

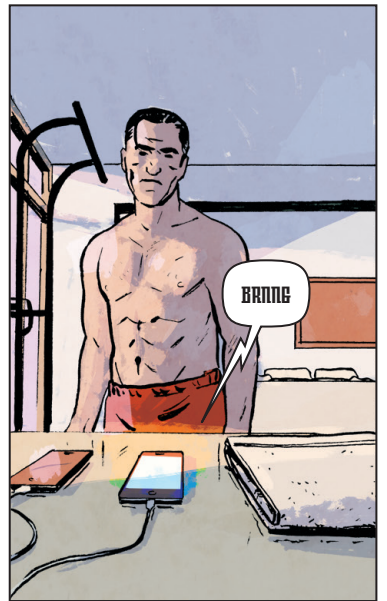
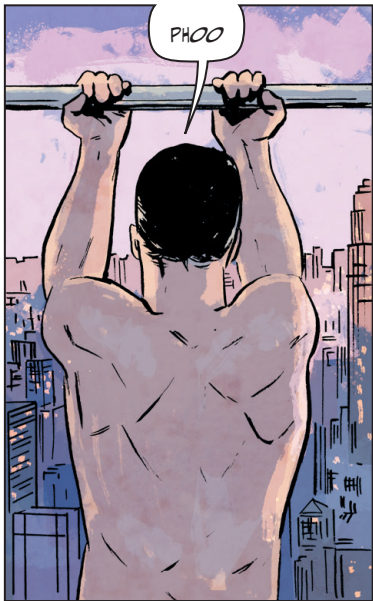
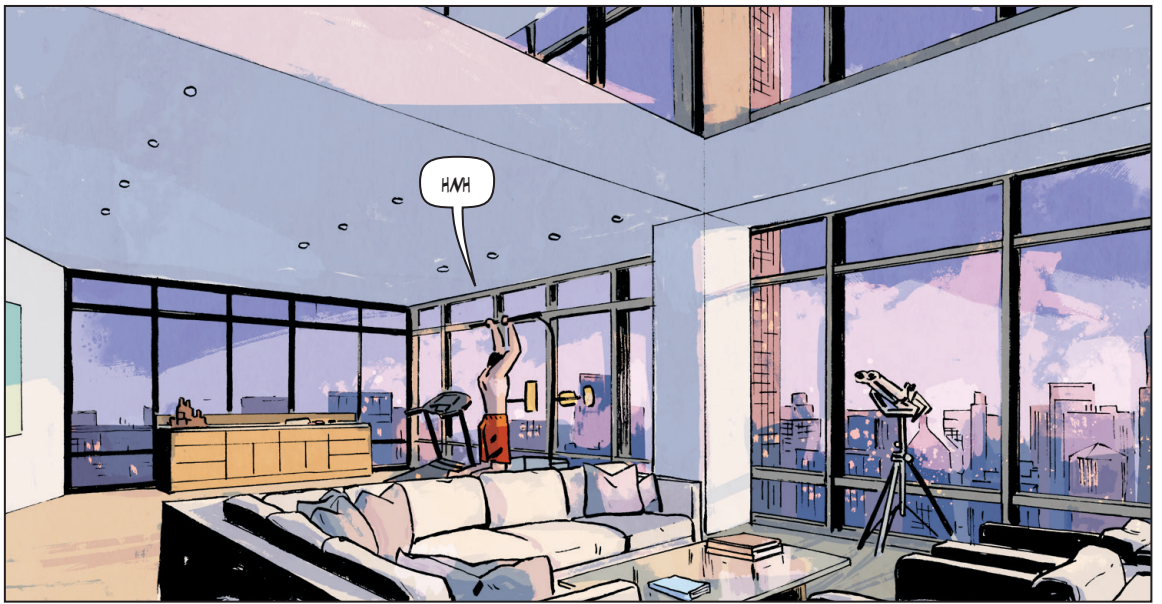
# N 1

CHIP ZDARSKY  
JACOB PHILLIPS

## NEWBURN

IMAGE COMICS  
\$3.99



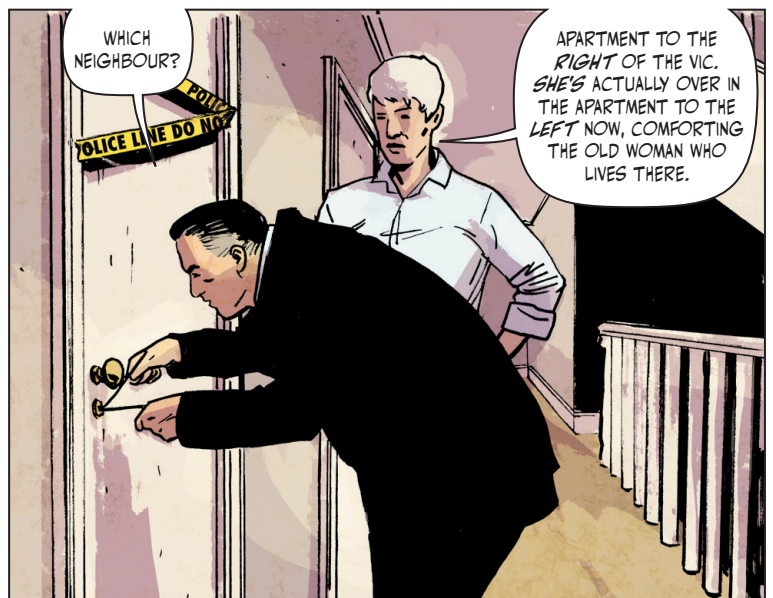


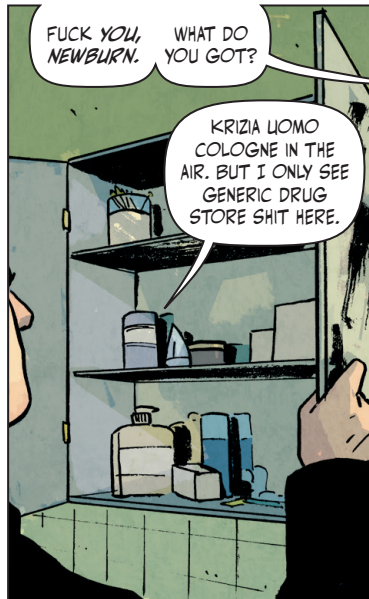
CHAPTER ONE  
**CARMINE'S  
APARTMENT**

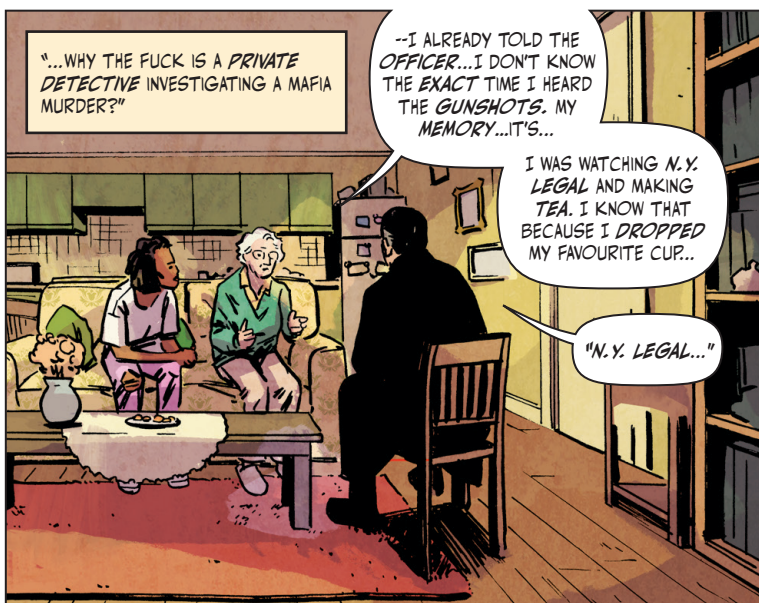
**CHIP ZDARSKY  
JACOB PHILLIPS**

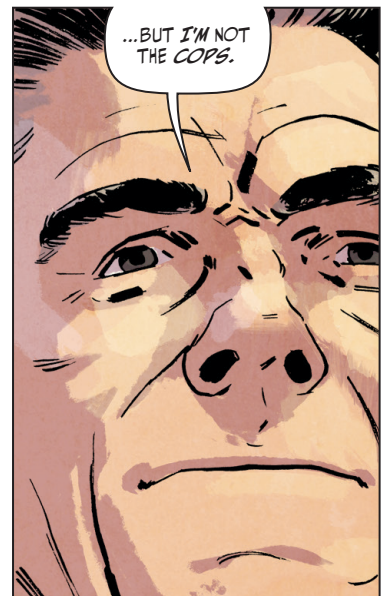
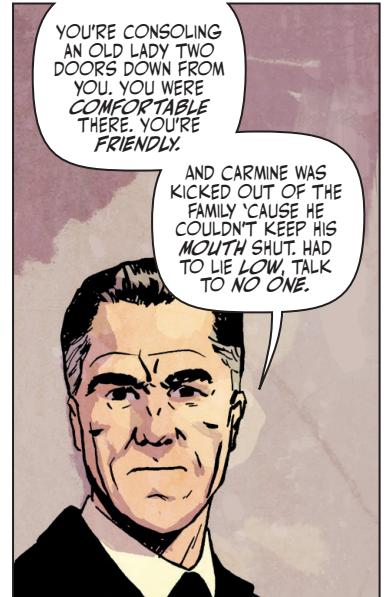
**ALLISON O'TOOLE • EDITOR  
SHANNA MATUSZAK • PRODUCTION ARTIST  
TULA LOTAY • VARIANT COVER**











# EMILY'S JOURNAL

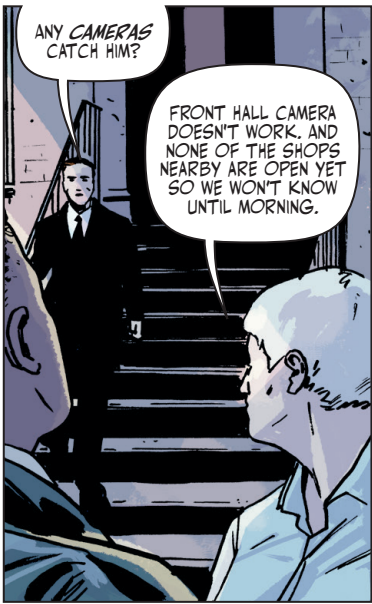
## 09/22/21

The Albanos were the old guard. They'd ruled most of the drug trade in New York since the '80s. But their focus was in Jersey and the Carraros took full advantage of that fact, encroaching on Manhattan and Queens from their base in the Bronx.

Anthony Albano died last year and his son Michael took over. He was next in line, but others in the family see him as weak. And if the family sees him as weak, his enemies see him as weak. The Carraros have ramped up incursions, taking New York into a possible new gang war.

The death of an Albano? At the hands of a Carraro? That could tip things over.





ANY CAMERAS CATCH HIM?

FRONT HALL CAMERA DOESN'T WORK. AND NONE OF THE SHOPS NEARBY ARE OPEN YET SO WE WON'T KNOW UNTIL MORNING.



HN.

WHAT "HN"?



NOTHING.

IF OUR GUY WAS SMART HE WOULD HAVE RUN TOWARD SOME ACTION SO HE COULD BLEND IN...



...BUT MY GUESS IS A GUY IN A BRIGHT JACKET WITH A NUMBER ON IT ISN'T THAT SMART.

REMEMBER, NEWBURN! YOU OWE ME!

SURE.



bzzt



HELLO, MR. NEWBURN? IT'S RICKEY. WE JUST WANTED TO CHECK IN AND--

PUT HIM ON.



I'M--I'M SORRY?

PUT HIM ON, RICKEY.

NOW.



NEWBURN. I JUST WANT AN UPDATE. DID THE COPS--

MR. ALBANO, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT--



--WHEN I WORKED FOR YOUR FATHER, HE KNEW THAT I WASN'T TO BE DISTURBED WHEN I'M ON A CASE.

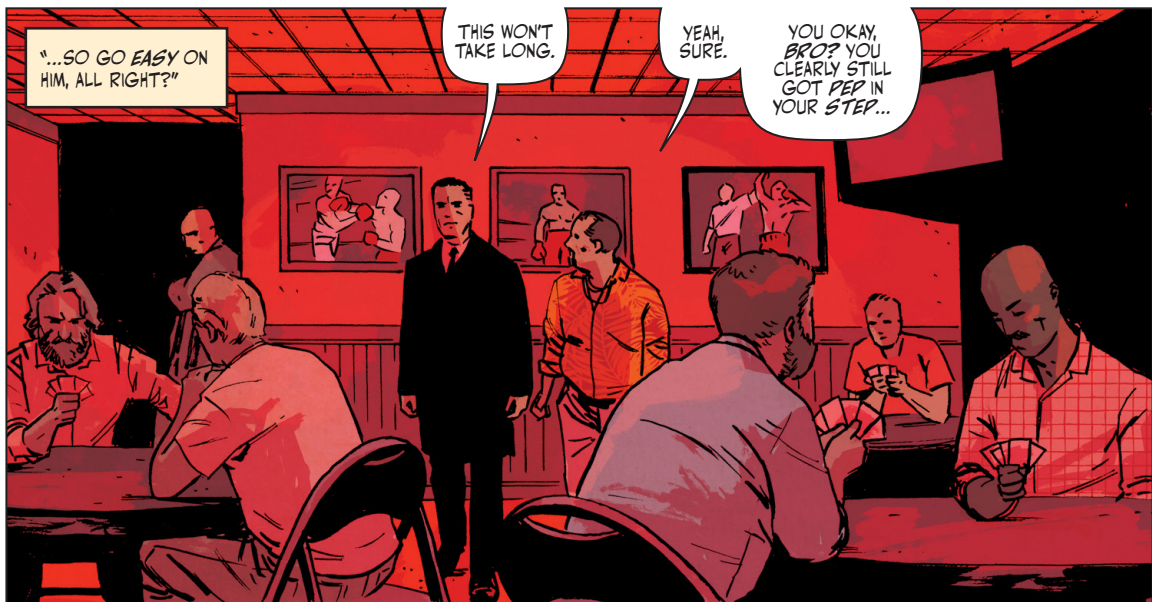
WHEN I FIND SOMETHING THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW, YOU'LL KNOW.



THE FUCK? LOOK, PAL, YOU DON'T GET TO TALK TO ME LIKE--







"...SO GO EASY ON HIM, ALL RIGHT?"

THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.

YEAH, SURE.

YOU OKAY, BRO? YOU CLEARLY STILL GOT PEP IN YOUR STEP...



...BUT YOU'RE LOOKING TIRED.

NOT SLEEPING MUCH, LATELY.

YEAH, I FIGURED. LOT OF ACTION RIGHT NOW.

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' FOR?



YOUR STREET CAMERA. BETWEEN 8:15 AND 8:30. LOOKING FOR A WHITE MALE IN AN ORANGE JACKET.

I... JUST GIVE ME... SECOND...

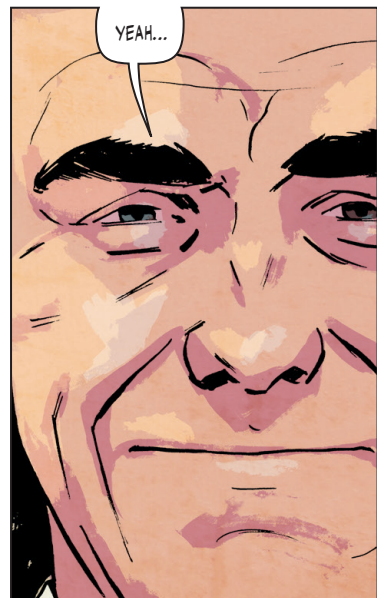


THIS... WON'T COME DOWN ON ME, YEAH? THE BRATVA'S BEEN PLAYING NICE AND--

THERE. GO BACK THREE SECONDS.



IS... GOOD?



YEAH...

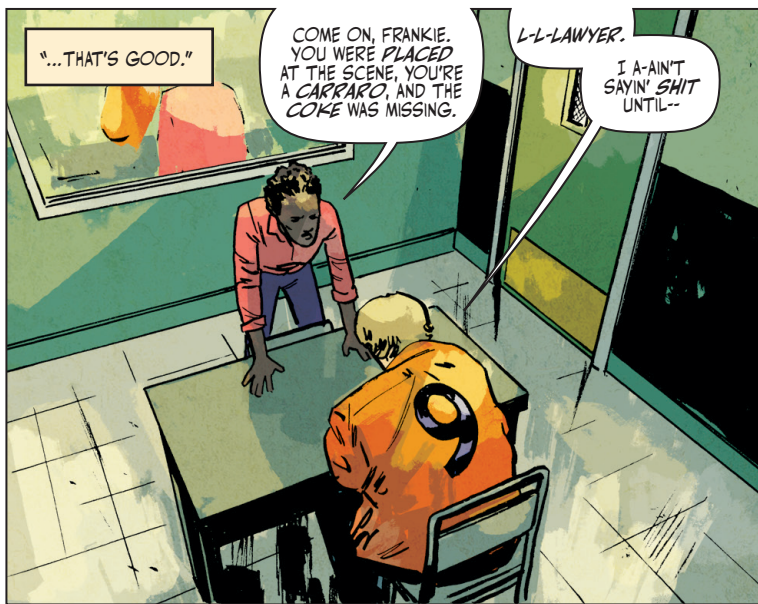
# EMILY'S JOURNAL

## 11/05/21

Easton Newburn's existence can really be pinpointed to various gangs creating alliances over the past few decades. In the face of the RICO Act and legal crackdowns, crime families reached past ethnic lines and historical bad blood to form a united front. One based on a common goal: making money.

The Russian Bratva and the Japanese Yakuza made up one of these alliances. The Russians had managed to create a strong network of underground gambling dens in New York, and the Yakuza were only too happy to route Japanese tourists to them for kickbacks.

Once I got to know Newburn, I could see how much those connections helped him. He was the next step, tying them all together, for his gain.



"...THAT'S GOOD."

COME ON, FRANKIE. YOU WERE PLACED AT THE SCENE, YOU'RE A CARRARO, AND THE COKE WAS MISSING.

L-L-LAWYER.

I A-AIN'T SAYIN' SHIT UNTIL--



DETECTIVE? WE HAVE--

I'M MR. CARRARO'S ATTORNEY.

GIVE US THE ROOM FOR FIVE.



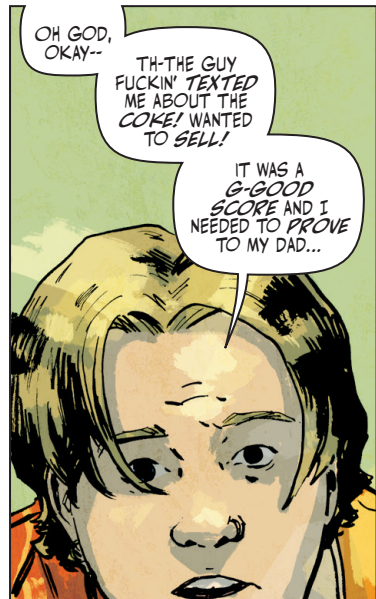
...ALL RIGHT. FIVE MINUTES "MR. LAWYER."

THEN YOU CAN STICK AROUND WHILE HE CONFESSES.



D-DID MY DAD SEND YOU?

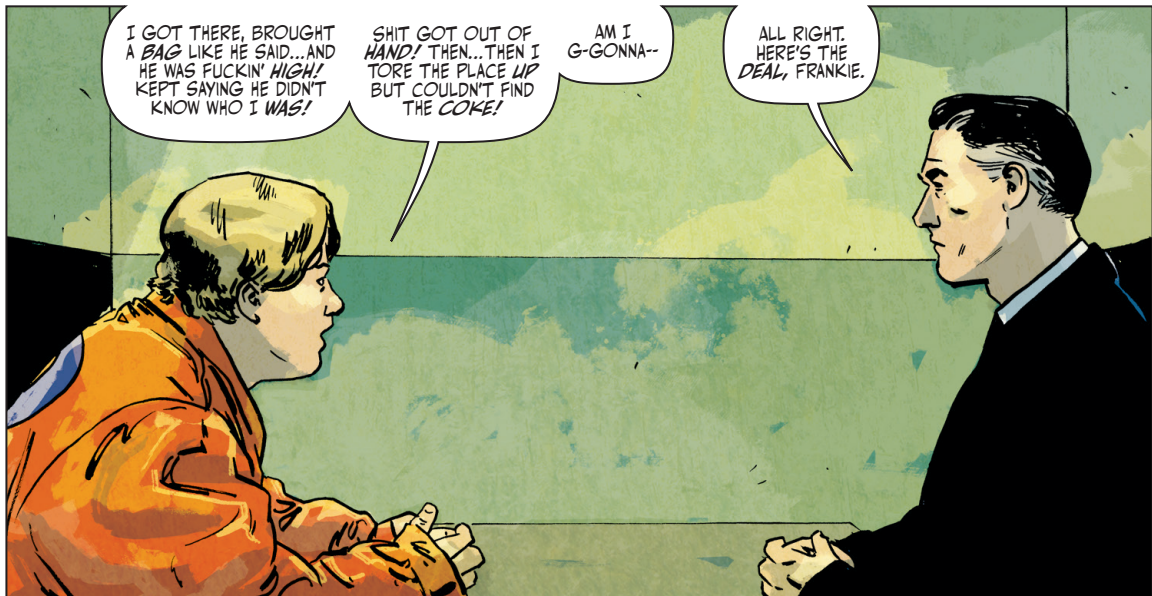
TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.



OH GOD, OKAY--

TH-THE GUY FUCKIN' TEXTED ME ABOUT THE COKE! WANTED TO SELL!

IT WAS A G-GOOD SCORE AND I NEEDED TO PROVE TO MY DAD...



I GOT THERE, BROUGHT A BAG LIKE HE SAID... AND HE WAS FUCKIN' HIGH! KEPT SAYING HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS!

SHIT GOT OUT OF HAND! THEN... THEN I TORE THE PLACE UP BUT COULDN'T FIND THE COKE!

AM I G-GONNA--

ALL RIGHT. HERE'S THE DEAL, FRANKIE.



YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON. FOR MURDER. NO WAY AROUND THAT.

CARMINE WAS OUT, SO THERE WON'T BE RETRIBUTION. THE FAMILIES HAVE AGREED TO THAT.

YOU'LL DO YOUR TIME. THEY'LL MAKE IT COMFORTABLE FOR YOU.



WAIT... THAT'S--THAT'S IT?!

YES.



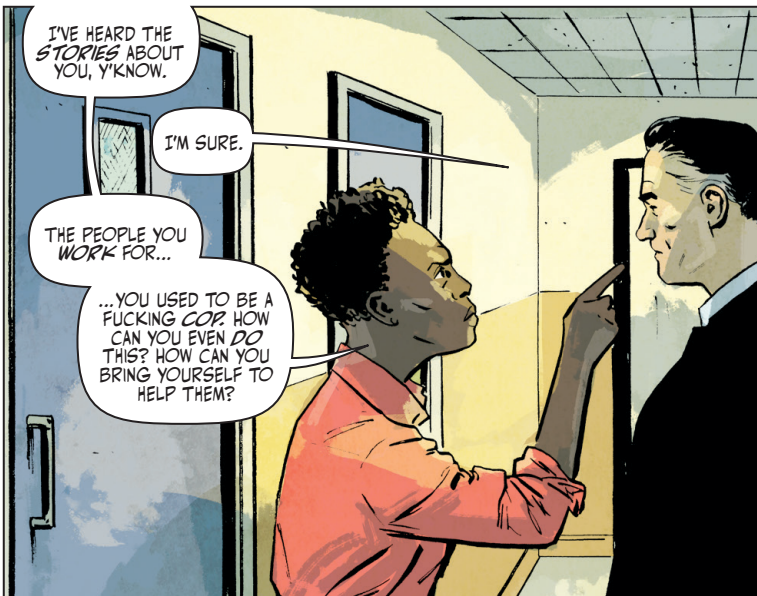
WHAT THE FUCK KIND OF LEGAL ADVICE IS THAT?!

NO ADVICE. IT'S JUST WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.



SO, THAT'S IT?

THAT'S IT.



I'VE HEARD THE STORIES ABOUT YOU, Y'KNOW.

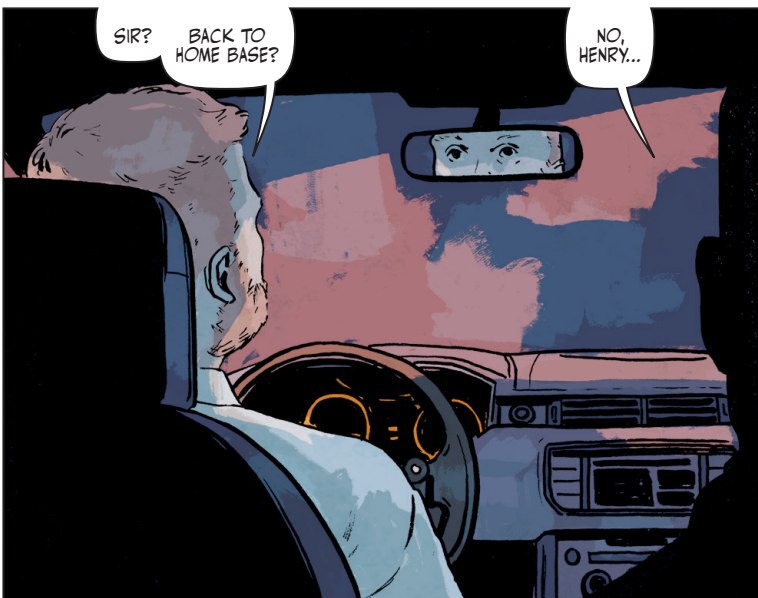
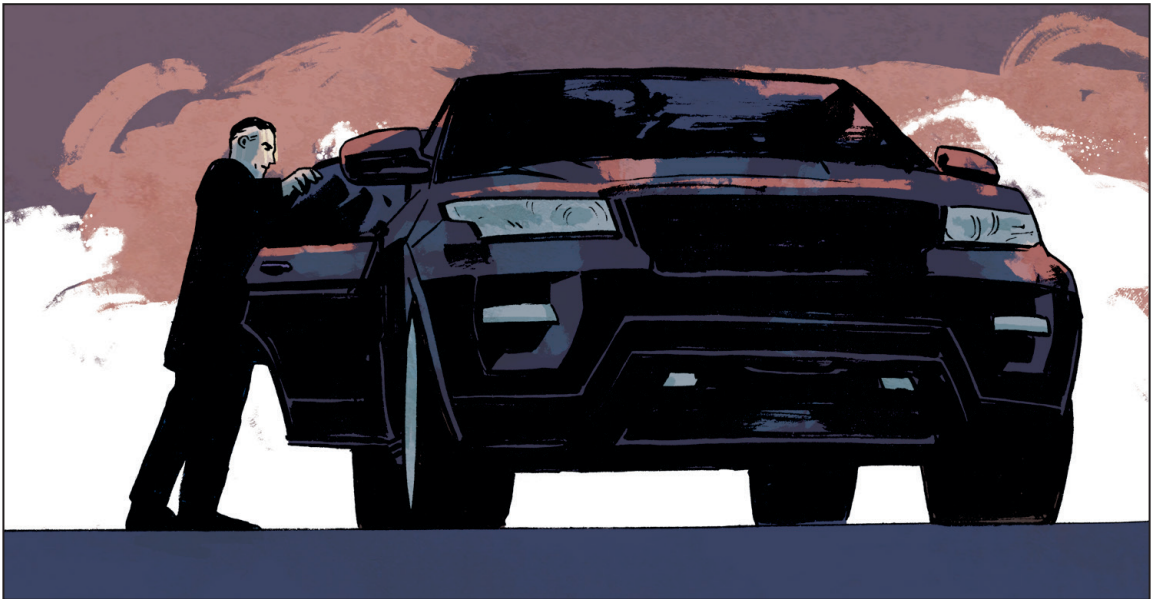
I'M SURE.

THE PEOPLE YOU WORK FOR...

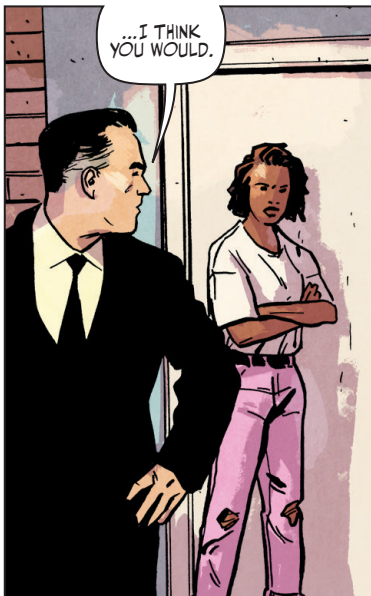
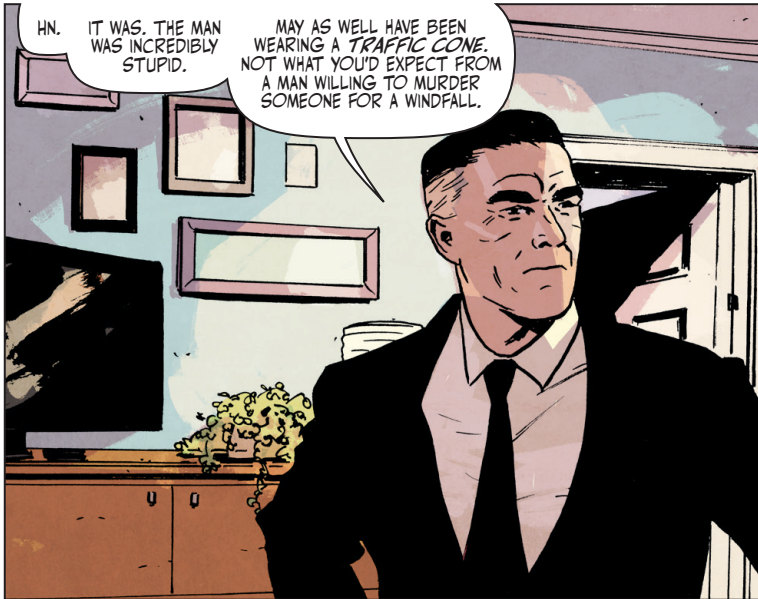
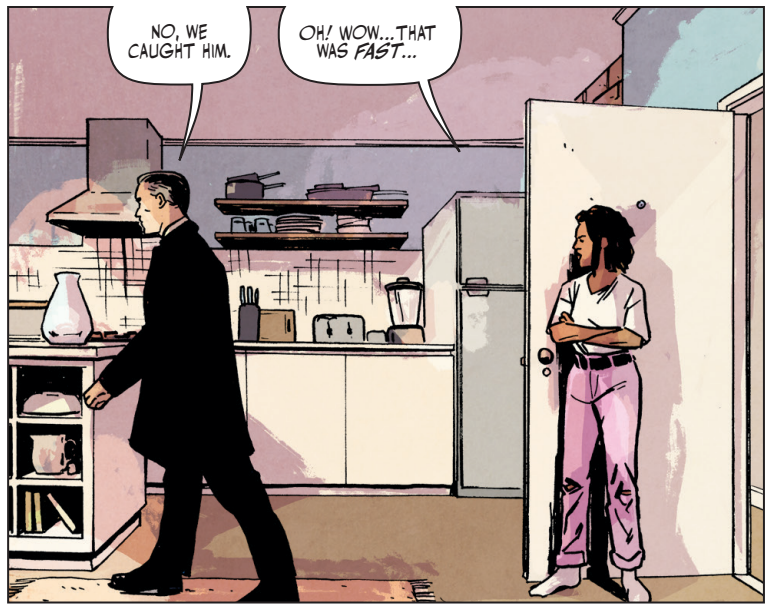
...YOU USED TO BE A FUCKING COP. HOW CAN YOU EVEN DO THIS? HOW CAN YOU BRING YOURSELF TO HELP THEM?

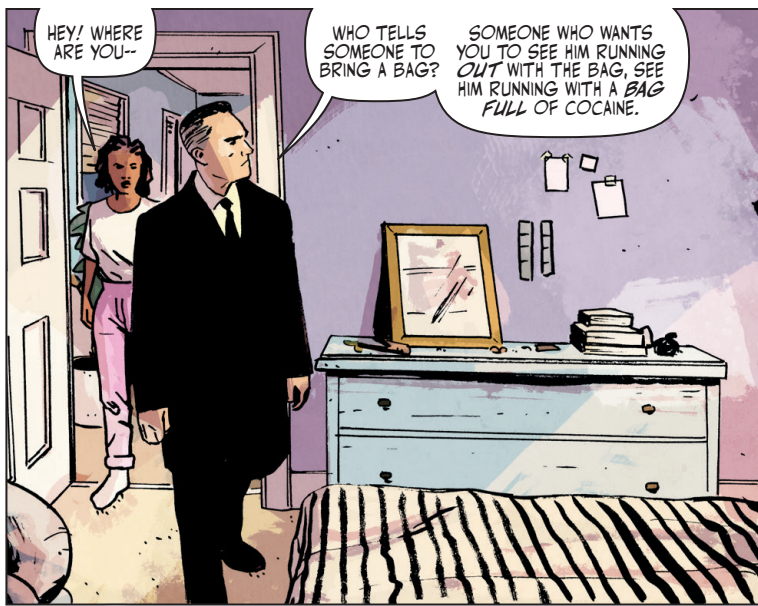


WELL, DETECTIVE... ...IF I HELPED THEM WHEN I WAS A COP...









HEY! WHERE ARE YOU--

WHO TELLS SOMEONE TO BRING A BAG?

SOMEONE WHO WANTS YOU TO SEE HIM RUNNING OUT WITH THE BAG, SEE HIM RUNNING WITH A BAG FULL OF COCAINE.



"TEN KILOS OF COKE IS TWENTY-TWO POUNDS."

"THE BAG LOOKED LIGHT AS A FEATHER AS HE RAN."



WHEN I WAS IN HIS APARTMENT I SMELLED SOMETHING UNDERNEATH THE CHEAP COLOGNE.

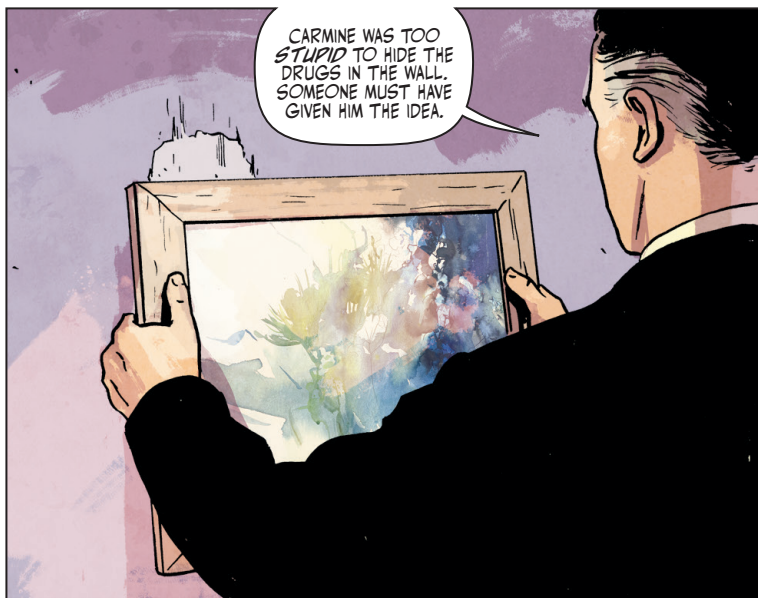
FRESH PAINT. MAYBE A WEEK OLD.

FRANKIE TORE THAT PLACE APART LOOKING FOR THE DRUGS.



YOU SAID YOU SAW HIM RUN DOWN THE HALL AFTER THE GUNSHOTS.

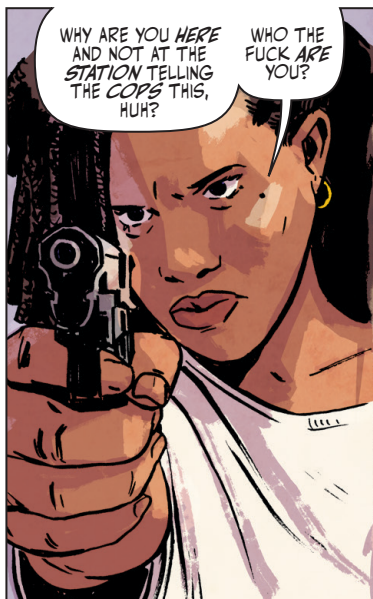
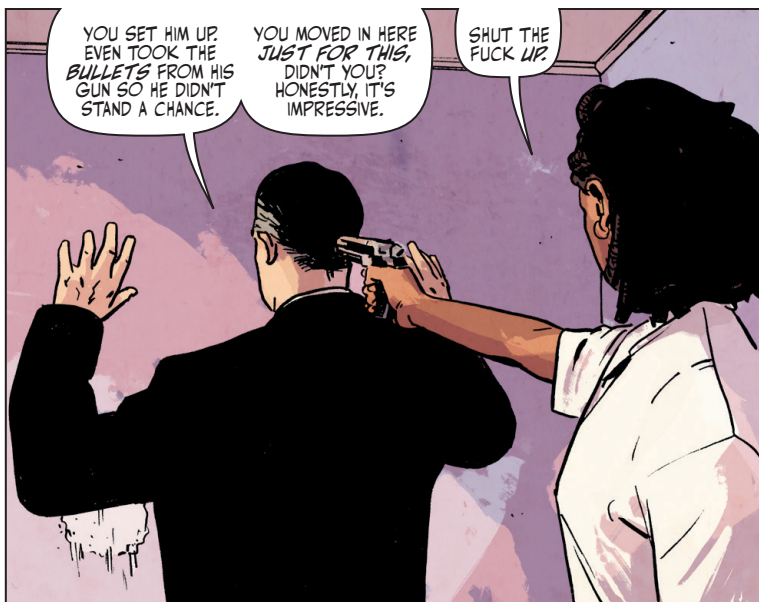
BUT HE MUST HAVE SPENT A GOOD TEN MINUTES LOOKING FOR THE COKE, YEAH? WERE YOU LOOKING OUT YOUR DOOR THAT WHOLE TIME?



CARMINE WAS TOO STUPID TO HIDE THE DRUGS IN THE WALL. SOMEONE MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM THE IDEA.



SOMEONE WHO SHARED A WALL WITH HIM...





**EMILY'S JOURNAL**  
**09/30/21**

Fuck.

