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GABRIEL HARPMAN
2013
NW

Pratchett ♦ Baldó ♦ Ketner ♦ Frigeri ♦ Churin

ThiefTM

Tales from the City

— PART 1 —

SCRIPT

Rhianna Pratchett

ART

Fernando Baldó

COLORS

Dan Brown

LETTERING

Nate Piekos of Blambot®

COVER ART

Gabriel Hardman with Matthew Wilson

Designer, Adam Grano ♦ Editor, Shantel LaRocque
Editor in Chief, Scott Allie ♦ Publisher, Mike Richardson

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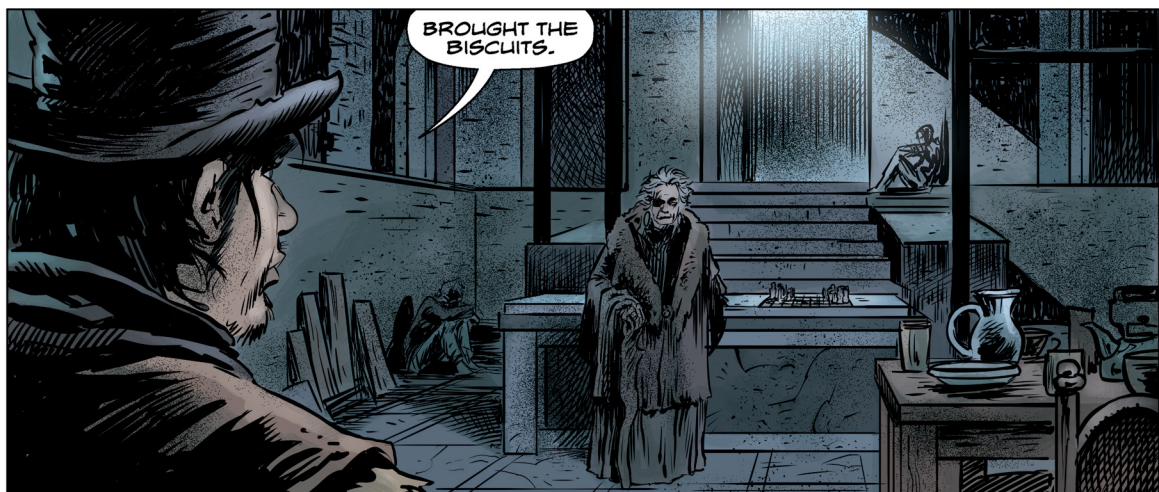
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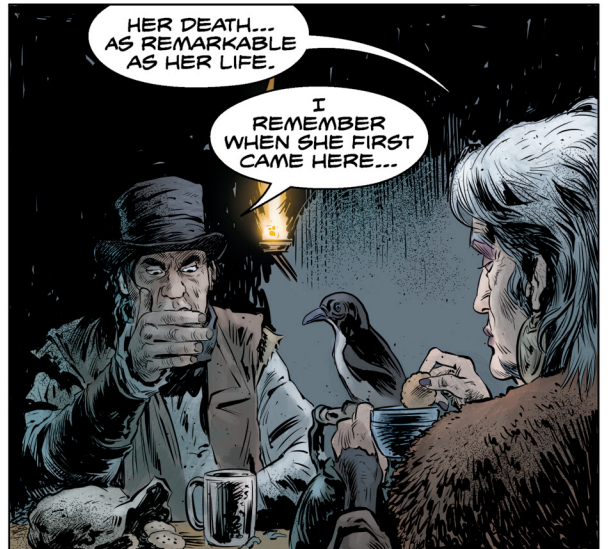
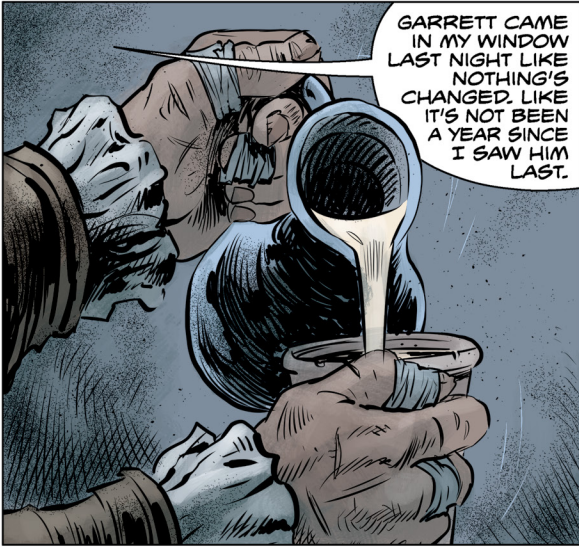
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Illustration by Joel Dos Reis Viegas

SOMEWHERE
IN THE CITY...









"A STOWAWAY..."



"...BUT A RESOURCEFUL ONE."

OI!
STOP!



"SHE HAD GUTS.
LEARNED TO STEAL
TO SURVIVE."



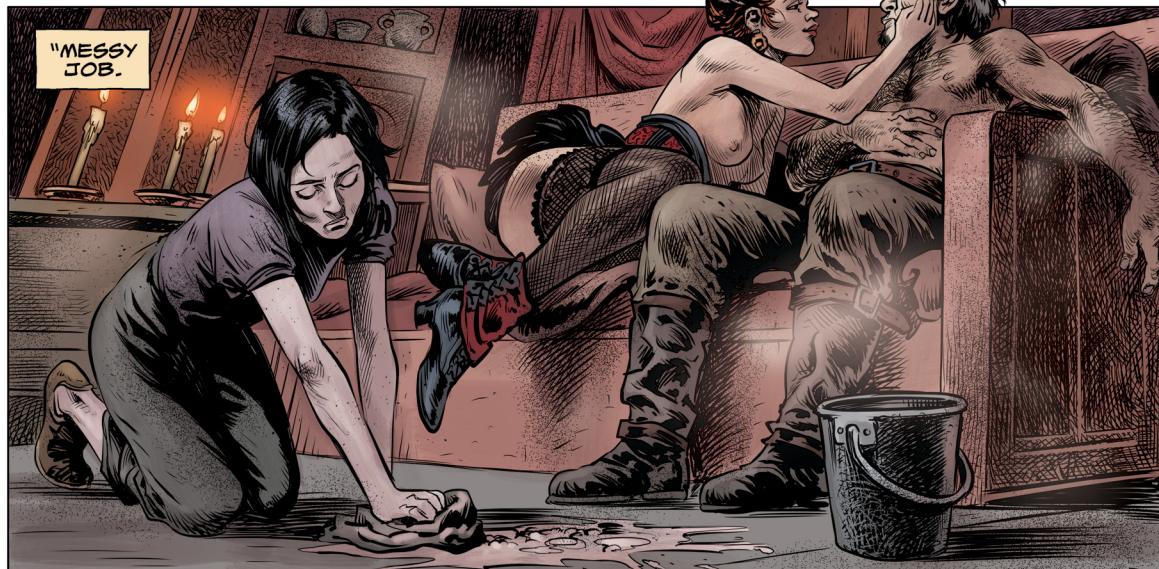
"THEN MADAM
XIAO-XIAO
FOUND HER."

"AND TOOK HER
BACK TO THE HOUSE
OF BLOSSOMS TO
BECOME A PETAL."

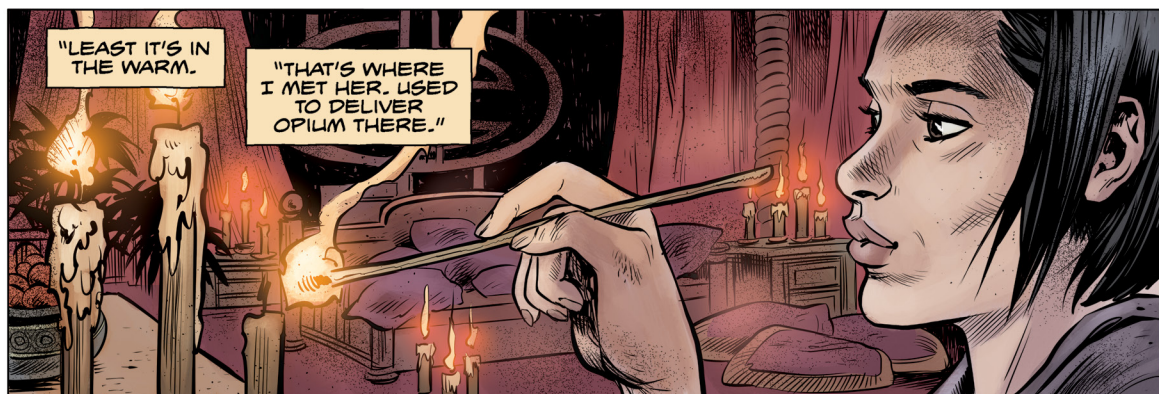


"PRIMROSE PETAL.
THAT'S WHAT THEY
CALLED HER."





"MESSY JOB."



"LEAST IT'S IN THE WARM."

"THAT'S WHERE I MET HER. USED TO DELIVER OPIUM THERE."

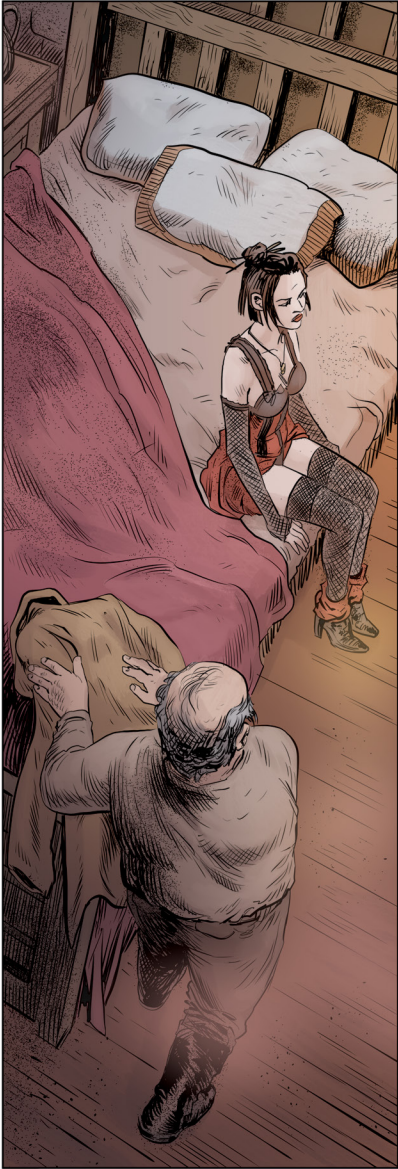
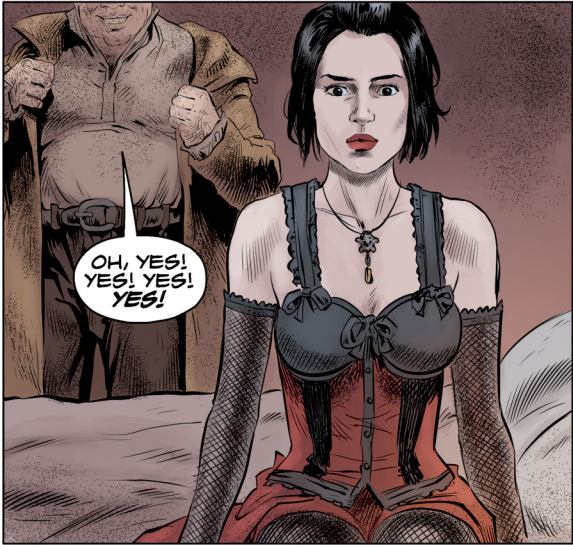
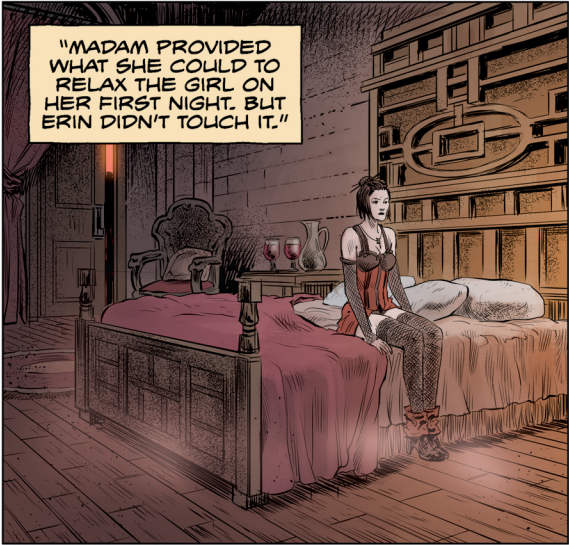


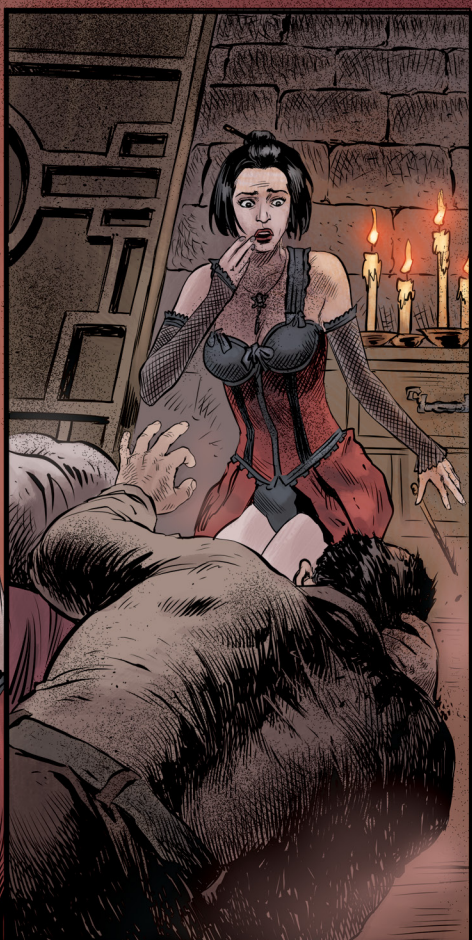
BASSO.

PRIMROSE.



"IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE SHE COULD BECOME A FULL BLOSSOM. OF COURSE THERE'S NO 'COULD' WITH MADAM XIAO-XIAO."





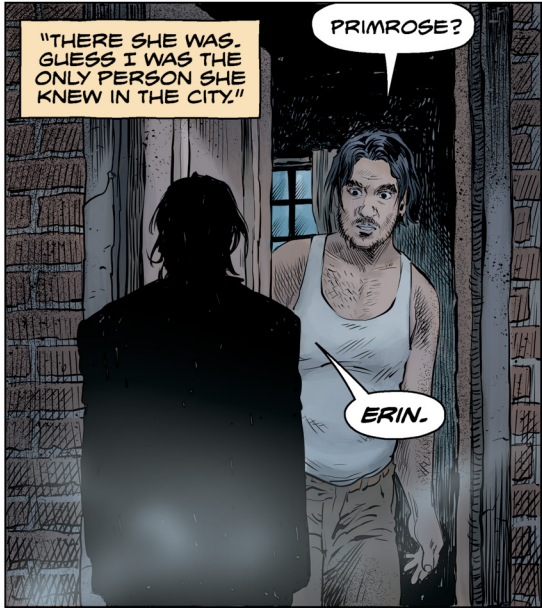






"AND BACK WHEN I USED TO OPEN MY DOOR AT NIGHT...."

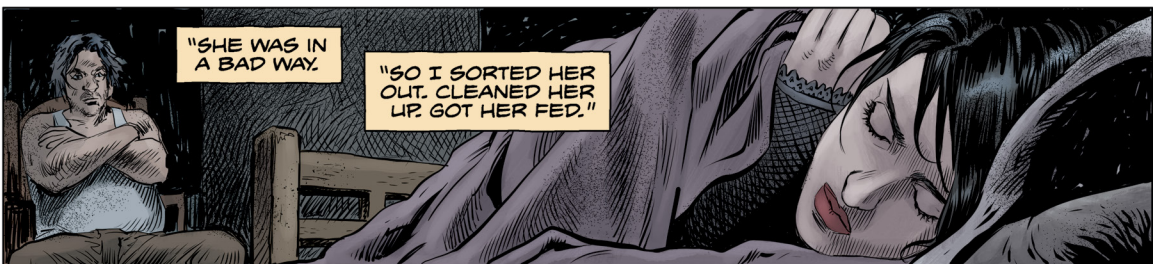
TOC TOC



"THERE SHE WAS. GUESS I WAS THE ONLY PERSON SHE KNEW IN THE CITY."

PRIMROSE?

ERIN.



"SHE WAS IN A BAD WAY."

"SO I SORTED HER OUT. CLEANED HER UP. GOT HER FED."



THERE'S A FELLOW I WANT YOU TO MEET. I THINK YOU COULD BE GOOD FOR EACH OTHER.

"I'M NOT REALLY ONE FOR GUESTS. BUT I SAW SOMETHING IN HER WHICH REMINDED ME OF SOMEONE ELSE I KNEW."



TAP TAP

THERE HE IS.



HE'S NOT GOOD WITH DOORS.



TO BE CONTINUED...

Tales from the City

— PART 2 —



SEBASTIAN
THOMPSON
2014
MM

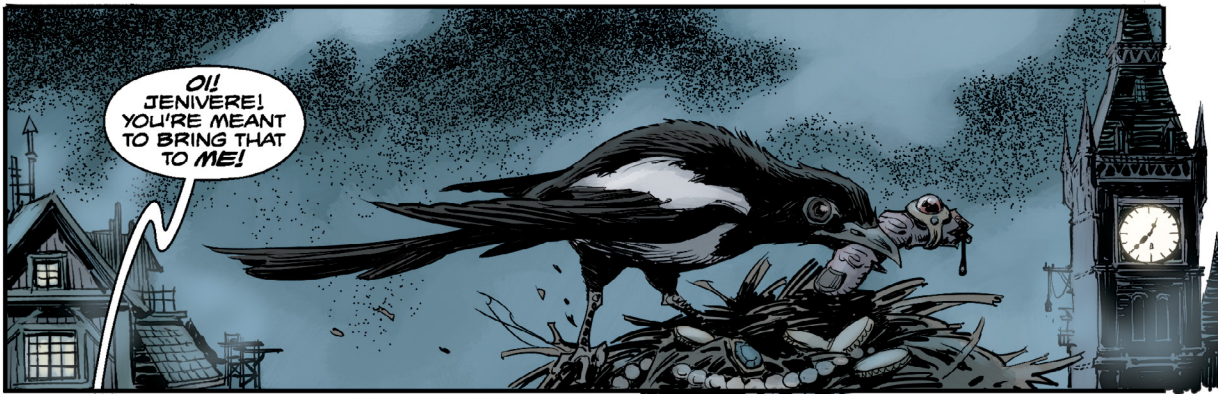
SCRIPT
Rhianna Pratchett

ART
Lukas Ketner

COLORS
Dan Brown

CHAPTER BREAK ART
Gabriel Hardman
with Matthew Wilson







I'VE
LIVED MY LIFE
ON THESE STREETS.
I'VE SCRIMPED AN'
SCRAPPED. HELL,
I'VE EVEN
BEGGED.



AN' NOW
THESE STREETS
ARE GOING TO
SHIT!



ORION IS
THE ONLY ONE
WHO CARES. HE
KNOWS WHAT IT'S
LIKE. HE'S BEEN
THERE. HE'S MADE
ME SEE THAT
NORTHCREST'S
KILLIN' THIS CITY.



HE'S THE
SICKNESS! AN'
WE CAN'T GET
BETTER UNTIL
HE'S CUT
OUT!



CUT DOWN!
CUT DOWN BY
THE GRAVEN
DAWN!

SHE'S
RIGHT.

NORTHCREST
DOESN'T CARE
ABOUT US.

THE
GRAVEN
WHO?



GRAVEN
DAWN, EH?
CATCHY.



LET'S SEE
WHAT THIS MAN
OF THE PEOPLE
HAS TO SAY FOR
HIMSELF.



ALL RIGHT,
BOYS? I'M
HERE TO SEE
ORION.

HE'S
OKAY.



OKAY?
I'VE KNOWN
YOU SINCE YOU
COULDN'T PISS
STRAIGHT,
CHARLIE.

YEAH, YEAH.
GO ON IN. HE'S
DOCTORING OR
SOMETHING.



STOP THE VOICES. MAKE THEM STOP. PLEASE MAKE THEM STOP.



THEY'LL STOP SOON. I PROMISE.



BASSO!

THE ONE AND ONLY.



THANK YOU FOR COMING. I KNOW THE STREETS ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

TRUE ENOUGH. AND I DIDN'T THINK THEY COULD GET ANY WORSE.

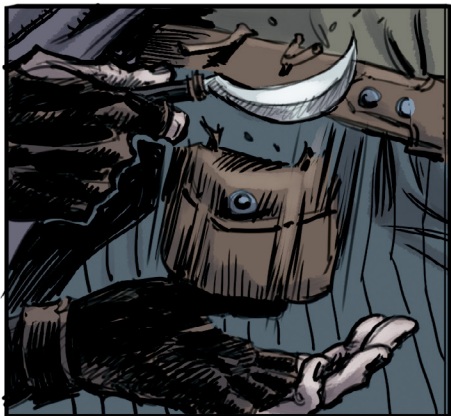


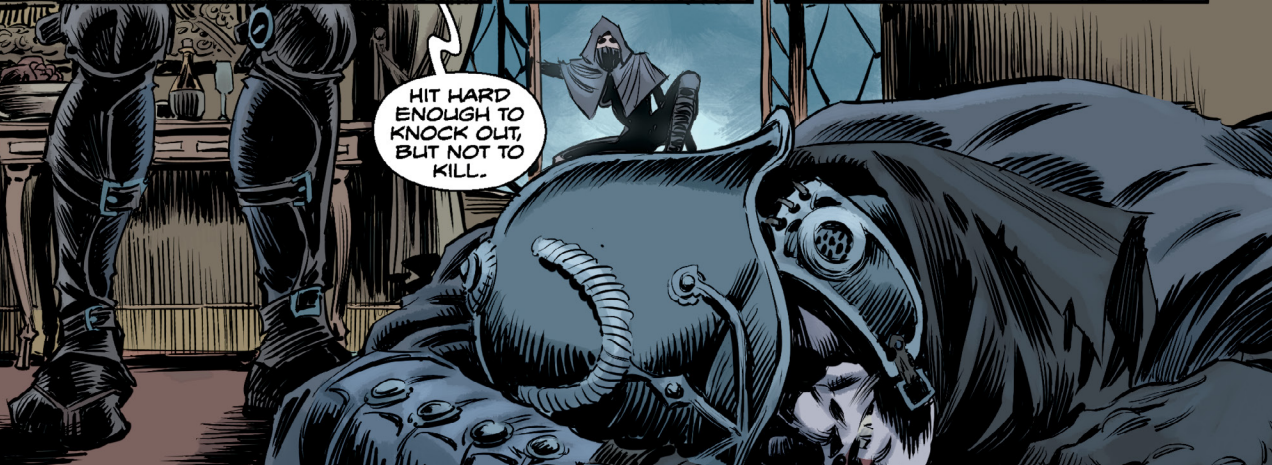
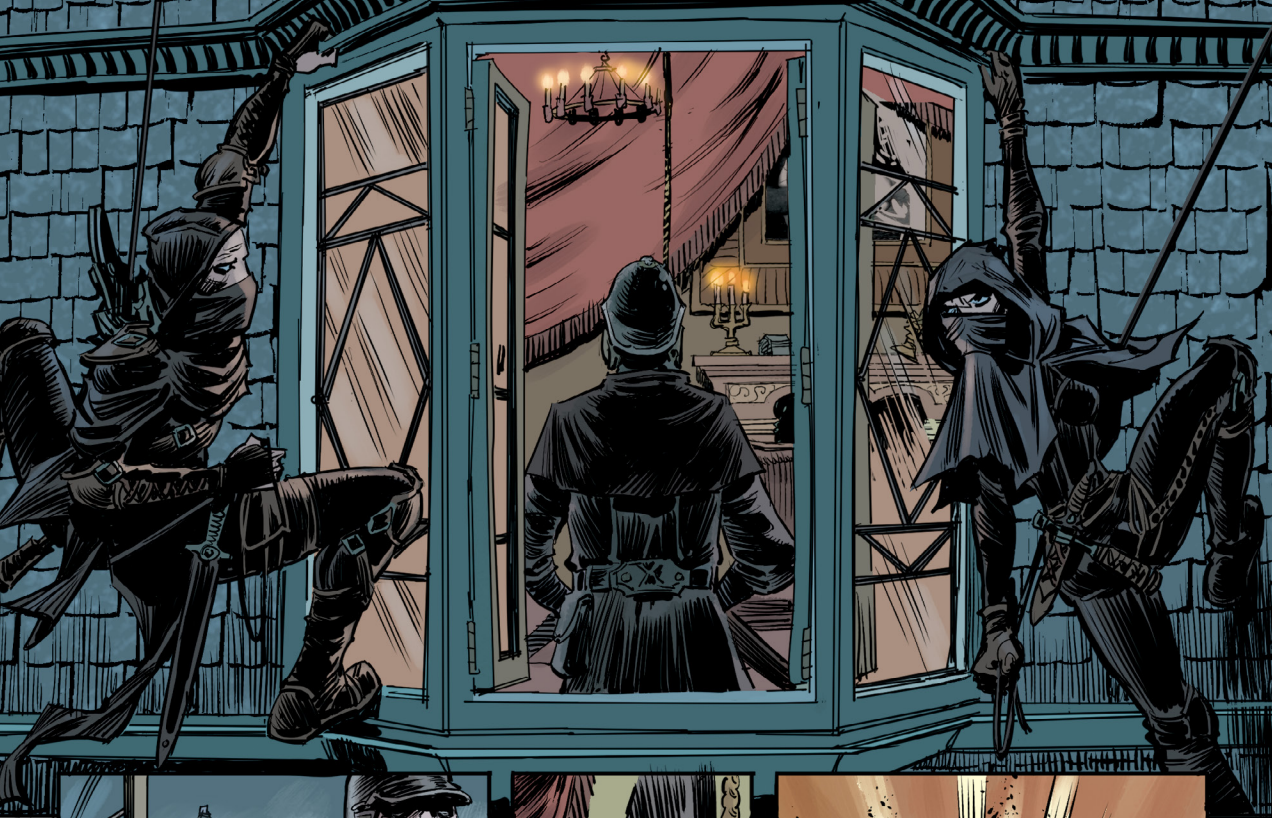


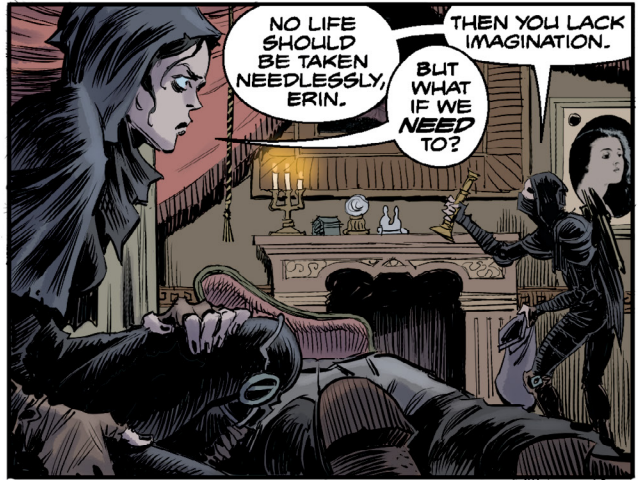
"BUT THEY USED TO BE SO GOOD TOGETHER. GARRETT TAUGHT HER WELL."

RED HAT.

GOT IT.









"AND THEN THERE WAS THE NIGHT IT ALL CHANGED.

"I NEEDED A BIT OF PAPERWORK RETRIEVED.

"ERIN AND GARRETT DID THEIR USUAL ROUTINE.



"KNOCKED OUT THE GUARDS."

YOU LOVE ARRANGING THEM LIKE THIS, DON'T YOU?

I DO.



CREEEK



I THOUGHT WE GOT THEM ALL?

I'LL GO AND CHECK.



I'LL CLEAN UP
YOUR MESS. BUT
ONCE I DO, WE'RE
THROUGH.

WHY? I
WAS SAVING
YOUR LIFE,
GARRETT!

I'VE
TAUGHT YOU
WHAT I KNOW.
BUT I CAN'T
MAKE YOU
LISTEN.

I WON'T BE
RESPONSIBLE
FOR YOU,
ERIN.

YOU'VE
NOTHING LEFT
TO TEACH ME,
ANYWAY.

THEN
YOU'RE
ON YOUR
OWN.

ENJOY
IT.

"AND SO THEY PARTED
COMPANY. HEARD ERIN
TOOK ON WORK AS AN
ASSASSIN. GIRL HAD
SKILLS. SHE USED THEM.

"BUT THAT WAS THE LAST
TIME THEY SAW EACH OTHER,
UNTIL THE NIGHT I BROUGHT
THEM BACK TOGETHER.

"AND THEN
EVERYTHING
WENT TO HELL."



TO BE CONTINUED IN
THIEF THE GAME.

Tales from the City

— PART 3 —



SCRIPT
Rhianna Pratchett

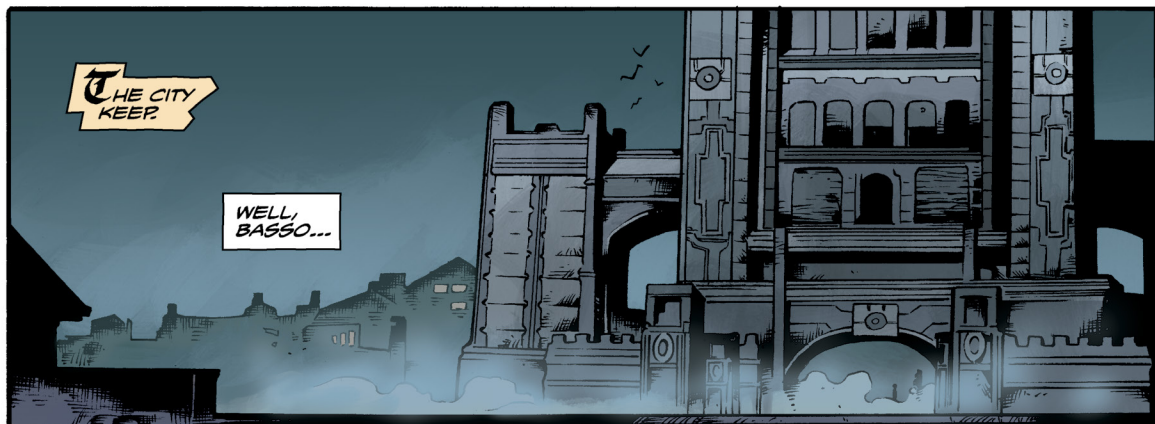
PENCILS
Juan Frigeri

INKS
Mauro Vargas

COLORS
Dan Brown

CHAPTER BREAK ART
Gabriel Hardman
with Matthew Wilson









HELLO, BOYS. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

GENERAL WANTS A WORD, BASSO.

SOMEONE'S NOT BEEN PAYING THEIR BLACK TAX.



THE GENERAL DOESN'T LIKE THAT.

IT'S BEEN *DELAYED*, THAT'S ALL.

BEEN DRUNK MORE LIKE.



OH! COME ON, GET THAT SWORD OUT OF MY FACE, SILAS!

WE ALL KNOW YOU'VE GOT ONE.

WE ALL KNOW YOU LIKE TO WAVE IT AROUND.



LET'S BE CALM ABOUT THIS. I AIN'T RUNNING. CAN'T RUN, EVEN IF I WANTED TO.

HE'S RIGHT. HE KNOWS HOW THIS GOES.

YEAH, AND A SWORD'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT THE GENERAL'LL DO TO HIM.





I CAN
PAY THE TAX,
GENERAL.
YOU KNOW
I'M GOOD
FOR IT.



YOU'RE NOT GOOD
FOR ANYTHING BUT
A RAT-SHOW.

THE TAX
CAN WAIT...
FOR THE TIME
BEING.



RIGHT NOW
I WANT TO
KNOW ONE
THING...

WHERE
IS THE
SO-CALLED
MASTER
THIEF?



THE
MASTER
WHAT?



YOU KNOW
BETTER THAN
THAT.

OH, THE
MASTER
THIEF.

I DON'T
KNOW.

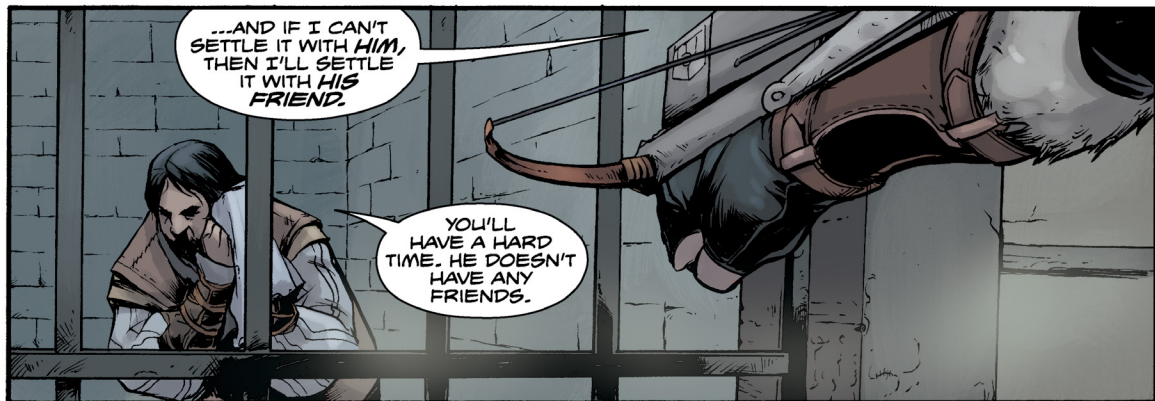


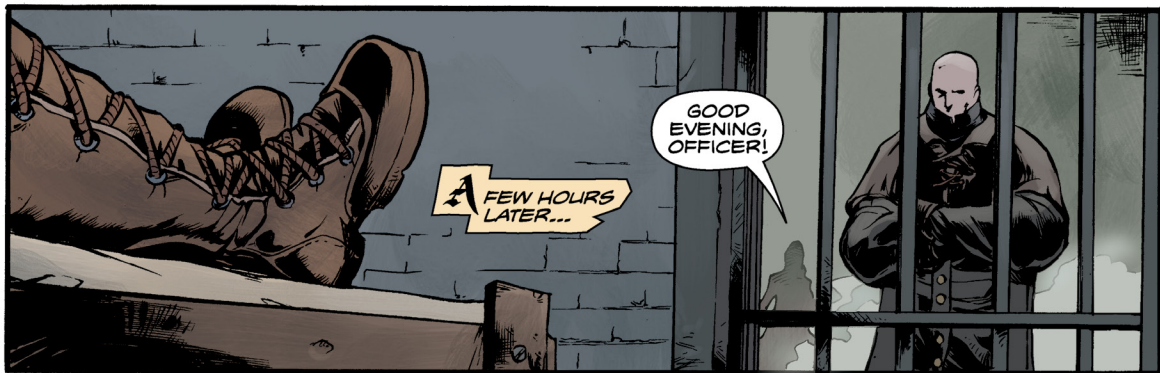
NEXT
TIME IT GOES
THROUGH YOUR
EYEBALL.

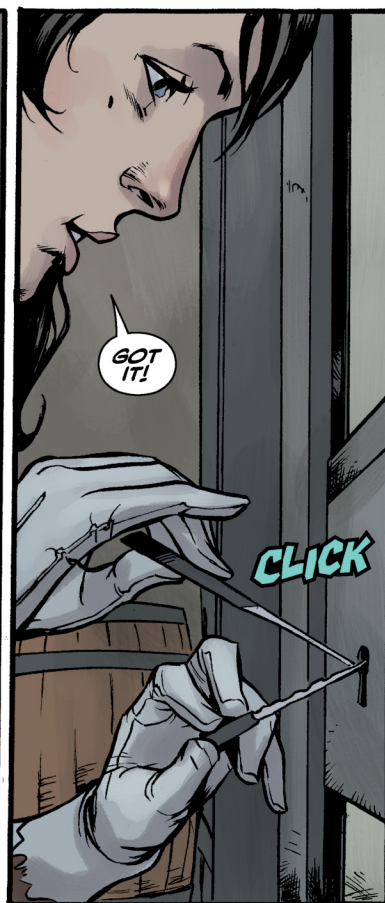
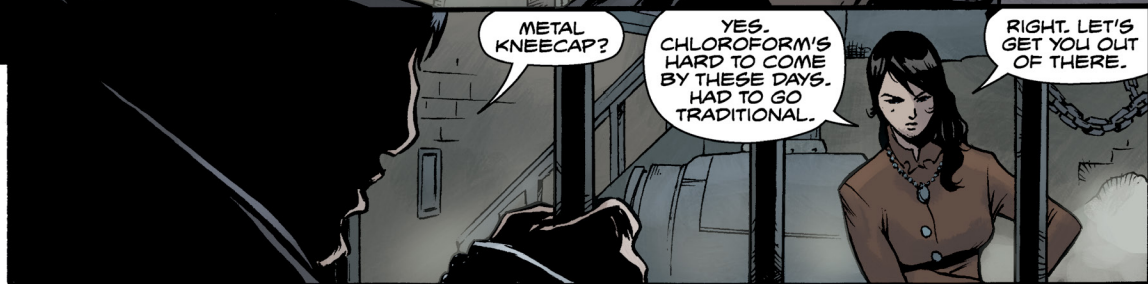


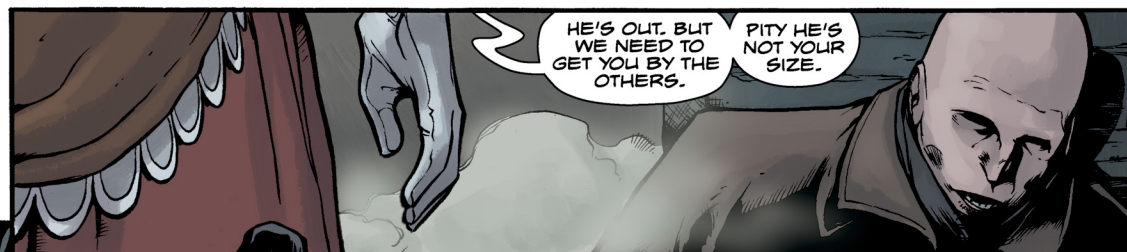
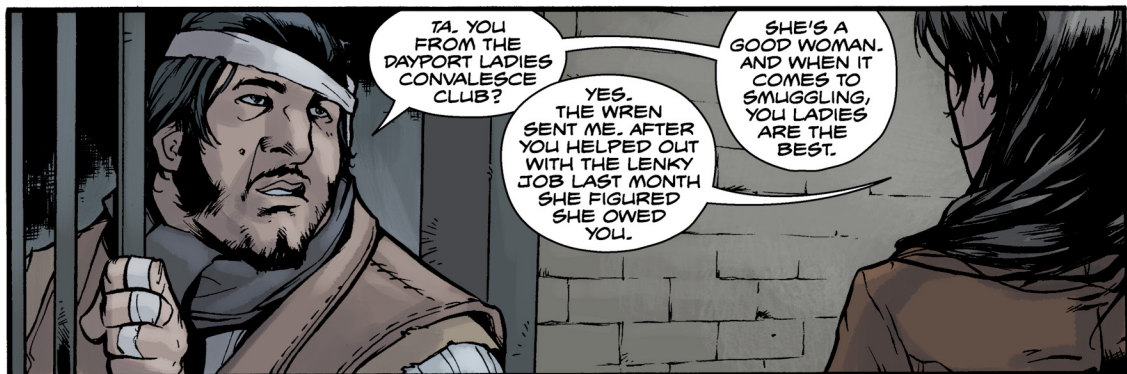
FWSSH



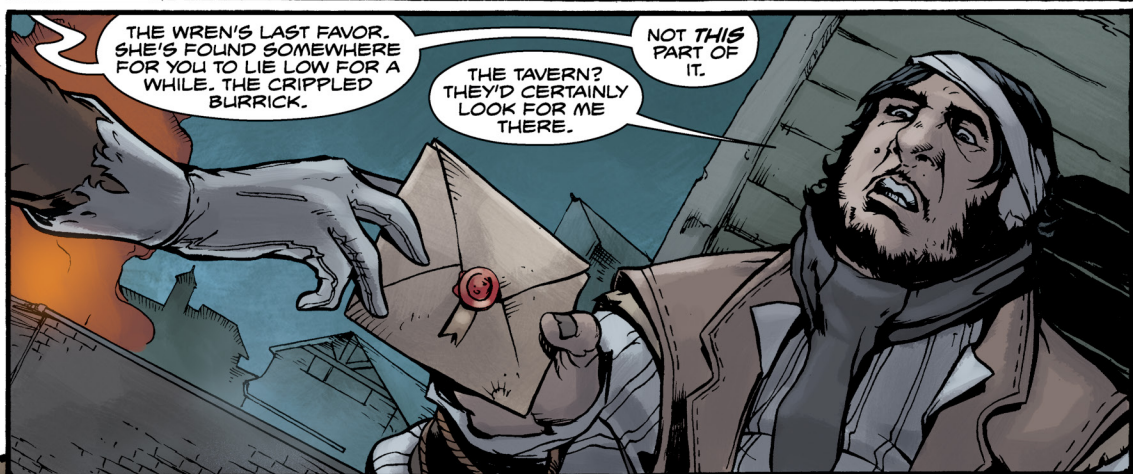












Tales from the City

— PART 4 —



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PENCILS
Pablo Churin

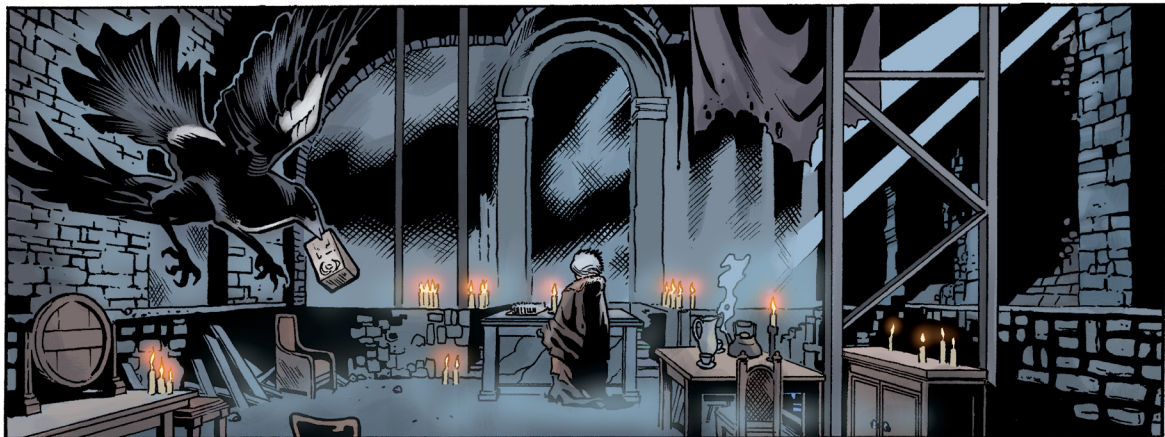
INKS
Sebastián Cabrol

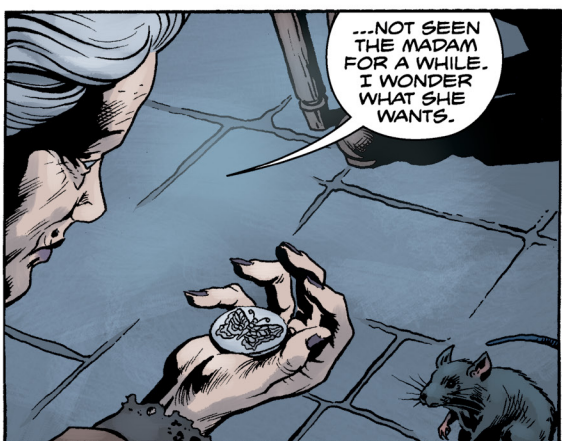
COLORS
Dan Brown

CHAPTER BREAK ART
Gabriel Hardman
with Matthew Wilson











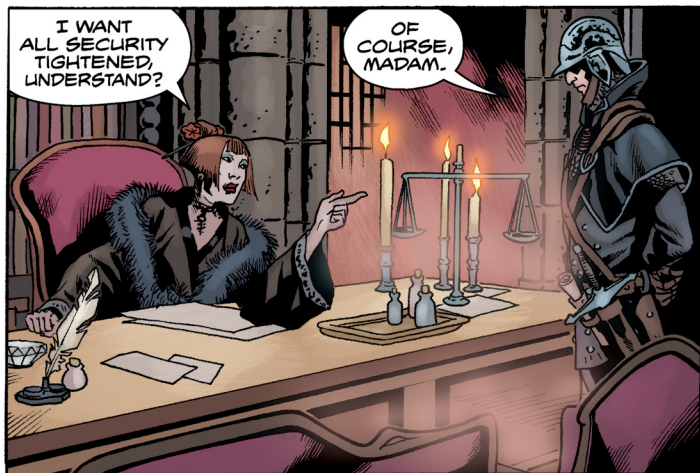
LATER, AT THE HOUSE OF BLOSSOMS...

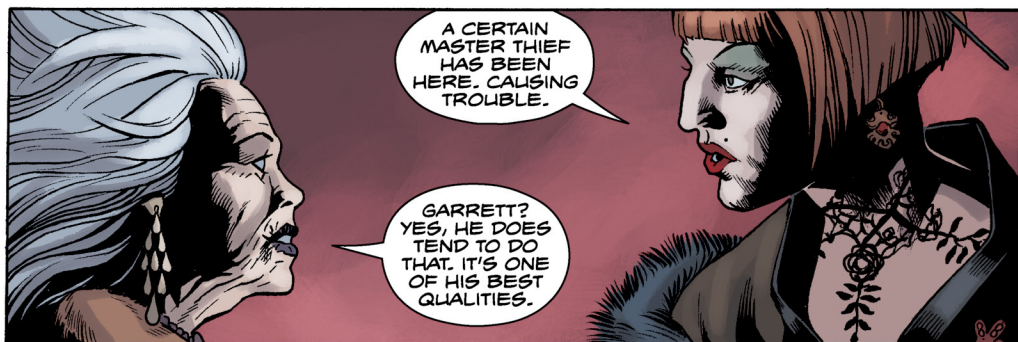
HAVE YOU FOUND HOW THAT **THIEF** GOT IN HERE?

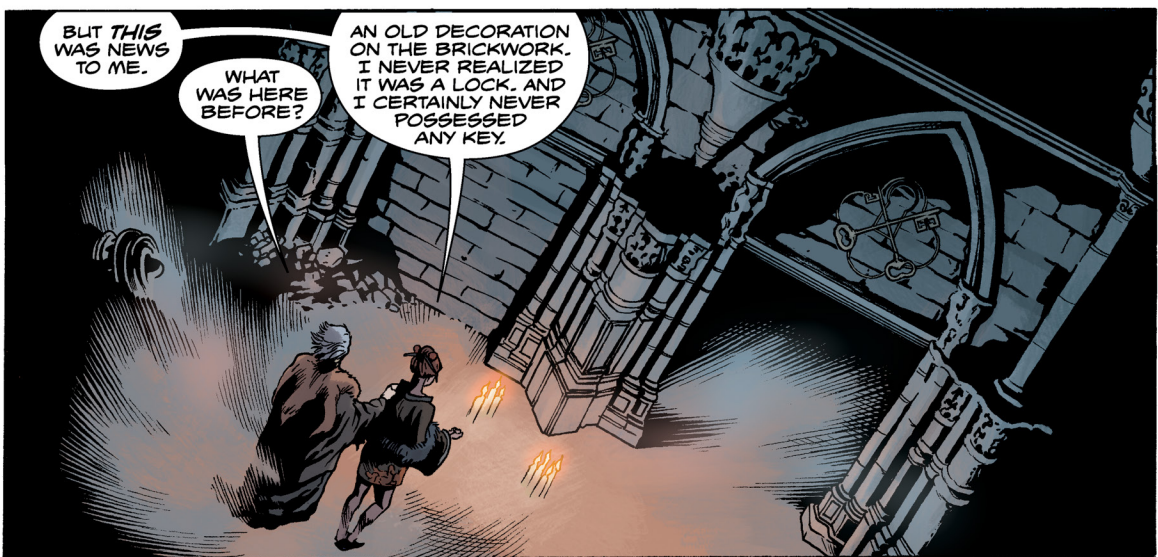
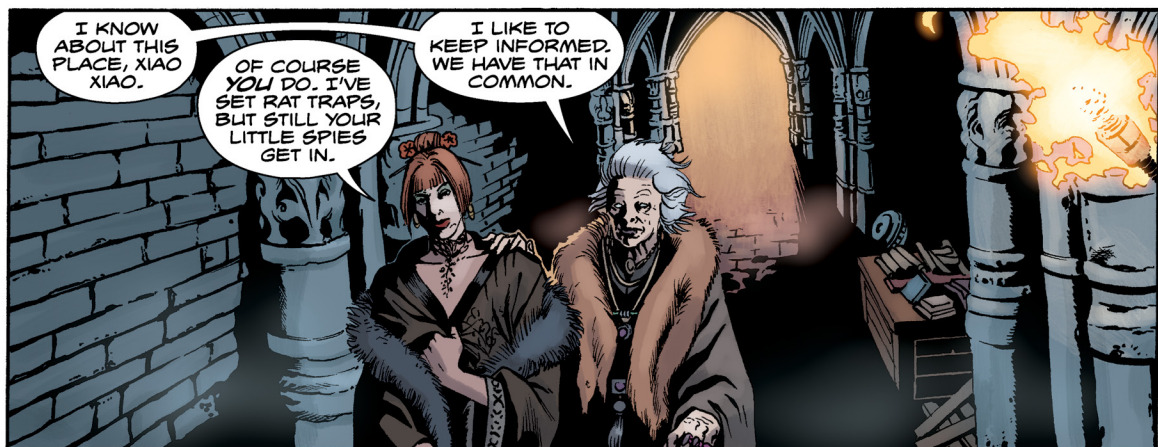


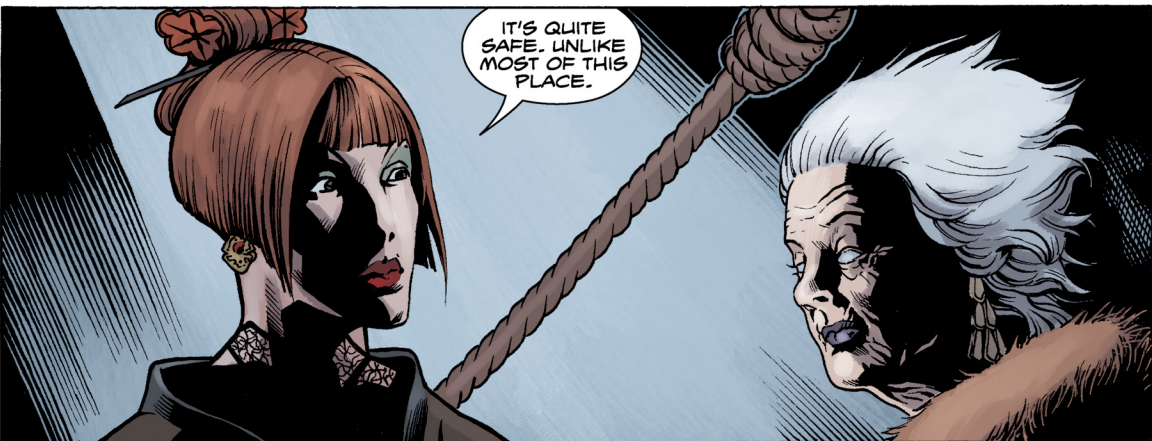
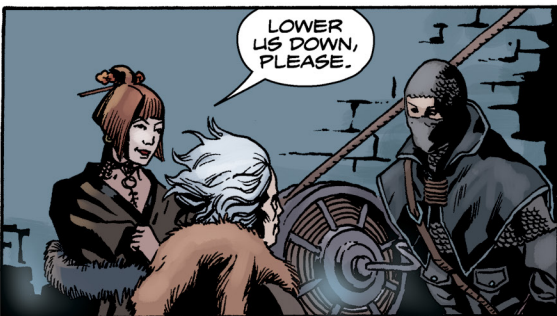
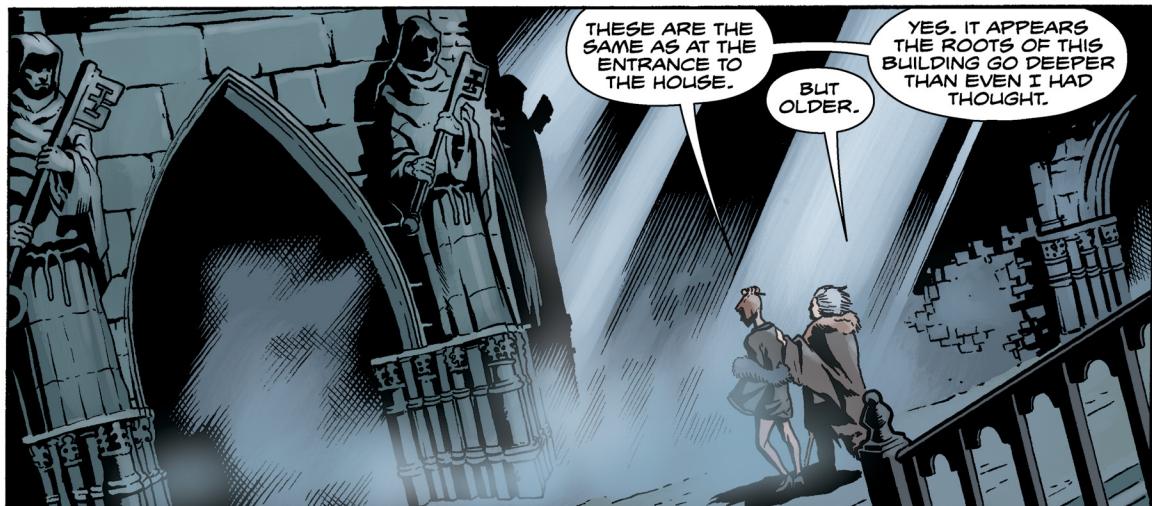
NO, MADAM, NO WAY THAT WE COULD SEE.

THIS IS **UNACCEPTABLE.**





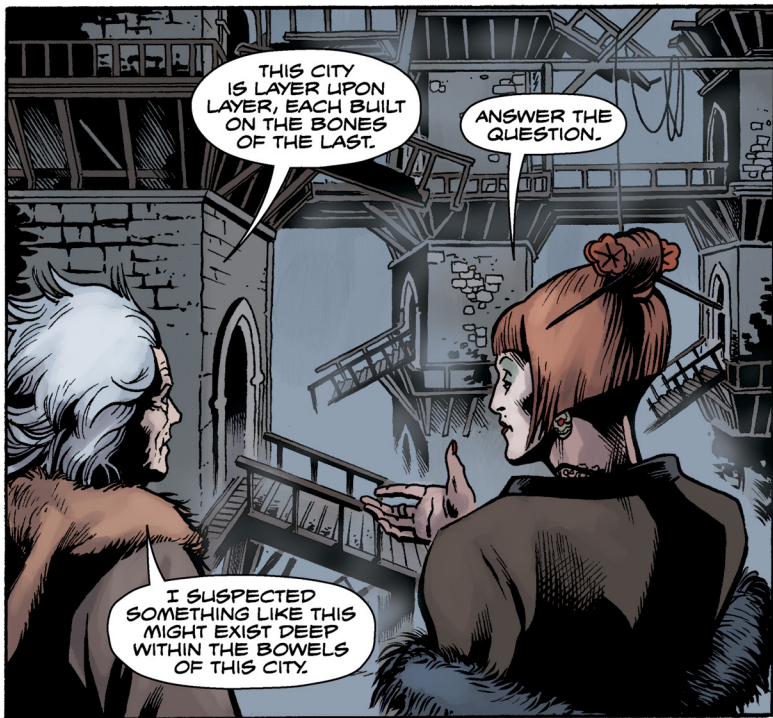








DID YOU
KNOW ABOUT
THIS PLACE?



THIS CITY
IS LAYER UPON
LAYER, EACH BUILT
ON THE BONES
OF THE LAST.

ANSWER THE
QUESTION.

I SUSPECTED
SOMETHING LIKE THIS
MIGHT EXIST DEEP
WITHIN THE BOWELS
OF THIS CITY.



WHO'S
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS
PLACE?



THOSE WHO
ONCE SOUGHT
TO PROTECT
THIS CITY. IN
A FASHION.



AND THE THIEF?
WHAT WAS HE
DOING HERE?

PERHAPS
HE IS A
VORACIOUS
READER.

MADAM
XIAO XIAO!
COME
QUICKLY!



THE
GRAVEN
DAWN ARE
ATTACKING!

