

THEY SAY MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL, MCM—MAKING CASH MONEY, OR IN THIS CASE, MAKING CREEPY MONEY.

IN THE WORLD OF PARANORMAL CRIME—DEMONS, MONSTERS, VAMPIRES, SPELL-CASTERS, EVEN PRE-DECADE ZOMBIES NEED TO MAKE MONEY.

TO EXIST IN THE REAL WORLD THAT SUPPORTS US ALL, EVEN EVIL NEEDS MONEY TO KEEP THEM IN THE LIFE, OR AFTERLIFE—STYLE THEY ARE ACCUSTOMED TO.

MARS DEL REY, HEAD OF THE CHUPACABRA CARTEL, DEMON CANNIBALS, SEES THIS AS A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY. MARS DEL REY ALSO SEES HIMSELF AS A FACILITATOR FOR THE NEEDS OF OTHERS, FOR A PRICE—A LARGE PRICE.



MARS DEL REY IS THE FACILITATOR IN THE BLACKEST OF ALL MARKETS, THE PARANORMAL BLACK MARKET.

CURRENTLY HIS BUSINESS IS THAT OF HARVESTING HUMAN BODY PARTS AND ORGANS, AND SELLING THEM ON THE DARK MARKET TO PARANORMAL CLIENTS WILLING TO PAY HIS PRICE, OR BARTER A DEAL.

THE CHUPACABRA CARTEL USES THEIR OWN CANNIBAL DEMON MEMBERS AS "HARVESTERS" TO CAPTURE HUMANS FOR ORGAN HARVEST.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ORGAN IS THE HUMAN BRAIN.

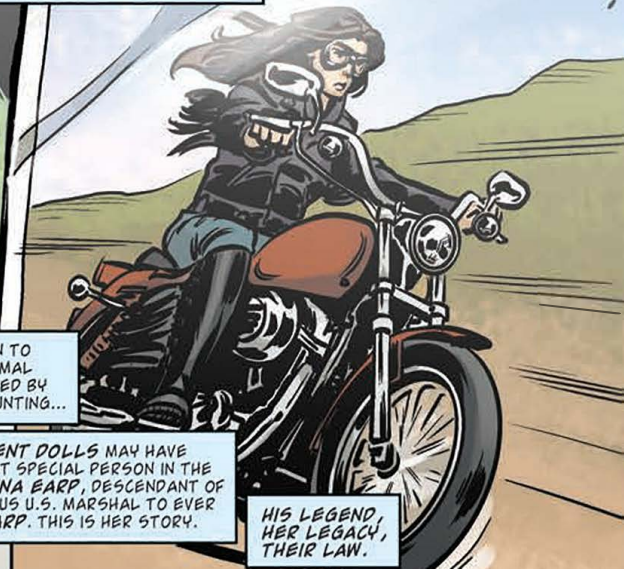
ALL PARANORMAL CRIME IS HANDLED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT'S MOST MYSTERIOUS AND SHADOWY BRANCH OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, THE U.S. MARSHALS BLACK BADGE DIVISION. IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS.



IT TAKES A VERY SPECIAL PERSON TO BE ABLE TO HUNT DOWN PARANORMAL FUGITIVES WITHOUT BEING DEVoured BY THE VERY DARKNESS THEY ARE HUNTING...

...SPECIAL AGENT DOLLS MAY HAVE JUST FOUND THAT SPECIAL PERSON IN THE FORM OF WYNONNA EARP, DESCENDANT OF THE MOST FAMOUS U.S. MARSHAL TO EVER LIVE, WYATT EARP. THIS IS HER STORY.

HIS LEGEND, HER LEGACY, THEIR LAW.





IT'S MY BOSS—IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S ORDERING ME TO DO THE ANGER MANAGEMENT, KUMBAYA THING, BUT HE DOES NAG A BIT.

HE CAN COME OFF A LITTLE PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE AT TIMES, YOU KNOW, MIXED SIGNALS?



ONE MINUTE IT'S "CRUSH, KILL, DESTROY!", AND THEN THE NEXT IT'S LIKE, "LET'S RUB THEIR BELLY UNTIL THEY PURR."

I WORK BETTER WITH A LITTLE CONSISTENCY. LORD KNOWS MY CHILDHOOD DIDN'T HAVE ANY...

...DYSFUNCTIONAL HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE.



BUT YA KNOW, HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT TALKING TO A GOOD LISTENER, LIKE YOU...

...THANKS FOR LENDING AN EAR...



... 'FRID YOU WONT BE GETTIN' IT BACK.



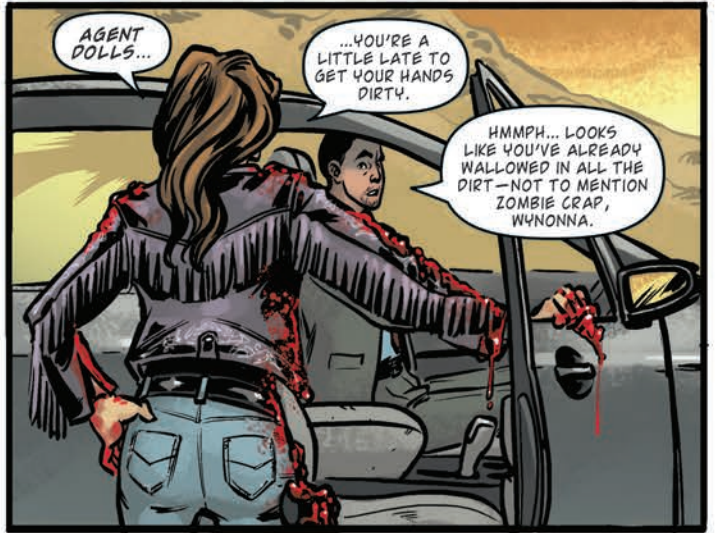


BOSS WANTS TO TALK TO YOU, WYNONNA.

TALK? YOU MEAN SCREAM, NAG, YELL, SNORT, AND GIVE ME THE GENERAL STINK EYE, DON'T YOU?



COUGH... SNEE... SHE'S GOT THE STINK PART RIGHT.



AGENT DOLLS...

...YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE TO GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY.

HMMPH... LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE ALREADY WALLOWED IN ALL THE DIRT—NOT TO MENTION ZOMBIE CRAP, WYNONNA.



MMM, ZOMBIES CEASE TO DEFECCATE AFTER THEY GET ALL LIMPING DEAD. I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THAT?

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR GRAY'S UNDEAD ANATOMY FACTOIDS, MARSHAL EARP.



WITH YOUR FLAIR FOR CARNAGE, WE DIDN'T GET MUCH HERE ON MARS DEL REY, BUT, WE DID GET A SOLID TIP FROM A SOURCE ON HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND, DEBBIE DONNER.

SHE GOT OUT OF HERE BEFORE YOU HAD THE CHANCE TO "ACCIDENTALLY" SHOOT HER IN THE FACE.



