



TOP COW



image

2 JUN \$2.50 \$4.00 CAN

hawkins  
hawkins  
pajarillo  
rosell  
nelson

# Blood Legacy

THE STORY OF RYAN

PAJARILLO  
ROSSELL



*Created and written by* **Kerri Hawkins**

*Penciled by* **Mark Pajarillo**

*Inked by* **Edwin Rosell, Marko Alquiza, Richard Bonk & Victor Llamas**

*Colored by* **Matt Nelson**

*Titled by Comicraft's* **Albert Deschesne**

# Blood Legacy

*The Story of Ryan*

*Edited/Co-Matted by* **Matt Hawkins**

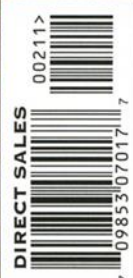
*Managing Editor* **Renae Geerlings**

*Design by* **Peter Steigerwald & Annie Skiles**

*Production crewed by* **Nick Chun, Mannie Skiles,  
Rafael Duffie & Alvin Coats**

*Cover by* **Andy Park, Johnathan Sibal & Steve Firehow**

In the last issue, a young woman in the city morgue is found to be alive. Dr. Ryerson the chief pathologist runs a series of tests which conclusively prove this woman's physiology to be drastically different than that of a normal human. As Dr. Ryerson runs her tests we are taken into dreams of about a boy in the 17th century. Dreams that belong to the woman on the table. A woman who, once believed dead, has been going through a massive regenerative process. A woman who, in the final moments of last issue, wakes up.



BLOOD LEGACY™: The Story of Ryan Vol. 1, Issue 2, JUNE 2000, FIRST PRINTING. Published by Image Comics Inc. Office of Publication: 1071 North Batavia Street, Suite A, Orange, California 92667. \$7.99 US/\$4.00 in Canada. BLOOD LEGACY™, its logo and all related characters and their likenesses are ® & © 2000 TOP COW Productions Inc. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. The entire contents of this book are 1™ & © 2000 Top Cow Productions Inc. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted in any form without the express written consent of Marc Silvestri or Top Cow Productions Inc.

PRINTED IN CANADA

FOR **image**  
COMICS  
**JIM VALENTINO**  
publisher



for Blood Legacy message boards, previews and more, visit  
**www.topcow.com**

address correspondence to:

10390 Santa Monica Blvd., #110

Los Angeles, CA 90025

e-mail: bloodlegacy@topcow.com

Marc Silvestri  
chief executive officer

David Wohl  
president of publishing

Matt Hawkins  
president of publishing/editor in chief

Peter Steigerwald  
vp of publishing & design

Renae Geerlings  
managing editor

Sonia Im  
director of licensing

Frank Mastromauro  
sales & marketing director

Vince Hernandez  
direct sales manager

Alvin Coats  
special projects coordinator

Nicholas Chun  
sanguinous production manager



**Ryan** is an enigmatic young woman whose beautiful looks are in stark contrast to her ancient life. Living most of her many years as a man, she walks the world of the 21st century with an authority that is as mesmerizing as it is terrifying.

**Edward** serves Ryan in the 21st century, as he has for every century since his birth. Although physically older than Ryan, he is much younger in the hierarchy of their Kind, and therefore much less powerful. Edward, however, lives to serve his Master.

**Dr. Susan Ryerson** is a young genetic researcher searching for the key to immortality. She believes she has stumbled upon the answer when she watches the mysterious woman, Ryan, return to life. She cannot know, however, how great the price of that knowledge will be.



*Even TIME,  
the father of all,  
cannot undo what has been done,  
whether right or wrong.*

Pindar, (c. 518-438 B.C.) Greek Lyric Poet



**Victor** is a shadow from Ryan's past life. A nobleman and warrior from the 14th century, he watches Ryan as a child, ensuring that she reaches adulthood safely in their strange and violent world. For what purpose remains to be seen.







OH  
DEAR GOD,  
SHE'S  
ALIVE!

CHRIST,  
MY HEART IS  
POUNDING SO LOUD  
I'M SURPRISED SHE  
DOESN'T HEAR  
IT.

MAYBE  
SHE DOES  
HEAR IT.

**T**HE WOMAN SAYS NOTHING,  
SIMPLY GAZES INTO THE DOCTOR'S  
FRIGHTENED EYES, A LOOK OF  
DEVILISH AMUSEMENT IN HER OWN.



NO!  
YOU'LL HURT  
YOURSELF!



BUT THE WOMAN  
IS NOT HURT -- NOT  
EVEN SCRATCHED.



SHE BRIEFLY PAUSES  
IN THE DOORWAY,  
EXAMINING THE  
PRINTOUT OF HER  
ANATOMY WITH  
OBVIOUS INTEREST...



...AND THEN  
SHE'S GONE.



**T**HE PAST --  
CIRCA 1340.

IT HAD BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE THE BOY HAD BEEN TO HIS VILLAGE. THREE YEARS SINCE HE HAD SEEN HIS MOTHER AND FATHER. THREE YEARS SINCE THEY HAD FOUND HIM COLD AND PALE, LYING ON THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THEIR HUT.

HE HAD BEEN WEAK FOR DAYS, WITH ONLY THE STRANGE METALLIC TASTE IN HIS MOUTH TO INDICATE HE HAD POSSIBLY BEEN POISONED.

HE DIDN'T KNOW. HE ONLY KNEW HE WAS LEFT WITH A STRANGE RESTLESSNESS, AND A BLOODLUST HIS SWORD COULDN'T SEEM TO SATISFY.

BUT HE DID KNOW THAT HE WAS HAPPY TO BE HOME.



OR SO HE THOUGHT.

PERHAPS IT WAS THE STENCH OF BATTLE STILL IN HIS NOSE THAT HID THE SMELL OF SMOKE.



AND THE SMELL OF CARNAGE.

ALL WERE DEAD, AND HE HAD MISSED THIS ACT BY NO MORE THAN A DAY.



THE TRAIL OF THE MURDERERS WAS AS CLEAR AS DAY TO HIM.



THE SUN ROSE TWICE  
BEFORE HE CAUGHT  
THE BAND OF MEN.

HE KILLING WAS  
AS SWEET AS IT  
WAS SILENT.

HE SKILL WITH  
THE LONGSWORD —

YOU  
ARROGANT LITTLE  
BASTARD! I SHOULD  
HAVE KNOWN IT WAS  
YOU HIDING IN THE  
FOREST!

— WAS JUST  
AS DEADLY.

AND THEN HE  
FOUND THE ONE HE  
WAS LOOKING FOR.

VICTOR  
BELIEVES YOU  
TO BE SPECIAL, BUT  
I DON'T THINK  
SO.

**CLANG**

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT.

NOW  
DO I  
CARE.

UHHNN.

AND WAS  
IT SO BRAVE  
TO ATTACK A  
DEFENSELESS  
VILLAGE?

MUCH LATER, THE  
SUN HUNG FROM THE  
HORSE, EXHAUSTED.

DARK EYES WATCH HIS  
APPROACH EXPECTANTLY.







SEVERAL MONTHS LATER. ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

SUSAN, AS CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR HERE, LET ME BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU.



THANK YOU, STANLEY. I'M NOT CERTAIN THAT'S NECESSARY.

OF COURSE IT IS. YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE NUMBER OF PHONE CALLS I'VE RECEIVED.



EVER SINCE YOU WENT PUBLIC WITH YOUR RESEARCH, THE PHONE HASN'T STOPPED RINGING.

THAT'S GREAT, STANLEY.

YEAH, GREAT. AND I FEEL LIKE A FRAUD.

ALL I DID WAS ANALYZE THAT WOMAN'S BLOOD, AND EVERYONE ASSUMED THAT I WAS THE ONE WHO BALANCED THE ENZYMES.

THE BIOTECHNICAL COMMUNITY IS ALREADY SALVATING AT THE PROSPECT OF GENETIC ENGINEERING THAT WOULD ALLOW HUMANS TO PRODUCE THEIR OWN VITAMIN C, WHICH IS CENTRAL TO THE IMMUNE SYSTEM.

NO RESEARCHER IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD PUBLISH THE PROCESS --

-- BUT I DIDN'T CREATE THE PROCESS, AND I HAVE NO IDEA HOW IT WORKS. I KEEP TELLING MYSELF THE POTENTIAL HEALTH BENEFITS OUTWEIGH ANY DECEPTION ON MY PART.



BUT I KEEP WONDERING IF I'M NOT SELLING MY SOUL TO THE DEVIL, ONE SMALL PIECE AT A TIME.



**DOCTOR  
RYERSON'S  
RESIDENCE.**

ONLY  
THE INNOCENT  
SLEEP THAT  
PEACEFULLY.



HMMM...  
FRIED CHICKEN  
OR CHOCOLATE  
CAKE?

AS THE YOUNG DOCTOR  
TURNS, SHE RUNS INTO  
A SOLID BRICK WALL.

STUNNED REALIZATION  
REVEALS THAT IT IS  
NOT A WALL.

BUT IT MIGHT  
AS WELL BE.



DO NOT  
SCREAM. YOU  
WILL FRIGHTEN  
YOUR CHILD.

BUT DR. RYERSON IS SO FRIGHTENED  
HERSELF SHE IS UNABLE TO SCREAM, AND  
SO GREAT IS THE WOMAN'S STRENGTH,  
SHE IS UNABLE TO MOVE AS WELL.

THE WOMAN'S VOICE IS MELODIOUS,  
STRANGE, FAR TOO OLD AND POLISHED  
FOR THE YOUTHFUL FACE IT REPRESENTS.







YOU HAVE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE BY PUBLISHING THESE ARTICLES.



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

...I NEVER SAID I CREATED THE PROCESS. I WAS SIMPLY EXPLAINING WHAT I FOUND. IF PEOPLE --

NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I CARE NOTHING FOR YOUR FINDINGS, OR THE ETHICS OF YOUR PUBLISHING.

YOU HAVE PLACED YOU AND YOUR SON IN GREAT DANGER.

I THINK THE ONLY DANGER I'M IN IS FROM YOU. AND JUST WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?



IT DOESN'T MATTER. Hmm, I USED TO HAVE ONE OF THESE. I GUESS IT WOULD BE CONSIDERED "ANTIQUE," NOW.



YOU'RE NOT EVEN MAKING SENSE.

THEN MAKE SENSE OF THIS. THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE ME. THEY WILL KNOW YOU'VE STUDIED ONE OF THEIR KIND, AND THEY WILL COME FOR YOU.

WHAT? YOU CAN'T JUST WALK IN HERE AND --



DOCTOR RYERSON, YOU WILL FIND THAT I CAN, AND WILL, DO ANYTHING I WANT.



**A** SHORT TIME LATER.

WHORR

SERVANTS BOW RESPECTFULLY, PRAYING THAT THEIR MASTER WILL SIMPLY IGNORE THEM.

SHE ANSWERS THAT PRAYER.

WHAT NEWS, EDWARD?

NOTHING YET, BUT NOW IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME.

YES THIS COULD CAUSE COMPLICATIONS.

MY LORD, HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY OF SIMPLY KILLING DOCTOR RYERSON?

NEITHER THE STARTLING SUGGESTION NOR THE ODD, INCONGRUENT TITLE GAVE THE WOMAN PAUSE.

I HAVE CONSIDERED THAT OPTION.

AND WHAT OF HER BOY?

HE WOULD BE CARED FOR. IT IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY.

BUT THEN THE BOY WOULD HAVE NO MOTHER.

HIS MASTER'S WORDS ARE MANY-LAYERED -- AND HE KNOWS WHEN TO STOP.

WHAT WILL COME, WILL COME.

AND HE KEEPS HIS SILENCE, KNOWING THAT WHAT WILL COME, WILL BE NO GOOD.











AND SUSAN RYERSON RECOGNIZES IT INSTANTLY.

THE YOUNG MAN DOES NOT RECOGNIZE THE WOMAN, BUT UNDERGOES A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION, HIS ARROGANCE REPLACED BY TERROR.

ALTHOUGH HE HAS MET MANY OF THEIR KIND, NEVER HAS HE BEEN FACED WITH ONE AS OLD AS THE ONE WHO STANDS BEFORE HIM.



WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE?

I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW. I WAS SENT BY --

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

**KRAK**

OH DEAR GOD.



DOCTOR RYERSON, I SUGGEST YOU TAKE YOUR SON AND LEAVE.

I HAVE TO FINISH UP HERE.



SOME THINGS ARE PRETTY HARD TO KILL. AND OTHERS JUST WON'T STAY DEAD.

**SKREEEEEEE**





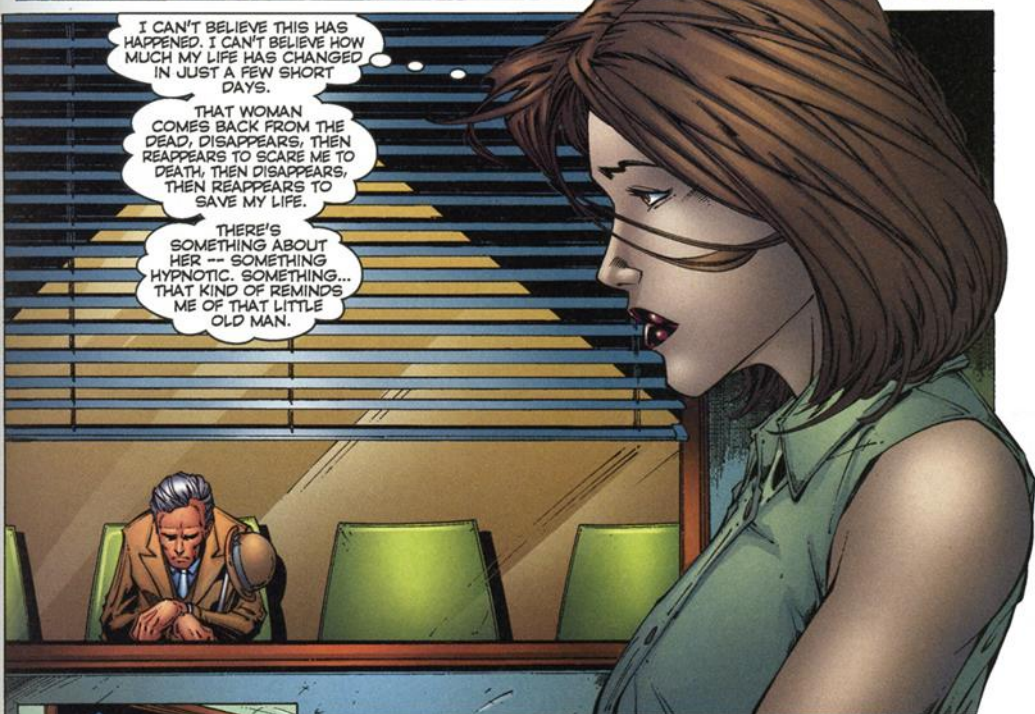
DOCTOR RYERSON?  
JASON'S TESTS FOR  
HEAD INJURIES CAME  
BACK NEGATIVE. HE'S  
GOING TO BE  
FINE.

THANK YOU.  
THANK YOU FOR  
EVERYTHING.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS HAS  
HAPPENED. I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW  
MUCH MY LIFE HAS CHANGED  
IN JUST A FEW SHORT  
DAYS.

THAT WOMAN  
COMES BACK FROM THE  
DEAD, DISAPPEARS, THEN  
REAPPEARS TO SCARE ME TO  
DEATH, THEN DISAPPEARS,  
THEN REAPPEARS TO  
SAVE MY LIFE.

THERE'S  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
HER -- SOMETHING  
HYPNOTIC. SOMETHING...  
THAT KIND OF REMINDS  
ME OF THAT LITTLE  
OLD MAN.



WHERE  
IS SHE?

EXCUSE  
ME?



YOU HEARD ME.  
WHERE IS THAT  
WOMAN?

I'M AFRAID  
YOU HAVE ME  
CONFUSED WITH  
SOMEONE ELSE.  
I'LL JUST BE  
GOING.

YOU'RE NOT  
GOING --



ANYWHERE?  
THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE.  
YOU  
DIDN'T EVEN  
MOVE.



FEW THINGS  
ARE IMPOSSIBLE IN  
MY WORLD, DOCTOR  
RyserSON. IF IT WERE  
UP TO ME, I WOULD  
NOT LET YOU ANY-  
WHERE NEAR MY MASTER.  
BUT I WILL TAKE YOU  
TO THE ONE YOU SEEK.



THE YOUNG DOCTOR  
TRIES TO HIDE HER  
ASTONISHMENT AT  
THE OPULENCE OF  
THE MANSION  
BEFORE HER.

AND SHE DOES NOT RECEIVE A WARM WELCOME  
ONCE WITHIN.

HER ESCORT, SO RESOLUTE BEFORE, NOW  
STANDS STRANGELY, RESPECTFULLY SILENT.  
DOCTOR RYERSON HAS NO PATIENCE FOR THIS.

LOOK,  
YOU --

IN A FLASH, THE MAN  
STANDS BEFORE HER,  
BLOCKING HER PATH.

LET  
HER PASS,  
EDWARD.

WON'T  
YOU HAVE A  
SEAT, DOCTOR  
RYERSON?

WHAT I  
WANT ARE SOME  
ANSWERS.

WHO ARE YOU? WHO WAS  
THAT MAN WHO ATTACKED  
ME? FOR GOD'S SAKE, I  
DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR  
NAME, I CAN'T TELL HOW  
OLD YOU ARE...

A SIGNIFICANT LOOK PASSES BETWEEN  
THE TWO BEFORE THE WOMAN REPLIES.

MY NAME IS  
RHIAN -- BUT NEAR AS I CAN  
DO. TELL...

...I SHOULD  
BE REACHING A  
CENTURY  
MARK SOMETIME  
SOON.

ARE YOU  
TELLING ME  
YOU'RE A  
100 YEARS  
OLD?

NO --





-- ALMOST SEVEN HUNDRED.

VICTOR WATCHED THE CHILD IN THE BED. NOW THAT SHE WAS CLEAN AND HER HAIR UNTANGLED, SHE DID INDEED LOOK MORE FEMALE THAN MALE.

AT SOME POINT IN TIME, THE INSTRUCTIONS FOR HER TO BE KEPT IN THE VILLAGE HAD BEEN IGNORED.

YEARS OF PLANNING HAD NEARLY BEEN DESTROYED; HE HAD TAKEN HIS FURY OUT ON THE VILLAGE. HE CARED NOTHING THAT THE CHILD HAD EXACTED HER REVENGE AGAINST DEREK AND THE OTHERS.



ALTHOUGH SHE WAS HARDLY STILL A CHILD.



SHE WAS STILL TOO YOUNG.



THE MAIDSERVANT WATCHED HER MASTER FLEE INTO THE NIGHT, CHASED BY DEMONS ONLY HE COULD SEE.







IT WOULD BE DAYS  
BEFORE VICTOR  
RETURNED.

HE WONDERED IF  
THE GIRL WAS STILL  
SLEEPING.

HE RATHER  
DOUBTED IT.



I DON'T  
THINK YOU  
NEED  
THAT.



I'LL  
BE THE  
JUDGE OF  
THA --



WHAT SORCERY  
IS THIS?  
HOW DOES A  
SWORD FLY FROM  
MY HANDS TO  
YOURS?

PERHAPS  
YOU ARE JUST  
SLOW.



AND  
PERHAPS  
I WILL TAKE  
THAT AS  
WELL.



OR  
PERHAPS  
NOT.



THERE IS NO HIDING FROM ME. I CAN SENSE YOU FROM MILES AWAY.

BY THE GODS YOU ARE QUICK.

THERE WAS NO ANGER IN THE MAN'S VOICE.

RATHER AN ODD SENSE OF PRIDE.

AND THE GIRL WAS DRAWN TO THE UNTHINKABLE.

YOU ARE STILL TOO YOUNG.

BUT HE DID NOT STOP HER. VICTOR KNEW THE CHILD HAD NO UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT SHE WAS DOING. SHE HAD THE APPETITE OF AN INFANT, INSTINCTIVE AND UNDISCRIMINATING.

AND IN THE END, HER COMBINATION OF POWER AND VULNERABILITY WAS TOO INTOXICATING AND HE WAS SO TIRED OF WAITING. THE DARK LORD TOOK BACK WHAT SHE HAD TAKEN, AND STRUGGLED AGAINST THE SWEET CONSUMMATION THAT WOULD RESULT IN HER DEATH.

AND THE GIRL DID NOT DIE. BUT RATHER SWAM THROUGH A WORLD ON THE BORDER OF LIFE AND DEATH. SHE HAD BEEN HERE BEFORE, BUT NEVER SO CLOSE TO DEATH'S SIDE. HER MOTHER AND FATHER WERE THERE, AND SHE WANTED TO JOIN THEM. BUT THE MAN STOOD IN HER WAY.



WHEN SHE AWOKE, SHE AWOKE TO A DIFFERENT  
WORLD. A WORLD THAT HUMAN EYES DO NOT SEE.

WHAT KIND OF  
MONSTER ARE  
YOU?

I AM  
NO MORE A  
MONSTER  
THAN YOU.

I I CANNOT DO THIS  
ABOMINATION.

IT IS TOO  
LATE, MY DEAR.  
IT IS ALREADY  
DONE.

AND THE GIRL KNEW IT TO BE TRUE.  
SHE COULD NOT RESIST SENSATIONS  
RACED THROUGH HER BODY AS HIS  
BLOOD COLOURED THROUGH HER VEINS.  
AND KNEW HE LOVED HER COMPLETELY.  
THEIR DEADLY EMBRACE, PICTURES  
BEGAN TO FLUTTER THROUGH HER MIND.

DISJOINTED, NONREPRESENTATIVE  
PICTURES. PICTURES OF THINGS  
SHE HAD NEVER SEEN AND  
PLACES SHE HAD NEVER BEEN.  
IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE EMBRACE  
BECAME UNBEARABLE THAT SHE  
BROKE FROM HIS GRASP.

THE DARK ONE RELEASED HER  
BASED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN  
CENTURIES. AND AS HE SAID  
DOWN AT HIS UNHOLY CHILD,  
HE KNEW ALL HAD COME  
TO FRUITION.







I'M NOT CERTAIN I BELIEVE ANY OF THIS, BUT THAT DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT MY SON IS IN THE HOSPITAL, AND YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE.

AND HOW EXACTLY WOULD YOU HAVE ME ABSOLVE MYSELF?

ALLOW ME TO STUDY YOU.

ABSOLUTELY NOT.

BUT YOU COULD SAVE THE HUMAN RACE --

IT HAS BEEN MY EXPERIENCE THAT THE HUMAN RACE IS NOT PARTICULARLY WORTH SAVING.

EDWARD, WOULD YOU SHOW DOCTOR RYERSON OUT? IT IS ALMOST MORNING.

YEAH, AND THE SUN WILL BE COMING UP PRETTY SOON. I'LL FIND MY OWN WAY OUT.

THIS DOCTOR IS REMARKABLY FEARLESS IN THE FACE OF THE UNKNOWN. ALTHOUGH I CARE LITTLE FOR HER RESEARCH, I HAVE MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT MYSELF THAT SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO ANSWER.

I CAN TELL BY THAT LOOK ON YOUR FACE -- SURELY YOU ARE NOT CONSIDERING HER REQUEST.

I SEE LITTLE HARM IN IT, EDWARD, AS LONG AS SHE DOES NOT PUBLISH ANYTHING.

AND I SEE LITTLE BENEFIT IN IT. SURELY YOU REALIZE DOCTOR RYERSON IS EXCEEDINGLY AMBITIOUS.

ARE YOU DOUBTING MY JUDGMENT, EDWARD?





RYAN HID A SMILE. EDWARD WAS STUBBORN, BUT FEW COULD DELIVER SO CLEVER AN ADMONISHMENT. IT REAFFIRMED THE REASON HE HAD BEEN HER PERSONAL SERVANT FOR NEARLY THREE CENTURIES.







"HEAT HAS NEVER BOTHERED ME."

MY EYES ARE SO STRANGE.

YOU HAVE CHANGED MUCH IN YOUR 14 YEARS OF SLEEP.

I HAVE NOT CHANGED AT ALL. NOR HAVE YOU.

YOU WILL NOT CHANGE THAT WAY, EVER. YOU WILL NOT GROW OLD, AND YOU WILL NOT DIE.

THIS IS BLASPHEMY. IF I DO NOT DIE, THEN MY SOUL WILL NOT BE REDEEMED.

I CARE NOTHING FOR THE REDEMPTION OF YOUR SOUL. IF YOU DO NOT DIE, THEN IT IS OF NO CONCERN.

IF I CANNOT DIE, THEN THIS WILL NOT HURT ME.

OH, IT WILL HURT YOU. BUT IT WILL NOT KILL YOU.

IN AN INSTANT, THE DARK LORD WAS UPON HER, THE SIGHT OF THE BLOOD TOO MUCH TO BEAR.

THE SIGHT OF THE UNHOLY EMBRACE WAS ALSO TOO MUCH TO BEAR.

TO HUMAN EYES USED TO BEARING MUCH.

VICTOR LOOKS ON TO GAUGE HIS YOUNG CHARGE'S REACTION TO THE ACCIDENTAL KILLING. THE GIRL IS SHAKEN, BUT STEADIES HERSELF...

UMM, SORRY ABOUT THAT.

AND THE DARK LORD INWARDLY SMILES, NOT AT THE DEATH OF HIS SERVANT, BUT AT THE KNOWLEDGE HE HAS CHOSEN WELL.



THE RYERSON RESIDENCE.

SO YOU ACTUALLY SLEPT FOR 14 YEARS?

YES, WHICH WAS ABOUT HALF OF THE EXPECTED LIFE SPAN OF A PEASANT LIKE MYSELF AT THAT TIME. MY "CHANGE" WAS NOT AN EASY ONE.

WELL, OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS IMPOSSIBLE. SLEEP IS NEEDED FOR PHYSICAL REGENERATION. SLEEP DEPRIVATION CAUSES ALL SORTS OF PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS. DO YOU DREAM?

YES, AND I DREAM WITH THE EYES OF ANYONE I'VE EVER SHARED WITH AS WELL.

YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL DOCTOR RYERSON, YOU SOUND AS IF YOU'RE IN DANGER OF BELIEVING ME.

I'M A SCIENTIST. I TRY TO BE OPEN TO NEW EXPERIENCES.

THERE IS A COURAGE ABOUT YOU THAT I ADMIRE, WHICH IS WHY I CAME HERE TODAY.

AGAINST THE COUNSEL OF MY MANSERVANT, EDWARD, I HAVE DECIDED TO ALLOW YOU TO STUDY ME.

BUT YOU MUST NOT PUBLISH ANYTHING ELSE.

OF COURSE, JUST THE KNOWLEDGE ALONE IS ENOUGH TO --

I REALLY WISH SHE WOULDN'T DO THAT.





SO YOU  
HAVE DONE  
THIS DEED.

YES,  
EDWARD, I  
HAVE DONE THIS  
DEED.

IT IS ONLY  
A MATTER OF TIME  
BEFORE MY PAST ACTIONS  
CATCH UP WITH ME. DOCTOR  
RYERSON HAS, WITHOUT INTENT,  
NOW ACCELERATED THIS  
PROCESS. I THINK IT WOULD  
BE FOOLISH FOR ME TO  
OVERLOOK HER AS A  
RESOURCE.

THE OTHERS  
MAY CONSIDER  
THIS AS GREAT  
A CRIME.

I SINCERELY  
DOUBT THAT, EDWARD. I  
AM DAMNED A THOUSAND  
TIMES OVER FOR WHAT I'VE  
DONE. I DON'T THINK  
CONSORTING WITH A  
HUMAN WILL ADD TO  
MY SENTENCE.

IT IS NOT  
CONSORTING WITH A  
HUMAN THEY WILL CHARGE YOU  
WITH, BUT RATHER VIOLATING THE  
CODE OF SECRECY. OUR KIND HAS  
NOT SURVIVED FOR THOUSANDS  
OF YEARS BY WINDING UP ON  
THE FRONT PAGE OF NEWSWEEK,  
NOR BY BECOMING MEDICAL  
EXPERIMENTS FOR THOSE  
WHOSE AMBITION MIGHT  
BETRAY US.

I HAVE BEEN AROUND A  
GREAT MANY OF THOSE  
YEARS. I KNOW THE  
PUNISHMENT FOR  
REVEALING OUR  
KIND.

IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO  
LATE. THE OTHERS SENT  
THEIR FIRST "EMISSARY"  
WHEN THE DEAR DOCTOR  
FIRST PUBLISHED.

THE  
DOCTOR  
MAY GIVE  
ME THE  
CLUES I  
NEED TO  
WITHSTAND  
WHAT WILL  
COME.

SHE MAY  
SOW THE SEEDS  
OF YOUR  
DESTRUCTION.

SO  
BE IT.

I AGREE  
THAT THE OTHERS  
WILL CONSIDER  
THIS A SERIOUS  
MATTER.

BUT IT  
WILL BE A MORE  
SERIOUS MATTER  
TO THEM IF THEY  
CHOOSE TO TAKE  
ME ON.



**TO BE CONTINUED!**