

# THE STEAM MAN OF THE PRAIRIE AND THE DARK RIDER GET DOWN

CHAPTER 1: IN SEARCH OF...

...YOU DON'T  
KNOW THE  
HALF OF IT.

I'LL  
EXPLAIN.





FOUR YEARS AGO, I BUILT THE STEAM MAN.

IT WAS THE LAST TIME I REMEMBER THE WORLD MAKING ANY KIND OF SENSE A'TALL.

ONE DAY THE WORLD WAS RIGHT.



THE NEXT, EVERYTHING WAS WRONG.

THE SKY OPENED UP, AND ALL MANNER OF NASTY █████ CAME THROUGH.



THE WORLD WASN'T PREPARED FOR NOTHIN' LIKE IT.

SO I PUT A FEW FOLKS TO WORK ON SOMETHING BIG.



BECAUSE THERE WAS A DECENT LIVING TO BE MADE TAKING THESE █████ DOWN!

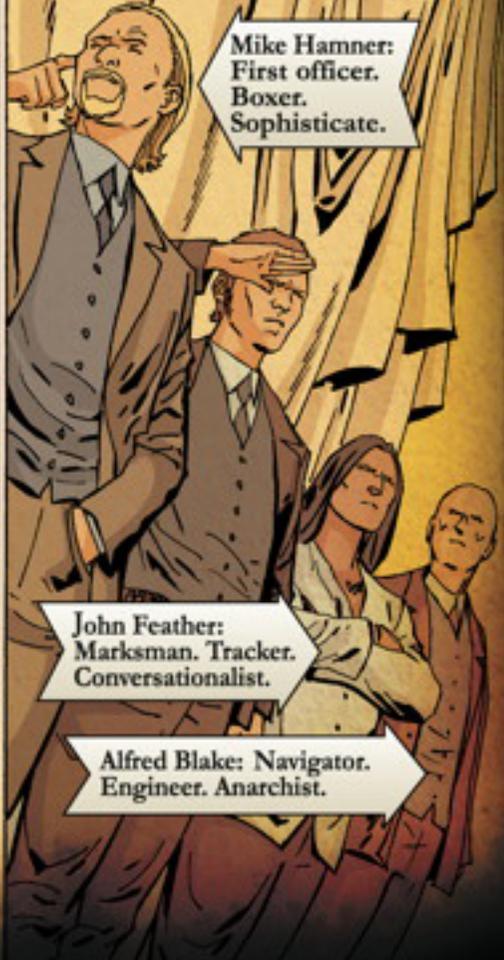
HE WAS BUILT...

THE CITY OF NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS, DOES HEREBY OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZE WILLIAM BEADLE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE NEW LAW...



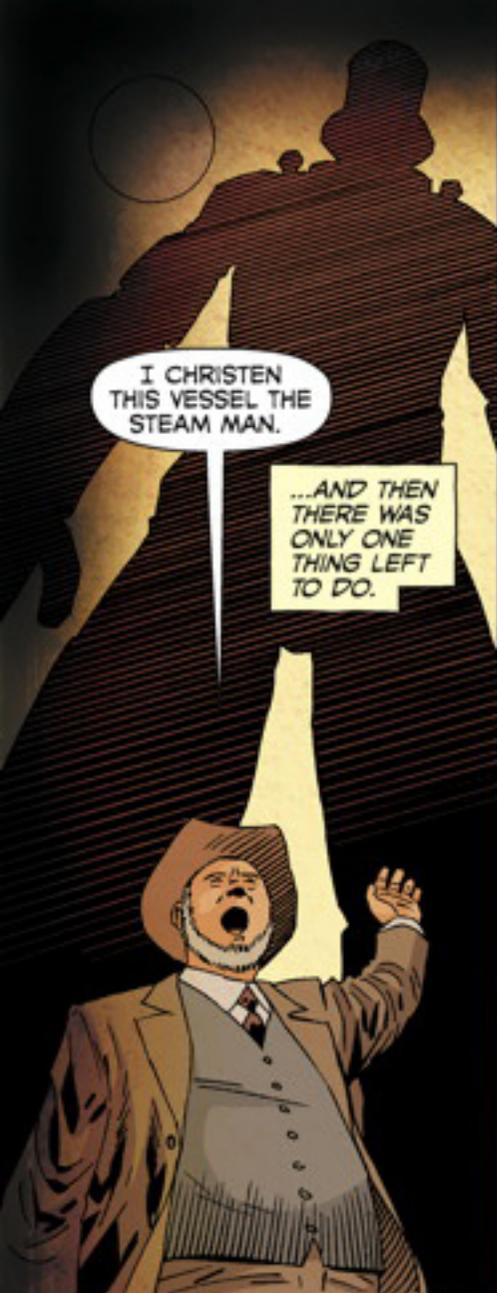
...I HIRED MY CREW...

Mike Hamner: First officer. Boxer. Sophisticate.



John Feather: Marksman. Tracker. Conversationalist.

Alfred Blake: Navigator. Engineer. Anarchist.



I CHRISTEN THIS VESSEL THE STEAM MAN.

...AND THEN THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO.



WHOOOP A LITTLE ASS!



GO GET THEM

YES, SIR!



WHACK



THRUNK



YEE HAW! GOT THAT PIECE OF CAKE!

IRONY IS, I BUILT STEAM HERE TO FIGHT OFF THEM [REDACTED] SQUID MEN. BUT THERE WASN'T MUCH FIGHTING FROM THEM TO BE HAD.

PRETTY SOON, THEY JUST UP AND STARTED DYING OFF. THE THEORY IS OUR GERMS KILLED 'EM. BUT THE DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE.

THEY TORE THEIR HOLES IN THE SKY. THEN THEY DIED AND LEFT US WITH THEIR MESS.

AND AS THE EXPRESSION GOES, WHEN THE GOOD LORD CLOSES A DOOR...

...HE OPENS A WINDOW TO HELL.

THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE THE DARK RIDER COULD HAVE COME FROM.

AND AFTER HUNTING HIM GOING ON FOUR YEARS NOW, WE HAVE TRACKED HIM TO THIS LOCATION.

IT'S A SORE FOR SIGHT EYES, AIN'T IT?

A man with long white hair and a beard, wearing a dark jacket and pants, is running through a forest at night. The trees are covered in snow, and a full moon is visible in the dark sky. He has a look of intense fear and urgency.

THEM GREEN  
WERE  
JUST SOLDIERS.  
DOIN' A JOB.  
I DON'T LIKE IT,  
BUT I GET IT.

THE DARK RIDER,  
THOUGH...

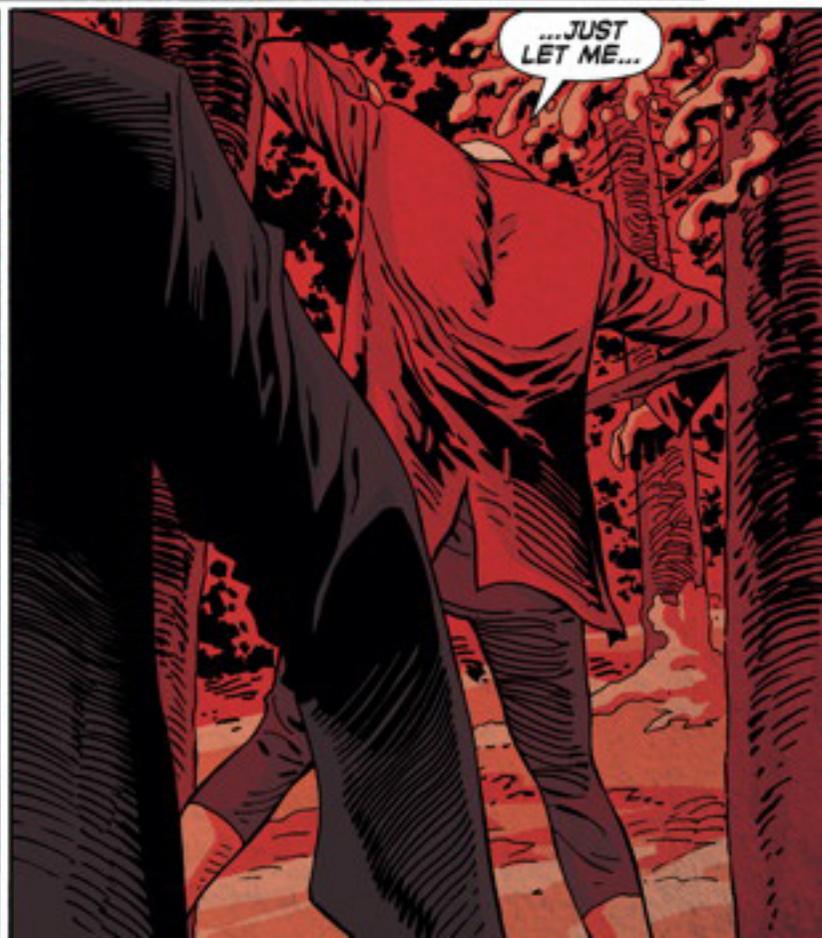
A close-up of the man's face, showing his wide-eyed, terrified expression. In the background, a dark, hooded figure (the Dark Rider) is seen walking away on a path through the snowy forest. A branch has just snapped, with the sound effect 'SNAP' written in yellow.

HE AIN'T  
NOTHING  
BUT EVIL  
INCARNATE.

I WON'T  
TELL NOBODY  
I SAW'D  
YOU.

The man is cowering in the forest, his hands pressed against the trunk of a tree. He looks down with a pleading expression.

PLEASE...

A large, dark hand reaches in from the left, firmly grasping the man's shoulder. The man's body is tensed in fear and submission.

...JUST  
LET ME...



...LIVE.



FAR AS I CAN TELL, THE DARK RIDER IS KINDA LIKE A VAMPIRE.

THOUGH HE AIN'T BOTHERED BY GARLIC, OR CROSSES, OR ANY OF THAT

BUT HE LIKES BLOOD.

AND BOY, OH BOY, DOES HE HATE SUNLIGHT.



YAARRGH!



MAYBE IT HURTS HIM. MAYBE HE JUST DOESN'T WANT HIS BUSINESS TO BE SEEN IN THE LIGHT OF DAY.

AND WHILE COUNT DRACULA HAD ONE OR TWO FUNCTIONARIES...



THE DARK RIDER HAS AN ARMY OF UGLY [REDACTED] AT HIS DISPOSAL. THEY'RE CALLED MOORLOCKS AND THEY BLINDLY DO HIS BIDDING.

AND IT'S A DIRTY BUSINESS.



RAPE. TORTURE. MURDER. THERE'S NO END TO HIS CRUELTY.



THE LUCKY ONES DIE QUICK. THE UNLUCKY ONES... WELL...



...JUST PRAY YOU AIN'T ONE OF 'EM.