

insane clown posse™



CHAOS!
COMICS

#2 (of 12)
APRIL, 2000

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PENDULUM

WARNING
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

ICP THE PENDULUM

#2 (of 12)

WICKED SLUM LORDS

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THE DARK CARNIVAL APPROACHES

After killing crooked Mayor Gibbons, the Wicked Clownz fight their way through a battalion of police. Shaggy 2 Dope is shot by a cop and Violent J is forced to ask the Riddlebox to help his partner. The Riddlebox says that the Dark Carnival will not always assist the Clownz—this time they must find support on their own. Violent J takes Shaggy to a priest named Jesus, who miraculously heals Shaggy's wound. Meanwhile at the dreaded Solution Compound, the creature Killnor sends forth two of his most potent demons: Madrox and Monoxide—also known as Twitid! Twitid attacks the Clownz and a raucous battle ensues. But the demons are forced to withdraw when one of them is driven into light—light is their only weakness. Twitid laughs at Shaggy and Violent J as they flee, however. They tell the Clownz that the fight was only a distraction while lesser demons commit a full frontal assault on the priest Jesus. Will ICP get back to the church in time to save Shaggy's savior? Read on, Juggalos!

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HA HA HA!
HA HA HA!

GACK!

"SOME DAYS, THE
LORD'S WORK IS
HARD."

"OTHER DAYS,
IT'S DOWNRIGHT
HELLISH!"

NIGHT
WALKER





HUH
HUH
HUH...

GROWL!

HSSSS!

AW,
SHIT!

LITTLE
PRIEST... DIE
NOW!

LORD,
HEAR MY
PRAYERS! S-SEND
AN ANGEL
TO PROTECT
ME, LORD.

CAN'T SEE A FUCKIN' SIGN OF THEM. THOSE TWO ARE OUT LIKE THE TOP OF HOLYFIELDS EAR.

YEAH, WHO DA FUCK WERE THEY AND WHY THEY CREPIN' ON US?

SOMETHIN' THE FUCK GOING DOWN IN THERE! SHIT! AIN'T THIS NIGHT EVER GONNA END?

F-FUCK ME! SOME BITCH IS PLAYIN' TRICKS! BUST T' OPEN SHAGS!



THEY PROBABLY CRAWLED BACK INTO THE DARK HOLES THEY CAME FROM, SO THEY CAN START PENETRATING EACH OTHERS DARK HOLES.

AHHH! MAN! WHY YOU GOTTA PUT TERRIBLE IMAGES IN MY HEAD? IT HURTS ENOUGH ALREADY.

YEAH, WELL, HOW ABOUT THIS IMAGE? THAT PRIEST JESUS IS PROBABLY GETTING FUCKED-UP RIGHT NOW, JUDGING BY WHAT THAT FAT SHADOW GUY SAID.

SO? I'D RATHER THINK ABOUT THAT THAN ABOUT TURD-PUGGLARS EACH OTHER! C'MON, LET'S SEE IF JESUS UP IN A MINUTE, I'M RESTING.

MOTHER FUCKER HE BAVED YOUR LIFE WE OWE HIM!

BUT DAMN, IN THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES I'VE BEEN TO CHURCH MORE THAN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE. SHIT, I'VE GOT MY IMAGE TO UPHOLD.



AAAAARRGGH!

BOOM

SHIT SHAGS! THIS CHURCH SUCKS! HAVE SOME KITTOS HEY! KEEP US OUT!

FUCK, YA SHAGS! THINK? CAN'T SAY WE DIDN'T TRY. LET'S BOUNCE.





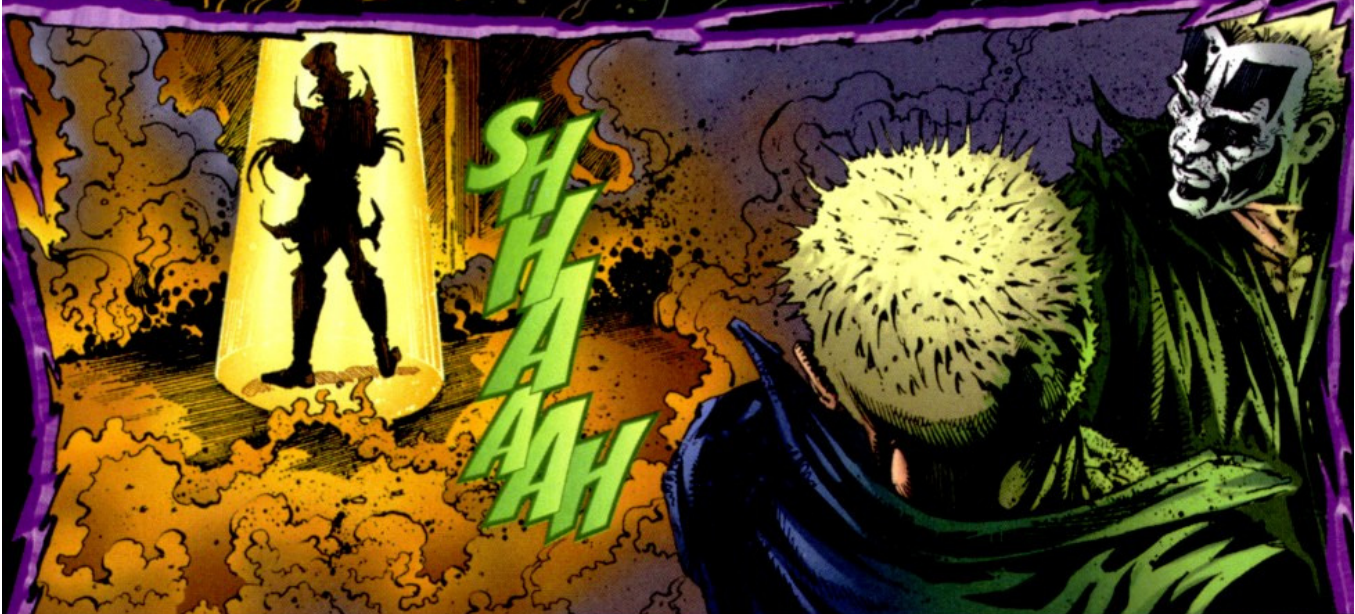
WE'RE GONNA NEED HELP. I WONDER IF THE DARK CARNIVAL WILL HAVE OUR BACKS?

ALL RIGHT... LET'S DO IT.



DARK CARNIVAL
IT IS HERE!

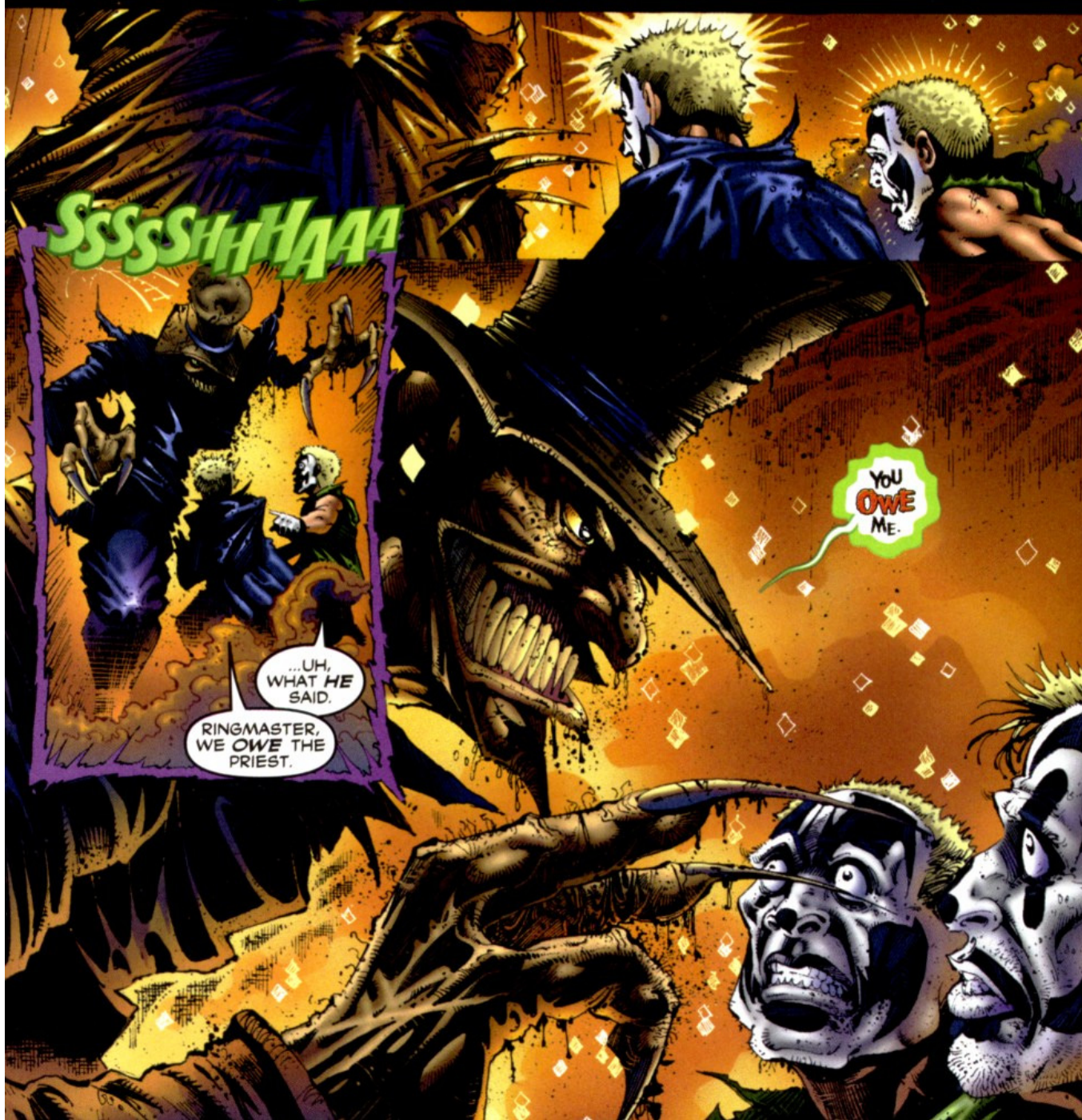
SHHHHHH



SHHHHHH



WE NEED YOUR HELP, BROTHER! A FRIEND IS IN TROUBLE.





I
WONDER
IF JESUS
WILL MAKE
IT?



WELL,
IF HE DOES,
JUST CHARGE
IT TO THE
GAME.



DAMN,
DOG! YOU
GOT MAYOR
MCFATASS'
CREDIT
CARD!




WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL ME
YOU HAD SOME
CHEDDAR?

LET'S
GO GET A
SLAM AND
SOME
FAYGO!



NOW
YOU'RE
TALKIN'. WE
NEED TO LAY
LOW FOR
AWHILE.

LET'S
NINJA!



NO...
BE STILL...
HSSS...
DEATH...
SOON
DEATH!

GURNSH

ASK
AND YOU
SHALL
RECEIVE,
DEMON!

YAAARGH!



PRAISE
BE TO
GOD!



CLICK
CLACK

HEAR THE
TRUMPETS
OF HEAVEN
BLOW!

BOOM

RRRR!
MEAT...
BAG...

FW
WH
SH

HAHRRARG!

THOOM!

LIKE
THAT...
YESSS.

HUMPH!

THAT
BETTER.

OOMPH!



SHOVE

SLAMM

UGH!
O-OUR
FATHER,
WHO ART
IN
HEAVEN

HALLOWED
B-BE THY
NAME...

BOOM!
SHATTER

FOUL
SATAN!

IIIIEEE!

BACK
TO HELL
WITH
YOU!

DO
NOT
BEG
FOR
DEATH,
BOY...

GAASP!

IT
ENDS
US
ALL
SOON
ENOUGH!

HUEI!
HUEI!
HUEI!





OUR BRETHREN HAVE FALLEN.

INDEED. HOW SATISFYING. THIS IS TURNING INTO QUITE AN ELABORATE GAME...



...WITH SO MANY INTERESTING PLAYERS.



SHHHHHHH

WE HAVE NO MORE TIME FOR THIS PRIEST. THE SUN IS SOON TO RISE.

YES. WHEN DARKNESS COMES AGAIN, WE WILL FINISH THIS GAME BY ENDING THE LIVES OF THE CLOWNS.

MEANWHILE, AT THE SOLUTION COMPOUND...



...CITY IS STILL IN SHOCK OVER THE MURDER OF MAYOR GIBBONS AND HIS PARTYGOERS BY TWO ASSAILANTS DRESSED AS CLOWNS.

LEAVE ME.

WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED, BABY.

GET OUT!

...POLICE AREN'T SAYING MUCH...
CLICK?

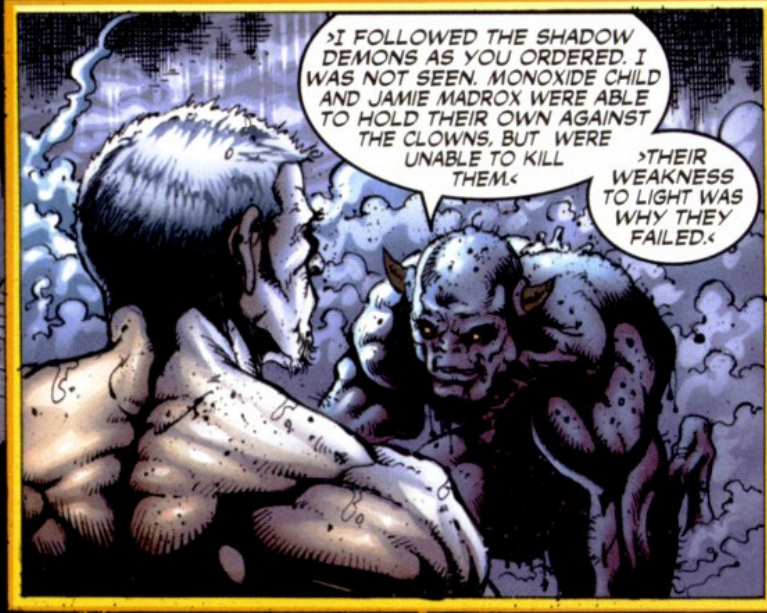
COME FORWARD.

MASTER...
THEE DEMONS...
BE DIED. MON-IX-IDE, UH... UM...
DAIME... NO.

JAMIE

YES!
YES. THEY NO... KILT...
CLOWNS. DERE IS UNNOTHER...
SPIRIT WHO KILT... ME BROTHERS.

TALK IN YOUR LANGUAGE, PET. YOUR ENGLISH IS SHITTY.



>I FOLLOWED THE SHADOW DEMONS AS YOU ORDERED. I WAS NOT SEEN. MONOXIDE CHILD AND JAMIE MADROX WERE ABLE TO HOLD THEIR OWN AGAINST THE CLOWNS, BUT WERE UNABLE TO KILL THEM.<

>THEIR WEAKNESS TO LIGHT WAS WHY THEY FAILED.<

>BUT MY LORD, THAT IS NOT ALL -- ANOTHER HAS ENTERED THE BATTLE. MY BROTHER DEMONS WERE BUTCHERED BY A SPIRIT I HAVE NEVER SEEN -- HE RESEMBLED A RINGMASTER FROM A CIRCUS!<

>HE WAS BOTH PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL. HE KILLED WITH NO PASSION, AS IF IT WERE A DULL JOB. THERE WAS NO MERCY IN HIS HEART.<

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MINION.

>THANK YOU, MY LORD.<

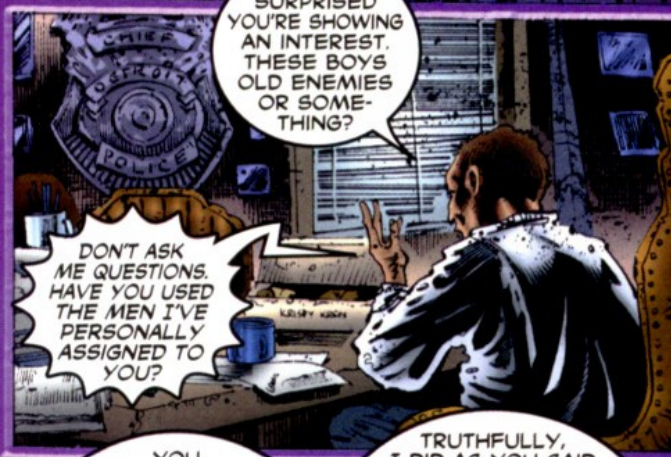
AS ALWAYS, A REWARD IS IN ORDER FOR YOUR SERVICE.



WHAT
PROGRESS
HAVE YOU MADE
IN CATCHING
THE MAYOR'S
KILLERS, CHIEF
BRENNAN?

WE
HAVE EVERY
AVAILABLE MAN
ON THE FORCE
LOOKING FOR
THEM, MR.
KILLNOR.

I-I'M
SURPRISED
YOU'RE SHOWING
AN INTEREST.
THESE BOYS
OLD ENEMIES
OR SOME-
THING?



DON'T ASK
ME QUESTIONS.
HAVE YOU USED
THE MEN I'VE
PERSONALLY
ASSIGNED TO
YOU?

YOU
MEAN THE **STRESS
SQUAD**? WELL, SORT
OF, MR. KILLNOR. YOU
SEE, WHEN THEY HEARD
THAT COPS WERE
KILLED, THEY TOOK IT
UPON THEMSELVES TO
GO HUNTING FOR THESE
CLOWNS... AND GET
INFORMATION FROM
PEOPLE ON THE
STREETS.

TRUTHFULLY,
I DID AS YOU SAID
AND GAVE THEM THE
GO-AHEAD TO USE
WHATEVER FORCE
NECESSARY TO GET THE
JOB DONE... BUT THEY'RE
JUST SO DAMN BLOODY,
IT'S GETTING HARDER AND
HARDER TO KEEP THEM IN
LINE. I DON'T KNOW HOW
LONG I CAN COVER
UP THEIR BRAND OF
"JUSTICE."





I'D
RATHER YOU
TAKE THEM BACK,
MR. KILLNOR.
THEY'RE LIKE A
PACK OF WOLVES
OR SOME-
THING.

DO
THEY GET
THE JOB
DONE,
CHIEF?

WELL,
YES,
BUT...

THAT'S **ALL** YOU SHOULD
BE CONCERNED ABOUT. IT'S
THE BOTTOM LINE. IF YOU
WANT TO CONTINUE TAPPING
INTO MY **DRUG** SERVICES,
YOU'LL LET THE STRESS
SQUAD DO AS THEY
PLEASE.

OF
C-COURSE,
MR. KILLNOR! I
WOULD **NEVER**
INTERFERE WITH
THEIR... WORK.
BUT...

GOOD! THEY'RE THE ONLY
ONES ON YOUR FORCE WHO CAN
"DOWN" THE CRIMINALS YOU'RE UP
AGAINST. ASSIST THEM IF THEY NEED
YOUR HELP. I **DOUBT** THEY WILL.



YES, SIR.
OF COURSE,
WHATEVER
YOU SAY.

**WHAT-
EVER!** I SAY?
THAT'S A
WONDERFUL
PHILOSOPHY YOU'VE
GOT THERE, CHIEF!
NEVER LOSE IT!
=CLICK=



**NEVER
LOSE IT.**

DETROIT...

THESE PEOPLE DON'T WANT A CLEAN MATCH! THESE PEOPLE WANNA SEE FLESH FLINGIN' IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

AND THEY'RE GONNA SEE IT RIGHT HERE! THIS IS STRANGLE-FUCKIN'-MANIA!

YOU'RE NOT SEEIN' ANY SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY IN THIS RING, GWEEDO! YOU'RE SEEING SOUTHERN BRUTALITY! WHAT YOU'RE SEEIN' IS A SOUTHERN ASS-WHUPING!

THOSE ARE REAL SPIKES LADIES AND GENT -- SHIT! IT'S STICKIN' IN HIS ARM FOR REAL! GET OUT OF HIS FUCKIN' WAY... I SWEAR, THE FUCKIN' PHOTOGRAPHERS, THEY NEED THEIR ASSES KICKED!

I'M GONNA KICK THEIR FUCKIN' ASSES! I'M GONNA GO DOWN THERE AND SHOVE THE CAMERAS UP THEIR FUCKIN' ASSES!

LOOK AT THAT! HE'S CRYING LIKE A WOMAN! WAAAAH! WELL, YOU'D BE CRYIN' TOO, GWEEDO, IF YOU HAD A SPIKE STUCK IN YOUR ASS.

THIS IS
STRANGLEMANIA,
AND ONLY THE
BEST COME -- QUIT
CRYIN' LIKE A BITCH!
I'M TRYING TO PROMPT
THE SHOW! -- THIS
IS STRANGLEMANIA,
AND ONLY THE BEST
CAN WRESTLE
HERE!

TEAM
LEADER, WE
ARE IN
POSITION.

TO BE CONTINUED...