



The jungle smells of green.

Of the roar of jaguars. Of
the bellow of plants at birth.
Of the song of every bird
that breaks the silence.



CRACK

BRUTAL NATURE #1

WRITER: LUCIANO SARACINO

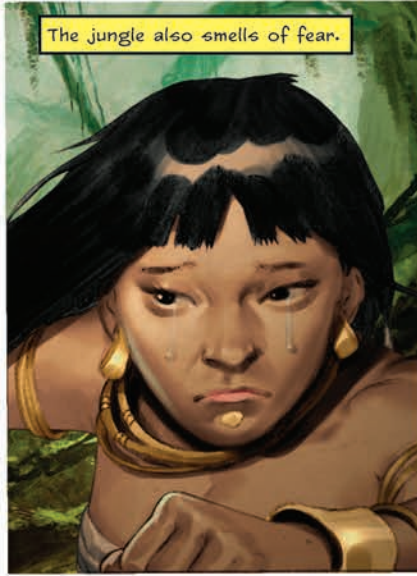
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And of fear.



The jungle also smells of fear.



WE THOUGHT YOU WERE NEVER GOING TO STOP RUNNING, OUR BELOVED LADY.

PLEASE... I...



HAS NO ONE TOLD YOU THAT IT IS NOT GOOD TO UPSET THE EXECUTOR OF YOUR DEATH? WE CAN BE GENTLE AND FAST OR WE CAN TAKE OUR TIME... WHAT WILL YOU DECIDE, YOUR MAJESTY?

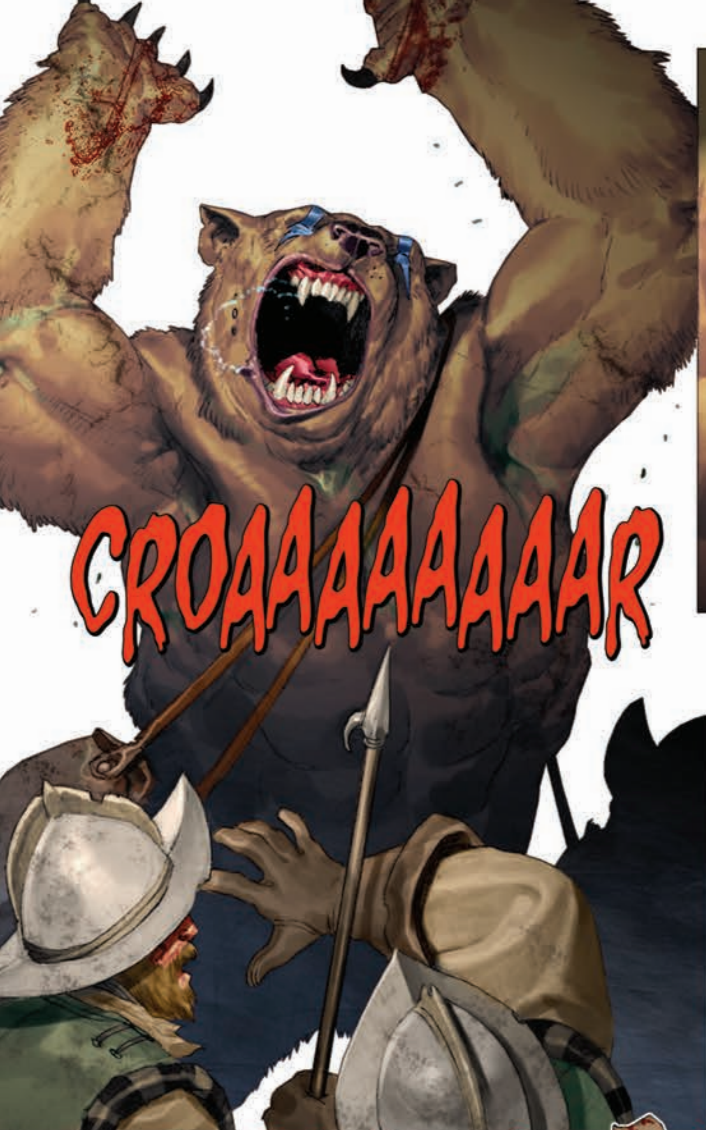


YOU CAN ALL LEAVE. THE JUNGLE WILL FORGIVE YOU IF...



"THE JUNGLE?"

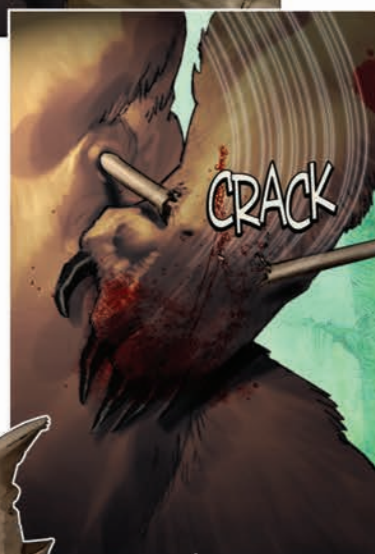




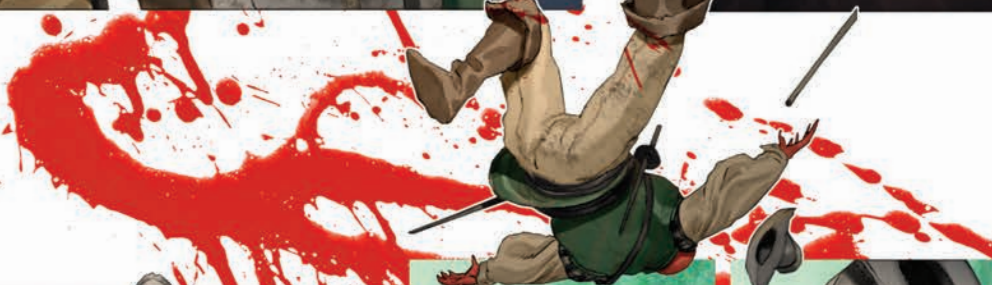
CROAAAAAAAAAR



STUMP



CRACK



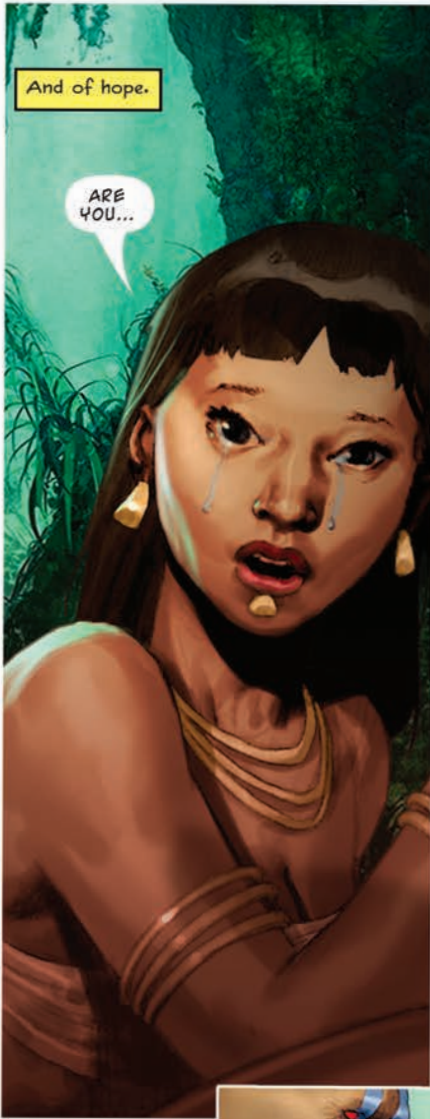
The jungle smells of urine.



Of hypocrisy.



Of blood.



And of hope.

ARE YOU...



...THE JUNGLE?



"FEAR NOT."



THEY HAVE GONE.



"REST".

THEY WILL NOT RETURN.