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#14

THE GOON™



Will Eisner
COMIC INDUSTRY AWARDS

2005
EISNER AWARD
WINNER
FOR
BEST ONGOING
SERIES
AND
BEST HUMOR
PUBLICATION!

by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town
to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

.....

NAMELESS

by Eric Powell

UNDER THE SINK

written by Eric Powell • drawn by Neil Vokes

colored by Eric Powell

letters by Nate Piekos for Blambot

EQUINE TWINE

by Tony Shasteen

EL HOMBRE del LAGARTO EL DIABLO de PANTANO

written by Eric Powell • drawn by Kyle Hotz

colored by Eric Powell

letters by Nate Piekos for Blambot

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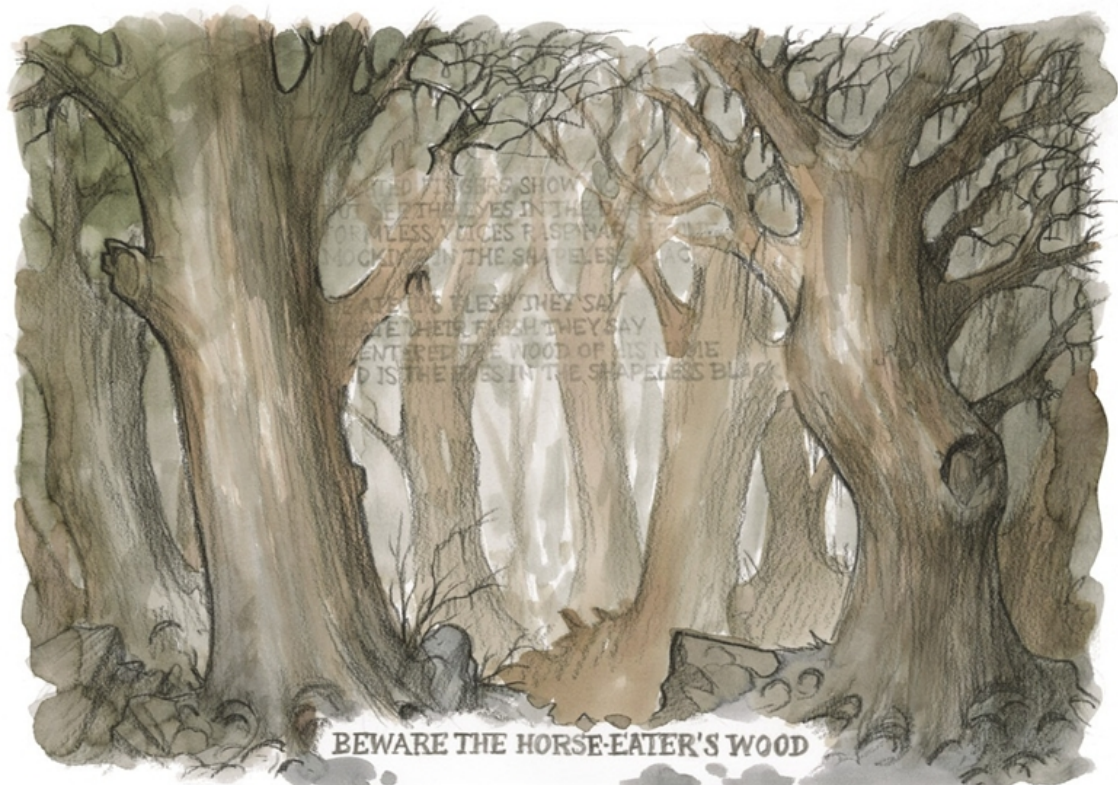
edited by Matt Dryer • designed by Amy Arendts

published by Mike Richardson

Zombies provided by Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.
and The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation

Zombie Altar Boy Scott Allie

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BEWARE THE HORSE-EATER'S WOOD

FOLKS IS SUPPOSED TO GET LAID TO REST
IN THE EARTH BY THEIR SURVIVORS AT
THE END OF THEIR MORTAL TOILS.



I DON'T
REMEMBER
MY RIGHT NAME
BUT I DON'T
WANT NO
BUTTER NO
MORE.

I LAID MYSELF IN THE EARTH SOME TIME
BACK. I HAD NO SURVIVORS. AND THERE
AIN'T BEEN NO REST FOR ME.

'CAUSE I CAN'T DIE.




I BEEN LIVIN' SO LONG, WITH A BITTER
PURPOSE IN MY HEART, THAT I FORGOT
WHO I WAS.





I ONLY KNOW
WHAT I'VE BECOME.

AND WHO MADE
ME THIS WAY.




I FAILED TO STOP THE CORRUPTOR WHO
DESTROYED MY TOWN AND TURNED ITS
PEOPLE INTO UNDEAD ABOMINATIONS.


THEN HE LAID UPON ME
A FIERCE TERRIBLE CURSE.
AN UNQUENCHABLE HUNGER
FOR THE FLESH OF DEAD MEN.




I SPENT LONG YEARS HUNTING
THE EVIL MAN ONLY TO FIND HIM
AND FAIL TO INDULGE MY REVENGE
YET AGAIN.



IT WAS MY DARKEST HOUR AS I
DESPAIRED AT MY OWN FUTILITY. I WENT
TO END MY LIFE BUT THE CURSE COULD NOT
BE LIFTED. I'M DAMNED TO MY
EVERLASTING FATE.



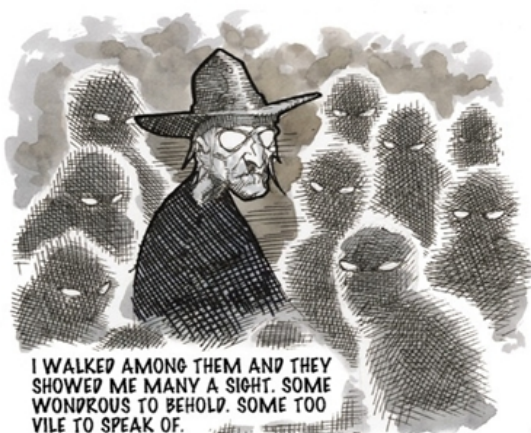
I CRAWLED INTO THE ROOTS OF THIS
HERE TREE HOPING THAT IN TIME I MIGHT
WITHER AND FADE. BUT SOMETHING
ELSE HAPPENED.



AS I REFUSED MY HUNGER, MY MIND
DRIFTED. THE ROOTS OF MY TOMB
ENTANGLED AND PIERCED ME. I BECAME A
PART OF THEM. I STARTED TO HEAR THE
VOICE OF THESE WOODS AND TO REALIZE
THERE WAS SOMETHING UNNATURAL
LIVING AMONGST THEM.



I TRAVELED OUTSIDE MYSELF, BEING MANY
A PLACE AND NO PLACE AT ALL IN TIME I
COULD RECKON THE UNNATURAL FOLKS
AND THEY COULD RECKON ME.



I WALKED AMONG THEM AND THEY
SHOWED ME MANY A SIGHT, SOME
WONDROUS TO BEHOLD, SOME TOO
VILE TO SPEAK OF.

THEY WAS A MIGHT CURIOUS BUNCH AND
WANTED TO KNOW WHAT I WAS ABOUT
SINCE THEY HAD NOT SEEN THE LIKES OF
ME BEFORE.



THEY GIGGLED AND
MOCKED ME AS I TOLD
THEM MY PITIFUL TALE.

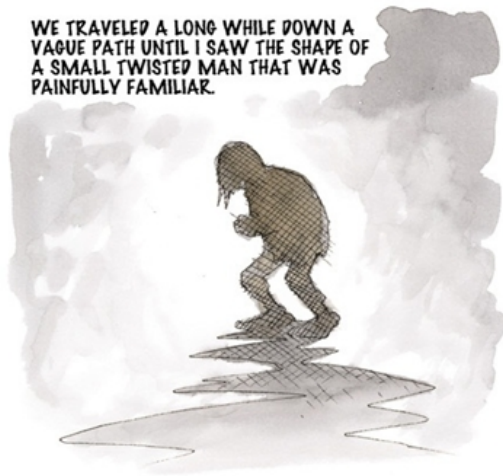


BUT ONE WAS SILENT.



THE QUIET WATCHER SAID
HE WAS FATED TO SHOW
ME THE PAST OF A WICKED
THING. HE SAID I WOULD SEE
AND KNOW THE WAY.

WE TRAVELED A LONG WHILE DOWN A
VAGUE PATH UNTIL I SAW THE SHAPE OF
A SMALL TWISTED MAN THAT WAS
PAINFULLY FAMILIAR.



I SAW THE WICKED MAN MAKE TWISTED
DEALS WITH UNFORTUNATE FOLKS.



I SAW THE WICKED MAN
SWINDLE CHILDREN AWAY FROM
THEIR FAMILIES.

I SAW HIM SACRIFICE
AND DEVOUR THEM.



AND THEN I SAW A POOR GIRL WHO
WOULD DIE FOR HER FATHER'S LIE. AND I
SAW THE WICKED MAN COME TO HER LIKE
THE SERPENT WITH THE HONEY TONGUE.



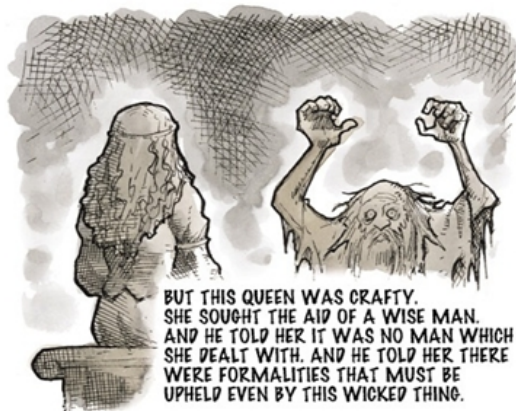
I SAW THE SPINNING
OF GOLD FROM STRAW.

I SAW THE GIRL BECOME
A QUEEN AND I SAW THE QUEEN
BARTER HER UNBORN CHILD.



I SAW THE MIND OF THE WICKED MAN
AND KNEW THE SACRIFICE OF A ROYAL
CHILD WOULD MAKE HIM MIGHTY
AMONGST HIS KIN.





BUT THIS QUEEN WAS CRAFTY. SHE SOUGHT THE AID OF A WISE MAN. AND HE TOLD HER IT WAS NO MAN WHICH SHE DEALT WITH. AND HE TOLD HER THERE WERE FORMALITIES THAT MUST BE UPHOLD EVEN BY THIS WICKED THING.



AND THAT QUEEN SET UPON THE LITTLE MAN A SPY. AND THAT SPY WAS A CRAFTY TRACKER THAT COULD NOT BE SHOOK BY NO MAN OR BEAST.

THAT SPY SAW MUCH AND HEARD MORE. MOST IMPORTANTLY HE HEARD A NAME. THE NAME SPAT FROM A FLOATING MOUTH.



WHEN THE WICKED MAN CAME TO CLAIM HIS PRIZE, THE QUEEN THREW HIM DOWN WITH HIS OWN NAME. AS THE WISE MAN TOLD HER, THE THING'S SECRET NAME COULD BE USED AGAINST IT.



AND SHE VOIDED THEIR AGREEMENT BY SMITING HIM WITH NEEDLES OF SILVER IN HIS EYES, AND CAST HIM BACK INTO THE PIT OF HIS BIRTH.



BEING SHAMED BY A MORTAL IS A HIGH OFFENSE IN THE VOID WHERE HIS KIN SQUIRM.

FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS THEY TORTURED AND TORTURED HIM RELENTLESSLY.

HE NEVER AGAIN COULD REGAIN THE FAVOR
OF HIS KIN AND FOR THIS HE HATED AND
DESPISED THE MORTAL WORLD. HE VOWED
TO TURN THE HUMAN RACE INTO A
MOCKERY OF LIFE. A STERILE SPECIES
OF WITLESS PUTRID THINGS.

IT TOOK HIM ANOTHER AGE TO CLIMB THE
STAIR BACK TO THE MORTAL WORLD. BUT
HIS ANGER NEVER DIMMED.



I SAW HIM SPREAD PLAGUE AND
PESTILENCE. I SAW HIM RAISE
THE DEAD.



I SAW HIM
DESTROY
MY TOWN.

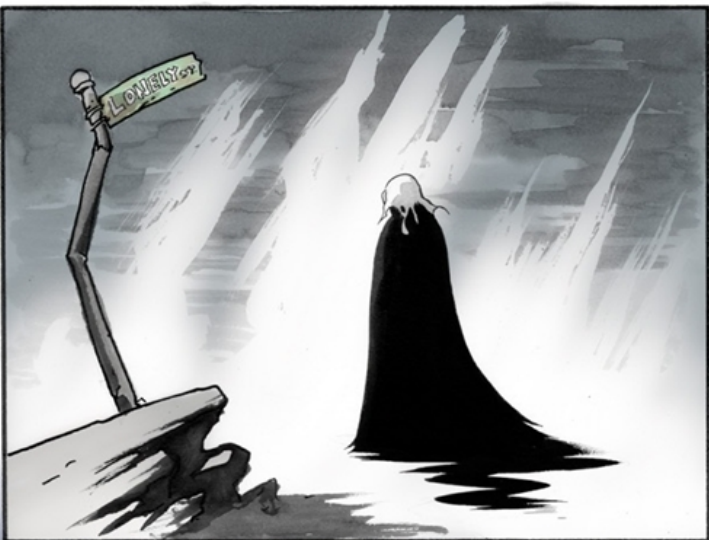
THE QUIET SPIRIT
THEN SHOWED ME
THE BOY.



THE HOLLOW, BROKENHEARTED BOY.
AND I SAW WHAT WAS TO BE.

I PARTED WITH THE SPIRIT AND HE
REJOINED THE STRANGE FOLK. AS HE
DRIFTED AWAY HE SAID THAT IT
WASN'T MY PLACE TO DO THESE
THINGS. HE SAID IT WAS HIS
DESTINY TO TELL ME THIS.

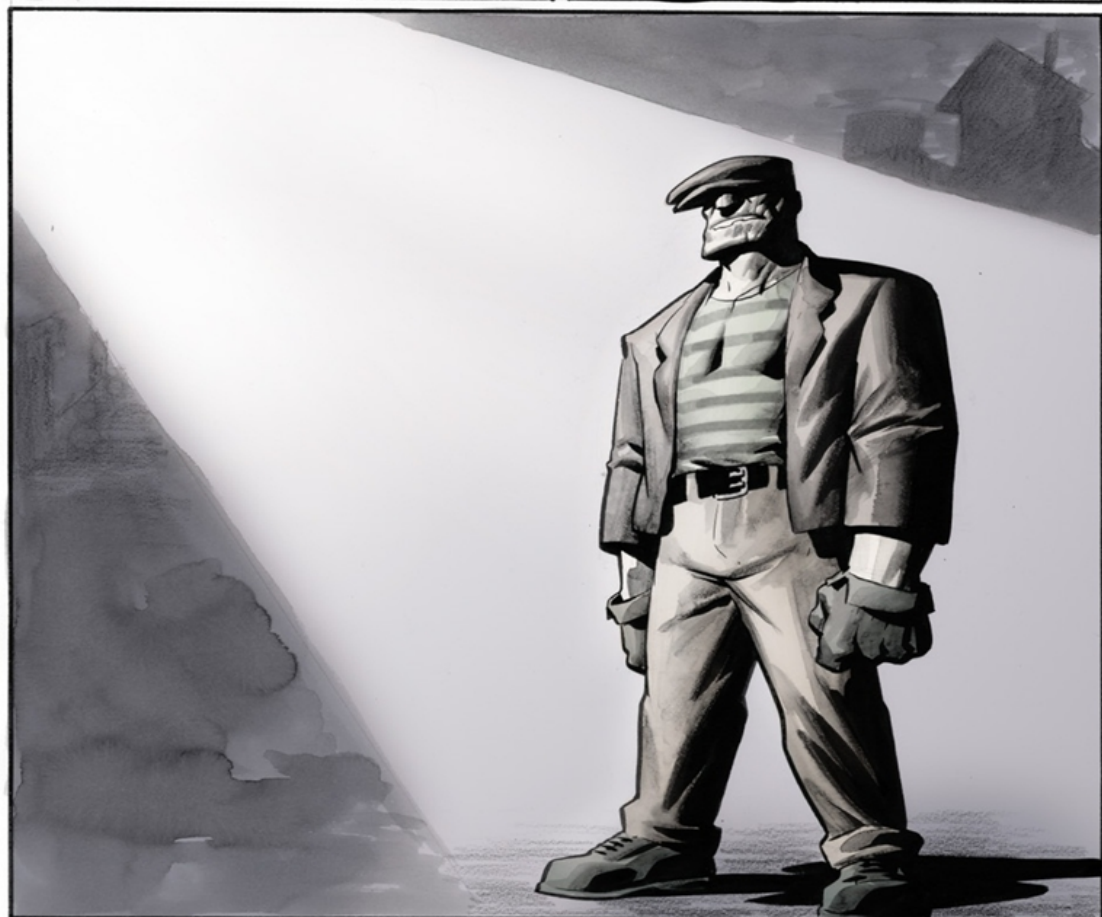








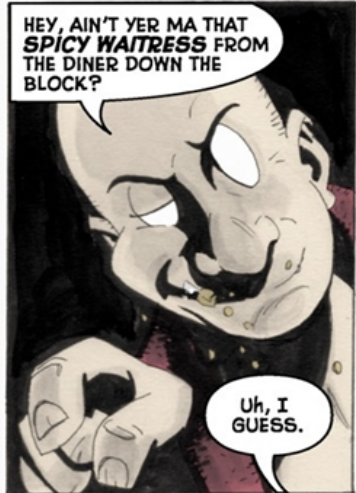




THE GOON UNDER THE SINK

STORY BY **Eric Powell**
ART BY **Neil Vokes**
LETTERS BY **BLAMBOT'S NATE PIEKOS**









END.



EQUINE T'WINE[®]

The all purpose twine spun from the finest stretched burro rectums and various post-processed innards! Strength tested & quality assured. Holds knots well, low stretch & does not melt on contact with hot wires. Absorbs a variety of liquids.

"I'd rather have a knife to the spine than use an inferior twine. Make mine Equine[®]!"

- the Zombie Priest





THE
GOON

¡LAGARTO
HOMBRE!
EL DIABLO DE PANTANO!

WRITTEN BY ERIC POWELL

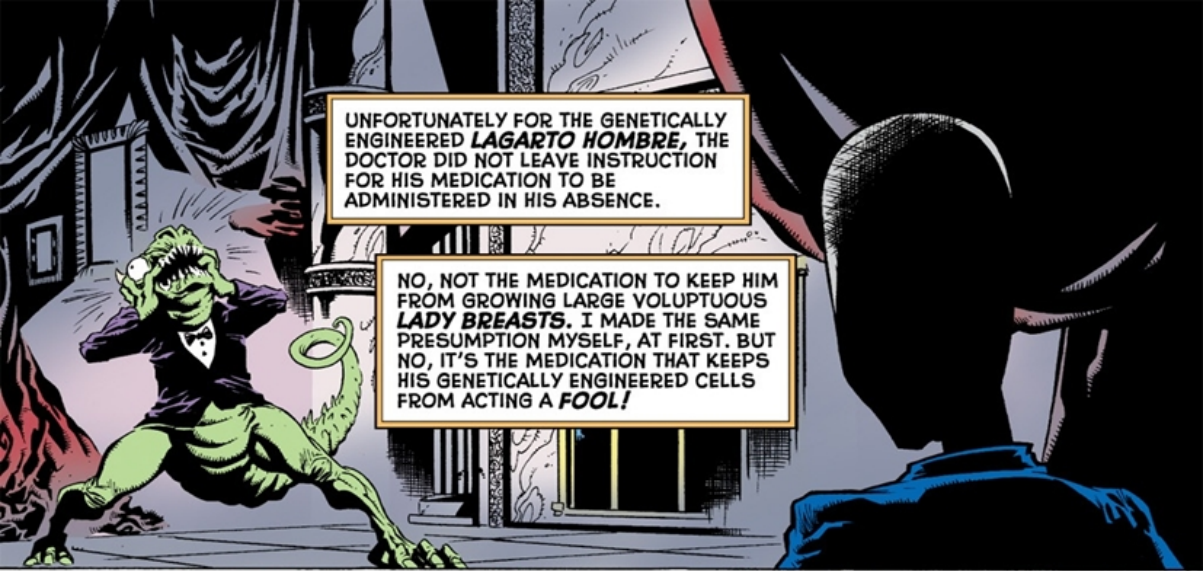
DRAWN BY KYLE HOTZ

LETTERS BY BLANKOT'S
NATE PIEKOS

SILENT. LONELY. THE ESTATE
OF WORLD-RENOWNED SCIENTIST
DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY
STANDS DEVOID OF HUMAN
INHABITANTS.

WHILE THE DOCTOR IS INCARCERATED
AT CADE'S ISLAND MAXIMUM-SECURITY
PRISON, HIS EXPERIMENTS ARE LEFT
ABANDONED LIKE THE ILLEGITIMATE
CHILDREN OF FILTHY, FILTHY **CIRCUS**
CLOWNS.

LEFT ALONE TO FEND
FOR **THEMSELVES.**



UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED **LAGARTO HOMBRE**, THE DOCTOR DID NOT LEAVE INSTRUCTION FOR HIS MEDICATION TO BE ADMINISTERED IN HIS ABSENCE.

NO, NOT THE MEDICATION TO KEEP HIM FROM GROWING LARGE VOLUPTUOUS **LADY BREASTS**. I MADE THE SAME PRESUMPTION MYSELF, AT FIRST. BUT NO, IT'S THE MEDICATION THAT KEEPS HIS GENETICALLY ENGINEERED CELLS FROM ACTING A **FOOL!**



FIGHT IT, LAGARTO!
FIGHT IT, YOU BUG-EYED **FREAK!**



EEW!




≧GASP!≦



ICK!



AHH!!



GOOD LORD! WHAT MANNER OF GROTESQUE, SALIVATING MAN-BEAST HAS DR. ALLOY UNWITTINGLY UNLEASHED ON HUMANITY?! **HIDE YOUR BREASTS!!**



THE SINISTER CREATURE
LURKS THE SWAMP IN SEARCH
OF PREY TO **SUCKLE!**



**E-GAD! AN
UNSUSPECTING
COTTAGE!!**



NOTHING GOOD CAN COME
FROM A MUTATED **FREAK**
IN THE **CHICKEN COOP!**



THE GOAT KNOWS
THIS! ALL FOUR OF
ITS **TEATS** ARE
TREMBLING IN FEAR!



**AHH!! HE HAS GONE
INSANE WITH THE
CHICKEN EATING!**

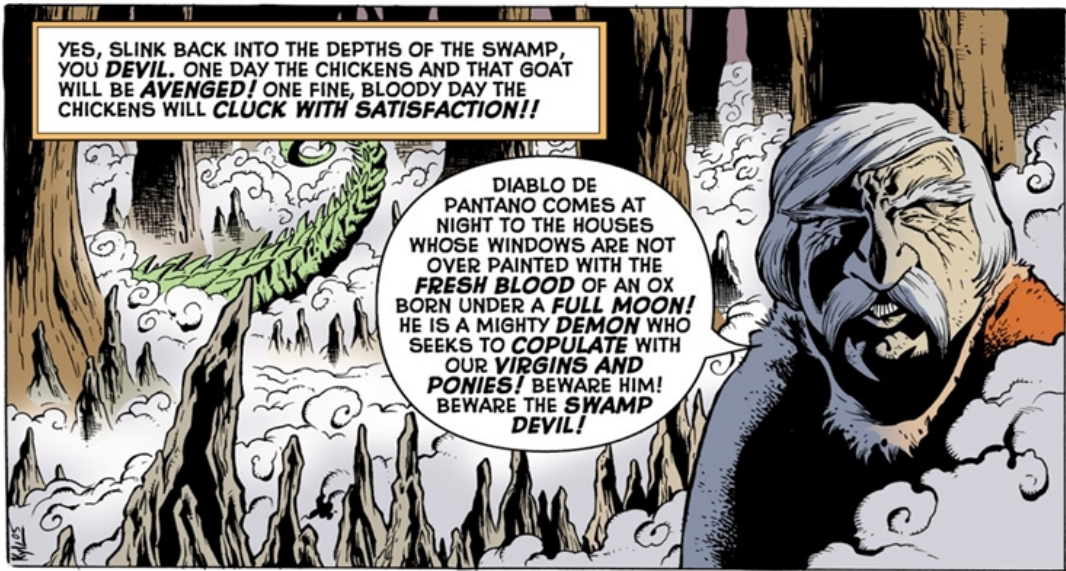


RUUN!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, SIMPLE FOLK!! INBREEDING CAN'T HELP YOU NOW!!



THE LUST OF FEATHERS AND BLOOD IS UPON HIM! THERE IS *NO STOPPING* THE LAGARTO HOMBRE!

OH! OH NO! WHERE IS THE LITTLE *GOAT*?! YOU MONSTER! YOU HAVE DEVoured OUR MULTIPLE-TEATED FARM FRIEND! YOU *EVIL BEAST*!!



YES, SLINK BACK INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SWAMP, YOU *DEVIL*. ONE DAY THE CHICKENS AND THAT GOAT WILL BE *AVENGED*! ONE FINE, BLOODY DAY THE CHICKENS WILL *CLUCK* WITH *SATISFACTION*!!

DIABLO DE PANTANO COMES AT NIGHT TO THE HOUSES WHOSE WINDOWS ARE NOT OVER PAINTED WITH THE *FRESH BLOOD* OF AN OX BORN UNDER A *FULL MOON*! HE IS A MIGHTY *DEMON* WHO SEEKS TO *COPULATE* WITH OUR *VIRGINS* AND *PONIES*! BEWARE HIM! BEWARE THE *SWAMP DEVIL*!

NEXT ISSUE: *FART JOKES*!

The True-Life Adventures of

WEITLAUF

ADAPTED BY ERIC POWELL

I DIDN'T
BEAT UP THAT
CRACKHEAD
TO ROB HIM.

SO I PARK IN THIS VACANT LOT NEXT TO THE MIX FACTORY AND I SEE THIS CRAP CARDBOARD "FIVE DOLLARS FOR PARKING" SIGN SOMEONE HAD STUCK IN THE FENCE. IT WAS OBVIOUSLY BULLSHIT.

5 dollars
to
PARK

AND THEN THIS CRACKHEAD COMES UP AND TELLS ME I HAVE TO PAY FIVE BUCKS TO PARK THERE. I TELL HIM HE'S ~~MAKING~~ NUTS AND I'M NOT GIVING HIM FIVE BUCKS. IT'S A SCAM! I TRY TO WALK AWAY BUT HE STARTS FOLLOWING ME. SCREAMING HOW I OWE HIM FIVE BUCKS.

THEN HE STARTS
PUTTING HIS HANDS
ON ME.

WHEW! THAT! I BEAT HIS HANDS!

THEN, AS HE'S ON THE GROUND TRYING TO COVER HIS FACE, I NOTICE A BUNCH OF MONEY STICKING OUT OF HIS POCKET. I'M THINKING IT'S FROM ALL THE SCAMMED PEOPLE WHO PARKED IN THIS VACANT LOT. SO I TAKE IT.

THE BAD THING IS THAT A BUNCH OF PEOPLE WERE IN FRONT OF THE MIX FACTORY AND TO THEM IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS BEATING UP SOME BUM AND ROBBING HIM. BUT I TOOK THE MONEY TO THE COP STATION DOWN THE STREET AND TOLD THEM SOME GUY WAS SCAMMING PEOPLE. I SHOULD HAVE KEPT THE MONEY, THOUGH. YOU KNOW THE COPS DIDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.