

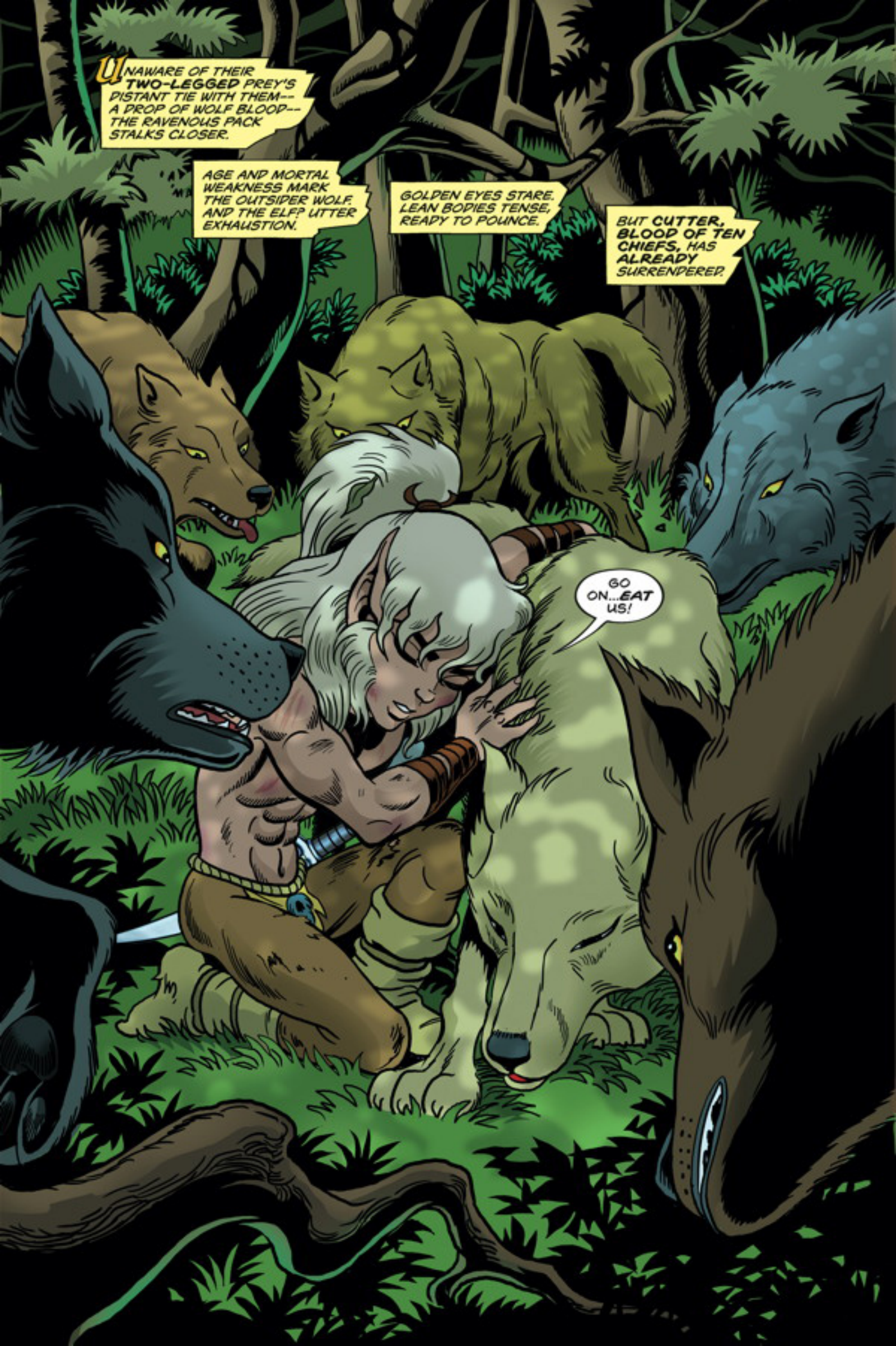
UNWARE OF THEIR
TWO-LEGGED PREY'S
DISTANT TIE WITH THEM--
A DROP OF WOLF BLOOD--
THE RAVENOUS PACK
STALKS CLOSER.

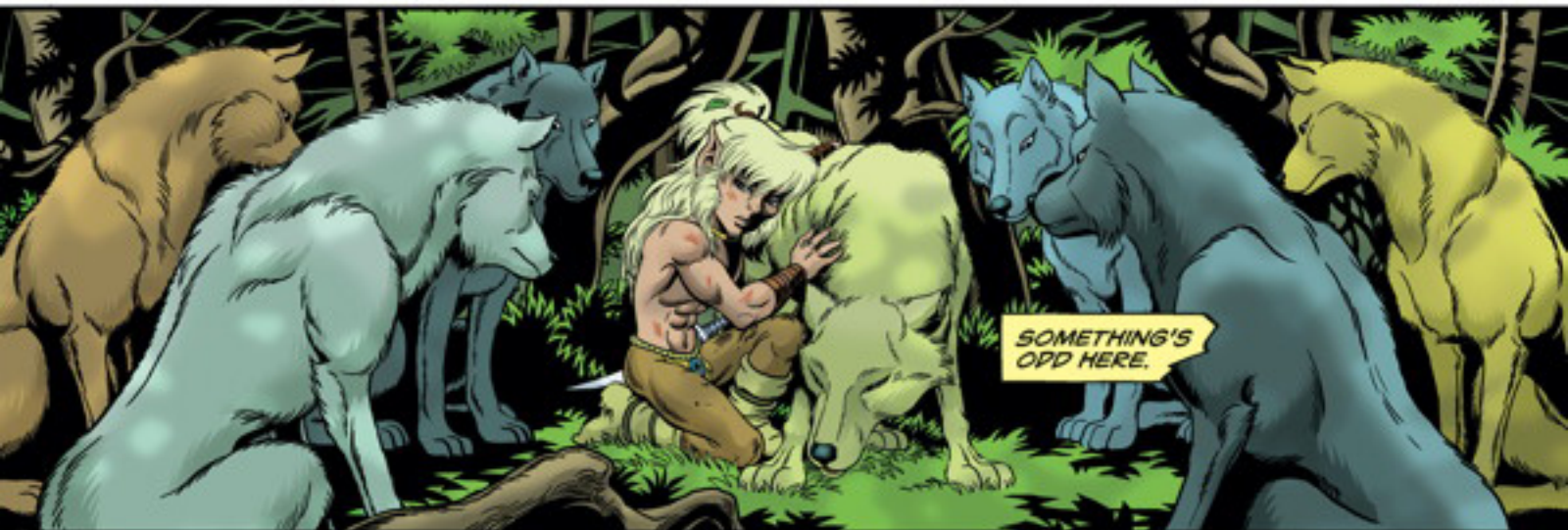
AGE AND MORTAL
WEAKNESS MARK
THE OUTSIDER WOLF.
AND THE ELF? UTTER
EXHAUSTION.

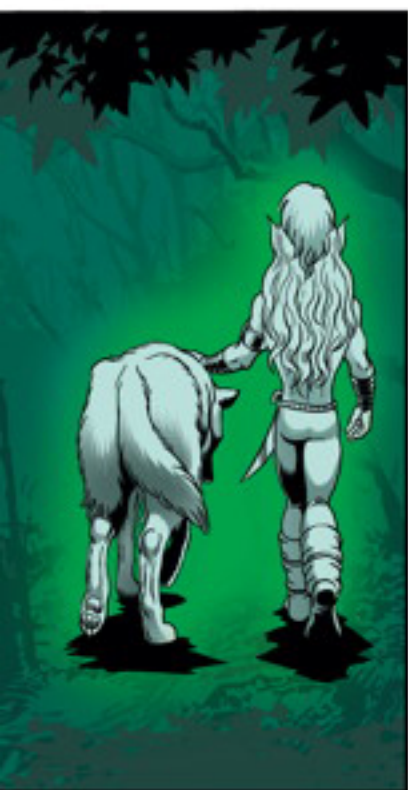
GOLDEN EYES STARE.
LEAN BODIES TENSE,
READY TO POUNCE.

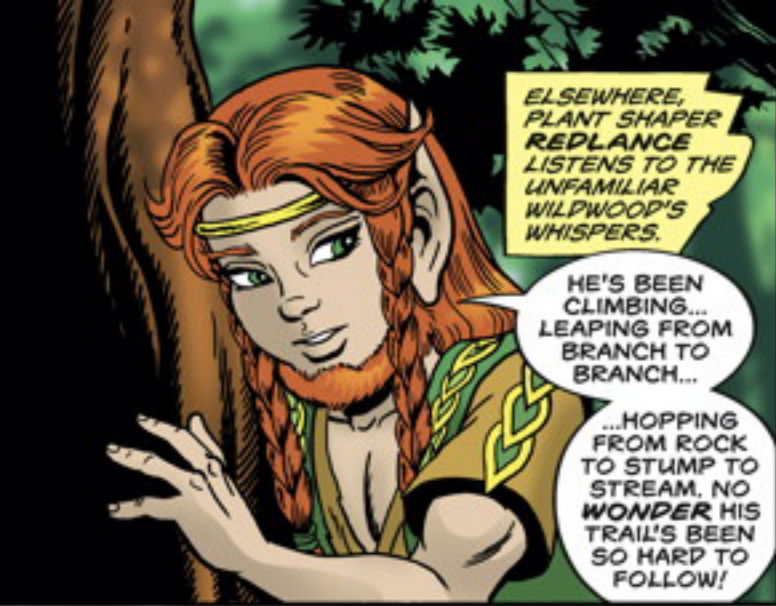
BUT CUTTER,
BLOOD OF TEN
CHIEFS, HAS
ALREADY
SURRENDERED.

GO
ON...EAT
US!









ELSEWHERE, PLANT SHAPER REPLANCE LISTENS TO THE UNFAMILIAR WILDWOOD'S WHISPERS.

HE'S BEEN CLIMBING... LEAPING FROM BRANCH TO BRANCH...

...HOPPING FROM ROCK TO STUMP TO STREAM. NO WONDER HIS TRAIL'S BEEN SO HARD TO FOLLOW!



I SPOTTED NO HUMANS FROM THE TREETOPS, BELOVED...

...AND, SADLY, NO CUTTER.

FOREST'S BLESSINGS ON OLD FILCHER FOR HIS TRACKS AND SCENT MARKINGS!

THOUGH HOW HE'S KEPT UP WITH OUR CHIEF IS A WONDER.



SEEMS CUTTER'S FOLLOWING THE HUB STAR.

HE WOULD. IT'S HOW WE BEGAN OUR FIRST QUEST TOGETHER.

WITHIN MY BREAST, SKYWISE, THERE IS A LUMP AS HARD AS YOUR LOPESTONE.



IT IS THE LONELINESS OF MISSING HIM.

I TRY TO SEE MY LIFEMATE WITH MY HEART'S EYE...LISTEN FOR HIM FROM THE DEPTHS OF MY SPIRIT...



BUT I AM CERTAIN OF NOTHING...

...NOT EVEN THAT HE LIVES!