

LAST THING FIRST

TIM HOLT



RECALL



TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

AS BLACK AS THE HEART OF MIDWINTER WITH A HOT BLACK COLORED HIS EYES, FEATHERS, THE BLACK DOMINO! DOWN HE RODE INTO THE BULLET COUNTRY! HIS GOALS: ROB, ROBBERY AND MURDER — AND HIS FIRST VICTIM WAS THE MAN WHO? AND WHEN TIM HOLT RODE FROM AN ABANDONED BULLET JEWELRY TOOK UP THE DEAD TOWN OF THIS COUNTRY, EACH PROPHECY, AND IT WAS —

'REDMASK VS. THE BLACK DOMINO!'



WILD BILL HICKOCK



BILLY THE KID



REDMASK



TIM HOLT



WYATT EARP



DOC HOLLIDAY

THIS IS THE MAN KNOWN ONLY AS THE BLACK DOMINO? OH, NO! HIS HEART IS AS BLACK AS THE CLOTHES HE WEARS.

ON THE WALLS OF HIS OUTLAW HIDEOUT HE'D CLAY HAD — AND COUNTED — FOR THESE ARE THE MEN THE BLACK DOMINO HAS WANTED FOR DEATH...



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



IT'S HOLT—
THE DEPTTY—
SHERIFF!

SOEMEBODY TOOK A
SHOT AT HIM—
KILLED HIM, HEISE!

LIKE WATER BLUFFING AWAY THROUGH SAND, ONE BY ONE THE BLACK DOGINORS' OUTLAW SLIP FROM THE SALOON.



I GOT HIM—FLUSHED
HIM FRONT AND CENTER!

LUCKY I HAD THE
BRONCO SADDLED
AND READY! LET'S
WAGGON!

A HURLED SLING OF FELLOWS ACROSS
THE MAIN STREET.



AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE,
MOMENTS LATER.



DOCTOR—
WELL, HE
DIED?

CAN'T TELL
YET EXACT
IT LOOKS
BAD...

IN THE OUTLAW HIDEOUT, SOME
HOURS AFTERWARD—



HOLT IS DEAD—OUT OF
THE WAY—NOW—HE
IS...?



THE COUNTRY AROUND THE
COW AND BULL TOWN OF
BULLET IS RICH FOR OUTLAW
HIDEOUTS. A THUNDERING
CREW OF KILLER STOPS
THE BULLET-SLINGER CITY
STAGE.

TIM HOLT

BLUES ROAD IN THE NIGHT, 447
WELLS-FARGO BANK, 408 LOCKER.



IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE AT BALLET-



"YOU'RE A LUCKY
MAN HOLT! YOU
TAK A RAP FLASH
BAND BUT NOT
TOO SERIOUS!"

"THANKS FOR
KEEPING ME
VIBES FOR A
FEW DAYS,
DOC! I'LL BE
GOING AN SOON
AS CHITO
ARRIVES!"



"HAY! THESE BLACK DOMING
GANG, SHE GET TONNE, LOOKING
HERE- THE KING OF REWARD?
THEY ARE OFFER."

"BYWARD
FOR, WOLLY,
CHITO?"



**100,000 Reward for
REDMASK**

Dead or Alive!

To the Doctor



"SO THE BLACK DOMING IS OFFERING
A REWARD TO KILL BISMARCK, IS HE?
THE CHANGE THESE! CHITO-DOC?
I WANT YOU TO TELL PEOPLE-FOR HOLT
AND ALSO FROM THAT REWARD..."

"THE JAP-ROCKED WITH
REWARD BEFORE! I KNOW
WHICH HE HANDS OUT I MUST
WANT-HAY! NOT IF BLACK
DOMING IS BEING TO KILL OFF
THE LIFELINE AS THE REWARD
FOUNDER WOULD TO-SPIN. IT
WILL BE BEST IF HE DENICE HE
KILLED TIM HOLT-- SO HE'LL
COME OUT IN THE OPEN WITH
THE REWARD--AND GIVE
BISMARCK A CHECK UP
HAY!"



TIM HOLT

THAT NIGHT, AS THE MOON RISES HIGH ABOVE THE JAGGED PEAKS OF THE SIERRA RANGE...



SECONDS LATER, A TITFOLD OF GUNSMITH FILLS THE MOUNTAIN...



LIKE A GUN, SHADOWY OF THE NIGHT, CENSORED, PUFFING INTO THE BLACK, BURNING, UNDISCIPLINED!



A GUN BARRAGE, FLASHES LIKE A SLASH, BYTES, LANDING HEAD AGAINST AN OCEAN'S, JAW—



TIM HOLT



STOP THE SLEAZEBAGS!



I'LL GET RECKON'G MYSELF THIS—WITH HOLT AND HIS GANG—THESE'LL BE ALREADY TO STOP ME!

THE STARTLED BRANCOON HORSES SCOOT LINGER—AND HOLT! AND BULLDOG GARY FROM THE BLACK PIONEER S. BALLETS—RECKON'G FROM, LEAVE THEIR BRANCOON KOOPI'S!



WITH A DESPERATE THROB OF HIS POWERFUL, BONY BRANCOON CLIFTONS THE SHAWING TRACER, PULLS HIMSELF UPWARD, HOOKS A LEG OVER THE WOODEN TONGUE—



A MILE DOWN THE TRAIL, RECKON'G REARS THE FORAMING STAGE HORSES TO A HALT...



COULDN'T STOP THOSE CALICOOTS FROM GETTING AWAY WITH SOME OF THIS LOOT— BUT I MANAGED TO PREVENT THEM TAKING ALL THE CASH THE COACH WAS CARRYING...



KEEP UP SOME, WE COULD GO AFTER RECKON'G AND MAKE 'EM GET 'EM— BUT THE MERE VOYAGE MIGHT BRING RECKON'G BRANCOON'S DOWN ON US! I'VE A BETTER PLAN!

SOON, DAYS LATER, IN BULLET, AT THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF GAGE



THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF! THE BLACK COACHMAN SAW HIS BRASS BULLETS! THE UNION BULLDOG— WITH RECKON'G LEADING THEM!

BOOOOOO! THEY MUST'VE TAKEN RECKON'G! BECAUSE I GOT TO ROUND UP A POSSE!

TIM HOLT

SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE HILLS...

"THAT POSSE IS AFTER ME! THE CHANGES THREW A LITTLE— BUT SINCE THEY'RE AFTER ME—I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THEM— TO THE BLACK HORNING GANG!"



AT THE OUTLAW HIDEOUT...

"YES, YOU'D BE COMING BACK, DEARIE? HE'S ALL RIPPED OUT LIKE DEERMEAT, BUT HE'S ALL SLOW!"

"THE FOOL! I TOLD HIM TO STAY WITH THE AREA WHEN THEY SCORCHED THAT BARRN IN BLAZE CITY! TO LET POLICE SEE HIM AS DEERMEAT—SO THE LAW ITSELF WILL GET RID OF HIM FOR US!"



"JUB! WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS? SOMETHING GO WRONG?"

"YES, BUT SO THAT'S THE SAME—CHECK OUT ONE OF YOUR CHALLENGERS TO POSSE IN THE POSSE DEERMEAT..."

"THE HORSE YOU RODED WOULD GET HIM IF HE IS LOOPY OR ANY NERVOUS, HORNHOLE! I WANT YOU TO MAKE A NICE RECEPTION COMMITTEE FOR THEM!"

"GRRRRRR!"

"SO WILL MAKE THE GUEST AND SWEET!"

"Away!"



"UGGG!"

"THOSE CLAY BARRN— HOLLOW! FILLED WITH DEERMEAT! SO THAT'S HOW YOU NEED YOUR LOOK, BEEF! NO NOT EVEN YOUR OWN BARRN WOULD KNOW HOW MUCH YOU WERE BAITING BEEF!"



AND SO, WHEN THE POSSE ARRIVES AT THE OUTLAW HIDEOUT...

"HERE THEY ARE, SHEEP! WANT A FEW BARRN, AND WE'LL REAP THE BEST OF HIS BARRN—WITH THE BARRN DEERMEAT WHO'S BEEN GIVEN AS A BAD REPRESENTATION!"

"POSSIBLE! CAUGHT THE BLACK HORNING ALL BY YOURSELF! HUH! WE'LL TAKE ON THE DEERMEAT OF HIS OWN DEERMEAT! NO NEED FOR YOU TO GET ALL THE GLORY!"



TIM HOLT

JUST A LITTLE BLACK BOY
 SLIPPED THROUGH HIS FEET ON
 SLED DOGS—BUT IT COST THE
 LIFE OF HIS AUNT—IT BROUGHT
 A LEAD-JACKETED BULLET
 THROUGHS INTO BRIMLEY'S
 CHEST—AND IT SPILLED A
 POISON IN BRIMLEY'S CUP
 THE DEAREST MAN!

"OUTLAW GOLD!"



ON A DESERT TRAIL, A GIRL LURES WILDLY AT HER GALLOPING HORSES—



HELP A WILD BARR BY HARD-HEADED MEMBERS OF NOTORIOUS BUNCH CARRIERS WILD BUNCH SOLD THEIR BONES FORWARD—



TIM HOLT



LESS THAN A MILE AWAY FROM THE WOLF
TRUCK BY A TONNAGE OF ROCK—



WITH THUNDER CLAPPING AND GUN SAYS, CLIPPING,
TIM HOLT ROCKETS INTO THE JAGGED GARDEN,
WITH THE RIFT OF A CHIMBELL!



TIM HOLT



MOMENTS LATER...

THOSE BAD KIDS HAVE TURNED 'AL, CUTO! I'LL GRAB THOSE HORSES! THEY'RE NO BEASTS BY ALL THE GUNPLAY THEY'VE TURNED INTO BUSHWHACKS!



I WILL SAVE THE YOUNG LADY!



JESSE! YOU ARE SUCH A BIG STRONG MAN! DIDN'T YOU SAVE MY LIFE!

SI' I AM ASKING TO EVERYTHING YOU ARE SAY!



I HATE TO BREAK UP THIS ONE-MAN AMOROUS SQUAD, BUT I AM GETTING BACK TO THE RANCH, CUTO!

I WILL BEING WITH THE YOUNG LADY TO PROTECT HER FROM THESE SO-BAD KIDS!



AND GO FOR HAY LOW MILES--

YOU'RE WONDERFUL! I'LL BE WITH YOU EVERYWHERE! YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A GOOD FRIEND TO ME!

DEAR! HE'S MY GOOD FRIEND!

IN THE TOWN OF BULLET TOWN, SUNDAY, CUTO MADE AN UNCOMFORTABLE PROMISE...



THEN YOU WILL BRING DEAR! TO SEE ME? PLEASE!

WELL, SI' YOU THINKING SET SEE JESSIE? SI, I'LL GO TO SET.



THERE SHE GOES-- DELLA MARTIN!

WE DON'T GET HER TODAY-- BUT WE SURE WILL TONIGHT...!

THE CACTUS SALOON

TIM HOLT

THAT NIGHT, AS THE PURPLE SHADES OF THE DESERT DARKEN JEROME,



AND NOW I'LL
GIVE SOME BREVET
NEW-YEAR FAVORITE
I'VE BROUGHT
WITH ME...

AFTER HER SONG—



YOU GAMBLER? CHITTY SENT YOU?
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU—
BECAUSE YOU CAN HELP ME
GET THE MONEY MY FATHER
BURIED HERE, TOO— OUT ON
THE DESERT!

HERE'S HIS NAME! KEEP THOSE
MEN WERE AFTER ME TODAY TO
GET THE FLAP! MY FATHER
BURIED CLOSE TO TWO HUNDRED
THOUSAND DOLLARS—SOMEWHERE
NEAR OF BALD ROCK!



SORRY, MAMMY! YOU NEED
A LIVERYMAN, LIKE A SHERRIFF
OR A MARSHAL! THEY'LL
BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO
PROTECT YOU, AND
ESCORT YOU TO BALD
ROCK!



HE? MEN LIKE THAT WOULDN'T
MAKE A COINAGE AGAINST THEM!
MEN THAT WERE AFTER ME
TODAY! THEY'RE WARRIORS
OF THE ALSO MONEY— THE
OUTLAW MILLERS!



THAT ROSE WITH
BUTCH CANNERY!

JUST THE
SAME—

HEAR—LOOK OUT!



SEE HIS SUN-BARRA,
GLORY, IN THE LIGHT!
KNOW NO HONORARY MAN
WOULD HIDE OUT IN
THE DARK LIKE THAT—

TIM HOLT



LIKE A STEERING WHEEL,
BETWEEN WHEELS FORWARD
HE BLAZES COULDS EXPLODING
IN TWO PLACES!

THREE AGAINST A GIRL,
JUST LIKE YOUR KIND—TO
BULK IN THE SHADOWS
AND KILL URGENT!



BUT YOU SUREWAGGERS
ARE UP AGAINST A MAN
THIS TIME!



COULD
AND
THEY...?

THEY'RE ALIVE WAGG!
I'VE BRUNG 'EM UP
BOYS! BUNCH WAGG!
I'VE CHOOSED AN MIND
ABOUT TAKING YOU TO
SALO BOCK! THESE
HONDER REALLY ARE
PART OF THE WILD
BUNCH! AND THERE'S
SOMETHING I WANT TO
LEARN FROM THEM...

NEXT MORNING, AT SUNUP...



SALO BOCK IS ABOUT FIFTY MILES
OUTSIDE SELLBY. HE'LL BE THERE
CLOSE TO SUNDOWN!

GOING BEHIND THEM...



ESPECIALLY TOMORROW
THREE OF OUR
BOYS IN JAIL!

LISTEN—WHEN WE GET
OUR HANDS ON THAT SCENE,
WE'LL BE THERE WAY OUT!
DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF
THE SHAG AND KIDNAPER!

TIM HOLT

FROM TIME TO TIME, AS THEY MOVE ACROSS THE FLOOR, BOWMAN STOPS AND LOOKS OUT ACROSS THE HORIZON.



THREE OF THE WILD BUNCH FOLLOWING US... YOU RIDE UP AHEAD, DELLA!

AS THE WILD BUNCH CLATTERED THROUGH NEEDLE-EYE CANYON...



I CAN'T HANDLE THEM ALL -- NOT WITH DELLA ALONG -- BUT BY TAKING THEM ON ONE BY ONE -- I CAN MANAGE THEM!

LATER, AT THE END OF THE TRAIL...



I'LL KNOCK YOU OUT AND TAKE YOU UP -- AND THEN GO AFTER DELLA!

SOME MILLS FURTHER ON, BOWMAN'S LATEST SHAKES OUT AND ROARS --



GWAGGG!



I'LL DRAG YOU IN UNDER THE ROCK, CHICKENHEAD, HOMER! THAT WAY, THE SUN WON'T COOK YOU WHILE YOU WAIT FOR ME TO COME AND PICK YOU UP!

AS THE SUN BANGS BELOW THE SNOW RANGE...



BUT WHY ARE WE STOPPING HERE, SO CLOSE TO BALD ROCK? I WANT TO GO ON!

A GOOD SLEEP WON'T HURT YOU -- I'LL FIX UP SOME MORE HOT COFFEE...

TIM HOLT

ONE HOUR AFTER BURGLAR—



I'VE STRUCK SOMETHING!

IT'S THE MONEY I WANTED!

IT IS THE MONEY!

DELLA—MIGHT ANYBODY FIND IT?

YOU'VE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE! DISCARD YOUR WEAPON! ARE YOU SURE? IF YOU DON'T, YOU'VE SERVED THE WORLD'S BURGLAR! I DON'T ASK YOU ANY MORE QUESTIONS!



THE LOOT OF BURGLAR CARRIED HIS MESSAGE—NOW IT'S MINE! HE GAVE ME THE MAP—AND TOLD ME HOW ABOUT HIM! HE DIED WITH A GUN ON HIS LIFE—KNOWING THEY TRY TO KILL HIM! BUT TRYING TO REWARD—THAT DON'T!

AS THE FADING HORSEMAN'S DO WHISPER...



LUCKY FOR ME! I HEARD THE HORSEMAN WHISPERING! SHOWING THAT BURGLAR CARRIED HIS MESSAGE TO ME! I MET TWO AND TWO TOGETHER—AND REALIZED THAT THE MAN WHO DIED WAS DELLA'S FRIEND! SO WHILE ON SLEEP LAST NIGHT I SHOULD LOADED THE BULLETS IN HIS GUN!



WITH ONLY A FEW DROPS OF POWDER LEFT, THE BULLETS WERE USED! IF HE HAD JUST BURGLAR WANTED TO REACH ME... NOW I'LL WAIT HERE—SHOULD BE BACK!

THREE HOURS LATER...



NO! NO!—THE ONLY BOY IS EMPTY!

SURE! WHILE YOU SLEPT LAST NIGHT I DID IT UP TOOK OUT THE MONEY AND REPLACED THE BOY! I BELIEVED YOU AT FIRST—BUT TRADING OVERLORDS I CAPTURED TOLD THE TRUTH! THE MONEY IN THE BOY WAS THE LOOT OF BURGLAR CARRIED HIS MESSAGE—AND WILL GO BACK TO THE PEOPLE FROM WHOM IT WAS STOLEN!