

A NOTE FROM VILA

Yet again this PDF Was Done by
A Fan For other Fans. I wasn't Paid
& I Own No Part of This. Deep
Fried Donkey nuts; Don't Sue me!

Print more.

Oh, you might want to print copies of
Vampires Everywhere. We'd Fucking Shit our
Selves to get one.

Vila
Wolf



8th September 08

LOST BOYS

— REIGN OF FROGS —

#4 OF 4 OCT 08



Suggested for Mature Readers



RODIONOFF • GOMEZ

DIRECT SALES

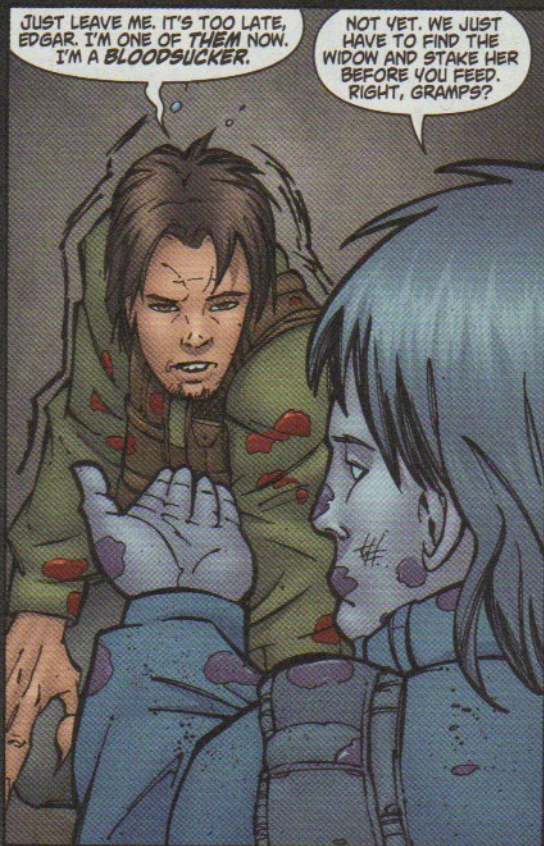


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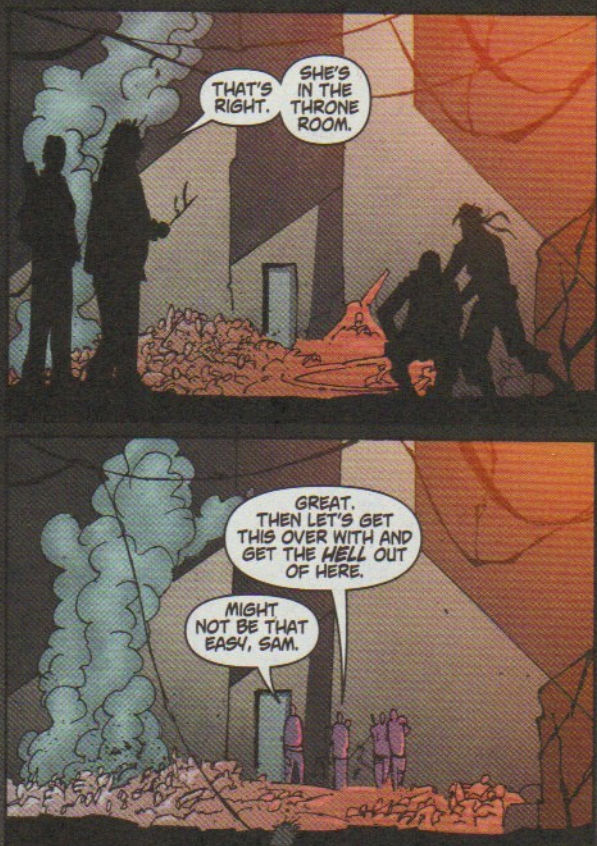
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JUST LEAVE ME. IT'S TOO LATE, EDGAR. I'M ONE OF THEM NOW. I'M A BLOODSUCKER.

NOT YET. WE JUST HAVE TO FIND THE WIDOW AND STAKE HER BEFORE YOU FEED. RIGHT, GRAMPS?



THAT'S RIGHT.

SHE'S IN THE THRONE ROOM.

GREAT. THEN LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

MIGHT NOT BE THAT EASY, SAM.



C'MON. WE JUST ANNIHILATED A WHOLE ROOM FULL OF DOMINATRIX VAMPIRE CHICKS, GRANDPA. ONCE WE STAKE THE BLACK WIDOW, YOU AND ALAN WILL BE RELEASED.

HOW TOUGH COULD IT...



...BE?

OH MY GOD.

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

LOST BOYS

— REIGN OF FROGS —

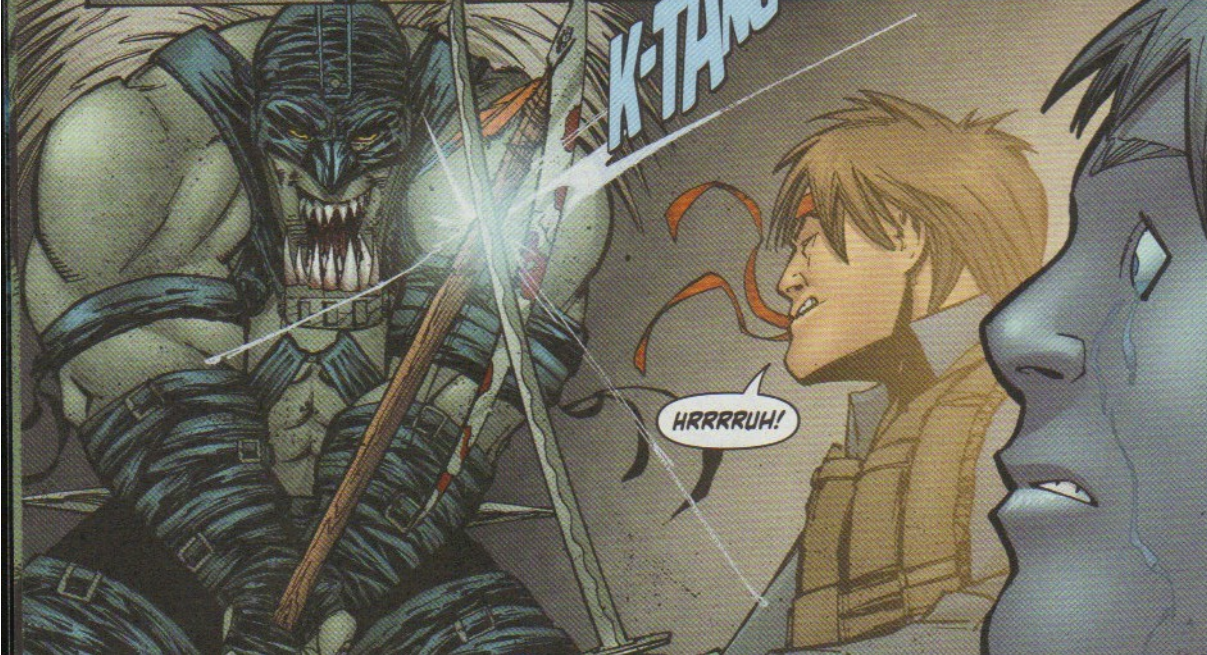
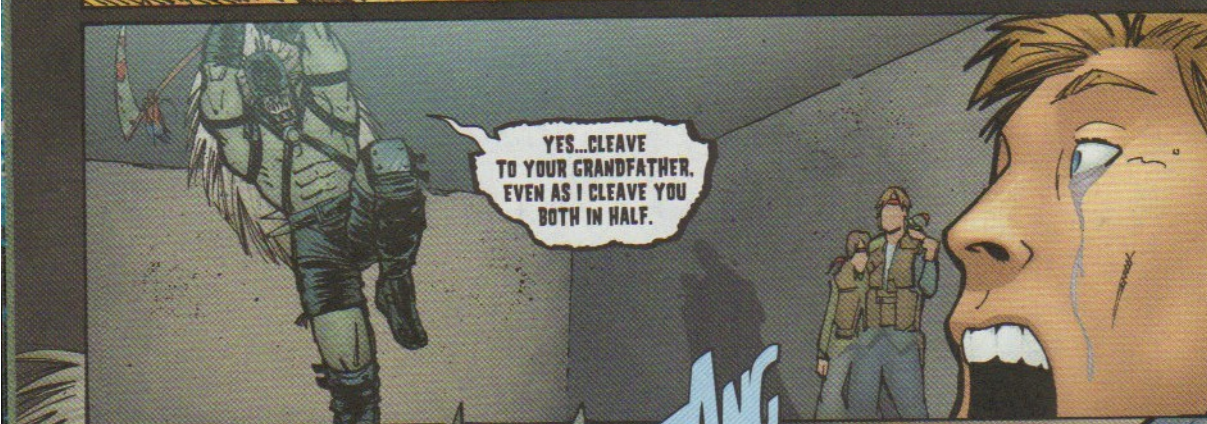
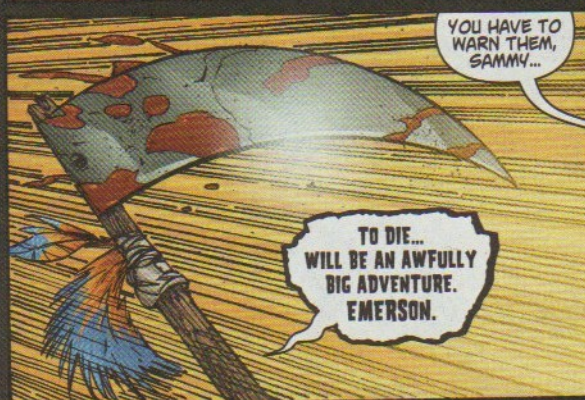
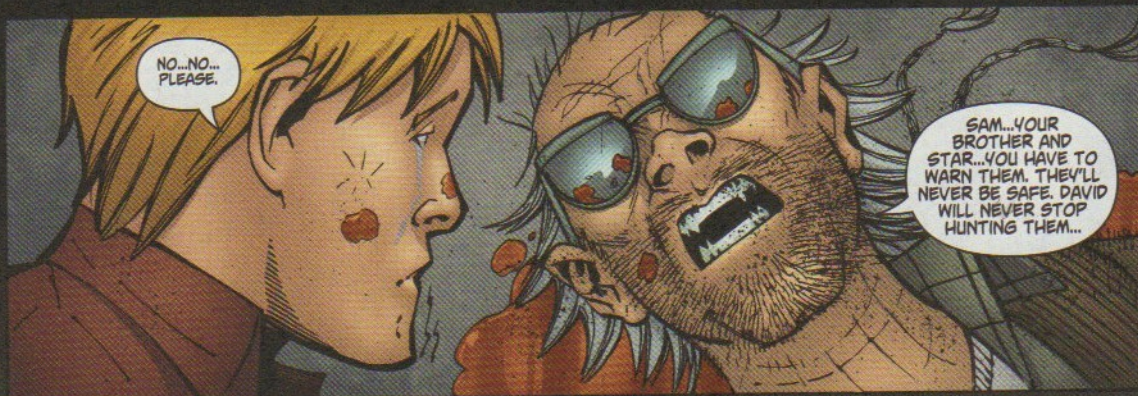
HANS RODIONOFF: Writer
JOEL GOMEZ: Penciller
DON HO: Inker
GABE ELTAEB and RANDY MAYOR: Colorists
STEVE WANDS: Letterer
KRISTY QUINN: Assistant Editor
SCOTT PETERSON: Editor
Cover by JONATHAN WAYSHAK
and RANDY MAYOR

FEE FIE
FOE FUM...

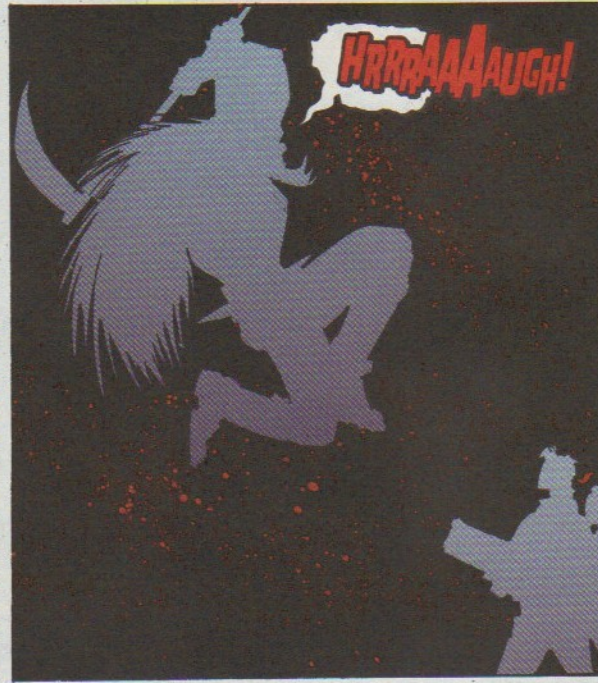
I SMELL
THE BLOOD OF AN
EMERSON!















LUNA BAY,
CALIFORNIA--2007

THAT WAS
THE LAST
TIME I SAW
HIM.



SO, WHAT, YOU'RE
NOT GONNA TRAIN
ME BECAUSE YOUR
BROTHER GOT
TURNED?

THAT'S WEAK
SAUCE, DUDE. I
COULD HELP YOU.
WE COULD GO FIND
THIS BLACK WIDOW
TOGETHER AND
KILL HER.



IT'S TOO LATE
FOR THAT. ALAN'S
ALREADY TURNED.
HE'S LOST.

LOST IN THE
SHADOWS.



IT'S GETTING
LATE. I DIDN'T
REALIZE I'D BEEN
TALKING SO
LONG.



I'LL GIVE
YOU A RIDE HOME.
NOT SAFE TO BE
OUT AT NIGHT
AROUND HERE.



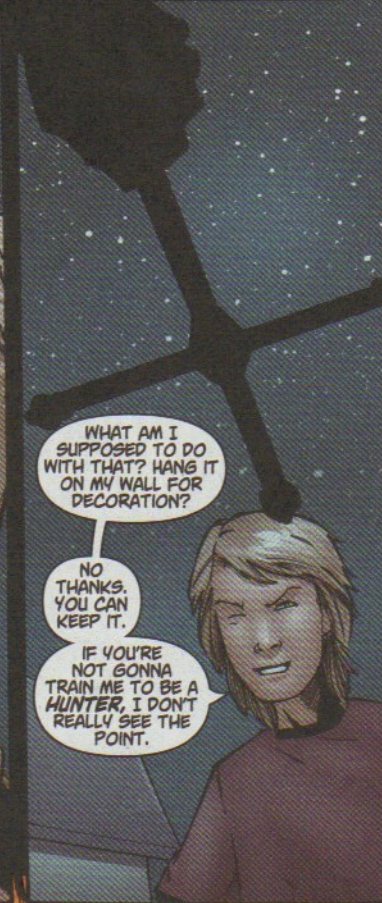
KID,
WAIT UP.



HERE...



TAKE
THIS.



WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO DO
WITH THAT? HANG IT
ON MY WALL FOR
DECORATION?

NO
THANKS.
YOU CAN
KEEP IT.

IF YOU'RE
NOT GONNA
TRAIN ME TO BE A
HUNTER, I DON'T
REALLY SEE THE
POINT.



THE
POINT IS...
IT COULD
SAVE YOUR
LIFE.



UM...
EDGAR?



DON'T TALK,
SON. JUST
LISTEN.

THE BEST
THING YOU COULD
DO IS FORGET
EVERYTHING
YOU'VE HEARD
TONIGHT.

FORGET
YOUR DREAMS OF
BEING A HUNTER
LIKE ME.

BE LIKE THE
VAST MAJORITY
OF PEOPLE AND JUST
CONVINCE YOURSELF
THAT **VAMPIRES**
ARE A MYTH.



OH
EDGAR...




WHY WOULD
HE WANT TO DO
SOMETHING **SILLY**
LIKE THAT?



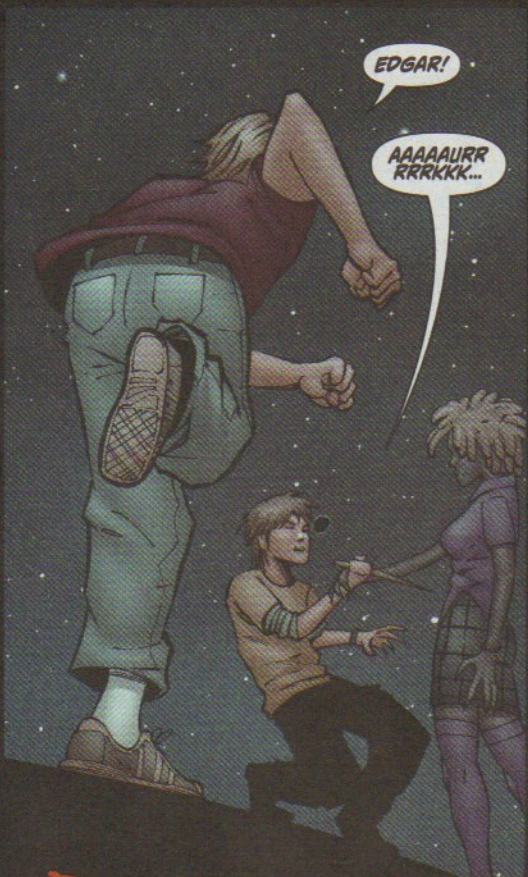
CHLOE...



RRRAAUGH!!



PLEASE, EDGAR.
YOU'RE NO MORE
A HUNTER NOW THAN
YOU WERE WHEN YOU
MURDERED ALL MY
SISTERS IN THEIR
SLEEP.



EDGAR!

AAAAAURR
RRRRKK...



GO HOME
TO YOUR
MOTHER,
BOY.

SNAP



I'D REALLY LIKE TO KILL
YOU, EDGAR. BUT THAT
WOULD DISAPPOINT
DAVID.

HE REALLY
WANTS YOU
ALIVE.



BUT NOBODY SAID I
CAN'T HAVE A LITTLE FUN
WITH YOU FIRST.

SNAP

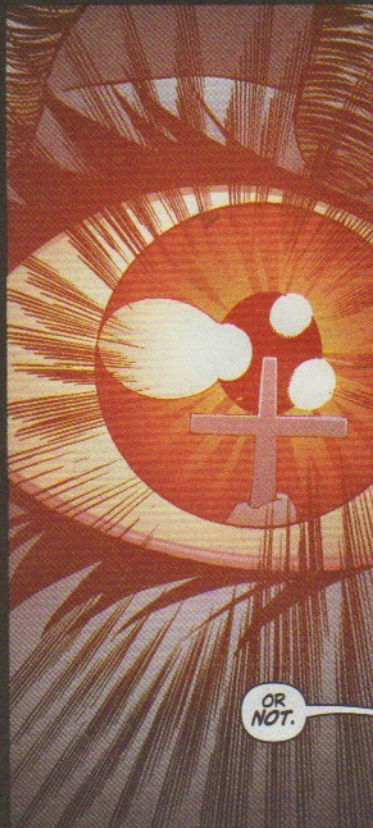
AAAAARRRH-
GAAK!



WHERE ARE
MICHAEL AND
STAR?



...DEAD...
THEY'RE...THEY
DIED...IN A CAR
ACCIDENT.





NOT BAD.

NOT BAD?
I TOTALLY SAVED
YOUR ASS. I THOUGHT
YOU WERE SUPPOSED
TO BE LIKE KING OF
THE SLAYERS OR
SOMETHING.

I MIGHT HAVE
EXAGGERATED A
LITTLE BIT.

WHAT ABOUT
THE ZILLIONS
OF DOMINATRIX
VAMPIRES THAT YOU
"ANNIHILATED" IN THE
BLACK WIDOW'S
BROTHEL?

WE WENT
DURING THE DAY.
MOST OF THEM WERE
SLEEPING IN THEIR
COFFINS, BUT A BODY
COUNT IS A BODY
COUNT.

THE POLITICAL
VAMPIRES IN
WASHINGTON?

HEV, THEY EXIST.
AT LEAST, I'M PRETTY
SURE THEY DO.

WHAT
ABOUT THE VAN
HELSING MEDAL
OF VALOR?

GOT IT AT
HOT TOPIC.
HALLOWEEN
SALE.

YOU
SAID THE
PRESIDENT
GAVE IT TO
YOU.

WELL...
THE CLERK WAS
WEARING A GEORGE
BUSH MASK.

DUDE, SO
EVERYTHING YOU TOLD
ME WAS A LIE? THAT IS
SO WEAK. AND TO THINK,
I LOOKED UP TO YOU.
I WANTED TO BE
LIKE YOU.

WAIT...LISTEN.

OKAY, I ADMIT IT, I
EMBELLISHED. I TOOK
ARTISTIC LICENSE.

BUT THERE'S ONE THING THAT'S
ABSOLUTELY TRUE...I LOST MY BROTHER TO
THE BLOODSUCKERS. IT'S NOT SOMETHING
THAT ANYBODY ELSE SHOULD EVER HAVE
TO GO THROUGH.

BUT NOW I CAN SEE THAT
YOU'VE GOT IT IN YOUR BLOOD. YOU'RE
A BORN SLAYER. I COULD USE SOMEONE
LIKE YOU...IF YOU'RE STILL
INTERESTED.



HELLS YEAH,
BRO. THAT
WAS A TOTAL
RUSH!

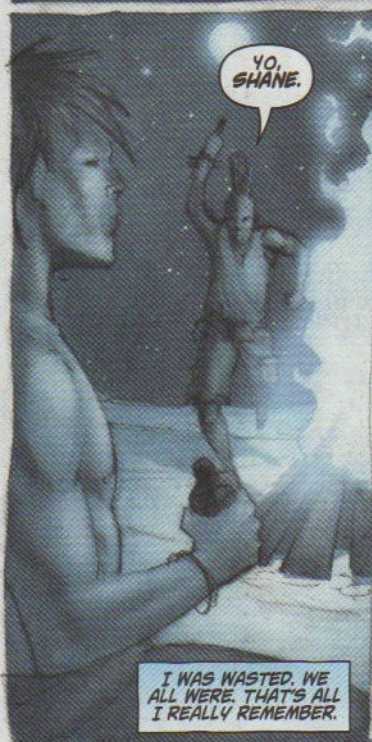


IN THAT
CASE...
WELCOME
TO THE FROG
ARMY.



♪...ME TO WALK
THIS WAY!
TALK THIS...♪

SANTA CARLA--1987



YO,
SHANE.

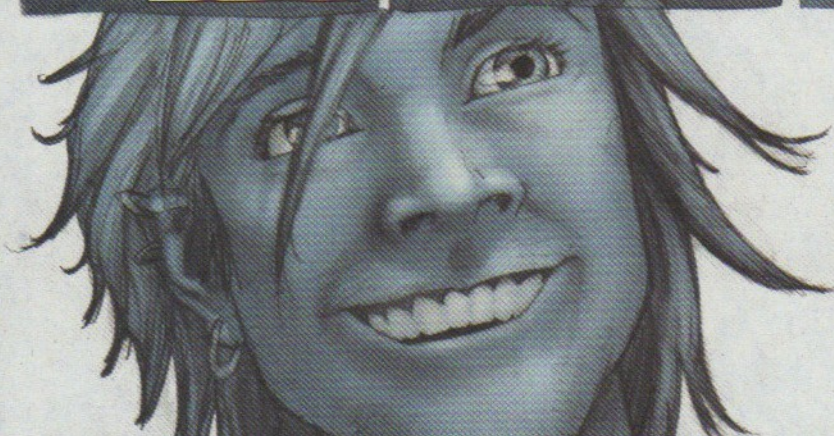
I WAS WASTED. WE
ALL WERE. THAT'S ALL
I REALLY REMEMBER.



CHECK
IT...

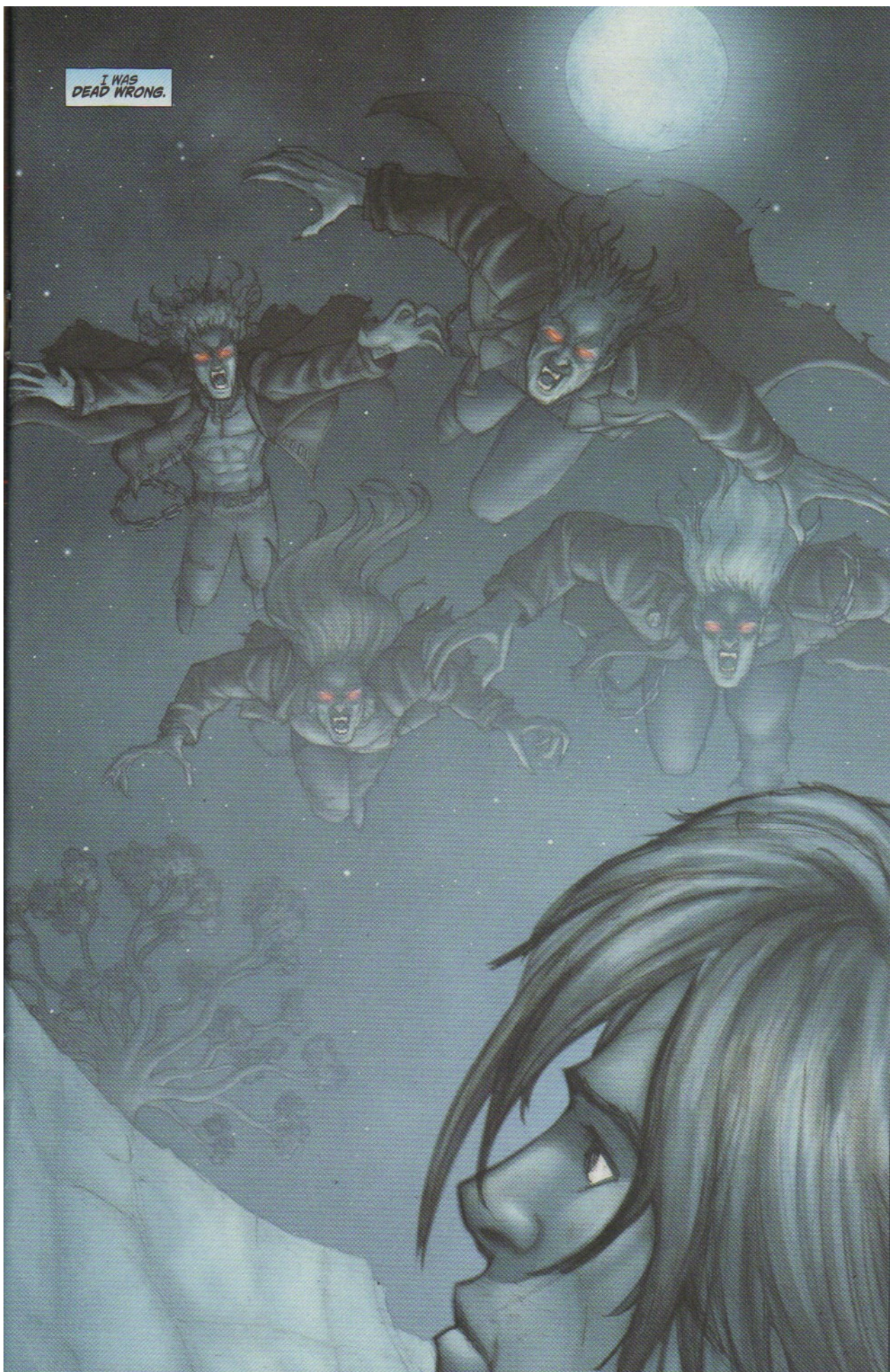


FWOOMP



I THOUGHT IT
WAS JUST
ANOTHER NIGHT.

I WAS
DEAD WRONG.







HEH.



AAARRRRIIAGG--!



DAVID.



WHAT.

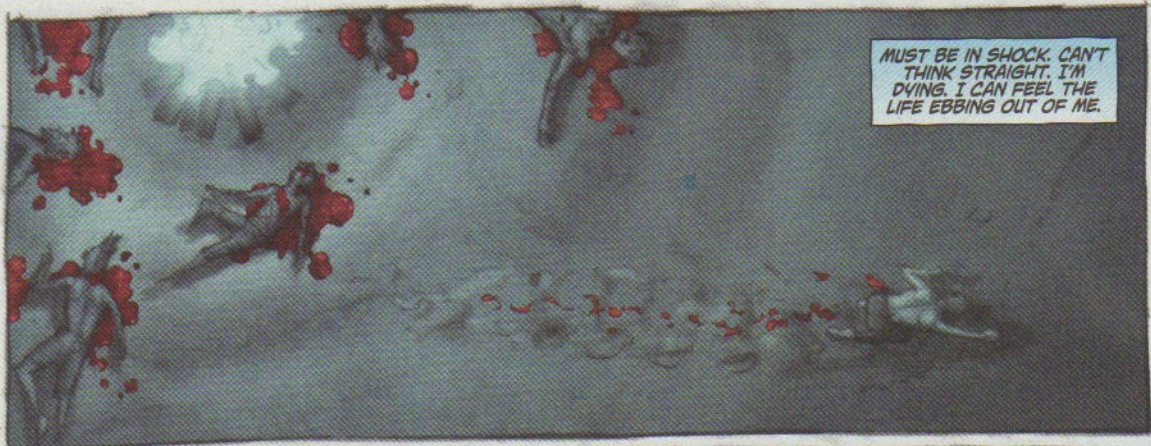


MICHAEL'S
GONE.



DAVID.

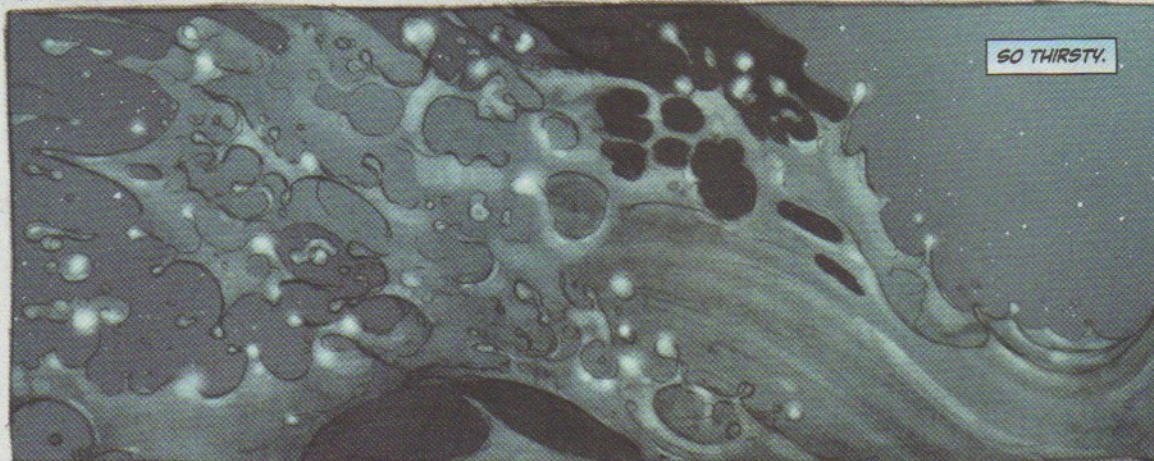
THEY CALLED
HIM DAVID.



MUST BE IN SHOCK. CAN'T
THINK STRAIGHT. I'M
DYING. I CAN FEEL THE
LIFE EBBING OUT OF ME.



THE SOUND OF THE
OCEAN. LIKE THUNDER.
CALLING TO ME...GOD,
I'M SO THIRSTY.



SO THIRSTY.



THE SALT IN THE
WATER ONLY MAKES
MY THIRST
STRONGER. BUT
NOT FOR WATER...

SOMETHING
ELSE.

SANTA CARLA IS
NEAR THE FARALLONE
ISLANDS, A BREEDING
GROUND FOR
GREAT WHITES.



SHARKS ARE
NOCTURNAL.
THEY RESPOND
TO VIBRATIONS
IN THE WATER. I
KICK MY FEET
ERRATICALLY.



THE WOUND ON
MY NECK HAS
LEFT A TRAIL OF
BLOOD IN THE
WATER.

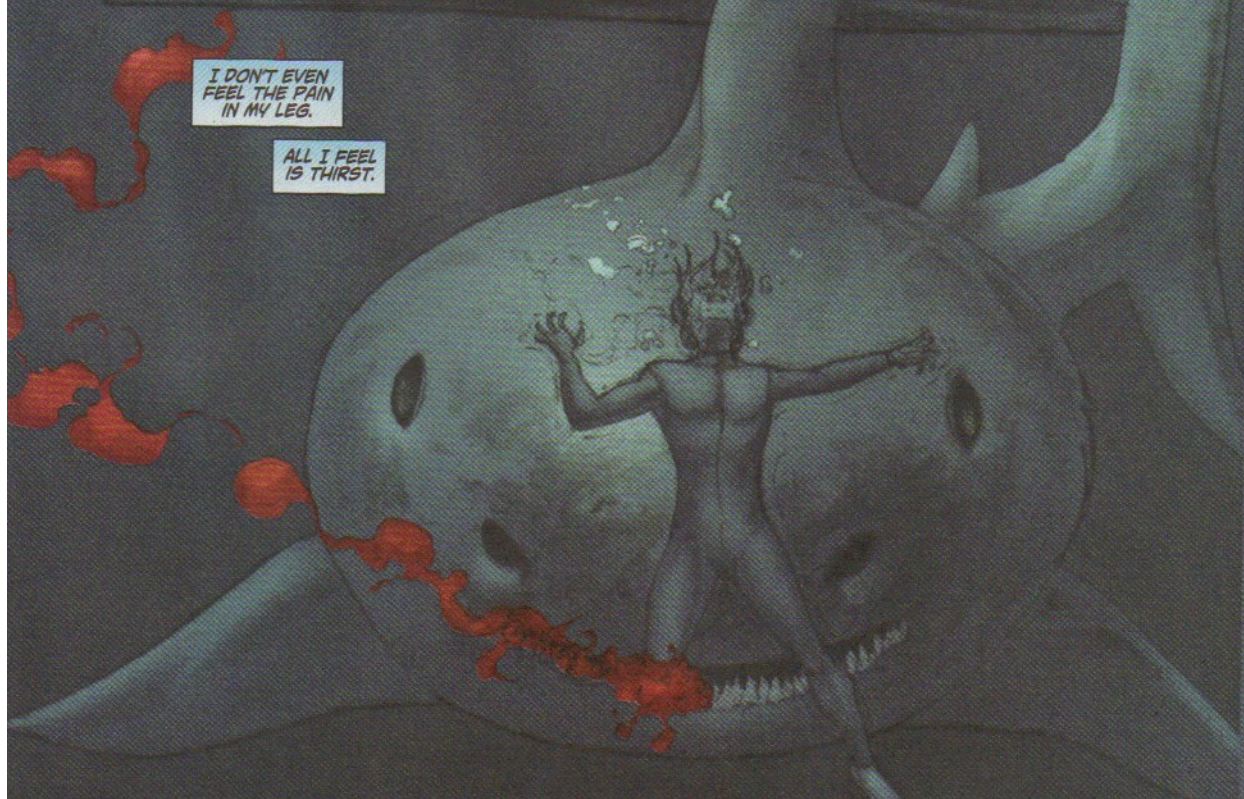
I WAIT.

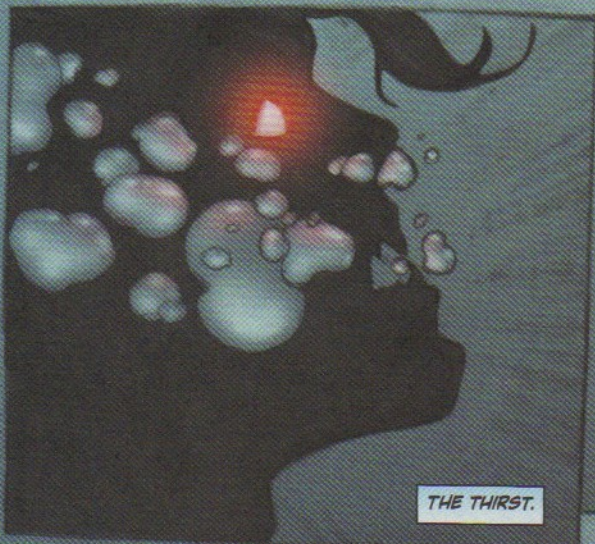


IT DOESN'T
TAKE LONG.

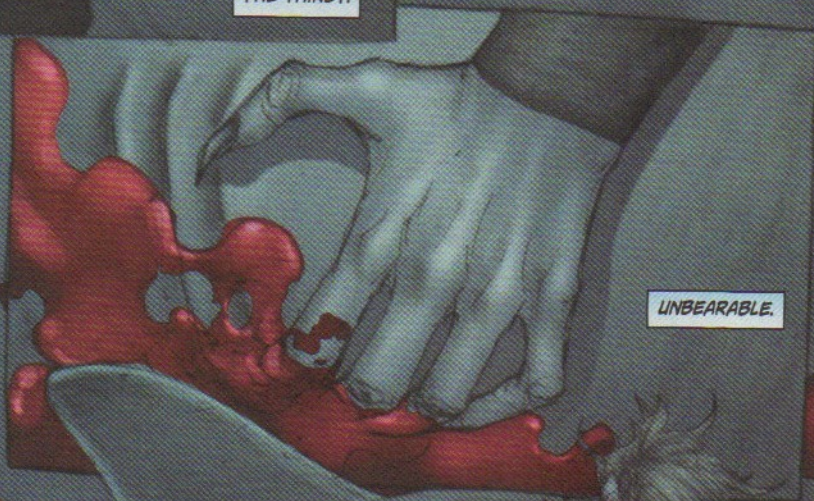
I DON'T EVEN
FEEL THE PAIN
IN MY LEG.

ALL I FEEL
IS THIRST.





THE THIRST.



UNBEARABLE.



UNRELENTING.





I KEEP HEARING
DAVID'S VOICE IN MY
HEAD. SOMETHING
HE SAID AS HE WAS
LEAVING.

"NOW YOU KNOW
WHAT WE ARE.

"NOW YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU ARE.



"YOU'LL NEVER
GROW OLD..."



"...AND YOU'LL
NEVER DIE.



"BUT YOU
MUST FEED."

THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
MY FRIENDS. THE
CLOSEST THING I
HAD TO A FAMILY...

BUT NOW I HAVE A
HALF-BROTHER NAMED
DAVID. HIS BLOOD IS IN
ME. AND I CAN DO WHAT
HE DID. I CAN START
BUILDING A NEW FAMILY.
A PACK...LIKE WOLVES.



A TRIBE.

THE STORY CONTINUES IN
LOST BOYS: THE TRIBE!

the end of the comics