

THE DEVIL'S SHARE

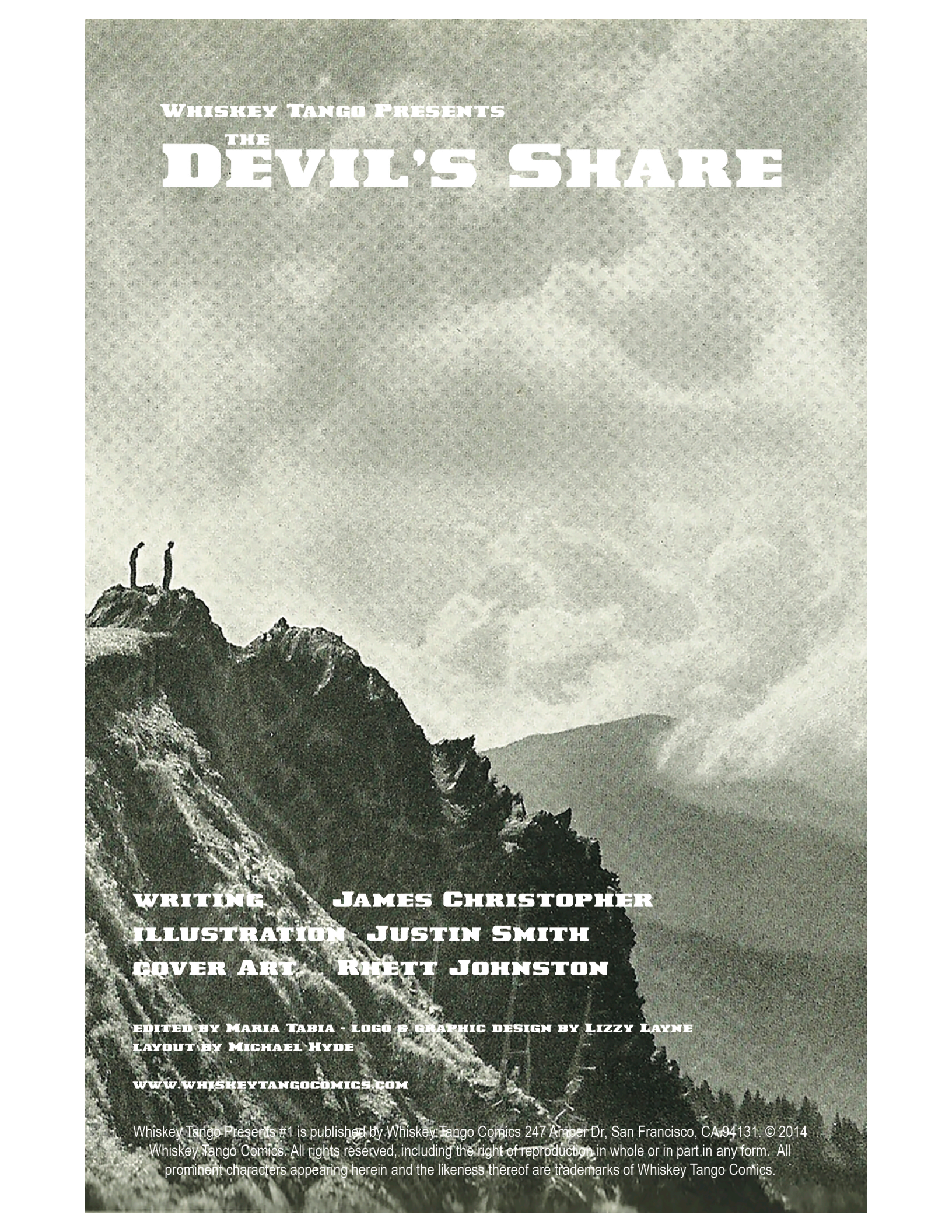


**WHISKEY
TANGO**

PRESENTS

#1

\$2.99



WHISKEY TANGO PRESENTS

**THE
DEVIL'S SHARE**

WRITING JAMES CHRISTOPHER

ILLUSTRATION JUSTIN SMITH

COVER ART RHETT JOHNSTON

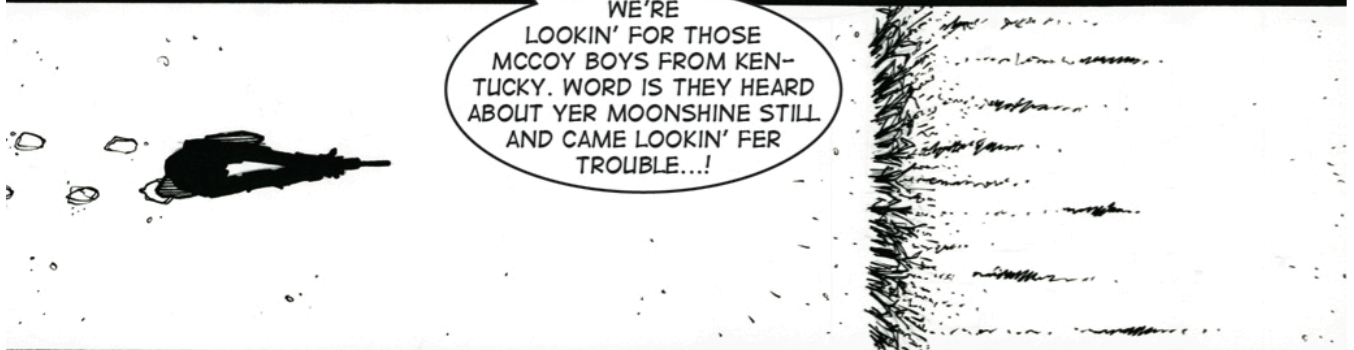
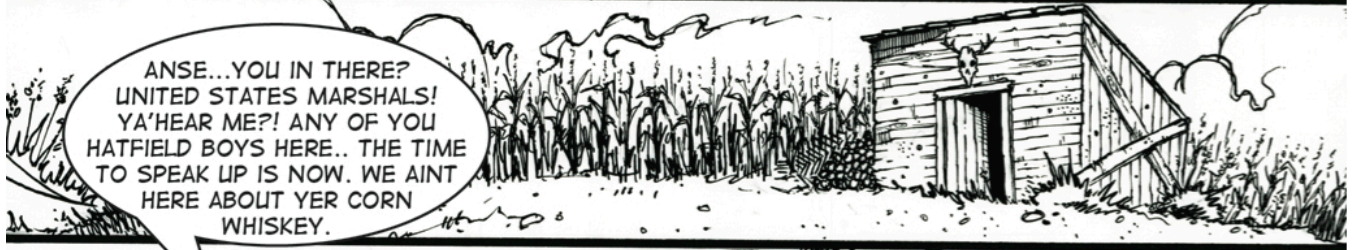
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"FEUD COUNTRY" NEAR THE
KENTUCKY - WEST VIRGINIA BORDER - 1881







YOU
WOULDN'T
KNOW ANY-
THING ABOUT
THAT NOW
WOULD'YA?

I AIN'T
HERE TO
TAKE SIDES
ON THIS
FEUD YA'LL
GOT GOIN'.

JUST DOIN' MY
JOB HERE ANSE.
GOTTA FIND THESE
BOYS... IF YER IN
THERE... GET READY....
I'M COMIN' IN!

YOU ARE NOT A HATTFIELD.

A black and white illustration of a hand holding a small bottle with 'X's on its label, set against a background of horizontal lines.

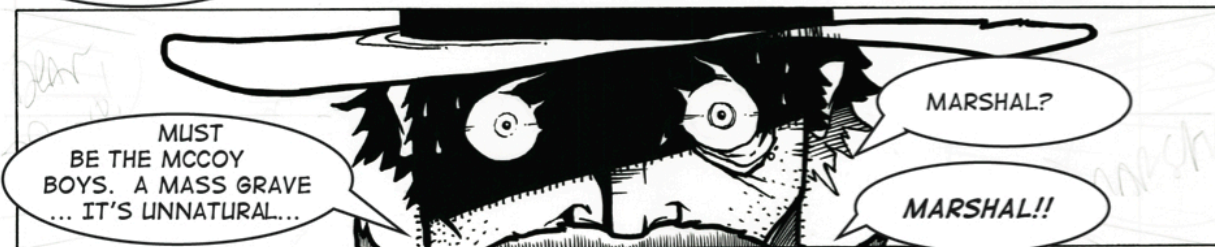
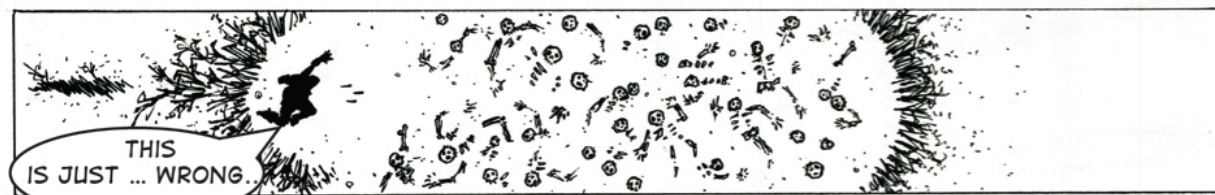
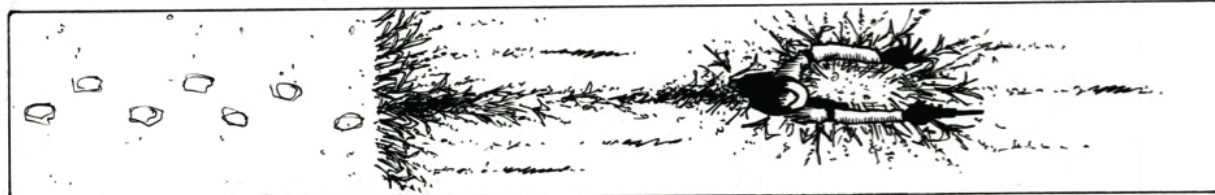
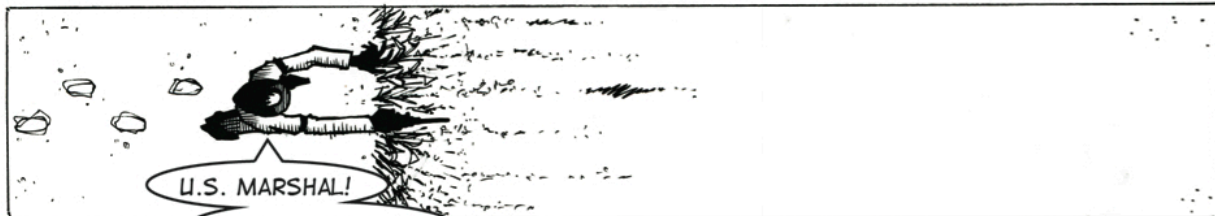
AAARRSHALL.....

HATFIELDS?! GOD DAMN IT, ANSE! I AINT PLAYIN' WITH YA'LL!

REEEELLAAAAAX...
AAAA....

MMMMMARSHAL.... TAKE A PULL... YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO

UMMM, UHH...
JUST ONE, I SUPPOSE.







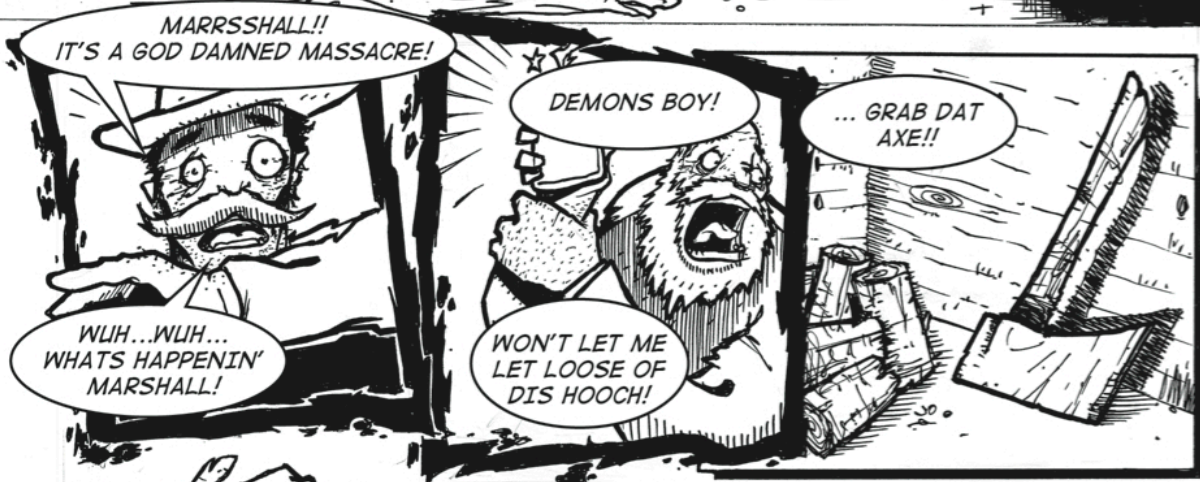
"OUR
FATHER...

WHO
ART
IN HEAVEN...

HALLOWED
BE
THY NAME..."

LORD
JESUS, WHY HAVE YOU
FORSAKEN ME?!!

WHAT... IS...
HAPPENING...?



MARSHAL NOW DAMMIT WE'GOTS
TUH GET'DAT TENDED TO!

JUST WORRY ABOUT GETTIN'
US OUTTA HERE FER'NOW
YA'HEAR'ME?

WELL MARSHAL,
I'D LIKE TO PERSONAL-
LY THANK'YA MYSELF. MY
BOYS HERE TOLD ME THIS
BATCH OF SHINE, HAD,
UMM... WENT BAD,
SO-TO-SPEAK....

....AND AFTER
WATCHIN' YER
LITTLE EPISODE IN
THERE, WELL... I
RECKON THEY'RE
RIGHT

THIS IS
INSANE ANSE.
THIS A PERVER-
SION AGAINST
THE NATURAL
ORDER!

YES SIR, THAT'S WHY WE'RE
GONNA DROP THE REST OF THIS
BATCH HERE OFF IN KENTUCKY.

WH...WHAT!

BLAM!

FWOOSH!

I'M DONE TALKIN' WITH YA'LL.

AHHHHH!

POW POW POW

END... ?

Science people say the human race is doomed. They claim that due to our pension fer greed and war mongerin' mixed with our predisposition for turnin' the world's oceans into toilets, there can only be one inevitable outcome, we're all fucked. They predict that when the hammer drops on our final day of judgement, it'll be the cockroach that stands alone in this garbage wasteland. I feel it's only right to interject at this point and make it clear that although I'm using some fancy college words, I ain't in fact a scholarly expert or nothin' of the sort. I'm just a simple man from Appalachia that feels the need to remind whoever "they" are that thought up this pile of doomsday shenanigans, that they need to spend a little more time gettin' to know another resilient survivor, the hillbilly.

Before civilization and before mass communities lived in city centers, people lived in the hills. They knew how to use weapons to hunt and defend themselves. They knew how to grow their own gardens and build shelter. They knew how to take care of their own. I grew up in a family of coal miners. Fer five generations the hardened men of my family toiled away, sometimes 12 hours a day and 7 miles deep in the West Virginia coal fields. I did not follow this path, my hands are too soft and my nerves too weak for such unimaginable soul crushin' work. I am here however, to talk about it. The lastin' impression and immense respect I have for what my family endured is somethin' I've realized over the years deserves an outlet. It is from their sacrifices that I have been allowed the freedom to pursue this craft of comic writing, and I intend on using this opportunity to share their story, which I feel is my duty. So here I am.

One of, and maybe the most definin' factor of hill life to the rest of the world, is its isolation from the rest of urban consciousness. City folk tend to enjoy reducin' the idea of Appalachia hillbillies to toothless Jerry Springer stereotypes, and in some respects that reputation is due, I won't deny that. But there is another side here that needs talkin' about. A noble side. A lore that has just as much of a history soaked in blood and bullets as any Wild West tale. These are turbulent stories of morality. Stories forged in the fires of the Civil War and the ultimate dismantling of the slave owning south. A side that runs deep with American Indian mysticism and hillbilly folklore magic as well as the hardships and struggle of modern day impoverished realities. These are the stories of the Appalachian Hillbilly, weaved with gothic fantasy and hard boiled noir, that we are here to tell. This is Whiskey Tango.

—James Christopher, Whiskey Tango



Devil "Anse" & The Hatfield Boys
1890