

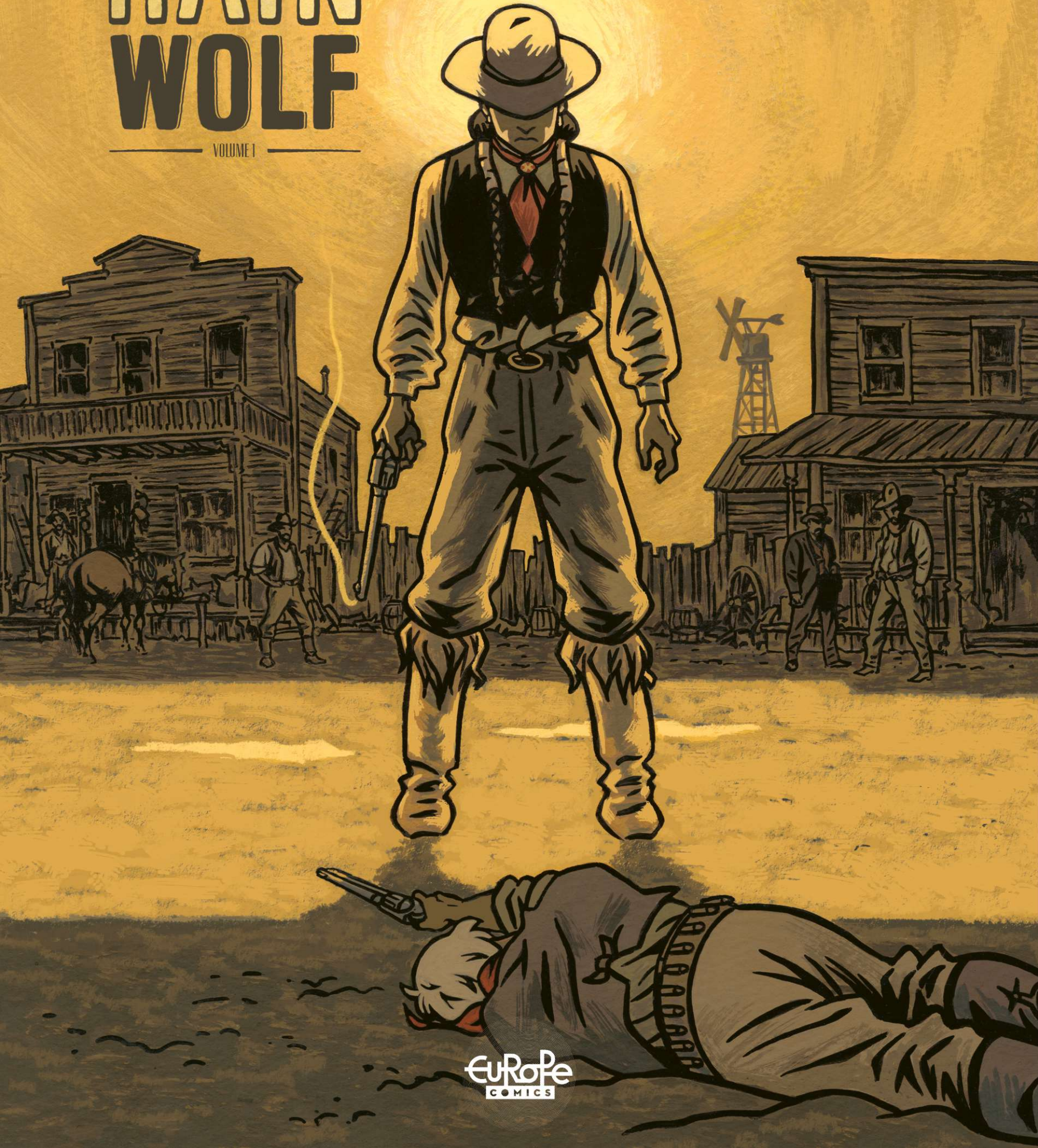
PELLEJERO



DUFAUX

RAIN WOLF

VOLUME 1



PELLEJERO — DUBAUX

RAIN WOLF

VOLUME 1



Thank you to the western grandmasters including, among others, Jean Giraud, Evo Milazzo, Renzo Calegari, Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, N.C. Wyeth (thanks, Manu), John Ford and William Wyler for letting us ride alongside their works. To José Torres for his help with weapons, and to Mercé who joined me through this harsh and hostile land.

RUBÉN PELLEJERO

I dedicate *Rain Wolf* to Jean Giraud.
He was the first person to read this project
that allowed us to bring back memories of the glorious forefathers.
And also particularly to
Ethan Edwards,
Martin Brady,
James McKay,
not to mention “the Pagan God,” Gary Cooper himself.

With sincere admiration,

JEAN DUFAUX

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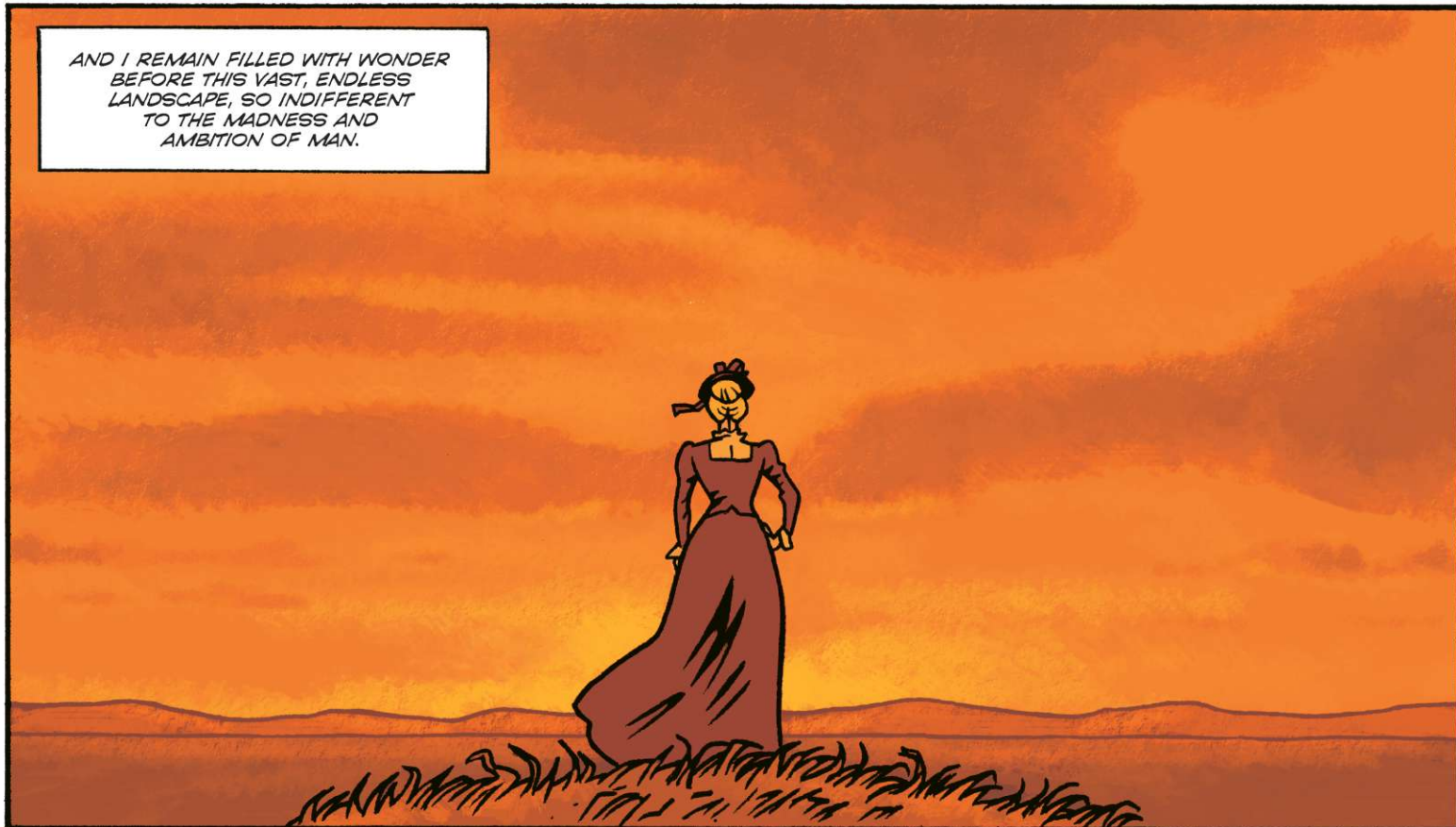
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AND I REMAIN FILLED WITH WONDER
BEFORE THIS VAST, ENDLESS
LANDSCAPE, SO INDIFFERENT
TO THE MADNESS AND
AMBITION OF MAN.



MY NAME IS BLANCHE,
BLANCHE McDELL.
THE DAUGHTER OF VINCENT
McDELL. YES, THE ONE
YOU'RE THINKING OF,
WHOM WE ALL THINK OF:
THE RAILROAD TYCOON.



MY OLDER BROTHER, BRUCE,
IS AT REST IN THE GROUND, IN
THE CEMETERY OF ILLYA CHURCH.
JUST ONE CROSS AMONG MANY.
NO DISTINCTIVE MARKS. LIKE
WE WANTED TO FORGET HIM.
HE WAS 27.



AS FOR THE YOUNGER
BROTHER, MY DEAR JACK,
IT IS WITH HIM THAT
THIS ALL BEGAN.





THAT DAY, HE WAS ABOUT TO GO FISHING WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT SOMEONE HAD BEATEN HIM TO IT.

?!?



FISH! WHAT AN UNEXPECTED GIFT! BUT LOOK AS HE MIGHT, JACK COULD NOT SEE ANYONE NEARBY.

HE WANTED TO MAKE SENSE OF IT. SILENTLY, HE BEGAN EXPLORING THE RIVER BANKS. NIGHT FELL.

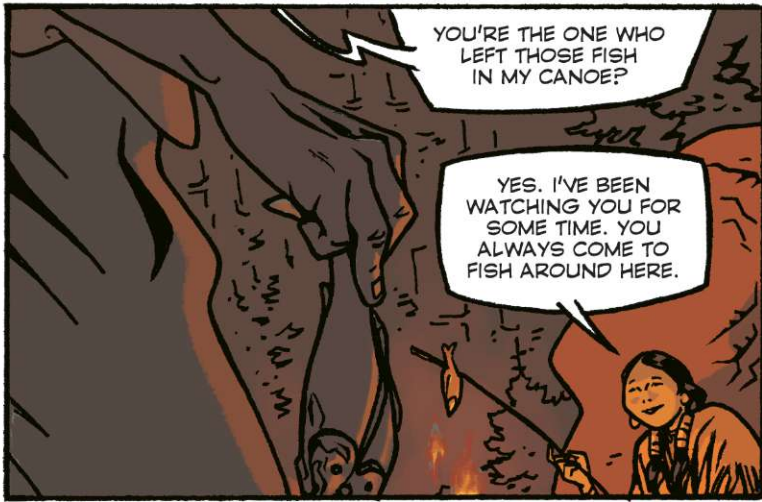


HIS PATIENCE WAS REWARDED.



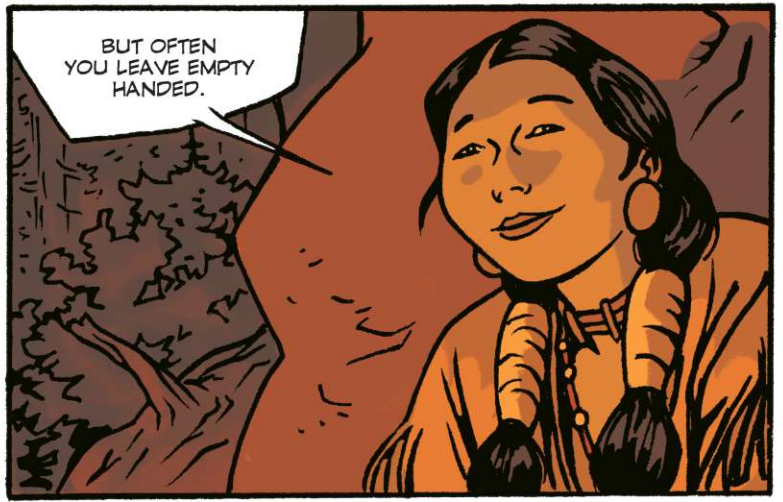
SHE APPEARED NOT TO HAVE HAD ANY INTENTION OF HIDING.

ARE YOU HUNGRY?



YOU'RE THE ONE WHO LEFT THOSE FISH IN MY CANOE?

YES. I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR SOME TIME. YOU ALWAYS COME TO FISH AROUND HERE.



BUT OFTEN YOU LEAVE EMPTY HANDED.



HMM... I GUESS THAT'S TRUE.

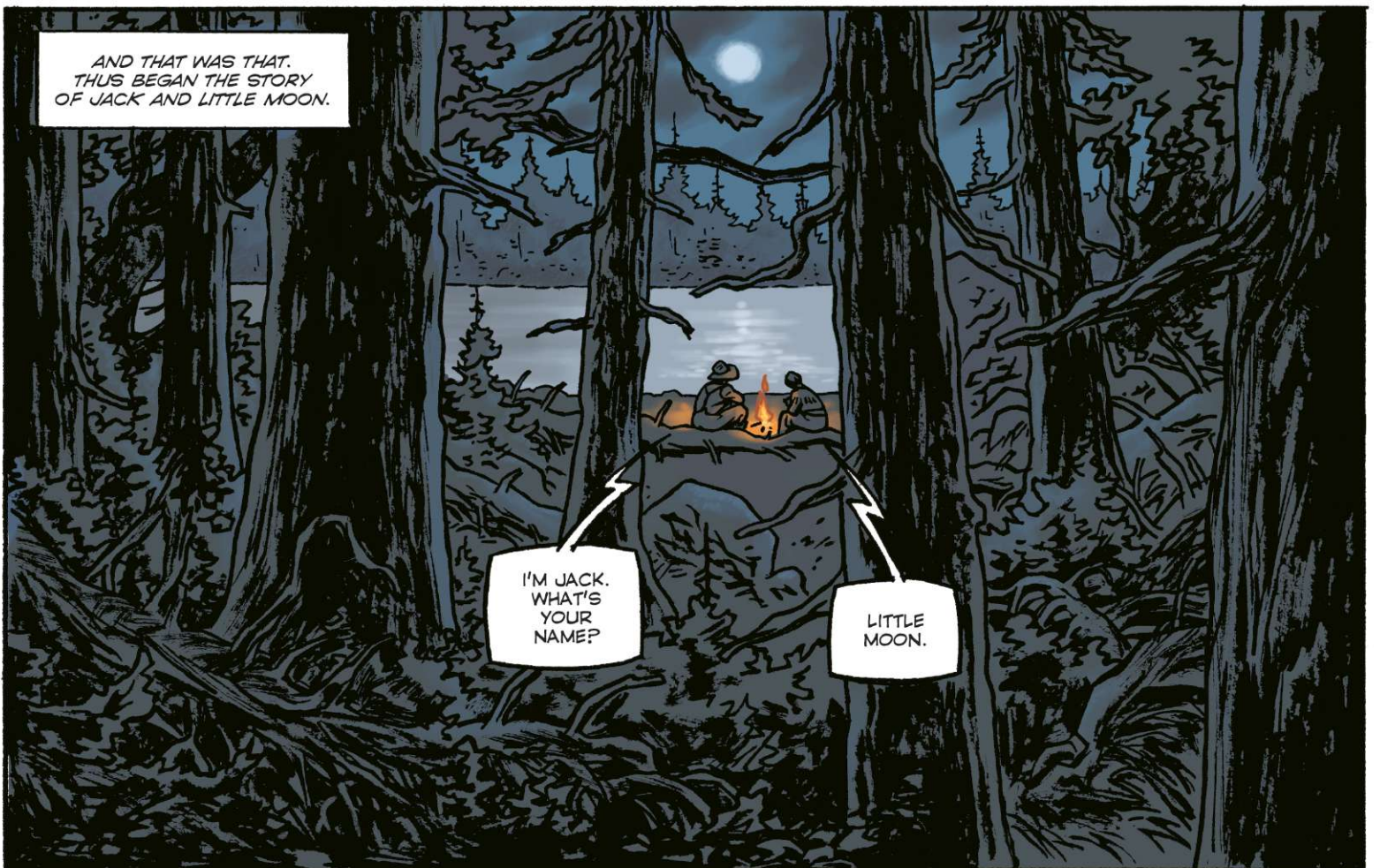


SEEING AS YOU ARE SO SKINNY, I WONDERED IF YOU WERE EATING ENOUGH.

OH! YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT. ALTHOUGH...



...I'VE NEVER EATEN BETTER.



AND THAT WAS THAT. THUS BEGAN THE STORY OF JACK AND LITTLE MOON.

I'M JACK. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

LITTLE MOON.



THE NEXT DAY INGUS LIMB CAME TO TOWN, CHARGED WITH A MISSION PERFECTLY SUITED TO HIS METHODS.



SAID METHODS WERE HANGING FROM HIS BELT.



LIMB MADE HIS WAY TO THE SALOON AT MIDDAY. HE SEEMED SOBER. AND HE WAS ALL THE MORE DANGEROUS FOR IT.



MR. COMB, THE LAWMAN, WAS INSIDE. HE NOTICED LIMB AS HE ENTERED. THE SCENE THAT FOLLOWED WAS A SURPRISE TO NO ONE.



HI, LIMB. I SEE THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN AGAIN.

FORGOTTEN WHAT?



THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED. YOUR PRESENCE ISN'T MUCH APPRECIATED IN THIS TOWN.

YOU CALL THIS RATHOLE A TOWN?



I JUST WANT A ROOM...



...AND FOR SOMEONE TO TELL ME WHEN BRUCE McDELL ARRIVES. I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS FOR HIM.



AND IF McDELL DOESN'T WANT TO ANSWER?

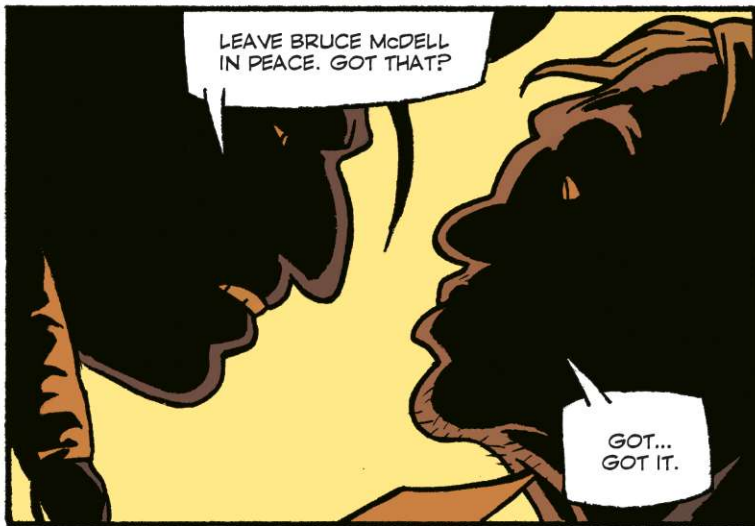


IS THAT YOU TALKING TO ME, INDIAN?



YES IT'S ME. MY NAME IS RAIN WOLF.







BARELY TWENTY MINUTES HAD PASSED SINCE MIDDAY.

PAW! PAW!



ENOUGH TIME TO ENSURE THAT INGUS LIMB WOULD REMAIN SOBER FOREVER.



A CROWD WAS ALREADY GATHERING. EVENTS RAN THEIR INEVITABLE COURSE...

WHAT HAPPENED?

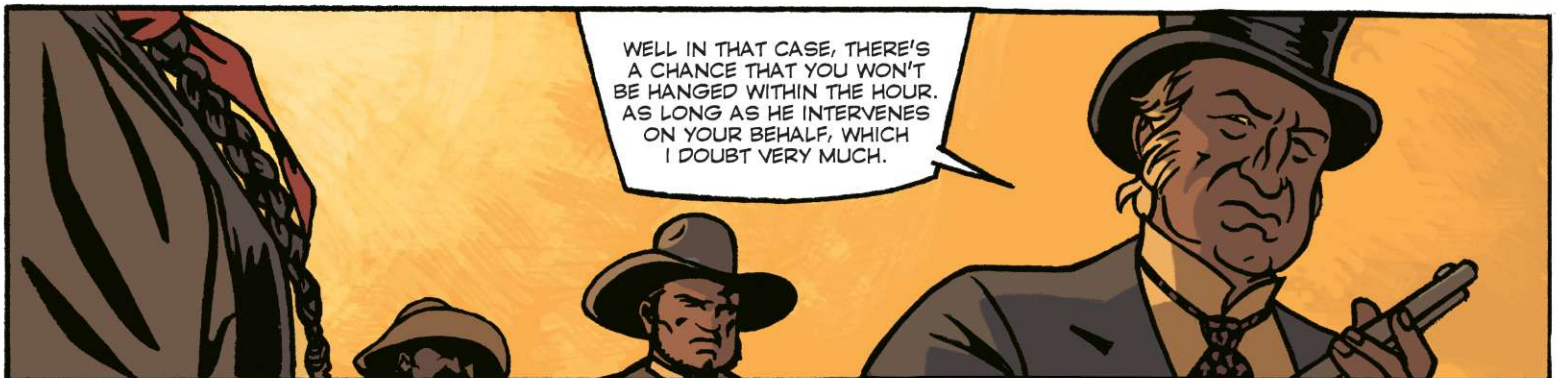
IT WAS RAIN WOLF! HE JUST KILLED A MAN!



...MEANING THAT, WHEN HE'S UP AGAINST A WHITE MAN, AN INDIAN IS ALWAYS GUILTY!

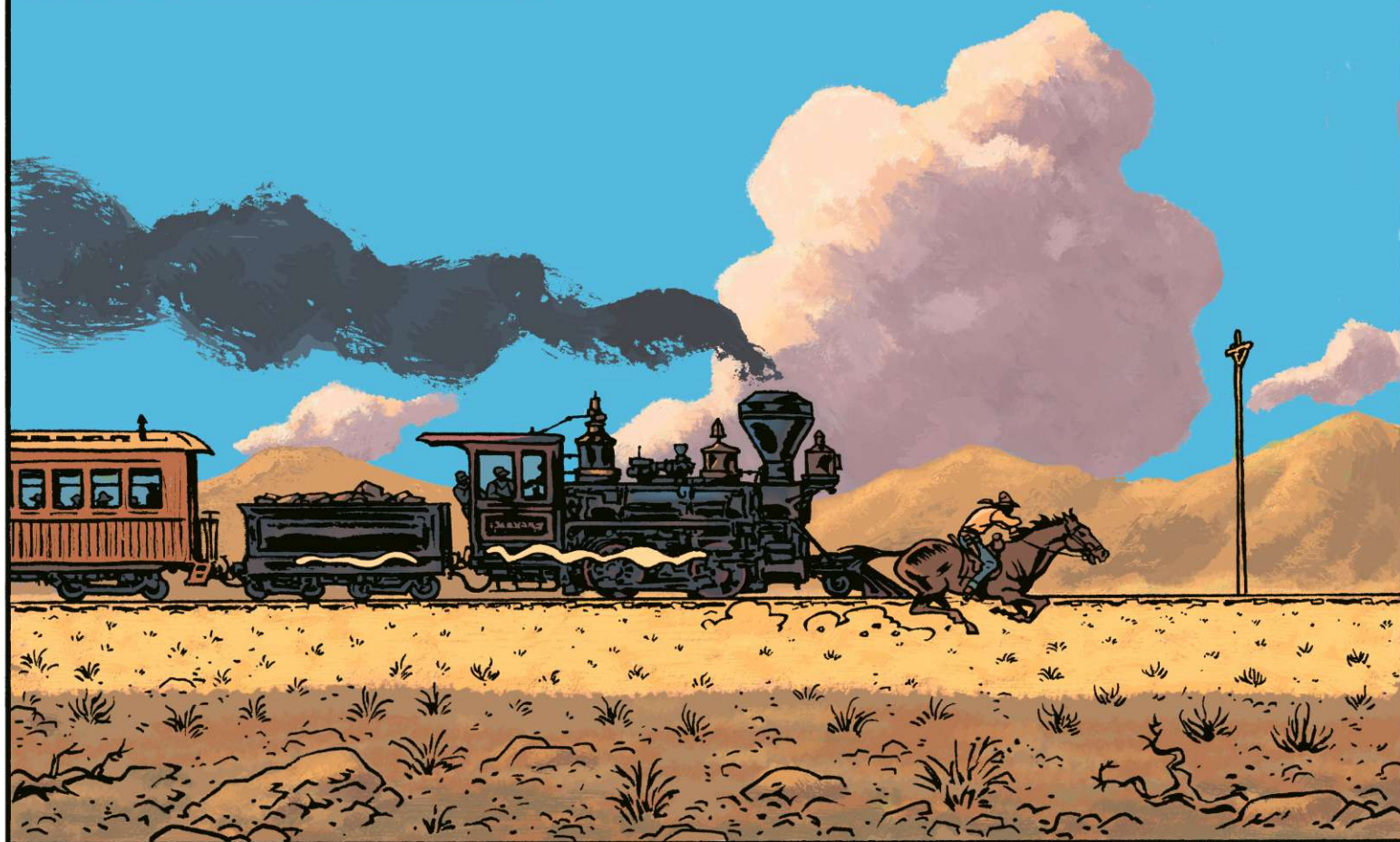
I'LL HAND MYSELF IN TO MR COMB. TELL BRUCE McDELL WHAT HAPPENED.

?! YOU KNOW McDELL?



WELL IN THAT CASE, THERE'S A CHANCE THAT YOU WON'T BE HANGED WITHIN THE HOUR. AS LONG AS HE INTERVENES ON YOUR BEHALF, WHICH I DOUBT VERY MUCH.

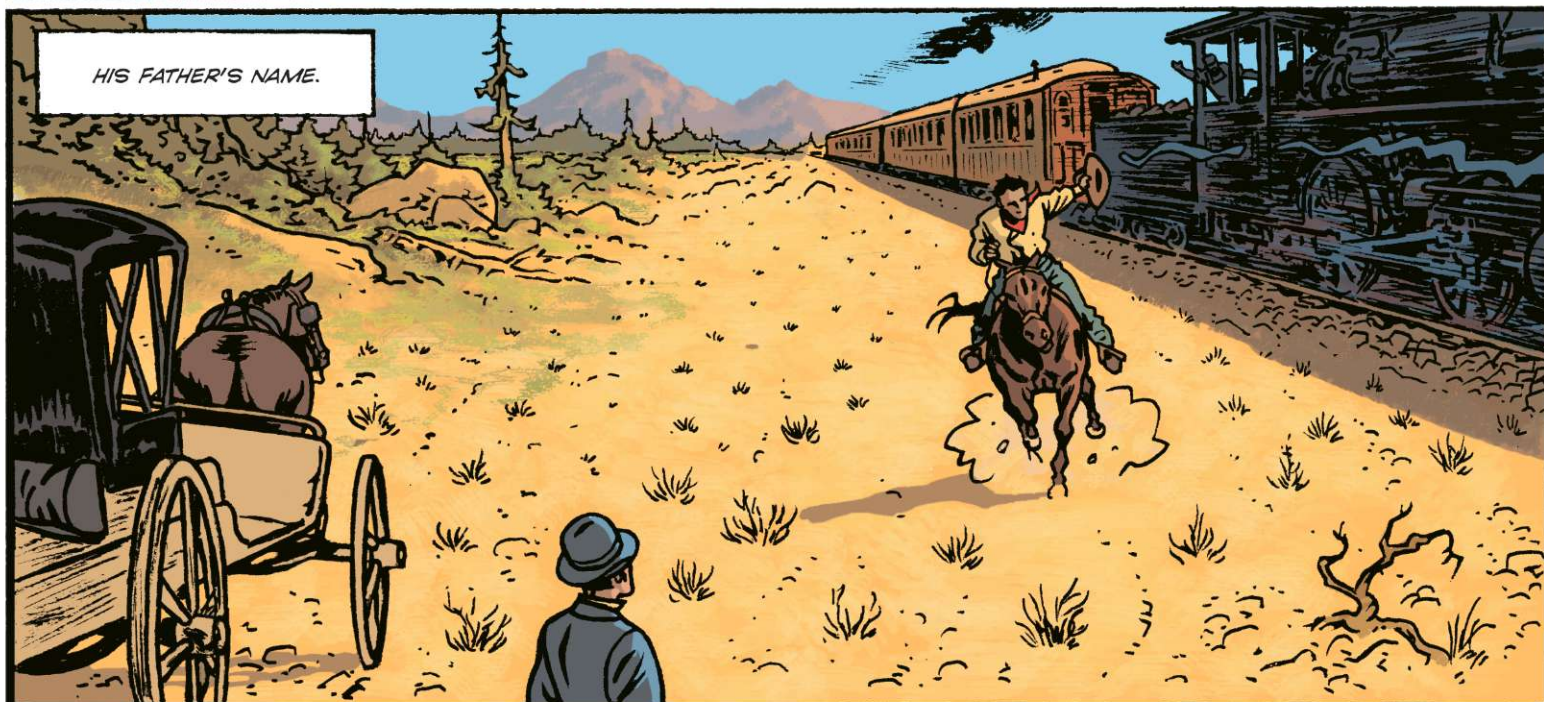
BRUCE WASN'T IN TOWN THAT DAY. HE HAD BETTER THINGS TO DO. DEFYING PROGRESS, FOR ONE, FOR PROGRESS BORE A NAME...

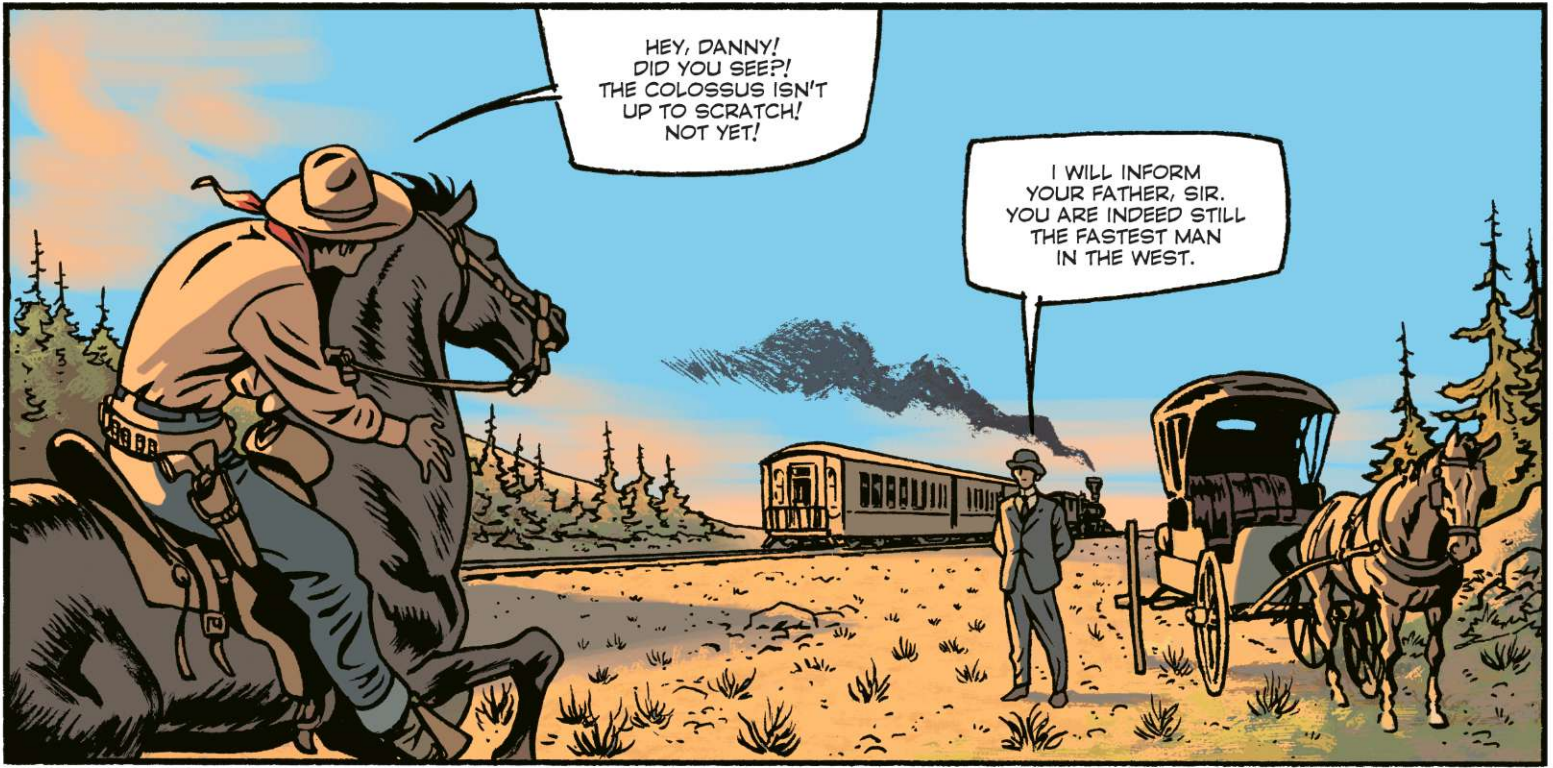


...HIS OWN.

MC. DELL C^o

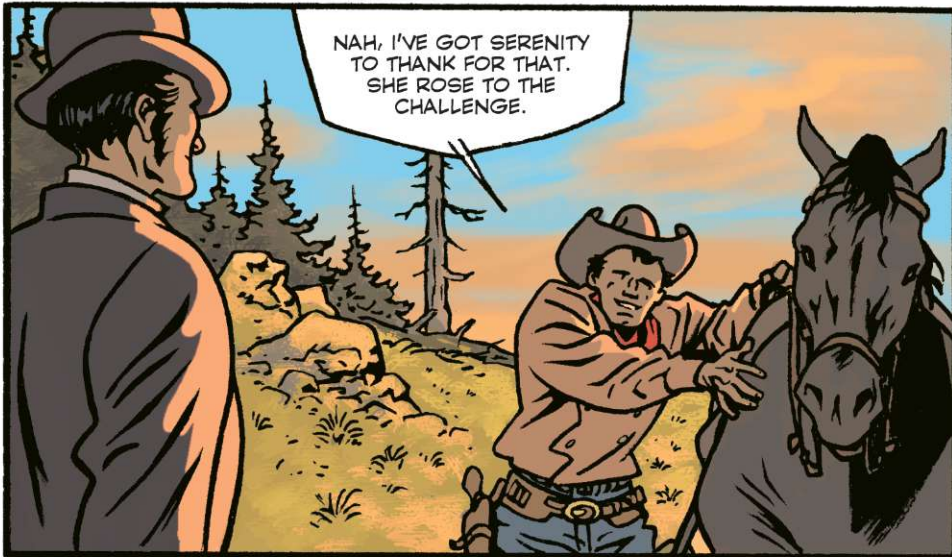
HIS FATHER'S NAME.





HEY, DANNY!
DID YOU SEE?
THE COLOSSUS ISN'T
UP TO SCRATCH!
NOT YET!

I WILL INFORM
YOUR FATHER, SIR.
YOU ARE INDEED STILL
THE FASTEST MAN
IN THE WEST.



NAH, I'VE GOT SERENITY
TO THANK FOR THAT.
SHE ROSE TO THE
CHALLENGE.



I'VE COME TO INFORM YOU, SIR,
THAT ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS,
RAIN WOLF, HAS RUN INTO
SOME TROUBLE. HE'S
ASKING FOR YOU.



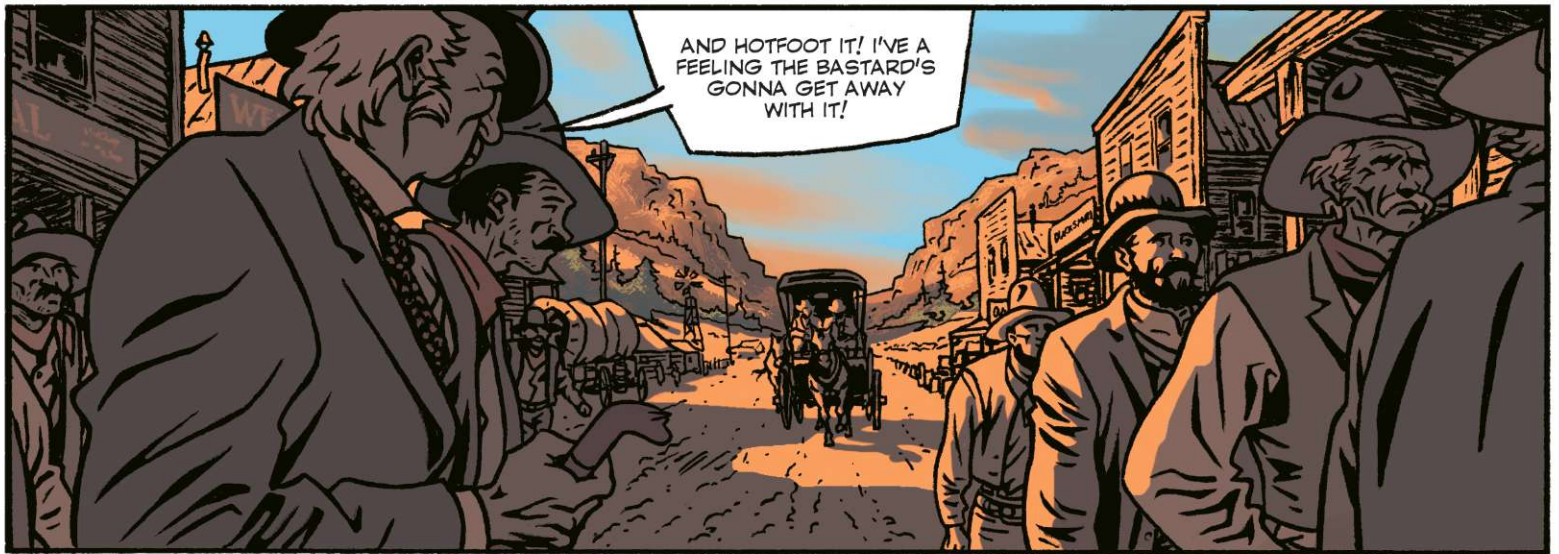
APPARENTLY HE'S BEEN THROWN
INTO THE TOWN JAIL. A MAN
HAS BEEN KILLED IN A DUEL.
IT'S RATHER A SERIOUS MATTER.



SOL, GO WARN MAMMA
LIMB. TELL HER THAT
HER SON'S JUST BEEN
KILLED BY AN INDIAN.
GO QUICK.

MAMMA LIMB!
BUT... THAT'LL
TAKE ME
A DAY!

THEN
TAKE IT!
I'LL PAY YOU.



AND HOTFOOT IT! I'VE A FEELING THE BASTARD'S GONNA GET AWAY WITH IT!

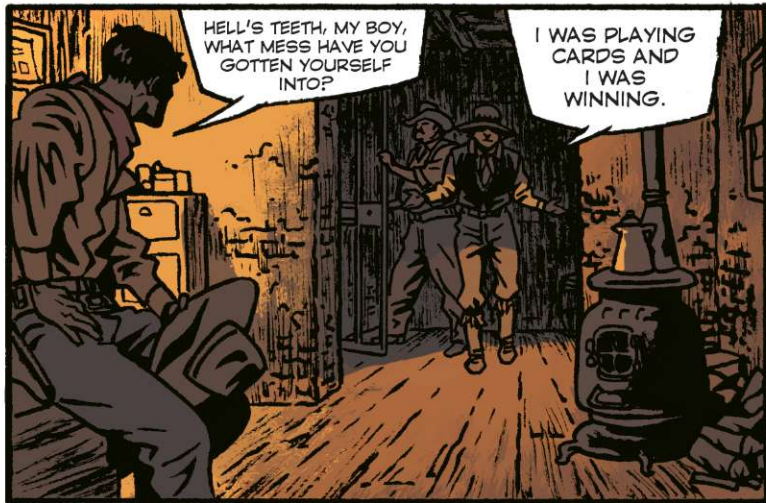


HEY! GET UP! SOMEONE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!



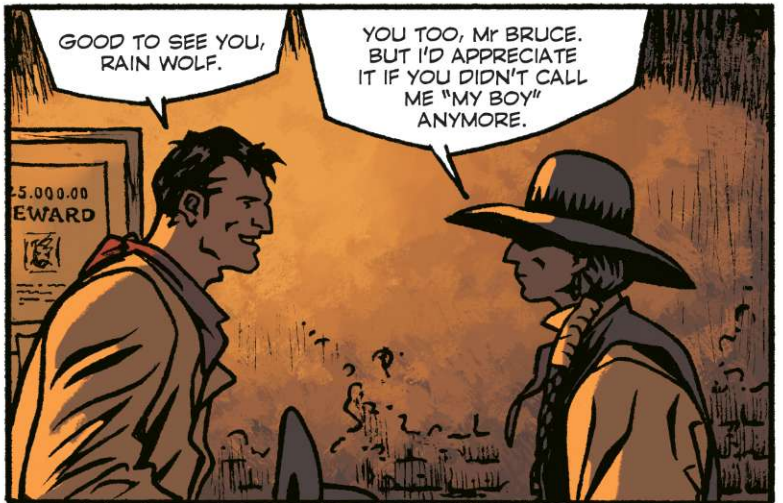
IS IT MR BRUCE?

IN THE FLESH! IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE'S EVER COME HERE!



HELL'S TEETH, MY BOY, WHAT MESS HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO?

I WAS PLAYING CARDS AND I WAS WINNING.



GOOD TO SEE YOU, RAIN WOLF.

YOU TOO, MR BRUCE. BUT I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU DIDN'T CALL ME "MY BOY" ANYMORE.



I FORGOT... THAT DAMN PRIDE YOU GOT FROM YOUR FATHER. HOW IS HE?

HE'LL BE COMING TO SEE YOURS SOON.



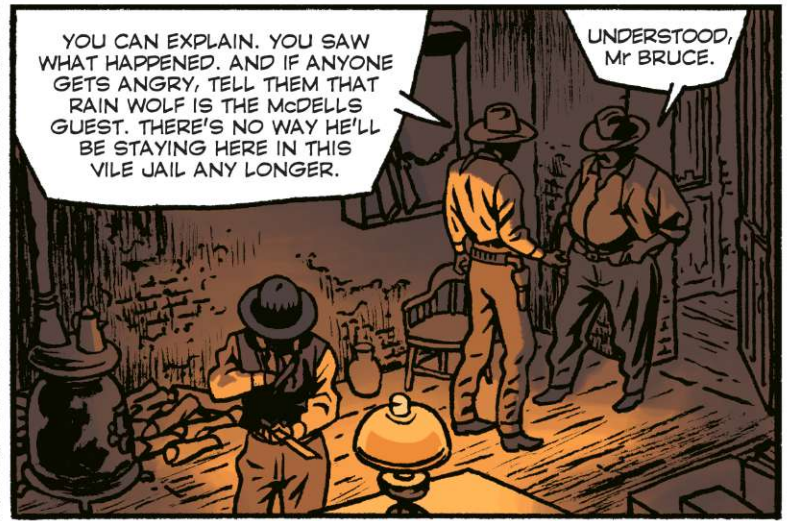
THAT'S RIGHT. LIKE EVERY YEAR.

FOR THE CUSTOMARY POW-WOW. IMMORTALIZED BY MR EASTMAN.

HE'S A GOOD PHOTOGRAPHER. HE EVEN MANAGED TO GET THE PRESIDENT'S PICTURE.



COMB, WE'LL GO OUT THE BACK WAY. DEAL WITH THAT BUNCH OF IDIOTS STAMPING ABOUT THE STREET.



YOU CAN EXPLAIN. YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED. AND IF ANYONE GETS ANGRY, TELL THEM THAT RAIN WOLF IS THE McDELL'S GUEST. THERE'S NO WAY HE'LL BE STAYING HERE IN THIS VILE JAIL ANY LONGER.

UNDERSTOOD, MR BRUCE.



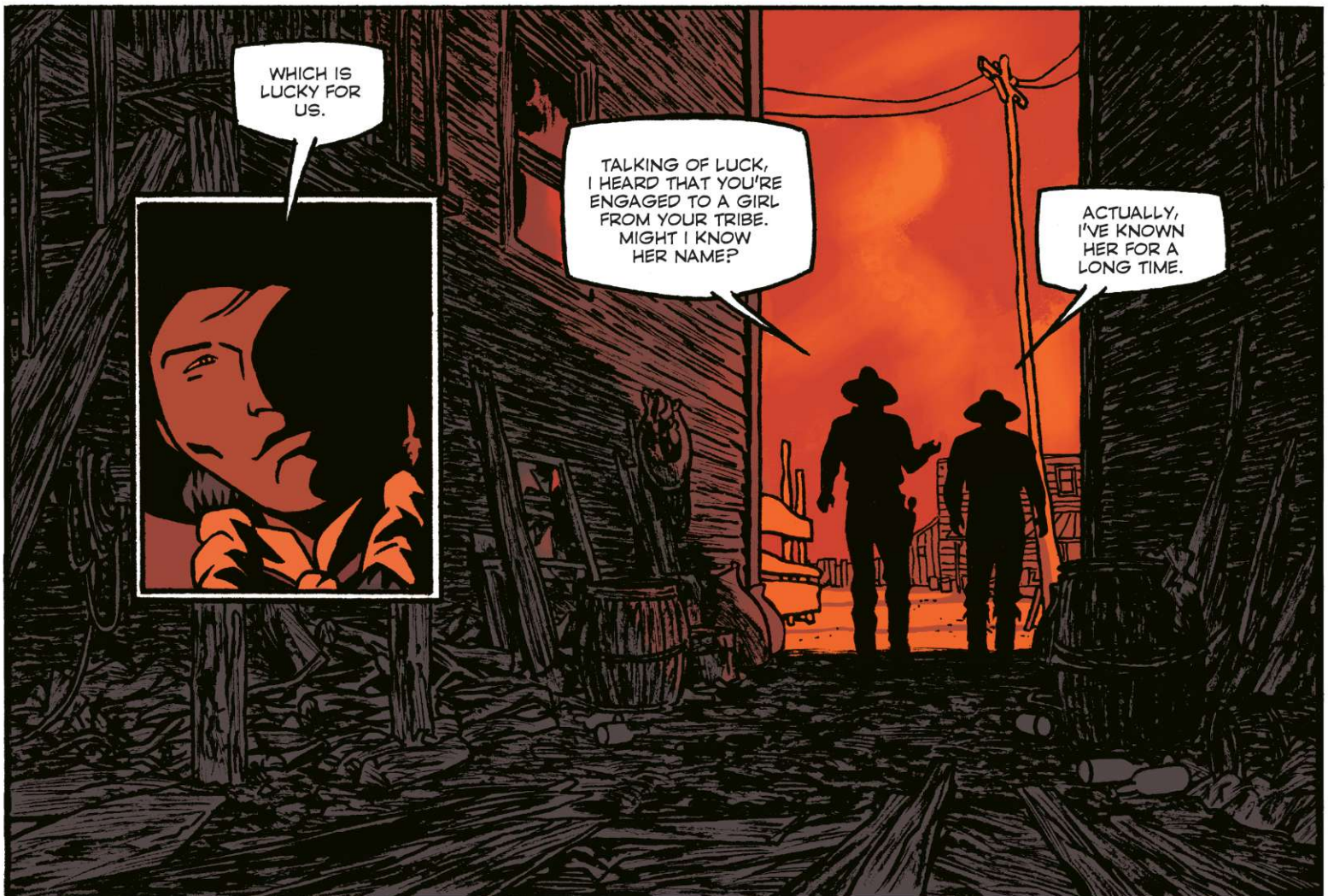
INGUS LIMB WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.

I KNOW. I SPENT SOME TIME WITH HIS SISTER. THAT SEEMED TO CONCERN HIM.



THAT WAS PRETTY RISKY, CONFRONTING HIM.

HE HAD A CHANCE. BUT HE UNDERESTIMATED ME. LIKE SO MANY WHITES WHO COME UP AGAINST AN INDIAN.



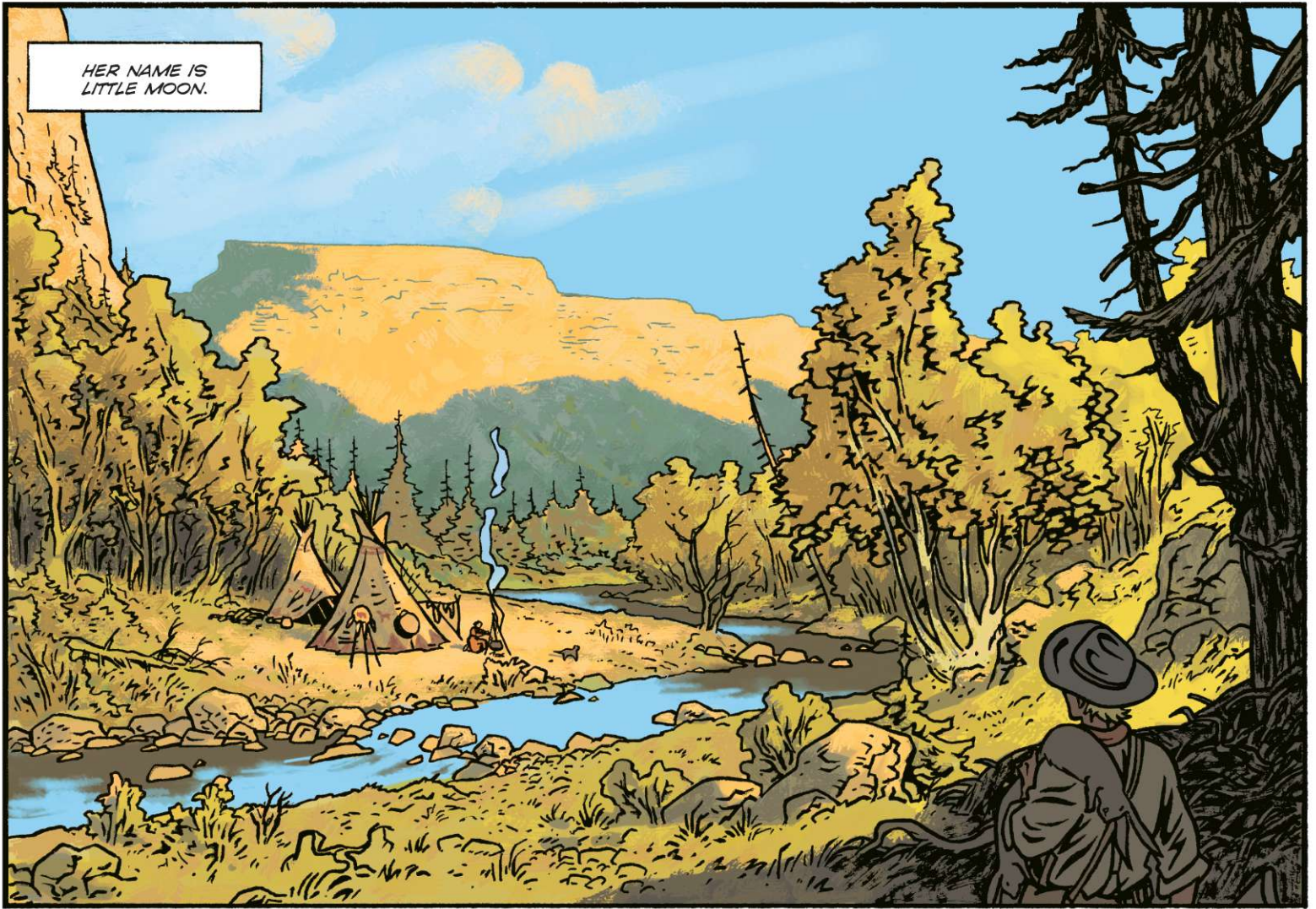
WHICH IS LUCKY FOR US.

TALKING OF LUCK, I HEARD THAT YOU'RE ENGAGED TO A GIRL FROM YOUR TRIBE. MIGHT I KNOW HER NAME?

ACTUALLY, I'VE KNOWN HER FOR A LONG TIME.



HER NAME IS
LITTLE MOON.

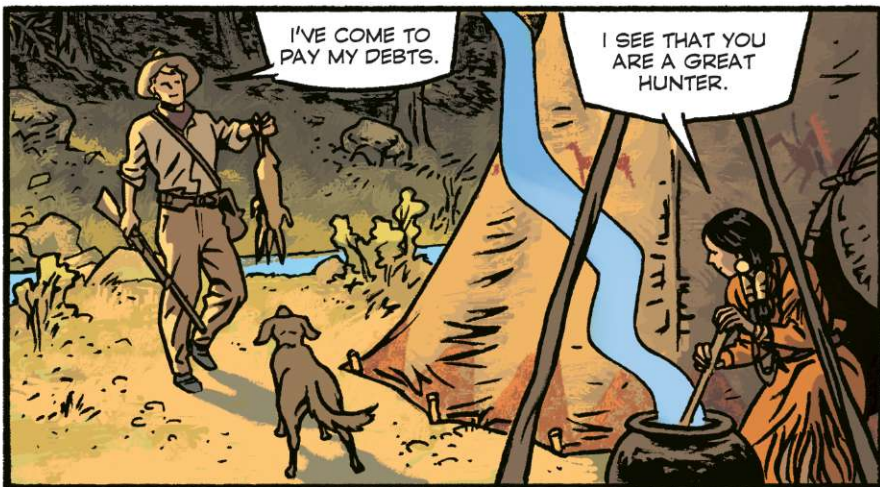


I'VE COME TO
PAY MY DEBTS.

I SEE THAT YOU
ARE A GREAT
HUNTER.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT GREAT.
LUCKY, MAYBE. IT TOOK ME
SOME TIME TO FIND YOU.

I'M LOOKING
AFTER RIGHT EYE.
HE'S LEFT THE
VILLAGE...

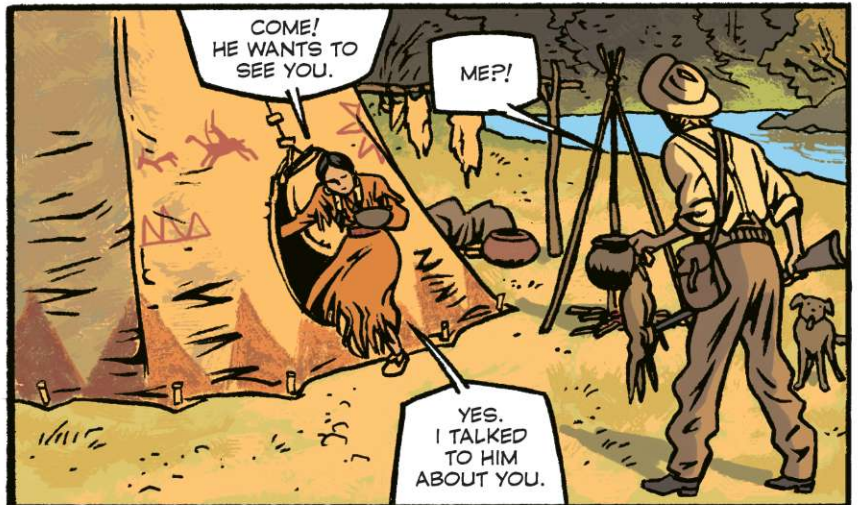


...FOR HE'S ABOUT TO DIE.
AND HE WANTS TO SHARE HIS FINAL
VISIONS WITH ME. I... I'M AFRAID
I'M STILL NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

COME!
HE WANTS TO
SEE YOU.

ME?!

YES.
I TALKED
TO HIM
ABOUT YOU.





DID YOU FIND THE ROOTS, LITTLE MOON? HAVE YOU STEEPED THEM?



LIKE YOU SHOWED ME, GRANDFATHER. IT'S READY.



GRANDFATHER!!

CAREFUL! IT'S HOT.



YOU DRINK TOO.

!!?



I... I DON'T KNOW IF--

THIS IS A GREAT HONOR, JACK.



IN THAT CASE...



IT WAS THE AGE OF THE GREAT HUNTS.

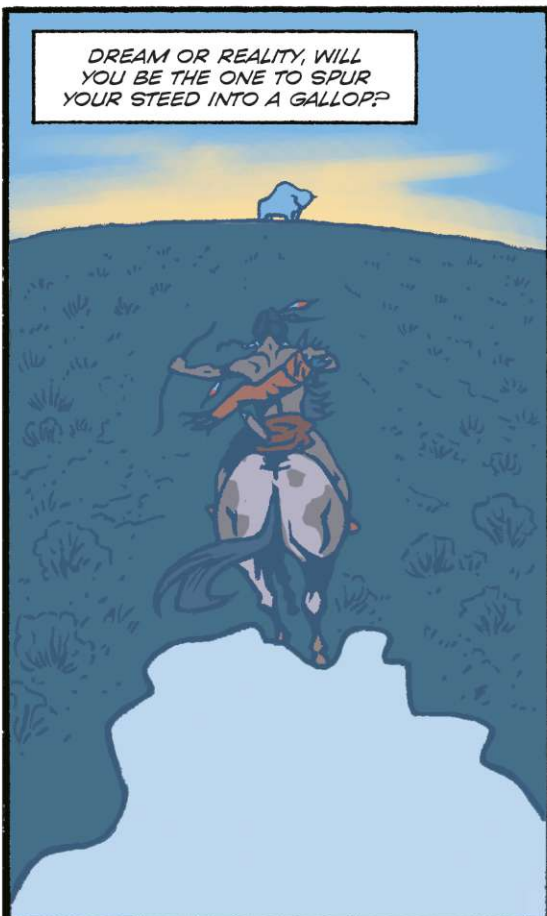
THE AGE WHEN PEOPLE
STILL HAD TO HUNT DOWN
THEIR FOOD.



A TIME WHEN THE WHITE
BISON WOULD APPEAR
TO CERTAIN WARRIORS.



DREAM OR REALITY, WILL
YOU BE THE ONE TO SPUR
YOUR STEED INTO A GALLOP?



WILL YOU BE THE ONE TO
DEFEAT THE WHITE BISON,
TO EAT ITS HEART?

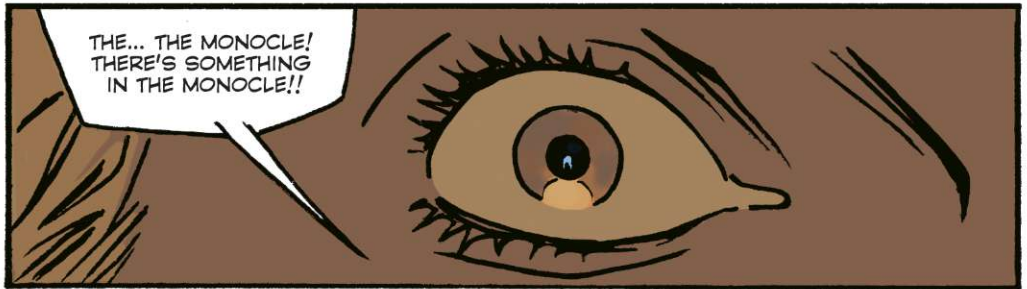


OR WILL YOU YIELD TO THE
RUMBLE APPROACHING YOU?





YOU FLINCH?
YOU'RE AFRAID?!



THE... THE MONOCLE!
THERE'S SOMETHING
IN THE MONOCLE!!



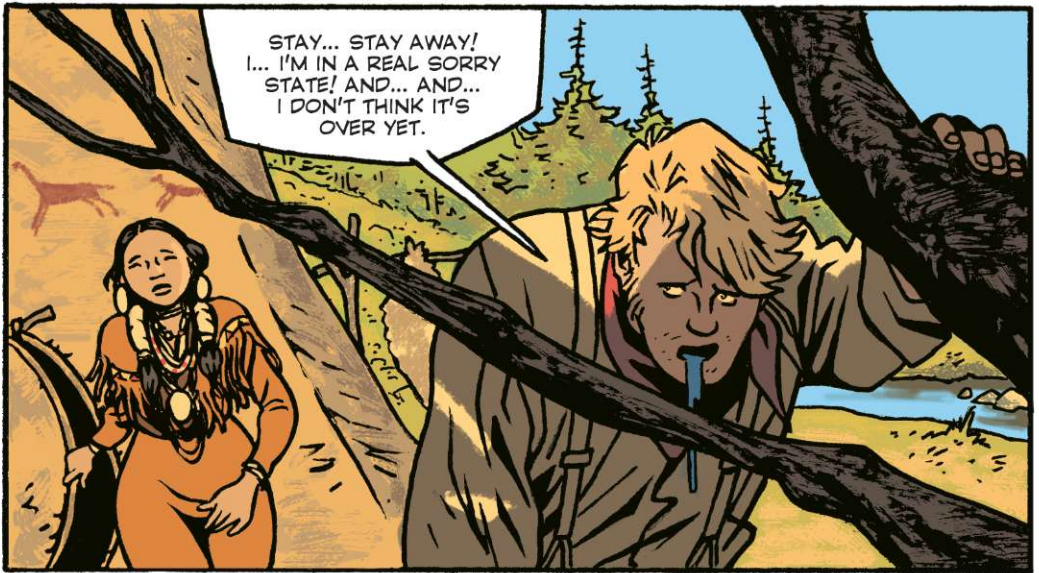
I...
EXCUSE ME!



HIS SPIRIT IS OPEN
TO THE WINDS OF
THE PLAINS. THAT'S
RARE AMONG
WHITE MEN.



JACK!



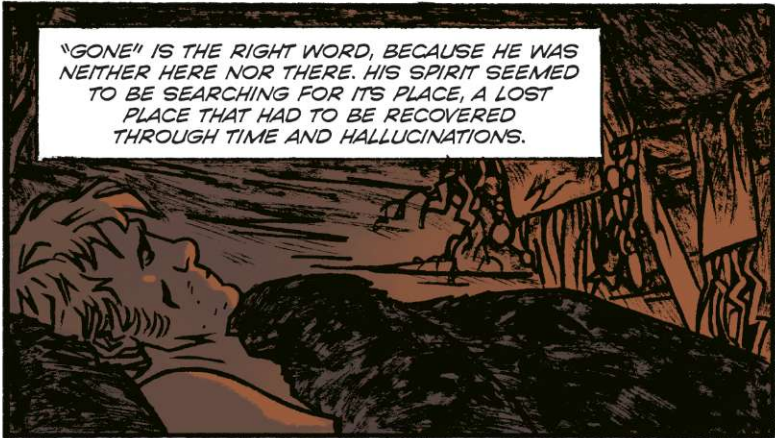
STAY... STAY AWAY!
I... I'M IN A REAL SORRY
STATE! AND... AND...
I DON'T THINK IT'S
OVER YET.



AND JACK LOST CONSCIOUSNESS.
A BLACK WAVE ENGULFED HIS
FINAL VISIONS. AND NOTHING ELSE
REFLECTED ON THE SURFACE OF
THE MONOCLE. LIFE SLIPPED AWAY.



JACK WAS GONE FOR TWO DAYS.



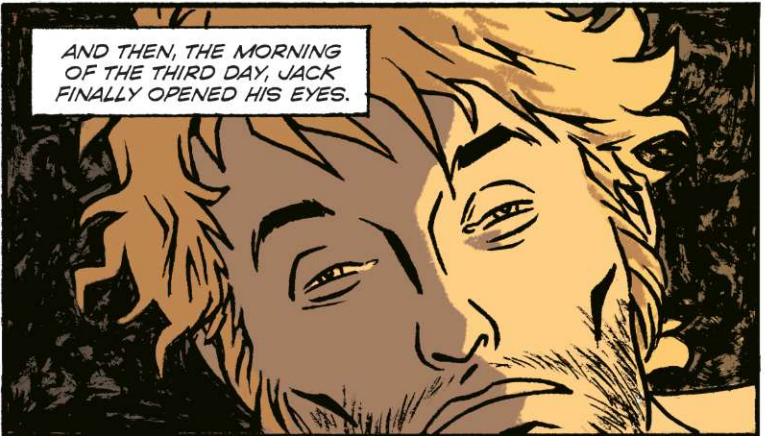
"GONE" IS THE RIGHT WORD, BECAUSE HE WAS NEITHER HERE NOR THERE. HIS SPIRIT SEEMED TO BE SEARCHING FOR ITS PLACE, A LOST PLACE THAT HAD TO BE RECOVERED THROUGH TIME AND HALLUCINATIONS.



WAS IT LITTLE MOON WHO UNDRESSED HIM?



WHO STAYED AT HIS BEDSIDE, AND LAY HER HAND ON HIS BURNING FOREHEAD?



AND THEN, THE MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY, JACK FINALLY OPENED HIS EYES.



HE FOUND HIS CLOTHES AND LEFT THE TENT TO BEHOLD A STRANGE SPECTACLE.

!!

RIGHT EYE HAD PASSED IN THE NIGHT. HIS BODY WAS EXPOSED TO THE WIND, TO THE SUN...



...AND TO THE VULTURE YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON.



IT'S NIAWÉJ. THE VULTURE THAT TORE OUT GRANDFATHER'S LEFT EYE.

!!
ARE...
ARE YOU GOING TO KILL IT?



WHY? GRANDFATHER BELONGS TO NIAWÉJ. JUST AS NIAWÉJ BELONGS TO GRANDFATHER.



WE HAVE TO LEAVE THEM NOW. NIAWÉJ HAS COME TO FEED. ONLY THEN WILL HE LEAVE, CARRYING GRANDFATHER'S SPIRIT WITH HIM.



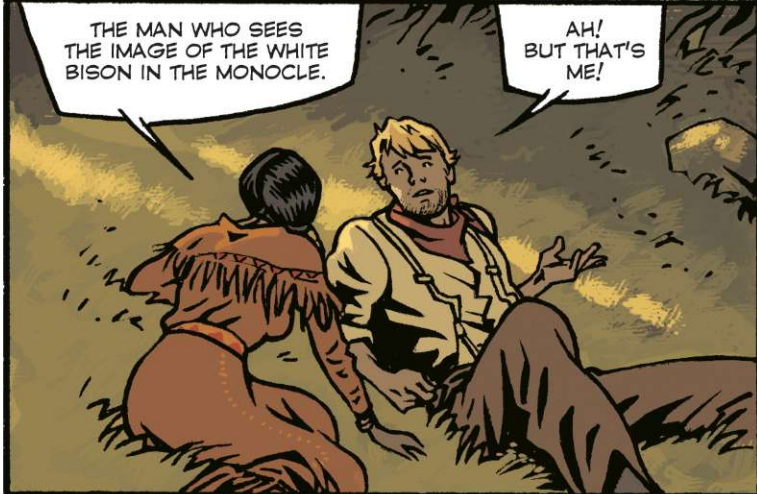


HE... HE LEFT YOU HIS MONOCLE?



YES. BUT I WON'T KEEP IT. IT IS DESTINED FOR THE MAN I WILL MARRY.

AH! AND... DO YOU ALREADY KNOW WHO THAT WILL BE?



THE MAN WHO SEES THE IMAGE OF THE WHITE BISON IN THE MONOCLE.

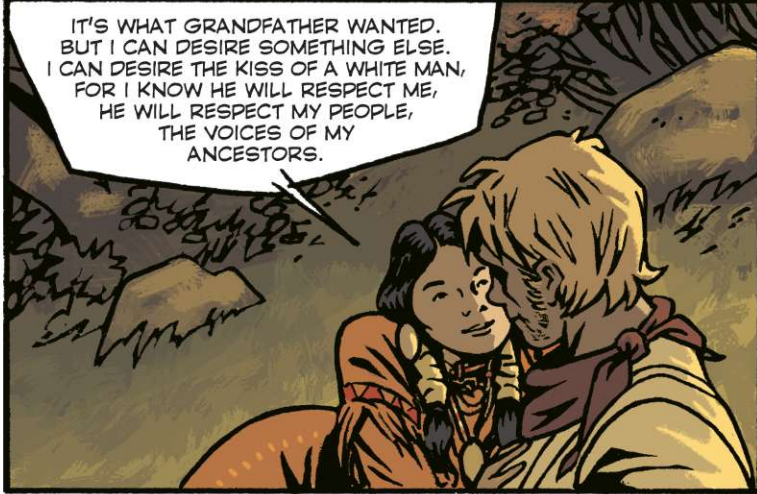
AH! BUT THAT'S ME!



AND WHO KILLS IT TO TAKE ITS POWER.

RIGHT... SO THAT'S THE CATCH!

TRUE! YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY THE BEST HUNTER.



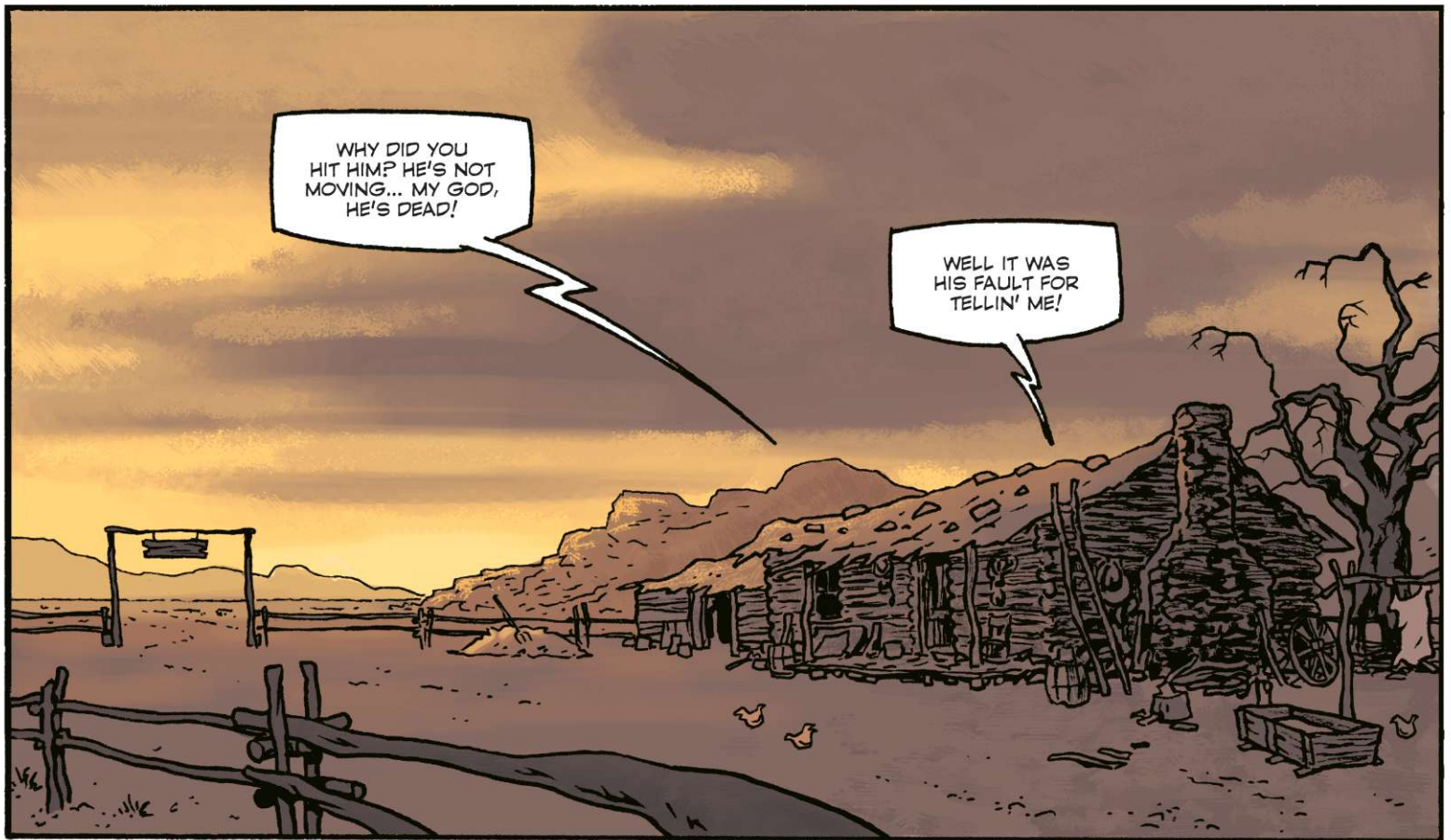
IT'S WHAT GRANDFATHER WANTED. BUT I CAN DESIRE SOMETHING ELSE. I CAN DESIRE THE KISS OF A WHITE MAN, FOR I KNOW HE WILL RESPECT ME, HE WILL RESPECT MY PEOPLE, THE VOICES OF MY ANCESTORS.



I DON'T KNOW IF I'M UP TO PAR, LITTLE MOON.

I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT.





WHY DID YOU HIT HIM? HE'S NOT MOVING... MY GOD, HE'S DEAD!

WELL IT WAS HIS FAULT FOR TELLIN' ME!



YOU KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO. INFORM THE CODYS.



THEY GOT A BODY TO BURY AND THEN THEY GOTTA GO GET THEIR GUNS.



I GOTTA AVENGE MY BOY...



...MY INGUS...



...YOUR POOR BROTHER!





HEY!
NATHAN!
GOT A MOMENT?
WE GOTTA
TALK!

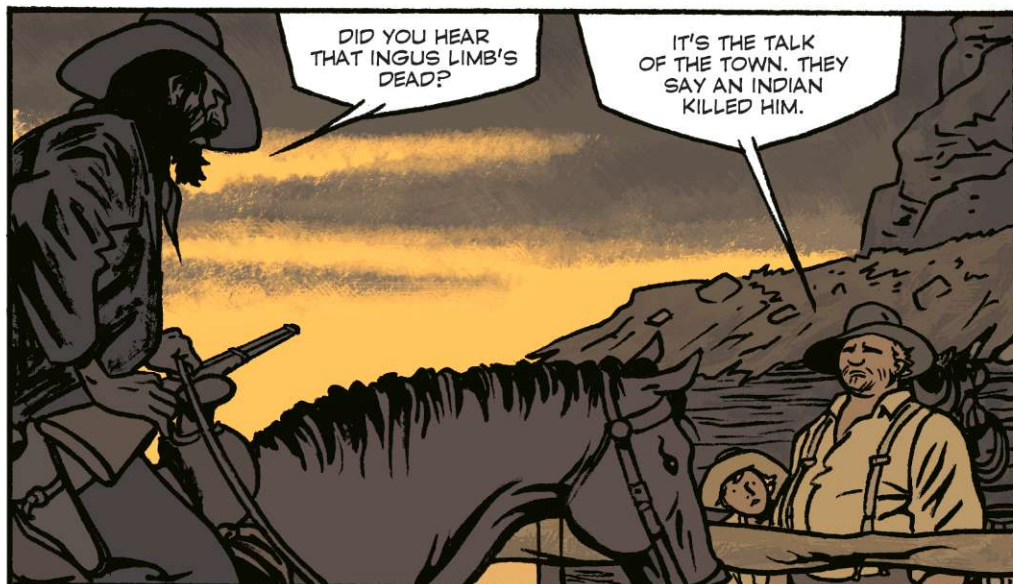


DAD... IS THAT
THE CODYS?

YES. STAY CLOSE
TO ME AND SAY
NOTHING.

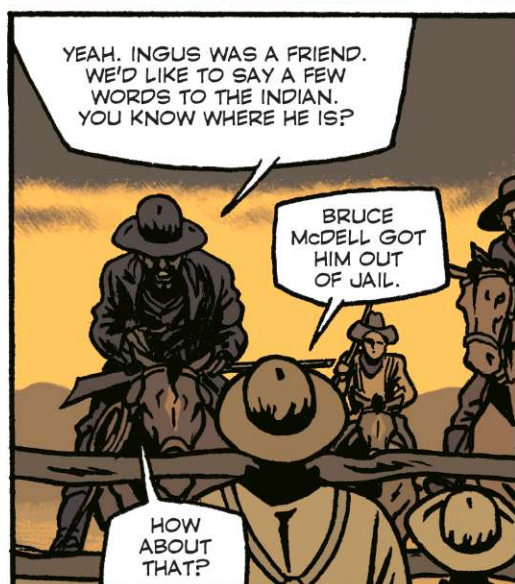


WOOW!
DID YOU SEE
THEIR RIFLES?!



DID YOU HEAR
THAT INGUS LIMB'S
DEAD?

IT'S THE TALK
OF THE TOWN. THEY
SAY AN INDIAN
KILLED HIM.



YEAH. INGUS WAS A FRIEND.
WE'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW
WORDS TO THE INDIAN.
YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS?

BRUCE
McDELL GOT
HIM OUT
OF JAIL.

HOW
ABOUT
THAT?



HEAR THAT CRAZY TALK,
ANDY? BRUCE McDELL IS
AN INDIAN LOVER. MAYBE
WE SHOULD EXPLAIN TO HIM
THAT THERE ARE SOME
THINGS A RESPECTABLE
WHITE MAN CAN'T ABIDE.



WE AIN'T ABIDING NOTHIN'. I'LL TAKE CARE OF BRUCE McDELL PERSONALLY.



DAMN RIGHT! CAN'T GO LETTING WEEDS GROW AND JEOPARDIZE THE HARVEST. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, KID?

IF YOU SAY SO, MISTER!



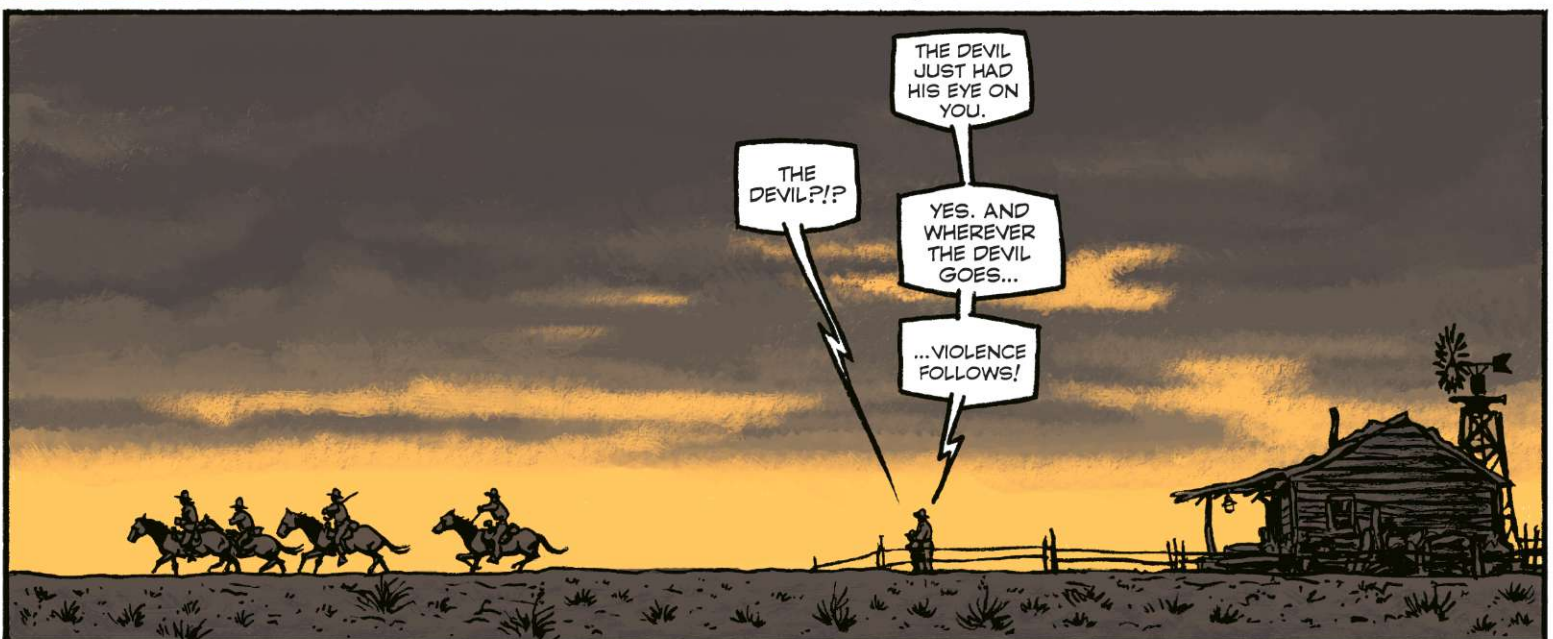
A MAN CAN ONLY RELY ON TWO THINGS: HIS RIGHTS AND HIS RIFLE. REMEMBER THAT.

WE DON'T HAVE A RIFLE, MISTER. PA DON'T WANT ONE. WE JUST HAVE A REVOLVER FROM THE WAR.



BUT I'M GONNA WORK. I'LL GET MONEY. AND I'LL USE IT TO BUY A GUN LIKE YOU.

THAT'S GOOD, KID. AVOID ALL WEAKNESS AND COWARDICE AND YOU'LL HAVE THE LORD ON YOUR SIDE.



THE DEVIL?!?

THE DEVIL JUST HAD HIS EYE ON YOU.

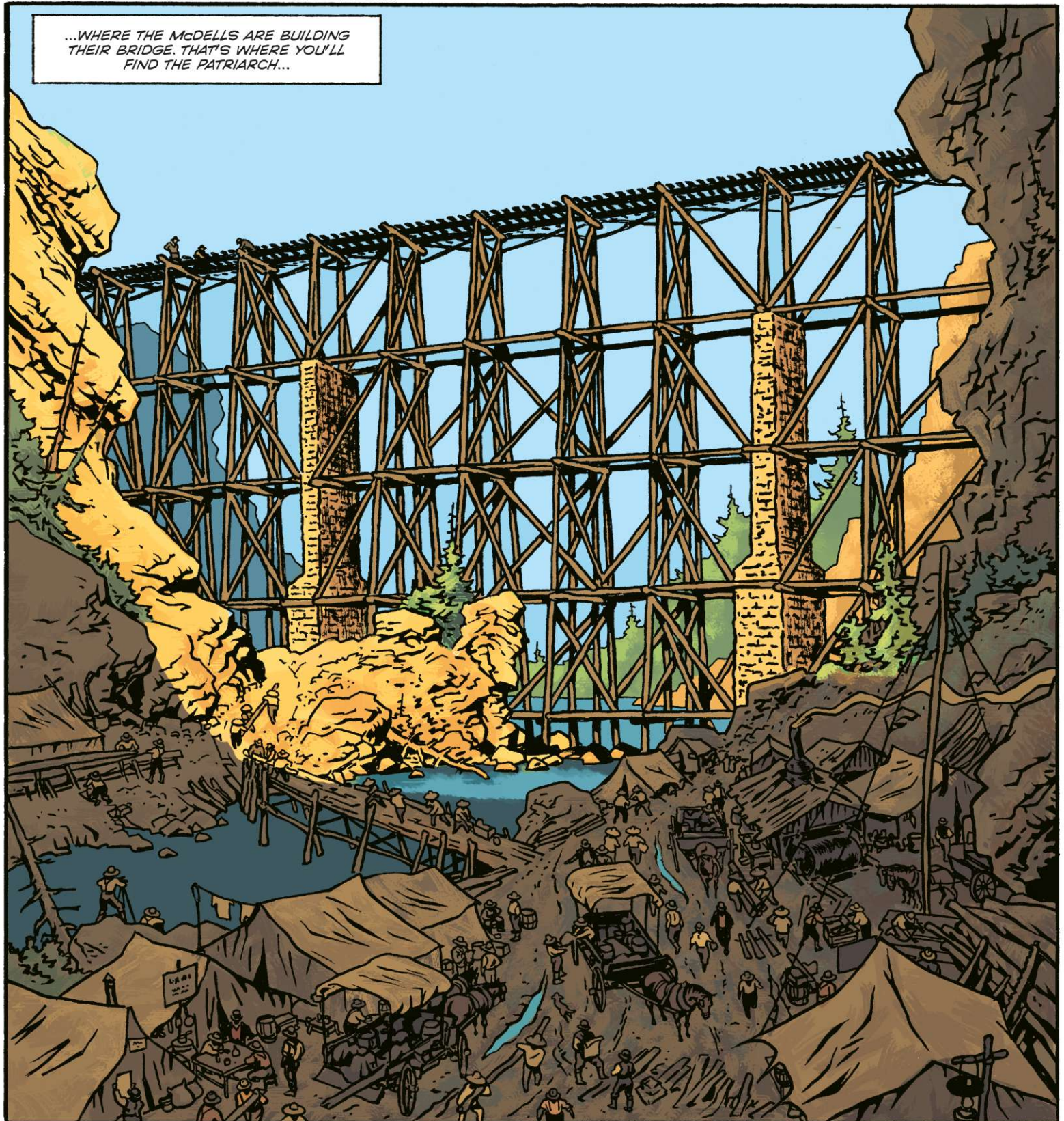
YES. AND WHEREVER THE DEVIL GOES...

...VIOLENCE FOLLOWS!

ANDY, YOU SCOUT
AHEAD. HEAD TO THE
CONSTRUCTION SITE...



...WHERE THE McDELLS ARE BUILDING
THEIR BRIDGE. THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL
FIND THE PATRIARCH...





...VINCENT McDELL, BRUCE'S FATHER. HE'LL KNOW WHERE HIS SON IS HIDING.



MY SON ISN'T HIDING! I DIDN'T TEACH MY CHILDREN TO SHIRK THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES! IF BRUCE THOUGHT IT RIGHT TO TAKE RAIN WOLF SOMEWHERE SAFE, HE'D HAVE HAD HIS REASONS.

I DON'T SEE NO REASONS TO SAVE A KILLER!



RAIN WOLF ISN'T A KILLER. HE FOUGHT A FAIR FIGHT, IN A DUEL. WHICH IS MORE THAN CAN BE SAID FOR INGUS!

WHAT! YOU CALLING INGUS A COWARD!



COWARD! EXACTLY! AS IS ANYONE WHO ATTACKS SOMEONE FROM BEHIND!

!!!



OH NO! YOU AIN'T GETTING AWAY WITH THAT!



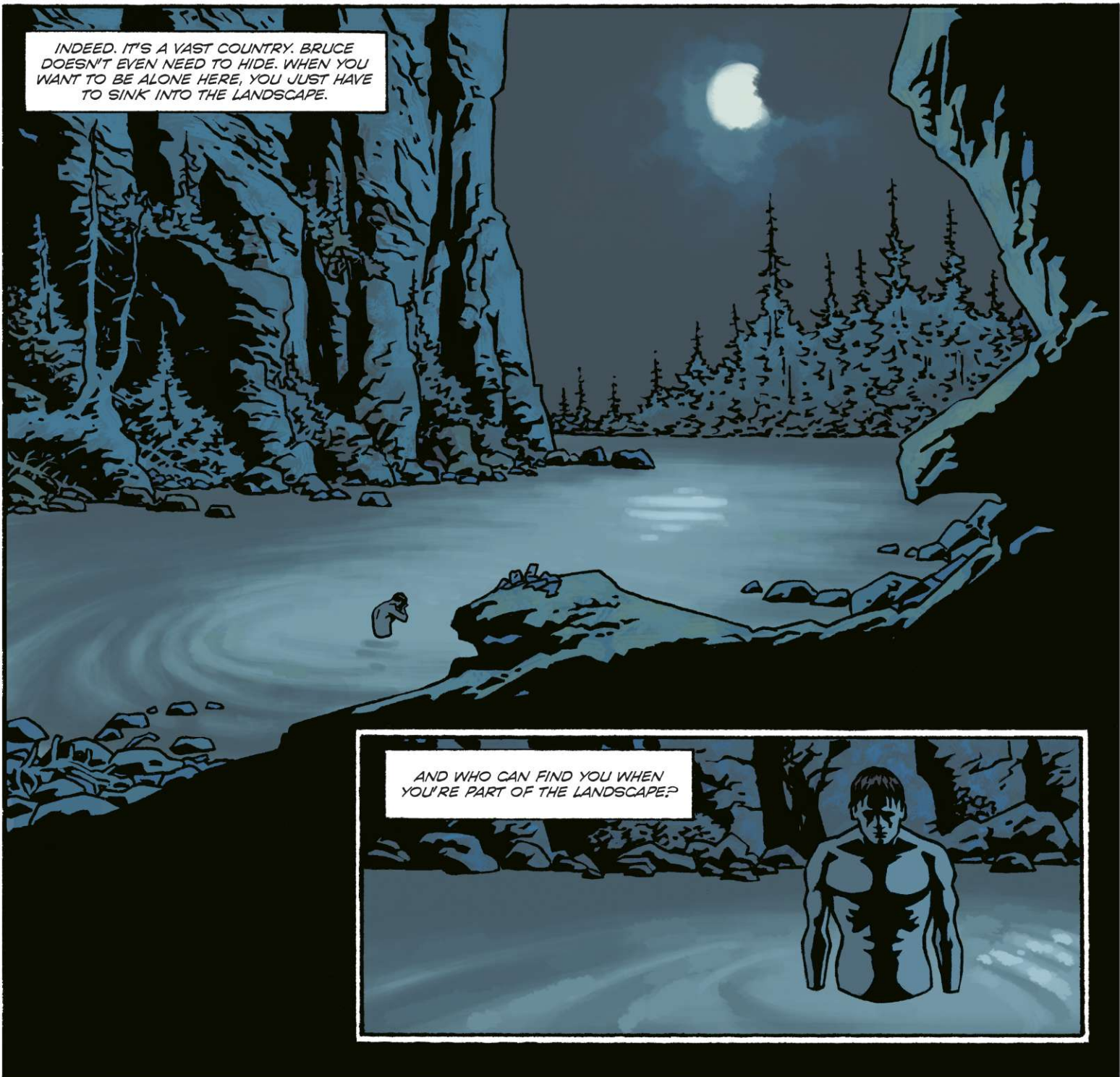


DON'T WORRY. I KNOW INGUS'S MOTHER. I'LL EXPLAIN TO HER WHAT HAPPENED.



IN THE MEANTIME, YOUR SON IS SAFE. I'VE HEARD THAT BRUCE HAS OFFERED HIM HOSPITALITY.

IN ONE OF HIS "HIDEAWAYS"? HE HAS MANY.



INDEED. IT'S A VAST COUNTRY. BRUCE DOESN'T EVEN NEED TO HIDE. WHEN YOU WANT TO BE ALONE HERE, YOU JUST HAVE TO SINK INTO THE LANDSCAPE.

AND WHO CAN FIND YOU WHEN YOU'RE PART OF THE LANDSCAPE?



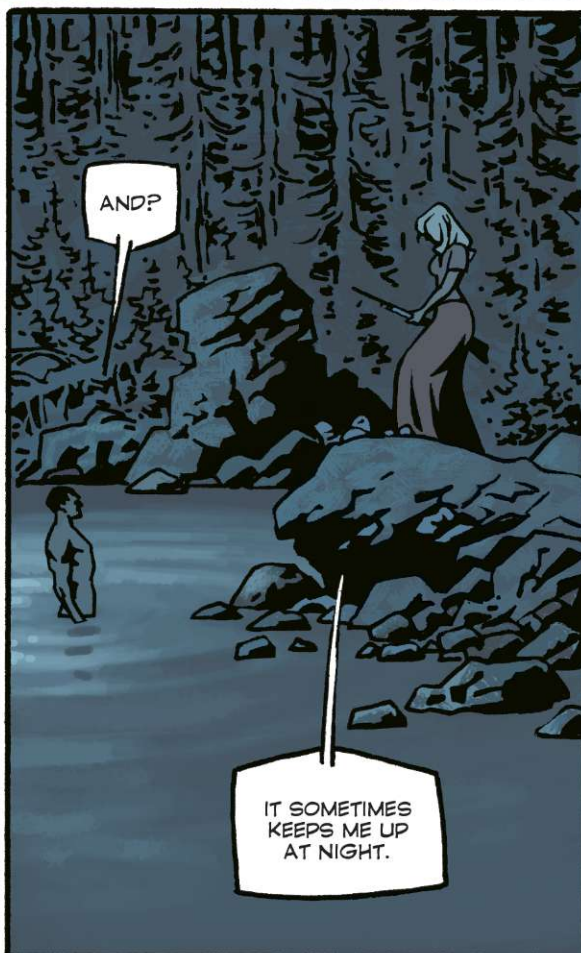
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN YOU NAKED.

!!!



HA! AND ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED?

YOU'RE PRETTY MUCH HOW I IMAGINED YOU.



AND?

IT SOMETIMES KEEPS ME UP AT NIGHT.



WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE HONEST. NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO GET OUT. TURN AROUND...



WHY? I'M STILL CURIOUS.



I'M JOKING. GET DRESSED. I WOULDN'T WANT TO SHOOT A DEFENSELESS MAN.



OH REALLY!
THAT'S WHY
YOU'VE COME?

I WANT TO
AVENGE MY
BROTHER. SIMPLE
AS THAT.



SO WHY ARE YOU
TAKING IT OUT
ON ME?

YOU'RE
PROTECTING
HIS KILLER. THAT'S
REASON ENOUGH.



RAIN WOLF ISN'T A KILLER.
AND YOU'RE FORGETTING
SOMETHING. THIS INDIAN
MOST LIKELY SAVED
MY LIFE. INGUS WAS
LOOKING FOR ME. AND
NOT TO GIVE ME A
PAT ON THE BACK.



WHAT DID HE
HAVE AGAINST
YOU?

CAN'T YOU GUESS?
APPARENTLY HE WAS
JEALOUS OF HIS
SISTER, OR RATHER
OF THE MEN SHE HAD
FALLING AT HER FEET.



AND WERE YOU
FALLING AT MY
FEET?

I'M DISAPPOINTED
YOU DIDN'T
NOTICE.



NO, I NOTICED,
BRUCE.



AND?

YOU CAN KISS ME,
BRUCE McDELL. NOW.
YOU WON'T WANT
TO LATER.





AS FOR THE REST, MY SONS WILL DEAL WITH YOU.



TAKE OFF HIS SHIRT. AND HOLD HIM STILL.



WHERE'S THE INDIAN, ALOYSIUS?

I... I DON'T KNOW, ANDY! I SWEAR, I DON'T KNOW!



WRONG ANSWER. YOU'RE NOT THINKING HARD ENOUGH, COMB.



YOU... YOU CAN'T DO THIS, ANDY. YOU CAN'T...



OH, BUT I CAN! PEOPLE NEED TO UNDERSTAND... WE'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU... WE WILL HAVE JUSTICE.





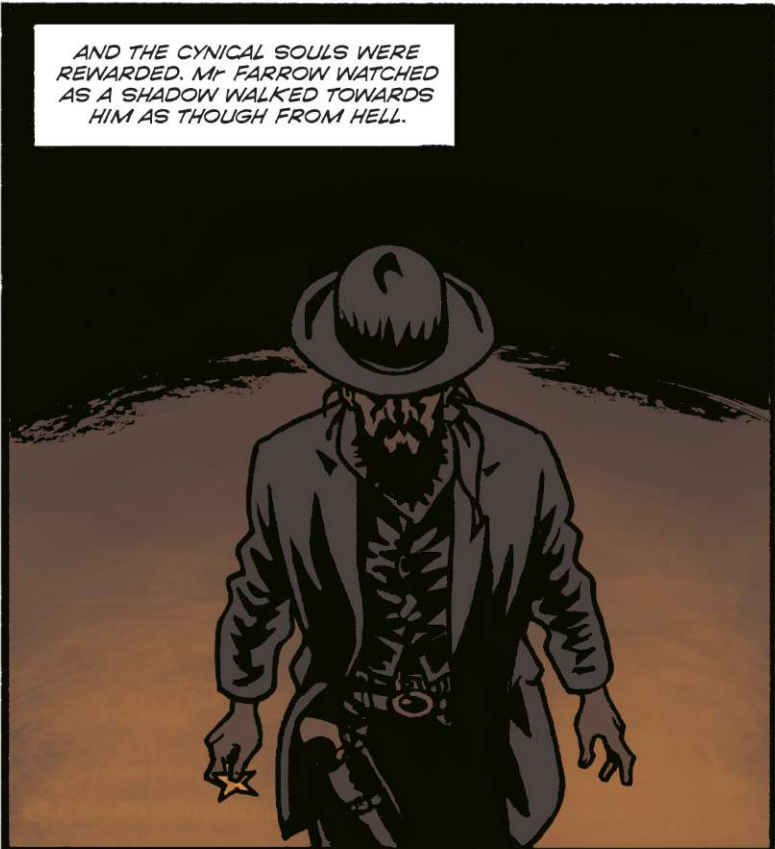
AND A HUMAN TORCH
SCREAMED IN THE NIGHT.
AND THE NIGHT WAS COMPLICIT.



FOR THERE WERE EYES
THAT LOOKED ON...



...AND SOULS SO CYNICAL
AS NOT TO INTERVENE.



AND THE CYNICAL SOULS WERE
REWARDED. MR FARROW WATCHED
AS A SHADOW WALKED TOWARDS
HIM AS THOUGH FROM HELL.



YOU WANT THIS TOWN,
FARROW? IT'S YOURS.
I HAVE A STAR
FOR YOU.

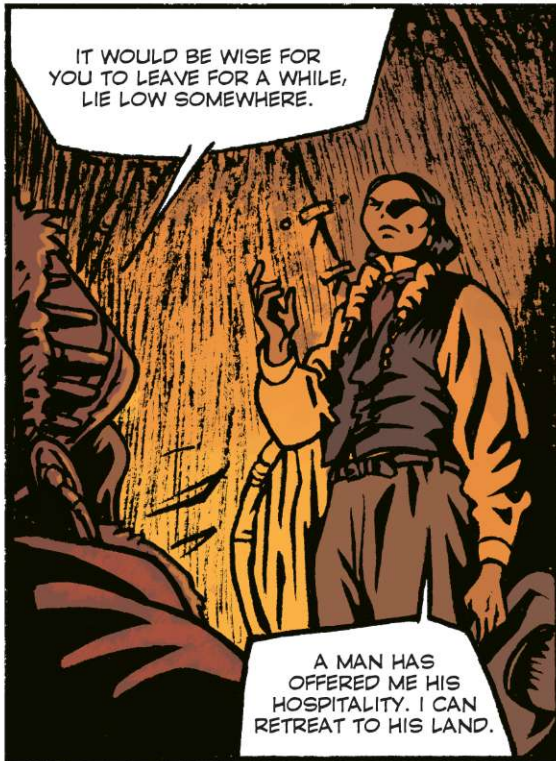
OTHER STARS TRIED TO MAKE THEMSELVES HEARD THAT NIGHT. BUT THEIR CRIES FELL ON DEAF EARS.

SOME, HOWEVER, SENSED THE DANGER THAT WAS APPROACHING.

YOU MAY ENTER. THE SAGES HAVE DELIVERED THEIR SENTENCE.

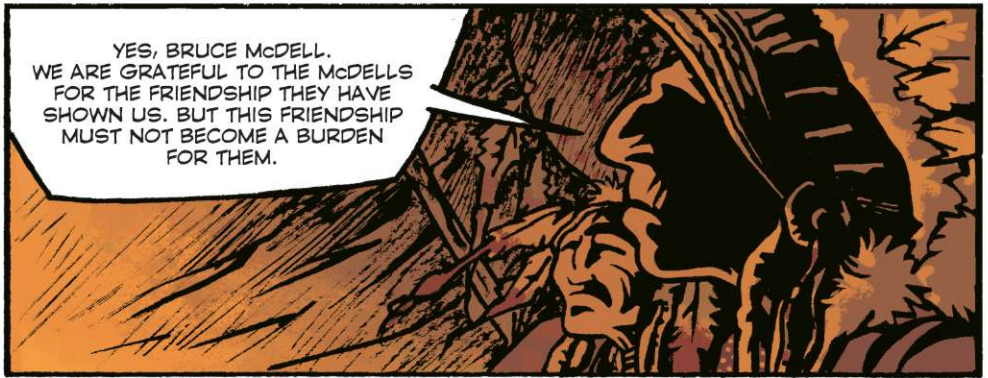
RED CLOUD, YOUR FATHER, HAS DEFENDED YOU AND WE ALL RESPECT HIS WORDS.

I HAVE INFORMED THE ELDERS OF WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU. NO ONE AMONG US BLAMES YOU. THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE YOU COULD HAVE DONE. BUT WE FEAR THE REACTION OF THE WHITE MAN. WITH THEM, WISDOM IS OFTEN SWEEPED AWAY BY ANGER AND RESENTMENT.



IT WOULD BE WISE FOR YOU TO LEAVE FOR A WHILE, LIE LOW SOMEWHERE.

A MAN HAS OFFERED ME HIS HOSPITALITY. I CAN RETREAT TO HIS LAND.



YES, BRUCE McDELL. WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THE McDELLS FOR THE FRIENDSHIP THEY HAVE SHOWN US. BUT THIS FRIENDSHIP MUST NOT BECOME A BURDEN FOR THEM.



YOU WERE PLAYING CARDS IN A SALOON. THAT PLACE IS RESERVED FOR US NOW. IT TURNS US INTO FAILURES. IT IS NOT GOOD FOR ANYONE TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH FAILURES.



I DON'T FEEL LIKE A FAILURE. THINGS YIELDED CAN SOMETIMES BE TAKEN BACK.

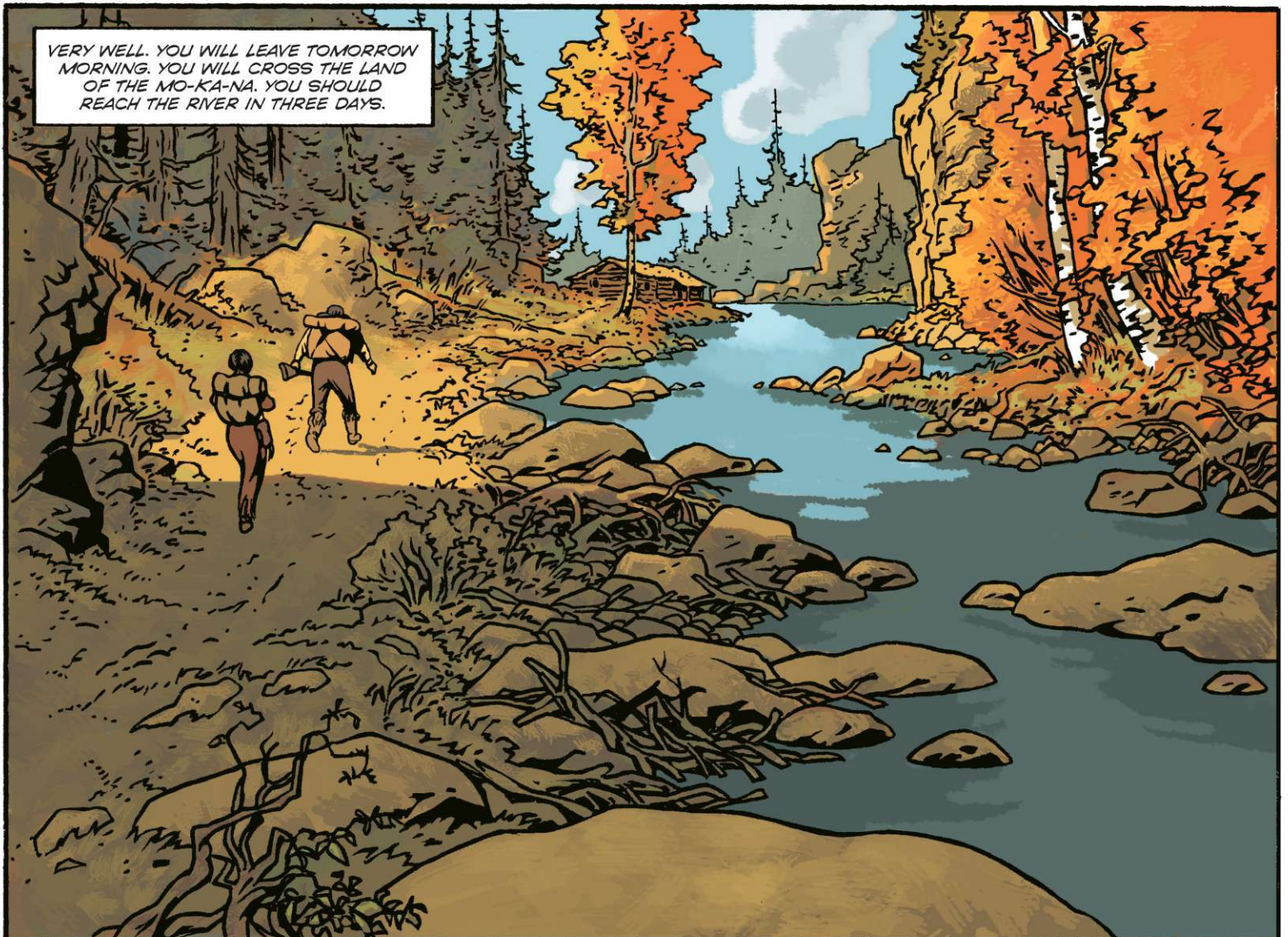


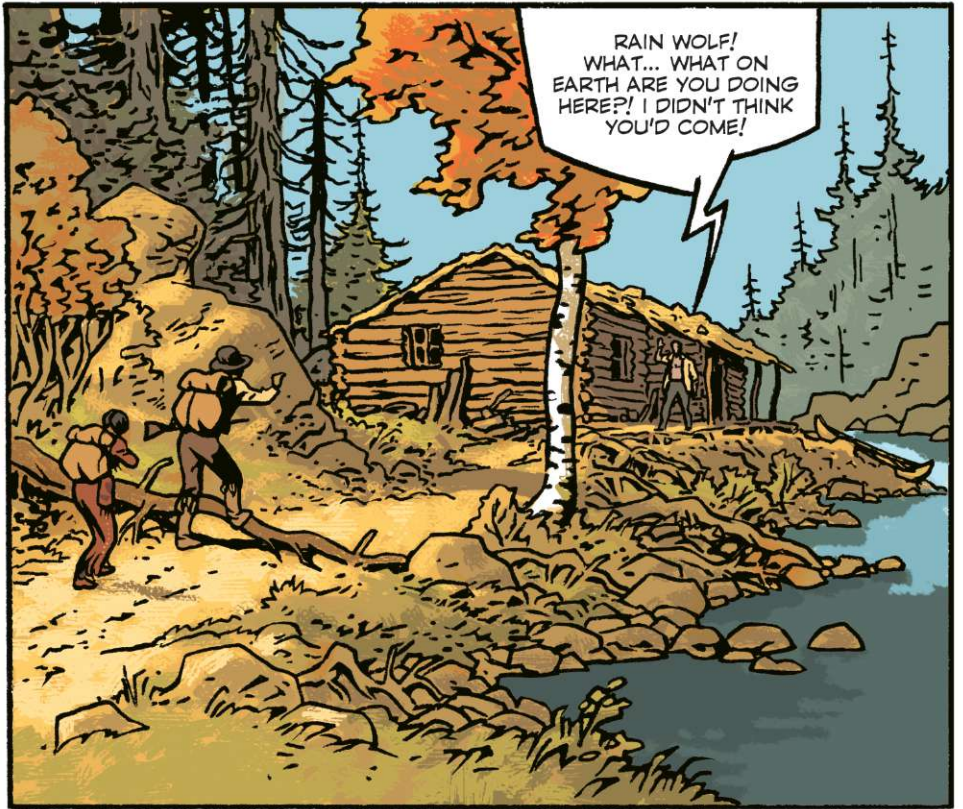
I AGREE WITH YOU. BUT FOR THAT WE WOULD NEED TO FIGHT WITH EQUAL WEAPONS. THE RIFLE SHOOTS FARTHER THAN THE BOW, THE TRAIN IS FASTER THAN THE HORSE. AND THE TRAIN BRINGS EVER MORE WHITE MEN, RIFLES, ALCOHOL, AND DISEASES FROM WHICH WE HAVE NO PROTECTION.

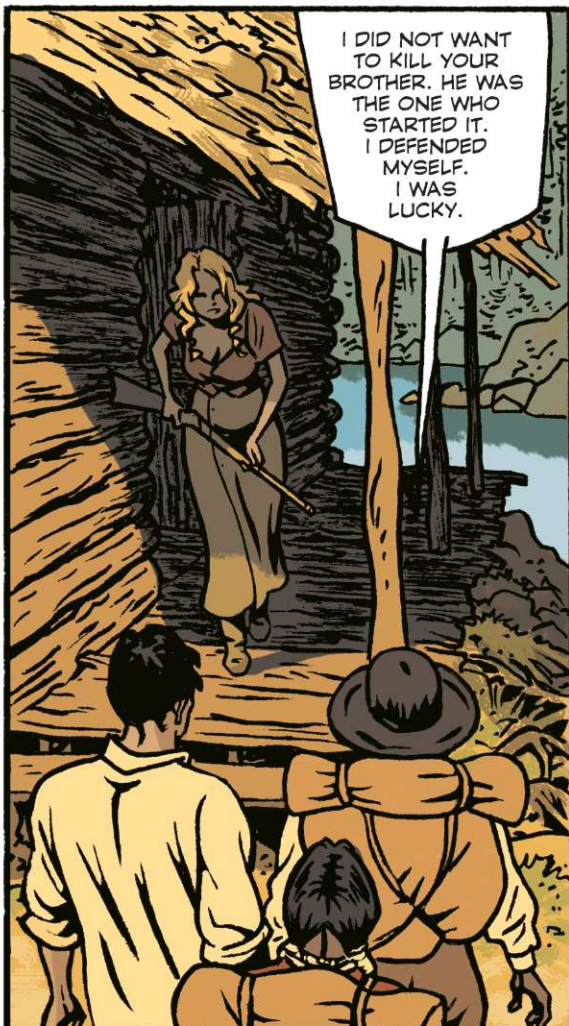


YOU SPEAK LIKE A WHITE MAN, RED CLOUD.

I HAVE LEARNT THEIR WAYS. TO BETTER UNDERSTAND THEM.









SON OF A---!!!

GLACI!



INDIA, NO!



FINE. I'LL SAVE IT FOR ANOTHER TIME.



I...



I WAS NO HELP. SO STUPID.

THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD DO.



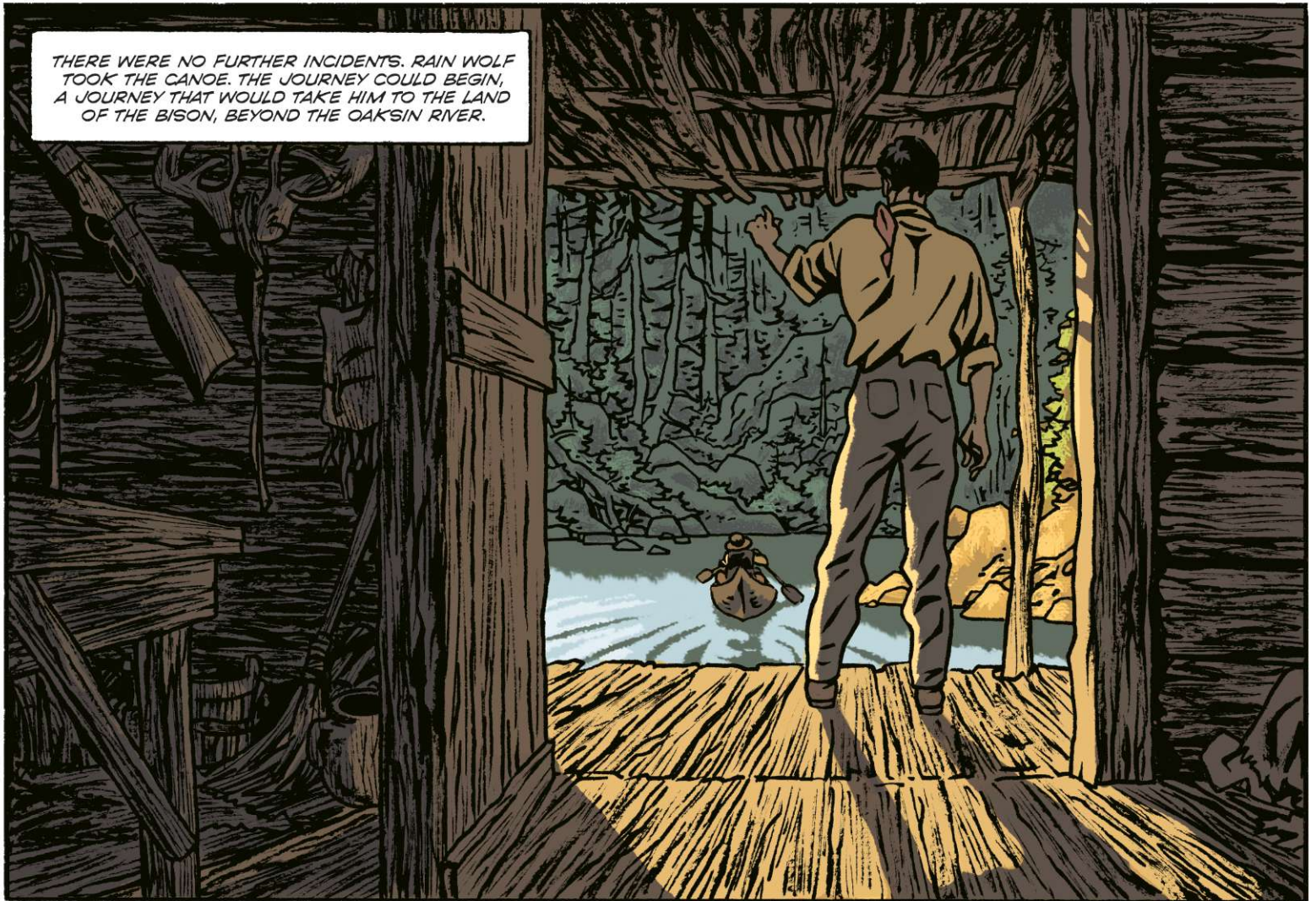
HE COULD HAVE KILLED YOU.

I KNOW. AND I BLAME YOU FOR THAT, BRUCE McDELL.



YOU'VE MESSED MY HEAD UP.

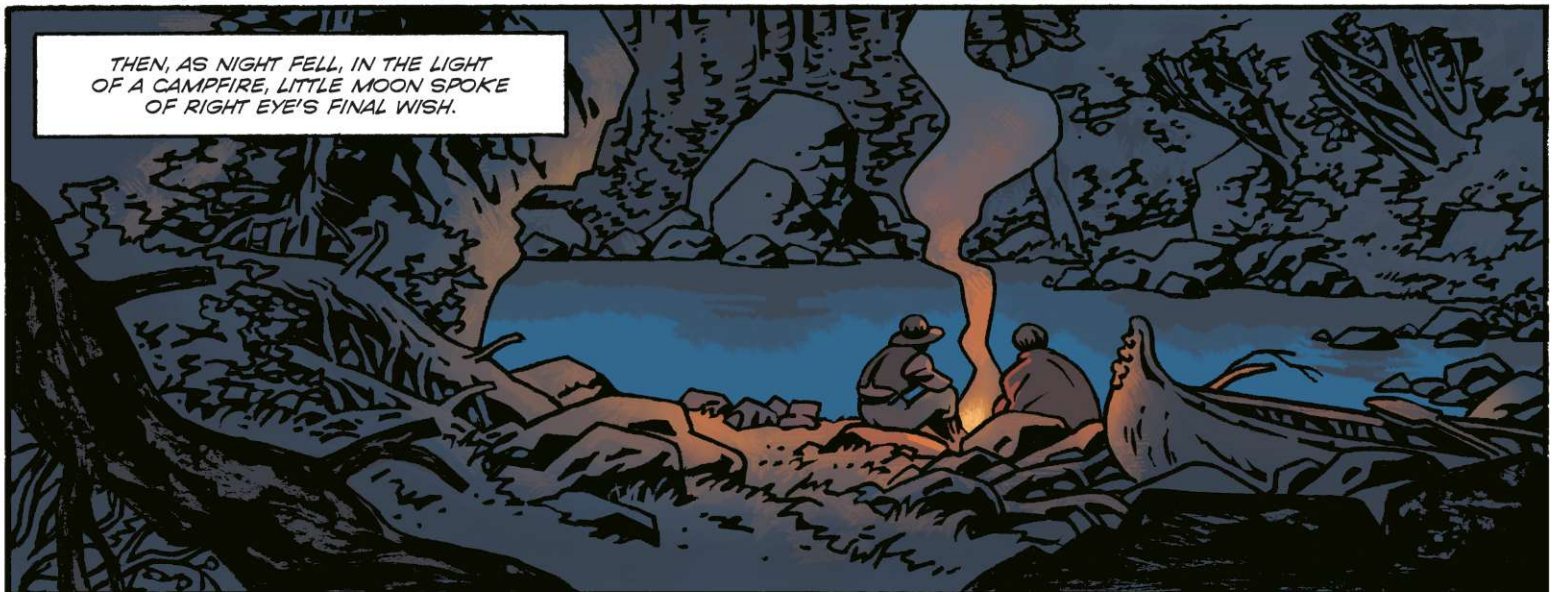
THERE WERE NO FURTHER INCIDENTS. RAIN WOLF TOOK THE CANOE. THE JOURNEY COULD BEGIN, A JOURNEY THAT WOULD TAKE HIM TO THE LAND OF THE BISON, BEYOND THE OAKSIN RIVER.



THEY PADDLED ALL DAY, WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. BOTH LOST IN THOUGHT.



THEN, AS NIGHT FELL, IN THE LIGHT OF A CAMPFIRE, LITTLE MOON SPOKE OF RIGHT EYE'S FINAL WISH.







AND YOU MUST BE ONE. I DIDN'T HEAR YOU APPROACH. YOU OR YOUR HORSE.

I MOVE IN SILENCE. EVEN MY ENEMIES ACKNOWLEDGE THIS TALENT.



AND... AM I YOUR ENEMY?

NO. IF YOU WERE, YOU WOULDN'T BE STANDING.



I'M HUNGRY. I'D APPRECIATE A SCRAP OF MEAT. OR WHATEVER YOU HAVE.



HAVE A SEAT. WE HAVE SOME COFFEE AND SOME PEMMICAN LEFT.



IT'S GOOD. I SHOULD TELL YOU THAT I HAVEN'T EATEN ANYTHING IN OVER TEN DAYS!

!! TEN DAYS! THAT'S AGES!!

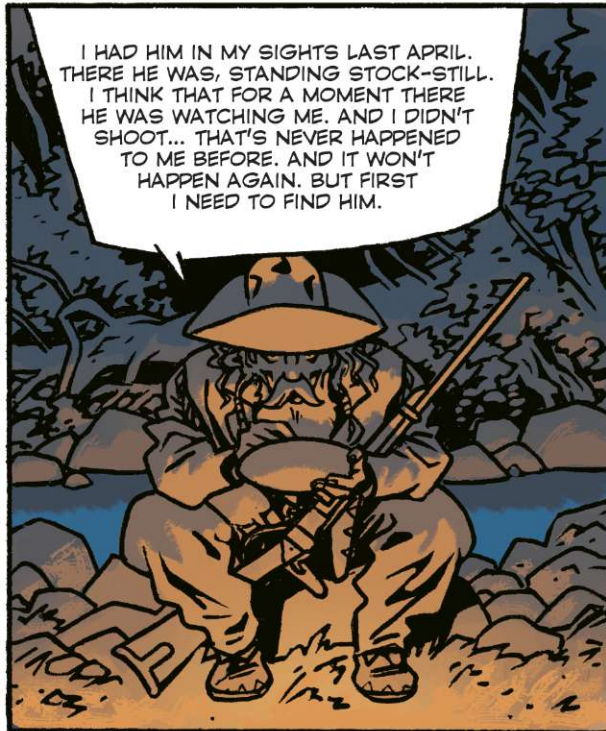


IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE. WINTER IS COMING AND I WILL SOON HAVE TO INTERRUPT MY HUNT. FOR THE SECOND YEAR RUNNING.

WHAT GAME ARE YOU TRACKING?



A WHITE BISON.



I HAD HIM IN MY SIGHTS LAST APRIL. THERE HE WAS, STANDING STOCK-STILL. I THINK THAT FOR A MOMENT THERE HE WAS WATCHING ME. AND I DIDN'T SHOOT... THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE. AND IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN. BUT FIRST I NEED TO FIND HIM.



THE WHITE BISON... IT SEEMS THAT EVERYTHING IS LEADING ME TO HIM.



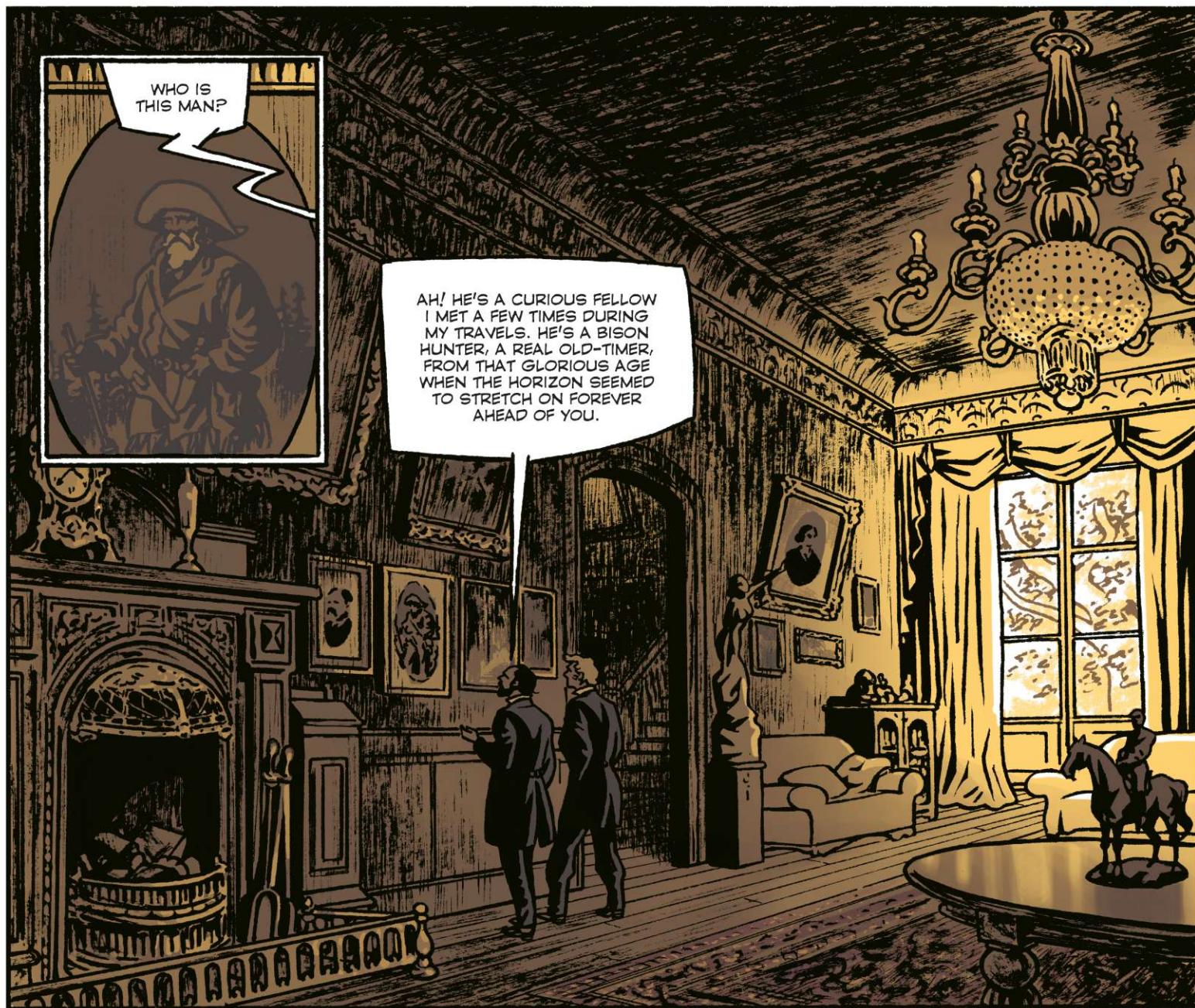
IT'S NOT BY CHANCE THAT MY FATHER HAS SENT ME TO THE LANDS OF THE GREAT HUNTS, AND IT'S NOT BY CHANCE THAT HE ASKED YOU TO COME WITH ME.



HOW ABOUT YOU, ARE YOU HERE BY CHANCE?



I'M WARY OF CHANCE. CHANCE GETS YOU STUCK IN A ROLE.



WHO IS THIS MAN?

AH! HE'S A CURIOUS FELLOW I MET A FEW TIMES DURING MY TRAVELS. HE'S A BISON HUNTER, A REAL OLD-TIMER, FROM THAT GLORIOUS AGE WHEN THE HORIZON SEEMED TO STRETCH ON FOREVER AHEAD OF YOU.



THE HORIZON STILL STRETCHES AHEAD OF MY FATHER. HE'S NOT YET REACHED THE END OF THE ROAD.

OH! THERE WILL BE A FRONTIER ONE DAY. THERE IS ALWAYS A FRONTIER TO MAN'S AMBITION.



ARE YOU AN AMBITIOUS MAN, MR EASTMAN?

YES, LIKE YOU, I SUPPOSE.



NO, I'M A ROMANTIC.

THAT'S THE MOST IMPRESSIVE AMBITION OF ALL, BECAUSE IT TAKES TWO TO FULFIL IT.



AH! I THINK THE POW-WOW IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

YES. I USED TO HATE THESE REUNIONS.

NOW I UNDERSTAND THEIR RELEVANCE. I SUPPOSE MY FATHER REALIZED THE IMPORTANCE OF THESE MEETINGS BETWEEN OUR TWO COMMUNITIES BEFORE WE DID. EVERYONE GAINS SOMETHING BY BETTER UNDERSTANDING THE OTHER.



AND WHAT'S MORE, MY FATHER GETS ALONG WELL WITH RED CLOUD. THANKS TO THEIR UNDERSTANDING, PEACE HAS BEEN SUSTAINED IN THE REGION.





IT REMAINS TO BE SEEN WHO WILL BENEFIT FROM IT.

NOT THE INDIANS. THEIR GREATNESS BELONGS TO THE PAST.



FOR THEM, THE JOURNEY IS OVER.

ARE YOU SAD ABOUT THAT?

YES.



WELL, MR EASTMAN, IT'S OVER TO YOU. THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU FOR THE GREAT COMMEMORATIVE PHOTO.





WE ALL POSED. MY FATHER WAS AT MY SIDE. HE SEEMED HAPPY. AND, FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, I BELIEVED THAT THERE COULD BE A BETTER WORLD, A WORLD FIXED IN PERFECT HARMONY.



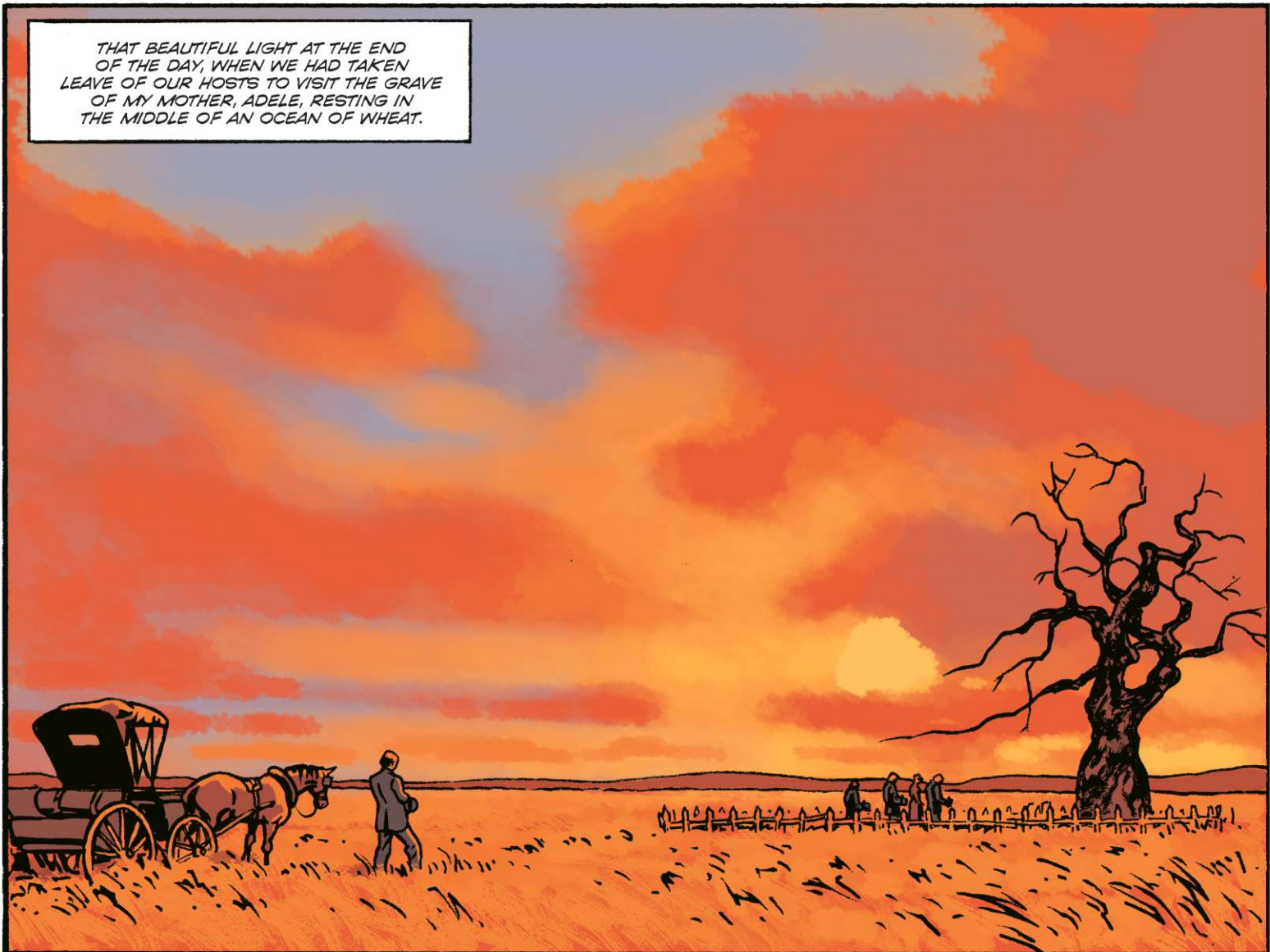
NOW STAY STILL.



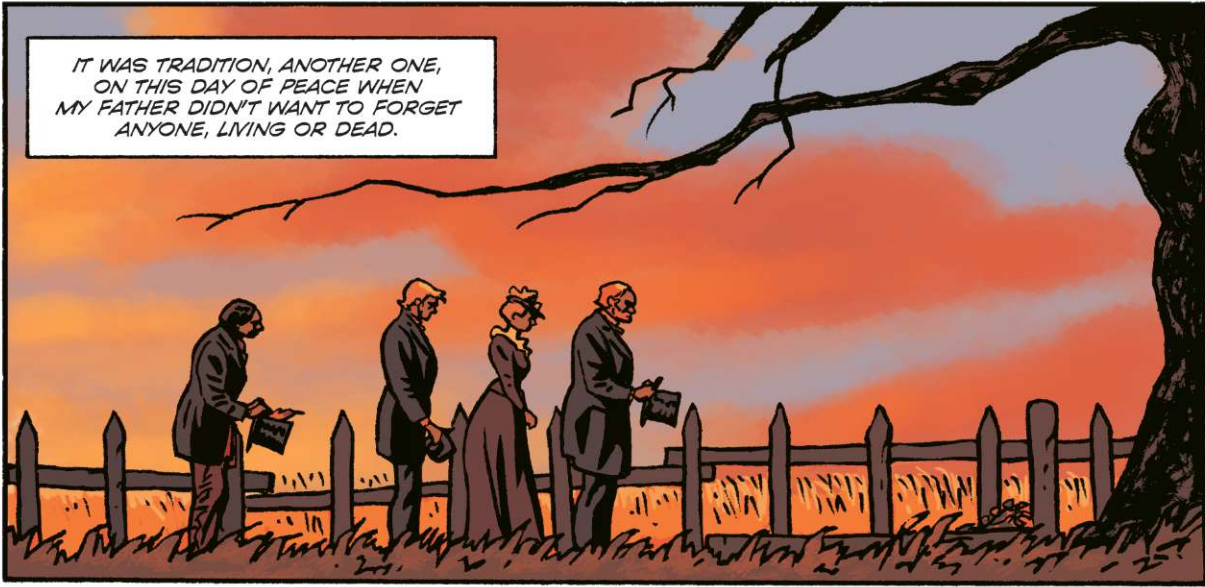
I WAS VERY NAIVE.



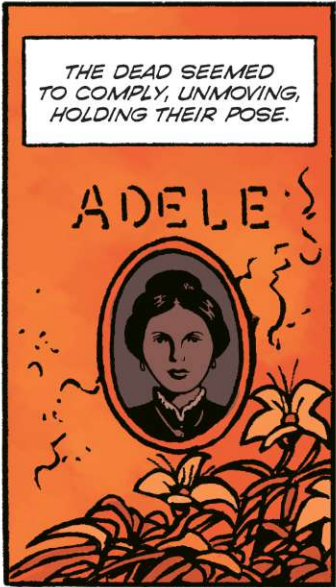
YOU CAN GET LOST, EVEN IN THE LIGHT.



THAT BEAUTIFUL LIGHT AT THE END OF THE DAY, WHEN WE HAD TAKEN LEAVE OF OUR HOSTS TO VISIT THE GRAVE OF MY MOTHER, ADELE, RESTING IN THE MIDDLE OF AN OCEAN OF WHEAT.



IT WAS TRADITION, ANOTHER ONE, ON THIS DAY OF PEACE WHEN MY FATHER DIDN'T WANT TO FORGET ANYONE, LIVING OR DEAD.



THE DEAD SEEMED TO COMPLY, UNMOVING, HOLDING THEIR POSE.

ADELE



SOME OF THE LIVING, HOWEVER, REFUSED TO ACCEPT THE ROLE THEY'D BEEN GIVEN.



NO ONE HEARD THEM COMING. DANNY WAS THE FIRST TO BE SURPRISED.

!!



!?

PAW!

!?

!!?



NONE OF US WERE ARMED.

!! SON OF A---!!!



YOU AGAIN!!!

WE'RE STUBBORN, McDELL.



I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT YOU DIDN'T GIVE MY SON THE WELCOME HE DESERVED.

PEOPLE WHO THREATEN ME ARE RARELY WELL RECEIVED, CODY.



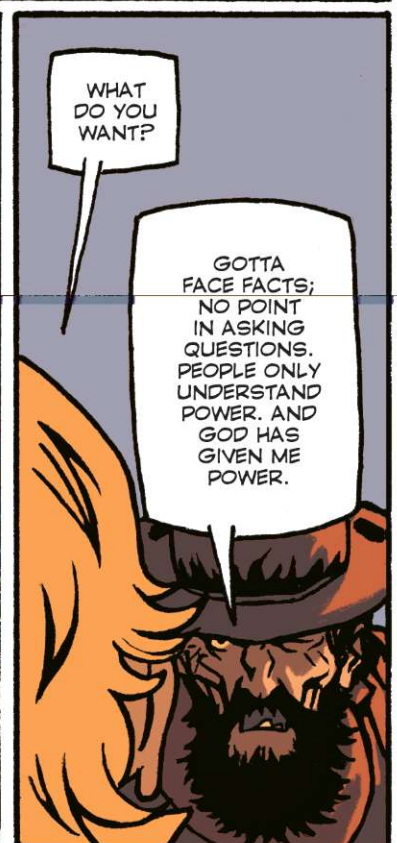
YOU... YOU SHOT MY SECRETARY?!



SORRY! HE WAS STANDING IN OUR WAY.

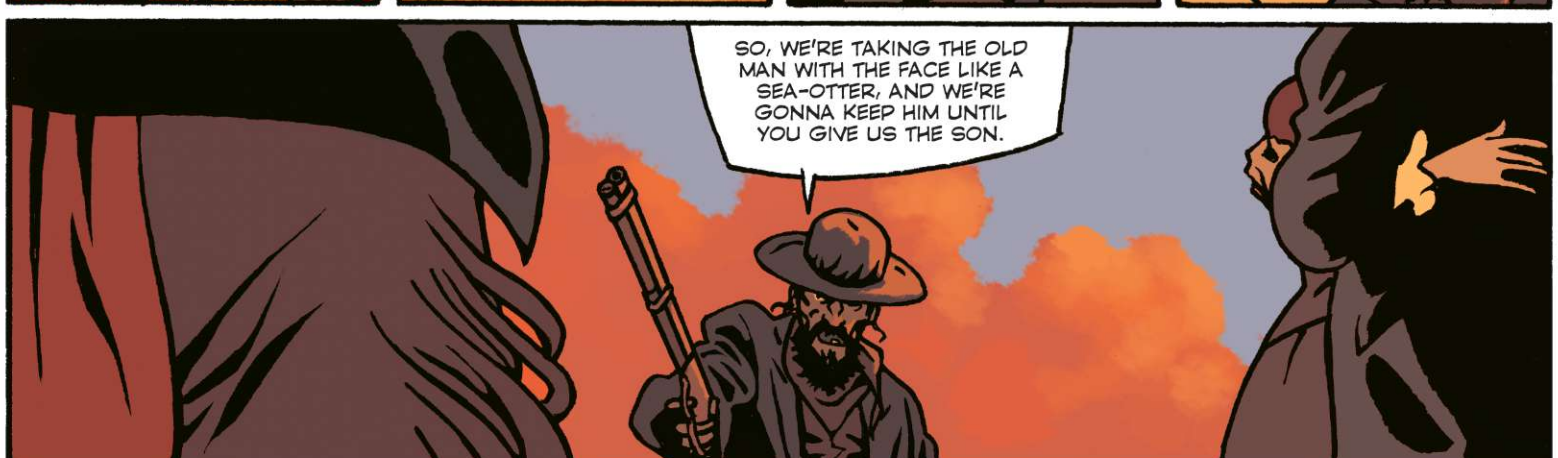


AND NO ONE STANDS IN THE WAY OF MY FAMILY. THOSE WHO TRY ALWAYS REGRET IT.

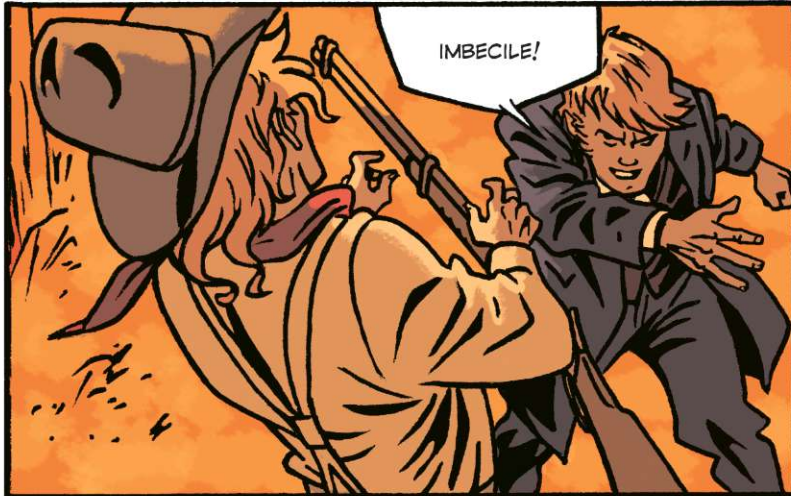
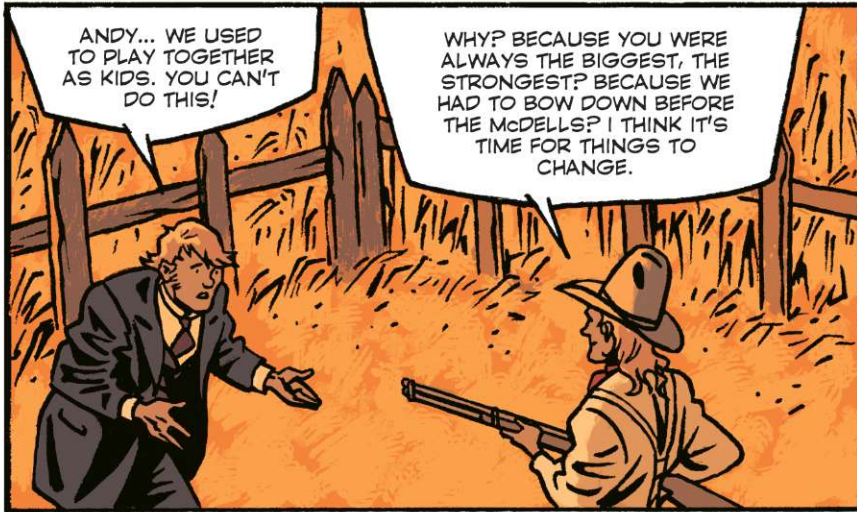


WHAT DO YOU WANT?

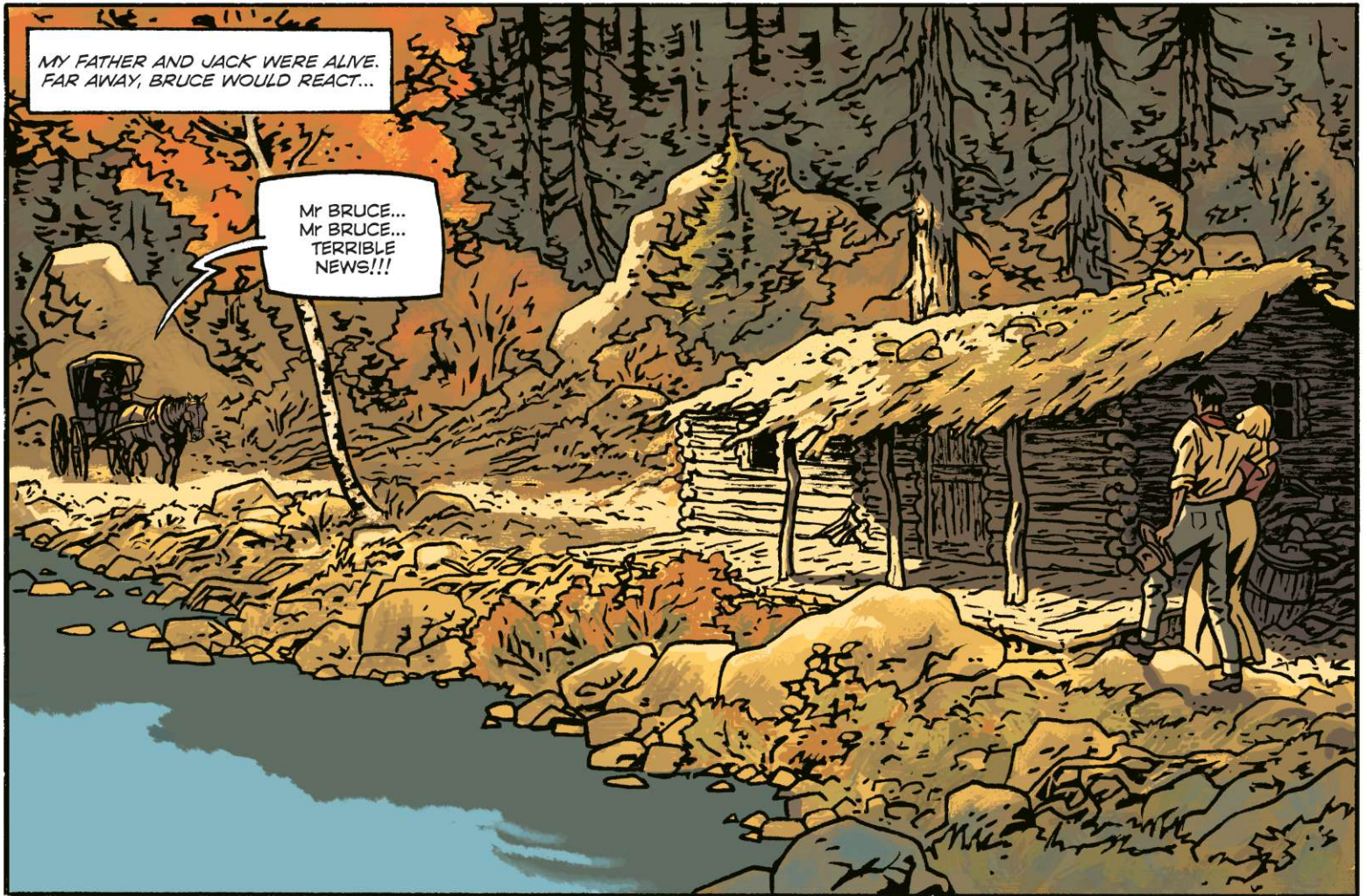
GOTTA FACE FACTS; NO POINT IN ASKING QUESTIONS. PEOPLE ONLY UNDERSTAND POWER. AND GOD HAS GIVEN ME POWER.



SO, WE'RE TAKING THE OLD MAN WITH THE FACE LIKE A SEA-OTTER, AND WE'RE GONNA KEEP HIM UNTIL YOU GIVE US THE SON.







MY FATHER AND JACK WERE ALIVE.
FAR AWAY, BRUCE WOULD REACT...

Mr BRUCE...
Mr BRUCE...
TERRIBLE
NEWS!!!



AND ALSO, CERTAINLY, RED
CLOUD'S SON, THE YOUNG INDIAN
BY THE NAME OF RAIN WOLF.

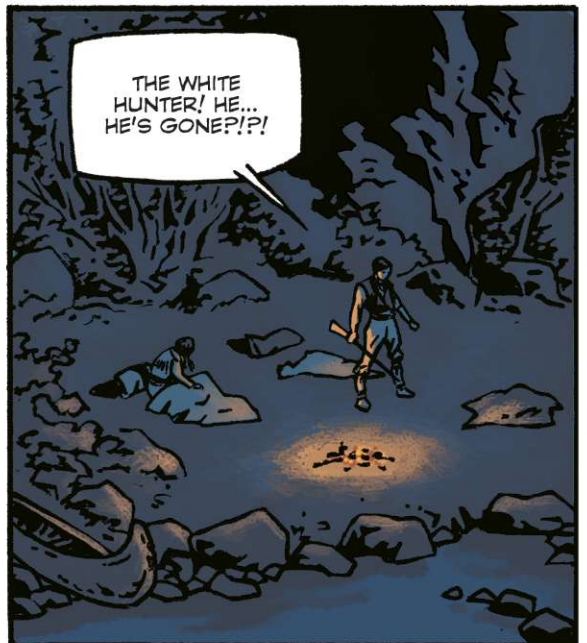


!!?



WHAT IS IT?

THE MONOCLE!
I HAD HELD
ONTO IT! BUT
I DON'T HAVE IT
ANYMORE!



THE WHITE
HUNTER! HE...
HE'S GONE?!?!



HIS HORSE
ISN'T HERE!
HE... HE MUST
HAVE TAKEN
THE MONOCLE!

HE CAN'T
HAVE
DONE!!



HE WOULD
HAVE HAD TO
TOUCH ME...
SEARCH ME.
I WOULD HAVE
FELT IT.

REMEMBER,
YOU DIDN'T
HEAR HIM AS
HE APPROACHED.
HE MOVES...
LIKE... LIKE...



A GHOST!
HOW COULD
HE KNOW ABOUT
THE MONOCLE?



WHERE DID HE COME
FROM? WHAT'S
HE LOOKING FOR?



I'M LOOKING FOR
THE WHITE BISON.

IN THE WEST, HISTORY CHASES LEGEND.
LEGEND WILL ALWAYS PREVAIL.
THIS IS THE STORY OF RAIN WOLF.

A TWO-PART SERIES

