



Sherlock Holmes

MYSTERIES
VOLUME TWO

MARTIN POWELL
SEPPO MÄKINEN

Sherlock Holmes MYSTERIES

"RETURN OF THE DEVIL"

story by - Martin Powell

illustrated by - Seppo Makinen

lettering by - Michael DeLeplne

"THE LOCH NESS HORROR"

story by - Martin Powell

illustrated by Seppo Makinen

lettering by

Susan Dorne and Chuck Maly

cover by
Tim Seelig

MOONSTONE is...

Joe Gentile - editor-in-chief

Dave Ulanski - art director

Garrett Anderson & Lori G. - editorial

Greg Gass & Mike Reynolds - ground control

Kathleen O'Brien - web master

Joe Gentile & Dave Ulanski - publishers

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Dedication:

To Lisa...for saving my life, or, at least, for helping me to find it again.

Acknowledgements:

For Joe, Jason, Brenda, Paul, John, Jennifer, Fred, Molly, Libby, and Ruth --all my heartfelt thanks. You each know why.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

There is an old adage that maintains truth is stranger than fiction. I've lived long enough to testify that is a most accurate assertion. Take the following example of what could only be labeled one of life's torturous ironies.

A little known young doctor dreams of becoming a famous author. He meticulously researches tomes of weighty volumes to write his long, rambling historical novels. He pours his heart and soul into these writing ventures only to have the critics give his efforts a lukewarm reception.

His medical practice barely earning him a sufficient living, our doctor-writer, on a whim, creates a pulpish mystery tinged with horror. He immediately sells it to one of the common, popular magazines of the time. The story, to his surprise, is so well received by the public, the editor quickly demands more of the same. He is advised to reuse the detective hero from his first success.

Initially our staid and proper author, is only too happy to comply, as long as these "insignificant detective tales" bring him a nice little bit of cash and do not interfere with his more serious aspirations.

Can you imagine the writer's dismay when these mystery pieces become the very works he is canonized for and his historical romances are completely ignored?

Talk about success with a curse. The man in question spent the remainder of his life detesting the very thing that made him famous and wealthy. To his dying day, he had nothing but loathing for the fictional sleuth he had invented; a character that would go on to become one of the best-loved heroes in all the world.

That character was Sherlock Holmes and the broken hearted doctor was Arthur Conan Doyle. That Doyle came to hate the Baker Street private investigator is well documented. He even went so far as to actually kill him off in one story and was coldly smug about it. Fortunately, for us, a loud public outcry of such zealousness arose throughout England that his editors, agents and friends forced him to correct the situation and bring back the pipe-smoking, violin-playing bane of crime.

Truly this was one of the strangest relationships in literary history.

Happily, those many readers, like horror writer Martin Powell, born one hundred years, almost to the day, after Doyle, did not share his disdain. Rather, Powell, like millions of other fans, followed the majority in his devotion to the canon Doyle had set down. But this kind of fevered loyalty can never be satisfied with a finite number of tales. It was inevitable that new writers would pick up the saga and add to Holmes's stature over the years.

That Powell loves this make-believe character has been evident since his first pastiche, the brilliant, *SCARLET IN GASLIGHT*, wherein the great detective meets Bram Stoker's Count Dracula for the first time. Aided and inspired by artist Seppo Makinen, Powell produced one of the finest, most exciting graphic novels ever published. Its overwhelming success, like the early Strand stories by Doyle, brought up a frantic demand for another adventure, *A CASE OF BLIND FEAR*, pitting the detective Holmes against the madness of H. G. Well's Invisible Man.

Happily, publisher Moonstone has recently re-presented both of these original stories complete within a single volume, *SHERLOCK HOLMES MYSTERIES Volume # 1*, for a much wider audience than ever before, to be found in bookstores everywhere.

It was obvious, this talented team had found a niche in pitting the detective, and his faithful ally, Dr. Watson, against other famous figures of classical Victorian England, both real and fictional. I wouldn't doubt Alan Moore read these very comics long before creating his own *LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN*.

But, that was yesterday. At least, as the first volume is concerned. What would Powell and Makinen do next? Down what dark road would they take for our famous London duo?

This book, *SHERLOCK HOLMES MYSTERIES Volume 2*, answers that very question.

Once again, in two complete, very distinct and original adventures, Holmes and Watson find themselves confronting evil from both realistic crime and mythological horror. There really was an Aleister Crowley and he was once labeled *The Wickodest Man in the World*. It is claimed his own mother called him the "Beast". Crowley, a brilliant occultist, all during his infamously tumultuous life, never denied either title.

Crowley actually lived, for a certain period, upon the mysterious shores of Loch Ness, alledged home of a legendary monster. It is also well-documented that the dark magician attempted to evoke the giant creature to the surface many times. He claimed to have been successful. Even today, in the 21st Century, residents and tourists alike report sightings of a terrible, unknown animal living beneath the murky waters.

The reality of the Lochness Monster has been the subject of debate between scientists and fanatics for years. Neither camp has ever been able to sway the other as to what the creature is or isn't. Is the monster really a cryptic survivor from the prehistoric age of aquatic reptiles, or is it actually nothing at all? Regardless of popular scientific opinion, the public's fascination with "Nessie" and her lake in Scotland will continue to attract wide-eyed enthusiasts far into the future.

What two better plot elements for our illustrious hero to confront?

Unlike the previous volume, the stories in this book have only been seen by a few fans. I am lucky enough to number among that select group and am delighted that they are at long last going out to a larger audience.

Powell and Makinen have lost none of the passion they exhibit so clearly in both words and pictures for Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson. Their work is top-notch and if at all believable, is even better than their first efforts.

One can only imagine what a third volume would bring forth? I'm one reader who is keeping his fingers crossed it is not too far away.

As for poor Arthur Conan Doyle, as a writer myself, part of me does empathize with his dejection. But not too strongly, for the common sense in me can't help but chide the old boy. It's time his spirit faced the facts, much like his most famous creation and accept them.

Sherlock Holmes is here to stay.

Ron Fortier
1/8/04
Somersworth, NH

SHERLOCK HOLMES

RETURN ^{OF THE} DEVIL

MARTIN POWELL

SEPPO MAKINEN



FROM THE CREATORS OF
SCARLET IN GASLIGHT



QUIET -- YOU BLAGGERS!

WE DONT WINNA MAKE THE WHOLE SLEEPING CITY!

IS THE DEED ACCOMPLISHED MR. RYDERS

THAT HNT AN ANSWER, MR. RYDER

YE GIVINE A FREHT, YD'D, GUM!

LHH... RIGHT YAKE, GUM... LHH, B-BEGGIN YER PARDON...

... WE'IS ALMOST DONE GUM... JUST SOME LEIS TA HAMMER DOWN

VERY WELL...

THIS IS TO BE THE LAST, PD YOU UNDERSTAND?

YOU'LL BE AND THE USUAL WAY, ZASSY ON...

YES... JUST AS GAY.

I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE...

ON THIS CITY...

AND...

UPON MASTER SHERLOCK HOLMES.

LHH, Y-YESSUH ... JUST AS YOU SAY, GUM.



YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT, VIOLET!
TONIGHT WAS YOUR
BEST PERFORMANCE
OF THE SEASON!

MY MOST
ENERGETIC, AT
ANY RATE. I AM
EXHAUSTED!



YOU WORRY AS
MUCH AS OUR
MOTHER DID!

I'M JUST
TIRED, RONNIE.
REALLY, THAT'S
ALL.

NO COCOA
TONIGHT, MA'N... I'M
GOING STRAIGHT
TO BED!

YES,
MAM.

VIOLET, DEAR
—ARE YOU ILL?
YOU'RE SUDDENLY
SO PALE.



DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME.



I'LL BE ALL
RIGHT.





EXCELLENT, MR. HOLMES!

I'M RELIEVED THAT YOU SURVIVED THE CLIMB. THESE CLIFFS CAN BE QUITE DANGEROUS.



DANGER IS PART OF MY TRADE, PROFESSOR MORTARTY.

WHAT, THIS ISN'T MERCE SPRINGART...



...IT IS YOUR
INEVITABLE
DESTRUCTION!

NO!

LANSBURY!!

THE GAME
IS UP,
MORIARTY!

HARDLY.
YOU ALWAYS
WERE A
FOOL.

GET...GET
IT OFF...

FRIGHTENED,
MR. HOLMES...

YOU
SHOULD
BE.

IT GLADDENS
ME THAT I CAN
STILL SURPRISE
YOU...

YOU'VE NEVER TRULY REALIZED WHAT YOU HAVE FOUGHT AGAINST...

...MINE IS A MIGHTY ORGANIZATION -- THE EXTENT OF WHICH YOU COULD NEVER COMPREHEND!

TIME FOR YOU TO LEARN!

FAREWELL, MR. HOLMES...

WELCOME TO HELL!!

HOLMES...

HOLMES...?

WAKE UP,
HOLMES.

YOU'RE HAVING
A NIGHTMARE?

HOLMES!

UH-HH...
UH-HH...

IT'S JUST WATSON...
EVERYTHING'S ALL
RIGHT...

UH-HH...
UH-HH...?

WHAT...WHAT
IS IT? WHAT'RE
YOU DOING IN
HERE?

THERE'S A
GUEST IN THE
SITTING ROOM...
SOME KIND OF EMER-
GENCY, SHE SAYS. I
THOUGHT IT BEST
TO WAKE YOU.

DID YOU
SAY IT'S A
WOMAN?

WATSON!
QUICKLY!

ER...YES, YES.
SHE'S VERY FRIGHTENED.
I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU
CAN HELP HER.

WE'RE BEING
SURVEILLANCED!

DIDN'T YOU
LEAVE A LAMP
BURNING?

OF COURSE I
DID. DO YOU SUP-
POSE SHE CHANGED
HER MIND AND
LEFT?



Return of the **DMC**

SURPRISE,
HOLMES!!
HAPPY
ANNIVERSARY!

HAPPY 25TH

WRITTEN BY MARTIN POWELL
ILLUSTRATED BY DEEPO MAKHNEY
LETTERED BY MIKE DELAPINE
EDITED BY CHENG LILM

BASED ON THE CHARACTERS
CREATED BY SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE.

I HOPE YOU AREN'T
ANGRY WITH ME, OLD
FRIEND

CONGRATULATIONS,
MR HOLMES! I PASSED
THE QUARTER CENTURY
MARK IN THIS BUSINESS
MYSELF JUST LAST YEAR

MYCROFT... I
PREDUCE YOU
MASTERMINDED
THIS REGULAR
ARRANGEMENT.

BUT OF COURSE,
SHERLOCK! I KNEW EVEN
YOU WOULD NEVER SUSPECT
SUCH A GATHERING AT
FOUR IN THE MORNING!

WHO BETTER TO
KNOW A MAN THAN
HIS BUSINESS?

AND NOW, GENTLE-
MEN, I PROPOSE A
TOAST...

I HAVE SEEN YOU
HANDLE A GOOD MANY
CASES OVER THE
YEARS, MR. HOLMES...

JUST A MOMENT,
DOCTOR. IF YOU'LL
ALLOW ME, I'D LIKE TO GO FIRST.

... AND MORE THAN
A FEW TIMES YOU HAVE
DISCOVERED CLUES
WHEN I, AND MY FELLOW
POLICEMEN WERE
COMPLETELY
BUZZED.

WE'RE PROUD
OF YOU.

THANK YOU...
INSPECTOR LESTRADE

Thank you

I ONLY
REGRET THAT
WE FAIL TO MENTION
IT ENOUGH.

WE'RE NOT
JEALOUS OF YOU
AT SCOTLAND YARD
... NO, SIR.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, HOLMES?

MAKE A WISH AND BLOW OUT THE CANDLES!

TIME TO MAKE IT ALL OFFICIAL, GENTLEMEN!

BROOD, HOLMES! WHAT DID YOU WISH FOR?

DON'T TELL HIM, SUE -- OR IT WON'T COME TRUE!

I WISHN'T THERE FROM THE VERY BEGINNING OF YOUR CAREER, HOLMES, BUT I HOPE TO SHARE THE NEXT 25 YEARS WITH YOU!

THAT SHOULD PROVE INTERESTING, MY FRIEND.

YOU'RE SUCH AN UNBEGGLE, LESTRANGE!

A wish...

MORE WELL-WISHES, HOLMES?

THIS WAS HAND-DELIVERED ABOUT 'ALF AN HOUR AGO, SUE. ANOTHER SURPRISE?

NO.





THANK YOU FOR RESPONDING SO QUICKLY, SHER--AH, MR. HOLMES.

I HAD HOPED OUR FIRST ASSOCIATION WOULD KINDLE YOUR INTEREST.

THIS IS...
UNEXPECTED,
MISS ADLER.



TRY AND REST, VIOLET. PLEASE. YOU MAY TRUST MR. HOLMES. I KNOW I'M LEAVING YOU IN GOOD HANDS.

I'VE NEVER
FORGOT THIS...
DREAM



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU...

NONSENSE, VERONICA. I'LL COME BY AGAIN TOMORROW.

IT'S BEEN WONDERFUL SEEING YOU AGAIN, MR. HOLMES.

I'M DELIGHTED THAT I CAN STILL TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE.



NOW THEN, MISS FORTNER, I KNOW THAT KEVIN ADLER IS NOT A WOMAN PRONE TO HYSTERICS...

...AND I CAN SEE BY YOUR MANNER THAT YOU ARE SUFFERING GREAT ANXIETY.

IF YOU WISH TO CONFIDE IN ME, I PROMISE TO DO MY BEST TO HELP YOU.



INDEED.

WATSON, WOULD YOU TAKE MISS FORTNER'S PULSE? SHE LOOKS QUITE PAINT, AT THE MOMENT.

MR. HOLMES...
...IF ONLY YOU
COULD HELP ME!

IF ONLY YOU
CAN TELL ME
THAT I'M NOT
GOING MAD!!!



YOU DON'T STRIKE ME AS MAD, MISS FORTIER.

HAVE FAITH IN ME AND TELL ME WHAT HAS FRIGHTENED YOU SO.

"I'LL DO MY BEST, MR. HOLMES."

"LAST EVENING'S PERFORMANCE WAS VERY THING-I TOOK A HOT BATH AND HOPED OF GOING TO BED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

"I'D HAD A STRANGE FEELING ALL NIGHT--EVEN DURING THE CONCERT..."

"...SOME VAGUE WEAKNESS, AND A NERVOUS CRAWLING ON MY SKIN."

"AS IF SOMETHING TERRIBLE WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN."

"I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT...
I STILL CAN HARDLY IMAGINE
IT WAS REAL!"

"BUT I COULD HEAR ITS
EVIL LAUGH... I SMELLED
THE BRIMSTONE OF HIS
HOT, FETID BREATH..."

"IT WAS THE
DEVIL HIMSELF..."

"...RIGHT BEFORE
MY EYES!"

"OH GOD-- MRS.
HOLMES... I DON'T
KNOW IF I CAN LIVE
AFTER LOOKING INTO
THAT FACE!"

"A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE, HOLMES,
BUT GLADLY THE MRS. LADY ONLY
HAD A NIGHTMARE OR AN HALLU-
CINATION."

"WE HAVE BEEN
WITNESS TO STRANGER
THINGS, WATSON."

"TO BE A TRUE
SKEPTIC, A DETECTIVE
SHOULD NEVER DIS-
BELIEVE THE
EXISTENCE OF
ANYTHING."

"I ALWAYS CHOOSE
TO LET THE FACTS
CONVINCE ME."

YOU... YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, MR HOLMES...?

I'M CONVINCED THAT YOU BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAW WAS REAL, MISS FORTNER.

HOWEVER, I CAN FIND NO TRACE OF AN INTRUDER ON YOUR BALCONY.

KEEP ME INFORMED OF ANY FUTURE APPARITIONS. COME ALONG, WATSON.

I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL EXPLAIN ITSELF. YOU SHOULD TRY TO REST NOW.

I KNOW IT MUST NOW SEEM FOOLISH THAT WE SUMMONED YOU ON SO VAGUE A PROBLEM, MR HOLMES. IF MISS HADN'T INSISTED, I'D NEVER HAVE TROUBLED YOU.

AS A YOUNG GIRL MY SISTER DEVoured HORROR FICTION... AND OUR OLD NURSE KEPT HER ENTERTAINED WITH TALES OF MURDER-HEADED JACK'S.

SHE'S ALWAYS HAD AN AESTHETIC TEMPERAMENT, AND IS HIGHLY IMAGINATIVE.

I SEE.

I APPRECIATE YOUR CAREFUL ALL THE SAME, WATCH YOUR GUESTS CAREFULLY.

I WILL, SIR, AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE... AND YOURS, TOO, DR. WATSON.

IT HAS BEEN OUR PLEASURE, MISS FORTNER. I HOPE WE MEET AGAIN UNDER MORE PLEASANT CONDITIONS.

AND, I... I WISH THAT, TOO, DOCTOR.



WHAT A VERY HANDSOME WOMAN! HOW OLD DO YOU THINK SHE IS, HOLLAND?



I HARDLY SEE HOW THE LADY'S AGE PROGRESSES INTO HER SISTER'S PROBLEM, DOCTOR.

I KNOW.

I SUPPOSE I'M STILL MISSING MY POOR MARY.



STILL, MISS PORTER SEEMED PLEASED WHEN I SUGGESTED WE MIGHT MEET AGAIN...

I WONDER IF SHE MEANT IT?



VOLET, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU NEED?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING--? ARE YOU MISSING SOMETHING UNDER THAT PILLOW?

WHAT--?



OF COURSE NOT... DON'T BE SUPERSTICIOUS.

Violet...?

BUT-- I'M CERTAIN THAT I SAW--

STOP IT!

GET AWAY FROM ME!

KONNIE... PLEASE...

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.

ALL RIGHT, VIOLET, BEAR UP IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.

WHO...?

WHOM THERE...?

No.

Not again...



KERASH!!

YOU MAY GO TO
BED NOW, ANN. I'LL
WANT YOU TO FETCH
DR. LOOK AT FIRST
LIGHT.

YES,
MUM.

WHAT...WHAT
WAS THAT!

GOIN' LIKE
BREAKIN' ALIAS, MUM
-- FROM MISS VIOLET'S
ROOM!

OH MY GOD...

VIOLET!

VIOLET...

OH GOD...NO...

WHY...?



... AND SO WE COMEND
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
VIOLET MARIE FORTIER TO
THE EARTH.

OH, GRIEVE...
WHERE IS THY
VICTORY??

DEATH... WHERE
IS THY STING?

AMEN.

MY DEAREST
SISTER...

WHY...?

WHY??

MRS FORTIER...

PLEASE ACCEPT MY
SYMPATHY. I SHOULD
HAVE TREATED THIS
CASE MUCH MORE
SERIOUSLY.

I'M... VERY
SORRY.

I DON'T BLAME
YOU, MR. HOLMES.

VIOLET COMMITTED
SUICIDE.

HOW COULD YOU HAVE KNOWN THE
DEPTH OF HER DESPAIR WHEN I WAS
LEADING YOU
OF IT?

I DID MY SISTER
A TERRIBLE
INJUSTICE, MR. HOLMES.

I'M THE
GUILTY
ONE,
NOT YOU.









HE WAS HERE
... ON THE
STREET.

MURKIN
WAS HERE!

HOLMES... THAT'S
IMPESSIBLE MURKIN
DIED THIRTEEN
YEARS AGO!

I KNOW
WHAT I SAW
WATSON!

WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

HOLMES... ?

LET ME
ALONE
WATSON!

HOLMES...
PLEASE!

LET ME
HELP YOU!

NORMAN...

ALIVE!

BUT HOW...?

AM I GOING MAD?

HAPPY 25



SO LONG...

ANNIVERSARY

SO MANY YEARS
AMID THE
HAPPY...

NO!!

I'M SORRY,
WILSON.

I KNOW I HAVE
PROMISED YOU...

BUT... I CAN'T
STAMP IT
ANYMORE.



ADD... WATSON...

I'M SO
GORYRY.

SHERLOCK--??

WENEE?

WHAT...
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I SAID THAT
THE COACHMAN
IS WAITING.
FEARIST.

OH, DARLING!
THIS IS THE BEST
ANNIVERSARY WE'VE
EVER HAD! MARRIED
FIVE WHOLE YEARS
...JUST THINK
OF IT!

I LOVE YOU
SO MUCH!

AND I LOVE YOU...

MY WIFE.

TO BE
CONCEIVED.

I ARRIVED AT BAKER STREET WEARY AND DEJECTED, DISAPPOINTED AT HOLMES' FAILURE TO ANSWER MY LETTERS.



THE CLUES HAD BEEN THERE RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES, BUT I COULDN'T SEE...

...I COULD NEVER HAVE KNOWN THAT OUR LONG ASSOCIATION WAS ABOUT TO END.

HOLMES--IF I'VE FORGOTTEN MY KEY...

HOLMES? LET ME IN!



A TRAGIC OUTBREAK OF ANIMALS KEPT ME OCCUPIED PLACING THE EARLY WINGS OF SPRINGS IN 1908...



AND IT HAD BEEN OVER A MONTH SINCE I HAD SEEN MY FRIEND, MISTER SHERLOCK HOLMES.



WHO--
WATSON...?

GO AWAY!
YOU CAN'T STAY HERE!









HOLMES...!

...YOU HAVE TO WAKE UP...!

YOU MUST TRY...

HOLMES...!

OH SHERLOCK...

RETURN OF THE

Revelation

MARTIN POWELL..... WRITER
SEPPU MAKINEN..... ARTIST
M. ANTHONY D'ALEPINE..... LETTERER

BASED ON THE CHARACTERS
CREATED BY
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



WHAT'S
WRONG,
PRECIOUS?

DADDY WENT AWAY
AND WAS LOST... HE
COULDN'T COME HOME.

IT WAS
JUST A BAD
DREAM.

I'LL NEVER
GO AWAY,
VIDE-SIT.

NEVER...



I'M SORRY, SIR,
MAYBEZ CROWLEY
ISNT BEHAVING
WELL2ES TODAY.

YOU MISUNDERSTAND
ME.

THAT WAS A
REQUEST.

YOU OBVIOUSLY
DONT KNOW ME.

I DO, SIR...
I'M AFRAID...



TRAITORY!

I SHOULD
KILL YOU FOR
YOUR LIES!

THIS IS
INTOLERABLE, SIR!

YOU ARE SURELY A
LIAR! — IF YOU SERIOUSLY
BELIEVE YOU CAN THROTTLE
ME IN MY OWN HOME!

I ASSURE
YOU, I'M VERY
SERIOUS.

SO I SEE,
YOU HAVE
NERVE —
NOT BRAINS.

STILL... NO
ONE THREATENS
ALEXISER
CROWLEY...

...PARTICULARLY
DURING THE GARGATH
RITUAL!

ALEXISER'S LIFE MEANS
VERY LITTLE, BUT HIS
IS UNDYING IN HIS
LOYALTY TO ME.

RELEASE HIM
AND I'LL GRANT
YOU AN
AUDIENCE.

YOU MUST THINK
ME A FOOL!



OF COURSE!

I KNOW OF YOUR PROBLEMS IN MY RELIGION...

...PERHAPS, I CAN RATTLE YOUR LACK OF FAITH!

'SHEZBURS BY 'ASHNOPELUS... LIBERA NOS A MALO...

'LIBERA NOS, QUES BLAVUS, L'LIBERER... CHAVIRUS MALO...!!

YOU'RE A FUGALUS CROWLEY!

LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU REQUEST THE DEED!

WHA...?

NOW, DO YOU REALLY WANT TO SEE THAT OLD MAN?



MURK IS DEAD! THE DEVIL IS DEAD!
YOU'LL KNOW THE TRUTH SOON... FOR YOU ALREADY BELONG TO HIM!

BUT, OF COURSE I'LL ANSWER YOU!

YOU'VE MUCH WISDOM TO BRING INTO THIS WORLD... BEFORE YOU LEAVE IT.

HELP... HELP ME...!

YOUR PRISONS NEVER RECEIVED ME, I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE.

YOUR ENEMYS WILL BE STRANGER THAN I EXPECTED! SHERLOCK HOLMES STILL LIVES... AND YOU WANT HIM DEAD!

SON, MURK IS A ALON, SLOW DEATH... IT'S ALL HERE... AND IT'S ALL YOURS, LIKE WHAT I'VE SOLD TO YOU BEFORE...

FOR A PRICE.

WARRICK!
WHAT'RE YOU DOING HEREBY?





DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, JOHN. PLEASEST...

I HAD TO BE WITH YOU!



MR. HOLMES ISN'T GETTING WELL... IS HE? THERE'S TOO MUCH WORRY IN YOUR EYES. HOW BAD IS IT, JOHN?

I'VE SENT ALL I CAN...



I CAN'T EVEN IDENTIFY THE SHOOTINGS... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS!

HOLMES HADN'T REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS IN THREE DAYS... HIS FEVER IS WORSE AND HE KEEPS MUTTERING YOUR POOR SISTER'S NAME...

AND HE CALLS OUT FOR IRVINE APLEY...



I'VE SENT HER OVER A DOZEN TELEGRAMS... WHY DOESN'T SHE LOVE ME?

JOHN...

REMEMBER HOW YOU'VE SUGGESTED THAT MR. HOLMES' LOCAL ACCENT MAY HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SLEEPING ILLNESS?



AFTER MR. FLAHERTY FOUND THIS AMONG MY SISTER'S BELONGINGS...

YOUR MOTHER...
WAS AN ARTIST...
HOW DID SHE KEEP
THIS FROM YOU?

I... BLAMELESS
JOHN... I DON'T WANT
TO BELIEVE IT.

IF I HAD ONLY
CONFRONTED VIOLET
--MADE HER FACE
IT... IF I HAD ONLY
TALKED TO HER..

... SHE MIGHT NOT
HAVE DIED?



ROBBIE... THAT'S NOT
TRUE. HOLMES CONCEALED
HIS COGNAC ABUSE
FROM ME FOR YEARS.

IT'S ALL
OUR FAULT.

I WISH I
COULD BE SO
CERTAIN,
JOHN.

STILL... IT'S TRAGI-
CALLY ABOVE, WENT IT'S THAT
BOTH OF THEM HAD A GO-
ING PROBLEM... AND THAT
THIS MADNESS FOLLOWED
MR. HOLMES AFTER
CALMING POOR VIOLET
TO TAKE HER OWN LIFE.

I WISH, SOMEHOW,
I COULD HELP HER.



I THINK,
PERHAPS... YOU
ALREADY
HAVE.



I DON'T MIND SAYING THAT I'VE ALWAYS HAD A RESPECT FOR THIS KIND OF THING, DR. WATSON.

FRESH COFFINS ARE ONE THING... BUT I'LL NEVER GET USED TO THIS.

I APPRECIATE YOUR QUICK WORK IN OBTAINING THE EXHUMATION ORDER, LEIGHTON.



IT WASN'T DIFFICULT, DOCTOR. AFTER LEARNING THAT THIS MAY HELP AND HOLLERS, THE COMMISSIONER WAS A READY WARRIOR WILLING TO SIGN THE PAPER... AND THE PRINCE'S SISTER GAVE HER PERMISSION IMMEDIATELY.

FLANNY... IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE COLE IS IT?



I CAN FEEL IT COMING LOOSE... STEADY WITH THAT LIGHT...!



HEM...


OO... YOU THINK MURDER, THAT THE LADY WAS POISONED, DOCTOR?

IS THAT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MR. HOLMES?

A TISSUE SAMPLE SHOULD TELL US, INSPECTOR...



WE'LL KNOW VERY SOON...



I HAVE, AT LAST, SUCCEEDED IN ISOLATING, AND POSSIBLY IDENTIFYING THE REASON RESPONSIBLE FOR HOLMES' ILLNESS...

...IT IS THE SAME SUBSTANCE WHICH CAUSED VOLST FORTIER TO TAKE HER OWN LIFE.



THERE HAVE BEEN OVER 100 MEDICAL CASES IN LONDON OF SUDDEN MADNESS, AND SUICIDE, ALL TAKING PLACE WITHIN THE LAST TWO MONTHS.

ALL THOSE WHO SUFFERED WERE COCAINE USERS.



HAVE YOU DISCOVERED ANYTHING, JOHN?

ENOUGH, I THINK. USING HOLMES' OWN METHOD, I BELIEVE I'VE TRACED THIS PLAGUE TO ITS SOURCE!



SOMEHOW, LONDON'S ENTIRE COCAINE SUPPLY HAS BEEN TAMPERED WITH, LACED WITH ANOTHER DRUG...

...IT APPEARS TO BE A SYNTHETIC ACID, SIMILAR IN ITS EFFECT TO THE 'REVEAL' OF FOOT ROOT, ONLY MUCH MORE PAINFUL.



THIS NEW DRUG IS CAPABLE OF INDUCING EXTREMELY VIVID HALLUCINATIONS IN THE LIXONGICIOUS MIND OF THE USER.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!





HAVE I HURT YOU
SOMEHOW? YOU'VE SPENT
MORE OF YOUR TIME AMONG
YOUR BEES... VIOLET AND
I FEEL NEGLECTED.

IT'S NOTHING
THAT YOU'VE DONE...

I'M AFRAID IT'S
TIME FOR ME TO
LEAVE.

NO!!

WHAT WILL
BECOME OF US...?!
I WON'T LET
YOU GO!!

I REGRET
... THAT I
MUST.

I'M SORRY.

I MUST
GO BACK.

WATSON...?

OO... IT HAD
COME TO THIS,
MR. HOLMES.

SEEMS THAT
I MUST GIVE THIS
FINAL BLOW
MYSELF.

...MURKIN?

DO YOU ADVISE
ME?

I'M QUITE SURPRISED
... ESPECIALLY AS YOU
HAVEN'T BEEN IN YOUR
PREFERS AMID FOR
SOME TIME.

TRULY, I
NEVER BELIEVED
THAT PERSONAL
CONFRONTATIONS
WERE PART OF
YOUR METHOD...

BUT, IN EVERY
OTHER SENSE, YOU
ARE A PURE
GENIUS.

TO ALREADY PREDICT
YOUR SCHEME OF REVENGE
NEEDS AGO!

I KNEW YOU'D BEEN
RECENTLY RELEASED
FROM PRISON
... I ADMIRE YOU HAD USED
YOUR LATE BROTHER'S
EVIL INFLUENCE TO POISON
LONDON'S ENTIRE COCAINE
SUPPLY CHAIN TO GET
AT ME!

MAY BE DEAD
OR MIA BECAUSE
OF YOU!

NO, BECAUSE
OF YOU!

NO!!!

YES... I KNOW
YOU, MR. MURKIN!
AS THE SUCCESSOR
OF THE GREAT
CRIMINAL MIND OF
HIS GENERATION...
THE PHYSICAL
RESEMBLANCE IS UN-
DENIABLE...







EPILOGUE

DR. WATSON, I RECEIVED YOUR TELEGRAM...

HE'S GONE MISS APLEY.

HOLMES HAS RETIRED. HE'S LEFT LONDON.

RETRIEVED YOUR MESSAGE AND THAT HE WAS ALL... THAT EVEN HIS LIFE WAS IN DANGER...!

HOLMES WAS SO... HE STILL HAIN'T FULLY RECOVERED. HE MAY NEVER BE COMPLETELY WELL...

HE ASKED FOR YOU BERRY EARLY. YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE.

I CAME AS QUICKLY AS I COULD PLEASE BELIEVE ME, DR. WATSON! IF I'D ONLY KNOWN BEFORE I LEFT FOR THE CONTINENT!

PLEASE... TELL ME WHERE HE IS, SO I MAY GO TO HIM!

AS HOLMES RECOVERS, I CAN'T ALLOW THAT. I'M SORRY...

...HOLMES DOESN'T WANT TO SEE YOU.

THUS, MY FINAL ADVENTURE WITH THE GREAT-OLD HOLMES QUARTETLY ENDED.



FOR HIMSELF, A DEEP HAPPINESS CAME FROM THIS DARK TRAGEDY...

FOR VERONICA BECAME MY WIFE

MRS. HURSON CONTINUED HER CAREER, PLAYING TO WELL-OILT HOUSES IN THE GREAT THEATERS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.



SHE HAS NEVER RETURNED TO ENGLAND.



AS FOR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES... HE HAS DEVOTED HIS REMAINING YEARS AMONG HIS OLD BOOKS AND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

MRS. HURSON FULLY RECOVERED FROM THE ORdeal, AND FOLLOWED HOLMES TO A BEAC FARM ON THE SUSSEX COASTS AS HIS HOUSE-KEEPER.

PERHAPS HIS ONLY SOLACE REMAINS IN THE COCAINE BOTTLE.



ALTHOUGH, I HADN'T KNOWN OF HIM EVER TO TAKE IT AGAIN.

LESTRADE RECEIVED THE CREDIT FOR SOLVING MORGAN'S WICKED SCHEME...



I FOUND A LOVING WIFE...

WHAT REMAINED FOR HOLMES?



END

SHERLOCK HOLMES
AND THE
LOCH NESS
HORROR



The Loch Ness Horror

"The SPEAR OF DESTINY"

HALT!!

written by MARTIN POWELL
illustrated by SEPPO MÄKINEN
inked by SEPPO MÄKINEN
lettered by SUSAN CORNE

Based on characters
created by
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

NONE
MAY APPROACH
THE NAZARENE!

PROLOGUE: GOLGOTHA, 33 A.D.

THE PLACE OF THE SKULL.

YOU'RE
OUT OF YOUR
JURISDICTION. CEN-
TURION SUCH MANDATES
DO NOT APPLY TO
THE HOLY
BANNEDIN.

I
ASSURE YOU
THESE ORDERS ARE
QUITE VALID,
CAIAPHAS.

PONTIUS
PILATE
HIMSELF HAS
SO DECREED!
NOW STAND
CLEAR!

YOUR
IGNORANCE
OF OUR LAWS
IS INTOLER-
ABLE!

BEHOLD!
WE CARRY THE SPEAR
OF THE PROPHECY
AS TALISMAN OF POWER
AND AUTHORITY OF
KING HEROD
ANTIPAS!

THE
NAZARENE'S
LIMBS MUST BE
BROKEN BEFORE
SUNSET! WE
DEMAND
PASSAGE!

YOU COWARDS
HAD BEATEN HALF
THE LIFE OUT OF THIS
TEW BEFORE HE WAS
EVEN SENTENCED!

AND STILL
HE WENT TO
HIS CROSS WITH
MORE COURAGE
THAN I'VE EVER
SEEN ON THE
BATTLEFIELD!

WELL, YOU
DON'T HAVE TO
BE AFRAID OF
HIM ANY
LONGER.

HE'S
ALREADY
DEAD.

JACKALS!

ROME
IS THE ONLY
LAW!!



YOU DON'T NEED TO MUTILATE HIM FURTHER ...

BREAK HIS LEGS ...

... OR HACK HIM TO PIECES ...

THERE!!

IT IS FINISHED!

...uggghh...

...the blood...

...his blood

in my eyes ...

MY EYES!!

MY... MY WOUNDED EYE -- 17 TEN YEARS AGO I WAS HALF-BLUNDED ...

SO THAT NOW I MAY SEE MORE CLEARLY ...!

TRULY
HE WAS
THE SON OF
GOD.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS,
1907 A.D.

"... BUT
WHEN THEY CAME
TO JESUS, THEY SAW
THAT HE WAS ALREADY
DEAD AND DID
NOT BREAK HIS LEGS.

"... BUT A SOLDIER
OPENED HIS SIDE
WITH A LANCE AND
THERE FLOWED OUT
AN ABUNDANCE
OF BLOOD
AND WATER.

"THIS CAME TO PASS
IN FULFILLMENT OF
THE SCRIPTURE, 'NOT
A BONE OF HIM
SHALL YOU
BREAK.'

"AND THEY SHALL
LOOK UPON HIM
WHOM THEY
HAVE
PERCED."

AMEN



In nomine Patris,
et filii, et
Spiritus
Sancti...

libera
me, nois
a malo...

BLESSED
MOTHER...

...I CAN'T
BE REAL...
I'M NOT IN
THIS HOLY
PLACE...!



YYYAAAGHHHAAA!



KRRSSPP...





WHAT DID YOU SAY...?

YES... Ohhh YESSSSS

WH-WHAT ...?

...I UNDERSTAND.



THANK GOD! --!

MAGDALENE --WAIT FOR MEESSE!!

MAGDALENE!!



GOD... uhkk...

...uhkk...

KEEP HER...

...out of the Grimpen mire...



...humpf... uggk...

Mag... unnh...

Magdalena...?



NO.



BASTARDS!!

SHE'S ONLY A BABY!
--!

...she's my baby...

sh-she...

LOCH NESS, SCOTLAND.

...Nomn
-hebbed
Omias Omum
Ech dos
Khausu...

Ankh
Y-n-Apnsu
...!!

A-rah nos nubet
Aiwees!

Hepu-
Em-Akhet
--HORUS!!

Horus is!
Nor Meri!
Nor Nuut!!

AT LAST!

...
THE
SPEAR THAT
SPILLED THE
BLOOD OF
GOD!!

REVELATIONS,
CHAPTER
THIRTEEN,
VERSE
FOUR...

"AND LO
THE WORLD
WORSHIPPED THE
DRAGON, FOR HE SAWE
POWER TO THE BEAST
AND ALL BOWED DOWN
TO HIM, SAYING NO
ONE IS GREATER
THAN THE
BEAST..."

...AND
NO ONE CAN
HOPE TO
FIGHT
AGAINST
HIM!!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

THE
VATICAN
THREE
NIGHTS
LATER



I HAD BELIEVED THIS BUILDING TO BE QUITE IMPENETRABLE. MR HOLMES MY GENTRIES CON- FESSED THAT THEY SAW NOTHING DURING YOUR, AH, ARRIVAL.

THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED THEM TO SEE, YOUR HOLINESS.

YES, OF COURSE YOU DESERVE YOUR REPUTATION, SIR.

BEFORE GOING FURTHER, I THINK, PERHAPS A WORD OF CAUTION MAY BE NECESSARY.

AS I STATED IN MY WIRE, OUR CONTACT MUST REMAIN ABSOLUTELY CONFIDENTIAL.

YOU MAY RELY UPON MY DISCRETION, YOUR HOLINESS.



THANK YOU, SIR.

I HESITATED BEFORE SENDING THAT CABLE, HAVING READ THAT YOU WERE NO LONGER PROFESSIONALLY ACTIVE, BUT FRANKLY THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE TO CONSIDER. YOU ARE ONE OF A KIND, MR HOLMES.

YOUR FAITH IS HIGHLY APPRECIATED, YOUR HOLINESS.

I TRUST I WILL DO IT JUSTICE.

OF THAT, I HAVE LITTLE DOUBT.

NOW TAKE HEED, MR HOLMES, AND PRESERVE YOURSELF.



— YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE THINGS WHICH NO LAYMAN HAS EVER WITNESSED.





I TOUCHED NOTHING
MR HOLMES, EVERY-
THING IS EXACTLY
AS IT WAS WHEN
I ... FOUND
HIM.

CARDINAL
LUCKETT WAS
MY FRIEND IT'S
BEEN... DIFFICULT
LEAVING HIM
THERE.



YOU
DID QUITE
RIGHT, YOUR
HOLINESS.

ASIDE
FROM THE
DECEASED
WHO ELSE
HAS ACCESS
TO THIS
CHAMBER?



POOR
LUCKETT
AND MYSELF
HOLD THE
ONLY KEYS,
MR HOLMES.

INDEED.

AM I
TO UNDER-
STAND THAT
THERE IS SOME
SUPERNATURAL
SIGNIFICANCE
TO THIS SHALLOU
6807104



A
RELIG-
IOUS
SIGNIF-
CANCE

THE
BAGIN
IS FILLED
WITH
WATER
FROM
LOURDE
KNOWN
FOR
ITS MIR-
ACULOUS
HEALING
POWER.

TELL ME
MR HOLMES,
IS THERE
SOME
CLUE
IDENTIFY-
ING WHO
OR WHAT
MURDERED
THIS
GOOD
MAN? IT
ALL
SEEMS
SO...
IMPOSSIBLE.



QUITE
SO.

BUT ONCE THE
IMPOSSIBLE IS ELIMINATED
WHATEVER REMAINS, HOW-
EVER IMPROBABLE...

...MUST
BE THE TRUTH.



IT WILL TAKE A LABORATORY ANALYSIS TO BE CERTAIN BUT UNLESS I AM VERY MUCH MISTAKEN, THIS SMAUDGE OF FRESH CLAY IS OF SCOTTISH ORIGIN.

SCOTLAND...? BUT—BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?




YOUR HOLINESS, I REALIZE YOU ARE BOUND BY YOURS OF SILENCE CONCERNING MANY THINGS HOUSED IN THE CATHEDRALS, SO, PERHAPS I CAN MAKE THIS SIMPLER FOR YOU.

FOR EXAMPLE, I SURMISE THAT IT IS NOT ONLY THIS BIZARRE MURDER THAT YOU WISH ME TO INVESTIGATE, BUT ALSO A RATHER INEXPLICABLE THEFT...




LEADING ME TO THE INEVITABLE DEDUCTION THAT THE LANCE OF THE CENTURION LEGI-ONARYS ALSO KNOWN AS THE SPEAR OF DESTINY WAS MOUNTED VERY RECENTLY UPON THIS BRONZE CRUCIFIX...

...AND HAS SINCE BEEN STOLEN.



"YOU NEEDN'T BE ASTONISHED, YOUR HOLINESS, THE LEGEND IS HARDLY A SECRET A VAGUE SPEAR-SHAPED OUTLINE OF DUST ON THE CROSS, IMPLIES THE RELIC'S REALITY."

"REMARKABLE, MR HOLMES! FEW MEN KNOW THAT THE ANCIENT PROPHET ISHMAEL FORGED THE SPEAR AS A SYMBOL OF POWER FOR GOD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE!"



"THE SPEAR WAS ALREADY OLD AS A TALISMAN OF VICTORY, WHEN IT WAS RAISED IN THE HAND OF JOSHUA AS THE WALLS OF JERICHO CRUMBLLED."



"A THOUSAND YEARS LATER, KING HEROD HELD IT AS A SYMBOL OF LIFE AND DEATH WHEN HE ORDERED THE MASSACRE OF INNOCENT CHILDREN THROUGHOUT JUDEA, IN HIS ATTEMPT TO SLAY THE CHRIST-CHILD.



"FINALLY, LONGINUS, THE ROMAN CENTURION, USED THE SPEAR FOR ITS TRUE DESTINY...

"... TO SHED THE HOLY BLOOD OF CHRIST, WHICH FLOWS TO REDEEM THE WORLD."



ACROSS THE CENTURIES, FROM CONSTANTINE THE GREAT TO CHARLEMAGNE, MANY LEADERS HAVE POSSESSED THE SPEAR... USING ITS POWER TO CHANGE THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF EUROPE.

WHEN IT BECAME KNOWN THAT HARLOW SOUGHT THE SACRED RELIC, THE CHURCH HID IT AWAY...

FOR WHOMEVER CLAIMS THE SPEAR, AND UNDERSTANDS ITS SECRETS, WILL HOLD THE DESTINY OF MANKIND IN HIS HANDS... FOR GOOD OR EVIL.

I... I SAUDDER TO IMAGINE WHO WILL BE NEXT TO MAKE ITS MYSTICAL MIGHT...!

THAT, IN ITSELF, COULD NARROW OUR SEARCH YOUR HOLINESS.

IT WAS THE RELIC THE INTRUDER WAS AFTER, SO HE MUST BE A RARE INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS ACQUIRED A VERY SPECIAL EDUCATION.

OBVIOUSLY, THE MURDER WAS INCIDENTAL.





THEN... YOU SEE SOME HOPE IN SOLVING THIS TRAGEDY, MR. HOLMES?


I WON'T DECEIVE YOU, YOUR HOLINESS. THIS CASE IS MYSTERIOUSLY TANGLED AND COMPLEX.

HOWEVER, IN TRUTH, THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

YES I HAVE HOPE.

"EXCELLENT, YOUR HOLINESS."

"I'LL USE THAT TIME TO MORE PROPERLY ANALYZE THAT SOIL SAMPLE."



"BEFORE I CAN PROCEED I'LL NEED WHATEVER LITERATURE THAT EXISTS ON THIS RELIC, AND A PICTURE OF IT, IF POSSIBLE."



"THAT CAN BE EASILY ACCOMPLISHED WITHIN THE HOUR, MR. HOLMES."



"... AND I WILL BE VERY MUCH SURPRISED IF I DON'T FIND MYSELF TRAVELLING SOON..."

"... TO SCOTLAND"

IT WAS DURING THE DISMAL AUTUMN OF 1907 WHEN A BIZARRE SERIES OF ANOMALOUS INCIDENTS CAME TO MY ATTENTION, REUNITING ME WITH MY OLD FRIEND, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.



MY LONDON MEDICAL PRACTICE HAD BEEN UNUSUALLY ARDUOUS, AND MY WIFE AND I WERE SPENDING A RARE QUIET EVENING IN OUR HOME...

BANG! BANG!

WHEN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF MY LIFE CAME LITERALLY CRASHING TO OUR DOORSTEP.



WHO COULD THAT BE AT THIS HOUR...?

GOOD HEAVENS!!



I ASSURE YOU THAT I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST NOTION, MY DEAR.

I'D BETTER GET TO THE DOOR BEFORE IT BREAKS OFF THE HINGES.

HURRY BACK, JOHN.

IT'S GETTING AWFULLY COLD IN HERE.

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

I'M ON MY WAY!



**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**





THANK GOD
IT'S NOT AS BAD
AS IT REALLY
LOOKS.

HE IS
SUFFERING FROM
EXPOSURE MOSTLY,
BUT IF PNEUMONIA
SETS IN, I DOUBT
HIS WEAK HEART
COULD STAND
IT.

JOHN,
YOU SPEAK
AS IF YOU
ALREADY
KNOW
THIS
MAN.



HIS NAME
IS SIR HENRY
BASKERVILLE.

WE MET
ON ONE OF HOLMES'
CASES. I DISTINCTLY
REMEMBER THAT HEART
DISEASE IS PREVALENT
IN SIR HENRY'S
FAMILY.

IT'S BEEN
YEARS, BUT EVEN
ALLOWING FOR THE
PASSAGE OF TIME,
HE IS TERRIBLY
CHANGED.



BEFORE HE PAINED,
DR. HENRY MANAGED
TO TELL ME THAT HIS
DAUGHTER HAS BEEN
ABDUCTED FROM
HIS ESTATE IN
DARTMOOR.

KIDNAPED!
THEN SHOULDN'T
WE CALL IN
SCOTLAND YARD?

APPARENTLY,
DR. HENRY HAS
ALREADY DONE
SO, AND FOUND
THEM MYSTERIOUSLY
UN-
COOPERATIVE.



I'LL HAVE TO GO WITH
SIR HENRY TO DARTMOOR
MYSELF. THE TRAIN
LEAVES AT DAWN.
MY DEAR MARY,
I RELY UPON YOU TO
SEND A TELEGRAM TO
ROOMS AT SUSSEX,
ASKING HIM TO
JOIN ME
THERE?

YES,
OF COURSE
JOHN, DEAR,
AND
WOULD YOU
DO SOMETHING
FOR ME, AS
WELLS?



PLEASE.

TAKE
THIS
WITH
YOU.



AND
COME BACK
TO ME.



READERS MAY BE FAMILIAR WITH SIR HENRY THROUGH MY ACCOUNT OF HIM IN THE GROTESQUE ADVENTURE OF THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.

HE STAYED SILENT DURING MOST OF OUR JOURNEY, WHISPERING ONLY A FEW WORDS OF GRATITUDE THAT I WAS ACCOMPANYING HIM.

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIS FRIGHTENED EYES THAT TROUBLED ME.

I WONDERED WHAT HE HAD SEEN.

—EXACTLY AS IT HAD NOW OVER SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS.

I WAS SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT HOLMES HAD NOT YET REPLIED TO OUR TELEGRAM.

BASKERVILLE HALL TOWERED OPPRESSIVELY IN THE HEAVY RAIN, BLEAK AND UNINVITING...

HURRY, WATSON! HURRY!

SIR HENRY—!! AS YOUR FRIEND AND PHYSICIAN I DESIRE YOU BACK TO THE HOUSE!

NO TIME! THERE'S NO TIME!

I NEED YOU TO SEE THIS—AND TO TELL ME THAT...

...I AM NOT INSANE!!



IT WAS A DENSE POCKET
OF FOG, SOMEHOW
WEIRDLY ANGIPORESCENT.

MY EYES ACTUALLY STUNG
FROM THE EBRE BLOW-OF IT.



AS HENRY DRAGGED ME WITH
HIM TOWARD THE PHENOMENON,
WEDLY DEMANDING TO KNOW
THE TIME.

HURDING HIM,
I GLANCED AT
MY WATCH.

IT WAS NEARLY
NOON.



HE CONTINUED TO
BABBLE INDIFFERENTLY
ABOUT DEVILS AND
HIS DAUGHTER.

AND WITH A FINAL
FLUD, WE WERE
IMMERSED INTO THE
STRANGE MYST.



I...I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND.

SIR
HENRY...
WHAT IS THIS
PLACE?

WAIT
WATSON...
JUST
WAIT...!

YOU
WILL...

YOU
WILL...



GOOD LORD...!!



ALL I COULD DO WAS PANIC.

THE FOUR THING WAS SURROUNDING US, LASHING THROUGH THE WATER LIKE A HORDE OF RAY NET SNAKES...

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



AS A SULPHUROUS STENCH BURNED DOWN MY THROAT, CHOKING MY LUNGS.

THEN, ABRUPTLY, I WAS IN THE OPEN AIR.

tee-hee-hee...



SIR HENRY--?

I... I'M ALL RIGHT.

YOUR WATCH, WATSON...

...LOOK AT YOUR WATCH...

IT WAS INEXPLICABLE.

WE HAD BEEN INSIDE THE MIST FOR A FEW MOMENTS... YET... NOW OVER FOUR HOURS HAD PASSED.



AMAZING! THE RAIN HAD STOPPED... AND EVEN OUR CLOTHES ARE DRY!

SUSAN NEILL--?

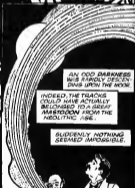
BUT... BUT NOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT HERE ALONE ON THE MOOR?



BEGGIN' YA PARDN', SIR HENRY, D'CH'T ME IN TA LFF AT'CH!

I'M JUST WAITIN' FOR TH' BIG FURRY ELEPHANT T' COME BACK!



AN ODD DARKNESS WAS EARLYLY DESCENDING UPON THE MOOR.

INDEED, THE TRACKS COULD HAVE ACTUALLY BELONGED TO A GREAT ANTIQUITY FROM THE MEGALITHIC AGE.

SUDDENLY NOTHING SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE.



Y'SEE--?

HE CAME OUTA TH' FOG AND MARCHED TA TH' GRIMP'N MIRE!





AFTER INSISTING THAT SIR HENRY REMAIN AT BASKERVILLE HALL... I ESCORTED LITTLE SUSAN SAFELY TO HER HOME.

I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND DR. MORTIMER, AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE FROM THE HOUND ADVENTURE, TREATING THE GIRL'S MOTHER IN HER SICKBED.



MORTIMER EXPLAINED THAT THE YOUNG WIDOW HAD BEEN TENDING HER SHEEP JUST YESTERDAY, WHEN SHE ENCOUNTERED A SLOWING CLOUD OF FOG...

...ENSHROUDING HER LIKE A LIVING CREATURE.

OVERNIGHT, SHE HAD CHANGED.

NEGLECTING HER DAUGHTER, BECOMING WEAK AND FRAIL, SHE EVEN SEEMED TO SUFFER FROM EXAGGERATED SYMPTOMS OF PREGNANCY...



...COMBINED WITH UNEXPECTED SEIZURES OF RAGE AND AUGMENTED STRENGTH.

AAAAAGGGHHH!

MMHHH--!







**GOD
HELP
MEEEEEEE--!**

MY FIRST DAY IN
BARTMOOR WAS DEPRESSIVELY
DRAWING TO AN END... AND
STILL THERE WAS NO WORD
FROM HOLMES.

IN A DREAMLIKE INSTANT
IT WAS OVER.

I DOUBTED MY OWN
SINKS... MY VERY
SANFYY AT WHAT I
HAD WITNESSED.

WHEN I DEPARTED
THE GIRL'S MOTHER
WAS ASLEEP... WITH
HER SAVAGE SYMPTOMS
SUBSIDED.

DR. MORTIMER
AND I HARDLY
SPOKE AS HE
WALKED ME TO
THE DOOR.

I ANXIOUSLY
WISHED HE WAS
THERE WITH ME.





BE CAREFUL
WHAT YOU
WISH FOR,
DOCTOR
WATSON...

BECAUSE
SOMETIMES...



...WISHES
COME
TRUE.



WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT...



AND THEY WERE GONE.



THERE WAS SOMETHING
TERRIBLE IN THAT
CRYPTIC MESSAGE,
AND I WASTED NO
TIME Pondering
THEIR MIRACULOUS
WISHING ACT...



BUT RACED
BLINDLY TOWARD
THE SOURCE OF THE
DISTANT GLOW...



...TOTALLY
HORRIFIED
WITH MY
DISCOVERY.

HOLMES--!!!!

EASY, HOLMES. EASY...
DON'T TRY TO MOVE...

WA...

YES, I'M HERE

WATSON...?

WHAT IS HAPPENED
TO YOU--?

WE...

WE MUST FIGHT IT, WATSON...
DON'T LET IT WIN...

...WE
MUST STOP...

...THE
LOCK NESS
HORROR...?

To Be Continued.



SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY, I'M AWAKE... WANDERING
LOST IN A DENSE, GREY FOG

A SOUNDLESS VOID PRESSES
AGAINST MY EARDRUMS... MY
FEET CANNOT FEEL THE EARTH.

Story by
MARTIN FOWELL

Art by
GEPPO MARINEN

Lettering by
SUSAN DORNE

based on the
characters created by
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

I WONDER
IF I AM
DEAD.



DO NOT BE AFRAID, CHILD.

I AM HERE.

FOLLOW ME.

THE LADY SMILES AND SAYS THAT SHE IS MY MOTHER FROM HEAVEN...

...AND, LUDICROUS AS IT SOUNDS, IN SOME DAM WAY I FEEL IT IS TRUE.



THEN, WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, SHE SHOWS ME THINGS.

SIGHTS OF THINGS YET TO BE.



TERRIBLE THINGS.



THEN, IN THE SPACE OF A HEARTBEAT, I'M HERE... WATCHING MYSELF ASLEEP AT BASKERVILLE HALL.



SOMEHOW, I KNOW THE DEADLY SWAMP ADDER SLITHERING TOWARD ME IS MORE THAN JUST A SIMPLE SNAKE.



MY SOUL TREMBLES AT THE BRIEF MOMENT OF HORROR.



...GOOD CONQUERS EVIL.



...AND THEN...

"VERY STRANGE, HOLMES."

"YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, WATSON."

"I'M NOT AT ALL CERTAIN THAT IT WAS A DREAM...!"

"I WISH I'D PAID MORE ATTENTION TO DR. FREUD'S RECENT STUDIES IN DREAM ANALYSIS."



"NONSENSE, HOLMES. YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS WITH A HIGH FEVER FOR NEARLY A WEEK, WITHOUT ANY MEMORY OF HOW YOU ARRIVED HERE."

"I'D SAY YOU WERE SUFFERING FROM DELIRIUM."



"THERE IS MUCH MORE RIDING ON THIS MYSTERY THAN MERELY MY HEALTH, WATSON."

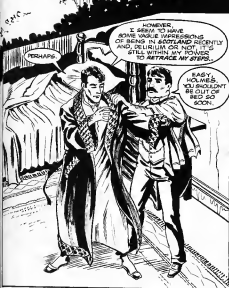
"STILL, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR STAYING BY MY SIDE."

"I'M YOUR FRIEND AND YOUR PHYSICIAN, HOLMES. WHERE ELSE WOULD I BE?"

"HOWEVER, I STRIVE TO HAVE SOME VAGUE IMPRESSIONS OF BEING IN SCOTLAND RECENTLY AND, DELIRIUM OR NOT, IT'S STILL WITHIN MY POWER TO RETRACE MY STEPS..."

"EASY, HOLMES. YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT OF BED SO SOON."

"PERHAPS."





THE RED DEVIL INN, LONDON.



YOU ARE PUNCTUAL AS ALWAYS, JOHN KEEL. I APPRECIATE YOUR KEEPING OUR APPOINTMENT.

I TRUST THAT YOU STILL PRACTICE TELEPATHY?

ENOUGH PLEASANTRIES, ALEISTER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

YOU'D BEST KEEP A CIVIL THOUGHT IN YOUR SKULL WHEN ADDRESSING YOUR SUPERIOR, KEEL ...

...THE NEW POSSESSOR OF THE SPEAR OF DESTINY!

YOU KNOW THE LEGEND,
DON'T YOU, KEELT?

IT IS
THE ANCIENT
TALISMAN THAT
LANCED THE HEART
OF DANIEL, EMPHORED
WITH HIS GODDY BLOOD,
SECRETLY WIELDED BY
KINGS TO FORGE
THE COURSE OF
HISTORY!

A BROTHER
AND! YOU'RE
PLANNING AN ASSASSINATION!
YOU'LL DESTROY THE
EARTH!

FOR WHICHEVER
POSSESSES THE
SPEAR, AND UNDER-
STANDS ITS POWER,
HOLDS THE FORTUNE
OF THE WORLD IN
HIS HANDS!

NICE TO KNOW
I CAN STILL IMPRESS
YOU.

NOW, THEN,
SO MUCH FOR NEW
BUSINESS...

...TIME
TO SETTLE
THE DEBT.



YOU NEEDN'T PERSIST IN RAVING, ALEISTER. OBVIOUSLY, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

I AM THE LAST OCCULT MASTER SKILLFUL ENOUGH TO HINDER YOUR SCHEMES, AND ONLY A DEATH SPELL WILL STOP ME.



YOU'RE TOO LATE, ALEISTER. EVEN WITH THE SPEAR'S POWER THE DEATH HEX CANNOT HARM ME... UNLESS I ACCEPT THE RAVING PARCHMENT INTO MY HANDS.

AND, I ASSURE YOU THAT I HAVE NO INTENTION OF DOING SO.

HERE'S YOUR CHECK, SIR.



TH- THE PARCHMENT-!

EVIL
WISDOM
ALEX



YOU ALWAYS WERE A FOOL, KEEL.

OTHERWISE, YOU MIGHT'VE KNOWN THAT MY AGENTS ARE EVERYWHERE.

YOU
YOU'VE
KILLED ME,
YOU SCOUNDRELL'S
BASTARD...



JOIN ME IN HELL!

PERHAPS SOMEDAY, KEEL.

BUT... NOT TONIGHT.







Victoria Station, London.

GOOD LORD! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH RAIN AS THIS TIME OF THE SEASON!

THERE'S SOMETHING AWKWARD ABOUT THIS.

MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, WATSON.

WELL, AT LEAST THE RAIN HAS NEARLY STOPPED. WHERE ARE ALL THE CABS?

PROBABLY LOST IN THIS WINDY RAIN!

WE'LL HAVE TO WALK.

BUT, YOU STILL HAVEN'T SAID WHERE WE'RE GOING IS IT WART?

NEVER FEAR, WATSON. I PROMISE NOT TO IRRITATE YOUR OLD LEG WOUND ANY MORE THAN NECESSARY.

NOW MAKE HASTE! WE MUSTN'T BE LATE FOR OUR CONSULTATION!

CONSULTATION--?

WHAT'RE YOU UP TO, HOLMES?

YOU--?

I BELIEVE I CAN ANSWER THAT, DOCTOR.







MR. HOLMES

DR. WATSON

I AM MADAME MALEVA



WELCOME GENTLEMEN I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU

ARTHUR WON'T BE JOINING US. I THINK I MAKE HIM A LITTLE AHH, NERVOUS



I ALREADY KNOW WHY YOU ARE HERE, MR HOLMES AND I ALSO REALIZE THAT YOU MAY BE SCEPTICAL ABOUT MY TALENTS

MADAME HE WANTED TO SEE YOU BE-CAUSE--



SO... I PRODUCE A TEST.



WELL... I'VE...

ARRR...
Detective

YOU ONCE
HAD A YOUNGER SISTER
WHO DIED OF INFLUENZA
AS A CHILD. INFLUENZA
YOUR CHOICE OF PROFESSION.
YOU NEVER SPEAK OF
HER, AND...

ARRR...
YOUR FIRST
CARNAL EXPERIENCE
WAS WITH THE FAMILY
MAID WHEN YOU
WERE FIFTEEN.

WILL DR. WATSON
I'LL WAGER EVEN
THE GREATEST DETECTIVE
WAS UNAWARE OF
THESE SECRETS?

UH, YES,
HELL... HE KNOWS
NOW.

A VERY
EFFECTIVE
DEMONSTRATION,
MADAME.

IT'S
CALLED TELEMETRY.
A SORT OF GAINING
KNOWLEDGE THROUGH
TOUCH.

I HAVE THE
INFORMATION YOU
DESIRE, MR. HOLMES.
BUT ARE YOU WILLING
TO PAY FOR
IT?

THAT
THAT
RATHER
DEPENDS
UPON
YOUR
PRICE,
MADAME.

...I'M
CERTAIN YOU
CAN AFFORD
IT.

...Mmmmm...!

OH, NO!
DON'T
WORRY,
DETECTIVE
...





UGHH--!!
GET AWAY
FROM ME!!



I-I
KNOW WHO
WHAT YOU
ARE
SEEKING...

...AND
I'VE SEEN
YOUR FATE!



WAGME?

HUNT IN
LOOK NESS
FOR THE
BEAST. THE
END OF
EVERYTHING
IS COMING...

...ONLY
YOU CAN
STOP IT...

NOW,
PLEASE...
LEAVE ME
ALONE.



BERIE
LADY, EH,
HOLMEST?



...NO HIGHLY
THEATRICAL, ALTHOUGH
SHE IS GENUINELY
FRIGHTENED OF
SOMETHING.



EVEN SO,
HER CRYPTIC PROPHECIES
ONLY CONFIRM MY OWN
SUSPICIONS. I MERELY
NEEDED THE NAME OF
OUR ENEMY TO
CONVINCE ME.



BUT,
SHE
NEVER
MENTIONED
A NAME.

ON THE
CONTRARY,
WAGSON...

...SHE
CALLED HIM
"THE BEAST!"



I TOLD THE DETECTIVE WHAT YOU WANTED - HAVE I DONE WELL?

DID I PLEASE YOU...?

IT WAS MY WILL.

SHERLOCK HOLMES IS CLEVER BUT EVEN HE CANNOT GRASP THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HIS STAND IN THIS WAR.

HE IS NOT TO KNOW THE FULL TRUTH...

UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE



YOUR WILL IS MY WILL, MY MASTER...

"...NO MATTER THE COST."



YOU KNOW JOHN, I REALLY SHOULD ASKED YOU FOR NOT LETTING ME KNOW YOU WERE COMING... BUT, HONESTLY I'M TOO HAPPY HAVING YOU SAFELY HOME!

I'M SORRY, MY DEAR IT TOOK CONSIDERABLE EFFORT FOR ME TO CONVINCE HOLMES TO STOP AND STAY FOR THE NIGHT



NO! NO! NO!



PRISON
ME, MY DEAR,
SOMEONE'S
KNOCKING ON
THE FRONT DOOR!
AT THIS HOUR
IT COULD ONLY
BE A PATIENT.

PROBABLY
LET ME KNOW
IF I CAN
HELP YOU.



SUCH ARE
THE PERILS OF BEING
A DOCTOR'S WIFE. DO
YOU AND JOHN PLAN
TO LEAVE BEFORE
MORNING MR.
HOLMES?

VERY
POSSIBLY,
MRS WATSON.
IN THIS CASE,
TIME IS
DEFINITELY
AGAINST
US.



WELL, I'M NOT A DOCTOR,
NOR A DETECTIVE, BUT JUDGING
FROM YOUR MALLOR I'D SAY
THAT A GOOD NIGHT'S REST
WOULD DO YOU NO HARM.

WHATEVER THIS
PROBLEM IS, I'M CONFIDENT
THAT YOU AND MY HUSBAND
WILL SOON SET IT RIGHT.



I MEAN,
IT'S NOT THE
END OF THE
WORLD YOU
KNOW.



WHAT
IS IT,
WATSON?

A SPECIAL
DELIVERY LETTER
FOR YOU, HOLMES,
FROM DR. MORRIS
AT BAKERVILLE
HALL.

VERY
GRAVE NEWS
I'M AFRAID

AN LITERALLY
UNEXPECTED TURN
OF EVENTS HAS OCCURRED
AT DARTMOOR. WE WILL
NEED TO ALTER OUR
PLANS ACCORDINGLY.

QUICKLY,
WATSON!

THE
GAME IS
AFOOT!!

THIS, HOLMES AND I
DREAMT ON WHAT
WOULD BECOME, IN
MANY WAYS, OUR
LONGEST JOURNEY
TOGETHER.

I REMAIN, EVEN THESE
MANY YEARS LATER,
HAUNTED BY THAT LAST
WAVE OF VERONICA BEAVERLY
WAVING FAREWELL FROM
OUR DOORWAY.



SADLY, I WOULD NEVER
BE ABLE TO ASK MY WIFE
IF SHE GATHERED UP THE
SCATTERED PAGES TO READ
DR. MORIMER'S FRANTIC
MESSAGE FOR HERSELF.

I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT,
SOMEHOW, SHE WAS ABLE
TO FORGIVE ME FOR THE
SACRIFICES I CHOSE...

...AND FOR
THE
TRAGEDIES
THAT
FOLLOWED.





AS WE RACED TOWARD SCOTLAND, HOLMES ATTEMPTED TO DISTRACT ME WITH THE SAPPHIRE'S ELEMENTS OF DR. MORTIMER'S DISCREET COMMUNICATION.



"I AWOKE AT 3:00 A.M. IDENTIFIED TO FIND HIS BED EMPTY. AFTER A QUICK STUDY OF HIS BEDCLOTHES I DISCOVERED THE SHEETS WERE STILL WARM, SO I REASONED THAT HE COULDN'T BE FAR.

"THE GREAT HOUSE PROVED EMPTY, BUT I SPOT A VAGUE WHITE FIGURE FOR UPON THE TOR AND I RESOLUTIONALLY ATTEMPTED TO FOLLOW.



"BASKERVILLE HILL, OCTOBER 29th.
MY DEAR MR. HOLMES... I REGRET TO REPORT THAT I HAVE FAILED YOU!"

"SIR HENRY HAS VANISHED."



"THE MOOR IS A VERY DIFFERENT PLACE THAN WHEN YOU LEFT IT, MR. HOLMES, AND, AS A SANE MAN, I HESITATE TO DESCRIBE AS THAT I ENCOUNTERED THERE.

"...AND, AS A SCIENTIST, I DON'T KNOW HOW I COULD EVEN TRY."

"It is as if reality itself has exploded into something more monstrously immense than we ever have imagined.

"In a single hideous night I have abandoned all reason...

"... dimly realizing that we know nothing of the true nature of the world.



"As rational men, we can only concede that we are empty, Mr. Holmes."





"Regarding the
fate of poor
Sir Henry..."

"...my best friend for
almost twenty years,
I can only conclude..."



"What our meaning..."



"...have departed
him."



"He is now far beyond
my reach, Mr. Holmes."

AIR--!!

"I can only pray
that he is not
beyond yours."



THIS
ISN'T
DARTMOOR!

WHERE IS

WHERE
AM I?!



MAGDALENE--!!



MAGDALENE...

OH, GOD...
PLEASE... SHE'S
MY ONLY CHILD...

...PLEASE
LET HER BE
ALIVE...



BE
CAREFUL
WHAT YOU
REAR
FOR!

DADDY...





Repulish,
come-
nfrum!

BEHOLD
EVEN THE
DAEMONS
OF THE PIT
COWER
BEFORE
THE
SPEAR!



POOR
DADDY... ALWAYS
SO PROTECTIVE
AND DEVOTED.

YOU
SHOULD KNOW
THAT FATHER,
MY DEAR...

HOW
I HATED
YOU.



...AFTER
ALL YOU ARE
DESCENDED FROM
BASKERVILLE
BLOOD...

...AND ITS
LONG INHERITANCE
WITH OCCULT EVIL IS
EXACTLY WHAT IS
NEEDED...



...SO
FULFILL
THE
PROMISES!



AND
RAISE THE
DURON
OF
AMAZONIA

INVERNESS, SCOTLAND.
ALL HALLOW'S EVE.

...BUT HOLMES--IF IT ISN'T MECHANICAL TROUBLE, WHY WOULD THEY STOP THE TRAINS?

OBVIOUSLY, WE ARE BEING DEFOURED BY THE AUTHORITIES, WATSON.

WHY ELSE WOULD SCOTLAND YARD BE PRESENT?

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, HOPKINS?

EVENING, MR HOLMES.

I'M AFRAID YOU AND DR. WATSON WILL HAVE TO RETURN TO LONDON IMMEDIATELY.

I WISH I COULD TELL YOU MORE, SIR, BUT WE'RE ALLOWING NO ONE INTO INVERNESS.

I'M SORRY, HOPKINS, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE AT LEAST TWO EXCEPTIONS.

HOLMES--I HAVE YOURS MADE!

MR HOLMES--I BELIEVE ME, SIR--YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! SOME KIND OF PROBLEMS HAS STARTED!

I KNOW I DON'T.

YOU DON'T WANT TO GO IN THERE!

BUT THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE.



THE
DOGHNESS
HORROR

REVELATION
9

THE JOURNAL OF JOHN H. WATSON, M.D.
MY HEART SWELLS WITH HORROR AND WONDER
AS I SET DOWN THESE WORDS, THE LAST ADVENTURE
I WILL EVER SHARE IN THE COMPANY OF MY CELEBRATED
FRIEND, MISTER SHERLOCK HOLMES.

HOLMES HAD BRILLIANTLY TRACED A BLOODY MURDER AND OCCULT HORROR TO ITS SOURCE WITHIN A DOOMED SCOTTISH VILLAGE NEAR THE EVIL SHORES OF AN INFAMOUS LAKE

OUT OF UNDYING HABIT, I HAD LEFT EVERYTHING TO FOLLOW HIM...

FOR IF HOLMES' DEDUCTIONS WERE CORRECT, AND IF WE SHOULD FAIL, THERE WOULD BE NO LIFE, INDEED, NO WORLD IN WHICH TO RETURN.

SURELY THERE MUST BE AN EASIER ROUTE, HOLMES! IF SIR HENRY BASHERVILLE HAD BEEN MYSTICALLY TRANSPORTED TO LOCH NESS, AS YOU SUSPECT, SHOULDN'T WE ENGAGE A CARRIAGE TO RACE THERE IMMEDIATELY?

I NEVER SAID WE'D FIND HIM ALIVE, WATSON.

THERE ARE SWIFTER HORSES GROWING ALL AROUND US, FAR MORE GRACE THAN ANYTHING WE CAN POSSIBLY CONCEIVE.

I'M AFRAID THAT POOR SIR HENRY IS NOW BEYOND OUR HELP.

BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO AVENGE HIM!



LOOK OUT, WATSON—
IT'S AN
AMBUSH!!



IN THIS
CAN'T BE
HAPPENING!!

INCREDIBLY, THE HORROROUS INHABITANTS
OF THE CEMETERY ROSE
UP ALL AROUND US...

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



NEWLY BURIED, AND LONG-DEAD
CORPSES CRAWLED FREELY FROM
THEIR PUNGENT GRAVES THROUGH
THE CREAKING, ROTTED WOOD OF
THEIR COFFINS.

STAY
BACK!



IN SHOCK AND DISBELIEF, I FIRED
MY REVOLVER INTO THEIR BRITTLE
GREY MUSKLS UNTIL THE CHAMBERS
CLICKED EMPTY.

KEEP
AWAY FROM
ME!!





WE WALKED ON INTO
THE VILLAGE IN SILENCE.

I COULDN'T BET THOSE PITIFUL
CREATURES OUT OF MY MIND
THEIR TERRIBLE, PLEADING EYES
BURNNING INTO MY BRAIN.

THE VILLAGE WAS NO DIFFERENT THAN
THE GRAVEYARD.

ITS QUAINTY COBBLED STREETS
FLEETED WITH THE DEAD AND THE
DYING, AS IF THE SWAILING MISTY
ATMOSPHERE ITSELF WERE SOME-
HOW POISONED WITH PLAGUE.





MAKE
HASTE,
DETECTIVE.



...THE
PATH IS
LONG AND
NARROW.



...AND
THY MOUTH
IS MY MIND.



STAY
THY SUSPICIONS,
MAN-OF-EARTH.

THOU
SHALT KNOW
ME AS THE ANNUNCIATOR
OF LIFE AND REVEALER OF
DOOM, THE PRINCE OF THE
SEVENTH HEAVEN, SEATED
AT THE LEFT HAND
OF THE ALMIGHTY
CREATOR.

LOWER
THY EYES, LEST
THOU BE BLINDED,
FOR THOU ART
BEHOLDING THE
ARCHANGEL
SABREL.





...I'M NOT EQUAL TO THIS TASK--

I AM A MAN OF REASON...

...NOT A WIZARD!

WHAT CAN I HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH AGAINST SUCH DARK POWERS--??

WHY DO YOU TORMENT ME WITH THIS?!



MY MOMENT WITH THESE IS GREAT.

SO AND DO AS THOU WASTS ALWAYS DONE...

PURSUE THE GUILTY...

...PUNISH THE WICKED.

WHAT?

...WHAT'S THIS...?

OR BY GOD...

...VINCENT--??

IS THAT FIGHT?

...BUT...

...YOU DEAD WHEN I WAS A CHILD!



VINCENT!

WAIT!

VINCENT...!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME--??

YEEBOOOOOWWWW



AHHH...

...HOLMES...

WHO,
WHO IS IT?

WHO'S
THAT?

WHO'S
AND YOU?

SHOW
YOURSELF!

...ALWAYS
HOLMES...

Ughh--!

...TO THE
END!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

I DREAMED
THAT YOU END
THE GARRADE
AND IDENTIFY
YOURSELF!

YOU
DEMAND??

HOW
UTTERLY
DREHANT!

AHHH...

...YOU LOOK
CONSIDERABLY
LESS
INTELLIGENT
THAN
I REMEMBER.

YOU--PI





YOU'RE WORKING TOO HARD, DOCTOR.

...HARDER THAN ANY OF US.

IT'S ALL I KNOW TO DO.



PLEASE RETURN THE NEXT PATIENT.



WHAT SEEMED TO HAPPEN NEXT IS DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE.

I FELT A SUDDEN SWELL OF DIZZINESS, AND A VARIOUS ANIMATIONS TOOK POSSESSION OF MY FACULTIES.



SAVE ME...



WHY DIDN'T YOU SAVE ME???



DR. WATSON—?

YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!

WHAT IS IT?

IN A SINGLE HEART THE PHANTOM WAS GONE, BUT NOT BEFORE I RECOGNIZED IT...

...AS THE TORTURED APPARITION OF MY FIRST WIFE, DECEASED FOR OVER A DECADE.



GHOSTS, SISTER?

THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH THEM!



MRS. WATSON—?

MRS., WHAT IS IT, BETTY?

YOU GIBED OUT, HAYAN!

HAS IT A BAD DREAM?



A BAD DREAM...?

YES.

PERHAPS, THAT'S ALL IT WAS.



PLEASE DON'T MISUNDERSTAND ME, DR. WATSON. THE SACRIFICES YOU'VE MADE FOR US ARE DESPERATELY APPRECIATED. BUT THESE POOR PEOPLE AREN'T FOOLS.

THEY KNOW THEY'RE DYING.

AND THEY KNOW DOCTORS ARE SUPPOSED TO CURE THEM.

PLEASE, HAND ME A FRESH TOWEL, FATHER.



I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING MORE USEFUL.

MY SERVICE REVOLVER—?



TAKE IT AND GO, DOCTOR.

YOUR PLACE IS WITH MR. HOLMES. JOHN HAS BE STAMPING OUT THE PESTILANCE!

THAT MAY BE THE ONLY WAY TO TRULY SAVE US.

SPEECHLESS,
HOLMES?

NO MATTER.
ANYTHING YOU
MIGHT HAVE TO
SAY HAS ALREADY
CROSSED MY
MIND.

NORMARTY,
WHY AM I...

—HERE?

IT IS REQUIRED
OF ME, AS A PART
OF MY PENANCE, TO
HELP YOU SOLVE
YOUR CURRENT
PROBLEM.

THE SOLUTION IS
INScribed UPON THESE
WALLS! PITY YOU WERE
NEVER MUCH OF AN
ABSTRACT THINKER!
YOU COULD REALLY
LEARN A THING
OR TWO FROM ME.

YOU'VE
NEVER KNOWN
ANYTHING BUT EVIL,
NORMARTY!

I DON'T
TRUST YOU!

I MAKE
NO DEALINGS
WITH THE
DEVIL.

THIS IS A
GRAVE ERROR,
HOLMES!

CAN'T YOU SEE
THAT I'M TRYING TO
REDEEM MYSELF?!

CAN'T YOU
SEE THAT I'M
IN PAIN?!

HELP ME
END IT.

PLEASE.





DEEM ME,
DR. HOUNES?

YOUR MENTAL
TOWER IS MORE
IMPRESSIVE THAN I
HAD ORIGINALLY
IMAGINED...

...JUST MOST MEN
WOULD'VE BORN HAVING
LIFON REMEMBERING A
PARADOXICAL
TRAIL/DEVIATION
SUCH AS YOU HAVE
EXPERIENCED.



YOU ARE
MISTAKEN, I DID
NOT REMEMBER
IT...



UHHHH—??

—I
DEDUCED
IT—!!



YES...

...YOU ARE...

...LMA...

...THE GREAT
DETECTIVE,
AFTERALL!

NO DOUBT...
MANY YOU'VE ALSO
DEDUCED THE
SIGNIFICANCE OF
THE SPEAR!

WOULD
I HAVE!



THEN
YOU MUST ALSO
KNOW THAT YOUR
PURE PROTESTS ARE
QUITE FUTILE,
HOUNES!

GOOD
LORD—!



BENOLD
THE
DRAGON!!



O COME
MY DARK,
UNHOLY
LORD!

I AM
PREPARED,
MASTER!

I AM
THY WILLING
VIRGIN
SACRIFICE!!

WITH THIS
LANCE I WILL
BLIND THE EYES
OF JIHOVAN! I
WILL BLEED TO
DEATH THE
IMMORTAL
HEART OF HIS
SON!

O COME
MY DARK,
UNHOLY
LORD—

—I GIVE
THEE BACK
THY EARTH!!

ALGISTER—
IT IS...
BEAUTIFUL!

I MUST
GO TO IT!!

BLAM!

YOU'RE
AND DEATH
IS LOST,
CROWLEY!

NOW THERE
IS NO SACRIFICE
TO HONOUR YOUR
UNHOLY GODS!



NOOOOOO—!!

YOU
SELF-RIGHTEOUS
MEDDLE!

YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE—!

I
ASSURE
THAT I DO
KNOW!

BLAM

YOU'VE
MOTIVATED TO
GRANT YOUR
HELLISH
MASTERS!

NO
BARBARIAN TO
OFFER!

YOU HAVE
BETRAYED THE
DEVIL!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

YOU
DISAPPOINT
ME, HOLMES!

SURELY
YOU SHOULD
KNOW BY NOW THAT
MOTIVATION CAN HARK ME
WHILE I HOLD THE
SPEAR—!

RRRRRAAA

NEITHER
YOU NOR HELL
ITSELF!

DR.
WATSON IS
BEHIND
YOU

HA—!

SURELY
YOU DON'T
REALLY EXPECT
ME TO FALL FOR
THAT OLD TRICK,
HOLMES!

...YOU CAN'T
WALK, CROWLEY.
I DIDN'T COME
HERE ALONE.

YOU...





JAHOMAN BASTARD!

KRAK

GAW-IT!

AAAGH--!!
THE SPEAR!!

GOT IT!



SINCE YOU'RE MUCH TOO SMART TO FALL FOR OLD TRICKS, CROWLEY!



--FALL FOR THIS!

THAT

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT YOU, HOUNDS.

I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE ME.

HONKINSIDE, WATSON!

YOU'VE SAVED THE DAY!



THAT...
...THAT'S IT, HOLLERS?
...NOISE.

THIS IS THE SPEAR OF DESTINY, THE LANCE WHICH PERCED THE HEART OF CHRIST.

I SPENT THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE SECRET WALKS OF THE VATICAN LIBRARY STUDYING ITS EVERY LEGENDARY ASPECT.



LOOK AT IT, HOLLERS!
IT'S TERRIFYING!

BUT, IF CROWLEY NO LONGER COMMANDS THE SPIRIT...

...WHY HAVEN'T THE DRAGON WASHED?

CROWLEY GAINED THE PIERSON, BUT ONLY HIS PLANNED SACRIFICE WOULD APPEASE THE MONSTER'S APPETITE FOR TOTAL DESTRUCTION.

WE'VE SUCCEEDED IN SUPPRESS CROWLEY'S MAD DREAM OF WORLD DOMINATION, BUT IN THE PROCESS WE MAY HAVE LOST EVERYTHING...

UNLESS I BECOME THAT SACRIFICE.

NO, HOLLERS!

I WON'T ALLOW THAT!



I'VE JUST ASSASSINATED A MORAL WATSON—IN COLD BLOOD. IT WAS...NECESSARY, BUT I DOUBT I CAN LIVE WITH MY OWN CONSCIENCE.

SURELY NOW MY CAREER HAS REACHED ITS PEAK.

I HAVE NEVER KNOWN A WOMAN'S LOVE, AND THE MORE I AM TOUCHED BY THE JEWS OF THIS WORLD THE MORE I FEEL FINISHED WITH IT.

SO, YOU SEE, WATSON, I AM A MOST LOGICAL ALTERNATIVE FOR THE WILLIAMS, PIERSON SACRIFICE.

I CAN'T LEAVE YOU AGAIN, HOLLERS.

EVEN POSSIBLY THE UNBANKABLE OCCULT POWER OF THE SPIRIT... WE ARE NOW ONLY UNLIKELY TO SURVIVE.

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A LOYAL FRIEND, WATSON, BUT BE AWARE.



"I UNDERSTAND, AND
ACCEPT THAT, HOLY-ONE."

"THEN, SO BE IT, WATSON.
WE SHALL GO DOWN."

"...DRASTIC..."



"DARK GODS...
DESERVED OF DOOMSDAY...
SUGGEST TRY SERVANT IN
MY HOUR OF NEED!"

"BETTER..."

"NOW..."

"MASTER!"

"ASMODEUS..."

"WHY
HAST THOU
ABANDONED
ME—?!"



"STILL
ANNOYANT AS
EVER, OR,
ALABASTER?"

"MAGDALENE—!"

"BUT...
BUT YOU'RE
DEAD!"



"INDEED
SHE IS."

"IS SHE NOT
BEAUTIFUL?"

"YOU—?!"

THE GLORY
OF PROSECUTION
IS NOT FOR YOU,
MADDALENA.

...THE
Bride of
DRACULA--

SON OF
THE DRAGON,
SON OF THE
DEVIL!

MADDALENA
IS PROVED FITTED
TO BE THE BRIDE OF
THE DRAGON...

THE TRAG
ANTICLIMAX
AND SAVOR
OF DOOM!

SO LONG AS
YOU POSSESSED
THE HOLY RELIC, I
COULD NOT
STOP YOU!

HENCE, BY
OPERATION
OF THE GREAT
DETECTIVE.

YOU NEEDN'T
FEAR FOR YOUR
LIFE, LITTLE
GIRL...

THERE
ARE FAR WORSE
THINGS AWAITING
YOU!

...THEN
DEATH.

EPICURE

THE JOURNAL OF
HELENE MATHSON:

There is no sleep for me,
my diary is the only comfort
in my loneliness.

When I dream, I relive that last terrible day at
Loch Ness when the police denied knowledge
of my husband's fate.

Only a nameless elderly priest
offered me a single hope...

...kindly describing John's courage and
selflessness as he cared for the poor
victims of the plague, which had so
mysteriously ravaged the countryside.

Many times since that day I've sought
to locate that gentle priest...

...only to find him vanished
like a ghost...

...or an angel.



Through his example of goodness
I know my prayers will be answered,
and I know I will see my husband
again...if not in this world...

...perhaps in another.



THE VATICAN DIARY OF
POPE PIUS XI

It is Nov. 1, 1907, the Year of Dawn, as
prophesied by Our Lady of Lourdes, and
yet the Earth has survived.

Already the strange flux of
conscience I have seen in my
cardinals and priests, I have
come to sense in myself.



It is as if an altered plane of
existence has come into being
and I find myself in sudden
touch of the reality of the good
and brilliant men whom I
served.



In final comment, I am certain
of two facts only.

The Spear of Destiny
has returned.



And even as my memory
of Sherlock Holmes fades
into fiction, I know that
he will live forever in my
heart and in the hearts
of the world.



WATSON—!

WATSON—
WAIT!!

WATSON,
I BELIEVE I'VE
SOLVED YOUR
BROGUE
PROBLEM!

I HAVE
FOUND A BROTHER
PARTNER FOR
YOU!

GRATE A
NEW YEAR'S DAY
PRESENT, SHY
BY THE WAY,
HAPPY 1881!

"HELLO"



I SAY, WATSON, YOU
DON'T SEEM
YOURSELF.

IS THAT
ROUND OF YOURS
STILL GIVING YOU
PAIN?

UH, NO.

I SUPPOSE
I'M SIMPLY RATHER
TIRED, THAT'S
ALL.

LITTLE
WONDER!

ESPECIALLY
AS YOU'VE ONLY BEEN
RETURNED FROM
AFGHANISTAN A
SHORT WHILE.



NOW DON'T
WORRY, I DON'T
TELL THE FELLOW
ABOUT YOUR BOSS
BACK FROM THE
WAR.

NO
USE IN HIM
HOLDING THAT
AGAINST
YOU!

QUICKLY,
WATSON!

HE WAS
IN HERE
AN HOUR
AGO.



WE HAVE
TO HURRY BEFORE
HE DECIDES TO GO
IN HALLS WITH
SOMEONE
ELSE!



SHERLOCK HOLMES





Sherlock Holmes, the world's first & greatest consulting detective, is back, in these two thrilling mysteries!

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The many drug addicts of London have fallen victim to a poisonous supply of cocaine, trapping Sherlock Holmes himself within its deadly grip. The Great Detective is submerged into a world of nightmares where the evil Professor Moriarty still lives, and Holmes' dream of love with Irene Adler, "The Woman," seems to have become a reality. Holmes must do battle against his very soul, at last facing his most terrible enemy... himself.

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