

# ORIGIN™



DESADA  
SAATCHI  
ISANOVE

PART III OF VI  
THE BEAST WITHIN  
JENKINS KUBERT ISANOVE

STAN LEE PRESENTS

WOLVERINE

IN

ORIGIN

PART III OF VI

THE BEAST  
WITHIN

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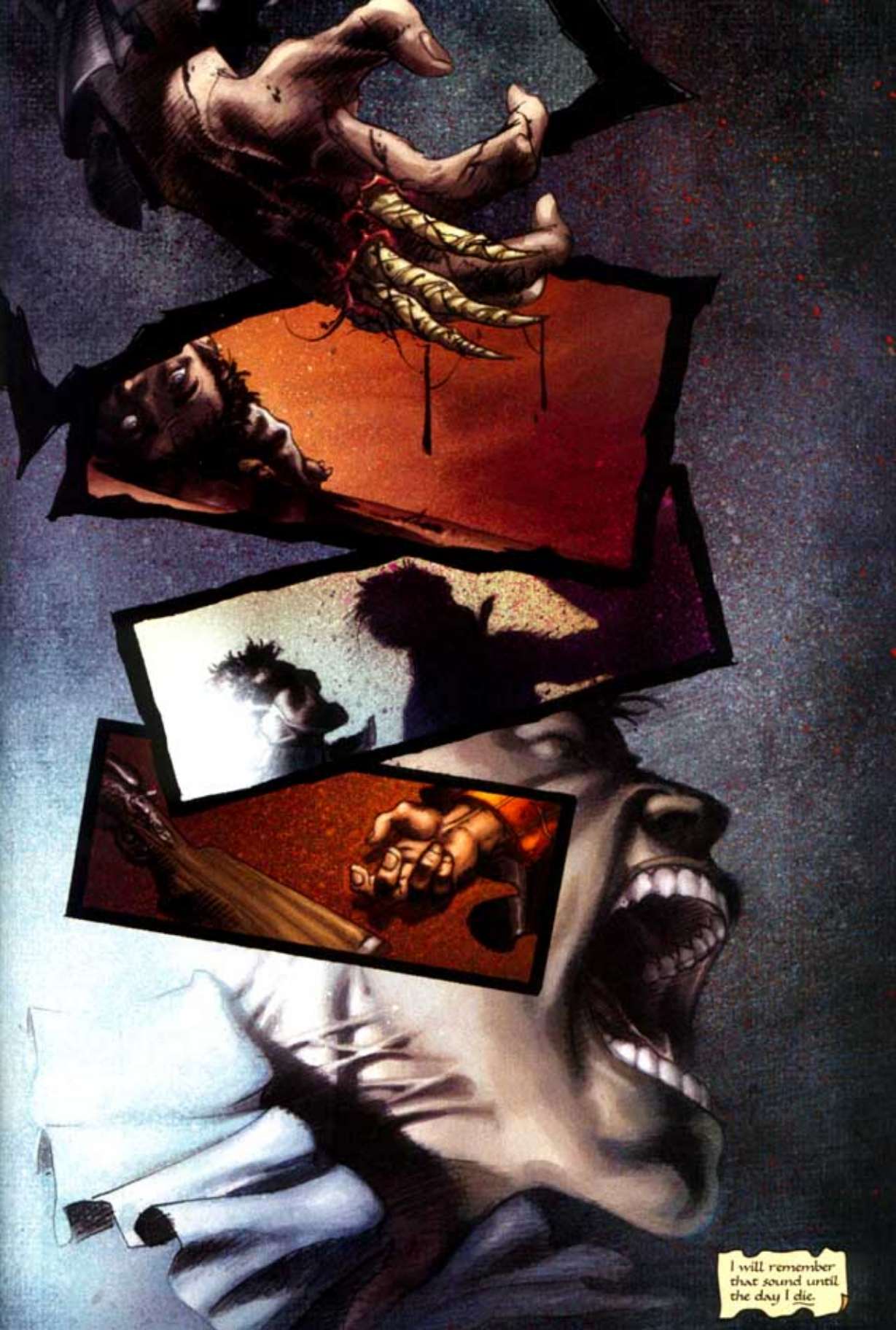
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SPECIAL THANKS TO KAREN STAFF





I will remember  
that sound until  
the day I die.

It was an awful, revolting noise ~ not a scream, but the birth-cry of a new creature that surely had no place on God's earth.

The thing mewled and whimpered in pain, and those of us who could stand in witness were transfixed ~ both repelled and fascinated by the grotesque spectacle of it.

NN-AHWW...  
**PAPA!**

Oh,  
DEAR  
GOD.

AWHH...  
UHH...

**AAH!**  
MY  
HANDS! MY  
**HANDS!**



Oh, JAMES... oh, PLEASE...  
...NOT YOU ..



MAMA, I... I CAN'T FEEL MY HANDS! ROSE?  
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY HANDS?



JAMES...  
... oh, LORD HAVE MERCY, WHAT ARE YOU?



... ohh... NOT AGAIN, NOT YOU, JAMES ..

MAMA... WHY ARE THESE PEOPLE HERE? WHERE'S PAPA?



GET AWAY FROM ME!





JAMES,  
COME BACK...  
Eh-Eh-Eh  
... PLEASE...  
COME  
BACK!



MISTRESS  
ELIZABETH... FOR  
THE LOVE OF GOD,  
GET A HOLD OF  
YOURSELF! DO  
YOU HEAR ME,  
MA'AM?

... NNN...  
I SAID IT  
WOULD... IF  
WE CAME  
BACK... I  
SAID SO...



THERE'S  
NO TIME FOR  
THIS! QUICKLY  
NOW -- TEND TO  
THE OTHER BOY  
WHILE I LOOK  
FOR JAMES.



I'LL SEND  
DOWN TO THE  
VILLAGE FOR  
HELP!  
**JAMES!**  
COME BACK--!



Wh...  
**OHWW...**  
ME EYES...

**POPPA?**  
IS THAT  
YOU..?



Oh, THOMAS...  
WHAT HAVE I  
DONE..?









EH-EHHE  
WHO'S THERE?  
IS SOMEONE  
THERE?

I  
CAN'T SEE  
NUTHIN'...



DON'T BE  
SCARED, BOY.  
EVERYTHING'S  
GOING TO BE  
ALL RIGHT.

ROSE...  
IZZAT  
YOU?



EAH-HUHHE  
I KNEW THIS  
WOULD HAPPEN,  
THOMAS.



OH, LORD...  
YOU WON'T  
HURT ME, WILL  
YOU, MISSUS?  
I DINT MEAN  
T'DO NUTHIN' ..  
I SWEAR!

YOU  
GONNA  
HURT  
ME?



IT'S  
NOT GOING  
TO HURT.



BLAM



Uhh...



M-MAMA..?  
IS THAT  
YOU? I'M SO  
COLD "



IT'S ME,  
JAMES, IT'S  
ROSE.

JAMES,  
I..




Ohww...  
SKAFFE

IT  
BURNS SO...  
MY SKIN...

There lay before me a monster, of what species I could not say. At that awful, terrible moment of confrontation, nothing seemed real. The bitter, cold wind howled over the snow, and yet it seemed not to move.

This beast - this spastic monstrosity that had been James Howlett mere moments before - was now transformed into something more and something less than human.

A woman with long, vibrant red hair lies on her back on a thick carpet of fallen autumn leaves. She is wearing a long, flowing purple dress. Her eyes are closed, and her hands are resting on the ground. A man's head, with dark hair, is positioned above her, and his hands are visible near her face, suggesting a protective or intimate gesture. The background is a soft, textured blue-grey, with several large, detailed autumn leaves floating in the air around the couple. The overall mood is romantic and serene.

But underneath  
it all, just a boy.



NOK  
NOK



ENOUGH!  
WHOEVER THE  
BLAZES YOU ARE,  
I'M NOT  
DEAF "



MISTER  
HOWLETT, SIR, THESE  
GENTLEMEN ARE FROM THE  
LOCAL CONSTABULARY.  
THEY'RE, um... HERE  
ON A MATTER OF  
URGENCY.

AND SO?  
WHAT COULD BE  
SO URGENT THAT  
YOU'D ROUSE A MAN  
AT THIS UNGODLY  
HOUR?



WELL?  
SPIT IT OUT,  
MAN "



THERE'S BEEN AN  
INCIDENT UP AT  
THE HOUSE, SIR.


IT INVOLVES  
YOUR SON AND  
HIS FAMILY.






HUSH NOW,  
CHILD. YOU'RE  
**SEEING**  
THINGS ..

CAN YOU  
SMELL THAT? IT  
SMELLS LIKE APPLE  
DUMPLINGS ...




.. BUT IT ... IT  
SEEMS SO FAR AWAY.  
I CAN HEAR SOMEONE  
WALKING BY THE SERVANTS'  
ENTRANCE... AND THERE  
ARE THREE PEOPLE  
IN THE MAZE.

Oh... I'VE  
BEEN HAVING  
THE MOST AWFUL  
DREAM.



Wh...  
THERE ARE TOO  
MANY NOISES HERE ..  
IT'S SO LOUD.

WHERE'S  
MY MAMA?  
DID SOMETHING  
HAPPEN  
TO US?




JAMES, DON'T  
YOU REMEMBER?  
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND  
WHAT'S HAPPENED?  
IT'S ME .. **ROSE!**




ROSE...  
ROSE...

... YES, I  
REMEMBER  
NOW.




DIDN'T  
YOU ONCE  
WORK FOR MY  
PAPA?



YOU AIN'T GOT A LEG TO **STAND** ON, LAD. AND RIGHT SOON, THAT'LL BE THE **LEAST** OF YOUR WORRIES. WE KNOW YOU WERE THERE -- YOU CARE TO EXPLAIN WHAT YOU WAS **DOIN'** IN THAT BEDROOM?

BEST TO CONFESS NOW, BOY. GET IT **OVER** WITH, WHY DON'T YOU --




I NEVER **DONE** NUTHIN'. I AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' T' SAY TO YOU --



STAND AWAY, MEN. I'LL HANDLE THIS!

NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, BOY. AND LISTEN **WELL** -- I'VE LOST MY ONLY SON THIS NIGHT, AND MY GRANDSON IS **MISSING**. BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU, SOMEONE IS GOING TO **PAY**.



IF YOU DON'T TELL THESE DETECTIVES WHAT YOU KNOW, YOU'LL BE HUNG BY YOUR SCRAWNY NECK AND THERE WILL BE **NO ONE** TO REMEMBER YOU WHEN YOU'RE DEAD -- I WILL SEE TO THAT **PERSONALLY**.

TELL THE TRUTH, AND I'LL SEE TO IT YOU WIN A **REPRIEVE** --



IT WAS **ROSE**, SIR...  
...SHE HAD A **GUN**.



...BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HELP -- I DON'T 'AVE NO PLACE ELSE T' GO!



YOU'VE GOT T' BELIEVE ME, AUNTIE HAZEL... I SWEAR I NEVER MEANT T' GET INVOLVED. IT WAS MISTER LOGAN WHAT FORCED ME INTO IT --

THAT'S NOT WHAT THE POLICE'RE SAYIN', ROSE. THEY WAS NOSIN' AROUND DOWN 'ERE THIS AFTERNOON, LOOKIN' FOR YOU. THEY SAY YOU'RE WANTED FER **KIDNAPPIN'**.



YOU'D BEST BE FAR FROM 'ERE BY MORNIN'. I'LL PRETEND YOU NEVER CAME BY, BUT THAT'S **MOREN'** I SHOULD DO.



AUNTIE HAZEL, PLEASE... YOU'RE MY ONLY FAMILY IN THE WORLD --



YOU STOPPED BEING FAMILY THE DAY YOU CHOSE TO GO UP AND LIVE ON THAT **HILL**, YOUNG ROSE.



THERE'S NOTHIN' I CAN DO T' HELP YOU NOW, CHILD.









I WARNED MY SON THAT NO GOOD WOULD COME OF THIS PLACE, AND I WAS RIGHT.

WAIT AT THE DOOR.



FROM THIS MOMENT ON, GIRL, YOU AND THIS... CREATURE ARE REFUGEES. YOU CAN THANK MY GOOD NATURE FOR THE FACT THAT YOU BOTH REMAIN ALIVE, BUT PUSH MY PATIENCE, AND THAT CAN SOON BE REMEDIED.

I'M GOING TO DO MORE THAN I SHOULD, BECAUSE THIS BEAST REMAINS CONNECTED BY BLOOD, MUCH AS IT PAINS ME TO IMAGINE IT, BUT I SHUN THE REVOLTING THING AS I WOULD SHUN A RABID ANIMAL.



I HAVE INFLUENCE IN THIS TOWN -- FOR THE NEXT TEN HOURS, THERE WILL BE NO POLICE ON DUTY AT THE TRAIN STATION. I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THE BOY THERE --

SIR, PLEASE... HAVE A HEART. JAMES IS ONLY A BOY, HE'S YOUR GRANDSON!



THE LAST OF MY LINE DIED YESTERDAY. I HAVE NO GRANDSON.

I NEITHER WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU ARE GOING, NOR HOW YOU GET THERE. I NEVER WANT TO HEAR FROM EITHER OF YOU AGAIN. IF YOU RETURN WITH THIS... **THING**, I WILL HAVE YOU BOTH SHOT ON SIGHT.

NOW, REMOVE THAT BLOODY **ABERRATION** FROM MY EYES BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND...


"... AND GET IT AS FAR AWAY FROM ME AS POSSIBLE."

ROSE... I'M SO TIRED. WHERE ARE WE GOING?

HUSH NOW, DEAR. IT WON'T BE TOO MUCH LONGER " I PROMISE.

ARE WE STILL IN CANADA?


BRITISH COLUMBIA  
NOW LEAVING ALBERTA




We are so far away from Alberta now, dear diary... and something remarkable has happened -- even more remarkable, perhaps, than the events of the last few days.

It's James -- he seems to be healing before my very eyes.

While we've been traveling, his bumps and bruises seem to have been mending themselves -- but without the application of spirits or medicine!




The poor soul seems unaware of where we're going, what's happened, or even who he is.



Oh, dear diary... how pitiful we are! Our money and supplies have been exhausted; we are lost with strangers... tired and alone.

What's to become of us?



DON'T BE AFRAID, DEAR. I WON'T LET ANYTHING ELSE HAPPEN TO YOU -- I PROMISE.

Many years ago when I was a little girl, I heard my father speak of the quarries at the Northern frontier. This is an odious place... but I hope it will be safe for the while.


Most men have gone further North to the Yukon Territory, where gold has been found. No one in his right mind would follow us here.

Lord... such a desolate spot! It seems at the edge of humanity -- full of criminals and vagabonds. In that, James and I are not alone.

My father often described them as good, honest people...


...but how can goodness and honesty survive in a hellish place such as this?

MY NAME IS SMITTY -- REMEMBER IT WELL.



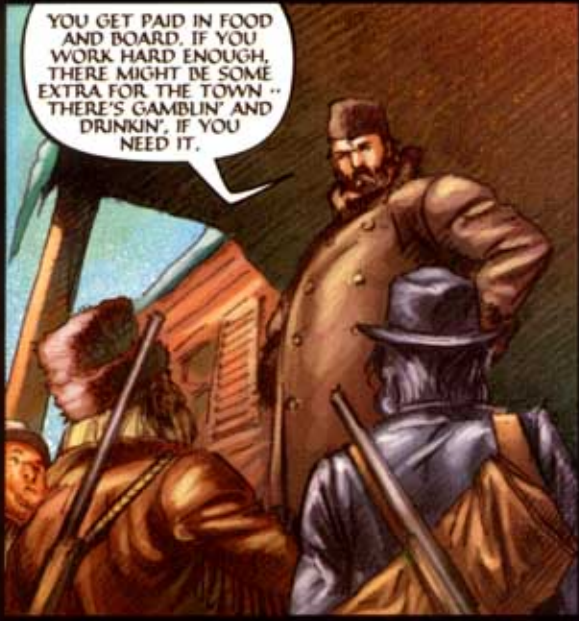
FACT IS, I DON'T CARE *WHAT* YOU CALL ME -- YOU'LL PROBABLY COME UP WITH A FEW NAMES BEFORE LONG. IT DON'T BOTHER ME, LONG AS YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.

I'LL WAGER EVEN GOD 'IMSELF DON'T REMEMBER WHERE 'E PUT THIS PLACE. THAT MEANS MY WORD RULES OUT 'ERE, AN' DON'T YOU FORGET IT.




I DON'T CARE WHO Y'ARE OR WHERE YOU COME FROM, THE ONLY THING I NEED IS GRAFT.

THE GOOD PEOPLE OF CANADA NEEDS STONE T' BUILD THEIR 'OUSES -- AN' WE GIVES IT TO 'EM.




YOU GET PAID IN FOOD AND BOARD. IF YOU WORK HARD ENOUGH, THERE MIGHT BE SOME EXTRA FOR THE TOWN -- THERE'S GAMBLIN' AND DRINKIN', IF YOU NEED IT.



BUT THERE AIN'T NO FREE RIDES -- YOU WORK, OR YOU STARVE.

NOW, GET INSIDE AN' REGISTER FER TOMORROW'S SHIFT --



DON'T BE AFRAID, JAMES -- JUST BE AS QUIET AS A MOUSE AND WE'LL NEVER BE NOTICED --



HEY, YOU!







OH, SIR...  
I PROMISE HE'LL  
DO HIS SHIFT. HE'LL  
DO MORE THAN  
HIS SHIFT!

YOU  
JUST HAVE  
TO LET US  
STAY FOR A  
WHILE "



WE'LL  
SEE ABOUT  
THAT, LASS.  
WHAT'S HIS  
NAME?



I DON'T WANT YOUR LIFE  
STORY, GIRL. I'M NOT  
INTERESTED IN WHERE  
YOU CAME FROM OR  
WHAT YOU'RE RUNNING  
FROM.

I JUST NEED A  
NAME FOR HIM,  
THAT'S ALL.



WELL?



LOGAN,  
SIR,  
HIS  
NAME IS  
LOGAN.