

KAYLESS



LARSON • CZERNIAWSKI • HUERGO



Credits:

Script by: Brent Larson

Art by: Luis Czerniawski

Colors by: Leandro Huergo

Letters by: Wes Locher

Editor: Roland Mann

Logo designed by Brad Thomte

Standard cover by Luis Czerniawski; Variant cover by Alex Gallimore

Kickstarter exclusive cover by Steven Butler (pencils),

Thomas Florimonte (inks) and Leandro Huergo (colors)

So... what's a Kayless? I'm not going to tell you yet. Why not? Weeeelll ... because this one's for the comic nerds.

Like many nerds from the WayBackisphere, Marvel's G. I. Joe was my gateway drug. I saw issue #12 on the stands and recognized the characters on the cover from my action figure stockpile. It turned out to be the first issue in the now legendary "Three Strikes for Snake Eyes" storyline, which ran for eight months. Eight months. The distance from the last day of school to Christmas. In other words, the kid's definition of eternity.

And I hung with it. Did I know what I was signing on for? Of course not. But I do know this: I went into the experience a toy guy and came out a comic guy. Huddled with my fellow nerds around the lockers, swapping comics and hoping to stay out of phaser range from the jocks, we embraced our pimply-faced—but guileless—community. We also celebrated a truth that, in our modern era of binge-watching, instant downloading, and the one-click purchase, we're in danger of losing: Good things sometimes take time. This, I believe, goes double for a good story. You don't know what'll happen? This is a good thing. Stick around. All will be revealed. Will it be worth it? Oho, my friend, there's only one way to find out.

Which brings me to now. You've invested in the first issue of Kayless, and for that I'm so grateful. You're a part of that aforementioned community (pimples, liver spots ... all are welcome). I believe I've got a good story to tell. Lots of astronauts, mysterious powers, centuries-old conspiracies, and good old fashioned moral conundrums. It might take me awhile, but I'd love to get it all out there.

Besides you gentle readers, I also want to thank the estimable Roland Mann for walking me through the comic-building maze, and for his selfless support through the occasional uncertainty. And thanks to Luis and Leandro, two Argentinians whose work actually made my jaw drop when I first saw it. Thanks to my wonderful wife, who knows why. Finally, I want to thank God. Friend to the friendless and unpopular, generous to a fault, a target for bullies, with an unflinching eye towards the long game—yup, He's obviously the God of comic book nerds, too.

-Brent

For Silverline

BJ Mann - CEO Roland Mann - EIC and Publisher

Dean Zachary - Art Director Barb Kaalberg - CFO

John Metych III - Editor Wes Locher - Editor Kurtis Fujita - Creative Director/Editor

Brad Thomte - Logo Design Jeff Whiting - I.T.

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**ANAHEIM,
CALIFORNIA**

NOW
BATTING FOR
THE ANGELS, LEFT
FIELDER NUMBER
SEVEN, JACKSON
BEHR!

I HAD A
VISION LAST
NIGHT, SAMIR. I
KNOW YOU GUYS
ARE BIG ON
THOSE...

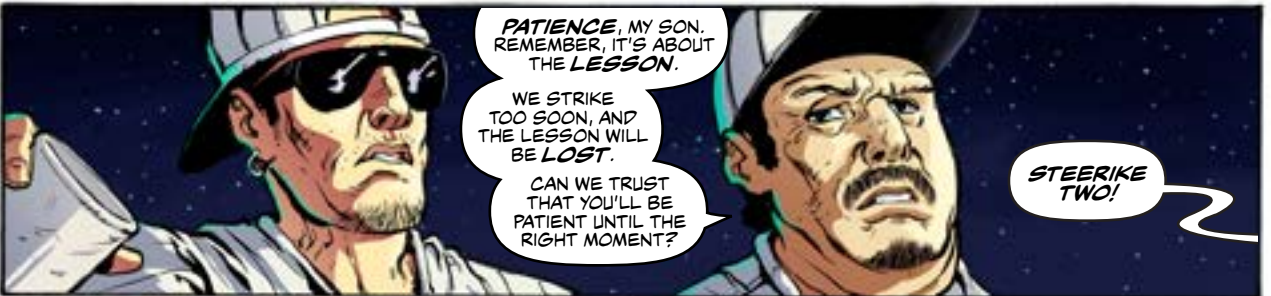


...AND THIS
ONE WAS *SO*
TRIPPY.

I HAVE
THAT POSTER IN
MY ROOM OF THE
KITTEN, DANGLING
FROM THE CLOTHES-
LINE. SO CUTE,
RIGHT?

**STRIKE
ONE!**

WELL, LAST
NIGHT IT *SPOKE*
TO ME. "NO MORE HANGIN',
BABY! MAKE THIS THING
GOOOO!"



PATIENCE, MY SON.
REMEMBER, IT'S ABOUT
THE *LESSON*.

WE STRIKE
TOO SOON, AND
THE LESSON WILL
BE *LOST*.

CAN WE TRUST
THAT YOU'LL BE
PATIENT UNTIL THE
RIGHT MOMENT?

**STEERIKE
TWO!**



YOU SAYING
YOU CAN'T TRUST
ME NOW? WHAT DO
I HAVE TO DO TO
PROVE MYSELF?
I'M *READY*.

I'VE BEEN
READY FOR...HOW
LONG NOW? *I'M*
NOT THE ONE
STOPPING US.

AH, SO *YOU*
QUESTION *OUR*
RESOLVE, KALIQ?
I'LL SAY IT AGAIN--
WE'LL ONLY HAVE
ONE CHANCE TO
SUCCEED.

NOT THIS
AGAIN...

CRACK



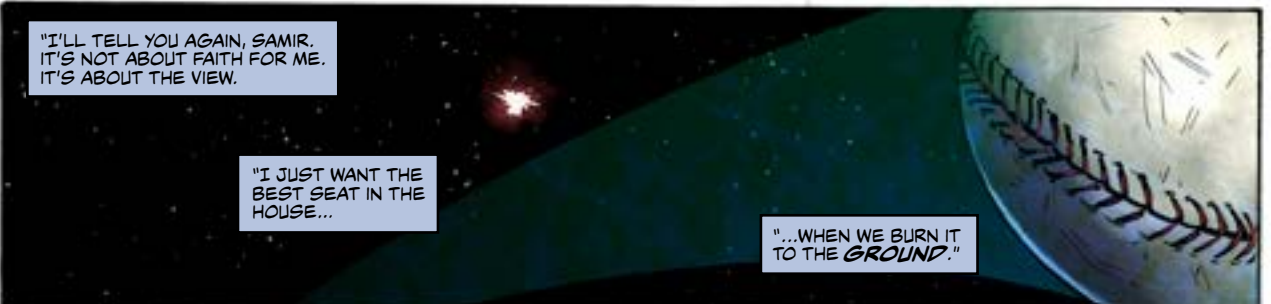
THE BOMBS WILL ALREADY
BE IN PLACE IN THE STADIUM
WHEN YOU BEGIN, BUT YOU
MUST KNOW *EXACTLY*
WHERE THEY ARE...

I KNOW
ALL THE WHERE'S,
ALL THE HOW'S. I
DON'T KNOW THE
WHEN.

DUDE, THE
PLAYOFFS START
IN A WEEK! *PLEASE*
TELL ME IT'LL HAPPEN
DURING THE PLAYOFFS.

WITH
SOLDIERS LIKE
YOU IN OUR CAUSE,
WE CANNOT FAIL. YOU
KNOW WE MEAN
THAT, DON'T YOU?

BUT KALIQ,
HOLD ONTO YOUR
FAITH. ESPECIALLY
NOW, AT THE END.



"I'LL TELL YOU AGAIN, SAMIR.
IT'S NOT ABOUT FAITH FOR ME.
IT'S ABOUT THE VIEW.

"I JUST WANT THE
BEST SEAT IN THE
HOUSE..."

"...WHEN WE BURN IT
TO THE *GROUND*."

THE WHEEL COMES 'ROUND

CHAPTER 1

WRITER: BRENT LARSON
PENCILER/INKER: LUIS CZERNIAWSKI
COLORIST: LEANDRO HUERGO
LETTERER: WES LOCHER
EDITOR: ROLAND MANN







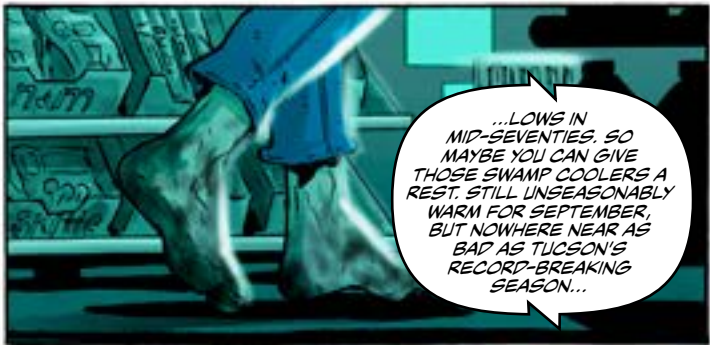
AND!
FINALLY, WE'VE GOT
SOME GOOD NEWS!
CHARLIE?

THAT'S RIGHT,
JESS, A NORTHERLY
WIND UP FROM MEXICO
IS GOING TO BREAK THE
HEAT FOR AT LEAST
A FEW DAYS...

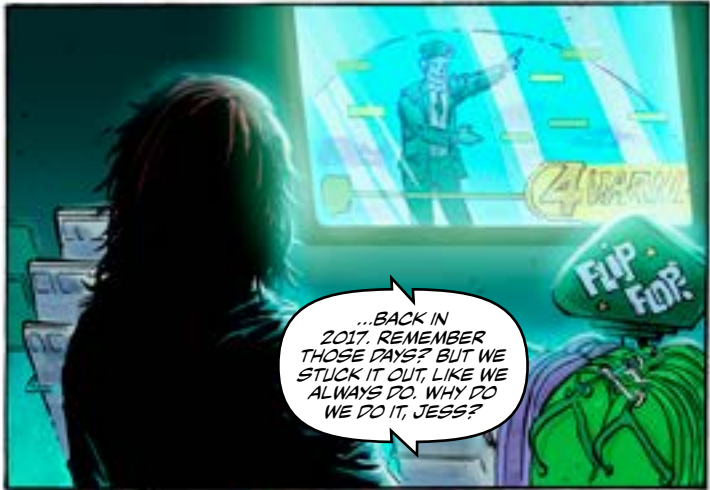


BING

...AND WE'LL
GET SOME FALL
WEATHER FOR A BIT, AS
YOU CAN SEE, HIGH
TEMPERATURES IN THE
HIGH NINETIES...



...LOWS IN
MID-SEVENTIES. SO
MAYBE YOU CAN GIVE
THOSE SWAMP COOLERS A
REST, STILL UNSEASONABLY
WARM FOR SEPTEMBER,
BUT NOWHERE NEAR AS
BAD AS TUCSON'S
RECORD-BREAKING
SEASON...



...BACK IN
2017. REMEMBER
THOSE DAYS? BUT WE
STUCK IT OUT, LIKE WE
ALWAYS DO. WHY DO
WE DO IT, JESS?



JUST
ANOTHER OF
ARIZONA'S LITTLE
MYSTERIES. AND OF
COURSE, DON'T FORGET,
LOCAL FIREWATCHES
ARE STILL IN
EFFECT...



OH WOW.

SIR? YOU
NEED HELP WITH
SOMETHING?

SIR.



SORRY ABOUT THAT.

AND YOU'RE, UH, NOT REALLY SUPPOSED TO COME IN HERE WITHOUT SHOES.



RIGHT. I WON'T STAY LONG.

CAN I... HELP YOU FIND ANYTHING?

YEAH, ACTUALLY. I NEED A RIDE. AS FAR AS I CAN GET OUT WEST.

I CAN *HITCH* THE REST OF THE WAY. DO PEOPLE STILL *DO* THAT HERE?



I ASSUME THAT'S YOUR TRUCK OUTSIDE, SIR. WOULD YOU MIND? IT'S URGENT.

I'M ASKING *YOU*, WITH THE HAT. NOT YOU WITH THE *GUN*.



WELL, CRAP.

HEY, HEY, LET'S ALL BE COOL!!