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ALSO IN THIS BUILDING:

The Cobweb
BY MELINDA GEBBIE

THE FIRST AMERICAN
and US Angel
BY JIM BAIKIE

Jack B. Quack
BY KEVIN NOWLAN

AND NOW FEATURING:

GREYSHIRT

BY RICK VEITCH

FOUR FLOORS OF FEAR IN
ALAN MOORE'S

TOMORROW STORIES



VEITCH

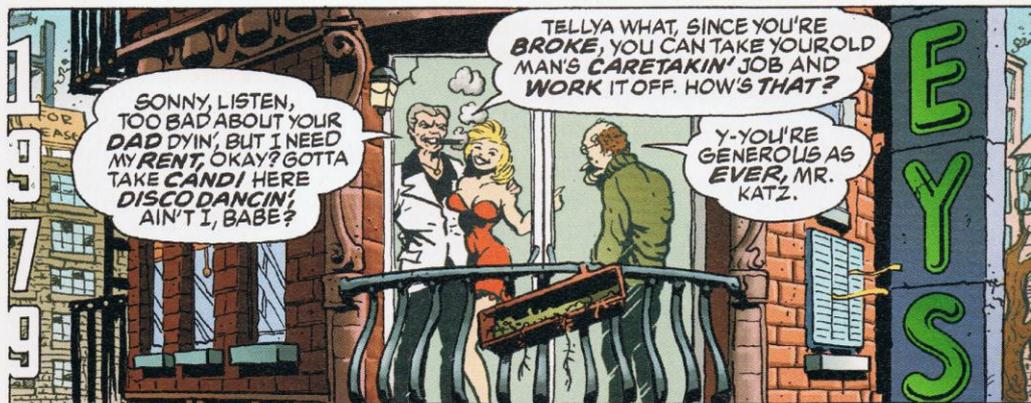


HEY, SPATS!
THIS DUDE'S BLEEDIN'
ON YOUR RUG!

GODDAMN. :koff koff:
THIS ROOM'S LOOKIN' AS
SHABBY AS THIS WHOLE
BUILDIN'...AS THIS WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD!

WHERE'S THAT
GODDAMN SONNY?
HE'S CARETAKER!
:koff koff:

PROBABLY LOAFIN'
SOMEWHERE! NO
ACCOUNT BUM! AFTER
I TOOK HIM IN! AFTER
I WAS ALWAYS THERE
FOR HIM...



SONNY, LISTEN,
TOO BAD ABOUT YOUR
DAD DYIN', BUT I NEED
MY RENT, OKAY? GOTTA
TAKE CAND! HERE
DISCO DANCIN',
AIN'T I, BABE?

TELLYA WHAT, SINCE YOU'RE
BROKE, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR OLD
MAN'S CARETAKIN' JOB AND
WORK IT OFF. HOW'S THAT?

Y-YOU'RE
GENEROUS AS
EVER, MR.
KATZ.

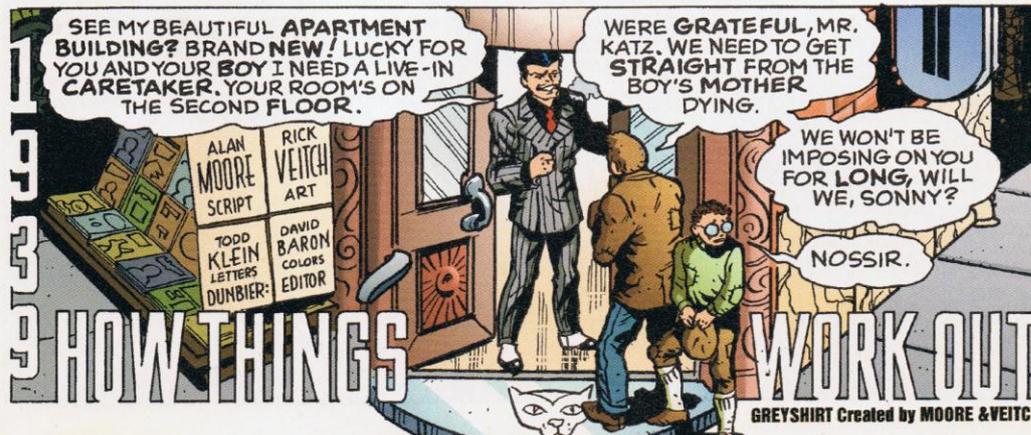


DAD, YOU HAVE TO MOVE OUT.
"SPATS" KATZ IS A
MOBSTER...

WELL, AT LEAST HE AIN'T
NO COMMUNIST LIKE YOUR
BEATNIK PALS!

ANYWAY, YOU WERE
GRATEFUL WHEN HE LET YOU
TAKE THE ROOM UPSTAIRS
AFTER YOUR MARRIAGE
BROKE UP.

IT'S OKAY HERE.
NEIGHBORHOOD'S
STILL NICE, LIKE
WHEN WE MOVED
IN...



SEE MY BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT
BUILDING? BRAND NEW! LUCKY FOR
YOU AND YOUR BOY I NEED A LIVE-IN
CARETAKER. YOUR ROOM'S ON
THE SECOND FLOOR.

WERE GRATEFUL, MR.
KATZ. WE NEED TO GET
STRAIGHT FROM THE
BOY'S MOTHER
DYING.

WE WON'T BE
IMPOSING ON YOU
FOR LONG, WILL
WE, SONNY?

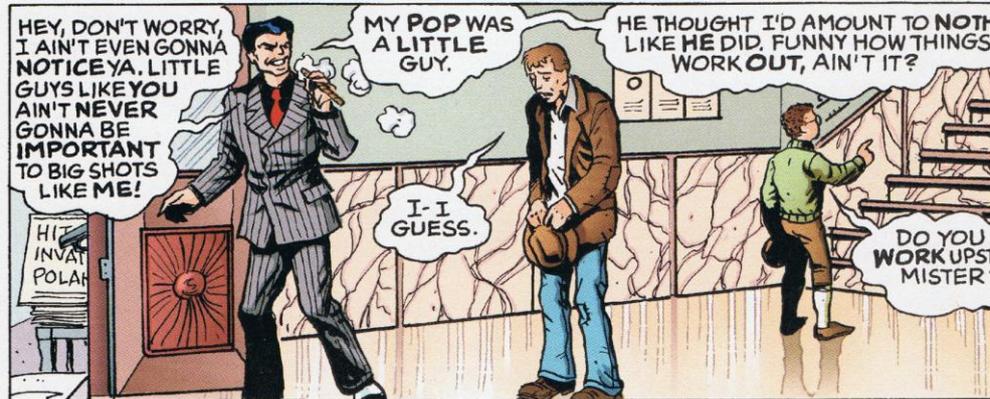
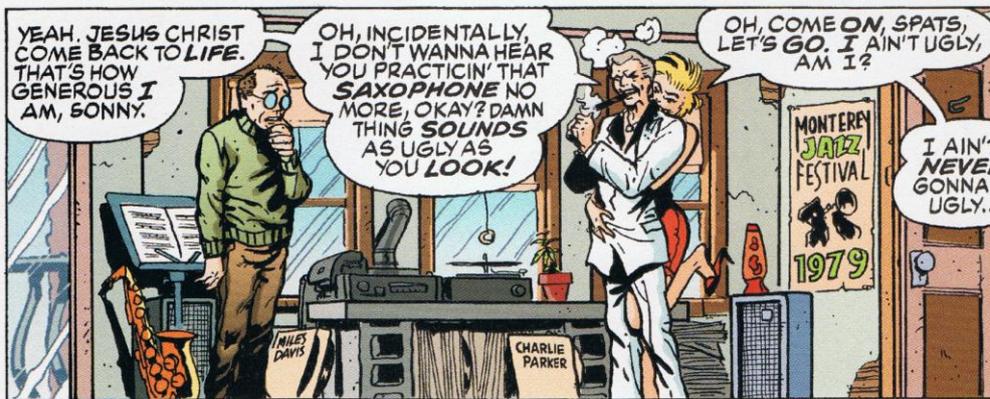
NOSSIR.

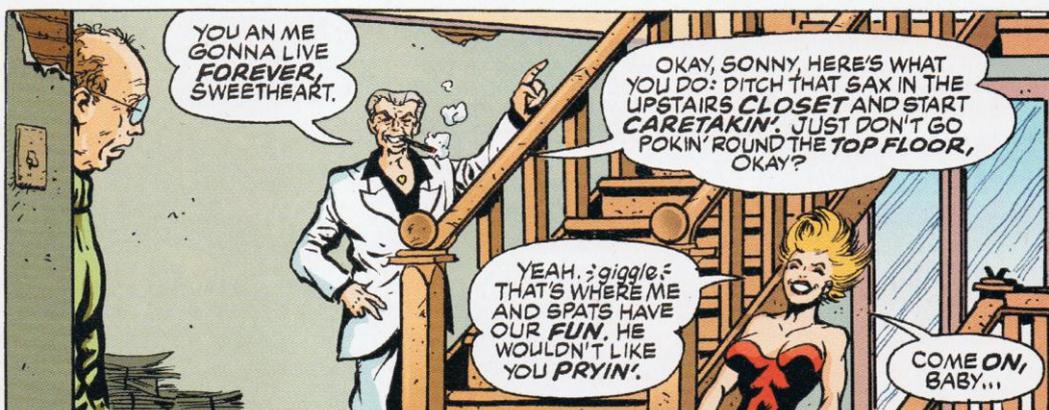
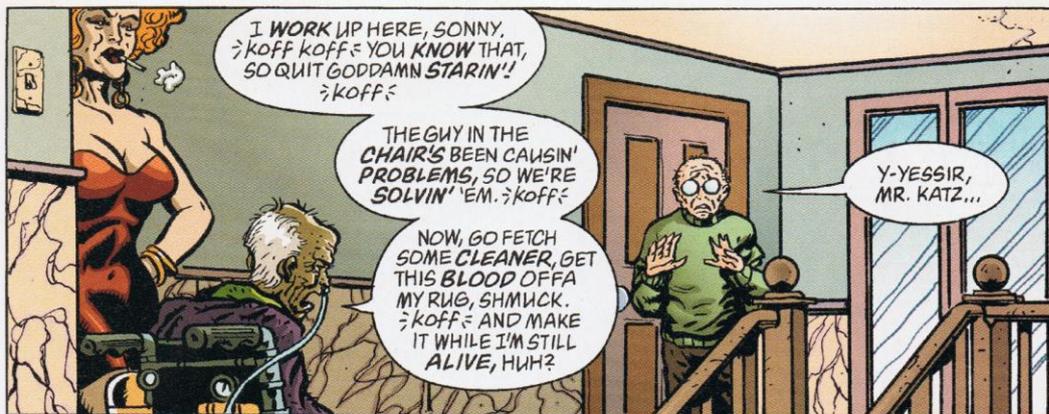
HOW THINGS

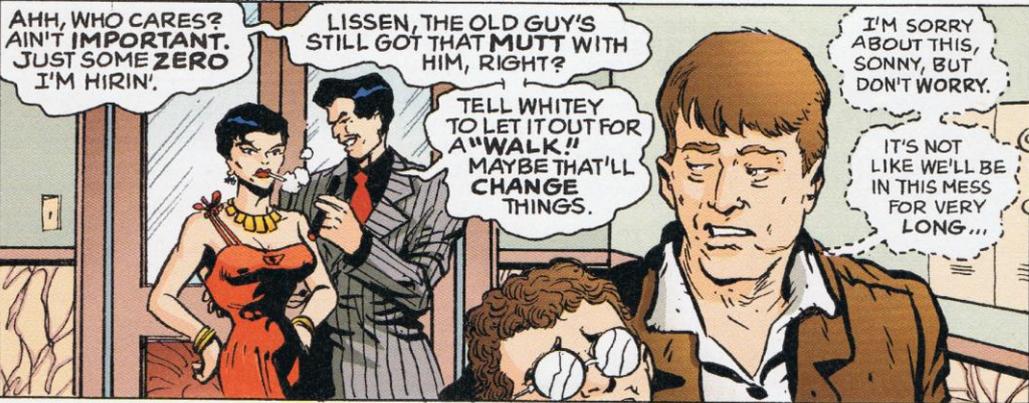
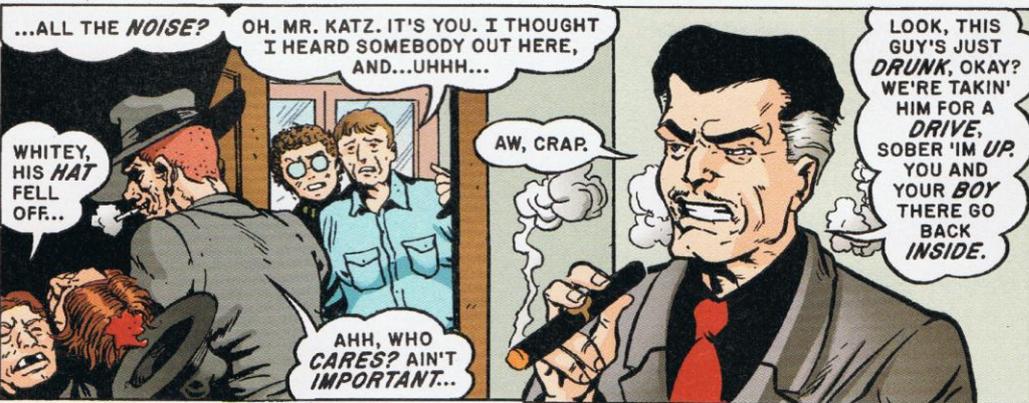
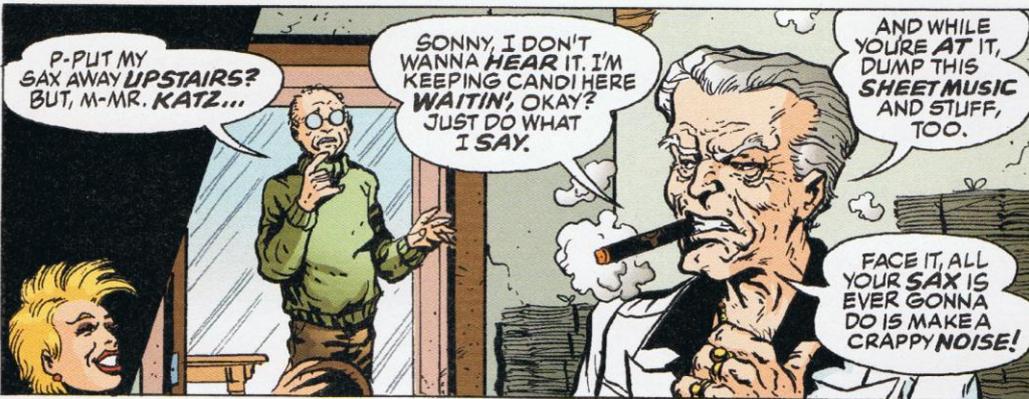
WORK OUT

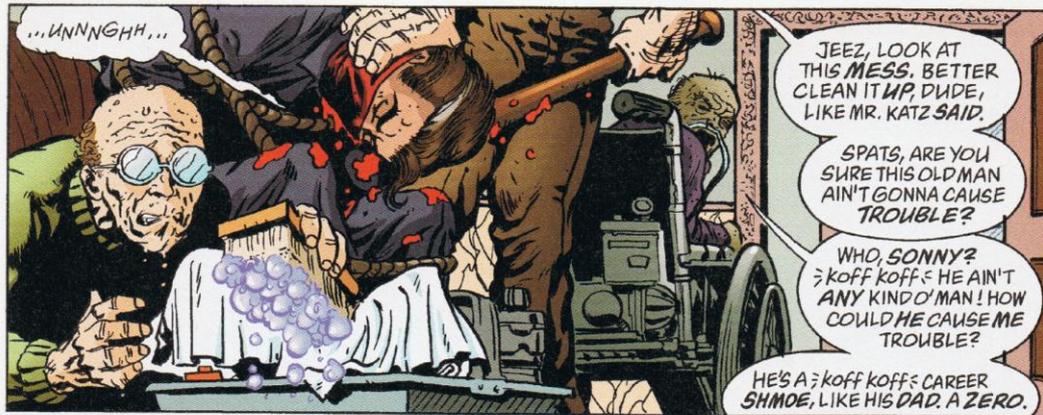
ALAN MOORE SCRIPT	RICK VEITCH ART
TODD KLEIN LETTERS DUNBIER	DAVID BARON COLORS EDITOR

GREYSHIRT Created by MOORE & VEITCH









...UNNGHH...

JEEZ, LOOK AT THIS MESS. BETTER CLEAN IT UP, DUDE, LIKE MR. KATZ SAID.

SPATS, ARE YOU SURE THIS OLD MAN AIN'T GONNA CAUSE TROUBLE?

WHO, SONNY? >koff koff< HE AIN'T ANY KIND O' MAN! HOW COULD HE CAUSE ME TROUBLE?

HE'S A >koff koff< CAREER SHMOE, LIKE HIS DAD. A ZERO.



>HAHHHH< IT'S ALL COME TO NOTHIN', BABY. ALL THE DREAMS I HAD FOR YOU...

I NEVER USED YOU AS WELL AS YOU DESERVED, NOW I GOTTA PUT YOU AWAY FOR GOOD.

SAME FOR ALL THAT MUSIC I WROTE FOR YOU. I GOTTA THROW IT ALL OUT. JUST LET IT ALL GO...



LET IT GO, SONNY, AND KEEP *INDOORS*. IT AIN'T NONE OF OUR BUSINESS. YOU HEARD WHAT MR. KATZ SAID: THAT FELLER WAS JUST *DRUNK*...

DAD, THAT GUY WAS *DEAD*, AND I'M GOING OUT TO TAKE A *LOOK*!

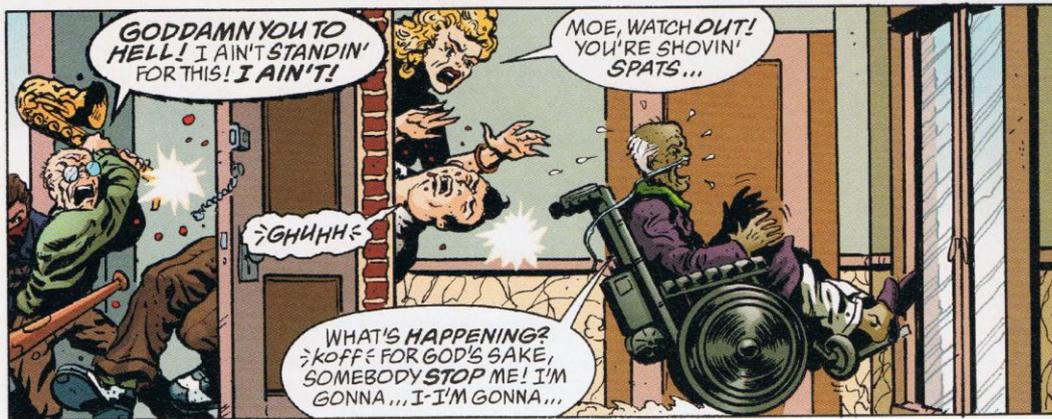
THIS IS *INDIGO CITY*! YOU CAN'T DUMP BODIES WITHOUT SO MUCH AS AN *EXCUSE ME*...



EXCUSE ME. JUST SOME BUSINESS UPSTAIRS NEEDED ATTENDING TO. MITZI HAS TO GO SEE A MAN ABOUT A *DOG*.

C'MON... I'LL SHOW YOU THE BACK LOT, THEN I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO RUN THE *BOILER ROOM*.

DON'T WANT YOU OR THE KID BEIN' RESPONSIBLE FOR NO SUDDEN *EXPLOSIONS*...







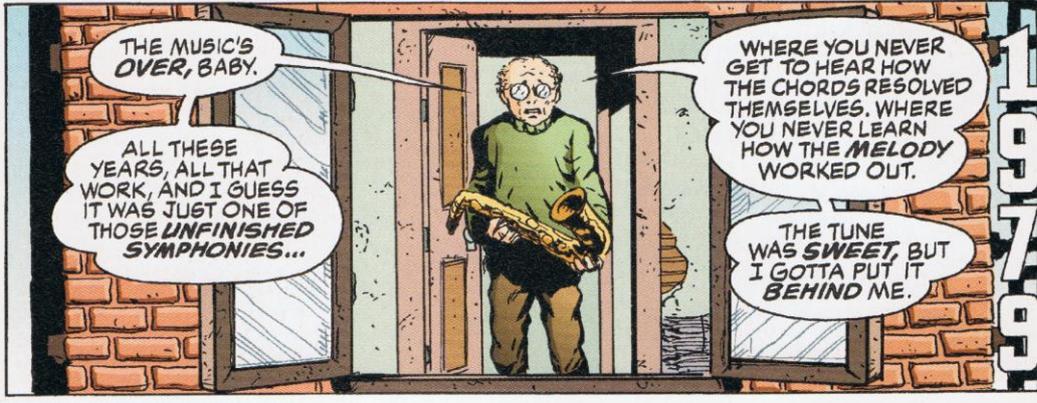
YOU SAVED MY LIFE. WHAT MADE YOU TAKE A RISK LIKE THAT FOR ME?

IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, MISTER. I MADE MYSELF A PROMISE YEARS AGO, BACK WHEN I FIRST MET MR. KATZ...

IT JUST SEEMED IT WAS TIME TO KEEP IT.

IT JUST SEEMED LIKE THE RIGHT NOTE TO END ON...

1979



THE MUSIC'S OVER, BABY.

ALL THESE YEARS, ALL THAT WORK, AND I GUESS IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE UNFINISHED SYMPHONIES...

WHERE YOU NEVER GET TO HEAR HOW THE CHORDS RESOLVED THEMSELVES. WHERE YOU NEVER LEARN HOW THE MELODY WORKED OUT.

THE TUNE WAS SWEET, BUT I GOTTA PUT IT BEHIND ME.

1979



THERE. IT'S DONE. BEST FORGET IT.

WE'RE LITTLE GUYS, SONNY. LIFE DIDN'T WORK OUT FOR US. WE MAKE NO DIFFERENCE, AND WE GOTTA ACCEPT HOW THAT IS.

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE THERE'S SOME PLAN TO THINGS, AND EVERYTHING JUST HAPPENS HOW IT SHOULD.

MAYBE WE CAN'T SEE THE WHOLE PICTURE...

1979



TSK? LOOKIT THAT. LIFE'S SURE UNFAIR, AIN'T IT? POOR CRITTER MUSTA SLIPPED.

TELLYA WHAT, YOUR BOY CAN BURY IT WHILE WE CHECK THE BOILER.

IF HE DOES A GOOD JOB, MAYBE I'LL TAKE THE TWO OF YOU IN. GUESS WE'LL SEE HOW YOU WORK OUT, EH, BOY?

YESSIR.

GUESS WE WILL.

THE END

1979