



ISSUE #2

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30 DAYS OF NIGHT

30 DAYS 'TIL DEATH™



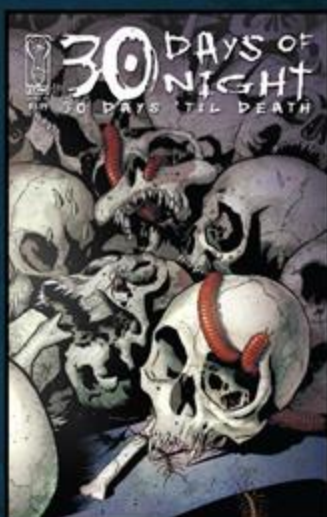
30 DAYS OF NIGHT: 30 DAYS 'TIL DEATH

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK,
FOUR MONTHS AGO...

...SO THEN
I SAID TO HIM,
"OFFICER, ALL THESE
SPICS AROUND AND
YOU'RE GONNA
ARREST ME?!"

"SON," HE
SAID—AND HE WAS
SHAKING LIKE A
LEAF—"THEY'RE
ALL DEAD!"



YOU SOME FUCKING
BABOSO, MAN.

LOOK
AROUND
YOU.

HEY, CHICO,
WHY DON'T YOU
MIND YOUR OWN
BUSINESS.

SNORT















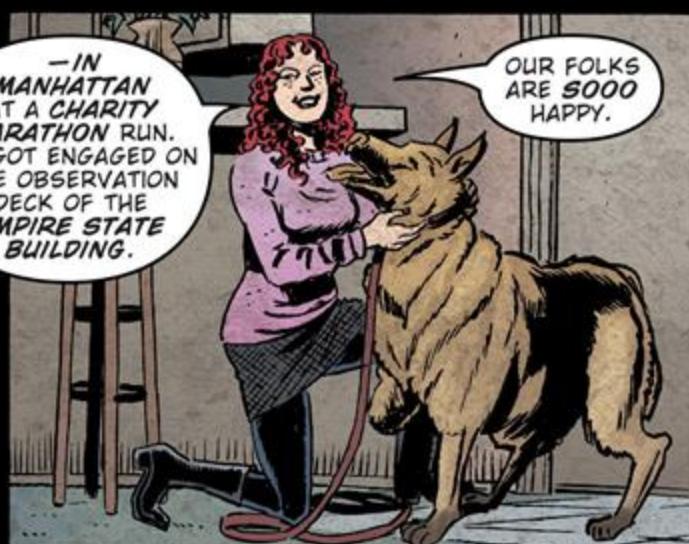
BUFFALO, NEW YORK,
THE PRESENT...

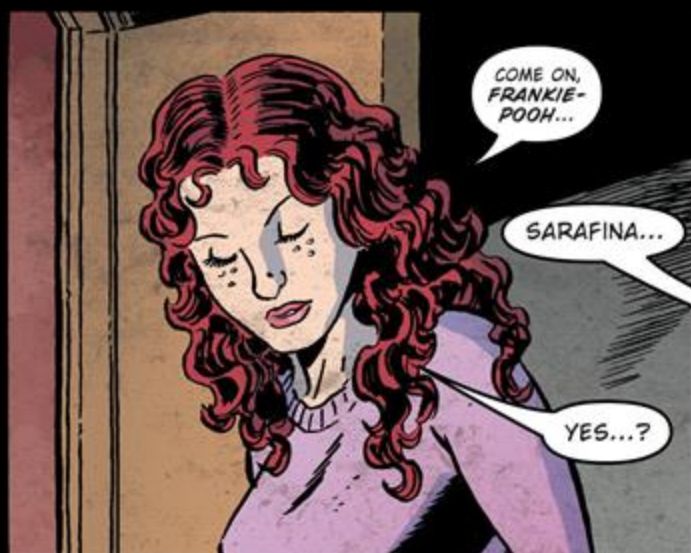
...AND MRS.
EGGERS SAYS MAX
HAS RE-ENROLLED IN
SCHOOL, AND SHE'S
SO GRATEFUL TO YOU
FOR TALKING WITH
HIM.

WELL, DISHES ARE
DONE, AND EVERYTHING'S
STRAIGHTENED UP.

I'M OFF TO TAKE
FRANK FOR HIS EVENING
CONSTITUTIONAL.

WITH RECOVERY
OF THREE MORE
MUTILATED BODIES FROM
THE CITY LANDFILL, POLICE
ARE FINALLY ADMITTING
THERE MAY BE A
CONNECTION...

















TWO HOURS LATER...

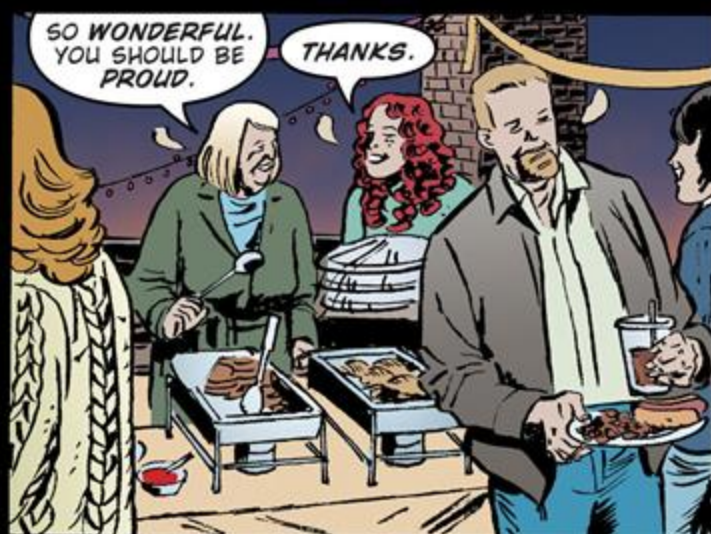
















LOOK, HON,
A PARTY.

IT'S LIKE
COUSIN RUFUS
KNEW WE WAS
COMIN'!

YOU CALL
THIS A PARTY?
BOOORRIING...

WHAT A LOVELY
WELCOME. I FEEL
AT HOME ALREADY.

...AND
LOOK AT
ALL THE
FOOD.

NEXT: RELATIONS