

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH

by Josef Rother (Script) & Lee O'Connor (Art)

THE HORSEMAN
HAD BEEN
RIDING FOR
DAYS, BUT HIS
QUARRY KEPT
ELUDING HIM.

THEN HE SENSED
SOMETHING...

DRYFOOT!

HIS MOUNT WAS
EXHAUSTED AND
ABOUT TO
COLLAPSE
ANY MINUTE.
THE HORSEMAN,
HOWEVER,
KEPT PRESSING
THE ANIMAL ON
WITHOUT MERCY.

THE BASTARD
WAS CLOSE!

THE MOUNT, TOO, SENSED
DRYFOOT'S PRESENCE,
AND UNDERNEATH
THE HORSEMAN, THE
ANIMAL'S SIDES
QUIVERED WITH FEAR.

BUT HE
FORCED
HIS WILL
UPON
THE NAG.

SOON HE CAME
UPON THE BODY...

THE
HORSEMAN
SMILED.

THIS MAN COULD NOT
HAVE BEEN DEAD LONG.
DRYFOOT MUST STILL
BE CLOSE. IF ONLY
HE COULD

HEY, BOY!

GET AWAY
FROM THAT
MAN!

WHO--?

DROP

YOUR

IRON.

NOW!

MY GOD, IT'S FRAYLEE! HE HAS
EATEN HIM, SHERIFF OXNER!

DAMN NIGGER! I
DON'T CARE WHETHER YOU
HOODOO-MONKEYS EAT
YOUR OWN PEOPLE --

-- BUT
THIS WAS
A MAN!

YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SHERIFF.
I DID NOT KILL THIS MAN.

ACTUALLY, I AM
SEARCHING FOR THE VERY
CULPRIT THAT IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS ATROCITY.

THIS ISN'T HIS FIRST VICTIM, AND I AM
SURE HE IS STILL IN THE AREA. I CAN--

WHAT'S YOUR
NAME, BOY?

SATURDAY.

SATURDAY *WHAT?*
JOHN SATURDAY?
SATURDAY BLACK?
SATURDAY *SHIT?!?*

BARON
SATURDAY.

OH... A
BARON WE
ARE?

WELL, SQUIRE
MAN-EATER, I'LL
HAVE YOUR NOBLE
ARSE FOR THIS!

SHERIFF,
LOOK!

FRAYLEE
STILL
HAS MEAT
CLINGING
TO HIS
TEETH!

HE HAS EATEN *HIMSELF!*

*MOTHERFUCKING
COCKSUCKER!* YOU
FORCED HIM TO EAT
HIS OWN FLESH!

TAKE THE BOY!





BUT WHEN
THE MEN
BENT DOWN
TO PICK UP
THE BODY,
MACKENZIE
IRONS
NOTICED...

HIS EYES!

THEY'RE
ALL REG'LAR
AGAIN!

BURN
THE
BUCK!

I DON'T
WANT
ANYTHING
LEFT OF
HIM WHEN
YOU'RE
FINISHED!



A CHILL SERPENT OF DREAD
CREPT DOWN THE MEN'S
SPINES, AND THEY FELT
LIKE THEY HAD TOUCHED
SOMETHING COLD IN THE
DARK, SOMETHING BREATHING
AND STRANGELY DRY...

SOMETHING OLD...



THIS MAN HAD NOT
BEEN A MAN AT ALL!



BUT THANK GOD,
HE WAS DEAD...



WHEN SHERIFF CARL OXNER GOT HOME LATE THAT EVENING, HE FELT WEARY AND TAUT.

THEY HAD BURNED THE CORPSE OUT ON WAGENKNECHT'S RANGE.



IT HAD TAKEN THEM A LONG TIME.



AS THE WHISKEY SETTLED WARM IN HIS GUT, THE SHERIFF FELT HIMSELF GRADUALLY GETTING CALMER, GETTING EASIER.



HE REACHED FOR THE BOTTLE TO POUR HIMSELF ANOTHER DRINK.

BUT BEFORE HE EVEN TOUCHED IT, THE SHERIFF'S HAND FROZE.



CURSE THE THINGS THE BOOZE CAN DO TO A MAN'S BODY!



THE SHERIFF TOLD HIS DAMN HAND TO TAKE THE DAMN BOTTLE AND POUR HIM ANOTHER DAMN DRINK.





"HEY!" THE SHERIFF SCREAMED AT HIS HAND AS, UNBIDDEN, IT RAISED ITSELF TO HIS EYES.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" HE DEMANDED.



BUT NOT A SOUND CAME OVER HIS LIPS.



"KEEP TO YOUR SEAT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!" HE TOLD HIS BODY.




"JESUS!" THE SHERIFF GASPED. "WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?"



BUT HIS MOUTH REMAINED SILENT.



SHERIFF OXNER ROARED LIKE A DRUNKEN COWHAND PACKED IN A CELL TO DRY OUT.



HE THREW HIMSELF AGAINST THE BARS. HE KEPT DRUMMING AGAINST THE COLD, DARK WALLS UNTIL HIS FISTS WERE BLEEDING.



"LET ME OUT OF HERE!" HE YELLED WITH A HOARSE TONGUE.



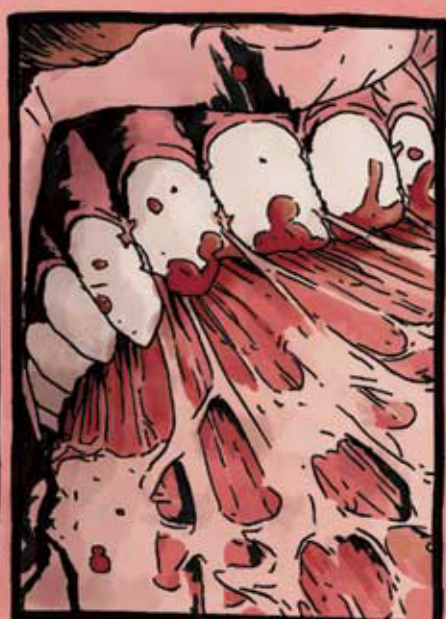
"LET ME OUT OF HERE!"



BUT THE DUNGEON REMAINED SILENT IN THE FACE OF HIS FLIGHT.



AND THE SHERIFF COULD ONLY WATCH IN IMPOTENT DESPAIR AS...





NO.
I NEED
YOU TO BE
ABLE TO
WALK.



SATURDAY!

HELLO,
DRYFOOT!

AAAIIII!

THANKS FOR
EXPOSING THE
TENDONS.



YOU
WON'T GET ME,
BARON!

I
ALREADY
GOT
YOU!

YOU CAN'T
GET OUT OF
THAT FAT
CARCASS
ANYMORE!

STAY HERE,
DRYFOOT!

KKRRR



YOU KNOW WHAT
HAPPENS IF I KILL YOU IN A
BODY YOU ARE BOUND TO.

DON'T FORCE
ME TO DO THAT,
BROTHER!



WHAT NOW,
BARON?



NOW YOU
WILL BIND
YOUR ARM.

WE DON'T
WANT YOU BLEEDING
TO DEATH, NOW,
DO WE?

AND THEN
I'M GOING TO
TAKE YOU HOME
WHERE WE CAN
KEEP AN EYE
ON YOU.

YOU WILL
STAY INSIDE
THIS BODY
UNTIL IT
ROTS!



AFTER
THAT...



WE
WILL
SEE.



THE END