



GEOFF JOHNS • BRYAN HITCH • ANDREW CURRIE • BRAD ANDERSON • ROB LEIGH

image
13 JUL \$3.99 US

GHOST
machine
THE
UNNAMED

RED COAT

CVR A BRYAN HITCH
LUNAR CODE
0425IM393



GEOFF JOHNS • BRYAN HITCH • ANDREW CURRIE • BRAD ANDERSON • ROB LEIGH



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GHOST machine

THE UNNAMED

RED COAT



— FIGREDO 25
After
Rockwell

CVR B DUNCAN FIGREDO
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RED COAT

image
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GHOST machine
THE UNNAMED



ANDERSON

GEOFF JOHNS • BRYAN HITCH • ANDREW CURRIE • BRAD ANDERSON •

CVRC BRAD ANDERSON
LUNAR CODE
0425IM395

My NAME IS
SIMON.

SIMON PURE.

THOUGH I'M
ANYTHING BUT,
AS YOU'LL COME
TO KNOW.



The year was 1864, in the early hours of July 18th to be exact, and whilst the nation was at war with itself, I was busy making a tidy living off it.

COURIER, SMUGGLER, NEUTRAL PARTY... WHATEVER THEY CALLED ME, I WENT WHERE THE MONEY POINTED. NORTH, SOUTH, IT DIDN'T MATTER.

THEN CAME ALONG SOMEONE WHO TREATED EVERY MOMENT LIKE IT COULD END THE WORLD IF HE BLINKED WRONG.

THIS GRIM-FACED UNION MAN KNEW FAR TOO MUCH ABOUT ME, WHILE I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT HIM...



...SAVE THAT HE CALLED HIMSELF THE NORTHERNER AND HE CLAIMED TO BE CHASING A TRAITOR THROUGH TIME.

THE MUNITIONS THE COBBLER IS HAULING, HIS WAGON WEIGHS TEN TIMES OURS.

WITH LUCK, WE'LL CATCH UP SOON.

WHAT FOLLOWED? BULLETS, VISIONS, ACCUSATIONS, AND AN EXPLOSION OR TWO...

...AND SOMEHOW, HERE I AM. STILL ALIVE. STILL UNCERTAIN. STILL IN MY RED COAT, STANDING APART FROM A WORLD OF BLUE AND GRAY.

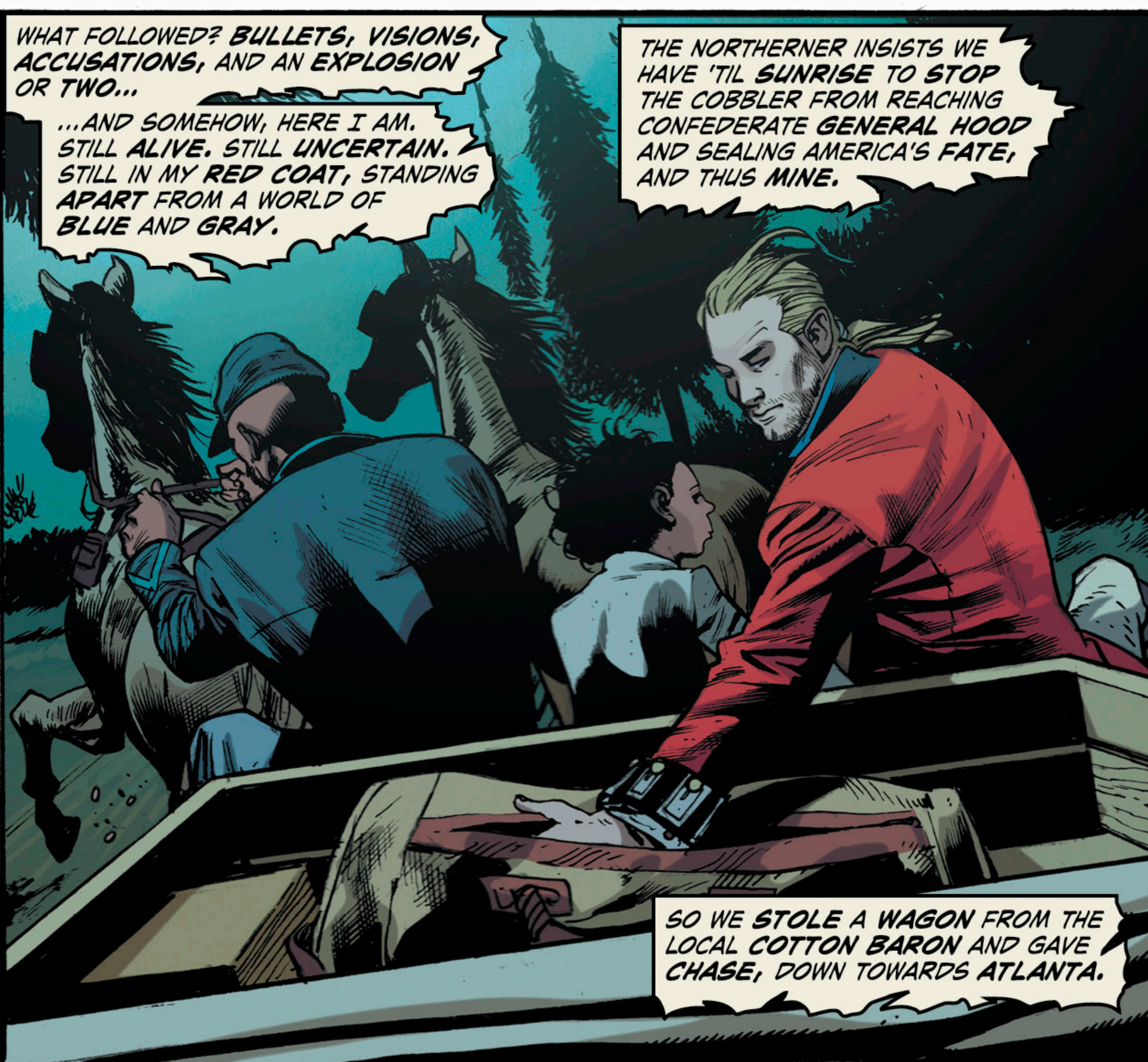
THE NORTHERNER INSISTS WE HAVE 'TIL SUNRISE TO STOP THE COBBLER FROM REACHING CONFEDERATE GENERAL HOOD AND SEALING AMERICA'S FATE, AND THUS MINE.

ALL WITH A CURIOUS YOUNG ORPHAN IN TOW, WHO HAS MORE COURAGE THAN I DID AT THREE TIMES HER AGE.

DON'T TOUCH THOSE, SIR. IT'S VOODOO!

MR. PURE...?

SO WE STOLE A WAGON FROM THE LOCAL COTTON BARON AND GAVE CHASE, DOWN TOWARDS ATLANTA.

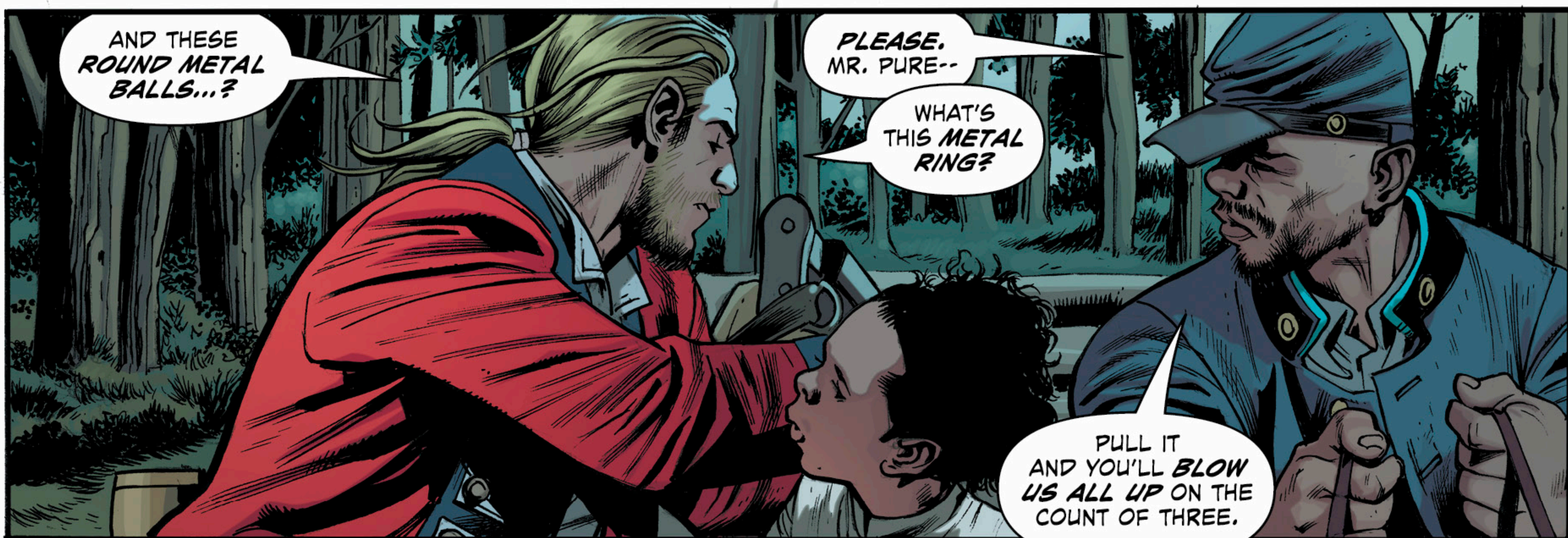




BLOODY HELL,
HOW DOES THIS
MUSKET WORK?

PUT THAT *DOWN*.
YOU'RE GOING TO *KILL*
ONE OF *US*, OR
YOURSELF.

AND WE
DON'T HAVE TIME
FOR *THAT*.

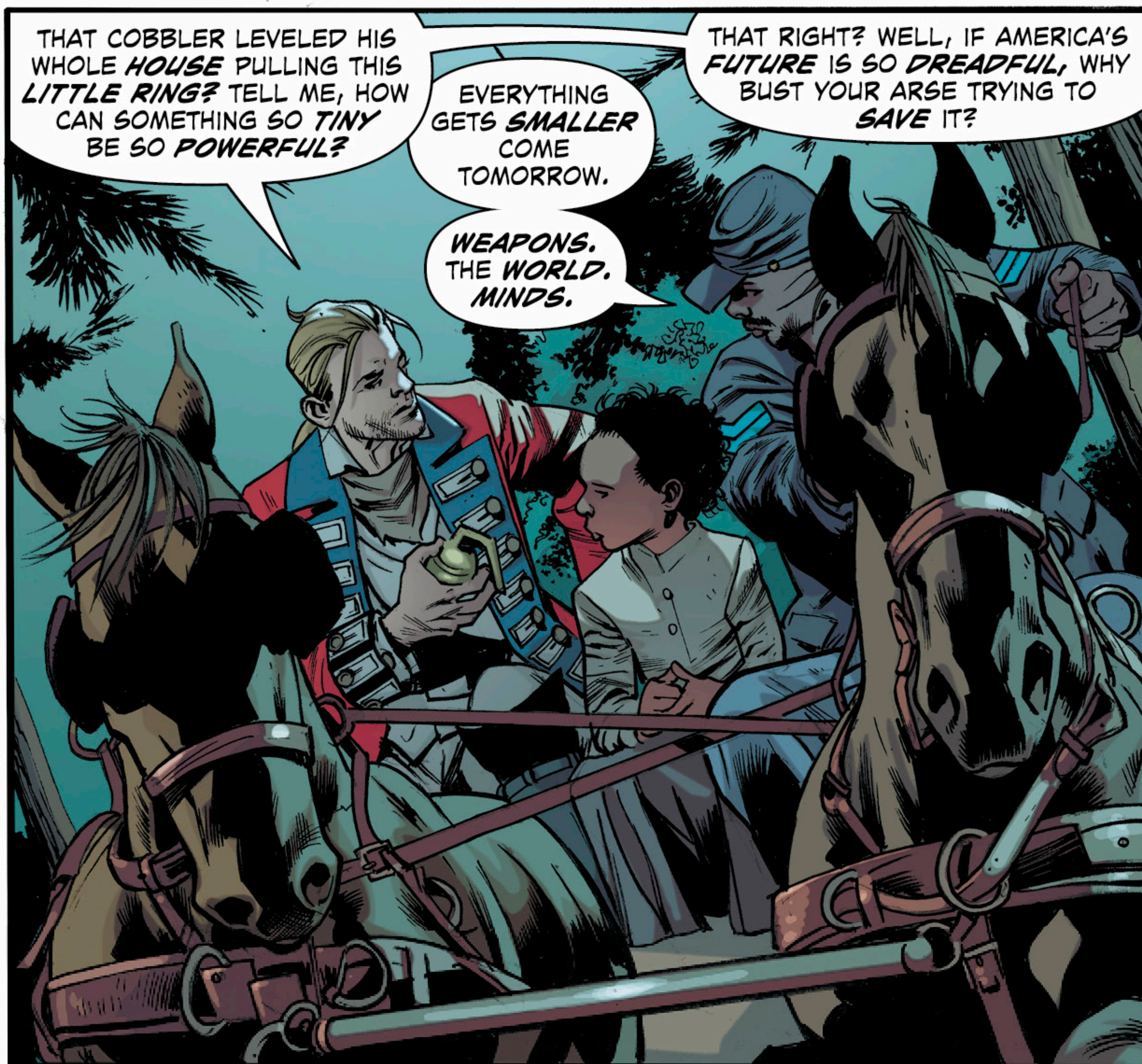


AND THESE
ROUND METAL
BALLS...?

PLEASE,
MR. PURE--

WHAT'S
THIS *METAL*
RING?

PULL IT
AND YOU'LL *BLOW*
US ALL UP ON THE
COUNT OF THREE.



THAT COBBLER LEVELED HIS
WHOLE *HOUSE* PULLING THIS
LITTLE RING? TELL ME, HOW
CAN SOMETHING SO *TINY*
BE SO *POWERFUL*?

EVERYTHING
GETS *SMALLER*
COME
TOMORROW.

WEAPONS.
THE WORLD.
MINDS.

THAT RIGHT? WELL, IF AMERICA'S
FUTURE IS SO *DREADFUL*, WHY
BUST YOUR ARSE TRYING TO
SAVE IT?



BECAUSE
IT COULD BE
WORSE,
MR. PURE.

The way
he says it...
tells me
he's seen it.

I HATE THAT
I'M STARTING
TO BELIEVE THIS
MADMAN'S
FAIRY TALE.



O!

WHY ARE WE STOPPING?

I'M DROPPING YOU TWO OFF.



THERE'S A *CHURCH* A FEW MILES NORTH, *UP* THAT ROAD. MISSIONARY FOLKS RUN IT. IT'S A CONTRABAND CAMP.

YOU SAID IF THIS BLOKE WASN'T *STOPPED* AND AMERICA WAS *SPLIT APART*, I'D BE TOO.

THEY'LL TAKE SARAH UNDERGROUND, TO *FREEDOM*.

YOU'LL HELP THE GIRL WHILE I HANDLE THE COBBLER.

YES. THAT'S STILL TRUE.



SO I'M SUPPOSED TO WALK AWAY AND LEAVE MY *FATE* UP TO YOU?

I THINK NOT.



I WANT TO STAY AND HELP, TOO.



NO, SARAH. YOU'VE BEEN IN ENOUGH *DANGER* BECAUSE OF ME.

BOTH OF YOU, REALLY.

AND *TOO MANY* BEFORE YOU.

WELL, TOO BAD. NEITHER *ONE* OF US IS DESERTING YOU NOW.

PRESS ON!

WE ARGUED, AS WAS COMMONPLACE BY THIS POINT, BUT MY PERSISTENCE WASN'T JUST STUBBORNNESS, IT WAS DEFENSE.

I COULD FEEL YET ANOTHER WAVE OF FRACTURED MEMORIES RISING, READY TO TEAR ME ASUNDER.

SOMEHOW, I SENSED INSISTING I STAY ON MISSION WOULD KEEP THESE VISIONS AT BAY.

EXCUSE ME, SIRS?

STOP ACTING LIKE YOU'RE IN CHARGE.

I NEED TO BE.

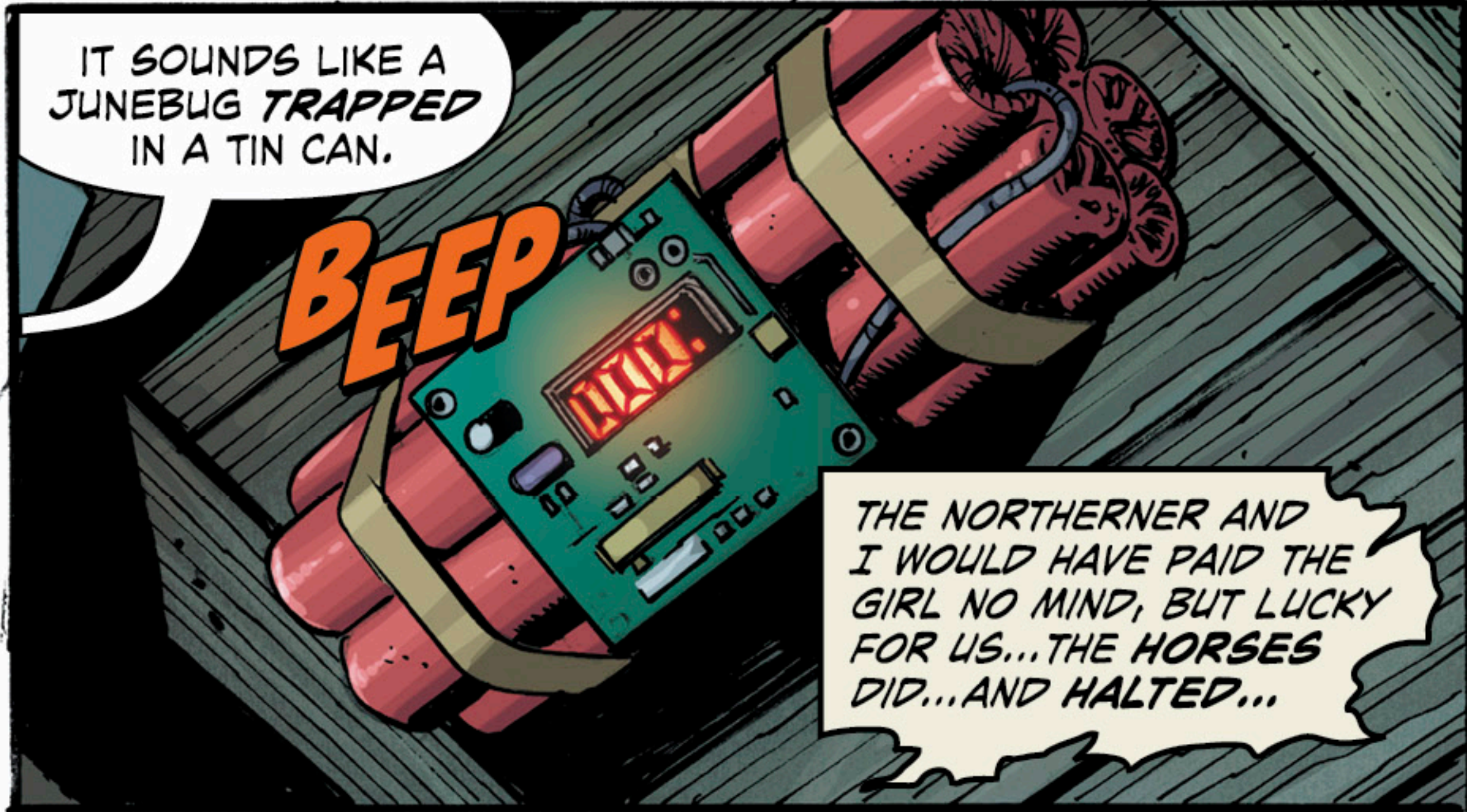
SIRS?

SAYS WHO?

SAYS THE MAN ACTUALLY STEERING THE DAMN WAGON.

STOP!

BEEP



...RIGHT BEFORE STEPPING ONTO THE BRIDGE.

