

451TM

Imagination to
BURN

ONE
OF SIX
\$3.99

CLAY MCLEOD CHAPMAN

MATT TIMSON

SELF STORAGE



UNLOCK THE
SHOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY
MATT TIMSON
EDITED BY DAVID FORREST

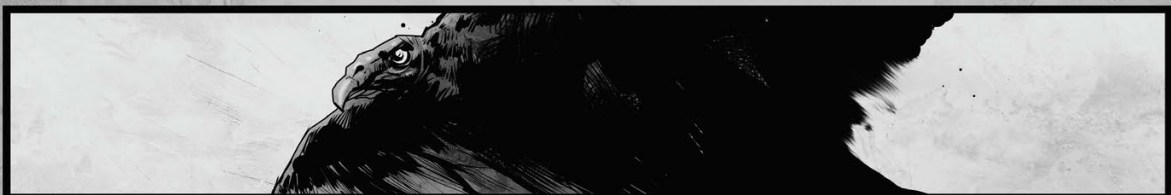
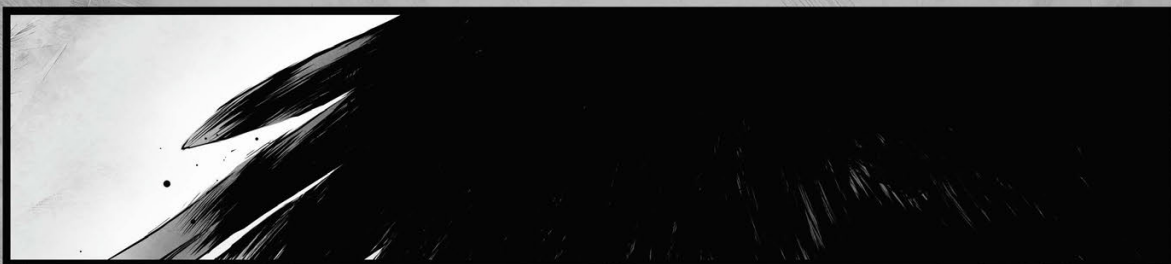
**WRITTEN &
CREATED BY**
**CLAY MCLEOD
CHAPMAN**

FOUNDERS
MICHAEL BAY
DOUG NUNES
JOHN GENTILE
ANTHONY GENTILE

TYPOGRAPHY: EUGENIO PEREZ JR
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: DAVID FORREST
PRODUCTION DEVELOPMENT:
MARC PERUGGIA & KINETIC UNDERGROUND
DIRECTOR OF PRODUCTION: JESSICA GENTILE
CREATIVE COORDINATOR: JAMES EMMETT
DIRECTOR, NEW MEDIA AND INNOVATION: STEPHEN FRANCIS
SENIOR ART AND MOTION DIRECTOR: RYAN FARLEY
MOTION GRAPHIC DESIGNER: STEVE LUCIN
DEVELOPMENT COORDINATOR: MATT GARLAND
DIRECTOR, SALES AND DISTRIBUTION: FRANK ROSNER
DIRECTOR, NEW BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT: JOE GRANO

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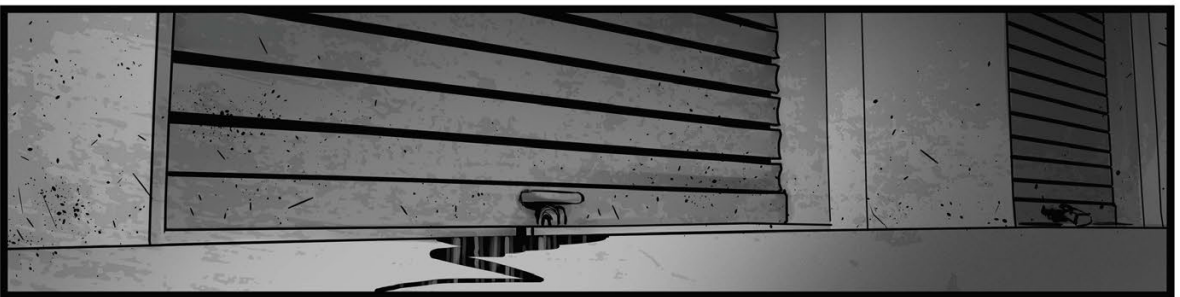


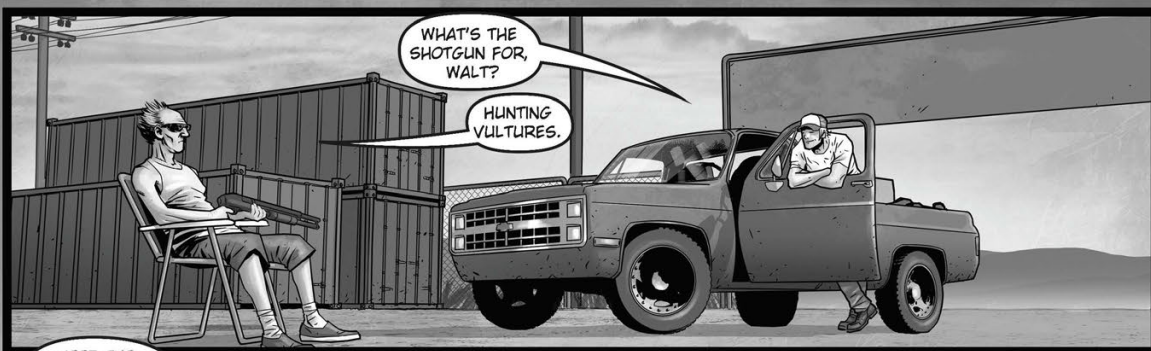
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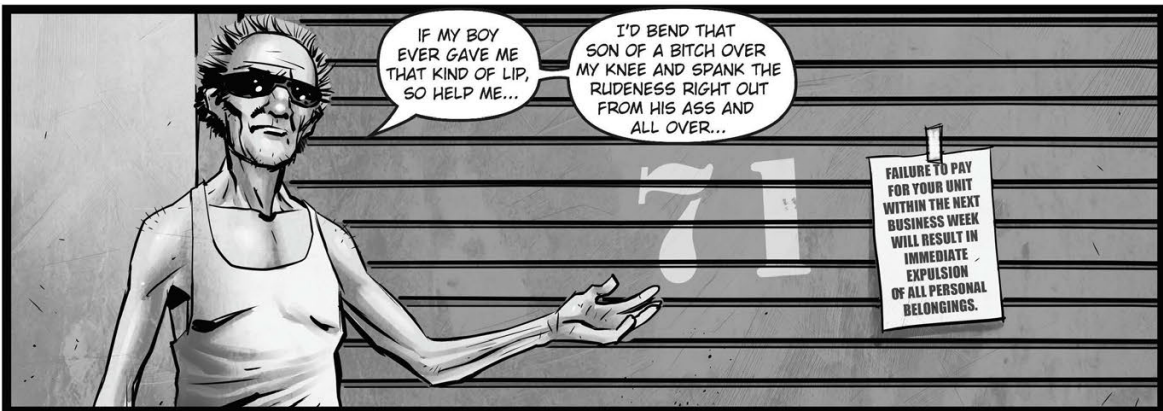
GOT A CALL FROM HER GRANDKIDS. TOLD ME SHE PASSED AWAY BACK IN APRIL. THEY SAID I SHOULD STOP SENDING 'EM A BILL...



I TELL 'EM THEY NEED TO PICK UP HER SHIT OR I'M THROWING IT OUT...



THEY SAY DO IT YOUR DAMN SELF. YOU BELIEVE IT? THE NERVE OF THESE KIDS!

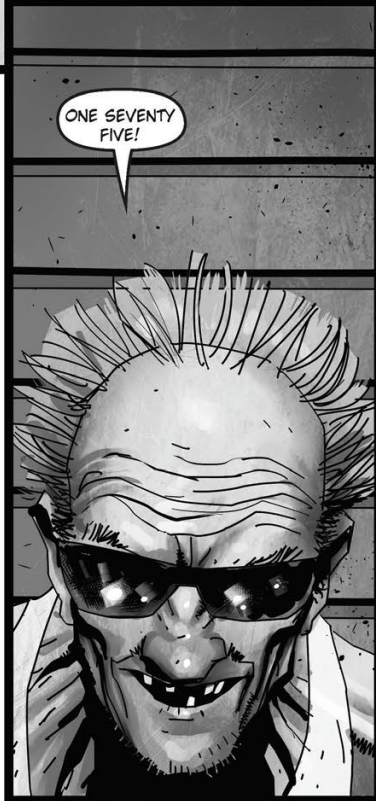
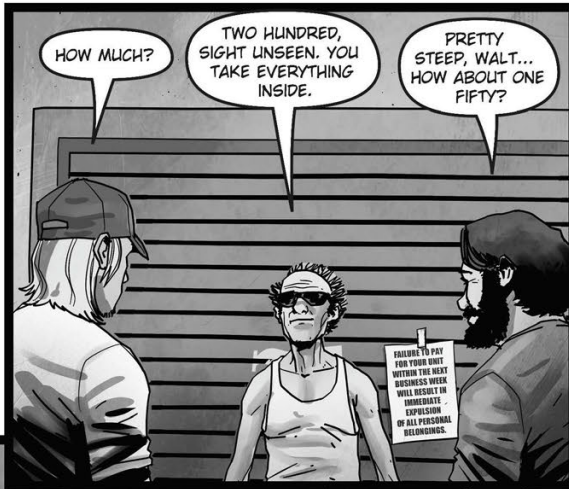


IF MY BOY EVER GAVE ME THAT KIND OF LIP, SO HELP ME...

I'D BEND THAT SON OF A BITCH OVER MY KNEE AND SPANK THE RUDENESS RIGHT OUT FROM HIS ASS AND ALL OVER...



FAILURE TO PAY FOR YOUR UNIT WITHIN THE NEXT BUSINESS WEEK WILL RESULT IN IMMEDIATE EXPULSION OF ALL PERSONAL BELONGINGS.

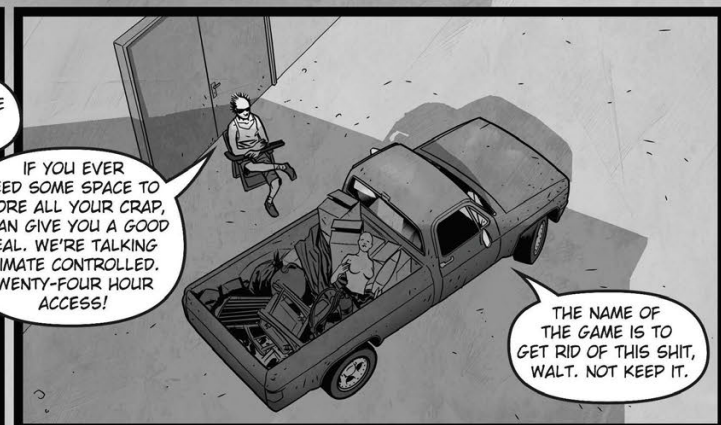
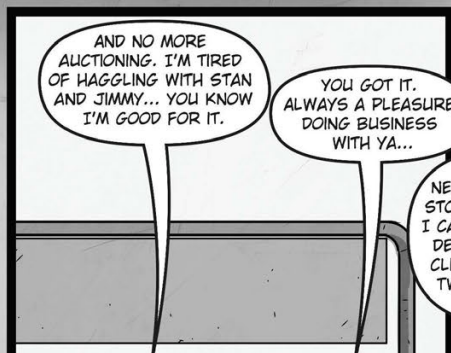




RHUMM-
RHUM
RHUMM-







ANTIQUE MARKET & VINTAGE FAIR



ACROSS TOWN.

U-STORE
SELF STORAGE



JUST PROMISE
ME YOU'LL GET
EVERYTHING OUT
BEFORE NOON,
OKAY?

YOU GOT IT.

MY BOSS WILL
KILL ME IF HE FINDS
YOU RUMMAGING
THROUGH HERE...

FIFTY
BUCKS SOUND
ALRIGHT?

YOU PROMISED
ME A HUNDRED OVER
THE PHONE...

HUNDRED.
RIGHT.



JACKPOT.







THAT EVENING.

CAN YOU AFFORD THIS...?

SURE I CAN.



HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, BABY.

...OUR ANNIVERSARY ISN'T UNTIL NEXT MONTH.



OF COURSE IT IS... HOW ELSE AM I GONNA SURPRISE YOU?

YOU FORGOT, DIDN'T YOU?

AT LEAST I WAS CLOSE - RIGHT? A MONTH OFF ISN'T SO BAD.



HERE. TAKE OFF THOSE EARRINGS. I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU.



CHRISTOPHER... OH MY GOD. THEY'RE - THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!

THE SECOND I SAW THEM, I KNEW THEY WERE FOR YOU. HAPPY ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY, ONE MONTH EARLY.



WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?

THAT'S MY LITTLE SECRET...



CHRISTOPHER.
WHERE IN THE
HELL DID YOU GET
THESE?

WHY DOES IT
MATTER? THEY'RE
YOURS NOW!



I CAN FORGIVE
YOU FOR FORGETTING
OUR ANNIVERSARY. I
REALLY CAN. YOU'VE
NEVER NEEDED TO GET
ME GIFTS OR TAKE
ME OUT TO FANCY
RESTAURANTS...

LAURA-



KEEP THE
EARRINGS. WHOEVER
THEY BELONGED
TO MIGHT WANT
THEM BACK.

SO WHAT IF
THEY BELONGED TO
SOMEONE ELSE FIRST?
WHAT DOES IT
MATTER?



IT'S GHOULISH, CHRIS...
YOU SPEND YOUR DAY
HOPPING FROM ONE ESTATE
SALE TO THE NEXT, SIFTING
THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S
BELONGINGS. DEAD
PEOPLE!

NOT LIKE
THEY'RE GOING TO
COMPLAIN...

IT FEELS MORBID
TO ME. LIKE YOU'RE
A... A GRAVE-
ROBBER.



LAURA! LAURA -
WAIT!



ANYONE WANNA
PAIR OF PEARL
EARRINGS? I'LL GIVE
'EM TO YOU FOR A
STEAL...

LATER THAT NIGHT.



WELL.
THE SIGN SAYS
"TWENTY FOUR
SEVEN..."

THWONK!

HELLO?
WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
HELLOOOOOOO...?

ANYBODY
IN THERE?
HELLOOOOOOO.

YOU
DIDN'T DO
THE SECRET
KNOCK.

TRAK!
TRAK!
TRAK!

JUST
LET ME IN,
GOD DAMN
IT!

"OR I'LL
HUFF AND I'LL
PUFF AND I'LL
BLOW YOUR
STORAGE
UNIT IN..."

TLINK!

...YOU RANG?



HOW THE HELL
DID YOU GET IN
HERE?

WALT LEFT HIS KEYS
BEHIND A COUPLE MONTHS
AGO. SNITCHED 'EM UP
WHEN HE WASN'T LOOKING.
MADE SOME COPIES
BEFORE I PUT 'EM
BACK.

SO, LIKE - YOU
GUYS LIVE HERE
NOW?

CLIMATE CONTROL,
MAN! BETTER THAN
ANY BEST WESTERN I
EVER STAYED IN.

BASEBALL CARDS.
MINT CONDITION.
NICE!





YOU'RE STEALING PEOPLE'S SHIT?

LIKE ANYBODY'S GONNA NOTICE. IT'S ALL YARSALE-BOUND ANYHOW...

MANHEIM STEAMROLLER. NICE.



WHAT THE HELL'S A STORAGE SPACE ANYWAYS? JUST A TRASHCAN YOU RENT.

SELF STORAGE. STORE - WHAT, EXACTLY? LIKE, YOURSELF?

UH-OH, BOYS... SOMEBODY'S STARTING TO SOUND PROFOUND!



PEOPLE CAN'T LET GO OF THEIR EARTHLY POSSESSIONS, THAT'S ALL. THEY JUST WANNA HOLD ON TO THEIR SHIT FOR AS LONG AS THEY CAN... 'TIL THEY CROAK.

SO WHAT DOES THAT MAKE US? BUNCH OF VULTURES?

KAPOW. KAPOW.



WE'RE ENTREPRENEURS, MAN!

MY GIRLFRIEND SAYS IT'S SICK.



HOW MANY RELATIONSHIPS WAS YOUR GIRLFRIEND IN BEFORE SHE MET YOU?

I DUNNO. A FEW, MAYBE?

SHE SOUNDS PRETTY ANTIQUE TO ME.



HEY. THAT'S MY GIRLFRIEND!

WE'RE ALL USED, MAN. EVERYBODY. YOU, ME, JIMMY... IT'S JUST A MATTER OF WHO CHOOSES TO KEEP US AROUND. WHERE THEY WANNA PUT US.

GUYS, I DON'T FEEL SO HOT-

...BLEEEEECH.

"HEEEERE
COMES THE
BRIDE..."

"AAAAALL
DRESSED IN
WHIIITE..."

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA...

HAHAHAHAHA...

HAHAHAHAHA...

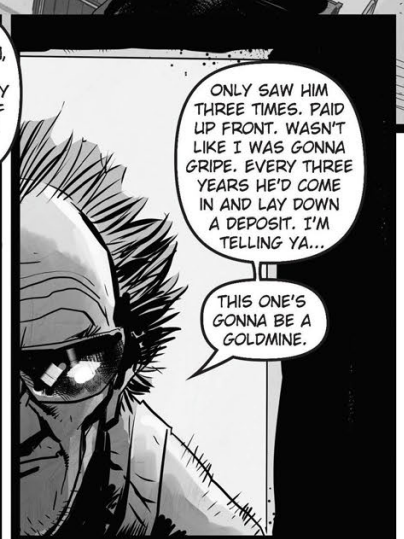
HAHAHAHAHA...

...HA

SKREEECH_{loo}



LATER THAT MORNING.





CLINK-
CLINK...
CLICK!

TUP-TUP-TUP-TUP..



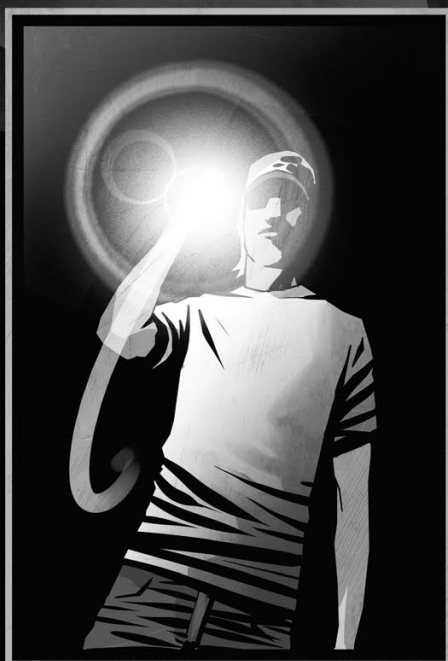
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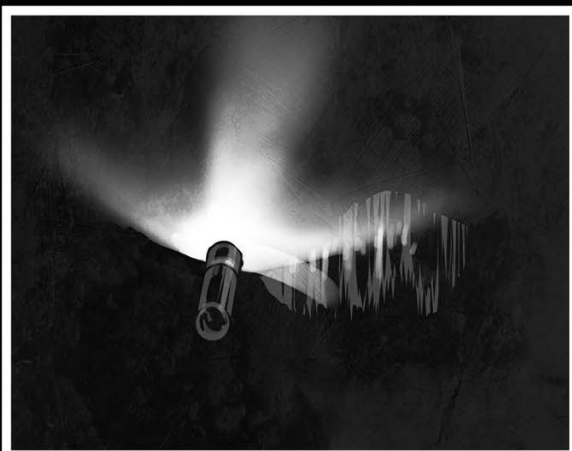
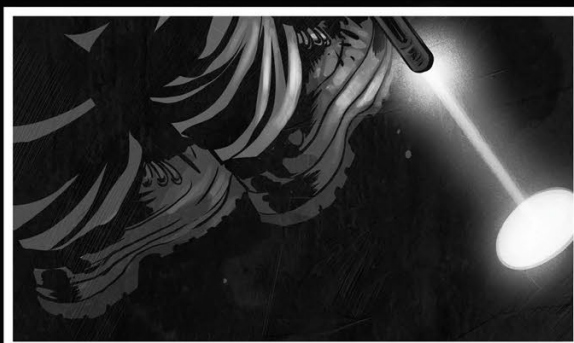


WALT,
YOU SON OF
A BITCH...















RRYEEEEAAAAAAH!

CHAPMAN

TIMSON

SELF STORAGE



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451

Imagination to

BURN.

WHEN THERE IS
NO MORE ROOM IN
HELL...

THE DEAD WILL RENT A STORAGE UNIT,
JUST LIKE THE REST OF US.



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