



VICTORIAN
LONDON,
1890.





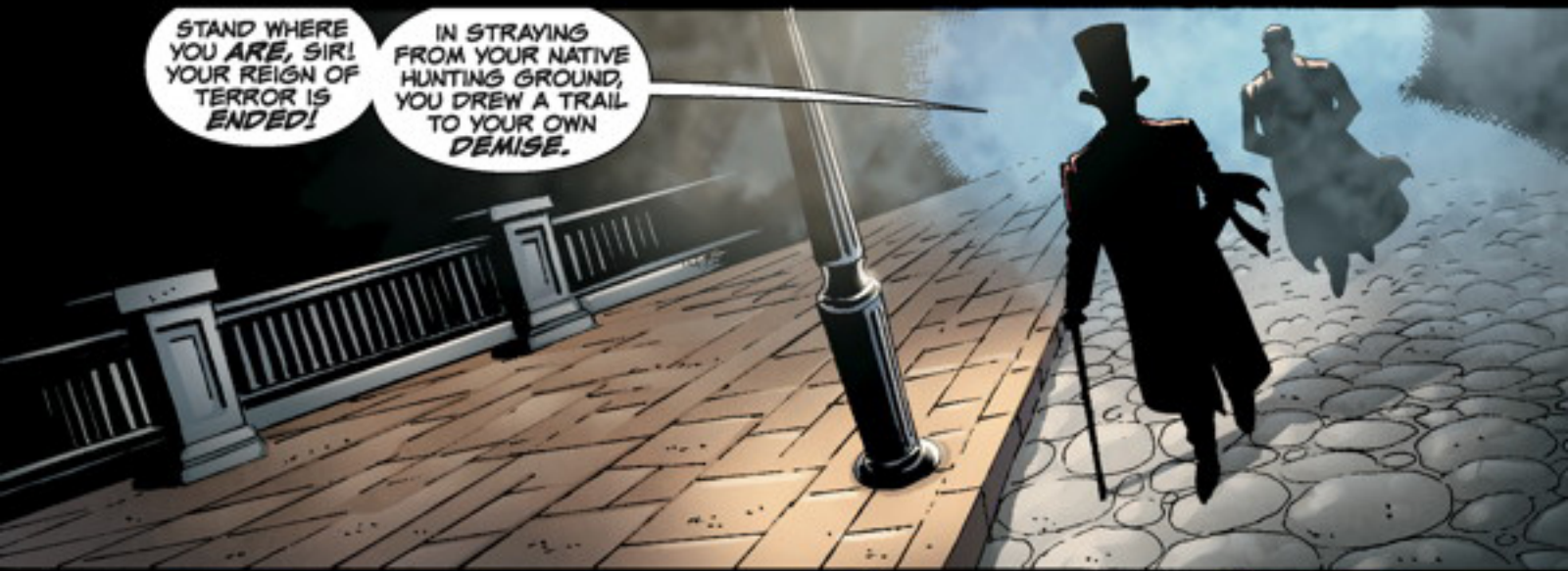
GET UP.
GET OUT OF
HERE. DON'T
COME
BACK.

BE
GRATEFUL
I DON'T WANT
TO INVOLVE THE
POLICE.



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YOU?
HOW?



STAND WHERE
YOU ARE, SIR!
YOUR REIGN OF
TERROR IS
ENDED!

IN STRAYING
FROM YOUR NATIVE
HUNTING GROUND,
YOU DREW A TRAIL
TO YOUR OWN
DEMISE.



HALT! RUNNING
IS FUTILE!

DOYLE! SEE
TO THE VICTIM, AND
FOLLOW WHEN YOU
CAN.



FORGIVE OUR INTRUSION,
THOUGH I VENTURE YOU ARE THE
HEALTHIER FOR IT. HIS FOCUS
SOMETIMES RENDERS THE GREAT
DETECTIVE...INCONSIDERATE
OF OTHERS.

THE GREAT
DETECTIVE?

MY NAME
IS ARTHUR
DOYLE--



ARTHUR...
CONAN
DOYLE?

HOW
DID I NOT
KNOW UNTIL
NOW YOU WERE
SCOTTISH?

OH? YOU'RE
FAMILIAR WITH
MY WORK?



I'VE SEEN
SOME OF THE
MOVIES...

PARDON?

DOYLE!
QUICKLY!

THE
CREATURE
MUST NOT
ESCAPE!



STAY BACK.
WE WOULD NOT
HAVE YOU IN
FURTHER
DANGER.

WAIT! YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT--

DAMN
IT!



LISTEN
TO ME!

SIR! RECKLESS
INTERFERENCE MAY COST
LIVES, PERHAPS YOURS.
I WOULD NOT HAVE
THAT!



ENOUGH,
DOYLE. HE IS NOT
FROM HERE, NOR IS OUR
PREY, YET EACH KNEW
THE OTHER ON
SIGHT.

I BELIEVE
HE KNOWS MUCH
MORE HE HAS NOT
SHARED.

WHEN DID
I HAVE THE
CHANCE?



MY... GRANDFATHER... RAN INTO IT... ABROAD. I SAW IT HOP A RIDE WHEN HE RETURNED... I KNEW I SAW SOMETHING...

WE'LL LET THAT STORY BE FOR NOW.

THIS IS A BLIND ALLEY. THE CREATURE KNOWS WHITECHAPEL WELL, BUT LONDON'S OTHER STREETS ARE A CONUNDRUM IT COULD NOT SOLVE.

BUT I WONDER... COULD A THING OF SUCH INITIAL *BLOOD LUST* HAVE SURVIVED THESE FIVE YEARS, EVEN ADAPTING TO AN INVISIBLY MURDEROUS STYLE ONLY ONE OF MY INTELLECT MIGHT SPY, WITHOUT HELP?



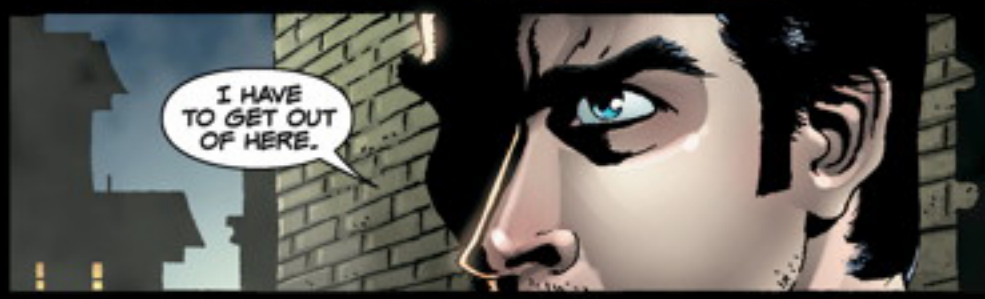
DON'T LOOK AT ME! I JUST GOT HERE!

MY SINCERE APOLOGIES. BUT PERHAPS YOU COULD HELP.

WHY, IF YOU ARE NEWLY ARRIVED, WOULD IT HAVE SPENT YEARS WIDENING A SEARCH, THEN, ON FINDING YOUR HOME, STALKED IT FOR WEEKS WITHOUT INCIDENT, UNTIL FINDING YOU?



IT ISN'T EVEN...OH, HELL...



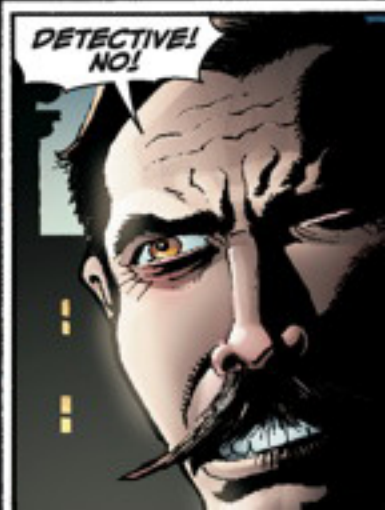
I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE.



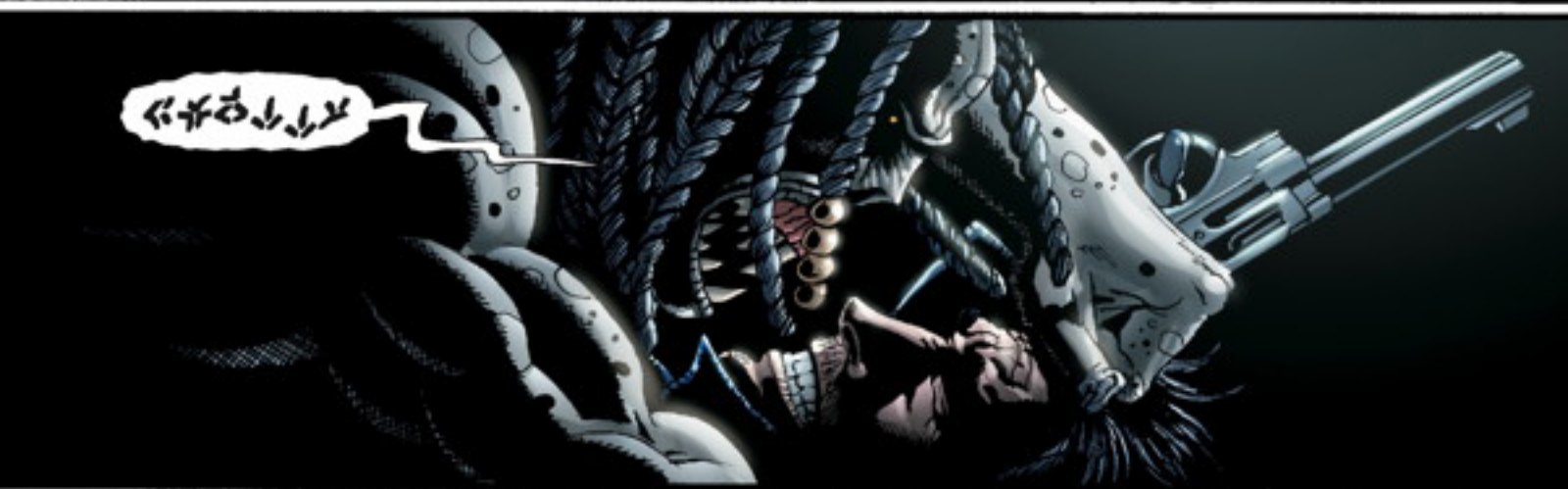
I THINK NOT.



YOUR PART IN THIS IS NOT YET ENDED.



DETECTIVE! NO!





EXCELLENT!
YOU WERE ITS PREY,
AS IT WAS OURS.
ITS URGE TO KILL YOU
OUTSTRIPPED ITS
SURVIVAL INSTINCT,
AS I GUESSED.

I JUDGED
YOUR OWN SURVIVAL
INSTINCT WOULD NOT
FAIL YOU.

YOU
SON OF A
BITCH.



YOU TRIED
TO GET ME
KILLED!



YET THERE
YOU STAND. DO
I STRIKE YOU AS
THAT INEPT?

TELL US
NOW OF THIS
STRANGE
CREATURE.

NOT MUCH
TO TELL. IT'S A
CANNIBALISTIC KILLER,
CALLED A MORLOCK.
THAT'S ABOUT IT.



SUCH
AN UGLY WORD,
MORLOCK. BUT QUITE
A TASTE FOR HUMAN
OFFAL, IF THE RIPPER
MURDERS ARE
INDICATORS.



THE
WHAT?

YOU DID NOT KNOW?
TIME HAS EXAGGERATED
THE STORIES, EVIDENCE
IS SHAMELESSLY
CORRUPTED,
BUT YES.

FIVE YEARS
AGO, THIS
CREATURE WAS
WIDELY FEARED
AS JACK THE
RIPPER.

