

THE NEXT DAY...

COME ON...

HURRY WITH YOUR BOXES!

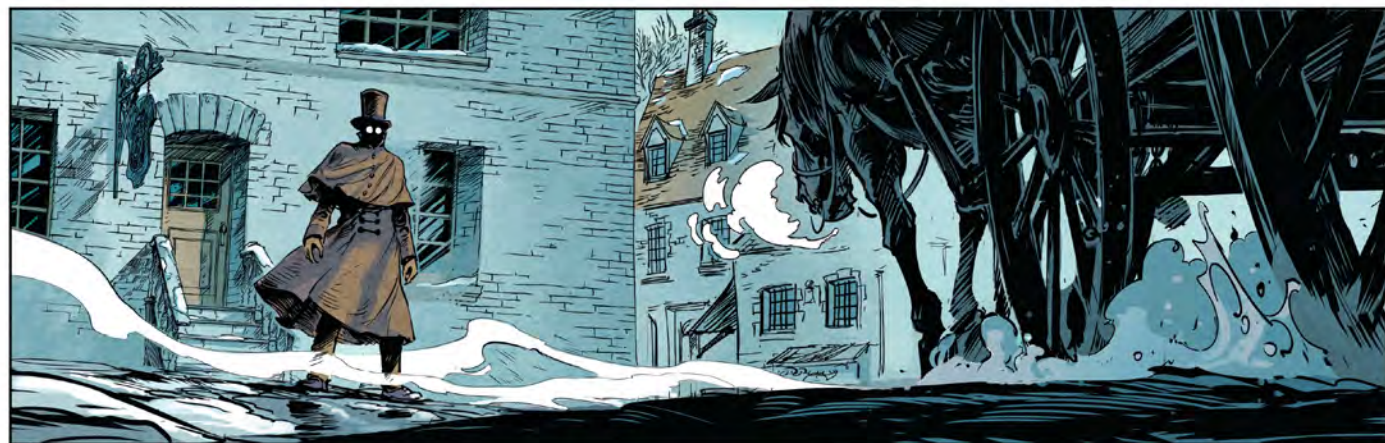
YOU'VE MADE ME WAIT LONG ENOUGH!



IS THAT HIM, THERE?

IN THE FLESH.

STRANGE-LOOKING, INDEED!



WATCH OUT! YOUR DOG!

BLOODY HELL! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO HIM?



HE'S GOING TO ATTACK HIM.

OH MY GOD!



ERRRR!



YEEELP!

TAKE THIS, YOU MONGREL!



DAMN MUTT!



CRASH!



HOW AWFUL! HE MUST'VE BEEN BITTEN!

I'LL GO CHECK!

OH, I HOPE HE'S NOT INJURED!



WHAT ON EARTH GOT INTO YOU, HUHR!

WHAT SET YOU OFF LIKE THAT?



FEARENSIDE'S DOG JUST ATTACKED OUR GUEST!

IT MAY HAVE BITTEN HIM!

GOOD HEAVENS! HE JUST CHARGED UP THE STAIRS TO HIS ROOM. NOW I KNOW WHY!



SIR, ARE YOU INJURED?

NO, NOT AT ALL. REST ASSURED, HE DIDN'T BREAK SKIN.



I AM SO SORRY THAT ANIMAL--

THE SOONER YOU BRING UP MY THINGS, THE BETTER. UNDERSTOOD?

THIS ROOM WON'T BE BIG ENOUGH. PUT THEM IN THE LOUNGE, PLEASE.

RIGHT...RIGHT AWAY, SIR.



LOOK! THAT'S HIM, THERE!

SEE? I WASN'T MAKING IT UP!



HALL'S GUEST?

YES, WHO ELSE WOULD BE BUNDLED UP LIKE THAT?



I BET HE'S BLACK.

I HEARD HE WAS ALL BLACK UNDERNEATH WHEN HE GOT BITTEN BY MR. FEARENSIDE'S DOG. THAT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION!



"BUT WHAT IS HE DOING IN IPING?"

"NOBODY KNOWS, BUT MRS. HALL SAYS HE GETS VERY IRRITATED WHEN PEOPLE ASK HIM QUESTIONS."

"THOSE POOR INNKEEPERS, I WOULDN'T WANT HIM UNDER MY ROOF."



ESH!

ESH!



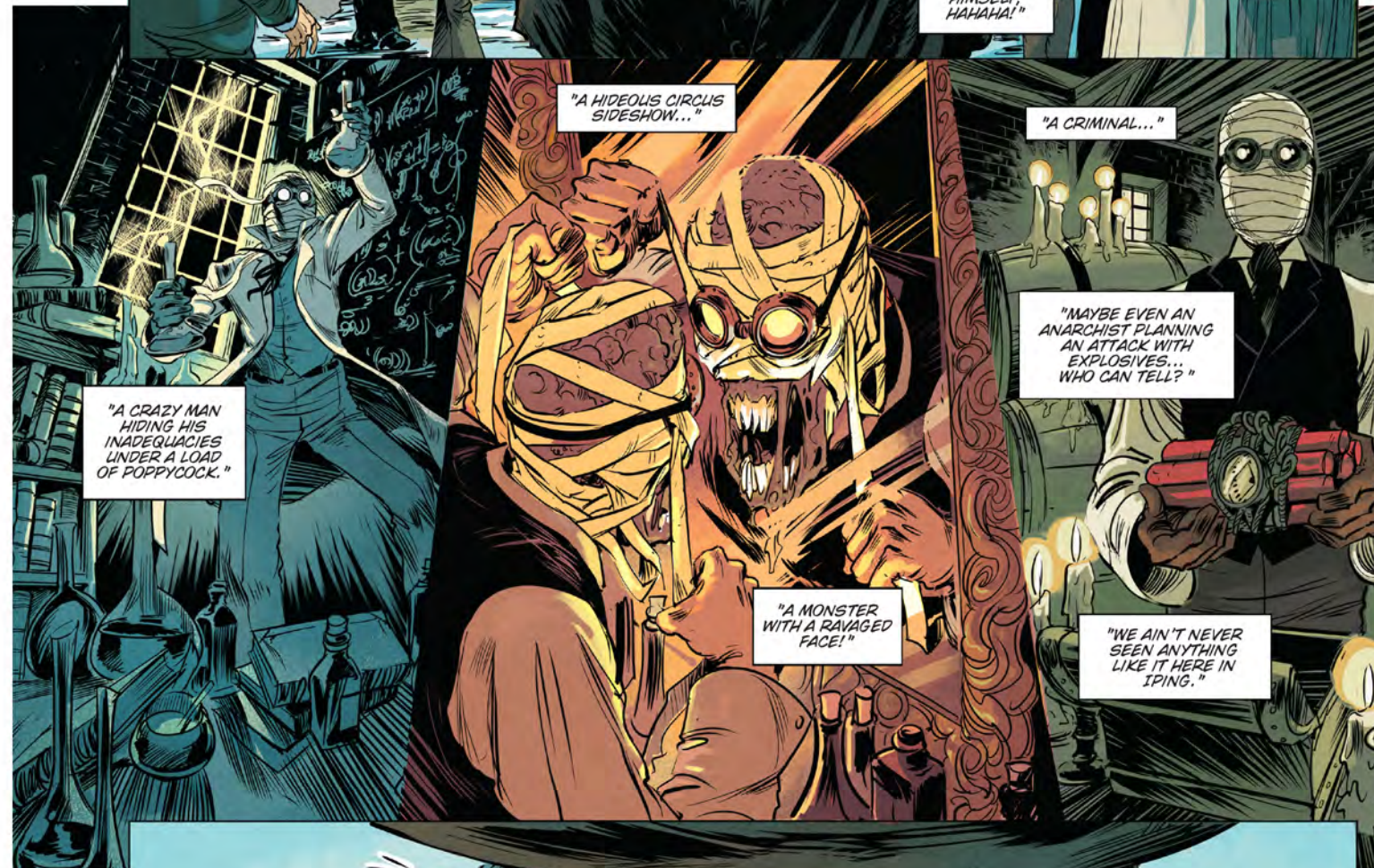
"MRS. HALL SAYS HE DOES EXPERIMENTS."

"A MAN WHO DOES 'BLOODY LONG' EXPERIMENTS, EVEN, IS WHAT SHE SAID."



"AND HE DOESN'T TALK TO ANYBODY."

"OR MAYBE JUST TO HIMSELF. HAAAAH!"



"A HIDEOUS CIRCUS SIDESHOW..."

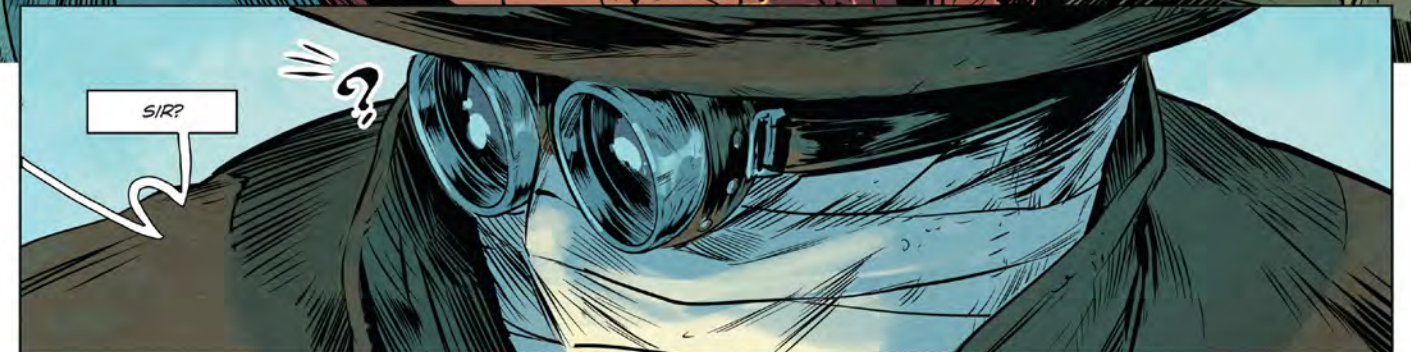
"A CRIMINAL..."

"MAYBE EVEN AN ANARCHIST PLANNING AN ATTACK WITH EXPLOSIVES... WHO CAN TELL?"

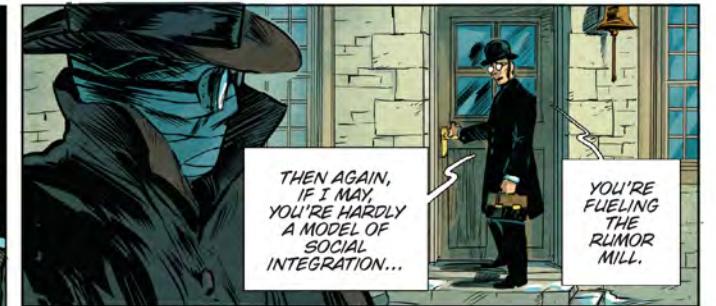
"A CRAZY MAN HIDING HIS INADEQUACIES UNDER A LOAD OF POPPYCOCK."

"A MONSTER WITH A RAVAGED FACE!"

"WE AIN'T NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT HERE IN IPING."



SIR?







NOT FAR FROM THERE...

WELL, DOCTOR?

WAAAAA!
WAAAAA!



WAAAAA!

YOU WERE RIGHT TO BRING HIM, MY DEAR LADY.



BUT REST ASSURED, HE SOUNDS A LOT WORSE THAN HE IS.



HIS FEVER SHOULD BE DOWN BY TOMORROW.

IF IT ISN'T, COME BACK AND SEE ME. ALL RIGHT?

THANK YOU, DOCTOR.



WE DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY, DOCTOR...

DON'T YOU FRET ABOUT THAT. COME BACK AND SEE ME IF THINGS DON'T RETURN TO NORMAL.



WAAHRR!
WAAHRR!

GOOD LORD! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO THAT BLOODY MUTT?

HE'S BEEN BARKING HIS HEAD OFF ALL DAY.



WAAWAAWAA!
WAAWAAWAA!



HEY THERE, MATE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR DOG?

HE'S AGITATED.



IT'S BECAUSE OF THE INVISIBLE MAN, DOC.

HE BURNED DOWN THE HALLS' INN AND CUT THE TELEGRAPH CABLES.



THE INVISIBLE WHAT?!



MY ADVICE IS TO LOCK YOURSELF IN!

THE INVISIBLE MAN IS LURKING ABOUT!

WAAWAAWAA!



KRA!
KRA!
KRA!
KRA!

H.G.
WELLS

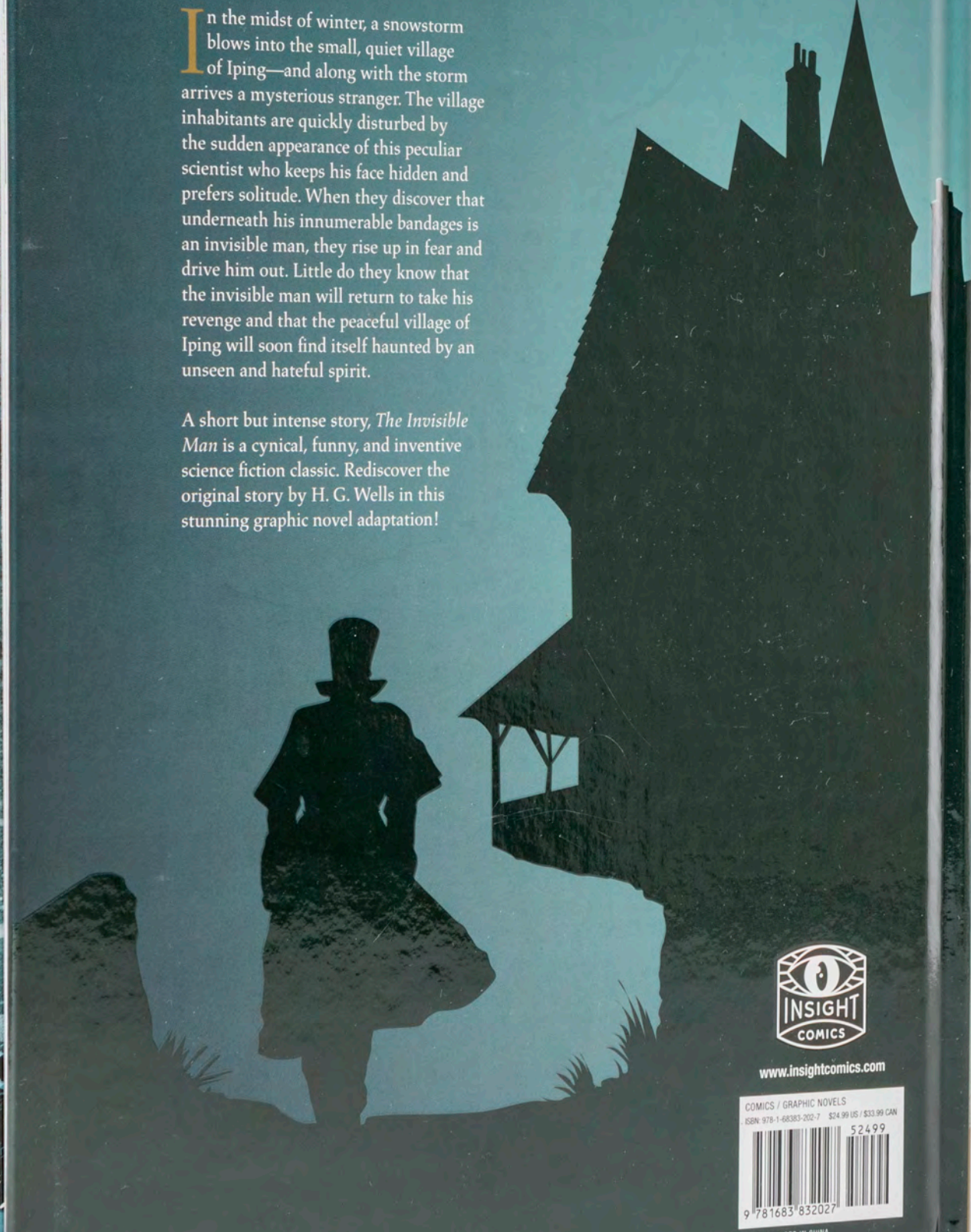
DOBBS
REGNAULT

THE INVISIBLE MAN

H. G. WELLS: THE INVISIBLE MAN

DOBBS · REGNAULT



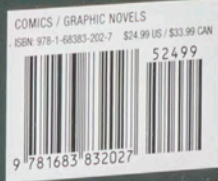


In the midst of winter, a snowstorm blows into the small, quiet village of Iping—and along with the storm arrives a mysterious stranger. The village inhabitants are quickly disturbed by the sudden appearance of this peculiar scientist who keeps his face hidden and prefers solitude. When they discover that underneath his innumerable bandages is an invisible man, they rise up in fear and drive him out. Little do they know that the invisible man will return to take his revenge and that the peaceful village of Iping will soon find itself haunted by an unseen and hateful spirit.

A short but intense story, *The Invisible Man* is a cynical, funny, and inventive science fiction classic. Rediscover the original story by H. G. Wells in this stunning graphic novel adaptation!



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