

.....image comics presents:

The Black Monday Murders.....[05]

Hickman | Coker | Garland | WoottonApril 2017 |



(image comics presents:)

HIRE THE MAN, NOT THE GUN

Words by: Jonathan Hickman
Art by: Tomm Coker
Colors by: Michael Garland
Letters by: Rus Wooton

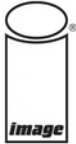


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(e)

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OPERATION ARGENT



BOLIVIA: 1970-1973

[REDACTED]

(X-1972-09200)

August 16, 1972

(a)

(b,c,d)



August 16, 1972

From: [REDACTED]
Office of the Executive
Director of the CIA

To: Pierre-Paul Schweitzer
Managing Director
International Monetary Fund

Subject: Operation Argent
[REDACTED]

Ref: X-1972-09200

Mr. Schweitzer:

This is in response to your 5 August 1972 letter which my office received on 10 August 1972 regarding personnel concerns related to our mutual commitment in [REDACTED]

I understand your unease, especially in regards to optics and potential blowback and have taken the following actions to mitigate said concerns:

(e,f)

Funneling of additional assets: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] untraceable funds [REDACTED] third party, unaffiliated banking institutions [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

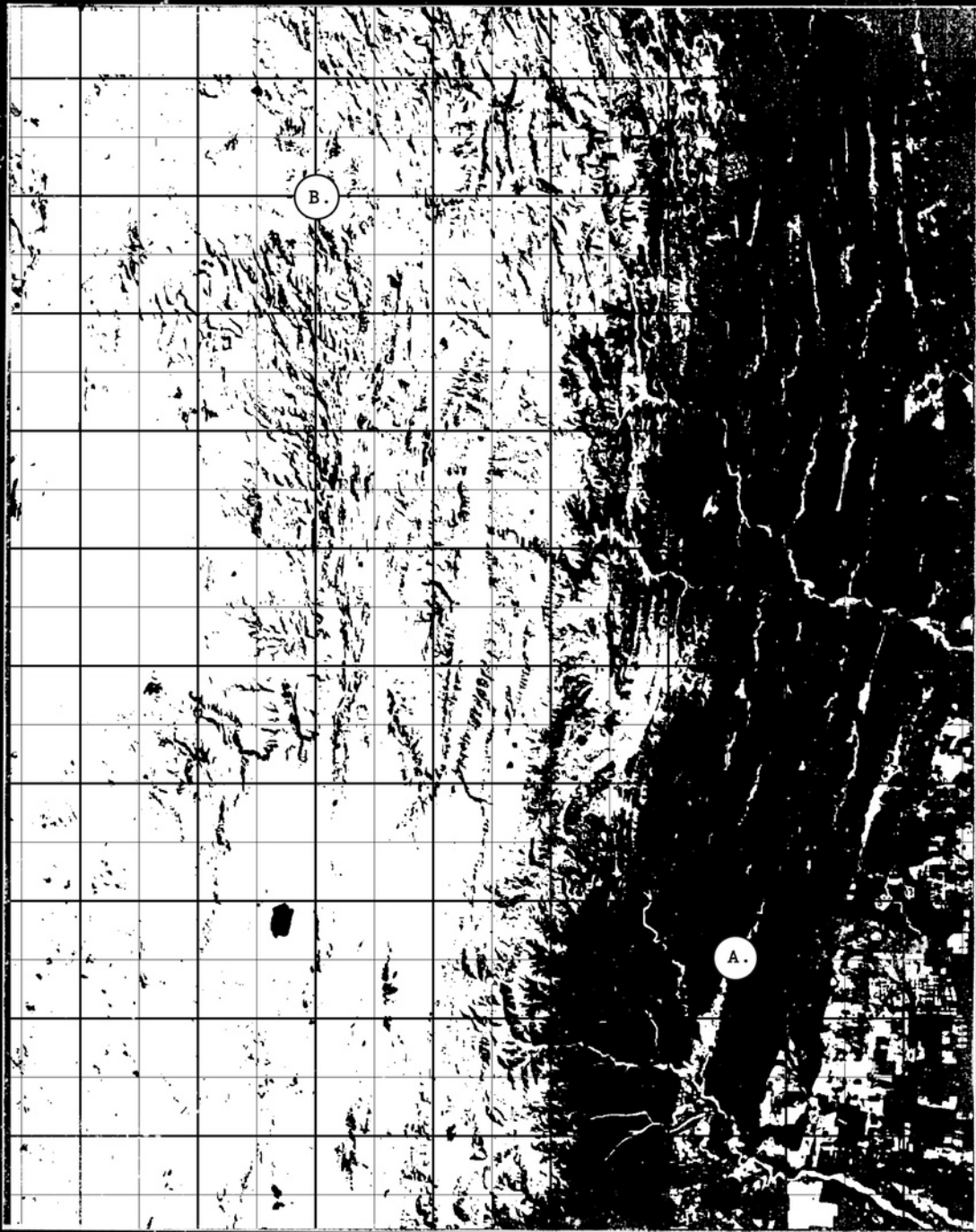
Reassignment of strategic personnel: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] To that end, we are sending [REDACTED] as well as field operative, Thomas Dane, Special Activities Division (SAD) [REDACTED] experienced South American asset [REDACTED] formerly U.S. Army Special Forces [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

I believe these actions will be sufficient in executing our shared strategy. Please let me know if you have any further concerns.

(g)

Sincerely,
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

(a) Satellite (19°35'00" : 65°45'11")



A. Reserva Tariquia
B. Potosi

(b,c,d)

(e,f,g,h)
(i)
(j,k)

Reserva Tariquia.
May 14, 1973.

9:12 a.m.



<Just like an American...>

<Inviting you to a party he's throwing in your backyard without permission.>

<Well, in my defense, Colonel, I am offering to pay, and pay well. So...>

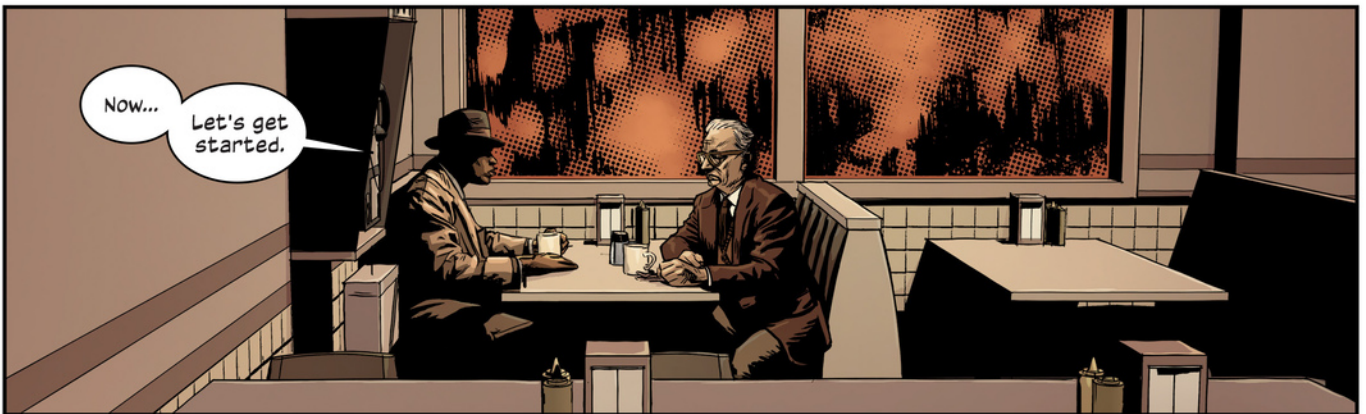
<Which do you prefer: Drop-shipped palettes of untraceable US dollars, or anonymous deposits into your offshore bank account?>

<We can do both.>



New York City.
November 6, 2017.

11:12 a.m.







Because all of this demands an acceptance of evidence unseen.

A faith in the ethereal. A belief in a world that is another world entirely.



I'm asking you if you're a believer, because that's what's required to understand the answer to your question.

So I ask again, *do you believe?*



If you took a long, hard look at my life, evidence might suggest I believe all kinds of things, Dr. Gaddis.

Not walking under ladders, or the breaking of mirrors...



Someone might notice that I go to church every Sunday, *sing hymns to Jesus Christ*. But does that mean I believe, or am I just being cautious?

Perhaps I'm simply covering all the bases.



...

It's an interesting story, *the Christ*.

Son of God who sacrificed himself to save all mankind. Divinity made flesh. The terminal arm of the trinity.

But really, for us men the *relatable* part of the story is his disciples, isn't it?

Of course, you do know about his disciples, no? The men who followed him. The men who *believed*.

I do. Yes.



Then you know of *Peter* -- on whose back Christ's church was built -- and *Judas* -- who with a kiss -- betrayed him for thirty pieces of silver.

It's fascinating to me how many people misinterpret the point of their story.



Haven't you ever wondered why Judas -- who only betrayed Christ once -- is the fallen sinner of the story, and Peter is the redeemed?

After all, Peter denied the Son of God three times -- each denial a separate betrayal.



Can you guess, detective... why the greater offender became a saint, while the other hung from a tree?



I have no idea.



Judas, you see...

He took the money.



I don't see how that--



If you're going to understand how all this works, detective, then you're going to have to remember one key thing: *money is the physical manifestation of power.*

And when I say power, *yes*, I mean powers beyond our mortal ken.



If you're trying to tell me that every asshole with a million dollars in the bank is moonlighting as Harry fucking Potter on the weekend, then, I'm sorry, doctor...

I don't buy it.



You're making the common mistake of confusing paper with wealth, detective.

I'm not referring to inflated currency, manipulated markets, or a financial statement reflecting an account somewhere in the banking ether.



No. I'm talking about wealth that's pulled from the earth.

And like any other offering -- like any other infernal pact -- that kind of transaction is paid for in blood.

Have you ever heard of the Cerro Rico?



No.



It means, 'the rich hill.'

It's a mountain in South America, near Potosi. In 1545, the Spanish discovered it was home to some of the largest silver deposits in world.

"There was so much silver in that mountain that, once mined, it destabilized the world economy. It shifted the global axis of power."



"The local Indians, who the Spanish pressed into service mining the mountain, called it the 'the mouth of hell' where they were 'sacrificed by the greed of the Spaniards to their God.'"



"The Augustinian monk Fray Antonio de la Calancha wrote that, 'Every peso coin minted in Potosi has cost the life of ten Indians who have died in the depths of the mines.'"



"Ten human lives for a single silver coin..."

"And do you know what the Spanish did when they ran out of indigenous workers? Did they stop? Had they mined enough to satisfy their appetite? Did the cost finally outweigh the value?"



"No. Instead, they imported African slaves to take their place. They called them 'human mules.'"



"That kind of human sacrifice -- that kind of generational blood offering -- is what I mean when I talk about real wealth, detective."

"It's a biblical exchange. It's blood for power. And there is no chance -- no good fortune -- to be found in it."



After all, when you hear that sixty families represent half of all the wealth on the planet, do you think something like that happens by luck?

No.

No. Of course not. It's orchestrated... and the key to understanding the dark arts.



...
You asked me if I believed, doctor...

Yeah, when I was a boy I did. I believed in a benevolent God, and the better angels who served Him. Then I got older...

Got a job that came with harsh lessons regarding the human condition, so I stopped believing in ...all that. But now? After what I've recently seen?



Well, I still don't put much stock in a god who watches over his children -- or who works for the betterment of mankind...

But devils and other dark spirits that haunt this world? Yeah, I do believe in that. I am a believer.



Then we have an accord, detective. The question is, do we have the will to act on it?

Government Remains Silent on President's Death

Upcoming elections in turmoil following the assassination of President Santiago.

June 3, 1973 | By Antonio Barnard, Miami Herald



Col. Gustaf Diaz, long a powerful figure in South American military circles, has said that there are still no leads regarding the assassination of President Juan Manuel Jesus Santiago, a Bolivian television channel reported Wednesday. While conflicting reports continue to swirl regarding the assassination itself, no new answers appear to be forthcoming.

On Monday, the United States condemned the killing which came just weeks before the country's upcoming presidential election, and it called on the government to protect all remaining political candidates. "This is yet another deadly attack orchestrated by extranational parties specifically aimed at candidates who support liberal democracy," State Department spokesman James Houston said in a statement. "Campaigns of fear, violence, and intimidation have no place in any election."

When asked if the elections would continue as scheduled, Col. Diaz ensured they would and that all remaining candidates would receive around-the-clock security. "I personally guarantee their safety," said Diaz.

(image comics presents)

THE BLACK MONDAY
MURDERS

CHAPTER FIVE . . .

(c)

(s.b.e.d)

(a)

(b.e.d)

Dane Apartment.
November 6, 2017.

6:05 p.m.









- THESE SECRETS WE HIDE -
- THEY WILL DEVOUR US WHOLE -

(a)

(b,c,d)

THE EXECUTIVE JOURNAL OF DANIEL ROTHSCHILD

January 29, 1993

There was an uprising in the Kenyan Lattice academy yesterday. Seven doctors of the Broken Hand decided to 'retire' their Merovingian watcher, and after eating his heart used the accrued power to escape into Idea Space.

The best minds of the Hyperpryon school think it's a suicide run. If so, and accounting for the potential power wielded by six terminal doctors, they believe they have a vulnerability window of 20 years. So, unless they're wrong, or the Lattice doctors are total incompetents, someone higher up in the Merovingian school is probably going to be murdered in their crib.

With any luck, it will be that Anjou prick, Alfonso.

Regardless, this latest news is yet another in an increasing line of arcane disasters. I find this uptick troubling, and I'm having trouble moving past two parallel ideas in my head:

1. The appearance of global peace seems to be indicative of increased conflict within the independent houses. I've uncovered ample evidence that the Black Pope is investing in Balkan destabilization in an effort to combat this with the Vatican. This idea might be worth presenting to the board.
2. I think I need to hire personal security.

(e,f)

April 17, 1993

I have hired an IMF security expert named Thomas Dane to be my personal bodyguard.

He comes with the blessing of Michel Camdessus, as well as a letter of recommendation from the CIA.

If he turns out to be everything he seems, then I plan to groom him to take over, and reconstitute, Caina-Kankrin corporate security during my next rotation into the Ascendant Seat.

(g)

Caina-Kankrin.
November 6, 2017.

8:23 p.m.

As you know...

The Rothschilds currently hold the Ascendant Seat. So it falls to me to call this board meeting to order.

The form dictates that we begin with old business, but since this is our first meeting since I reclaimed my seat, well, I frankly consider all business new business...

Except for one item.

That which caused my return.

So, to that end...

What the fuck is he doing here?



It's true that Alexi, and not Viktor, currently holds the Stone Chair, but it's well within any of our rights to allow guests of certain standing and practice to join in these little get-togethers.

But if it's blame you're looking to place, look no further, Ria. Viktor's here at my invitation.

And you thought that was a good idea?

I thought it might lead to some fun.

I don't know if you've noticed or not, but there's a general lack of merriment in the world right now, and that just won't do.



Some might say there's an equal lack of manners, Marko.

Who gives a shit about either, Alexi?

I'm looking at the intentional devaluation of the yuan by the Yinhang, and the Black Pope is, once again, making overtures to the al-Jinn.

Perhaps we can move on to matters of a more serious nature and leave all pettiness for the back room.



And what do you say, Viktor?

Should we just move past this?



Whore.

Daughter of a whore.



There it is...

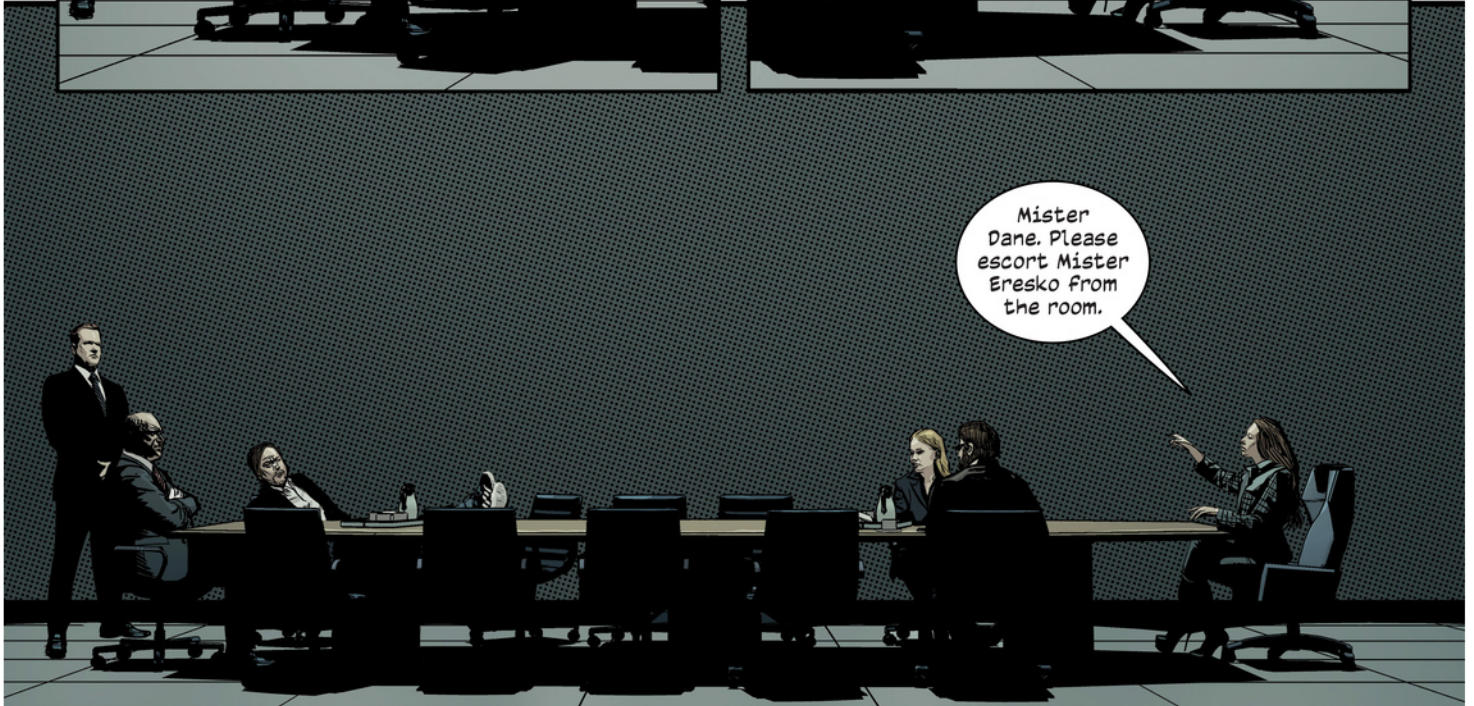
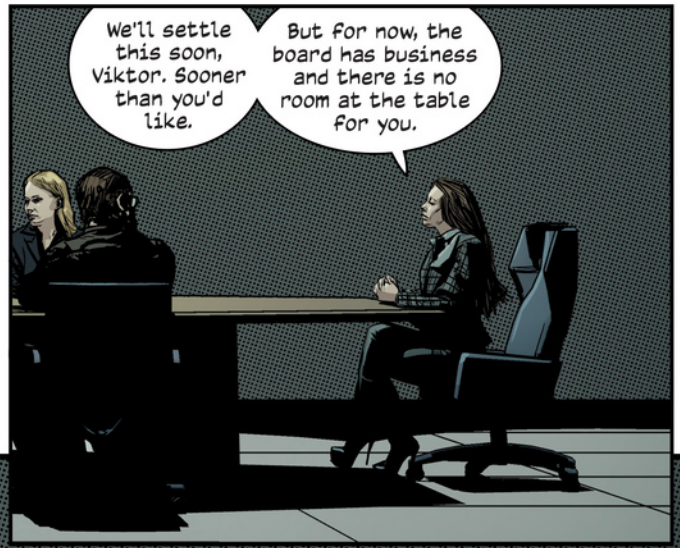
Don't hold back on our account.

Pretend we're not even here.



I bled your brother dry, Ria, and I will do the same to you.

I will erase your entire line...





Tonight I want you to put a bullet in that simple head of yours.

Not because you deserve it, but because you're a simple tool who no longer has a use.

Now then...

On to new business.

(b,c,d)

THE EXECUTIVE JOURNAL OF DANIEL ROTHSCHILD

November 28, 1997

For the past six months, my head of security, Thomas Dane, has started acting erratic after several years of exceptional service.

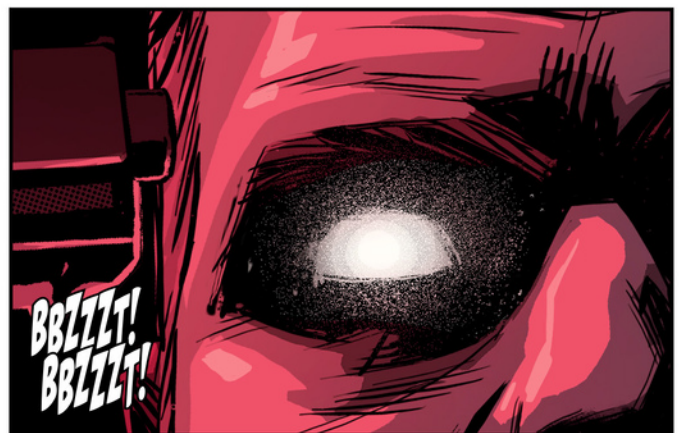
Yesterday, when I confronted him about this, he admitted that my concerns were not unfounded and that he had become disillusioned with the work he was doing. He told me that his time in the CIA had broken him of his belief in government, and that his work at the IMF had done the same regarding the greater benefits of nation states. Then he told me that witnessing the inner workings of Caina, of seeing what we do did on a daily basis to bleed the population of wealth and power, had killed any remaining hope in the general goodness of man.

I confessed to him I felt the same way.

(a)

Dane Apartment.
November 6, 2017.

10:48 p.m.





(a)

THE EXECUTIVE JOURNAL OF DANIEL ROTHSCHILD

March 9, 2000

I made Thomas smile today when I told him that our "benevolence fund" now contained almost 13.4 billion dollars.

Over the next six months we'll disperse almost half of that to various non-profits and education endowments. The rest will be divided between the 15 highest rated international foundations combating poverty and illiteracy.

Mister Dane still cannot believe that we were able to bleed that much money from numerous corporations using our wholly-manufactured Y2K dis-information campaign. I explained to him that truly wealthy people don't mind paying a premium if the alternative is the possible collapse of the system from which they benefit.

They can afford the lie.

(g)

(b,c,d)

THE EXECUTIVE JOURNAL OF DANIEL ROTHSCHILD

October 11, 2007

The Stone Chair has claimed Irena Koslov.

December 29, 2007

Viktor Eresko remains unconsolable. The death of Irena Koslov continues to resonate.

August 16, 2009

Viktor Eresko has returned from sabbatical to assume the Stone Chair, reeking of power. He used his prolonged absence as an excuse to examine all financial records contained in the Caina-Kankrin grimoire. Wynn Ackermann objected, but backed down when Viktor threatened him.

There is something unsettling about this new Viktor Eresko. Thomas Dane agrees. Something about his eyes. Something about what's looking back at you.

April 20, 2012

During my rotated, scheduled absence, the board has unanimously voted to transition the position of Caina-Kankrin head of security from my purview to one that answers to the board at large.

Any repair I believed I had accomplished from the events surrounding my sister's banishment appear to have failed and we are, once again, fractured. Suspicion and fear rule Caina-Kankrin. Chaos has set in.

I suspect Viktor Eresko is behind this.

July 6, 2014

Thomas no longer believes I am safe, and Wynn Ackermann has disappeared.

All my hopes rest in regaining the Ascendant Seat.

The clock continues to tick.

(e,f)

Caina-Kankrin.

Are you sure?

BOO

All right.

You go do what you need to do. I'll take care of this...

BOO

I know what I'm doing.

You worry about you.

Send him in.



Thank you for coming back in, Thomas. I apologize for the last minute nature of this, but...

I wouldn't have asked if it wasn't important.

I have a problem and I need your help.



Of course, ma'am.

Just point me in the right direction.

If I can ask... is it business or the other thing?

Actually, it's a bit of both.



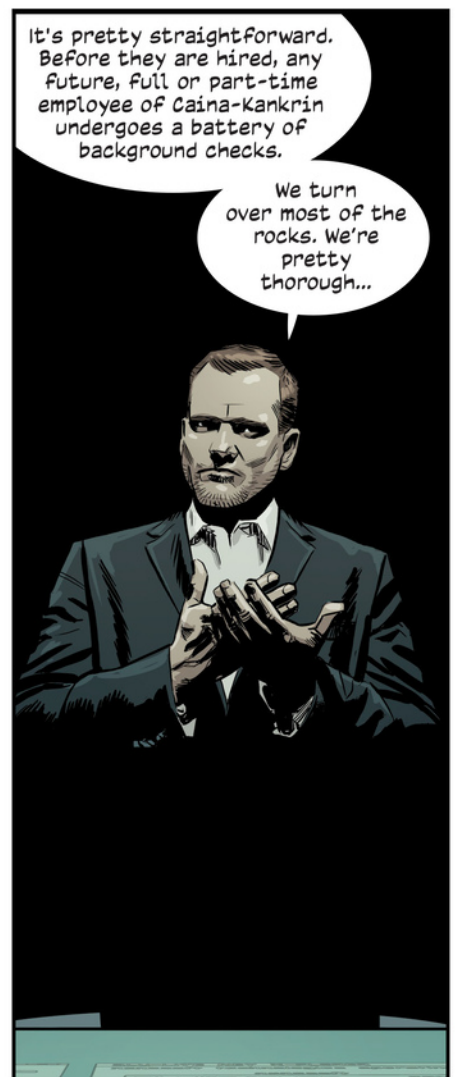
I need to know whether or not an employee is a good fit for an assignment.

I need them vetted. You do this kind of work for the firm all the time, yes?

I do.



And how do you normally accomplish something like that?



It's pretty straightforward. Before they are hired, any future, full or part-time employee of Caina-Kankrin undergoes a battery of background checks.

We turn over most of the rocks. We're pretty thorough...





I do.

A clinical detachment is a necessary requirement for someone in your position.

Your job is essentially eliminating failure knowing full well that all people fail eventually. So in that vein...

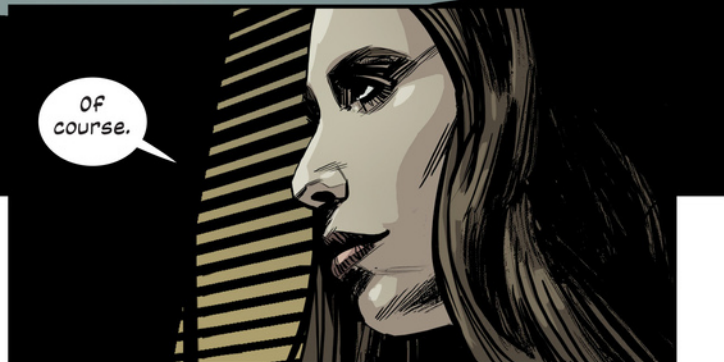
What did you think of my brother?

Ma'am?

I want to know what you thought of Daniel.



The truth?



Of course.



I didn't. In fact, I honestly don't even think of any of you as people anymore. You're more like perpetual institutions.

You're brother was, like you, just another cog in the ever-progressing Rothschild line.

And that's all.



I would think someone with your experience would be a much better liar.

Try again, please.

Try harder.



Your brother was weak. And in this place, the weak are devoured.

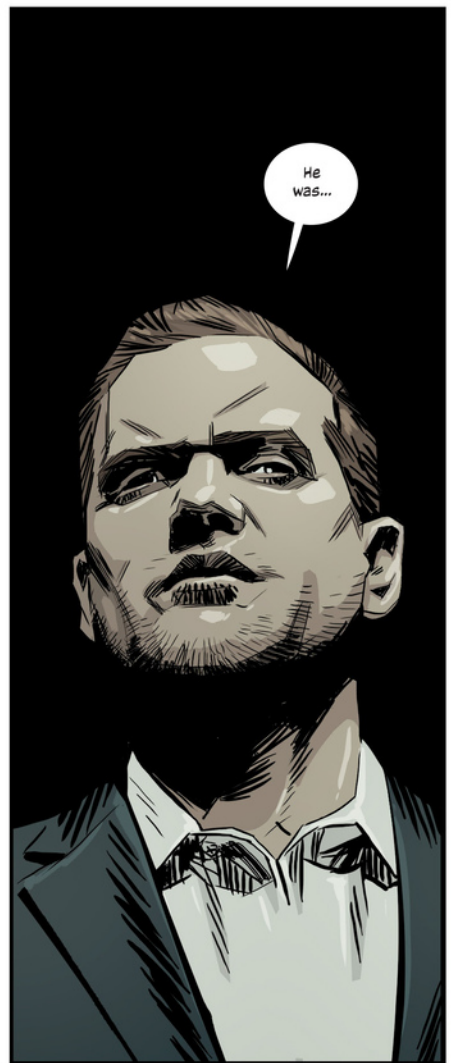
That he died -- how he died -- it was inevitable.



Again. A fucking lie.



One last try, Mister Dane, and then I'm going to be done with you.



He was...



He was...

He was a good man destroyed by an industry of evil.

Daniel deserved better.



Yes. He did.

How would you like to help me avenge him?



I would be very interested in that.



Then I have a job....

Perfectly suited, I think, for someone like you.



Whatever you need, ma'am.



Wynn Ackermann is missing, Mister Dane...



Find him for me.

There is no hiding.
We will always find you.





ALL HAIL GOD MAMMON



IMAGECOMICS.COM



RATED M / MATURE

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

