

Beowulf

A shadow looms over Hrothgar's kingdom: The godless monster Grendel stalks the land in the dark of night and slaughters all he meets. Grendel kills the king's most fearsome warriors in a single bite, and devours their bodies before returning to his dank lair in the marshes. For a dozen years, no man has been able to stop his terrifying attacks. Until Beowulf.

A warrior hero from across the sea, Beowulf is determined to defeat the beast and earn everlasting fame. But even if he succeeds in besting Grendel, he will have to face an even *more* horrible creature living in the marsh, one who is smarter, bigger, and more dangerous than Grendel—the monster's mother.

Written more than a thousand years ago, *BEOWULF* is the first epic work in English. A timeless tale of heroism in the face of a wild and unknowable evil, the story of Beowulf has been the inspiration for many other tales, from J.R.R. Tolkien to modern fantastic films.

Beowulf

STEFAN PETRUCHA • KODY CHAMBERLAIN



The world's first—and greatest—hero.

PRICE \$8.99

BEOWULF GRAPHIC NOVEL

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THRIFTBOOKS



IN THIS LIFE, THE BEST A MAN CAN
HOPE FOR IS THAT *WYRD*, THE FORCE
OF FATE, GRANTS HIM *FAME*.


SHILD SHEFING WAS
A GOOD KING.

BORN A POOR ORPHAN,
HE HONORABLY DEFEATED
COUNTLESS ENEMIES--EVEN
THOSE WHO LIVED ACROSS
THE WHALE-ROAD.



AT HIS DEATH, HIS PEOPLE, THE
SPEAR-DANES, IN SADNESS SET HIS
BODY FORTH INTO THE TUMBLING SEA.

HIS FUNERAL SHIP WAS LADEN WITH GIFTS AS GREAT AS HE'D
GIVEN IN LIFE, BEFITTING THE *FAME* *WYRD* GRANTED HIM.




YET, WERE *TRUTH* TOLD, NO ONE REALLY
KNEW, WISE MAN OR FOOL, WHERE IT
WAS *WYRD* TOOK HIM AFTER THAT.



BEOW, SHEFING'S SON, SPREAD HIS GLORY NORTH, EARNING GOODWILL AND LOYALTY WITH HIS GENEROUS HEART.

AFTER HIM, HIS SON HEALFDENE THE HIGH RULED.




AMONG HEALFDENE'S FOUR CHILDREN, HROTHGAR WAS SO GREAT IN BATTLE THAT MANY FOLLOWED HIM, AND HE BECAME THE NEXT KING.

HE ORDERED BUILT THE GREATEST MEAD-HALL MIDDLE-EARTH WOULD EVER SEE, THAT FROM THERE HE MIGHT SHARE THE GIFTS OF HIS KINGDOM WITH YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE.



THEY CALLED IT HEOROT.



WHEN IT WAS DONE, HROTHGAR FULFILLED HIS PLEDGE, GIVING AWAY PRECIOUS RINGS AND TREASURES AT THE MANY FEASTS HELD AT HEOROT.

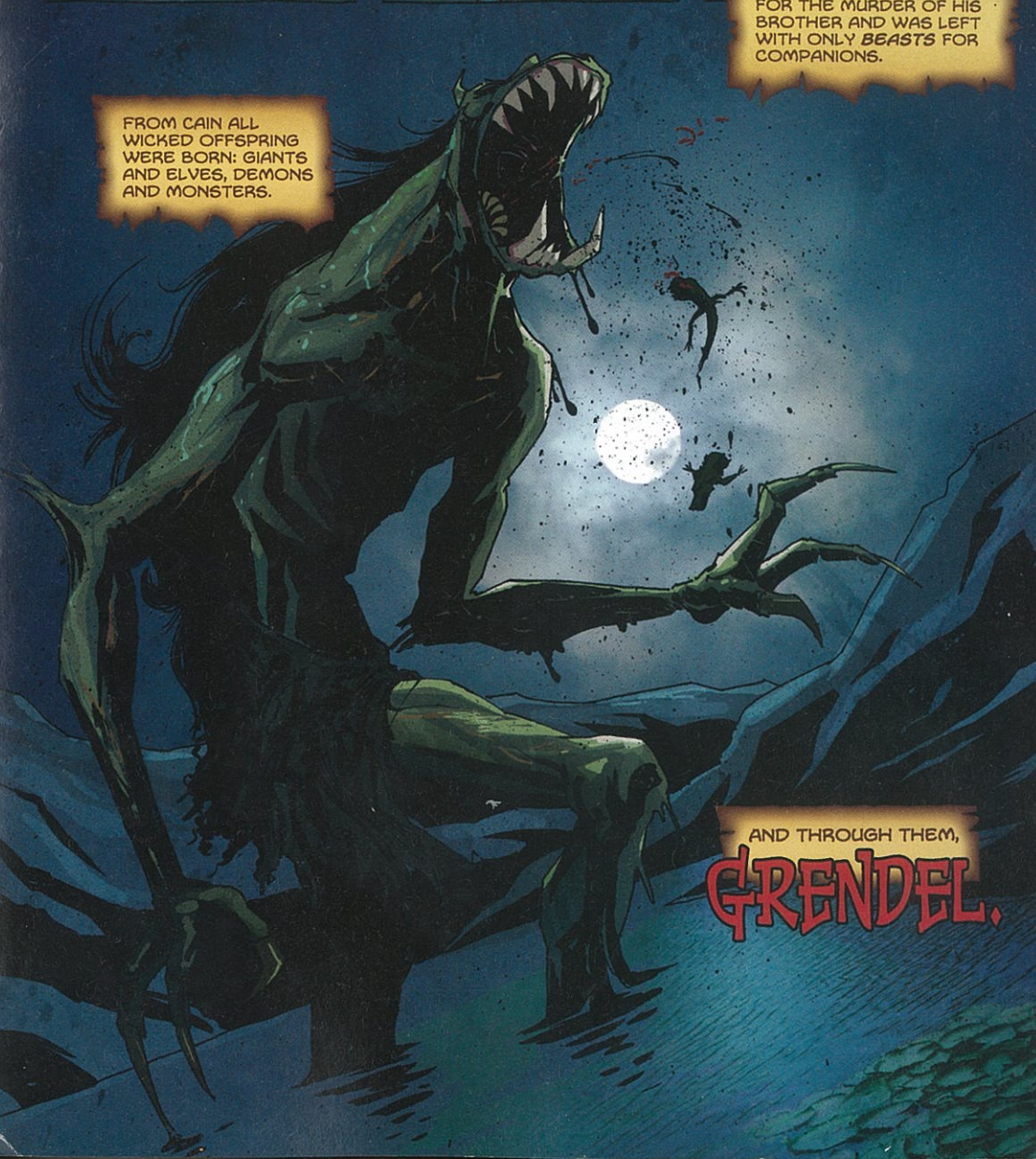
ALL WHO SAW THE GRAND PLACE MARVELED.

SAVE ONE.



A CREATURE NEARBY HEARD THE REJOICING, THE HARP MUSIC, THE WORD-SONGS PROCLAIMING HOW RIGHTLY GOD HAD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH.

DAY AFTER DAY, HE *SUFFERED* FROM THE SOUND.



FROM CAIN ALL WICKED OFFSPRING WERE BORN: GIANTS AND ELVES, DEMONS AND MONSTERS.

FOR HE WAS SHUNNED BY GOD, LIKE HIS ANCESTOR CAIN WHO WAS BANISHED FOR THE MURDER OF HIS BROTHER AND WAS LEFT WITH ONLY *BEASTS* FOR COMPANIONS.

AND THROUGH THEM,

GRENDEL.

ONE NIGHT, THE DANES SETTLED TO SLEEP AFTER FEASTING.

IN THEIR DREAMS, THE MANY LORDS KNEW NO SORROW.

GRENDEL'S DREAMS WERE OF A DIFFERENT SORT, WICKED AND VILE.

HIS KINGDOM: THE WASTELANDS, FENS, AND FASTNESSES.

BUT AWOKE TO MONSTROUS MISERY.

HIS JOY: THE DEATH OF ANY CREATURE GOD LOVED.





BEFORE THE MEN COULD EVEN REACH THEIR WEAPONS, THE SWAMP-LORD HAD TAKEN HIS FIRST VICTIM.



AT DAWN THE DESTRUCTION WAS PLAIN TO SEE.

THIRTY OF HROTHGAR'S BEST THANES HAD BEEN SLAIN, THEIR BODIES CARRIED OFF.

THE BEST A WARRIOR CAN HOPE FOR IS FAME, TO BE KNOWN BY HIS GREAT DEEDS, HIS HONOR.

BUT THAT NIGHT, THE DEEDS WERE GRENDEL'S.

THERE WERE MANY MORE SUCH NIGHTS TO COME.

FOR TWELVE LONG WINTERS, MAJESTIC HEOROT SUFFERED FROM GRENDDEL'S ATTACKS.

UNTIL THE TALES OF HIS WICKEDNESS SPREAD FAR AND WIDE...



BY THE TIME ALL IN THE HALL WERE AWAKE, TWO MORE SLEPT FOREVER.



AND THE MONSTER'S OWN FEAST HAD BEGUN.



THOUGH NOT IN ARMOR, THE THANES FOUGHT BACK WITH THEIR SPEARS AND BATTLE-BLADES.



ONLY TO LEARN THAT NO WEAPON COULD HARM HIM.

EVEN ACROSS THE SEA, TO THE LAND OF THE GEATS.

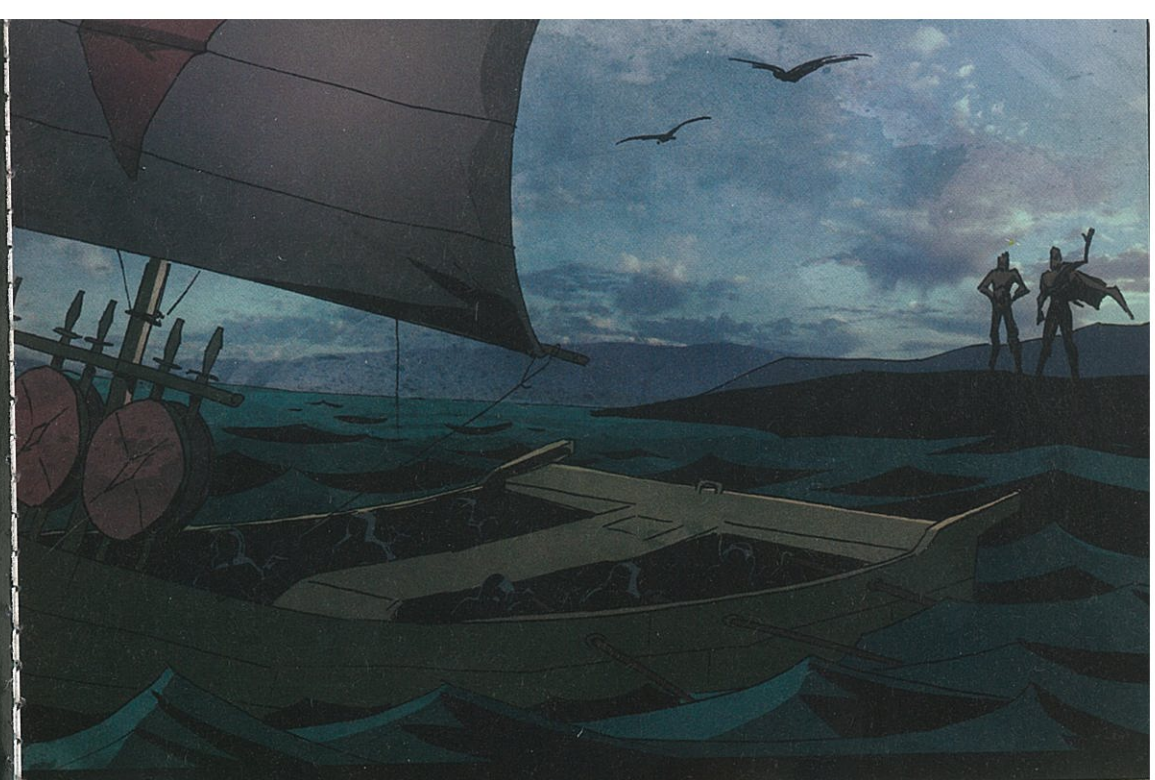
AND THAT IS HOW I HEARD IT, GREAT KING HYGELAC.

A SAD TALE, WELL TOLD, SCOP. MY HEART CRIES OUT TO THE DANES IN THEIR DESPAIR.

BUT I THINK IT IS NO MERE BOAST TO SAY THAT THIS GRENDEL COULD NOT STAND BEFORE OUR BEOWULF.

IF I CAN FACE HIM, MY KING, THEN I MUST.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



THEN WELCOME.

MANY WORDS HAVE BEEN SUNG OF YOUR EXPLOITS.

LET'S SEE IF THEY CAN BE BACKED BY DEEDS.

WHO COMES BEARING WEAPONS OF WAR?

BEOWULF OF THE GEATS.

I OFFER AID AGAINST THE MONSTER THAT VEXES THIS LAND.

GRIM THOUGH THEIR MISSION, BEOWULF AND HIS MEN WERE EXCITED TO SEE THE GREATEST MEAD-HALL IN THE WORLD.

SETTING THEIR WEAPONS ASIDE, THEY STEPPED EAGERLY WITHIN.

ONLY TO FEEL A GREAT SADNESS UPON SEEING WHAT THE GRIM CREATURE HAD DONE TO THE PLACE, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS KING.

SON OF EC&THEOW, I KNEW YOU AS A BOY. NOW I HEAR YOU'VE THE STRENGTH OF THIRTY MEN.

I PRAY GOD HAS SENT YOU TO US THAT WE MAY HAVE HOPE AGAINST THE DREAD OF GRENDEL.

I COME TODAY TO ASK, KING HROTHGAR, THAT MY MEN AND I ALONE BE ALLOWED TO FACE GRENDEL.

SINCE HE USES NO WEAPONS, TO BRING HONOR TO MY KING, I WILL RAISE NO SWORD AGAINST HIM.

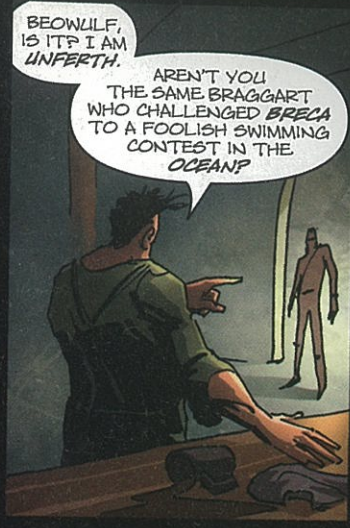
THE BATTLE WILL BE HAND TO HAND, AND TO THE DEATH.

I KNOW ALSO HE EATS THE FLESH OF THOSE HE SLAYS.

IF THIS IS WHERE FATE-TAKES ME, IF GRENDEL DEVOURS ME, DO NOT GRIEVE LONG.

INSTEAD, I ASK ONLY THAT YOU SEND MY CHAINMAIL BACK SO MY KING MAY KNOW WHAT BECAME OF ME.

IT WAS FORGED BY THE MASTER WELAND, AND SHOULD NOT BE WASTED.



BEOWULF, IS IT? I AM UNFERTH.

AREN'T YOU THE SAME BRAGGART WHO CHALLENGED BRECA TO A FOOLISH SWIMMING CONTEST IN THE OCEAN?



FOR SEVEN WINTER NIGHTS YOU STRUGGLED, BUT BRECA WON AND NOW RULES HIS PEOPLE AS A BELOVED KING.



WHY SHOULD WE EXPECT BETTER OF YOU NOW?



I HAD THAT CONTEST AS A BOY, UNFERTH.



AND WHILE ALL YOU SAY IS TRUE, IT IS NOT ALL THAT'S TRUE.



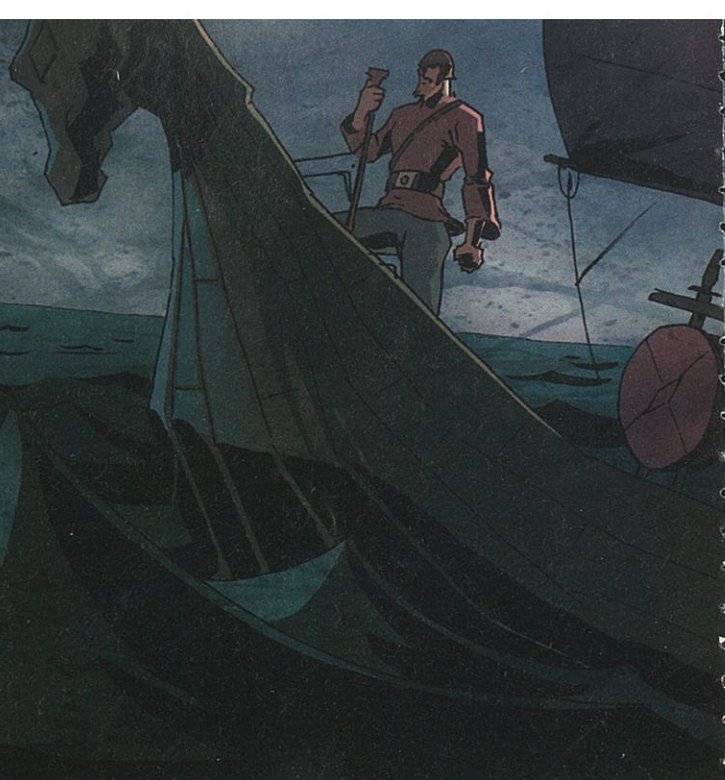
WHEN MY FATHER SLEW HEATHOLAF OF THE WULFINGS IN BATTLE, IT WAS KING HROTHGAR WHO PAID THE WERGILD AND STOPPED THE FLOW OF VENGEANCE.

IN GRATITUDE, MY FATHER SWORE ALLEGIANCE TO HROTHGAR. NOW I WILL SEEK TO REPAY THAT DEBT—AND FIND FAME IN THE PROCESS.

I WILL CHOOSE THE BEST AND BRAVEST AMONG US TO GO TO THE DANES, AND OFFER HROTHGAR MY AID.

IF HE ACCEPTS, I WILL FACE GREDEL AND LET GOD DECIDE WHO TRIUMPHS.

A SHIP WAS LOADED WITH THE FINEST ARMOR, THE FINEST SWORDS, THE FINEST SHIELDS, AND THE FINEST MEN OF THE GEATS.



AS A BIRD HUNGRY FOR FLIGHT, IT SET SAIL...

...AND MADE FOR THE LAND BEYOND THE HORIZON, THE KINGDOM OF THE DANES.



"BRECA AND I RACED WITH OUR SWORDS OUT AND READY, TO WARD OFF WHALES."



"FIVE NIGHTS WE STAYED NECK AND NECK, UNTIL SEPARATED BY STORMS AND WALLS OF WATER."



"THE STORM ROUSED A HOST OF SEA HORRORS."



"CREATURES FROM THE DEPTHS ROSE TO ATTACK, BUT WELAND'S MAIL HELD FAST AGAINST THEIR FANGS."

"ONE HELD ME FAST AND USED ITS WEIGHT TO DRAG ME *BENEATH* THE SURFACE."



"SEEKING TO TASTE MY FLESH, THE CREATURES INSTEAD TASTED ONLY MY *BLADE*."



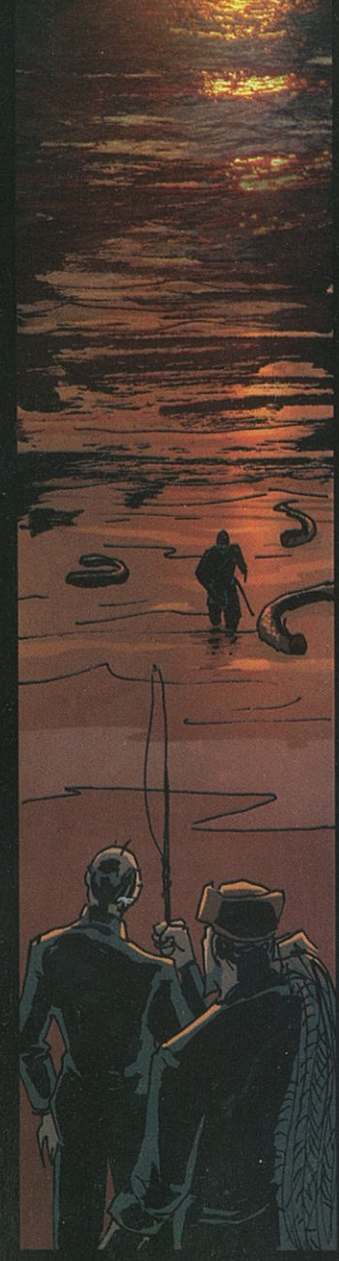
"BUT THE SEA-TERRORS, DRAWN BY THE *BLOOD* OF THEIR FELLOW, PRESSED ME AGAIN AND AGAIN."



"FOR MANY HOURS I BATTLED THE HORDE."



"THE RESULT?"

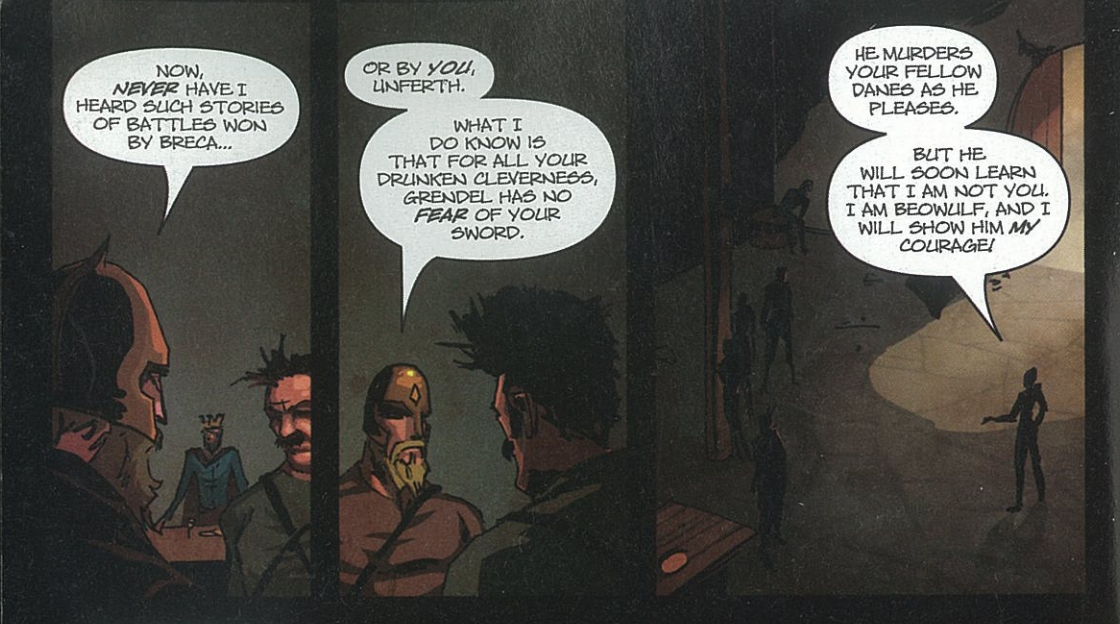


"ALL WOUND UP *DEAD*, THEIR BODIES CARRIED BY THE SEA TO THE SHORE."

"WHILE I SURVIVED AND WASHED ASHORE IN FINLAND."

"I DO NOT SAY THIS TO BOAST, BUT TO PROCLAIM THAT WYRD WILL *PRESERVE* HE WHOSE COURAGE IS STRONG--IF HE IS NOT YET FATED TO DIE."





NOW,
NEVER HAVE I
HEARD SUCH STORIES
OF BATTLES WON
BY BRECA...

OR BY YOU,
UNFERTH.
WHAT I
DO KNOW IS
THAT FOR ALL YOUR
DRUNKEN CLEVERNESS,
GREDEL HAS NO
FEAR OF YOUR
SWORD.

HE MURDERS
YOUR FELLOW
DANES AS HE
PLEASES.
BUT HE
WILL SOON LEARN
THAT I AM NOT YOU.
I AM BEOWULF, AND I
WILL SHOW HIM MY
COURAGE!

YOUR WORDS ARE
THE FIRST THING OF
CHEER I HAVE HEARD
IN THIS HALL FOR
AGES, GEAT.

LET US
ALL SHARE A
DRINK AND PRAY
THAT YOUR
COURAGE BECOMES
GREDEL'S BANE!




YOUR WORDS ARE
THE FIRST THING OF
CHEER I HAVE HEARD
IN THIS HALL FOR
AGES, GEAT.



IT IS MOST
FITTING YOU
DO SO, QUEEN
WEALTHTEOW.

TO
THE BEST OF
FRIENDS, WHO COME
IN OUR GREATEST
NEED.

TO THE
BEST OF
FRIENDS.



I WILL
DO AS I HAVE
PROMISED FOR
YOUR PEOPLE.

OR DIE IN
HEOROT.

MY KING AND HUSBAND,
LET ME BE THE ONE WHO
SERVES THE DRINK TO THIS
BRAVE MAN AND HIS
COMPANIONS.



NOT SINCE
IT WAS BUILT
HAVE I *EVER*
GIVEN CARE
OF THIS HALL
TO ANOTHER
MAN.

TONIGHT,
I GIVE IT
TO YOU.

"TAKE THIS BEST OF PLACES."

"KEEP IT AGAINST
OUR FIERCE FOE."

"THE REWARD I GIVE
YOU WILL BE GREAT."

"IF YOU SURVIVE."

AS
PROMISED,
I WILL USE NEITHER
WEAPON NOR ARMOR
THIS NIGHT.

AND I
WILL STILL
PROVE I AM AT
LEAST AS
FEARSOME AS
GRENDEL.



WITH THAT, ALL WITHIN THE
HALL LAY DOWN TO SLEEP.

HOURS PASSED.

BUT BEFORE THE
WORLD COULD CREAK
TOWARD MORNING...



FROM THE MIST-SHROUDED
MOORS CAME GRENDEL...

...CLOAKED IN THE
HATRED OF GOD.

THE EYES OF THE BEAST
SHONE AS *FLAMES*,
REVEALING TO HIM THE
WHOLE OF THE HALL.

GRENDEL SAW
A *NEW* BAND OF
WARRIORS LYING
THERE, ASLEEP.

AND IT HEARTENED HIM
TO BELIEVE THAT IN
ONE NIGHT HE WOULD
SLAUGHTER THEM ALL.

GRABBING THE WARRIOR
NEAREST, HE WASTED NO
TIME IN BEGINNING HIS
DARK CELEBRATION...


...*KILLING* THE BRAVE
MAN BEFORE HE COULD
EVEN FULLY WAKE...

...AND *FEASTING*...

...ON THE REMAINS.



GIDDY WITH BLOOD, HE NEXT
CAME UPON *BEOWULF*.




IN FURY, HE STRUCK
AS HE *ALWAYS* HAD...




...BUT THE RESULTS
WERE NOT THE SAME.



THE MONSTER DID
NOT *UNDERSTAND*.



BEOWULF PLANNED
NOT TO STRIKE, BUT
TO HOLD FAST
FOREVER, KNOWING
FRUSTRATION WOULD
MAKE THE BEAST
DRIVE ITSELF MAD.



FOR *GRENDEL* WAS LIKE THE *WOLVERINE*,
ACCUSTOMED TO BEING CLEVER, FAST, AND
FREE, UNABLE TO COMPREHEND WHEN IT'S
BEEN CAUGHT IN A TRAPPER'S SNARE.



IT TRIES TO *BREAK* THE TRAP.



BUT *CAN'T*.

DRIVEN NOW BY *FEAR*, EACH
IMPULSE IN THE MONSTER
TRANSLATED *THOUGHT-*
LESSLY TO ACTION.

WHEREAS BEOWULF
KNEW FROM THE START
WHAT HE INTENDED.

AND ACTED ACCORDING
TO A *PLAN*.



THE SOUNDS OF THE
FIERCE BATTLE WOKE
ALL IN THE HALL.



SHRUGGING OFF
THEIR DREAMS,
THE WARRIOR
BAND GRABBED
THEIR WEAPONS.



ONLY TO LEARN THAT
THEIR NIGHTMARES WERE
TRUE, AND NO WEAPON
COULD HARM THE
DESCENDANT OF CAIN.



BUT WEAPONS
MATTERED LITTLE.

THIS WAS A BATTLE
DRIVEN BY WYRD.

AND THERE IS NO EASY
WAY TO FLEE FATE.

FOR ALL WHO DWELL ON EARTH ARE
COMPELLED BY THE SAME NECESSITIES.

AFTER FEASTING, TO SLEEP.

AFTER WINNING, TO LOSE.

AFTER LIVING, TO DIE.

SO IT WAS THAT NIGHT
WITH GRENDEL WHEN
THE BONE-LOCKS OF
HIS SHOULDER BURST.

THOUGH FREE OF BEOWULF'S
GRASP, GRENDEL KNEW HE
BREAthed HIS LAST.

THE CREATURE
THAT HAD
MURDERED SO
MANY NOW RAN
AS IF HE COULD
OUTTRACE THE
FINAL BEATS OF
HIS HEART...

...AND REACH
HIS HOME
BEFORE HE DIED.

IT IS
DONE.

I GIVE
THANKS FOR
THE VICTORY
THAT *MYRD*
HAS GIVEN
ME.

AND
DISPLAY THIS
FOR ALL AS
A REMINDER OF
MY TRIUMPH.

LET US
TELL GREAT
KING HROTHGAR
THE HALL IS *HIS*
ONCE MORE.

FOR YEARS, THE BREAK
OF DAY HAD REVEALED
ONLY NEW *HORRORS* TO
THE SPEAR-DANES.

BUT THE LIGHT THIS DAY
REVEALED SOMETHING
DIFFERENT.

THEIR FOE'S LOST BLOOD WAS
THICK, *EASY* TO FOLLOW...

...RIGHT TO THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP, WHERE IT FLOATED,
AS IF THE GRIMY WATER ITSELF *REJECTED* IT.

...BUT A STORY
OF *TRIUMPH*.

SO THEY KNEW THAT
GRENDL WAS *DEAD*.

AND BEGAN TO SPREAD
THE TALE, NO LONGER
A DIRGE OF SORROW...



SUCH
DESTRUCTION,
BEOWULF.

IT LOOKS
LIKE A STORM
STRUCK FROM
WITHIN.


I SEE,
NOW THAT
IT DID.

AND I
THANK THE
LORD FOR BRINGING
US THIS BLESSED
RELEASE FROM
DREAD.




I WILL
LAVISH SUCH
REWARDS UPON YOU
THAT THE WORLD
HAS NEVER
SEEN.

I AM ONLY
SORRY, HROTHGAR,
I DID NOT KILL GREDEL
WITHIN THE HALL, SO YOU
COULD SEE WITH YOUR
OWN EYES THE VILE
TRESPASSER'S FULL
REMAINS.




I SEE
THEM. I SEE THEM
IN MY HEART. AND IT
IS IN MY HEART ALSO,
GREAT WARRIOR,
THAT I TAKE YOU
AS MY SON.

I WILL
ORDER THE HALL
REPAIRED AT ONCE,
SO TONIGHT WE MAY
HONOR YOU AND
YOUR MEN.




LIKE BEOWULF'S BOAST, THE WORD
OF THE KING BECAME DEED.


THAT VERY AFTERNOON,
THE SCOP SANG OF
GREDEL'S DEFEAT AND
BEOWULF'S BRAVERY.



HE TOLD OF
THE HORROR
OF GREDEL,
OF HIS WANTON
SLAUGHTER OF
THE BRAVE.



HE SPOKE OF HOW BEOWULF
WAS LIKE *SIEGMUND*, THAT
MIGHTY HERO OF OLD WHO
SLEW A DREAD DRAGON AND
WON HIS TREASURE.



THAT NIGHT, BEOWULF
RECEIVED TREASURE OF
HIS OWN AS HROTHGAR
SHOWED HIM WITH
NEW WEAPONS, ARMOR,
GOLD, AND *EIGHT* FINE
HORSES.

AMIDST THE NIGHT'S REVELRY, THE SONG OF THE SCOP BEGAN ANEW.

SPRING COMES AGAIN, AS BEOWULF, SLAYER OF GREDEL! MAY HIS SEASON BE LONG!



AT A RESPECTFUL PAUSE, THE QUEEN PRESENTED THEIR NEW HERO WITH HER OWN SPECIAL GIFT.



I WISH MANY THINGS FOR YOU, BEOWULF.

THAT YOU BE AS GOOD A FRIEND TO MY CHILDREN, HRETHRIC AND HROTHMLIND, AS YOU HAVE BEEN TO US.

THAT YOU BE AS GENEROUS WITH YOUR OWN PEOPLE, THE NOBLE GEATS, AS WE HAVE BEEN WITH YOU.

AND THAT JOY ALWAYS BE YOURS.



ADORNED WITH HER GIFT, BEOWULF SAT THE REST OF THE EVENING BETWEEN HER TWO SONS.

IN TIME, THE KING AND QUEEN, AND BEOWULF AND HIS MEN, WITHDREW FOR THE NIGHT.

BUT MANY DANES, EXCITED TO BE FREE OF GREDEL, HAD NO DESIRE FOR THE CELEBRATION TO END.




BEHIND THEM, THE BRAVE BAND SET AGAINST THE WALL THEIR SHIELDS, THEIR SPEARS, THEIR ARMOR, THEIR HELMS.




NOT KNOWING THAT WYRD, THE GRIM FORCE OF FATE, WOULD AGAIN FALL UPON MANY THAT NIGHT.





AMONG THEM WAS *AESCHERE*,
FAVORITE ADVISOR OF THE
KING, WHO SLEPT PEACEFULLY
IN THE SHADOW OF DEAD
GRENDEL'S ARM.



AT TIMES, AS THE FIRES
DIED, THAT SHADOW
FLICKERED AND DANCED,
AS IF ALIVE, A TRICK OF
THE LIGHT.



BUT SHADOW AND
LIGHT WERE NOT
ALL THAT MOVED.



AND THE MEN IN THAT
HALL SOON LEARNED
A TERRIBLE TRUTH:



GRENDEL HAD NOT
BEEN *ALONE*.

THIS TIME, SLEEP WAS SHAKEN OFF QUICKLY BY THE SOUND OF AESCHERE'S SCREAMS.

THE DANES, INSPIRED BY BEOWULF, BRAVELY REACHED FOR THEIR WEAPONS, PREPARED TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH.



BUT THE NEW MONSTER, HAVING CLAIMED HER PRIZE, HAD NO DESIRE TO BATTLE FURTHER.



INSTEAD, SHE SIMPLY FLED, BACK TO THE FENS.



IT WASN'T UNTIL LATER THAT THEY REALIZED GRENDDEL'S ARM WAS MISSING.



A PLEASANT MORNING TO YOU, HROTHGAR!

DID YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT?



WE WERE ATTACKED AGAIN.

AESCHERE IS DEAD.



"I KNOW WHO HAS DONE THIS, BEOWULF. THESE LANDS ARE FULL OF STORIES OF TWO MARSH-DWELLERS."

"GRENDDEL, YES, BUT ALSO ONE IN THE SHAPE OF A WOMAN. HIS MOTHER. IT MUST HAVE BEEN SHE..."

"...SEEKING VENGEANCE ON US FOR SLAYING HER SON."



I SEE.

WE ALL MEET DEATH, HROTHGAR, AND ONLY STRIVE FOR FAME THAT WE MAY LIVE FOREVER IN MEMORY.

ISN'T IT BETTER, THEN, TO AVENGE A FRIEND THAN GRIEVE HIM?



"BRAVE BEOWULF, THEY SAY HER LAIR IS NOT FAR."

"IT IS IN A DESOLATE LAND, OF SLOPING WOODS AND WINDY HEADLANDS, A PATH IN THE SWAMP FILLED WITH PERILS."



"A MOUNTAIN STREAM HERE VANISHES INTO THE DARK MISTS, FEEDING AN UNDERGROUND SEA."

"ENORMOUS TREES—MONSTERS THEMSELVES—BRANCHES CAKED WITH FROST, SHADOW THE WATER THERE."



"EACH NIGHT, EVIL FLAMES DANCE ON THE SURFACE."

"THE STRONGEST STAG WOULD RATHER THROW ITSELF ON A HUNTER'S MERCY THAN ENTER THAT PLACE."

"NO ONE HAS EVER REACHED ITS BOTTOM."

"THAT IS WHERE IT IS SAID SHE LIVES."

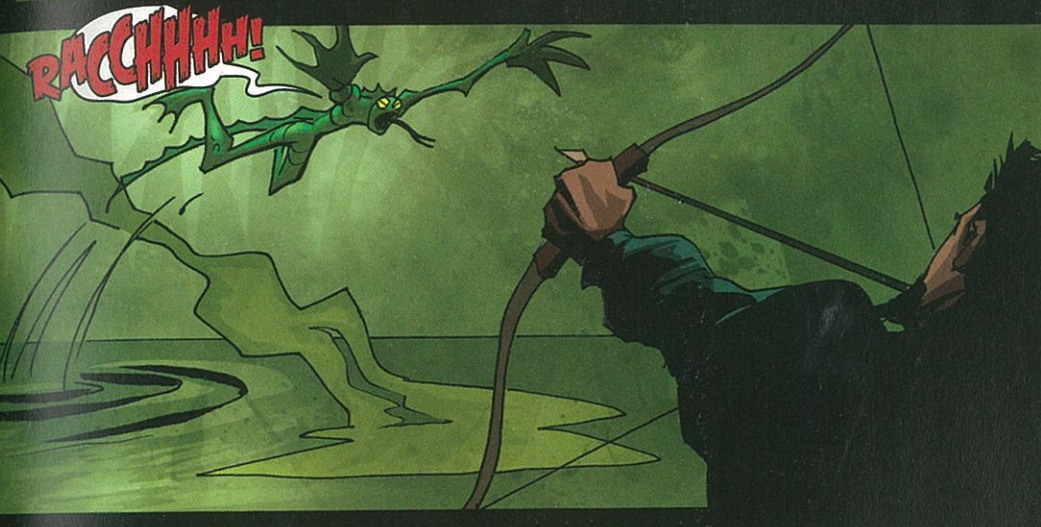


THIS SWAMP IS HUGE, FULL OF MONSTERS.

BEOWULF, CAN WE BE CERTAIN THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE?

YES, WE CAN.

FOR THERE IS AESCHERE.





MANY MONSTERS INDEED.

THIS POOL IS THEIR SOURCE.

SEE HOW THEY WRITHE BELOW?



THE MOTHER CAME BECAUSE I KILLED THE SON.

IT IS FITTING, THEN, THAT I GO ALONE TO FACE THE GODFORSAKEN THING.



TAKE THIS WITH YOU.

IT IS CALLED *HRUNTING*, AN ANCIENT BLADE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED IN BATTLE.



I WILL WIELD IT PROUDLY.

THANK YOU, UNFERTH.

HROTHGAR,
WATCH OVER
MY YOUNG
WARRIORS IF I
PERISH, AND
SEND TO
HYGELAC THE
TREASURES
YOU GAVE ME,
SO THAT HE
MAY SEE HOW
GREAT A
RULER I MET
HERE.

AS
FOR MY
OWN SWORD,
GIVE IT TO
UNFERTH.

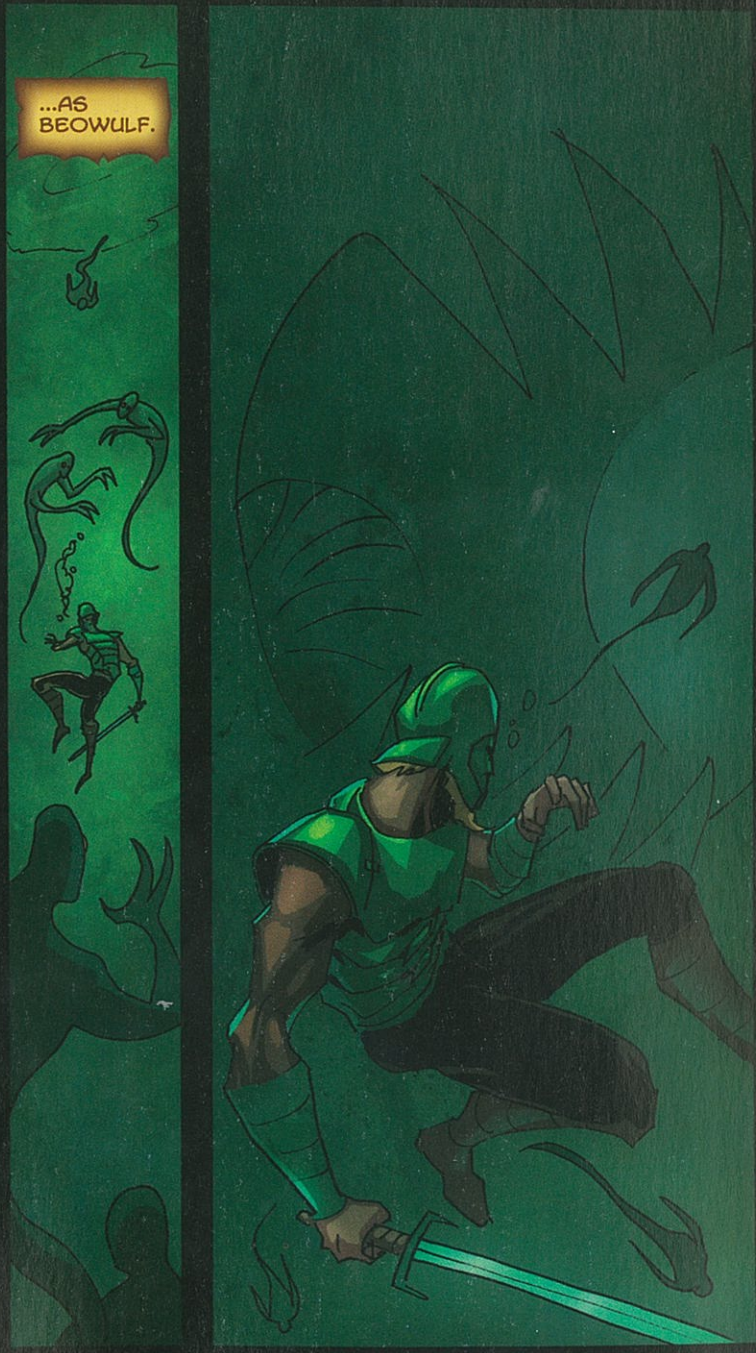
WHILE I
AGAIN SEEK
GLORY...

"...OR DEATH!"

UNFERTH NEVER
BOASTED AGAIN,
KNOWING HE
HIMSELF WOULD
NEVER DARE THE
SWAMP POOL...

...OR CARE SO
LITTLE ABOUT
DEATH...

...AS
BEOWULF.



GRENDL'S MOTHER WAS SWIFT.



UNWILLING TO LET THE OTHER WATER-DENIZENS TAKE HER VENGEANCE, SHE GRABBED BEOWULF.



AS THE HERO STRUGGLED FOR AIR AND PURCHASE, HER TALONS CLAWED AT HIS CHAINMAIL...



...BUT FAILED TO PIERCE ITS RINGS.



STILL, THE MOTHER DID NOT SUCCUMB SO EASILY TO BEOWULF AS DID THE CUB.



SHE HELD HER PRIZE AND DRAGGED HIM DOWN TOWARD HER HOME.

AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE GEAT GAINED BRIEF RESPITE.



THAT WAS HOW BEOWULF BECAME THE FIRST LIVING MAN EVER TO SEE THE BOTTOM OF THAT MERE.

THERE, HE FACED THE FULL BRUNT OF THE BRUTES INFESTING IT.



IN BEOWULF'S STEADY HAND, HAUNTING CUT TRUE, EVEN THROUGH THE DARK WATERS.

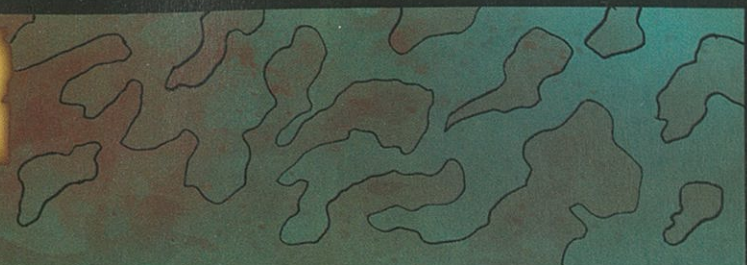


AS IT WAS DURING HIS OCEAN-RACE WITH BRECA, MANY OF THE STRANGELING BREED DIED BEFORE REACHING THEIR PREY.



BUT THEY WERE LEGION, AND BEOWULF WAS ALONE AND SURROUNDED.

BLOOD SWELLED IN THE WATERS UNTIL NOTHING COULD BE SEEN, AS IF NOTHING WERE A THING ITSELF.



THE SIGHT OF NOTHING, AS CLOSE TO DEATH AS MORTAL VISION IS PERMITTED IN THIS LIFE, OVERWHELMED HIM, AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES.



UNTIL HE OPENED THEM AGAIN, AND THE WORLD RUSHED BACK INTO PLACE, LIKE WATER THROUGH A SHIP'S BROKEN HULL.




I CAN BREATHE.



WHERE IS THE WATER?






HE'D BEEN TAKEN TO A VAST HALL WHERE THE SEA BECAME THE *SKY*.

HERE NO WATER OR BEAST *THREATENED*, AND THE ENTIRE POOL WAS HELD AT BAY BY THE HIGH ROOF.

ALL WAS AS DARK AND *OMINOUS* IN ITS WAY AS HEOROT WAS GRAND.



EVEN A FIRE BURNING DOWN THE HALL, NORMALLY A WARM AND PLEASANT SIGHT, SEETHED WITH SOMETHING *WRONG*.



HE HAD REACHED THE LAIR OF THE BEAST.



AND SHE WAS NOT A GRACIOUS HOST.

HRUNTING HELD TIGHT IN BOTH HANDS, HE MADE A MASSIVE SWING, HOPING TO END THE BATTLE WITH JUST ONE BLOW.



IT WAS THE FIRST TIME THE GREAT SWORD HAD FAILED.



EVEN THEN, HIS THOUGHTS WERE NOT OF DEATH, BUT OF GLORY.

REALIZING IT COULD NOT HELP HIM, BEOWULF ABANDONED THE GREAT BLADE.



FLUSH WITH COURAGE, FIERCE WITH RAGE, HE TOOK HER DOWN BY THE SHOULDER.



AND DID AN IMPOSSIBLE THING.



HE THREW HER!



THE SHE-BEAST FLEW FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER FOUL EXISTENCE.

AND LACKING WINGS...FELL!



AND PREPARED TO DEFEAT THE MOTHER AS HE HAD THE SON.



BUT THE FIGHT WAS FAR FROM WON.





SOON IT WAS BEOWULF'S TURN TO FALL.



GRENDL HAD BEEN A WILD, UNTHINKING BEAST.

HIS MOTHER, LARGER AND MORE PRIMAL EVEN THAN HER SON, CLOSER TO CAIN AND FARTHER FROM GOD IN HER BLOOD...



...DID NOT PANIC IN THE FACE OF COMBAT...



...BUT MATCHED THE HEROIC GEAT IN FEROCITY AND GUILLE.



JUST AS HRUNTING HAD FAILED TO PIERCE THE MONSTER'S SKIN...

...HER DAGGER COULD NOT BREAK BEOWULF'S CHAINMAIL.

IN THIS, TOO, THEY WERE EVENLY MATCHED.



AT THE VERY MOMENT OF HER SURPRISE, BEOWULF FREED HIMSELF FROM HER GRASP.




KNOWING THE NEXT TIME HE FELL COULD BE HIS LAST, BEOWULF SEARCHED FOR ANYTHING THAT MIGHT GIVE HIM AN ADVANTAGE.



ON THE WALL HUNG A MASSIVE SWORD, FORGED NOT FOR THE HANDS OF MEN, BUT FOR GIANTS.

AN AVERAGE MAN COULD NOT HOPE TO LIFT IT, LET ALONE WIELD SUCH A THING IN COMBAT.



BUT BEOWULF
WAS NOT AN
AVERAGE MAN.



SEEING THE SWORD IN HIS HANDS,
THE DAUGHTER OF CAIN *RUSHED*
THE HERO OF THE GEATS.




AND BEOWULF
WAS OBLIGED
TO MEET HER.




FURY ALONE LET HIM
SWING THE BLADE.

WHEN IT TOUCHED THE
SKIN, IT NOT ONLY SANG
THROUGH *MUSCLE*, BUT
WENT ON TO BREAK THE
BONE-RINGS AS WELL.



THE RULER OF
HEAVEN HAD
DECIDED WHO
SHOULD BE
VICTORIOUS
THAT DAY.



AND BEOWULF KNEW
THAT WAS TRULY WHY
HE'D WON.

THERE WAS BUT ONE MORE TASK NEEDED TO SATISFY THE WARRIOR'S FURY.



EVEN IN DEATH, THE FIEND GRENDEL HAD NOT PAID ENOUGH FOR HIS CRIMES.



WHILE HIS MOTHER ACTED IN VENGEANCE, GRENDEL HAD SLAIN SCORES OF DANES FOR THE SAKE OF VICIOUS ENVY.



IT WAS FITTING HE NOT BE ALLOWED TO REST PEACEFULLY.



WHILE BEOWULF, BY DINT OF GOD'S WILL AND THE FORCE OF WYRD, FINISHED HIS WORK BELOW, THE HEARTS OF THOSE WAITING ABOVE FILLED WITH GRIEF.

SO RED THE POOL BECOMES. IT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING.



BEOWULF HAS FAILED.

THE FELL BEAST HAS WON ANOTHER SOUL.



WE MUST RETURN HOME WITH THE SAD NEWS AND PREPARE FOR ANOTHER NIGHT OF DREAD.



THE GEATS BELIEVED HROTHGAR'S WORDS, BUT COULD NOT BRING THEMSELVES TO LEAVE THE SITE OF THEIR HERO'S DEATH.



BATHED IN THE BLOOD OF FALLEN MONSTERS, THE GIANT BLADE *DISSOLVED* LIKE ICE IN THE FACE OF SPRING.



MANY TREASURES BEOWULF SAW IN THAT SUNKEN HALL, BUT HE TOOK ONLY THE *HILT* OF THE SWORD THAT SAVED HIM, AND THE *HEAD* OF THE GODLESS BEAST.



AND AS THE *WORLD* RUSHES IN UPON WAKING, SO THE *WATERS* RUSHED INTO THE HALL.



THE CELEBRATION THAT NIGHT WAS EVEN *MORE* MAGNIFICENT, AS WERE THE *FORTUNES* HAPPY HROTHGAR BESTOWED ON BEOWULF AND HIS MEN.

YOUR FUTURE WILL BE *MAGNIFICENT*, BEOWULF. YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE WILL RECEIVE *MANY* GIFTS, *MANY* VICTORIES!



BUT IN WISDOM, AS A *FINAL* GIFT FROM ME, I ASK YOU TO *REMEMBER* THE WORDS YOU SPOKE *YOURSELF*, SO THAT YOU NOT BE *BLINDED* BY JOYS OF THE MOMENT.



DEATH TAKES US *ALL*.

THE SPARKLE IN YOUR EYES WILL EVENTUALLY DIM, AND EVEN YOU, GREATEST AMONG US, WILL IN TIME MEET *DEFEAT*.

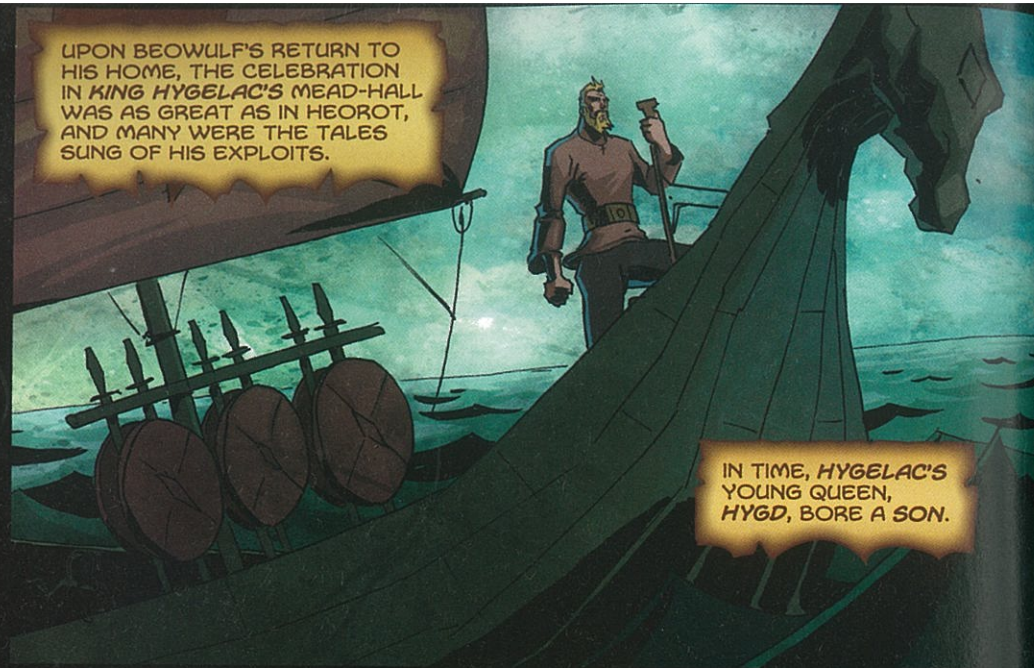


I BID YOU A SWIFT VOYAGE HOME AND PRAY YOU *RETURN* TO US SOON.



BUT IN HIS HEART, HROTHGAR *KNEW* HE WOULD NOT SEE BEOWULF AGAIN, AND KEPT *SECRET* HIS LONGING FOR THE HERO TO *REMAIN*.

UPON BEOWULF'S RETURN TO HIS HOME, THE CELEBRATION IN KING HYGELAC'S MEAD-HALL WAS AS GREAT AS IN HEOROT, AND MANY WERE THE TALES SUNG OF HIS EXPLOITS.



IN TIME, HYGELAC'S YOUNG QUEEN, HYGD, BORE A SON.

SO RENOWNED AND LOVED WAS BEOWULF, THAT WHEN HYGELAC DIED FIGHTING THE SWEDES, THE WIDOW OFFERED HIM THE THRONE, BUT BEOWULF DID NOT ACCEPT...UNTIL THE RIGHTFUL PRINCE ALSO PERISHED IN COMBAT.

AFTER ENDING THE FEUD WITH THE SWEDES, BEOWULF RULED THE GEATS AS KING, BRINGING THEM FIFTY YEARS OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY.



IN THE LAND OF THE GEATS, ON A PLAIN BY THE SEA, THERE WAS A BARROW.

IN IT, A VAST AND ANCIENT TREASURE HAD BEEN HIDDEN BY THE LAST SURVIVOR OF A DEAD RACE.



REALIZING THAT, LIKE HIS KIN, HE WAS DOOMED TO DIE, HE SAW THE GLEAMING HOARD AS USELESS.

SO HE BEGGED THE EARTH TO HOLD FOREVER WHAT HE AND ALL HIS PEOPLE COULD NOT.

THERE THE TREASURE SAT, BELONGING ONLY TO TIME.



LIKE THE BONES OF THE MEN THAT HAD GATHERED IT, THE TREASURE *DETERIORATED* IN TIME'S CUSTODY.

THE HELMS *LOST* THEIR SHINE.

WAR-MASKS *LOST* THEIR GLEAM.

EVEN ARMOR *DECAYED*.

UNTIL A *SERPENT* CAME, WRAPPED ITS ARMS AROUND THE TREASURE, AND *SHIELDED* IT FROM TIME...

...THINKING TO KEEP IT INSTEAD FOR *ITSELF*.

ONE DAY A SERVANT *FLED* A BEATING FROM HIS MASTER.

AND THINKING HE'D FOUND A PLACE TO *HIDE*, ENTERED THE BARROW AS *SILENT* AS COULD BE.





THE SERVANT SAW NO HARM IN TAKING SUCH A SMALL PRIZE FROM THE HUGE PILE, AND DIDN'T CONSIDER IT *STEALING*.



AFTER ALL, HE SOUGHT ONLY TO APPEASE HIS MASTER'S ANGER.




AND HOW COULD A DROP OF WATER BE MISSED FROM THE OCEAN?



BUT IT WAS.



A large, dark dragon with red and orange scales is breathing a stream of bright yellow and orange fire. The dragon is positioned on the left side of the page, with its head angled downwards. The fire is directed towards the bottom right. The background is a dark, cloudy night sky with a full moon. In the distance, a small, dark structure is visible on a hill.

THOUGH THE DRAGON HAD STAYED NEAR ITS GOLD FOR MANY YEARS, TROUBLING NOT WITH THE WAYS OF MEN, THAT NIGHT, IT *SOUGHT* THE THIEF.


UNABLE TO FIND HIM, IT RETURNED TO THE BARROW BY DAY, ONLY TO EMERGE ANEW EACH SUNSET, TO SPREAD ITS SEETHING RAGE THROUGH *FLAME*.

A dark dragon is flying across the top of the page, its wings spread wide. Below it, a large, dark house with a steep roof and a chimney is visible. The scene is set at night with a dark, cloudy sky.

UNTIL IT CAME UPON THE *THRONE HALL* OF KING BEOWULF...

A dragon's head is shown breathing a stream of fire onto a house. The house is engulfed in flames, with bright yellow and orange fire spreading across its roof and walls. The dragon's head is positioned on the left, and the fire is directed towards the right. The background is a dark, cloudy night sky.

...AND BURNT IT TO THE GROUND.


A dragon's head is shown breathing a stream of fire onto a house. The house is engulfed in flames, with bright yellow and orange fire spreading across its roof and walls. The dragon's head is positioned on the left, and the fire is directed towards the right. The background is a dark, cloudy night sky.

ITS WRATH NOW VISIBLE BOTH FAR AND NEAR, THE DRAGON RETIRED TO THE BARROW FOR THE DAY.




FOR THE FIRST TIME, DARK THOUGHTS TOOK THE KING.

HE WONDERED IF SOMEHOW HE HAD OFFENDED THE ALMIGHTY.




MY KING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



WIGLAF, IS MY ARMORER STILL ALIVE?

YES.

BRING HIM TO ME.



KNOWING A WOODEN SHIELD WOULD CRUMBLE BENEATH THE DRAGON'S FLAME, HE ORDERED ONE MADE ALL OF IRON.


SHALL I PREPARE ENOUGH SUCH WEAPONS FOR AN ARMY?

NO.




I KILLED GREDEL WITH MY BARE HANDS, HIS MOTHER WITH A SWORD MEANT FOR GIANTS.

THIS DRAGON BRINGS NO FEAR TO ME.



"I WILL TAKE ONLY THOSE ELEVEN WARRIORS WHOM I TRUST ENOUGH TO FACE DEATH BY MY SIDE."

THE TALE OF THE CLIP NOW ON EVERYONE'S LIPS, THE SMALL WARRIOR-BAND SWIFTLY FOUND THE SERVANT.



I'M TOLD IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT THIS GRAVE FELD UPON US.

TELL YOUR KING WHERE THE BARRON IS.

FIERCE THOUGH HE APPEARED, BEOWULF'S HEART WAS RESTLESS, READY FOR DEATH TO CUT THE TIE BETWEEN LIFE AND BODY.

BY DINT OF WYRD AND GOD, I'VE BEEN LUCKY AND NEVER HELPLESS.

NOW I'LL FIGHT THIS DRAGON, IF HE COMES OUT WHEN I CALL.

I ONLY WISH I COULD FIGHT HIM HAND TO HAND, BUT THIS BEAST SPOILS FIRE AND I AM FLESH THAT BURNS.

WAIT HERE.

THE TASK OF FACING MONSTERS IS MINE ALONE.

COME FORTH, SLAYER OF MY TOWNS!

COME AND MEET YOUR DEATH!

THE DRAGON ANSWERED WITH HIS HOT, HOWLING BREATH.

BUT THERE WAS NO LACK OF COURAGE IN THE KING OF THE GEATS. HE STOOD FAST AND RAISED HIS IRON SHIELD.

SEEKING TO CLOSE THE DISTANCE
AND END THE CONTEST QUICKLY, THE
DRAGON COILED HIS DREAD FORM...



...AND SPRANG
FULL-BODY
FROM THE
BARROW!



BEOWULF
KNEW THE
SHIELD WOULD
NOT LAST LONG
AGAINST THE
SEARING HEAT.

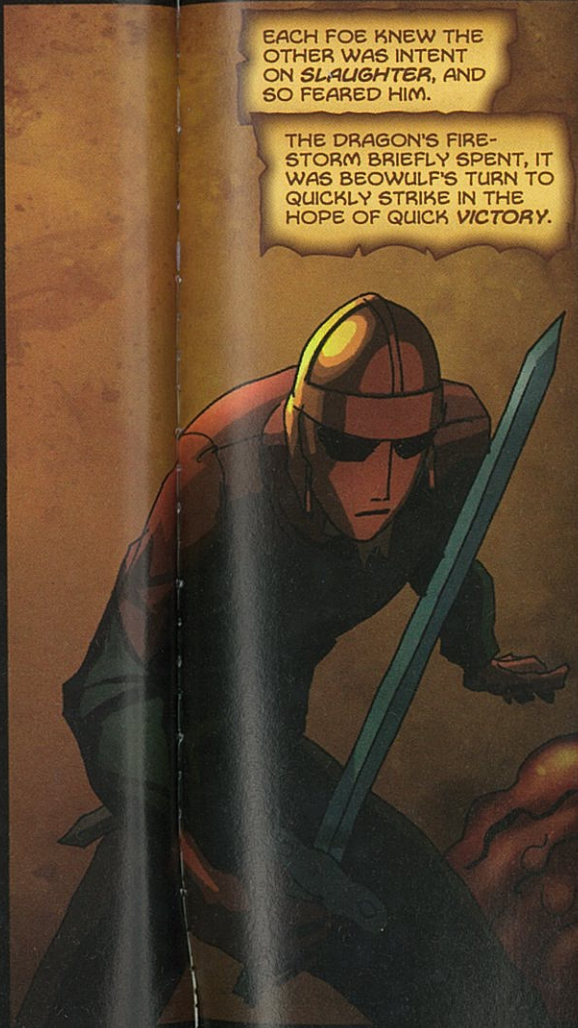


BUT IT DID
NOT LAST
NEARLY
AS LONG
AS HE'D
HOPED.



EACH FOE KNEW THE
OTHER WAS INTENT
ON *SLAUGHTER*, AND
SO FEARED HIM.

THE DRAGON'S FIRE-
STORM BRIEFLY SPENT, IT
WAS BEOWULF'S TURN TO
QUICKLY STRIKE IN THE
HOPE OF QUICK VICTORY.



HE CAME
FORWARD
WITH THE
BATTLE-
BLADE THAT
HAD BEEN BY
HIS SIDE FOR
YEARS, A
SWORD THAT
COULD CLAIM
MANY
TRIUMPHS.



WHETHER THE
IRON WAS OLD,
OR THE ARM
THAT WIELDED
IT NO LONGER
QUITE SO
MIGHTY, THE
CUTTING EDGE
DID NOT SINK
DEEP ENOUGH
FOR A KILLING
BLOW.



IT WAS THEN
BEOWULF
TRULY
THOUGHT
THAT WYRD
HAD NOT
ASSIGNED
HIM VICTORY
THAT NIGHT.



THE MOMENT *PAST*, THE DRAGON RENEWED ITS ATTACK.



A TIDE OF FIRE STRONGER THAN ANY OCEAN CURRENT FORCED THE GEAT, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS *LIFE*, TO GIVE GROUND FOR HIS OWN SURVIVAL.



THE FIRE-BREATHER CAME FORWARD.



THE EYES OF THE ENEMIES MET.

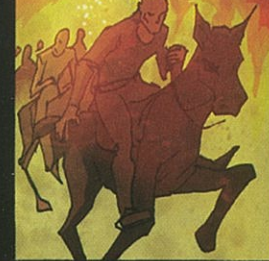


UNTIL THE DRAGON EXHALED AGAIN.



AT THE SIGHT OF THEIR KING ENGLUFED IN FLAME, **TERROR** FILLED THE HEARTS OF THE WARRIOR BAND.

AND THEY **FLED**.



OF ALL THE ELEVEN, ONLY **WIGLAF** STOPPED.



HE COULD NOT LEAVE HIS KING.



WAIT!

DID WE NOT PLEDGE OUR LIVES TO HIM WHEN WE ENJOYED BEOWULF'S GIFTS IN THE MEAD-HALL?

ISN'T THAT WHY HE CHOSE US THIS DAY?

COME! LET US GO TO HIM NOW!

THERE WAS NO RESPONSE.

INSTEAD, ALL TOOK SHELTER IN THE FOREST NEARBY.

SO BE IT.

BEOWULF!

I WILL SUPPORT YOU!

BUT BEOWULF DID NOT ANSWER AND WIGLAF WAS LEFT ALONE TO FACE THE DREAD SERPENT.

HIS WOODEN SHIELD GAVE LITTLE COMFORT.

AND WITH THIS NEW FOE, THE DRAGON KNEW NO FEAR.

ONLY THE QUICK ACTION OF WIGLAF GRABBING WHAT REMAINED OF BEOWULF'S IRON SHIELD...

...SPARED HIM.

UNTIL AT LAST THERE WAS NOTHING WIGLAF HAD TO DEFEND HIMSELF WITH SAVE HIS DAUNTLESS COURAGE.



FOR WHICH THE DRAGON CARED LITTLE.

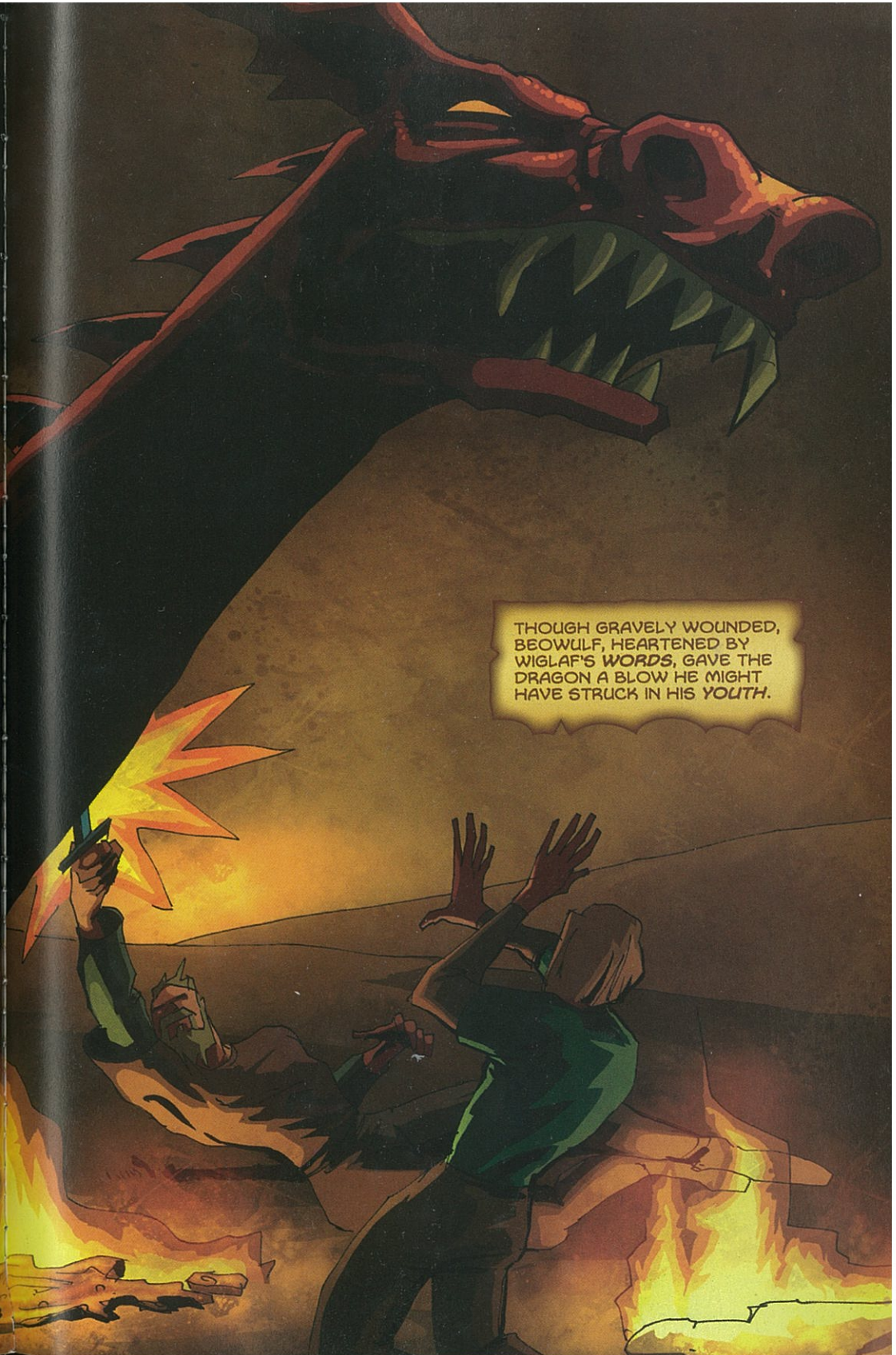


VERY WELL, THEN!

IF GOD KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT ME, HE KNOWS I'D RATHER BE TAKEN BY YOUR FIRE THAN NOT STAY BY MY KING'S SIDE!



THOUGH GRAVELY WOUNDED, BEOWULF, HEARTENED BY WIGLAF'S WORDS, GAVE THE DRAGON A BLOW HE MIGHT HAVE STRUCK IN HIS YOUTH.



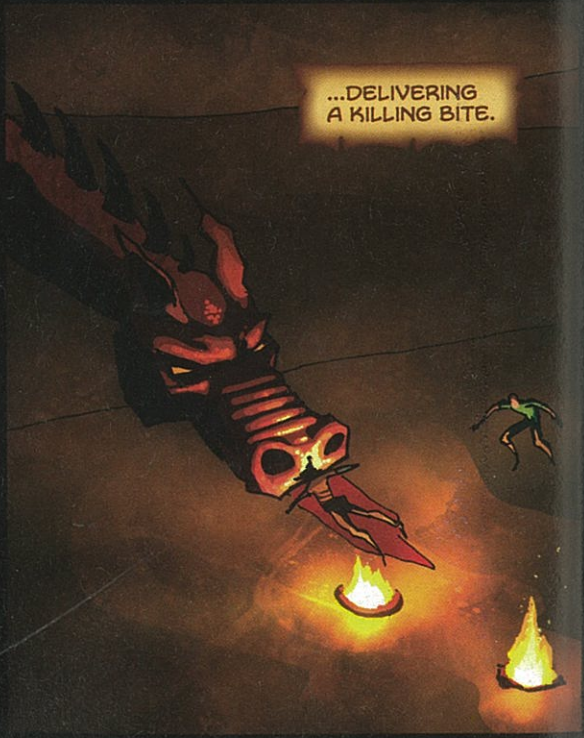
BUT THIS TIME THE
BLADE *SHATTERED*,
AND THE DRAGON
PRESSED ITS
ADVANTAGE.



ITS FOUL MOUTH
CLOSED AROUND
THE HERO'S NECK
AND *TORE*...



...DELIVERING
A KILLING BITE.



IT WAS THEN, AS BEOWULF'S
BLOOD FLOWED...



...THAT WIGLAF
REPAID THE RESCUE.




DRIVING HIS
OWN BLADE
DEEP INTO THE
LIZARD'S SIDE.




BUT STILL THE BEAST
WAS FEEDING.







AS HIS LIFEblood
EMPTIED FROM HIS
WOUNDS, BEOWULF'S
HAND FOUND THE
HILT OF HIS
SHORT-SWORD.




THE BLADE WAS
MEANT FOR
CLOSE COMBAT,
AND NONE COULD
BE CLOSER THAN
THIS.



THOUGH HIS
THOUGHTS
BEGAN TO EBB
TO DARKNESS, THE
KING OF THE GEATS STRUCK
A FINAL, SHARP-TOOTHED
BLOW TO THE SERPENT.




AND FEELING
THE BLADE
FIRMLY INSIDE
HIS FOE,
PULLED.



AS HROTHGAR SAID, ALL THINGS
BORN TO LIVE ON THIS EARTH
MUST DIE, NO MATTER HOW
THEY STRUGGLE.



THE LIGHT FROM
EVEN THE GREATEST
BEING DIMS IN TIME.



IT IS SO FOR
EACH AND
EVERY MAN
AND WOMAN.



AND ALSO FOR
HEROES AND
MONSTERS.

IT WAS THIS BEOWULF
KNEW FROM THE START.



THE VERY
KNOWLEDGE
THAT FIRED
HIS BRAVERY.



BUT JUST AS ONE CAN
HEAR THE SCOPS' TALES
OF DISTANT LANDS AND
GREAT ADVENTURES...



...IT IS NEVER THE SAME
AS BEING THERE.



I RULED JUSTLY,
WIGLAF, BETRAYED NO
ONE, AND NEVER MADE AN
OATH THAT WAS NOT
RIGHTEOUS.

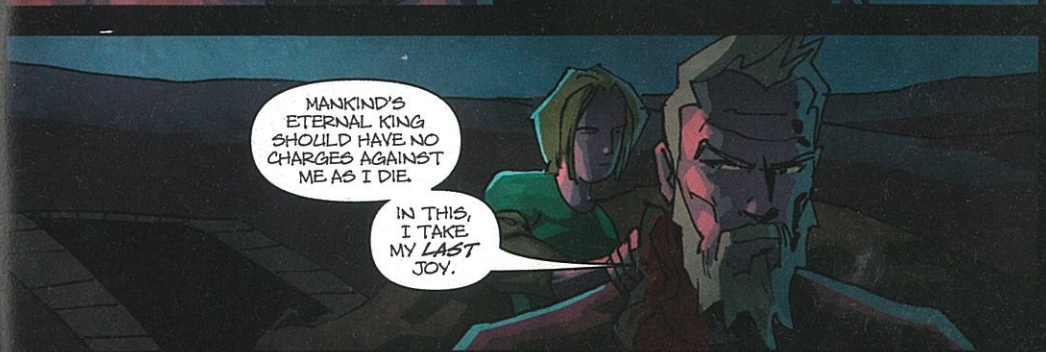


AS LONG AS I RULED,
NO ONE DARED ATTACK
OUR PEOPLE.



MANKIND'S
ETERNAL KING
SHOULD HAVE NO
CHARGES AGAINST
ME AS I DIE.

IN THIS,
I TAKE
MY LAST
JOY.



THE
TREASURES
WE HAVE WON FROM
THE DRAGON MUST
BE GIVEN TO THE
PEOPLE. IT IS
OUR WAY.

QUICKLY,
GO SEE IT
AND TAKE ITS
MEASURE, THAT
I MAY SEE IT,
TOO.



BRAVE WIGLAF, HEART
HEAVY, DID AS THE KING
REQUESTED.

EVEN IN HIS GRIEF, HE
COULD NOT HELP BUT
BE FURTHER MOVED...

...BY WHAT SEEMED
ALL THE WEALTH OF
THE WORLD.

THERE
IS *THIS*
AND *MUCH*
MORE.

SUCH
WEALTH THAT
WOULD SEDUCE
ANY MAN.

AND
IT IS
YOURS.

"THEN I GIVE THANKS TO
GOD FOR THESE TREASURES
THAT THEY MAY PROVIDE FOR
MY *PEOPLE*, FOR I CANNOT
ABIDE HERE *LONGER.*"

"TODAY I
WOULD GIVE
MY WEAPONS
TO MY *SON*,
IF I'D HAD
ONE."

"AS LAST
OF MY KIN,
WIGLAF, I
GIVE THEM
TO *YOU.*"

"WYRD HAS
SWEEP AWAY
ALL THE
REST."

"NOW I
MUST
FOLLOW."

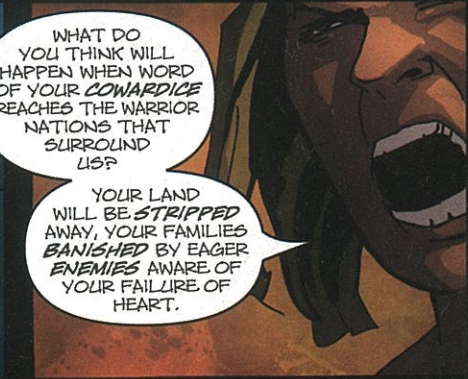


THE
DRAGON IS
DEAD!
BEOWULF HAS
WON!



NOW YOU
RETURN?

I
PITY YOU
ALL.




WHAT DO
YOU THINK WILL
HAPPEN WHEN WORD
OF YOUR *COWARDICE*
REACHES THE WARRIOR
NATIONS THAT
SURROUND US?

YOUR LAND
WILL BE *STRIPPED*
AWAY, YOUR FAMILIES
BANISHED BY EAGER
ENEMIES AWARE OF
YOUR FAILURE OF
HEART.



IT
IS AS I
SAID.



IT WOULD
BE BETTER
TO DIE.



DARK TIMES CAME TO
THE GEATS AFTER THAT.

BUT *BEOWULF* HAD BEEN A GOOD KING,
AND HAD EARNED RENOWN--THE BEST A
WARRIOR COULD *HOP*E TO ACHIEVE.

HIS FUNERAL PYRE WAS LADEN WITH GIFTS AS GREAT AS HE'D GIVEN
HIS PEOPLE IN LIFE, BEFITTING THE FAME *WYRD* GRANTED HIM.




YET, WERE
TRUTH TOLD...

...NO ONE
REALLY KNEW,
WISE MAN OR
FOOL...

...WHERE IT
WAS *WYRD*
TOOK HIM...

...AFTER
THAT.



STEFAN PETRUCHA is the author of *WICKED DEAD* and has scripted the new Nancy Drew graphic novels, the first of which won the Best Graphic Novel award from the Independent Booksellers Association. Stefan lives in Amherst, Massachusetts. You can visit him online at www.petrucha.com.

KODY CHAMBERLAIN is the illustrator of *Digital Webbing Presents* issue #13 and has worked with writer Steve Niles on IDW Publishing's *30 DAYS OF NIGHT: BLOODSUCKER TALES* for all eight issues of the limited series. He lives in Lafayette, Louisiana. You can visit him online at www.kodychamberlain.com.

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