

WE LIVED WEST OF THE PECOS NEAR THE TOWN OF **VINEGAROON**-- MA, PA, SISSY, CAL AND ME. WE HAD A RICKETY-BOARD RANCH OUT ON THE PRAIRIE WHERE WE RAISED SHEEP.

NOW, ANYONE WHO KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT ANYONE KNOWS THAT VINEGAROON IS WHERE THE GREAT **JUDGE ROY BEAN** PRACTICED HIS FRONTIER JUSTICE AT "THE JERSEY LILY" SALOON, NAMED AFTER THE BELOVED **LILY LANGTRY**. I KNOW, I SEEN THE PLACE...WELL, A PHOTO OF IT IN A MAGAZINE. THAT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED TO US...THE KILLINGS AND ALL... BUT I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW.

DIME NOVEL HERO!



PA! YOU GOTTA COME QUICK! THOSE RIDERS! IT'S **MR. LAWSON** AND HIS GANG.

CAL, GO INTO THE HOUSE AND FETCH THAT OLD **SHARPS BUFFALO GUN**. 'S BEHIND THE SOFA.

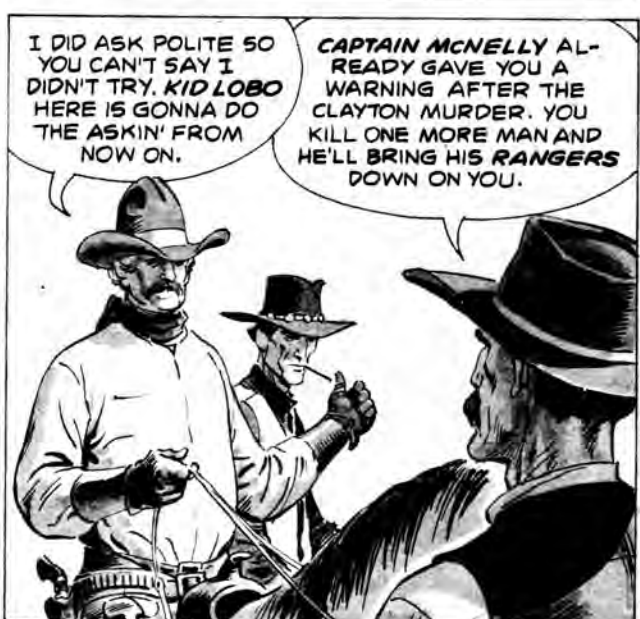
IT'S TOO LATE, PA. IF I WENT FOR IT, THAT'D JUS' GIVE 'EM AN EXCUSE TO SHOOT US DOWN.

NICK CUTI RUSS HEATH



'LO THERE, **MR. HALLIDAY**. CAN'T STAY BUT A MINUTE. ONLY CAME BY TO TELL YOU THAT AS BIG AS THIS GREAT STATE OF TEXAS IS, THERE AIN'T 'NUFF ROOM FOR SHEEP AND CATTLE. YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GO.

THERE'S ROOM, **MR. LAWSON**, FOR MEN WHAT AIN'T GREEDY FOR IT ALL.



I DID ASK POLITE SO YOU CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T TRY. **KID LOBO** HERE IS GONNA DO THE ASKIN' FROM NOW ON.

CAPTAIN MCNELLY ALREADY GAVE YOU A WARNING AFTER THE CLAYTON MURDER. YOU KILL ONE MORE MAN AND HE'LL BRING HIS **RANGERS** DOWN ON YOU.

SCRIPT: NICOLA CUTI / ART: RUSS HEATH

I WOULDN'T THINK OF BREAKING THE LAW, NO, SIR. BUT JUST THE SAME, YOUR SHEEP ARE DOO -



MA WAS QUITE A WOMAN. NOT ONLY DID SHE HAVE NERVES AS COLD AND FINELY TONED AS A STEEL BOWIE KNIFE BUT TO FIRE A SHARPS AND STILL REMAIN STANDING... THAT TOOK MORE STRENGTH THAN MOST MEN HAD.



ARE YOU CRAZY, LAWSON? CALL HIM BACK. MY WIFE WILL SHOOT YOUR MAN IF HE FORCES HER TO. SHE KNOWS SHE HASN'T ANY CHOICE.



IT'S ALRIGHT, HALL-IDA. AIN'T NOBODY GONNA GIT HURT, LEAST WAYS, NOT TODAY. THIS IS ONLY A DEMONSTRATION.



YOU TAKE ONE MORE STEP, I WARN YA. DON'T--



AFTER THE BOOM OF THE GUN, THE SILENCE WAS CHILLING AND WHAT WE SAW WAS WHOLLY UN-NATURAL. HE STOOD THERE, STARING HARD WITH A KILLER'S EYES. DEAD EYES. THE EYES OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN. OF CURLY BILL BROCIUS. OF CLAY ALLISON. HE COULD HAVE KILLED MA THERE, WITH HIS ENERVATING GAZE, IF HE WANTED TO.

THAS' ENOUGH, LOBO. EVEN THESE IGNORANT SHEEP SCUM SHOULD GET MY POINT. IF NOT, THEY WILL AFTER TONIGHT.

ALRIGHT, LET'S VAMOOSE. I DON'T LIKE TO STAY WHERE I AIN'T WELCOMED.



YOU DIDN'T MISS HIM, EMMA. HE WAS CLEARLY SHOT IN THE CHEST. HE MUSTA BEEN WEARING SOME KINDA METAL **BULLET PROOF VEST**. ONLY WAY TO EXPLAIN IT!

NO, HE WASN'T, PA. FROM WHERE I WAS STANDING, I SAW THE BULLET GO CLEAN THROUGH HIM. IT'S LODGED IN THE GATE POST BY THE SHEEP PEN.

THEN JUST WHAT IS IT WE'RE DEALING WITH?



THAT NIGHT, THE FIRST OF SEVERAL RAIDS STARTED. I WAS UP IN MY ROOM READING ABOUT THE EXPLOITS OF THE FAMOUS PINKERTON DETECTIVE **BIG TOM HORN**, WHEN I HEARD A HOWL THAT NEVER CAME FROM THE THROAT OF A COYOTE.



WHAT'S GOING ON, PA?

STAY IN THE HOUSE, LUKE, AND LOOK AFTER YOUR SISTER AND YOUR MA. CAL AND I WILL HANDLE IT.



THERE HE IS, PA. SOMEONE'S IN WITH THE SHEEP AND IT SEEMS AS IF... **GASP...HE'S EATING THEM!**

WHOEVER YOU ARE, DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUN. I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU SO TURN AROUND REAL SLOW.

FROM MY WINDOW, I SAW IT HIGHLIGHTED IN THE MOONBEAMS. THE THING IN THE PEN. ITS FANGS DRIPPING WITH BLOOD AND SALIVA. ITS PAWS TENACIOUSLY CLUTCHING RAW LAMB'S FLESH. I KNEW FROM MY NOVELS WHAT IT WAS EVEN BEFORE IT HAD TURNED...





OH GOD!
**CRACK
CRACK**



GROWR



PA! OH LORD, PA!
DON'T LET ME DIE LIKE
THIS! PLEASE, PA, KEEP
HIM AWAY FROM ME.

BAM



YAAAGH



IN THE MOONLIGHT, NUMB WITH HORROR, I WATCHED PA-- HIS CHEST HALF RIPPED OPEN, HIS BODY RIVETED WITH PAIN, CRAWL OVER TO MY BROTHER, CAL. I SAW HIM LIFT CAL INTO HIS ARMS AND THEN I SAW HIS IMMENSE FORM QUIVER FROM SOBBING.

THE RAIDS CONTINUED AT EACH OF THE SHEEPMAN'S RANCHES. FOLKS RESISTED AT FIRST TILL THEY GOT A GLIMPSE OF THE WEREWOLF. THEN THEY PACKED UP AND MOVED AWAY. BUT THE ATTACKS DIDN'T STOP AND AT TIMES THERE SEEMED TO BE MORE THAN ONE WOLF.

AS FOR US, WELL, WE STAYED BUT PA WAS NEVER THE SAME. HE WAS AT THE SALOON MORE THAN HE WAS HOME, LEAVING SISSY, MA AND ME TO TEND THE SHEEP. WE NEEDED HELP, BAD, AND I KNEW JUST WHERE TO SEND FOR IT.



ONE DAY PA WENT INTO TOWN TO REGISTER SISSY FOR SCHOOL BUT COME NIGHTFALL, THEY WERE STILL GONE. I HITCHED UP THE BUCKBOARD AND WENT LOOKING FOR THEM.



SISSY! DAMN YOU GIRL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING SITTING OUT HERE? MA'S TAKEN TO HER BED, ILL FROM WORRYING ABOUT YOU AND YOU KNOW SHE'S NEVER BEEN SICK BEFORE.

PA'S INSIDE. HE'S BEEN DRINKING ALL DAY AND HE WON'T COME OUT.



I'LL DRAG HIM OUT. SAY, DID YOU KNOW THAT SHERIFF PAT GARRETT, THE MAN WHO SHOT BILLY THE KID, ONCE STOPPED A FIGHT IN THIS SALOON!

I AIN'T INTERESTED IN HEARING 'BOUT YOUR TEN CENT HEROES. JUST GET PA.



LOOKS AS IF WE WON'T HAVE TO TROUBLE OURSELVES.



OH, PA. HE'S SUCH A PITIFUL SIGHT AND I CAN SMELL THE WHISKEY FROM HERE. REMEMBER HOW TALL AND STRONG HE ONCE STOOD?

YEAH, I REMEMBER BUT THAT WAS WHEN CAL WAS STILL ALIVE AND THERE WAS PROMISE AHEAD OF US. NOW...? HELP ME LOAD HIM ON THE BACK OF THE WAGON, SISSY.



MA SAYS WE SHOULD MOVE, MAYBE TO ARIZONA. IF THE WOLF SHOULD COME BACK, WE'D HAVE NO WAY TO DEFEND OURSELVES AND NOBODY TO CALL ON. THEY'RE ALL GONE.

IF WE CAN HOLD ON FOR JUST A BIT LONGER, I SENT TO THE TEXAS RANGERS FOR HELP.



AGAINST THAT... THING! AIN'T NOTHING CAN KILL IT. WE'D... WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

THE MOON. IT'S FULL. THE WOLF-MAN ALWAYS APPEARS ON THE NIGHT OF A FULL MOON!



LUKE! CAN YOU SEE HIM BY THE ROCKS? HE'S GOING TO AMBUSH US!

QUICK! WAKE UP PA! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.



PA! PA! THE WOLF'S COMING! LUCAS AND ME DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST IT! PA! WE'RE IN DIRE NEED OF YOU.

WHOA! HOLD ON GIRL. WHOA! STAY CALM.



BUT HE WASN'T AFTER OUR HIDES, LEAST NOT WHILE THERE WAS BETTER GAME ABOUT. I LIKE TO THINK THAT MAYBE THERE WAS ENOUGH OF PA STILL LEFT IN THAT BEAST SO'S HIS FIRST INSTINCT WAS TO DEFEND US.



I FIGURED HOW IT HAPPENED. HOW PA BECAME ONE OF THE DEVIL'S MINIONS. IT WAS IN A BOOK AND IT SAID: "WHOSEVER SHALL BE WOUNDED BY A WEREWOLF, AND LIVE, WILL WALK AS A WOLF AND SLAY AS A WOLF."



THEY FOUGHT FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS, TEARING AT EACH OTHER'S HIDE WITH CLAWS AS FIRM AS BOOT HOOKS. WE ROOTED FOR PA BUT AS FAR AS OUR LIVES WERE CONCERNED, I DOUBT IF IT REALLY MATTERED WHO WON.



FINALLY **KID LOBO** DEALT THE DEATH SLASH TO PA AND THE GARGANTUAN STRUGGLE ENDED.



TRY AND BE BRAVE, SISSY. PA WOULD HAVE WANTED THAT.

JUST HOLD ON THERE, WOLF-MAN. NO ONE'S GOING TO LAY A HAN...PAW ON THOSE TWO YOUNGSTERS WHILE WE'RE HERE



GRRR!
YOU!



WE FINALLY CAUGHT UP TO YOU, KID LOBO. THIS IS THE END OF YOUR BLOODY TRAIL.



CAPTAIN McNELLY DID CALL YOU, JUST LIKE I ASKED HIM TO. I WAS AFRAID HE WOULD LAUGH AT MY LETTER.



HE CALLED US, SON. NOW YOU KNOW WHY I ALWAYS CARRY SILVER BULLETS IN MY GUNS. BEFORE MY RIDING IS OVER, I SWEAR TO RID TEXAS OF ALL OUTLAWS AND WEREWOLVES.

THAT RIGHT.



COURSE, GREAT AS HE WAS, HE COULDN'T GET RID OF ALL THE OUTLAWS BUT TO THIS DAY YOU WON'T FIND A SINGLE WEREWOLF IN ALL OF TEXAS.