

ROSENBERG

DAZO

BAD MOON RISING

451TM

Imagination to

BURN

ONE
OF SIX
\$3.99



THE
LUNAR CYCLES
ROLL OUT!

DAZO
David
Forrest



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I'M
HERE WITH YOU
SPORT. I'M HERE...
YOU'RE GONNA
BE FINE.

I CAN'T
FEEL MY LOWER
BODY! WHAT
HAPPENED?!

YOU STEPPED
ON A MINE A BOUNCING
BETTY. THE SUNLIVABITCH
ACTUALLY FLIES OUT OF
THE GROUND AFTER BEING
TRIGGERED.

YOU LUCKY YOU
AIN'T WEARIN' YOUR
ASSHOLE AS AN
ASCOT. *HEH*

WE'RE IN
A VC BUNKER...

SO
WHERE YOU
FROM?

WE GONNA
CHILL HERE UNTIL
MEDEVAC DROPS.
SO STAY.

THAT'S RIGHT,
SPORT. A LISTENING
STATION.

NEW
YORK...
YOU EVER
BEEN?

NAW, I'M
STONE COLD WHITE
TRASH. DON'T TRUST
ANYPLACE AIN'T GOT
AN OUTHOUSE..

CHARLIE'S
BACK.

KRIK!
KRAK!







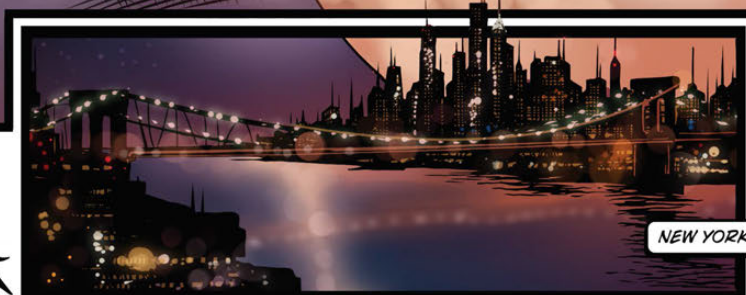
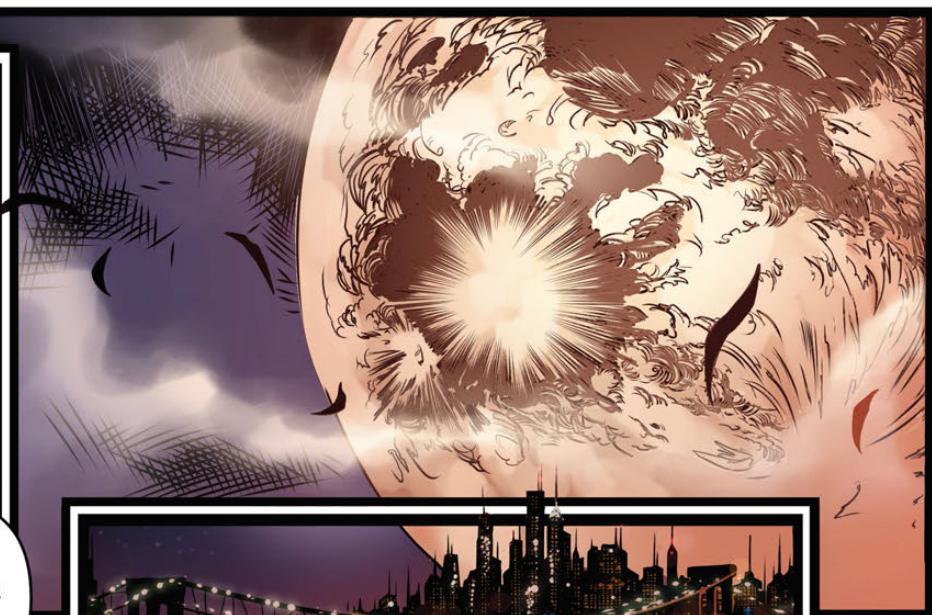
SNARRLLL

RATATATATATATA

SLOOSH!

SKWISHH!





NEW YORK CITY

TODAY

THE NYPD HAVE DISCOVERED ANOTHER ALLEGED VICTIM OF THE SO-CALLED MIDTOWN MANGLER, THE MAD KILLER RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDERS OF SEVEN MIDTOWN RESIDENTS IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS.



NOAH PACKARD.



DETECTIVE MONTFORD! HELLO!
IT'S ME!

PACKARD...
JESUS CHRIST.
NOT TODAY.





THE VICTIM'S
IDENTITY HAS NOT
BEEN DISCLOSED, PENDING
NOTIFICATION OF HIS NEXT-
OF-KIN. SOURCES CLOSE TO
THE INVESTIGATION REVEAL IT
TO BE A MALE CAUCASIAN,
EARLY THIRTIES...

...AND THE
FIRST VICTIM TO BE
MURDERED IN HIS OWN
APARTMENT.



LET ME
SEE THE
BODY!

YOU'RE A PICKLED
TOMATO. A KOOK. KOOKS
LIKE TO BE AROUND OTHER
KOOKS. YOU GOT A HARD
ON FOR THIS MURDERING
BASTARD, NOTHING I CAN
DO ABOUT THAT.

BUT I CAN MAKE
SURE YOU DON'T GO
STARTING A FREAKIN'
FAN CLUB TO HIM,
MR. PACKARD.



THAT'S DOCTOR
PACKARD.

SORRY. DIDN'T
KNOW THEY HAD A
DOCTORAL PROGRAM
AT BELA LUGOSI
UNIVERSITY.

TAKE A
WALK, DOC.



"THE KILLER IS QUITE EXTRAORDINARY..."



... HE EXHIBITS ALL OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CLASSIC LYCANTHROPE: THE CHRONIC ALTERED STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS... THE VORACIOUS APPETITE FOR RAW FLESH... AND THE PERIODICITY OF HIS PSYCHOSIS



SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS THE MIDTOWN MANGLER IS A WEREWOLF!??

EXCUSE ME! DR. PACKARD, THE DETECTIVE WILL SEE YOU NOW.



YOU HAVE A UNIQUE ABILITY TO EMBARRASS YOURSELF AT EVERY POSSIBLE MOMENT.

GULP THANK YOU.



ONE OF OUR PATHOLOGISTS CLAIMS THAT THE "KILLER EXHIBITS SIGNS OF CHRONIC BRAIN SYNDROME OF UNDETERMINED ETIOLOGY..." WHATEVER THAT MEANS

OH BULLSHIT, THE GUY WHO DID THIS HOWLS AT THE MOON.

YOU JUST CAN'T LET THAT GO! IS ALL THIS WEREWOLF NONSENSE REALLY NECESSARY?

NECESSARY? LOOK AT THIS GUY! HE'S BEEN SAVAGED LIKE HE WAS FIVE POUNDS OF RAW CHUCK!



HMPH. YEA.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WON'T AT LEAST LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY.

HAVE SOME SELF-RESPECT NOAH...



THEY REFUSE TO TAKE STOCK IN ANYTHING ABOUT A LYCANTHROPIC MATRIX.

IT'S CRAZY. SO BADLY, IT IS, YOU WANT WEREWOLVES TO EXIST, THAT YOU'RE IMPOSING YOUR WILL ON THESE POLICEMEN.

IT'S A WEREWOLF!!!



PERHAPS.
BUT NOT THE
WEREWOLF YOU'VE
BEEN SEARCHING
FOR...

JESUS...
HE'S INSANE...



LET'S GO
PACKARD. YOU'RE
DONE!

HE'S NOT
INSANE. HE
ONLY WANTS
TO DIE



I DON'T WANT
TO DIE! MALEVA, I
NEED TO FINISH WHAT
I STARTED!

MALEVA?



LATER... AT THE CORONER'S OFFICE...

AFTERNOON,
HUTCH. AUTOPSY
TURN UP
ANYTHING?

YEA. FUNNY
STUFF. WE FOUND
ANIMAL FUR IN THE
BODY, ESPECIALLY
IN THE THROAT
LACERATIONS.



WHAT KIND
OF ANIMAL?

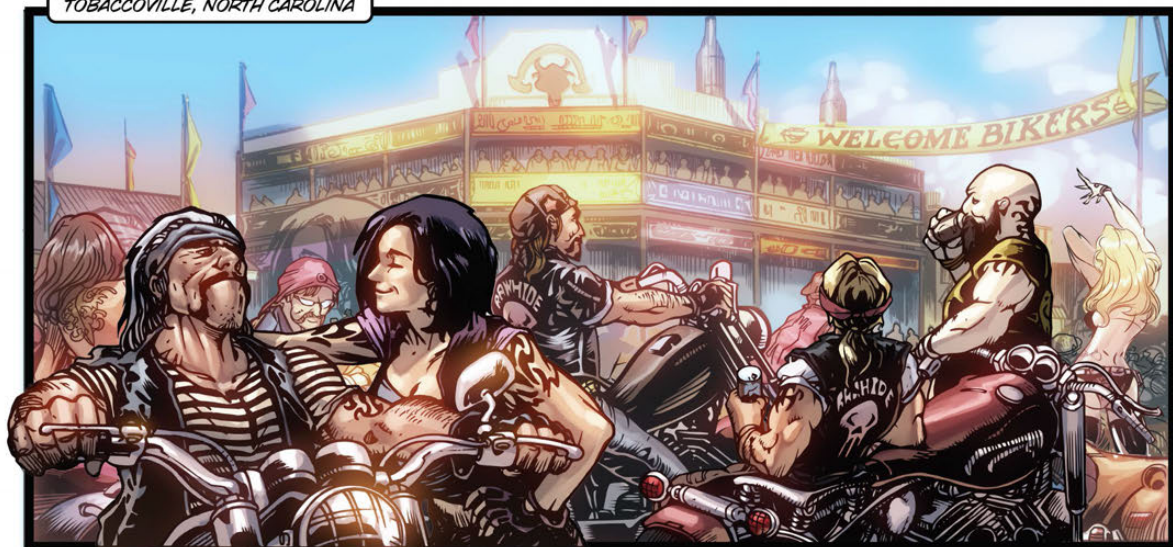
THE GENUS
IS CANIS LUPIS.
A WOLF. THAT'S
WOLF FUR.



CHRIST
ALMIGHTY.

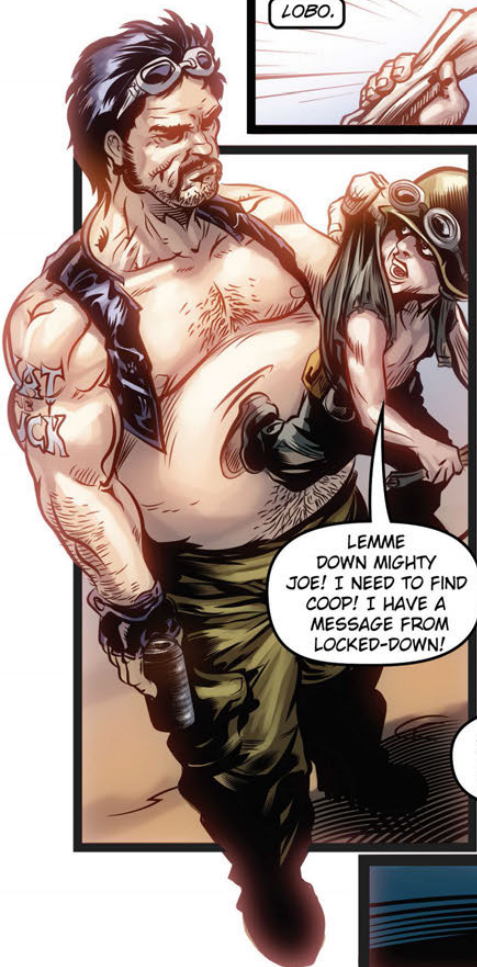
SIGH
PACKARD.

TOBACCOVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA



LOBO.

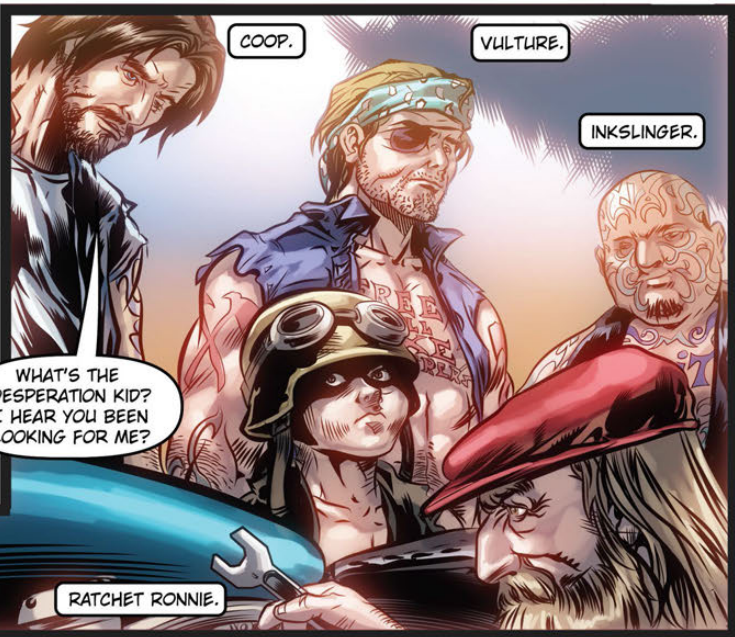
I GOTTA
TELEGRAM FROM
LOCKED-DOWN! A
TELEGRAM!



LEMME
DOWN MIGHTY
JOE! I NEED TO FIND
COOP! I HAVE A
MESSAGE FROM
LOCKED-DOWN!



THANKS
MIGHTY JOE!



COOP.

VULTURE.

INKSLINGER.

WHAT'S THE
DESPERATION KID?
I HEAR YOU BEEN
LOOKING FOR ME?

RATCHET RONNIE.

FROM
LOCKED-DOWN.

WELL I'LL
BE DAMNED.

"This down peckerwood is
checking out of the Graybar
Hotel. Request a welcoming
committee. And a reunion
with my lovely White Fang.
Get me back in the wind
before I go mad. Your Bro,
Locked-Down."

HE'S
COMING HOME!
YEE-HAW!

WRAP IT
UP BOYS. WE'RE
OUTTA HERE!

YOU HEARD
HIM FAMILY! LET'S
GRAB ASS AND
TAKE GAS!

THINK
LOCKED-DOWN 'LL
BE READY FOR
THE WORLD?

HE'LL BE FUCKED
UP AS USUAL. MORE
SO AFTER THREE
YEARS...

DAMN... WE'RE
GONNA MISS THE
TITTIE CONTEST!

VVRRRRMM!

MECKLENBERG CORRECTIONAL CENTER.

LOCKED-DOWN.

VRRMBBLE!

LIVE TO PROWL
HOWL GROWL

I'M A
FREE MAN!
ARRROOOO!

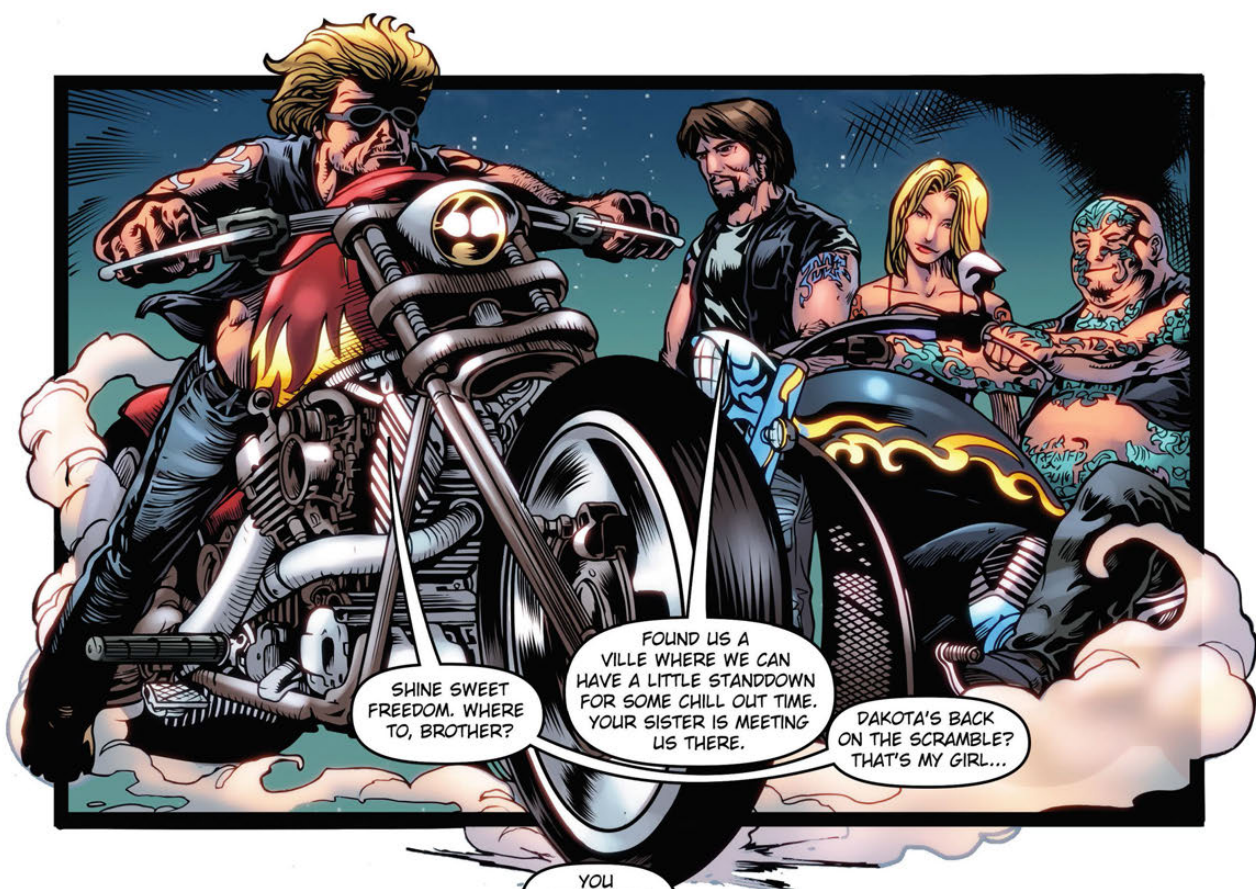
DAMN
STRAIGHT!

WAIT. WHERE
IS SHE?!? I KNOW
YOU DUMB-ASSES
DIDN'T COME HERE
TO PICK ME UP
WITHOUT...

OVER HERE,
PECKERWOOD.

WHITE FANG.





VRRROOOOM!





CAN I GET OFF HERE?

THE TALBOT STOP'S ANOTHER TWO MILES.

THAT'S OKAY, I'M MEETING SOMEONE OUT HERE.



SUIT YOURSELF SON. BUT I'D BE CAREFUL, THIS IS A THICK PATCH OF WOODS, THERE'S ALL KINDS OF ANIMALS RUNNING AROUND.

THANKS AGAIN.



ALL KINDS OF ANIMALS... ALL KINDS OF MEMORIES.



IF ANY OF THESE
ARE STILL STANDING
I'LL BUY MYSELF A
STEAK AND LOBSTER
DINNER.

SOME TIME LATER...

WHY'D I
EVER LEAVE?

CAN'T STAY
TEN YEARS OLD
FOREVER.

BEEP. BEEP.
MYATT
BRRING.

I THOUGHT
I WAS GONNA
MEET YA AT THE
BUS STOP?

I KNOW. BUT I
WALKED THE WOODS
WHEN I LEFT. THOUGHT
I'D WALK 'EM NOW
THAT I'M BACK.

YOU STAYIN'
LONG?

HEH.



JUST TILL I SETTLE POP'S THINGS.

YEA...

AT LEAST BIG CITY AGREES WITH YOU. YOU'RE LOOKING HEALTHY MAN.



AIN'T MUCH CHANGED.

NEVER DOES. NOT 'ROUND HERE.

VRRROOOM!



MOTORCYCLE GANG. ARRIVED HERE A WEEK OR SO AGO. MADE CAMP AT HARPERS FLATS. GOT SOME GOOD-LOOKING MARES WITH 'EM TOO.

NO KIDDIN'.



HOW YOU DOING? JIMMY DOWNES. NEW IN TOWN. AND HAPPY AS HELL TO BE HERE!

TEDDY HANLON. THIS IS MY FRIEND MYATT BABCOCK.

HOW'S THIS TOWN FOR VIXENS? I NEED IT BAD...



I JUST GOT BACK, HOW 'BOUT YOU LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU FIND?

YEA! ARRRROOOOOZ!



NOW THAT IS ONE HAPPY GUY.



DID YOU HEAR? I FINALLY GOT WITH ANNIE CHAMBERS. SHE'S MY GAL NOW. YOU REMEMBER HER? THREE GRADES BELOW US?

NOPE.

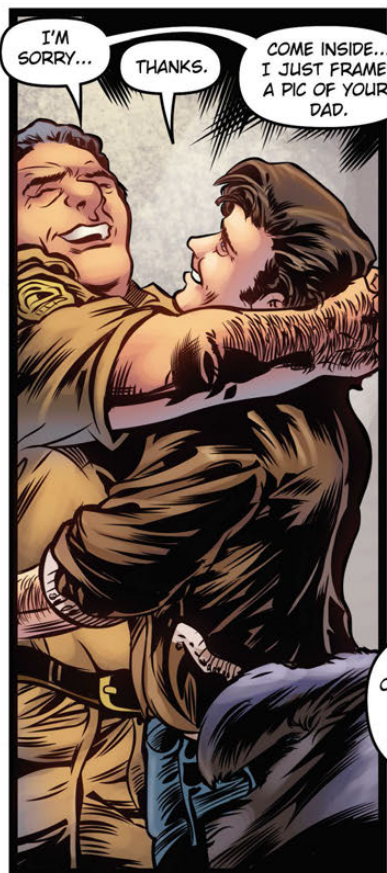
SHE'S AWE-SOME. LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S GLAD TO SEE YOU.

YIP!
BARK!

BET HE'S THE ONLY ONE. HEY NASH! HEY, THERE BOY!

WELL, I'LL BE A TOUGH TANGERINE!

HELLO WALTER...



I'M SORRY...

THANKS.

COME INSIDE... I JUST FRAMED A PIC OF YOUR DAD.



I JUST AIN'T GOOD AT THIS KIND OF THING. I'M MISSIN' YOUR DAD SOMETHING TERRIBLE. HE WAS A DECENT PEPPER. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO TOUGH. IF IT DON'T MAKE YOU CRY IT AIN'T A DECENT PEPPER.

WHAT HAPPENED?

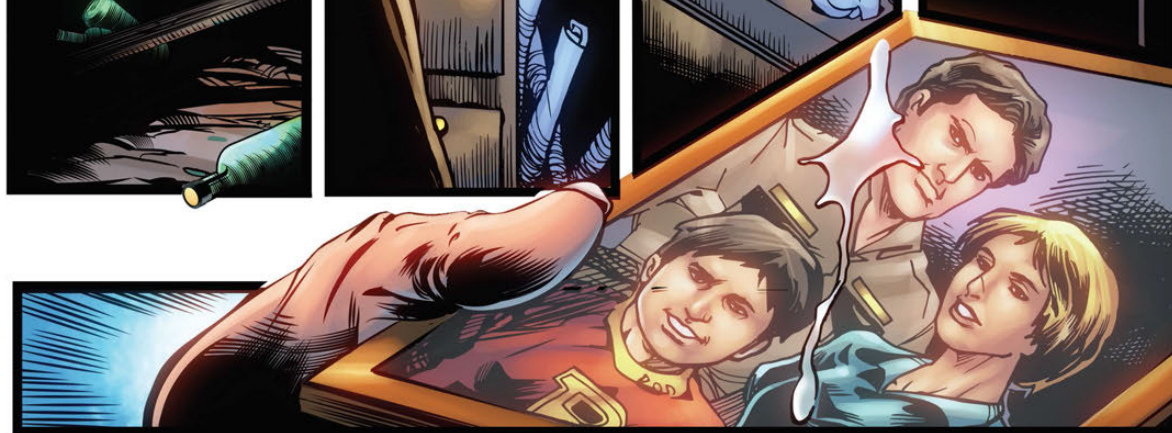
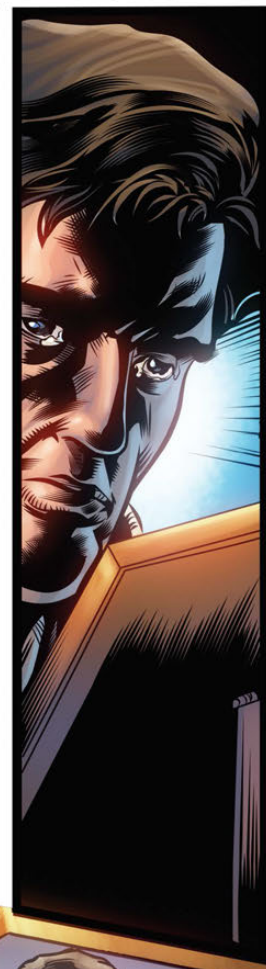
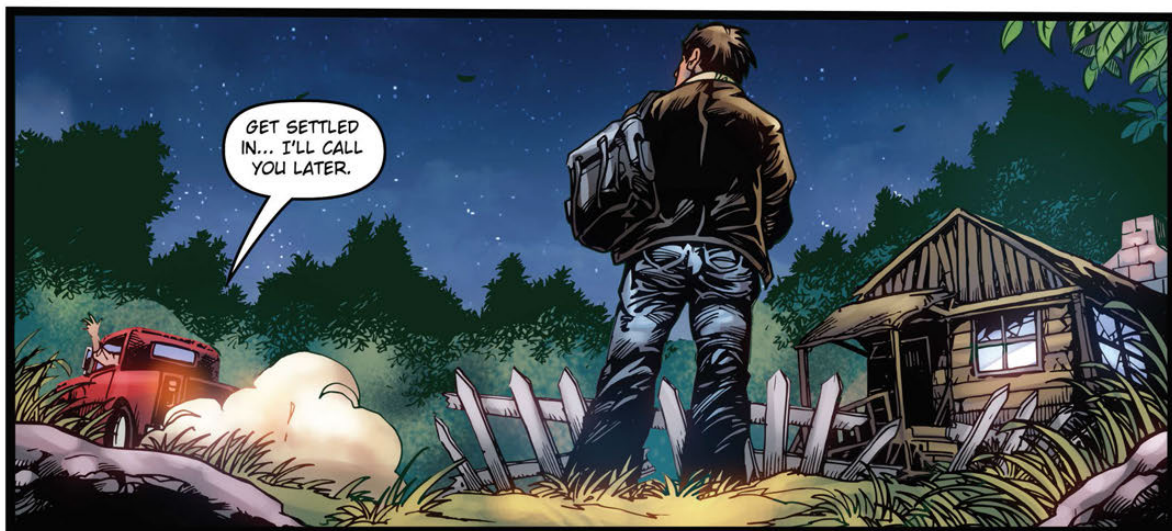
WE FOUND HIM DOWN BY THE OLD MINING ADIT, OFF THE FIRE ROAD. HE WAS ANSWERIN' A FIREWORKS COMPLAINT. HIS BODY WAS TORN UP. LIKE A BEAR OR COYOTE GOT TO HIM.



I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM...

NO SIR. HE DON'T LOOK ALL THAT GOOD. THE MAULING DID HIM UP SOMETHING FIERCE... AND IT'S BEEN FIVE DAYS.

TO BE HONEST, THE FAMILY HOME NEEDS SOME HOUSEKEEPING. IT GOT PRETTY BAD OVER THERE.



THE BLUFF... TALBOT'S MAKE OUT
SPOT FOR LOCAL HIGH-SCHOOLERS.

JESUS,
ERIN...

WHAT? I JUST...
DON'T FEEL LIKE
IT RIGHT NOW...
NOT HERE.

"NOT HERE?"
OKAY, *WHERE* THEN? I'M
SORRY, BUT I'M SIXTEEN-
YEARS-OLD. MY BACHELOR
PAD IS OCCUPIED RIGHT
NOW. BY MY PARENTS WHO
ARE PLAYING BRIDGE.
WITH YOUR PARENTS...

JUST
FORGET IT!

IT'S
FORGOTTEN.
BELIEVE ME.

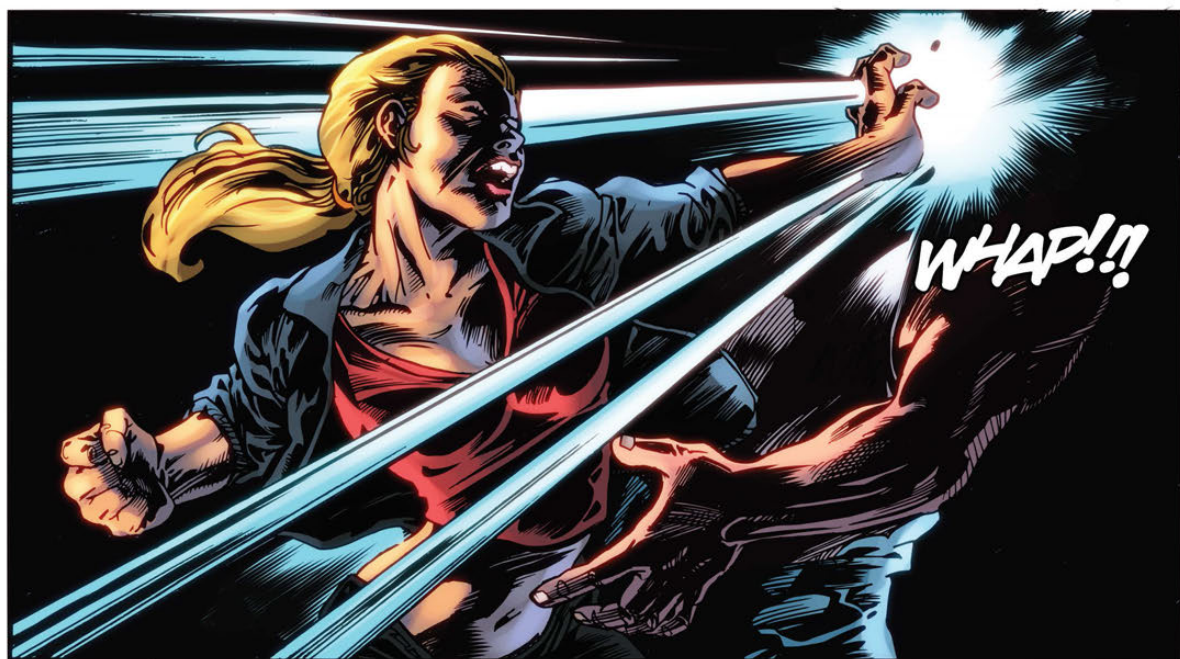
ERIN!

THAT'S IT!
TAKE OFF! IF TWICE
IS TOO MUCH FOR
YOU WHAT CAN
I DO?!?!

MAYBE THIS
WASN'T THE BEST
IDEA...

SKRIT...

KRUNCH...



THUMP!

I WAS TRYING
TO CATCH YOU. TO
APOLOGIZE. YOU'RE
RIGHT... WE DON'T
HAVE TO RUSH
THINGS... WE GOT
ALL THE TIME IN
THE WORLD.

KKRITCHH!

WHAT
THE?!

OUCH!!!
ARE YOU
INSANE?!?!
WHAT ARE
YOU SNEAKING
UP ON ME LIKE
THAT FOR?

YOU...
YOU SCARED
ME.

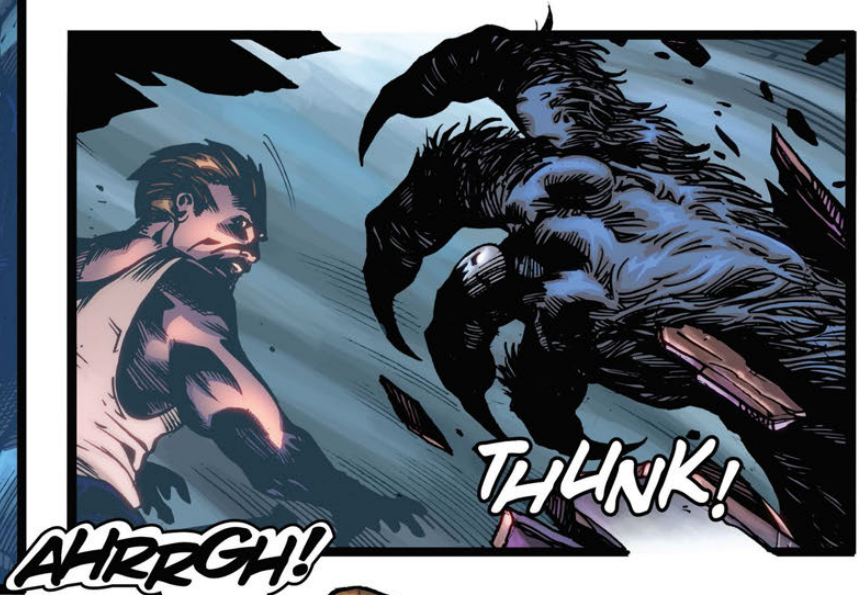
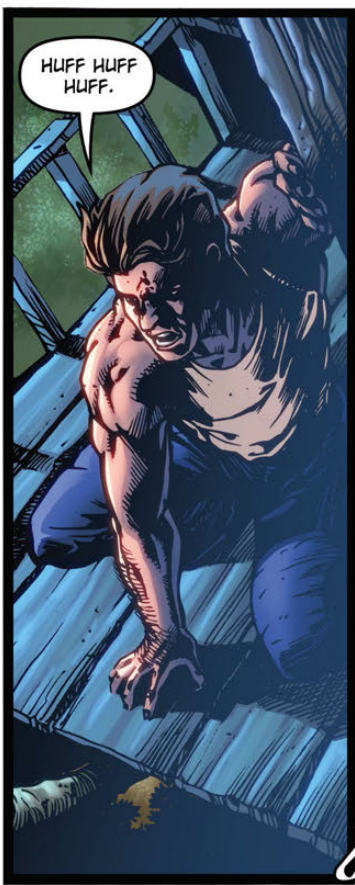
I WON'T...
EVER AGAIN.

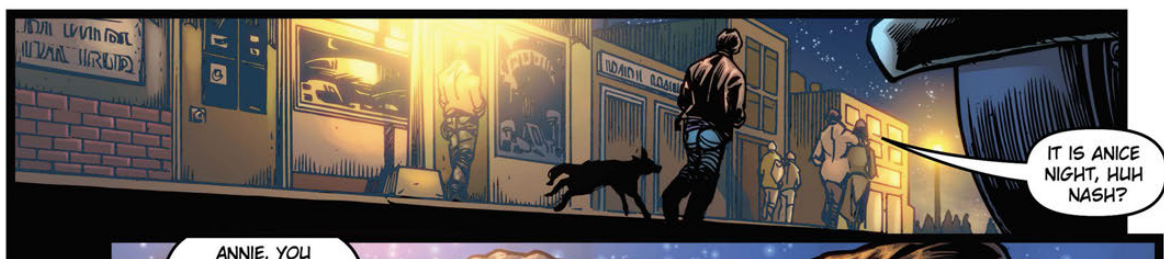
SPLURCH!

RIP!

WHIRRRCH!

SNWSSH!







TEDDY.
HELLO.

SORRY
ABOUT YOUR
FATHER.

THANKS...
MYATT MADE ME
COME INSIDE. I
DIDN'T... WANT TO
BOTHER YOU.



HOW'S D.C.?

OKAY...
NOT BAD.
OVERALL.



YOU AN
ARCHITECT
YET?

NO.

BUT THAT
WAS WHY YOU
LEFT, WASN'T IT?
AND SOMETHING
ABOUT SHIRKING
OFF SMALL-TOWN
PROVINCIALISM;
BROADENING YOUR
HORIZONS...

BECOMING
AN ARCHITECT IS
A LONG PROCESS.
I'M BASICALLY
ANSWERING PHONES
MORE THAN ANYTHING
ELSE. IT TAKES A
WHILE, AND I'VE
ONLY BEEN AT IT
FOR SIX YEARS.



RIGHT. I THINK IT
WAS TWO DAYS BEFORE
MY NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.
I REMEMBER GETTING THOSE
ROSES AND THINKING THEY
WERE FOR MY BIRTHDAY.
BUT THEY WERE REALLY
A GOODBYE PRESENT.

AS IN
"GOODBYE, I'M NO
LONGER IN YOUR
PRESENT."



GWEN...
PLEASE... I
WANT YOU TO
UNDERSTAND
THAT I.



OUT IN THE
WOODS, TEDDY.
TERRIBLE... BY
ONE OF YOUR
TREE HOUSES!
COME ON!



JACK PIERCE, TOWN ALDERMAN.

WHERE'S
THAT LITTLE
SUNLIVABITCH!?!?
I'LL KILL HIM!!!

I'M A LITTLE OUT
OF MY COMFORT
ZONE. NEED SOME
HELP HERE. TEDDY,
CAN YOU TAKE RICKY
BACK TO THE OFFICE?
I'M GONNA HOLD
HIM UNTIL WE
CAN SORT
THIS OUT.

HE AND THE
GIRL HAD A FIGHT.
BUT THIS LOOKS
LIKE AN ANIMAL
ATTACK... JUST
LIKE YOUR DAD.

HMM...

BE STRONG
MARTIN. BE STRONG
FOR YOUR FAMILY,
BE STRONG FOR
YOURSELF. WE DON'T
KNOW IF RICKY'S
RESPONSIBLE...
YET.

THE KID FOUND A
KNIFE. MANAGED TO
CUT THE ANIMAL'S
FRONT PAW CLEAN
OFF.

INCREDIBLE...

IS THAT GEORGE
HANLON'S BOY?
YOU BACK IN TOWN?
SONLIVAGUN!

YES SIR.
GOOD TO SEE
YOU AGAIN.

LIKewise,
WISH IT COULD
HAVE BEEN
UNDER BETTER
CIRCUMSTANCES.
SORRY ABOUT
YOUR DAD.

YEA...
ME TOO.



THAT BOY'S
GONE.

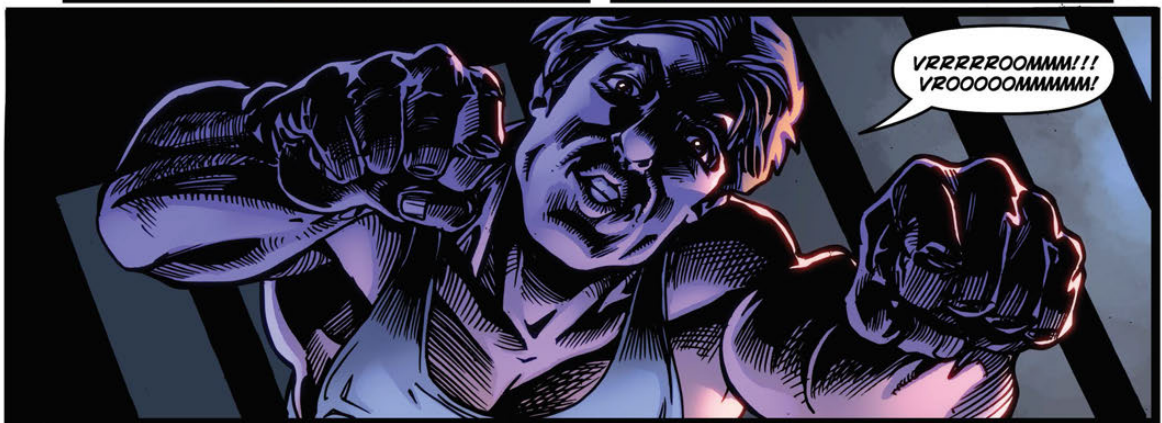
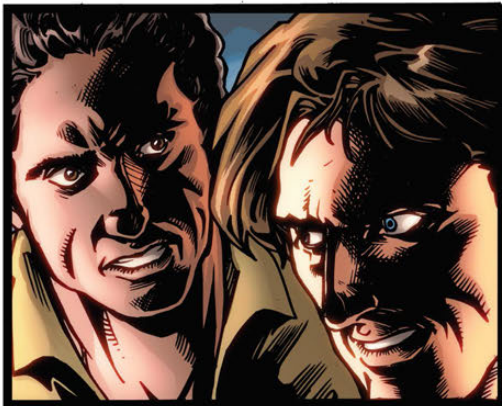
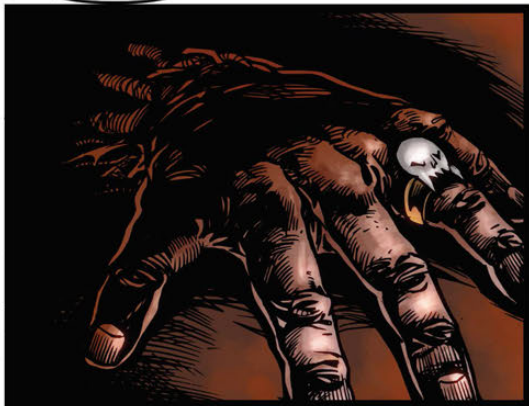
ONE
HELL OF A
HOMECOMING.

YOU
ALWAYS
DID CAUSE
TROUBLE.



YOU ALRIGHT
MAN? LOOKS LIKE
YOU SEEN A GHOST.
WALTER?

EXPLAIN
THIS... PLEASE...
EXPLAIN THIS...



VRRRRROOMMM!!!
VROOOOONNNNN!

ROSENBERG

DAZO

BAD MOON RISING



*Dakota
Rides Into
Town!*

ISSUE #2
11.11.15

www.4five1.com

451

Imagination to
BURN.

**YOU HEAR
THE CYCLE
HUMMIN'?**

**BETTER START
RUNNIN'**

**THE KILLER
WOLF
IS
COMIN'**

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