

THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLING SERIES CONTINUES!

Ennis Braun McCrea Burns Robertson

The BOYS

volume eleven: OVER THE HILL WITH
THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN



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HE WANTS
TO KNOW: ARE
YOU GODS?

NOT GODS--
ENGLISHMEN.
WHICH IS THE NEXT
BEST THING.



OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

part one





JUST KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME.



WE ALWAYS DO, MISTER PRESIDENT.

NO, YOU ALWAYS TRY. BUT SOMEHOW THE LITTLE GOON BREAKS THROUGH THE DEFENSES... OH, I'M GETTING A HEADACHE JUST THINKING ABOUT HIM...

TOP DRAWER, SIR.



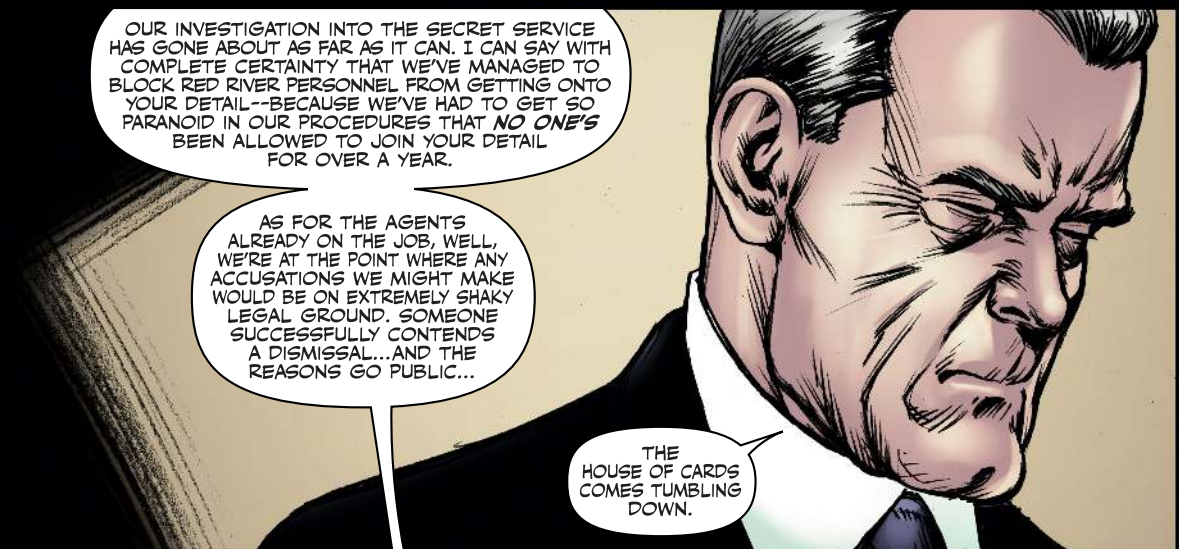
ISN'T THE WHOLE IDEA TO KEEP THE PRESIDENT AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT APART AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE? ISN'T THAT ONE OF THE BASIC SECURITY PRECEPTS?

NOT ALWAYS THAT SIMPLE, SIR. HIS OFFICE IS IN THE SAME BUILDING, AFTER ALL.



YES, BUT... OH, WELL.

WHAT'S THIS CIRCUS ACT THIS MORNING AGAIN?





I AM SORRY, MISTER PRESIDENT. ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP SWITCHING PEOPLE AROUND--WHICH NO ONE LIKES, OF COURSE, BECAUSE IT MAKES A MESS OF UNIT COHESION. BUT AT LEAST YOU'VE CAN'T MAKE ANY CONCRETE PLANS.

THAT'S OUR ONE CONSOLATION, THAT THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST AS FRUSTRATED AS WE ARE...

DOUBTFUL.



"THEY ONLY HAVE TO GET LUCKY ONCE, REMEMBER. IT DOES VERY LITTLE FOR YOUR PEACE OF MIND, KNOWING THAT THE MEN ASSIGNED TO WATCH YOUR BACK HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN NOT TAKING A BULLET FOR THEIR PRESIDENT."



OR EVEN IN FIRING THE DAMN THING THEMSELVES...

THEY'D NEVER GO THAT FAR, MISTER PRESIDENT--!



NO?

OH FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, YOU THROW THE STICK AND HE FETCHES IT! AT LEAST GET THAT MUCH RIGHT!



HHHH.

THEY CAN TRAIN HIM TO SPEAK, YOU'D THINK THEY COULD FIX THE REST OF HIM AT THE SAME TIME...