




"BARGHEST."




THAT'S THE *WORD*,  
LOUISE CANTON. AT  
LEAST--*ONE* OF THEM.  
THERE'S BEEN A BLACK  
HOUND IN NEWGATE  
FIVE CENTURIES  
OR MORE.

CAPELTHWAITE. SHUCK.  
GYTRASH. EVEN ██████████  
"WEREWOLF", IF YOU'RE  
FEELIN' *UNIMAGINATIVE*.  
TAKE YOUR PICK OR  
IGNORE 'EM ALL.

THEY RIN'T  
*WORTH* MUCH ON  
THEIR OWN.


GIVE HER  
*LIGHT*.



JUST WORDS.  
*FLIMSY* ██████████ THINGS.  
WORDS SUPPOSEDA...  
*EXPRESS* AN IDEA.

OR  
MORE LIKELY  
*CAGE* IT.

WH...*WHAT*  
IDERP?

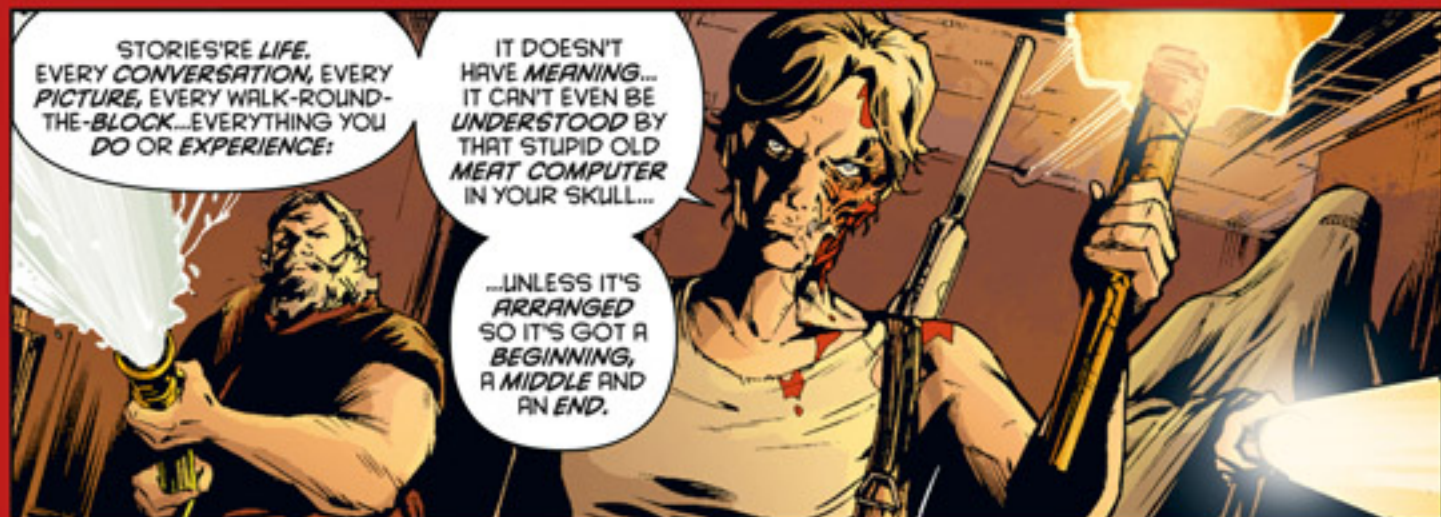


Huh. C'MON  
NOW. *YOU*  
KNOW WHAT.

THE IDEA IS A  
*STORY*, SISTER.  
THEY *ALL* ARE.

*SHAGGY*  
DOG STORIES IN  
*YOUR* CASE--*AND*  
IN MINE.

*CLEAN*  
HER.



STORIES'RE LIFE. EVERY CONVERSATION, EVERY PICTURE, EVERY WALK-ROUND-THE-BLOCK...EVERYTHING YOU DO OR EXPERIENCE!

IT DOESN'T HAVE MEANING... IT CAN'T EVEN BE UNDERSTOOD BY THAT STUPID OLD MEAT COMPUTER IN YOUR SKULL...

...UNLESS IT'S ARRANGED SO IT'S GOT A BEGINNING, A MIDDLE AND AN END.



YOU HEARD HOW A DOG'S EYES CAN ONLY SEE IN BLACK AND WHITE? WELL A HUMAN BRAIN CAN ONLY THINK IN STORIES.

SAME [REDACTED] DIFFERENCE.

YOU FOLLOW THE LOGIC FAR ENOUGH, YOU'LL REALISE THE LIKES A YOU AND ME...? WE'RE THE RAW MATERIAL OF EXISTENCE.

THAT'S ENOUGH. GIVE HER MEAT.



BUT THEN, hah. I'M INSANE. I EAT BABIES. I MAKE BLOODCAKES OUTTA MY OWN MONTHLIES-- EVERYONE KNOWS IT.

SO YOU DON'T RIGHTLY NEED TO UNDERSTAND THIS [REDACTED]

YOU COULD EVEN SAY, hah...YOU COULD SAY SOMEONE AS CRAZY AND CREEPY AS ME COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE REAL, AND MAYBE YOU'D BE RIGHT.



OR MAYBE THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M BUILDING HERE, LOU. AN EMPIRE OF FICTIONS.

AN ARMY OF...OF CRAZY IDEAS TO TAKE BACK WHAT WE LOST. A REVOLUTION--YOU UNDERSTAND?

A CHANCE TO BECOME AGAIN WHAT WE ALWAYS SHOULD'VE BEEN:

"A SIGN OF THE TIMES."

ONE O'CLOCK.

PILLS.

HEY...WHAT, ah...WHAT Y'ALL TAKIN' THERE? IT SOMETHIN' GOOD?

VITAMINS.

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.

STIG! I TOLD YOU NOT TO TALK TO THE NONCOMS.

SURE CAPTAIN, IT'S JUST...I MEAN...PILLS...CREEPY JAILS IN THE DESERT...TAKIN' DIRECTIONS WITHOUT A SAT-NAV...

SINCE WHEN DOES GENERAL DAMER LET WEIRDO JUNKIE CIVVIES CALL THE SHOTS FOR HIS SPEC OPS?

OURS NOT TO REASON WHY, SON. OURS BUT TO D...

...HEY.

IS THAT NORWEGIAN GUY IT IN MY APC?



ICELANDIC, ACTUALLY. GOT TO MAKE [REDACTED] EXPLOSION FIVE TIMES DAILY OR FEEL VERY SICK. IS RUDE TO STARE.

YOUR'S NOT TO REASON WHY, CAPTAIN.



B...BUT... QUIT IT! YOU QUIT IT RIGHT NOW!

COLONEL ADZEP THERE'S... THERE'S A SCENT. IT'S LIKE BILE. I THINK SHE CAME THROUGH HERE. ODELL.

WEST.



SHE MAY BE RIGHT. THERE'S A VILLAGE. TWO MILES. LOOK'S QUIET.

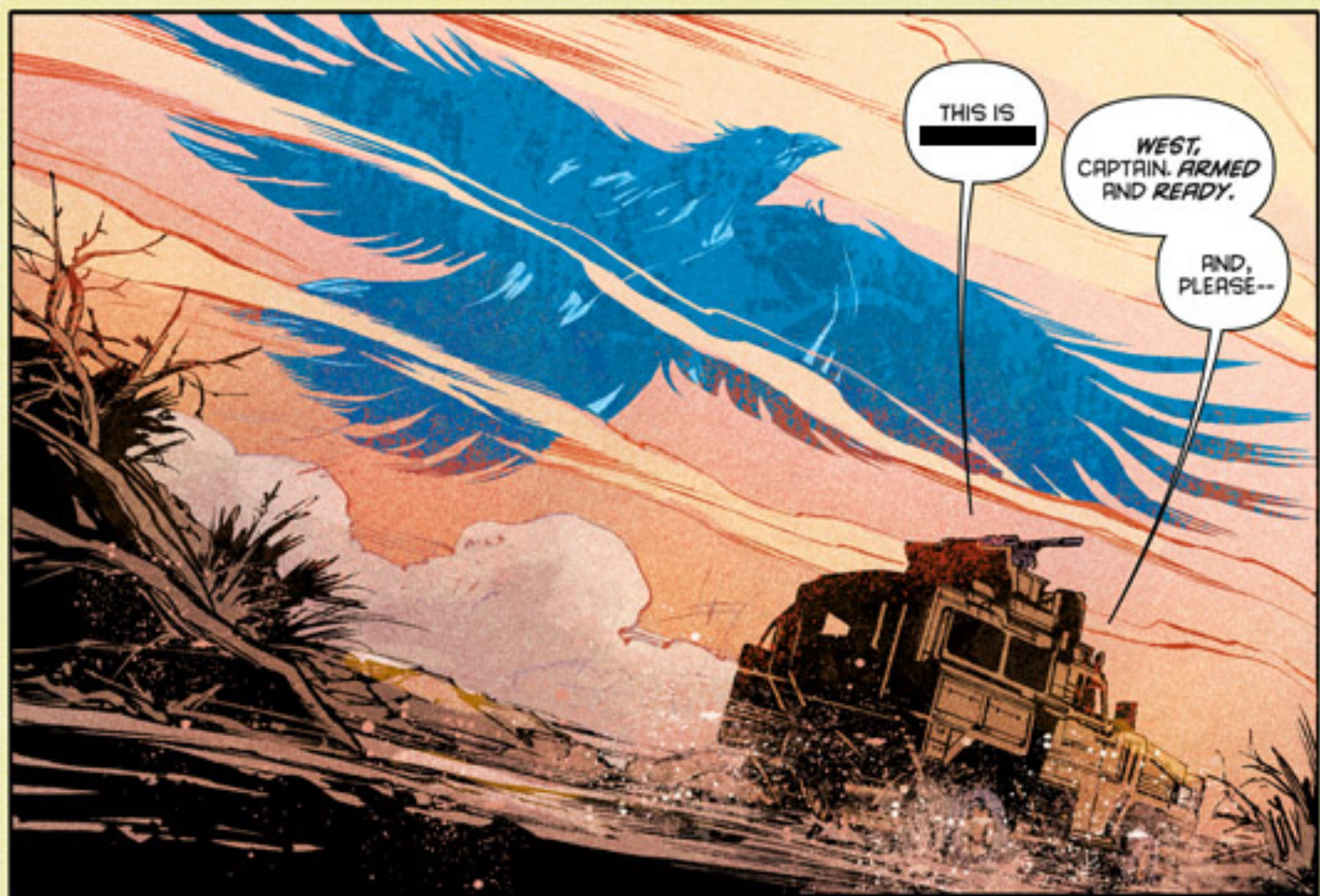
CAPTAIN-- SWING RIGHT. WE GOT A LEAD.

WHAT? WHAT [REDACTED] LEAD?



NOT YOUR CONCERN. WE'RE HERE TO FIND A WANTED CRIMINAL. YOU'RE HERE TO ASSIST US.

JR. INCLUDES NOT STARING DURING SELF-SEXING.



THIS IS [REDACTED]

WEST, CAPTAIN. ARMED AND READY.

AND, PLEASE--

"--WATCH YOUR MANNERS."

O!

O!

K AT ME  
WHEN I'M  
TALKING  
TO Y

IKE LIVING  
WITH A BLOODY  
STUDENT, I  
SWEAR TO G

WLING IN  
AT WHO-KNOWS-  
WHAT TIME, DON'T  
EVEN LET ME KN

EEN ACTING  
WEIRD SINCE THAT  
GIG LAST W

EED SOME  
BLOODY  
COFF

JE SUS!

wuh

WHAT THE  
WERE YOU  
DRINKING?

buh.

