

I HAVE HUNTED ALL SORTS OF PREY,  
FROM THE WILDEBEEST OF THE AFRICAN  
SAVANNA TO THE APES AND SERPENTS  
OF THE BRAZILIAN RAINFOREST.

NOW I HAD SET MY SIGHTS  
ON STRANGER AND MORE  
TERRIBLE QUARRY.

I HAD ACQUIRED THE BEAST AT  
GREAT EXPENSE AND WAS ELATED  
TO DISCOVER THAT IT WAS NO  
MERE TAXIDERMIST'S TRICK--NO  
MONKEY BODY STITCHED TO A  
CROCODILE'S HEAD.

I HAD HEARD SUCH  
CREATURES WERE  
SENTIENT...A FEATURE  
I'D ONLY HAD THE  
PLEASURE OF  
ENCOUNTERING IN  
ONE BEAST I'D  
HUNTED BEFORE.

BEFORE I MATCHED WITS WITH OTHERS,  
I WISHED TO LEARN ALL I COULD FROM  
THE SPECIMEN ABOUT HIS KIND--ABOUT  
DEMONS FROM SATAN'S OWN PIT.

IMAGINE MY  
DISAPPOINTMENT  
WHEN I LEARNED  
THAT HAD THIS DEMON  
EVER POSSESSED  
THE POWER OF  
SPEECH, HE HAD  
BEEN RENDERED  
AN IDIOT BY SOME  
GREAT TRAUMA.

SUBJECTED TO ANY  
KIND OF COERCION--  
ANY TORTURE--HE  
WOULD MANAGE ONLY  
THE SAME SINGLE  
UTTERANCE THROUGH  
HIS FOUL TEETH:

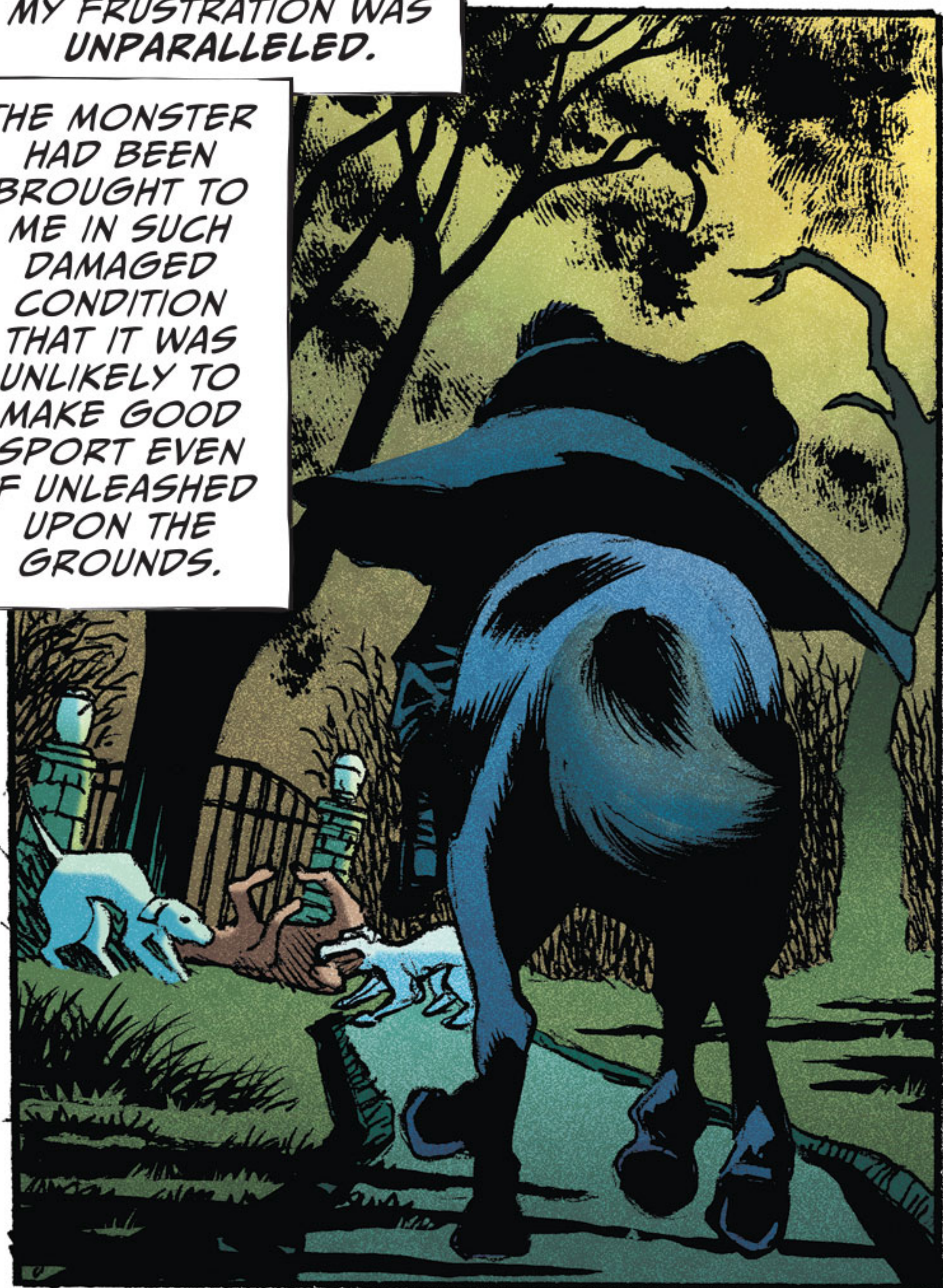
L-LUCIFER...

LUUUCIFER.



MY FRUSTRATION WAS UNPARALLELED.

THE MONSTER HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO ME IN SUCH DAMAGED CONDITION THAT IT WAS UNLIKELY TO MAKE GOOD SPORT EVEN IF UNLEASHED UPON THE GROUNDS.



OH, HOW I NOW WISH I HAD ALLOWED THE DOGS TO SAVAGE THE THING AND HAD BURIED IT IN A DITCH BEFORE HE CAME.

OH, HOW I WISH I HAD TURNED AWAY THE VAGRANT AT THE GATE AS I HAD INTENDED.



But Lord Fowler...you are Lord Fowler of this estate, are you not?

I believe we have a mutual acquaintance...

A Lady Johanna Constantine.



I DO KNOW LADY CONSTANTINE. I MET HER AT THE COUNTRY CLUB LAST AUTUMN.

SHE TOLD ME OF WONDERS AND HORRORS. OF MEETING THE DEVIL AND THE WANDERING JEW.

OF WORLDS BEYOND OUR OWN WITH STRANGE DENIZENS WHO ARE QUITE REAL, NO MATTER WHAT THIS NEW AGE OF REASON MIGHT HAVE YOU BELIEVE.

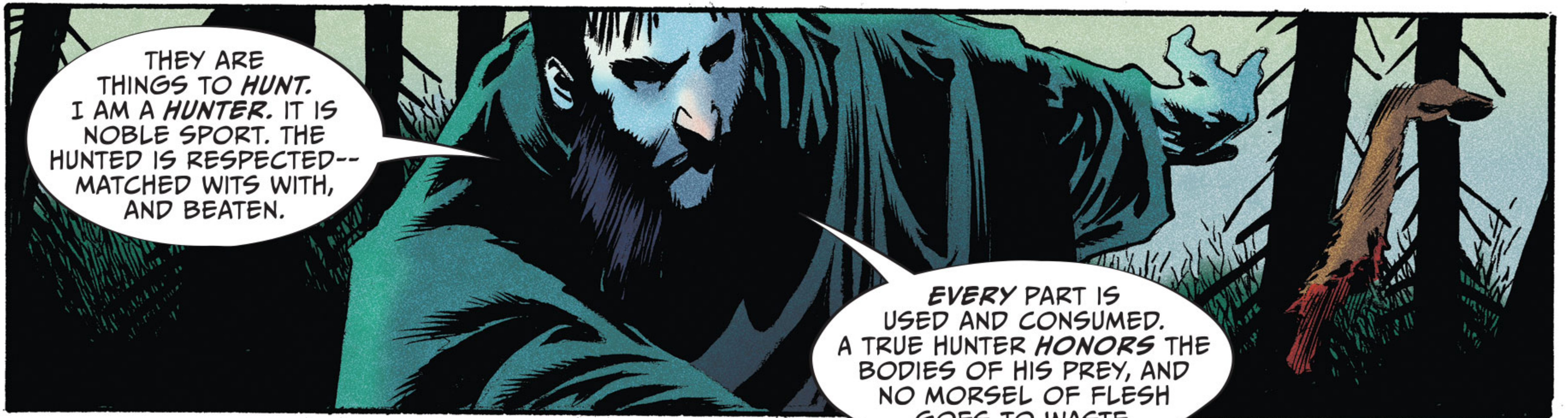


And you listened with great interest, I am told. For these, to you, were new things to kill.

WRONG.







THEY ARE THINGS TO HUNT. I AM A HUNTER. IT IS NOBLE SPORT. THE HUNTED IS RESPECTED-- MATCHED WITS WITH, AND BEATEN.

EVERY PART IS USED AND CONSUMED. A TRUE HUNTER HONORS THE BODIES OF HIS PREY, AND NO MORSEL OF FLESH GOES TO WASTE.



The rumors I have heard about your wife, Lord Fowler...

She is missing, is she not?



Tell me...how respected was the sport there?



How much of a chase did she give the dogs?







I AM LORD OF THESE LANDS. FOR WHAT YOU IMPLY, I SHALL HAVE YOU FLOGGED.

Why did you do it, I wonder?



Did you hate her? Or had you simply grown tired?

MY WIFE HAS BEEN CALLED AWAY.

She has been missing two years.

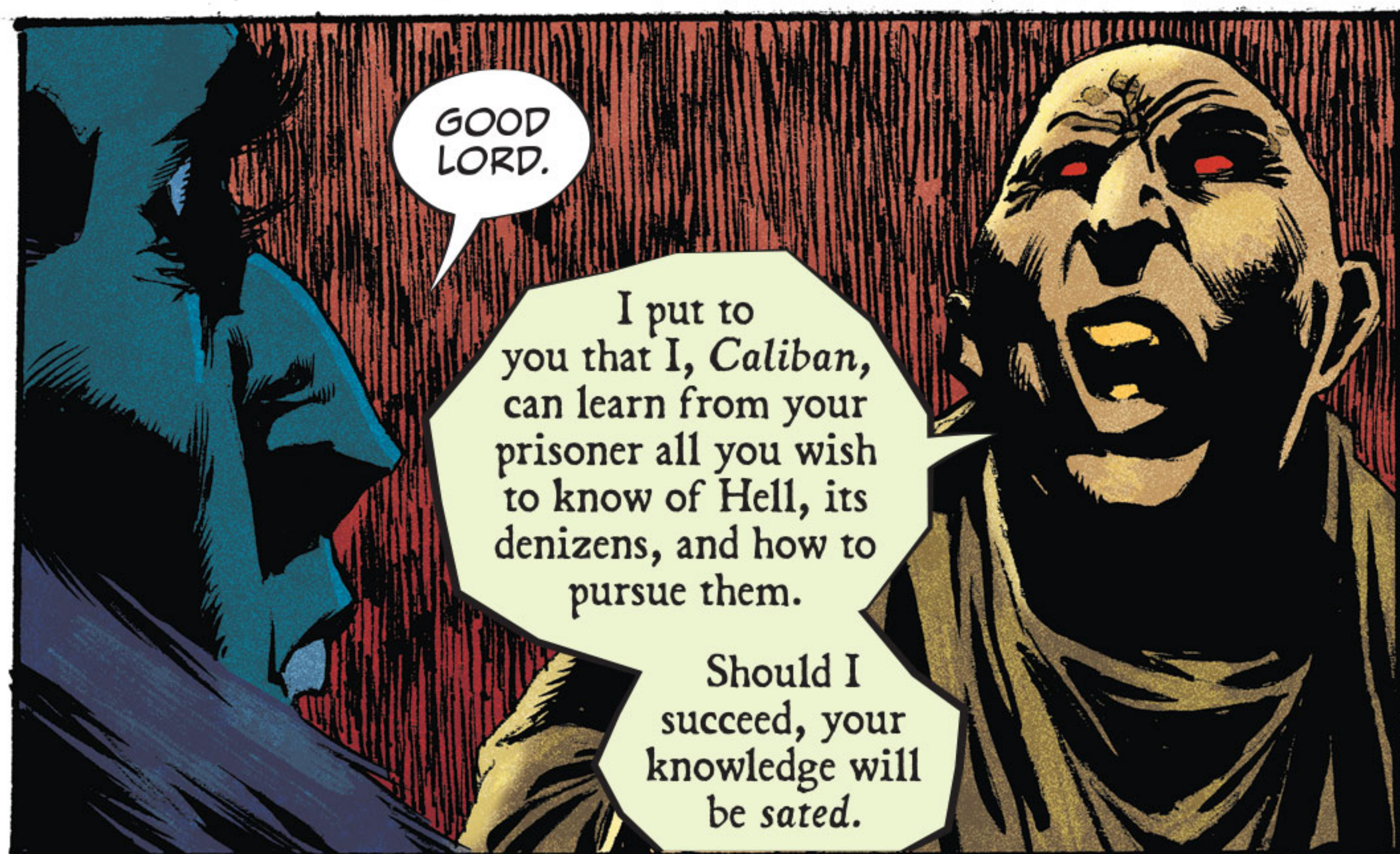
Did you do it for the thrill of the hunt? It's why you do all else.



AWAY WITH YOU NOW. YOUR STENCH IS OFFENSIVE.



You seek strange prey, Lord Fowler? Then look upon my face.



GOOD LORD.

I put to you that I, Caliban, can learn from your prisoner all you wish to know of Hell, its denizens, and how to pursue them.

Should I succeed, your knowledge will be sated.



Should I fail... you may add me as quarry for your hunt.



