

Dover's Creek, Kentucky.  
Hunter's moon.

SO, WHAT D'YOU  
THINK KILLED THEM  
COWS IF IT WASN'T  
COYOTES?

RROO! RROO! RROO!

HELL  
IF I KNOW.  
COUGAR,  
MAYBE?

SHIT! MITCHELL AIN'T  
NEVER SEEN A COUGAR,  
NOT UNLESS YOU COUNT  
MRS. SANDERS AT  
THE RED BARN.

RROO! RR-RROO!

SHE'S NOT  
THAT MUCH  
OLDER THAN  
ME!

SHUSH, THE BOTH OF  
YOU. DON'T MUCH MATTER  
WHAT GOT TO THEM  
COWS.

IT DAMN SURE  
WON'T DO IT  
AGAIN.

DOGS'VE  
CAUGHT ITS  
SCENT.

RR-RROO! RROO!

GET 'EM,  
BOYS! RUN  
'EM DOWN!

RROO!  
RROO! RROO!

RROO!  
RROO--

SHIT!  
SHIT!  
SHIT!

WHAT  
THE HELL?

CAREFUL  
NOW.





GOD...  
I HATE THE FULL MOON.



LISTEN... IF I DON'T COME BACK--

JESUS.

LISTEN. IF I DON'T, CALL MASON FOR ME. LET HIM KNOW--



LET HIM KNOW WHAT, DILLON?

THAT THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER FAILED? THAT YOU'RE DEAD?

THAT THIS... MONSTER... FINALLY KILLED YOU?



...  
JUST LET HIM KNOW.



Can't really blame Cayce for being angry...

For being scared.



But she knows what's at stake.

We've both lost people we loved to this thing. That's what brought us together.

That's what'll tear us apart.



But if the Wolf has found its way to Kentucky, I'll catch up with it tonight. I'll catch it and put it down.

Three nights a month. That's all the freedom it gets...



