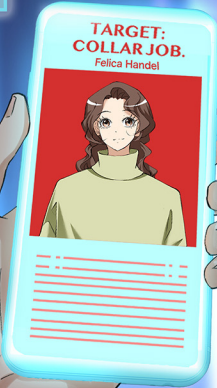




ALTERPUNK

THE COLLAR JOB



Writers:
b-ridge and
Loquacious Jango
Artist:
Arieta



J. Yubari
with
TransformFan
Productions present:

ALTERPUNK: THE COLLAR JOB

In the world of Cobalt City, flesh can be as malleable as clay and someone's own humanity can be stolen away from them with the press of a button.

Sasha Hunter works as a "cleaner", vanishing transformed people who've angered those in power.

But when she sees something she shouldn't have, Sasha finds herself threatened by the very people she works for!

Writers:
**b-ridge &
Loquacious Jango**

Artist:
Tang
(Studio Arieta)

Lettering/Layout:
Studio GFX

Editor:
Cezar Nix



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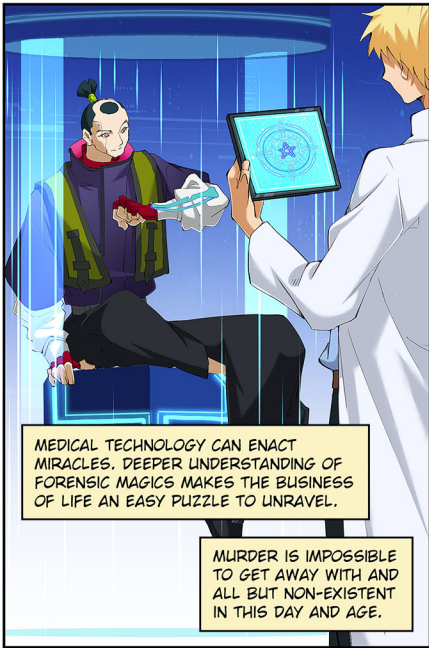


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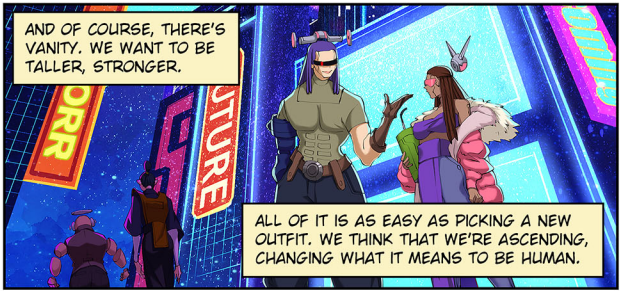
EVOLUTION DICTATES THAT A SPECIES CAPABLE OF ADAPTING TO ITS ENVIRONMENT WILL OUTLIVE THOSE THAT CAN'T. THINGS CHANGED WHEN HUMANITY TOOK EVOLUTION INTO OUR OWN HANDS.

TECHNOLOGICAL INNOVATIONS, GENOME SEQUENCING, AND THE REDISCOVERY OF ANCIENT RITUALS LONG THOUGHT TO BE MYTH HAS ALLOWED US TO CREATE A NEW BASELINE FOR HUMAN CIVILIZATION.



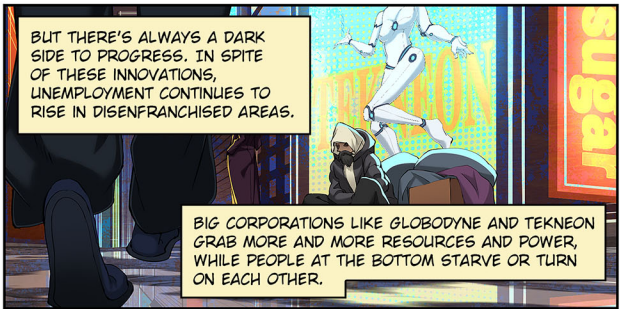
MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY CAN ENACT MIRACLES. DEEPER UNDERSTANDING OF FORENSIC MAGICS MAKES THE BUSINESS OF LIFE AN EASY PUZZLE TO UNRAVEL.

MURDER IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET AWAY WITH AND ALL BUT NON-EXISTENT IN THIS DAY AND AGE.



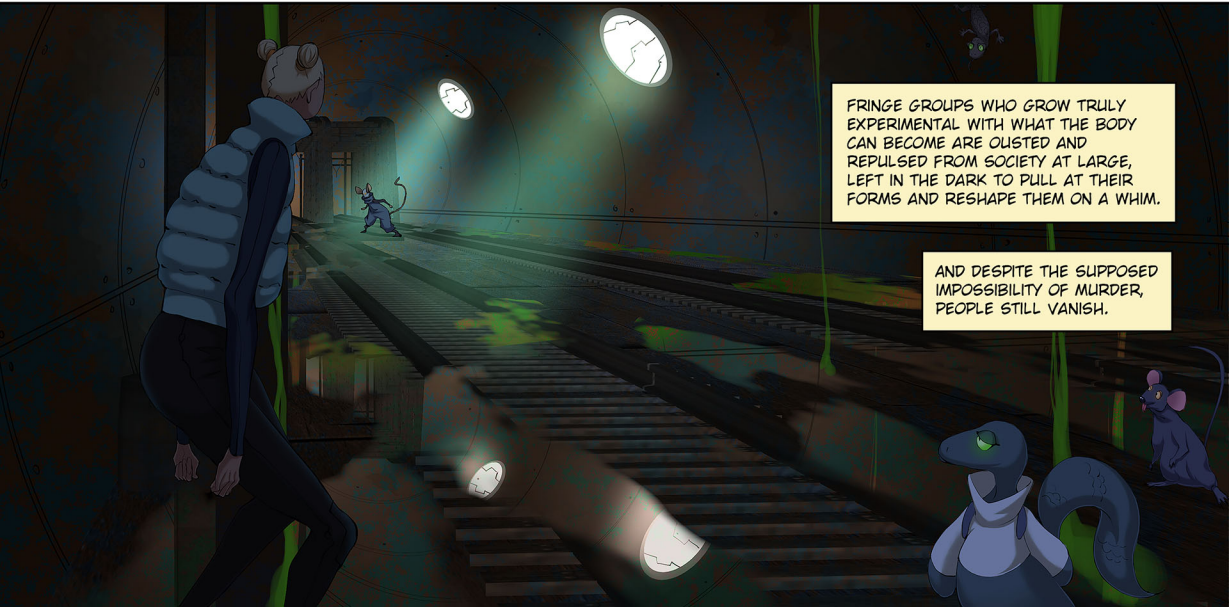
AND OF COURSE, THERE'S VANITY. WE WANT TO BE TALLER, STRONGER.

ALL OF IT IS AS EASY AS PICKING A NEW OUTFIT. WE THINK THAT WE'RE ASCENDING, CHANGING WHAT IT MEANS TO BE HUMAN.



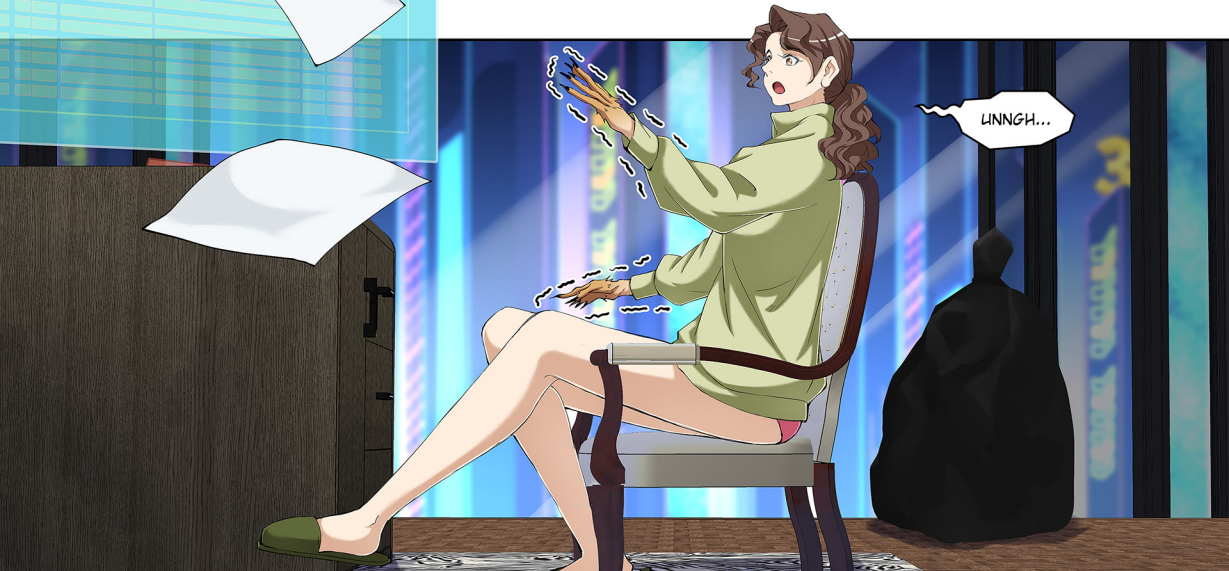
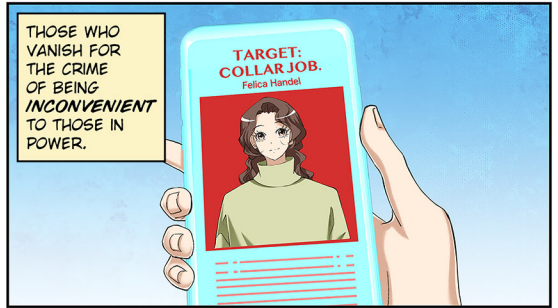
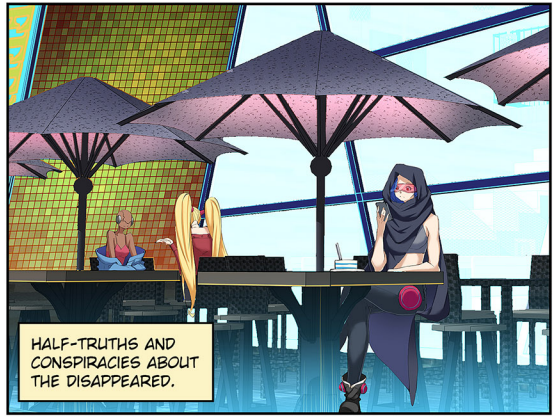
BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A DARK SIDE TO PROGRESS. IN SPITE OF THESE INNOVATIONS, UNEMPLOYMENT CONTINUES TO RISE IN DISENFRANCHISED AREAS.

BIG CORPORATIONS LIKE GLOBODYNE AND TEKNEON GRAB MORE AND MORE RESOURCES AND POWER, WHILE PEOPLE AT THE BOTTOM STARVE OR TURN ON EACH OTHER.



FRINGE GROUPS WHO GROW TRULY EXPERIMENTAL WITH WHAT THE BODY CAN BECOME ARE OUSTED AND REPULSED FROM SOCIETY AT LARGE, LEFT IN THE DARK TO PULL AT THEIR FORMS AND RESHAPE THEM ON A WHIM.

AND DESPITE THE SUPPOSED IMPOSSIBILITY OF MURDER, PEOPLE STILL VANISH.







SHING!

FRONT DOOR UNLOCKED.

WHAT?



WHO... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S GOING ON?

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ME!



HEY... HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? ANSWER ME!



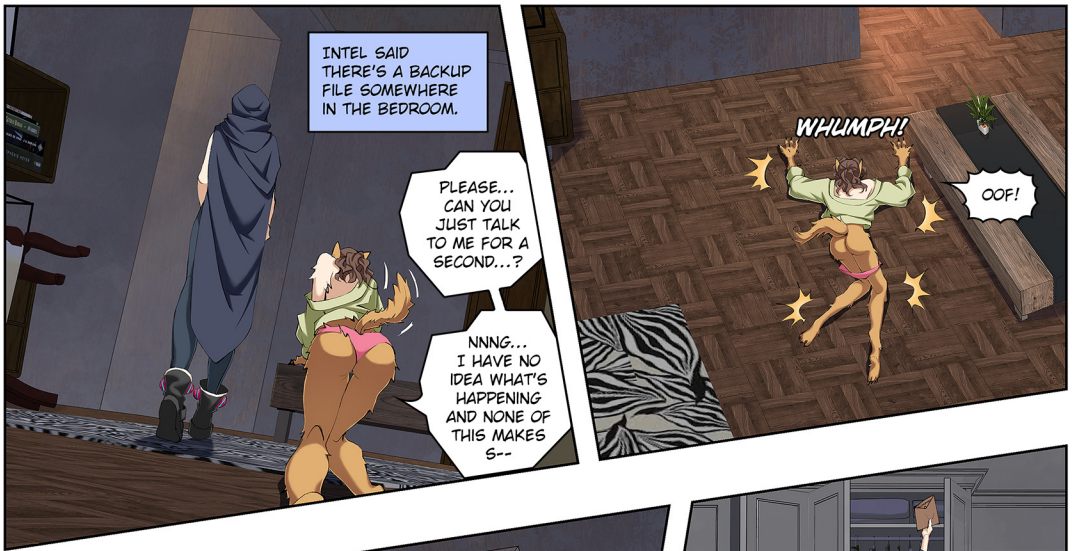
OH GOD... THIS... THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING... IT ALL FEELS SO... SO WRONG...



OKAY.

HERE WE GO.

Facit! Le eteab of tnew uoy etue uoy enA
-enobnu ed tonnes eht
ON



INTEL SAID THERE'S A BACKUP FILE SOMEWHERE IN THE BEDROOM.

PLEASE... CAN YOU JUST TALK TO ME FOR A SECOND...?

NNNG... I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S HAPPENING AND NONE OF THIS MAKES S--



WHUMPH!

OOF!

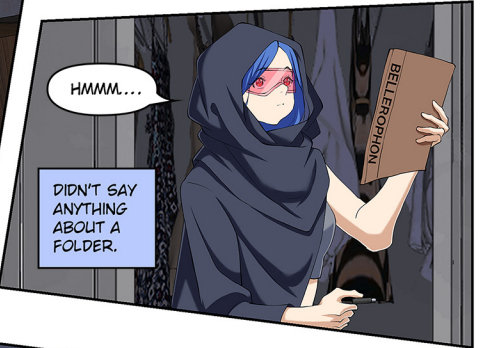


HAHH... HAAH...

NO... NO NO NO....

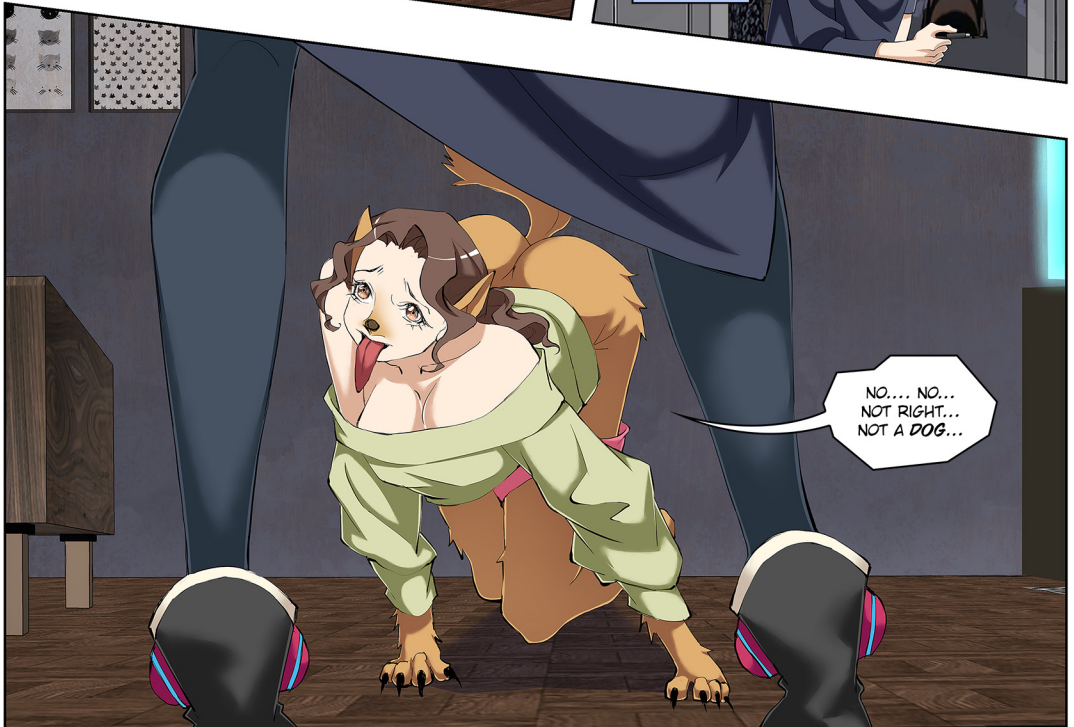


COME ON... COME ON...



HMMM...

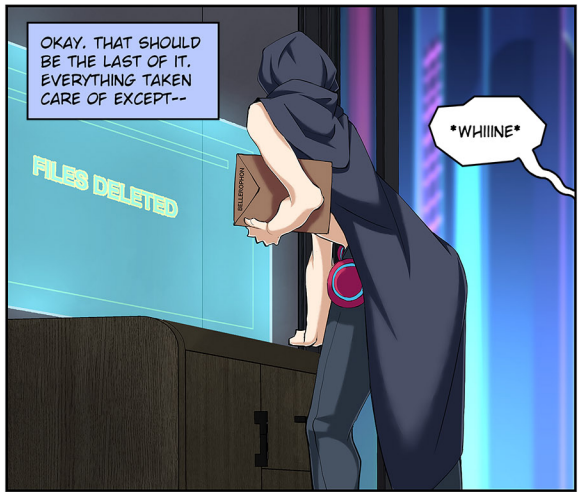
DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A FOLDER.



NO... NO... NOT RIGHT... NOT A DOG...



...PLEASE...
RRR...
SOMEBODY...



OKAY. THAT SHOULD
BE THE LAST OF IT.
EVERYTHING TAKEN
CARE OF EXCEPT--

WHIINE

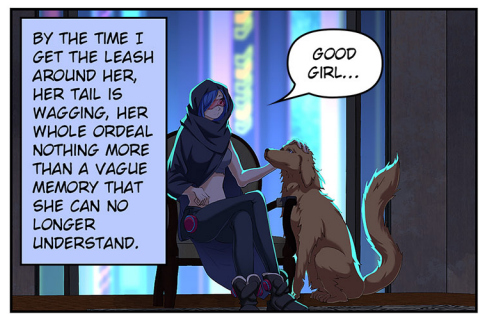


I... URRRR...
NO LIKE...?
THINK...
HARRRRD...



WHLL...
WURFF?
ARFF.

SHHH.
SHHH, IT'S
OKAY....



BY THE TIME I
GET THE LEASH
AROUND HER,
HER TAIL IS
WAGGING, HER
WHOLE ORDEAL
NOTHING MORE
THAN A VAGUE
MEMORY THAT
SHE CAN NO
LONGER
UNDERSTAND.

GOOD
GIRL...

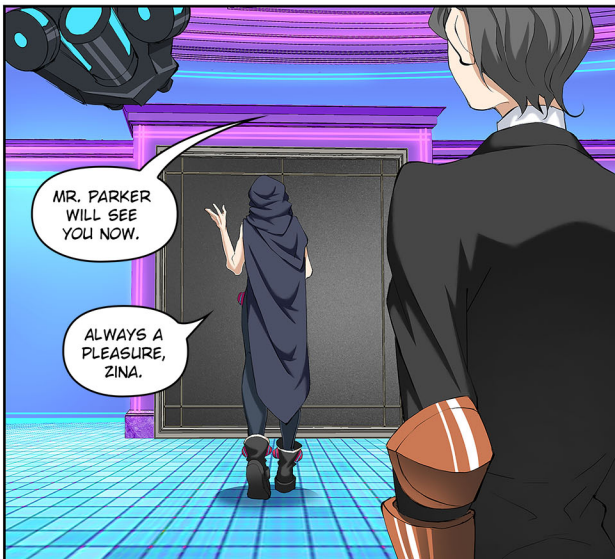


FELICIA HANDEL, INTREPID
JOURNALIST, IS NO MORE.
HER STORY IS SQUASHED,
HER RESEARCH DELETED.
ANOTHER TIED UP LOOSE
END...

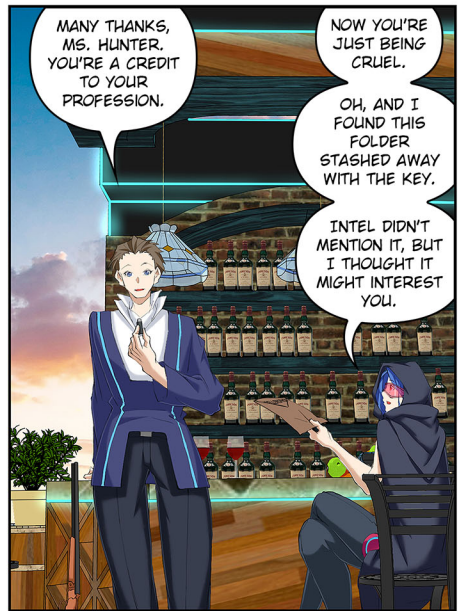
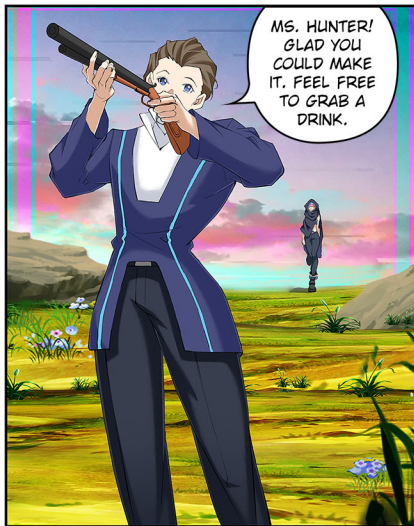
..AND ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER.

DING!

SIXTIETH FLOOR.
HAVE A NICE DAY.

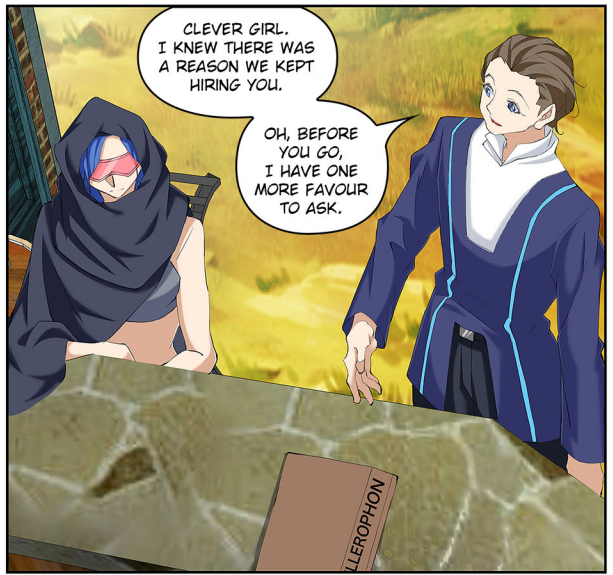


A NEW
PLAYER IS
APPROACHING.





I'M NOT PAID TO LOOK. I'M PAID TO CLEAN UP AND STAY QUIET.



CLEVER GIRL. I KNEW THERE WAS A REASON WE KEPT HIRING YOU.

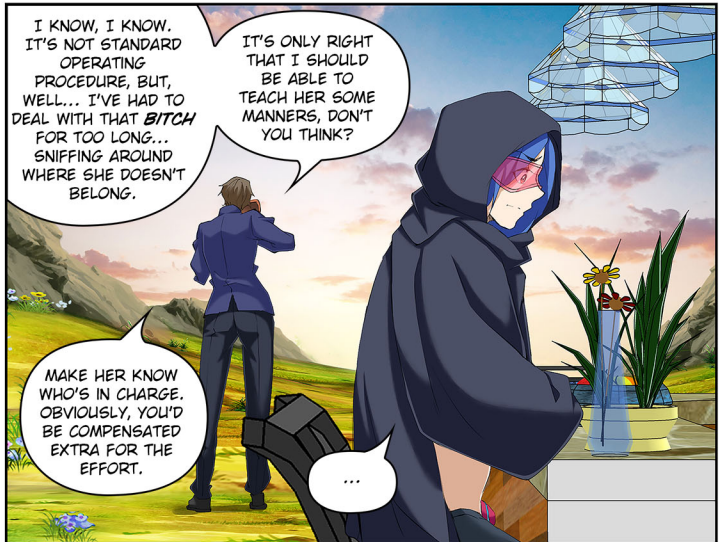
OH, BEFORE YOU GO, I HAVE ONE MORE FAVOUR TO ASK.



FELICIA HANDEL. OUR REPORTER-TURNED-POOCH.

I WAS WONDERING IF THE NEWFOUND PUP NEEDED A GOOD HOME. I COULD USE A NEW PET MYSELF.

EXCUSE ME?



I KNOW, I KNOW. IT'S NOT STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE, BUT, WELL... I'VE HAD TO DEAL WITH THAT BITCH FOR TOO LONG... SNIFFING AROUND WHERE SHE DOESN'T BELONG.

IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT I SHOULD BE ABLE TO TEACH HER SOME MANNERS, DON'T YOU THINK?

MAKE HER KNOW WHO'S IN CHARGE. OBVIOUSLY, YOU'D BE COMPENSATED EXTRA FOR THE EFFORT.

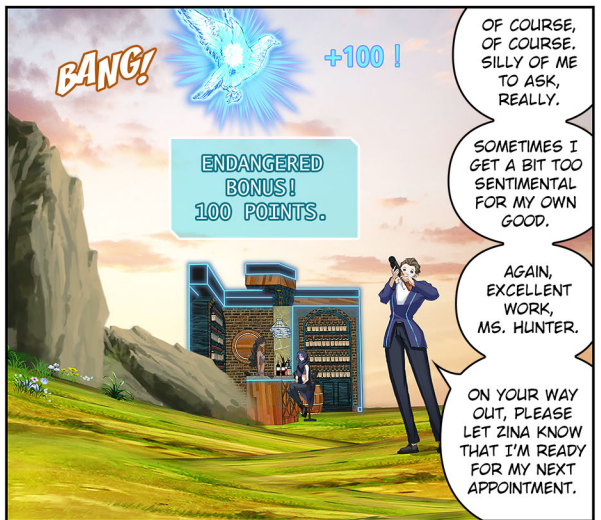
...



IT'S NOT A MATTER OF PRICE. I HAD HER SHIPPED TO AN OUT OF STATE DOG POUND. BY THE TIME I TRACK HER DOWN?

WELL... THAT PLACE HAS A HIGH TURNOVER RATE FOR UNWANTED PETS.

NOW, UNLESS THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE...?

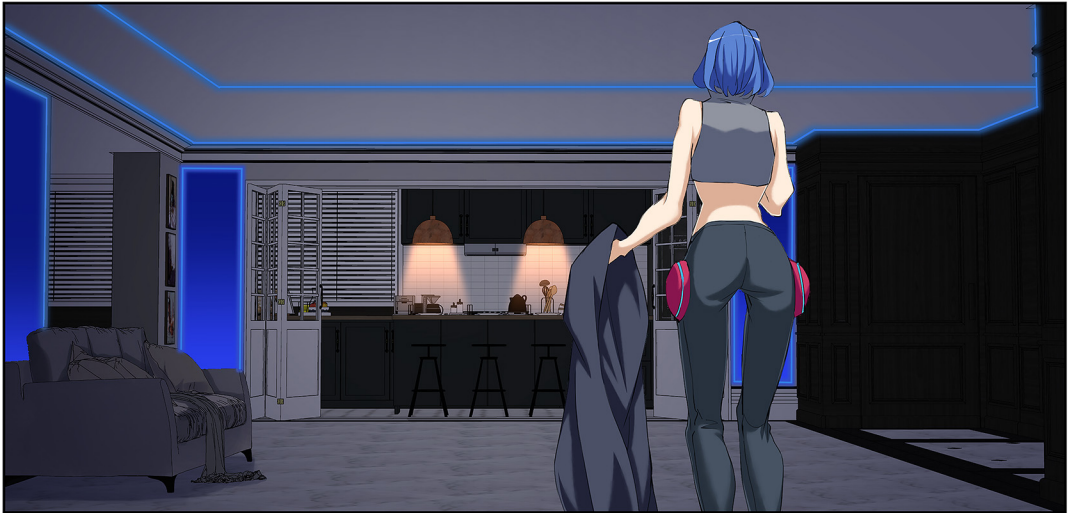


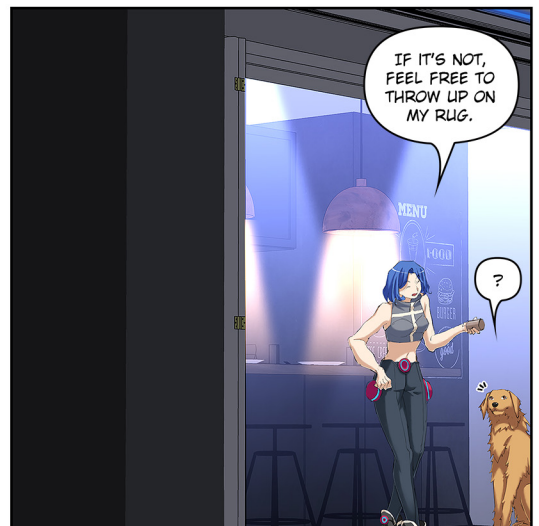
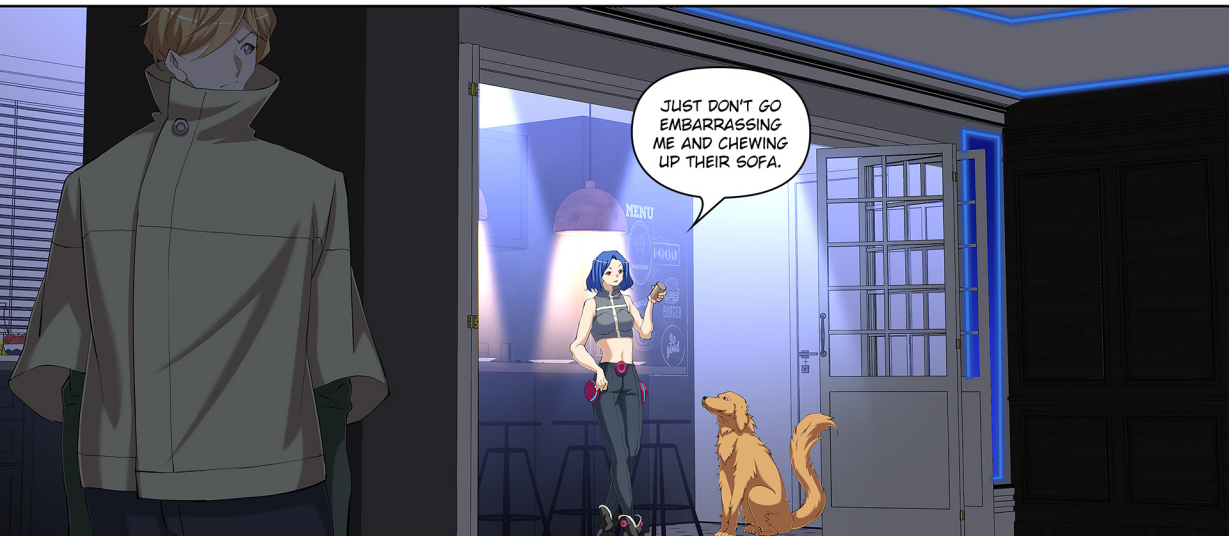
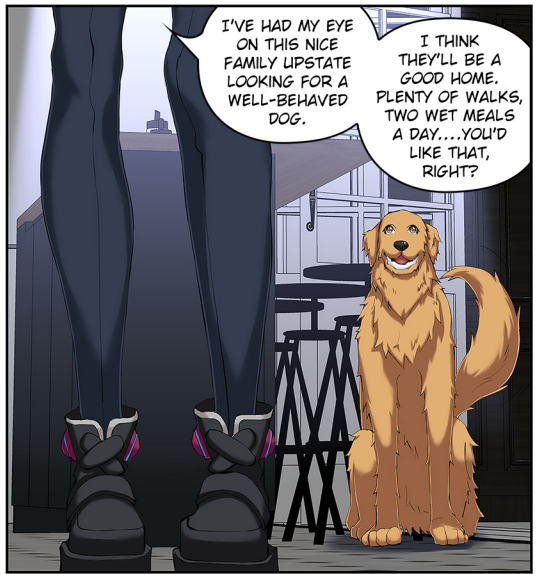
OF COURSE, OF COURSE. SILLY OF ME TO ASK, REALLY.

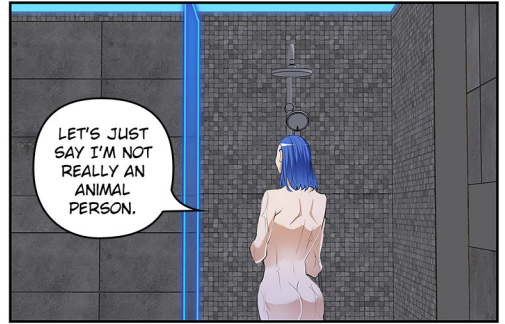
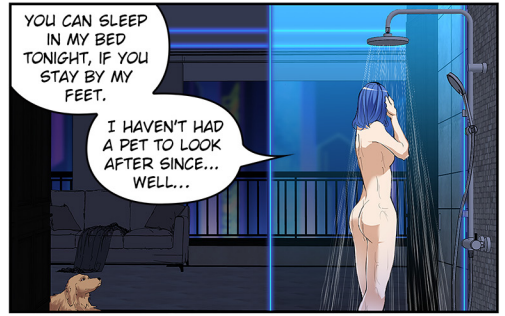
SOMETIMES I GET A BIT TOO SENTIMENTAL FOR MY OWN GOOD.

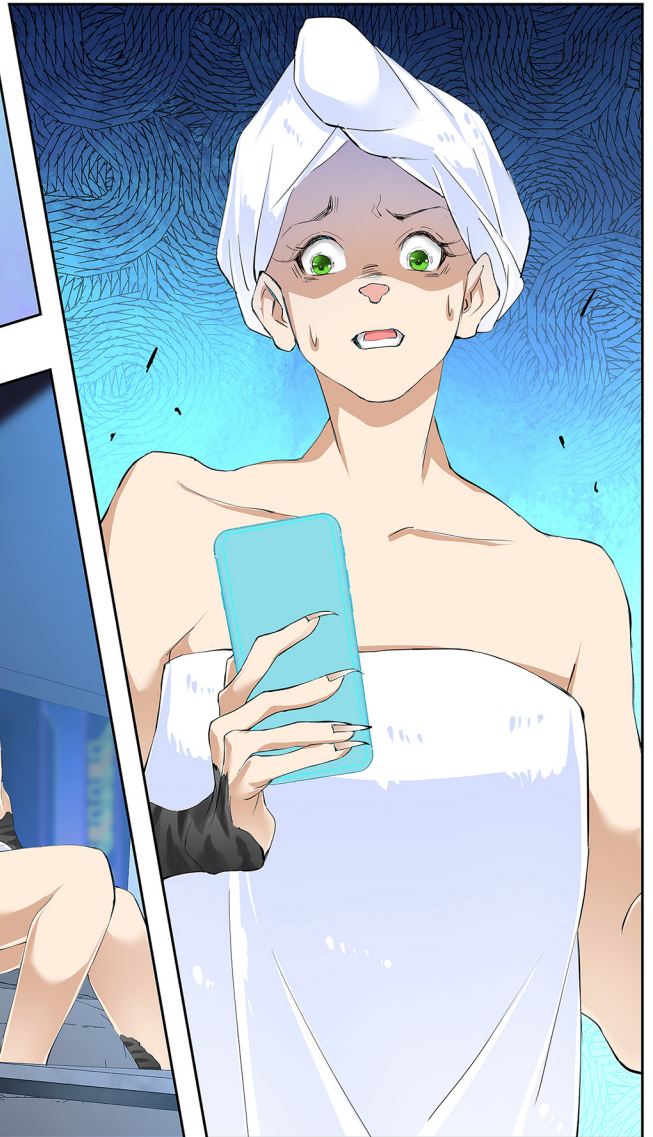
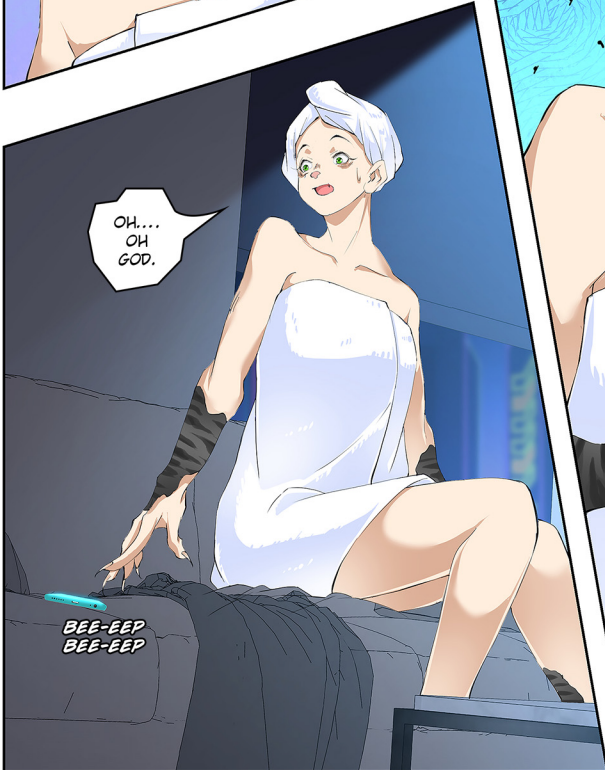
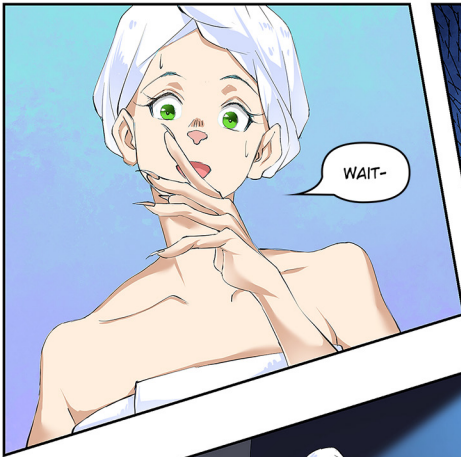
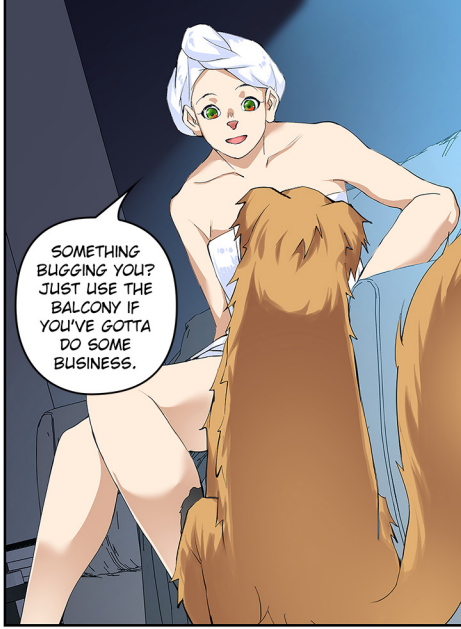
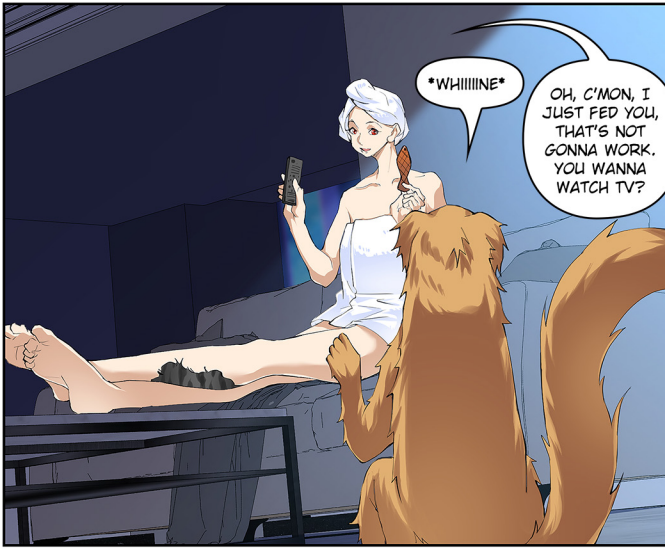
AGAIN, EXCELLENT WORK, MS. HUNTER.

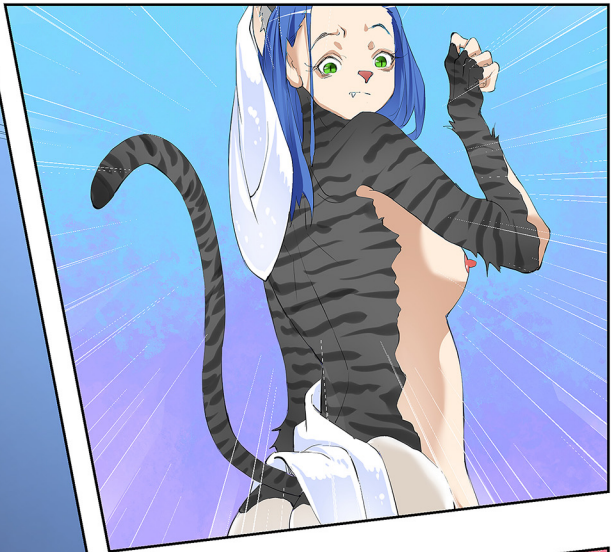
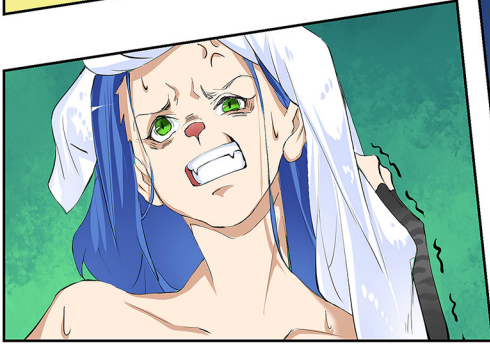
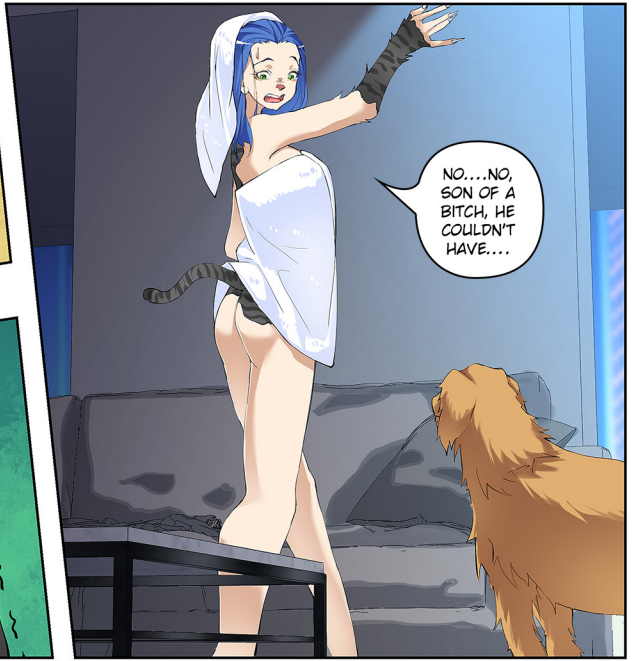
ON YOUR WAY OUT, PLEASE LET ZINA KNOW THAT I'M READY FOR MY NEXT APPOINTMENT.













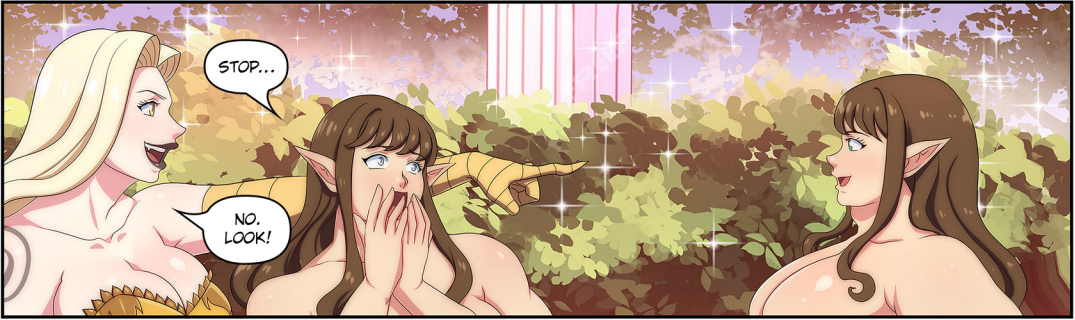
NO!....
NO!

TO BE CONTINUED...

TO BE CONTINUED...



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STOP...

NO. LOOK!



THIS IS YOU, UNSHACKLED BY MORTAL WORRIES.



SNORT

DON'T!



SNAP OUT OF IT!

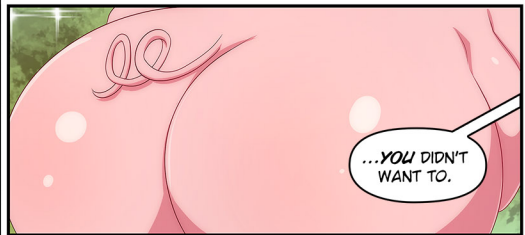
SNORT... OINK...

WOBBLE!

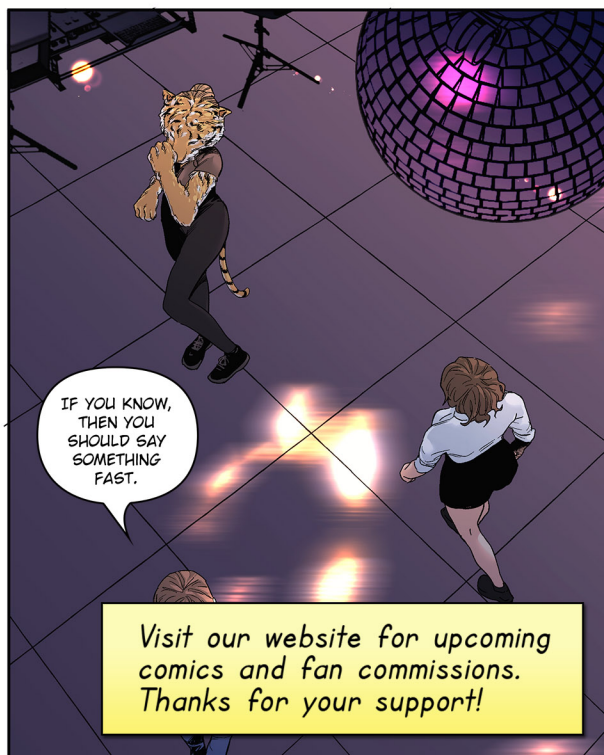
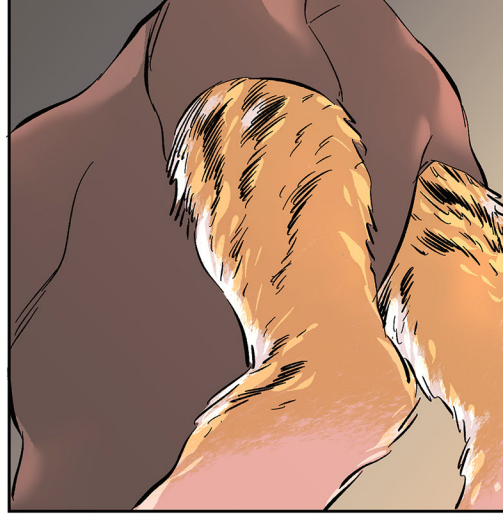
WHY SHOULD SHE?



AFTER ALL...



...YOU DIDN'T WANT TO.



The Hidden 3

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