

BARBONI

GABOR

W.O.W.

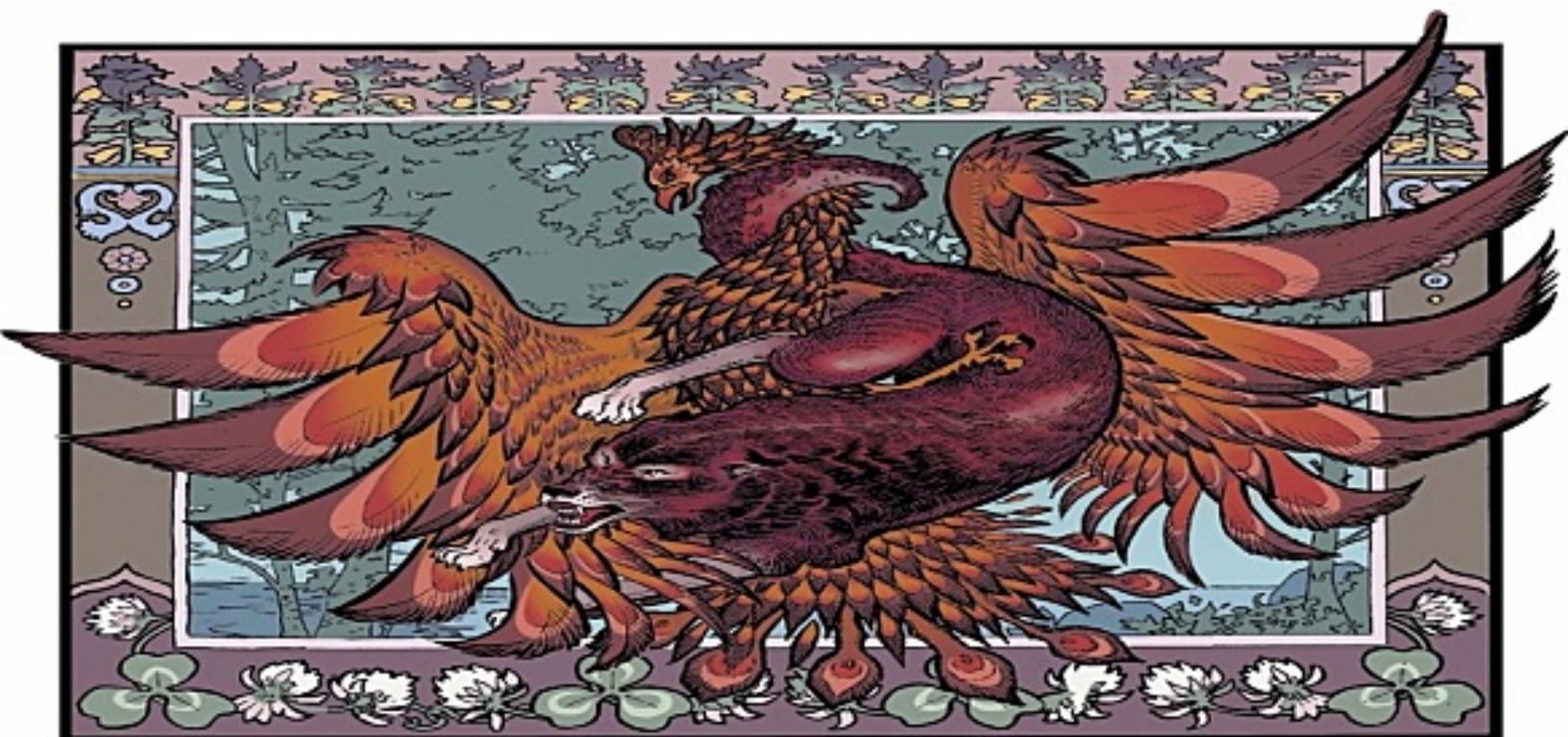
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**THE WINGS
OF THE WOLF**



**EUROPE
COMICS**

W.O.W.



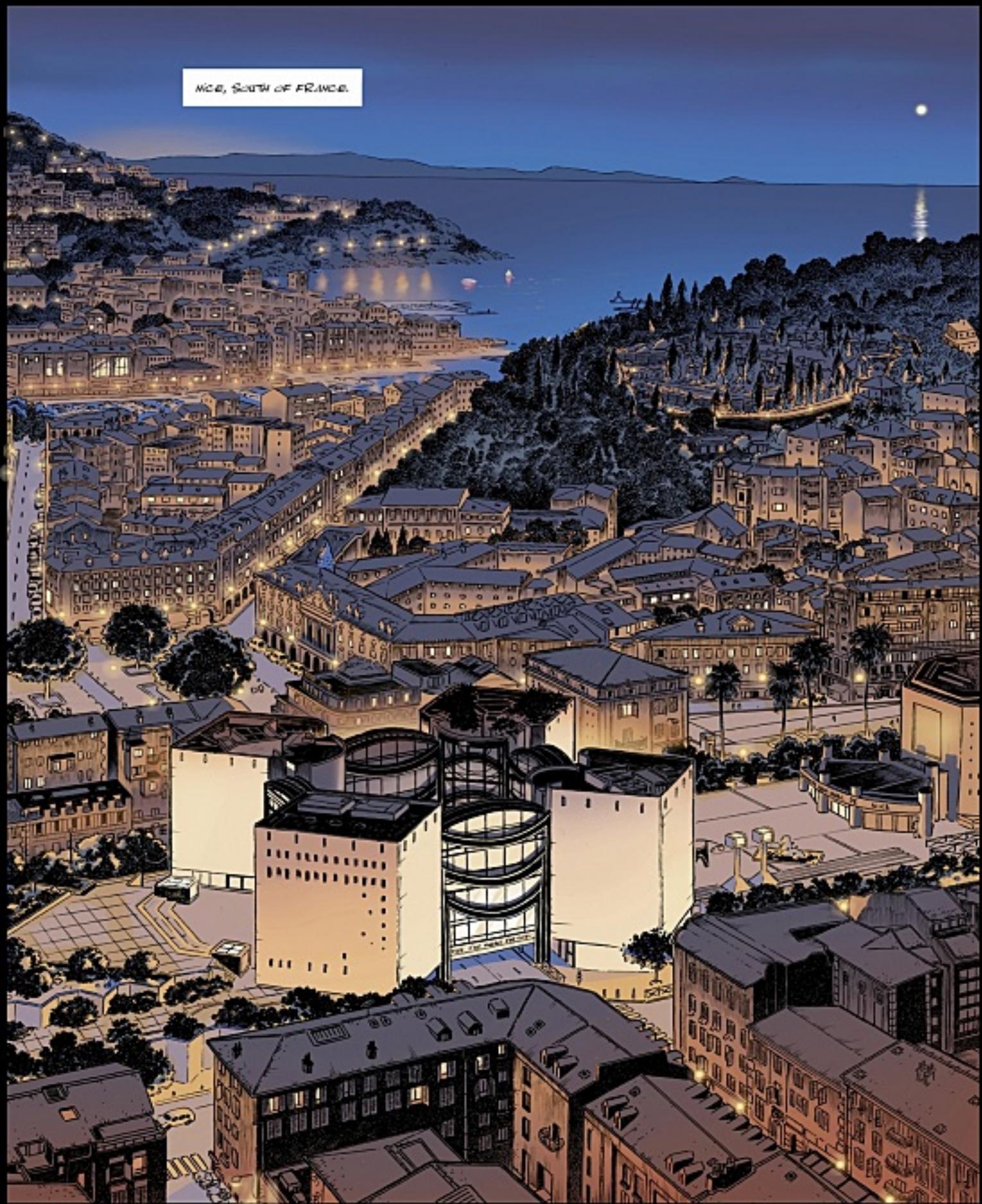
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THE WINGS OF THE WOLF

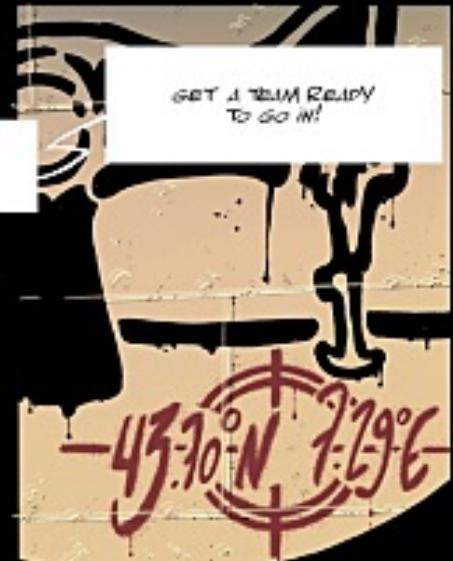
Writer: Thilde Barboni
Artist: Gabor

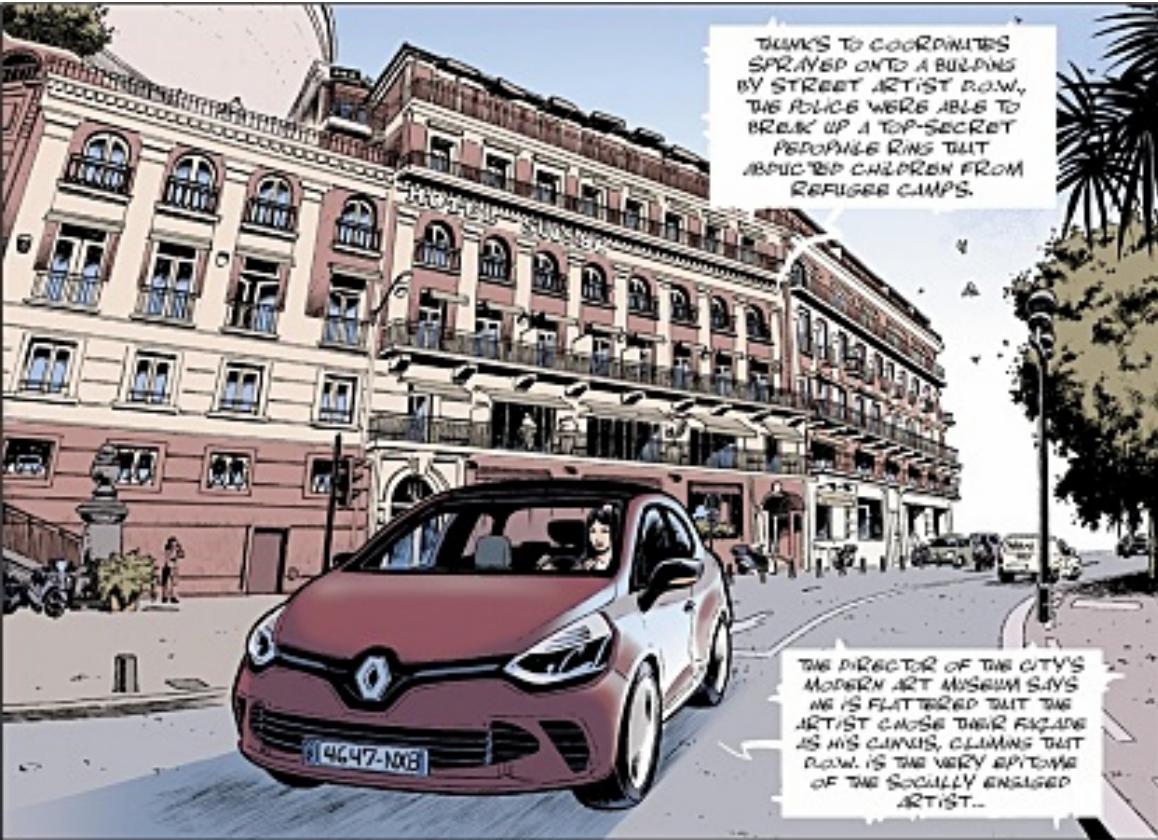


NICE, SOUTH OF FRANCE.









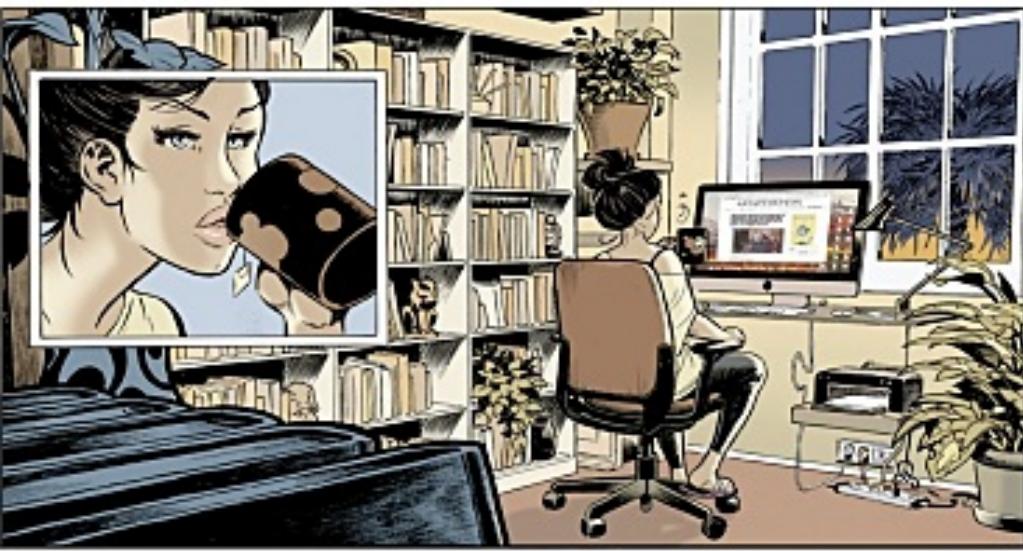






IN A BOOK,
I THINK.







YOU SCARED
THE SHIT OUT
OF ME!

AND WHY BREAK IN?
ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS
RING THE DOORBELL.

YOU'D HAVE TURNED ON
ALL THE LIGHTS. I DIDN'T
WANT TO DISTURB ANYONE.

YEP, AND IT
HURTS LIKE
HELL.

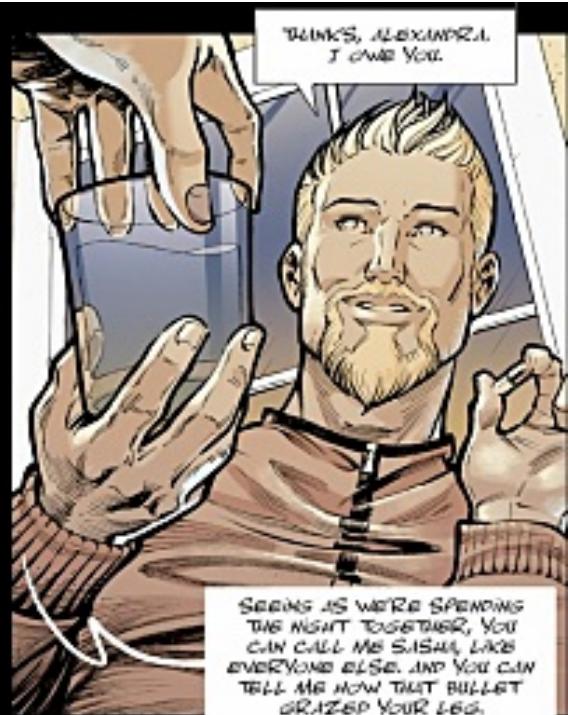
AHH? YOU'RE...
YOU'VE BEEN
SHOT!

I CAN'T TREAT A
BULLET WOUND HERE.
YOU NEED TO GO TO
THE HOSPITAL. YOU'LL
HAVE TO MINE YOUR
LEG X-RAYED.

IT'S ONLY A FLESH
WOUND. THE BULLET
WENT THROUGH THE
MUSCLE.

YOU WALTZ IN HERE
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT AND THEN GIVE
ME A DIAGNOSIS?

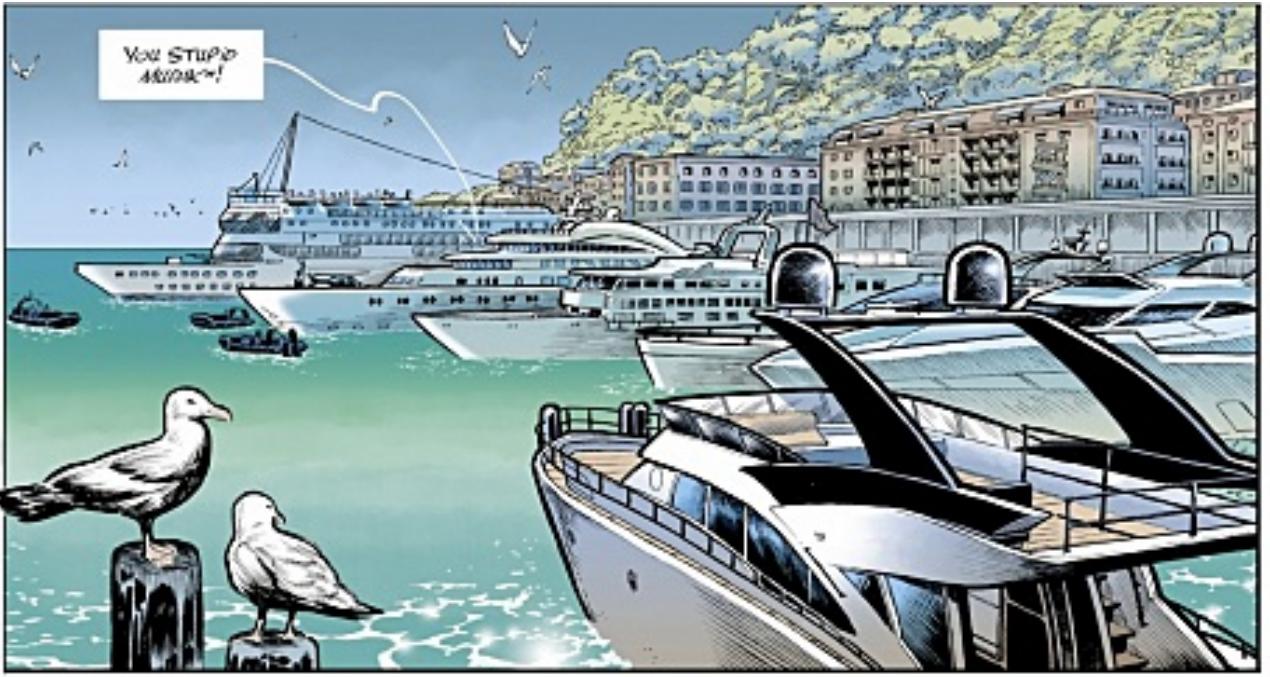




YOU STUPID ARCHAIC!

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO KIDNAP HIM, NOT SHOOT HIM! AND NOT WITHOUT A SILENCER!

WE STICK TO MY STORY, OKAY? YOU FIRED INTO THE AIR TO SCARE HIM!



*RUSSIAN FOR "THE SHOT!"

SUPERINTENDENT WEBER! WAIT! ARE YOU DOING HERE?

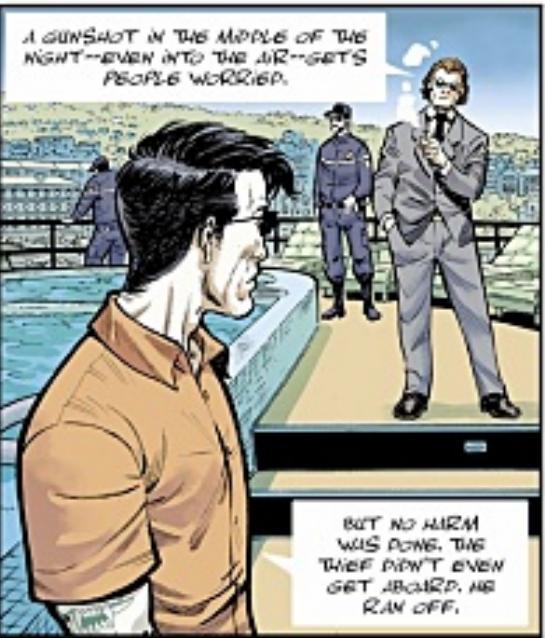
I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING ON THE PHONE. I DON'T HAVE TIME RIGHT NOW.

WE NEED TO INVESTIGATE.



A GUNSHOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—EVEN INTO THE AIR—GETS PEOPLE WORRIED.

BUT NO HARM WAS DONE. THE THIEF DIDN'T EVEN GET ABOARD. HE RAN OFF.



I DON'T THINK IT WAS A THIEF. HAVE YOU SEEN THE SIDE OF YOUR BOAT?



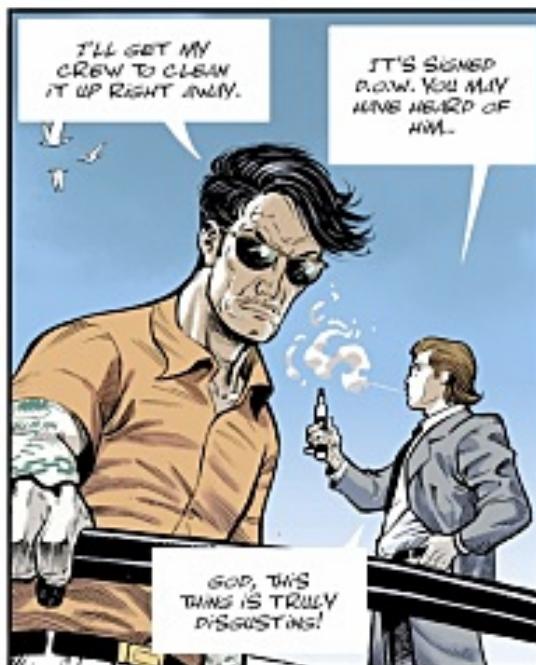
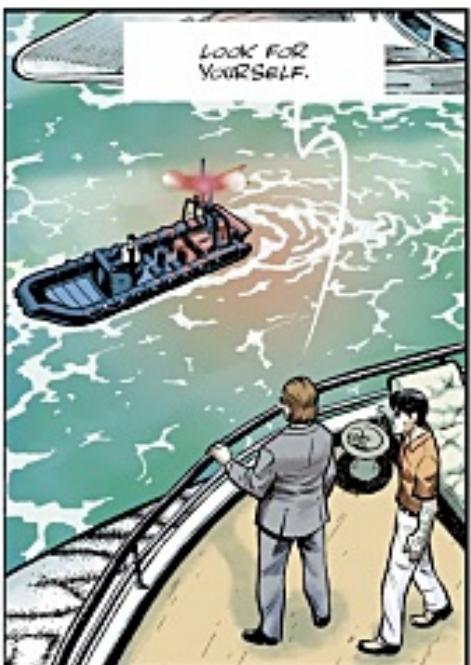
LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

WHAT THE HELL??!

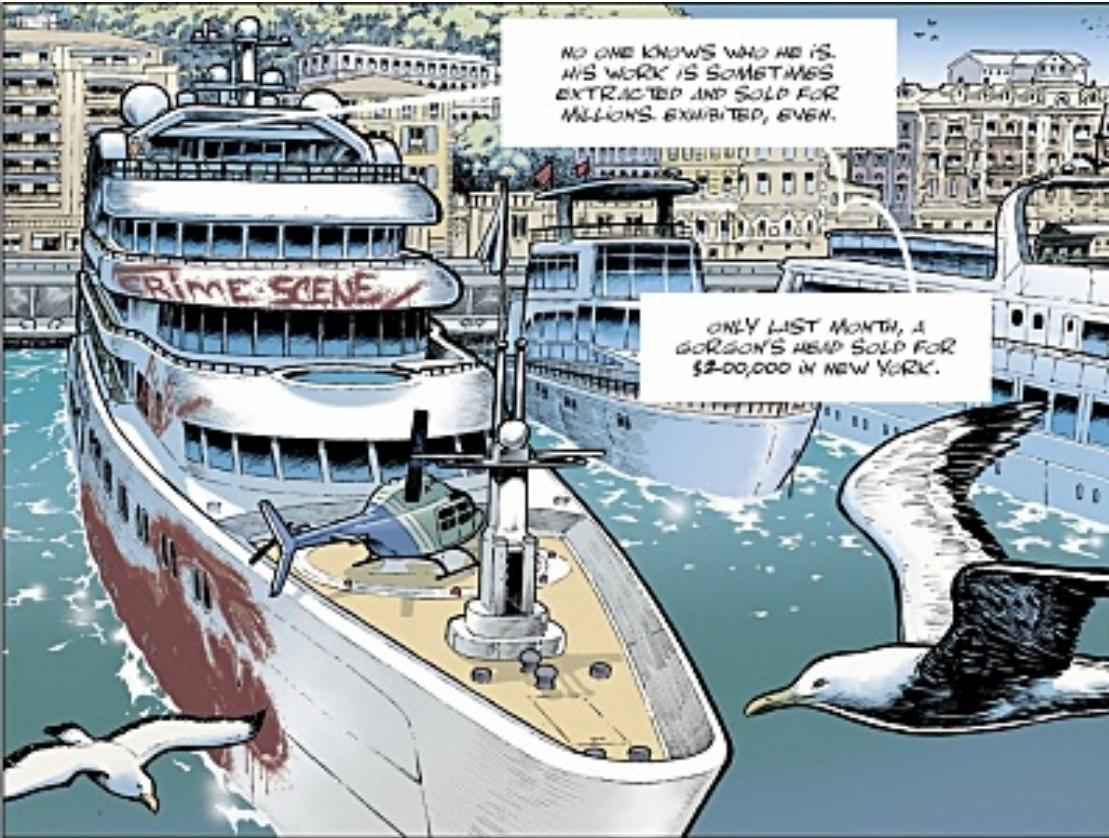
THE WHOLE TOWN WAS SPRAYED WITH GRAFFITI LAST NIGHT. I'D SAY YOUR BOAT WAS PART OF THE ARTIST'S GRAND DESIGN.

I'LL GET MY CREW TO CLEAN IT UP RIGHT AWAY.

IT'S SIGNED DOW. YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF HIM.



GOD, THIS THING IS TRULY DISGUSTING!



GRAFFITI ALL
OVER MY NIGHT!
YOU EVER HEARD OF
THIS ADAMANT?

SUCH SWAG! ONE
OF MY MEN SHOT
HIM LAST NIGHT. WITH
ANY LUCK, HIS AND HIS
PAINT CANS ARE AT
THE BOTTOM OF
THE SEA BY NOW.

WE TOLD THE POLICE
WE JUST FIRED INTO
THE AIR. HOW WELL DO
YOU KNOW WEBER?

I'D LOVE TO MEET HIM. HE'S
A LEGEND IN THE ART WORLD.
YOU KNOW, I CAN'T BELIEVE
HE'S RIGHT HERE IN THE CITY.

HE'S A CLIENT LIKE
ANY OTHER... WITH LESS
MONEY THAN MOST.

* SCUM

NICE WORK,
ALOCHAL. IT'LL
BE HELLED UP BY
SATURDAY, I HOPE?

** SON OF A BITCH

PUT VISELINE ON IT AND
KEEP IT WRAPPED FOR
THREE DAYS. YOU CAN UNCOVER
IT ON SATURDAY, BUT NO
DIRECT SUNLIGHT.

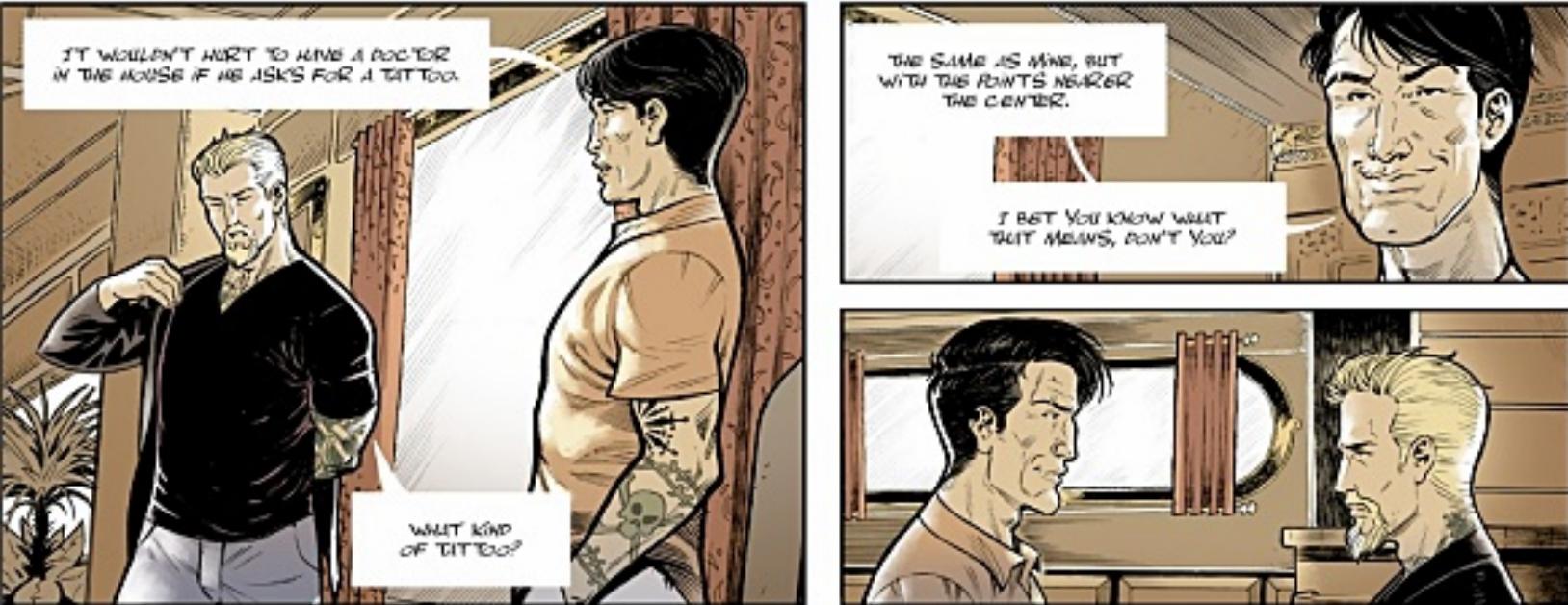
GOOD.
I'M THROWING
A LITTLE PARTY
TODAY EVENING.
SOME LOCALS, A
FEW FRIENDS, AND
MY OLD MAM. HE'S
COMING DOWN TO
SEE ME.

YOU'RE INVITED,
TOO! BRING YOUR
GIRL. POP MIGHT
WANT A TATTOO.

HERE, ON
THE BOAT?

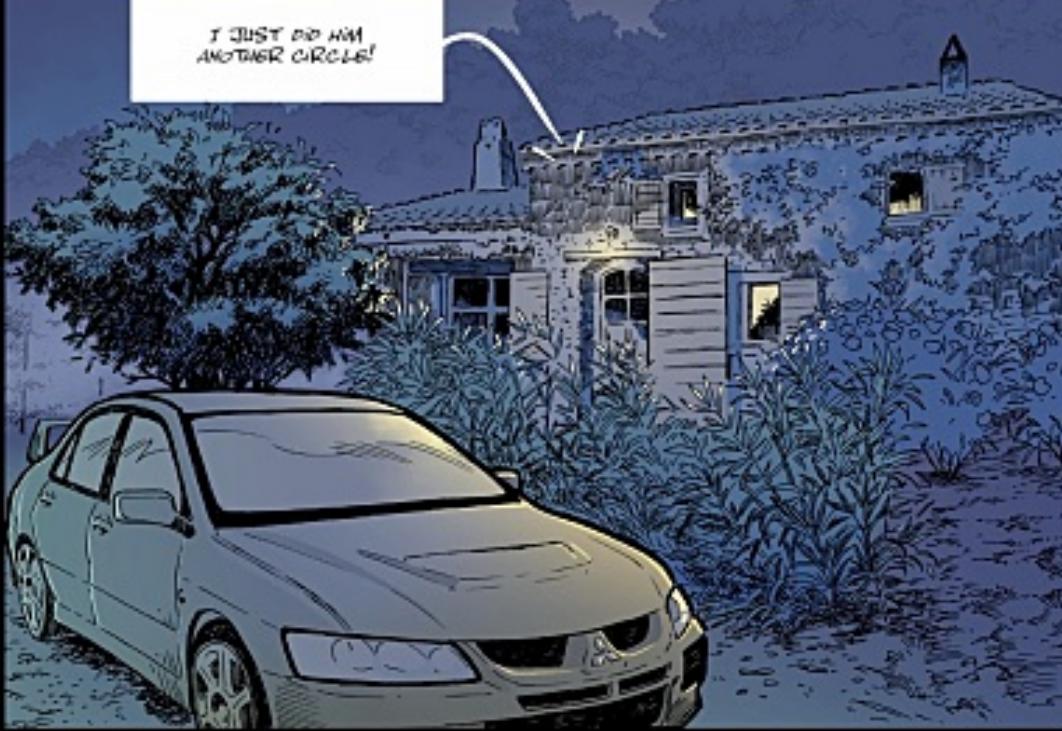
NO, AT HIS VILLA IT'S
MAGNIFICENT. YOU'LL
SEE, THE VIEW FROM
THE TERRACE IS
BREATHTAKING.

BRING
THE DOCTOR
ALONG.



I JUST DO HIM
ANOTHER CIRCLE!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL. HIS
FATHER WILL BE AT THE
VILLA ON SATURDAY.





RINGER GIVES OFF
A SUBLTLE ODOR.

...WHICH SERVICES
DOES WHO FEEL IT
MOST.



NICE PRESS.

THE ANSWER IS STILL NO!
ABSOLUTELY NOT!

IT'S JUST A FEW DRINKS.
WE'LL STAY AN HOUR OR TWO
AND THEN LEAVE.

A FEW DRINKS
WITH AN EG-MINDED
JERK? NO THANKS.

HE WANTS A DOCTOR THERE,
JUST IN CASE. BRING YOUR KIT.
WE'LL SAY YOU'RE ON CALL.



YOU STITCHED UP MY
THIGH. I'D SAY WE'RE
INTIMATE.

IF I WAS ON INTIMATE
TERMS WITH EVERYONE
I'D BE STITCHED UP...

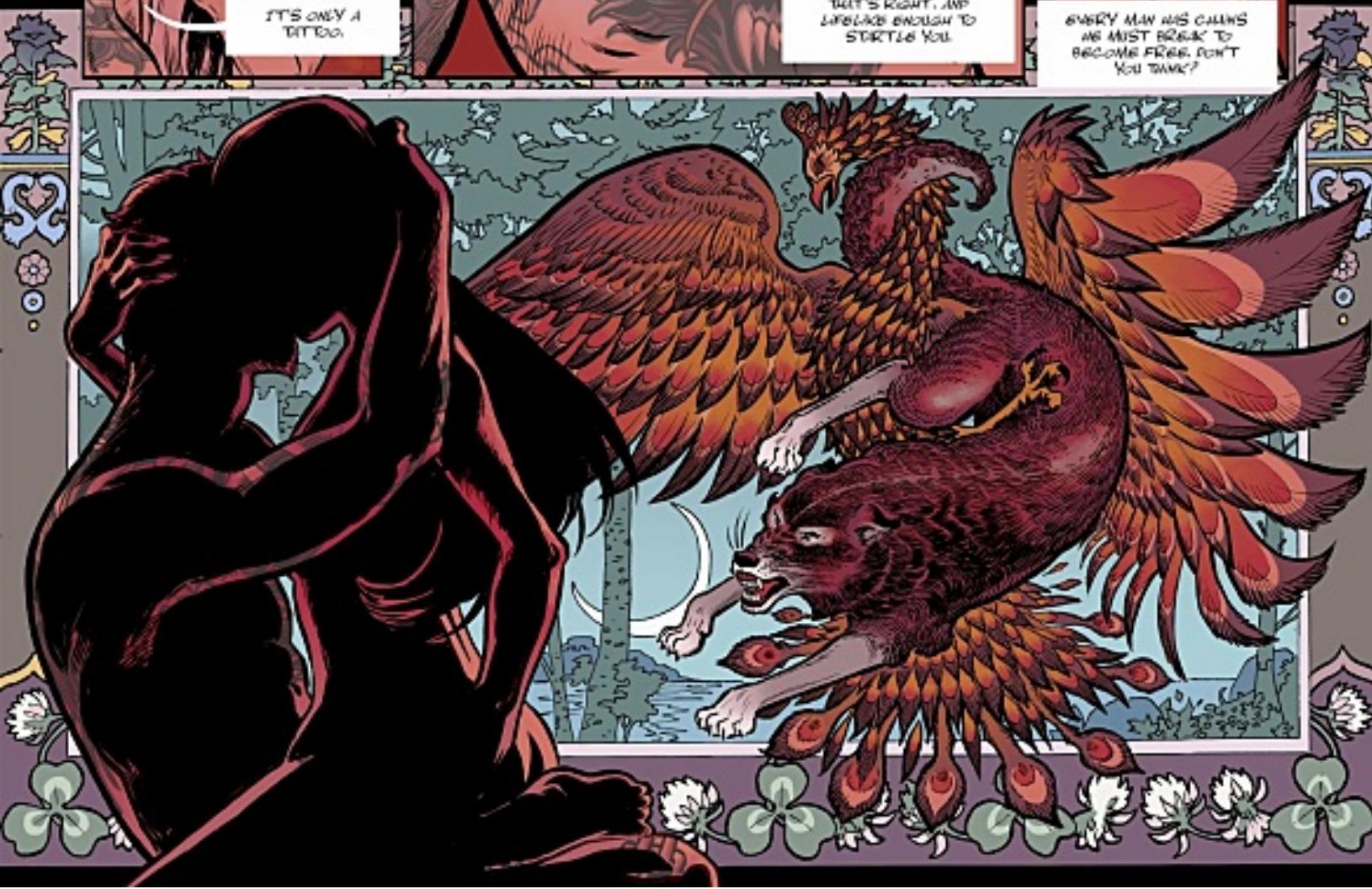




IT'S ONLY A
TATTOO.

THAT'S RIGHT, AND
LIFELIKE ENOUGH TO
STARTLE YOU.

EVERY MAN HAS CHAINS
WE MUST BREAK TO
BECOME FREE. DONT
YOU THINK?





THERE YOU ARE!



THIS IS THE FAMOUS
ALOCAN, MY TATTOOIST.



AND THIS IS HIS
LATEST CREATION!

SUPERB, ISN'T IT?

THIS CALLS FOR
A CELEBRATION!
CHAMPAGNE!



DID YOU SEE THEIR
FACES WHEN THEY SAW
YOUR TATTOO?

POP GOT HELD UP ON THE
WAY DOWN. I DON'T THINK
HE'LL FEEL LIKE HAVING A
TATTOO TONIGHT.

ENJOY YOURSELVES!
GO TAKE IN THE OCEAN
VIEW!



I REALLY DON'T
LIKE THAT GUY. MUST
WE STAY?

LET'S TAKE IN THE VIEW
FOR A FEW MINUTES.

MY STUFF'S IN THE CAR. IF
YOU WANT ME TO DO A TATTOO,
I'D BETTER GET GOING
RIGHT AWAY.







AND WHAT
ARE YOU WAITING
FOR? GO FIND THAT
GUNMAN!

THEY'VE BEEN HIT.
I CALLED AN AMBULANCE.

I OWE YOU MY
LIFE, YOUNG MAN.
WHO ARE YOU?

DAD, THIS IS ALIOCHA.
HE'S MY TATTOOIST.

GET ME SOME CLOTH.
I'LL APPLY Tourniquets UNTIL
THE PARAMEDICS GET HERE.

RUSSIAN?

IT'S A pseudonym I USE
FOR MY BUSINESS.
I'M FRENCH.

ALIOCHA WAS THE
NICKNAME OF THE
YOUNGEST KIRIMOVICH
BROTHER, ALEXEI. DO YOU
LIKE POSTOYENSKY?

PITY. YOU SHOULD.
HE'S ONE OF MY
FAVORITE WRITERS.

I'VE NEVER
READ HIM.

ANOTHER ONE OF THE
BROTHERS WAS CALLED
JUAN, LIKE MY SON.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW,
BUT YOU'RE NOT TO
LEAVE THE CITY.

MY CLIENTS'
PERSONAL LIFE
ISN'T MY
CONCERN.

WHY WOULD
WE? WE'VE
DONE NOTHING
WRONG.

DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH
ME, BUDDY. YOU KNOW
VERY WELL THAT THE
MAN WHOSE LIFE YOU
SAVED IS NOT JUST
ANYBODY.

LET THEM
GO.

You okay?

NO, I'M NOT
OKAY!

EVER SINCE I MET YOU, I'VE DONE
NOTHING BUT TREAT BULLET WOUNDS.
I ALMOST DIED OF FRIGHT TONIGHT,
AND A COP JUST ASKED ME WHAT
I WAS DOING AT A PARTY HOSTED
BY A MAFIOSO.

WHO SAID THAT
WERE THE MAFIOSI?

WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?
A PITZ? I SAW HOW EVERYONE
REACTION TO THAT TATTOO. IT
MUST HAVE SOME SERIOUSLY
THREATENING SIGNIFICANCE.

YOU NOTICED.

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT IT MEANS?

THE CLOSER TO THE
CENTER THE ANGERS
ARE, THE HIGHER UP
THE LIPPER YOU ARE.

SO IT'S JUST
AS I THOUGHT.
YOU WORK FOR
THE MAFIOSI.

IF I ONLY
TATTOOED
CHORBOYS, I'D GO
OUT OF BUSINESS.

TAKE ME HOME.

THAT WON'T
BE POSSIBLE.

I'M SORRY, SASHA,
BUT YOU'RE COMING
WITH ME.

YOU CAN'T FORCE ME!

SASHA, THIS IS PIERRE
MARIE, MY FATHER. HE'S
HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT
AND NEEDS MEDICAL
ATTENTION.

WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE? WHO ARE
YOU REALLY?

WE'RE GOING TO
TELL YOU A STORY.
AFTER THAT, IF YOU
STILL WANT TO GO,
WE WON'T STOP YOU.

I HAD HIM IN MY SIGHTS. ONE SHOT TO
THE HEART AND IT WAS ALL OVER. WHY
DO YOU SURE THAT DIRTYBAG'S LIFE?

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU JUST
HAVE A BRUISED SHOULDER!
WANT ON EARTH POSSESSED
YOU TO DO THAT?

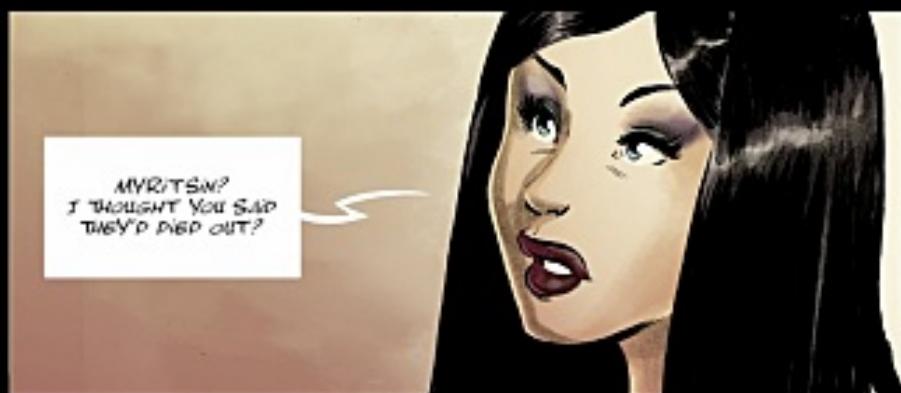
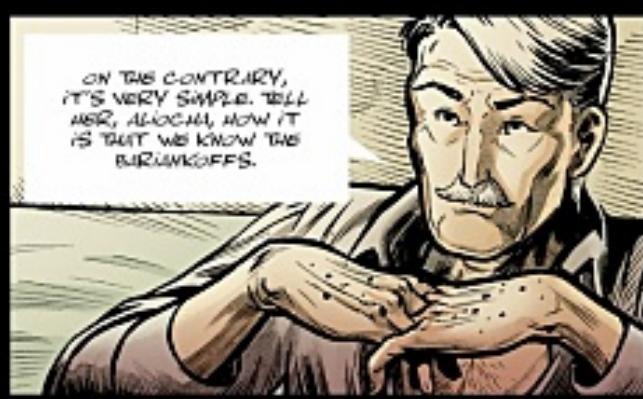
I WANTED TO
SPARE YOU THE
DIRTY WORK.

YOU'VE MADE
THINGS WORSE!
NOW HE'LL BE EVEN
MORE CAUTIOUS.

SO THAT I CAN END
IT WHEN THE TIME IS
RIGHT.

OKAY, SO THE OFFICIAL
STORY IS THAT YOU
TRIPPED. AND THE
TRUTH IS WHAT? DON'T
TELL ME, LET ME
GUESS...

YOU FELL FROM A
CERTAIN HEIGHT--A TREE,
PERHAPS--AND THE GUN YOU
WERE CARRYING GAVE YOU
A MISTY BRUISE ON THE
SHOULDER. THE GUN YOU
USED ABOUT AN HOUR AGO.





BETWEEN THE WARS, THEY MADE A LIVING BY SELLING THE ART AND JEWELRY THEY'D MANAGED TO TAKE ALONG WHEN THEY FLED.

MY FATHER, ALEXANDER'S GRANDFATHER, WAS NAMED ALEXEI MYRTSEN. HE WAS THE SON OF THE PRINCE MYRTSEN, WHO TOOK REFUGE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE AFTER THE 1917 REVOLUTION...



...IN A MAGNIFICENT VILLA OVERLOOKING THE SEA.



THE ONE FROM TONIGHT?

EXACTLY.



SO WHY DOES YOUR FAMILY'S VILLA BELONG TO THE ANTONNEVS NOW?



BECAUSE THEY STOLE IT FROM US, IN A MANNER OF SPEECHES, ALONG WITH EVERYTHING THAT WAS IN IT.

AND THAT'S WHY YOU WANT TO KILL THE OLD MAN?

NO, NOT FOR SOME VILLA.



MY FATHER WAS ABDUCTED IN 1950 BY ONE OF STELLA'S HENCHMEN, AND SENT TO A GULAG.

THE HENCHMAN IN QUESTION WAS ANTONEV SENIOR. HE WAS 20 AT THE TIME.

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU CHANGED YOUR
FAMILY NAME?

WE DIDN'T, IN A WAY.
YOU SEE, MY MOTHER
WAS MY FATHER'S
MISTRESS. SHE WAS
PREGNANT WHEN
THEY ABDUCTED HIM.



SHE DONT DARE
TELL ANYONE WHO
MY FATHER WAS. SHE
WAS TOO SCARED,
SO WE TOOK MY
MOTHER'S NAME,
MARM.



HE PROBABLY DIED IN SIBERIA.
WE NEVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN.
AND EVERYTHING HIS OWNER WAS
APPROPRIATED BY YURI ANTONOV.



...UNTIL ALDOCHI STARTED
TATTOOING THE RICH AND
FAMOUS.



WHAT AN APPALING
STORY! BUT I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHAT ANY OF
IT HAS TO DO WITH ME.

YURI ANTONOV HAD
AN ACCOMPLICE.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?



ONE OF THE MIN'S FORMER
SERVANTS HELPED HIM TO ABDUCT
MY FATHER. THE MIN'S KING WAS
BARUNOFF.

BUT MY GRANDFATHER WAS A FERVENT ANTI-COMMUNIST. MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID THAT HE HATED STALIN. THAT HE HAD STRONG POLITICAL VIEWS, AND MADE NO BOMBS ABOUT IT.

THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

THAT BOOK OF YOURS BELONGS TO MY FAMILY, AND IT PROVES THAT THERE WAS A LINK BETWEEN MY GRANDFATHER AND YOURS.

THERE ARE SOME SECRETS THAT FAMILIES CHOOSE TO BURY WITH THE DEAD.

YOU MUST AWARE THE WRONG BIRANKOFF.

EITHER WAY, ANTONOV SENIOR IS STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE...

...DESPITE HIS AGE, YOU SAW HIM YOURSELF.

Criminals have no conscience. That's what keeps them going. History is full of good men who died before their time and evil souls blissfully growing old.

You DO REALIZED THAT BY TELLING ME ALL OF THIS, YOU'RE MAKING ME YOUR ACCOMPLICE, UNLESS I REPORT YOU?

YOU WON'T SAY ANYTHING.

WHY NOT?

AND YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE HIM?

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!

EXACTLY.

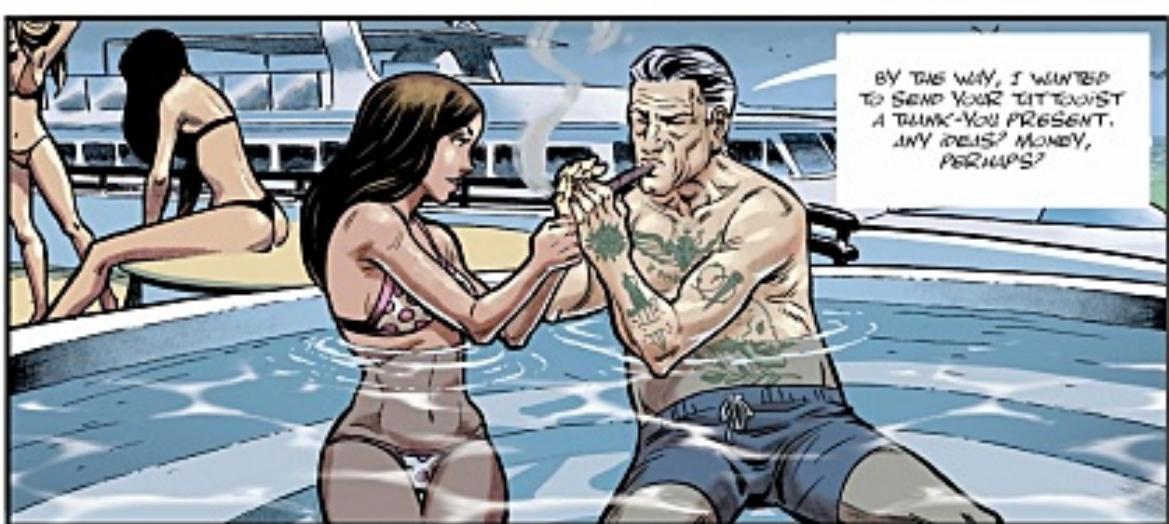
I WON'T SAY ANYTHING, I PROMISE, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE MIXED UP IN YOUR LITTLE VENDETTA A MINUTE LONGER.

BUT NIGHT,
D.W. RECEIVED
A MESSAGE
FROM A VICTIM'S
BROTHER.

MEANWHILE,
AT THE SANTOCCO
FAMILY'S VILL...

























SO HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET ALEXANDER TO HARM?

NO IDEA, BUT I'LL FIND A WAY. I HAVE NO CHOICE.

I NEED TO THINK. I'M GOING BACK HOME. THERE'S NO DANGER NOW THAT THEY HAVE WHAT THEY WANT.



A VERY LONG TIME AGO,
EVERY GRAIN OF SAND WAS
PART OF A BEAUTIFUL SHELL.

IN ONE HOUR?

YES, USUAL PLACE.
BE CAREFUL.

NOW IT'S NOTHING BUT
A SPECK OF DUST.

K-CLECK-

A GRAIN OF SAND
MIGHT NOT LOOK
LIKE MUCH, BUT ONCE
IT GETS IN...

...IT CAN DESTROY
ALMOST ANY MECHANISM.





I'D WARN YOU THAT THE GUY'S ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF. DON'T JUMP OFF AFTER HIM.



GET A GRIP, SASAKI! DO YOU WANT TO SCREW UP YOUR CAREER BEFORE IT EVEN TAKES OFF?

I COULD RESIGN.
I'M A QUALIFIED
DOCTOR. I'LL ALWAYS
FIND A JOB.

AND WHAT IF ALDOCANI
FINDS OUT YOU WORK
FOR US?

YOU WOULDN'T...

I WOULDN'T NEED
TO, NOT DIRECTLY
ANYWAY.

I COULD JUST LET
HIM FIND OUT FOR
HIMSELF. BESIDES,
WHAT ABOUT OUR
DEAL?

I WANT ACCESS
TO THE ARCHIVES
TOMORROW.

AFTER THE OPERATION
IS OVER. LIKE WE
AGREED.

IF YOU WANT ME TO GO
THROUGH WITH THIS, GET ME
ACCESS TO THE ARCHIVES
NOW.



IT'S ALL YOURS, AND IT'S WORTH A LOT OF MONEY.
GET THE WORD OUT AND SELL IT.

WHEN ARE
YOU PUCK,
BRO?

THIS IS MY
BIRTHDAY GIFT.

I GOT THE INFORMATION.
AT NIGHT, THERE'S ONLY
TWO, BUT THEY'RE ARMED.

YOU'RE
SURE HE'S
THERE?

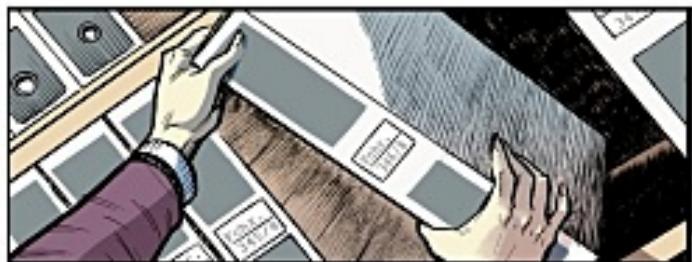
CERTAIN.

DON'T MOVE,
P.O.W.!

CRONK

W!









WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



TAKE YOUR PICK.
I'M GUESSING YOU
KNOW HOW TO USE
A GUN?



YOU'LL BE DRIVING,
AND YOU'RE GOING
TO FOLLOW MY
INSTRUCTIONS TO
THE LETTER. OKAY?



YOU MEAN, WHAT ARE
WE GOING TO DO? IT'S
MY TURN TO USE YOU.
A POLICE OFFICER WILL
COME IN VERY HANDY.



I WANT YOU TO KNOW
THAT EVEN THOUGH IT
WAS A MISSION, I NEVER
PRETENDED TO BE—

LET'S JUST FOCUS
ON THE PLAN!









C'MON,
SASHA,
FASTER!



SKETCHES



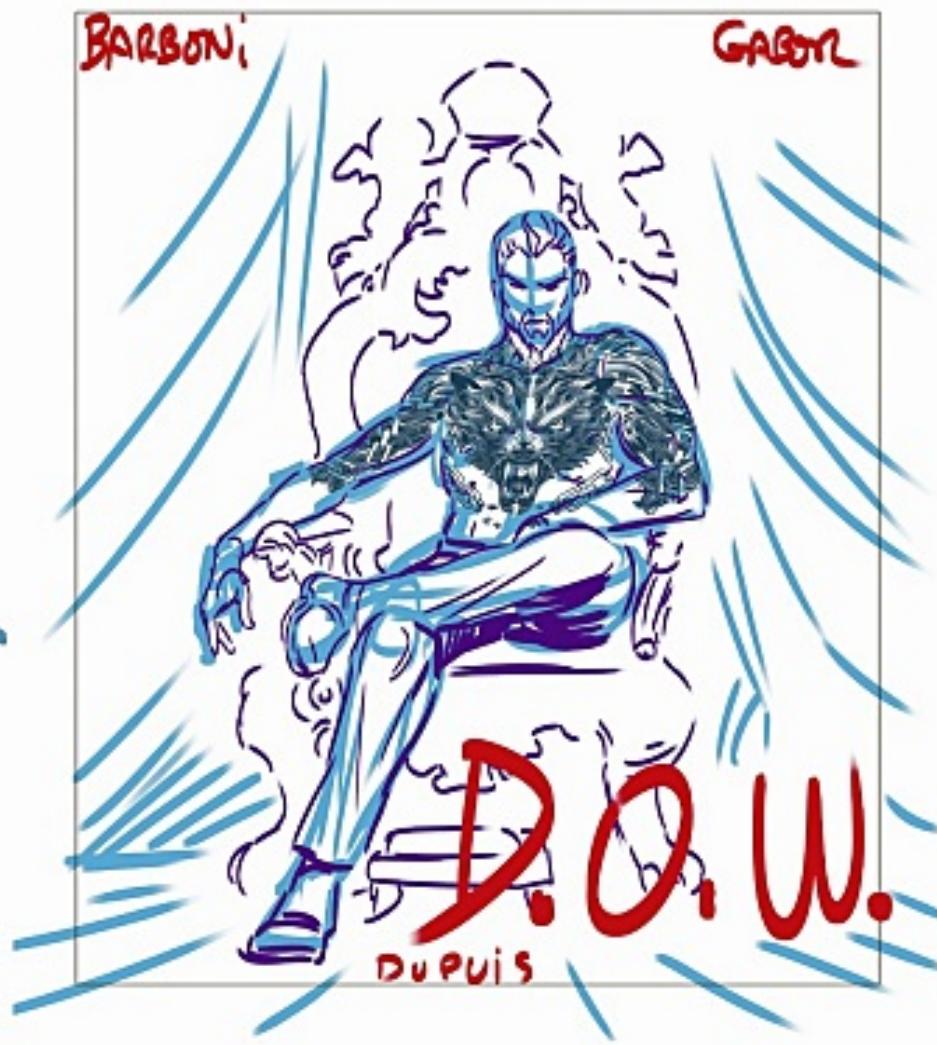


ALEXANDRE
MYRITSINE

ДЛІФСИЛ



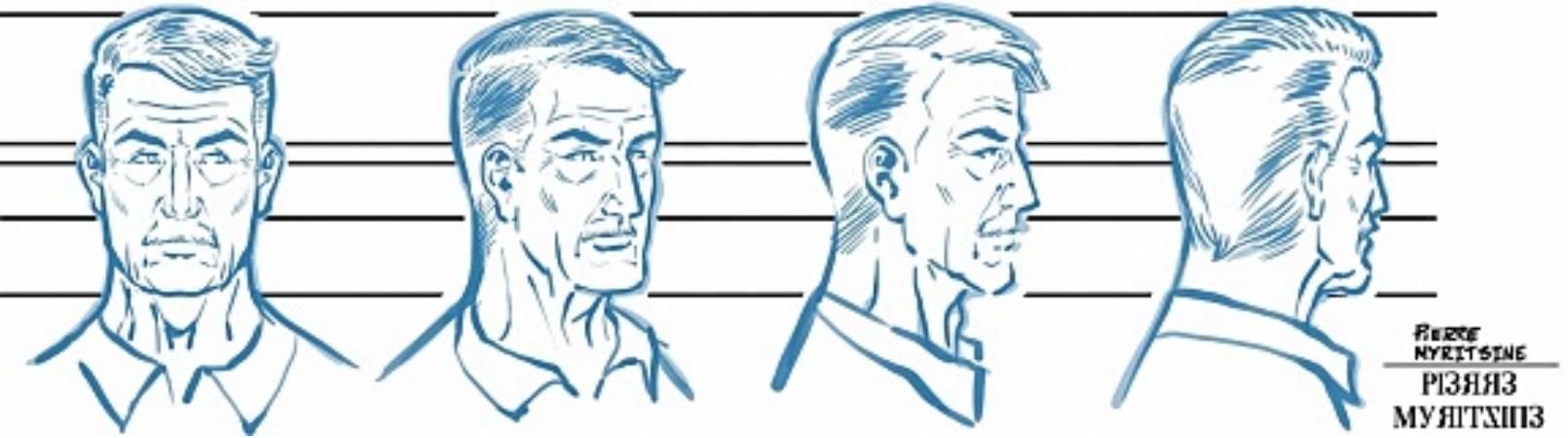
АНТОНІУС
ДЛТФПІЗЧ





ALEXANDRA
BARIANKOFF

ГДИД



FERRE
NYUTT-SHE

РІЗЯЗ

МУЛТАМІЗ



My heartfelt thanks to the entire Dupuis team for their

constant help and support. What a pleasure it is to work with such pros!

A particular thank you to Sergio Honorez, without whom this story would not exist.

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Finally, a special mention for my "fairy godmother" Julie Jonart, who solves every problem with efficiency, good humor, and enthusiasm. Thanks, Julie!

I dedicate this book to my son, Romain—its first and most perspicacious reader.

THILDE BARBONI

Thanks to all my family for supporting me unconditionally
in this beautiful and difficult career path.

To all my friends for making my life happier with laughs and

beers: Patri, Pili, Carmen, Jose, Oscar "Doompi," Alberto and Sergio.

Thanks to the rock bands that make my days happier too: to fellow members

Maxi, Oscar, and Sergio from "Cuervo Láser," our doom rock band that
satiates my cravings for music; and to the bands "Piece of Change" and
"Los Capitanes" for their friendship and trust. You rock!!

And to Montse. Always to Montse.

GABOR

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ମୁଦ୍ରା ମାତ୍ର ପରିମାଣକୁ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ

MAGIC MAN

