

RECLÉ & DESBERG

JACK WOLFGANG

1/ ENTER THE WOLF





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VOLUME 1

ENTER THE WOLF

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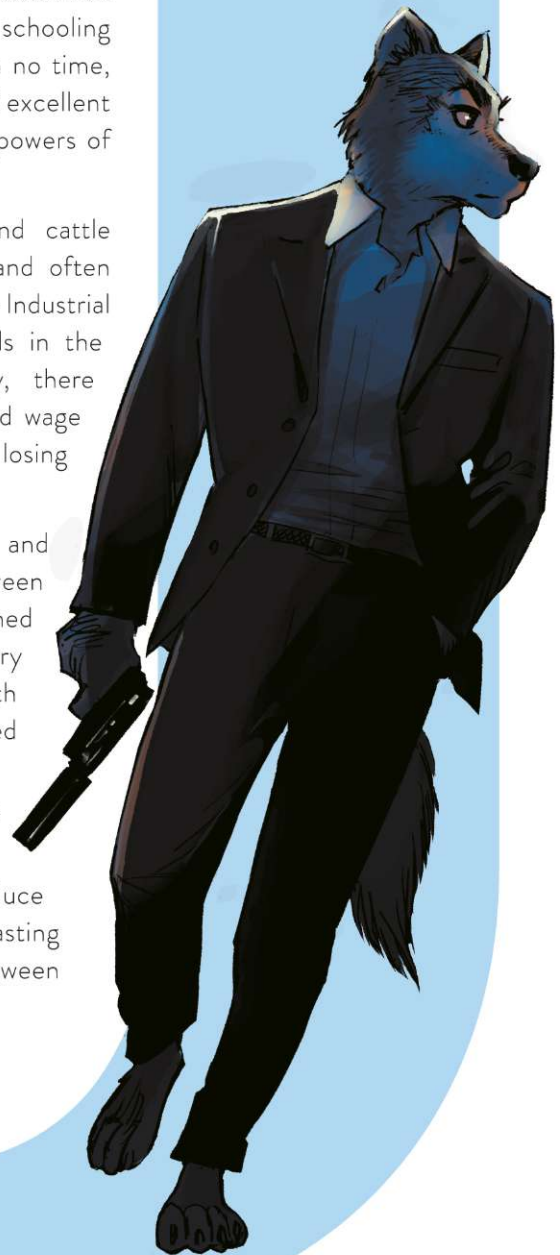
IN THE LATE MIDDLE AGES, the town musicians of Bremen – a donkey, a dog, a cat, and a particularly courageous rooster – were the first animals to receive a charter from local authorities guaranteeing their autonomy and freedom from humans.

During the Renaissance, certain countries began recommending access to schooling for the more intelligent species. In no time, cats, dogs, and horses had attained excellent literacy rates and ever-increasing powers of speech.

By the Enlightenment, sheep and cattle were walking on their hind legs and often spoke two languages. But until the Industrial Age, when the number of animals in the workforce increased considerably, there remained serious discrimination and wage discrepancies, with animals on the losing end.

Social tensions between humans and animals (more specifically, between carnivores and herbivores) remained a subject of considerable worry throughout the 20th century, with the former being regularly accused of exploiting the latter.

It wasn't until the invention of Qwat, a secret concoction used to flavor tofu and perfectly reproduce the taste of any meat or fish, that lasting peace was finally established between all species.



NEW YORK

I've never found the Rat Pack Club to be that great of a night club. But when it's February and New York is in the grips of an infernal cold spell, there are worse places you could be.

ANOTHER DRINK, MISTER WOLFGANG?

Moe Kabul isn't my favorite comedian.

Humans might love hearing an Afghan hound tell them joke after joke about stupid animals.

But it doesn't do much for me.



I'm waiting on someone who's playing hard to get. Even if the young lady in question doesn't know yet that we have a date.

HOW'S YOUR BIG QWATBURGER?



LIKE ALL THE OTHER QWATBURGERS WE EAT EVERY SINGLE NIGHT. WHAT WERE YOU EXPECTING?

I DON'T KNOW. SOMETIMES I THINK THAT THEY COULD BE IMPROVED WITH SOMETHING.

MAYBE THE TASTE OF FIRE HYDRANT.



HA HA! WITH JUST A HINT OF MAILMAN SHOES WHILE THEY'RE AT IT, RIGHT?

YEAH, WHY NOT. SOMETHING YOU'D WANT TO SNIFF FOR A FEW MINUTES BEFORE TAKING...



Anna-Maria. The daughter of a food magnate. It's her I'm waiting for.



RECKLESS DRIVING, FISH-TAILING, AND TOTAL DISRESPECT FOR THE FORCES OF ORDER! THIS IS GONNA COST YOU DEARLY, JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE!



WE'RE EMPLOYEES OF WILBUR CARNAVON.



AND HERE'S A FEW VOUCHERS FOR SOME BEEF AND TURKEY FLAVORED TOFU STEW. THAT'LL DO YOU FOR THE WEEK. NOW, GO CHECK ON THINGS SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE CITY.



ROCKY? SHE'S HERE. JUST ARRIVED.



DON'T YOU THINK THIS MIGHT BE THE TIME TO TELL ME A LITTLE MORE ABOUT MY MISSION, ROCKY?

IT'S BEST YOU KNOW AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE, JACK. FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.



Venice

IT'S JUST A LITTLE FAVOR BETWEEN FRIENDS, JACK.

The little favor I'm supposed to do for my old mentor, Rocky Dakota, is rather pleasant.



I'm to take advantage of Anna-Maria's father being away in Venice to approach her and get myself invited back to her place.

I've got a knack for this kind of thing.



In her father's home office, there's a guest list for his reception in Venice. Rocky Dakota **absolutely** must have that list.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ALLOW ME TO DEDICATE MY NEXT NUMBER TO SOMEONE WHOM WE HAVE THE HONOR TO COUNT AMONG US TONIGHT.

THAT'S JACK WOLFGANG, THE WOLF WHO WRITES RESTAURANT REVIEWS FOR THE TIMES AND THE NEW YORKER!



JACK WOLFGANG/ HIS COOKBOOKS ARE ALL THE RAGE!

Everything will be quiet at the house. Child's play for a **secret agent** like myself.



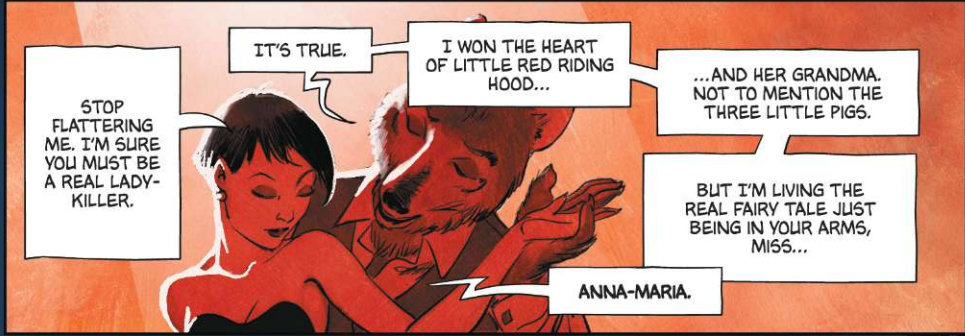
SMOOTHER THAN GEORGE CLOONEY, COOLER THAN THE WOLVES OF TEX AVERY: FOR JACK WOLFGANG, HERE'S "FUNNY FACE."





I'M A HUGE FAN OF YOUR ARTICLES IN THE NEW YORKER, MISTER WOLFGANG. NOT TO MENTION THAT YOU'RE A WONDERFUL DANCER.

I'M A HUGE FAN OF YOUR GREEN EYES. THEY'RE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE LAKES OF MONTANA.



STOP FLATTERING ME. I'M SURE YOU MUST BE A REAL LADY-KILLER.

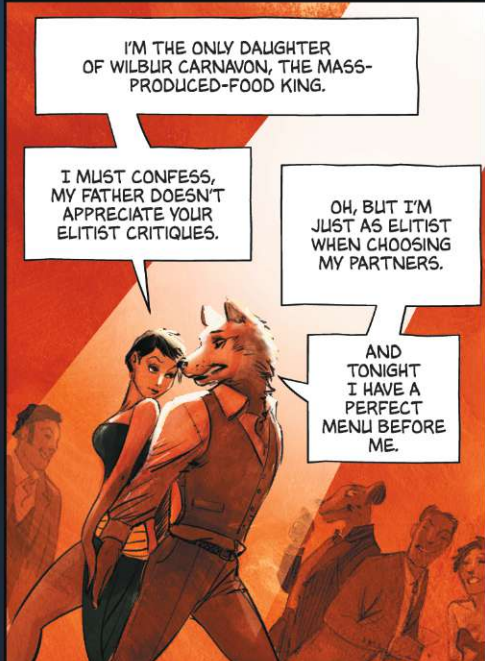
IT'S TRUE.

I WON THE HEART OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD...

...AND HER GRANDMA. NOT TO MENTION THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

BUT I'M LIVING THE REAL FAIRY TALE JUST BEING IN YOUR ARMS, MISS...

ANNA-MARIA.



I'M THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF WILBUR CARNAVON, THE MASS-PRODUCED-FOOD KING.

I MUST CONFESS, MY FATHER DOESN'T APPRECIATE YOUR ELITIST CRITIQUES.

OH, BUT I'M JUST AS ELITIST WHEN CHOOSING MY PARTNERS.

AND TONIGHT I HAVE A PERFECT MENU BEFORE ME.



YOUR GREEN EYES, YOUR SENSUOUS RED LIPS, YOUR LONG, SLENDER SILHOUETTE.

APPETIZERS, HORS-D'OEUVRES, MAIN DISH, AND DESSERT. WITH VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE TO ACCOMPANY IT ALL. GIVEN YOUR BEAUTY, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT YOU'VE LET A WOLF INTO THE SHEEPFOLD.



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO COMING BACK HOME WITH ME?

THAT YOU'RE THROWING YOURSELF INTO THE JAWS OF THE WOLF. BUT NOTHING WOULD PLEASE ME MORE.

The rest is easy, as I expected. The bodyguards don't dare go against the desires of their boss's daughter for long.

Though they know full well he would scream bloody murder if he knew an animal had set foot in his living room, holding Anna-Maria's hand.





After giving Anna-Maria the time and the tenderness that her beauty deserves, I discreetly ask the way to the bathroom.



Easy. I identify the guards' positions as well as the door to her father's office.

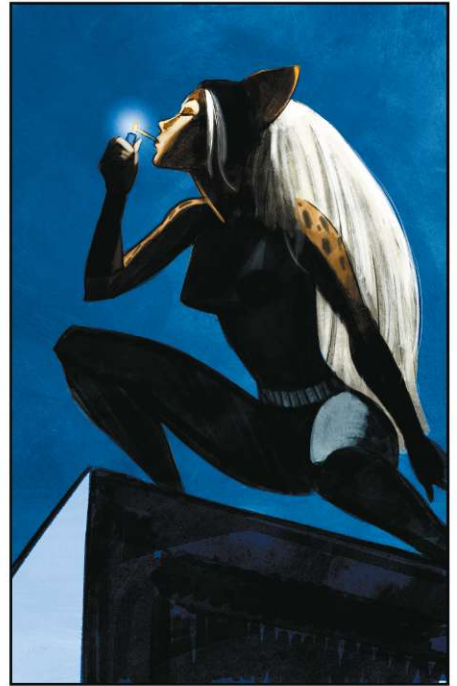


I'm about to enter the office without further ado, when suddenly...



...my instincts sound the alarm.



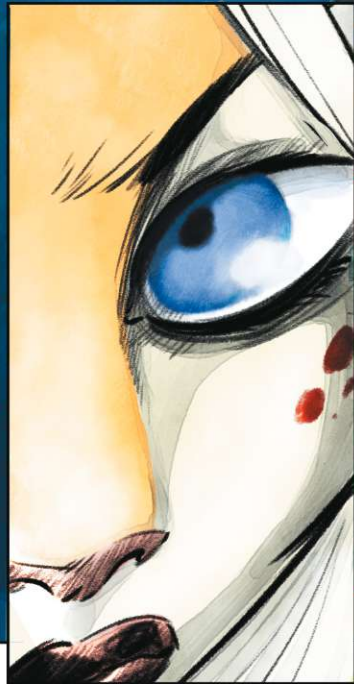




The panther reaches the desk, a feat I never would've been able to pull off.



I'm already certain that she has come for the same reason I have. And when she manages to grab the file with the guest list...







OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THAT WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO REMAIN SILENT. SO...



I TOLD YOU WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM INTO THE HOUSE!



THE GUY'S SHADY?



I'M SORRY, I... I MUST HAVE GOTTEN THE WRONG DOOR. PLEASE, EXCUSE MY... STUPIDITY.



I WAS LOOKING FOR THE BATHROOM, BUT I'M NOT USED TO THESE MANSIONS...

IT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE. IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE ANYWAY.





THE ALARM/
IN THE OFFICE/ THERE
WAS SOMEONE ELSE
IN THE OFFICE!

WELL PLAYED,
WOLF. YOU ALMOST
HAD US FOOLED!



HEY!



BUT... I...
I ASSURE YOU...

I HAD
ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING TO--

ALERT!
INTRUDER
ON THE GROUNDS!

SHIT!



If I could have, I'd have
called Rocky Dakota. I'd have
told him about the panther,
and the guest list stolen in
front of my eyes.

WHAT THE HELL
IS THAT?/?

AN EFFIN'
ACROBAT!

PAW
PAW

But I'm in no
condition to call anyone.
And Rocky Dakota isn't in
a position to answer me,
either.



Rocky had turned off his phone so he could follow his targets.

It wasn't as cold in Venice. Especially when you're wearing a costume for carnival.

He knew what the job was like. He's the one who took me under his wing when I got to the CIA. As if an old puma could really take a wolf under its wing, Moe Kabul would have joked.



Dakota's sense of smell was legendary.

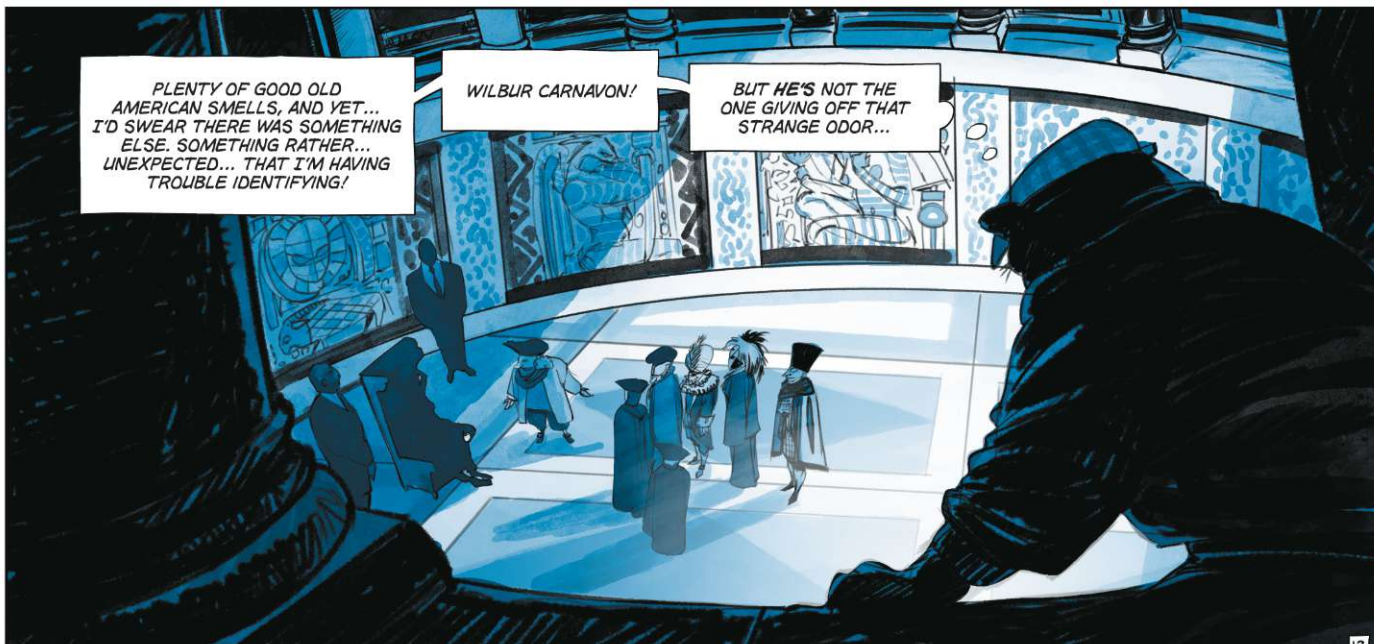
And the people he was tracking smelled like American food...



...American cologne, and American chewing gum.



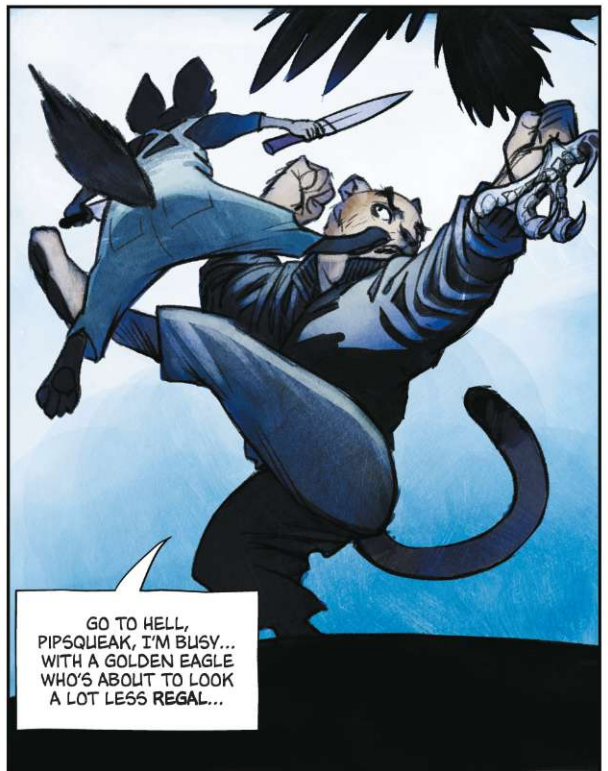
SO MANY DIFFERENT PLAYERS FROM THE MASS-PRODUCED FOOD, FAST-FOOD, AND ULTRA-FAST-FOOD INDUSTRIES, ALL BROUGHT TOGETHER IN THE SAME CITY, AS IF BY ACCIDENT...



PLENTY OF GOOD OLD AMERICAN SMELLS, AND YET... I'D SWEAR THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING RATHER... UNEXPECTED... THAT I'M HAVING TROUBLE IDENTIFYING!

WILBUR CARNAVON!

BUT HE'S NOT THE ONE GIVING OFF THAT STRANGE ODOR...



GO TO HELL,
PIPSQUEAK, I'M BUSY...
WITH A GOLDEN EAGLE
WHO'S ABOUT TO LOOK
A LOT LESS REGAL...



AND YOU WON'T LOOK
MUCH LIKE A PUMA.



AT LEAST NOT A LIVE ONE!

THE CARNIVAL IS EVERYWHERE. PEOPLE ARE PARTYING ACROSS THE CITY, ALL AROUND US. YOU... YOU'D NEVER DARE USE...



...YOUR GUN...



SO WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE FIREWORKS.



FIREWORKS?

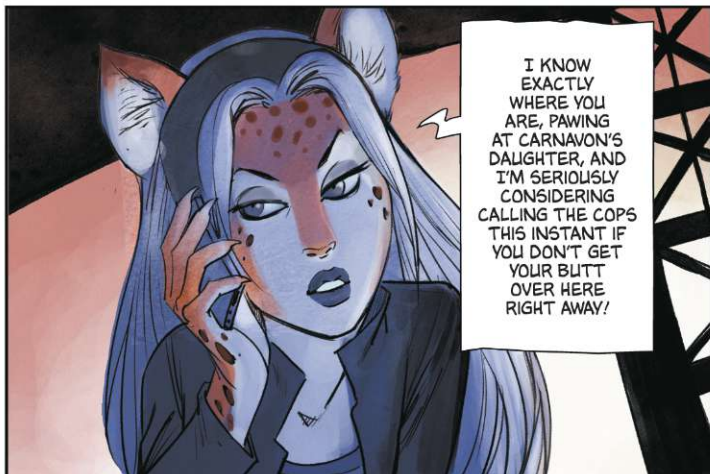






JACK WOLFGANG!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WE'VE BEEN WAITING ON YOU
FOR OVER TWO HOURS HERE
AT THE TIMES!

WHERE'S YOUR ARTICLE
ON WILBUR CARNAVON AND THE
INGREDIENTS IN SUPER MEGA TOFU?
THE PAPER IS GOING TO PRESS, AND
I SWEAR TO GOD, I'LL STICK YOU WITH
A LAWSUIT IF YOU DON'T GET ME
THAT ARTICLE IMMEDIATELY!

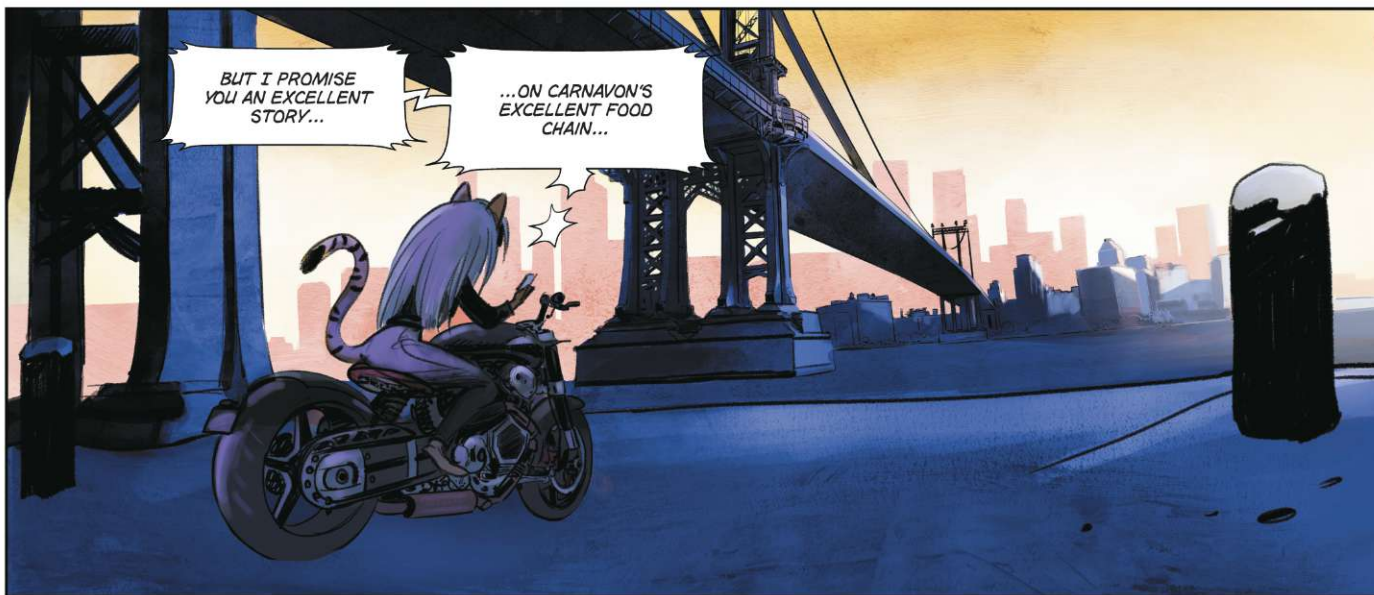


I KNOW
EXACTLY
WHERE YOU
ARE, PAWING
AT CARNAVON'S
DAUGHTER, AND
I'M SERIOUSLY
CONSIDERING
CALLING THE COPS
THIS INSTANT IF
YOU DON'T GET
YOUR BUTT
OVER HERE
RIGHT AWAY!



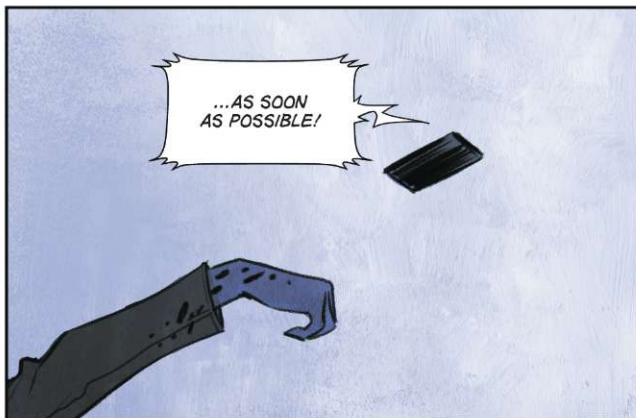
THE ARTICLE ON... CARNAVON.
UH... YES, OF COURSE. I'M SORRY,
PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES,
MS. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, MA'AM.

I... UH...
I GOT HELD UP.



BUT I PROMISE
YOU AN EXCELLENT
STORY...

...ON CARNAVON'S
EXCELLENT FOOD
CHAIN...



...AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE!





THANK YOU FOR THE LITTLE ROMANTIC VISIT!



BUT I'D ADVISE YOU NEVER TO SET FOOT HERE AGAIN.



THEY'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE IT WHEN THEY FIND OUT THAT THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE TIMES IS ACTUALLY A MAN.

AND THAT THERE NEVER WAS ANY ARTICLE ABOUT CARNAVON.

I try calling the lady back, who sounded like a certain panther I know. But it doesn't surprise me when there's no answer. I'm more worried about Rocky Dakota not answering my calls.



C.U. @ Langl asap

I'VE BEEN SUMMONED TO THE CIA. ON ORDERS FROM THE MISSION LEADER!



The next day at Langley, I discover that every animal agent has been ordered to report.

The situation must be serious, because in addition to our division leader, the director of the CIA is here.





GENTLEMEN, I WON'T BEAT AROUND THE BUSH. TOO MANY SCREW-UPS! TOO MANY!

FIRST THE AFFAIR WITH THE CROCODILES IN THE NEW YORK SEWERS. THEN THE ROOSTER JAMES PINTO WHO COCKED UP IN CARACAS. NOW...

...ROCKY DAKOTA!



DAKOTA'S BEEN FOUND DEAD IN THE VENETIAN CANALS.



EVERYONE HERE AGREES THAT YOU ANIMAL AGENTS HAVE BEEN A COMPLETE FAILURE!

ABILITIES, YES. INSTINCT, OK. BUT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH REASONING, NOT ENOUGH... BRAINS!



AT THE RISK OF BEING ACCUSED OF SPECIESISM, I'M INFORMING YOU THAT ALL ANIMAL AGENTS ARE SUSPENDED PENDING CASE-BY-CASE EVALUATION.



IN THE MEANTIME, ROCKY DAKOTA'S MISSION WILL BE TAKEN OVER BY HUMAN AGENTS, WHO ARE SURE TO BE MORE EFFECTIVE!



SIR, ROCKY DAKOTA WAS MY FORMER MENTOR, AS WELL AS A PERSONAL FRIEND. IT'S MY DUTY TO PROTEST. I MUST KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

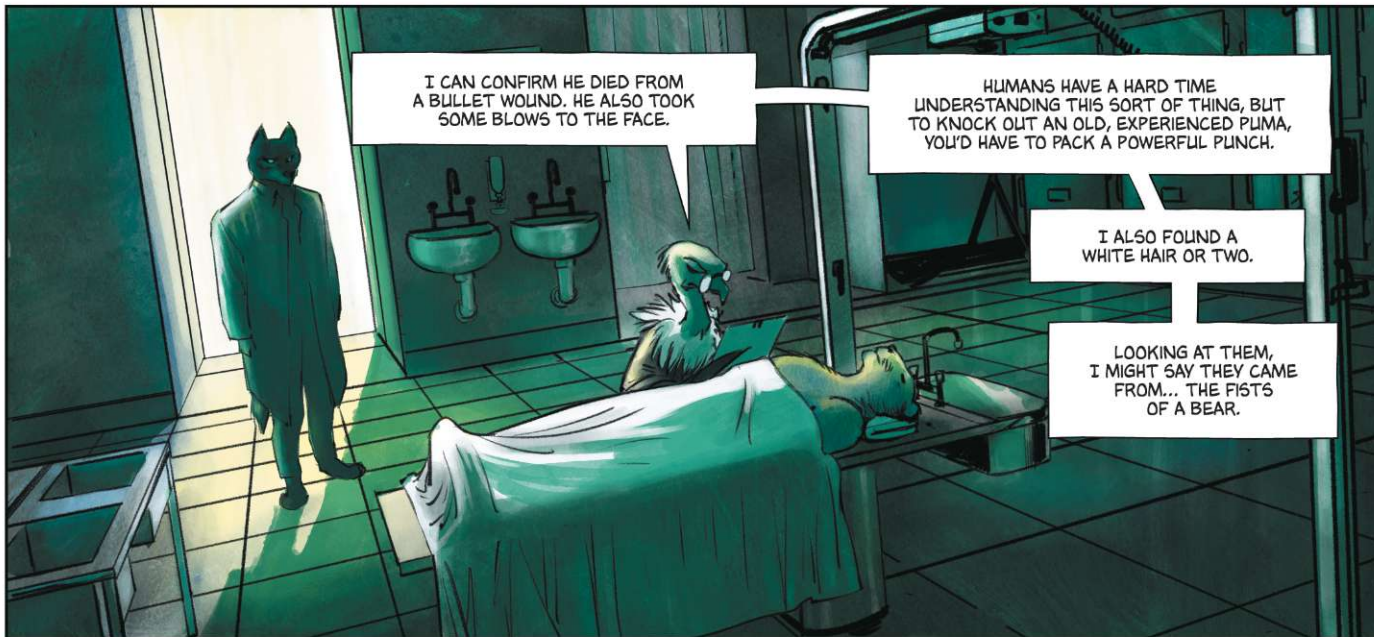
THAT'S ENOUGH, JACK.

WE'LL KEEP YOU UPDATED AS SOON AS WE'VE GOT ANY ANSWERS. IN THE MEANTIME...



... TRY TO MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE!





I CAN CONFIRM HE DIED FROM A BULLET WOUND. HE ALSO TOOK SOME BLOWS TO THE FACE.

HUMANS HAVE A HARD TIME UNDERSTANDING THIS SORT OF THING, BUT TO KNOCK OUT AN OLD, EXPERIENCED PLUMA, YOU'D HAVE TO PACK A POWERFUL PUNCH.

I ALSO FOUND A WHITE HAIR OR TWO.

LOOKING AT THEM, I MIGHT SAY THEY CAME FROM... THE FISTS OF A BEAR.



A POLAR BEAR?



I'M LOOKING FOR A FILE ON A POLAR BEAR. PROBABLY A HARDENED PROFESSIONAL. MOST CERTAINLY STRONG AND BRUTAL.



I'M ALSO INTERESTED IN A PANTHER. A VERY AGILE ONE, AND PARTICULARLY GIFTED AT ELLUDING SECURITY SYSTEMS.

SORRY, JACK. WE HAVE ORDERS. ALL OF YOUR INVESTIGATIONS HAVE BEEN SUSPENDED. I CAN'T HELP YOU.



The guys who took over the investigation are ex-military, crew cuts and all, special ops over here, private mercenaries over there.

Guys who've seen it all but don't fully understand.





So I know I'm going to have to manage on my own. That's why I'm headed back to my office at the Times.

The New York Times



I GAVE YOUR CELL PHONE NUMBER TO A LADY. JUDGING FROM HER SLIGHT ACCENT, I'D GUESS THAT SHE WAS A PANTHER OR SOME OTHER ANIMAL LIKE THAT.

I FIGURED IT WAS IMPORTANT. SHE WANTED YOUR OPINION OF THE SUPER MEGA RADISH TOFU AT THE RITZ'S RESTAURANT.



Peggy doesn't know about my secret activities. I can't be angry with her.



PEGGY, YOU ARE BY FAR THE BEST AT ORGANIZING MY REVIEW-WRITING TRIPS. AT BUYING ME A HAT AND MITTENS IF I'M GOING SOMEWHERE COLD, OR GETTING ME RESERVATIONS AT THE BEST RESTAURANTS IN PARIS.

YES, JACK, I AM.



SO I'M ASKING YOU TO STOP GUESSING AND FIGURING. NOW CALL UP THAT EXCELLENT RUSSIAN RESTAURANT IN MONTMARTRE FOR ME.



SURE, JACK. FOR TOMORROW?

YOUR SUITCASE.



GIUSEPPE HERE'S GOT OUR NEW POWDER FOR YOU.



TASTE IT. I BELIEVE THIS TIME WE'VE REALLY GONE ABOVE AND...

...BEYOND.



IMPRESSIVE!



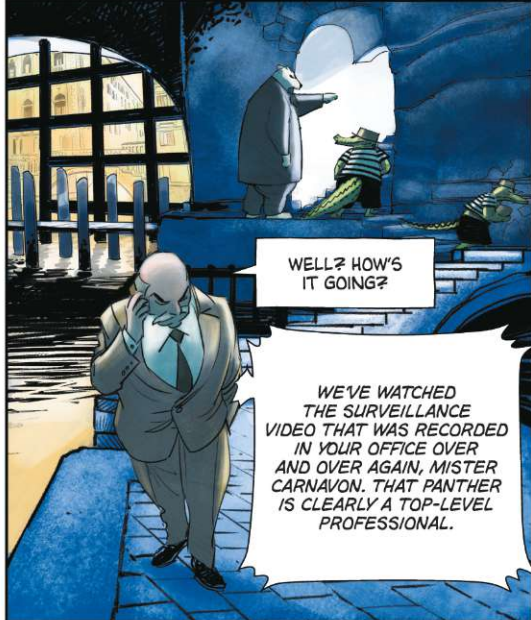
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THAT THE IMPROVEMENT IN QUALITY JUSTIFIES THE PRICE INCREASE. A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE PER BAG.

WHAT?!/?



PERHAPS YOU'D RATHER DISCUSS THE PRICE WITH MY MASTER?

N... NO! I THINK THAT... YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. LET'S CONSIDER THE INCREASE AND THE NEW PRICE TO BE COMPLETELY, TOTALLY JUSTIFIED!



WELL? HOW'S IT GOING?

WE'VE WATCHED THE SURVEILLANCE VIDEO THAT WAS RECORDED IN YOUR OFFICE OVER AND OVER AGAIN, MISTER CARNAVON. THAT PANTHER IS CLEARLY A TOP-LEVEL PROFESSIONAL.



WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO IDENTIFY HER YET, NOR ESTABLISH WITH CERTAINTY...

...WHETHER THE WOLF IS HER ACCOMPLICE.

STILL, THAT'S HIGHLY LIKELY, CONSIDERING THE WAY YOU WERE TAKEN IN BY A TELEPHONE CALL FROM SOMEONE PRETENDING TO BE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE TIMES!



NOT A WORD ABOUT THIS TO ANYONE, AND FOLLOW THE WOLF NIGHT AND DAY. SOONER OR LATER, HE'S SURE TO MAKE CONTACT WITH HER.

NO ONE WILL BE BETTER THAN THE HYENAS AT TAILING THE WOLF AND NABBING HIM WHEN THE TIME COMES, SIR. DAVE AND SISSY.

THANKS FOR PACKING A BAG FOR ME, PEGGY. BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT MIGHT BE A LITTLE ON THE HEAVY SIDE FOR A SHORT STAY IN PARIS?

I'M ALSO FAIRLY CERTAIN YOU DON'T NEED TO START CRYING EVERY TIME I LEAVE ON A TRIP. NOW PEOPLE ARE GOING TO THINK THAT YOU'RE MY GIRLFRIEND.



I'M SORRY, BOSS. IT'S JUST THAT I'M ALWAYS AFRAID FOR YOU. BEING A FOOD CRITIC IS SUCH A DANGEROUS CAREER.



EXCELLENT! YOUR TOFU DESERVES THREE STARS.



THOSE HYENAS WON'T STOP LAUGHING, EVEN THOUGH THE FILM IS A TEAR-JERKER.

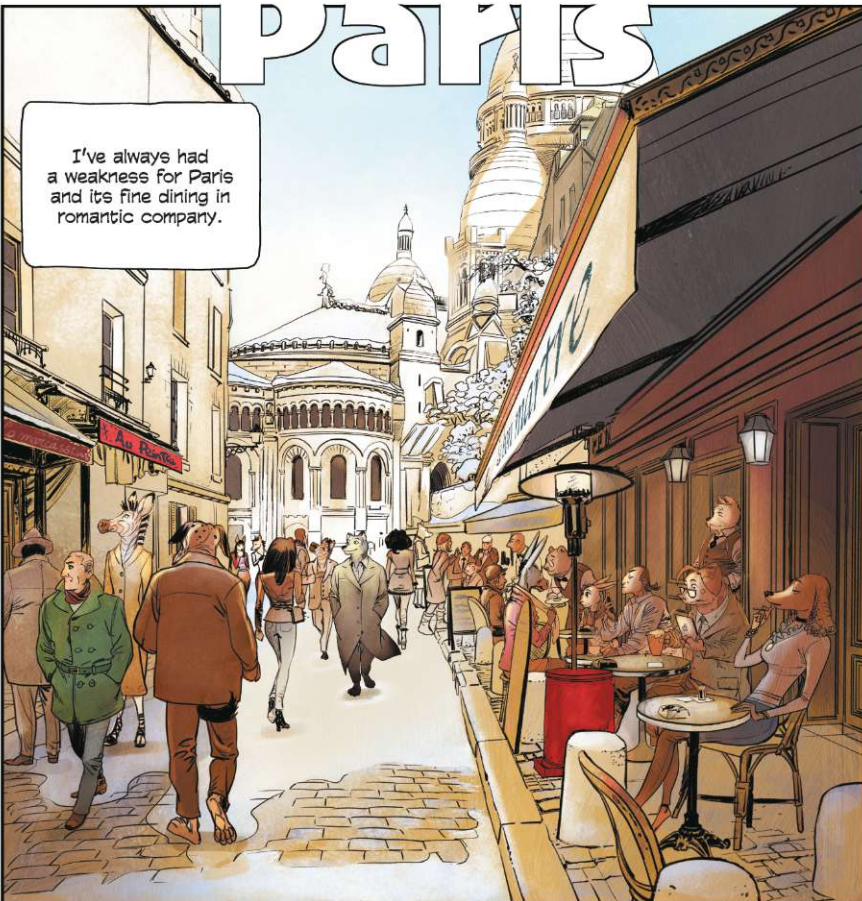


MY APOLOGIES, LADIES. HYENAS ARE VERY SENSITIVE TO STRESS.



PARIS

I've always had a weakness for Paris and its fine dining in romantic company.



Just below Montmartre, memories of many an intimate rendezvous dance before my eyes like impressionist paintings while I make my way towards La Belle Volga.



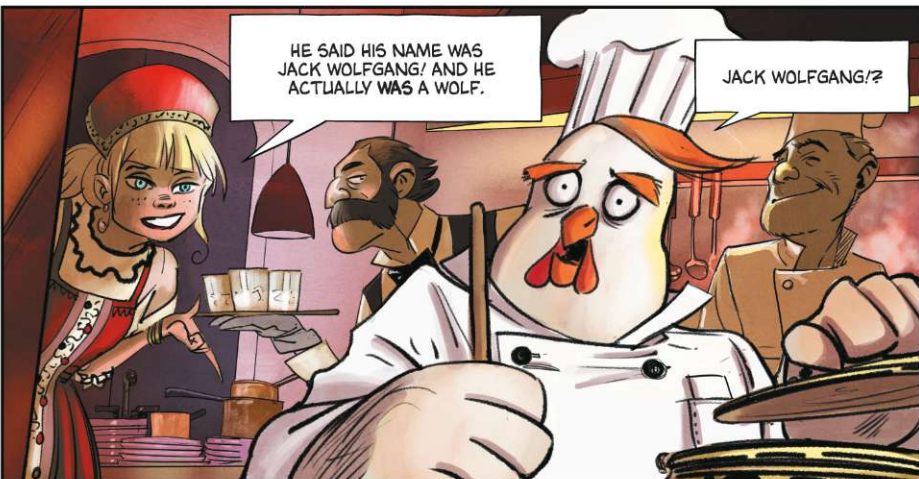
THE FINE QUALITY OF THE SOLIANKA IS REMARKABLE, AND YOUR TOFLU PIROSHKI ARE SIMPLY DELICIOUS.

MY NAME IS JACK WOLFGANG, AND I'D BE THRILLED IF I COULD PRESENT MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHEF.



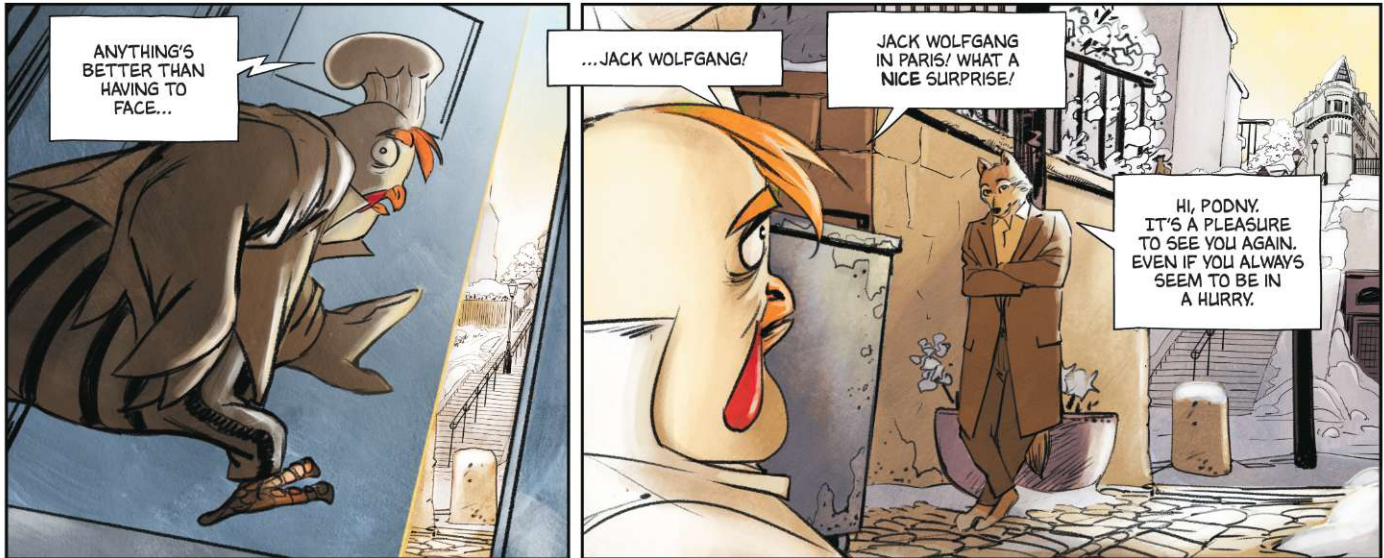
HE SAID HIS NAME WAS JACK WOLFGANG! AND HE ACTUALLY WAS A WOLF.

JACK WOLFGANG!/?



TELL HIM... TELL HIM THAT I WENT OUT. THAT I'M NOT IN THIS EVENING. THAT I SOLD THE RESTAURANT LAST MONTH. TELL HIM ANYTHING!





ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN HAVING TO FACE...

...JACK WOLFGANG!

JACK WOLFGANG IN PARIS! WHAT A NICE SURPRISE!

HI, PODNY. IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN. EVEN IF YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO BE IN A HURRY.



YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID YOU WERE COMING. I WOULD HAVE MADE YOU MY FINEST SALMON TOFLI COULLIBIAC.

I DECIDED TO COME AT THE LAST MINUTE...

...ONCE I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING FOR A LADY PANTHER WHO'S ALSO AN EXTREMELY GIFTED BURGLAR.

NEVER HEARD OF HER.



I'D ALSO BE INTERESTED IN ANY INFORMATION YOU HAVE ON A POLAR BEAR, ONE WHO PACKS A DANGEROUS PUNCH.

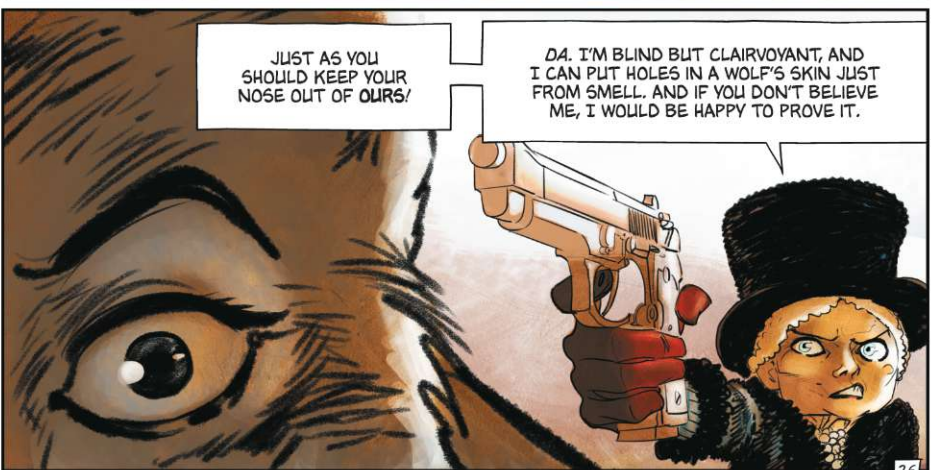
A POLAR BEAR? I DON'T KNOW...

OH, YOU KNOW SO WELL YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF, PODNY.



WELL, ACTUALLY, I ONLY KNOW ONE.

AND EVEN THE RUSSIAN MAFIA PREFERS TO AVOID GETTING MIXED UP IN HIS AFFAIRS.

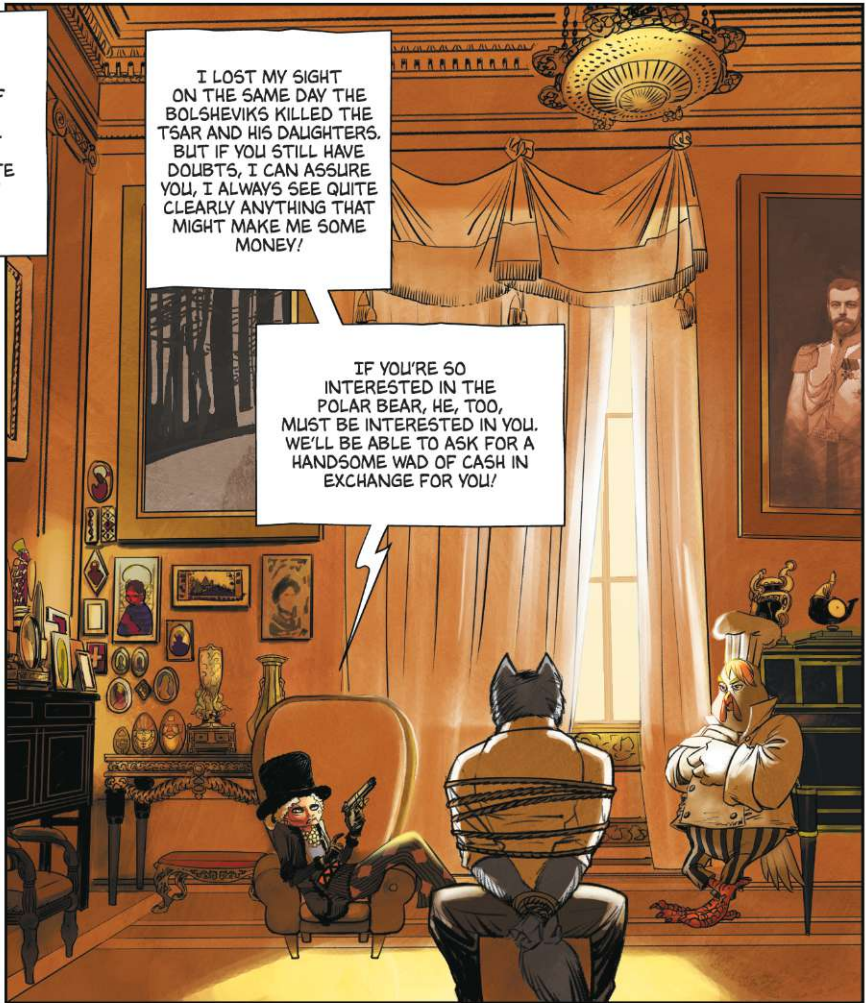


JUST AS YOU SHOULD KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF OURS!

DA. I'M BLIND BUT CLAIRVOYANT, AND I CAN PUT HOLES IN A WOLF'S SKIN JUST FROM SMELL. AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, I WOULD BE HAPPY TO PROVE IT.



YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK, JACK. MADAME POLISTKAYA RUNS ALL OF THEIR CRIMINAL CELLS, FROM NICE TO THE URAL MOUNTAINS. PERHAPS YOU'D BE WILLING TO WRITE ONE LAST GOOD REVIEW OF MY RESTAURANT?



I LOST MY SIGHT ON THE SAME DAY THE BOLSHEVIKS KILLED THE TSAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS. BUT IF YOU STILL HAVE DOUBTS, I CAN ASSURE YOU, I ALWAYS SEE QUITE CLEARLY ANYTHING THAT MIGHT MAKE ME SOME MONEY!

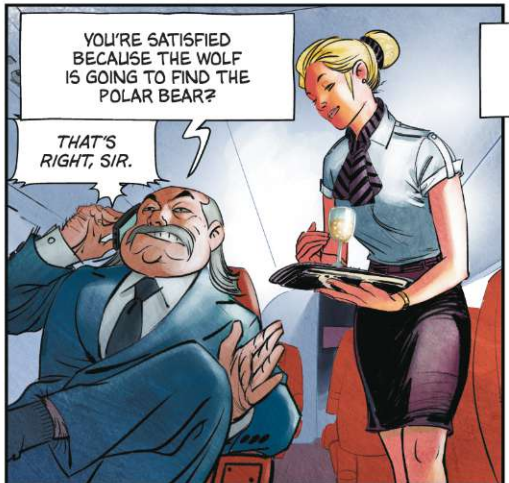
IF YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN THE POLAR BEAR, HE, TOO, MUST BE INTERESTED IN YOU. WE'LL BE ABLE TO ASK FOR A HANDSOME WAD OF CASH IN EXCHANGE FOR YOU!



PODNY, GO CALL THE BEAR.



MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, MR. CARNAVON: THE WOLF IS GOING TO MEET WITH THE POLAR BEAR.



YOU'RE SATISFIED BECAUSE THE WOLF IS GOING TO FIND THE POLAR BEAR?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR.



IT'S NOT THE POLAR BEAR THAT I'M AFTER.

I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THE POLAR BEAR IS, BECAUSE HE'S ON OUR SIDE!

YOU BRAINLESS IMBECILES! WHAT I WANT IS FOR THE WOLF TO LEAD US TO THE PANTHER!



STUPID ANIMALS! DO I HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO YOU THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BEAR AND A PANTHER?

THANKS, THAT'S OK.

I'VE TRIED SEVERAL NUMBERS. THE BEAR ISN'T ANSWERING.

HE MUST HAVE GONE BACK TO JODHPUR. CONTACT HIS OFFICE AT TRUE LIGHT CORP.

JODHPUR, INDIA. TRUE LIGHT CORPORATION. THANK YOU FOR THE INFORMATION.

PERHAPS YOU SLIGHTLY UNDERESTIMATE ME, MY DEAR PODNY.



A FEW ROPES, QUITE INCAPABLE OF HOLDING UP AGAINST A WOLF'S FANGS FOR LONG. CAR KEYS LEFT ON THE TABLE...



YOU'RE DEAD. DEFINITELY DEAD!

IN THE MEANTIME, MY CAR WILL BE DEAD, TOO, IF YOU KEEP SHOOTING AWAY LIKE THAT!



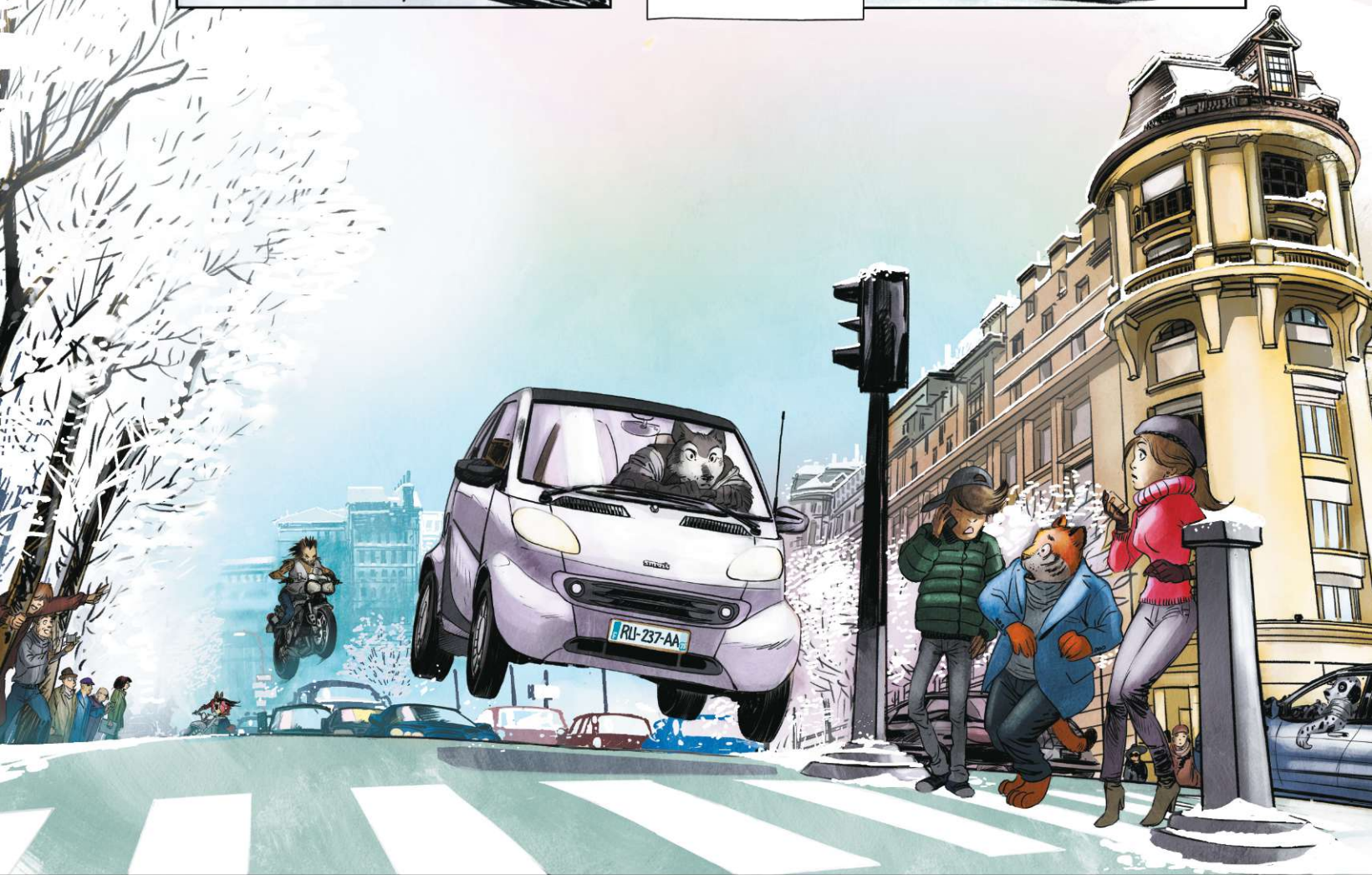
...CAR OUTSIDE, IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE!



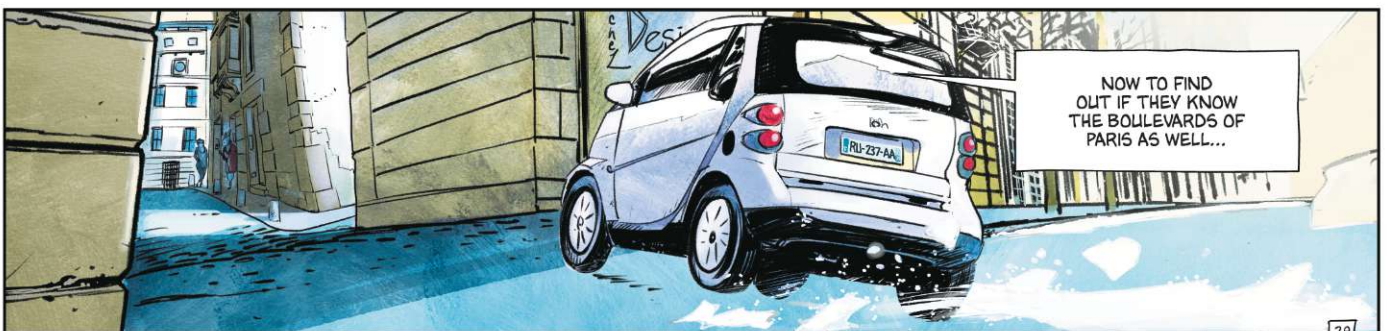
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT
PODNY LACKED AMBITION!
YOU'VE GOT TO DREAM
BIGGER!



I DON'T KNOW
WHERE THOSE TWO
CAME FROM... BUT THEY
SEEM CONSIDERABLY
LESS RUSSIAN THAN
PODNY AND THE
OLD LADY!



NOW TO FIND
OUT IF THEY KNOW
THE BOULEVARDS OF
PARIS AS WELL...





...AS I DO.



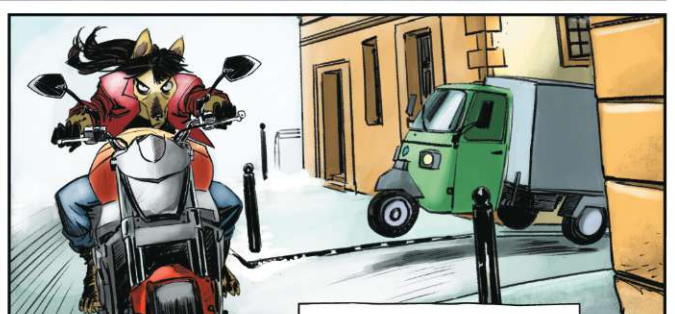
I'LL HAVE THAT WOLF'S HIDE EVEN IF I HAVE TO DRIVE ALL THE WAY TO HELL! WHERE ARE WE? STOP SHAKING AND SPEAK!

ARE WE CLOSE?

TO JACK WOLFGANG OR TO HELL? HE'S... RIGHT IN FRONT OF US!



THERE HE IS! HA HA HA! HE CAN'T ESCAPE US NOW!



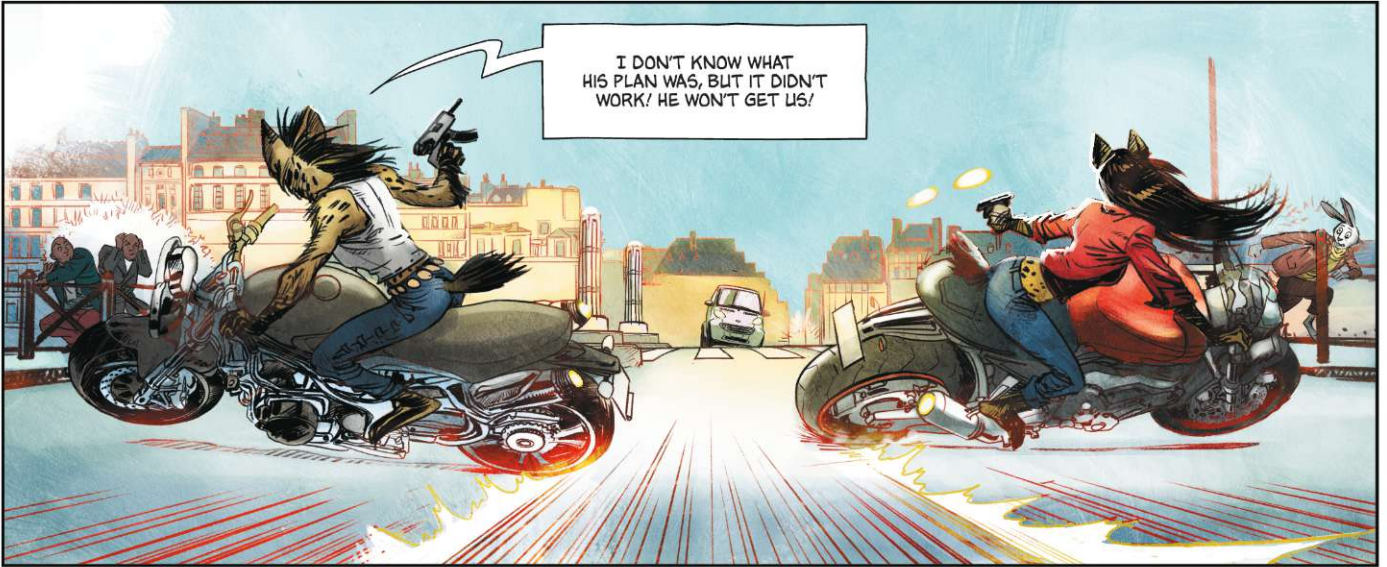
ALL RIGHT. BETWEEN THE HYENAS AND THE BLIND LADY... I'M TORN... THIS BOULEVARD OR THE NEXT ONE... LET'S SEE...

IT WON'T BE TOO LONG BEFORE WE HIT THE SEINE...

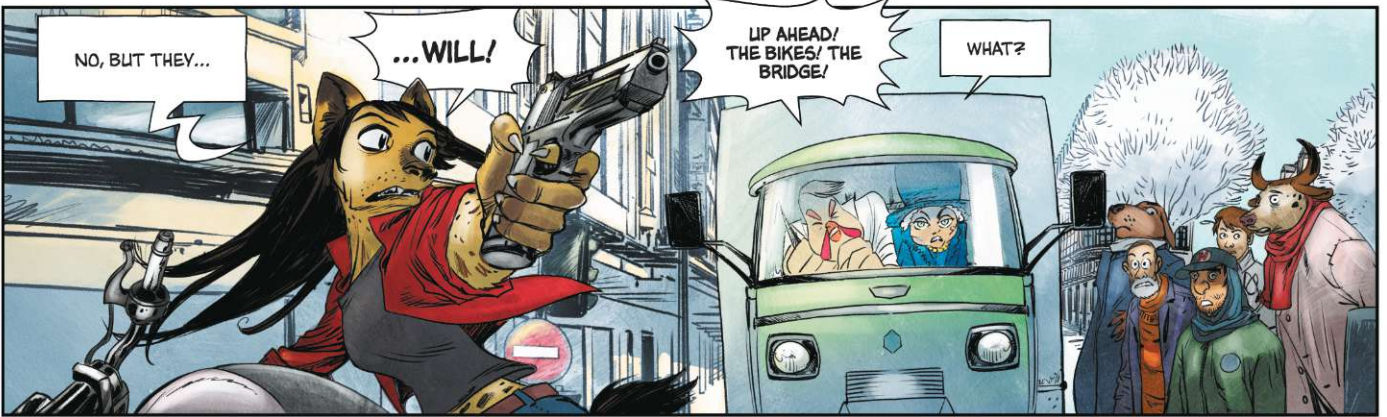


BUT... WHAT THE HELL'S HE DOING???

30



I DON'T KNOW WHAT HIS PLAN WAS, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! HE WON'T GET US!

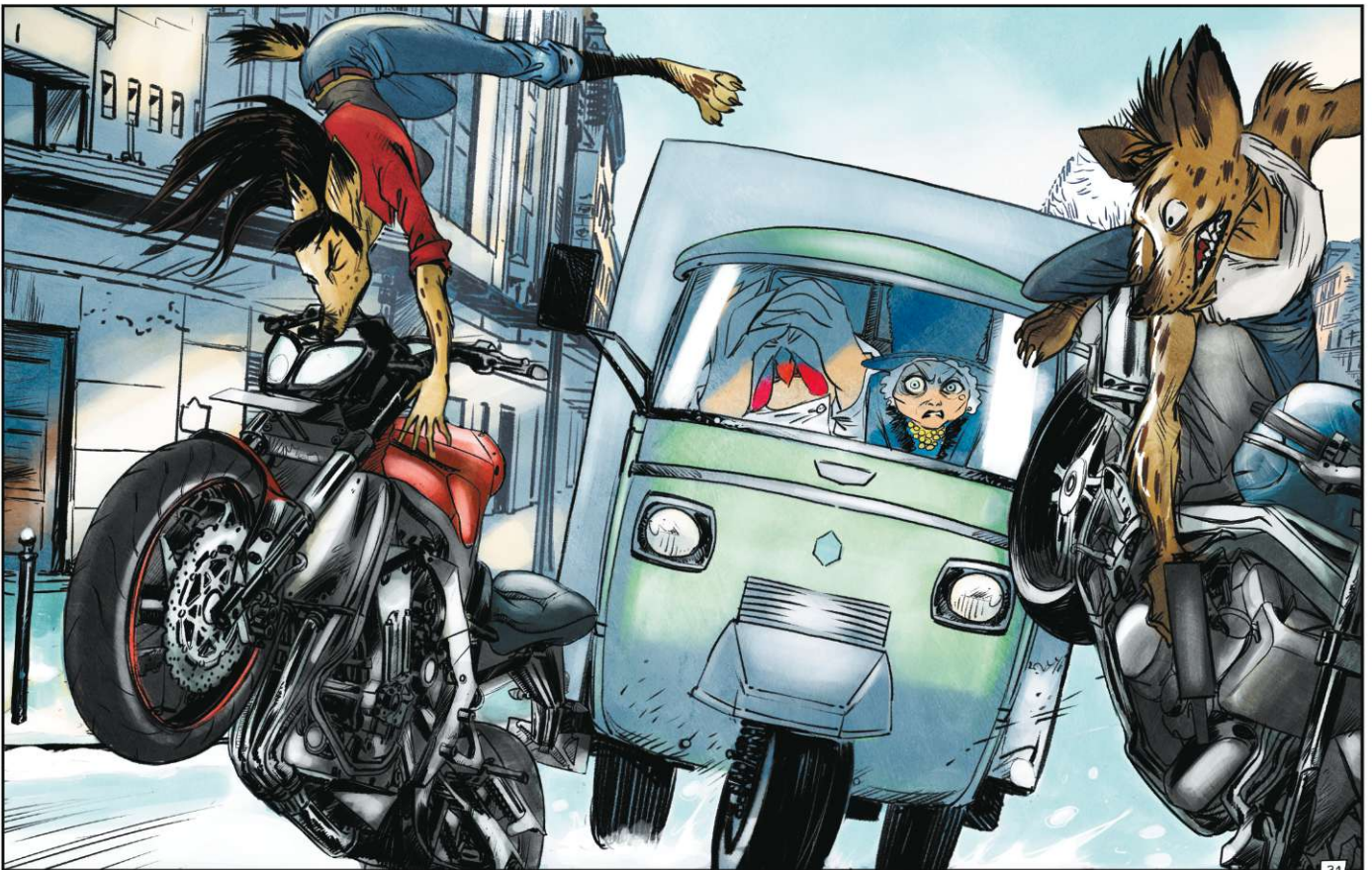


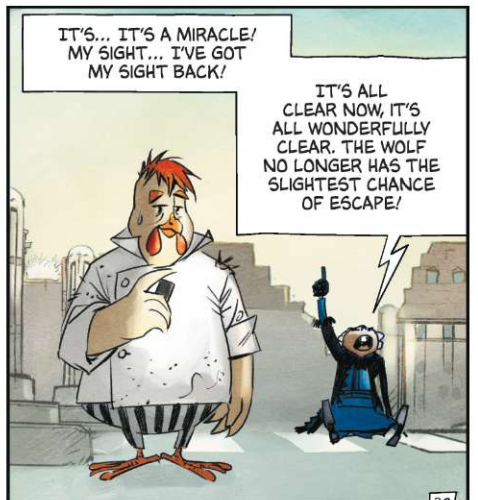
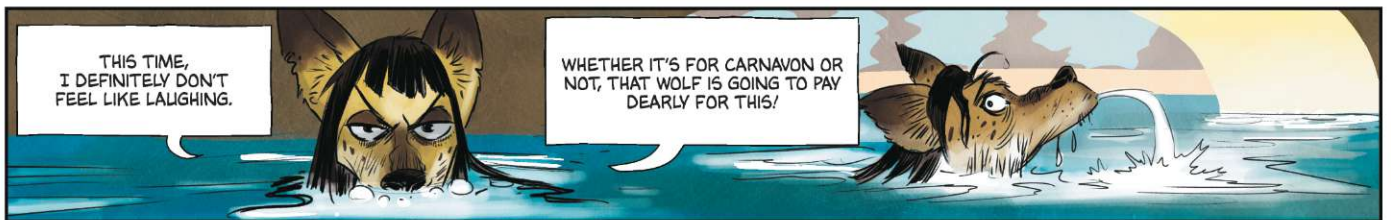
NO, BUT THEY...

...WILL!

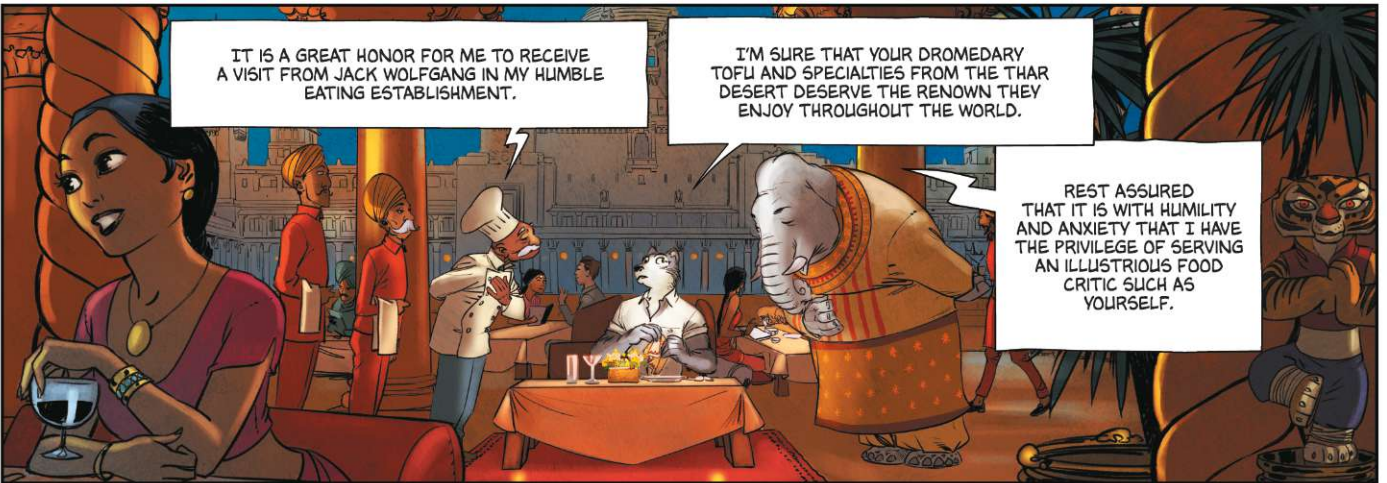
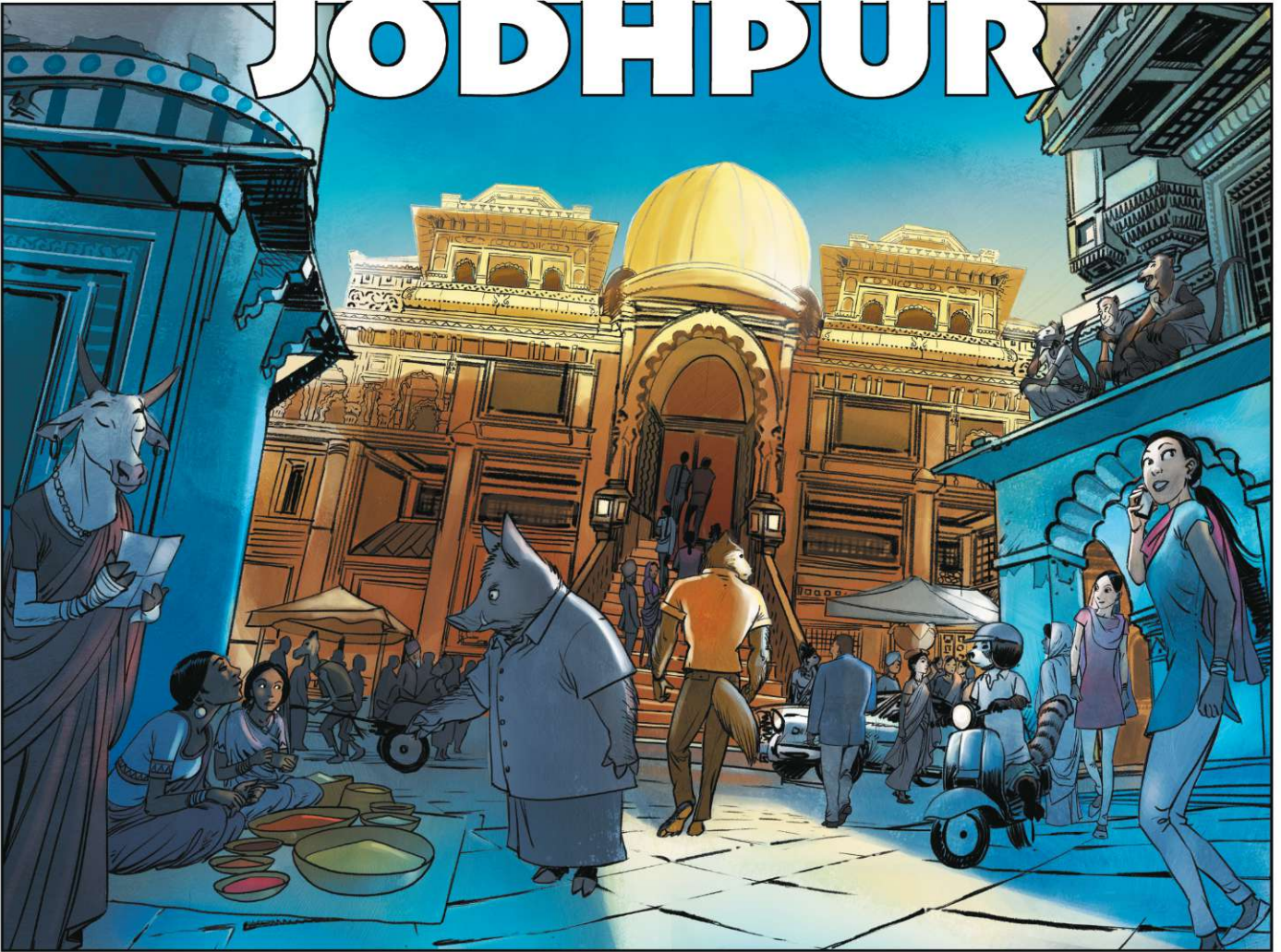
UP AHEAD! THE BIKES! THE BRIDGE!

WHAT?





JODHPUR





Jodhpur, the blue city at the edge of the desert, is hotter than New York, Paris, and Venice combined. Especially at night, when the belly dancers come out.



With her strong, sinewy movements and seductive abdominal displays intended for my eyes alone, growing closer and closer, more and more intimate...



...it's all I can do not to howl at the moon. But the moon has barely risen in the night sky.



It seems that the moment has come to shed some light on this True Light Corp.!





Well, almost.

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. ANYONE WOULD GET LOST IN THE OASIS OF YOUR EYES, IN YOUR MAZE OF TATTOOS, WITH NO HOPE OF ESCAPE.

YOU FLATTER ME MORE THAN I DESERVE. I'M JUST A YOUNG, VAIN GIRL WHO'S BARE ENOUGH TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ATTRIBUTES NATURE GAVE HER.



YOU SHOULDN'T SHOW ME ANY MERCY.

HMM?



SHOW YOU MERCY? WHAT A STRANGE IDEA! I'D PREFER IT IF YOU USED THAT PRETTY LITTLE MOUTH...

HA HA HA! HERE WE GO.



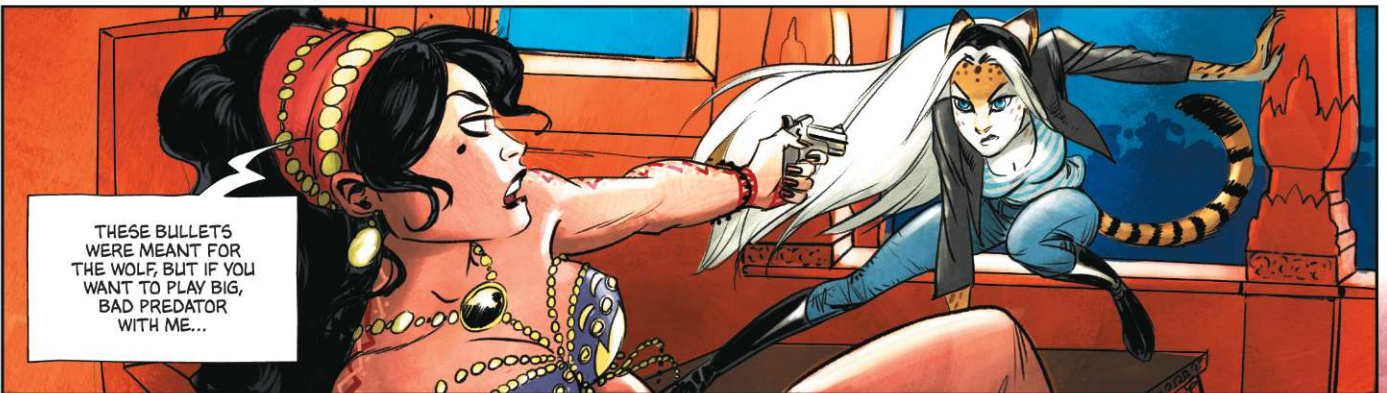
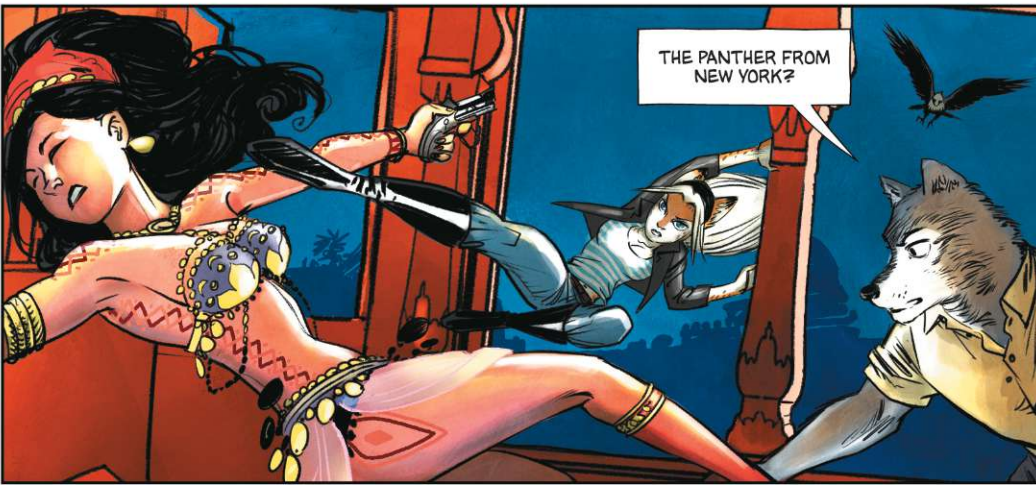
...TO TELL ME WHAT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS WERE. KEEP ME BUSY? KILL ME?

WHO IS THE BEAR, REALLY? WHAT SORT OF BUSINESS IS TRUE LIGHT CORP. INVOLVED IN?



If the dancer hadn't had such nice legs, I would have paid closer attention to her impatient, Kohl-lined eyes that kept flicking to the window.

With the sharp ears of a wolf on alert,
I'd have made out the sound of wings, those of a
possibly golden--and certainly deadly--eagle.





AN OLD PUMA FRIEND OF MINE TAUGHT ME THIS TRICK. WHEN YOU'VE GOT ADVERSARIES ON YOUR TAIL, ALWAYS PLAY THEM OFF AGAINST EACH OTHER.



AFTER ANNA-MARIA CARNAVON, THAT PUMA MUST'VE FORGOTTEN TO WARN YOU NOT TO TRUST DANGEROUS, PRETTY GIRLS.

LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. JACK WOLFGANG, SPECIAL AGENT, CIA.

ANTOINETTE LAVALIX, FRENCH NARCOTICS SQUAD.

I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING A MYSTERIOUS, LARGE-SCALE DRUG TRAFFICKING CASE FOR MONTHS NOW.



WE'RE DEALING WITH A SECRET SOCIETY WHOSE PUBLIC FACE IS THE POLAR BEAR. AS FOR THE TRUE LIGHT CORPORATION, IT'S POURING OUT MASSIVE QUANTITIES OF A NEW POWDER, USING REGULAR FOOD DISTRIBUTION CHANNELS AS AN ENTIRELY LEGAL COVER.



WHAT'S NEXT IS EVEN STRANGER.

THE POWDER COMPLETELY DISAPPEARS FROM OUR RADAR. EVEN IF IT COSTS A FORTUNE, NO ONE KNOWS WHERE OR HOW IT'S RESOLD, NOR WHERE OR BY WHOM IT'S CONSUMED.



SO ROCKY DAKOTA WAS WORKING ON THE SAME CASE, AND THAT'S WHAT COST HIM HIS LIFE.

IN VENICE, HE WITNESSED A SECRET MEETING OF TRUE LIGHT. THE NAMES OF THE GUESTS WERE ON THAT LIST YOU TOOK FROM CARNAVON'S PLACE.

A LIST WHICH NECESSARILY INCLUDED THE NAME OF THE KILLER POLAR BEAR THAT WE'VE COME TO LOOK FOR!

BEHIND THOSE WALLS.



PURE CHUNKS OF NORTH POLE ICE. I'M GOING TO TREAT MYSELF TO A NICE LITTLE TRIP.



AH! I HEAR THEM COMING. THE DANCER AND THE EAGLE ARE FINALLY BACK FROM THE JOB.



CAN YOU TELL ME WHY THAT TOOK YOU SO MUCH... TIME?

WHO ARE YOU?!

DOESN'T MATTER. WE'RE CLEARLY ON THE SAME SIDE.



WE WORK FOR WILBUR CARNAVON, YOU FOR YOUR MASTER. ALL OF US FOR OUR BUSINESS.

WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH A WOLF.

A CERTAIN JACK WOLFGANG, WHO CAN'T BE FAR OFF.



HA HA HA! ACTUALLY, BY NOW, HE IS MOST CERTAINLY DEAD!

I'VE SENT HIM INTO THE HANDS OF A GIRL WHO'S PERFORMED MARVELS IN EVERY OASIS FROM HERE TO PESHAWAR. AND INTO THE CLAWS OF AN EAGLE WHO'S WRECKED HAVOC FROM PESHAWAR TO LOS ANGELES.



SO WE GOT HERE TOO LATE TO GET OUR REVENGE FOR OURSELVES?

WE CAN ALWAYS GO SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF THIS JACK WOLFGANG. WITH A LITTLE LUCK, YOU'LL STILL BE ABLE TO TEAR A MORSEL OFF HIM HERE OR THERE. HA HA HA!

HA HA HA!



HA HA HA!



I'M SURE HE WAS THE ONE THAT KILLED ROCKY DAKOTA. I'M GONNA...

THE BEST WAY TO AVENGE YOUR OLD MENTOR IS TO SEE THIS MISSION THROUGH TO THE END...



...AND TO NAB BOTH THE BEAR AND WHATEVER'S HIDING BEHIND HIM.



C'MON!



NO ALARM SENSORS THIS TIME. THAT'S TOO BAD.

HUH?



I WOULD'VE HAD A CHANCE TO WATCH YOU PERFORM YOUR GYMNASTICS AGAIN.



OH, IS THAT ALL? WE FELINES HAVE NATURALLY MISCHIEVOUS DISPOSITIONS, YOU KNOW.



WHILE YOU MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, COULD I TAKE A LOOK AT THAT GUEST LIST YOU SNUCK OUT OF CARNAVON'S PLACE?

IN FACT, IT WAS NEVER REALLY A LIST. THANKS TO SEVERAL TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS WE RECORDED AT THE NARCOTICS DIVISION, WE WERE ABLE TO DETERMINE THAT IT'S ACTUALLY A SERIES OF CODES.

ANYONE WHO HAS THE CIPHER PROGRAM, LIKE OUR BEAR, CAN USE THOSE CODES TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE TRUE LIGHT CORPORATION'S FILES, INCLUDING PURCHASE ORDER RECORDS.



THERE'S A LIGHT ON... IN MY OFFICE!



THAT WOLF DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE OF ESCAPING ME, HOWEVER CLEVER HE THINKS HE IS. IT'S MY OFFICE, THIS IS MY TURF.



AND MY PORSCHE IS PARKED OUT FRONT. IT'S THE FASTEST CAR IN TOWN, IF WE END UP HAVING TO CHASE HIM!



LISTEN, EVEN IF I'M JUST ITCHING TO GO HEAD-TO-HEAD WITH THAT BEAR, WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. HE'LL BE BACK, WITH THE HYENAS.

HOW MUCH LONGER IS THE DOWNLOAD GOING TO TAKE?



NO WORRIES, I'LL JUST TAKE THE COMPUTER.



PLEASE TELL ME THAT YOU GRABBED YOUR CAR KEYS BEFORE WE LEFT THE BUILDING. THE KEYS TO YOUR...

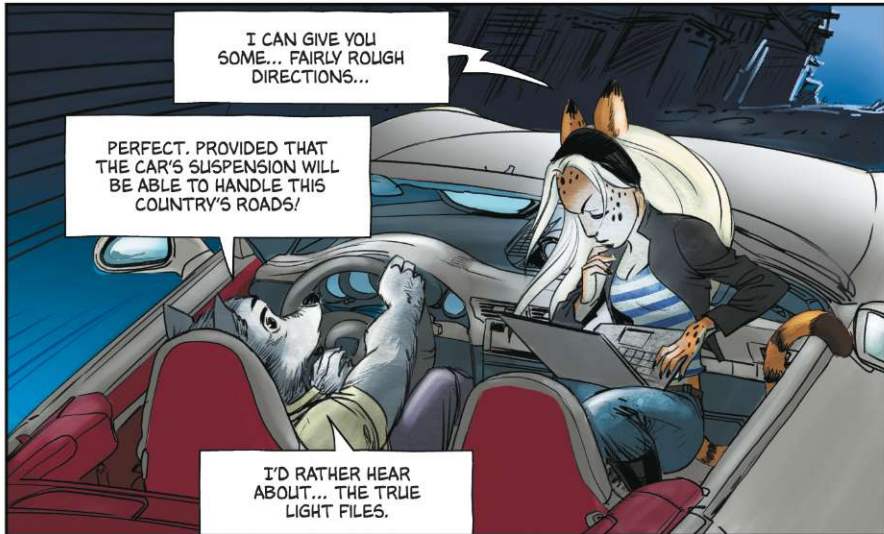


...PORSCHE?



AND PLEASE TELL US YOU'RE NOT PLANNING ON JACKING MOTORCYCLES OFF THE STREET TO CHASE HIM DOWN WITH?

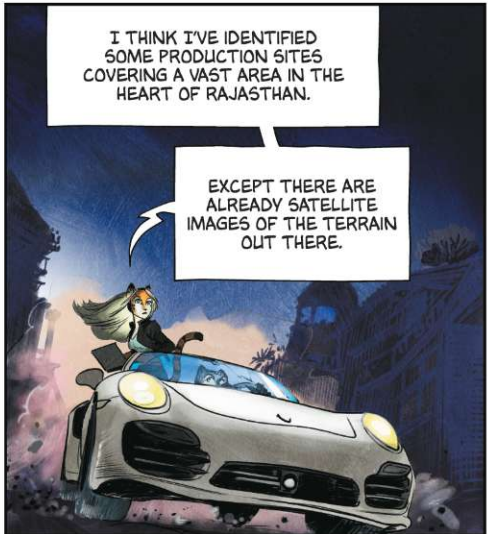
THERE'S A MUCH BETTER WAY TO HEAD NORTH THAN ON A MOTORCYCLE, IF IT'S THE INDIAN SAVANNAH AND THE DESERT THAT THE WOLF HOPES TO REACH!



I CAN GIVE YOU SOME... FAIRLY ROUGH DIRECTIONS...

PERFECT. PROVIDED THAT THE CAR'S SUSPENSION WILL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THIS COUNTRY'S ROADS!

I'D RATHER HEAR ABOUT... THE TRUE LIGHT FILES.



I THINK I'VE IDENTIFIED SOME PRODUCTION SITES COVERING A VAST AREA IN THE HEART OF RAJASTHAN.

EXCEPT THERE ARE ALREADY SATELLITE IMAGES OF THE TERRAIN OUT THERE.



NO AGRICULTURE HAS EVER BEEN DETECTED THERE. IT'S A WILDERNESS.

TOO MUCH SUN, NOT ENOUGH WATER. EVEN FOR DRUGS.



I'M GETTING A BETTER AND BETTER IDEA OF WHAT YOU MEAN!



DO YOU THINK WE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN LOST?

THIS LANDSCAPE IS ABOUT AS DRY AS IT IS INCREDIBLY REMOTE.



LOOK, THERE! ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...

HITCHHIKERS? OUT HERE?

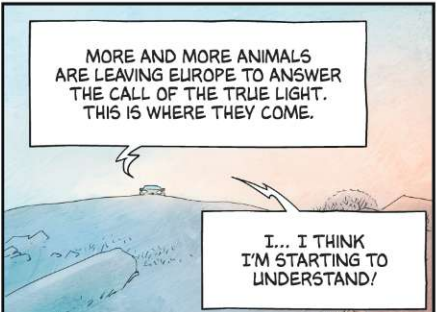


BOY, ARE WE LUCKY SOMEBODY FINALLY CAME ALONG!



WE'VE TRAVELED ALL THE WAY FROM EUROPE SO WE COULD JOIN THE RANKS OF THE TRUE LIGHT PROJECT.

I'D BE HAPPY TO DROP YOU OFF THERE, WHEREVER "THERE" IS. DID YOU SAY... THE TRUE LIGHT PROJECT?

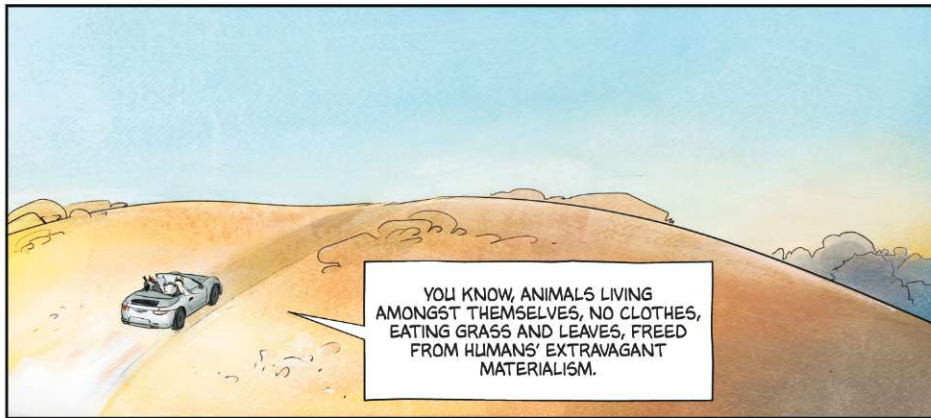


MORE AND MORE ANIMALS ARE LEAVING EUROPE TO ANSWER THE CALL OF THE TRUE LIGHT. THIS IS WHERE THEY COME.

I... I THINK I'M STARTING TO UNDERSTAND!



THAT'S IT. WE'VE COME TO SHARE IN THE DREAM OF RETURNING TO A NATURAL LIFESTYLE.

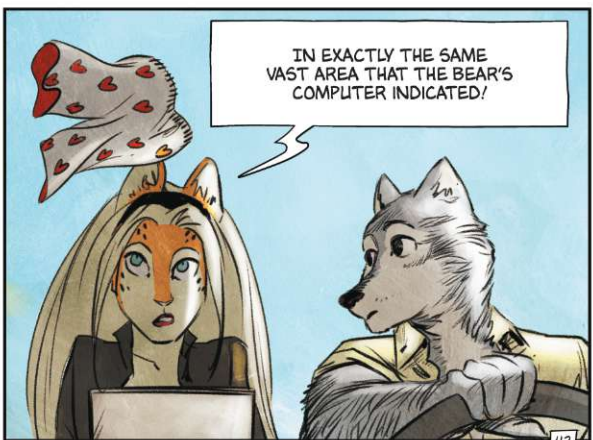


YOU KNOW, ANIMALS LIVING AMONGST THEMSELVES, NO CLOTHES, EATING GRASS AND LEAVES, FREED FROM HUMANS' EXTRAVAGANT MATERIALISM.



THANKS! THANKS A MILLION FOR THE RIDE!

WE CAN'T WAIT TO GO JOIN ALL OF OUR FELLOW ANIMALS!



IN EXACTLY THE SAME VAST AREA THAT THE BEAR'S COMPUTER INDICATED!



ARE YOU SURE YOUR GOVERNMENT DIDN'T HAND THIS INVESTIGATION TO THE WRONG DEPARTMENT WHEN THEY ASSIGNED IT TO THE NARCOTICS SQUAD?

A RETURN TO WILD NATURE! THIS IS IT!

DO YOU HEAR THAT?



QUITE DISTINCTLY.

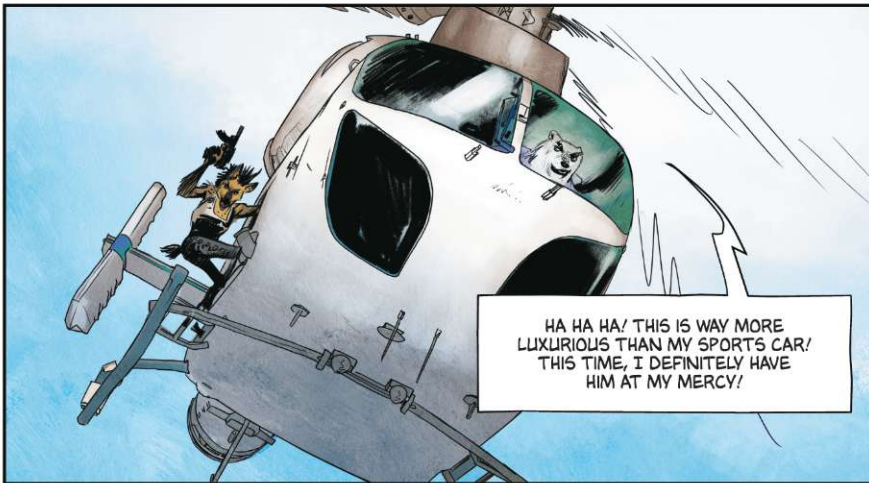


AND IT CAN'T BE GOOD!



THE POLAR BEAR!

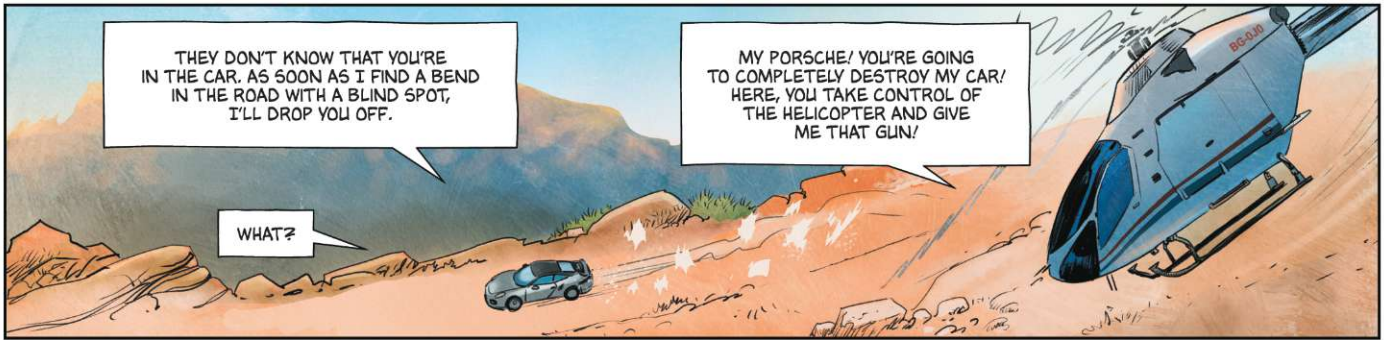
BETTER TAKE COVER!



HA HA HA! THIS IS WAY MORE LUXURIOUS THAN MY SPORTS CAR! THIS TIME, I DEFINITELY HAVE HIM AT MY MERCY!



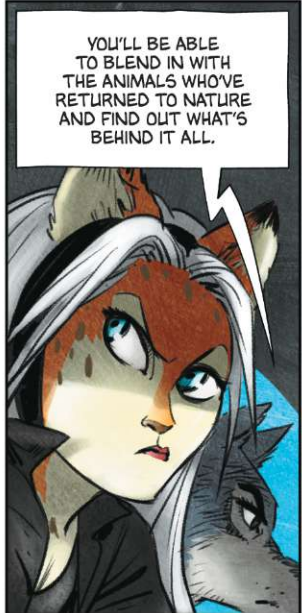
EXCEPT WE'LL SHOW HIM NO MERCY!



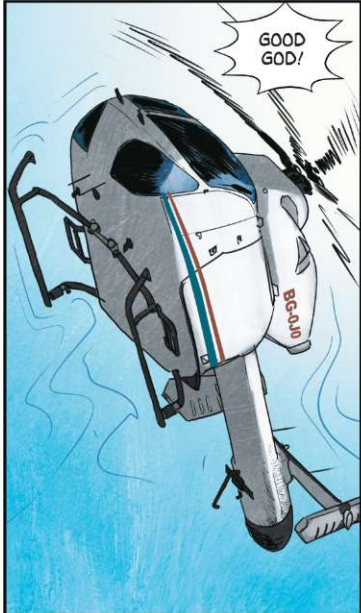
THEY DON'T KNOW THAT YOU'RE IN THE CAR. AS SOON AS I FIND A BEND IN THE ROAD WITH A BLIND SPOT, I'LL DROP YOU OFF.

MY PORSCHE! YOU'RE GOING TO COMPLETELY DESTROY MY CAR! HERE, YOU TAKE CONTROL OF THE HELICOPTER AND GIVE ME THAT GUN!

WHAT?



YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BLEND IN WITH THE ANIMALS WHO'VE RETURNED TO NATURE AND FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL.



GOOD GOD!



YOU FLY WORSE THAN YOU SHOOT!



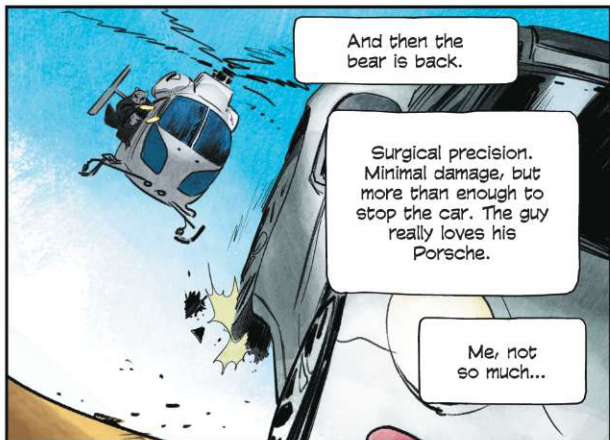
NOW! NOW!



There's just enough time to see her strip off her clothes and slip away towards the savannah. I'm disappointed I couldn't take a longer look.



Suddenly, I understand the beauty of returning to nature and living wild.



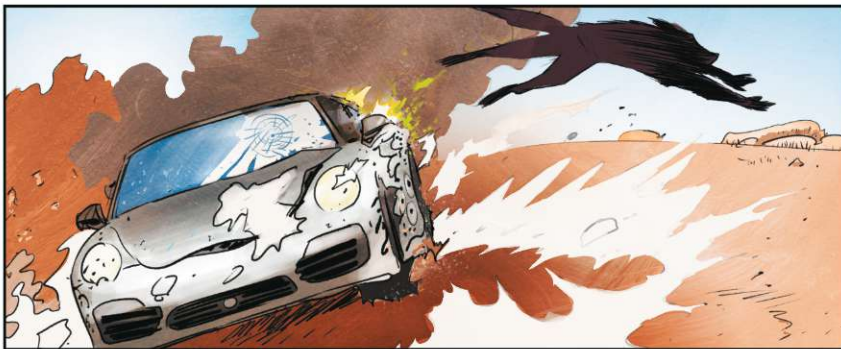
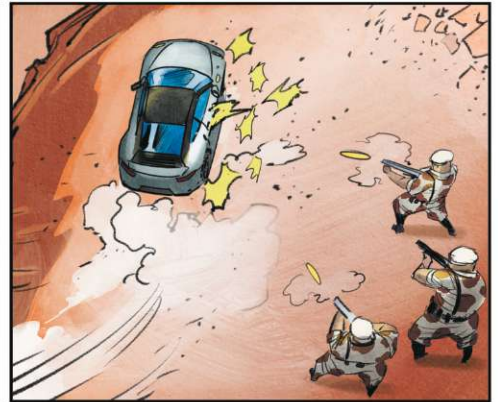
And then the bear is back.

Surgical precision. Minimal damage, but more than enough to stop the car. The guy really loves his Porsche.

Me, not so much...



OK, THE PARK'S WELCOMING COMMITTEE AND SECURITY FORCES HAVE JOINED THE FRAY.





BOW DOWN. I SAID
BOW DOWN NOW!

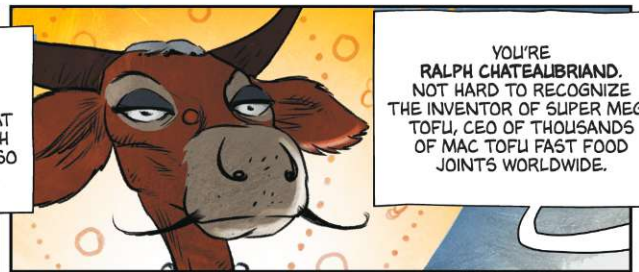


THIS WOLF IS OBVIOUSLY
THE SPY WHO BROKE INTO WILBUR
CARNAVON'S HOUSE IN NEW YORK.
HE'S ALSO THE ONE WHO STOLE MY
COMPUTER AND MY PORSCHE
IN JODHPUR.



WE'RE
UNDoubtedly
DEALING WITH A
COLLEAGUE OF THAT
OLD OUT-OF-TOUCH
PUMA I TOOK OUT SO
EASILY IN VENICE.

AS FOR YOU, THERE'S
HARDLY ANY NEED FOR
INTRODUCTIONS.



YOU'RE
RALPH CHATEAUBRIAND.
NOT HARD TO RECOGNIZE
THE INVENTOR OF SUPER MEGA
TOFU, CEO OF THOUSANDS
OF MAC TOFU FAST FOOD
JOINTS WORLDWIDE.



WHICH EASILY MAKES YOU THE OWNER OF THE
MOST PROFITABLE FOOD PATENT IN HISTORY. YOU WERE A
BILLIONAIRE BEFORE YOU'D EVEN REACHED ADULTHOOD.

THAT'S
ONE WAY TO
LOOK AT THINGS.
I MYSELF WOULD
HAVE SAID: A GENIUS
BUBBLING WITH
IDEAS, ALWAYS
DISAPPOINTED NOT
TO HAVE HAD THEM
SOONER.

A GIANT IN THE WORLD OF ULTRA-POPULAR FOOD, WASTING AWAY AS HE ENDLESSLY MEDITATES ON NEW WAYS TO IMPROVE TOFU.

OR MAYBE AN IMPATIENT STEER, AN EGOMANIAC WHO THIRSTS FOR FAME BUT IS WARY OF FLATTERY. THE KIND OF STEER WHO DOESN'T TRUST ANYONE, AND WHO IS CERTAINLY NOT TO BE TRUSTED, EITHER.

ENOUGH ABOUT ME. SHALL WE TALK ABOUT YOU INSTEAD... ?

WOLFGANG. JACK WOLFGANG.

THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE. I'M NOT HERE AS A SPY, BUT... AS A FOOD CRITIC!

IT'S TRUE, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH RALPH CHATEAUBRIAND THROUGH CARNAVON AND THE POLAR BEAR, BUT ONLY...

...SO I CAN DISCREDIT YOUR INDUSTRIAL FOOD PRACTICES!

I ACCUSE YOU, RALPH CHATEAUBRIAND, OF HAVING BETRAYED YOUR OWN INVENTION.

THE SUPER MEGA TOFU SOLD IN YOUR RESTAURANTS MAY HAVE LED TO PEACE BETWEEN CARNIVORES AND HERBIVORES, HUMANS AND ANIMALS, BUT AT THE PRICE OF MEDIOCRITY!

FOR THE TIMES AND THE NEW YORKER, WHERE I'VE ALWAYS DEFENDED GOOD TASTE AND FLAVOR.

I'VE WRITTEN SEVERAL COOKBOOKS SHOWING HOW TOFU CAN BE IMPROVED UPON.

WOLFGANG... YES, NOW I RECOGNIZE YOU. THE FAMOUS FOOD CRITIC WHO WRITES FOR...

AND I HEREBY CHALLENGE YOU TO PREPARE A BETTER TOFU THAN MINE!



WHAT'S THAT UP THERE?
A HUNTING LODGE?

HAS ANYONE EVER
BEEN UP THERE? IS IT PART
OF RETURNING TO NATURE?

YOU ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS.
SOME MIGHT START TO FIND
THAT SUSPICIOUS.

APPARENTLY,
WHEN LIFE IN
THE OPEN AIR
GETS TO BE TOO
MUCH, YOU CAN GO
AND GET PAMPERED
UP THERE.

PAMPERED?

YOU KNOW,
THALASSOTHERAPY,
MUD BATHS,
LIPOSUCTION
TREATMENTS.
THAT SORT OF THING.
LIVING IN THE WILD
DOESN'T MEAN THAT
YOU HAVE TO LET
YOURSELF GO,
AM I RIGHT?

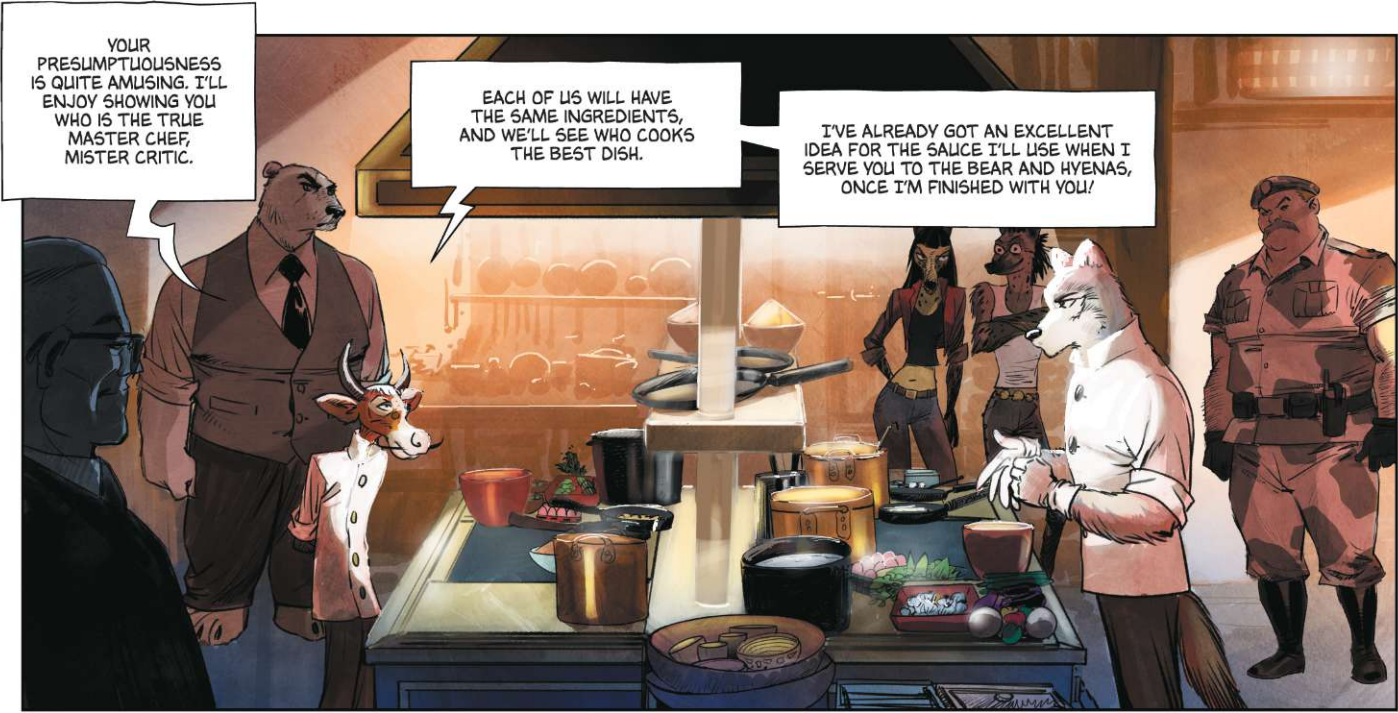


THIS SMELLS...
CLINICAL. TOO
SANITIZED.

ALMOST ENOUGH TO
MAKE YOU THINK IT
WAS AN INDUSTRIAL
LABORATORY.



BAGS OF
POWDER.



YOUR PRESUMPTUOUSNESS IS QUITE AMUSING. I'LL ENJOY SHOWING YOU WHO IS THE TRUE MASTER CHEF, MISTER CRITIC.

EACH OF US WILL HAVE THE SAME INGREDIENTS, AND WE'LL SEE WHO COOKS THE BEST DISH.

I'VE ALREADY GOT AN EXCELLENT IDEA FOR THE SALICE I'LL USE WHEN I SERVE YOU TO THE BEAR AND HYENAS, ONCE I'M FINISHED WITH YOU!



BEGIN!

SO THIS IS THE MYSTERIOUS POWDER THAT IS APPARENTLY SO INDISPENSABLE FOR PREPARING SUPER MEGA TOFU...

BUT I'LL MAKE MY DISH STAND OUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY. NO ONE IS BETTER THAN I AM AT WORKING WITH AROMAS AND FLAVORS.



PERHAPS YOU THINK YOU CAN IMPRESS ME WITH SOME EXOTIC RECIPE?





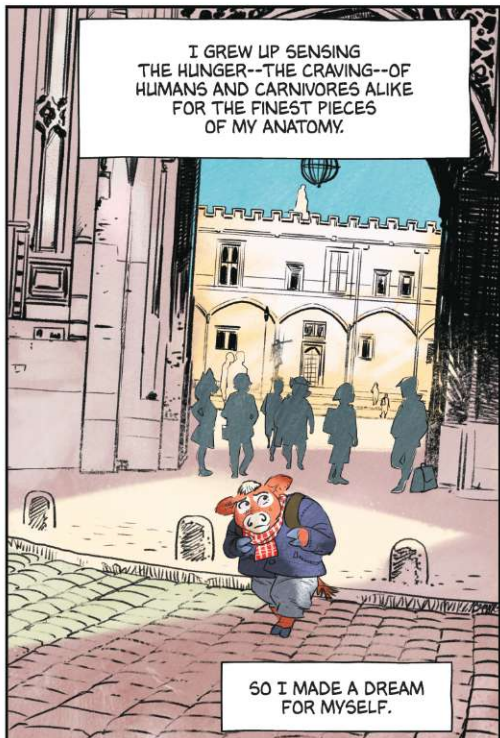
I'VE SEEN, TRIED, AND COOKED IT ALL.

YOUR CAREER AS A CHEF IS UNIQUE, SIR. HISTORIC.

YOU'RE A LEGEND TO ALL YOUR STAFF.



I ADMIT THAT IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE NOW, BUT WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I WAS QUITE FAT. AN OBESE STEER, NEUROTIC ABOUT HOW OTHERS SAW ME.



I GREW UP SENSING THE HUNGER--THE CRAVING--OF HUMANS AND CARNIVORES ALIKE FOR THE FINEST PIECES OF MY ANATOMY.

SO I MADE A DREAM FOR MYSELF.



MY LIFE'S PURPOSE. ONE DAY, I WOULD BE FREE. FREE FROM BEING SIZED UP, DESIRED, AND EXPLOITED FOR FOOD. MAYBE I WOULD EVEN BE THE ONE EATING MEAT ONE DAY.

I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO RIDICULOUS IN MY LIFE. A STEER EATING MEAT?



OF COURSE, I DIDN'T HAVE THE TEETH TO BITE INTO AND CHEW UP MEAT. UNLESS... UNLESS I HAD AN IDEA THAT WAS AS CRAZY AS IT WAS AMAZING. AND MANAGED TO MAKE IT A REALITY.

I WORKED FOR MONTHS. THEN SUDDENLY, I HAD FOUND IT. THE SECRET RECIPE, THE ONE THAT EVERYONE WOULD LIKE. THE ONE THAT EVERYONE COULD AGREE UPON!



IT WAS ALL DOWN TO TASTE, TO SOMETHING THAT COULDN'T BE DEFINED BUT WAS ABSOLUTELY IRRESISTIBLE ONCE YOU'D HAD IT ON THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE.

THE POWDER.

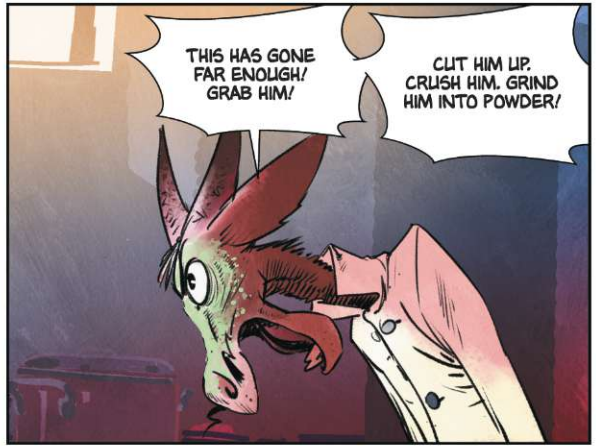


THAT INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE POWDER? I THOUGHT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT GOURMET COOKING?

I FORBID YOU FROM MAKING FUN OF MY WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

YOU'RE RIGHT. I THINK THAT IT'S GOING TO MAKE ME SNEEZE...









HA HA! 1,200 POUNDS OF PURE OMNIVORE. TRY TAKING OFF NOW!



DELIVER JUSTICE... OR SAVE LAVALUX...?

THE CHOICE IS OBVIOUS.



SUCH LOVELY FLUR. YOU'D MAKE AN EXCELLENT BEDSIDE RUG!

WHAT THE... ?

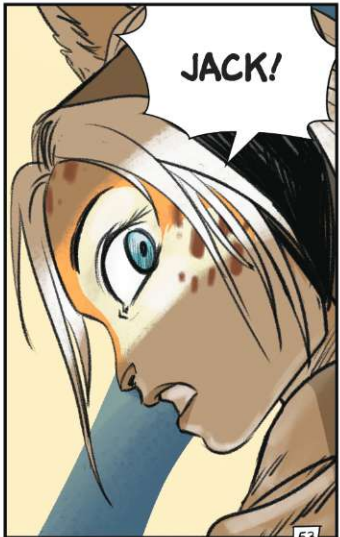


AND CHATEAUBRIAND?

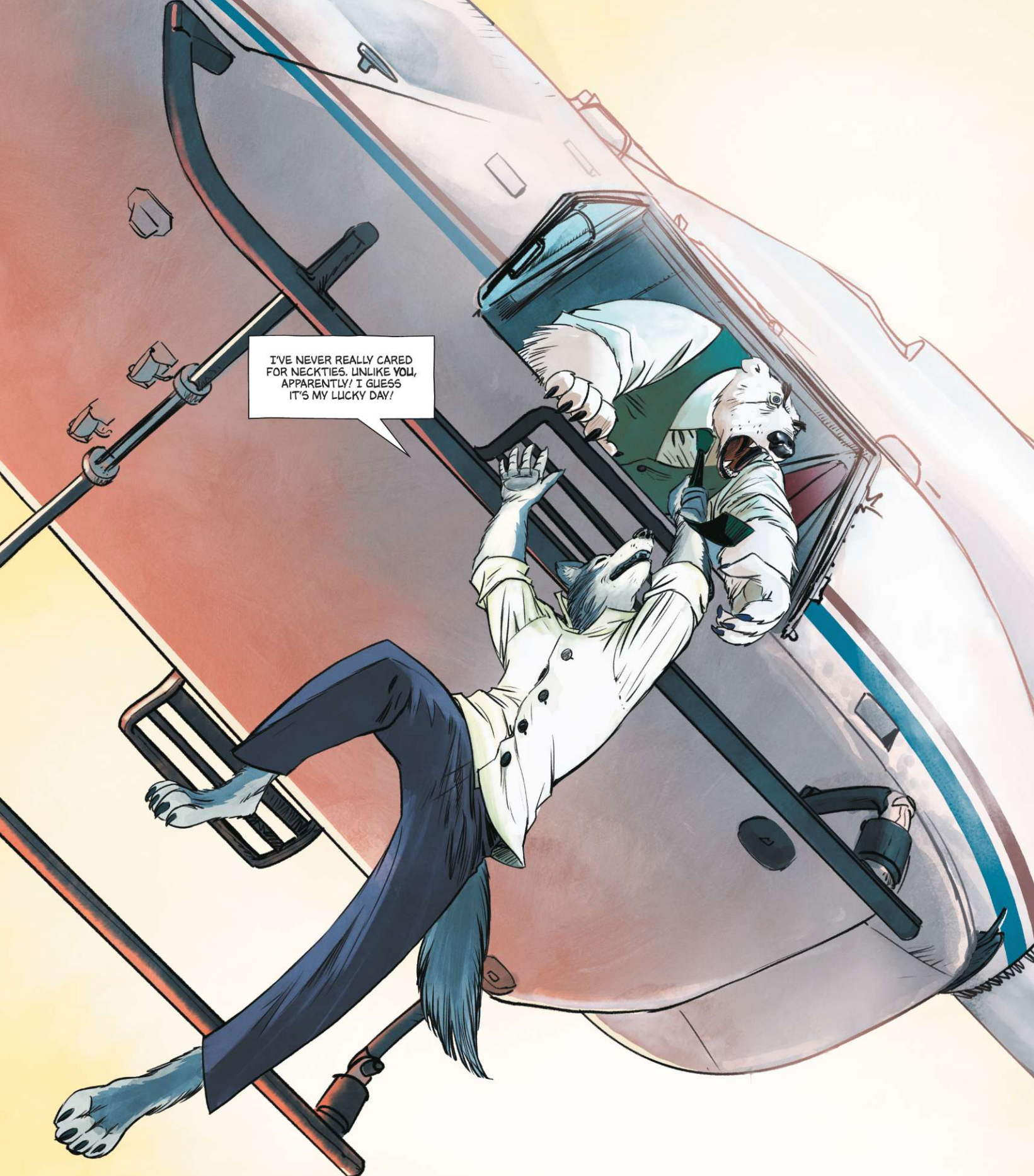
TAKE OFF! WE HAVE WHAT WE NEED!



AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO MY PORSCHE, DON'T EVEN THINK I'M GOING TO LET GO OF MY FAVORITE HELICOPTER SO EASILY!



JACK!



I'VE NEVER REALLY CARED FOR NECKTIES. UNLIKE YOU, APPARENTLY! I GUESS IT'S MY LUCKY DAY!



SHOOT THAT HELICOPTER DOWN!



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?? FIRE AWAY!



YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO AIM, DO YOU?



NOW'S THE TIME TO SEE IF I REALLY UNDERSTOOD YOUR FRIEND DAKOTA'S ADVICE. PLAY ONE ADVERSARY OFF THE OTHER, THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE?

READY TO DROP THE BIG, WHITE BOMB?









Five days later, I'm back at Langley for my debriefing with the CIA Director.

All the evidence is on the table. The powder's been analyzed down to the smallest detail, all its secrets revealed.

I CAN'T DENY THAT THIS INVESTIGATION WAS HANDLED WITH GREAT COMPETENCE, JACK, ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THAT YOU'RE AN ANIMAL. I HAVE TO ADMIT IT.



YOUR EXPLOIT ALLOWED US TO PLACE RALPH CHATEAUBRIAND UNDER ARREST. THE CHARGES AGAINST HIM ARE AIR-TIGHT AND IRREFUTABLE.

WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO CHATEAUBRIAND?

HE CAN EXPECT TO SPEND A LOT OF YEARS IN PRISON, CURSING YOUR NAME AND VOWING REVENGE.



THE SECRET FORMULA FOR SUPER MEGA TOFU AND ITS MIRACLE POWDER HAVE BEEN REVEALED: A SUBTLE BLEND OF SHEEP, COW AND GOAT EXTRACTS, WITH A PINCH OF CAMEL, A DASH OF BUFFALO BLOOD, AND JUST A HINT OF ESSENCE OF ANTELOPE.

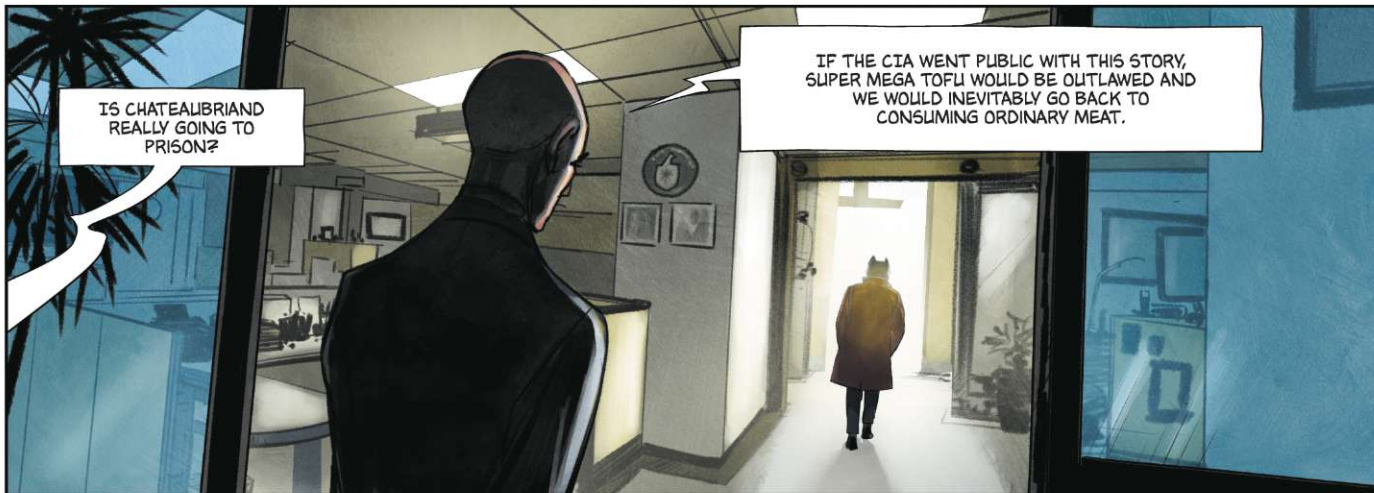


CHATEAUBRIAND PULLED OFF AN ECONOMIC TOUR DE FORCE: HE TOOK OVER THE ENTIRE MEAT AND FISH PRODUCTION INDUSTRY AND CREATED A FOOD MONOPOLY.

A MONOPOLY BASED ON SECRETLY SLAUGHTERING ANIMALS WHO RETURNED TO THE WILD IN INDIA, ONLY TO BE TURNED INTO POWDER.



WELL PLAYED, JACK. YOU AND YOUR PRETTY FRIEND FROM THE FRENCH DRUG SQUAD DID GREAT WORK. YOU'VE BEEN REINSTATED, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY. FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL BE THE ONLY ANIMAL AUTHORIZED TO WORK IN THE FIELD!



IS CHATEAUBRIAND REALLY GOING TO PRISON?

IF THE CIA WENT PUBLIC WITH THIS STORY, SUPER MEGA TOFU WOULD BE OUTLAWED AND WE WOULD INEVITABLY GO BACK TO CONSUMING ORDINARY MEAT.



AND WHEN I SAY ORDINARY, I MEAN HERBIVORE MEAT. FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF SOCIAL STABILITY, WOULD IT REALLY BE WISE TO REVIVE THE OLD TENSIONS?

CERTAINLY NOT. WE COULD ALSO LIKELY EXPECT A SEVERE MARKET SHAKE-UP AND A TOTAL COLLAPSE OF SHARES IN CHATEAUBRIAND, CARNAVON, AND OTHERS.

THAT SHAKE-UP WOULD PLUNGE BANKS AND THE ECONOMY AS A WHOLE INTO A THICK FOG OF UNCERTAINTY, BRINGING WITH IT THE ALWAYS- DANGEROUS LOSS OF CONSUMER CONFIDENCE.

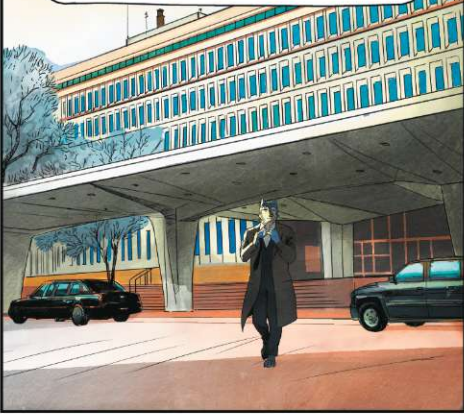


THAT'S WHY THE GOVERNMENT WILL SEIZE ALL SHARES IN CHATEAUBRIAND'S COMPANIES. CONTROL OF HIS RESTAURANTS WILL BE ENTRUSTED TO CONSORTIUMS WITH CLOSE TIES TO THE STATE.

AND FROM NOW ON, THE CALL FOR A RETURN TO THE WILD THAT WAS STARTED BY THE TRUE LIGHT CORPORATION WILL BE CLOSELY MONITORED AND HANDLED BY A NON-PROFIT UNDER THE UNITED NATIONS.

ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?

With our investigation wrapped up nice and tight, it's finally time to let my mind linger on the vision of Miss Lavaux returning to nature...



...and those few fleeting instants when she so gracefully slipped free of her clothes. Now all I can think about is:



Paris, where it'll soon be spring, its restaurants and sidewalk cafés, and Miss Lavaux.



Finding her and rediscovering together, for a night, the simple joys of living wild.



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2017



JACK
WOLFGANG

Perpetual Reinvention of the Art of Tofu

BY JACK WOLFGANG

During a recent trip to Belgium, I had the pleasure of discovering Audrey Lenoir's latest culinary creation. Japanese matcha tofu flan with lemongrass-infused maple syrup caramel: the name alone evokes a delicious sense of fusion. It is a journey through the gustatory universe of one of Belgium's

greatest chefs. I can't recommend strongly enough this high-flying, exotic dessert, in which agar-agar and green tea are infused with crushed springs of lemongrass. A new, oh-so-sweet chapter in the perpetual reinvention of the art of tofu. From the first spoonful to the last — wolf that I am — it was all I could do to hold myself back from howling with pleasure.



Japanese matcha tofu flan with lemongrass-infused maple syrup caramel

BY AUDREY LENOIR

INGREDIENTS

- 6 oz. maple syrup
- 4 sprigs of lemongrass
- ½ oz. powdered matcha green tea
- 1 tbsp. agar-agar
- ½ lb. silken tofu
- 1 ¼ cup whole milk
- ¼ cup sugar

RECIPE

Combine the crushed lemongrass sprigs and maple syrup in a small saucepan.

Let simmer over low heat for one hour. Strain and set aside.

In another saucepan, mix together the agar-agar, sugar and green tea. Add milk while whisking, then boil for one minute.

Blend the mixture and the tofu together in a Thermomix. Strain. Pour into small cups and chill for at least two hours (depending on the size of the cups).

When ready to eat, spoon two tablespoons of the lemongrass-infused maple syrup over each cup and serve. Bon appétit!



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Translation: Tom Imber
Lettering: Cromatik Ltd
Original title: Jack Wolfgang, tome 1, L'entrée du loup
Originally published in French by LE LOMBARD (DARGAUD-LOMBARD s.a.) in 2017
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The European Commission support for the production of this publication does not constitute an endorsement of the contents which reflects the views only of the authors, and the Commission cannot be held responsible for any use which may be made of the information contained therein.



Co-funded by the
Creative Europe Programme
of the European Union

AT THE CIA, SOME AGENTS
ARE MORE SPECIAL THAN OTHERS...



ENTER THE WOLF

JACK WOLFGANG

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