



**VICTORIA'S
SECRET
SERVICE**

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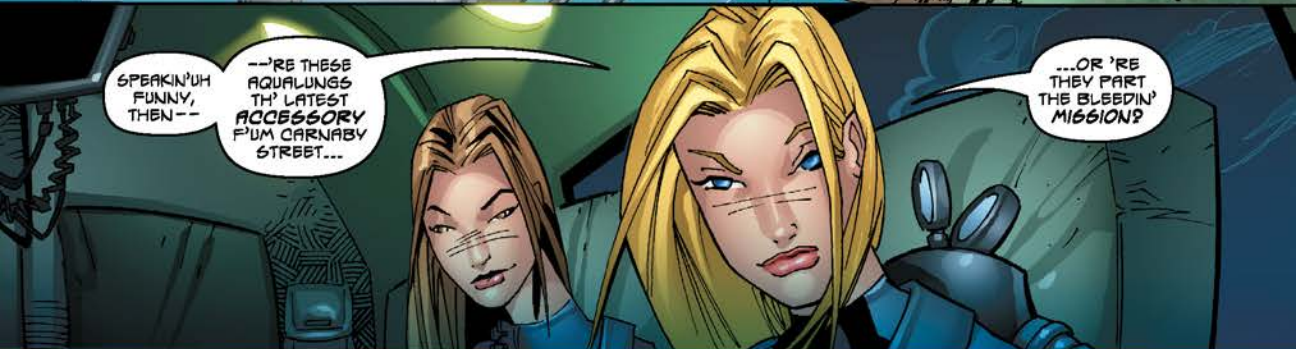


one



KT
KENNETH
CHOI





LARK'S PRIVATE
WEBLOG ENTRY
010900

PASSWORD:
GEORGE-5

Raven took
us out for
a leisurely
drive...

So it was just
another Sunday
afternoon for
the girls of
the veil.

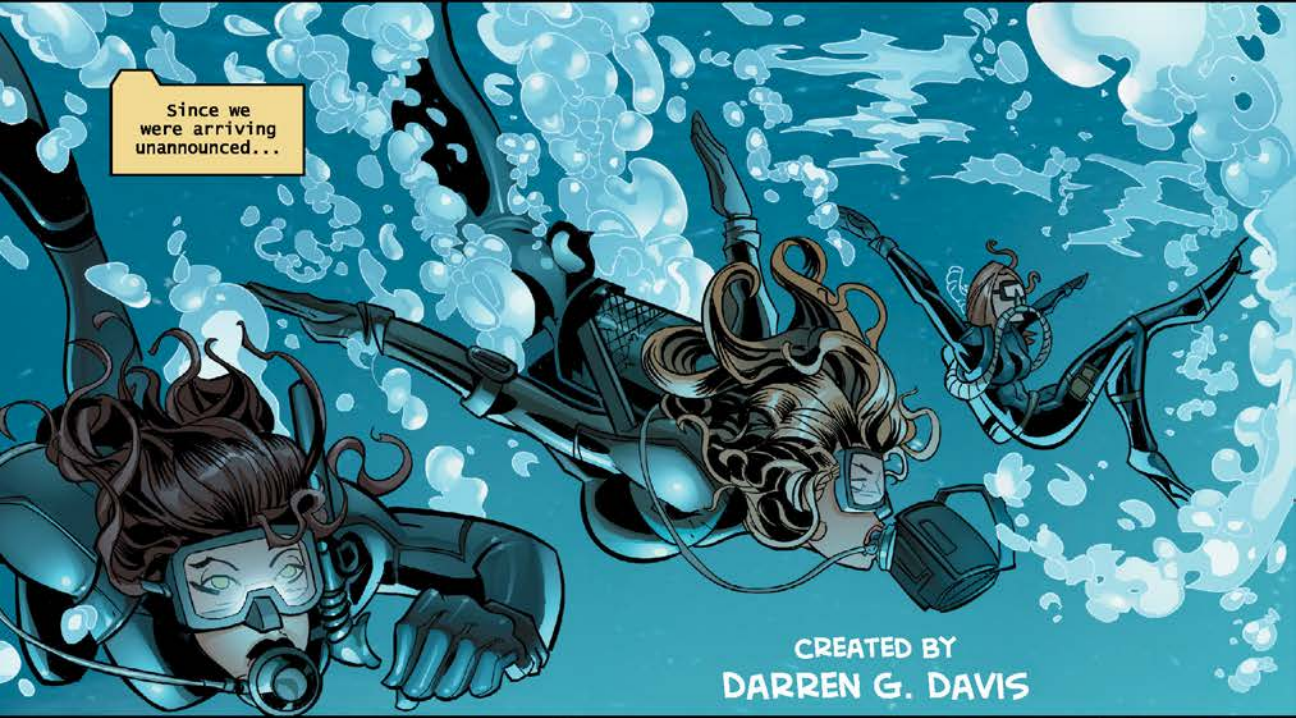
...when Scarlet,
Brooke, and I
decided to drop
in on an old
boyfriend.

OKAY,
Y'ALL: I'LL
TAKE POINT--
--THIS
BEIN' MY
SPECIALTY,
AN' ALL--

LET'S
CAUSE US AN
INTERNATIONAL
INCIDENT...


REMEMBER
RISE

"IT TAKES
A THIEF..."



Since we
were arriving
unannounced...

CREATED BY
DARREN G. DAVIS



...we thought
it best to use
the back door.

Our swain had neglected
to leave a key under
the doormat, or even
leave a doormat for
that matter, so...

WRITTEN BY
DARREN G. DAVIS
& TERRANCE GRIEP

PENCILS BY
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CHOI



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...we opted to let ourselves in.

MMM...

WELL, WELL, WELL!

LORD MANN'S NEW HIDEOUT IS A STEP UP FROM THE LAST.

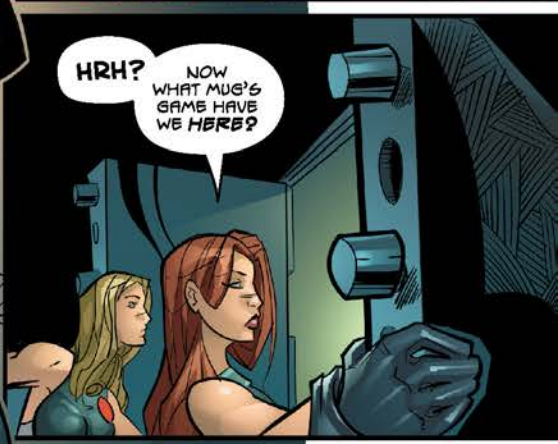
THAT'S WHAT WE AMERICANS CALL UPWARD MOBILITY, LARK.



REGENT'S DIRECTIONS WERE SPOT-ON, YEAH, SCARLET?

DIRECTIONS, REGENT UNDERSTANDS.

GIRL-THINGS, HE DOESN'T.



HRH?

NOW WHAT MUG'S GAME HAVE WE HERE?



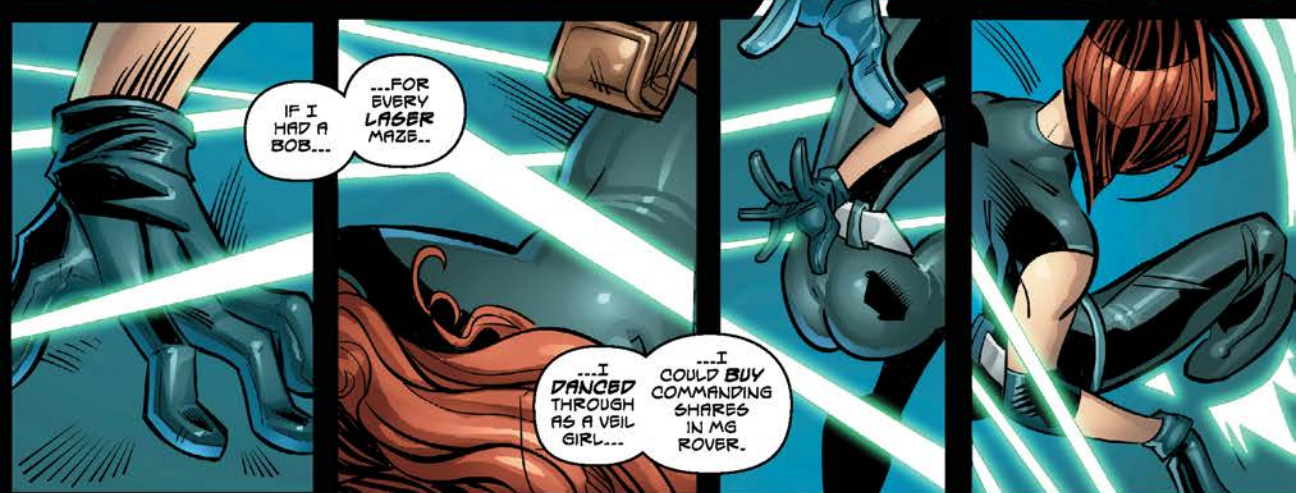
LASERS!

BRILLIANT. WHY IS IT ALWAYS LASERS?

SO-- THINK WE SHOULD ABORT THE MISSION, LARK?



YEAH,
RIGHT!

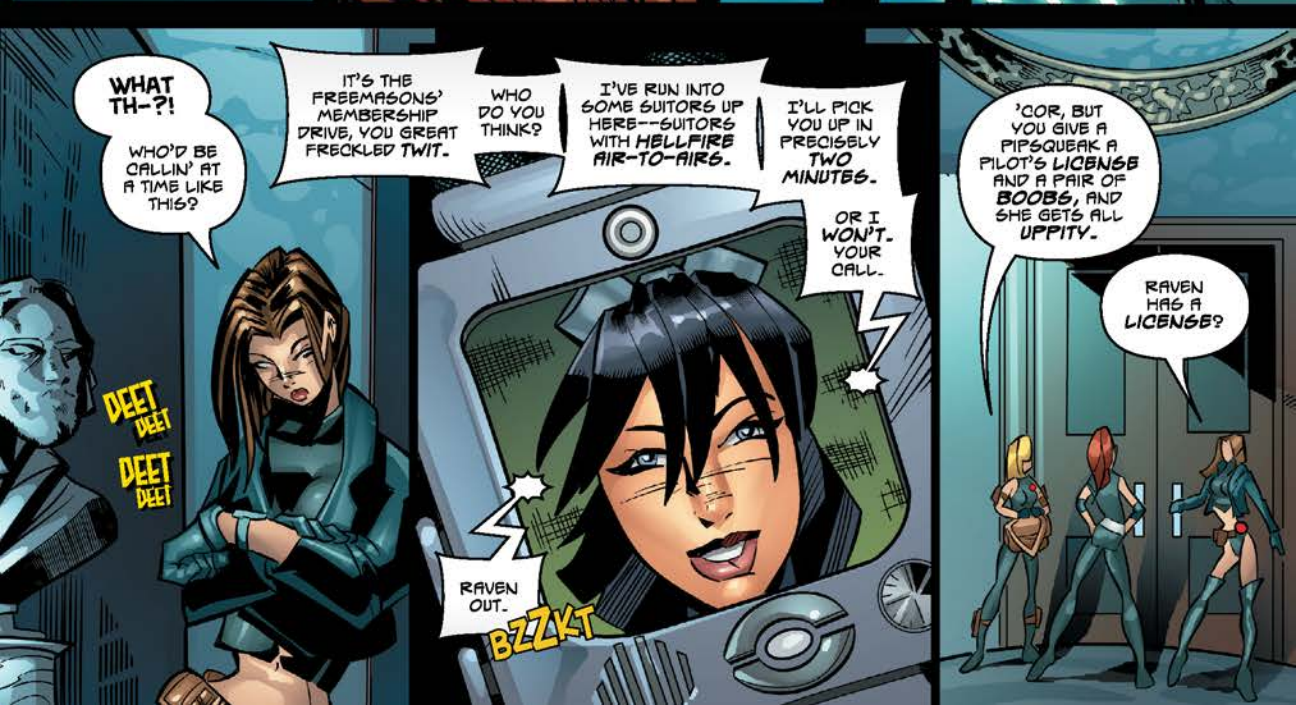


IF I
HAD A
BOB...

...FOR
EVERY
LASER
MAZE...

...I
DANCED
THROUGH
AS A VEIL
GIRL....

...I
COULD BUY
COMMANDING
SHARES
IN MG
ROVER..



WHAT
TH-?!

WHO'D BE
CALLIN' AT
A TIME LIKE
THIS?

IT'S THE
FREEMASONS'
MEMBERSHIP
DRIVE, YOU GREAT
FRECKLED TWIT.

WHO
DO YOU
THINK?

I'VE RUN INTO
SOME SUITORS UP
HERE--SUITORS
WITH HELLFIRE
AIR-TO-AIRS..

I'LL PICK
YOU UP IN
PRECISELY
TWO
MINUTES..

OR I
WON'T.
YOUR
CALL..

'COR, BUT
YOU GIVE A
PIPSQUEAK A
PILOT'S LICENSE
AND A PAIR OF
BOOBS, AND
SHE GETS ALL
UPPITY..

RAVEN
HAS A
LICENSE?

DEET
DEET
DEET
DEET

RAVEN
OUT..
BZZKT

OOOO!

THIS
FROSTS MY
BUM--

-- THAT
POND LIFE PUTTING THE
CROWN JEWELS
OF ENGLAND...

...THE VERY
HEART OF THE
MONARCHY, UP
FOR HIS OWN
PERSONAL
DISPLAY!

LET'S
BLOW THE
GODDAMN
PLACE UP,
THEN.

Y'KNOW--
LIKE THE
LAST ONE.

NUH-UH!

WE'RE ONLY
MANDATED TO
SEARCH-AND-
RECOVER.

NOW--AS
FAR AS THE
RECOVERY
PART GOES...

THAT FLOOR
HAS GOT TO BE
POSITIVELY BAELED
WITH WEIGHT
SENSORS--

THAT, IF
ACTIVATED, WILL
DO SOMETHING
UNFORTUNATE TO
RUIN MY GIRLISH
FIGURE.

AND JUST
AFTER I
WENT OFF
ATKINS.

STICK
WITH ME,
WHITEY...

...AND I'LL
SHOW YOU
WHAT I MEAN
BY UPWARD
MOBILITY.

TA.



OH I'LL
THANK YOU
TWO LIBERTINES
TO REMEMBER
THIS ISN'T THE
BLOODY
MIDWAY.

YOU HOLD
THE ROPE,
SCARLET.

I'LL MAKE
WIV THE
JEWELS.

OH, YOU'RE
JUST VEXED
BECAUSE YOU
HAVE TO BE
LOOKOUT
THIS TIME.

OH, AND
LARK, YOU'RE
WRONG--

--THIS IS A
MIDWAY---

...SEE,
YOU HAVE TO
TEST YOUR
SKILL---

...IN
ORDER TO
GET THE
PRIZE.

Several dodged guards and ducked missiles later...

GIVING
STOLEN JEWELRY
AWAY GOES AGAINST
EVERYTHING I
BELIEVE, REGENT,
BUT...

AH. RIGHT.
JOLLY GOOD
SHOW, I'M
SURE.

ONE THING
I FAIL TO
UNDERSTAND,
THOUGH...

...HERE.

...BEFORE YOU
RAIDED LORD MANN'S
HEADQUARTERS, WHY
DIDN'T YOU SIMPLY
DISABLE THE
ALARM SYSTEM?

IT'S A
GIRL-THING.



"LUV/A
DUCK!"



"Did
someone
mention me
name?"

ARRRRHHH!



LORD
MANN!

HE'S
FOLLOWED
US BACK!
I KNEW
THAT LAST
RUN-IN WAS
TOO EASY!

HE
TRICKED
US!



THANKK

✖



TAKE IT
FROM ME,
RAVEN--

--AS A
PRANKSTER,
YOU MAKE
A GREAT
PILOT.

ROGER
THAT.

ENTRY 010900.
END. SAVE.



SOMEWHERE...

Ugh.
I've heard enough.
Remove the surveillance equipment.
Listening to all that,
I was certain I
would die.

UH...
D-DIE,
LORD?

Oh, yes.
Of a massive
banter
overdose.



A simple
obstacle
overcome
simply.

The Regent
will soon
realize that
I *crafted*
that...

...Incident
merely to
collect details
on his newest
operative, the
American.

AGENT
SCARLET,
GIRE.

Scarlet--
yes.



Britain
must be--*will*
be--ruled by
an *authentic*
authority...

...not
that *gaggle*
of sickle-called
inbreds from the
House of Windsor
and their blonde
lap dog.

I shall give
Saint George's
homeland the gift
of *revolution*.
The streets shall
run red with

BLOOD

RED...OR
SCARLET!

two





NOW--
MM, NOW
HERE'S TH' DEAL,
LUV. HERE'S THE
SITCHYOO--THE
SITCHEE...HERE'S
WHAT YOU NEED
TO KNOW
ABOUT ME.

A LOT OF
PEOPLE WANT
ME DEAD.



WHY?
YOU...YOU
WINNER WHY?
WHY NOT? THASS
A BEDDER
QUESTION.

WHY NOT?
HEH.



I'LL TELL
YOU WHY A LOT OF
PEOPLE WANT ME DEAD.
ISS BECAUSE I'M THE PRINCE
OF BLOODY ENGLAND, THASS
WHY. WELL, A PRINCE
OF BLOODY
ENGLAND.

HEIR
TO THE BRITISH
THRONE...LIH, AFTER MY
BROTHER, MY FATHER, AND
ME GRAM. AND MAYBE MY
UNCLE. AND MY GREAT
GRAM.

I'M NOT
SURE.



I...I'M THE HYPOTHETICALLY
POSSIBLE FUTURE MAYBE KING
OF THE WHOLE BLEEDIN' EMPIRE!
I'M THE CURRENT DUKE OF...
OF SOMEPLACE.

SOMETHING
WITH A "-SHIRE"
IN IT, I THINK.
LUM. SO.



>NGKI<

>FF!<



>HIHHH!<
HOWZ-
ABOUTSMACKER,
THEN?



TZAKT

WELL,
THEN: TOP
'O TH' MORNIN'
TO YA, FAIR
LASSIE.

THE RESIS RISING



THE DUKE OF SOMEWHERE

CREATED BY: DARRIN G. DAVIS WRITER: TERRANCE ERIK
INKS: MUSTAFA MOUSA COLORS: TRANSPARENCY DIGITAL PENCILS: NADIR BALAN
SPECIAL THANKS TO: BROOKLYN WEAVER, ALI RUSSELL AND JEANIE BEWELL LETTERS: PATRICK FOSTER

'ERE NOW--
IT SEEMS SITH HAS GONE
AN' INTRODUCED HIMSELF TO
AGENT BROOKE, SO HE HAS
JUST AS SURE AS ME NAME
IS CLOVER MCLEARY.

AYE,
AGENT LARK.
SITH AND SIDHE.
"THE STONE AND THE MIST,"
THEY ARE. IN ME MODERN
VERSION HERE, THEY'RE
ORBITERS WHAT GENERATE
COHERENT LIGHT
HOLOGRAMS.

THIS
PARTICULAR
BREED O' COHERENT
LIGHT IS COMPOSED'A
KINETIC ENERGY,
SO IT IS.

GET YOU. I'LL
GET YOU. IF IT'S
TH' LAST THING
I DO, I'LL...

...UH...

SITH?

>NFNPH!<

PSISHASH

LOOK
OUT!

TZHHH

FORTUNATELY--
OR SHOULD I SAY,
'LUCKILY'?--COHERENT
LIGHT C'N BE COMPOSED'A
ALL SORTS'A
RADIANCES...

IT CAN BE
KINETIC ENERGY,
AS BEFORE...OR
HEAT, AS NOW...

TSHSH SHHHHH

SHSHSHSH

EWWW. BOILED
SEWAGE--IT SMELLS
LIKE... WELL, WHAT
YOU'D EXPECT IT TO
SMELL LIKE, I
SUPPOSE.

> WHUD DO YOU
WANDT DIS DIME,
CLOVER? <

WHAT I WANT EVERY TIME,
Y'CHEEKY MOO--LIBERATION
FOR MY PEOPLE FROM
YUIR PEOPLE.

OH, AN
TO BLOW
UP LOTS OF
STUFF.

LARK, THIS
IS RAVEN. KEEP
HIM TALKING...

...KEEP HIM
DISTRACTED. I'LL
WORK FROM
HERE.

UH...
W-WELL...

...NOT TO GO P.C. ON YOU,
CLOVER, BUT WE'RE ALL ONE
PEOPLE. WE'RE THE
UNITED KINGDOM--
REMEMBER?

"UNITED"--
PAH! "CONQUERED" IS
MORE LIKE IT! ANY THANKS
TO THE, EH, FRUITS OF ME
DEMOCRATIC GENIUS, THE
IRISH'LL BE A FREED
PEOPLE.

OH, DEAR--WHAT
HAVE YOU BROUGHT US
FROM YOUR WORKSHOP,
CLOVER? MORE LIQUID
POTASSIUM TO SET FIRE
TO THE THAMES...LIKE
LAST TIME--?

I MEAN,
TRUDGING THROUGH THE
LONDON SEWERS IS KIND
OF A WEIRD CHOICE FOR
SOMEONE WHOSE EQUIPMENT
IS SENSITIVE TO
WATER...

AH, WELL--
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY
SAY: POLITICS MAKES
FOR STRANGE
BEDFELLOWS...

I PLAN ON
WEAVIN' ME WEARY WAY
THROUGH THIS HIGH-REEKY
MAZE 'TIL SITH AND SIDHE TELL
ME I'M DIRECTLY A'NEATH THE
TOWER OF LONDON.

I'LL COVER
ME WEE SELF IN A WEE
FORCE FIELD, THEN BLOW
OUT THE TOWER'S
BASE, SO I WILL.

"A'NEATH
THE TOWER OF
LONDON?"

AYE, WELL--I THOUGHT
THAT WALKIN' THE SEWERS'D KEEP
YA FROM FINDIN' ME. AS FOR THE TOWER
OF BEDAMNED LONDON, IT'S A *SYMBOL*.
IT WAS WHERE YUIR SHALLOW-GENED
MONARCHY KEPT THEIR ENEMIES NOT
THAT LONG AGO, AND IT'S REALLY,
REALLY TALL.

I DID
MENTION THAT
I LIKE TO BLOW
THINGS UP,
DIDN'T I?

AUTOMATED SENSES:
REPORT ATTACK FROM BEHIND
NOTE: PROBABLY A PROTESTANT!
KINETIC OPTION: OPERATIONAL
TARGET LOCK. LOCKED
INPUT? FIRE.



TZAKTZ

AUGHHH!

IT'LL BE A
SUICIDE BOMBING
WITHOUT THE
SUICIDE!

AND THE PEOPLE
WHO WILL DIE IN THE
EXPLOSION?

AH, WELL,
NOW--THEY'RE NOT
PEOPLE.

THEY'RE
BRITS.

BROADBAND WORMCAST
OPTION: OPERATIONAL
INPUT? SEND.

GO!



CONDUCTIVE OPTION
TARGET LOCK. LOCKED
INPUT? FI...ABORT

AH?
WH--?



COME ON,
BROOKE--IT'S
ALMOST TEA
TIME.

TIME
TO GO,
LUV!

!ERROR! NO IMAGE AVAILABLE.
CONDU...ABORT.

■ ■ ■ ■

OH.
OH... I
SEE.



IT'S YOUR
AGENT *RAVEN*, ENNIT?
SHE'S ATTACKING ME HARDWARE,
THE *CHIRPY SKIVE*. I SHOULD'A
GUESSED SHE WOULD WHEN
I DIDN'T SEE HER
HERE.

!ERROR! NO IMAGE
AVAILABLE.
CONDU...ABORT.
BROADBAND WORMCAST
OPTION: OPERATI...ABORT
BROADBAND WORMCAST
OPTION: op...ABORT
BROADBAND WORMCAST
OPTION: OPERATIONAL
INPUT? SEND

■ ■ ■ ■

WELL,
NOW...



...TWO
CAN PLAY AT
THAT BONNY
GAME.

EE-YOW!



OH, RIGHT--
I WAS ABOUT
TO KILL ME SOME
PE--SOME
BRITS!

TZHHHHH





EH?
WH-WHAT--?



THAT... THAT
SOUNDS LIKE...
IT SOUNDS...

...S-SOUNDS...

RRMBBRRRRMBB



EAAAGHH!

PHHHLOOSHOOOSHOOOSH



>PFFFWAAHH--!< YUH!
>PFFH!< YUIR AGENT RAVEN! SHUIHH...
SHE---OH! FAITH, BUT SHE'S USED
HER BEDAMNED COMPUTER
TO REROUTE LONDON'S...

OH, SURE'N
THIS'S TOO
MUCH!



ME EQUIPMENT'S
SOAKED TO ITS
SILICON.

ARRAH,
BUT THAT
MEANS...



KINETIC OPTION: !ERROR!
TARGET LOCK: !ERROR!
CONDUCTIVE OPTION: !ERROR!
TARGET LOCK: !ERROR!
INPUT? !ERROR!
■ ■ ■ ■

..TH-THAT
M-MEANS...



"...AND WASH THAT MIDGET RIGHT
OUT OF OUR HAIR."

WE ARE JUST ONE
OF THOSE TEAMS...

SPHSHSHSHSHSHSH

...WE OFTEN
SCORE SIX...

...THAT YOU SEE
NOW AND THEN...

SHSHSHSHSHSH

...BUT WE SELDOM
SCORE TEN...

SHSHSHSHSHSH

...WE BEAT 'EM
AT HOME...

SHSHSHSHSHSH



...AND WE BEAT AND WE
BEAT 'EM AWAY...

FRASHSHSHSHSH



...WE KILL ANY
DASTARDS...



...THAT GET IN
OUR WAY...



WE ARE THE PRIDE
OF ALL EUROPE...

YEEK YEEK



...THE C--
...?



SIMON COWELL
CALLED, LARKY-DEAR--
HE SAID TO GIVE
YOU THIS.





>AOW!<
RAVEN, I CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU DID IT
AGAIN! I'LL...I'LL
KILL YOU!

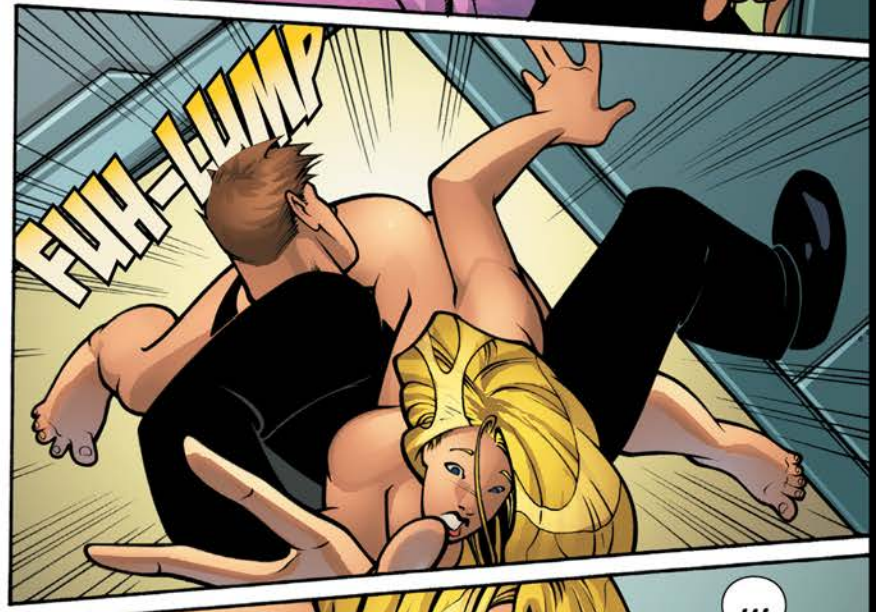
>NYEH!<



I MEAN IT!
I'LL KILL YOU! I'VE
GOT A LICENSE!



I SAY,
RAVEN, OLD GAL--
WHATEVER'S
THE...?



OH! OH,
REGENT! REGENT,
'RE YOU OKAY?



WILL YOU MARRY ME?



AWRIGHT, LARK--PLAYTIME'S OVER. RECENT DIDN'T COME HERE TO PROPOSE--HE MUST HAVE A MISSION F'R US.

BUT...

IT'S BEEN A HUNNERT AN' EIGHTY-NINE MINUTES SINCE THE LAST ONE, AND I'M PININ'.



FLUMP

HURM.



IZZAT RIGHT, REGE? YOU GOT SOMEFIN' F'R US..?

I-INDEED I HAVE-- TWO SOMETHINGS, ACTUALLY.

THE FIRST OF WHICH, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR, IS A MISSION.

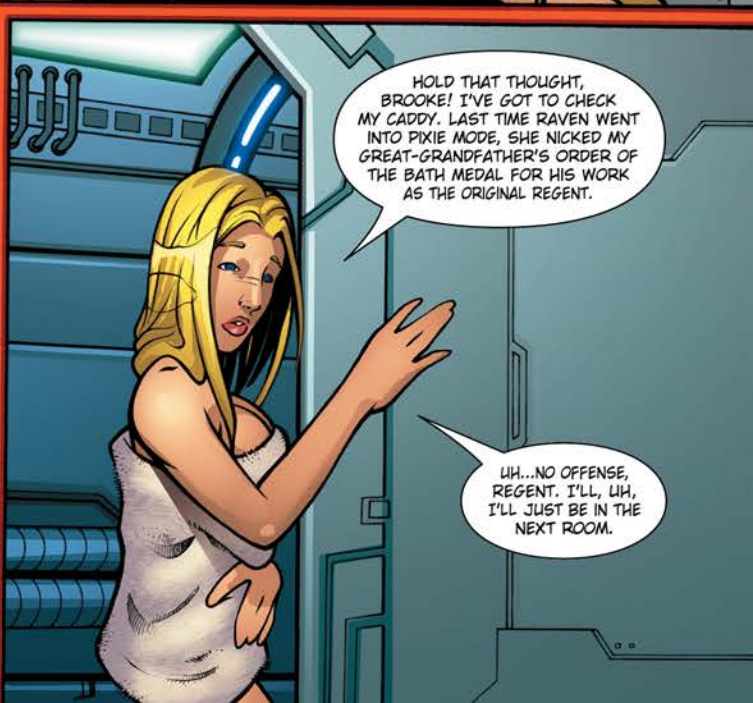


RECOGNIZE HIM, GIRLS?



THAT'S PRINCE GARSON.

THE LITTLE PONCE.



HOLD THAT THOUGHT, BROOKE! I'VE GOT TO CHECK MY CADDY. LAST TIME RAVEN WENT INTO PIXIE MODE, SHE NICKED MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S ORDER OF THE BATH MEDAL FOR HIS WORK AS THE ORIGINAL RECENT.

UH...NO OFFENSE, RECENT. I'LL, UH, I'LL JUST BE IN THE NEXT ROOM.

OH, FOR--! YEAH, GO
AHEAD AND *DO THAT*, LARK.
BUT I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW IT
LOOKED *GOOD* ON TOP OF
THAT *CHRISTMAS TREE*!



"HOLD THAT
THOUGHT, REGENT." "NO
OFFENSE, REGENT."

REALLY.



WHAT ABOUT
THE MISSION, REGE?
WHAT ABOUT *PRINCE
GARSON*?

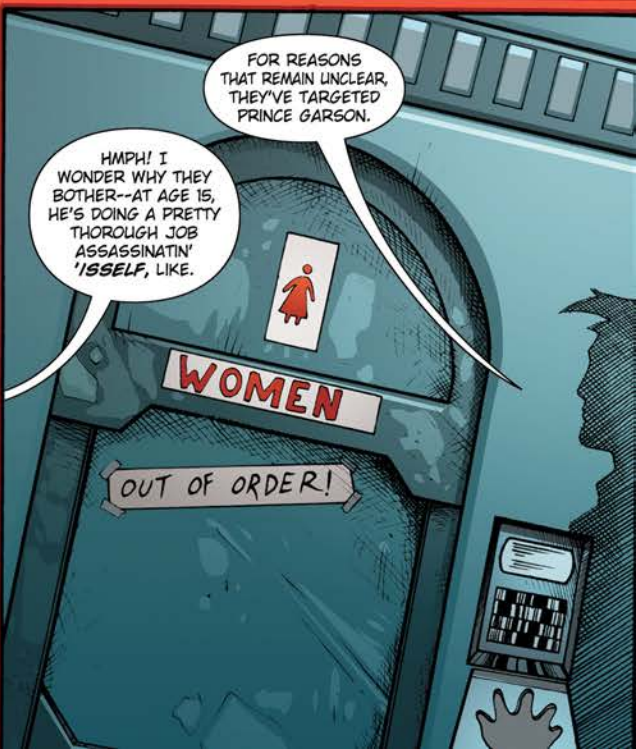
I'M DELIGHTED
THAT *SOMEONE'S*
ASKED.



OUR SOURCES HAVE
DISCOVERED THE EXISTENCE
OF A NEW TERRORIST GROUP,
THE *COMMONS LIBERATION
ARMY*. AS YOU MIGHT GUESS,
THEY SEEK THE *EXPULSION
OF THE ROYAL FAMILY*.

THROUGH
ASSASSINATION.

ARF.



FOR REASONS
THAT REMAIN UNCLEAR,
THEY'VE TARGETED
PRINCE GARSON.

HMPH! I
WONDER WHY THEY
BOTHER--AT AGE 15,
HE'S DOING A PRETTY
THOROUGH JOB
ASSASSINATIN'
'ISSELF, LIKE.

OUT OF ORDER!