

YOUR BODY IS BETRAYING YOU...



THE RIFLE IN YOUR HANDS GETS SLIPPERY WITH SWEAT...



YOU AFRAID, LAD?



AIN'T NOTHING...

JUST...



SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I AIN'T NEVER GONNA MAKE IT BACK... LIKE I'M GONNA DIE OUT HERE.



WOLF TRAP

WRITER: JOSEF ROTHER - ARTIST: TONI GREIS

DON'T YOU WORRY, LAD. I'LL GET YOUR HIDE BACK TO THE POST ALL RIGHT.

THIS IS MY FIRST TIME, MISTER WAYLAND, AND--



Shhhhhh--!



It's coming!



I'm gonna take up my position now, lad.

You stay here.



YOU WATCH MISTER WAYLAND CRAWL AWAY THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH.

ONE MOMENT HE'S THERE...



...THEN THE FOREST SWALLOWS HIM UP LIKE A HUNGRY BEAST...



...AND YOU'RE ALL ALONE.

YOU WISH YOU HAD NEVER VENTURED THIS FAR INTO THE WOODS.



YOU WISH YOU WERE STILL BACK AT THE TRADING POST...



SHOOT ME!



I'D RATHER NOT, MISTER WAYLAND, SIR, PLEASE.

SHOOT ME, YOU LITTLE BASTARD!

PLEASE, MISTER WAYLAND. I'D--



COME ON, BOY! SHOOT HIM!



SHOOT ME, FOR CHRISAKES!



BLAM



HEY! CAREFUL THERE!

HAHAHAHAHA!



SEE, LAD!
WEREWOLF
LEATHER!

STOPS ANYTHING
THAT AIN'T GOT
NO SILVER IN IT.



I'D HEARD
ABOUT THEM
THINGS, MISTER
WAYLAND,
BUT I DIDN'T
BELIEVE...

YOU'D BETTER, LAD.
EVERYBODY WANTS
THESE PELTS.

HELL, SOLDIERS
LOVE 'EM MORE
THAN THEIR
OWN MOMMAS.



THEY
FETCH
A PRETTY
PRICE.
BUT 'EM
WERE-
CRITTERS,
THEY ARE
TOUGH
BASTARDS
TO KILL.



AND YOU HAVE TA
SKIN 'EM AFORE
SUNRISE, OR ALL
YOU GOT IS A
BLOKE IN LACK
O' BRITCHES.



KNOW
WHAT
THIS
IS,
BOY?



A WEREWOLF BITE!



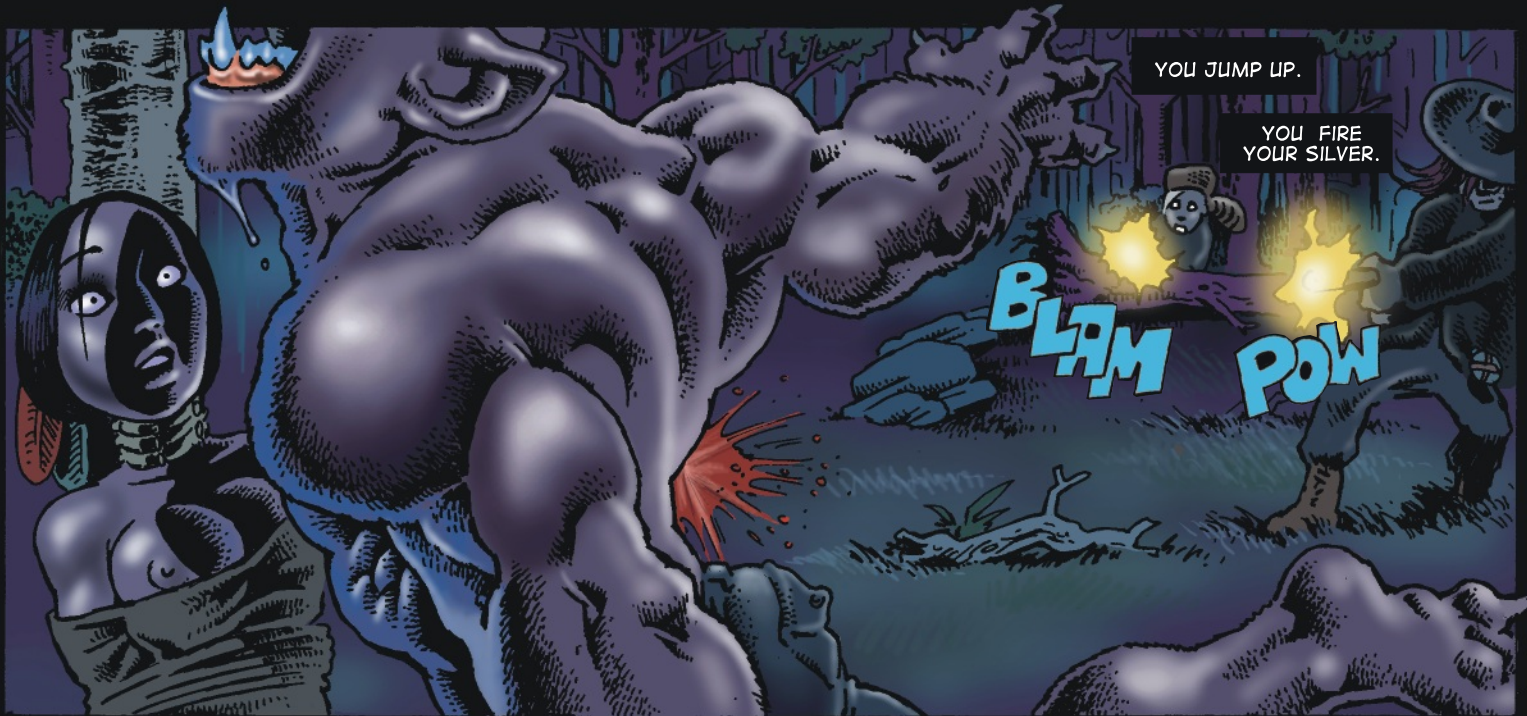
BUT...
BUT...

DOESN'T
THAT TURN
YOU INTO
A WOLFMAN
YOURSELF?



HAHAHAHAHAHA





YOU JUMP UP.

YOU FIRE
YOUR SILVER.

BLAM POW



YOU SEE
THE BEAST
FALL.

HAHA!
THAT'S
A BIG
ONE!

THEY'LL PAY A
KING'S RANSOM
FOR THIS
RASCAL'S PELT!!



GO GET A
CLOSER
LOOK, LAD!

AIN'T
NOTHIN'
TO BE
SCARED
OF NOW.



IT'S EVEN BIGGER
THAN IT LOOKED
FROM THE DISTANCE.



A SHUDDER
RUNS DOWN
YOUR BACK...
UNEASY AND
COMFORTING
AT THE
SAME TIME.

THANK GOD,
IT IS DEAD!





IT'S ALIVE!
IT'S STILL ALIVE!

SHOOT IT!



SHOOT, YOU FOOL!

BUT YOU CAN'T MOVE...



YOU ONLY HAVE EYES FOR THAT MAW...



THAT BOTTOMLESS PIT...

...ABOUT TO...



...DEVOUR YOU...





DAMN!

ONLY
NICKED IT!



YOU LET THE
BLOODY CRITTER
GET AWAY, YOU
IDIOT! DO YOU
KNOW HOW
MUCH MONEY
YOU LOST ME?

I'M SORRY,
MISTER
WAYLAND.
I--



YOU BETTER BE SORRY,
YOU LITTLE TURD. I
OUGHTA BEAT
THE SHIT OUTA YOU!



YOU MISERABLE
LITTLE PUNT OF
A WHIN

YOUR HEAD
STARTS
SPINNING...

YOUR
STOMACH
CRAMPS...

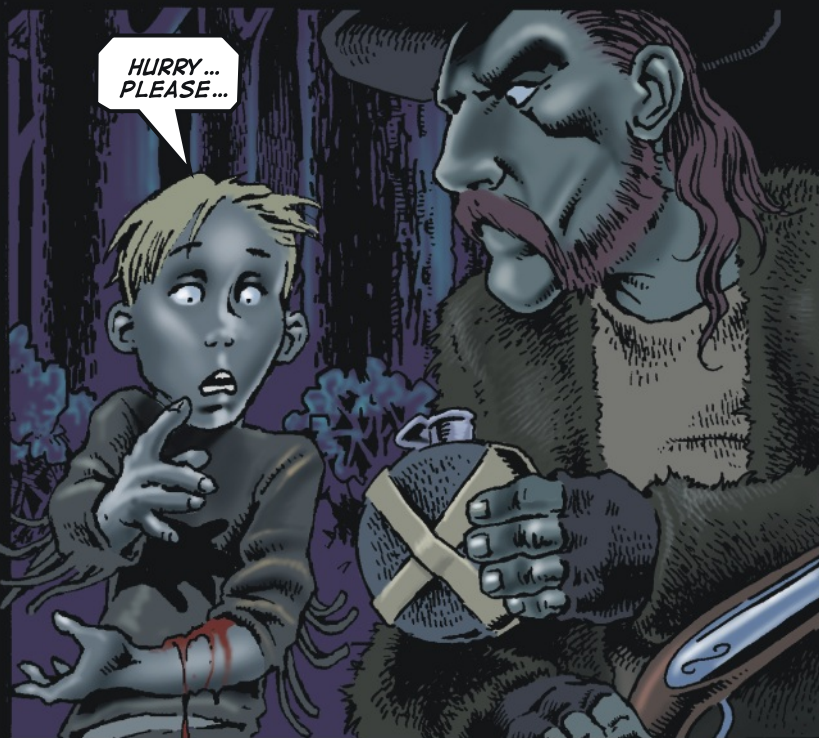


WHAT'S
WRONG,
LAD?

I FEEL
KINDA
WEIRD,
MISTER
WAYLAND,
SIR. LIKE
I'VE EATEN
SOMETHING
WRONG.



IT BIT YOU!



BUT THERE IS NO HELP...

...AS YOUR BODY BETRAYS YOU YET AGAIN.

COARSE HAIR BREAKS THROUGH YOUR SKIN...

...LIKE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF NEEDLES...

NO.



NO.

...AND THE BEAST CRUSHES YOUR BRITTLE BONES UNDER ITS GNASHING TEETH...

...TEARS AT YOUR QUIVERING FLESH...



NOOOOOO!

...AND SWALLOWS IT WHOLE...

OAAGRRRRRRHH!

SORRY, LAD, BUT YOU LET THE WOLF SLIP AWAY.

THAT WAS MY MONEY!

AND I DEMAND COMPENSATION!



I SAID I'D GET YOUR HIDE BACK TO THE POST...



...AND I WILL KEEP MY PROMISE, ALL RIGHT!

Kick!



POW!!

THE END