

WILD'S END™

THE ENEMY WITHIN

CHAPTER THREE
Into the Unknown

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HALF PAST
MIDNIGHT.



'BAHT
TIME TOO.
YER LATE.

ARF
HOUR PAST
CHANGE-OVER.
I'M GAGGIN' FER
A CUPPA AND IT'S
COLD AS B--

YOR
CUPPA'S
GONNA 'AVE
TO WAIT,
BOBBY.

BIN A
COMMOTION,
DOWN AT THE
FARM.



GAWD,
WOT NOW?
ISSIT THEM
FINGS? THEM
FINGS FROM
SPACE--

NAH. THE
BALLOON'S
GONE UP.

THEM
DETAINEES
AT THE FARM
MADE A BREAK
FER IT.



OH,
GOOD GRIEF.
WHAT'S THE
STORY?

THE SARGE
WANTS US TA
SPREAD AHT
AN' SEARCH THE
WOODS DAHN
TO THE RIVER.



BLOODY
MARVELOUS.
IT'S COLD AS A
WITCH'S ARSE.

'OW MANY WE
LOOKIN' FER?



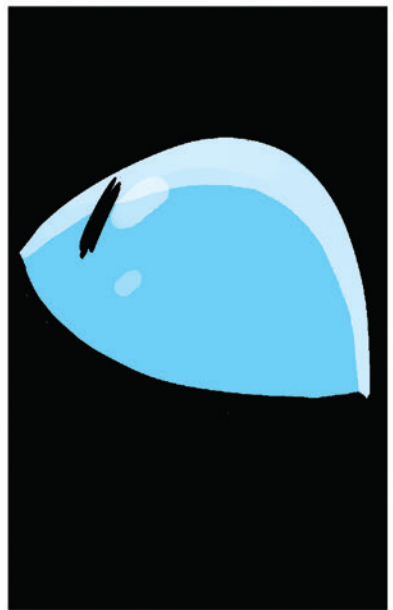
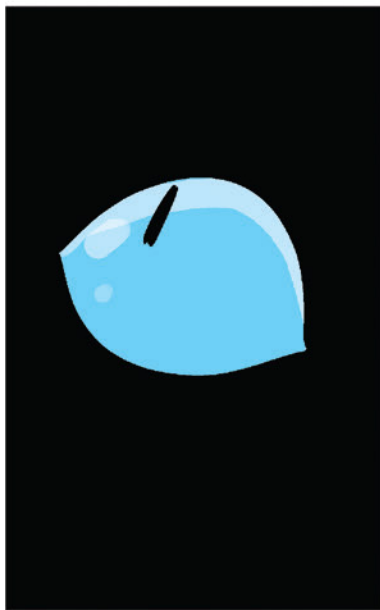
COUPLE,
SARGE
RECKONS.

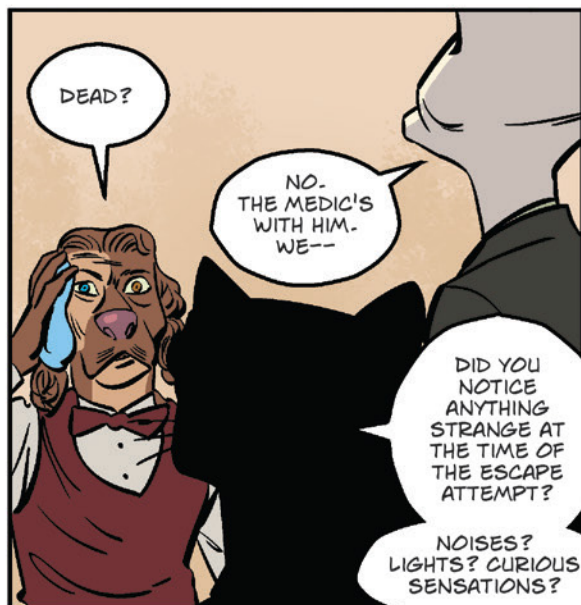


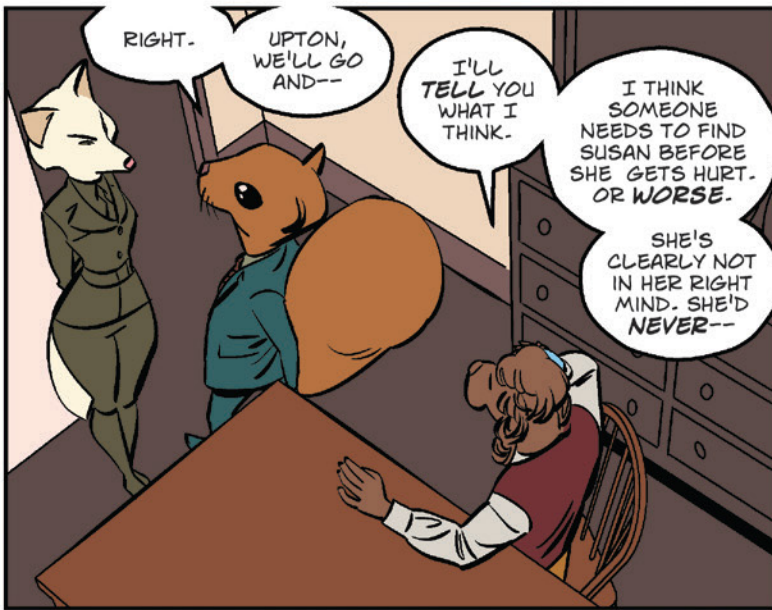
THEY'VE
ALREADY GOT
ONE OF 'EM.

SHHHH.









RIGHT.

UPTON, WE'LL GO AND--

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK.

I THINK SOMEONE NEEDS TO FIND SUSAN BEFORE SHE GETS HURT. OR WORSE.

SHE'S CLEARLY NOT IN HER RIGHT MIND. SHE'D NEVER--



UNLESS... OH GOD, UNLESS HER THOUGHTS ARE BEING CONTROLLED...



I RAISED THE DAMN ALARM. I TRIED TO STOP THEM.

I THINK THAT DEMONSTRATES HOW EAGER I AM TO ASSIST THIS INVESTIGATION.

IF THAT OAF SLIPAWAY IS IN A FIT CONDITION TO TALK, YOU SHOULD LET ME QUIZ HIM.

HE'LL KNOW WHERE SUSAN IS HEADING.



AND WHY IN GOD'S NAME WOULD I LET YOU DO THAT, MR. CORNFELT?



BECAUSE IT'S ABUNDANTLY CLEAR THAT NO ONE ENJOYS TALKING TO YOU, SIR.

