



NOW HOW ABOUT A FETISH FABLE, ALL YOU FULL MOON FREAKS? BUT FIRST, I'LL WAIT RIGHT HERE WHILE YOU HURRY OUT TO GET YOUR OLD WOLF-SKINS OUT OF STORAGE. YOU'LL NEED THEM WHERE OL' UNC' LEADS YOU IN SEARCH OF THE...

ICE WOLF



SOOT-COLORED SKY WASHED OVER THE COLD, LATE EVENING SIBERIAN LANDSCAPE. IN THE PALE MOON-REFLECTED SNOW THE HUNTERS CROUCHED, JAVELINS POISED. FROM A DISTANCE CAME A SOUND, A FAINT YELPING. THE HUNTERS BENT FORWARD SLIGHTLY, AS THE PREY CAME NEARER.

GARY KAUFMAN



AAA OOO OOO OOO

THE SCENT OF FLESH HAD ATTRACTED THE GRAY ONES, AND AS THEY TOOK THE BAIT...

ARCED SPEARS FLASHED ACROSS THE SKY, TO SINK STONE HEADS INTO WARM FURRED BACKS!

INSTANTLY, THE VICTORIOUS HUNTERS SPRANG!



FLINT KNIVES SLASHED AT THE STRUGGLING ENEMY!



HAMMERS CRUSHED THE BRITTLE SKULLS, FINISHING THE KILL!



THE WOLF MEAT WAS GOOD,
BUT THERE WAS NO CHEER...



FOR THE LAST OF THE WOLF
PACKS WAS NOW GONE, AND SOON
STARVATION WOULD COME!



THE SHAMAN RAISED THE TOTEM OF
THE **WHITE WOLF** TO CALL IN THE
HUNTERS.



TO END THE HUNGER AND RETURN THE GAME THEY PAID HOMAGE TO
THE YELLOWED-BONE TOTEM, MAGIC WAS IN THE AIR AS LIGHTS-OF-
FIRE EXPLODED AND FRENZIED DANCERS CHANTED LIKE HOUNDS.



MANY JAVELINS STRUCK THE
STUFFED-BEAST TARGETS.
IT WAS A GOOD SIGN!



AND THE SHAMAN SPOKE OF A
VISION. HE HAD SEEN WOLVES,
FAR TO THE NORTH.



THE HUNTERS QUIT THEIR OLD FIELDS AND BEGAN THE TREK FARTHER NORTH, INTO THE ICE COUNTRY. HERE WERE SHATTERED TREES AND SNOW...



BUT NO TRACKS WERE FOUND. EVEN THE SNOW-RABBIT SHUNNED THIS FROZEN LAND.



NO HOPE—THIS WHITE LAND WAS **BARREN!**

NO TRACKS WERE FOUND, AND THE **HUNGER GREW!**



NIGHT: ONE SLEEPLESS HUNTER, NIGHT FANG, WANDERED ALONE.



A VOICE SEEMED TO SPEAK TO HIM. "WOLF!" IT SAID.



AND AGAIN HE HEARD IT, "WOLF!"
"I KILL WOLF!" HE SHOUTED!



"NIGHT FANG *KILL* WOLF!" HE REPEATED. BUT IT SAID, "NO!"



"YOU HAVE NOT KILLED WOLF TODAY OR YESTERDAY," IT SAID!



...AND HE KNEW IT WAS SO.
"I WILL FIND!" HE ANSWERED. "I AM WOLF HUNTER!"

"YOU WILL NOT FIND WOLF FOR THEY HAVE GONE, BUT *YOU* ARE WOLF! YOU MUST FIND *YOUR* FOOD!"





"I AM WOLF," THOUGHT NIGHT FANG!

THERE, IN THE ORB'S PASTEL GLOW, A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION OCCURRED. THE FROZEN LANDSCAPE REMAINED UNCHANGED, BUT NIGHT FANG KNEW THAT HE WAS DIFFERENT, A **NEW** BEING.



NIGHT FANG INHALED DEEPLY... WATCHING HIS CHEST SWELL.

HIS TONGUE MOVED ABOUT, AND HE FELT FANGS.



HE BIT INTO HIS LIP, AND HIS NEW FANGS BROUGHT **BLOOD**. AND HIS TONGUE TASTED **HUMAN BLOOD**. AND HIS HUNGER GREW WITH THE TASTE OF **FOOD**.

RETURNING TO THE CAVERN WHERE THE OTHERS SLEPT, HE NOTICED A CHANGE IN HIS VISION— OR DID HE ONLY **IMAGINE** IT?



HIS SIGHT WAS KEEN NOW, AND IT WAS A **GOOD** CHANGE.



AT DAWN THE HUNTERS ROSE AND CONTINUED THE SEARCH ACROSS FIELDS OF SNOW.



BUT NO TRACKS WERE FOUND, HUNGER GREW!

NIGHT FANG KNEW THEY WOULD FIND NO PREY IN THIS BLEAK NORTHERN LAND, BUT HUNGER TORMENTED HIM, AND THE FUTILE SEARCH ANGERED HIM!



NEARBY STALKED A LONE HUNTER, AND NIGHT FANG COULD SMELL **FOOD!**



ONE HUNTER WAS ABSENT THAT GRAY EVENING AS THE BAND GATHERED IN THEIR ICY LODGINGS, NIGHT FANG DID NOT SPEAK.

THE FOLLOWING DAY BROUGHT NO BETTER LUCK. ANOTHER OF THEIR NUMBER WAS MISSING AND NIGHT FANG WAS NOT HUNGRY.





HE KEPT HIMSELF ALOOF FROM THE OTHERS, FOR HE WAS NOT OF THE PACK NOW.

WHILE THE PACK DIED, HE GREW!



WHILE THE OTHERS STARVED, HE WAS BEING NOURISHED!



FACED WITH EXTINCTION, THE PACK DEPARTED, AS NIGHT FANG FOLLOWED, STEALTHILY TRACKING THEM.



ATTACKING A STRAGGLER IN THE SNOW, HE THOUGHT, "I KNOW *THIS* ONE!" AND A NEED AROSE IN HIM, FOR THIS ONE WAS HIS *WOMAN*!



ALONE, THEY LIVED
AMONG THE SILENT
CRAGS AND CREVICES
OF THIS FROZEN
WORLD...



BUT HE SOON TIRED OF HER,
FOR SHE WAS ONLY HUMAN,
WHILE HE WAS **WOLF!**

AND THE SHAMAN CALLED DOWN
MANY AN OATH UPON HIM, AND
DESCENDED, STAFF RAISED ABOVE
HIS HEAD.



AND HE WAS GROWING HUNGRY!



AS HE SMASHED HER SKULL
HE WAS DRENCHED IN A SCARLET
SPRAY OF DELICIOUS FOOD.

NIGHT FANG FOUGHT SAVAGELY
FOR POSSESSION OF THE DAMNING
WHITE TOTEM OF HIS FORMER
BAND.



WHILE FEASTING, A TALL FIGURE
CAME UPON HIM. THE SHAMAN
SHOUTED FROM A RIDGE.



SOON THE OLD MAGICIAN WAS
BEATEN DOWN, A GRAY MASS
OOZING FROM HIS CRANIUM!
NIGHT FANG NOW HELD THE
BLOODY TOTEM, AND HE CURSED
THE EVIL DEVICE!



