

JON JUDY

DEXTER WEE

# SWERVE

ISSUE TWO



DOGHOUSE VS SWEETS  
JUNE 28, 1976 SAN ANTONIO  
SPORTSATORIUM



Dexter Wee

The fights are fake, but the bullets are *real*.



# SWERVE

**CREATED BY  
JON JUDY  
& DEXTER WEE**

**COVER ART BY  
CHRIS SEAMAN**

**ART DIRECTOR  
SEAN MCARDLE**

**PRODUCTION & DESIGN BY  
JACE TSCHUDI**

**EDITED BY  
AMANDA HENDRIX**

**ARCANA**  
[www.arcana.com](http://www.arcana.com)

CEO and Founder  
Sean Patrick O'Reilly

VP of Operations  
Mark Poulton

VP of Publishing  
Erik Hendrix

Senior Editor  
Amanda Hendrix

VP of Sales  
Michelle Meyers

Intern  
Jess Tang

ARCANA STUDIO PRESENTS SWERVE First Printing. Copyright 2012 Arcana Studio Inc.

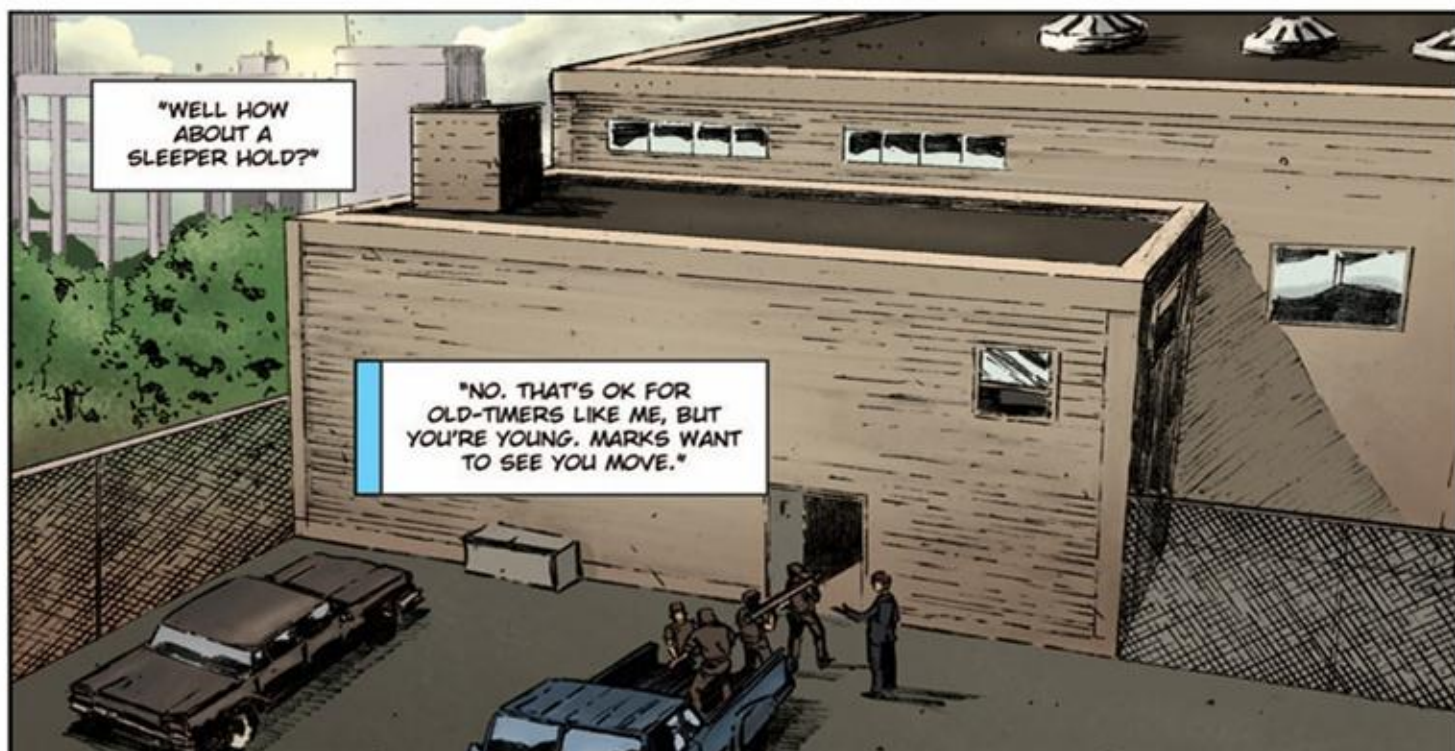
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Published by Arcana Comics, Inc.

The stories, incidents and characters in this publication are fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead or to names, characters or institutions are unintentional, and any such similarity is purely coincidental. With the exception of cover used for review purposes, the contents of this publication may not be reprinted or reproduced in any form without the prior express written content of Arcana Studio Inc.

ISBN: 978-1-927424-94-0

Printed in Canada





"WELL HOW ABOUT A SLEEPER HOLD?"

"NO. THAT'S OK FOR OLD-TIMERS LIKE ME, BUT YOU'RE YOUNG. MARKS WANT TO SEE YOU MOVE."

## ★ HEEL TURN ★

(*hēl tūrn*) *noun*: an act which transitions a babyface, or a good guy, to a heel, or a bad guy

WRITTEN BY  
**JON JUDY**

ART BY  
**DEXTER WEE**

COLORS BY  
**CHRIS HALL**

LETTERS BY  
**JACE TSCHUDI**



OK THEN, A POWERBOMB.

DEFINITELY NOT. YOU'RE NOT BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD ON MOST WORKERS.



'SIDES, DOGHOUSE USES THE POWERBOMB, AND YOU DON'T WANT TO LEECH OFF HIS HEAT. HE'S JUST GETTING TO WHERE HE DOESN'T HATE YOU.









LESTER OAKS AND WILBUR YODER WERE A COUPLE OF CLING-ONS ON THE ASS OF THE WORLD.





EVEN IF YOU THOUGHT GUYS WHO STUCK BOTTLE ROCKETS UP THEIR ASS AND BROKE BEER BOTTLES OVER THEIR HEADS WERE FUNNY, THEY LOST ALL THEIR CHARM REAL FAST WHEN YOU HAD TO WORK WITH THEM.

OUTSIDE OF THE RING, YOU WERE ALWAYS WORRIED THAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO SOMETHING TO GET YOU PULLED OVER WHILE YOU HAD A TRUNK LOAD OF MERCHANDISE.

INSIDE THE RING, THEIR WORK LOOKED LIKE SHIT BECAUSE THEY WERE ALWAYS HIGH OR DRUNK OR HIGH AND DRUNK.

AND GUYS LIKE THAT DON'T DO A REAL GOOD JOB OF PROTECTING THEIR OPPONENTS.

BUT LIKE I SAID, FRANK LOVED THEM. HE REALLY GOT OFF ON ASSKISSERS. SEEMS HE TOOK OVER THE TERRITORY WHEN HE TALKED SOME OF THE BOYS INTO TURNING ON THEIR OLD BOSS.

EVER SINCE, HE'D BEEN KIND OF PARANOID ABOUT THE SAME HAPPENING TO HIM, SO HE LIKED GUYS WHO ACTED LIKE THEY LIKED HIM.

BUT MOST OF THE GUYS DIDN'T LIKE HIM, PARTLY BECAUSE OF THAT PARANOIA THING. HE'D ONLY GOTTEN WORSE SINCE HE STARTED DIPPING INTO HIS OWN COCA JAR.

BUT AT LEAST FRANK HAD THE BRAINS TO NEVER USE LESTER AND WILBUR FOR ANYTHING SERIOUS, JUST RUNNING BLOW.





BOBBY  
SWEET, THIS  
IS ERIC LAYTON, THE  
NEW FISH. NEW FISH,  
THIS IS BOBBY  
SWEET.

GOOD  
TO KNOW YOU,  
KID. JESUS, YOU  
GOT A GREAT LOOK,  
PAL! YOU'RE GOING  
TO MAKE A MILLION  
BUCKS IN THIS  
BUSINESS!

OH,  
UMM, THANKS.  
NICE TO MEET  
YOU.



JOE HAD ALREADY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT  
SWEET. HE WAS THE WORLD CHAMPION  
AND HAD A STAKE IN FRANK'S COMPANY.  
HE'D DO THREE MONTHS WORK IN  
SOUTHWEST WRESTLING, THEN THREE  
MONTHS ON THE ROAD, THREE MONTHS IN  
SOUTHWEST AND SO ON.

AS THE CHAMP, HE  
GOT A PERCENTAGE OF  
GATES EVERYWHERE HE  
WORKED AND, AS HIS HOME  
PROMOTER, SO DID FRANK.

THE AWL PROMOTERS MET ANNUALLY TO  
TALK BUSINESS AND SELECT A CHAMP. HIS  
HOME PROMOTER STOOD TO MAKE A LOT OF  
CASH, SO IT TOOK SOME SERIOUS POLITICAL  
POWER TO GET OTHER BOSSES TO VOTE FOR  
YOUR BOY INSTEAD OF ONE OF THEIR OWN.



SWEET HAD HELD  
THE BELT SIX  
TIMES, WHICH SAYS  
A LOT ABOUT THE  
STROKE HE HAD.



LIKE JOE TOLD ME,  
"HE KNOWS WHERE THE  
BODIES ARE, SO DON'T  
EVER TRUST HIM."

HELLO,  
BOYS.



GOT A  
MINUTE?

JOE ALSO TOLD  
ME ALL ABOUT  
LILLY ANN BURNS.

LILLY CONTROLLED  
THE LADY WRESTLING  
SCENE. SHE TOURED  
ALL THE TERRITORIES  
WITH A TROUPE OF  
CHICKS AND GOT A  
PERCENTAGE FROM  
EVERY SHOW THEY  
WORKED.



PLUS, SHE HAD A SHARE  
OF FRANK'S TERRITORY  
AND A BUSINESS OF HER  
OWN ON THE SIDE. SEE,  
ALL HER GIRLS DID MORE  
THAN WRESTLE.

IT WASN'T HARD TO FIND  
THESE GIRLS. LILLY WOULD  
STAKE OUT BUS STATIONS AND  
AIRPORTS LOOKING FOR  
PRETTY RUNAWAYS WHO CAME  
FROM HOMES SO BAD THAT  
THEY WERE LOOKING FOR  
ANYONE TO CALL FAMILY.



ONCE SHE FOUND A  
GIRL LIKE THAT, SHE'D  
BEFRIEND HER AND OFFER  
HER A PLACE TO STAY.





WHEN SHE GOT HER HOME,  
SHE'D INTRODUCE HER TO  
THE GIRLS IN HER STABLE,  
WHO'D BECOME THE BIG  
SISTERS SHE NEVER HAD.



AND LIKE ALL BIG  
SISTERS, THEY'D  
GET HER INTO A  
LITTLE TROUBLE.



AND ONCE THE GIRL  
WAS FEELING SAFE,  
SECURE, AND WAS  
GETTING A NICE  
HABIT GOING, LILLY  
WOULD START  
PLAYING BAD COP.

SHE'D MAKE THAT GIRL  
HATE HERSELF SO MUCH  
THAT SHE'D DO ANYTHING  
TO MAKE LILLY NICE  
AGAIN. ANYTHING.



SO LILLY GOT PAID, THE  
BOYS, POLITICIANS AND  
POLICE GOT LAID, AND THE  
PROMOTERS GOT THE LAW  
OFF THEIR BACKS.

EVERYONE  
WAS HAPPY.









BUT THIS GIRL HADN'T  
BEEN TURNED OUT YET --  
SHE HADN'T GOTTEN THE  
FULL-LILLY TREATMENT.



SO, SHE WASN'T  
SURE SHE WANTED  
THE FULL-SWEET  
TREATMENT.



BUT, LIKE I SAID, SWEET  
WAS USED TO GETTING  
EVERYTHING HE WANTED.



EVERYTHING.



OF COURSE, FRANK WAS OUTRAGED WHEN HE HEARD ABOUT IT.

"WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU THINKING, ASSHOLE?! LOOK WHAT YOU DID! LOOK WHAT YOU DID!"

THANK JESUS LILLY TALKED HER OUT OF GOING TO THE COPS! WE'RE AN HOUR AWAY FROM THE SHOW AND NOW WE GOT NO MAIN EVENT!

FUCK YOUR MAIN EVENT! I GOT PLANS FOR THAT GIRL, AND YOU JUST MIGHT OF FUCKED 'EM UP!

NO ONE WANTS TO LOOK AT A FUCKED UP GIRL WRESTLER, AND NO ONE WANTS TO FUCK A FUCKED UP WHORE! YOU'RE FUCKING WITH MY LIVELIHOOD HERE!

LOOK, I FUCKED UP, I KNOW. BUT IT CAN BE FIXED. I CAN FIX THIS.

AND HE DID FIX IT.

HEY, TOUGH GUY, YOU THINK YOU'RE A BIG MAN BECAUSE YOU CAN BEAT UP A GIRL? WELL, TONIGHT I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT TOUGH REALLY IS! WHEN I GET YOU IN THAT RING...

HE FIXED THE MAIN EVENT, ANYWAY.

BUT THAT DIDN'T FIX EVERYTHING.

OK, CUT. NOW GET BACK TO THE HOTEL AND RELAX, SUGAR. AND SWEET, YOU PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOUR BALLS.





LILLY DEMANDED SWEET GET SOME PUNISHMENT, SO ALL-STAR WRESTLING MADE HIM DROP THE STRAP. IT WAS YEARS BEFORE HE GOT PUSHED TO THE TOP AGAIN.



HE WASN'T HAPPY ABOUT IT.



SO, THE NEXT TIME LILLY'S GIRLS CAME TO TOWN...



...SWEET WAS LOOKING TO EVEN THE SCORE.

HE DIDN'T KILL HER, BUT AS JOE PUT IT, "HE SLICED HER FACE LIKE A PIZZA."



THAT ENDED HER WRESTLING CAREER FOR GOOD, BUT EVER SINCE SWEET RAPED HER SHE HAD BEEN TOO JUMPY TO MAKE MONEY AS A WRESTLER OR A HOOKER, SO THIS TIME NOBODY SEEMED TO CARE ABOUT WHAT SWEET HAD DONE.

NOBODY, THAT IS, EXCEPT FRANK.





EVERY PROMOTER HAS A GUY LIKE DOGHOUSE ON THE PAYROLL. HE'S A SHOOTER, A LEGIT TOUGH GUY. WHEN SOMEONE GETS OUT OF LINE, FRANK SENDS DOGHOUSE IN TO SHOOT ON THEM.



SWEET THOUGHT HE WAS JUST OUT THERE TO WORK A MATCH, BUT WHEN THAT BELL RANG...



FRANK SAID LATER HE COULD HAVE CARED LESS ABOUT THE GIRL AND THAT THIS WAS JUST ABOUT TEACHING SWEET TO FOLLOW ORDERS.

BUT, WHETHER HE WAS SENDING HIM A MESSAGE ABOUT TAKING ORDERS OR BEING A SCUMBAG...



...HE WAS SENDING HIM A MESSAGE EITHER WAY.



FRANK KNEW HE'D BE GOING MONTHS WITHOUT HIS TOP DRAW AND ONE OF HIS INNER CIRCLE, BUT HE WENT AND DID IT ANYWAY, WHICH MADE ME THINK FRANK COULDN'T BE AS BAD AS HE SEEMED.

NOW, EVERYTHING WAS SUPPOSEDLY FORGIVEN, WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE...





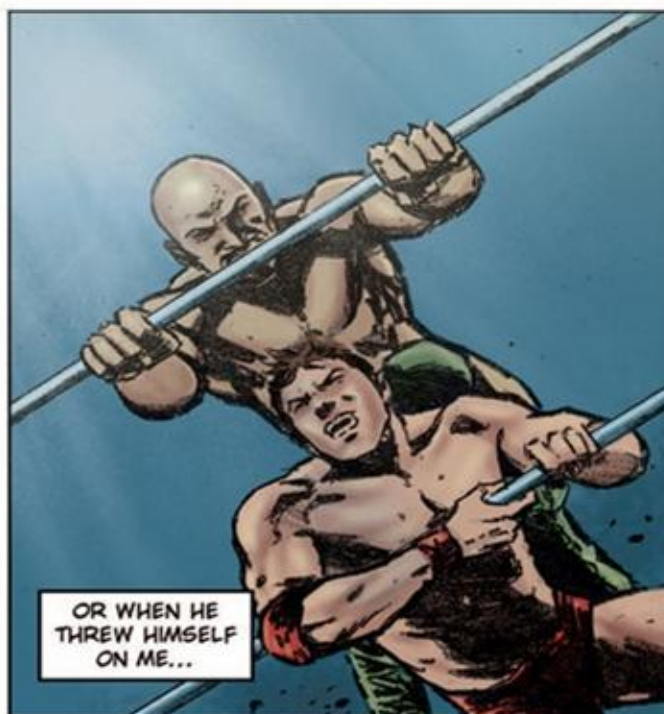
















ALTHOUGH IT  
DID HURT...

A LOT.



WHILE I WAS LYING  
ON THE FLOOR  
SELLING, I SLIPPED  
THE GIG OUT OF THE  
TAPE ON MY WRIST.



WHEN YOU BLADE, YOU  
GOT TO BE FAST SO NO  
ONE SEES IT. BESIDES,  
YOU ONLY NEED A LITTLE  
NICK TO GET SOME COLOR.



WELL, THAT'S  
THE IDEA,  
ANYWAY.



IT TOOK ME A  
SECOND TO FIGURE  
OUT WHAT THEY  
WERE GAWKING AT.



ONLY A  
SECOND.





LIKE MOST FIRST TIMERS,  
I FUCKED UP THE BLADE  
JOB, GIVING MYSELF A  
GASH INSTEAD OF A NICK.

STILL, LIKE I SAID, I  
HAD TO LEARN TO BLADE  
SOMETIME. AND I HAD  
TO LEARN TO GET USED  
TO A LOT OF BLOOD.



JESUS, KID.  
I THINK IT'S FINALLY  
STOPPED NOW. IT WAS  
LIKE OLD FAITHFUL  
THERE. AT LEAST YOU  
GOT IT ON THE  
HAIRLINE.



A ROADMAP  
ON YOUR FOREHEAD  
MAY LOOK TOUGH, BUT  
WITH A FACE LIKE YOURS,  
YOU DON'T WANT TO LOOK  
TOUGH. THE LADIES LIKE A  
GOOD, CLEAN BABYFACE  
TO CHEER FOR.

YOU  
GUYS THE  
ONLY ONES  
HERE?









I'VE BEEN  
REAL HAPPY  
WITH YOU,  
FISH.

NOW IT'S  
TIME FOR YOU  
TO STEP UP AND  
SHOW YOU'RE A  
TEAM PLAYER.



JOE  
HERE HAS TOLD  
ME ALL ABOUT  
YOUR SICK MOM  
AND ALL.

THAT'S  
A TOUGH  
BREAK.

BUT THIS  
HERE IS THE OTHER  
OPPORTUNITY I WAS  
TELLING YOU ABOUT  
EARLIER.

WILBUR,  
LESTER, TAKE  
A HIKE.

NOW, ON  
THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THIS DOOR IS  
A BRIGHT NEW  
FUTURE AND A  
WHOLE LOT OF  
MONEY.

YOU GO  
THROUGH THIS  
DOOR, I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF YOUR MOM, BECAUSE  
WE'LL BE FAMILY, AND  
I TAKE CARE OF MY  
FAMILY.

BUT, YOU  
GO THROUGH  
THIS DOOR, THERE'S  
NO TURNING BACK,  
SO YOU HAVE TO  
BE SURE ABOUT  
THIS.

ARE  
YOU? ARE YOU  
SURE ABOUT  
THIS?



YES.  
YES. I'M  
SURE.

WELL,  
ALL RIGHT  
THEN.



AFTER  
YOU.







ONE WEEK LATER

Dear Eric,

We have not heard from you in over a week and we are all getting worried about you. I hope you are keeping safe, healthy, and are still liking your new job.

Please call as soon as you can. Your mom sure would be tickled to hear from you. Dr. Klause says she got the surgery just in time.

I do not know how you found the money, but I do know you did a wonderful thing son.

You did a really wonderful thing.



## THIRTY MILES SOUTH OF SAN ANTONIO























The fights are fake, but the bullets are *real*.

# SWERVE

**SAN ANTONIO, 1976: ERIC LAYTON**, desperate for cash, left college behind to dive into the world of pro-wrestling. From there, it was an easy slide into the underbelly of the "rasslin'" biz, where the box office and concession stand bake for an easy way to launder drug money.

Eric wanted out, but he had seen and done too much. They would never let him walk away, so he went into business for himself, hoping to make enough quick cash to sneak away and buy a new identity.

When Eric is pinched by the police and forced to flip on his boys, he is stuck between the cops and the crooks - and the idea that he will escape with his life is looking less realistic than a pro-wrestling match.



**ARCANA**  
[www.arcana.com](http://www.arcana.com)



BISAC: CGN000000

**ACTION**

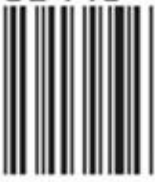
**R**

CONTAINS  
SOME ADULT  
MATERIAL.  
LEARN MORE  
ABOUT THE  
BOOK.

\$19.95 USD / DIFFERENT IN CDN

ISBN 978-1-927424-94-0

51995 >



9 781927 424940





NOVUS