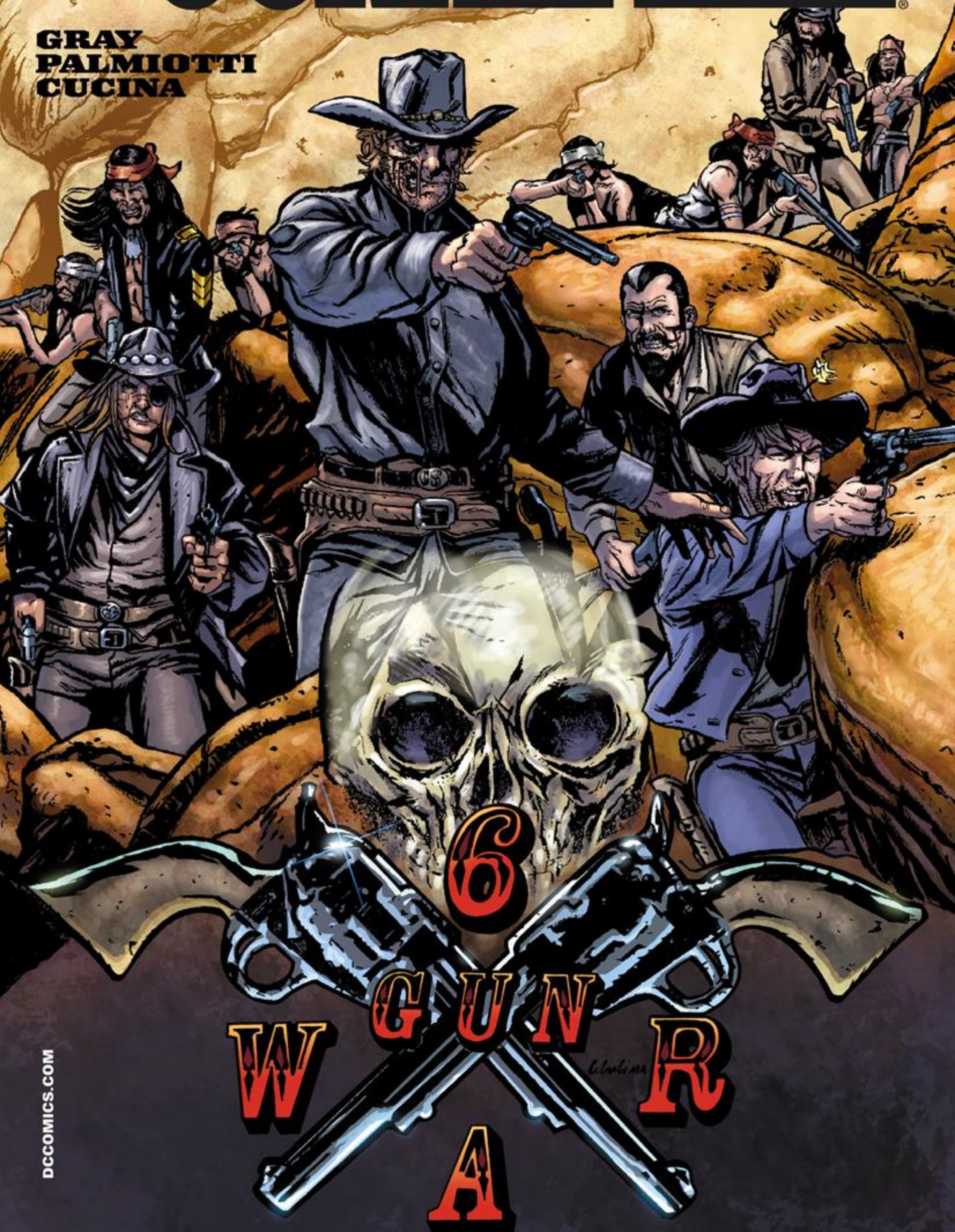




47
NOV 09

**GRAY
PALMIOTTI
CUCINA**

JONAH HEX





JUSTIN GRAY & JIMMY PALMIOTTI ★ CRISTIANO CUCINA
WRITERS ART AND COVER

The SIXGUN WAR

Part Four of Six
★★★★★★★★

ROB LEIGH
LETTERS
ROB SCHWAGER
COLORS
SEAN RYAN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
ELISABETH V. GEHRLEIN
EDITOR



Quentin Turnbull,
the Virginian plantation
owner who blames
Joshua Hex for causing
the death of his son
during the Civil War.



The ruthless Mexican
bandit and gang lord
El Papagayo.



Gentleman gambler
and dashing rogue
of the Old West,
Bat Lash.

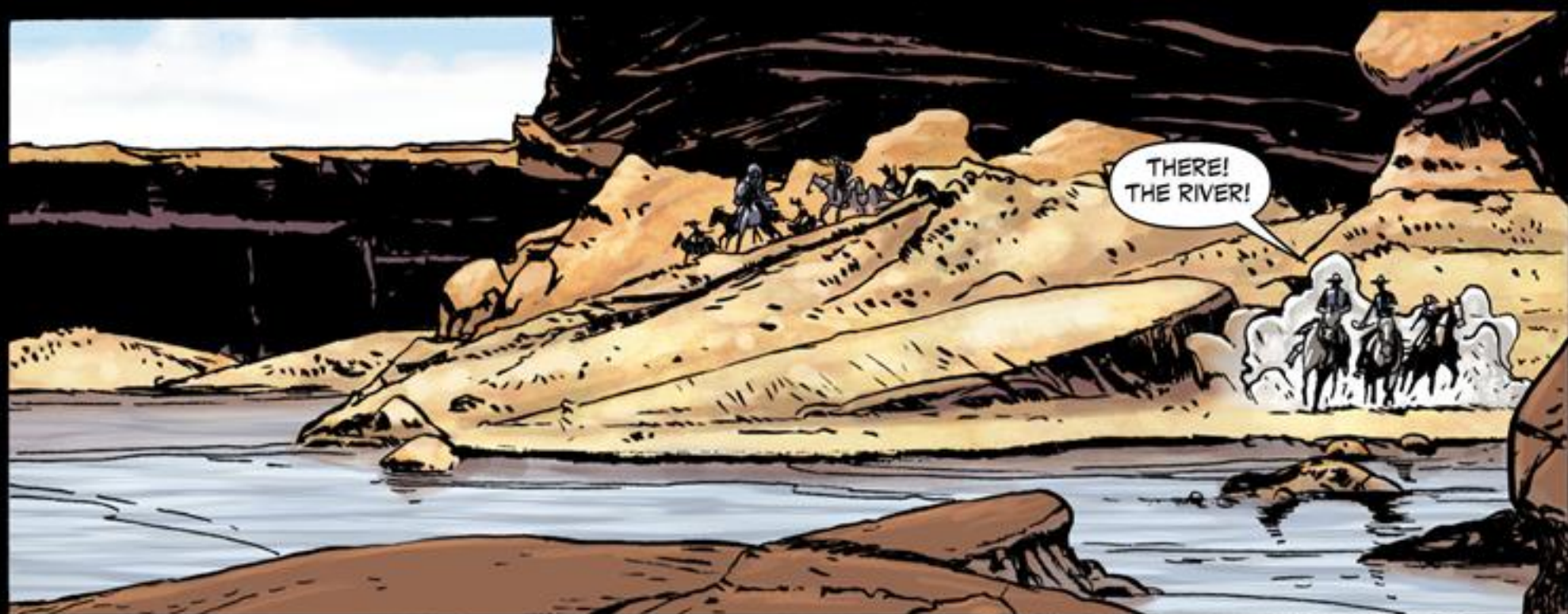


Fearless
bowing hunter
and hired gun,
Lazarus Lane.



Bank teller
Lazarus Lane, cursed
to carry the spirit of
vengeance called
Ti Diablo.

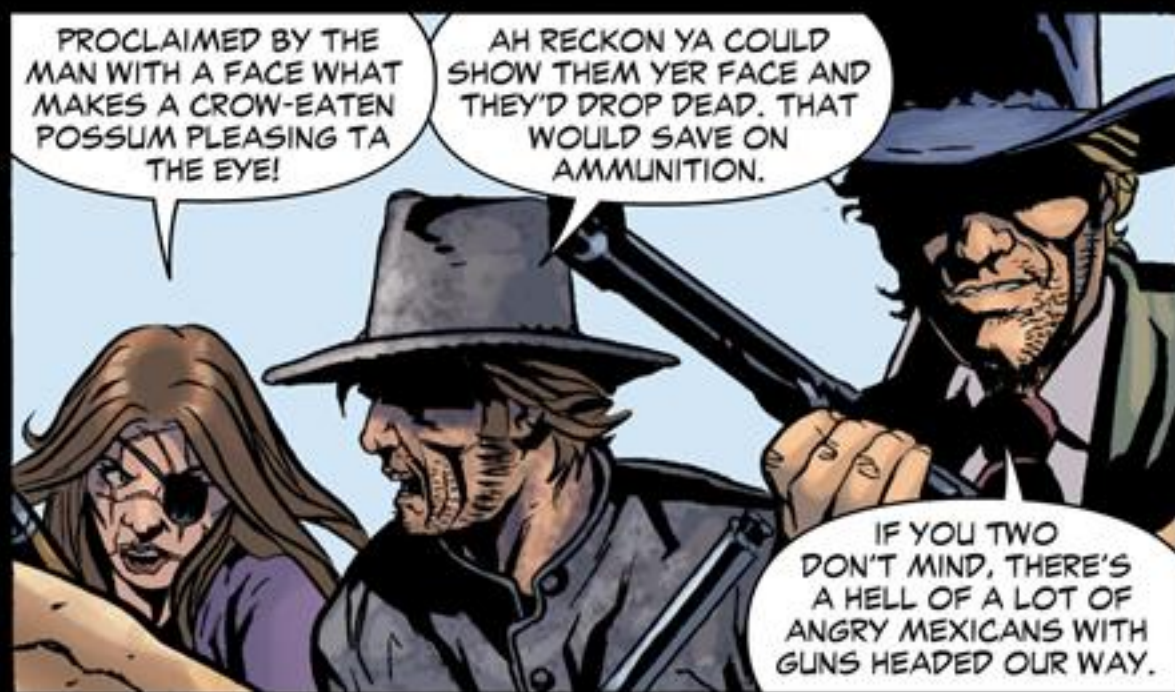
















THINGS ARE
GONNA GET
PERSONAL
NOW.



THEY
ALREADY ARE! AH
AIN'T GONNA STAND
FER YER INSULTS...

NOT
WITH YOU!
THEM!



THAT'S AN
AWFUL BIG GUN FOR
A LITTLE GIRL.

YOU
JEALOUS?



BANG



MOVE,
DAMMIT!



BANG





FALL BACK!
GET BACK!



MR. BLUE
EAGLE...

PERHAPS
WE SHOULD
LET THEM
ESCAPE...



BANG



HELL OF
A SHOT FER
A COMANCHE!
AH LIKE HAVIN'
YA 'ROUND,
BLUE EAGLE.

BEST WE
GIT MOVIN'.





...THESE PEOPLE ARE EXPERIENCED KILLERS. THEY ALSO POSSESS AN UNCANNY AMOUNT OF LUCK.



OLD MIKE FLANNERY KNOWS A THING OR TWO ABOUT LUCK, MR. TURNBULL.



I DON'T CARE IF YOU KILL HIS COMPANIONS. I'M ONLY PAYING FOR THE HEAD OF JONAH HEX.



ONLY THE HEAD?



DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF, LADIES. I WILL TAKE HIS HEAD BEFORE ANY OF YOU.



TOUGH TALK FOR A MAN WITH A BED SHEET ON HIS HEAD.



SILENCE YOUR TONGUE OR I'LL CUT IT FROM YOUR MOUTH.

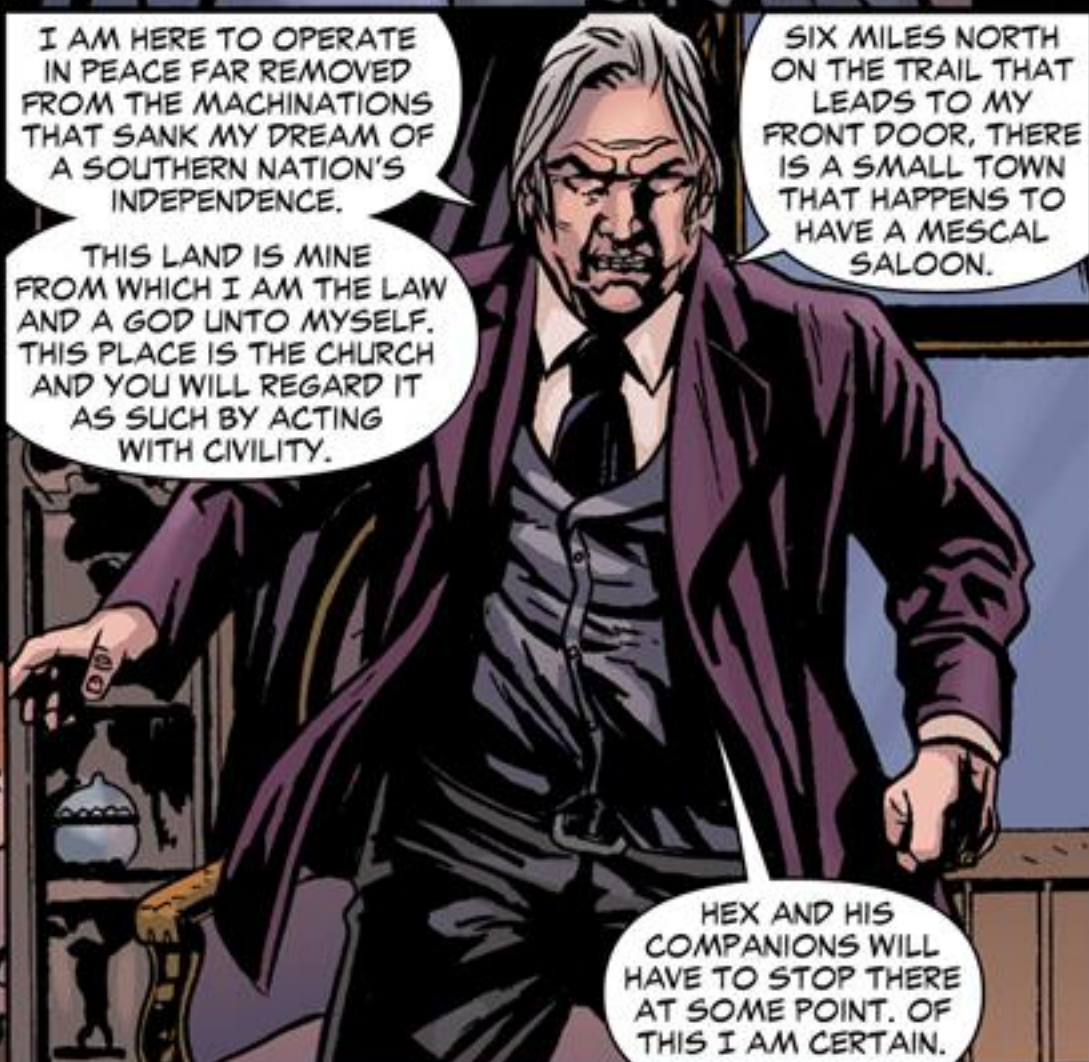




TRY IT, LADDIE, AND
YOU'LL BE PICKING UP
YOUR GUTS FROM
THE FLOOR.



ENOUGH!



I AM HERE TO OPERATE
IN PEACE FAR REMOVED
FROM THE MACHINATIONS
THAT SANK MY DREAM OF
A SOUTHERN NATION'S
INDEPENDENCE.

SIX MILES NORTH
ON THE TRAIL THAT
LEADS TO MY
FRONT DOOR, THERE
IS A SMALL TOWN
THAT HAPPENS TO
HAVE A MESCAL
SALOON.

THIS LAND IS MINE
FROM WHICH I AM THE LAW
AND A GOD UNTO MYSELF.
THIS PLACE IS THE CHURCH
AND YOU WILL REGARD IT
AS SUCH BY ACTING
WITH CIVILITY.

HEX AND HIS
COMPANIONS WILL
HAVE TO STOP THERE
AT SOME POINT. OF
THIS I AM CERTAIN.



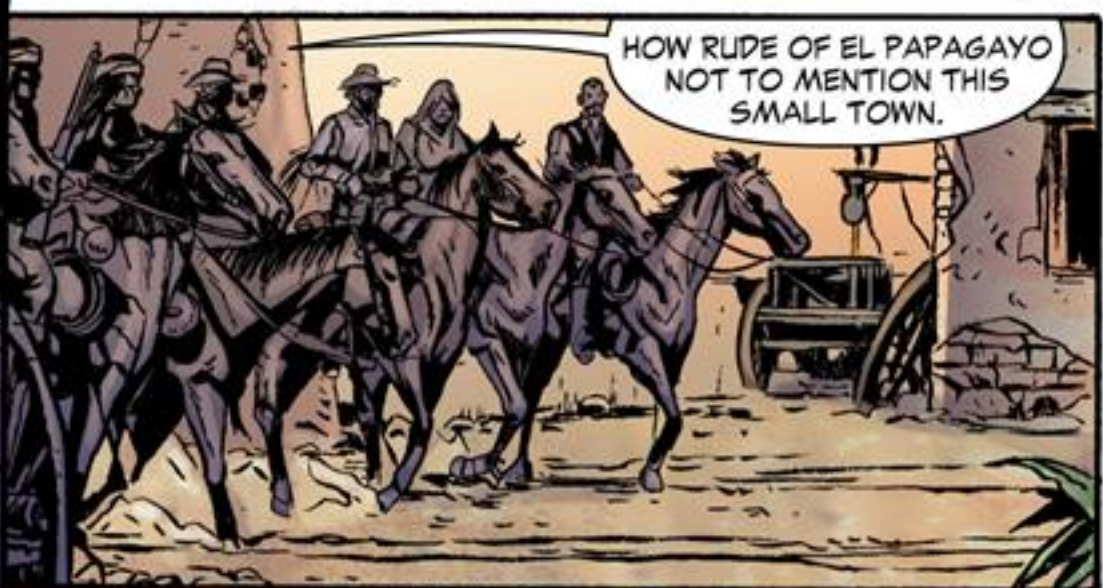
HOW CAN
YE BE SO
SURE?



HEX, MUCH LIKE
YOUR BRETHREN FROM
THAT DREADFUL ISLAND
OF THIEVES AND POETS, IS
A RUTHLESS DRUNKARD AND
CANNOT GO LONG WITHOUT
IMBIBING SPIRITS.



IT IS IN THIS TOWN
WHERE YOU MUST
KILL HIM IF YOU WISH
COMPENSATION.











HOW MANY?

SIX OR SEVEN. THEY WAIT IN THE JUNGLE. ONCE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE DRUNK, A VILLAGER WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL.

WHAT ARE YOU TWO OLD HENS CLUCKIN' 'BOUT THAT'S TOO SECRET FER OUR EARS?



AN WILL YA LOOK AT THAT DAMN FOOL BAT LASH? HE PUTS A MARE IN HEAT WITH NO FUSS WHATSOEVER.



AH AIN'T GIVIN' YA MONEY! NOW GIT A'FORE AH SHOOT YA!



VERY CLEVER, MY FRIEND. GOOD LUCK.

THERE'S A COMANCHE OUTSIDE NAMED BLUE EAGLE. TELL HIM TA KEEP A LOOK OUT FER THESE PEOPLE.



ALL RIGHT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL CHAKO TWICE!



DRINK UP. WE'LL RIDE OUT COME MORNIN'.





TO BE CONTINUED!

