IT FROM US!



KERN... WE UNDERSTAND. WE ALL FEEL THE SAME AS YOU... BUT IF CUSCO WANTS TO BURY HIS OWN GOLD, IT'S LEGAL.

LEGAL?!?



LOOK AT THIS HAND, GEORGE HILL.

WE KNOW, KERN! YOU'RE A WAR HERO!



NO, YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU? I'M NO DAMN HERO! I DIDN'T LOSE THESE FINGERS IN THE WAR... BUT LIKE YOU, LIKE AN IDIOT, IN A SHAFT WHERE I WAS DIGGING FOR CUSCO!



IT GAVED IN, WEREN'T ENOUGH SUPPORT BEAMS BECAUSE CUSCO FOUND WOOD TOO PRICEY... I HAD MY HAND UNDER A ROCK THE SIZE OF A CAULDRON, AND THE REST OF THE CEILING WAS ABOUT TO GO.



I ONLY HAD ONE CHANCE TO MAKE IT OUT, GEORGE...

...CUT OFF MY DAMN FINGERS, AND SINCE I DIDN'T HAVE A KNIFE...



...ALL I HAD WAS MY TEETH.



OBTAININGLY, CUSCO DIDN'T WANT FOLKS TO KNOW. HE WAS STARTING TO WORK THAT MINE. IT WOULD'VE CAUSED CHAOS, RIGHT?

BUT ME, I'D LOST MY FINGERS, AND WITH THEM THE CHANCE TO WORK WITH DIGNITY!! AS A MAN! AND WHAT DID HE GIVE ME? THREE YEARS OF TREATING ME LIKE A DOG!!!



OH, YEAH, GEORGE HILL. IT WAS LEGAL. BUT WAS IT RIGHT?!



I SAY: WE'VE PAID WITH OUR BLOOD AND OUR SWEAT!

I SAY: THAT GOLD IS OURS!!!

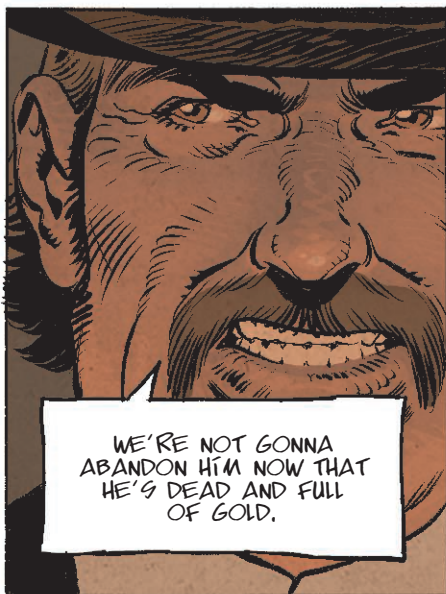


IT'S GONNA GET WORSE, SHERIFF. WHAT DO WE DO? DO WE TALK TO THEM?

NO, WE LEAVE.



BUT WITH THE COFFIN, WE RISKED OUR ASSES KEEPING CUSCO SAFE WHEN HE WAS ALIVE.



WE'RE NOT GONNA ABANDON HIM NOW THAT HE'S DEAD AND FULL OF GOLD.



YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO KEEP US HERE! DO YOU HEAR ME?! I'LL TAKE YOU TO COURT!



YOU SHOULD UNDO A FEW BUTTONS.

?!?! YOU HAVE YOU LOST YOUR HEAD, MR. CROW?!



YES, A LONG TIME AGO, BUT IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT I TELL YOU TO, YOURS WILL SOON BE AT THE END OF A ROPE.

?!



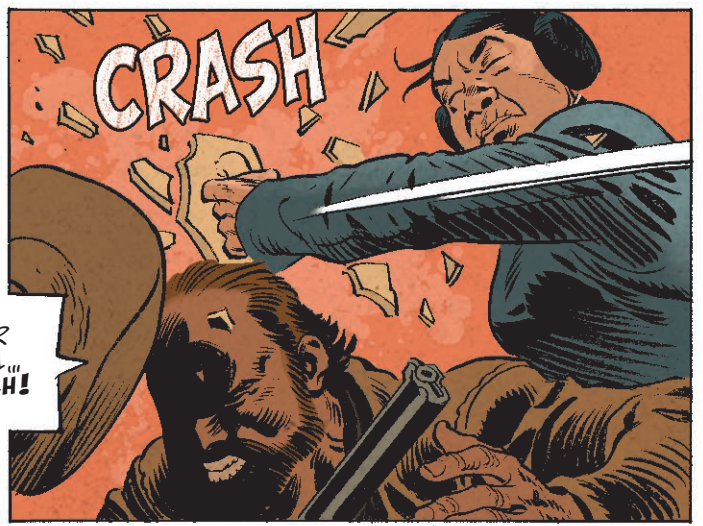
MISTER CROW! STOP THAT!

NOW, DON'T YOU TOUCH ME!

I SAID, LET GO OF ME!



GET AWAY FROM HER, BASTARD!



CRASH

OR I'LL OUCH!



DAN!

DON'T MOVE, KID...



BEING DEAD MAY HAVE MANY ADVANTAGES. FOR YOU, I DON'T SEE ANY.



IF YOU WANT YOUR SHARE, COME WITH ME! NOW!

WE'RE IN, KERN!

ME TOO! I'M IN!

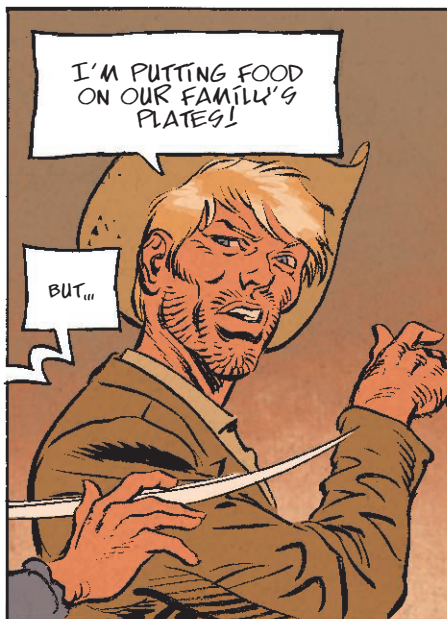
LET THE OLD GUY GET BURIED WHERE HE WANTS! JUST NOT WITH OUR GOLD!



COME WITH US, GEORGE! YOU DESERVE IT!

I'M COMING...

NO! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DOING?!



I'M PUTTING FOOD ON OUR FAMILY'S PLATES!

BUT...



THERE'S ENOUGH OF US THAT THEY'LL LISTEN. WE'LL SETTLE IT WITHOUT SHEDDIN' ANY BLOOD.



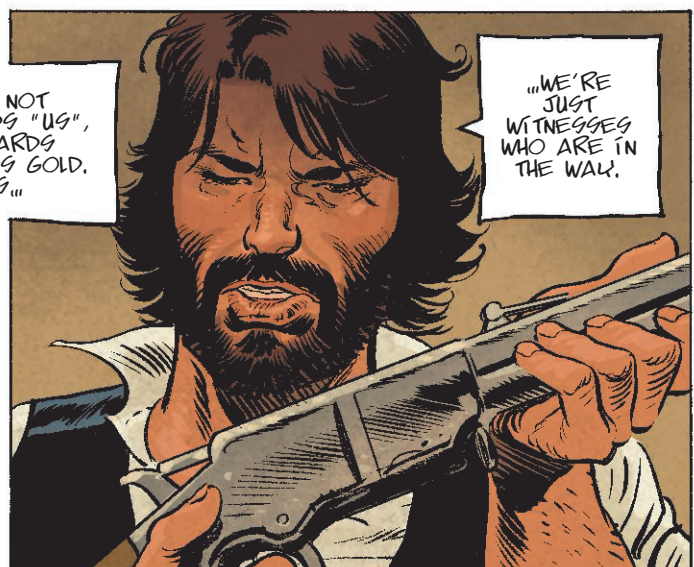
SHERIFF, IT'S GOOD THAT WE GOT HORSES...

...BUT HOW DO WE GET THAT DAMN COFFIN?



MR. CROW! THE ENTIRE TOWN'S COMING TOWARDS US!

NO, NOT TOWARDS "US", TOWARDS CUSCO'S GOLD. US...



...WE'RE JUST WITNESSES WHO ARE IN THE WAY.



SO TAKE HORSES FROM YOUR HEARSE AND RIDE, QUICK.

I'VE GOT TWO, THERE'S THREE OF US, WE DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO UNDO THE HITCHING.

SO WHAT DO WE DO?



YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THAT?



LIN RUN SALOON TEN YEARS.

NEVER PROBLEM.



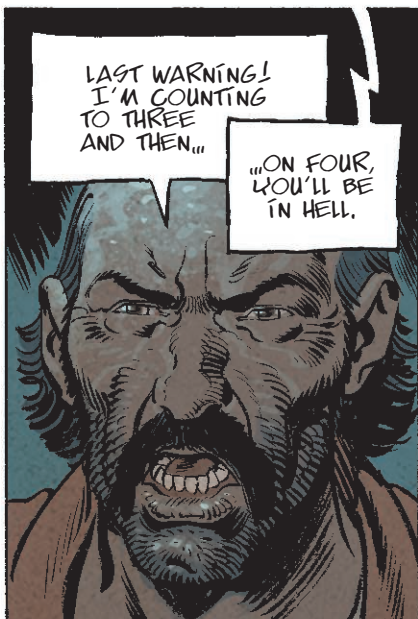
CRACK



WE'RE IN!

FASTER!

THAT GOLD'S OURS! YOU TWO... GET OFF THAT DAMN HEARSE!



LAST WARNING! I'M COUNTING TO THREE AND THEN...

ON FOUR YOU'LL BE IN HELL.

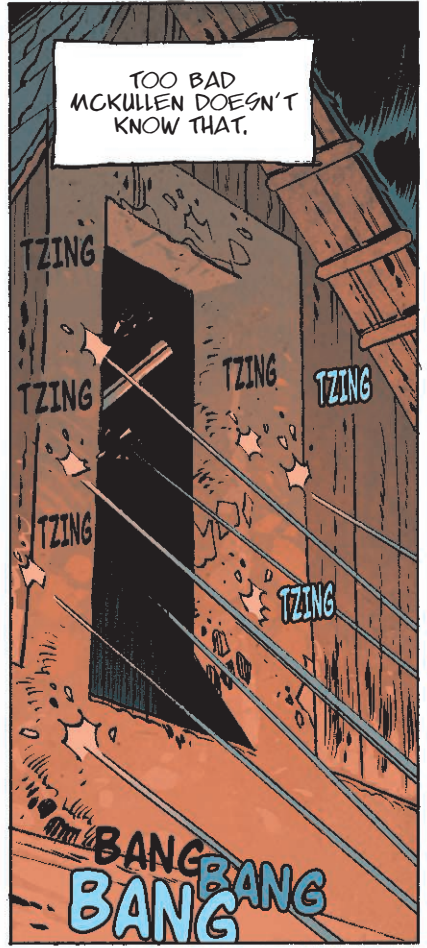
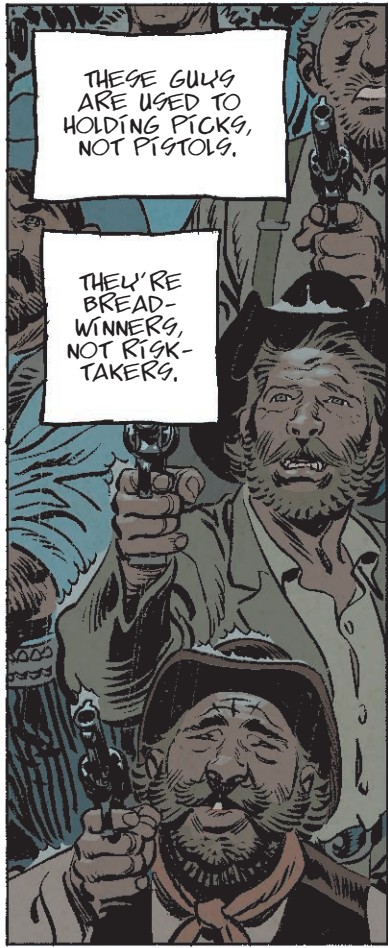


GOD SAID: "THOU SHALT AVOID ANGERING A GUY WITH A .44 AIMED AT YOU". AND FOR ONCE...

?!



YOU'D BEST LISTEN TO HIM.



THESE GULYS ARE USED TO HOLDING PICKS, NOT PISTOLS.

THEY'RE BREAD-WINNERS, NOT RISK-TAKERS.

TWO OF 'EM ARE TREMBLING. ONE HASN'T GOT HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER. TWO'RE SHORT OF BREATH. THEY'RE HESITATING.

GO TO HELL!

TOO BAD MCKULLEN DOESN'T KNOW THAT.



IT'S OUR GOLD! NO ONE'LL TAKE IT FROM US!



ONE HENRY HOLDS 16 ROUNDS, 216 GRAINS APIECE.

EACH ROUND HAS ENOUGH POWER TO PASS THROUGH THREE BODIES.



IF I'D WANTED, SIX OF THEM WOULD ALREADY BE CUSTOMERS FOR MY LITTLE BUSINESS.

BUT THESE GULYS AREN'T KILLERS. I'M SURE THEY'D APPRECIATE HAVING A LITTLE MANDATORY TIME OFF.



HERE WE GO!

!!!



THEY'RE COMING RIGHT AT US!

BANG

BANG

YAAAAA

STOP THEM!!!



GET DOWN!

TZING

TZING
TZING



AAAH!

AAAH!

MCKULLEN! GET US OUT OF HERE!!!

CRACK



ONE SHOT...

ONLY ONE SHOT!



DAMN IT!!!



DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!





WE NEED AMMO, ALL THAT YOU'VE GOT, AND YOUR GUNS.

WELL, WELL SURE, KERN, BUT...



HOW DO YOU INTEND ON PAYING?

?!



DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE GOTTEN FAT ENOUGH OFF OUR BACKS TO LET US HAVE A LITTLE CREDIT?

NOT, NOT AT ALL! WHAT ARE YOU INSINUATING? I'VE ALWAYS BEEN HONEST AND...

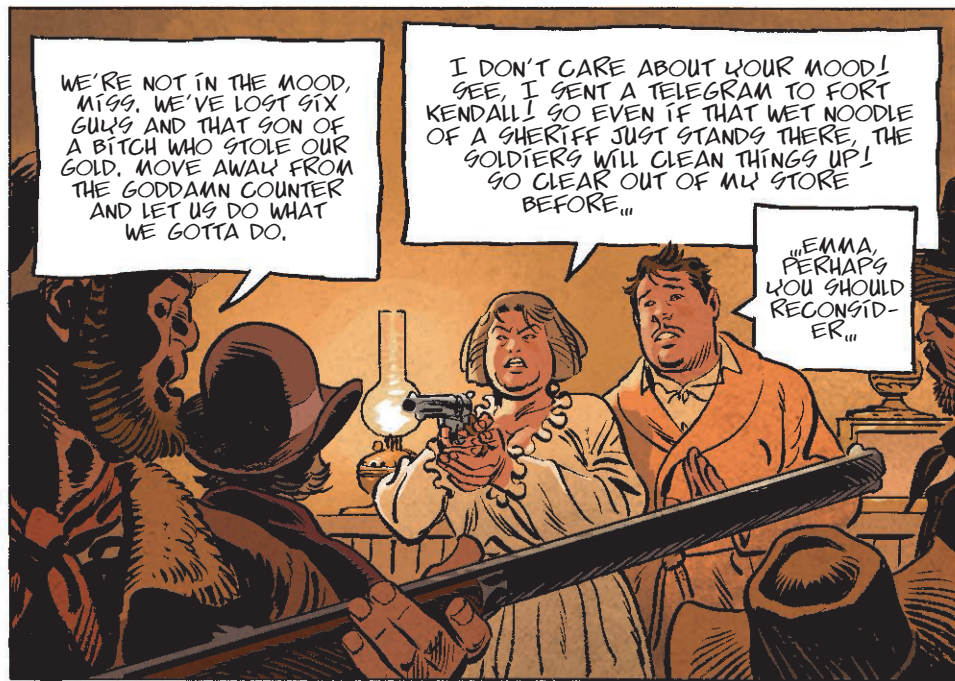
HELP YOURSELVES, BOYS!

AIN'T GOT TIME TO WASTE!



GO ON! WE'RE RISKIN' OUR LIVES FOR THE TOWN! WE AIN'T SPENDIN' OUR OWN MONEY, TOO!

I FORBID IT! GET OUT OF OUR STORE! RIGHT NOW!!!



WE'RE NOT IN THE MOOD, MISS. WE'VE LOST SIX GULGS AND THAT SON OF A BITCH WHO STOLE OUR GOLD. MOVE AWAY FROM THE GODDAMN COUNTER AND LET US DO WHAT WE GOTTA DO.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR MOOD! SEE, I SENT A TELEGRAM TO FORT KENDALL! SO EVEN IF THAT WET NOODLE OF A SHERIFF JUST STANDS THERE, THE SOLDIERS WILL CLEAN THINGS UP! SO CLEAR OUT OF MY STORE BEFORE...

EMMA, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD RECONSIDER...



BANG
AAAH!



ENOUGH TALKIN'.

UGH...

UGH...

HELP YOURSELVES! GOTTA GO BEFORE THE L'ANKEES SHOW UP!



HARRY... HARRY... TAKE CARE OF...



...THE STORE...



AND THEN THE OTHER ONE THREATENED ME, BUT WITH A JOKE! HE TOLD ME BEING DEAD'S GOOD, BUT NOT FOR ME! WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?



HOLD ON... WHAT'S THAT HE TOLD YOU?

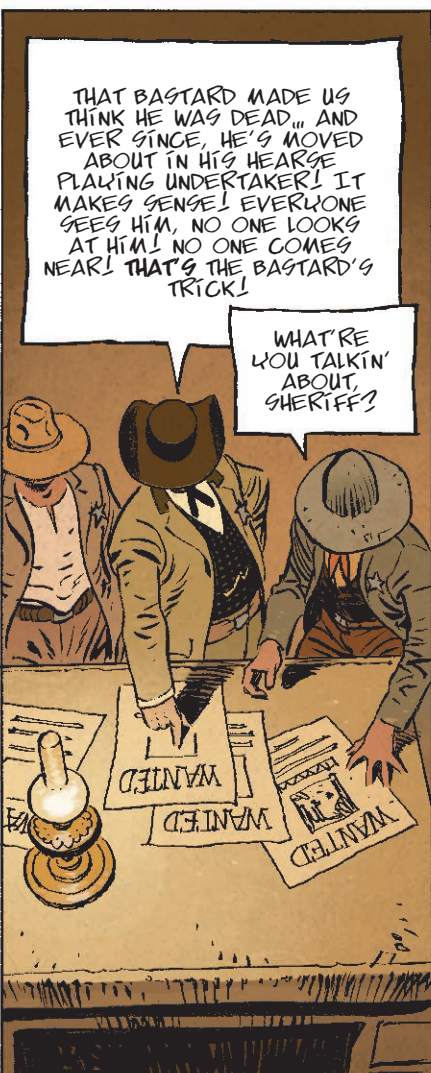
SOME UNDERTAKER HUMOR, SOMETHING LIKE: "THERE ARE MANY ADVANTAGES TO DYING".



NO! THAT'S NOT HUMOR! OH, HELL! DAMMIT DAMMIT DAMMIT!

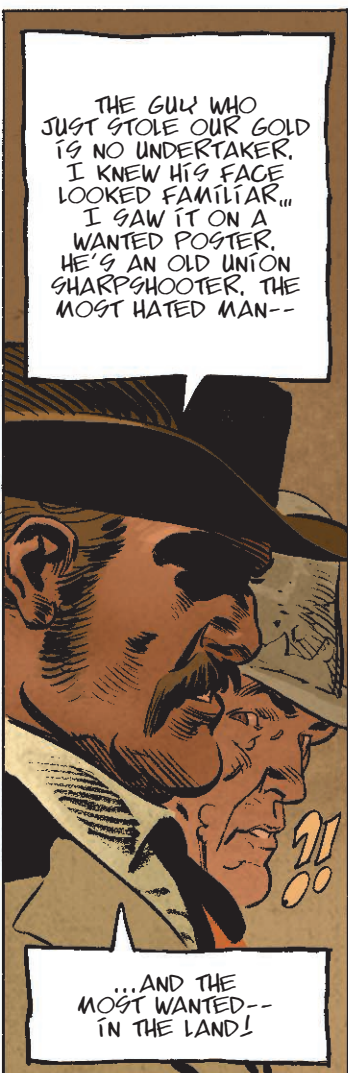
WHAT?

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, SHERIFF? THOSE ARE OUTDATED POSTERS!



THAT BASTARD MADE US THINK HE WAS DEAD... AND EVER SINCE, HE'S MOVED ABOUT IN HIS HEARSE PLAYING UNDERTAKER! IT MAKES SENSE! EVERYONE SEES HIM, NO ONE LOOKS AT HIM! NO ONE COMES NEAR! THAT'S THE BASTARD'S TRICK!

WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, SHERIFF?



THE GUY WHO JUST STOLE OUR GOLD IS NO UNDERTAKER. I KNEW HIS FACE LOOKED FAMILIAR... I SAW IT ON A WANTED POSTER. HE'S AN OLD UNION SHARPSHOOTER, THE MOST HATED MAN--

...AND THE MOST WANTED-- IN THE LAND!

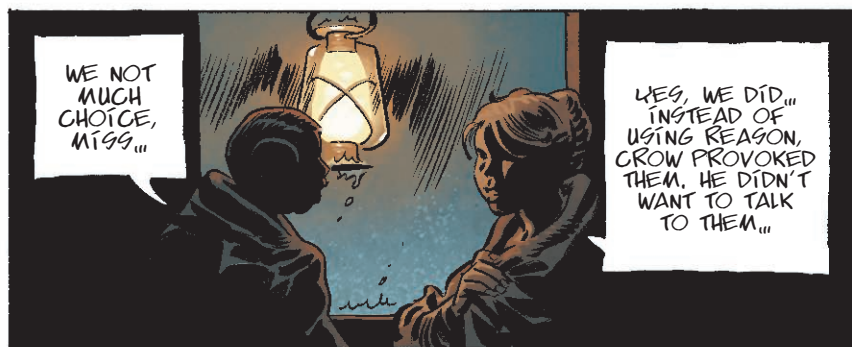


WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US, LIN?

LIN NOT UNDERSTAND!



YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED, LIN? WE... WE'RE ACCORPORATED TO A MASSACRE!



WE NOT MUCH CHOICE, MISS...

YES, WE DID... INSTEAD OF USING REASON, CROW PROVOKED THEM. HE DIDN'T WANT TO TALK TO THEM...



...HE WANTED TO KILL.



SINCE WHEN IS THAT SORT OF ARTILLERY PART OF AN UNDERTAKER'S EQUIPMENT?



SINCE HE'S PREFERRED NOT TO BECOME HIS OWN CUSTOMER.



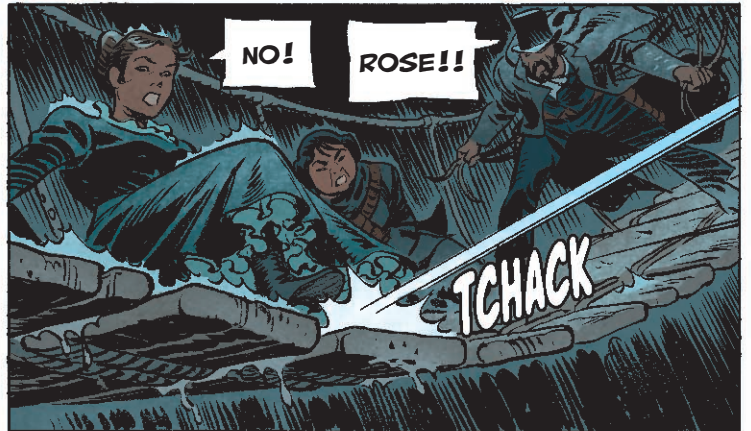
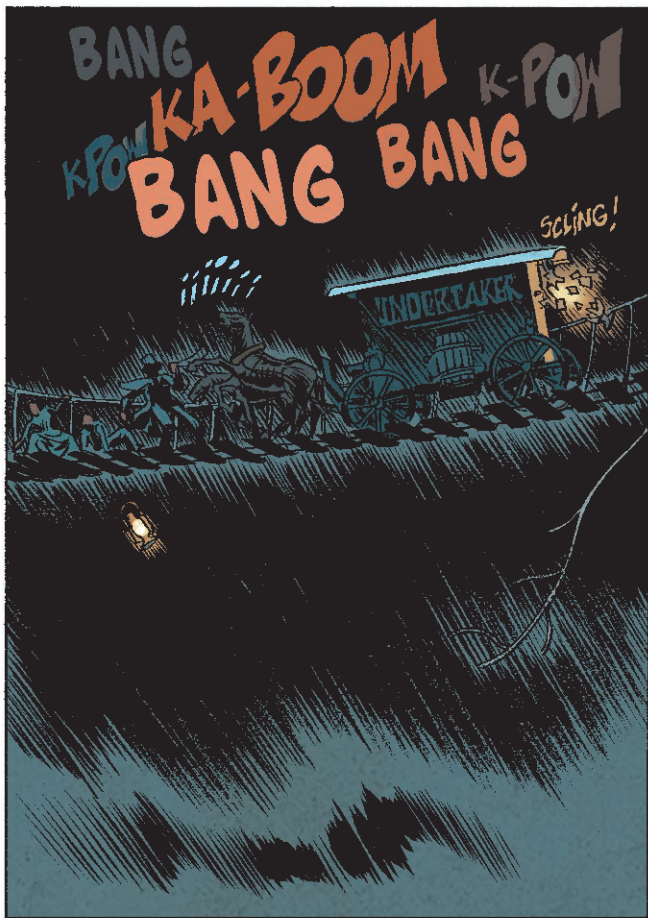
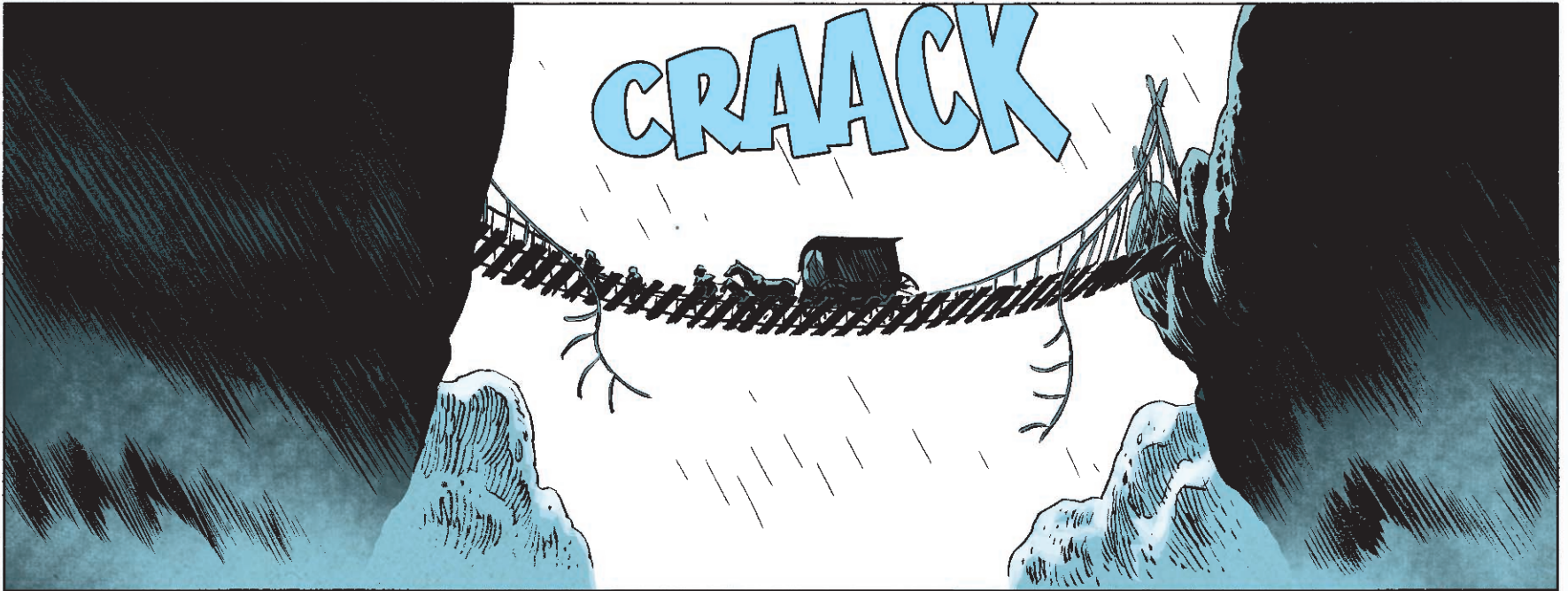
OUR HEARSE IS SLOWER THAN THEIR HORSES. THEY'RE GOING TO CATCH UP. WE'LL CROSS THIS BRIDGE AND CUT IT BEHIND US.

YOU GO FIRST, ON FOOT. I'LL DEAL WITH THE HEARSE...



...AND ONE OF YOU TAKE JED.

?!?!?



TAKE THIS!

GET THE HEARSE ACROSS! AS SOON AS YOU'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE, I'LL JOIN YOU. IF I'M IN TROUBLE, YOU CUT THE BRIDGE BY FIRING ON THE TWO SUPPORT ROPE, OKAY?

WE CAN'T GO ON WITHOUT YOU!

OF COURSE YOU CAN.

...



YOU GET 'EM?

I DUNNO.

DAMN!



I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO AIM. WHEN THE .44 KINGS OUT, NO ONE RISKS TAKING A LOOK. A GOOD STRATEGY FOR GETTING CLOSER. ONLY PROBLEM, I'VE ONLY GOT SIXTEEN SHOTS.

BANG BANG BANG BANG

NOW TWELVE.



BANG BANG

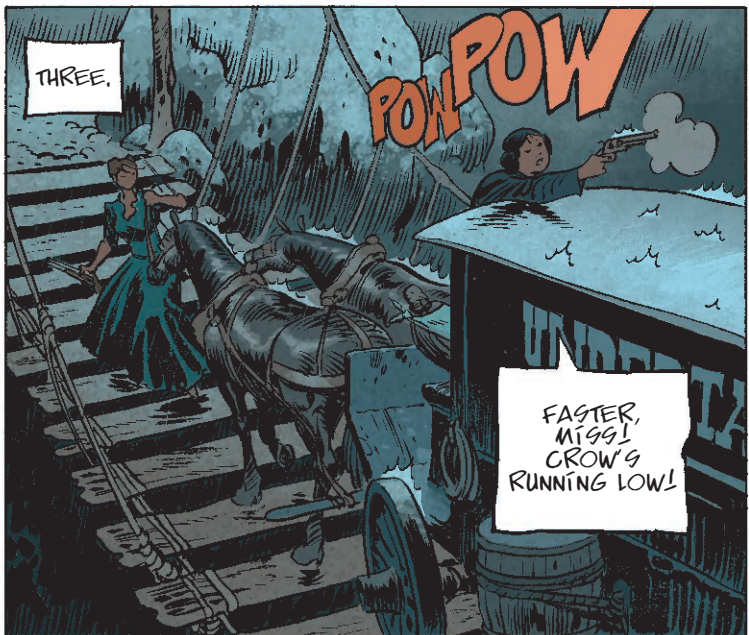
TEN.



DAVE! COVER ME! HE'S GETTING TOO CLOSE! GOTTA STOP HIM!

YOU SEEN HOW HE'S SHOOTIN'? I CAN'T DO A THING!

SEVEN.



THREE.

POW POW

FASTER, MISS! CROW'S RUNNING LOW!



HIS LAST TWO ROUNDS! GET READY!



STRATEGY'S OVER...



IMPROVISA-TION BEGINS.

???

THEIR DAMN HEARGE GOT ACROSS!

AND HIM?



WHERE IS THAT BASTARD?



YOU CUT BRIDGE NOW!

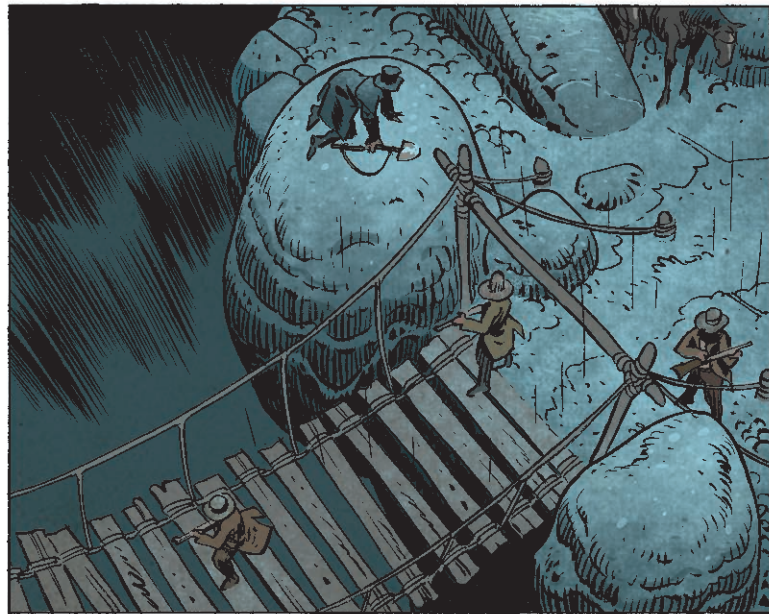
WE HAVE TO WAIT, LINA!



HE NOT COME BACK, MISS! YOU DO WHAT NECESSARY, QUICK...



OR SOON IT OUR TURN!



NO MORE AMMO! YOU SHOOT OR WE DEAD!



POW
AAAAH!

LISSIN!



YOUR TURN, LADY...



?!
POW!

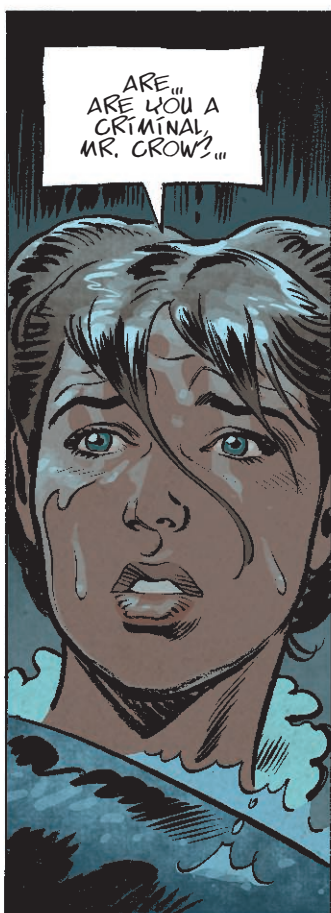


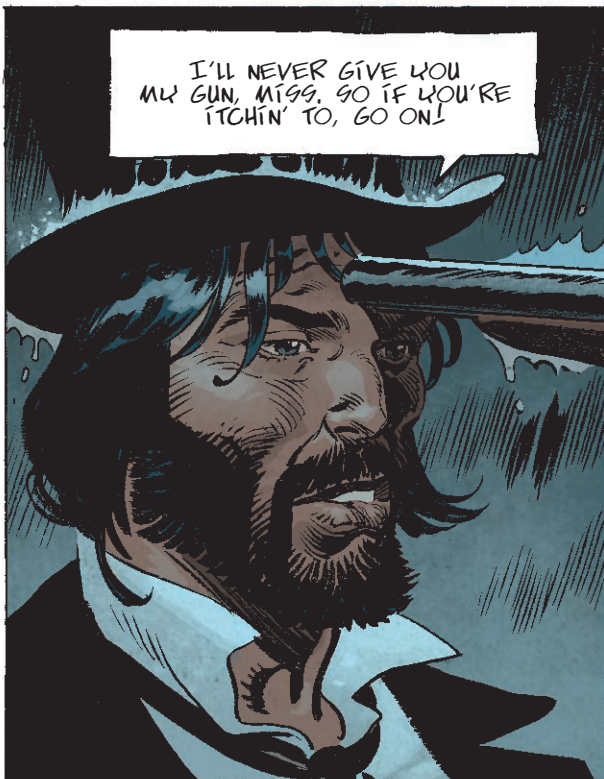
OH, FUCK!



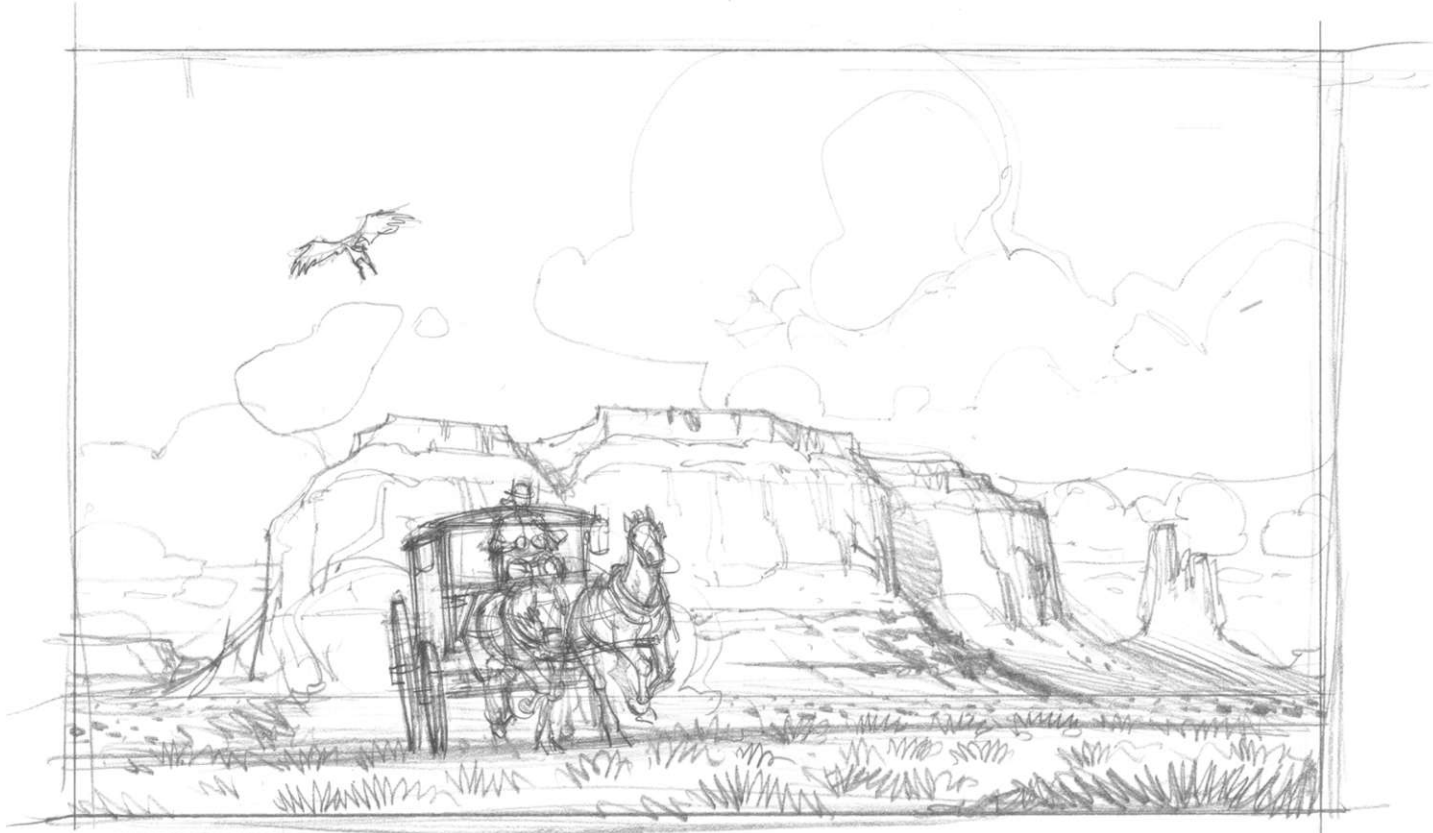
POW!







UNDERTAKER



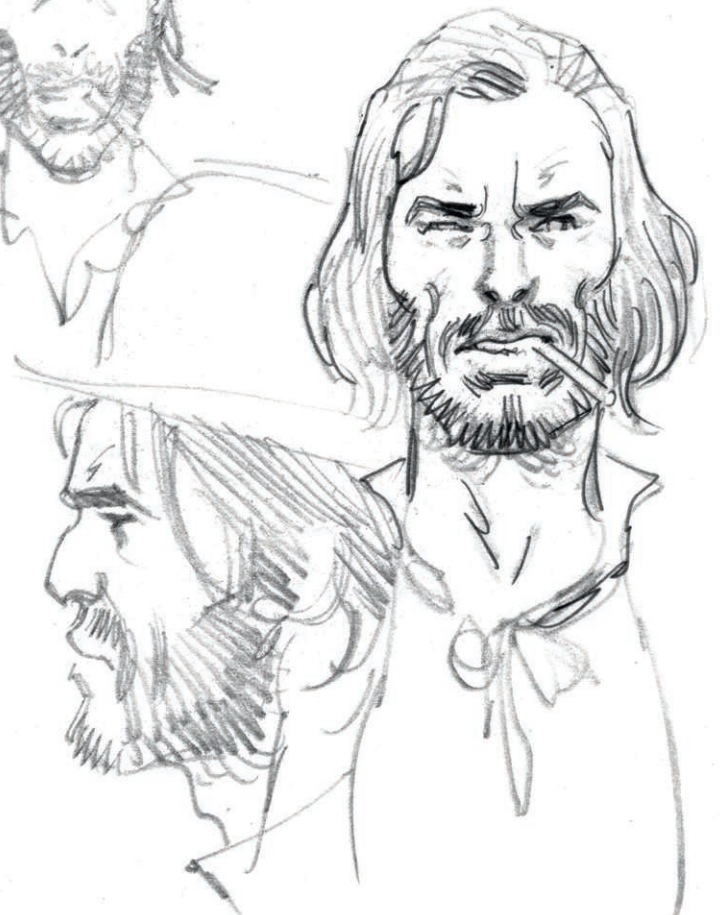
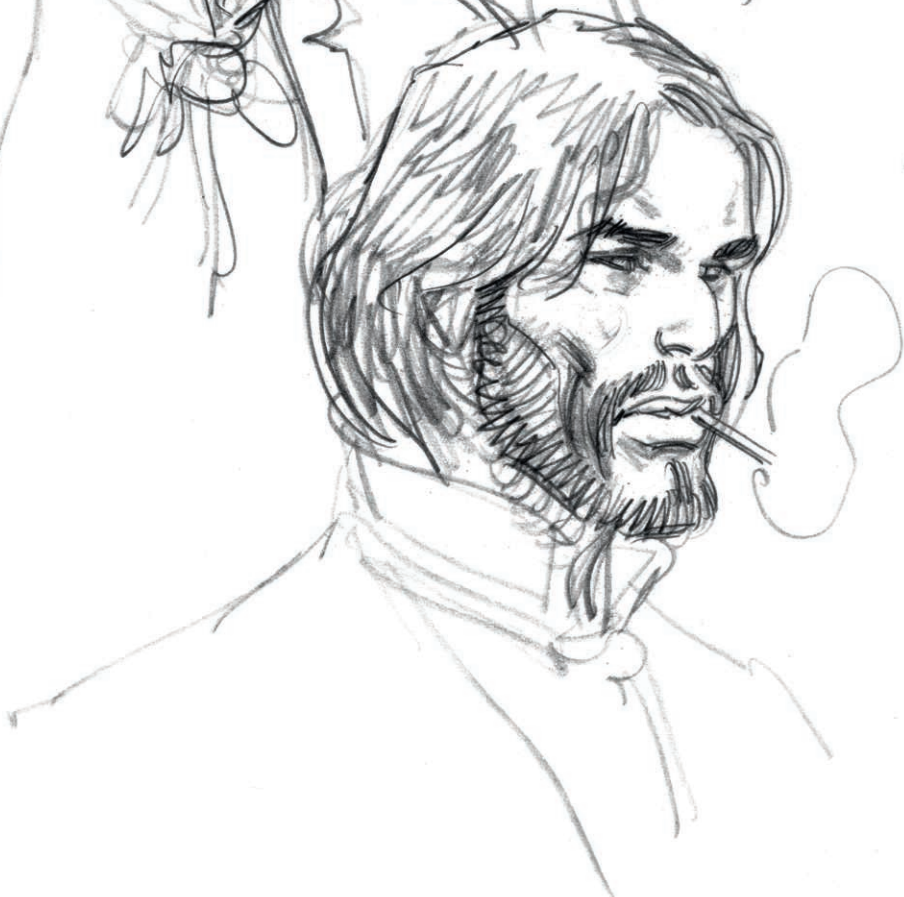
PORTFOLIO

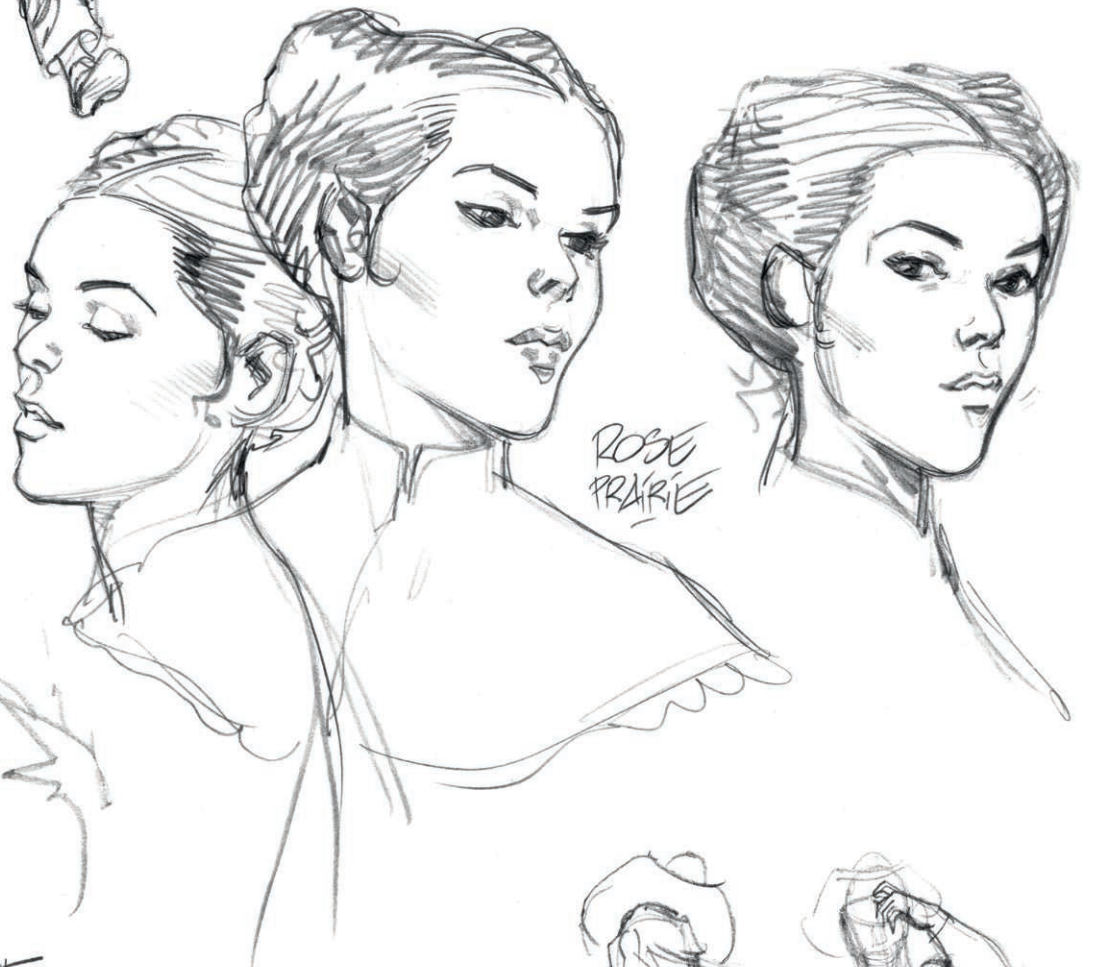
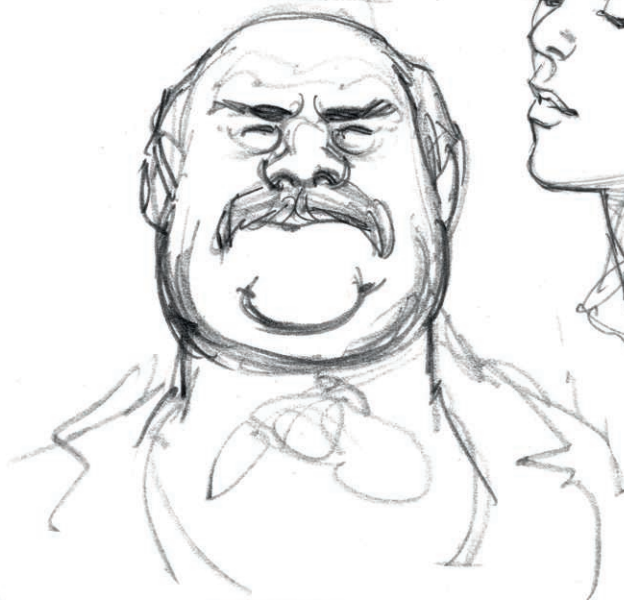




RALPH
MEYER
2013







RAFFI MEYER
2013





TELEGRAPH

W
H

RAIP
MEYER
2013



ALREADY AVAILABLE :

THE GOLD
EATER

COMING SOON:

THE DANCE OF
THE VULTURES

RALPH
MEYER
2014