



\$1.99

#1

SEPTEMBER 2018

S! Comics  
IT'S TV YOU READ!



# HEADHUNTER

THE HOMELESS HERO!

19 PAGES OF HIGH-OCTANE ACTION!

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO STARTED THIS FIGHT, HEADHUNTER. THE HEROES UNION IS GOING TO FINISH IT!

OUR HEROES MEAN BUSINESS!!!



FEATURING A BOLD NEW DIRECTION IN THE LIFE OF THE HOMELESS HERO!



SITCOMICS™ PROUDLY PRESENTS:

# HEADHUNTER

## EPISODE 1.1: "FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE!"

WRITTEN BY  
DARIN HENRY

PENCIL & INK  
ART BY STEVEN  
E. GORDON

COLOR ART BY  
GLENN  
WHITMORE

LETTERED BY  
MARSHALL  
DILLON

COVER ART BY  
STEVEN E.  
GORDON

CHARACTER  
DESIGN BY  
DARIN HENRY  
& RON FRENZ

**SALUTATIONS!**

TAKE A DEEP  
BREATH AND HOLD  
ON TIGHT, FAN FANS,  
BECAUSE YOU'VE  
NEVER SEEN A  
HERO LIKE...  
HEADHUNTER!

NARRATION BY SIR HUMPHREY  
ATTENBOROUGH THE 3<sup>RD</sup>



HEADHUNTER™ IS

**RATED**



ALL CONTENT SUITABLE FOR  
ANYONE ALLOWED TO WATCH  
BROADCAST TV AFTER 8PM.

### SIT-COMMERCIALS

WRITTEN BY DARIN HENRY  
ART BY LONNIE MILLSAP (*FLY BY KNIGHT*)  
BOBBY TIMONY (*NINJA EATING STARS*)  
ADDITIONAL COLORS BY GLENN WHITMORE  
LETTERED BY MARSHALL DILLON



THE FABRIC OF SOCIETY. AT ITS *BEST*, IT FORMS A TRANSCENDENT TAPESTRY, *BURSTING* WITH VIBRANT COLORS AND EXQUISITE DETAILS.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT

BUT AS WITH *ANY* FABRIC, TIME EVENTUALLY TAKES ITS TOLL AND ONCE *GLORIOUS* STRANDS BECOME DULL, FADED AND *FRAYED*.

<NO!  
SHE'S OURS!  
YOU CAN'T  
DO THIS!>\*

\*Translated from Vietnamese - Editor

<WE PAID  
YOU THE  
MONEY!>

<STOP!  
PLEASE! WE  
WON'T-->

BANG  
BANG

AAAAAAAAA!!!

THAT WAS  
RECKLESS.

IT WAS ALSO  
FUN. BESIDES,  
THE KID IS GONNA  
BE ADVERTISED AS  
AN ORPHAN.

AND  
I HATE FALSE  
ADVERTISING.

ALAS, SOCIETY'S FRAGILE  
FABRIC WILL CONTINUE TO  
DECAY UNTIL EVEN THE  
MEMORY OF ITS FORMER  
GLORY HAS FADED FROM  
EXISTENCE.

UNLESS SOMEONE  
IS WILLING TO *STEP  
FORWARD* AND *SEW*  
ITS WORN THREADS  
BACK TOGETHER.





TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH. WHERE'S THE BABY?

SLEEPING. SHE'S GONNA WAKE UP NEEDING A NEW MOMMY AND DADDY.

HOPEFULLY ONES THAT WILL PAY US LOTS OF MONEY.



MUCH MORE THAN WE'LL EVER GET FOR THESE FILTHY CATTLE.

<WE KNOW YOU WERE ALL DESPERATE TO COME HERE.>



<THE QUESTION NOW IS...HOW DESPERATE ARE YOU TO STAY HERE?>

SHH. QUIET! I HEARD SOMETHING!



SPREAD OUT! IF SOMEONE IS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, LET'S MAKE SURE THEY--!



WHO THE--?!

HE IS... **HEADHUNTER**

HE HAS NO OTHER NAME.

HE *NEEDS* NO OTHER NAME.

HE STALKS THE SHADOWS. BUT YOU WILL NEVER SEE HIM, BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT WHAT HE HUNTS.

NEVER MIND WHO! BRING HIM DOWN!





THOSE WHO HAVE *CROSSED* HIM CALL HIM A VIGILANTE.



THOSE HE HAS *SAVED* CALL HIM A CHAMPION FOR THE OPPRESSED.



THIS CLOWN CAN'T STOP ALL OF-- OOOOF!!!

<now's our chance! go! run!

THUD

A FEW EVEN SUSPECT HE IS A *DEMON* WHO ESCAPED FROM THE DARKEST RECESSES OF HELL TO *CORRECT* THE MANY SINS HE COMMITTED BEFORE HIS DAY OF RECKONING.



KRAK

ARGH!

BUT ALL AGREE THAT WHAT HEADHUNTER *IS* MATTERS FAR LESS THAN WHAT HEADHUNTER *DOES*.



HE *FIGHTS* FOR THE FRAIL. HE *BATTLES* FOR THE BROKEN. HE *SPEAKS* FOR THE SILENT.

NOT WITH *WORDS*. BUT WITH *ACTIONS*.

**CRUNCH**

OFTEN VERY VIOLENT ACTIONS.

HE HAS DEVOTED HIS *EXISTENCE* TO DELIVERING JUSTICE TO THOSE WHO WOULD HARM THE INNOCENT--

**CLANG**

**WHIZZZZZZZZZZ**

**KA-TANG BANG**

CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK

**SLAM**

--AND NEUTRALIZING THEIR THREAT WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.







WITH THIS PARTICULAR THREAT ALL BUT EXTINGUISHED, HEADHUNTER *DRAW*S HIS SWORD AND *ADVANCE*S ON THE LAST FOE STANDING.



LIKE A CORNERED ANIMAL, HIS PREY LASHES OUT TO ATTACK. IT IS BOTH A SURPRISINGLY *BR*AVE CHOICE.



AND AN *UN*SURPRISINGLY FUTILE ONE.

KER-WHAM



WITH ITS CRESCENDO CONCLUDED, THE CURTAIN DESCENDS UPON THIS DYNAMIC DRAMA.

WEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOO

INSTEAD OF APPLAUSE, HEADHUNTER'S PERFORMANCE DRAWS ONLY THE WAIL OF AN APPROACHING SQUAD CAR, SENT FORTH TO INVESTIGATE REPORTS OF GUNFIRE AND A *TERRIFIED* HUMAN HERD *STAMPEDING* DOWN NEARBY STREETS.

BUT THEN A SECOND SOUND, MORE *PIERCING* THAN EVEN THE *SIRENS*, CROWDS ITS WAY INTO THE COLD, NIGHT AIR.

WAAAAAAAAAH!!!

WAAAAAH!!!

IT IS AN *INFANT*--HUNGRY, LONELY AND COLD. THE BABY GIVES *VOICE* TO THOSE ADJECTIVES IN THE ONLY WAY IT KNOWS.

BUT HEADHUNTER KNOWS THAT THE CHILD'S FATE WILL HAVE TO BE DETERMINED BY OTHERS.

FOR WHERE HEADHUNTER GOES--HE GOES...

ALONE!

HANG ON, WHAT'S HE DOING?!

WAAAAAAAAAH!!!

WHOOOSH

POP!

WAAAAAH!!!

WAAAAH!!!

MY *APOLOGIES*, DEAR READERS. I KNOW I'M ONLY MEANT TO *NARRATE* THE ACTION, BUT HEADHUNTER HAS NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS *BEFORE*...

AND I HAVE *NO IDEA* WHY HE'S DOING IT *NOW*!





SAHEME AND SO,  
FOR WHATEVER  
REASON--

WAAAAHH!!!

HEADHUNTER  
TAKES *TENTATIVE*  
STEPS TOWARD THE  
TINY MINOR, LIKE  
A DOG CAREFULLY  
ASSESSING A  
STRANGER'S  
DANGER.



WAAAAHH!!

THE INFANT SCREAMS  
FOR SOLACE, BUT THERE  
IS NO SOLACE TO BE  
FOUND IN THIS SOMBER,  
SILENT SENTINEL.



WAA--!!

HELLO.

OR MAYBE *NOT* SO SILENT..



COO.



HOPING TO REASSURE THE  
INFANT, THE *NOCTURNAL*  
KNIGHT DOFFS HIS *GRIM*  
GUISE.



?



WAAAAH!!

WITH ENTIRELY  
UNSUCCESSFUL  
RESULTS.



WAAA--!!



HEADHUNTER LIFTS THE BABY WITH ONE OUTSTRETCHED ARM, DESPERATE TO FIND AN EFFECTIVE STRATEGEM TO MITIGATE HER MISERY.



WAAAHH!!

WHEN NO BETTER OPTION PRESENTS ITSELF, HE REMOVES HIS BATTLE-WORN GLOVES AND--



WAAAHH!!



WELL, LET'S JUST HOPE HIS HANDS ARE CLEAN.



SHE'S GONNA WAKE UP NEEDING A NEW MOMMY AND DADDY.



BOOM

FREEZE!  
NOBODY MOVE!



LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE BEAT US TO THEM, SERGEANT!

SEARCH THE WAREHOUSE! WHOEVER TOOK THEM DOWN MAY STILL BE HERE!



AS ALWAYS, THE POLICE'S ARRIVAL HERALDS HEADHUNTER'S DEPARTURE.

THUS, OUR VAGABOND VIGILANTE'S BRIEF, STARRING ROLE IN THIS LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE MUST NOW END AS ABRUPTLY AS IT BEGAN.



SIGH  
UNLESS IT  
DOESN'T.

FOR IT *SEEMS* HEADHUNTER  
THE ARCHETYPAL ANTI-HERO AND  
PERENNIAL LONER HAS SUDDENLY  
AND FOR *NO APPARENT REASON*  
DECIDED IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO RUN  
ACROSS BALTIMORE'S ROOFTOPS  
WITH A TWO MONTH OLD *BABY*  
STRAPPED TO HIS CHEST!

HONESTLY, *YOU* MIGHT  
AS WELL NARRATE THIS  
BOOK *YOURSELF* NOW  
BECAUSE I HAVE  
ABSOLUTELY *NO IDEA*  
WHAT'S GOING ON!



I MEAN,  
LOOK AT  
HIM!

WHAT DOES HE EVEN  
THINK HE'S *DOING*?!?

Giggle!  
Giggle!



UNBELIEVABLE.

OH, I'M *NOW* BEING TOLD TO  
TELL YOU THAT HE LATER *PAID*  
FOR THAT PILFERED MILK BUT  
THERE JUST WASN'T ROOM  
TO SHOW IT ON THE PAGE.

YEAH,  
*RIGHT.*



AND NOW I'M BEING TOLD TO KEEP MY ANNOYING OPINIONS TO MYSELF AND JUST GET ON WITH THE NARRATION.

VERY WELL.

AS THE MATUTINAL LIGHT ENVELOPS THE CITY, HEADHUNTER RETURNS "HOME".

BUT THIS HERO HAS NO TRUE HOME.

A DERELICT CHURCH IS MERELY THE LATEST HARBOR HE HAS APPROPRIATED IN ORDER TO REST AND RECUPERATE AFTER BATTLING INJUSTICE.

AND BY THE TIME ANYONE CAN DISCOVER HIS PRESENCE HERE, HE WILL BE GONE.

THE FEEDING CHILD FILLS ONE HAND WHILE IT GRIPS A FINGER OF THE OTHER.

THE SKIN TO SKIN CONTACT COMFORTS THE MAN AS MUCH, IF NOT MORE, THAN THE INFANT.

SATISFIED, SHE SUSPENDS HER FEEDING IN FAVOR OF REST.

SO HEADHUNTER DEPOSITS THE CHILD IN THE LEAST UNCOMFORTABLE BED HE CAN OFFER.

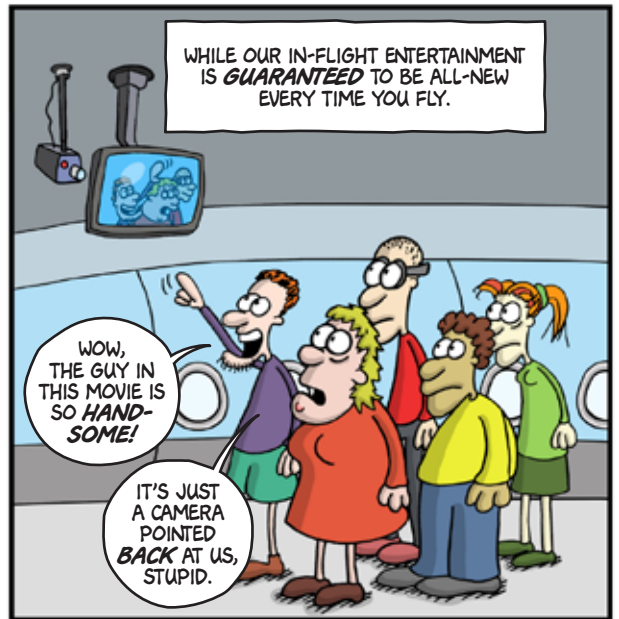
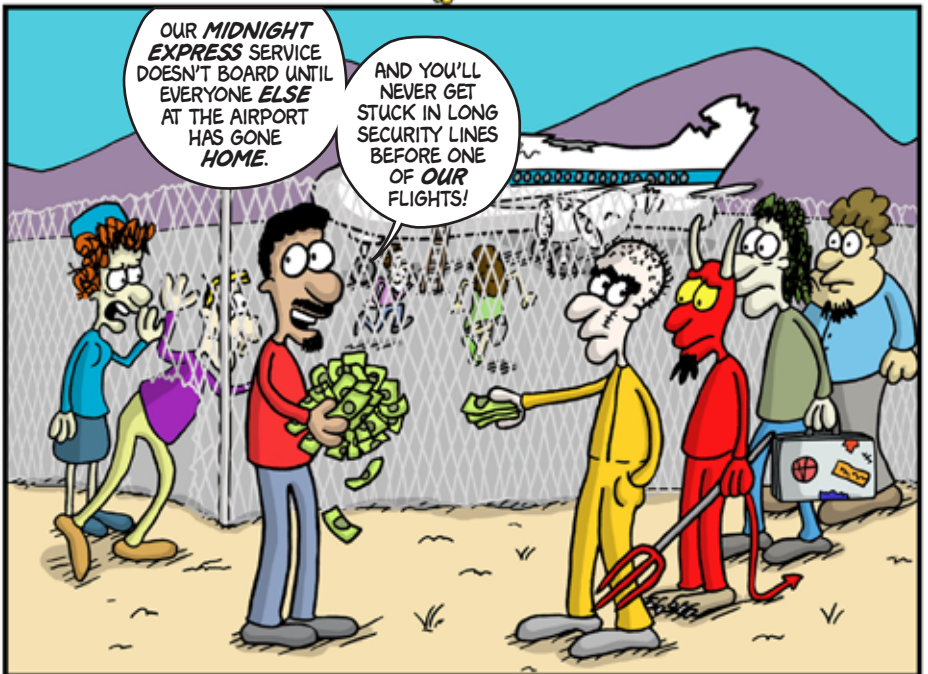
AND AS THE SUNRISE BLOSSOMS INTO DAYLIGHT, WITH ONLY A BOOT FOR A PILLOW...

HEADHUNTER SLEEPS.

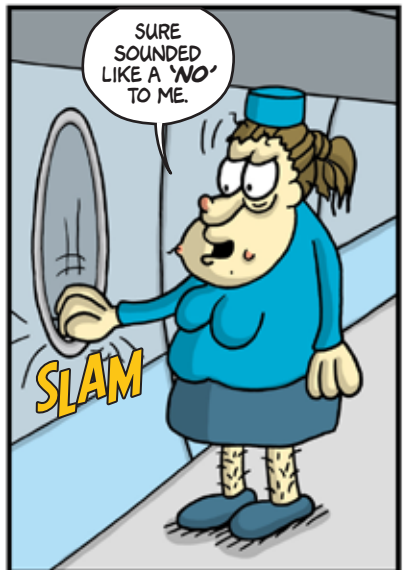
STAY TUNED FOR MORE

**HEADHUNTER**











HUNGER!  
IT CAN STRIKE  
ANYWHERE,  
AT ANYTIME.

GRUMBLE

GRUMBLE



BUT HAVE NO FEAR, NINA NINJA AND HER NEW  
NINJA EATING STARS CEREAL ARE HERE!

NINJA EATING STARS KILL HUNGER BEFORE IT CAN  
TURN YOUR KIDS INTO HUNGER MONSTERS TOO!

DIE,  
HUNGER!

DIE  
FOREVER!

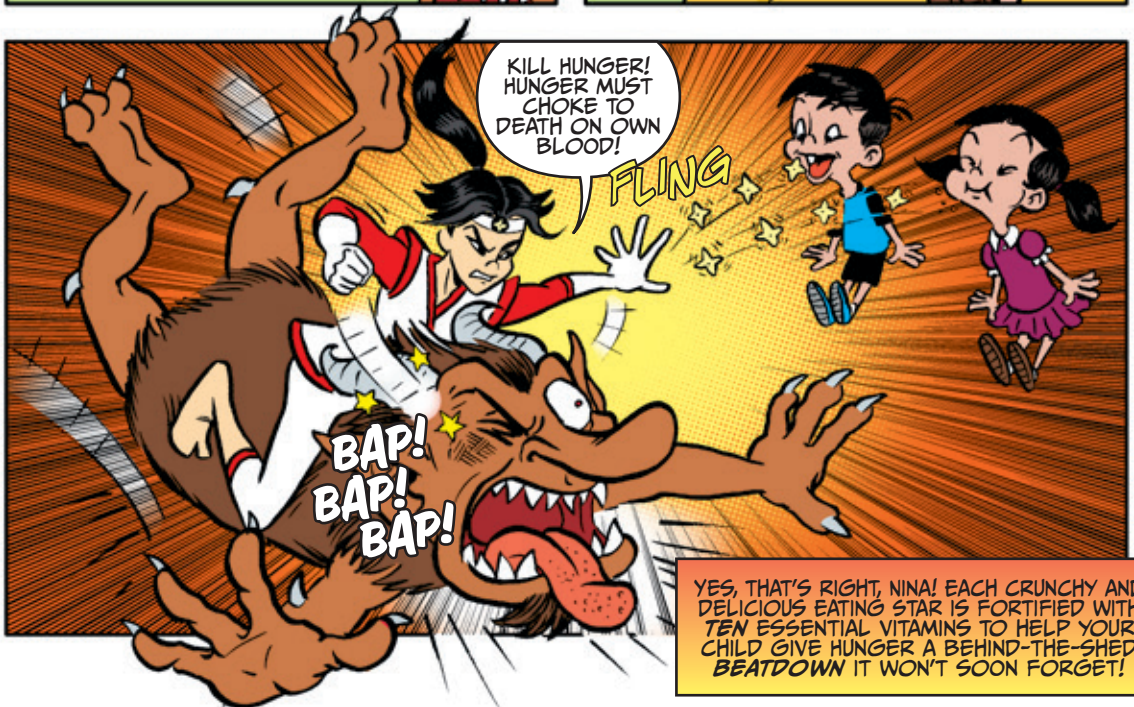
I HATE  
YOU SO  
MUCH!

FLING

UH-OH!

CRASH

CHOMP



KILL HUNGER!  
HUNGER MUST  
CHOKE TO  
DEATH ON OWN  
BLOOD!

FLING

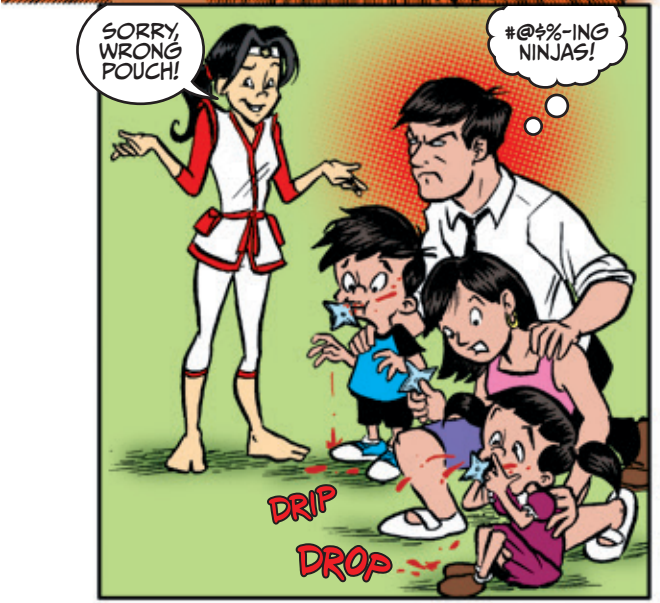
BAP!  
BAP!  
BAP!

YES, THAT'S RIGHT, NINA! EACH CRUNCHY AND  
DELICIOUS EATING STAR IS FORTIFIED WITH  
TEN ESSENTIAL VITAMINS TO HELP YOUR  
CHILD GIVE HUNGER A BEHIND-THE-SHED  
BEATDOWN IT WON'T SOON FORGET!





NINJA EATING STARS WILL UTTERLY ANNIHILATE YOUR KIDS' HUNGER SO THAT THEY CAN GET ON WITH MORE IMPORTANT STUFF LIKE BINGE-WATCHING TV, PLAYING HYPER-VIOLENT INCREDIBLY ADDICTIVE VIDEO GAMES OR JUST MINDLESSLY SURFING THE INTERNET.





AND NOW  
BACK TO...

# HEADHUNTER

HEROES UNION HEADQUARTERS  
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA  
A FEW HOURS LATER



OKAY, WHO ATE ALL MY FRUITY PEBBLES?

I'M THE *ONLY* ONE WHO *EVER* PUTS FRUITY PEBBLES ON THE GROCERY LIST BUT EVERYBODY *ELSE* KEEPS EATING THEM! AND I'M *SICK* OF IT!

DON'T LOOK AT ME, DUDE.

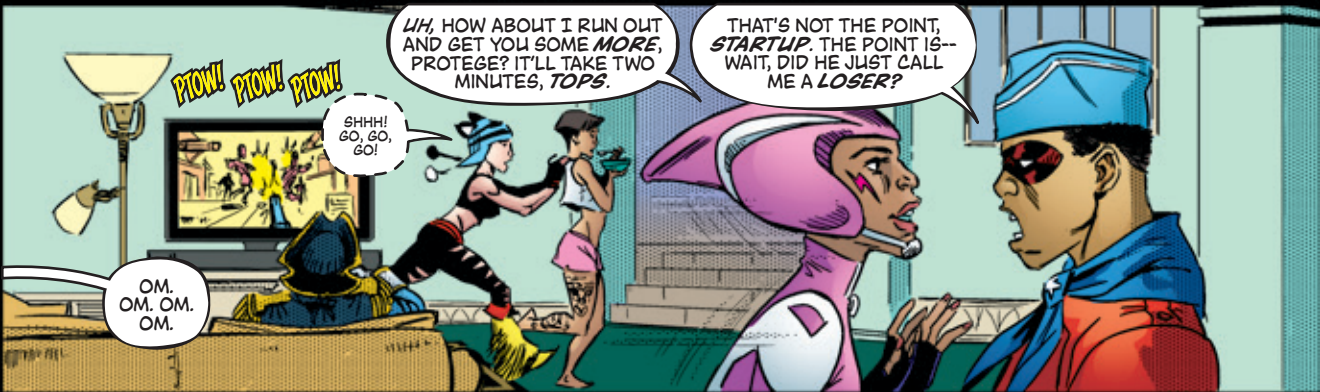
THAT CEREAL IS FOR *LOSERS*.

UH-OH.

PTOW  
PTOW

CRUNCH  
CRUNCH

OM.  
OM. OM.  
OM.



UH, HOW ABOUT I RUN OUT AND GET YOU SOME *MORE* PROTEGE? IT'LL TAKE TWO MINUTES, *TOPS*.

THAT'S NOT THE POINT, *STARTUP*. THE POINT IS-- WAIT, DID HE JUST CALL ME A *LOSER*?

SHHH!  
GO, GO,  
GO!

PTOW!  
PTOW!  
PTOW!

OM. OM.  
OM. OM.  
OM.



OM. OM. RAIDER'S GIRLFRIEND ATE YOUR FRUITY PEBBLES. OM. OM.

WHAT?!

BULL!  
HOW *DARE* YOU!



ONE DATE DOES *NOT* MAKE CHELSEA MY *GIRLFRIEND*.

YOU BROUGHT A WOMAN BACK HERE AFTER *ONE DATE*!

HERE WE GO.

YO, KINDA PLAYING A GAME HERE, RAIDER.





THIS ISN'T A HOTEL! YOU CAN'T INVITE *TOTAL STRANGERS* INTO OUR HEADQUARTERS WHAT IF SHE WANTED TO *ATTACK* US?



I'D TELL HER TO START WITH *YOU*, PROTÉGÉ!



UNCALLED FOR, RAIDER.

BUT STILL VERY DROLL, GRETA.

YO! YOU JUST COST ME A LIFE!



PARDON THE INTERRUPTION--

Though y'ins should probably be thanking me--

BUT SOMEBODY'S HERE TO SEE Y'INS.

IF HER NAME IS BRITNEY, TELL HER I'M NOT HERE, GLADYS.

OH, I CAN ASSURE YOU--



IT'S DEFINITELY NOT BRITNEY!

600.