

LOUISIANA.

THIS IS
BAYOU COUNTRY.

HERE, IN THE BEATING HEART OF
MOTHER NATURE'S MOST UNRULY
CHILD, NOISES CARRY...

THE MOURNFUL MOAN OF THE
RUSTING MIDNIGHT FREIGHT TRAIN
IN THE DISTANCE, STRUGGLING TO
FIND ITS WAY HOME.

THE CRISP SNAP OF THE
GRACEFUL HERONS' WINGS
AS THEY ARE STARTLED
INTO FLIGHT.

THE CHEERFUL CHIRRUP
OF THE BLOATED
BULLFROG'S SONG, AS
IT SEARCHES THE
NIGHT FOR LOVE.

AND, IN THE CENTER
OF THIS ANTEDILUVIAN
OOZE, SURROUNDED
BY LIFE, YET UNIQUELY
APART FROM IT,
STANDS A MONSTER.

THE SIBILANT HISS
OF THE PRIMORDIAL
ALLIGATOR, LOUNGING
IN STOIC ANTICIPATION
OF ITS NEXT MEAL.

HE HAS STOOD
IN THE DRIVING
STORM LIKE THIS
FOR HOURS,
UNMOVING--



--HIS THOUGHTS AS DARK AND DISMAL AS THE RELENTLESS RAIN THAT PUMMELS HIM.



HE REMEMBERS A CHEMICAL EXPLOSION--

--THEN DESPERATE FLIGHT.



HE REMEMBERS SEEKING SOLACE IN THE BECKONING BOG BEFORE HIM.



AND THEN HE REMEMBERS NOTHING FOR THE LONGEST POSSIBLE WHILE--

--AS THE OOZE INTERACTED WITH THE CHEMICALS THAT HAD ENVELOPED HIM--




--CHANGING HIM, TRANSFORMING HIM--

--UNTIL, AT LAST HE AROSE FROM THE MIRE AS SOMETHING NO LONGER HUMAN--

--BUT RATHER A MUCK-ENCRUSTED MOCKERY OF A MAN--



--WHO SHAMBLED AWAY ACROSS THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE WORLD, TO FACE MONSTERS AND TERRORS BEYOND HUMAN KEN.



HE IS A CREATURE
OF ALMOST
IMMEASURABLE
POWER AND ABILITY,
THIS SO-CALLED...

SWAMP THING

Created by LEN WEIN and BERNIE WRIGHTSON

...AND HEAVEN HELP
ANYTHING THAT CHANCES
TO INCUR HIS WRATH!

REALLY...?

ARE YOU...
SERIOUS...?

THE DEAD DON'T SLEEP!

Howdy

LEN WEIN KELLEY JONES MICHELLE MADSEN ROB LEIGH KELLEY JONES WITH REBECCA TAYLOR
writer illustrator colorist letterer CHRIS SOTOMAYOR editor
cover