

EIGHTEEN MOONS HAVE PASSED SINCE MARIE DIED SCREAMING ON MY OPERATING TABLE.

IT WAS THE WORST CASE OF BUMBLE FOOT I'VE ENCOUNTERED. THAT WRETCHED STAPH PLUG CHEWED DEEP UP INTO HER LEG AND IT STUNK FEIRCE AS I TRIED TO DIG IT OUT.

SHE SUFFERED SILENTLY AND LONG, HIDING THE INFECTION FROM THE FLOCK FOR FEAR OF BEING CULLED.

I SUSPECT SCREAMING WAS OF GREAT RELIEF IN THE END.

FANGS AND FEATHERS

ART BY MAXIM MEL

WRITTEN AND LETTERED BY
LORREN GORDON



OH, MARIE.

WHY DIDN'T I NOTICE YOUR PAIN?

WHILE PERFORMING THE AUTOPSY, I DISCOVERED AN ANOMOLY IN HER OVIDUCT.

EGGBOUND?

AND... HOW PECULIAR.

A LASH EGG.

BUT UNACCOMPANIED BY SALPINGITIS.

AND MORE PECULIAR, AGAINST SCIENCE AND REASON, I FELT A STRANGE SENSE OF SOMETHING WITHIN. SOMETHING FULL OF LIFE.



I STUDIED THE
ABOMINATION
IN SECRET.

WATCHED IT GROW
EXPONENTIALLY WITH
EACH PASSING SUN.



WHAT LIES WITHIN? WHAT MIRACLE
SUBSTANCE DOES IT FEED UPON TO
GROW WITH **SUCH** ACCELERATION?



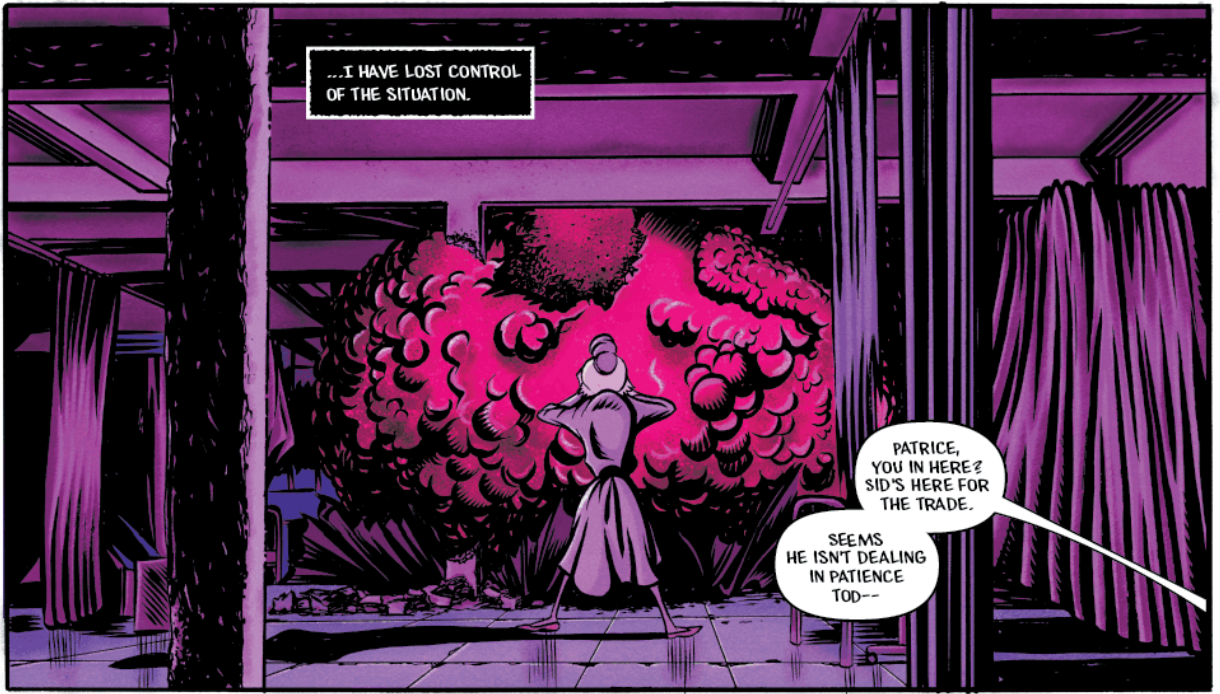
EACH ANSWER
SPAWNED NEW
QUESTIONS.

I'M GETTING
NOWHERE...
SLOWLY.



NOW, I AM AT A LOSS.
STUCK AT SQUARE ONE...

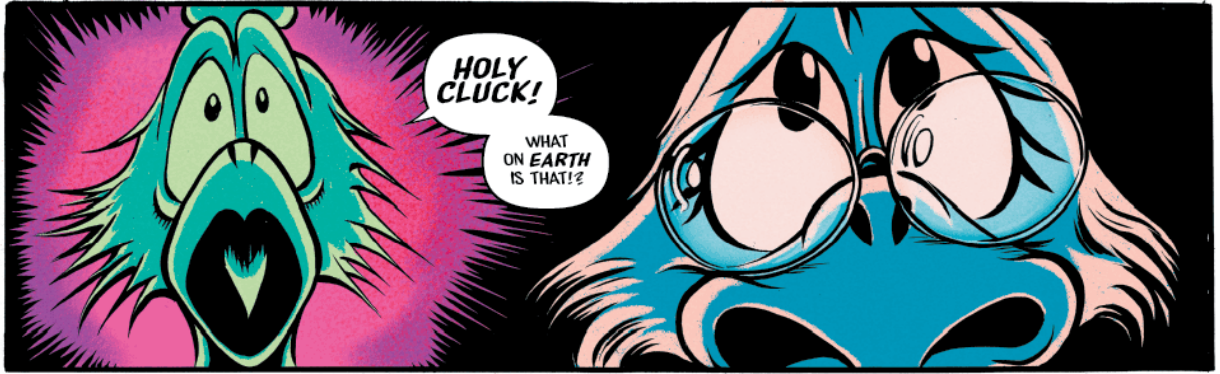
...AND I AM CERTAIN
OF ONLY ONE THING...



...I HAVE LOST CONTROL OF THE SITUATION.

PATRICE, YOU IN HERE? SID'S HERE FOR THE TRADE.

SEEMS HE ISN'T DEALING IN PATIENCE TODAY--



HOLY CLUCK!

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT!?



NONE OF YOUR CONCERN IS WHAT IT IS.

AND YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP YOUR BEAK SHUT ABOUT WHAT YOU SAW HERE TODAY.

AREN'T YOU?

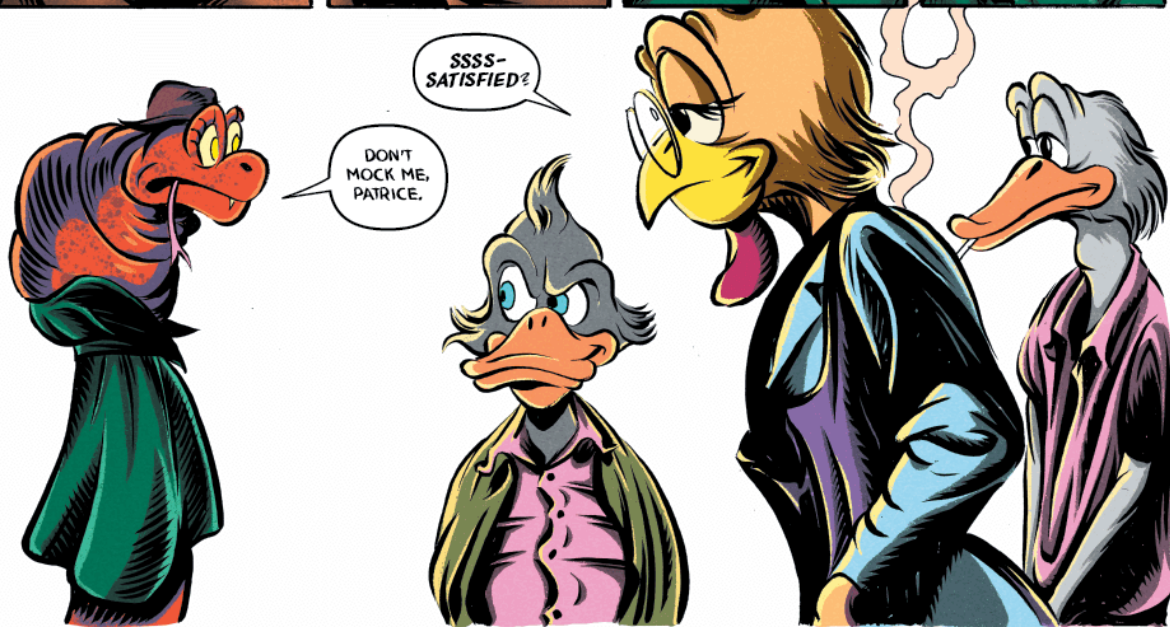
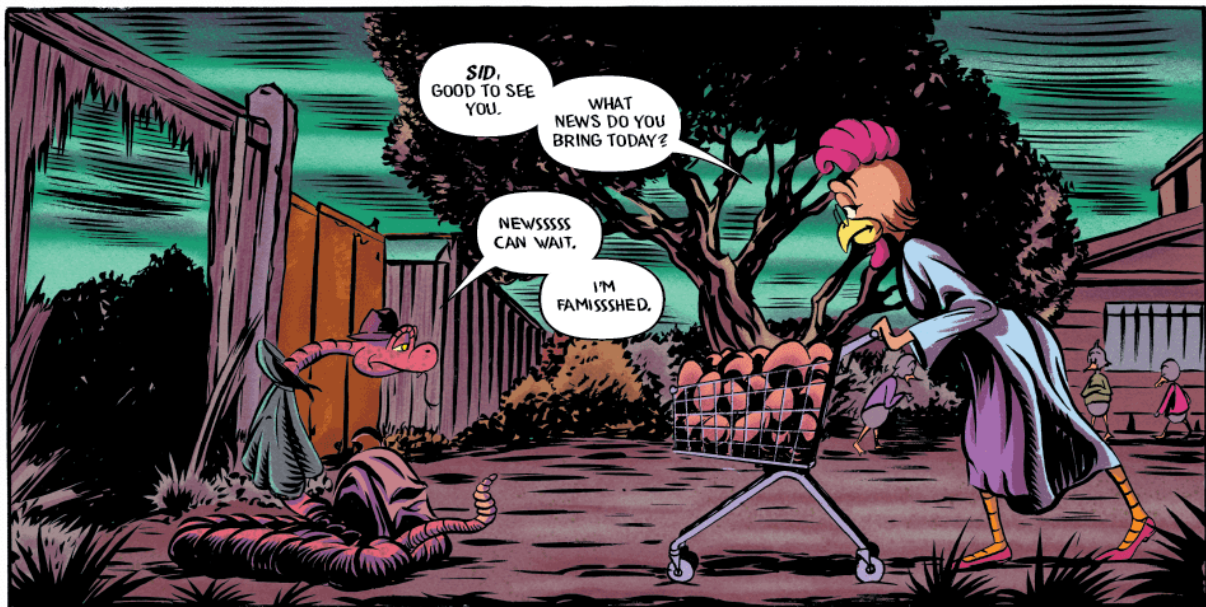
LEST ANYONE FIND OUT ABOUT YOU AND THAT DRAKE MALLARD...



THAT'S LOW, PATRICE.

YEAH, WELL, DARK TIMES, I GUESS.

LET'S GO.





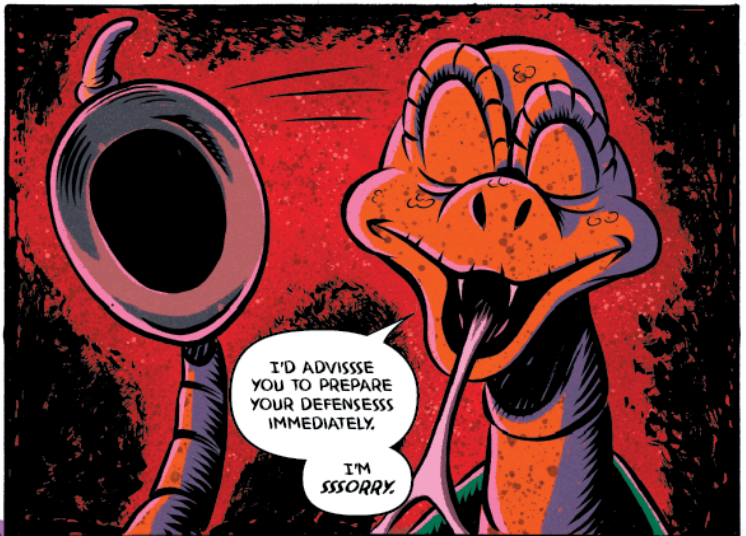
THE NEWSSS I BRING WITH THEM WILL HAMPER YOUR ENTHUSIASSM.

THANK YOU, SID. THESE PROVISIONS HELP OUR FLOCK IMMENSELY.

WORD'SSS GOT OUT ABOUT THE HOLE IN YOUR WALL.



ROGER FOY AND KING RACCOON ARE EN ROUTE TO LAUNCH AN ATTACK.



I'D ADVISSE YOU TO PREPARE YOUR DEFENSESS IMMEDIATELY.

I'M SSSORRY.



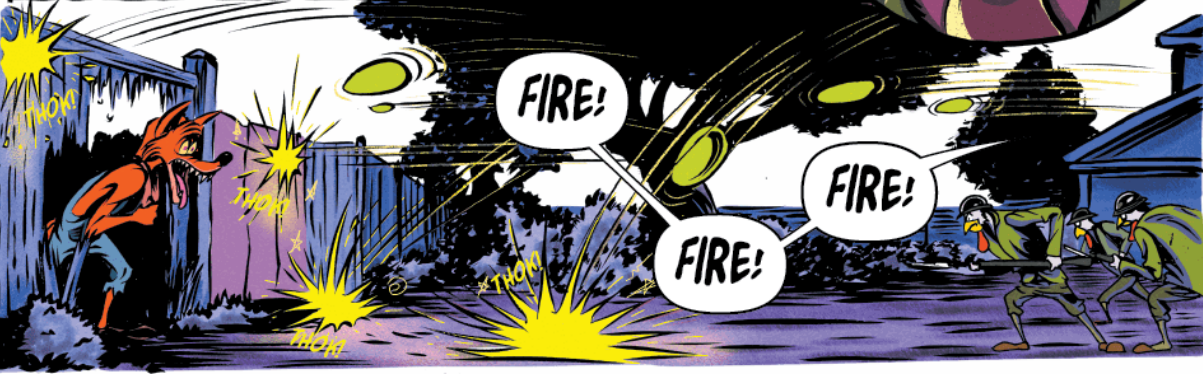
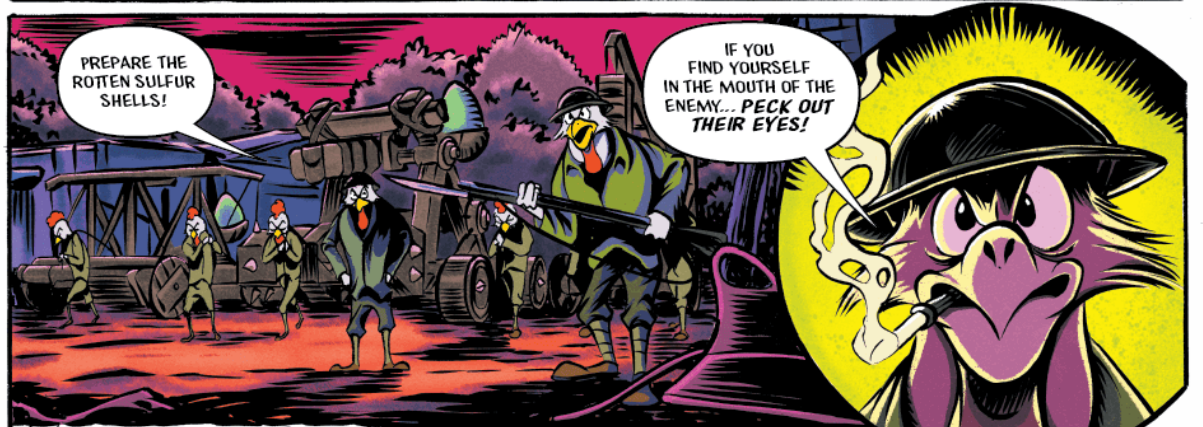
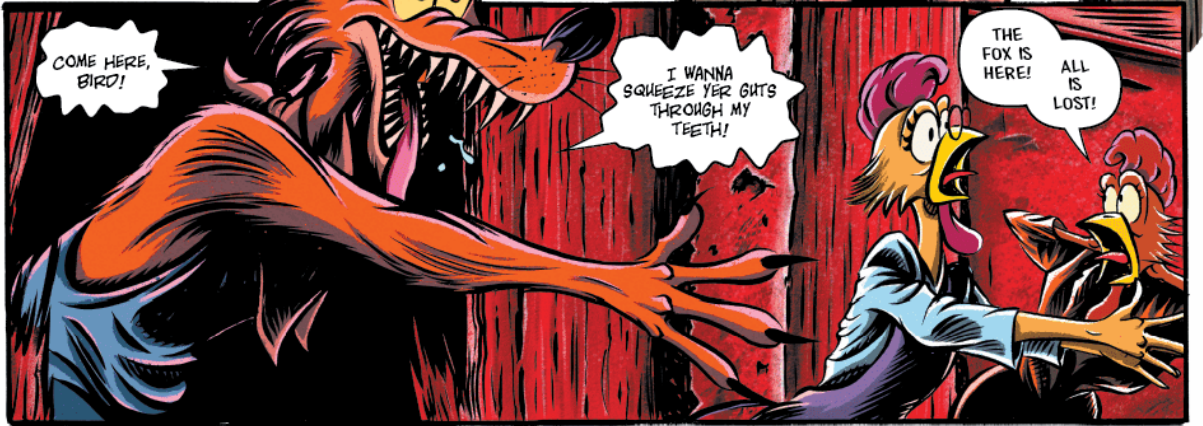
I KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.

HOW LONG DO WE HAVE?



HOURSSS.

MAY YOUR FLOCK PROSSPER IN THE FIELDSSS OF THE AFTERLIFE.







HERE, AT THE END OF IT ALL, I FIND MYSELF LONGING TO PROTECT THAT MYSTERY WHICH I HAVE SO CARED FOR THESE LAST WEEKS.



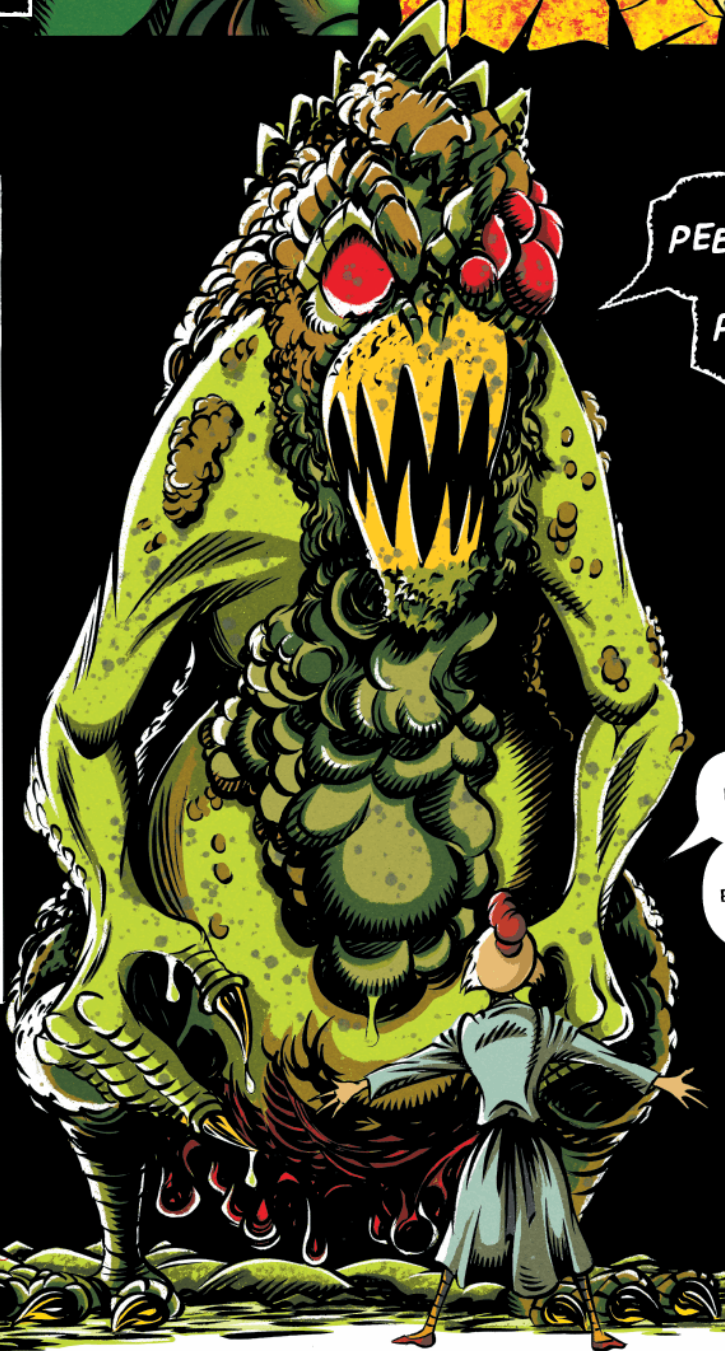
HAVING HATCHED NO CHICKS OF MY OWN, I SUPPOSE GOING BROODY ON THIS... THING SHOULD BE OF NO GREAT SURPRISE.

CRICK!
CRACK!
CRACK!



YET THIS MYSTERY CONTINUES TO UNFURL.

SPLUR-
SPLATCH!



PEEP!
PEEP!

WELL, HELLO, BABY.
AREN'T YOU JUST THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I HAVE EVER SEEN...

