

EDUARDO FEITO • JORDI BADIA ROMERO

MISTY™

VOL. 3



**RUN WILD WITH
WOLF GIRL!!! PLUS
OTHER NIGHTMARISH
STORIES**

ARTISTS

EDUARDO FEITO & JORDI BADIA ROMERO



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MISTY



MISTY CREATED BY PAT MILLS AND WILF PRIGMORE

WOLF GIRL

WRITER: UNKNOWN • ARTIST: EDUARDO FEITO • 5TH MAY 1979 - 18TH AUGUST 1979



THERE'S A BOND
BETWEEN ME AND
THE WOLVES. I SENSE
IT, AND SO DO THEY.
PERHAPS I'M MORE
WOLF THAN GIRL, AND
NOW THESE INSTINCTS
ARE TAKING ME OVER !

BEGINS TODAY!

Wolf Girl



SOMEWHERE IN EASTERN EUROPE, WHERE WOLVES STILL BROUGHT A CHILL OF FEAR IN ISOLATED VILLAGES, A MOTHER SENSED IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE THE WARMTH OF THE LAIR, WHERE SHE NURSED A NEW-BORN CUB.

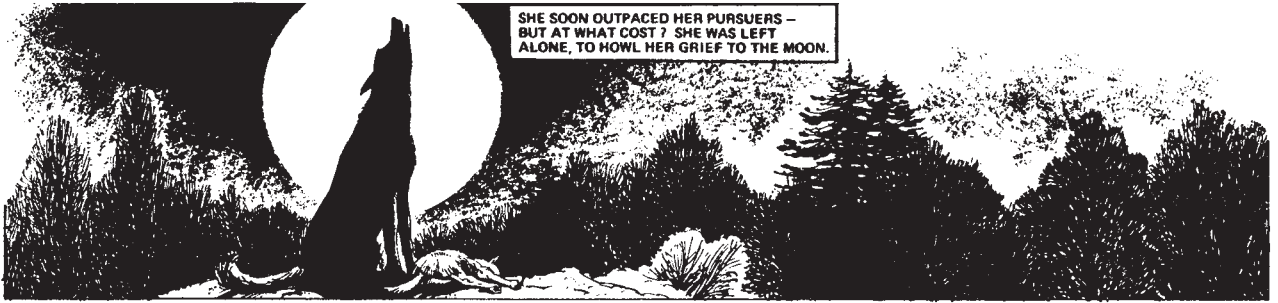


OUR FLOCKS WERE RAIDED AGAIN LAST NIGHT. WE HAVE TO TRACK DOWN THE EVIL CREATURES.

DEATH TO ALL WOLVES!

SHE KNEW THAT TO MOVE HER CUB WOULD ENDANGER ITS LIFE — BUT HER KEEN SENSES TOLD HER EVEN BIGGER DANGER WAS APPROACHING. THERE WAS NO CHOICE.

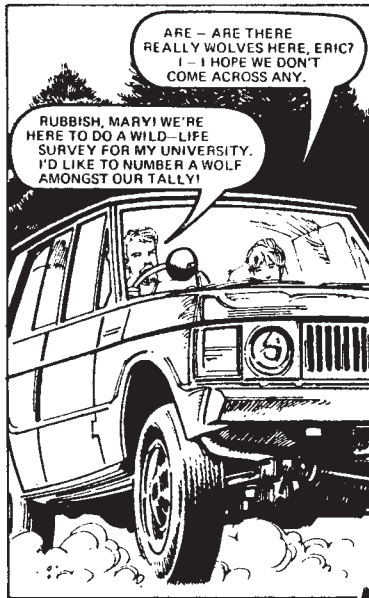




SHE SOON OUTPACED HER PURSUERS – BUT AT WHAT COST ? SHE WAS LEFT ALONE, TO HOWL HER GRIEF TO THE MOON.



WE'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR TONIGHT ! THAT HOWL MAKES YOU WANT TO LOCK YOURSELF UP SAFELY AT HOME!



ARE – ARE THERE REALLY WOLVES HERE, ERIC? I – I HOPE WE DON'T COME ACROSS ANY.

RUBBISH, MARY! WE'RE HERE TO DO A WILD-LIFE SURVEY FOR MY UNIVERSITY. I'D LIKE TO NUMBER A WOLF AMONGST OUR TALLY!



I – I'M JUST SCARED ABOUT THE BABY. I WISH WE HADN'T BROUGHT HER HERE.

WOLVES RARELY ATTACK MAN, LOVE! WE'LL BE IN NO DANGER.



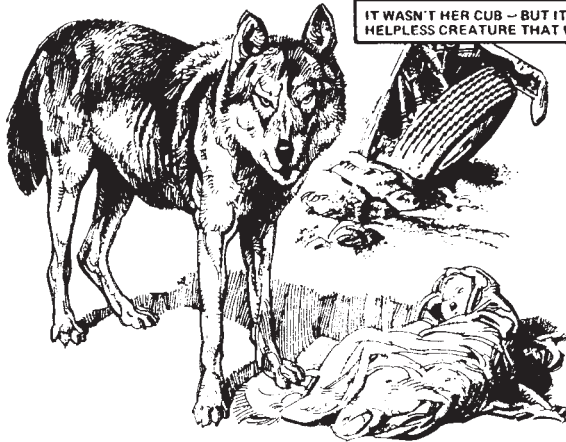
BUT THERE WERE OTHER DANGERS, BESIDES WOLVES...



HER PARENTS LAY STILL – BUT THE BABY HAD BEEN PROTECTED BY HER SHAWL...



... AND HER CRIES MET THE EARS OF THE GRIEVING MOTHER WOLF.



IT WASN'T HER CUB - BUT IT WAS ANOTHER YOUNG HELPLESS CREATURE THAT WOULD DIE IF LEFT ALONE.



GENTLY, SO GENTLY, SHE CARRIED IT AWAY.



READ ALL ABOUT IT!
BRITISH UNIVERSITY
LECTURER AND WIFE
KILLED IN WOLF - COUNTRY...



BACK IN LONDON, THE STORY WAS HEADLINE NEWS...

HOW DREADFUL!
THEY HAD A BABY
WITH THEM, BUT ALL
THAT WAS FOUND
WAS ITS SHAWL!

IT DOESN'T
BEAR THINKING
ABOUT!



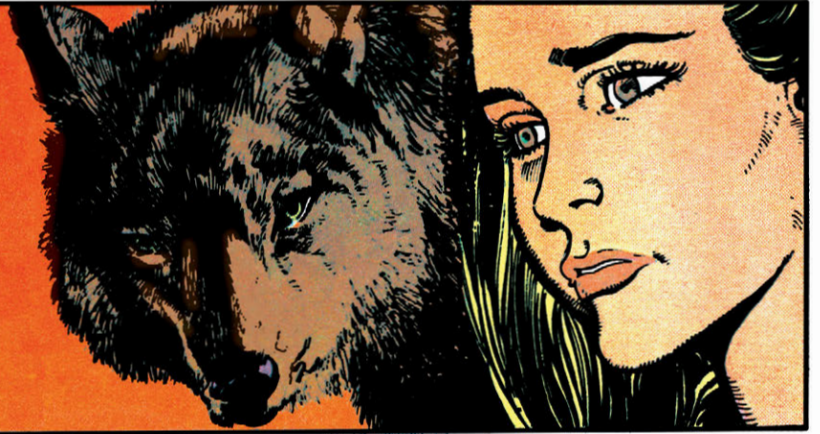
THE STORY WAS FORGOTTEN
AFTER A FEW DAYS -
BUT TWO YEARS LATER THAT
BABY WAS STILL THRIVING...

BUT HER GUARDIAN WAS GROWING OLDER AND SLOWER. THE CHILD WAS ABLE TO STAGGER AWAY WITHOUT THE WOLF NOTICING...





Wolf Girl



THE SMALL ENGLISH TOWN OF WOODVALE, SLEEPING SILENTLY UNDER A SILVER MOON - UNTIL A SPINE - CHILLING CRY ROSE FROM THE DARKNESS.



I'M SO UNHAPPY BUT WHO IS THERE TO TELL? ALL I CAN DO IS WEEP TO THE MOON.

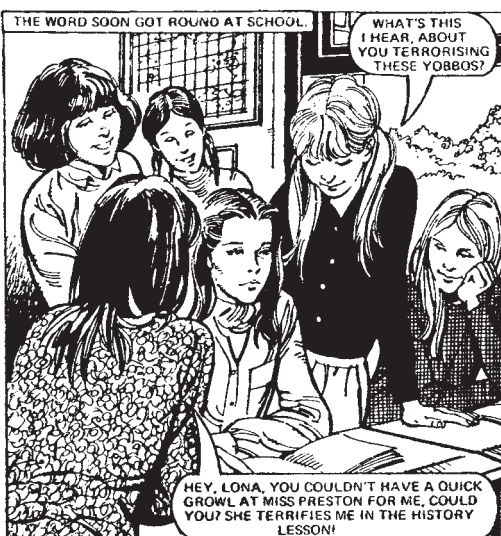
AND EVEN MORE UNCANNY WAS THE SOURCE OF THAT MELANCHOLY CRY...

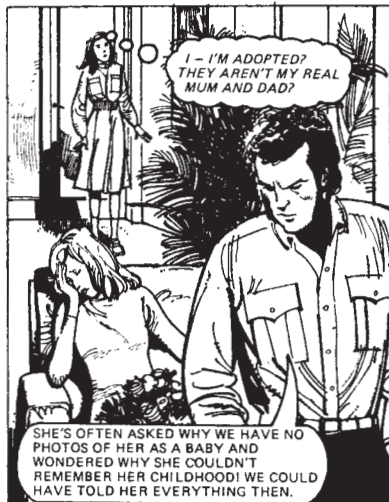


JOHN - THAT NOISE! OH, PLEASE SAY IT ISN'T - IT CAN'T BE...

BETTER GET OUT THERE AND LOOK!







Wolf Girl



LONA WILLIAMS' LIFE HAD BEEN DRAMATICALLY UPSET—FIRST, SHE HAD ACCIDENTALLY LEARNED SHE HAD BEEN ADOPTED—BUT THEN THE BIGGEST SHOCK WAS WHEN SHE DISCOVERED THE TRUTH ABOUT HER EARLY UP-BRINGING...

I WAS REARED BY A WOLF? BUT —BUT THAT'S HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!

YOUR PARENTS WERE KILLED IN THE MOUNTAINS, LOVE. YOU WERE JUST A FEW WEEKS OLD. IT WAS A MIRACLE THE WOLF FOUND YOU AND SAVED YOUR LIFE.

BETTER IF I'D DIED! THIS IS WHY I'VE FELT SO OUT-OF-PLACE THESE PAST MONTHS—LIKE A WILD ANIMAL IN A HUMAN WORLD!

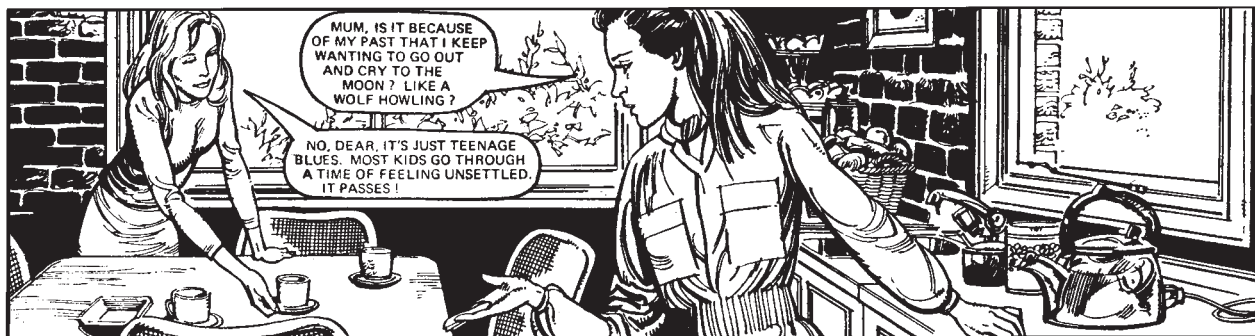
IT'S TRUE, MUM. I DON'T REMEMBER THE WOLF, BUT THINGS IT TAUGHT ME MUST HAVE BEEN BURIED IN MY MIND. NOW THEY'RE BREAKING THROUGH.

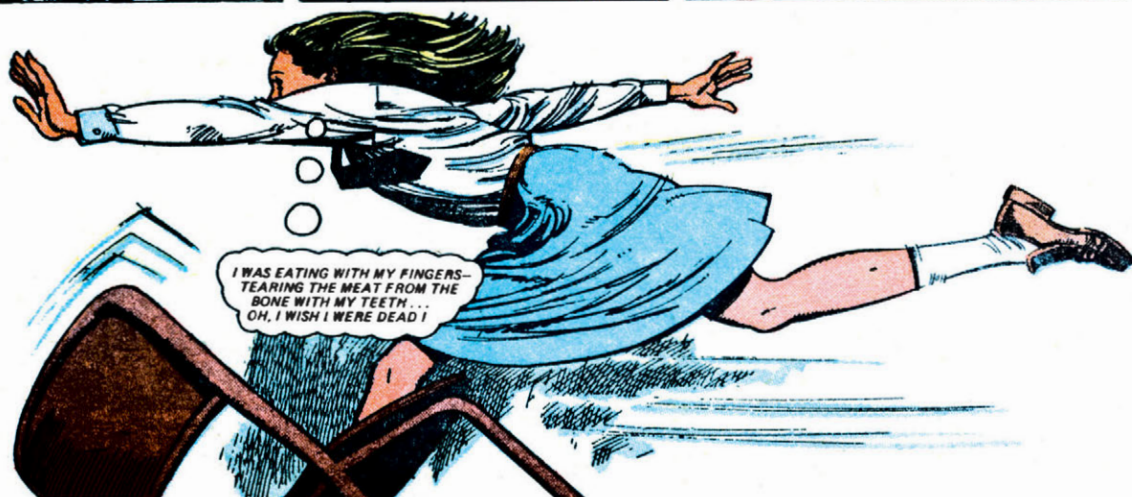
STOP THAT!

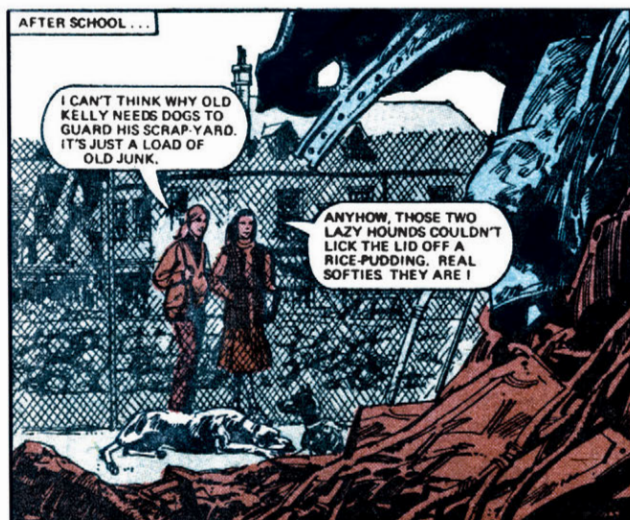
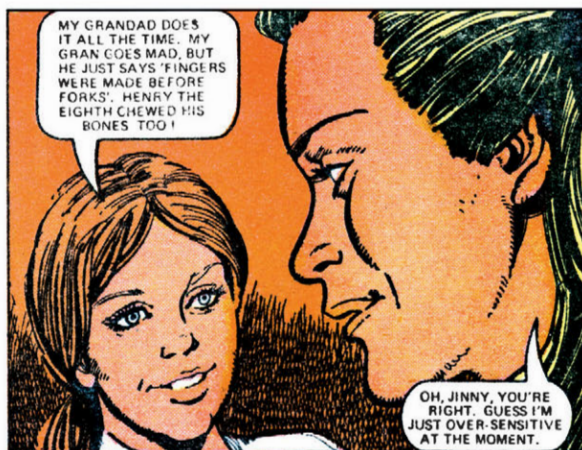
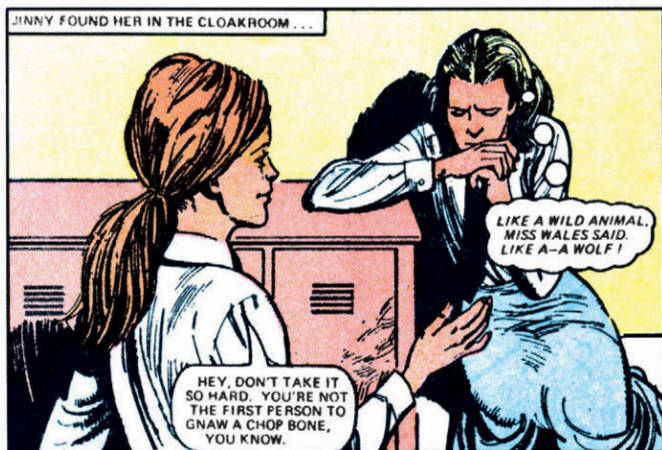
LONA, THIS IS THE TRUTH. SPECIALISTS ASSURED US THERE WAS NO WAY YOUR UPBRINGING COULD AFFECT YOUR DEVELOPMENT. YOU WERE EVEN GIVEN INTENSIVE TREATMENT TO BLOCK OUT YOUR EARLY MEMORIES, JUST TO MAKE SURE.

WELL, NOW YOU KNOW THOSE SPECIALISTS WERE WRONG, I—I BET YOU'RE SORRY YOU TOOK ON A FREAK.

YOU'RE NO FREAK. YOU'RE OUR LOVELY DAUGHTER AND WE'LL NEVER REGRET CHOOSING YOU. NOW, LET'S ALL HAVE A CUPPA, AND CALM DOWN.

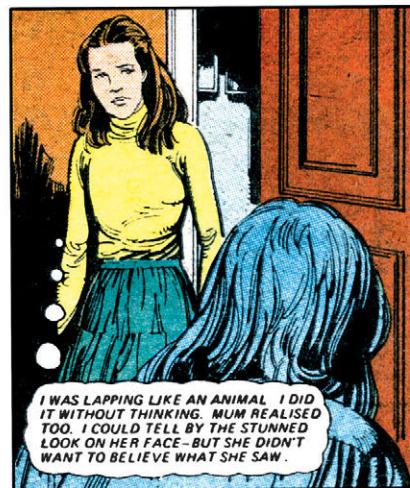












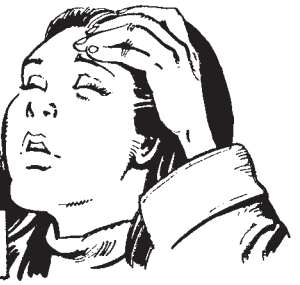




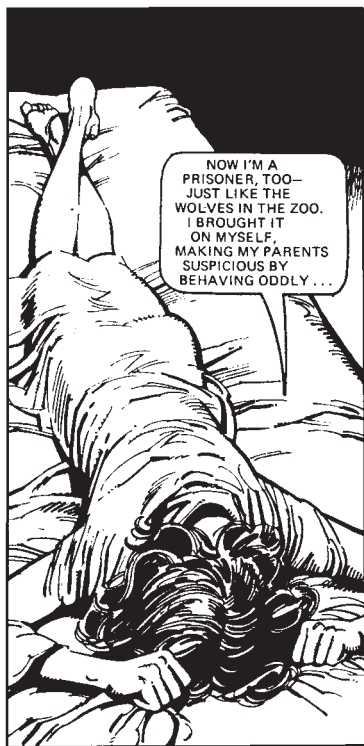
THEIR HOWLING SEEMS TO TOUCH A MEMORY THAT'S BEEN HIDDEN AWAY AT THE BACK OF MY MIND...



FOR AN INSTANT, SHE SMELT THE MUSTINESS OF A CAVE, THE DAMPNESS OF EARTH—SHE SENSED THE SHARP AIR OF NIGHT—A TIME MEANT FOR HUNTING...





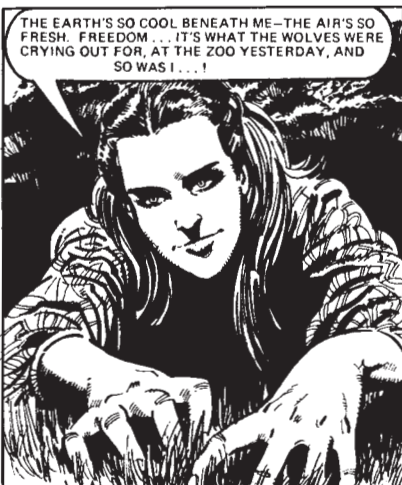


NEXT DAY ...



THAT EVENING ...







LONA WILLIAMS DISCOVERED THAT AS A BABY SHE HAD BEEN REARED BY A WOLF. WHEN HER PARENTS WERE KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT, AND THEN SHE FELT THE CALL OF THE WILD—GROWING STRONGER AND STRONGER...

Wolf Girl



LONA'S HEAD WAS FILLED WITH MEMORIES, VAGUE, AND YET SHE FELT SHE COULD ALMOST REMEMBER...



I BELONG UNDER THE NIGHT SKY, NOT BACK AT THAT PARTY, WITH THE NOISE AND THE LIGHTS. THE EARTH, THE GRASS—EVERYTHING FEELS RIGHT HERE.



BUT BACK AT THE PARTY...

MY PARENTS ARE OUT, SO WE THOUGHT WE'D BETTER CALL YOU.

YOU'RE NOT HAVING US ON, ARE YOU, MISS? I MEAN ABOUT HEARING WEREWOLVES ON THE COMMON. PERHAPS YOUR PARTY'S JUST GOT OUT OF HAND, EH?

YOU MUST BELIEVE US. WE ALL HEARD SOMETHING—SOMETHING WEIRD. BUT WHAT'S WORSE IS THAT MY FRIEND LONA IS MISSING. SHE MIGHT BE OUT THERE!



HIS CRY OF PAIN SEEMED TO BREAK THE SPELL...



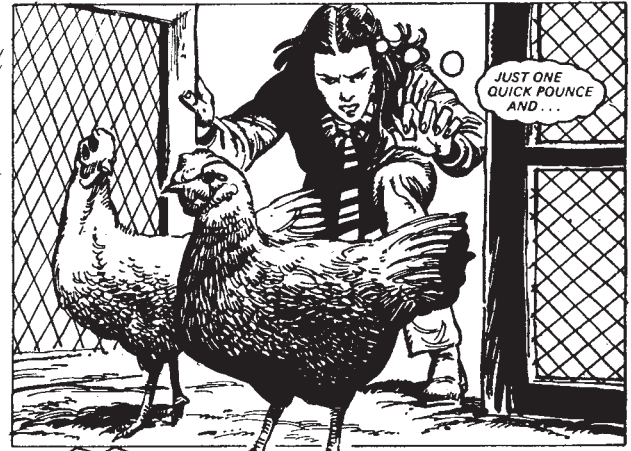
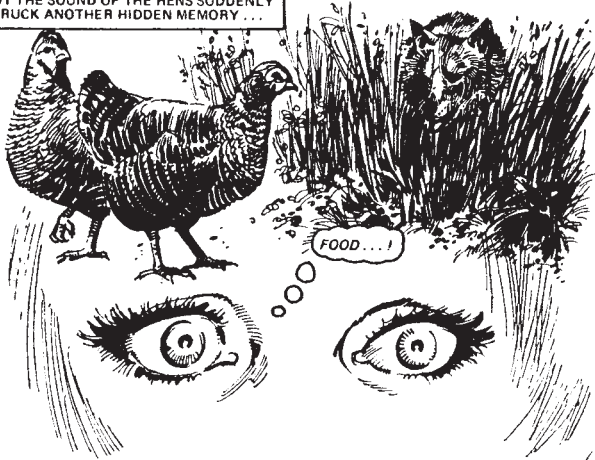
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



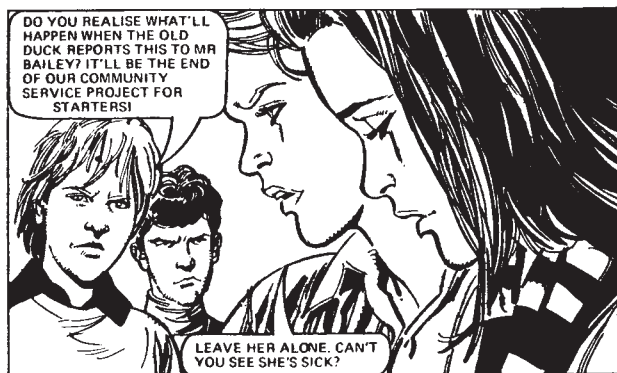
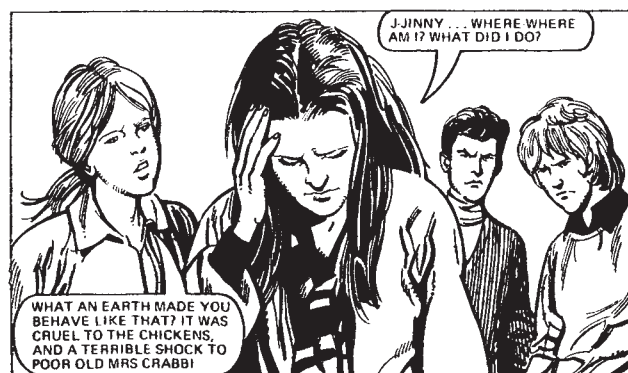
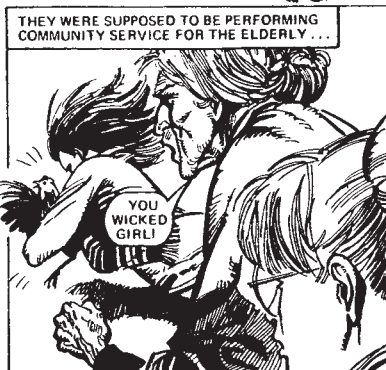




BUT THE SOUND OF THE HENS SUDDENLY STRUCK ANOTHER HIDDEN MEMORY...



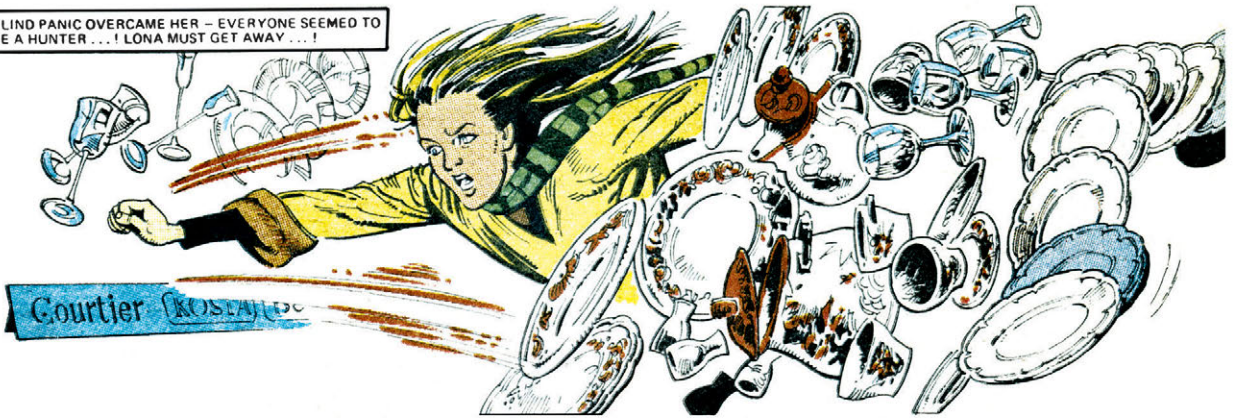
LONA WILLIAMS DISCOVERED THAT AS A BABY SHE HAD BEEN REARED BY A WOLF WHEN HER PARENTS WERE KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT. ALTHOUGH HAPPILY ADOPTED, LONA FOUND THE LESSONS TAUGHT TO HER BY THE WOLF WERE COMING BACK FROM THE DARK CORNERS OF HER MEMORY.







BLIND PANIC OVERCAME HER - EVERYONE SEEMED TO BE A HUNTER...! LONA MUST GET AWAY...!



BLINDLY, SHE RAN IN THROUGH A DOORWAY...



AND FOUND HERSELF IN A LIFT...



AT LAST THE LIFT STOPPED, AND...



BUT A LITTLE LATER...

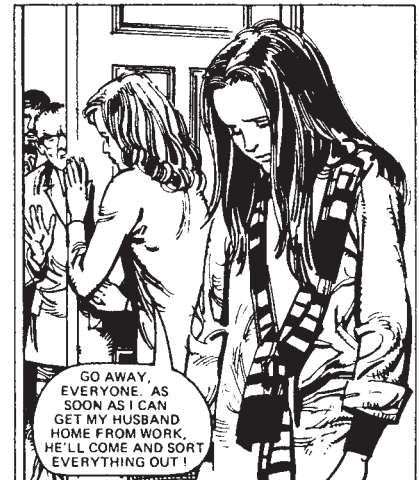


NEXT WEEK
Into the wilderness

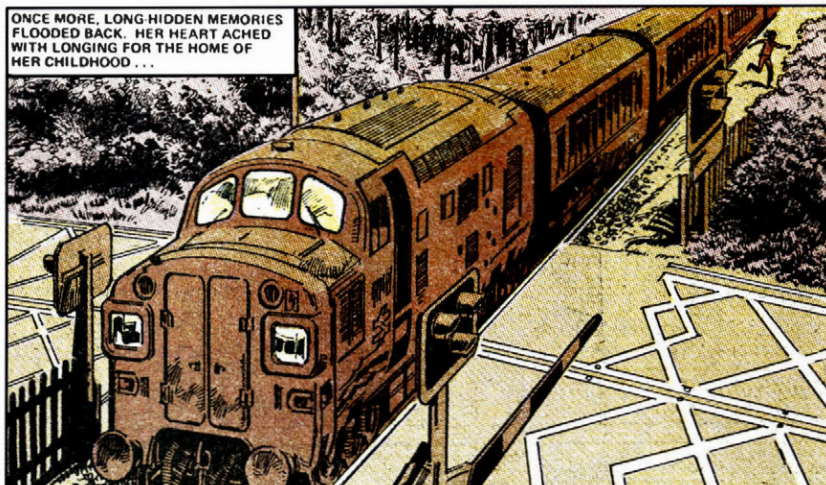


LONA WILLIAMS DISCOVERED THAT AS A BABY SHE HAD BEEN REARED BY A WOLF WHEN HER PARENTS WERE KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT. ALTHOUGH NOW HAPPILY ADOPTED, STRANGE MEMORIES FROM LONA'S BABYHOOD WERE RE-OCCURRING MORE AND MORE FREQUENTLY. IN A LARGE STORE, THE FUR COATS REMINDED HER OF HER WOLF FOSTER MOTHER...









AS A BABY, LONA WILLIAMS HAD BEEN REARED BY A WOLF. NOW STRANGE CHILDHOOD MEMORIES HAD CALLED HER BACK TO LIVE ONCE MORE IN THE MOUNTAINS. WITH EVERY BREATH SHE TOOK, HER SENSES BECAME KEENER... HER INSTINCTS MORE THOSE OF A CREATURE OF THE WILD.

THIS IS WHERE I BELONG. I'M NEVER GOING BACK. I'LL BE HAPPIER ALONE HERE THAN TRYING TO FIT IN AMONGST ORDINARY PEOPLE...

Wolf Girl

I CAN'T HELP WORRYING ABOUT MUM, THOUGH... I'M SURE NO ONE SAW ME SLIP OFF THAT TRAIN. AND BY THIS TIME SHE'LL BE GOING FRANTIC, TRYING TO FIND ME...!

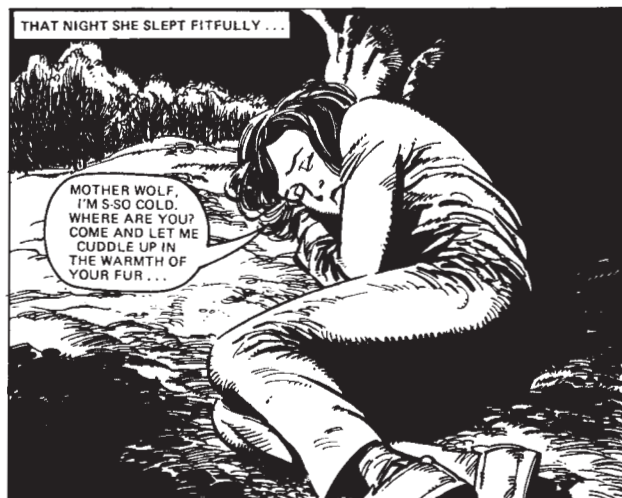
POOR MUM AND DAD... I'VE BROUGHT THEM SUCH UNHAPPINESS. BUT AS SOON AS THEY'RE OVER THE SHOCK OF MY DISAPPEARANCE, IT'LL ALL BE FOR THE BEST. THEY - THEY'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT ME...!

I MUST HARDEN MY HEART, STOP THINKING ABOUT THEM. OR I'LL RUN BACK HOME, AND THE WHOLE GHASTLY BUSINESS WILL START ALL OVER AGAIN... I'VE FINALLY BROKEN AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION - NOW I MUST MAKE IT WORK!

FIRST, I NEED A NEW HOME... AND THAT CAVE LOOKS PROMISING!

IT'S PERFECT... NICE AND DRY, NEAR DRINKING WATER AND NO-ONE CAN CREEP UP ON ME FROM ANY SIDE!

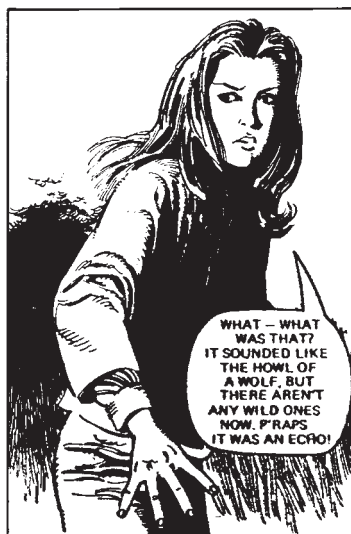
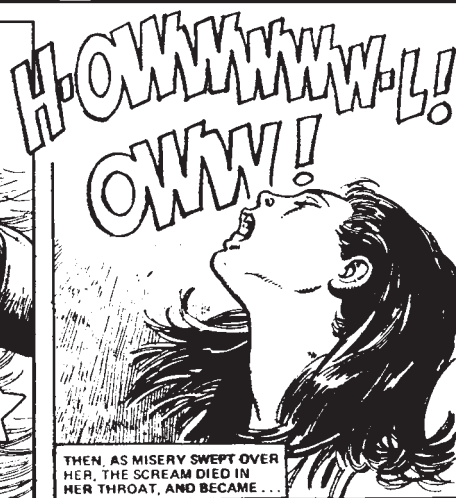
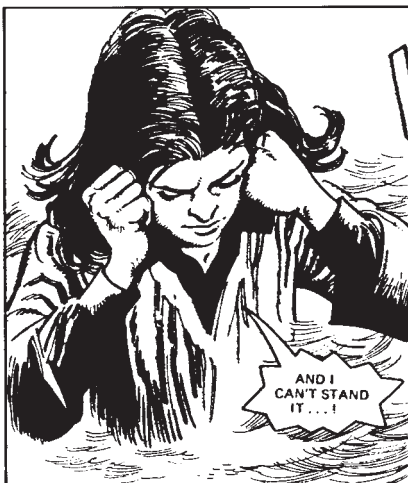
THE OLD WAYS SHE'D BEEN TAUGHT BY MOTHER WOLF CAME BACK NATURALLY. IT SEEMED SIMPLER TO LAP THE WATER THAN TO DRINK FROM CUPPED HANDS...

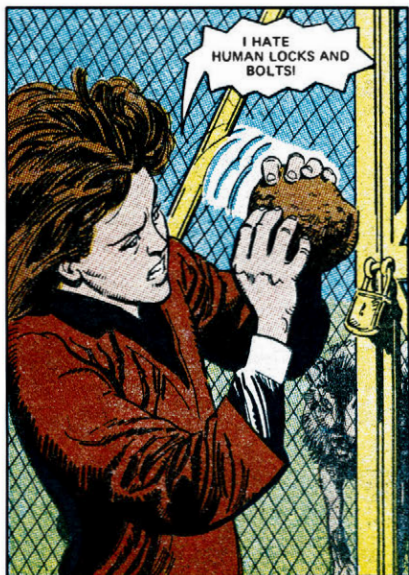
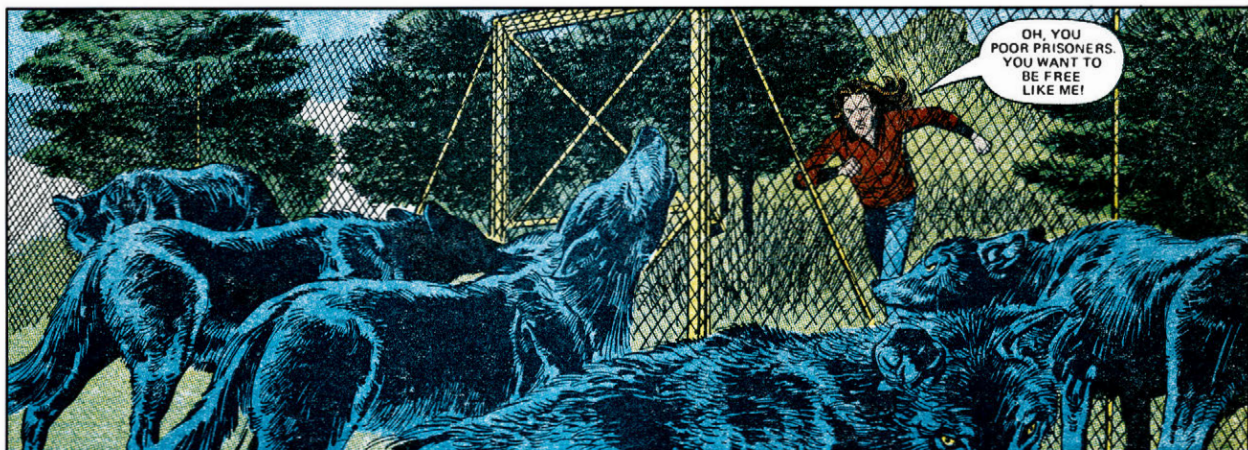
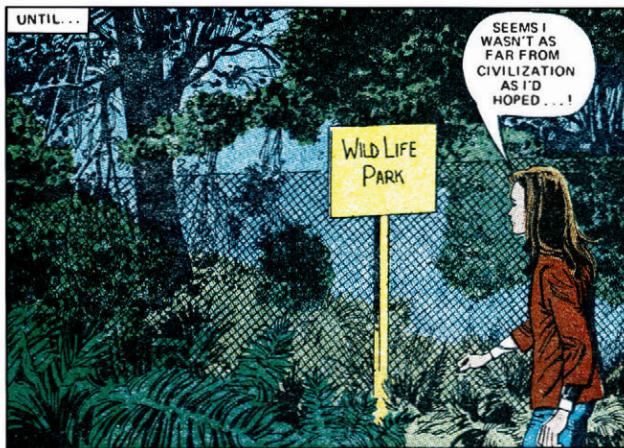


THE LONGING FOR SECURITY OF HER PARENTS TROUBLED HER SLEEP.

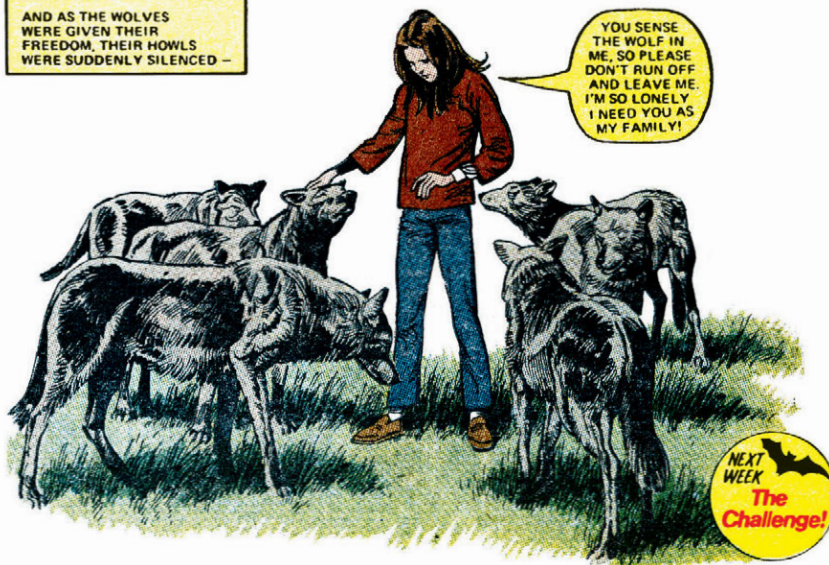


AND NEXT MORNING...





AND AS THE WOLVES WERE GIVEN THEIR FREEDOM, THEIR HOWLS WERE SUDDENLY SILENCED —



NEXT WEEK
The Challenge!

LONA WILLIAMS HAD DISCOVERED THAT AS A BABY SHE HAD BEEN REARED BY A WOLF. WHEN HER PARENTS WERE KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT WAS THIS WHY SHE'D FELT SO UNHAPPY AND OUT OF PLACE? AT THE ZOO SHE PUT THIS DREADFUL THEORY TO THE TEST ...

I RAN AWAY FROM HOME BECAUSE I COULDN'T SEEM TO FIT IN WITH PEOPLE-- BUT I KNOW THERE'S A BOND BETWEEN US-- PLEASE ACCEPT ME AS ONE OF YOU!



NOW I'VE RELEASED YOU FROM YOUR PRISON, YOU COULD EASILY LEAP THIS FENCE--COME ON!

BUT SUDDENLY ...



ONE OF THEM DOESN'T TRUST ME ... AND HE'S ORDERING THE OTHERS BACK ...!



HE MUST BE
THEIR LEADER,
AND HE DOESN'T LIKE
HIS AUTHORITY
CHALLENGED...
I'M GETTING OUT
OF HERE!



TO THESE WOLVES, I'M
A HUMAN TO BE DISTRUSTED.
I-I DON'T FIT IN WITH THEM...
AND I'M OUT OF PLACE AT HOME
WITH MY PARENTS...
I'M JUST A MISFIT!



THEN...

HOOO!
WUWUWU!

OH, THEY DISOBEYED
THE LEADER—
THEY'RE COMING
WITH ME AFTER ALL!



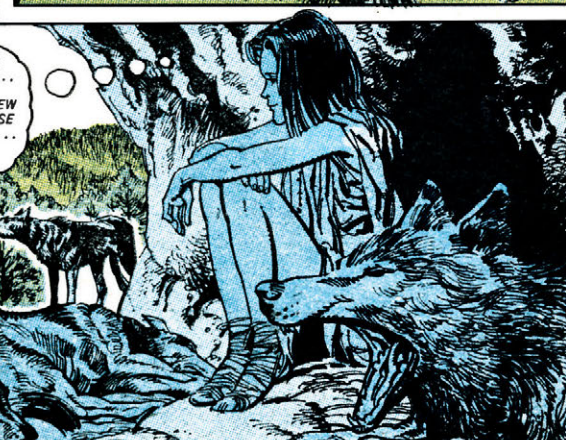
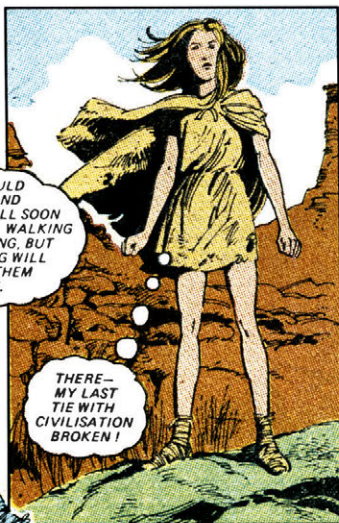
THEY'RE STILL NOT
COMING TOO CLOSE,
BUT THE SAVAGE OLD
LEADER'S FOLLOWING
THE REST... IF I JUST
IGNORE THEM, THEY
MAY GET BOLDER...

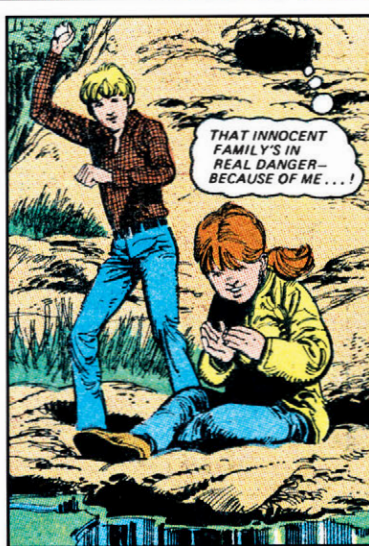
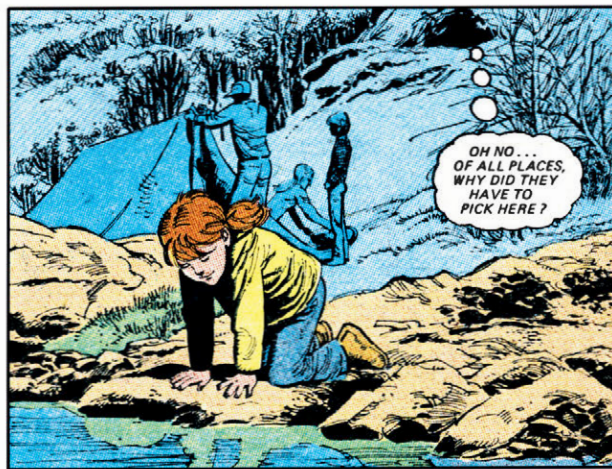
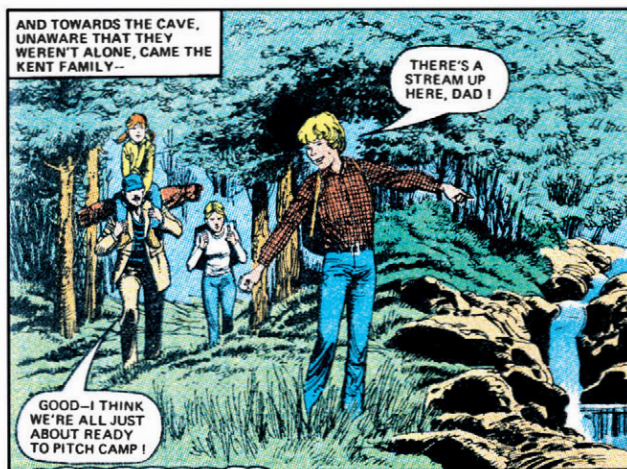


LIKE SHADOWS, THE
SIX GREY SHAPES WENT
FROM ROCK TO ROCK,
FOLLOWING LONA—BUT
NEVER TOO CLOSE.



WHO ON EARTH
WOULD BUILD A HUT
UP HERE? UNLESS IT'S
A SHEPHERD'S SHELTER...
IT CERTAINLY LOOKS
DESERTED NOW...!





AS A BABY, LONA WILLIAMS WAS REARED BY A WOLF. STRONG MEMORIES OF THIS CHILDHOOD FORCED HER TO RUN AWAY FROM CIVILISATION. SHE RELEASED SOME WOLVES FROM A WILDLIFE PARK, TO BE COMPANY FOR HER, BUT THIS HAD PUT A YOUNG FAMILY IN TERRIBLE DANGER, AS THEY UNWITTINGLY SET UP THEIR CAMP...



NOT FAR AWAY, IN LONA'S CAVE...



AFTER BEING HELD CAPTIVE, THESE WOLVES HATE AND FEAR HUMANS. IF THEY GET PAST ME, THEY COULD ATTACK THOSE PEOPLE DOWN THERE...



I MUST MAKE THEM OBEY ME, AND STAY HIDDEN. OLD WARRIOR'S GOING TO CHALLENGE MY LEADERSHIP... I MUSTN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF HIM...

AS SHE SAW THE HATRED IN THOSE EYES...



IT BROUGHT ANOTHER MEMORY FROM THE DARK CORNERS OF HER MIND...



A MEMORY OF A CAVE, VERY LIKE HER OWN, SHE HAD KNOWN LONG AGO, WHERE TWO WOLVES COMPETED FOR LEADERSHIP.



FOR THE LOSER ... IT MEANT A QUICK DEATH!



IF I FLINCH I'LL SUFFER THE LOSER'S FATE. BUT HOW LONG CAN I KEEP THIS UP ... ?



LOOK, DADDY--A HELICOPTER!

HMM ... IT LOOKS LIKE THE POLICE!



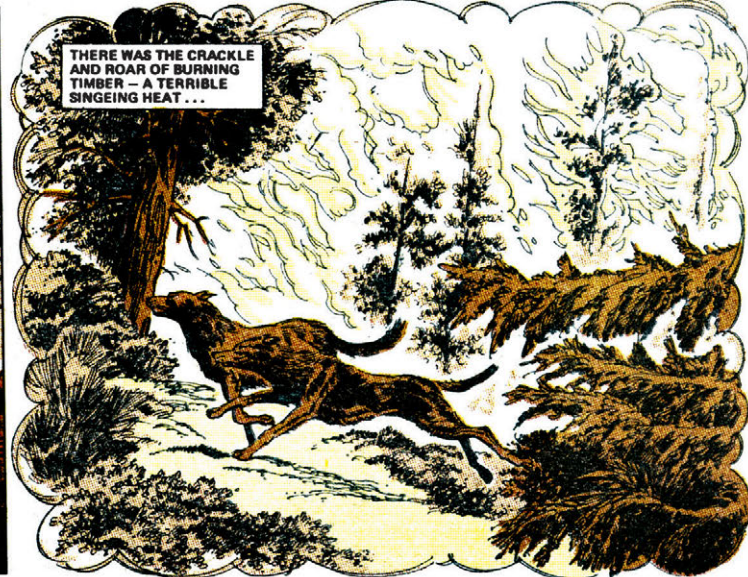
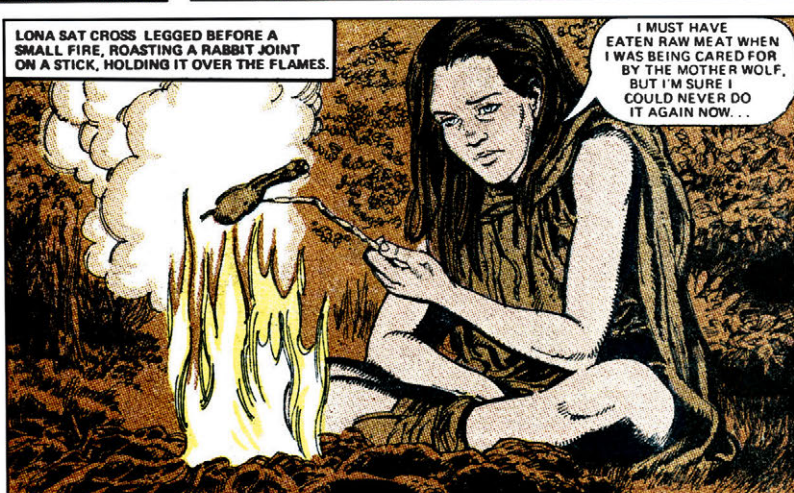
I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO STAY AROUND HERE, SIR. SIX WOLVES HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE WILDLIFE PARK!

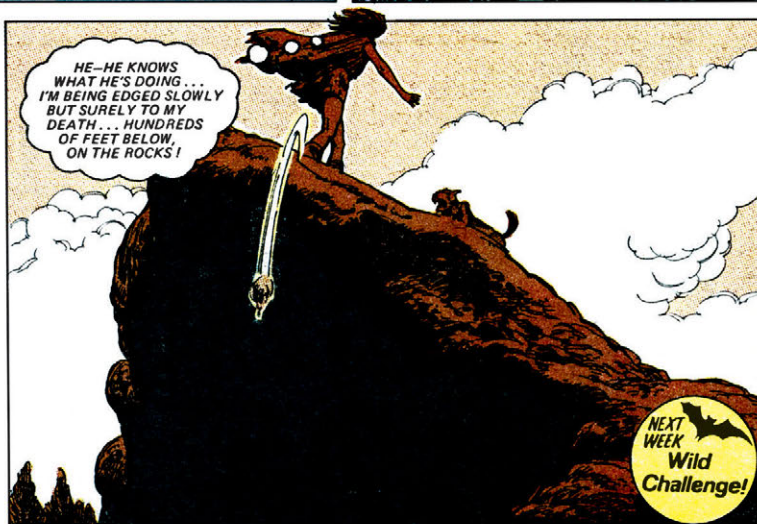
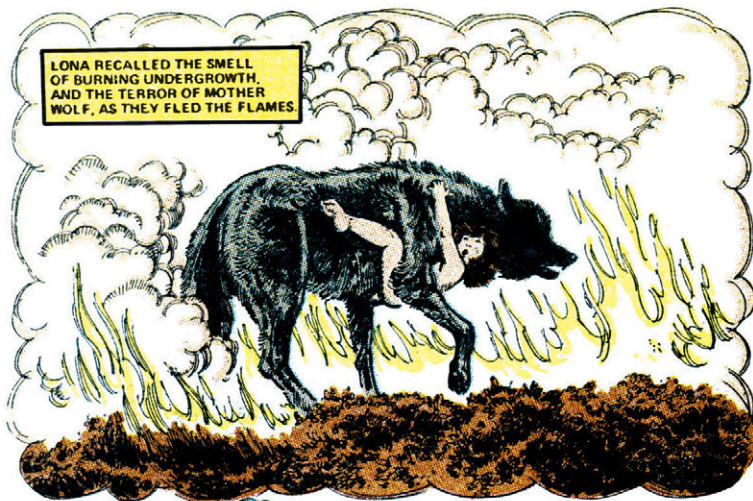


IT MUST HAVE BEEN A MANIAC WHO RELEASED THOSE CREATURES. EVERY POLICE MARKSMAN'S BEEN PUT ON SPECIAL ALERT. NO-ONE WILL RISK TAKING THEM ALIVE!



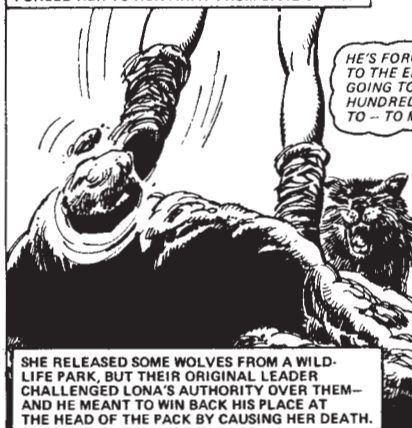
THANK GOODNESS -- THEY'RE PACKING UP AND LEAVING. THE NOISE OF THAT HELICOPTER CAUSED JUST THE DIVERSION I NEEDED, TO END THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER BETWEEN ME AND WARRIOR ...





NEXT WEEK
Wild
Challenge!

AS A BABY, LONA WILLIAMS WAS REARED BY A WOLF. STRONG MEMORIES OF THIS CHILDHOOD FORCED HER TO RUN AWAY FROM CIVILISATION.



HE'S FORCING ME BACK TO THE EDGE... I'M GOING TO FALL HUNDREDS OF FEET TO -- TO MY DEATH!

SHE RELEASED SOME WOLVES FROM A WILD-LIFE PARK, BUT THEIR ORIGINAL LEADER CHALLENGED LONA'S AUTHORITY OVER THEM-- AND HE MEANT TO WIN BACK HIS PLACE AT THE HEAD OF THE PACK BY CAUSING HER DEATH.



I KNOW IT'S NO USE EXPECTING YOU TO SHOW PITY. I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT YOU WITH THE ONLY WEAPON I HAVE-- FIRE!

YOU DESERVE TO WIN, WARRIOR. I KNEW YOU'D TRY SOMETHING, BUT I RELAXED MY GUARD.



Wolf Girl



THAT PIECE OF DRIED GRASS SHOULD BURN LIKE TINDER!



HE'S TERRIFIED OF FIRE, BUT HE'S STILL NOT BACKING OFF...!

DESPERATELY HER GRASPING FINGERS SNATCHED AT THE BURNING GRASS...





BACK-
GET
BACK!



MADE IT—BUT IF I HADN'T
KEPT THOSE MATCHES ON ME,
I'D BE DEAD BY NOW ... I



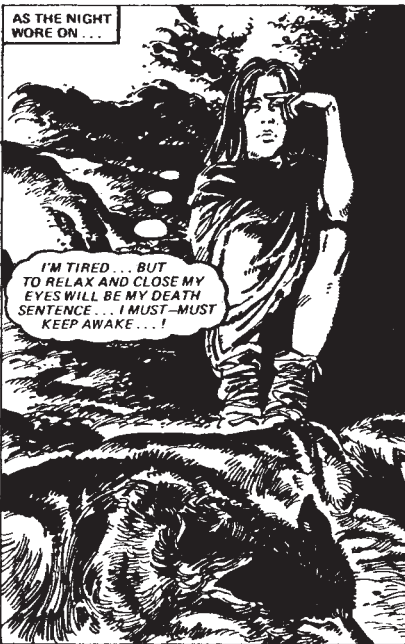
LONA RETURNED TO HER CAVE ...

I'M STILL LEADER
OF THE PACK, BUT
HOW LONG BEFORE WARRIOR
TRIES AGAIN? WHERE IS HE?
I CAN FEEL HIM WATCHING
ME—PERHAPS FROM
THOSE ROCKS ...



THAT NIGHT ...

WARRIOR'S OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE, WAITING FOR ME
TO SLEEP. THEN HE'LL COME
LIKE A GREY SHADOW ...



AS THE NIGHT
WORE ON ...

I'M TIRED ... BUT
TO RELAX AND CLOSE MY
EYES WILL BE MY DEATH
SENTENCE ... I MUST—MUST
KEEP AWAKE ... !



BUT SLEEP GRADUALLY OVERCAME LONA. SHE
NEVER HEARD THE PLAINTIVE HOWL FROM
SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE THE CAVE—THE CALL OF
WARRIOR, THE ONE TIME PACK LEADER.



BUT OTHERS HEARD IT,
AND ANSWERED ...

OH, I—I DOZED
OFF FOR A MINUTE
... BUT WHERE
ARE THE OTHERS?

SHE CALLED TO THEM, ORDERING THEM BACK, BUT HER HOWL WENT UNHEEDED ON THE NIGHT AIR...



WARRIOR CAME FOR THEM. MOTHER WOLF TAUGHT ME HOW TO READ THE TRACKS AND THE SIGNS. THEY WENT THIS WAY...



A BENT BLADE OF GRASS HERE - A PAW-MARK IN THE DUST THERE... EAGERLY SHE FOLLOWED.

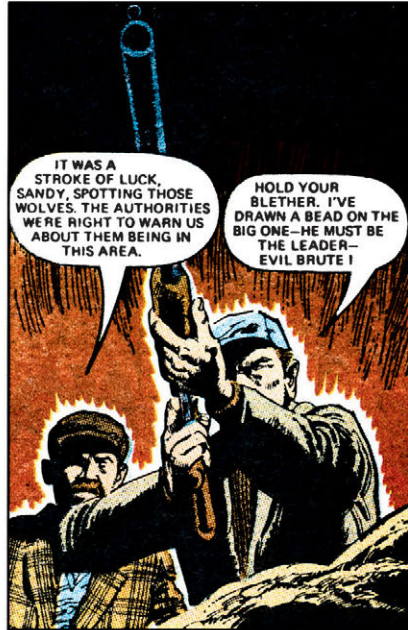


MOUNTAIN SHEEP... OF COURSE, WARRIOR HAS LED THEM AWAY TO HUNT!



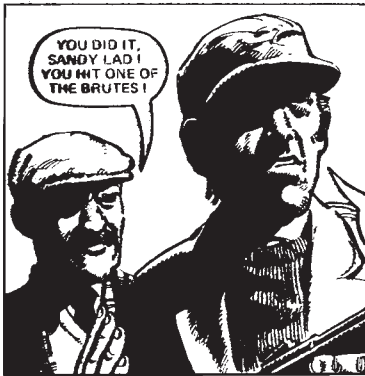
THERE THEY ARE - BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO? THOSE SHEEP MUST BELONG TO SOMEONE - BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, IT'S NATURAL FOR THE WOLVES TO HUNT AND KILL.







Wolf Girl



AS A BABY, LONA WILLIAMS WAS REARED BY A WOLF. STRONG MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD FORCED HER TO RUN AWAY FROM CIVILISATION. SHE RELEASED SOME WOLVES FROM A WILD LIFE PARK, BUT THEN, WHILE TRYING TO SAVE THEM FROM A BULLET ...

THAT WASN'T AN ANIMAL'S CRY.



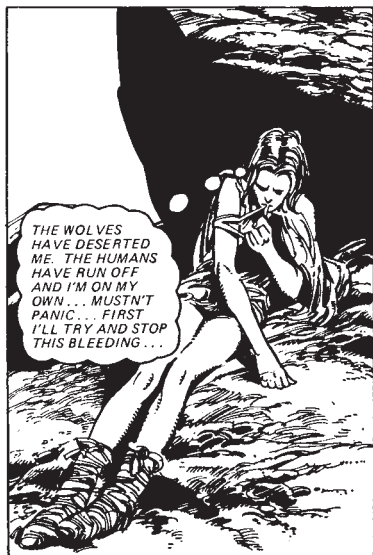
NO, I CAN'T SEE WHAT I'M AIMING AT, WITH THE MOON BEHIND THAT CLOUD—AND I'M TELLING YOU, THAT WAS A HUMAN SCREAM!

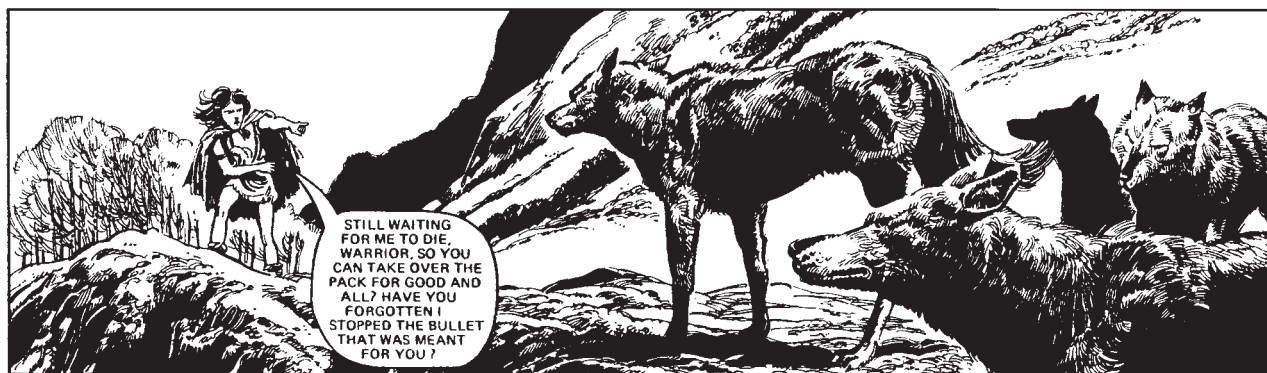


BUT—BUT YOU CAN'T LEAVE SOMEONE OUT THERE INJURED—AT LEAST LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



I NEED HELP... I'LL CALL THE WOLVES!







GO AWAY.
LEAVE AN OLD
WOMAN IN PEACE.
I-I'LL SET THE
DOG ON YOU!



BUT THE DOG KNEW THERE WAS DANGER OUTSIDE—
HE SENSED THE WOLVES.

IF MY DOG'S
TERRIFIED OF WHAT'S
OUTSIDE, THEN I'M
DROPPING THE BOLT
ON THIS DOOR. GET
AWAY, WHATEVER
YOU ARE!



OH PLEASE—
PLEASE... HELP
ME...!



THE WOLVES
HAVE GONE—THE
HUMANS ARE SCARED
OF ME. I—I'M
COMPLETELY
ALONE!

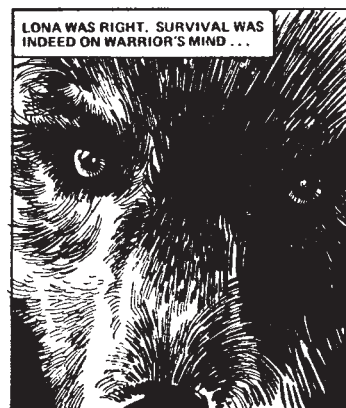
BUT THE WOLVES HADN'T GONE.
THEY SENSED DEATH WAS NEAR, AND
WARRIOR WATCHED AND WAITED.
SOON—VERY SOON—HE KNEW HE'D HAVE
NO RIVAL FOR LEADERSHIP OF THE PACK!





Wolf Girl

AS A BABY, LONA WILLIAMS HAD BEEN REARED BY A WOLF, AND STRONG MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD FORCED HER TO RUN AWAY FROM CIVILISATION. SHE RELEASED SOME WOLVES FROM A WILD LIFE PARK AND BECAME THEIR LEADER. BUT WHEN SHE WAS INJURED, SHE DISCOVERED AN AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT LIFE IN THE WILD - THAT THE SICK AND THE WEAK CANNOT SURVIVE!



AND HIS MEMORY WAS TELLING HIM THAT WITHOUT LONA, HE WOULD BE DEAD... KILLED BY THE BULLET THAT HIT HER INSTEAD.



WHO WILL EVER KNOW IF IT WAS A STRANGE SENSE OF GRATITUDE THAT PROMPTED WARRIOR TO URGE THE PACK INTO ACTION? BUT...



WAS IT ALREADY TOO LATE?



SHE WAS ICY-COLD. HER BREATH WAS FAINT...



THEY GAVE HER THE WARMTH OF THEIR BODIES—IT WAS ALL THEY HAD.



AT LAST...



YOU SAVED ME, WARRIOR. I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT YOU KEPT ME ALIVE—BUT IT SEEMS YOU STILL DON'T WANT TO BE FRIENDS!

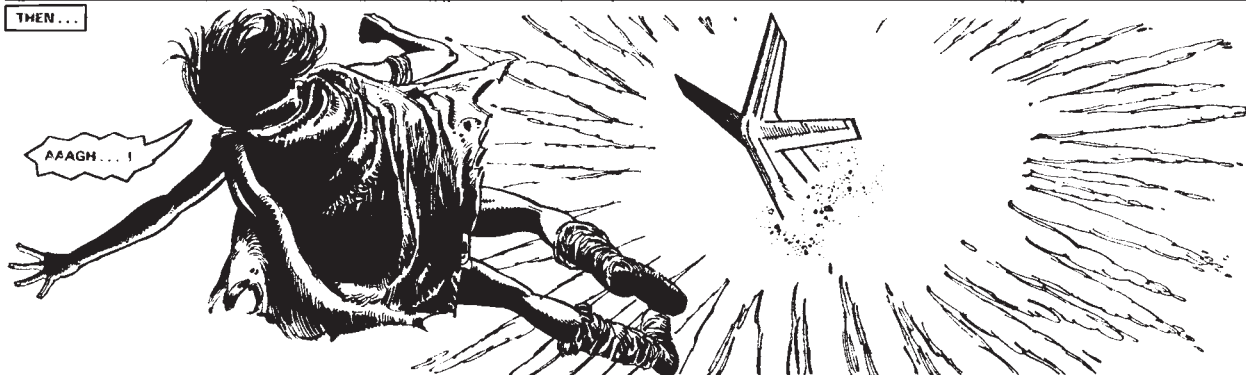






IT MUST HAVE
HIT THE MOUNTAIN...
BUT CAN THERE STILL
BE ANYBODY ALIVE
IN THERE?

THEN...



AAAGH...!

A FEW MOMENTS
LATER...



I MUST BE HEARING
THINGS... COMING FROM
OVER IN THOSE BUSHES.
IT SOUNDS LIKE —
LIKE...!



A BABY...!

NEXT
WEEK
Misfits!



Wolf Girl

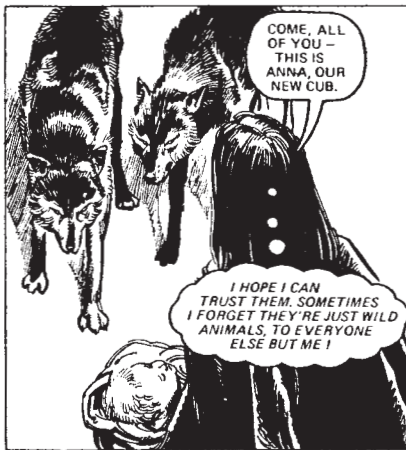
AS A BABY, LONA WILLIAMS HAD BEEN REARED BY A WOLF. STRONG MEMORIES OF THIS CHILDHOOD FORCED HER TO RUN AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION AND RELEASE WOLVES FROM A WILD-LIFE PARK TO SHARE HER FREEDOM. WHEN LONA FOUND A BABY, THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A PLANE CRASH IN THE MOUNTAINS, SHE SEEMED TO HAVE THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS; LIVING THE FREE LIFE OF A WILD CREATURE, BUT HAVING ANOTHER HUMAN BEING TO SHARE IT WITH. TOO LATE, THE WOLVES TRIED TO WARN HER OF THE DANGER THEY SENSED AROUND A DEEP STRETCH OF WATER NEAR THEIR HOME...







THE WOLVES DON'T RECOGNISE THE BABY'S SCENT, SO THEY'RE STILL WARY OF HER. I'D BETTER GET THEM TO MAKE FRIENDS.



COME, ALL OF YOU - THIS IS ANNA, OUR NEW CUB.

I HOPE I CAN TRUST THEM. SOMETIMES I FORGET THEY'RE JUST WILD ANIMALS, TO EVERYONE ELSE BUT ME!



BEFORE LONA DEPOSED HIM, WARRIOR HAD BEEN THE WOLVES' LEADER.

TRUST YOU TO BE THE AWKWARD ONE, WARRIOR! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN EVER DO TO BRING US ALL TOGETHER?

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE THE HAPPIEST LONA HAD KNOWN FOR A LONG TIME...



YOU'RE AN ABSOLUTE PET, ANNA! YOU REALLY KNOW ME NOW, DON'T YOU?



THE WOLVES ARE GETTING PROTECTIVE TOWARDS YOU, TOO! LOOK - THEY THINK YOU NEED YOUR SHAWL!

AND WHEN THE WEATHER WAS COLD...



LULA-LULA-BYE-BYE! THERE, YOU LIKE MY LULLABY, LITTLE ANNA. WE'RE SO WARM AND COSY IN HERE, ALL OF US TOGETHER - THOUGH OF COURSE WARRIOR'S STILL GOT THE HUMP!



IT'S MADE SUCH A DIFFERENCE, HAVING ANNA TO CARE FOR - BUT, BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN I WONDER IF I'M DOING WRONG. EVEN IF ANNA'S PARENTS WERE KILLED, SHE MUST STILL HAVE RELATIVES SOMEWHERE. HER OWN PEOPLE...



I WON'T THINK OF THEM - I MUSTN'T YOU MEAN SO MUCH TO ME - THE WOLVES AND I ARE YOUR PEOPLE NOW!



SO THE HAPPY DAYS WENT ON...

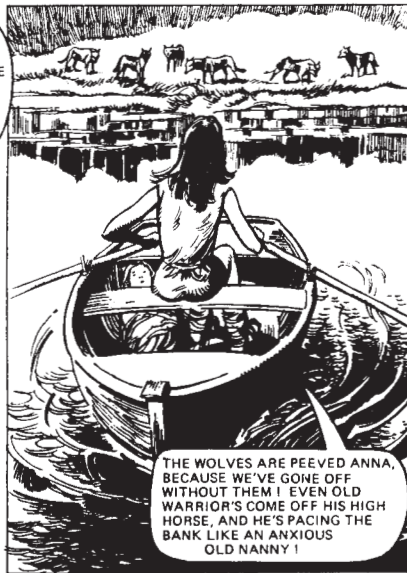
DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW RABBIT-SKIN SLING, ANNA DARLING? NOW YOU CAN SEE ALL AROUND YOU, WHEN WE GO EXPLORING. TODAY WE'RE TAKING A CLOSER LOOK AT THE LOCH!



A BOAT! IT LOOKS QUITE SOUND. PERHAPS I COULD USE IT FOR A SPOT OF FISHING. FISH WOULD BE GOOD FOR ANNA!



OKAY, COWARDY-CUSTARDS, NO-ONE'S ASKING YOU TO COME! ANNA AND ME WILL TAKE A NICE LITTLE TRIP ON OUR OWN. IF WE SEE ANY FISH OUT THERE, WE'LL THINK ABOUT MAKING A HOOK AND LINE!



THE WOLVES ARE PEEVED ANNA, BECAUSE WE'VE GONE OFF WITHOUT THEM! EVEN OLD WARRIOR'S COME OFF HIS HIGH HORSE, AND HE'S PACING THE BANK LIKE AN ANXIOUS OLD NANNY!



FOOLISH LONA - IF ONLY SHE'D TAKEN HEED OF THE WOLVES. IF ONLY SHE'D REALISED THEY COULD SENSE TRAGEDY IN THE AIR...



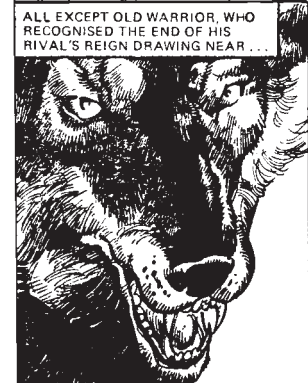
...TRAGEDY WHICH STRUCK ALL TOO SOON...

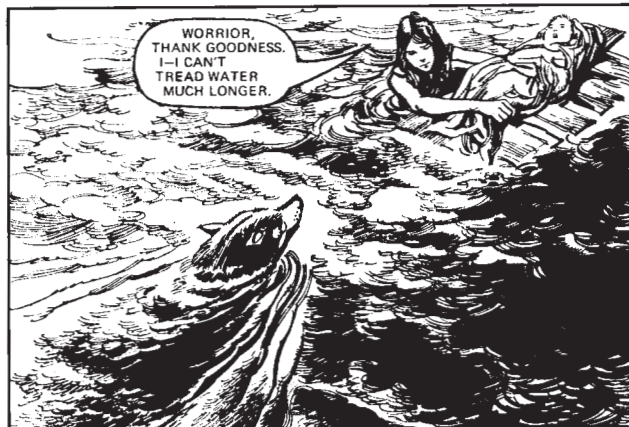
OH NO - I THOUGHT THE BOAT WAS SOUND, BUT WE'VE SPRUNG A LEAK. I'LL NEVER ROW BACK TO SHORE IN TIME!

NEXT WEEK
The Sacrifice



Wolf Girl







SUDDENLY I FEEL SCARED FOR WARRIOR... I MUST LOOK FOR HIM, IN CASE HE NEEDS ME...

GUARD THE BABY. KEEP HER WARM.



BUT WARRIOR NEEDED NOTHING NOW. ALREADY PAST HIS PRIME, HIS MIGHTY EFFORTS IN THE ICY WATER HAD BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIS BRAVE HEART...



WHEN IT CAME TO THE REAL TEST, YOU PROVED YOURSELF WISER AND BRAVER THAN ME. I'M BEGINNING TO REALISE I'M NOT CAPABLE OF CARING FOR ANNA - OR OF LEADING THE PACK!



HOW DID I EVER HAVE THE ARROGANCE TO TAKE YOUR PLACE? MY STUPIDITY CAUSED YOUR DEATH, AND IT'LL ALWAYS BE ON MY CONSCIENCE.



LATER...

YOUR TRUE LEADER IS DEAD... I CAN NEVER REPLACE HIM. I'M JUST A HUMAN WHO THOUGHT SHE COULD LIVE AS YOU DO - BUT FOUND SHE WAS WRONG.



FORGIVE ME FOR DOING THIS - BUT YOU HAVE TO LEAVE ME. CHOOSE ANOTHER LEADER AMONGST YOURSELVES - FOR I'M GOING AWAY.



POOR JENNY

WRITER: UNKNOWN • ARTIST: UNKNOWN • 27TH MAY 1978



ARRRGH! NO, NO, IT'S
NOT TRUE! IT ISN'T!

J-JENNY? JENNY, POOR
CHILD, WHAT IS WRONG?

VICTORIAN LONDON, A CITY OF
DARK LANES AND SHADOWY STREETS...

POOR JENNY

SHE'S GOT TO BE
HERE, SOME-
WHERE!

YES...SHE CAN'T HAVE
GONE FAR THIS
TIME, SURELY!

BEATS

IN FACT, I CAN'T REMEMBER
ANYTHING AT ALL! WHO
AM I? WHERE AM I
RUNNING FROM? WHERE
AM I RUNNING TO?

TH-THOSE MEN, THEY'RE
HUNTING SOMETHING...
SOMEONE! IS IT ME? I-I
CAN'T REMEMBER!

BUT NEXT MOMENT ALL THOSE
QUESTIONS WERE DASHED
FROM THE YOUNG GIRL'S HEAD...

PEARS

HUDSON
ROAD

OH HHHH...



THE VISIONS CAME, THE STARING, FRIGHTENED
FACES, THE CHASING MEN WITH THEIR NETS
AND THEIR COLD, HARSH VOICES...

THEY ARE STARING AT THE WOLF! THEY
ARE HUNTING THE WOLF AND YOU ARE
TERRIFIED BECAUSE THE WOLF IS YOU!

YOU!

A NIGHTMARE! THE SAME NIGHTMARE
I HAVE OFTEN!! - I CHANGE! I
BECOME A BEAST, AND PEOPLE GAPE
AT ME AND HUNT ME WITH NO MERCY!

BUT I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T JUST
A DREAM! I FORGET THINGS...
I CAN'T REMEMBER GREAT
PERIODS OF TIME, BUT I - I
THINK I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS
AT THOSE TIMES.

ARRRHH! NO, NO, IT'S
NOT TRUE! IT ISN'T!

J-JENNY? JENNY, POOR
CHILD, WHAT IS WRONG?

I THINK I BECAME...
A WEREWOLF!

OH, GOODNESS!

AND SHE SLEPT AGAIN, PEACEFULLY
THIS TIME, WITH NO DREAMS...

THAT'S NONSENSE, JENNY!
LOOK, THERE'S A FULL
MOON TONIGHT. IF YOU
WERE A WEREWOLF YOU'D
BE CHANGED ALREADY,
WOULDN'T YOU?

WHY, YES, I NEVER THOUGHT
OF THAT! SO... IT MUST BE A
MEANINGLESS DREAM AFTER ALL!
JUST A NIGHTMARE.

...WHILE THE COLD, BRIGHT LIGHT
OF THE FULL MOON BATHED HER BED.

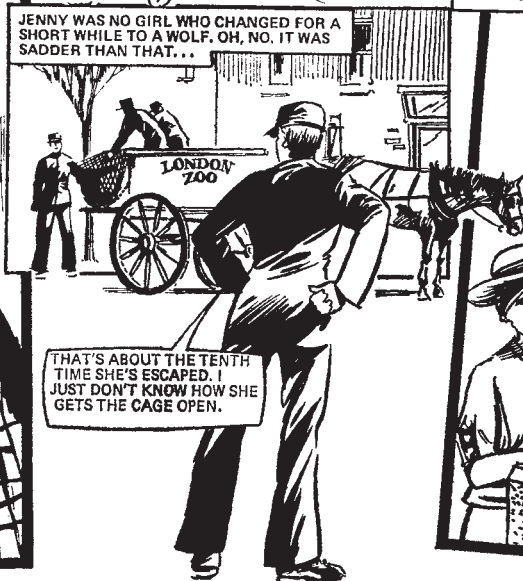


JENNY FORGOT WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT WHILE THE FULL MOON SHONE...

AHH! GOT YOU AT LAST, JENNY! WE'VE BEEN HUNTING ALL NIGHT FOR YOU...



JENNY WAS NO GIRL WHO CHANGED FOR A SHORT WHILE TO A WOLF. OH, NO, IT WAS SADDER THAN THAT...



SHE WAS A WOLF... WHO CHANGED FOR A SHORT WHILE... INTO A GIRL WHENEVER THE FULL MOON SHONE.



THE END

THE CURSE OF THE WOLF

WRITER: UNKNOWN • ARTIST: UNKNOWN • 31ST MARCH 1979



HELP! HELP US
SOMEONE,
PLEASE!

TH-THEY'RE TOO SCARED
TO OPEN UP AND LET
US IN!

THE CURSE OF THE WOLF

MYRA AND EDITH WERE ON A HIKING HOLIDAY AROUND ENGLAND. THEY'D COME ACROSS LOTS OF OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES...



YOUR VILLAGE SEEMS A LOVELY LITTLE PLACE. CAN YOU SUGGEST ANYWHERE NEARBY WHERE WE COULD CAMP FOR A WHILE?

CAMP? DON'T KNOW OF ANYWHERE SUITABLE AROUND HERE.

NO... BEST NOT CAMP AROUND HERE.

EVERYWHERE THE GIRLS ASKED, THE ANSWER WAS THE SAME.



MOVE ON, I TELL YOU. IF I WAS YOU I'D JUST KEEP WALKING... DON'T STOP ANYWHERE AROUND HERE!

HUH?

AND SOON...



NOT A VERY FRIENDLY BUNCH, ARE THEY?

NEVER MIND. LOOK, THERE'S BOUND TO BE A GOOD SPOT FOR OUR TENT UP THERE. COME ON, EDITH!

THIS'LL DO FINE. WE'LL GET SET UP THEN GO DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND THE VILLAGE. SEE WHERE THE BRIGHT LIGHTS ARE.



OH, YEAH! THE PLACE IS OBVIOUSLY FULL OF DISCOTHEQUES AND CINEMAS. ISN'T IT? YOU CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKING!

THAT GAVE ME THE SHIVERS, MAYBE WE OUGHT JUST TO MOVE ON LIKE THEY SAID.

AND...



NO ANSWER ANYWHERE. AND LOOK... THE DOORS HAVE EVEN BEEN NAILED SHUT!

IT - IT'S SPOOKY IF YOU ASK ME! LET'S GET BACK TO THE TENT!



DON'T BE SILLY. THERE'S GOT TO BE A SIMPLE EXPLANATION.

IT WAS GROWING DARK BY THE TIME THE GIRLS GOT BACK TO THE VILLAGE, AND...



HUH? THE WHOLE PLACE LOOKS DESERTED! EVERY SHOP AND HOUSE IS LOCKED.

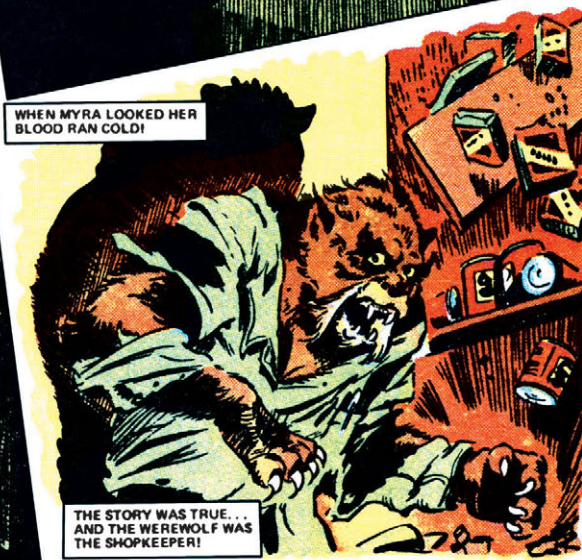
EVEN THAT LITTLE TEA ROOM WE SAW! THIS PLACE IS DEADDER THAN SCHOOL ON A SATURDAY.

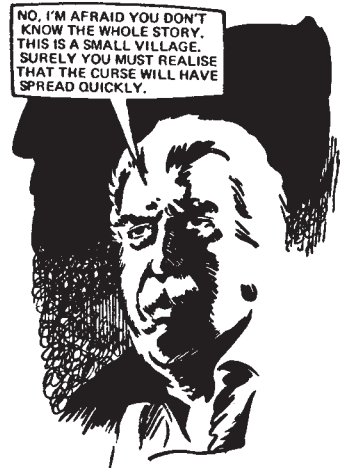
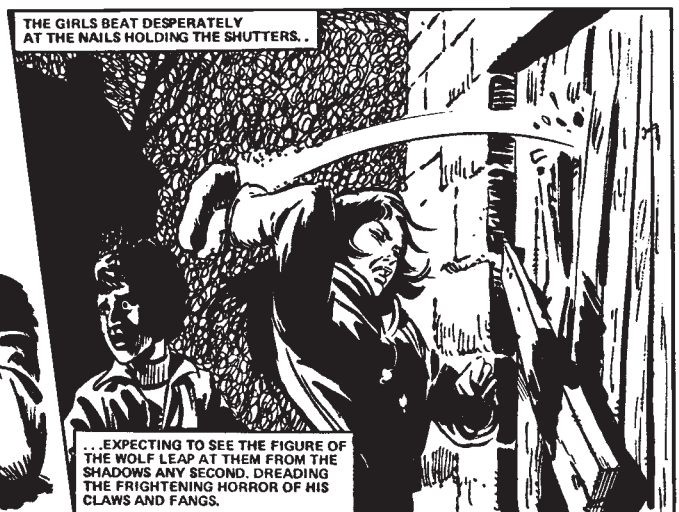
AND NEXT MORNING...



LOOK, EVERYONE'S OUT AND ABOUT AGAIN. BUT WHY DID THEY LOCK THEMSELVES AWAY AT NIGHT?

I HAVEN'T A CLUE. LET'S ASK THE SHOPKEEPER.







TWIN CATASTROPHES

WRITER: UNKNOWN • ARTIST: JORDI BADIA ROMERO • 19TH MAY 1979

HA, HA, HA – YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH ME, LITA.

YOU'RE RIGHT, MY SISTER.
HOW FLEET OF FOOT
YOU ARE!





THE ROAD TO CHATEAU D'ARC
WAS NO PLACE TO TARRY ON SUCH
A NIGHT, BUT...

TWIN CATASTROPHES

THE ROAD IS BLOCKED,
SIRE.

HOLD HARD, MAN - AND
I'LL LEND A HAND TO
CLEAR IT!



I'M FRIGHTENED, MUMMY.
WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?

HUSH, LITTLE LITA - NO
HARM WILL COME TO
YOU, MY SWEET!



SIR, THE COACH - IT'S
GOING OVER THE EDGE!

OH NO - THE COUNTESS
AND THE TWINS ARE
IN IT!



NITA IS STILL INSIDE...!

TOO LATE - THE COACH
IS SLIPPING AGAIN!





DON'T BE AFRAID. I AM
LITA - LI-TAI!



LI-TAI! LITA? LITA ...
AND NITAI!

NITA - IT IS YOU. OH, I
KNEW IT! MOTHER,
WHAT NEWS I HAVE
FOR YOU!



AND SOON ...

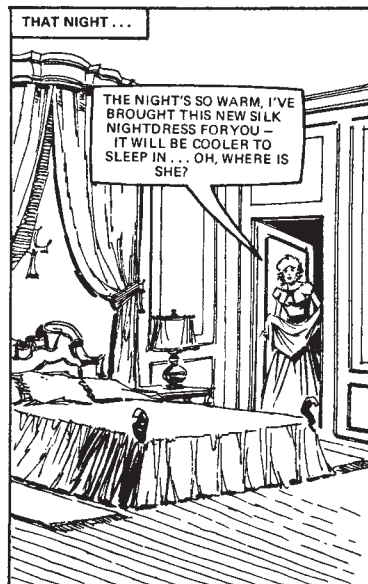
IT'S A MIRACLE, MOTHER.
MY LOST SISTER HAS COME
BACK TO US!

A MIRACLE, INDEED. ALREADY,
IT IS AS IF NITA HAD NEVER
BEEN LOST TO US!



HA, HA, HA - YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH ME, LITA.

YOU'RE RIGHT, MY SISTER.
HOW FLEET OF FOOT
YOU ARE!



THAT NIGHT ...

THE NIGHT'S SO WARM, I'VE
BROUGHT THIS NEW SILK
NIGHTDRESS FOR YOU -
IT WILL BE COOLER TO
SLEEP IN ... OH, WHERE IS
SHE?



OH, NO - SHE'S RETURNING
TO THE FOREST!



NITA, PLEASE COME BACK ...
DON'T LEAVE US AGAIN!



WHEN DAWN BREAKS ...

LITA, ASLEEP ON MY BED ...
WHAT AILS MY LITTLE
SISTER?



WOLFSBANE

WRITER: UNKNOWN • ARTIST: JORDI BADIA ROMERO • 9TH JUNE 1979

I WANT
OUT
AND FAST !





WOLFSBANE



SARA, ON HOLIDAY AT HER AUNT'S MOORLAND FARM, HAD NEVER BEEN SO BORED IN HER LIFE.

LOOK, AUNT AGNES, I'M UP TO HERE WITH COWS MOO-ING AND LAMBS BAA-ING. I'M GOING TO THAT DISCO IN TOWN. IT'S NOT UP TO MUCH, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING!

YOU KNOW THAT MEANS YOU'LL HAVE TO COME BACK HOME IN THE DARK, SARA. THERE ARE NO LIGHTS ACROSS THE MOOR, AND IT'S A LONELY PLACE AFTER NIGHTFALL.



THE MOOR'S A STRANGE PLACE, ESPECIALLY AFTER DARKNESS FALLS, AND THE OLD PEOPLE TELL ALL SORTS OF TALES ABOUT IT—BUT I'M NOT AFRAID OF IT.

SPOOKY TALES? OH, THEY FASCINATE ME, PAUL!



OH, DON'T WORRY, I MET A BOY IN THE VILLAGE—PAUL KIRBY. HE'S GOING TO RUN ME HOME ON HIS MOTOR-BIKE.

WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT IF HE'S FROM THE VILLAGE—THEY'RE ALL GOOD FOLK. I STILL WISH YOU WEREN'T GOING, THOUGH...



BUT SARA WASN'T ONE TO PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO AN OLD WOMAN'S FEARS.

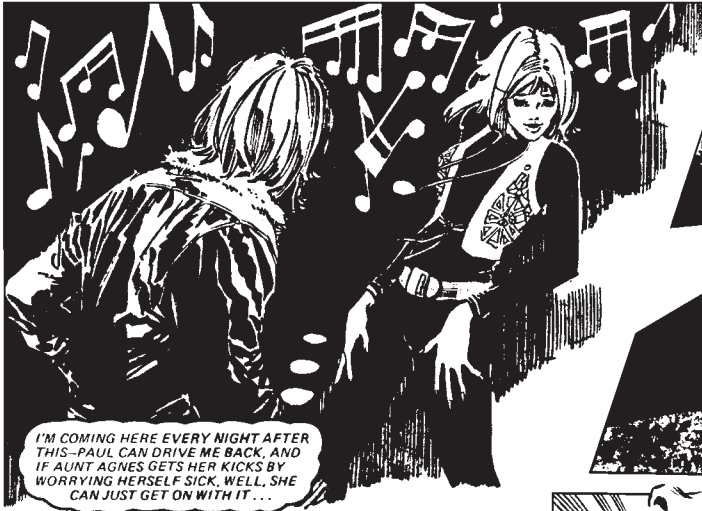
THIS IS BETTER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE. BUT I NEVER COULD HAVE COME WITHOUT YOU AND YOUR BIKE. MUST BE A BIT SCAREY WALKING ACROSS THE MOOR AT NIGHT, THOUGH, ESPECIALLY ALONE.

OH, I OFTEN DO IT—I LIKE IT!

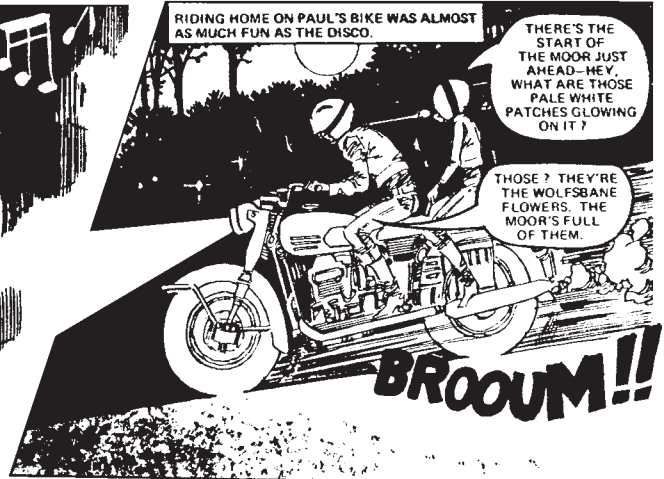


JUST DAFT TALES—ABOUT VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES. STUFF LIKE THAT. NONE OF US YOUNG ONES BELIEVE IN THAT RUBBISH—ALL WE WANT TO DO IS HAVE A GOOD TIME!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO DO—IT'S ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS. COME ON, LET'S DANCE.



I'M COMING HERE EVERY NIGHT AFTER THIS—PAUL CAN DRIVE ME BACK, AND IF AUNT AGNES GETS HER KICKS BY WORRYING HERSELF SICK, WELL, SHE CAN JUST GET ON WITH IT...

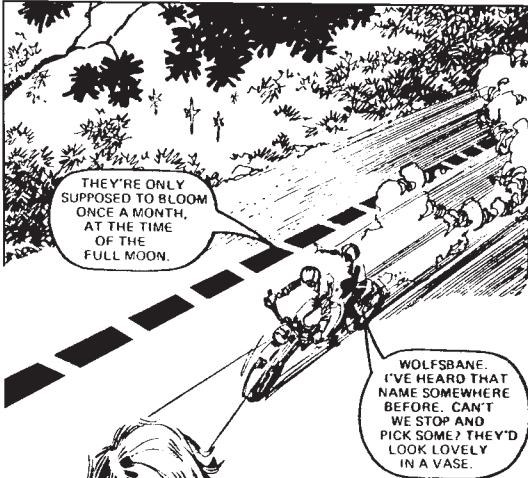


RIDING HOME ON PAUL'S BIKE WAS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS THE DISCO.

THERE'S THE START OF THE MOOR JUST AHEAD—HEY, WHAT ARE THOSE PALE WHITE PATCHES GLOWING ON IT?

THOSE? THEY'RE THE WOLFSBANE FLOWERS. THE MOOR'S FULL OF THEM.

BROOM!!



THEY'RE ONLY SUPPOSED TO BLOOM ONCE A MONTH, AT THE TIME OF THE FULL MOON.

WOLFSBANE. I'VE HEARD THAT NAME SOMEWHERE BEFORE. CAN'T WE STOP AND PICK SOME? THEY'D LOOK LOVELY IN A VASE.



THEY'RE NOT SO NICE AS I THOUGHT THEY'D BE. NOT DELICATE LIKE OTHER FLOWERS, BUT WHERE HAVE I HEARD THEIR NAME BEFORE?

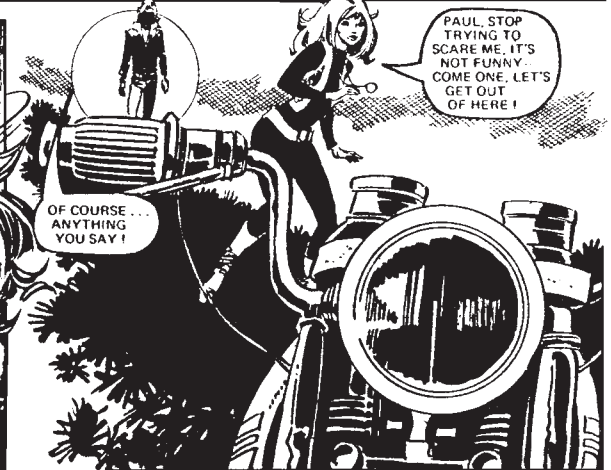
IN EVERY STORY YOU'VE EVER READ ABOUT WEREWOLVES, SARA.



IT'S SAID THAT THE WEREWOLVES OF ANCIENT LEGEND COULD ONLY CHANGE FROM THEIR MAN STATE TO THEIR TRUE WOLF SELVES WHEN THE WOLFSBANE WAS IN BLOOM.

IT WAS ON NIGHTS LIKE THESE THEY WENT SEARCHING FOR THEIR VICTIMS!

I—I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE SPOOKY STORIES!



PAUL STOP TRYING TO SCARE ME. IT'S NOT FUNNY. COME ONE, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

OF COURSE... ANYTHING YOU SAY!



TOMORROW MORNING WHEN IT'S DAYLIGHT I BET I'LL LAUGH ABOUT BEING SO SCARED OF COURSE. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE ASKED YOU TO STOP THE BIKE. I



THEN ...

OH, YOUR ... HA HA AND ...!



AND YOUR FACE - YOUR TERRIBLE FACE



I WANT OUT AND FAST!

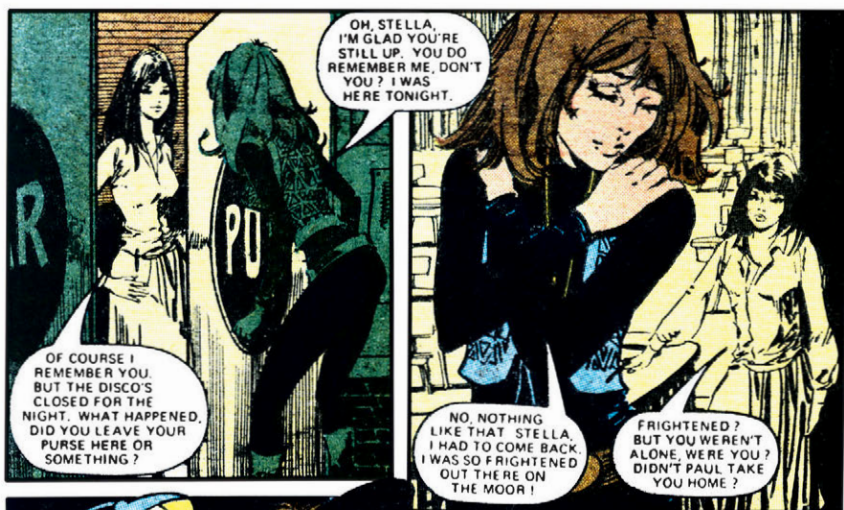


I'M GOING BACK INTO TOWN. I'M NOT CROSSING THAT MOOR TONIGHT. LET AUNT AGNES THINK WHAT SHE LIKES. I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO'LL PUT ME UP ...!



THE TOWN SEEMED SILENT AND DESERTED ...

NOT A LIGHT IN ANY OF THE HOUSES. I KNOW, I'LL GO BACK TO THE DISCO. THE GIRL WHO RAN IT WAS NICE, AND SHE SAID SHE LIVED ON THE PREMISES.



OH, STELLA, I'M GLAD YOU'RE STILL UP. YOU DO REMEMBER ME, DON'T YOU? I WAS HERE TONIGHT.

OF COURSE I REMEMBER YOU, BUT THE DISCO'S CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT. WHAT HAPPENED, DID YOU LEAVE YOUR PURSE HERE OR SOMETHING?

NO, NOTHING LIKE THAT STELLA, I HAD TO COME BACK. I WAS SO FRIGHTENED OUT THERE ON THE MOOR!

FRIGHTENED? BUT YOU WEREN'T ALONE, WERE YOU? DIDN'T PAUL TAKE YOU HOME?



Y-YES, HE DID. OH, I WASN'T GOING TO TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THIS IN CASE THEY THOUGHT I WAS GOING CRAZY. BUT I'VE GOT TO TALK TO SOMEONE!

OF COURSE YOU MUST. NOW, TAKE IT EASY, I CAN SEE SOMETHING'S UPSET YOU BADLY - YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT WHILE I'M MAKING US SOME COFFEE.



IT WAS HORRIBLE, WORSE THAN THE WORST NIGHTMARE I'VE EVER HAD. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT AS I LOOKED AT HIS HANDS - AND THEN AT HIS FACE!

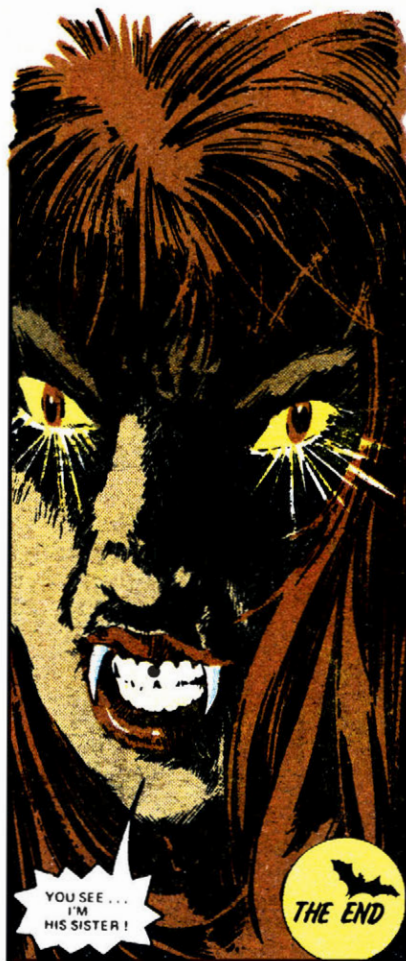


HIS FACE... IT WAS HORRIBLE, LIKE A BEAST FACE, WITH THE FANGS... AND THE GLEAMING YELLOW EYES - LIKE THE VERY FACE OF EVIL ITSELF!



BUT YOU CAN'T REALLY BELIEVE ME, STELLA. OH, YOU'LL BE KIND, AND SAY YOU DO, BUT I'LL KNOW YOU DON'T. WHO IN THEIR SENSES COULD BELIEVE ME?

MY DEAR, YOU'RE WRONG. I BELIEVE EVERY WORD YOU SAY. I KNOW ALL ABOUT PAUL - I SUPPOSE I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO DOES.



YOU SEE... I'M HIS SISTER!

EXTRAS



Dare you read...

MISTY

9p

EVERY
MONDAY

31st March 1979



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ENTER THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF...

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Misty #65 • 5th May 1979

Eduardo Feito

ENTER THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF...

MISTY

9p

EVERY
MONDAY
9th June 1979

Dare you read...
WOLFSBANE?

INSIDE!



BEWARE OF THE WEREWOLF

Lycanthropy, from the Greek 'lykoi' (wolf) and 'anthropos' (man) is the name of a madness in which a patient imagines that he or she is a wolf or some other nonhuman animal. These days it is understood as a psychiatric disorder, but undoubtedly it gave rise to the once widespread superstition that men could actually change form and become a beast. Many blood-curdling legends come down to us today from centuries back. Usually, the person was said to change into the most dangerous animal which existed in the region where the tale came from. In Europe and northern Asia, tales were told of people changing into wolves or bears. In Africa, the animals were usually hyenas or leopards. In India, China and Japan, it was believed that people changed into tigers.

Stories about the werewolf were widely believed in Europe during the Middle Ages and for many years afterwards. Even today, in remote regions, some people still believe that werewolves are fact, not fiction. That in the still, dark hours of the night, strange and terrible beasts still haunt empty roads, black forests and lonely mountainsides.



Fact or Fiction?

Late in the sixteenth century, in the Auvergne district of France, lived a well-to-do landowner by the name of Sanroche. One afternoon, in the early autumn of 1580, he was sitting alone working in his library when a servant informed him that a friend of his, a Monsieur Fayrolle, had arrived and was asking to see him.

Fayrolle was noted as an enthusiastic hunter and had called to ask Sanroche if he would join him for a deer stalking excursion in a nearby valley. Sanroche declined. His lawyer was calling that very afternoon to discuss a matter of some urgency, and after accepting some light refreshment Fayrolle took his gun and game-bag and set off alone.

The lawyer called at the ap-

pointed hour, but the business did not take as long to settle as Sanroche had anticipated and within an hour the lawyer had departed again. Finding himself unexpectedly free for the remainder of the day, and as his wife was away visiting, Sanroche decided to walk to the valley and meet his friend Fayrolle on his homeward journey.

He had been walking for some time when he heard a voice hailing him from the hillside ahead. As the two friends drew closer, Sanroche could see that something was wrong with Fayrolle.

When they met in a narrow ravine between the slopes of the hill, Sanroche could see that Fayrolle's clothes were torn, dirty and stained with blood. Gasping for breath, Fayrolle told his friend what had happened.

In the darkest part of the forest, Fayrolle had heard a horrendous snarling. It came from a dark gully overgrown with ferns. The hunter had retreated some two hundred yards to safety when an enormous wolf bounded out of the gully and dashed towards him.

Perhaps because of the suddenness of the beast's appearance, or because of the dimness of the light for shooting, Fayrolle was taken aback. He raised his gun, but at the same time stumbled. The shot went wide. The wolf, with a murderous snarling, launched itself at the hunter's throat.

Fayrolle managed to send the beast flying with a blow from the butt of his rifle, and before the nightmarish animal could regain its feet, he managed to draw his heavy hunting knife.

The beast charged again and they closed in deadly combat.

Fayrolle staggered backward and then tripped over a fallen log. In a moment the creature was on top of him, fangs barred for the kill – but in that moment, Fayrolle made one last despairing lunge with his knife, and the heavy blade cut clean through the wolf's right forepaw.

The wolf gave a long mournful cry and ran limping from the glade.

"I have brought the forepaw with me, so that you can see I am telling the truth," Fayrolle told his friend. He bent over his sack and then gave a muffled cry as something slipped from his hands onto the grass.

"I don't understand," he gasped in a horror filled voice. "I thought it was the forepaw of a wolf!"

Sanroche followed the trembling forefinger that pointed down to the grass. His own horror equalled that of Fayrolle's as he saw lying on the grass a recently severed human hand. The delicate fingers of the hand bore several rings. One of them a blue topaz that he recognized. He was looking at his wife's hand.

Sanroche hurried home. He found his wife had returned, but the servants told him she wasn't to be disturbed. Sanroche forced his way into her bedroom and found her in bed in a semi-conscious state. There was blood on the sheets. A doctor was called who was able to save her life, but her right hand had been severed at the wrist.

Sanroche spent several agonizing weeks wondering what to do before he confronted her with Fayrolle's story. She broke down and confessed that she was a werewolf. Sanroche denounced her to the authorities. She was brought to trial and after torture made a full confession of her deeds. Madame Sanroche was later burned at the stake and the district was no longer troubled with the curse of the werewolf.

HOW TO SPOT A WEREWOLF

According to legend the truly can-thrope is not only a man that becomes physically changed so that he starts to resemble a wolf, but his mind also changes so that he thinks and acts like a beast.

Features coarsen and blur. Thick hairs appear in the palms of the hand and the hands themselves

curve like the talons of a beast. The nails lengthen and assume the aspect of claws. The face was gradually covered with thick hair and the eyes redden and glow like an animal. Speech is replaced with guttural snarls and beast-like snorts. The teeth change to animal fangs and beneath the clothes, the victim's skin becomes thickly furred, like a wolf. When he moved, the werewolf would drop into a posture of all fours.

All this could happen with the briefest of warnings, so that people suffering from this dreadful curse were forced to take special precautions to prevent their discovery. Those with large enough houses would lock themselves in a private room until they were themselves again.

It was believed that a werewolf would be insensitive to pain. The soles of his feet would toughen so that he could run across patches of sharp stones. At the time of the full-moon it was impossible to avert the blood-lust which completely seized the werewolf. He would run through the night, baying at the moon and killing anything – animal or man which crossed his path.

He usually killed by biting directly through the jugular vein. Then, later, his blood-lust satisfied, he would fall to the ground in the forest and sleep deeply. In the

morning he would return to normal and would remember very little of the night's activities. If someone had been killed during the night he would suffer great remorse. There was no cure for someone afflicted by this dreadful curse – only merciful death.

ANOTHER LEGEND?

Two magistrates had been out hunting in a remote district of France in the mid-eighteenth century. They were caught miles from shelter after a long and tiring day. They had sent away their servants, and, after losing their way in deep woodland, realised that they were in the open for the night. After some aimless wandering they found a large timber shed and decided to settle down inside it for the night. They were just about to collect some materials to light a fire when they heard stealthy footsteps approaching. After a minute or two they saw, from their hiding place, an old countryman advancing through the woods towards them. He was known to both magistrates as a person of ill-repute and the two men wondered what he could be doing in such a lonely place.

He began to make strange signs in the air, and the magistrates sunk further back behind the bushes. Suddenly he threw back his head and gave a long mournful and blood curdling howl. He repeated



it for several minutes and soon there was an answering howl from the hills opposite.

They both became aware of sharp rustling leaves in the wooded aisles, as if alien feet were running towards them. Then, with shudders of horror they saw the grey shaggy form of an enormous wolf materialise in the shadow at the clearing's rim. Other shadows advanced at the huge wolf's heels and the whole glade seemed to fill with wolves.

To the hidden men's astonishment, the old man stood calmly in the centre of the clearing. The biggest wolf detached itself from

others seemed to accept as a new leader. Trembling with fear, the two men watched as, baying and howling, the whole pack made off and was soon lost to sight in the dense shadows of the forest.

Both men were convinced that the old poacher had become the grey wolf, but they could prove nothing against him. He answered all questions to the satisfaction of the local people and at length they were forced to let him go. If indeed he were the dreaded werewolf, after that he must have practised his black art further afield, for never again was the district troubled by a pack of wolves.

had not eaten human flesh.

The Romans, too, believed in werewolves and called anyone who had been changed into a wolf by magic spells a *versipellis* (a turnskin).

Probably the strongest beliefs in werewolves were those held in Europe during and following the Middle Ages. One theory later put forward to explain such widespread superstitions and legends was that some people at that time could have suffered from a disease called Porphyria. The sufferer did not like to be out in strong light and so tended to wander around at



the group and brushed itself against the old poacher's legs, as if it were a faithful dog. The watchers' astonishment increased when they saw the old man reach down and fondle the wolf behind the ears.

The remainder of the pack, about nine or ten strong, had now joined man and wolf and howled so loudly that the entire night was filled with their shrieking chorus. So horrible was the sound that the magistrates fell to the ground, putting hands over their eyes to cut out the sound.

When they looked again the old man was nowhere to be seen and there was nothing but the surging mass of the wolf-pack baying and howling excitedly.

Then they realised that another wolf had joined the pack. A huge whiteish-grey brute whom the

THE ENDURING LEGEND

Stories of men who changed into beasts come to us from the earliest days. In ancient Greece there was a strong belief in the wolf myth. In Arcadia, an area where wolf packs roamed, there was a cult of the Wolf-Zeus. The people of the cult believed that once a legendary king, Lycaon, tried to trick the great god Zeus into eating human flesh. Zeus was not deceived and caused a great deluge to flood the land. After that, a ceremony was held every year on Mount Lycaeus where priests prepared strange sacrificial feasts. It was believed that any man who ate the food would change into a wolf and remain an animal for nine years. Only then would he change back into a man and then only if during that time he

night. The skin of the victim would become covered with ulcers and the nose, ears, eyelids and fingers would suffer disfigurement as the disease took its course. Easy to understand why, in those days, superstitious peasants came to believe that such poor people were terrible creatures of the night and legends of werewolves became widespread. Outlaws and bandits played on these superstitions and would sometimes wear wolf skins over their armour.

Now, when wolf packs no longer roam wild across Europe, the legends and stories have died out – but who knows what may yet linger on in some dark and lonely corners?

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ON THE PLANET OF
TWO SUNS, THEY TREAT
GIRLS LIKE ANIMALS!

See
"The Human Zoo"





I am Misty,
Girl of the mists,
Sister to shadows,
Daughter of darkness,
She who treads the untrodden ways,
Teller of tales and wayfarer upon
The wilder shores of midnight.

Welcome to my midnight world;
Thrice welcome, be you venturesome stranger
Or one who has fled the dark at the top of the stair
Or long-familiar, treasured, trusted friend,
All have trod the misty ways
And come to me for courage.

The hidden things, the darkling fantasticals,
And all the unbidden creatures of the night
Forsake the secret places,
The last and uttermost outposts
Beyond imagination, beyond compare
And come to me as I wander
Lone upon the strand, lone upon the shore
Beside the Sea of Loneliness,
Moon-silvered, mist-kissed,
Listening,
Glistening.
Welcome, mortals all, welcome mystics.
Thrice welcome.

Is that your heart I hear beating
In the silence?
Or something else? Something other.
Fear not and touch my hand.
Tread boldly in my world,
My world of darkness
For fear cannot endure
In Misty's presence.

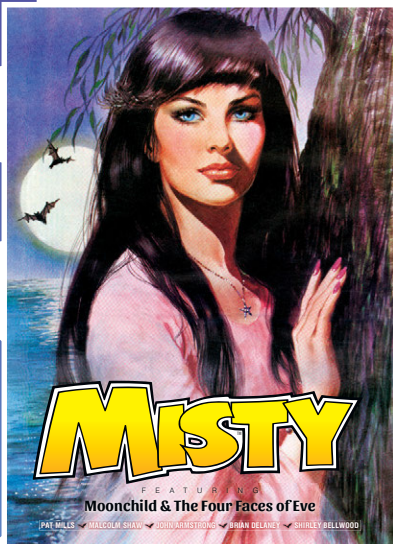
Since last we met
I have wandered the world
From my Cavern of Dreams.
I have crossed the Mountains of Mystery
To the Wilderness of Willows,
Drunk at the Pool of Life,
Traversed the midnight darkness of the world,
Pierced History, shrunk distance,
Gathering garlands of grimness
And tales of the other world
Till now told only to the air
And fashioned them all
For your shiversome delight.
Into tales beyond explanation,
Things without a name
To pause and ponder on
In the house before the dawn.

The bats fly high
Against the moon,
Pipistrella flityting,
Radar gliding,
Wrapt in silence, watching
As we gather here
Until the mists shall come again,
Knowing Misty shatters fear.

For the things that wait in the darkness,
The things that wait for you,
The name of every single one is fear
And fear is banished from my domains.
So look upon the wonders that I show you,
Look on them and pause,
Enjoy your shivers
But touch my hand and no harm shall touch you,
Touch my hand and tread boldly
Along these untrodden ways.
Wrap my misty mantle about you
And fear cannot come near.

I am Misty,
Girl of the mists,
Sister to shadows,
Daughter of darkness,
She who treads the untrodden ways,
Teller of tales and wayfarer upon
The wilder shores of midnight.

WELCOME TO MY WORLD OF MYSTERY AND
SHADOWS WHERE THE UNUSUAL IS USUAL...
WHERE THE UNEXPECTED IS EXPECTED.



MOONCHILD THE FOUR FACES OF EVE

978-1-78108-452-6

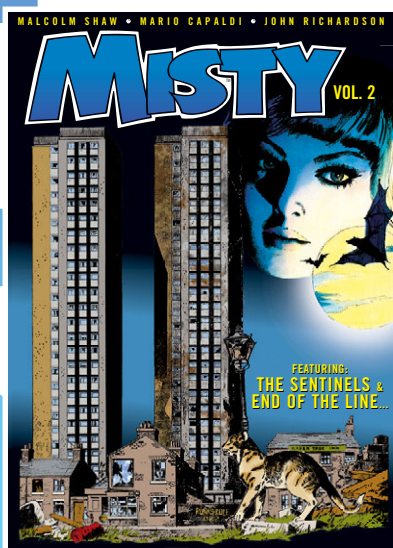
PAT MILLS • MALCOLM SHAW • BRIAN DELANEY
JOHN ARMSTRONG • SHIRLEY BELLWOOD

MOONCHILD

Like her grandmother before her, Rosemary Black has discovered that she has the power to move things with her mind. A crescent shape on her forehead marks Rosemary as the Moonchild. While her jealous mother forbids her to use her new found abilities, the actions of a school bully push Ms Black closer and closer towards temptation and revenge.

THE FOUR FACES OF EVE

Eve Marshall develops amnesia after an accident. Unable to remember anything about her past and haunted by nightmares involving the tragic deaths of three other girls, Eve sets out to discover the chilling truth of who...or what she really is. These eerie encounters are brought to you by Pat Mills, John Armstrong, Malcolm Shaw, Brian Delaney and, of course, your friend, Misty



THE SENTINELS END OF THE LINE

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THE SENTINELS

Two identical tower blocks, known as 'The Sentinels' to the locals, stand tall over the town of Birdwood – but only one is occupied while the other remains mysteriously empty. When Jan Richards' family lose their home they decide to hide out in the abandoned block so they can stay together, only to be sent into a parallel world where the Nazis conquered Britain in 1940.

END OF THE LINE...

Ann's father was one of a group of engineers believed to have been killed whilst working on an extension to the London Underground. But when she and her mother are invited to the opening of the new train tunnel, Ann discovers a mysterious time portal through which several workers are being kept as slaves by an evil Victorian called Lord Vicary.

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As sunlight slips away, making room for the night, the children of the mists venture forth from the shadows and seek out new stories to weave into the tapestry of the dream world.

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After her parents die in a car crash, a baby girl is rescued by a wolf who had recently lost a cub of her own. Two years later, soldiers on a military exercise find the child and bring her back to civilisation. Now in her early teens, the girl (called Lona) discovers all about her wild origin from her adopted parents. As Lona's bestial nature starts to resurface, she finds herself increasingly alone and at odds with the world around her...

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