



GRAPHIC  
NOVELS



AND TODAY, OF ALL DAYS,  
A MASS CRASH BUREAU AND  
ROBOTS RIDE IN THE  
SKY. FASTER THAN

GODDAMNIT  
WELL! JUST  
WALK YOUR  
MORNING TUN ON  
MY MAT!



I DON'T  
WANT GO!



THIS BETTER BE GOOD.  
TODAY'S THE LAST DAY OF  
MORNING. AND WE'RE MEETING  
OPERATION OF PROBLEMS AND  
EARTH ROBOTS'S PROBLEMS  
UP ALL OVER THE PLACE.  
SUN'S A STORM'S  
ROLLING IN AND...

I THINK I'VE  
GOT SOMETHING  
SOMEWHERE HERE ON  
THE TROOPS.

I GOT  
SOMETHING GOOD  
ME. UNCH OVS  
WORKING ABOUT THE  
TROOPS AND---



JUST  
FLEPPING YOUR  
LIPS AND KISS  
ME. BLOOMING I  
BECOME ANOTHER  
LINE OF YOUR  
MORNING.



THAT WAS  
MINE. TRY  
CHOICE.

JUST HE  
HAVE AGENCY ON  
TRY BRACKISH  
SOUL.



THESE IT IS.

THE FRUIT OF  
THE TREE OF  
LIFE.



AT LAST, THE ROBERT  
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.

THIS IS THE STORM  
CLEANSING PLANE OF  
EL MORGOLU.

I HAVE ONLY  
TO WHIPE BY BLADE.



A HERBIVORE IS OF THE  
SECOND RANK OF THE  
AFROPHITE.

ONLY THE DEARIVAN ARE  
MORE POWERFUL.



THE TREE OF  
ETERNAL LIFE.



IF THIS DOESN'T WORK,  
I'M DEAD FOR CERTAIN.



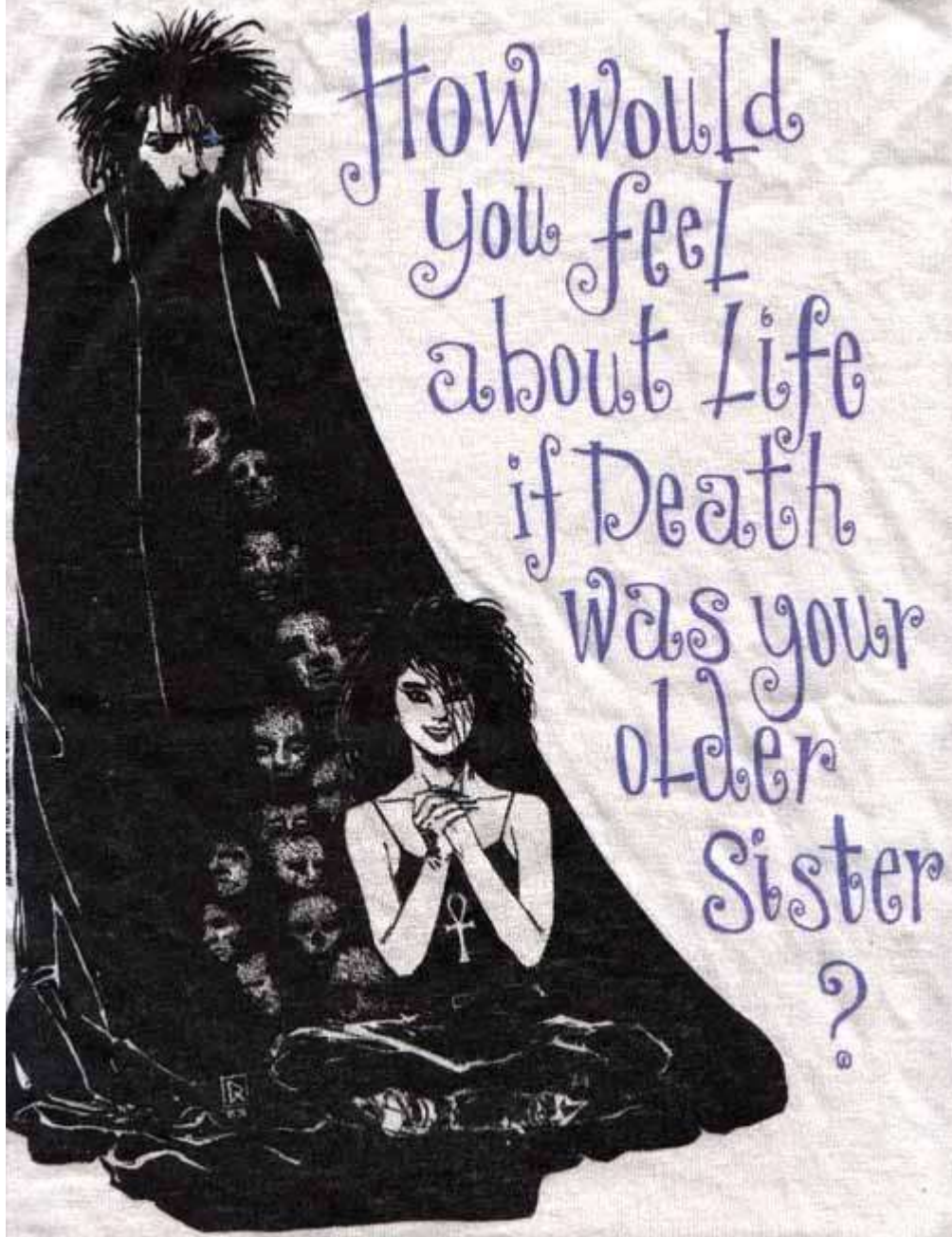
AAAAAAAA!



HER FLAG HOLDS  
A CIRCLE OF BLOOD.



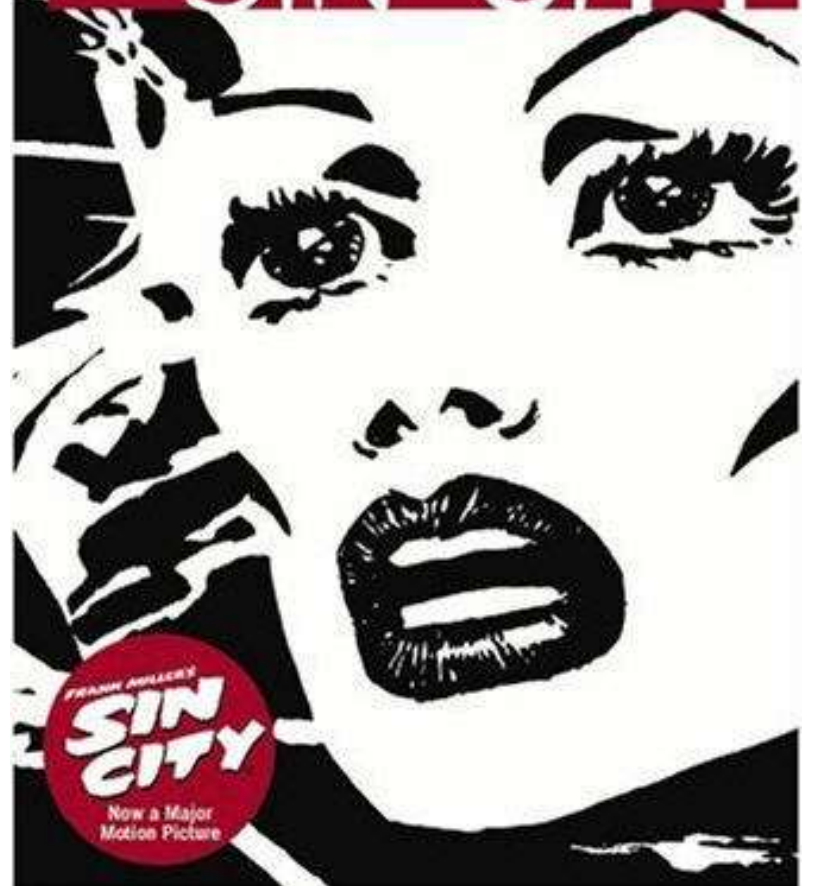
How would  
you feel  
about life  
if death  
was your  
older  
sister?



FRANK MILLER'S

A DAME TO KILL FOR

SIN CITY











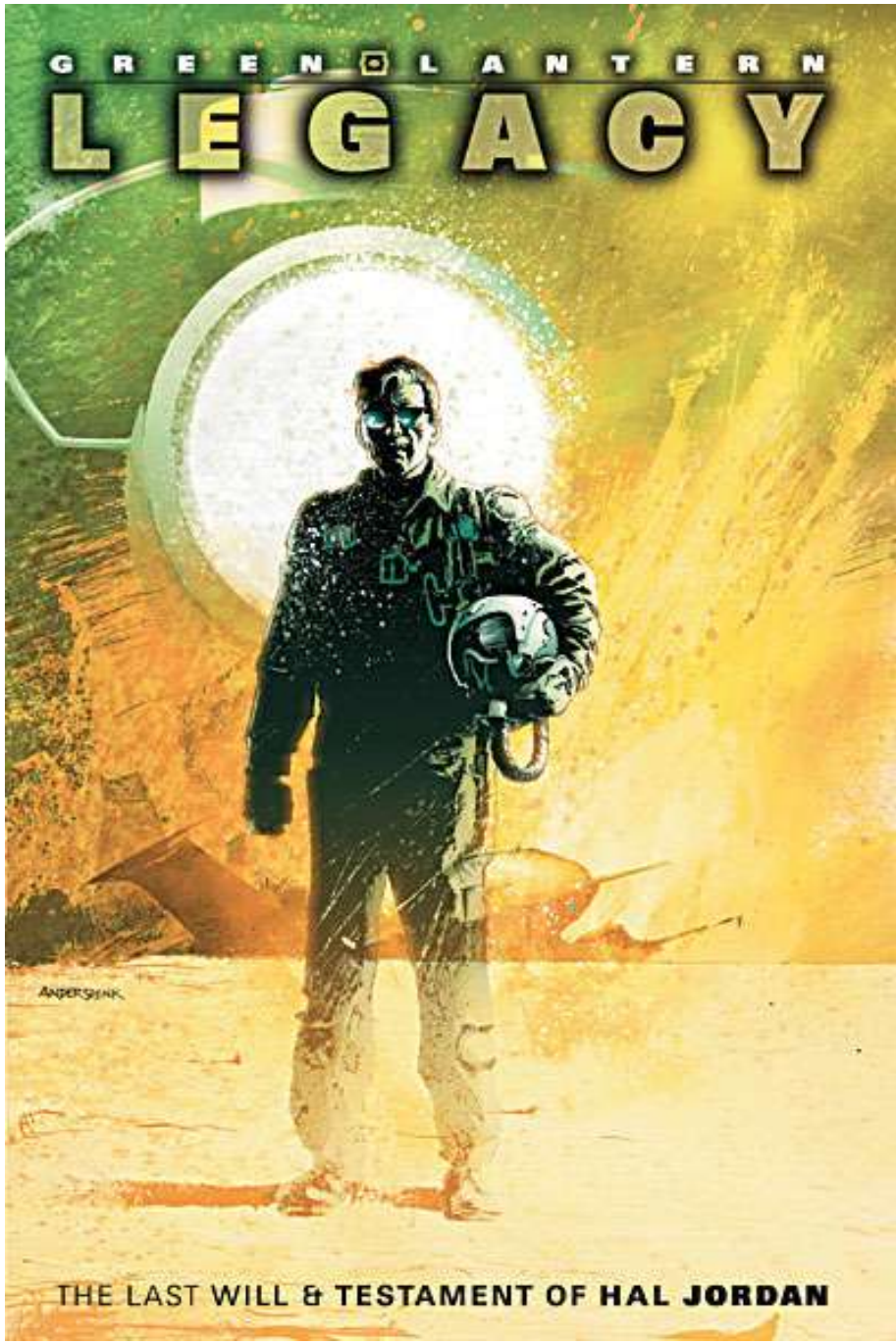
GOOD  
EVENING,  
LONDON.

I THOUGHT  
IT TIME WE  
HAD A  
LITTLE  
TALK.

VTV









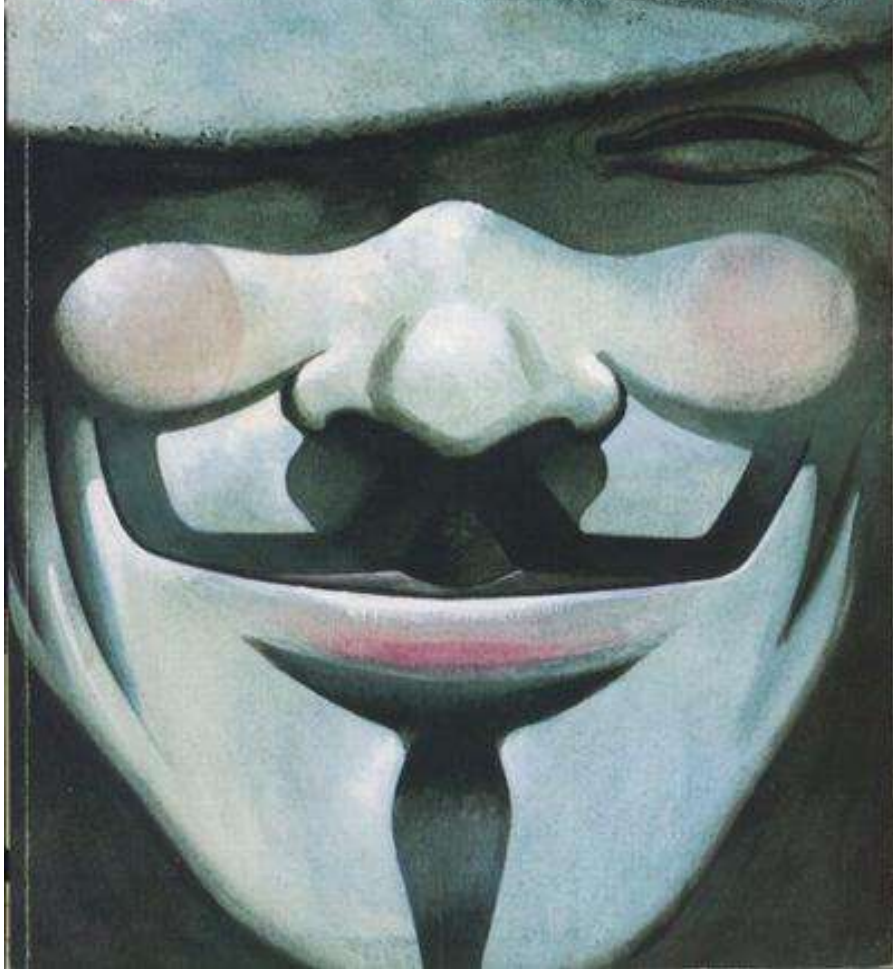
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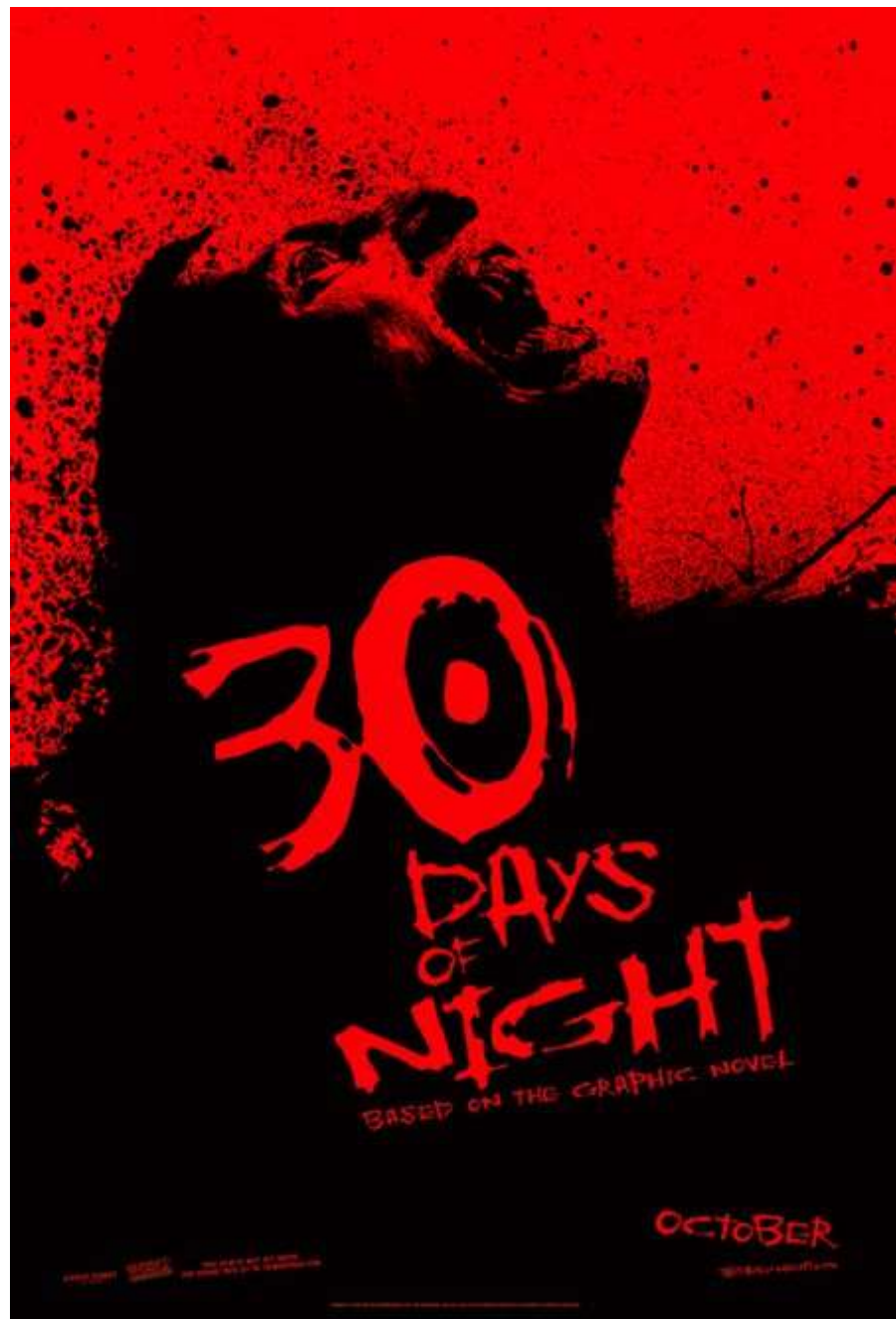
# V FOR VENDETTA™

ALAN MOORE  
DAVID LLOYD

WITH STEVE WHITAKER AND GIOBHAN DOODS



30 DAYS OF NIGHT





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CAST  
ALEXANDER  
MORFITT  
ANDREW  
DUNN  
ANDREW  
DUNN  
ANDREW  
DUNN  
ANDREW  
DUNN

CAST  
ALEXANDER  
MORFITT  
ANDREW  
DUNN

CAST  
ALEXANDER  
MORFITT

CAST  
ALEXANDER  
MORFITT

CAST  
ALEXANDER  
MORFITT  
ANDREW  
DUNN

**THE  
FIRST  
DAY**



**NO FEAR**  
SHAKESPEARE

Graphic  
Novels

# HAMLET



SPARKNOTES

Classical  
Context

A detailed illustration of Macbeth in full medieval armor, including a helmet with a plume, a fur-lined cape, and a sword. He is standing against a background of a cloudy sky.

# Macbeth

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL  
William Shakespeare

Original Text  
Plain Text  
Braille Text



WHO WAS IT THAT THIS CRED? WHY, WORTHY THANE, YOU DO UNBEND YOUR NOBLE STRENGTH, TO THINK SO BRAVINGLY OF THINGS. GO GET SOME WATER, AND WASH THIS FILTHY WITNESS FROM YOUR HAND.

WHY DID YOU BRING THESE DAGGERS FROM THE PLACE? THEY MUST LIE THERE: GO CARRY THEM, AND SMOOR THE SLEEPY GROOMS WITH BLOOD.

**SLAAAP!!!**

I'LL GO NO MORE; I AM AFRAID TO THINK WHAT I HAVE DONE; LOOK ON'T AGAIN; I DARE NOT.

**BANG! BANG!**

INFIRM OF PURPOSE/ GIVE ME THE DAGGERS, THE SLEEPING, AND THE DEAD, ARE BUT AS PICTURES; 'TIS THE EYE OF CHILDHOOD THAT FEARS A PAINTED DEVIL. IF HE DO BLEED, I'LL GILD THE FACES OF THE GROOMS WITHAL, FOR IT MUST SEEM THEIR GUILT.

WHENCE IS THAT KNOCKING?

HOW IS'T WITH ME, WHEN EVERY NOISE APPALS ME? WHAT HANDS ARE HERE? AH! THEY PLUCK OUT MINE EYES. WILL ALL GREAT NEPTUNE'S OCEAN WASH THIS BLOOD CLEAN FROM MY HAND?

NO, THIS MY HAND WILL RATHER THE MULTITUDINOUS SEAS INCARNADINE, MAKING THE GREEN ONE RED.



SPEAK, IF YOU CAN WHAT KIND OF CREATURES ARE YOU?

ALL HAIL, MACBETH! HAIL TO YOU THANE OF GLAMIS

ALL HAIL, MACBETH! HAIL TO YOU THANE OF CAW DOR!

ALL HAIL, MACBETH THE FUTURE KING!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? SPEAK, I'M NOT GOING ANY FARTHER.

ACT I, Scene Five

LISTEN TO ME. I WILL

THE HOUR HAS ALMOST COME WHEN I HAVE TO RETURN TO THE HORRIBLE FLAMES OF PURGATORY. AH, POOR GHOST!

DON'T PITY ME, JUST LISTEN CAREFULLY TO WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU. SPEAK, I'M READY TO HEAR YOU.

YOU MUST BE READY FOR REVENGE, TOO, WHEN YOU HEAR ME OUT.



