

insane clown posse™



CHAOS!
COMICS

#5 (of 12)

October 2000

www.chaoscomics.com

THE PENDULUM

WARNING
EXPLICIT
CONTENT



ICP THE PENDULUM™

#5 (of 12)

WICKED SLUM LORDS

written by

Jesse McCann

from a story by Jumpsteady

penciled by

Jerry Beck

inked by

Sandu Florea

colored by

Colorgraphix

lettered by

Comicraft's Oscar Gongora

standard cover by

Jerry Beck + Colorgraphix

tower cover by

Jerry Beck + Jason Jensen

edited by

Mike Francis

graphic design by

Mike Flippin

THE DARK CARNIVAL APPROACHES

The Insane Clowns have broken the backs of the powers-that-be in Detroit. They've repelled a full-on frontal assault from the demonic, shadow-dwelling duo known as Twiztid and they've caused the paramilitary guerrilla police squad called The Stress Team to retreat and lick their wounds. Now Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope, our ever-lovin' clownz, along with faith-healing priest Jesus, hit the road, going after the guy behind all this badness business—the evil creature known as Killnor. So fasten your seat belts, keep your arms and legs inside the vehicle at all times and prepare for a wild ride, Juggalos! 'Cuz this ain't your parents Hope and Crosby road show, you're in Dark Carnival country now...

CHAOS! COMICS, INC.: President/Publisher - BRIAN PULIDO • Vice President - FRANCISCA PULIDO • Chief Operating Officer - GREGG PISANI • C.E.O., Eternal Entertainment - ADAM GOLDFINE • Assistant Director of Marketing - CHAD SOLIMAN • Managing Editor - MIKE FRANCIS • Chief Financial Officer - BARRY COHEN • Senior Graphic Designer - MIKE FLIPPIN • Graphic Designer - PETE SPEYER • Customer Service/Sales Representative - MICHELLE WHITE • Warehouse Manager - ERIK GRINER

Insane Clown Posse: The Pendulum #5, October 2000, FIRST PRINTING. Published by Chaos! Comics. Brian Pulido, President/Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 7655 E. Gelding Rd., Suite B-1, Scottsdale, AZ 85260. Chaos! Comics and all associated characters are trademarks owned by Chaos! Comics, Inc. ©2000 Chaos! Comics, Inc. ARR. Insane Clown Posse and Psychopathic Records are trademarks owned by Insane Clown Posse. © 2000 Insane Clown Posse, ARR. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the consent of BRIAN PULIDO. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. Printed in Canada.

SOMEWHERE
IN KANSAS...



THEY SAY EVERY-
THING RETURNS
TO DUST...



...THEY SAY THAT
SOMEDAY THE
MEEK WILL INHERIT
THE EARTH...



...BUT NOT
TODAY.



YEEHAW!

CRUSH



YESSIREE!
NOT BAD!
HAVEN'T LOST
MY TOUCH
YET.

WHY, O
WHY MUST YOU
LEAVE ME, MARY
SUE? IS IT CUZ I'M
BROKE AND
CHUBBY LIKE A
POT-BELLIED
BABOON?



HEH.
NOT BAD
AT ALL.

O MY
MARY SUE, IT
DON'T MATTER
THAT YOU HIT
THE HAY WITH
MY PAPA...



HONK
HONK

HUH?

I
WILL STEAL
YOUR SWEET
HEART, LIKE 40
THIEVES AND
ALI BABA!



WHAT TH'
HELL? YOU
BEST STEER
CLEAR OF ME
Y'HEAR?



HONK HONK

MAARRY
SUE,
MAARRY
SUE.



MOVE
OVER PIG-ASS.
WE COMIN'
THROUGH.



DONT
YA KNOW
I'M KIN TO
YA, MARY
SUE

SCREEECH
ROOM

SHEE-IT!

MARY, MARY, WHY YOU BUGGIN'? DIDN'T I GIVE YA NO LOVIN'?

GOL' DAMN! OW!

I KNOW TIMES IS HARD...

OW! SHIT SHIT! SHIT!

BUT YER ACTIN' LIKE A RETARD...

SCREEECH

SUM BITCH!

COME BACK TA THIS TEXAS STAR!

AHM ON FIRE.

HEY, MAN, YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WHERE YOU STICK THAT UGLY MUG OF YOURS. HE COULD'VE BEEN KILLED. MAYBE WE SHOULD STOP.

PLUG THAT FLABBY FUCK FACE.

BESIDES,
WE GOTTA GET TO
PHOENIX FAST, MAN,
WITH NO FUCKIN'
DELAYS. THE END TIME'S
COMIN', PADRE, LIKE WE
BEEN TELLIN' YA. AND
TIME IS SHORT TA MAKE
THINGS RIGHT IN
THIS FUCKED-UP
WORLD.

THINK
OF EVERY
SECOND AS
IF IT MIGHT
BE YOUR
LAST.

ZZZZZ...

YO, J!
WAKE
UP!

WHAT?

TASTY
CHEF, 2
MILES!

MOTHER
JUMPIN', PIG
HUMPIN', GOL'
DURN SONS A
BITCHES!

OH,
WELL
SHEE-IT IF
THAT DON'T
BEAT
ALL?!

OH,
HEY, GREAT!
HEY PARTNERS,
A LITTLE
HELP?



WAHL,
FUCK
ME.



AHHHH!



SCREEECH



TWIZTID!



THIS
COULD BE
TH' WORS'
DAY OF MAH
LIFE.



LATER THAT DAY...

THERE ARE PLACES THAT ARE ALMOST TOTALLY WITHOUT GOD -- TINY POCKETS OF HELL ON EARTH.

PLACES SUCH AS SOUTHWEST DETROIT, AND PLACES LIKE THIS.

YEAH, AND PLACES LIKE YOUR MOM'S ASS.

SO SHUT UP AND QUIT CRYIN'.

LISTEN, IF WE HAD THE TIME, WE'D TRY TO SET THIS PLACE STRAIGHT. BUT WE ON A NINJA MISSION, SO LET'S GET SOME GAS AND JET.

VROOM RAPPARAPPA











MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES FROM WICHITA...



THE LIVING FLESH WISHES TO CONFRONT US.

YES, I SENSE THEIR HATRED.



IT BLEEDS FROM THEIR SOULS LIKE A SICK OOZE. WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS FOR THE SUN WILL BE TO OUR DISADVANTAGE.

THEIR HUNGER WILL BE *THEIRS*. THEY ARE THE *UNKNOWING* SERVANTS OF OUR MASTER... PERHAPS SENT BY HIM TO *PUNISH* US FOR OUR MINIMAL EFFORT TO KILL THE CLOWNS.

IF SO, OUR MASTER IS A FOOL.



BECAUSE THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY PLEASING DISTRACTION.

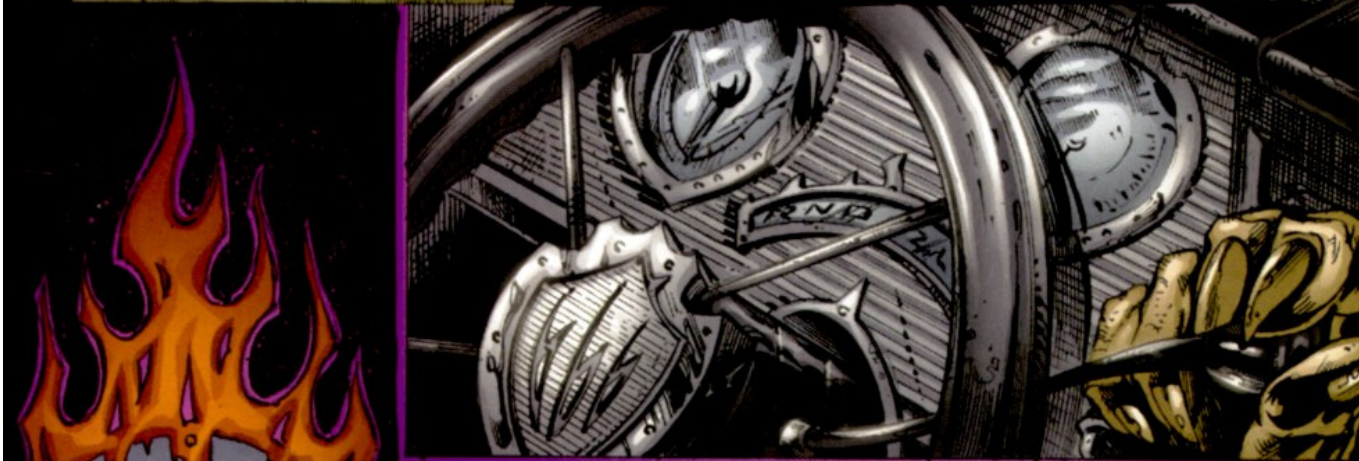


WE'VE GOT A HEARSE THAT'S LISTED AS STOLEN FROM MICHIGAN. WE HAVE BACKUP FROM CAR 124 AND ARE PROCEEDING TO PULL THEM OVER.

MAY BE THE HIT-AND-RUN PERPS FROM EARLIER TODAY.

THESE ARE THE FUCKERS, ALL RIGHT, OR I'LL EAT MY HAT.

BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES.







ALL
RIGHT, BOYS,
WE GOT 'EM.
HOLD YOUR
FIRE.



THAT WAS
A DAMN
SHAME...

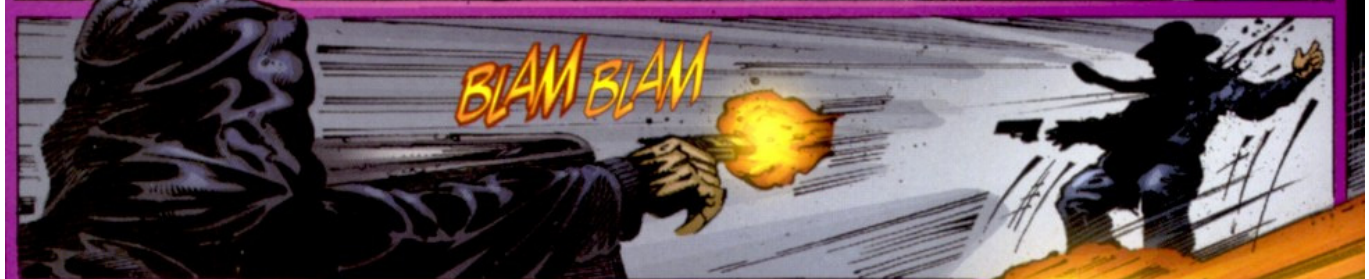


**BLAM
BLAM**

...THE
WAY THEM
BOYS STARTED
SHOOTIN'
AT US AND
ALL.



WHAT
THE
FUCK!





CAN'T
BREATHE!
THE LIGHT
FEELS LIKE
DEATH!

GCCCHK

CHUTT

THOOM!



BIAMBIAMBIAM

AAAHH!

BIAMBIAMBIAM



UH... THIS
IS OFFICER
WALKER. WE
HAVE... A
SITUATION
HERE.

GO
AHEAD,
124.

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
TO SAY THIS...
IT'S BERT... AND
CARL -- THEY'RE...
IT'S HORRIBLE...
THEY'RE ALL
DEAD.





LATER, AT DUSK...

YEAH, THESE ARE THE YAHOOOS WHO TRIED TO RUN ME OFF TH' ROAD AND BLOWED UP MY CAR!

I HOPE THEY PUT YOU BOYS AWAY FER A LONG, LONG TIME!

THANKS, MR. CORNWALL. WE'LL BE IN TOUCH.



BUT NOT BEFORE WE WILL, IT HAS BEGUN.



HERE YOU ARE, MR. CORNWALL. A BRAND-NEW CADILLAC, JUST LIKE YOU WANTED.

THANK YEW, MISSY!



IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS TELL 'EM -- THEY'S WINNERS AND THEY'S LOSERS...

I'M ALWAYS A WINNER! HEH HEH HEH! NOW LETS SEE IFN I CAN'T FIND ME ONE O' THEM LITTLE, OL' PRAIRIE DOGS!



SCREEE

HOO-LEEE POTATOES IN A POT!



WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE EVER-FUGGIN', DING DANG, SUCK MY WANG IS THAT?



SSSHHHH

AAAUGH!!!



THE COMING
OF THE
CARNIVAL OF
CARNAGE...

THEY SAY
EVERYTHING
RETURNS TO
DUST.

TO BE CONTINUED IN ICP:
(THE PENDULUM #6)
BLADES OF BILK