

VERTIGO
DC COMICS

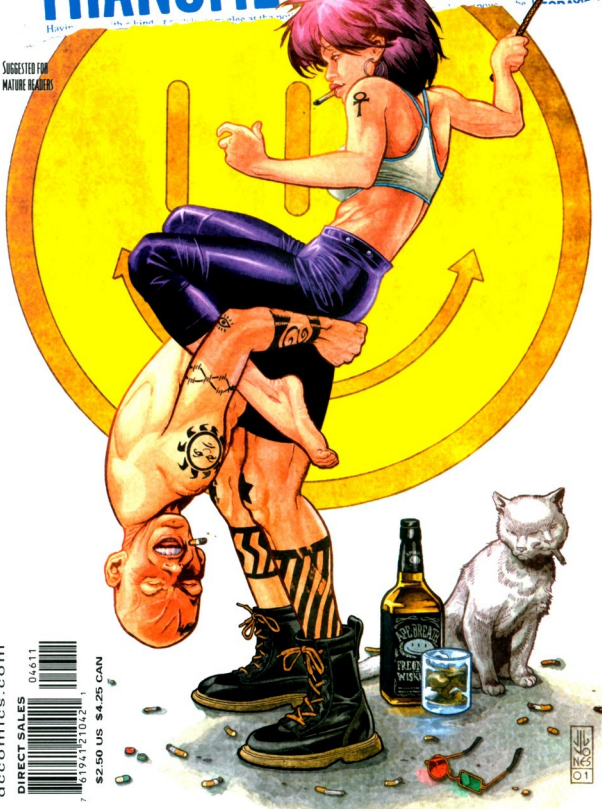
WARREN ELLIS • DARICK ROBERTSON • RODNEY RAMOS

NO. 46
AUG 01

*** LATE EDITION ***

TRANSMETROPOLITAN™

SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS



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*** LATE EDITION ***

TRANSMETROPOLITAN

WHAT I KNOW



I DON'T
FEEL VERY
WELL.

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IN FACT,
I FEEL LIKE A
DOG SHAT IN
MY HEART.



AND SOMEONE
SEEMS TO HAVE
STOLEN THE
WORLD.

I ALWAYS
KNEW THAT WOULD
HAPPEN.



THAT'LL
TEACH THEM
TO NOT LISTEN
TO ME.

I TRIED
TO TELL THEM,
BUT OHHH
NO.

OF
COURSE,
I WAS
NAKED
AT THE
TIME.

WHICH
OBSOULES
DISTRACED
THEM.

IN THE
CHURCH.



OH, MY
GOD.

THEY
STOLE MY
CIGARETTES,
TOO.



I KNOW
WHERE I
AM NOW.

THIS IS
HELL.

THERE
ARE NO
CIGARETTES
IN HELL.



I DON'T
BELIEVE IT.

THIS IS
WHAT I GET FOR
NOT BELIEVING
IN IT.

HELL FOR
PEOPLE WHO DON'T
BELIEVE IN IT--NOTHING
BUT BLACKNESS AND
NO FUCKING CIGARETTES
FOREVER.



SO THIS IS
IT. I GET TO
JUST SIT HERE
FOR ALL
ETERNITY.

WITH NO
CIGARETTES.

WITH NOTHING
HAPPENING AND NO
ONE TO TALK TO AND
NOTHING TO WRITE
ABOUT. OR ON.

AND NO
REAL IDEA
HOW I GOT
HERE.





BULLSHIT. I'VE BEEN HIT HARDER THAN THAT BEFORE.

I'VE HAD PEOPLE FROM SCOTLAND THROWN AT ME BEFORE, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

AND THERE WAS THAT GUY FROM TEXAS WHO SHAT ON MY HEAD IN FRONT OF THE ALAMO.

KNOCKED ME COLD FOR THREE HOURS.

IT HAD HORNS IN IT.



GOOD POINT. I'VE NOT BEEN WELL LATELY.

I HAVE HAD A MYSTERIOUS AND OCCASIONALLY AMUSING BRAIN SICKNESS.

MAYBE MY SICK BRAIN DIDN'T NEED A GOOD SMACK IN THE FRONT OF IT WITH A WINDOWFUL OF BALLISTIC GLASS AND ASSORTED OTHER TORPEDDING CRAP FROM THE STREET.

BUT... I EXPECTED WHATEVER KILLED ME TO BE SOMEHOW... MORE THAN THIS.

AND I EXPECTED AN AUDIENCE.



UNLESS,
OF COURSE,
I'M NOT
DEAD.

I MEAN,
AFTER ALL...IF
IT TURNED OUT
THERE REALLY
WAS A GOD.

...HE SHOULD
BE HERE, GIVING
UP HIS THRONE
TO ME.

WHICH
MEANS I'M IN
SOME KIND OF
COMA.

SPIDER
JERUSALEM,
PERSISTENT
VEGETABLE.

DON'T
LIKE THE
SOUND OF
THAT.

RESTFUL
AS IT MAY
SEEM.

WITH NURSES
GROPING MY NAKED
BODY EVERY TWENTY
MINUTES AS THEY TURN
ME TO PREVENT
BEDSORES.



OKAY.

BRAIN SICK.
CRACK ON HEAD.
PASS OUT.

STUCK IN
MY OWN HEAD WITHOUT
CIGARETTES.

YOU'D
THINK BEING A
JOURNALIST
WOULD TRAIN
YOU FOR
THIS SORT OF
SITUATION.



IT'S
REGENERATIVE

WHO SAID THAT?

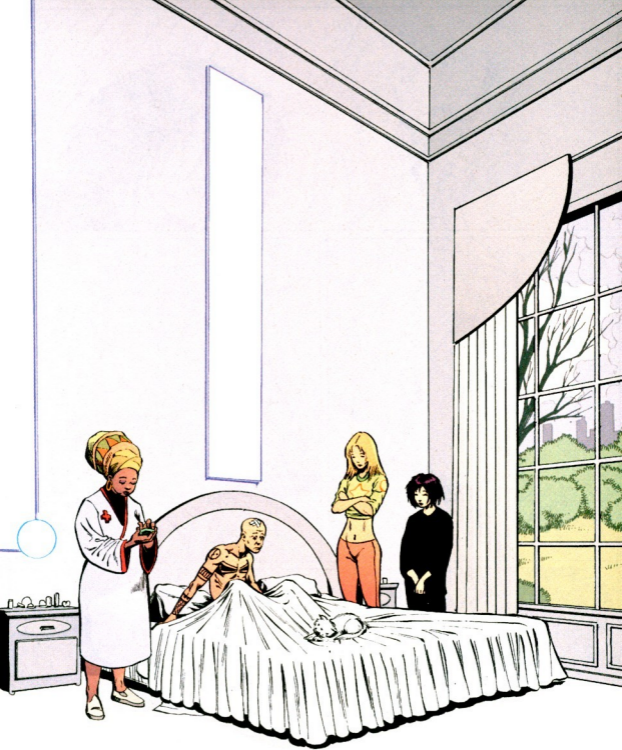
IS IT ANYTHING TO DO WITH HIS DRUG USE? COULD THAT HAVE EXACERBATED IT?

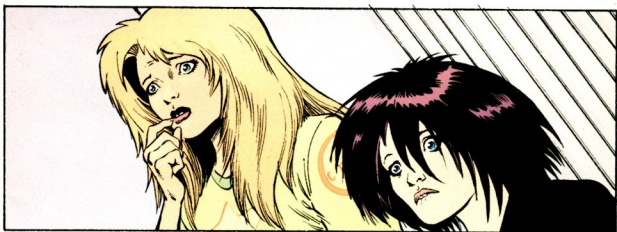
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?



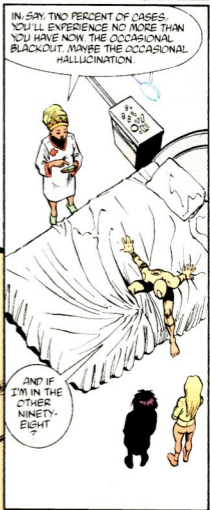
DRUGS ARE GOOD FOR ME!











CONTINUAL
COGNITION DAMAGE
MEMORY LOSS INTENSIFIED
HALLUCINATION.
EVENTUAL MOTOR
CONTROL DAMAGE

A SIMILAR ARC
TO ALZHEIMER'S EXCEPT
THAT WE CAN CONTROL
ALZHEIMER'S. THERE'S NO
WORKABLE TREATMENT
FOR I-FOLLEN DAMAGE
THAT'S WHY--

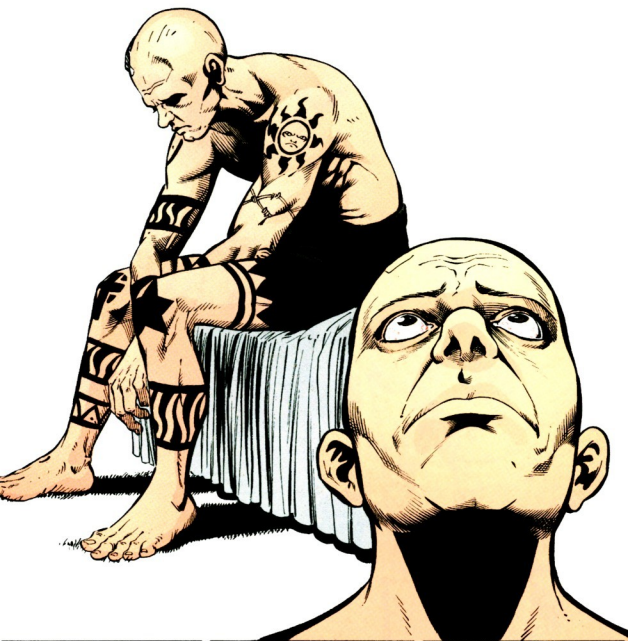
--THAT'S
WHY IT'S
BANNED.

ON AVERAGE--
HOW LONG DO I
HAVE BEFORE I LOSE
IT COMPLETELY?

YEAR.

MAYBE
MORE.

MAYBE
LESS.





I JUST TOLD YOU YOU'RE

SPIDER, YOU CAN'T

YOU, YOU JUST TOLD ME MY BRAIN IS DOOMED. THAT DOESN'T MEAN LAY DOWN AND DIE NOW, DOES IT?

...NO.

SO SHUT UP YOUR WORK HERE IS DONE

DOES IT?



YOU, I CAN DO ANYTHING. BRING ME MY MACHINE

YOU'VE BEEN OUT COLD FOR FOUR DAYS. THE DOCTOR DIAGNOSED YOU WHILE YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS

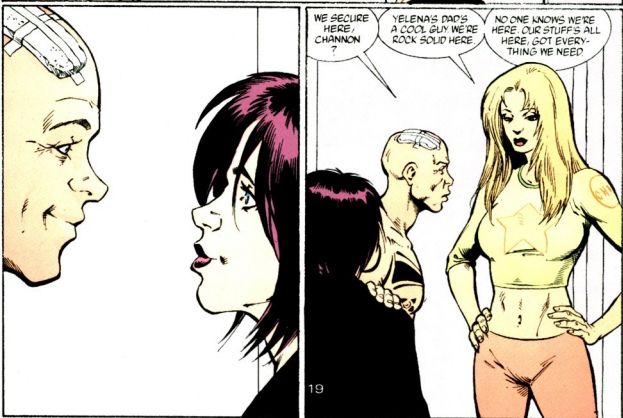
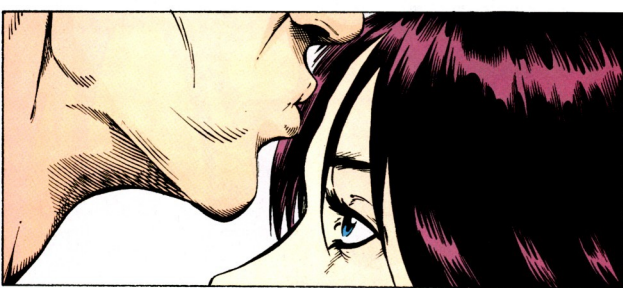
AH.

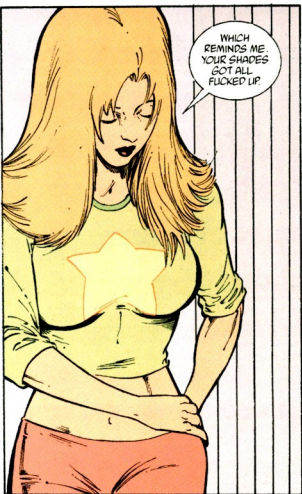
SO THE COLUMN'S LATE, THEN?

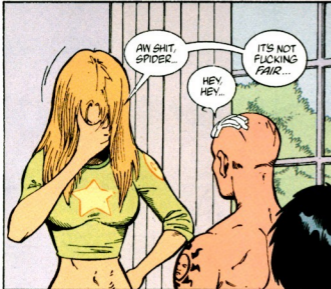
SHIT.

THAT STORY REALLY NEEDED TO BE TOLD. I FUCKED UP, DAMNIT.









AW SHIT, SPIDER...

IT'S NOT FUCKING FAIR...

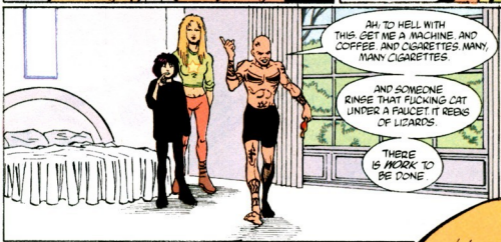
HEY, HEY...



C'MON, WHEN'S ANYTHING EVER BEEN FAIR TO US?

FOUR YEARS WE'VE BEEN RIDING THE SHITSTORM...

I KNOW, I KNOW...



AH, TO HELL WITH THIS GET ME A MACHINE, AND COFFEE AND CIGARETTES. MANY, MANY CIGARETTES.

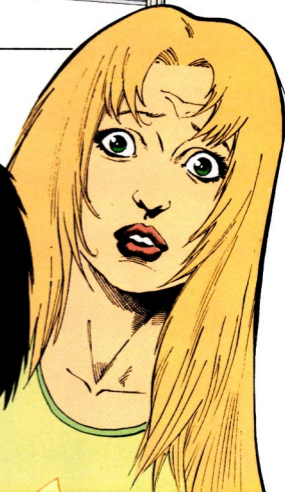
AND SOMEONE RINSE THAT FUCKING CAT UNDER A FAUCET IT REeks OF LIZARDS.

THERE IS *WORK* TO BE DONE.



SPIDER... WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

YOU MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO WRITE A YEAR FROM NOW, OR ANYTHING.





SO WE'VE GOT
A DEADLINE.

WE CAN DO
DEADLINES.

DAVID
RUBIN
2000
KID
RAMOS
2000