





WINTER CROCODILE

SOME PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH TO PRAY, ASK QUESTIONS, FIGURE THINGS OUT.

THIS IS MY CHURCH. THE WHITE-RAFTED MOUNTAINS OF THE RAINIER WILDERNESS, WHERE, FOR THREE GENERATIONS, MY FAMILY HAS OWNED LAND.

CHIME

STORYTELLERS
BENJAMIN PERCY
script
PATRICK ZIRCHER
art

GABE ELTAEB
colorist
ROB LEIGH
letterer
SZYMON KUDRANSKI
cover
CULLY HAMNER
adult coloring book
variant cover
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM
group editor
HARVEY RICHARDS
editor

EMI KNOWS I'M HIDING SOMETHING.



SHE THINKS SOMETHING'S WRONG.

TRUTH IS, I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER.



STRONGER, WILDER, FULLER.

MORE THAN A MAN. ENERGY WELLING INSIDE ME, BEGGING TO BE BURNED OFF.



AREN'T YOU GOING TO LEND ME A PAW?

RIGHT ABOUT HERE IS WHERE WE SAW THAT BUCK TWO DAYS AGO.



I CAN'T FLY, CAN'T BREATHE UNDERWATER, DEFLECT BULLETS, CONTROL THE WEATHER, THROW FIRE.

FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS. THAT'S WHAT EMI WOULD SAY.

BUT YOU PUT ME IN A LINEUP WITH THE JUSTICE LEAGUE-- OR EVEN SOME OF THE GUTTER-LEVEL BADDIES I'VE FACED...



...AND I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL INADEQUATE, UNEXCEPTIONAL, COMPARATIVELY DISABLED.



NOW--WITH THE LUKOS INFECTION COURSING THROUGH ME, A DISEASE THAT MAKES ME BOTH WOLF AND MAN--MY SENSES ARE JACKED.

I CAN SMELL AND SEE AND HEAR AND FEEL EVERYTHING AS IF IT WERE TEN TIMES THE SIZE.

THE WHISK OF AN OWL'S WING, THE SIGH OF A BRANCH UNSHOULDERING SNOW.



WHAT THE HELL?

SAP RIDES THE BREEZE. BERRIES BLAZE ON BUSHES. TRACKS SPRING FROM THE GROUND.



SNAP KRACK

