

# STRANGE FACES From MARVEL MAR. #2 WEREWOLF BY NIGHT

JENKINS  
MANCO



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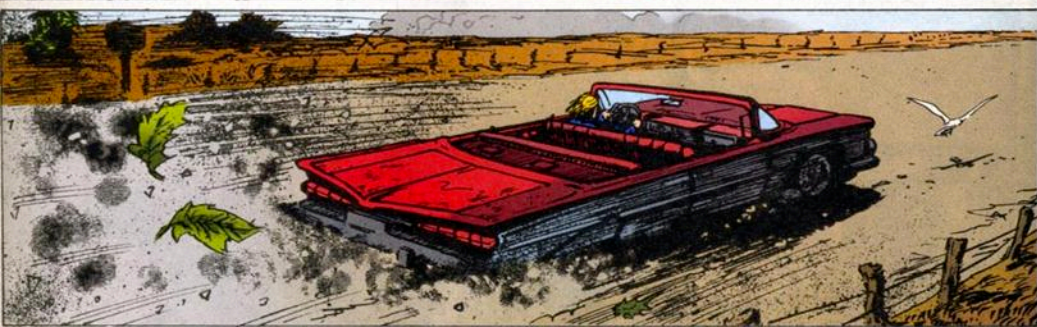
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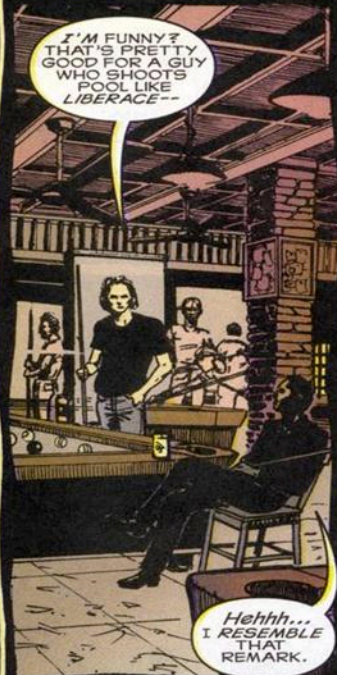
# LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

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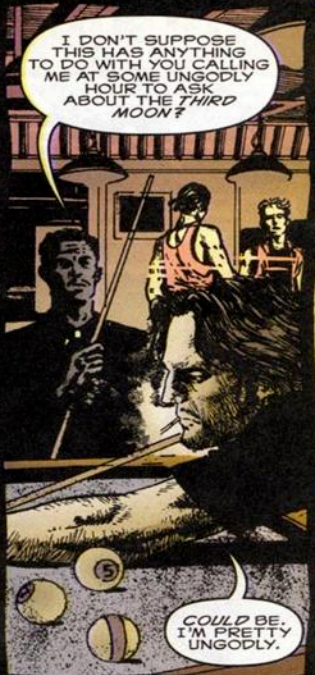
I'M FUNNY?  
THAT'S PRETTY  
GOOD FOR A GUY  
WHO SHOOTS  
POOL LIKE  
LIBERACE--

Heh...  
I RESEMBLE  
THAT  
REMARK.



YEAH,  
WELL...YOU  
STILL HAVEN'T  
ANSWERED  
THE  
QUESTION.

LET'S SAY YOU WERE  
A ZOMBIE OR A WEREWOLF  
OR SOMETHING, RIGHT? I MEAN,  
WOULD THAT MAKE YOU  
INHERENTLY EVIL?



I DON'T SUPPOSE  
THIS HAS ANYTHING  
TO DO WITH YOU CALLING  
ME AT SOME UNGODLY  
HOUR TO ASK  
ABOUT THE THIRD  
MOON?

COULD BE.  
I'M PRETTY  
UNGODLY.



Mm. YOU  
EVER THINK  
OF ANSWERING  
ONE OF  
MY QUESTIONS  
WITH SOMETHING  
OTHER THAN A  
NEW  
QUESTION?



OH, WELL...  
I GUESS IT  
MAKES NO  
DIFFERENCE  
EITHER  
WAY...



I MEAN  
THERE ARE  
NO SUCH  
THINGS AS  
WEREWOLVES,  
JACK.





WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY THE SUDDEN EMPHASIS ON BARSTOOL THEOLOGY? NO, WAIT... I'M SUPPOSED TO GUESS, AREN'T I?

AND DON'T LOOK AT ME SIDWAYS. I'M ON TO YOU, YOU KNOW.

YOUR LIFE'S A SERIES OF IRONIES, ISN'T IT? YOU THINK I HAVEN'T NOTICED THAT SMILE EVERY TIME SOMEONE INADVERTENTLY TOUCHES UPON ONE OF YOUR SECRETS, HMM?

TELL ME: WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU?



NOTHING. I JUST HAVEN'T BEEN MYSELF LATELY.




SEE? YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN, AREN'T YOU?




I SWEAR, ONE DAY WHEN I FIND OUT THE BIG JOKE, IT'D BETTER BE FUNNY---






YOU KNOW WHAT'S FUNNY? HOW BOURBON  
TASTES LIKE BATTERY ACID AFTER  
A WHILE. YOU KNOCK DOWN ENOUGH OF IT,  
AND A SIDE ROAD TAKES ON THE LOOK  
OF A THREE LANE INTERSTATE.

ME, I'M JUST POINTED  
TOWARD THE ONE IN  
THE MIDDLE. I'VE GOT  
SOMEWHERE TO GO.




FACT IS, I'VE  
NEVER BEEN MUCH  
OF A PASSENGER--  
I TEND TO GET  
MOODY AND  
IRRATIONAL.



I MEAN, LIFE IN  
THE BACK SEAT'S  
A DRAG, YOU  
KNOW?

FOR ONE THING,  
YOU'RE COMPLETELY  
AT THE MERCY  
OF SOMEBODY  
ELSE'S DRIVING.



FOR ANOTHER, THERE'S  
NEVER MUCH OF A GOOD  
REASON TO GET OUT.



PROBLEM IS, I JUST WANT TO STOP  
AND SMELL THE ROSES FOR A WHILE,  
BUT MY METAPHORICAL CAR'S HEADED  
FOR THE EDGE OF THE ROAD.

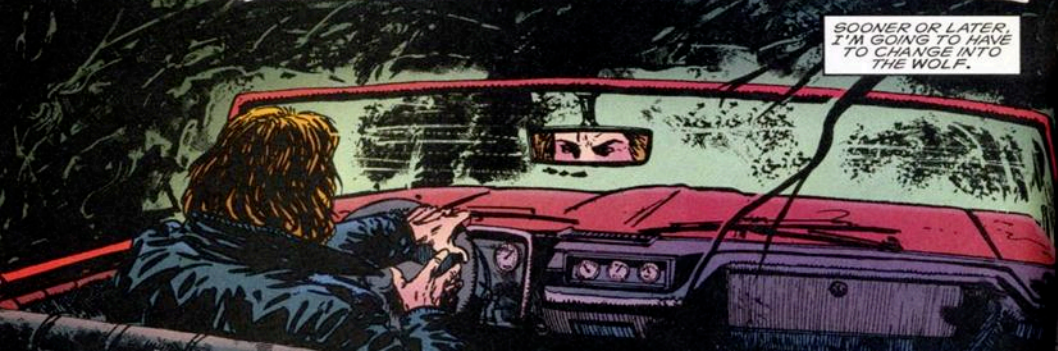
IT'S ALL I CAN DO  
TO BRING THE WHEEL  
UNDER CONTROL.



THAT'S WHY I'M OUT HERE,  
STILL DRIVING, KNOWING  
THAT I CAN'T AVOID THIS  
ONE INEVITABLE COLLISION.



SOONER OR LATER,  
I'M GOING TO HAVE  
TO CHANGE INTO  
THE WOLF.







YOU WANNA KNOW  
WHAT'S FUNNIEST OF  
ALL? MY GLAMOROUS  
FREAKIN' LIFESTYLE--  
THAT'S WHAT.



IT'S ALL SO  
DAMNNED INEVITABLE.  
IT'S LIKE BEING  
TWENTY YEARS OLD  
AND STINKING DRUNK  
FOR THE FIFTH TIME  
IN A WEEK.

THE WORLD'S  
SWIRLING AROUND  
AND AROUND,  
AND YOU'VE BEEN  
PRAYING TO  
THE PORCELAIN  
GOD FOR WHAT  
SEEMS  
AN ETERNITY.



YOU FINALLY  
GET TO THE DRY  
HEAVES, AND THEN  
IT BEGINS. "NEVER  
AGAIN," YOU SWEAR  
TO YOURSELF.  
NEVER AGAIN.

BUT IT'S ALL  
A BIG LIE,  
ISN'T IT?

I GOTTA  
GO AWAY FOR  
A COUPLE  
OF DAYS.







YOU  
SELFISH...  
DAMMIT! YOU  
DO THIS TO  
ME ON  
PURPOSE--



DON'T GO ALL  
DOE-EYED ON ME,  
JACK RUSSELL.  
YOU THINK I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S  
GOING ON?  
WHAT IS  
GOING ON?

ROX, I...I CAN'T  
TELL YOU JUST NOW.  
IT'S *HAD*, I KNOW...  
YOU JUST HAVE  
TO TRUST ME.



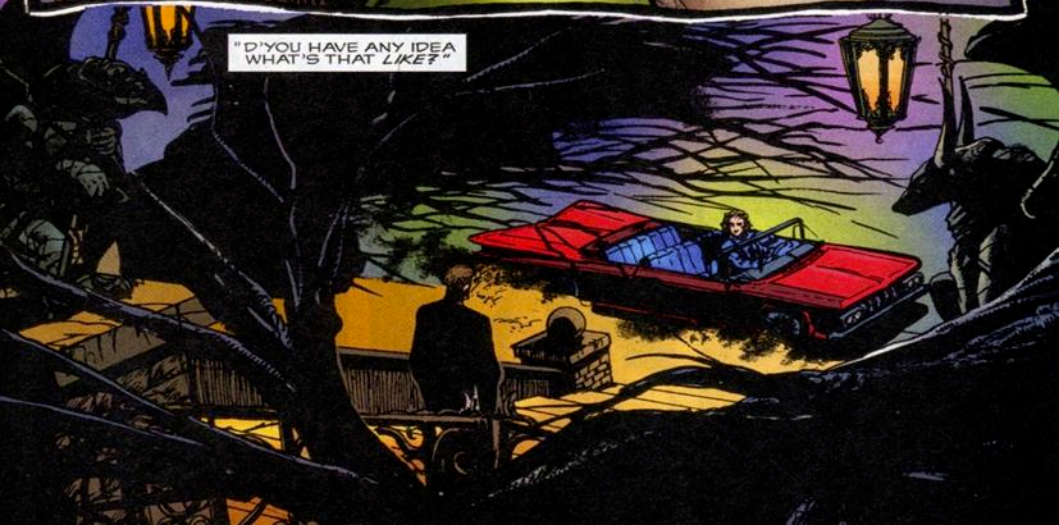
NO, YOU KNOW  
WHAT *YOU* HAVE  
TO DO, JACK? YOU  
HAVE TO REALIZE  
THAT TRUST IS  
*EARNED*.



YOU HAVE  
TO PROVE TO ME  
THAT YOU'RE WORTH  
THE *EFFORT*. YOU HAVE TO  
SHOW ME YOU HAVE JUST  
THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF  
*EMPATHY* INSTEAD  
EXPECTING IT OUT OF  
ME ALL THE TIME.

DAMMIT, JACK...  
COULD YOU CHOOSE  
A *WORSE* MOMENT FOR  
THIS? IT'S THAT TIME  
OF THE MONTH, FOR  
GOD'S SAKE.

"D'YOU HAVE ANY IDEA  
WHAT'S THAT *LIKE*?"







UH...HEY THERE, BUDDY, BILLY DEEGAN: FORT WORTH, TEXAS. SAY, IS THIS TH', UH... CLARKE RESIDENCE? YOU KNOW, THE ACTOR?

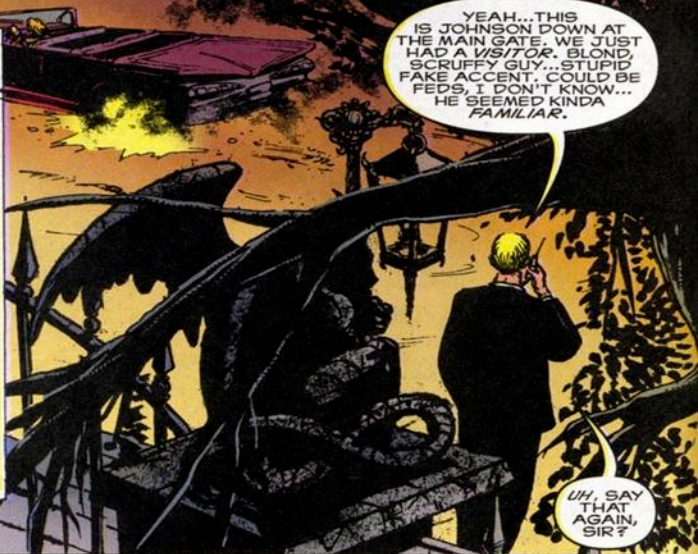


YOU'RE TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY. GET IN YOUR CAR AND HEAD BACK TO THE HIGHWAY. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?



NO PROBLEM. I GOT WHAT I NEEDED ANYWAY.

BUDDY.



YEAH...THIS IS JOHNSON DOWN AT THE MAIN GATE. WE JUST HAD A VISITOR. BLOND, SCRUFFY GUY...STUPID FAKE ACCENT. COULD BE FEDS, I DON'T KNOW... HE SEEMED KINDA FAMILIAR.

UH, SAY THAT AGAIN, SIR?



I SAID, THERE HAVE BEEN A GREAT DEAL OF CONCESSIONS MADE TO ORGANIZATIONS SUCH AS OURS IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, JOHNSON.

THE GOVERNMENT IS HARDLY LIKELY TO WANT A REPEAT OF WACO. DO YOU GET MY GIST?



I, UH... I'M NOT SURE, SIR.



NEXT TIME, JOHNSON, SHOOT WHOEVER SHOWS UP UNINVITED AT OUR GATES.

AND DON'T WORRY. IT'S PERFECTLY LEGAL.



TIME TO PUT UP OR  
SHUT UP, JACK.

TIME FOR  
THE CHANGE.







**JACK...**

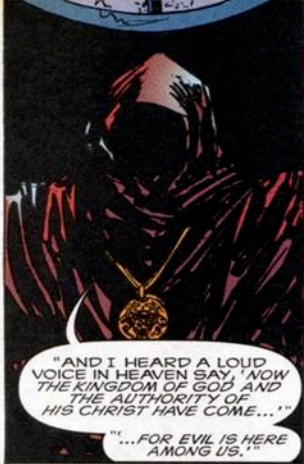


TIME TO FACE  
THE MUSIC.





"AND THE BEAST  
WAS THROWN DOWN,  
WHO IS CALLED SATAN--  
THE DECEIVER OF  
THE WHOLE WORLD."



"AND I HEARD A LOUD  
VOICE IN HEAVEN SAY, 'NOW  
THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND  
THE AUTHORITY OF  
HIS CHRIST HAVE COME...'"

"...FOR EVIL IS HERE  
AMONG US."



Nunn.  
Nnun!



"AND THEY  
DID CONQUER  
THE BEAST...WITH  
THE TESTIMONY  
OF CHRIST..."



"...AND WITH  
THE BLOOD OF  
THE LAMB."



Thukkk





SKREEESH



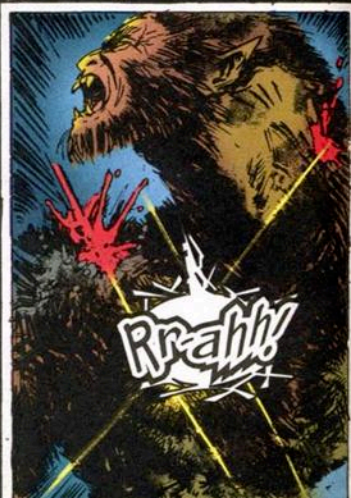


THE BLADE...  
I WANT IT.



AND I SAW ANOTHER  
BEAST WHICH CAME OUT OF  
THE SKY; AND IT SPOKE  
LIKE A DRAGON.

BEHOLD,  
BRETHREN--  
THE DECEIVER  
INCARNATE!



Rraahh!

















I THINK NOT...  
I AM OLD... *hkk...*  
AND DYING... BUT  
UNLIKE YOU... *hkk...*  
I WILL NOT BE  
CONSUMED BY EVIL  
WHEN I AM  
JUDGED...

*hkk...*  
I HAVE  
NOTHING  
TO FEAR...  
*hkk...*



BROKEN NECK... YOU DON'T  
HAVE MUCH TIME, CLARK...



UNLESS  
I KEEP YOU...  
ALIVE.



NO... *hkk...*  
YOU CAN'T...

I CAN  
INFECT YOU.  
LIKE ME.



WAIT, I... I WANT ONLY  
TO HELP YOU. I... *hkk...*  
KNOW, YOU SEE...



...YOU WILL  
NEVER OVERTHROW  
THE DEMON... THAT  
CONTROLS YOU...  
UNLESS YOU  
HAVE... *hkk...*  
THE WOLFSBLADE...



...BUT THE WOLFSBLADE...  
*hkk...* IS ONLY ONE OF  
THREE PARTS...



WHAT PARTS?







HA HA! SO  
KRAMER COMES IN,  
RIGHT? AND HE'S GOT  
THIS LITTLE COMEDIAN  
MADE OUT OF PASTA,  
AND THEY PUT IT DOWN  
ON THE TABLE...

...AND, LIKE,  
GEORGE'S DAD  
FALLS ON IT AND  
ENDS UP AT  
THE SAME  
PROCTOLOGIST.



Heh... I MEAN,  
DO THEY HAVE  
THEIR TIMING DOWN,  
OR WHAT?



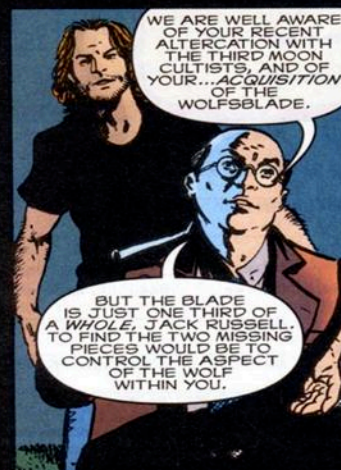
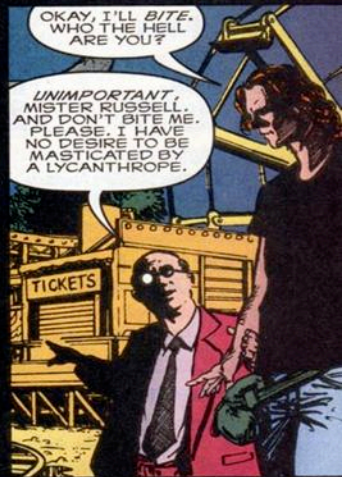
ROX... I KNOW I'M  
SCREWING  
EVERYTHING UP...

I'M  
SORRY.



JEEZ.  
JACK...  
TALK  
ABOUT  
TIMING.









YOU GOTTA  
BE KIDDIN' ME.  
WHERE?



IN HERE,  
MISTER  
RUSSELL.

IT LEADS INTO  
YOUR HELL-- THROUGH  
YOUR DEEPEST FEARS  
AND GREATEST AGONIES. IT  
LEADS TO THE DEMON, WHO  
IS BOTH YOURSELF AND  
YOUR ADVERSARY.



IN THOSE  
DEPTHS ARE  
HIDDEN THE TWO  
REMAINING PIECES  
OF YOUR PUZZLE,  
MISTER RUSSELL.  
FIND THEM, AND  
YOU CONTROL  
YOUR BEAST.



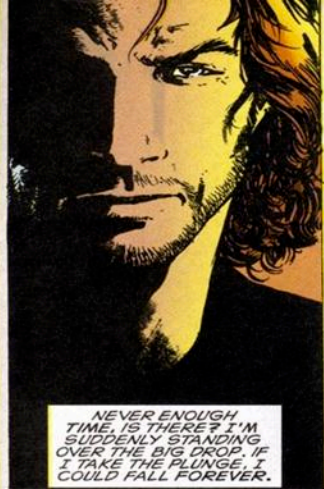
BUT BE UNDER  
NO ILLUSIONS--IT  
REPRESENTS THE MOST  
DIFFICULT ORDEAL YOU  
COULD POSSIBLY  
UNDERTAKE.



WE CAN KEEP  
THE APERTURE OPEN  
FOR ANOTHER  
SEVENTEEN  
SECONDS,  
MISTER  
RUSSELL.

YOU  
HAVE THAT  
LONG TO  
DECIDE.

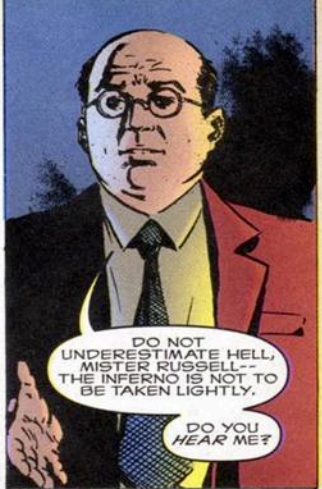




NEVER ENOUGH  
TIME, IS THERE? I'M  
SUDDENLY STANDING  
OVER THE BIG DROP. IF  
I TAKE THE PLUNGE, I  
COULD FALL FOREVER.

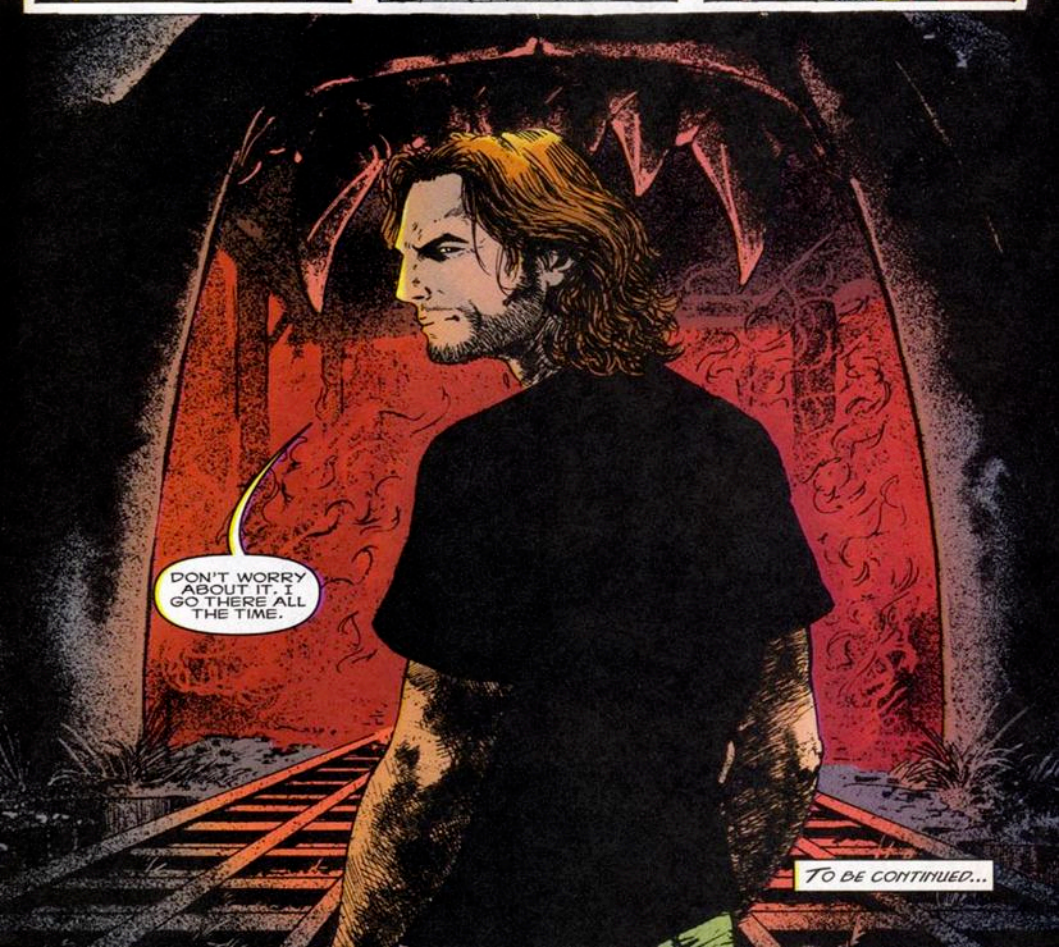


BUT, LET'S  
FACE IT:  
THAT'S LIFE.  
THE ONLY  
WAY UP  
IS DOWN.



DO NOT  
UNDERESTIMATE HELL,  
MISTER RUSSELL—  
THE INFERNO IS NOT TO  
BE TAKEN LIGHTLY.

DO YOU  
HEAR ME?



DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT. I  
GO THERE ALL  
THE TIME.

TO BE CONTINUED...