

# MADE WOMAN



A TG COMIC  
ABOUT CRIME,  
AND SACRIFICE,  
AND BOOBS.



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AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A GANGSTER. NOW THAT WAS A MAN. DRESSED RIGHT, RESPECTED PEOPLE, YOU KNOW. I USED TO WALK PAST SAL'S RESTAURANT EVERY NIGHT AFTER SCHOOL, HOPING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE MADE MEN. PICKED UP A JOB WITH SCOBIE AND A FEW OF THE OTHER MOOKS FROM THE BUTCHER'S SHOP OVER ON 14TH, I MUST HAVE DONE WELL, BECAUSE SOON I WAS WORKING FOR THE DON HIMSELF, ANTHONY BRESKA, THE NICEST MONSTER IN THE FIVE BOROUGHS.





**TIMES WERE HARD, IT WAS A TURF WAR, AND WE WERE ON THE LOSING SIDE. I WASN'T MEANT TO BE MUSCLE, BUT ONE NIGHT THEY GAVE ME A GUN AND AN ADDRESS ON A PIECE OF NOTE PAPER.**

**IT WAS A SET UP. I MANAGED TO WING MY WAY OUT, BUT I GOT SOME KIND OF CHEMICAL JUNK DUNKED OVER ME. NOW, ANTHONY WASN'T GOING TO FORGET WHAT I'D DONE FOR THE FAMILY, BUT I COULDN'T BE A PART OF THEIR OPERATIONS ANY LONGER. STILL, THEY FOUND A PLACE FOR ME.**

HEY HUN,  
WHAT CAN  
I GET'CHA?





BETTIE, WHAT  
WOULD WE  
DO WITHOUT  
YOU?

PROBABLY  
STARVE.  
YOU BOYS  
GOT ENOUGH  
WINE?

HEY BETTIE,  
WHAT DID  
YOU THINK  
OF MY 'LITTLE'  
OFFER?

TOO LITTLE,  
MARTIE.





AIN'T SHE  
A PEACH?

YEAH! A  
REAL BEAUTY.



IT TURNED ME  
INTO A GIRL, BUT  
IT DIDN'T MEAN I  
WAS OUT ON THE  
STREET. THEY  
WERE A GOOD  
BUNCH OF GUYS,  
AND I WAS A  
GOOD GIRL. A  
REAL GOOD GIRL.



A REAL  
BEAUTY?  
WHO'S FAULT  
IS THAT?