



THE EDGE OF THE
BLACK FOREST, IN
THE LAND OF THE
ANGREN.



STAY STILL, YOU
LITTLE BASTARD.
I COULD USE A
BITE OFF YOUR
BONES.



HAH!



BIT TOO
QUICK FOR YOU,
EHH? NOT THE
CLEVER SORT,
METHINKS.

Y'ARE THE
TASTY SORT,
THOUGH, SO I
BELIEVE WE'LL
GET ALONG
JUST--



STAY
BACK OR
I'LL....

RELAX.
NOT GONNA
HURT YOU.

DAMN!

SAW YOU
FISHING. HAVEN'T
SEEN **ANYONE**
ELSE IN
DAYS.

AHHH.
BORED OF
TALKING TO YOUR
HORSE, EHH?
WELL, YOU SURE
GAVE **ME**
A START.

SORRY. LIKE YOU SAID--
NO COMPANY BUT **ROACH**
HERE FOR DAYS, AND
SHE'S NOT ALL THAT
DEMANDING OF
COURTESIES.

SOME **FOOD**,
ROOM TO **RUN**, AND
THE OCCASIONAL **BOWEL**
MOVEMENT; THAT'S
ALL SHE REALLY
NEEDS.

I'M NOT
MUCH ABOVE **THAT**
LIFESTYLE **MESELF**,
BUT I'LL DO WHAT
I CAN TO BE
COMPANIONABLE.

NAME'S
JAKOB. JAKOB
ORNSTINE. I'M
A **HUNTER**.







AN HOUR LATER...

...BUT BY THE TIME THE DICE STOPPED ROLLING, I'D WON A PIG, A MAIDEN'S KISS, A PAIR OF BREECHES, AND THE IRE OF A BARE-LEGGED MAN.

THAT'S WHEN I KNEW I HAD TO LEAVE TOWN.

HA HA HA!

HOW ABOUT YOU, JAKOB? ALONE OUT HERE?

ALONE? I SUPPOSE SO. YES.

EVER SINCE MY MARTA DIED.

SORRY TO HEAR THAT.

EXCELLENT WINE AND HONEST SORROW--BOTH APPRECIATED.

TRUTH BE TOLD, MARTA'S DEATH IS SOMETHING I'VE NOT SETTLED INTO.

THAT'S HER, WATCHING US FROM UP THE HILL.

