



# HARROW

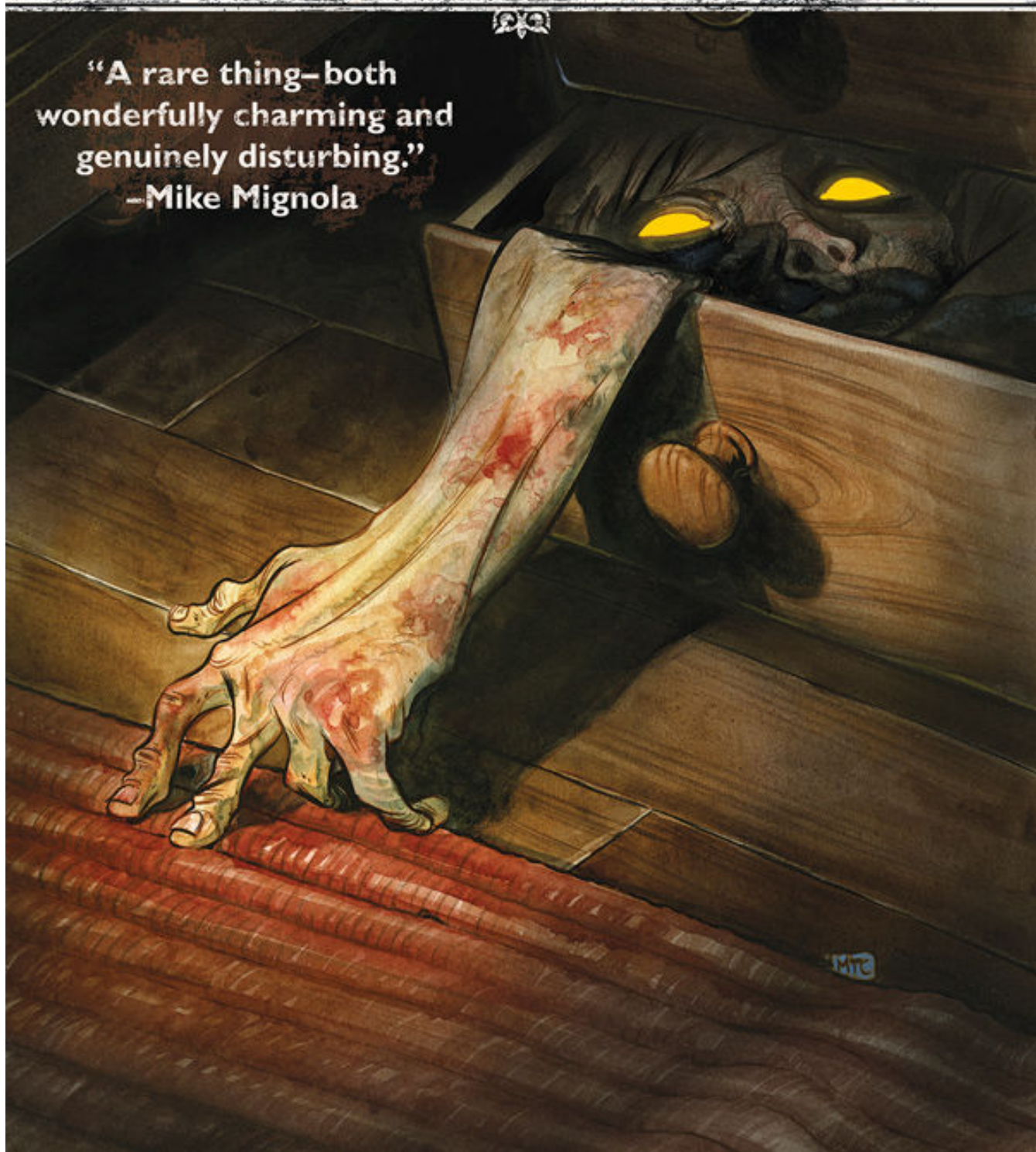
CULLEN BUNN • TYLER CROOK

# COUNTY

#1

\$3.99

“A rare thing—both wonderfully charming and genuinely disturbing.”  
—Mike Mignola







THE FOLK OF HARROW COUNTY  
PUT THE WITCH TO DEATH...

... BUT THE WITCH  
DID NOT DIE EASILY.



HESTER BECK HAD BEEN  
SHOT, STABBED, BEATEN...

... AND FINALLY  
HANGED BY  
THE NECK.



SHE HAD BEEN ONE OF THEM,  
THOUGH--A NEIGHBOR AND...  
AT TIMES... A FRIEND...

... AND THEM THAT KILLED HER  
WOULD'VE GIVEN HER A PROPER  
BURIAL AND LAST RITES...



... BUT THE RAIN WASHED THE  
PAGES OF THE BIBLE CLEAN.



IN LIFE, HESTER HAD  
BEEN A HEALING WOMAN.



SHE CURED FRAILTIES AND  
AILMENTS WITH WHISPERED  
INCANTATIONS...

... CHASING THEM AWAY  
AS EASILY AS SHOOING  
STRAY TOMCATS.





FOR A TIME, FOLK TURNED A BLIND EYE WHEN LIVESTOCK STARTED DYING IN HESTER'S PRESENCE.

"THERE MUST BE A TRADE," THEY MIGHT SAY. "WHAT IS TAKEN MUST BE GIVEN."



BUT THEY COULD SCARCELY ABIDE THE LOCAL CHILDREN FOLLOWING HER OUT TO SULFUR CREEK...

...AND PARTICIPATING IN STRANGE SERMONS AND BAPTISMS.



NOR COULD THEY STOMACH RUMORS OF BLASPHEMOUS CONGRESS WITH HEINOUS THINGS OUT IN THE WOODS.

THEY NO LONGER SAT IDLY BY...



...WHEN THEY DISCOVERED HOW SHE FED HER VILE COMPANIONS...

...AND HOW SHE STRENGTHENED HER OWN SUPERNATURAL GIFTS.





THESE MURDEROUS FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS KNEW...

...JUST AS HESTER COULD CURE OTHERS...

...SHE MIGHT HEAL HERSELF



AND SO THEY PUT HER TO BULLET AND BLADE AND MOOSE...



...AND FINALLY FIRE.

GOD HELP ME.



BUT EVEN AS HER FLESH BURNED AWAY FROM THE BONE...

...HESTER BECK TREMBLED AND HISSED.



...NOT THE END...

...NEVER THE END FOR ME...

...I'LL BE BACK... AGAIN...

...KEEP WATCH AND BE READY...

...WHETHER TO TEND OR MURDER...

...BUT I'LL SEE YOU ALL ONCE MORE!

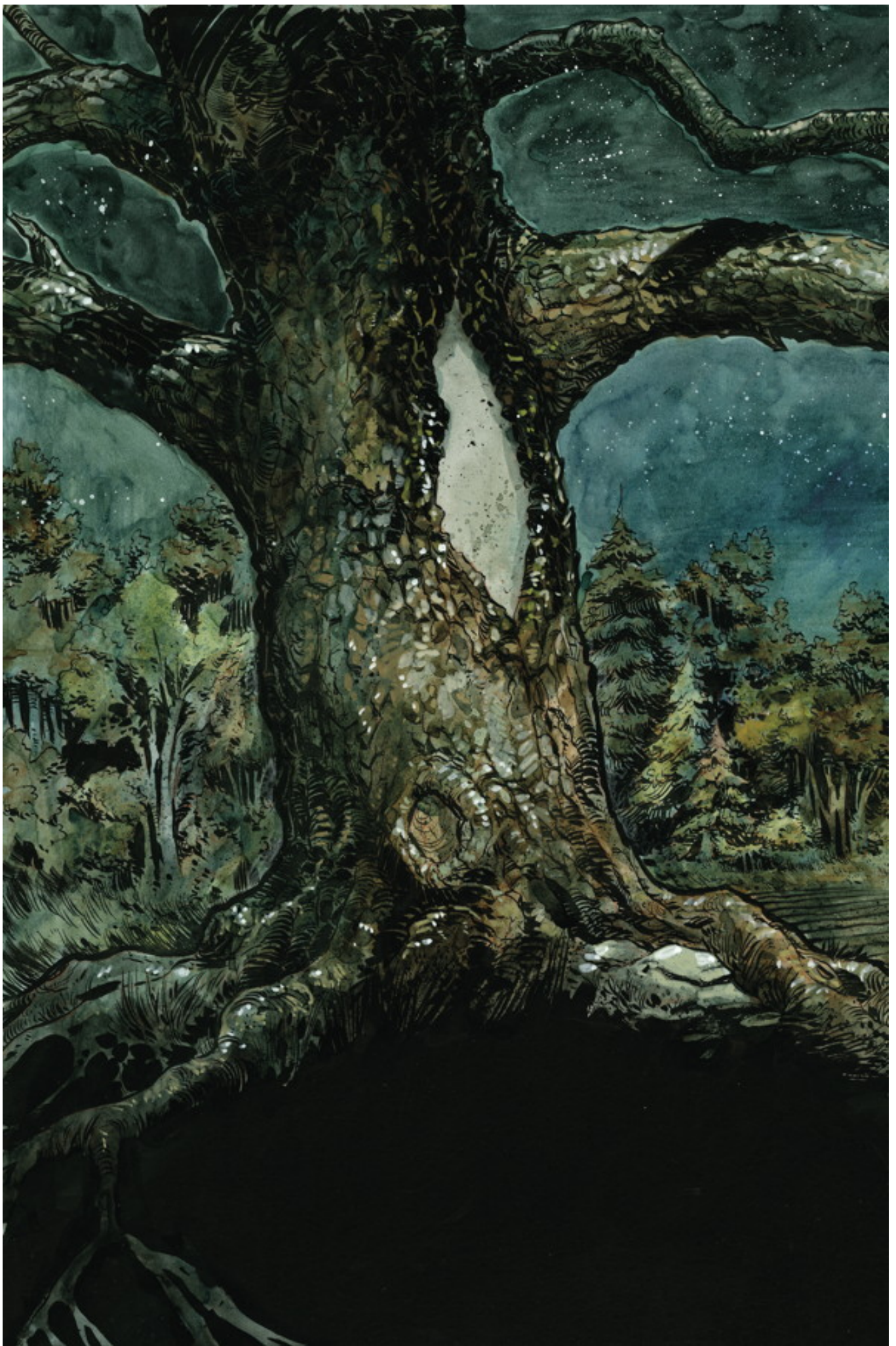


THERE WAS TRUTH IN THE DEAD WOMAN'S WORDS...

...A PROMISE TO REVISIT THE SINS OF THE DAY...

...TO JUDGE AND PUNISH THOSE INIGUITIES THAT NOT EVEN THE RAIN COULD WASH AWAY.









HER EARLIEST MEMORIES WERE OF  
THE TASTE OF FRESHLY TURNED EARTH  
AND THE BLEATING OF GOATS.





SOMETIMES... WHEN EMMY  
WOKE FROM A BAD DREAM...

...A DREAM OF THE TREE AND THE  
AWFUL THINGS HIDDEN BENEATH  
ITS ROOTS...

... SHE COULD ALMOST FEEL THE  
GRIT OF DIRT ON HER TONGUE.



SHE COULD ALMOST HEAR  
THE BESTIAL SCREAMING  
ECHO IN HER EARS.



IT WAS THE ECHO  
OF NIGHTMARES.

OF HAINTS.



SHE COULD NOT SEE  
THEM, BUT SHE KNEW  
THEY WERE THERE.

WRAPPED IN SHADOW, THEY  
CROWDED CLOSE TO THE  
BED, WATCHING HER.



COUNTLESS HAINTS.