

ISSUE 26

US \$3.99

# CROSSED

BADLANDS



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SO THEY  
WEREN'T AFTER  
US AT ALL. THEY  
WERE SIMPLY ON  
THEIR WAY INTO  
BRIGHTON.



I WONDERED  
ABOUT THAT, IT'S  
NOT AS IF WE WERE  
LEAVIN' SIGN...

WEIGHT OFF  
MY MIND. CAN  
YOU IMAGINE TRYING  
TO FIGHT IT OUT  
HERE?

WHAT  
IS IT ABOUT  
BRIGHTON...?



SEE FOR  
YOURSELF.



OH, GOD  
HAVE MERCY. GOD  
HAVE MERCY.

I CAN GUESS  
WHAT THAT IS  
ON THE BEACH, THE  
WHITENESS THERE.  
BUT... THE PIER...

WHY IS  
IT...?



AW--!

QUITE.



"BUT IS IT ART?"



# The Fatal Englishman

Part Two



HOW CAN-- ULS

HOW CAN YOU JOKE ABOUT--?

THE BRITISH ARMY MARCHES ON ITS SENSE OF HUMOR, PADRE.

GOOD THING TOO, OR I WOULD HAVE SHOT MYSELF SOME TIME AGO.

WE CAN GO SOON. SKIRT THE TOWN, THEN GET BACK DOWN TO THE COAST.

IF YOU'RE STILL TALKING ABOUT FINDING A BOAT, I SHOULD TELL YOU I'VE NO IDEA HOW TO SAIL ONE...

I WASN'T THINKING OF THE KIND YOU SAIL. REAL TRICK WILL BE FINDING ONE INTACT AT ALL.

BUT IT'S MADNESS, I MEAN WHERE ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GO? FRANCE?

CHANNEL ISLANDS, MAYBE. EVEN IRELAND. PREVAILING WINDS ARE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, SO ANYTHING BUT NORTH SHOULD SEE YOU ALL RIGHT.

I DON'T SEE--

IF YOU'RE THINKING OF TAKING THE CHILDREN AND STRIKING OUT ON YOUR OWN, I PROBABLY WON'T TRY AND STOP YOU.







YOU KNOW, IF YOU WEREN'T SO SET ON THIS OBSCURE PLAN OF YOURS, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO GO ANYWHERE AT ALL--!

NO, YOU COULD JUST PAINT LITTLE CROSSES ON THEIR FACES AND SIT DOWN AND WAIT.

I'M SCARED, FATHER DENNIS.

I KNOW, JENNY.

I'M HUNGRY.

I KNOW.

NOT MUCH FARTHER TO GO TODAY.



WHY ARE THEY DOING THAT, DOWN THERE?

EH?

WHY IN GOD'S NAME WOULD THEY DO IT?



WE'VE SEEN WORSE.

I DUNNO, MAYBE THEY'VE JUST GOTTA USE IT UP. ALL THAT BLOODY OUL' EVIL.

YEAH, WHAT WOULD YOU DO AROUND HERE IF YOU WERE CROSSED?




I'D PROBABLY NIP ALONG TO THE NEW FOREST AND WANK MYSELF OFF WITH A SQUIRREL.





OUT  
LIKE LITTLE  
LIGHTS...

I'M NOT  
SURPRISED.  
YOU'VE BEEN  
RUNNING US  
RAGGED FOR  
FOUR DAYS.



I DON'T SEE  
WHY YOU DON'T JUST  
MAKE US TRAVEL AT  
NIGHT, TOO...

BAD  
IDEA, PADRE.  
HARDER TO SEE  
TROUBLE COMING,  
ESPECIALLY AT  
A DISTANCE.

AND A BROKEN  
ANKLE IS A DEATH  
SENTENCE NOWADAYS,  
REMEMBER.



NOT PADRE.  
FATHER.

LOOK, I HAVEN'T HAD  
A CHANCE TO TALK TO YOU  
ABOUT THIS. BUT THIS IDEA  
YOU'VE HAD--YOU'RE REALLY  
GOING THROUGH WITH IT?  
YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO  
SET THESE AWFUL GERM  
WEAPONS LOOSE?



WE ARE  
INDEED.

BUT HAVEN'T  
YOU THOUGHT  
ABOUT WHAT'LL  
HAPPEN...?

OF COURSE.  
THE CROSSED  
WILL BE WIPED  
OUT, THEY'VE NEITHER  
THE MEANS NOR  
THE INCLINATION  
TO PROTECT  
THEMSELVES.



SO WILL  
EVERYBODY  
ELSE...!

NOT  
QUITE  
TRUE.





WE'VE SEEN QUITE A BIT OF THE COUNTRY SINCE IT ALL STARTED. THERE ARE NUMEROUS GROUPS OF SURVIVORS-- SOME QUITE LARGE, SOME VERY WELL ORGANISED.

SEVERAL ENJOY DECENT RADIO COMMUNICATIONS. MORE THAN ONE GROUP HAVE ACCESS TO N.B.C. PROTECTION.

WE INTEND TO BROADCAST A WARNING ON ALL CHANNELS BEFORE WE RELEASE THE AGENTS. THOSE WITH PROTECTION CAN USE IT. OTHERS CAN MAKE THEIR WAY TO OFFSHORE ISLANDS OR HIGH GROUND, WHICH WILL AT LEAST GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

THE CROSSED DIE. THE EPIDEMIC THAT KILLS THEM RUNS ITS COURSE. THE LAND IS CLEAN.



WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO CAN'T ESCAPE? OR WHO DON'T HAVE RADIOS TO HEAR YOUR WARNING?

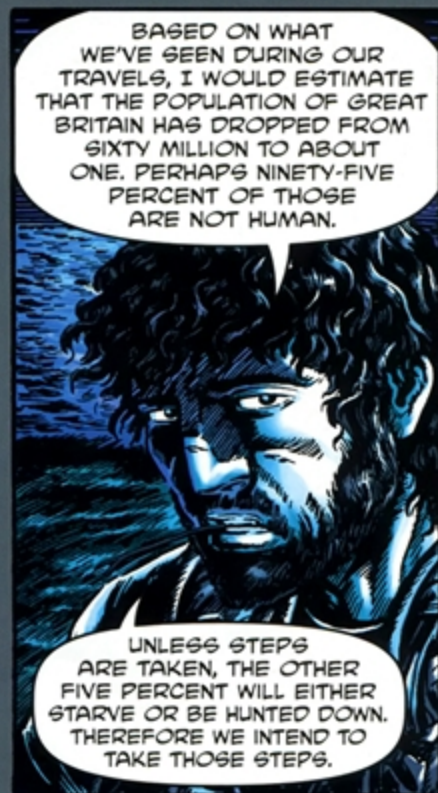
THEY'LL BE KILLED.



BUT-- BUT WHAT IF IT DOESN'T EVEN *WORK* ON CROSSED...?

THEY DIE OF THE COLD, THEY'LL DIE OF THE PLAGUE.

WE HAVE ACTUALLY THOUGHT THIS THROUGH QUITE CAREFULLY, PADRE. IT WASN'T A DECISION WE ARRIVED AT LIGHTLY.



BASED ON WHAT WE'VE SEEN DURING OUR TRAVELS, I WOULD ESTIMATE THAT THE POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN HAS DROPPED FROM SIXTY MILLION TO ABOUT ONE. PERHAPS NINETY-FIVE PERCENT OF THOSE ARE NOT HUMAN.

UNLESS STEPS ARE TAKEN, THE OTHER FIVE PERCENT WILL EITHER STARVE OR BE HUNTED DOWN. THEREFORE WE INTEND TO TAKE THOSE STEPS.





IT...  
IT'S JUST  
SO...

THERE'S SIMPLY  
NO OTHER WAY TO TACKLE  
THE PROBLEM. STRANGE AS  
IT MAY SEEM, WE ARE THE ONLY  
MILITARY UNIT STILL OPERATING--  
AT LEAST THAT I'M AWARE OF.  
WE KNOW THE LOCATIONS OF  
VARIOUS AMMUNITION CACHES,  
BUT WE'RE LIMITED TO WHAT  
WE CAN CARRY ON  
OUR BACKS.

IN  
OTHER WORDS:  
EVENTUALLY,  
WE DIE TOO.



BUT FOR  
GOD'S SAKE,  
MAN, YOU'RE  
CONDEMNING  
PEOPLE TO  
DEATH--!

WE DO  
THAT ALL  
THE TIME.



WE'VE ENCOUNTERED  
VARIOUS SETTLEMENTS,  
AS I SAY. SOME WE JUDGED  
COMPETENT ENOUGH TO SURVIVE--  
WE GAVE THEM WHATEVER ASSISTANCE  
WE COULD. OTHERS WE JUDGED  
DOOMED BY THEIR OWN STUPIDITY--  
THOSE WE LEFT TO THE  
WHIM OF FATE.

IT'S A QUESTION  
OF RESOURCES. OURS  
ARE LIMITED.



I UNDERSTAND  
ALL THAT. BUT TO  
GO THIS FAR IS  
NOTHING SHORT  
OF MONSTROUS.

VERY  
TRUE.

IT'S A HIROSHIMA,  
PADRE. A WAR-ENDER.  
BUT IT'S NO LESS  
DREADFUL FOR ALL  
THAT.

ALL  
THE SAME,  
CONSIDER  
THIS:



A NATION  
FREE OF THE CROSSED.  
AN *ISLAND* NATION, NOT  
EASILY INVADED EVEN BY  
A SANE OPPONENT.

CAN YOU IMAGINE  
WHAT PEOPLE MIGHT  
ACHIEVE WITH THE LARGELY  
STILL-INTACT RESOURCES  
OF THAT NATION...?














AW FOR FUCKSAKE,  
PADRE, WHAT'RE YE  
DOIN' WI' THAT?

WHAT  
I HAVE  
TO.

I JUST WANT  
YOU TO KNOW THAT  
I'M HERE FOR YOU.  
ALL OF YOU.

AS SOMEONE  
TO TALK TO. A HELPING  
HAND. A SHOULDER TO  
LEAN ON, IF NEED BE.

YE KNOW, FOR  
A SECOND THERE,  
I THOUGHT YE WERE  
GONNA SAY A FUCKIN'  
SHOULDER TO  
CRY ON...

THAT TOO.  
WE ARE NONE OF US  
INFALLIBLE, EVEN THE  
BRAVEST OF US.

IF YOU WANTED,  
IF IT WOULD HELP TO  
UNBURDEN YOURSELF,  
I COULD ALSO HEAR  
YOUR CONFESSION.

I DOUBT  
YE'VE THE  
TIME.

I WOULD  
ALWAYS HAVE  
TIME.

LISTEN TO ME: THE TASK  
YOU'RE UNDERTAKING IS THE  
GRAVEST IMAGINABLE. THE SPIRITUAL  
AND MORAL IMPLICATIONS ARE IMMENSE.  
YOU CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO THINK ABOUT  
GOING THROUGH WITH IT BEFORE  
CONSIDERING THE THREAT TO  
YOUR IMMORTAL SOUL...

AYE, I WONDERED WHEN  
WE'D BE GETTIN' ROUND TO THAT.  
YE CAN PUT THE GOD-BOTHERIN' KIT  
AWAY, PADRE, YE'VE NO FUCKIN' IDEA  
OF THE THINGS WE SAW BEFORE  
WE DECIDED TO DO THIS.

SO NO  
TAKERS.











SHARDS OF SHRAPNEL,  
PRESSING ON MY HEART.

JULIE, I KNOW ALL  
ABOUT WHAT THEY'RE  
SAYING ON THE RADIO,  
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN  
DEALING WITH FOR THE  
LAST THREE DAYS...

NO-- NO--  
LISTEN.

HAS ANYONE  
COME NEAR THE  
HOUSE? HAVE YOU  
OR THE KIDS HAD  
ANY CONTACT WITH  
ANYONE?

WHAT  
MAN?

WHERE IS HE  
NOW, CAN YOU SEE  
HIM? UNCONSCIOUS OR  
DEAD? NO, *DON'T* GO  
OUT TO CHECK. DON'T GO  
ANYWHERE NEAR HIM,  
D'YOU UNDERSTAND?

JULIE, DID  
YOU TOUCH HIM,  
OR DID HE TOUCH  
YOU...?

I MEAN ACTUAL  
BODILY CONTACT OF ANY  
KIND, DID YOUR HAND TOUCH  
HIS WHEN YOU WERE GIVING  
HIM THE WATER...

OH,  
THANK CHRIST  
ALMIGHTY.









HARRRYYYYYY!

GHT.  
OH GHT.

JULIE!

MARK, KEEP  
RUNNING!

MUMMY...!

DADDY'S HERE,  
MARK! IT'S GOING TO  
BE OKAY! DADDY'S  
HERE!

HARRY--!

JULIE, RUN  
TOWARDS ME!  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
HEAR SHOOTING BUT  
IT'S NOT AT YOU!  
KEEP GOING!















THERE FOLLOWED A PAUSE OF  
AROUND ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS.



AND EVERYTHING  
I'VE DONE SINCE THEN'S  
BEEN CHILD'S PLAY.

TO BE CONTINUED



**A new ongoing series  
by Kieron Gillen!**



1945. Germany is in ruins. The war in the west can only be days away from ending. Threats of "wunderwaffen" to be unleashed by the dying Reich have become laughable. There are no miracle weapons here. It's over. It has to be over.

**It's not.**

**KIERON GILLEN**

**Über**



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