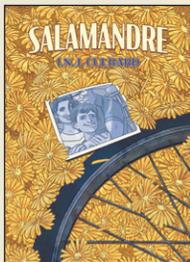


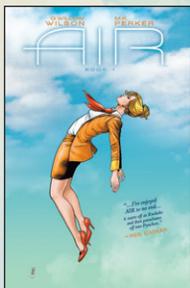
BERGER BOOKS



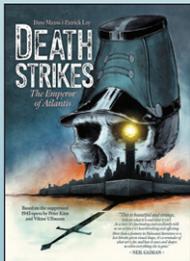
Invisible Kingdom
 Volume 1 - 9781506712277 - TP
 Volume 2 - 9781506714943 - TP
 Volume 3 - 9781506721514 - TP
 Each \$19.99 US | \$25.99 CA - On Sale Now
 Library Edition - 9781506729930 - HC
 \$49.99 US | \$65.99 CA - On Sale Now



Salamandre
 9781506731520 - TP
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Air
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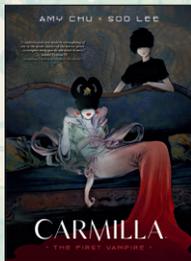
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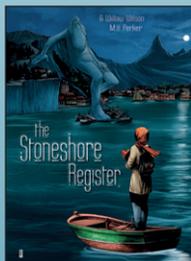
Carmilla
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INVISIBLE KINGDOM 2020 EISNER WINNER

Hugo and World Fantasy Award-winning author G. Willow Wilson (*Ms. Marvel*, *Wonder Woman*) and Eisner-winning artist Christian Ward (*Black Bolt*) team up for this epic new sci-fi saga about an inconceivable conspiracy between this future world's dominant religion and the mega-corporation that controls society!

LAGUARDIA 2020 EISNER WINNER

In an alternate world where aliens have integrated with society, pregnant Nigerian-American doctor Future Nwafor Chukwuebuka has just smuggled an illegal alien plant named Letme Live through LaGuardia International and Interstellar Airport . . . and that's not the only thing she's hiding. Written by Hugo and Nebula Award-winning author Nnedi Okorafor!

SALAMANDRE

Kaspar Salamandre is a bereaved young artist who is sent to stay with his enigmatic grandfather in a land ruled under an oppressive regime, where there can be only one loved one: The Emperor. In this land where flowers are contraband, music is illegal, and art is created in hiding, Kaspar discovers a world of art revolutionaries, espionage, and the Secret Police.

CARMILLA 2023 BRAM STOKER AWARD WINNER

Before Dracula, before Nosferatu, there was . . . CARMILLA. At the height of the Lunar New Year in 1990s New York City, an idealistic social worker turns detective when she discovers young, homeless LGBTQ+ women are being murdered and no one seems to care. A series of clues points her to Carmilla's, a mysterious nightclub in the heart of her neighborhood, Chinatown. There she falls for the next likely target, landing her at the center of a real-life horror story.

AIR

Acrophobic flight attendant Blythe has just fallen for a mysterious traveler—who may or may not be a terrorist—and she's about to embark on the strangest journey of her life. Searching for him, Blythe will crash-land into a web of technological conspiracies, dark politics, and secret organizations. When she learns that she is the only person able to control flight and reality, with science so advanced it might be magic, she'll have to break the rules of time and space for answers.

SHIFTING EARTH

In a not-so-distant future, a freak particle storm has landed botanist Dr. Maeve Millay on an idyllic yet strange parallel Earth, with no way back home. But just like her own climate-ravaged planet, this verdant Earth has a sinister side. Children are rare. Humans must serve a purpose or pay an unthinkable price. Astronomer Zuzi battles this underlying darkness every day—just like Maeve did at home. Both women are fighters, and both face a choice: forge new paths, or save the worlds they've always known? Maeve will have to decide, and fast—because she's fighting for more than just herself.

DEATH STRIKES: THE EMPEROR OF ATLANTIS

Mixing dystopian sci-fi, mythic fantasy, and zombie horror, *Death Strikes: The Emperor of Atlantis* is a graphic novel based on a suppressed opera written in 1943 by Peter Kien and Viktor Ullmann, two prisoners at the Terezin concentration camp in Czechoslovakia. The authors did not live to see their masterpiece performed. Includes designs from the original opera, historical essays, photographs, and more.

THE SUNNY-LUNA TRAVELLING ORACLE

Esta, a lonely, book-hungry, restless teen, must fight to save the planet in this eco-noir graphic novel thriller that's part *Fahrenheit 451* and part *Station Eleven*. A mesmerizing stage show called *The Sunny-Luna Travelling Oracle* comes to Esta's town. When Sunny and Luna take an interest in her, it feels like her ticket out. But these mysterious proprietors are secretly members of a harsh authoritarian order, and they have a hidden agenda: scavenge for mythic texts that hold the last hope for reviving a natural world—and destroy them.

BACKFLASH

Overwhelmed with grief over the death of his mother, shamed by his failures in marriage and fatherhood, and burdened by massive debt, Devin's life is spiraling out of control. That is, until he discovers the impossible: nostalgia is his superpower. By Mat Johnson, the author of *Pym*, *Loving Day*, and *Inconegro*, *Backflash* is a riveting literary graphic novel thriller laced with sly humor and raw emotion that explores time travel in wild and unpredictable ways.

THE STONESHORE REGISTER

A supernatural fantasy graphic novel from the dynamic creative team of G. Willow Wilson and M.K. Perker (*Air*). When refugee and aspiring journalist Fadumo arrives to work at the *Stoneshore Register*, she is entering a far stranger place than she realizes.



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DARK HORSE BOOKS BERGER BOOKS SAMPLER

Carmilla: The First Vampire

Written by Amy Chu. Illustrated by Soo Lee.

Death Strikes: The Emperor of Atlantis

Written by Dave Maass. Illustrated by Patrick Lay.

Backflash

Written by Mat Johnson. Illustrated by Steve Lieber.

The Stoneshore Register

Written by G. Willow Wilson. Illustrated by M. K. Perker.

Lettering by Richard Bruning.

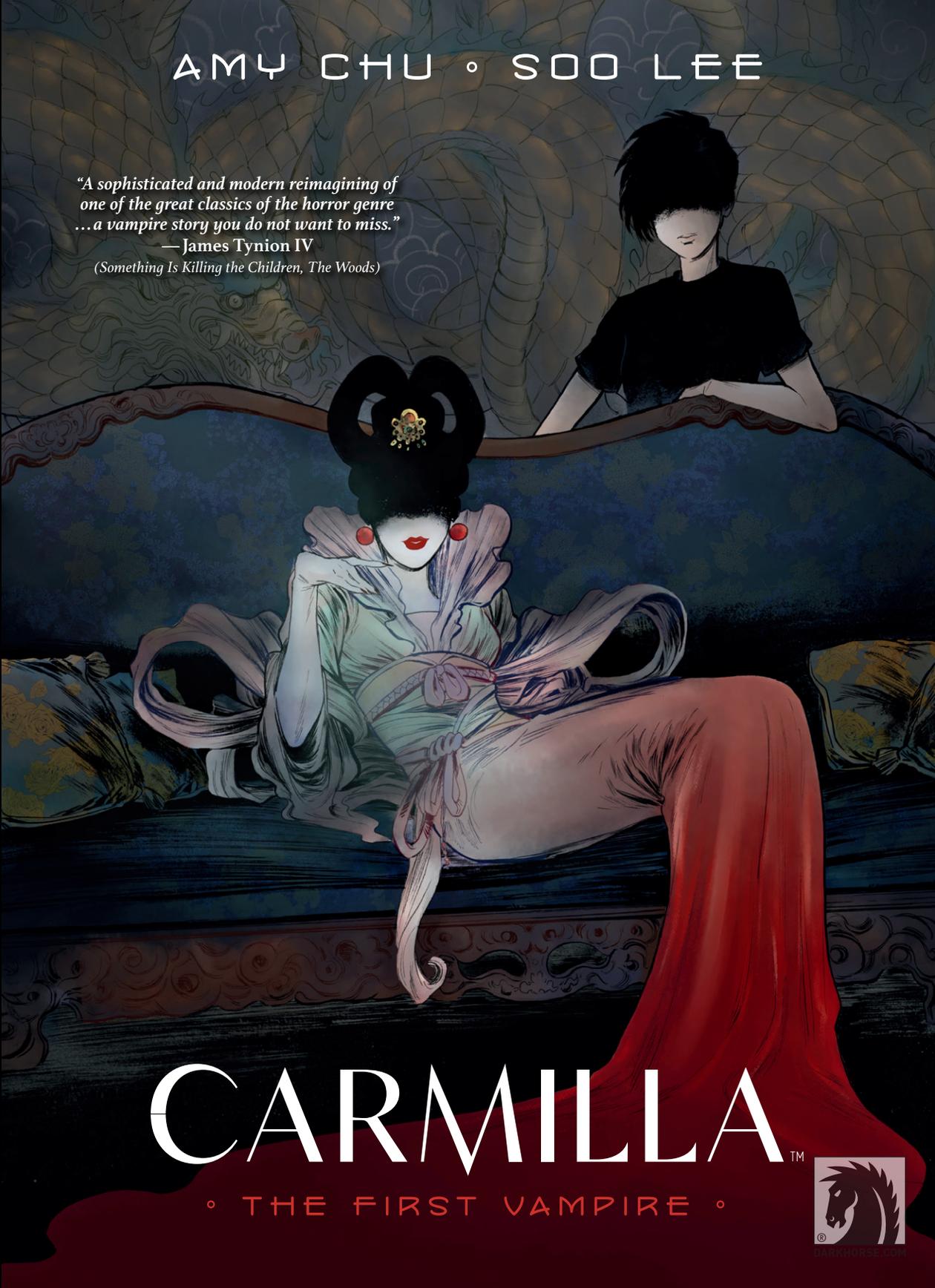


AMY CHU ◦ SOO LEE

"A sophisticated and modern reimagining of one of the great classics of the horror genre ... a vampire story you do not want to miss."

— James Tynion IV

(Something Is Killing the Children, The Woods)



CARMILLA™

◦ THE FIRST VAMPIRE ◦



© darkhorse.com

CARMILLA



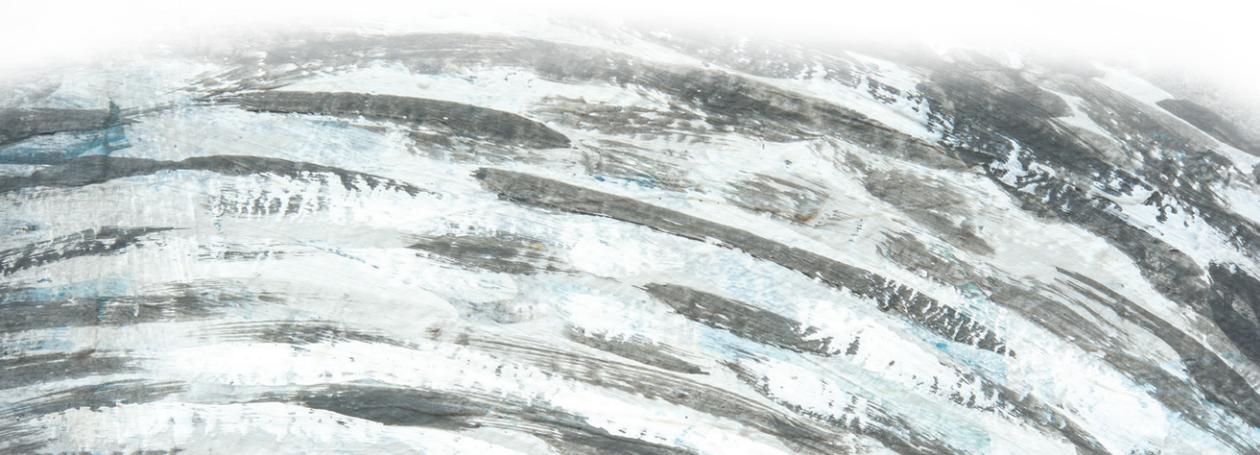
CARM

THE FIRST

AMY CHU

WRITER

LETTERING BY



MILLA™

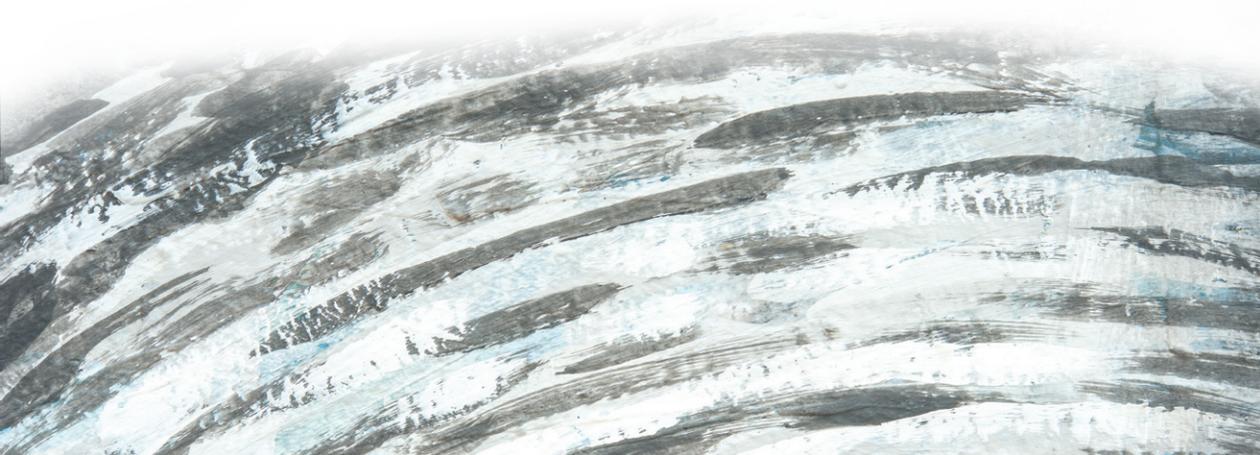
VAMPIRE

A thick, horizontal red brushstroke with a textured, slightly irregular edge, extending across the width of the page.

SOO LEE

ARTIST

SAL CIPRIANO



To my Yeh Yeh 爺爺, who loved comics.

—Amy Chu

*Thank you to the Crew for continuously
supporting and inspiring me. Special thanks
to Ang for pushing me to my best and always
seeing my full potential.*

—Soo Lee



CHAPTER
ONE



*“How does it begin, and how does it multiply itself?
I will tell you. A person, more or less wicked, puts an
end to himself. A suicide, under certain circumstances,
becomes a vampire. That specter visits living people in
their slumbers; they die, and almost invariably,
in the grave, develop into vampires.”*

—Sheridan Le Fanu, *Carmilla*, 1872

“I was neither / Living nor dead, and I knew nothing...”

—T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 1996.

HOW DOES
IT BEGIN?



OR MORE
IMPORTANTLY...



HOW DOES
IT END?

EMERGENCY,
EMERGENCY...

SCREECH



TRAIN 7845,
WHAT'S GOING
ON?

SOMETHING'S
BLOCKING
THE TRACK
AHEAD.



DARKHORSE.COM



WHAT'S FOULING THE TRACK?

SOME JOKER DUMPING THEIR GARBAGE AGAIN PROBABLY.



CITY'S FALLING APART. I GOT TWO MORE MONTHS TO RETIREMENT AND I CAN'T FREAKIN' WAIT.



JEEZUS, THIS SMELL IS SOMETHING ELSE. THEY DON'T PAY ME ENOUGH FOR THIS.

AT LEAST IT'S NOT AUGUST.

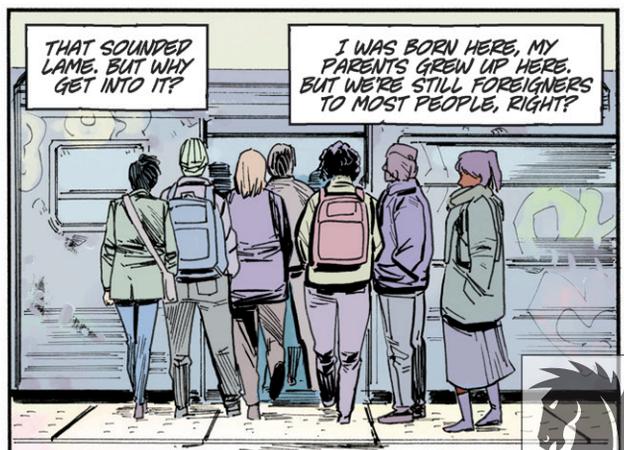
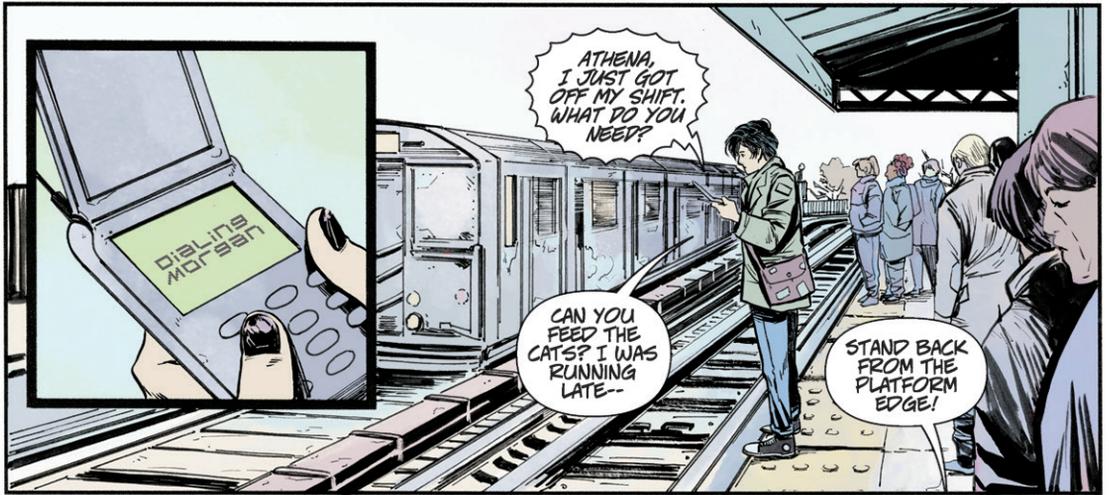


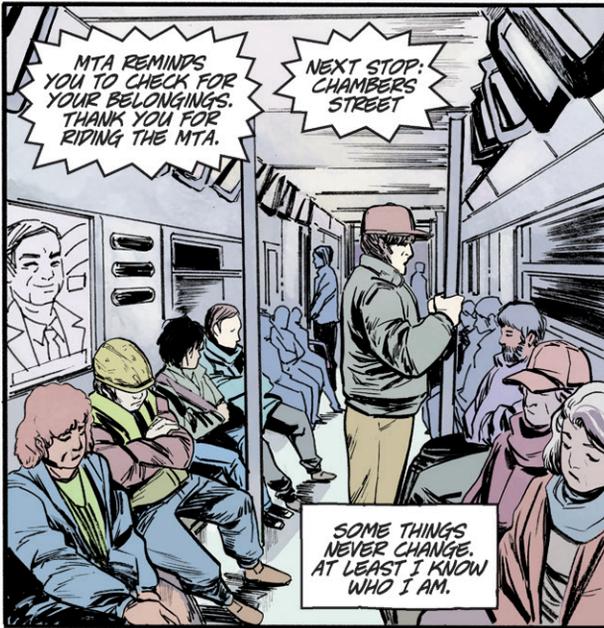
SO? WHAT IS IT?

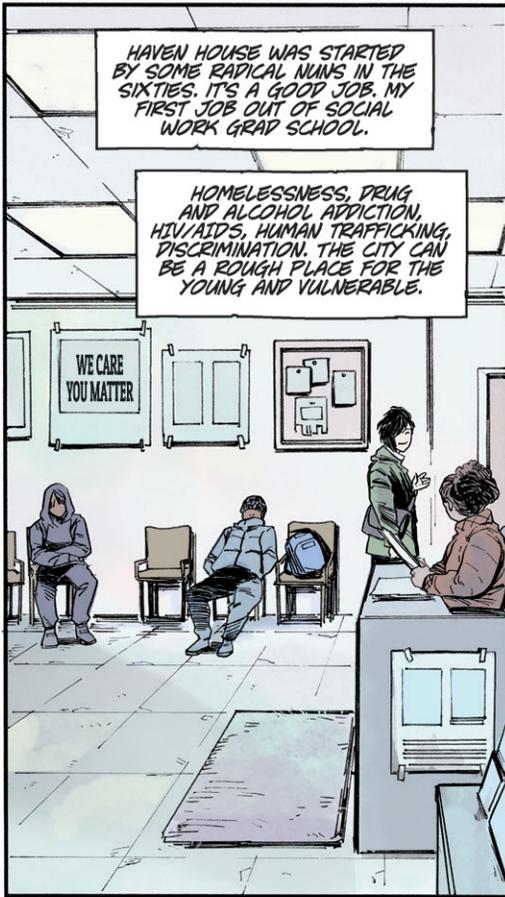
FUCK. CALL 911. WE HAVE ANOTHER ONE.

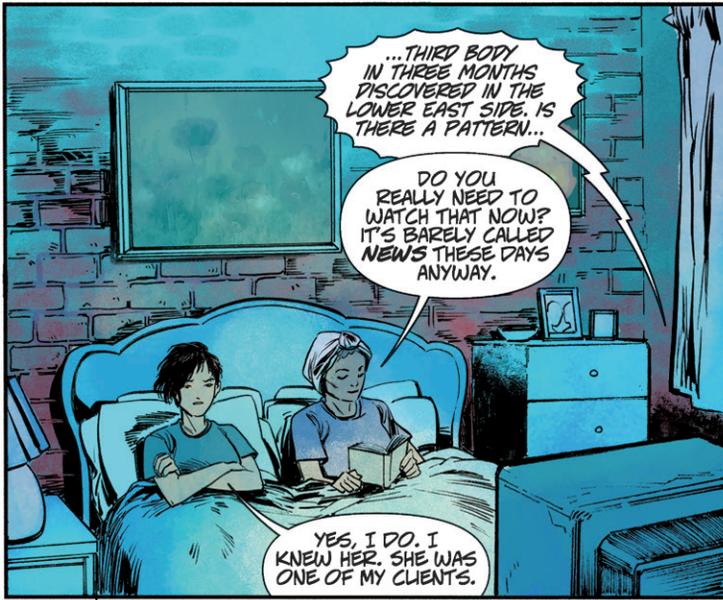


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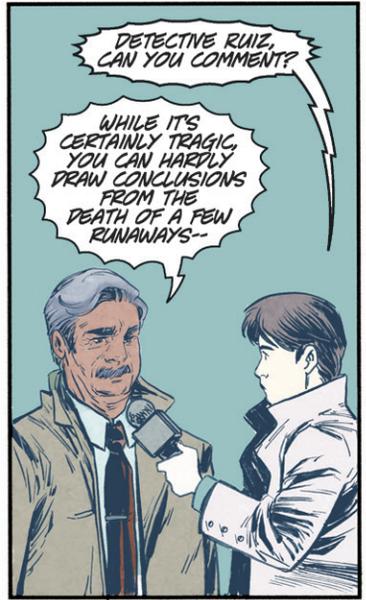




...THIRD BODY IN THREE MONTHS DISCOVERED IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE. IS THERE A PATTERN...

DO YOU REALLY NEED TO WATCH THAT NOW? IT'S BARELY CALLED NEWS THESE DAYS ANYWAY.

YES, I DO. I KNEW HER. SHE WAS ONE OF MY CLIENTS.



DETECTIVE RUIZ, CAN YOU COMMENT?

WHILE IT'S CERTAINLY TRAGIC, YOU CAN HARDLY DRAW CONCLUSIONS FROM THE DEATH OF A FEW RUNAWAYS--



THAT GUY LOOKS LIKE HE DOESN'T EVEN CARE. HE'S PROBABLY ABOUT TO RETIRE WITH A FAT PENSION.

SORRY ABOUT YOUR CLIENT, ATHENA. BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING I LEARNED WORKING A SEVENTY-TWO HOUR SHIFT, IT'S THAT YOU CAN'T HELP EVERYONE.



I KNOW. I KNOW.

JUST GO TO SLEEP...



MORGAN'S RIGHT. I CAN'T HELP EVERYONE.

BUT I CAN STILL TRY.

NEW YORK CITY IS LIKE A PHOENIX. IT LIVES AND DIES ONLY TO BE REBORN AGAIN.

OVER A CENTURY AGO CHINATOWN WAS FIVE POINTS, HOME FIRST TO FREE BLACKS, THEN TO THE IRISH AND ITALIANS. ALSO THE WORST CRIME RATE IN THE CITY.

ONE THING STAYED THE SAME. OVER HALF OF THIS COMMUNITY STILL LIVES IN POVERTY.

BUT I SEE GENTRIFICATION IS CREEPING IN.

SORRY--

FUCK. WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
=SOB=

HERE, LET ME HELP YOU--

NO ONE CAN HELP ME. FUCK OFF.

CARMILLA CAN GO TO HELL...

HEY, YOUR LIPSTICK--

FELICIA SAID LILY HUNG OUT AT AN UNDERGROUND CLUB HERE.

THIS MUST BE IT.

WELCOME TO CARMILLA'S.

UM, SOMEONE DROPPED THIS OUTSIDE. DO YOU HAVE A LOST AND FOUND?

THAT'S SO CUTE, TRY THE BAR.

ENJOY, AND DON'T GET LOST YOURSELF.

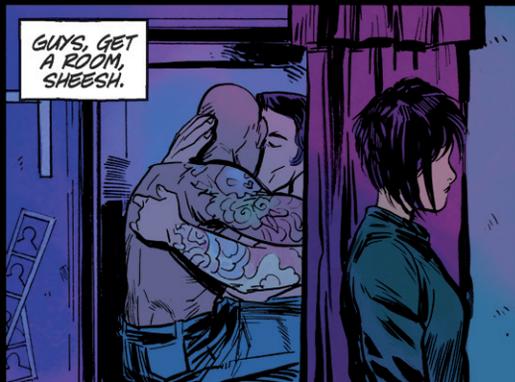


THIS USED TO BE AN OLD-SCHOOL THEATER FOR CHINESE OPERA. I THINK YEH YEH TOOK ME HERE ONCE WHEN I WAS A KID.

NOW LOOK AT IT. A TOTAL DOWNTOWN GUCCI PRADA CROWD.

♪...GOTTA HAVE HOUSE... MOVE YOUR BODY... ROCK YOUR BODY...♪

THUMPA THUMPA♪



GUYS, GET A ROOM, SHEESH.



AT LEAST THE BATHROOMS ARE CLEAN.



AND THERE'S THE BAR.

MAYBE SOMEONE HERE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT LILY.





WELL FINALLY, AN ASIAN SISTER. WHAT CAN I GET YOU, HONEY?

HEINEKEN ON DRAFT?
ALSO I FOUND SOMEONE'S LIPSTICK OUTSIDE.



DARLING, WHO DO YOU THINK I AM, THE LOST AND FOUND?

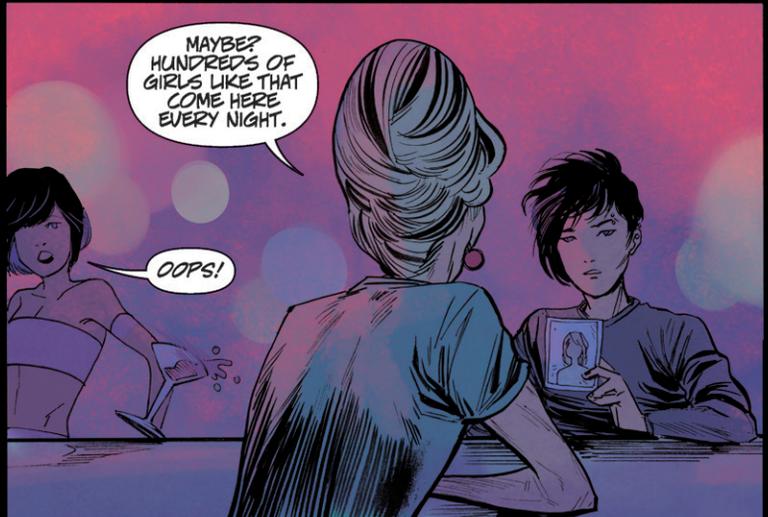
THE COAT-CHECK GIRL TOLD ME TO GIVE IT TO YOU.

WHO, VIOLET? PUH-LEASE. I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY SHE HASN'T BEEN FIRED BY NOW.



YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE REST OF THIS CROWD. UNDERCOVER COP?

SOCIAL WORKER. I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO MIGHT'VE SEEN THIS GIRL LILY--



MAYBE? HUNDREDS OF GIRLS LIKE THAT COME HERE EVERY NIGHT.

OOPS!



WOW, GOOD CATCH FOR A SOCIAL WORKER...! YOU JUST SAVED ME A MESSY CLEANUP.

TAI CHI. MY GRANDPA TAUGHT ME. COMES IN HANDY SOMETIMES.



IT WAS NICE TALKING WITH SOMEONE ACTUALLY FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD. MAI TAI WAS AN OLD TIMER, A CLUB KID FROM THE SEVENTIES WHO'D SEEN NEW YORK GO FROM ITS BEST TO ITS WORST AND BEST AGAIN.

LAST CALL, ATHENA. AND WHEN I SAID DRINKS ON ME, I'M IMPRESSED.

LIKE I SAID, I'M A SOCIAL WORKER, NOT AN INVESTMENT BANKER WITH MONEY TO BLOW.

WE DEFINITELY GET PLENTY OF THOSE RUINING THE PLACE.

OH DEAR, DO I NEED TO CALL YOU CAB?

I'M FINE. MY GRANDPA LIVES NEARBY. THANKS, MAI TAI.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO DOYER'S STREET WAS KNOWN AS MURDER ALLEY. GANGS FOUGHT HERE, BUILDINGS BURNED DOWN.

CRAP, ALMOST DAWN. WIND CHILL'S GOTTA BE BELOW ZERO.

I'M SO STUPID. WHAT WAS I THINKING? MORGAN IS GOING TO BE PISSED.

NO ONE AROUND. THE NEW YORK CITY RULE IS ALWAYS HAVE AT LEAST SIXTY BUCKS SO A MUGGER DOESN'T KILL YOU.

AND I'VE GOT... ZERO.



AND I'M STARTING TO GET THAT OLD FEELING AGAIN FROM MY CHILDHOOD. OF SOMEONE, OR SOMETHING FOLLOWING ME...



HUNTING ME. LIKE THE NIGHT MY PARENTS DIED IN THAT CAR ACCIDENT.



WHOOOSH

GET AWAY FROM ME! HELP!





SILLY, JUST A GARBAGE BAG IN THE WIND...

STUPID. PARANOID. DRUNK.



ONE MORE BLOCK TO YEH YEH'S PLACE.

BRRR



YEH YEH ALWAYS SAID THERE ARE NO MONSTERS, REALLY...



BUT THAT NIGHT, WHEN HE CAME TO RESCUE ME...



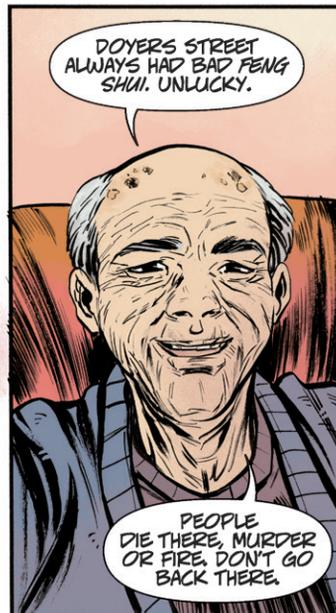
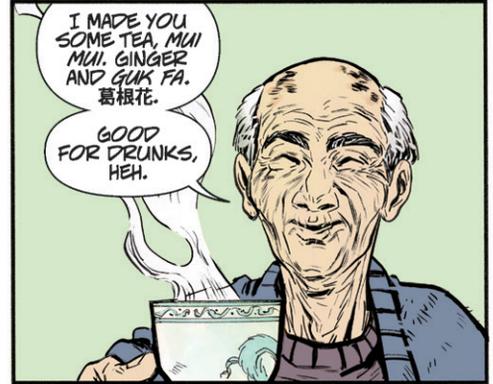
C'MON, C'MON...!



I KNEW THERE WERE.

≡SOB≡

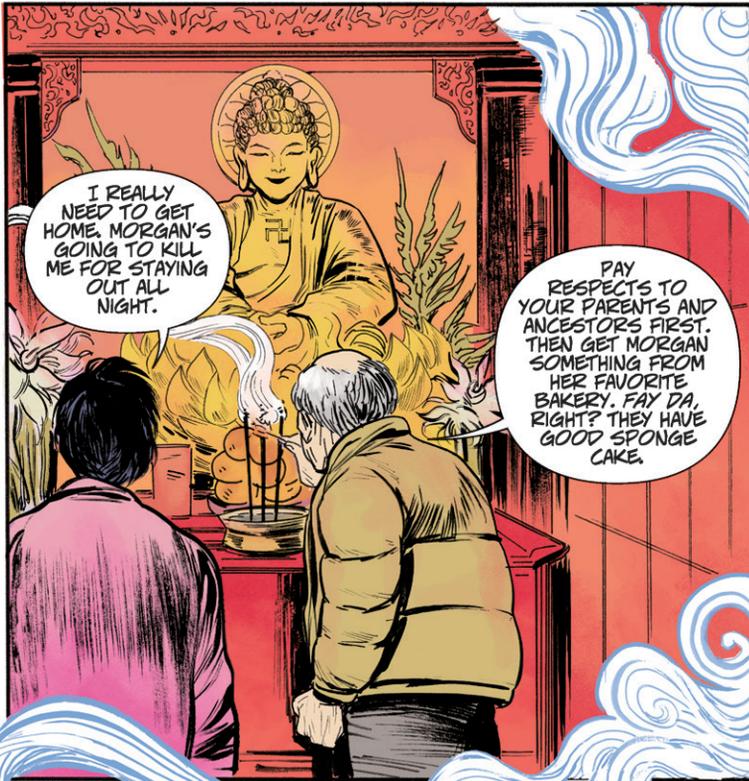






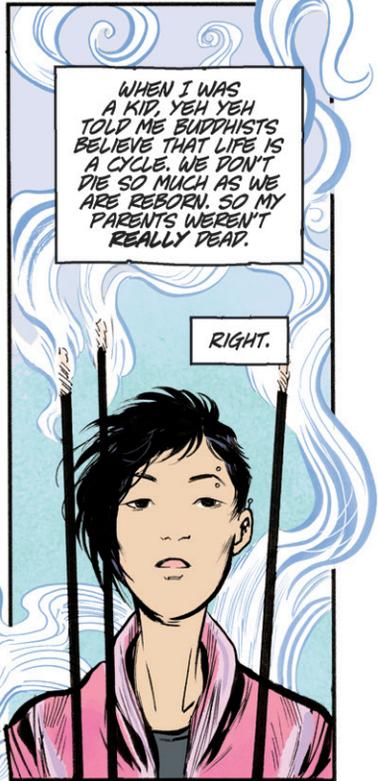
WE NEED TO CLEANSE THE BAD LUCK OFF YOU, MUI MUI.

I'M FINE, YEH YEH. THAT GROSS TEA DID A LOT OF CLEANING ALREADY.



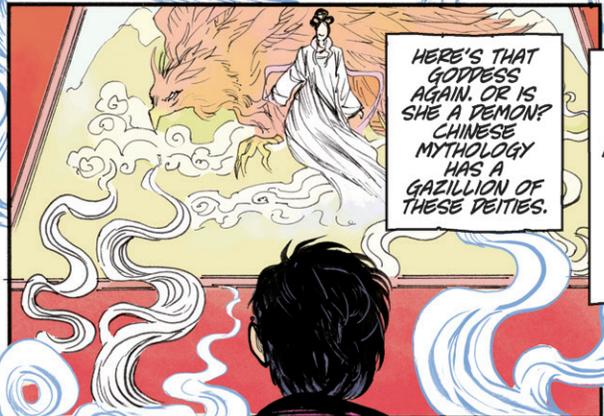
I REALLY NEED TO GET HOME. MORGAN'S GOING TO KILL ME FOR STAYING OUT ALL NIGHT.

PAY RESPECTS TO YOUR PARENTS AND ANCESTORS FIRST. THEN GET MORGAN SOMETHING FROM HER FAVORITE BAKERY. FAY DA, RIGHT? THEY HAVE GOOD SPONGE CAKE.



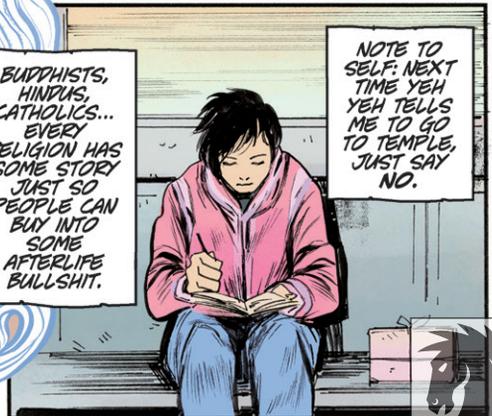
WHEN I WAS A KID, YEH YEH TOLD ME BUDDHISTS BELIEVE THAT LIFE IS A CYCLE. WE DON'T DIE SO MUCH AS WE ARE REBORN. SO MY PARENTS WEREN'T REALLY DEAD.

RIGHT.

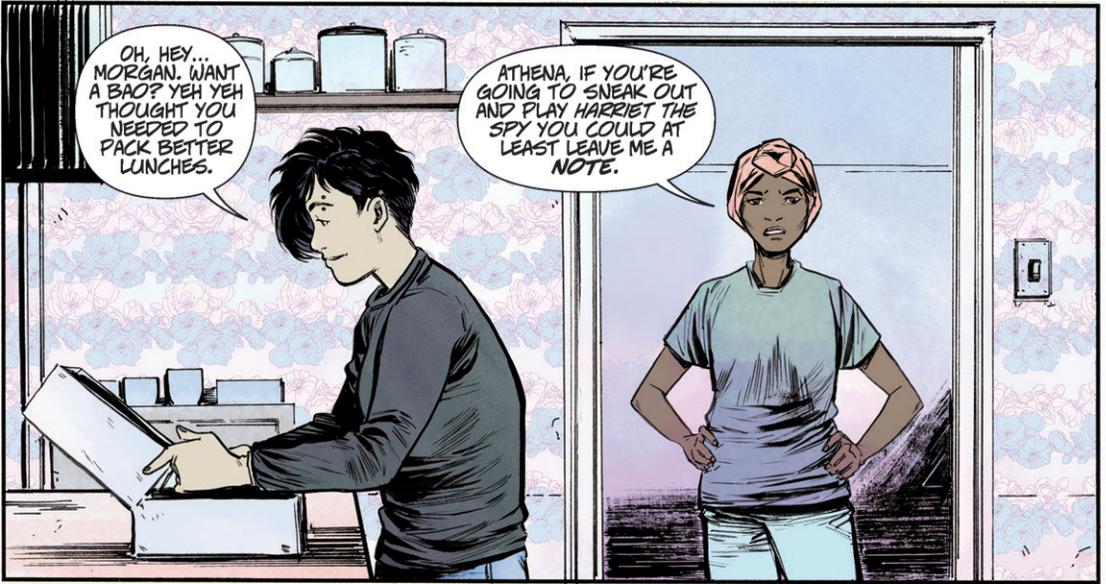


HERE'S THAT GODDESS AGAIN. OR IS SHE A DEMON? CHINESE MYTHOLOGY HAS A GAZILLION OF THESE PETTIES.

BUDDHISTS, HINDUS, CATHOLICS... EVERY RELIGION HAS SOME STORY JUST SO PEOPLE CAN BUY INTO SOME AFTERLIFE BULLSHIT.



NOTE TO SELF: NEXT TIME YEH TELLS ME TO GO TO TEMPLE, JUST SAY NO.



OH, HEY... MORGAN. WANT A BAO? YEH YEH THOUGHT YOU NEEDED TO PACK BETTER LUNCHES.

ATHENA, IF YOU'RE GOING TO SNEAK OUT AND PLAY HARRIET THE SPY YOU COULD AT LEAST LEAVE ME A NOTE.



SORRY, I DIDN'T THINK OF IT.

ANYWAY, I GOT THAT SPONGE CAKE YOU LIKE.

==SIGH== FINE. I GOTTA GET READY FOR MY SHIFT...



ATHENA, I KNOW YOU AND HOW OBSESSED YOU CAN GET. BE CAREFUL OF CONFIRMATION BIAS. PEOPLE DIE ALL THE TIME IN THE CITY.

THOSE DEATHS COULD BE DRUG RELATED, AIDS--

BUT FOUND IN GARBAGE BAGS? THREE RUNAWAYS SAME AGE, DEAD OF UNKNOWN CAUSES WITHIN THE LAST THREE MONTHS?



THERE'S A CONNECTION. I KNOW IT. THIS KID FELICIA WAS SAYING THERE'S TALK OF WEIRD STUFF HAPPENING OUT ON THE STREETS.

ALL I'M SAYING IS THIS IS NEW YORK. BAD THINGS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME AND WE CAN'T ALWAYS DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.



YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT A POPULATION THAT'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT BY SOCIETY! THERE'S A PREDATOR OUT THERE!

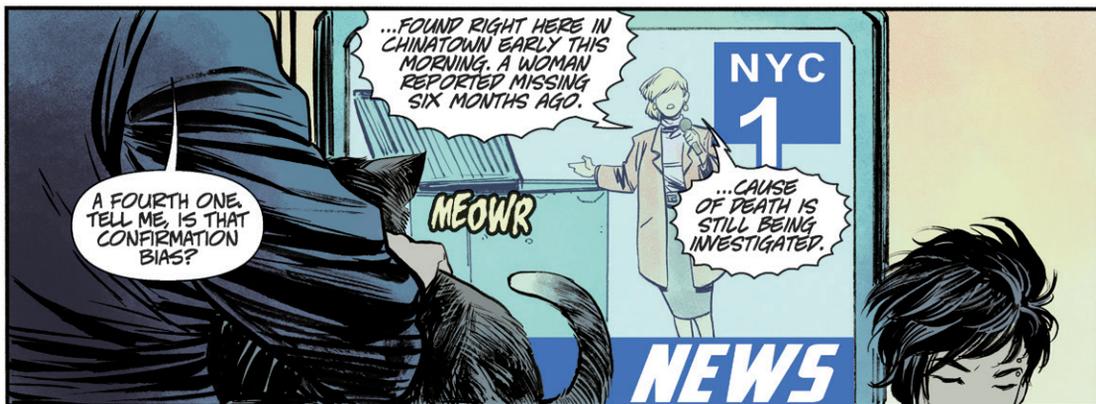
I DON'T WANT TO TARGET. I'M ALREADY LATE FOR WORK. PLEASE DON'T LET THE CATS...



MORGAN'S WRONG. SHE CAN BE SO FACTUAL IT DRIVES ME CRAZY.

GOOD MORNING NEW YORK! EXPECT A TEMPERATURE DROP DOWN TO TWENTY DEGREES... STAY WARM, FOLKS...

PURRR



A FOURTH ONE. TELL ME, IS THAT CONFIRMATION BIAS?

...FOUND RIGHT HERE IN CHINATOWN EARLY THIS MORNING. A WOMAN REPORTED MISSING SIX MONTHS AGO.

MEOWR

...CAUSE OF DEATH IS STILL BEING INVESTIGATED.

NYC 1

NEWS



...IDENTIFIED AS SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD CASSIE BOONE OF DES MOINES, IOWA.

FUCK THAT'S THAT GIRL FROM LAST NIGHT.

CASSIE BOONE



I'M GOING FOR A WALK.





TWO THOUSAND MURDERS IN THIS CITY A YEAR. SIX THOUSAND DETECTIVES. CLEARLY THEY HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO THAN INVESTIGATE HOMELESS RUNAWAYS.



LET'S TRY THE NEW YORK POST, DAILY NEWS AND NEW YORK TIMES ARCHIVES.



BINGO.

MORE DEAD GIRLS. CAUSES OF DEATH UNKNOWN. THE LAST TWO FOUND OUTSIDE THE CLUB CARMILLA'S AFTER CLOSING.



HUH. LET'S SEE WHAT COMES UP IF I LOOK FOR CARMILLA.

ONE MENTION FOUND. 1884. "IN A GLASS DARKLY." CARMILLA. RARE BOOK ROOM. MAIN BRANCH.



MAIN BRANCH, HUHF?

MIDTOWN MANHATTEN, HERE I COME!



THE RARE BOOK ROOM? IT'S UP THE STAIRS TO YOUR RIGHT, MISS.



SHERIDAN LE FANU. "IN A GLASS DARKLY" I'LL HAVE TO PULL IT FROM THE BACK SHELVES.

YOU RECOGNIZE IT?



I'M A LIBRARIAN. OF COURSE I DO.

THE CARMILLA STORY PREDATES DRACULA BY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. CLASSIC GOTHIC HORROR--



NO FOOD, NO DRINK, NO BOOM BOX MUSIC.

IT DOESN'T LEAVE THIS ROOM. YOU UNDERSTAND?



LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU'RE
ALL ABOUT,
CARMILLA...

"I am now going to tell you something so strange that it will require all your faith in my veracity to believe my story...her name was Carmilla...her family was very ancient and noble."



"I took her hand as I spoke. I was a little shy, as lonely people are, but the situation made me eloquent, and even bold."

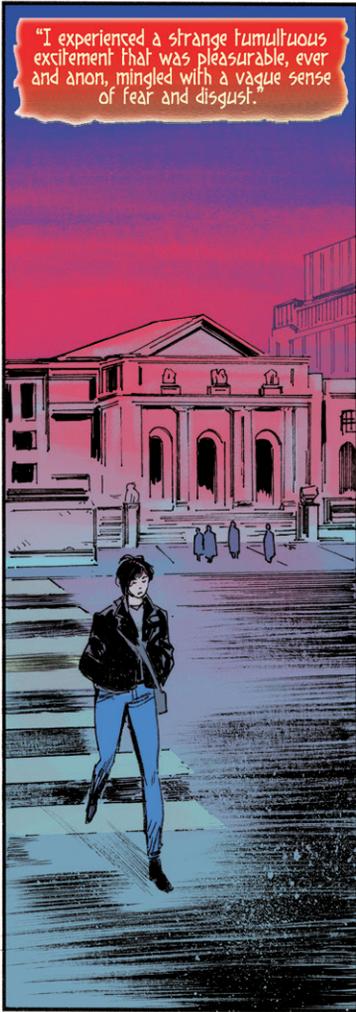


"She pressed my hand, she laid hers upon it, and her eyes glowed, as, looking hastily into mine, she smiled again, and blushed."



LIBRARY
CLOSES IN
TWENTY-FIVE
MINUTES.

PLEASE
RETURN ALL
MATERIALS TO
THE FRONT
COUNTER
NOW.





WHO'S THERE?

"I had no distinct thoughts about her while such scenes lasted, but I was conscious of a love growing into adoration, and also of abhorrence."



IT'S ME, VIOLET. I BROUGHT YOUR JACKET BACK.

"This I know is paradox, but I can make no other attempt to explain the feeling."



HOW DID YOU KNOW WHO I WAS AND WHERE TO FIND ME?



I FOUND YOUR PHONE BILL IN ONE OF THE POCKETS.

OH, DO YOU ALWAYS TAKE PEOPLE'S STUFF?



IT WAS THE ONLY COAT LEFT AND I WAS COLD. PLEASE DON'T TELL THE CLUB OR THEY'LL FIRE ME.



WELL YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ANOTHER ONE, I SUPPOSE. COME INSIDE.

"I experienced a strange tumultuous excitement that was pleasurable, ever and anon, mingled with a vague sense of fear and disgust. I had no distinct thoughts about her while such scenes lasted, but I was conscious of a love growing into adoration, and also of abhorrence. This I know is paradox, but I can make no other attempt to explain the feeling."



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by Sheridan Le Fanu

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Doyers St., Chinatown, New York City 1909



Text and illustrations of *Carmilla: The First Vampire*™ © 2023 Amy Chu and Soo Lee.

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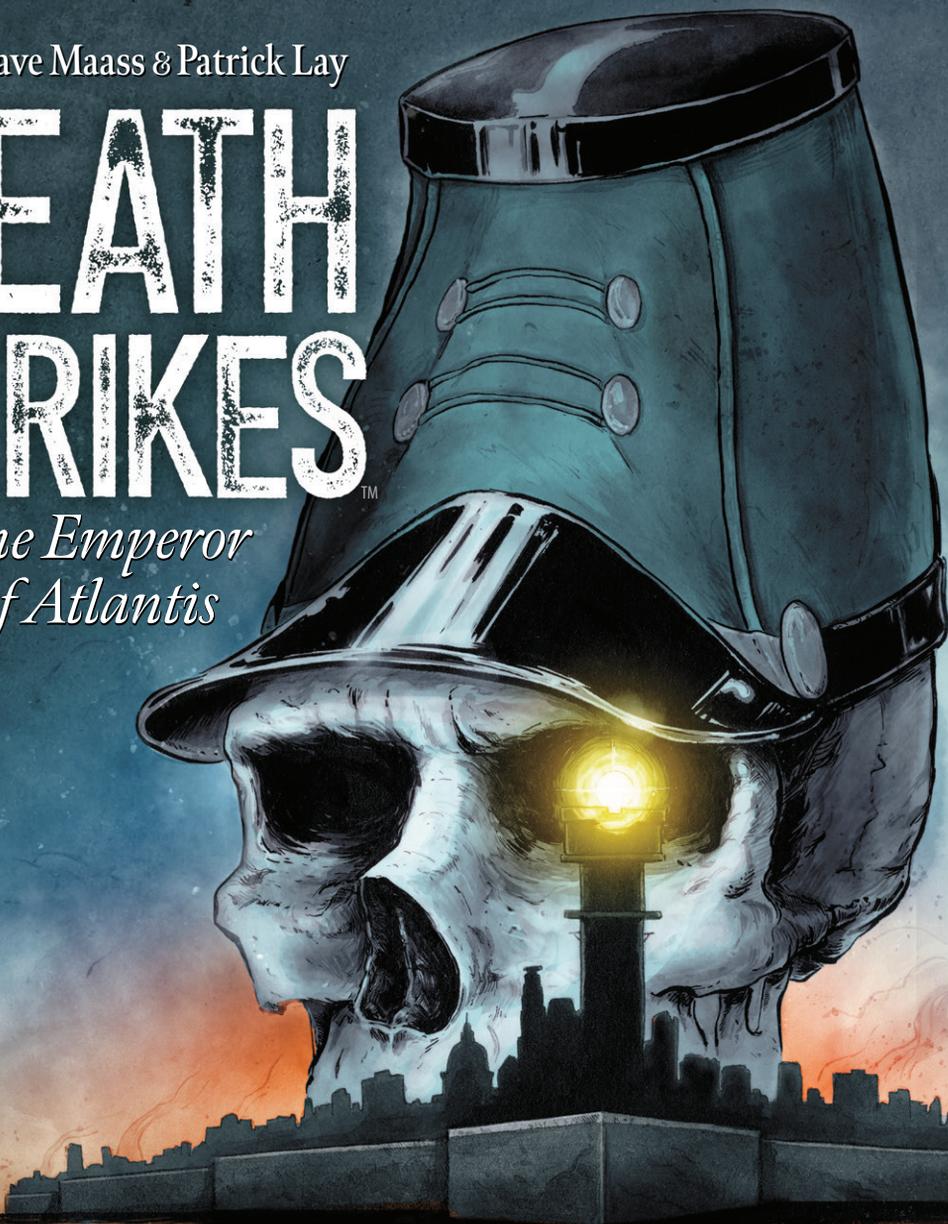
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Dave Maass & Patrick Lay

DEATH STRIKES™

*The Emperor
of Atlantis*



Based on the suppressed
1943 opera by Peter Kien
and Viktor Ullmann

*"This is beautiful and strange,
both for what it is and what it isn't.
As a story it's fascinating and excellently told,
as an artifact it's heartbreaking and affecting.
More than a footnote in Holocaust literature or a
lost libretto given visual shape, it's a reminder of
what art is for, and how it saves and shapes
us when everything else is gone."*

~ NEIL GAIMAN ~



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*Terezín rehearsal space by Peter Kien
Courtesy of Památník Terezín*





“Strange, fascinating and haunting. Beautifully done and depressingly relevant. Death Strikes: The Emperor of Atlantis is a small masterpiece.”

Derf Backderf, author of *Kent State* and *My Friend Dahmer*

“This new telling of The Emperor of Atlantis is astonishing and compelling both for its lucid, powerful prose and dynamic, dystopian art. Maass and Lay present a creative reimagining of the original operatic narrative where the metaphors and warnings resonate within its historical context while also feeling frighteningly prescient and meaningful today.”

Teddy Abrams, music director of the Louisville Orchestra

“In the tradition of Maus, a brilliant, edgy and ultimately deeply moving addition to Holocaust-related literature. Death Strikes is a powerful reminder that the fusion of text and drawing creates profound effects that can be achieved in no other medium.”

Michael Beckerman, Carroll and Milton Petrie Professor of Music,
New York University

“Lay and Maass not only pull off a wonderfully nuanced and beautiful adaptation from another medium into comics, they elevate the narrative, the power, and symbolism of the original piece. Masterfully written and envisioned. Death Strikes is sure to be a favorite for both opera fans and comics lovers alike!”

John Jennings, Eisner Award-winning artist of *Kindred*

“Death Strikes is every bit as gripping as it is important reading — a thrilling, sensitive, and devastating realization of Kien and Ullmann’s vision, which speaks as much to both urgent issues of the present moment and timeless concerns of humanity as it does the unimaginable circumstances of its origins in Terezín.”

Michael Schachter, composer, pianist, and writer

“A rare and fascinating glimpse at a nearly-lost work of art—remarkable.”
Ryan North, author of the graphic novel adaptation of *Slaughterhouse-Five*

“Exquisitely drawn, beautifully written, and meticulously researched—this graphic novel respectfully references the compelling original opera source material while at the same time boldly modernizes the work to allow for an accessible and thought-provoking piece of art for a new generation of audience.”

Adam Millstein, violinist and program manager for the Ziering-Conlon Initiative for Recovered Voices at the Colburn School

“Beautiful, sad, relevant and vital, Death Strikes: The Emperor of Atlantis demonstrates why stories are vital to share and how forgotten pieces of art are essential to understanding the truth of a moment.”

Cecil Castellucci, author of *Shifting Earth*



lächeln können. Ueber mich lacht keiner ... Wenn ich vergessen könnt, wie junger Wein schmeckt, wenn ich wieder vor der fremden Berührung der Frau erschauern könnte

Fol.

Nr.5.

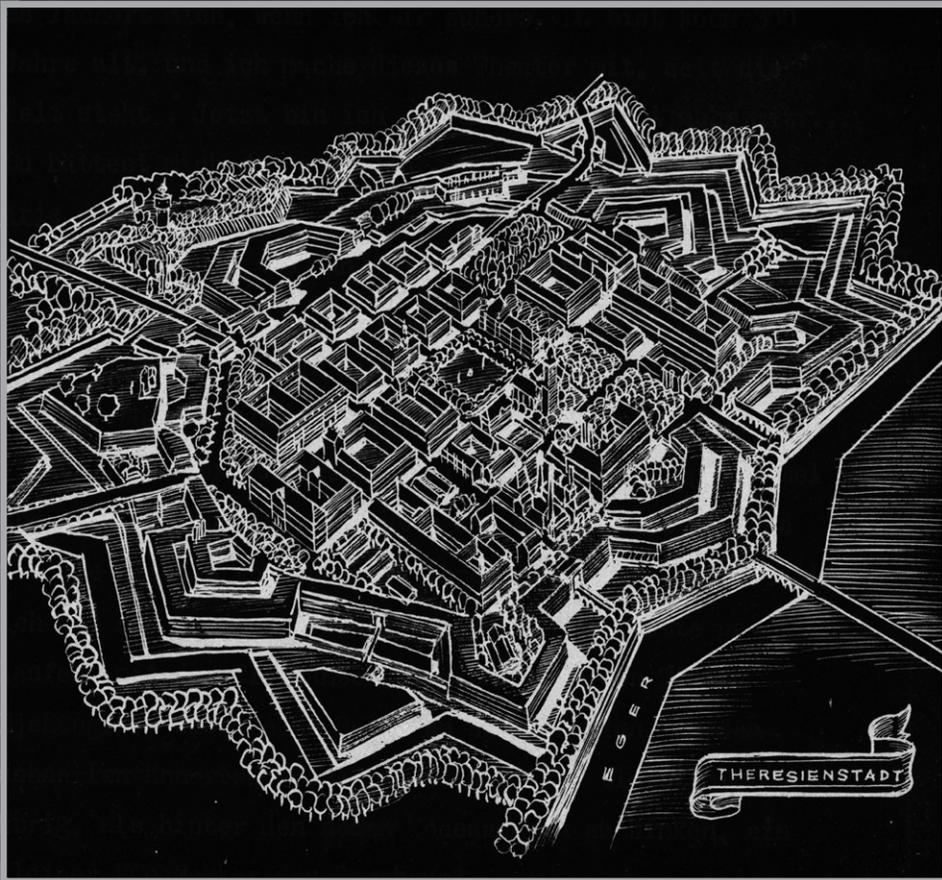


Illustration by Bedřich Fritta
Courtesy of Památník Terezin

/Trammerlwirbel: Der Trammer erscheint hinter dem ...
und verliesst einen Aufruf ./

Nr.6. Arie des Trammers.

Achtung, Achtung . Im Namen seiner Majestät des Königs.
Hallo,hallo. Wir, zu Gottes Gnaden Overall der
Siebente, Ruha des Vaterlandes, Segen der Menschheit,..



DEATH STRIKES

The Emperor of Atlantis

Adapted by
Dave Maass writer
Patrick Lay artist

Based on the opera
Der Kaiser von Atlantis oder Die Tod-Verweigerung
Peter Kien librettist
Viktor Ullmann composer

Ezra Rose character design
Richard Bruning lettering & book design



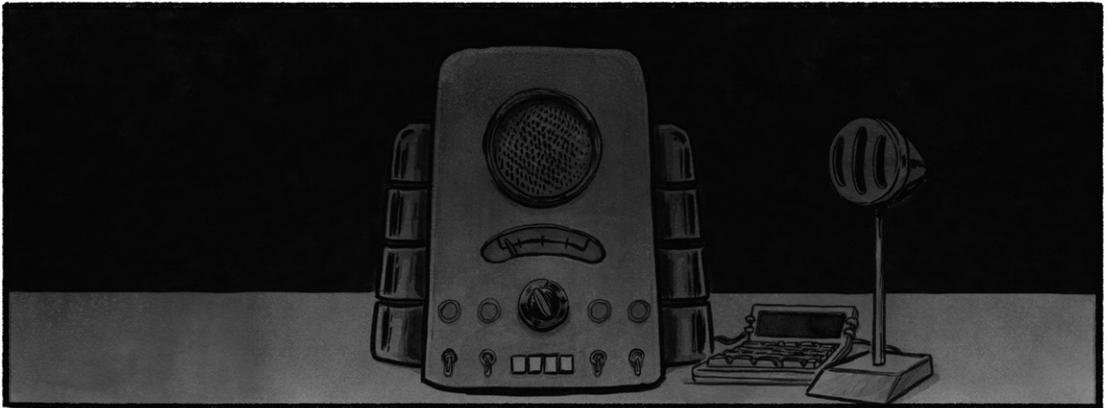
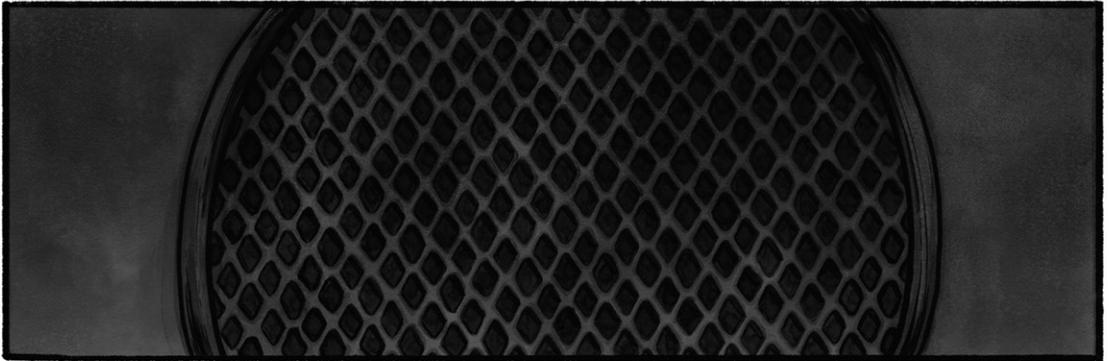
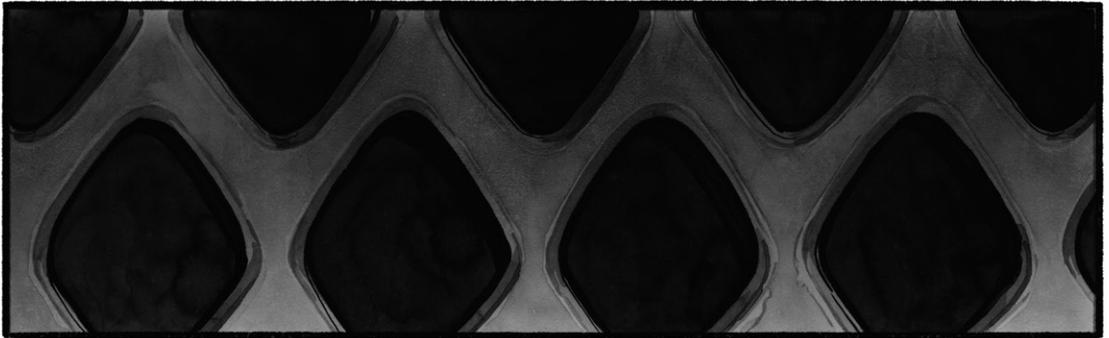
From 1941 to 1945,

the Nazis operated a concentration camp called Terezín (or Theresienstadt) 30 miles outside Prague in what is modern-day Czech Republic. The former fortress town served as a ghetto and was home to many Jewish artists, writers, musicians, dramatists, actors, and other intellectuals. Unlike at other prison camps, the detained people were afforded a small amount of liberty for cultural activities, in part so the Nazis could use Terezín as propaganda, as cover for the atrocities being committed elsewhere.

More than 140,000 people passed through Terezín during the war. An estimated 35,000 died in Terezín, while the vast majority were killed after being transported to Auschwitz-Birkenau. Only a few thousand outlived the Nazi regime, but a vast amount of their writings, compositions and artworks survived to tell their stories.

This graphic novel is based on one of these works, Peter Kien and Viktor Ullmann's opera *Der Kaiser von Atlantis*. Our book also draws artistic and literary inspiration from Kien's illustrations and poetry. Through satire and fantasy, the narrative presents many lessons for modern society on war and technology, but its greatest lesson is that none of us must ever forget that beauty and humor can be found even in the face of doom.





HALLO!

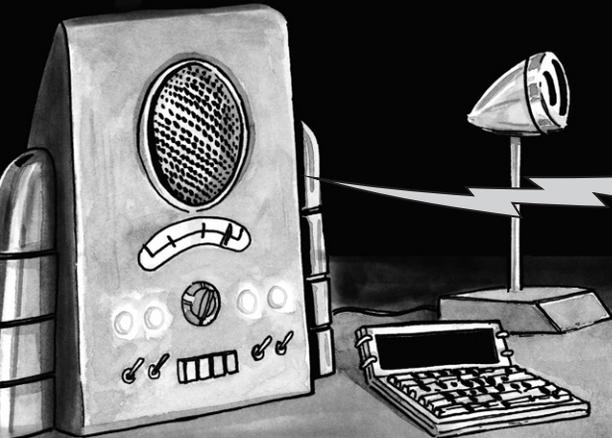
HALLO!



YOU ARE READING...

DEATH STRIKES: THE EMPEROR OF ATLANTIS

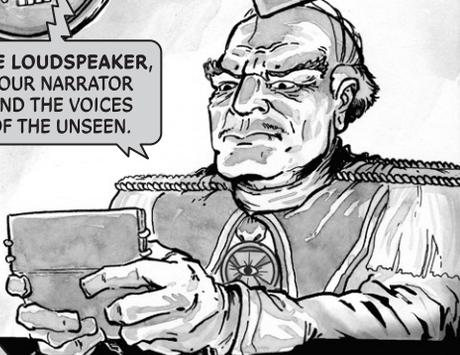
A COMIC IN FOUR PARTS, BASED ON THE 1943 OPERA *DER KAISER VON ATLANTIS* BY LIBRETTIST PETER KIEN AND COMPOSER VIKTOR ULLMANN, WHICH WAS WRITTEN, SCORED AND REHEARSED, BUT NEVER PERFORMED WHILE THE CREATORS WERE IMPRISONED BY THE NAZIS AT THE TEREZIN CONCENTRATION CAMP IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. BOTH CREATORS PERISHED THE NEXT YEAR IN AUSCHWITZ.



CAST OF CHARACTERS



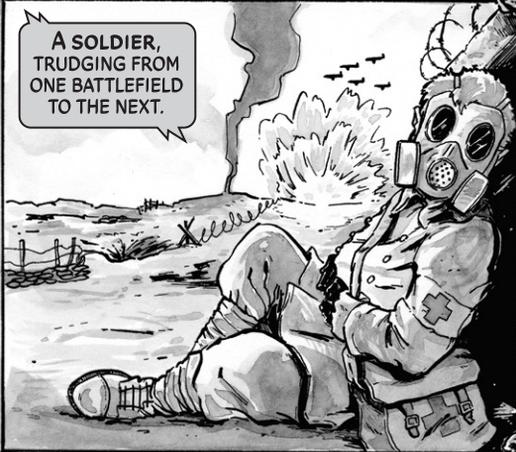
THE LOUDSPEAKER,
YOUR NARRATOR
AND THE VOICES
OF THE UNSEEN.



EMPEROR OVERALL, LOCKED AWAY IN HIS FORTRESS TOWER. NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM FOR YEARS, BUT ALL HAVE FELT THE CRUELTY OF HIS REIGN.



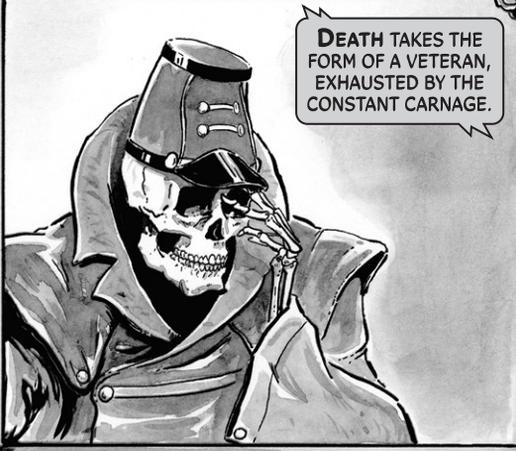
THE DRUMMER, OVERALL'S PROPAGANDA MACHINE. LIKE RADIO OR TELEVISION, SHE ISN'T QUITE REAL.



A SOLDIER, TRUDGING FROM ONE BATTLEFIELD TO THE NEXT.



A WORKER TURNED REBEL, WHO'S NEVER KNOWN A WORLD WITHOUT WAR.



DEATH TAKES THE FORM OF A VETERAN, EXHAUSTED BY THE CONSTANT CARNAGE.



WHILE LIFE IS EMBODIED AS PIERROT, A PERFORMER, WHO LAUGHS THROUGH THEIR TEARS.

IT IS A WORLD WHERE
ATLANTIS NEVER SANK,
BUT INSTEAD BECAME
AN EMPIRE OF BLOOD
AND TECHNOLOGY.

THIS IS AN ERA OF ENDLESS
CONFLICT AND BOUNDLESS
BRUTALITY. YET, TO EMPEROR
OVERALL, SEQUESTERED IN
HIS TOWER, THESE ATROCITIES
ARE NOTHING MORE THAN
NUMBERS TO BE TALLIED.



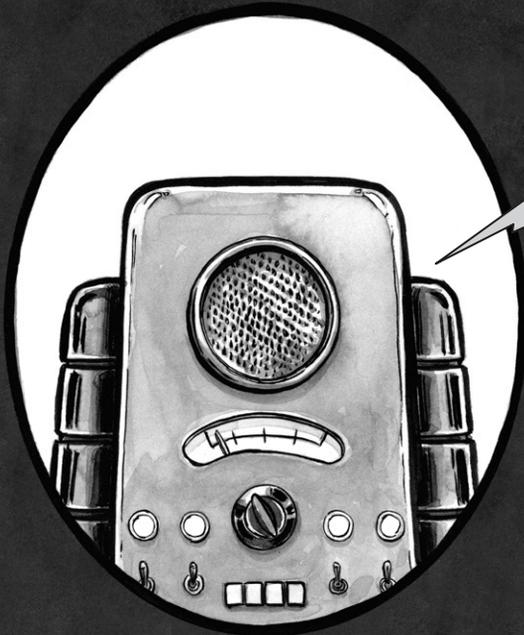
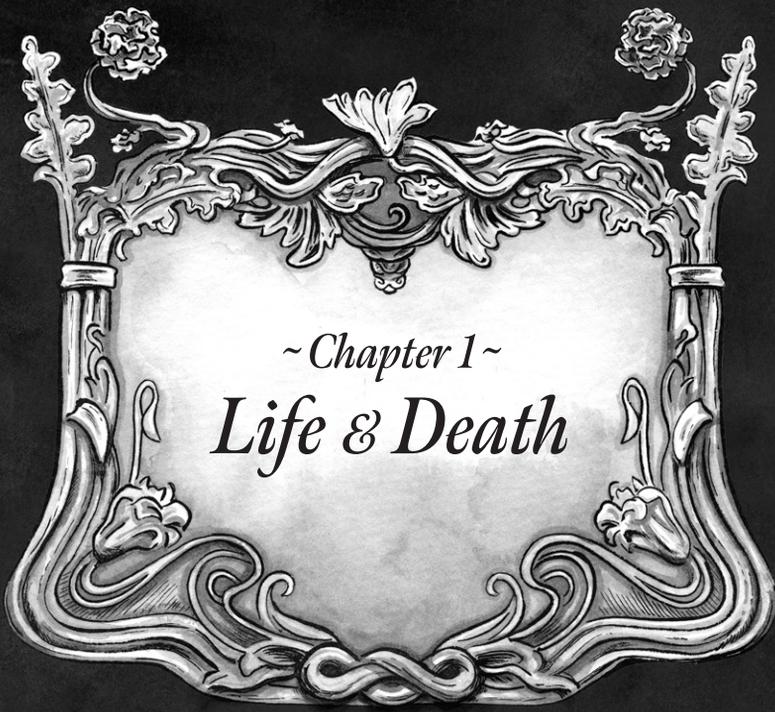


ON THE GROUND, THE
LIVING NO LONGER
LAUGH AND THE DYING
NO LONGER WEEP.

THAT IS, UNTIL
DEATH TOSSES A
WRENCH INTO THE
GEARS OF WAR.

WE BEGIN.





THE SPIRIT OF LIFE
WANDERS THE STREETS,
MUSING IN SONG
ABOUT HOW IT HAS
ALL GONE WRONG.



• THE CAPITOL OF ATLANTIS •



If you look at it just right, the moon looks like it's walking on stilts.

At least that hasn't changed.



Used to be,
on nights
like this,

the youth
thirsted for
wine.

Thirsted
for love.



ouch



But that's
all gone now.



And I don't
think it's ever
coming back.





What do we drink now?



Blood.

We drink blood.



What do we kiss now?



The Devil's ass.



C'mon, people!

The moon is white. The blood is hot.

The wine is sweet, and love is in paradise!



Who am I kidding?



The Realm of the Unreal...

Where the metaphors mix and mingle.

Humanity is in freefall.

And the world is a dumpster fire.

We're spinning out of control

On a merry-go-round of misery

With a madman at the wheel.

If life was a carnival prize

No one would play the game.

Nobody wants us.

They don't even want themselves.







Oh hey,
Tod.*

*"Death" in German



What's
there to sing
about?



The song
sings itself
at this point.



sigh

Do you
know what
day it is?

How
would I
know?



Time has
no meaning
anymore.

THE OLD Normal

1



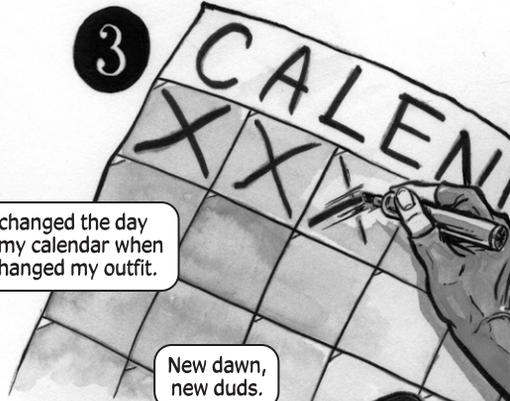
I used to have a routine.

2



I changed the day on my calendar when I changed my outfit.

3



New dawn, new duds.

1 THE NeW Normal

?



I stopped keeping track of the days when I ran out of clean clothes.

2



I figure I'll just start a new one once there's fresh laundry.



Then you must be stuck in last year.

You're a wreck.



Maybe it's Tuesday?
Wednesday?
Friday!

One day is like every other.

Nobody wants any more stupid days!





Well, with that as your sales pitch--



I don't think the problem is marketing.

**DAYS?
DAYS!**



Call in *now* for a special offer on **DAYS!**

It's a liquidation sale. *Every* day must go!

NEW,
unopened, mint condition!!



Maybe they all look the same, but wait--there's *more!*

Take your pick!

Just crack open one of *these* babies!

Maybe you'll find happiness in one!



Maybe *this* one will bring you *luck!*

Maybe *this* one will make you **KING!**



No one's going to buy these.

Everyone is already trying to offload the days they have left.

Don't know it.



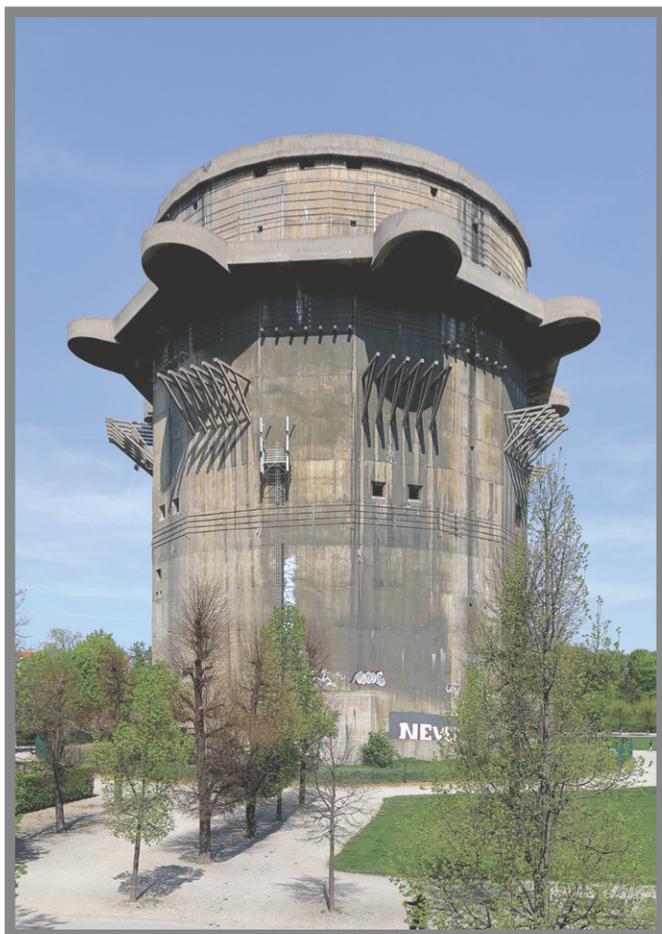


You cannot escape what you are.



A memory paler than the faded photographs these mortals look at to remember what it was like to smile.





A Nazi Gefechtsurm, or G-Tower, in Vienna, Austria. | Photo: Bwag

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Associate Editor
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Book Designer
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Digital Art Technician
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Death Strikes: The Emperor of Atlantis

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Poetry on pages 64-66 adapted from Peter Kien's "*The Plague City*" (*Die Peststadt*).

Poetry on page 76 adapted from Peter Kien's "*So Many Hearts*" (*So Viele Herzen*).

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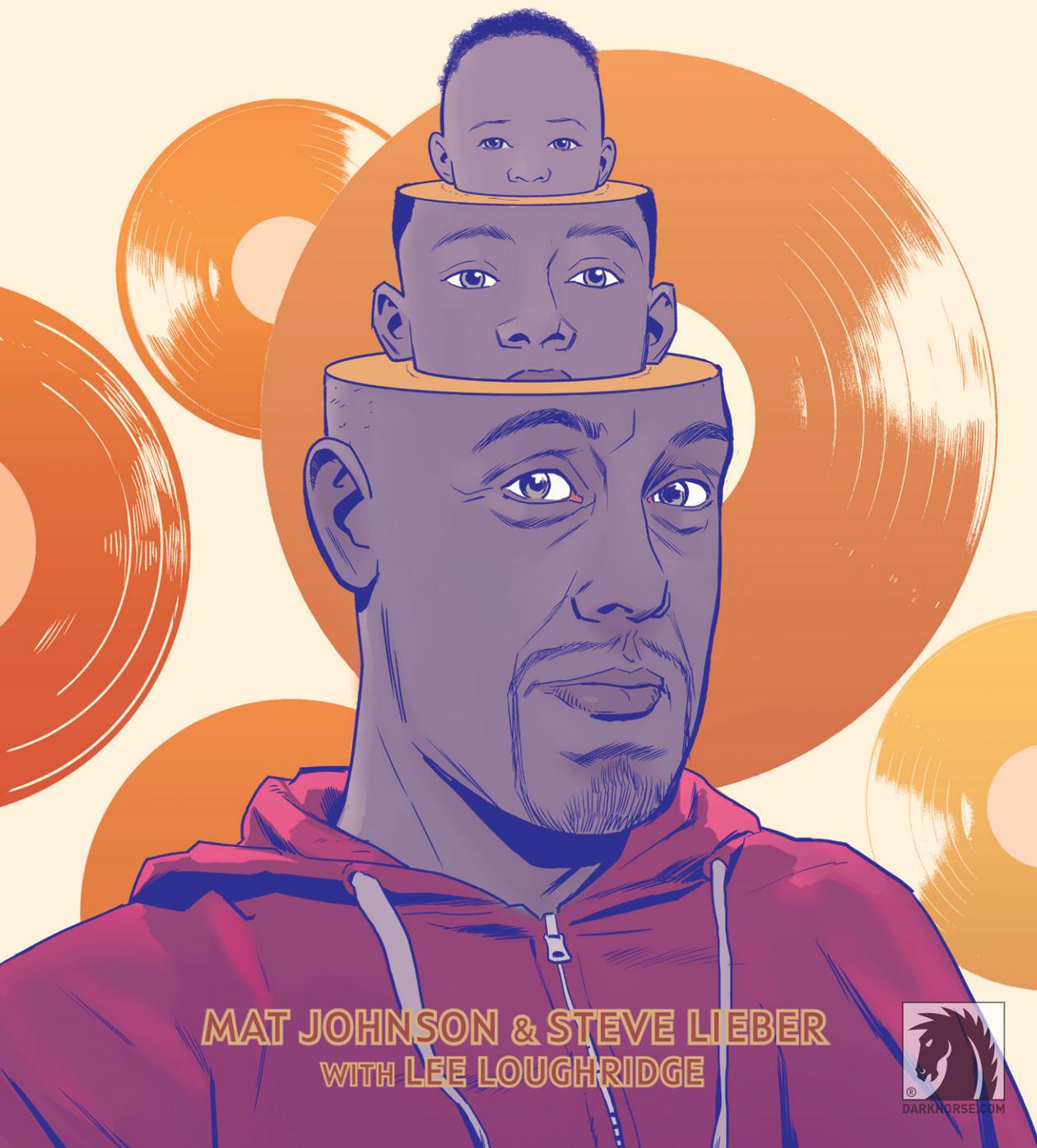
A Volksempfänger ("People's Receiver"), a Nazi propaganda radio. | Photo: ubahnverleih



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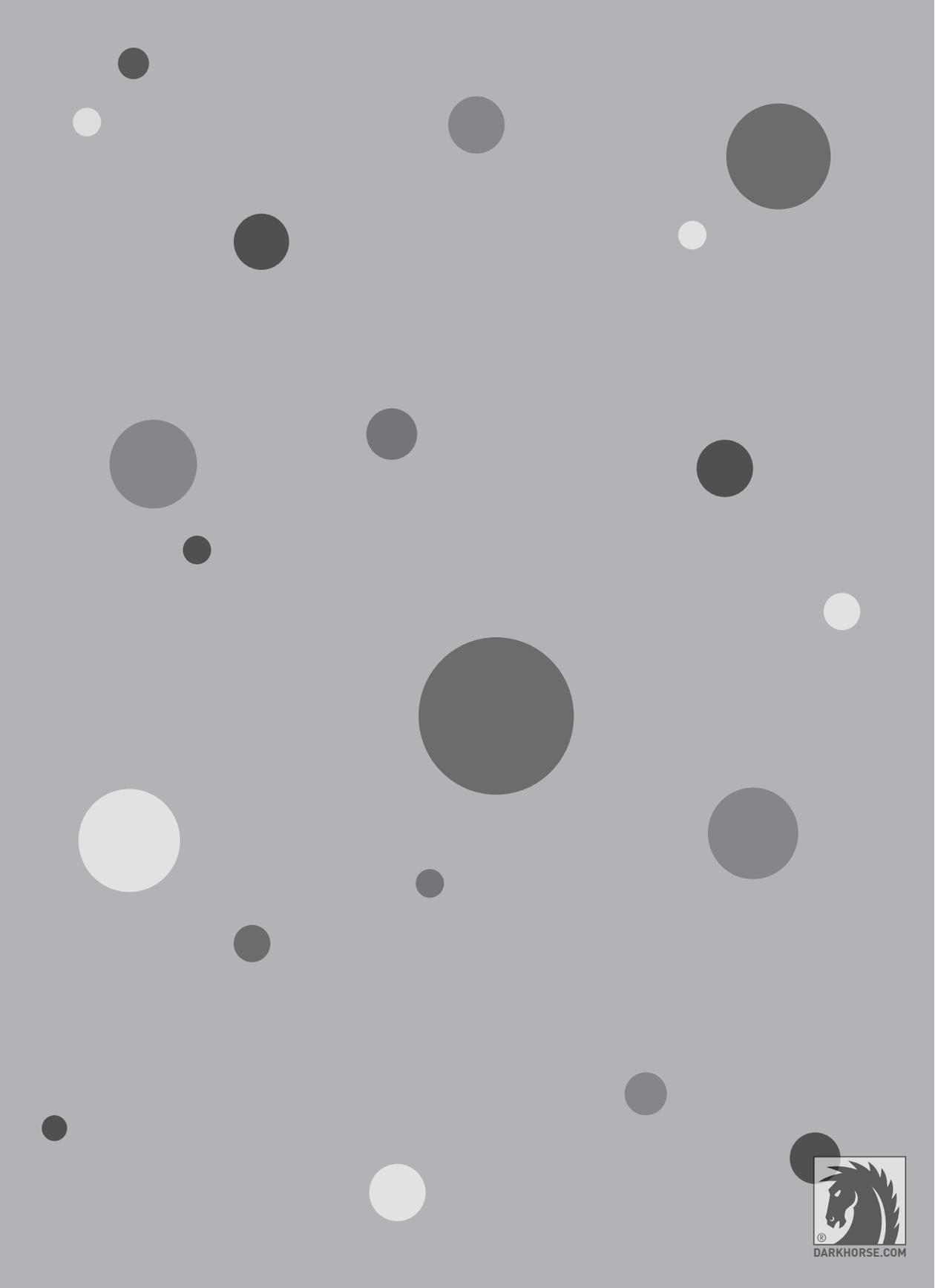
A GRAPHIC NOVEL



MAT JOHNSON & STEVE LIEBER
WITH LEE LOUGHRIDGE

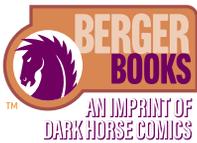


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BACK FLASH™





written by
Mat Johnson



BACK



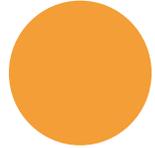
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cover colors
Ryan Hill





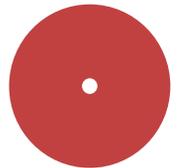
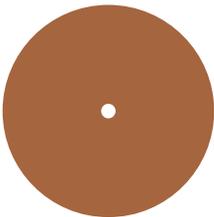
illustrated by
Steve Lieber



art assist
Tom Rogers

FLASH

TM



lettered by
Clem Robins





For Pauline K. Johnson
—Mat Johnson

For Sara, who continues to put up with me
—Steve Lieber







MY MOTHER
IS DEAD.

AND I'M
SITTING ON HER.

FUCK
YOU.

MY MOTHER
IS DEAD.







STOP. I'M JUST WORKING OUT OF THE PHILLY OFFICE FOR A MONTH, NOT MOVING HERE. HE NEEDS SOMEONE. **UNCLE LARRY? COME ON, MOM. GOTTA GO.**



BABY GIRL??

FATHER.



BABY GIRL!!!

DADDY!!!



HI HONEY YOU KNOW YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO FLY ALL THE WAY OUT HERE I MEAN I APPRECIATE IT BUT WELL YOU KNOW YOUR GRANDMA LOVED YOU SO MUCH THANKS FOR YOU FRIENDED HER ONLINE LOOK I MEAN I'M NOT SURE BUT IT MEANT A LOT TO HER SO IF



PAT
PAT
PAT

PAT
PAT
PAT



SO GLAD YOU TWO COULD GET REACQUAINTED! LIKE NO TIME HAS PASSED! BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER! HALLELUJAH!

5103 GREENE ST.,
PHILADELPHIA

BUILT 1900

BOUGHT BY DEVIN'S MOM: 1970

HEADED INTO FORECLOSURE
IF HE DON'T SELL ASAP



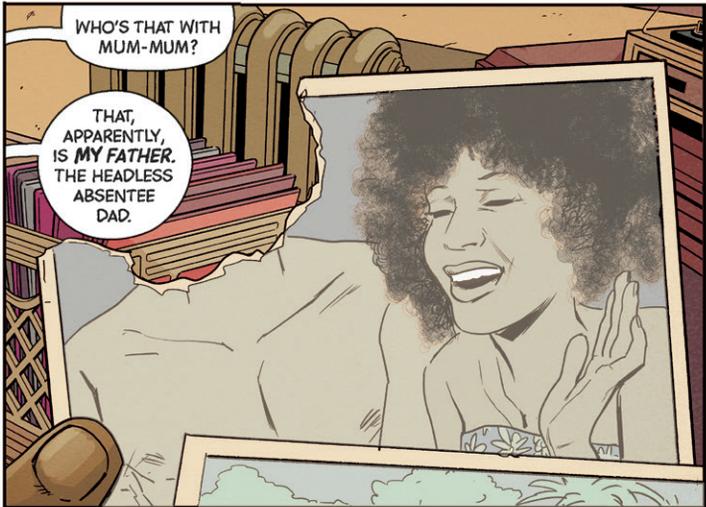


ANYHOO--A MONTH! I DON'T THINK YOU BEEN TO SEE ME THAT LONG SINCE YOUR MOM STOLE YOU--

NEW RULE: DON'T GO THERE.

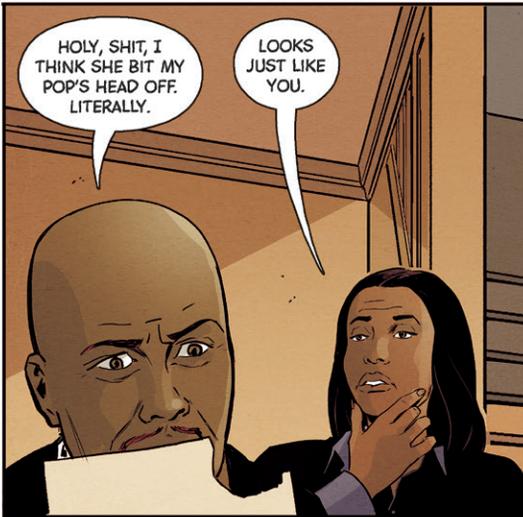


CHECK IT: I KNOW YOU'RE A BIG SHOT LAWYER NOW, BUT THIS IS HOW YOU STILL LOOK IN MY MIND.



WHO'S THAT WITH MUM-MUM?

THAT, APPARENTLY, IS **MY FATHER**. THE HEADLESS ABSENTEE DAD.



HOLY, SHIT, I THINK SHE BIT MY POP'S HEAD OFF. LITERALLY.

LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU.



DAD? YOU BEEN TAKING CARE OF MUM-MUM SO LONG, TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF IS NEW. **BUT YOU CAN DO THIS.**

WEEK FOUR

OH GOD
OH GOD JUST
MAKE IT
GO AWAY.



We've barely seen each other. And by that, I mean, not at all since the funeral.

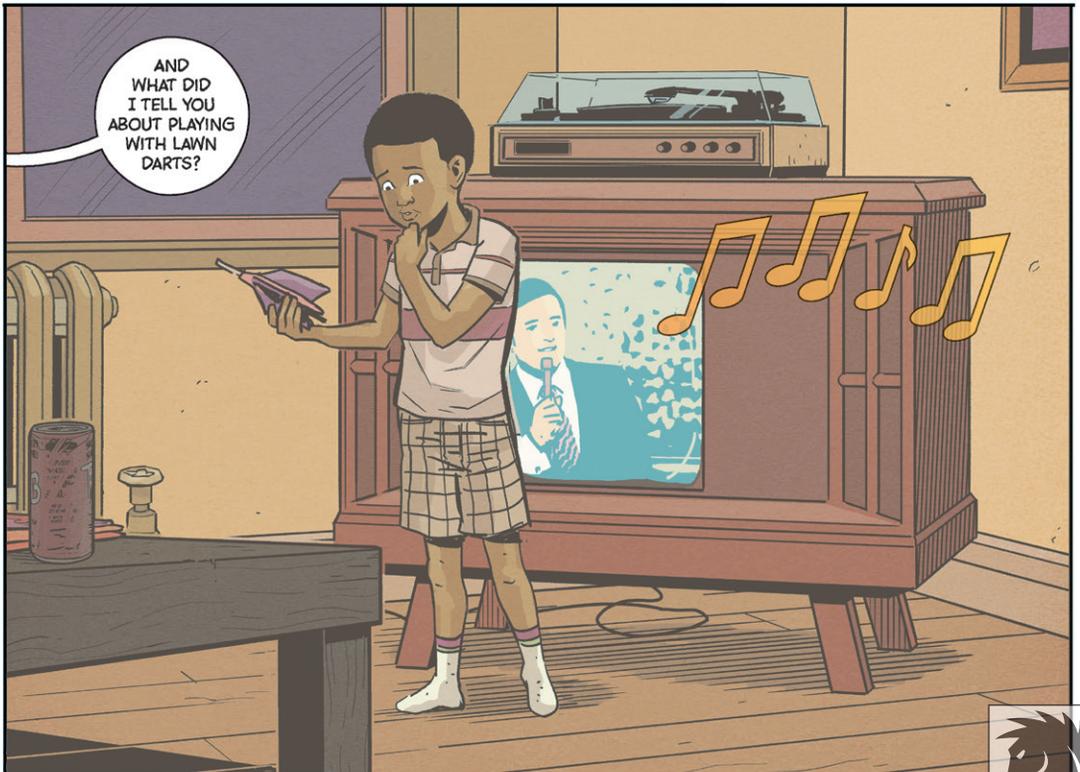
Is this delay an Uncle Larry issue?

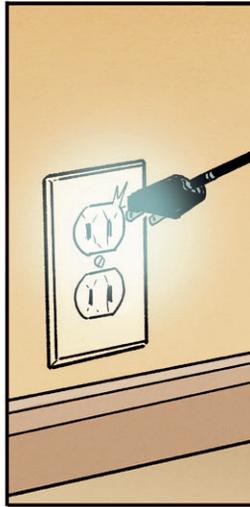
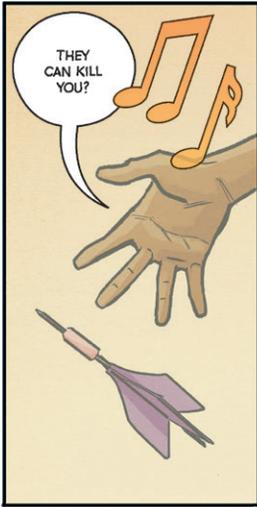
He swears y'all about to do an open house, today, but...

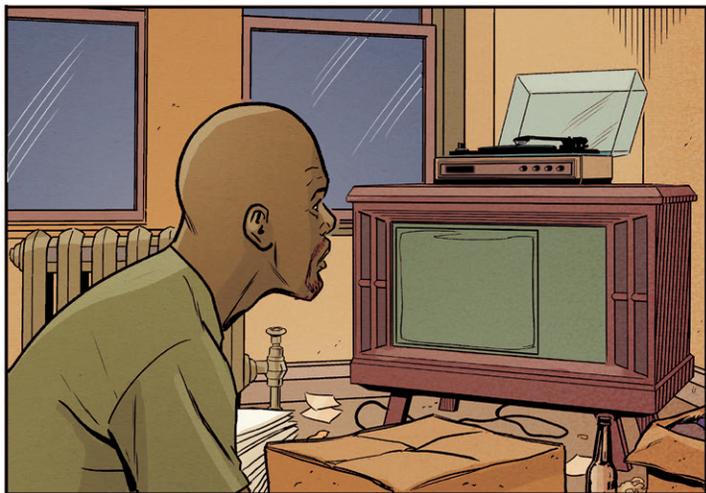
















THIS IS REAL.



THIS IS REAL.



AND EVEN IF IT ISN'T REAL...



I DON'T CARE.

Editor
Karen Berger

Associate Editor
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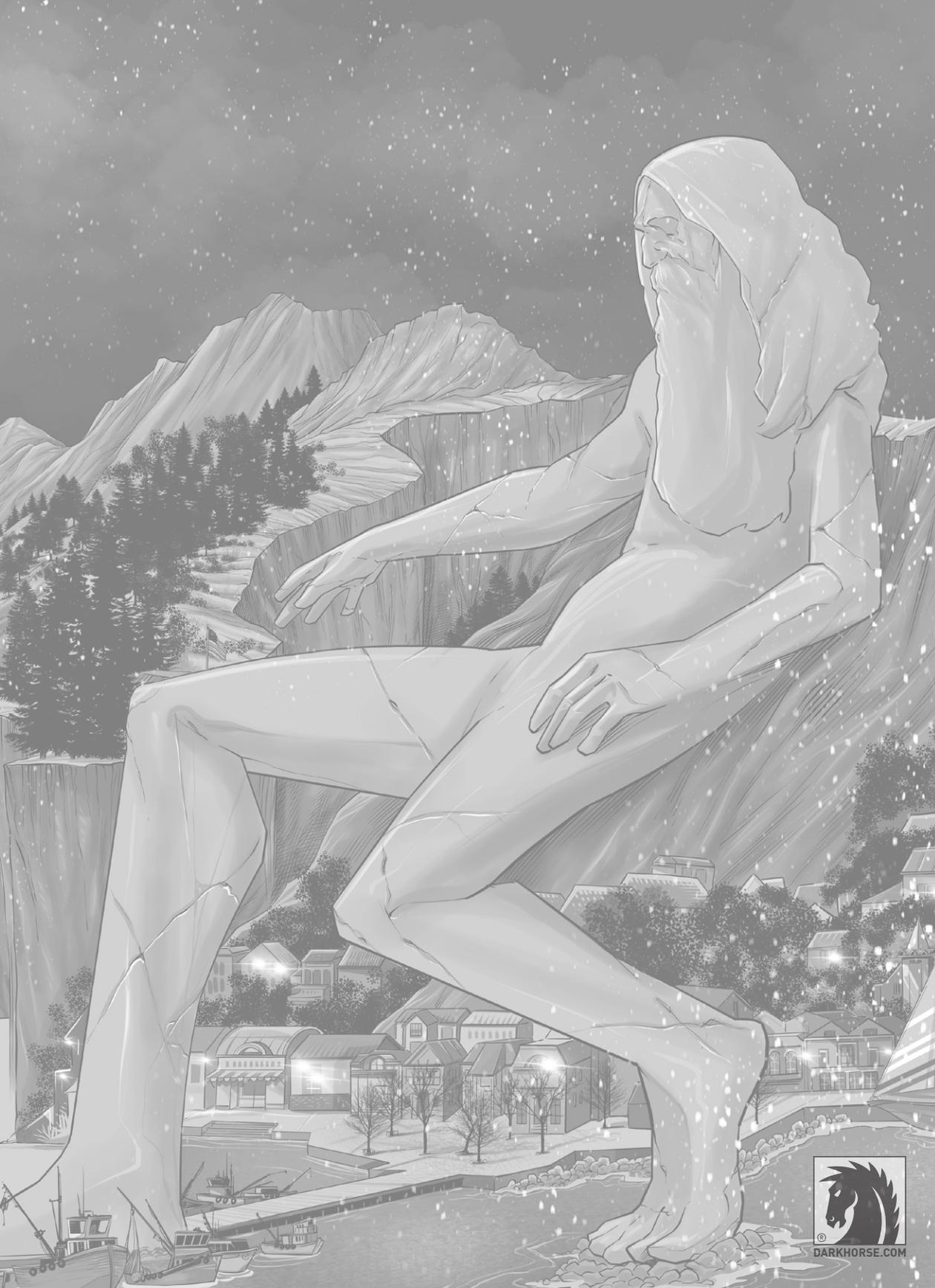
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G. Willow Wilson
M.K. Perker

the Stoneshore Register™







the
Stoneshore
Register™





written by

G. Willow Wilson

The Starling



illustrated by

M.K. Perker

toneship





lettering &
book design by

Richard Bruning

more R



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For my mother, and all the years
she's spent traipsing around the
Pacific Northwest with me.
—*G. Willow Wilson*

For my daughter, Leyla.
—*M.K. Perker*



Chapter 1



Stoneshore, Washington. October.

*It is autumn
under the heel
of the Giant.*



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The fishing fleet is long gone, but a few boats still come and go, chasing what remain of the salmon.



We keep going as we always have, out of habit more than anything else. Too set in our ways to admit defeat.



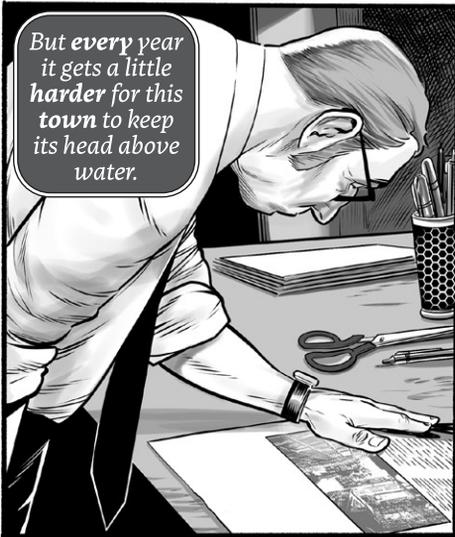
Every time we think, that's it, this is the end, it turns out there's a little more left.



The world's way of reminding us that it's not time to give up yet, I guess.



Life goes on, and we go with it.



But every year it gets a little **harder** for this town to keep its head above water.



I tell myself to be prepared.



There will come a time when the lights turn out for good in Stoneshore, like they have for so many small towns whose names even the maps have forgotten.



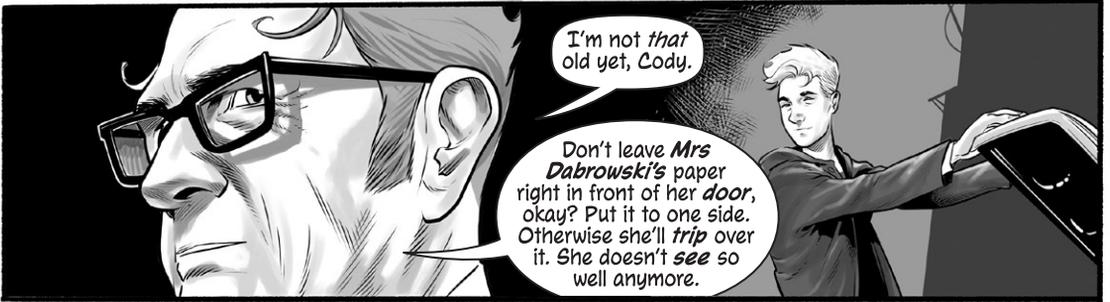
Here you go, Cody. Issue number fourteen-thousand-six-hundred-and-ninety-three.

Some things never change.

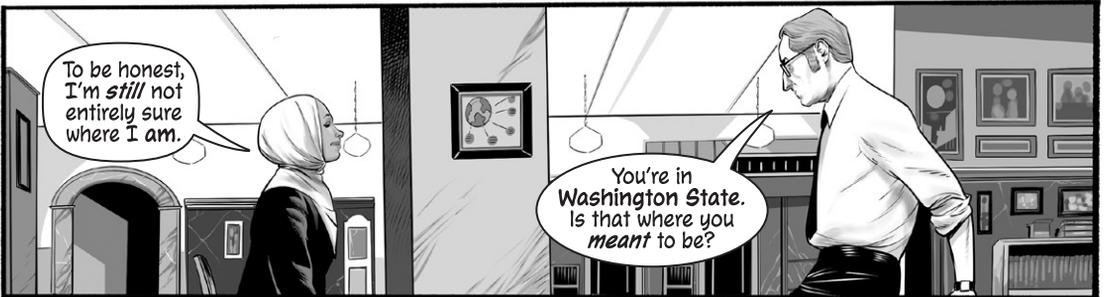


Everything changes, kid. Grown-ups pretend otherwise in order to give you youngsters a sense of security.

But it's all a sham.









The winds died down again at dawn.

As if they had kicked up **solely** to bring this unexpected guest safely into port.



You've got a **giant**.

That we do.

Our *only* claim to fame, these days. **Fishing's** dried up, **timber's** dried up—all the kids leave for Seattle or Portland or California as soon as they can get away.



We get a few **tourists** now and then who hike up the mountain to take pictures, but other than *that*, this town's *slipping* away.

Who made him? The **Giant**, I mean.



Nobody knows.

By the time **Stoneshore** was founded, he was already *there*. But the **Lummi** have no legends about him, no oral history, nothing.

It's like he just...**popped** up out of the ground one day.



Kind of like *you*.

Why do you want a job at a **failing** newspaper?

I want a job because I'm a **journalist**. Or at least, I was studying to be a **journalist**. Before.



This is where I ask, *Before what?*

And where I answer, *that's my story.*



You don't know me yet, but—

I work hard. I learn fast. I can *help* you.

Please. I know it's a lot to ask, but— I *really* need a job. In a safe, quiet place.



This place is only safe and quiet because it's on its knees, Fadumo.

We're down to *one* issue a week. I run the whole thing *myself* now. There's nobody else left.



Even places that are *dying* have stories.

Maybe it's even *more* important to tell them, because soon there will be *no one* left who remembers.



You *do* have a way with words.

How'd you find us, anyway? Almost nobody shows up in Stoneshore by accident.

I looked for the *furthest* place I could find on the map. And I went *there*.



Shipwreck weather.

When strangers wash ashore, you give them *shelter*.



Okay. All right. Listen.

I can't afford to *pay* you more than a stipend.

But if you need a place to *stay*, you can have the rooms above the office—there's a little studio up there that's been *empty* for years.



Perfect. *Amazing*.

Thank you. You *won't* regret this. I promise.



Promises are *easy* to make.

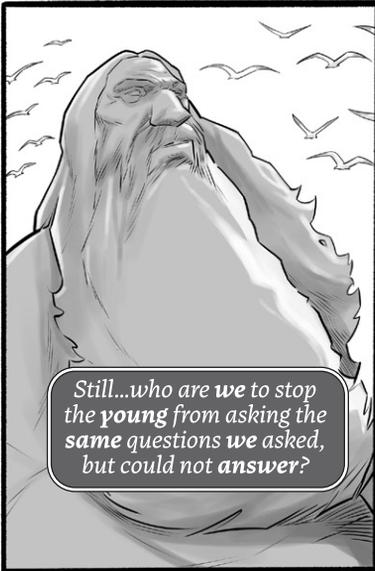


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Especially here.

*Where no one will **blame**
you for **breaking** them.*





Still...who are we to stop the **young** from asking the same questions we asked, but could not answer?

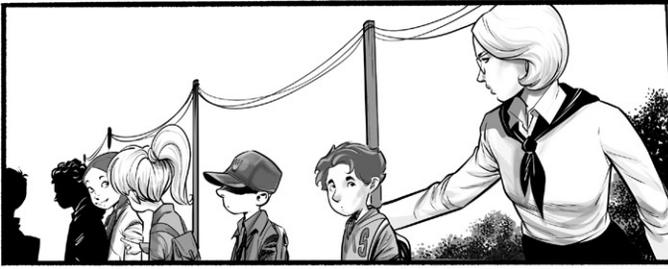


What are you? Hmm? Friend? Foe? A warning?

Surely there is a way to find out...



Stay to the righthand side, kids—watch for cars—



Excuse me—

Sorry to interrupt, but can I ask you a question?



Yes?

Your **Giant**—

Do you have any theories about where it might come from? Who might have built it?



I'm afraid you'll only get **one** answer to that question around here.

There's a brochure for tourists at the **Giant's Toe**—that's the pub near the docks.

Oh, I'm *not* a tourist. I'm a journalist. I work for **The Stoneshore Register**.



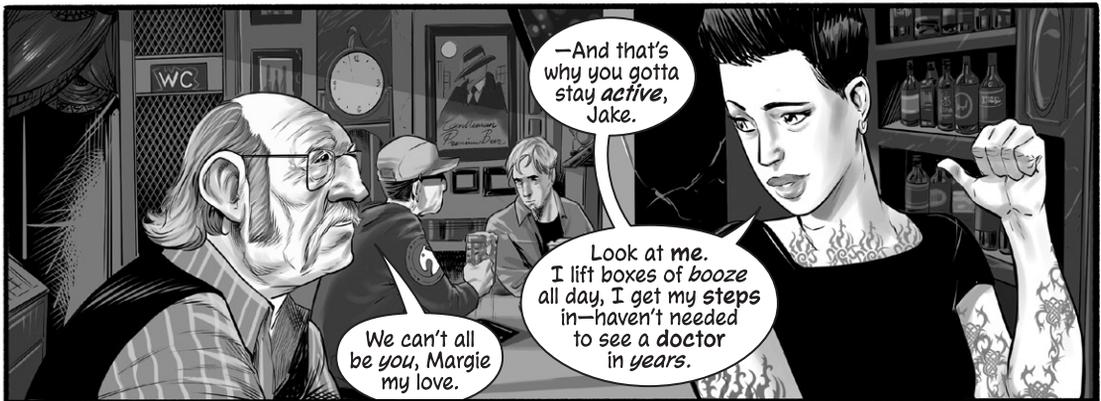
You're working for the **Register**? Jonathan's hired you?

Is that a **problem**?

No, it's just—I didn't think the **Register** was hiring **anybody**.

Jonathan's been keeping it alive by himself for the last ten years ever since the last editor retired.







I don't suppose *you* have any theories about your *Giant*?

Not sure what you mean by *theories*.

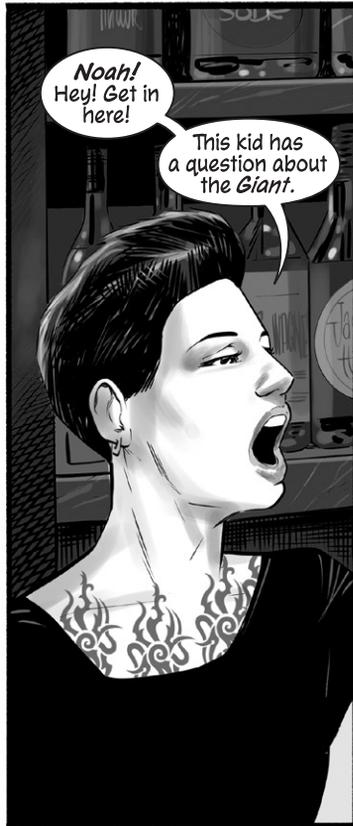
Ideas about where it *comes* from. *Somebody* must know. There must be information *somewhere*.



I never really thought about it, now that you ask.

He's just part of the *landscape*. Part of *us*. You don't ask where your *eyebrows* come from, or the air you breathe.

You know who *might* know something—



Noah! Hey! Get in here!

This kid has a question about the *Giant*.



dingaling
Thump!

Jeez, look at you.

You get into a fight with a *squid* or something?

Nah. *Choppy* out there today is all.



Noah grew up on the *reservation* not far from here—

His family's been *fishing* this coastline for generations.

He knows *all* the big fish stories.

Right now all *I* know is I need a cup of hot coffee, Margié, if you don't mind.



Sorry, I don't mean to bother you while you're—uh—getting warm—

Fewer and fewer fish, farther and farther from shore—making a living off the water is a battle now.

S'all right. There's no good time to talk to me these days.



My mother's family were also fishermen.

It's the same in Somalia thanks to illegal fishing by foreign companies.

Perhaps it's the same everywhere.

Too many greedy wallets, not enough fish.



So what do you want to know about the Giant?

Well...what *is* it? And why does *no one* seem curious about where it comes from?

If I was born here, it's all I would think about.



Maybe it's *because* we're born here that we don't think about it.

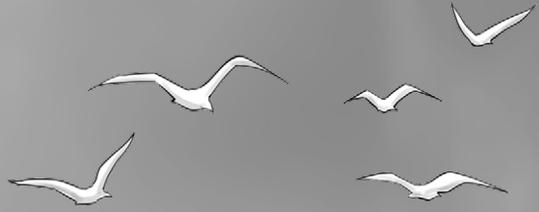
There's only so many times you can wonder about something before you need to get on with your life.



So ask different questions.

But that means I have no answers to my questions.





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