

MANY MOONS AGO, VALENTINE RICHARDS RODE IN THE BACK OF A TAXI ON HER WAY TO ANTONIO LUNA'S MANSION.

THE TAXI CAB DRIVER WAS THE CHATTING TYPE. NOT ENOUGH TO BE INVASIVE BUT ENOUGH TO BE ANNOYING. BY THE TIME THE TAXI ARRIVED VALENTINE KNEW HIS ENTIRE LIFE HISTORY INCLUDING THE NAME OF HIS CRAZY AUNT OPHELIA.

THE DRIVER PRESENTED IT AS A "WILD STORY" BUT REALLY IT WAS RATHER DULL AND UNEVENTFUL. VAL STILL ENVIED HIM...HOW SATISFIED HE WAS WITH HIS LIFE.

WHEN THE CAR HAD ARRIVED AT ITS DESTINATION AND VAL WAS EXITING, THE TAXI DRIVER ASKED HER..."SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

VAL TOLD THE DRIVER, "I'M HERE TO DOCUMENT A MAN'S LAST WORDS..."

SHE DID NOT, HOWEVER, SAY OR EXPECT THE FOLLOWING...

CHAPTER SIX

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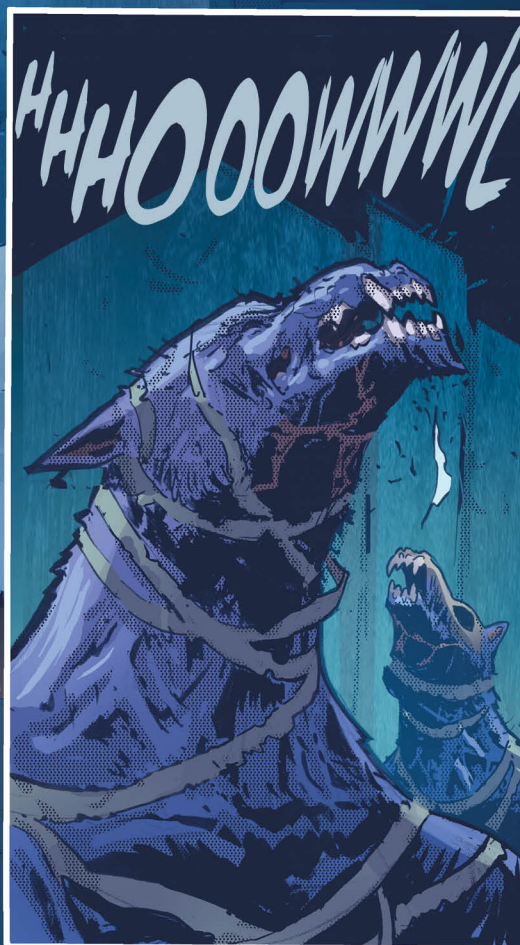
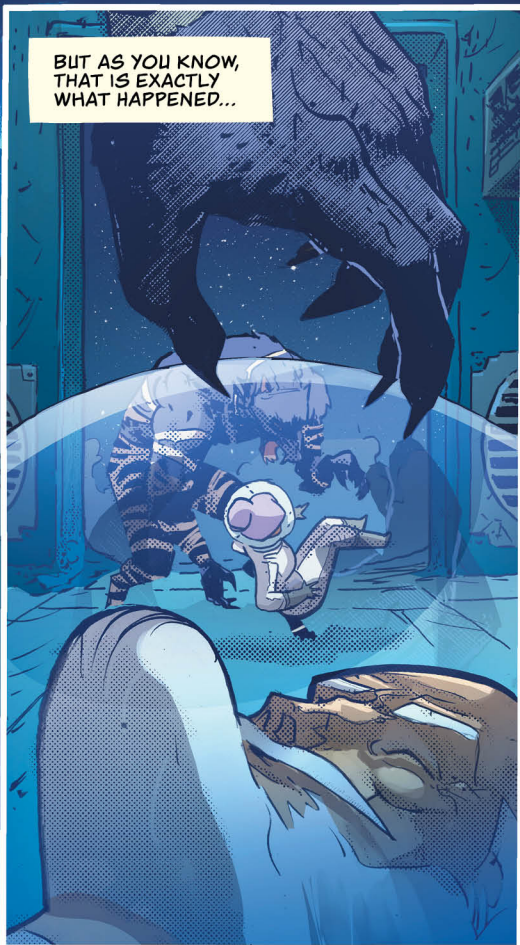
Created by JOSHUA WILLIAMSON & RILEY ROSSMO

"I'M GOING
TO MEET A MAN
WHO WILL BE HUNTED
BY MYSTERIOUS
ASSASSINS.

"HE'LL TAKE ME
ON THE ADVENTURE
OF A LIFETIME
AROUND THE WORLD...

"TO PLACES I'VE
NEVER BEEN
BEFORE...

"INCLUDING A TRIP TO
THE MOON WHERE WE
WILL CRASH-LAND AND
BE CARRIED AWAY BY
MUMMY WEREWOLVES."





UHH
UHH UHH
UHH WE CAN
BREATHE?!

YES! FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN
YEARS, I'M DOING
SOMETHING I'VE
NEVER DONE
BEFORE.

THE
MOON!
HOT
DAMN!

I'VE
NEVER
BEEN THIS
ERECT!



I'M...SURPRISINGLY
CALM. A FEW WEEKS
AGO, I WOULD HAVE
TOTALLY FREAKED
OUT, BUT NOW...
NOTHING.

COOL.



THE PEOPLE OF
NOCTURNA ISLAND
USED TO TELL ME
STORIES WHEN I
WAS YOUNG...

THEY SAID
WEREWOLVES
WERE REAL AND
WOULD TRAVEL TO
THE MOON TO DIE
IN PEACE.

I THOUGHT...I
THOUGHT THEY
WERE LIES.



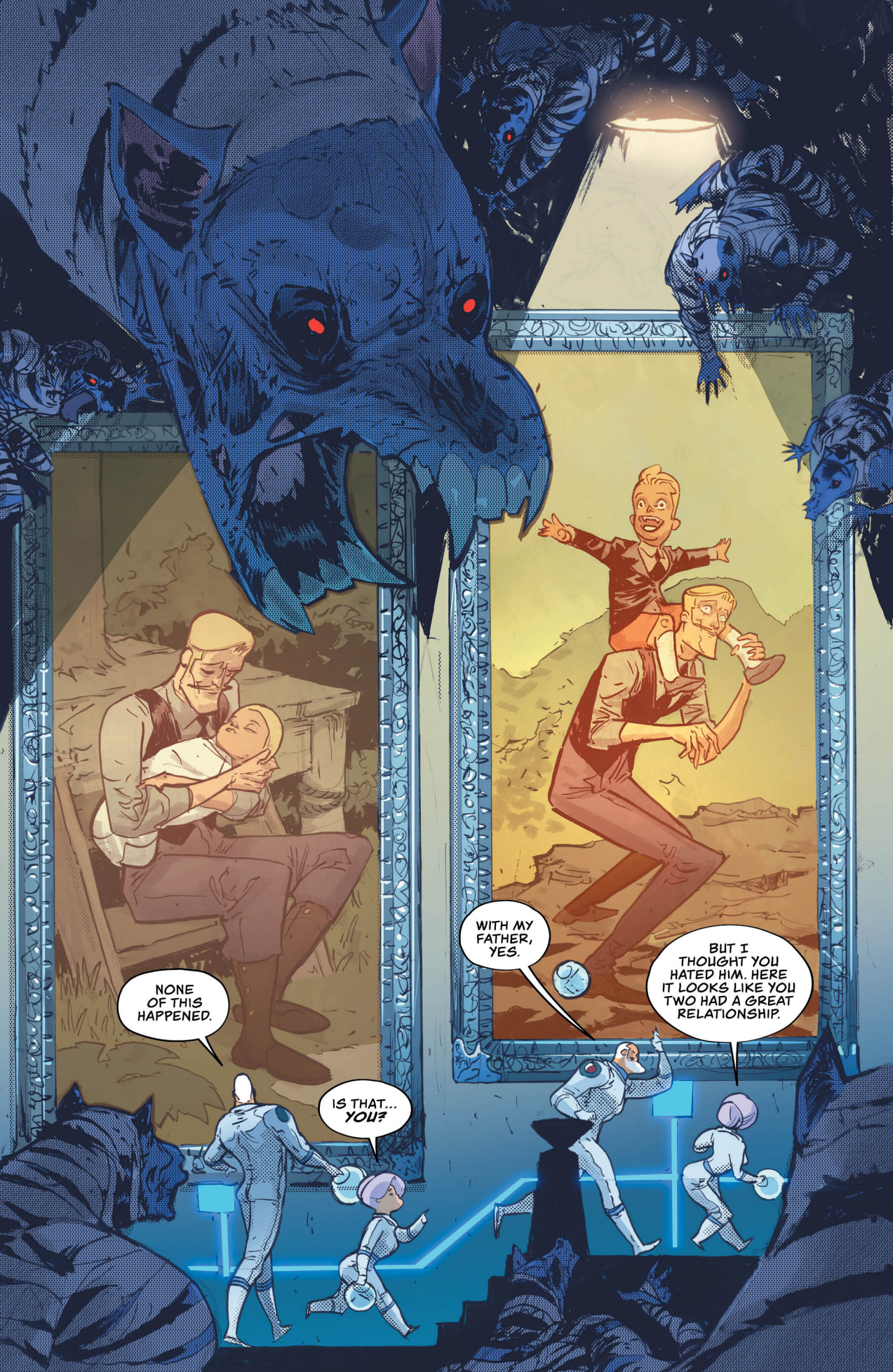
MY WHOLE LIFE
I'VE ALWAYS FELT
LIKE I HAD ALL THE
ANSWERS. VERY LITTLE
COULD GIVE ME PAUSE
BUT NOW...I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO
DO NEXT.

I'VE NEVER
FELT MORE
ALIVE!



SOMETHING...
SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS PLACE
IS FAMILIAR...THE
ATMOSPHERE
OF IT ALL.

I FEEL
LIKE WE
NEED TO
GO THAT
WAY.



NONE
OF THIS
HAPPENED.

IS THAT...
YOU?

WITH MY
FATHER,
YES.

BUT I
THOUGHT YOU
HATED HIM. HERE
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU
TWO HAD A GREAT
RELATIONSHIP.



SOMETIMES
IF YOU TELL A
LIE ENOUGH
TIMES...IT CAN
TAKE ON A
FORM OF
TRUTH.

SO
LIKE...FAKE
IT TILL YOU
MAKE IT?



EXACTLY.

BUT I MEAN...
WHOEVER PAINTED
THESE REALLY
REMEMBERED YOUR
STORY DIFFERENTLY
THAN YOU...WHO
MADE THEM?

GOOD
QUESTION...YOU
CAN ASK THEM
YOURSELF...

