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CANADA

# WETWORKS™



CHIODO  
HOMER

FORTY-TWO KILOMETERS EAST  
OF THE RAANES PENINSULA  
ON ELLESMERE ISLAND.

EVERYONE,  
LISTEN UP. WAERING  
SAID THIS IS THE  
VAMPIRES' MAIN  
ENCLAVE.

WHEN  
PILGRIM GREEN LIGHTS  
THIS OP, WE GO IN. WAERING'S  
TROOPS WILL HAVE BACK-UP  
DETAIL. UNTIL THEN, STAY  
FROSTY, PEOPLE.

NO  
PROBLEM IN THIS  
WEATHER, COLONEL. IT'S A  
GOOD THING THE SYMBIOTES  
ELIMINATE RADIATIVE  
HEAT LOSS...

...AND  
SINCE I'M NOT  
GETTING HUNGRY,  
IT'S NOT USING MY  
CALORIC STORES  
FOR WARMTH.

WHM...  
HOW DO YOU  
WORK?

COLONEL  
DANE, CONCENTRATED  
ORE DEPOSITS IN  
THESE MOUNTAINS  
ARE DISRUPTING MY  
VISUAL CONNECTION  
WITH PILGRIM.

HOWEVER,  
I WILL BE ABLE  
TO MAINTAIN VERBAL  
COMMUNICATIONS.

IT WAS  
DANGEROUS  
TO SEND HER  
DOWN THERE  
ALONE,  
COLONEL.







MAYBE  
I WILL  
SHUT  
UP.



MASTER  
RAITHAN...  
FORGIVE  
ME.

THERE  
IS NOTHING  
TO FORGIVE,  
LUKAS.

GATHER  
YOUR PEOPLE  
AND RETURN TO  
YOUR HOMES.  
TO YOUR  
FAMILIES.

YOUR  
SERVITUDE  
TO ME IS AT  
AN END.

BUT,  
MASTER...!

HE  
HAS GIVEN YOU  
YOUR FREEDOM, WOLF.  
TAKE IT AND GO. THE  
GUARDS WILL SEE  
YOU SAFELY  
OUT.

MY SISTER  
SHOULD NOT  
HAVE ALLOWED  
THIS TO  
HAPPEN.





I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS, RAI THAN. I KNOW HE WAS YOUR ONLY SON.

THE LAST OF HIS BLOOD-LINE, SAVOY.



AND HE FOUGHT VALIANTLY! WITHOUT FEAR AND FOR THE HONOR OF THIS HOUSE!

PLEASE, MASTER. LET ME STAY BY YOUR SIDE UNTIL REVENGE FOR THIS COWARDLY ACT OF TREACHERY IS TAKEN! I OWE THIS TO YOUR SON... TO YOU...

THERE IS NO DEBT TO BE PAID, LUKAS.

YOU'VE SERVED ME FAITHFULLY FOR YEARS, SINCE YOUR CAPTURE IN THE LAST GREAT WAR BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES.

NOT ONCE DID YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, NOR DID YOU SPEAK ILL OF YOUR CAPTORS. YOUR SENSE OF DUTY IS **ADMIRABLE**, EVEN BY VAMPIRE STANDARDS. IF ANYTHING, YOU HAVE **EARNED** YOUR FREEDOM, MY... FRIEND.

TODAY, I HAVE LOST EVERYTHING.

MY RANK.

MY HOME.

MY SON.







THE GREAT HOUSES STOOD IDLE LIKE STONE-CARVED STATUES AND LET DRAKKEN'S ARMIES BREAK THE FIRST COMMANDMENT OF OUR PEOPLE.

THEY **LET** HIM ATTACK THE BLOODQUEEN!

SINCE I CHOSE TO FIGHT ON HER BEHALF, THOSE SAME FOOLISH HOUSES ALLOWED HIS FORCES TO RAVAGE MY HOME... AND GUT IT FROM WITHIN.

THE SMELL OF DEATH WILL NEVER BE TRULY CLEANSED FROM THESE HALLS.

I NO LONGER CARE ABOUT OUR QUARRELS WITH THE WERENATION. NOR DO I YEARN TO FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE SUN ON MY SKIN AGAIN. THE HEART IN THIS CHEST, ONCE SWELLED WITH PRIDE FOR ITS PEOPLE, HAS NOW GROWN COLD.

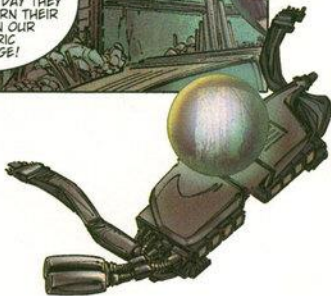
THIS BOY... MY SON... WAS MY REASON FOR LIVING. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN **HERE** TO **PROTECT** HIM. TO PROTECT ALL WHO DWELLED BENEATH MY ROOF. BUT NOW, WITH THEIR DEATHS, **DRAKKEN HAS BECOME MY WORLD!**

THE VAMPIRE NATION HAS LONGED FOR A **CHANGE**. WELL, NOW THEY SHALL HAVE IT! I HAVE SERVED OUR PEOPLE FOR **CENTURIES**. AND SO I SWEAR. THEY SHALL RUE THE DAY THEY CROSSED ME --



-- AND IT WILL BE DRAKKEN'S SHATTERED BODY THAT WILL FOREVER REMIND THEM OF THE DAY THEY DARED TO TURN THEIR BACKS ON OUR VAMPIRIC HERITAGE!

GUYS, YOU AREN'T GOING TO BELIEVE THIS...





JOHNNY SAVOY AND SOME MEAN LOOKIN' FELLOW JUST CAME THROUGH HERE WITH AN ENTIRE ENTOURAGE OF UGLIES.

WABRING'S INFORMANT WAS RIGHT, COLONEL DRAKKEN MADE HIS MOVE. AND WON.

MOTHER'S KEYED-IN TO YOUR P.L. DOZER. STAY PUT. THE TEAM'S ON ITS WAY.

DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE THERE, SIR.

WHAT? PILGRIM! PILGRIM!

SORRY, COLONEL, BUT SOMETHING'S DOWN HERE. IT'S DRAWING ME IN, LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAME.

POINT LOCATION

RETURN TOPSIDE, PILGRIM. THAT'S AN OR--SHRK KRSSH KSHHH

HAVE TO CONCENTRATE. IF I THINK ABOUT HIDING, THE SYMBIOTES WON'T BE ABLE TO SENSE ME.

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I DID IN MOTHER'S CHAMBER,\* BUT I CAN FEEL A POWER MANIFESTING ITSELF WITHIN ME.

IT FEELS LIKE A BLANKET... WRAPPING ITSELF WARMLY AROUND MY BODY... CREATING A SENSE OF PROTECTION --

-- LIKE BEING EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE AT THE SAME TIME.



NETWORKS #L.



SHARRRRASH

MARITZA.

WHO --?

THAT'S MY VOICE!

HELP ME, MARITZA...





COME CLOSER.

CLOSER...

FOOL!

KRAK UNGH!

SHRASH

WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?! MARITZA, I THINK ALL THIS "THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT" STUFF IS FINALLY GETTING TO YOU.



SHRASH

OH, COME NOW, PILGRIM! WE WERE NEVER THE KIND TO GET SPOOKED SO EASILY!

URK!

WHO... ARE YOU?

A BLAST FROM YOUR PAST... AND YOUR FUTURE, GIRL!



YOU'RE THE LAST IN A SERIES, AND, FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, THE MOST EXPERIENCED. NONE OF THE OTHERS EVEN KNEW THEY HAD THE "GIFT".

BE A GOOD GIRL. I'LL MAKE THIS QUICK AND RELATIVELY PAINLESS.







MY MY, AREN'T WE JUST THE FRISKY LITTLE DEVIL.

BY THE WAY, I'D GREATLY APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D REFRAIN FROM USING THE N-SPIKED GLOVES...



...CLAYMORE'S CA BUCKLE INSERTS...



...AND MOTHER'S LITTLE BOOT LASERS.



HOW DID YOU KNOW --?! EVEN THE TEAM DOESN'T KNOW THAT I HAVE THESE!

I KNOW, PILGRIM, BECAUSE I USED THEM ONCE MY-SELF.

POOR, POOR MARITZA. DON'T YOU SEE? I POSSESS YOUR VOICE, FACE, AND EVERYTHING ELSE THAT IS UNIQUELY YOU...

...INCLUDING THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU'RE A PATHETIC IN-FIGHTER COMPARED TO THE REST OF THE TEAM.

I AM YOU, MARITZA.

BUT THAT WILL ALL CHANGE IN A MOMENT...





SORRY IT HAS TO  
END LIKE THIS,  
MARITZA. BUT THE  
TWO OF US CANNOT  
EXIST IN THE SAME  
DIMENSION FOR  
MORE THAN A  
FEW MINUTES.

IF WE FAIL TO OBEY  
THIS LAW OF INTER-  
DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL,  
THE VERY FABRIC OF  
OUR BEINGS  
WOULD BECOME  
UNRAVELED --

-- AND  
THAT WOULD  
BE A MOST  
UNPLEASANT  
SITUATION TO  
ENDURE.

CAN'T...  
BREATHE...



HAVE TO  
FOCUS...  
HAVE TO --

**VANISH?!**

YOU  
LEARNED TO  
PHASE COMPLETELY  
BY OBSERVING ME  
ONLY **ONCE!**

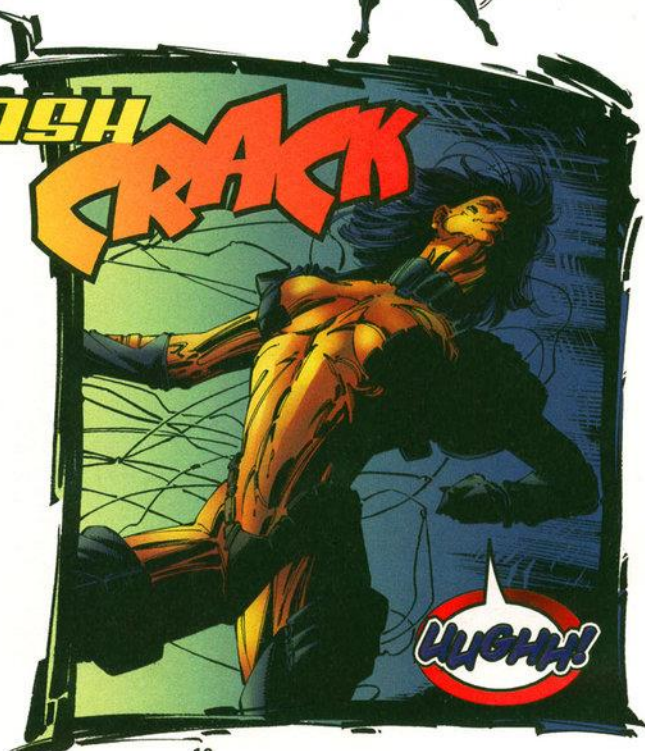
I AM  
IMPRESSED.



HELPS  
ME GET  
"IN-TOUCH"  
WITH MYSELF,  
"GIRL".

**SHRAASH!**

**CRACK**



**WUHHH!**





SO SHE  
REALLY CAN'T  
SEE ME IN THIS  
STATE.

CLEVER,  
CLEVER  
GIRL.

WE'RE  
TWO OF A  
KIND, YOU AND  
I. TRULY, I'M  
SORRY THAT  
YOU MUST  
PERISH.

BUT THE  
ABILITY TO  
TRAVERSE WORLDS  
BY BUT A THOUGHT  
IS AN ULTIMATE PRIZE  
--ONE THAT CAN  
GO TO THE FINAL  
"PILGRIM" LEFT  
STANDING.

THINK  
ON IT, MARITZA!  
IMAGINE THE  
**POWER!** TO **SEIZE**  
UNTOLD RICHES  
RIPE FOR  
**PLUNDER!**

THERE  
IS NO SHAME  
IN DEATH BY MY --  
**YOUR** -- HAND.  
EIGHT OTHERS HAVE  
FALLEN BEFORE  
YOU.



KEEP TALKING, YOU  
MELODRAMATIC  
SHE-DEVIL.



LET'S SEE WHAT  
YOUR LOUSY FASHION  
STATEMENT HAS TO  
DO WITH STAYING  
IN MY WORLD.

WHAT?!

**NO!!**



BYE BYE,  
BITCH.



SHAKK

SHAKK

SHAKK

BY  
BREAKING  
THOSE CORDS,  
YOU'VE ACTIVATED  
A CONTAINMENT  
POD --

--- AND THE  
GATEWAY --

-- SO  
WHEN WE  
RETURN TO MY  
WORLD, YOU  
WILL DIE AT MY  
LEISURE!

SHAKK





PILGRIM!  
MOTHER'S  
REESTABLISHING  
CONTACT.  
PILGRIM?

MOTHER,  
WHAT'S WRONG?  
WHERE IS  
SHE?

I CANNOT  
LOCATE HER,  
COLONEL.  
SHE IS...  
GONE.

GONE?  
WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN, "GONE"?  
VECTOR IS IN  
TO HER,  
NOW!

I KNEW  
IT! I KNEW  
SHE WAS IN  
DANGER! YOU'RE  
OUR EYES,  
MOTHER --  
FIND HER!

THAT IS NOT POSSIBLE,  
LIEUTENANT LEMOYNE.  
MY SENSORS ARE  
FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY  
AND THEY DO NOT DETECT  
PILGRIM ANYWHERE  
WITHIN THIS ENCLAVE.

THEN  
USE THE GOLD  
TO FIND HER!

JESTER'S  
RIGHT, VECTOR.  
SHE'S WITH THE  
SYMBIOTES.

YOU DO NOT  
UNDERSTAND,  
COLONEL. EVEN  
WITH THE  
SYMBIOTES'  
ABILITIES, ALL  
MY DATA  
INDICATES  
THAT PILGRIM...

...PILGRIM  
NO LONGER  
EXISTS.

CITIZENS!

HONORED  
MEMBERS OF THE  
GREAT HOUSES!

AS YOU  
ALL KNOW, VAMPIRE  
BLOOD HAS FLOWED FROM  
THE VEINS OF MANY OF OUR  
PEOPLE THIS DAY --

-- AND  
BY ALL RIGHTS  
OF LAW, I SHOULD  
BE PLACED BEFORE  
AN AXEMAN FOR  
MY HAND IN  
IT!

BUT I  
IMPLORE YOU! AS  
A PEOPLE, WOULD YOU  
NOT HAVE DONE AS I? FOR  
THE GOOD OF FUTURE  
GENERATIONS? THE VERY  
EXISTENCE OF OUR  
RACE?

THOSE  
WHO TOOK UP  
THE SWORD IN THIS  
CAUSE, EVEN AGAINST  
THEIR SIBLINGS, SHOULD  
BE SALUTED AS HEROES!  
PATRIOTS OF THEIR  
NATION!



YOU'VE  
COMMITTED  
HIGH TREASON,  
DRAKKEN!

YES,  
COUNSELOR  
RAVIN, I FEAR THAT  
YOU ARE CORRECT  
IN THAT.



BUT IT WAS  
A CRIME BORN OF  
NECESSITY. WITHOUT  
IT, WHERE WOULD WE BE  
TWO CENTURIES FROM  
NOW? WOULD THE  
VAMPIRE NATION  
SURVIVE ANOTHER  
MILLENNIUM?





GOOD  
COUNSELOR, UNDER  
THE BLIND EYE OF  
OUR BLOODQUEEN,  
I SAY WE WOULD  
NOT!

AGES AGO,  
THE HUMANS DROVE  
US INTO HIDING. AND SO  
IT WAS THAT, RECENTLY, I  
TRIED TO DEVELOP SPECIAL  
SUITS\* WHICH WOULD  
ALLOW US TO RECLAIM  
THE WORLD THAT IS  
RIGHTFULLY  
OURS.

\*USING THE SYMBIOTES  
FROM NETWORKS #1



THE  
BLOODQUEEN  
MUST BE REMOVED  
FROM POWER. OF  
THAT THERE IS  
LITTLE DOUBT.  
BUT WHAT  
ABOUT PRINCE  
SAVOY?

THE  
PEOPLE  
WOULD REVOLT  
AGAIN. DRAKKEN  
MUST TAKE HER  
PLACE.

I AM  
BUT YOUR  
HUMBLE  
SERVANT.

ALL IN  
FAVOR OF PRINCE  
DRAKKEN'S  
ASCENT TO THE  
THRONE?



**AYE!!**



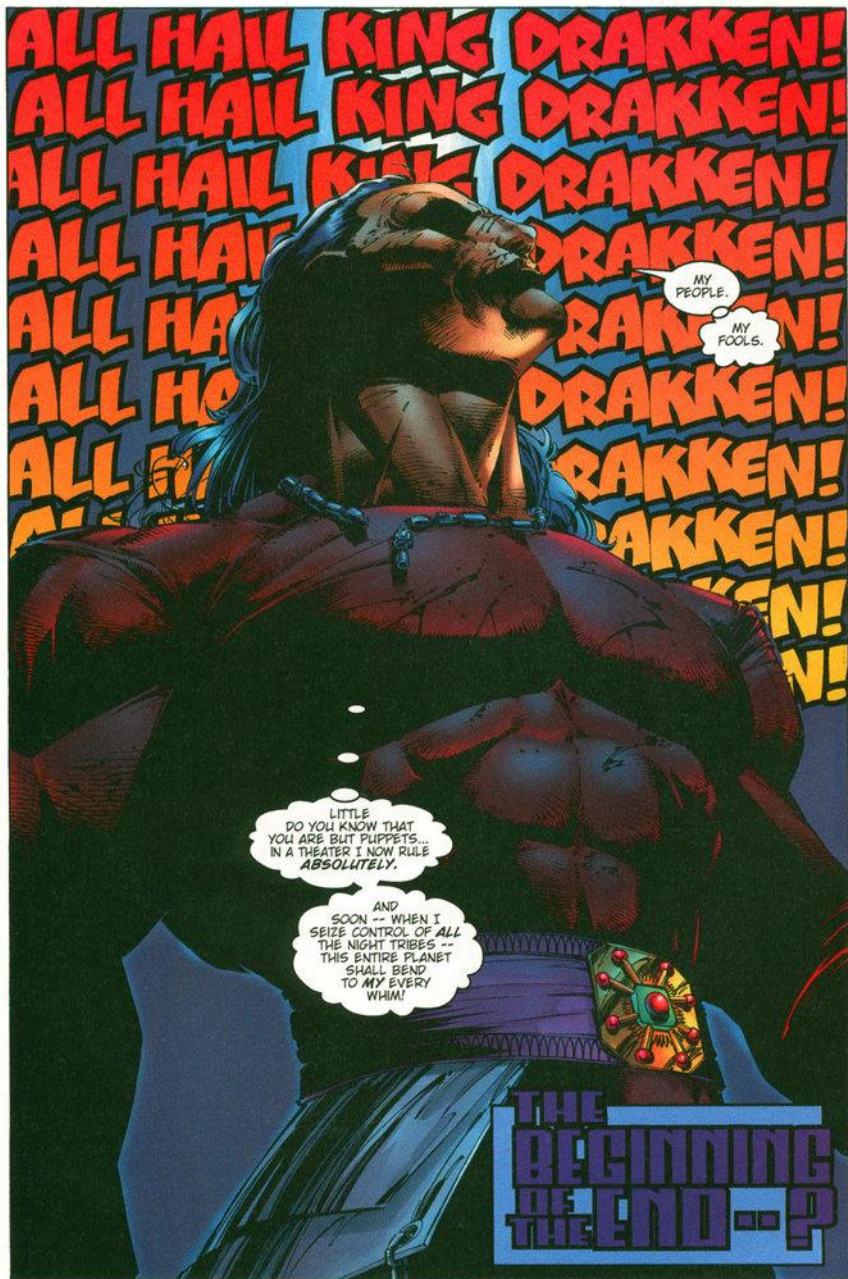
BUT THE  
BLOODQUEEN,  
AND HER LACKEY RED,  
THOUGHT THE HUMAN  
BUTCHERS SHOULD  
HAVE THEM! \*\*

IF ANYTHING,  
EVERY DROP OF  
VAMPIRE BLOOD  
SPILLED BOTH AT  
THAT ENCLAVE --  
AND HERE TODAY --  
IS ON HER  
HANDS  
ALONE!

\*\*THE NETWORKS TEAM



**AYE!!**







# THE LONE ONE

STORY  
HARRINGTON

PENCILS  
REBNER

INKS  
PENNINGTON

# THE LONE ONE

*A Tale Every Vampire Knows.*

**RRRR!**

WHY TAKE  
ME HERE?  
WHY NOT JUST  
FINISH ME OFF,  
LEECHES?

OH, BUT THE  
ALPS GIVE US  
PRIVACY FOR  
OUR LITTLE  
CONTEST.

YOUR SAVAGE  
MIGHT AGAINST  
OUR PUNY  
WEAPONS!

'SBLOOD! I  
ALWAYS WANTED  
TO FRY A  
WEREWOLF!

TOO BAD YOU  
DIDN'T BRING A  
WEAPON, U.L.A. PALA  
AND I ARE GOING  
TO HAVE ALL THE  
BRAGGING  
RIGHTS.

ACTUALLY,  
I DID BRING  
A LITTLE  
SOMETHING  
...

A PULVERIZER.

**ZZZAKK**

ONE  
HIT FROM  
THIS--  
--AND IT'S  
WEREWOLF  
PASTE!

YI-  
HAH!

A TRINKET  
FROM MY UNCLE'S  
PRIVATE ARSENAL.





IMPRESSIVE,  
ISN'T IT?

AND  
JUST THINK,  
IF IT CAN BLAST  
APART A  
MOUNTAIN  
TOP --

-- IMAGINE  
WHAT IT WILL  
DO AT CLOSE  
RANGE!

ZZZZZZ



WHOOPS.

LOOKS  
LIKE I  
MISSED.

KKKKRACK



NOW, NOW --  
WE DON'T WANT THE  
"CONTEST" TO END TOO  
QUICKLY, DO WE?

WE'LL  
SAID, DVAL!  
LET ME SHOOT  
A FEW HOLES  
IN HIM  
FIRST.



WURRR?

YOU  
IDIOTS! YOU'VE  
SHATTERED  
THE ICE!

CRACK



LOOK  
OUT! IT'S  
SWALLOWING  
HIM UP!

KRRRAKK



DO YOU  
THINK HE'S STILL  
ALIVE DOWN  
THERE?

MAYBE  
WE OUGHT TO  
SHOOT A FEW  
TIME TO BE  
SURE.

WELL, IF  
THOSE CHAINS  
ARE OFF, I'M FOR  
GETTING OUT  
OF HERE.











WHAT  
WHAT IS  
HAPPENING?

BY THE BLOOD...  
**AVALANCHE!**





**TO BE  
CONTINUED**

**STORY  
HARRINGTON**

**PENCILS  
REBNER**

**INKS  
PENNINGTON**

**COLORS  
GOING**

**LETTERS  
COMICRAFT**



# WETWORKS

## NIGHT TRIBES

### WELCOME TO "NIGHT TRIBES"...

You've just read "**THE LONE ONE**," the first in a continuing series of backup stories featuring members of the Night Tribes, a concept introduced by Whilce Portacio and Francis Takenaga in **WETWORKS**. The Night Tribes dwell in a shadowy world just a heartbeat away from our own—but who are they? What ARE the Night Tribes?

They are all the things that lurk in the darkness. They are the reason mankind fears the fall of night and welcomes the break of day.

They are our ancient enemies, our foremost rivals for control of the world. They are ruthless predators who stalk and terrorize humanity, sometimes just for the pleasure it brings them.

They are a twisted reflection of

mankind...yet we can recognize ourselves in this distorted image.

With our **NIGHT TRIBES** backup stories, our goal is to expand and explore the role of the Night Tribes. These "monsters" are not faceless enemies for our golden warriors; they are creatures with their own dreams, ambitions, and plans—much like you or me.

We invite you to join us.

In our next issue, we will be presenting the first work by our new ongoing pinup artist, Timothy Bradstreet. Then, in issue #9, we will resume the tale of "**THE LONE ONE**," wherein we follow the monster to Castle Frankenstein—and a most unexpected encounter.

See you soon!

—Drew Bittner



C/O HOMAGE STUDIOS • 7910 IVANHOE AVE. STE. 438 • LA JOLLA, CA 92037

Gentlemen,

Due to the efforts of a dear friend in the States, I've been enjoying your publication from my Peace Corps post in Bima, Myagdi, Nepal.

For years I've been following the exploits of these dark immortals who race deathlessly through the night. Rarely does a storyline treat the Children of Midnight with the respect their time-honored blood deserves. Your book surpasses any expectations I'd ever had about a "vampire story" in a comic book.

Congrats, folks. The intricately intertwining factions within the Night Tribes, Werenation, and our own government promise that your book is destined for greatness. You asked some questions in your letter column in issue #5 [This letter took a little longer to reach us- FT]. Here are my answers.

1) Things move a bit quickly in your magazine. I think WETWORKS will eventually draw a more mature

following, due to the intricacy of the plots and characters. I think older readers will enjoy and savor slowly unfolding, painstakingly delicious stories.

2) Too slow? Not possible. I relish every frame...every word.

3) Sure, why not more wolves? With all these wolves and vampires causing such a world-wide ruckus, however, they are sure to attract the attention of our world's various other immortals, who number not a few...and do not all stalk in the shadows by night!

So, again, congratulations on succeeding resoundingly where other attempts (at graphic representation of those various other species begrudgingly sharing our world) have failed. WETWORKS, like its glorious dark players, will never die.

Yours in the  
Timeless Night  
Eric V. Bulmer  
Bima, Myagdi, Nepal

We must thank you for the many praises you've so generously sprinkled atop our balding heads (stress and deadlines do take their toll). We've been bombarded by letters stating that we're either going too quickly or too slowly, so we're trying to walk the narrow path of moderation which, fortunately, coincides nicely with our original schedule of events.

Believe me, there will be plenty of "everybody" in the near future.

Ah, one final note. Though your letter was eloquently written, I need to warn you that if we get word of Nepalese children disappearing in the night from their respective villages, the authorities will be notified of your location (heh, heh).

Dear WetCrew,

Short and simple: What the hell does "WetWorks" mean?

Rodney Fabie  
Gilroy, CA

P.S. Stay cool.



Ooookay. "Wet work" is a military term used to describe hand-to-hand combat, or some other "in-fighting" situation or mission, where there is a good chance of getting your opponent's blood on you. Pretty gory, eh? Not very sanitary, either, I'd imagine. The name given the group performing these hematocrit-intensive chores: WetWorks. Team 7 gained this nickname for painfully obvious reasons.

We'll stay cool, too! Until the blistering San Diego summers hit, anyway.

Dear Liquid Laborers,

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! for another Image smash hit. Who would have believed it could be done? A combination of a Special Forces strike team, bloodthirsty vampires, and howling werewolves. Can't wait to see the movie (hint hint). But on to the task at hand. The post-story debriefing:

Subject 1: In WILDC.A.T.S #2, Dane eliminates several hostiles single-handedly. At what point did this take place?

Subject 2: In the black and white WIZARD ashcan of WETWORKS, there were personnel files on each team member except Pilgrim. Why is her file classified?

Subject 3: The Night Tribes and Werenation are

vampires and werewolves. Do traditional weapons like crosses, silver bullets, and sunlight affect them?

Until the WetWorks run dry, Image is everything!

R. Scott  
(Illegible Address)

You're welcome (x3)! Who would've believed another smash hit would come? We were definitely one small contingent of those who were praying for a bit of good luck, and those prayers have been answered, if these letters are any indication. Now...

**Response 1. Side-mission between receiving the symbiotes and running Drakken down. A sort of real world "test," if you will...without the dangers posed by a group of angry fanged beasts (as the team discovered shortly after they were "coated" in issue #1).**

**Response 2. Why was Pilgrim classified? There IS a legitimate reason, and no, it's not that we had nothing to say about her at the time.**

**Response 3. To clear up a point, the Vampire Nation is the term used to describe the vampire's society, culture, and system of government. Same applies to the Werenation, only with werewolves. The Night Tribes, on the other hand, is meant to encompass ALL**

things that go bump in the night (or the day, for that matter), who once banded together in a common cause—to eradicate that blight called "humanity" from the face of the planet. They started to bicker amongst themselves and broke off into their respective factions. Better?

Sunlight will kill a vampire and a silver bullet is still a bullet, is it not? If one type kills a wolf, so will the other. Crosses...if you stake vampires with them, yes. Death from severe bleeding is always a possibility.

Dear Francis,

WETWORKS #6 was pretty good. I have a few questions...

First, there's an incomplete sentence that obviously slipped past the editorial crew on the first panel of page 5. "...even in the eyes of her most" WHAT? I am really interested in finding out. You see, I really enjoyed your narration preceding the error describing the ceremony. Unlike some writers, you don't choose to repeat in words what we readers can already see in the panel.

Second, why are the BloodQueen's eyes blue? I thought in past issues her eyes were red. I suppose it really doesn't matter.



As always, the art is great—always high quality. I've got to give it up for Whilce and Scott for being so consistently awesome.

Sincerely,  
Fred Langdon  
Internet

The passage should have read "...even in the eyes of her most formidable opponents." It was an editorial fluke, nothing more.

Your comments otherwise were taken with a great big smile that nearly split my head in half. Thanks.

The BloodQueen's eyes were changed to better differentiate between Red and the Queen (particularly for the layouts on page four). Details DO matter, Fred—never let your guard down. Speaking of which, how did you find me on the 'net?

Whilce and Scott are quite awesome, aren't they? Next month is the *WILDSTORM RISING* crossover, so I'll be taking a bit of a breather while Mr. Seagle does his thing with our intrepid band of gold 'uns. Enjoy, and I'll talk to you all in a month!

—Francis Takenaga

# WETWORKS

## ISSUE NUMBER SEVEN

STORY

**WHILCE PORTACIO & FRANCIS TAKENAGA**

PENCILS

**WHILCE PORTACIO**

INKS

**SCOTT WILLIAMS**

INK ASSIST

**JOHN TIGHE**

LETTERS

**RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT**

COLORS

**JOE CHIODO**

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**COVER BY JOE CHIODO & HOMER REYES**

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