

Sam Romesburg • Sam Freeman • Rodrigo Vázquez • Justin Birch

Hound™





SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF

WAR TURNS
MEN INTO
ANIMALS.

ITS EVIL NATURE
ROTS THEIR TONGUES,
TURNING THEM MUTE.

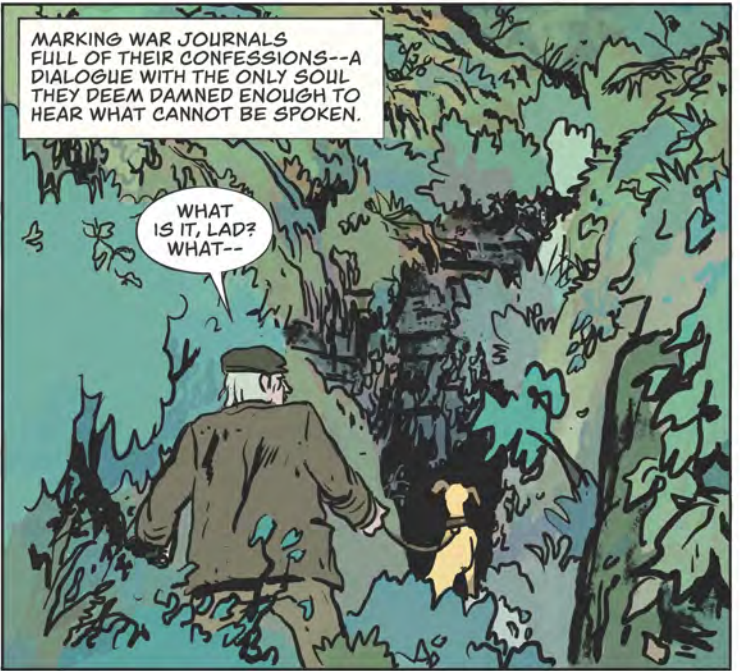
NEVER ABLE TO SPEAK
OF THE THINGS THEY'VE
SEEN OR THE HORRORS
THEY'VE COMMITTED.

EASY,
BOY!

WOOF
WOOF



WHEN SOLACE
CANNOT BE FOUND
THROUGH SPEECH,
THESE SOLDIERS
TURN TO THE PEN.



MARKING WAR JOURNALS
FULL OF THEIR CONFESSIONS--A
DIALOGUE WITH THE ONLY SOUL
THEY DEEM DAMNED ENOUGH TO
HEAR WHAT CANNOT BE SPOKEN.

WHAT
IS IT, LAD?
WHAT--



HOWEVER, THE ONLY
THING CERTAIN IN WAR IS
DEATH, AND IN DEATH,
ALL IS LEFT BEHIND.



OH
MY...

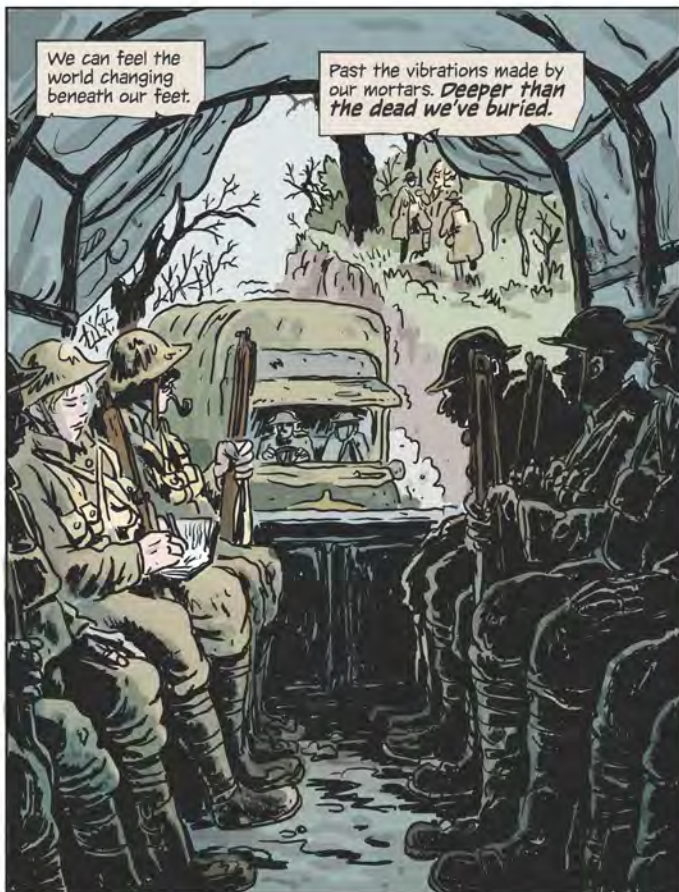
TIME TURNS THESE TOMES
OF HELLISH ADMISSION INTO
HEIRLOOMS, TRICKLING
THROUGH TIME AND FALLING
INTO THE HANDS OF
SOMEONE **UNSUSPECTING**.

THIS IS THE STORY OF A
JOURNAL BELONGING TO
PRIVATE BARROW...

June. Southern France. 1917.

It feels like Hell
here. I know the
others feel it, too.





We can feel the world changing beneath our feet.

Past the vibrations made by our mortars. *Deeper than the dead we've buried.*



Too much blood has soaked into the soil, fertilizing a new age for those who walk upon it.



Even so, we burrow into it like rats. Digging deeper toward the hell we've done so well to mimic.



Are we to be astonished if we've *broken through*? If our war has acted as an invitation to bridge the divide?



For the things I've been told...of what I *fear* is to come...it can only be--

WHICH OF YOU IS PRIVATE BARROW?



BEFORE YOU SEE IT, I MUST TRY AND TELL YOU...

...EVERY DETAIL OF THIS GREAT WAR IS COMPLETELY UNPRECEDENTED.



BEYOND THE QUIBBLE AT THE HEAD OF IT ALL, YOU MUST BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE THE DEATH AROUND YOU. IT EXISTS IN EVERYTHING...EVEN IN THE LIVING.

IF YOU CAN, PRIVATE...



...TRY TO SHIELD YOURSELF FROM AS MUCH OF IT AS YOU CAN.



MEET YOUR NEW FACE.



MY...

...MY NEW FACE?



But it is all new.



Something quiet has taken place.



A change of hands.



What is this new death?



What is this new fate?

WE'RE HERE.

What is this
new God?

