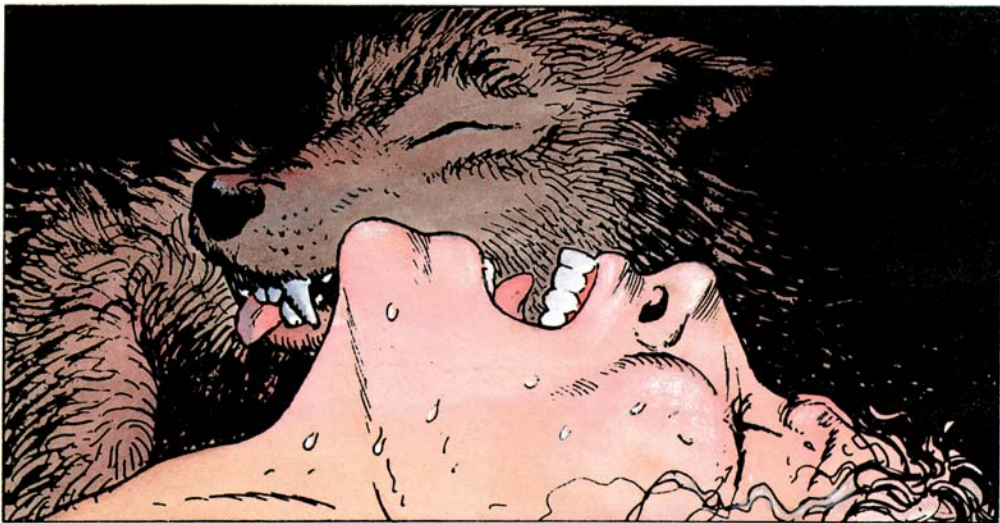


ROSINSKI-VAN HAMME

THORGAL

Wolf Cub



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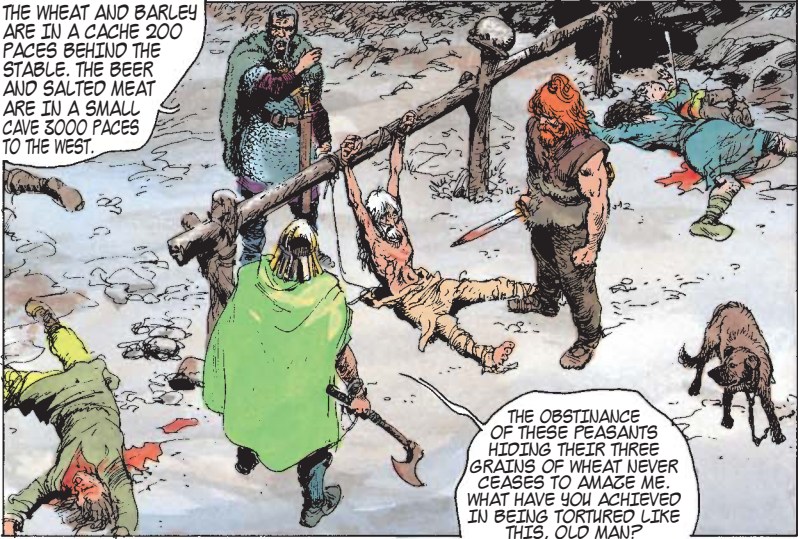




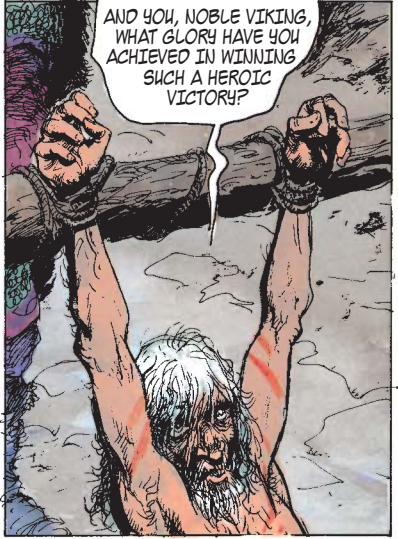
DID HE TALK?

OF COURSE.

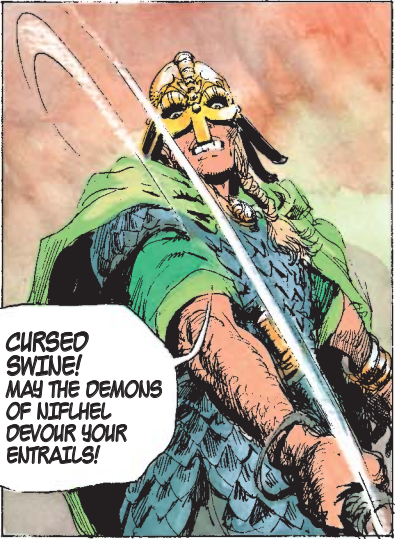
THE WHEAT AND BARLEY ARE IN A CACHE 200 PAGES BEHIND THE STABLE. THE BEER AND SALTED MEAT ARE IN A SMALL CAVE 3000 PAGES TO THE WEST.



THE OBSTINANCE OF THESE PEASANTS HIDING THEIR THREE GRAINS OF WHEAT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME. WHAT HAVE YOU ACHIEVED IN BEING TORTURED LIKE THIS, OLD MAN?



AND YOU, NOBLE VIKING, WHAT GLORY HAVE YOU ACHIEVED IN WINNING SUCH A HEROIC VICTORY?



CURSED SWINE! MAY THE DEMONS OF NIFLHEL DEVOUR YOUR ENTRAILS!





WHO'S THAT?

MUST BE HIS SON.

HHHH HHH...
HHHH...



HIS SON?! HAH! HE MUST HAVE HAD HIM WITH HIS SOW...

OR WITH A MOUNTAIN BEAR, HAHHA!



COME, THAT'S ENOUGH WASTED TIME! ORWALD, SEND SOME MEN TO FIND THAT CAVE AND...



LOOK OUT!



HHHH HHH...



MISERABLE FREAK! YOU'LL REGRET HAVING...

NO, WOR!

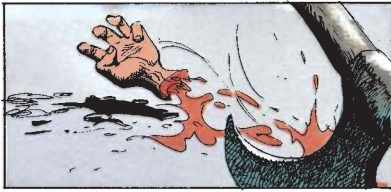
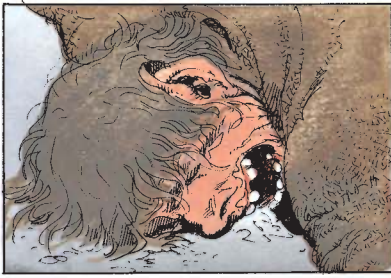


I'LL CONTENT MYSELF WITH SLICING OFF THE HAND HE DARED POINT AT ME. HOLD HIM WELL, ORWALD!...

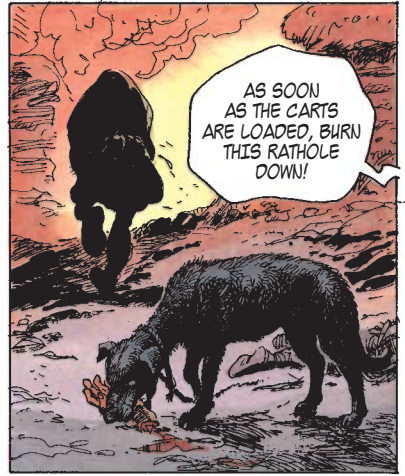


THE GODS DON'T LIKE THE SIMPLE-MINDED BEING KILLED. AND OUR MEN BELIEVE IN OUR GODS.

YOU'RE IRRITATING, VOTIAK. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT.



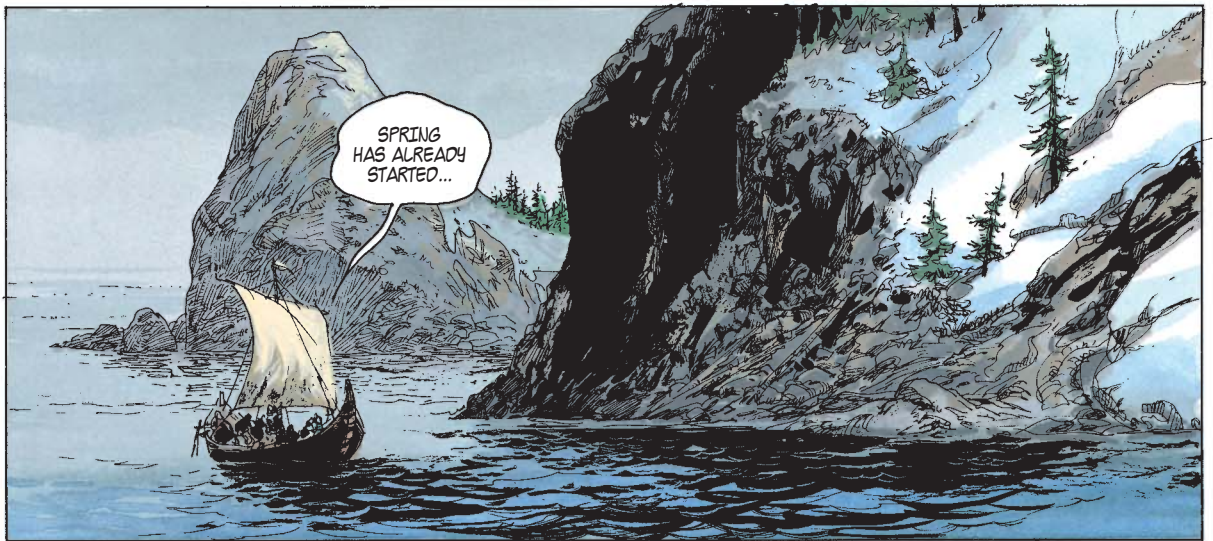
AND COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY THAT I DIDN'T CUT OFF YOUR HUMP AS WELL. GO, GET OUT OF HERE. GO BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND.



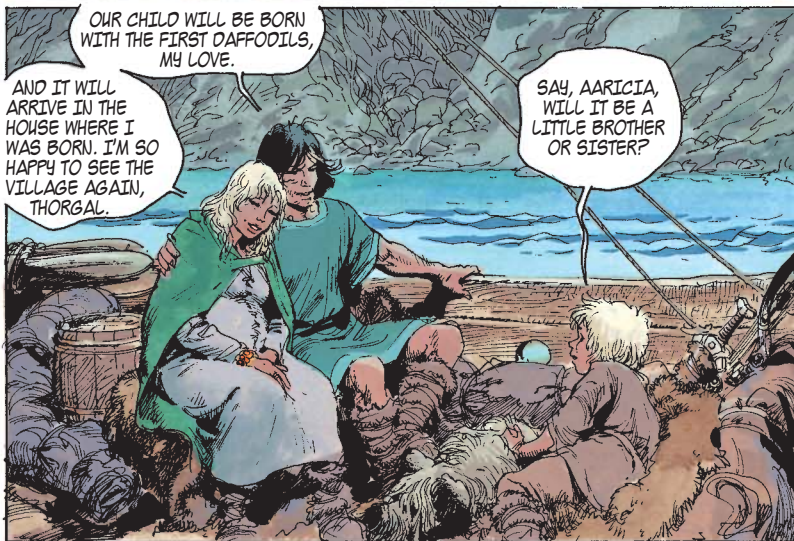
AS SOON AS THE CARTS ARE LOADED, BURN THIS RATHOLE DOWN!



VI... KINGGG



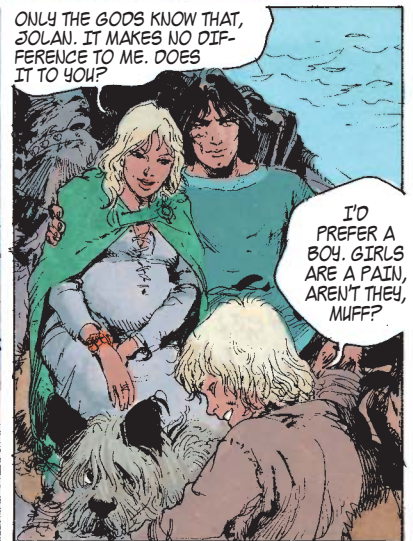
SPRING HAS ALREADY STARTED...



OUR CHILD WILL BE BORN WITH THE FIRST DAFFODILS, MY LOVE.

AND IT WILL ARRIVE IN THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN. I'M SO HAPPY TO SEE THE VILLAGE AGAIN, THORGAL.

SAY, AARCIA, WILL IT BE A LITTLE BROTHER OR SISTER?



ONLY THE GODS KNOW THAT, JOLAN. IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME. DOES IT TO YOU?

I'D PREFER A BOY. GIRLS ARE A PAIN, AREN'T THEY, MUFF?

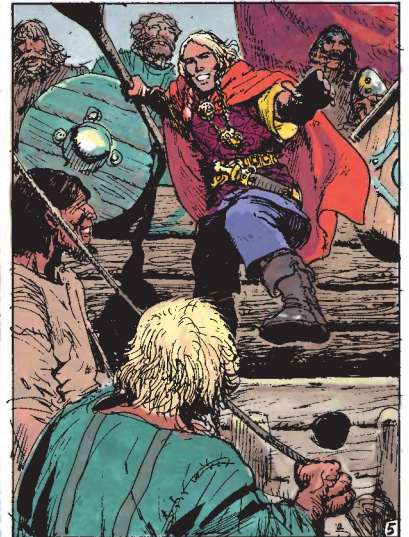
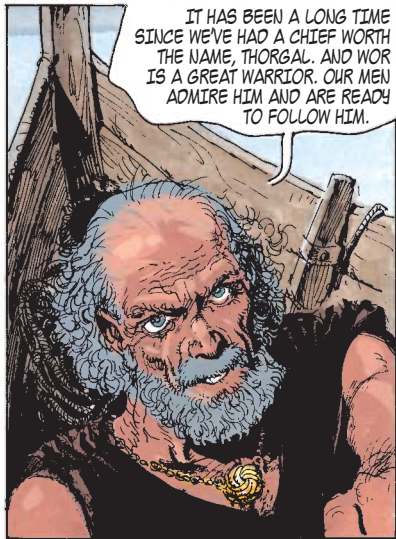
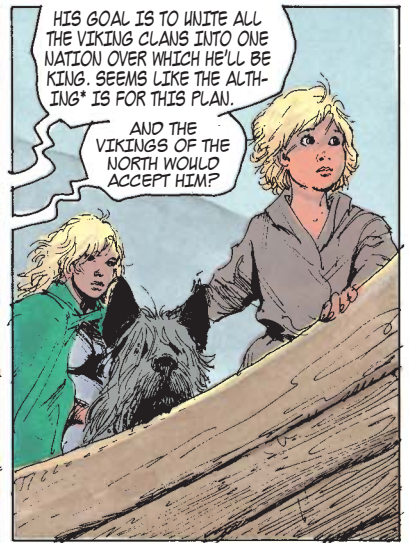
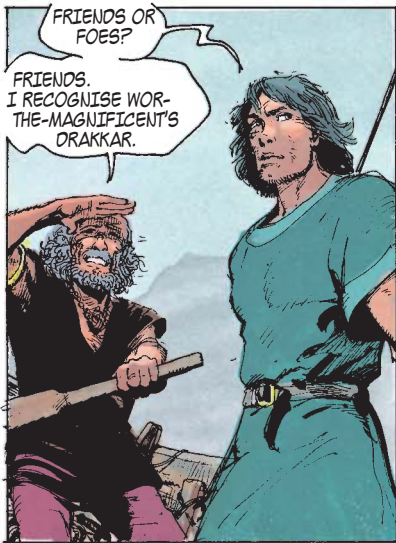


HAHA! YOU DID WELL TO COME BACK, THORGAL. YOUR SON HAS THE MAKINGS OF A REAL LITTLE VIKING.

HMM; THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN... HOW MUCH LONGER, EINAR?



LESS THAN A DAY IF THE WINDS HOLD UP AND WE DON'T HAVE ANY BAD ENCOUNTER...?!



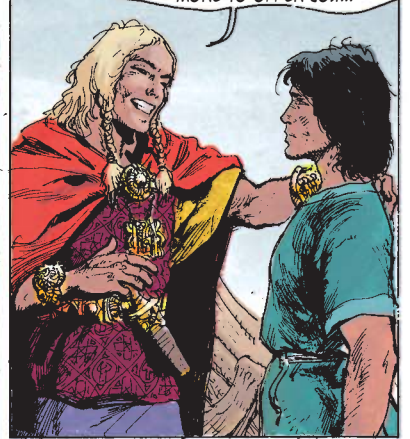
*"NATIONAL" LEGAL ASSEMBLY, SUPERIOR TO THE REGIONAL ASSEMBLIES (THINGS) OF EACH CLAN

SO HERE'S THE FAMOUS THORGAL AEGIRSSON WHOSE VALOUR I'VE HEARD OF SO OFTEN! HAIL, THORGAL, AND WELCOME HOME!! I'M WOR OF THE GREAT FJORD.

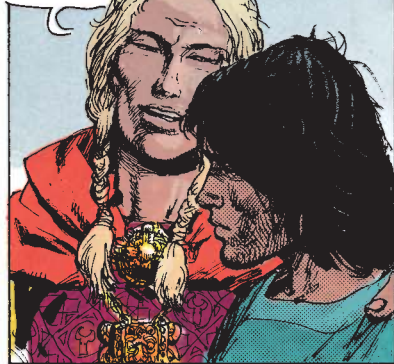


KNOWN AS "THE MAGNIFICENT" FROM WHAT I HEAR. HAIL, WOR! HAVE YOU COME TO ESCORT US?

ESCORT!? HAHA! AS IF A FIGHTER SUCH AS YOURSELF WOULD NEED AN ESCORT! NO, MY FRIEND THORGAL, TO CELEBRATE YOUR RETURN, I'VE MUCH MORE TO OFFER YOU...



MY SPIES HAVE TOLD ME OF A RICH SAXON CASTLE ON THE COAST OF NORTHUMBRIA THAT'S JUST WAITING FOR US TO GET THERE AND LIVEN IT UP A LITTLE. SO I'VE SET UP A SMALL EXPEDITION, AND I NEED ALL AVAILABLE DRAKKARS.



AS WELL AS ALL THE VIKINGS FOR WHOM GOLD AND BLOOD TASTE LIKE ODIN'S NECTAR!

HOI!

HOI!

DEATH TO THE SAXONS!

LONG LIVE THE MAGNIFICENT!



I CAN'T LET YOU TAKE MY DRAKKAR, WOR. I'M SWORN TO TAKING THORGAL AND HIS PEOPLE TO THE VILLAGE.



IF YOU NO LONGER FEEL ABLE TO FIGHT, OLD MAN, I'LL ALLOW YOU TO GET BACK TO LAND. BUT I'M KEEPING YOUR SHIP, YOUR CREW AND YOUR PASSENGER.

MAY I SPEAK?

IF THE VIKINGS OF THE NORTH RECOGNISE YOU AS THEIR CHIEF AND AGREE TO FOLLOW YOU, I CANNOT STOP YOU FROM REQUISITIONING THIS DRAKKAR. BUT I'M CONTINUING ON MY WAY WITH MY WIFE AND SON.

