



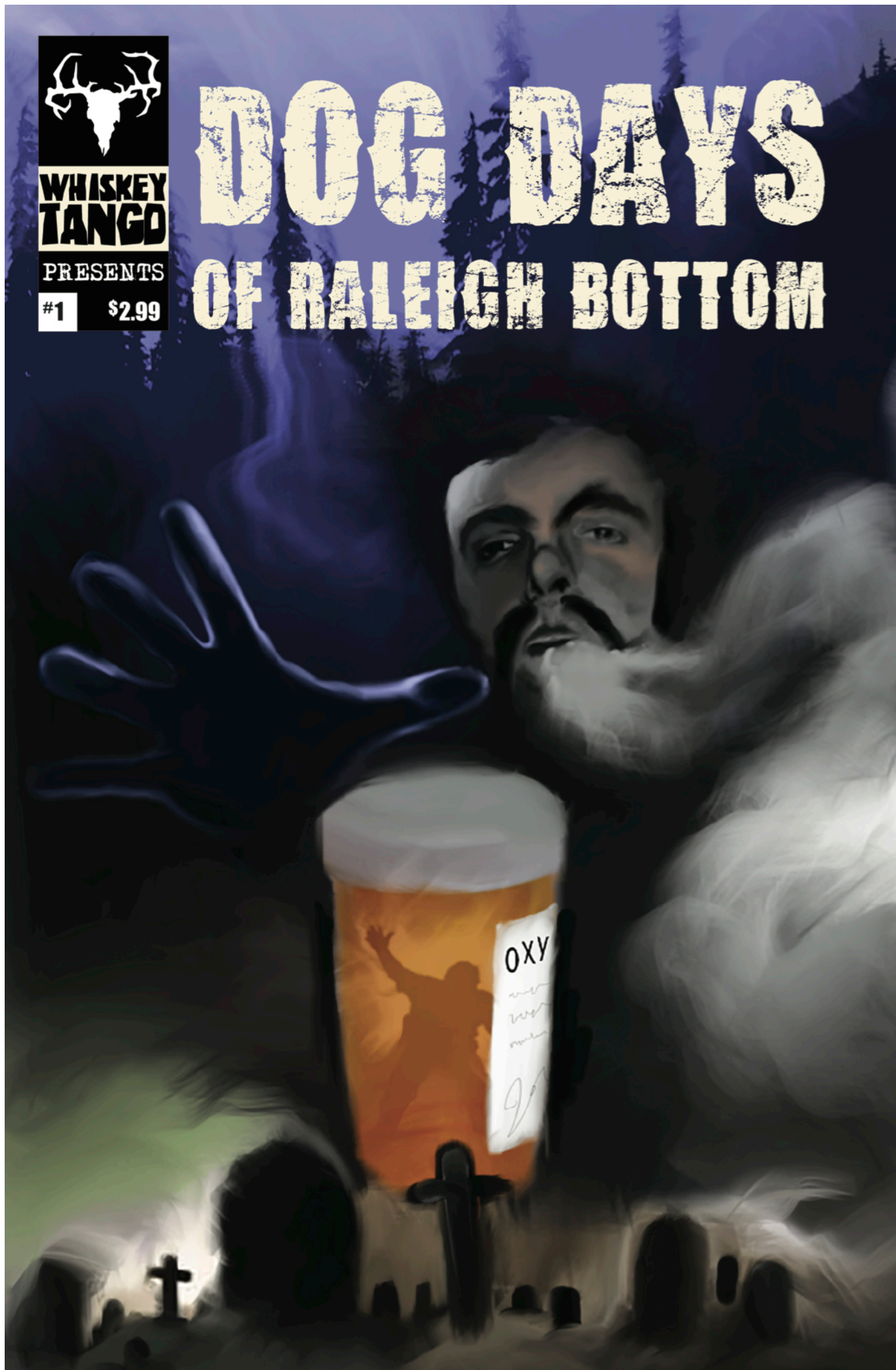
**WHISKEY
TANGO**

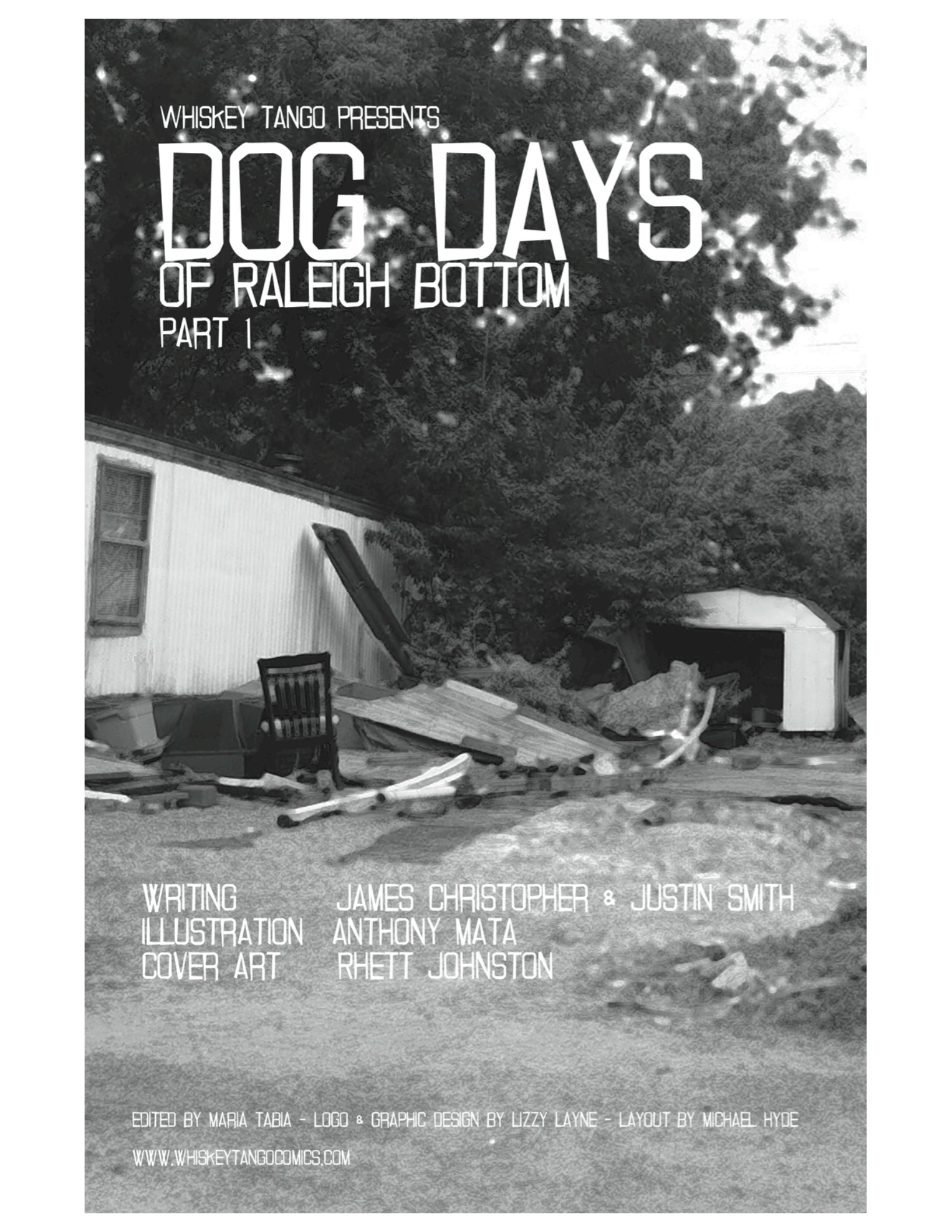
PRESENTS

#1

\$2.99

DOG DAYS OF RALEIGH BOTTOM





WHISKEY TANGO PRESENTS

DOG DAYS

OF RALEIGH BOTTOM
PART 1

WRITING
ILLUSTRATION
COVER ART

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MOMMA.

EARLIER THAT WEEK

WHAT AM I GONNA DO?

TWO PILLS LEFT.

SHIT.

SHOO WEE,
HOTTER THAN A TWO
PECKERED ALLEYCAT OUT
THERE TODAY.

WHAT CAN I DO
YUH FER FOR BUD?

UH,
THE USUAL
PLEASE.

DANG IT GAUGE...
WHAT HAVE I TOLD'YA
BOY?

HERE YUH GO.
LAST TIME.
I MEAN IT BOY.

...AND GAUGE.

I
AIN'T
S'POSE TO
FILL THESE
WITHOUT YER
MOMMA
PRESENT. WAIT HERE.

UMM... THERE'S
SOMETHIN' ON THE
BACK HERE I THINK YUH
NEED'TUH READ.

SON,
FOR ALL YOUR FAULTS,
ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT
I LOVE YOU. PLEASE GET
YOURSELF STRAIGHTENED
OUT. IF YOU CONTINUE
ON THIS PATH YOUR ON,
WELL... YOU KNOW.
PROMISE ME YOU'LL GET
YOU AND YOUR SISTERS
TO A BETTER PLACE IN
LIFE. ANYWHERE BUT
WITH REX. THEY ARE
GOING TO NEED YOU
SON. LOVE, MOM



I'M COMIN'. PLEASE DON'T GO AND DO NOTHIN' STUPID, MOMMA PLEASE.



OH NO! GOD PLEASE NO!

GOD!!
DAMMIT!!

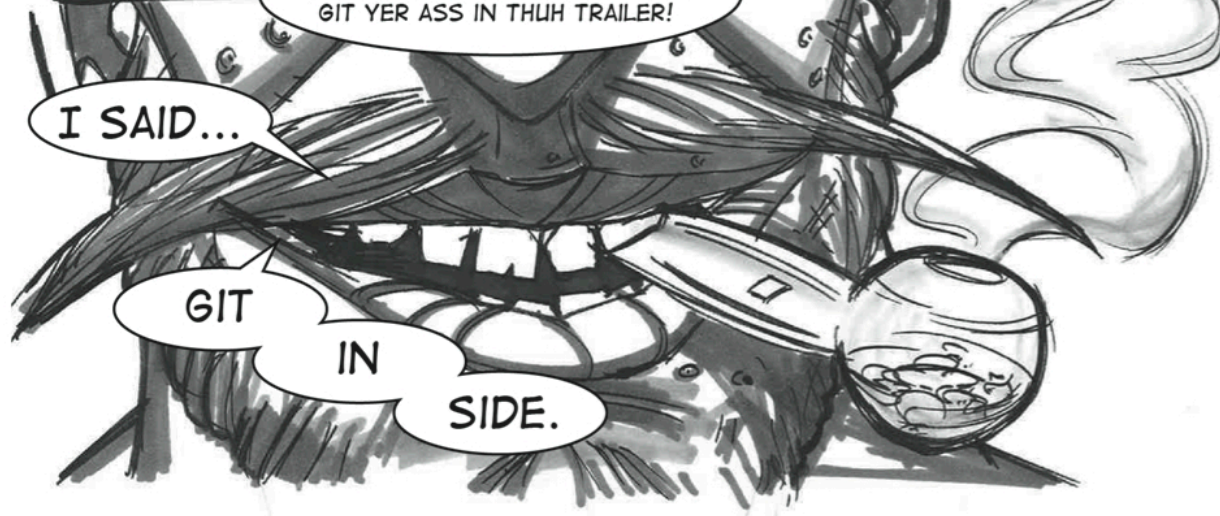
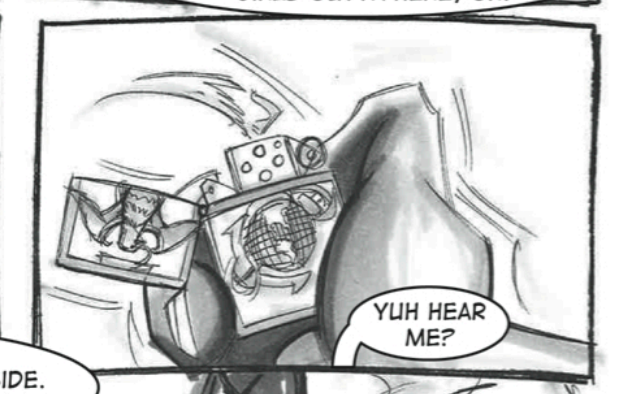
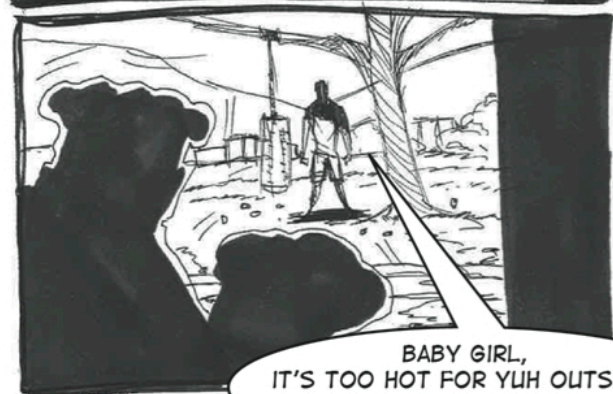
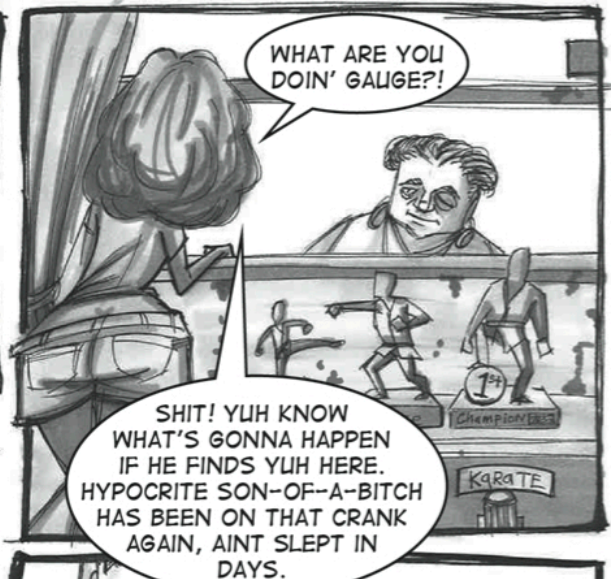


PRESENT DAY

ILL GRAB MEGAN AND BABY GIRL,
DOUBLE CHECK MOMMA'S PILL STASH...

AND THEN ILL GIVE THAT
GOOD-FER-NUTHIN SON-OF-A-BITCH
A PIECE OF
MY MIND ONCE AND FOR ALL.

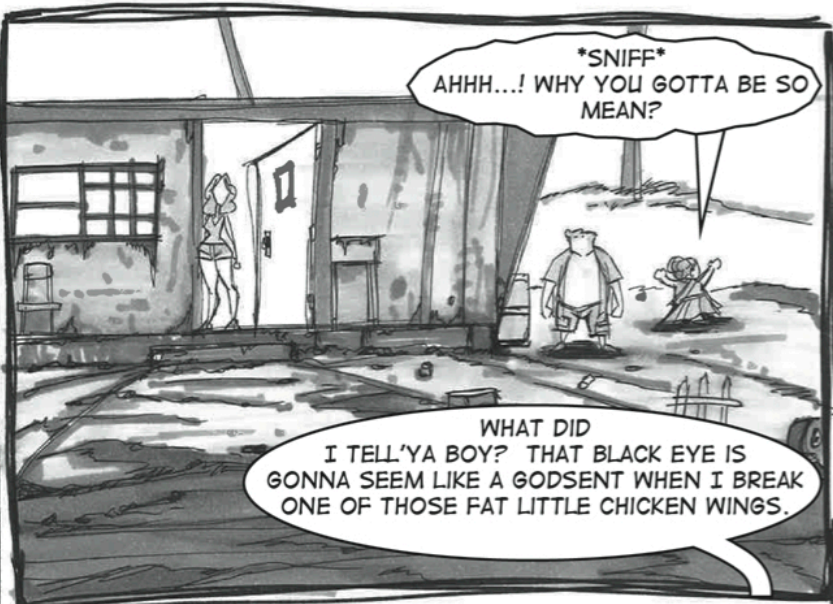






BABY GIRL...
GALGE DON'T
LIVE HERE NO
MORE. NOW YOU
GIT IN THAT HOUSE
AND TAKE OFF
THAT SILLY
GET-UP.

AIN'T NO
AMOUNT OF
IMAGINATION
THAT'S GONNA
HELP PRETENDIN'
YOU AINT UGLIER
IN THE FACE
THAN A HOG IS
IN THE ASS.



SNIFF
AHHH...! WHY YOU GOTTA BE SO
MEAN?

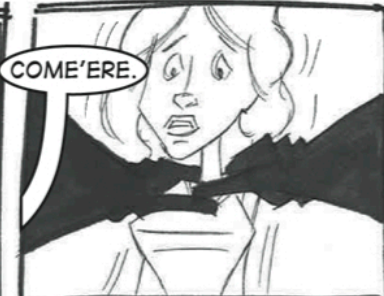
WHAT DID
I TELL'YA BOY? THAT BLACK EYE IS
GONNA SEEM LIKE A GODSENT WHEN I BREAK
ONE OF THOSE FAT LITTLE CHICKEN WINGS.



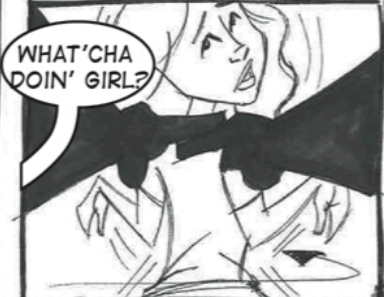
STOP THIS
NONSENSE,
MOMMA JUST DIED
FOR CHRIST SAYIN'.



JUST GOTTA GET IN'DAT TRAILER
AND FIND MOMMA'S STASH, AND
GET THE GIRLS TOO, OF COURSE.
THEN I'LL GET US OUTTA HERE AND
TO SOMEWHERE BETTER. LIKE
MOMMA WUZ SAYIN'.



COME'ERE.



WHAT'CHA
DOIN' GIRL?



GIT YER
SWEET ASS
BACK IN THE
HOUSE.

SMACK!

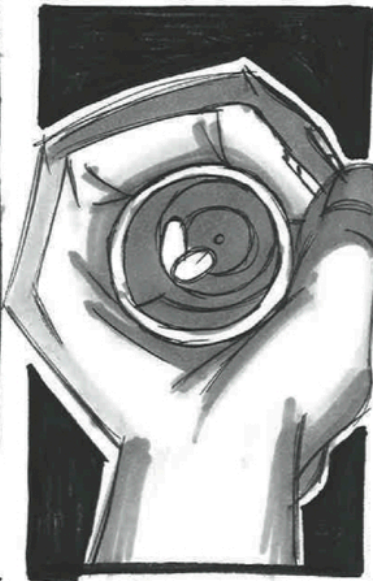


DON'T YOU
TOUCH HER LIKE
THAT REX!

HA! YOU
DON'T LIKE IT
WHEN I TOUCH
YOUR SISTER'S
SWEET CHERRY
ASS? WHAT'CHU
GONNA DO
ABOUT IT BOY?



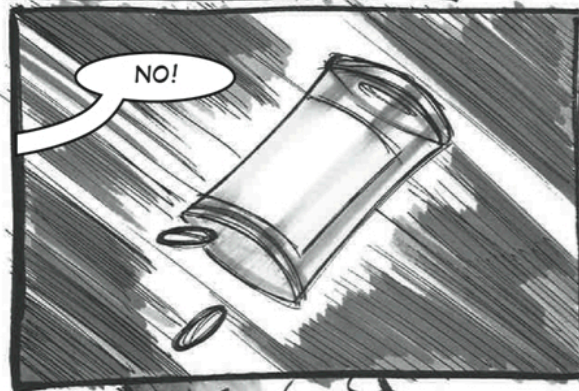
I UMM.. UHH, UMMM... CAN
TAKE ONE NOW AND UMM..
I'LL HAVE UMM... HAVE ONE
FER TOMORROW AND...



SLAP!

WHATCHA GOT
THERE BOY?

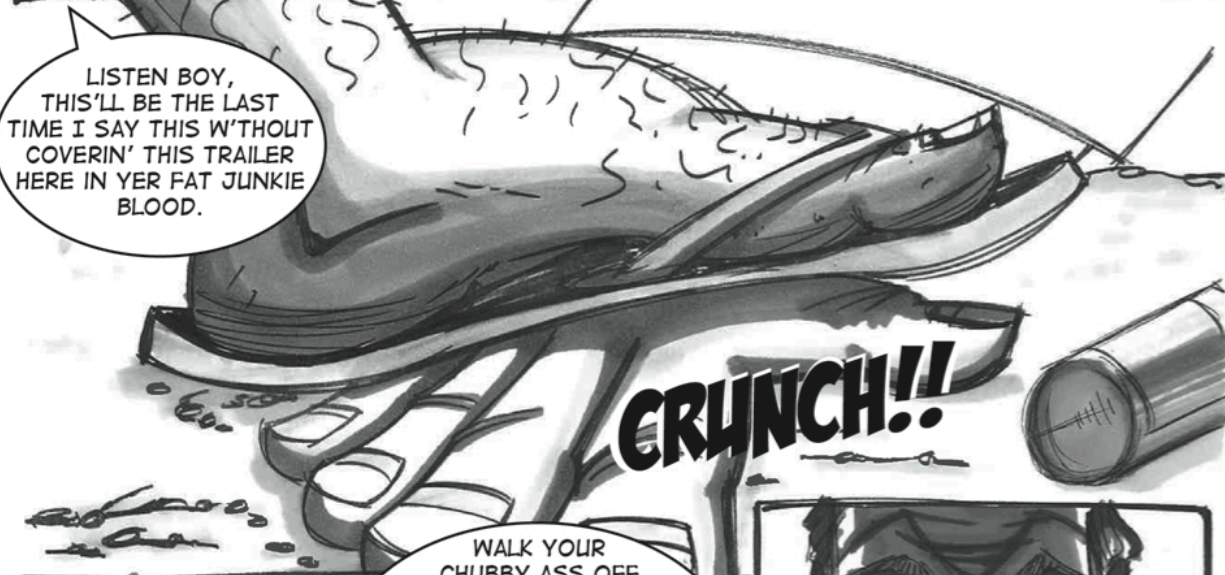
I
DON'T THINK
SO!



NO!



REX
PLEASE DON'T!



LISTEN BOY,
THIS'LL BE THE LAST
TIME I SAY THIS W'OUT
COVERIN' THIS TRAILER
HERE IN YER FAT JUNKIE
BLOOD.

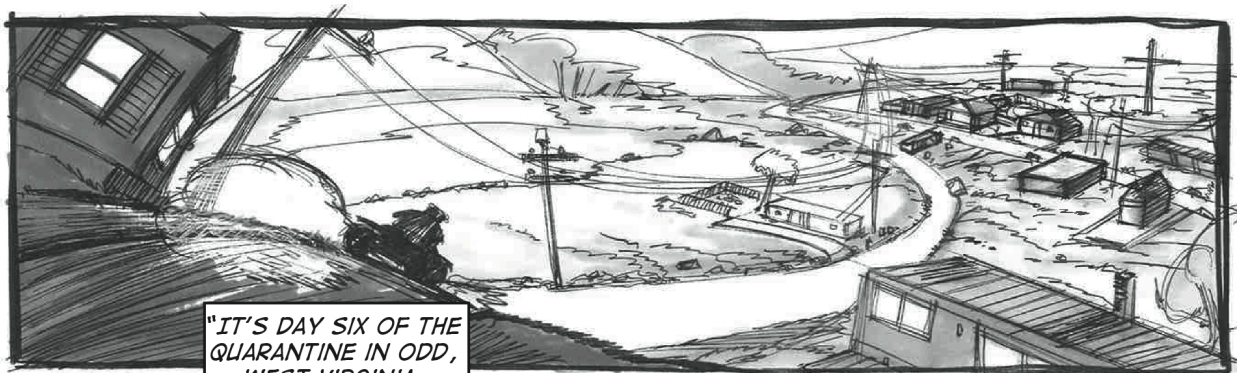
CRUNCH!!



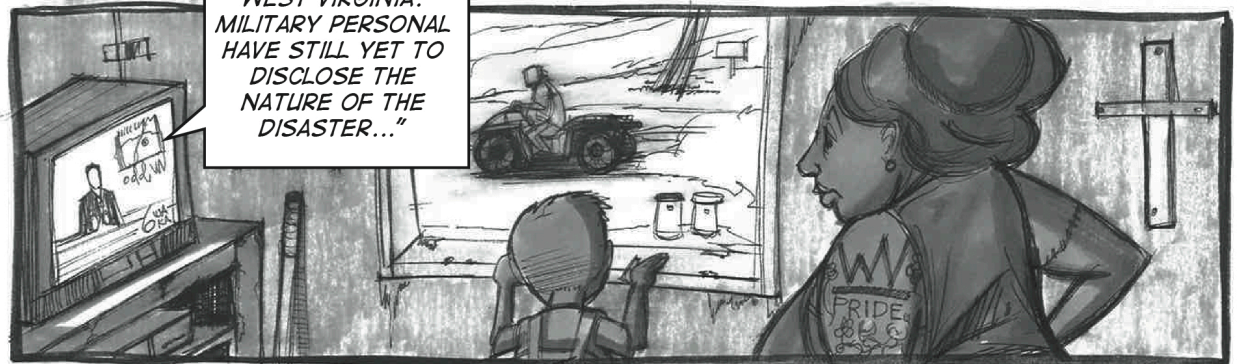
WALK YOUR
CHUBBY ASS OFF
THIS PROPERTY, FER
THE LAST FUCKIN' TIME.
YUH HEAR ME? OR GOD AS
MY WITNESS I'LL HURT
YOU IN WAYS THAT'LL MAKE
A MORGUE ATTENDANT
BLUSH!



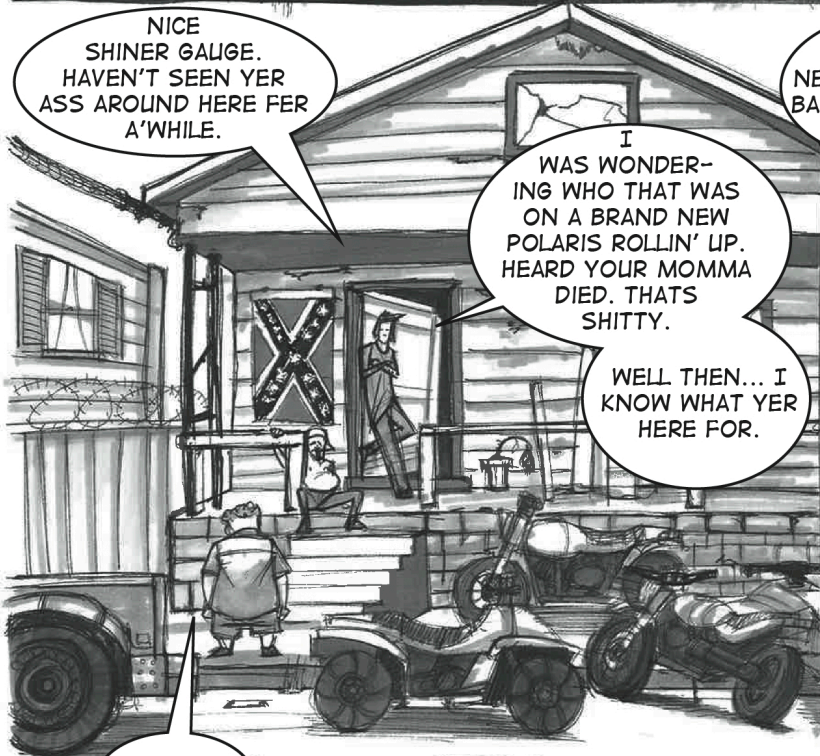
GALIGE.



"IT'S DAY SIX OF THE
QUARANTINE IN ODD,
WEST VIRGINIA.
MILITARY PERSONAL
HAVE STILL YET TO
DISCLOSE THE
NATURE OF THE
DISASTER..."



NICE
SHINER GAUGE.
HAVEN'T SEEN YER
ASS AROUND HERE FER
A'WHILE.



I
WAS WONDER-
ING WHO THAT WAS
ON A BRAND NEW
POLARIS ROLLIN' UP.
HEARD YOUR MOMMA
DIED. THATS
SHITTY.

WELL THEN... I
KNOW WHAT YER
HERE FOR.

YUP.

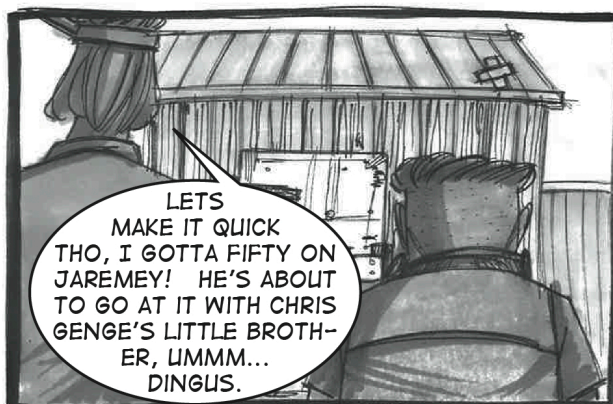
I
GUESS WE
NEED TO HEAD ON
BACK TO THE SHED
THEN.

GOT
SOME FIGHTS
GOIN' INDA YARD
TOO, IF YOU'D LIKE
TO TAKE WAGER.



KILL DAT
SON-OF-A-BITCH!

GET'M
BOY!



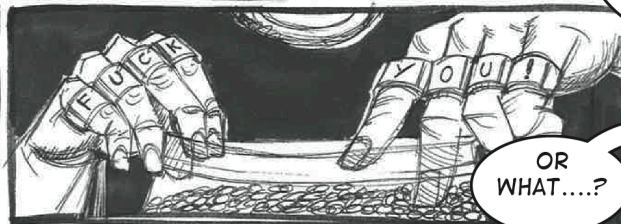
LETS
MAKE IT QUICK
THO, I GOTTA FIFTY ON
JAREMEY! HE'S ABOUT
TO GO AT IT WITH CHRIS
GENGE'S LITTLE BROTHER,
UMMM...
DINGUS.



THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE CALLING HIM
NOW, DINGUS. HE'S DUMB
AS A MULE, BUT THAT
FUCKER'S TUFFER THAN
A SACK'AH TATORS.



HA!
BOUT ALL THAT
TWENNY'S GONNA
GET YUH IS'A BAG OF
SHITTY CRANK OR....



OR
WHAT....?



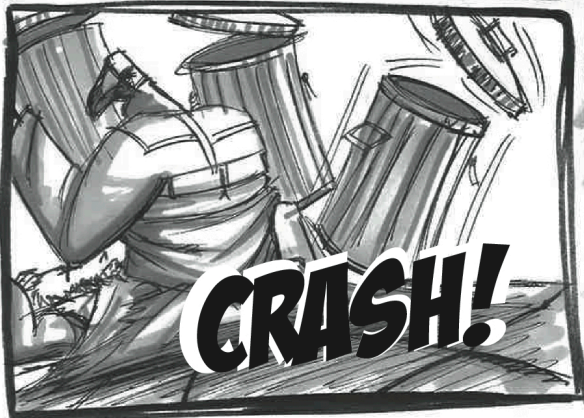
PLOP!

WHAT? ONE?
SINCE WHEN....

UGGGHH...
FINE!



RRRAARRMM!!



CRASH!



AHHRRR!!



WOH!

Fucken
up!

Dayum!

SHIT! I
MISSED THE
WHOLE COTTIN'
PICKIN' FIGHT!



THESE IDIOTS. I'M A FATTY? WELL YA'LL'S DUMB AS'A BOX OF HAIR IF YUH THINK YER GETTIN' THIS QUAD. REX'LL WORK OVER YOU BOYS LIKE A HOT KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER. HOPEFULLY YOU SHITS WILL KEEP HIM OCCUPIED LONG ENOUGH FER ME TO GET TO THAT TRAILER, CHECK FER MOMMA'S STASH, AND THEN GET THE GIRLS OUTTA THERE. WE'LL BE HALF WAY TO MERCER COUNTY B'FORE THEY EVEN REALIZE WE'RE GONE.

SO HOW DO WE WANNA GO HERE?

NO! HA! NO, NO, - NO... GAUGE, WHAT THE FUCK MAN? YOU BETTER NOT BE TAKIN' US WHERE I THINK YUH ARE?"

I SAY WE JUST EACH TAKE A TURN'ER TWO SPLITTIN HIS FACE LIKE A GOD DAMNED MELON. HURT'EM IN WAYS THAT'LL MAKE'M USELESS TO A WOMAN.

I'M READY TO GO. GAUGE SAID HE'S COMING TO TAKE US TO MOMMA.

TRUTH IS... GAUGE... OR ANYBODY COME NEAR THIS PROPERTY FIXIN' TO MESS WITH US AND THEIR GONNA FIND OUT REAL QUICK WHAT IT MEANS TO CROSS SOUTHERN WEST VIRGINIA'S KARATE....

SWEET BABY GIRL, FER'DA LAST TIME, MOMMA'S DEAD, AND UMM...

CHAMPION!!

WHAT DA HELL YUH TALKIN' BOUT?!

THIS IS REX SCARBRO'S PROPERTY! THIS DUDE KNOWS KARATE, LIKE FOR REAL!

YA'LL SHOULD LISTEN TO YER BUDDY HERE.

SHIT! JESUS REX, LISTEN! WE DIDN'T KNOW. GAUGE LIED TO US MAN!

IF A MAN TREPASSES... WITH HARMFUL INTENT... I'M WITHIN MY LEGAL RIGHT TO END HIS LIFE.

YUH KNOW WHAT I LOVE MOST ABOUT LIVIN' IN THIS HILLBILLY SHIT HOLE...?



TO BE HONEST... I HOPE HE DOES KILL ME!

CUZ, IF HE DON'T, THESE REDNECK SONS-A-BITCHES CERTAINLY 'NOUGH WILL

AAHHHHH!!

KI-YAHH!!

I AIN'T SCERD
O'THIS SHIT
TURKEY!

BRRRINT!!

TO BE CONTINUED...

Appalachian Gothic ∞ Hillbilly Noir



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