



THE WEB

7

MAY '10

STURGES
ROBINSON
BARTA



ART

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SECOND FEATURE **THE HANGMAN**



NEW YORK.

TODAY WAS NOT A GOOD DAY.

THE LAW OF UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES HAD ITS WAY WITH ME OVER THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AND I WAS ITS ALMOST WILLING ALLY.

TODAY REALLY BIT ME IN THE ASS, IS WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY.

IT STARTED WHEN I TOOK A JOB FROM A PRETTY GIRL I USED TO DATE.

AND IT ENDED WITH A VILLAIN DEAD IN AN ALLEY. A WOMAN I KILLED.

TECHNICALLY, SHE ACTUALLY DIED IN MY HEADQUARTERS.

YEP, SHE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT.

WOW, THANKS FOR THAT INSIGHTFUL PROFESSIONAL ASSESSMENT, CARL.

WELL?

BUT IN ORDER TO PROTECT MY SECRET IDENTITY, I MOVED THE BODY HERE, BACK TO WHERE THE FIGHT STARTED.

ONE SMALL LIE TO AVERT TOTAL DISASTER I CAN LIVE WITH.

OKAY, FALK, SO SHE HIT THE WALL HERE, SLIGHT SKULL FRACTURE, BUT NOT A FATAL ONE, I WOULDN'T THINK.

SO HOW'D SHE DIE THEN?




COULDN'T TELL YOU. NOTHING I CAN SEE. DEFINITELY DEAD, THOUGH.

YOU'RE AN IDIOT, CARL.

IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS, WE HAVE YOU COME DOWN AND MAKE A STATEMENT.

AFTER THAT WE CONSULT WITH THE D.A.'S OFFICE AND THEY'LL DECIDE IF THEY WANT TO PRESS CHARGES.



CHARGES?

YOU KILLED A WOMAN, PAL. BY YOUR OWN ADMISSION.

THIS CAN'T BE THE FIRST TIME SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAS HAPPENED, THOUGH.

NO, IT'S NOT. KIND OF A...GRAY AREA.

TRUTH BE TOLD, WEB, THE N.Y.P.D. HAVEN'T DECIDED WHAT TO MAKE OF YOU YET. YOU'RE ON A SORT OF INFORMAL PROBATION.



SO UNDERSTAND WHEN I SAY YOU GOTTA TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY AND TREAD LIGHTLY HERE.

AH. WELL, OF COURSE I'LL COOPERATE AS MUCH AS I CAN.

BUT I'M NOT TAKING OFF THE MASK.

NO ONE'S ASKING YOU TO. YET.

OH, AND WEB?



YOU PROBABLY WANT TO HIRE A GOOD LAWYER, JUST IN CASE.

NO WORRIES, LADY. I WAS A SPOILED RICH KID. THERE'S AN ENTIRE FIRM THAT ONCE SPECIALIZED IN GETTING ME OUT OF TROUBLE.



LATER.

COME ON, MITCH. IT'S JUST ONE PICTURE.

STOP BEING SUCH A JERK ABOUT IT.

OKAY, FINE. BUT JUST ONE.



ME AND THE STUNNER, DUDE.

THIS RULES.

GHK



LOOK, SHE'S CHOKING ME, DUDE!

ACK! AUGGGH!

OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH, MIKEY. IF DOCTOR CHOI SEES YOU HERE, HE'S GONNA BE PISSED.



ULK.

STOP IT, MAN! YOU'RE FREAKING ME OUT!



HELP...



EEY
YAAAAH!

JOHN RAYMOND WAS BORN RICH AND SPOILED BUT SPURNED BY HIS FATHER WHO ADMIRER HIS SELFLESS BROTHER INSTEAD. WHEN JOHN'S INACTION LED TO HIS BROTHER'S DEATH, JOHN DETERMINED TO BECOME THE MAN HIS FATHER HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT OF HIS BROTHER AS, SEEKING TO REDEEM HIMSELF AS THE HIGH-TECH HERO KNOWN ONLY AS...

REBOOTED

PART TWO OF
"BETTER OFF DEAD"

THE WEB

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dccomics.com

THE
RAYMOND
BUILDING.

--THIS
PERSON.



OH, AND
THE FUN
DOESN'T
END
THERE.

WHO THE
HELL ARE
YOU?

I'M
THE I.T.
GIRL.

I'M ALSO
THE I.T. GIRL, BUT
THAT'S ANOTHER
MATTER
ENTIRELY.

I RETURNED
TO MY LAIR TO
DEAL WITH ALL THE
EQUIPMENT THAT
THE STUNNER AND I
DESTROYED IN OUR
FIGHT, TO FIND--

OKAY,
BUT WHO
ARE YOU?

AND
HOW DID
YOU GET IN
HERE?

HOW'D
I GET IN
HERE? I'M THE
SECOND GIRL TO
GET IN HERE
TONIGHT.

FOR MORE
INFORMATION,
VISIT YOUR LOCAL
LIBRARY, OR TALK
TO THE GREEN FACE
ON THE SCREEN
THERE.

WEB, MEET
KITCAT. SHE'S
YOUR NEW TECH-
SLASH-I.T.
ADVISOR.



SHE'S
GOING TO FIX
YOUR EQUIPMENT
FOR YOU, UPGRADE
YOUR SOFTWARE,
THAT KIND OF
THING.