







WHAT

SHOULD





DON'T KNOW HOW

HE RAN SO FAST

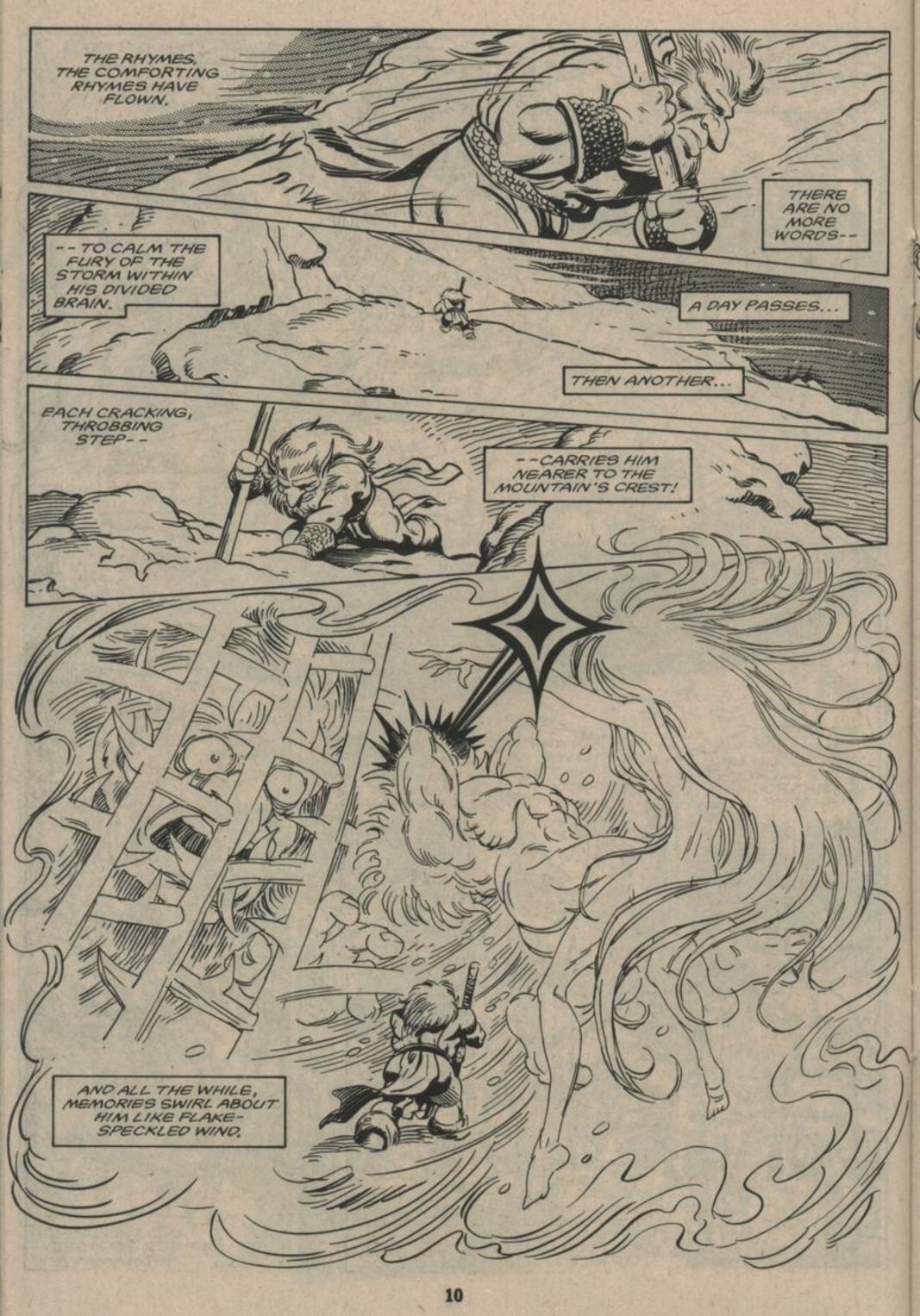
TOOK US ALL THIS)

























































































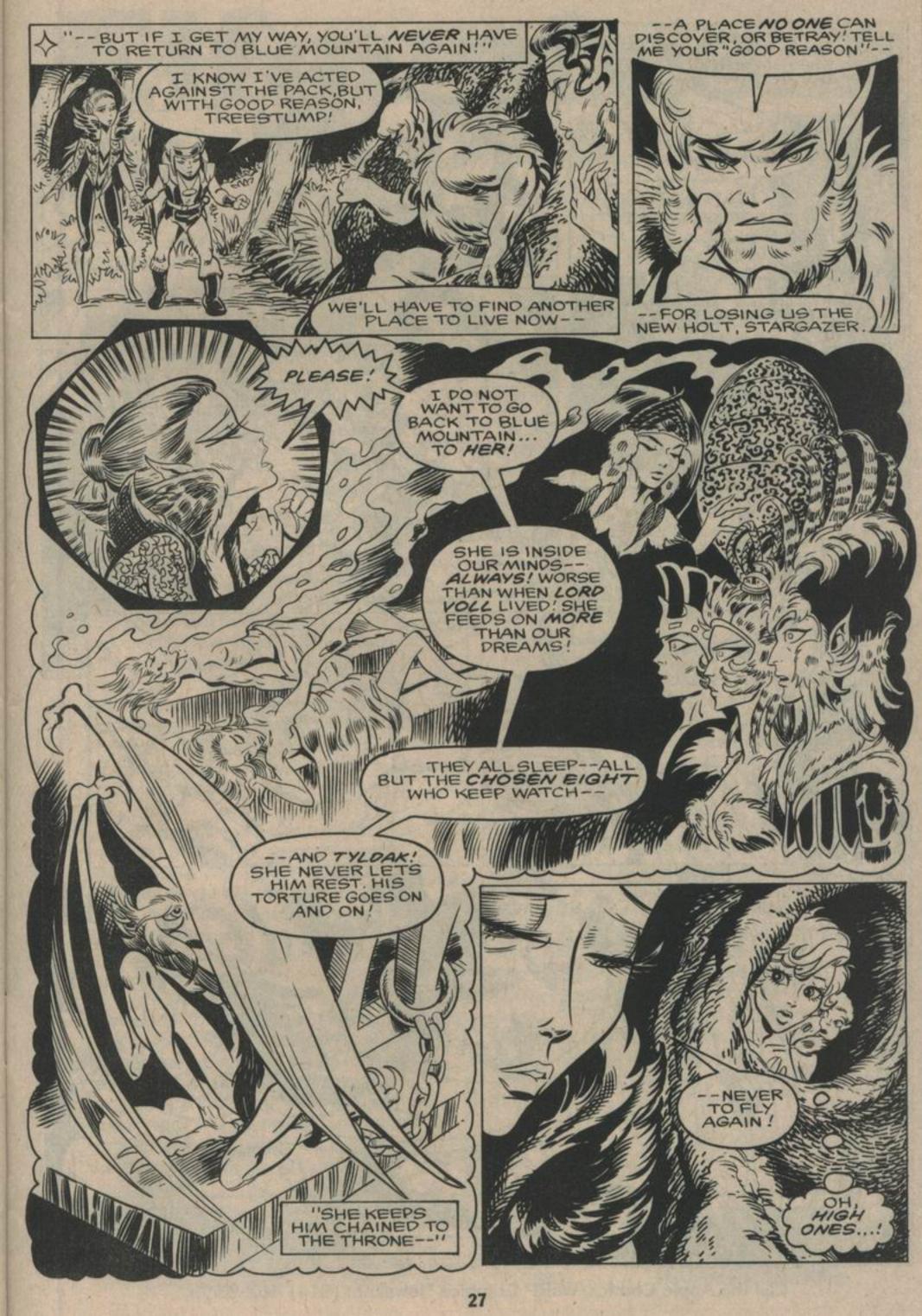














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SESEATBLUE MUU

WENDY PINI

CO-PLOT | EDITOR

JOE STATON









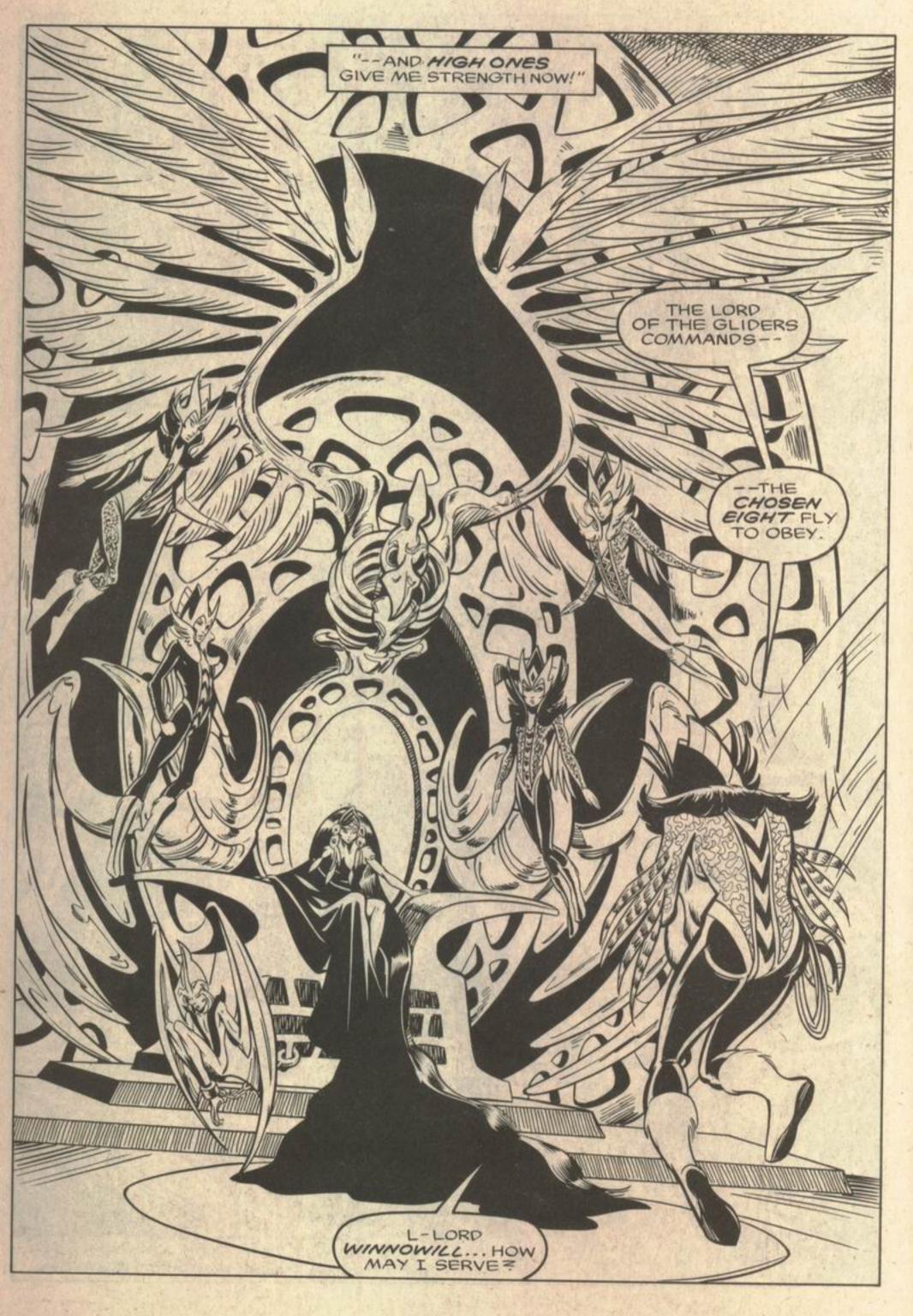






















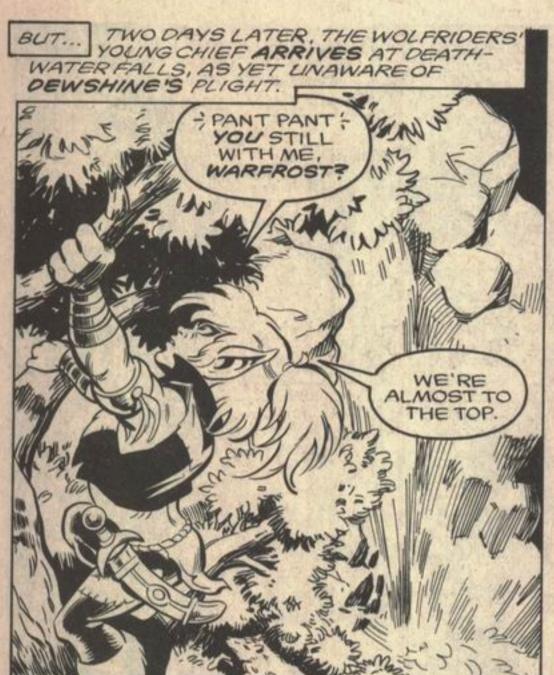


















HAVING ESTABLISHED DOMINANCE IN HIS OWN MIND, IF NOT IN THE WOLF'S, CUTTER SNEAKS TOWARD A PARTICULAR DWELLING.



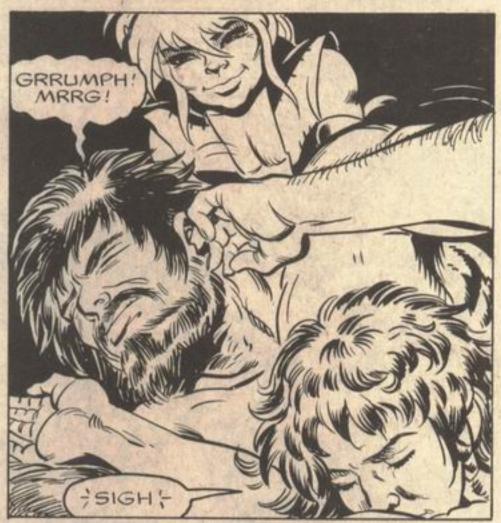












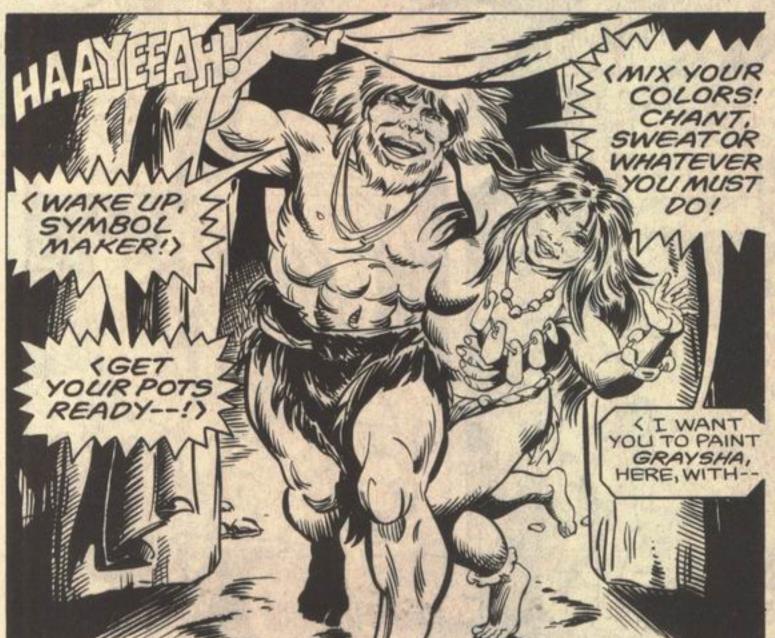
















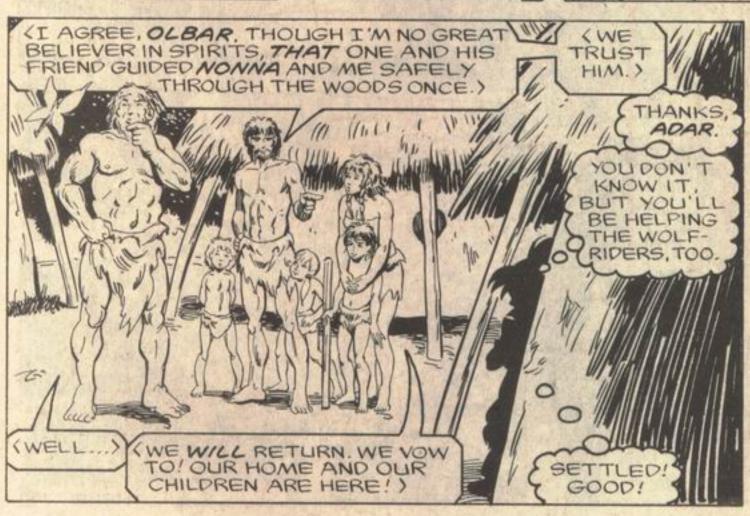






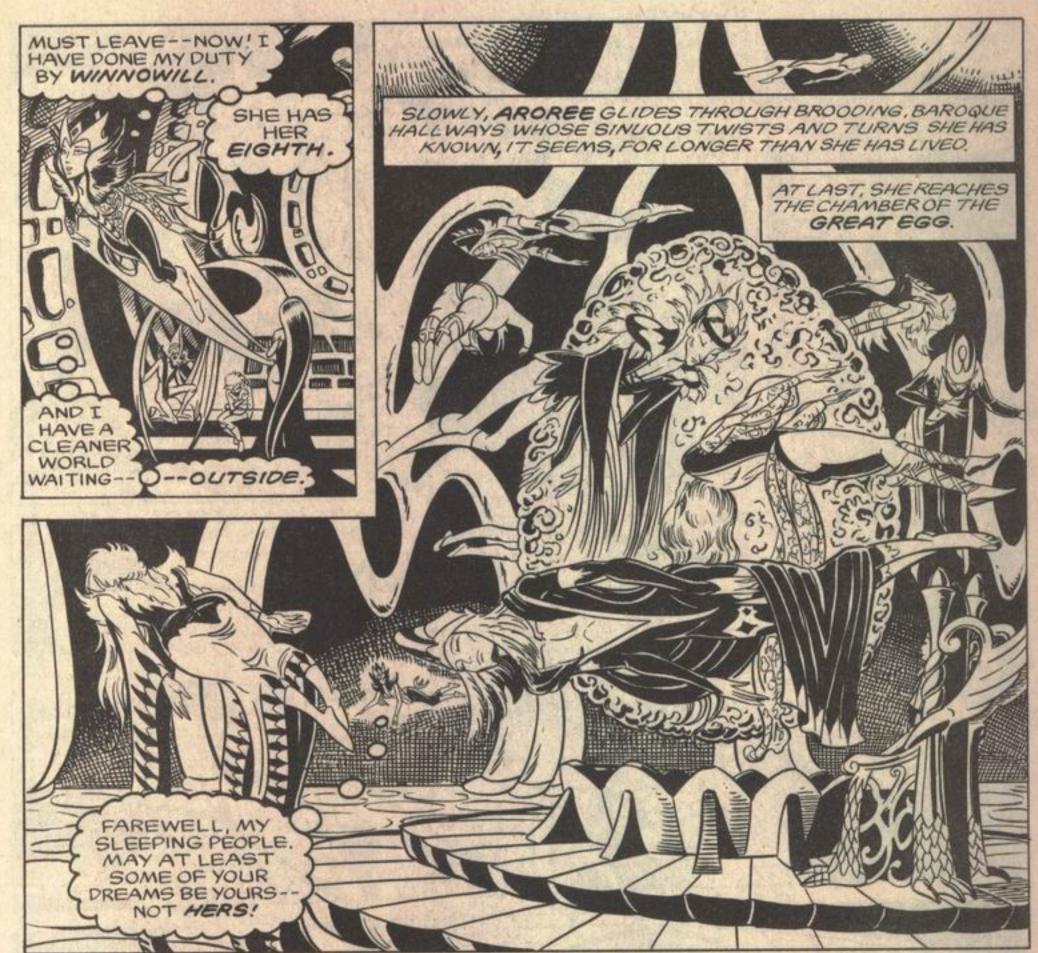






























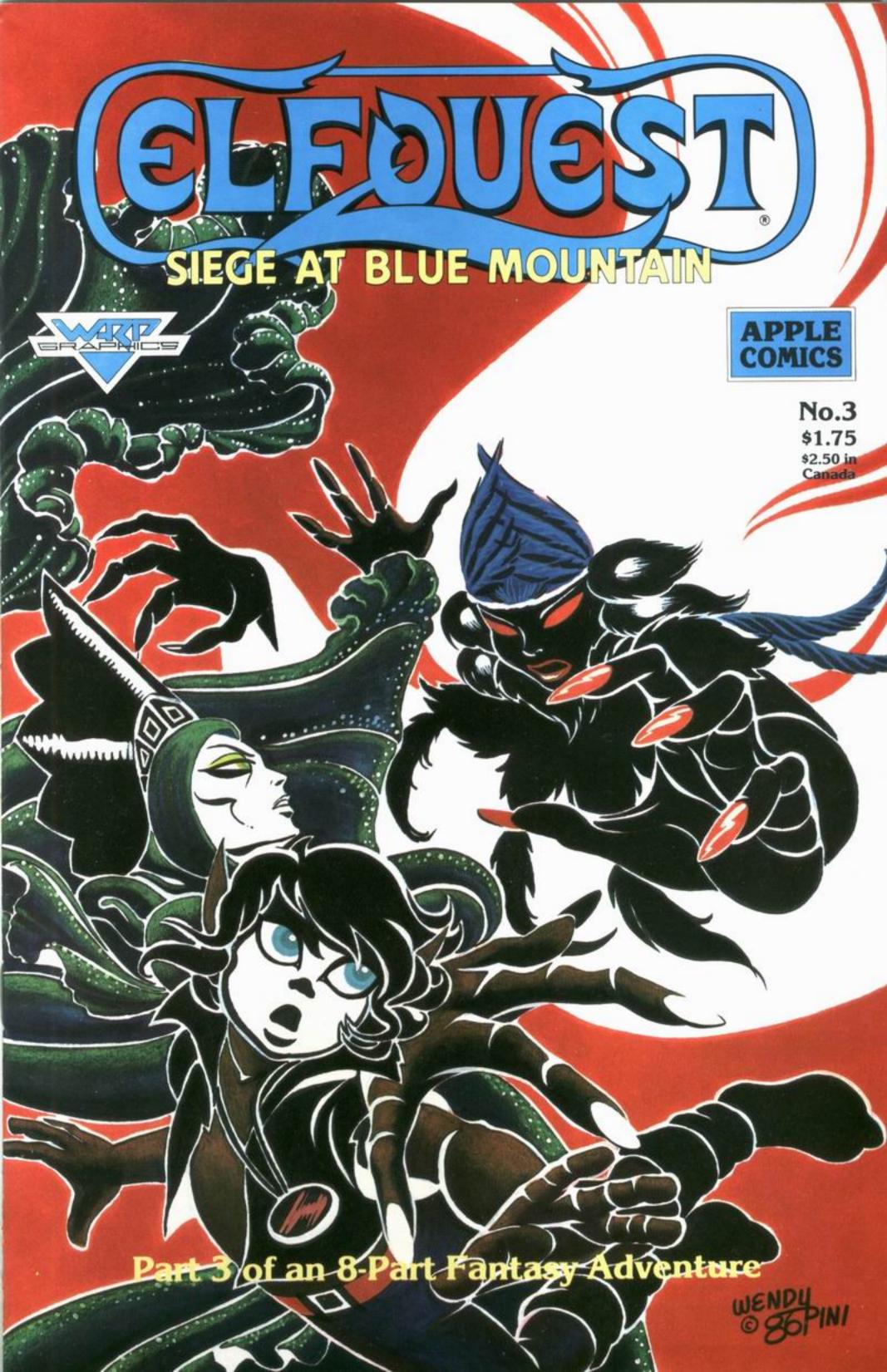








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SEGEATBUEM JOE STATON WENDY PINI CO-PLOT | EDITOR JANICE CHIANG SIMPLY, WITHOUT EXCUSES OR SHIFTING OF BLAME, SKYWISE TELLS CUTTER WHAT HAPPENED THREE NIGHTS AGO WITHIN THE FORBIDDEN AROREE SAID SHE WAS HUNTING PRESERVERS, NOT OUR TRIBE, SHE'D BEEN HURT-I FELT IT, AND--WANTED TO HELP.



















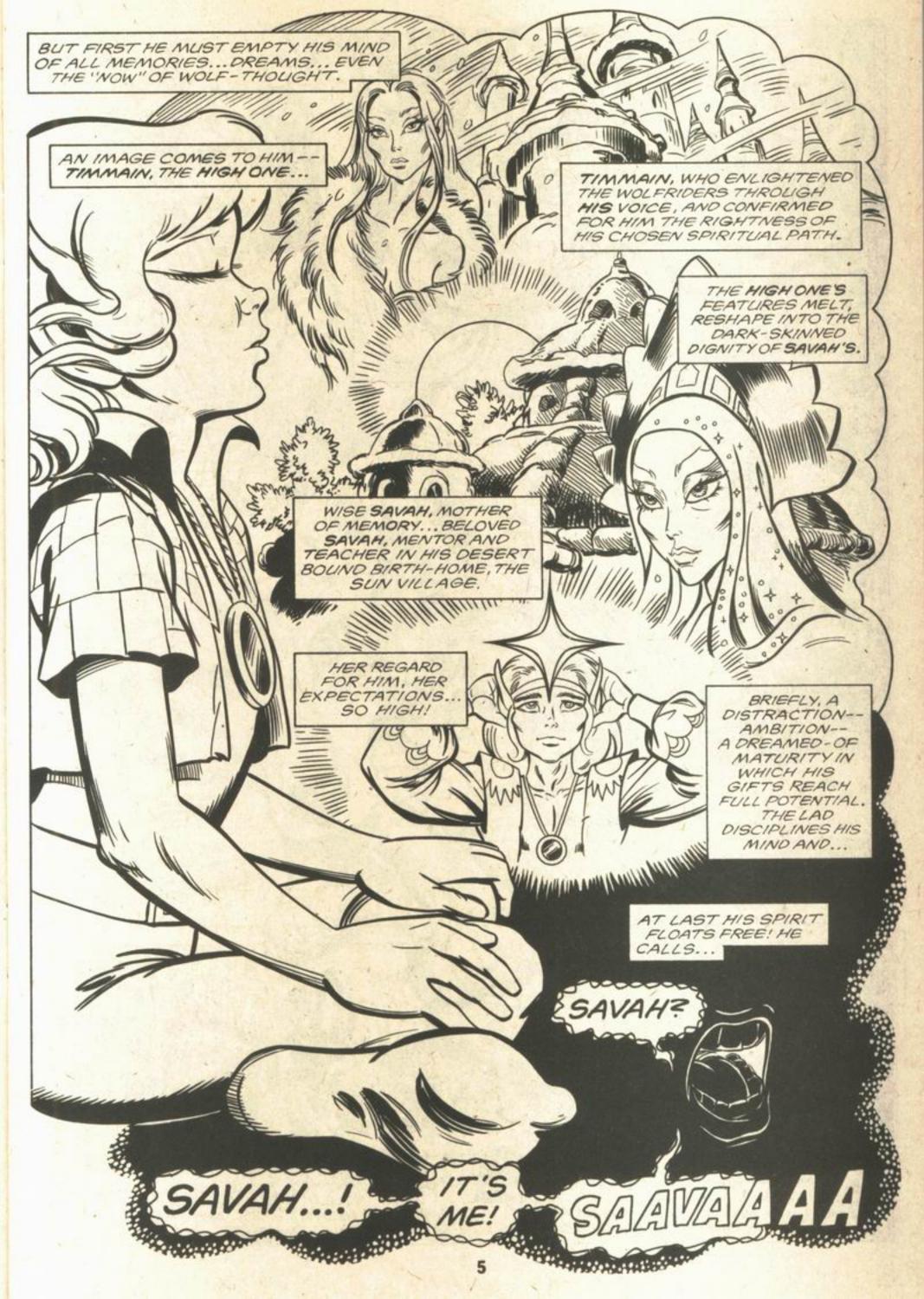
























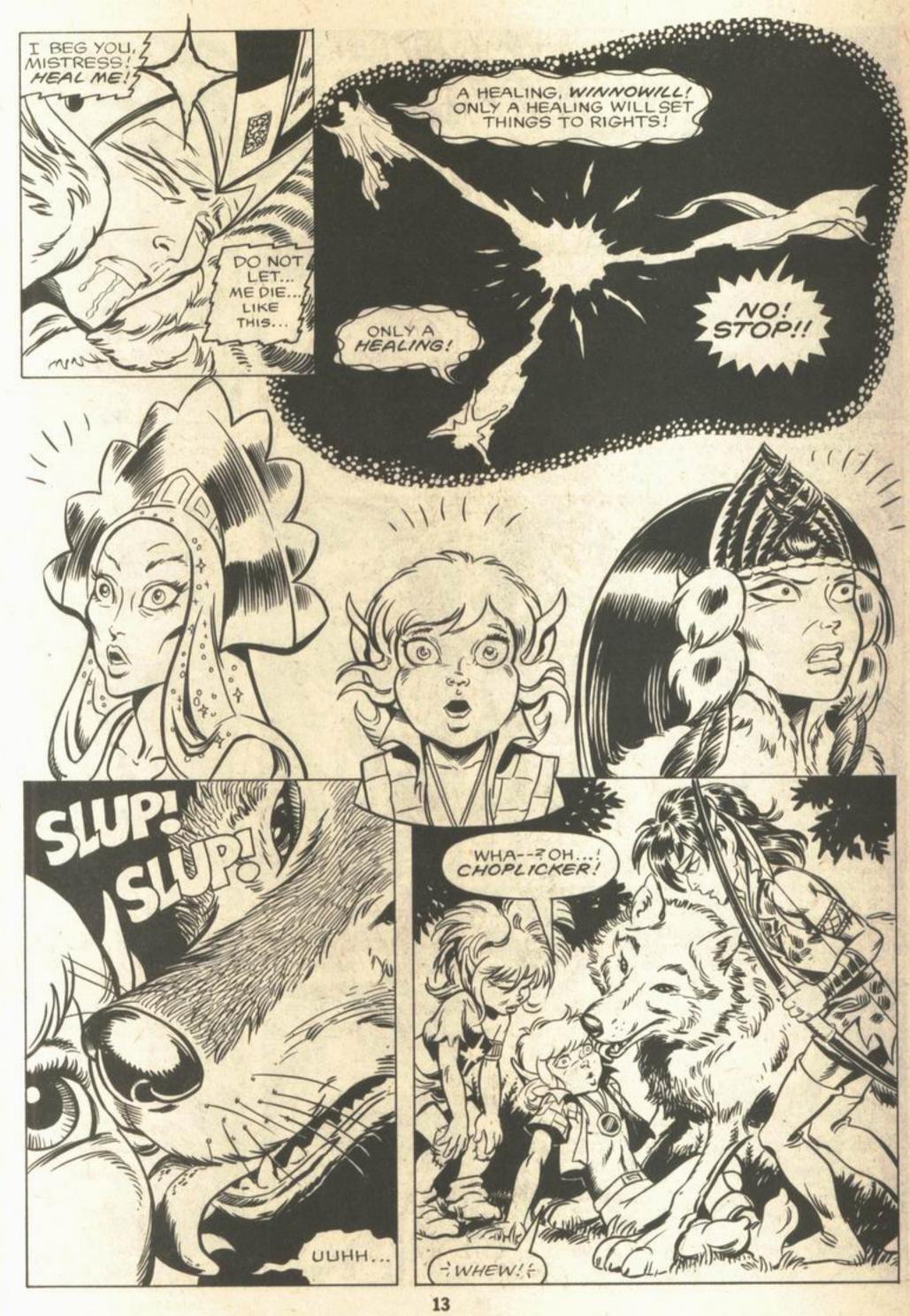




















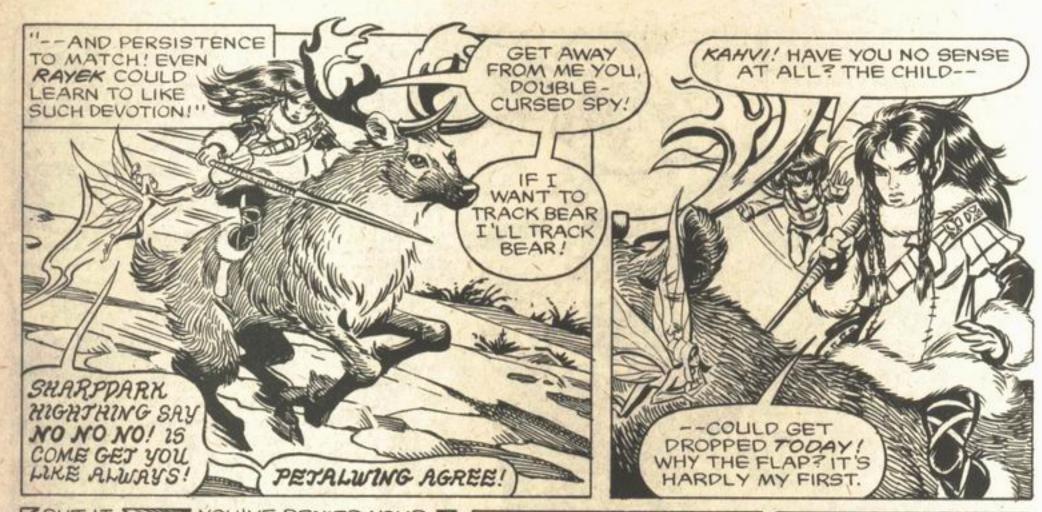










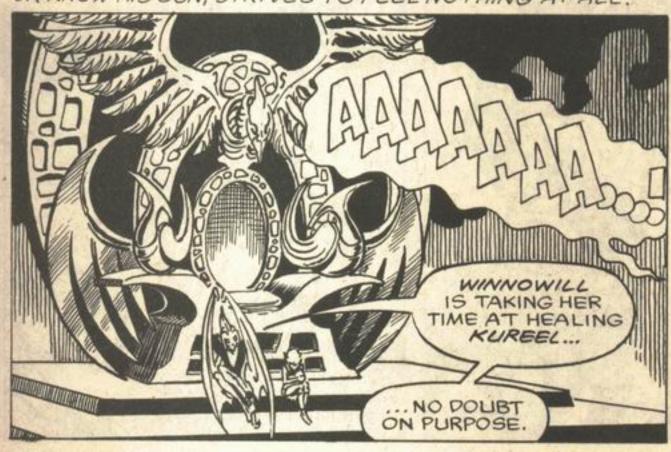








WHILE A POTENTIAL SIRE GRAPPLES WITH HIS CONFLICTING CONCERNS, A SIRE INDEED, WHO NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE OR KNOW HIS SON, STRIVES TO FEEL NOTHING AT ALL.







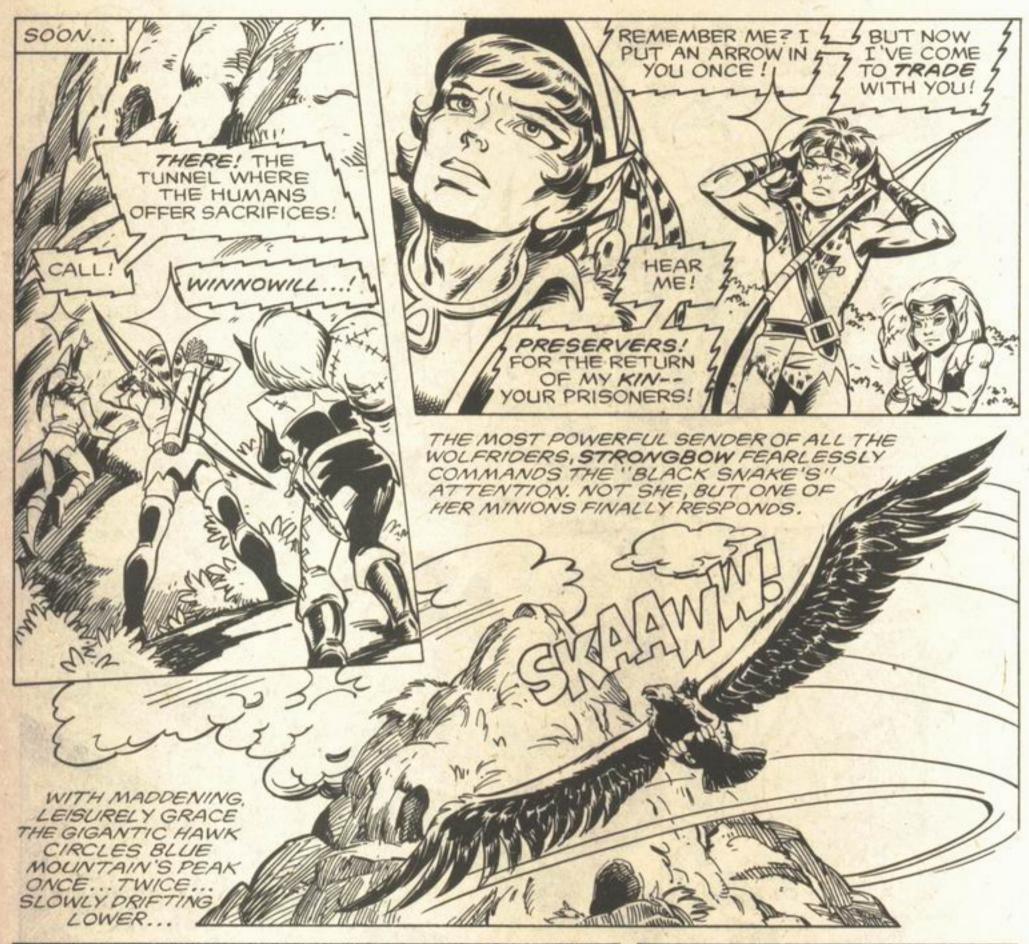


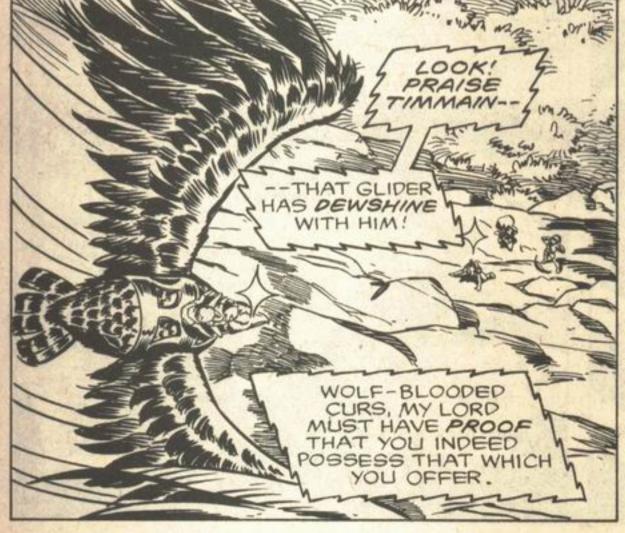














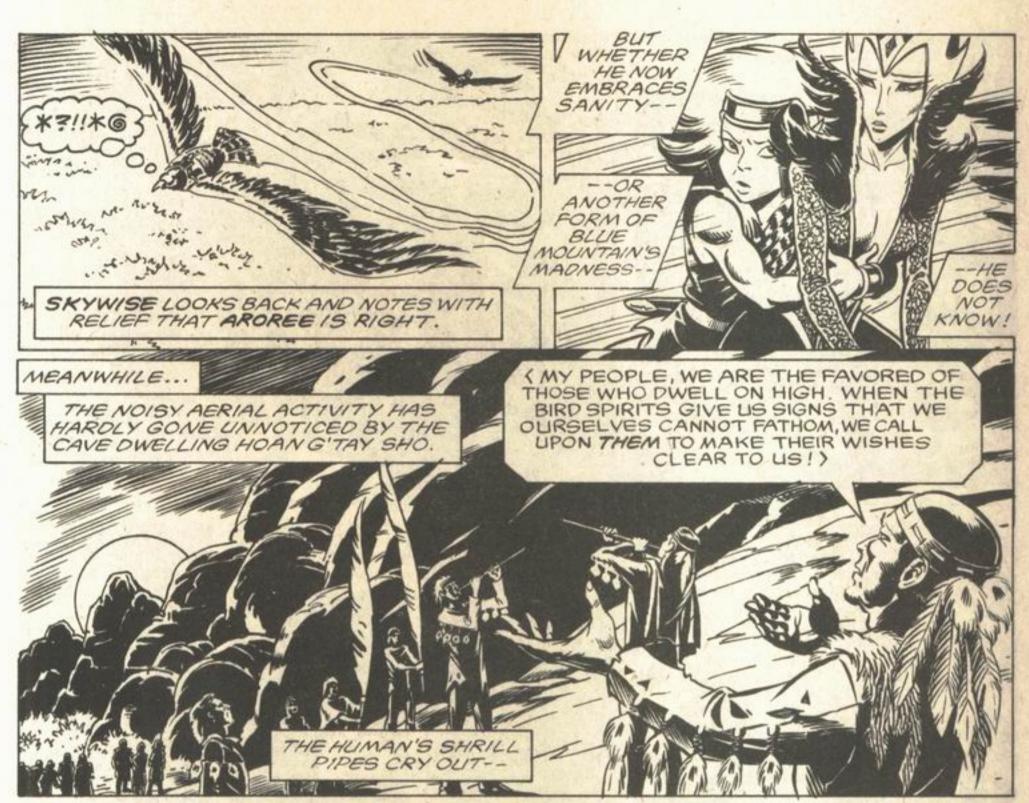
AS HER SENDING PIERCES HIS HEART, SCOUTER SHARES ALL THAT SHE HAS SUFFERED --















THESE, WHO ONCE LOVED HER, HAVE SEEN TOO MUCH --DISAPPROVED ONCE TOO OFTEN...















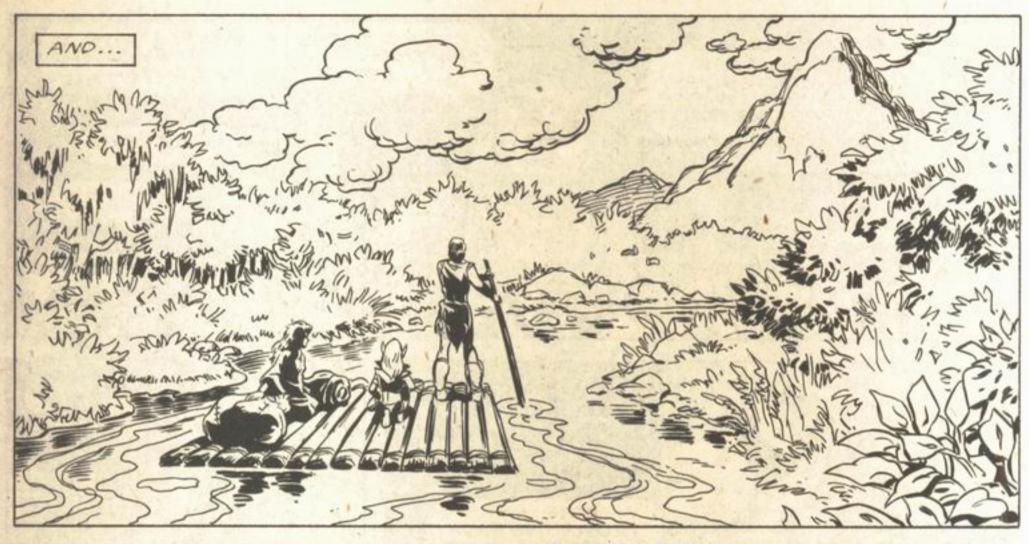








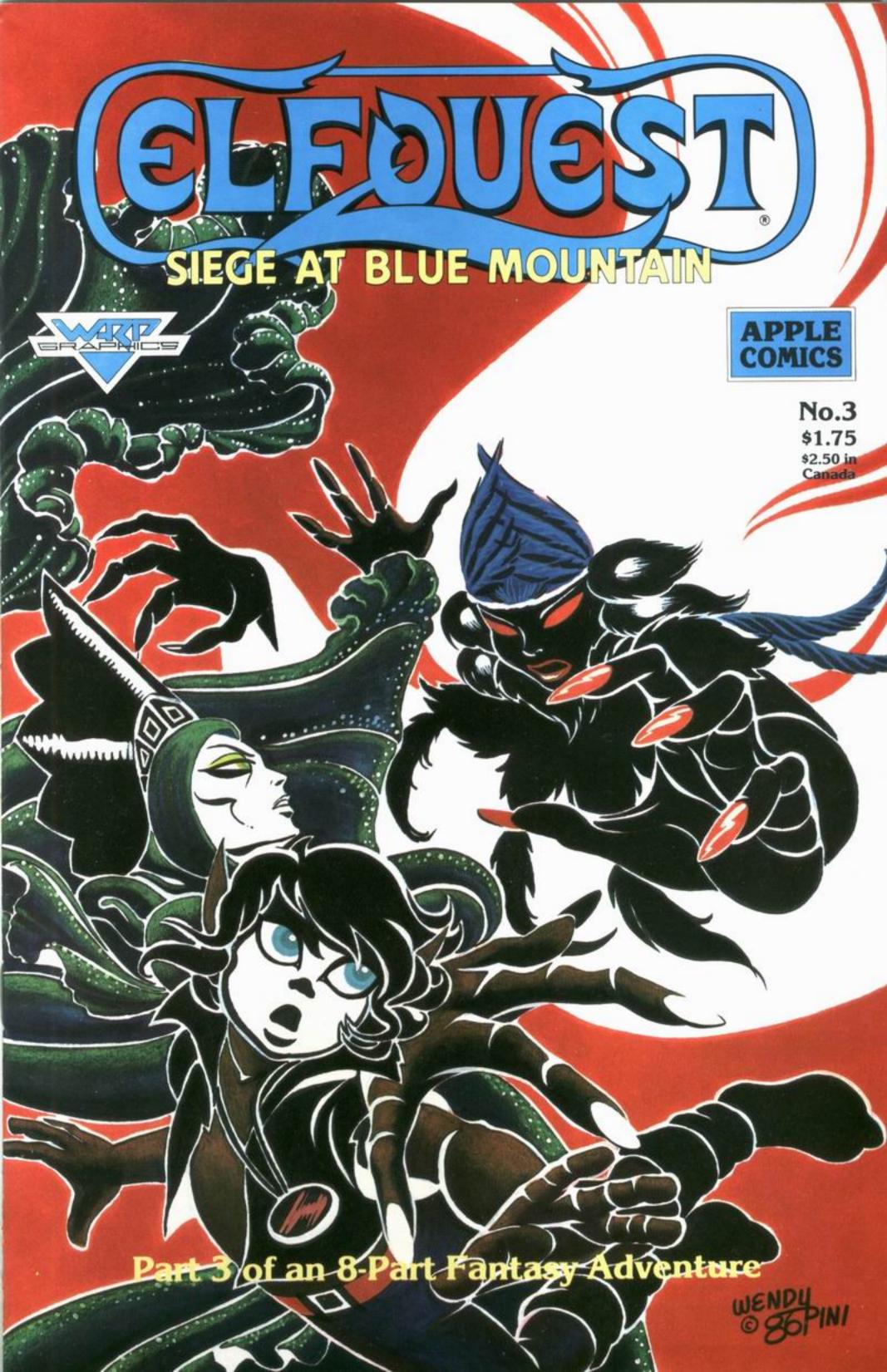








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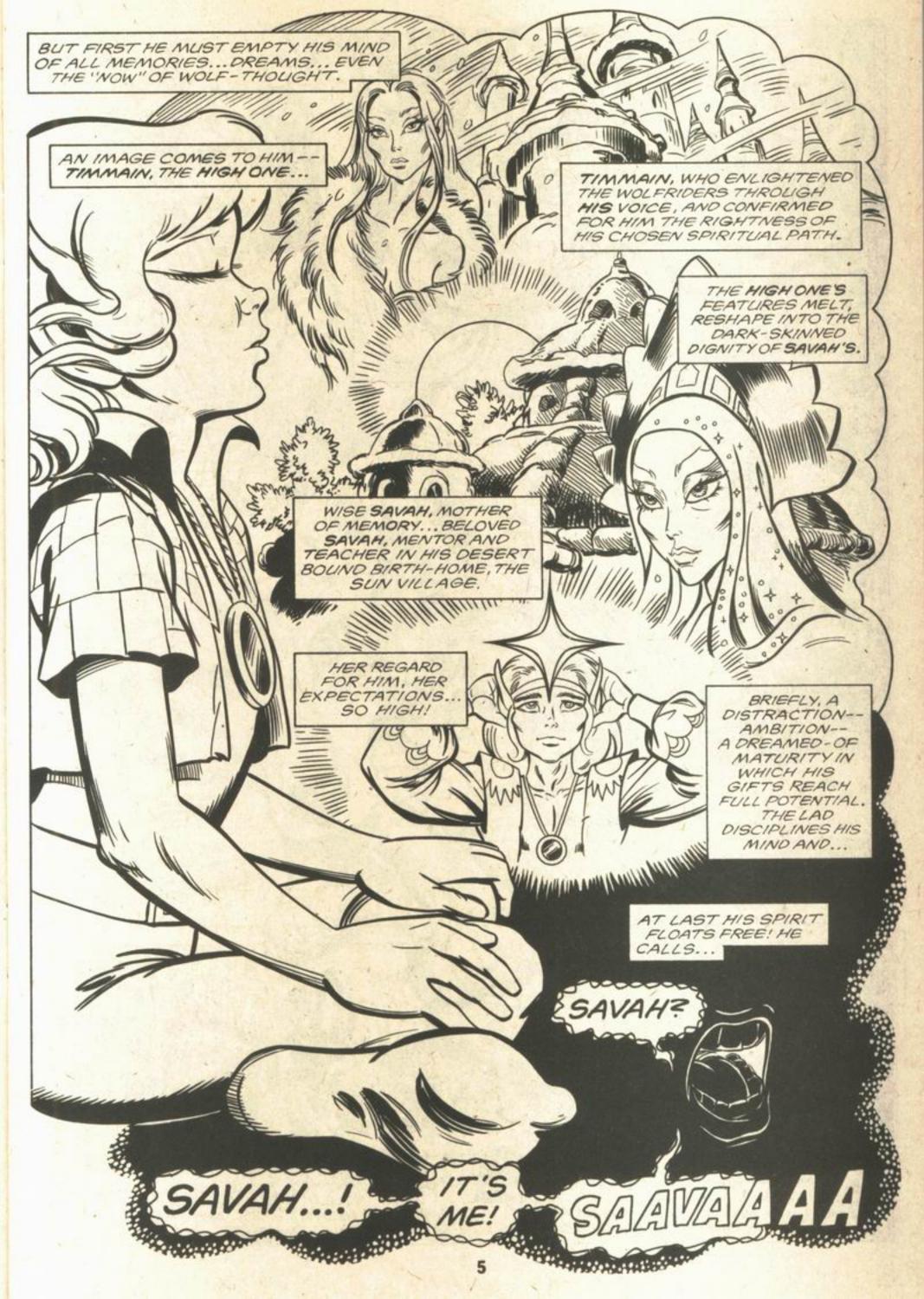
























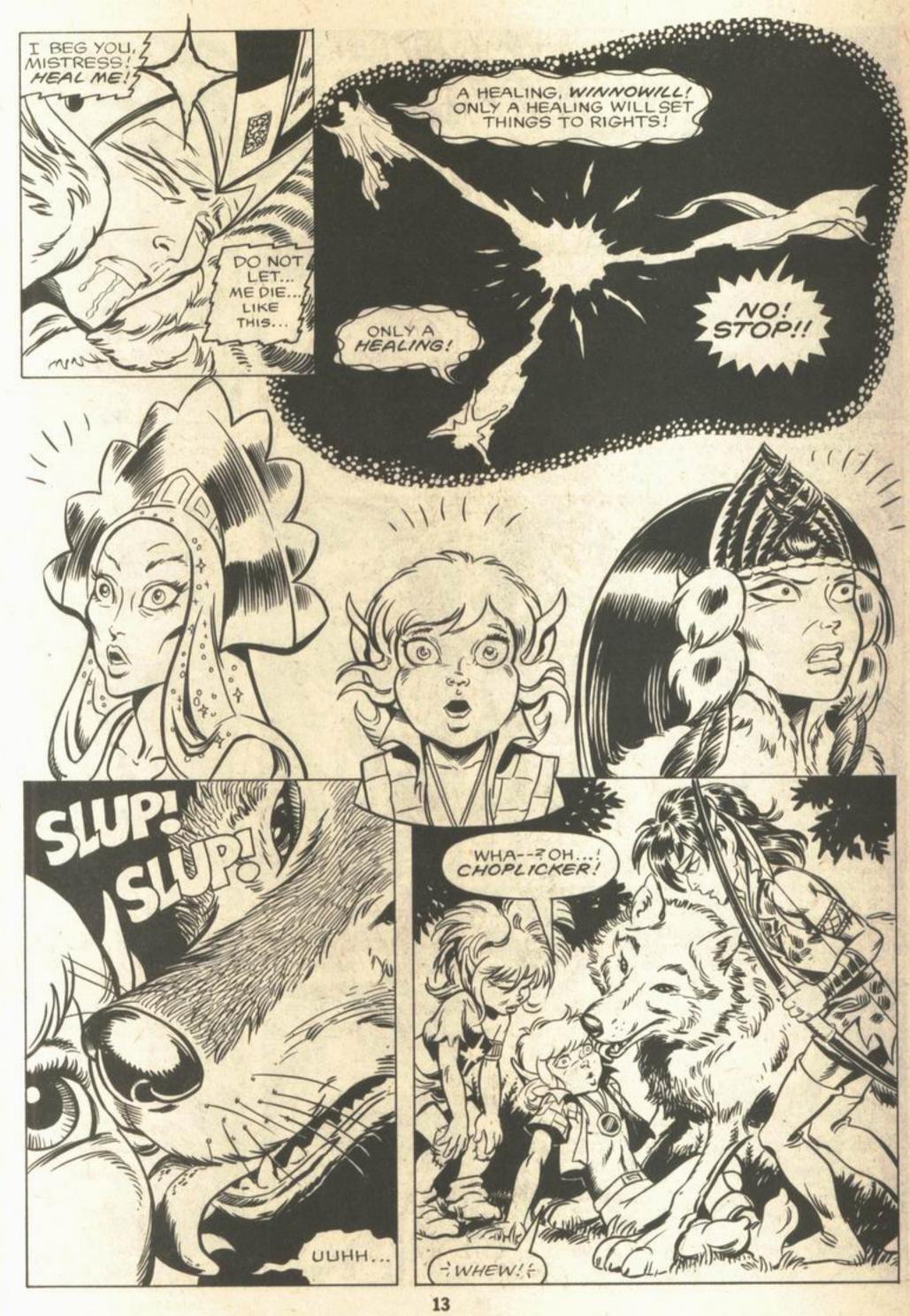




















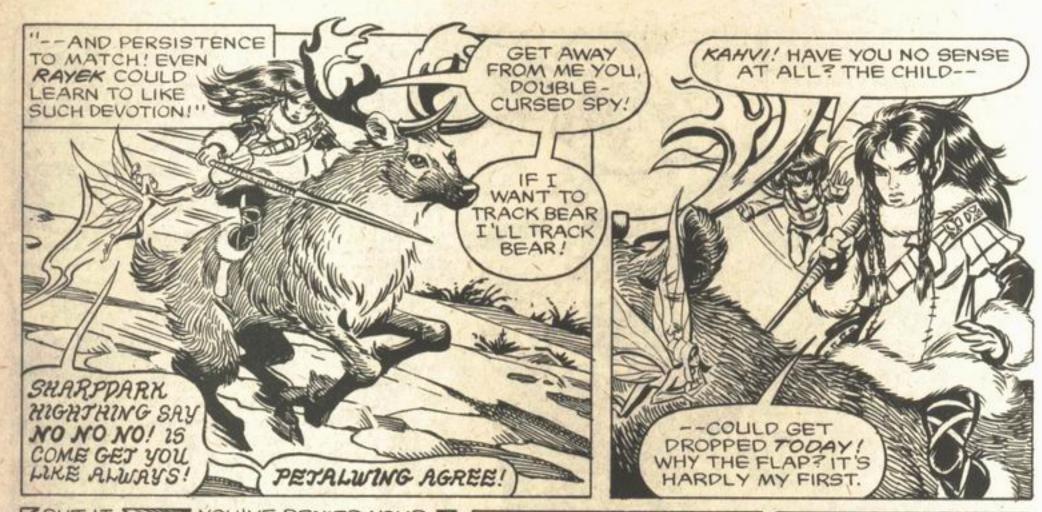










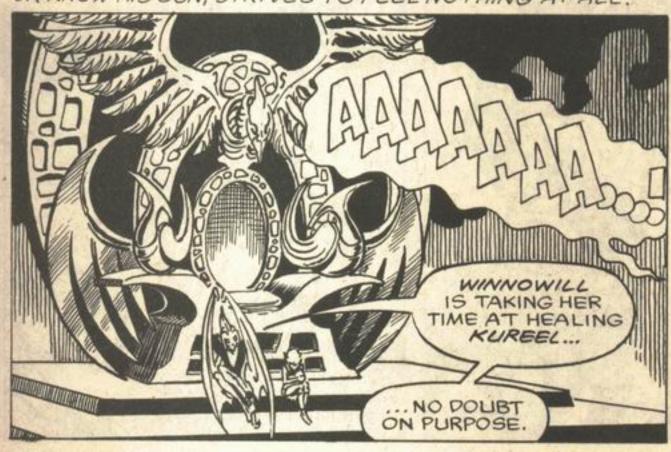








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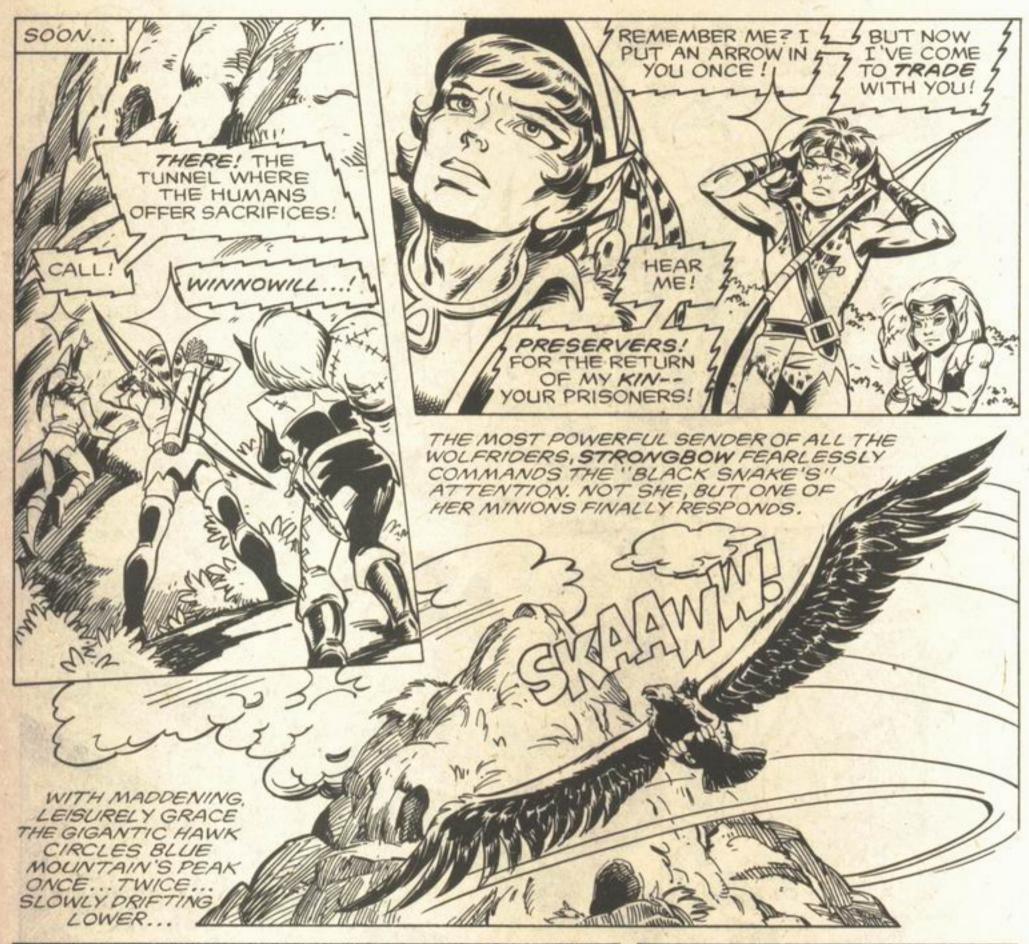


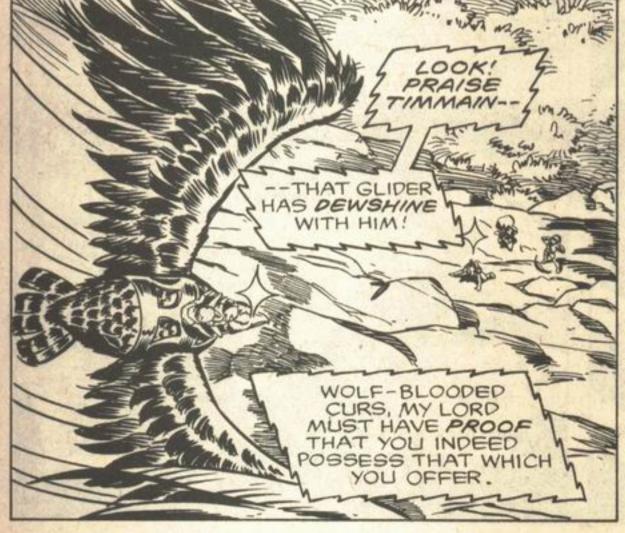














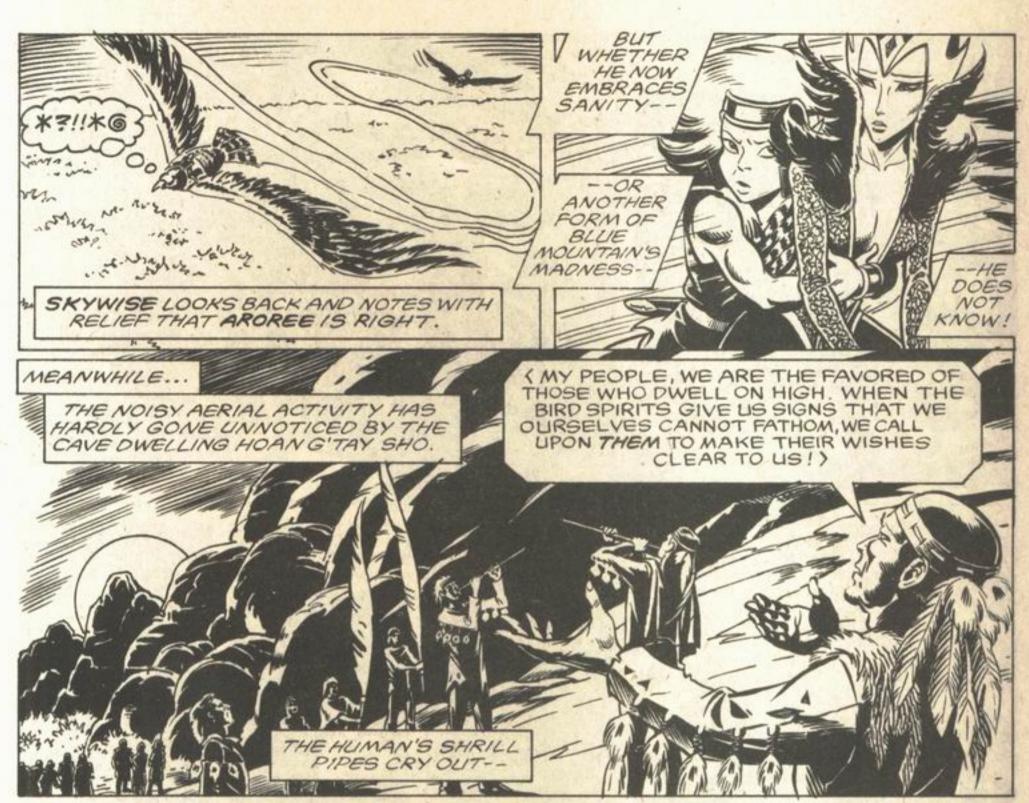
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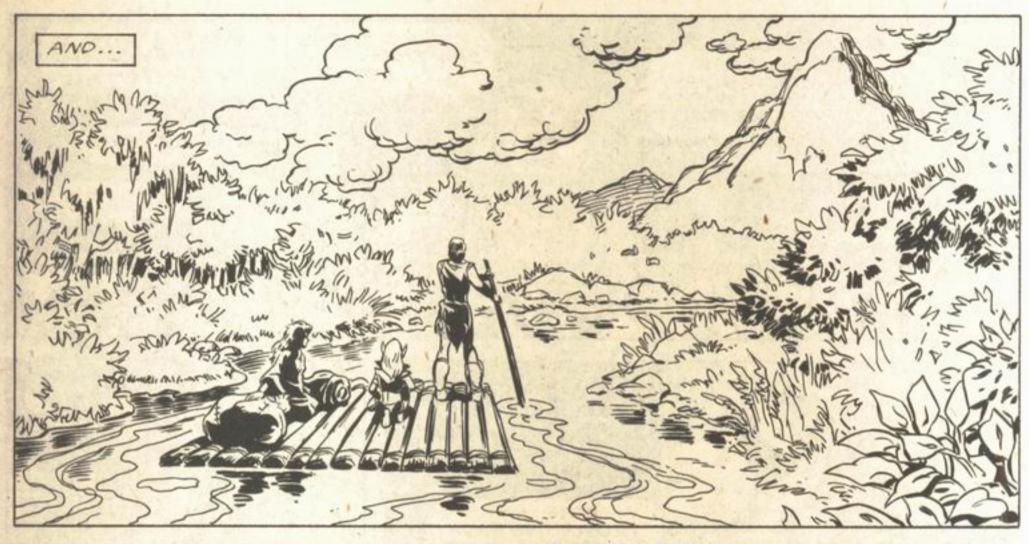
















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ARTIST/ WRITER CO-PLOT / EDITOR PART JOE STATON JANIE WENDY PINI LETTERER JANICE CHIANG AS THE LOW-ANGLED SUN EASES ITS WAY TOWARD AFTERNOON, THE CASTLE'S METAL DOME, LEFT INCOMPLETE BY ITS TROLL BUILDERS, CASTS A SWELLING SHADOW OVER THE GO-BACKS' NEW LODGE. HERE COMES RAYEK. UH HUH SAME AS YESTERDAY AND THE DAY BEFORE REMEMBER WHAT THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF OUR FRIEND JOHN GAUG WHO LOVED BEING AN ANIMATOR. I TOLD YOU. I'LL HANDLE HIM. IF HE THE MAGIC WAS IN HIM, HEAD, HAND AND HEART. RAISES A STINK, JUST KEEP QUIET!













AFTER TWO YEARS'
WAIT, THE CRUEL
DISAPPOINTMENT
LEAVES EVEN THE
EFFUSIVE EKUAR
SPEECHLESS.









IF YOU FAIL TO PROTECT THE ROCK SHAPER, I SWEAR ON THE LIVING HIGH ONE'S SOUL--



RETURN AND WIPE YOUR DEGENERATE TRIBE FROM THE FACE OF THIS WORLD!!

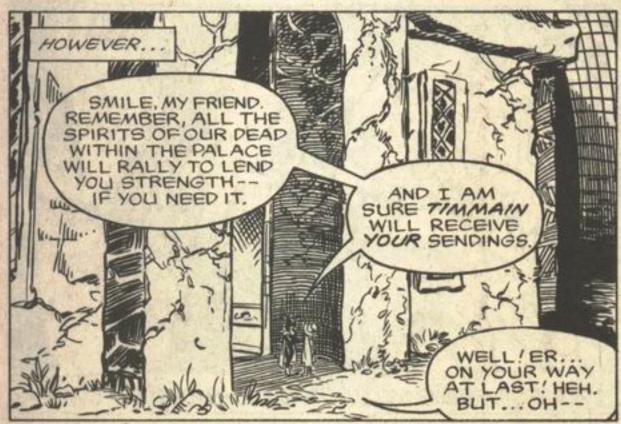




AT OTHER TIMES HE HAS BEEN WARMLY RECEIVED.

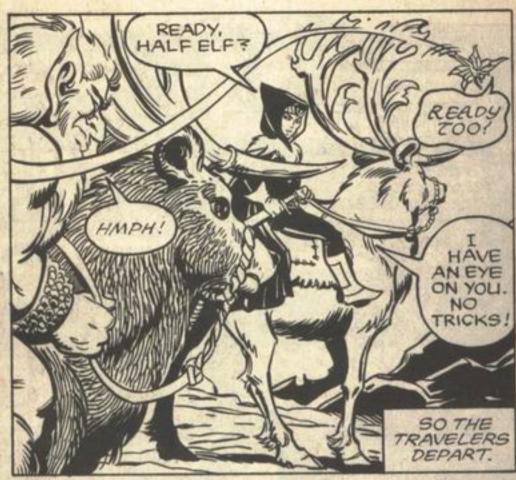
BUT THE ROOM IS ICE COLD, AND TIMMAIN--STRANGELY SILENT, HER EXPECTED FAREWELL DOES NOT COME TO ENFOLD AND UPLIFT HIS HEART, HE SENSES--



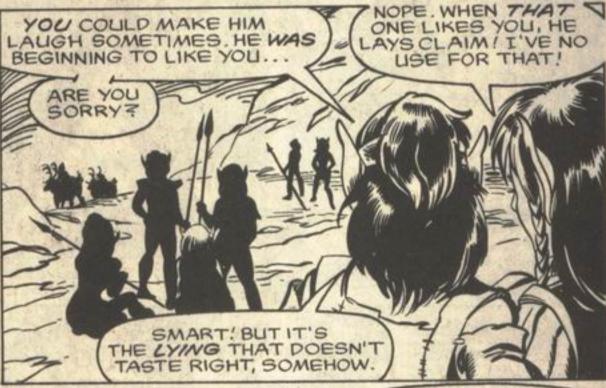






































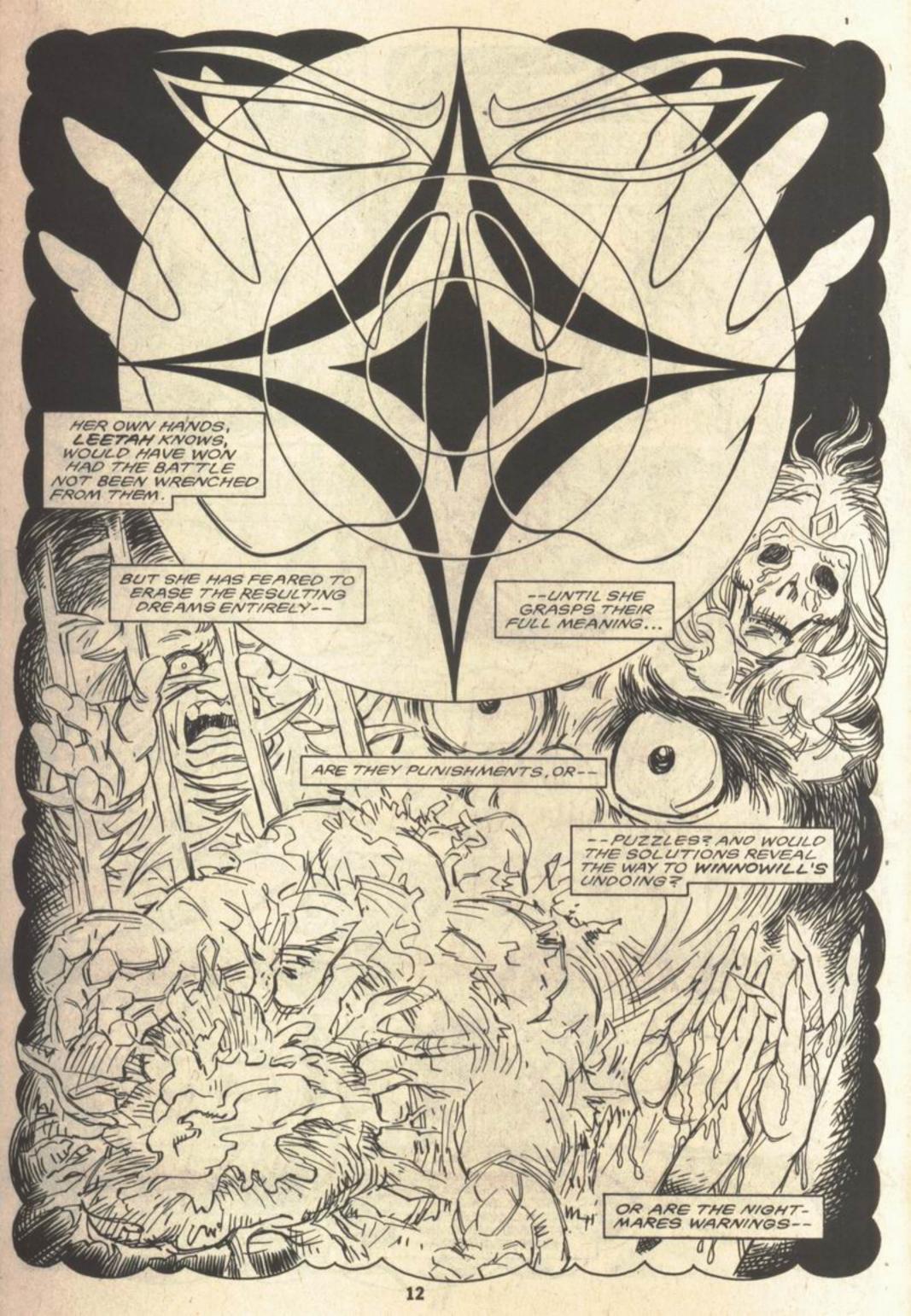












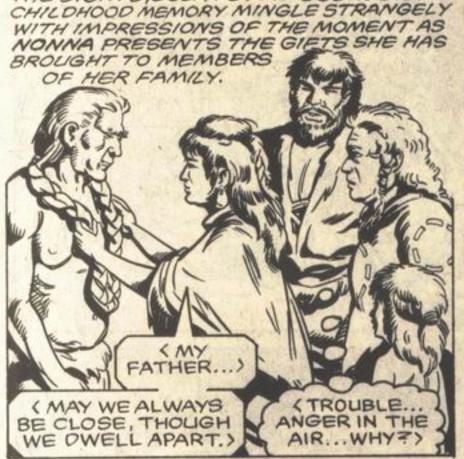






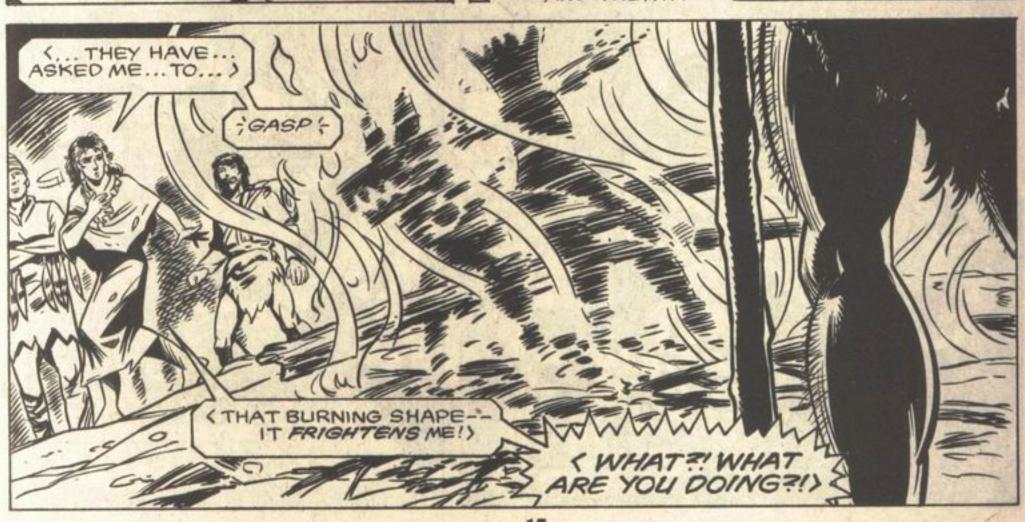






THE SIGHTS, SCENTS AND SOUNDS OF







































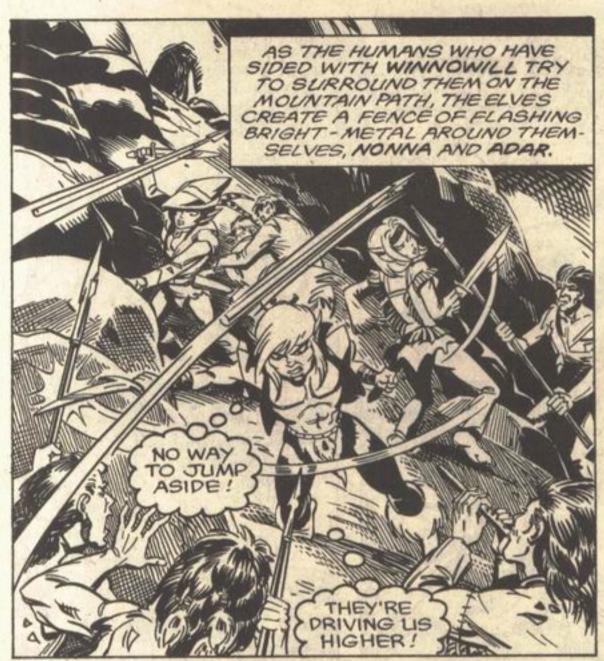






































SOMETIME LATER ...

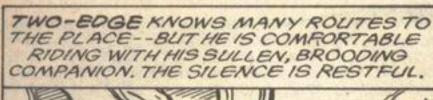




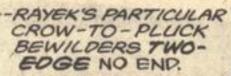




























SEGEATRILE ARTIST/WRITER CO-PLOT | EDITOR JOE STATON GUEST LETTERER CLEM ROBINS STRAINING AGAINST THE WIND AS HER WINGED MOUNT SUDDENLY DIVES TOWARD THE GROUND, AROREE DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO REGAIN HER NORTHWARD COURSE. SHE KNOWS THE MOODS OF THE GIGANTIC BIRD OF PREY SHE RIDES. SHE HAS FLOWN HIM FAR AND FAST ON HER PILGRIMAGE TO THE PALACE OF THE HIGH ONES. THERE ARE LIMITS TO THE CONTROL HER NOW IT IS TIME FOR HIM TO FEED. BOND WITH HIM GIVES HER -- PARTICULARLY WHEN HE IS VERY HUNGRY. WHAT HAVE YOU SPOTTED DOWN THERE ?





























































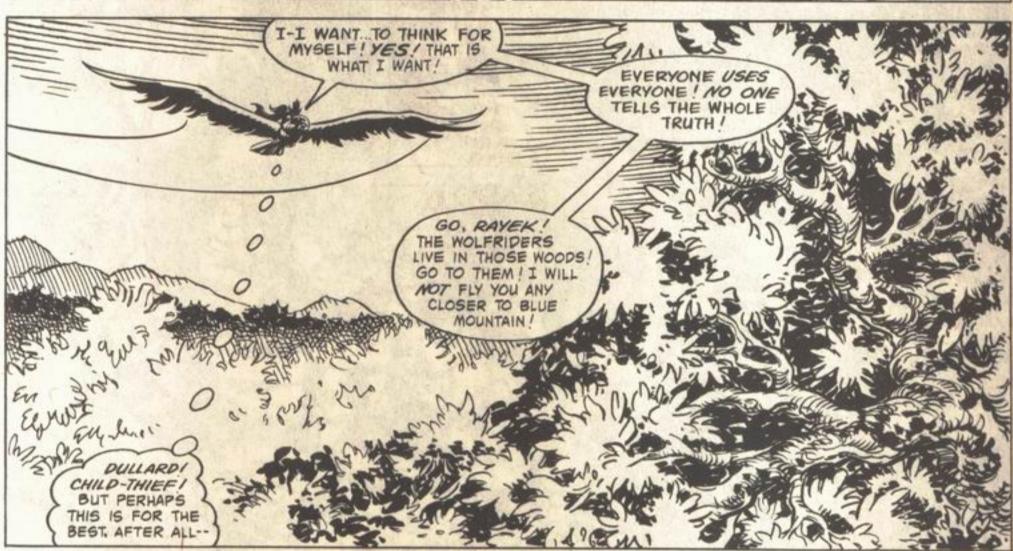














































SEGEATBLUE MOUNTAIN

ARTIST/WRITER

RICHARD PINI

PART JOE STATON

JANICE CHIANG





























































































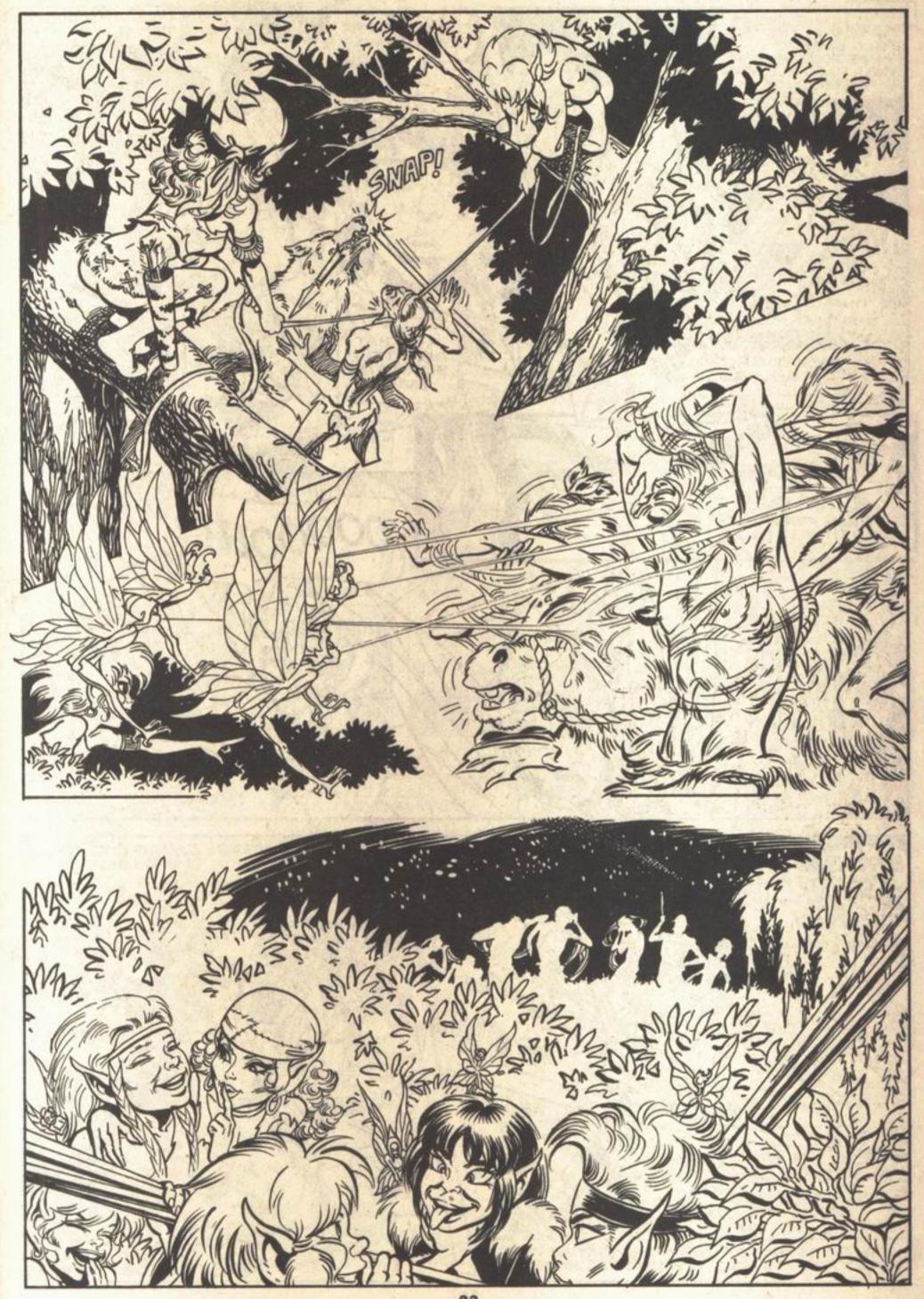












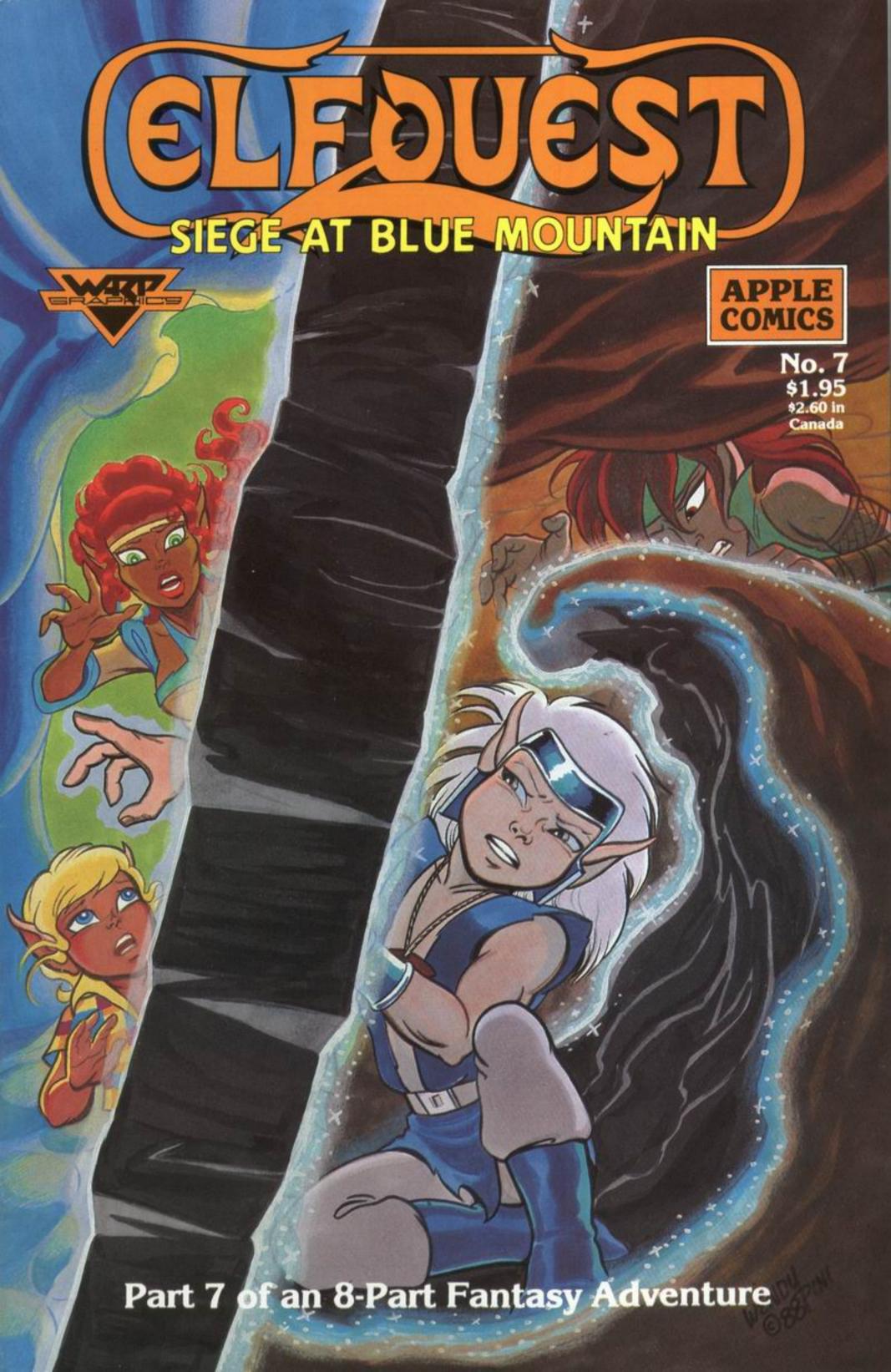


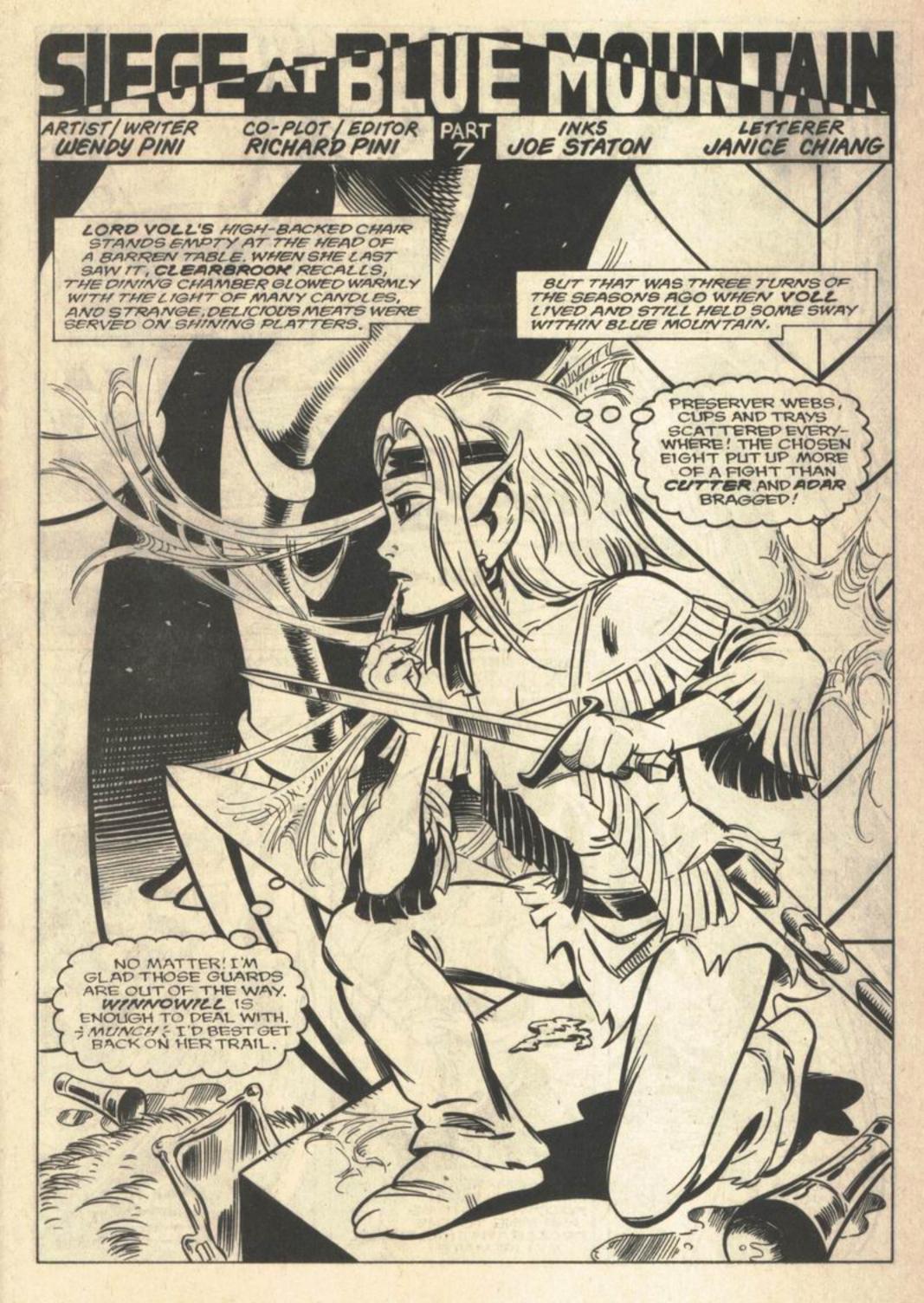












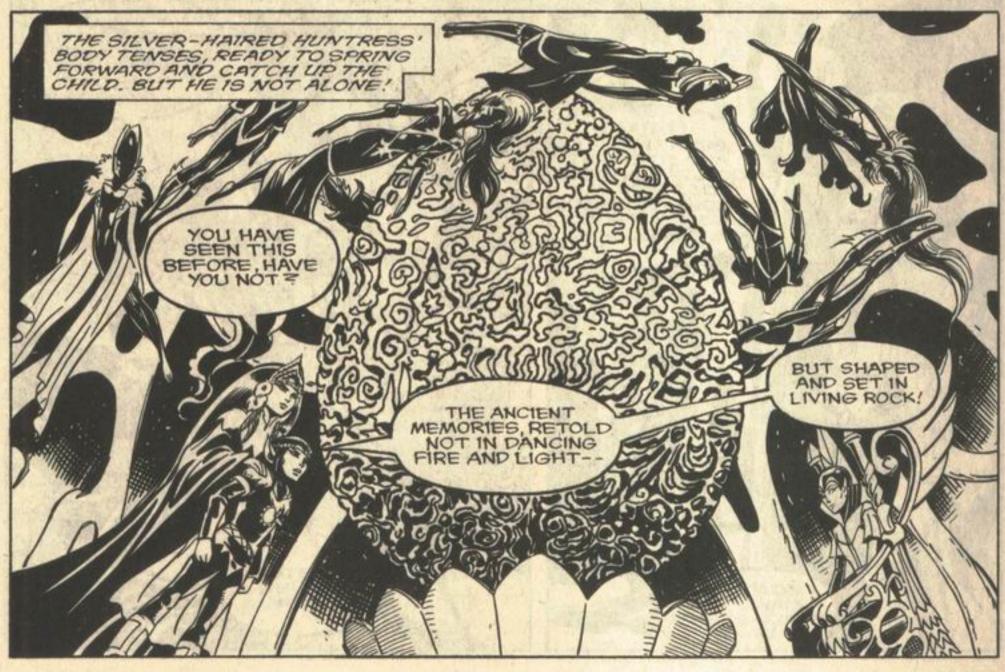




















































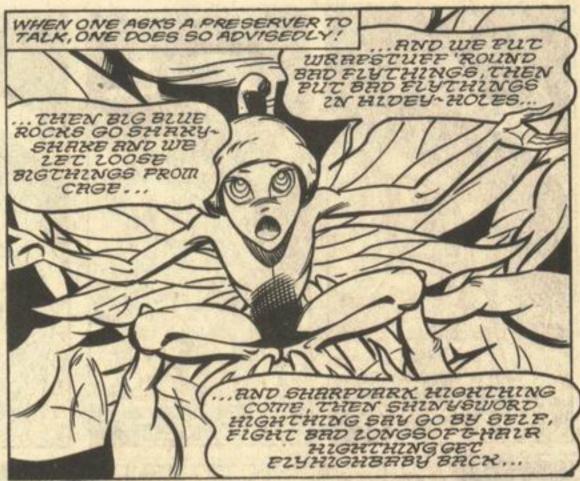








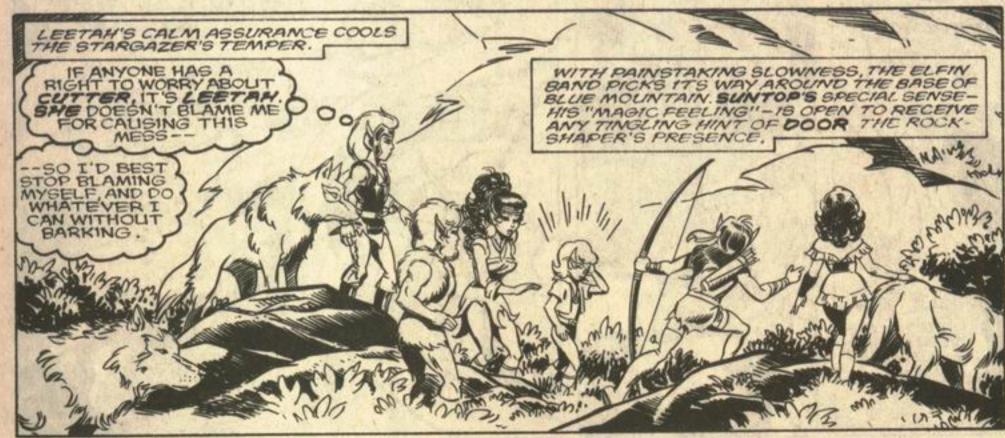




































































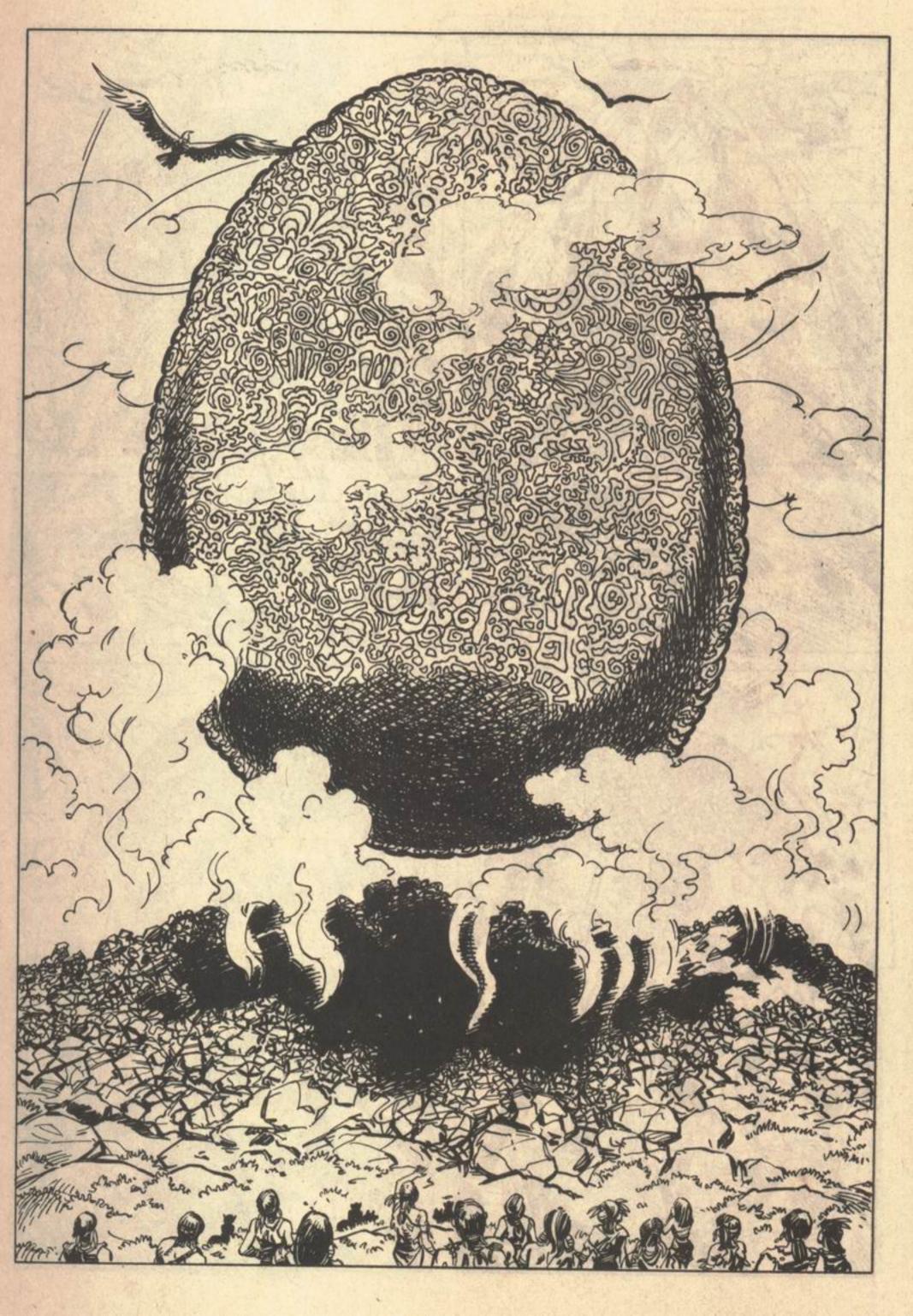




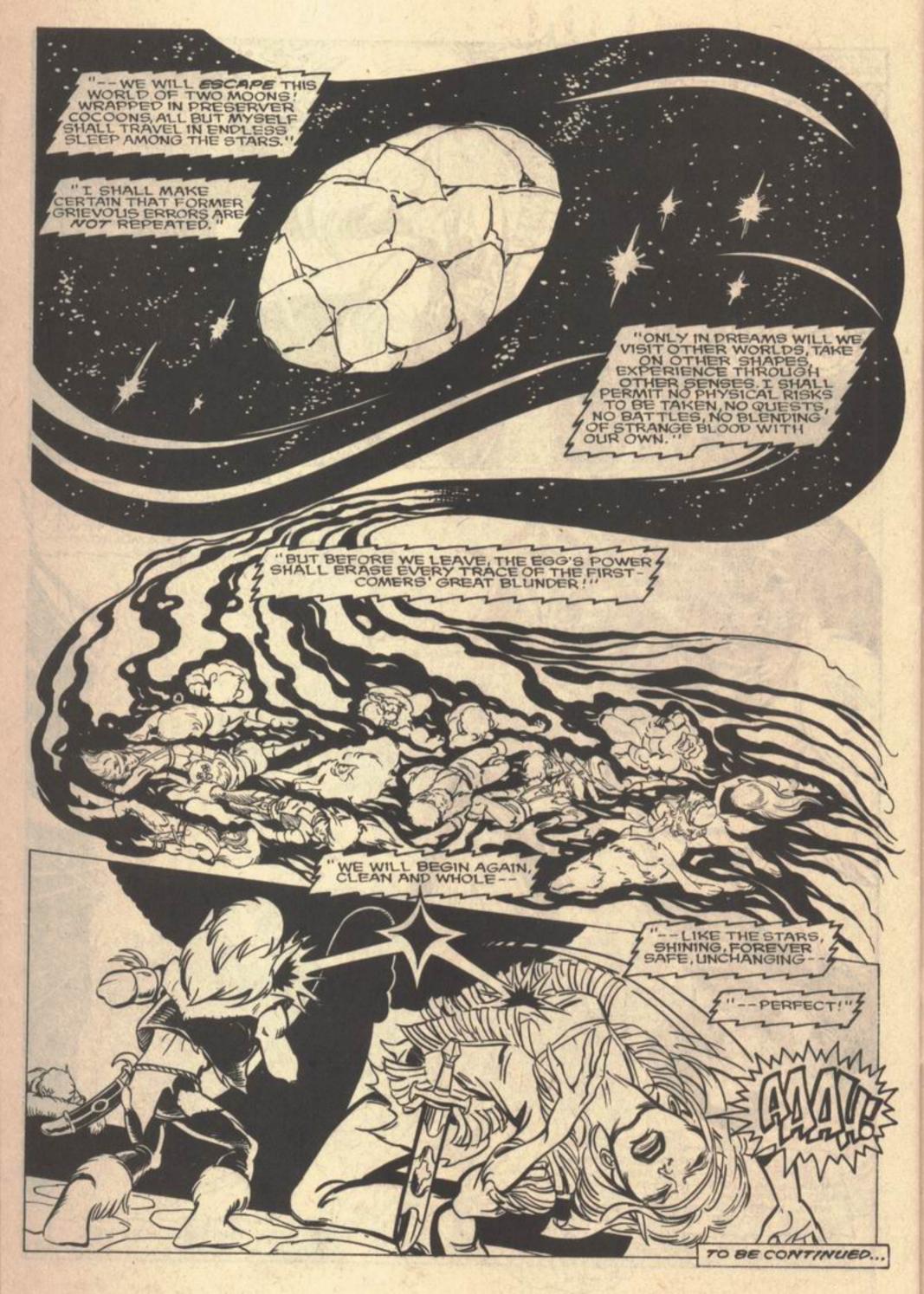




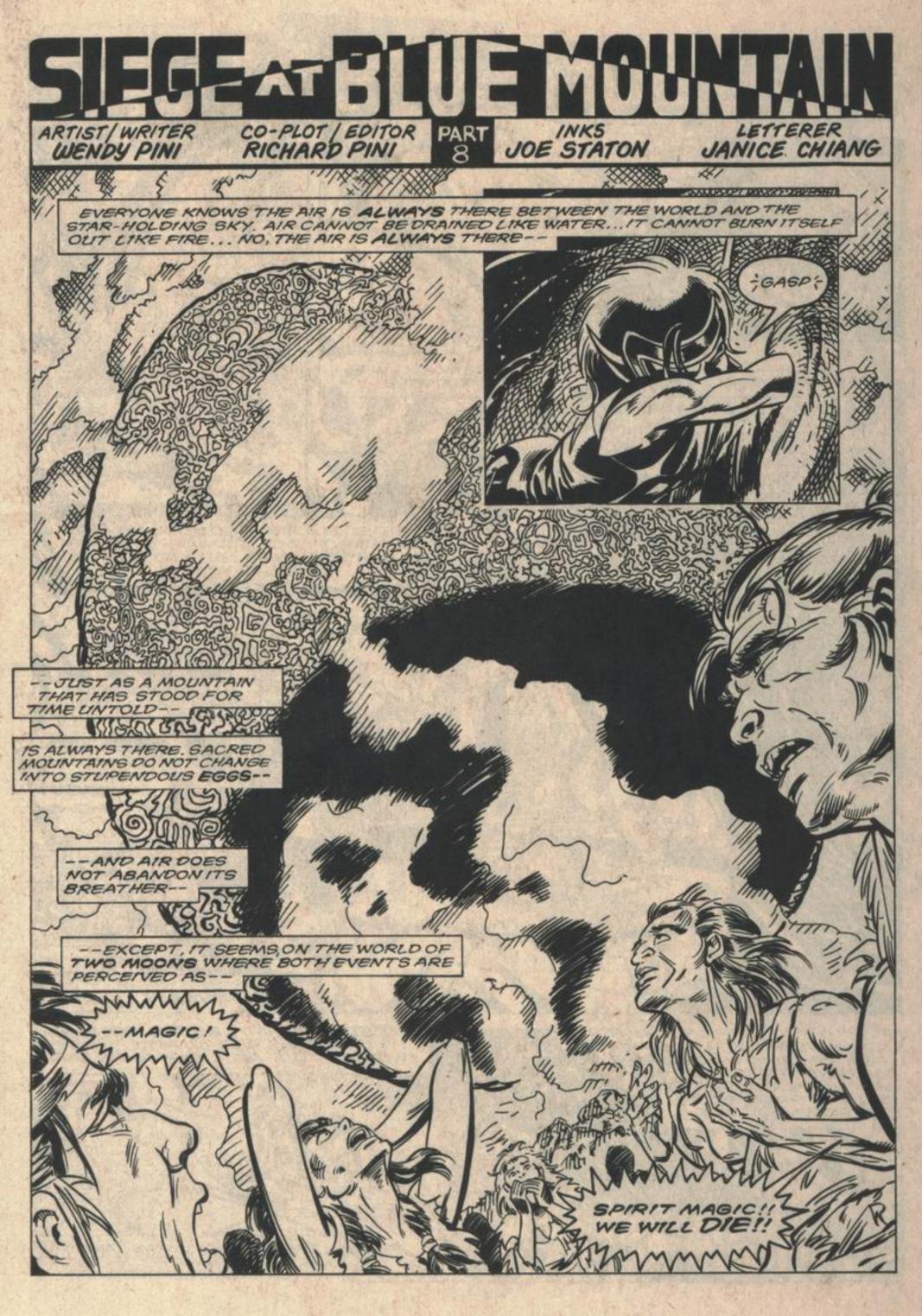






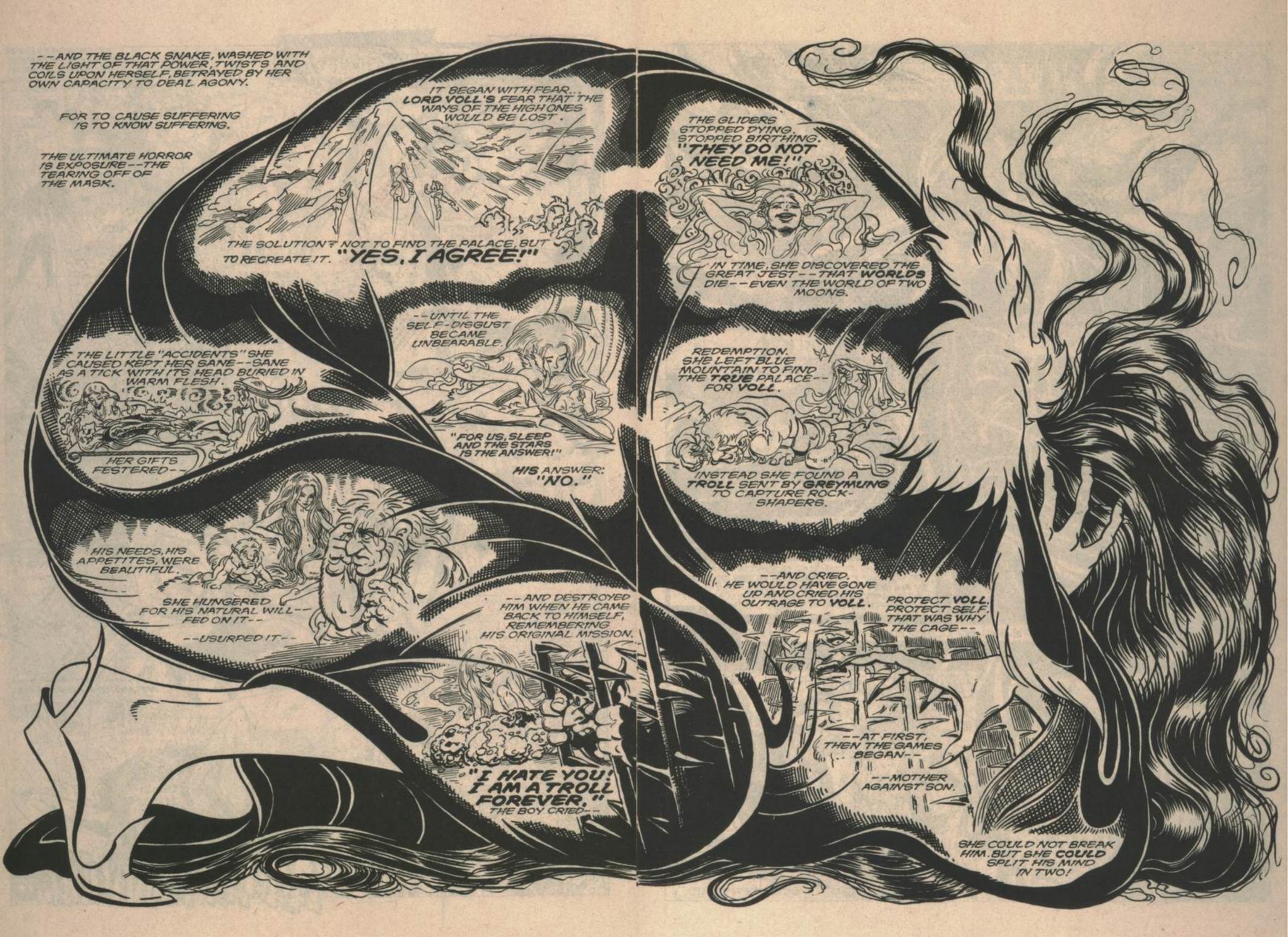










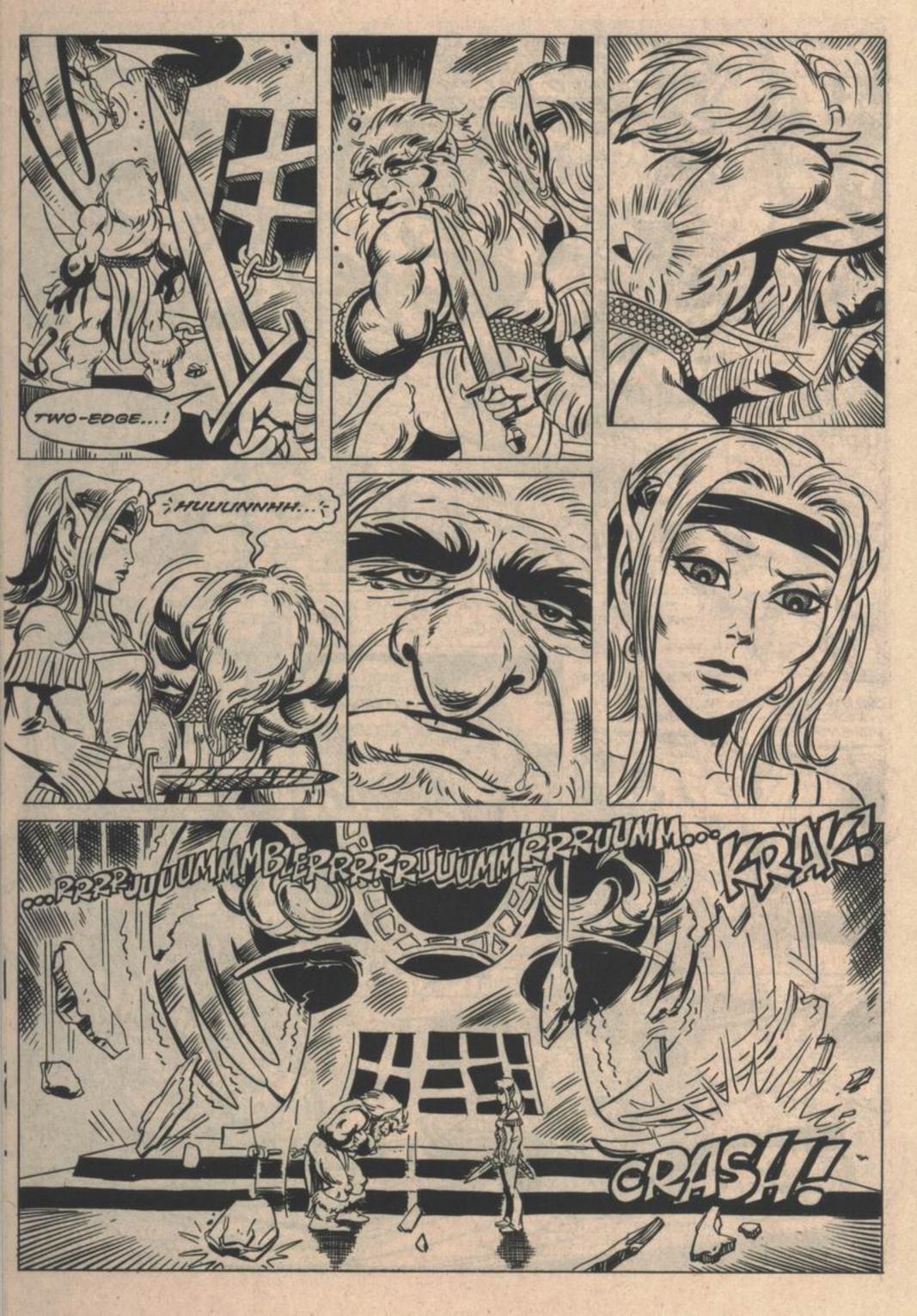






























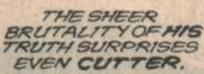














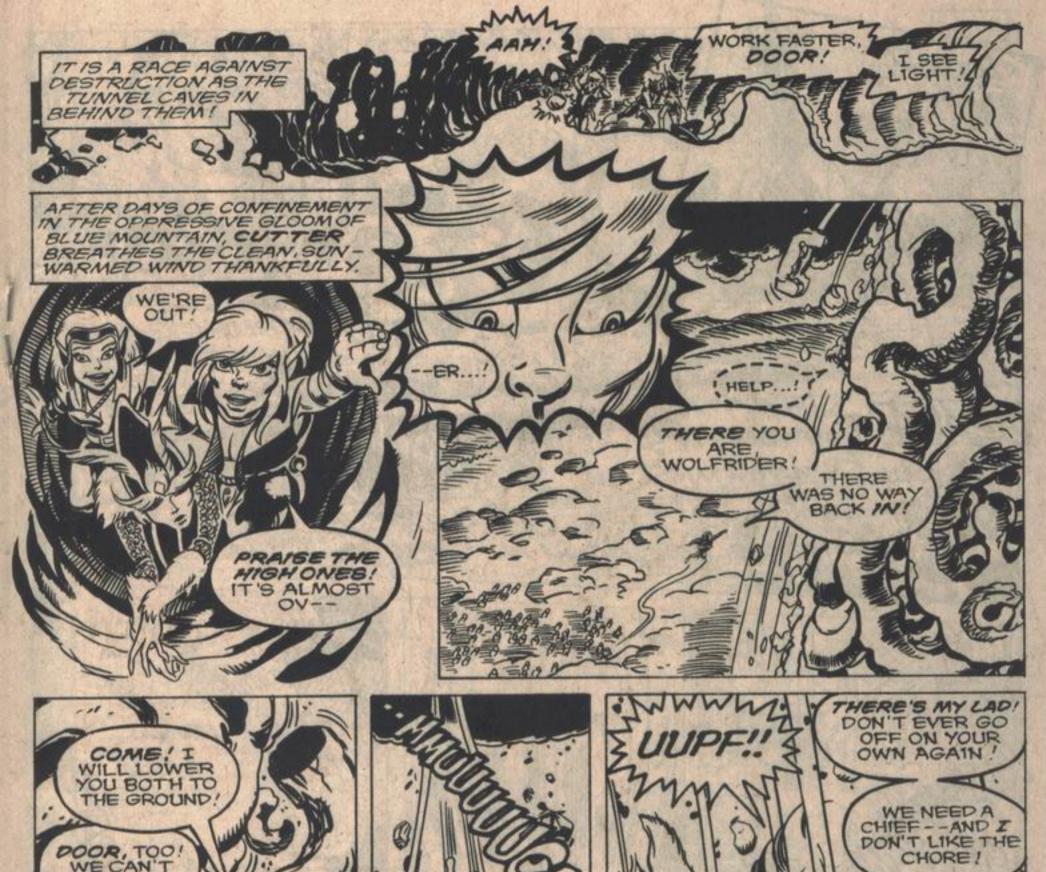


































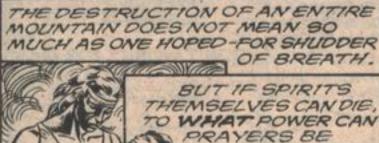








GEOKI'S FATHER RECOILS, TRYING TO PULL HIS SON AWAY AS LEETAH HESITANTLY PLACES HER PALM ON THE SHATTERED BREAST.













SO MUCH TIME GOES BY THAT THE GREAT GRAY DUSTCLOUD DISPERSES.





