

The BOYS

Dear Becky



02

MATURE
DYNAMITE.

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2020
AVINK

The BOYS™

Dear Becky

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The Boys created by:
GARTH ENNIS & DARICK ROBERTSON

02

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female were The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth — superpower. Some superheroes had to be watched. Some of them had to be controlled. And some of them — sometimes — had to be taken out of the picture.

The issue was decided in one final battle against a massed superhero army, when a plan concocted by the “supes” to overthrow the US government went horribly awry. Now, twelve years later, Hughie and his lover Annie January have returned to his home in the Scottish town of Auchterladle — their battles fought and won, their torment over.

The days when Colonel Greg Mallory led The Boys are firmly in the past. So too are the times Billy Butcher shared with a woman who strove to send him down a different road. All of that is over and done with. Finished.

Now read on...

DYNAMITE®

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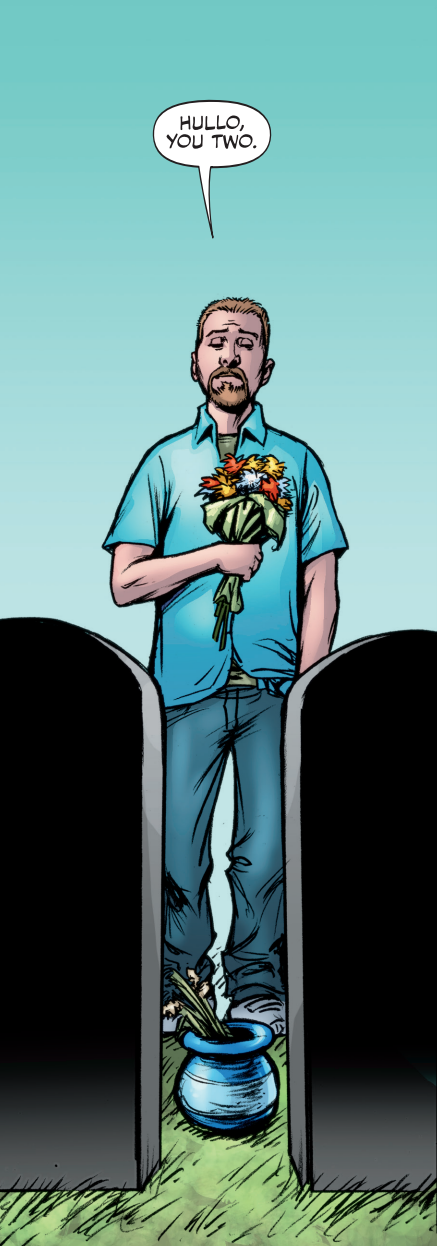
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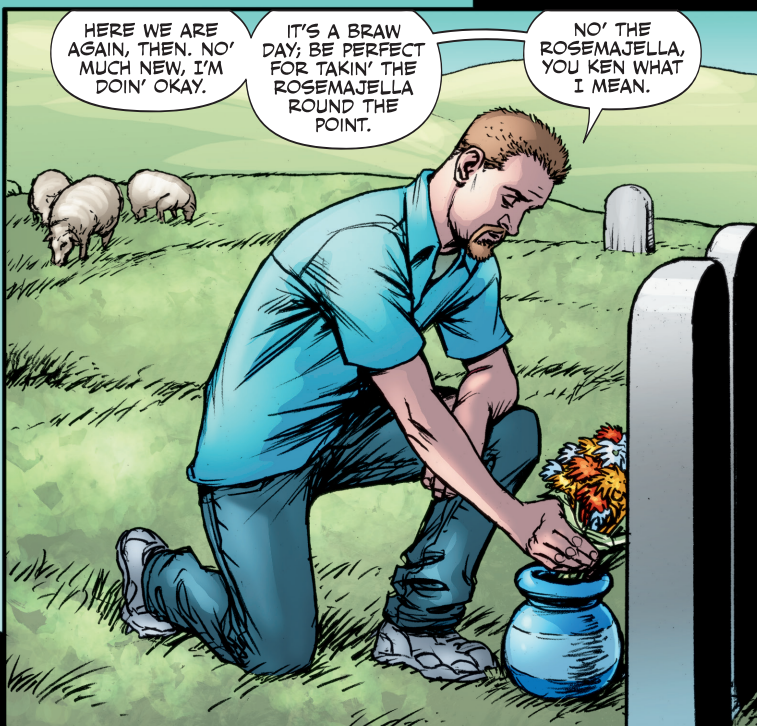
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2: SUNDAY



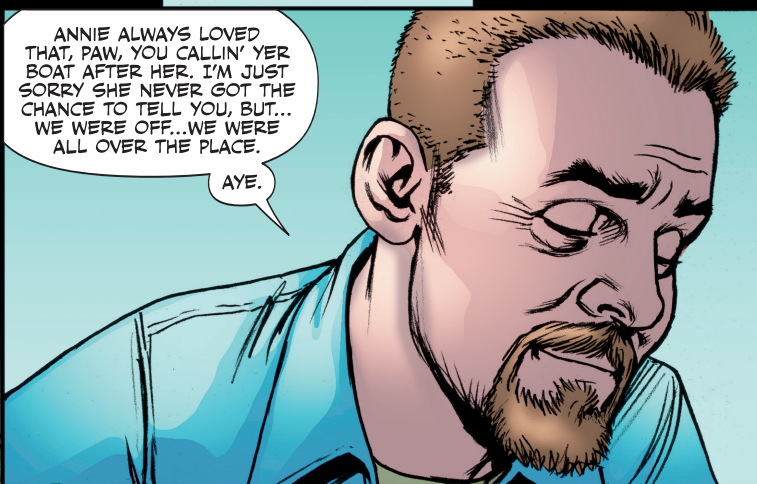
HULLO,
YOU TWO.



HERE WE ARE
AGAIN, THEN. NO'
MUCH NEW, I'M
DOIN' OKAY.

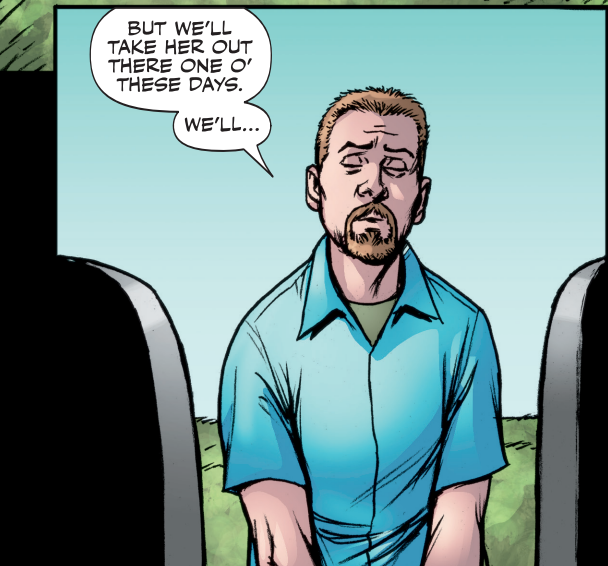
IT'S A BRAW
DAY; BE PERFECT
FOR TAKIN' THE
ROSEMAJELLA
ROUND THE
POINT.

NO' THE
ROSEMAJELLA,
YOU KEN WHAT
I MEAN.



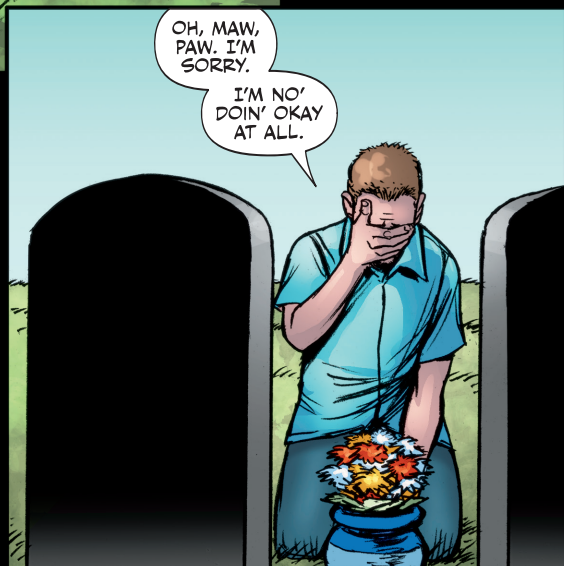
ANNIE ALWAYS LOVED
THAT, PAW, YOU CALLIN' YER
BOAT AFTER HER. I'M JUST
SORRY SHE NEVER GOT THE
CHANCE TO TELL YOU, BUT...
WE WERE OFF...WE WERE
ALL OVER THE PLACE.

AYE.



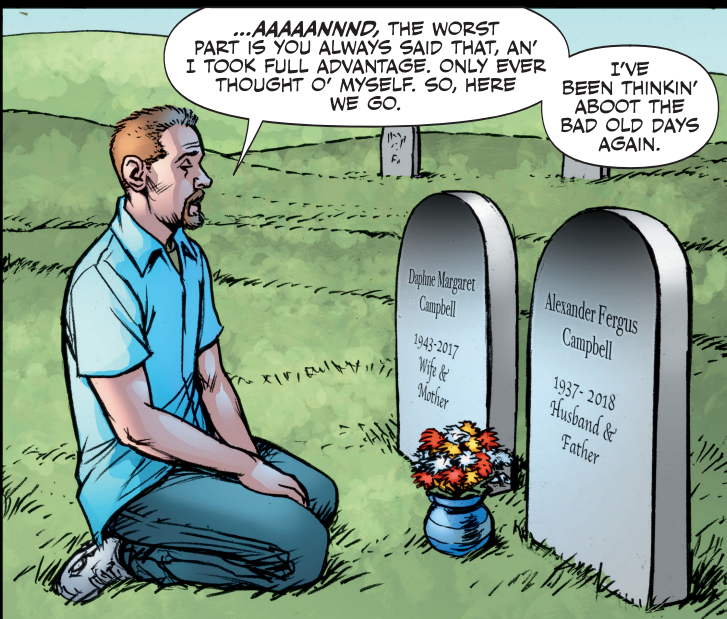
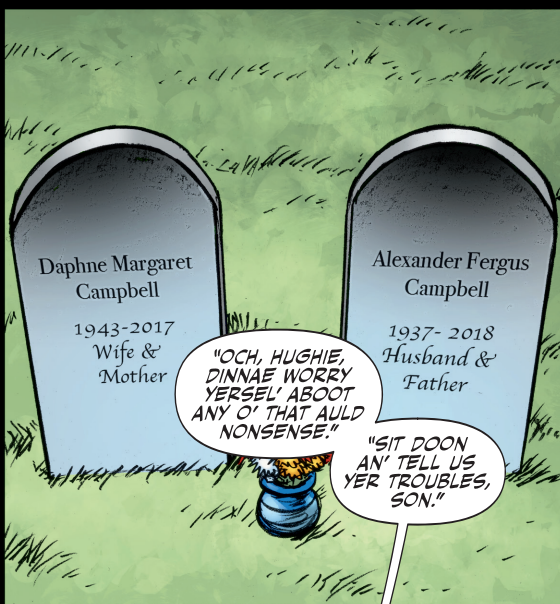
BUT WE'LL
TAKE HER OUT
THERE ONE O'
THESE DAYS.

WE'LL...



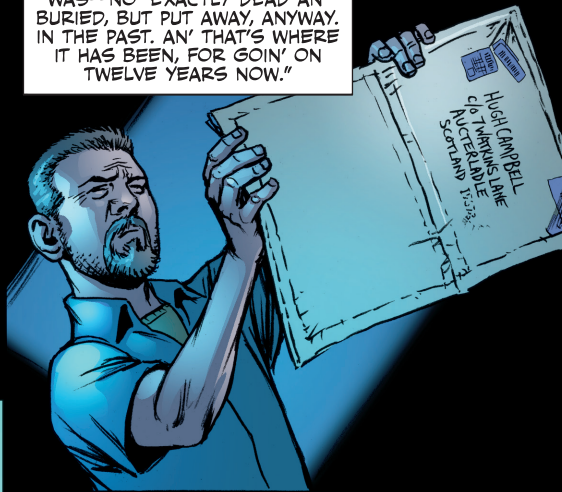
OH, MAW,
PAW. I'M
SORRY.

I'M NO'
DOIN' OKAY
AT ALL.



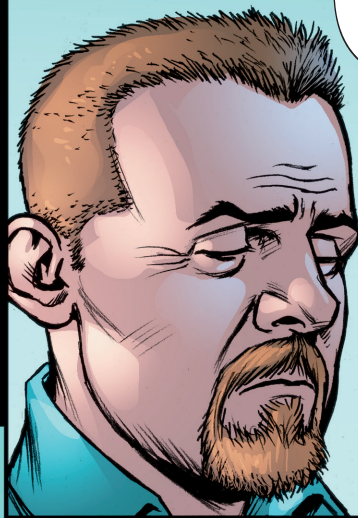
"BECAUSE IF I'M HONEST I DON'T KNOW, I MEAN I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO GUESS WHERE THIS HAS COME FROM.

"IT'S STUFF I THOUGHT WAS--NO' EXACTLY DEAD AN' BURIED, BUT PUT AWAY, ANYWAY. IN THE PAST. AN' THAT'S WHERE IT HAS BEEN, FOR GOIN' ON TWELVE YEARS NOW."

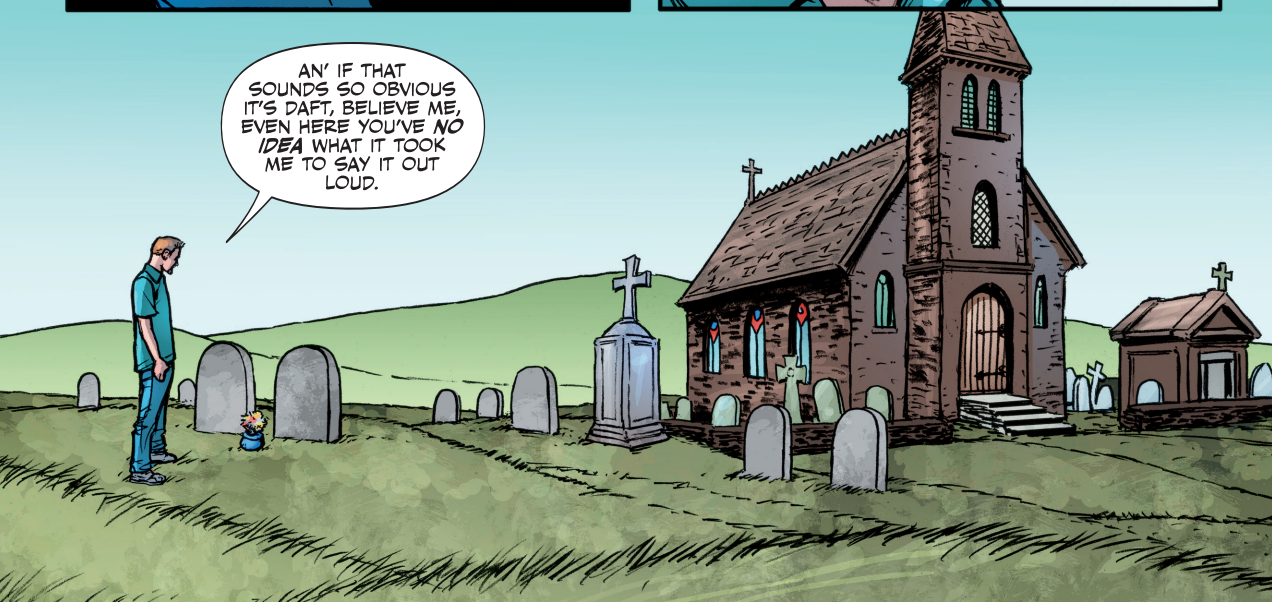


BUT...
WHAT IT'S
DONE...

IT'S BROUGHT UP
SOMETHIN' I ALWAYS
SORTA SUSPECTED
ANYWAY, WHICH IS THE
WHOLE THING LEFT
ME MORE OF A
MESS THAN I
THOUGHT.



AN' IF THAT
SOUNDS SO OBVIOUS
IT'S DAFT, BELIEVE ME,
EVEN HERE YOU'VE NO
IDEA WHAT IT TOOK
ME TO SAY IT OUT
LOUD.



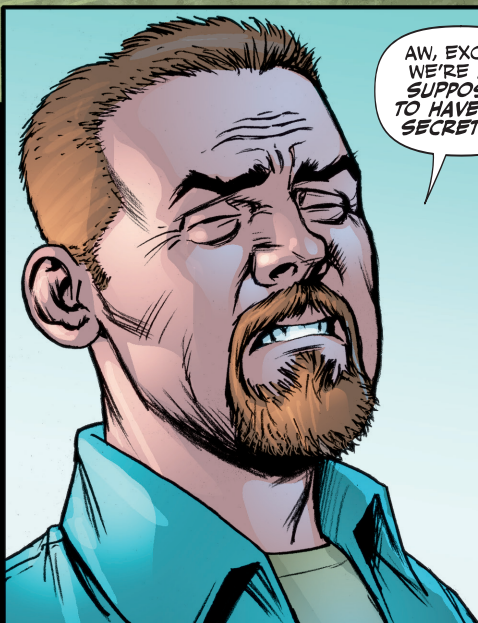
THE THING IS,
EVERYTHING ELSE IS
GREAT. WI' ME, ANYWAY,
IF NO' THE REST O'
THE WORLD. ANNIE'S
JUST PURE DEAD
BRILLIANT.

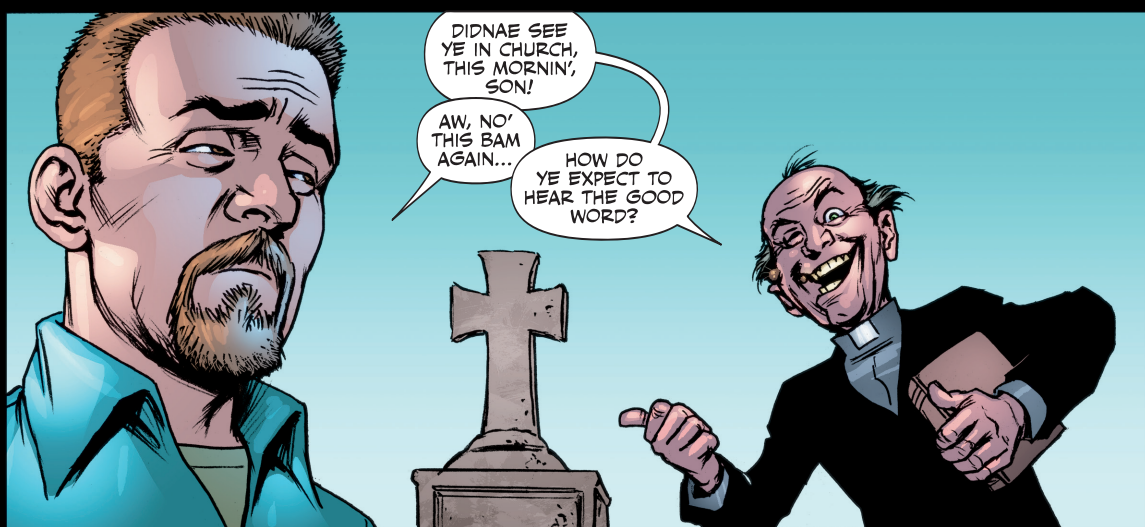
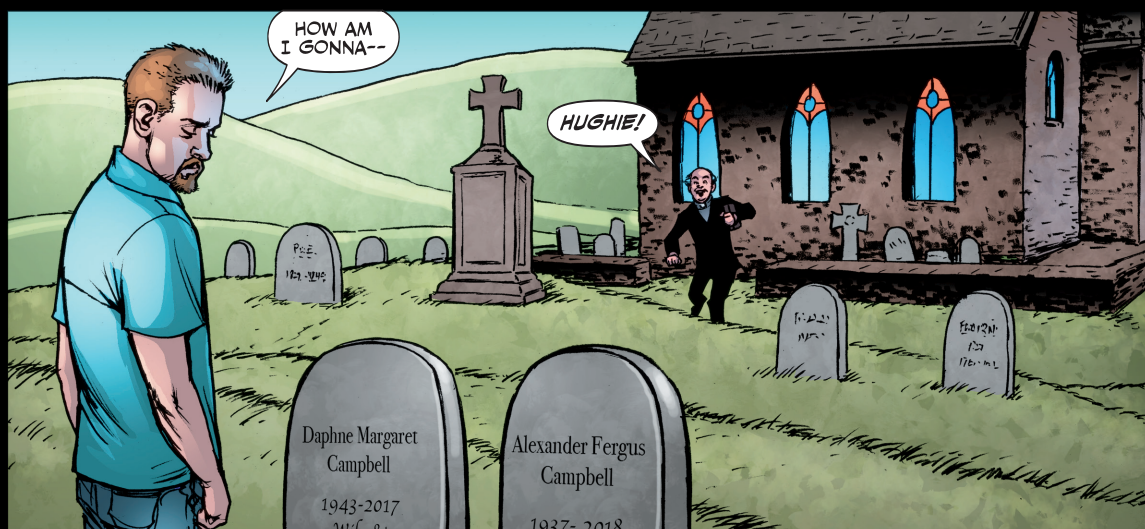
I KEEP FINDIN'
EXCUSES NOT TO MARRY
HER, AYE--BETWEEN YOU
AN' ME--BUT SHE'S NO'
PUSHY ABOUT IT. I THINK
SHE MAYBE JUST LIKES
COASTIN' ALONG THE
SAME WAY I DO.

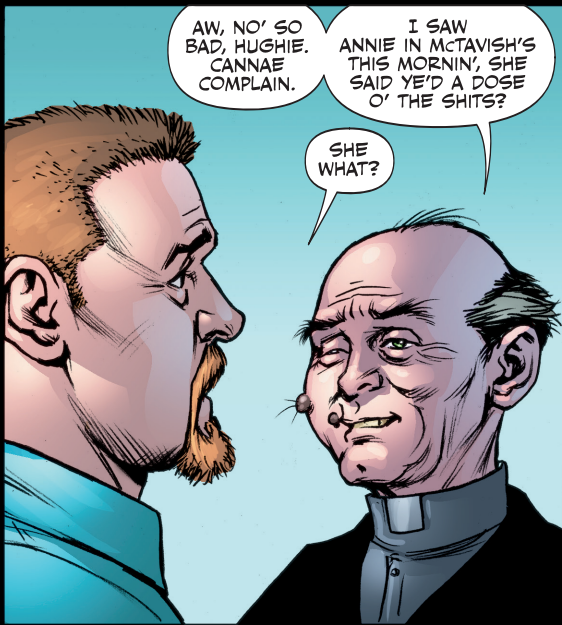
I MEAN
IT'S ENOUGH THAT
WE'RE TOGETHER,
THAT'S NO' GONNA
CHANGE--



AW, EXCEPT
WE'RE **NO'**
SUPPOSED
TO HAVE ANY
SECRETS....!







AW, NO' SO
BAD, HUGHIE.
CANNAE
COMPLAIN.

I SAW
ANNIE IN MCTAVISH'S
THIS MORNIN', SHE
SAID YE'D A DOSE
O' THE SHITS?

SHE
WHAT?



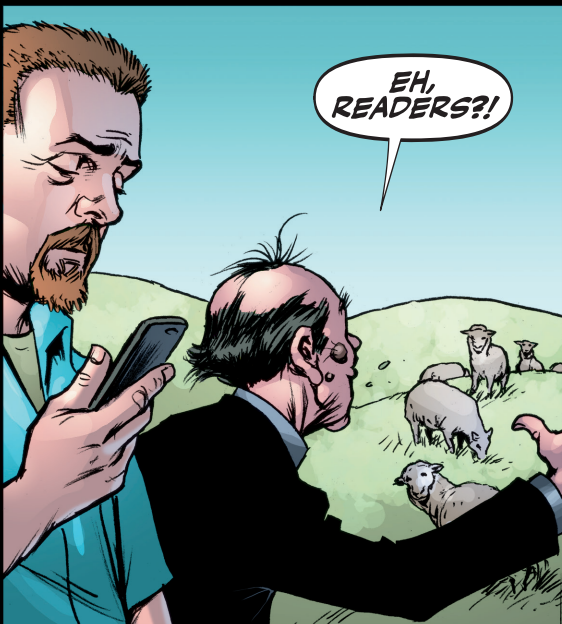
WELL, SHE SAID
YE'D BEEN HAVIN' SOME
STOMACH PROBLEMS--
BUT THAT'S YANKESE
FOR THE SHITS,
ISN'T IT?

AW
CHRIST, AYE,
I TOLD HER
I'D...
BOLLOCKS.



**THINKS!
FEIGNED ENGAGEMENT
ON SPURIOUS MATTERS!
FACILE SMALL
TALK!**

**HOW CAN THIS
HEATHEN WRETCH
RESIST THE PULL O'
MY PRESBYTERIAN
PITCH--**



**EH,
READERS?!**



ANYWAY,
I WAS--

**A FEAST O'
FUN EVERY WEEK,
HUGHIE! CRAZY
CAPERS WITH AW'
YER BIBLICAL
BUDDIES!**

AYE--
I WAS JUST
HOPIN' TO GET
A WEE--



THE BABY FACE
PHARISEES! JUDAS
THE DODGER!
BARTHOLOMEW PLUM,
YER SKINNED-ALIVE
CHUM!

REVEREND
DANDY...!



I REALLY
JUST WANT A
MOMENT TO
MYSELF.

IF YOU
KEN WHAT
I MEAN.



...AYE, HUGHIE, O'
COURSE, YOU TAKE
ALL THE TIME YOU
NEED, SON.

THANKS,
REVEREND.

I'LL SEE
YE LATER,
AYE? TAKE
CARE O'
YERSEL'.



'CAUSE
GOOD FOLK
ARE SCARCE.

YER PAW
USED TO SAY
THAT AW' THE
TIME.



Daphne Margaret
Campbell
1943-2017

Alexander Ferg
Campbell



...JESUS.

THEY'RE CALLED WHAT?

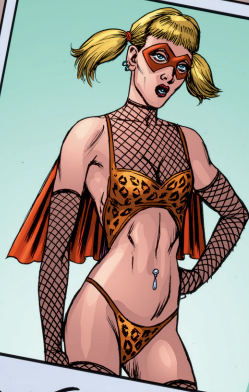
THOMPSON & GARAND
INDUSTRIAL IMPORTS

LIKE IT SAYS.
BLOODY HELL...
MON COLONEL?

THE SKORCHERS



SEX VICAR



TEEN TEMPTRESS



PONCING POOF



BLACK THUGG



EST-CE UNE SORTE OF JOKE?



NOT AT ALL. AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY'RE THE REASON YOU TWO WIRED THAT SUITE AT THE RITZ-CARLTON FOR SOUND LAST WEEK.

OUI...?

WE GOT WIND THEY'D BE STAYING THERE AFTER THEY FORMED UP.



BUT THESE NAMES, COLONEL MALLORY...THEY ARE...MOST UNUSUAL...

THAT THEY ARE.

SEX VICAR, WHOEVER HEARD OF SUCH A SUPE? EVEN THE SO-CALLED VILLAINS ARE MORE-- MORE--

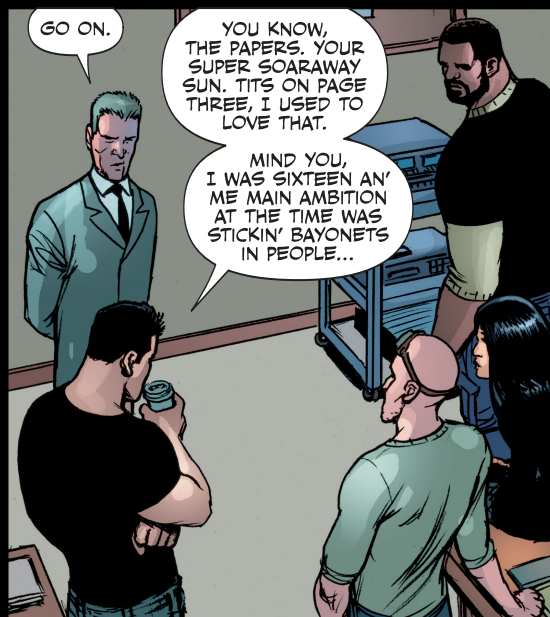
WHOLE-SOME?



OUI, EXACTEMENT. SO WHERE DO SUCH--

THEY'RE ALL OUTTA THE FUCKIN' TABLOIDS.

THE BRIT ONES.



GO ON.

YOU KNOW, THE PAPERS. YOUR SUPER SOARAWAY SUN. TITS ON PAGE THREE, I USED TO LOVE THAT.

MIND YOU, I WAS SIXTEEN AN' ME MAIN AMBITION AT THE TIME WAS STICKIN' BAYONETS IN PEOPLE...



IN THE FALKLANDS THEY WAS BEHIND US ALL THE WAY. 'COURSE, AFTER WE GOT HOME THEY COULDN'T GIVE TWO FUCKS ABOUT US.

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHY THESE PEOPLE ARE SO SIGNIFICANT.

M.M.?

SKORCHERS ARE THE FIRST SUPE TEAM PROPOSED, FUNDED AN' LAUNCHED BY VOUGHT'S MEDIACORP DIVISION.

NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE. EVERYTHING CAME FROM SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

WHICH IS A PROBLEM, 'CAUSE THAT'S WHERE ALL OUR SOURCES BEEN UP 'TIL NOW.

BUT, THANKS TO FRENCHIE--

THE SKORCHERS



SEX VICAR



TEEN TEMPTRESS



PONCING POOF



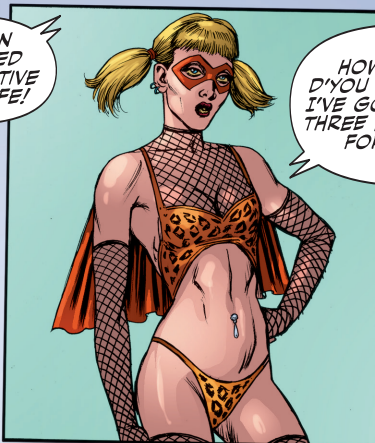
BLACK THUGG



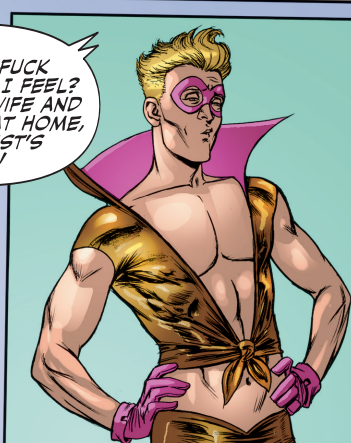
LOONY LEFTIE



...I MEAN I'VE VOTED CONSERVATIVE ALL MY LIFE!



WELL HOW THE FUCK D'YOU THINK I FEEL? I'VE GOT A WIFE AND THREE KIDS AT HOME, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!



SEX VICAR

TEEN TEMPTRESS

PONCING POOF

LOOK, THE NINETIES ARE ALMOST OVER, WE'RE AT THE DAWN OF A COMPLETELY NEW MILLENNIUM--AND THAT'S GOING TO MEAN EXPERIMENTING WITH NEW--

WHAT'S THIS BLACK THUG SHIT SUPPOSED TO BE?



BLACK THUGG

WELL--THERE ARE TWO GEEES, AREN'T THERE? IT'S A SORT OF KNOWING WINK TO YOUR DEMOGRAPHIC...

HOW SO?



LOONY LEFTIE

WELL, YOU PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT GEEES--I'M A GEE, HE'S A GEE...YO...

AH, YOU WANT TO RUN THAT SHIT BY ME AGAIN?

NOW CALM DOWN--

'ERE! OO'S GONNA DO SUMMINK ABOUT MY TITS?



OH, GOD,
PUT THEM
AWAY--!

OH
JESUS!

YOU SAID
YOU WAS GONNA
FIX 'EM! YOU SAID
YOU'D SEE TO IT!
LOOK AT 'EM!

I WILL, I WILL,
PLEASE JUST--
PLEASE--!

THAT OTHER
FUCKIN' WANKER, 'E SAID
ONE OPERATION AN' I'D'VE
CLEAVAGE TO DIE FOR!
I FUCKIN' FELT LIKE DYIN'
WHEN I WOKE UP AN' SAW
THESE, I'LL TELL YOU
THAT FOR NOTHIN'!

CAN WE
JUST STICK
TO THE
POINT...?

YOU'RE AN
EXPERIMENTAL CONCEPT,
QUITE UNPRECEDENTED.
SUPERVILLAINS...WELL, NO,
ANTHEROES, INSPIRED
BY CERTAIN IDENTIFIABLE
SOCIETAL ELEMENTS. AND
I THINK YOU ALL KNOW
HOW THIS WORKS.



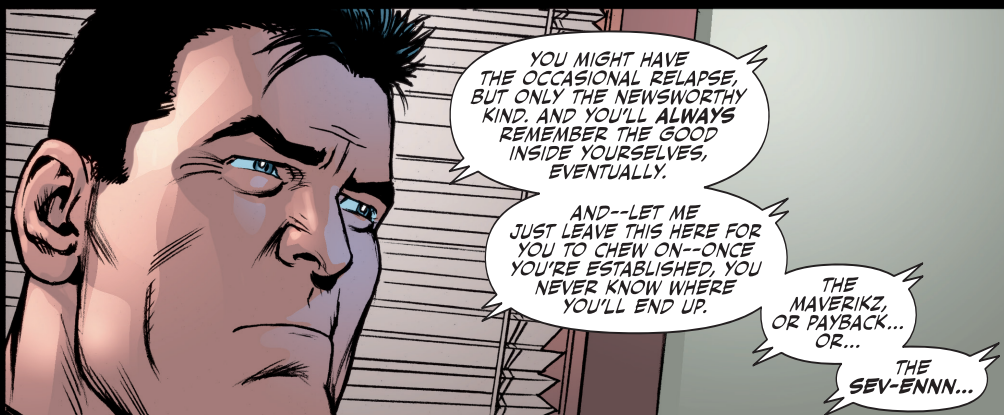
YOU'LL BE
INTRODUCED INTO THE MAINSTREAM,
YOU'LL BE BORN OF SOME CROSSOVER
EVENT OR OTHER. YOU'LL BE AMBIGUOUS,
EDGY, THE KIND OF CHARACTERS PEOPLE
CAN'T MAKE UP THEIR MINDS
ABOUT.



SOON THERE'LL BE
ANOTHER EVENT. AND YOU'LL
SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS.
YOU'LL BE ACCEPTED BY
THE OTHERS.

YOU'LL
COME BACK AS
HEROES, PROCEED
AS SUCH FROM THAT
DAY FORTH. SUBTLE
CHANGES IN COSTUME,
OUTLOOK, NAMES...
ORIENTATION...

OH,
THANK FUCKING
CHRIST--!

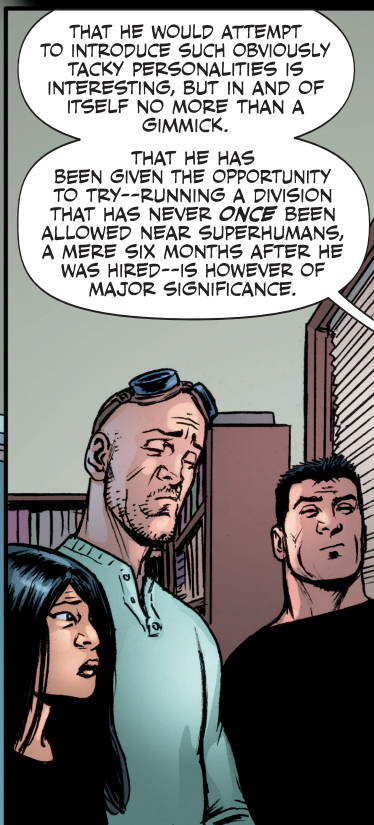


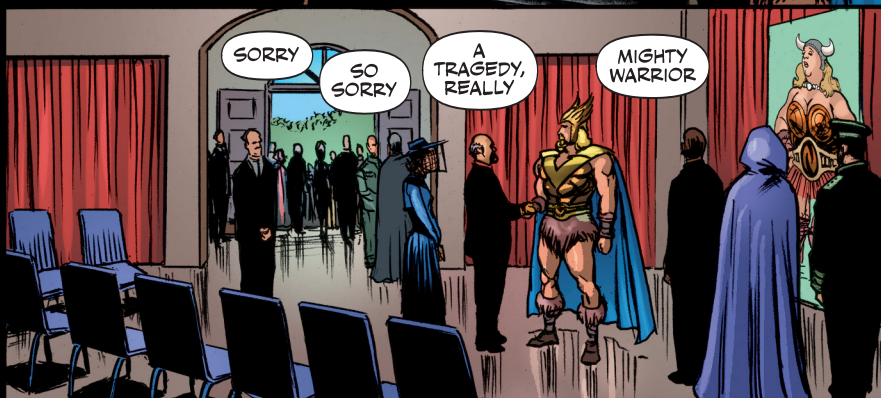
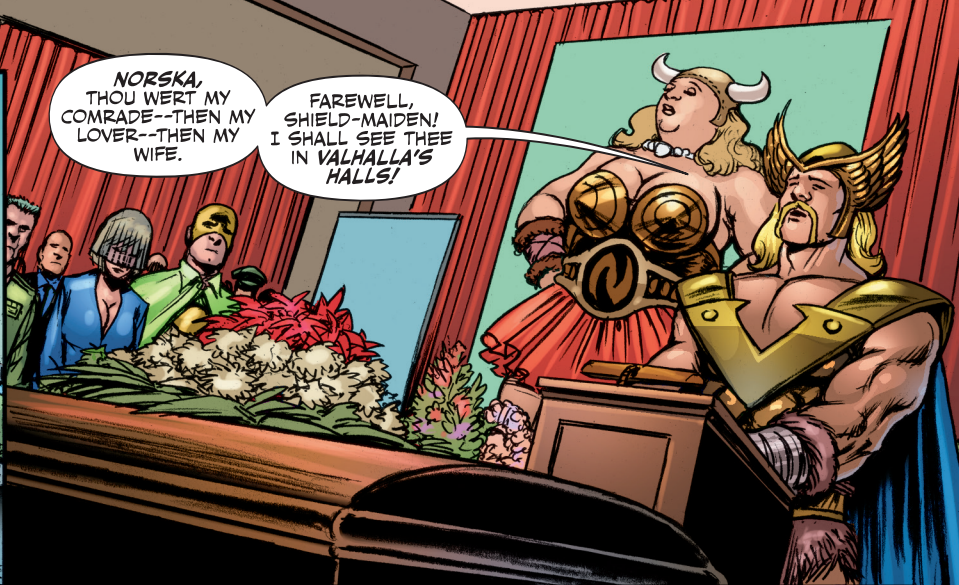
YOU MIGHT HAVE
THE OCCASIONAL RELAPSE,
BUT ONLY THE NEWSWORTHY
KIND. AND YOU'LL ALWAYS
REMEMBER THE GOOD
INSIDE YOURSELVES,
EVENTUALLY.

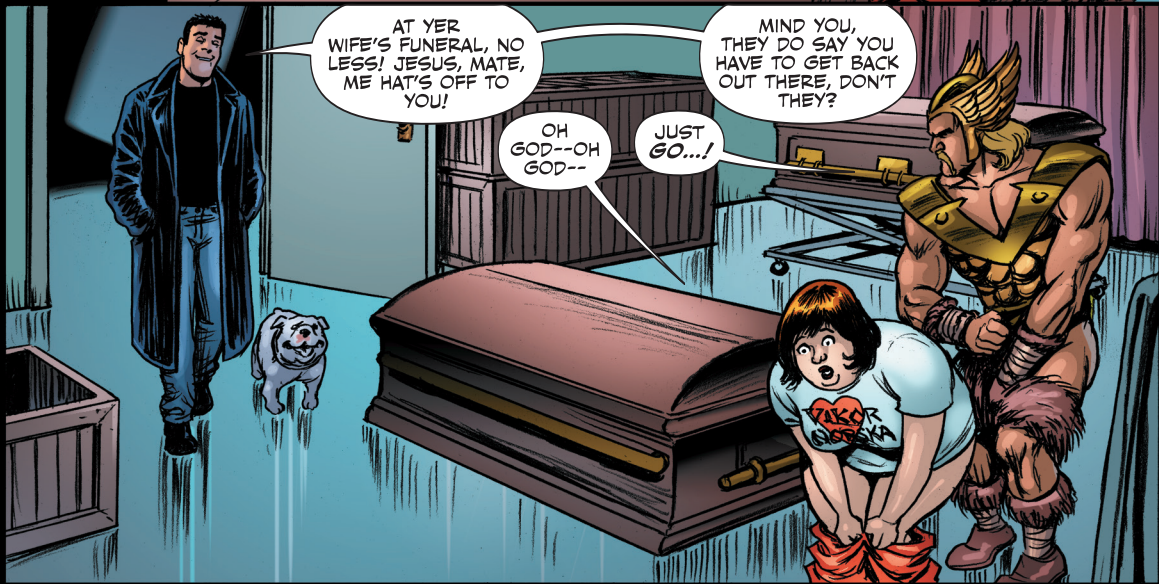
AND--LET ME
JUST LEAVE THIS HERE FOR
YOU TO CHEW ON--ONCE
YOU'RE ESTABLISHED, YOU
NEVER KNOW WHERE
YOU'LL END UP.

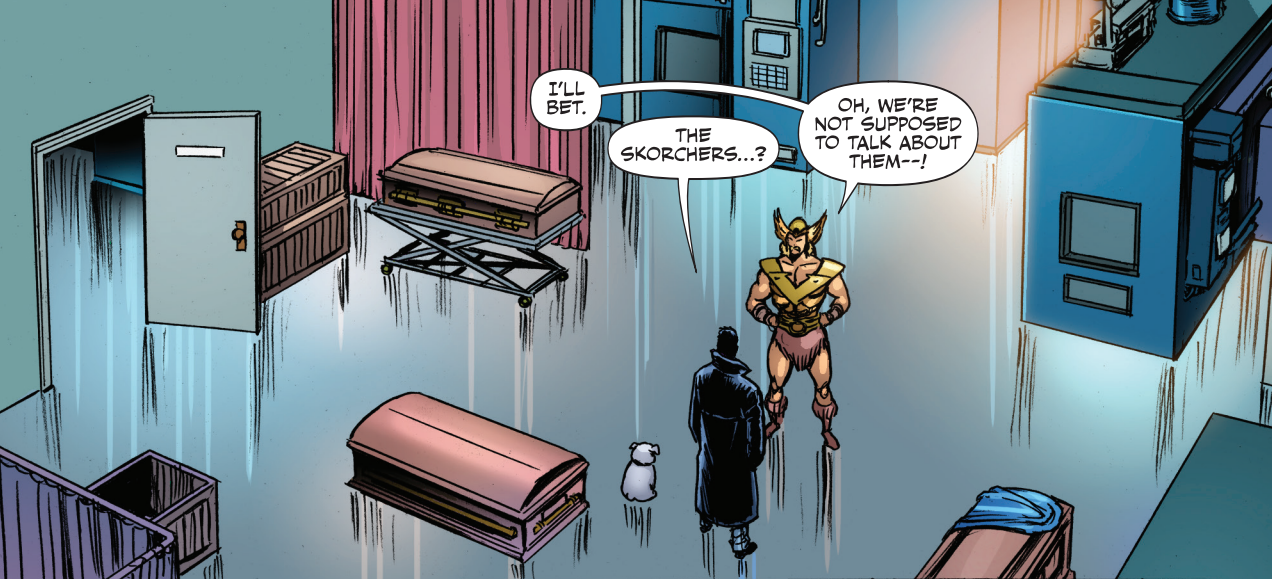
THE
MAVERIKZ,
OR PAYBACK...
OR...

THE
SEV-ENNN...









I'LL
BET.

THE
SKORCHERS...?

OH, WE'RE
NOT SUPPOSED
TO TALK ABOUT
THEM--!



WELL, I'M
THE BLOKE
YOU TALK TO,
ABOUT THINGS
YOU'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO
TALK ABOUT.

NO,
REALLY, WE'VE
ALL BEEN TOLD
TO BACK WAY
OFF. NO CONTACT.
BE POLITE IF WE
SEE THEM, BUT
**DO NOT
ENGAGE...**



YOU BETTER
FIND OUT WHY,
THEN.

HEY, THIS
CAME STRAIGHT
FROM VOUGHT,
I MEAN--

AN' THE
BEST WAY TO
DO THAT IS BY
ENGAGIN'.

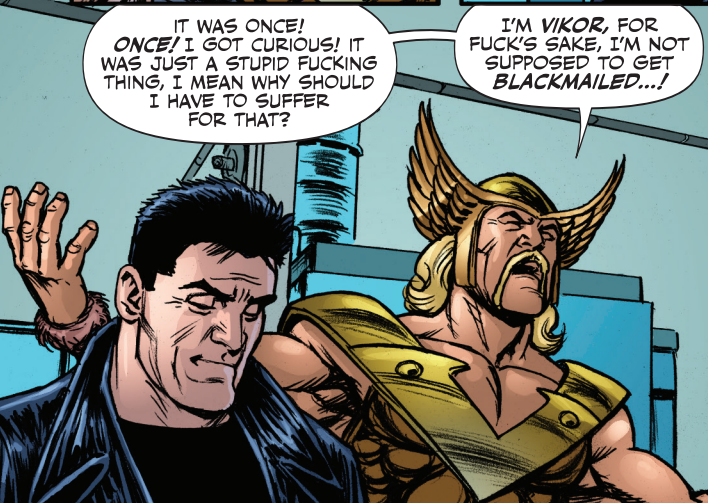
THIS
IS FUCKING
BULLSHIT....!



FUCK! FUCK!
MOTHERFUCKER,
IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE
THAT GODDAMNED
FOOTAGE--!

OH,
FUCK OFF!

WHAT,
OF YOU HAVIN' A
COSMIC WANK WITH
THE ETERNITY
GAUNTLET?



IT WAS ONCE!
ONCE! I GOT CURIOUS! IT
WAS JUST A STUPID FUCKING
THING, I MEAN WHY SHOULD
I HAVE TO SUFFER
FOR THAT?

I'M VIKOR, FOR
FUCK'S SAKE, I'M NOT
SUPPOSED TO GET
BLACKMAILED...!

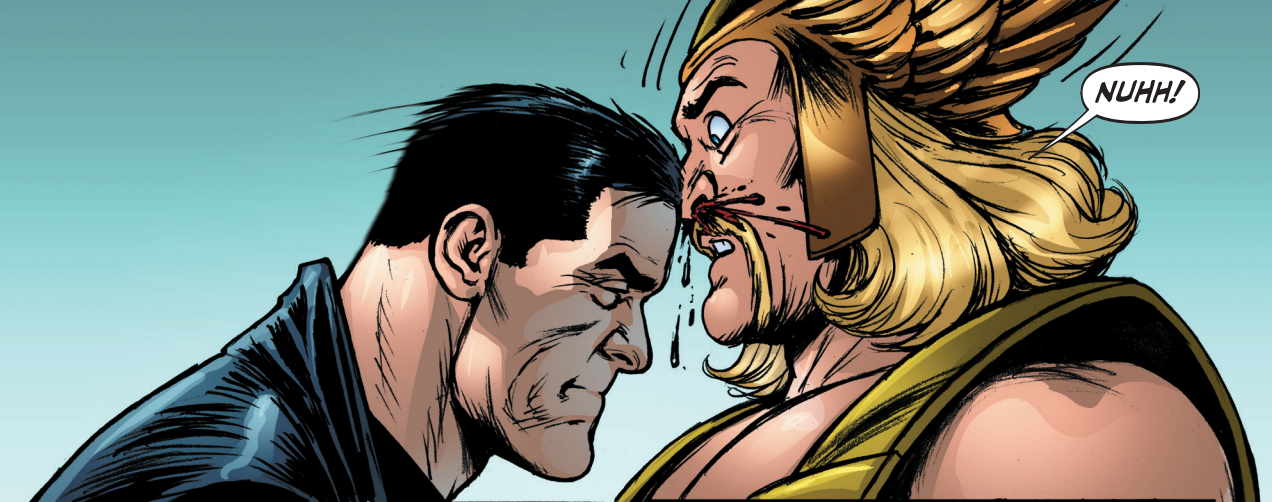


WHAT
WOULD
HAPPEN?

WHAT?

IF I DIDN'T
HAVE THE
FOOTAGE.

WHAT
WOULD
HAPPEN?





HNK--!

HNNNNNNNHHHHHH

YOU
HEAR ME
ALL RIGHT?

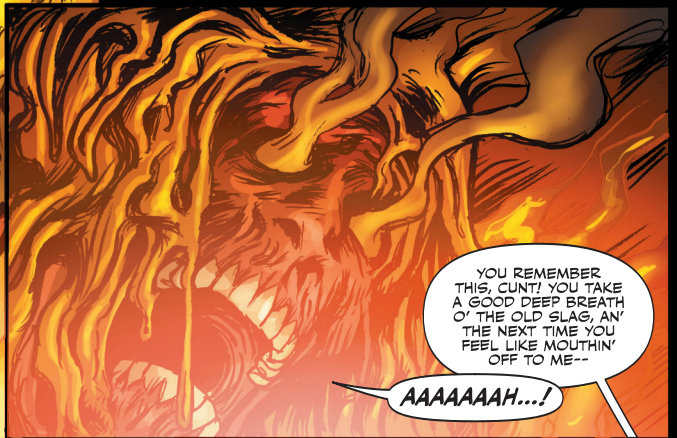
GOOD
MAN!

AAAAAAAH!!!

THAT'S YOUR
WIFE IN THERE
WITH YOU, SON!
YOU SMELL HER
BIG FAT ARSE
BURNIN'?

AAAAAH--!

FALLEN
IN BATTLE, I HEARD
SHE FELL DOWN THE
STAIRS BLIND DRUNK AN'
BROKE HER NECK! I
BET SHE SMELLS LIKE
A FIRE IN A FUCKIN'
DISTILLERY!

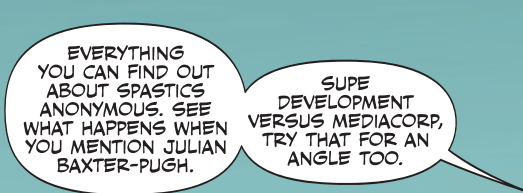


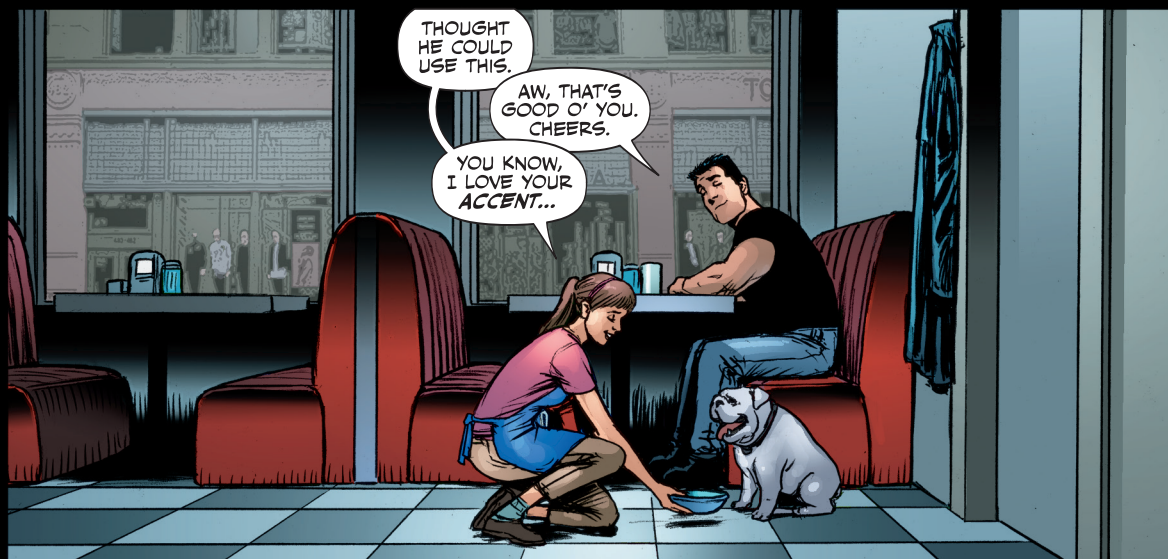
YOU REMEMBER
THIS, CUNT! YOU TAKE
A GOOD DEEP BREATH
O' THE OLD SLAG, AN'
THE NEXT TIME YOU
FEEL LIKE MOUTHIN'
OFF TO ME--

AAAAAAH...!

YOU FUCKIN'
REMEMBER....!







I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO NONE OF THAT TO HIM. A SMACK ROUND THE HEAD WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH.

EVEN WRITING THAT I CAN SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE. THAT'S THE OLD ME, THE BLOKE YOU THOUGHT YOU GOT RID OF.

I DONE IT BECAUSE I WANTED TO. BECAUSE I'M IN SUCH A STINKING MOOD.

MALLORY AND HIS NEW TEAM AND HIS BLOODY TROUBLE AT VOUGHT--IT STILL FEELS LIKE ALL WE'RE DOING'S PECKING AT THEM.

HALF THE TIME HE LETS SUPES OFF WITH JUST A SLAP AND A WARNING.

I REMEMBER WHAT YOU TOLD ME. YOU WERE TRYING TO GET FUNDING FOR SOME DISABLED KIDS, AND THE WHOLE THING HAD JUST BEEN FLOGGED OFF TO THE PRIVATE SECTOR.

YOU SAID--BILLY, GOVERNMENT IS A PAIN IN THE ARSE, BUT AT LEAST THERE'S A FEW PEOPLE IN IT CARE. AND IF YOU CAN REACH THEM YOU'RE SORTED.

BUT YOU SAID A CORPORATION'S NOTHING LIKE THAT. BECAUSE IT DOESN'T HAVE ANYONE TO ANSWER TO. AND IT JUST GOES ON FOREVER, IT GETS BIGGER AND BIGGER AND MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GET ANYTHING FROM IT.

A RIFT, MALLORY SAYS. THE BASTARDS ARE IMMUNE TO RIFTS.



THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, IF WE'RE REALLY TRYING TO HURT THE SUPES WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY ABOUT IT.



HOW YOU DOING IN THERE?



OH, I'M...
I'M ALL RIGHT,
AYE...

IS
THAT STUFF
I GOT YOU
HELPING?

UH,
WEE BIT SOON
TO KEN FOR
SURE.



I JUST SAW
MISTER MCGONAGLE
GO PAST IN HIS BUS.
LOOKED LIKE HE'D
BEEN SMOKING
CRACK AGAIN.

AYE, WELL,
HE DOES LIKE
HIS CRACK...

D'YOU
EVER THINK
ABOUT WHAT
THAT WOULD
BE LIKE?

SMOKIN'
CRACK?
ANNIE--

NO,
DUMMY, BEING
ADDICTED.



HAVING
SOMETHING YOU
COULDN'T STOP
DOING, NO MATTER
HOW BAD YOU KNEW
IT WAS FOR
YOU.

OR EVEN
GOING BACK TO IT
YEARS LATER. WHEN
YOU THOUGHT IT
WAS OUT OF YOUR
LIFE.



...NO, NO,
I NEVER REALLY
THOUGHT ABOUT
THAT.

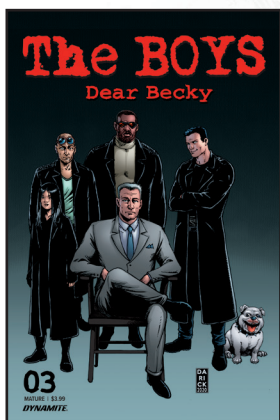
BIT
OF A GRIM
ONE THERE,
HEN.

HUH.
YEAH.

I'M GONNA
READ MY
BOOK. FEEL
BETTER.



TO BE CONTINUED



NEXT ISSUE

Hughie fills Annie in on some of the CIA's anti-supe tactics in the years since the Boys were last around, but she has some pressing questions of her own. As Butcher finds himself in a sticky spot with the Children of Stormfront, he realizes Becky's influence is a good deal harder to escape than he'd thought.

WRITER JOHN LAYMAN LAYS IT DOWN

ON WHY RED SONJA IS UP AGAINST HER GREATEST CHALLENGE YET!

John, these pesky Martians have attacked all kinds of folks. From their peers who prefer to call the planet Barsoom, to KISS, finheads, lawgivers and the innocent minds of children lucky enough to come across the original cards. How does the She-Devil With a Sword measure up against the big brainies and is there a challenge in bringing them to the Hyborian Age?

One-on-one, Sonja definitely has the upper hand. But there is strength in numbers, not to mention large numbers of a technologically advanced alien society. It's not just laser swords and disintegration crossbows Sonja has to worry about, but the Martian mastermind behind this entire invasion. He's a scientific genius when it comes to weird, sci-fi experimentation, so Red Sonja will have to contend with that. She's got a tough road ahead of her.

Will fans get to see some of those infamously large noggins sliced through? We assume there is going to be a whole ton of action in this series. What's it like working with artist Fran Strukan to bring that to the page?

Fran has been great. I'm asking him to draw a lot of nutty stuff, and he is totally up to the challenge. Doesn't matter if it's barbarians with battle-axes or giant robots with laser beam eyes or genetically-engineered bugs... he nails it every time. And yes, there is plenty of Mars Attacks ultra-violence... it would not be Mars Attacks if there wasn't. Fran kicks ass on that too. As does our colorist, Valentina Briški.

Some cool kids may know this is actually a glorious return to the franchise for you, as you wrote a fan-favorite stretch of Mars Attacks previously. Has it been fun getting back into their twisted minds? Should we be on the lookout for any connections or Easter eggs?

In my mind it's all a connected universe, though of course by no means will you have had to read the older stuff, my magnificent 15 issues run on Mars Attacks. But, yes, there is a bit of connective tissue between books, and also with Red Sonja, whom I wrote a long, loooong time ago – one of my very first freelance gigs.

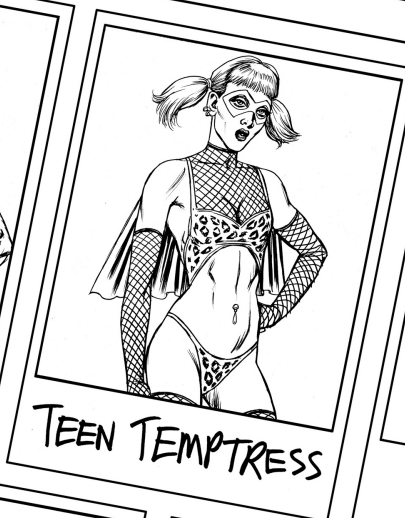
You've had your fair share of fun in the Dynamite stable and the sword & sorcery genre, going back to Red Sonja/Claw and your acclaimed run on Xena. What makes this genre such fun to tackle in comic books? And let's close out with your broad thoughts on Red Sonja herself!

Swords & Sorcery Barbarian stuff is something I haven't written nearly enough of, and I always enjoy it when I do. I purposely pursued this gig with Dynamite, sometimes I think they finally approved it because it was clear I wasn't going away. I love both Mars Attacks and Red Sonja and have had loads of fun writing them both. What could be more fun? Writing them together!

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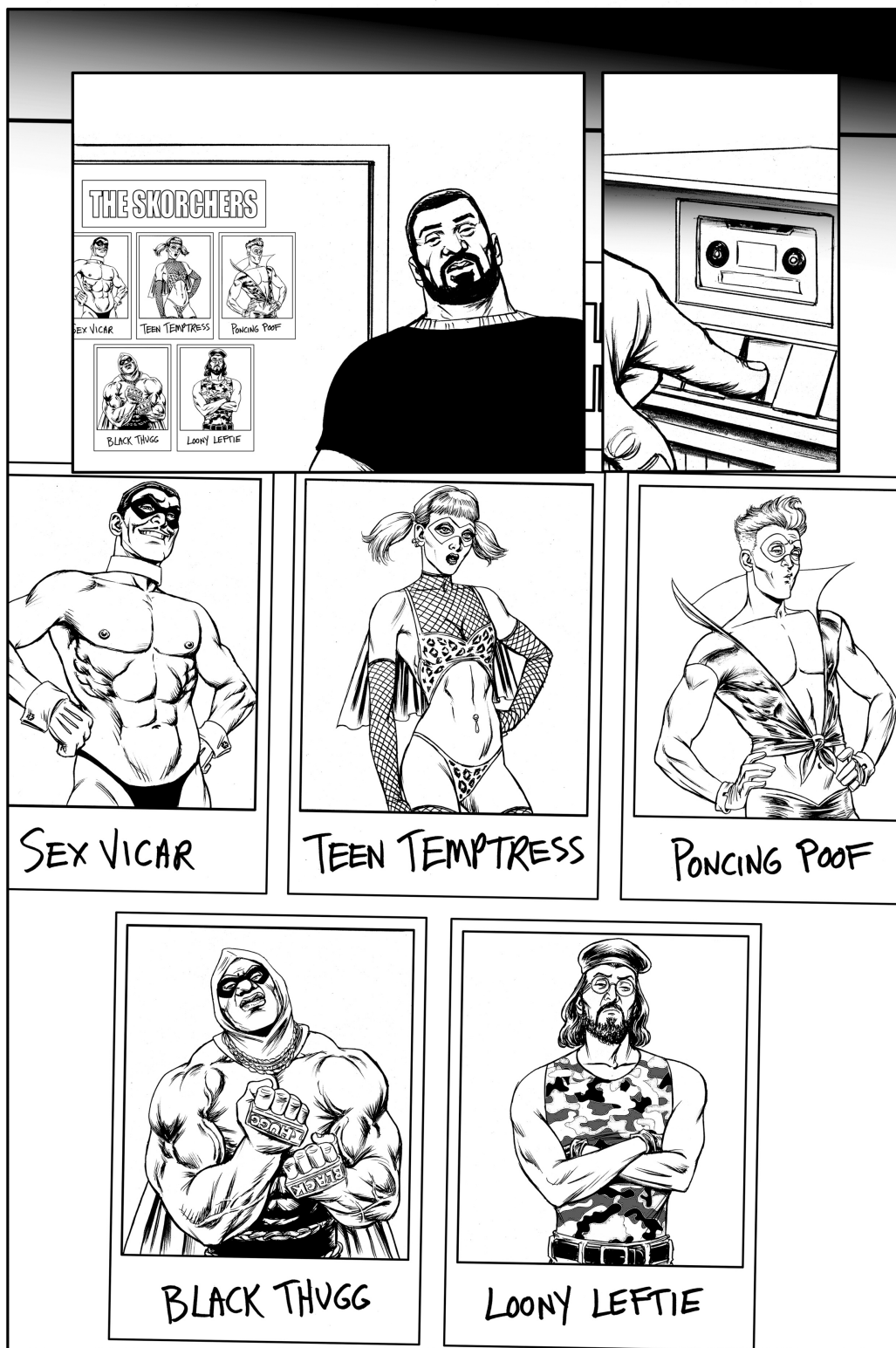
THE SKORCHERS



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