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# WEREWOLF

## BY NIGHT™

STARTING  
NOW!

A **NEW**  
BEGINNING FOR THE  
MACABRE MOON-BEAST!

STOP HIM!  
THE  
WEREWOLF  
MUST  
**DIE!**

FEATURING  
THE MOST  
**UNEXPECTED**  
**GUEST**  
**STAR**  
OF ALL!

DON PERLIN

The tag's RUSSELL, with a JACK in front of it. The kind of name that fits a normal 19-year-old dude living out in L.A. — not the kind of name you'd expect to find slapped on a guy who sprouted fangs, pore-to-pore fur, and wolfish howls every time the moon ballooned full. Unless that guy happened to have a father who was cursed by an arcane book called DARKHOLD — and who inherited his father's curse on his 18th birthday.

# Stan Lee PRESENTS: WEREWOLF BY NIGHT!

**STATEMENT:** YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE STRANGEST OCCURRENCE EVER TO INVOLVE THE CREATURE DESIGNATED AS "WEREWOLF" AND INSTIGATED BY THE THREE WHO ARE ALL. THIS STATEMENT SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN LIGHTLY. PERHAPS IT IS A WARNING. CONTROL OF THE NARRATIVE IS NOW RETURNED TO JACK RUSSELL, WITH PERIODIC INTERRUPTIONS TO FOLLOW...

I'D COME TO THE CALIFORNIA NORTH WOODS TO LOSE MYSELF—MAYBE TO GET RID OF MYSELF.

FOREVER.

BUT THE END WAS ONLY A NEW BEGINNING. STILL, HOW WAS I TO KNOW? HOW WAS I TO KNOW THEY WERE WATCHING ME? THAT THEY'D ALWAYS WATCHED ME—BEFORE I WAS BORN AND AFTER I DIED...?

THE CREATURE SHAPED OF ANCIENT FEARS MUST SOON SUFFER A CHANGE. THEREFORE, THE FORM OF HIS SUFFERING WILL BE CHANGED. YES. AND NO.

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# ENCOUNTER (ONE): STRANGE CHOICE

INSTEAD OF LOSING MYSELF, I FOUND A CABIN.



MAYBE THERE'D BE SOMETHING INSIDE I COULD... USE.

THERE WAS SOMETHING INSIDE ALL RIGHT, BUT I COULDN'T USE AN EXPLOSION.



AT LEAST IT WASN'T AIMED AT THE WEREWOLF...

ITS SIGHTS WERE TARGETED LOWER THAN THAT...



...ON A PLAIN WOLF.

I SCRAMBLED FORWARD...



...PERHAPS TO AID THE FALLEN WOLF...

...BUT PROBABLY TO DEVOUR IT.



AND THAT'S WHEN THE REST OF THEM ATTACKED.

THEY BURST FROM THE DARKNESS OF NOWHERE, SNARLING AND SLAVERING, KICKING POWDERY SPRAYS OF SILVER-GLINTING SNOW...

A SECOND EXPLOSION RUPTURED THE DARKNESS, CATCHING ONE IN MID-LEAP, KICKING IT BACK, HIGH IN THE COLD AIR...

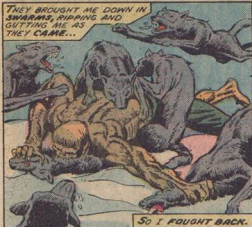


I STOOD MY GROUND, TRYING TO WARN THEM BACK, FEELING AN AFFINITY WITH THEM. AFTER ALL, THEY WERE WOLVES, WE SHOULD'VE BEEN FRIENDS...



INSTEAD, THEY TRIED TO KILL ME.

FROM THE LOOKS ON THEIR FACES--AND THE RIBS POKING FROM THEIR SKINNY, STARVED BELLIES--THEY WEREN'T FOOLING AROUND.



THEY BROUGHT ME DOWN IN SWARMS, RIPPING AND GUTTING ME AS THEY CAME...

SO I FOUGHT BACK.



OR RATHER, THE WEREWOLF FOUGHT BACK.



SAVAGELY.



BRUTALLY.



I WAS MORE WOLF THAN THEY WERE...



...AND MORE MAN, TOO.



THE COMBINATION WAS A KILLER--

--AND THE SNOW SUCKED AT RED STUFF.



CRAZY FOOL SURE IS A SCRAPPER-- BUT IT WON'T HELP HIM MUCH...

WISH I COULD PICK MORE OF 'EM OFF... WITHOUT RISKING A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD...

THE MAN WITH THE RIFLE IS NOT YET WEARING HIS COWL. IT IS NOT HIS TO WEAR. YET. THERE ARE STILL THE WOLVES.

STARVING OR NOT,  
MOST OF THEM HAD  
SPLIT...



I TOOK OUT THE LAST OF  
THE BRAVE--OR REALLY  
HUNGRY--  
ONES...



...JUST AS THE  
SUN CLEARED  
THE RIGHT-HAND  
HORIZON.



IT HURT MORE  
THAN THE  
WOLVES HAD...

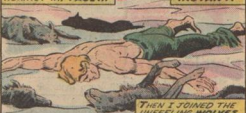


...BUT IT TOOK  
THE WOLF OUT  
OF ME...



...AND LEFT ME  
BARE AND  
BLEEDING.

THE SNOW WAS COLD  
AND TOO HARD  
AGAINST MY FACE...



...BUT ONLY  
FOR AN  
INSTANT.

THEN I JOINED THE  
UNFEELING WOLVES.

HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD,  
RAYMOND COKER IS SCREAMING.



TIME  
PASSED.



MY EYES  
KNEW IT.

WH-WHERE...?

IN MY CABIN. I'M MACK--AND  
THIS IS NOT COFFEE. GLAD YOU  
CAN DRINK IT--THOUGHT FOR  
SURE THOSE WOLVES HAD  
ENDED YOU...



WOLVES...?  
OH...YEAH...I  
REMEMBER  
NOW...

THANKS...FOR...HELPING ME...

WHAT ELSE WAS  
I SUPPOSED TO  
DO? JUST SORRY  
I COULDN'T  
SHOOT ANY OF  
THE CLOSE ONES  
WITHOUT FEAR OF  
HITTING YOU.



YEAH...

BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER  
MUCH, I SUPPOSE--THERE'LL  
BE MORE WOLVES. THEY  
KNOW THERE'S FOOD IN HERE  
AND THEY WANT IT. THEY'RE  
STARVING, PROBABLY  
BECAUSE IDIOT HUNTERS  
HAVE KILLED OFF ALL THEIR  
NATURAL GAME...



MORRISON  
AND HIS  
PALS. THEY  
WANT MY--

BUT THAT'S  
NEITHER HERE  
NOR THERE.  
IF THE FOUR-  
FOOTED ONES  
DON'T GET US,  
THE REAL  
WOLVES WILL...

THE  
"REAL"  
WOLVES...?



--DAUGHTER.

I MUST'VE BEEN IN REAL GOOD SHAPE, SEEING AS HOW I WASN'T EVEN NOTICED THE CRADLE--OR THE BABY PEACEFULLY SWADDLED INSIDE.

THEY PROBABLY WANT TO TAKE HER AWAY SO THEY CAN TRY TO KILL HER AGAIN.



BUT I SWEAR I NEVER DREAMED--HOW COULD I?--THAT SHE WAS SO CRAZY. HOW CAN A PERSON CHANGE SO MUCH--?

WHOA NOW, WAIT A MINUTE. WHO'S CRAZY? AND WHY DOES THIS MORRISON AND HIS FRIENDS WANT YOUR BABY?



MY WIFE IS CRAZY--BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW THEN?

AND MORRISON DOESN'T WANT MY DAUGHTER--HE JUST WANTS TO KEEP MY WIFE, OR MY EX-WIFE, AND SINCE SHE WANTS OUR--MY-- DAUGHTER, MORRISON'S GOT TO GET MAURA BACK TO KEEP MY WIFE HAPPY AND--



LOOK, I'M SORRY--YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ALL THIS--IT'S MY PROBLEM.

NOW JUST HOLD ON, MACK--YOU CAN'T BAIT ME LIKE THAT AND THEN LEAVE ME DANGLING ON THE HOOK...!



GO ON.

ALL RIGHT--IN A NUTSHELL, THE STORY'S SICK, BUT SIMPLE. I LIVED WITH MY WIFE FOR NINE YEARS OF HAPPINESS--THEN SHE UPPED AND LEFT ME FOR MORRISON.



SHE EVEN HAD ME CONVINCED IT WAS MY FAULT--WHEN ALL ALONG THE MARRIAGE HAD BEEN FIZZLING ONLY BECAUSE SHE PLANNED TO TAKE UP WITH MORRISON.

SHE GOT CUSTODY OF MAURA AFTER BLAMING ME FOR THE BREAK-UP IN OUR MARRIAGE...

ANYWAY, SHE MISTREATED AND ABUSED MAURA--EVEN BEAT HER--SO THE CUSTODY REVERTED TO ME.

AND THAT'S WHEN I STARTED RECEIVING THREATS ON MY LIFE--AND ON MAURA'S LIFE, IF YOU CAN IMAGINE PEOPLE THREATENING TO MURDER A BABY.



YOU SEE, IF MY WIFE AND MORRISON COULDN'T GET CUSTODY THROUGH THE COURTS, THEN THEY'D GET MAURA THEIR OWN WAY.

THAT'S INCREDIBLE. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE POLICE--HAVE THEM ARRESTED?



I DID GO TO THE COPS...

...BUT THEY SAID THERE WAS NOTHING THEY COULD DO UNTIL MY WIFE OR MORRISON BROKE THE LAW, AND THEN THEY COULD NAIL THEM.

I SAID: "YOU EXPECT ME TO SIT AROUND AND WAIT FOR THEM TO HARM MY CHILD AND THEN YOU'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT--?" BUT THEY ONLY SHRUGGED AND SAID IT WAS THE BEST THEY COULD DO...

THEN MORRISON MADE AN ACTUAL ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE. THE POLICE PICKED HIM UP BUT COULDN'T PROVE ANYTHING. THEY HAD TO RELEASE HIM...



AND THAT'S WHEN I LEFT SACRAMENTO AND CAME OUT HERE... TO HIDE...

OUTSIDE, THE WIND \* HOWLED... THEN MOANED.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

BUT IF THE **COPS** WON'T PROTECT MY DAUGHTER, THEN I **WILL!!** IF MORRISON SO MUCH AS COMES NEAR THIS PLACE, HE'S **DEAD MEAT!!**



I **SWEAR** IT!!

HE WAS MAD, AND DESPERATE...

THE DESPERATION WON, AND ALL ANGER WASHED OUT OF HIM AS HE SLUMPED HIS SHOULDERS... AND MORRISON WILL BE HERE... HE'LL FIND ME AND MAURA... ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE MY WIFE REMEMBERS THIS CABIN...



...REMEMBERS OUR HONEYMOON HERE...

I GUESS I'D ALREADY MADE UP MY MIND, BUT AS MACK MOVED TO THE CRADLE AND GENTLY LOVINGLY TOUGHED HIS SLEEPING CHILD... IT WAS **CINCHED**.



I'D HELP THIS MAN-- ANY WAY I COULD.

BUT THEN, IN SHOCK, I REMEMBERED WHO I WAS--WHAT I WAS--AND THAT I WAS TRAPPED IN THE CABIN WITH AN INNOCENT MAN AND HIS CHILD. AN IMAGE OF WHAT I'D ALMOST DONE TO **BUTTONS** FLASHED RED AND TERRIBLE. I BLURTED--



MACK--WHAT TIME IS IT?

MY WATCH BROKE A LONG TIME AGO, SON...

...BUT YOU WERE OUT OF IT QUITE A WHILE. MUST BE LATE AFTERNOON...

TERRIFIC. RIGHT ON CUE...

LISTEN--I'VE GOT TO LEAVE, MACK--I'LL GO TO THE POLICE OR SOMETHING...

SEND THEM BACK HERE TO HELP YOU...



WHAT THE--? ARE YOU CRAZY--?!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE NOW...! CAN'T GO OUT THERE WHEN IT'S ALMOST DARK-- WITH ALL THOSE **WOLVES** WAITING...!

I DON'T EVEN HAVE A CAR YOU CAN BORROW--IT BROKE DOWN JUST AFTER **REDWOOD**--I HAD TO TRAVEL THE LAST TEN MILES ON FOOT, WITH MAURA ON MY BACK--! WE'RE STRANDED OUT HERE!



LOOK, I CAN'T EXPLAIN-- BUT I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...

I WAS PANICKING. WE STRUGGLED. AND--



KRATCH

--IT ENDED PREDICTABLY.

BUT WHAT HAPPENED NEXT LEFT ME STUNNED FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE...



I...I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T MEAN TO--

MACK DIDN'T FINISH HIS SENTENCE.

**MACK WAS GONE.**

THERE WAS A REASON THE WORLD DROWNED IN FLOOD AND A MAN BUILT A BOAT... A REASON NOVEMBER 22, 1963 CAME TO DEALEY PLAZA...

WH-WHAT-  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE...?!!

A REASON THE VOLCANO ERUPTED AND COVERED AN ISLAND IN THE MOLTEN SOUL OF THE EARTH... A REASON CLOUDS MUSHROOMED OVER JAPAN... A REASON THE SUN WILL EXPLODE IN LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED YEARS...

AND A REASON YOU MUST REMAIN HERE, JACK RUSSELL. THAT REASON IS DEATH...

...AND IN DEATH THERE WILL COME CHANGE.

RAYMOND COKER IS MORNING NOW, SHOWING NOTHING BUT THE WHITES OF HIS BULGING EYES. SWEAT IS A SLICK-SHEEN OF PAIN ON HIS BLACK FOREHEAD.

HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME--? WHO ARE YOU--?!

WE ARE THE THREE WHO ARE ALL. WE ARE CHANGING YOUR LIFE, JACK RUSSELL.

YOU CAME TO THESE WOODS TO LOSE YOURSELF, HOPING TO DIE, HOPING TO KILL YOURSELF. WE SHALL DEMONSTRATE WHY YOU MUST NOT DIE, THAT YOUR LIFE IS NECESSARY AND THAT NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU SUFFER, YOUR LIFE CAN BE USED TO AID OTHERS...

...TO AID THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD-- THE WORKINGS OF THE THREE WHO ARE ALL.

THREE--? BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE OF--

--MEAN TO HURT YOU.

MACK FINISHED HIS SENTENCE.

THE OTHER GUY WAS GONE -- IF HE'D EVER EXISTED. I GREW DIZZY, MY MIND WHIRLING...

...BUT IT WAS PROBABLY FROM HAVING MY MIND BLOWN BY THE GUY IN THE COWL.

WHATEVER, I PASSED OUT.

HEY, YOU ALL RIGHT--? I DIDN'T HURT YOU THAT MUCH, DID I...?

MAYBE IT WAS FROM MY FIGHT WITH THE WOLVES...

THE MAN NO LONGER WEARS THE COWL. IT IS NOT HIS TO WEAR. BUT RAYMOND COKER SCREAMS ONE LAST TIME...



**BACK  
ISSUES**

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# VISION (TWO): BURNING SNAKE

IN A CRUDE HUT SOMEWHERE IN THE REMOTE HAITIAN JUNGLES, A LEARNING PROCESS NOT MEANT TO BE UNDERSTOOD IS COMPLETED.

YAAHHHHHHHHHH

OTHER WEIRD OCCURRENCES WHICH CANNOT BE UNDERSTOOD ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN...

YOUR SCREAMS HAVE ENDED, RAYMOND COKER.

NOW YOU MUST AWAKEN.

THE...THE DREAMS, JEESALA...! LET ME DOWN.

WHAT THE--?! THE DREAMS-- THEY'RE BACK!

THIS IS NO DREAM, RAYMOND COKER. JEESALA WILL INSTRUCT YOU TO SEEK THE AID OF JERICO DRUMM. SHE WILL BE CORRECT IN DOING SO.

HOWEVER, ONCE YOU HAVE FOUND JERICO DRUMM, YOU MUST LEAD HIM TO JACK RUSSELL.

WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME--?!

I LIVED YOUR LIFE, RAYMOND COKER. YOU HAVE SPOKEN OF ZUVEMBIES, ASKING MY HELP...

BUT YOU MUST HELP YOURSELF. I HAVE SEEN THAT YOU WERE ONCE A BEAST-MAN, BEFORE ANOTHER BEAST-MAN CURED YOU. NOW YOU MUST GO TO--

HE IS THE KEY, AND YOU ARE HIS KEY. IT WILL INVOLVE DEATH, BUT IT IS AN HONOR.

WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?!

WE ARE THE THREE WHO ARE ALL...

THE THREE WHO--?

UHHN--?!

--GO TO JERICO DRUMM.

GO TO HIM, RAYMOND COKER-- NOW.

GO TO JERICO DRUMM AND TAKE HIM TO THE BEAST-MAN WHO CURED YOU...

AS THE TIRES OF HIS CAR CRUNCH SNOW, AND SMOKE CURLS OVER TREETOPS IN THE DISTANCE, MORRISON SMILES SADISTICALLY.

# PROPHECY (THREE): GOAT CHILD



HE'S **GOT** TO BE HERE,  
TOPAZ--AFTER WE'VE  
DRIVEN ALL THIS  
WAY...!

AS TWILIGHT  
APPROACHES THE  
MALIBU SHORE, SO  
DOES DESTINY  
APPROACH THREE...



LISSA-- TOPAZ...!

STILL NO **WORD**  
FROM HIM...?

NO, **NOTHING**,  
BUCK...



...AND WE'RE MORE THAN SIMPLY  
**WORRIED** NOW. YOU **KNOW** WHAT  
NIGHT THIS IS-- WHAT NIGHT IT  
WAS **LAST** NIGHT...

WE'VE  
DECIDED  
WE MUST  
**SEARCH**  
FOR JACK...

**ANYTHING** COULD HAVE  
HAPPENED TO HIM, ESPECIALLY  
WHEN HE WAS...  
LIKE **THAT**.

**NOW**,  
BUCK.



WELL, IT'LL BE  
TOUGH WITH ME  
STUCK IN THIS  
**WHEELCHAIR**...  
BUT IF ONE OF YOU  
WILL **DRIVE**, I'LL  
GO WITH--

YOU MUST REMAIN  
**HERE**--ALL  
**THREE** OF YOU.

YOU MUST REMAIN  
HERE TO GREET  
THE **KEYS**--**BOTH**  
OF THEM. KNOW  
THAT ALL THREE OF  
YOU ARE **NEEDED**,  
AND THAT THERE IS  
A **REASON** FOR  
WHAT WILL COME TO  
**PASS**... THOUGH  
IT INVOLVES  
**DEATH**.



T--TOPAZ...  
WH-WHAT'S  
HAPPENING...?!

WH-WHO--?



--GO WITH  
YOU... I...  
I **THINK**...



BUCK--!  
WH-WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU--?

YOU--YOU **CHANGED**,  
BUCK--CHANGED INTO  
SOME SORT OF...  
OF--

**NONSENSE**, LISSA.  
YOU'RE JUST **DISTRAUGHT**--  
WORRIED ABOUT JACK--PROBABLY  
A TEMPORARY **HALLUCINATION**...

ALTHOUGH MAYBE... MAYBE SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING HERE--OR HAPPENED, ANYWAY... SOMETHING WHICH FRIGHTENED US... BUT SOMEHOW DOESN'T FILL ME WITH FEAR...



I THINK THAT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES... PERHAPS IT'S BEST IF WE STAY HERE...



AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING...

YES, BUCK...

I DON'T KNOW WHY... BUT I AGREE...



AS THE TIRE TREADS GROW LONGER IN THE TWILIGHT SNOW, A THIRTEEN-MONTH-OLD BABY NAMED MAURA BEGINS TO CRY...

## ACTION (FOUR): RED SNOW

HUSH, MAURA... DON'T CRY NOW... DADDY'S HERE...

I WAS STILL OUT OF IT, NIGHTMARING ABOUT EYES BURNING FROM THE SHADOWS OF A COWL...



BUT THE MOON DIDN'T CARE.



IT ROSE BRIGHT, AND FULL...

THAT'S BETTER, BABY... NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU... I PROMISE...

I BEGAN THE CHANGE, THE PAIN, STILL UNCONSCIOUS, AS PART OF MY NIGHTMARE...



APPARENTLY, MACK NEVER SAW IT.

I FELT THE MOON--THE THREAT TO MY VERY HUMAN EXISTENCE--



--COMING CLOSER.

I AWOK NEAR THE END OF IT...



...MORE WEREWOLF THAN HUMAN.

BUT THE MOON--THE THREAT--KEPT COMING CLOSER.



THEN, JACK RUSSELL WAS DEAD...



...AND THE WEREWOLF WAS ALIVE.

THE THREAT COULDN'T COME ANY CLOSER.



IT HAD REACHED ITS DESTINATION...



I ROSE, AS SILENTLY AND STEALTHILY AS THE BEAST I WAS, AND CREEPT TOWARD THE INVITING BACK OF MY PREY...

THAT'S RIGHT, MAURA, NO ONE'S GOING TO GET YOU...



HE'S PROBABLY GOT A RIFLE IN THERE...

YOU GOT THAT TEAR-GAS?

YEAH--IT'S ALL READY...



AND I MEAN THAT, BABE... NO ONE'S EVER GONNA HURT YOU...

THE WEREWOLF WAS READY TO POUNCE, READY TO KILL.

I WON'T LET THEM HURT Y--



THE WEREWOLF STOPPED SHORT, HIS EYES BURNING...

...HIS THROAT FILLED WITH AWFUL FIRE...

¿KOFF¿ MORRISON--!  
¿KOFF KOFF¿ HE'S HERE--!!



PANICKED, THE WEREWOLF FLED, FORGETTING HIS PREY--SEEKING BREATH...

AND MACK HAD NEVER EVEN SEEN ME--HAD NEVER SEEN THE WEREWOLF...



... BUT MORRISON DID.

THERE HE IS--!!



SHOOT !!

TROUBLE IS, MORRISON THOUGHT I WAS MACK...



# MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

A Magnificent Mish-Mash Of Marvelous Mags Now On Sale!

ON SALE FOURTH WEEK OF FEBRUARY

□ **CAPTAIN MARVEL #44:** Rick Jones: inches from death! Captain Marvel: in a fight to the finish with The Destroyer! The Nultrons; robot eaters of life! All this and more in the Steve Englehart/Al Milgrom masterpiece titled "Death Throws!"

□ **FANTASTIC FOUR #170:** The Thing returns in a climactic battle with a possessed Power Man... or does he? Find out in "A Sky-Full Of Fear," by Roy Thomas, Rich Buckler, and Joe Sinnott. Don't miss it!

□ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #45:** Spidey is given a glimpse of the world as it might be in the tale titled "Future-Shock!" Bill Mantlo, Sal Buscema, and Mike Esposo team up our friendly neighborhood Spider-Man with—Deathlok the Demolisher!

□ **IRON MAN #86:** The return of an old villain and the very real death of Iron Man in Bill Mantlo's and George Tuska's "The Gentleman's Name Is Blizzard!"

□ **AMAZING ADVENTURES #36:** At last! Killraven on Mars in "Red Dust Legacy" by Don McGregor, Craig Rus-

sell, Keith Giffen, and Jack Abel! See the Tournament of Death! See the return of the High Overlord! See the feud between Carmilla and Killraven erupt in violent fury! See the first glimpse of—**DEATHRAVEN!!** Be here!



□ **HOWARD THE DUCK #3:** Our fiendish fowl becomes Master Of Quack Fu in

the John Buscema/Steve Leialoha/Steve Gerber saga, "Four Feathers Of Death, or, Enter the Duck!"



□ **WEREWOLF BY NIGHT #38:** A startling new direction in the life of Jack Russell's alter-ego as Wolfie learns that "Rebirth Also Kills!" PLUS: Doug Moench and Don Perlin introduce the Three Who Are One!

MEET STAN AND YOUR FAVORITE MARVEL MADMEN  
AT OUR SECOND ANNUAL FAN GATHERING--

# MARVEL-CON '76!

MEET THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN  
AND OTHER SUPER-HEROES IN PERSON!

**FREE...THREE  
HOUR-LONG ART LESSONS  
BY BIG JOHN BUSCEMA!**

**FREE...THREE  
WRITING LESSONS BY  
RASCALLY ROY THOMAS!**

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AND  
MORE!  
MORE!  
MORE!

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OKAY, MARVELITE, IF  
YOU THINK LAST YEAR'S  
CON WAS MIND-BOGGING,  
WAIT'LL YA SEE WHAT  
WE'VE GOT PLANNED  
THIS TIME!



R.S.—ONE DAY MEMBERSHIPS WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR.

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Dear Doug and Don,

With WWBN now a cancelled book, one of the most underrated comics of the year has left us, lost in the shuffle of a whole sling of cancellations. I doubt there will be much of a cry for its return, as fandom never seems to get behind your greatest work, but at least I'll scream. Next to TOD, WEREWOLF BY NIGHT is/was my choice for best horror mag on the market. I've been telling you this for many months now, but your work on this strip has been stupendous, and I'm sorry that fandom en masse never realized what you had going. I guess the lousy period (prior to Doug and Don taking over) turned too many people off for them to try it again. A shame.

Ish #34 took the tired "House on the Haunted Hill" routine and churned it into something truly exciting. The integration of the werewolf concept and essence into the storyline gave it, and Jack's family history (yeah, I'm still interested in that) a new dimension. Jack's confrontation with his werewolf self could have been a corny, blatant move, but it all came out smoothly. I mean, where else would a spirit hang out but in a haunted mansion? Nice going, Doug.

The art was again top drawer stuff, as your breakdowns get better and better, Don. Hang technical anatomy—continuity is the thing in comics, and continuity Perlin's got. The entire book is first rate.

Which makes it sad that it will be around no longer.

But...even a man who's pure at heart and says his prayers by night can become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms, and lose the sales figures fight.

Good luck and best wishes...

Dean Mullaney  
81 Delaware Street  
Staten Island, New York 10304

Thanks much for the panegyric, Dean, but as the publication of your letter herewith happily attests...it was unnecessary. In other words, and as we explained in a past letters page, the WEREWOLF book AIN'T cancelled! And if you're relieved, Dean, imagine how we feel.

However, you were wrong about one thing: Your prediction that fandom en masse would greet WWBN's "cancellation" with apathy. Much to the contrary, we received a deluge of letters protesting the prematurely announced near-cancellation. Some of the letters were sympathetic and regretful in tone; others pleaded with us to reverse our decision; and still others were downright angry at the ostensible loss of their favorite book. And all letters were written, obviously, without hope of eventual publication in the letters column—thus demonstrating to us that the sentiments expressed were genuine and free of any ulterior motive such as "getting one's name into print." For that, we thank you, people—and we're glad to be able to oblige you with continued publication of WEREWOLF BY NIGHT.

Dear Doug 'n Don,

I have only recently started collecting Marvel comics and the lack of newsgroups stocking same doesn't help much; but this is small price to pay when an edition like "Were-Beast Vs. Moon Knight" (#33) comes along. Although the Moon Knight stole the show for my money, I hope he and the werewolf cross paths again. (Does the Moon Knight appear in his own comic?)

The artwork: Superb. Here's to Marvel Comics, the greatest thing to come out of America since Maria Muldaur.

Mick Mercer  
129, Clare Road, Stanwell  
Staines, Middlesex, England

England, eh, Mick? Say, if you're ever rambling around Scotland (Cupar Fife, to be exact), be sure to drop in on Doug's relatives for a cup of tea and biscuits—especially Doug's cousin (also named Doug, but called "Doogie" since the American pronunciation of "Doug" is the way Scots pronounce "dog") who is a bit of a comics fan himself, and a darn good carpenter as well.

As for the Moon Knight...no, he doesn't have his own mag yet, Mick, but if his impending two-issue tryout in one of Marvel's showcase books is successful, well...who knows?

Thanks again, pal, and see ya around midnight—at the oasis.

Werewriters,

As we leafed through the comics at our local drug store, one particular issue caught our eye—WEREWOLF BY NIGHT #33. Why was it different? Taking a closer look, we noticed an interesting "KWOKT" on page 14, and an intriguing "OUHRR" on page 23. Indeed, the lettering was truly stimulating throughout the entire book! Turning to the first page, we discovered you had a new letterer, one Delusious Debra James. We feel certain she would be a terrific contribution to any staff, but she fits in especially well at Marvel. We look forward to seeing much more of her work.

Susan, Patti, Sandy, and Leslie James  
Chicago, Illinois

Hmmm...Susan, Patti, Sandy, and Leslie James, huh? We're not suggesting any sibling chicanery, or even nepotism, mind you, but Delusious Deb James has asked us to pass along the following message: "Say hi to Mom and Pop for me."

And just to put the caper on it, Devil-May-Care Doug sends personal greetings to his "future sisters-in-law." Hmmm...

Dear Editor,

Perlin was slightly weaker than past efforts, so "Evil in Every Stone, No Longer Hiding" falls a trifle short of the past several superb issues. Still, even the art here in #35 isn't bad, not by a long shot.

And the story...I clearly remember hating Doug Moench's work. But now, sheesh, now...something inside the man clicked, some hidden pot of artistic talent, and in the past eight months or more we've had the opportunity to watch each and every Moench script strive closer and closer toward perfectly combining characterization, action, plot, suspense, and pacing into that rare beast, the commercialized art form. A difficult, difficult thing to do—to be extremely artistic and to maintain that artistry in a classical sense, which is also regimented and conformed to preestablished modes, while simultaneously experimenting and shooting the Werewolf Legend all to hell and back again.

I'm getting tired of praising you, Doug; do something wrong.

Specifically: Marcosa chills me. Sure, he's a stock character, he's dead, he represents death, but the man's presence and effect on others is, well, bizarre at the least. I was morally repulsed by the way Marcosa drove Lissa closer to madness, and I was shocked by Topaz's "death." This is truly a character to hate...and fear.

One last thing: While the art was slightly weaker this time, the paneling was the best to date; pages 6 and 7 are beautifully laid out.

Steven Perry  
P.O. 933  
Johnson State College  
Johnson, Vermont 05658

Thanks, Steve, but Doug says, quote: "I have no plans, for the foreseeable future, to do something wrong." And Doug also claims he hates to lie.

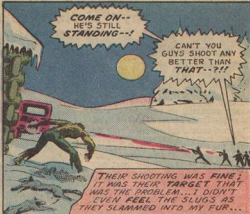
We can hardly wait for your reaction to the Big Change in the Werewolf book, and we hardly have room to say so.

So write! And be good.

...AND THAT WAS ONE  
VERY BIG MISTAKE.



I WAS ANYTHING BUT AN INNOCENT,  
LOVING MAN CALLED MACK. INSTEAD, I WAS  
A RAGING, REMORSELESS DEMON-BEAST  
THE LEGENDS CALL WEREWOLF.



COME ON--  
HE'S STILL  
STANDING--!

CAN'T YOU  
GUYS SHOOT ANY  
BETTER THAN  
THAT--?!!

THEIR SHOOTING WAS FINE ;  
IT WAS THEIR TARGET THAT  
WAS THE PROBLEM...I DIDN'T  
EVEN FEEL THE SLUGS AS  
THEY SLAMMED INTO MY FUR...

MACK BURST OUT OF THE  
DOOR BEHIND ME, CLUTCHING  
HIS DAUGHTER AND YELLING  
LIKE A MADMAN...



NO--I WON'T LET  
YOU HURT HER--!!

DO YOU HEAR ME,  
MORRISON--I WON'T LET  
YOU KILL MY CHILD!!



I'LL  
PROTECT  
HER WITH MY  
OWN BODY IF  
I HAVE TO--!!

THE MEN WITH THE GUNS  
ANNOYED THE WEREWOLF. HE  
STALKED TOWARD THEM,  
IMPOSSIBLY SHRUGGING OFF  
THE BLISTERING BARRAGE...



I'M HITTING HIM,  
MORRISON--I KNOW I AM--  
BUT HE WON'T FALL !!

I STALKED CLOSER,  
AT FIRST NO MORE  
THAN A BLACKENED  
SILHOUETTE...



...BUT GRADUALLY  
CLOSING THE GAP  
BETWEEN VISION  
ENFORCED BY  
DARKNESS...

THEN, WHEN I WAS  
FINALLY CLOSE  
ENOUGH FOR THEM  
TO SEE ME--



--I SNARLED.



AND THEY  
KNEW WHAT  
INSANITY  
FELT LIKE.

OH MY GOD--!  
DO--DO YOU  
SEE IT--?!!

IT...IT'S A  
MONSTER--!!

TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN...

AND THIS WAS  
ONE MONSTER--



--WHO WAS  
MAD...AND  
VERY  
MEAN.

THE FIRST ONE TRIED TO  
USE HIS RIFLE LIKE A CLUB.  
I BROKE IT IN HALF...

...RIPPED HIS  
FACE OPEN...



...AND LUNGED INTO  
THE SECOND ONE--



--BEFORE HE EVEN  
HAD A CHANCE TO  
SWING HIS CHAIN.

...AND I  
SLAMMED THE  
FOURTH  
ONE, LIKE A  
LIMP DOLL--

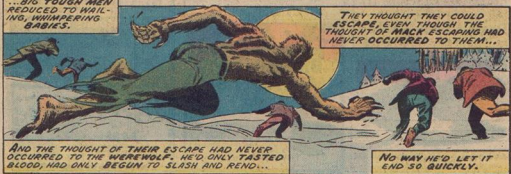


--INTO  
THE LAST.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--A  
NIGHTMARE--!! WE GOTTA  
GET OUT OF HERE--!!

THEY  
STARTED TO  
SCATTER...

...BIG TOUGH MEN  
REDUCED TO  
WAILING,  
WHIMPERING  
BABIES.



THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD  
ESCAPE, EVEN THOUGH THE  
THOUGHT OF MACK ESCAPING HAD  
NEVER OCCURRED TO THEM...

AND THE THOUGHT OF THEIR ESCAPE HAD NEVER  
OCCURRED TO THE WEREWOLF. HE'D ONLY TASTED  
BLOOD, HAD ONLY BEGUN TO SLASH AND REND...

NO WAY HE'D LET IT  
END SO QUICKLY.

HE CHASED THEM INTO THE NIGHT, ALONG A RIDGE BURN-  
ISHED SILVER  
BY MOONLIGHT  
ON CRISP  
FROST...

FOUR OF THE FIVE WOULD  
ESCAPE, BEREFT OF  
PHYSICAL INJURY... THOUGH  
THEIR MINDS WOULD  
NEVER BE THE SAME...



AS FOR THE  
FIFTH...

RARRR

NOO--!!

WELL, AS SOON AS THE  
WEREWOLF SNAGGED HIM,  
HE KNEW IT WAS OVER.

HIS NAME WAS  
MORRISON...

HE WAS A MAN WHO WISHED TO  
KILL ANOTHER MAN, AND  
KIDNAP THAT MAN'S CHILD.  
CHILLINGLY, HE CARED ABOUT  
NEITHER.

HAVING  
ALREADY  
BEATEN  
THE MAN--



--STOLEN THE  
LOVE OF THE  
MAN'S WIFE--

--MORRISON MERELY WANTED TO GET THAT  
MAN, MACK, AN INNOCENT  
MAN, A GOOD MAN, OUT  
OF THE WAY.

HE MERELY NEEDED  
THE CHILD, TO  
PRESERVE  
THE LOVE  
HE'D  
STOLEN...

...TO PLACATE  
THE DEMANDS  
OF THE WOMAN  
WHO'D LEFT  
MACK, WITHOUT  
CAUSE.



AS FOR  
THE CHILD--DEEPLY  
LOVED BY MACK--MORRI-  
SON CARED EVEN LESS.



IN FACT, MORRISON  
WOULD JUST AS SOON  
HAVE KILLED THE CHILD  
ALONG WITH THE MAN.



I--AS JACK RUSSELL--  
HAD FOUND MORRISON'S  
MOTIVES APPALLING.



THAT HE COULD CARE SO  
LITTLE FOR THE PEOPLE TO  
WHOM HE WAS VISITING SUCH  
ATROCITIES WAS ALMOST MORE  
THAN I COULD COMPREHEND,  
BUT, UNFORTUNATELY FOR  
MORRISON--

--AS THE  
WEREWOLF,  
I CARED  
EVEN LESS  
ABOUT HIM.



IN SHORT, I TOSSED  
HIM AWAY LIKE A PIECE  
OF TRASH.

HE PROBABLY  
WOULD HAVE  
SCREAMED  
ALL THE  
WAY  
DOWN...

...IF HE  
WERE STILL  
CONSCIOUS  
AT ALL.



YOU'RE SAFE NOW,  
MAURA -- I MEAN  
THAT, HONEY...



I WON'T LET ANY-  
THING HURT YOU...  
YOU'RE MY BABY, AND  
I WON'T LET ANYONE  
TAKE YOU AWAY...

...NOT EVEN  
IF THEY TRY TO  
KILL ME.

AND AFTER I GOT RID  
OF MY  
GARBAGE--



--I HOWLED AT THE  
FAT MOON... ALL  
NIGHT LONG.

IN THE MORNING, I  
GUESSED WHAT HAD HAP-  
PENED...BUT TRIED NOT  
TO THINK  
ABOUT IT  
TOO MUCH.



SOMEHOW, AS I WAS DRAWN  
BACK TO MACK'S CABIN,  
FREEZING, THE THOUGHT OF  
LAST NIGHT'S BLOOD DIDN'T  
BOTHER ME MUCH. SOME-  
THING INSIDE TOLD ME IT  
WAS ALL RIGHT, THAT IT WAS...

...WORTH IT.



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

# MORE MERELY MAGNIFICENT MARVEL MADNESS MADE TO MOVE YOU TO MAFFICKING!

\* (\* Look it up in the ol' Webster, scoffers! There really is such a word!)

## STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Okay, gang, it's name-dropping time again! Recently, I was guest of honor at the San Diego Comics Convention, and what a terrific Con it was. Let me just take a minute to thank Richard Butner and Shel Dorf for being the best hosts possible, and—while we're at it—I thought you'd like to know some of the really great guys I ran into out there. First of all, there was Jerry Siegel, the creator of Superman, looking as young as he did when he used to toil here in the Bullpen. Then, there was artist-writer Don Rico, now teaching a course in comics at UCLA, and as much fun to bend an elbow with as when we were both teenage rookies in the early days of comics. Sci-fi greets Ray Bradbury, Ted Sturgeon, and George Pal would have made the Con a success by themselves—and next year I hope we can spend still more time together. And what's a ComicCon without my ol' pal Will Eisner and me tryin' to upstage each other on the podium? And you should've seen the great sketch that MAD's Sergio Aragones presented me with—if I thought I looked that way I'd shoot myself! (Put the gun away, Forbush—I'm only kiddin'!) It was great seeing Mel ("Miss Peach" and "Moma") Lazarus again, even if I do envy the fact that he's moved to the West Coast! And, helping me judge a costume contest, was none other than Jim Steranko, who's really a great judge (I cause he judged with all my choice)! And let's not forget the mighty Marvel contingent! There was Marv Wolfman, all over the place, as budding artists and

writers pursued 'im like mad with their samples. Also, it was a real treat running into Russ Heath, Jim Starlin, Ernie Chua, and not only Jack Kirby—but the whole captivatin' Kirby clan—son, daughter, grand-daughter, and Jack's lovely wife Roz. Hey, I almost forgot—Chuck Norris, one of the greatest martial arts experts of all, gave an exhibition I'll never forget—and you'll be reading more about it in our own kung-fu mag. Yep, it was a real classy Con—and it'll give us somethin' to shoot at this Easter when we have our own Marvel Con in New York. (And those of you who attended our last Con don't haveta be told—we're pretty good shooters!) Two more things I've gotta say before we wrap this up. I also met Captain Sticky and Gabe Wisdom. Captain Sticky is a real, live, costumed superhero who's become a sensation on the West Coast. You'll be seeing him soon in some of our comicbook yarns, so I won't say much more 'cause I don't wanna kill the surprise. But I'll tell you this—the guy is too much! As for Gabe Wisdom, he's a radio personality who's been doing a Thor act 'n Hawaii and on the Coast, and he's so great at it that I've gotta find a way to get him to our Con this Easter—along with Captain Sticky. Yep, there's a lot of fun and excitement coming your way, gang, so stay tuned to Marvel and, while you're waiting, never tickle a tousled tadpole, 'cause the eyes of Marveldom are ever upon thee!

Excelsior!

*Stan*

Gentleman GENE COLAN and Terrific-TOM PALMER. Be sure to be in on this bountiful battle, fans, 'cause, this we promise you—one of these two super-stars dies. But you'll have to pick up both books to find out whom.

**ITEM!** A word of caution to all readers of AMAZING ADVENTURES (and who among Marveldom isn't?), 'cause we've changed the name of our far-out future series once again, from Killraven, Warrior of The Worlds, back to the original War of The Worlds title. So, be sure to pick up the latest DON MCGREGOR, CRAIG RUSSELL, KEITH GIFFEN, JACK ABEL masterwork. Under any title it's still the best-selling science fiction series anywhere!



**ITEM!** We've said before that the whole world seems to be infected with Marvel Madness, and now you can't even escape us if you try, 'cause we're not only in our magnificent mag, but we're all over the airwaves as well. Frinstance, didja catch of Smiling Stan himself gabbin' it up with Mighty MIKE DOUGLAS while dressed as Marvel's own CAPTAIN AMERICA, or the other day when he was conversing with delightful DAVID HARTMAN on GOOD MORNING, AMERICA, or even his appearance on the TOMORROW show along with a couple of ranking representatives of our Distinguished Competition? Well, if you didn't, you must have caught ROY the boy THOMAS's appearance on TO TELL THE TRUTH playing, of all people, a dehydrated food salesman. And though we're constantly making it big on the national airwaves, we never forget the local communities. If you're lucky enough to live in the Washington, DC, Virginia area, you probably heard SAL BUSCEMA speak out on comics over station WAMU, or maybe you caught the younger Buscema sibling in one of his seminars at the local library libraries. Sheesh, not only does Sal draw faster than virtually every other artist in the whole blamed bullpen, but he still has time to give talks, and to begin building his brand-new house on the rolling Virginia hillsides. And speaking of new houses, Devil-May-Care DOUG MOENCH just moved into his own, mini-mansion in the wilds of Pennsylvania, which all your jalous bullpenners call "The House That Marvel Built!" Luck to both of you, guys, and remember to invite us over for a weekend in the country.

**ITEM!** We've been hinting at it in our litin' letter columns; in fact we've probably been shouting it out at the top of our lungs; so we may as well let all you Frantic Ones in on the big news for the year! Starting in March, and going all the way through to next October, your batty bullpen will be bringing back the awesome, all-new, all-original Annuals that Mighty Marvel is so famous for. That's right, True Believer, these 52-page extravaganzas will be coming out at the rate of about two each month, beginning with the ever-fabulous FANTASTIC FOUR (by Rascally ROY THOMAS and Big JOHN BUSCEMA) and the Invincible IRON MAN (by STEVE "Baby" GERBER and Our Pal SAL BUSCEMA). Following these super-gangs will be DOCTOR STRANGE, THE AVENGERS, THE INCREDIBLE HULK, DAREDEVIL, THE MIGHTY THOR, CAPTAIN AMERICA, MARVEL TEAM-UP and MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE, CONAN THE BARBARIAN, MASTER OF KUNG FU, THE DEFENDERS, LUKE CAGE, and the wondrous wall-crawler, SPIDER-MAN! These bombastic blockbusters are not to be

missed. Unless you want us to go broke, that is!

**ITEM!** Just a quick word or three about the greatest stamp sensations this side of the Asgard Post Office. Our second sensational set of value stamps has proven the instant success we hoped it'd be, even though we forgot to tell you that there is a special, super-secret stamp number 100 that we're waiting to spring on you unannounced one of these days. It'll only appear in one mag, and the only thing we promise you is that it will not be in a rollickin' reprint title, but in an all-original regular-size comic. It's up to you Faithful Ones to keep an eagle-eye out for number 100. You have been warned.

**ITEM!** This is the month that the much-heralded TOMB OF DRACULA and DOCTOR STRANGE crossover takes place with Marvelous MARV WOLFMAN doing the scripting chores on T.O.D., as usual, leading into a frightful finale in the mystic Mage's own mag, scripted by Stainless STEVE ENGLEHART. Art on both books by

WE STARED AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT OF HEAVY SILENCE...



THERE WAS NOTHING TO SAY.

THEN, JACK SAID:

LAST JAR OF BABY FOOD, JACK. BROUGHT THIRTY OF THEM. GUESS I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW LONG WE'D BE OUT HERE. MAURA'S GONNA NEED MORE...



...IF I HAVEN'T LOST MY JOB BY NOW...

YEAH...THEY, UH, SOMETIMES FIRE YOU WITHOUT KNOWING...

THEY ALWAYS FIRE YOU WITHOUT KNOWING. I'M GLAD YOU CAME BACK HERE, JACK.



YEAH... ME TOO. SAY, UH...DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT...?

YES.

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED.



YOU...



YOU... DO...?

A MIRACLE HAPPENED, JACK.

A MIRACLE.



BUT THE MIRACLE IS JUST BEGINNING, JACK RUSSELL. THERE WILL BE NO MORE THOUGHTS OF KILLING YOURSELF. IT IS TIME TO RETURN.

WHAT THE--?!!



TOMORROW, A MAN WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN LIVED BY SHE WHO IS CALLED JEESALA WILL STAND ON A DOORSTEP IN NEW ORLEANS.

YES, MY NAME  
IS **BAMBU**.

GOOD -- THEN  
**JEESSALA** WAS  
RIGHT.

IS, UH... **JERICHO  
DRUMM** HERE...?

COME IN,  
RAYMOND COKER...

BROTHER VOODOO  
HAS BEEN EXPECTING  
YOU.

YOU MEAN YOU  
DIDN'T **HEAR**  
THAT... THAT  
VOICE --?!

NO, JACK--THE ONLY  
VOICE I HEARD WAS  
**YOURS**.

NOW, DON'T YOU  
THINK IT'S TIME  
TO **RETURN**...?

YEAH, I...  
I GUESS  
IT IS.

THE BABY HAD BEEN  
SLEEPING THE WHOLE TIME.

THEN, AS WE TRUDGED  
FROM THE CABIN TO  
MORRISON'S CAR,  
SOMETHING  
OCCURRED TO  
ME...

I'D NEVER TOLD MACK MY NAME.

SOMETHING  
DEFINITELY HEAVY  
WAS GOING  
DOWN...

I DIDN'T KNOW EXACTLY  
WHAT, BUT IT SEEMED  
THE WERE-  
WOLF HAD  
DONE  
SOMETHING  
GOOD FOR A  
CHANGE...

SO I FIGURED MAYBE  
IT WAS TIME TO RETURN  
TO THE LAND OF THE LIV-  
ING, THE LAND OF NOPE.

ELSEWHERE, THE COWLED ONE, BURNING SNAKE, AND  
GOAT CHILD GATHER IN BLUE-FLOODED DARKNESS. WE  
ARE DISCUSSING THE FUTURE...

THIS STORY DEDICATED TO A CLOSE FRIEND AND HIS DEDICATION TO LIFE, NO MATTER WHAT.

THE SHOCK  
ENDING OF  
THE YEAR IN--

**SOME ARE BORN TO THE NIGHT!**