

VALIANT.



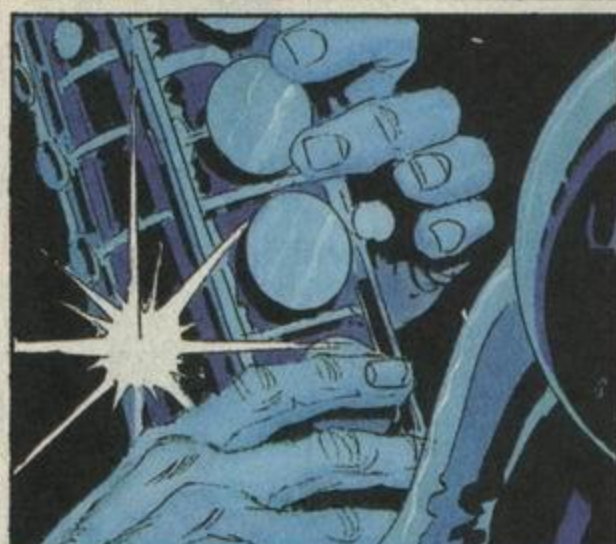
AUG NO. 16

\$2.50 CAN \$3.15

SERIAL
NUMBER
CONTEST!
DETAILS INSIDE

SHADOW





SHADOW

STAY OUT OF MY NIGHT

SOMEONE,
VERY, VERY,
ANGRY.

YES. I THINK,
THE BIG APPLE'S
IN TROUBLE,
AGAIN.

I LOVE
NEW YORK...

A BITE OF THE APPLE

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THAT WAS A GREAT SET, JACK.

THANKS, I'M GOING TO LEAVE MY SAX HERE, OKAY? YOUR OFFICE SAFE?

SURE...UH, I GOT SOME GREAT BLOW, UPSTAIRS. WOULD YOU...?

JEEZ... FORGIVE ME FOR LIVING.

I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO, CLARICE. JUST LOCK UP THE SAX, OKAY?



I HATE LEAVING THE SAX ANYWHERE, BUT THIS IS SAFER THAN WHERE I'M GOING.

GOT MY MASK IN THIS SACK... UH, BAG, IN N.Y.C. A SACK'S A BAG. ANYWAY, I...

MY BIKE! SOMEONE'S TAKEN MY BIKE!

THIS IS A LEGAL PARKING SPOT. I'VE PARKED HERE THREE NIGHTS.



IF THIS DAMN CITY HAS TOWED MY BIKE, I'LL...

NO, WAIT!

THERE, BEHIND THAT TRUCK!



HEY, GUYS, THIS IS CARLOS. THERE'S A CYCLE DRIVING LIKE CRAZY, THE WRONG WAY, TOWARD EIGHTH STREET. HEAD HIM OFF.

LIKE HE WAS WAITING FOR ME TO COME OUT.

OKAY, OKAY, WE'LL FOLLOW THE NEW YORK CREPO--

"I'M MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE."

TIME TO PUT ON THE MASK.



THIS GUY'LL HAVE TO
TURN ON EIGHTH, SO,
IF I GO OVER THE
ROOFS, I CAN HEAD
HIM OFF.

MAYBE.

IT'S A PLAN,
ANYWAY.

QUESTION
IS, DO I GO
EAST OR
WEST?



THIS GUY'S
GOING TO
DRIVE THE
WRONG WAY
ON EIGHTH,
TOO... I
JUST KNOW
IT.

SO,
WEST
IT IS.



I KNEW THINGS
WERE GOING
TOO WELL!

AND EVERY NIGHT
I'VE BEEN HERE,
SOME JERKS HAVE
TRIED TO SELL ME
DRUGS.

I'VE TAKEN
OUT AT LEAST
TEN OF THEM.



AS THEY SAY, "THE
EXCITEMENT NEVER
ENDS IN N.Y.C."

THERE
HE IS.

ALONG WITH
SEVERAL
SQUAD CARS.

ALRIGHT...LET'S
SEE IF I CAN
MAKE THIS GO
DOWN WITHOUT
BREAKING MY
NECK!



P
A
R
K

BIKE'S
COMING
THIS WAY
GUY'S. GET
READY TO...

I
WANT
MY
BIKE!

HOLY SAINT
FRANCIS,
WAD THE
HELL'S THAT?

YOU HEAR ME?
GIVE ME BACK
MY BIKE.

FORGET THE
CYCLE! THAT'S
THE GUY THE
BRASS WANTS.



THE GUY WITH
THE MASK, WHO'S
BEATIN' UP
PUSHERS.

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING!?





OH, I GET IT... YOU WANT ME!

I SAID, LET GO!

GET HIM!

NO GUNS! WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SHOOT THIS GUY.

SAYS WHO?

SAYS THE BRASS.



GET HIS MASK OFF!

YOU CRAZY? HE BITES!

OMWW!

PUT THE CUFFS ON!

YOU PUT THE CUFFS ON!

ALL THIS, BECAUSE SOMEBODY STOLE MY BIKE? WEIRD CUSTOMS THEY HAVE HERE.



2:15 A.M.

DON'T WORRY, SWEET CAKES, I CAN TAKE LONG AS I LIKE.

THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL YOUR UNEVENTFUL NIGHT...



FRED! BUZZ US IN, QUICK!

WE GOTTA GET THIS GUY IN THE TANK, WHILE WE STILL GOT FINGERS LEFT.

I'M BLEEDIN'

BYE SWEET-CAKES.



ENOUGH OF THIS!

BOOMF!!!

JUMP THROUGH MY OWN ARMS. MY DADDY SHOWED ME THIS TRICK.

AND NOW, TO GET THE BULLET PROOF WINDOW BETWEEN ME AND THEM.



IF YOU'LL JUST STEP IN THE OFFICE, I THINK WE CAN WORK THINGS OUT.

"SOMEBODY" IS GORGEOUS.

THIS IS A COP?



WHAT A CITY.

CAN'T GO OUT THE FRONT... SO, LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIGHT MY WAY TO THE BACK!

STOP HIM!

YOU STOP HIM!

GET THE DAMNED S.W.A.T. TEAM!



MR. BONIFACE...

HUH?

SOMEBODY KNOWS MY NAME.



HELLO. MY NAME IS DOCTOR MIRAGE, THIS IS CARMEN. I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU MR. BONI...

YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME, GET THESE CLIFFS OFF!

LISTEN YOU SO...

IT'S ALRIGHT, SERGEANT. UNLOCK THE MAN.



"MIRAGE", HE'S GOT TO BE KIDDING.

SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHTER PLANE.



MR. BONIFACE, OBVIOUSLY THE COPS WANT SOMETHING FROM YOU.

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO HELP US, PERHAPS THEY CAN...



WE CAN WHAT?

HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

AND WHO ARE YOU? YOU TWO DON'T LOOK LIKE COPS.

WERE NOT. WERE PARA-PSYCHOLOGISTS THEY USE ON OCCASION.



I HANDLE... SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS...

AND I KNOW YOU BY YOUR *MODUS OPERANDI*...YOUR COMPULSION TO ELIMINATE *PUSHERS*. THE SAME SORT OF INCIDENTS HAVE OCCURRED IN NEW ORLEANS.

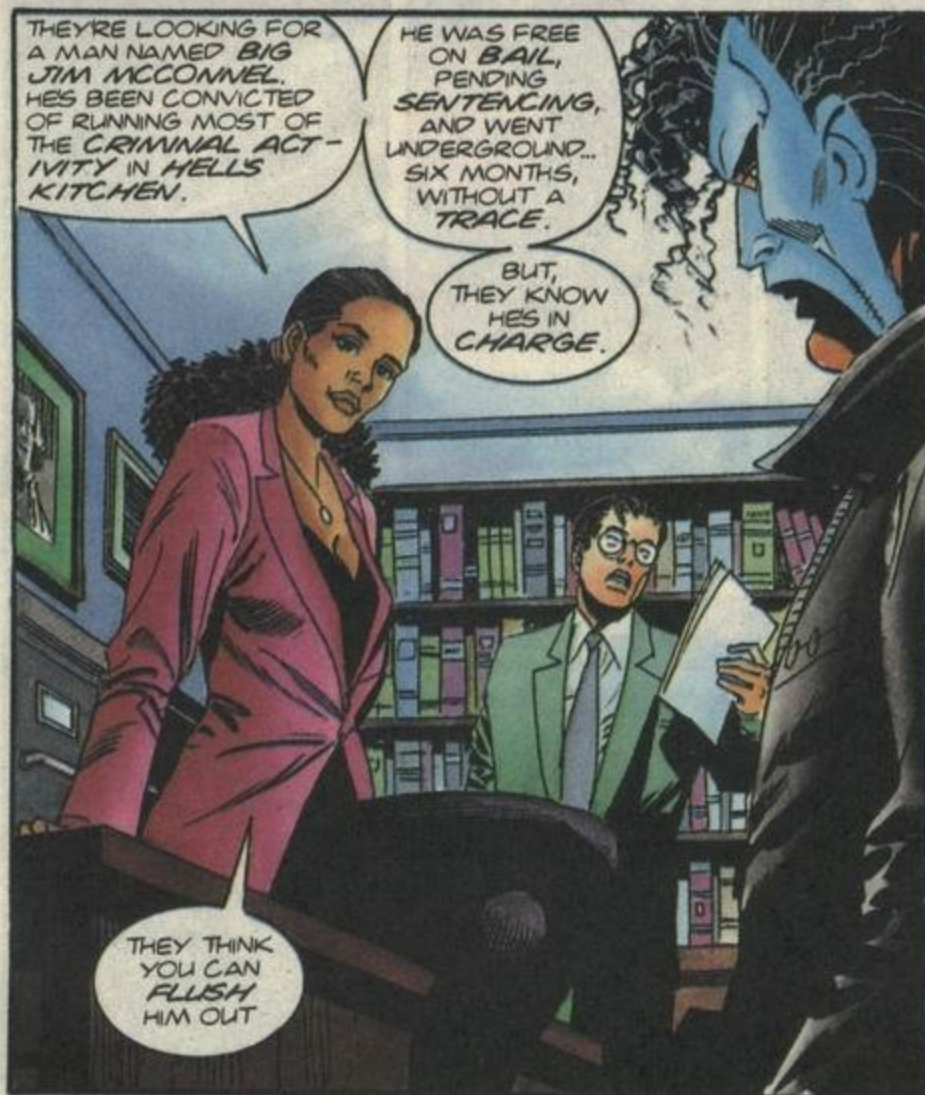
HERE, THEY'VE BEEN HAPPENING FOR THREE DAYS.



JACK BONIFACE HAS BEEN PLAYING HERE FOR THREE DAYS.

I MADE A GUESS, WHICH YOU JUST CONFIRMED.

SMART GUY.



THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED *BIG JIM MCCONNEL*. HE'S BEEN CONVICTED OF RUNNING MOST OF THE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY IN *HELLS KITCHEN*.

HE WAS FREE ON BAIL, PENDING SENTENCING, AND WENT UNDERGROUND... SIX MONTHS, WITHOUT A TRACE.

BUT, THEY KNOW HE'S IN CHARGE.

THEY THINK YOU CAN FLUSH HIM OUT



THIS HIM? UGLY.



SO, TELL ME WHY I SHOULD HELP YOU WITH ANYTHING?

ALL I WANT IS MY STOLEN BIKE.

NUMBER ONE: BIG JIM IS THE KING OF THE FORTY SECOND STREET DRUG TRAFFIC.



NUMBER TWO: HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR EIGHTY-FIVE PER CENT OF THE MOTORCYCLE THEFT ON MANHATTAN ISLAND.

AND THREE: THE COPS CAN ARRANGE TO CLEAR ALL RECORD OF CERTAIN "INCIDENTS" IN NEBRASKA.



"ONE" SOUNDS TRUE. "TWO" SOUNDS JUST TOO CONVENIENT FOR REALITY AND "THREE" IS MOST APPEALING.

ALRIGHT, WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO FIND THIS BIG JIM?

JUST KEEP ON WITH WHAT YOU'RE DOING, MR. BONIFACE.



TAKE OUT EVERY PUSHER YOU FIND IN HELL'S KITCHEN.

EVENTUALLY, BIG JIM WILL COME OUT OF HIDING.



SO, WHAT HAPPENED, DOCTOR?

I THINK WE CAN COUNT ON HIM, CAPTAIN.

I HOPE SO. I'VE GOT NINE OFFICERS WITH BLOODY NOSES. THAT GUY IS CRAZY.











WHAT IS THIS?
IT'S A STORE-
ROOM.

JUST WAIT.
THE WALL
WILL OPEN.

SOMEONE
KNOWS
WE'RE
HERE?

OH
YEAH.



QUITE A SET
UP. NO
WONDER
THEY HAVEN'T
FOUND THIS
GUY.

"BIG" JIM,
HE IS
INDEED.

COME IN, BONIFACE.
YOU'VE BEEN A LOT
OF TROUBLE.

MY FRIENDS IN THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT
SAY YOU'RE A SAX
PLAYER.



YOU
SHOULD'A
STUCK TO
MUSIC.

WHY
YOU BEEN
PUTTIN'
MY MEN
OUTTA
BUSINESS?

WHY?



THEY DESERVE
WHATEVER
THEY GET.

AND SO DO YOU,
AND ANYONE WHO
HELPS YOU.



I TAKE THIS
PERSONAL,
MR. BONIFACE.

YOU'RE NOT A
SYMPATHETIC
INDIVIDUAL.

AND YOU
SELL DRUGS
TO KIDS.

YEAH, WIDOWS
AND ORPHANS,
TOO... BUT I
STILL GOT
FRIENDS.



HI
THERE.

NICE TO
KNOW
YOU.

TIME
TO GO,
BYE,
BYE.

BYE,
BYE.

MEET
MY
FRIENDS.











WELL, NO...

HOWEVER, YOUR RECORD IN NEBRASKA WILL DEFINITELY BE CLEARED.

UH... ONE OTHER THING--



RIGHT, I LOVE YOU TOO.

I'M SORRY JACK, I...

SHUT UP AVERY.



TO HELL WITH THEM. I'LL LEAVE WHEN I'M GOOD AND READY.



WAIT A MINUTE!

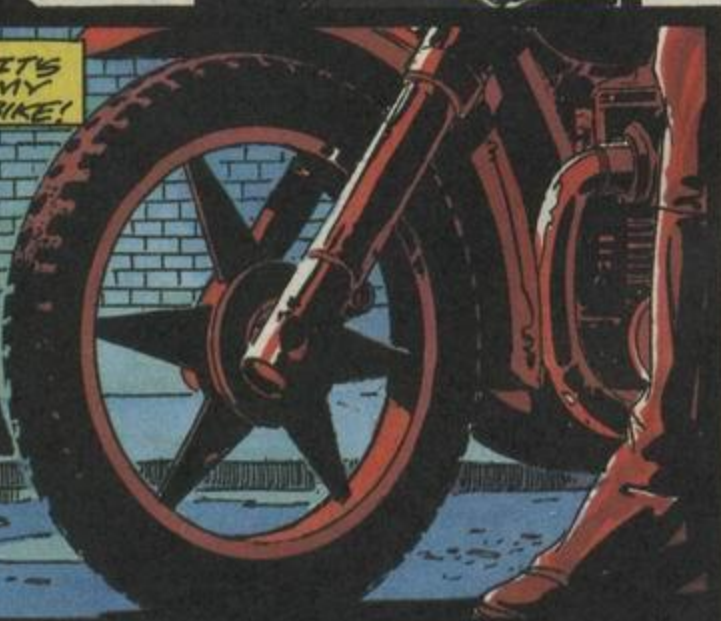
I KNOW THAT SOUND--

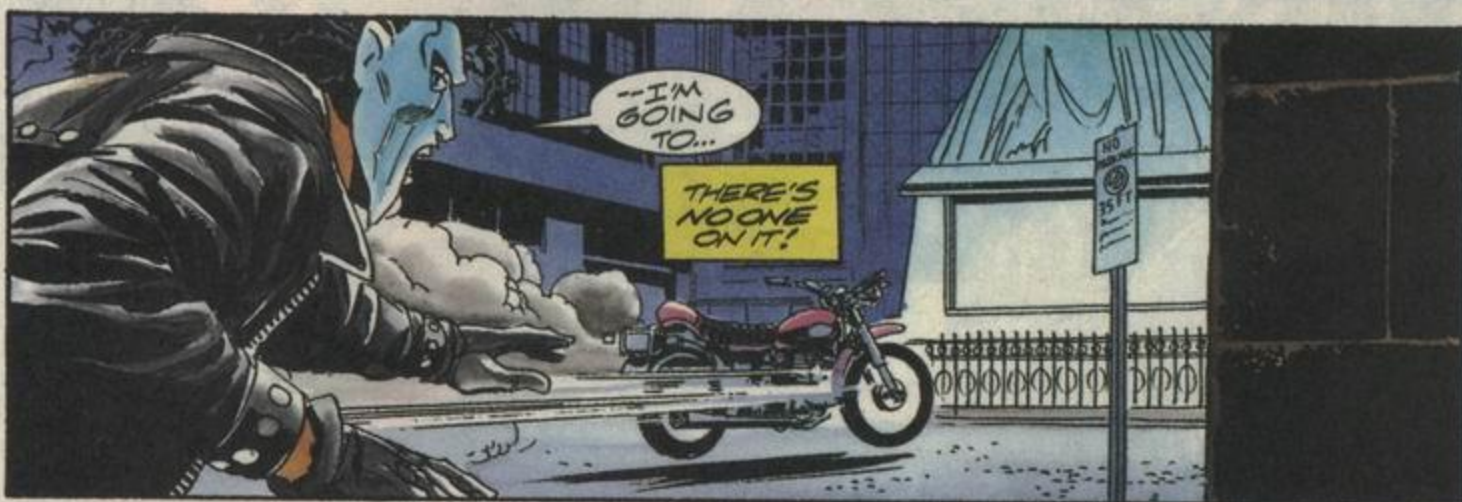
--YES, IT IS--

--IT'S MY BIKE!



OKAY, WHAT'S THE GAME?







I'VE
ENJOYED
DRIVING
IT, THOUGH.

--DARGUE'S
SISTER!

IT'S TIME TO
COME HOME,
TO NEW
ORLEANS.

IT'S
LONESOME
THERE
WITHOUT
YOU.

WE
MISS
YOU,
JACK.

WE
REALLY
DO.

GOOD BYE!
SANDRIA!
YOU AND I
HAVE A DATE,
IN NEW
ORLEANS!

IT'S TIME TO
GO BACK

SEE YOU
THERE...

COME
BACK!

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED
TO DO WITH THIS HEAD
LAMP? HAVE IT STUFFED?

GONE! VANISHED
INTO 'SHADOW!' HOW
DOES SHE DO THAT?

WHATEVER...
SHE'S RIGHT!

