

MEDIA
MOLOD

«Vot eto povotaa»

SUN CITY
TALES

-PRIYATNO
POZNAKO-
MIT'SYAL

EPISODE I: MISTAKE.
GRAPHIC NOVEL
PREMIERE

RAT
COMIX

RAT COMIX

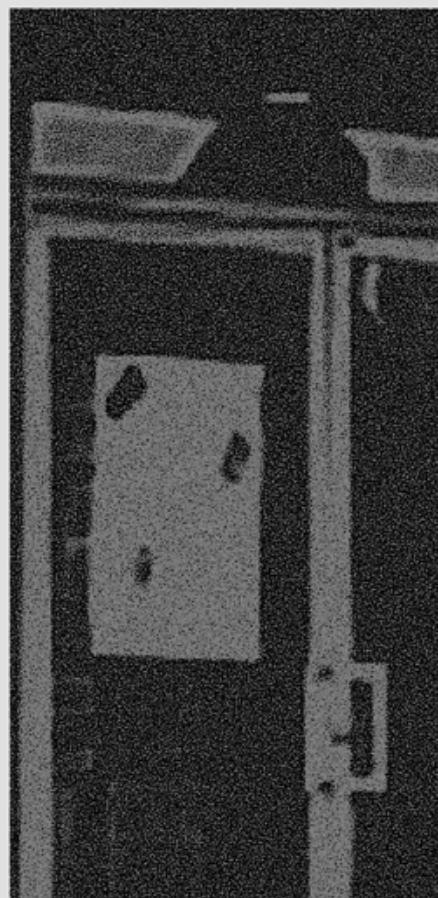


EPISODE I

MISTAKE

*Graphic novel by
Valiahmed Popov
& Alexander Kudryavcev*

2014



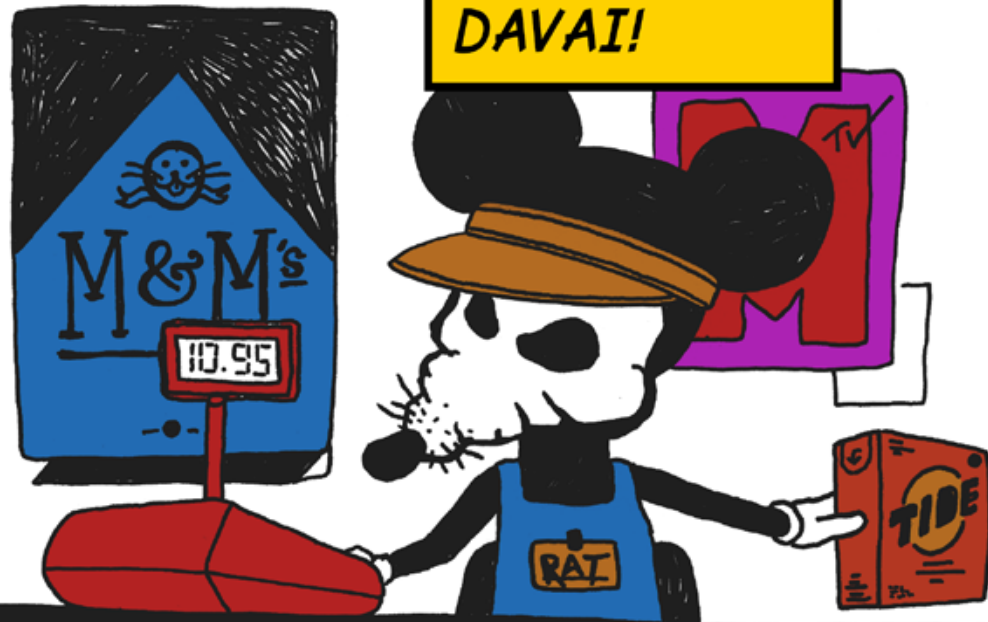
*Privet! Menya zovut Rat
(proiznositsya kak R E T).
Ya rabotal kassirov v
supermarkete i mne moya
rabota nrazilas. Osobenno
zvuk validatora. Ego pisk
pohoj na pisk apparata
jizneobespecheniya. Poka
pikaet — ya byl jiv.*



6:00

*kajdy den ya prosypalsya
v 6 am, chtoby uspet prodat
jitelyam Sun City tampony,
moloko ili stiralny poroshok.
kto rano vstaet, tomu, kak
govoritsya...*

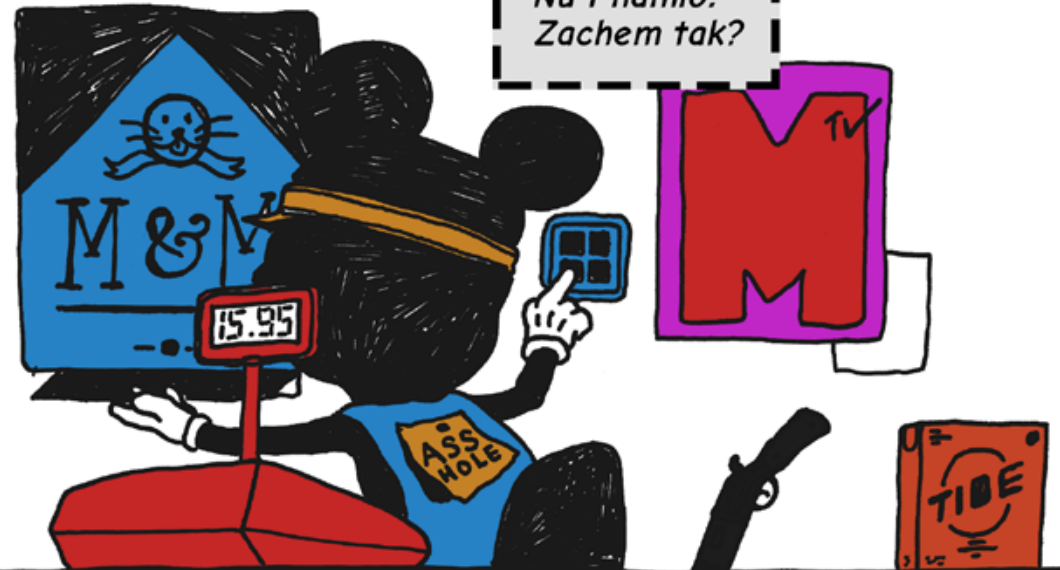
**I SIGARETY
DAVAI!**



...Bog podaet

**Sekundochku,
pojaluista!**

**Nu i hamlo.
Zachem tak?**

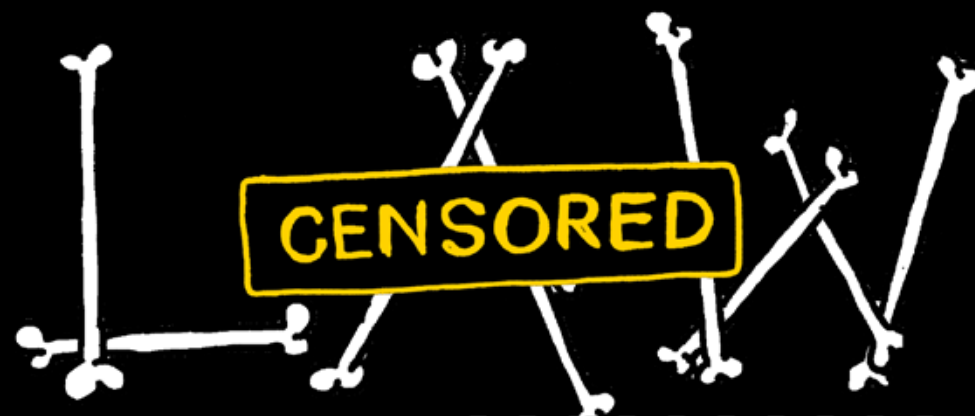


*Da u menya za prilavkom byl vincester. No eto ne ta pyesa,
v kotoroi emu sujdено vystrelit. Patronov v nem nikogda ne
bylo. On stoyal sugubo dlya vida*

**A es' li tebe
18 let, gadenysh?**



Potomu chto esli tebe net 18-ti, to zakon obyazyvaet otkazat mne v prodaje takogo opasnogo produkta kak sigarety, malenkiy ty durachek!



No na luboi zakon, kak izvestno, est popravki. k moemu ogromnomu sojaleniu togda srobotala samaya silnaya iz nih...



MI!

...ETO GROMKIY ZVUK
OGNESTRELNOGO
ORUZIYA



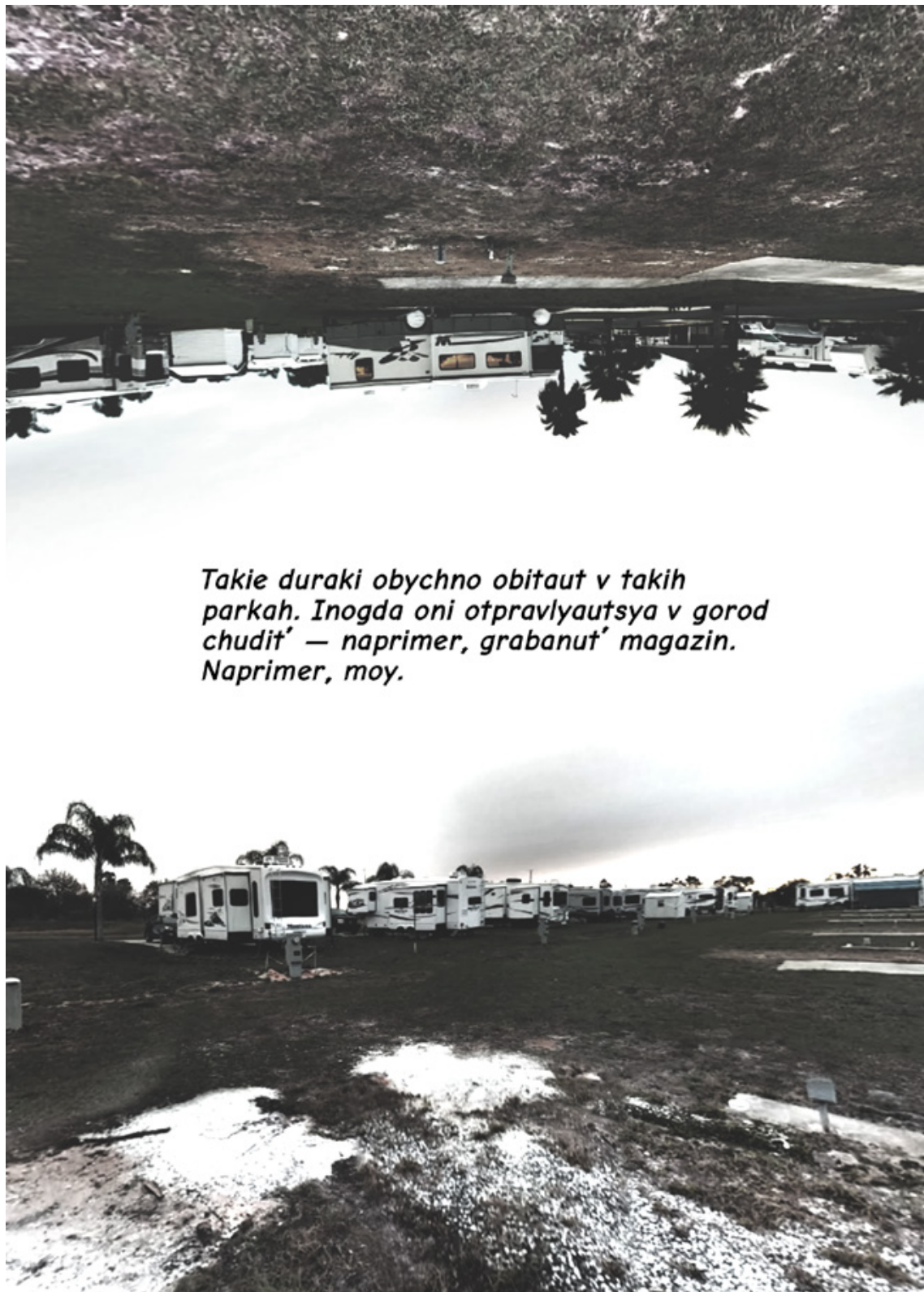
B



A ESHE DEN'GI
NA KASSU BUDTE
LUBEZNY!

DA POJIVEE,
ESLI MOJNO!

Skazochnaya
vstrecha...



Takie duraki obychno obitaut v takih parkah. Inogda oni otpravlyautsya v gorod chudit' — naprimer, grabanut' magazin. Naprimer, moy.



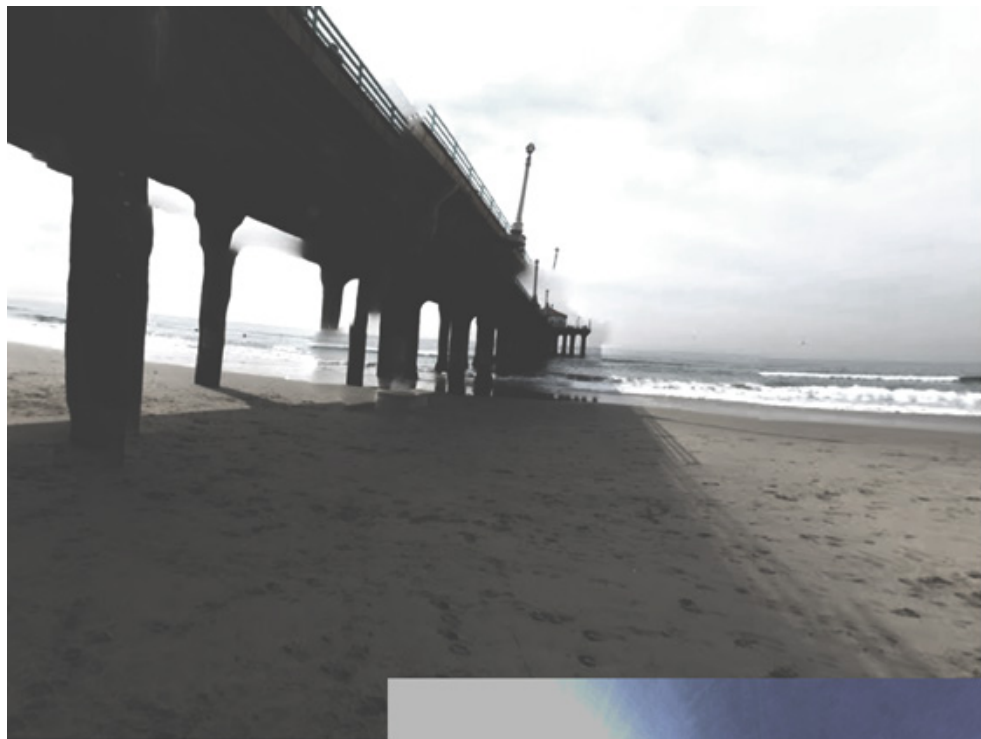
**I SIGARETKU
PRIKURI MNE,
A TO RUKA
DROBOVIKOM
ZANYATA**

HEH!

HEH!

HEH!

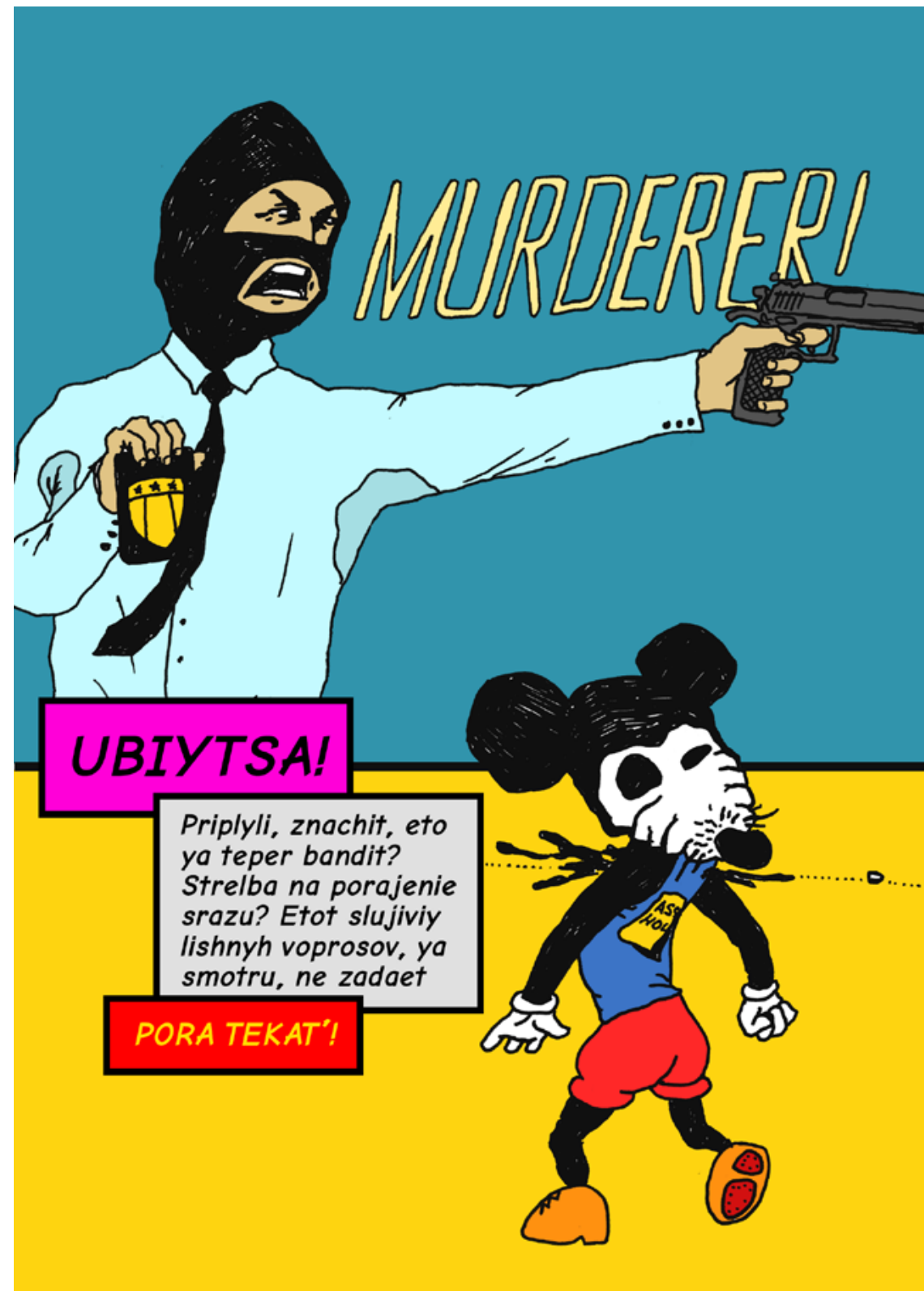


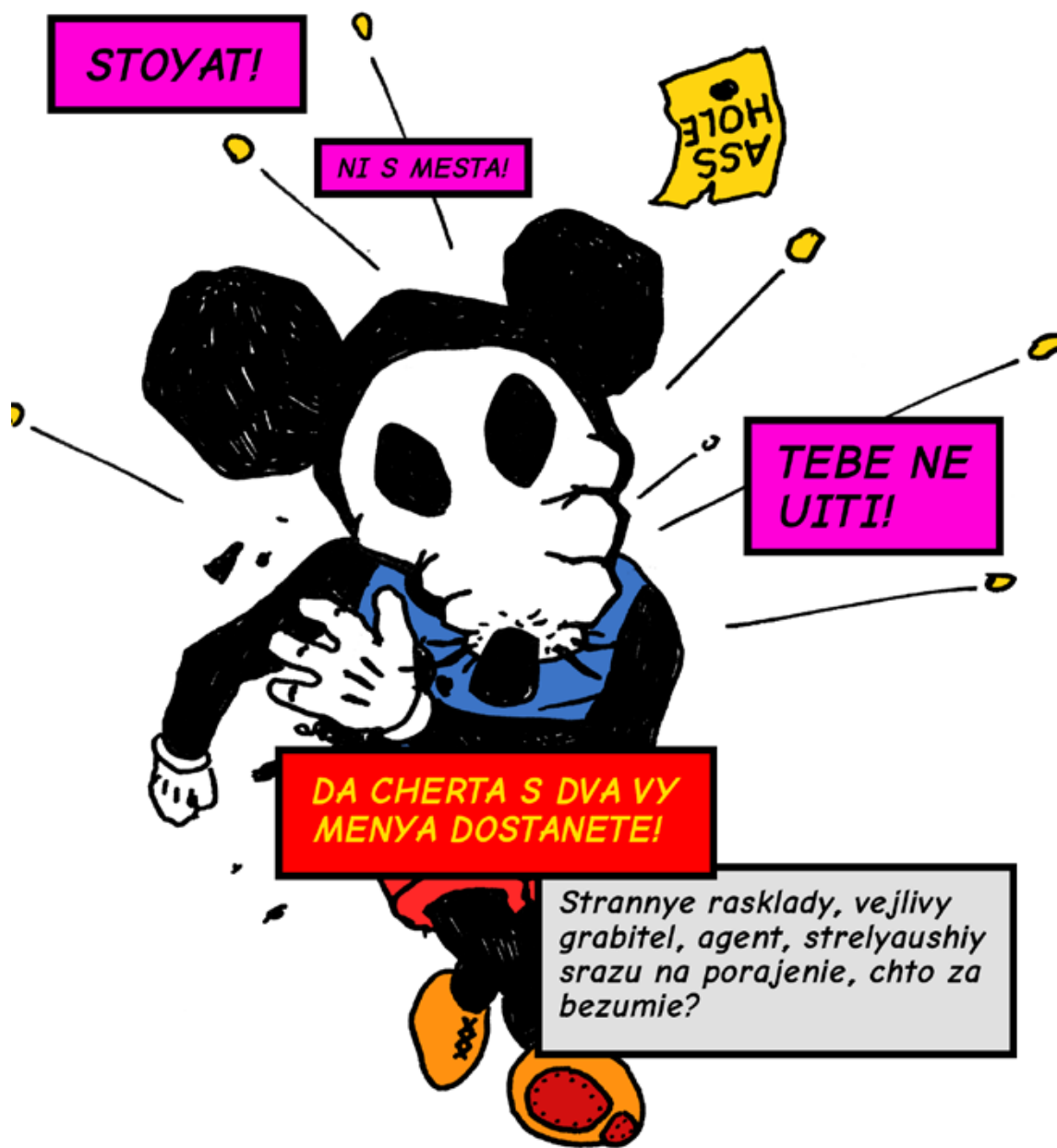


TEBE KONETS.

PEREDAVAY PRIVET KOBEINU I ELVISU







STOYAT!

NI S MESTA!

ASS HOLE

CHEAP HUGS

TEBE NE UITI!

DA CHERTA S DVA VY MENYA DOSTANETE!

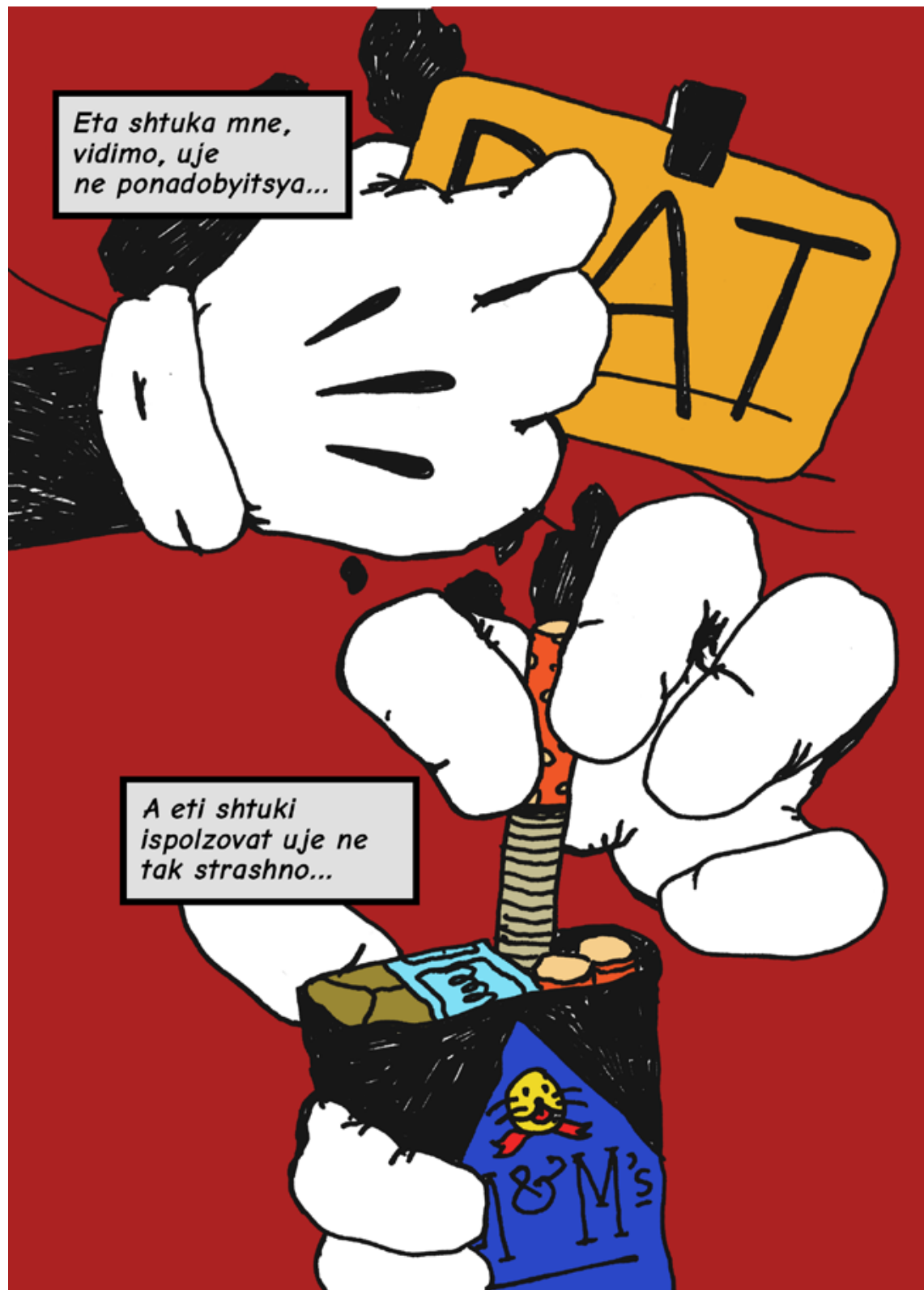
Strannye rasklady, vejlivy grabitel, agent, strelyaushiy srazu na porajenie, chto za bezumie?



Vrode otorvalsya. Nado perevyazat ranu. Kapli krovi vydaut menya kak hlebnye kroszki. Poidu po poberejyu i doberus do motelya

**ON SBEJAL!
VSEM POSTAM —
NAITI ETOGO
PODONKA!**

**JIVYM ILI
MERTVYM!**





Vse zlachnye moteli pohoji drug na druga, no etot mne nraivilsya za tsvet sten. Kak u moih bashmakov



U menya est' para chasov, choby smotatsya iz Sun City. Chto tam u nas?

Fenomenalnaya boinya proizoshla segodnya v magazinchike na Blek Strit. Bolee 30-ti ubityh!

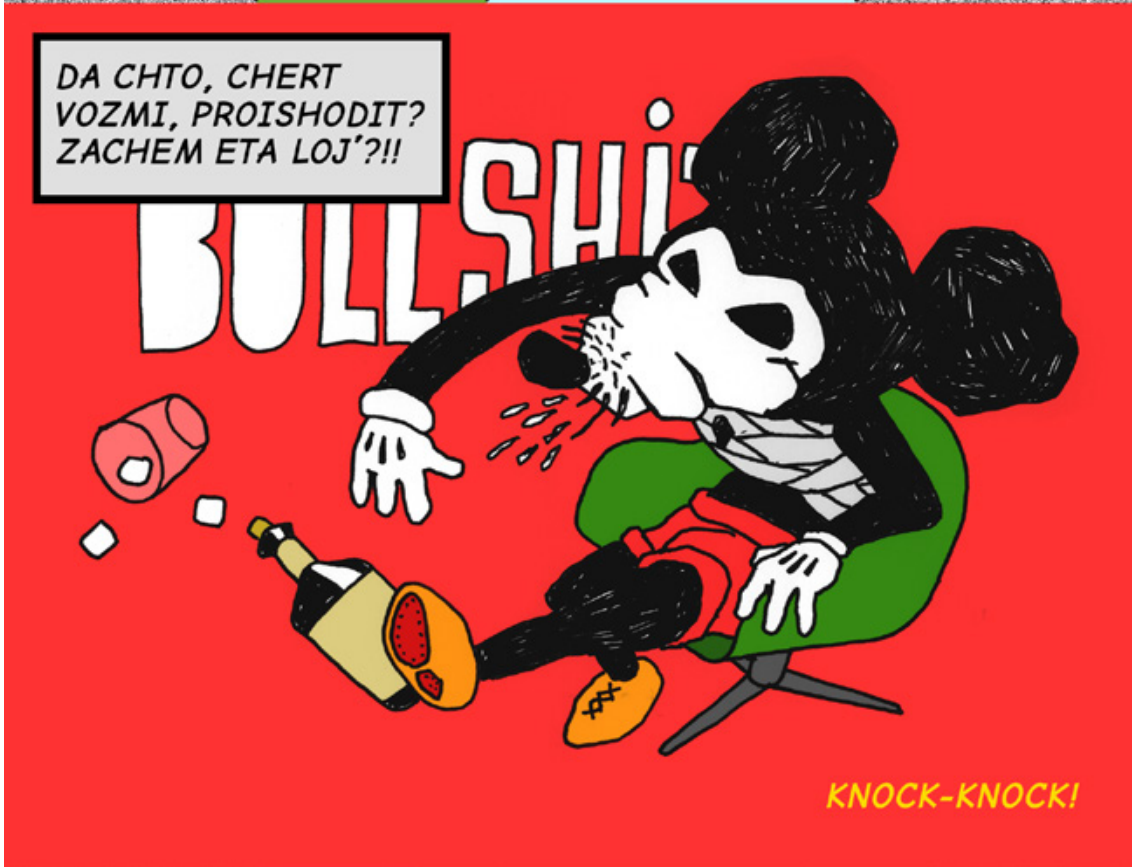


Ya stou ryadom s agentom, rassleduushim eto delo, oficerom Svetssonom!

Krysu ubiytsy pytalsya ostanovit' dobrovolets v maske, no i on stal jertvoi krovavogo manyakal



Parnu bylo vsego 16 let!
A eto jivotnoe prosto
otorvalo emu ruku i ubilo!
Esli ty menya vidish,
monstr, znai — ya naidu
tebya i zastrelu!



DA CHTO, CHERT
VOZMI, PROISHODIT?
ZACHEM ETA LOJ'?!!

BULLSHIT

KNOCK-KNOCK!



POLICE!
OPEN
THE
DOOR!

IT'S THE FIRST
FLOOR. WINDOW.
GONE

Prishlos uiti cherez
okno. Okno iz motelya
— okno iz goroda,
okno iz problem

USHEL!

GONE!





*Nu do
vstrechi,
Rat!*

