

Death is not the end.
DESOLATION JONES

An officially-dead British secret agent goes underground in LA, living in a ghost community of ex-spooks and trying to do the right thing in a world run by lies and bodycounts.

A new creator-owned ongoing series by
Warren Ellis
For mature readers

They sealed him in a small room filled with TV screens. TV screens formed the entire surface area of all six walls. There was nothing else. They locked him into a chair that hung in the centre of a spherical arrangement of powered tracks, so that he would slowly, constantly be moved through 360°, viewing all the screens in turn. Intravenous feed and waste processing units were bolted into his body. The screens displayed documentary images of death, of murder, of horror 24 hours a day. For a year.

And when the door unsealed... everyone was gone. Like it was all a practical joke no-one had let him in on. Project discontinued by a regime change. Michael Jones, alcoholic British secret agent who agreed to be an experimental patient for The Desolation Test to keep him in the service, was officially dead. Left with a cash retirement fee and told to stay away. Used up and spat out by the intelligence community - for being unable to handle the stresses of his job properly, for drunkenly submitting as a test subject to a procedure designed to discover exactly how much horror the human mind can take without destroying itself.

The Desolation Test, and Michael Jones (tattooed on his arm, like a concentration camp survivor, with the word DESOLATION 001), no longer exist.

He ran. He ran to Los Angeles, USA, where he knew there was an underground community of ex-spooks - people like him, people all smashed up by the world of secrets and lies. Made into things they were never supposed to be, by people using them as cogs in their dark machines that run the world. It's the easiest city in the world to hide in, because if you're strange, nobody looks at you, nobody at all...

Jones sets himself up as a private investigator to this secret community. His rationale is simple. It's something to focus on, to put his life back together. And it's a way to ensure that all the broken people in the dark don't get hurt any more.

Jones is human wreckage: pale and skinny, wracked with physical problems, hallucinating as fallout from the Test. The only real advantage he has over anyone else is that death is meaningless to him - his or anyone else's.

DESOLATION JONES is a collision between TRANSMET, GLOBAL FREQUENCY, PLANETARY and HELLBLAZER; standing the detective/spy genres on their head, with supermodern content and social commentary in the Raymond Chandler style.