



Girls Out

MYTHICAL. FUN. AND ON THE RUN.



© 2020
Mike Rieger

MIKE RIEGER



**TWILIGHT
DETECTIVE
AGENCY**

Girls Out

ISSUE #2: *Bad Reputation*

Half a world away from Msrs. Riverdale and Hawkstone, secret gargoyle proprietors of the *Twilight Detective Agency*, gargoyles Veronica and Maeve have fled their home in the Czech Republic, travelling secretly across Europe to London.

Suddenly ripped from her insular gargoyle society, Maeve has been learning about the human world thanks to her more-experienced best friend--but where has Veronica gotten that experience? What has she been doing among humanity for the past twelve years? And just what else is she capable of?

MIKE
RIEGER
WRITER, ARTIST

KARINE
CHARLEBOIS
COVER ART

BASED ON Twilight Detective Agency
by MICHAEL
McADAM

 Two Gargoyles Comics  @twogargs  @twogargs  twogargs

WWW.TWOGARGS.COM

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED • CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © MIKE RIEGER

LONDON, ENGLAND.
TWO MONTHS LATER.

BEE-DEE! BEE-DEE!

UGH,
IS IT MORNING
ALREADY?

BEE-DEE! BEE-DEE!

SORRY!
SORRY. I'LL
PUT IT ON
SILENT.

LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE
ARRIVED IN
LONDON!

MAEVE,
WHAT DO
YOU SAY ABOUT
GETTING A **HOTEL
ROOM** FOR
TONIGHT?

IT'LL
BE OUR
LAST NIGHT
IN EUROPE!

MRRRGH.

Wait, "hotel
room" means
"real bed."
Make a **yes**
noise.

REAL
BED.

I'LL
TAKE **THAT**
AS A YES!

Two months ago I lived
in an underground
society of gargoyles
with my **best friend**.

For years I knew she
snuck out a lot, but
she didn't say much
about her **double life**.

Now her double life is
our **only** life, and it's
been... an adjustment.

TODAY
I'M GOING TO
LOOK UP SHIPPING
SCHEDULES!
EXCITING.

IS IT?

NOPE!
BUT HOPEFULLY
I'LL FIND A CARGO SHIP
LEAVING FOR **CANADA** OR
AMERICA THAT WE CAN HIDE
ON, AND FINALLY GET OFF THIS
CONTINENT BEFORE THE
MAGES OR WHOEVER
FIND US.

AFTER I
FIND A SHIP I'M
GOING TO PLACE AN
ONLINE ORDER FOR
SUPPLIES WE'LL
NEED.

SO
I'LL NEED TO
TAKE MY **PHONE**
WITH ME, BUT IF
YOU'VE GOT A
BOOK TO
READ...

I DO.

GREAT!

UGH.
AND THANK **GOD**
BECAUSE I SMELL
LIKE **TRAIN.**

Kind of a lot of it
smells like trains.

I don't *mean* to be grumpy. I chose
this, with my eyes open. But I wish
I knew what I was getting into.

And I wish I knew more about who
I was getting into it *with*. The more
experience Veronica demonstrates in
the human world just shows me how
little I know about her.

Veronica, two months ago
I watched you cheerfully
kill a man. How can
things possibly be **great**?

It was *hard* to adjust to the human world at first.

It was like walking from a dark, quiet room into a loud, bright one--startling, at first, but you adapt.

Except imagine that in the loud bright room, everyone *mostly* speaks your language but has a bunch of names you've *never heard before* for objects you *don't recognize*.

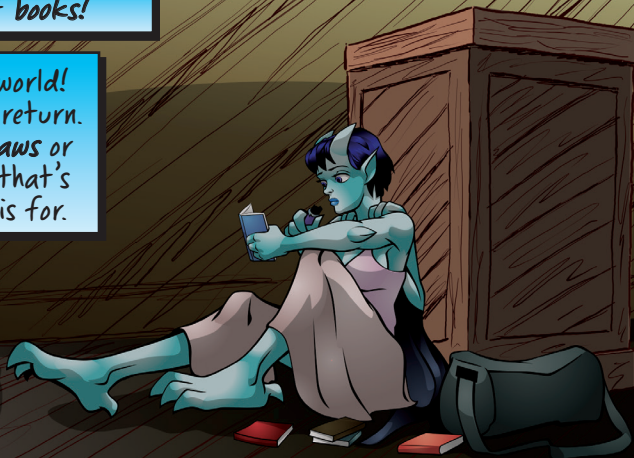
That part's been the hard part.



Fortunately the bright room is full of *books*!

You silent windows into the human world! You give so much and ask nothing in return. Sure, you don't explain what *chainsaws* or *cupholders* or *ceiling fans* are, but that's what Wikipedia on Veronica's phone is for.

Right now I love noir crime novels. Nothing explores how people *feel* like a crime novel, even when what they feel is awful. *Especially* when it's awful!



HI SWEETIE, I'M **BACK**!

ALREADY?

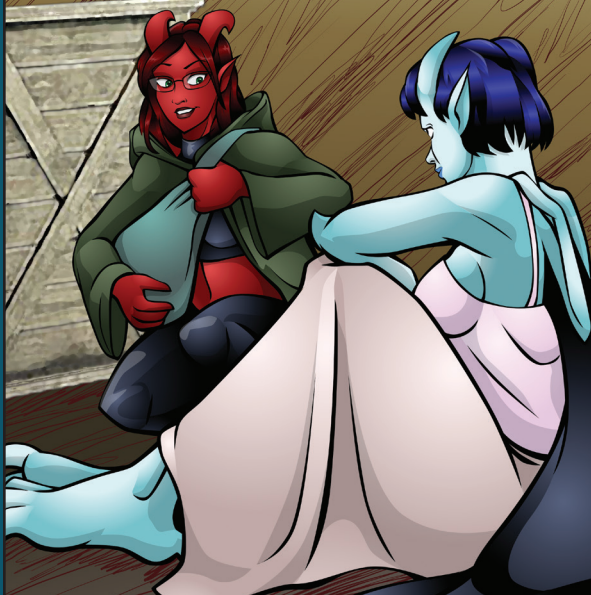
YEAH, IT'S **7:30**! DID YOU EVEN NOTICE I WAS **GONE**?

...YES?

NICE.

HEY, PACK UP THE LIBRARY, OKAY?

I NEED YOUR HELP PICKING UP THE GROCERIES-- SO PUT ON YOUR HOODIE-- SO WE DON'T GET **NOTICED**-- AND THEN WE'LL CHECK IN TO THE **HOTEL**.



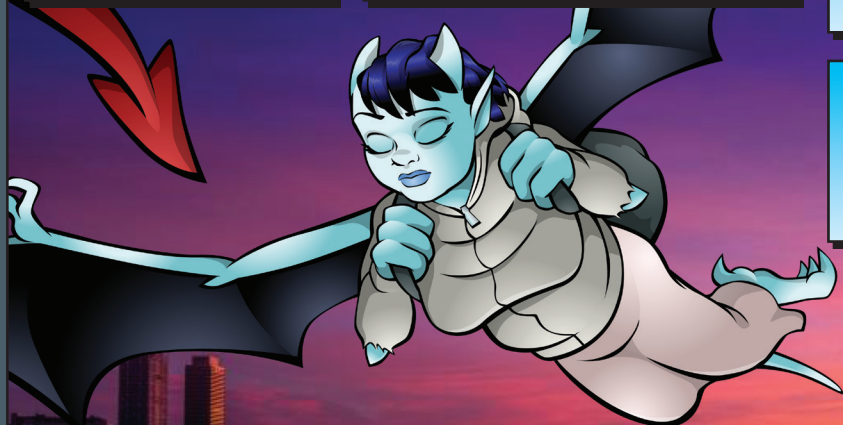
In the caves, *everything* was routine. Here, in a way nothing is, but also sometimes some things happen repeatedly.

"Hotel rooms" are small temporary homes you can borrow when you travel. They cost money so we don't do it a lot, but they're *always* the same, everywhere we are.

We can take showers and watch TV and charge the phone and order food and hear little bits of the lives of the people around us through the walls.

I kind of love them. When we're in a hotel room, I can start to understand why Veronica loves *everything* in the whole world.

Hotels do not smell like trains.



OKAY!
YOU KNOW THE
DRILL!

I do know
"the drill," which
means the hotel
room routine.

Veronica goes to "check in"
and I wait on the roof until
an hour goes by on the clock
on Veronica's phone, and then
I fly down to the balcony.
Then showers and real beds!

YUP!
TONIGHT I THINK
I'M GOING TO BROWSE
INSTAGRAM
SOME MORE.



I DUNNO
IF YOU'RE **READY**
FOR AN HOUR OF
INSTAGRAM. YOU'RE
GONNA SEE SOME
SERIOUS **SHIT**,
SUNSHINE!

HOOR FROM NOW,
I'LL COME BACK
AND YOU'LL BE ALL
GLASSY-EYED AND
HYPERVENTILATING!

HA HA.

SEE
YOU IN A
JIFF!

