

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



HOOO-OW-LLL!

MISTY CREATED BY PAT MILLS AND WILF PRIGMORE

# WOLF GIRL

WRITER: UNKNOWN • ARTIST: EDUARDO FEITO • 5<sup>TH</sup> MAY 1979 - 18<sup>TH</sup> 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.

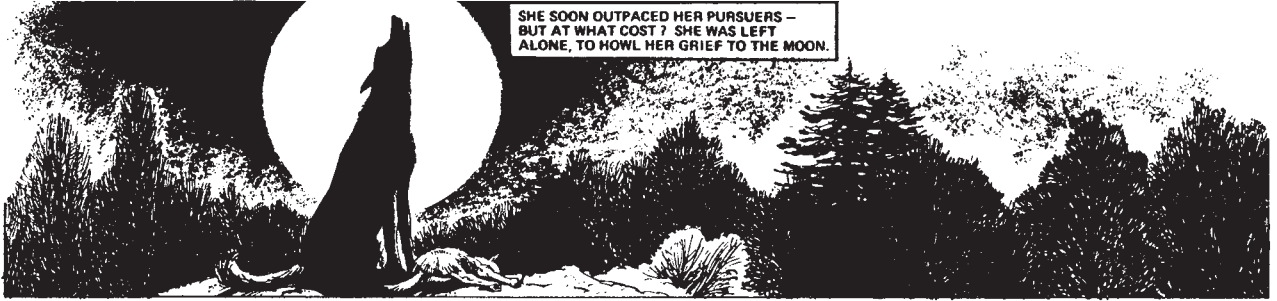


OUR FLOCKS WERE RAIDED AGAIN LAST NIGHT. WE HAVE TO TRACK DOWN THE EVIL CREATURES.

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.

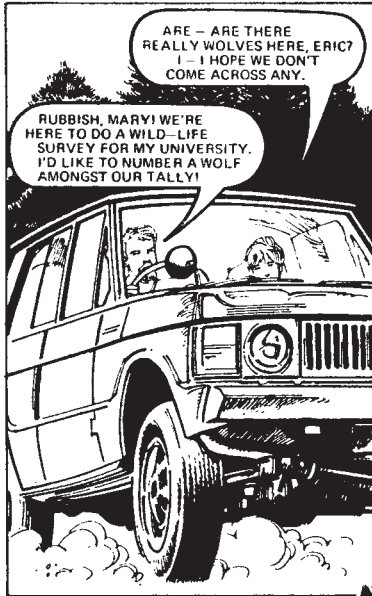




SHE SOON OUTPACED HER PURSUERS - BUT AT WHAT COST? SHE WAS LEFT ALONE, TO HOWL HER GRIEF TO THE MOON.



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...





I THINK WE'VE COME THE WRONG WAY. I CAN'T SEE THE REST OF THE BOYS.

THE SARGE WILL HAVE A FIT IF WE GET LOST ON THIS MILITARY EXERCISE.



THERE'S - THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING.



A - A KID! BUT IT'S MILES FROM ANYWHERE!

IT'S LIKE A LITTLE WILD CREATURE.



SO ONCE MORE THE STORY AMAZED THE READERS, BACK IN ENGLAND -

MISSING BABY BROUGHT UP BY WOLF! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

INCREDIBLE! TO BE FOUND ALIVE, AFTER TWO YEARS -



SOON THE CHILD WAS PUT INTO THE CARE OF A WELFARE SOCIETY, WHO UNDERTOOK TO BRING HER BACK TO ENGLAND.



WE'VE MADE ENQUIRES, BUT THE BABY HAS NO LIVING RELATIVES.

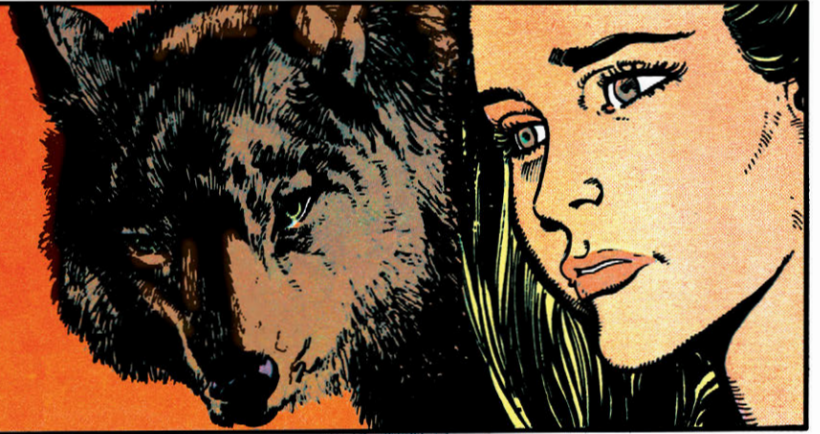
SHE'LL HAVE TO BE BROUGHT UP IN OUR HOME FOR ORPHANS, I'M AFRAID -



IT'S GOING TO BE NO EASY TASK, TO TAME THE WOLF - GIRL! IS THERE REALLY ANY HOPE OF A DECENT FUTURE FOR HER?

NEXT WEEK Savage Within!

# Wolf Girl



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



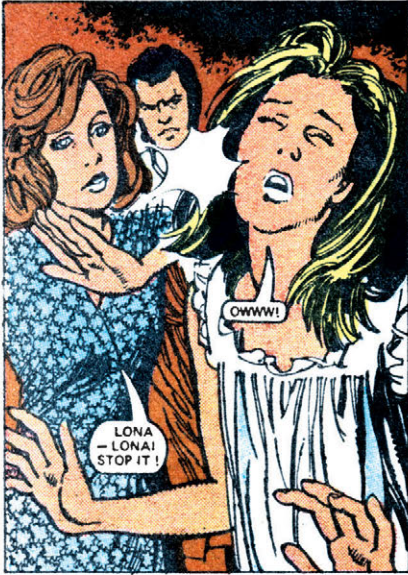
I'M SO UNHAPPY BUT WHO IS THERE TO TELL? ALL I CAN DO IS WEEP TO THE MOON.

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

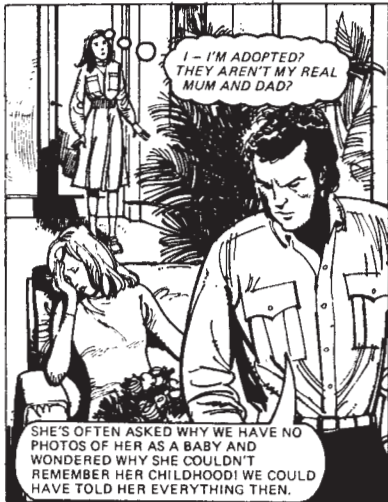


JOHN - THAT NOISE! OH, PLEASE SAY IT ISN'T - IT CAN'T BE...

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.



MUM, IS IT BECAUSE OF MY PAST THAT I KEEP WANTING TO GO OUT AND CRY TO THE MOON? LIKE A WOLF HOWLING?

NO, DEAR. IT'S JUST TEENAGE BLUES. MOST KIDS GO THROUGH A TIME OF FEELING UNSETTLED. IT PASSES!



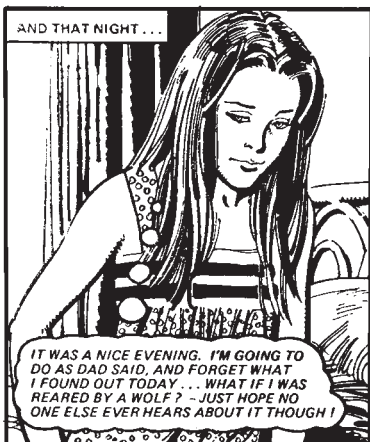
WE'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE THIS WOLF NONSENSE ANOTHER THOUGHT. FIRST I'M GOING TO TAKE MY TWO FAVOURITE GIRLS OUT FOR A MEAL—THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT'S ON AT THE CINEMA!

DEAR DAD—HE'S TRYING TO CHEER ME UP...



THOSE SPECIALISTS MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY CERTAIN, OR MUM AND DAD WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THE CONFIDENCE TO ADOPT ME. THEY'RE SUPER PARENTS! I OUGHT TO COUNT MY BLESSINGS...

BUT HER DREAMS WERE FILLED WITH GREY SHADOWS...



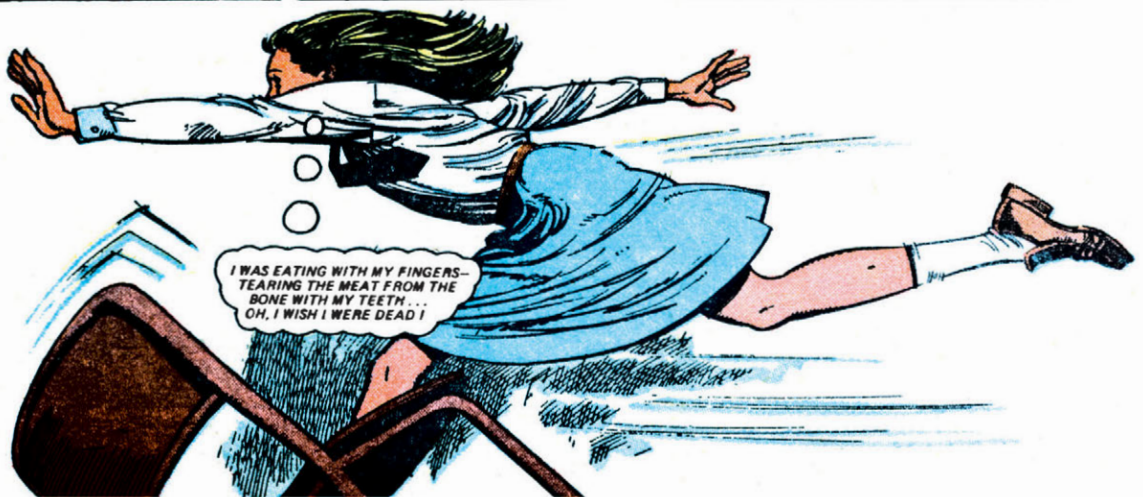
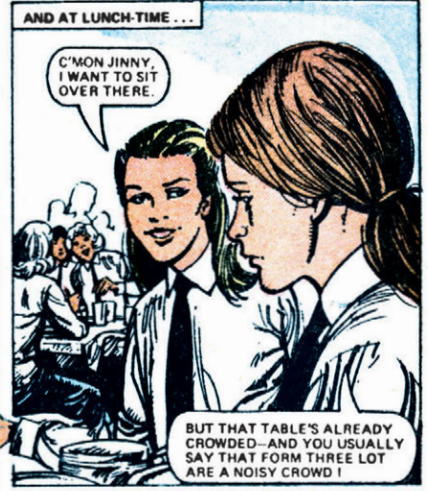
AND THAT NIGHT...

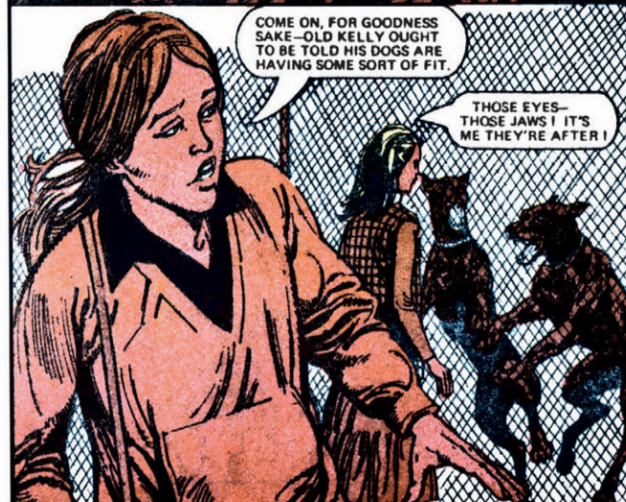
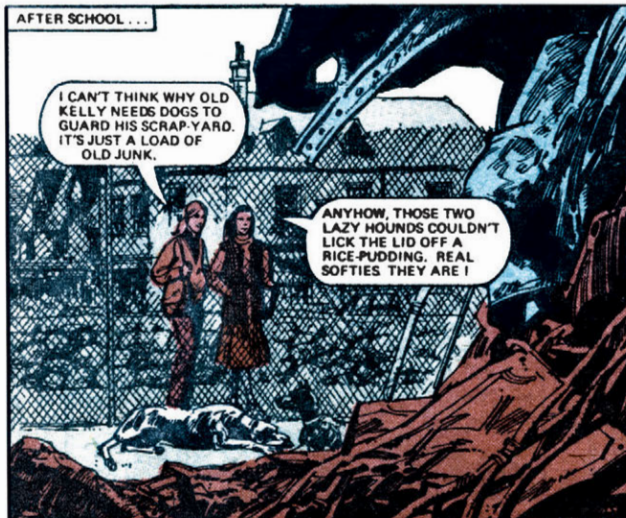
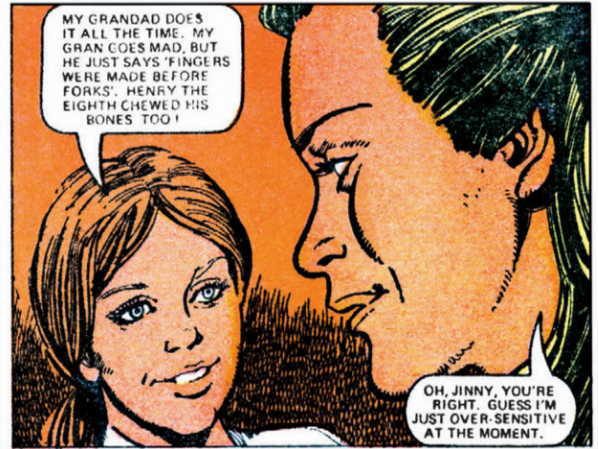
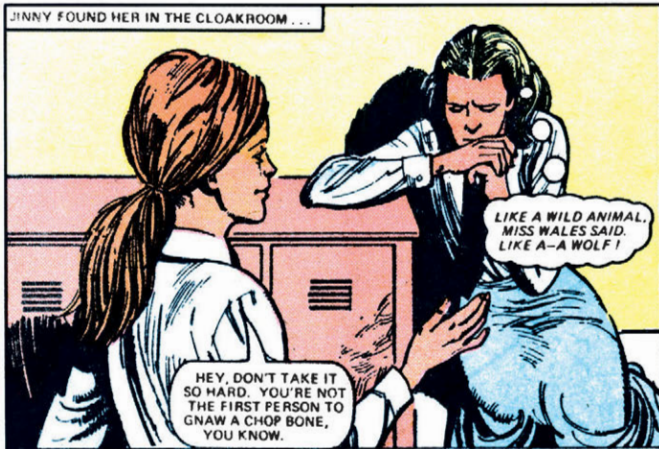
IT WAS A NICE EVENING. I'M GOING TO DO AS DAD SAID, AND FORGET WHAT I FOUND OUT TODAY... WHAT IF I WAS REARED BY A WOLF? - JUST HOPE NO ONE ELSE EVER HEARS ABOUT IT THOUGH!



IN THE MORNING...

OH, THANK GOODNESS IT'S TIME TO GET UP. I'VE GOT TO GET THESE THOUGHTS OF WOLVES OUT OF MY HEAD, OR I'LL GO MAD!







MR. KELLY'S  
GUARD-DOGS HAVE  
GONE MAD. QUICK,  
LONA—BEFORE  
THAT FENCE  
COLLAPSES!

IT'S ME  
THEY'RE AFTER—  
I KNOW IT. THEY  
SENSE SOMETHING  
WILD AND SAVAGE  
ABOUT ME ...!



# Wolf Girl



THE FENCE  
HAS GIVEN  
WAY—THOSE  
BRUTES WILL  
TEAR US TO  
PIECES.

THERE'S NO  
POINT IN RUNNING, JINNY.  
THEY'LL BE ON US  
IN TWO BOUNDS!



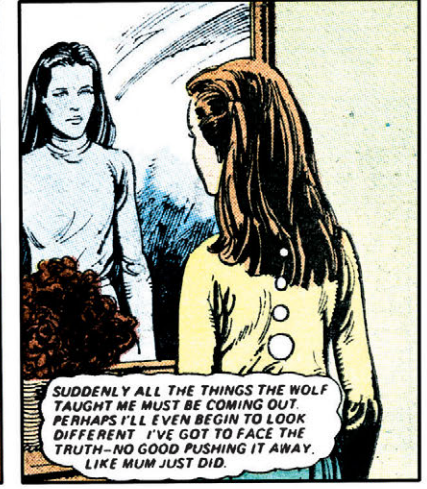
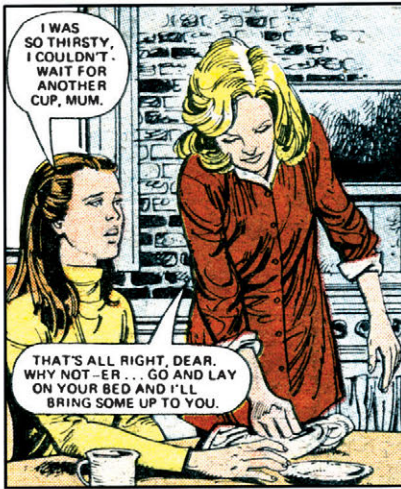
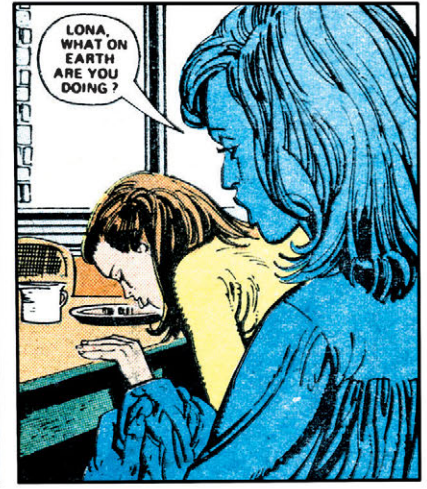
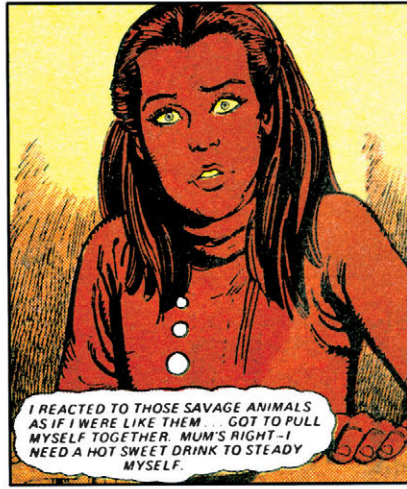
FEAR LEFT LONA, AND SHE WAS FILLED  
WITH BURNING FURY.

BACK—  
KEEP BACK,  
I SAY!



SHEBA,  
JASON—HEEL,  
YOU TWO. DON'T  
MOVE GIRLS,  
I'M COMING!









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!



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...



AND A YEARNING FOR THESE THINGS NOW LOST TO HER MADE HER CRY OUT.



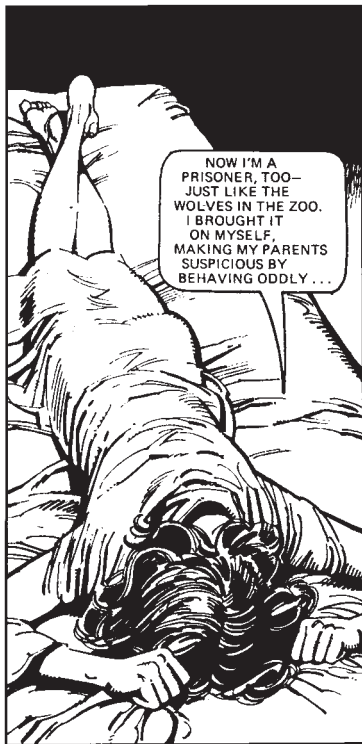
WHAT THE HECK HAS GOT INTO THESE WOLVES?

IT'S THIS GIRL. GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT SHE'S BEEN UP TO, BUT GET HER AWAY FROM THERE!



IF I SEE YOU ANYWHERE NEAR THIS ZOO AGAIN, I'LL CALL THE POLICE. —NOW SCRAM!





NOW I'M A PRISONER, TOO—JUST LIKE THE WOLVES IN THE ZOO. I BROUGHT IT ON MYSELF, MAKING MY PARENTS SUSPICIOUS BY BEHAVING ODDLY ...

NEXT DAY ...



I WAS SURPRISED WHEN YOUR MUM RANG THIS MORNING TO SAY YOUR DAD INSISTED ON DRIVING YOU TO SCHOOL.

DAD OBVIOUSLY MEANT WHAT HE SAID ABOUT KEEPING AN EYE ON ME.



HEY, YOU TWO, I'M THROWING A PARTY TONIGHT—YOU'RE INVITED!

VAL'S PARTIES ARE ALWAYS SO CROWDED AND NOISY ... OH NO! COULDN'T STAND IT!



NO THANKS, VAL—ER ... I DON'T FEEL LIKE COMPANY.

PLEASE YOURSELF I'M SURE. DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE TURNING INTO A LONE WOLF. HEY, THAT'S GOOD—LONA, THE LONE WOLF!



DON'T YOU EVER CALL ME THAT, NEVER—BUT ALL RIGHT, I'LL COME TO YOUR PARTY!

OKAY, KEEP YOUR HAIR ON—IT WAS JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH!

THAT EVENING ...



A PARTY WILL DO YOU GOOD—AND IT'S NICE OF JINNY'S DAD TO OFFER YOU A LIFT.

I'M GOING TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER. OF COURSE I'M AN ORDINARY GIRL. I LIKE DRESSING UP, AND DANCING. THAT HASN'T CHANGED!



VAL'S LUCKY. LIVING RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF THE COMMON, LONA. WE CAN MAKE AS MUCH ROW AT THE PARTY AS WE LIKE!

IT MADE MUM AND DAD HAPPY TOO, SEEING ME ALL DRESSED UP AS IF NOTHING WERE WRONG.



HERE, LONA, I GOT YOUR COKE. HANG ON WHILE I TELL VAL TO PUT THE MUSIC UP LOUDER.

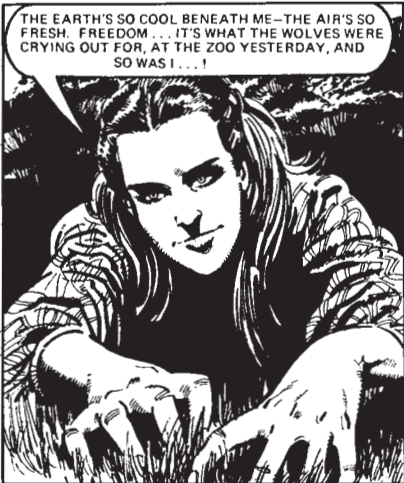


IT'S NO GOOD, I CAN'T STAND IT. I DON'T BELONG WITH NOISE AND SHOUTING AND MUSIC. I FEEL SUFFOCATED IN HERE BY ALL THESE PEOPLE...

**BOOM BOOM BOOM**



OUT HERE ON THE COMMON THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME IN THE DARK!



THE EARTH'S SO COOL BENEATH ME—THE AIR'S SO FRESH. FREEDOM... IT'S WHAT THE WOLVES WERE CRYING OUT FOR, AT THE ZOO YESTERDAY, AND SO WAS I...!



AND AT THE PARTY, AN EERIE SOUND WAS HEARD, EVEN ABOVE THE NOISE OF THE MUSIC...

**HOO-OOWW!**

WHAT—WHAT'S THAT?

CRUIKEY—IT SOUNDS LIKE A WEREWOLF!

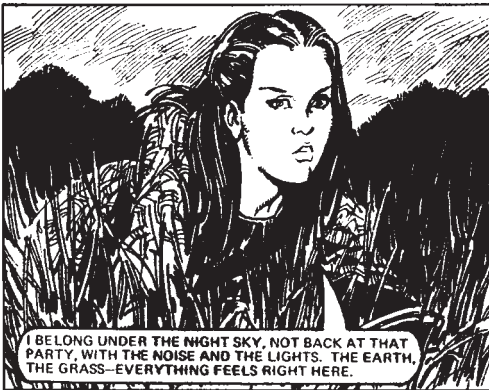
LONA—WHERE'S LONA?

**NEXT WEEK**  
Call of the wild.



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!



SOME KIDS HAVE REALLY WILD IMAGINATIONS!

ALL THE SAME, THAT GIRL SOUNDED WORRIED ENOUGH ABOUT HER PAL. WE'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK OUT HERE, SID.



HEY, WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A WOLF!

IT CAME FROM THAT DIRECTION. TURN OFF YOUR TORCH, BILL!



I'M REMEMBERING HOW TO USE MY SENSES, THE WAY I WAS TAUGHT SO MANY YEARS AGO. I CAN HEAR THE CRACKLE OF UNDERGROWTH—I HEAR SOMEONE BREATHING IN THE SHADOWS...



IT'S THE MISSING KID!

AAGH!

DON'T PANIC, LOVE WE'RE POLICEMEN. YOUR FRIENDS SENT US OUT TO LOOK FOR YOU.



ANOTHER LESSON, LEARNED SO MANY YEARS AGO FROM THE WOLF ... ALWAYS DISTRUST HUMANS!

GOOD GRIEF-- SHE'S TRYING TO BITE ME!

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



WHERE AM I? WHO--WHO ARE YOU?

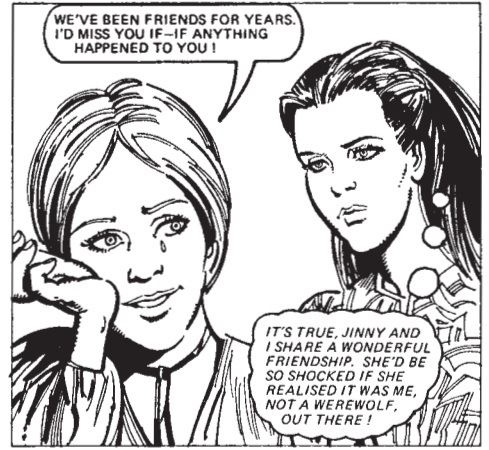
SHE'S SCARED HALF OUT OF HER WITS, BILL. BETTER GET HER BACK TO THE HOUSE QUICK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ...



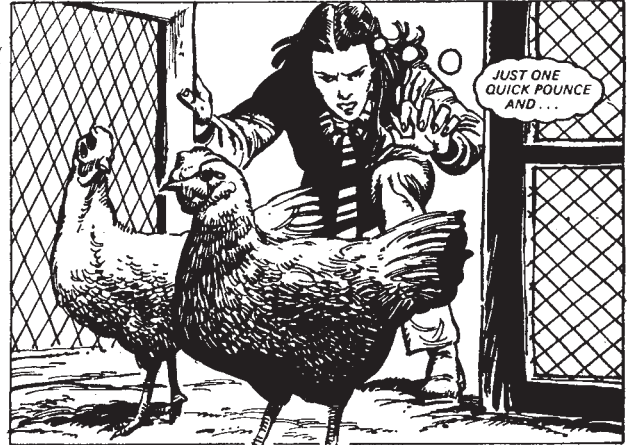
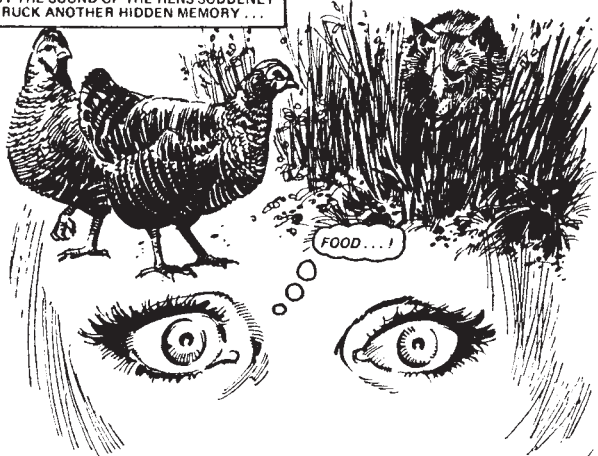
YOU GREAT 'NANA. WHY DID YOU GO WALTZING OFF IN THE DARK? BUT THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE OKAY!

YOU LOT HAD BEST KEEP INDOORS UNTIL WE'VE HAD THE COMMON SEARCHED. IT MAY JUST BE A STRAY DOG YOU HEARD HOWLING.





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



NEXT WEEK  
The Hunters

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...



I'M TOO SLOW TO CATCH MY PREY. MOTHER-WOLF WOULD BE DISPLEASED, TO SEE ME HUNTING LIKE A WEAK AND UNTRAINED CUB!



LONA, STOP IT! FOR HEAVENS SAKE, STOP!

HERE COMES OLD MRS CRABB SHE'LL HAVE A HEART ATTACK WHEN SHE SEES THE STATE OF HER CHICKENS!



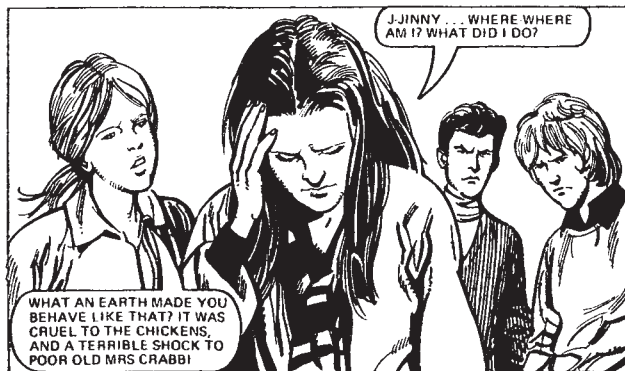
THEY WERE SUPPOSE TO BE PERFORMING COMMUNITY SERVICE FOR THE ELDERLY ...

YOU WICKED GIRL!



I TRUSTED YOU. I LET YOU INTO MY HOME ...

I'LL TAKE MRS CRABB BACK TO THE HOUSE. YOU SORT OUT THAT SILLY FOOL LONA!



J-JINNY ... WHERE WHERE AM I? WHAT DID I DO?

WHAT AN EARTH MADE YOU BEHAVE LIKE THAT? IT WAS CRUEL TO THE CHICKENS AND A TERRIBLE SHOCK TO POOR OLD MRS CRABB!



DO YOU REALISE WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN THE OLD DUCK REPORTS THIS TO MR BAILEY? IT'LL BE THE END OF OUR COMMUNITY SERVICE PROJECT FOR STARTERS!

LEAVE HER ALONE. CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S SICK?



WE'RE THE ONES THAT ARE SICK. SICK OF LONA WILLIAMS. LET'S SHOW HER JUST WHAT WE THINK OF SOMEONE WHO TERRORISES AN OLD LADY'S CHICKENS!



YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE WITH MR BAILEY - BUT YOU'LL GET TROUBLE FROM US FIRST!



"THAT DAY, MY FOSTER-MOTHER SAVED ME FROM THE HUNTERS, BUT ALMOST SACRIFICED HER OWN LIFE."



AT LAST SHE DREW BREATH...



AND ANOTHER MEMORY WAS UNLOCKED FROM HER PAST...

THERE WERE HUNTERS WITH GUNS... BAYING DOGS. MOTHER-WOLF MADE ME RUN UNTIL I ALMOST DROPPED...



"ANOTHER LESSON SHE TAUGHT ME THAT DAY, WAS TO TAKE TO THE WATER, AND LEAVE NO SCENT FOR YOUR ENEMY TO FOLLOW."



ONCE AGAIN I'M HUNTED - BUT THIS TIME THERE'S NO MOTHER WOLF TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO...!



I'LL DO AS SHE TAUGHT ME... I'LL TAKE TO THE WATER!



THE PAST AND THE PRESENT CONFUSED IN HER MIND, LONA PLUNGED INTO THE MUDDY WATERS...



I CAN SWIM NO FURTHER... JUST HOPE THE HUNTERS DON'T CATCH UP WITH ME... I'M TOO TIRED TO FIGHT NOW!



PEOPLE - SO MANY PEOPLE. SUDDENLY I'M SCARED OF THEM... BUT WHERE CAN I GO?



BUT HELP WAS NEARBY...

IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE, SEEING LONA BEHAVE SO ODDLY - AND THEN THE OTHER KIDS WOULDN'T GIVE HER A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN. I ONLY HOPE HER MUM'S AT HOME. I THINK SHE OUGHT TO BE TOLD.



THEN...

OH, IT'S LONA. THANK GOODNESS. HEY, WAIT FOR ME!

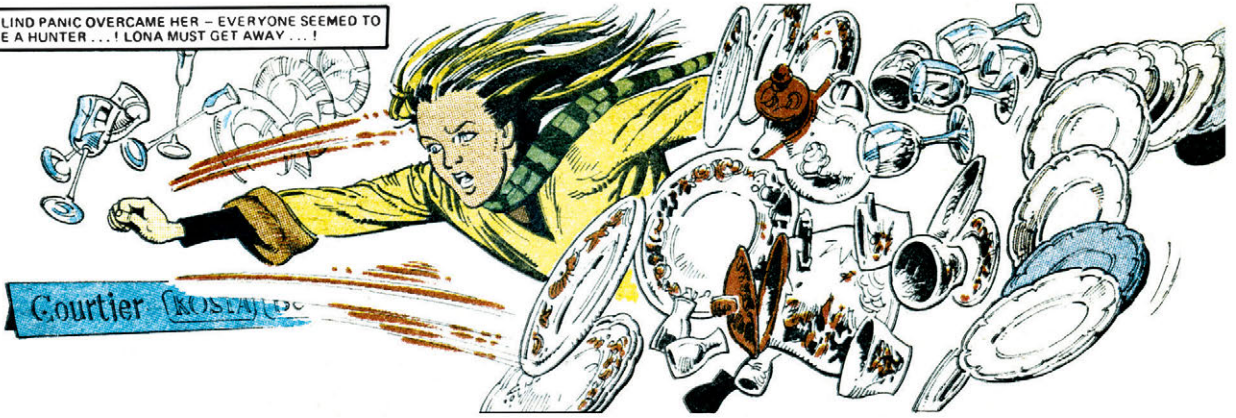
SOMEONE'S CALLING... THE HUNTERS HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH ME!



HEY - LONA!

MUST GET AWAY!

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

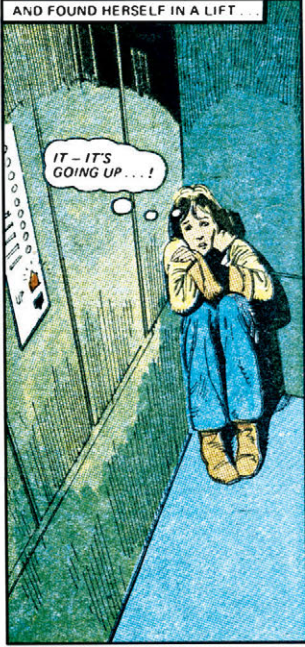


BLINDLY, SHE RAN IN THROUGH A DOORWAY...



MUST HIDE...!

AND FOUND HERSELF IN A LIFT...



IT - IT'S GOING UP...!

AT LAST THE LIFT STOPPED, AND...



NO PEOPLE HERE, NO SHOUTING... PERHAPS I'LL BE SAFE!



HOW WARM AND SLEEK THIS FEELS... LIKE MOTHER WOLF. HOW I LONG TO SLEEP, SAFELY CURLED UP BESIDE HER. I'M SO - SO TIRED...!

BUT A LITTLE LATER...



OOH...! WHO ON EARTH IS THAT? SOMEONE FETCH THE POLICE...!

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...



KEEP HER THERE TILL THE STORE DETECTIVE GETS HERE!

WHAT AM I DOING HERE? PLEASE STOP SHOUTING, SOMEONE, AND EXPLAIN...!



I REMEMBER BEING HUNTED BY MEN WITH GUNS AND DOGS. I WAS TIRED. I WANTED TO SLEEP, CURLED UP WITH MOTHER-WOLF...

WHAT'S SHE ON ABOUT MAVIS? DID SHE SAY 'WOLF'?



OH NO—EVERYTHING'S COMING BACK NOW... I DID IT AGAIN. I ACTED WITH THE INSTINCTS OF A WOLF!



I'M THE STORE DETECTIVE, GIRL. COME ALONG TO MY OFFICE!

OH, LONA—THANK GOODNESS I TRACKED YOU DOWN!



YOU KNOW THIS GIRL?

I DO—AND SHE'S SICK. PLEASE HELP ME GET HER HOME!



MY COMPANY WILL EXPECT COMPENSATION FOR ANY DAMAGE TO THOSE COATS.

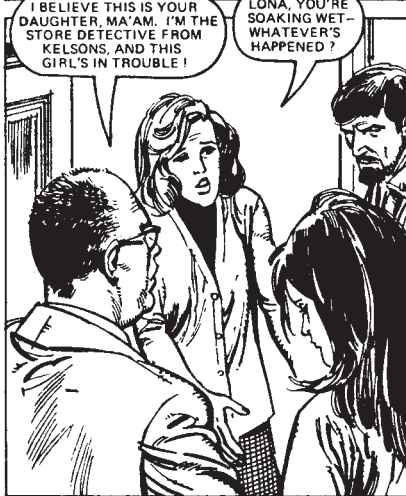
OH, JINNY, THAT LOOKS LIKE MR. BAILEY'S CAR OUTSIDE OUR HOUSE!



MR. BAILEY WAS ONE OF LONA'S TEACHERS.

YOU MUST BE WRONG, MR. BAILEY. MY LONA WOULD NEVER VANDALISE AN OLD LADY'S CHICKEN-HOUSE ...!

OLD MRS. CRABB'S THREATENED TO BRING THE POLICE IN, MRS. WILLIAMS--AND THAT WOULD BE BAD PUBLICITY FOR OUR SCHOOL!



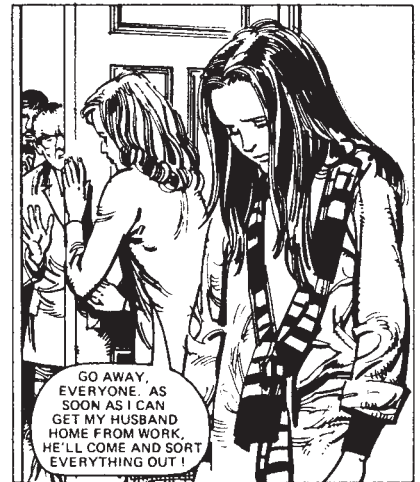
I BELIEVE THIS IS YOUR DAUGHTER, MA'AM. I'M THE STORE DETECTIVE FROM KELSONS. AND THIS GIRL'S IN TROUBLE!

LONA, YOU'RE SOAKING WET--WHATEVER'S HAPPENED?



IS THAT THE STRANGE GIRL NEXT DOOR YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT, HILDA? THE ONE THAT MAKES HOWLING NOISES AT NIGHT?

THAT'S HER RIGHT ENOUGH!



GO AWAY, EVERYONE. AS SOON AS I CAN GET MY HUSBAND HOME FROM WORK, HE'LL COME AND SORT EVERYTHING OUT!



THEY ALL KNOW--EVEN THE OLD LADY NEXT DOOR. I'M BEHAVING MORE AND MORE LIKE A WOLF, MUM. YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE ADOPTED ME. I'M ONLY BRINGING YOU MISERY!

DON'T CRY, DARLING ...!



LATER THAT DAY ...

I'M SCARED TO MOVE OFF THIS CHAIR. IN CASE I RUN ON ALL FOURS. IT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT THAT I HAVEN'T DONE ... OR HAVE I? I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, WHEN THE MEMORIES BEGIN TO TAKE OVER.



YOUR MUM AND I THINK THERE ARE TOO MANY PRESSURES AROUND HERE. YOU NEED TO GET AWAY UNTIL ALL THIS SILLY FUSS DIES DOWN.

OH DAD--IT WON'T HELP TO RUN AWAY!



IT'S NOT RUNNING AWAY, LOVE! I'M TALKING ABOUT A LITTLE HOLIDAY, WITH AUNT PEGGY IN SCOTLAND. MUM'LL COME TOO. SHE'LL ENJOY THE BREAK. COME ON, PET—GET PACKED!



MUM AND DAD ARE WORRIED AND ASHAMED! THEY CAN'T WAIT TO GET ME AWAY BEFORE I DO SOMETHING ELSE DREADFUL!



WITHIN HOURS, LONA AND HER MOTHER WERE SPEEDING TO SCOTLAND...



WE CHANGE TRAINS HERE, LOVE! WE'LL SOON BE IN LOCHBERAN!

I WONDER IF MUM'S BROKEN THE NEWS TO AUNT PEGGY YET—THAT SHE'S GOT A NEICE WHO'S MORE WOLF THAN GIRL?



MUM IS WATCHING ME—SHE JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING. OH DEAR!

I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE HER TORMENTING HERSELF WITH CRAZY IDEAS ABOUT BEHAVING LIKE A WOLF! IT CAN'T BE TRUE! IT MUSTN'T BE!



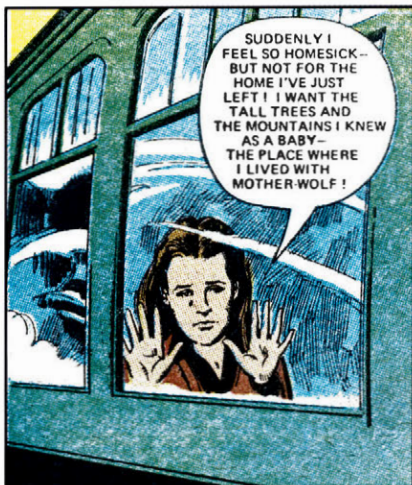
WHILE SHE'S ASLEEP, I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET A NICE CUP OF TEA.



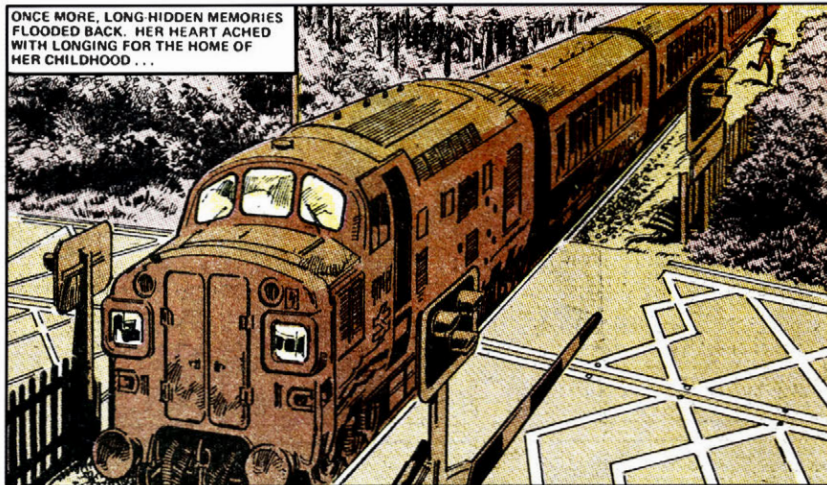
I CAN RELAX NOW MUM'S GONE. GOSH—I REALLY LOVE THIS SCOTTISH SCENERY!



THOSE LOFTY TREES! THE GLIMPSE OF MOUNTAINS THROUGH THE CLOUDS. IT ALL SEEMS FAMILIAR TO ME, YET WE'VE NEVER BEEN UP TO AUNT PEGGY'S BEFORE.



SUDDENLY I FEEL SO HOMESICK-- BUT NOT FOR THE HOME I'VE JUST LEFT! I WANT THE TALL TREES AND THE MOUNTAINS I KNEW AS A BABY-- THE PLACE WHERE I LIVED WITH MOTHER-WOLF!



ONCE MORE, LONG-HIDDEN MEMORIES FLOODED BACK. HER HEART ACHED WITH LONGING FOR THE HOME OF HER CHILDHOOD...



THERE MUST BE SOMEWHERE WHERE I WON'T BE OUT-OF-PLACE-- WHERE I WON'T NEED TO FEEL ASHAMED.



NOBODY SAW ME GET OFF THE TRAIN, AND I'VE RUN FOR MILES. I'M COMPLETELY ON MY OWN.



WHEN I LIVED IN THE WILDS BEFORE, I WASN'T ALONE! I WAS WITH THE WOLVES. THEY WERE MY FAMILY. NOW THAT I'VE MADE THE BREAK, I--I CAN'T HELP WONDERING IF I'LL SURVIVE ON MY OWN.

NEXT WEEK  
The Wolves!

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...



I'M HUNGRY - AND THERE'S DINNER READY AND WAITING. THE WIND'S IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION TO CARRY MY SCENT AWAY, SO I CAN CREEP UP ON IT.



INCH BY INCH, QUIETLY UP BEHIND IT, THEN...!



POUNCE AND K-KILL! OH NO, I CAN'T DO IT, I CAN'T!



ALL THE WOLF'S TRAINING IS STILL WITH ME, EXCEPT THE ONE THING I NEED... I CAN'T KILL FOR FOOD ANY MORE - I JUST CAN'T!



EVEN YOU CAN SENSE YOU'RE SAFE WITH ME RABBIT. OKAY I'LL MAKE DO WITH BERRIES FOR NOW. BUT SOON THAT INSTINCT OF HUNTING TO EAT IS GOING TO RETURN - AND THEN YOU'D BEST WATCH IT!



THAT NIGHT SHE SLEPT FITFULLY...

MOTHER WOLF, I'M S-SO COLD. WHERE ARE YOU? COME AND LET ME CUDDLE UP IN THE WARMTH OF YOUR FUR...

THE LONGING FOR SECURITY OF HER PARENTS TROUBLED HER SLEEP.



MUM, DAD ... TURN ON MY BEDROOM LIGHT. I'M HAVING A BAD DREAM. ... BAD DREAM!

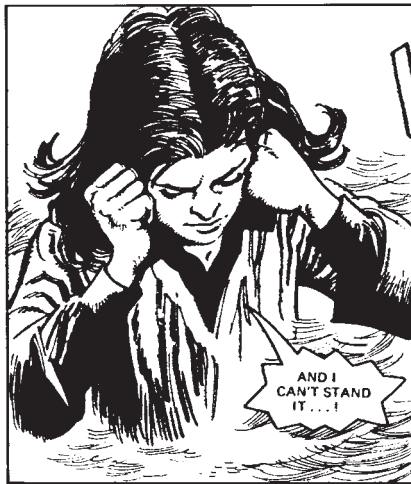
AND NEXT MORNING ...



I'M STILL HERE - BUT IT'S NOT LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY. IT'S SUCH A DENSE MIST, I CAN'T SEE A THING ...



THE MIST'S DEADENED EVERY SOUND. I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING MOVING. I'M ALONE, COMPLETELY, UTTERLY - ALONE!

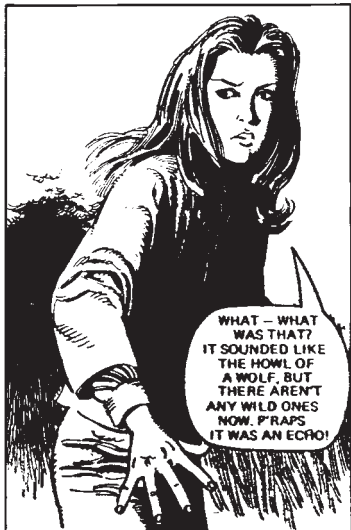


AND I CAN'T STAND IT ...!



H-O-W-W-W-W-W-L!  
O-W-W-W!

THEN, AS MISERY SWEEPED OVER HER, THE SCREAM DIED IN HER THROAT, AND BECAME ...



WHAT - WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE THE HOWL OF A WOLF, BUT THERE AREN'T ANY WILD ONES NOW. P'RAPS IT WAS AN ECHO!



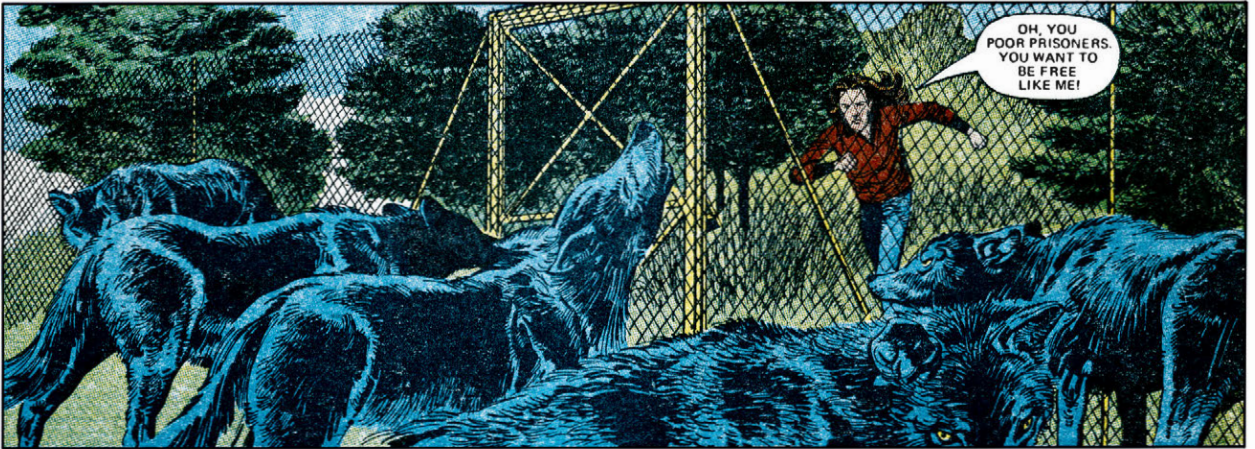
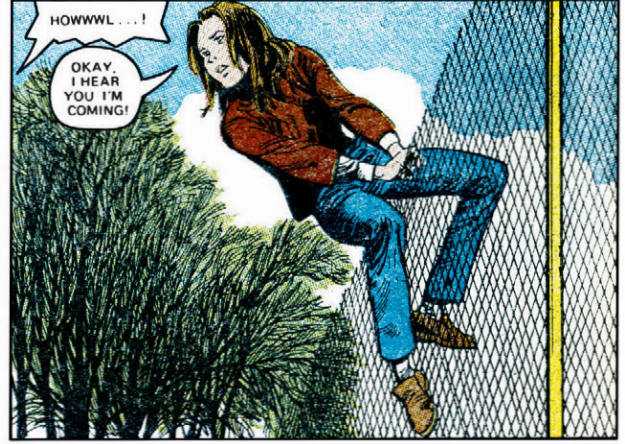
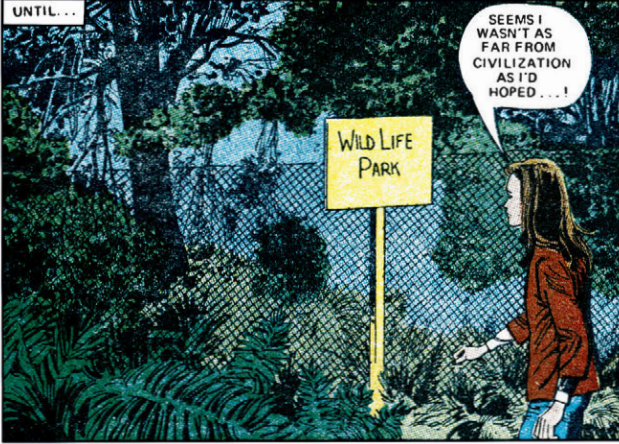
THERE IT IS AGAIN! I'LL ANSWER ...!



HER EARS STRAINING TO PIN-POINT THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND LONA KEPT ANSWERING, THEN MOVING ON AND LISTENING ...

H-O-W-W-W-W-W-L!  
O-W-W-W!

H-O-W-W-W-L ...!



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!



# Wolf Girl



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-WWWWL!

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...!



NOTHING OF INTEREST IN HERE... EXCEPT THOSE OLD SACKS IN THE CORNER!



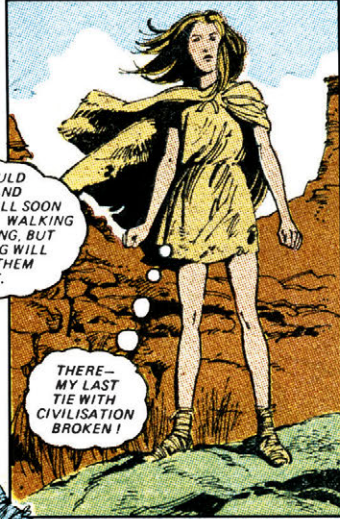
THEY MUST HAVE LAIN HERE FOR YEARS— BUT THEY GIVE ME AN IDEA. PERHAPS IT'S THE SMELL OF HUMANS ON MY CLOTHES THAT THE WOLVES FEAR... BUT IF I COULD GET RID OF MY CLOTHES...?



THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF A TUNIC—BUT HOW CAN I MANAGE WITHOUT SHOES? I KNOW...!



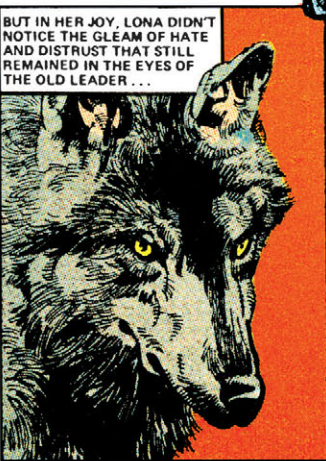
THAT SHOULD DO IT... AND MY SOLES WILL SOON HARDEN OFF WALKING AND CLIMBING, BUT THE SACKING WILL PROTECT THEM A LITTLE.



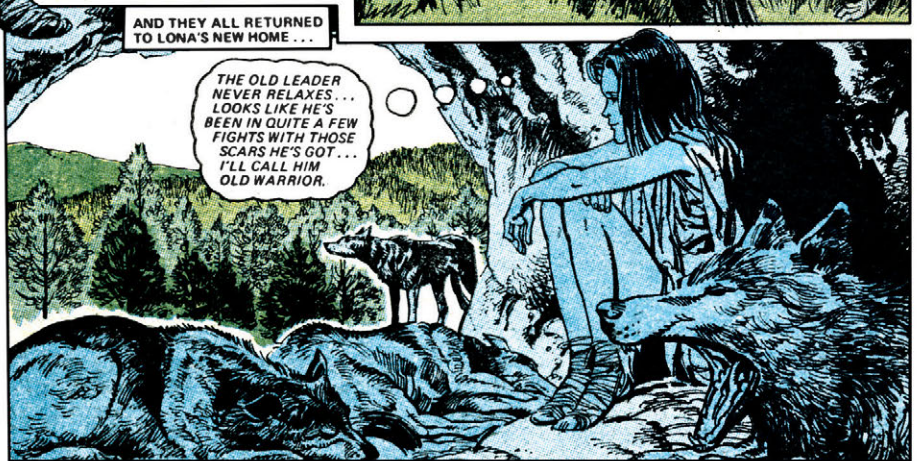
THERE— MY LAST TIE WITH CIVILISATION BROKEN!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY CLOTHES. THE WOLVES HATED. THEY'VE ACCEPTED ME NOW...!

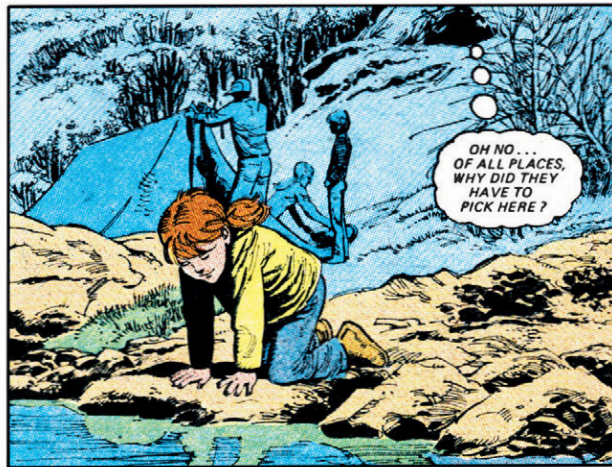
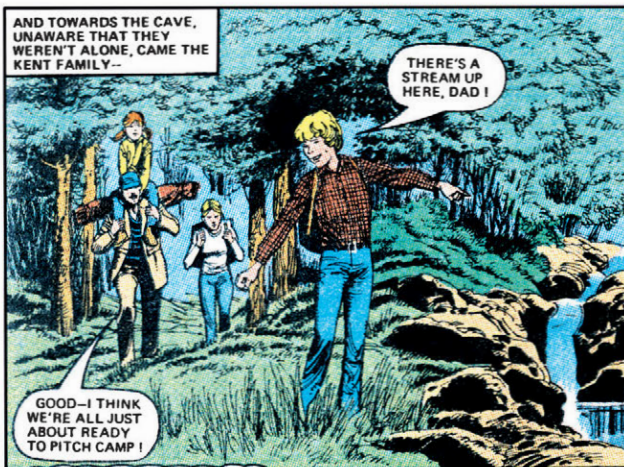


BUT IN HER JOY, LONA DIDN'T NOTICE THE GLEAM OF HATE AND DISTRUST THAT STILL REMAINED IN THE EYES OF THE OLD LEADER...



AND THEY ALL RETURNED TO LONA'S NEW HOME...

THE OLD LEADER NEVER RELAXES... LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN IN QUITE A FEW FIGHTS WITH THOSE SCARS HE'S GOT... I'LL CALL HIM OLD WARRIOR.



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...





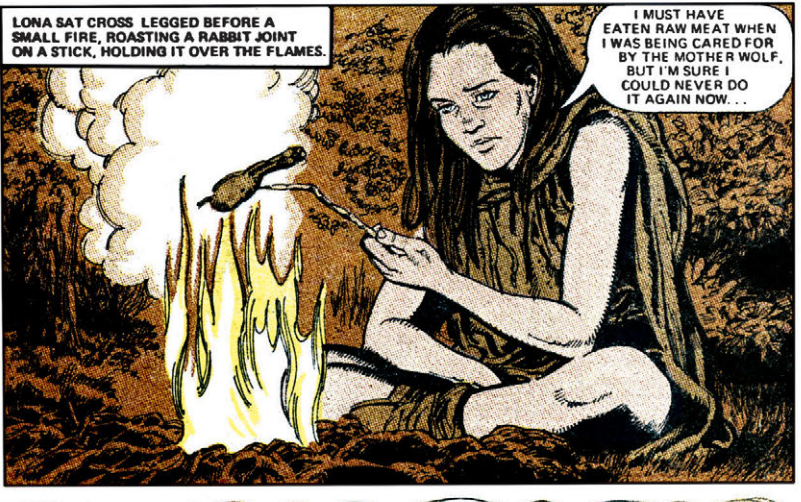
SO I'M STILL YOUR LEADER, BUT I KNOW WARRIOR HASN'T GIVEN UP. SOONER OR LATER HE'LL CHALLENGE ME AGAIN ... AND I JUST HOPE I'LL BE READY FOR HIM!



I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THAT POLICEMAN. HE HAD A RIFLE. BY RELEASING THE WOLVES, I'VE PUT THEM UNDER A DEATH SENTENCE. AS THEIR LEADER, I'VE MORE RESPONSIBILITY THAN EVER TO KEEP THEM HIDDEN ...



THOSE CAMPERS LEFT THEIR MATCHES BEHIND. AT LEAST I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE A FIRE NOW, AND HAVE SOME COOKED FOOD. IT'LL MAKE A CHANGE FROM BERRIES.

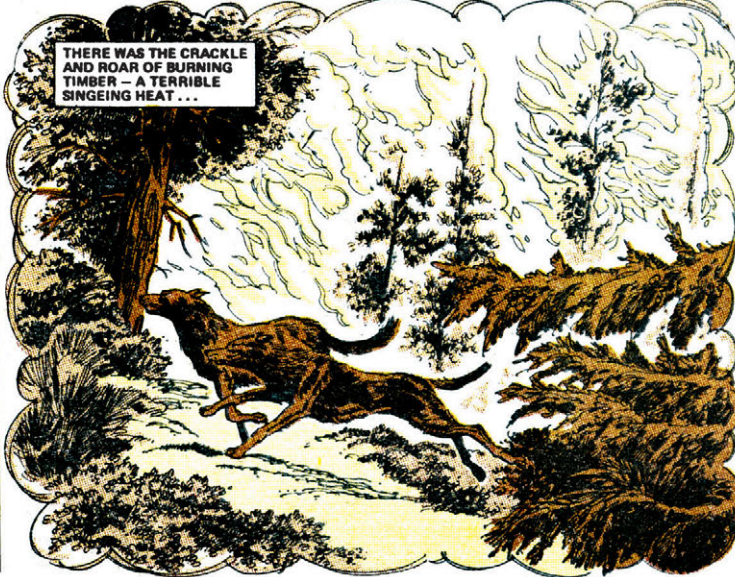


LONA SAT CROSS LEGGED BEFORE A SMALL FIRE, ROASTING A RABBIT JOINT ON A STICK, HOLDING IT OVER THE FLAMES.

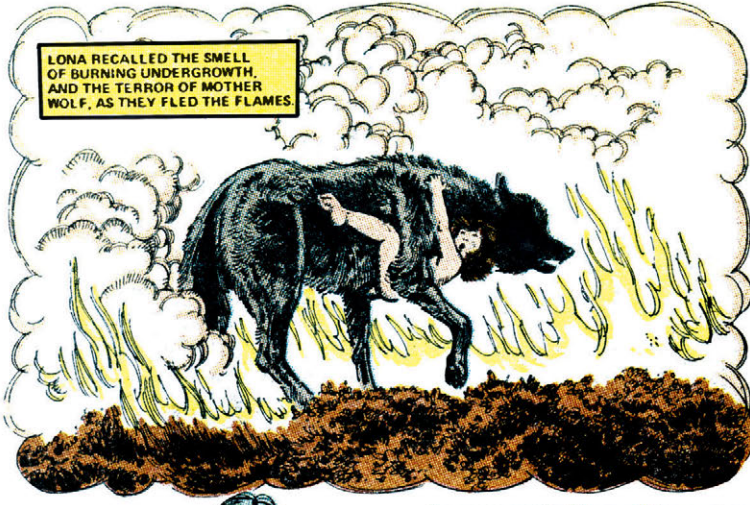
I MUST HAVE EATEN RAW MEAT WHEN I WAS BEING CAREED FOR BY THE MOTHER WOLF. BUT I'M SURE I COULD NEVER DO IT AGAIN NOW ...



THE WOLVES WON'T COME ANYWHERE NEAR THE FLAMES. THERE'S A MEMORY TOO IN THE BACK OF MY MIND, ABOUT FIRE. IF I CONCENTRATE, I CAN REMEMBER ...



THERE WAS THE CRACKLE AND ROAR OF BURNING TIMBER - A TERRIBLE SINGING HEAT ...



LONA RECALLED THE SMELL OF BURNING UNDERGROWTH, AND THE TERROR OF MOTHER WOLF, AS THEY FLED THE FLAMES.



IT MUST HAVE BEEN A HUGE FOREST FIRE WE WERE CAUGHT IN. NO WONDER ANIMALS FEAR THE FLAMES. EVEN NOW, I'M TREMBLING AT THE MEMORIES...

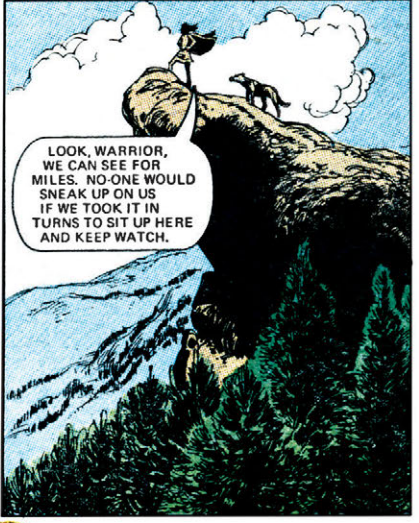


BUT CIVILISATION TAUGHT ME THAT I NEED FIRE, TO COOK MY FOOD AND KEEP ME WARM. I MUST KEEP THESE MATCHES SAFE AND DRY. THEY'RE ALL I HAVE!



NEXT DAY...

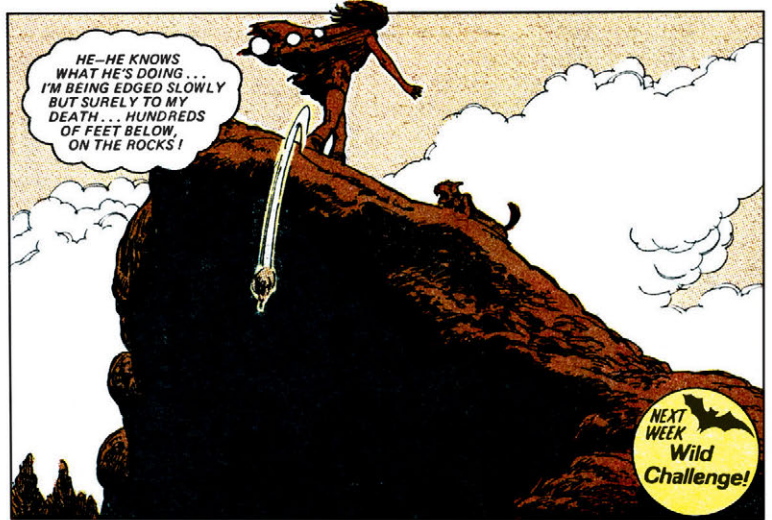
I SUPPOSE WE'RE ALL BEING HUNTED--AND ME TOO. WE'D BETTER ORGANISE A LOOK-OUT. THERE'S A GOOD VANTAGE POINT FROM THIS ROCKY LEDGE UP HERE.



LOOK, WARRIOR, WE CAN SEE FOR MILES. NO-ONE WOULD SNEAK UP ON US IF WE TOOK IT IN TURNS TO SIT UP HERE AND KEEP WATCH.



WARRIOR, WHAT...? OH NO--IT'S ANOTHER TEST OF LEADERSHIP, JUST AS I FEARED--AND I WASN'T READY!



HE--HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING... I'M BEING EDGED SLOWLY BUT SURELY TO MY DEATH... HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW, ON THE ROCKS!

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.



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.

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



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.



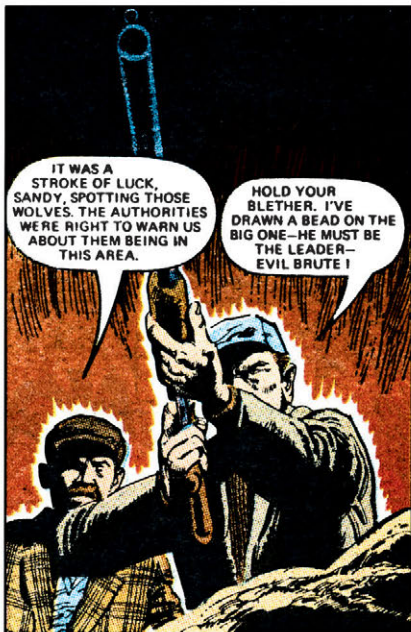
BY RELEASING THE WOLVES FROM THE PARK, I MADE THEM HUNTED CREATURES ... NOW IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY TO SAVE THEM FROM HUMANS!

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



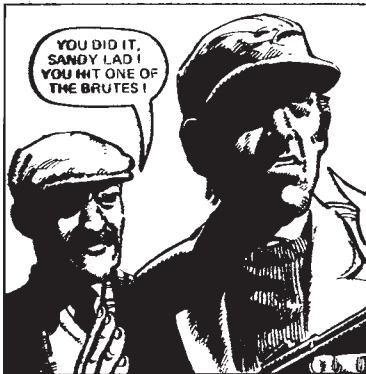
THERE THEY ARE - BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO? THOSE SHEEP MUST BELONG TO SOMEONE - BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, IT'S NATURAL FOR THE WOLVES TO HUNT AND KILL.



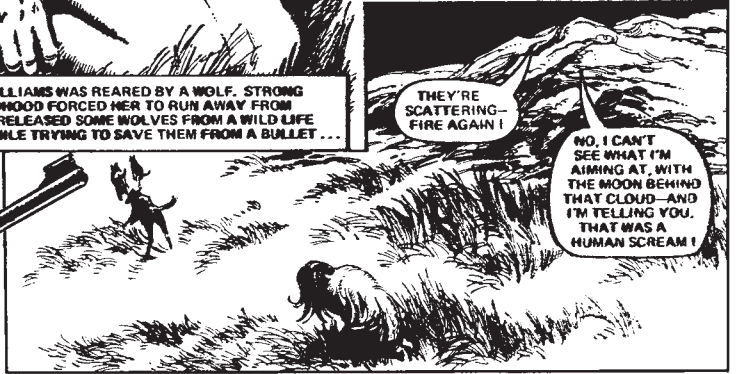




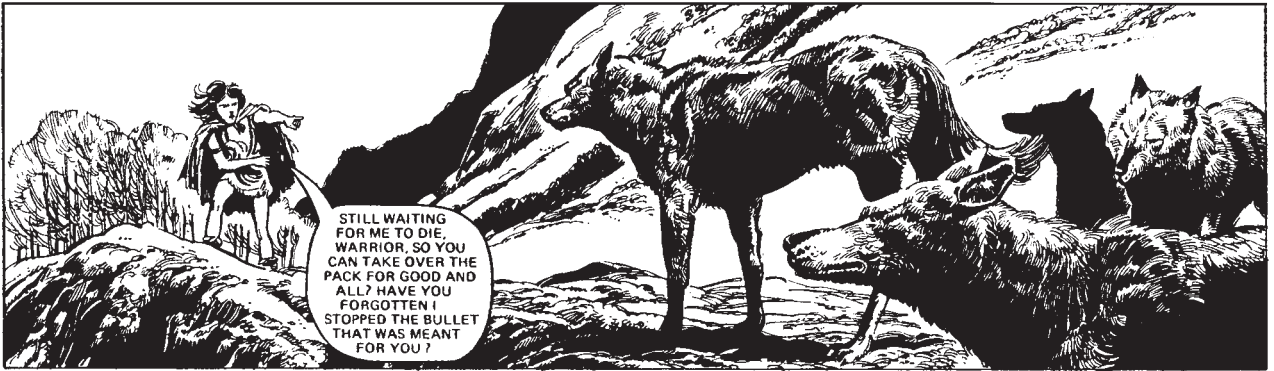
# Wolf Girl



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 ...







STILL WAITING FOR ME TO DIE, WARRIOR, SO YOU CAN TAKE OVER THE PACK FOR GOOD AND ALL? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN I STOPPED THE BULLET THAT WAS MEANT FOR YOU?



I'M A FOOL. WARRIOR'S AN ANIMAL. HE CAN'T POSSIBLY HAVE REALISED WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE. I'M EXPECTING HIM TO BEHAVE LIKE A HUMAN, WITH LOYALTY AND GRATITUDE... BUT IT'S NOT LIKE THAT IN THE WILD!



AND AS THE SUN ROSE...

A COTTAGE... I COULD GET HELP THERE. BUT ONCE I'VE GIVEN MYSELF UP, THERE'LL BE NO COMING BACK. I'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO MY OLD LIFE... TO MY PARENTS!



IN THE WILD, ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE AND I FEEL SO WEAK AND ILL. THERE'S NO PLACE FOR ME HERE ANY MORE...



LET ME IN! I NEED HELP!



WHO-WHO'S THAT, BANGING MY DOOR DOWN?



PLEASE- LET ME IN!

OH, A WILD CREATURE- A MAD THING!



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!



NEXT WEEK 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!



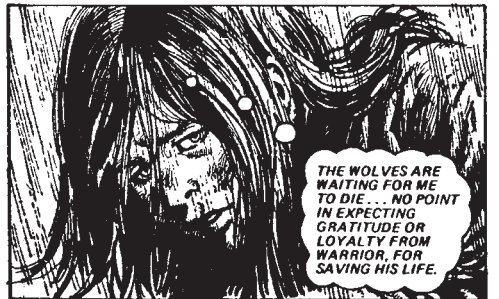
EVEN THE OWNER OF THIS COTTAGE HAS BOLTED HER DOOR AGAINST ME... AND IT'S AN AWFUL THING TO DIE ALONE...!



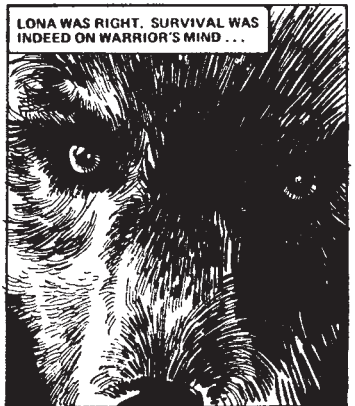
WHAT MANNER OF BEASTIE IS IT, OUT THERE? I SAW ITS MATTED HAIR - IT'S WILD EYES. MAY THE LORD PROTECT ME THIS NIGHT...!



GRATITUDE'S WHAT YOU GET FROM HUMANS, AND WARRIOR'S A WILD ANIMAL... HIS ONLY THOUGHT IS FOR SURVIVAL...!



THE WOLVES ARE WAITING FOR ME TO DIE... NO POINT IN EXPECTING GRATITUDE OR LOYALTY FROM WARRIOR, FOR SAVING HIS LIFE.



LONA WAS RIGHT. SURVIVAL WAS INDEED ON WARRIOR'S MIND...



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...

WHERE—WHERE AM I? IACHE ALL OVER...



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!



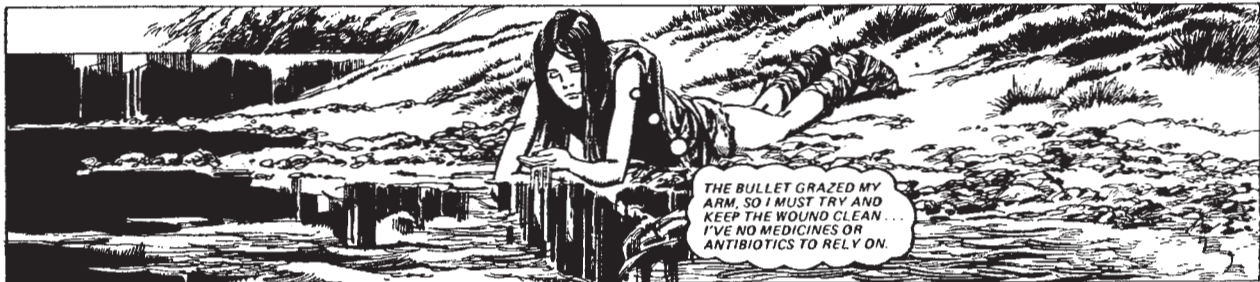
YOU KNOW I'M WEAK THOUGH— AND YOU WANT ME TO EAT AND GROW STRONG AGAIN.



BUT THERE'S NO TIME. MY FRIENDS. THE OLD WOMAN IN THAT COTTAGE HAS SEEN ME—THE MEN WHO SHOT ME MAY RAISE THE ALARM. SOON WE'LL BE HUNTED AGAIN. IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON...!



I'M LEADING THE PACK AGAIN—BUT ALTHOUGH WARRIOR SAVED MY LIFE, HE'S STILL WAITING TO TAKE OVER AT THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF WEAKNESS FROM ME... WE'RE STILL RIVALS!



THE BULLET GRAZED MY ARM. SO I MUST TRY AND KEEP THE WOUND CLEAN... I'VE NO MEDICINES OR ANTIBIOTICS TO RELY ON.



WEAK THOUGH SHE WAS, LONA MANAGED TO LEAD THE PACK INTO THE MOUNTAINS...

IF THE WOMAN IN THAT COTTAGE HAD TAKEN ME IN, I'D BE BACK WITH MY PARENTS BY NOW. I'D HAVE LOST ALL THIS WONDERFUL FREEDOM.



BUT I DO MISS MUM AND DAD A LOT... THE WOLVES—ALL EXCEPT WARRIOR—RESPECT ME, BUT THEY DON'T GIVE ME COMPANIONSHIP... GUESS IT'S HUMAN COMPANY I NEED!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

WHAT ON EARTH WAS THAT EXPLOSION?

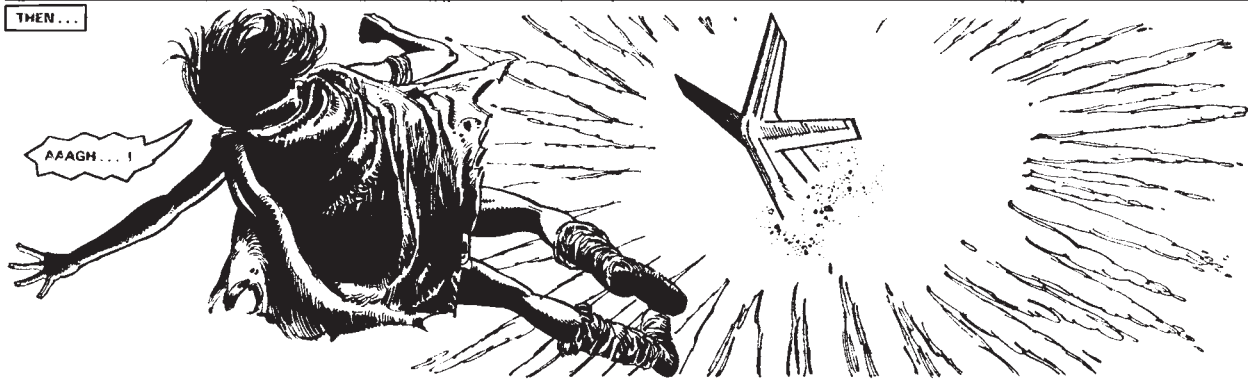


IT'S A BIG FIRE, SO STAY HERE—I KNOW IT'S THE ONE THING YOU FEAR. I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED



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...



POOR LITTLE MITE - YOU MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM THE PLANE WHEN IT HIT THE MOUNTAINSIDE! LUCKY THERE WERE LOTS OF BLANKETS AROUND YOU IN YOUR CARRY-COT!



- I GUESS YOU'RE AN ORPHAN NOW. IF YOUR PARENTS WERE IN THE PLANE. NOBODY COULD SURVIVE THAT EXPLOSION - UNLESS OF COURSE THEY WERE THROWN OUT, LIKE YOU!



THE WOLVES WOULD BE ABLE TO SEEK OUT ANYONE LYING IN THE UNDERGROWTH. I'LL SEND THEM TO SEARCH.



IF YOU STAYED WITH ME, LITTLE ONE, I COULD BRING YOU UP - THE WAY THE WOLVES BROUGHT ME UP! I'D HAVE THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS. THE FREEDOM OF THE WILD, AND THE COMPANIONSHIP OF ANOTHER HUMAN.



BUT WOULD IT BE FAIR ON THE BABY? I I'M NOTHING BUT A MISFIT. NOT KNOWING WHERE I BELONG. THE BABY MIGHT GROW UP FEELING THE SAME WAY.



ANYHOW, THE IDEA WAS DAFT! THE BABY STILL LOOKS QUITE YOUNG - IT NEEDS SPECIAL MILK - AND SO MUCH ELSE THAT I COULDN'T FIND HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS. I - I CAN'T KEEP IT!



HELLO - WHAT HAVE YOU TWO FOUND?



SOMETHING ELSE DID FALL FROM THE PLANE - ALL THE BABY'S LUGGAGE! THERE'S POWDERED MILK, NAPPIES - EVERYTHING I'D NEED FOR THE FIRST FEW MONTHS AT LEAST!



IT'S A SIGN, BABY - A SIGN THAT YOU AND I WERE MEANT TO STAY TOGETHER. I PROMISE I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU, AND TRY AND MAKE UP FOR THE LOSS OF YOUR POOR PARENTS.



BACK AT THE CAVE ...

ANNA! SO NOW I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! I'M JUST BOILING SOME WATER, AND YOU CAN HAVE A NICE BOTTLE.



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!





HOW STUPID, BRINGING ANNA OUT IN THIS OLD BOAT... THE WOLVES TRIED TO WARN ME, BUT I THOUGHT I KNEW BEST...

AS A BABY, LONA WILLIAMS HAD BEEN REARED BY A WOLF. STRONG MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD FORCED HER TO FLEE CIVILIZATION. SHE RELEASED SOME WOLVES FROM A WILD-LIFE PARK AND BECAME THEIR LEADER, BUT FOUND AT TIMES SHE STILL MISSED HUMAN COMPANY. BUT A TRAGEDY IN THE MOUNTAINS WAS TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HER LIFE YET AGAIN...



AS THE ICY WATERS REACHED OUT FOR HER PRECIOUS BURDEN, LONA REACTED WITH SHEER ANIMAL TERROR...



HHHOOOOOWWWLLLLL...



A TERROR WHICH TRANSMITTED ITSELF TO LONA'S FOLLOWERS ON THE SHORE, FOR THEIR INSTINCTS TOLD THEM IT WOULD BE FUTILE TO ENTER THOSE ICY WATERS...

ALL EXCEPT OLD WARRIOR, WHO RECOGNISED THE END OF HIS RIVAL'S REIGN DRAWING NEAR...



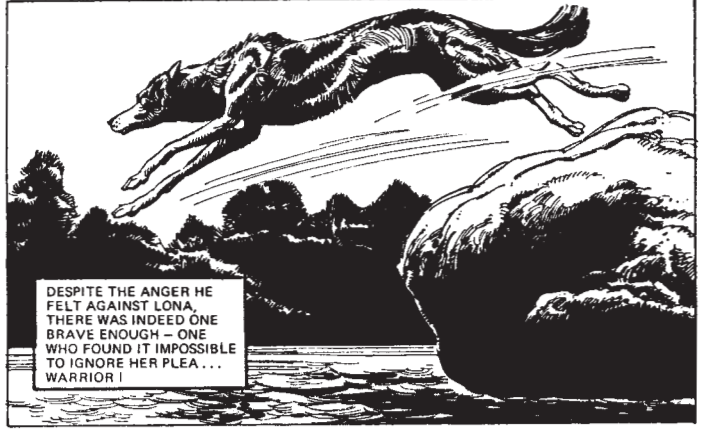
IF -- IF I HAD THE STRENGTH, I COULD MANAGE TO PUSH LITTLE ANNA TO THE SHORE. BUT I -- I'M SO TIRED. I NEED HELP.



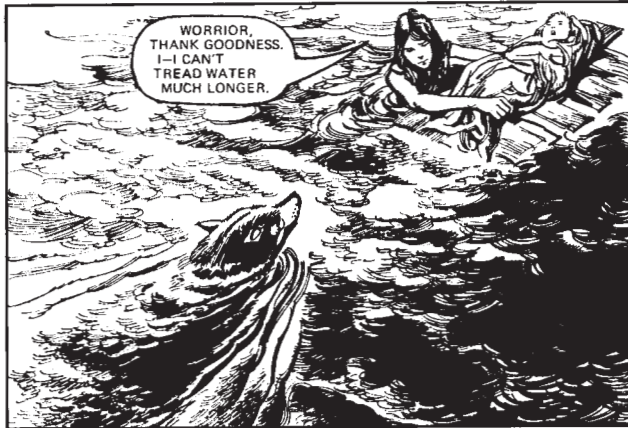
AS THE COLD NUMBED HER BODY, SHE COMMUNICATED IN THE ONLY WAY LEFT TO HER... SHE LET HER MIND REACH OUT...



WILL NONE OF YOU HELP?  
IS THERE NOT ONE BRAVE ENOUGH  
TO HELP?... HELP ME!...



DESPITE THE ANGER HE  
FELT AGAINST LONA,  
THERE WAS INDEED ONE  
WHO FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE  
TO IGNORE HER PLEA...  
WARRIOR!



WARRIOR,  
THANK GOODNESS.  
I-I CAN'T  
TREAD WATER  
MUCH LONGER.



EASY, WARRIOR,  
DON'T RUSH...  
JUST GET ANNA  
BACK SAFELY.



AND...

MADE IT... BUT I  
MUSTN'T STOP FOR REST.  
I MUST GET ANNA BACK  
TO THE CAVE, AND  
WARM AGAIN.



CARING FOR A HELPLESS  
BABY MEANS BEING  
SENSIBLE, RESPONSIBLE,  
I DIDN'T BEHAVE VERY  
RESPONSIBLY, GOING OUT  
IN THAT BOAT. IF IT  
HADN'T BEEN  
FOR WARRIOR...



WARRIOR...?  
HE'S NOT HERE.  
DIDN'T HE FOLLOW  
US BACK?



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.

BUT THEY HAD ALREADY MADE THEIR CHOICE.

IF YOU FOLLOW, YOU'LL BE IN DANGER. THE HUMANS WILL SHOOT YOU. SO NOW THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY ...

SLOWLY SHE LED THEM BACK TO SAFETY ...

AS THEIR CHOSEN LEADER, I MUST LEAD THEM BACK TO WHERE I FOUND THEM - BACK TO THE WILD-LIFE PARK ...

AND AT LAST ...

I'LL HAVE TO BREAK THIS PADLOCK TO GET THE GATE OPEN ... AND THEN MY TASK IS DONE ...

THEY THINK I'VE BETRAYED THEM BRINGING THEM BACK HERE - BUT IT'S BETTER TO BE A WELL CARED-FOR PRISONER THAN A HUNTED VICTIM WITHOUT A LEADER.

AND LATER, SEVERAL MILES AWAY ...

THIS IS GOODBYE, ANNA. YOU'LL HAVE RELATIVES WHO'LL BE OVERJOYED TO FIND YOU'RE ALIVE AND WELL ... AND PERHAPS MY PARENTS WILL FORGIVE ME, FOR CAUSING THEM SO MUCH HEARTACHE.

THE WOLVES ARE CALLING, BUT I'LL NEVER GO BACK, I TRIED STEPPING FROM MY WORLD INTO THEIRS, AND IT BROUGHT TRAGEDY FOR OLD WARRIOR. NOW I MUST LEARN TO TAKE MY PLACE AGAIN ... WHERE I REALLY BELONG!

HO-O-O-OOWL ...!

HARK TO BOUNTY!

THE END

# POOR JENNY

WRITER: UNKNOWN • ARTIST: UNKNOWN • 27<sup>TH</sup> 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

BEASTS

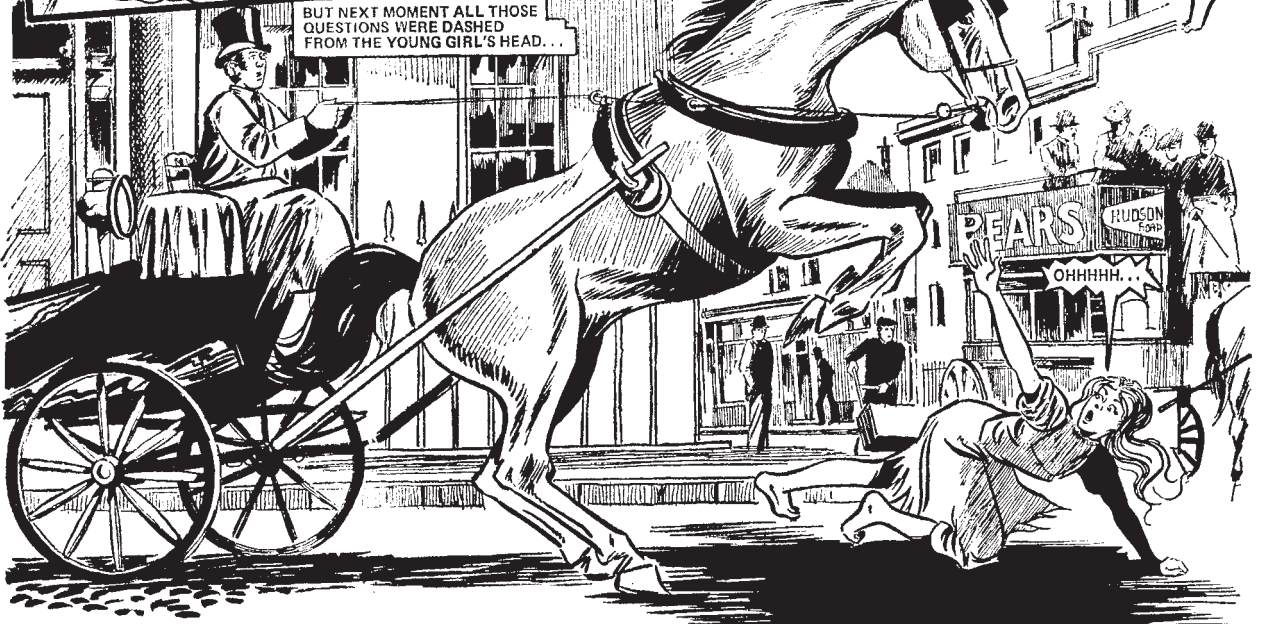
SHE'S GOT TO BE HERE, SOMEWHERE!

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

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...





IS - IS SHE DEAD, JAMES?

NO ALBERT JUST MANAGED TO STOP IN TIME! SHE'S FAINTED, THOUGH. SHE LOOKS ABSOLUTELY EXHAUSTED.



WE'LL TAKE HER HOME... AT LEAST SHE'LL HAVE A COMFORTABLE BED TILL SHE WAKES AND TELLS US WHERE SHE COMES FROM.

GAVE ME A RIGHT SHOCK, SHE DID, BELTIN' OUT LIKE THAT, SIR.



AND EVENTUALLY...

YOU HAD AN ACCIDENT MY DEAR. WE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO REST.

OHH... WHERE AM I?

OH, YES. THE HORSE. I REMEMBER. BUT... THAT'S NEARLY ALL I DO RECALL MY - MY NAME IS JENNY, BUT APART FROM THAT MY MIND IS A VIRTUAL BLANK.



I'M SURE THAT'S JUST THE SHOCK OF YOUR FALL! THINGS WILL COME BACK TO YOU IN THE MORNING.

- I HOPE SO. THANK YOU, YOU'RE SO KIND.



BUT I COULDN'T REMEMBER THINGS EVEN BEFORE THE ACCIDENT! WHO WERE THOSE MEN? WHY WERE THEY SEARCHING FOR ME.



EVENUALLY SLEEP CAME TO THE EXHAUSTED GIRL. BUT SO DID THE NIGHTMARE!

OH NO... WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING... I'M CHANGING! CHANGING AGAIN!

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!

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

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

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.

OH, GOODNESS!

I THINK I BECAME... A WEREWOLF!



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.



UNTIL MORNING...

OH, GOODNESS! JAMES! JAMES! SHE'S GONE... JENNY'S GONE... SHE MUST HAVE CLIMBED OUT THE WINDOW!



BUT WHERE TO?

M-MUST RUN... RUN ANYWHERE! MUST GET AWAY!



RRRRRR...

BECAUSE I AM CHANGING! IT WASN'T JUST A DREAM... WASN'T JUST A DRR-RR-RR...

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.



THAT'S ABOUT THE TENTH TIME SHE'S ESCAPED. I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW SHE GETS THE CAGE OPEN.



THE END

# THE CURSE OF THE WOLF

WRITER: UNKNOWN • ARTIST: UNKNOWN • 31<sup>ST</sup> 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 ROUND HERE.

NO... BEST NOT CAMP ROUND 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 ROUND 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!

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 DEADER THAN SCHOOL ON A SATURDAY.

AND NEXT MORNING...



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!

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

AND...



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



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.





MYRA! MYRA COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO RUN! HE'S COMING OUT!

R-RUN... Y-YES... TO THE INNI THERE'LL BE PEOPLE THERE!



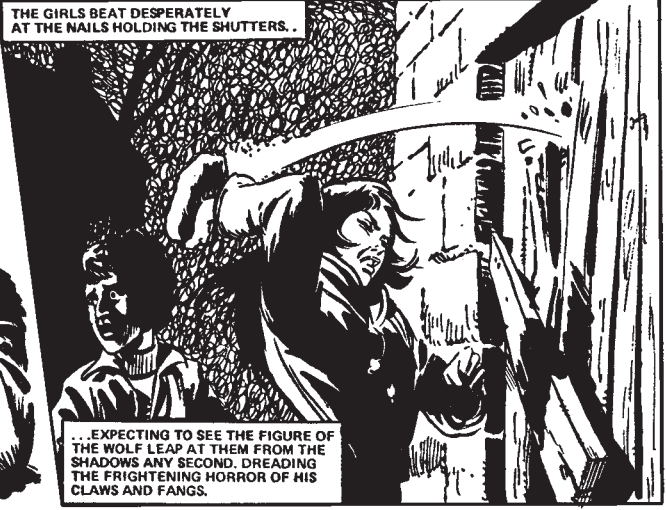
BUT...

HELP! HELP US SOMEONE, PLEASE!

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



TAKE THIS... HAMMER ON THE SHUTTER! WE'VE GOT TO BREAK IN!



THE GIRLS BEAT DESPERATELY AT THE NAILS HOLDING THE SHUTTERS...

... EXPECTING TO SEE THE FIGURE OF THE WOLF LEAP AT THEM FROM THE SHADOWS ANY SECOND, DREADING THE FRIGHTENING HORROR OF HIS CLAWS AND FANGS.



AND THEN, HANDS BLEEDING, HEARTS POUNDING...

AT LAST!

H-HELP ME, MYRA... HELP ME IN.



SOME OF THE VILLAGERS SAY THERE, EYES DULL, FACES GRIM, ONLY THE HOTEL OWNER MOVED TOWARDS THE GIRLS...

QUICKLY! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US BARRICADE THIS WINDOW!

THAT THE SHOPKEEPER, HE'S THE WEREWOLF! WE SAW HIM... WE KNOW THE WHOLE STORY.



NO, I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T KNOW THE WHOLE STORY. THIS IS A SMALL VILLAGE. SURELY YOU MUST REALISE THAT THE CURSE WILL HAVE SPREAD QUICKLY.



WE HAVE ALL FALLEN TO IT.

AND BEFORE THE GIRLS' EYES, THE VILLAGERS CHANGED...

IF WE LOCK OURSELVES AWAY, IT IS OUR DUTY SO THE CURSE WON'T SPREAD TO OTHER TOWNS AND VILLAGES! IT - IT IS HARD, BUT WE RESIST WHEN WE CAN.

WOFF!

...BUT WITH YOU HERE... SO NEAR... WE CAN RESIST NO MORE...

AAAAARGH!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT WHILE YOU HAD THE CHANCE. NOW... YOU WILL STAY HERE FOR EVER!



## TWIN CATASTROPHES

WRITER: UNKNOWN • ARTIST: JORDI BADIA ROMERO • 19<sup>TH</sup> 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!



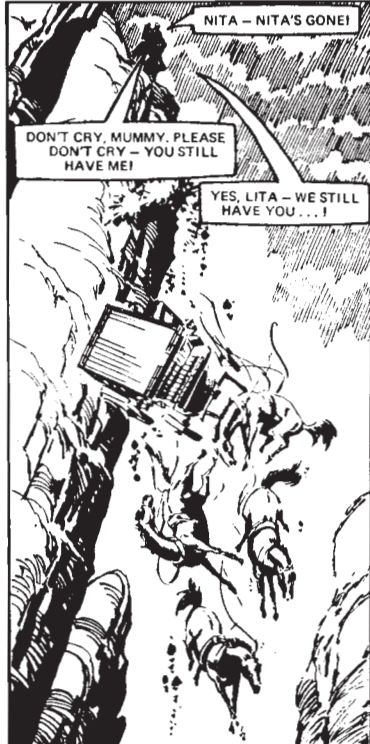
NITA IS STILL INSIDE ...!

TOO LATE - THE COACH  
IS SLIPPING AGAIN!



I HAVE YOU...!

HELP, MUMMY... HELP ME...!



NITA - NITA'S GONE!

DON'T CRY, MUMMY, PLEASE DON'T CRY - YOU STILL HAVE ME!

YES, LITA - WE STILL HAVE YOU...!



TEN YEARS LATER...

I CAN'T HELP IT, MOTHER. DEEP INSIDE ME, A VOICE KEEPS SAYING THAT SOMEWHERE... SOMEWHERE, NITA IS STILL ALIVE!

I ONLY WISH IT WERE TRUE, MY SWEET, BUT NO ONE COULD HAVE SURVIVED THE RIVER, LEAST OF ALL A CHILD.



SLEEP, NOW, AND TRY TO FORGET... YOUR SISTER IS LOST TO US FOREVER...!



BUT SLEEP WOULD NOT COME - THE VOICE INSIDE LITA WOULD NOT BE QUIETED!

I'M SURE SOMEWHERE NITA IS STILL ALIVE...!



ONE SPRING DAY...

WHAT A STRANGE CREATURE!

WE FOUND IT RUNNING WITH A WOLF PACK - IT SEEMS HALF HUMAN, HALF BEAST!



WHY, MOTHER - THAT CREATURE'S FACE REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE. H...!

NONSENSE, MY SWEET. DON'T GO NEAR - IT LOOKS QUITE SAVAGE!

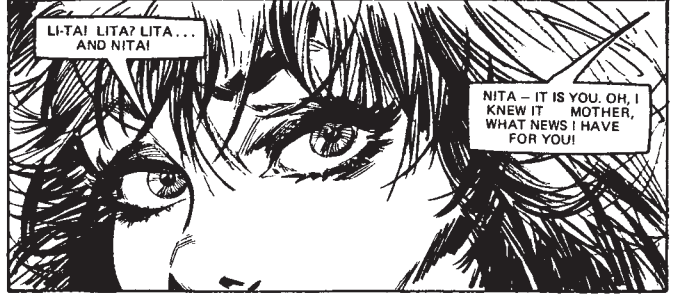


IT SEEMS DOCILE ENOUGH NOW, ADAMY. BUT KEEP IT CAGED UNTILL I DECIDE THE CREATURE'S FATE.

AYE, MASTER.



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...

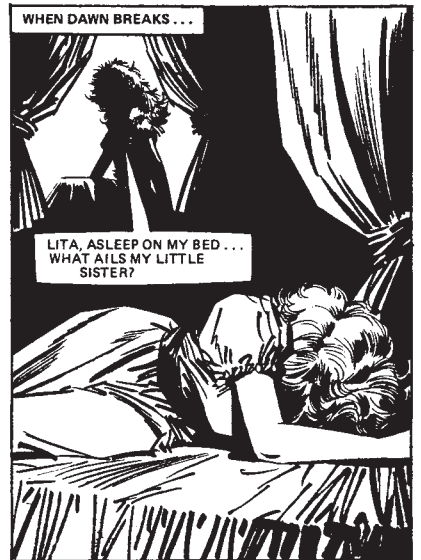
THE NIGHT'S SO WARM, I'VE BROUGHT THIS NEW SILK NIGHTDRESS FOR YOU - IT WILL BE COOLER TO SLEEP IN... OH, WHERE IS SHE?



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 • 9<sup>TH</sup> 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.



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!



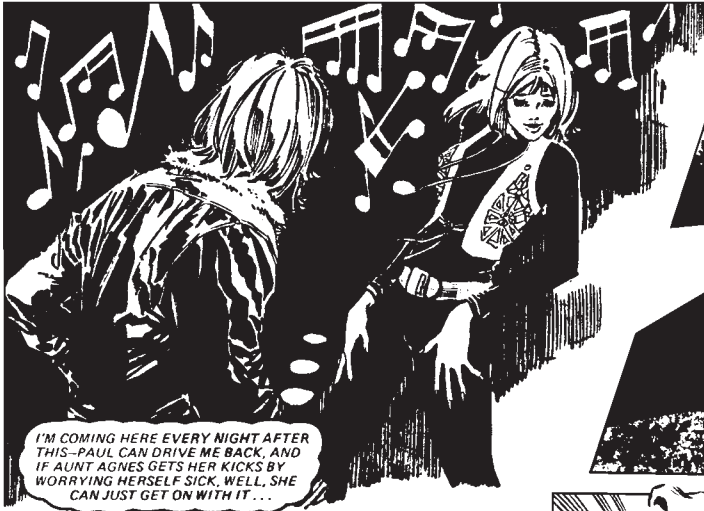
THE MOOR'S A STRANGE PLACE, ESPECIALLY AFTER DARKNESS FALLS, AND THE OLD PEOPLE TELL ALL SORTS OF TALES ABOUT IT—BUT I'M NOT AFRAID OF IT.

SPOOKY TALES? OH, THEY FASCINATE ME, PAUL!

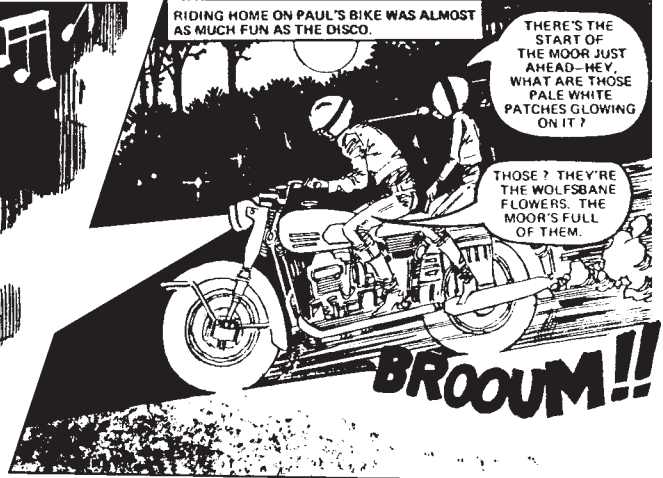


JUST DAFT TALES—ABOUT VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES. STUFF LIKE THAT. NONE OF US YOUNG ONES BELIEVE IN THAT RUBBISH—ALL WE WANT TO DO IS HAVE A GOOD TIME!

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...

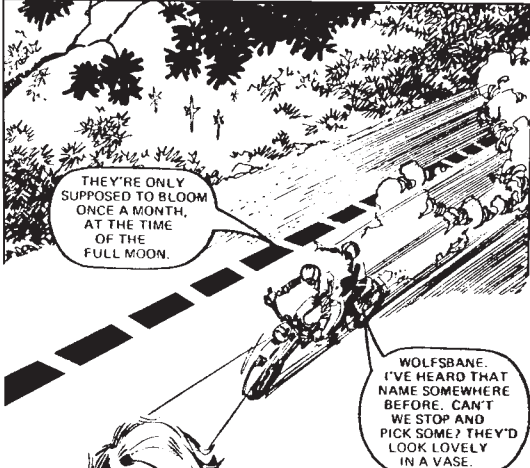


RIDING HOME ON PAUL'S BIKE WAS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS THE DISCO.

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 A AND ...!



AND YOUR FACE - YOUR TERRIBLE FACE



I WANT OUT AND FAST!

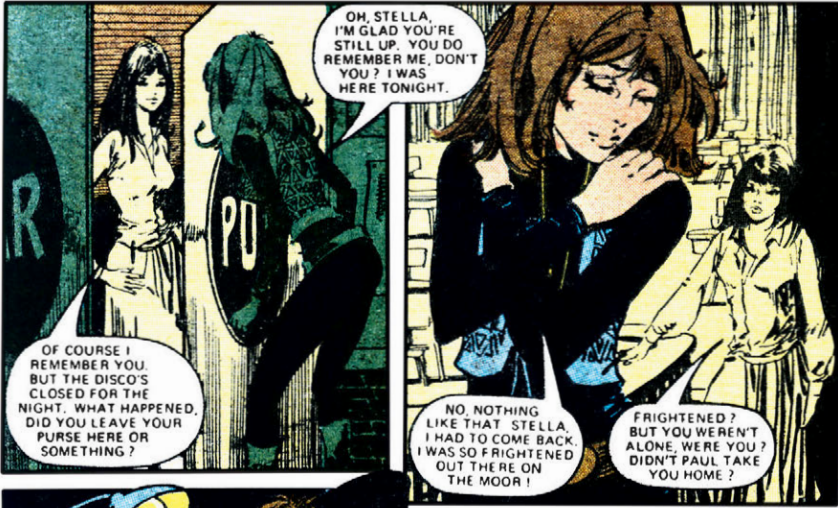


I'M GOING BACK INTO TOWN. I'M NOT CROSSING THAT MOOR TONIGHT. LET AUNT AGNES THINK WHAT SHE LIKES. I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO'LL PUT ME UP ...!



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.



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

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

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

**THE END**

EXTRAS



Dare you read...

# MISTY

9p  
EVERY  
MONDAY  
31st March 1979



THERE WAS NO ESCAPING...  
**The Curse of the Wolf!**

ENTER THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF...

# MISTY

9p  
EVERY  
MONDAY  
5th May 1979



**INSIDE!**

**Misty's spell binding story of the WOLF-GIRL starts today!**

ENTER THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF...

# MISTY

9p

EVERY  
MONDAY  
9th June 1979

Dare you read...  
**WOLFSBANE?**

**INSIDE!**



Misty #70 • 9th June 1979

Jordi Badia Romero

# 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 canthrope 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 reddened 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?**

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM TREA

PAT MILLS  
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GUY PEETERS

# Jinty

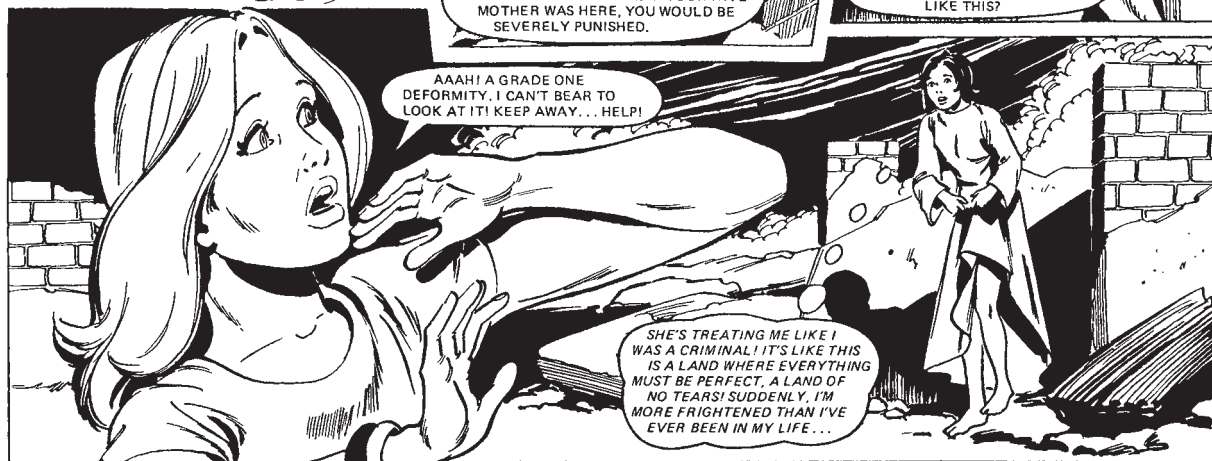
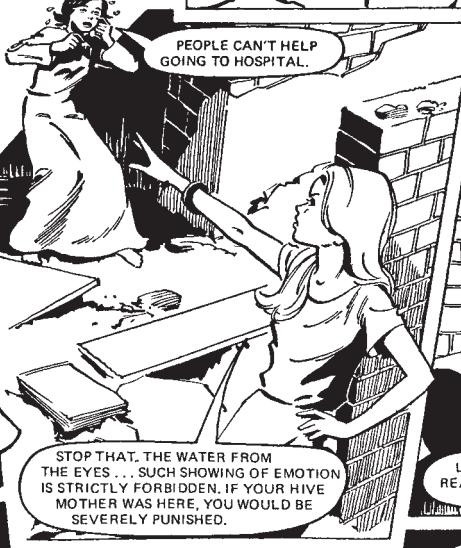
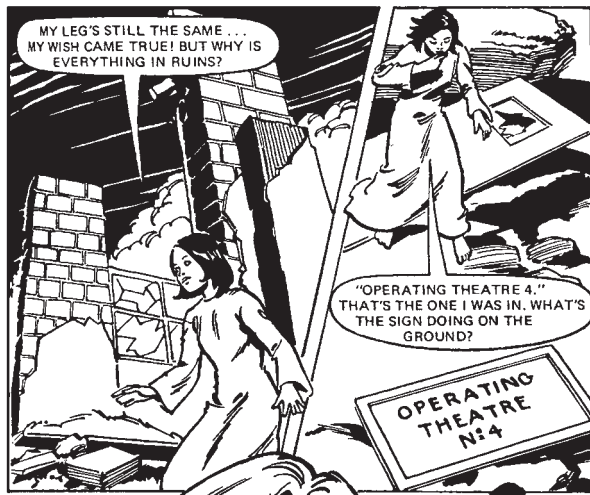
**Land of no tears!**

Whirling through time and space goes schoolgirl Gassy, transported to a strange new world!

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.*

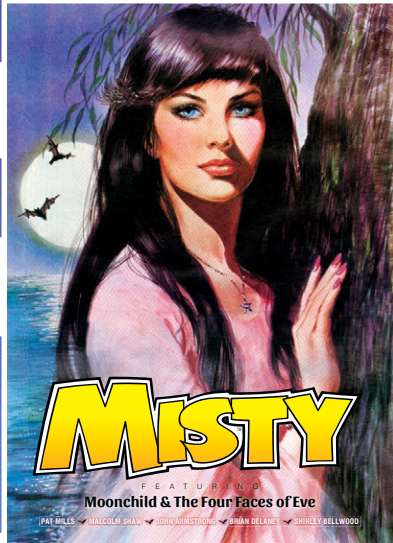
*Since last we met  
I have wandered the world  
From my Cavern of Dreams.  
I have crossed the Mountains of Mystery  
To the Wilderness of Willows,  
Drunk at the Pool of Life,  
Traversed the midnight darkness of the world,  
Pierced History, shrunk distance,  
Gathering garlands of grimness  
And 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

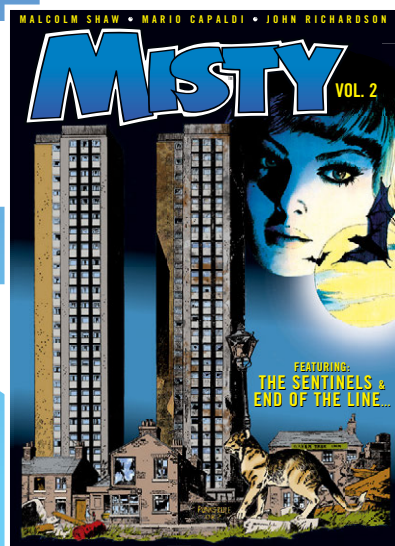
PAT MILLS • MALCOLM SHAW • BRIAN DELANEY  
JOHN ARMSTRONG • SHIRLEY BELLWOOD

### 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.

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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



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JOHN RICHARDSON

### 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.

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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.

In this shiver-inducing anthology, Misty presents a series of tales that are bestial nature, such as....



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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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