

ALEC WORLEY

JON DAVIS-HUNT

AGE OF THE WOLF



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AGE OF THE WOLF



AGE OF THE WOLF CREATED BY ALEC WORLEY AND JON DAVIS-HUNT



FOREWORD

There's limits to what you can do with a werewolf. Much more so than with, say, ghosts or vampires. The classic werewolf tale features someone who gets bit, then transforms every full moon. What's left for that character to do except eat a silver bullet in the third act? I wanted *Age of the Wolf* to go deeper and bite harder than a lot of the werewolf stories I was used to. So I plunged into Scandinavian legend and European folklore, recovering a wealth of ideas that presented the werewolf as something deep, dark and decidedly unfamiliar. Suddenly *Age of the Wolf* was less a straight horror story and more an epic fantasy saga about the price of heroism, writing your own destiny, and wondering what's so great about the human race anyway.

Then there was the heroine: Rowan Morrigan. There's been a lot of debate recently about depictions of female characters in comics, and with good reason. But I find many such examples come down to nothing more than

lazy writing. Stories don't need 'strong female characters'. Stories need well-written characters, regardless of whether they have boobs or a willy. So it was important to me that Rowan wasn't perfect, that she was scared and made mistakes, had vulnerabilities that would make her all the more courageous as she transformed from book to book. And, judging from the feedback I've since received, I'm pleased to say readers appear to have fallen under her spell as much as I did when I was writing her.

I'm indebted to *2000 AD*'s editor Matt 'Tharg' Smith, as I am to ace artist Jon Davis-Hunt, whose vivid designs brought solidity and sensitivity where it was most needed. Thanks too to letterers Simon Bowland and Annie Parkhouse, and colourist Gary Caldwell. All of whom helped *Age of the Wolf* find its mark.

Alec Worley
Summer, 2014

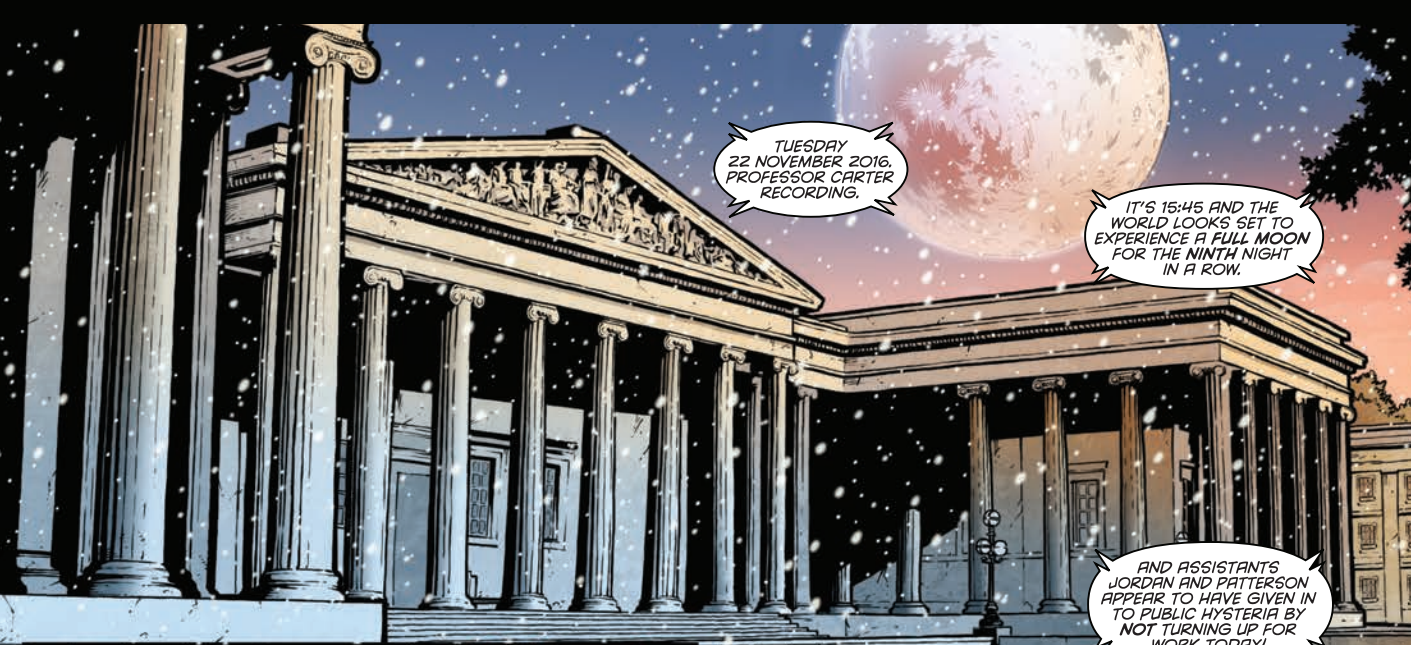




BAD MOON RISING

Script: Alec Worley
Artist: Jon Davis-Hunt
Letters: Simon Bowland

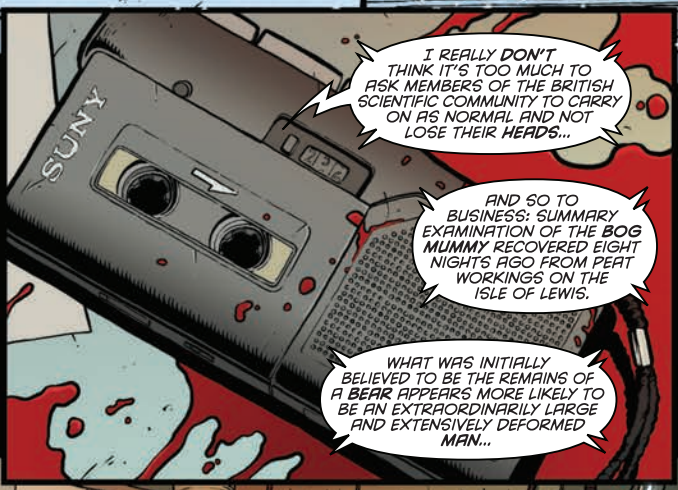
Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 1700-1708



TUESDAY
22 NOVEMBER 2016.
PROFESSOR CARTER
RECORDING.

IT'S 15:45 AND THE
WORLD LOOKS SET TO
EXPERIENCE A FULL MOON
FOR THE NINTH NIGHT
IN A ROW.

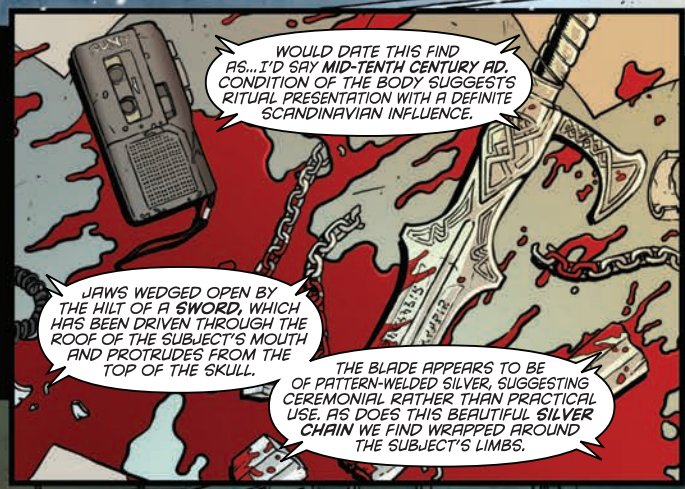
AND ASSISTANTS
JORDAN AND PATTERSON
APPEAR TO HAVE GIVEN IN
TO PUBLIC HYSTERIA BY
NOT TURNING UP FOR
WORK TODAY!



I REALLY DON'T
THINK IT'S TOO MUCH TO
ASK MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH
SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY TO CARRY
ON AS NORMAL AND NOT
LOSE THEIR HEADS...

AND SO TO
BUSINESS: SUMMARY
EXAMINATION OF THE BOG
MUMMY RECOVERED EIGHT
NIGHTS AGO FROM PEAT
WORKINGS ON THE
ISLE OF LEWIS.

WHAT WAS INITIALLY
BELIEVED TO BE THE REMAINS OF
A BEAR APPEARS MORE LIKELY TO
BE AN EXTRAORDINARILY LARGE
AND EXTENSIVELY DEFORMED
MAN...



WOULD DATE THIS FIND
AS... I'D SAY MID-TENTH CENTURY AD.
CONDITION OF THE BODY SUGGESTS
RITUAL PRESENTATION WITH A DEFINITE
SCANDINAVIAN INFLUENCE.

JAWS WEDGED OPEN BY
THE HILT OF A SWORD, WHICH
HAS BEEN DRIVEN THROUGH THE
ROOF OF THE SUBJECT'S MOUTH
AND PROTRUDES FROM THE
TOP OF THE SKULL.

THE BLADE APPEARS TO BE
OF PATTERN-WELDED SILVER, SUGGESTING
CEREMONIAL RATHER THAN PRACTICAL
USE. AS DOES THIS BEAUTIFUL SILVER
CHAIN WE FIND WRAPPED AROUND
THE SUBJECT'S LIMBS.



TODAY, UNDER
THE LIGHT OF THE SO-CALLED
"PERMA-MOON", WE SEEM TO FIND
EVEN RATIONAL PEOPLE PREPARED
TO CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITY OF
IMMINENT ECO-TASTROPHIE...

REMINING ONE THAT
HUMAN SACRIFICES, SUCH AS THE ONE
WE HAVE HERE, WERE USUALLY MADE
TO AVERT SOME PERCEIVED
APOCALYPSE.

AS I POINTED OUT IN MY
RECENT ADDRESS TO THE HELLENIC
SOCIETY, WE FIND THIS CULTURAL
MOTIF RECURS THROUGHOUT THE
CLASSICS--



--ANDROMEDA
OF JOPPA, SACRIFICED
TO PREVENT A SEA MONSTER
FROM DEVASTATING
PHILISTIA...

POLYXENA OF
TROY SACRIFICED TO
APPEASE THE LUSTFUL
GHOST OF ACHILLES,
AND SO ON...

NOT FORGETTING
THE COUNTLESS NAMELESS MAIDENS
SENT TO CURB THE APPETITES OF
RAMPANT DRAGONS IN FOLK TALES
THROUGHOUT HISTORY--



"--OF COURSE, THESE STORIES USUALLY NEGLECT TO RECORD JUST HOW THE SACRIFICE **HERSELF** MIGHT FEEL ABOUT BEING CHOSEN TO **DIE** FOR THE SAKE OF THE **WORLD**."

ooooooooooooo!

I'M SORRY, LITTLE FELLA. WE'RE HERE NOW. WE'LL GET YOU WARMED UP IN A MINUTE.

MARIA...?

OKAY, ROWAN. NO **ARGUMENTS** THIS TIME. WE'RE GETTING OUT OF LONDON RIGHT NOW.

I SPOKE TO MY DAD, OKAY? WE'RE GONNA STAY WITH HIM IN SURREY. MY BROTHER'S PICKING US UP AT THE STATION.

BUT THERE WAS THIS CHURCH ON THE NEWS, RIGHT? THE POLICE BROKE IN THIS MORNING AND FOUND EVERYONE **DEAD**. THEY'D ALL **POISONED** THEMSELVES.

THEY RECKON IT'S, LIKE, THIS RELIGIOUS CULT TELLING EVERYONE IT'S THE **END OF THE WORLD!**

MARIA, DO YOU EVEN **REMEMBER** WHAT I WAS RANTING ABOUT LAST NIGHT?

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE FREAK OUT OVER NOTHING-- **YOU** BEING ONE OF THEM!

BUT, ROWAN, THEY SAY THERE'S GONNA BE **ANOTHER** FULL MOON TONIGHT!

Y'KNOW WHAT, MARIA? I JUST PICKED THIS ONE UP FROM THE PRECINCT 'CO'S HIS OWNER WENT CRAZY AND STABBED SOMEONE OVER A PACK OF MINERAL WATER.

SO PLEASE, JUST CALM DOWN AND **THINK** FOR A MINUTE.

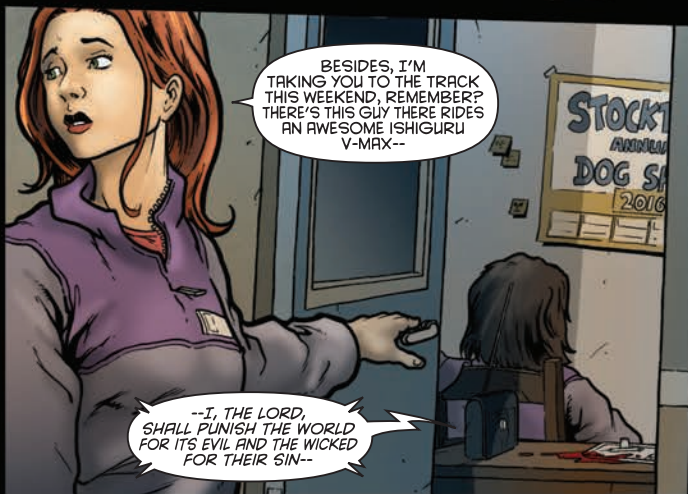
IF YOU DIDN'T INSIST ON FAST-FORWARDING THOSE **GOVERNMENT BROADCASTS** YOU'D KNOW IT'S JUST GAS SEEPING INTO THE MOON'S ATMOSPHERE. **THAT'S** WHY IT'S **GLOWING**. THANK YOU, **SCIENCE!**



ROWAN,
YOU'RE NOT LISTENING
TO ME. I KNOW I'M A
DIZZY COW SOMETIMES
AND THERE'S A PANIC ON
THE NEWS EVERY FIVE
MINUTES, BUT THIS
TIME--

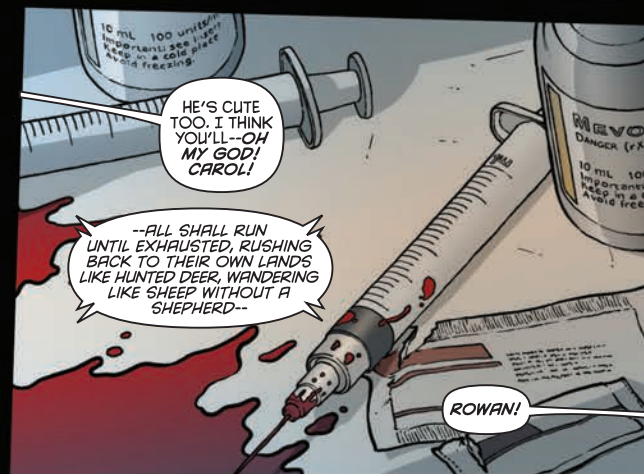
MARIA,
AS SOON AS I'M
DONE HERE WE'RE
GOING HOME,
OKAY?

LOOK, I'LL
MAKE US HOTDOGS AND
WE CAN START ON THAT
ROBO-GEISHA BOXSET.
WHAT WE'RE NOT GONNA
DO IS FREAK OUT LIKE
EVERYONE ELSE!



BESIDES, I'M
TAKING YOU TO THE TRACK
THIS WEEKEND, REMEMBER?
THERE'S THIS GUY THERE RIDES
AN AWESOME ISHIGURU
V-MAX--

--I, THE LORD,
SHALL PUNISH THE WORLD
FOR ITS EVIL AND THE WICKED
FOR THEIR SIN--



HE'S CUTE
TOO. I THINK
YOU'LL--OH
MY GOD!
CAROL!

--ALL SHALL RUN
UNTIL EXHAUSTED, RUSHING
BACK TO THEIR OWN LANDS
LIKE HUNTED DEER, WANDERING
LIKE SHEEP WITHOUT A
SHEPHERD--

ROWAN!



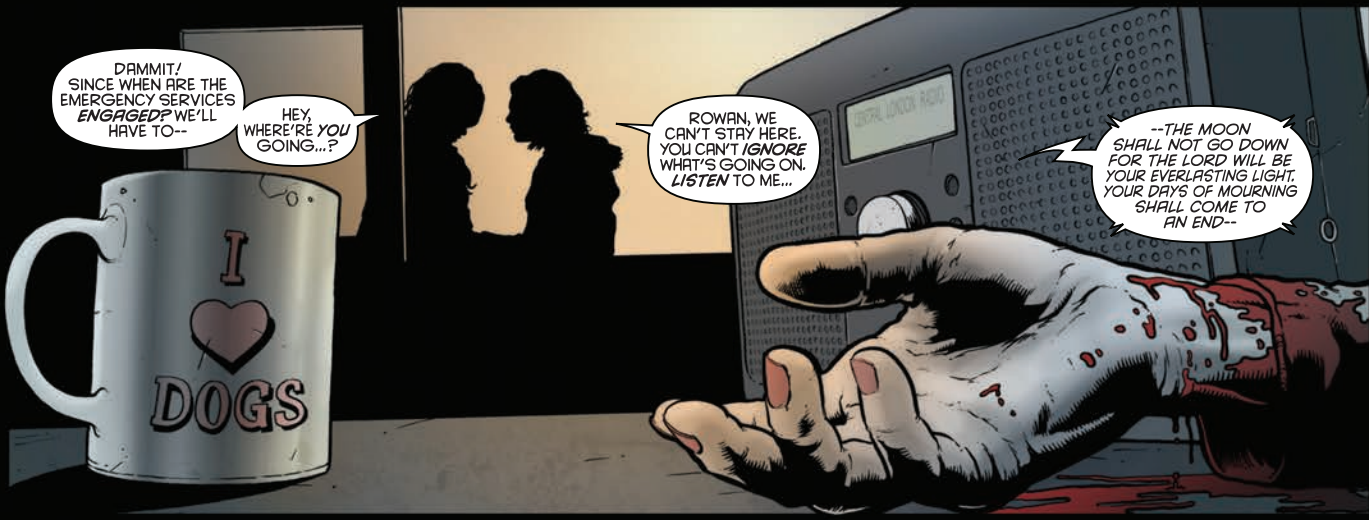
ROWAN,
SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH
THE DOGS. NONE
OF THEM ARE
MOVING...

--WILD ANIMALS
SHALL MOVE ABOUT THE
RUINED CITY. THE HOUSES
SHALL BE HAUNTED BY
HOWLING CREATURES--



ROW?
WHAT'S GOING
ON? WHERE'S
CAROL?

STAY
HERE.

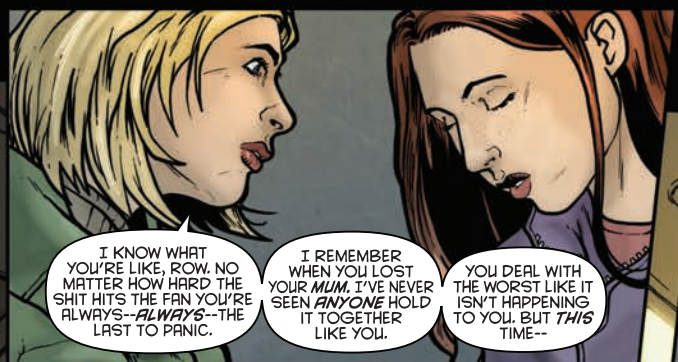


DAMMIT! SINCE WHEN ARE THE EMERGENCY SERVICES *ENGAGED*? WE'LL HAVE TO--

HEY, WHERE'RE YOU GOING...?

ROWAN, WE CAN'T STAY HERE. YOU CAN'T *IGNORE* WHAT'S GOING ON. *LISTEN* TO ME...

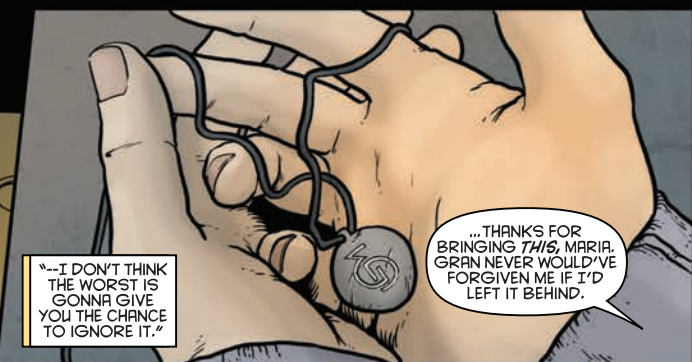
--THE MOON SHALL NOT GO DOWN FOR THE LORD WILL BE YOUR EVERLASTING LIGHT. YOUR DAYS OF MOURNING SHALL COME TO AN END--



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LIKE, ROW. NO MATTER HOW HARD THE SHIT HITS THE FAN YOU'RE ALWAYS--*ALWAYS*--THE LAST TO PANIC.

I REMEMBER WHEN YOU LOST YOUR MUM. I'VE NEVER SEEN *ANYONE* HOLD IT TOGETHER LIKE YOU.

YOU DEAL WITH THE WORST LIKE IT ISN'T HAPPENING TO YOU. BUT *THIS* TIME--



"--I DON'T THINK THE WORST IS GONNA GIVE YOU THE CHANCE TO IGNORE IT."

--THANKS FOR BRINGING *THIS*, MARIA. GRAN NEVER WOULD'VE FORGIVEN ME IF I'D LEFT IT BEHIND.



SORRY WE HAD TO LEAVE YOUR BIKE, ROW. I *KNEW* I BROUGHT TOO MUCH STUFF.

WISH I'D PACKED SOMETHING TO *EAT*, THOUGH. BLOODY STARVING. WHAT TIME'S IT NOW?

GONE NINE.

IS IT ME OR IS *HOT* IN HERE?



I'VE BEEN SWEATING ALL--

OOOOOH, *GOD!*

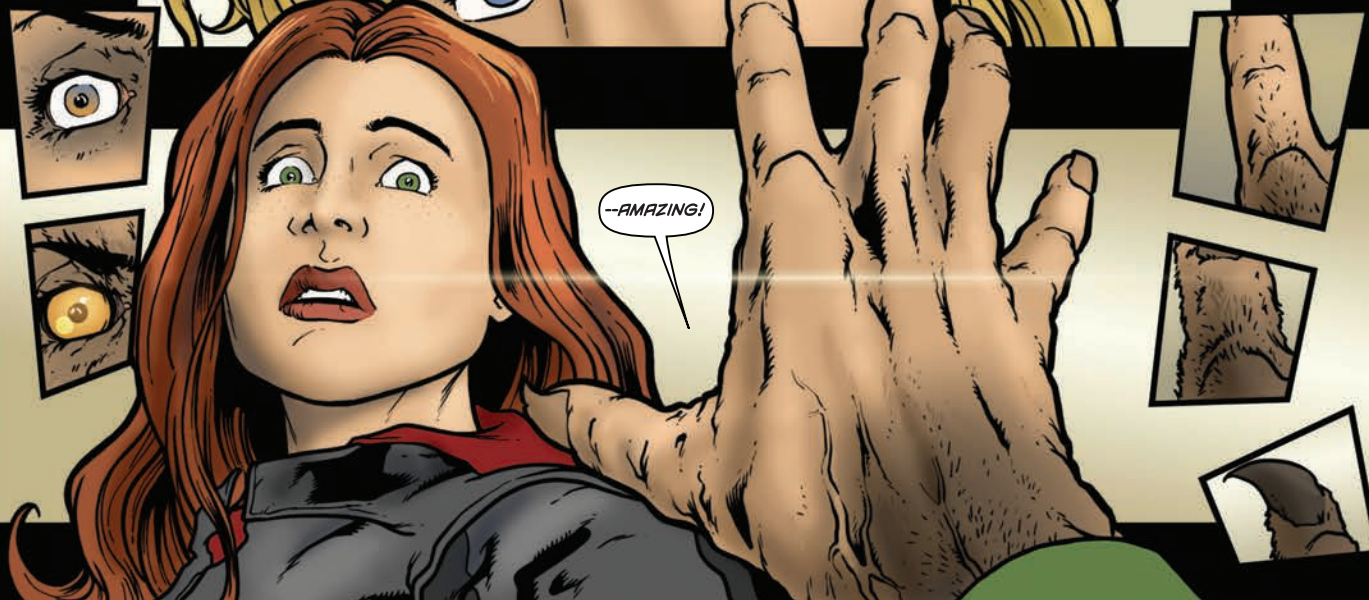
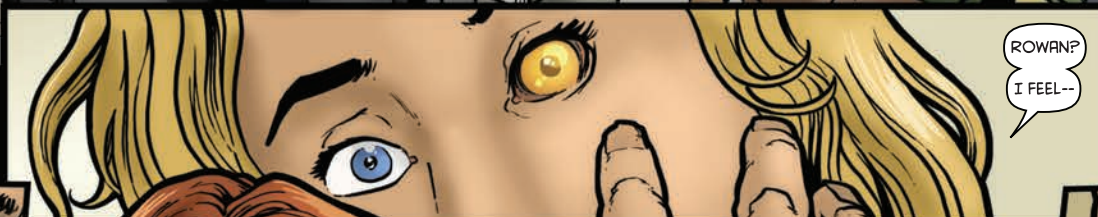
WHAT'S WRONG?



F-FEEL FUNNY... FEELS LIKE I'MMMM--

MARIA?

HRRRR...





THE ROCKING TRAIN.
THE BARKING DOG.
THE THUNDER OF
FRANTIC BODIES.

ROWAN HEARS
NOTHING BUT THE
PISTON THUMP OF
HER OWN HEART--



--AS HER BEST
FRIEND DWINDLES INTO
SOMETHING OUT OF A
FAIRY TALE.



ROWF!
ROWF!
ROWF!

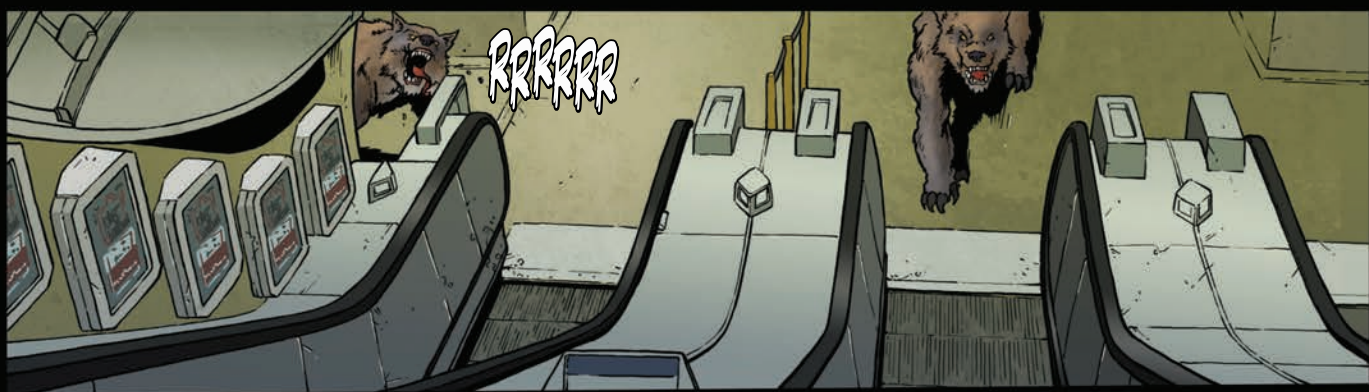


RRRRRR



YIIII!







THE DISTANT GHOSTLY
CRIES, THE RUSTLING SNOW,
THE RATTLING OF HER TEETH.

THE STREETLIGHTS
DIED HOURS AGO, MOST
OF THE MONSTERS HAVE
MOVED ON.

SHE CAN'T
RECALL QUITE
HOW SHE GOT
UP HERE.

WRRROOOO

SHE WONDERS IF HOLDING HER HANDS
BEHIND HER BACK WOULD GUARANTEE
SHE HIT THE PAVEMENT SKULL-FIRST.

DOING THAT
WOULDN'T KILL
YOU STRAIGHT
AWAY, HONEY.

...MUM?

BUT IT'S
OKAY...

...YOU'RE
STILL GOING
TO DIE.



SILENCE, CHILD OF MIDDLE-EARTH AND ASGARD BORN! AYE SO, I KNOW OF WORLDS *BEYOND* MIDGARD, FROM WHOSE COLD SKIES *SHE* TUMBLED LIKE A STAR.

NORN-WRESTED WORDS I SPEAK WITH VÖLVA'S TONGUE, THE *FUTURE* WROUGHT IN *RUNE* BY *MORTAL* HAND.

A TWILIGHT I FORESEE OF *MEN* NOT GODS--



BEHOLD! LIKE NIÐHEIM'S SERPENT, CIVIL MEN GNAR UPON THE GODS' GREEN WORLD.

THE BOUGH OF LIFE GROWS *WEAK* BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF *MEN*. MY *RUNES* ON THAT ILL DAY SHALL *DOOM* MY OWN FELL RACE--



--LIKE SO I HAVE *WRITTEN*, LIKE SO SHALL IT *FOLLOW*: THE *MOON* SHALL NOT RETREAT; THE *FEN BEAST* SHALL BE *FOUND*.

NINE TIMES SHALL FULL MOON RISE, WHEN *BEAST* SHALL BREAK ITS CHAINS; *FIMBULWINTER* SHALL FALL. THE *WOLFISH* SPARK *IGNITE*, CONSUME THE PLAGUE OF MEN, AND LO...

AN *AXE*-AGE, A *SWORD*-AGE, *SHIELDS* SHALL BE CLOVEN; A *WIND*-AGE, A *WOLF*-AGE, ERE THE WORLD TOTTERS--



--AND *SHE*, THE YOUNGEST AND MOST FAIR, I GIVE OF MINE OWN BLOOD IN *SACRIFICE* DIVINE, TO SATISFY THE RAMPANT *BEAST* AND MAKE THE WORLD *ANEW*.

AND *SHE* SHALL *DIE*, AND WITH HER FINAL BREATH SHALL MELT THE DEATHLY SNOW, FROM AERY BLOOD SHALL SPRING THE BOUNTY OF IDUN--



--GREEN GRAVES SHALL EMPTY KINGDOMS BE, ORCHARDS OF BLISS TO TEMPT THE GODS' RETURN.

LIKE SO I HAVE *WRITTEN*, LIKE SO SHALL IT...



...FOLLOW?

ROWAN, WHEN YOUR OWN *MOTHER* RETURNS FROM THE *DEAD* TO RECITE A THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD *PROPHECY*, THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS STAY AND *LISTEN*!



ROWAN...?

DON'T
YOU *IGNORE*
ME, ROWAN
MORRIGAN!



LOOK, I KNOW
YOU'RE UPSET. BUT
YOU REALLY NEED TO
PREPARE YOURSELF
FOR THIS...

THAT *PROPHECY*
YOU JUST HEARD? IT
MEANS YOU'RE GOING TO
DIE, HONEY, AND I DON'T
MEAN POSSIBLY, I MEAN
DEFINITELY, SOMETIME IN
THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES,
IN FACT.

THERE'S
SOMETHING ON ITS WAY
HERE RIGHT *NOW*. IT CAN
SMELL YOUR BLOOD, AND
WHEN IT CATCHES YOU IT'S
GOING TO *EAT* YOU...



OH,
SWEETIE, THERE'S
NO POINT *RUNNING*.
TRUST ME. IT'D BE
LIKE TRYING TO
OUTSWIM *JAWS*.

YOU JUST NEED
TO STAY HERE AND WAIT.
PLEASE, HONEY, I DON'T
WANT THIS TO BE ANYMORE
PAINFUL FOR YOU THAN
IT HAS TO BE--

...I *BEG* YOUR PARDON,
ROWAN MORRIGAN? I CAN
HEAR WHAT YOU'RE THINKING,
YOUNG LADY! FROM WHERE
I'M STANDING, YOUR BRAIN'S
ON *SPEAKERPHONE*.



AND NO, YOU'RE
NOT GOING CRAZY.
THIS *ISN'T* LIKE THAT
DOCUMENTARY YOU SAW
LAST WEEK ON MASS
HYSTERIA.

AND NO, I *DIDN'T*
KNOW WHAT YOU HAD
IN THAT BOX UNDER
YOUR BED WHEN YOU
WERE SIXTEEN, BUT
I DO NOW.

I'M *HERE*, ROWAN,
AND THE FUTURE'S GOING
TO BE HERE TOO. ANY MINUTE
NOW, YOU CAN STAND THERE
RECITING MOTORHEAD LYRICS
ALL YOU LIKE. THIS *ISN'T*
GOING AWAY--



*SHUT
UP! JUST
SHUT UP!*

YOU'RE
NOT HERE!
YOU'RE
DEAD!

YOU WERE
DRUNK IN YOUR
CAR AND YOU
LEFT ME!



YOU'RE
GONE!

GRAMMA'S
GONE...

EVERYONE'S
GONE...



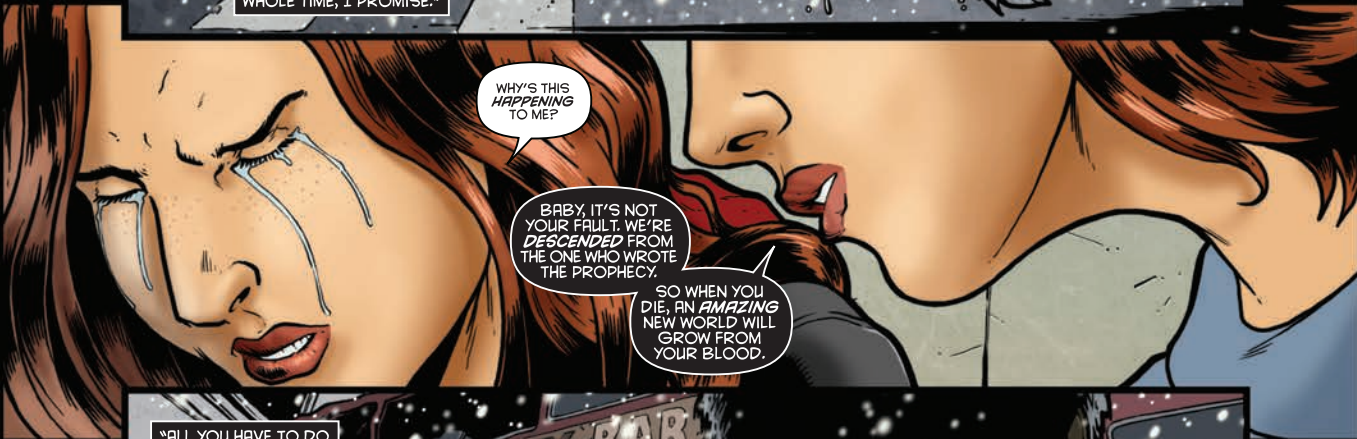
OH, SWEETIE. I KNOW IT'S SCARY, BUT THERE'S REALLY **NOTHING** TO BE SCARED OF.



"BABY, IT'S JUST LIKE FALLING ASLEEP.

"IT'LL BE OVER SO QUICKLY YOU WON'T EVEN KNOW IT'S HAPPENED.

"I'LL BE RIGHT HERE, HOLDING YOUR HAND THE WHOLE TIME, I PROMISE."



WHY'S THIS HAPPENING TO ME?

BABY, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. WE'RE **DESCENDED** FROM THE ONE WHO WROTE THE PROPHECY.

SO WHEN YOU DIE, AN **AMAZING** NEW WORLD WILL GROW FROM YOUR BLOOD.



"ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SIT HERE AND **WAIT** JUST A COUPLE MORE MINUTES.

"YOU ALWAYS WERE A STUBBORN ONE, ROWAN. EVER SINCE YOU WERE A LITTLE GIRL, NEVER PLAYED A GAME UNLESS YOU COULD MAKE THE RULES. BUT THIS TIME--"

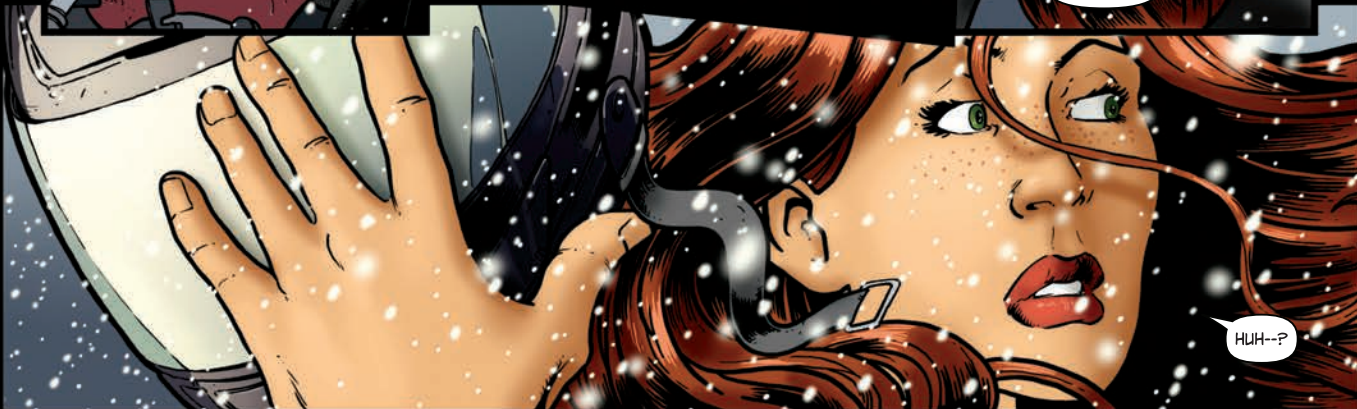
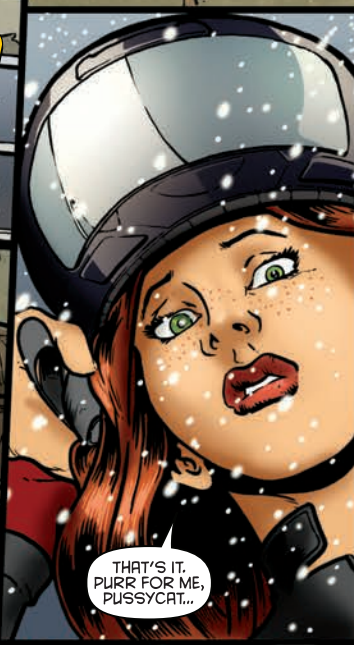


GET **OUT**, MUM! I DON'T **WANT** YOU HERE!

--THIS TIME, THE RULES AREN'T **YOURS** TO MAKE.



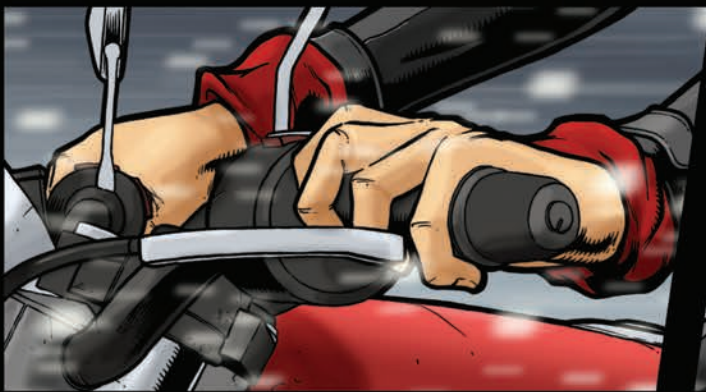
...WE'LL SEE.











A TRAILING HOWL
BECOMES A DEEP AND
DISTANT SPLASH.

CRASH

BLOODY
TELL Y'ALL
RIGHT,
LOVE...?

GIVE
US A HAND,
WILL YER?

BASTARD
SEATBELT'S
STUCK!

C'MON,
LOVE! WHAT
Y'WAITING
FER...?

I CAN HEAR
MORRA THE
BASTARDS
COMING!

THANKS,
LOVE. SORRY
I'M A BIT
RIPE.

I'VE GORRA
SPOT FOR US JUST
ROUN'T CORNER.
HURRY NOW.

HOPE
YOU'RE GOOD
FOR A CLIMB,
LOVE.



I WERE
KIPPING ALONG
HERE WHEN IT ALL
KICKED OFF.

GOT WOKE
UP BY SOME FELLA
MAKING NOISES LIKE
HE WERE HAVING HIS
END AWAY.

NEXT THING
I KNOW, I GOTTA
PACK OF GREAT HAIRY
BASTARDS CHASING
US UP HERE.



SPOTTED THE ROVER.
DROVE ONE JUST LIKE IT INT'
FORCES. THOUGHT I'D BEST
HAVE IT AWAY BEFORE
SOMEONE ELSE DOES.

THEN I HEAR THIS
BLOODY GREAT NOISE FROM
THE OTHER SIDE OT' RIVER
AND THEY ALL RUN OFF. KNEW
I SHOULD'A WAITED.

I'M PETE,
BY THE WAY. PETE
SEFTON. CAREFUL
NOW...



WE
SHOULD BE
SAFE IN HERE TIL
US FIGURE OUT
WHAT'S GOING
ON.

THERE'S
A CAN IN ME
BAG IF YOU
WANT ONE.



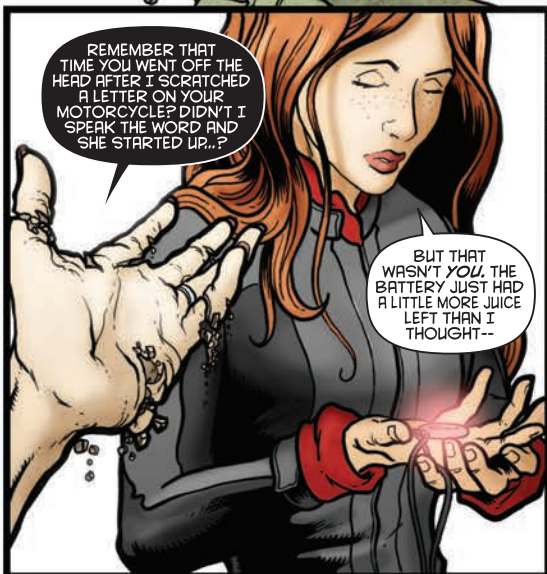
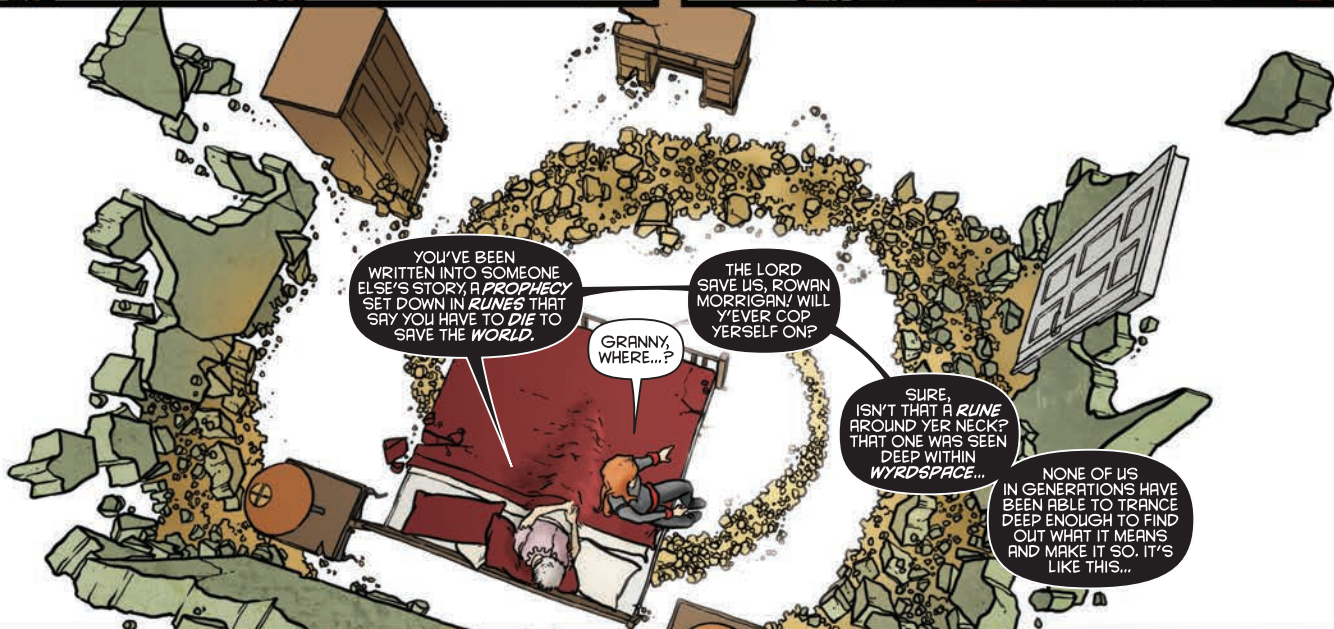
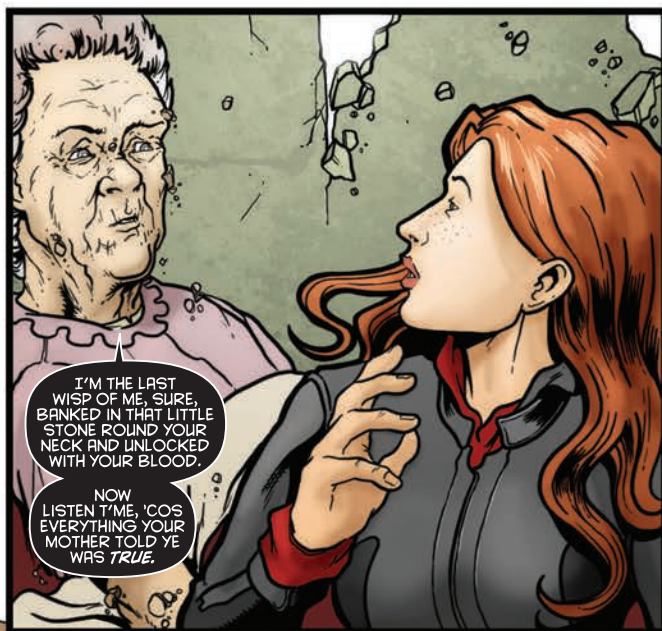
SO
WHAT WERE
THAT BLOODY
GREAT THING I
KNOCKED INT'
RIVER...?

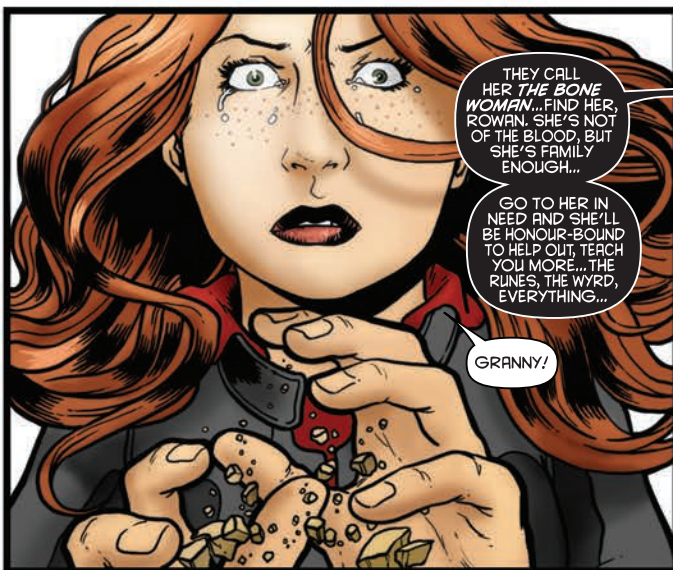
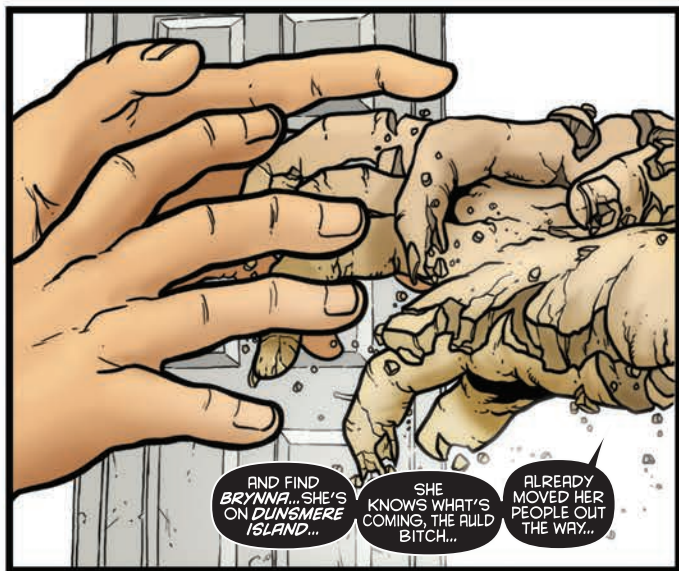
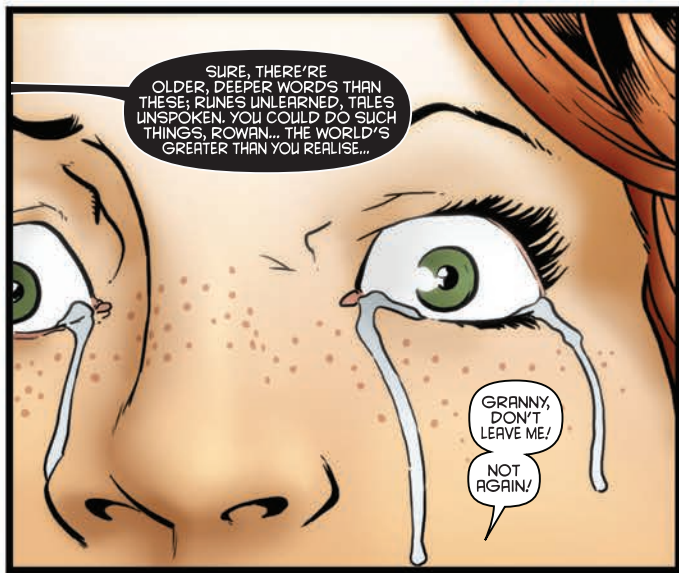
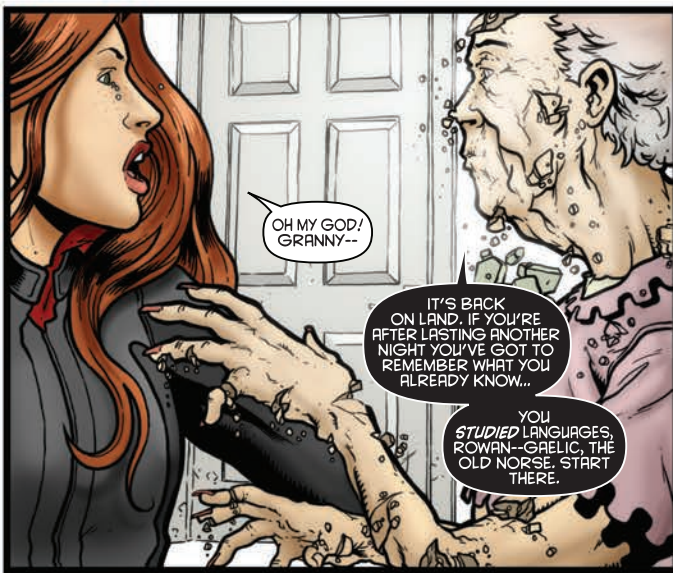


OH,
SORRY,
LOVE...



SWEET
DREAMS, EHP





"--GET OUT
OF THE CITY BEFORE HE
TEARS YER HEAD OFF!"

I'VE
GOTTA
GO!

DON'T BE **DAFT**,
LOVE! IT'S BLOODY
MURDER OUT THERE! BEEN
WATCHING **LOOTERS** KICK
SHITE OUT OF EACH
OTHER ALL DAY!

MOON'LL BE
BACK UP IN A MINUTE
AND THOSE THINGS'LL
BE ON'Y STREETS AGAIN.
WE'RE **SAFE** UP HERE.
LOVE, THEY CAN'T
CLIMB LADDERS.

NO, BUT **HE**
CAN--THAT THING
YOU KNOCKED INTO THE
THAMES. I'M SORRY,
PETE, BUT IF I STAY
HERE IT'LL KILL
YOU TOO.

LOOK, I'VE
GOTTA GO SEE
SOMEONE. **PUNSMERE**
ISLAND. THAT'S EAST
DOWN THE THAMES.
RIGHT? I'VE GOTTA
FIND A **BOAT**--

ROWAN... YOU
WERE **TALKING** IN YOUR
SLEEP VOICES YELLING
ALL SORTS. THAT STONE
ROUND YOUR NECK WERE
GLOWING. WHAT'S
GOING ON...?

JUST STAY HERE,
PETE. PLEASE. SIT TIGHT.
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO **DO**
SOMETHING ABOUT
ALL THIS...

LOOK, I
THINK I KNOW
WHERE WE CAN
GET A **BOAT**. BY
TOWER BRIDGE.
IF WE CAN GET
THERE IN TIME...

I DON'T
NEED LOOKING
AFTER, PETE.

"IF I'M HONEST, LOVE,
I'VE A FEELING **YOU'RE**
THE ONE WHO CAN
LOOK AFTER **ME**."

PETE...
WAIT...

F-FEEL
WEIRD...
DIZZY...

LIKE I'M...
LIKE I'M STILL
ASLEEP OR
SOMETHING...

HELP!



JUST GIVE US THE KEYS, MCCOWAN.

GET AWAY! I JUST WANNA GO HOME! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME!

DAVIS TURNED INTO THAT THING AND PRETTY MUCH TORE YOUR ARM OFF. **NOW** LOOK AT YOU. THAT'S **NORMAL** IS IT?

WHO'S TO SAY YOU WON'T TURN INTO ONE OF THOSE THINGS? NOW GIVE US THOSE KEYS!



HEY! YOU! PLEASE, HELP ME! THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME!



JUST LET US PAST, WILL YER? THE MOON'S COMING UP. THOSE THINGS'LL BACK ANY MINUTE--

THAT LITTLE SHIT RAN OFF WITH MY CAR KEYS AND WE'RE NOT MOVING TIL WE GET 'EM BACK, SO PISS OFF OUT OF IT!



WE CAN'T WAIT AROUND. WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK.

ROWAN...?

AM I STILL DREAMING? ALL I CAN SEE IS WORDS... EVERYTHING'S WORDS...



HOOOOOOWWWW

JESUS CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?

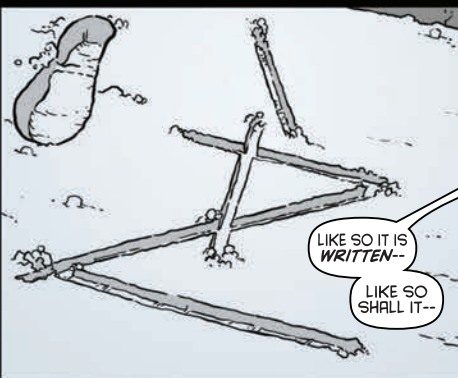
SOUNDS LIKE A BLOODY DINOSAUR!



OH GOD... I'M GONNA... I'M GONNA...



HRRRRR...





NOW
WHAT?



GIMME
A BEER.

YOU
WHAT--?



I SAID,
GIVE ME
A BEER!



ROWAN,
HAVE Y'GONE
DAFT?

ROWAN...?

CRK



YOU MIGHT
WANNA STAND
BACK, PETE...



ELDR!







THE COLD AIR TUMBLES
PAST HER EARS, HER BODY
CRADLED BY THE WIND.



THE WATER HITS HER LIKE
CONCRETE. RAVENOUS
COLD. BREATH DISAPPEARS
IN A GLITTERING STREAM.

ARMS SWISH THROUGH THE
MURK. HER BOOTS DRAG HER
DOWN, DOWN, INTO
FREEZING DARKNESS.



SHE DREAMS
OF WAKING
UP, CHOKING,
GASPING...

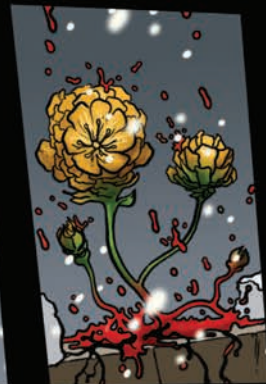
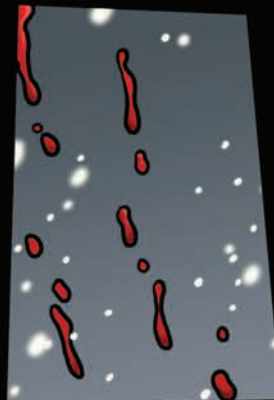
DON'T
LOOK AT IT,
ROWAN!

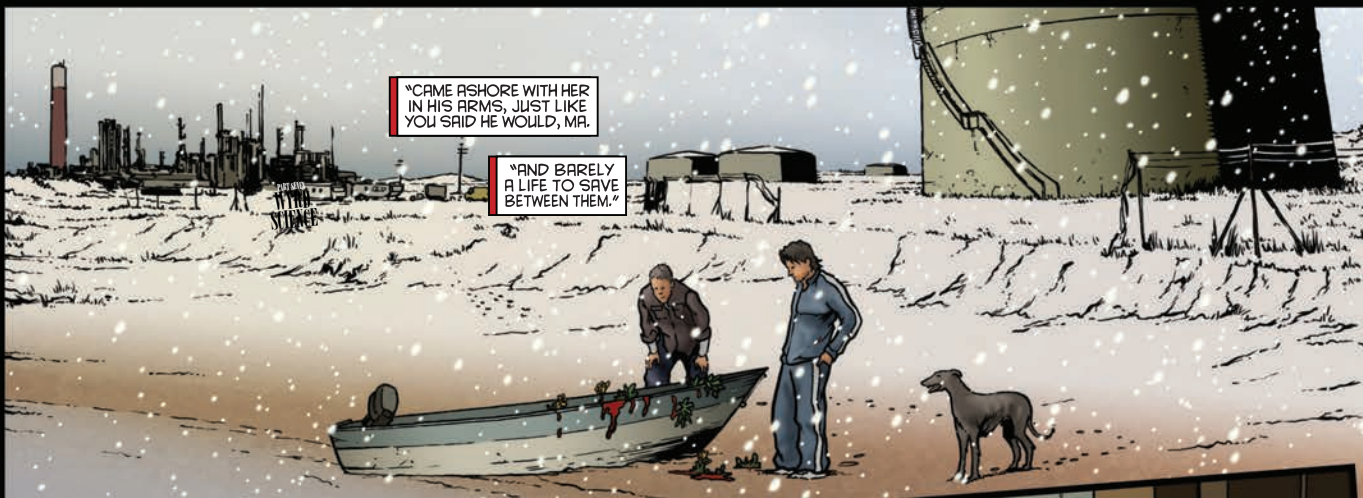


I SAID,
DON'T LOOK
AT IT!



AAAAAAHHH!





"CAME ASHORE WITH HER
IN HIS ARMS, JUST LIKE
YOU SAID HE WOULD, MA."

"AND BARELY
A LIFE TO SAVE
BETWEEN THEM."

SHE'S BEEN **BITTEN**,
MAGGIE, AND IF SHE TURNS
INTO ONE OF THOSE THINGS
WHEN THE MOON COMES UP, THEN
THE **PROPHECY'S** AS GOOD
AS FULFILLED.

SURE, SHE'D
BE **DEAD** ALREADY IF IT
WEREN'T FOR THEM FLOWERS
CLOTTING HER STUMP MAYBE
IT'S THEM THAT'S KEEPING
HER SO **WARM**.

QUARE
STUFF,
WHAP?

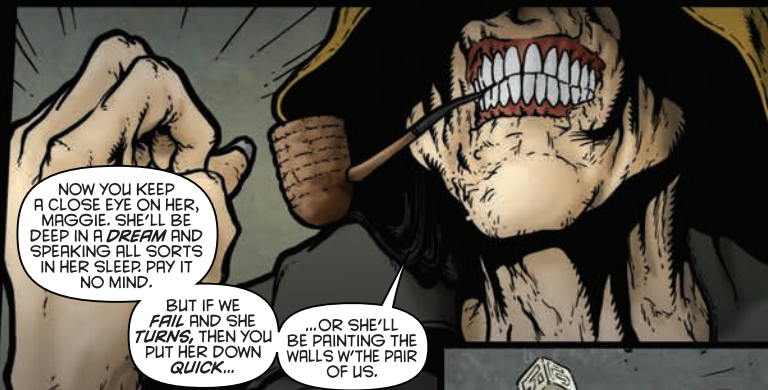
BUT
WE'LL BE LUCKY
TO GET ANOTHER
HOUR OUT OF
THIS ONE.



WE'VE GOT
TO GET A MOVE ON
BEFORE THE COLD
TAKES HIM...

WE'VE GOT
TO DRAG THE WOLF-SPIRIT
OUT OF HER AND INTO **HIM**,
SO WHEN HE DIES HE'LL
TAKE IT WITH HIM.

HOPE THERE'S
ENOUGH LIFE LEFT IN HIM
TO MAKE IT WORK, THOUGH
I'M NOT EVEN SURE A **CAGE**
OF **FLESH** CAN HOLD
SOMETHING SO **WILD**.



NOW YOU KEEP
A CLOSE EYE ON HER,
MAGGIE. SHE'LL BE
DEEP IN A **DREAM** AND
SPEAKING ALL SORTS
IN HER SLEEP PAY IT
NO MIND.

BUT IF WE
FAIL AND SHE
URNS, THEN YOU
PUT HER DOWN
QUICK...

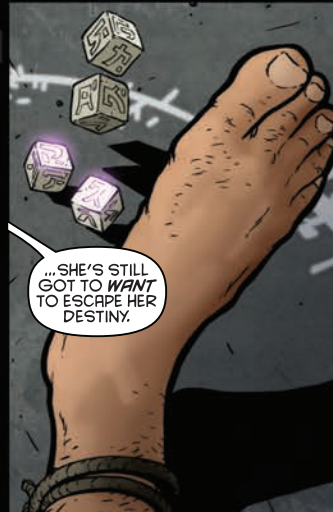
...OR SHE'LL
BE PAINTING THE
WALLS W' THE PAIR
OF US.



BUT, MA,
I STILL DON'T SEE
THE POINT IN SAVING HER.
NOT IF WHATEVER'S AFTER
HER IS GONNA KILL
HER ANYWAY.

OH,
THERE'S A POINT,
MAGGIE. BELIEVE
ME--**HEH!**

BUT IT'S
NOT ALL DOWN TO
US. EVEN IF WE GET
THE WOLF-SPIRIT OUT OF
HER, SHE MIGHT NOT
WAKE UP...



...SHE'S STILL
GOT TO **WANT**
TO ESCAPE HER
DESTINY.



"SHE'S GOT TO WANT TO LIVE."

SO YOU HAVE FINALLY STOPPED RUNNING.

ARE YOU READY TO DIE YET, LITTLE ONE?



YOU! YOU CAN TALK...?

ONLY IN DREAM. WE ARE CONNECTED, YOU AND I. NOW THAT I HAVE TASTED YOU, SOON, I WILL FIND YOU IN THE WAKING WORLD AND I WILL KILL YOU.

YOUR BLOOD WILL FLOWER THE EARTH AND MY HORDES WILL DEVOUR THE REST OF MANKIND.

YOU HAVEN'T KILLED ME YET.



BUT I WILL, YOUR FOREFATHER, HE WHO WROTE THE PROPHECY, HE BUILT ME FROM GOLEM CLAY AND WOLFSKIN, HE CARVED HIS RUNES UPON MY VERY BONES.

I AM THE PROPHECY, LITTLE ONE. THE FUTURE MADE FLESH.



AND YOU WANT TO KILL EVERY HUMAN BEING ON THE PLANET, STARTING WITH ME?

WHAT DID I...WHAT DID ANYONE DO TO DESERVE THIS...?

EXTINCTION IS WHAT MANKIND DESERVES. BEFORE YOUR ANCESTOR EVEN WROTE ME, HE KNEW WHAT MONSTERS MEN WOULD BECOME, TWISTED BY CRUELTY AND GREED.

LOOK AROUND YOU, LITTLE ONE. MEN WOULD CALL THIS A "WILDERNESS", YET THEY ARE BLIND TO ITS BALANCE, ITS ORDER, DRIVEN BY INSTINCT UNTAINTED.

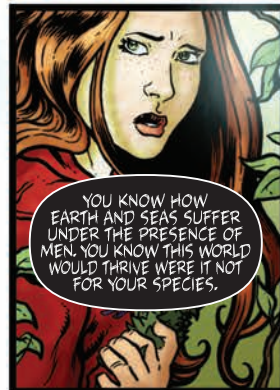


THOSE WHO GOVERN AND GUARD YOUR FRAGILE "CIVILISATION", ASK THEM IF THEY DO NOT KNOW THE TRUTH...

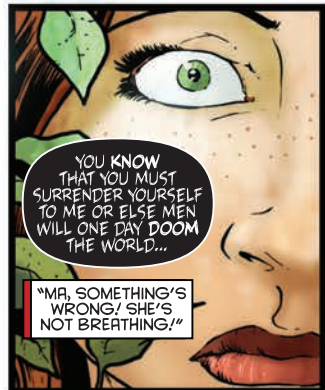
I CAN TASTE YOUR DREAMS, LITTLE ONE, AND I KNOW YOU HAVE SEEN IT TOO.

YOU KNOW THE GREED AND THE LUST THAT DRIVES MEN.

YOU SEE IT EVEN IN YOURSELF AND IT DISGUSTS YOU.

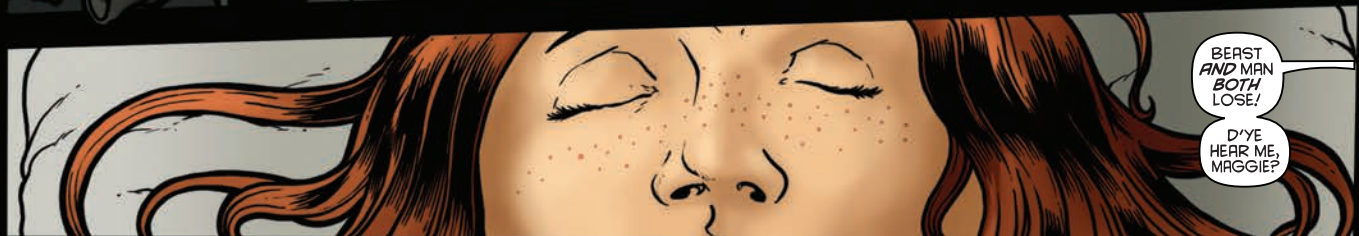


YOU KNOW HOW EARTH AND SEAS SUFFER UNDER THE PRESENCE OF MEN. YOU KNOW THIS WORLD WOULD THRIVE WERE IT NOT FOR YOUR SPECIES.



YOU KNOW THAT YOU MUST SURRENDER YOURSELF TO ME OR ELSE MEN WILL ONE DAY DOOM THE WORLD...

"MR, SOMETHING'S WRONG! SHE'S NOT BREATHING!"





"SO WE JUST LET THE MONSTER GET HERE, KILL HER AND STAND BACK WHILE THE END OF THE WORLD TAKES ITS COURSE...?"

"I *NEED* THAT MONSTER TO COME HERE. I *KNOW* WHAT I'M DOING, MAGGIE! JUST GIVE THE GIRL A CHANCE TO WAKE UP."

"SHE'LL BE DEEP IN *WYRDSpace* RIGHT NOW--"



"--OR TO WAKE UP AND DIE FIGHTING!"





I NEVER
GET IT
WRONG!

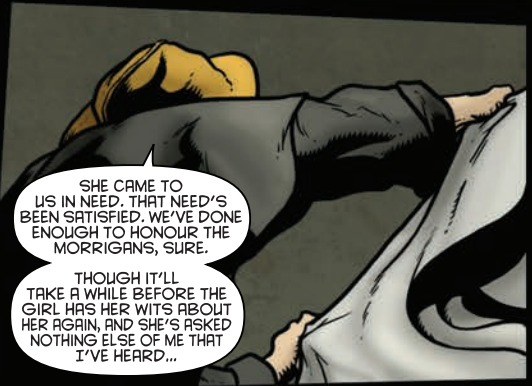


YET YOU THINK
YOU CAN STOP WHAT'S
COMING HERE TO KILL
HER AND US AND THE
REST OF THE WORLD
ALONG WITH HER?

WHAT'RE
YOU UP
TO, MAP?

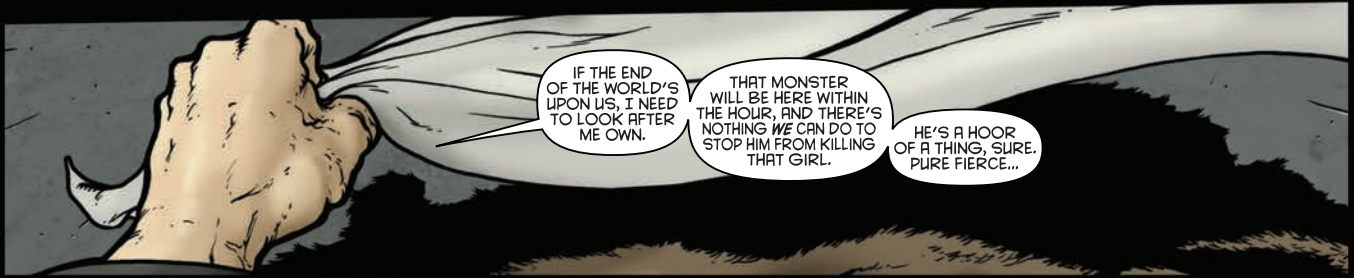
WORDS
BEYOND
WORLDS...
SO MANY
OF THEM...

PETE...?



SHE CAME TO
US IN NEED. THAT NEED'S
BEEN SATISFIED. WE'VE DONE
ENOUGH TO HONOUR THE
MORRIGANS, SURE.

THOUGH IT'LL
TAKE A WHILE BEFORE THE
GIRL HAS HER WITS ABOUT
HER AGAIN, AND SHE'S ASKED
NOTHING ELSE OF ME THAT
I'VE HEARD...



IF THE END
OF THE WORLD'S
UPON US, I NEED
TO LOOK AFTER
ME OWN.

THAT MONSTER
WILL BE HERE WITHIN
THE HOUR, AND THERE'S
NOTHING *WE* CAN DO TO
STOP HIM FROM KILLING
THAT GIRL.

HE'S A HOOR
OF A THING, SURE.
PURE FIERCE...



...BUT
LET'S SEE IF
WE CAN'T WRING
A *DEAL* OUT OF
HIM!



I TOLD
YE NOT TO CALL
ME AGAIN,
FINNBAR!



BUT WHY AM I STILL
HERE IF YOU'VE MOVED
EVERYONE ELSE
OFF SITE?

'COS I WANT
YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON
THE GIRL. WE'VE A VISITOR
COMING TO SEE HER AND
I WANT HIM TO KNOW
WHERE TO FIND HER.



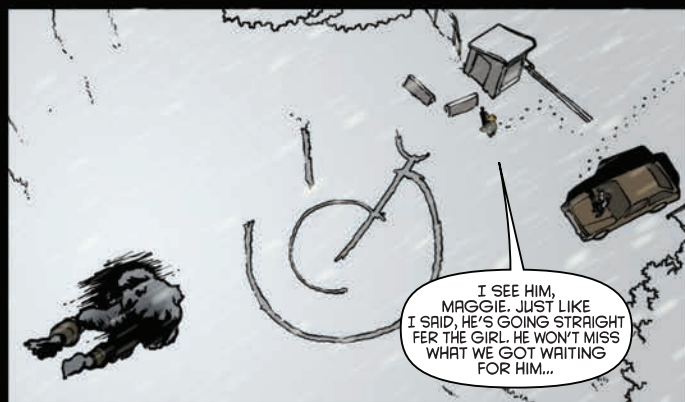
BUT SURE,
SHE'S TIED
TO A BED--

I'M TAKING
NO CHANCES. JUST
STAY WHERE Y'ARE,
YER USELESS GREAT
PRICK YER--

MA!



Y'SURE
YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING,
MA?



I SEE HIM,
MAGGIE. JUST LIKE
I SAID, HE'S GOING STRAIGHT
FER THE GIRL. HE WON'T MISS
WHAT WE GOT WAITING
FOR HIM...



...A QUARE
BIG FELLA,
SURE...

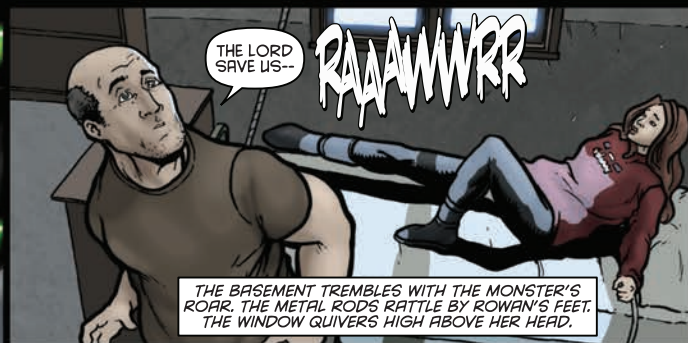


...STRENGJA!



RAAAWWRR

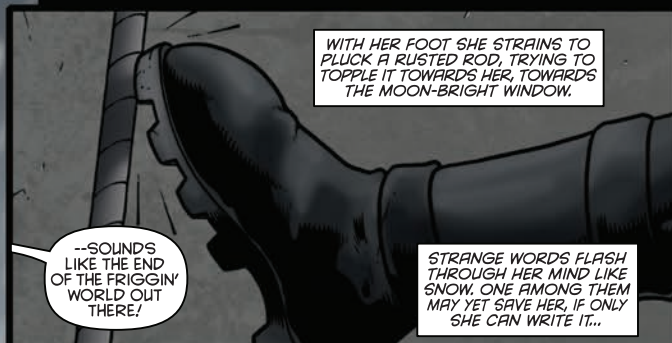
C'MON, MAGGIE. BRING YER PEN AND PAPER. WE'VE A SPELL WANTS CASTING!



THE LORD SAVE US--

RAAAWWRR

THE BASEMENT TREMBLES WITH THE MONSTER'S ROAR. THE METAL RODS RATTLE BY ROWAN'S FEET. THE WINDOW QUIVERS HIGH ABOVE HER HEAD.



WITH HER FOOT SHE STRAINS TO PLUCK A RUSTED ROD, TRYING TO TOPPLE IT TOWARDS HER, TOWARDS THE MOON-BRIGHT WINDOW.

--SOUNDS LIKE THE END OF THE FRIGGIN' WORLD OUT THERE!

STRANGE WORDS FLASH THROUGH HER MIND LIKE SNOW. ONE AMONG THEM MAY YET SAVE HER, IF ONLY SHE CAN WRITE IT...



RAAAWWRR

SHUT YER HOLE! Y'CAN HAVE THE GIRL ONCE WE'RE DONE WITH YER.

THAT'S IT, MAGGIE. THE THIRD AND SIXTH WARDS OF CERNUNNOS AND GLEIPNIR...



"ONCE THE PROPHECY'S FULFILLED AND THIS ONE AND HIS KIND TAKE OVER, THAT PROTECTION SPELL Y'WRITING WILL KEEP US SAFE AND HIDDEN. IT'LL MAKE SURE--"



RAAAWWRR

SHITE! HE'S GETTING LOOSE. KEEP WRITING. I'LL SING HIM A LULLABY...

THE RUNIC VERSES OF OISIN AND ORPHEUS SING SIMULTANEOUSLY IN TWO DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

THE CREATURE FALLS INTO A CHARMED SILENCE.

A SPELL SUCH AS THIS ONLY THE GREATEST OF RINECASTERS ARE CAPABLE.



A SPELL THAT DEMANDS THE MOST PROFOUND OF TRANCES, THE MOST SUBTLE, THE MOST DELICATE--

MISSUS! WHAT IN SHITE IS MAKING ALL THAT FECKIN' NOISE?

--THE MOST EASILY BROKEN...



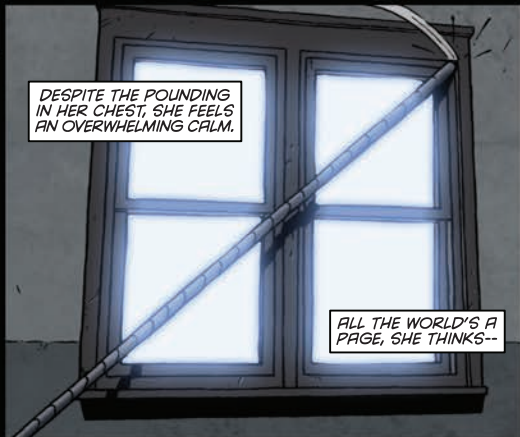
D'YE
HEAR ME...?

SHE WINCES AT THE SOUND
OF SCRAPING STONE. SHE
KICKS AGAIN AND THE ROD
BEGINS TO FALL.



THE WORD OF FATE WILL NOW BE HEARD.

IGNORING
ME NOW, Y'ALD
BITCH...?



DESPITE THE POUNDING
IN HER CHEST, SHE FEELS
AN OVERWHELMING CALM.

ALL THE WORLD'S A
PAGE, SHE THINKS--



WHASSAT?

--AND ALL THE
MEN AND WOMEN
MERELY WRITERS.



YE'VE BEEN
WRIGGLING ABOUT
OVER THERE, YA WEE
HOOR--



--WHAT'RE
YE UP TO?

DRAUGR!



THE SHADOW-WRITTEN RUNE FLASHES GREEN. THE FLOOR CRACKS AND WRITHING BRANCHES FLOOD THE ROOM.



THE SPRAWLING MASS TEARS ROWAN FROM HER BONDS, LANCES THE CEILING AFTER CEILING.



THE SPROUTING TREE HEAVES TO, ROCKING LIKE A GALLEON IN A SQUALL, SWAYING, HISSING, TOSSING RUBBLE FROM ITS MANE.



HUNNH!



OH.



JP 10



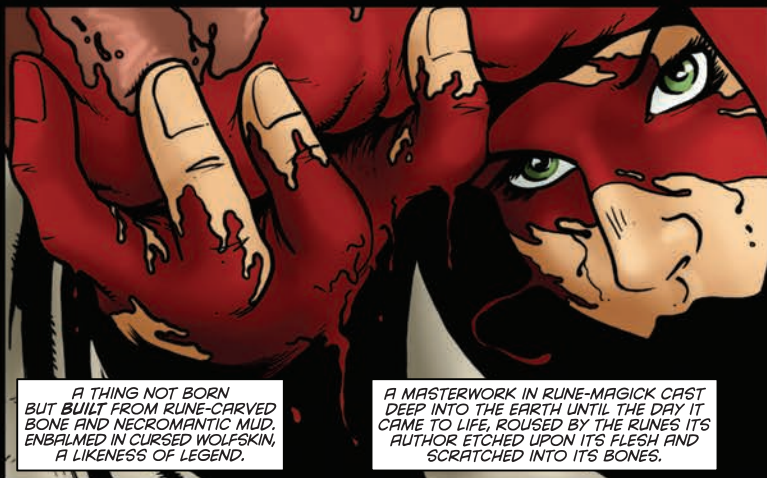




HHOOO-AK--!

AAKKK!

SHE CLAMBERS UP
A DANK AND HEAVING
THROAT, MADE NOT OF
FLESH BUT OF ALCHEMIC
CLAY, TATTOOED WITH
RUNIC SCRIPT.



A THING NOT BORN
BUT BUILT FROM RUNE-CARVED
BONE AND NECROMANTIC MUD.
ENBALMED IN CURSED WOLFSKIN,
A LIKENESS OF LEGEND.

A MASTERWORK IN RUNE-MAGICK CAST
DEEP INTO THE EARTH UNTIL THE DAY IT
CAME TO LIFE, ROUSED BY THE RUNES ITS
AUTHOR ETCHED UPON ITS FLESH AND
SCRATCHED INTO ITS BONES.



PROPHECY IN MOTION.



THE FUTURE MADE FLESH.



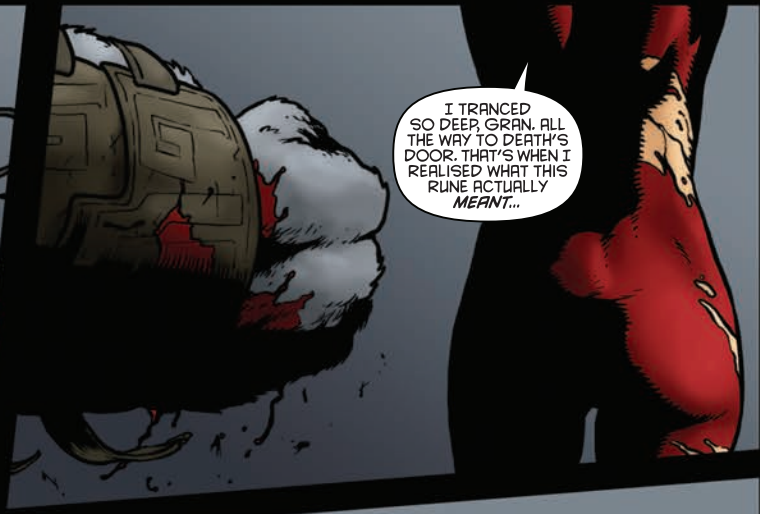
MY
PENDENT...THIS IS
WHAT BROUGHT
ME BACK.

OH GRAN,
I WISH YOU
COULD HEAR
ME...



I WAS DREAMING... DYING, AND I SAW ALL THESE RUNES FALLING LIKE SNOW.

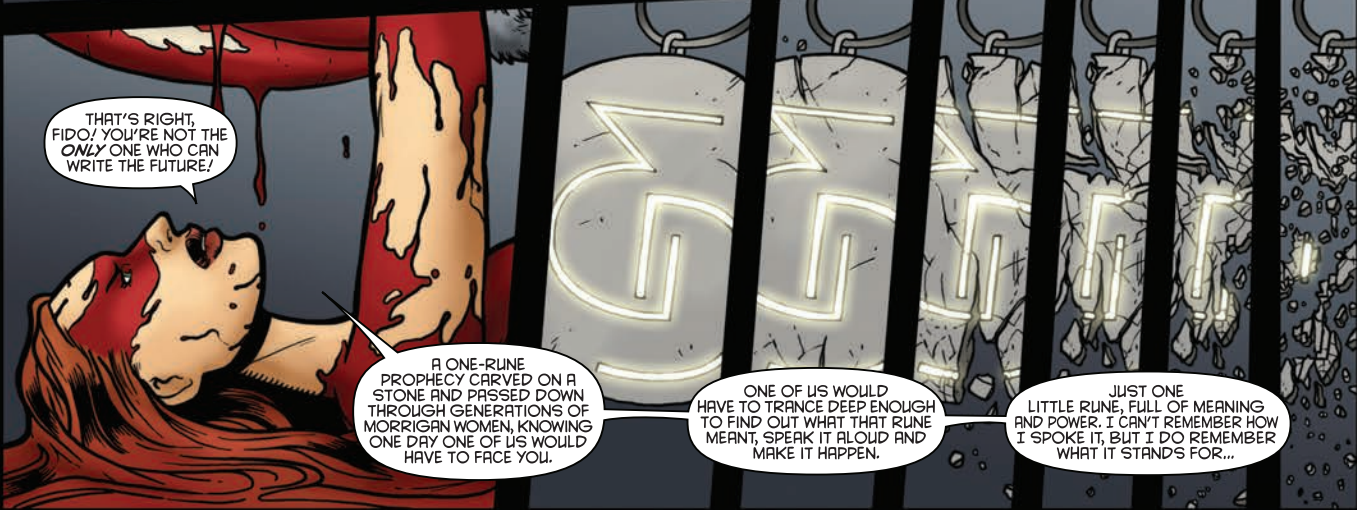
RUNES FROM DEEP INSIDE WYRDSpace, THE KIND OF RUNES FROM WHICH PROPHECIES ARE WRITTEN AND THIS... THIS WAS ONE OF THEM.



I TRANCED SO DEEP, GRAN. ALL THE WAY TO DEATH'S DOOR. THAT'S WHEN I REALISED WHAT THIS RUNE ACTUALLY MEANT...



UNNH!



THAT'S RIGHT, FIDO! YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN WRITE THE FUTURE!

A ONE-RUNE PROPHECY CARVED ON A STONE AND PASSED DOWN THROUGH GENERATIONS OF MORRIGAN WOMEN, KNOWING ONE DAY ONE OF US WOULD HAVE TO FACE YOU.

ONE OF US WOULD HAVE TO TRANCE DEEP ENOUGH TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT RUNE MEANT, SPEAK IT ALOUD AND MAKE IT HAPPEN.

JUST ONE LITTLE RUNE, FULL OF MEANING AND POWER. I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW I SPOKE IT, BUT I DO REMEMBER WHAT IT STANDS FOR...

... "RESURRECTION"!

LIKE SO IT
IS WRITTEN...



...LIKE
SO SHALL
IT BLOODY
WELL BE!

INDEED,
LITTLE ONE. AS MY
SPIRIT FADES, IT SEEMS
BOTH OUR PROPHECIES
HAVE NOW COME
TO PASS.

AS I FORETOLD, THE FULL
MOON ENDURES, THE AWFUL WINTER HAS
LIFTED AND FROM YOUR BLOOD SPILLED
BY MY HAND A BEAUTIFUL NEW WORLD
NOW THRIVES AND BLOSSOMS.

WHILE
YOU HAVE FOUND
A WAY TO ENSURE
THAT THE GREAT
PACK NOW RUNS
LEADERLESS.

YOU THINK
YOU MAY HAVE SAVED MEN
FROM EXTINCTION, BUT YOU
HAVE ONLY PROLONGED THE
INEVITABLE. CIVIL MEN HIDE
BESTIAL HEARTS.

AND I
HAVE TASTED
YOURS, ROWAN
MORRIGAN.
REMEMBER?

YOUR WORLD LIES
SHATTERED. YOUR FAMILY ARE
DEAD. YOUR CLOSEST FRIEND IS
NOW A RAMPANT BEAST. YOUR
WORLD HAS FINALLY ABANDONED
ALL PRETENCE OF ORDER.

AND
THIS EXCITES
YOU, DOES IT
NOT?

YOU NOW
HAVE THE POWER
WITH WHICH TO
WRITE YOUR OWN
STORY.

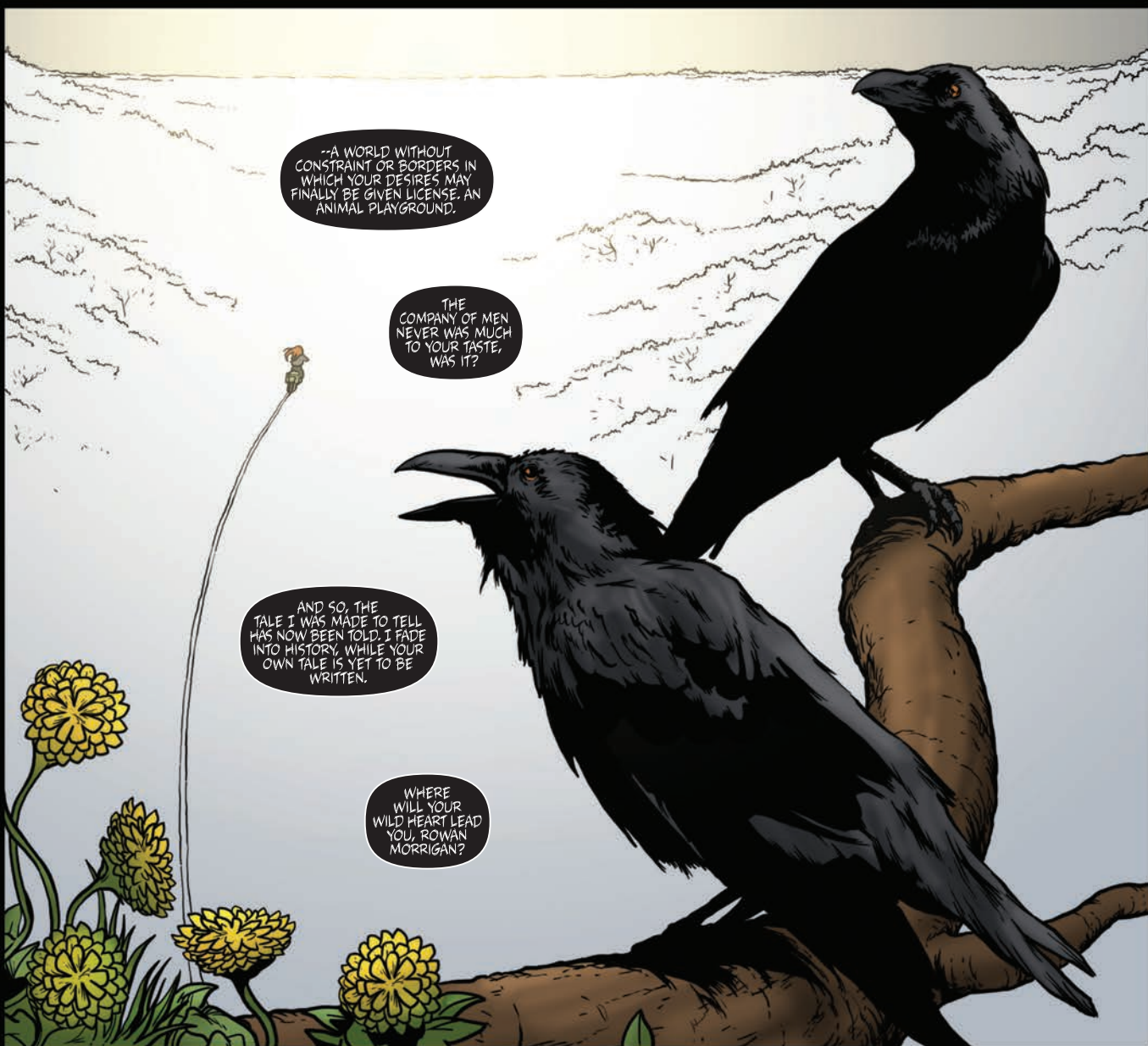
AND THE WORLD
NOW LIES BEFORE YOU LIKE
STRICKEN PREY, FOR YOU TO
SHAPE OR RAVISH AS YOU
WISH.

HLAUPA!



WHAT
ADVENTURES YOU
SHALL HAVE. WHAT
BEAUTY YOU SHALL
BEHOLD--

HA!
NICE ONE,
GRAN.

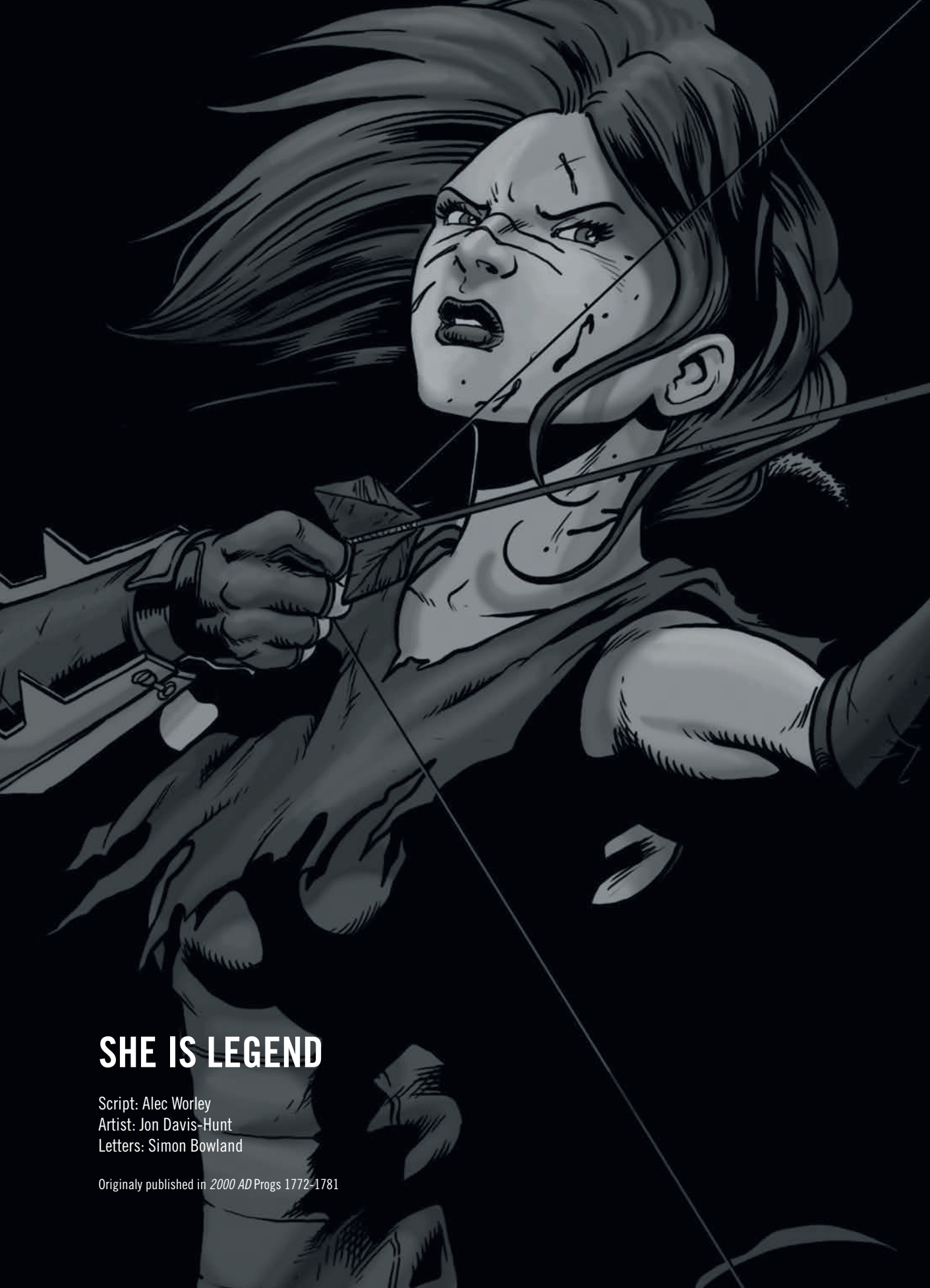


--A WORLD WITHOUT
CONSTRAINT OR BORDERS IN
WHICH YOUR DESIRES MAY
FINALLY BE GIVEN LICENSE. AN
ANIMAL PLAYGROUND.

THE
COMPANY OF MEN
NEVER WAS MUCH
TO YOUR TASTE,
WAS IT?

AND SO, THE
TALE I WAS MADE TO TELL
HAS NOW BEEN TOLD. I FADE
INTO HISTORY. WHILE YOUR
OWN TALE IS YET TO BE
WRITTEN.

WHERE
WILL YOUR
WILD HEART LEAD
YOU, ROWAN
MORRIGAN?



SHE IS LEGEND

Script: Alec Worley
Artist: Jon Davis-Hunt
Letters: Simon Bowland

Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1772-1781



ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A GREAT CITY.

AND ABOVE THAT CITY AROSE A MOON THAT NEVER WANED.

ARRRRRRROOOOON!



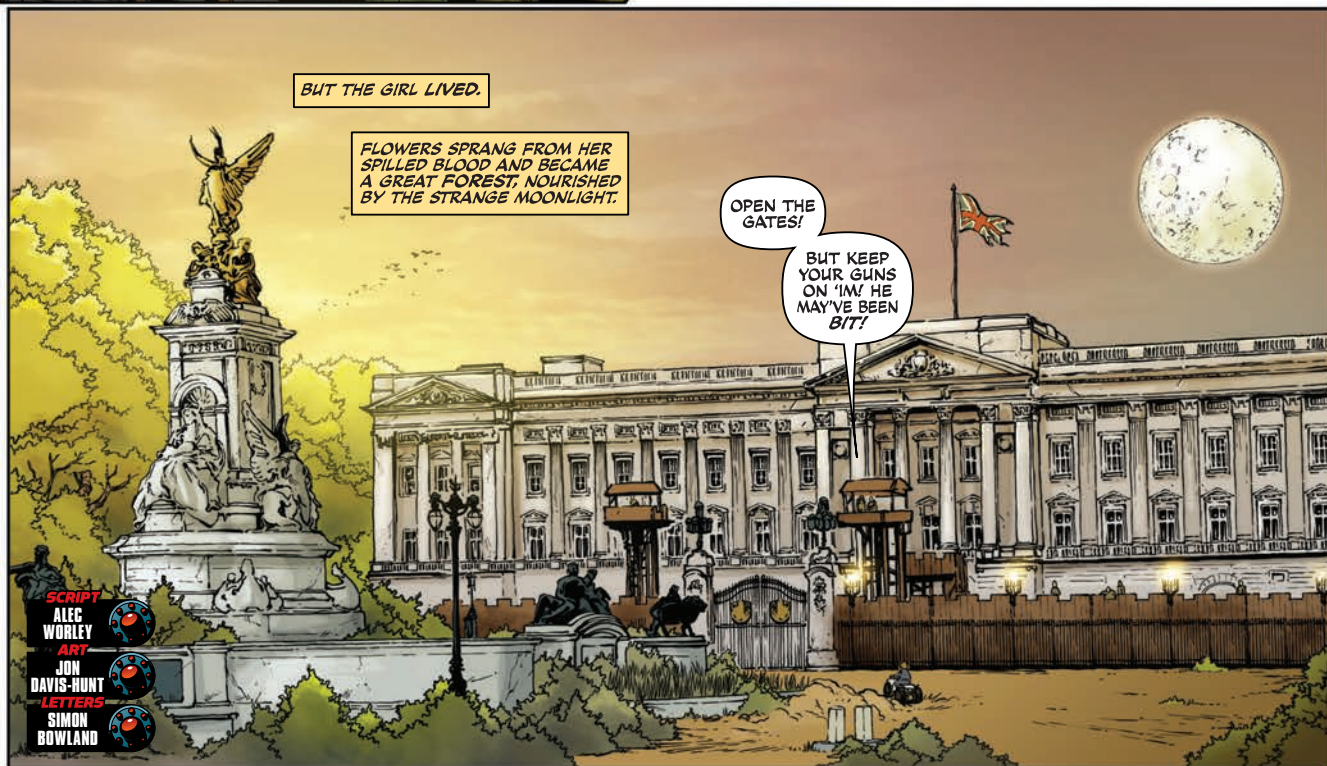
HEADS UP!

SOMETHING'S COMING IN FAST!



S'THE CAPTURE CREW! WHAT'S LEFT OF 'EM, ANYWAY.

BENEATH THIS MOON, THE BEAST IN MAN TOOK SHAPE AND A GIRL CAME FORTH FOR SACRIFICE. HER DEATH WOULD ENSURE THE DEATH OF ALL MANKIND.



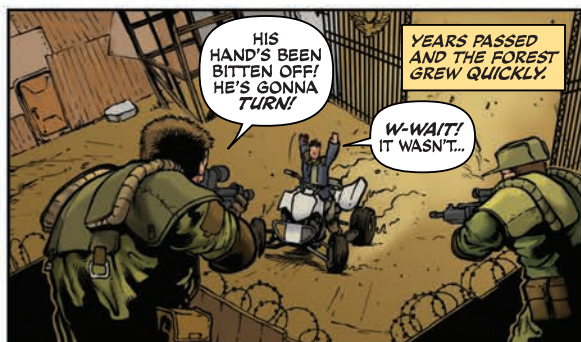
BUT THE GIRL LIVED.

FLOWERS SPRANG FROM HER SPILLED BLOOD AND BECAME A GREAT FOREST, NOURISHED BY THE STRANGE MOONLIGHT.

OPEN THE GATES!

BUT KEEP YOUR GUNS ON 'IM! HE MAY'VE BEEN BIT!

SCRIPT
ALEC
WORLEY
ART
JON
DAVIS-HUNT
LETTERS
SIMON
BOWLAND



HIS HAND'S BEEN BITTEN OFF! HE'S GONNA TURN!

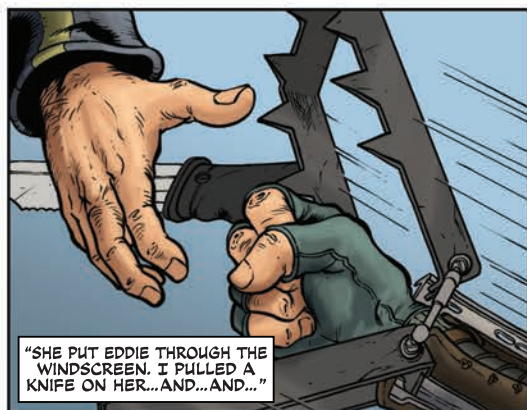
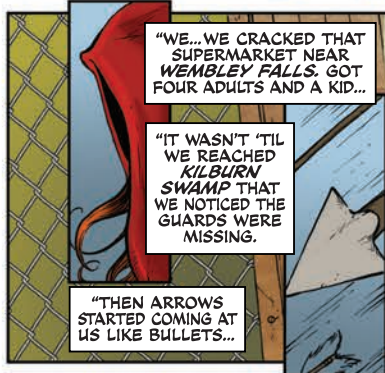
YEARS PASSED AND THE FOREST GREW QUICKLY.

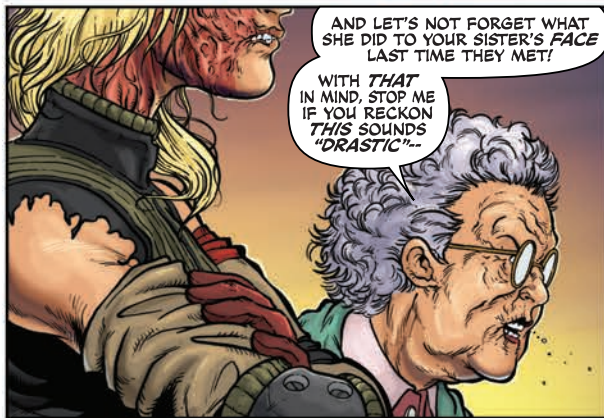
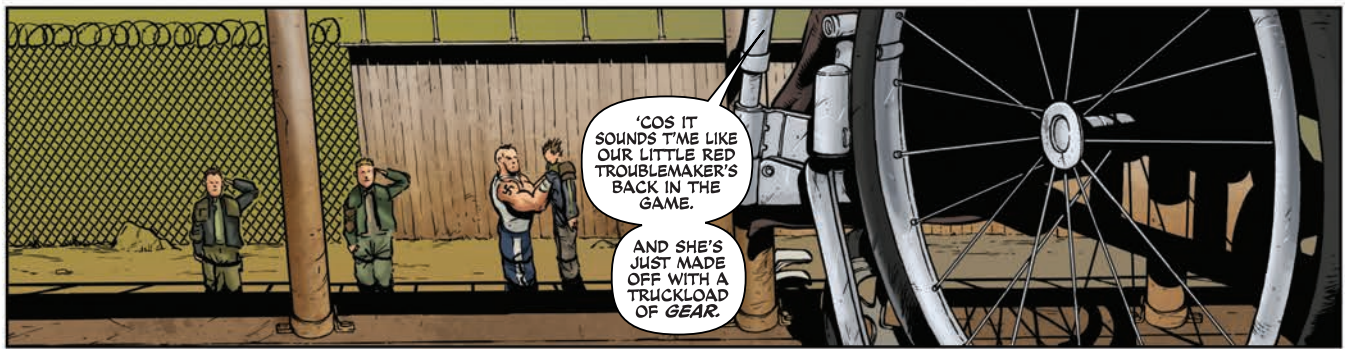
W-WAIT! IT WASN'T...

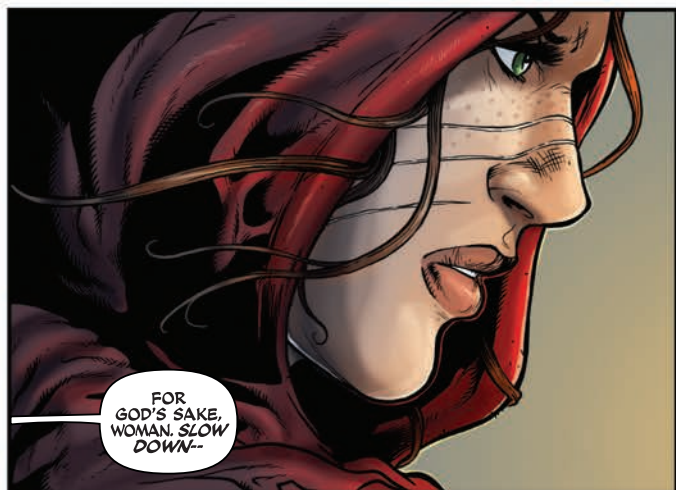


...IT W-WASN'T A WOLF!

AND THE GIRL LIVED ON.







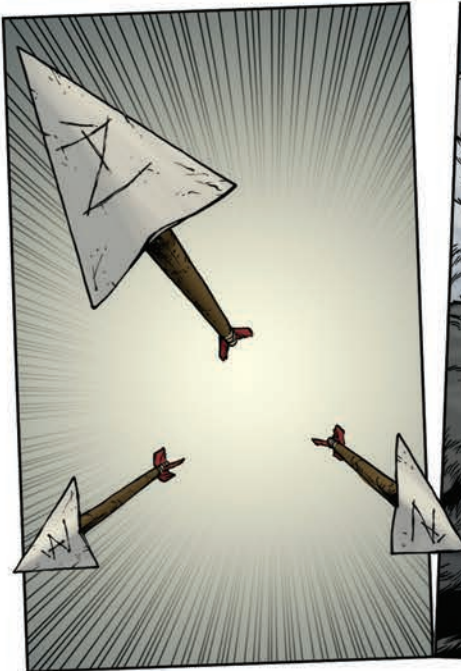


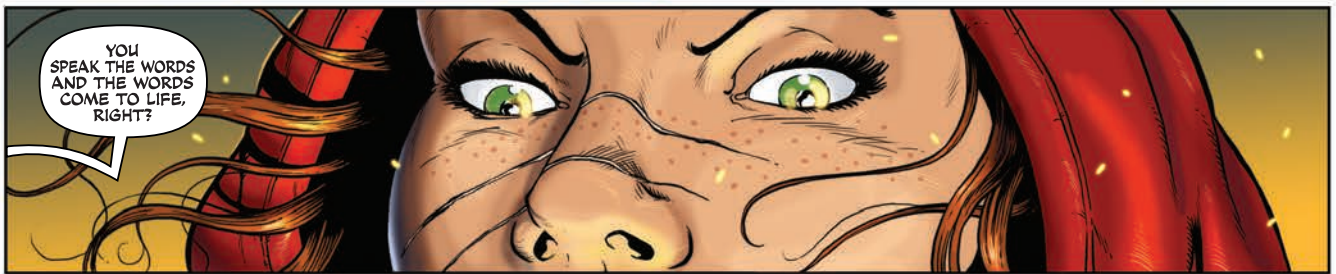
I DUNNO
IF YOU'VE
NOTICED--

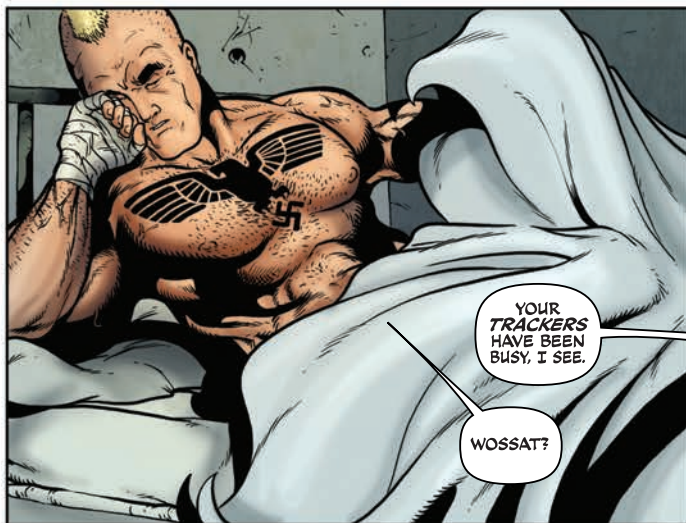
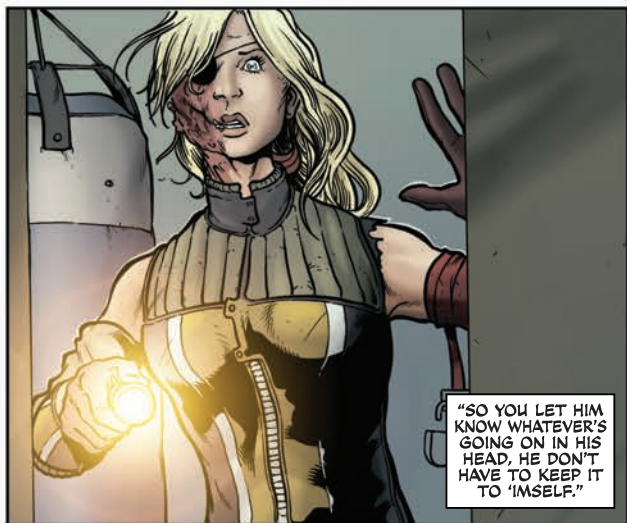
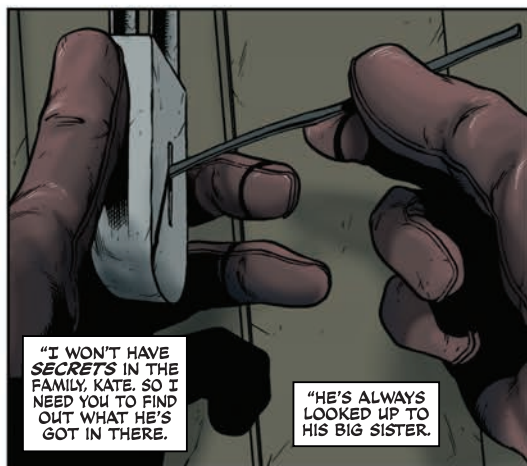
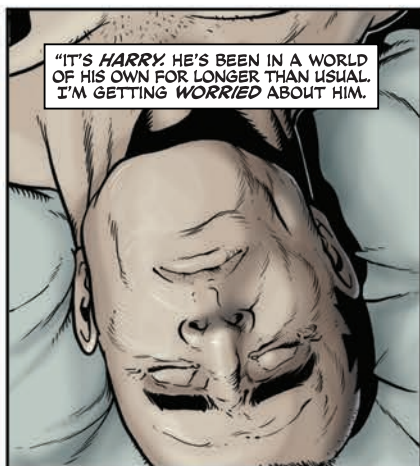


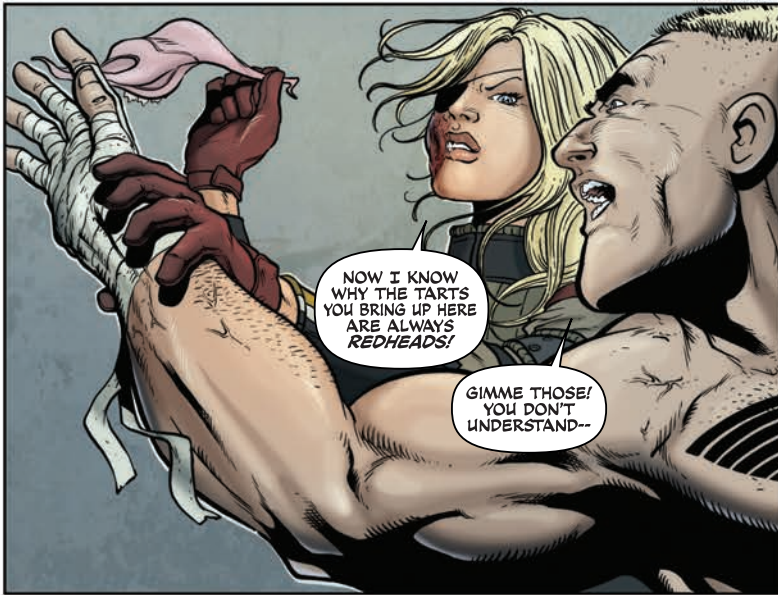
--BUT
I'M A LITTLE
BUSY
RIGHT
NOW!











NOW I KNOW WHY THE TARTS YOU BRING UP HERE ARE ALWAYS REDHEADS!

GIMME THOSE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--



MUCH AS I'D LOVE TO TELL GRAN ABOUT HER FAVOURITE GRANDSON'S CREEPY LITTLE SECRET, I'M GONNA KEEP THIS BETWEEN YOU'N ME.

FOR NOW.

AHH!



BUT YOU'D BETTER PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER BY THE TIME I GET--

YOU DON'T--



--UNDERSTAND!

UHN!



ROWAN'S IN LOVE WITH ME! SHE'S TOLD ME!

SHE WANTS TO JOIN THE CAUSE!



TOLD YOU? YOU'VE NEVER EVEN MET HER!

THIS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR FANCIES, HARRY? WELL, WAKE UP!

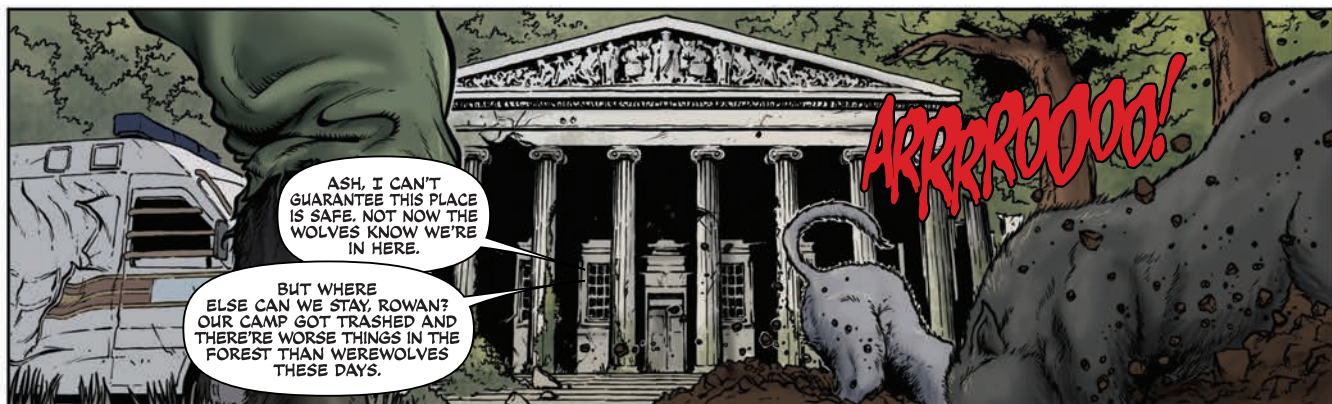
WE'RE AT WAR WITH THIS BITCH! AND NOW SHE'S BACK SHE'S GONNA TRY TO PUT US DOWN FOR GOOD!



KATE, I'M SORRY. I KNOW WE CAN'T RISK THIS OPERATION. JUST LET ME EXPLAIN--

S'ALL RIGHT, BRUV. I'LL BE BACK SOON--WITH YER GIRLFRIEND'S HEAD!

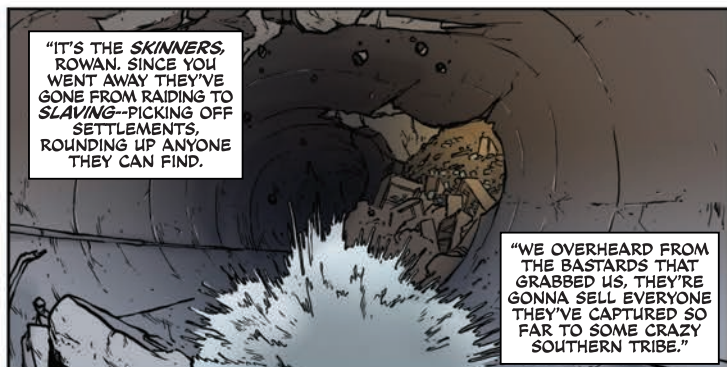
MAYBE YOU CAN ADD THAT TO YOUR COLLECTION, PSYCHO!



ASH, I CAN'T GUARANTEE THIS PLACE IS SAFE. NOT NOW THE WOLVES KNOW WE'RE IN HERE.

BUT WHERE ELSE CAN WE STAY, ROWAN? OUR CAMP GOT TRASHED AND THERE'RE WORSE THINGS IN THE FOREST THAN WEREWOLVES THESE DAYS.

ARRRRROOOO!



"IT'S THE SKINNERS, ROWAN. SINCE YOU WENT AWAY THEY'VE GONE FROM RAIDING TO SLAVING--PICKING OFF SETTLEMENTS, ROUNDING UP ANYONE THEY CAN FIND."

"WE OVERHEARD FROM THE BASTARDS THAT GRABBED US, THEY'RE GONNA SELL EVERYONE THEY'VE CAPTURED SO FAR TO SOME CRAZY SOUTHERN TRIBE."



IN TWO DAYS, THE SKINNERS ARE HANDING OVER A HUNDRED PEOPLE.

AND A MONTH LATER IT'LL BE A HUNDRED MORE...



EVERY SETTLEMENT AROUND HERE'S CLOSED THEIR DOORS SINCE THIS STARTED.

THERE'RE RUMOURS SOME ARE EVEN GRABBING STRANGERS AND SELLING THEM TO THE SKINNERS.

ASH, WE GOTTA MAKE A BREAK FOR FOREST GATE WHILE WE STILL GOT THE VAN.



FOREST GATE? ISN'T THAT A TOWN ON THE M25 TRAIL?

THAT'S THE ONE. THE RUNNERS'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT IT FOR WEEKS.

S'GOT FOOD, SHELTER, DEFENCES. PROPER ORGANISED. CLOSEST THING TO CIVILISATION ROUND 'ERE, BUT IT'S TOO FAR FOR MOST TO MAKE IT THERE ON FOOT BEFORE MOONRISE.



GOOD TO KNOW NOT EVERYTHING'S GOING TO HELL.

OKAY, GATHER YOUR THINGS. WE'LL CAMP ON THE ROOF TONIGHT. I'LL KEEP WATCH.

TOMORROW, YOU GUYS CAN HEAD TO FOREST GATE IN THE VAN.



YOU'RE GONNA RESCUE THOSE SLAVES? TAKE DOWN THE SKINNERS ONCE AND FOR ALL?

THAT'S CRAZY. THEY'VE AS GOOD AS GOT AN ARMY UP AT THAT PALACE...



ROWAN, WAIT UP...

SMALL WORLD, EH? CAN'T TELL YOU HOW GOOD IT IS TO SEE YOU AGAIN, ROW.

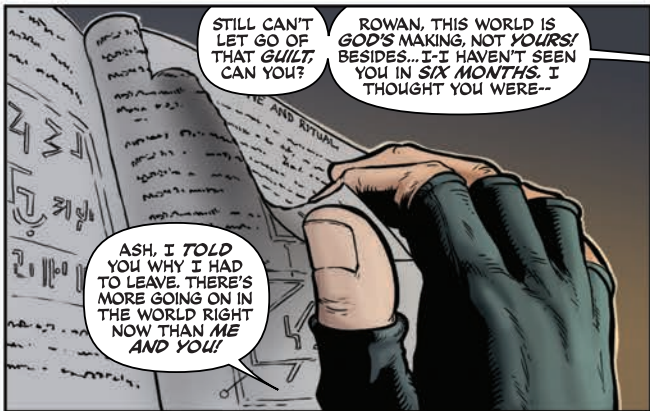
I GOT BACK TWO MOONS AGO. STOPPED HERE TO PICK UP SOME THINGS.



I'LL BE GONE AGAIN ONCE I'VE FIGURED OUT WHAT THE HELL I'M SUPPOSED TO DO NEXT.

YOU FIND WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR? A WAY TO MAKE THE WOLVES HUMAN AGAIN?

NOT YET.



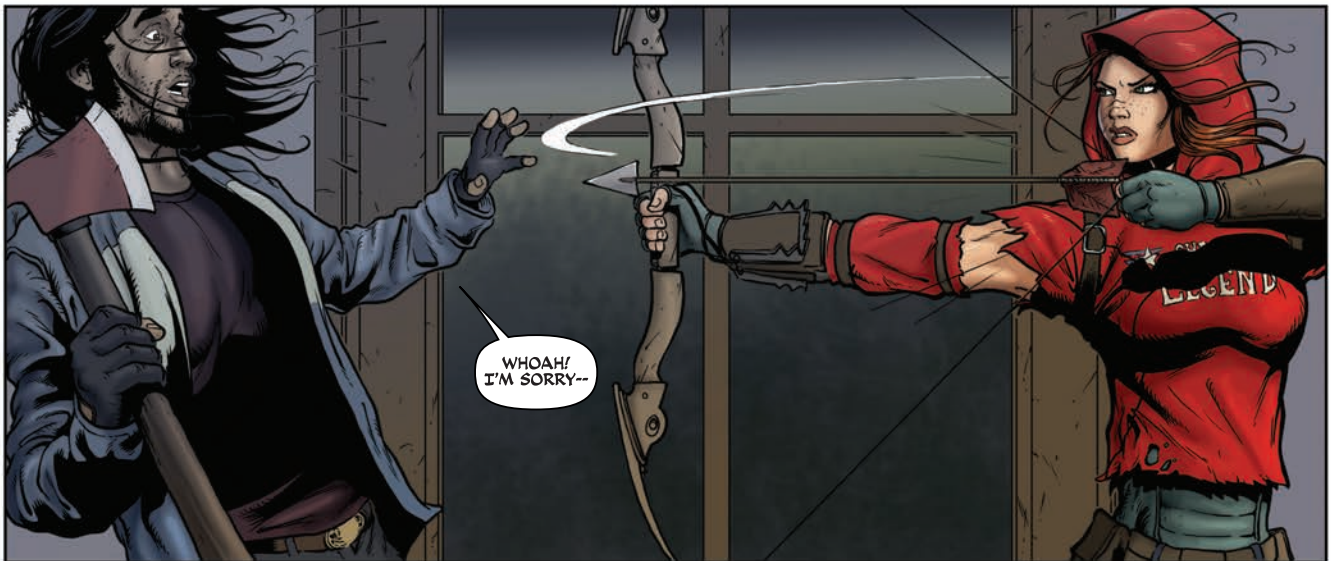
STILL CAN'T LET GO OF THAT GUILT, CAN YOU?

ROWAN, THIS WORLD IS GOD'S MAKING, NOT YOURS! BESIDES... I-I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN SIX MONTHS. I THOUGHT YOU WERE--

ASH, I TOLD YOU WHY I HAD TO LEAVE. THERE'S MORE GOING ON IN THE WORLD RIGHT NOW THAN ME AND YOU!

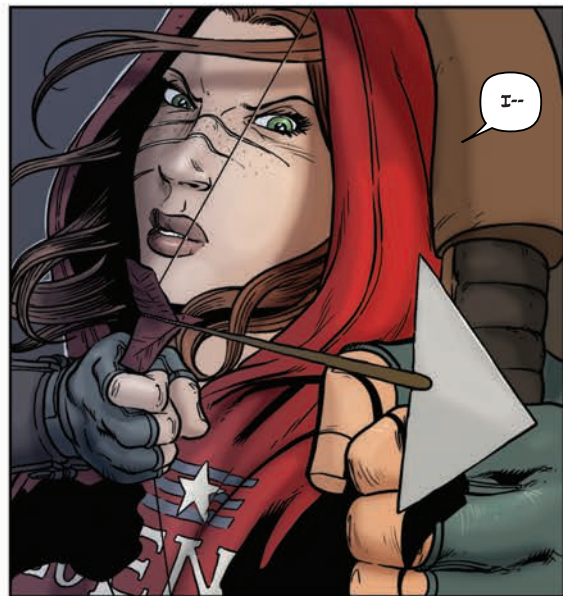


REALLY? WELL, SINCE YOU LEFT ME AND YOU IS ALL I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT--

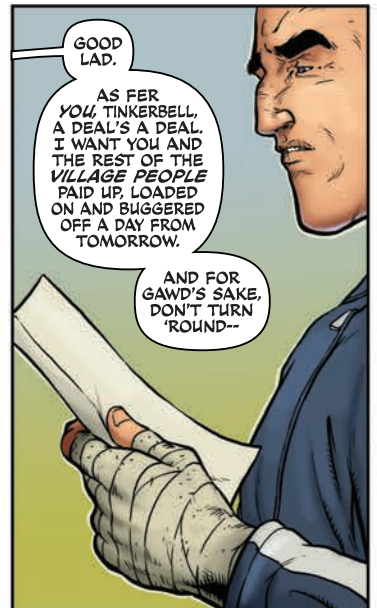
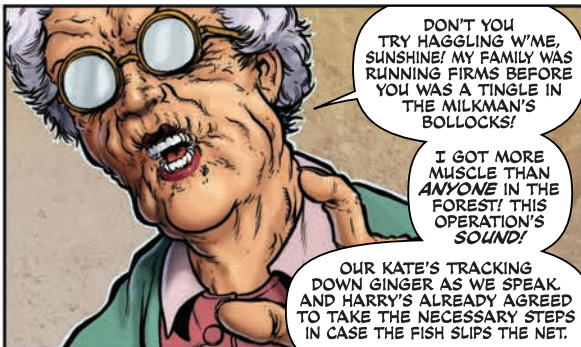
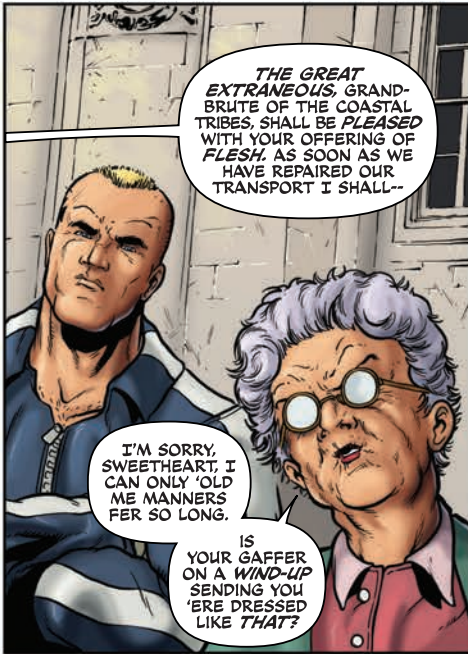


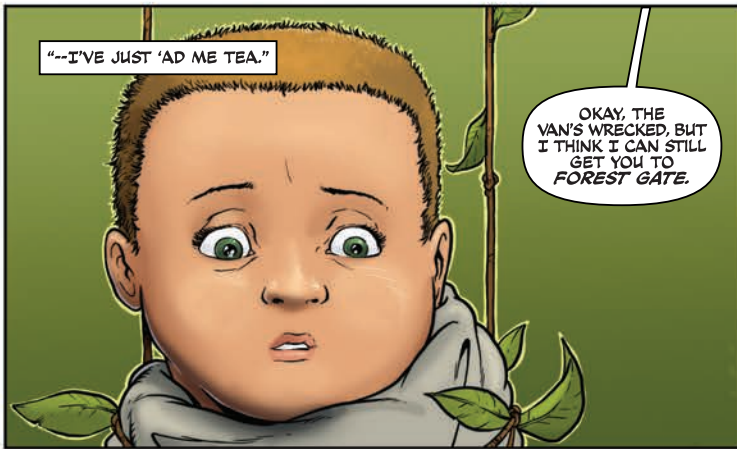
WHOA! I'M SORRY--





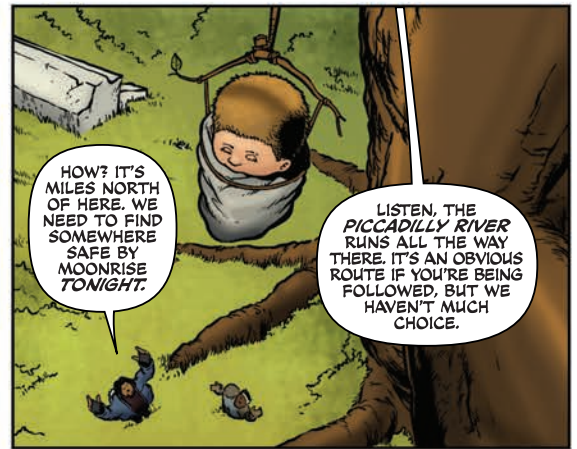






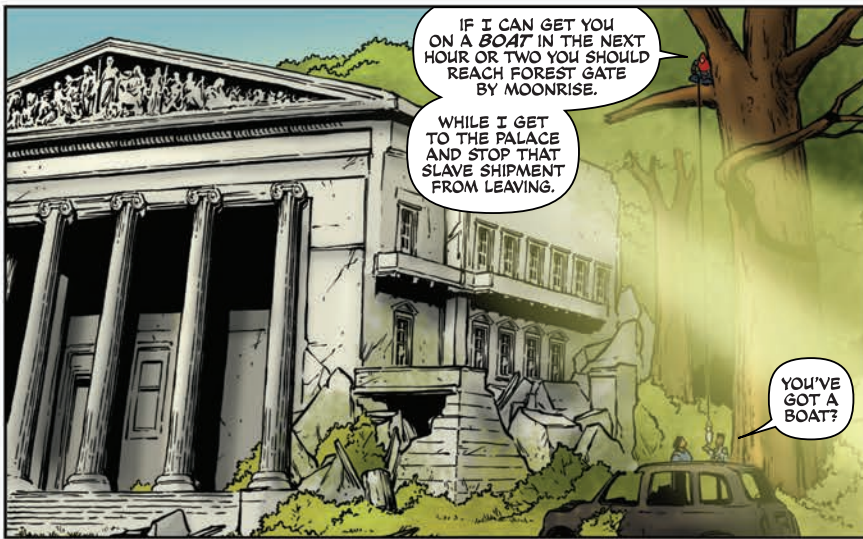
"--I'VE JUST 'AD ME TEA."

OKAY, THE
VAN'S WRECKED, BUT
I THINK I CAN STILL
GET YOU TO
FOREST GATE.



HOW? IT'S
MILES NORTH
OF HERE. WE
NEED TO FIND
SOMEWHERE
SAFE BY
MOONRISE
TONIGHT.

LISTEN, THE
PICCADILLY RIVER
RUNS ALL THE WAY
THERE. IT'S AN OBVIOUS
ROUTE IF YOU'RE BEING
FOLLOWED, BUT WE
HAVEN'T MUCH
CHOICE.



IF I CAN GET YOU
ON A **BOAT** IN THE NEXT
HOUR OR TWO YOU SHOULD
REACH **FOREST GATE**
BY MOONRISE.

WHILE I GET
TO THE PALACE
AND STOP THAT
SLAVE SHIPMENT
FROM LEAVING.

YOU'VE
GOT A
BOAT?



NO,
BUT I KNOW
WHERE I CAN
GET ONE.



"YOU EVER HEARD
OF THE **K9 KREW?**"

I DUNNO
WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING, KASS. I THINK
IT'S SOME SORT OF
PRE-MOON
LANGUAGE.

GT 404.
WE'RE BZ.



WE'RE HAVN
A CEREMONY.
NO OUTSIDERS
ALLOWED!

NOW
GT OUTA MY
FACE B4 ME N
D BOYZ MESS
U^.. LOL..



BRING IT,
YOU SCRAWNY
WEE FECKER.

I'M THE ONE
YOU RODENTS WHISPER
STORIES ABOUT ROUND
THE CAMPFIRE, THE ONE
WHO SAVED YOU ALL
FROM THE *CHARING*
CROSS CANNIBALS
LAST WINTER.



YOUR *ALPHA*
PROMISED ME A FAVOUR.
SO UNLESS YOU WANT ME
TO BURN YOUR LITTLE
PLAYPEN AROUND
YOUR INBRED EARS YOU'LL
GIMME WHAT I WANT
RIGHT NOW.



OKAY, GUYS.
THEY'VE AGREED TO GIVE
US A BOAT, BUT WE'LL
HAVE TO PASS THROUGH
THEIR SETTLEMENT WITH
AN ESCORT.



URNS OUT
THEY'RE IN THE MIDDLE
OF SOME KIND OF *RITUAL*.
AND I DOUBT THEY'RE
DANCING ROUND
A MAYPOLE.

BUT WHATEVER
THEY'RE UP TO IN
THERE, DON'T SAY OR
DO *ANYTHING* TO PISS
'EM OFF. THERE'S AN
AWFUL LOT OF THEM
IN THERE.



THEY'RE
JUST KIDS...

THEY'RE WOLF-
WORSHIPPERS,
KASSI. THE POST-
MOON WORLD'S
ALL THEY'VE
EVER KNOWN.



THEY BELIEVE
THE WEREWOLVES
ARE HERE TO DRIVE
OUT HUMANITY
AND ESTABLISH A
NEW EDEN.

SO I GUESS
THAT'S WHAT
THEY CALL
PROGRESS.



THEY'VE
OPENED UP
A WOLF
PIT.

DIS AM WE
CORT DEEZ OUTSIDERS
TRSPASIN ON R SACRD
GROUNDS!



"THE WOLVES SLEEP BELOW GROUND DURING THE DAY.

"THERE'RE
THOUSANDS OF THEM
IN THE OLD SEWERS
AND WHAT'S LEFT OF
THE UNDERGROUND
TUNNELS.



"NOTHING WITH
LESS THAN FOUR
LEGS GOES
DOWN THERE
AND LIVES."

4 DIS DEY
SHLL MKE D
ULTIMS
SACRIFICE!

NO,
PLEASE--!



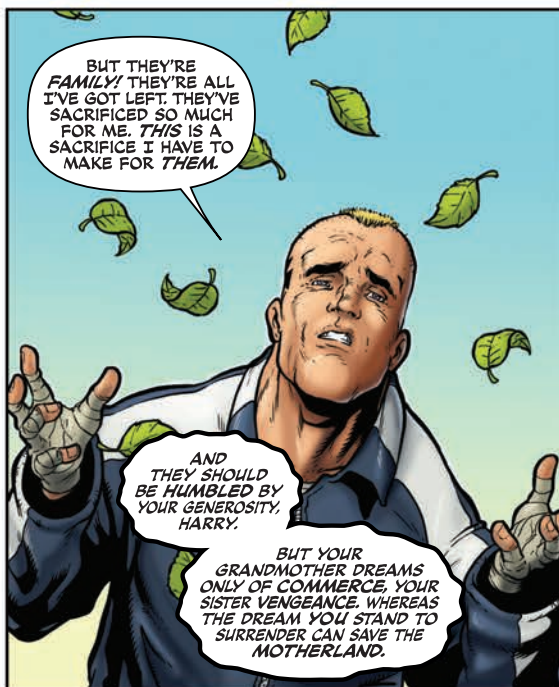
YAAAAAYY!

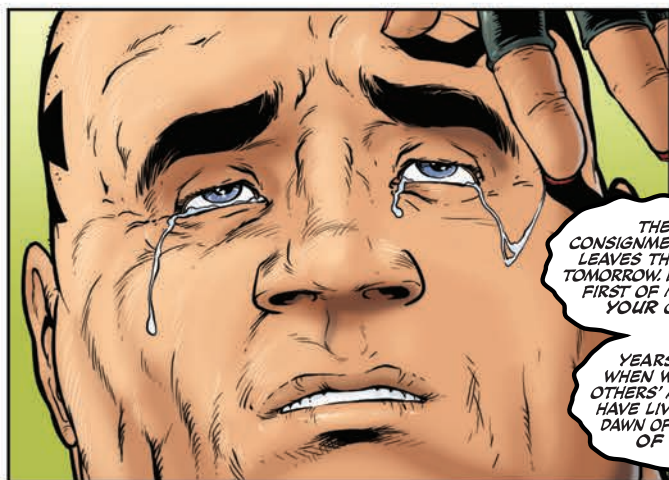
ROWAN!
TAKE IT EASY.
THINK OF
KASS AND
KEIRA.



YOU
CAN'T SAVE
EVERYONE.

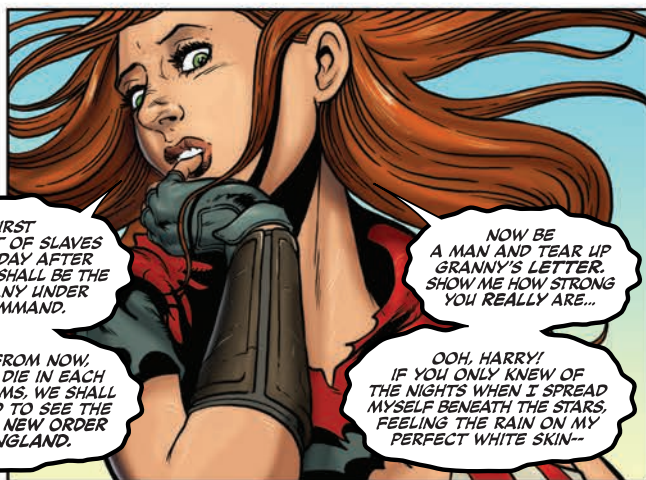






THE FIRST CONSIGNMENT OF SLAVES LEAVES THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW. IT SHALL BE THE FIRST OF MANY UNDER YOUR COMMAND.

YEARS FROM NOW, WHEN WE DIE IN EACH OTHERS' ARMS, WE SHALL HAVE LIVED TO SEE THE DAWN OF A NEW ORDER OF ENGLAND.



NOW BE A MAN AND TEAR UP GRANNY'S LETTER. SHOW ME HOW STRONG YOU REALLY ARE...

OOH, HARRY! IF YOU ONLY KNEW OF THE NIGHTS WHEN I SPREAD MYSELF BENEATH THE STARS, FEELING THE RAIN ON MY PERFECT WHITE SKIN--



--DREAMING OF THE NIGHTS WHEN YOU AND I CAN ACHIEVE ECSTASY BENEATH THE FULL MOON...

IT'S DONE!

NOW I CAN'T RETURN TO THE PALACE UNTIL I'VE FOUND YOU.



THOSE SLAVES YOU RESCUED WILL RUN NORTH, WON'T THEY? I'LL FIND THEM, MAKE THEM LEAD ME BACK TO YOU AND--

WHAT'S THAT ROWAN...?



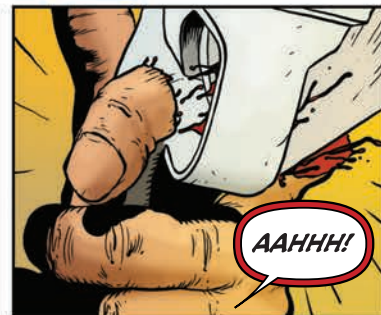
YES, THEY ARE INDEED MAGNIFICENT! BUT I-I SENSE THIS IS ANOTHER TEST OF CHARACTER, MY QUEEN...

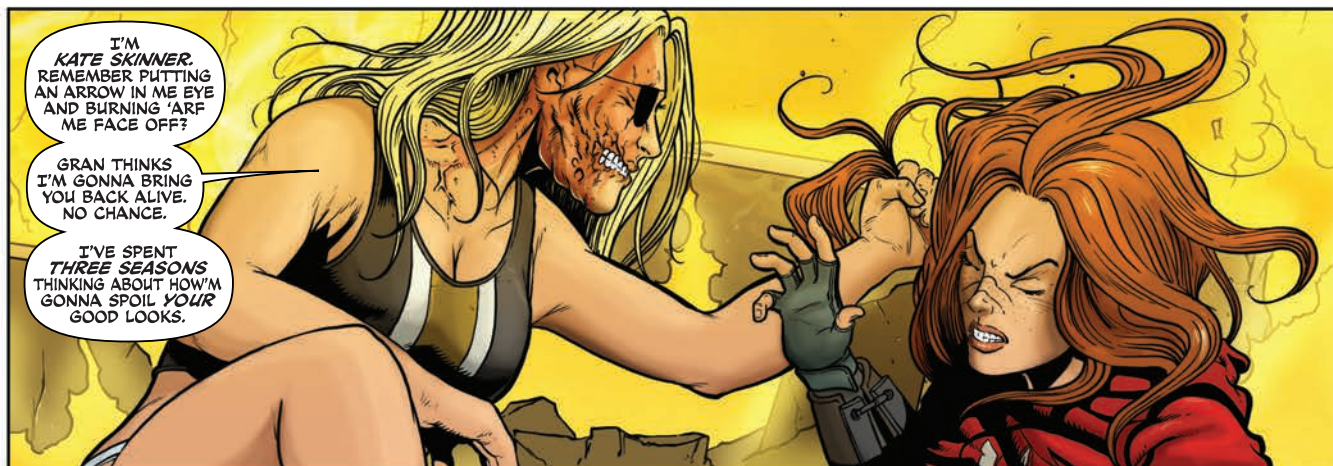
OH YES...MOST CERTAINLY...

REST ASSURED, THAT NIGHT WILL COME, MY LOVE.



I'LL COME FOR YOU AND TAKE WHAT'S MINE--





I'M KATE SKINNER. REMEMBER PUTTING AN ARROW IN ME EYE AND BURNING 'ARF ME FACE OFF?

GRAN THINKS I'M GONNA BRING YOU BACK ALIVE. NO CHANCE.

I'VE SPENT THREE SEASONS THINKING ABOUT HOW'M GONNA SPOIL YOUR GOOD LOOKS.



O! FINGERS!



MY OLD MAN GOT ME THIS. S'A .44 MAGNUM SIDEWINDER.

S'NICE, INNIT?

NOW 'OLD STILL. WE CAN'T HAVE YOU PLUCKING THAT BOW ANY MORE, CAN WE?



GET AWAY FROM HER!

CHRIST--!

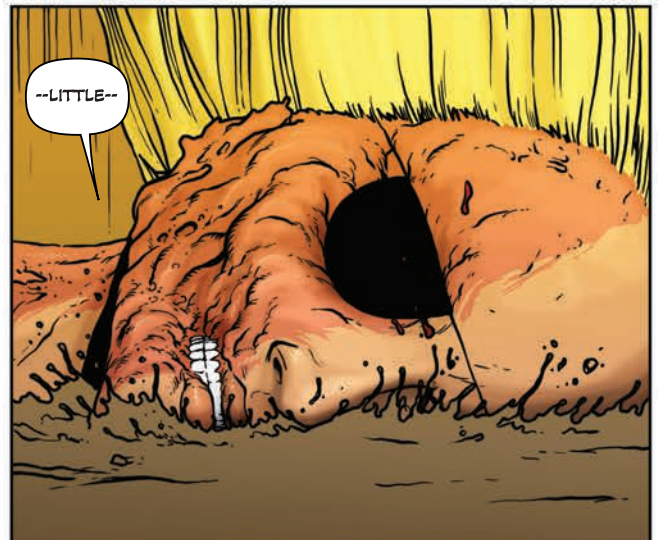


UH!

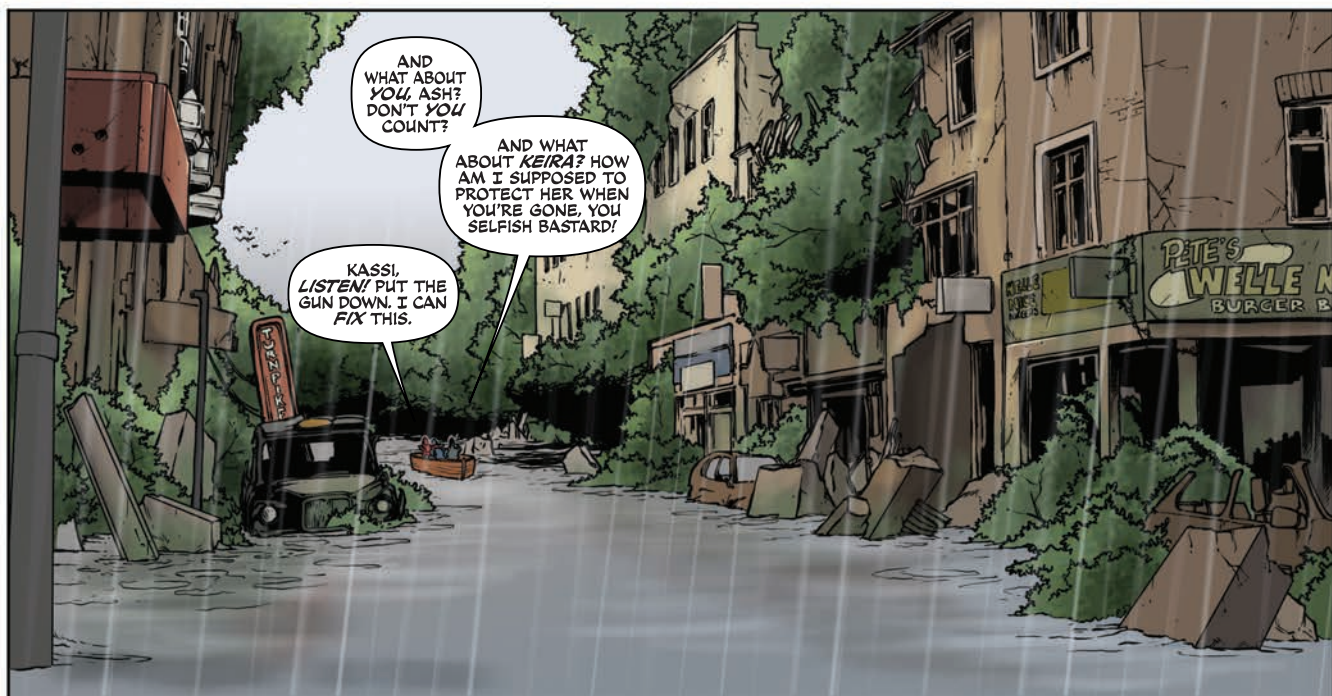
GEROFFOUTTOVIT!



"MATE O'YOURS, GINGER?







TATTOOS ARE
HARAAM, ROWAN.
FORBIDDEN.

I DON'T RECALL
YOU *FORBIDDING*
YOURSELF MUCH
WHEN WE WERE
TOGETHER!

I LOVE YOU, ROWAN.
GOD UNDERSTANDS THAT. BUT
THESE ARE THE END OF DAYS.
AL QARI'AH, YOU'VE TOLD ME
AS MUCH YOURSELF.

IF GOD WANTS ME
TO BECOME PART OF HIS
NEW WORLD THEN I... I
ACCEPT THAT.

HE'S SET US ON
DIFFERENT PATHS, ROWAN.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO ADMIT
THAT TO MYSELF EVER
SINCE YOU LEFT.



HE DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT HE'S
SAYING, ROWAN. IF
YOU LET HIM GO,
HE'LL *CHANGE*
AND HE'LL *KILL*
OTHERS.

NOW
GET OUT OF
THE WAY! YOU'VE
GOTTA LET ME
DO THIS--



HEY!

ROWAN,
WHAT'RE YOU
DOING? HE'LL *KILL*
US UNLESS WE DO
SOMETHING!



YOU *HAVE* TO
LET ME GO, ROWAN. I
CAN *FEEL* THE MOON.
I DON'T KNOW HOW
MUCH LONGER I CAN
HOLD OUT...

YOU CAN'T SAVE
EVERYONE...

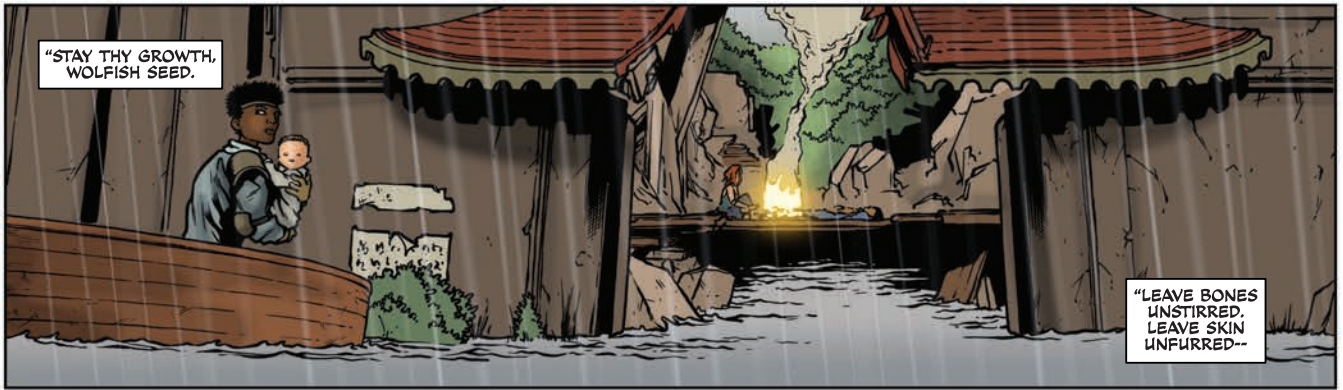


YOU
CAN'T FIX THE
WORLD LIKE IT'S
A BROKEN-DOWN
MACHINE...



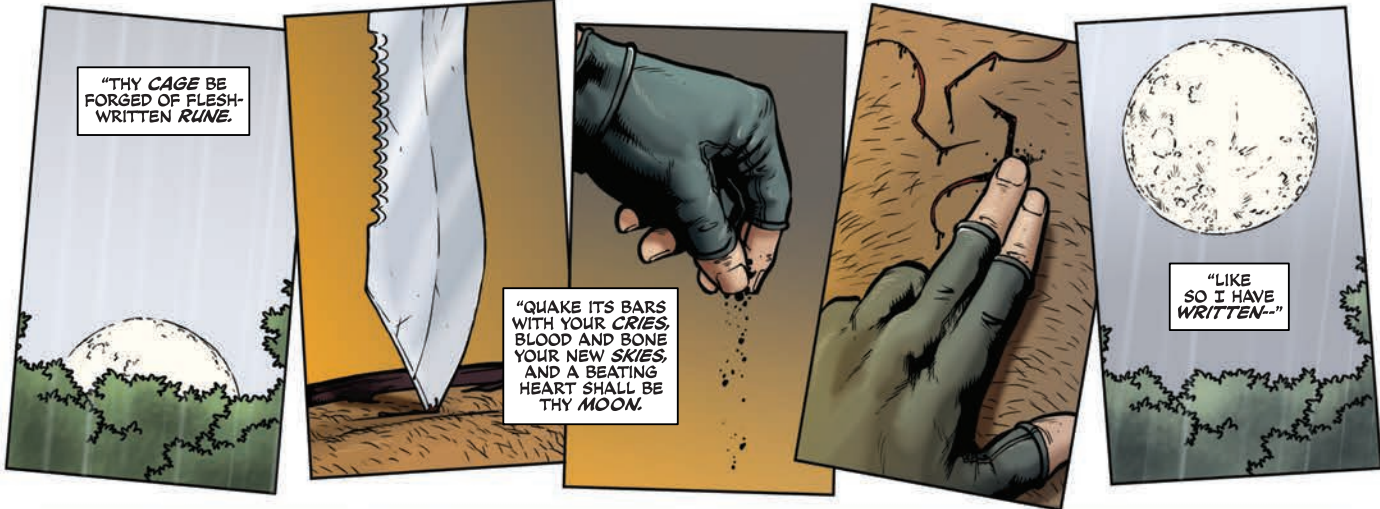
YOU CAN'T FIGHT GOD'S
WILL!





"STAY THY GROWTH,
WOLFISH SEED."

"LEAVE BONES
UNSTIRRED.
LEAVE SKIN
UNFURRED--"



"THY *CAGE* BE
FORGED OF FLESH-
WRITTEN *RUNE*."

"QUAKE ITS BARS
WITH YOUR *CRIES*,
BLOOD AND BONE
YOUR NEW *SKIES*,
AND A BEATING
HEART SHALL BE
THY *MOON*."

"LIKE
SO I HAVE
WRITTEN--"



--LIKE
SO SHALL
IT *BE*!



UHHHH...



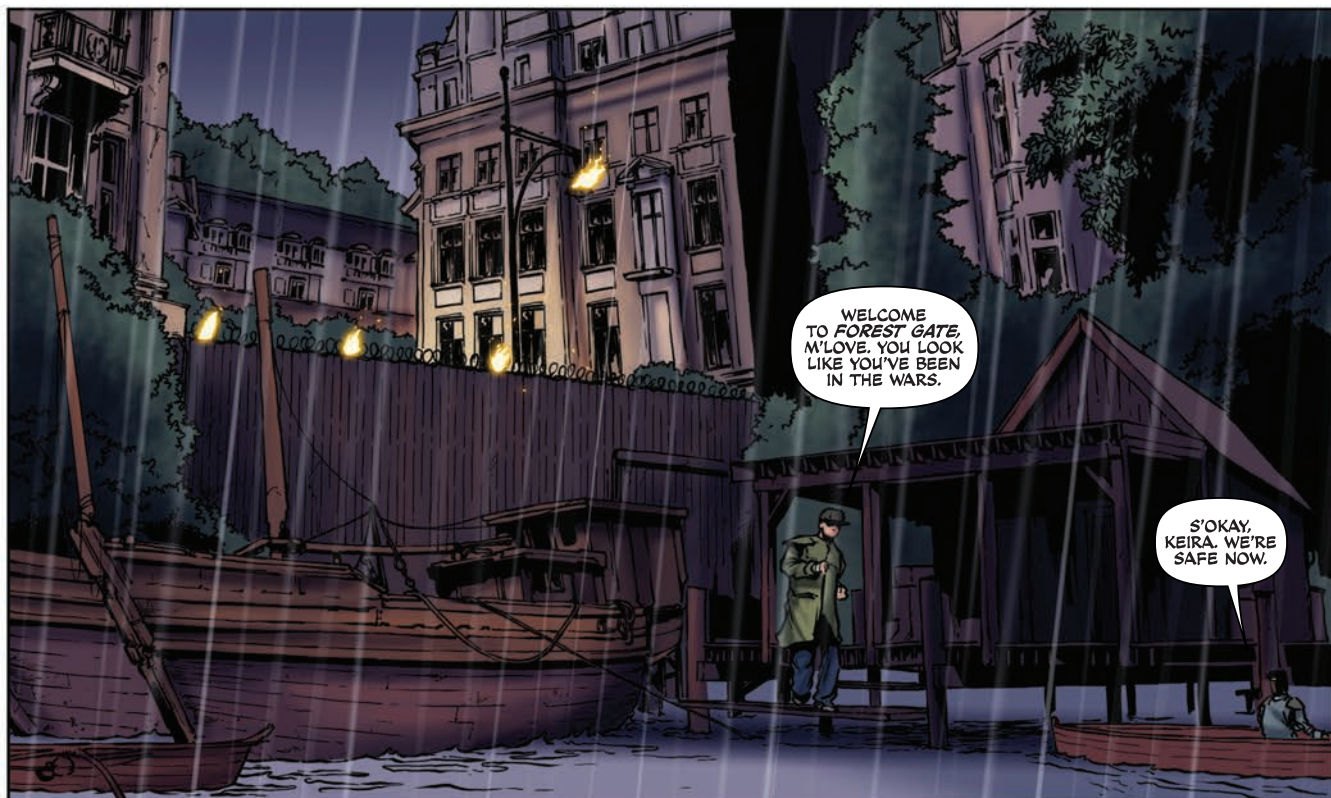
MM.



WHAT...
WHAT'VE
YOU *DONE*,
ROWAN...?



"YOU CAN'T FIGHT *GOD'S WILL*..."



WELCOME TO *FOREST GATE*, M'LOVE. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN IN THE WARS.

S'OKAY, KEIRA. WE'RE SAFE NOW.



MOON'S UP SO I GUESS YOU AIN'T BEEN BIT.

SEE ANYONE ELSE ON YOUR WAY UP 'ERE?

UH, NO...NO ONE. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I--



YOU SURE?

...PLEASE, I JUST WANNA GET INSIDE.



I... I'VE GOT A GUN.



HMM. A .44 MAGNUM SIDEWINDER.

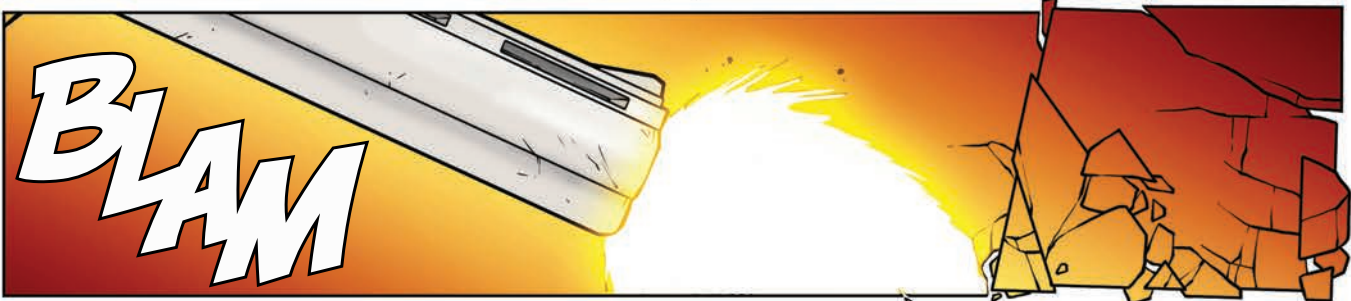
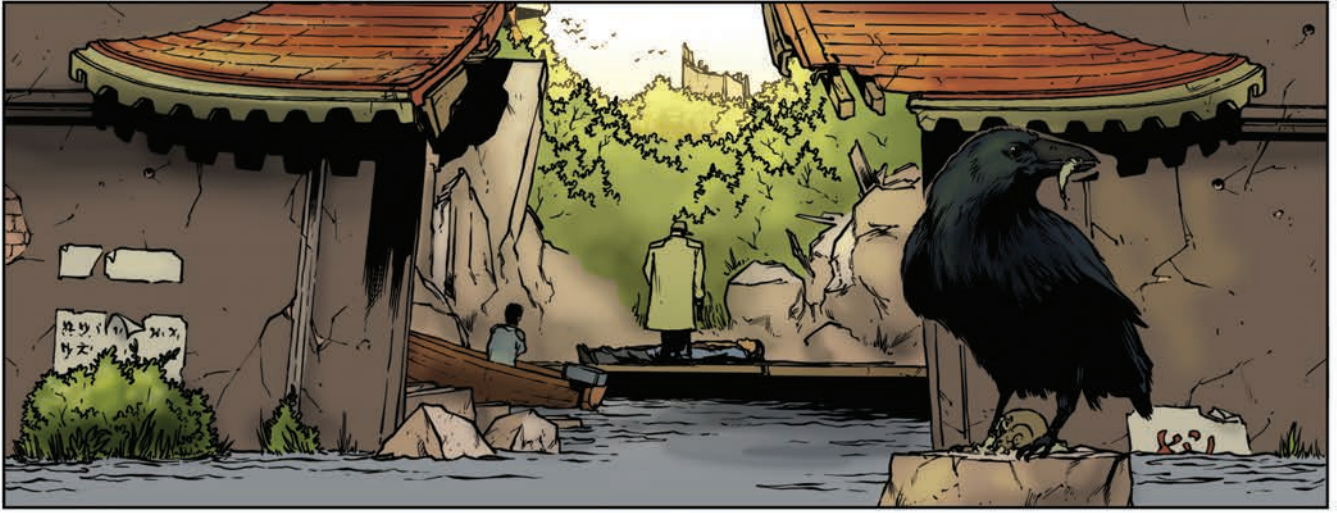
MY SISTER HAD ONE JUST LIKE IT!



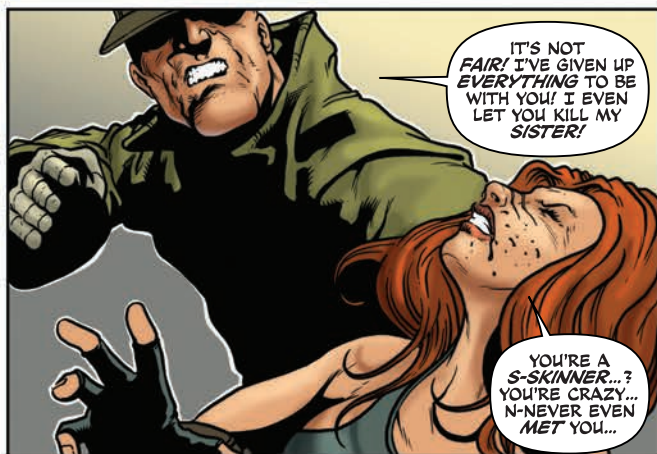
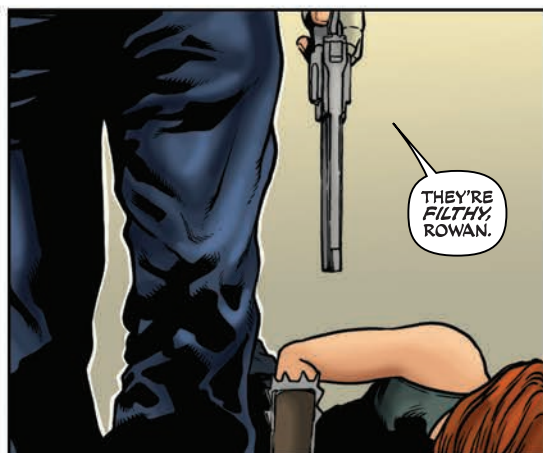
ALL RIGHT, SWEETHEART, UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO DROWN THAT KID, YOU'LL THINK TWICE ABOUT SCREAMING.

NOW, I TAKE IT YOU'RE ONE OF THEM *RUNAWAYS* WHAT GOT RESCUED BY *LITTLE RED ROBIN HOOD*.

D'YOH RECKON YOU COULD *INTRODUCE* ME? I'M HER BIGGEST *FAN*...









I CAN'T LET YOU *LIVE* LIKE THIS, MY LOVE. NOT NOW THAT PARASITE'S POLLUTED YOU.

HAS IT TAKEN *EVERYTHING*? IS THERE ANYTHING LEFT OF YOU AT ALL...?



SAY YOU STILL LOVE ME.

IF YOU CAN SAY THAT IT'LL BE ENOUGH. WE CAN STILL BE TOGETHER. DIE OLD IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, JUST LIKE YOU *PROMISED*.



SAY IT, PLEASE!

DON'T MAKE ME LIVE WITHOUT YOU!

ARRRRROOOO!



GRAAAR!



YOU... SICK... MURDERIN'... BASTARD...

IF YOU'RE GONNA KILL ME... YOU'D BETTER GET'N DO IT!

'COS IF YOU DON'T I SWEAR I WILL KILL AND KILL AND KILL UNTIL I FIND YOU. AND WHEN I DO, LITTLE MAN--

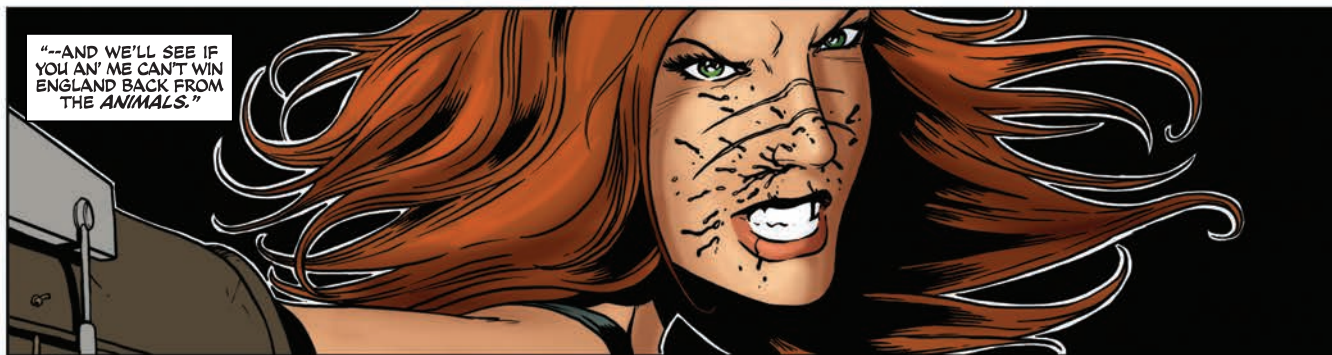


--YOU'LL WISH THE WOLVES HAD FOUND YOU FIRST!



GOODBYE.

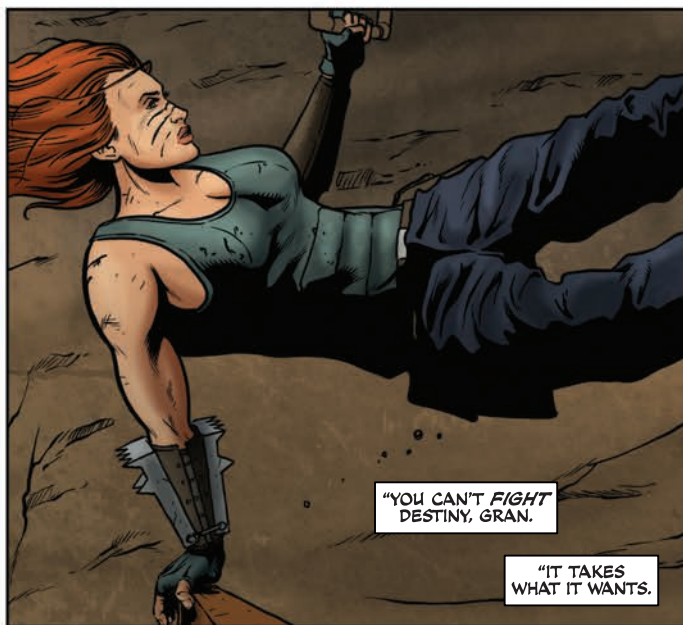
WHATEVER YOU ARE.





"IT'S *DESTINY* WHAT'S DONE THIS, GRAN.

"S'GOT NOTHING TO DO W' ME. I'M JUST THE MESSENGER.



"YOU CAN'T *FIGHT* DESTINY, GRAN.

"IT TAKES WHAT IT WANTS.



UHN!

"NO MATTER HOW BADLY YOU WANT IT.

"NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU *FIGHT* FOR IT.

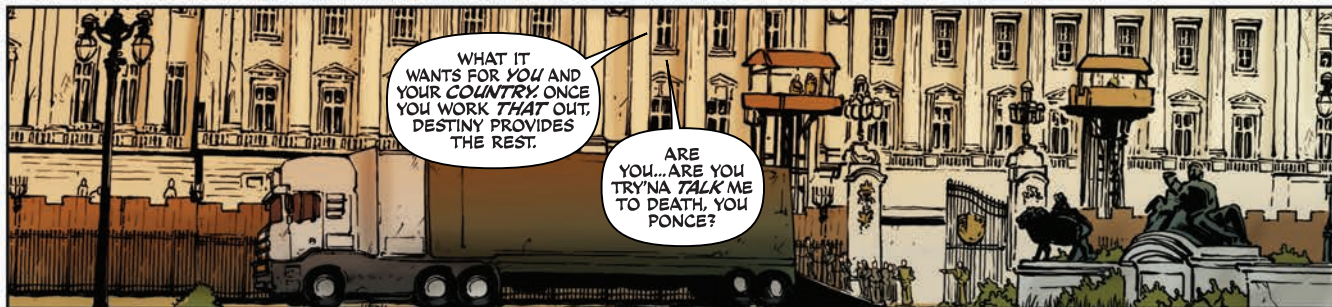


"AND WHEN DESTINY WANTS YOU OUT OF THE PICTURE, GRAN...

"...YOU GOTTA LET IT HAVE WHAT IT WANTS.



"THE TRICK IS WORKING OUT *WHAT* DESTINY WANTS, GRAN."



WHAT IT WANTS FOR *YOU* AND YOUR *COUNTRY*. ONCE YOU WORK *THAT* OUT, DESTINY PROVIDES THE REST.

ARE YOU...ARE YOU TRY'NA *TALK* ME TO DEATH, YOU PONCE?



THAT
LITTLE *TANTRUM*
WEREN'T ENOUGH
WAS IT, HARRY?

NOW YOU
CAN'T BRING
YOURSELF
TO ADD THE
FINISHING
TOUCH.



YOU
NEVER HAD
THE STONES TO
STAND UP TO
ME, BOY.



YOU'RE
WORSE THAN
YER DAD.



TOO SCARED
TO EVEN LOOK AT
ME, AINCHA?

I *KNEW*
THERE WAS
SOMETHING
UP W'YOU,
BOY.



NEVER HAD A
MIND TO BE PART OF
THE *FAMILY*; THAT'S
YOUR TROUBLE. HEAD
TOO FULLA YER *OWN*
IDEAS.

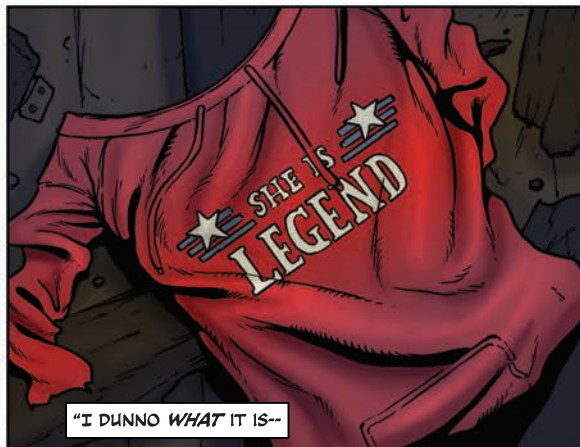
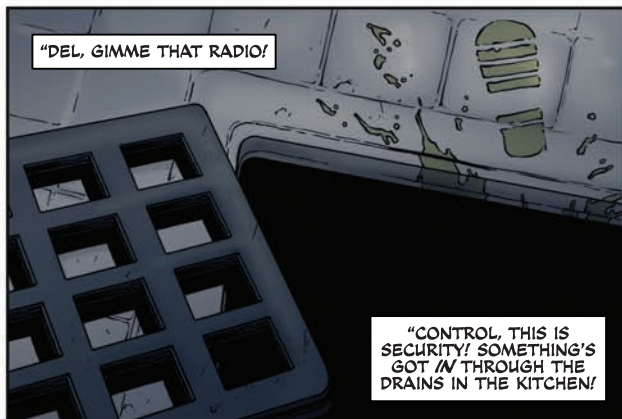
SHOULD'VE
LISTENED TA
KATE, GOD REST
'ER SOUL.

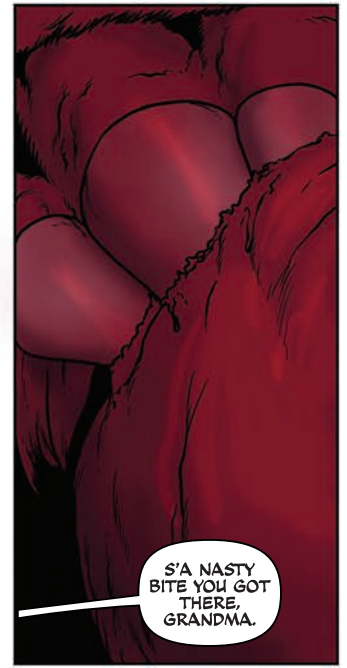
YOU'VE
LET THIS
WORLD GET
TO YOU.



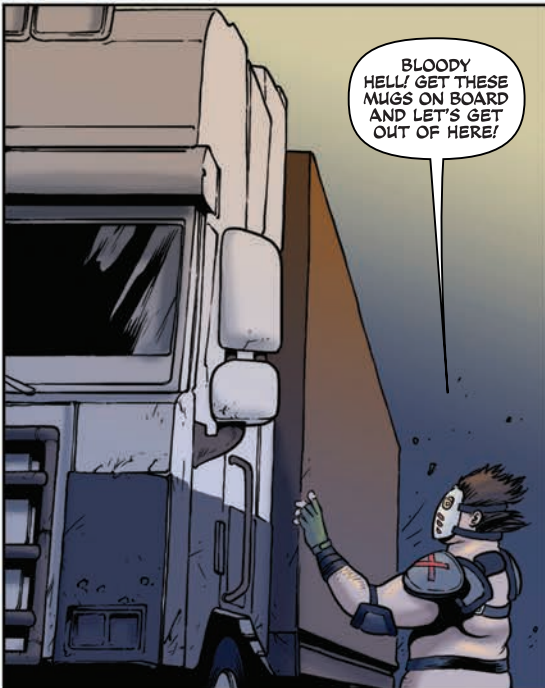
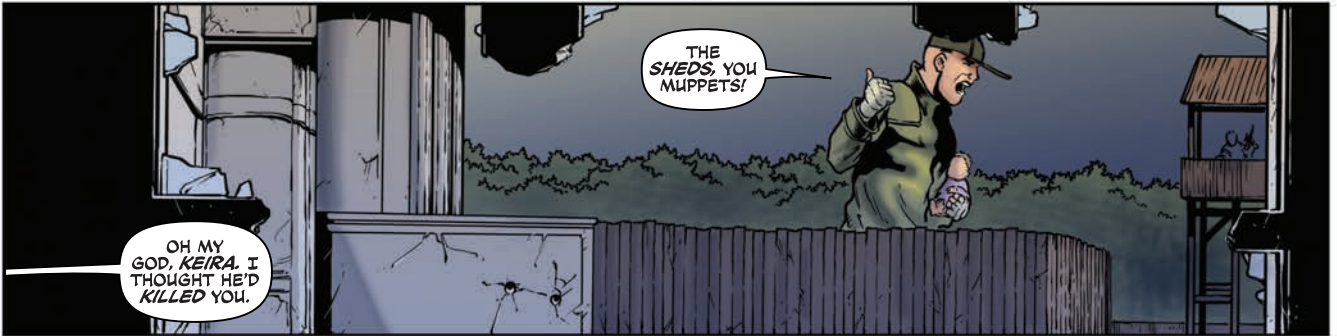
STILL CAN'T
BRING YERSELF TO
FINISH ME OFF, CAN
YA? MAYBE...MAYBE
YOU'VE SEEN
SENSE, EH...?

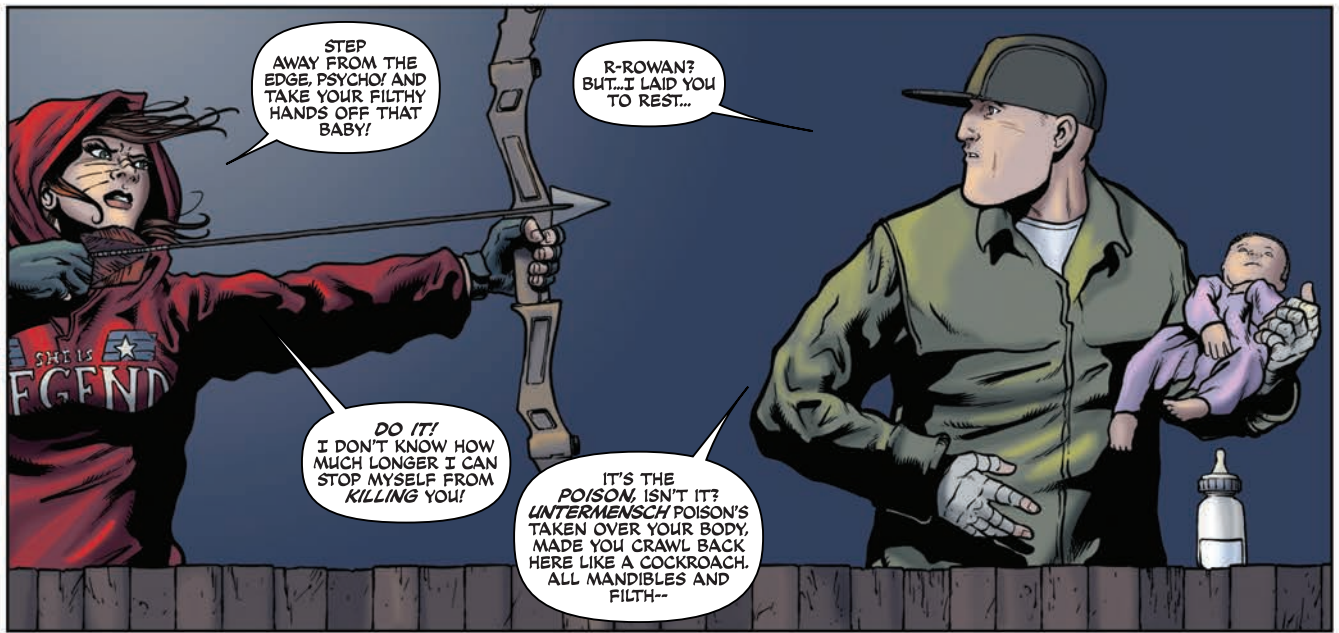
DESTINY
PROVIDES,
GRAN.

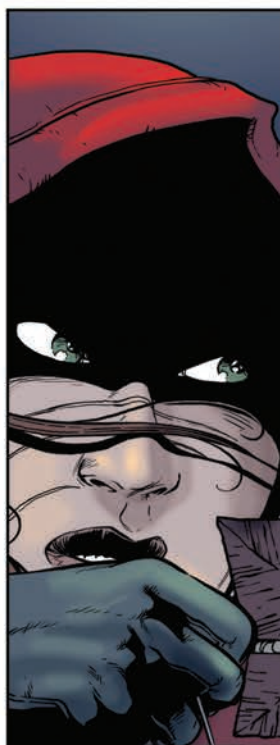


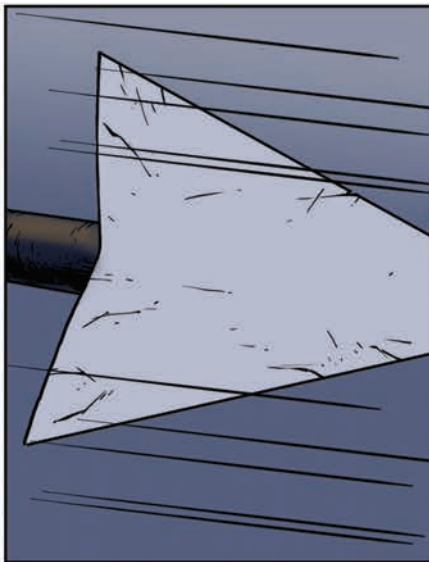


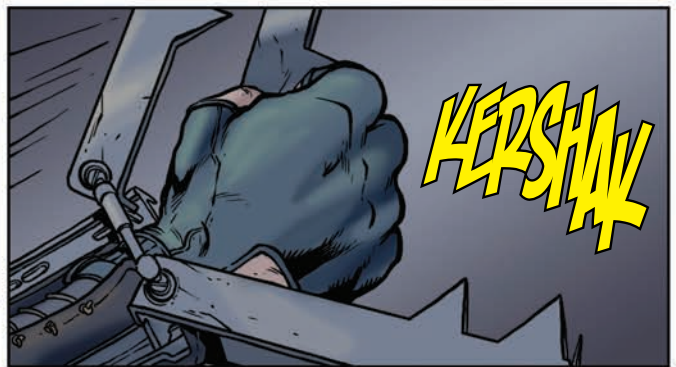










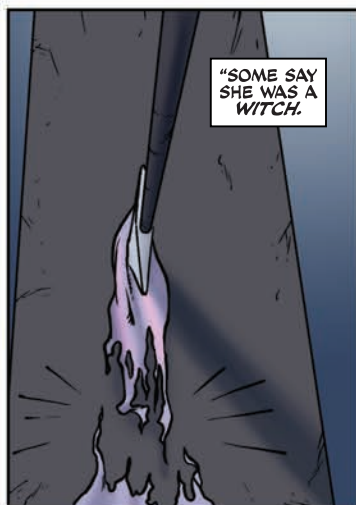






"ONCE UPON A
TIME THERE WAS
A WOMAN.

"A WOMAN WHO DROVE A GREAT
DARKNESS FROM OUR LAND.



"SOME SAY
SHE WAS A
WITCH.



"SOME SAY SHE
WAS MERELY A
LEGEND.



"SOME SAY SHE
WAS JUST DOING
THE BEST SHE
COULD WITH
WHAT SHE HAD.

"THAT SHE WASN'T
ALWAYS *NOBLE*,
SHE WASN'T
ALWAYS *RIGHT*,
AND SHE DIDN'T
ALWAYS *WIN*.



"BUT WHEN
THE MONSTERS
CLOSED IN...

"WHEN *FATE*
ITSELF DECREED
HER DEATH, THE
WOMAN *ALWAYS*
STOOD HER
GROUND.



"AND HER *EYES*
PROMISED ALL WHO
CHALLENGED HER
THAT SHE WOULD
FIGHT.

"NOT BECAUSE IT WAS
WHAT SHE *WANTED*,
BUT BECAUSE IT WAS
RIGHT.



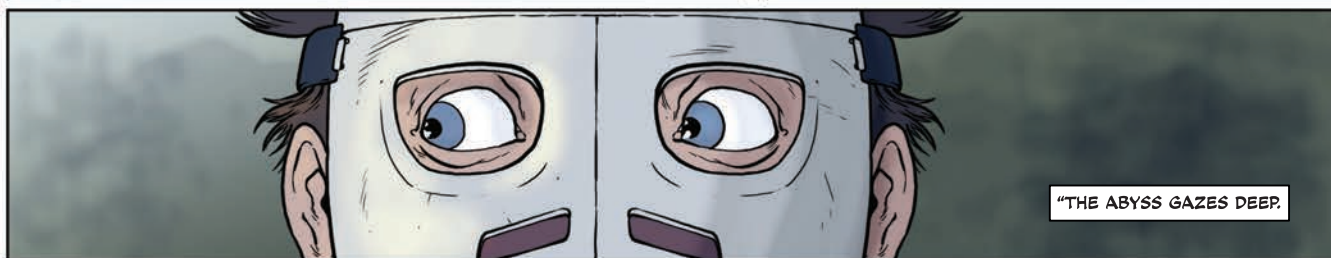
"AND SOMETIMES THOSE EYES WERE
ALL IT TOOK TO SEND THE MONSTERS
RUNNING BACK TO THE WOODS.



THE SLAVES
ARE IN AND I JUST
SAW THAT WOLF
LEG IT OVER THE
PALACE WALL! WE'D
BETTER--



"BUT BATTLING
MONSTERS TAKES
ITS TOLL."

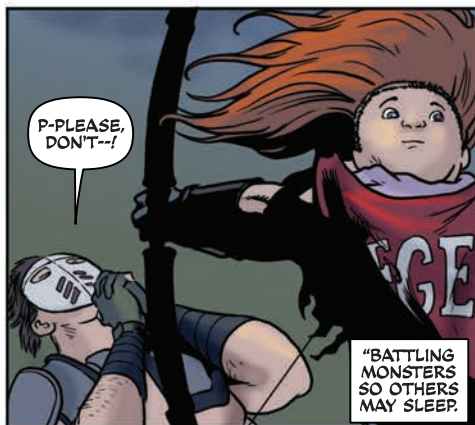


"THE ABYSS GAZES DEEP."



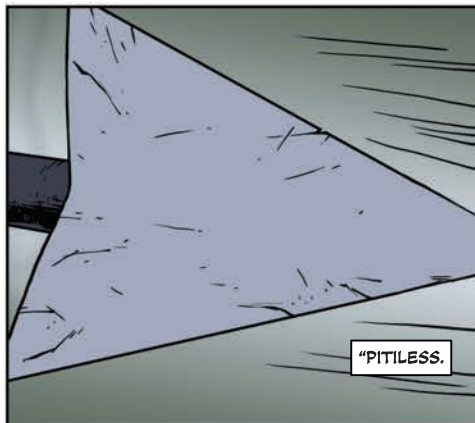
"SOME SAY SHE
BECAME MORE WOLF
THAN WOMAN."

"A SACRED KILLER."

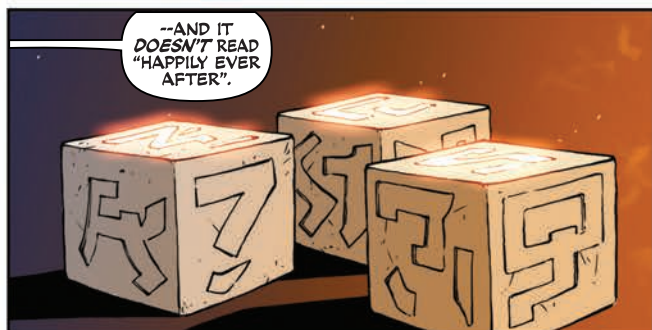
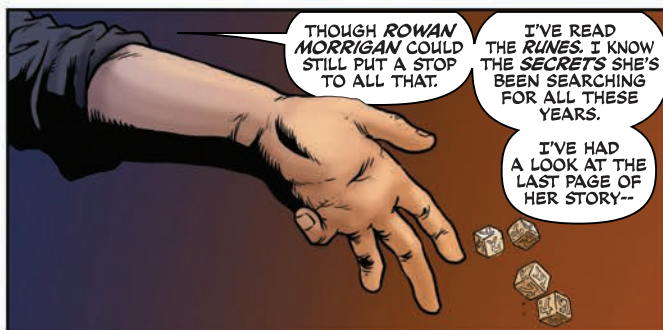
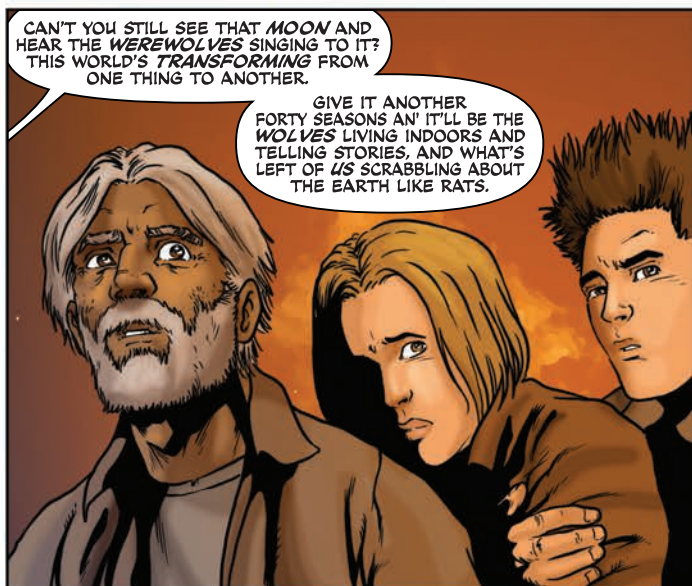


P-PLEASE,
DON'T--!

"BATTLING
MONSTERS
SO OTHERS
MAY SLEEP."



"PITILESS."







WOLFWORLD

Script: Alec Worley
Artist: Jon Davis-Hunt
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THE
GODDESS
HAS GRANTED
US MANY GIFTS
OVER THE
SEASONS.

CHIEF
AMONG THEM IS
VISION.

YOU SEE
THIS LENS, MY
CUBS?



IT FOCUSES THE
POWER WITHIN THIS
LUNAR CANNON, JUST AS
THE ALPHA FOCUSES THE
UNRULY ENERGY OF HER
PACK, YES?

AND SPEAKING OF UNRULY
ENERGY, IT APPEARS **BROTHER
HERMIR** HERE IS DESPERATE TO TELL
US SOMETHING. SHALL WE ASK HIM
WHY HE RISKS LOSING AN EAR FOR
INTERRUPTING OUR MORNING
LESSON...?



ALPHA,
FORGIVE ME, BUT
I MUST DELIVER YET
ANOTHER FORMAL
CHALLENGE.

AHEM... 'IN
LUNA'S NAME, **SINJOTH
BLACKPAW** BARES FANGS
IN CHALLENGE TO **SIGRID
RUNECRAFTER**, SHOULD
YOU TURN TAIL...!



'...UPON
HEARING THESE
WORDS, YOU WILL
FORFEIT YOUR
LEADERSHIP, YAP,
YAP, YAP.'

I HAD HOPED
TO **DELAY** WORD
OF OUR GOOD NEWS, BUT IT
SEEMS THE PACK HAVE ALL THE
PATIENCE OF SUCKLING PUPS. THESE
CHALLENGERS ARE CLEARLY IN
NEED OF MORE **IMAGINATIVE**
DISCOURAGEMENT.



MAMA? CAN
WE WATCH **THIS**
TIME?

ALPHA,
SINJOTH IS NO
FOOL. HE HAS INVOKED
THE RULE OF THE
TWO-BORN...



!...HIS TWIN BROTHER SIGMUND SHALL JOIN HIM IN COMBAT!

DO NOT BE SEDUCED BY THE MARVELS SHE HAS INVENTED! SISTER SIGRID LEADS US TO A DESTINY OF HER OWN MAKING! SHE CAVORTS WITH BLASPHEMIES SHE BARELY UNDERSTANDS!

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, I ONLY VOICE THE FEARS OF THE PACK! IS THIS NOT SO...?



HR0000!

AT LAST, THE HERETIC ARRIVES, WITH HER QUIVERING CUBS AND PRECIOUS RUNE PRIESTS TO WITNESS HER DOWNFALL!



MAY LUNA RECEIVE YOUR SPIRIT, BITCH!

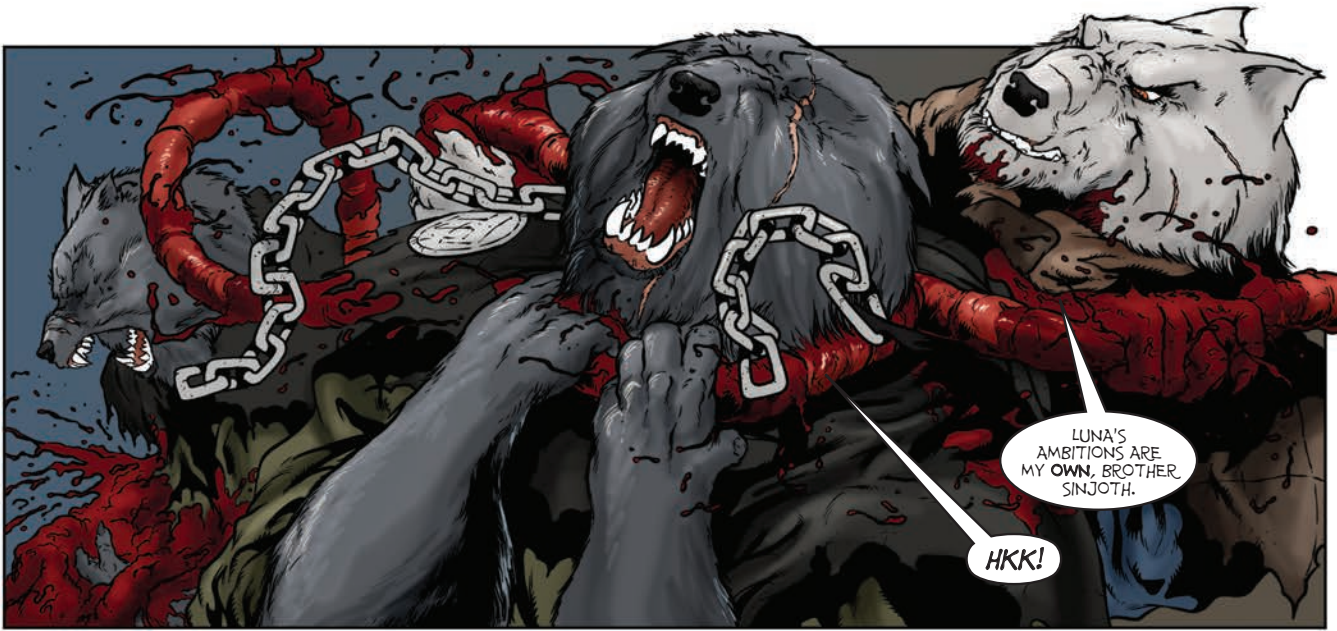
LET THE MORNING LESSON CONTINUE, MY CUBS...



GRAIEEE!

LUNA HAS GRANTED US VISION THAT WE MAY TURN THE WONDERS OF HER WORLD TO OUR PURPOSE.

THE GODDESS DESPISES THOSE WHO LACK THE COURAGE TO EVOLVE.



LUNA'S
AMBITIONS ARE
MY OWN, BROTHER.
SINJOTH.

HKK!



AND YOU ARE MY
BELOVED PACKMATE!
MY BROTHER IN
BLOOD!



AND TO
SACRIFICE A
BROTHER FOR THE
GOOD OF THE PACK
IS THE ALPHA'S
GREATEST
SORROW.



BE THEY
BROTHER, SISTER,
FATHER, MOTHER,
OR CUB...



...NONE ARE
GREATER THAN
THE PACK.



HEAR
ME WELL,
BROTHERS AND
SISTERS!

HAVE WE
NOT ALWAYS
FOLLOWED THE
RUNES FOR
GUIDANCE?

DO WE
NOT BELIEVE THE
FATE THEY FORETELL
IS WRITTEN BY THE
MOON GODDESS
HERSELF?



AND HAVE I NOT STUDIED THE RUNES LONGER THAN ANY OF YOU?

HAVE I NOT BUILT OUR PEOPLE WONDERS BASED ON LUNA'S TEACHINGS?

THEN LISTEN WELL, PACKMATES. FOR I HAVE READ THE RUNES DEEP OF LATE...

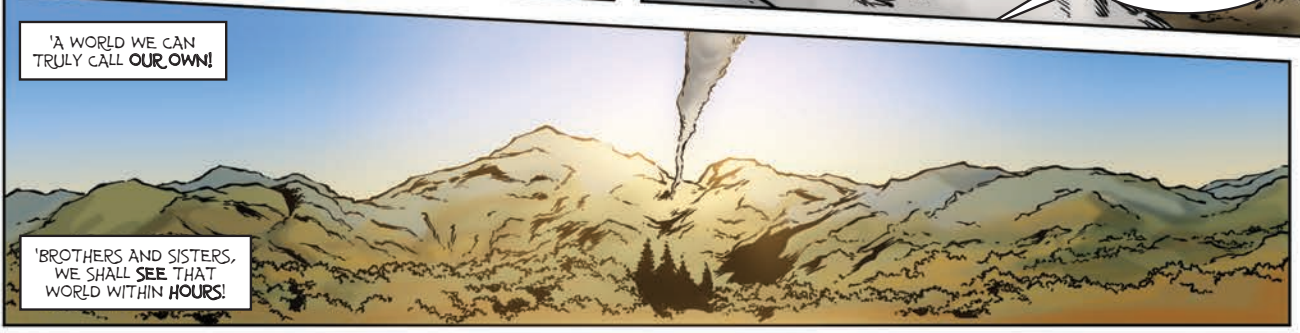
LONG HAVE THE RUNE PRIESTS STUDIED THE TALES YOU WERE TOLD AT SUCKLING, CHIEF AMONG THEM THAT OF LUNA'S PROPHECY...



AYE, YOU KNOW THAT TALE WELL.

YOU KNOW THEN THAT THE GODDESS HAS SWORN WE SHALL ONE DAY SEE THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE.

A PROMISED LAND, A WORLD FREE OF THE TENACIOUS VERMIN THAT IS MANKIND.



'A WORLD WE CAN TRULY CALL OUR OWN!

'BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WE SHALL SEE THAT WORLD WITHIN HOURS!



'WE HAVE ALREADY STRUCK THE ENEMY A FATAL BLOW...

'...AND SHE IS POWERLESS TO STOP US!



"THE GREY WITCH!"

WHAT HAPPENED...? SPEAK, BOY!



"TALES OF THAT BLOODY-HANDED BEAST SHALL TERRIFY OUR CUBS NO MORE!"

T-THEY CAME OUT OF THE SKY! HUNDREDS OF THEM.

THEY TOOK HER...



"LUNA'S PROPHECY DEMANDS A SACRIFICE, DOES IT NOT?"

'BY MOONRISE TONIGHT I SHALL MAKE THAT SACRIFICE BEFORE YOU ALL...'

THEY TOOK YOUR DAUGHTER.



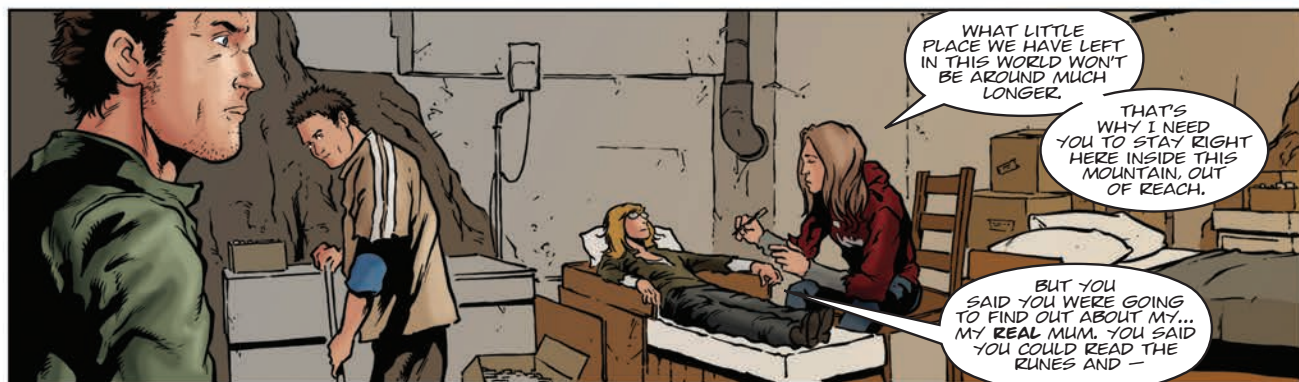
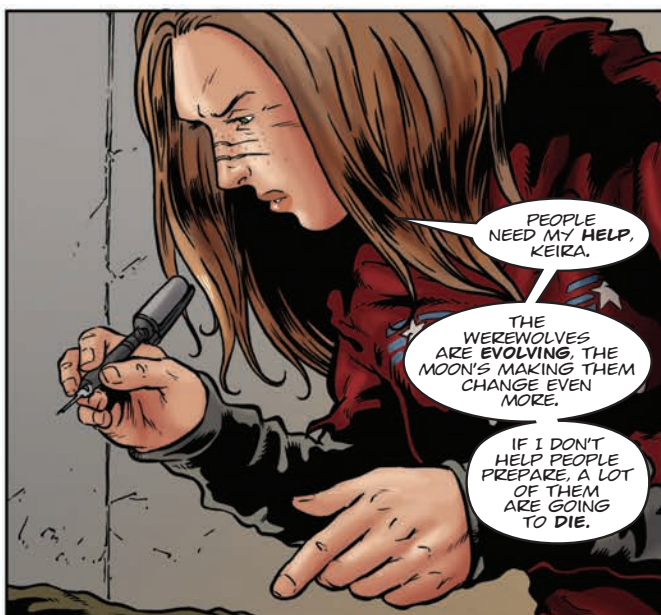
BEHOLD! THE KEY TO VICTORY!

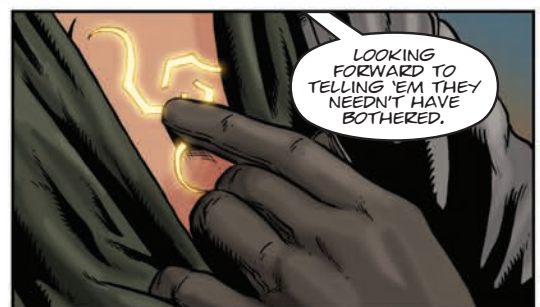
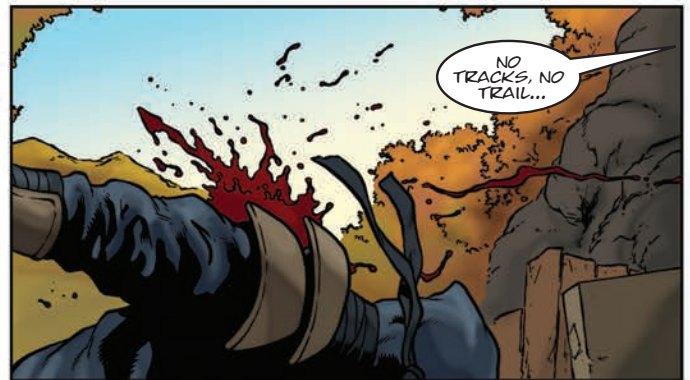
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, HAVE I NOT SERVED YOU WELL? IS THE HUMANS' ANNIHILATION NOT FINALLY WITHIN OUR REACH?

WILL YOU HOWL FOR ME THEN, PACKMATES?



WEREWOLVES OF THE WORLD UNITE!









IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR DEATH AT THE APPOINTED HOUR, THE GODDESS HAS PROMISED TO **DESTROY** YOUR OUTMODDED SPECIES, LEAVING THE WEREWOLF TO INHERIT THE EARTH.

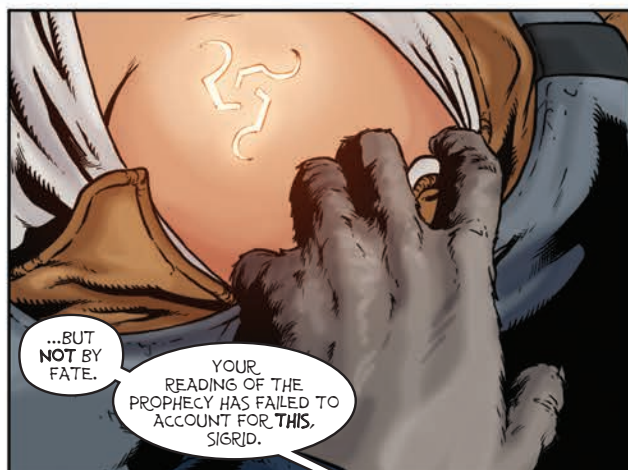
YOU HAVE BEEN MARKED BY **DESTINY**, LITTLE ONE--

ALPHA!



WHAT?

SHE'S BEEN MARKED, ALL RIGHT...



...BUT NOT BY FATE.

YOUR READING OF THE PROPHECY HAS FAILED TO ACCOUNT FOR **THIS**, SIGRJÖ.



ARE THERE OTHER DETAILS YOU HAVE OVERLOOKED?

I WARNED YOU TO BE THOROUGH IN YOUR READING OF THE PROPHECY! NOW YOUR **HASTE** FOR GLORY BRINGS **FJÖRLAG** ITSELF UPON US!



I HAVE OVERLOOKED NOTHING!



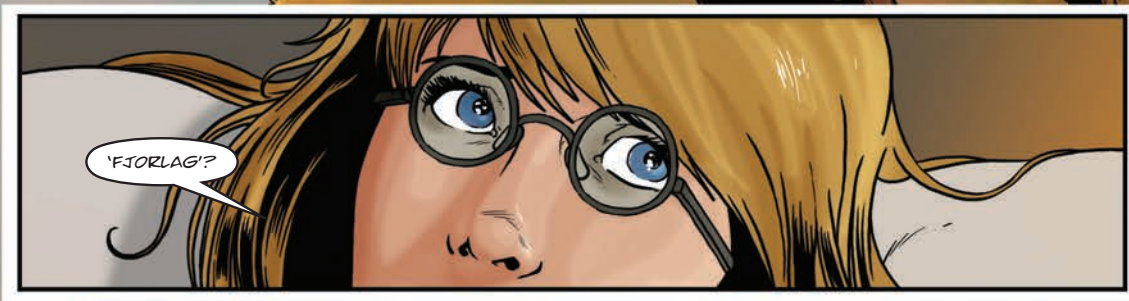
I BUILT THE VERY **RUNE BARGE** UPON WHICH YOU STAND, SPEEDING US TOWARDS VICTORY, AND STILL YOU WHELPS DOUBT MY VISION!

NOW, TELL THE BRIDGE...



INCREASE
SPEED!

YOUR
ALPHA SHALL
OUTFRONT FJORLAG
ITSELF!







LUNA HAS
ALREADY
PROPHESIED
OUR VICTORY.

TONIGHT WE SHALL ENTER
OUR HOLY CITY, WHERE I
SHALL SACRIFICE THE **HUMAN**
CUB AND ENACT THE RITE
THAT WILL **DESTROY** HER
WRETCHED SPECIES.



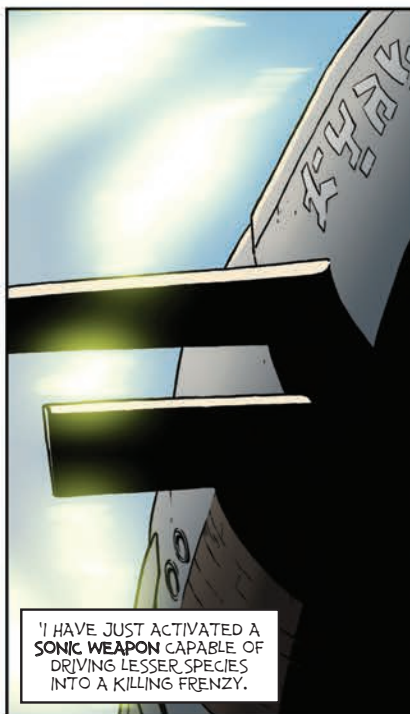
BUT IT SEEMS THE
GODDESS WISHES TO
TEST OUR WORTHINESS
TO SET PAW ON HER
PROMISED LAND.

BROTHERS AND
SISTERS, SHE
WISHES TO SEE
WHETHER WE
HAVE **TRULY**
EVOLVED.



SHE HAS
THEREFORE SENT
OUR MOST TERRIBLE FOE
AGAINST US, SO THAT
WE MAY **PROVE** OUR
VALOUR.

BUT FANG
AND CLAW ARE NOT
REQUIRED **THIS** DAY --
NOT WHEN YOUR ALPHA
CAN BRING TO BEAR
WEAPONS SUCH AS
THESE...



'I HAVE JUST ACTIVATED A
SONIC WEAPON CAPABLE OF
DRIVING LESSER SPECIES
INTO A KILLING FRENZY.

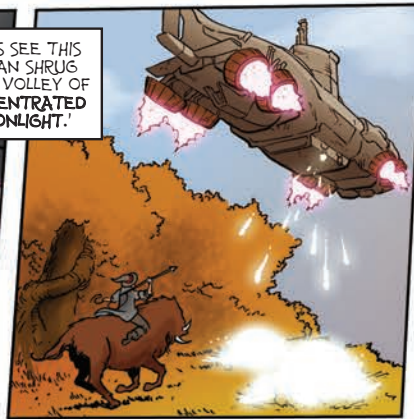
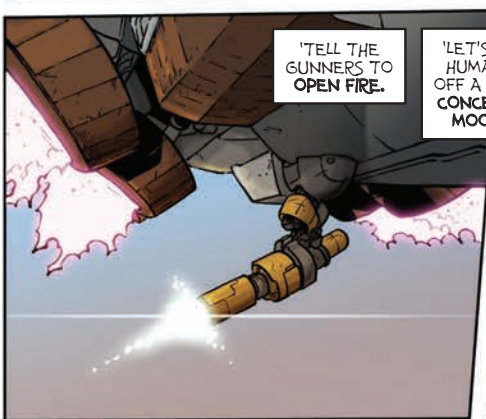


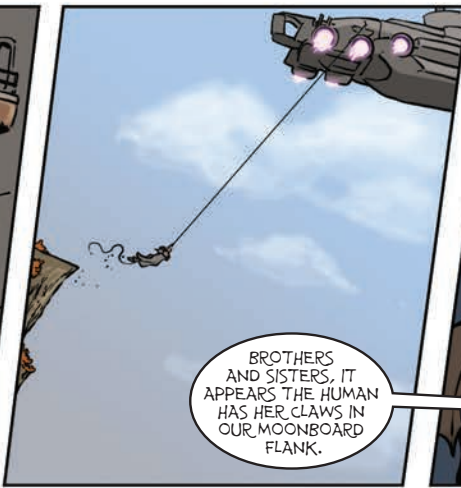
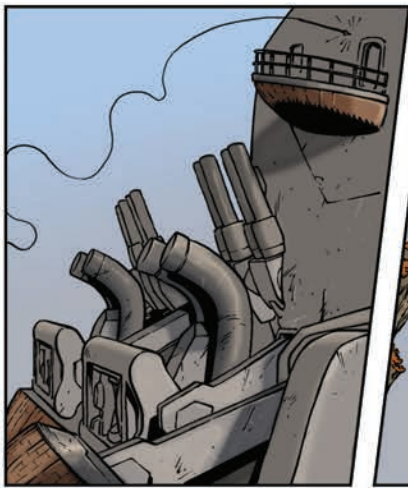
'THE EFFECTS
CAN BE QUITE
SPECTACULAR.'



ATGEIRR,
FINNA ALLR!







BROTHERS
AND SISTERS, IT
APPEARS THE HUMAN
HAS HER CLAWS IN
OUR MOONBOARD
FLANK.

CHARGE
HER! REND
HER FRAIL
FLESH!

A SINGLE
HUMAN CANNOT
WITHSTAND
THE ENTIRE
PACK!

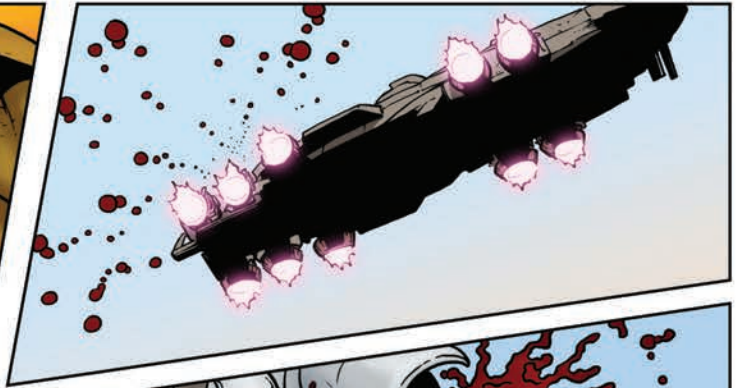
THE SKALDS
SHALL SING
OF THIS DAY!

SO SHIVER, NOT
LIKE CORNERED
PREY, FLINCH
NOT LIKE OUR
ANCESTORS
BEFORE THE
HUMANS' FIRE!

BANISH
THIS DEVIL!
MEET HER
WITH CLAW
AND FANG
AND FURY!

LIKE
WEREWOLVES
WORTHY OF
A NEW
TOMORROW!





KEIRAAA!

KEIRA
WHERE ARE
YOU?



THAT
MONSTER WILL
SLAUGHTER HER
WAY DOWN HERE
ANY SECOND,
CAPTAIN.

I NEED
MORE TIME.



WHEN
SHE'S FINISHED
THE LAST OF THE
HUNTERS, SEND IN THE
ELDERS AND THE
DENMOTHERS. MAY
LUNA RECEIVE
THEM!

NOW
MOVE!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MAMA?



OH, MY LITTLE HUNTERS...



THE GODDESS NEEDS ME TO REACH THE HOLY CITY BEFORE MOONRISE.

B-BUT WE WANT TO COME TOO!

THERE'S TOO MANY OF YOU, LITTLE ONE. BESIDES, THE GODDESS WANTS YOU TO WIN YOUR FIRST SCARS TODAY.

SHE'LL BE **ANGRY** WITH YOU UNLESS YOU DO **EVERYTHING** YOU CAN TO STOP THE GREY WITCH FROM FOLLOWING YOUR MAMA.



DON'T WHIMPER, LITTLE ONES. YOUR PACK WILL FIGHT BESIDE YOU.

NOW RUN UPSTAIRS AND HELP YOUR PACKMATES KILL HER FOR ME! LET ME HEAR YOUR HUNTER'S HOWL!



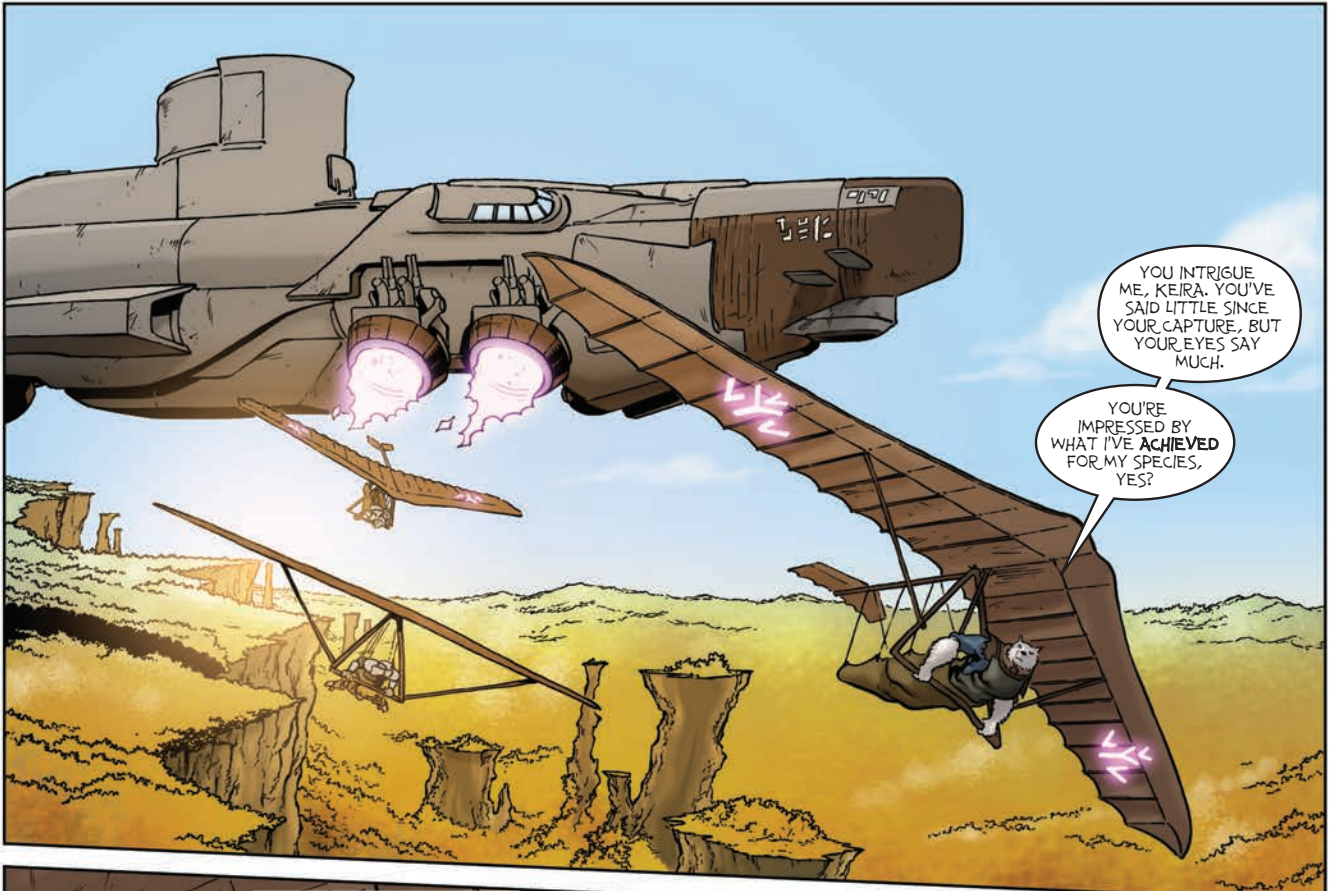
Roooooo!

BUT ROWAN WOULDN'T -

WOULDN'T WHAT, HUMAN? YOU THINK YOUR PROTECTOR WOULD BALK AT MURDERING CUBS TO GET TO YOU?



THEN PERHAPS WE'VE **BOTH** UNDERESTIMATED WHAT THAT **MONSTER** IS CAPABLE OF.



YOU INTRIGUE ME, KEIRA. YOU'VE SAID LITTLE SINCE YOUR CAPTURE, BUT YOUR EYES SAY MUCH.

YOU'RE IMPRESSED BY WHAT I'VE ACHIEVED FOR MY SPECIES, YES?



I DON'T UNDERSTAND RUNE MAGIC, BUT I TAKE IT THESE GLIDERS RUN ON LEY LINES, JUST LIKE THE BARGE?

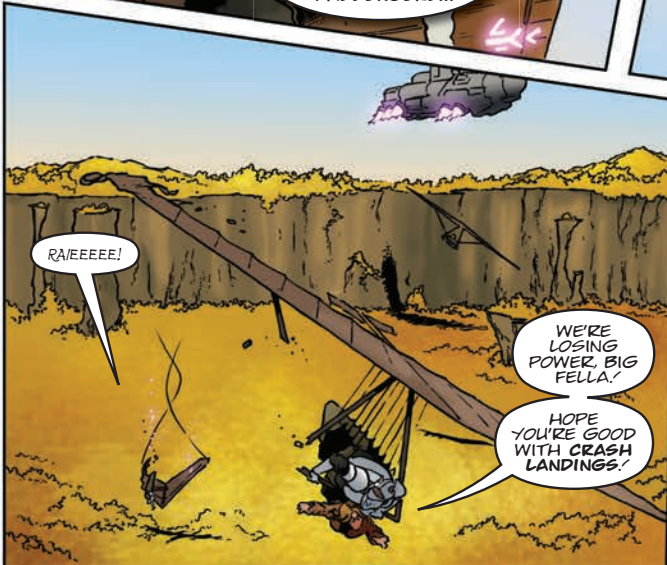
VERY GOOD.

AND JUDGING BY MY DISTANCE FROM THE GROUND, I'D SAY THESE THINGS AREN'T DESIGNED TO CARRY PASSENGERS...



COULD RISK YOU GETTING PULLED OFF THE RAILS, RIGHT?

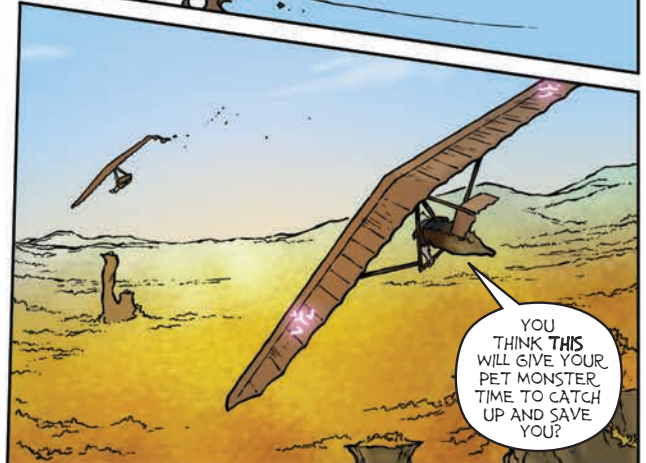
NO - !



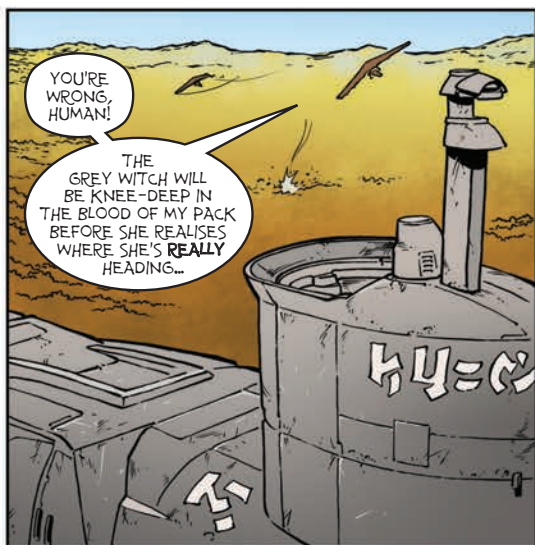
RAEEEEEE!

WE'RE LOSING POWER, BIG FELLA!

HOPE YOU'RE GOOD WITH CRASH LANDINGS!



YOU THINK THIS WILL GIVE YOUR PET MONSTER TIME TO CATCH UP AND SAVE YOU?





T-THE
ALPHA HAS
TAKEN
HER!



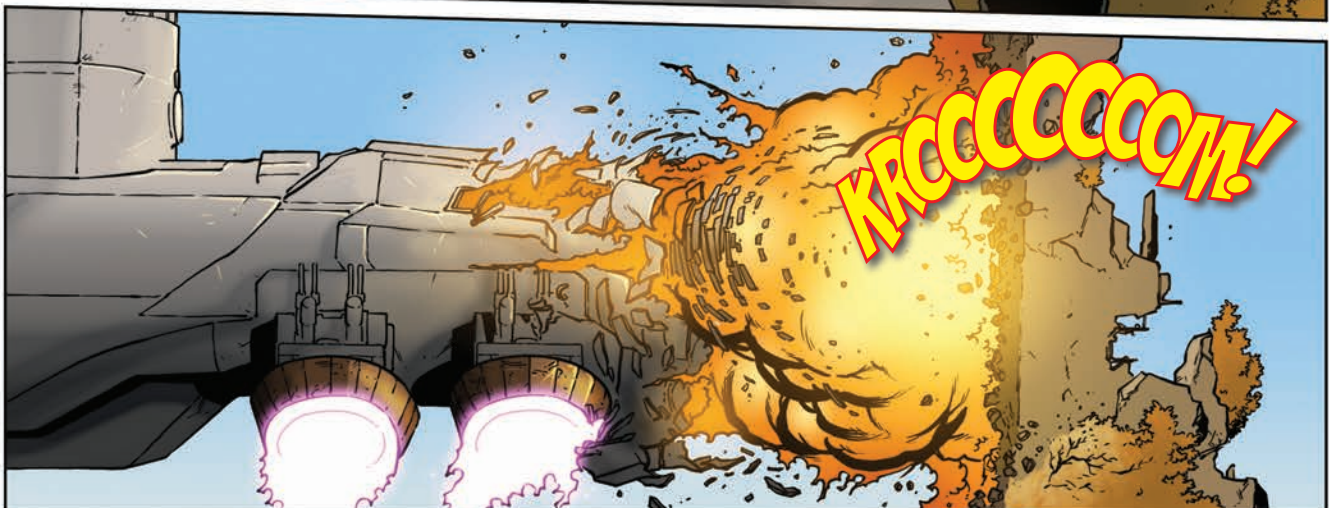
BEFORE
SHE LEFT, S-SHE
ORDERED US
TO CHANGE
COURSE!

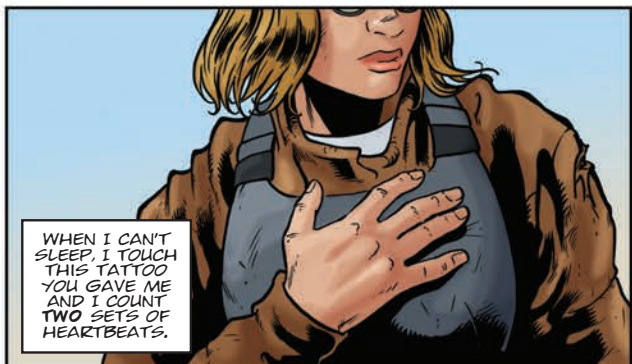
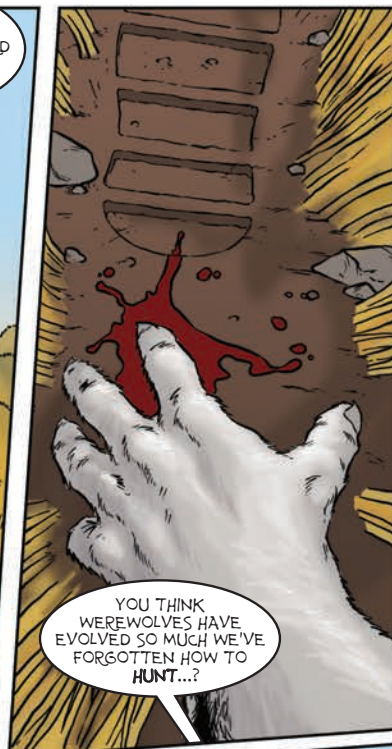


THE LEY
LINE WE'RE NOW
FOLLOWING LEADS
DIRECTLY INTO
THE FOREST OF
STONE!



NOW
MAY LUNA
RECEIVE US
BOTH!

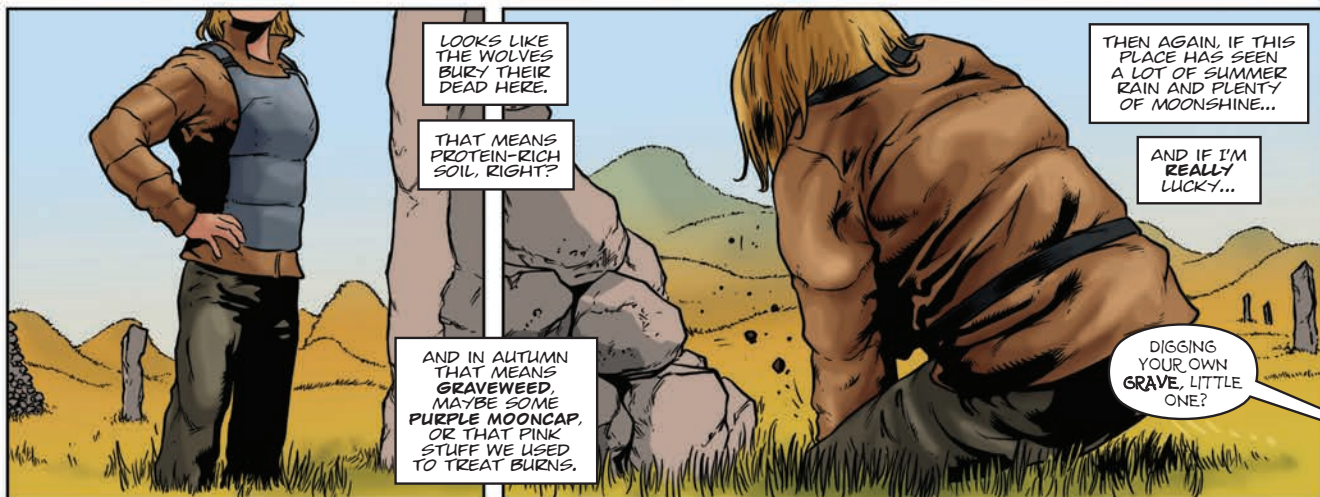






OKAY, I GET IT.
YOU'RE GONE...

NOW CALM DOWN
AND THINK, KEIRA.



LOOKS LIKE
THE WOLVES
BURY THEIR
DEAD HERE.

THAT MEANS
PROTEIN-RICH
SOIL, RIGHT?

AND IN AUTUMN
THAT MEANS
GRAVEWEED,
MAYBE SOME
PURPLE MOONCAP,
OR THAT PINK
STUFF WE USED
TO TREAT BURNS.

THEN AGAIN, IF THIS
PLACE HAS SEEN
A LOT OF SUMMER
RAIN AND PLENTY
OF MOONSHINE...

AND IF I'M
REALLY
LUCKY...

DIGGING
YOUR OWN
GRAVE, LITTLE
ONE?



GET BACK!
YOU KNOW WHAT
THIS IS?

CLEARLY
SOMETHING
TO DO WITH THE
VALIANT **THREAT**
YOU'RE ABOUT
TO MAKE...



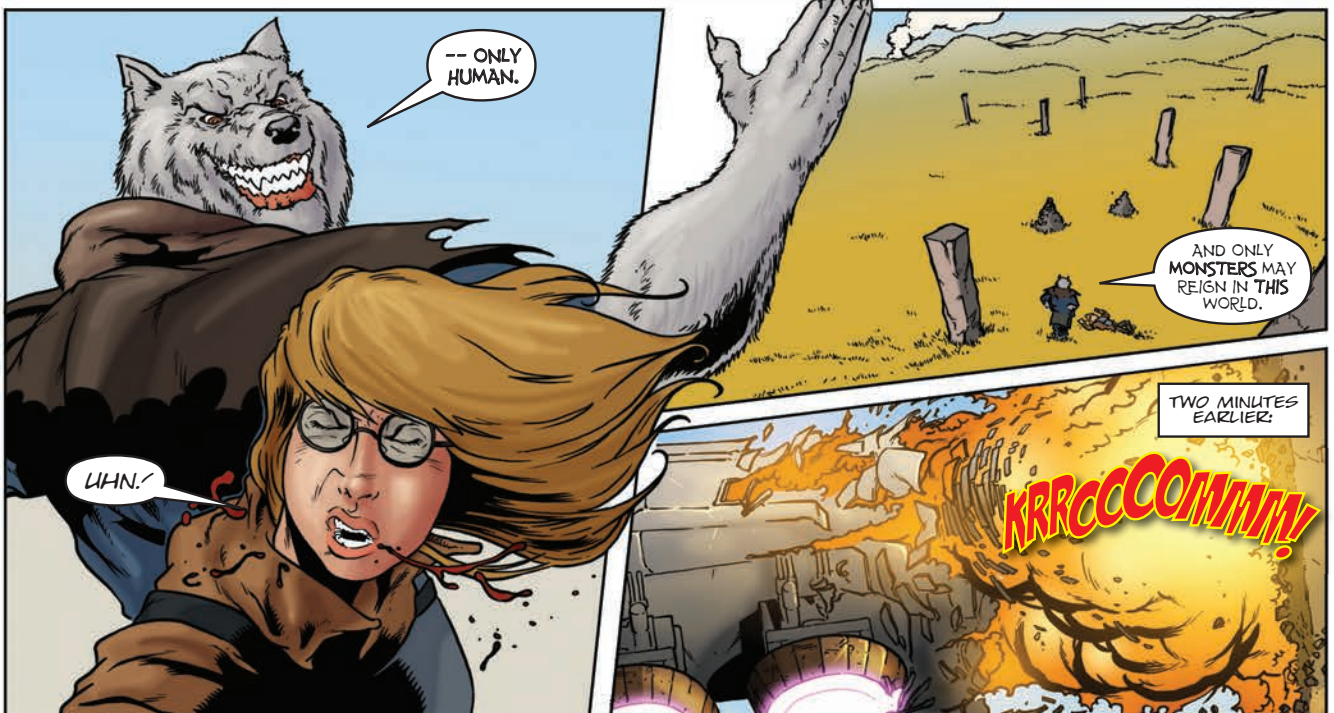
IT'S CALLED
SNAKEROOT. ONE BITE OF
THIS'LL PUT ME IN A COMA.
I'LL BE DEAD BEFORE
NIGHTFALL.

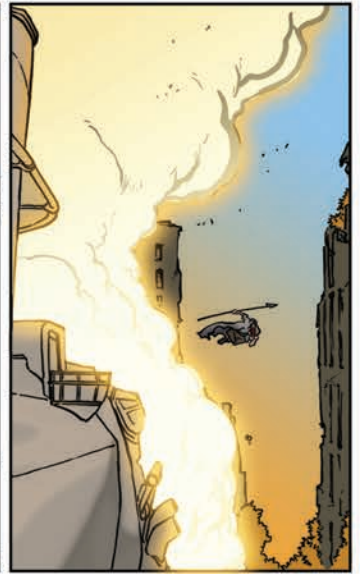
AND
THAT LEAVES
YOU WITHOUT A
SACRIFICE.
THAT MEANS
YOU **LOSE**,
SIGRID.

YOU
HUMANS AND
YOUR NOTION OF **FREE**
WILL. HOW DO YOU
LIVE AMID SUCH
CHAOS?

OUR FATES
ARE **ALREADY**
WRITTEN BY THE GODDESS
HERSELF. LIVING IS SIMPLY A
QUESTION OF **READING**
WHAT SHE LAYS
BEFORE US.

AND
I READ MUCH
IN YOU, KEIRA
MORJIGAN.





PROTECTION
RUNE'S
BROKEN!



THE HORNS OF ODIN.
TATTOOED WITH MY
OWN BLOOD. THE ONLY
THING STOPPING ME
FROM TURNING EVERY
TIME I GET BIT...

AAAH!



...AND I'VE BEEN
BIT A LOT OVER
THE YEARS.



NOW I'M CRAVING THE
SCREAMS OF WOUNDED
PREY — THE STRENGTH
TO REND FLESH FROM
BONE — MAKE ME WET
WITH BLOOD!

GRARR!

FEELS
FAMILIAR.



BUT
CONTROLLABLE.

FOR NOW.

BUT I WON'T BE ABLE
TO HOLD IT OFF ONCE
THE MOON SHOWS UP.



YOU'VE ONLY GOT A
FEW HOURS TO FIND
THAT GIRL ROWAN
MORRIGAN — AND
IF YOU DON'T THE
WORLD'LL BE ON
THE RECEIVING END
AND NO MISTAKE.

NOW C'MON.
Y'WITHERED AULD BITCH.
ON YER FEET!



I'M... I'M
COMIN',
KEIRA...

UHHNNNN...





THEIR CITY ISN'T FAR. OUR SCOUTS TELL US THE WOLVES ARE BUILDING MORE OF THOSE FLYING BARGES.

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE THEY'RE WORKING ON, BUT I'M GUESSING IT'LL BE SOMETHING WE CAN'T STAND UP TO WITH BOOBY-TRAPS AND SPEARS.



LET ME CONTACT THE OTHER STRONGHOLDS. WE CAN HAVE HUNDREDS OF STEALTH-FIGHTERS AT YOUR COMMAND WITHIN THE HOUR.

WITH YOUR HELP WE COULD BURN THEIR CITY TO THE GROUND.

HE'S RIGHT, MA'AM. EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE FOREST OF STONE WOULD GLADLY PLEDGE THEIR LIFE TO YOU.



JEEZ, CAN THEY NOT JUST PLEDGE ME A HORSE INSTEAD?



COME BACK! WE NEED YOU! WOULD YOU RATHER WE WAITED FOR THE WOLVES TO COME AND DIG US OUT?

IF I CAN FIND THE GIRL BEFORE MOONRISE THERE'LL BE NO NEED FOR ANY OF YOU TO DIE.

AND WHAT NEED IS THERE FOR YOU TO DIE, ROWAN MORRIGAN?



TAKEN TOO MANY LIVES?

GOT A LITTLE TOO USED TO IT?

THINKING OF ENDING IT ALL WITH SOMETHING TO INSPIRE THE STORYTELLERS?

'THE OLD WOMAN WHO DIED FACING DOWN A CITY FULL OF WEREWOLVES...'

HOW'RE YOU GONNA SAVE OUR LIVES BY GETTING YOURSELF KILLED?



I AM SAVING YOUR LIVES!

I HAD THE BLOOD OF BILLIONS ON MY HANDS BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, BOY!

HALF THE HUMAN RACE DEAD BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP THE PROPHECY THAT CREATED THIS WORLD!



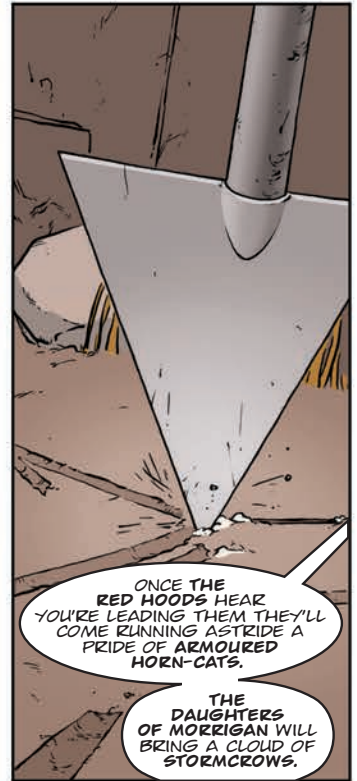
THEN WE'LL MARCH ALONE, BEFORE THE WOLVES ATTACK US FIRST.

HOW MANY MORE LIVES D'YOU WANT ME TO ADD TO MY 'LEGEND'?



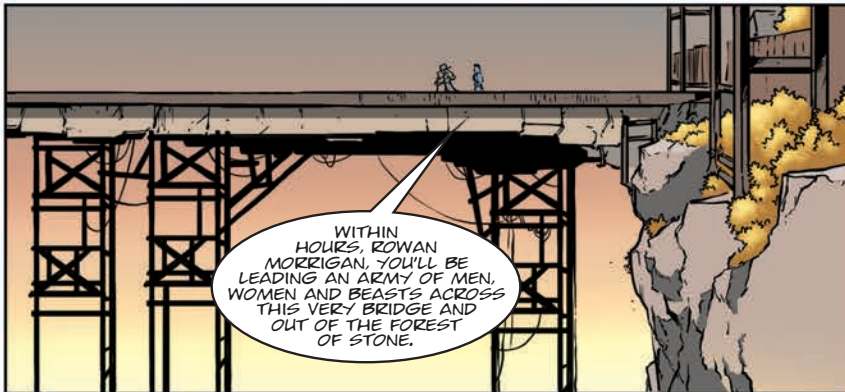
HMPH! HOW MANY FIGHTERS DID YOU SAY YOU HAD?

HUNDREDS! AND THAT'S NOT ALL.



ONCE THE RED HOODS HEAR YOU'RE LEADING THEM THEY'LL COME RUNNING ASTRIDE A PRIDE OF ARMOURD HORN-CATS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MORRIGAN WILL BRING A CLOUD OF STORMCROWS.



WITHIN HOURS, ROWAN MORRIGAN, YOU'LL BE LEADING AN ARMY OF MEN, WOMEN AND BEASTS ACROSS THIS VERY BRIDGE AND OUT OF THE FOREST OF STONE.

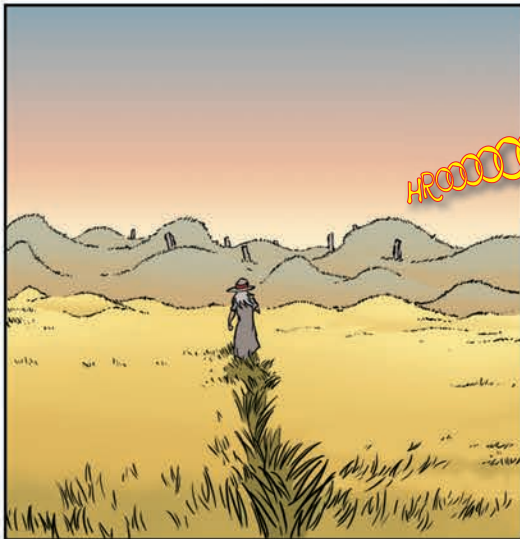


THE STUFF OF LEGEND, RIGHT?

WHAT D'YA SAY TO THAT..?



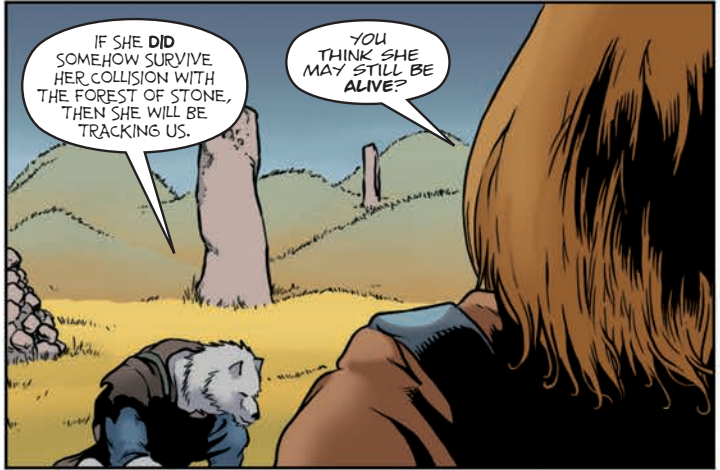
BRÜÖT-A!





I'VE SUMMONED OUTRIDERS FROM THE CITY TO COME AND MEET US, LITTLE ONE.

BUT FIRST I'M TAKING NO MORE CHANCES WITH YOUR PROTECTOR.



IF SHE DID SOMEHOW SURVIVE HER COLLISION WITH THE FOREST OF STONE, THEN SHE WILL BE TRACKING US.

YOU THINK SHE MAY STILL BE ALIVE?



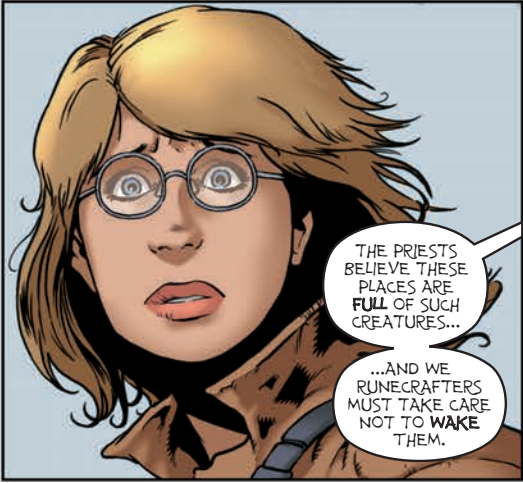
NO. BUT MY MOTHER ALWAYS TOLD ME, THE CAREFUL HUNTER MUST ALWAYS SEE THE PREY DIE, OR PREPARE TO KILL IT AGAIN.



THIS BARROW IS WHERE WE BURY OUR HONOURED DEAD WITH HOWLS OF PRAYER, AND WITH HUMAN SACRIFICE.

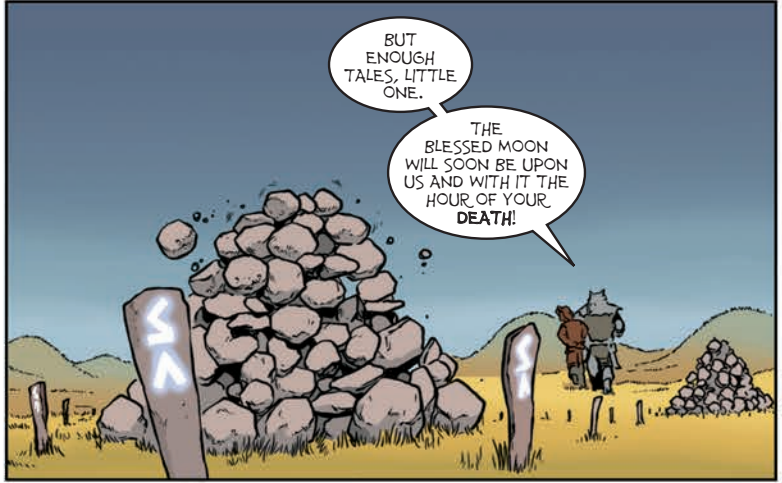
SADLY, AS THE SEASONS DREW ON, HUMANS BECAME SCARCE, AND MANY PACKS WERE FORCED TO BURY THEIR DEPARTED ALPHAS WITHOUT HONOUR.

WE STILL FRIGHTEN OUR CUBS WITH TALES OF DEAD WARRIORS HAUNTING THE LIVING UNTIL APPEARED.



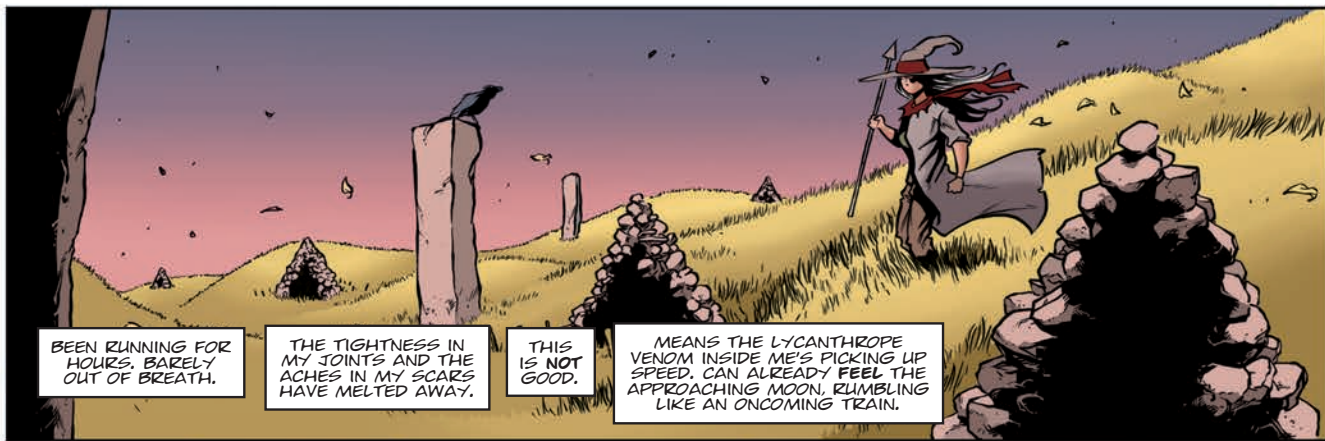
THE PRIESTS BELIEVE THESE PLACES ARE FULL OF SUCH CREATURES...

...AND WE RUNECRAFTERS MUST TAKE CARE NOT TO WAKE THEM.



BUT ENOUGH TALES, LITTLE ONE.

THE BLESSED MOON WILL SOON BE UPON US AND WITH IT THE HOUR OF YOUR DEATH!

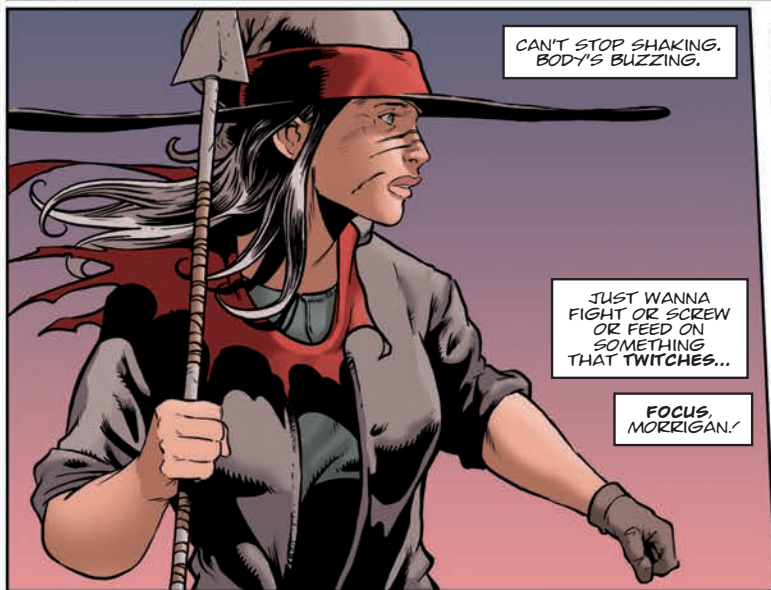


BEEN RUNNING FOR HOURS, BARELY OUT OF BREATH.

THE TIGHTNESS IN MY JOINTS AND THE ACHES IN MY SCARS HAVE MELTED AWAY.

THIS IS NOT GOOD.

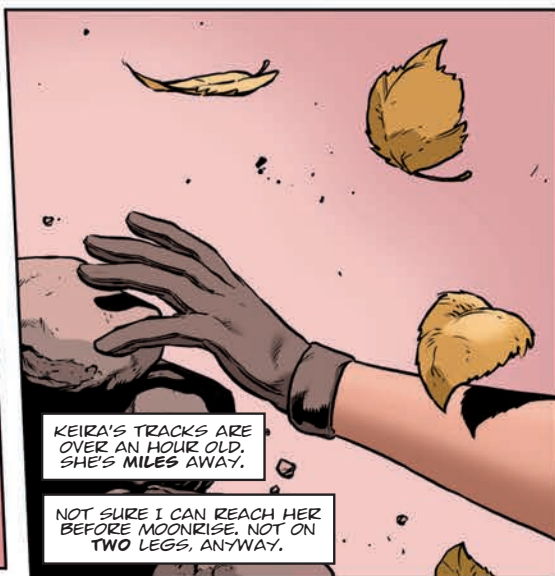
MEANS THE LYCANTHROPE VENOM INSIDE ME'S PICKING UP SPEED. CAN ALREADY FEEL THE APPROACHING MOON, RUMBLING LIKE AN ONCOMING TRAIN.



CAN'T STOP SHAKING. BODY'S BUZZING.

JUST WANNA FIGHT OR SCREW OR FEED ON SOMETHING THAT TWITCHES...

FOCUS, MORRIGAN!



KEIRA'S TRACKS ARE OVER AN HOUR OLD. SHE'S MILES AWAY.

NOT SURE I CAN REACH HER BEFORE MOONRISE, NOT ON TWO LEGS, ANYWAY.



HER SCENT'S ALREADY FADING INTO THE MOULD AND STONE...



A RUNE STICK!

ROWAN MORRIGAN, YOU STUPID OLD WOMAN! YOU'VE JUST WALKED INTO A —





CAN FEEL
MYSELF
SLIPPING
AWAY...



ARAAAAR!



ARROOOOOO!

'YOU'RE ENTERING A HOLY SITE NOW, HUMAN.'



THE LEGENDS SAY THIS TREE SPANG FROM THE GROUND IN SECONDS, SUMMONED BY A WORD FROM THE GODDESS HERSELF.



MANY SEASONS BENEATH THE LIGHT OF OUR MOON HAS SHAPED IT...



...AND I HAVE HELPED MY PEOPLE PLANT THE FRUITS OF LUNA'S WISDOM AMID ITS BRANCHES.



YGGDRASIL!

CITY OF THE
WOLF WORLD!



AND THE
SEED OF A WORLD
TO COME WITHIN
THE HOUR!



THE MOON RISES
IN LESS THAN AN HOUR,
PRIEST! DO YOU THINK I HAVE
TIME FOR **THIS** RUSTIC
NONSENSE?



THE
ENTIRE PACK ARE
GATHERING BELOW.
HAVE YOU EVEN
PREPARED THE
LUNARIUM?

ALPHA, WE
MUST ADHERE
TO THE **EXACT**
WORDS OF THE
PROPHECY.



BAH! WHAT
DIFFERENCE DOES IT
MAKE? THE GODDESS
WANTS HER KILLED
NOT COOKED!

IT SAYS **PURIFICATION**
IS NECESSARY BEFORE
THE HUMAN CAN BE
SACRIFICED.

YOU MUST BOTH
ENTER THE **STEAM-BURROW**
WITH SCALDING STONES AND
THE BLUE LEAVES OF THE
SKYPAW PLANT.



ALPHA, YOU ARE NOT
ASSEMBLING A **MACHINE**.
THIS IS A MATTER
OF SPIRIT.

THE PACK
STILL **FEAR** THE
WORLD INTO WHICH
YOU ARE LEADING
THEM. THEY CRAVE
TRADITION.

YOU MUST
REASSURE THEM
THAT YOU ARE **TRULY**
FOLLOWING THE
WORDS OF THE
GODDESS.



SHOULD YOU **FAIL** TO CONVINCE
THEM, I PREDICT EVEN **MORE**
CHALLENGERS SEEKING
YOUR THROAT.

HOW LONG DO
YOU THINK IT WILL
BE BEFORE--

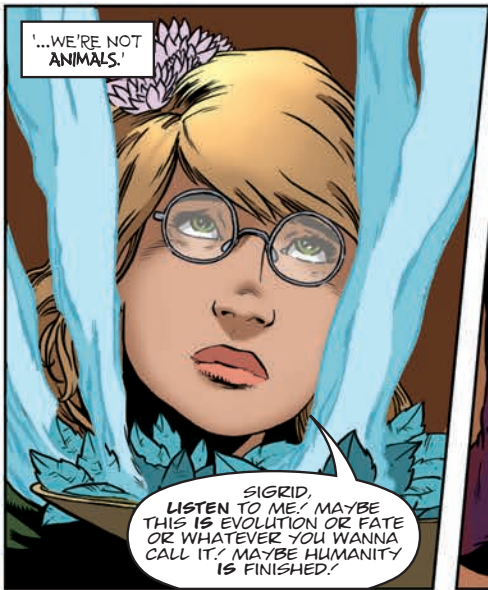
LEAVE US!
WE'LL DO THE BLASTED
RITUAL, BUT **QUICKLY!**



AND THESE
LEAVES HAD BETTER
NOT CLOUD MY
HEAD.

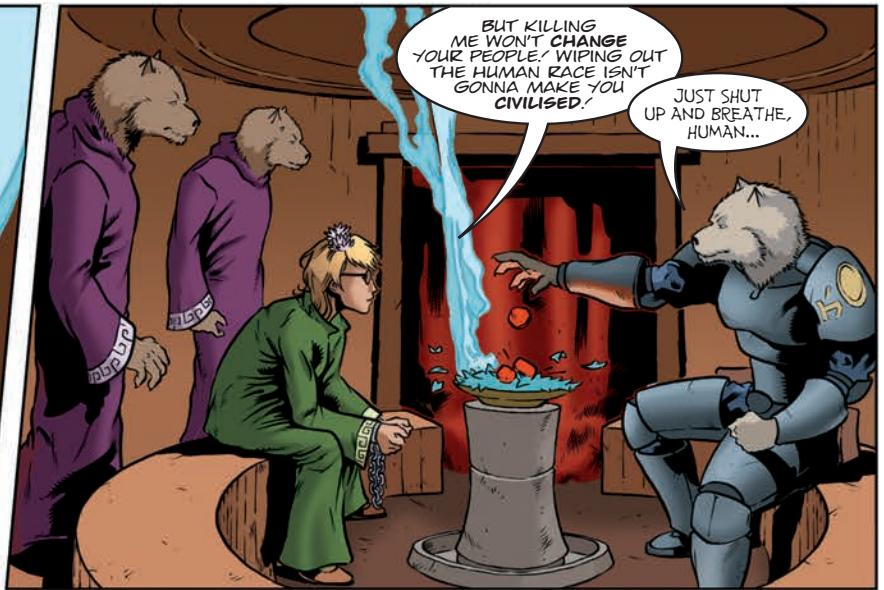
THE FUMES
OF THE SKYPAW PLANT
ARE HARMLESS TO US, BUT
WILL PUT THE HUMAN INTO
A BLACK SLEEP.

THIS WILL
SPARE HER ANY PAIN
DURING THE SACRIFICE.
AS IT SHOULD, ALPHA.
AFTER ALL...



'...WE'RE NOT ANIMALS.'

SIGRID,
LISTEN TO ME! MAYBE
THIS IS EVOLUTION OR FATE
OR WHATEVER YOU WANNA
CALL IT! MAYBE HUMANITY
IS FINISHED.



BUT KILLING
ME WON'T **CHANGE**
YOUR PEOPLE! WIPING OUT
THE HUMAN RACE ISN'T
GONNA MAKE YOU
CIVILISED!

JUST SHUT
UP AND BREATHE,
HUMAN...

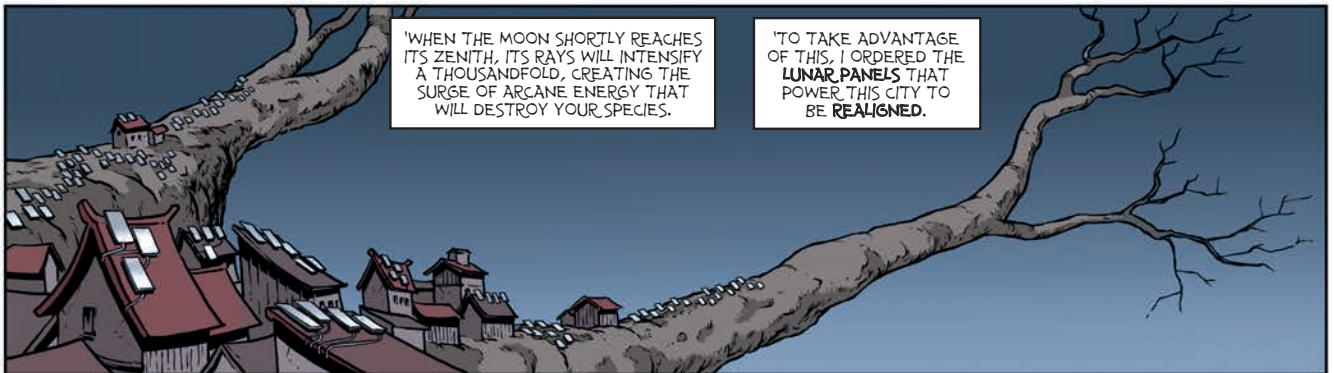


YOU CAN BUILD
CITIES AND SKYSHIPS,
AND WRITE STORIES TO
TELL YOUR CUBS HOW
IT ALL CAME ABOUT,
BUT YOU'LL STILL
JUST BE BEASTS AT
EACH OTHERS'
THROATS.



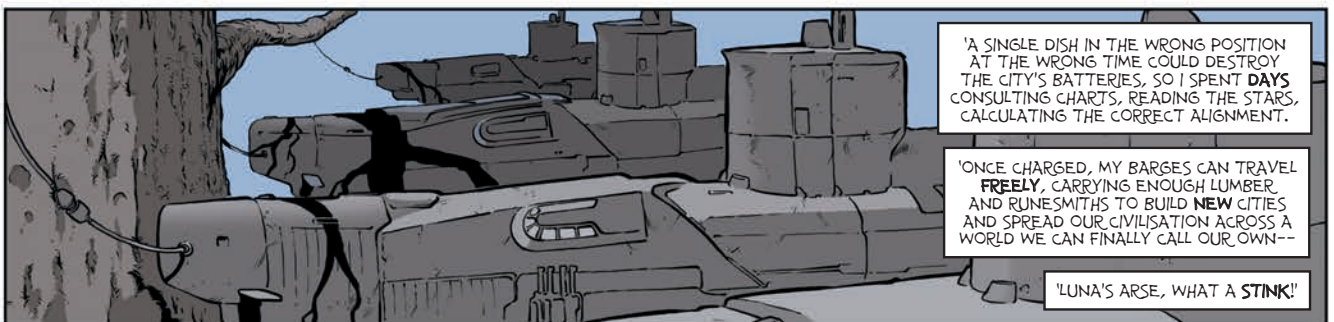
UNLIKE
YOUR FAILED
SPECIES, HUMAN,
MY PEOPLE SHALL
EVOLVE **BEYOND**
THE NEED FOR
VIOLENCE.

THEY
SHALL SEE THAT
KNOWLEDGE
IS THE WAY
FORWARD.



'WHEN THE MOON SHORTLY REACHES
ITS ZENITH, ITS RAYS WILL INTENSIFY
A THOUSANDFOLD, CREATING THE
SURGE OF ARCAN ENE RGY THAT
WILL DESTROY YOUR SPECIES.'

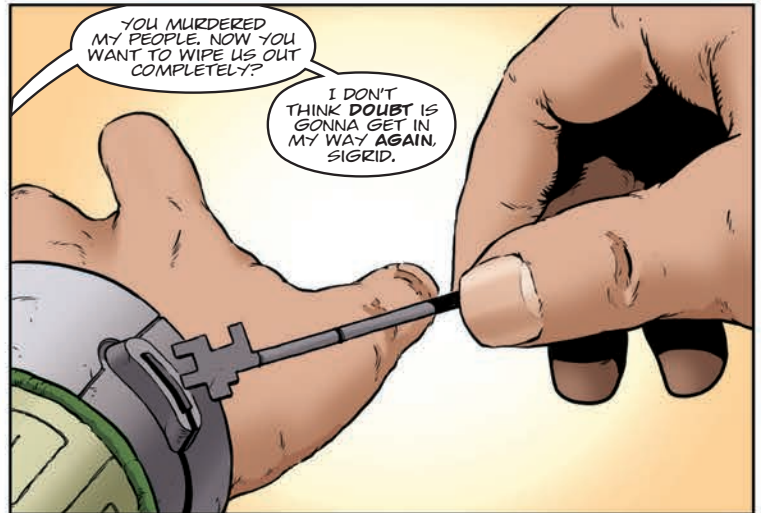
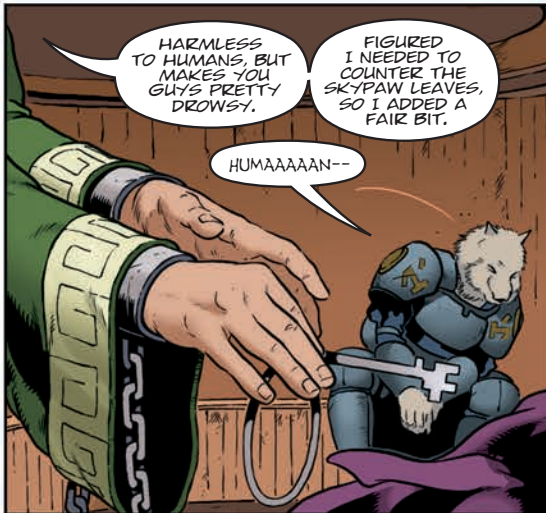
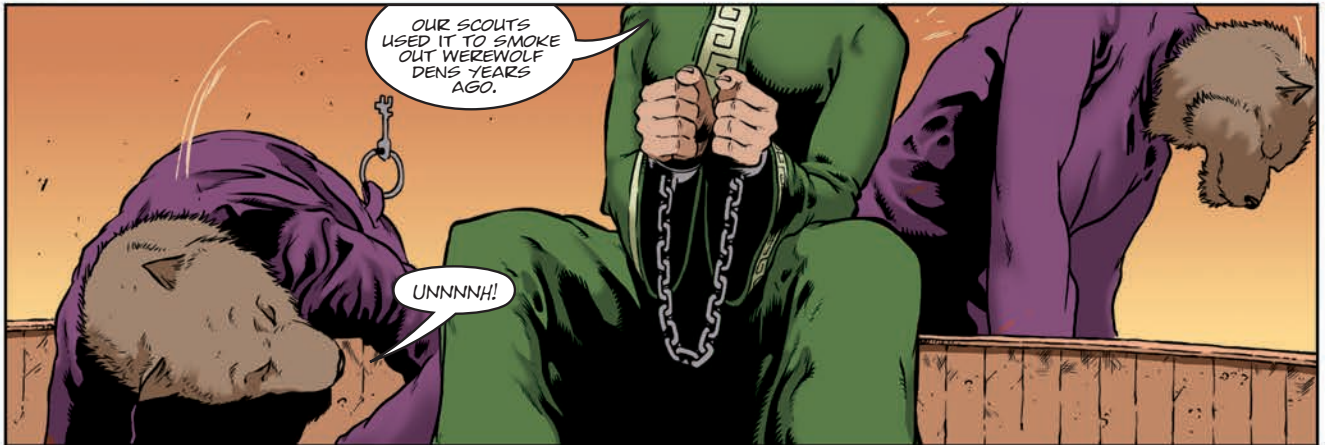
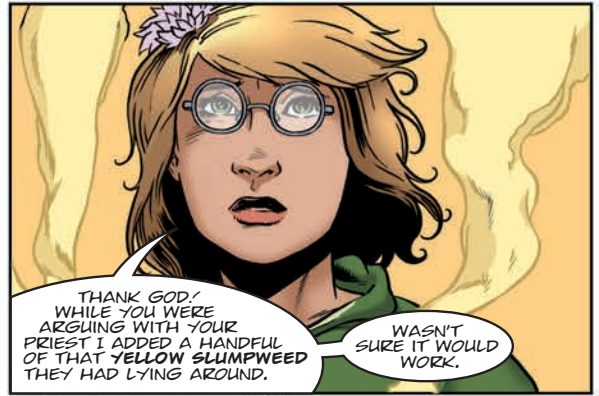
'TO TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF THIS, I ORDERED THE
LUNAR PANELS THAT
POWER THIS CITY TO
BE **REALIGNED**.

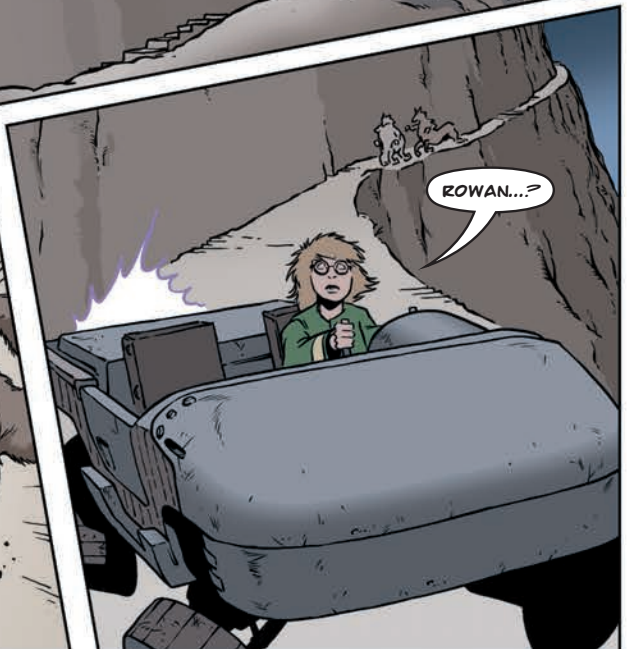


'A SINGLE DISH IN THE WRONG POSITION
AT THE WRONG TIME COULD DESTROY
THE CITY'S BATTERIES, SO I SPENT **DAYS**
CONSULTING CHARTS, READING THE STARS,
CALCULATING THE CORRECT ALIGNMENT.'

'ONCE CHARGED, MY BARGES CAN TRAVEL
FREELY, CARRYING ENOUGH LUMBER
AND RUNESMITHS TO BUILD **NEW** CITIES
AND SPREAD OUR CIVILISATION ACROSS A
WORLD WE CAN FINALLY CALL OUR OWN--

'LUNA'S ARSE, WHAT A STINK!'





KEIRA!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR
HER SCENT I DON'T
THINK I WOULD'VE
RECOGNISED HER.



I HAVEN'T SEEN HER
SINCE SHE WAS SIX.

ROWAN?
YOU'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY FROM
HERE!



DON'T
MOVE, EITHER
OF YOU! OR WE'LL
BLAST YOU
TO ASH!

THOUGHT I'D
LOSE MYSELF IN
THE CHANGE. I
WAS WRONG.



DOESN'T FEEL LIKE
I'VE CHANGED AT ALL.

NOT USED TO
THESE CLAWS,
THOUGH. HOPE
I'M A FAST
LEARNER...

HEAR ME,
CITIZENS OF
YGGSDRASIL!

IN LUNA'S NAME,
ROWAN MORRIGAN BARES FANGS
IN CHALLENGE TO SIGRID
RUNECRAFTER!



SHOULD
SHE TURN TAIL UPON
HEARING THESE WORDS,
SHE WILL FORFEIT HER
LEADERSHIP!

ALPHA, YOU
HAVE LESS THAN SIX
MINUTES.

THAT'S A SHAME.
I'VE WOULD'VE LIKED TO HAVE
TAKEN MY TIME IN KILLING
THIS ONE...





SHOULD'VE
BROUGHT
THE SPEAR.

ALL THIS
MUSCLE,
ALL THESE
CLAWS...

EASY FOR AN OLD
WOMAN LIKE ME TO
GET CARRIED AWAY.

REALLY
SHOULD'VE
BROUGHT
THE SPEAR.

I HAVE
KILLED THE GREY
WITCH, SWORN
ENEMY OF ALL
WOLFKIND!

WHAT
MORE WOULD
YOU HAVE
ME DO?



AM I NOT
FIT TO LEAD YOU
WITHOUT FURTHER
CHALLENGE?

DO YOU
FINALLY TRUST ME
TO BRING ABOUT THE
PROMISED LAND PLEDGED
TO US BY THE GREAT
WHITE GODDESS
HERSELF?

HROOOOO!



CAN FEEL ME
INSIDES HANGING
OUT LIKE A SACK
OF SPUDS.

GOD, SHE
WAS FAST...



IT'S ONE THING FIGHTING DUMB ANIMALS WITH A WEAPON IN YOUR HAND.

IT'S SOMETHING ELSE FIGHTING AN ANIMAL THAT THINKS.



THAT KNOWS WHEN TO TAKE A HIT THAT'LL LEAVE YOU OPEN.



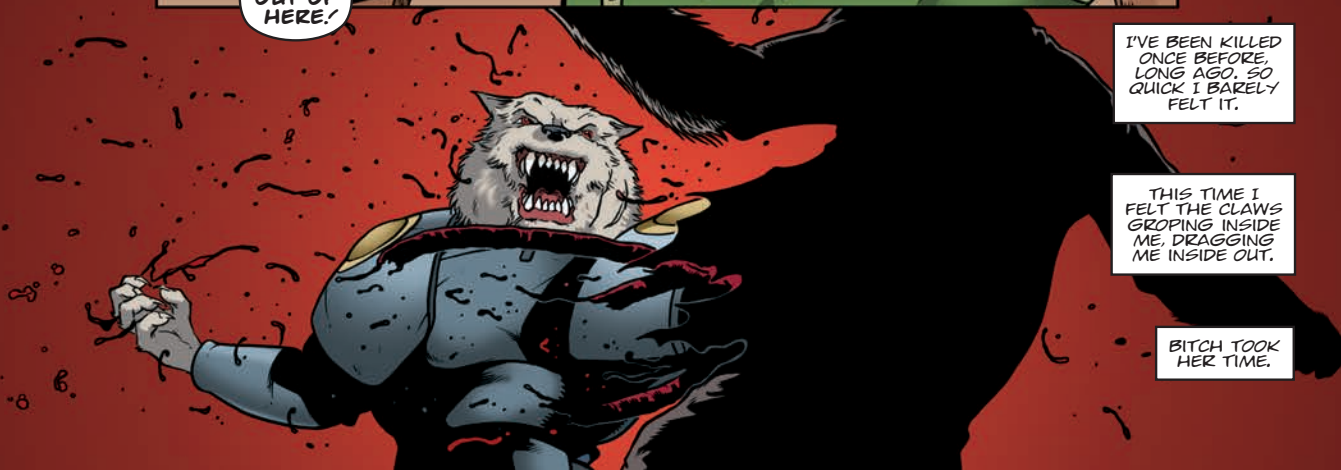
IT WAS LIKE FIGHTING A HUMAN.



COULD SMELL KEIRA'S SCENT LIKE CURDLED MILK, SICK WITH FEAR.

ROWAN, JUST RUN!

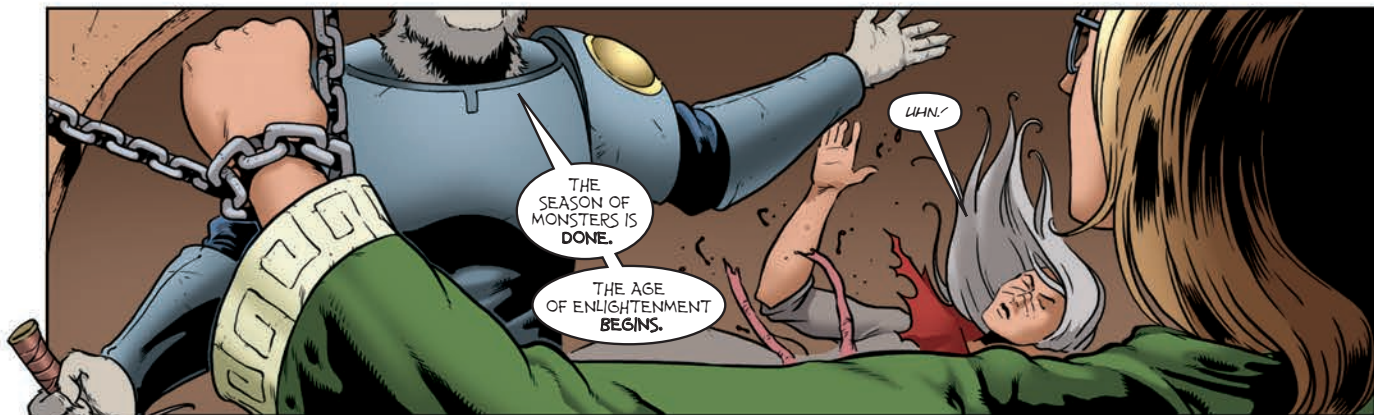
GET OUT OF HERE!



I'VE BEEN KILLED ONCE BEFORE, LONG AGO. SO QUICK I BARELY FELT IT.

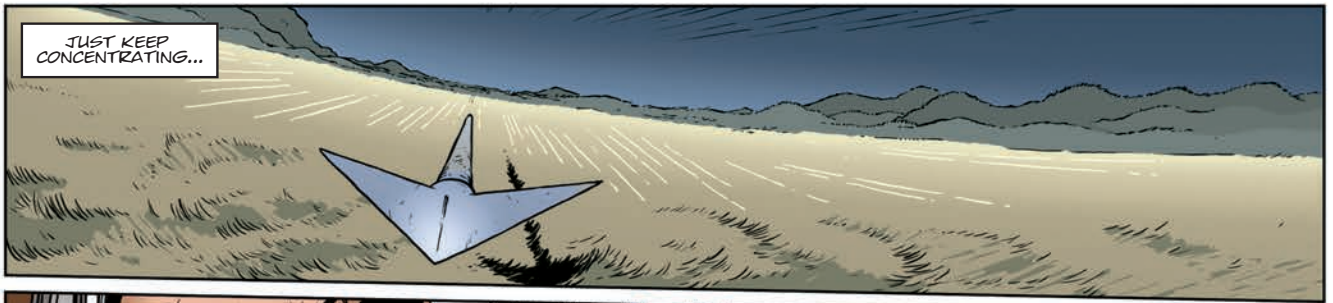
THIS TIME I FELT THE CLAWS GROPPING INSIDE ME, DRAGGING ME INSIDE OUT.

BITCH TOOK HER TIME.



"THE GREAT MOON'S ENERGIES THICKEN THE AIR, ENOUGH TO PRICKLE YOUR FUR..."

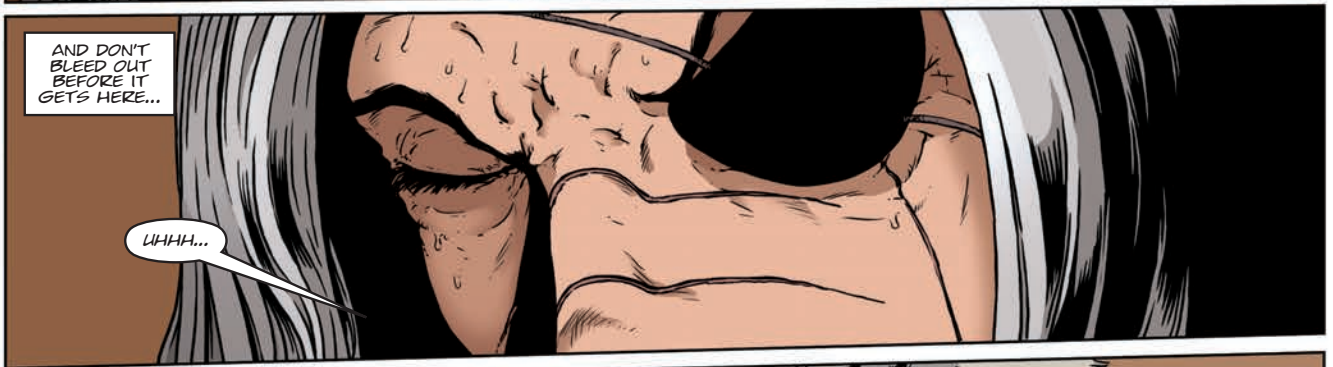




JUST KEEP
CONCENTRATING...

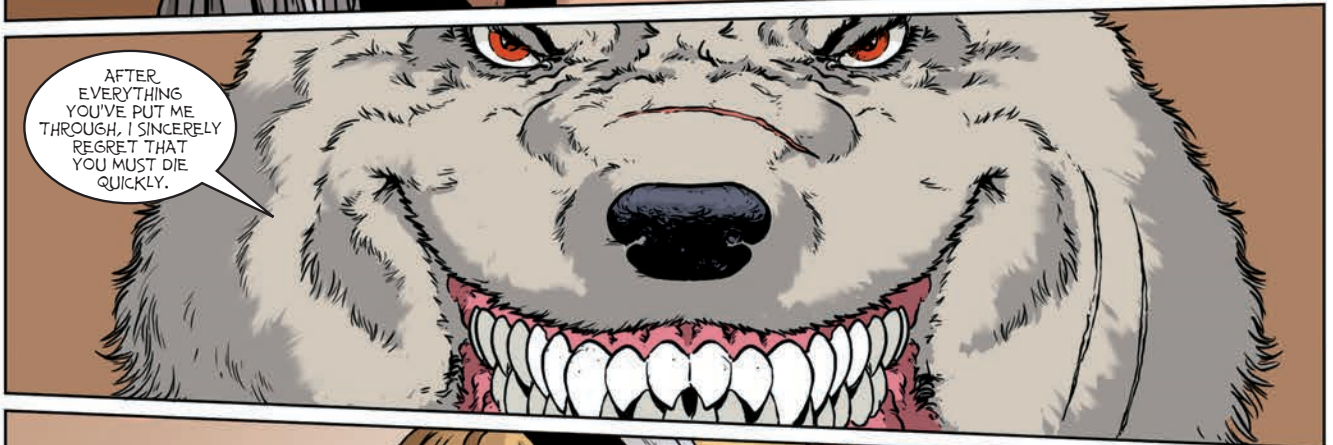


FOCUS.

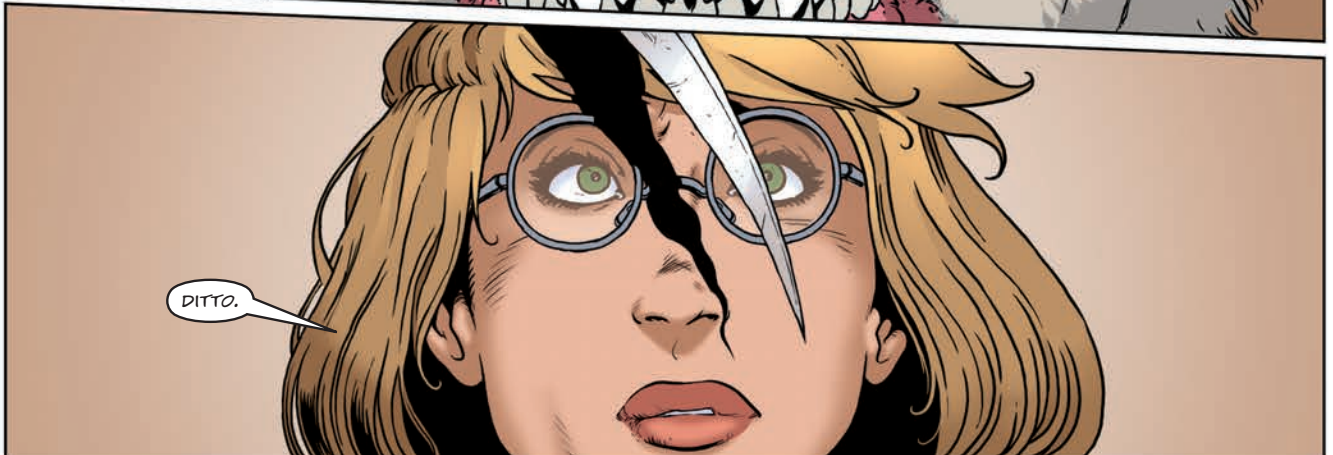


AND DON'T
BLEED OUT
BEFORE IT
GETS HERE...

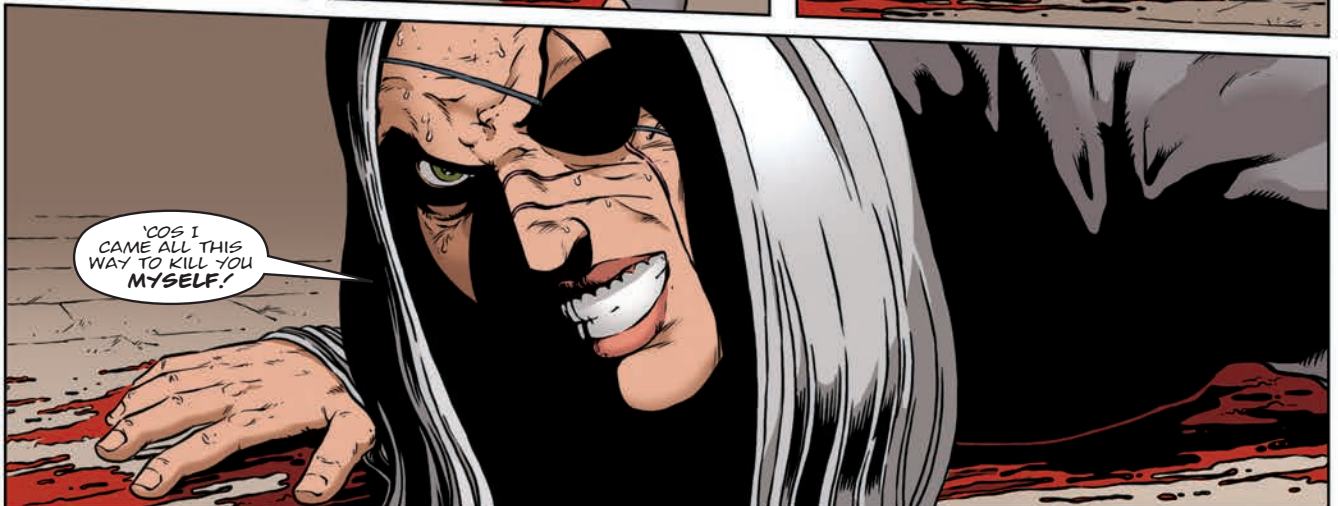
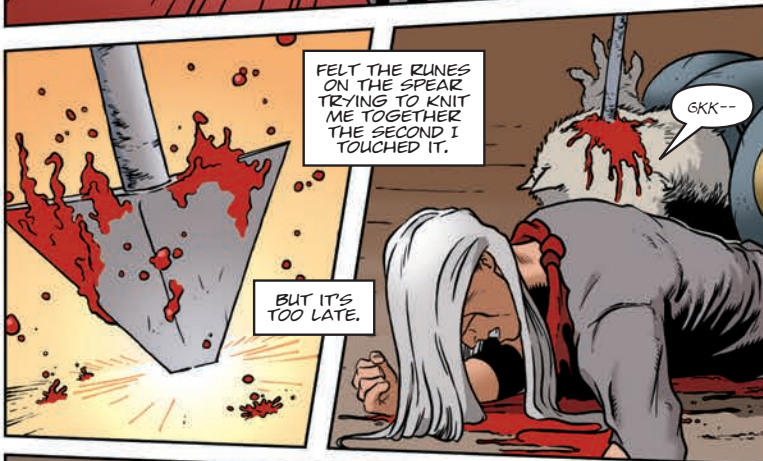
UHHH...



AFTER
EVERYTHING
YOU'VE PUT ME
THROUGH, I SINCERELY
REGRET THAT
YOU MUST DIE
QUICKLY.



DITTO.





'YEARS AGO, I INHERITED A CURSE.'

'AS THE YOUNGEST IN AN ANCIENT BLOODLINE, I WAS CHOSEN FOR SACRIFICE SO THE WORLD COULD BE REMADE.'

'I WAS SACRIFICED.'

'THE WORLD WAS REMADE.'

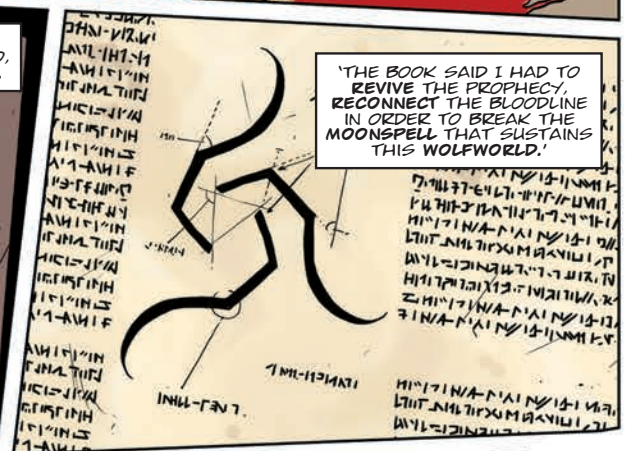


'BUT I FOUND A WAY TO COME BACK ONCE THAT CURSE - THAT PROPHECY - WAS FULFILLED.'

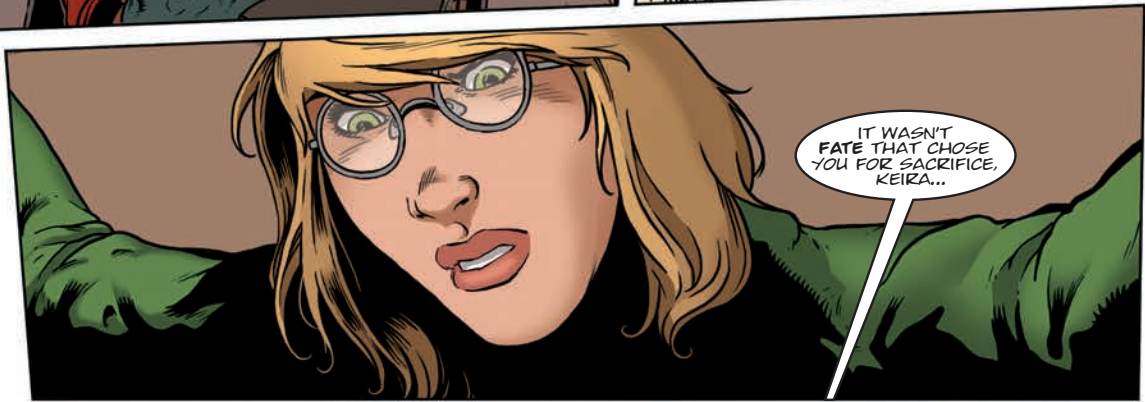


'THEN I SEARCHED FOR A WAY TO RETURN THE WORLD TO NORMAL.'

'TWENTY YEARS AGO, I FOUND IT.'



'THE BOOK SAID I HAD TO REVIVE THE PROPHECY, RECONNECT THE BLOODLINE IN ORDER TO BREAK THE MOONSPELL THAT SUSTAINS THIS WOLF WORLD.'



IT WASN'T FATE THAT CHOSE YOU FOR SACRIFICE, KEIRA...



...IT WAS ME.

I CREATED A BLOOD-BOND BETWEEN US. I PASSED ON THE CURSE, REVIVED THE PROPHECY.

I CHOSE YOU FOR SACRIFICE SO THE WORLD CAN BE REMADE.



SIGRID READ THE PROPHECY, BUT SHE DIDN'T READ IT ALL.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT FAVOURS THE ONE THAT MAKES THE SACRIFICE.

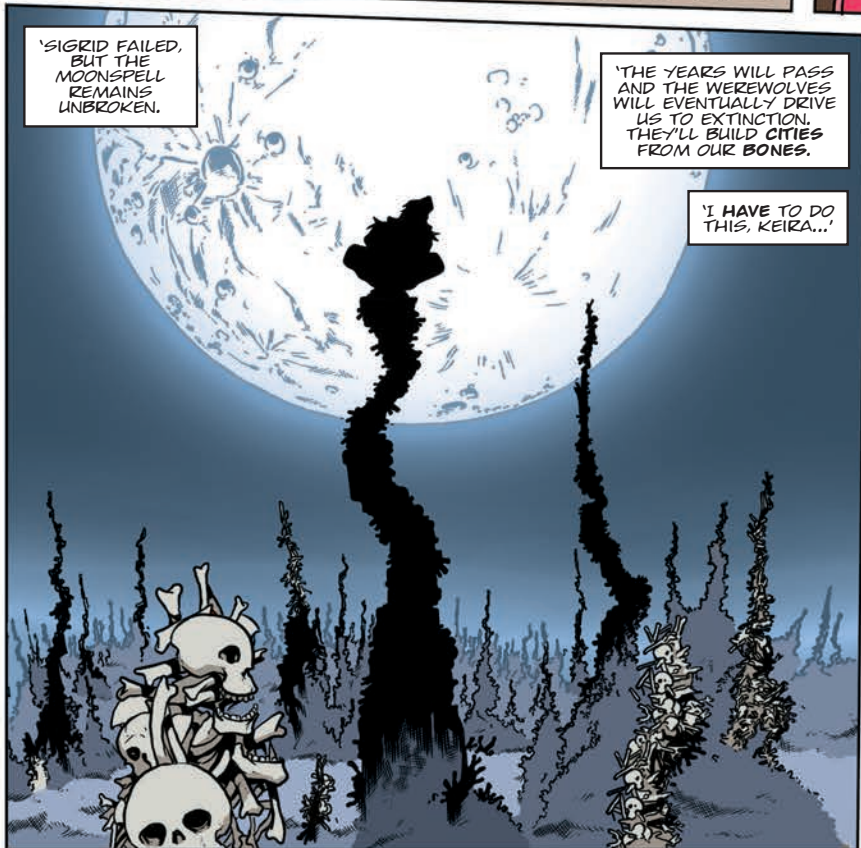
HAD A WEREWOLF KILLED YOU, HUMANITY WOULD'VE BEEN DESTROYED INSTANTLY.



BUT IF YOU'RE SACRIFICED BY A HUMAN, THE MOONSPELL BREAKS AND THE WEREWOLVES DIE.

IF I DON'T KILL YOU, KEIRA, THE WORLD WILL GO ON THE WAY IT IS.

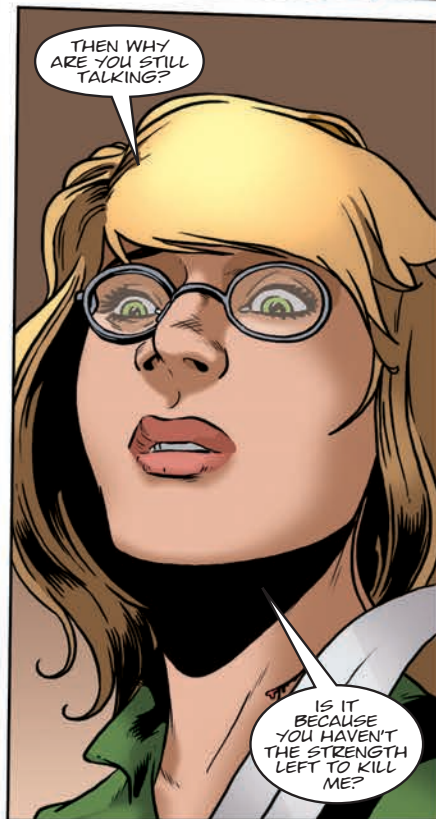
MORE PEOPLE WILL DIE AND I CAN'T ALLOW THAT.



'SIGRID FAILED, BUT THE MOONSPELL REMAINS UNBROKEN.

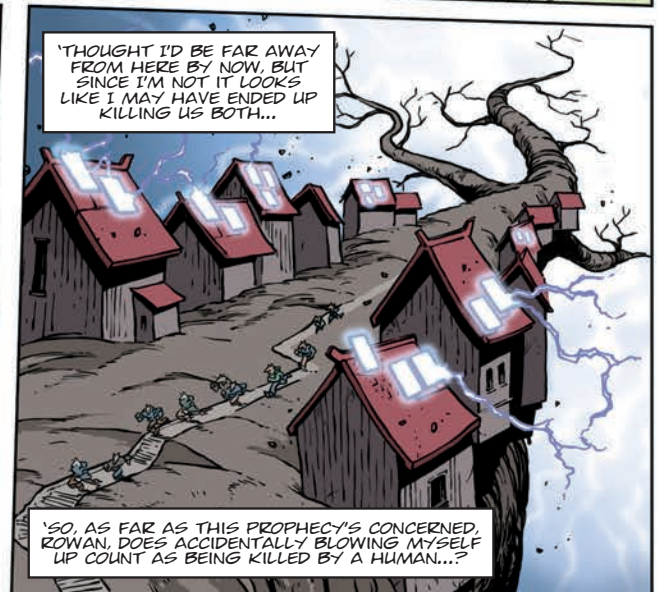
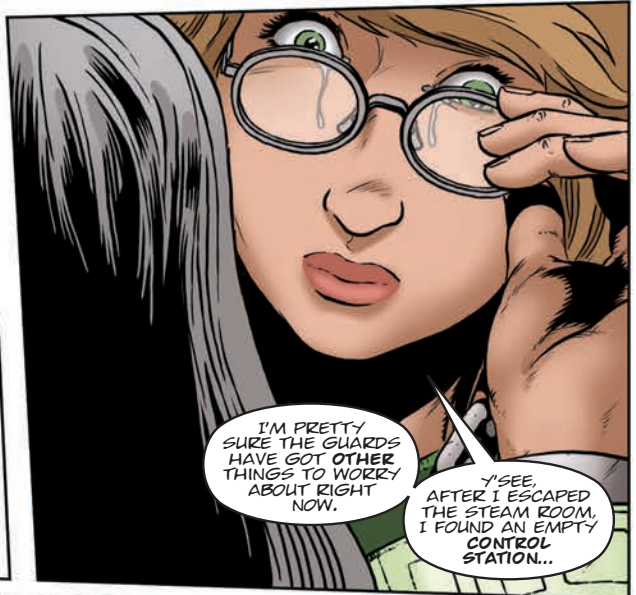
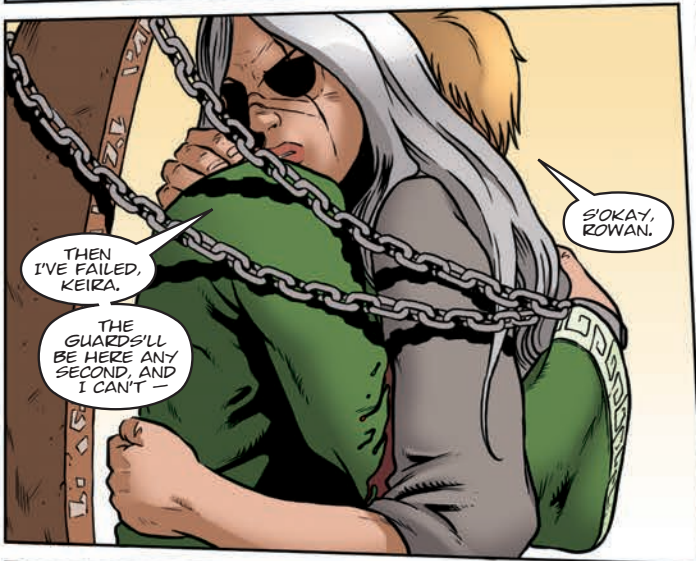
'THE YEARS WILL PASS AND THE WEREWOLVES WILL EVENTUALLY DRIVE US TO EXTINCTION. THEY'LL BUILD CITIES FROM OUR BONES.

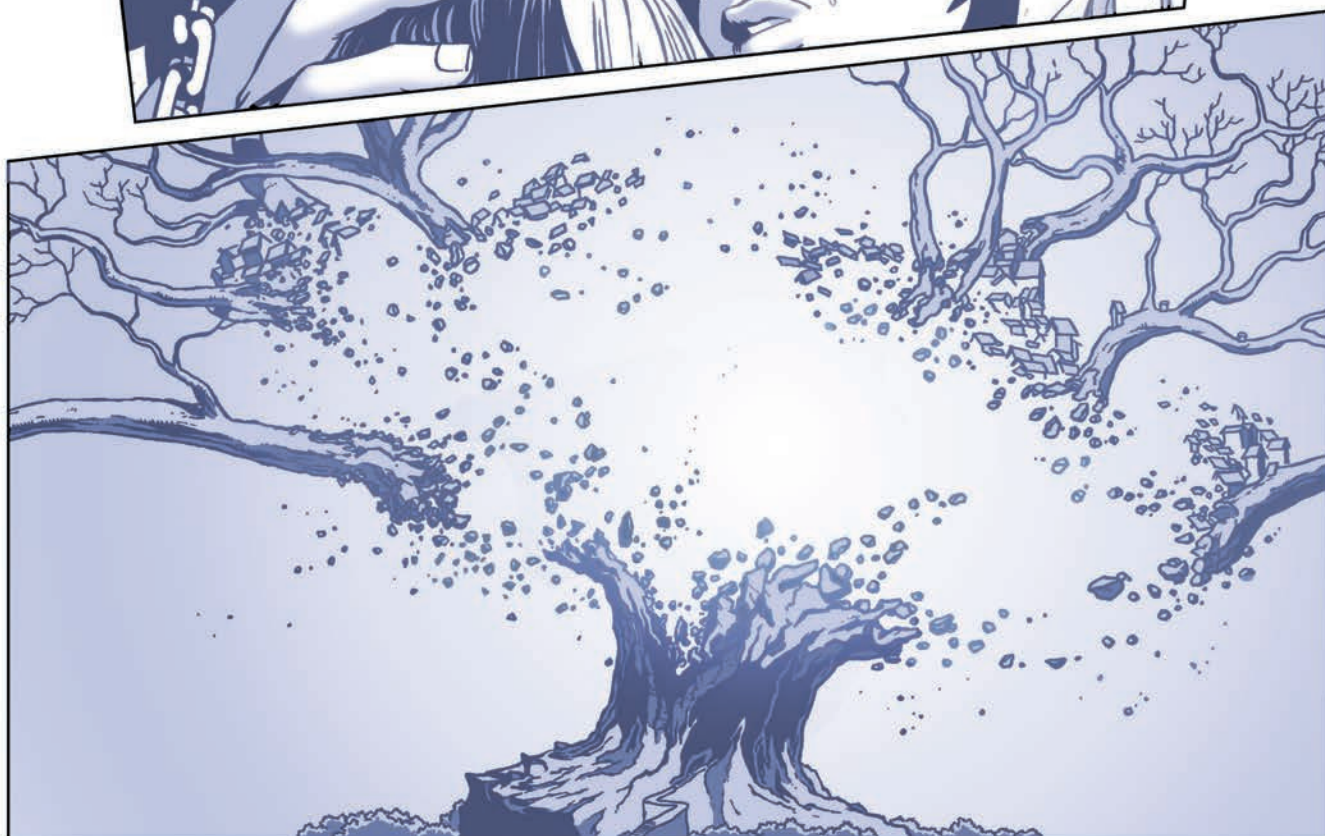
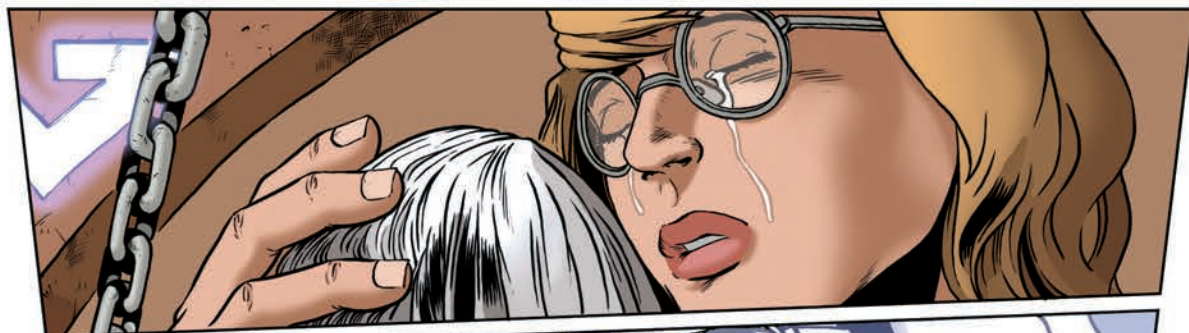
'I HAVE TO DO THIS, KEIRA...'

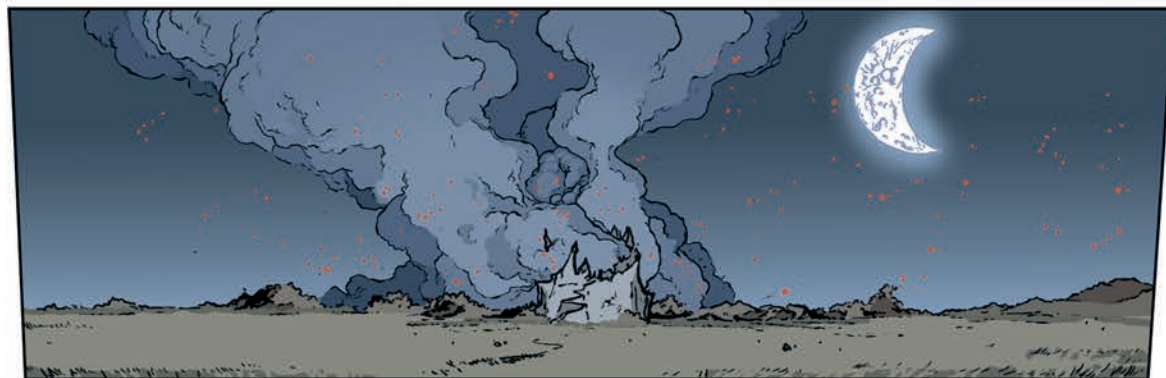
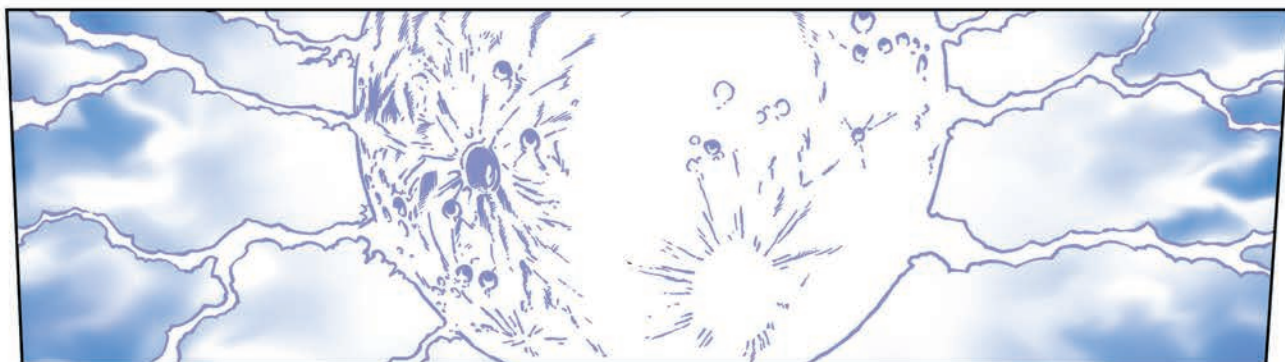


THEN WHY ARE YOU STILL TALKING?

IS IT BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH LEFT TO KILL ME?















ALEC WORLEY

Alec Worley was a burger-flipper, a projectionist and a film critic before completing his *Future Shock* apprenticeship for *2000 AD* and creating two original series: *Age of the Wolf* (with Jon Davis-Hunt) and *Dandridge* (with Warren Pleece). He's also written *Judge Dredd*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Tharg's 3rillers* and *Tales From The Black Museum*, as well as *Judge Dredd* short stories and a novella, *Judge Anderson: Heartbreaker*.

JON DAVIS-HUNT

Jon Davis-Hunt started his professional career designing computer games. After deciding to try his luck in the world of comics, Jon got his first professional job with *2000 AD* and has now illustrated several strips for the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', including *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Dandridge* and *Age of the Wolf* which he co-created with Alec Worley. Jon has also drawn *Transformers* for US publisher IDW.



RISE OF THE LYCANTHROPE!

HUMANITY'S DAYS LOOK NUMBERED. EARTH HAS FOUND ITSELF LIVING UNDER A PERMANENT FULL MOON and the majority of the world's population have been transformed into flesh-hungry werewolves. As the scattered survivors find themselves as part of the food chain, a young London-based woman named Rowan Morrigan discovers that she may be destined to save the human race!

Written by Alec Worley (*Dandridge*) with art by Jon Davis-Hunt (*Judge Dredd*), *Age of the Wolf* is an intelligent dissection of werewolf mythology, wrapped inside a high-octane action adventure!



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