





FOR A MOMENT, THE BESTIAL INTRUDER HESITATES, HIS FERALEYES DARTING FROM HIS ALMOST-VICTUM TO THE CAPED CRUGADER ...























































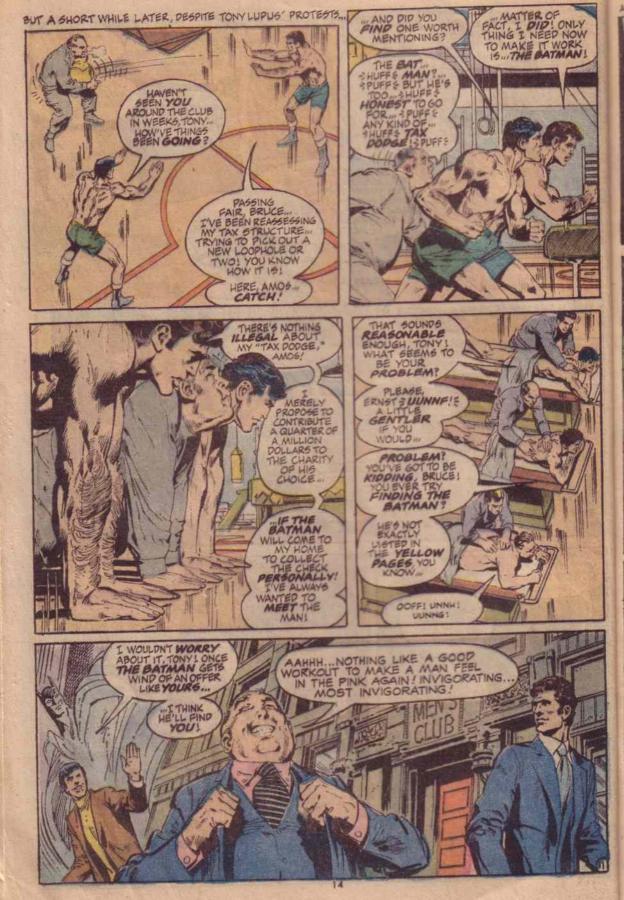




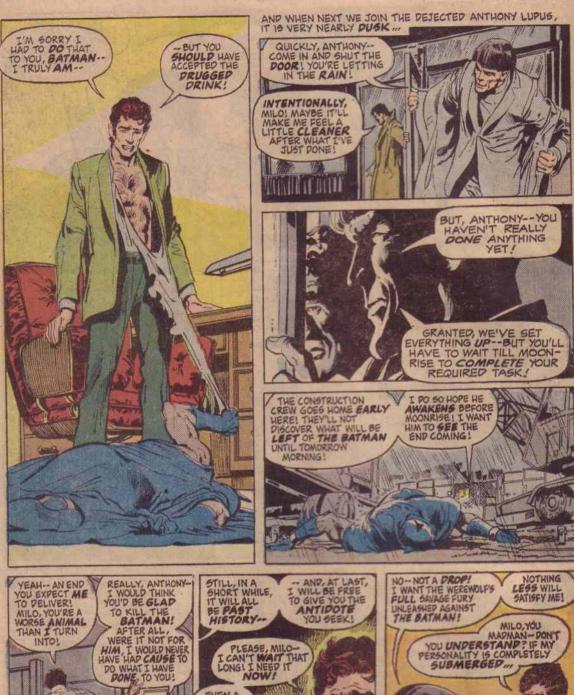










































AND HE WORKS VERY FAST INDEED-FOR THE CAPED CRUSAPER HAS SPENT MANY HOURS FOR MANY YEARS LEARNING HOW TO PICK THE MOST COMPLICATED LOCKS WITH THE MOST OUTLANDISH TOOLS ...



















BUT EVEN AS HE WHIRLS TO MEET
THE ATTACK, THE SATMAN PALLS
BENEATH ITS FULL SAVAGE FURYFURY BORN-FROM THE BEAST'S
SUBCONSCIOUS-- AND THE MANGLED
MEMORY THAT THE CAPED ONE IS
SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE FOR
ANTHONY LUPUS' CURRENT
CONDITION...



-- RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BITTER ANGUISH THE SHAGGY CREATURE FEELS--



JUST ABOUT HAP
IT! SHAGGY'S
AGAIN- AND I
HAVEN'T GOT THE
STRENGTH TO STOP
HIM-- UNLESS...

PRUTAL THE ONLY HOPE I'VE GOT!

AARRHN!

IT MAY 2

ONCE MORE, THE BEAST THAT IS ANTHONY LUPUS HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD -- ONLY TO BE STOPPED SUPPENLY, SICKENINGLY SHORT BY ANOTHER OBJECT HURLED.



ACR A
MOMENT,
THE
BEAGTMAN
STANDS
TREMBLING,
WAITING
FOR DEATH
TO CLAHA
HIM--

THEN, SLOWLY, HE BEGING TO REALIZE THAT HE FEELS NO WEAKNESS, NO PAW-THAT THE SHARP STEEL ROP WHICH PIERCED HIS FURRY FLESH HAS AFFECTED HIM NOT AT ALL -



The End