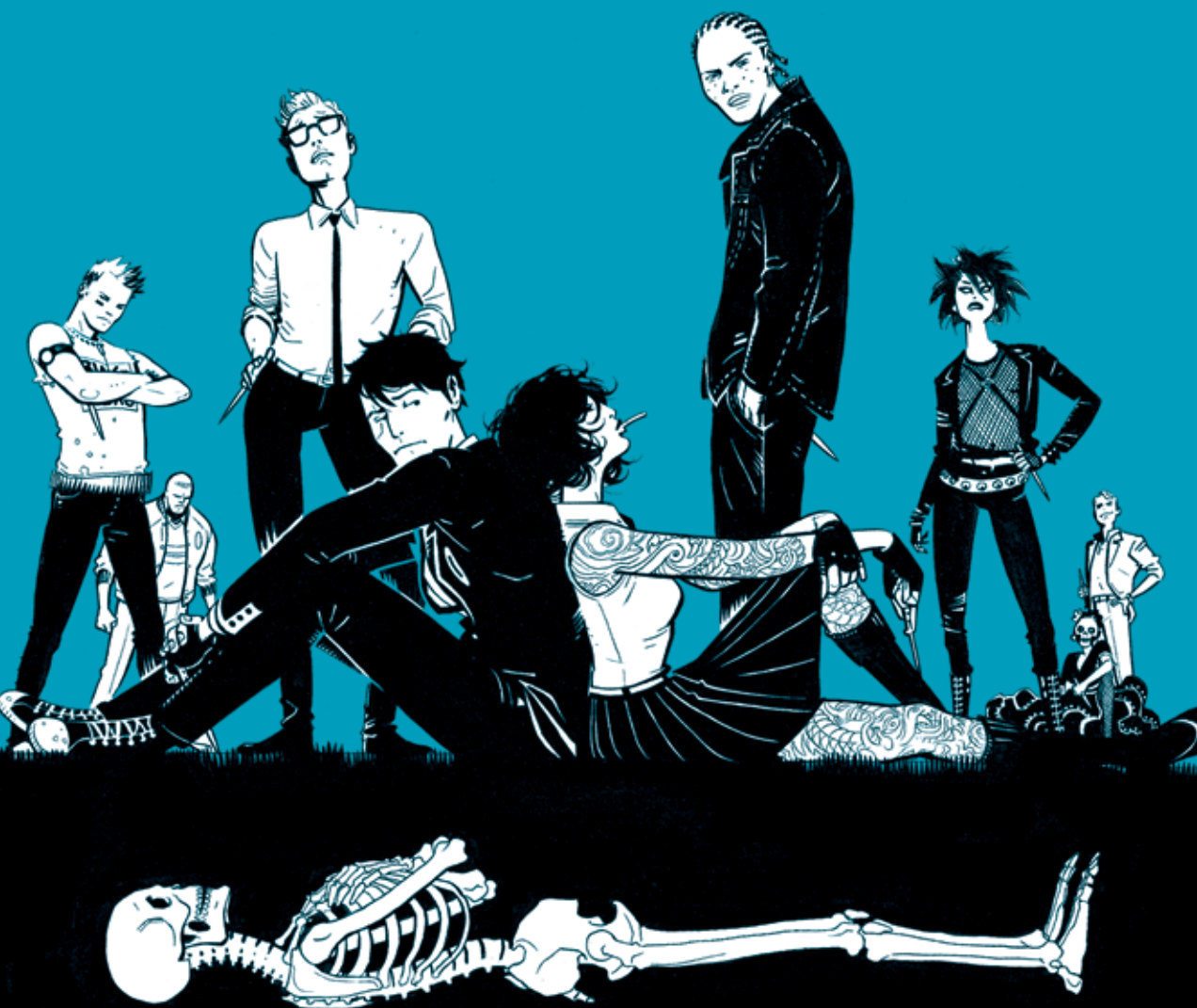


REMENDER • CRAIG • LOUGHRIDGE

DEADLY CLASS



1987



#1 • \$3.50



BRANDY LYNN-
YOU **PROPER**
COUNTRY MORON,
MIDDLE OF AMERICA,
DUST FARMING,
COUSIN
FUCKER.

THIS NECK
IS RED AN'
PROUD.

IT'S **NINETEEN-
BLOODY-EIGHTY
SEVEN**, WHAT KIND
OF A **DUMBY**
GIVES ANY SORT OF
SHIT ABOUT GOD,
COUNTRY AND HORSES?

HEY EVERYONE,
**QUIET--AN
ASSHOLE IS
TALKING.**

TOO BUTCH,
STEPHEN--WORKS
AGAINST THE WHOLE
FEY-YET-STRAIGHT, MOD
REVIVALIST, CONTRIVANCE,
YOU SCOOTERBOY TURDS
WORK SO HARD TO
CULTIVATE.

AND
SPEAKING OF
**OUTDATED
COSTUMES--**HOW
LONG DID IT TAKE
YOU TO GET DONE UP
LIKE A **SOETHIC
GHOULLY** TONIGHT,
PETRA LOVE?

OH, POOR,
SAD POET.
THIGH CUTTING,
CLOVE SMOKING,
**MARDY FUCKIN'
BAUHAUS**
LISTENER...

JOY
DIVISION
IS LOWER
HANGING
FRUIT, LEX.

GET SOME
HEALTH IN YOUR
DIET, SPEND A DAY
AT THE PARK, FEED
THE **SODDING
SQUIRRELS--**LIFE'S
NOT SO BAD.

WHAT DO
YOU SAY,
WILLIE?

DON'T
START ON ME,
BUTTERMILK.
JUST MOVE
ON DOWN
THE LINE.

NEVER, WE'RE
ON THE SAME
SIDE. **RAP** COMES
FROM THE SAME PLACE
AS **PUNK**. IT'S ALL POOR
KIDS WITH SOMETHING
HONEST TO SAY ABOUT
THEIR CIRCUMSTANCE.
HOMEGROWN
PHILOSOPHY WITH
STONES.

COLOR
ME FUCKIN'
RELIEVED
YOU
APPROVE.

JUST
IGNORE
THE
BORING
LOUT.

Y'ALL
HAVE
FUN.

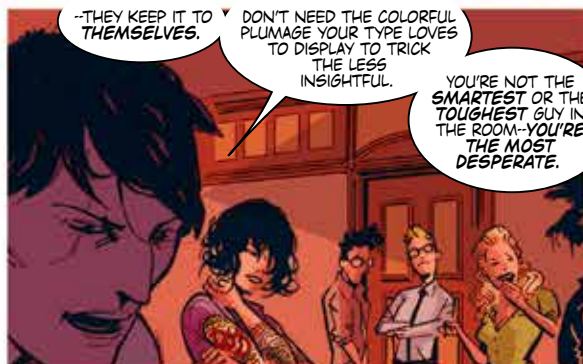
DAMN. YOU
GOT 'EM ALL
PEGGED. YOU'RE
**REALLY
HARDCORE,**
LEX.

BUT THE
TRUTH
ABOUT YOU
PUNKERS--

IT'S JUST A
COSTUME TO
MAKE YOURSELF
FEEL **SAFE**, LIKE
YOU'RE PART OF
SOMETHING--

CAREFUL.
IT'S SNOW-
CAPPED.

--JUST LIKE
EVERYBODY
ELSE.





I'M
SORRY.

GUYS LIKE
THAT DRIVE
ME CRAZY.

LISTEN,
MARCUS, YOU'RE
NEW HERE, AND
YOU DON'T KNOW
LEX, BUT YOU CAN'T
KEEP POPPING OFF
UNTIL YOU KNOW
WHO YOU'RE
POPPING OFF
AT.

THIS ISN'T
LIKE OTHER
SCHOOLS.

YOU NEED
TO BE MORE
CAREFUL.



LEX'S
BARK HAS
BITE.

WHATEVER.

NO, NOT
WHATEVER. HE'S BEEN
AT THE ACADEMY FOR A
COUPLE YEARS ALREADY, HE'S
A CLASS STREET FIGHTER,
MASTERED AT LEAST SIX
FORMS OF SILENT
DISEMBOWELMENT.



WHEREAS
YOU, MY
FRESHMAN
SPONSOR...



...YOU'VE
LEARNED
NOTHING
YET.



WITH THE
EXCEPTION
OF RUNNING
YOUR
MOUTH.



DID YOUR
MOUTH BUY
YOU THIS
SCAR?

MRS. RANKS
AT THE BOYS
HOME BOUGHT
ME THAT.

STRAIGHT
RAZOR. SLID
SLOWLY, NO
TEARING.

SHE
DECIDED
TO LEAVE
YOUR
EYE.

SHE
WAS VERY
GENEROUS.



"I BET IT USED TO SEEM **REALLY** IMPORTANT TO YOU WHAT SHE DID."



USED TO?

HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED HOW EVERY YEAR THAT GOES BY YOU CARE LESS AND LESS ABOUT MOST THINGS?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

LOVE, PAIN, NOSTALGIA... YEAR-BY-YEAR IT ALL SEEMS LESS SIGNIFICANT THAN WHEN YOU WERE YOUNGER. **DULLED.**

MRS. RANKS LEFT **QUITE** AN IMPRESSION.



"SURE..."

"BUT IT DOESN'T HURT **SO MUCH** ANYMORE, RIGHT?"



IT'S JUST A **THING** THAT HAPPENED.

IT DOESN'T **REALLY** CARRY MUCH EMOTION WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

NOT LIKE IT **USED** TO.

WHATEVER AFFECT IT HAS ON YOU AS A PERSON, IT'S MIXED INTO YOU NOW, LIKE **DYE**, ONCE YOU DROP IT IN...



"...**NO** CHANGING THE COLOR **BACK.**"



PLKK

GHA--!



YOU'LL SEE.



IT'S WILD THE SORTS OF THINGS YOU CAN GET USED TO.

