

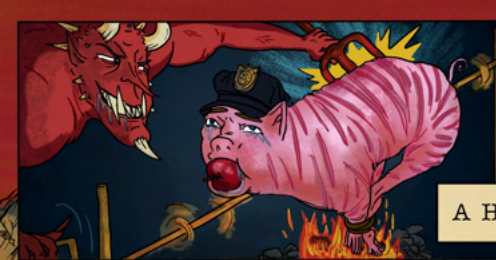
HELL FOR DEVILS



ISSUE 1

A HEAVEN OF HELL

Ryan T. Eakins • Pat Cavanaugh • Lev Cantoral



There's a Hell for everyone.

A Hell for Cops.



A Hell for Bankers.

And a Hell for Devils.



That's where Dolly was headed, last Cutter saw him. To where the torturers of the condemned are themselves tortured and condemned.

It's complicated, I know. I'll explain eventually. It's all dressing, really.

Let us start at the day Cutter and Dolly met at the saloon between planes, when Cutter began his sentence in gen pop hell. A punishment he received for angering his boss, who you may know as "God."

So begins the story of Cutter, the Angel of Shears, and his quest to find Dolly, the Devil of the Rock, in the deepest pit of suffering.



And the progeny that came from that quest, of course.



Cutter met Dolly at the saloon between planes.



Dolly was the first devil Cutter saw at the saloon between planes.

I mean, truly saw.



So I'm givin' Moloch the bidness...

FWIP

Cutter, meet Dolly. He'll be torturing you.



SWRUP





More where that came from.

I should think so.

You like Devil Whiskey?

I don't know.

Bet you do. Tastes like piss. Drink up, piss pig.



GLURG

GLURG



That's it. Down here, you have no will. I'm your will. I tell you to eat a rock, you do it. If you refuse, I make you eat it. Because you're fucking nothing but a puppet for my impulses, even when my hand isn't up your ass. And it will be, by the way. Got it?

CAFF CAFF BLECH

Sure.

Two more, bartender.

You know what I think?



I think you don't fucking think.

I think there's something different about you. I've seen devils, Demons, Abominations. You're not like them.

Don't tell me I'm a softy or some shit.

It's the opposite. You're not a softy.

But you're not some monster built for punishment, either.

You've seen punishment yourself. You've suffered.

GLUK GLUK



Heh... Cutter, was it?

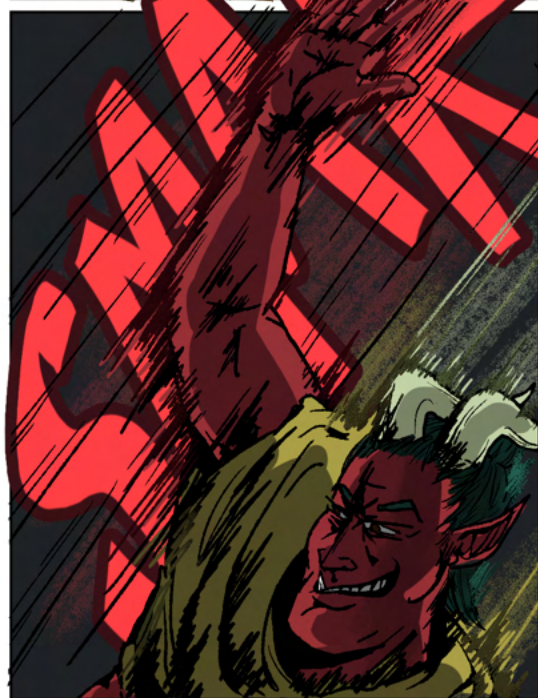
GULP

That's right.



We're not friends, even if we're sharing some devil's piss now. When we leave this saloon, I'll wreak such terrors upon you that you'll stop believing in God, even though you know the fucker personally.

Hm. Why wait until we leave the saloon? Hit me.



Again.

FSSSH



Thus started the most unbridled, unfilmmable, unholy demon-angel BDSM fuckfest in the history of creation...

Pleasure. Pain. Painsure.

Plainshurremmmm.

PrainsuraaaaaaaAAAHHH!



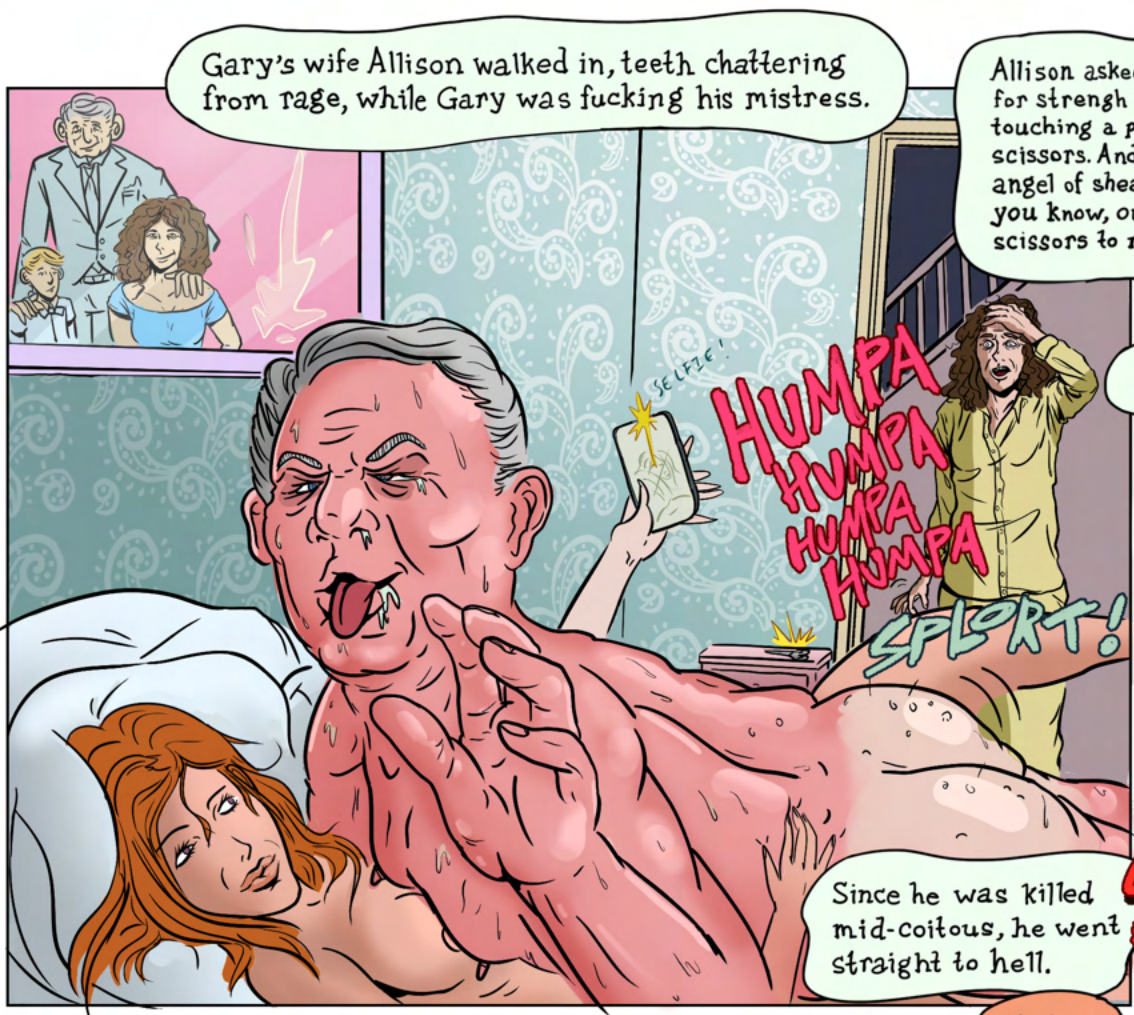


How'd I get so lucky to have you sent down here, anyways?

It's stupid.



There was this megachurch preacher, Gary Munson, on earth.

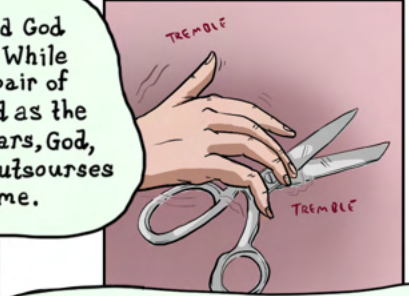


Gary's wife Allison walked in, teeth chattering from rage, while Gary was fucking his mistress.

**HUMPA
HUMPA
HUMPA
HUMPA
SPLORT!**

Since he was killed mid-coitous, he went straight to hell.

That's a rule?

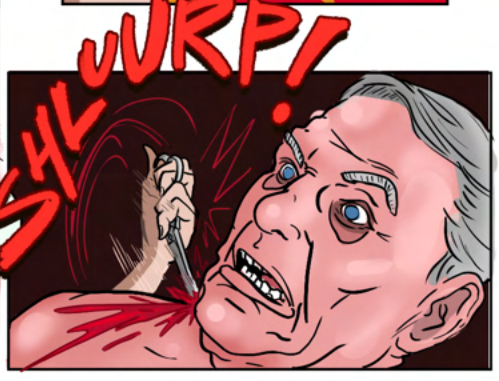


Allison asked God for strength While touching a pair of scissors. And as the angel of shears, God, you know, outsources scissors to me.

So I answered her call. Commanded her to drive those shears into her husband's neck.



SHWING



SHUURP!



Yes. Shouldn't you know?

Anyways, Gary was one of God's favorites, and God wanted him for Heaven. But Satan would only let Gary go if God sent one of his angels to Hell. I was the obvious "fall from paradise guy!"

I haven't read the fuckin' guidebook. I'm a devil—I'm in the details, but I'm not into them.



What brought you here?

Baby, I was born here.

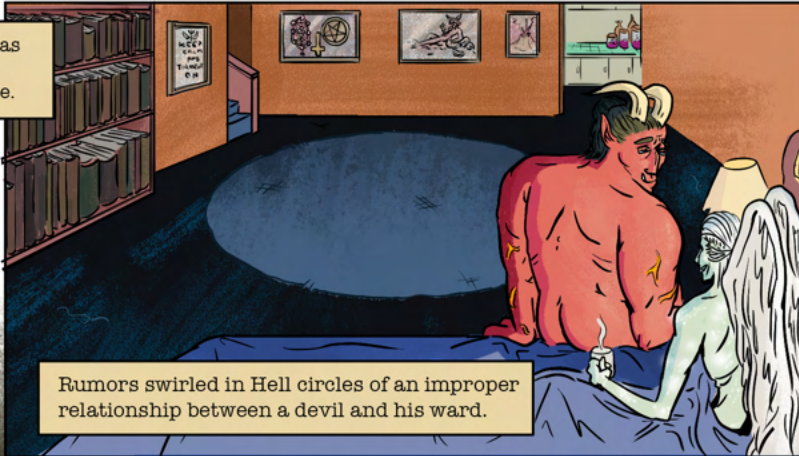
Two months passed...



...y'know, in Devil Days.



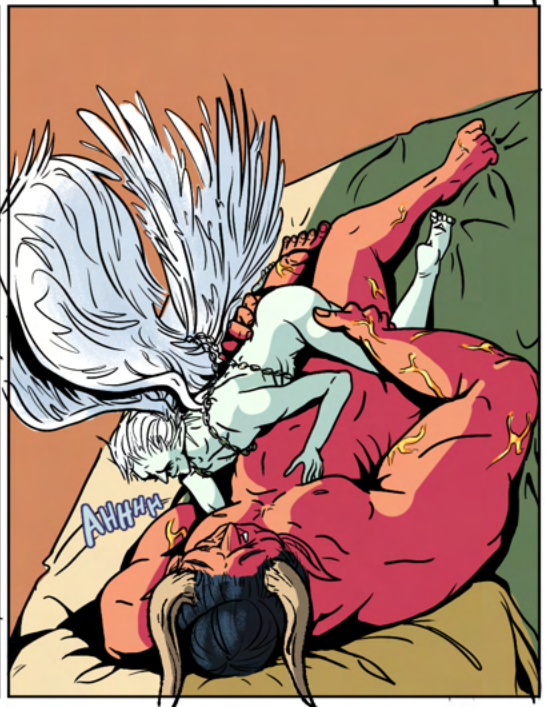
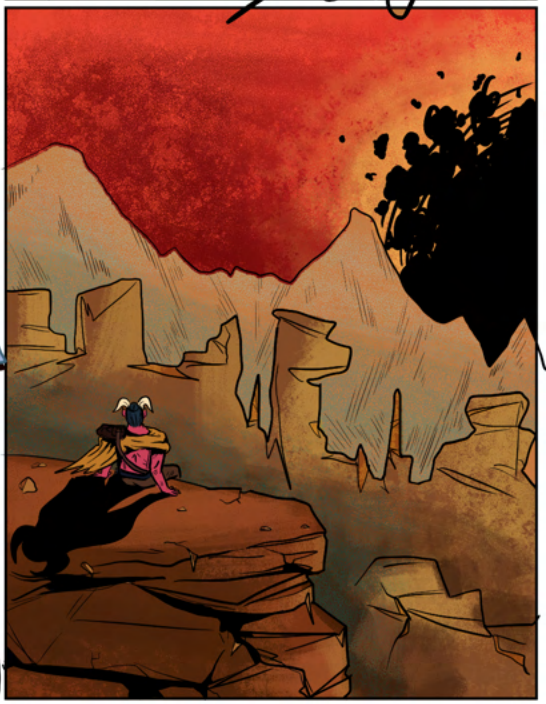
Dolly and Cutter began to settle in as a couple - which, of course, was a major infraction to the Demon Code.



Though they were careful to keep appearances of a torturer-torturee relationship in public.







GLURP

Fuck. You killed Bungus.

Relax. He'll rematerialize in the waste pit in a couple of weeks.

If his alignment was right.

Shit, it's Bungus. A devil's a devil. He's not shifting planes anytime soon.

BLORGLE SPLORT

But you killed him to defend one of the condemned... You broke the Demon Code.

SPORP

Bloop



Sorry about this ... and over a pair of fives...

GAN

CLINK CLINK CLINK

PANT PANT

SLAM

Not only had Dolly broken Demon Code...

...but also had all but verbally confirmed his improper relationship with Cutter.

WOAW WOAW WOAW

JANGLE CLANK

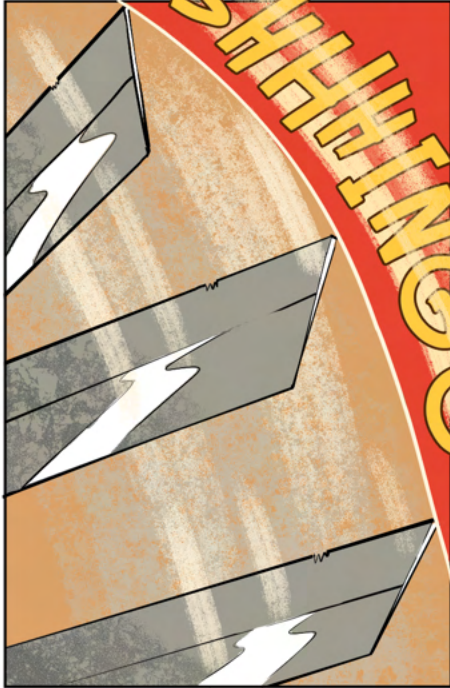
CLUNK THWANK

And so Dolly would be sent to where all the bad devils go -

Hell for Devils.

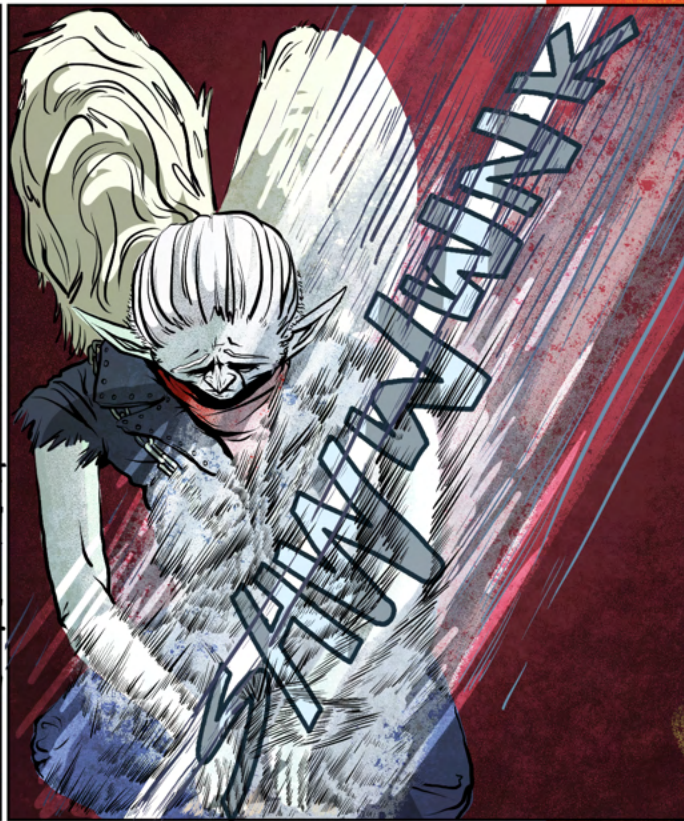
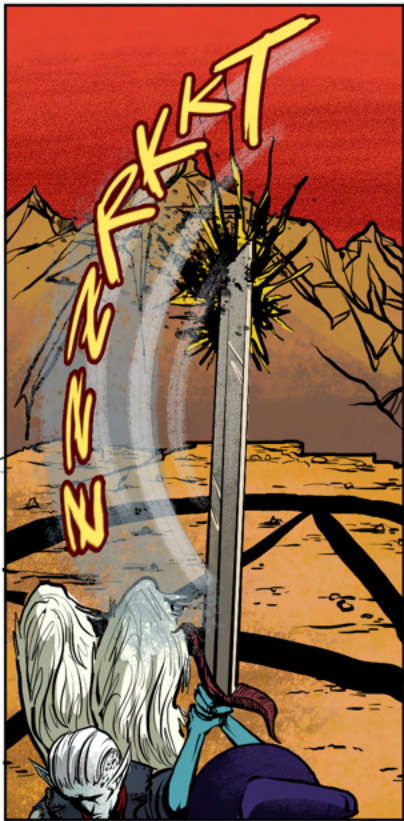
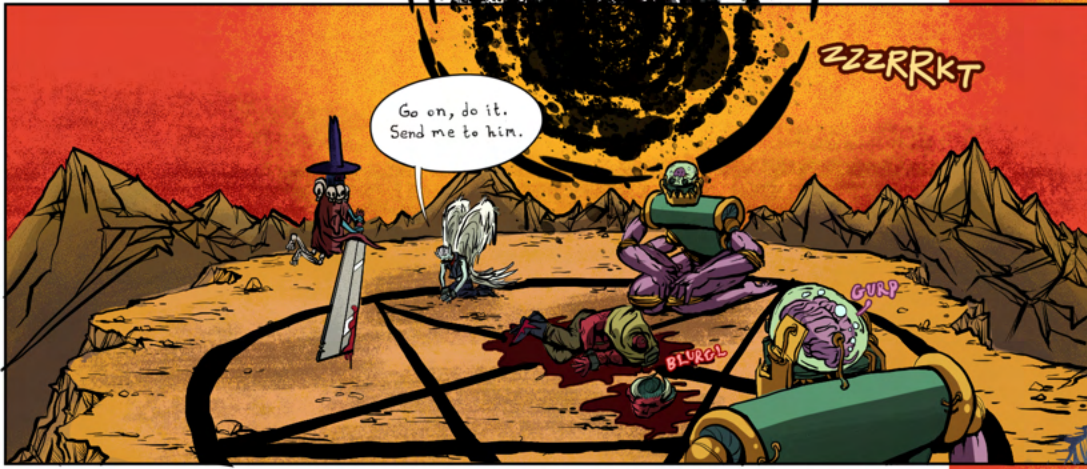
I'll find you.

Hah. An angel sent to Hell for Devils? You'd have to commit the most profound, moving act of heretical horror in Heaven's history.



It was fun, dear.





One Month Later
(in hell days)

You see Christians
these days? You know,
Christians, named after
me. Not fuggin' Hayden.
Y'know?

Cutter found himself once more in heaven.
Though his heart was buried somewhere,
deep down, in the bowels of the supernatural.

Y'know the kind?
Put up corny posters. Say I'm
leavin' footsteps in the sand.
Buddy, I ain't traipsin on the
beach. I'm walkin' on the
fuggin water.

What's up
with deez guys?
All the cool ones,
they've fuggin' left
me. All that's left
is ah hundred year
olds who can't wait
to die and thirty
year olds who're
scared ta fuck.

The cool "Christians", in
name only mind you, only
show up once a year, on my
fuggin' birthday, when they
give each other presents.
The nerve!

They're out there traveling
and smoking and showing
their assholes on tik-tok.
They act like coming to my
house one time every 12
months is enuff to save them
from damnation. Fuck. If it
were me, I'd send them
straight to—

I'm coming,
baby.

Heretical horror...
heretical horror...

HELL FOR DEVILS

SKREEE

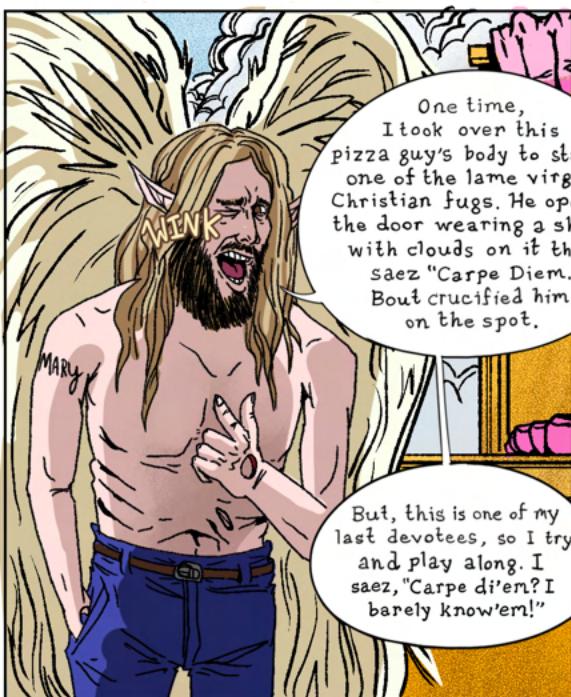
FWAP

FLAP



If your devil finds
out you forgot the
Devil's Piss...





One time, I took over this pizza guy's body to stalk one of the lame virgin Christian fugs. He opens the door wearing a shirt with clouds on it that saez "Carpe Diem." Bout crucified him on the spot.

But, this is one of my last devotees, so I try and play along. I saez, "Carpe di'em? I barely know'em!"



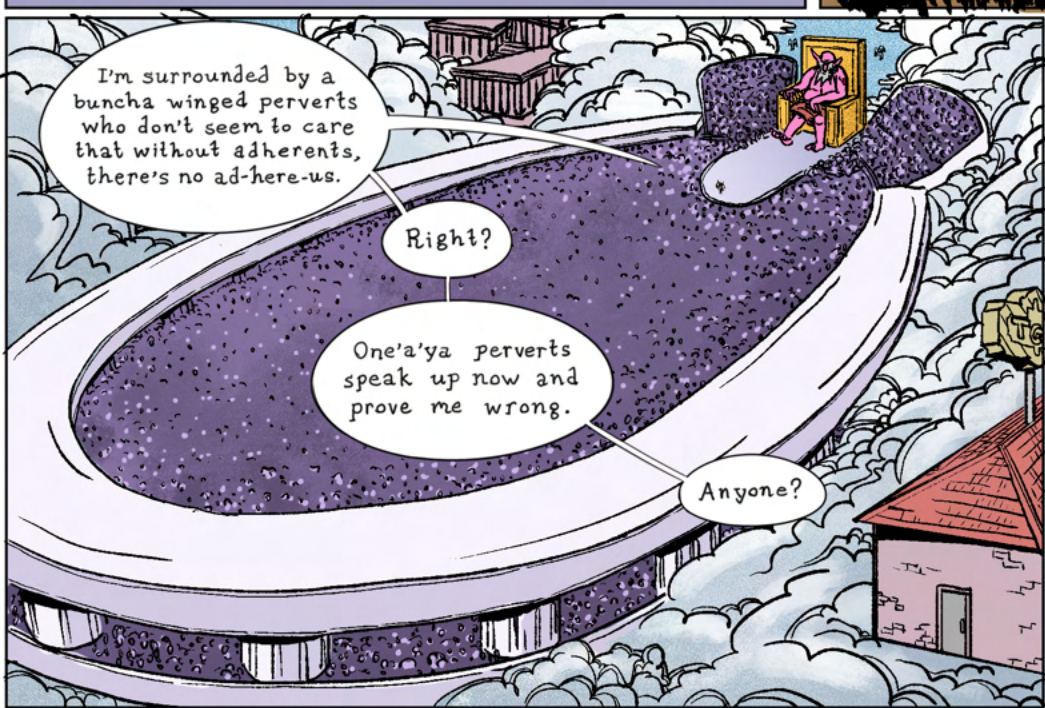
Jesus, son. Will you get to the fucking point?



The point is - People are fuggin fuggedin about me, Pops! About my sacrifice. My loooooooove!!!



And none of you seem to give a cherub's chubby about it!



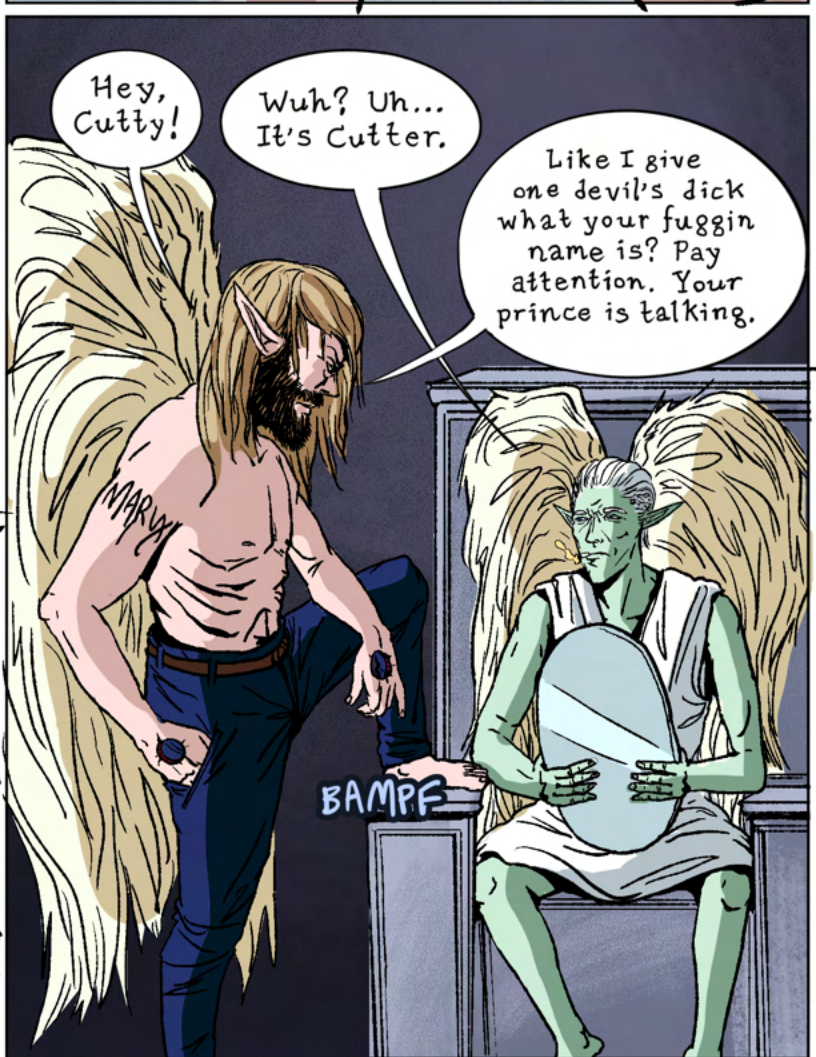
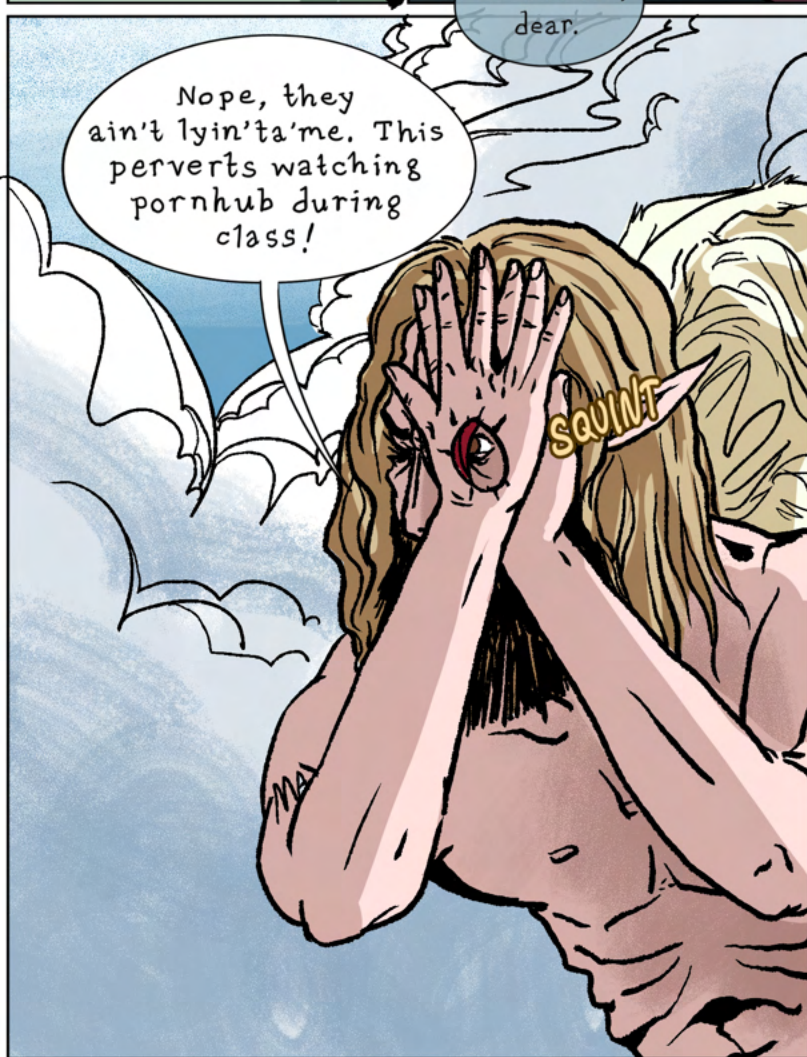
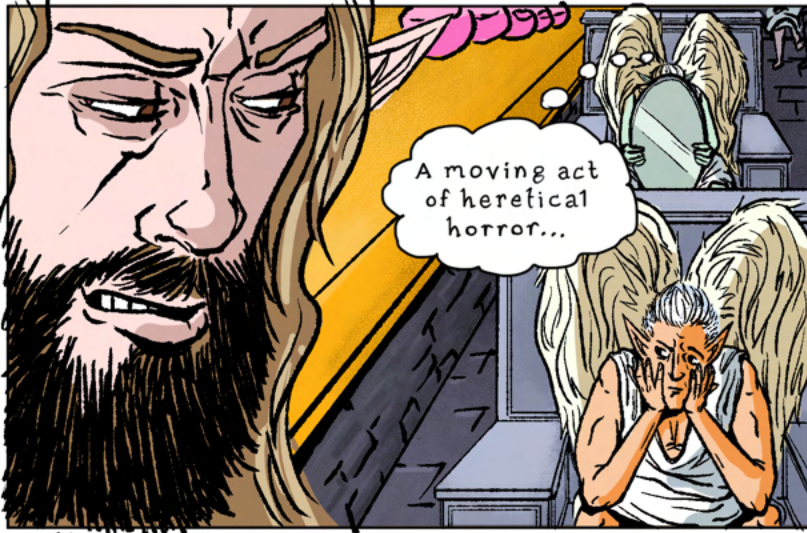
I'm surrounded by a buncha winged perverts who don't seem to care that without adherents, there's no ad-here-us.

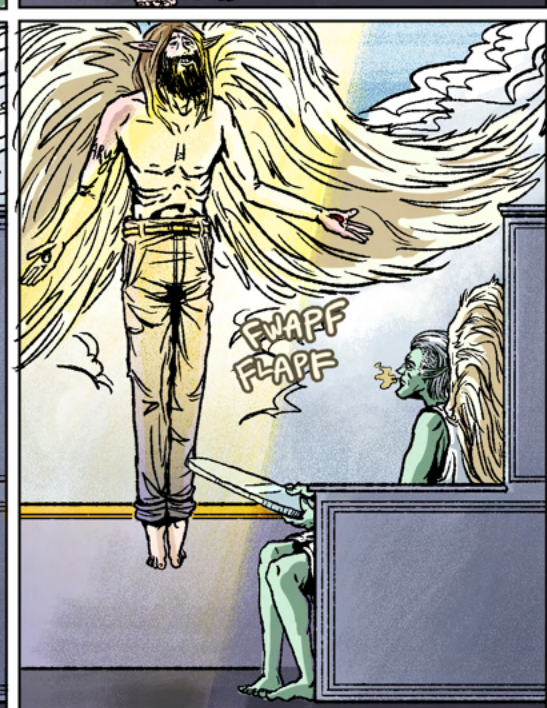
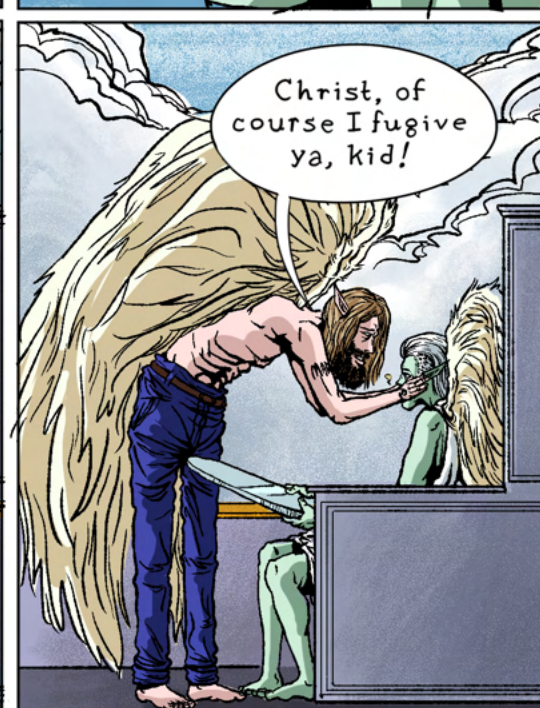
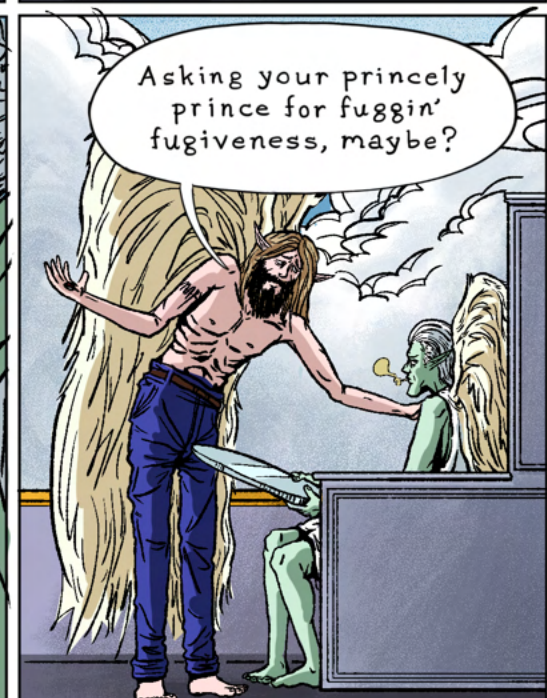
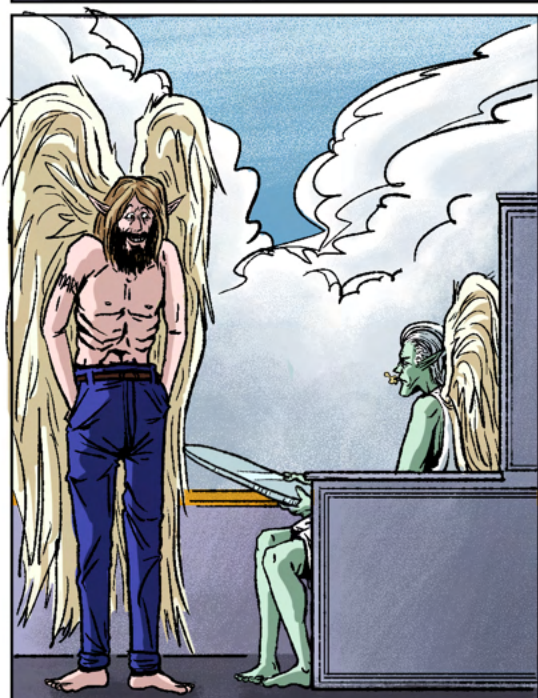
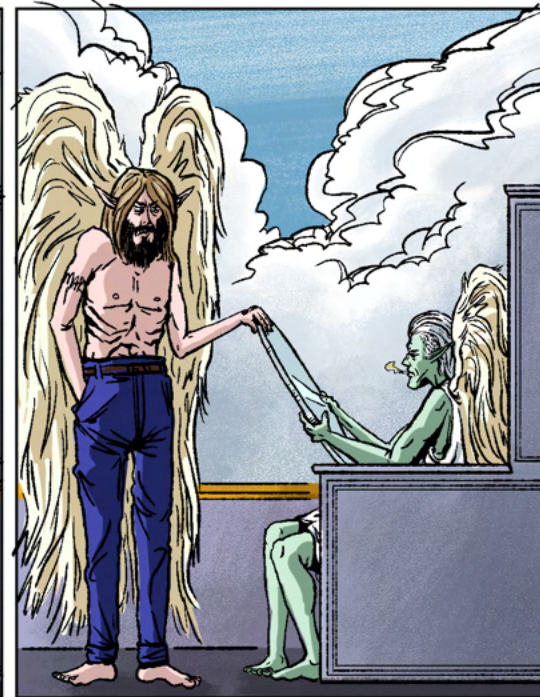
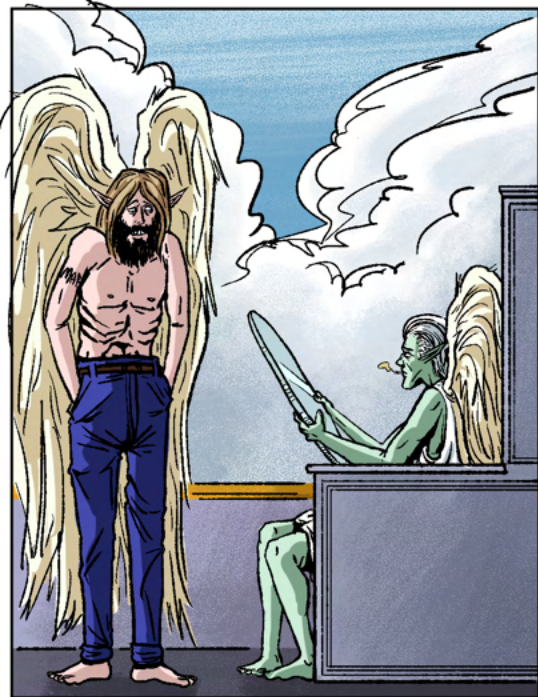
Right?

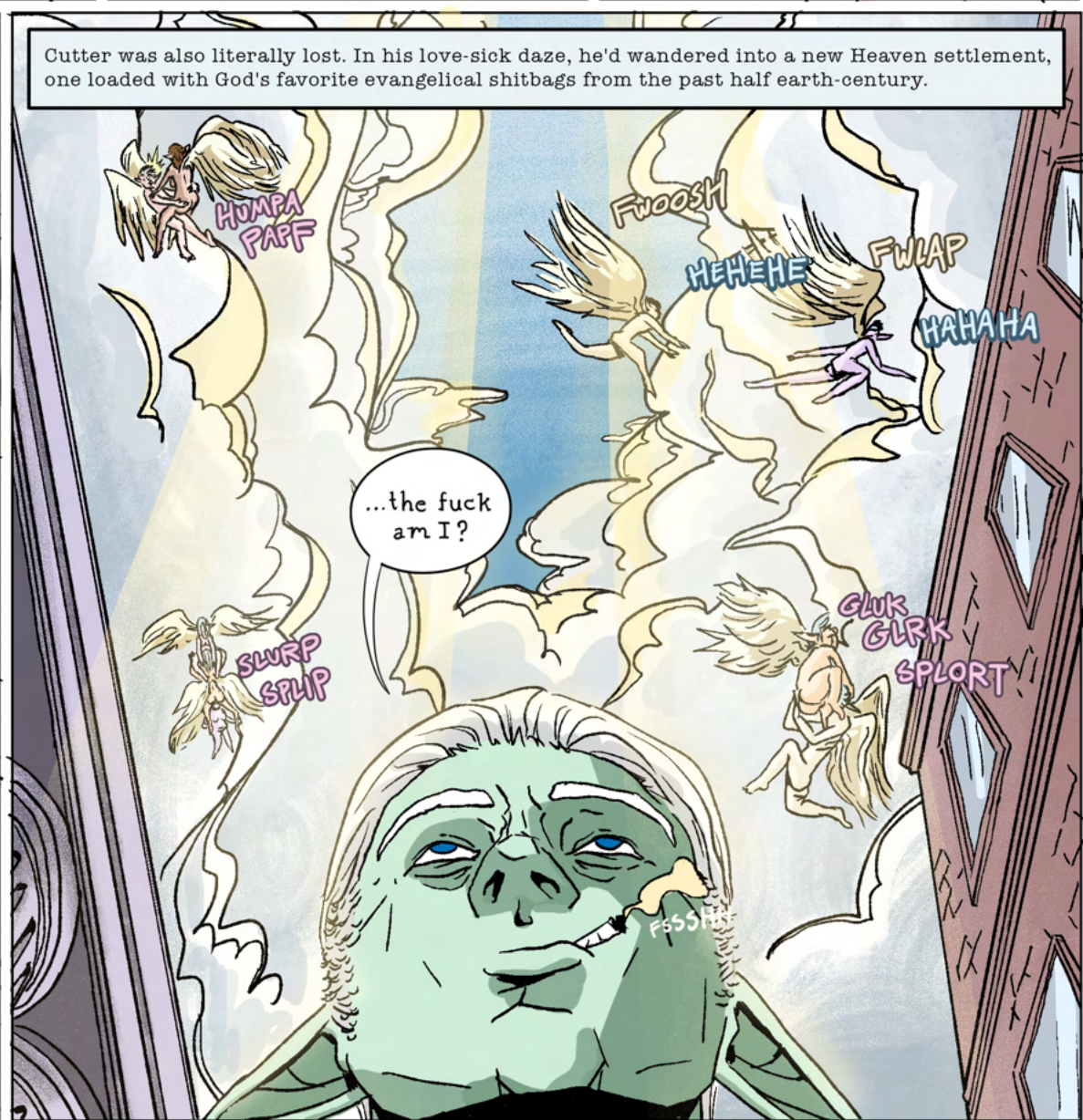
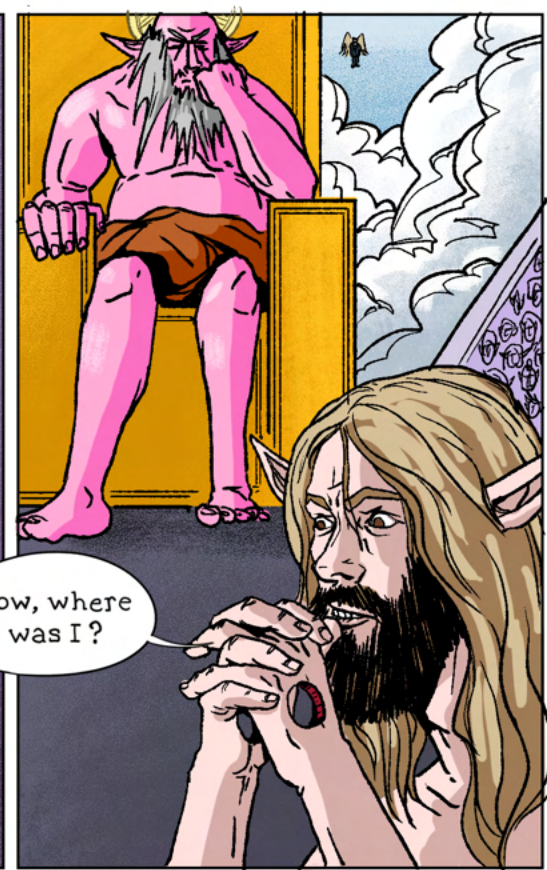
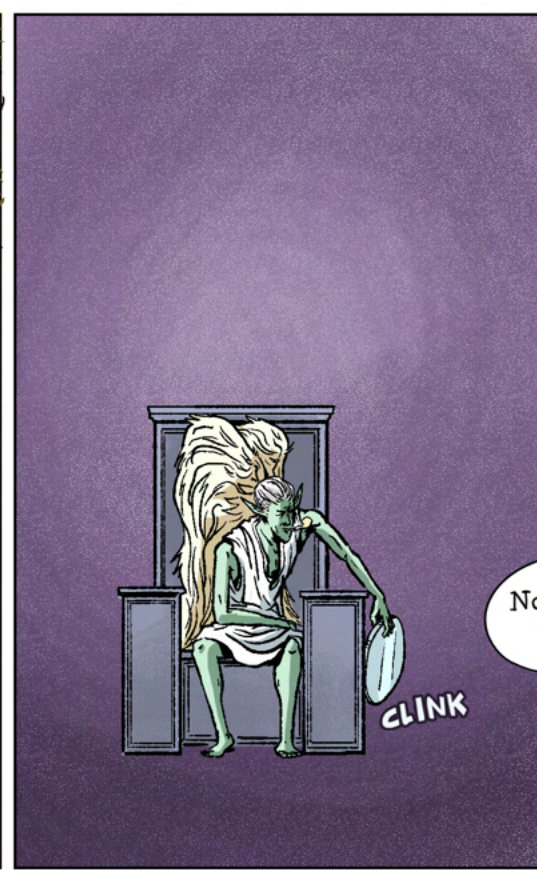
One'a'ya perverts speak up now and prove me wrong.

Anyone?









Cutter was lost, roaming the streets of Heaven once more.

Cutter was also literally lost. In his love-sick daze, he'd wandered into a new Heaven settlement, one loaded with God's favorite evangelical shitbags from the past half earth-century.

Heretical horror...

...the fuck am I?



MMPH



Hey, I know you! You're the guy who got my wife to scissor my neck!



SHIT!



FWOOF



Calm, child. I just want to talk, man-to-man.

FWOOF
FLRF



SHWOOF

I'm not a man.

Sorry?

Us old angels, we're genderless. This isn't even my real form.

OK, well, angel-to-angel. I just want to say, I forgive you.



In fact, we want to thank you. Now that we're, you know, up here. We get to open our marriage without risking damnation.

Why don't you come join us? Show us that real form of yours?

We're angel swingers, now!

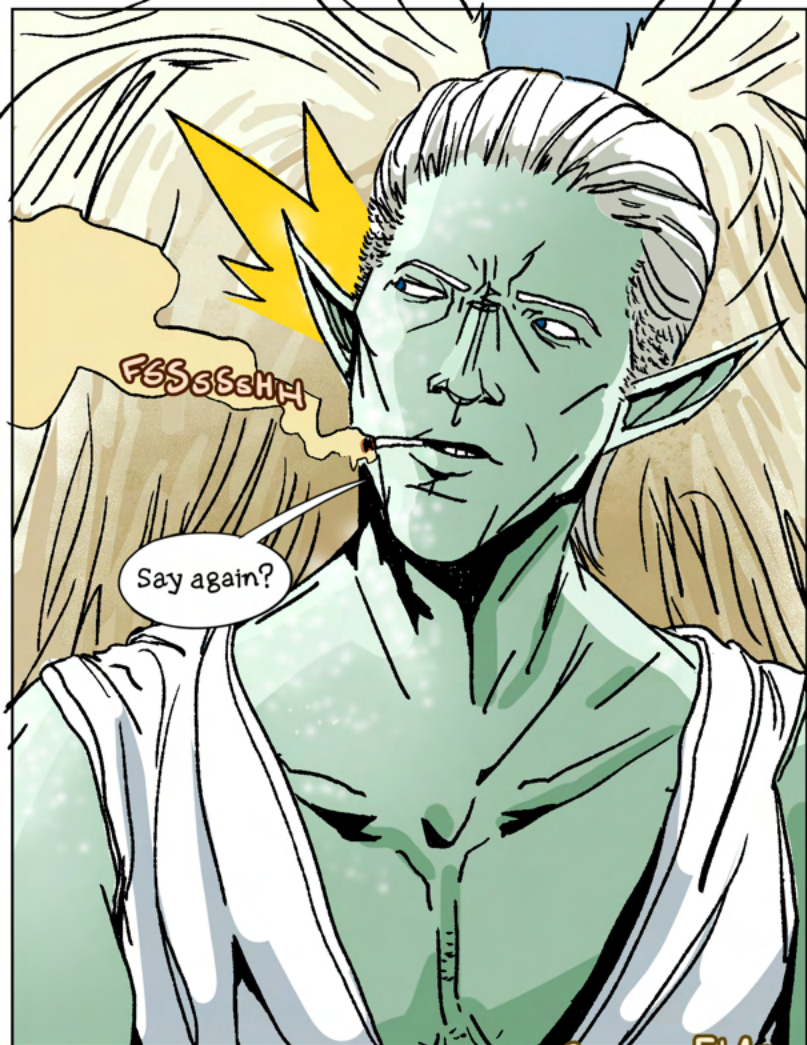


I'll pass. Maybe next eternity.



See you at Baby Lorenzo's ceremony, then.

Have to be a profoundly horrible heretic to miss it.



FSSSSHH

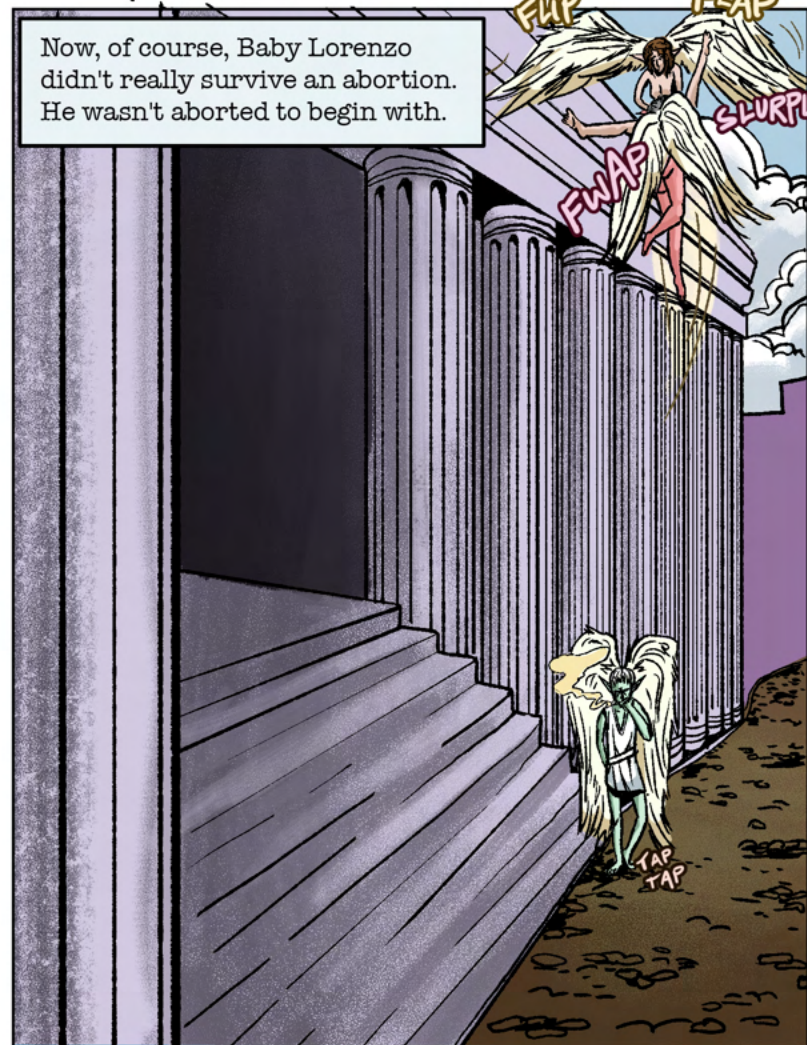
Say again?



Baby Lorenzo's getting inducted as an archangel at his new palace. Praise be!

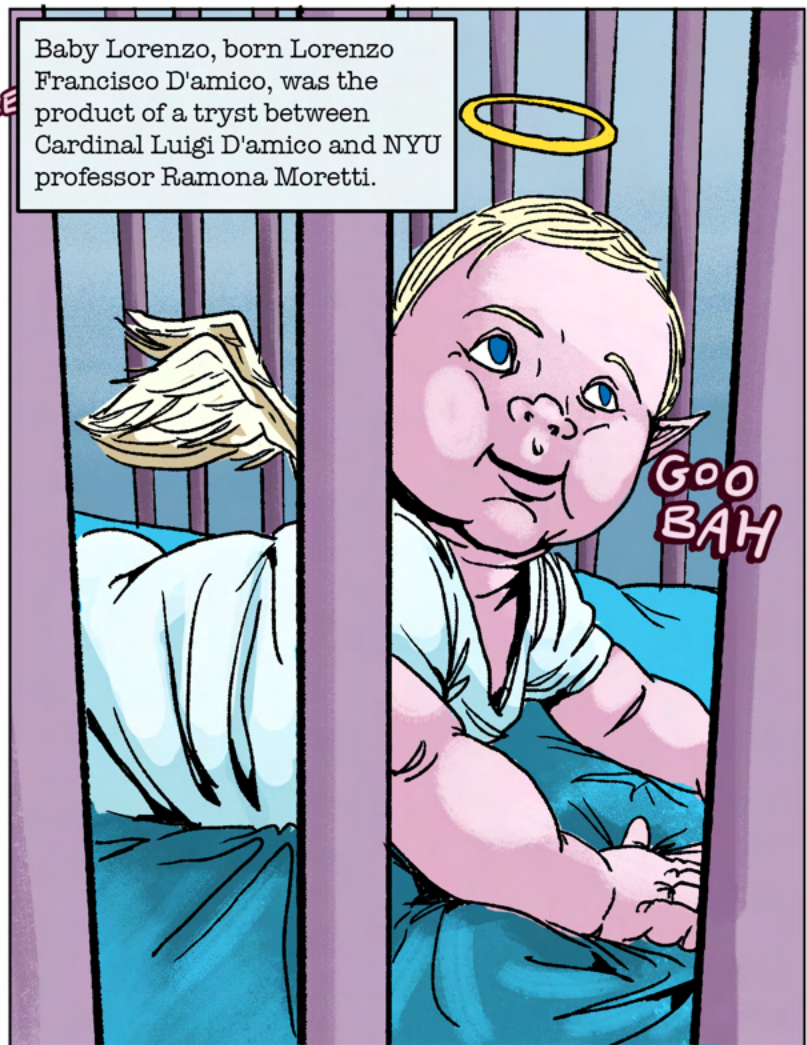
Praise be indeed! Fitting reward for the first child to survive an abortion!

Back to fuckin'!



Now, of course, Baby Lorenzo didn't really survive an abortion. He wasn't aborted to begin with.

FMP FLAP SLURPLE FWAP TAP TAP



Baby Lorenzo, born Lorenzo Francisco D'amico, was the product of a tryst between Cardinal Luigi D'amico and NYU professor Ramona Moretti.

GOO BAH

Rather than admit he fathered a child, Cardinal D'amico claimed he rescued Lorenzo from a Planned Parenthood dumpster.

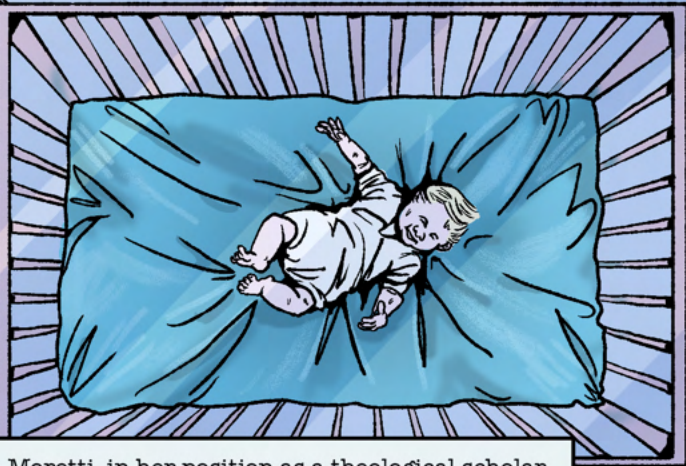


The scam miracle brought millions to St. Peter's Square, converting fresh and fervent followers to God.



New followers meant new psychic energy, new souls God would trap in the moral vortex.

Souls on which *It* would feed.



Dr. Moretti, in her position as a theological scholar, verified that Lorenzo had survived an abortion.

The press didn't question that as much as they should have.



But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

BWOON **BRUMM**
RRMMBLE

You might be wondering why God permitted such an immoral lie. To which I'd say, it's time you let go of the idea of a morally consistent God.

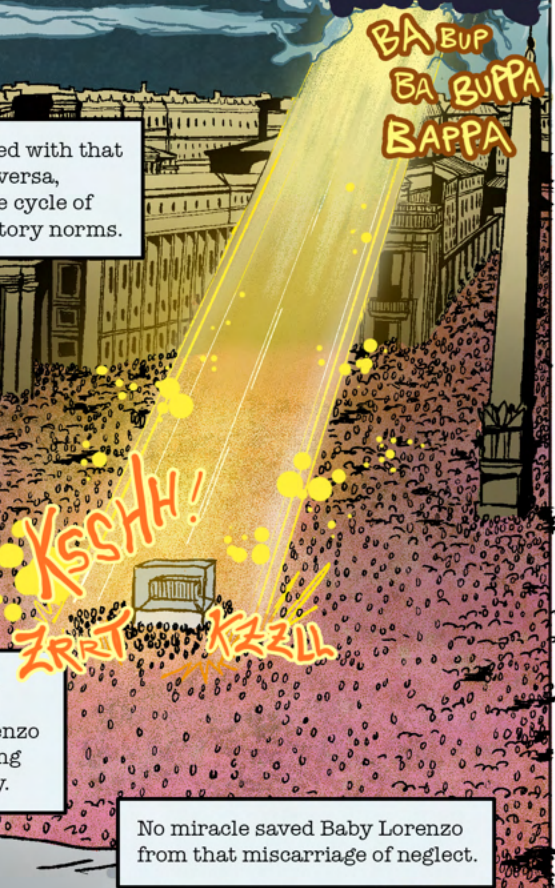
God's stated morality shifted with that of His adherents, and vice versa, creating an inter-subjective cycle of increasingly self-contradictory norms.



But God didn't care. He only sought a supernatural form of profit no human would ever understand. And Baby Lorenzo was very good for business.

That is, until Cardinal D'amico forgot to drill holes in the Baby Lorenzo Mobile on one scorching New York summer day.

No miracle saved Baby Lorenzo from that miscarriage of neglect.





Baby Lorenzo, over here!

We love you, Baby Lorenzo!

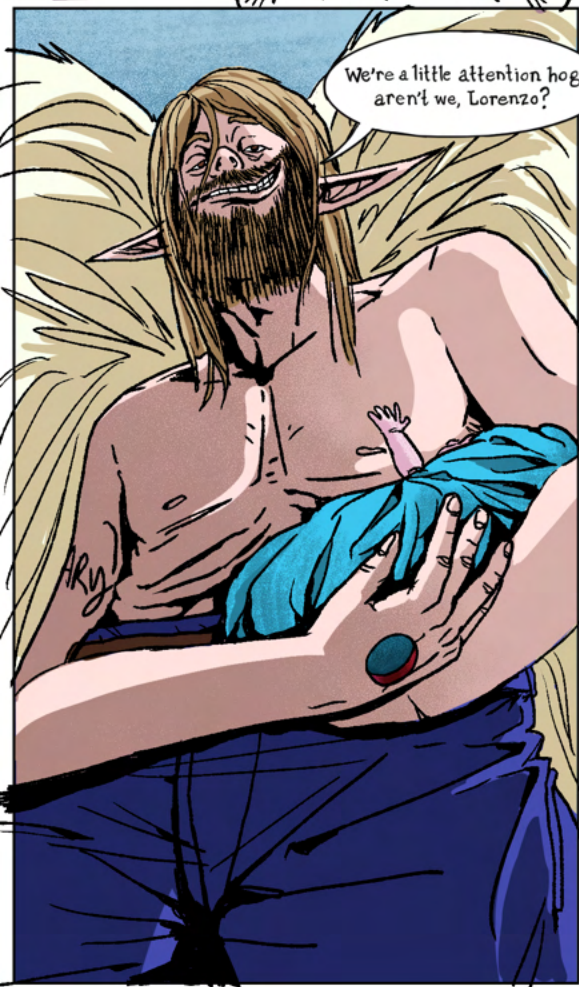
YAAHHH



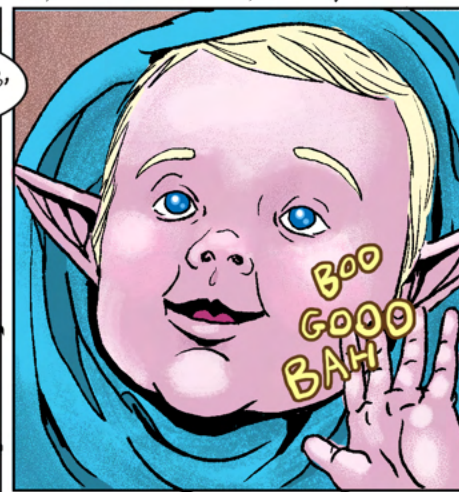
Thank you! Thank you!

Let me hold you, Lorenzo!

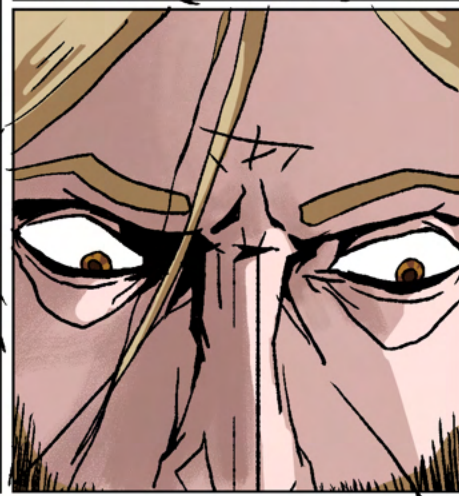
We're here to kiss Lorenzo!



We're a little attention hog, aren't we, Lorenzo?

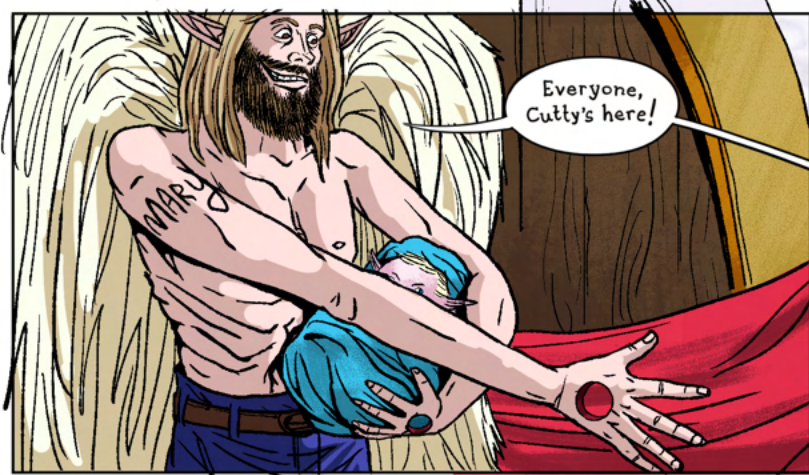


BOO
GOOO
BAH!



WOOOP OOH
HEY JESUS!
LOOK AT ME!
HEY BABY!
SAVE ME!

Cutty...



Everyone, Cutty's here!



Uhh...

Come on up here. Do the honors!



It's Cutter.

You're the angel of shears, right?

So dad made ya for snippin' and clippin'! Come cut this ribbon. Cuh-tee. Cuh-tee.

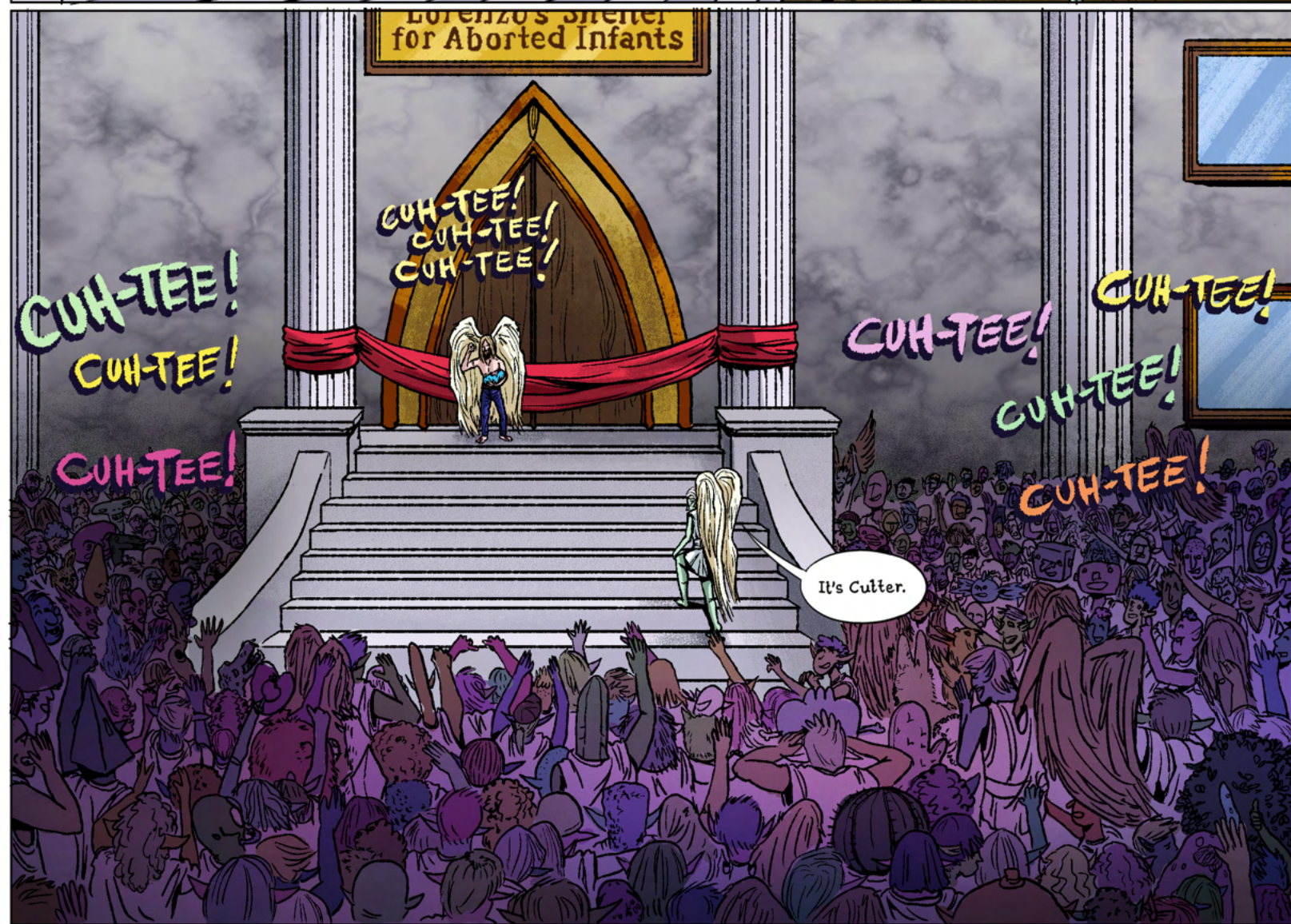
That's right.

YAAAAH!

OH YEAH!

YAAAAAS

WOOO



Lorenzo's Shelter for Aborted Infants

CUH-TEE!
CUH-TEE!
CUH-TEE!

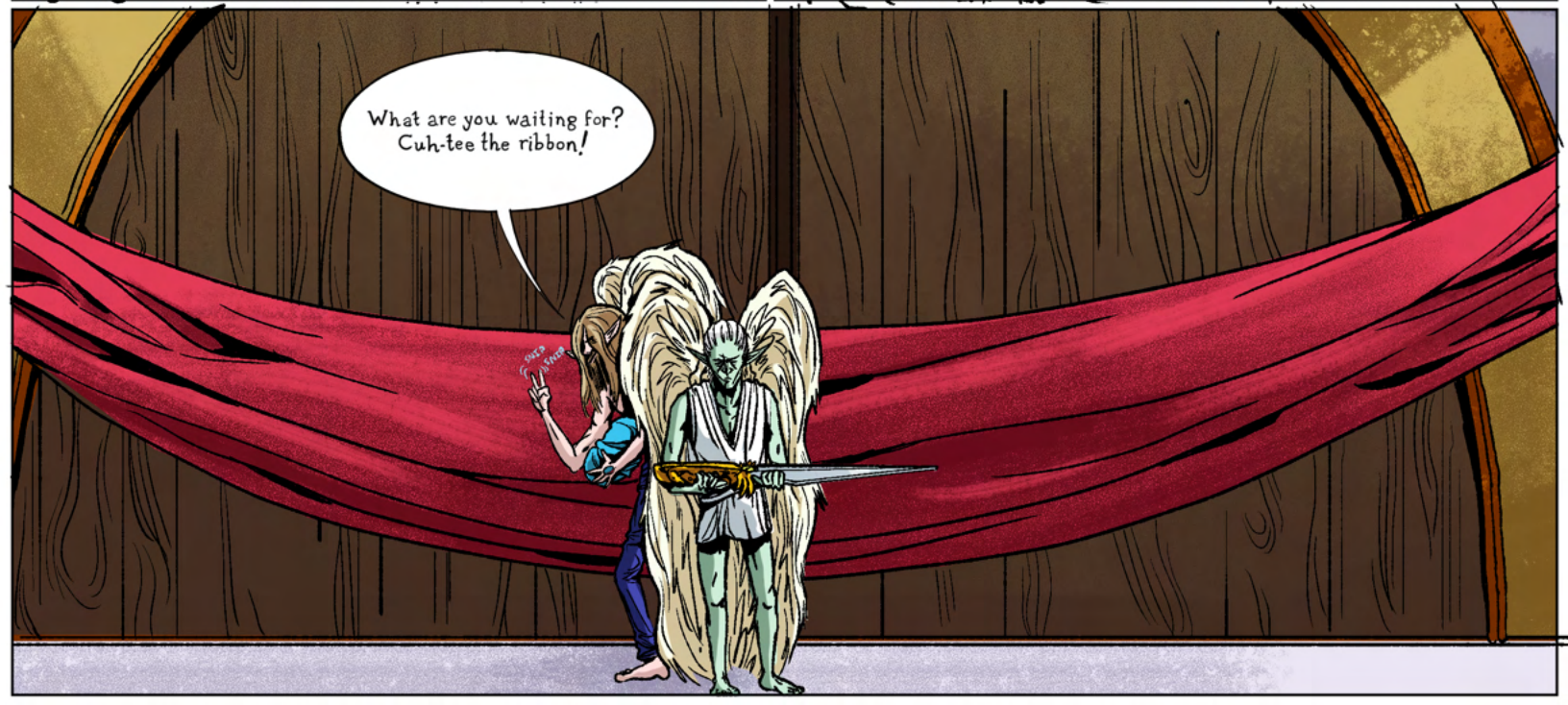
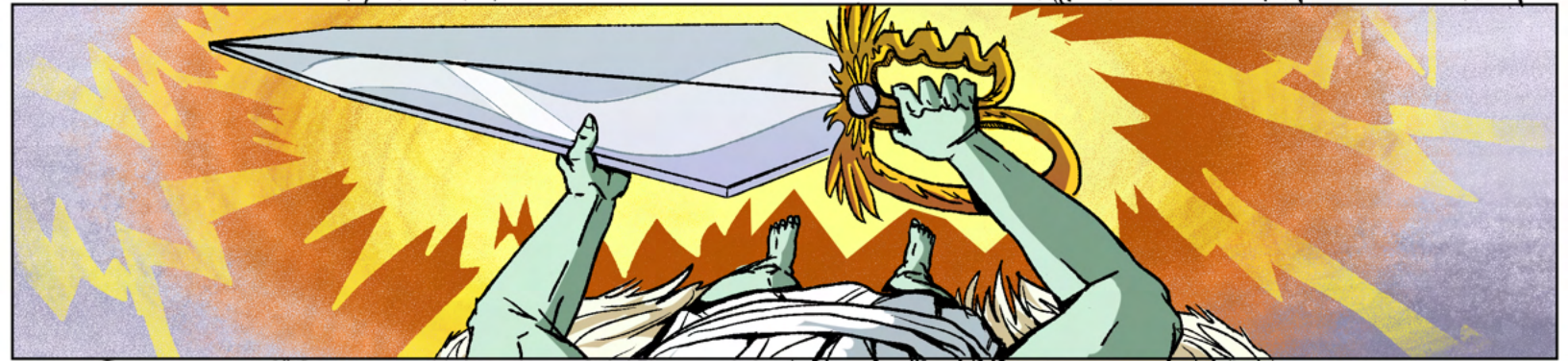
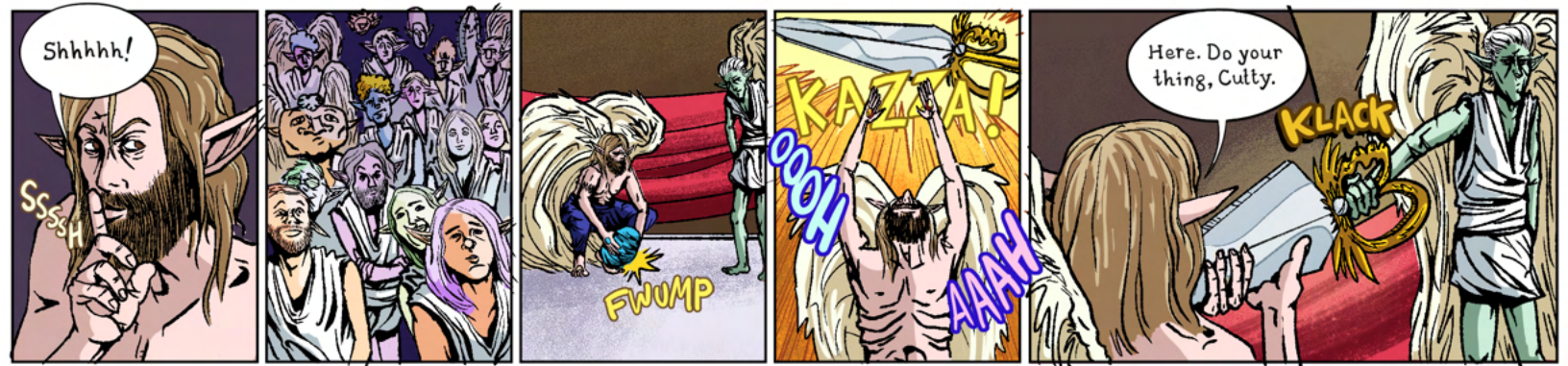
CUH-TEE!
CUH-TEE!

CUH-TEE!

CUH-TEE!
CUH-TEE!
CUH-TEE!

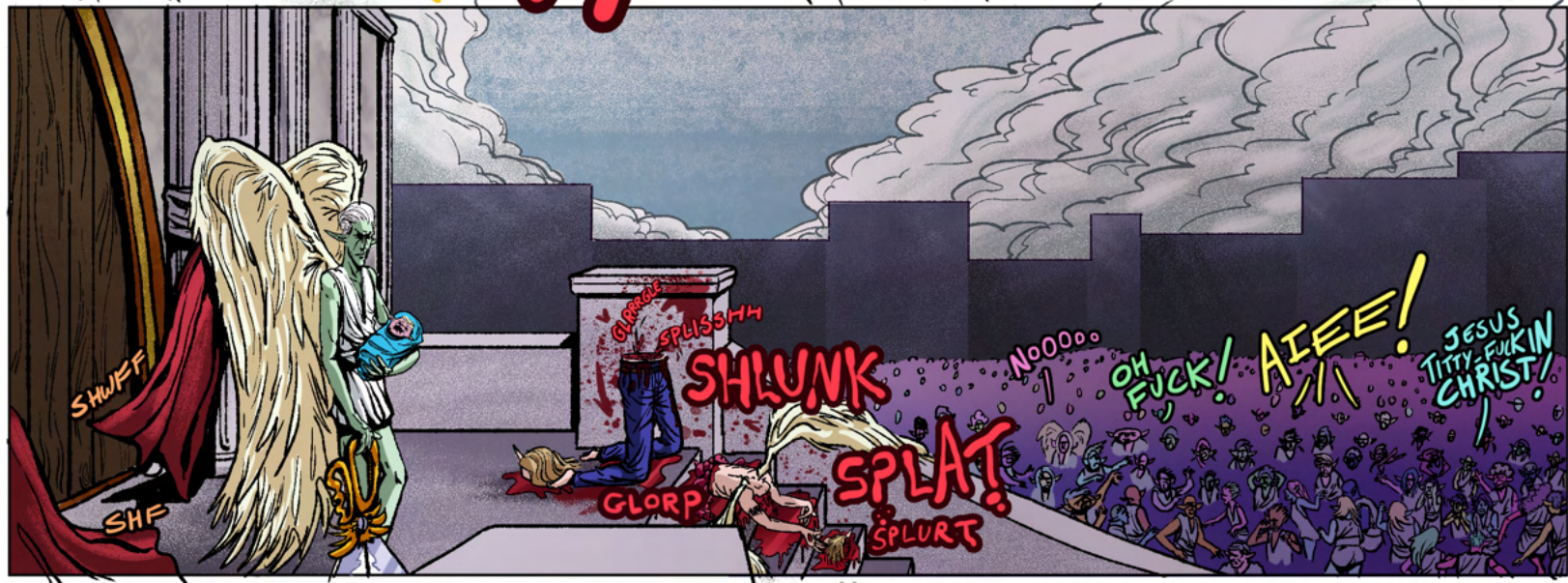
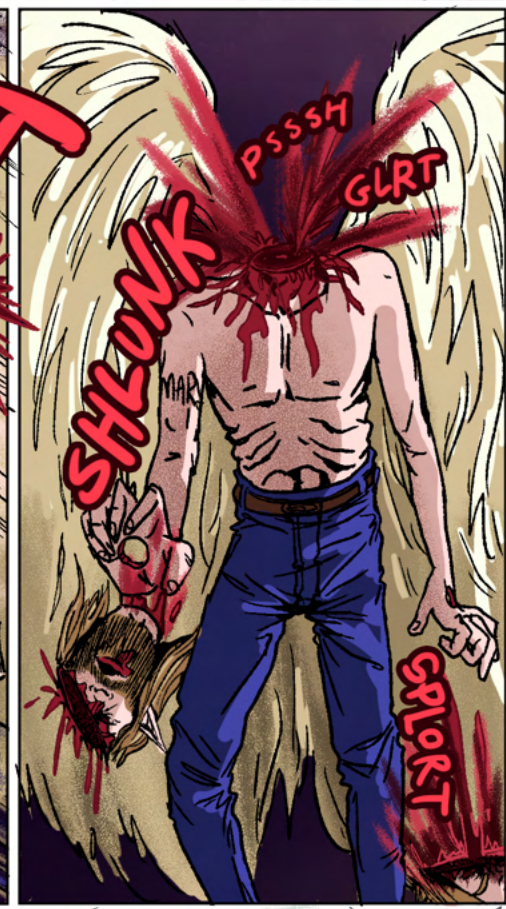
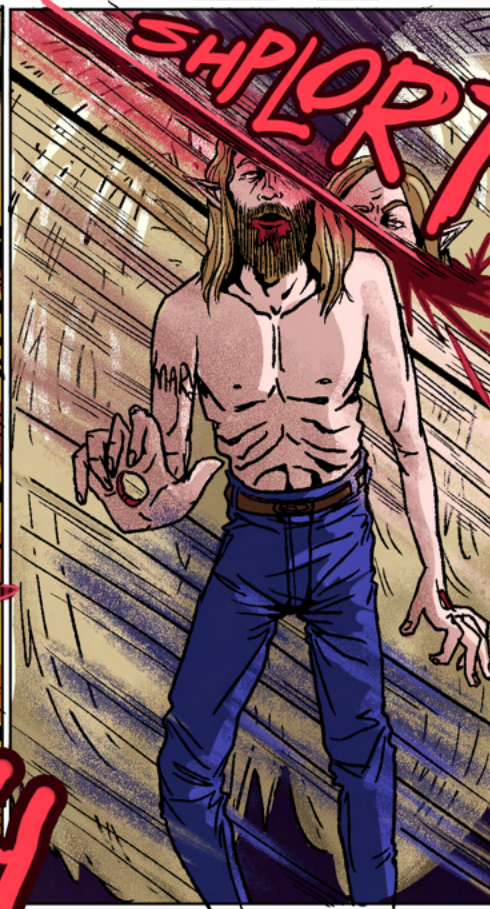
CUH-TEE!

It's Culter.





SNICKER'S SNIP





That should do it.

FFSSSSHH

SPLISH

So Cutter secured his passage.

FFSSSSHH

Impwell House

"Because sentience just tastes better!"



Meanwhile, in the depths ...

FWOOOOO SHWOOO

You hear they're sending an angel down here?

So what? We're surrounded by the fuckers.

Naw, naw. Not, like, for him to have fun. For punishment. An angel condemned to hell for devils.



That so?

That's the rumor. Hey, Sisyphus, got your new boulders.



Seriously? More? Fuck you guys.



Just doing our job.

Don't mind him. Miserable bastard.



Try to ignore the hunger for as long as you can. Don't eat the water or drink the food. No eye contact with the old ones. And hope they don't pick you.



What now?

Hm.



So this angel, know what he did to get condemned down here?



Don't know if it's true, but they say he sliced up Jesus.

Heh. Was hoping you'd say that.

Why?



Think I know the guy.

OOHH DEAR DEVIL...

Hell for Devils...

...where the Angels play.

AFTERWORD

Hell for Devils started as a title. It popped into my head once, and I thought it sounded cool. Sue me.

As characters and plot took shape, I realized the story could be a fun way to deconstruct American Christianity's puritanical love of punishment. I will spare you my essay on this, but let me just say this one thing -

We were founded by violent puritans who used God as an excuse to do and take whatever they wanted, and their perverse righteousness is a mind virus that inhabits the white supremacist American consciousness to this day. It's so pervasive that even our "left" party spends precious time and resources deciding who "deserves" help and who is a dirty grub who must beg for forgiveness and try to claw their way up our broken social ladder.

Anyways, I wanted to imagine what Heaven and Hell would look like if our very American strain of Christianity was "true." Heaven is basically a megachurch. Jesus is a dick. Hell is less a place of righteous punishment than a place you go for torture because God doesn't like you or is mad at you.

But what about the torturers? What happens to them when they break the rules? A system so obsessed with medieval punishment would require punishment for the punishers as well. So, you could say the central question of Hell for Devils is, "who tortures the torturers?"

(I know, I just compared our comic to Watchmen. Please don't get me wrong. I don't think it's as good as Watchmen...It's better. That's a joke. Not really.)

The answer to the question is obvious. Who tortures devils? Angels, dammit. And why do they do it? Because they're sickos who get off on indulging in base sadism while pretending they're morally superior to everyone. They set up this whole fucked up system. They suck, man.

The exception to that rule, of course, is our pal Cutter, the disaffected angel magnetically attracted to the devil Dolly. Cutter is where the heart of the story lies. As his boredom with his peers and their perverse world pushes him to pursue Dolly to the fringes of the supernatural universe, we'll learn more about him, about Dolly's motivations, and about the cruel Angels who run the whole shindig.

Thank you for reading issue one. I think it's pretty fun and the art is amazing. Issue two is going to be even better.

--Pat Cavanaugh

BIOS & THANKS

PAT CAVANAUGH

PAT CAVANAUGH IS A WRITER OF FICTION, COMICS, AND SCREENPLAYS CURRENTLY BASED IN CHICAGO. PAT'S FILM WRITING HAS SCREENED AT FESTIVALS ACROSS THE COUNTRY, AND IT HAS ALSO PLACED IN THE TOP 10 OF SCREENPLAY COMPETITIONS. MOST RECENTLY, PAT HAS HAD FICTION PUBLISHED IN ACROSS THE MARGIN AND AHOY COMICS MAGAZINE. PAT'S MOM REFERRED TO THIS COMIC AS "AN ANIME".



WRITER



RYAN T EAKINS IS AN ILLUSTRATOR, FILM EDITOR, AND GRAPHIC ARTIST WITH AN ENGLISH DEGREE FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA. A NATIVE CHICAGOAN, HE GREW UP ON A STEADY DIET OF BOTH CLASSIC SNICKT, BANG, POW COMICS AND HEADY COMICS BY LOCAL WRITER ILLUSTRATOR LEGENDS LIKE CHRIS WARE AND DANIEL CLOWES. THE DOCUMENTARY HE CO-EDITED IN 2018, 'LAZARUS', SCREENED AT TRIBECA FILM FESTIVAL. NOW, HE'S THE SENIOR EDITOR AT SKETCHY. RYAN'S GRAPHICS AND ILLUSTRATION HAVE APPEARED IN TELEVISION, FILM, AND MOST PROUDLY--ON BEER BOTTLES.

RYAN T EAKINS

LAYOUT/PENCIL/INK

LEV CANTORAL

LEV CANTORAL IS AN ILLUSTRATOR AND ANIMATOR BASED OUT OF CHICAGO. LEV'S WORK HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED FOR POLYVINYL RECORD CO., DISNEY'S HOLLYWOOD RECORDS, LITTLE VILLAGE MAGAZINE, CLASH BOOKS, AND JACKBOX GAMES. LEV ANIMATED A CARTOON IN 2018 TITLED 'SEA DOGS' WHICH WAS FEATURED IN THE ST. LOUIS INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, THE JULIEN DUBUQUE INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, AND THE SNAKE ALLEY FESTIVAL OF FILM. ALSO, MOST NOTABLY, LEV HOLDS THE WORLD RECORD FOR THE FASTEST DRAWING OF FRED FLINTSTONE, AT 6.27 SECONDS.



COLOR/LETTERING

THE TEAM WOULD LIKE TO THANK:

LILLY, FOR PLUGGING OUR PAGES AND PUSHING US TO MAKE IT ALL HAPPEN. COREY BARBA, FOR THE AMAZING VARIANT COVER. STEVE, FOR GIVING US YOUR TIME, INDUSTRY TIPS, AND THE ADVICE TO GO ROGUE AND SELF-PUBLISH. BECCA SHEEHAN, FOR ALWAYS SAYING "OOO COOL" WHEN YOU SAW PAGES, AND FOR YOUR LOVE AND SUPPORT. SARAH COREY FOR YOUR LOVE AND SUPPORT. THE CABIN WRITING GROUP FOR YOUR HELPFUL THOUGHTS AND COMMENTS.