

**VERTIGO**  
DC COMICS

WARREN ELLIS • DARICK ROBERTSON • RODNEY RAMOS

NO. 33  
MAY 00

\*\*\*\*\* LATE EDITION \*\*\*\*\*

# TRANSMETROPOLITAN™

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RAMOS '99

HE'S DEFINITELY UNCONSCIOUS.

SSSSH.

APARTMENT:  
DELETE OUR ESCAPE  
FROM ALL SECURICAMS.  
MISTER JERUSALEM IS  
NOT TO FIND US.

I JUST  
HEARD HIM  
FART  
FOR IT.



Warren Ellis writes &  Darick Robertson pencils  
**Dancing in the Here and Now**  
Rodney Ramos, inker

Clem Robins, letterer • Nathan Eyring, color and separations • Jennifer Lee, assistant editor • Axel Alonso, editor

TRANSMETROPOLITAN 33, May 2006. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TRANSMETROPOLITAN, DC Comics, Subscriptions, P.O. Box 6028, Basking Ridge, NJ 07005. Annual subscription rate \$30.00. Canadian subscribers must add \$32.00 for postage and GST. GST # R125951072. All foreign rates must add \$12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright ©2006 Warren Ellis and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. All characters, the distinctive appearance thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Warner Bros. and DC Comics. VERTIGO is a trademark of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. Printed on recyclable paper.

Printed in Canada.

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# PURITAN NEWS





GOD, THAT'S BETTER...

NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GET OUT OF THERE.

IT'S LIKE BEING IN THE BUNKER WITH HITLER, WONDERING WHAT COMES FIRST:

EITHER ADOLF LOSING HIS SHIT AND SHOOTING YOU, OR THE OPPOSING ARMY BANGING ON THE DOOR TO INVITE YOU IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD.



I DUNNO. NOT HIS FAULT. HOLD ON.

WHAT?

CIGS.

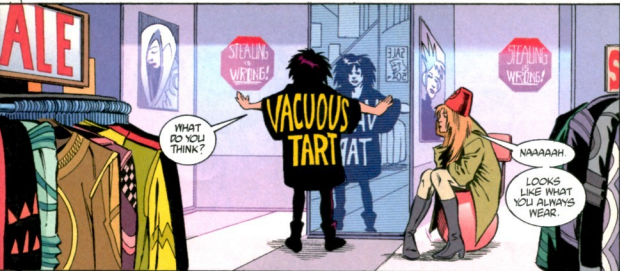


NOT HIS FAULT?

HM?

YOU KNOW, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SMOKE SO HEAVILY WHEN HE'S NOT AROUND.





WHAT DO YOU THINK?

NAAAAAH  
LOOKS LIKE WHAT YOU ALWAYS WEAR.



YOU THINK?

YEAH. BAGGY TOP AND PANTS, YOU KNOW?

YOU SHOULD GET SOMETHING A BIT DRESSIER. LIKE AT THE PARTY.



I HAD TO BE DRUNK FOR THAT, CHANNON. BARELY FILLED THE THING, ANYWAY.

I THOUGHT IT SUITED YOU.

IT SUITED YOU. YOU'VE GOT THE FIGURE. I WOULD NEED TO BE SHOT IN THE BACK BY TWO CRUISE MISSILES BEFORE I SUITED IT.



NOT TO MENTION THREE DAYS ON A RACK. I HATE BEING SHORT.

GIVES YOU BIG OLD CALF MUSCLES FROM HAVING TO REACH UP ON TIPTOE FOR EVERYTHING.

SPIDER ALWAYS WEARS THE SAME CLOTHES, YOU KNOW.

I KNOW. IT WAS MY SPECIAL JOB TO INCINERATE THOSE LINEN SUITS EVERY TIME THE PANTS CROTCHES GOT TOO HARD AND CRUNCHY AND SHELL-LIKE FOR HIM.

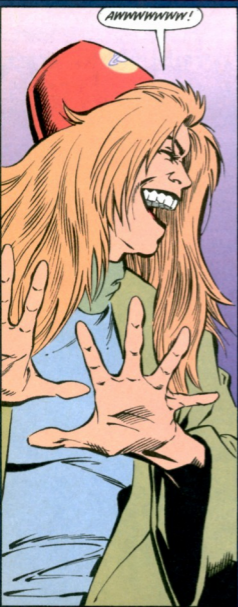
DON'T HE MAKE YOU DO THAT?





MAYBE IT MELTS UNDER HIS BODY HEAT... ANCIENT SWEAT AND ROT DISSOLVING, GETTING ALL OVER HIS FINGERS WHEN HE PUTS HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS...

...AND THEN HE MAKES YOU SOMETHING TO EAT, LIKE HE DID YESTERDAY...



AWWWWWWWW!



FIRST TIME WE GET AWAY FROM THE BASTARD IN WHAT SEEMS LIKE MONTHS, AND WHAT DO WE DO?

WE SIT AROUND TALKING ABOUT HIM.



WE HAVE NO LIVES WHATSOEVER.



WHERE NOW?

GET SOMETHING TO EAT?

SURE WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO? YOUR CALL.



ITALIAN? I HAVEN'T HAD ITALIAN IN MONTHS...

ITCHY NECK. I THINK IT'S THAT CREEPY GIRL ON THE POINT OF SALE EYEING ME UP AGAIN.



WHAT?



WE'LL EAT LATER. NEED TO HIT ANOTHER STORE FIRST.

TAXI!





BE SERIOUS.

I MEAN, IF NOTHING ELSE, I'M NOT CARRYING AROUND ANYTHING CALLED GOATSUCKER.

WE NEED SMALL, EASILY CONCEALABLE MAX-STRIKE HANDGUNS.



AND I DON'T MEAN FUCKING GIRLS' GUNS, OKAY? NOTHING PINK, NOTHING DINKY, NOTHING CUTE.

I MEAN SNUB NOSES FOR FAST DRAW, BIG HITS, DESIGNED FOR BREAK-HOLSTER, POWERED LAUNCH OR EMERGENCY CONCEALMENT.



GOT MONEY TO SPEND? THINK YOU'LL NEED SOME SERIOUS CREDIT, LADY.


I COULD BUY AND SELL YOU FIFTY TIMES OVER. I GOT SO MUCH MONEY I COULD PAY SOMEONE TO SLEEP WITH YOU.

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT?



LOOK WHAT I FOUND.

CAN I TAKE IT HOME WITH ME? HUH? CAN I?



WE HAVE TO  
COME DOWN HERE  
FOR THIS?

WANT  
TO SHOOT  
'EM, DON'T  
YOU?


THEY'LL  
COST, BUT THEY'RE  
WHAT YOU NEED.  
AND I ALWAYS DEEP-  
DISCOUNT FOR THE PRO  
COMMUNITY.



MARR  
SPECIAL-ISSUE  
NERVE-  
BREAKER.

SINGLE  
SQUEEZE:  
REACTION-  
LESS KINETIC  
BURSTING,  
PROJECTILE  
PROFILE.  
SUSTAINED  
SQUEEZE:  
FLAME.

TOP STUP:  
WIDESPREAD  
"SLAMBANG"  
MOVING  
CONCUSSION  
WALL.



THEY'VE GOT FULL  
CHARGES. TEST 'EM OUT, SEE  
HOW THEY FEEL TO YOU. I'LL  
BE BACK UPSTAIRS WHEN  
YOU'RE DONE, OKAY?

I wanted the  
BIG Suit...

BECAUSE  
I'M A GIRL?

NO, BECAUSE  
IT'S DESIGNED FOR  
USE BY PEOPLE WITH  
TWO BACKLIP  
SPINES.

NO OFFENSE, MISS,  
BUT THAT WEAPON WOULD'VE  
BROKEN YOUR BACK THE FIRST  
TIME YOU FIRED IT.



YOU  
SURE YOU'RE  
NOT JUST  
SAYING  
THAT?

HAVE FUN,  
LADIES.





FIRST GUN I EVER HAD WAS A PUSH-PISTOL LIKE THIS.

FIRST TIME I EVER USED IT WAS TO BLOW THE LEFT TESTICLE OFF A GUY TRYING TO RAPE MY BEST FRIEND.

I WAS AIMING AT HIS HEAD.



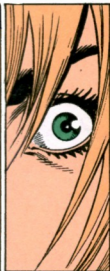
I WAS TWELVE.

FUNNY, IT HORRIFIES ME NOW, THAT I DID THAT. AT THE TIME, NO ONE BLINKED AN EYELID, NOT EVEN ME.

THAT'S SCHOOLS FOR YOU, I GUESS.















MY JOB SUCKS

NAH.

NO, SERIOUSLY.

I'M "ASSISTANT"--READ, "LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM"--TO AN INSANE MAN WHO FORCES ME TO DESIGN ON THE MAKER ROBOT DEVICES TO CATCH HIS VOMIT WHEN HIS DIGESTIVE SYSTEM SEIZES UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT--



--AND BECAUSE OF THAT I AM POSSIBLY MARKED FOR DEATH BY THE PRESIDENT.

--AND ROLL THAT ONE AROUND YOUR TONGUE A LITTLE, GET USED TO IT, RELISH THE TASTE OF THAT BAD BOY--

--MARKED FOR DEATH BY THE PRESIDENT--



...AND NOW TARGETED FOR HARASSMENT BY AUTHENTIC MEN IN BLACK--

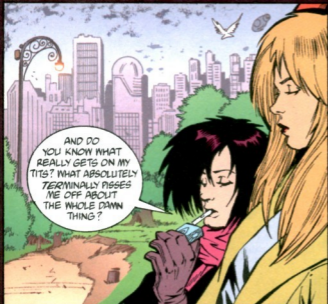
--WHOSE CAR I HAVE JUST SHOT TO FUCKING BITS.



EXPLAIN TO ME YOUR PERCEIVED LACK OF SUCKAGE IN MY JOB.

WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT...

...YEAH, YOUR LIFE STINKS.

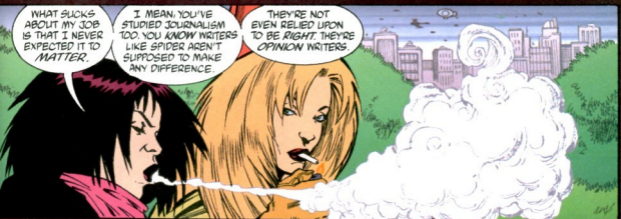


AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY GETS ON MY TITS? WHAT ABSOLUTELY TERMINALLY PISSES ME OFF ABOUT THE WHOLE DAMN THING?



SPIDER'S RIGHT.

WHAT HE'S DOING: IT'S THE RIGHT THING.



WHAT SUCKS ABOUT MY JOB IS THAT I NEVER EXPECTED IT TO MATTER.

I MEAN, YOU'VE STUDIED JOURNALISM TOO. YOU KNOW WRITERS LIKE SPIDER AREN'T SUPPOSED TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.

THEY'RE NOT EVEN RELIED UPON TO BE RIGHT. THEY'RE OPINION WRITERS.



BUT WHAT HE'S DOING IS RIGHT, AND HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE, AND CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

AND I REALLY WASN'T READY FOR THAT.

I WASN'T READY TO PUT MY SAFETY ON THE LINE FOR ANYTHING.



YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HIM DURING THE TRANSIENT RIOTS.

SO WHY DON'T YOU QUIT?

YOUR JOB STINKS; YOUR BOSS IS INSANE, PEOPLE WANT TO FUCK WITH YOU JUST FOR WORKING THERE; NORMAL PEOPLE WOULD QUIT.



BECAUSE I'M ALIVE.



BECAUSE I'M OUT OF THE RUT OF DULL JOBS AND DULL FAMILIES AND DULL MEN AND DULL LIVES AND ALL THE DULL LIES WE TELL OURSELVES TO GET THROUGH THE DAY.

I HATE HIM, CHANNON. DON'T GET ME WRONG.

BUT DOING THIS WORK MAKES ME FEEL ALIVE.



YOU'VE CAUGHT IT TOO.

WHY D'YOU THINK I QUIT THE NUNNERY? IT WASN'T JUST FRED CHRIST'S WANDERING HANDS AND ALL THE BRAIN DAMAGE CASES THAT SURROUNDED ME ALL DAMN DAY.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE WORKING WITH THAT HORRIBLE LITTLE BASTARD JERUSALEM THAT I KNOW OF.

