



**#41**

by  
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# THE GOON™

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AT ONE TIME, I THOUGHT  
MYSELF IMPRESSIVE.

NOW I BEG FOR SCRAPS FROM  
THOSE WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE  
I HOLD IN CONTEMPT.



HERE I SIT. THE OLD,  
ONE-EYED FOOL.



ARE YOU  
MR. CORPUS?  
I-I HEARD YOU...  
YOU CAN...





GREED. THAT'S WHY THEY COME TO ME. THIS WOMAN, SHE'LL SAY IT'S LOVE, BUT IT'S GREED. IF IT WERE LOVE, SHE WOULD WANT IT RETURNED FREELY.



WITCHCRAFT FOR HIRE. IT'S A MEAGER LIVING, BUT THE CHAOS IS REWARDING.



THE FIRST WOMAN THAT HIRED ME TO CURE HER UNREQUITED LOVE WAS A HOMEY AND POOR CHILD. THE MAN SHE WANTED WAS HANDSOME, RICH, AND BETROTHED TO A DETERGENT HEIRESS.



INHERITING A SOAP FORTUNE,  
THERE IS SOMETHING IRONIC  
ABOUT THAT, BUT I CAN'T  
QUITE PUT MY FINGER ON IT.



THIS HOMELY AND POOR GIRL ASKED  
ME TO HELP HER WIN  
THE HEART OF HER TRUE LOVE.  
FOR A FEW DOLLARS I WAS  
HAPPY TO OBLIGE.

SO I MADE HIM A FREAK, NO ONE  
AS HANDSOME AS HE WOULD HAVE  
TAKEN THAT GIRL SERIOUSLY. IT  
WAS THE BEST THING TO DO.



AND NO ONE WAS VERY INTERESTED IN  
DOING BUSINESS WITH A MAN WHOSE FACE  
HOLE'S POURED MUCUS CONSTANTLY, SO  
HIS WEALTH QUICKLY EVAPORATED. TWO  
BIRDS, ONE STONE.



BUT THE HOMELY AND POOR GIRL PROVED NO BETTER THAN THE REST OF HER LOWLY RACE. THE HYPOCRITE. SHE HAD NO LOVE FOR THE MAN AFTER HE LOST HIS WEALTH AND CHARM.

IN A FIT OF RAGE OVER THE DASHING OF HER LOFTY DREAMS, SHE TOLD THE MAN HOW SHE HAD CURSED HIM. SHE ACTUALLY BLAMED THE WHOLE CALAMITY ON HIM FOR NOT LOVING HER IN THE FIRST PLACE.

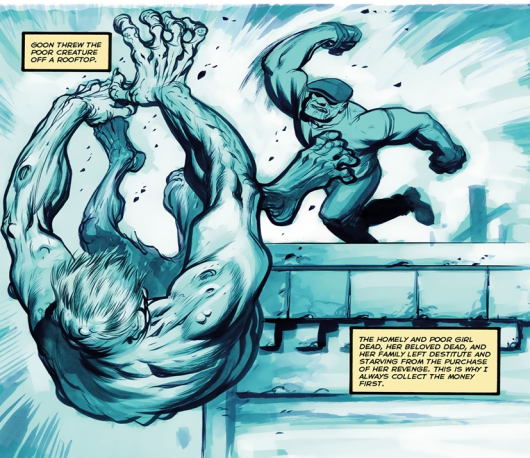


HE SNAPPED HER NECK LIKE A TWIG.



BUT SO-CALLED JUSTICE PREVAILED WHEN THE FAMILY OF THE HOMELY AND POOR GIRL HOCKED EVERYTHING THEY OWNED TO HIRE THE GOON'S REVENGE.





GOON THREW THE  
POOR CREATURE  
OFF A ROOFTOP.

THE HOMELY AND POOR GIRL  
DEAD, HER BELOVED DEAD, AND  
HER FAMILY LEFT DESTITUTE AND  
STARVING FROM THE PURCHASE  
OF HER REVENGE. THIS IS WHY I  
ALWAYS COLLECT THE MONEY  
FIRST.

THE ONLY ONE WHO MADE OUT BETTER THAN ME WAS THE SOAP QUEEN. SHE MARRIED AN EVEN RICHER, IF NOT AS HANDSOME, MAN...



WHO CAME TO A MYSTERIOUS END HIMSELF SHORTLY AFTER THE WEDDING.



WHEN YOU OWN A FORTUNE IN SOAP, I DOUBT YOU HAVE MANY WORRIES ABOUT WASHING THE BLOOD OFF YOUR HANDS.



IF ONLY HE KNEW I EXISTED! I KNOW HE WOULD LOVE ME, IF HE WOULD ONLY NOTICE ME.



DON'T WORRY. I'LL MAKE HIM NOTICE YOU.



WHAT SHOULD I GIVE HER?  
A GIANT CLUBBED FOOT? A  
BULBOUS, BLOODSHOT EYE  
WHERE HER NOSE USED TO BE?  
A HORN OF STONE SPIRALING  
FROM THE SIDE OF HER HEAD?

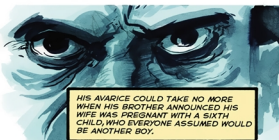


POOR MASTER. CAST OUT  
AND PENNILESS. HAVING TO  
DO FAVORS FOR MANKIND  
FOR HIS BREAD. THEY DON'T  
APPRECIATE MY MASTER.



THE NEXT JOB I RECEIVED WAS IN  
REGARDS TO JEALOUSY. OF COURSE,  
JEALOUSY IS JUST ANOTHER WORD  
FOR GREED.

IT WAS A MAN WHO WAS BLESSED WITH  
FOUR LOVELY DAUGHTERS, BUT HE  
TOOK NO PRIDE IN THEM, BECAUSE HIS  
BROTHER HAD BORNE FIVE STRAPPING  
SONS TO CARRY ON THE FAMILY NAME.



HIS AVARICE COULD TAKE NO MORE WHEN HIS BROTHER ANNOUNCED HIS WIFE WAS PREGNANT WITH A SIXTH CHILD, WHO EVERYONE ASSUMED WOULD BE ANOTHER BOY.



SO HE CAME TO ME. I ASSURED HIM THAT HIS BROTHER'S CHILD WOULD NOT BE A MAN.



AND IT WASN'T A MAN.

THE MOTHER DIED IN CHILDBIRTH. THE FATHER AND HIS FIVE SONS WERE EATEN BY THE THING SOON AFTER.



THE GOON FOUGHT THE  
THING IN THE STREET AFTER  
IT ESCAPED THE HOUSE AND  
ATTACKED SEVERAL PEOPLE.



THE POOR CHILD LIVED  
A VERY SHORT LIFE.

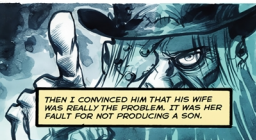




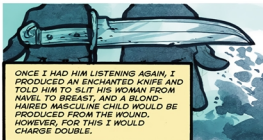
THE GREEDY BROTHER THEN CAME BACK TO ME CLAIMING THAT THAT WASN'T WHAT HE ASKED FOR.



I TOLD HIM HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE SPECIFIC. HE PUT A PISTOL TO MY HEAD.



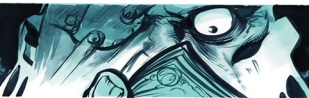
THEN I CONVINCED HIM THAT HIS WIFE WAS REALLY THE PROBLEM. IT WAS HER FAULT FOR NOT PRODUCING A SON.



ONCE I HAD HIM LISTENING AGAIN, I PRODUCED AN ENCHANTED KNIFE AND TOLD HIM TO SLIT HIS WOMAN FROM NAVEL TO BREAST, AND A BLOND-HAIRED MASCULINE CHILD WOULD BE PRODUCED FROM THE WOUND. HOWEVER, FOR THIS I WOULD CHARGE DOUBLE.



THE FUNNY THING IS, I DID NOTHING FOR THE MAN. THE KNIFE WAS NOT ENCHANTED. I FOUND IT IN A PILE OF REFUSE BEHIND A RESTAURANT WHEN I WAS SEARCHING FOR SCRAPS.



AND THE FOOL ACTUALLY BELIEVED ME. WELL, AFTER YOU SEE A SIX-EYED HELLHOUND, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE LIABLE TO BELIEVE ANYTHING. BUT I WAS PAID TWICE FOR THAT JOB. WHICH WAS GOOD.



I HEAR HE WENT INSANE AFTER MURDERING HIS WIFE, AND KILLED HIMSELF WITH A FORK IN PRISON.





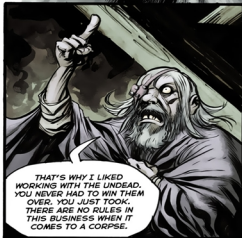
POOR MASTER. MAN SO MISTREATS MY MASTER. MY MASTER SHOULD HAVE CURSED THAT MAN, GOON, AND MADE HIM INTO A DEFORMED BEAST. OR GIVEN HIM A DISEASE THAT CONSUMED HIS BRAINS.



IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY, YOU STUPID CAT. THERE ARE RULES TO THIS TYPE OF WORK.



THEY HAVE TO ASK FOR IT. THEY HAVE TO DAMN THEMSELVES.



THAT'S WHY I LIKED WORKING WITH THE UNDEAD. YOU NEVER HAD TO WIN THEM OVER. YOU JUST TOOK. THERE ARE NO RULES IN THIS BUSINESS WHEN IT COMES TO A CORPSE.



AND YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THE HUMANS. THEY ARE NOT MY UNDOING. IT WAS MY OWN KIND THAT SHUNNED ME AND SET ME ON THIS PATH OF RUIN.



I WISH NOTHING MORE  
THAN TO BE ABLE TO  
SEE THEM GROVEL AT  
MY FEET. TO SET  
MYSELF ABOVE THEM.  
AWAY FROM THEM!



IN FACT... THE ONLY  
LINK I HAVE TO MY  
ORDER ANY LONGER  
IS... YOU, MY FAMILIAR.



MASTER?



BUT, MASTER! I  
HAVE SERVED YOU  
LOYALLY! CAT EVEN  
GAVE MASTER  
HIS EYE.



BUT I COULD  
HAVE TWO.



MOST OF MY CLIENTELE HAVE BEEN MEN OF BUSINESS. SEEMS THEY CARE LESS ABOUT MY MESSY MEANS THAN MOST SINCE THEY ARE MY ONLY RETURN CUSTOMERS.



ONE OWNED A GIRDLE FACTORY. HE WAS HAVING TROUBLE WITH UNIONS. THE GOON HANDLED THAT AS WELL, SO I HEAR.\*

\*SEE THE GOON #38.



THEN THERE WAS THAT DEPARTMENT-STORE OWNER WHO WANTED HIS COMPETITOR OUT OF BUSINESS.



THE HAUNTING OF THE STORE LASTED FOR THREE WEEKS UNTIL THE CURSED ARTIFACT WAS FOUND.

AS YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED, THE GOON.



THE SWINDLERS, THE CONNIVERS,  
THE RAPIERS OF MORAL, AND THE  
MURDERERS OF DECENCY. HOW  
I DO LOVE A GOOD, DRIVEN  
BUSINESSMAN. I'VE DONE  
MUCH WORK ON THEIR BEHALF.

WHEN YOU JUDGE THEM ILL, YOU JUDGE  
THEM WRONGLY. FOR THEY ARE TRUE  
MASTERS. I AM PROOF. I, A BEING OF  
POWER AND SKILL IN THE BLACK ARTS,  
SERVE THEM. I HELP THEM VANQUISH  
THEIR ENEMIES SO THEY MAY MAINTAIN  
THEIR LIVES OF RICHES AND  
INFLUENCE.



WHILE I, THEIR BETTER  
AND THEIR SERVANT,  
LIVE IN SQUALOR.



HOW I DO  
RESPECT  
THEM.



OF COURSE, EVERYTHING HAS AN  
OPPOSING FORCE. THE GOON HINDERS  
OR UNDOES MOST OF THE GLORIOUS  
WORKS I DO FOR THESE MEN OF  
AUTHORITY.

YOU MAY BE WONDERING IF I AM UPSET  
ABOUT THAT. NOT AT ALL. I WAS PAID.  
AND THE GOON SERVES HIS PURPOSE,  
AS DO I.



WE ALL SERVE  
OUR PURPOSES.



THE OTHERS LIKE  
ME, WHAT'S LEFT OF  
MY KIND...



... THEY WANT THIS  
PLACE. THE BLACK  
POWER IT HOLDS FOR  
THOSE WITH THE SKILL  
TO HARNESS IT. ...



THEY'LL MOST  
LIKELY KILL ME.



THEY'LL MOST  
DEFINITELY  
KILL YOU.

YOU HAVE NO  
IDEA WHAT YOU  
ARE ABOUT TO  
FACE.





CONTINUED...

# THE BOG LURK THAT LURKED LIKE A A BAD THING!

WRITTEN BY ERIC POWELL • DRAWN BY MARK BUCKINGHAM  
LETTERING BY KATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT



SAMMY WILMER WAS AN ELECTRIC CAN  
OPENER SALESMAN FROM OSKOSH.  
HIS CONSCIENCE WAS FREE FROM ANY  
TRANSGRESSIONS OF SIGNIFICANCE.

I WAS JUST  
TRYING TO SELL  
SOME CAN  
OPENERS!



SO NOW HE FOUND  
HIMSELF TIED TO  
THREE HUNDRED  
POUNDS OF CHAIN  
ON A PIER WAS  
A COMPLETE  
MYSTERY TO HIM.



DON'T GIVE  
US THAT BULL!  
YOUSE WORKS  
FOR GOON!

GOON SENT  
YOU TO SPY ON  
OUR OPERATION.  
DIDN'T HE?  
FESS UP!

YEAH!  
YOU WAS  
GONNA RAT  
US OUT!

WELL, YOU  
AIN'T MOUTHIN'  
TO NOBODY BUT  
THE FISHES!

I  
SELL CAN  
OPENERS!

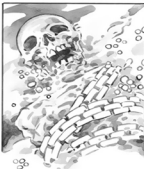




THE LAST RAGEFUL THOUGHT  
SAMMY WILMER HAD AS A  
LIVING, BREATHING MAN WAS--



BOG LURKS  
ARE STRANGE  
CREATURES.



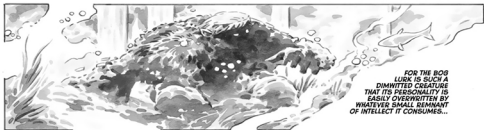
NO ONE KNOWS SPECIFICALLY  
WHERE A BOG LURK COMES  
FROM, BUT DUE TO THEIR VARIETY  
OF SHAPE AND SUBSTANCE, SOME  
SAY THEY GROW LIKE A PLANT OR  
FUNGUS FROM OUT OF THE MUCK.



THOSE THAT  
SUPPORT THIS  
HYPOTHESIS ALSO  
SPECULATE THAT THROUGH  
SOME OSMOSIS, THE  
SPROUTING BOG LURK MIGHT  
OBTAIN SOME RECOLLECTION  
FROM ITS FOOD SOURCE...  
SHOULD THAT FOOD SOURCE  
HAVE ONCE BEEN HUMAN.

IT IS FOR  
THAT REASON, THE  
LEARNED WOULD SAY,  
THAT THE BOG LURK IS  
OFTEN USED IN VARIOUS  
FORMS OF BLACK MAGIC  
AND WITCHCRAFT BY  
THOSE SEEKING  
KNOWLEDGE FROM  
THE DEAD.





FOR THE BOB  
LUK IS SUCH A  
DIMWITTED CREATURE  
THAT ITS PERSONALITY IS  
EASILY OVERWRITTEN BY  
WHATEVER SMALL REMNANT  
OF INTELLECT IT CONSUMES...



...EVEN IF IT IS  
AS LITTLE AS  
MISGUIDED  
RAGE AND  
THE NAME  
THAT GOES  
WITH IT.

**GOON!**



ALL THIS IS  
SPECULATION,  
OF COURSE.





TO BE  
CONTINUED