

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**OUTDATED  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 GOTHIC  
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.

CAREFUL,  
IT'S SNOW-  
CAPPED.



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--



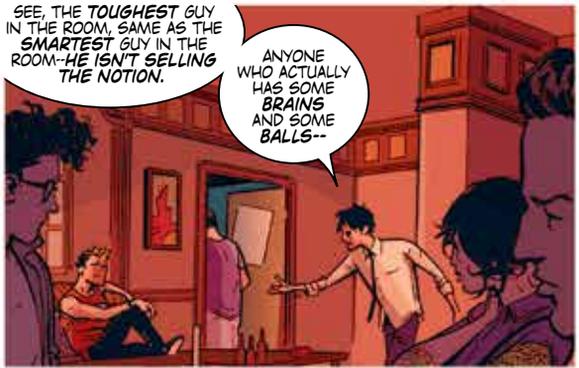
--JUST LIKE  
EVERYBODY  
ELSE.



YOU KNOW WHAT THAT POSE IS ALL ABOUT, LEX?

DYIN' TO HEAR, MARCUS.

IT'S COWARDICE.



SEE, THE TOUGHEST GUY IN THE ROOM, SAME AS THE SMARTEST GUY IN THE ROOM--HE ISN'T SELLING THE NOTION.

ANYONE WHO ACTUALLY HAS SOME BRAINS AND SOME BALLS--



--THEY KEEP IT TO THEMSELVES.

DON'T NEED THE COLORFUL PLUMAGE YOUR TYPE LOVES TO DISPLAY TO TRICK THE LESS INSIGHTFUL.

YOU'RE NOT THE SMARTEST OR THE TOUGHEST GUY IN THE ROOM--YOU'RE THE MOST DESPERATE.



ALL YOU HAVE IS YOUR ACT, THAT SNEER, THAT ELITISM, THAT DANCE THAT CONVINCES DUMB PEOPLE YOU'RE MORE THAN YOU ACTUALLY ARE.

BUT WHAT'S FUNNY IS YOUR SCENE IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT INCLUSION.

BUT YOU-- YOU'RE AN ELITIST SNOB.



ALL NIGHT, ALL YOU'VE DONE, LOOKING DOWN YOUR NOSE AT EVERYBODY ELSE, TALKING LOUD, BULLYING PEOPLE--

TELL US, HOW ARE YOU ANY DIFFERENT THAN A FRAT PREP OR A JOCK?



ONE TINY DIFFERENCE, BUT IT'S IMPORTANT:

I KILL DEAD ANY Ponce DUMB ENOUGH TO FUCK WITH ME.



THERE IT IS-- JUST LIKE THE FRAT JOCK DICKHEAD YOU ARE!

WHEN SOMEONE CALLS YOU ON YOUR BULLSHIT YOU GO RIGHT TO VIOLENCE-- BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO FUCKING STUPID TO WIN THE DEBATE ANY OTHER WAY!

THAT'S ENOUGH.

YOU'RE A FUCKING POSER, LEX. A FUCKING ELITIST DICK WITH BAD HAIR AND A BICYCLE CHAIN AROUND YOUR NECK--!

PACK IT IN.

WHAT? FUCK THAT GUY. WHO THE FUCK DOES HE THINK HE IS?

LEX MILLER. DAD'S THE RUTHLESS BOSS OF A U.K. CRIME SYNDICATE.



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.**"

**TWUNG**



**PLKK**

GHA--!



YOU'LL SEE.



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