

KRIS MORRON

PABLO PEPINO

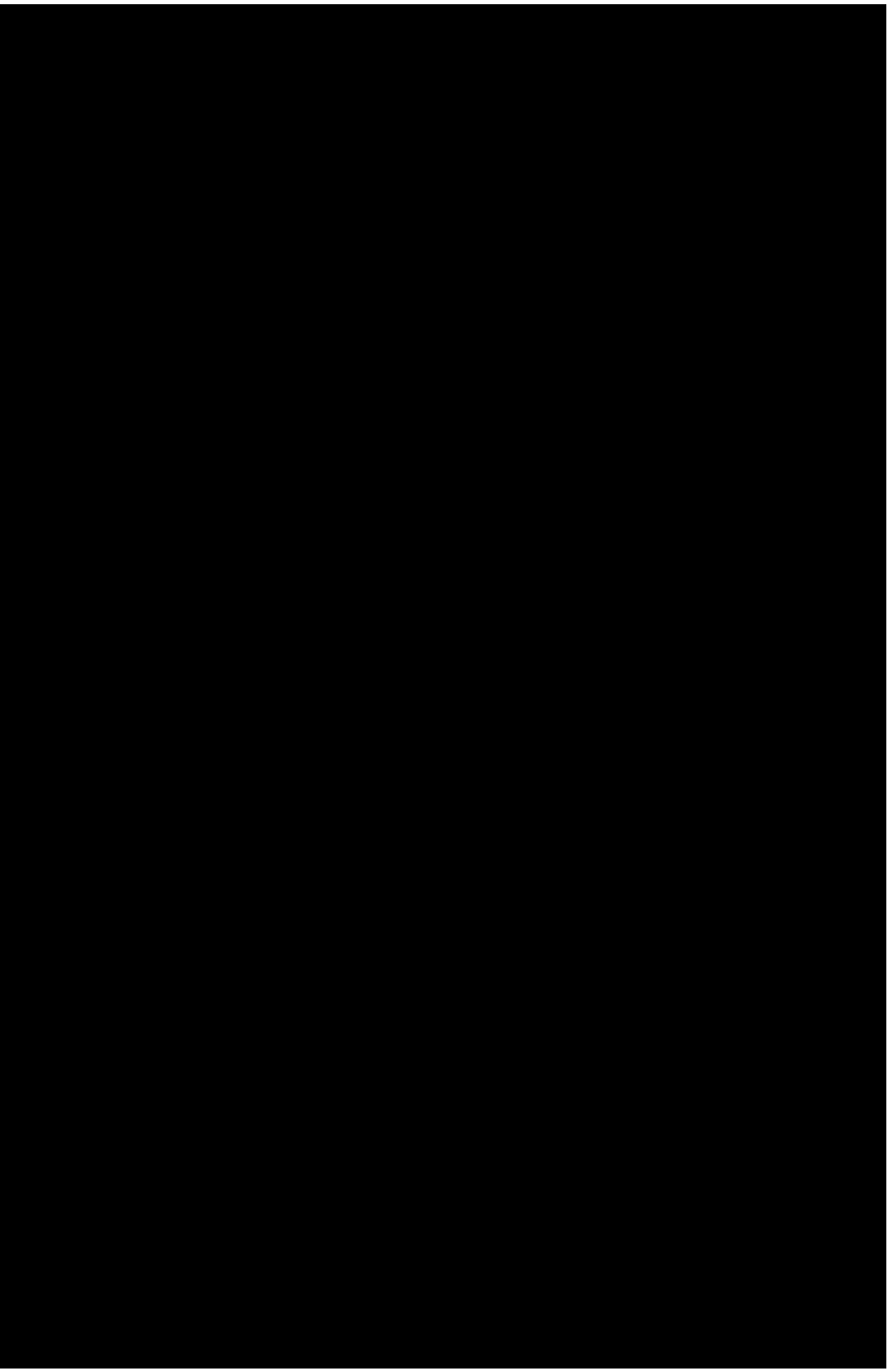
WIL QUINTANA

ROB JONES



PEERLESS

#01 IN AN EIGHT-ISSUE MINI-SERIES



"WHOEVER YOU ARE,
YOU'RE DOING IT ALL
WRONG."



WRONG WEEK,
THROWING IN
WITH THE
TRIADS.



WRONG
DECADE,
MESSING
WITH THE
FISTS OF
FATE.



WRONG
LIFETIME,
FUCKING
WITH
ME AND MY
MAN!





YOUR PASSION CLOUDS YOUR MIND AND CORRUPTS YOUR FORM.



WITH SUCH INFERIOR TECHNIQUE, THERE IS...



NO CHANCE OF VICTORY.



YOU!? IT CAN'T BE YOU. NOT HERE.



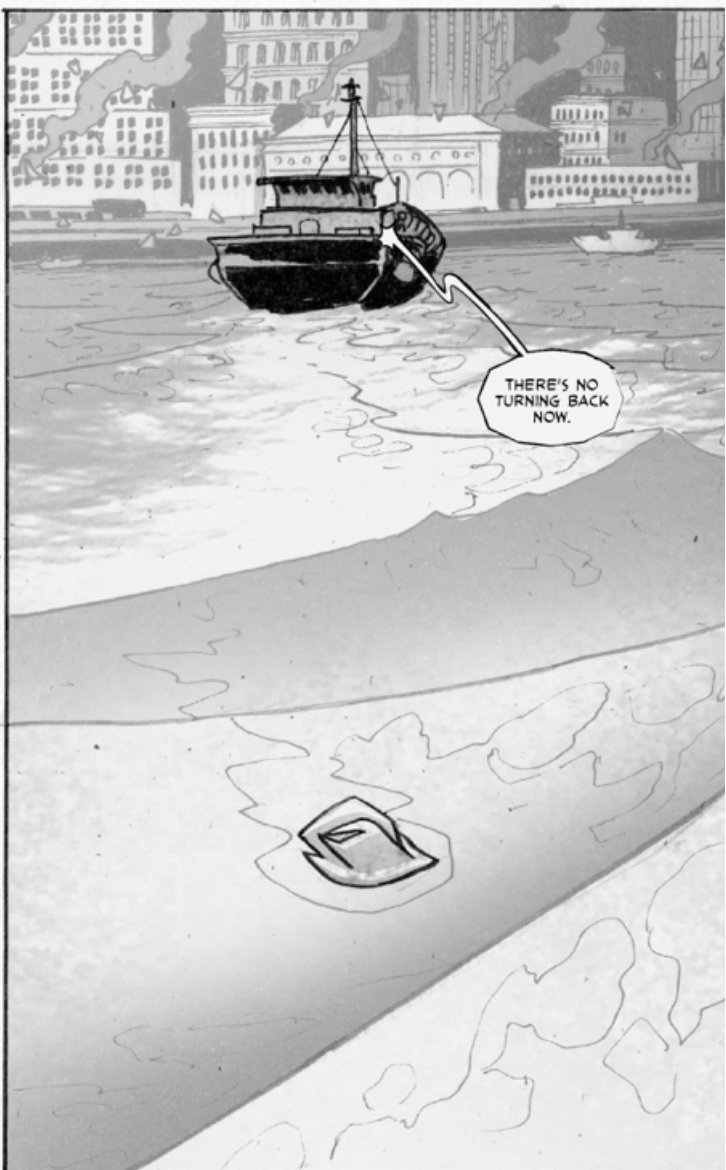
I WILL GRANT YOU A SWIFT DEATH. BUT FOR HIM, HE WILL LIVE IN ANGUISH UNTIL HE TELLS ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

ONLY THEN WILL HE HAVE MY PERMISSION TO DIE.

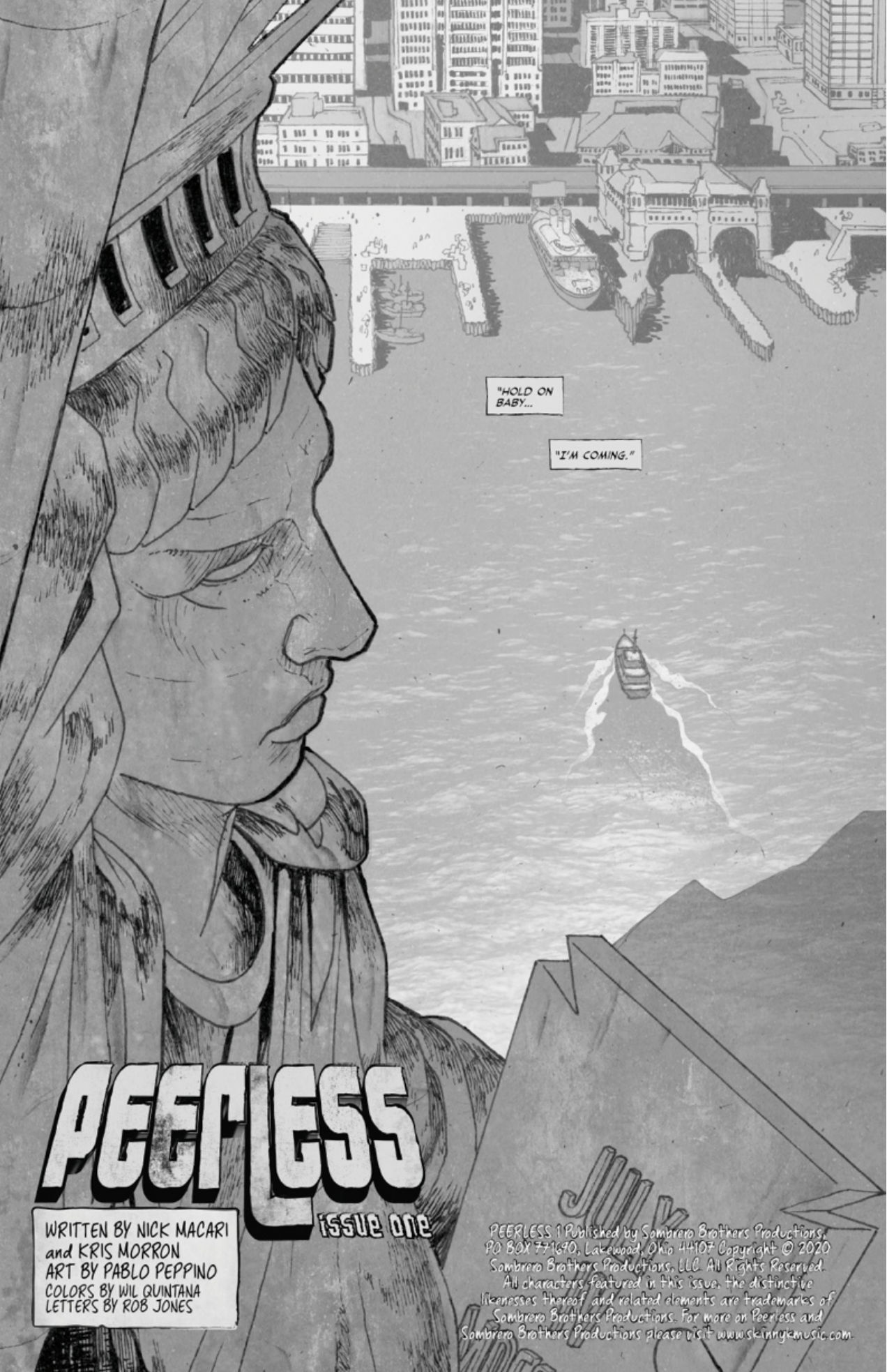
39 HOURS EARLIER.



YOU'VE
DONE SOME
STUPID SHIT
BEFORE KIARA,
BUT THIS...



THERE'S NO
TURNING BACK
NOW.



"HOLD ON
BABY..."

"I'M COMING."

PEERLESS

ISSUE ONE

WRITTEN BY NICK MACARI
and KRIS MORRAN
ART BY PABLO PEPPINO
COLORS BY WIL QUINTANA
LETTERS BY ROB JONES

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YOU'RE DEAD MEAT, PUNK!



⇒GASPE⇒

⇒HUFFE⇒

⇒HUFFE⇒



EYES UP SANDBAG!
WE GOT A CHUMP ON OUR TURF.



I GOT 'EM.
I GOT 'EM.





OUTTA
THE WAY,
FISH MAN.

COMIN'
THROUGH!



DAMN.
THIS PLACE
IS A MAZE.



DEAD
END, LOSER.
YOU'RE OURS
NOW!



YOU COME
ONTO OUR TURF
UNANNOUNCED.
FLYING COLORS
THAT UGLY. YOU
GOTTA PAY.

CASTAWAYS