











LILLI.

WHAT DID I  
TELL YOU,  
BEAST?

STAY  
OUTSIDE  
THE TOWN'S  
WALLS.



HEH.

MY BEAUTIFUL  
WOLF-GIRL!

I DON'T  
KNOW HOW  
YOU WRIGGLED  
THROUGH THE WALL,  
BUT I NEED YOU TO  
GO BACK--  
NOW!



SOLDIERS  
ARE  
COMING.

THEY'LL  
HURT YOU.

YOU  
HAVE TO  
GO.



I'LL  
FIND MY  
OWN WAY  
OUT--

GO,  
LILLI!

GO.





WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH THESE WHIMPERING BRUTES?

LOOK AT THEM!

I'VE SEEN THIS KIND OF THING **BEFORE**.

I'LL WAGER IT WAS A **WOLF** SQUEEZED THROUGH THE WALL.

**BIG ONE, TOO.**



THEY SAID A **MAN**.

HUNTING A **WOLF**?

NOT IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION.

PAL.

IT **IS**.

READ THE **SMALL PRINT**.



TELL ME, WHAT ELSE COULD SCARE OFF A TROOP OF **WAR DOGS**?

A **WOLF-MAN**-- OR A **GHOST**-- OR--

THERE'S NOTHING IN THE **SMALL PRINT** ABOUT **GHOSTS**, IS THERE?

I'M JUST SAYING, IF IT WAS JUST A **MAN**--

--WHERE IS HE NOW?





SERGEANT LINKVIST, WE  
LOST HIM.

IT.

SEEMS  
WE'RE DEALING  
WITH A WOLF, SIR,  
POSSIBLY A  
WOLF-MAN.

OR A  
GHOST.

A WOLF,  
HMM?

A  
VANISHING  
WOLF.

A  
GHOST-WOLF,  
NO LESS.



A  
GHOST-WOLF  
WHO LEAVES  
INTRICATELY-CARVED  
TOYS ON THE  
DOORSTEPS OF  
GRIMSVIG'S  
POOREST  
FAMILIES?



WELL,  
WHOEVER THIS  
IMPOSSIBLE  
CHARACTER IS, HE  
WON'T GET AWAY  
WITH IT AGAIN.

KEEP  
AN EYE ON  
EVERY  
DOOR--

LET  
OUR INVISIBLE  
BEAST-MAN FIND  
SOME OTHER WAY  
TO DELIVER HIS  
MAGICAL TOYS, IF  
HE CAN--