Eons ago, the Angel Metraphim was commanded to guard the final gate of Heaven. However, this faithful sentinel could not prevent Tendozarel, from proclaiming down the path of dissension and war upon man. Now as the bloodiest power struggle ever ignited rides in on the coattails of Ivan Isaacs, will the Guardian of Winddale be able to protect this last bastion of outcasts?

"Not many books have succeeded in fusing such unabashed and exhilarating action with such spiky intellectual matters. Let’s face it, not many books have."
- Mike Carey, writer for Lucifer and Hellblazer

"Part Spaghetti Western, part Resident Evil... Action Junkies will not be disappointed."
- Scott Green, Ain’t It Cool News
During the war against Lucifer, the archangel Temozarath led the spirits of light. In the years that followed, Temozarath watched as God's attention shifted from his seraphim to his new creature—man. Jealousy caused Temozarath and his disciples to abandon their heavenly post and attempt to corrupt humanity to prove the superiority of the seraphim to God. During the Crusades he attempted to begin his plan, but Belial sealed him in the Domas Porado for 600 years. Now released by Ivan Isaac, Temozarath is free again, but too weak to carry out his dark designs. His disciples have begun spreading the word in the American West, spreading plague and death in preparation for the Unholy Sabbath.

Ivan Isaac was a young priest with a passion for ancient cultures. When he was recruited to study the Domas Porado, little did he know that his mission would be his last—at least his last in life. After helping devise an ancient battle for Heaven and Earth, Ivan and his beloved Gaspa were slain. In order to get revenge and atone for entering the world, Ivan made a pact with the devil Belial, his soul in exchange for a second chance at life and superhuman strength. Now Ivan wades the Old West, hunting down Temozarath's disciples and keeping a journal of his tragic tale.

The devil Belial makes Ivan his agent in the mortal world so that he may guide the agents of the fallen archangel Temozarath, who is planning an upheaval of Heaven and Hell. Belial used to be Belma, a Catholic priest in the Middle Ages, when he was a prosecutor in trials of heresy. After Temozarath shattered his faith, Belma turned himself into the demon Belial in order to get his revenge.

Coburn is the only federal marshal investigating possible links between an outbreak of plague and other mysterious events happening around the Old West. Once he discovered the extent of the crisis, he sent to Washington for military mobilization orders. He's now much famed for his exploits, but ever since his friend and partner, Gato the Indian tracker, was killed by agents of the Vatican, he's had a major vendetta with the righteous.

A gun lider whose life was saved by Ivan Isaac, but not before she became infected with Temozarath's zombie curse. She was taken into custody by Coburn, and for a while she helped the lawman in his search for Ivan. Lizette escaped, and has since joined up with another band of outlaws. Her current whereabouts are unknown.

The "Guardian Saint" of Windale. This gypsy dancer takes care of a troupe of misfit performers who have recently taken up residence just outside of town. Ivan Isaac's arrival in town endangers the delicate peace she's managed to keep. Her faithful companion is the spirit-wolf Bendo, summoned by her will and what of her relationship with Temozarath?

The Grand Priest in Temozarath's baptism of blood; his loyalties are to his dark lord alone, and he will destroy anyone who dares interfere with his master's plans—even his own comrades.
THE STORY SO FAR...

Windtale, a forgotten town at the ass end of the American West. Ain't much of a place to live, but it's home. Like any frontier town, the people of Windtale have had their share of problems, but we've persevered. We've even managed to remain free of that damned plague what's been turning people into zombies. But there are some new folks closin' in who would sully the good town's name. First we got those self-righteous pricks of Michael's sword. They claim to work for the lord, but any lord that would kill innocent children is no lord of mine. Then there's this pale fella, goes by the name of Ivan Isaacs—real angry sunuvabitch. Legends say where he goes, trouble follows.

Oh, yeah, let's not forget about our mysterious neighbor, Nera. She takes care of those freaks and cripples what got that circus just outside of town. Don't get me wrong, I don't wish them folks ill, but in times like these, we can't risk having them questionable types around. Nera—she's good people. But, if she's gonna stick up for those queer folk, well—Let's just say I know where my loyalties lie, and that's with Mr. Dudley.
GET A CHANCE EVERY-ONE SO HAPPY... COME PAY US A VISIT SOME-TIME... TO HAVE YOU AS OUR GUEST.

LET ME JUST MAKE IT CRYSTAL CLEAR, SINCE I DON'T PLAN ON SEEING YOU AGAIN ANY TIME SOON.

NERA...

THANK YOU, ASHLEY.

UHM... I... UH...

WINDTALE IS MY LIFE

TO PROTECT WINDTALE AND ITS PEOPLE I'VE STOOD UP TO CORRUPT INFLUENCES BEFORE.
I chased away barbaric Indian tribes and kept out those gold-lovin' bandits.

Yup, and don't forget about those stinking niggers.

Here in Windtale, we have a long, proud history of fighting uteruses.

But the people alone couldn't have done it.

It was the Dudley family that led the struggle... and made the flourishing town out of what used to be a couple of small ranches.

No one helped us, but we didn't let anyone stop us, either.

And I promise you... no one ever will!

That's pure arroghance! We can't just—

Dad!

Idiot son!

But Mr. Dudley...

But the people alone couldn't have done it.

If you've protected Windtale...

...from outsiders...
...WHO'S GOING TO PROTECT WINDTALE...

...FROM YOU?

WELL, IT SEEMS OUR LOVELY NEIGHBOR JUST CAN'T TAKE A HINT.

I GUESS IT'S TIME WE DRIVE THE POINT HOME A LITTLE HARDER.

THAT WOMAN'S NO COMMON GYPSY.

I BET MY 80 ODD YEARS OF LIFE ON IT.
That Windyale doesn't belong to the Uleys.

When will you finally understand?

Father...

Kid's got a smart mouth; you gonna let him talk to you like that?

Don't you ever say another bad word about my son, you hear me?
HE\'Y, NERA?

I\'VE ALWAYS BEEN CURIOUS ABOUT SOMETHING.

DOES GOD

SINCE WHEN DID YOU START BELIEVING IN GOD, SAM?

WELL...

I\'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN GOD...

...BUT RIGHT NOW, I NEED SOMEONE TO GET MAD AT.

EVEN IF GOD\'S TURNING US A DEAF EAR...

I AT LEAST WANT THE ANGELS TO LISTEN.

I MEAN, DOES HE SEE US? IS HE LOOKING AT ALL?

I WANT TO KNOW

DOES HE HAVE ANY CLUE WHAT PEOPLE LIKE US

...HAVE TO SUFFER THROUGH?

ANGEL OR GOD IS THERE SOMEONE UP THERE

...WHO CAN HEAR ME?
They can hear you, 2AM...

Someone up there is listening to you right now.

Way up where even the clouds can't reach.

So, go ahead and scream if you want to.
ANGELS CARRY OUR VOICES TO GOD
THE NAME
GOD HAS
OVER MY
FATHER.

I WILL BE
TOURN TO
SHADES
MINADING
YOU.

BUT I
REJOICE
IN THAT
FATE.

AND
MASTER
WHO HAS
DECIDED
IT.
Yet I can ask for no greater honor
than to die by your hands.
FROM THE MOMENT YOU
EMERGED FROM THE DIVINE
FIRE, YOU WERE CURSED!!

HOW CAN
YOU LOVE
ENOCH AS ME...

A MAN
WHO HAS
TOSS HIS
BALL ON
GOD

I KNEW MY
PAIN CANNOT
BEGIN TO
COMPARE THE
AGONY YOU
SUFFER.

YOU ARE
OUR MIGHTY
WARRIOR

THROUGH
RELATIONSHIP
WITH GOD
HE COMMAND YOU TO PUNISH YOUR FELLOW SERAPHIM, BORN FROM THE SAME FIRE BY HIS HAND.

IN EXECUTING HIS DIVINE COMMAND, YOU WERE MORE BRUTAL THAN A BEAST, MORE MERCILESS THAN LIGHTNING.
But when God created our kind the very first command he gave was mercy.

CARRYING OUT HIS LATER COMMAND CONTRADICTED YOUR VERY NATURE.

BUT YOU SACRIFICED YOUR OWN PURITY TO BECOME GOD'S AVENGER.

DO YOU WISH TO SUFFER FURTHER AGONY?

YOU DARE TAKE PITTY ON ME?
I was as trapped between my absolute delusion to you...

...and my generation and toy for you.

Save me from what has been dealt to me...
...so that I might ease your pain while fulfilling God's command...

...and do you see her...

...my attempt to obey your command...

Who are you proving too...
I WILL NOT STOP YOU FROM LOVING ME, BUT HEREAFTER YOU WILL HAVE TO PROVE THAT LOVE, UNTRAPPED.

YOU WON'T HAVE TO TURN YOUR BACK ON GOD. I WON'T ASK YOU TO PARTICIPATE IN OUR CORRUPTION. KEEP YOUR PURE HEART TOWARD GOD AND PROVE TO ME THAT I WAS WRONG, THAT YOU WERE RIGHT TO REMAIN ON GOD'S SIDE.

MY DECISION IS NEITHER GENEROUS NOR PROPHETIC. I TOO WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOUR BLIND FAITH IN GOD WILL LEAD YOU. PERHAPS THIS IS THE LAST SPARK THAT REMAINS FROM THE BURNING PAIN I ONCE HAD IN GOD.
Test your purity toward God amid the arrogance of humanity. Those creatures created in his image.

But if you're wrong, your final end will be terrifying to behold!

Poor creature... know that you will cry out in unimaginable agony as I have.

Your path down below will be all the more painful...

...for you will not be following anyone's command.

That is the price you must pay for loving me.
WE MUST PLAN OUR ATTACK CAREFULLY BEFORE THE SIGN APPEARS.

LET'S MOVE.

THERE'S NO NEED TO EXPOSE OURSELVES TO TURKISH FIRE UNNECESSARILY.

WE'LL NEED TO LIE LOW BEFORE THE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE.

WITH THIS TERRAIN, WIND TALE WILL BE DIFFICULT TO SURROUND.
WE HAVE A GUEST!

SHink!

Ka-CHOCK

Click

Click

Click

Click
I Doubted that you're a resident of Windtale.

I see.

You must be a friend of that Indian Antoine came across.

It matters not our enemies number.

We must kill the heretic Tat-Tat-Tat-Tat!

My, my.
DIRTY, IGNORANT PAGANS... I FITY YOU!

YOU RUSH TO YOUR DEATHS WITH NO KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT TORMENT GOD HAS PLANNED FOR YOUR SOULS.
EEIGH!

WHIR!

!!

FOR THOSE WHO DIE FOR FAITH, THEIR CRIES SHALL BE LIKE THE SONGS OF ANGELS.
BUT THE CRIES OF THOSE WHO DIE IN SIN ARE A PRELUDE TO THE WAILING OF THE DAMNED.
"GLUGH - SAVE YOUR PAGAN LIES..."

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. IT'S ALL GIBBERISH TO ME. GLUGH..."

"(BUT MORE THAN A BROTHER, HE WAS A WARRIOR WHOSE LEGENDARY SOUL WE COULD ONLY ASPIRE TO)"

"(BY DYING BEFORE WE COULD PROVE OURSELVES BETTER WARRIORS HE TOOK THE LEGEND WITH HIM FOREVER.)"

"(AND YOU GAVE HIM THE CHANCE TO DO THAT.)"

"MY VOICE IS GOING... GURGLE..."

"IF IT'S OKAY WITH YOU... I'LL SAY MY LAST PRAYER BEFORE YOU SCALP ME..."

"(THE MAN YOU KILLED WAS MY OLDER BROTHER.)"

"(HE WAS BANISHED FROM OUR TRIBE FOR THE SHAME OF BEING SAVED BY A WHITE MAN)"

"(THE MAN YOU KILLED WAS MY OLDER BROTHER.)"
SERVANTS of JEHovah unleashed his wrath upon the world. SERVANTS OF GOD HEAR ME! JEHovah caused his servants to kill and slaughter. He who gave us his divine law... GURGLE will deliver us in the end. The stench of the dead will rise to the heavens. Glough. The judgement that struck the unrepentant Edomites... And their blood will melt mountains... Like the stench of the dead... Will rise to the heavens. Glough. And their blood will melt mountains...
ON THE LAST DAY... WE WILL STAND BEFORE HIM...

...AND BE EXALTED... WITH HIM

IN THE NAME OF FATHER... THE SON... AND THE HOLY SPIRIT...
«ASHAN.»!

«Go!»

«This smell...»

«Ashan.»

«It is meaningless for us to fight them together.»

«We do not stand a chance.»

«This smell...»

«The stench of rotting flesh.»

«The best we can do is to sacrifice one.»

«So the other can get away.»
ALL I CAN BUY YOU TIME.

ASHAN.

GO AND TELL RED WIND..."

...ABOUT WHAT WE SAW!

FIGHT WITH HONOR BROTHER.

SHANK
Somewhere......

CASHAN!!!

[Images of a character battling with a sword and a warrior standing amidst destruction]

SNIF

SNIF

SNIF
GALLOP

GALLOP

NOISE!

SNIFF

SNIFF

SNIFF

SNIFF...
HE SANCTIFIES
THE LAND FOR
HIS OWN RETURN.
BUT, SEE HOW HE
ATTRACTS FOOLS
AND BLASPHEMERS
LIKE FLIES.

AND YOU
STAND
RIGHT
IN THE MIDDLE.

THEIR HATRED
AND BLOOD
ACCELERATING
THE DAY OF HIS
RETURN!!
HER HER HER

I see

THIS PLACE IS EVEN MORE WARPED THAN I IMAGINED
I'M SORRY...
WHAT ARE YOU APOLOGIZING FOR?

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BE SORRY ABOUT.

IT'S THEIR FAULT FOR NOT STAYING PUT.

YOU GO AND CALM THOSE STUPID MONKEYS OUTSIDE.

NOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

I'LL LOOK AFTER THESE IDIOTS.

WHAT ARE ALL THESE SOUR FACES I SEE?
Well, I suppose we'll just have to pack up again... To Ernie! And Rocko in town! COWARDS!!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE TOWNSPEOPLE WON'T COME?

THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE REALLY EXCITED ABOUT OUR SHOW!

WHAT WILL BECOME OF OUR CIRCUS?

THEN WHAT HAPPENED TO ROCKO AND ERNEST?

IT WAS... A STUPID DREAM... ANYWAY... I MEAN...

... WHO WOULD... COME TO... SEE US?

... YOU'RE RIGHT.

I GUESS.

IT WAS...
ANP XU&y KEPT SNARLING AT US LIKE run/
I THOUGHT OF THEM MAKES ft suuvv&p.
YOU KNOW EU-y SHARP. LIKE KNIVES.
MARVINA lerPMf'/ I THE WOLVES THAT ATTACKED US...
BUT THE SCARIEST THING WAS THEIR EYES!
...AND THEY KEPT SNARLING AT US LIKE THIS!
JUST THE THOUGHT OF THEM MAKES ME SHudder YOU KNOW.
BY THE NOOKS OF 'EM...
THE WOLVES THAT ATTACKED US...
THEIR CLAWS WERE REALLY SHARP LIKE KNIVES.
WHEN YOU SEE THOSE EYES FLASH IN THE DARK...
...YOU FREEZE IN YOUR TRACKS...
...LIKE SOMEONE'S PUT A SPELL ON YOU.
Anyway, it's a miracle that Ernest and Rocko survived the attack.

So all of you be careful too, okay?

Huh?

Ben... do...?

Wait... wait a minute.

Mayb it was a coyote?

Stop lying, Nera!!

What's gonna happen to our performance?

Silly, that's the least of our worries right now.

Um... I think it might have been a bear actually.

Do you think we're stupid?

Nera, you liar!!
WO... WOLVES!!

HE'S BIG— I MEAN REALLY HUGE!!

WHOA!!

THREE!!

THAT MUST HAVE HURT.

TROT

TROT

H-HURRY!

EVEN- ONE, RUN!!

GALLOP

I THINK HE'S...

UNCONSCIOUS.

NERA WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
Are you sure he's Mr. Dudley's son?

Who knows?

Why would he come here?

Do you think he...

He just fell off the horse just like that.

Why?

Do you think something happened at town?

Wait, he's getting up!

MMM...

AAAAAAAAAHHH!!
You don't rip...

As well as you fight.

Ne...

Nera!
WHAT'S ALL THAT STUFF YOU BROUGHT?

DID YOU GET SICK OF DADDY AND RUN AWAY TO JOIN THE CIRCUS?

I HEARD FROM MR. IRWIN... THAT THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE FORCING HIM TO STOP SELLING TO YOU.

I THOUGHT THAT MAYBE I COULD BE OF HELP.

THE TOWNSFOLK, THEY'RE NOT BAD PEOPLE.

AND I... I JUST WANTED TO APOLOGIZE.

I'M SORRY, NERA I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HELP.

IT'S REALLY JUST MY FATHER THAT'S BEEN TURNING THEM AGAINST YOU GUYS.

IF YOU MUST BLAME SOMEONE, BLAME HIM.

I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO THINK.
EVERYONE, GATHER AROUND!!

WAIT A MINUTE!!

YOU'RE THE GUEST...

YOU'RE...

HMM...

GUEST...

FONDO, SAM!!

UM MNEE NERAP

PLOP
I P.I.N'T.
I TEU.
OU TO GET REAPy?

There may just be one man but he's a paying customer!

And he's the first windtalk resident to come to our show!

But, Sam! Rocko and Ernest are still laid up...

Hey, don't look at me.

I'm just taking orders from the lady over there.

Just one guy?

Y-y-yeah.

Didn't I tell you to get ready?

Ha ha!

Trust me!
DON'T BE SCARED.
I'M HOLDING ONTO HIM LIKE THIS, JUST IN CASE.

BUT CAN I ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING TOO?

DON'T BE SCARED.

MOSH WANTS TO SEE NERA DANCE TOO.

I GAVE HIM A LOLLIPOP HE DIDN'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE.

AND LOOK

I'M HOLDING ONTO HIM LIKE THIS, JUST IN CASE.

WILL YOU LET ME KNOW IF HIS CANDY STARTS RUNNING LOW?
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

WE ARE GLAD TO BE HERE IN BEAUTIFUL WINDTAL...

WE'VE GOT A WONDERFUL SHOW LINED UP FOR YOU TONIGHT...

FILLED WITH SONG AND DANCE... AND DANGER!

THE MINERS SAY HE CAME OUT OF THE EARTH ITSELF! HALF MAN, HALF BEAST!

SO SIT BACK, RELAX...

AND ENJOY THE WILDEST SHOW THE WEST HAS EVER SEEN!

WE FOUND HIM AT A SILVER MINE IN COLORADO SPEAKING THE DEVIL'S TONGUE!

TRUMP-A-THUMP!

BOBO!!
WON'T IT BE TOO MUCH FOR HIM?

YOU THEN, SIR? IN FRONT?

OHHH! THAT'LL BE A NEW RECORD

MAYBE IT'S BOBO!

HOW MANY CHAINS DO YOU THINK IT WOULD TAKE...

...TO BIND THIS HALF-BEAST OF HELL?

GIVE ME A NUMBER AND WE'LL SEE IF IT'S ENOUGH AND FOR OUR SAFETY, SIR, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!

FIVE!!

FIVE...

FIVE!!

FIVE!!
YOU IDIOTS! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BREAK OUT OF THOSE CHAINS!

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU CHOSE WISELY!

WE'LL ALL SLEEP A LOT SOONER THAN TONIGHT, KNOWING THE BEAST IS CONTAINED!

HI
STAND BACK. IVAN!!
STAND BACK, PILGRIM OF THE SANCTUARY!

THIS FEAST IS NOT FOR YOU!!

IN WHICH WOLVES SHOW THEIR TRUE COATS, AND THE LAW COMES TO WIND+ALE AT LAST.

TO BE CONTINUED IN PRIEST 14