

... BUT WHAT THE UNSUSPECTING CAMPERS DIDN'T KNOW--

--WAS THAT, LURKING NEARBY IN THE DEEP, DARK WOODS--

--WAS A MONSTER WITH A HOOK FOR A HAND!

LIKE, W-WHY DO PEOPLE CALL THIS THE "GREAT OUTDOORS"? THERE'S N-NOTHING GREAT ABOUT A M-MONSTER--

--RITH A ROOK!

RELAX, GUYS. FOR A CHANGE, THERE ISN'T REALLY A MONSTER AROUND HERE.

IT'S JUST A STORY.





RIGHT, DAPHNE. WHEN YOU GO CAMPING IN THE WOODS OVERNIGHT, IT'S TRADITIONAL TO TELL SPOOKY STORIES--



--THAT AREN'T TRUE.



BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

WRITER: SHOLLY FESCH ARTIST: DARIO BRIZUELA
COLORS: FRANCO RIESCO LETTERS: SAIDA TEMOFONTE
COVER: WALTER CARZON, EDITOR: DAVID PIÑA
HORACIO OTTOLINI
& SILVANA BRYS



WHO DARES TRESPASS IN MY WOODS?!

ZOINKS! LIKE, I'M SURE GLAD THE STORY'S NOT TRUE, FRED--

--'CAUSE, OTHERWISE, I'D BE WORRIED!



JINKIES! WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.

OF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO'VE EVER TOLD THAT STORY IN THE WOODS, WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO REALLY GET CHASED BY A GUY WITH A--



--HOOOOOPPPSSS!

SPLUDD



YOU'RE BEING CHASED BY A "GUY WITH HOOPS"?

IS EVERYONE OKAY HERE?

IS THAT HIM? I DON'T SEE ANY HOOPS.



SORRY TO INTRUDE. I'M A FOREST RANGER. FOLKS CALL ME SMITTY.

I WAS OUT SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING IN THE WOODS, AND I SAW YOUR CAMPFIRE. SO I FIGURED I SHOULD COME OVER TO REMIND YOU NOT TO LEAVE FOOD LYING AROUND. IT ATTRACTS BEARS, Y'KNOW.



