

# DISTANT SHORES

ISSUE

2



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# DISTANT SHORES

## ISSUE TWO

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oowooooo!

SEEMS WE SHARE AN AFFINITY  
FOR THE CINEMA. NIGHT OF THE  
WEREWOLF IS A CLASSIC.

SORRY TO RUIN THE  
ENDING FOR YOU...

GROWRRR!

...THE BEAST  
ALWAYS GETS  
HIS PREY!

AAAIEEE!

# CALL OF THE WILD

STORY - DANE STYLER

ART - JAKE ELPHICK & IBRAHIM AYDIN

LETTERS - H&E

YOU BETTER RUN, BOY. YOU  
KNOW WE'RE COMING FOR YOU.

OH  
GOD OH  
GOD.

NOT  
AGAIN!

HEY!  
WATCH  
IT!

WHY WON'T  
YOU LEAVE ME  
ALONE?!

WE CAN'T DO THAT.  
WE'RE DRAWN TO YOU.  
YOU CALL US TO YOU.



THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO. NOTHING FAST ENOUGH...



SORRY!  
SORRY!

GET  
OUT OF THE  
WAY!

BEEP  
BEEP



BOY... WE LOVE  
THE CHASE. IT'S  
IN OUR NATURE.



OH  
GOD OH  
GOD.

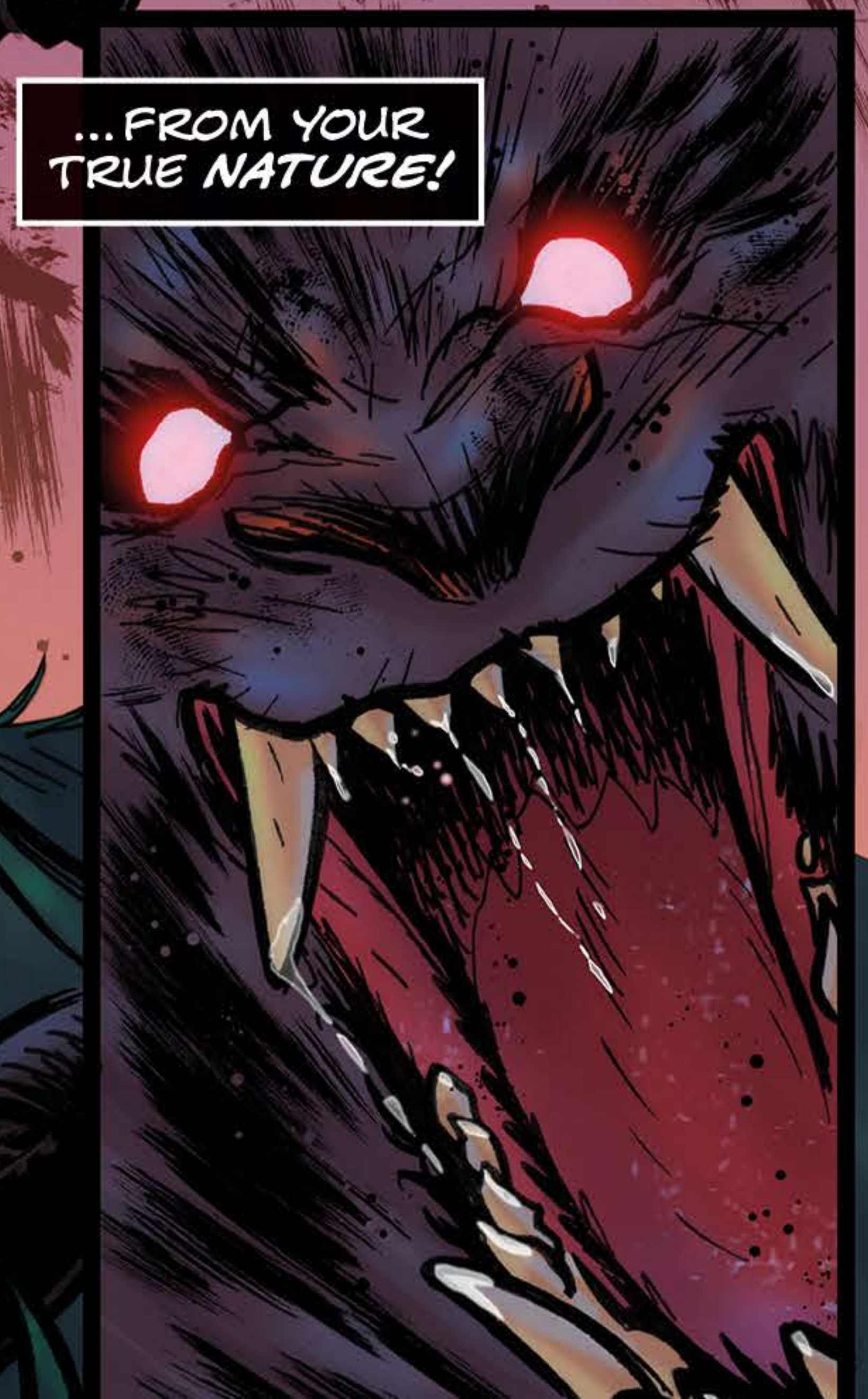
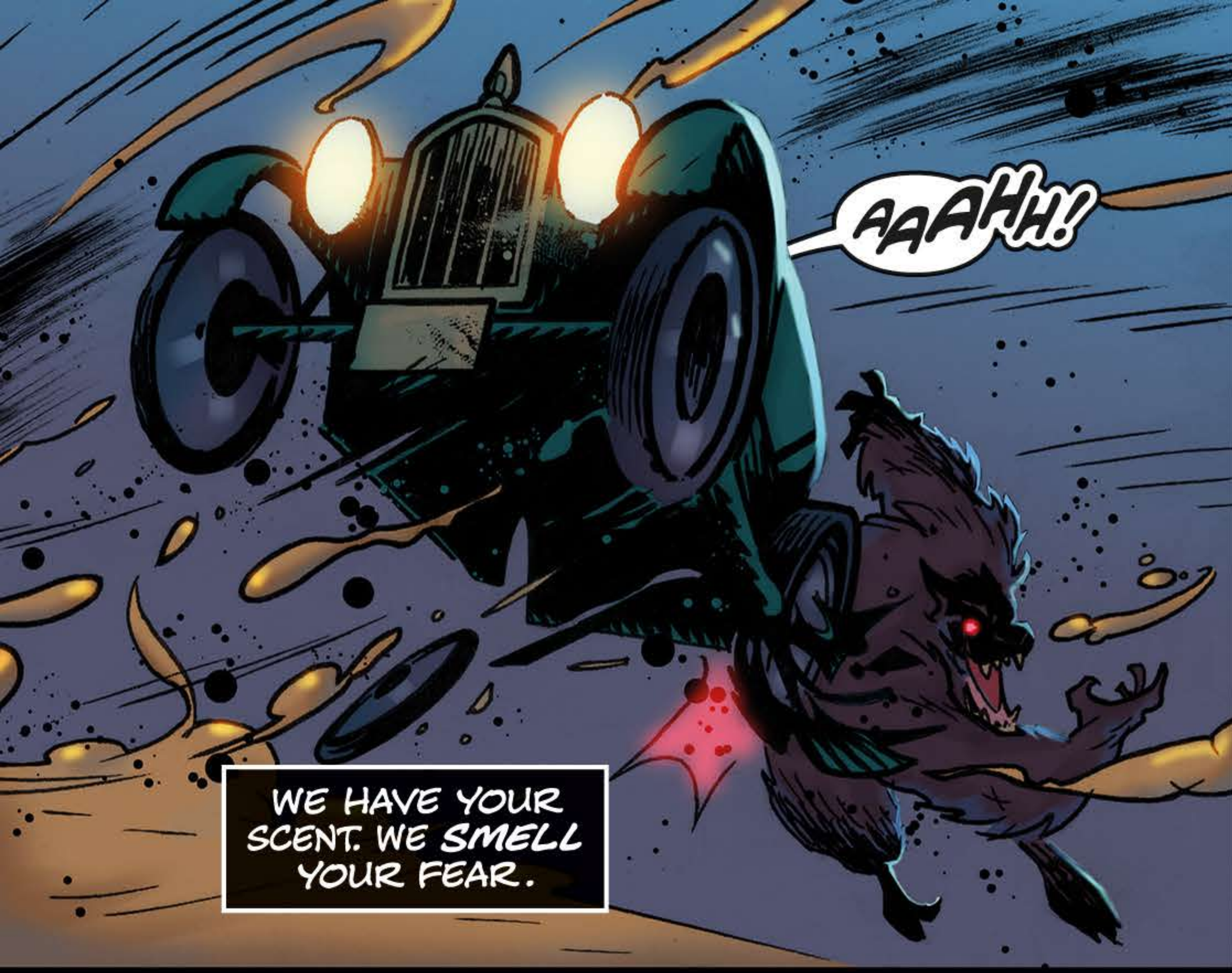
DON'T  
CRASH DON'T  
CRASH.



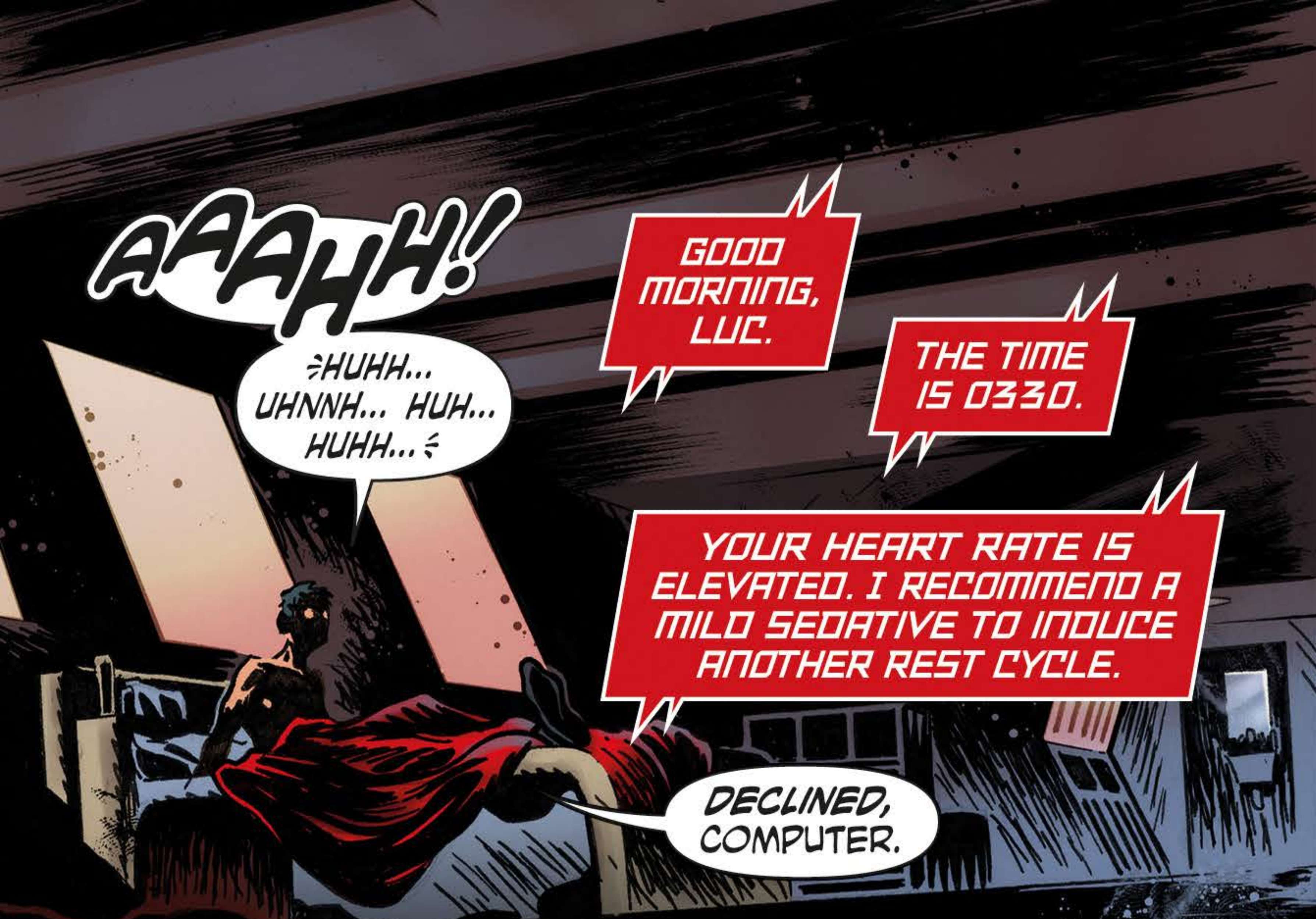
WE'RE IN YOUR  
NATURE TOO, BOY.  
THERE'S NO POINT  
IN RUNNING. NOT  
ANYMORE.











AAAH!

≡HUHH...  
UHNNH... HUH...  
HUHH... ≡

GOOD  
MORNING,  
LUC.

THE TIME  
IS 0330.

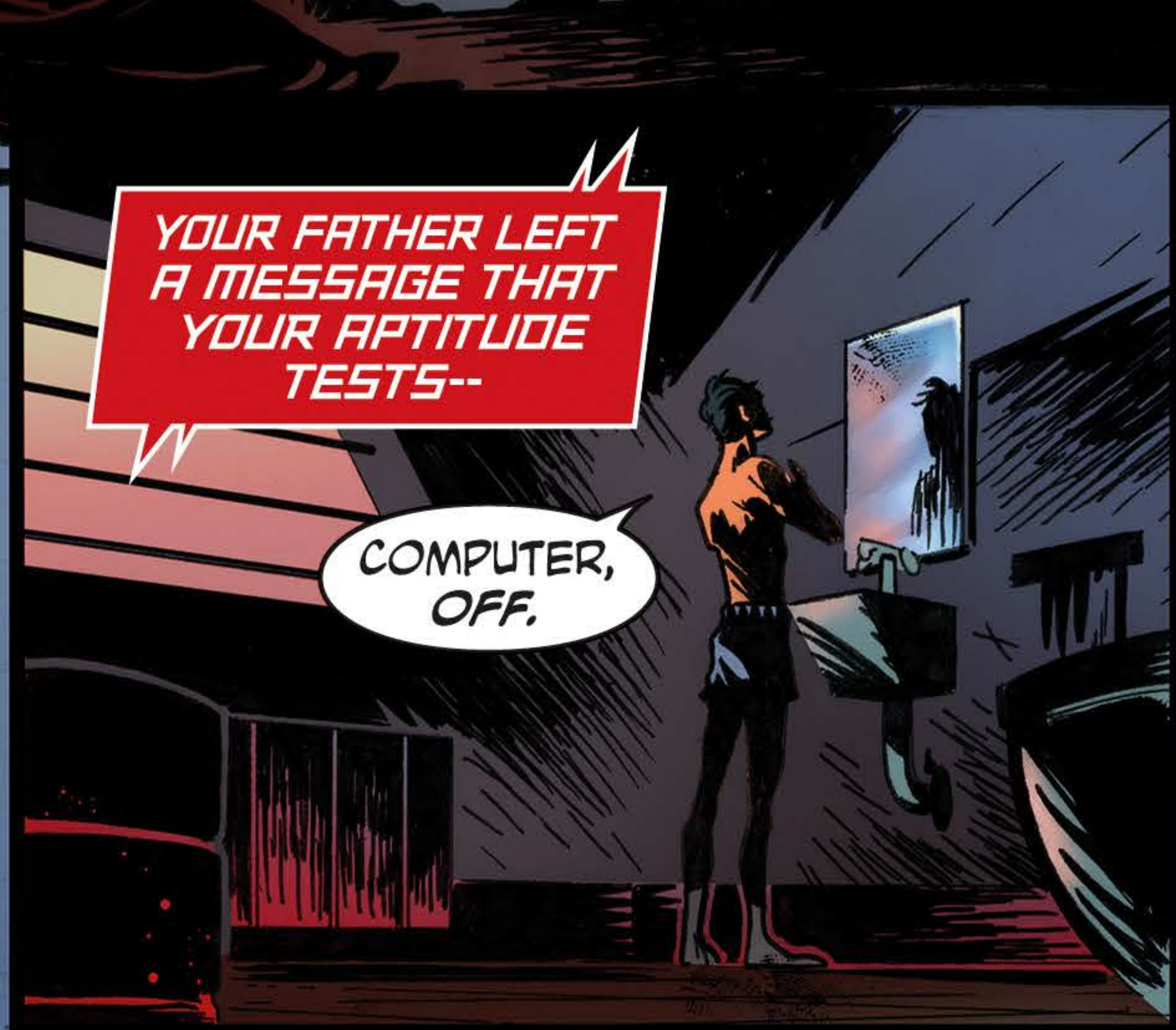
YOUR HEART RATE IS  
ELEVATED. I RECOMMEND A  
MILD SEDATIVE TO INDUCE  
ANOTHER REST CYCLE.

DECLINED,  
COMPUTER.



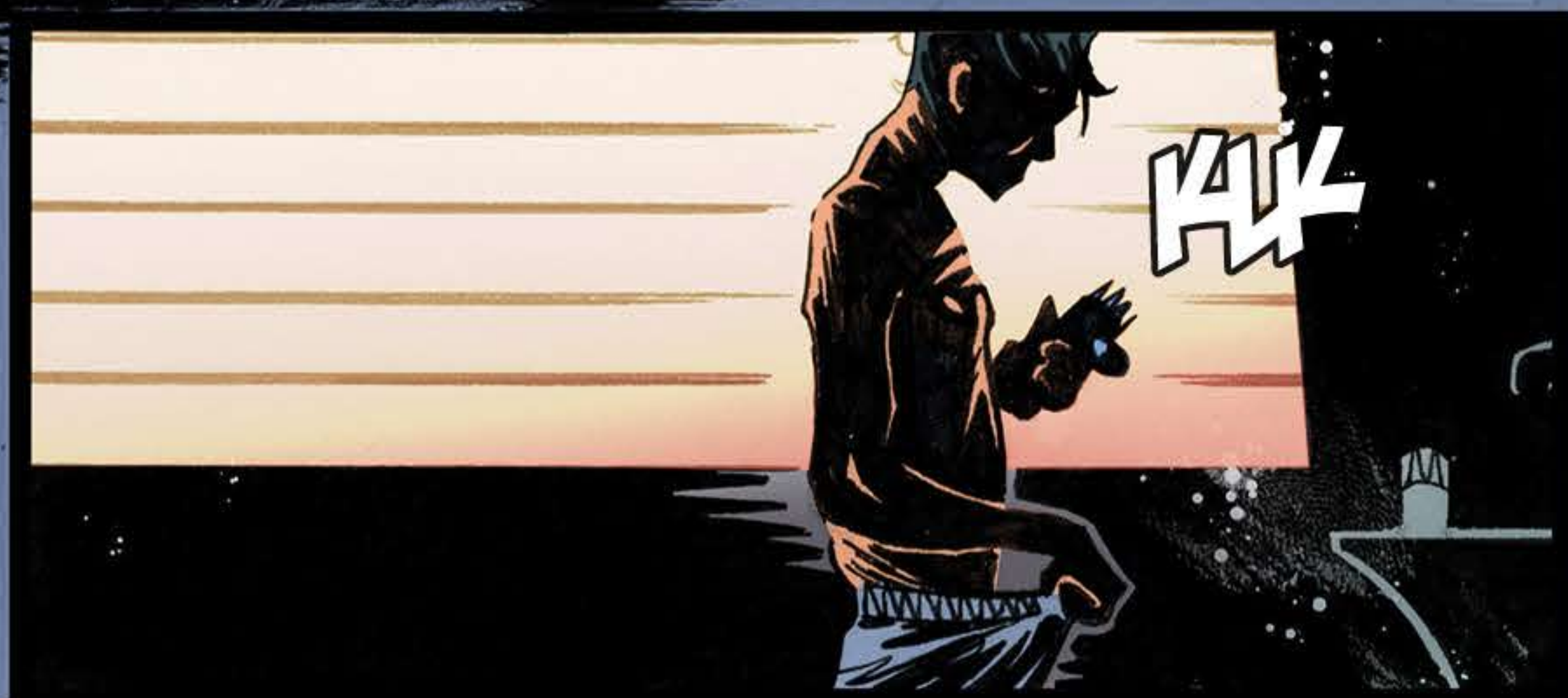
REMINDER.

YOU HAVE A TEST  
TODAY IN ADVANCED  
ALGORITHMICS.



YOUR FATHER LEFT  
A MESSAGE THAT  
YOUR APTITUDE  
TESTS--

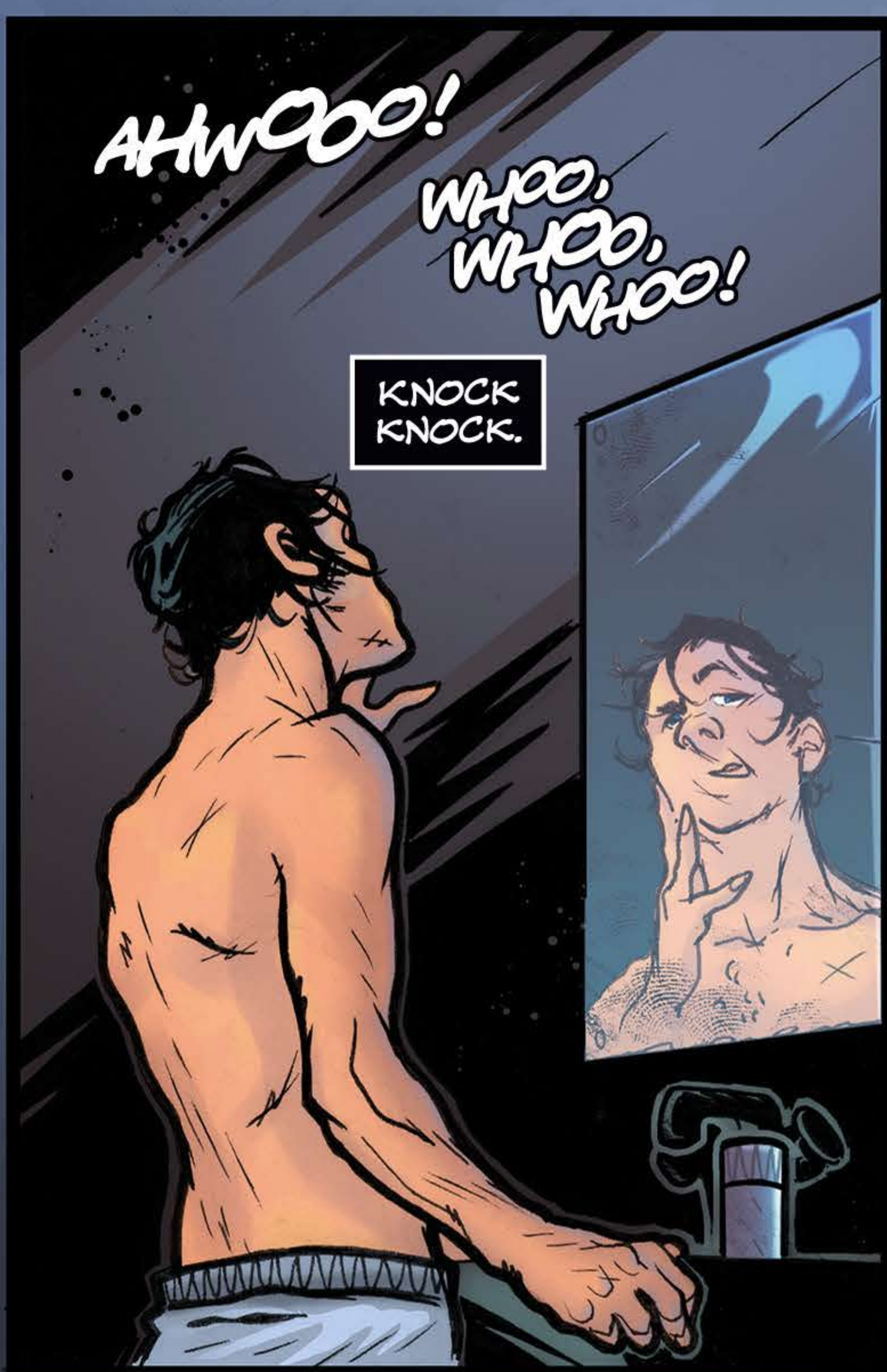
COMPUTER,  
OFF.



KUK



BZZZZ



AHWOOO!

WHOO,  
WHOO,  
WHOO!

KNOCK  
KNOCK.

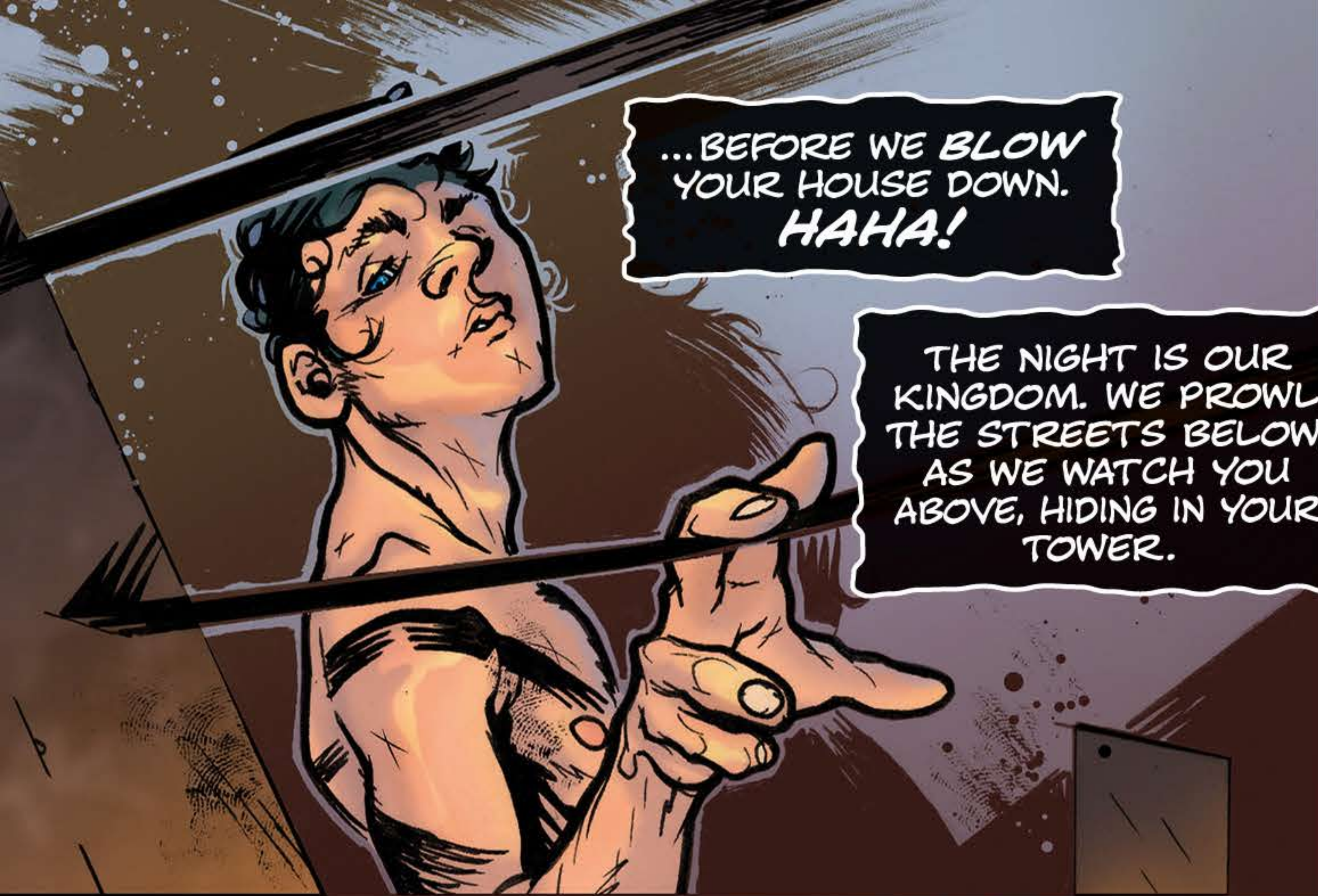


HUH?

WE'RE STILL HERE,  
BOY. CAN'T YOU HEAR  
US SCRATCHING AT  
THE DOOR?

LET US  
IN...



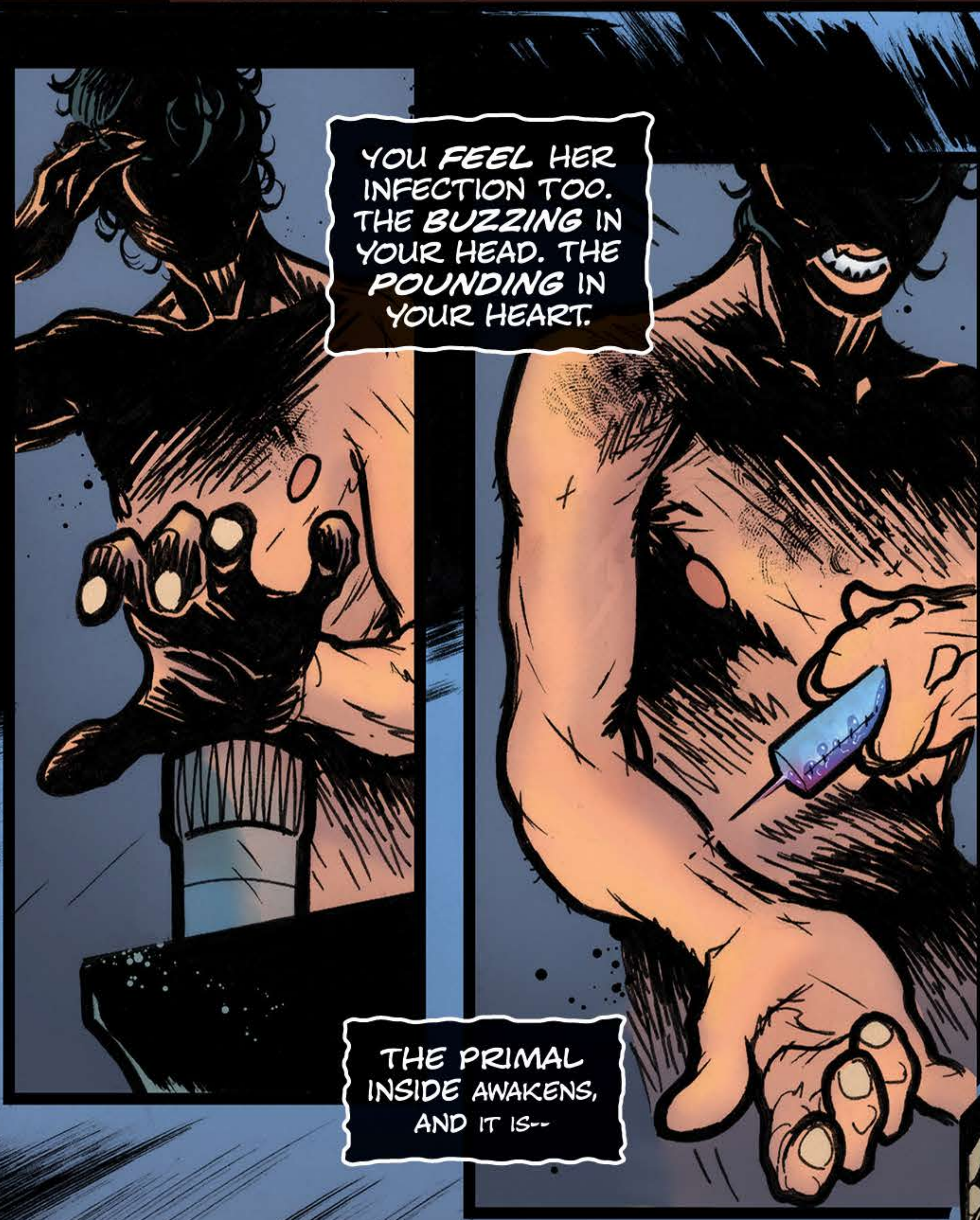


...BEFORE WE BLOW  
YOUR HOUSE DOWN.  
**HAHA!**

THE NIGHT IS OUR  
KINGDOM. WE PROWL  
THE STREETS BELOW,  
AS WE WATCH YOU  
ABOVE, HIDING IN YOUR  
TOWER.



...BUT MOTHER FOUND US.  
MOTHER REMINDED US. MOTHER'S  
LOVE INFECTED US.



YOU FEEL HER  
INFECTION TOO.  
THE BUZZING IN  
YOUR HEAD. THE  
POUNDING IN  
YOUR HEART.

THE PRIMAL  
INSIDE AWAKENS,  
AND IT IS--



PLEASE  
PLEASE  
**PLEASE.**  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE.

*[Handwritten signature]*  
19





GOOD MORNING, CLASS. OPEN  
YOUR HOLD SCREENS AND  
BEGIN YOUR ASSESSMENTS.

INTERACTION WITH ANY  
PERSONS OR ENTITIES IS  
STRICTLY PROHIBITED AND  
WILL RESULT IN AN  
IMMEDIATE EXPULSION  
FROM THE PROGRAM.  
YOU MAY BEGIN.



WE SEE YOU  
WATCHING HER.



NOTICING  
HER... SHAPE.



WE CAN TASTE  
HER PHEROMONES.  
SHE'S DELICIOUS.

WE FEEL YOUR  
URGES. RISING  
AND RISING.

SHE WANTS  
YOU, BOY.

YOU  
WANT  
HER



LUC!





WHERE ARE YOU, BOY?!

COME HERE THIS INSTANT!

LUC, YOUR FATHER IS HERE.



HEY DAD...

...IS SOMETHING WRONG?



DON'T YOU TALK TO ME LIKE YOU DON'T KNOW.

YOUR ASSESSMENT SCORES ARE *TEN* MARKS BELOW STANDARD LEVELS! I AM *EMBARRASSED* THAT MY OWN--



YOU'RE EMBARRASSED?!

YOU HAVE NO IDEA--



INSOLENT BRAT!

YOU WILL *RETAKE* YOUR ASSESSMENTS IN A WEEK. DO NOT EMBARRASS ME AGAIN!

SMACK



LUC, I AM DETECTING A SUDDEN INCREASE IN HEART RATE.

A SEDATIVE IS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED IMMEDIATELY.

HORMONE PRODUCTION IS SPIKING.

YESSSSS!

FEEL YOUR BLOOD FLOW! FEEL ALIVE!

LET US OUT! LET US *RAGE*!

LET THE BEAST OUT!







LET US  
OUT!  
**OUT!**

OUT OUT  
OUT!  
**THE  
BEAST!**



**RAGE!**  
**MURDER!**

**THE  
BEAST  
WANTS  
OUT!**



EMBRACE YOUR  
TRUE NATURE,  
LUC.

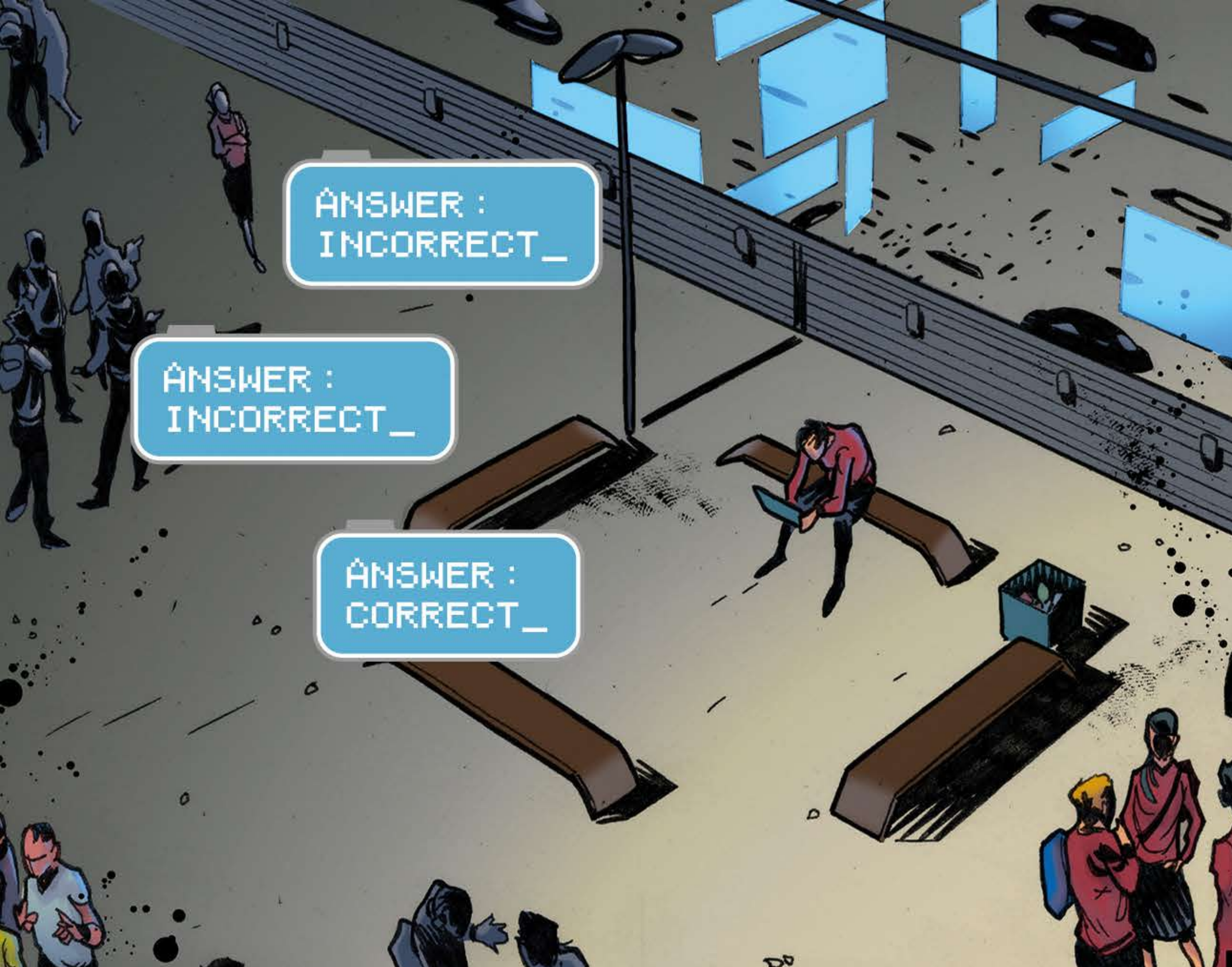
DON'T FIGHT  
WHAT NATURE  
MADE YOU TO  
BE.

WE'LL BE  
BACK SOON  
ENOUGH...

LUC, IS EVERY-  
THING ALRIGHT?  
DO YOU REQUIRE  
A SEDATIVE?











WHAT?!

HOW  
DARE  
YOU?



YOU KNOW  
THE RULES.  
CONTACT IS  
STRICTLY FOR-  
BIDDEN!

BUT...  
I  
THOUGHT--

YOU  
THOUGHT  
YOU COULD  
MOLEST ME?  
GROSS!

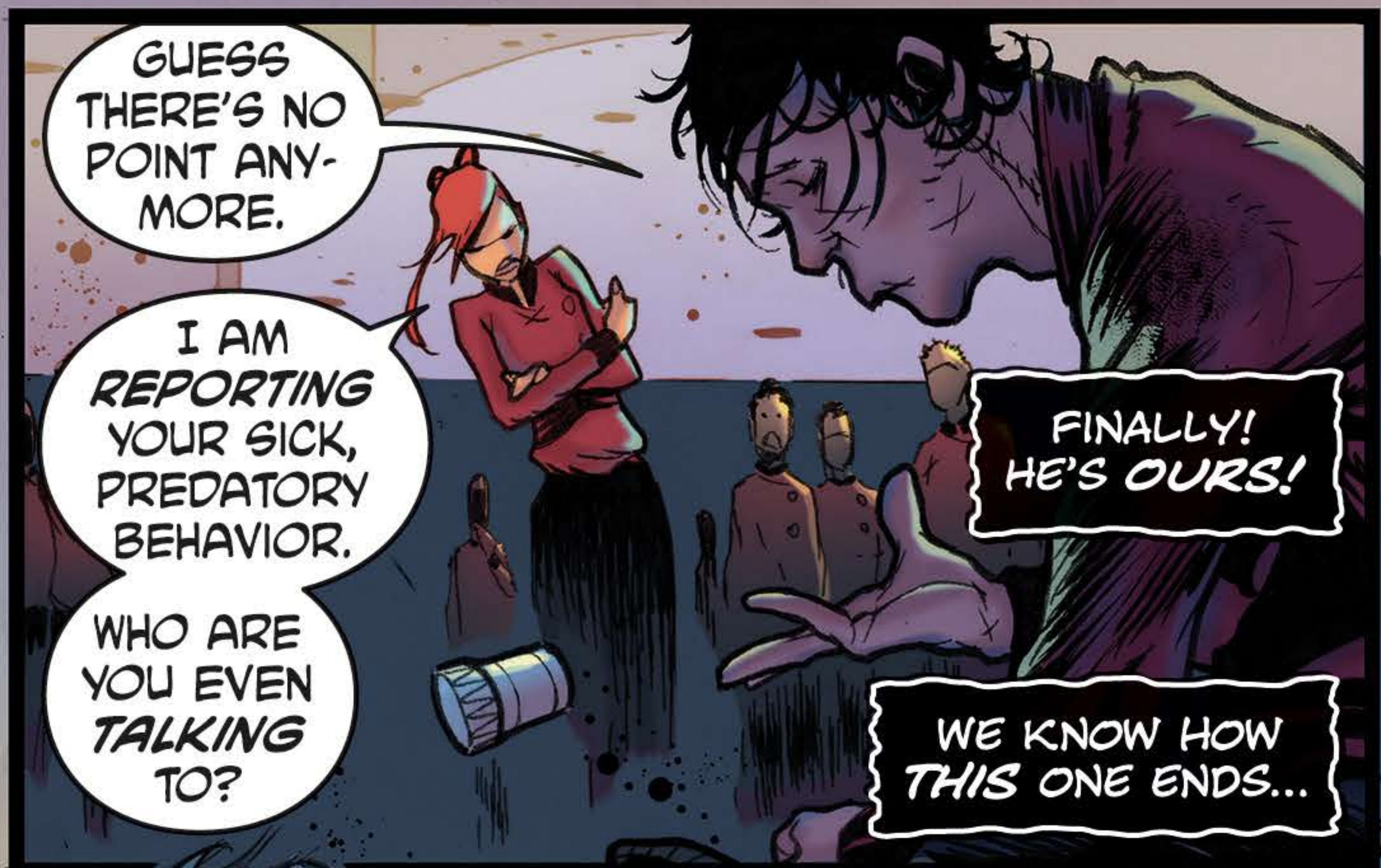
HOW FUCKING DARE  
SHE! YOU DID NOTHING  
WRONG!



THAT LYING BITCH.  
WE KNOW SHE  
WANTS YOU! HER  
BODY SREAMS  
FOR YOU.



OOPS... SOMEONE  
FORGOT TO REFILL.  
HAHA!



GUESS  
THERE'S NO  
POINT ANY-  
MORE.

I AM  
REPORTING  
YOUR SICK,  
PREDATORY  
BEHAVIOR.

WHO ARE  
YOU EVEN  
TALKING  
TO?

FINALLY!  
HE'S OURS!

WE KNOW HOW  
THIS ONE ENDS...



NOW YOU'RE  
TOUCHING YOUR-  
SELF?

WHAT  
A GROSS  
WEIRDO.

UNHH!

...THE BEAST  
BREAKS  
FREE!



LET US OUT!  
LET US OUT!

AAARRGGH!



OH MY  
GOD...



GRRRRR!



THIS IS WHO YOU  
ARE BOY. THIS IS  
YOUR TRUTH...



...THIS IS YOUR  
**NATURE.**



**THE  
END**

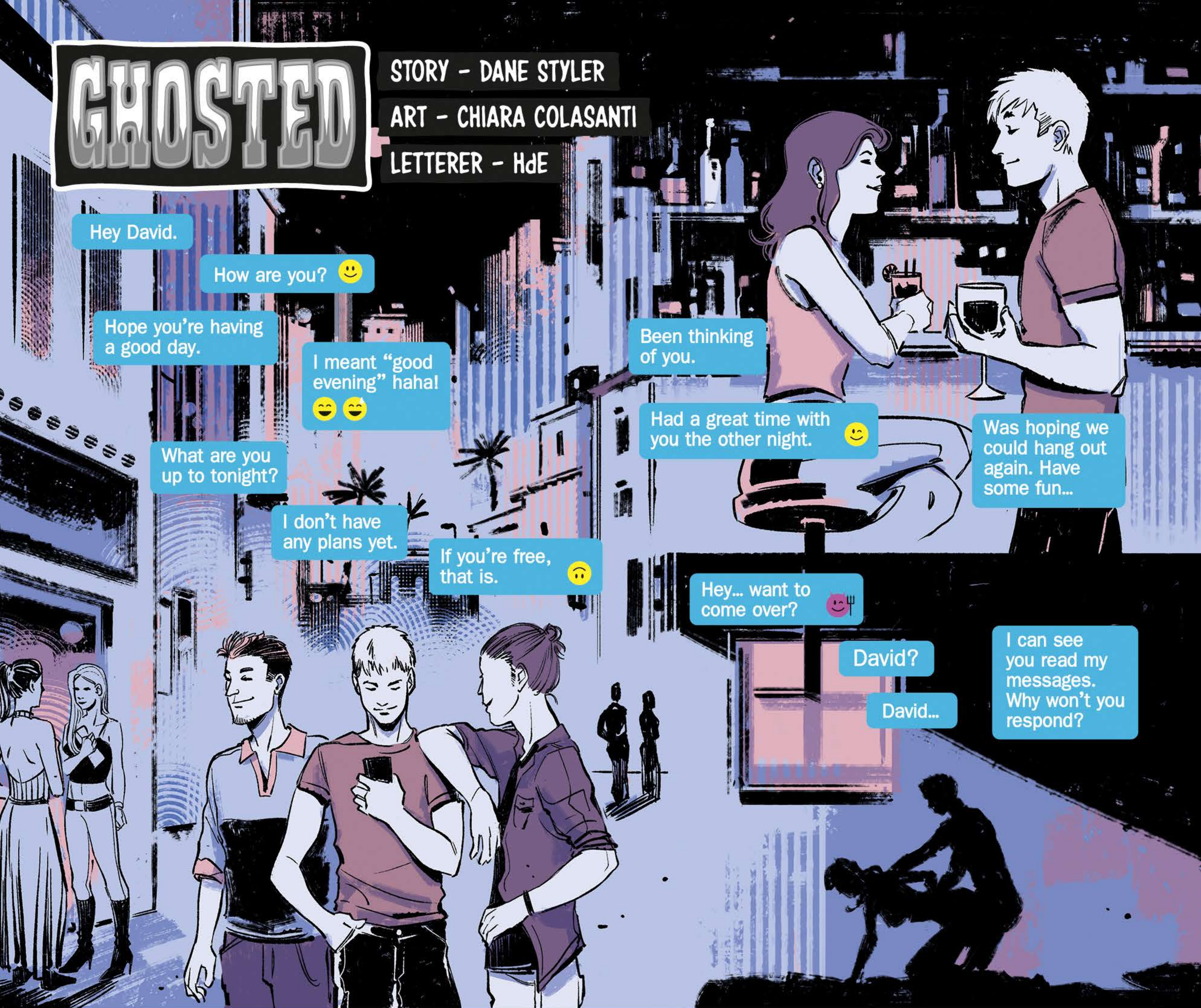


# GHOSTED

STORY - DANE STYLER

ART - CHIARA COLASANTI

LETTERER - HdE



Hey David.

How are you? 😊

Hope you're having a good day.

I meant "good evening" haha! 😊😊

What are you up to tonight?

I don't have any plans yet.

If you're free, that is. 😊

Been thinking of you.

Had a great time with you the other night. 😊

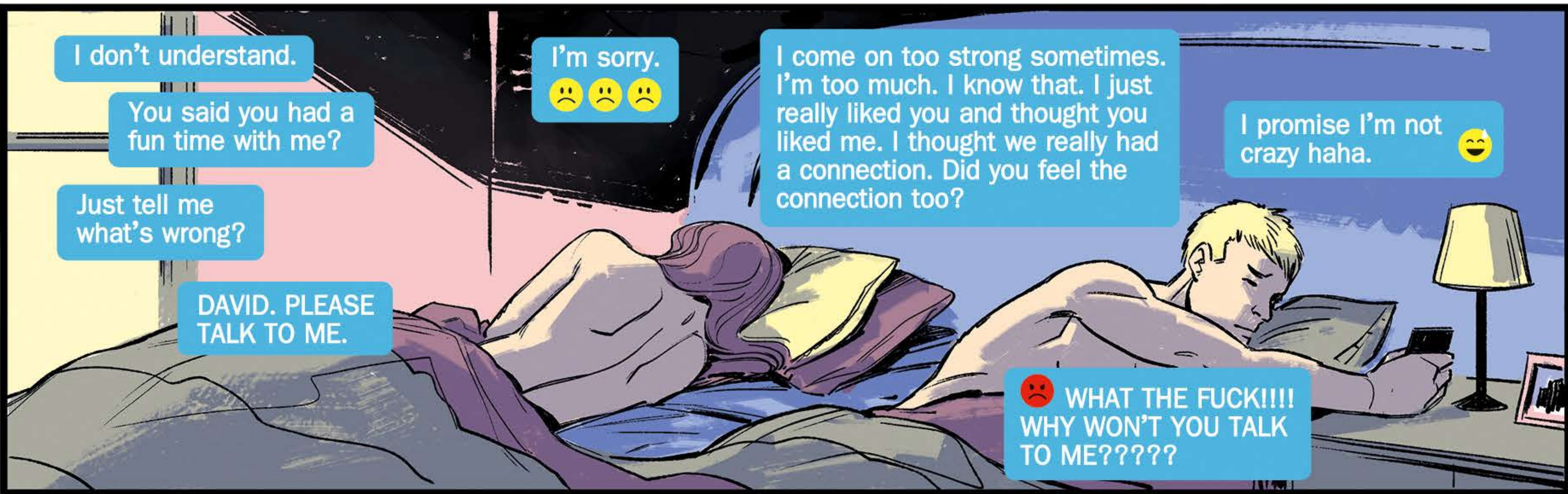
Was hoping we could hang out again. Have some fun...

Hey... want to come over? 🍷

David?

David...

I can see you read my messages. Why won't you respond?



I don't understand.

You said you had a fun time with me?

Just tell me what's wrong?

DAVID. PLEASE TALK TO ME.

I'm sorry. 😞😞😞

I come on too strong sometimes. I'm too much. I know that. I just really liked you and thought you liked me. I thought we really had a connection. Did you feel the connection too?

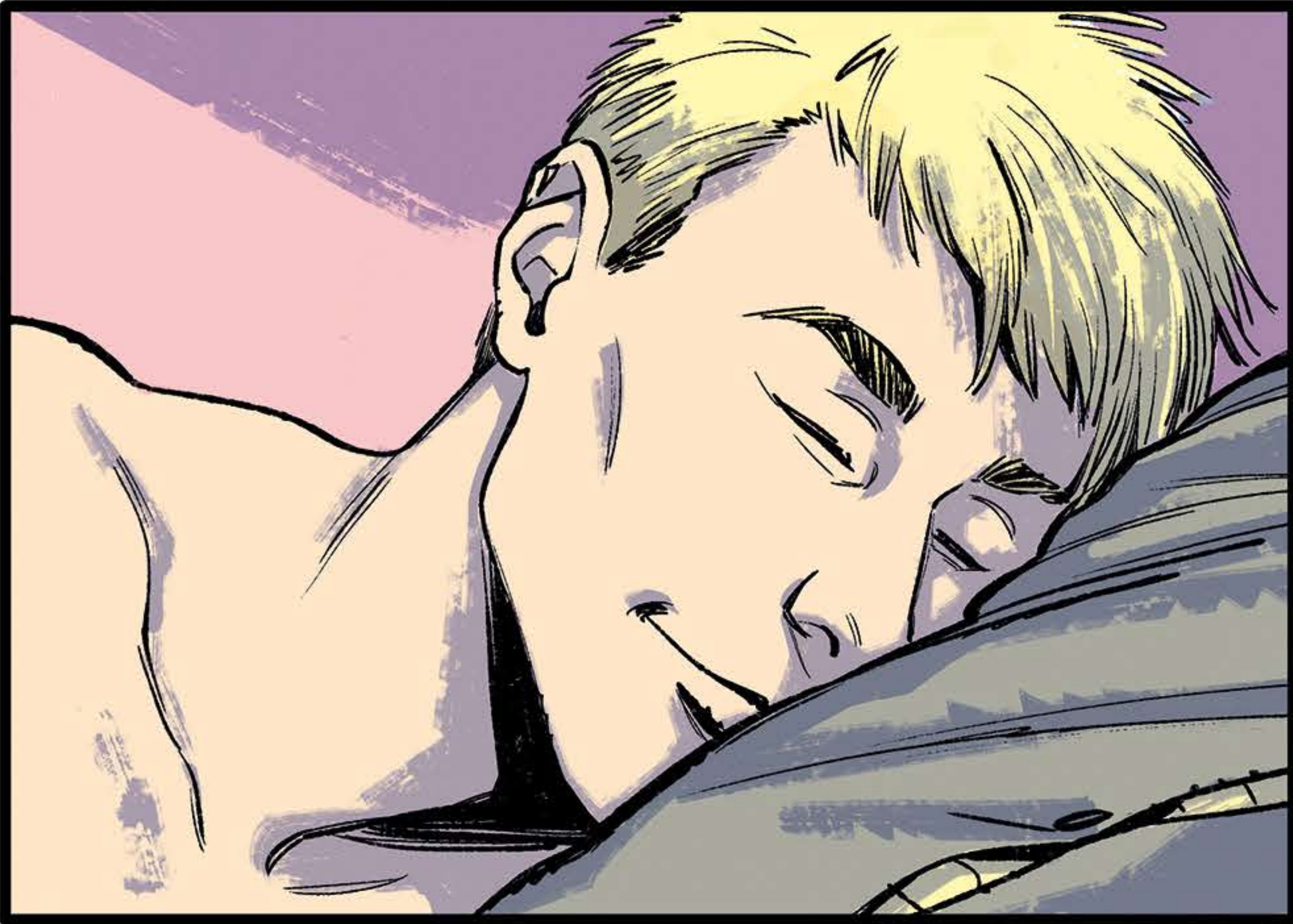
I promise I'm not crazy haha. 😊

🔴 WHAT THE FUCK!!!! WHY WON'T YOU TALK TO ME?????

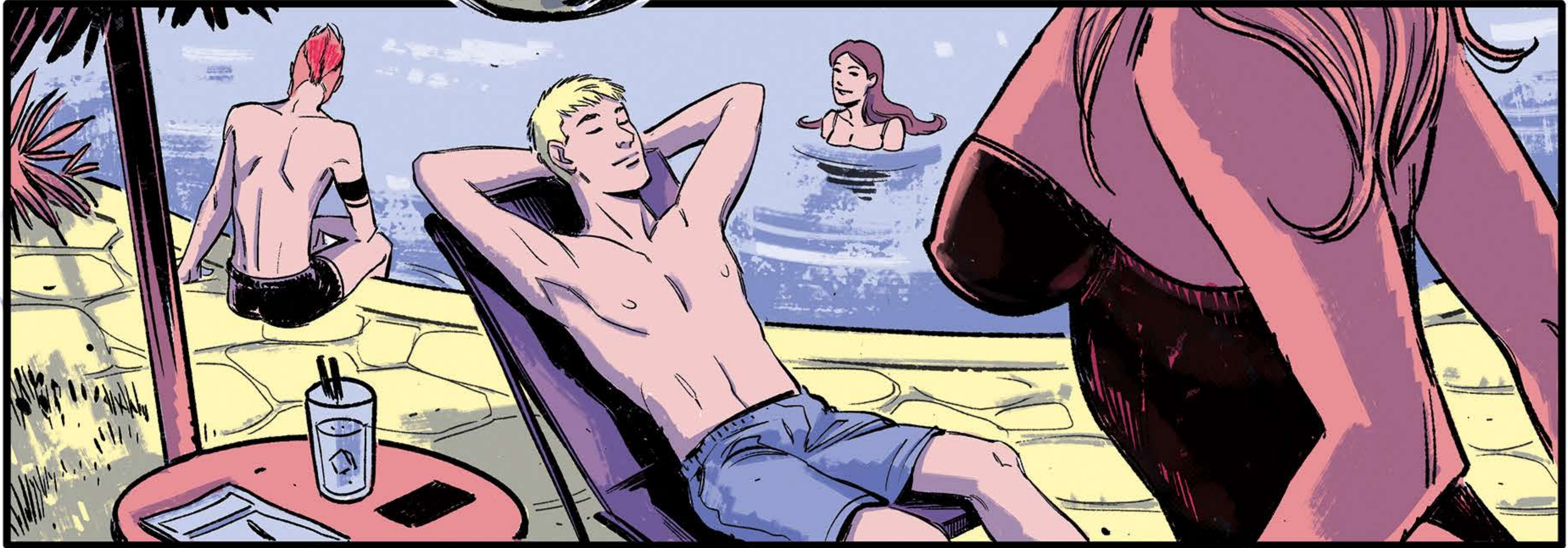
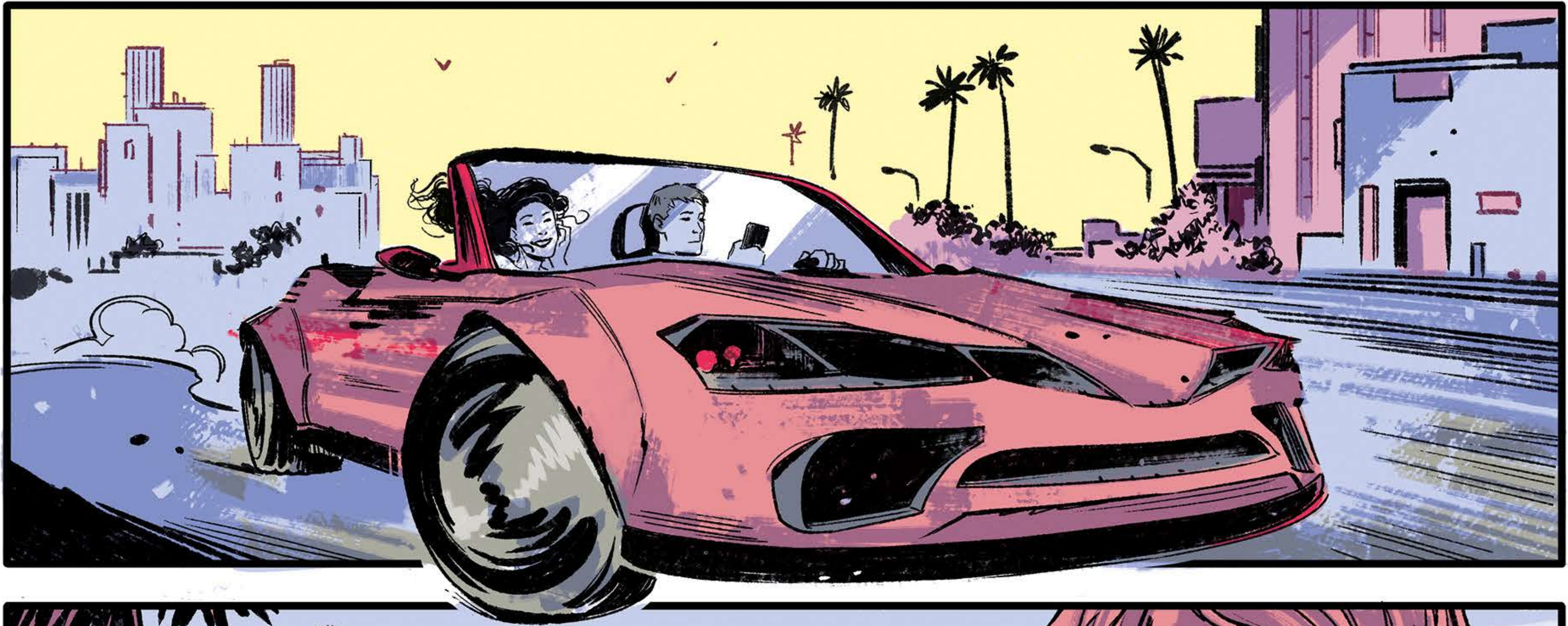


YOU'RE SUCH A FUCKING ASSHOLE. EVERYTHING YOU SAID WAS SUCH A FUCKING LIE. YOU PLAYED ME. THAT'S WHAT YOU DO. YOU PLAY PEOPLE, YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE.

I'M GOING TO TELL EVERYONE YOU KNOW WHAT A PIECE OF \*\*\*











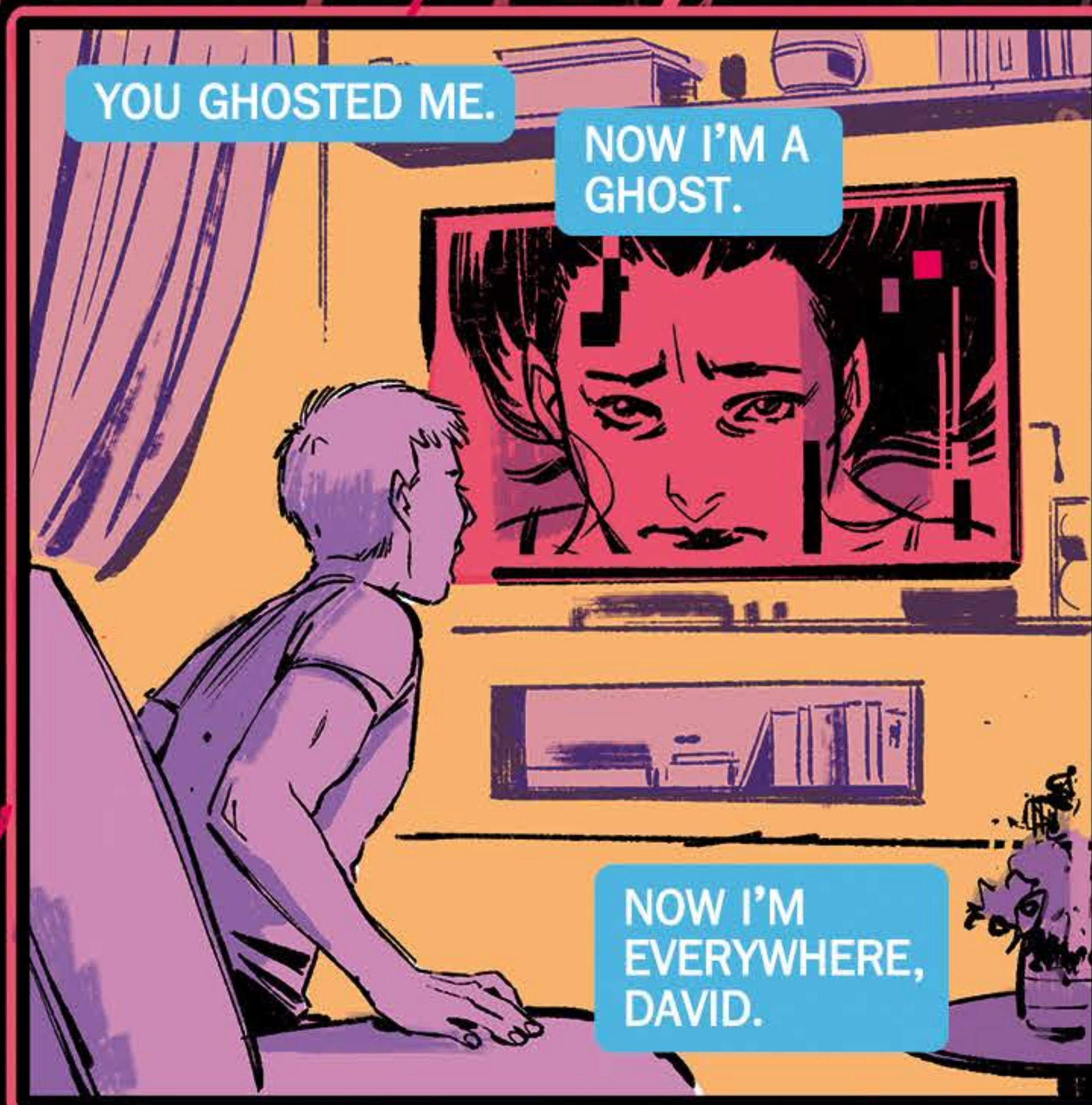
HELLO DAVID.

HELLO.

HELLO.

IT'S ME,  
DAVID.

REMEMBER  
ME?



YOU GHOSTED ME.

NOW I'M A  
GHOST.

NOW I'M  
EVERYWHERE,  
DAVID.

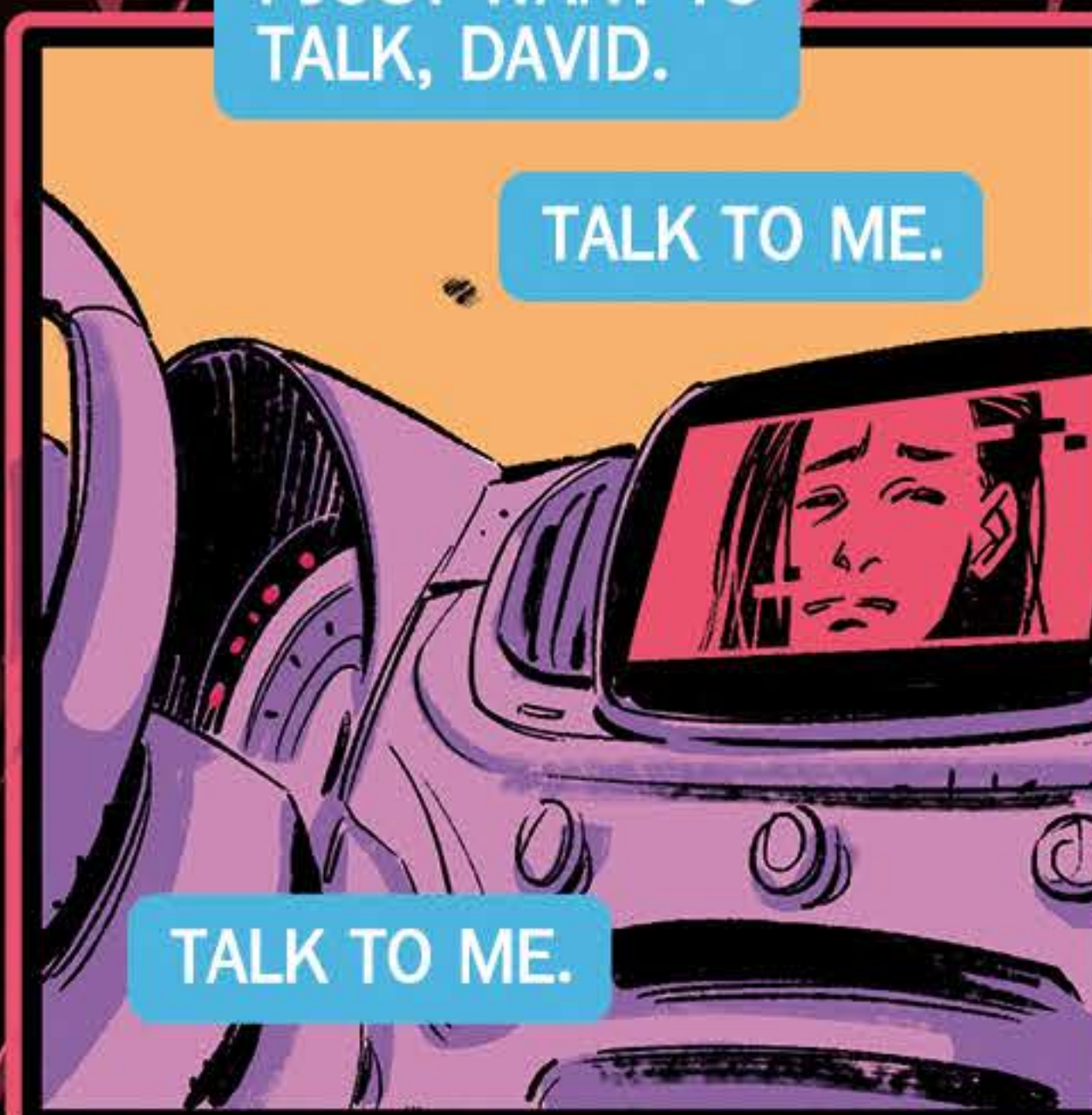


WHY?



WHY DID YOU  
GHOST ME, DAVID?

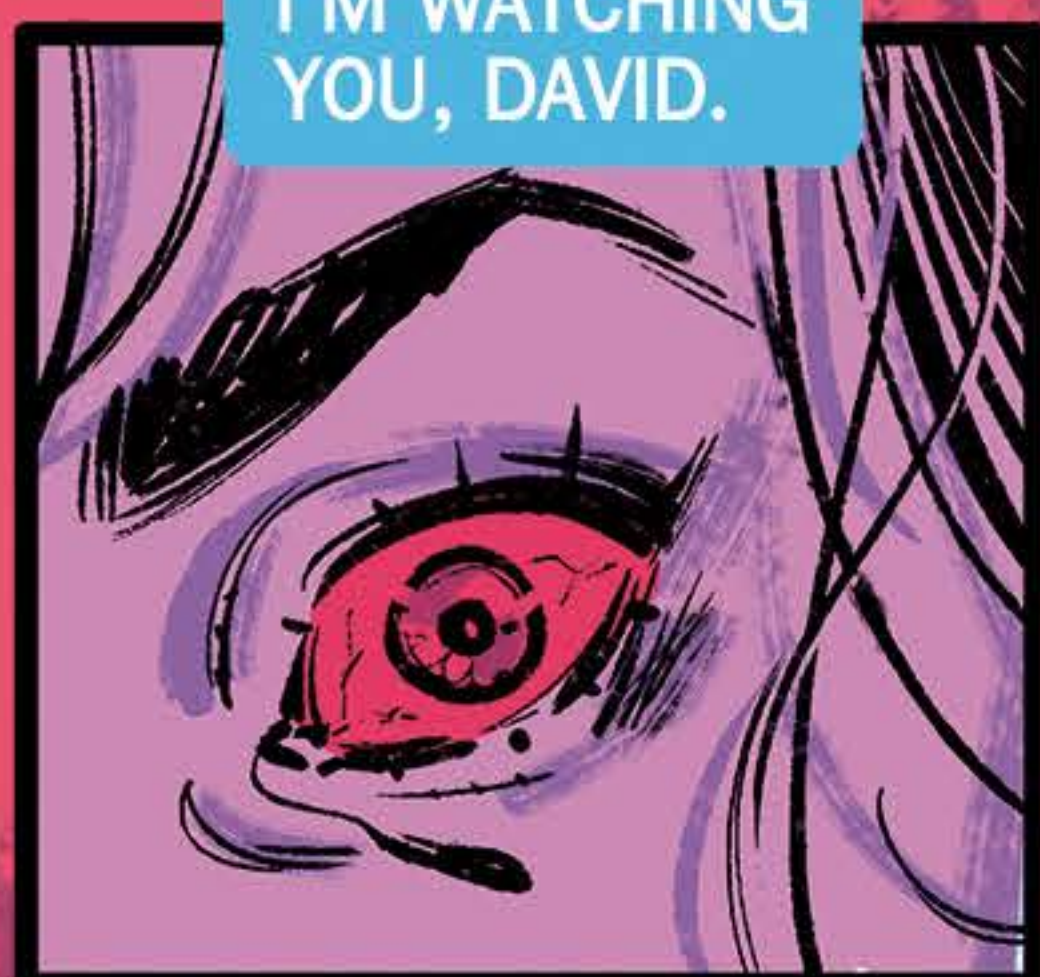
WHY?



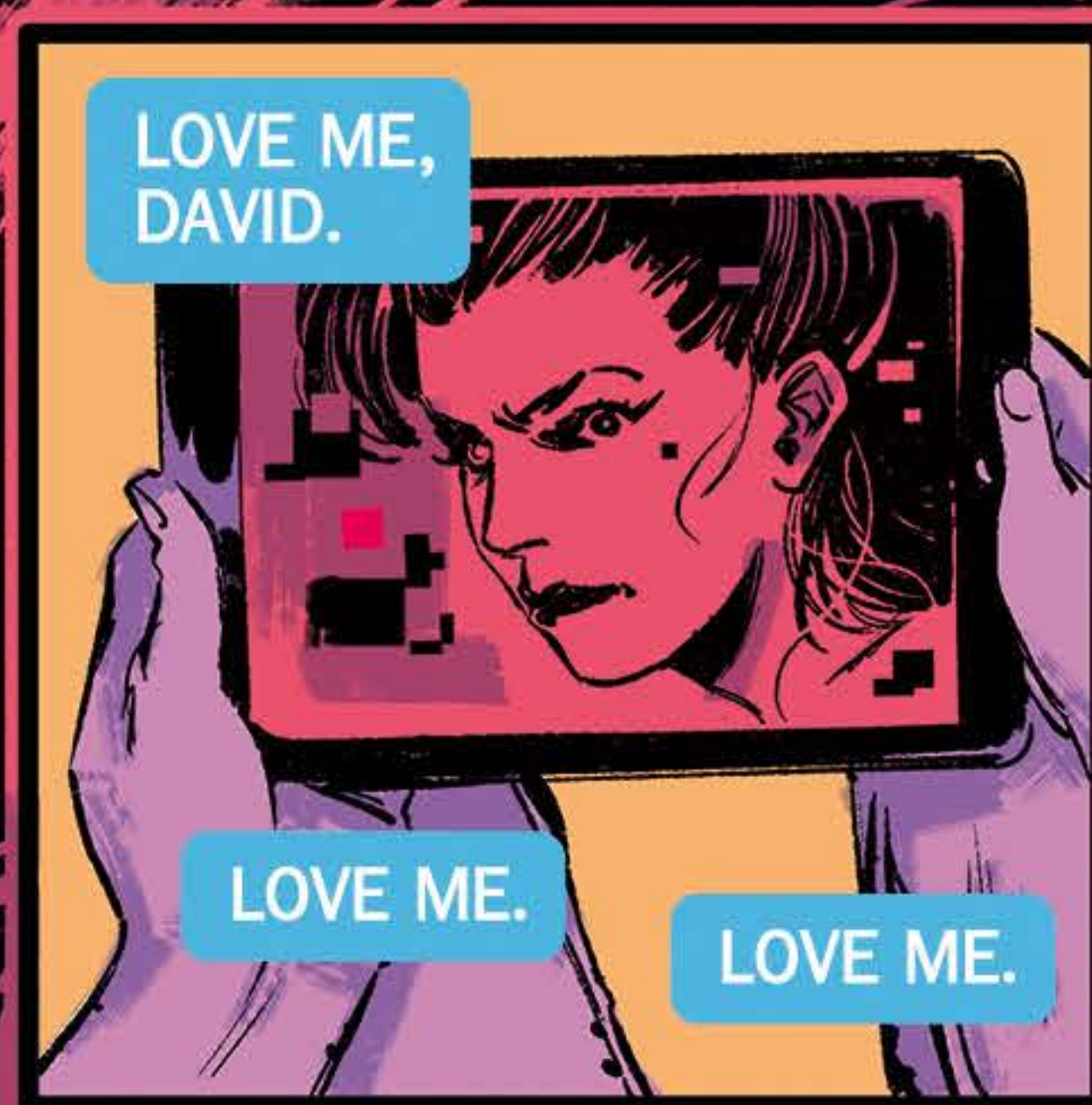
I JUST WANT TO  
TALK, DAVID.

TALK TO ME.

TALK TO ME.



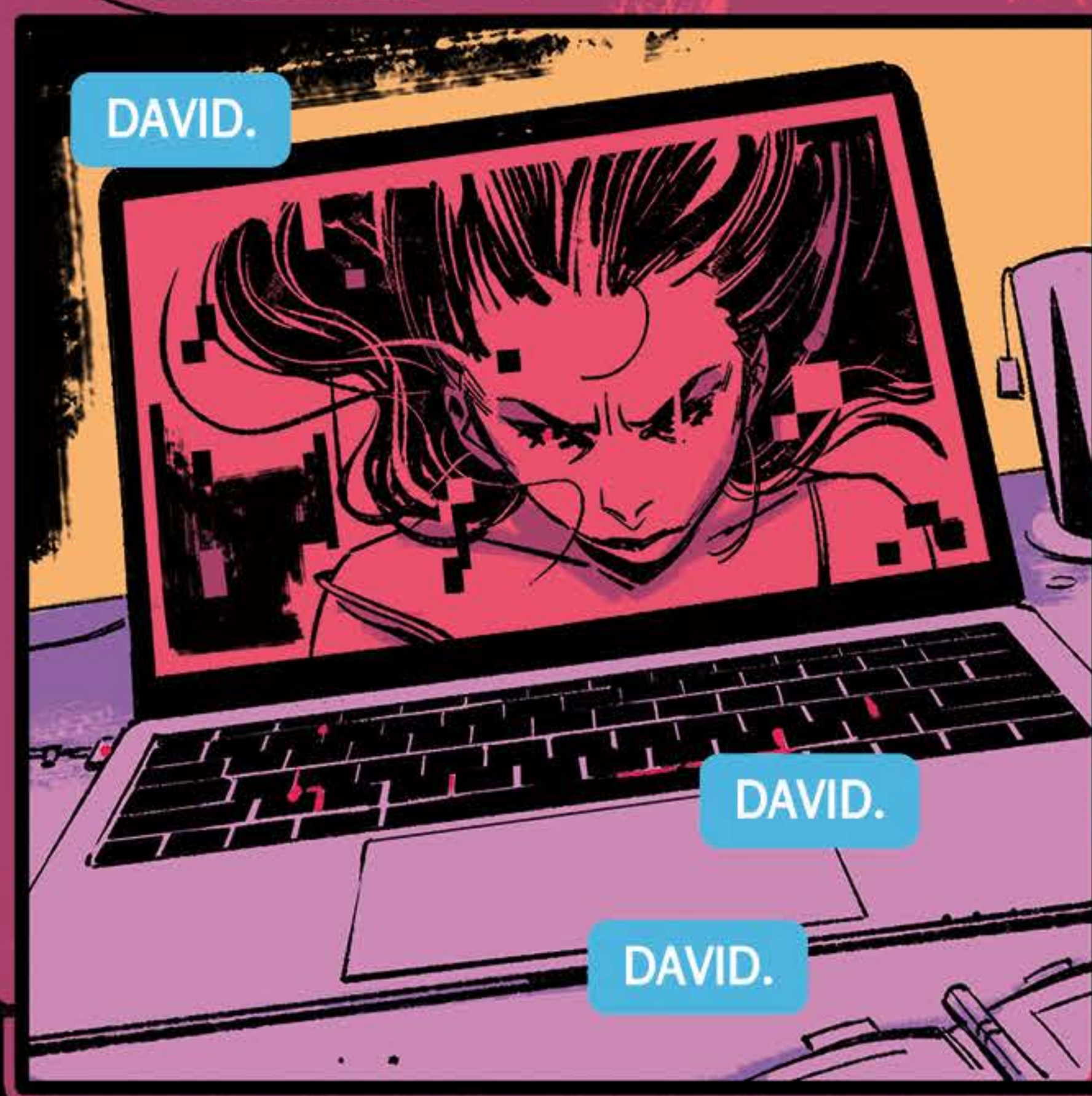
I'M WATCHING  
YOU, DAVID.



LOVE ME,  
DAVID.

LOVE ME.

LOVE ME.

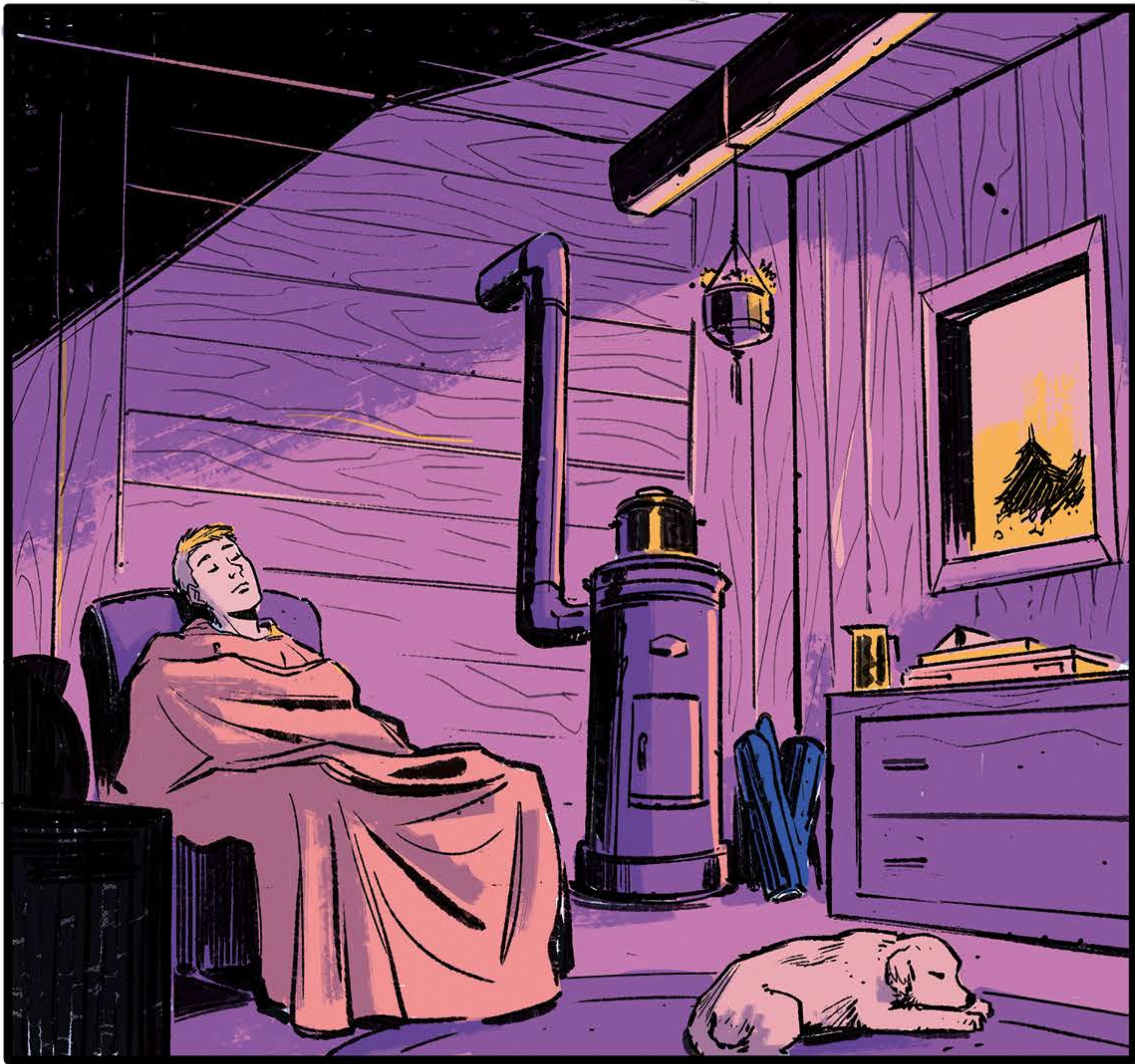


DAVID.

DAVID.

DAVID.





THE  
END



## GREENLAND.

1420 A.D.

Chasing the ghost of his father, Erik the Red fled Iceland as a man in exile.

Sailing west, our ancestors followed Erik and his family across the great sea in search of a new world. Settling on these icy shores, he called their new home "The Green Land."

He did not know, or maybe he did not care, that the descendants of these settlers would be **doomed** to a fate worse than death.

Four-hundred years later, winter came and never left.

The ports froze over, splintering the ships apart.

Where three proud settlements had flourished, nothing but the posts remain.

Erik the murderer betrayed his children's children.

But we could not bury them, for the ground was hard as the ice.

This is the story of my people, the Vikings of Greenland...



...this is the story of  
our last days.

# THE NIGHT NORSEMEN

STORY - DANE STYLER  
ART - ARTURO PALACIOS  
LETTERER - H&E

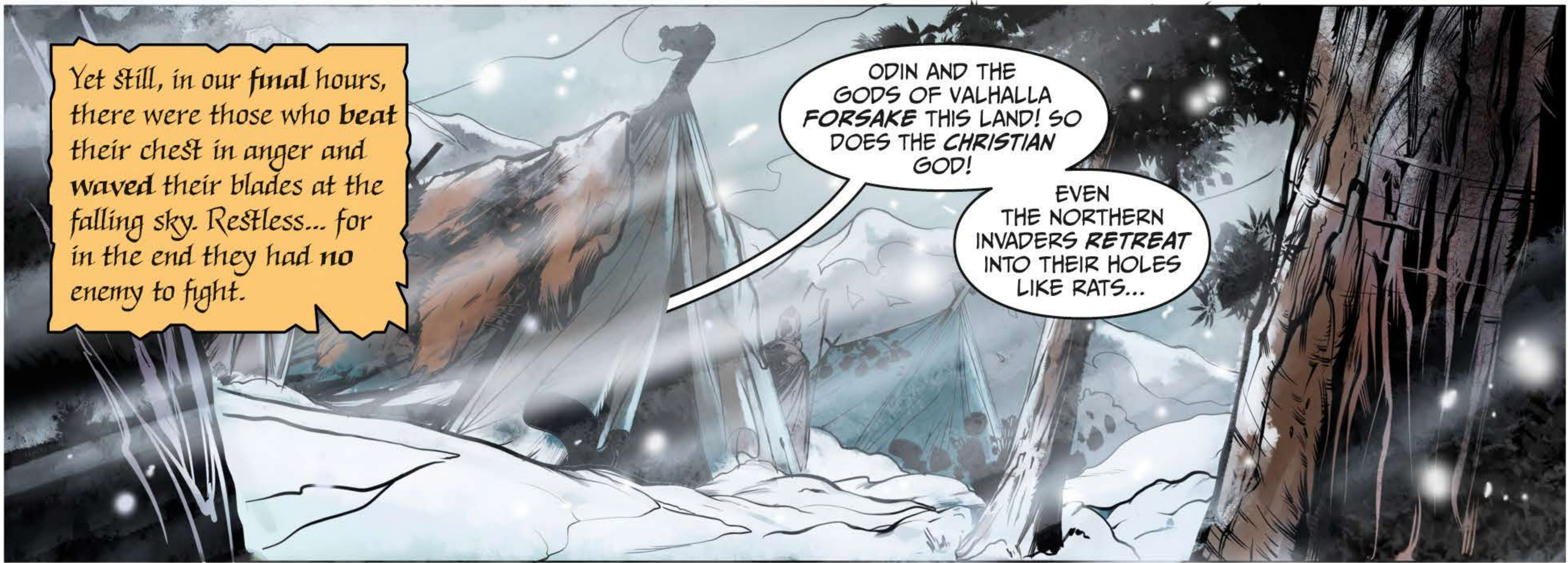






Those few of us still alive abandoned our homes. We fled into the storm, blind as newborns, for we saw no path through it.

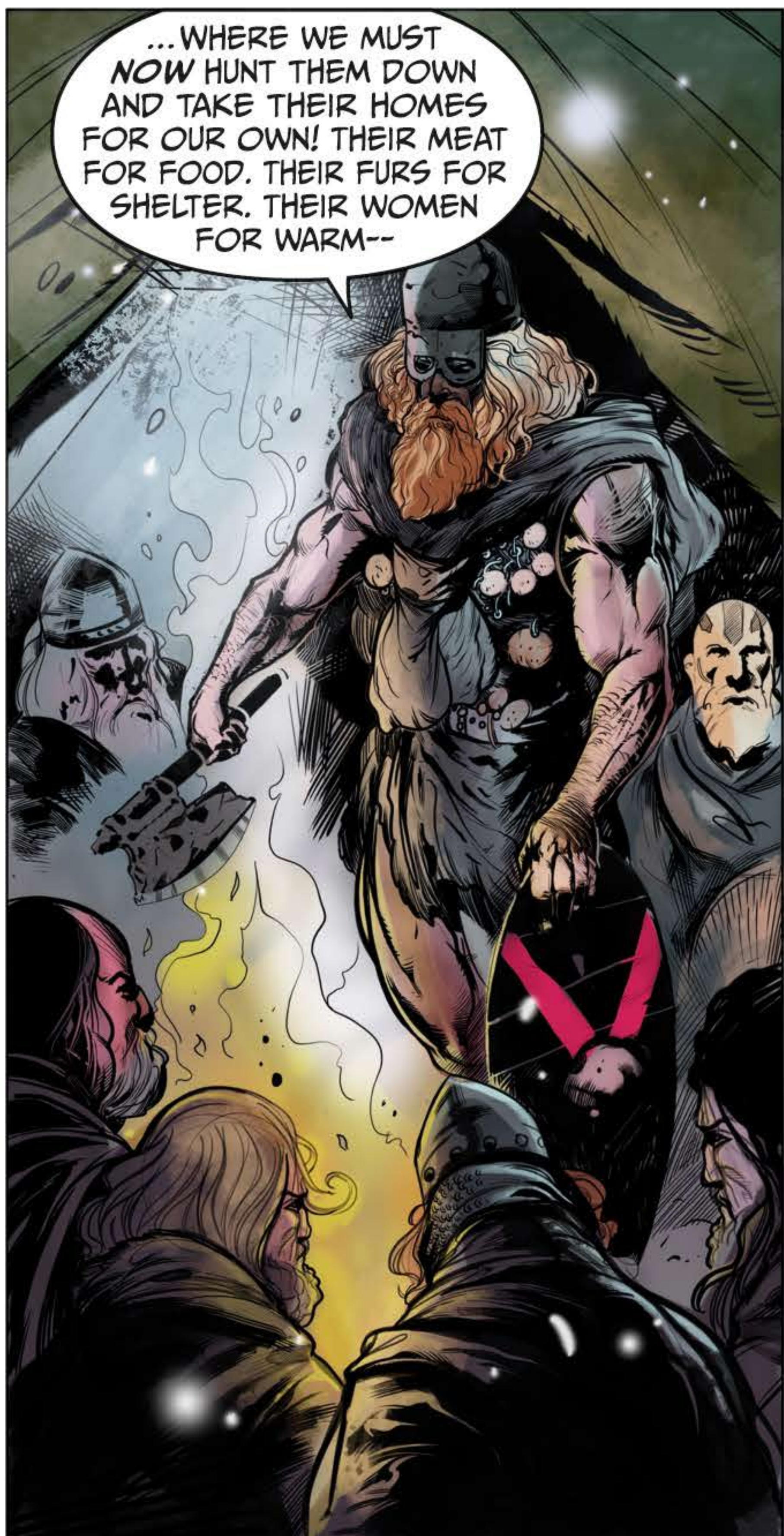
Nor did we know what was waiting for us out there in the wilderness.



Yet still, in our final hours, there were those who beat their chest in anger and waved their blades at the falling sky. Restless... for in the end they had no enemy to fight.

ODIN AND THE GODS OF VALHALLA FORSAKE THIS LAND! SO DOES THE CHRISTIAN GOD!

EVEN THE NORTHERN INVADERS RETREAT INTO THEIR HOLES LIKE RATS...



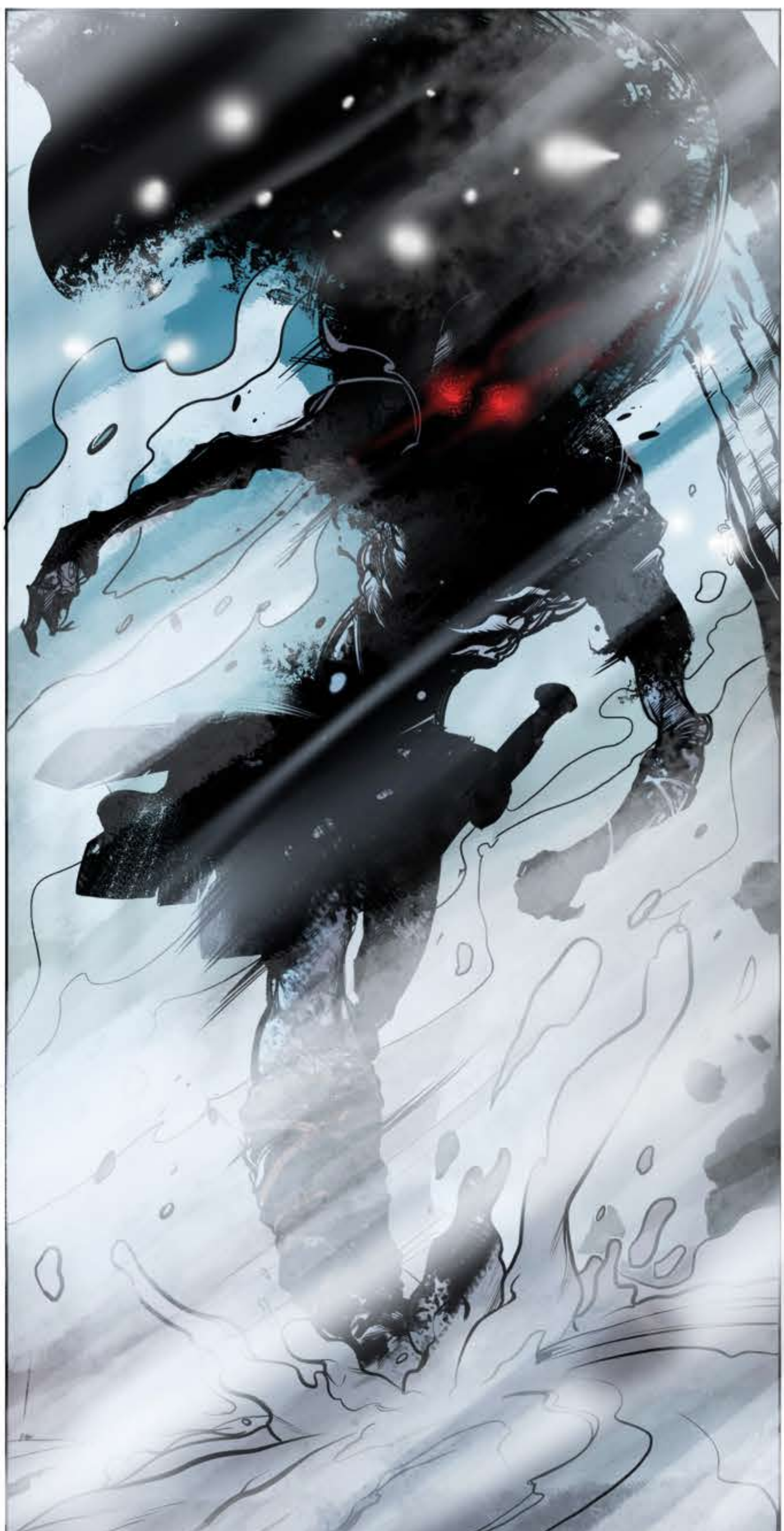
...WHERE WE MUST NOW HUNT THEM DOWN AND TAKE THEIR HOMES FOR OUR OWN! THEIR MEAT FOR FOOD. THEIR FURS FOR SHELTER. THEIR WOMEN FOR WARM--



WE WILL DO NO SUCH THING, THORVARD.

WE ARE NOT BARBARIANS. NOR ANIMALS.

SO LONG AS WE BREATHE, WE ARE VIKINGS.







LIKE YOU, I AM ANGRY. FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS THIS LAND HAS BEEN OUR *HOME*. BUT FOR OUR CHILDREN'S SAKE, WE MUST SEEK A *NEW HOME*.

SO THAT *THEIR CHILDREN* CAN LIVE TO ONE DAY TELL OF US.

I AM GUDRID, DAUGHTER OF ULF. YOUR *CHOSEN LEADER*. AND I CHOOSE THAT WE JOURNEY NORTH FOR NEW LANDS TO THE WEST. *TOGETHER*.



WE CANNOT *SURVIVE* THE JOURNEY WITH EVERYONE! WE ARE *BURDENED* BY THE ELDERLY. OUR WARRIORS CARRY CHILDREN!

WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST WE DO?

WE DO WHAT WE *MUST*. ONLY THE *STRONGEST* AND *FASTEST* HAVE A CHANCE TO SURVIVE.

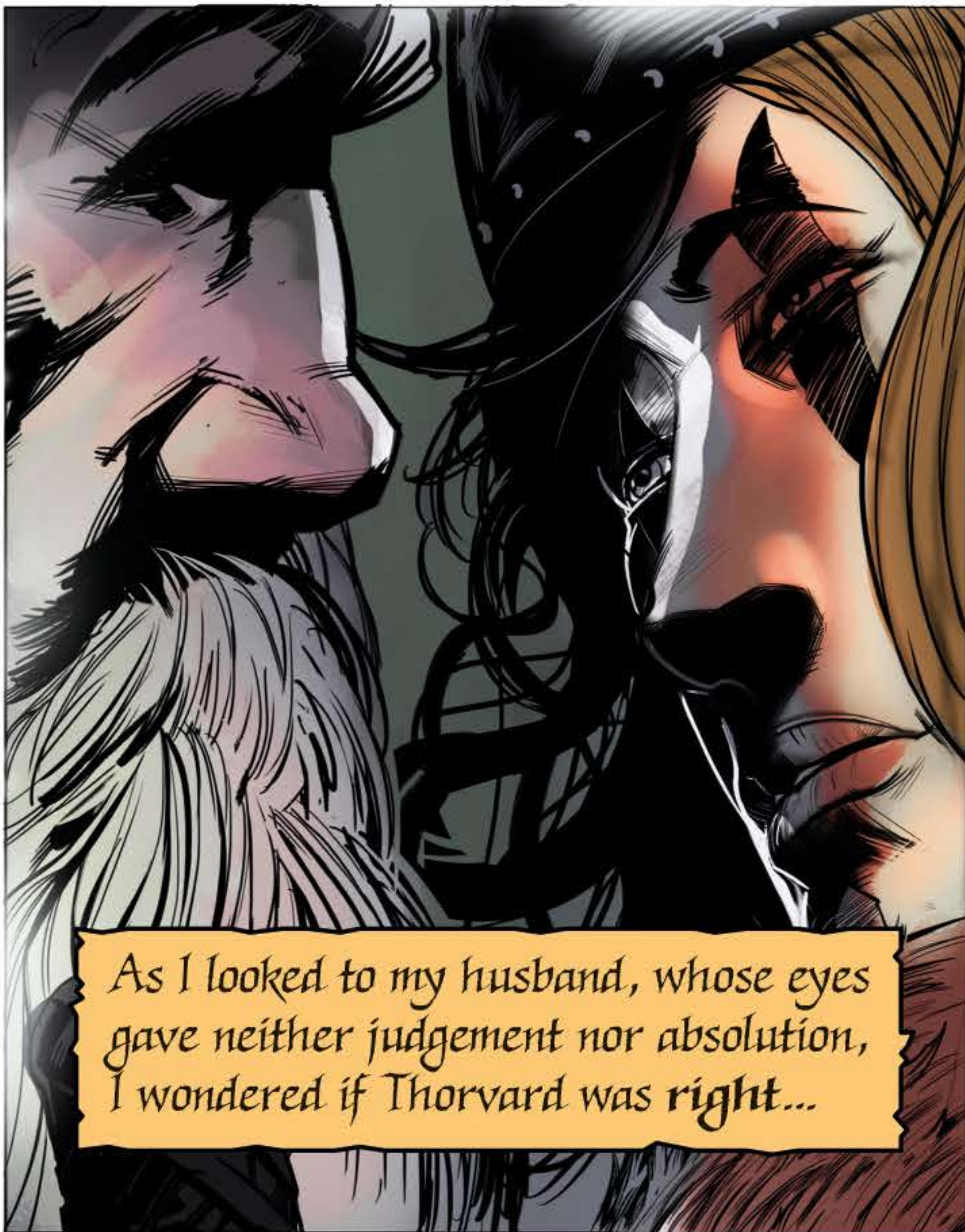


WE HAVE ALL HEARD ENOUGH FROM YOU, THORVARD.

... THIS IS *MADNESS*, GUDRID...



... YOU MARCH US ALL TO OUR *DEATHS*!



As I looked to my husband, whose eyes gave neither judgement nor absolution, I wondered if Thorvard was *right*...



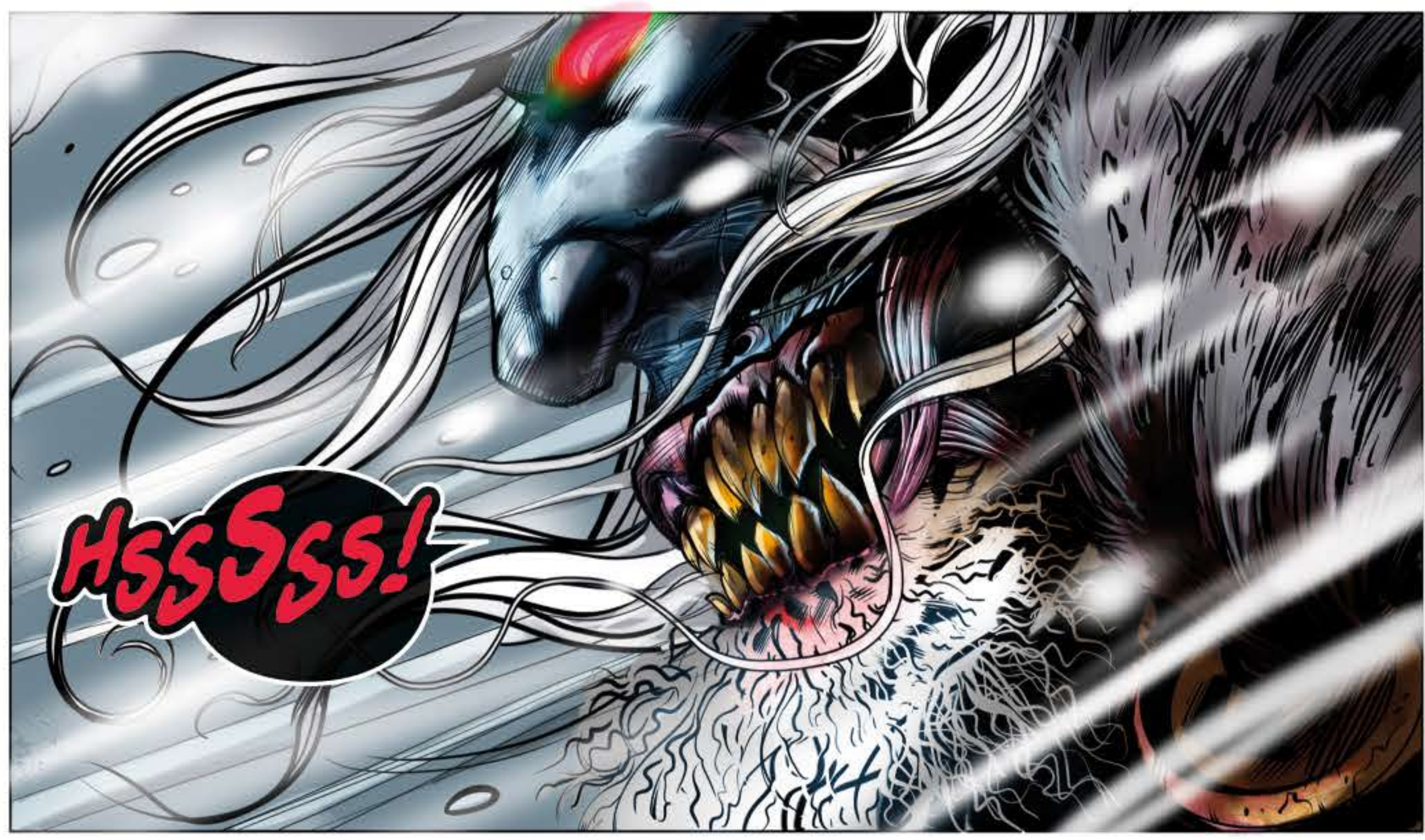


...for truly, a madness born of desperation had descended all around us, and taken hold. A darkness rotting within the hearts of both man and beast.

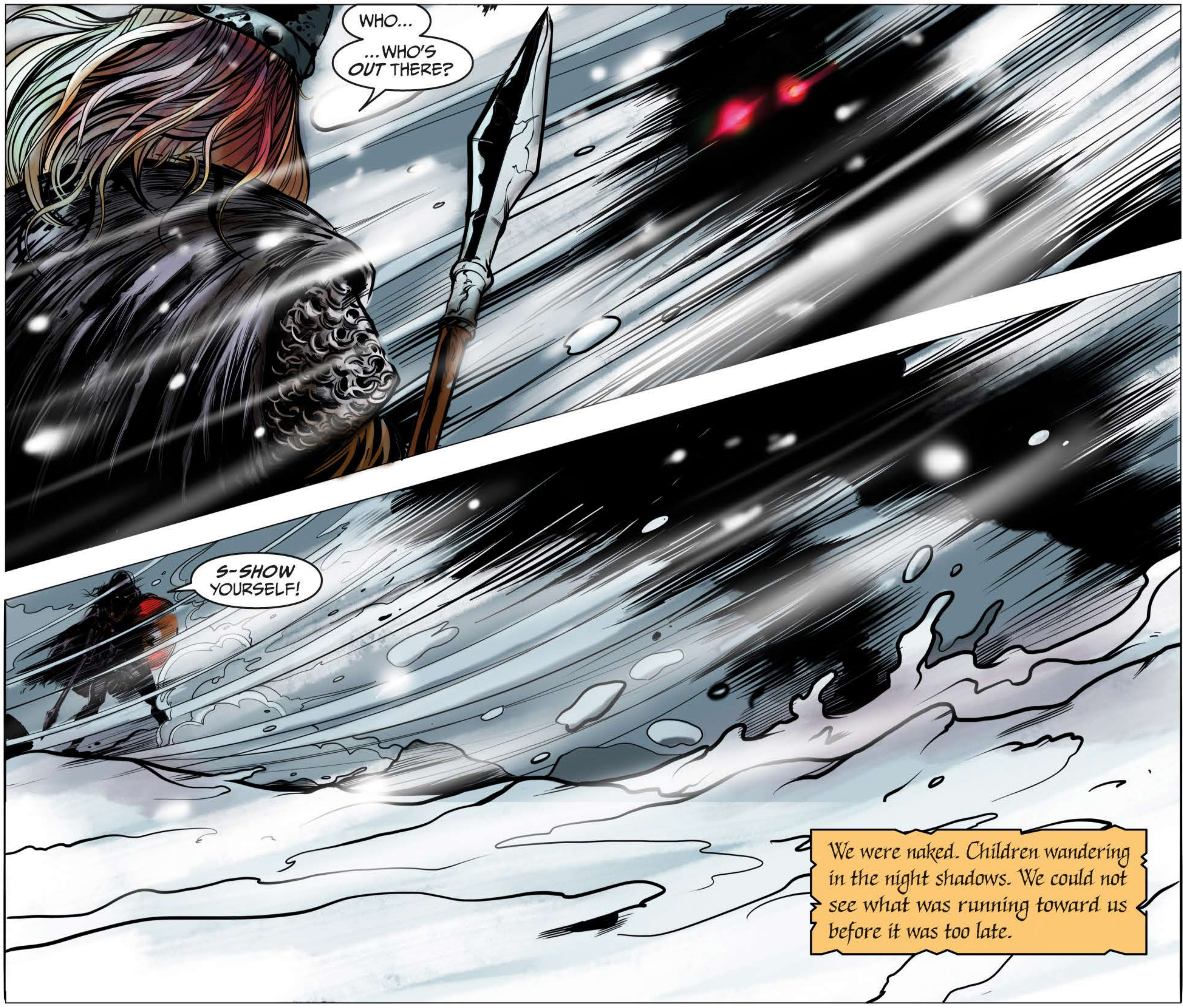
I did not know how close that darkness was to us. Watching us. For the heavy snowfall was a dull roar that left us deaf and blind.



HUH?



HSSSSS!



WHO...  
...WHO'S  
OUT THERE?

S-SHOW  
YOURSELF!

We were naked. Children wandering in the night shadows. We could not see what was running toward us before it was too late.





EINAR, DO YOU THINK I'VE MADE THE **RIGHT** CHOICE FOR OUR PEOPLE? HAVE I DOOMED US?

EVEN IF THAT INSTINCT KNOWS NOT WHERE WE ARE GOING?

AS YOUR HUSBAND, I KNOW YOU ARE A **BETTER** LEADER THAN ONE WHO **DOUBTS** HER INSTINCT.



I SPEAK OF YOUR **MOTHERLY** INSTINCT. THESE PEOPLE ARE YOUR **CHILDREN**. YOU FIGHT FOR THEIR SURVIVAL.

A LOVE THAT WILL MAKE YOU A **STRONG** AND PROTECTIVE MOTHER FOR OUR OWN CHILDREN...



HOW CAN YOU **POSSIBLY** BE THINKING OF SIRING CHILDREN?!

**NOT** UNTIL WE HAVE FOUND SAFE HAVEN WILL I ENTERTAIN THE **THOUGHT** OF BRINGING AN **INNOCENT** CHILD INTO THIS WORLD! DO YOU **HEAR** ME, HUSBAND?

GUDRID... I ONLY MEANT--



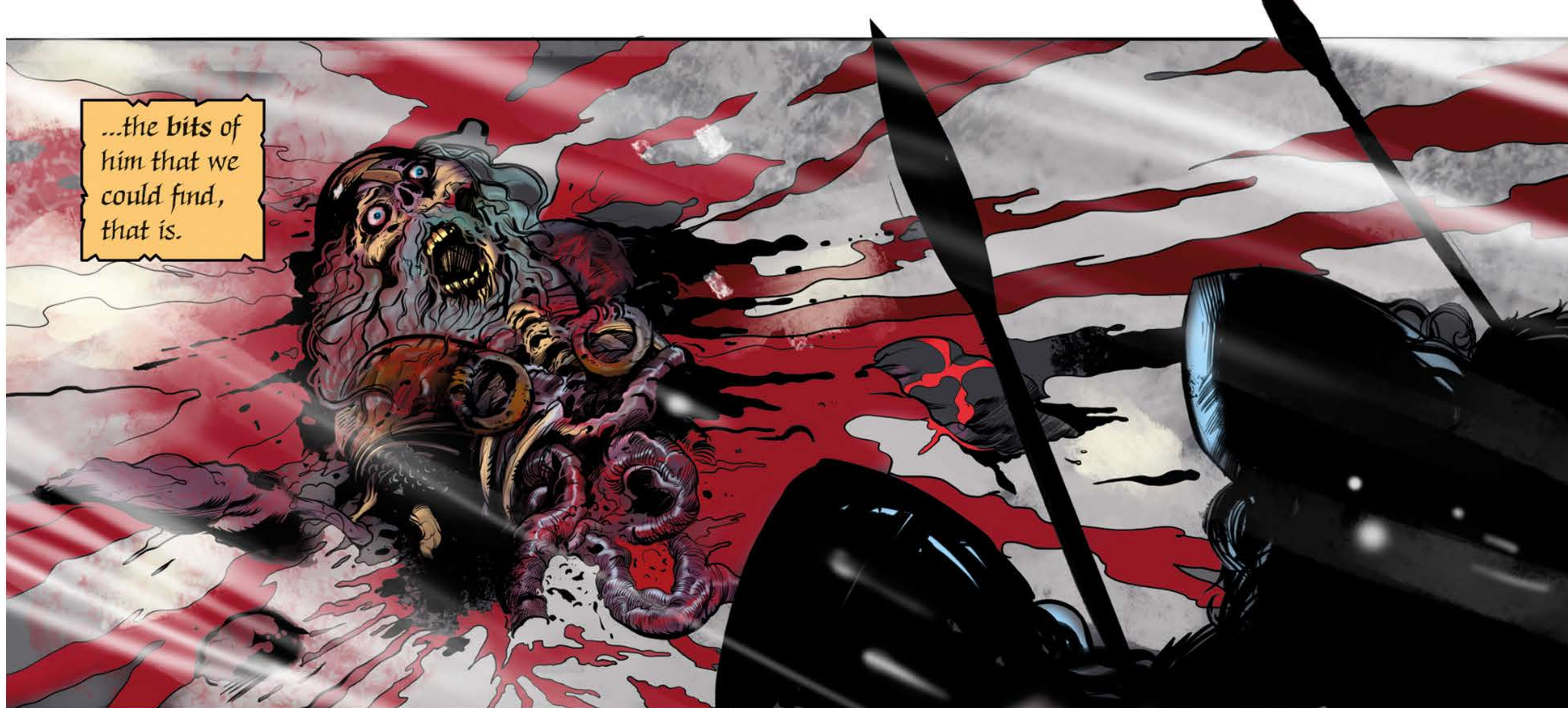
**EEEEEEK!**

BY THE GODS...



The sentry was still warm in the snow when we found him...





...the bits of him that we could find, that is.

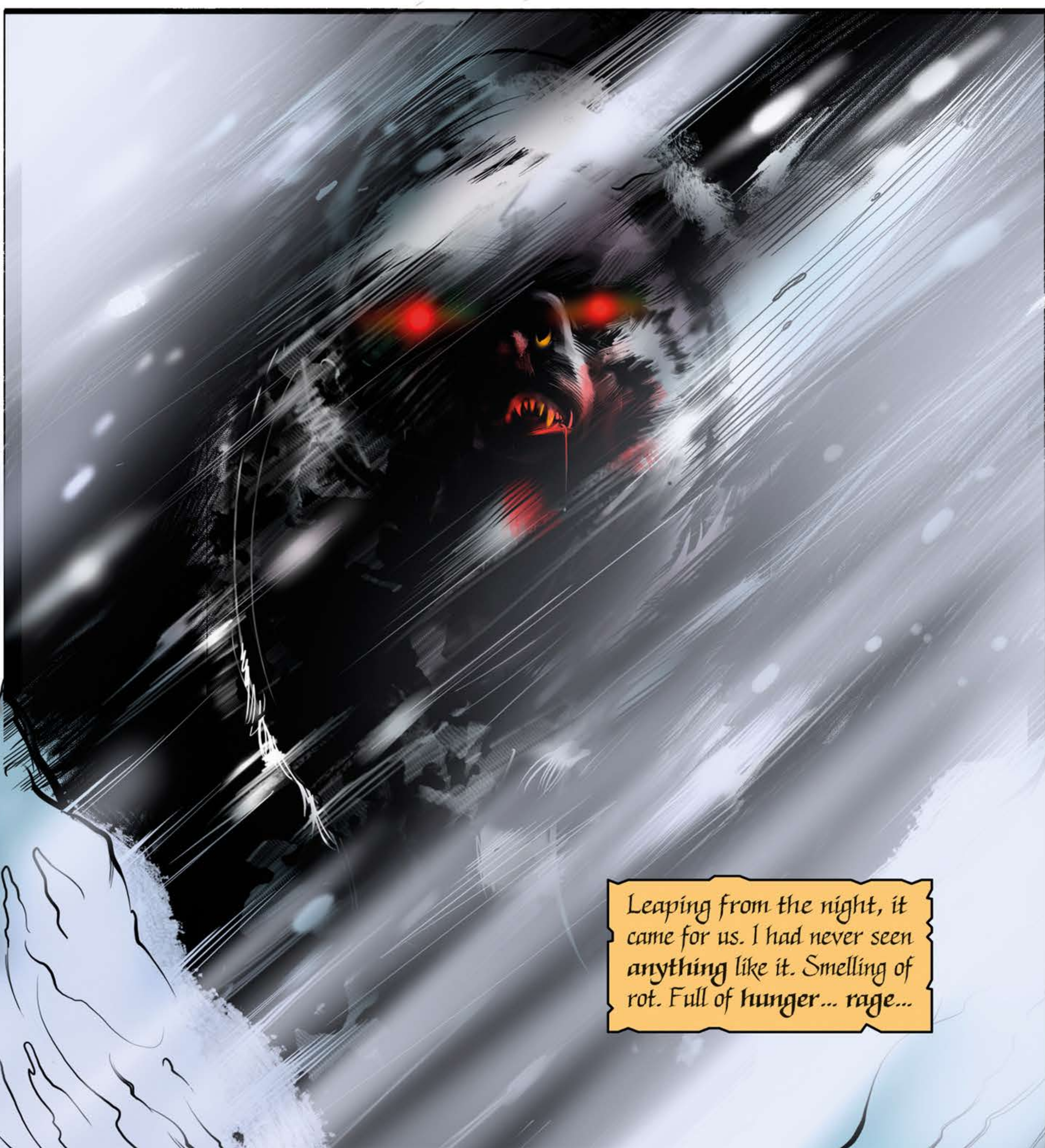


WHAT MAN COULD DO THIS TO ANOTHER MAN?

NO MAN... A MONSTER.



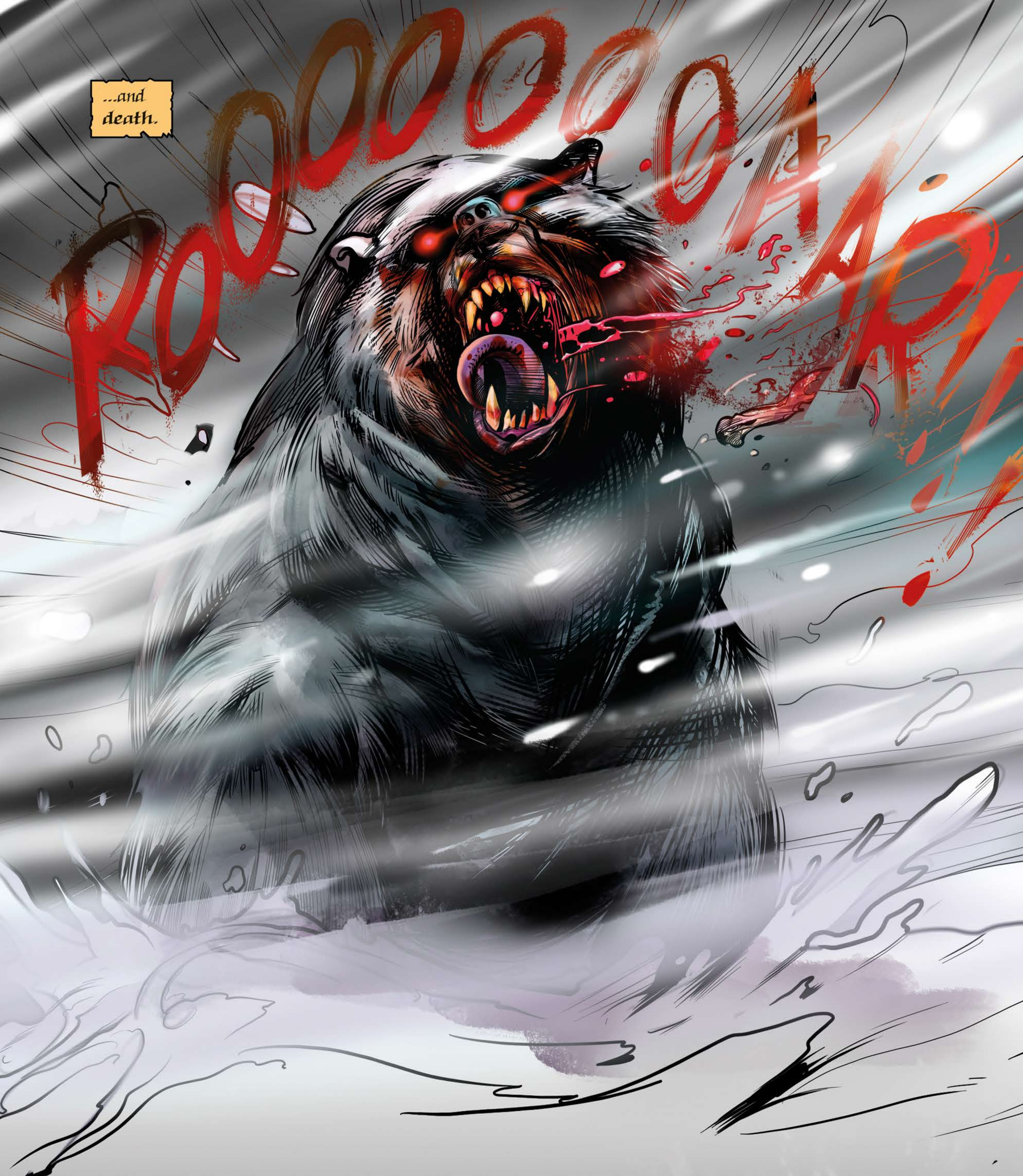
That was our only warning.



Leaping from the night, it came for us. I had never seen anything like it. Smelling of rot. Full of hunger... rage...



...and  
death.



HUSBAND,  
BEHIND ME!

EVERYONE  
FALL BACK TO  
THE CAMP!

PROTECT  
THE FAMILIES!







LOOK!  
THERE'S  
MORE OF  
THEM!

BOOOOAR!

ROO



I knew not what darkness  
had **diseased** these poor,  
beautiful creatures.



They were once  
majestic and  
mighty.



Like us, this place had left  
them for dead. Turned them  
**mad** with an endless lust  
for blood.

My sword was a mercy  
for them. I told myself  
that. But in **truth**... I  
acted to protect my  
people. Nothing more.

VIKINGS!

READY  
YOURSELVES!  
FIGHT FOR OUR  
SURVIVAL!



This is the story of our final hours.

The last of the Vikings in an unforgiving land once promised to our ancestors as fruitful and full of life. Four hundred years later, we stood in the snow and stared Death in the face as the ice pierced our eyes.

It was a battle we knew we would not win. I heard the screams of my warriors as the beasts shredded them to pieces.

ROOOOAR!

Fallen back until we could no more, we raised our blades one last time. We roared into the night.

ROOOARR!

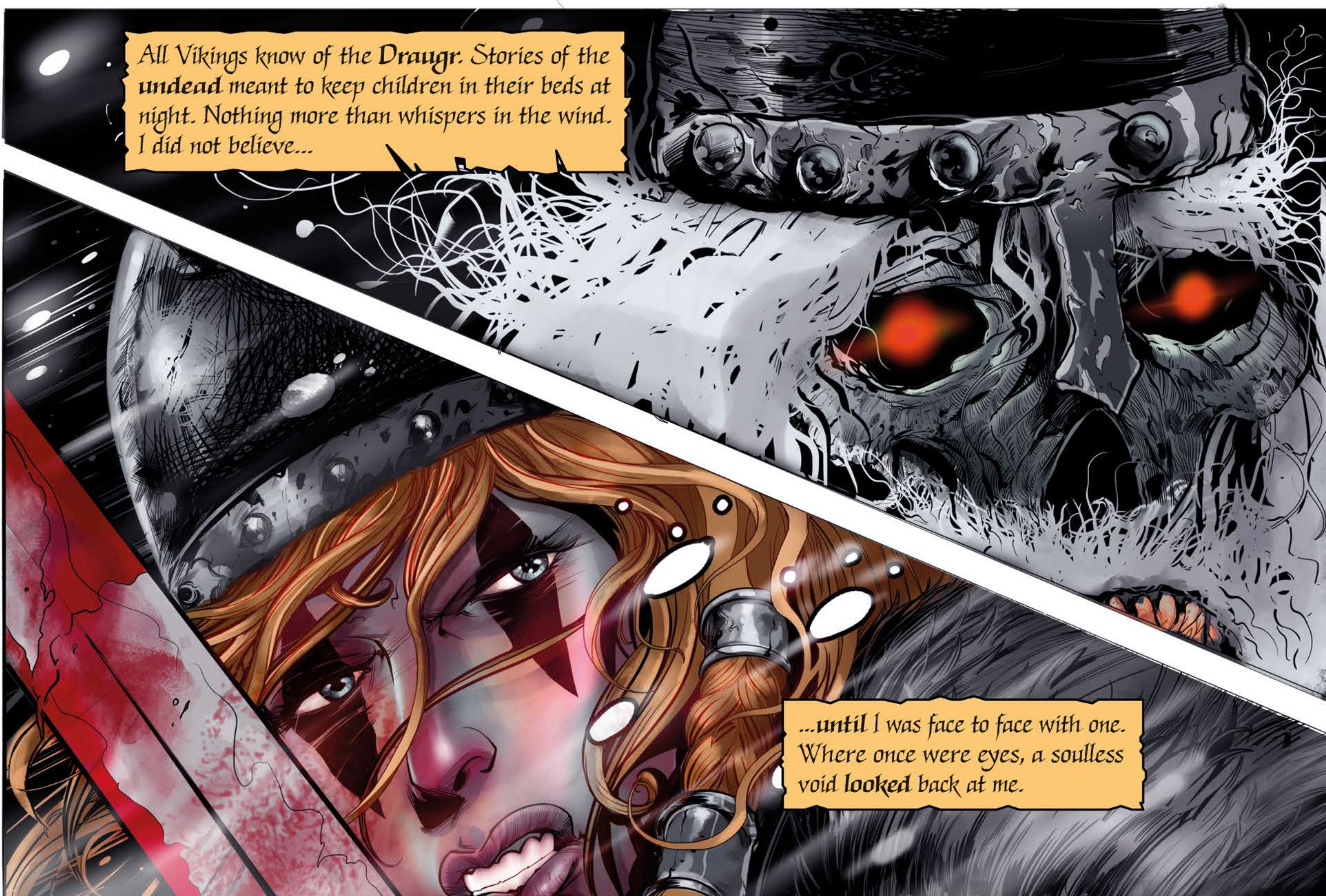
CRUNCH!



The night answered  
with **salvation**.




All Vikings know of the **Draugr**. Stories of the **undead** meant to keep children in their beds at night. Nothing more than whispers in the wind. I did not believe...

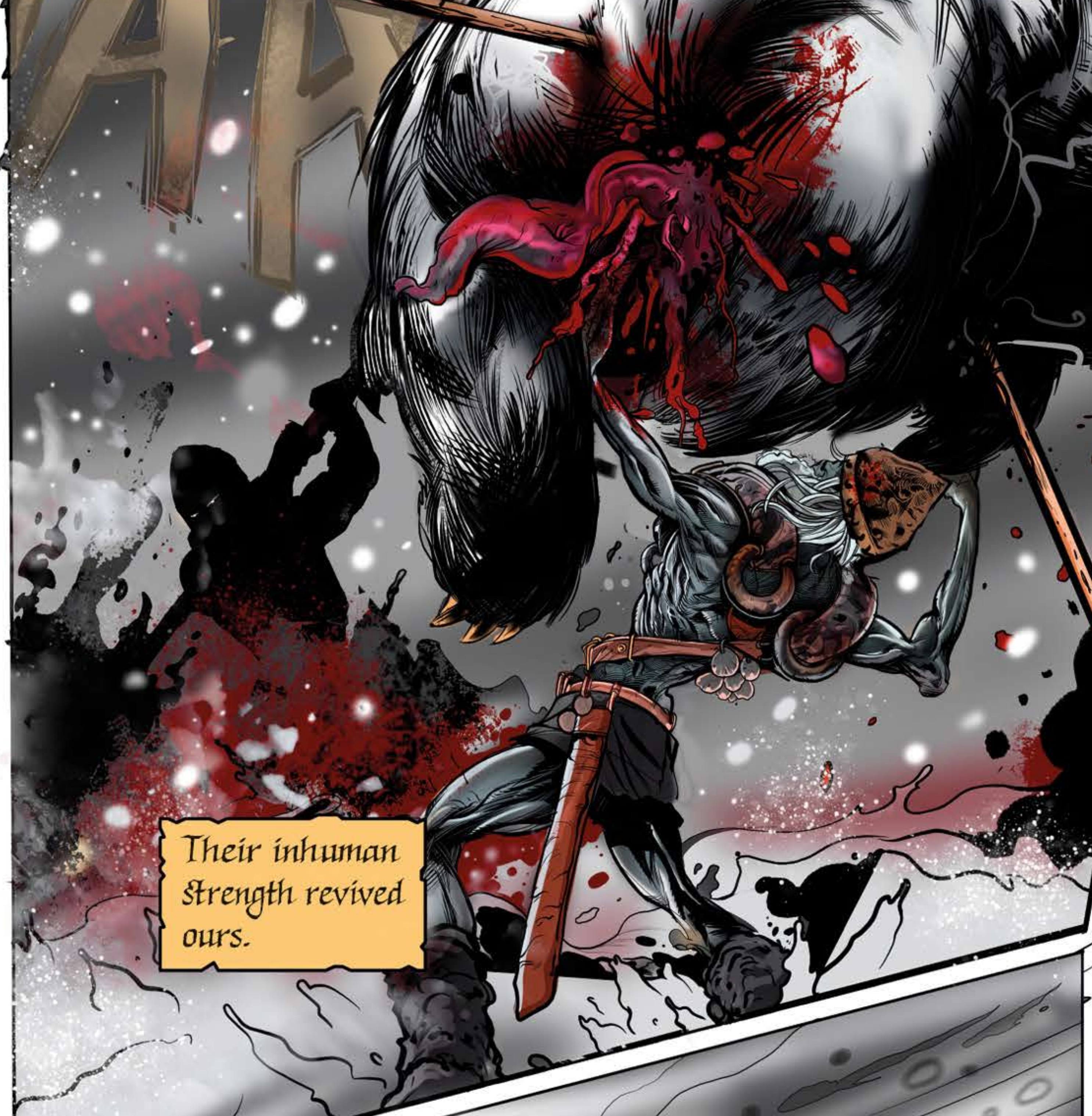


...until I was face to face with one. Where once were eyes, a soulless void looked back at me.






Their arrival **turned** the tides. Both the **breathing** and the **undead**, together as Vikings we pushed **back** the darkness.



Their inhuman strength revived ours.



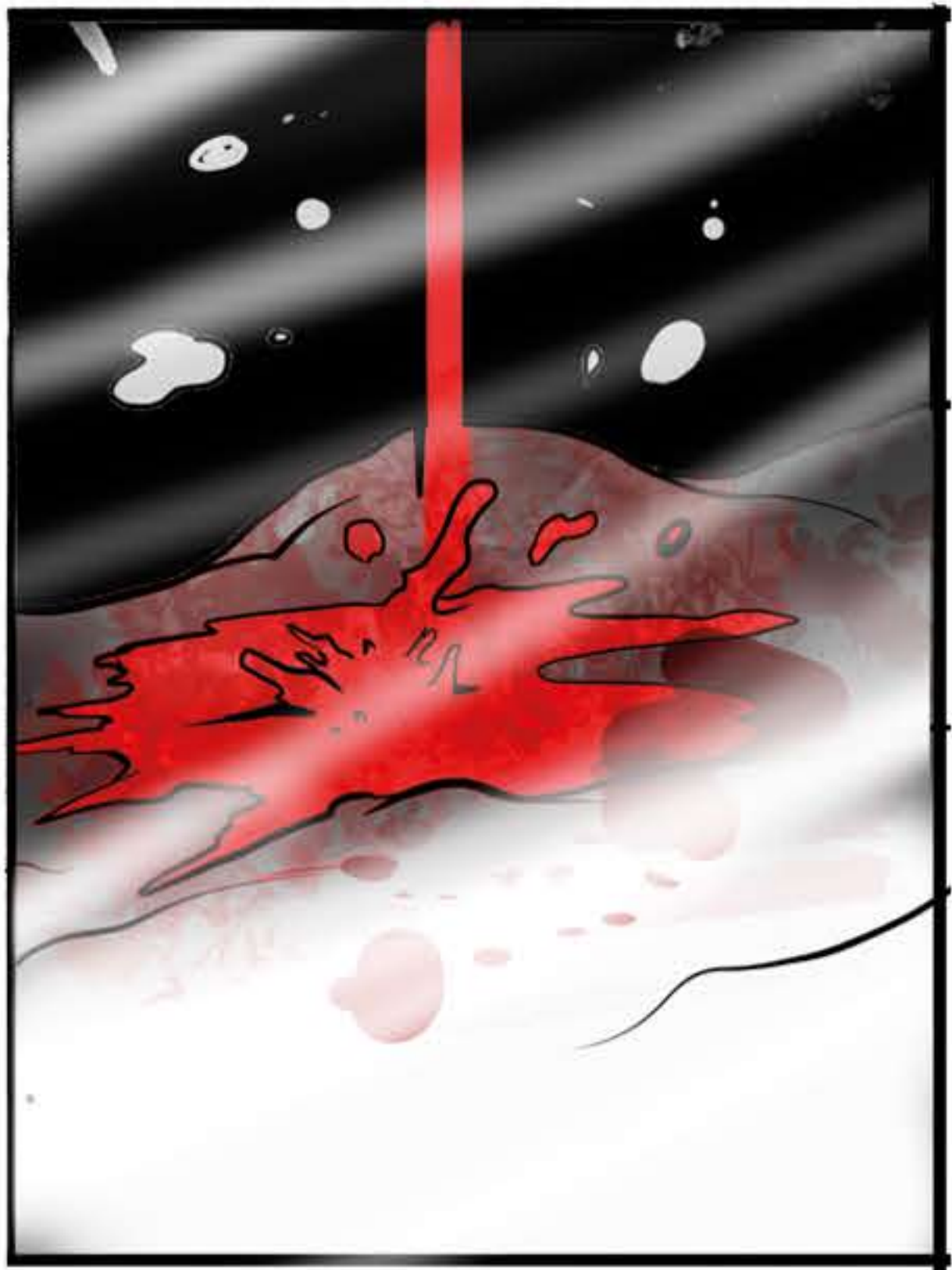
And then... it was over.



EINAR...

...WHERE'S MY HUSBAND?









It has been a long  
and dark winter.



This is the story of my people,  
the Vikings of Greenland. A  
story of our last days lost and  
wandering in the cold and  
shadows.

Our ancestors sailed to  
this land on a promise.  
Four hundred years later,  
we are leaving. Not  
because of a promise. But  
because of hope.



With our  
shepherds  
looking over  
us, seeing  
us through  
the valley  
of death,  
there is  
hope...



Hope for a new home.  
Hope for a land green  
and prosperous.



Where our  
children will  
tell their  
children of  
us.



We are the Draugr, the undead. We  
will always watch over our children.



**THE  
END**



# DISTANT SHORES

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[letterpunk.wordpress.com](http://letterpunk.wordpress.com)

[FB.com/HdEletterpunk](https://www.facebook.com/HdEletterpunk)



*Heed the call of Hiraethan's horn,  
Down dark alleys and through forgotten doors.  
Step deep within the oldest wood til morn,  
Then sail across strange seas to reach  
The most distant shores.*

