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SURF NOIR  
FOR MATURE  
READERS

# CHUM



SAMI  
KIVELA  
RYAN K  
LINDSAY  
MARK  
DALE  
NIC J  
SHAW





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MCHOTRA

# CHUM

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PRINTED IN KOREA.



KINGSFORD ISLAND. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ANNUAL BOMBORA SURF COMPETITION.

AT THE START OF ONE HELL OF A STORM.



SUMMER LOVED THE STORMS ON KINGSFORD ISLAND. THEY ALWAYS FELT UNCERTAIN AND DANGEROUS. THEY WERE FUN.

SHE WAS THAT PERFECT WAVE YOU'D WAIT ALL DAY FOR.



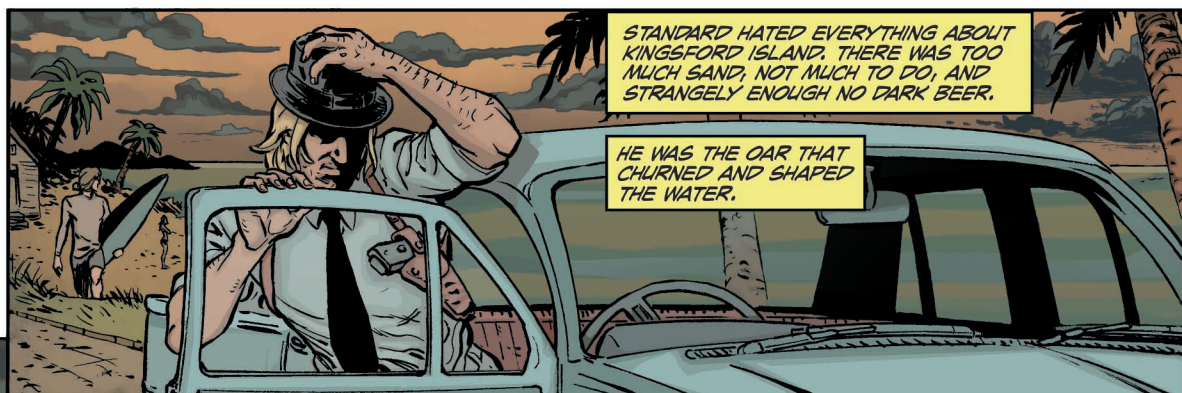
PENNY LOVED THE PEOPLE OF KINGSFORD ISLAND. THEY NEVER CHALLENGED HIM. THEY OFTEN RELIED UPON HIM.

HE WAS THE SILENT UNDERTOW THAT WAITED FOR EVERYONE.

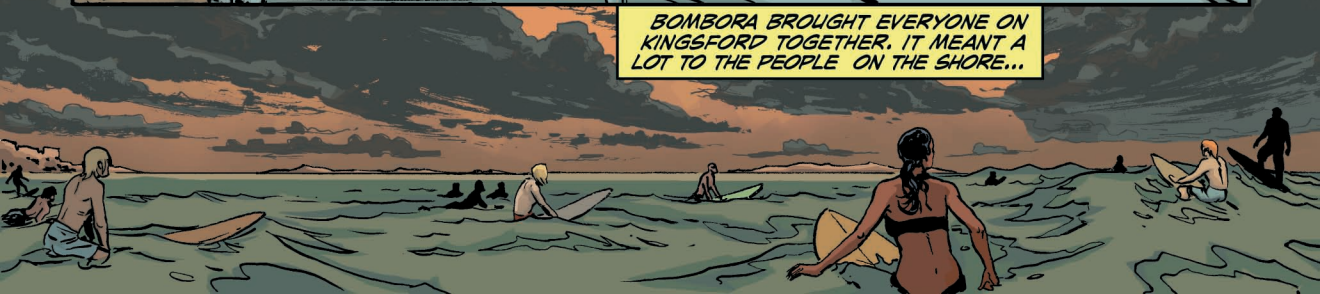


STANDARD HATED EVERYTHING ABOUT KINGSFORD ISLAND. THERE WAS TOO MUCH SAND; NOT MUCH TO DO; AND STRANGELY ENOUGH NO DARK BEER.

HE WAS THE OAR THAT CHURNED AND SHAPED THE WATER.



BOMBORA BROUGHT EVERYONE ON KINGSFORD TOGETHER. IT MEANT A LOT TO THE PEOPLE ON THE SHORE...





...AND EVERYTHING  
OUT ON THE WATER.

GUS LOVED  
THE WATER AROUND  
KINGSFORD ISLAND.  
IT WAS REPETITIVE  
AND CERTAIN AND  
BRUTAL AND CLEAN.

HE WAS THE  
SAND BETWEEN  
PEOPLE'S TOES.

HEY, MATE,  
NICE DAY  
FOR IT.

A GODDAMN  
CRACKER. STORM  
LIKE THIS DOESN'T  
COME OFTEN ENOUGH.  
REALLY SCRUB  
THE ISLAND  
CLEAN.

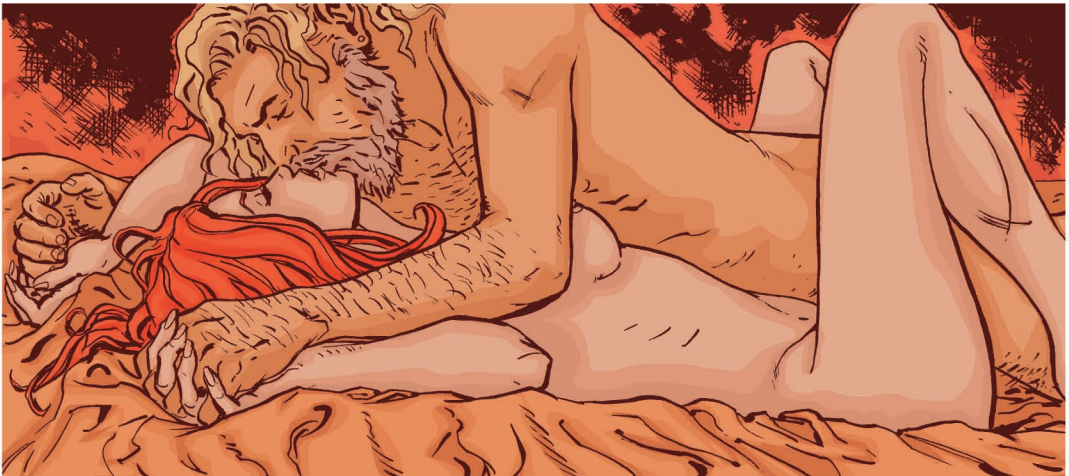
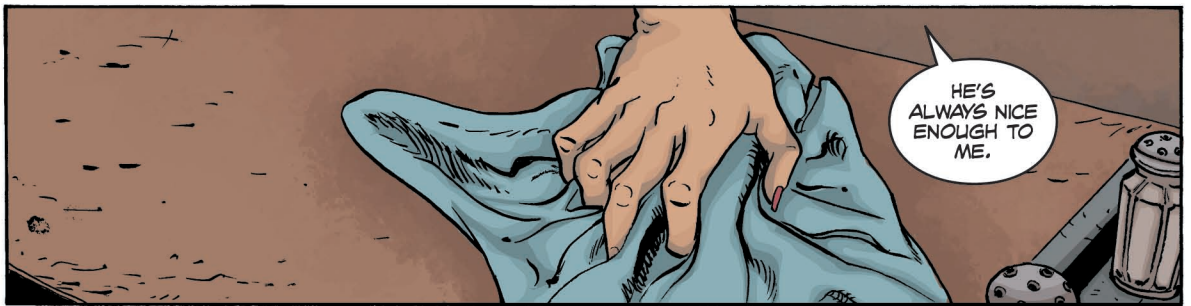
HA, YOU  
KNOW HOW  
SURFERS GET  
CLEAN, DON'T  
YOU?

THEY  
WASH UP ON  
SHORE.



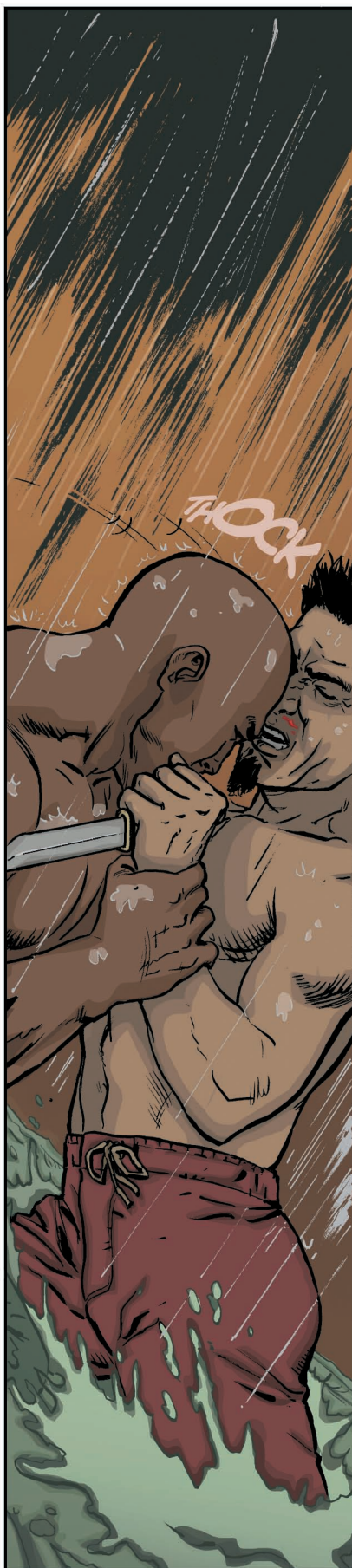








"...HE'S THE SPARK  
THAT'S GOING TO BURN  
THIS ISLAND DOWN."



KINGSFORD ISLAND WAS A  
PLACE OF VIOLENCE, AND ALL  
WERE TO BLAME FOR THIS.





PENNY'S MAN WASHES UP  
ON SHORE COUGHING AND  
COMPLAINING BUT ALIVE.

THERE IS NO WEAPON.  
NO WITNESSES.

BUT WORD FLOWS  
IN LIKE THE TIDE.



SUMMER!  
THIS CHAMPION  
DRINKS FOR  
FREE TONIGHT.

NO ONE GETS  
STATIC FROM ME  
WHEN THEY FUCK  
WITH PENNY OR  
HIS ASSCLOWN  
GOONS!



GUS ISN'T HERE  
TO CELEBRATE, OR  
COMMISERATE.

HE'S HERE FOR HER.  
SAME AS EVERY NIGHT.



YOU TOUCH A GUY  
UP AND SUDDENLY  
YOU'RE SOME BIG  
SHOT?

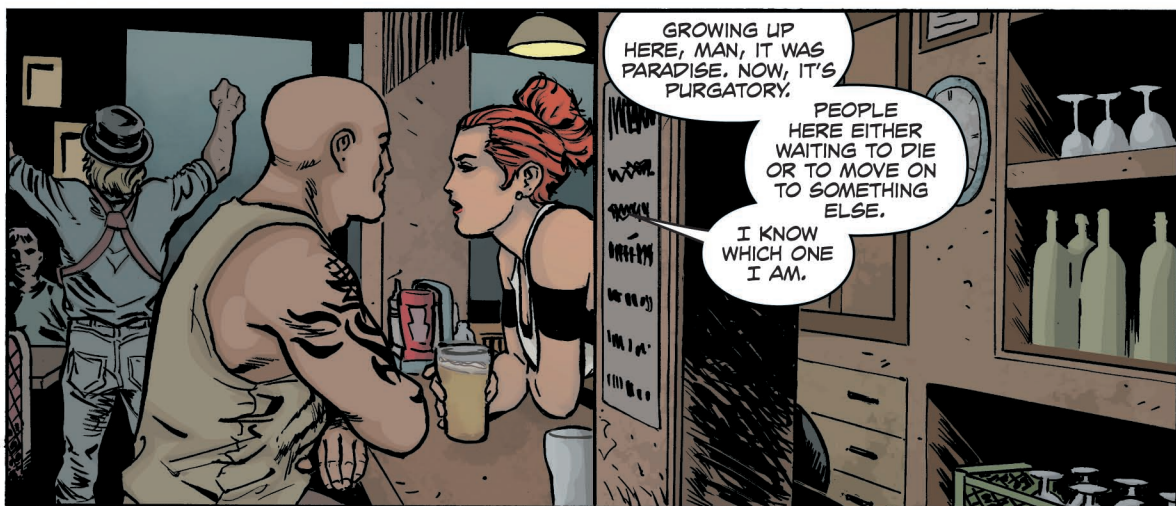
IT AIN'T  
LIKE THAT, I  
WAS ONLY--



YOU SHOULD  
HAVE KILLED THE  
FUCKER, I MIGHT'VE  
BROUGHT IN  
DANCERS.







GROWING UP  
HERE, MAN, IT WAS  
PARADISE. NOW, IT'S  
PURGATORY.

PEOPLE  
HERE EITHER  
WAITING TO DIE  
OR TO MOVE ON  
TO SOMETHING  
ELSE.

I KNOW  
WHICH ONE  
I AM.



BUT WHILE I'M STUCK  
HERE, I FEEL BETTER  
KNOWING THERE'S  
A WHITE KNIGHT  
AROUND.



THE NIGHT BECOMES A  
BLUR, BUT SHE REMAINS  
IN FOCUS.



"HE CAN SLEEP IT  
OFF ON MY COUCH.



"AFTER LETTING YOU  
ASSHOLES DO HIM LIKE  
THIS, THE LEAST I CAN DO  
FOR HIM IS BREAKFAST.



"SLEEP.



"LET ME  
PROTECT YOU  
FOR JUST ONE  
NIGHT."



HE WAKES  
SURROUNDED  
BY HER SCENT.



HIS STOMACH IS  
A WASTELAND.

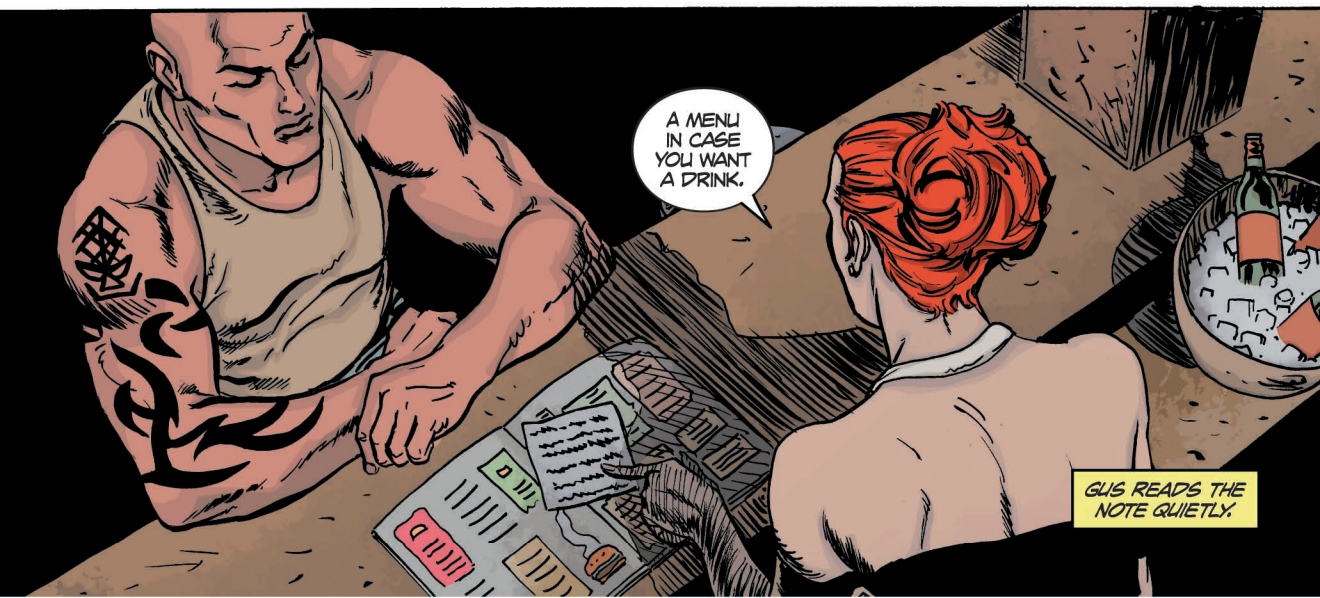
BUT IF  
HE'S HONEST WITH  
HIMSELF, HE'S NOT  
FRONTING FOR THE  
BACON AND EGGS.

MORNING, GUS.  
BREAKFAST?



EXTRA MUSHROOMS.  
BUTTER LIKE YOU'RE  
DROWNING  
'EM.

NO  
PROBLEM.



A MENU  
IN CASE  
YOU WANT  
A DRINK.

GUS READS THE  
NOTE QUIETLY.





IN GUS' DEFENSE, HE WASN'T JUST HUNGOVER, HE WAS STILL DRUNK.

THIS WAS YEARS OF SILENT PINING FINALLY MAKING A NOISE.

GUS WALTERS WAS UNDER TOO MANY INFLUENCES THIS MORNING.



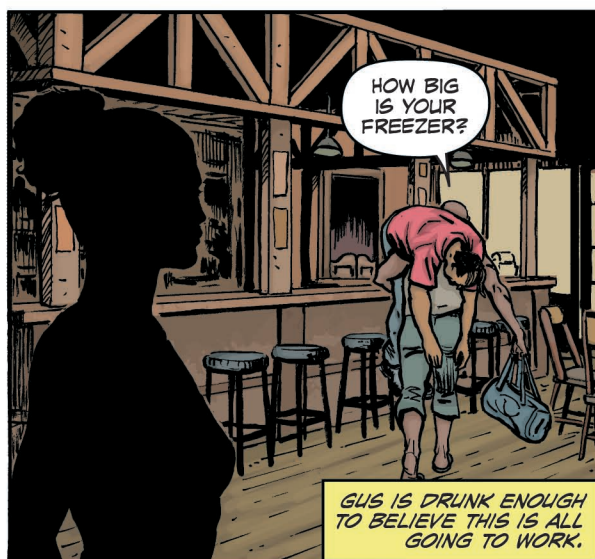
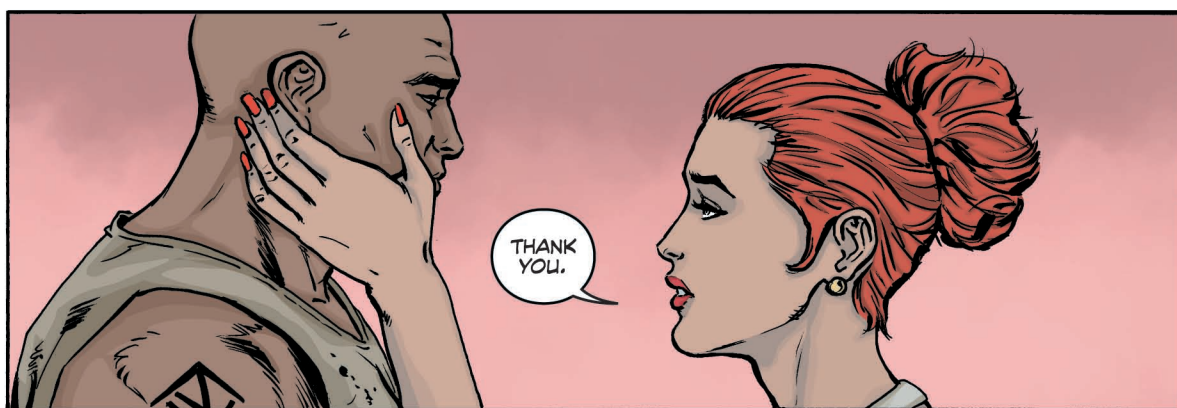




GLIS KNOWS HE'S  
GOING TOO FAR.

BUT HE  
DOESN'T  
CARE.







MEN ARE SUCKERS  
FOR REDHEADS AND  
GREENBACKS.









TWO DAYS LATER.

GUS WENT OUT ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO NOW. I WATCHED BECAUSE IF HE NAILED ONE OF THOSE BIG WAVES OUT BACK IT WAS GOING TO BE SLICK.

I LOST SIGHT OF HIM, THEN HIS BOARD CAME BACK ALONE.

THANKS FOR YOUR TIME. WE'LL BE IN TOUCH.

YOU THINK IT'S AS SIMPLE AS IT SOUNDS?

GUS PROBABLY GOT EATEN BY SHARKS OUT THERE, DOES THAT SOUND SIMPLE TO YOU?

OR IS IT ACTUALLY EASIER FOR YOUR VICTIM TO DISAPPEAR? SAVE YOU FROM THE WORK?

IT SOUNDS CONVENIENT.

SO IT'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE PIECES?

IF YOU MEAN WHERE I INVESTIGATE YOUR DRUNKEN INEPTITUDE AND ABILITY TO MAKE THE ISLAND A WORSE PLACE...

ABSOLUTELY.

PENNY'S MAN ATTACKS GUS AND THEN GUS INEXPLICABLY DISAPPEARS.

SOLVE THIS ONE AND YOU HAVE MY RESPECT.

WHO SAYS I NEED THAT?

PLEASE, WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU GOT TO WORK FOR?



PENNY DIDN'T BUILD HIS  
EMPIRE ON NICE THOUGHTS,  
OR RATIONAL ACTIONS.

PENNY WAS AN ANIMAL.  
TERRITORIAL. AGGRESSIVE.  
NOT AS SMART AS OTHER MEN.

BUT LIKE MANY ANIMALS,  
HE WAS FEARED AND  
RESPECTED.

YOU'VE  
GOT ABOUT  
TEN SECONDS  
TO SAVE YOUR  
LIFE.

WHY  
THE FUCK  
WEREN'T  
YOU WITH  
SWAMPY?

HE TOLD  
ME TO MEET  
HIM LATER,  
SAID HE HAD  
BUSINESS.

YOU DIDN'T  
ASK WHAT  
IT WAS?

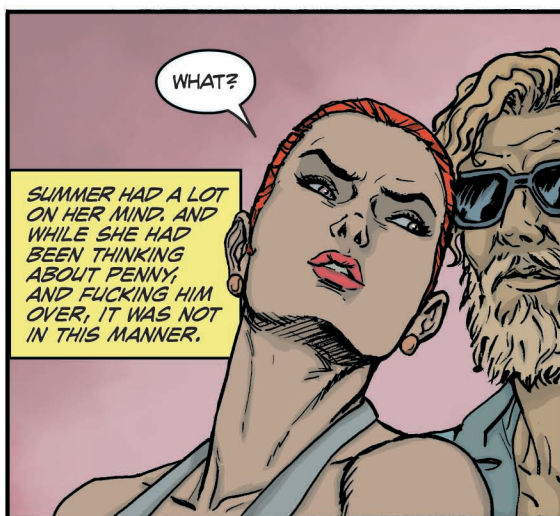
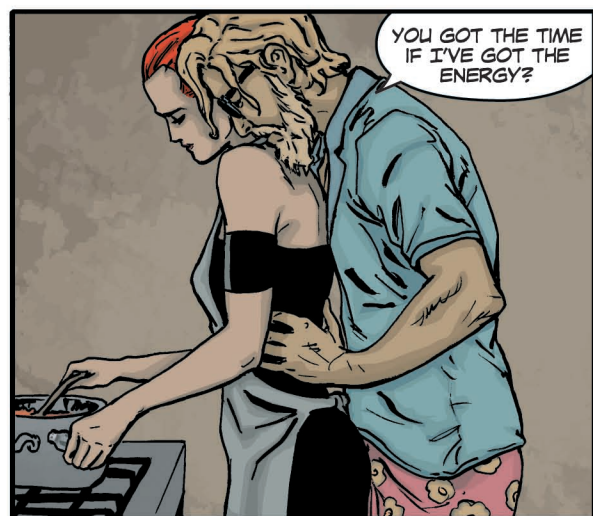
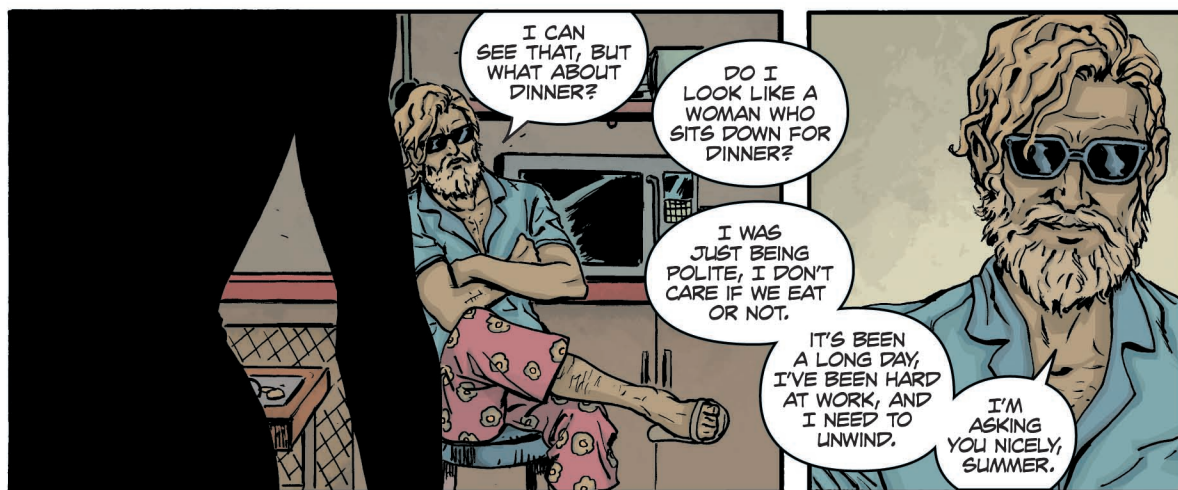
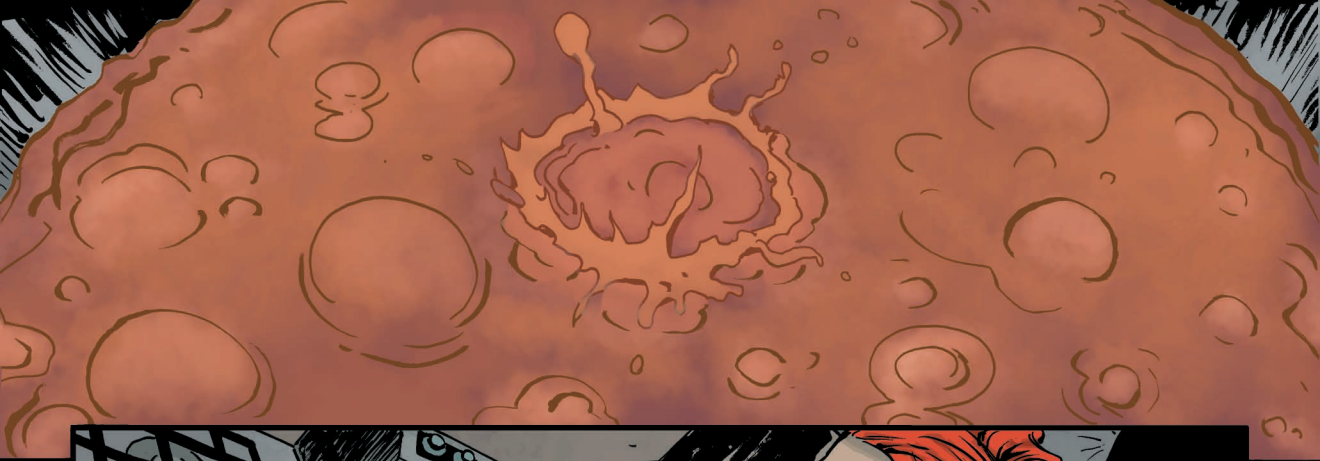
THIS  
HAPPENS  
MOST WEEKS.  
I LIKE THE  
EXTRA HOUR  
TO SURF.

YOU LIKE THE  
EXTRA HOUR  
TO SURF?

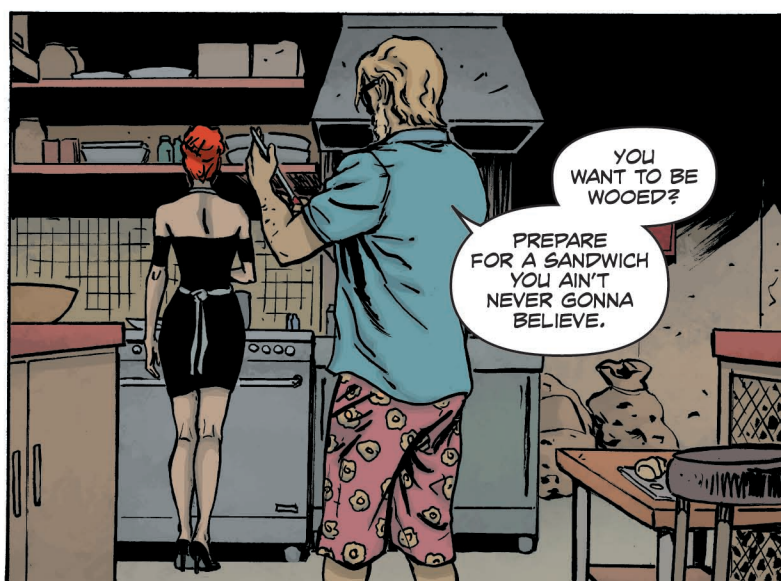
GRAHH!

THE SHARKS OFF KINGSFORD  
ISLAND KNOW THE SOUND OF  
PENNY'S VOICE, AND THEY  
SALIVATE WHEN THEY HEAR IT.









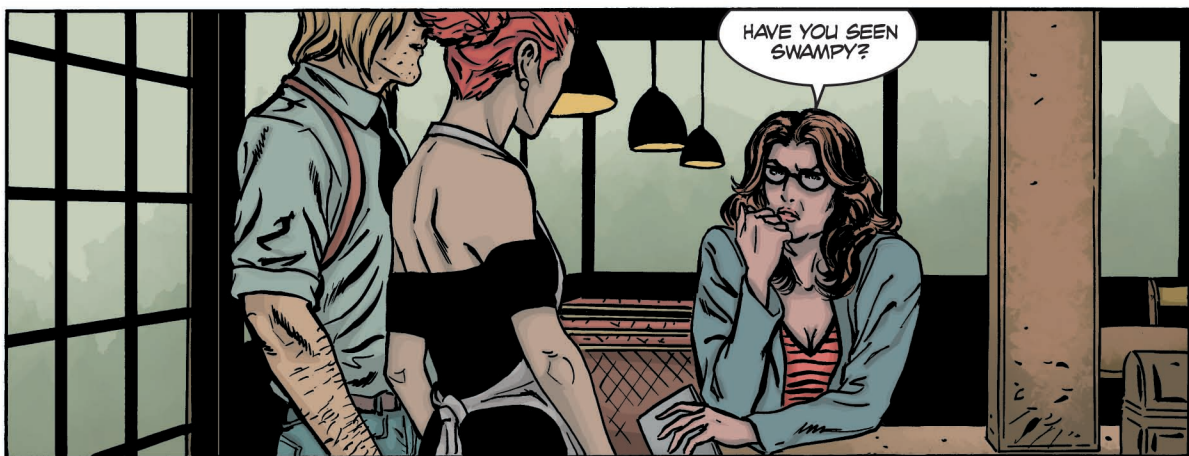
















STANDARD HAD A SERIES OF TELLS. IT TOOK SUMMER ABOUT 5 MONTHS TO LEARN THEM ALL.



I'D LOVE TO TALK ABOUT THEORETICAL CRIMES BETWEEN DEADBEATS, BUT I'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

YOU CALL IT WORK BUT YOU MAKE BEING CLOWN SHOES LOOK LIKE CHILD'S PLAY.

YEP, GO FUCK YOURSELF.



HOW OFTEN DID SWAMPY COME IN HERE?

...Y'KNOW, STANDARD'S HUNG LIKE A ROGUE ELEPHANT. FLIRT ALL YOU WANT, YOU COULDN'T TAKE IT.

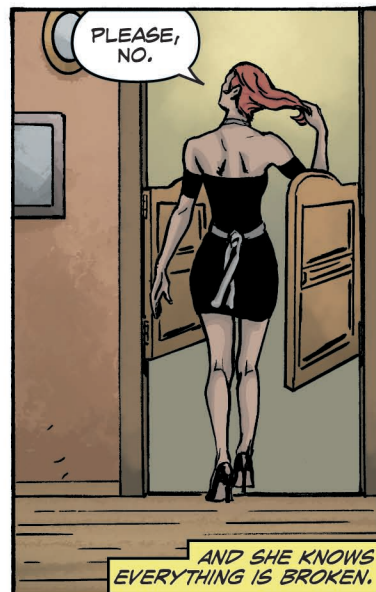
...



SUMMER DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THE CONNECTION IS BUT SHE FEELS IT IN THE AIR, TAUT, LIKE PIANO WIRE AROUND HER THROAT.



BECAUSE SHE KNOWS THAT LOOK IN STANDARD'S EYES. SHE KNOWS SHE'S FUCKED UP SOMEHOW.

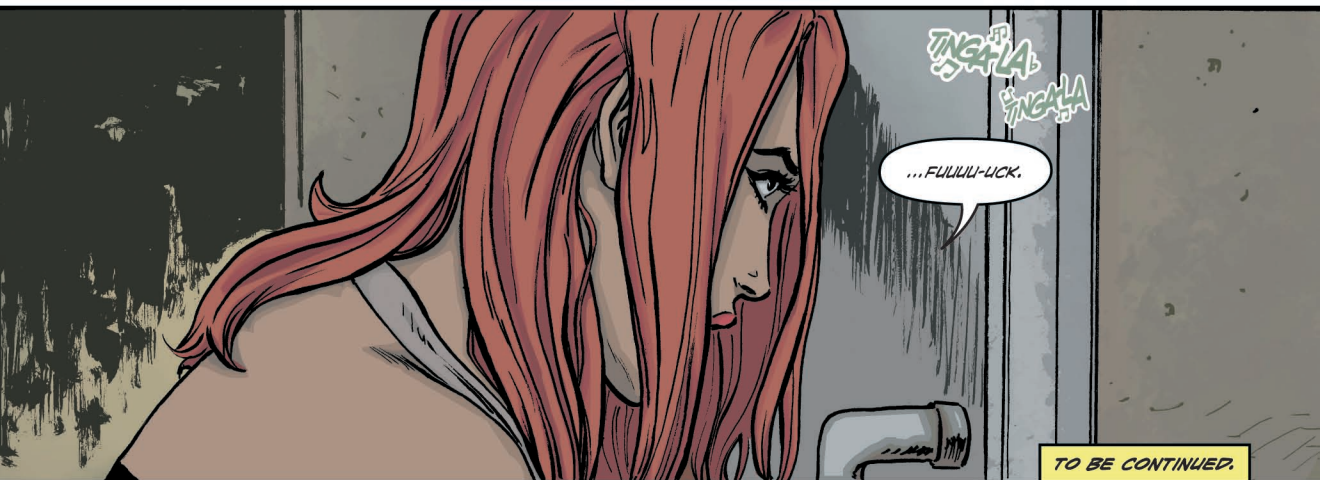


PLEASE, NO.

AND SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING IS BROKEN.



BUT THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS  
YOU CAN DO WITH BROKEN SHARDS.



TO BE CONTINUED.



# GET IN THE FUCKING SEA.

It all started with the island.

Every crime needs a great location and I've long been fascinated by the water. The things it can hide, the way it can box us in. The soundtrack it provides.

An island felt like the perfect place to house the kind of story you'd only find in old Gold Medal paperbacks. You know the ones, the moment you see that little medal in the corner of the cover you know you're making a purchase.

I love old pulp crime stories. So stripped back, so brutally focused, so lean. There's a reason this mini series comes in at 3 issues, we want to move this narrative like it's a runaway freight train. We want to get in and out and leave all our characters broken in our wake. This is the ethos of the Underwood, this is the code of the pulp.

If you dug this issue and feel like steeping in more of these waters, I suggest you scope out HOME IS THE SAILOR and THE BRIMSTONE BED, both by Day Keene. They hold the sort of style/tone/pace we are aiming for. They're also stellar reads.

And when I mention we, I have to unpack that and point the white hot spotlight onto my dear collaborator and friend Sami Kivela. The way he sets up the scene, the way the characters faces fall, the way he switches from a room to the ocean to a poetic firework display of violence is nothing short of staggering. He completely nails the stark tone a story like this needs, and there is no doubting Mark Dale brings everything else needed to every panel with his colour choices. By the time you layer Nic J. Shaw's letters on top, I could not be happier with the way this comic works. It's good looking, and racy, and enticing – all things we wish the worst things in the world weren't but here we are partaking once more.

I'm not going to do a letter column here, 3 issues doesn't leave much time to develop such malarkey, but I want to try something different. Something collaborative.

Six word surf noir stories.

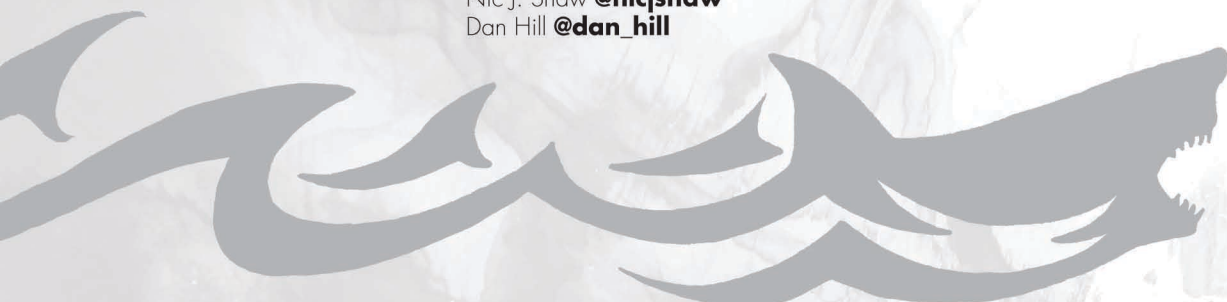
If you have a surf noir story you can put into 6 words, then we want them. Send them to [ryanlindsay82@gmail.com](mailto:ryanlindsay82@gmail.com) with 'six word surf noir story' in the subject line and let me know if it's fit to print.

Here's some succinct pulp to get you started, we hope Day Keene would be proud.

See you in 30 – CHUM HQ



Ryan K Lindsay **@ryanklindsay**  
Sami Kivela **@sami\_kivela**  
Mark Dale **@pleurgh**  
Nic J. Shaw **@nicjshaw**  
Dan Hill **@dan\_hill**





# SIX WORD SURF NOIR STORIES

*"Stolen hearts lead to salty graves."*

– Ryan K Lindsay [hack]

*"Too many bullets to be sharkfood."*

– Danny Djeljosevic [BIG FUCKING HAMMER]

*"Shifting sands foiled the perfect getaway."*

– Ricardo Mo [PROPELLER]

*"Buried Brian Wilson. God only knows."*

– Duane Swierczynski [THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST, THE BLACK HOOD]

*"Both Anna and the cocaine vanished."*

– Ed Brisson [THE VIOLENT, SHELTERED]

*"Kicking sand castles, wet with blood."*

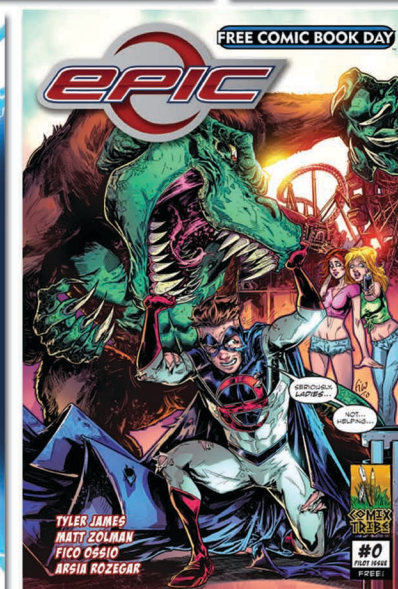
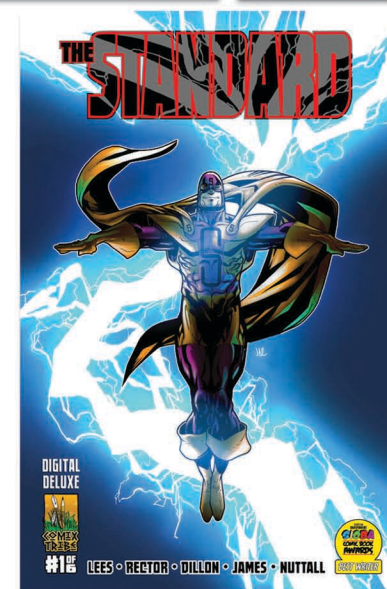
– Christopher Sebela [HIGH CRIMES, WE(L)COME BACK]







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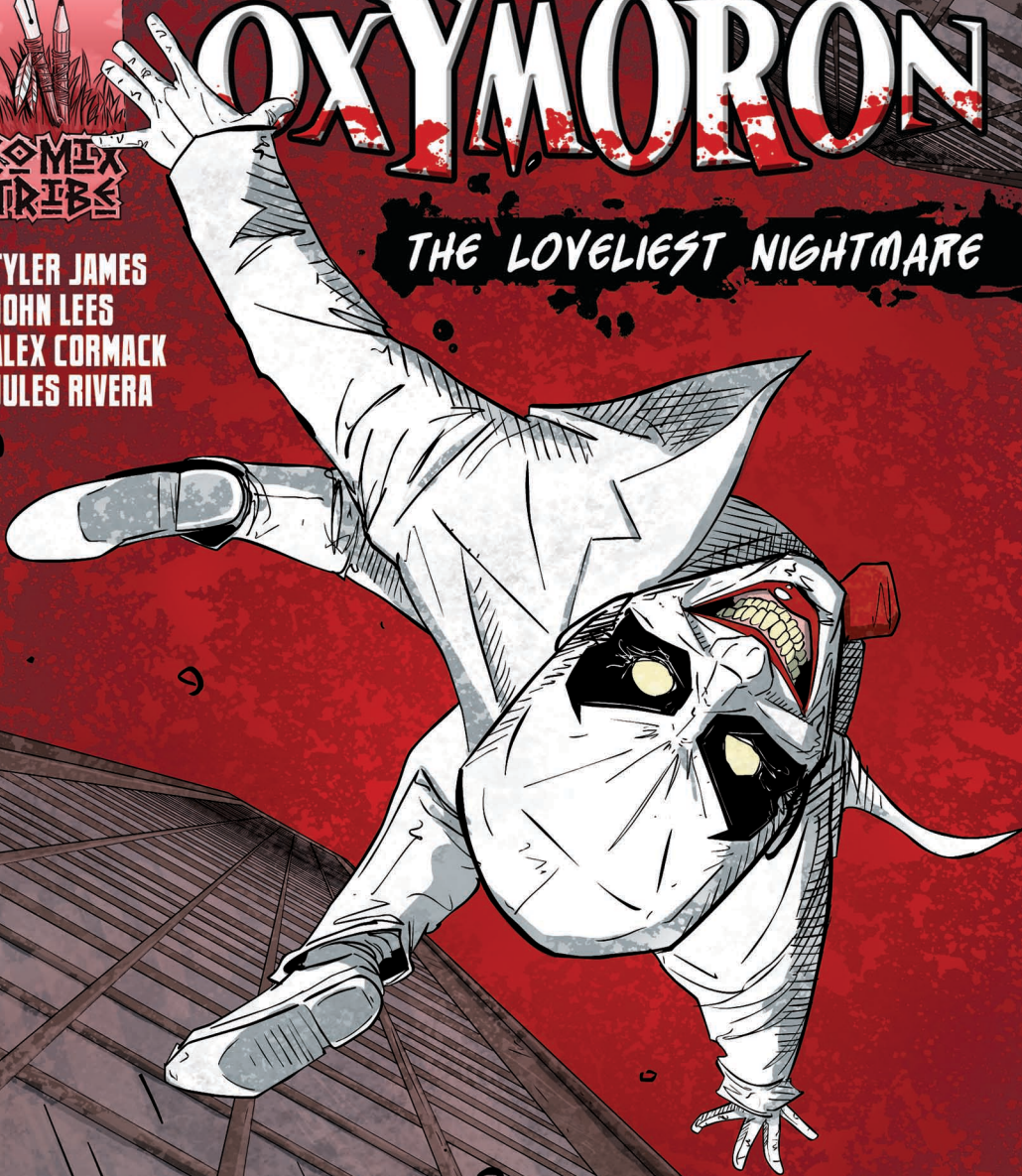
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JOHN LEES  
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THE LOVELIEST NIGHTMARE



FOREWORD BY RYAN K LINDSAY



**NEXT ISSUE**





THE SHARKS OFF KINGSFORD  
ISLAND KNOW THE SOUND OF  
HIS VOICE, AND THEY SALIVATE  
WHEN THEY HEAR IT...



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