

FROM THE LEAD WRITER OF MASS EFFECT 2

MASS EFFECT™

REDEMPTION



DARK HORSE COMICS
MASS EFFECT
4 \$3.50



BIOWARE

MAC WALTERS
JOHN JACKSON MILLER
DMAR FRANCIJA

**TO FIND
A HERO...**

**ANOTHER
MUST BE
LOST.**

DIRECT SALES



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ALINGON.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

I DON'T KNOW! *JUST MOVE!*

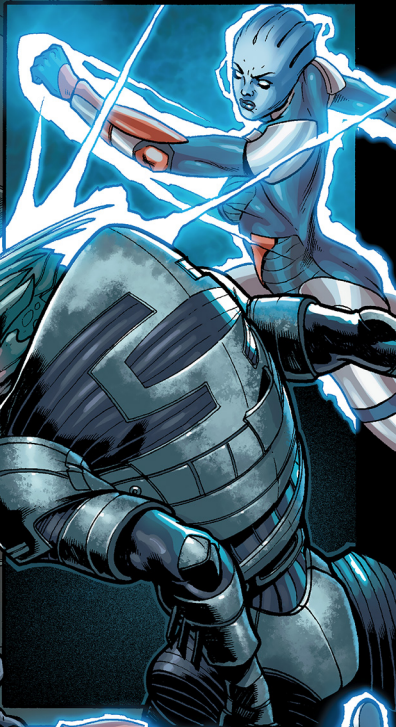


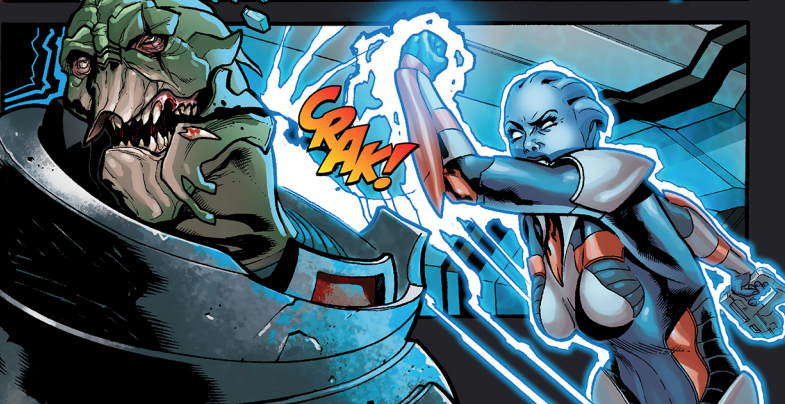
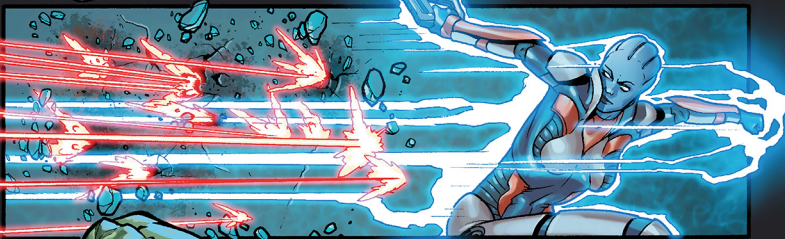
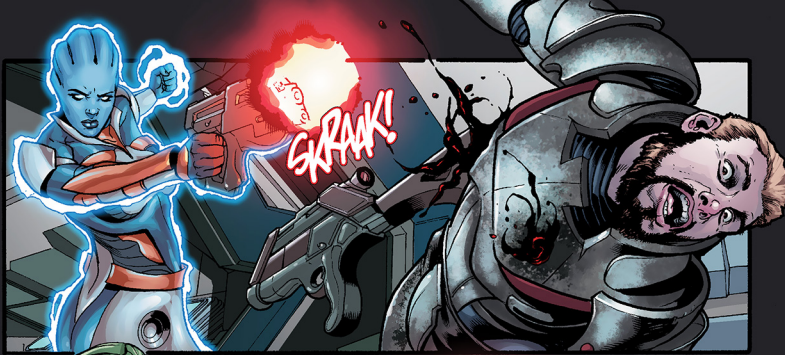
ALL I KNOW IS THE SHADOW BROKER'S COMMAND CHANNEL'S THROWING NOTHING BUT STATIC!

THERE'S SOMETHING BIG GOIN' DOWN TODAY -- I'M NOT GONNA BE BLAMED FOR ANYTHING SCREWING IT UP!

BUT NOBODY'S ALLOWED TO TALK TO ANYBODY ELSE AROUND HERE! HOW DO WE KNOW THIS ISN'T ANOTHER DAMN DRILL?

IT'S REAL--







AS I RECALL,
YOU WERE LOOKING
FOR AN ASARI OF
YOUR OWN.

BE
CAREFUL
WHAT YOU
WISH FOR.



FEELING BETTER, LIARA? I COULD FIND SOME KROGANS FOR YOU TO BEAT TO DEATH.

DON'T TEMPT ME, FERON. THE ONE I REALLY WANT TO KILL --



--IS YOU!
HOW DARE YOU LIE TO ME AGAIN?



IT WASN'T A *BAD* LIE -- AS MY LIES GO, ANYWAY.

SPARE ME, YOU'RE A DOUBLE -- NO, A TRIPLE AGENT?



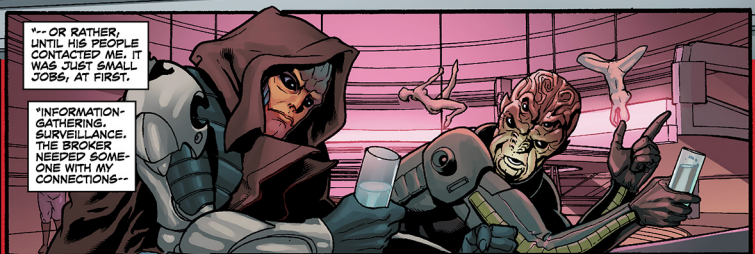
I'M JUST FERON. AND YES, I WORK FOR CERBERUS --

-- TOO. I CAN EXPLAIN -- BUT WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING IF WE WANT TO SAVE SHEPARD!

I'LL MOVE -- THOUGH I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO GIVE YOU TIME TO INVENT MORE LIES!




IT WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS FOR ME. I WORKED FOR MYSELF UNTIL THE SHADOW BROKER CAME ALONG --



"-- OR RATHER, UNTIL HIS PEOPLE CONTACTED ME. IT WAS JUST SMALL JOBS, AT FIRST.

"INFORMATION-GATHERING. SURVEILLANCE. THE BROKER NEEDED SOMEONE WITH MY CONNECTIONS--



"-- AND I NEEDED SOMEONE WITH HIS BANK ACCOUNT. YOU'VE SEEN MY LIFESTYLE, SUCH AS IT IS.

"SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT THE SHADOW BROKER -- HE PAYS HIS PEOPLE WELL.



"CERBERUS LEARNED I WAS WORKING FOR THE BROKER AND TRIED TO RECRUIT ME A FEW TIMES TO TURN ON HIM.

"THAT MIRANDA WOMAN FIGURED I'D BE EASY TO FLIP. THAT I WAS A HIGHEST-BIDDER KIND OF TRADER --



-- BUT THAT'S NOT ME AT ALL, IF I TAKE A JOB FOR A CUSTOMER, I FINISH IT, WHATEVER IT IS.

I NEVER ONCE SCREWED OVER A CLIENT -- OR CARED WHAT THEY WERE REALLY UP TO. NEVER --

"-- UNTIL THE COLLECTORS CAME ALONG. IT DISGUSTED ME THAT THE BROKER WANTED TO DO BUSINESS WITH THEM. I WANTED TO WALK --

"-- BUT THEN I HEARD THEY WERE INTERESTED IN *SHEPARD'S REMAINS*. THAT WAS BEYOND PERVERSE. I HAD TO STOP IT.

"BUT I NEEDED HELP. THERE WAS ONLY ONE OPTION --

"-- CERBERUS, FOR A PRO-HUMAN GROUP TO APPROACH ME FOR HELP, THEY HAD TO BE AS CONCERNED ABOUT THE COLLECTORS AS I WAS.

"SO I WENT AROUND MIRANDA TO SEE THE GUY AT THE TOP -- *THE ILLUSIVE MAN*. WE CAME UP WITH A PLAN FOR ME TO GRAB THE BODY.

"BUT THE BROKER HAD BEGUN TO WORRY ABOUT MY LOYALTIES. MAYBE SOMEONE HAD SEEN ME WITH MIRANDA.

"HE STARTED TO CUT ME OUT. I HAD TO FIND A WAY BACK IN. AND THAT WAY --"





-- WAS YOU, WHEN YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING TO OMEGA TO LOOK FOR SHEPARD, YOU BECAME MY TICKET INSIDE.

I VOLUNTEERED TO DISTRACT YOU FOR THE BROKER WHILE HIS DEAL WAS GOING DOWN.



I DON'T GUESS IT WORKED, IF HE SENT THOSE MERCENARIES AFTER ME ANYWAY. DIDN'T HE THINK HE COULD TRUST YOU?

WELL, HE REALLY *COULDN'T* TRUST ME, COULD HE? AND NEITHER COULD YOU.



I WAS JUST GOING TO LEAD YOU AWAY AND THEN FIND SHEPARD MYSELF. I GUESS THE ILLUSIVE MAN DECIDED WE'D BE BETTER AS A TEAM.

BUT I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO TELL YOU I WAS WORKING FOR CERBERUS, EVEN MIRANDA DOESN'T KNOW. IT'S SAFER THAT WAY.



YOU WERE RIGHT -- I DID LET TAZZIK GET AWAY. I WANTED TO GET HERE AND CONFIRM THE DEAL WAS WITH THE COLLECTORS --

-- AND I WANTED ONE LAST CHANCE TO DOWNLOAD WHATEVER I COULD ABOUT HIS DEALINGS.

I'M PROBABLY DONE AS AN INFO TRADER AFTER THIS. THE SHADOW BROKER WILL MAKE SURE NO ONE EVER TRUSTS ME AGAIN.

BUT I'M SORRY YOU COULDN'T TRUST ME. MAYBE THIS WILL CHANGE THINGS, GET THAT BACK TO CERBERUS, WHATEVER HAPPENS.



FERON, I KNOW IT MAY BE A STRANGE CONCEPT FOR YOUR LINE OF WORK--

-- BUT NOBODY EVER SAID AN INFORMATION TRADER JUST HAD TO WORK FOR MONEY.

I STILL DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO TRUST YOU OR NOT -- BUT YOU'VE HELPED ME GET THIS CLOSE.

UH-- THIS IS IT, THEN. WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU GET SHEPARD'S BODY -- AND THAT DATA -- OUT OF HERE. PREFERABLY BOTH.

DON'T WORRY, FERON--

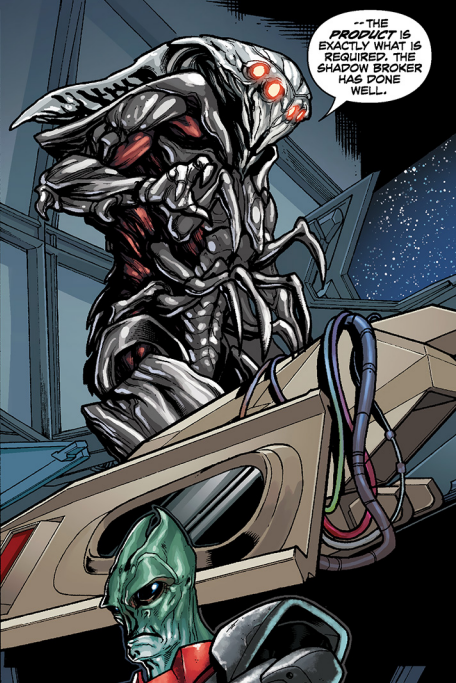
WORDS AREN'T THE ONLY THINGS THAT SPEAK THE TRUTH.



--WE WILL.



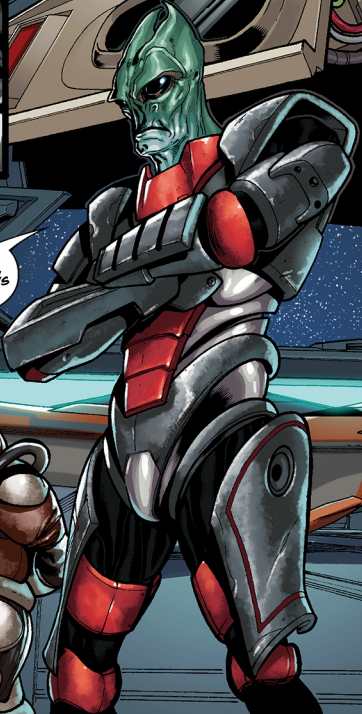
GOOD.
GOOD--



--THE
PRODUCT IS
EXACTLY WHAT IS
REQUIRED. THE
SHADOW BROKER
HAS DONE
WELL.

IT WAS
TAZZIK
HERE
WHO TOOK CARE
OF THE LAST--
ER, LEG.

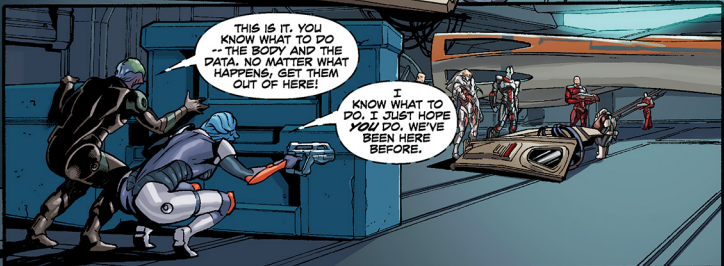
YOU
DON'T NEED TO
TAKE INVENTORY.
EVERYTHING THAT'S
SHEPARD IS
THERE.





TOUGH TO RECOGNIZE, I KNOW -- HARD TO TELL IF IT'S EVEN A MAN OR A WOMAN, BLOWN TO HELL LIKE THAT. BUT IT'S WHAT YOU WANT --

-- AND IT'S ALL YOURS AS SOON AS THE SHADOW BROKER RECEIVES HIS PAYMENT.



THIS IS IT. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO -- THE BODY AND THE DATA. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, GET THEM OUT OF HERE!

I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I JUST HOPE YOU DO. WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.




YOU'RE NOT GOING TO "ACCIDENTALLY" LET TAZ GET AWAY AGAIN, ARE YOU?

NOT A CHANCE. NOW STAY PUT --

-- I THINK I STILL HAVE ONE LAST PLAY LEFT IN ME...

WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU --?



TAZ, YOU OLD SALARIAN SON OF A BITCH! I THOUGHT THAT WAS YOU!



HUH, IT'S YOU.

I THOUGHT I SAW YOU SKULKING AROUND BACK ON OMEGA. THE BOSS HAVE YOU TAILING ME FOR A REASON?



A PRETTY GOOD REASON, I'D SAY. THERE'S A PROBLEM WITH THE PAYMENT. THE BROKER'S NOT HAPPY WITH THE ARRANGEMENT.




THERE IS NO PROBLEM WITH THE ARRANGEMENT. HALF NOW, HALF WHEN WE HAVE CONFIRMED SHEPARD'S IDENTITY OURSELVES!



WE
HAVEN'T HEARD
ANYTHING FROM
THE BROKER ABOUT
THIS. WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING TO
PULL?


NOTHING.
YOU MAY HAVE
NOTICED INTERNAL
COMMUNICATIONS ARE
DOWN -- THE BROKER
SENT ME WITH THIS
ORDER IN
PERSON.

SHEPARD
GOES BACK
INTO YOUR HOLD
UNTIL FURTHER
NOTICE.



THE BROKER
DOESN'T HAVE TIME
TO WAIT WHILE YOU
SCREW AROUND PLAYING
CORONER. HE WANTS
ALL THE MONEY,
NOW--

--OR NO
SHEPARD. TRY TO
FIND ANOTHER. MAYBE
SOMEONE WILL SELL
YOU A **KIT**.



YOU
WOULDN'T WANT
TO DISAPPOINT THE
BROKER, WOULD
YOU? HE MAY NOT BE
ABLE TO TALK TO YOU
-- BUT HE'S ALWAYS
WATCHING.



SCREW
THIS SHIT.


BACK
ABOARD THE
SHIP, BOYS--
UNTIL WE SORT
THIS OUT!



**THIS IS
UNACCEPTABLE!**




THIS IS BETRAYAL!



I TOLD YOU WHAT I SAW, SHADOW BROKER! WHY DID YOU SEND THE PRELL TO TERMINATE THE TRANSACTION?

FERON!
HE DEFINITELY DOES *NOT* SPEAK FOR ME. HE'S A TRAITOR--



-- WORKING WITH THAT ALLIANCE WOMAN TO STEAL SHEPARD, THEY DESTROYED MY LINK TO ALINGON-- SO I CAN'T TELL TAZ OTHERWISE!

OUR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE STOPPED SO EASILY.

YOU PRETEND TO BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE--



-- I ALREADY AM!



I DON'T CARE, JUST GET IT ABOARD! WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

YOU PRETEND TO BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE--



--I ALREADY AM!

WHAT'S HE BABBLING ABOUT?



THE SHADOW BROKER SAYS-- FERON IS THE TRAITOR!

COME ON, TAZ, WHO ARE YOU GONNA BELIEVE-- ME, OR THAT? HOW COULD THE BROKER TELL IT ANYTHING?

HOW DID IT KNOW YOUR NAME, FERON?



YOU'RE SMARTER THAN YOU LOOK, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!

LIARA, NOW!

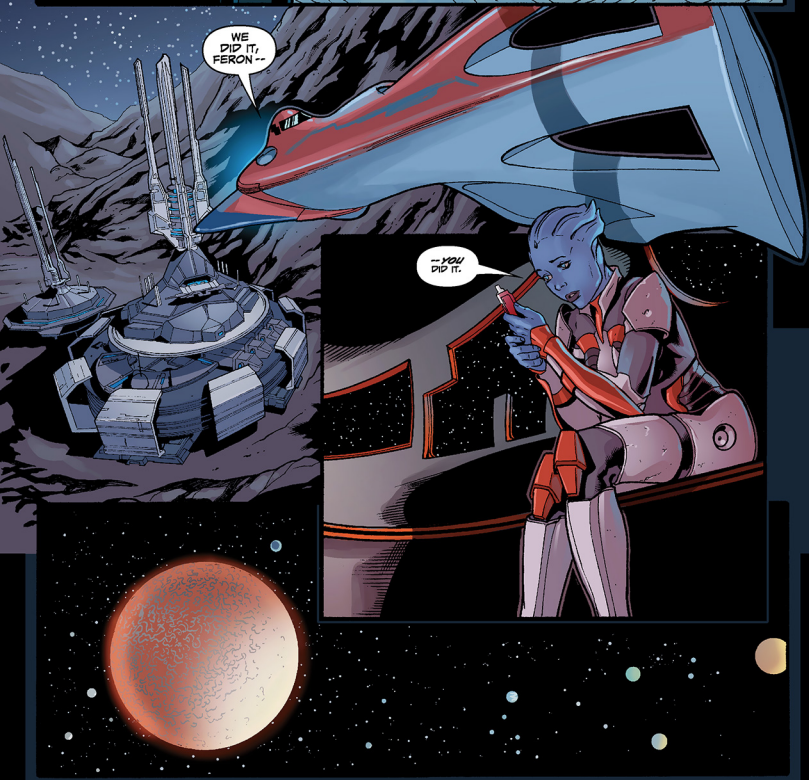
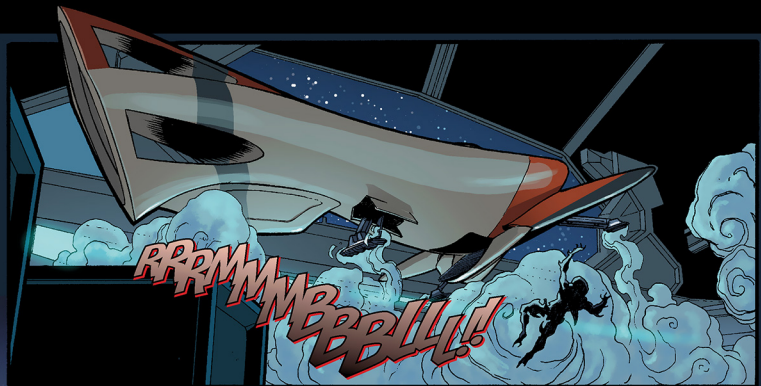


UNNNHHH!

SKRAK!
SKRAKK!







LATER, AT A SECRET FACILITY RUN BY CERBERUS...

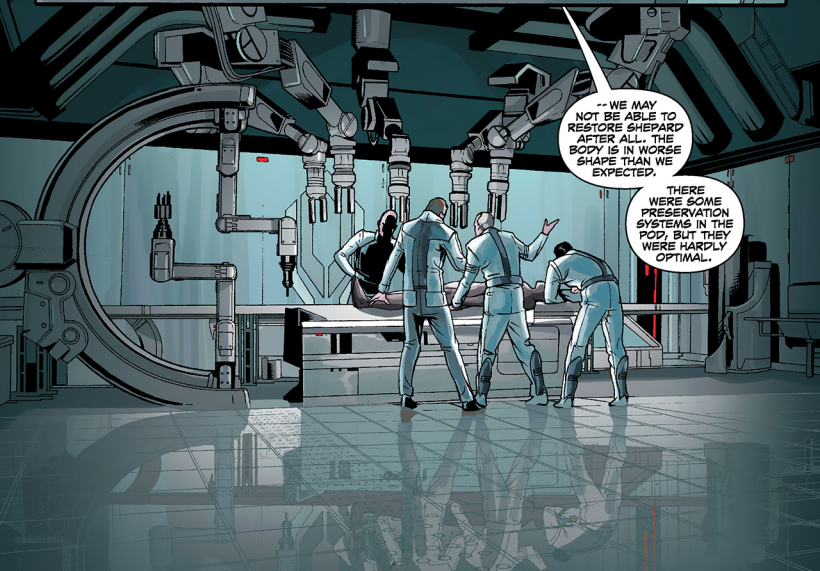
YOU DID WELL, LIARA. WE WERE RIGHT TO PUT OUR FAITH IN YOU --

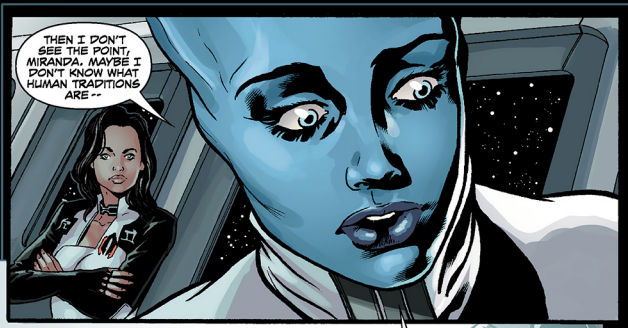
-- SHEPARD OBVIOUSLY MADE SOME VERY GOOD FRIENDS. I JUST WISH I HAD BETTER NEWS FOR YOU --



-- WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO RESTORE SHEPARD AFTER ALL. THE BODY IS IN WORSE SHAPE THAN WE EXPECTED.

THERE WERE SOME PRESERVATION SYSTEMS IN THE POD, BUT THEY WERE HARDLY OPTIMAL.





THEN I DON'T SEE THE POINT, MIRANDA. MAYBE I DON'T KNOW WHAT HUMAN TRADITIONS ARE --

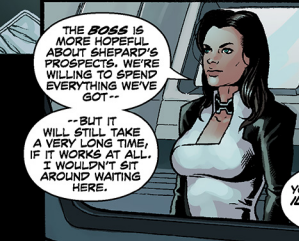


-- BUT I REALLY THINK YOU SHOULD LET THE DEAD REST. THIS ISN'T WHAT I BROUGHT SHEPARD BACK FOR. THIS IS ALMOST LIKE -- LIKE --



LIKE SOMETHING THE COLLECTORS WOULD HAVE DONE? WE DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THEY WOULD HAVE DONE, LIARA --

-- THOUGH HOPEFULLY THE INFORMATION YOU BROUGHT BACK MAY SUGGEST SOMETHING. AND IT MIGHT NOT BE AS BAD AS YOU THINK --



THE *BOSS* IS MORE HOPEFUL ABOUT SHEPARD'S PROSPECTS. WE'RE WILLING TO SPEND EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT --

-- BUT IT WILL STILL TAKE A VERY LONG TIME, IF IT WORKS AT ALL. I WOULDN'T SIT AROUND WAITING HERE.

WHAT WILL YOUR *BOSS* -- THE *ILLUSIVE MAN* -- DO ABOUT FERON?

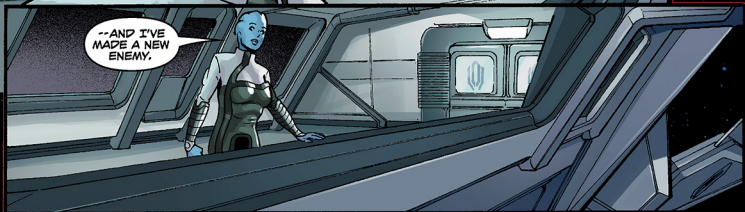


THE *DRELL* KNEW THE RISKS WHEN HE OFFERED TO HELP. WE WON'T BE GOING AFTER HIM. IF *YOU* WANT TO, THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS --

-- BUT I'D FOCUS ON SOMETHING ELSE IF I WERE YOU. DO SOMETHING *YOU* WANT TO DO.



THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT I'M GOING TO
DO, MIRANDA. I'VE GOT
ANOTHER FRIEND TO
HELP NOW --



--AND I'VE
MADE A NEW
ENEMY.



"I'M AFRAID
WE ALL
HAVE..."



TO BE CONTINUED -- IN
MASS EFFECT 3
FROM BIOWARE!

MASS EFFECT™

REDEMPTION

When one of Earth's greatest heroes, **Commander Shepard**, is lost in a surprise attack, the intrepid asari **Liaa T'Soni** hunts for the remains of her friend. But minions of the mysterious **Shadow Broker** are searching, too—and get to Shepard first.

The deadly **Tazzik** delivers the body to a Shadow Broker base on the magnetically shrouded planet Alington, where the enigmatic **Collectors** wait to take delivery. **Feron**, a Broker minion concerned about the Collectors' interest in Shepard, helps Liara break into the base.

While Feron obtains data detailing the Broker's plans, Liara destroys the center linking the Broker with forces on Alington. It'll take both of them together to keep Shepard out of the Collectors' clutches—presuming Feron doesn't have yet another secret to reveal about his loyalties. Which, of course, he does . . .

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APRIL 2010



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When Dark Horse asked if I would like to take Barnaby and Hooker to the world of comics, I jumped at the opportunity. How could I not? After all, if it hadn't been for Carl Barks sending Scrooge McDuck and his family off on treasure hunts, I probably wouldn't be hooked on adventure stories. And if it hadn't been for Little Lulu and the elusive beeblossoms (where *did* they come from?), I might never have fallen in love with a good mystery.

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We dove headfirst into the writing of *Troublemaker*, the first Barnaby and Hooker graphic novel from Dark Horse. Immediately, Alex and I decided we didn't want it to be a comic version of *Metro Girl* or *Motor Mouth*. We wanted it to be an original story that was every bit the third book in the series, made even better by butt-kicking pictures by Joëlle Jones.

We hope that *Troublemaker* delivers everything a good adventure needs. It's

set in the seedy underbelly of Miami (including, but not limited to, the South Beach nightclub scene, botanica shops in Little Havana, and the Everglades, where petro voodoo rituals are taking place), and filled with gift-wrapped body parts, a deadly swamp chase, St. Bernard drool, a Porsche GT3 RS versus a Nissan GT-R, and the biggest challenge Barnaby and Hooker will ever face . . . Hooker's mom.

It has been an incredible, rewarding experience to see a written story take on a whole new life. We couldn't have asked to be part of a better team. So here's a big thank you to Dark Horse for allowing us the opportunity. We love you!

—Janet Evanovich



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If it's the kind of creepy that's cute and quirky—or if it's anything to do with Scotland—you can be sure that she'll love it. **Cara Niece**, our director of scheduling, is someone without whom our company might perish. You are a hero, Cara! So, please don't get mad that we've announced it to the world . . . "K? Okay. :)

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