



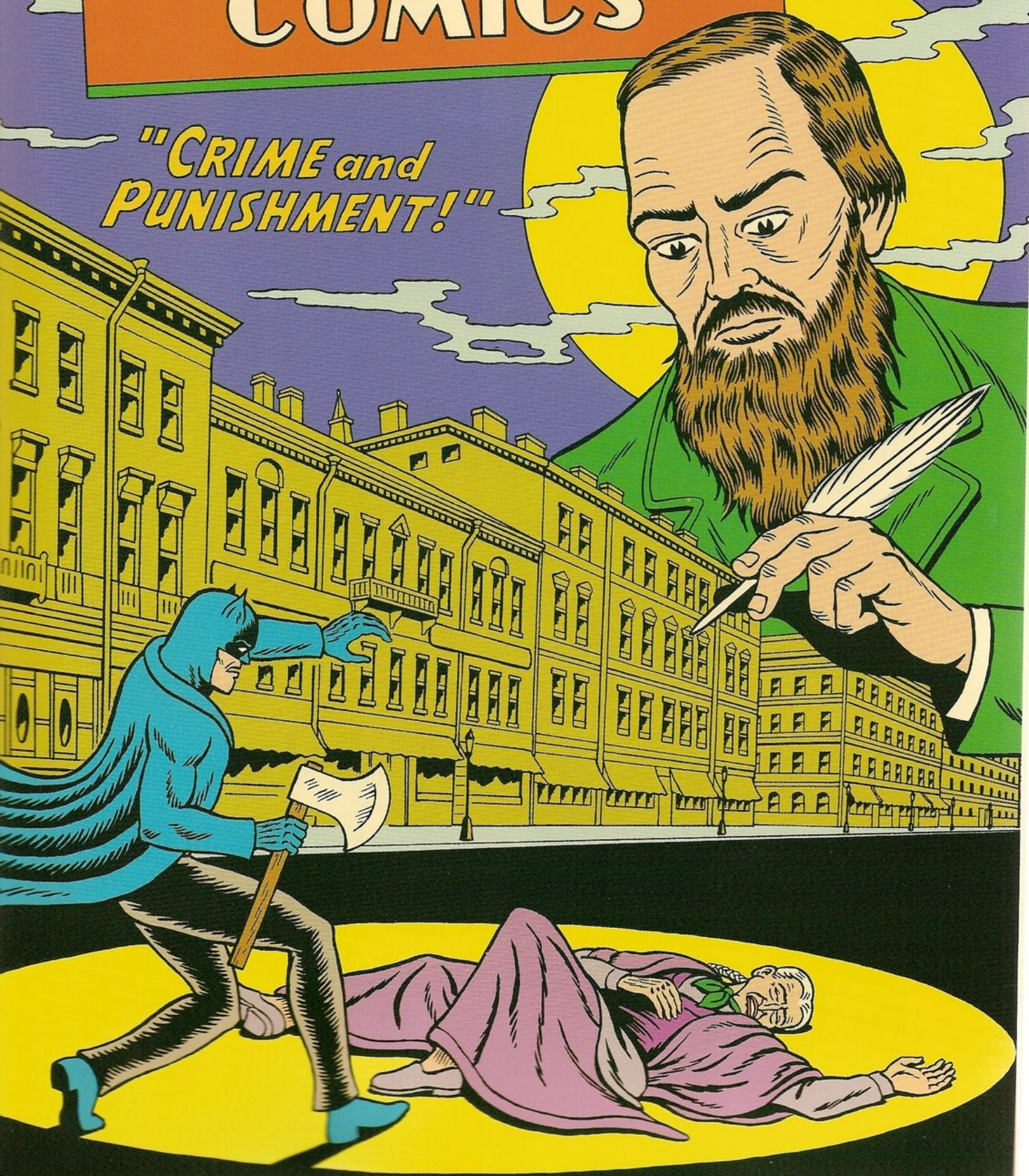
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JULY NO. 1



# Dostoyevsky COMICS

"CRIME and PUNISHMENT!"





# RASKOL

HOW LOATHSOME IT ALL IS...

ON AN EXCEPTIONALLY HOT NIGHT, IN AN EXTREMELY SMALL GARRET, SITS THE BRILLIANT, POVERTY-STRICKEN STUDENT KNOWN AS RASKOL! PONDERING HIS MISERABLE CONDITION, HE CONSIDERS A DESPERATE PROJECT TO DRAMATICALLY REVERSE HIS FORTUNES. WHAT IS HIS RADICAL NEW IDEA? WHO WILL STAND IN HIS WAY? WHY WILL HE ATTEMPT IT AT ALL? HERE ARE THE ANSWERS... IN THE STORY OF...

## CRIME and PUNISHMENT!

RASKOL RECALLS HIS LAST EXCHANGE WITH THE MISERLY, OLD PAWNBROKER...

YOU BRING SUCH TRIFLES, SIR! BUT HERE IS A ROUBLE, MINUS INTEREST, IN ADVANCE...



HE REMEMBERS HEARING THE STORY OF THE RAGGED, MAD DRUNK...

MY DEAREST SONNY WALKS THE STREETS TO SUPPORT US... AND I DRINK HIS MONEY AWAY!



HE RECONSIDERS THE LETTER FROM HIS OWN, KIND FAMILY...

THEY'VE SACRIFICED THEMSELVES FOR ME! I LIVE ON THE MONEY THEY BORROWED!



THE PAWNBROKER IS THE KEY! SHE'S A STUPID, AILING, EVIL WOMAN WHO HAS NOTHING TO LIVE FOR-- BUT WITH ALL HER WEALTH, HUNDREDS OF DESPERATE LIVES COULD BE SAVED! IT WOULD BE JUST TO KILL HER AND STEAL HER FORTUNE TO USE IN THE SERVICE OF HUMANKIND!



AND SO, WITH A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARB, RASKOL EMERGES INTO THE NIGHT!

AM I ACTUALLY CAPABLE OF THIS?



SOON, HE ARRIVES AT THE PAWNBROKER'S LAIR...

SHALL I GO BACK?



G-GOOD EVENING! I HAVE A PLEDGE FOR YOU...

HEAVENS! YOU'RE TREMBLING! WHAT IS IT?



HOW TIGHTLY YOU'VE WRAPPED IT UP...

NOW, WHILE I'VE DISTRACTED HER--



ALMOST MECHANICALLY, RASKOL SWINGS THE AXE DOWN ONTO THE PAWNBROKER'S HEAD!



OOOH!

SECONDS LATER, HE TAKES THE DEAD WOMAN'S KEYS AND RANSACKS HER BELONGINGS...

AM I GOING OUT OF MY MIND?





SUDDENLY, HE HEARS STEPS BEHIND HIM!

WHAT TH--?

GASP!



GRABBING HIS AXE, RASKOL TURNS TO DISCOVER LIZ, THE PAWNBROKER'S HAPLESS STEP-SISTER!

GOD, I LEFT THE DOOR UNLOCKED!



I MUST FLY, FLY--!



WITH ONE BLOW, HIS BLADE SPLITS ALL THE TOP OF HER HEAD!

DELIRIOUS, RASKOL ABANDONS HIS SEARCH FOR VALUABLES AND RUNS OUT OF THE BUILDING!



LATER, BACK AT HOME, HE FALLS INTO A FITFUL, FEVERISH SLEEP, WHEN...

**KNOCK!  
KNOCK!**

OPEN UP!



THE PORTER BRINGS STARTLING NEWS!

YOU'VE RECEIVED A SUMMONS FROM THE POLICE!

WHAT FOR? I'LL GO AT ONCE!

AT THE POLICE STATION...

I... WAS SUMMONED!

YES, FOR THE RECOVERY OF MONEY DUE TO YOUR LANDLADY! YOU MUST PAY OR WRITE AN IOU!

AGONIZINGLY, RASKOL SCRAWLS THE IOU WHILE THE DETECTIVES DISCUSS THE PAWNBROKER'S MURDER...

IT FEELS LIKE A NAIL IS BEING DRIVEN INTO MY SKULL!

THEN, AS HE PREPARES TO LEAVE...

HE'S FAINTING!

HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO DISCOVER THE DETECTIVES EYEING HIM STRANGELY...

WELL, SIR, WE WILL NOT HOLD YOU...

THE BRUTES! THEY SUSPECT!

LOST IN THOUGHT, RASKOL WANDERS THE STREETS AND COMES UPON A TERRIBLE SCENE!

LOOK OUT, YOU DRUNKEN FOOL! I CAN'T STOP THE HORSES!

IT'S TOO LATE!

OHH--!

WITHIN SECONDS, RASKOL LEAPS TO THE SIDE OF THE CRUSHED AND BLOODY VICTIM!

I KNOW HIM! IT'S THE OLD DRUNK!

HE LIVES NEARBY! WE MUST GET HIM HOME-- HELP ME! I'LL PAY!

PRESENTLY, RASKOL BURSTS INTO THE MAN'S HOME AND EXPLAINS TO HIS HORRIFIED FAMILY...



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! HE'S BEEN RUN OVER! CALL A DOCTOR!

GET A PRIEST--!

BUT IT IS TOO LATE! THE DYING MAN'S BELOVED SONNY, DRESSED IN SHAMEFUL, GUTTER FINERY, STEPS FORWARD TO SAY GOODBYE...



OH, FATHER!

SONNY... FORGIVE ME...!

THEN, THE OLD MAN BREATHES HIS LAST!



YOUR FATHER TOLD ME OF YOUR-- CIRCUMSTANCES... ALLOW ME TO DO SOMETHING FOR MY DEAD FRIEND! HERE IS SOME MONEY-- I WILL COME AGAIN! GOOD BYE!



OUTSIDE, RASKOL IS FILLED WITH NEW VIGOR...

I'M DONE WITH IMAGINARY FEARS! LIFE IS REAL! I DID NOT DIE WITH THE OLD PAWNBROKER! MY FEVER IS GONE! NOW I WILL TRY MY STRENGTH!



THE NEXT DAY, HE VISITS INSPECTOR PORFIRY, WHO IS INVESTIGATING THE PAWNBROKER'S MURDER...



MR. PORFIRY, I'VE COME TO ACQUIRE SOME ITEMS I PAWNED TO THE OLD WOMAN--

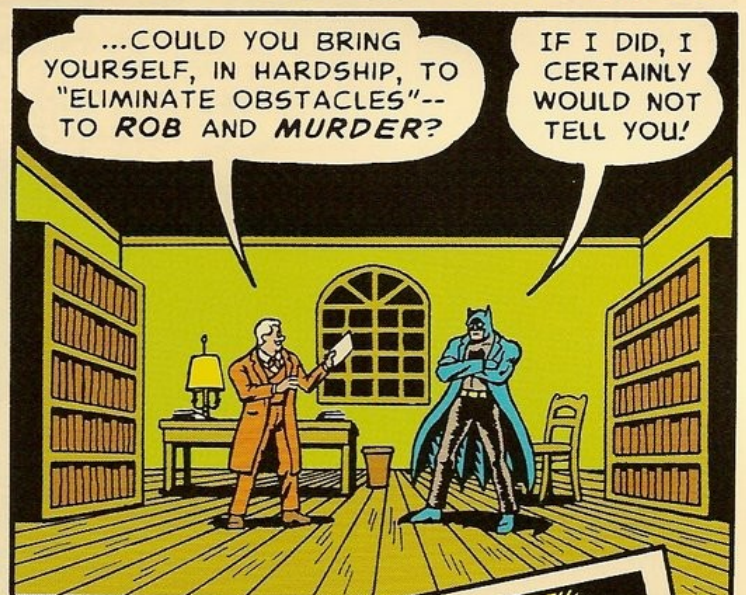
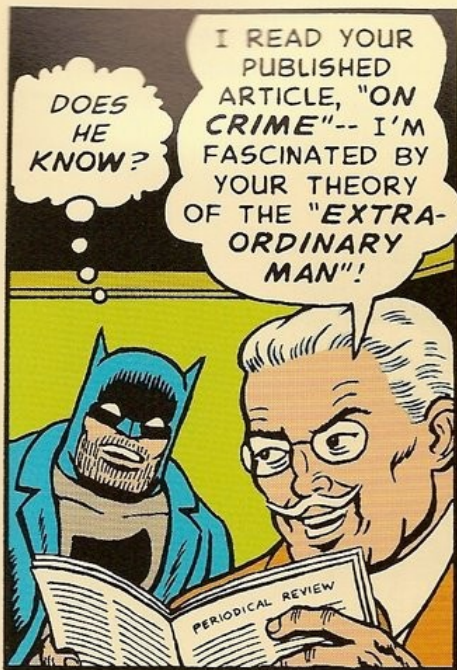
AH, YES! IT'S A PLEASURE! WE FOUND YOUR PLEDGES! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



I-- WOULD'VE COME SOONER-- BUT I'VE BEEN ILL--

YES, I HEARD! I'VE DISCOVERED QUITE A BIT ABOUT YOU!

WINK!



SOON AFTER, RASKOL VISITS SONNY, WHO IS IN MOURNING...

I'VE COME, PERHAPS FOR THE LAST TIME, TO SEE WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU! WITHOUT YOUR FATHER, THE CHILDREN WILL BE OUT ON THE STREETS...



NO, NO, GOD WILL NOT ALLOW IT! HE LETS OTHERS COME TO IT-- OR, PERHAPS, THERE IS NO GOD!

NO, NO!



QUIETLY, RASKOL KNEELS AT SONNY'S FEET...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I BOW DOWN, NOT TO YOU, BUT TO ALL THE SUFFERING OF HUMANITY!



HE IS TORMENTED BY HIS DEGRADING POSITION-- WHAT KEEPS HIM FROM ENDING IT ALL? IS HE MAD?

SONNY, DO YOU PRAY TO GOD?

WHAT WOULD I BE WITHOUT GOD?



HE IS A RELIGIOUS MANIAC!

SONNY, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?



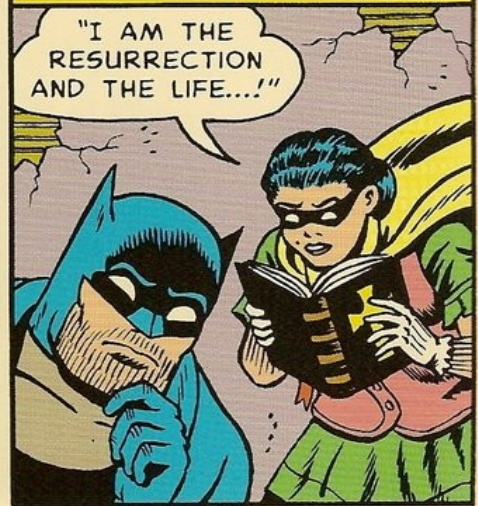
FROM MY FRIEND, LIZ... WE WOULD READ TOGETHER! SHE WAS KILLED WITH AN AXE-- BUT SHE WILL SEE GOD!

READ TO ME AS YOU DID TO HER...



WITH GREAT PASSION, SONNY READS THE STORY OF LAZARUS, WHILE RASKOL SITS MOTIONLESS...

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE...!"





WHEN SONNY IS FINISHED, FIVE MINUTES PASS IN SILENCE! THEN...

SONNY, I CAME TO SPEAK OF SOMETHING... I KNOW WHO KILLED LIZ! HE DID NOT MEAN TO KILL HER, HE-- MEANT ONLY TO KILL THE PAWNBROKER...

HEAVENS! HOW DO YOU KNOW?



YOU CAN'T GUESS...? TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

MY GOD!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE-- TO YOURSELF? HOW COULD A MAN LIKE YOU BRING YOURSELF TO IT?

I DON'T KNOW...!



"I ASKED MYSELF, WHAT WOULD NAPOLEON DO IF HE WERE IN MY POSITION? WOULD HE MURDER THAT RIDICULOUS OLD WOMAN IF SHE STOOD IN HIS WAY? WHY, HE WOULDN'T HESITATE FOR A MOMENT!"



WHAT SUFFERING!

"BUT, SONNY, THAT'S JUST TALK!"

"YOU KNOW, MY FAMILY HAD HOPES FOR ME... BUT NO MONEY! I NEEDED THE PAWNBROKER'S FORTUNE TO WORK MY WAY UP IN THE WORLD..."



"SHE WAS A LOATHSOME, HARMFUL CREATURE-- OR MAYBE IT IS THAT I AM VAIN, MALICIOUS... OR INSANE!"

DID I MURDER THOSE WOMEN? NO, I MURDERED MYSELF! WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?





STAND UP!  
YOU MUST GO  
AT ONCE AND  
**CONFESS!**  
OTHERWISE,  
HOW CAN YOU  
GO ON LIVING?

I'LL GET USED TO IT...  
I MUST NOT CONDEMN  
MYSELF! THE POLICE  
SUSPECT ME, BUT I WILL  
MAKE A STRUGGLE--



TAKE MY CROSS--  
WE WILL SUFFER  
TOGETHER!

NOT NOW,  
SONNY...  
BETTER  
LATER!

RETURNING HOME, RASKOL FINDS INSPECTOR PORFIRY INSIDE...

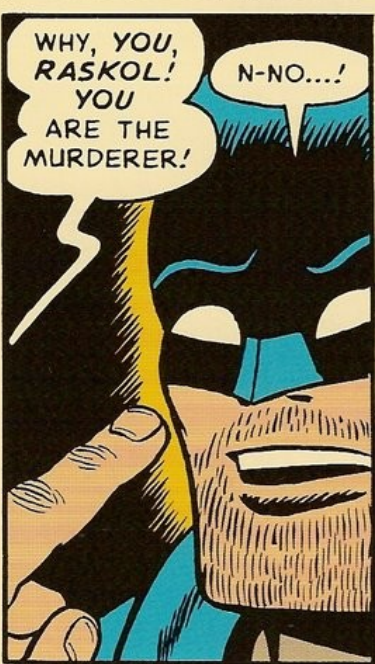


I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU--  
YOUR DOOR WAS WIDE OPEN! I  
FEEL I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION!

I REGARD YOU AS A MAN OF  
NOBLE CHARACTER, AND I DON'T  
WISH TO DECEIVE YOU! I BECAME  
SUSPICIOUS OF YOU BY **ACCIDENT!**  
I HEARD RUMORS, I READ YOUR  
FANTASTIC ARTICLE-- YOU SEEMED  
HEADSTRONG AND RECKLESS!  
THERE WERE **OTHER** SUSPECTS,  
BUT NONE SEEMED LIKELY...

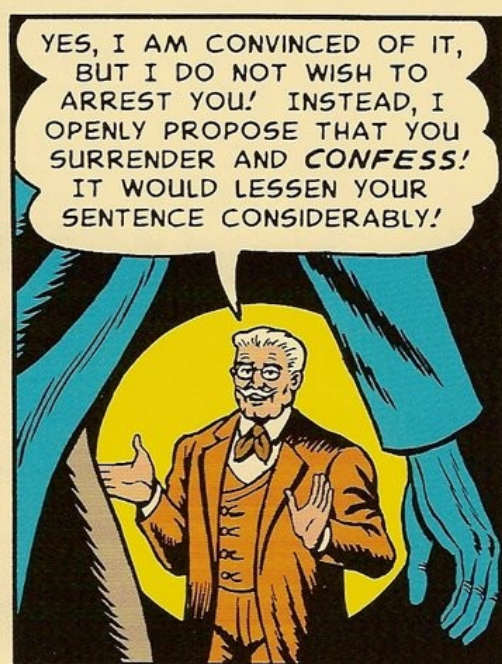


SO-- **WHO--** IS  
THE MURDERER?

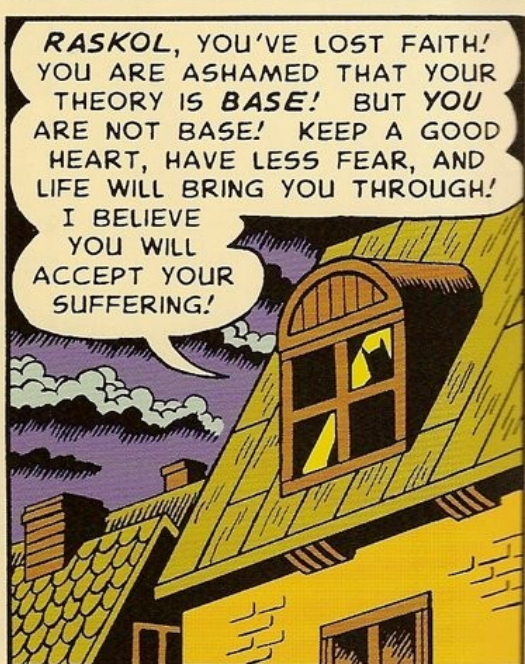


WHY, YOU,  
RASKOL!  
YOU  
ARE THE  
MURDERER!

N-NO...!



YES, I AM CONVINCED OF IT,  
BUT I DO NOT WISH TO  
ARREST YOU! INSTEAD, I  
OPENLY PROPOSE THAT YOU  
SURRENDER AND **CONFESS!**  
IT WOULD LESSEN YOUR  
SENTENCE CONSIDERABLY!



**RASKOL**, YOU'VE LOST FAITH!  
YOU ARE ASHAMED THAT YOUR  
THEORY IS **BASE!** BUT YOU  
ARE NOT **BASE!** KEEP A GOOD  
HEART, HAVE LESS FEAR, AND  
LIFE WILL BRING YOU THROUGH!  
I BELIEVE  
YOU WILL  
ACCEPT YOUR  
SUFFERING!



SHORTLY...

I HAVE COME FOR YOUR CROSS, SONNY!



I WILL CONFESS-- IT SEEMS BETTER TO DO SO! STILL, IT ANGERS ME THAT ALL THOSE STUPID, BRUTISH FACES WILL STARE AND ASK FOOLISH QUESTIONS-- BUT NOW, I WILL GO TO PRISON AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR WISH-- DON'T CRY!



HERE IS THE CROSS-- SAY A PRAYER!

OH, CERTAINLY-- SINCERELY--



WITH THAT, RASKOL HEADS TOWARD HIS FATE...

WAS ALL THIS RIGHT? DID I WANT HIS CROSS? NO, I WANTED TO SEE HIS TEARS, TO SEE HIS HEART ACHE. I AM CONTEMPTIBLE...



RASKOL TURNS BACK TO SEE SONNY, ANXIOUSLY WATCHING FROM NEARBY-- THEN, WITH A PAINED GRIN, HE ENTERS THE POLICE STATION!



AND SO...

IT WAS I WHO MURDERED THE PAWNBROKER AND HER SISTER-- IT WAS I!

THIS BEGINS A NEW STORY... OF A MAN'S GRADUAL REGENERATION, OF HIS JOURNEY INTO AN UNKNOWN LIFE... BUT OUR PRESENT STORY IS ENDED! DON'T MISS OUR NEXT ISSUE!

MADE & BROUGHT TO YOU BY  
**SKOTINKA76**

*From  
Jessa Jaroslav's  
Collection*

