



15

Writer: David Muñoz

Artist: Andrés G. Leiva

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World rights

**15 is a story from the Spanish Civil War based on real events.
But it is also a story about all wars and what those who fight in them become.**

Madrid, the summer of 1938. Two years on from the start of the Spanish Civil War, the capital of Spain remains under Republican control, despite the continuous Francoist barrage. In a plaza at the center of the city, two militiamen are gunned down by a sniper.

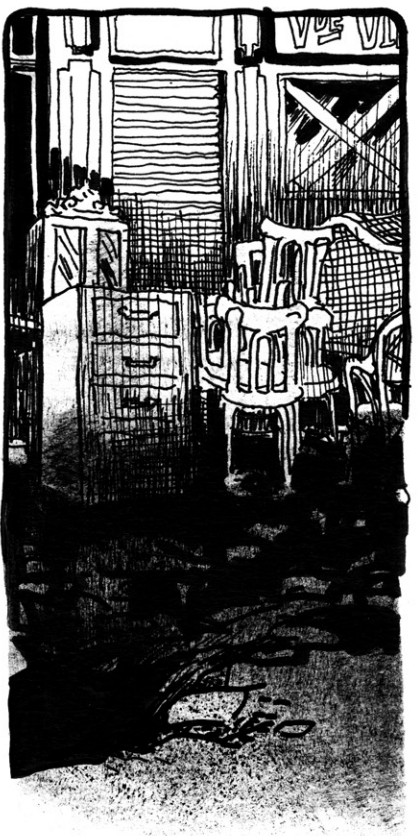
Captain Matías and his comrades discover that the shooter is Alejandro, a fifteen-year-old boy who wants to avenge the death of his falangist brother at the hands of the militia. Some of Matías' comrades want to go after the boy and finish him off. However, the captain wants to give him a chance. He's only "a kid" and he doesn't know what he's doing. But Alejandro is not going to make it easy on Matías. Dying doesn't matter to him. And he wants to die fighting.

15 is a story from the Spanish Civil War based on real events. But it is also a story about all wars and what those who fight in them become. It is also a story about the kids of a similar age to our sharpshooter who have thrown their lives away in order to fanatically embrace a suicide mission. Alejandro is Kyle Rittenhouse, the fifteen-year-old white supremacist who killed two people in September 2020 during a protest in the U.S.; he is the underaged jihadist terrorists; he is any of the teenagers recruited by the ETA terrorist organization. Because the only moment in life in which one has no fear of dying is when one has hardly even lived.

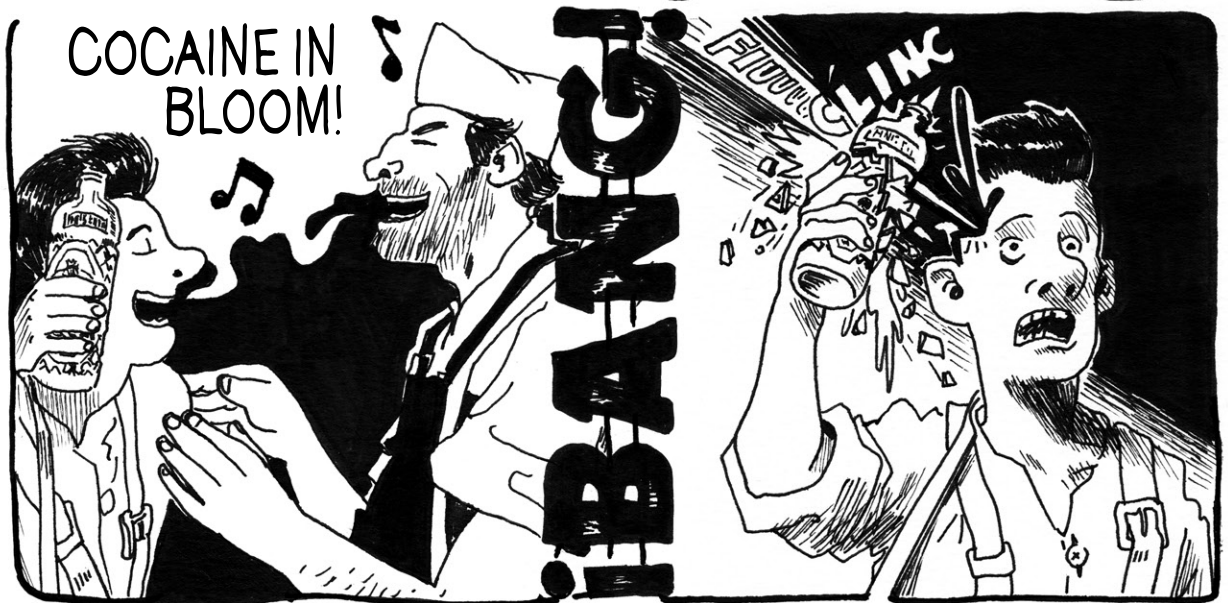


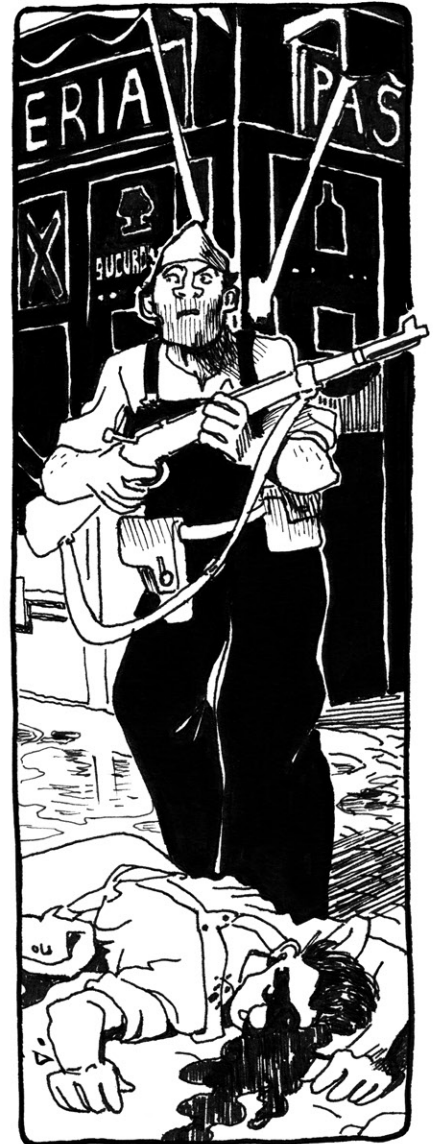
MADRID, SUMMER OF 1938. TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE FAILED COUP D'ÉTAT ON THE PART OF THE MILITARY AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT OF THE SECOND REPUBLIC PROVOKED THE START OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR. MADRID, WHICH PERSISTS UNDER REPUBLICAN CONTROL, RESISTS. JUST BARELY, BUT IT RESISTS. THERE IS GREAT HUNGER AND, ABOVE ALL, GREAT FEAR. ABOUT THE PRESENT, BUT ALSO ABOUT THE FUTURE.

*THEY SHALL NOT PASS! FASCISM WANTS TO CONQUER MADRID. MADRID WILL BE THE TOMB OF FASCISM







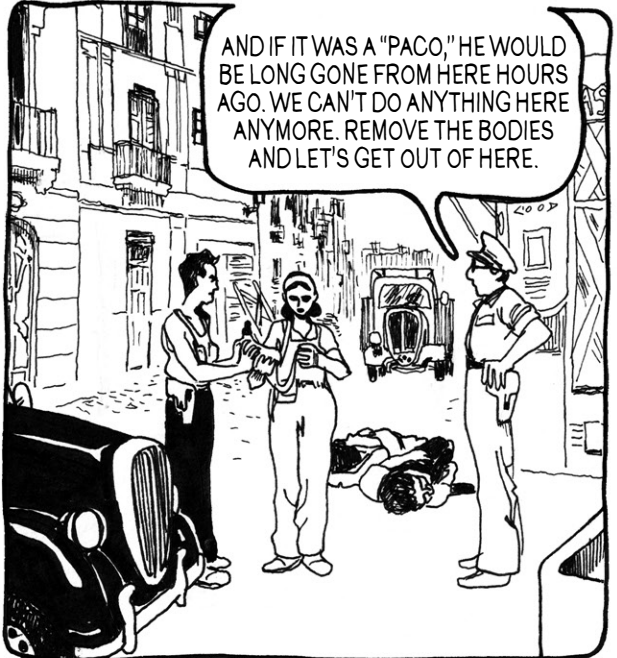
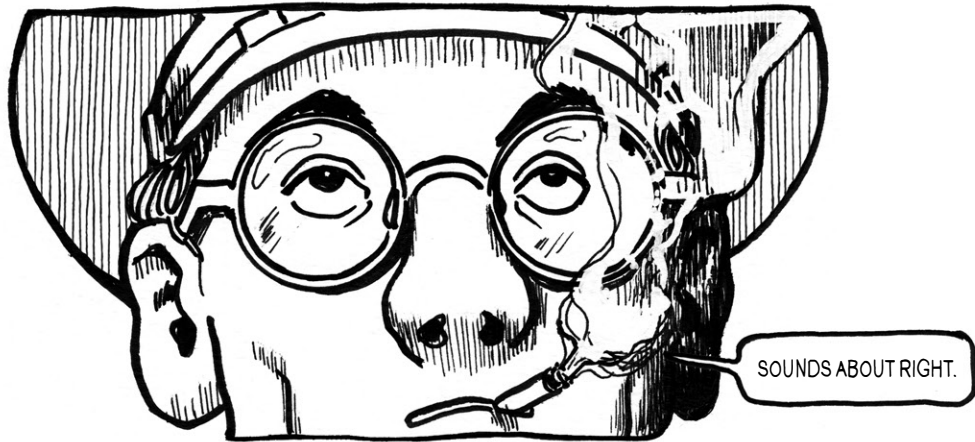


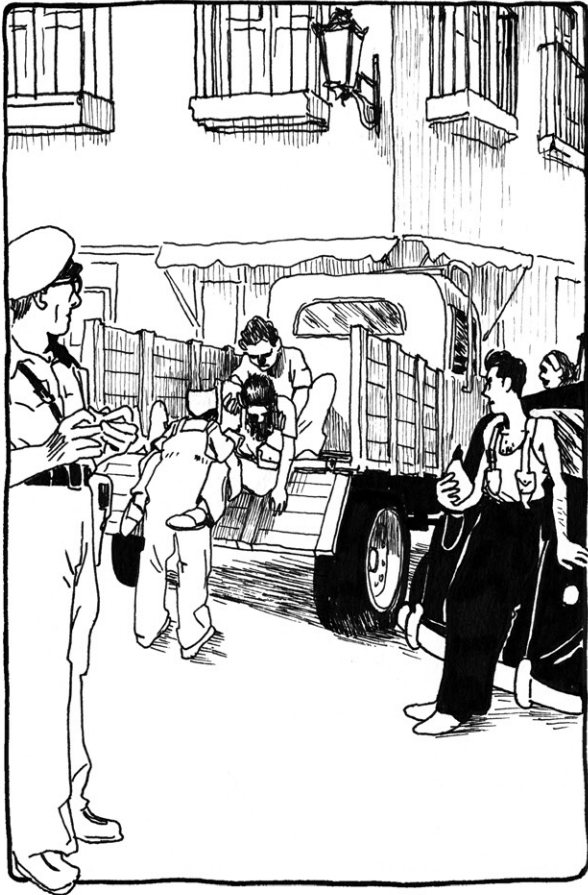


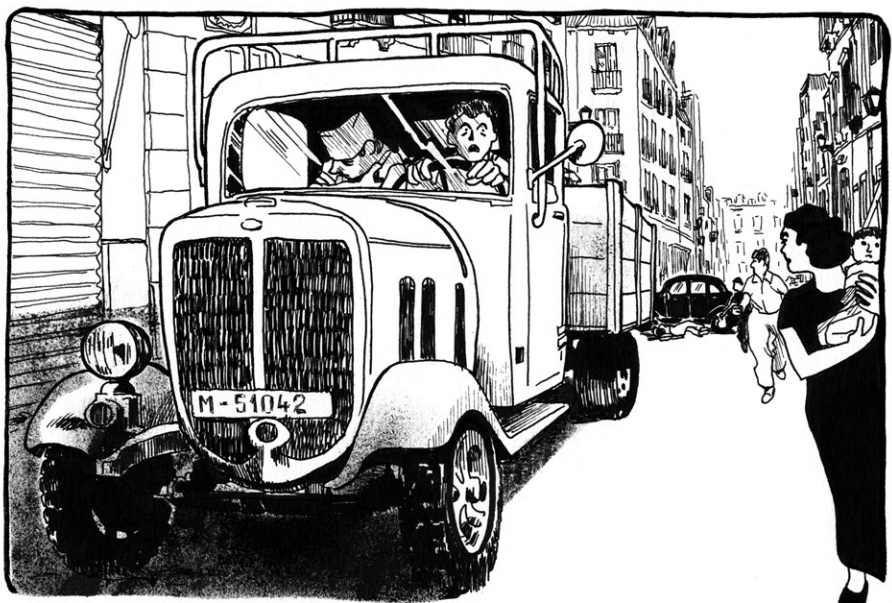
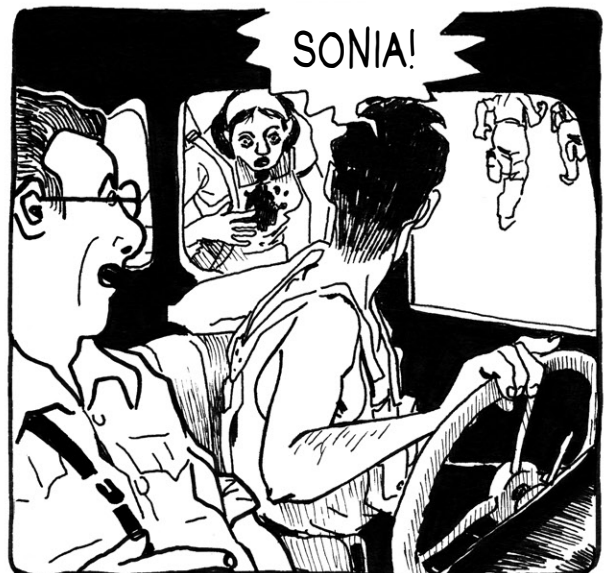
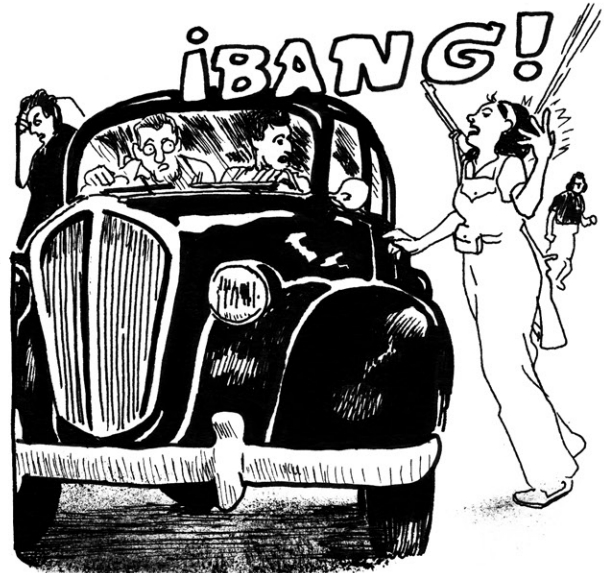


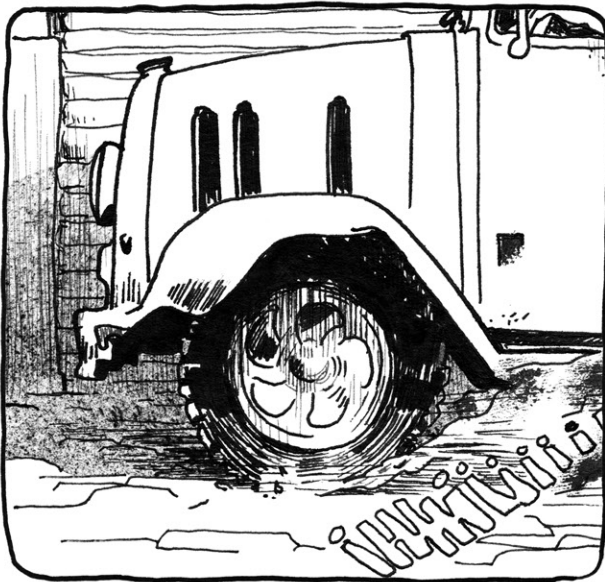














WHAT DO WE DO?

GET OUT.

BUT DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY TO...?

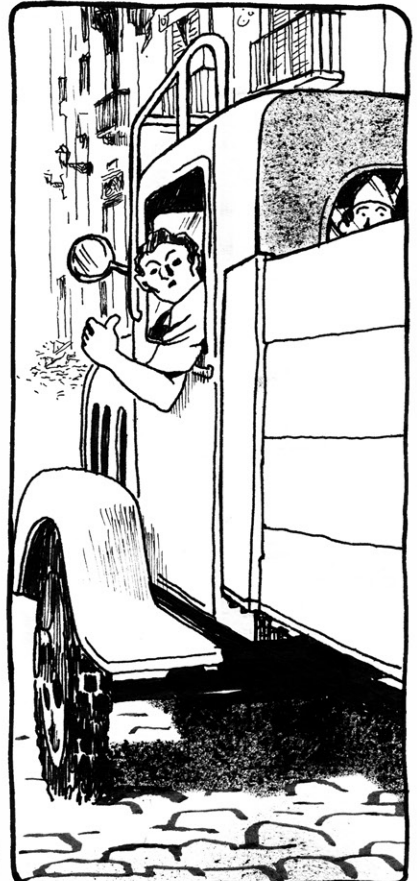


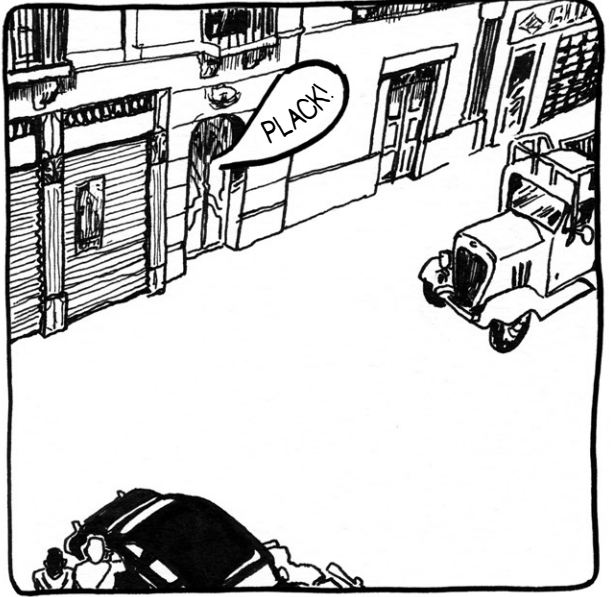
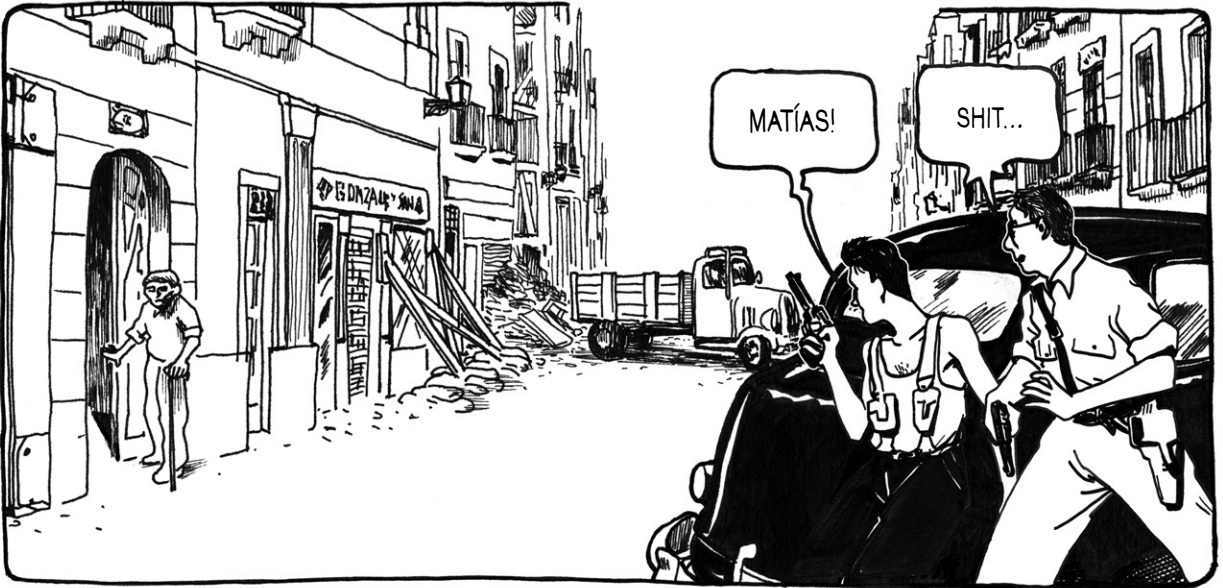
OUT FROM MY SIDE, DAMN IT. WHERE THEY CAN'T GET AT US.

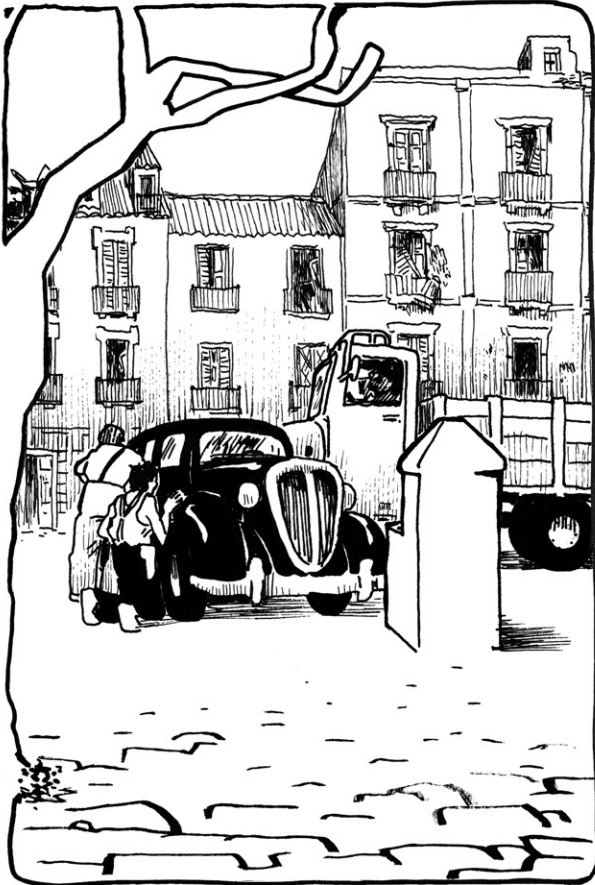
SHIT, OF COURSE.

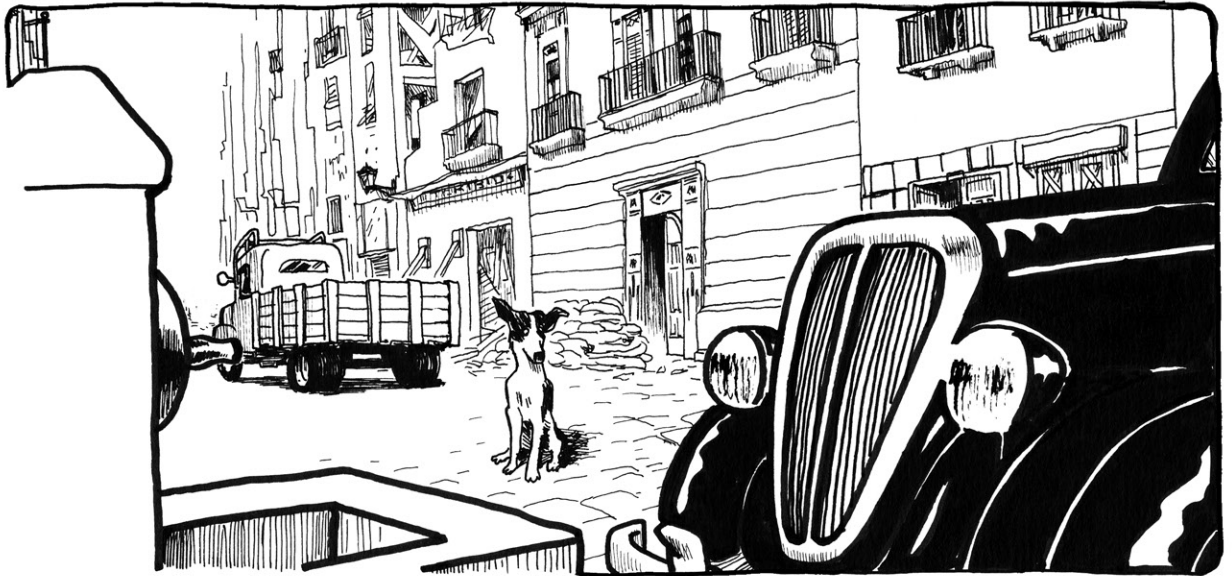
STAY LOW, OK?
AND IF HE STARTS TO SHOOT AGAIN, HIT THE GROUND.















SO THEY WERE
"PACO-ING."

DAMN,
WHAT A SHITTY
STORY.



THE FRANCO THING
WAS MUCH BETTER.

BY FAR.



I'VE GOT TO
PISS.

PISS THEN.

HERE?

SHIT, SEVERO, YOU'VE
BEEN IN THE TRENCHES
FOR SIX MONTHS.

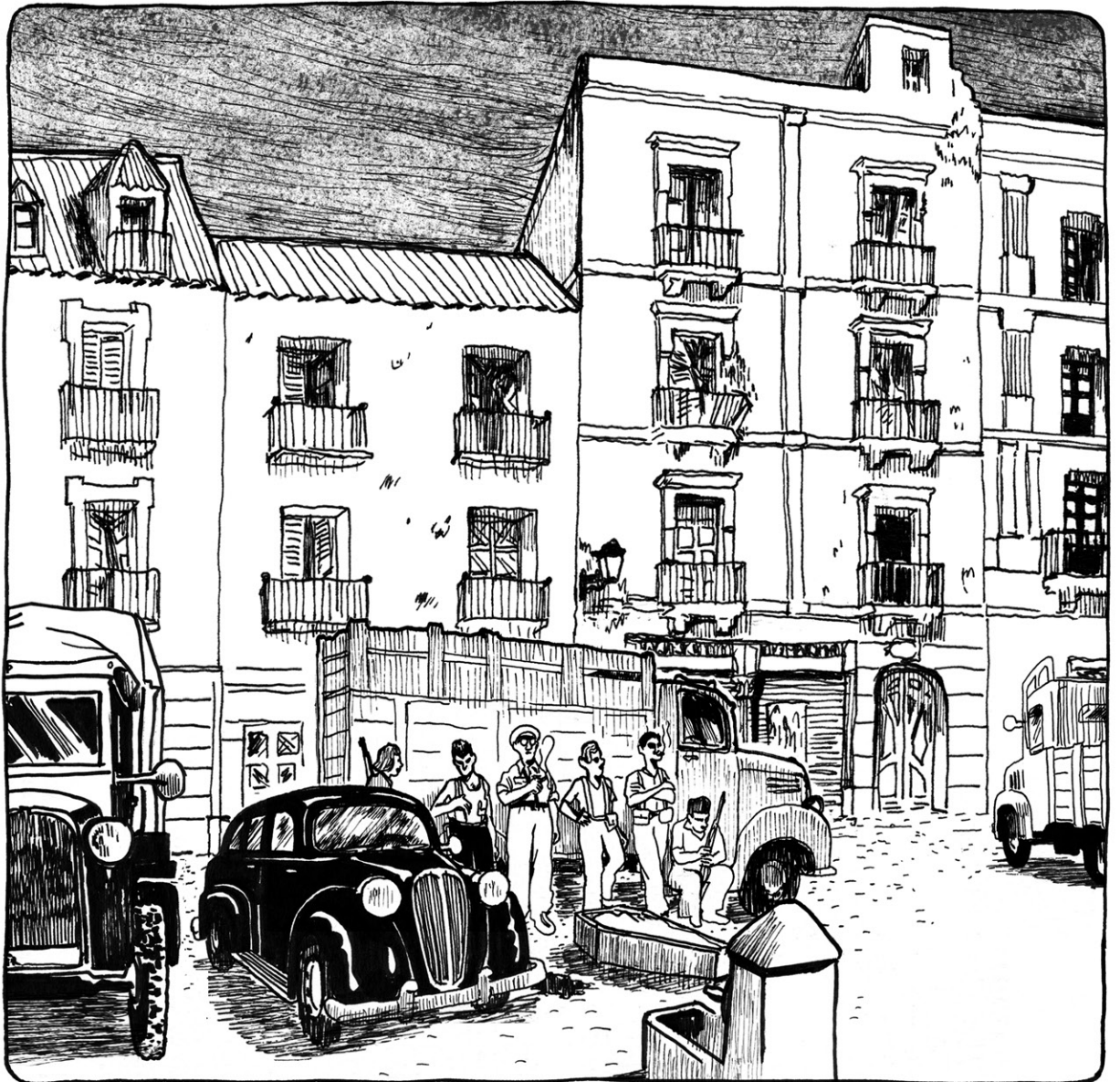
THAT'S DIFFERENT.



SONIA WAS WITH ME IN THE TRENCHES, IN UNIVERSITY CITY. DID YOU KNOW THAT?

NO, I DIDN'T.







CONFIRMED. THAT BUILDING CAN ONLY BE ACCESSED BY THE FRONT DOOR.

THE BASTARD IS STILL IN THERE.

SO IT WOULD SEEM.

ONE OF THE NEIGHBORS FROM ACROSS THE PLAZA TOLD ME THAT HE SAW THE SHOT. IT CAME FROM A THIRD-STORY WINDOW.

WHAT DO WE DO?

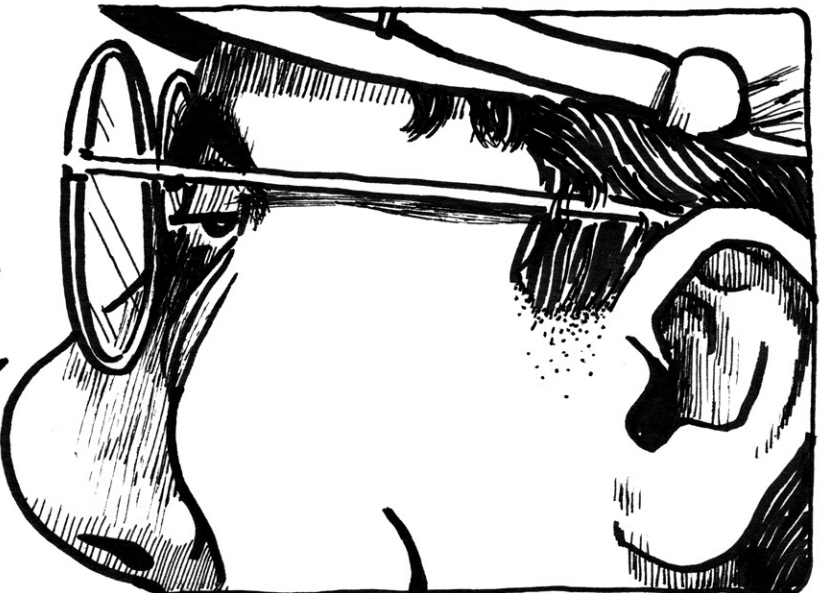


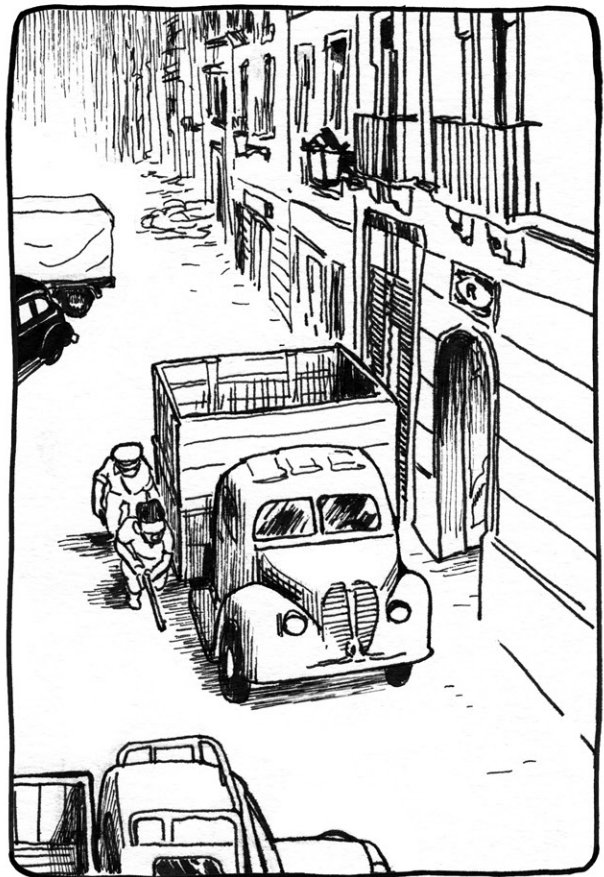
MATÍAS!

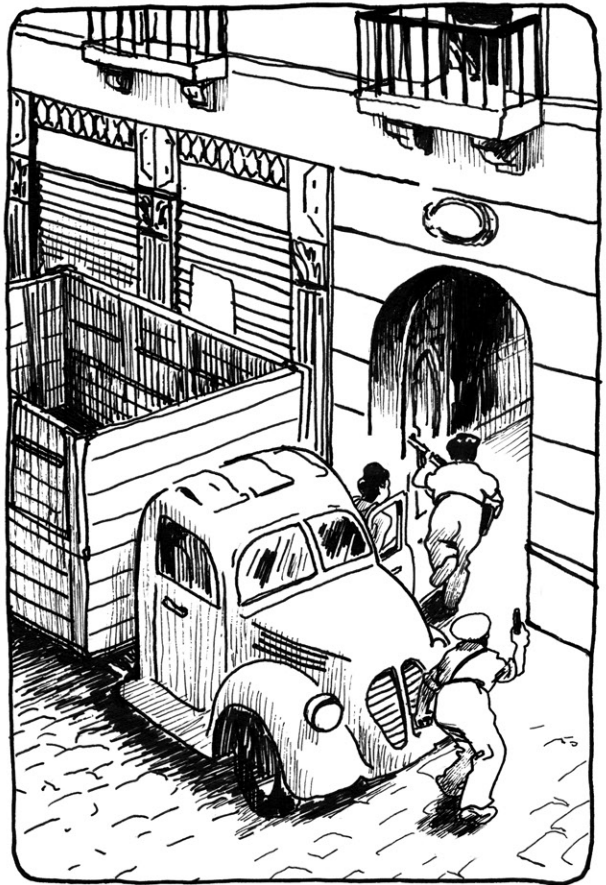


WE'RE GOING TO GO UP FOR HIM. SEVERO, MARIO, WITH ME STRAIGHT TO THE THIRD FLOOR.

THE REST OF YOU, WAIT HERE, IT'S POSSIBLE THE NEIGHBOR WAS WRONG AND THE "PACO" IS ON ANOTHER FLOOR AND WILL TRY TO ESCAPE.



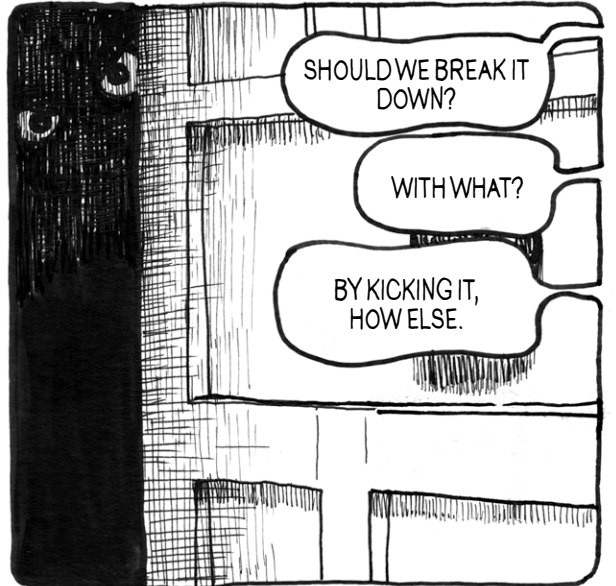
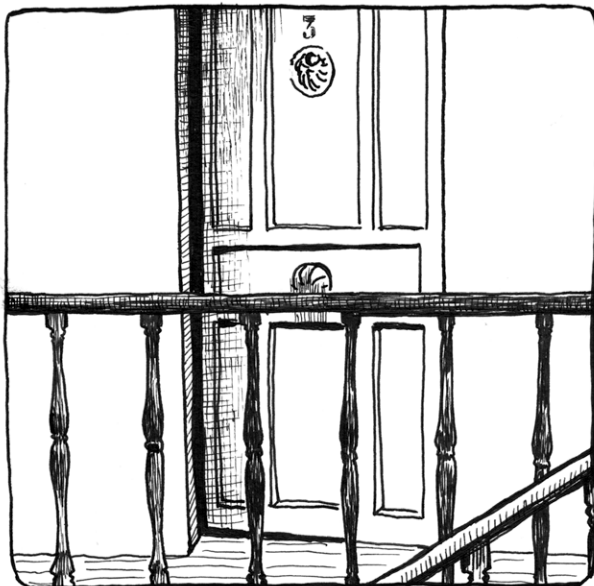


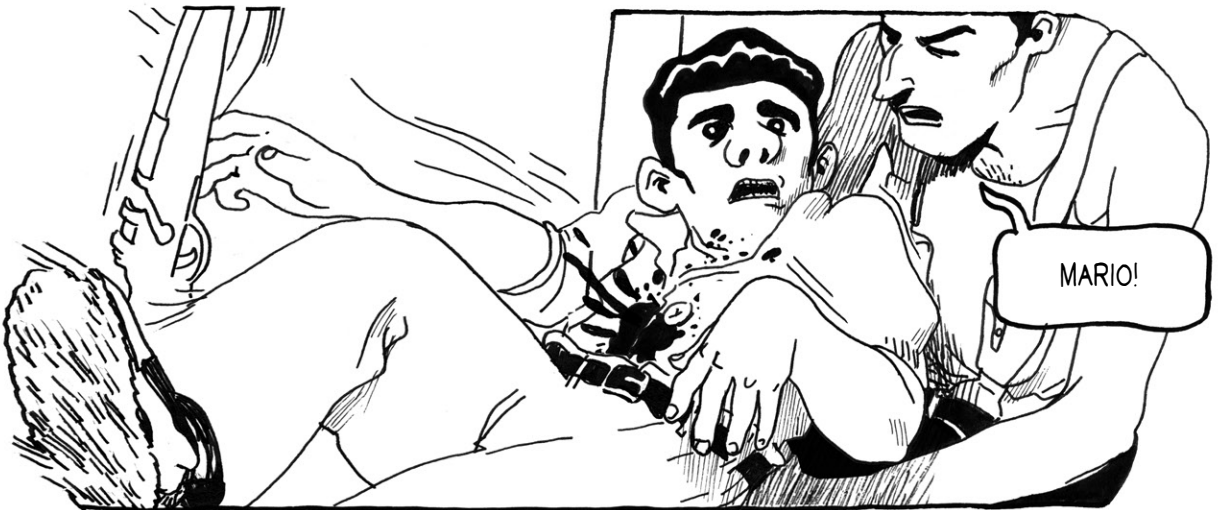
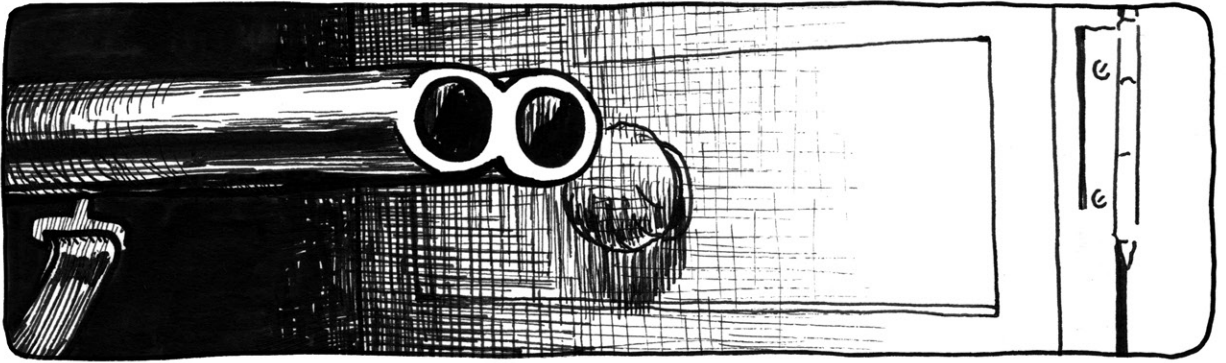


NOW... VERY CAREFULLY.
HE'S DEFINITELY SEEN US.
HE'LL BE WAITING FOR US.









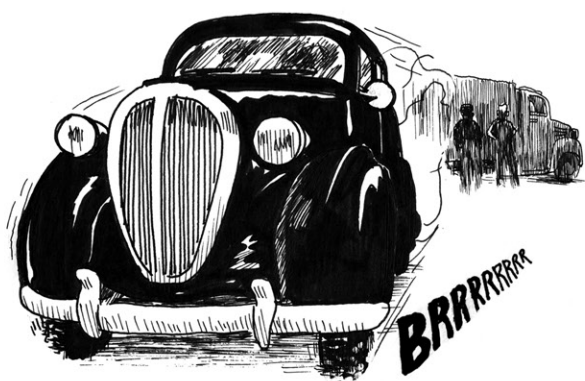


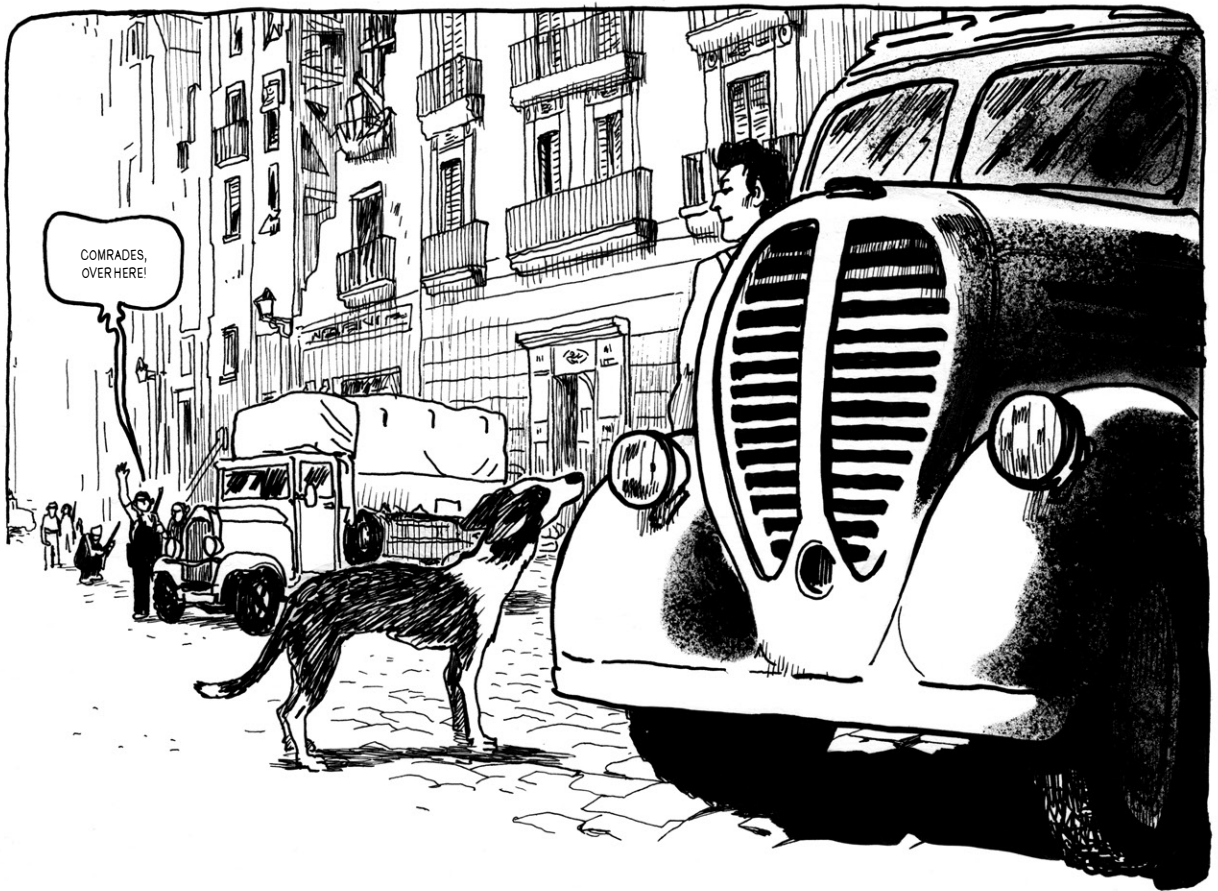


FASCIST! WE'RE COMING
BACK FOR YOU! DO YOU
HEAR ME, FASCIST?
WE'RE COMING BACK!





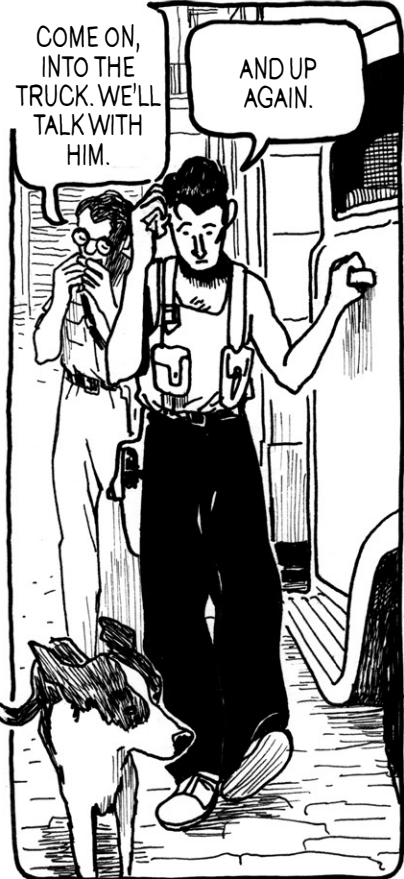




COMRADES,
OVER HERE!



WHAT THE HELL DOES
THAT GUY
WANT?



COME ON,
INTO THE
TRUCK. WE'LL
TALK WITH
HIM.

AND UP
AGAIN.

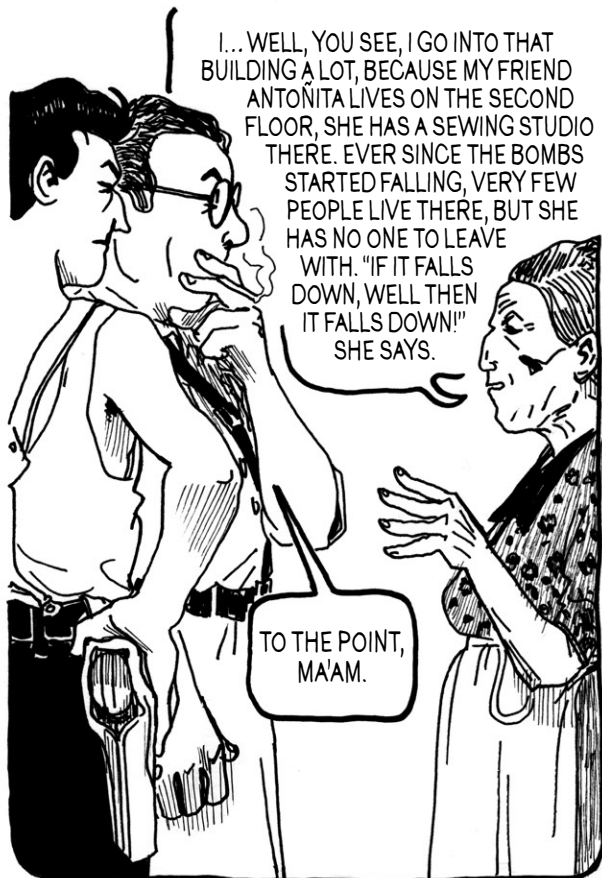


WHAT'S UP?

THIS LADY KNOWS WHO THE SHOOTER IS.



ALRIGHT, TELL ME, MA'AM.

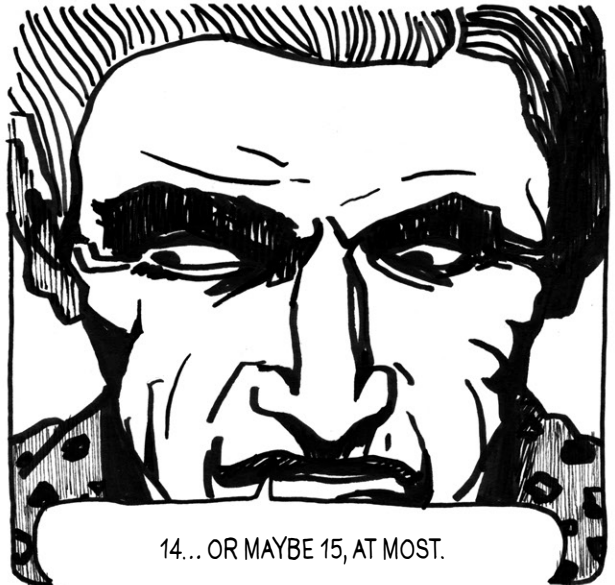
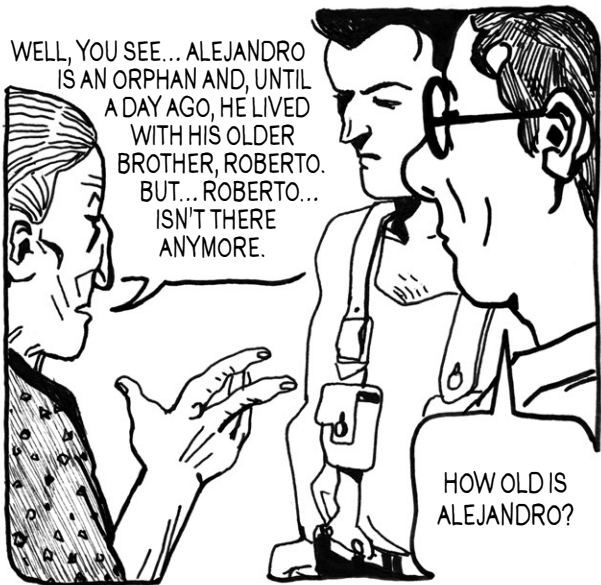


I... WELL, YOU SEE, I GO INTO THAT BUILDING A LOT, BECAUSE MY FRIEND ANTONITA LIVES ON THE SECOND FLOOR, SHE HAS A SEWING STUDIO THERE. EVER SINCE THE BOMBS STARTED FALLING, VERY FEW PEOPLE LIVE THERE, BUT SHE HAS NO ONE TO LEAVE WITH. "IF IT FALLS DOWN, WELL THEN IT FALLS DOWN!" SHE SAYS.

TO THE POINT, MA'AM.

THE THING IS THAT I'M SURE THAT THE ONE SHOOTING IS ALEJANDRO, EULALIA AND MARCELINO'S YOUNGER SON.





AND NOW THE KID WANTS TO AVENGE HIS BROTHER...



YES, YES, I THINK THAT'S IT.



THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MA'AM. YOU'VE BEEN VERY HELPFUL.



WELL THIS IS JUST GREAT. ALL OF THIS FOR A FUCKING PUNK KID.



IF WE ALL GO UP AT ONCE, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING.



NO, I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE MORE MEN OVER A BOY.



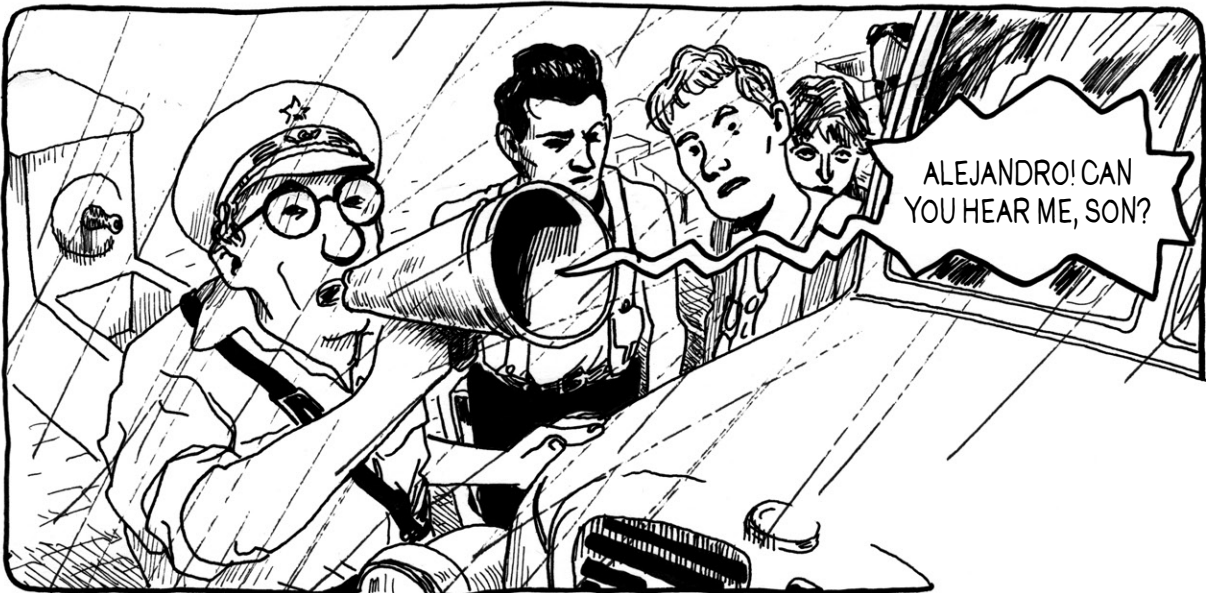
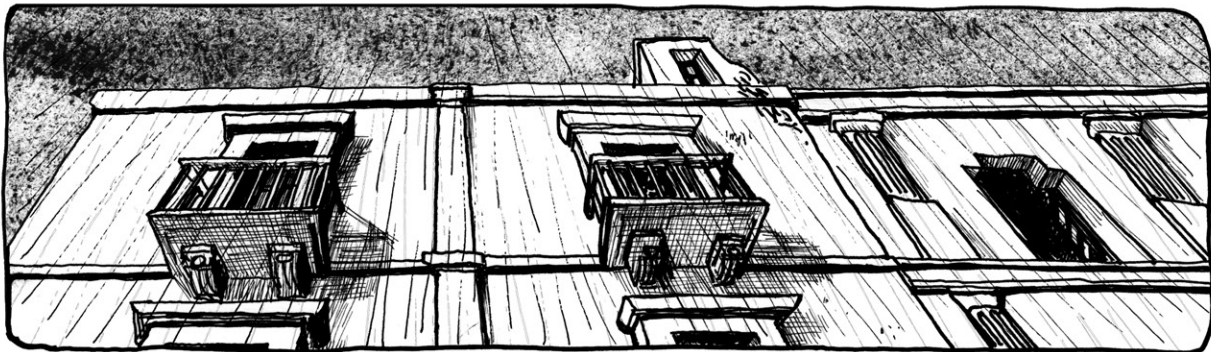
SO WHAT, THEN?

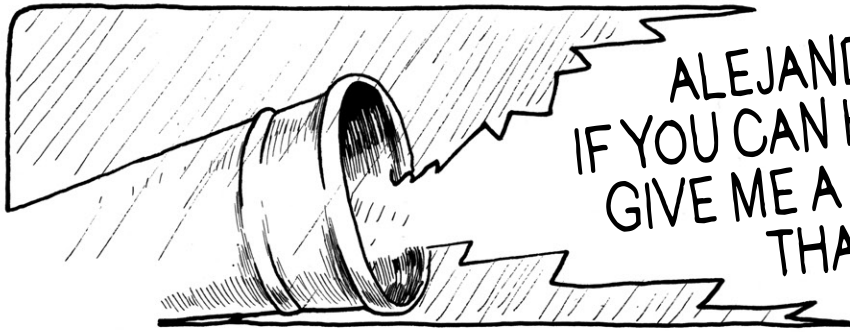
COMRADE! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND ME A MEGAPHONE?



HURRY UP, THEN!

PROBABLY SO.





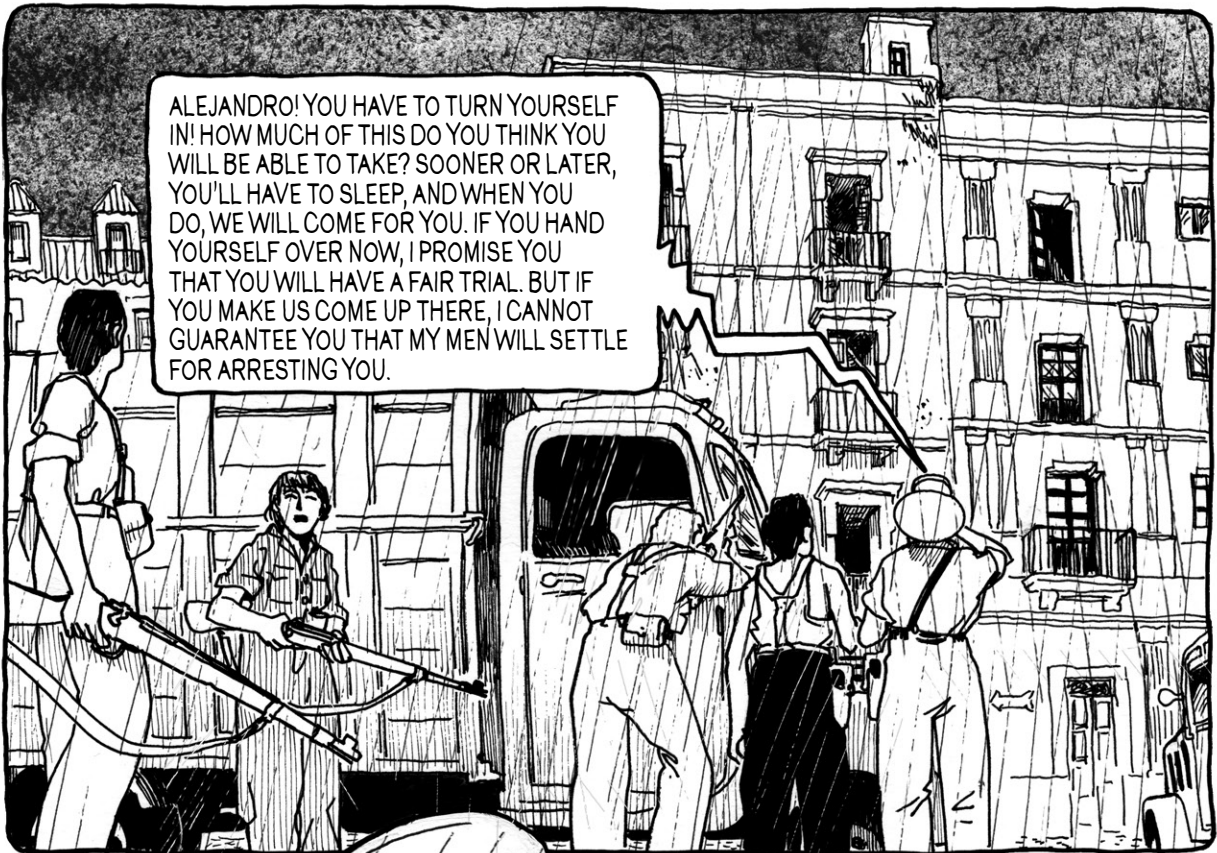
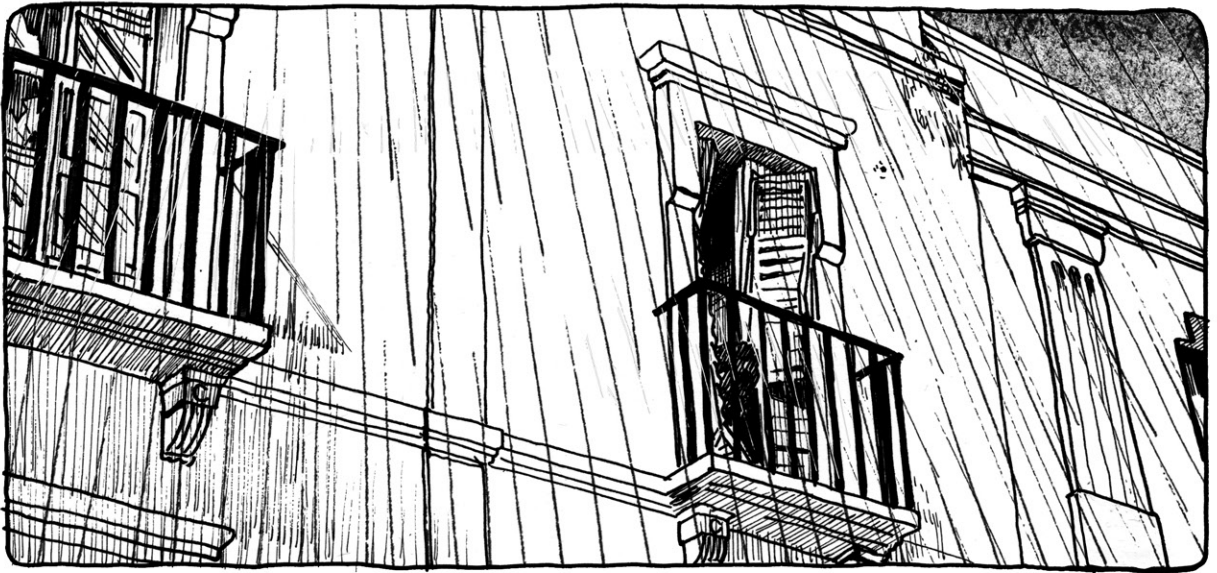
ALEJANDRO!
IF YOU CAN HEAR ME,
GIVE ME A SIGN SO
THAT I KNOW!



HE HEARS YOU.



THE LAST
WINDOW ON
THE RIGHT.





COMMIES!
DO YOU HEAR
ME?



WE HEAR YOU!



I DON'T CARE IF I DIE!
DO YOU HEAR? I KNOW
I'M GOING TO DIE! BUT
I WILL DIE A MARTYR! LIKE
MY BROTHER DID! LOOKING
AT DEATH FACE TO FACE!
LIKE A TRUE SPANIARD
AND A CHRISTIAN!

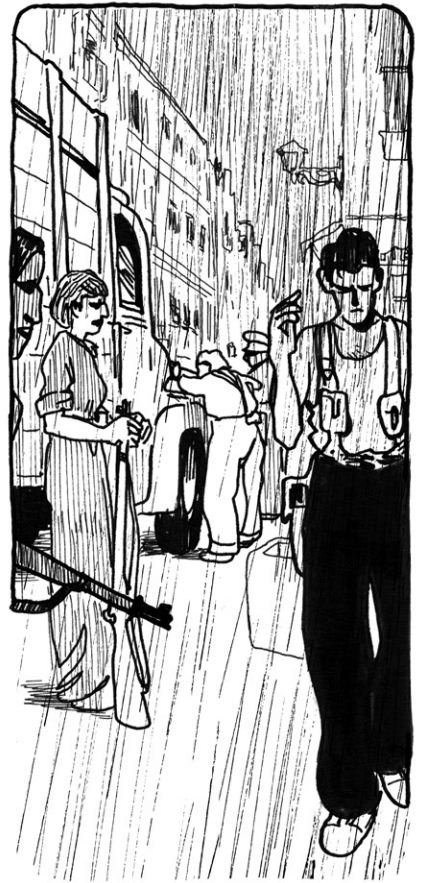


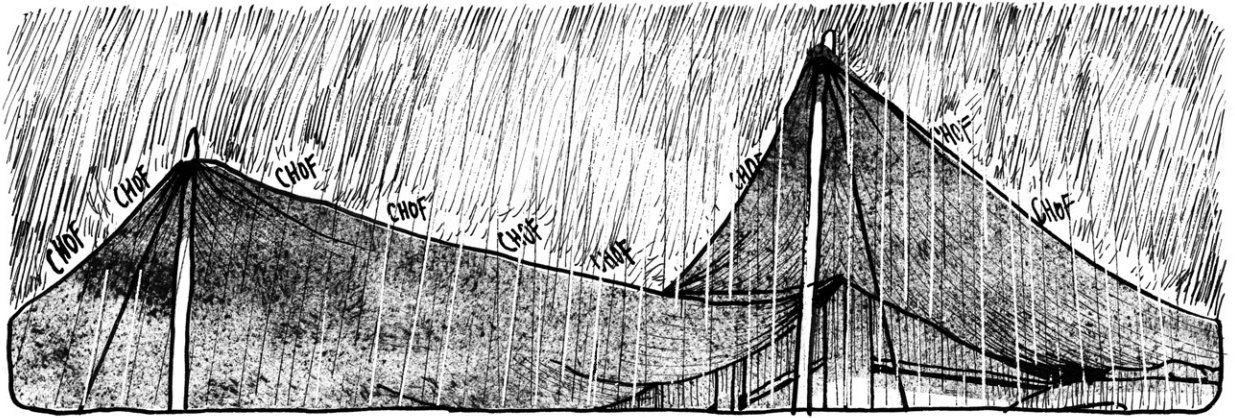
BUT KID... YOU'RE GOING TO THROW AWAY
YOUR LIFE FOR NOTHING, SHIT, YOU'RE
ONLY 15 YEARS OLD, DAMN IT!



I HAVE NO
LIFE ANYMORE!
I'M ALREADY
DEAD!







UNTIL THE STORM PASSES. THEN, I'LL ASK HIM AGAIN. AND IF HIS ANSWER REMAINS THE SAME... WE'LL GO UP.



WHEN WE GO UP... BECAUSE WE WILL GO UP... SOME OF US CAN POSITION OURSELVES IN THE "BOY'S" APARTMENT FROM THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR WHILE ANOTHER TWO GO IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR SO THAT HE THINKS WE'RE GOING TO TRY AND GET IN AGAIN USING THE STAIRS.

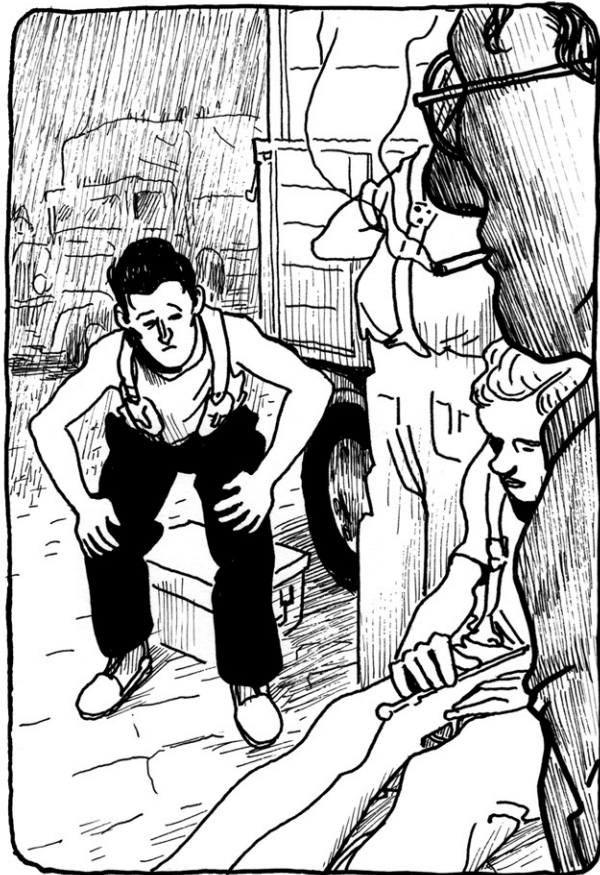


AND WHILE THE LITTLE FASCIST IS COVERING THE STAIRS... WE'LL APPEAR FROM BEHIND AND... "BAM!", PROBLEM SOLVED.



ALRIGHT.



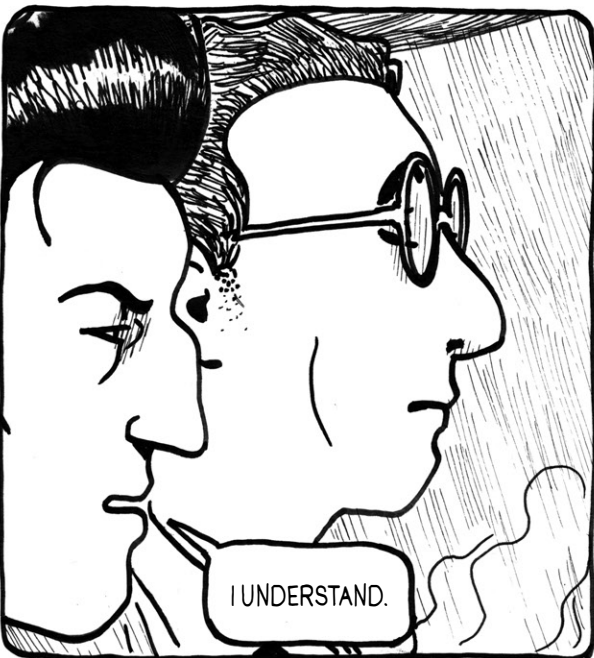




IF WE END UP HAVING TO DO IT...
I WANT YOU TO BE THE ONE
TO GO UP.



THAT BOY IS THE
SAME AGE MY SON
WOULD HAVE BEEN
IF HE HADN'T...
I DON'T KNOW IF
I CAN SHOOT HIM
FACE TO FACE.



I UNDERSTAND.



THANK YOU.



