

MAN WITH A

GUNNY

\$4⁰⁰



LOGAN
NAUGLE

SAMUEL
HENRY

MAN WITH A GUN

CREATED AND
WRITTEN BY

LOGAN
NAUGLE

PENCILS AND
INKS

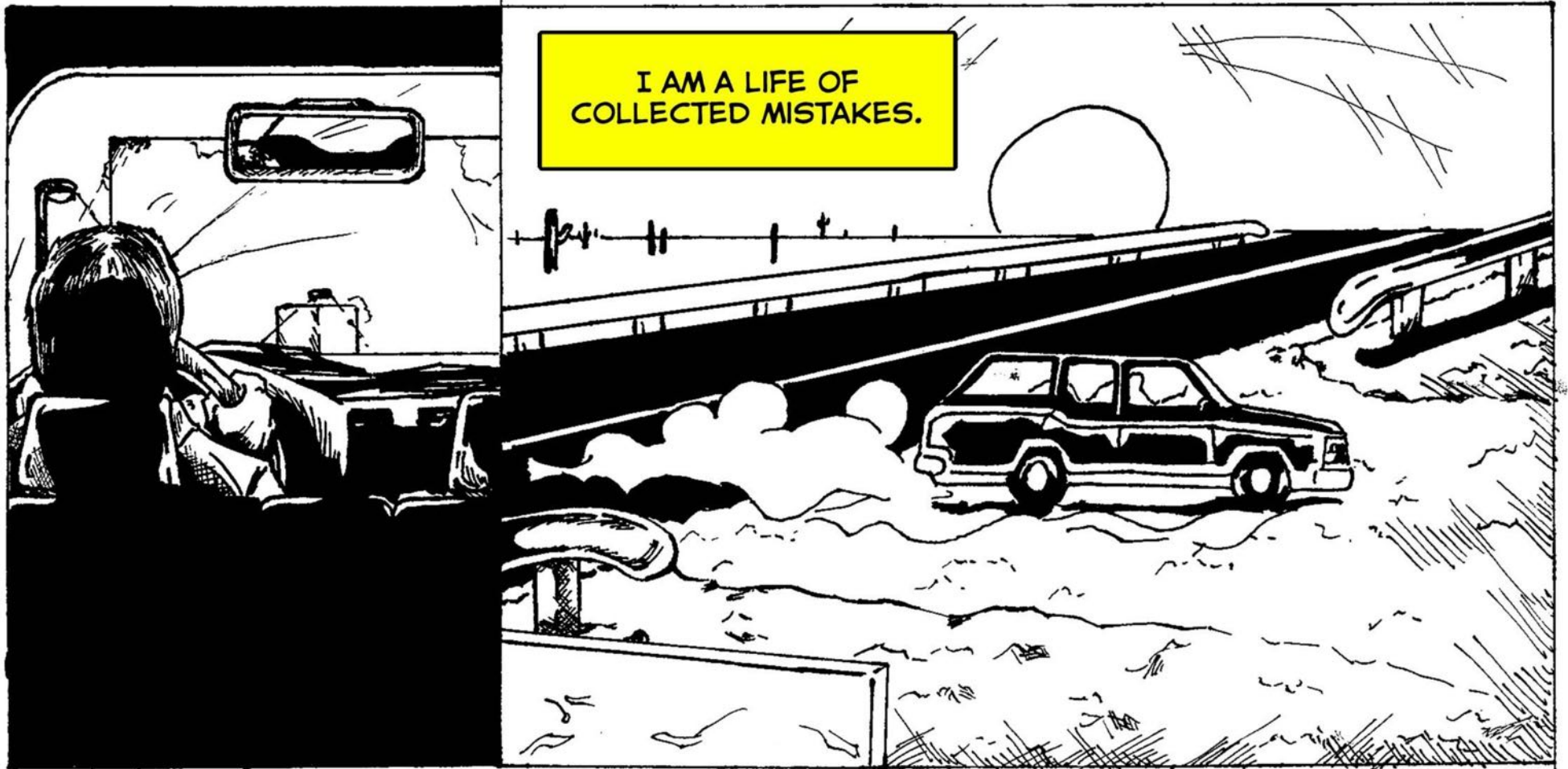
SAMUEL
HENRY

EDITED AND LETTERED BY
THOMAS KEITH
AND
LOGAN NAUGLE

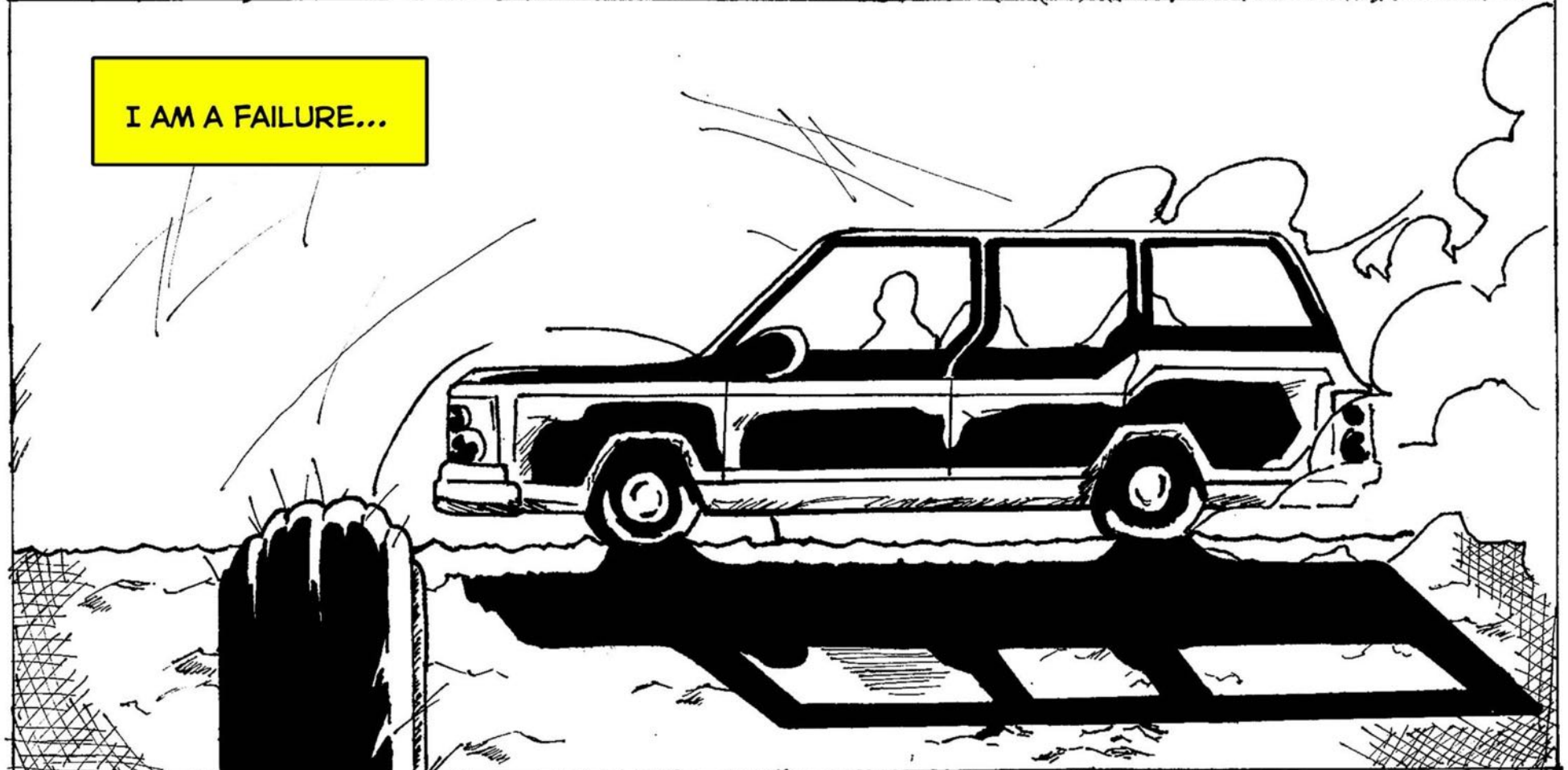
SPECIAL THANKS

WE WANT TO THANK ALL OF OUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY THAT HAVE BEEN HERE TO SUPPORT US, AS WE JOURNEY INTO MAKING COMICS. WE APPRECIATE YOU ALL FOR BEING THERE AND ENCOURAGING US THROUGH THE WHOLE PROCESS.

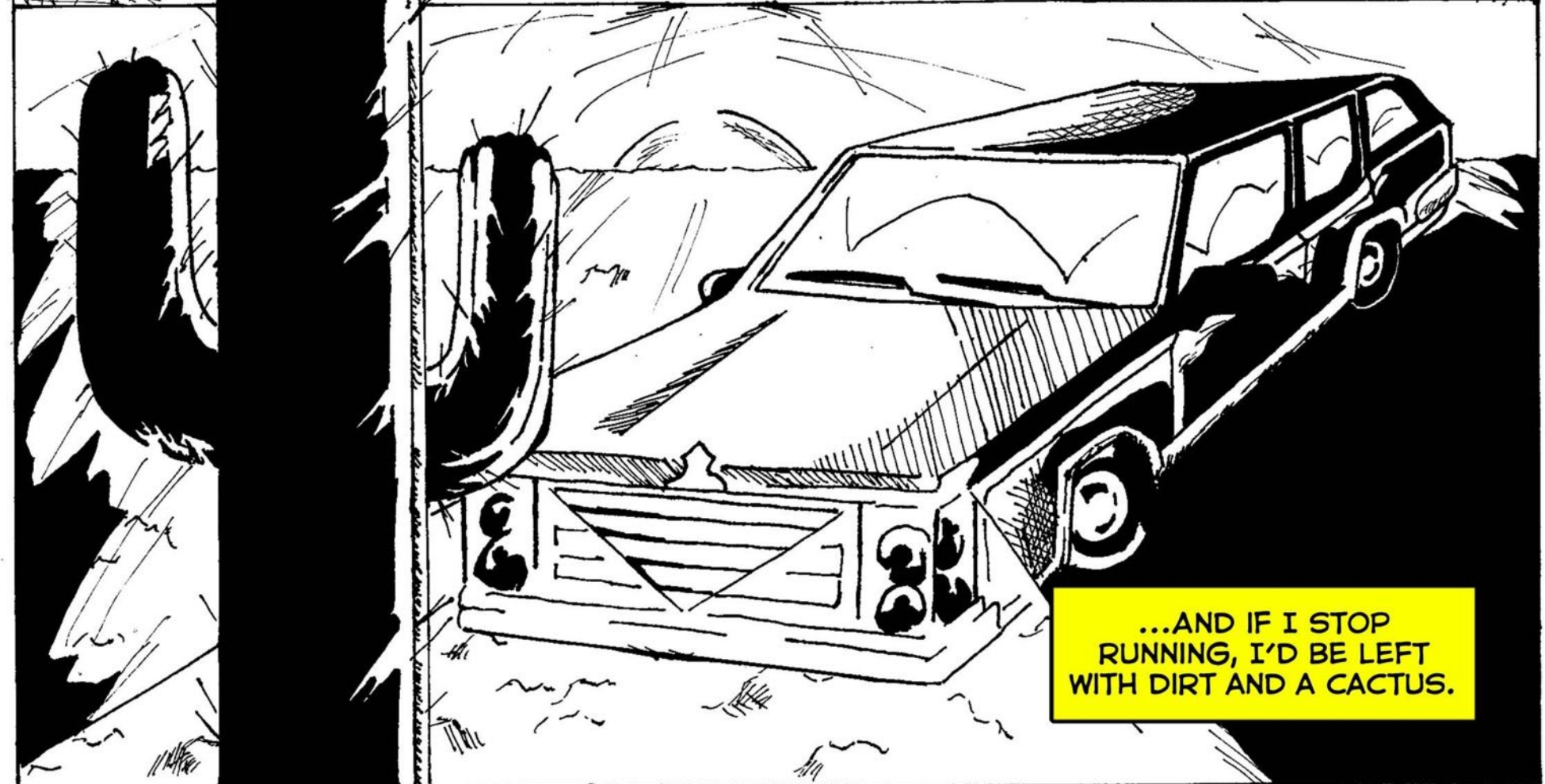
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I AM A LIFE OF COLLECTED MISTAKES.



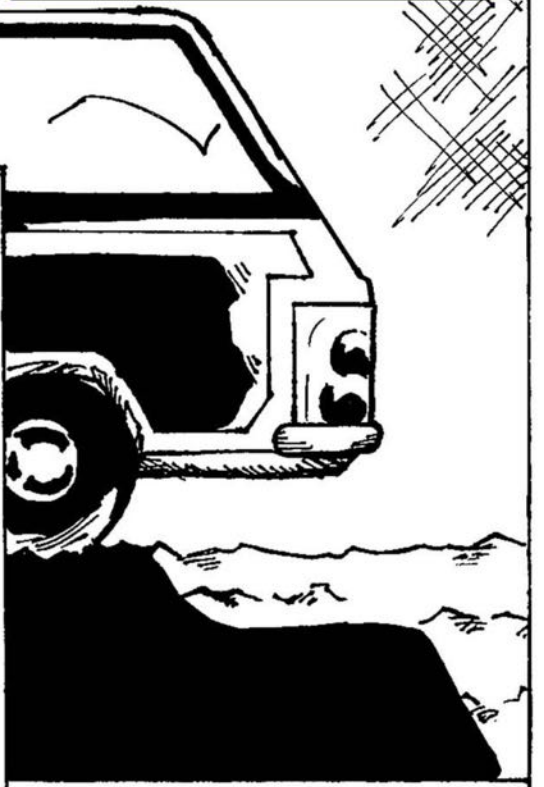
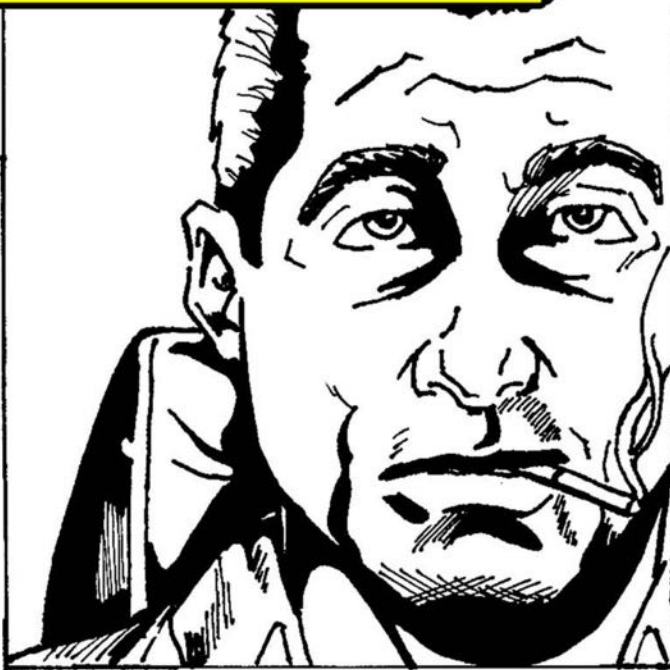
I AM A FAILURE...



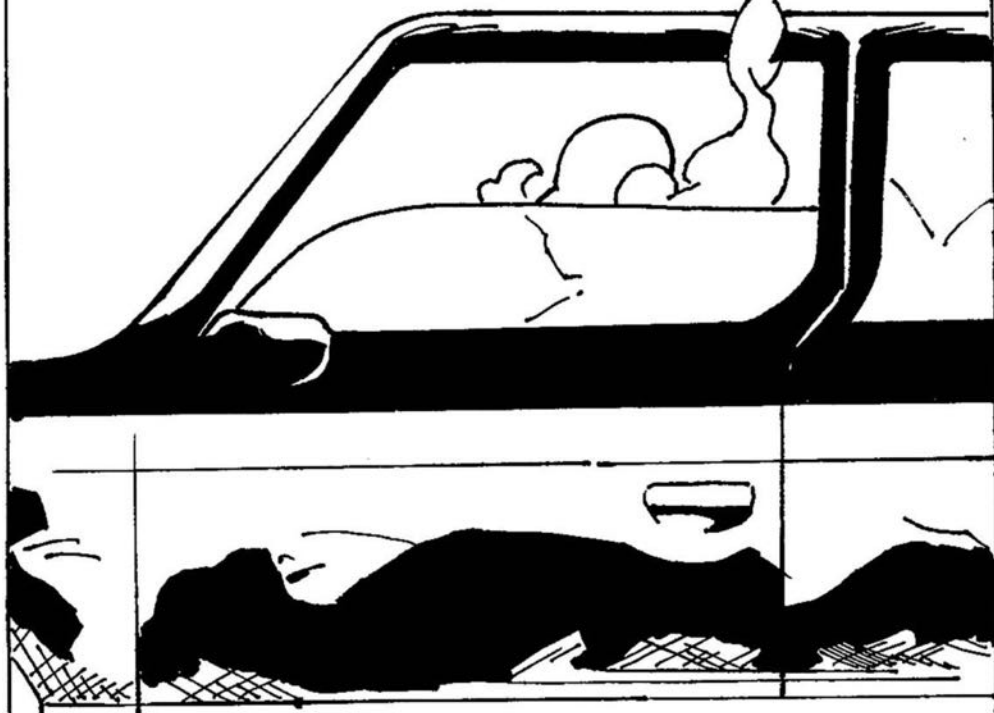
...AND IF I STOP RUNNING, I'D BE LEFT WITH DIRT AND A CACTUS.

I TAKE A DRAG OF MY CIGARETTE. THE CAR SITS IDLING WITH ITS LIGHTS BEAMING INTO THE EMPTY DESERT.

I NEVER LIKED THE SMELL OF CIGARETTES.

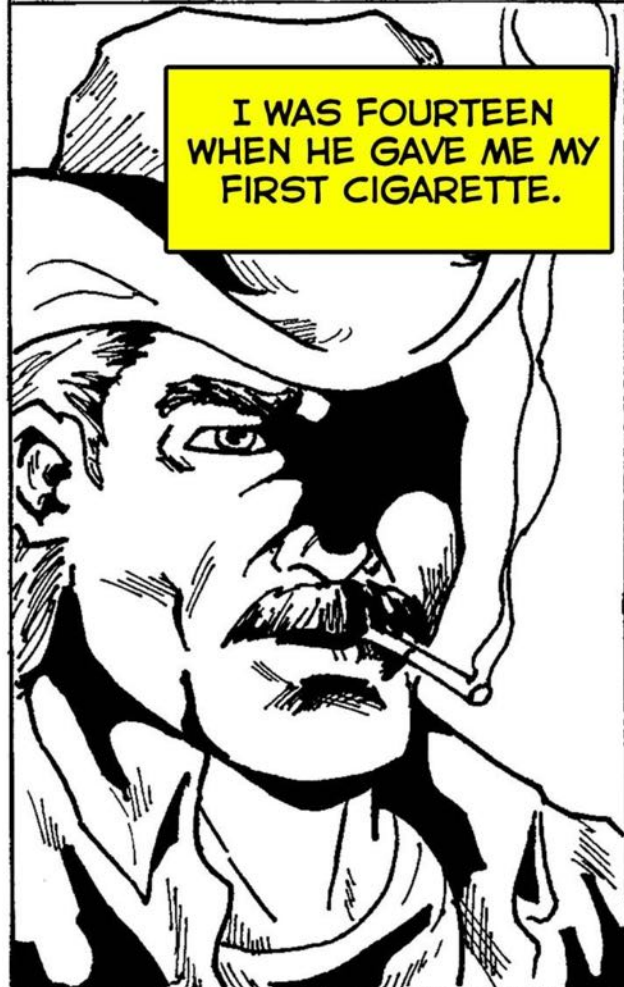


GROWING UP MY FATHER SMOKED A PACK AND A HALF A DAY.

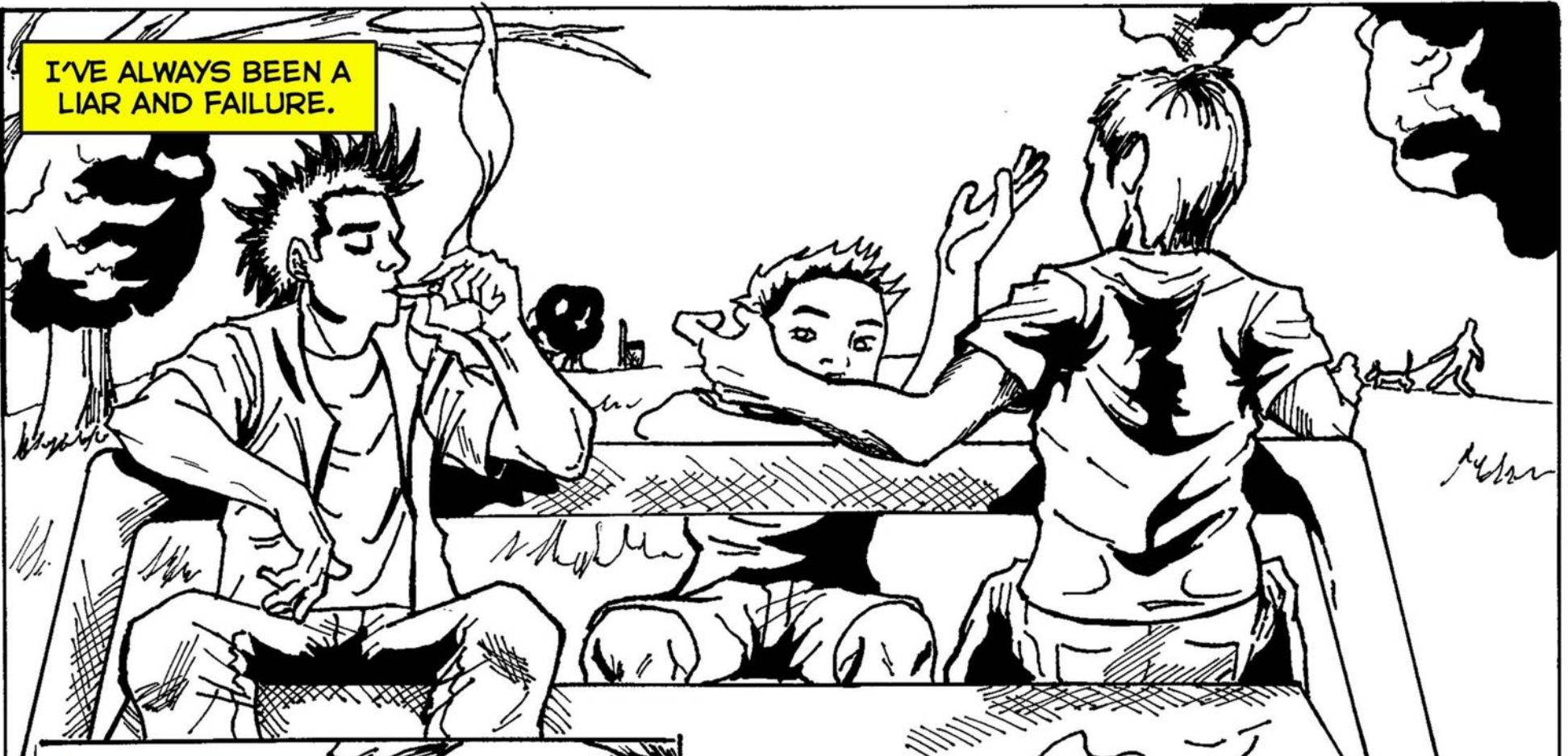


HE LOOKED LIKE THE MOLLBORO MAN. HE WAS FROM A DIFFERENT GENERATION OF MAN.

I WAS FOURTEEN WHEN HE GAVE ME MY FIRST CIGARETTE.



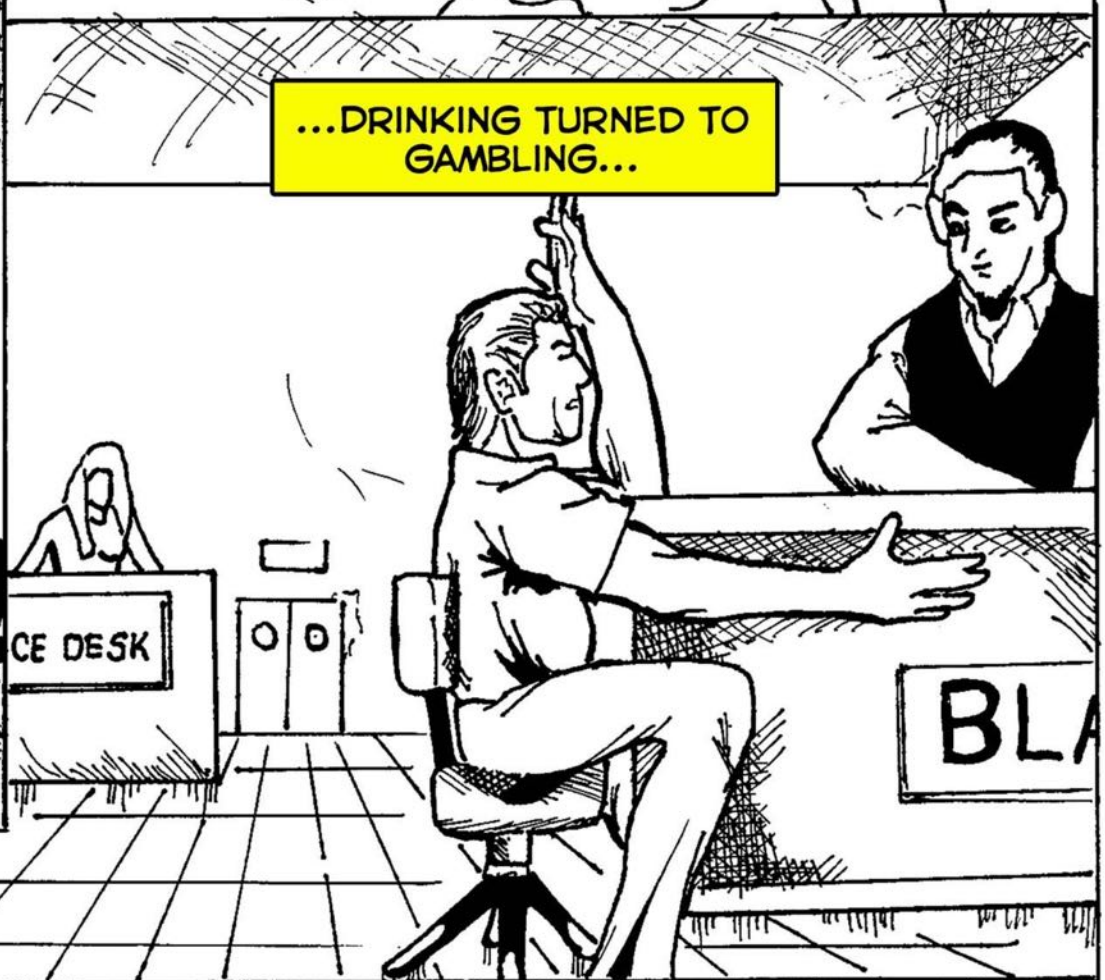
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A LIAR AND FAILURE.



WEED TURNED TO DRINKING...



...DRINKING TURNED TO GAMBLING...



I'LL GET YOU NEXT TIME.



I'M GOOD FOR IT.



I OWE YOU ONE.





THE PAIN SNAPS ME OUT OF MY DAY DREAM.

I ONLY SMOKE WHEN I'VE GOT A LOT ON MY MIND. TONIGHT I THINK FIFTY-GRAND OF DEBT AND A DEAD BODY COUNT AS A LOT.

ANOTHER CIGARETTE.

SHIT, I HAVEN'T CHECKED MY PHONE. IN HOURS.

HELLO...

IT'S SILENT. I MISSED THE CALL.

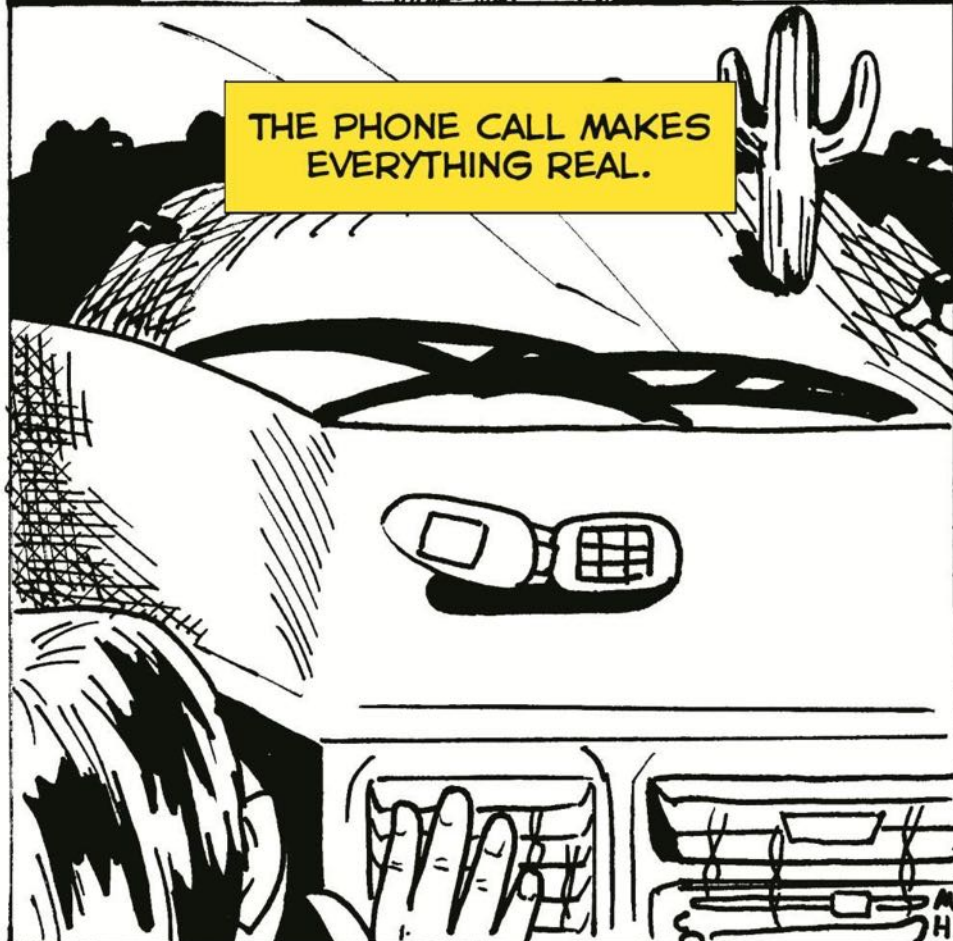
MY HEAD'S THROBBING AND MY STOMACH TIGHTENS AS IF STUCK IN A VICE. I CLENCH MY SIDE.



WARM DEAD AIR. I'M A SWEATY MESS.



THE PHONE CALL MAKES EVERYTHING REAL.



\$50K IS SO LITTLE TO DIE FOR. EVEN THOUGH IT SAVED ME A FEW WEEKS AGO.



MORE THAN A FEW WEEKS AGO...

I GUESS THIS HAS BEEN A LONG TIME COMING.

MOTHER!
FURAAZAL
AZALAZALAZALA

HOUSE
WINS!!

A LOT OF YEARS
SPENT NOT WINNING.

THE WINNER IS
LUCKY PRICK!

MOTHER!
FURAAZAL
AZALAZALAZALA

NEVER DID HAVE
ANY LUCK.

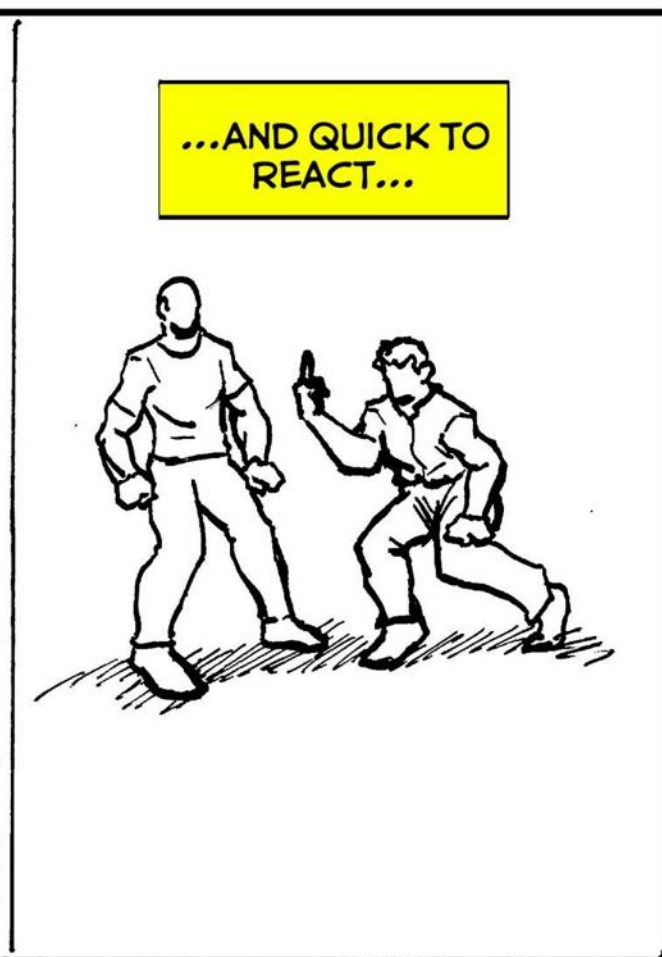
WINNERS?

JUST
THE WHISKEY
THEN?

UNLUCKY WITH WOMEN.

UNLUCKY WITH MOST SITUATIONS.

...AND QUICK TO REACT...



I DIDN'T HAVE ANY FIGHT EITHER, I LACKED ALL THAT I SHOULD HAVE LEARNED.



EMERGENCY

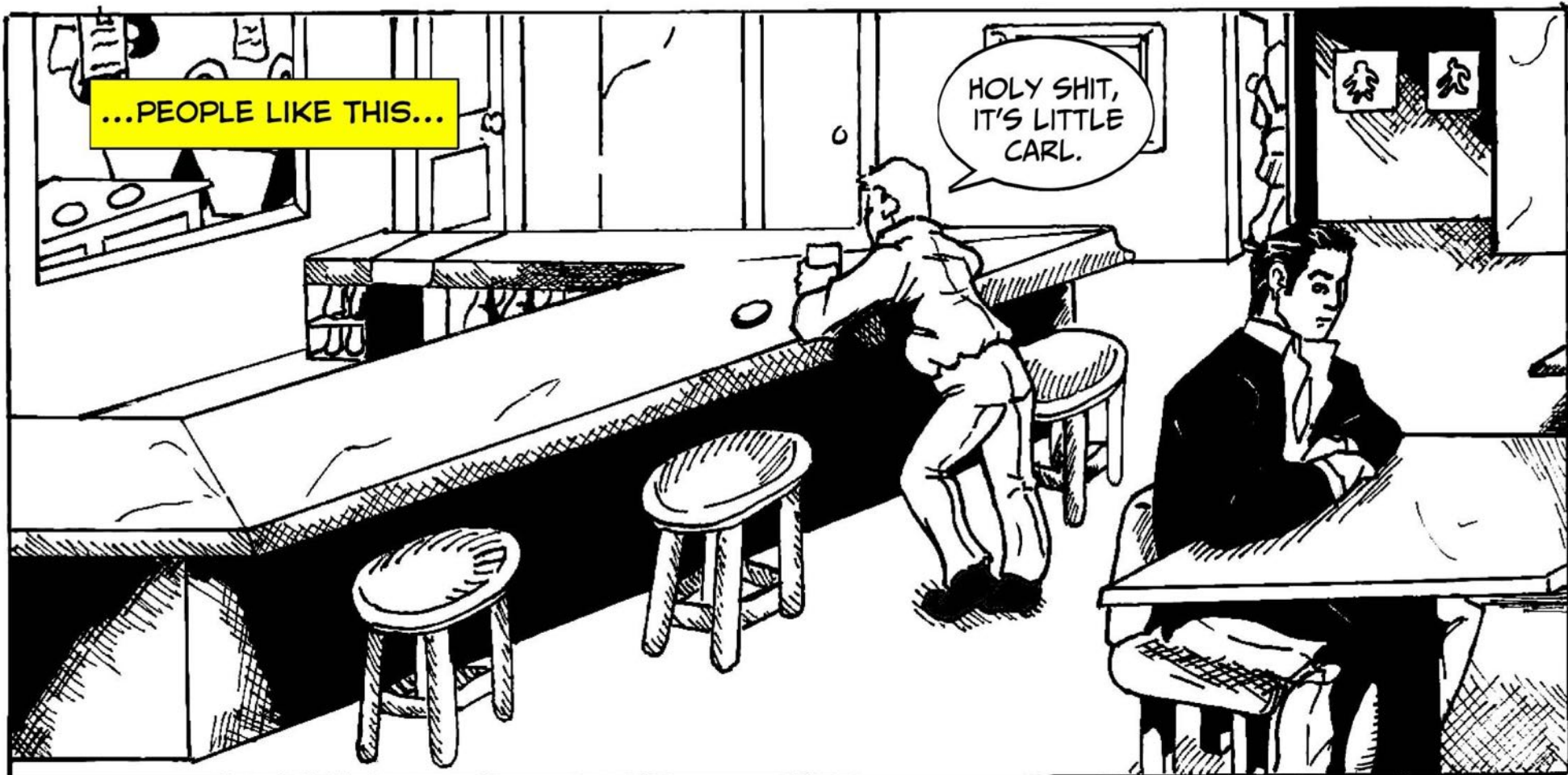
IT APPEARS
THE INSURANCE
WILL NOT BE
COVERING THIS
SURGERY.

HOWEVER WE
RECOMMEND THAT
YOU BE TREATED
IMMEDIATELY.

YOUR LIVER
IS RUPTURED,
YOU HAVE A MINOR
CONCUSSION AS WELL
AS THREE BRUISED
RIBS.

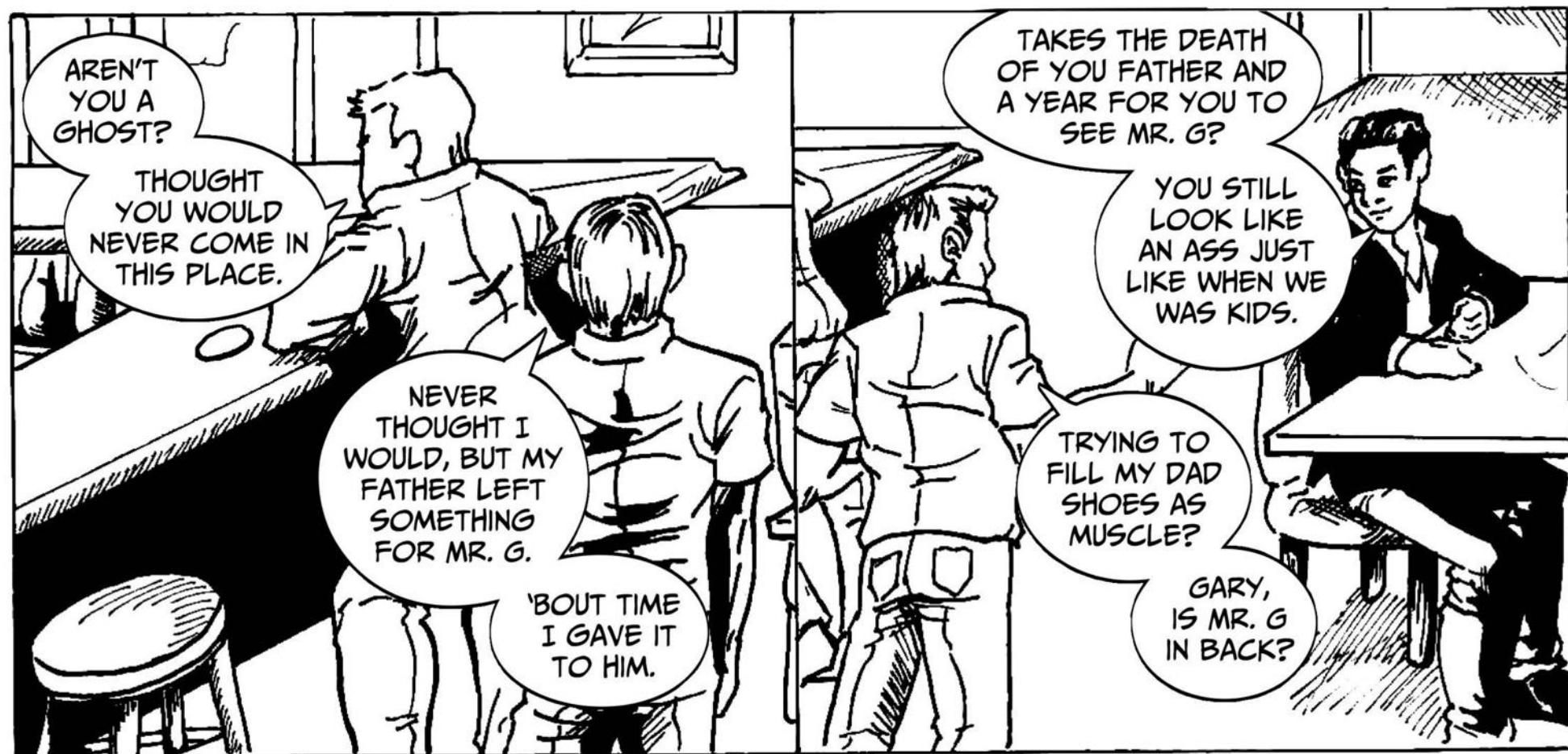
PLEASE...
PLEASE JUST...
JUST DO IT.

A MAN IN MY POSITION
NEEDED PEOPLE THAT I
SPENT MY LIFE DRINKING TO
FORGET AND IGNORE.



...PEOPLE LIKE THIS...

HOLY SHIT,
IT'S LITTLE
CARL.



AREN'T
YOU A
GHOST?

THOUGHT
YOU WOULD
NEVER COME IN
THIS PLACE.

NEVER
THOUGHT I
WOULD, BUT MY
FATHER LEFT
SOMETHING
FOR MR. G.

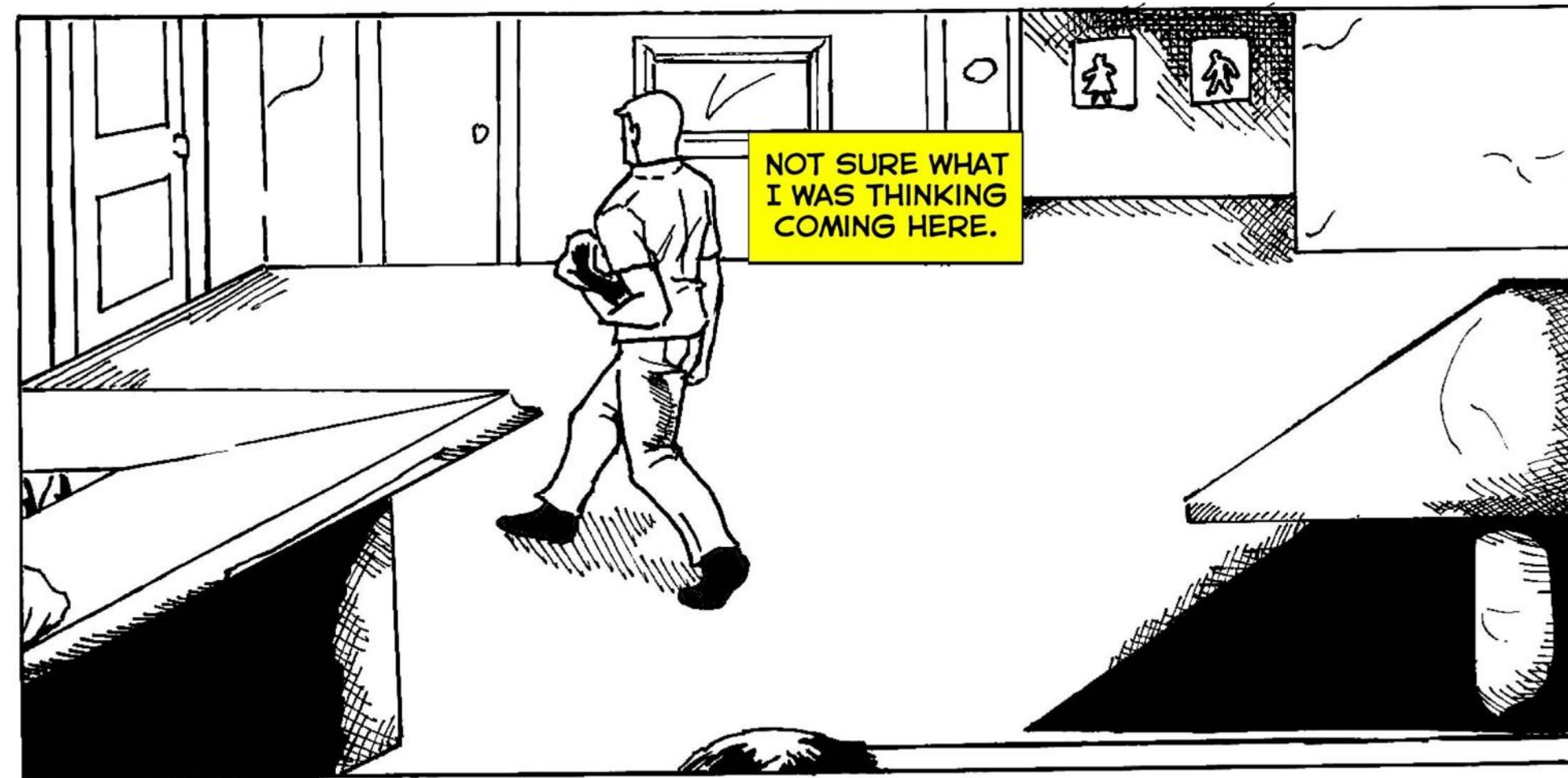
'BOUT TIME
I GAVE IT
TO HIM.

TAKES THE DEATH
OF YOU FATHER AND
A YEAR FOR YOU TO
SEE MR. G?

YOU STILL
LOOK LIKE
AN ASS JUST
LIKE WHEN WE
WAS KIDS.

TRYING TO
FILL MY DAD
SHOES AS
MUSCLE?

GARY,
IS MR. G
IN BACK?



NOT SURE WHAT
I WAS THINKING
COMING HERE.

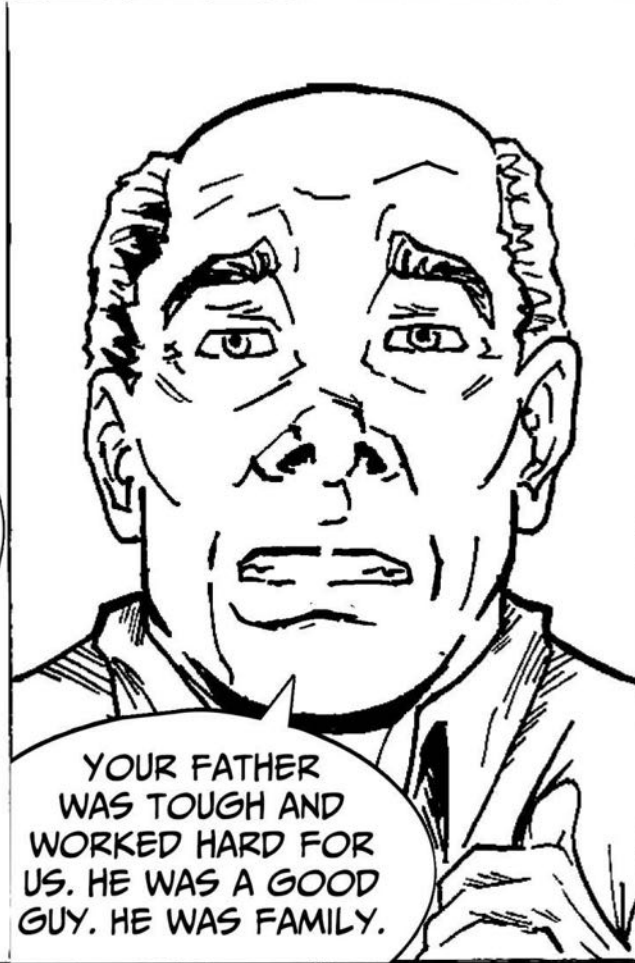


CARL?!
UH... COME
ON IN.

15 YEARS
WITHOUT WALKING A
STEP IN THIS PLACE
AND IT'S THE
SAME.



...MY DAD LEFT
YOU THIS. WASN'T
SURE IF I'D ACTUALLY
COME IN, BUT HERE
WE ARE.



YOUR FATHER
WAS TOUGH AND
WORKED HARD FOR
US. HE WAS A GOOD
GUY. HE WAS FAMILY.

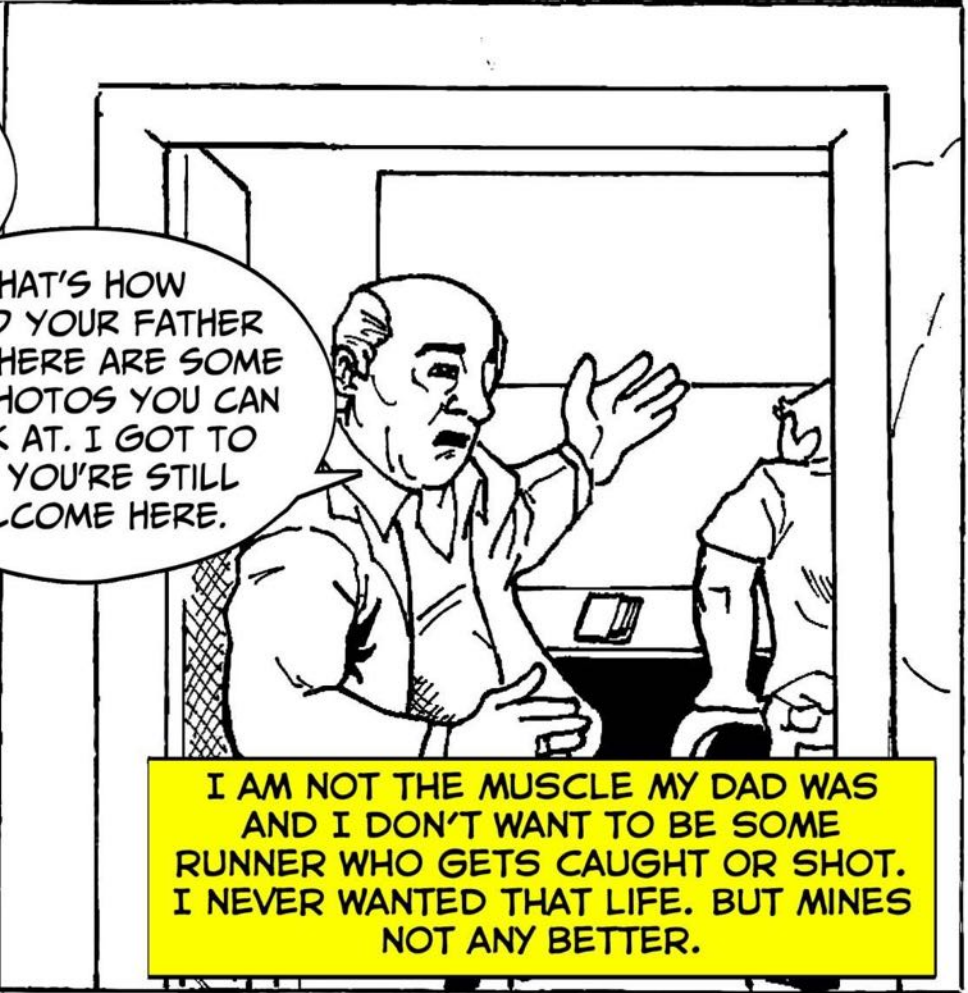


YEAH, HE
THOUGHT SO
TOO.

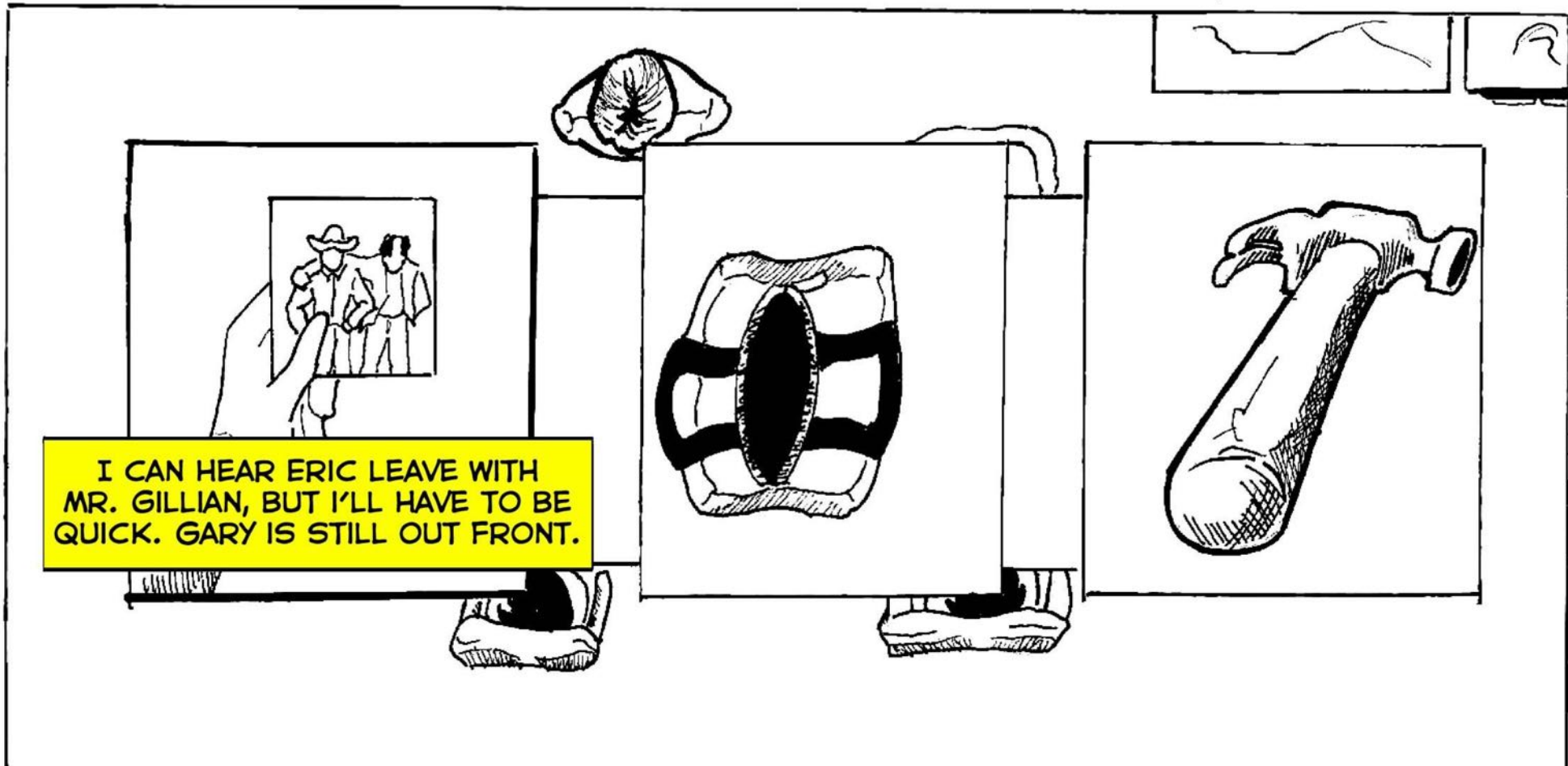


YOU WERE
CONSIDERED FAMILY,
EVEN AS A LITTLE
PUNK, WE LET
YOU IN.

THAT'S HOW
GOOD YOUR FATHER
WAS. THERE ARE SOME
OLD PHOTOS YOU CAN
LOOK AT. I GOT TO
RUN. YOU'RE STILL
WELCOME HERE.



I AM NOT THE MUSCLE MY DAD WAS
AND I DON'T WANT TO BE SOME
RUNNER WHO GETS CAUGHT OR SHOT.
I NEVER WANTED THAT LIFE. BUT MINE'S
NOT ANY BETTER.

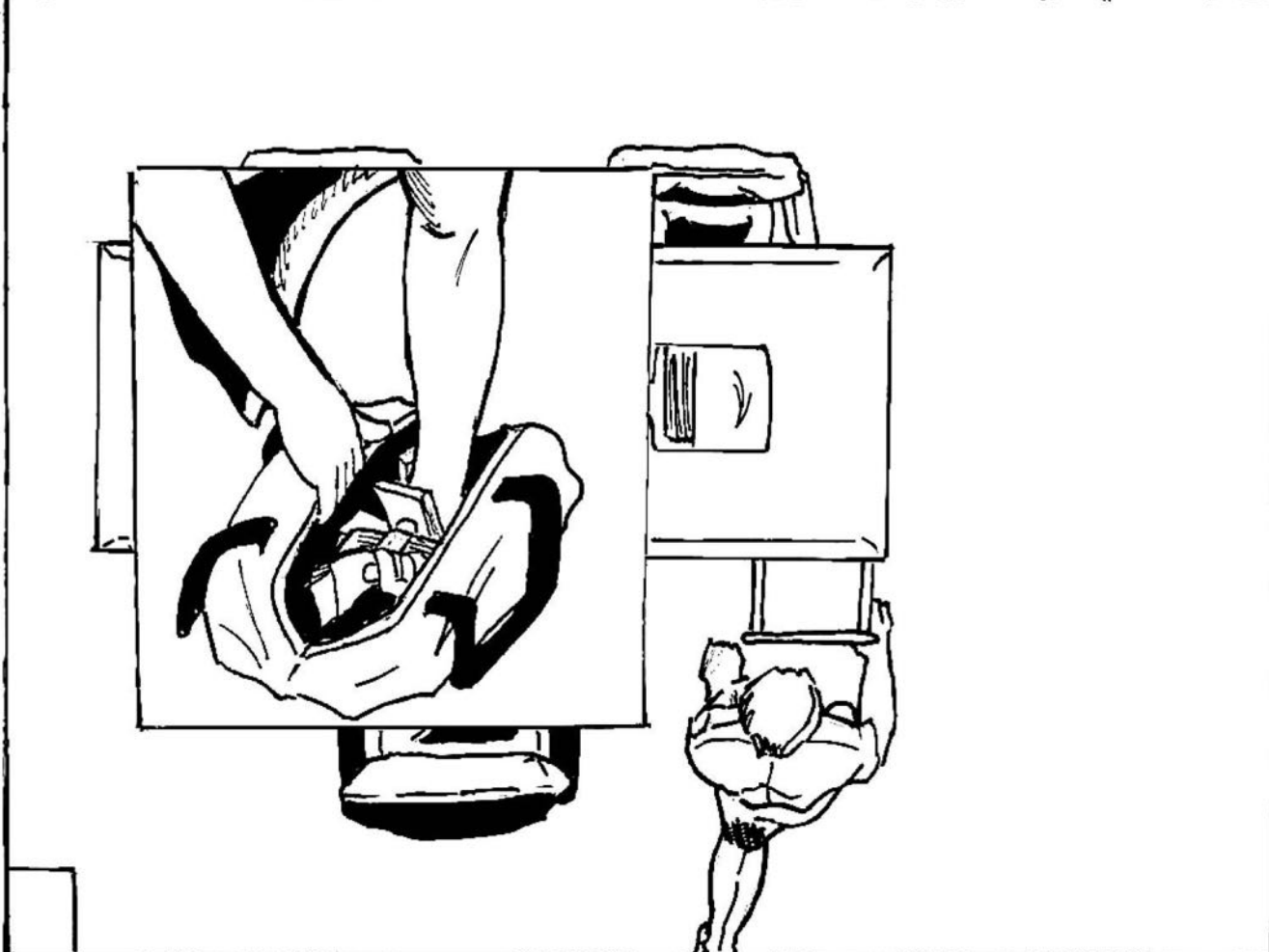


I CAN HEAR ERIC LEAVE WITH MR. GILLIAN, BUT I'LL HAVE TO BE QUICK. GARY IS STILL OUT FRONT.



BUT THERE IS STILL A FAIR AMOUNT HE PAID EVERYONE WITH STASHED IN HIS DESK.

I REMEMBER THAT MR. G KEPT THE MAJORITY OF HIS VALUABLES AND CASH IN THE SAFE.



BYE GARY, HOPE I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

NEVER THOUGHT THIS PLACE WOULD HELP ME.

I PUT IT ON
SPEAKER.

I CAN'T HOLD THE
CIGARETTE, LET ALONE
THE PHONE AND THE
CONSEQUENCES IT
COMES WITH.

CARL?...

CARL?!

HELLO.

I CAN'T DO THIS I WANT
TO HANG UP AND JUST
DRIVE. I CAN'T.

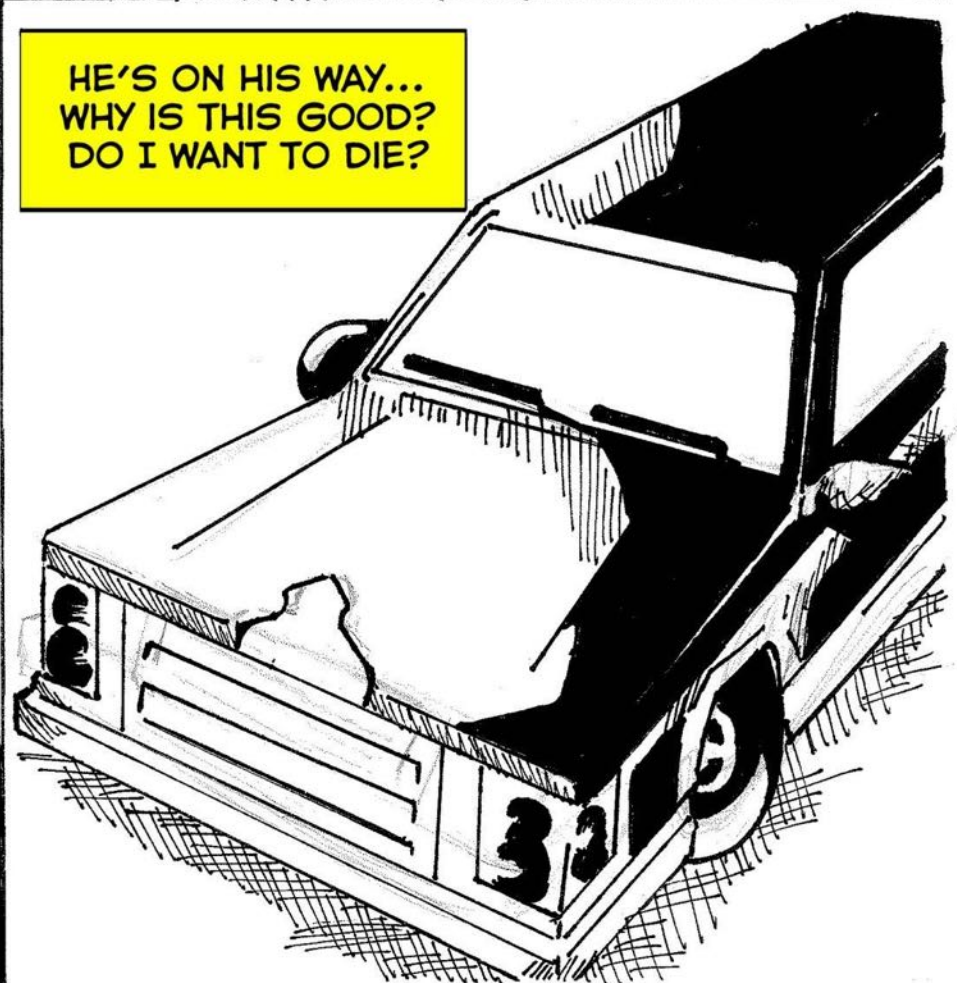
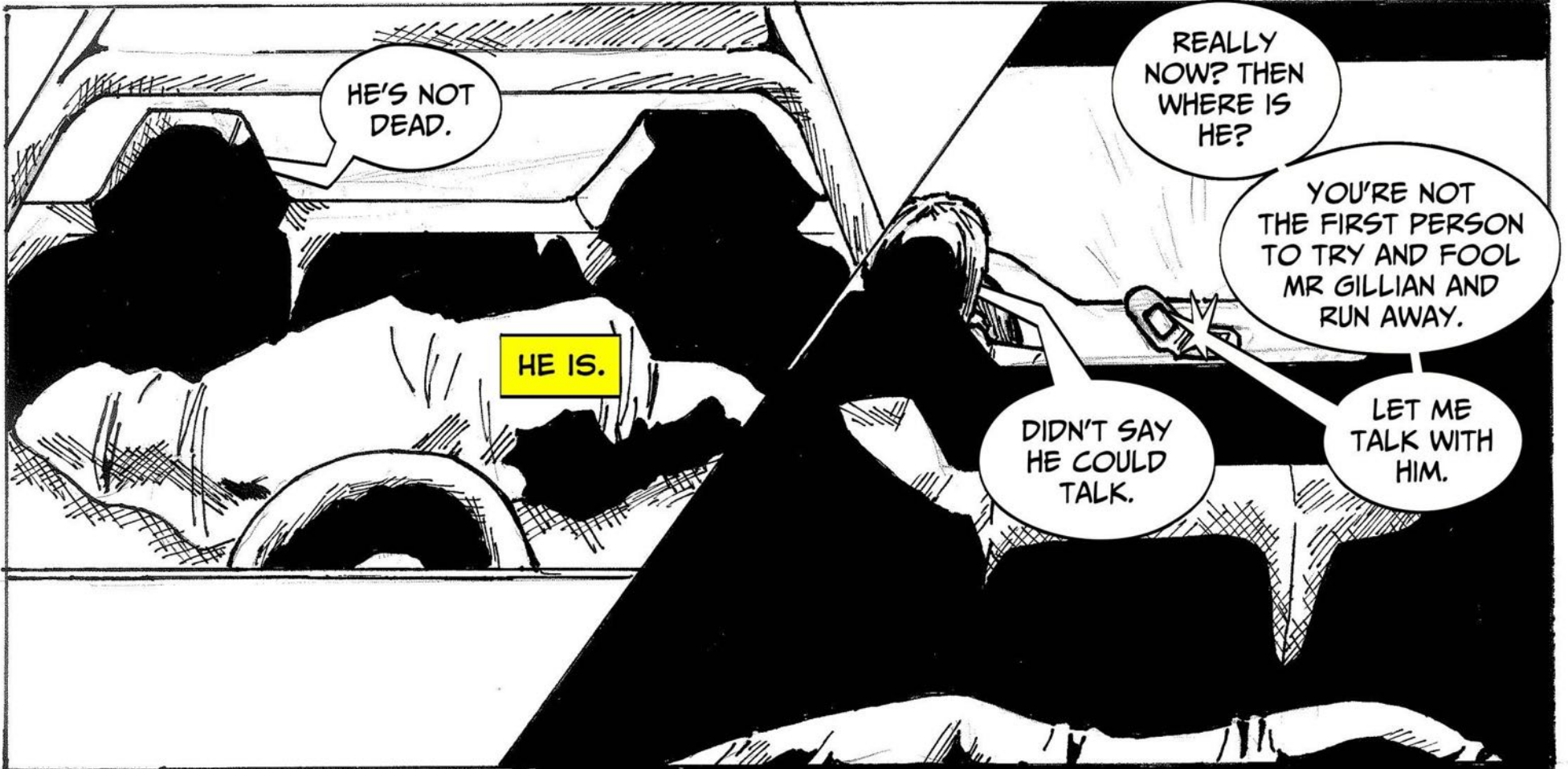
YES?

THE VOICE
IS YOUNG. IT'S
ERIC.

HOW DID
YOU SEE THIS
PLAYING OUT?

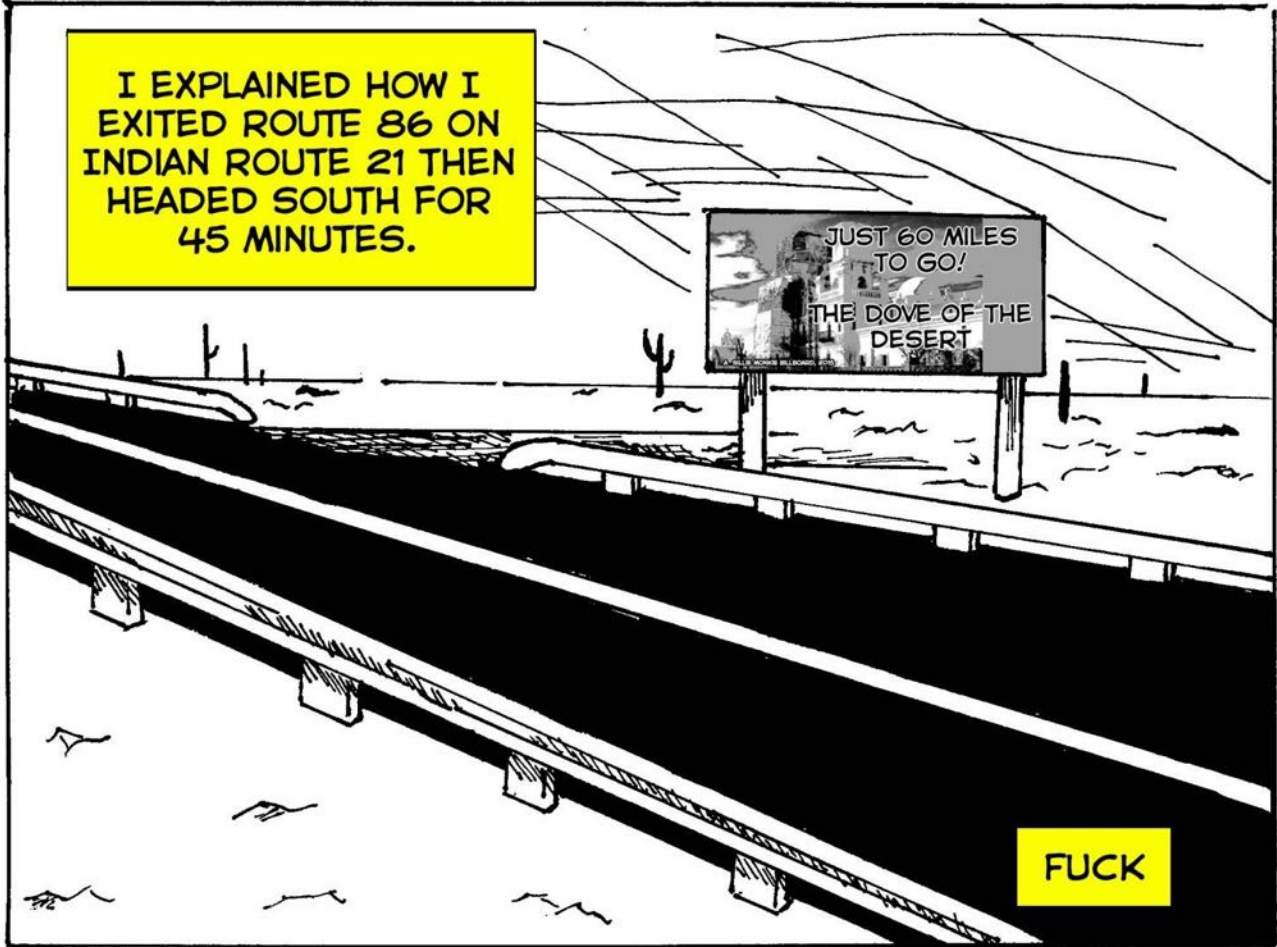
YOU COULD
STEAL FROM
THE BOSS AND
GET AWAY?

I KNOW
YOU KILLED HIM.
WHEN I FIND YOU,
YOU'RE NEXT.



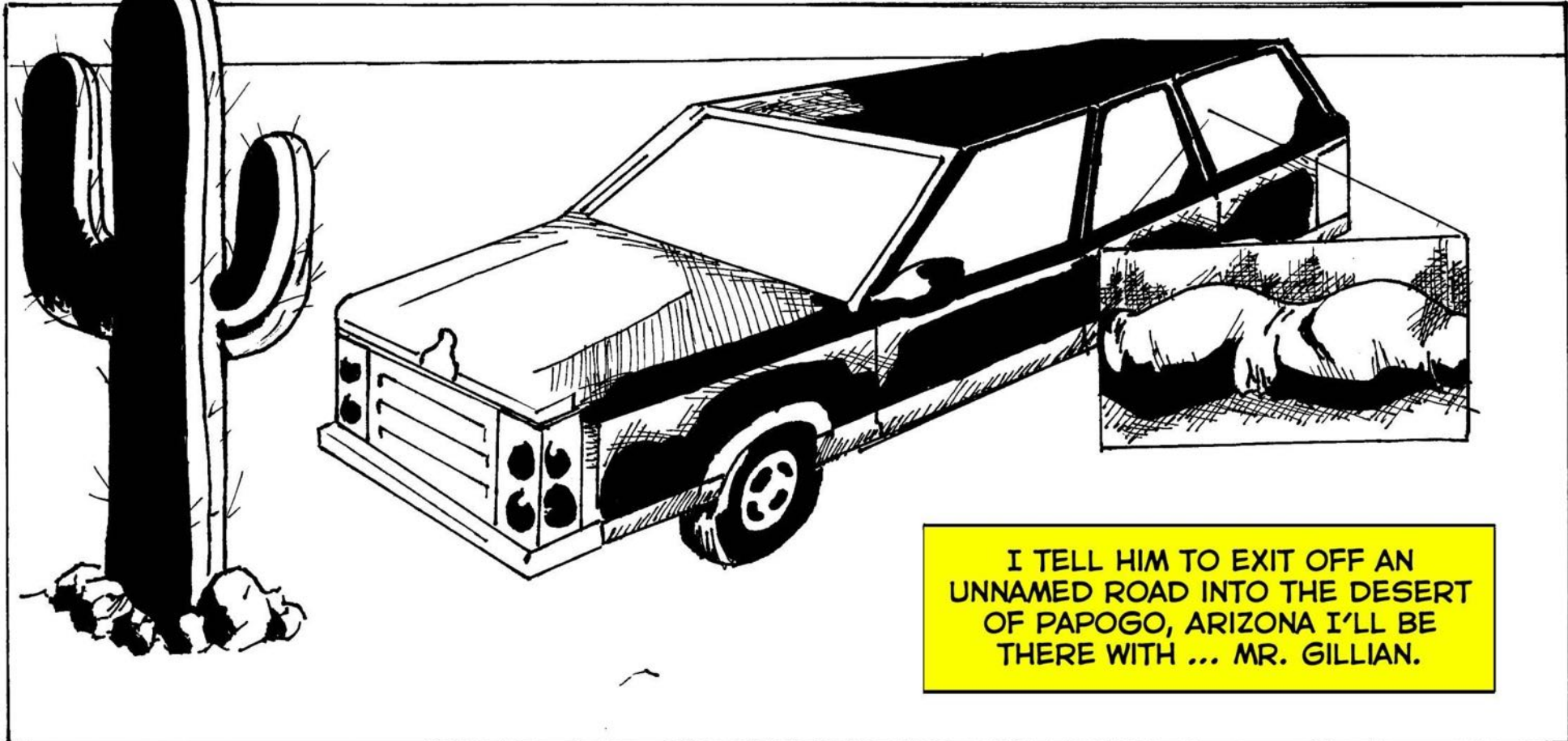


I TELL HIM HOW TO FIND ME.



I EXPLAINED HOW I EXITED ROUTE 86 ON INDIAN ROUTE 21 THEN HEADED SOUTH FOR 45 MINUTES.

FUCK



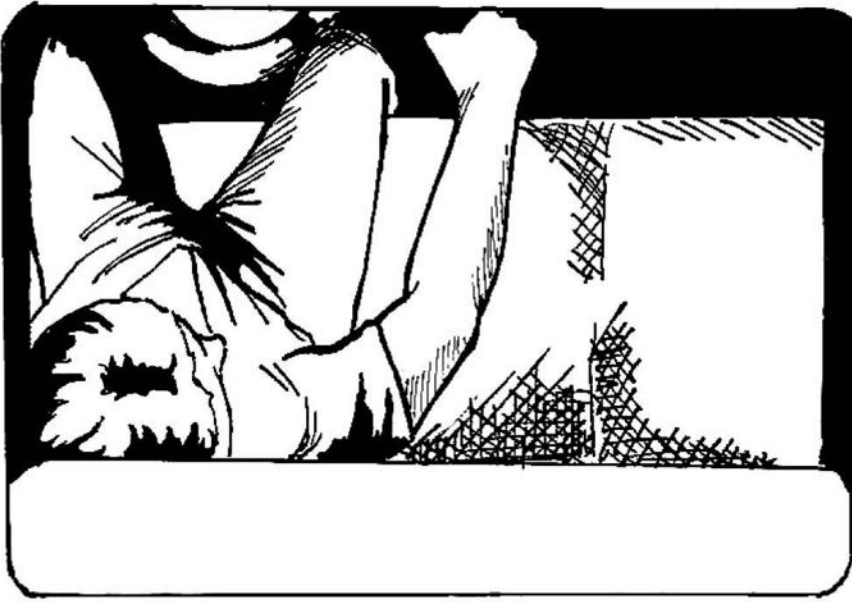
I TELL HIM TO EXIT OFF AN UNNAMED ROAD INTO THE DESERT OF PAPOGO, ARIZONA I'LL BE THERE WITH ... MR. GILLIAN.



I CAN'T BREATHE, CAN'T CALM DOWN.

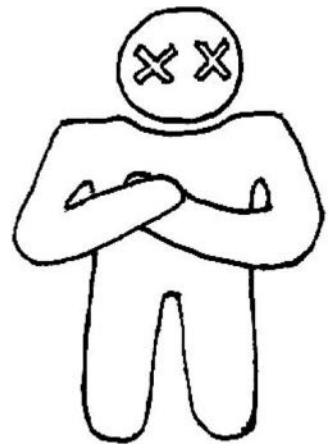
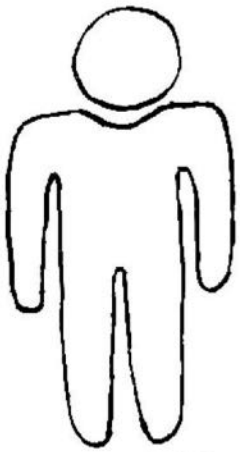


I JUST WANT TO BREATHE.



NOW I WAIT...

...LOOKING AT THE SKY
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I
CAN THINK ABOUT.

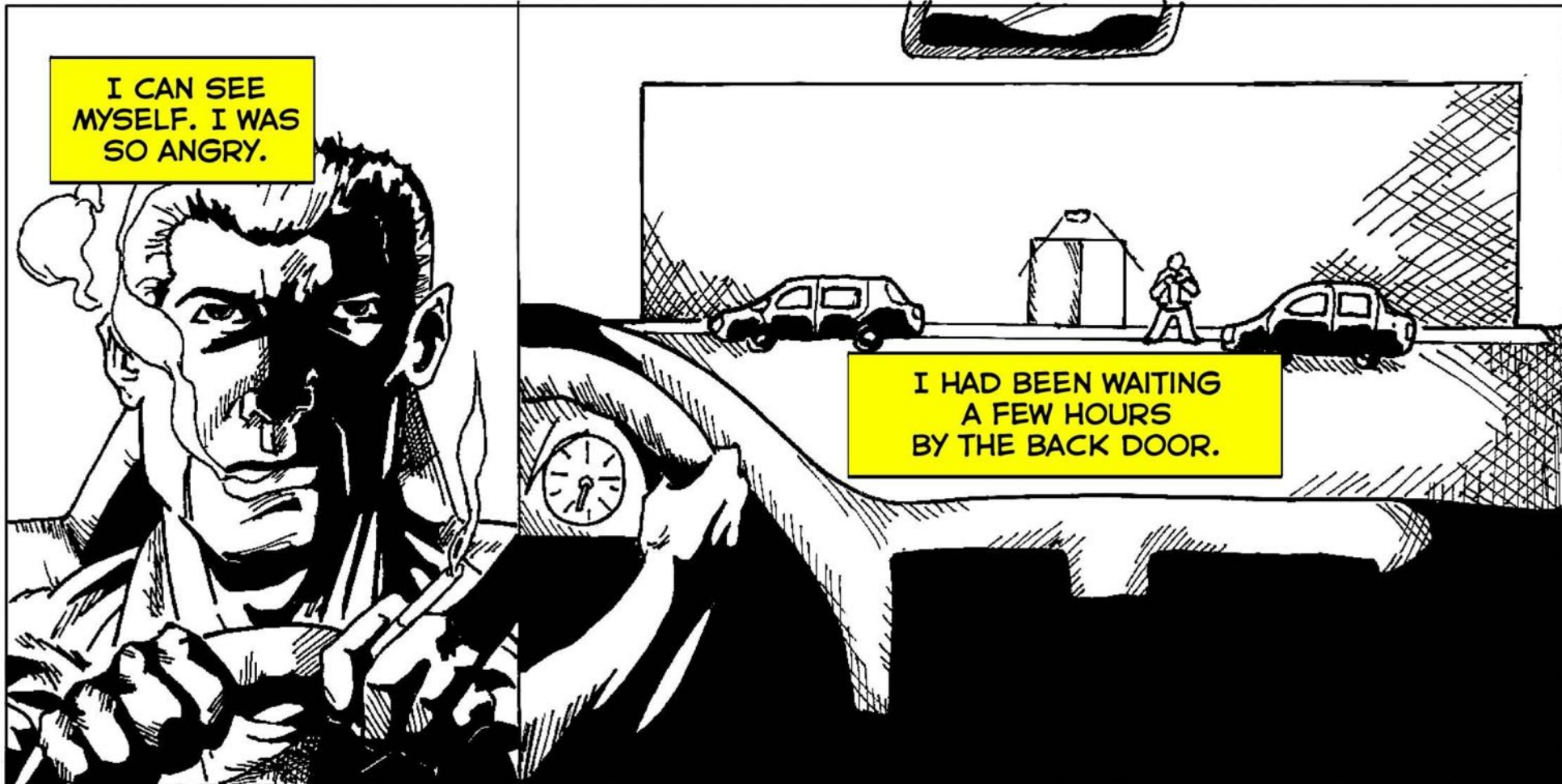


THE AIR IS STILL HOT.
NOW I THINK ABOUT
HOW LONG I HAVE
BEEN IN THIS CAR.



I THINK ABOUT HOW
IT WAS HOT IN MY
CAR WHEN THIS ALL
STARTED.

IT WAS ONLY
YESTERDAY
SO MUCH GOT
SO FUCKED.



I CAN SEE MYSELF. I WAS SO ANGRY.

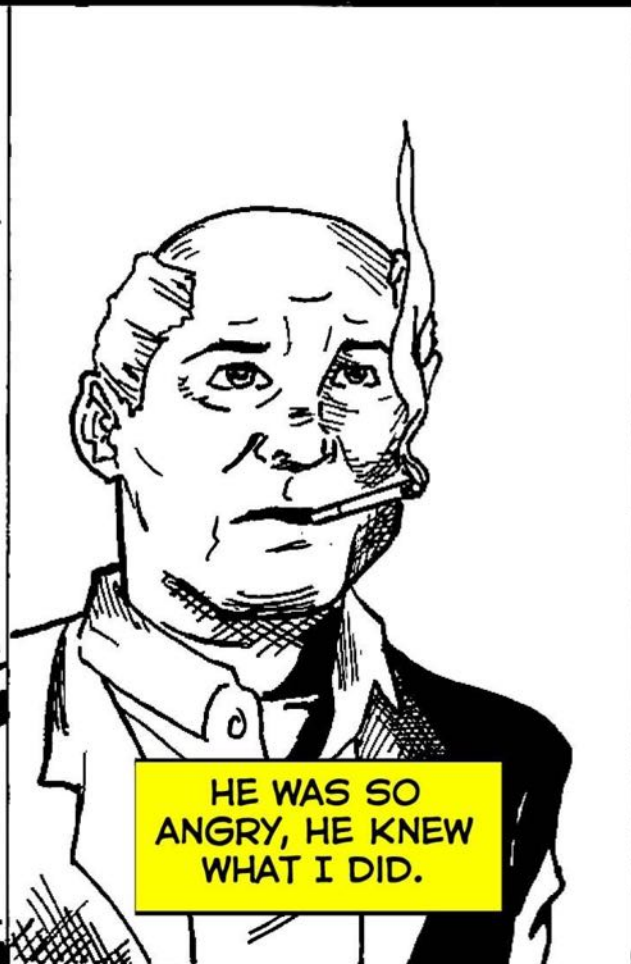
I HAD BEEN WAITING A FEW HOURS BY THE BACK DOOR.



HE SAW ME AS I WAS HEADING TOWARDS HIM.



HE WAS CAUGHT OFF GUARD, BUT WE NEEDED TO TALK.



HE WAS SO ANGRY, HE KNEW WHAT I DID.



I JUST WANTED TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO HIM.

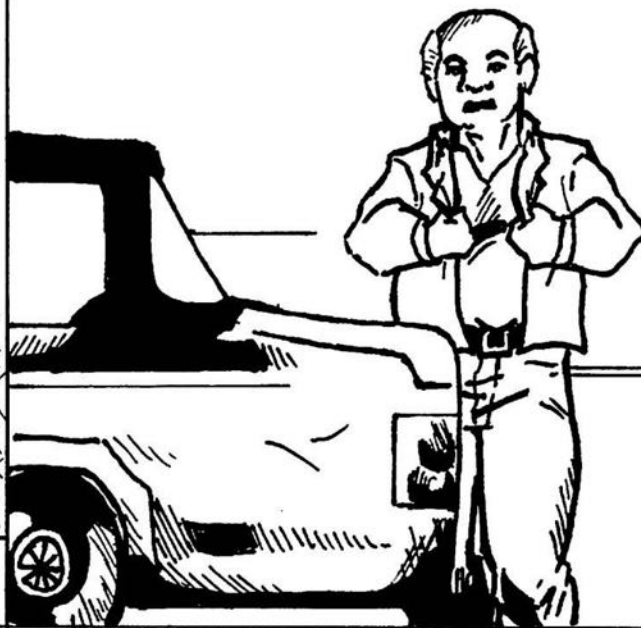


HE DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING FROM ME.

WE WERE PROMISED MORE THAN I EVEN STOLE AND NEVER GOT A CENT.



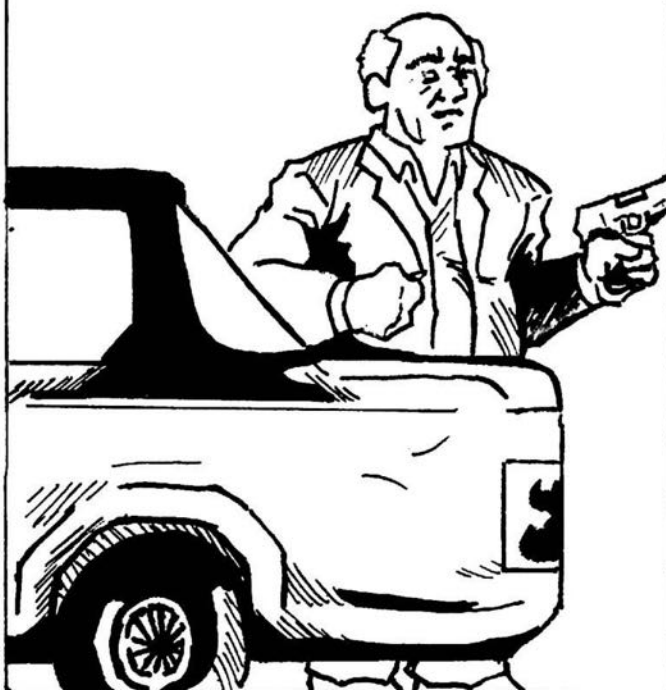
I TOOK THAT MONEY IN FAITH I WOULD PAY HIM BACK. MY FATHER NEVER GOT ANYTHING HE WAS OWED AFTER HE DIED.



I NEVER WANTED TO BE A PART OF THIS LIFE, BUT WE WERE PROMISED SOME COMPENSATION FOR MY FATHER'S WORK.

HE'S INSULTING MY FATHER AND I STOP LISTENING.

IT ALL BECOMES WHITE NOISE. I JUST LOSE IT.



HE'S DEAD.

FUCK, I WASN'T THINKING. I JUST REACTED AND HE HIT HIS HEAD.



I PANICKED.

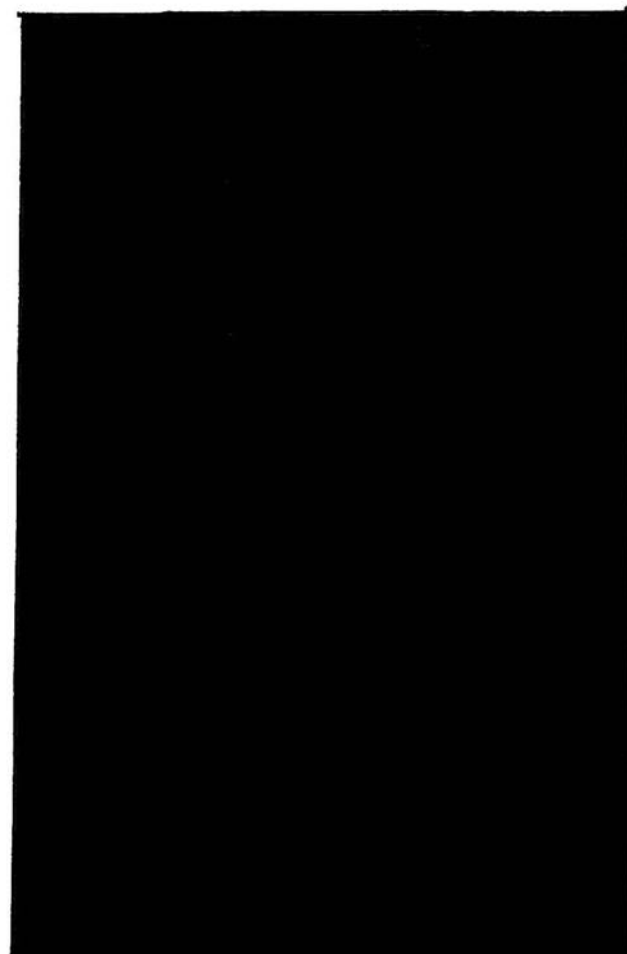
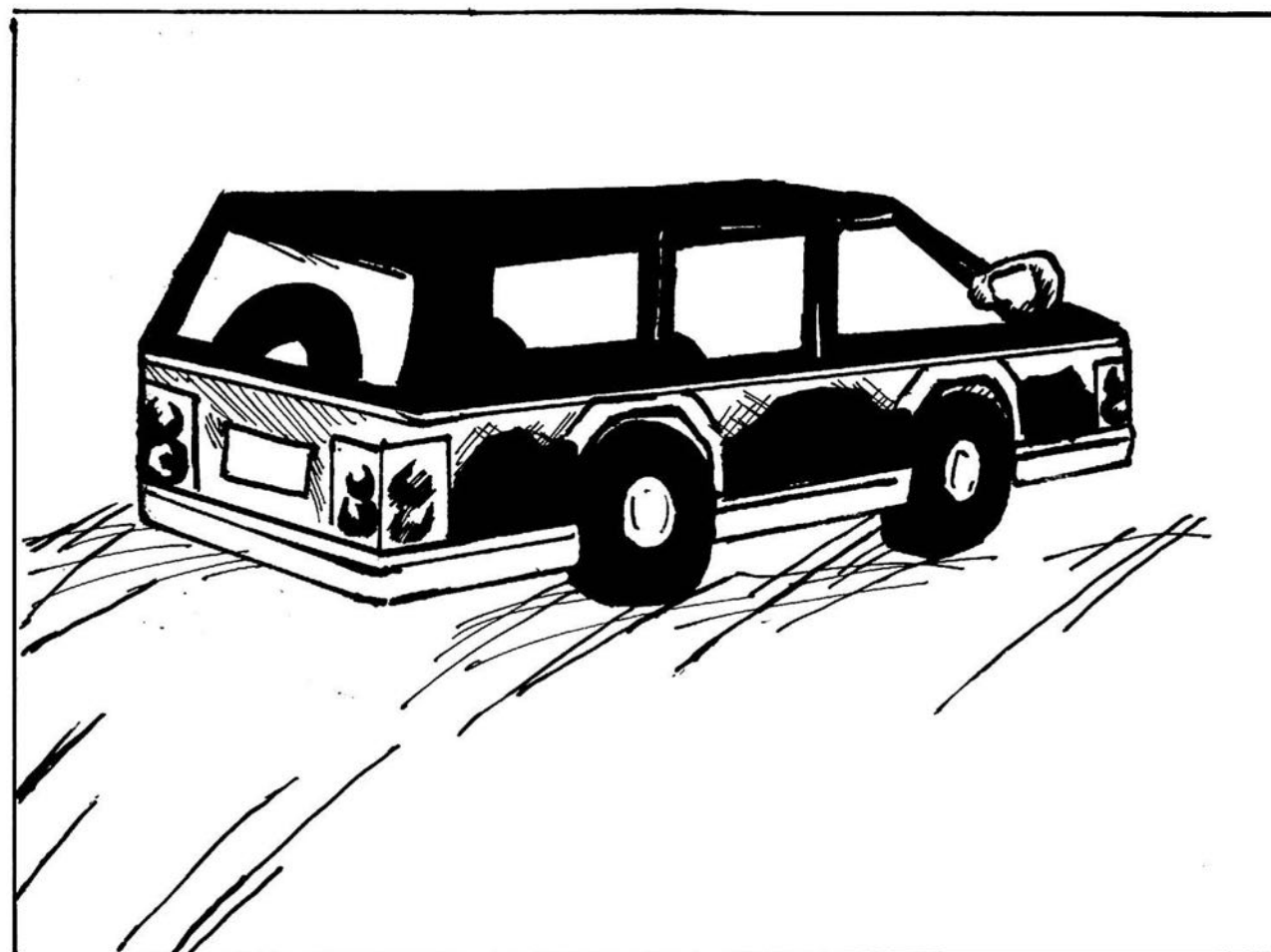
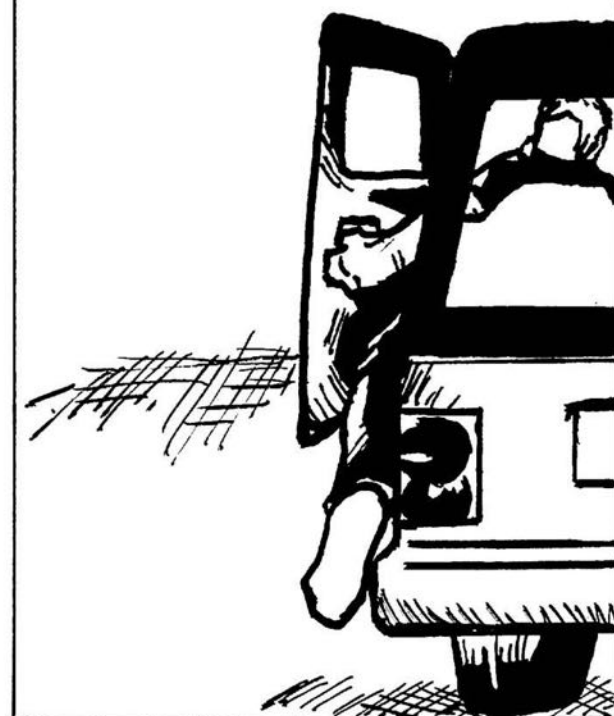


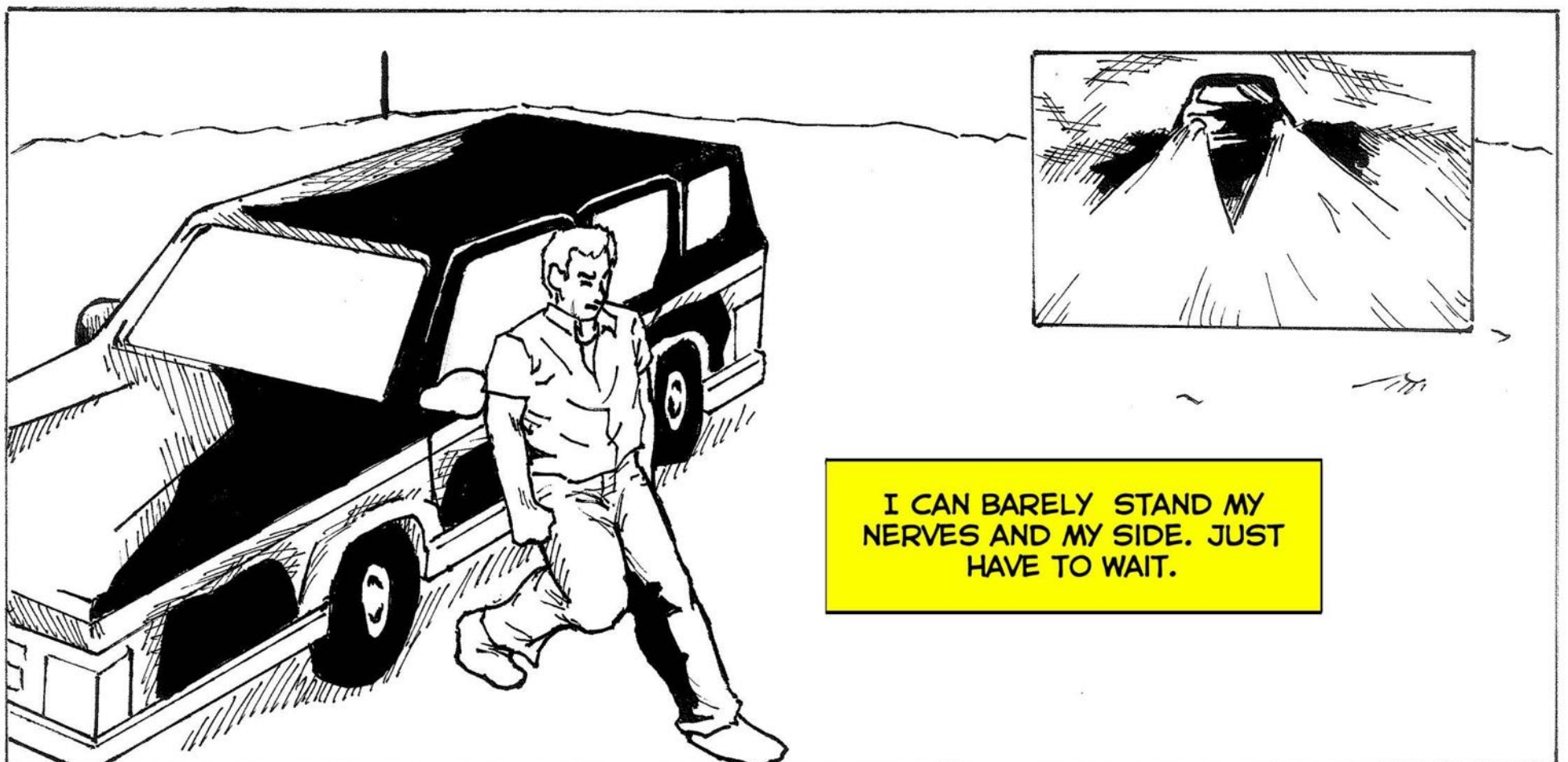
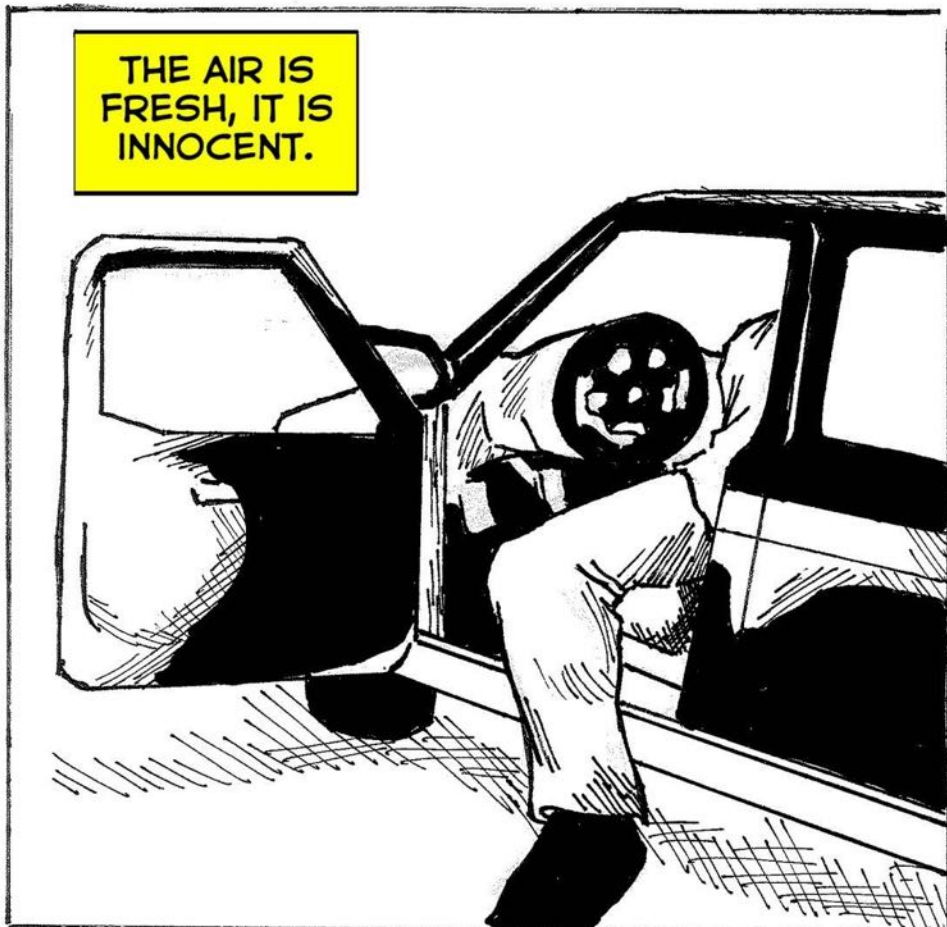
I NEED TO THINK.

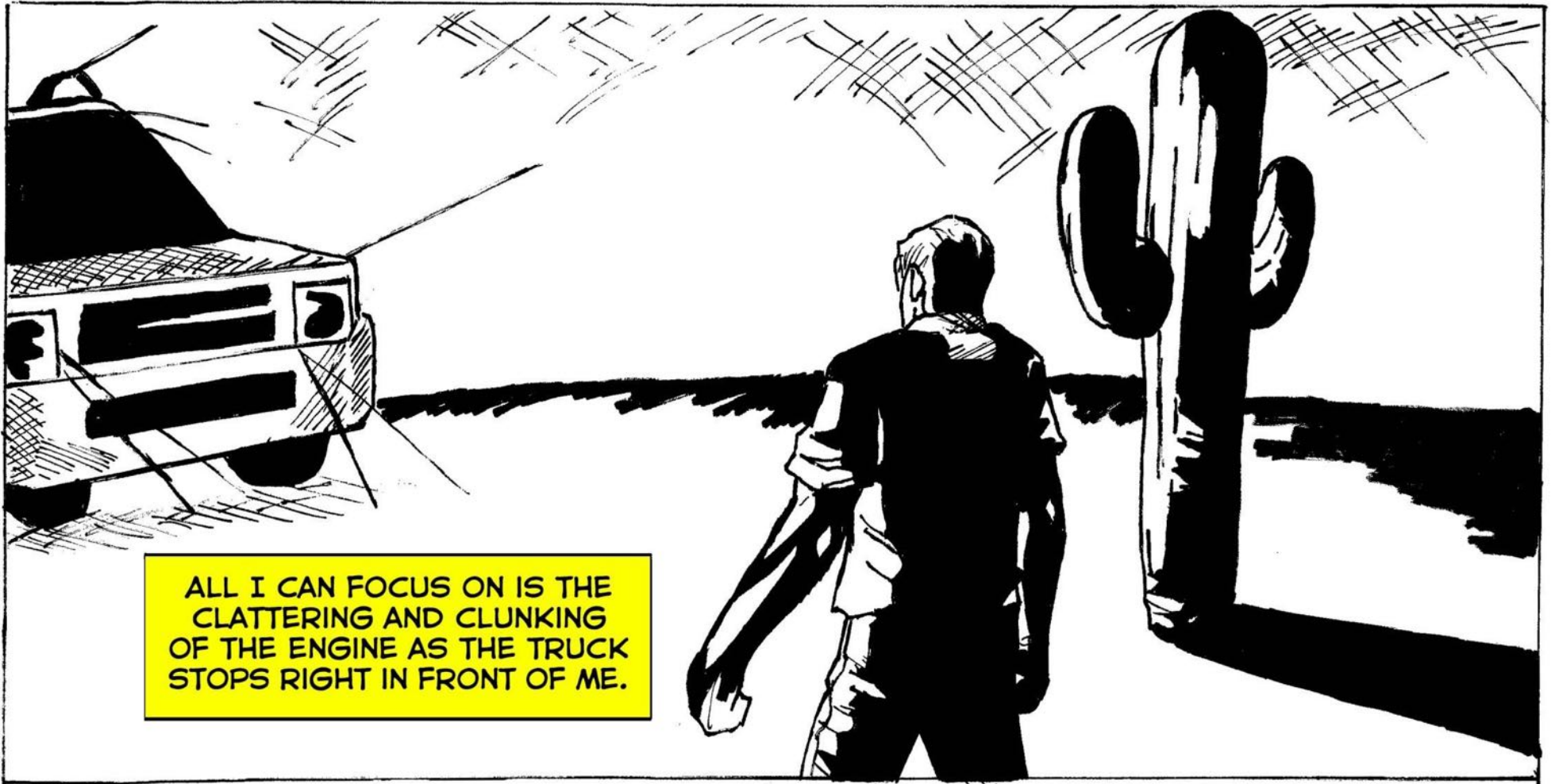


I NEED TO DO SOMETHING.

I JUST HAVE TO GET AWAY.







ALL I CAN FOCUS ON IS THE CLATTERING AND CLUNKING OF THE ENGINE AS THE TRUCK STOPS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.



CARL!

I'M LIGHT HEADED. I'M NERVOUS.



CARL!



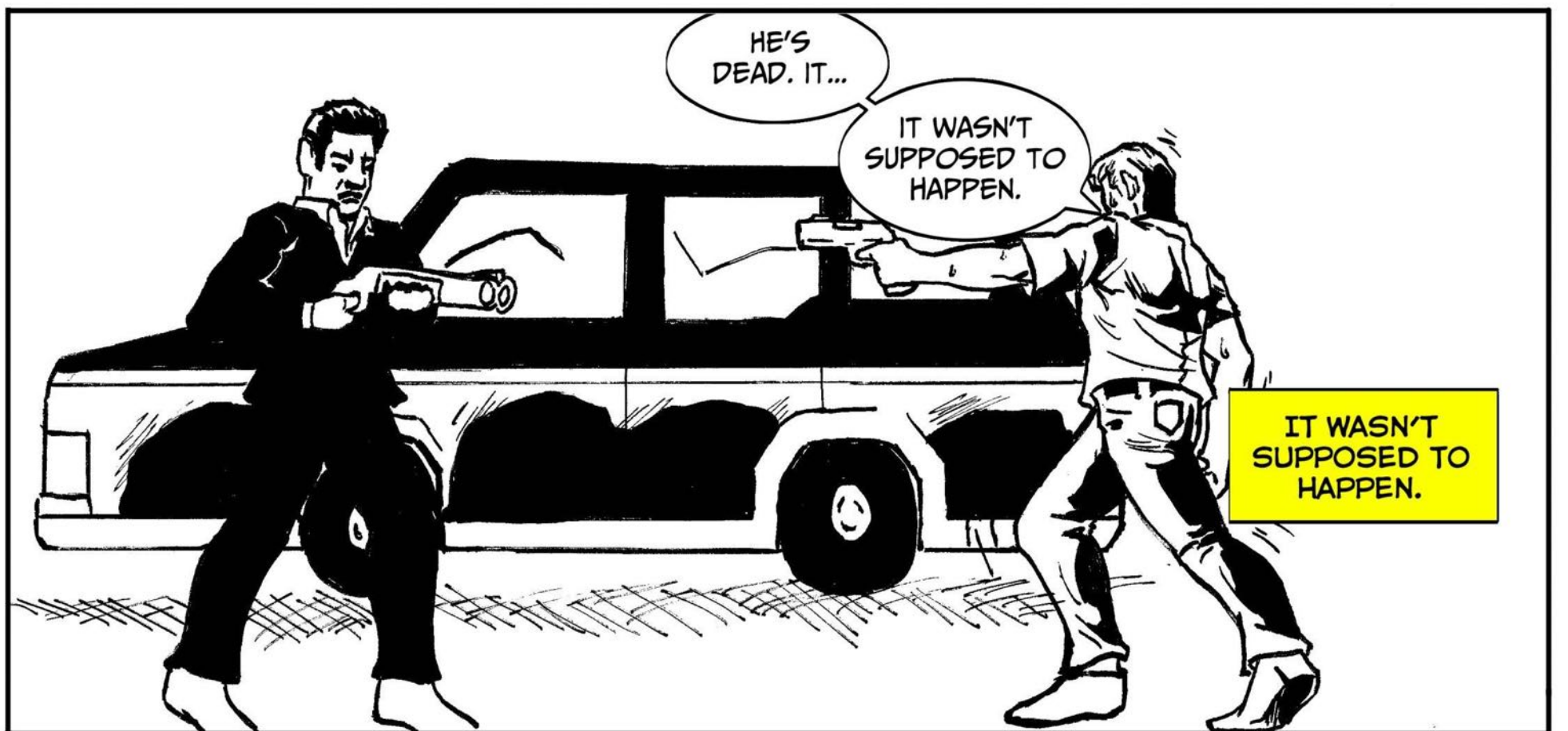
Y.
Y..
YEAH!

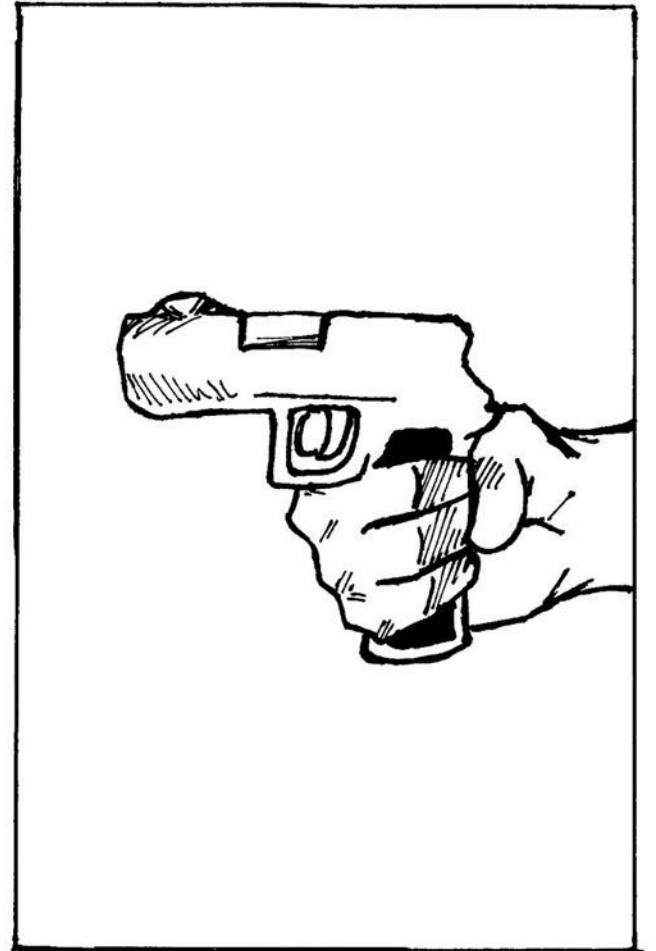
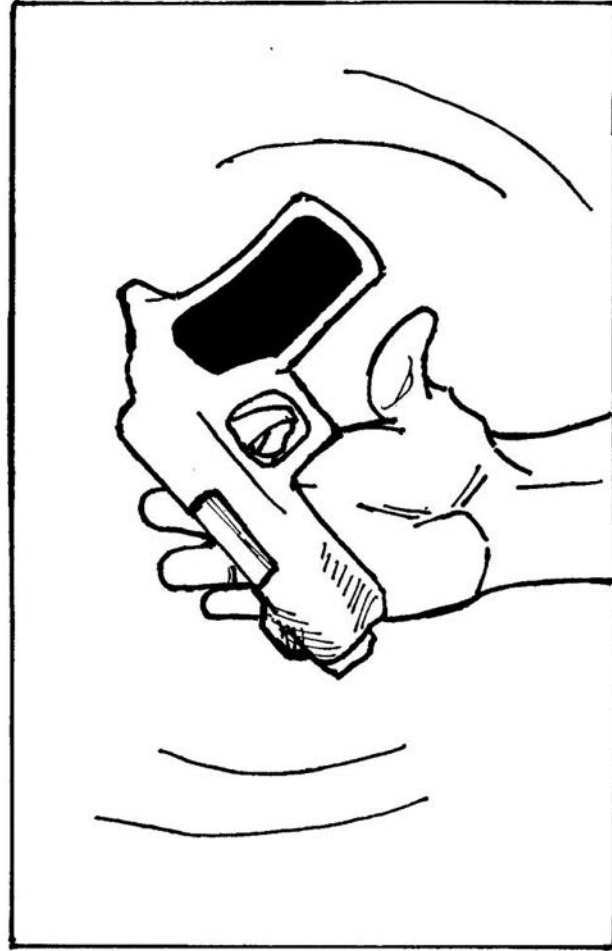
I THROW MY HANDS UP AND I FEEL THE STITCHES TEAR. COOL BLOOD RUNS DOWN MY SIDE.



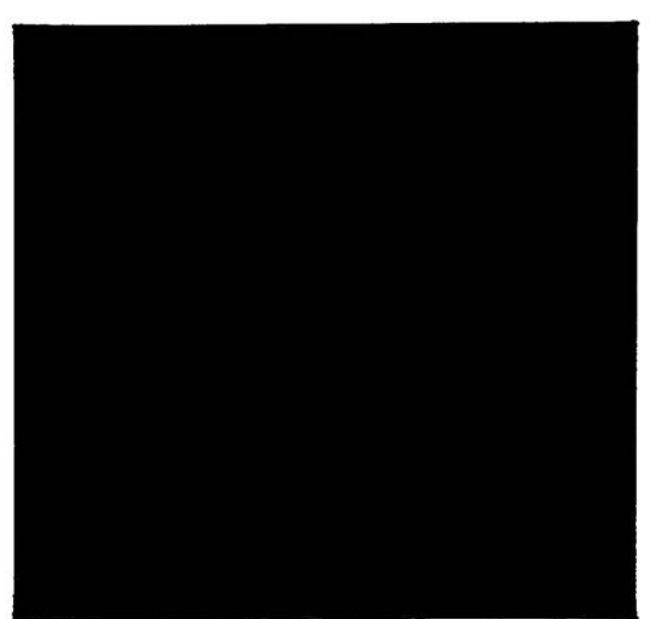
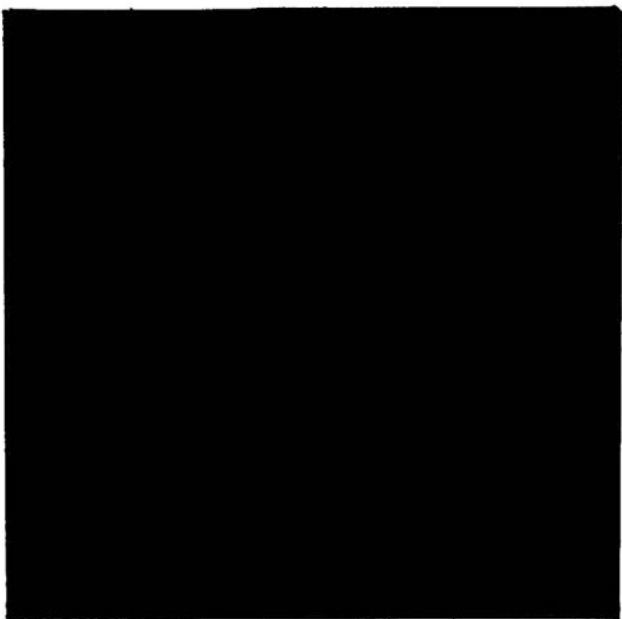
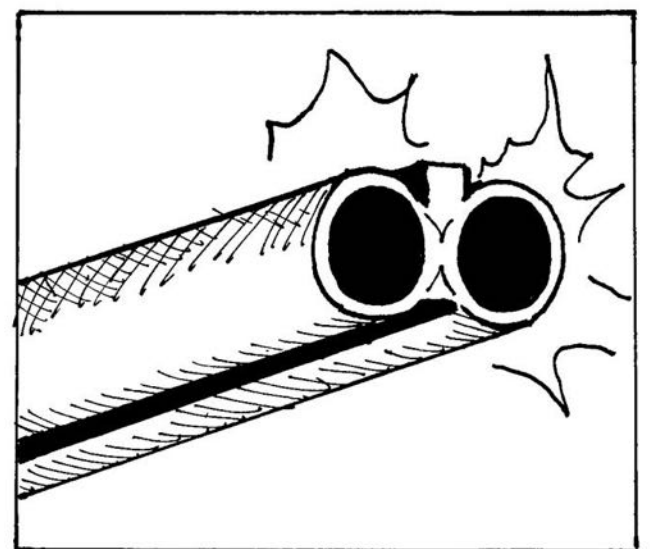
YOU'RE NOT LOOKING TO GOOD CARL, AND I DON'T SEE MR. ARTHUR GILLIAN.

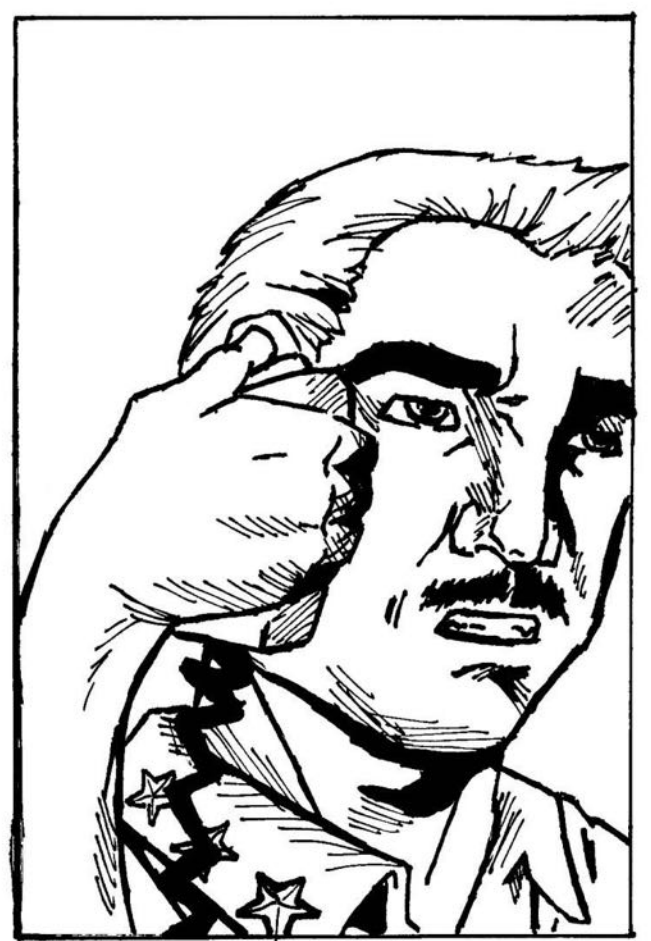
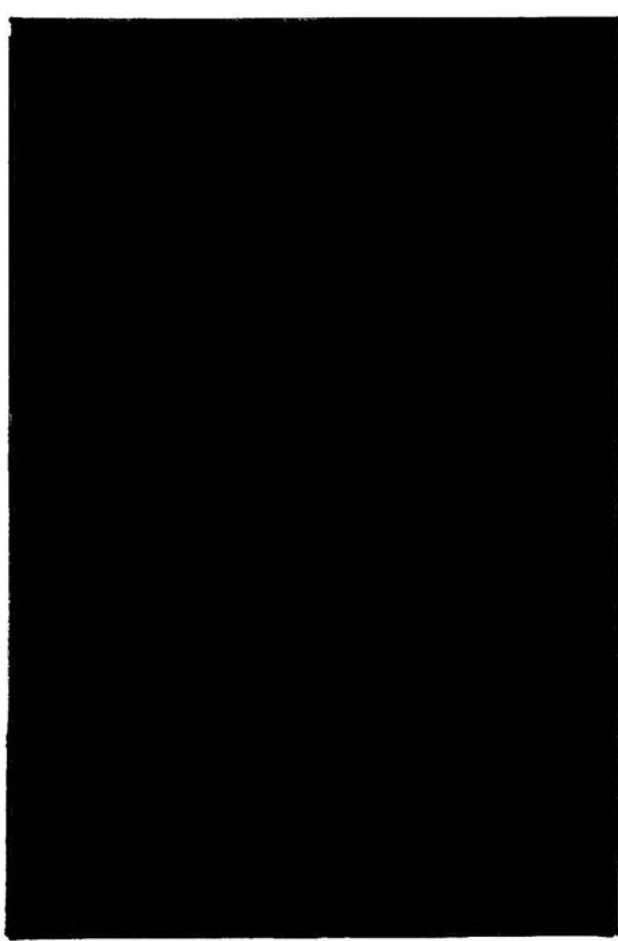
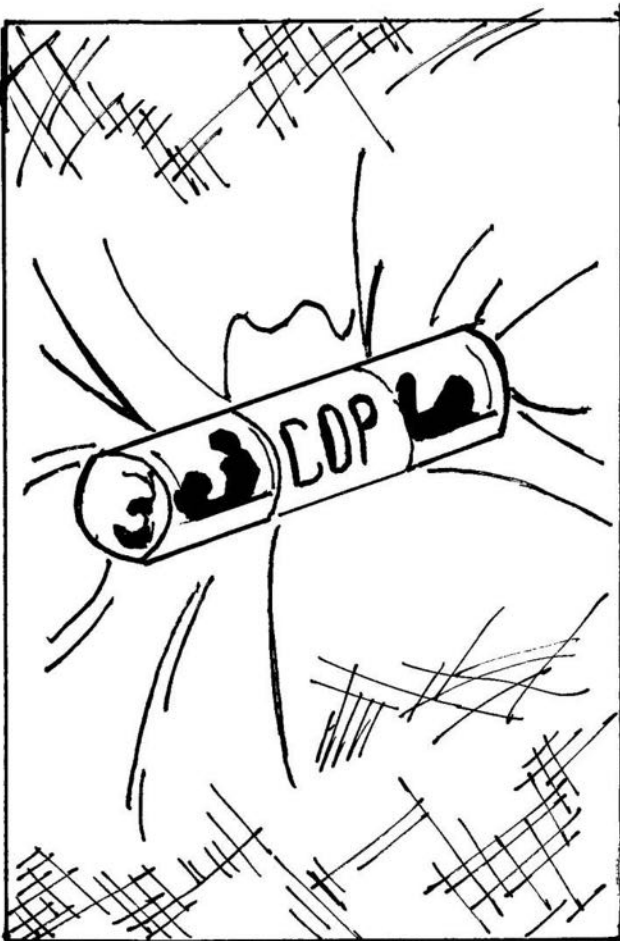
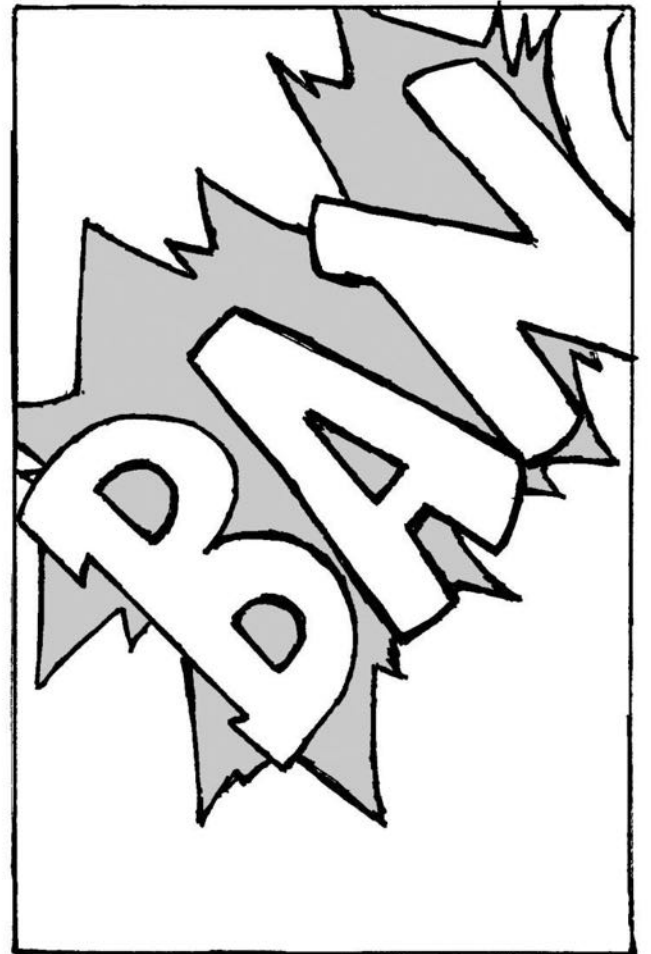
WAIT,
WAIT, WAIT...





BANG
BANG

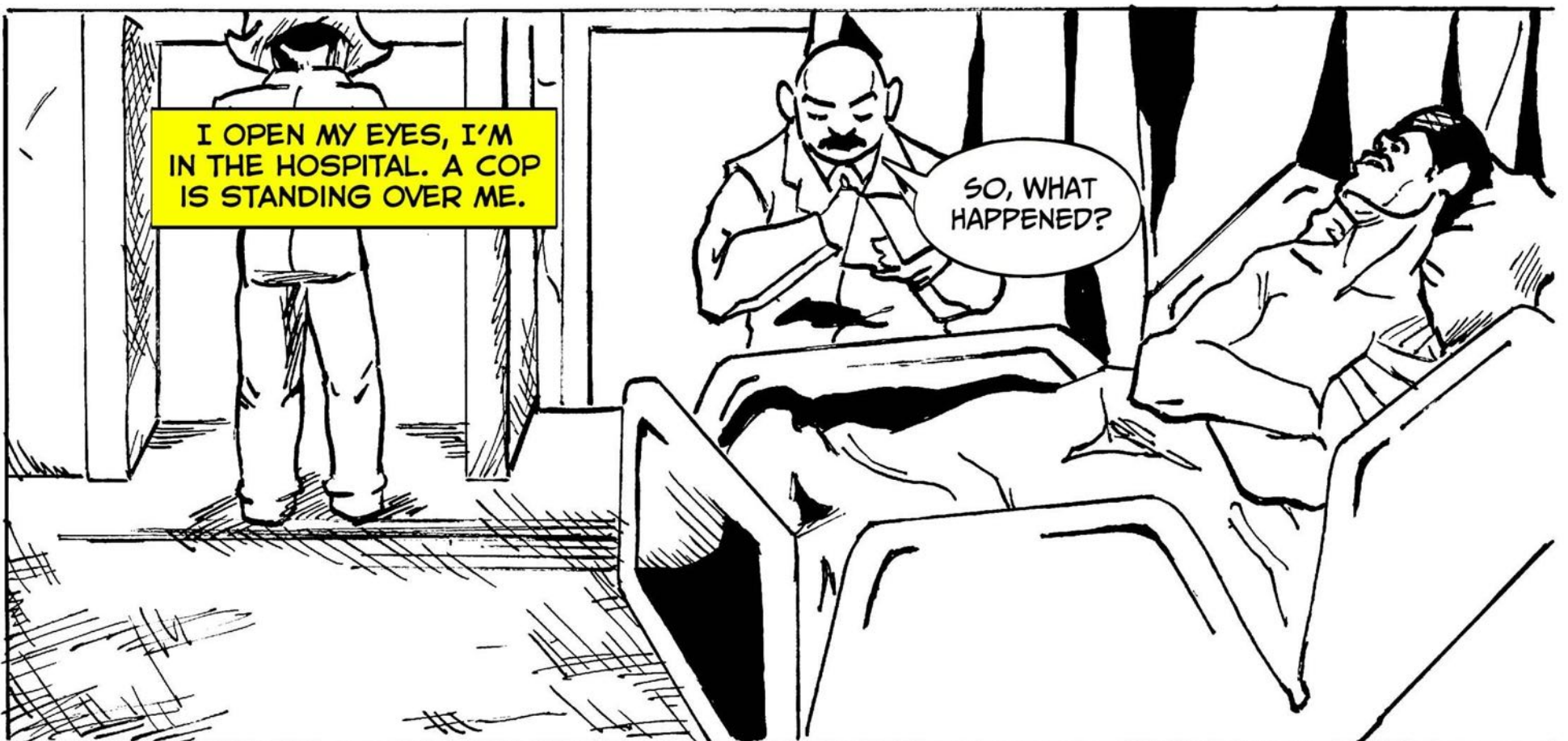




I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THE PAST ...

ALL THE MISTAKES THAT HAVE LED ME HERE...

I AM DONE THINKING OF THE PAST



**The
End.**

OTHER THINGS TO CHECK OUT AND SUPPORT



CHECK OUT THE
PODCAST & BLOG

THE PAPER
ROBOTS

THEPAPERROBOTS.COM



"I AM LEFT WITH DIRT
AND A CACTUS."

PRINTED WITH

