

DAN
SCHAFFER

DAN
SCHAFFER

THE S C R I B B L E R

UNZIP
YOUR
HEAD

UNZIP
YOUR
HEAD



DAN SCHAFFER

THE
SCRIBBLER™



IMAGE COMICS, INC.

Erik Larsen - Publisher
© Todd McFarlane - President
Marc Silvestri - CEO
Jim Valentino - Vice-President


Eric Stephenson - Executive Director
Jim Demanakis - PR & Marketing Coordinator
Mia McHattan - Accounts Manager
Traci Hul - Administrative Assistant
Joe Keatinge - Traffic Manager
Allen Hul - Production Manager
Jonathan Chan - Production Artist
Drew Gill - Production Artist

www.imagecomics.com

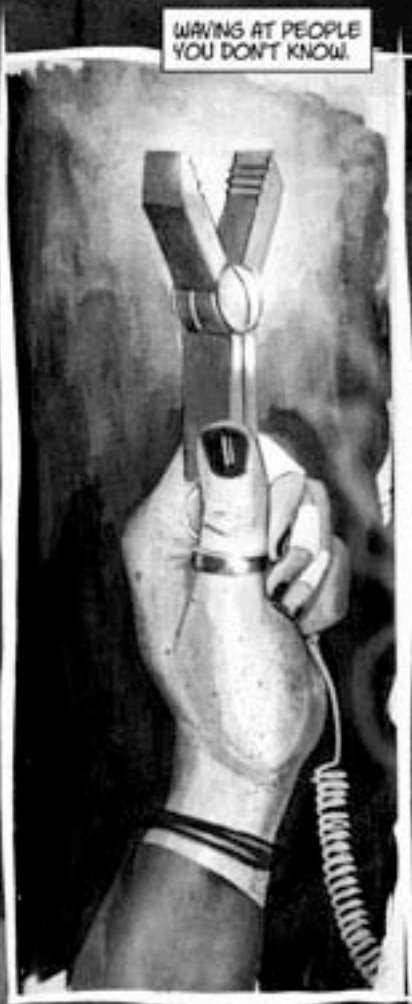
THE SCRIBBLER, 2006. Published by Image Comics, Inc., Office of publication: 1942 University Avenue, Suite 305, Berkeley, California 94704. Copyright © 2006 Daniel Schaffer. All rights reserved. THE SCRIBBLER™ (including all prominent characters featured herein), its logo and all character likenesses are trademarks of Daniel Schaffer, unless otherwise noted. Image Comics® is a trademark of Image Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for review purposes) without the express written permission of 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.

PRINTED IN CANADA






WHEN YOU'RE CRAZY, YOU SOMETIMES HAVE TO LET YOUR HANDS MAKE DECISIONS FOR YOU.




YOU WATCH THEM WRITING HATE MAIL, DEFACING LIBRARY BOOKS.

WAVING AT PEOPLE YOU DON'T KNOW.




YOU WATCH THEM LIKE THEY BELONG TO SOMEBODY ELSE.

AND THE WAY YOU DEAL WITH THIS IS, YOU LEARN TO ENJOY BEING A PASSENGER.



YOU WATCH YOUR HANDS PLUGGING YOUR HEAD INTO BAD MACHINERY...

...AND YOU HAVE FAITH THAT YOU'RE GOING TO ENJOY THE RIDE.



FOR ALL THEIR FAULTS, YOU TRUST THEM TO GET YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO GO.

OR AT LEAST WHERE
YOU NEED TO BE.

THEY SAY MADNESS IS
CULTURALLY RELATIVE.
THE MACHINE DOESN'T
MAKE THOSE KINDS OF
DISTINCTIONS.

IT'S NOT DESIGNED TO
BRING OUT THE BEST
OR THE WORST IN YOU.

IT'S DESIGNED TO INTRODUCE
YOU BACK INTO THE HUMAN
LANDSCAPE.

TO SQUEEZE
YOUR BROKEN
JIGSAW PIECE
BACK INTO THE
BIG PUZZLE.

ALL AT THE PUSH
OF A BUTTON.

THAT WAS THE
IDEA ANYWAY.

BUT THAT WAS BEFORE
THE CRAZIES STARTED
MONKEYING AROUND WITH IT.

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO HER?

HER VITALS
ARE OFF THE RADAR,
BUT SHE'S ABOUT AS
RESPONSIVE AS A
LOBOTOMISED
LAB RAT.

CLICK!

WELL,
IT'S A START.
THIS THING ISN'T
GOING TO WORK
OVERNIGHT.

ACTUALLY,
THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT
IT'S DESIGNED
TO DO.

SHE'S
WAKING UP.
SWITCH OFF
THE UNIT.

SUKI, CAN
YOU HEAR ME?
EVERYTHING'S
OKAY.

YOU'RE AT
THE HOSPITAL.
THE FIRST
SESSION IS
COMPLETE.

WE
JUST NEED
TO CHECK
YOU OVER.

SAY
"AH!"

AAAAAAAAAHHH

WHAT?

IS
THAT NOT
WHAT YOU
MEANT?

WAIT A MINUTE.
THAT'S TOO
FAR BACK.

FORGET THE
HOSPITAL.

WE NEED
TO START...

...HERE.

AT JUNIPER TOWER.

A HALFWAY HOUSE
FOR THE SOCIALLY AND
MENTALLY INEPT.



IT'S KIND OF A PSYCHIATRIC
VERSION OF *PURGATORY*.

TIME SPENT HERE IS TIME
SPENT HOVERING BETWEEN
YOUR OWN BEDROOM AND A
PADDED CELL.

THE GOOD NEWS IS, IF
YOU'RE GIVEN THE KEY
TO THIS PLACE, IT MEANS
YOU'RE GETTING BETTER.



YOU'RE STILL A
SOCIAL LEPER...



...BUT AT LEAST
YOU'RE ON THE
WAY UP.





SMNINCH

惡靈

SIAMESE BURN

SIAMESE BURN

64

NOK
NOK

CHRIST,
YOU'VE
HERE?

HEY,
KNOCK IT
OFF WITH THE
PRODDING.

JUST MAKING
SURE YOU'RE REAL.
I'VE HALLUCINATED
FAT, BALD GUYS
BEFORE.

I'M THE REAL
THING, BABY. ONE
HUNDRED PERCENT
PURE BRITISH
BEEF, BSE
AND ALL.

I'VE
BROUGHT
SUGAR.

I DON'T DO
SUGAR.

I DO. TAKE
ME TO YOUR
KETTLE.

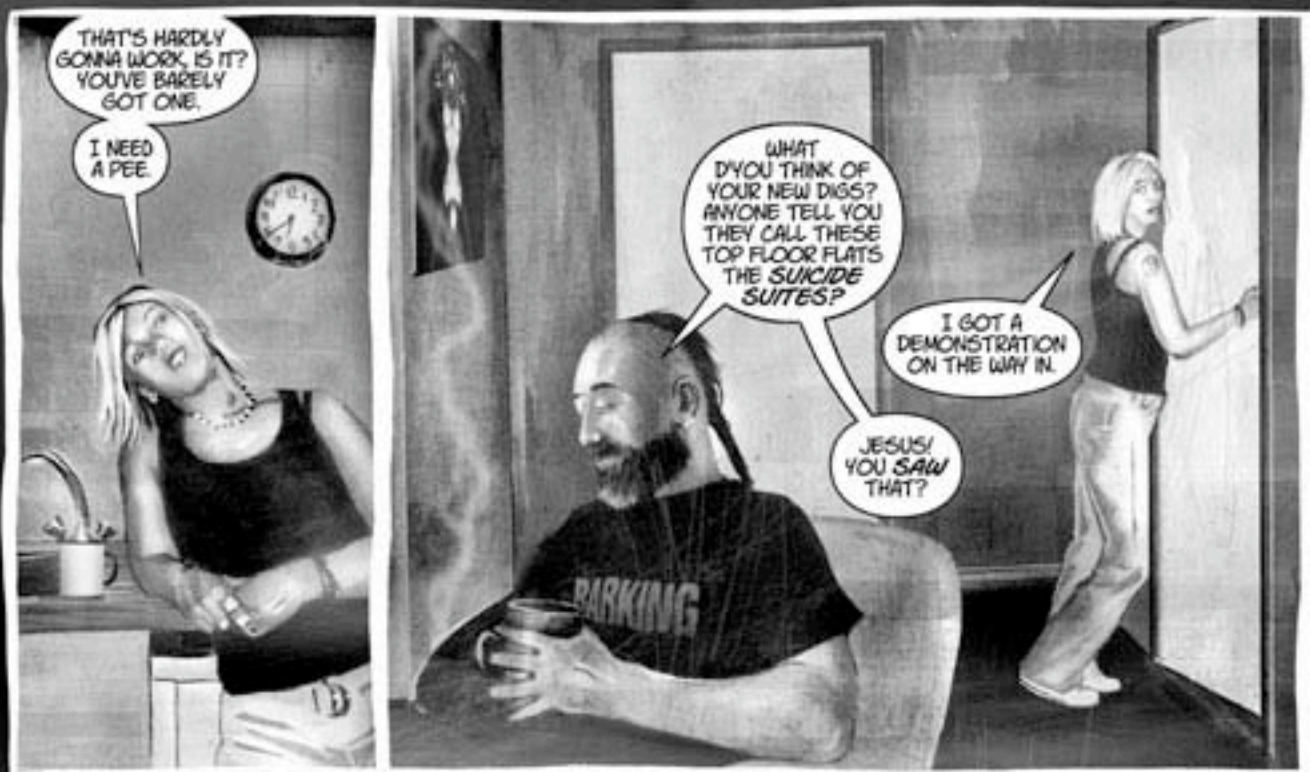
YOU KNOW,
YOU'RE REALLY
SUPPOSED TO BUY
ME DINNER BEFORE
YOU INVITE YOUR-
SELF IN FOR
COFFEE.

SINCE WHEN?
COME ON, I'LL
MAKE YOU A
SANDWICH.

YOU'RE
A CHEAP
BASTARD,
HOGAN.

WC OF





"...AND PICKED UP CLEOPATRA'S SECRET MILK BATH RECIPE ON THE FIFTH."

"APPARENTLY, IT'S SEMI-PASTEURISED."

"THE SATANIST ON NINE WASN'T AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT..."

"...BUT STIGMATA STEVE SAID HE'S GOT HIM COVERED."



YOU WALKED UP HERE?

I DON'T LIKE ELEVATORS.

NEITHER DID JANE. SHE WAS SCARED OF EVERYTHING. SMALL SPACES, HEIGHTS, SHE WAS EVEN SCARED OF ME. YOU WANNA KNOW THE LAST THING I SAID TO HER?

I SAID I'D LIKE TO SPREAD HER ON MY TOAST. NOW SHE'S STREET JAM. HOW'S THAT FOR IRON?

THEY PUT HER ON THE TOP FLOOR FOR A REASON, YOU KNOW? WE'RE ALL SUBJECT TO THE SAME RISK ASSESSMENT.

YOU HOP OUT THE WINDOW DOWN ON THE FIFTH FLOOR AND YOU'VE GOT HALF A CHANCE OF SURVIVING...

...BUT YOUR BUSTED LEGS ARE GONNA CUT INTO THE CHRISTMAS PARTY BUDGET.

YOU TAKE A SWAN DIVE FROM UP HERE, THOUGH, AND YOU'VE SEEN THE RESULT.

ALL THEY'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT IS THE COST OF A ROAD SWEEPER.

YOU REMEMBER THAT SERIAL JUMPER ON MY WING BACK AT THE LOONY BIN?



TUNING OUT THE *REAL* VOICES IS EASY, ESPECIALLY HOGAN'S. ALL THOSE VARIATIONS, OUTTAKES, AND ALTERNATIVE ENDINGS. I'VE HEARD THEM ALL BEFORE.



I'VE SEEN HIM UP CLOSE.

ONE OF MY *SECRET IDENTITIES* IS MAD FOR THOSE BALD, FLEA-BITTEN, MOSH PIT TYPES.

OUT OF ALL MY BIZARRE *EGO STATES*, SHE'S HOGAN'S FAVOURITE.



IF DOCTOR SINCLAR'S NEW TREATMENT REALLY IS *BURNING* THEM OUT OF ME ONE AT A TIME...

...THEN I HOPE THAT LITTLE *TART* WAS THE FIRST TO GET MICROWAVED.



...AND BY THE TIME THEY FINISHED TALKING HIM DOWN THE OTHER GUY HAD FALLEN OFF.

HEY, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME, OR YOUR FREAKY *HEAD VOICES*?

THEY DON'T TALK AS MUCH SHIT AS YOU.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SEE IN HIM. HE'S FAT, CRUDE, AND HE SMELLS BAD.

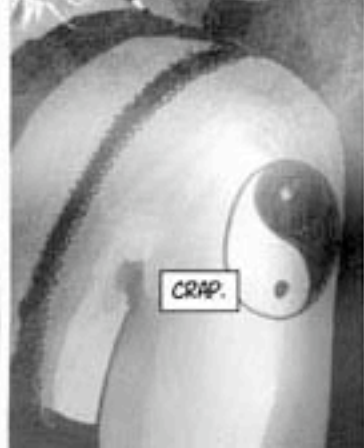
I DON'T FANCY HIM ONE BIT.



COME ON THEN, YOU BIG HOG. LET'S GO TO BED.



CRAP.





SHE'S HALLUCINATING. YOU WON'T GET ANY SENSE OUT OF HER.



IT'S PROBABLY NOT EVEN HER IN THE DRIVING SEAT.

WHAT SEDATIVES HAVE YOU GOT HER ON?

SEDATIVES DON'T SEEM TO SURPRESS HER PRIMARY ALTER. WE HAD TO DOSE HER UP ON ANTI-PSYCHOTICS.



THAT'S HARDLY THE RECOMMENDED TREATMENT. DID YOU TRY TALKING TO HER?

YEAH, RIGHT BEFORE SHE FLIPPED OUT.



MAYBE SHE JUST DOESN'T LIKE YOU.

SUKI, ARE YOU THERE? IT'S DOCTOR SINCLAR.

I WANT YOU TO SIGN THIS CONSENT FORM. CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME?



CAN YOU SEE THE PEN?



PUT IT IN HER HAND.

IS THAT WISE?

ONLY IF YOU STAND BACK.

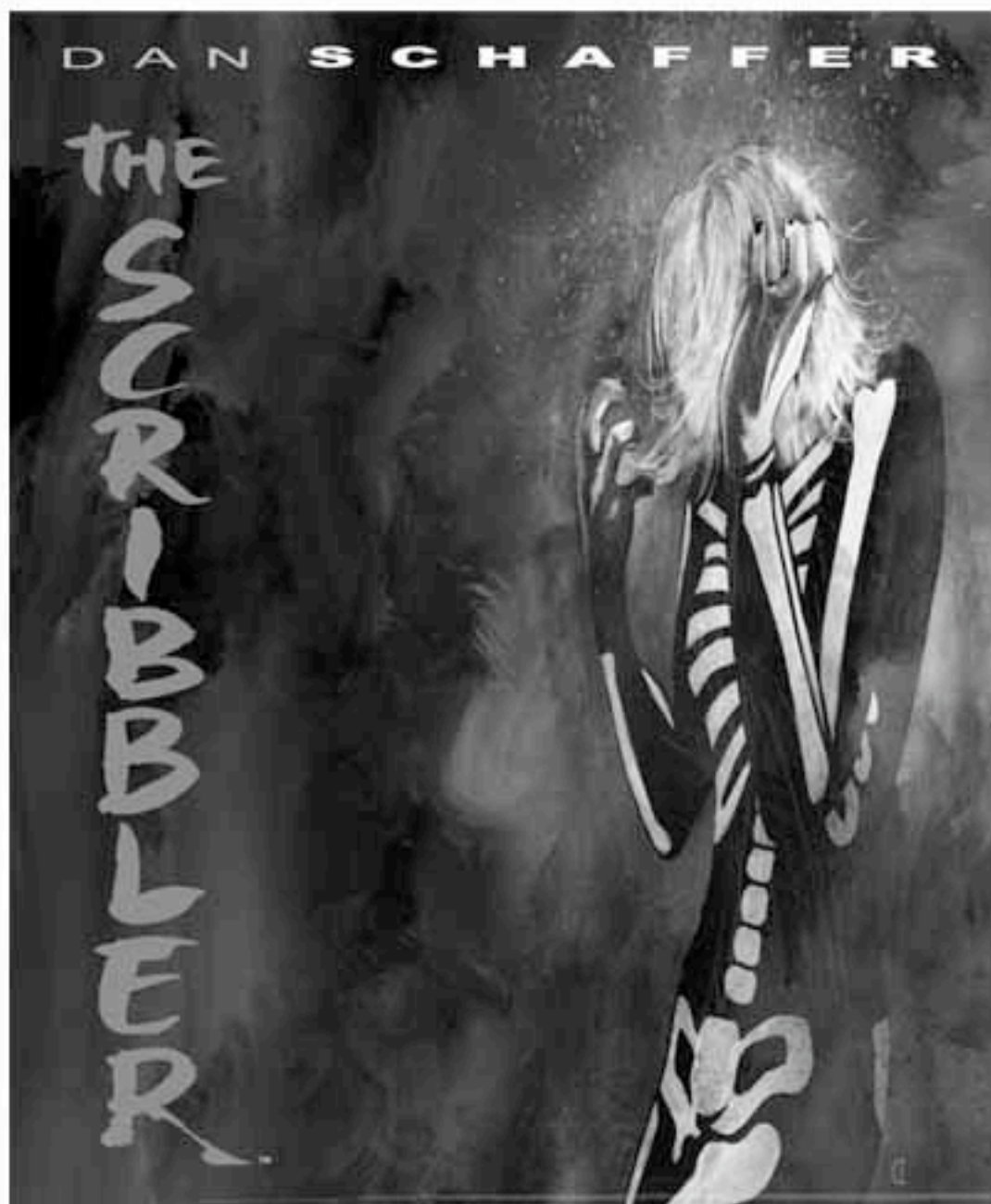
THAT'S IT, SUKI ON THE DOTTED LINE.



GOOD GIRL.

THAT'LL HAVE TO DO.

ON SALE NOVEMBER 15TH



THE SCRIBBLER

AN ORIGINAL GRAPHIC NOVEL
BY DAN SCHAFFER

96 BLACK & WHITE PAGES
FROM IMAGE COMICS
DIAMOND ORDER CODE SEP06 1791

THIS PREVIEW PRESENTED BY YOUR FRIENDS AT THE ISOTOPE IN SAN FRANCISCO
WWW.ISOTOPECOMICS.COM