



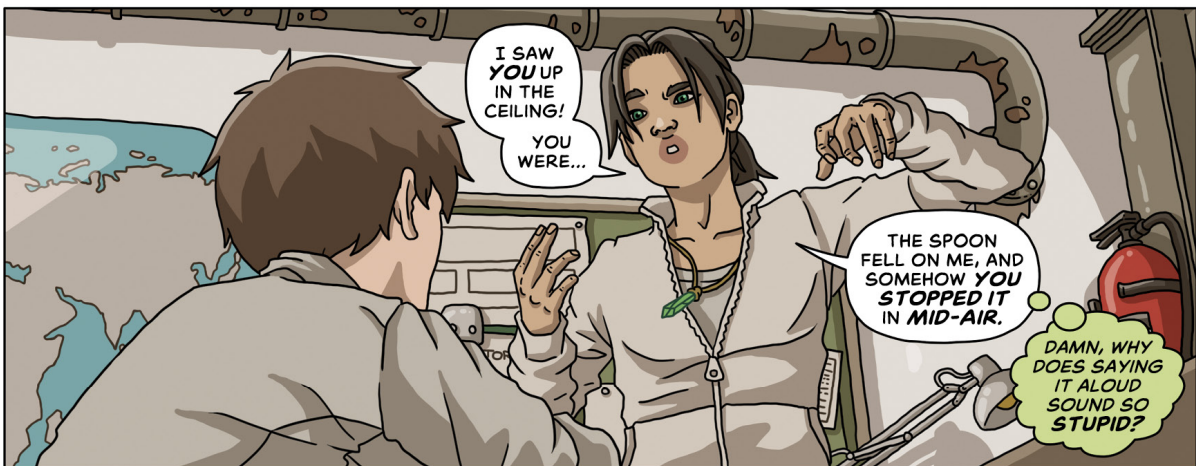
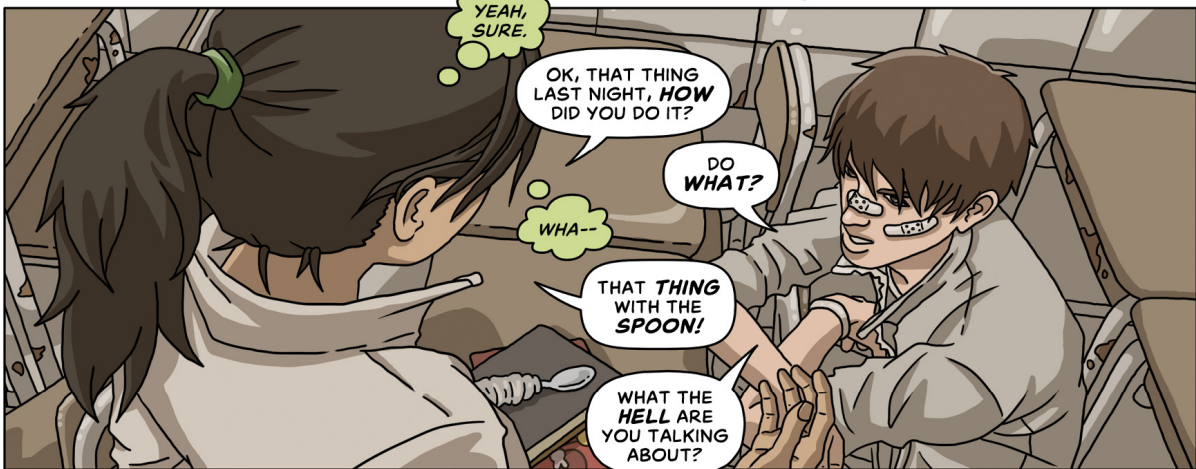
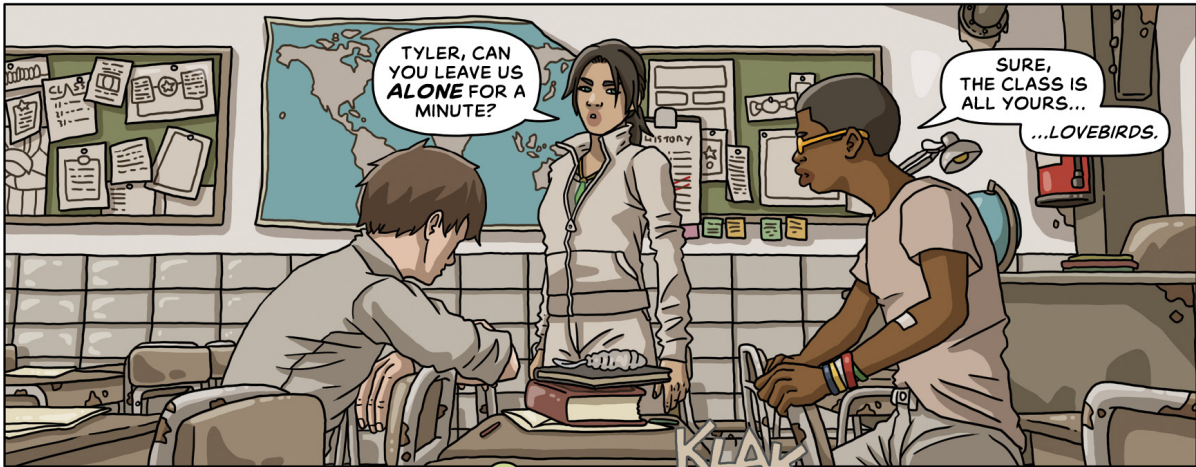
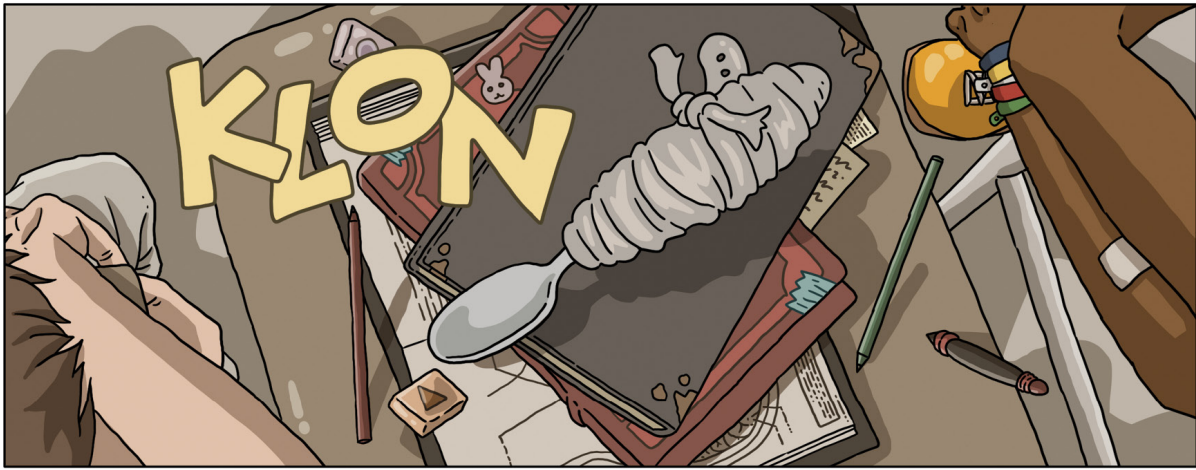
WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY JESÚS ORELLANA

# JUVENILE

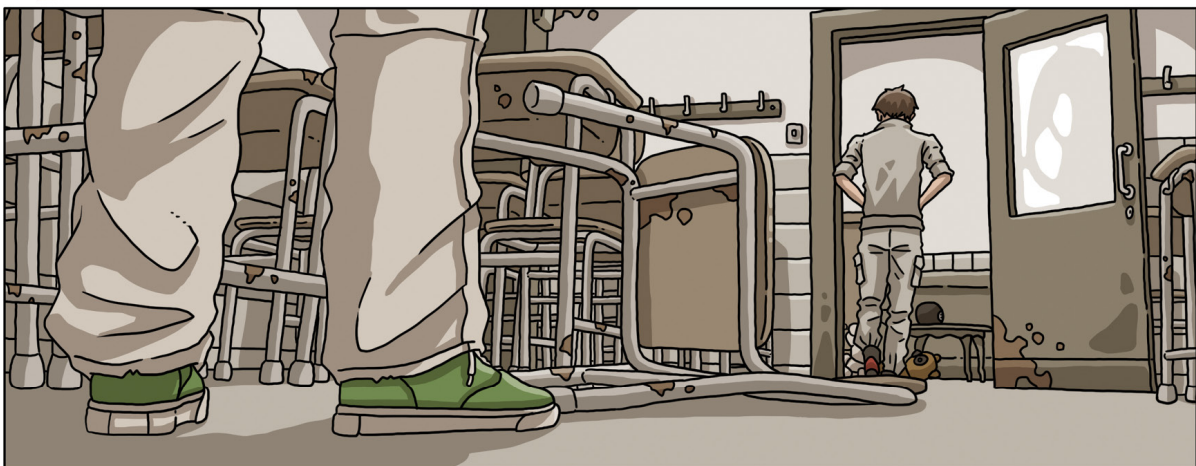
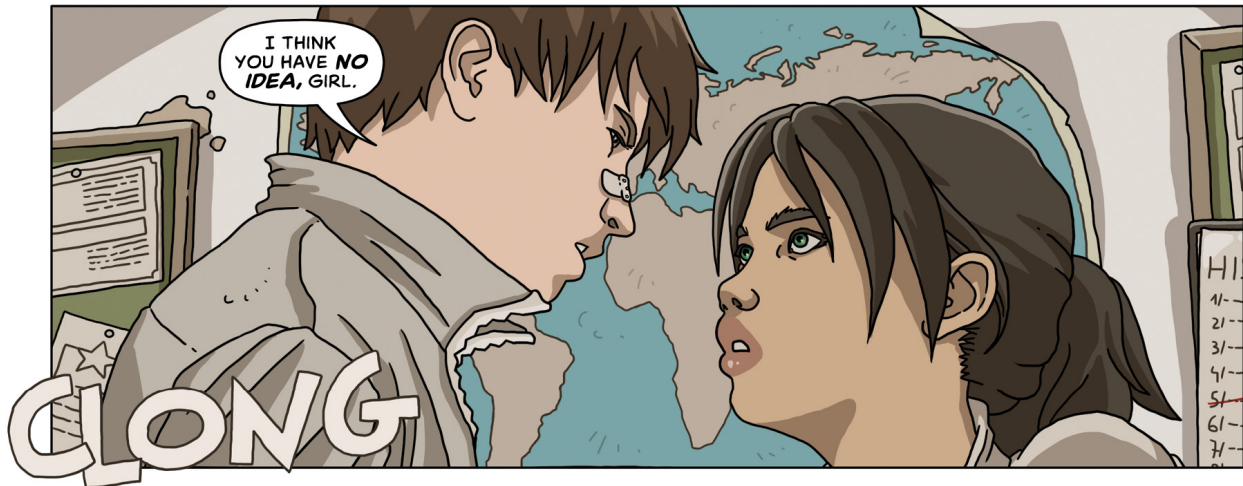
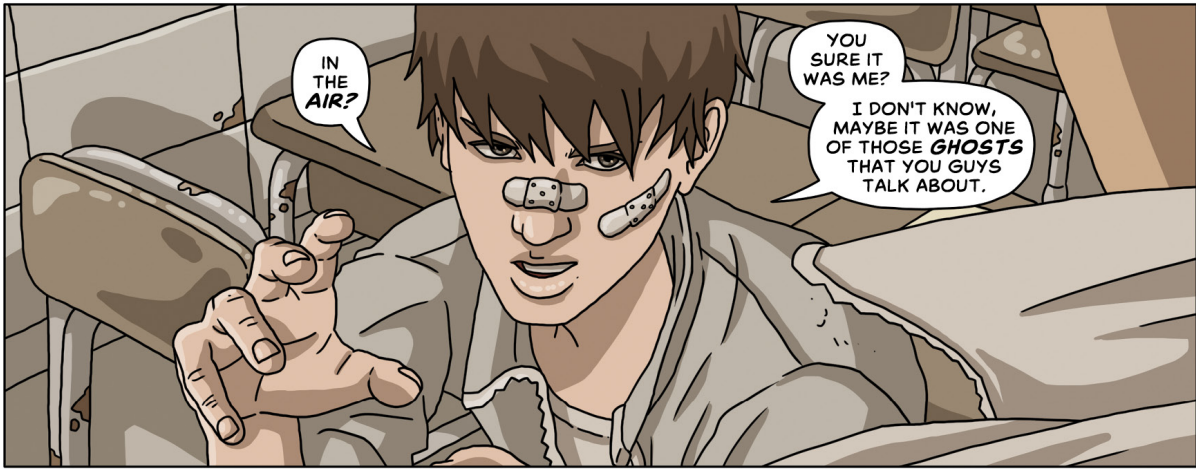
ISSUE TWO OF FIVE



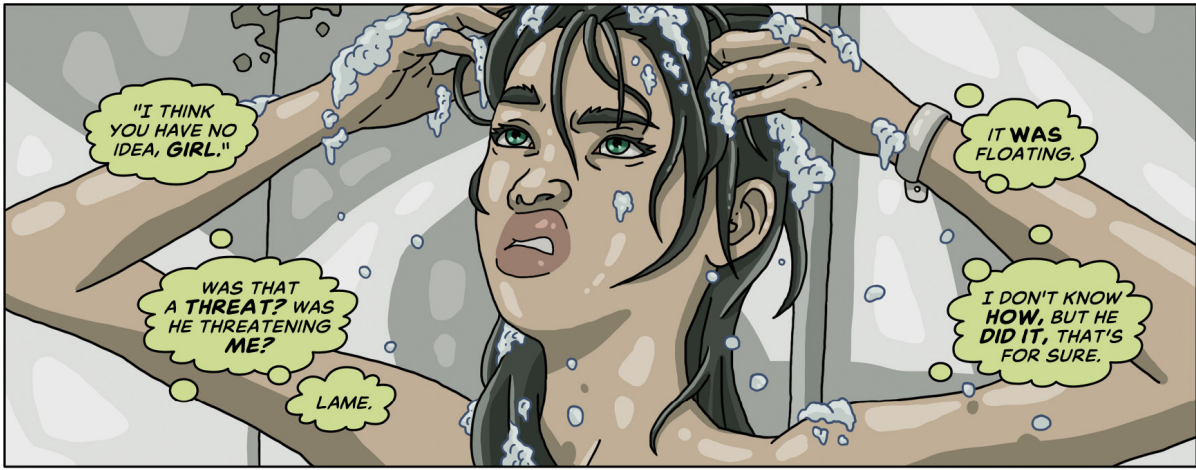












"I THINK YOU HAVE NO IDEA, GIRL."

IT WAS FLOATING.

WAS THAT A THREAT? WAS HE THREATENING ME?

I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT HE DID IT, THAT'S FOR SURE.

LAME.



LYING PRICK...

A WIRE ATTACHED TO THE SPOON?

PROBABLY THINKS HE LOOKS TOUGH WITH THOSE BAND-AIDS.

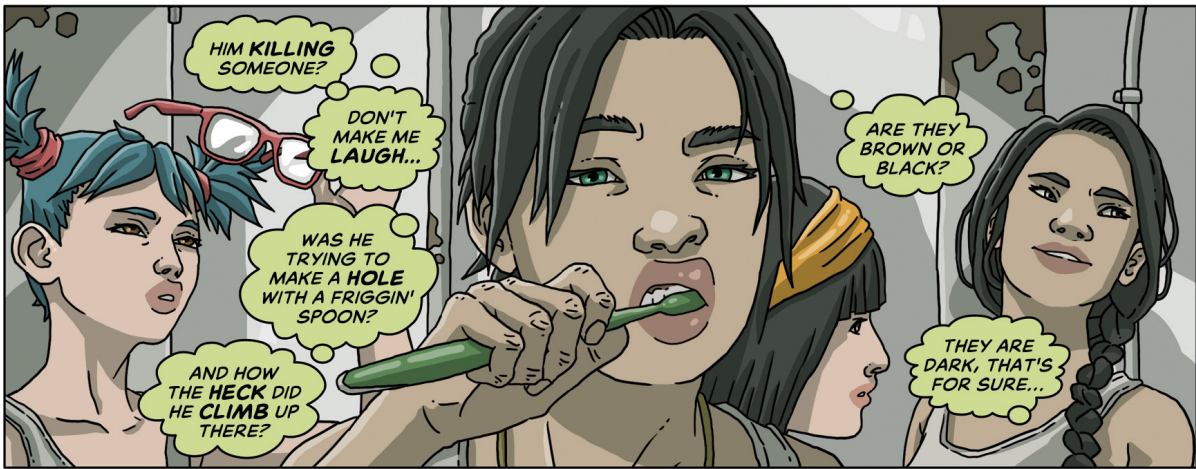
MAYBE...

COME ON, WITH THAT BABY FACE?

HE'S NOT THAT CUTE.

HE'S KIND OF CUTE, THOUGH.

THE EYES THOUGH...



HIM KILLING SOMEONE?

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH...

ARE THEY BROWN OR BLACK?

WAS HE TRYING TO MAKE A HOLE WITH A FRIGGIN' SPOON?

THEY ARE DARK, THAT'S FOR SURE...

AND HOW THE HECK DID HE CLIMB UP THERE?



WHO THE HELL DOES HE THINK HE IS?

IF HE EXPECTS ME TO LET IT GO, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THING COMING.

IF YOU WANT WAR, YOU'D BETTER BE READY, BOY.

I'M NOT LETTING A SPOILED COCKY SHIT GET AWAY WITH--