



52
APR 10

**GRAY
PALMIOTTI
BERNET**

JONAH HEX

**TOO
MEAN
TO DIE!**



BERNET





AH'M ONE MAN.
AH HAVE NO BAD
INTENT. AH NEED
SHELTER AND
FOOD.



...ALL RIGHT.
AH'M ON MUH
WAY.



I'VE GOT
A RIFLE AN' I'M
AWFUL GOOD
WITH IT.



AH ALREADY
GOT A BULLET
IN ME. AH AIN'T
LOOKIN' FER
ANOTHER.

BEST YOU COME IN AN'
LET ME LOOK. NOT MUCH
IN THE WAY A' FOOD,
THOUGH.



MUH THANKS,
MA'AM.

I NEED TO
BELIEVE YOU MEAN
NO HARM TO ME AN'
THE CHILD.



AH GOT NO BULLETS, 'CEPT THE ONE INSIDE ME.



I BELIEVE YOU. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT WOUND.

WHERE'S YORE HUSBAND?

DEAD, I RECKON. AIN'T SEEN HIM IN A YEAR. HE GONE OFF IN SEARCH OF GOLD, LIKE MOST MEN AFTER THE WAR.



HE DIDN'T SEE HIS DAUGHTER'S BIRTH.

SOME MEN BEHAVE AS SUCH.

THAT'S A NASTY SHOT. WHO GAVE IT TO YOU?



BLAM



NO ONE SPECIAL.

AH CAN TELL YA HOW TA GIT IT.

I DON'T HAVE ANY LIQUOR TO HELP WITH THE PAIN, AND I'M NO DOCTOR, SO...



THERE'S A KNIFE IN MUH SADDLEBAG, AN' SOME STUFF TA STITCH THE WOUND.



DON'T
IT HURT,
MISTER?

...JONAH...

MY NAME'S
MAISY RAE.



PLEASURE
TA MAKE YER
ACQUAINTANCE,
MAISY RAE.



I HAVE IT, BUT I'M
NOT MUCH FOR
SEWING.

AH'LL
BE YORE
GUIDE.



NOT SURE HOW WELL
IT'LL HOLD. BEST YOU
MOVE SLOWLY FOR
A WHILE.

YA
HAVE MUH
THANKS.



THERE'S SOME
BEANS ON THE STOVE.
IT AIN'T MUCH, BUT
YOU'RE WELCOME
TO IT.



I SEE YOU
FOUGHT FOR THE
CONFEDERACY.

YES,
MA'AM.

I LOST TWO
BROTHERS IN THAT WAR.
THEY WERE BRAVE BOYS--
NOT AN OUNCE OF FEAR IN
THEM WHEN THEY LEFT
HERE.



WHUT 'BOUT
YER FOLKS?

DEAD AND BURIED.
THE COUGH TOOK MOMMA,
AND MY DADDY WENT WITH
CONSUMPTION. SEEMS FOLKS
DON'T LIVE LONG
AROUND ME.



AH HAVE BEEN FACED
WITH THE SAME
PREDICAMENT.



WHAT ABOUT YOUR
KIN?

CAN'T HARDLY SAY.
AH DON'T THINK ON THEM
MUCH, FER REASONS BEST
LEFT UNSAID. MUH WIFE
LEFT WITH OUR BOY NOT
LONG AGO.

SEEING AS HOW I JUST
SAVED YOUR LIFE--OR AT LEAST
EXTENDED IT A BIT--IT SEEMS THE LEAST YOU
COULD DO IS TELL ME A TALE ABOUT YOUR LIFE.
YOU SEEM LIKE A MAN WITH MANY STORIES.



YA ASKED WHO SHOT ME.
AH'LL TELL YA THAT AN' HOW
I COME TA BE HERE AN' WHY
AH GOT TA LEAVE BEFORE
SUNRISE.

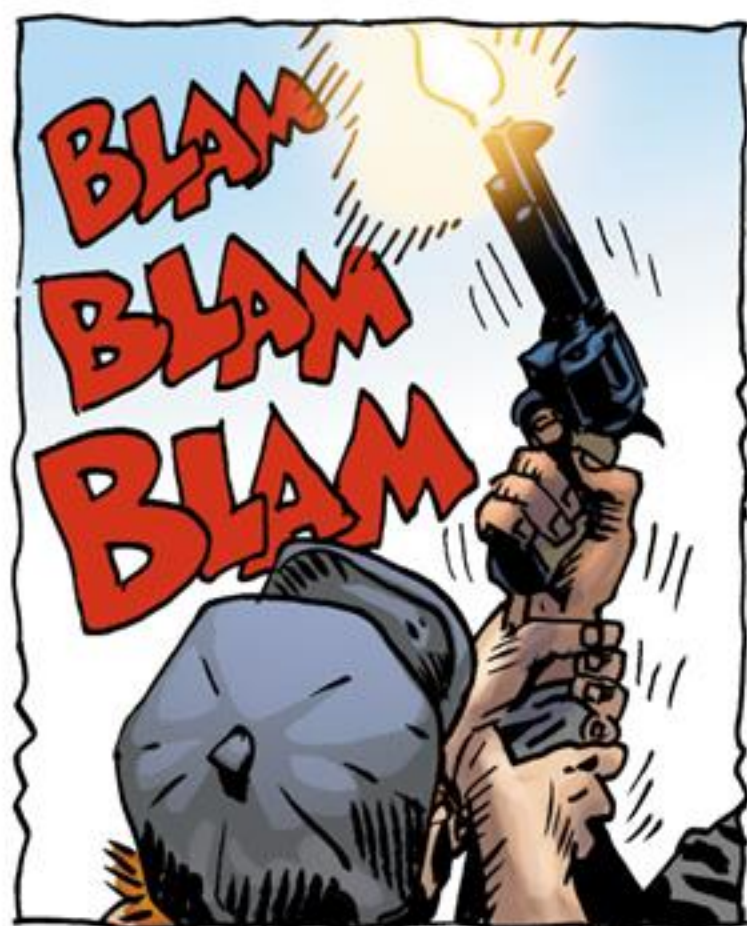
Writers: JUSTIN GRAY & JIMMY PALMIOTTI • Artist: JORDI BERNET

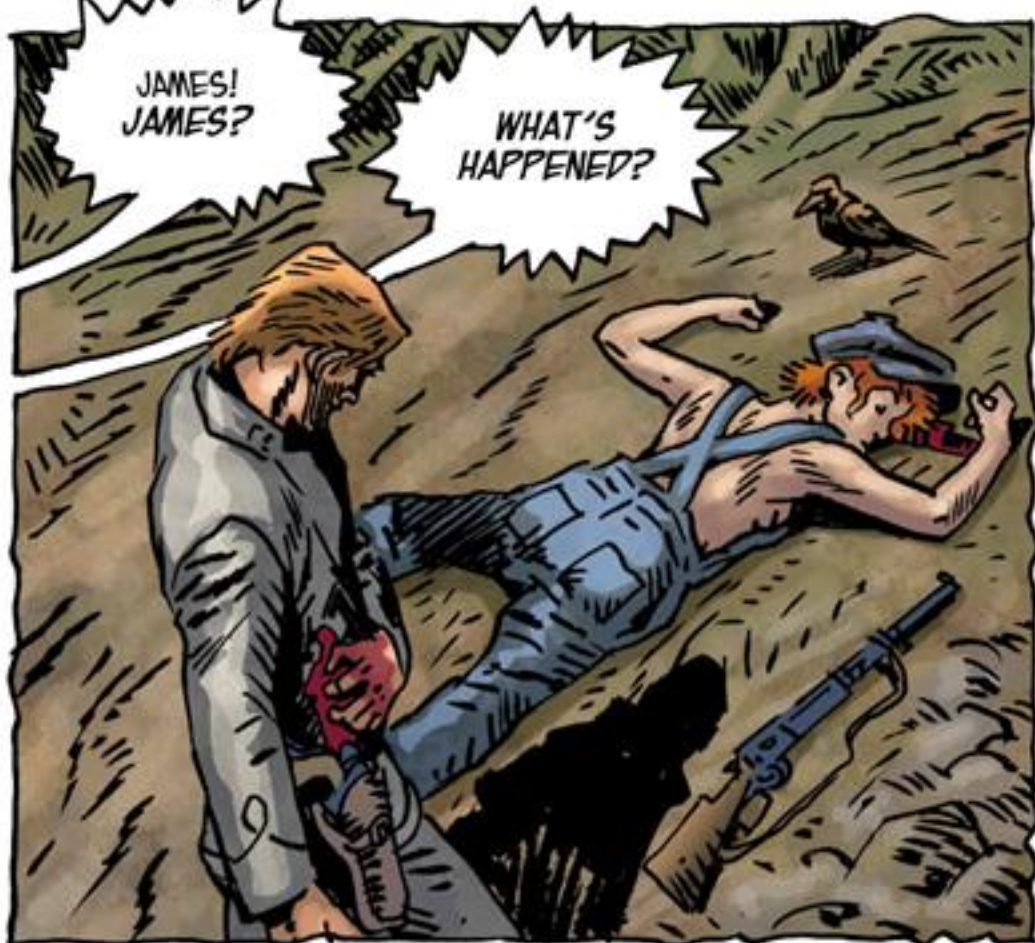
TOO MEAN TO DIE

Colorist: ROB SCHWAGER • Letterer: ROB LEIGH • Cover: BERNET with SCHWAGER
Assoc. Editor: SEAN RYAN • Editor: ELISABETH V. GEHRLEIN











JAMES,
WHERE ARE
YOU?



GOD
DAMMIT!

CHECK
ON HIM,
ELLIOT!



HE'S DEAD. HAD CRUSHED IN. I TOL'
HIM SOMEDAY HE WAS GONNA ROB THE
WRONG MAN.

OBLIGATIONS
BEIN' WHAT THEY
ARE, IT'S A VENGEFUL
MURDER WE'RE AFTER
NOW, BROTHER.

JAMES WOUNDED
HIM SOMETHING GOOD.
SHOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A HUNT.
THINKS HE'S SMART, THIS KILLER.
THINKS SENDIN' HIS HORSE UP
THE TRAIL ALONE IS GONNA MAKE
US MISS HIS BLOOD.



ELLIOT,
STAY WITH JAMES.
WE'RE GONNA GIT
HIS KILLER.





TRAIL ENDS
HERE. LIKELY HE'S
GONE THROUGH
THE WATER.

NOT A
BRIGHT FELLOW,
THIS KILLER. WITH HIS
WOUND, HE'LL BE
DRAWING 'GATORS
FOR MILES.



WHAT
DO WE DO?
I CAN'T LIVE WITH
HIM GETTIN'
AWAY.

AIN'T NAUGHT BUT SWAMP FOR MILES.
WHERE YOU THINK HE'LL GET
TO BEFORE BLEEDIN'
TO DEATH?

THERE'S
WHILLACKER'S PLACE
SOUTH OF HERE, AND THE
WIDOW. FIGURE HIS RATE OF
SPEED AN' THE RAIN WHAT'S
COMIN' SOON--WE'LL
GET HIM.



LET'S GET
JAMES HOME AND
ROPE THE DOGS.
THIS CHILD-KILLER
AIN'T GONNA GET
AWAY.

PRAY YOU
DIE BEFORE WE
FIND YOU!







YOU...



YOU HAVE TO
GO. RIGHT NOW!
GET OUT!



AH SAID
AH AIN'T GONNA
HURT YA. THAT BOY
SHOT ME FROM THE
WOODS. AH HAD
NO...

YOU STUPID
SON OF A BITCH! YOU
PUT MY BABY'S LIFE
IN DANGER!



THEY'LL WANT
BLOOD, AND THEY'RE
CRAZY AS A BOX OF CATS!
IF THEY THINK I GAVE YOU
SAFE HARBOR...OH JESUS,
GET OUT!



BUAAAAAAAAA!!!



BUAAAAHH!!!

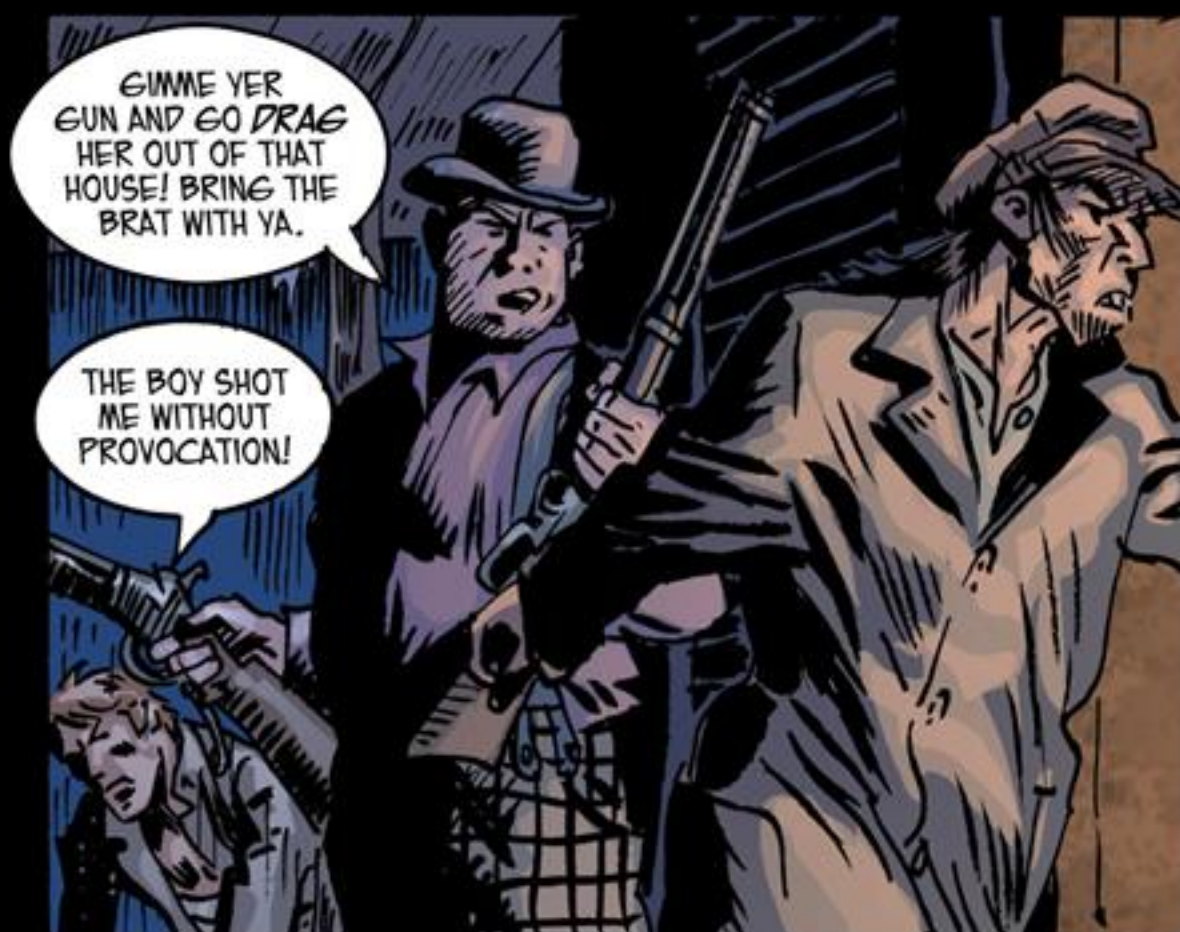
PLEASE...
THEY RUN THIS
SWAMP...



MAISY,
GET AWAY
FROM THAT
CHILD-KILLER!

COME ON OUT
HERE, YOU UGLY
SON OF A BITCH--
WE GOT A ROPE
WAITIN'!

I DIDN'T KNOW!
HE JUST CAME
OUT OF THE NIGHT.
PLEASE DON'T HURT
MY BABY!









WHAT?

YOU BASTARD!
AFTER ALL I DID
FOR YOU! YOU
WOULD HAVE
DIED!

SHUT UP,
WOMAN. AH AIN'T
DEAD, AN' THAT'S
ALL AH CARE
'BOUT.



YOU DIRTY,
NO-GOOD...!



AH HAD 'BOUT
ENOUGH OF YER
YAPPIN'!

AIN'T YOU
LISTENIN'? I SAID
I'LL KILL...



YER LUCKY AH'M TOO WOUNDED TA
DO ANYTHIN' ELSE TA YA!

SO HELP
ME GOD, I'LL
SHOOT...!



...YOU...WE SHOT MY...

LISTEN
TA ME!

WHEN A MAN
LIKE HIM COMES INTA
YER HOUSE, YA DON'T
WOUND HIM.
YA KILL HIM!



THE CHOICE WASN'T AS EASY AS THAT...

YA DON'T SAY? SEE, WAY AH FIGGER IT, THEM BOYS IS MAD DOGS.

UNGGGHH...



THERE CAN'T BE BUT A FEW LOST TRAVELERS FER THEM TA ROB ON THE BACK ROADS. THEM BOYS JUST ENJOY THE KILLIN'.

DON'T GO TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF THE WAY SOME PEOPLE ARE, JONAH.

IT MAKES SENSE TA ME NOW. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ALONE IN THE WOODS MAKES FER AN EASY TARGET; ONLY HERE YA ARE UNTOUCHED UNTIL TODAY.



GET OUT NOW. I GAVE MY HELP ONCE. YOU DON'T GET IT AGAIN.

YER GONNA KICK A WOUNDED MAN FROM YORE HOUSE?

YOU'RE TOO MEAN TO DIE FROM JUST ONE BULLET.



YOU'RE JUST LIKE THEM. YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING BUT KILLING.

THAT WOULD GO A LONG WAY TO EXPLAINING WHY YOUR WIFE AND CHILD LEFT.

CAST JUDGEMENT IF'N YA LIKE, MAISY. DON'T BOTHER ME NONE. AH AM WHO AH AM.



AH'LL LEAVE YA ALONE TA BURY YORE KIN.