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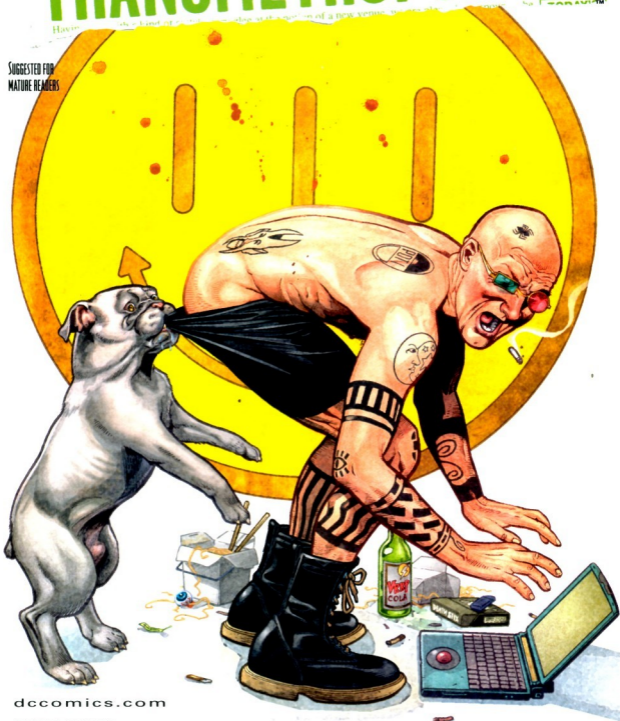
WARREN ELLIS • DARICK ROBERTSON • RODNEY RAMOS

NO. 47
SEPT 01

***** LATE EDITION *****

TRANSMETROPOLITAN

SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS



dccomics.com

DIRECT SALES

04711



7 61941 21042 1

\$2.50 US \$4.25 CAN





TRANSMETROPOLITAN 47, September, 2001. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TRANSMETROPOLITAN, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate \$30.00. Canadian subscribers must add \$12.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All foreign countries must add \$12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 2001 Warren Ellis and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. All characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Warren Ellis and Darick Robertson. VERITIGO is a trademark of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. Printed on recyclable paper.

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**STORM
DEVASTATION**

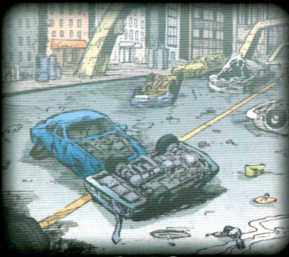


THE CITY IS STILL RECOVERING FROM THE NEAR-SUPERSTORM THAT STRUCK FROM THE EAST COAST FOUR DAYS AGO.

THE BUSINESS DISTRICTS ARE EVEN NOW NOT YET RETURNED TO FULL OPERATION, AND PROFIT FORECASTS FOR THE QUARTER LOOK GRIM.

AND IF THE BUSINESS DISTRICTS WERE HAMMERED, THEN THE POORER AREAS OF THE EAST WERE STAMPED FLAT.

THE RACHMAN HOUSING PROJECT WAS ALMOST TOTALLY RAZED BY THE STORM, LEAVING TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE HOMELESS.



--THAT ACCESS AND AID FOR THOSE EMERGENCY SERVICES WAS SURELY HAMPERED BY THE LACK OF A POLICE PRESENCE REVEALED AS A SPURIOUS "BLUE FLU".

SUCH IS THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE THAT THE CITY HAS TODAY BEEN OFFICIALLY DECLARED A FEDERAL DISASTER ZONE--

--AND PRESIDENT GARY CALLAHAN IS DUE TO VISIT THERE WITHIN THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO PERSONALLY ASSESS THE SITUATION.

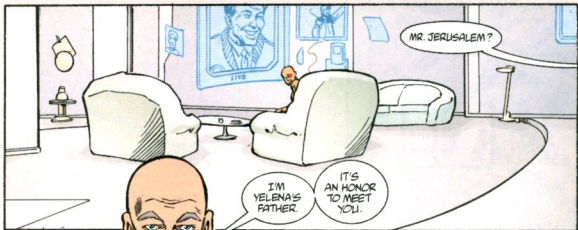


AND, WHILE THE EMERGENCY SERVICES AND DISASTER RELIEF CREWS WORK, THERE REMAINS THE RESENTMENT IGNITED BY SPIDER JERUSALEM'S PIRATE STORY--



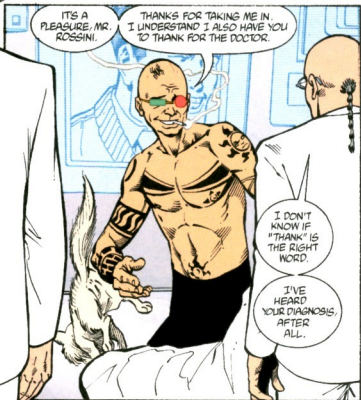


HOW INTERESTING.



I'M YELENA'S FATHER.

IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET YOU.

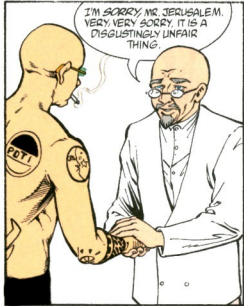


IT'S A PLEASURE, MR. ROSSINI.

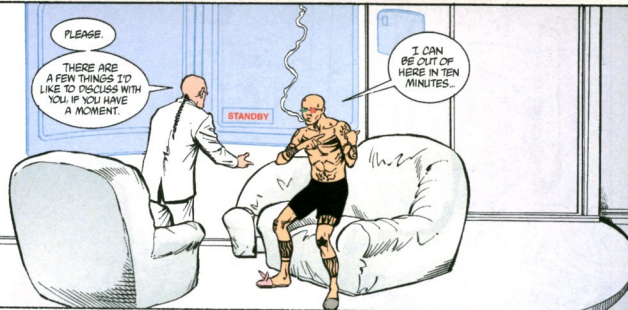
THANKS FOR TAKING ME IN. I UNDERSTAND I ALSO HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR THE DOCTOR.

I DON'T KNOW IF "THANK" IS THE RIGHT WORD.

I'VE HEARD YOUR DIAGNOSIS, AFTER ALL.



I'M SORRY, MR. JERUSALEM. VERY, VERY SORRY. IT IS A DISGUSTINGLY UNFAIR THING.



PLEASE.

THERE ARE A FEW THINGS I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS WITH YOU, IF YOU HAVE A MOMENT.

STANDBY

I CAN BE OUT OF HERE IN TEN MINUTES...



NO, NO, YOU MISUNDERSTAND. YOU ARE TO BE MY GUEST FOR AS LONG AS YOU FEEL COMFORTABLE HERE.

IN FACT...IF YOU'LL FORGIVE ME, I'M NOT CERTAIN WHY YOU DIDN'T COME TO ME IN THE FIRST PLACE, AFTER THE BOMB FIRED YOU.



NEVER CAME UP AS AN OPTION.

WHY DO YOU ASK?

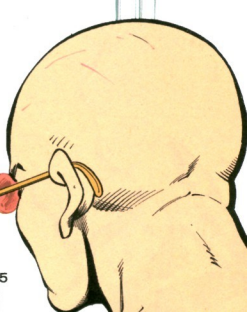


MY DAUGHTER.

SO LIKE HER MOTHER, MY YELENA.



SHE WAS AN AWKWARD BITCH TOO, YOU UNDERSTAND.





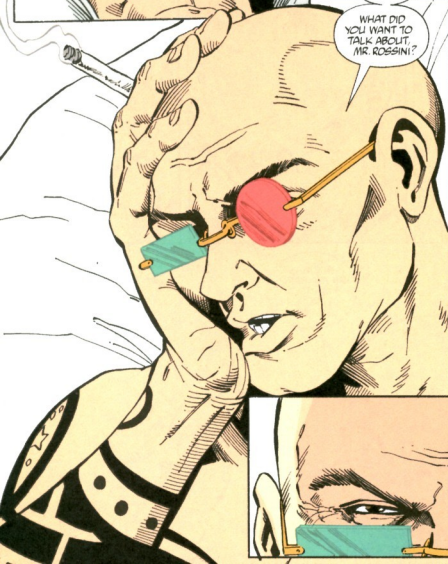
BELIEVE ME, I UNDERSTAND.



YES... SHE'S GOT A GOOD HEART, BUT SADLY IT PUMPS POISON INSTEAD OF BLOOD.

THE STORM DID SUCH TERRIBLE DAMAGE...

YES, I SEEM TO RECALL.



WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, MR. ROSSINI?

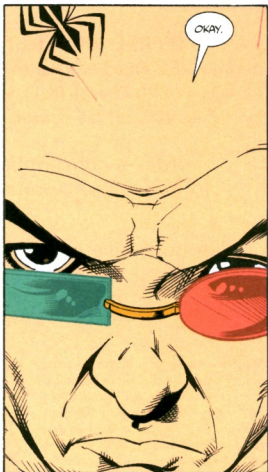
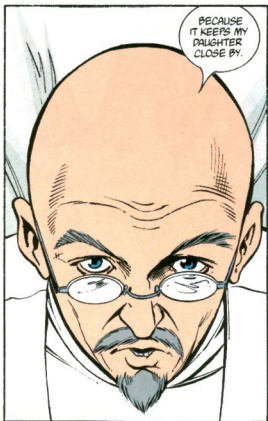
A COMBINATION OF THE SELFLESS ALTRUISM THAT MADE ME A PREFERRED POLITICAL ASSOCIATE IN YEARS GONE PAST, AND STARK BLISTERING SELFISHNESS.

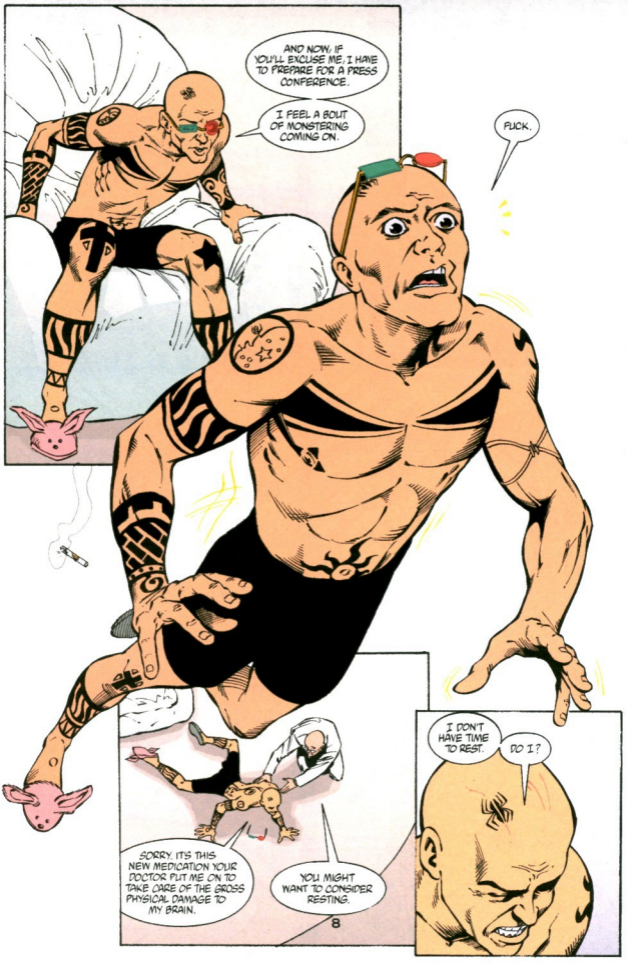


I'D LIKE YOU TO CONSIDER USING MY HOME AS YOUR BASE OF OPERATIONS.



WHY?





AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO PREPARE FOR A PRESS CONFERENCE.

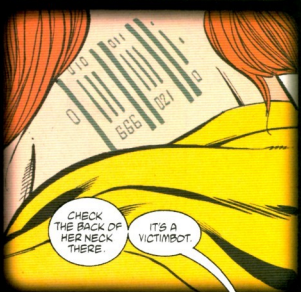
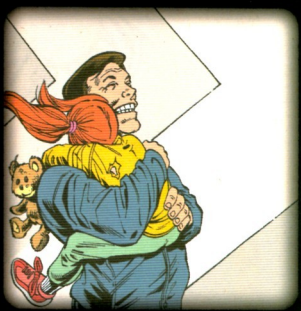
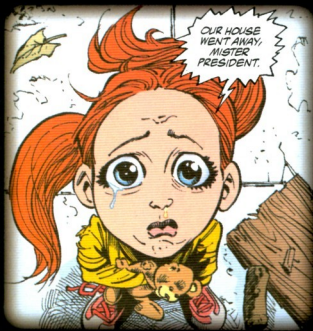
I FEEL A BOLT OF MONSTERING COMING ON.

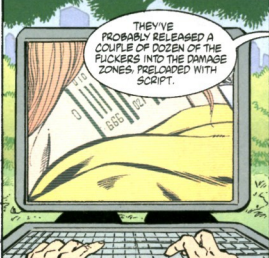
FUCK.

SORRY, ITS THIS NEW MEDICATION YOUR DOCTOR PUT ME ON TO TAKE CARE OF THE GROSS PHYSICAL DAMAGE TO MY BRAIN.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO CONSIDER RESTING.

I DONT HAVE TIME TO REST. DO I?





THEY'VE PROBABLY RELEASED A COUPLE OF DOZEN OF THE FUCKERS INTO THE DAMAGE ZONES, PRELOADED WITH SCRIPT.



MAKES ME WANT TO BUY GUNS.

YOU'VE GOT A DAMN GUN.

ONE. I AM TALKING PLURAL.


I WISH MANY GUNS FLOATING AROUND ME, CONTROLLED BY MURDER THOUGHTS.



IF YOU'RE SERIOUS, I KNOW A GUY.

YOU KNOW A MILLION GUYS.

IF YOU LEFT YOUR ROOM MORE THAN ONCE A WEEK, YOU MIGHT SEE GUYS THAT AREN'T EVEN ON A TV SCREEN.



IF THEY WEREN'T EITHER HYPNOTIZED OR CONCUSSED BY YOUR BOOBS--

ENOUGH. CARRY ME TO A CAB. IT IS TIME TO WORK.

FOR WE ARE ALL IN THE CORRECT MOOD FOR JOURNALISM.

CARRY YOU?

NO, CHANNON, YOU HAVE TO FIND THE CAB.

SHE HAS TO CARRY ME.

FOR I AM WEAK AND SICKLY.





ONE AT A TIME, ONE AT A TIME...

DON'T WORRY SO. IF I CAN'T HANDLE SOME JOURNALISTS, I DON'T DESERVE TO BE PRESIDENT.

HAHAHAHA

HEH-HEH

HAHAHAHA



HA. HA. HA. HA.

OKAY, I'VE GOT ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES. YOU: QUESTION?

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE BACK IN THE CITY WHERE VITA SEVERN DIED?



IT FEELS... SOBERING. IT REMINDS ME THAT DISASTERS ARE PERSONAL AS WELL AS PUBLIC, AND ONE PERSON'S DEATH CAN BE JUST AS SHATTERING AS MANY.

WHICH IS WHY, TODAY, THE RAVAGED DISTRICTS OF THIS GREAT CITY WILL NOW OFFICIALLY BE KNOWN AS THE VITA SEVERN DISASTER AREA.



I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK.

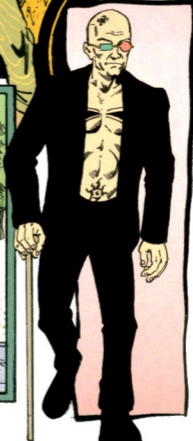
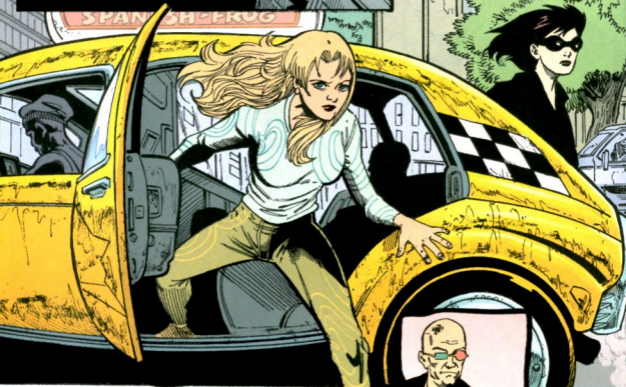
THEY'RE FUCKING APPLAUDING

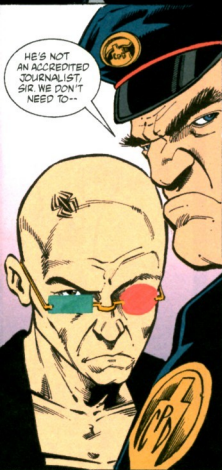
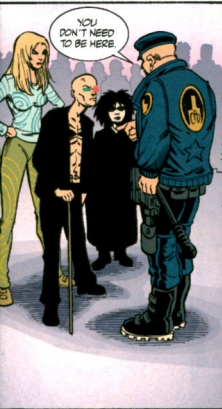
HOW LONG WILL YOU BE STAYING IN THE CITY, MR. PRESIDENT?

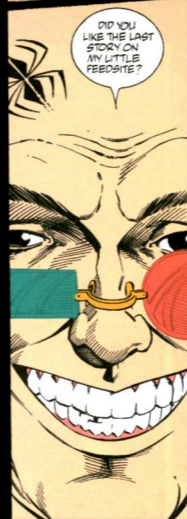
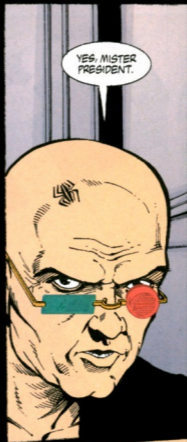


LONG ENOUGH TO ENSURE THAT ALL IS BEING DONE TO RESOLVE THE SITUATION.

AS WE ALL KNOW, MOST OF THE DISTRICTS HIT BY THE STORM WERE THE POOREST, THEREFORE THOSE BUILDINGS WERE THE LEAST ABLE TO STAND UP TO THE WINDS.









IT'S TRUE.

BUT IN MY DEMISE, I BRING GIFTS.



WHAT'S ON IT?

DEPOSITIONS FROM MORE THAN A DOZEN PEOPLE WHO SPOKE TO ALAN SCHACT AND AN UNKNOWN COMPANION IN THE WEEKS BEFORE VITA SEVERN'S KILLING.

SCHACT'S QUESTIONS WERE CLEARLY LEADING TOWARDS FINDING SOMEONE WITH EXPERIENCE WITH SIDEARMS.



WHO WAS THE COMPANION?

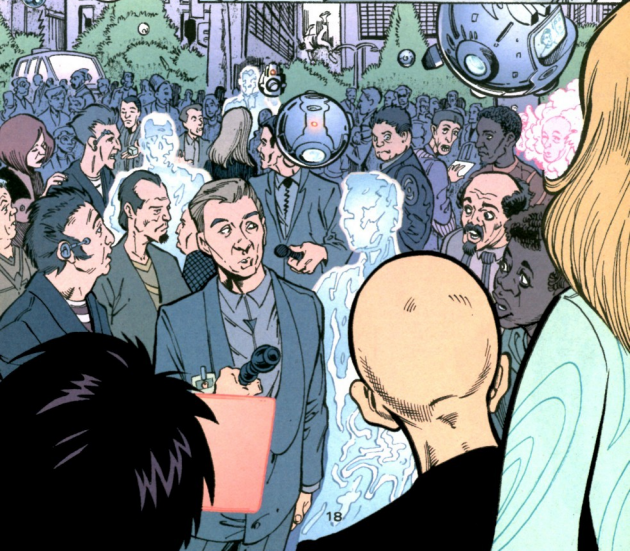
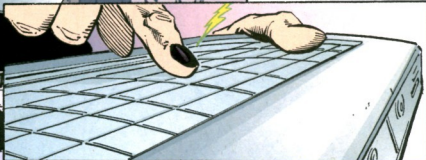
NO WAY OF KNOWING. BUT HERE'S A THING. THE RECENT STRING OF KILLINGS IN THE CITY ALL INVOLVED AN ASSAILANT IN A BLUR SUIT.

HOW DO WE KNOW THIS? BECAUSE AS WE ALL KNOW, THERE ARE CAMERAS EVERYWHERE. AND I'VE HAD A LOT OF FREE TIME TO HUNT DOWN FOOTAGE.



YOU KNOW WHO ELSE USES BLUR SUITS? SECRET SERVICE. THEY HAVE A SPECIAL FREQUENCY SIGNATURE.

LITTLE KNOWN FACT-- YOU CAN SET OFF BLUR SUITS REMOTELY.





THE SNIPER IN THE PRINT DISTRICT WORE A BLUR SUIT TOO.



NOT THAT THIS MEANS ANYTHING. JUST A STRING OF INTERESTING COINCIDENCES I BRING TO AMUSE YOU ALL.

SO WHO GAVE THE ORDER TO PULL A BLUE 'FLU STUNT, MISTER MAYOR? FOR I HAVE MANY SOURCES TELLING ME THE ORDER CAME FROM CIVIC CENTER.

I MEANT YOU COULD ASK *ME* QUESTIONS, JERUSALEM. MY FRIEND THE MAYOR IS SIMPLY HERE TO WELCOME ME BACK TO THIS CITY.



THE CITY WHERE YOU SUFFERED SOME SERIOUS SLINGS AND ARROWS.

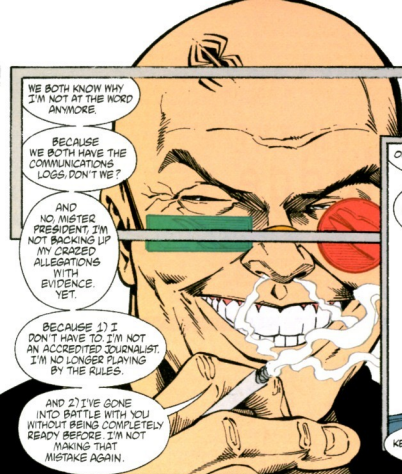
THE CITY WHERE YOU AND SCHACT BOTH LINGERED TOO LONG.

THE CITY FULL OF EVIDENCE OF WRONG-DOING.

YOU'RE INSANE.

YOU CAN'T BACK UP ANY OF THESE CRAZED ALLEGATIONS. IT'S NO WONDER YOU CAN'T GET A JOB WITH A REGULAR NEWSPAPER ANYMORE.






WE BOTH KNOW WHY I'M NOT AT THE WORD ANYMORE.

BECAUSE WE BOTH HAVE THE COMMUNICATIONS LOGS, DON'T WE?

AND NO, MISTER PRESIDENT, I'M NOT BACKING UP MY CRAZED ALLEGATIONS WITH EVIDENCE. YET.

BECAUSE 1) I DON'T HAVE TO. I'M NOT AN ACCREDITED JOURNALIST. I'M NO LONGER PLAYING BY THE RULES.

AND 2) I'VE GONE INTO BATTLE WITH YOU WITHOUT BEING COMPLETELY READY BEFORE. I'M NOT MAKING THAT MISTAKE AGAIN.



OH, YOU'RE MAKING MISTAKES, BELIEVE ME.


YOU SHOULD HAVE JUST GONE AWAY. I MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOU, IN TIME.

BUT YOU KEEP GOING AFTER ME, YOU LITTLE FUCK...



LIVE MIKE, SIR--

OH, SHUT UP. PRESIDENTS HAVE CURSED SCUMBAGS OUT ON LIVE MIKES SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL AND THEIR APPROVAL RATINGS HAVE ALWAYS GONE UP.



THIS IS TRUE. VERY FEW OF THEM HAVE HAD THEIR WHOREMONGERS MURDERED, THOUGH.



I HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT THAT'S
SUPPOSED TO
MEAN.




NOR DID THEY
HAVE THEIR LOCAL
INFORMANTS
TAKEN OUT.



GIBBERISH.

MR. JERUSALEM HAS AN I-POLLEN-
RELATED DISORDER. HIS MIND IS SADLY
DEGENERATING WITH SOME SPEED.



IN TIME, MISTER PRESIDENT, I MAY
HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOU OR DECIDED
YOU WEREN'T WORTH GOING AFTER.

BUT YOU CHANGED
ALL THAT WHEN YOU HAD VITA SEVERN
ASSASSINATED IN ORDER TO SAVE
YOUR CAMPAIGN.

YOU GIVE THE
IMPRESSION OF BEING IN
CONTROL, BUT YOU YOURSELF
HAVE BEEN LOSING YOUR
MIND EVER SINCE
THAT DECISION.

YOU TOLD ME AFTER HER DEATH THAT YOU WANTED TO BE PRESIDENT SO THAT YOU COULD FUCK WITH PEOPLE. BUT SINCE THEN YOU HAVEN'T DONE MUCH OTHER THAN TRY TO COVER YOURSELF.

YOU WEREN'T NORMAL BEFOREHAND. TO SAY THE LEAST. AND YOU NEVER REALLY BELIEVED IN ANYTHING.

BUT NOW YOU'RE NOT EVEN PRETENDING TO BE A PRESIDENT. YOU'RE JUST A MONSTER.

I'M HERE TO TELL YOU, MISTER PRESIDENT.

I'M NOT DYING UNTIL YOU'RE GONE FROM THE PRESIDENCY.

THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU WILL BE THE LAST TIME I SEE YOU.

ON YOUR LATTER POINT, MR. JERUSALEM:

I AGREE COMPLETELY.

