



.....image comics presents:

The Black Monday Murders.....[04]

Hickman | Coker | Garland | Wootton | Abbadon.....November 2016 |

(c)(d)(e)

(a)(b)



16

(image comics presents:)

THIS IS WHY WE GO TO CHURCH

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

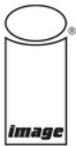


IMAGE COMICS, INC.

Robert Kirkman	- Chief Operating Officer
Erik Larsen	- Chief Financial Officer
Todd McFarlane	- President
Marc Silvestri	- Chief Executive Officer
Jim Valentino	- Vice-President
Eric Stephenson	- Publisher
Corey Murphy	- Director of Sales
Jeff Boison	- Director of Publishing Planning & Book Trade Sales
Jeremy Sullivan	- Director of Digital Sales
Kat Salazar	- Director of PR & Marketing
Branwyn Bigglestone	- Controller
Drew Gill	- Art Director
Jonathan Chan	- Production Manager
Meredith Wallace	- Print Manager
Briah Skelly	- Publicist
Sasha Head	- Sales & Marketing Production Designer
Randy Okamura	- Digital Production Designer
David Brothers	- Branding Manager
Olivia Ngai	- Content Manager
Addison Duke	- Production Artist
Vincent Kukua	- Production Artist
Tricia Ramos	- Production Artist
Jeff Stang	- Direct Market Sales Representative
Emilio Bautista	- Digital Sales Associate
Leanna Caunter	- Accounting Assistant
Chloe Ramos-Peterson	- Library Market Sales Representative

IMAGECOMICS.COM

(e)

THE BLACK MONDAY MURDERS #4. November 2016. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2001 Center Street, Sixth Floor, Berkeley, CA 94704. Copyright © 2016 Jonathan Hickman. All rights reserved. "The Black Monday Murders," its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are trademarks of Jonathan Hickman, unless otherwise noted. "Image" and the Image Comics logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Jonathan Hickman or Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. Digital edition.

For international rights, contact: foreignlicensing@imagecomics.com.

Caina-Kankrin.
November 3, 2016.

10:44 a.m.



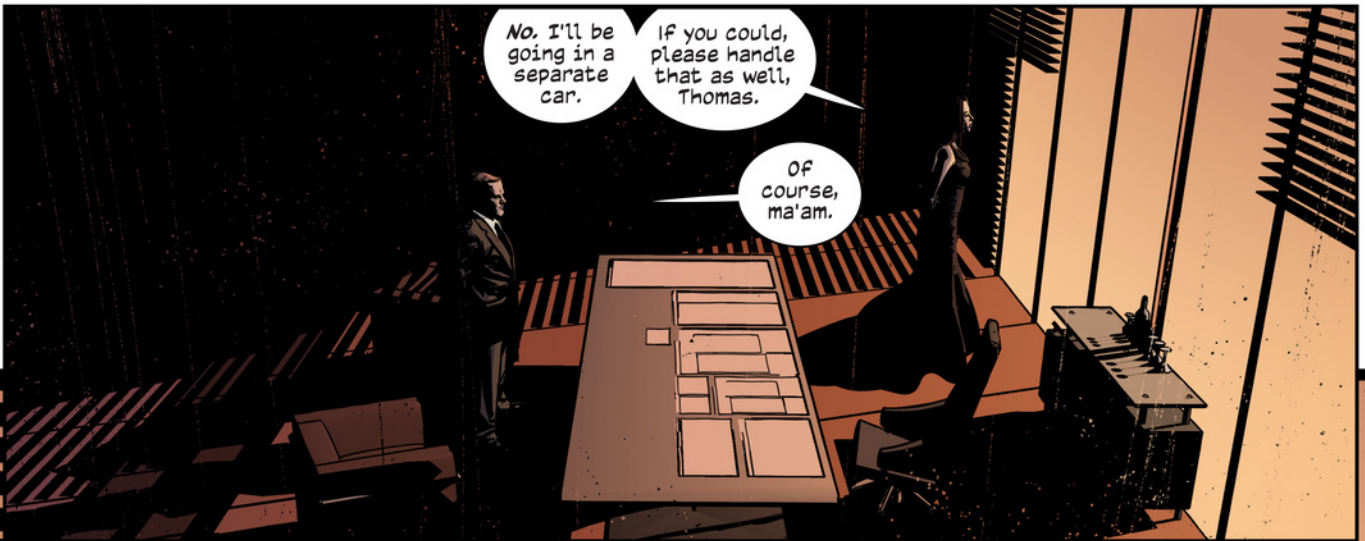
Did you find a place?



I did, ma'am. It's about two and a half hours northwest.

I completed the purchase earlier this morning, and all the expected guests should arrive within the next two hours. We're set for sundown.

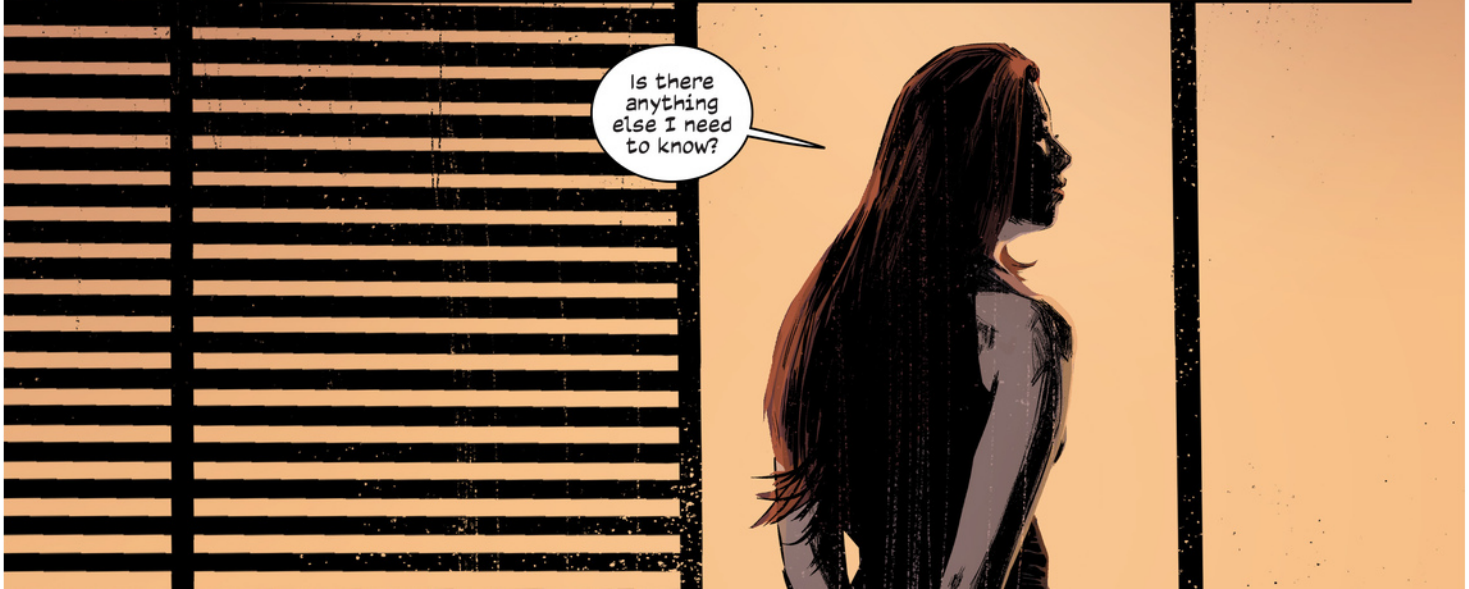
I've also arranged for the remainder of the board to ride together. Would you like to ride up with them?



No, I'll be going in a separate car.

If you could, please handle that as well, Thomas.

Of course, ma'am.



Is there anything else I need to know?



There is...

The Black Pope won't be attending. However, a cardinal was sent to preside over the ceremony in the pontiff's place.



That's to be expected. She hasn't officially left the Vatican in almost twenty years.

What else?



The police...they couldn't hold Viktor Eresko. He made bail this morning.

You should prepare yourself -- he might be in attendance as well.

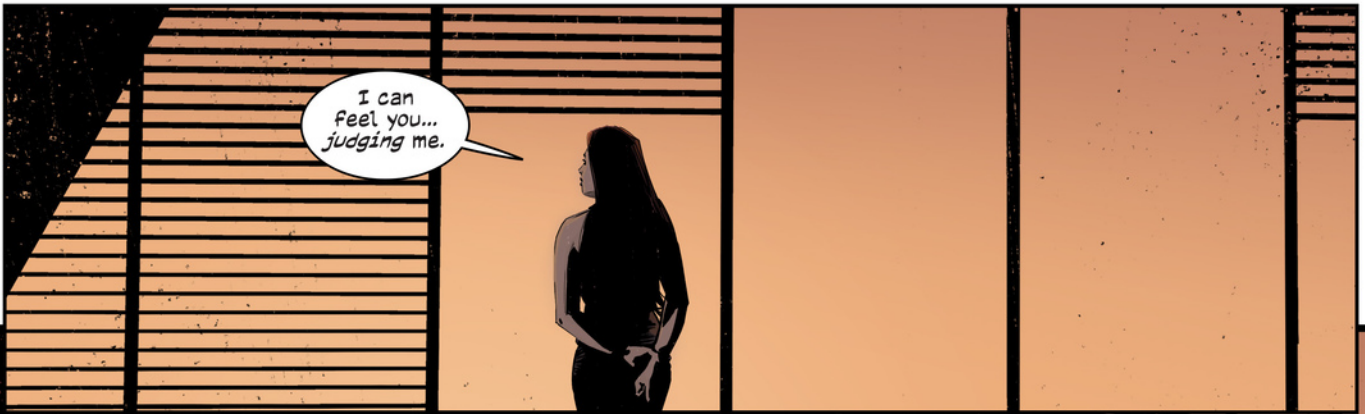


Of course he will be. It's how all wars start. With hollow words and posturing over corpses.

That will be all, Thomas.



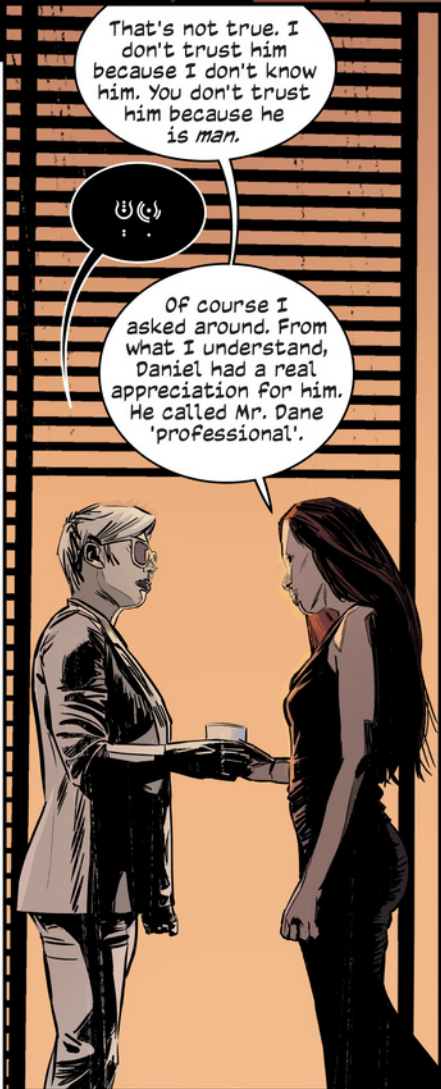
Thank you, ma'am.



I can feel you... judging me.



YOU



That's not true. I don't trust him because I don't know him. You don't trust him because he is man.

YOU

Of course I asked around. From what I understand, Daniel had a real appreciation for him. He called Mr. Dane 'professional'.



YOU



No, I haven't forgotten where that got him. How could I, Abby...

Today's his funeral.

(a)

(b,c,d)

THE DIARY OF WYNN ACKERMANN

Entry 1 - April 5, 1975

Mrs. Raven told me that it would help if I wrote things down. Because one day if I was still bothered by all this I'd be able to look back at my diary and remember how I was feeling and what I was thinking about. She says that it's important to always have a clear mind and that things like what happened to me tend to mess your head up. But I know that no matter what I'll always remember.

The Banes killed my whole family. Now I have to live with Mrs. Raven because she can protect me. Maybe one day I won't need protecting.

My name is Wynn. I'm 5 years old. There's still blood under my fingernails.

(e,f)

(g)

(image comics presents)

THE BLACK MONDAY
MURDERS

CHAPTER FOUR . . .

(c)

(S.B.E.D)

(a)

(b,e,d)

THE DIARY OF WYNN ACKERMANN

Entry 22 - May 19, 1976

Mrs. Raven says it's important that I learn about what our families do because I have to take my family seat back one day. She says there's a good chance I might become the youngest board member in the history of our company. I don't see how that's possible because there are so many members of the Bane family, but Mrs. Raven says I'm very smart for my age and I'll figure it out.

The only problem is that Beatrix gets angry at me because Mrs. Raven makes her leave the room sometimes when she's teaching me stuff, and I guess I'd be mad too if I was older than her and my mom left me out.

She doesn't stay angry long though. Sometimes when it's bedtime, Beatrix will read to me. She's not as smart as she thinks she is, and gets some of the words wrong, but I don't mind. I even tell her some of the things her mother didn't want her to know because that's what friends do.

Entry 34 - December 9, 1976

The Banes are all dead. Mrs. Raven and the rest of the original families killed them all. They killed Desmond Bane in front of me and watched as I ate his heart.

I am Wynn Ackermann. One of the four pillars, returned to my rightful seat, and am now the Watcher.

Fordham
University.

12:13 p.m.

No, no, no...
listen to me. It's
not some grand
conspiracy...there's
a reason for
all this.

Economies like
feudalism and, say,
central planning are
simply a much less
efficient way of
allocating resources
than financial
intermediation.

See, as the
human animal has
evolved, we've
developed a healthy
apprehension for
gatekeepers.

So it's
natural that the
Western model spread
around the world. It's
more systematic than
the others...

And, yes...yes. It
first came wearing
the vile mask of
imperialism, but more
recently it's donned the
familiar facade of...
globalization.

And
that, well...
that...

Will have
to wait until
our next
class.

Well...I must
say...this was
much quicker
than I thought
it would be.





...
I did try to warn you.



Yes. You did try. Like Cassandra...

Of course. And who that profits ever believes a prophet?

It's what *they* do, detective. They keep you fed, maintain some semblance of justice and order -- just enough for you to believe those things are real.



Because who of the well-kept believes a madman talking about a burning earth and the long history of human sacrifice?

Even when the ground shakes and blood runs in the street, they choose not to believe.



But we know better, don't we, detective? *The world we see is smoke...*

And it's all the evidence we need to know the flames are real.

THE DIARY OF WYNN ACKERMANN

Entry 157 - February 22, 1979

Sometimes I can hear the market, like it's a sentient thing able to communicate with those willing to listen. Which, of course, is true, but traditionally understood to be more of an 'interpreted' thing. Not so much for me.

To that end, I have arranged a meeting with the Fed tomorrow. Probably not the wisest thing to do - tempt fate by physically addressing the embodiment of commerce - but I have a few hunches about market volatility that I simply have to have either confirmation or denial of.

Regardless of what I learn, I look forward to seeing god face to face.

Entry 158 - February 23, 1979

Hey Wynn, "where'd you get your tan," they'll say. Because I'm a well-cooked, slightly crispy idiot.

But I'm also right.

Let's never do that again.

The Rothschild Estate.

1962.

Explain yourself, William.

I'm not sure what you're confused about, father.

I met someone. We fell in love. Real, actual love...and then we decided to get married.

This is my wife, Millie...and these are your grandchildren, Daniel and Ria.

Twins.

Yes.

A blessing, father.

No. A complication, William.

The great war was over, and I sent you to a rebuilding Europe in the hopes that when you returned, it would be as a remade man.

Something matured -- of greater value -- and instead you are here with, what, exactly?



☪☪
.



You will not speak to her that way.

I am a Rothschild, and you are just--

Correct.



Correct, William. She is... correct.

You come from noble family. A birth of quality. And look what you have done: married a slave who split your seed and diluted the line.

This family -- your family -- owes only one debt, and with this mistake, you have compounded what your children will one day owe.



What are you saying, father?



Our family has a standard, William.

And you have fallen far short of it.

(a)



In Memory Of

DANIEL WALTER ROTHSCHILD

February 17, 1962 - October 31, 2016



The Rothschild Family is sad to announce the passing of
Daniel Walter Rothschild on October 31, 2016.

Daniel's honesty, loyalty, and commitment to his fellow man
will be missed by all.

HIS DEBT IS PAID

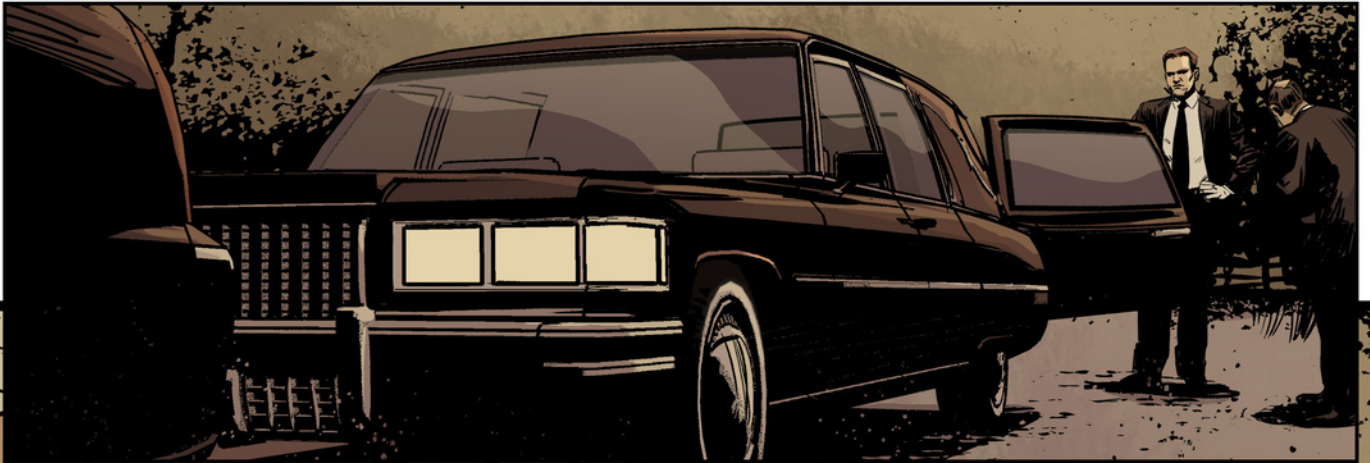
(b,c,d)

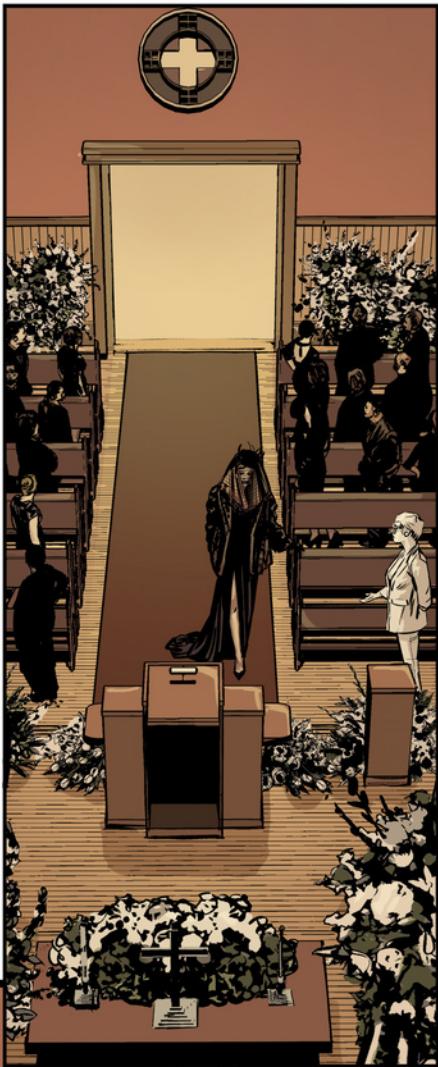
(e,f,g,h)
(i)
(j,k)

The Church of
the Redeemed.

4:38 p.m.







"Look at that, Ria..."



"Look at how they play..."



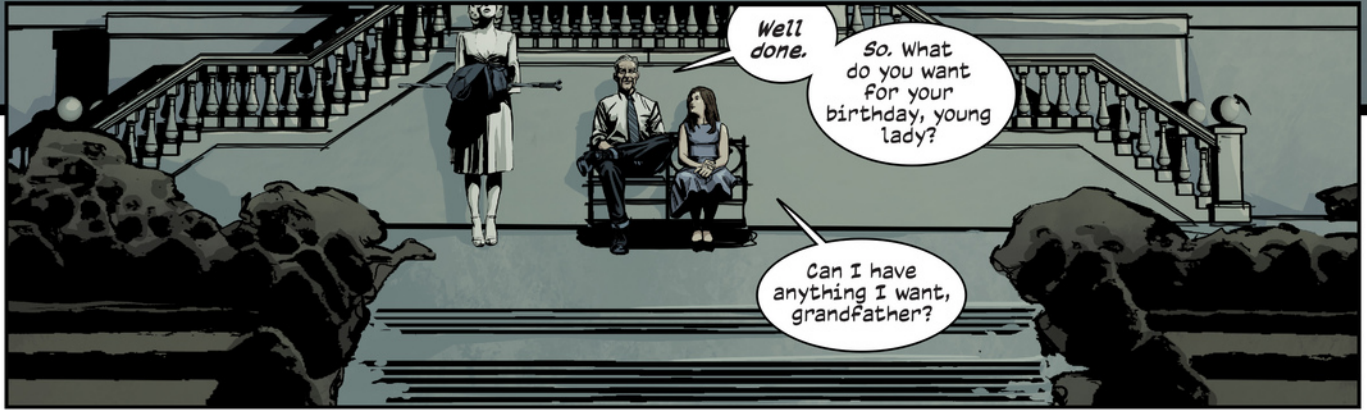
"It's always a good choice. *A pet.*"



If you care for them, and train them properly, pets are an endless source of entertainment and adoration. Make them love you, and they will die defending you.

It's never too early to learn these skills.

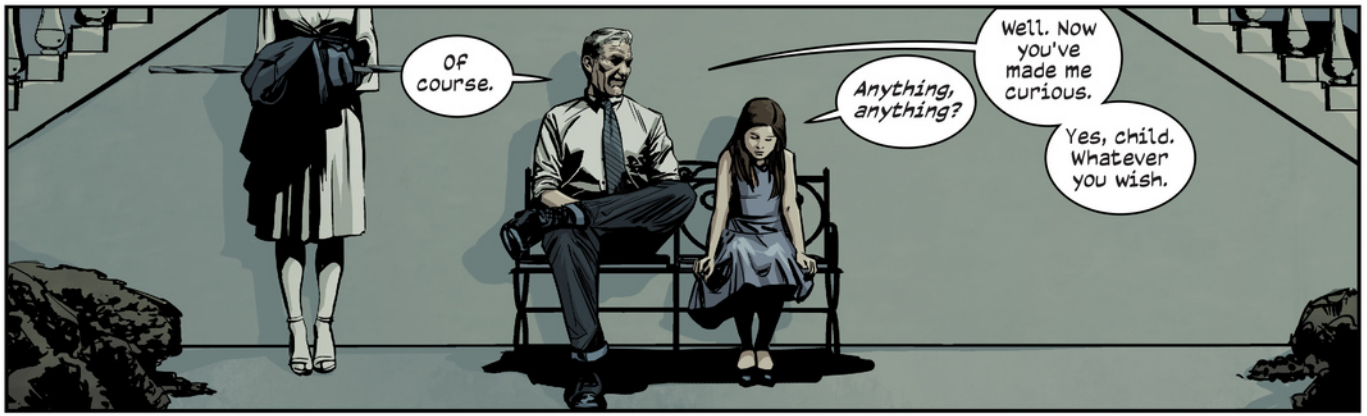
Well done, Daniel...



Well done.

So. What do you want for your birthday, young lady?

Can I have anything I want, grandfather?



Of course.

Anything, anything?

Well. Now you've made me curious.

Yes, child. Whatever you wish.

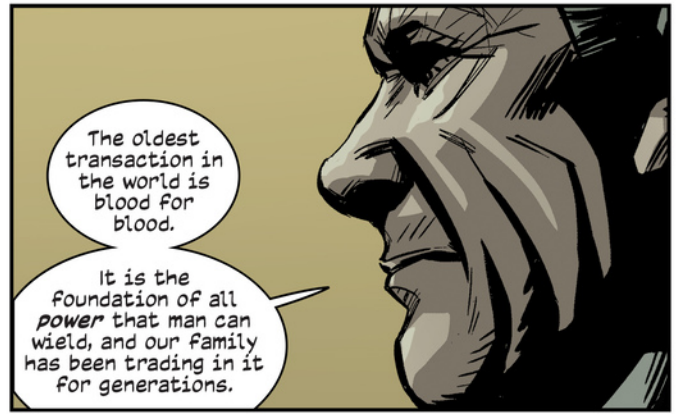


Okay.

I want to know what happened to my parents.

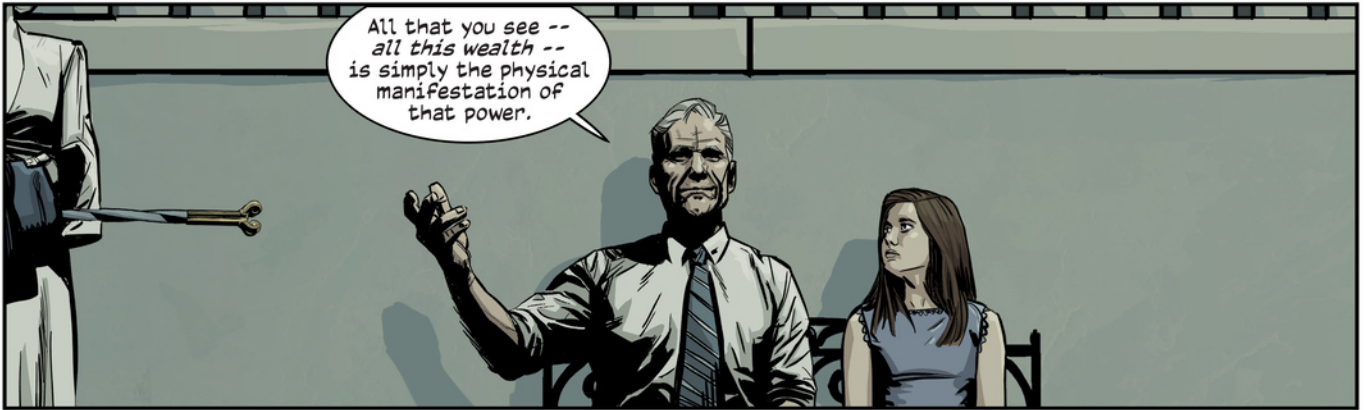


And you can't lie.



The oldest transaction in the world is blood for blood.

It is the foundation of all **power** that man can wield, and our family has been trading in it for generations.



All that you see -- *all this wealth* -- is simply the physical manifestation of that power.



Now take a good look at me, child.

I was born ninety years ago, but do not look a day over sixty. I am **strong** because I have devoured **many**.

The **purer** the line, the **better**.



One day I will be gone -- my circle closed on a millennial covenant...

When that happens, either you or your brother will become master of this house.

You'll understand better then, but in the future, try and remember these words...



Whenever possible, it's best to eat your own.



THE DIARY OF WYNN ACKERMANN

Entry 182 - October 24, 1980

Raven Bischoff is dead. Yet another victim of the Stone Chair. She saved me when she had no reason, and of all the people I know, she was the most human.

She was a good, no, great woman, and I'm going to miss her so much.

I wish Beatrix didn't seem so happy about taking her place.

(b,e,d)

(e,f)

This is how it ends. We war against it -- we fight as hard as we can -- but this is the end we all face.

There's no avoiding it. Yes...we wager, barter, and steal in the hopes that we can buy ourselves a little more time, but in our hearts... we know.

No school is immune. No practitioner of the arts spared.

So we remember -- for a moment -- and then we move on.

To those of you, like myself, from other schools, I have spoken with the leadership of Caina and they are all appreciative of our efforts to be here today.

"They thank you, the Saud of al-Jinn."

"You, the Yinhang."

"The formidable Ronin of Dai-iche."



"The Merovingians, of the Hyperpryon school, and their vassals of the Lattice."



"And, of course, House Mahai."



I thank you as well. For I believe -- and this is also the belief of the pontiff herself -- that we are approaching a critical moment for all our schools.

So it is good that we are all here for you, Caina... and your sister, Kankrin.



Never before have our great houses been so connected. The bonds that hold us together -- that bind us all as if we are one -- have never been stronger.

As such, this is a loss we all feel. For we are all affected.



There is a natural progression to the way our schools operate. A proper way that wealth flows from one of us to another.

This protocol has been interrupted.



Someone has taken from us. Blood has been stolen...

And this someone must be found.

Homicide detectives to interview survivors of missing patriarch

Police say the case of well-known financier and philanthropist is still considered a missing person or possible death case.

October 13, 1981 | By Richard Grass, New York Times

After an eighth day of searching failed to produce the body, Hudson homicide detectives said they are now investigating his disappearance and plan to interview his surviving relatives.

Milton Rothschild was reported missing last Wednesday by one of his business partners after he did not return to the city for a previously scheduled board meeting. The partner, Thaddeus Dominic, told authorities he last spoke with Rothschild on the previous Friday. Both are board members of Caina Investment Bank.

After he could not reach him, Dominic travelled to Rothschild's Hudson Valley estate and found both of his grandchildren there accompanied by estate staff. Rothschild, however, could not be located, authorities said. Neither of the grandchildren could recall when their grandfather went missing, but they did confirm that he had been at the estate on Saturday and assumed he had returned to the city.

After searching for seven days on the estate and surrounding area, the case has been shifted from the missing person's detail to a team of homicide investigators. Several law enforcement sources said suspicious circumstances surrounding the case warrant the involvement of veteran homicide detectives.

Reached by telephone this morning, Daniel Rothschild declined to answer questions about his grandfather's disappearance until he talks to detectives later today. His sister, Grigoria Rothschild, could not be reached for comment.

Lt. Andy Simmons said both Rothschilds are cooperating with investigators, and although homicide detectives are investigating, it is still considered a missing person or possible death case.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] The grandchildren's parents disappeared in an equally troubling manner almost 20 years ago. That case remains unsolved. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

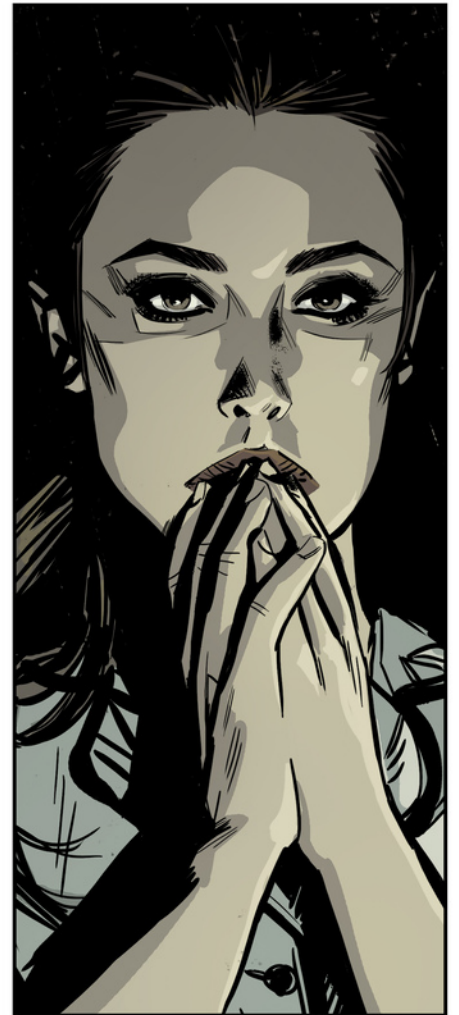
Anyone with information should call the department homicide bureau at (845) 666-0000.

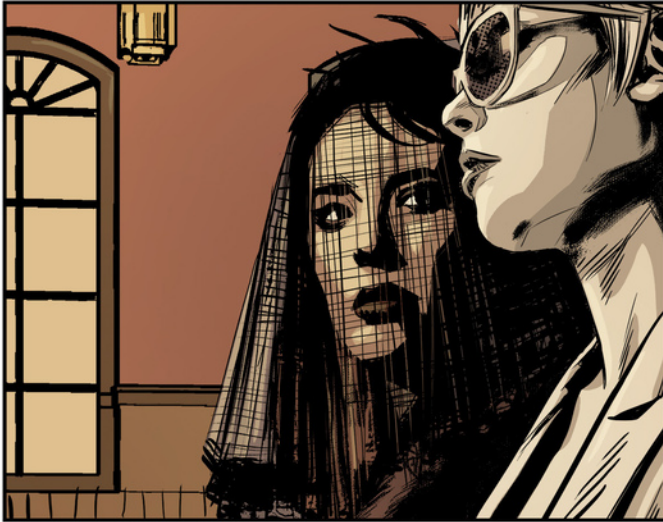
The Rothschild
Estate.

1981.









THE DIARY OF WYNN ACKERMANN

Entry 193 - November 19, 1980

Spoke with Beatrix regarding ideas to eliminate the Stone Chair. She seems disinterested, or probably more fairly put, a slave to tradition.

Anyway, I have the germ of an idea. It's risky, and something I most certainly won't be able to pull off on my own, but I think it's a plan worth holding on to.

Why we tolerate this noose around our necks is beyond me. After all, what's the power for if you can't shape the world into something more accommodating of your desires? Maybe something will change. Maybe an opportunity will present itself.

Entry 260 - December 30, 1981

I like these new Rothschilds. They are, most certainly, a proper kind of ambitious.

I may have found what I've been looking for.

The Rothschild Estate.

1985.

Well, sis...

We're in it now.

They've agreed.

When is the meeting?

Three days. The world inside the wall.

Which works because it's neutral, and clever because all evidence of the meeting will fade with the wall, but, really...

Berlin. How trite is that?

Oh, I think it's brilliant. The Russians, being prisoners of their nature, will look past the obvious truth expecting to discover a deeper one. *Hiding our purpose in the shallow water suits us...*

Ackermann knows exactly what he's doing.

Wynn's a clever boy, no doubt.

When are we letting the others in? Marco and Beatrix need to know.

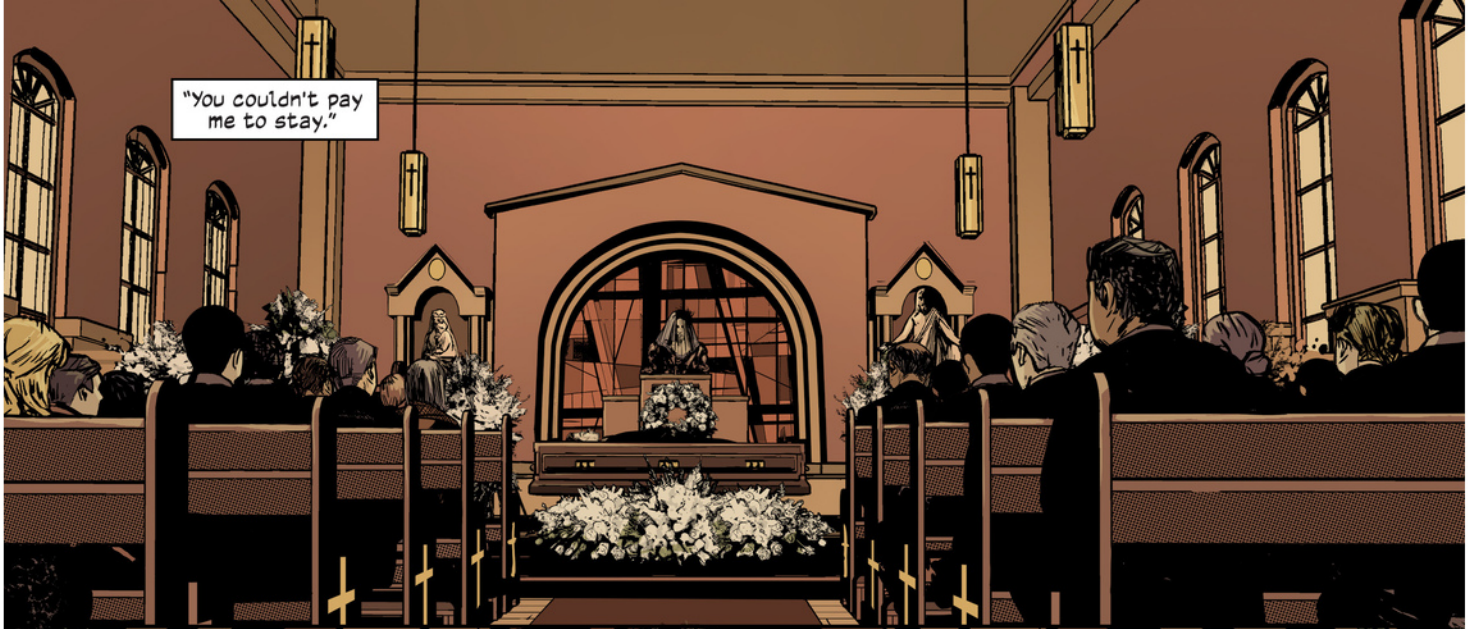
Do they? I'm not sure.

Well... that's risky.

POP!



"You couldn't pay me to stay."



I look at my brother's body, lying here before me...

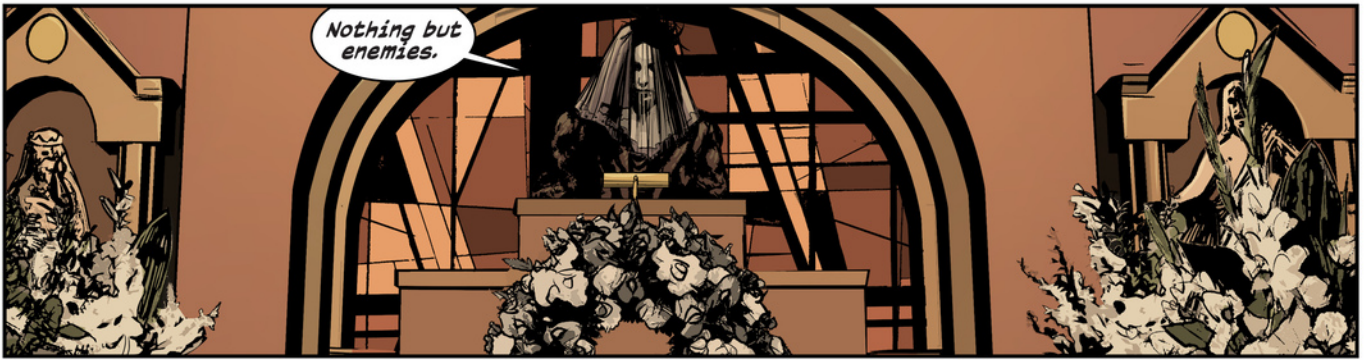


And then, I look at all of you gathered here today. I look and I see...



"I see..."





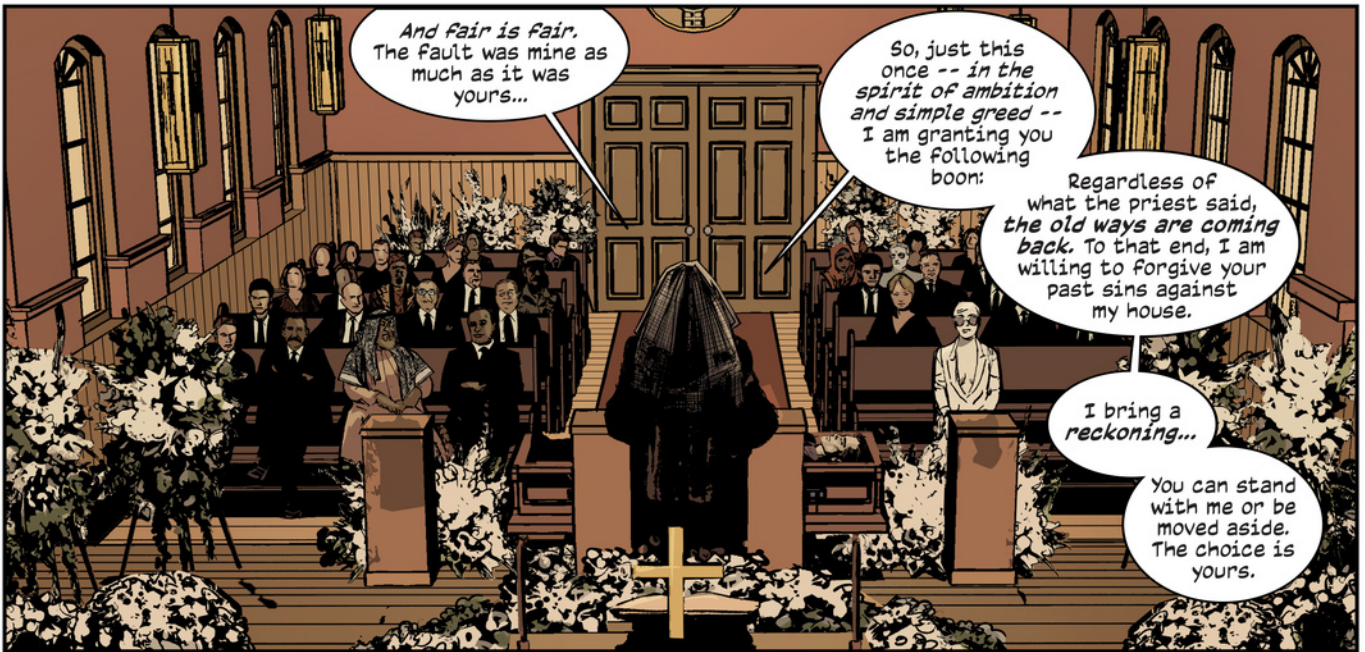
Nothing but enemies.



Enemies who stole my birthright and cast me out...

And other enemies who offered no sanctuary as I fled.

But I am a fair woman...



And fair is fair. The fault was mine as much as it was yours...

So, just this once -- in the spirit of ambition and simple greed -- I am granting you the following boon:

Regardless of what the priest said, the old ways are coming back. To that end, I am willing to forgive your past sins against my house.

I bring a reckoning...

You can stand with me or be moved aside. The choice is yours.



Now. The forms have been followed. The priest spoke her words...and I have spoken mine.

So we are done here, and all of you can get out...



"Right this fucking second."

Caina-
Kankrin.

1989.



Is it
done?





Lied?

If we're going to spend time telling each other stories, I'd prefer they be ones that contain some kernel of the truth and not total flights of fan--



They know, Ria. It's my fault.

I told Beatrix. I'm sorry.



What?



He told us what the three of you had planned.

I'll admit, I appreciated the savagery of it, but Marco...



I want to know who the hell you think you are?

That you -- some fucking half-peasant fraud -- could ever make that kind of decision for my house?



To be honest, I'm not sure I truly understand the thinking behind this plan of yours.

The wealth of it is self-evident, yes, but why would you think we would refuse if we knew the truth?





So you sell us the Stone Chair... and what? You think we are too fearful to pay?

I have been paying my entire life, little girl.



So this changes things...

Yes, we still accept the deal, but with a condition:

One of you must still go, but we will choose which of you three it is.



And I'll give you one guess who they picked, dear.



No.



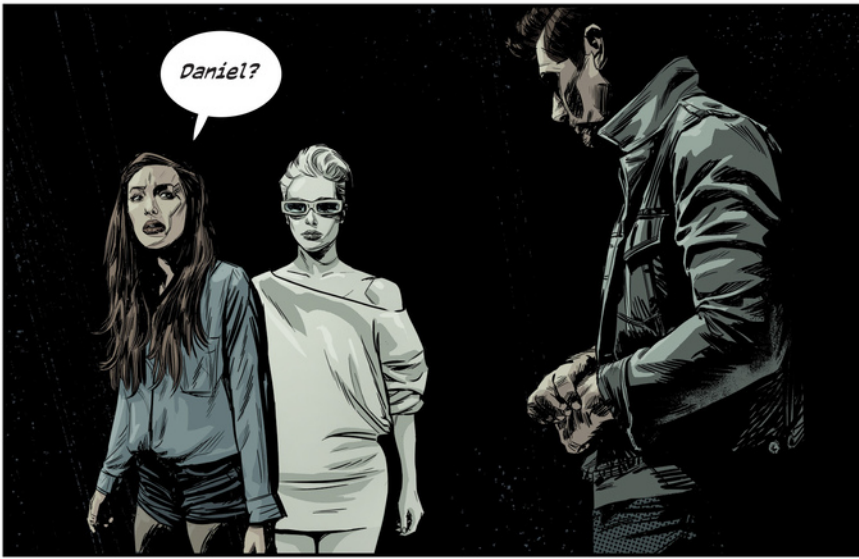
Oh, yes. See, everyone knows that Wynn's too valuable to be discarded. Well-bred talent like that is always to be cherished.

But between you and Daniel...well, he was weak and wanted to run, while you wanted to stay... so it made the choice easy.



Still... appearances must be maintained, so the rest of the board took a vote on what to do with you...

And it was unanimous.





I'm sorry...
It was out of my hands.



I just wanted you to be free.



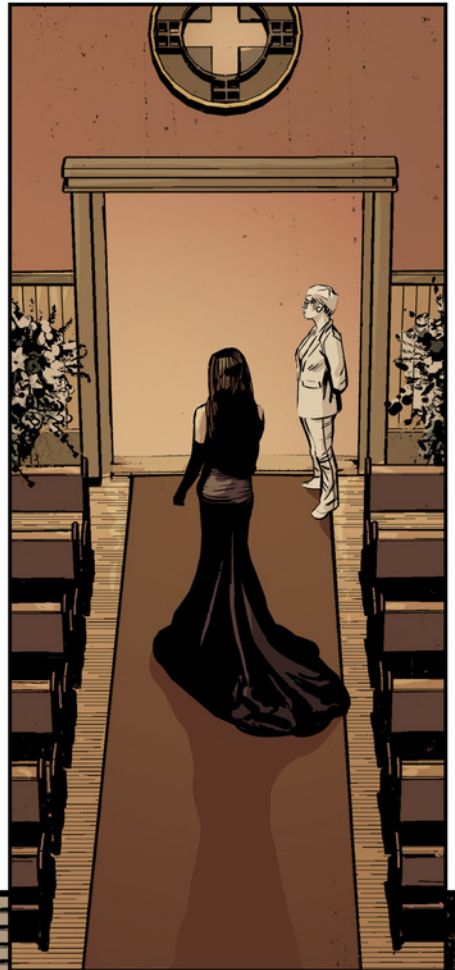
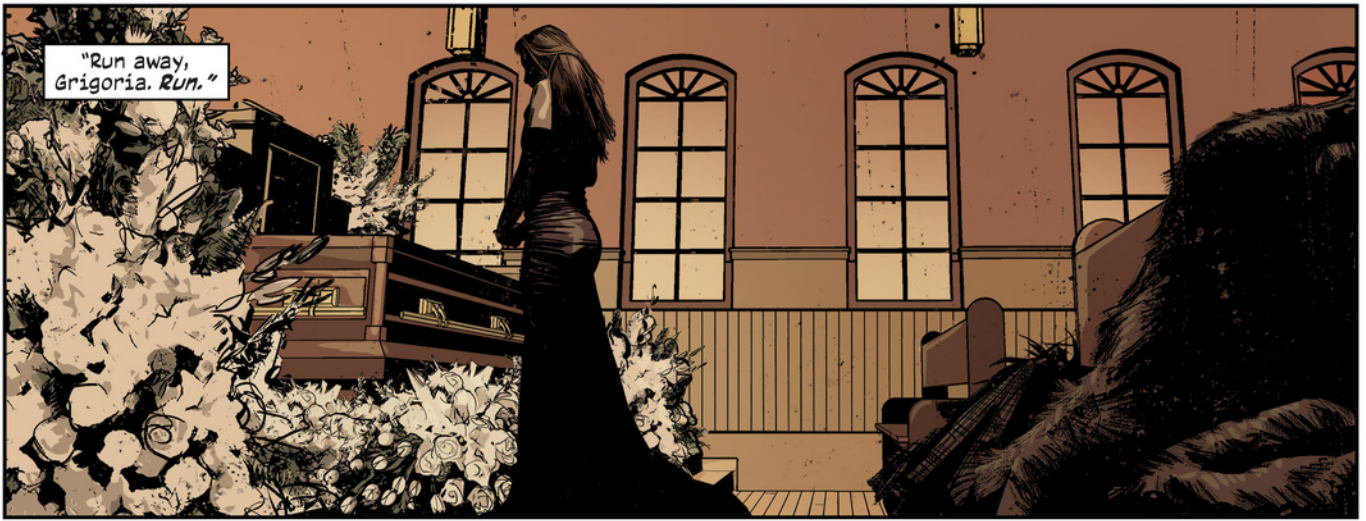
Free?
Free is what we sell to fools.



So what now?



You go and never return. Because if you do, nothing will be able to save you...



Whenever you're ready.



"Goodbye, Daniel..."

"You would have loved what I'm going to do next."



Burn it all.



////////// DRAMATIS PERSONAE: //

(a) (c)

(b,c,d)

(e)
CAINA
1929

Charles Ackermann
(The Ackermann seat)
J. W. Bischoff
(The Bischoff seat)
Raymond Dominic
(The Dominic seat)
Milton Rothschild
(The Rothschild seat)
Abigail
(Rothschild Familiar)

KANKRIN
1985/Current

Irena Kozloy
(The Judge)
Alexi Malkin
(The Body)
Viktor Eresko
(The Executioner)

CAINA
1985/Current

Wynn Ackermann
(The Ackermann seat)
Beatrice Bischoff
(The Bischoff seat)
Marco Dominic
(The Dominic seat)
Daniel Rothschild
(The Rothschild seat)
Grigoria Rothschild
(The Rothschild seat)
Abby
(Rothschild Familiar)

Thomas Dane
(Head of Security)

NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

Theodore Dumas
(Detective)
Michael Caffey
(Detective)
Susana Moreno
(Detective)
William Merritt
(Captain)

OTHER

Dr. Tyler Gaddis
(Professor of Economics,
Fordham)

(a,b,c,d)



[FR - 45.0001]

이것이 우리의
세 번째 도시

세 번째 도시

[FR - 01]

THIRD CITY

The Third City is believed to be home to the lost children of the First City. Those who power the Second City, who feed us all.

No one talks about the Third City. It has no name, and no physical location.

FRONTIER

FRONTIER

FRONTIER

FRONTIER

FRONTIER

[FR - 45.0001]

FRONTIER

FRONTIER

[FR - 02]

[FR - 02]

TRANQUILITY

It's just after midnight in the most secure prison mankind has ever constructed. One square mile of isolation located beneath the Sea of Tranquility.

In six hours a fabricated, fluorescent sunrise will rouse the nearly eight hundred thousand inmates and begin again the ongoing process of re-education -- transforming the dormant prisoners into a hive of narcotized drones. But for now, it remains a barren, half-lit shell.

A SERIES emphasizing that the prison is really a monument to mankind's failed, dirty future; a SERIES that build towards the revelation that somewhere here on the moon -- somewhere here in this very prison -- a HUMAN OF INTENT has arrived to deliver a little kick of hope, and knock the human race out of its decaying orbit.

FRONTIER

JOE HARRIS & MEGAN HUTCHISON

TURN UP THE VOLUME WITH

ROCKSTARS™

An All-New Supernatural Mystery
Where The Hits Are The Hints To An

UNDERGROUND CONSPIRACY.



ROCKSTARS © Joe Harris & Megan Hutchison. All Rights Reserved.
Image Comics and its logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc.

In Stores This December



COMICS

INVOLVED

IN YOUR



#YourIMAGE

MAYDAY™ © 2016 Alex de Campi & Tony Parker.
Image Comics® and its logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. All rights reserved.

IMAGECOMICS.COM



ALL HAIL GOD MAMMON



IMAGECOMICS.COM



RATED M / MATURE

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

