



TALL FIR FOREST

FIRST OF ALL, I MUST ADMIT THAT AT SOME TIME I WAS NOT SUCH A GENTLEMAN AS I AM NOW.

BECAUSE... I'M A **WEREWOLF**, AND SO ARE MY PARENTS.

UNLIKE THOSE WEREWOLVES IN HORROR MOVIES,

I ONLY LIKE MY STEAK WELL DONE.

BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS **KRAVEN MCCALL**.

WHAT'S THAT BLOODY SMELL?

YOU'RE HURT, RABBIT.

YOU'LL BE FINE.

LOOK, FRIENDS, ANIMALS COMMUNICATE MORE EASILY THAN PEOPLE.

I FOUND IN MOVIES, CARTOONS AND STORYBOOKS THAT PEOPLE HATED AND FEARED US.

THAT'S WHY I NEVER LOOK PEOPLE IN THE EYE. I'M AFRAID I'LL SEE THE UNEASE IN THEIR EYES.

ANOTHER PLACE AT THE SAME TIME

GAAARRH!!

OH, MY GOD...



I KNOW ALL THE FRIENDS
HERE.

AND OF COURSE THE
POOR DEVIL, WHOSE
NAME IS TIBBY.



AS A VETERINARIAN, I'VE
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE THIS.



PUPIL DILATED, RIGHT
RIB CRACKED, SPLEEN
RUPTURED.



FISHY
SMELL?

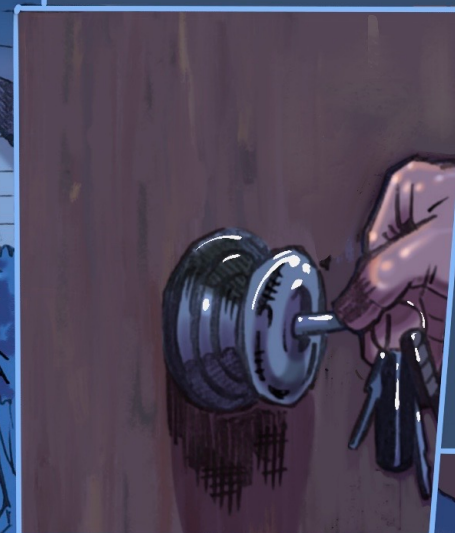
SERIOUSLY, FRIEND, DID YOU
EAT FISH BEFORE YOU DIED?



YOUR LUCK IS BETTER THAN
MINE. BECAUSE DEAD AND I
BURY YOU.



HOME



OH...



MY
GOSH!



WHO CAN TELL ME...

WHY IS THERE A BEAR

SLAAA

IN MY HOUSE...

GAAHHH!!



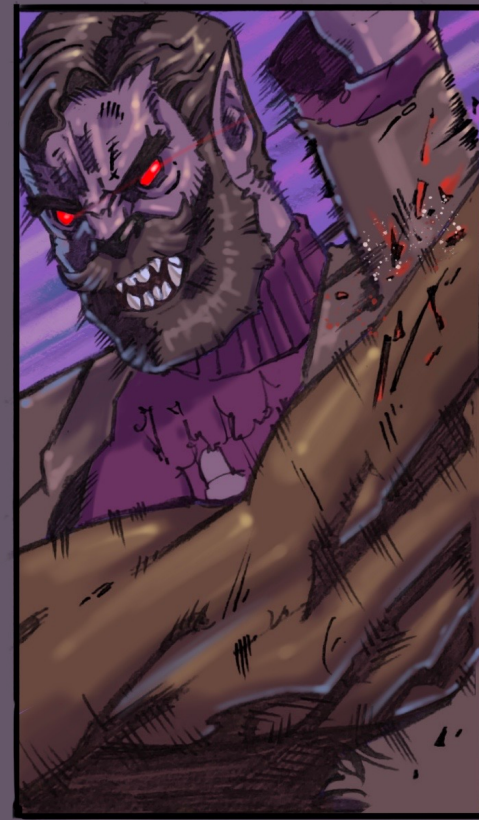
GRRRH



YOU SUCCESSFULLY ANNOYED ME!



GORRA!



CHAAK

YOU SHOULD GO BACK TO THE CAVE!

TO BE CONTINUED.....