

MARVEL

# WOLVERINE



BLOOD & SORROW



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### "THE HEALING"

WRITER: STUART MOORE

ARTIST: C.P. SMITH

LETTERER: DAVE SHARPE

### "THE PACKAGE"

WRITER: STUART MOORE

ARTIST: C.P. SMITH

LETTERER: VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S RANDY GENTILE

### "HOUSE OF BLOOD AND SORROW"

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ARTIST: DAVID AJA

COLORIST: JOSE VILLARRUBIA

LETTERER: VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S JOE CARAMAGNA

### "BETTER TO GIVE..."

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THERE ARE SIXTEEN MAJOR ORGANS IN THE HUMAN BODY.



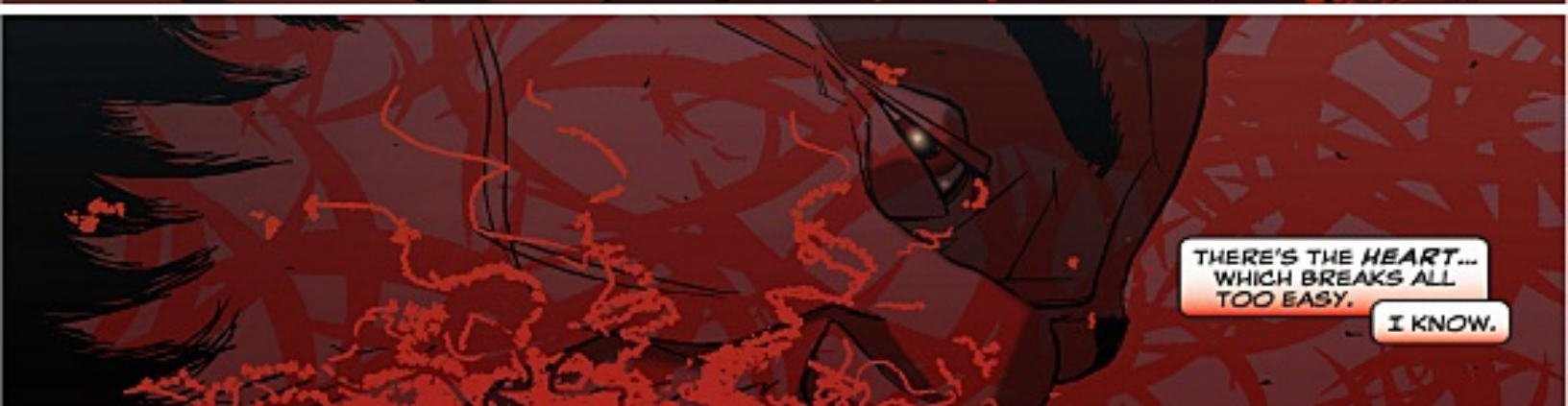
THERE'S THE BRAIN... WHICH SENDS OUT PAIN SIGNALS, WHETHER YOU WANT IT TO OR NOT.

THERE'S THE LIVER... WHICH MOSTLY SOAKS UP BEER.



THERE'S THE PANCREAS...

HALF OF WHICH, IN MY CASE, IS LYING OUT ON THE SNOW RIGHT NOW.



THERE'S THE HEART... WHICH BREAKS ALL TOO EASY.

I KNOW.

THERE ARE SIXTEEN MAJOR ORGANS IN THE HUMAN BODY...



RIGHT  
NOW...

I CAN FEEL  
EVERY ONE  
OF 'EM.

A full-page illustration of Wolverine in his classic yellow and blue X-Men uniform, lying on his back amidst a chaotic scene of destruction. He has a pained expression on his face. The background is filled with debris, including a large white object that looks like a piece of a car or a machine, and a large, dark, shadowy figure looms over him. The ground is covered in red splatters, suggesting blood. The overall style is dynamic and dramatic, typical of comic book art.

# The Healing

STUART MOORE WRITER C.P. SMITH ARTIST  
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER MICHAEL O'CONNOR ASST. EDITOR  
WARREN SIMONS ASSOC. EDITOR AXEL ALONSO EDITOR  
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NUNAVUT. NEWEST, AND MOST REMOTE, OF THE CANADIAN TERRITORIES.

GOVERNMENT GAVE IT TO THE NATIVE AMERICANS. BUT SEEN' AS IT'S 135,000 SQUARE MILES OF SHEER FROZEN WASTELAND...

THEY DON'T MIND ME BLEEDIN' ON A TINY BIT OF IT.

I CAME UP HERE TO FORGET FOR A WHILE.

UNFORTUNATELY, AN OLD "FRIEND" DECIDED TO FOLLOW ME. ONE-WAY TRIP, IN HIS CASE.

BUT HE MANAGED TO DO ME SOME PRETTY SERIOUS DAMAGE ON THE WAY DOWN.

WOLVES ARE VICIOUS, BUT THEY AIN'T STUPID.

THEY WON'T MAKE A MOVE TILL I STOP BREATHING.

PAIN'S NEARLY UNBEARABLE-- A NORMAL PERSON'D BE IN EIGHT KINDS OF SHOCK BY NOW. BUT I'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE.

MORE TIMES THAN I CAN COUNT.





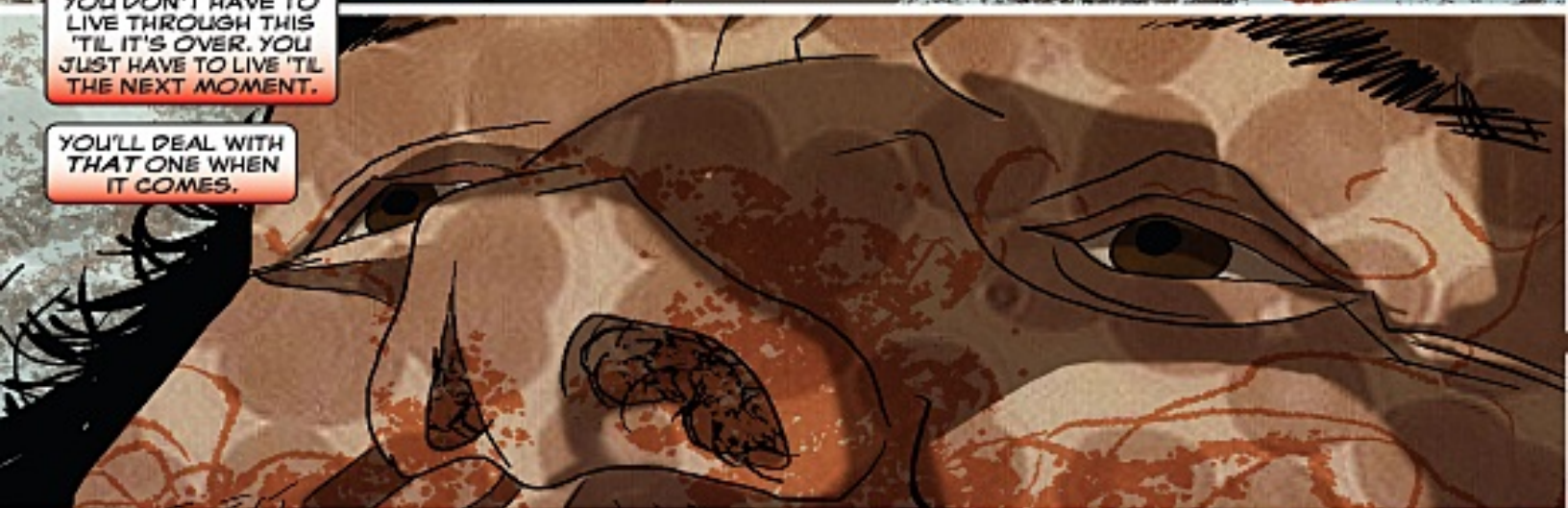
MY HEALING FACTOR'S ALREADY KICKIN' IN... WORKING ITS MAGIC.

MEANWHILE...I'VE LEARNED SOME COPING TECHNIQUES OVER THE YEARS.

FIRST, AND MOST IMPORTANT:

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIVE THROUGH THIS 'TIL IT'S OVER. YOU JUST HAVE TO LIVE 'TIL THE NEXT MOMENT.

YOU'LL DEAL WITH THAT ONE WHEN IT COMES.



CHEMICALS ARE ON THEIR WAY FROM MY BRAIN...ENDORPHINS SHOULD DULL THE PAIN PRETTY SOON.

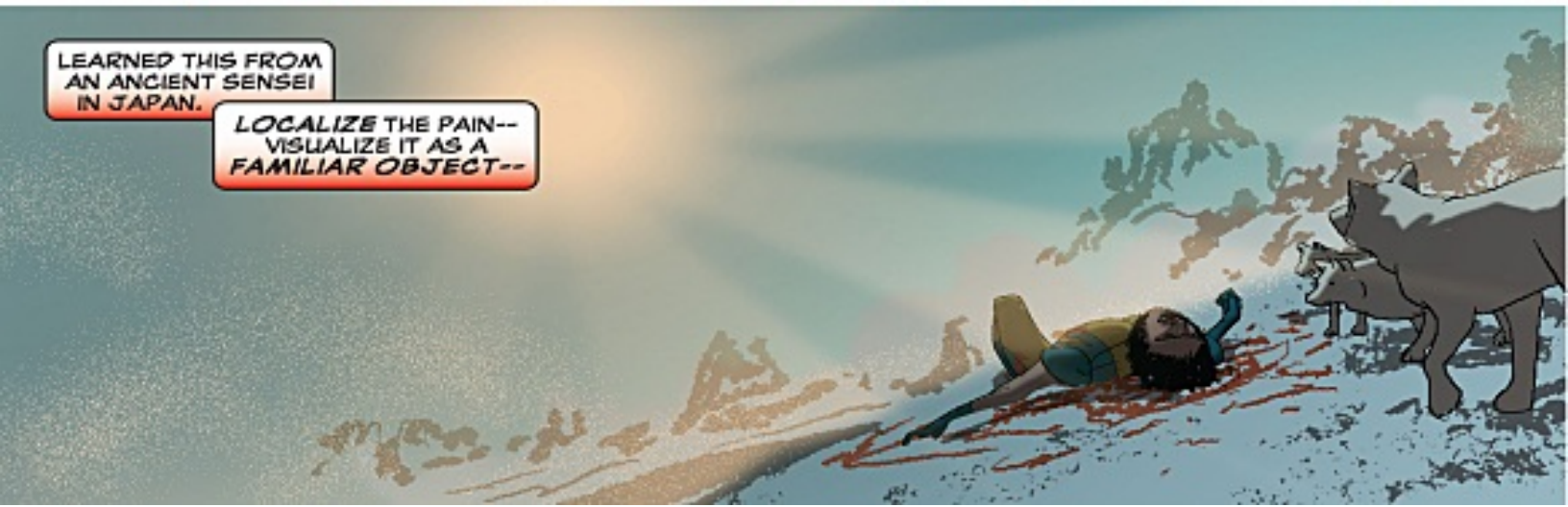
MEANWHILE...



I NEED A DISTRACTION.

LEARNED THIS FROM AN ANCIENT SENSEI IN JAPAN.

LOCALIZE THE PAIN-- VISUALIZE IT AS A FAMILIAR OBJECT--







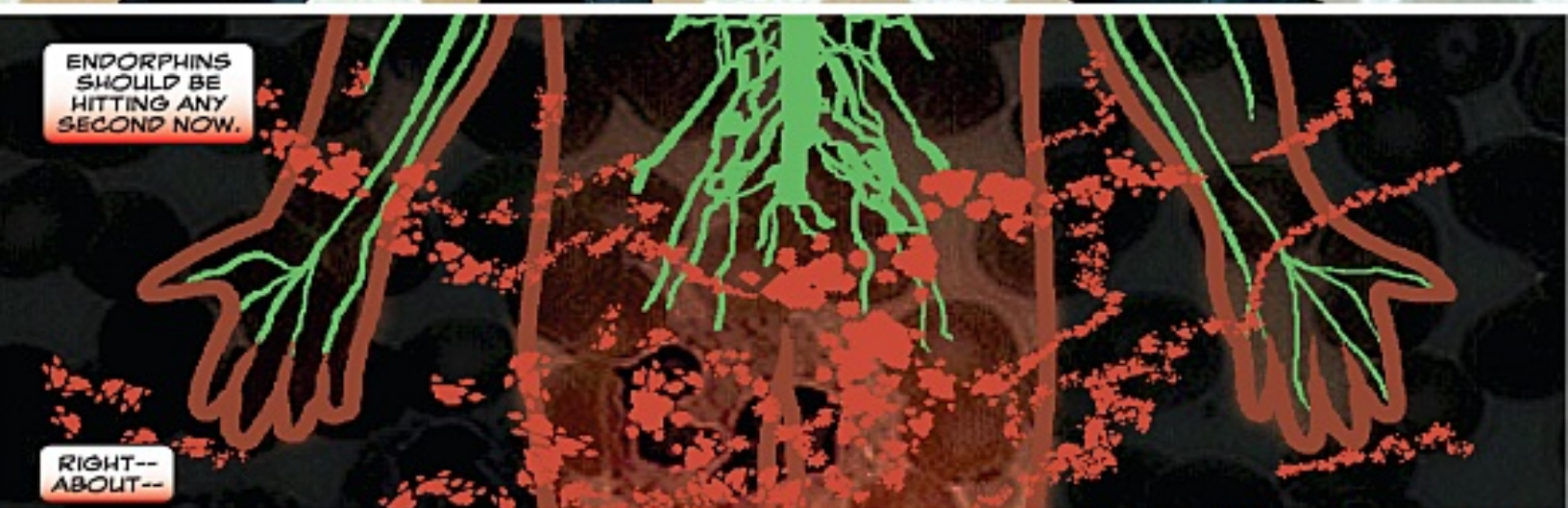
WHOA!

NOT THAT FAMILIAR!



THAT'S BETTER.

MENACING, BUT FACELESS.



ENDORPHINS SHOULD BE HITTING ANY SECOND NOW.

RIGHT-- ABOUT--



AAAAGGGHHH!

SPLAT

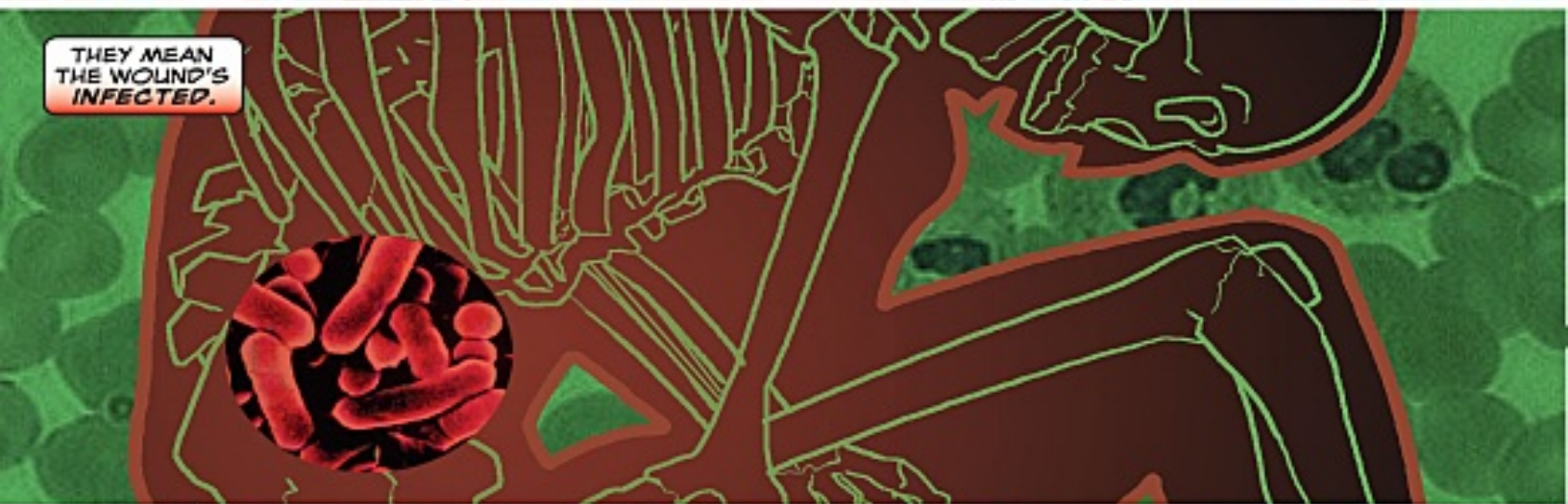
SPLAT



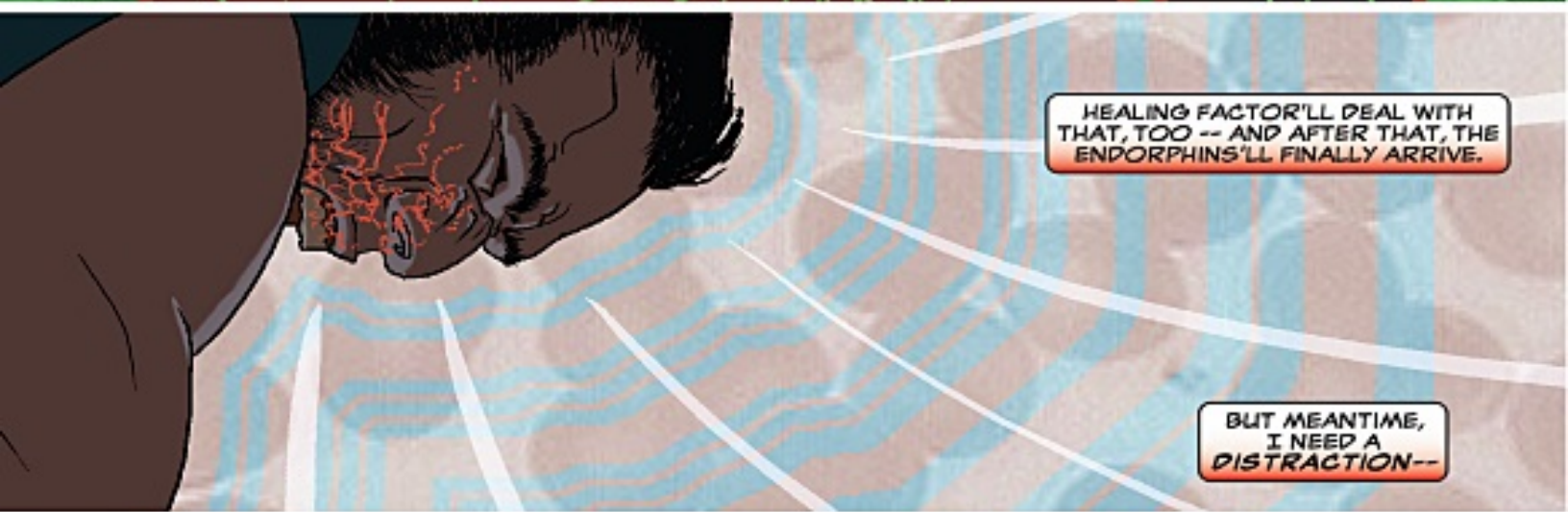


THOSE WEREN'T--  
ENDORPHINS--!

PROSTAGLANDINS.  
THEY ENHANCE THE  
PAIN--AND WORSE--



THEY MEAN  
THE WOUND'S  
INFECTED.



HEALING FACTOR'LL DEAL WITH  
THAT, TOO -- AND AFTER THAT, THE  
ENDORPHINS'LL FINALLY ARRIVE.

BUT MEANTIME,  
I NEED A  
DISTRACTION--



UUNNNHHHHH!


SSSSSSSS





OH--  
MAN--!

WOUND'S STARTIN' TO  
KNIT BACK TOGETHER.  
WHICH ALSO  
DOESN'T TICKLE...



AROUND THE X-MEN...  
I ALWAYS PLAY DOWN  
THE EFFECTS OF MY  
INJURIES. TELL 'EM  
I JUST SHRUG OFF  
THE PAIN ONCE I'M  
HEALED.

BUT IT'S  
NOT QUITE  
THAT EASY.

BAD WOUND LIKE  
THIS--IT BURNS  
ITSELF INTO YOUR  
BRAIN. I'LL BE  
FEELIN' PHANTOM  
PAINS FOR  
MONTHS.




MONK IN TIBET--  
TAUGHT ME ANOTHER  
COPING MECHANISM,  
YEARS AGO. BUT IT  
ONLY WORKS ONCE THE  
ENDORPHINS KICK IN.

CONJURE UP A  
CAREGIVER...A SORT  
OF GUARDIAN ANGEL  
THAT PROTECTS YOU  
FROM THE PAIN.

I CAME UP WITH MINE A  
LONG TIME AGO...BEEN  
USIN' IT EVER SINCE,  
WHENEVER SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS HAPPENS.

TROUBLE IS...IN  
THIS CASE, MY  
ANGEL...





...IS THE SAME  
THING I CAME  
UP HERE TO  
FORGET.



**JEAN GREY.**

THE WOMAN I LOVED  
MORE THAN ANYTHING...  
WHO NEVER LOVED ME  
BACK. NOT THE SAME  
WAY, ANYHOW.

WHEN SHE DIED--IT TORE A  
HOLE RIGHT THROUGH ME.




I CAME UP HERE TO  
FORGET THAT PAIN.  
TO FORGET HER.

BUT NOW...  
DEAD OR NOT...

SHE'S GONNA GET  
ME THROUGH THIS.







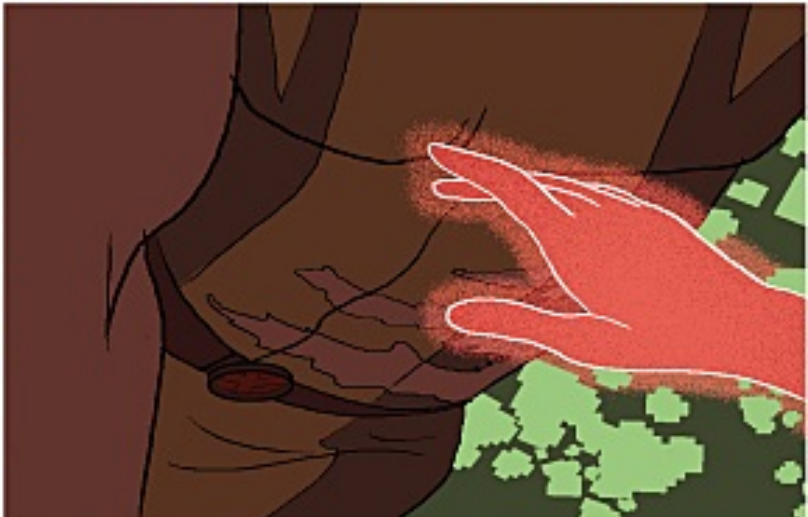
I AIN'T KIDDIN' MYSELF.

I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT JEAN AND I'D GET TOGETHER.



IT WAS JUST COMFORTING... HAVIN' HER HERE.

IN THIS WORLD.



THIS COLD, COLD WORLD.





PHANTOM  
PAINS.

I'LL BE  
FEELIN'  
'EM FOR  
MONTHS.


BUT I'LL BE OKAY--  
LONG AS I REMEMBER  
THAT FIRST RULE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
LIVE THROUGH THIS  
'TIL IT'S OVER. YOU  
JUST HAVE TO LIVE 'TIL  
THE NEXT MOMENT.

AND WHEN THAT  
MOMENT COMES...







YOU'LL LIVE  
WITH IT, TOO.

 THE END





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WOLVERINE #41



*"When two elephants  
fight in the grass..."*



*"...the grass suffers."  
--Old Liberian Saying*



**THE FREE REPUBLIC OF  
ZWARTHEID, AFRICA.**

**JUST BEFORE NIGHTFALL.**





LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, ALL RIGHT.

HOW LONG WE GOT?



THEY WILL REACH THE CITY WITHIN FORTY MINUTES.



HUH. THAT AIN'T LONG.

REMEMBER-- WHEN YOU LAND, GO STRAIGHT TO THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT BUILDING. YOU'LL PICK UP THE PACKAGE THERE.

AT ALL COSTS--YOU MUST GET IT OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

I KNOW THE DRILL, PANTHER.

JUST GET ME AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN.





AND LOGAN...  
THANK YOU.

ONLY A  
MAN OF YOUR  
EXPERIENCE  
COULD PULL  
THIS OFF.


THANK  
ME WHEN  
IT'S DONE,  
PANTHER--



"... 'CAUSE I  
AIN'T NEVER  
'EXPERIENCED'  
A JOB LIKE  
THIS BEFORE."





A character in a dark, tactical suit is running through a chain-link fence. The background shows a dilapidated building and a bright, hazy sky. The character is in the foreground, slightly to the left, with the fence creating a grid pattern over the scene.

HALF A MILE,  
AND HALF AN  
HOUR TILL  
THE REBELS  
GET HERE.

A character in a dark, tactical suit is running away from the viewer towards the right side of the panel. The background is a bright, hazy sky with some distant structures.


BETTER GET  
MOVING--

A character in a dark, tactical suit is running through a field. The character is in the center of the panel, running towards the right. The background shows a field with some debris and a bright sky.

--THAT PACKAGE  
AIN'T GONNA WAIT  
FOREVER.

A character in a dark, tactical suit is crouching on a hill. The character is in the foreground, crouching on the left side of the panel. The background shows a hill with some debris and a bright sky.

LOOKS LIKE  
THE LOCALS  
ARE ARMED  
FOR BEAR.

A character in a dark, tactical suit is running on a hill. The character is in the background, running towards the right side of the panel. The background shows a hill with some debris and a bright sky.

WHEN THE REBELS  
ARRIVE--THERE'S  
GONNA BE A  
BLOODBATH.

A character in a dark, tactical suit is running through a field. The character is in the foreground, running towards the right side of the panel. The background shows a field with some debris and a bright sky.

WHICH MEANS  
I BETTER BE  
GONE.



"FIND PRESIDENT  
MAYAMBA," THE  
PANTHER SAID.

"HE'LL HAND  
YOU THE --"



POISONED.  
NOT TWO  
HOURS AGO.

HE WAS A  
GREAT MAN.



THE  
PACKAGE?

HERE.







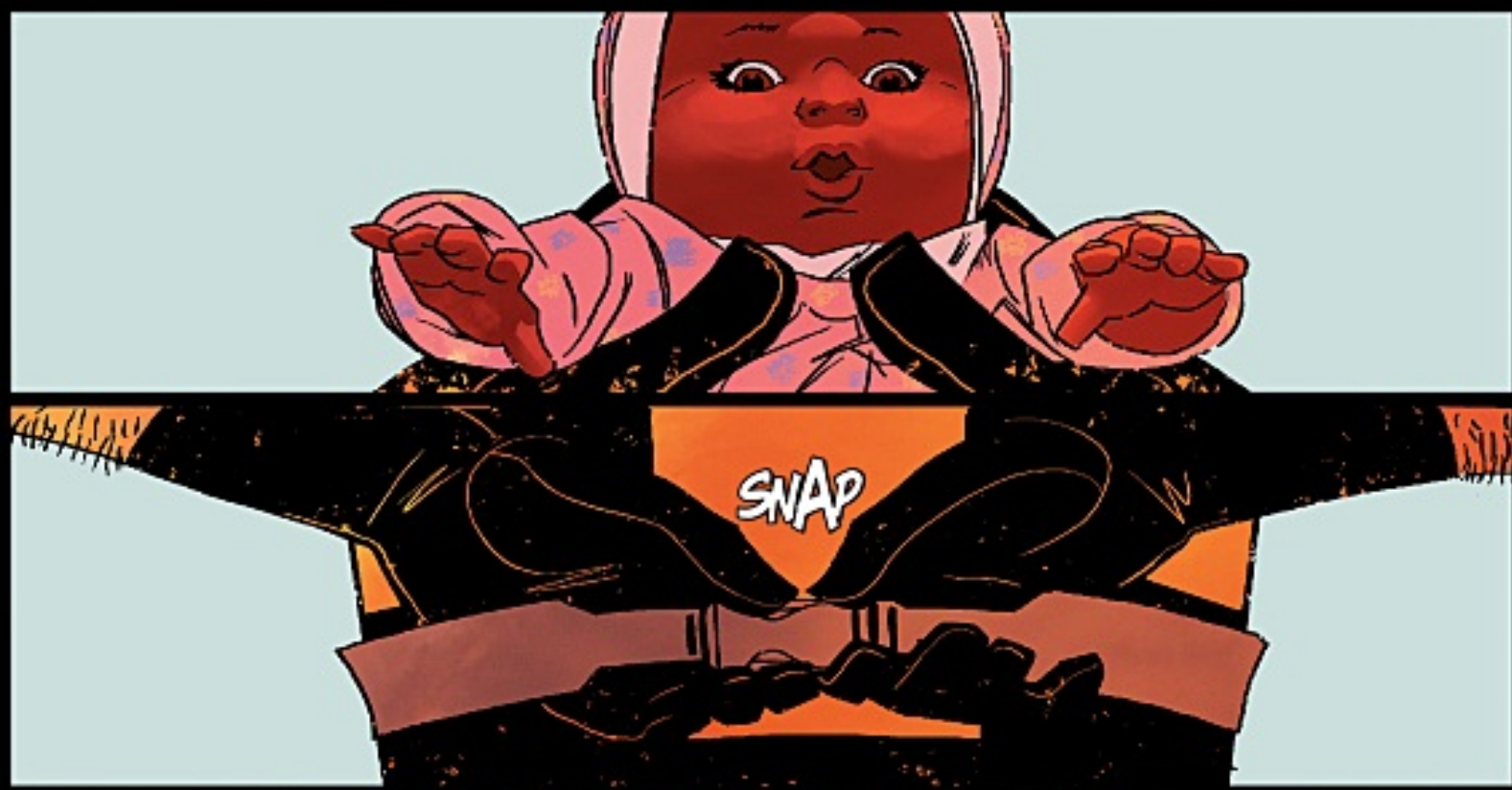
TAKE  
HER.  
NOW.

YOU?

MY  
PLACE IS  
HERE.







# WOLVERINE: THE PACKAGE

STUART  
MOORE  
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C.P.  
SMITH  
ARTIST

VC'S RANDY  
GENTILE  
LETTERS


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THE UNITED NATIONS  
RANKS ZWARTHEID  
LAST IN QUALITY  
OF LIFE, DEAD LAST  
IN THE WORLD.


AVERAGE LIFE  
EXPECTANCY:  
THIRTY-  
SEVEN YEARS.



PANTHER GAVE ME THE SHORT  
VERSION ON THE FLIGHT IN.  
BASICALLY, THE COUNTRY'S  
NATURAL MINERAL WEALTH  
HAS MADE IT THE WESTERN  
NATIONS' KILLING GROUND  
FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY.


PRESIDENT MAYAMBA  
ACTUALLY MANAGED  
TO BRING THE WARRING  
TRIBES TOGETHER AND  
STABILIZE THE REGION.  
HE WAS MUCH LOVED--

--TILL HE WAS  
DRIVEN OUT IN  
A COUP, TEN  
YEARS AGO.




THE NEXT DECADE  
WAS AN UNHOLY  
NIGHTMARE.

CIVIL WARS...THOUSANDS  
OF CHILDREN ENLISTED  
AS SOLDIERS. WHOLE  
VILLAGES WHERE ALL THE  
ADULT MEN HAD ONE OR  
MORE LIMBS AMPUTATED...  
TO BREAK THEIR SPIRIT.




WOMEN AND TEENAGE  
GIRLS RAPED--DELIBERATELY  
INFECTED WITH HIV, ENTIRE  
TRIBES WIPED OUT BY  
MALARIA, AIDS, AND GENOCIDE.



THEN...SIX  
MONTHS AGO...  
MAYAMBA  
CAME BACK.

HE WAS ON HIS WAY  
TO RESTORING PEACE  
TO THE REGION...EVEN  
GOT THE WARLORDS  
AN' THE DIAMOND  
MERCHANTS TALKING,  
TILL A VICIOUS GENERAL  
NAMED LAGO TOOK  
EXCEPTION.



MAYAMBA'S  
HOPE FOR  
PEACE IS  
DEAD NOW.  
UNLESS,  
SOMEDAY...

HIS DAUGHTER  
CAN PICK UP  
WHERE HE  
LEFT OFF.



INSECTS  
AROUND HERE  
ARE DEADLY.  
HEAT'S NO  
PICNIC, EITHER.

BUT I GOTTA BE  
NEAR THE EDGE  
OF THE CITY BY  
NOW. IF I CAN GET  
CLEAR BEFORE  
LAGO'S FORCES  
STORM THE PLACE--

CRAP.

**SNIKT**

NOTHIN' I'D LIKE  
BETTER RIGHT NOW  
THAN A GOOD BRAWL.  
THE KIND WITH TEETH  
FLYIN' AND BONES  
CRUNCHIN'.

BUT AS LONG  
AS I GOT  
MY LITTLE  
BURDEN--

--WE'LL  
HAVE TO  
PLAY IT  
COOL.

**SNARK!**

**SNARK!**





EASY,  
GUYS.  
I AIN'T  
ARMED.



ANYBODY  
SPEAK  
ENGLISH?

I DO,  
AMERICAN.  
WHAT  
YOU DO  
HERE?



JUST  
DOIN' A MAN  
A FAVOR.  
AN' I AIN'T  
AMERICAN, I'M  
CANADIAN.

AND WHO  
DE BABY?



A  
FRIEND'S.  
I'M TAKIN'  
HER TO HER  
MAMA.



YOU GUYS  
WANT SOME  
SMOKES?

DON'T TAKE  
THIS WRONG--  
CANADIAN--

--BUT WHY A  
WHITE MAN PLAYIN'  
MESSENGER BOY  
WITH A BLACK  
BABY?



HE'S TALKIN' TOUGH--  
BUT I THINK I GOT  
THROUGH TO HIM, AN  
AMERICAN'D BE DEAD  
BY NOW.

LET'S TRY  
A GAMBLE...

WELL NOW--THERE'S  
TWO DIFFERENT  
ANSWERS TO THAT  
QUESTION.

IT DEPENDS  
WHETHER YOU  
MEN ARE WORKIN'  
FOR GENERAL  
LAGO--

--OR PRESIDENT  
MAYAMBA.

LET THEM  
PASS.





I GOT LUCKY. FOUND  
A PATRIOT WHO SAW  
SOMETHIN' IN MY EYES.

WON'T GET  
AWAY WITH  
THAT TWICE.

I'M OUTTA THE CITY  
NOW--BUT IT'S STILL  
EIGHTY MILES  
TO THE BORDER.

AN' THIS TERRAIN  
IS MURDER ON MY  
SENSES. SMELLS ARE  
OVERWHELMING...  
HIGH GRASS AN'  
THICK JUNGLE IN  
EVERY DIRECTION...

I HATE  
OPEN  
GROUND.

LAGO'S ARMY  
COULD BE  
ANYWHERE...

**BAAAAA!**

EASY,  
GIRL.

I KNOW  
THE GRASS  
ITCHES.



BLASTED PANTHER.  
HIS COUNTRY COULD  
CONQUER THIS WHOLE  
JOINT IN A MATTER OF DAYS.

BUT NO. "WE DO NOT  
INTERFERE WITH OUR  
SOVEREIGN NEIGHBORS.  
IT IS EVERY WAKANDAN  
CHIEF'S SOLEMN VOW."



SO HE CALLED THE  
AVENGERS TO DO HIS  
DIRTY WORK--OFF THE  
RECORD. AN' LIKE AN  
IDIOT, I VOLUNTEERED.

FIGURED, WHAT THE  
HELL. I SEEN A LOT  
OF PLACES IN MY  
LIFE -- BUT I AIN'T  
NEVER BEEN TO THE  
WORST COUNTRY  
ON EARTH BEFO--



AAH!








ONE MAN IN  
THE FIELD.



COULD BE  
MORE--



UNNHH!



I HATE BEIN'  
RIGHT ALL  
THE TIME.

ONLY GOT ONE  
ADVANTAGE HERE:  
SPEED. THAT  
AIN'T ENOUGH--




--I NEED AN  
EQUALIZER.






MOVE AROUND TO  
THE BACK, SHORT  
STUFF --



UNCLE  
LOGAN'S  
GOT WORK  
TO DO.

BUDA  
BUDA  
BUDA  
BUDA  
BUDA



FOUR DOWN,  
FIVE, COUNTIN'  
MY FRIEND HERE.

JUNGLE'S ONLY  
FIFTY FEET AWAY.  
WITH A LITTLE  
LUCK, I CAN--





LUCK.

SHE AIN'T  
MY DATE  
TONIGHT.

SNIKT





THIS WON'T  
WORK IF I  
THINK  
ABOUT IT--



SKSSSHHH

--GOTTA  
JUST ACT.



KKAGSH



THAT TRUCK'LL  
GO UP PRETTY  
GOOD IN A MINUTE.

GOTTA KEEP  
MOVING--





**BA-ROOOOM!**



THIS MIGHT  
GET BUMPY,  
KID.  
GOOD THING  
YOU'RE ALREADY  
STRAPPED IN.



IN THE  
COPTER--



**BOOM**

LAGO.







**BWOOM**


BARELY GRAZED  
LAGO'S COPTER.

NO TIME FOR  
ANOTHER SHOT.



DOESN'T  
MATTER.


THIS COUNTRY  
BELONGS TO  
HIM. FOR NOW,  
ANYWAY.



I JUST GOTTA  
MAKE SURE  
THERE'S A  
SLIM CHANCE--


--IT DOESN'T  
STAY THAT  
WAY.






WHAT DO YOU KNOW--  
LOOKS LIKE AN  
ABANDONED ROAD.

"ROAD" BEIN'  
A RELATIVE  
TERM IN  
THESE PARTS.



NO SIGN OF LAGO'S  
FORCES, WHICH  
MEANS ONE OF  
TWO THINGS:


EITHER THEY DECIDED  
WE AIN'T WORTH THE  
TROUBLE, OR THEY'RE  
WAITIN' FOR US TO COME  
OUT THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THIS FOREST.



I THINK THIS IS  
THE OLD MINING  
ROAD THE PANTHER  
TOLD ME ABOUT--  
USED BACK BEFORE  
THIS AREA WAS  
TAPPED OUT.

IF SO, IT'LL LEAD ME  
TO A SMALL VILLAGE  
NEAR THE BORDER,  
WHICH IS A MIXED  
BLESSING--

--BECAUSE THERE'S  
A GOOD CHANCE LAGO  
WILL SET UP AN  
AMBUSH THERE.



BUT WE  
AIN'T SO EASY  
TO AMBUSH--  
ARE WE, KID?

GOO--





WHUMP!



UHHH!

EEEE!



KRAASH!



NO--  
NO!

IF YOU'RE  
GONNA RULE THIS  
FLAMIN' COUNTRY  
SOMEDAY--  
YOU GOTTA  
LEARN--

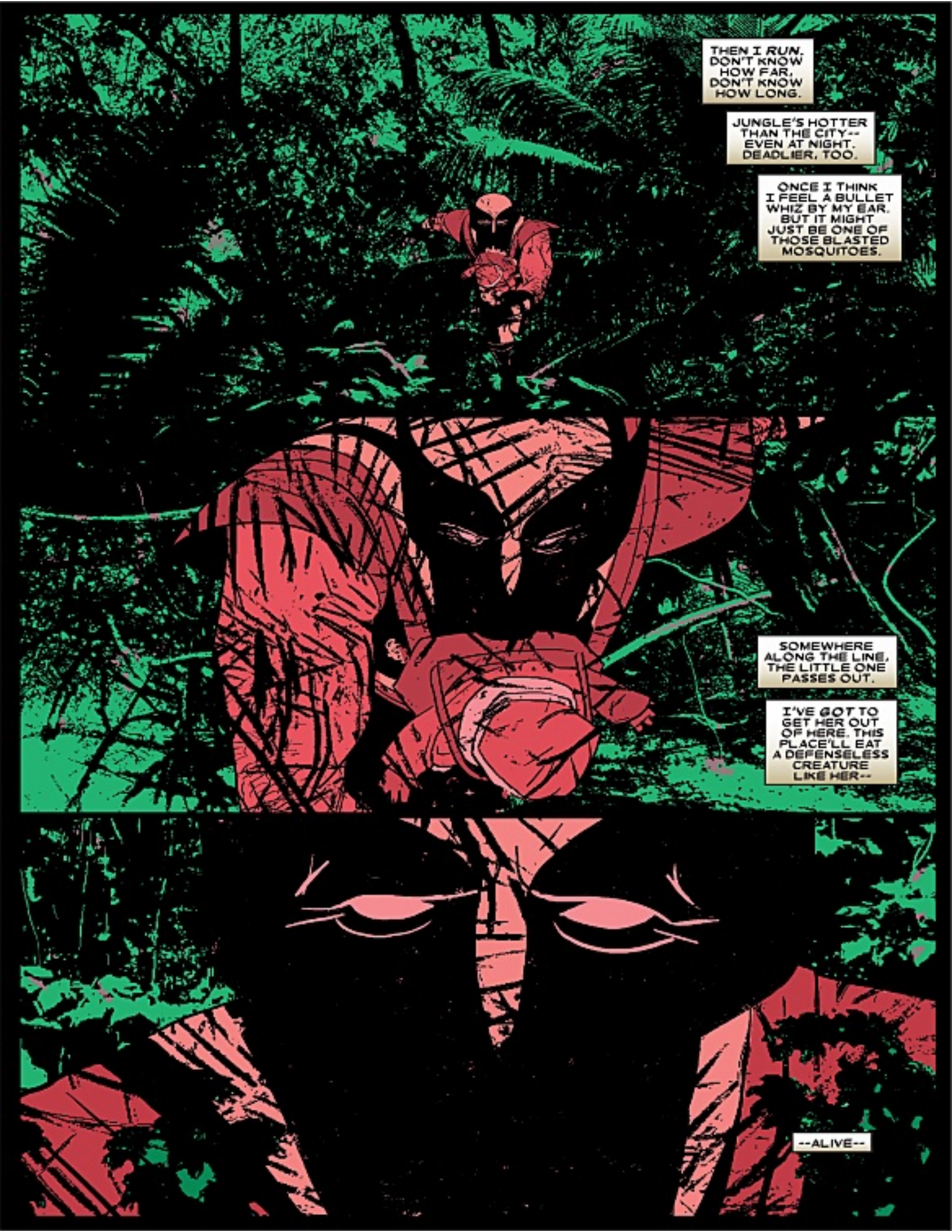
BLACK  
ANTS BAD!



SIT STILL IN  
THIS PLACE,  
GIRL....

...AND YOU'RE  
MEAT FOR THE  
HUNTERS.





THEN I RUN.  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW FAR,  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW LONG.

JUNGLE'S HOTTER  
THAN THE CITY--  
EVEN AT NIGHT.  
DEADLIER, TOO.

ONCE I THINK  
I FEEL A BULLET  
WHIZ BY MY EAR.  
BUT IT MIGHT  
JUST BE ONE OF  
THOSE BLASTED  
MOSQUITOES.

SOMEWHERE  
ALONG THE LINE,  
THE LITTLE ONE  
PASSES OUT.

I'VE GOT TO  
GET HER OUT  
OF HERE. THIS  
PLACE'LL EAT  
A DEFENSELESS  
CREATURE  
LIKE HER--

--ALIVE--





WHOLE VILLAGES, THE PANTHER SAID, WHERE ALL THE ADULT MEN HAD ONE OR MORE LIMBS AMPUTATED.

AN' EVEN AFTER ALL THAT--THEY'RE STILL PRESSED INTO SERVICE, FORCED TO FIGHT FOR THE VERY MEN WHO MAIMED AN' TORTURED THEM.

LISTEN--  
GUYS--

I REALLY  
DON'T WANT TO  
FIGHT YOU.





BUT THE BORDER'S JUST A  
COUPLE MILES PAST THAT  
VILLAGE OF YOURS--AN'  
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,  
I'M GOIN' ACROSS.

SO LET'S  
STOP FOR A  
MINUTE AND ASK  
OURSELVES--

--IS THIS  
WORTH  
IT?

**BLAMM!**

**NRPH!**

LAST  
CHANCE.

THIS  
DOESN'T  
HAVE TO  
HAPPEN.

**SNIKT**

**NGH!**

**BLAMM!**





I--



BAAH!



I WANT TO CALL UP THE BERSERKER INSIDE ME. I WANT THE WORLD TO GO RED. THE KILLING TO BECOME SECOND NATURE.



BUT I CAN'T.

LONG AS I'VE GOT THIS PRECIOUS PARCEL... I'VE GOTTA STAY IN CONTROL.



AN' THAT MEANS WHEN I GUT A MAN--SOME POOR AMPUTEE WHO ONLY FIGHTS IN A WAR LIKE THIS SO HIS FAMILY WON'T BE TORTURED AND KILLED--





--IT  
HURTS.



DAMMIT,  
GIRL.

YOU  
COST  
ME.





BLASTED GUNS,  
THIS WHOLE PART  
OF THE WORLD'S  
FILLED WITH 'EM.

PISTOLS, AK'S,  
KALASHNIKOV'S,  
ROCKET  
LAUNCHERS.

IT'S A MIRACLE  
ANYBODY  
LIVES PAST--

**AAAARRGGHHH!**



ARROWS.

THOUSANDS OF 'EM. PIERCING MY SKIN--MY LEGS-- COUPLE OF VITAL ORGANS, I THINK.

ARCHERS ARE KEEPIN' THEIR DISTANCE. THEY SAW WHAT I DID TO THE VILLAGERS BACK THERE.

BUT I CAN'T GET UP. CAN'T FIGHT BACK-- CAN'T TAKE THIS BATTLE TO THE ENEMY.

BECAUSE IF EVEN ONE ARROW GETS THROUGH--

--EVEN ONE--

DAH?

BORDER'S JUST AHEAD-- THE SAMAYA RIVER.


BUT AT THIS RATE--I'M NOT GONNA MAKE IT--

AMERICAN.





TAKE MY PICTURE?



THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN.

ENLISTED AS SOLDIERS.



I CAN'T  
DO IT.

THEY'RE  
JUST KIDS--

WHITE  
MAN--

TOSS  
ME THE  
PACKAGE.

TOSS IT  
TO ME NOW,  
AND I PROMISE  
YOU: NO MORE  
BLOOD WILL  
BE SPILLED  
TODAY.

I--

LOOK  
AT 'EM.

NO CHILDHOOD...  
BARELY ANY LIFE  
TO SPEAK OF.

IT'S PROBABLY  
TOO LATE  
FOR THEM.

TOO LATE  
ALREADY.

BUT HER--





I'M NOT  
THROWIN' HER  
TO YOU LIKE A  
RAG DOLL.



WE'LL DO THIS  
LIKE CIVILIZED  
MEN.



VERY  
WELL.  
BUT DO NOT  
BE DECEIVED BY  
THE ABSENCE OF MY  
OTHER FORCES. THEY  
ARE BUSY IN THE CITY--  
ENFORCING THE  
NEW ORDER.  
THESE...  
THESE ARE  
MY BEST  
SOLDIERS...



...AND THEY ARE  
EXCELLENT  
SHOTS.

YOU THINK  
ME A MONSTER,  
BUT YOU HAVE  
NO IDEA OF THE  
FORCES AT  
WORK HERE.

THE PEOPLE  
OF ZWARTHEID HAD  
NOTHING-- THE WESTERN  
CORPORATIONS TREATED  
THEM LIKE MODERN-DAY  
SLAVES, UNTIL I  
GAVE THEM--







KLKHLK



YOU HEARD  
THE MAN. NO  
MORE BLOOD HAS  
TO BE SPILLED  
TODAY.

HE'S  
GONE  
NOW ...



...IT'S  
UP TO  
YOU.






A man stands in a field of tall grass, his back to the viewer. He has several arrows protruding from his back, some of which are still in their quivers. The scene is set against a bright, hazy sky.

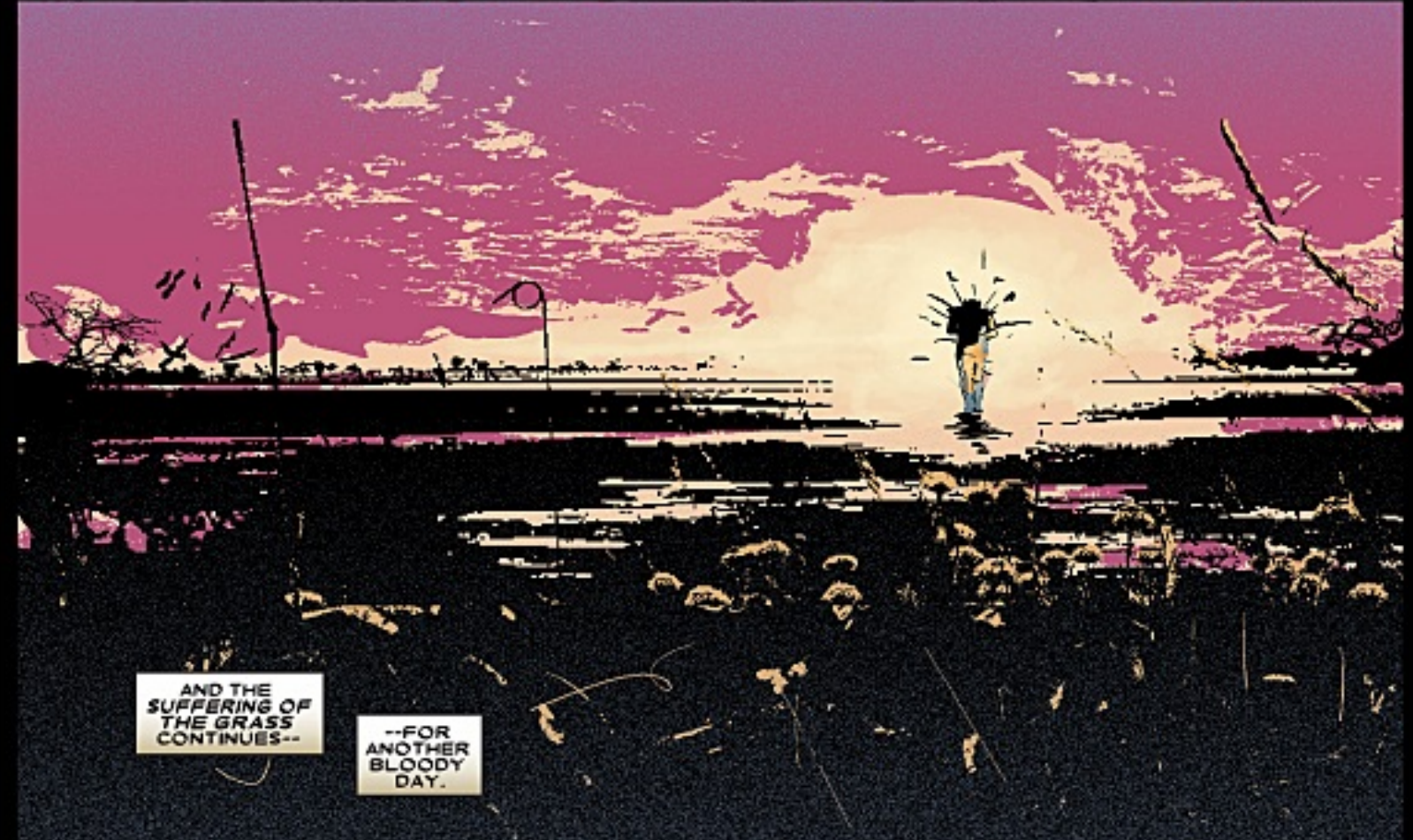
MAYBE  
SOMEDAY,  
KID...

YOU CAN COME  
BACK AND MAKE  
ALL THIS RIGHT.

A man stands in a field of tall grass, his back to the viewer. He has several arrows protruding from his back, some of which are still in their quivers. The scene is set against a bright, hazy sky.

TILL THEN, I GUESS  
THE ELEPHANTS  
ARE JUST GONNA  
KEEP ON FIGHTIN'--

--WITH BOWS,  
ARROWS, GUNS,  
KNIVES--HAMMERS  
AND AXES AND BARE,  
BLEEDING FISTS,  
EVERYTHING  
AND ANYTHING  
THEY CAN FIND.

A man stands in a field of tall grass, his back to the viewer. He has several arrows protruding from his back, some of which are still in their quivers. The scene is set against a bright, hazy sky.

AND THE  
SUFFERING OF  
THE GRASS  
CONTINUES--

--FOR  
ANOTHER  
BLOODY  
DAY.

⊗ THE END





GIANT-SIZE WOLVERINE #1





Ⓢ WAVERLY, NORTH DAKOTA...



IT SHOULDN'T  
OF HAPPENED  
LIKE IT DID...



WITH ALL  
THOSE PEOPLE  
DYIN'.







NOT THAT MOST OF 'EM DIDN'T DESERVE IT FOR SHOOTIN' MAMA ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.



AND I GUESS IT HAD TO END SOONER OR LATER.



HORACE WAS READY TO CRACK.



IF THE DRINKING DIDN'T KILL HIM, HE JUST COULDN'T KEEP EATING ALL THEM PORKCHOPS.



WELL, ANYWAY, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

I THINK I KNEW IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END THAT DAY.



THE DAY THE  
SPACEMAN CAME  
TO TOWN.



# House of Blood and Sorrow

**David  
Lapham**  
WRITER

**David  
Aja**  
ARTIST

**VC's Joe  
Caramagna**  
LETTERER

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PUBLISHER





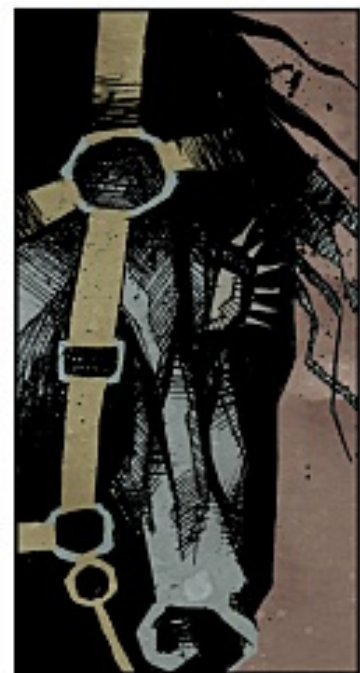




**SNIKT!**











YEAH,  
OKAY, MOSE...  
NO.



YOU JUST  
STAY PUT, I'LL  
CALL THE STATE  
BOYS....

SHERIFF!  
JEEZ LOUISE,  
MAN...MAN...  
OH, MAN...

I SAW IT.  
I SAW IT! UP BY  
THE BUCHMAN  
PLACE!



I JUST  
GOT A CALL FROM  
OL' MOSE. HE SAID  
HE SAW SOME SORT  
OF AIRPLANE  
CRASH....

NO, NO,  
NO! IT'S  
ALIENS!

I SAW IT,  
SHERIFF!



WITH MY  
GOOD EYE,  
TOO!

THERE WAS  
A SPACESHIP AN'--  
AN' AN ALIEN WITH  
THREE EYES AN'  
FOOT-LONG  
CLAWS!



IT TRIED TO KILL  
ME! CUT ME, STUFF  
ME, AN' EAT MY BRAINS  
FOR ITS MARTIAN  
THANKSGIVIN'.

ALRIGHT,  
SWEENEY,  
ALRIGHT. LET  
ME GET MY  
KEYS.

DOLLARS TO  
DOUGHNUTS, THEY'S  
COMIN' FOR THEM  
BUCHMANS. YOU  
ALWAYS SAID THEY  
WAS FREAKS.





BAA-AA-AA

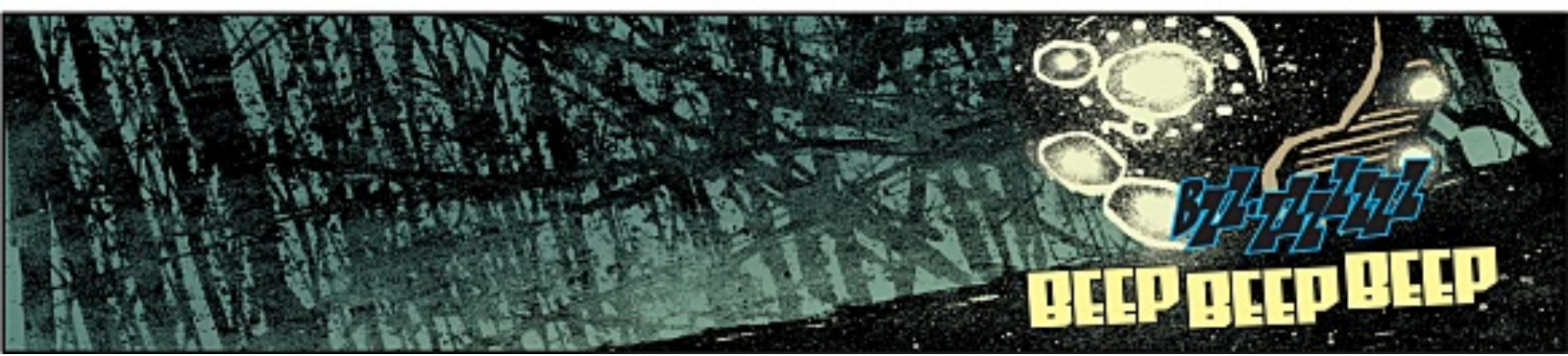


PFITZZ

WWW...  
UHHNN...











KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK

YOU IN  
THERE,  
HORACE?



WHAT TH'  
HELL YEW  
WANT,  
SHERIFF?



NOW, HORACE,  
NO NEED TO  
CATCH ATTITUDE  
WITH ME.



SORRY,  
SORRY,  
SHERIFF.

I'M JUST  
NOT FEELIN'  
TOO GOOD  
THESE DAYS.

I'M SURE  
YOU SAW THE  
CRASH JUST  
OVER THE HILL  
THERE.

THERE  
MIGHT'VE BEEN  
SOMEONE WHO  
SURVIV--

SOMETHING!



THERE WERE  
TRACKS THROUGH  
THE BRUSH IN YOUR  
DIRECTION.

SEARCH  
AROUND IF  
YOU LIKE.





THE CONTESTANT  
THAT COMES  
CLOSEST TO THE  
ACTUAL PRICE  
WITHOUT GOING  
OVER...



UM...  
THAT'S OKAY,  
HORACE.

I KNOW IF  
SOMETHING  
WAS HERE, YOU'D  
TELL ME.



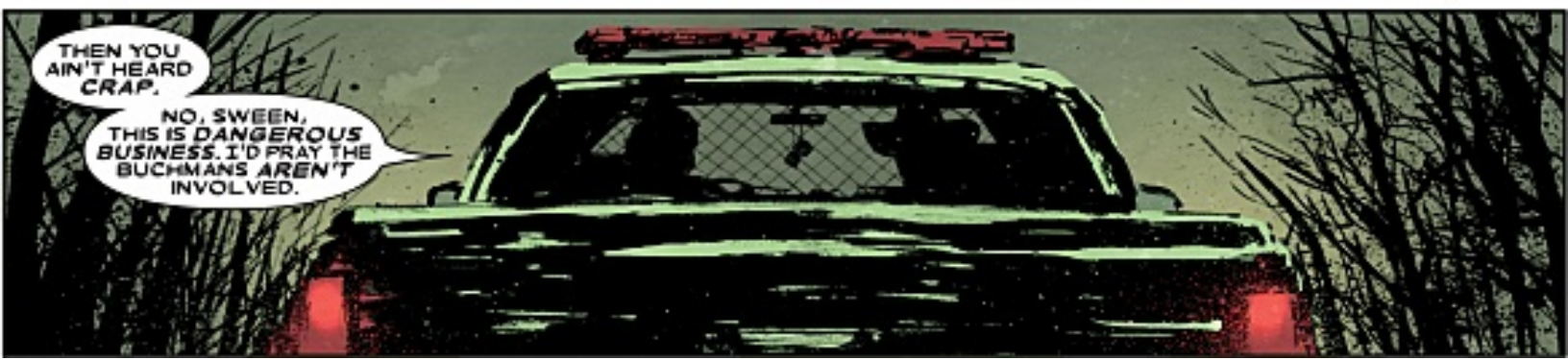
I CAN'T  
BELIEVE YOU'RE  
GONNA LET HIM  
GET AWAY WITH  
THAT, SHERIFF!



HE'S HIDIN'  
THA' MARTIAN.  
I'D BET MY BLUE  
EYE ON IT!

THESE THINGS  
NEED TO BE HANDLED  
CAREFULLY. YOU  
WEREN'T THERE  
IN '99.

I HEARD  
THE  
STORIES.



THEN YOU  
AIN'T HEARD  
CRAP.

NO, SWEEN,  
THIS IS DANGEROUS  
BUSINESS. I'D PRAY THE  
BUCHMANS AREN'T  
INVOLVED.





YOU'RE JUST A MAN, AREN'T YOU?



KID...  
#KAFF!  
#KAFF!



...THAT'S THE NICEST THING I CAN REMEMBER ANYBODY EVER SAYING TO ME.

WHERE'D YOU...GET THE SHINER?



DID THE HYDRA DO THIS?  
COME AGAIN?  
YOU WERE TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP ABOUT THE HYDRA.  
I KNOW WHAT A HYDRA IS.  
A BEAST WITH LOTS OF HEADS.







YOU'RE A  
LOT SMARTER  
THAN ME, KID.

A COUPLE  
OF MONTHS BACK  
I...HAD TO STOP  
A BAD MAN.

HE WAS  
CONNECTED TO  
OTHER BAD  
MEN. THEY CALL  
THEMSELVES  
HYDRA.



"THAT ROBOT'S  
THEIRS. THING  
SNATCHED ME  
UP RIGHT OFF  
THE STREET.

"BY THE TIME  
I PULLED THE  
PLUG, WE WERE...  
WELL, WE WERE  
WAY UP..."



NOW TELL  
ME ABOUT  
THAT  
SHINER.



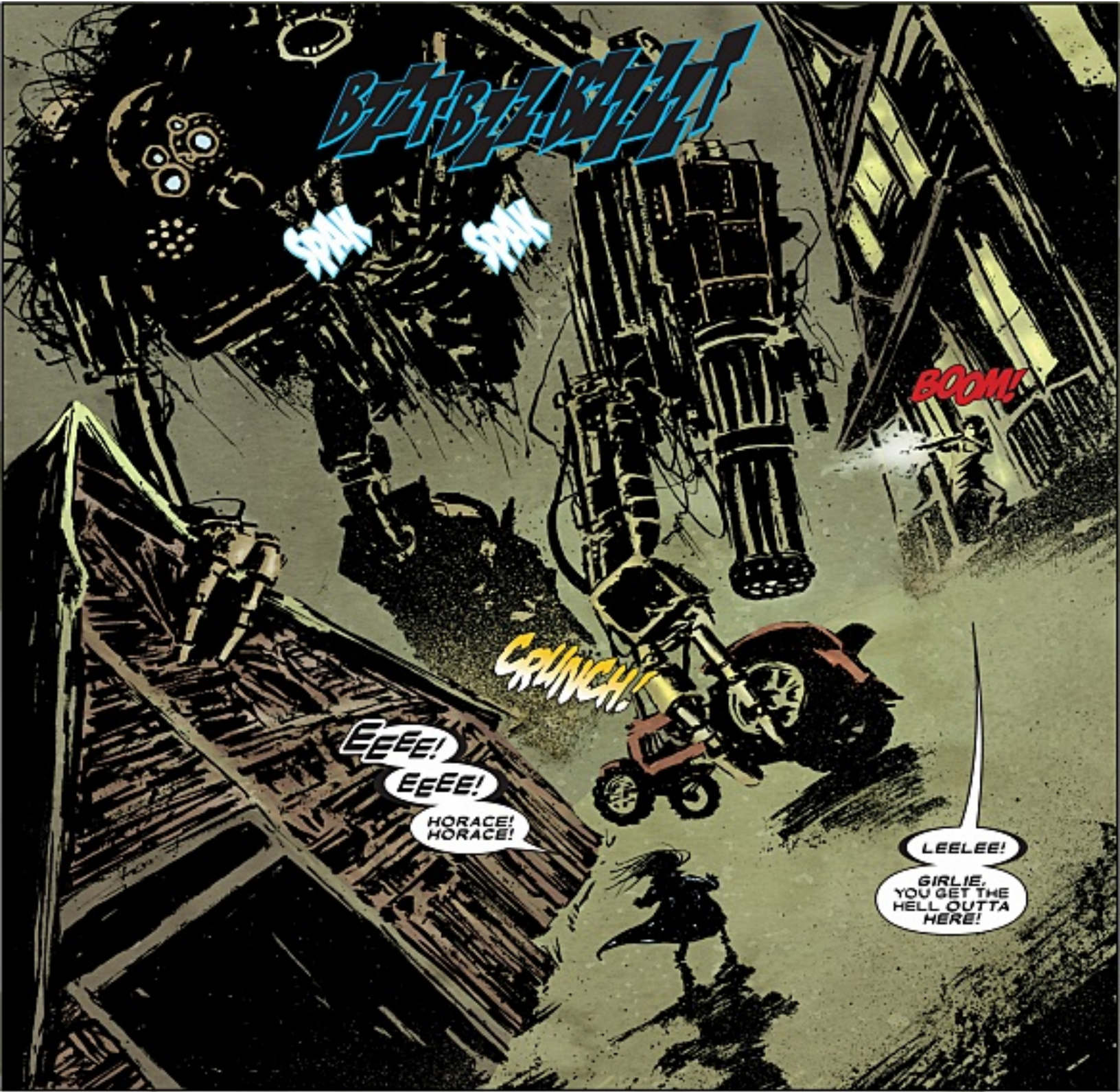
**BOOM!**



...KID...

HORACE!

















YOU GOING?

I-I WOULD, BUT M-MY WIFE WON'T LET ME....

YEAH, IT'S TIME TO GET RID OF THOSE FREAKS.

BOYS, I'M'NA NEED YOUR HELP UP AT THE OLD BUCHMAN PLACE. WHADDAYA SAY?

I SAY LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.

GET ME ANOTHER BEER.

HEAR! HEAR!

MY DAUGHTER DROVE PAST THERE... I TANNED HER HIDE....



THE RUMOR IS THERE'S A SPACEMAN HIDING OUT AT A FARM OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

THE LOCAL SHERIFF IS GETTING A POSSE TOGETHER. THEY'RE ALL IN THERE TRYING TO DRINK UP SOME COURAGE.



SPACEMAN?... HEH... WELL, I GUESS WE CAN DO OUR CIVIC DUTY.



CAN'T HAVE A SPACEMAN RUNNING AROUND LOOSE, CAN WE?



LATER...

ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP GETTING BETTER?

IT'S MY CURSE.

THE ROBOT'S DEAD, YOU MISSED IT. I HAD HORACE USE THE TRUCK TO PUSH IT THE REST OF THE WAY DOWN UNDER THE BARN.

"WE TRIED TO COVER IT UP, BUT IT'S NOT A VERY GOOD JOB."

HYDRA WILL TRACK THE ROBOT. YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE.

NOWHERE TO GO.  
AND HORACE CAN'T TRAVEL.

"THIS HORACE IS... YOUR DAD?"

"SOMETIMES."

"HE HITS YOU?"

"IT'S NOT HIS FAULT."





HE'S HAD  
A HARD TIME  
SINCE THEY  
SHOT MAMA.

WHO'S  
"THEY"?

THE  
TOWNIES. THEY THINK  
WE'RE EVIL.  
FREAKS.



"MAMA WAS BORN  
WITH A TUMOR.  
LIKE A TWIN, BUT  
ALL MESSED UP.  
THEY CUT IT OFF,  
BUT EVERYBODY  
KNEW ABOUT IT."



HORACE'S FAMILY  
OWNED THIS FARM, AN'  
EVERYBODY THOUGHT HE  
WAS A FREAK, TOO, CUZ  
THE ANIMALS WERE  
ALWAYS BEIN' BORN  
DIFFERENT.

AFTER THEY  
MARRIED AN' CAME  
HERE, MAMA'S TUMOR  
STARTED GROWIN'  
AGAIN.

EVENTUALLY  
SHE COULDN'T  
LEAVE THE  
BASEMENT.

"MAMA HAD  
THIRTEEN  
CHILDREN.

"TWELVE OF  
'EM WAS BORN  
MESSED UP. THE  
DOC PUT THEM  
IN THE BATH.

"I WAS THE  
THIRTEENTH.  
THEY COULDN'T  
FIND NOTHIN'  
WRONG  
WITH ME.

"THE DOC SAID  
I MUST BE  
ROTTEN ON  
THE INSIDE. LIKE  
THE DEVIL'S  
CHILD.

"THE DOC TRIED  
TO PUT ME IN THE  
BATH LIKE THE  
OTHERS. THAT'S  
WHEN MAMA GOT  
REAL MAD...."











WELL, SEE, HORACE. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

EVERYBODY'S NERVOUS, HORACE. IT'S LIKE THIS PLACE IS A BLIGHT ON THE WHOLE TOWN, YOU CAN'T GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT EVERYBODY WHISPERIN', "WHAT'RE THOSE BUCHMANS UP TO? LOCK YOUR DOORS. MAMA BUCHMAN WILL EAT YOUR CHILDREN."

WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO SEARCH THE PLACE OURSELVES.



PLEASE, COME BACK.

YOU'LL ONLY MAKE IT WORSE.

WE AN'T CAUSIN' NO TROUBLE, SHERIFF.



STAND ASIDE, HORACE.

PLEASE, SHERIFF. LEAVE IT ALONE.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BARN, HORACE?





FELL  
DOWN IN THE  
WINDSTORM.

MIKE, TAKE  
SAM AN' GO  
CHECK OUT  
THE BARN.







WHEN THE SHERIFF SHOT HER WE THOUGHT MAMA WAS DEAD. BUT THE OTHER PART KEPT ON GROWIN'.

SHE'S REALLY BIG. I'VE FOUND HER OUT AS FAR AS THE WELL BEHIND THE BARN.

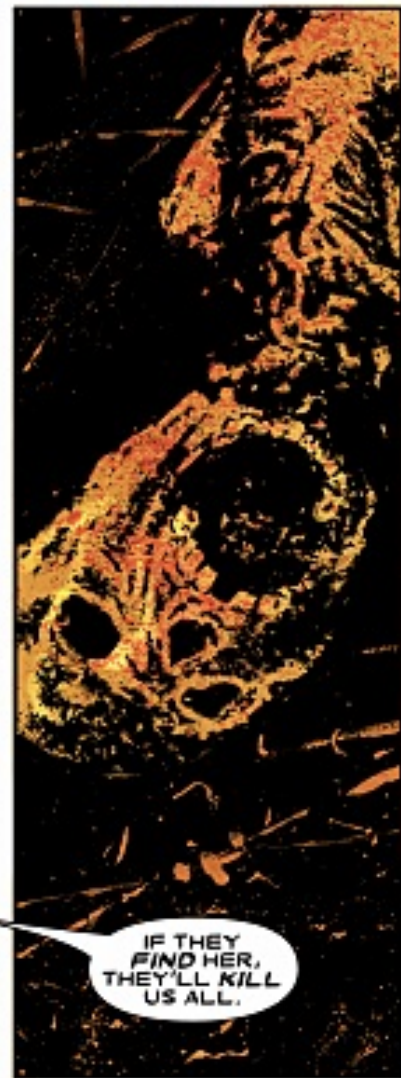
SHE CAN'T REALLY EAT, SO SHE ATTACHED HERSELF TO HORACE, AN' HE DOES MOST OF THAT FOR HER.



SHE'S REALLY ANGRY 'BOUT EVERYTHING.

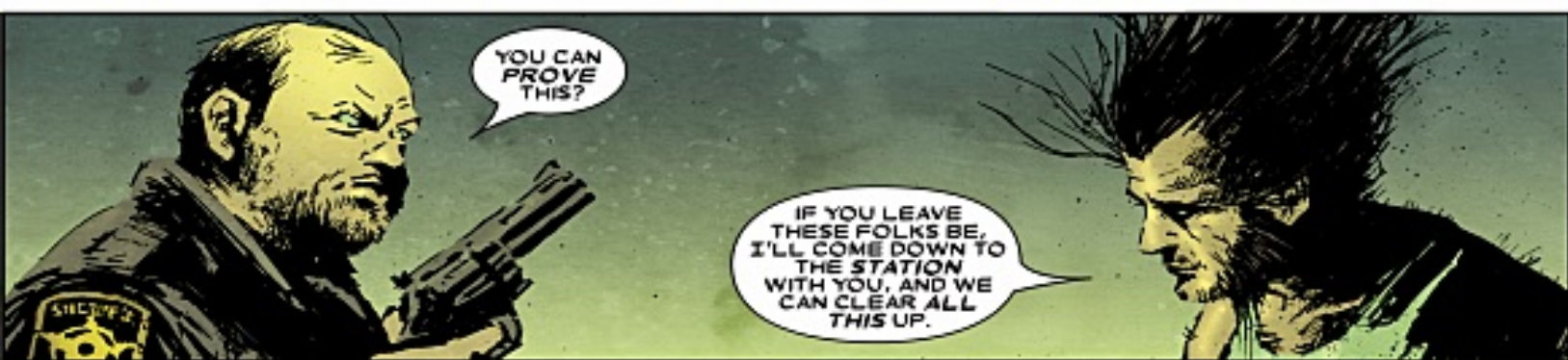


HORACE DRINKS TO KEEP HER CALM, BUT IF HE SLEEPS TOO LONG, IT'LL GET BAD.



IF THEY FIND HER, THEY'LL KILL US ALL.









































STOP IT, MAMA!  
STOP IT!



I'LL  
HATE YOU  
FOREVER!



I SWEAR  
I WILL..



I SWEAR!



I SWEAR!



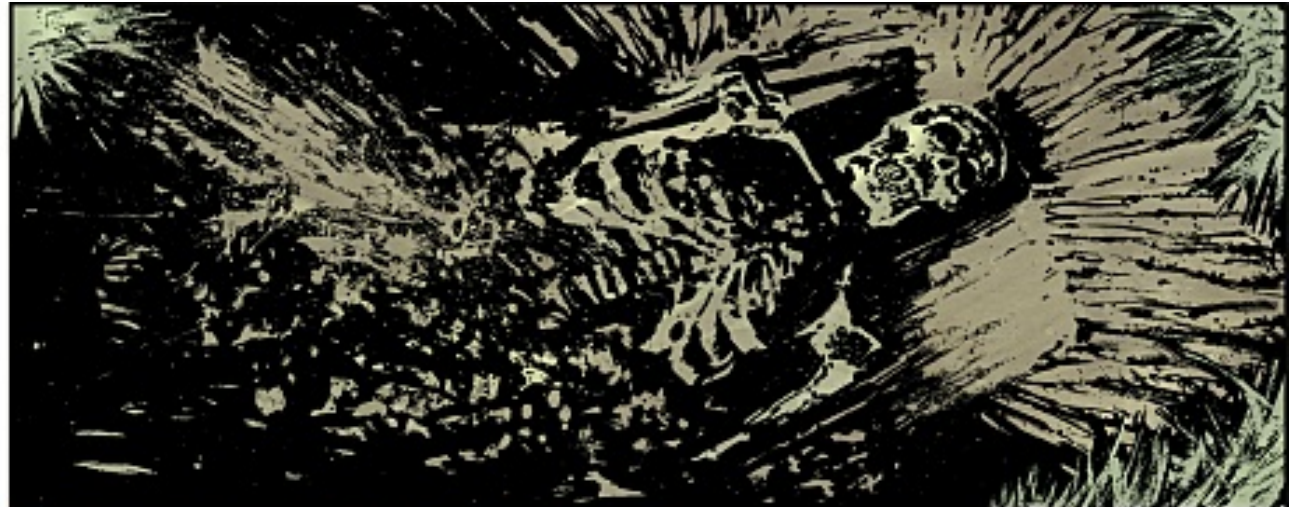
I SWEAR!





MAMA LEFT  
HER OLD SELF  
BEHIND. WE BURIED  
IT WHERE THE OLD  
CEMETERY  
USED TO BE.

I DON'T KNOW  
WHERE THE REST OF  
HER WENT. THE  
SPACEMAN, LOGAN,  
HE SAID HIS NAME WAS,  
FOUND A WATER  
MAIN THAT EMPTIED  
OUT INTO THE RIVER.



HE SAID SHE'D  
HAVE TO BE  
TRACKED DOWN  
AND CAPTURED.

I KNEW WITHOUT  
THE FARM--  
WITHOUT ME AN'  
HORACE--SHE'D  
JUST DIE.

LOGAN SAID  
HE'D TAKE ME TO  
PEOPLE WHO  
COULD TAKE  
CARE OF ME.

I DON'T  
KNOW.

I'D BEEN TAKIN'  
CARE OF MYSELF  
AS LONG AS I  
CAN REMEMBER.



BUT I HAD  
NO HOUSE,  
NO BARN, NO  
TRACTOR,  
NO GOAT.

NOTHIN'.

SO I WENT  
WITH HIM.

WHAT ELSE  
WAS I  
GONNA DO?



THE END






WOLVERINE #49




A close-up, high-contrast illustration of Wolverine's right eye. The eye is a striking golden-brown color with a black pupil and a white sclera. It is surrounded by thick, dark, and somewhat jagged fur. The lighting is dramatic, with deep shadows and bright highlights on the fur and the eye itself.

MY NAME IS  
LOGAN.

A close-up illustration of Wolverine's nose and mouth. The nose is large and prominent, with a bridge that has a textured, almost crystalline appearance. The mouth is slightly open, showing a hint of teeth. The fur around the mouth is dark and dense.

MOST CALL ME  
WOLVERINE.

A close-up illustration of Wolverine's mouth, showing his sharp, white teeth. The fur around the mouth is dark and textured. The background is a solid, light tan color.

I'M THE BEST  
THERE IS AT  
WHAT I DO.

A close-up illustration of Wolverine's entire face. He has a wide, toothy grin, showing his sharp teeth. His eyes are visible through the fur around his eyes. The fur is dark and textured, with some lighter patches. The background is a solid, light tan color.

BUT WHAT  
I DO BEST...



...ISN'T SHOPPING.



Merry  
Christmas  
from all at  
LACY'S

**Better to Give...**

*Rob Williams-writer Laurence Campbell-penciler Kris Justice-inker  
Paul Mounts-colorist UC's Randy Gentile-letterer Michael O'Connor-assistant editor  
Axel Alness-executive editor Joe Quesada-editor in chief Don Buckley-publisher*





KITTY PRYDE...

...YOU'RE ONE DEAD DAUGHTER OF ILLINOIS.

"YOU'RE IN NEW YORK ANYWAY," SHE SEZ. "JUST PICK UP A FEW PRESENTS," SHE SEZ. "I'LL GIVE YOU A LIST."

EXCUSE ME, SIR. COULD I INTEREST YOU IN THE BEGUILING FOREST SCENT OF "SEX PANTHER" FROM L'AUREN? IT'S MADE FROM--

REAL PANTHER



YOU...ARE AN EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE MAN.

LADY, I'VE KILLED LESS TERRIFYING THINGS THAN YOU. GET AWAY FROM--

HEY!















HO, HO, HO. DO MY ANCIENT MAGICAL EYES DECEIVE ME OR IS THIS THE BEAUTIFUL AND CHARMING MISS TOULOUSE LEXINGTON COMING TO SEE ME ON THIS MOST HALLOWED EVE OF DREAMS?

TRULY, I BID THEE WELCOME FROM MYSELF, MY ELVES, ALL THE MANAGEMENT, WORKERS AND SHAREHOLDERS OF LACY'S, INC. AND OUR PARENT COMPANY, JOUSHUBI HATSUKU ELECTRONICS.

Waiting time to Santa: 24 Hours

WOW, THIS GUY'S GOT THAT SEASONAL SPIRIT THING DOWN, HUM?

Waiting time to Santa: 1 Hour





NO ONE WILL INTERRUPT US, MISS LEXINGTON. SANTA'S GROTTO IS YOURS ALONE FOR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES. THANKS TO THE USE OF MY MOST SPECIAL MAGIC.

AND THE "TEMPORARILY CLOSED" BARRIERS THE MANAGER PUT UP ON THE ENTRANCE.

COME, CHILD. SIT UPON MY KNEE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU DESIRE THIS CHRISTMAS.



WELL, SANTA, I'D LIKE TWO PENCILS...

HO, HO, IS THAT ALL, CHILD?



YES, ONE TO STAB IN EACH OF MY EYES.



OH... I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH MY FATHER PAID TO BOOK THIS JOINT, PINTER, WE'RE LEAVING.



PINTER?



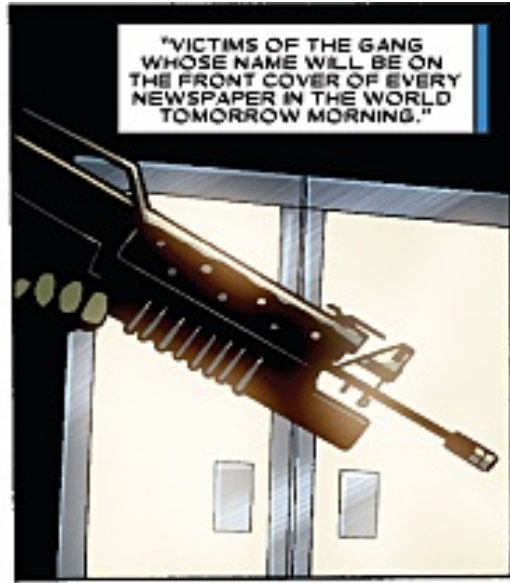
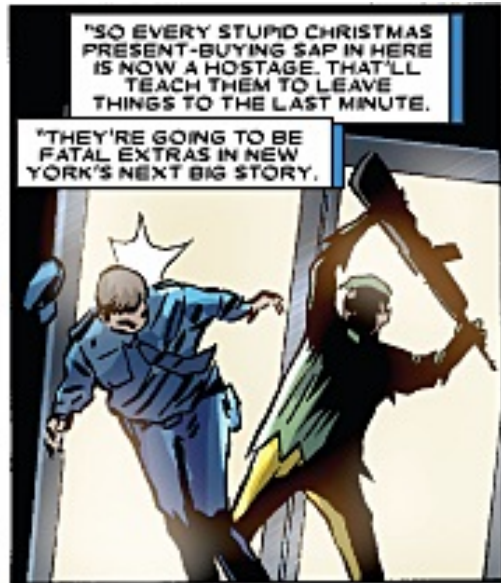
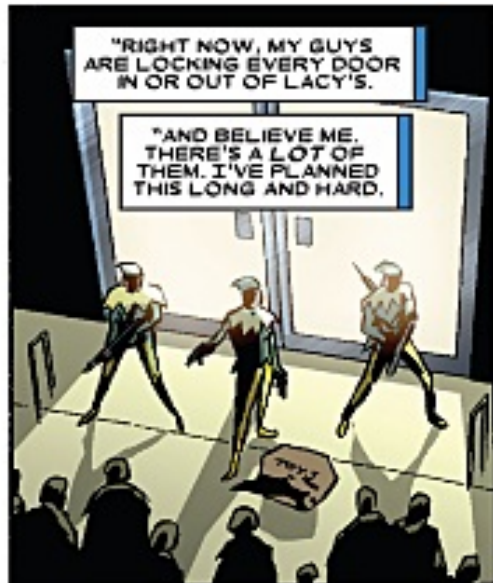
















SCREW ALL THIS RUNNING AROUND CRAP. SHORT LEGS AIN'T BUILT FOR IT.

HOLD ON A SEC, GUYS.



JUSTIN, THE CREEP'S ON THE SERVICE STAIRWAY HEADING DOWN AND HE AIN'T STOPPING.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOIN' FOR THE GROUND FLOOR EXIT. BE READY FOR HIM.



GOT IT. WE'RE IN POSITION.

IF THE LOSER OPENS THAT DOOR...



...WE GIVE HIM HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS EARLY.

LOTS OF THEM.









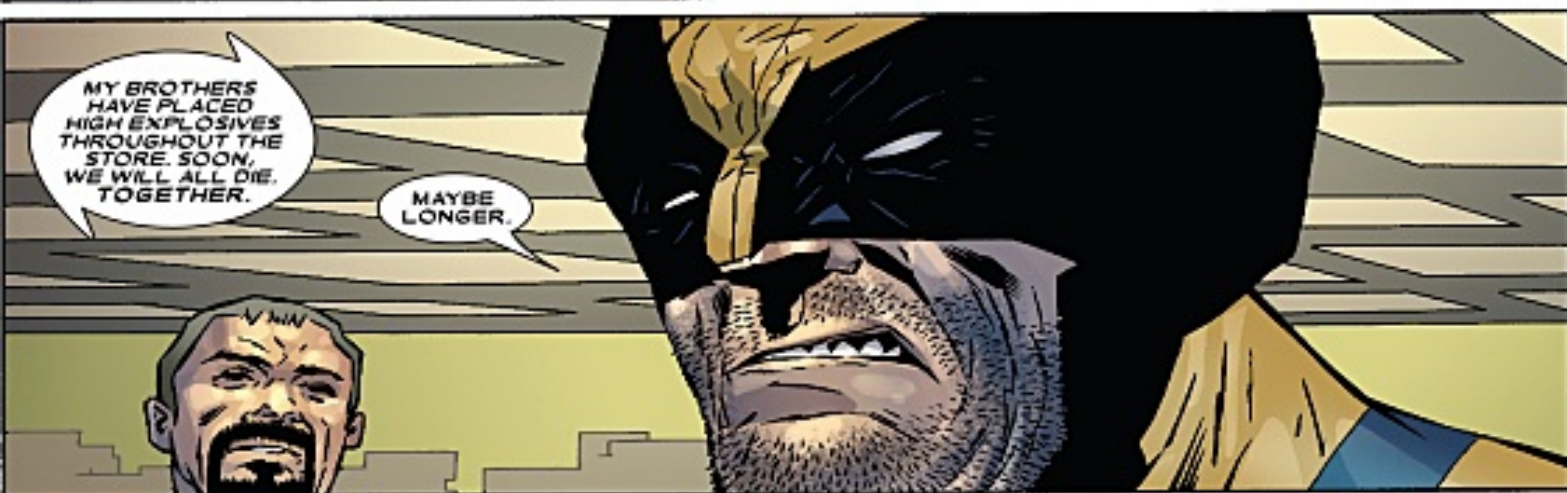
FEELS WEIRD FIGHTIN' PEOPLE SMALLER THAN ME.

I THINK I LIKE IT.









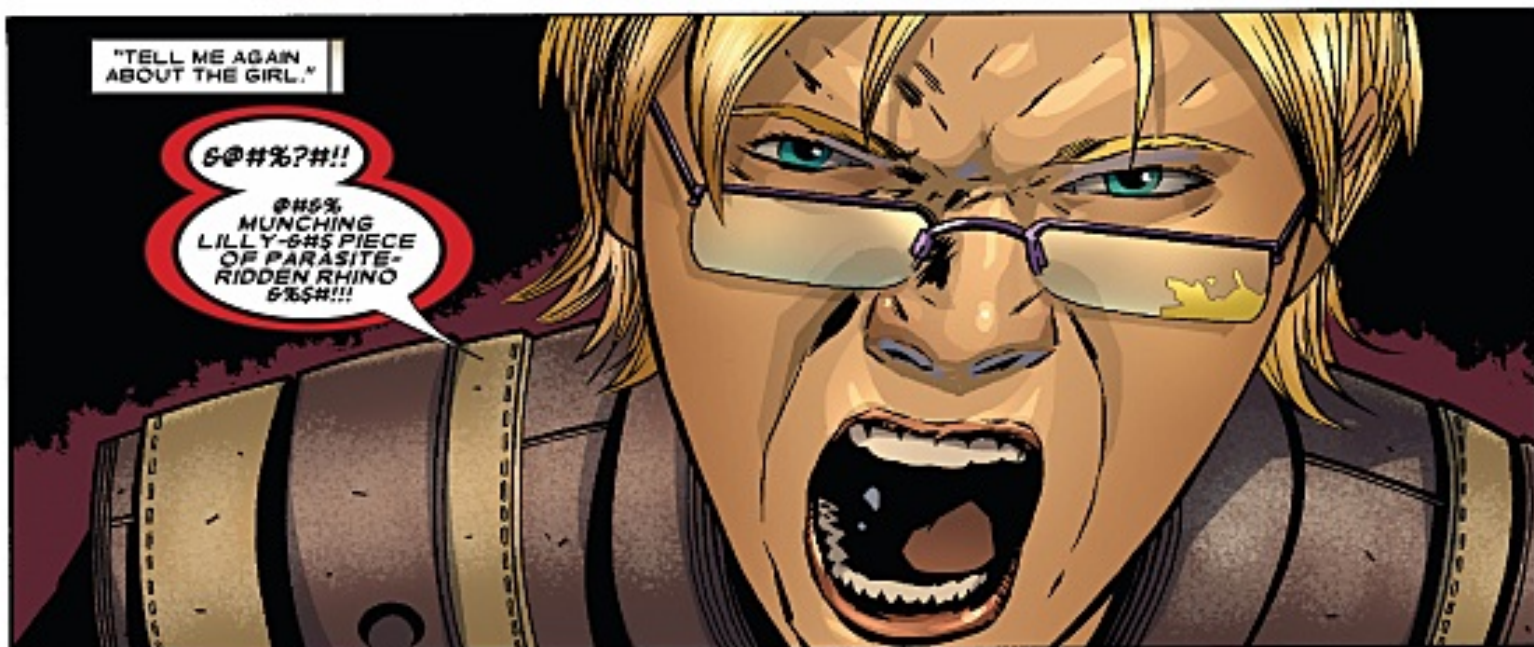








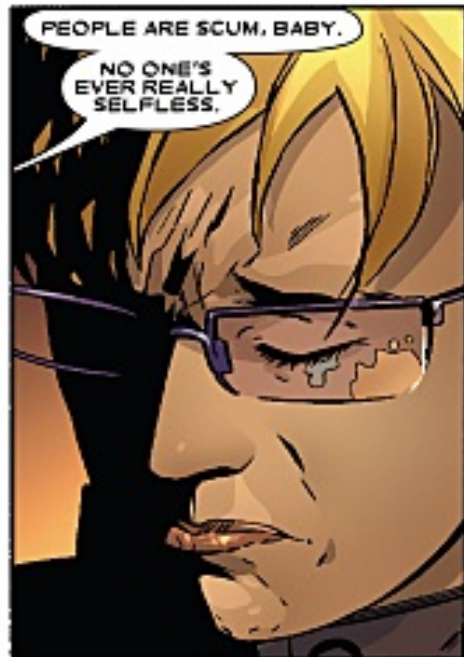
















MAIN STAIRWELL.

ONE MORE FLOOR AND WE SHOULD BE AT THE GROTTO.

GOOD, CAN'T BE MUCH TIME LEFT.



GOD, THEY'RE BLOWING UP THE STORE!

RELAX, THEY'RE DIVERSIONS, THAT'S ALL. THEY'RE TRYING TO SCARE PEOPLE. THEY DON'T WANT TO BLOW UP THE...











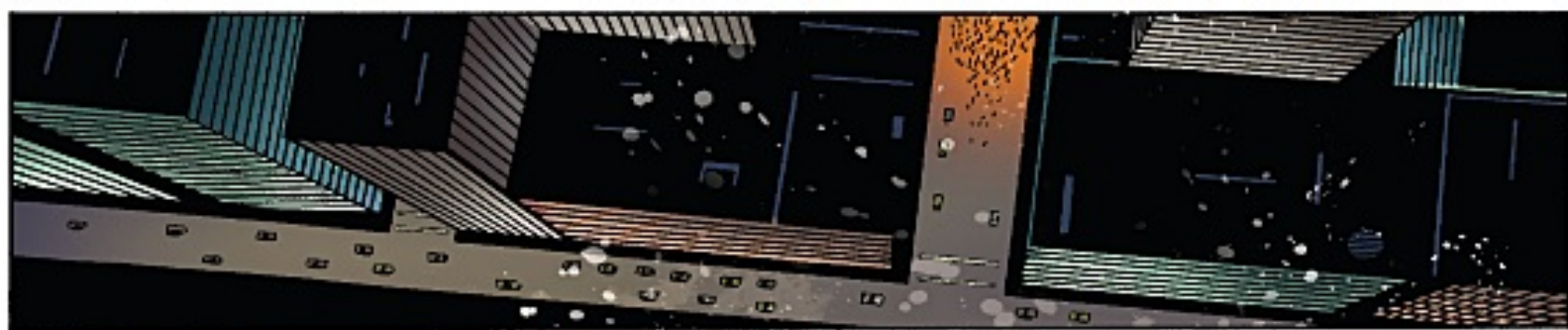
















WE'VE REACHED THE PROMISED LAND.



YOU GUYS MADE IT.

SEVEN OF US SO FAR, CAVE.

NOT BAD, YOU FOLLOWED?

NOPE.

YOU'RE SURE?

PRETTY SURE.



ARE YOU SURE YOU OBESE IDIOT?

JEEZ... I'M SURE, CAVE. I'M SURE.

THEN YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS.

NO... WHAT?



I DID IT.

I ACTUALLY DID IT.



LOSER, THEY CALLED ME, NEVER AMOUNT TO NOTHING, THEY SAID. WELL, THEY WERE WRONG.

IN A CITY WITH AVENGERS AND FANTASTIC FOURS AND SPIDER-MEN, I'VE JUST SHOWED THAT AN ORDINARY JOE CAN STILL PULL OFF A KIDNAP SCAM AND GET AWAY WITH IT.

I TELL YOU, BOYS: THIS IS THE AMERICAN DREAM, RIGHT HERE.





AND NOW I GET MY REWARD. TAKE YOU BACK TO THE SAFE HOUSE. PHONE DADDY AND WATCH HIS BENJAMINS ROLL ON IN.

SO, LITTLE PRINCESS, WHY DON'T YOU TELL MANHATTAN'S NEWEST MILLIONAIRE WHAT YOU THINK OF THEM APPLES?



I THINK THEIR BAG JUST SPLIT.

{GOOFF}

THUD



HEY!

NN... BAD MOVE, BABY. HARNESS. PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES. REMOTE CONTROL. RING A BELL?

SO I SUGGEST YOU STOP RUNNING AND GET YOUR SKINNY ASS BACK HERE.



{SNIFF} PLEASE...  
{SNIFF} I WANT...

OH-OH, THE LITTLE BILLIONAIRESS WANTS SOMETHING. WHAT A SHOCK.

I DON'T...  
{SNIFF}...  
I WANT...

WHAT?  
C'MON BABY, TELL US.




I WANT MY FATHER.



IT'S OKAY, TOULOUSE.





IT'S ALL GOING TO BE OKAY.

NO.

IT'S NOT FAIR. I DID IT. I PULLED IT OFF.

YOU COULDN'T FIND US. NO ONE COULD. THERE ARE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE IN MANHATTAN.

IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE, FOR \$57#<sup>S</sup>'S SAKE!

IT'S AMAZING HOW STRONG CERTAIN PERFUMES ARE. I MEAN, SOME, YOU CAN SMELL FROM BLOCKS AWAY.

EVEN WHEN THEY'RE JUST ACCIDENTALLY SPRAYED ON A GIRL'S GLASSES.

AT LEAST, I CAN.

NOW, I FIGURE YOU ALL KNOW WHO I AM.

I GOT NO STOMACH TO RIP OUT THE GUTS OF SEVEN SANTAS ON CHRISTMAS EVE, BUT I WILL. TRUST ME.

SO, IF YOU'RE HOLDING AND YOU WANT TO LIVE, DROP 'EM.

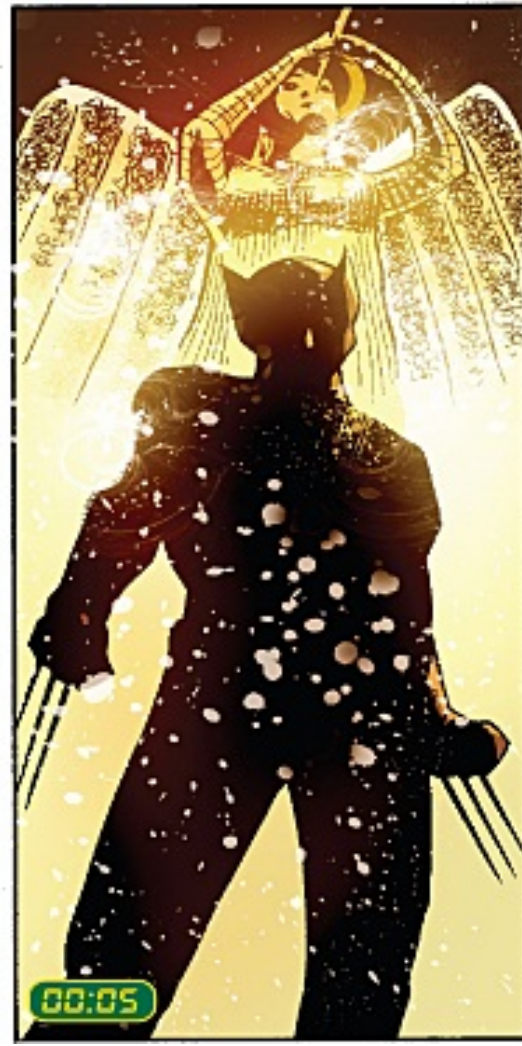
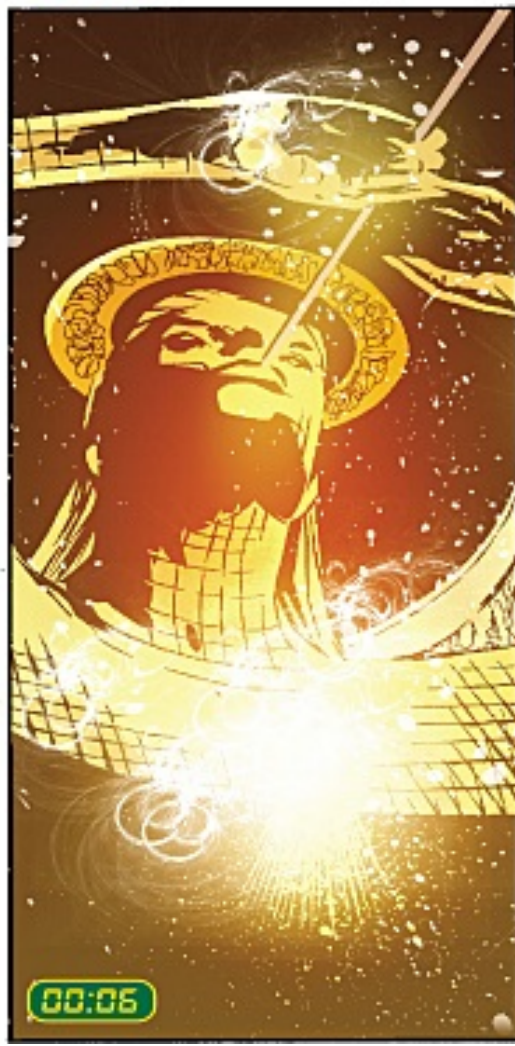
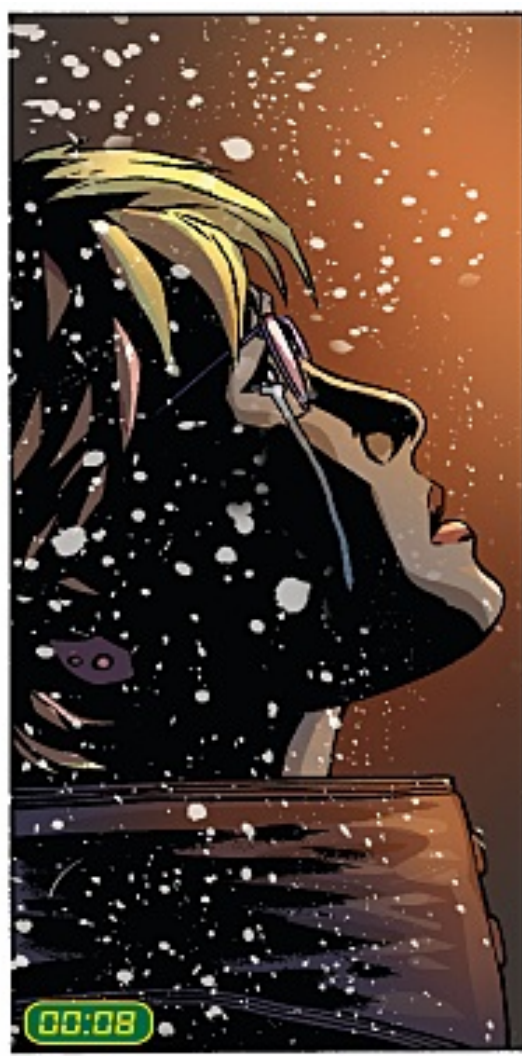
'COS THIS IS OVER.



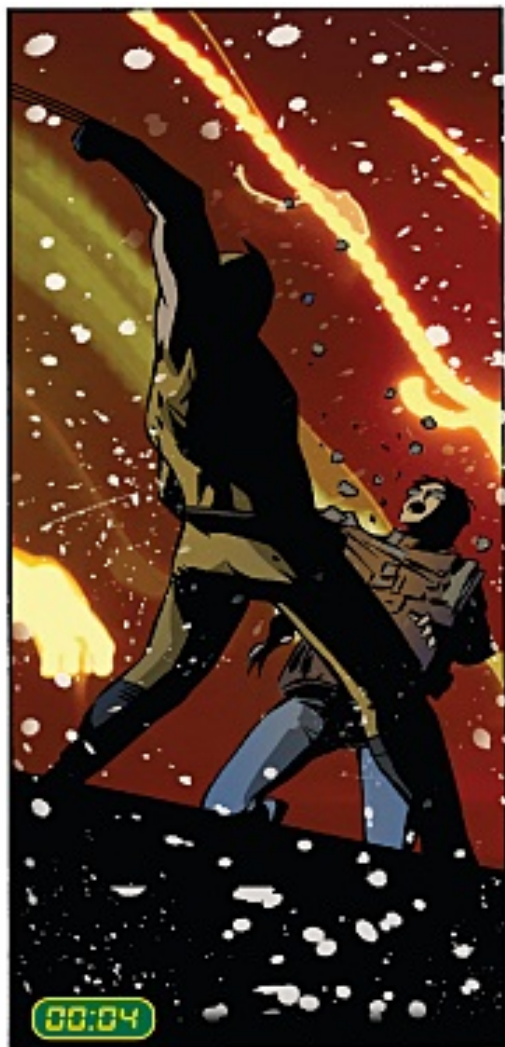
















MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Ⓜ THE END



# THE FERAL X-MAN FIGHTS ALONE IN FOUR STAND-ALONE STORIES!



In "The Package," Logan must escape from an army of savage killers deep in the heart of war-torn Africa — with a baby strapped to his chest!

In "Better To Give...," a heavily armed suicide cult — clad in elf outfits — has taken hostage a mid-Manhattan department store on Christmas Eve and is threatening to blow the place sky-high. Among the shoppers: Logan, who's just itching to sink his (Santa) claws into someone after enduring the Yuletide rush.

In "The House of Blood and Sorrow," Wolverine lies at the edge of death in a rural Nebraska cornfield after crashing to Earth in the wake of a clash with a giant robot at the edge of the atmosphere, lapsing in and out of a coma as his body desperately tries to heal. And that's when things really get bad.

And in "The Healing," Logan lies gutted in a Northwest forest, surrounded by wolves and clinging onto hope and sanity as his body goes about the complicated work of repairing itself. It's not as easy as you might think.

Collecting *Wolverine* #41 and #49, *Giant-Size Wolverine* #1, and *X-Men Unlimited* #12 — written by Stuart Moore, Rob Williams and David Lapham; and illustrated by C.P. Smith, Laurence Campbell and David Aja.

**MARVEL**

**PARENTAL ADVISORY**