



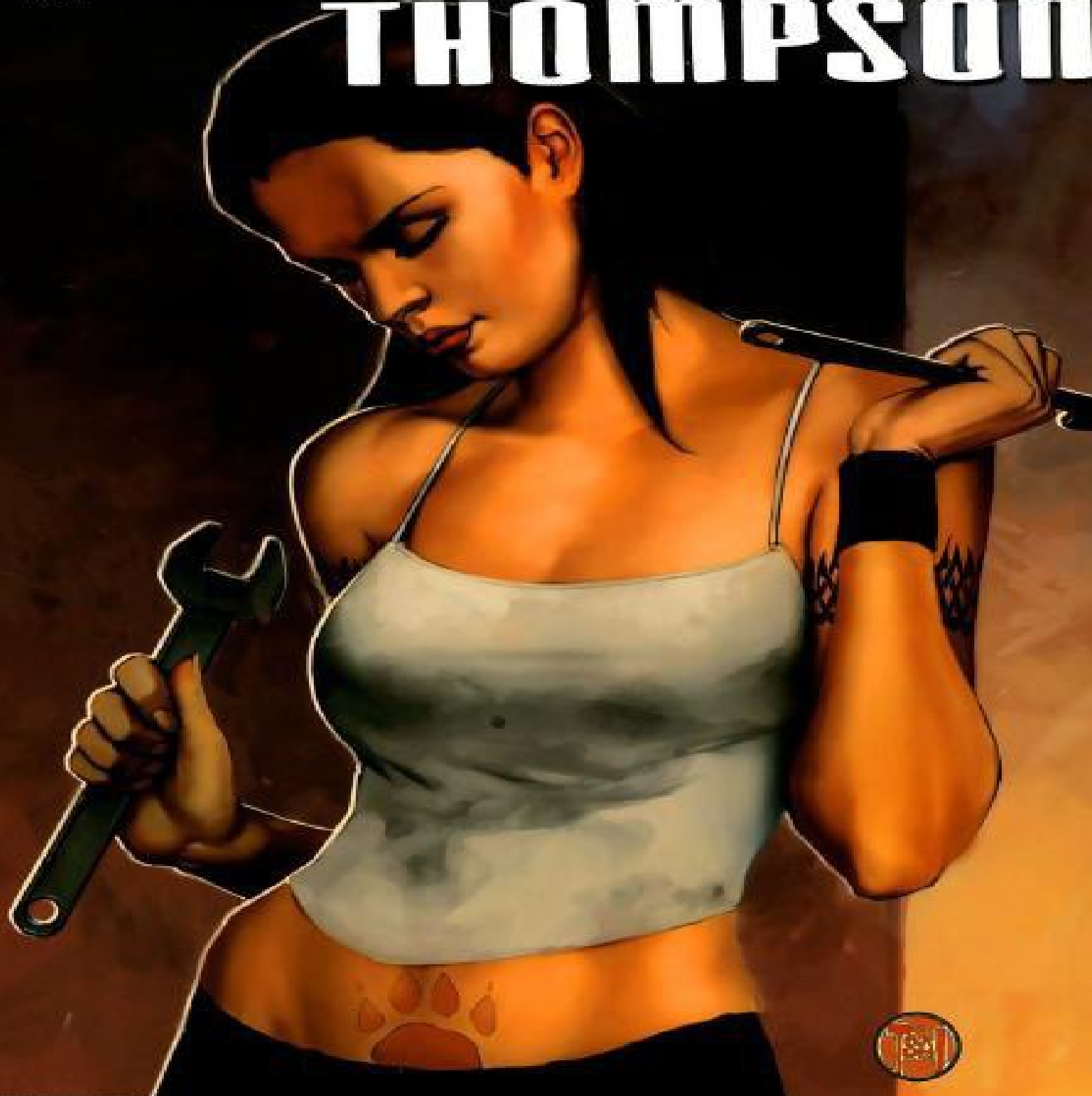
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PATRICIA BRIGGS'

MERCY THOMPSON



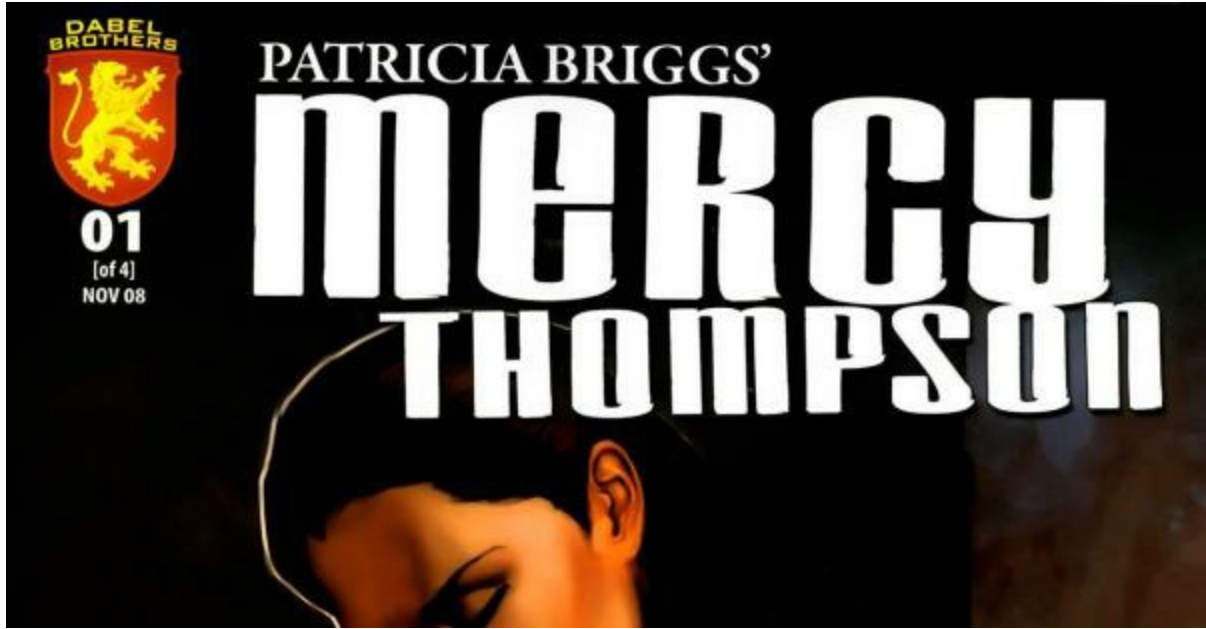
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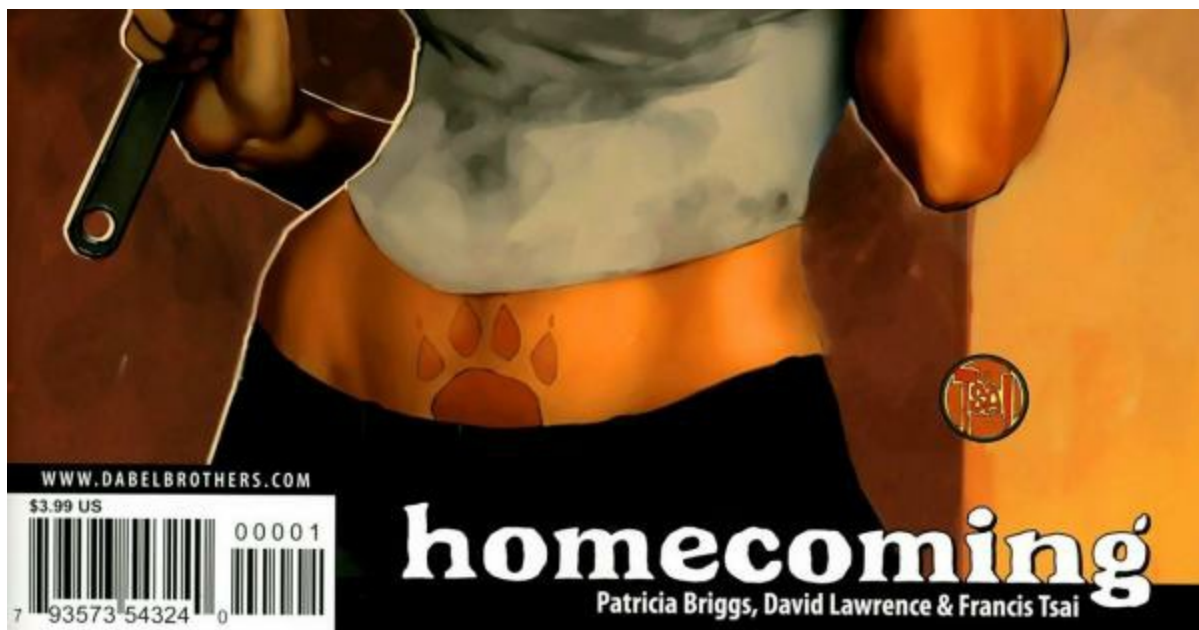
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DABEL BROTHERS PUBLISHING PRESENTS:

PATRICIA BRIGGS'

MERCY THOMPSON

Mercy Thompson is born of two worlds
but at home in neither.

The daughter of a human woman and a coyote shape shifter,
raised by werewolves, she lives in both shadow and light.

The search for her place in the sun has brought Mercy to
Washington's Tri-Cities, looking for a new life and a new career.

Instead, she's stumbled upon deadly struggle between packs of
rival werewolves and wound up smack in the middle.

Still, if Mercy can get out alive,
she might just have found a **home...**

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& DAVID LAWRENCE**

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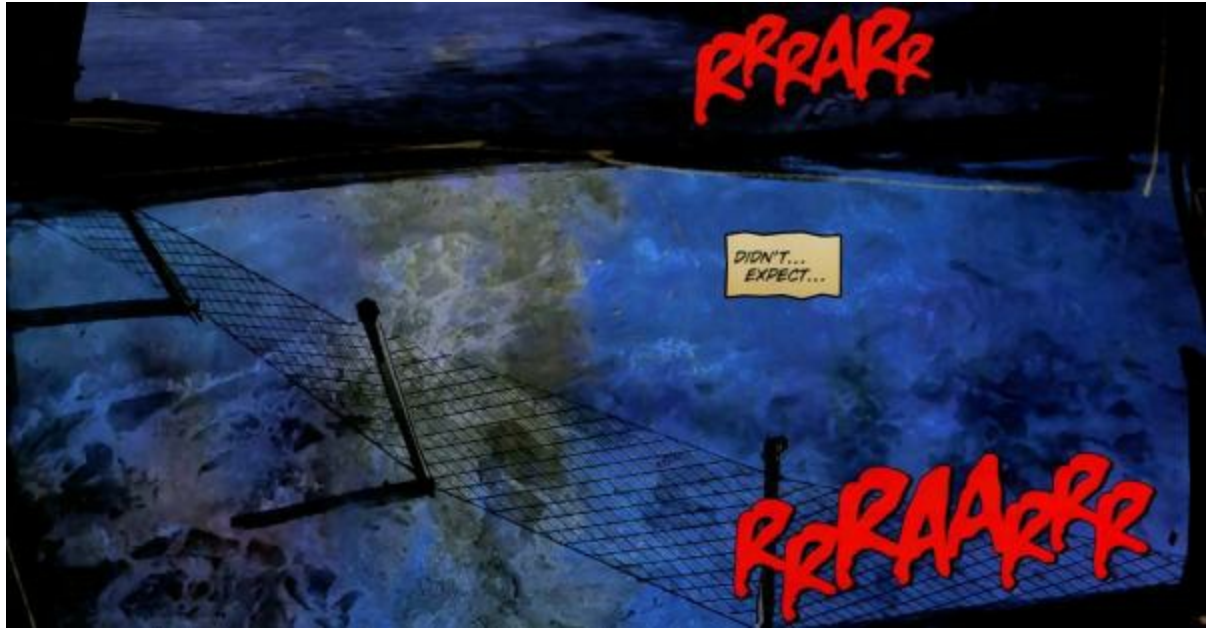
thematic consultants:
**Linda Campbell, Debbie Lentz &
Jennifer Phillips Linthwaites**

PATRICIA BRIGGS' MERCY THOMPSON: HOMECOMING #1, OCT 2008, First Printing.

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**CHAPTER ONE:
WOLF AT THE DOOR!**



















IT WAS A FITTING END TO MY FIRST DAY IN THE TRI-CITIES--



BECAUSE THE BEGINNING WASN'T THAT GREAT, EITHER.

I DROVE A LONG WAY FROM PORTLAND FOR THE JOB INTERVIEW. WITH SUMMER NEARLY OVER IT WAS MY LAST CHANCE FOR A TEACHING JOB THIS YEAR.

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, LEE. IT WASN'T THAT BAD.



MS. THOMPSON? YOU'RE NEXT.



WELCOME, MS. THOMPSON. I'M PRINCIPAL JOE CRUZ. THIS IS TOM ADLER, OUR DEAN OF MEN. THAT'S MARION ADLER, OUR VICE-PRINCIPAL, BESIDE YOU.

WITH MY CANINE SHARP HEARING I KNEW LEE JOHNSON'S INTERVIEW HAD GONE BADLY. I WAS A SHOO-IN.

AT LEAST I SHOULD HAVE BEEN.



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE. WE ONLY HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS.







WE NEVER DID SEE EYE-TO-EYE.
I KNOW MOM WANTED WHAT
WAS BEST FOR ME--



SHE COULDN'T KNOW IT WAS
A TOSS UP WHETHER HE'D
SIMPLY SNAP MY NECK--



BUT I DON'T THINK SHE EVER
UNDERSTOOD THAT SHE HANDED
ME OVER TO THE BIGGEST,
BADDEST WEREWOLF OF ALL.



OR PERMIT A
MEMBER OF THE
PACK TO RAISE ME.



DAY TWO DIDN'T LOOK PROMISING, EITHER. THIS WAS THE CLOSEST VW REPAIR SHOP IN THE PHONE BOOK.



HELLO?



IS THERE ANYBODY WORKING HERE?

HELLO, LADY. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



SURE. WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING?

WELL, I HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT--





IT WAS A LONG WAY BACK TO THE HOTEL SO I HUNG AROUND THE SHOP.

I HAD A BLACK AND WHITE TV THAT GOT NOTHING BUT JERRY SPRINGER FOR COMPANY.

THANKS TO HEAT, BOREDOM AND THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT, BEFORE LONG I DOZED OFF.



TILL AN ANGRY VOICE WOKE ME.

STILL NOT DONE?







"COMMUNITY SERVICE? FOR WHAT?"

"TEENAGE

"DILLNESS."



I DON'T KNOW WHY THE MARROK WAS SO MAD. HE PRACTICALLY DARED ME TO TAKE IT.













I WAS RIGHT TO WATCH MARKUS. HE IS TOO HOT-HEADED.

IT MAKES HIM A DANGER TO US ALL.



I'M STEFAN. I APOLOGIZE TO BOTH OF YOU FOR THE TROUBLE.



SO YOU SMITE... ADELBERTS?

SHUT UP, LADY.



ADEL... BERT... SMITER?



IF YOU'RE NOT HUMAN, WHAT ARE YOU?

IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN SHE'S A WALKER.



A SKINWALKER?

JUST A WALKER.
A COYOTE SHAPESHIFTER.
SKINWALKERS ARE
DIFFERENT--

AND BAD
NEWS, ALL OF
THEM.



HOW
DID YOU
KNOW?

I'VE MET A
FEW OF YOUR KIND.
A LONG TIME AGO. I
THOUGH YOU WERE
ALL DEAD.

COULD
BE.



BEATS
BEING UNDEAD,
THOUGH.

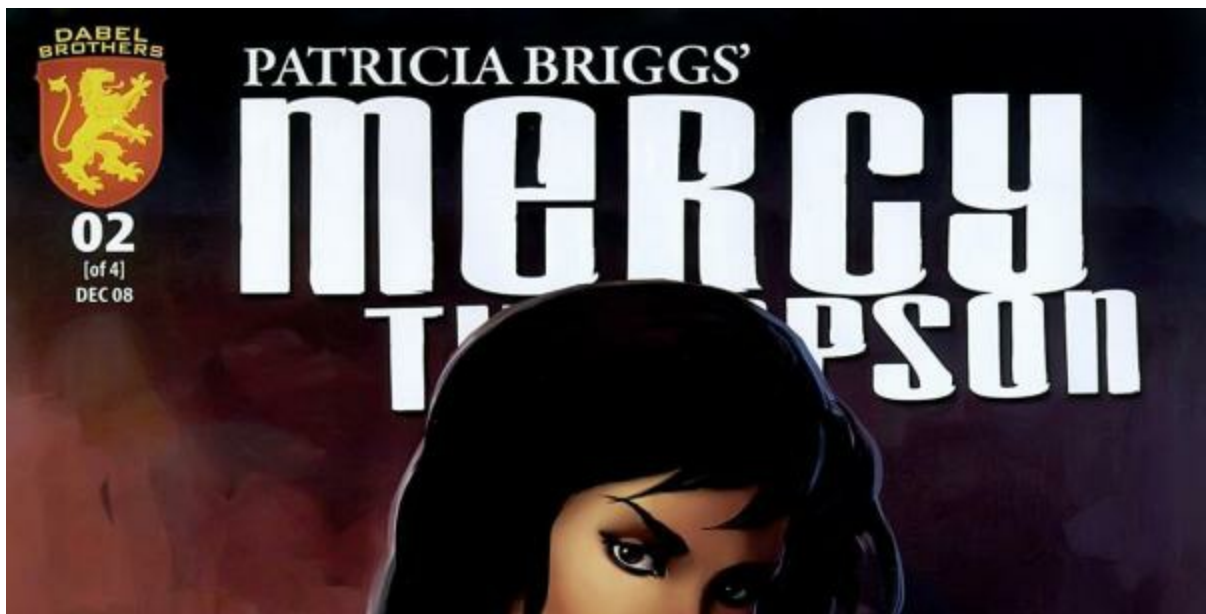
FIRST TIME
I'VE MET A
FAE.

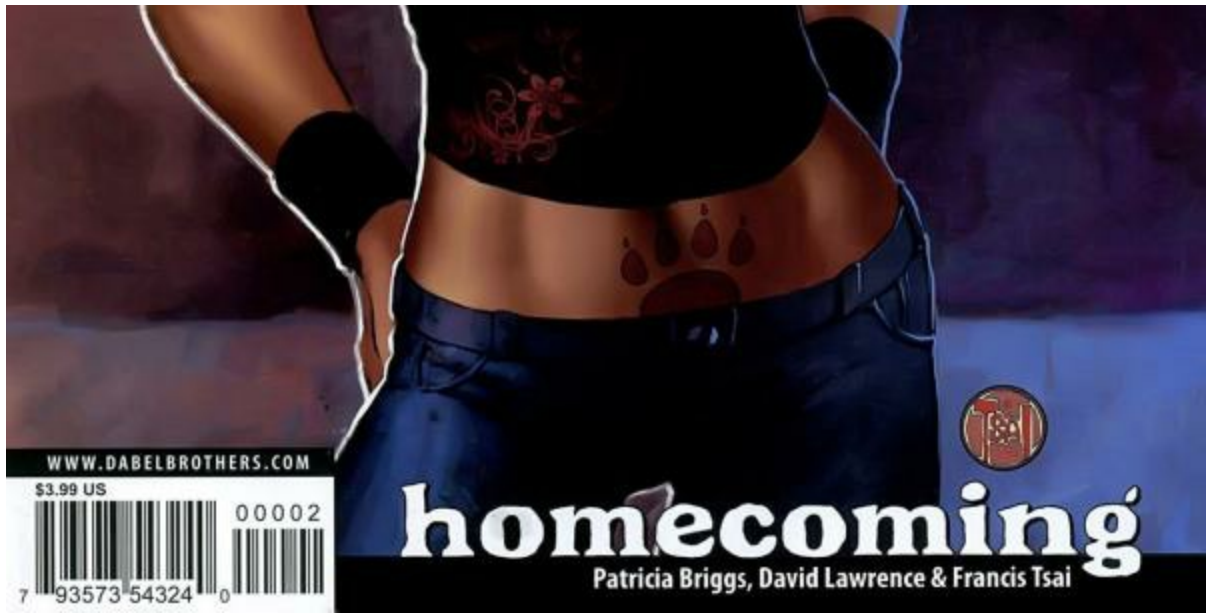
FIRST TIME
I'VE MET A
WALKER.











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I'LL BET
IT'S SIMON THE
CARETAKER.

AH, I
UNDERSTAND--

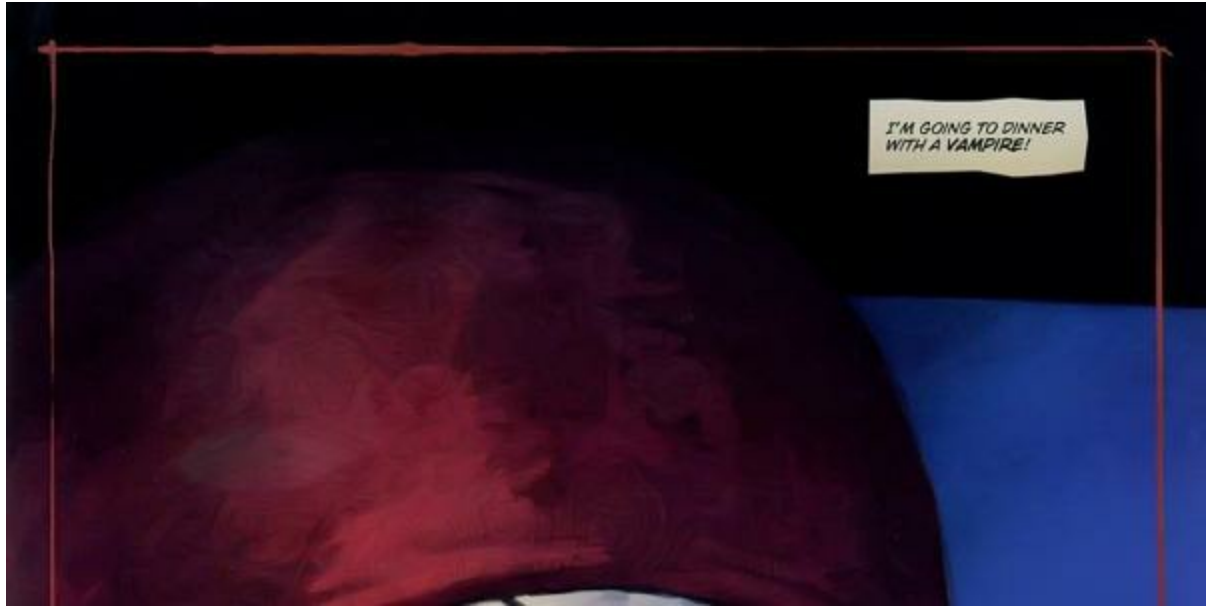


YOU JOKE
BECAUSE YOU ARE
NERVOUS.



DON'T
WORRY,
MERCY.

LIKE TONIGHT,
FOR EXAMPLE.





I'M NOT GOING TO BITE YOU!

CHAPTER TWO: HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF!



STEFAN,
I'M NOT THE ONE WITH
THE SCOOBY DOO
OBSESSION.

YOU'VE GOT
THE VAN PAINTED LIKE
THE MYSTERY MACHINE.
I'M JUST PLAYING
ALONG WITH YOUR
JOKE.

LOOKS
CLASSY, SO
WHAT IS
IT?









BUT AFTER
A HARD DAY I
THOUGHT YOU'D BE
HUNGRY.

AWFULLY
GALLANT--

YOU KNOW,
FOR AN EVIL
BLOODSUCKER.



I HAVE
HELPED YOU.
TWICE.

YOU *COULD*
GIVE ME THE
BENEFIT OF THE
DOUBT.



AND YOU'RE CERTAINLY MORE PLEASANT THAN YOUR FRIEND WAS LAST NIGHT.

I'M HERE, AREN'T I?

AND OUT OF



MARKUS?
IT WAS A MISTAKE TO SEND HIM TO THE GARAGE. HE IS YOUNG, DRINK WITH HIS POWER AND HAS A PARTICULAR DISLIKE FOR THE FAE.

I THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE TROUBLE.



THE GOODNESS OF YOUR HEART YOU THOUGHT YOU'D PREVENT IT?

IT IS POSSIBLE, YOU KNOW.

"HAVE YOU MET YOUR EMPLOYER?"



HONESTLY, THE SEETHE DOES NOT NEED AN ENEMY AS POWERFUL AS SIEBOLD ADELBERTSMITER--

PARTICULARLY IN HIS CURRENT STATE OF MIND.

"HE HASN'T BEEN





































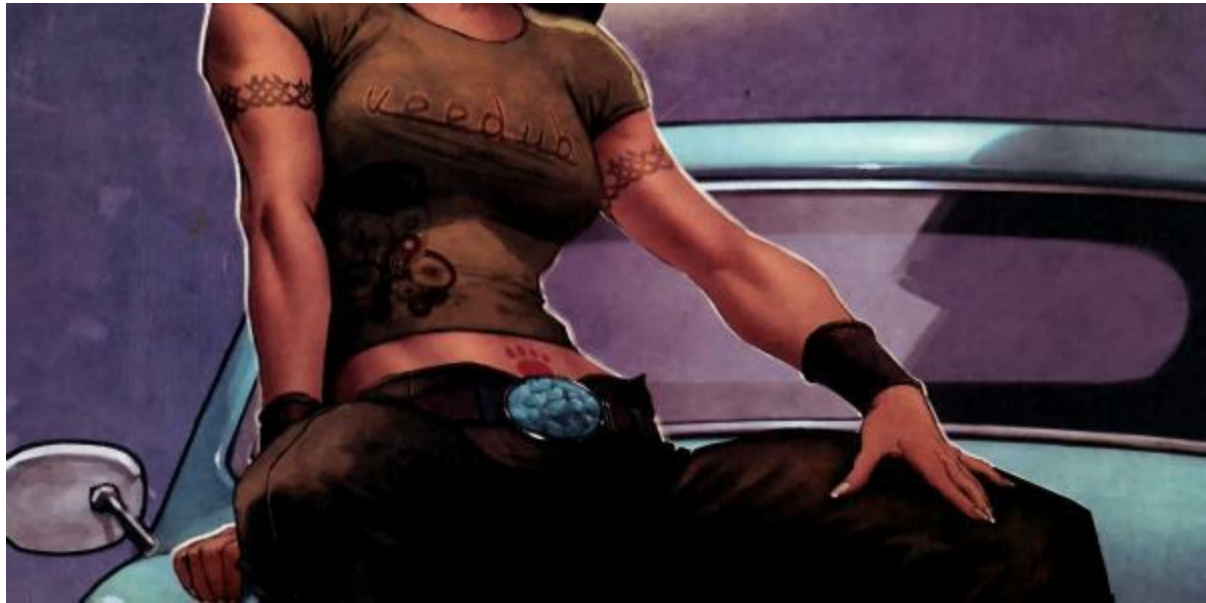






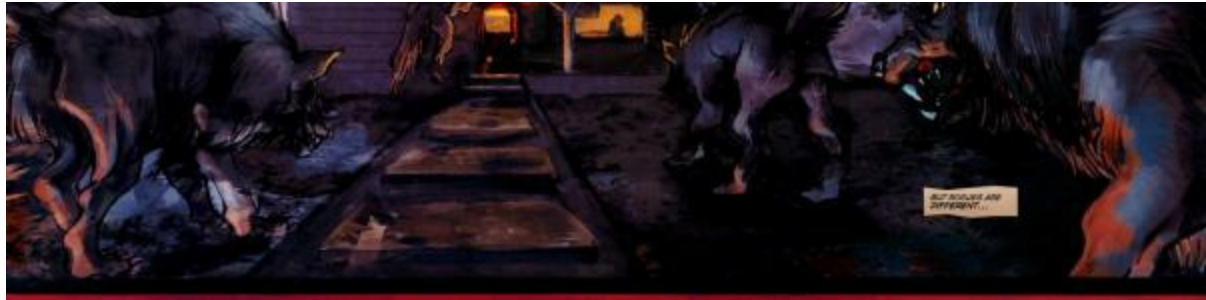






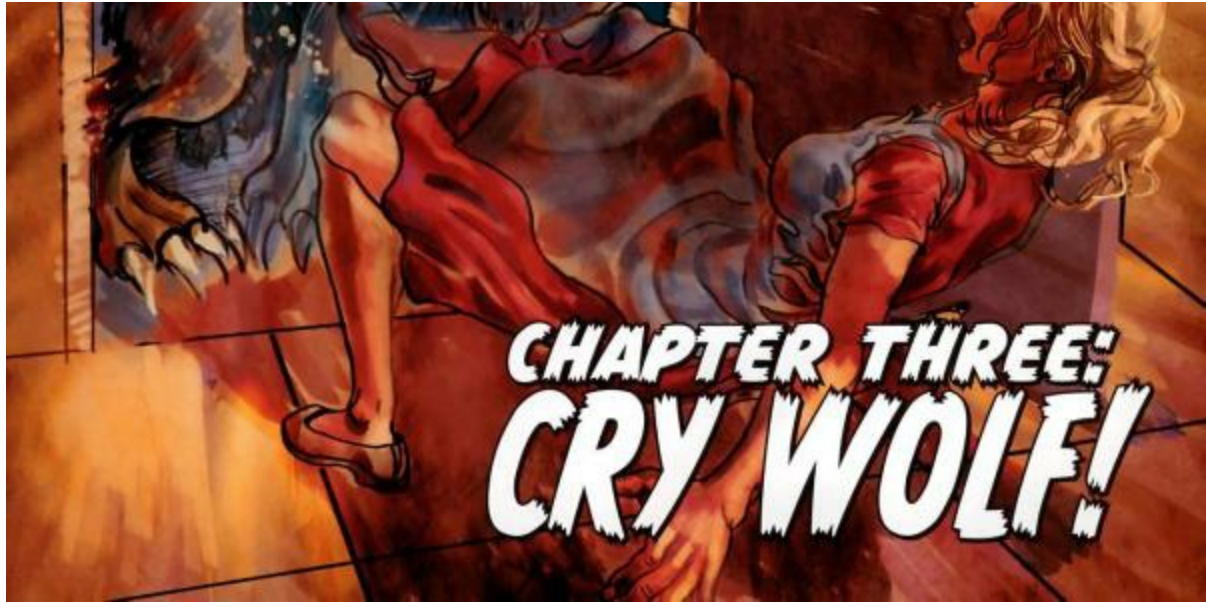


















OR MAYBE I REMEMBERED THE TIMES YOU HELPED ME. THAT MAKES YOU A FRIEND, STEFAN--

AND I DON'T RUN OUT ON MY FRIENDS.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE WAKE TAD. I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE HIS FATHER LIKE THIS.

"TAD KID'S BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH."



HELLO, MS. THOMPSON.

YOU!



THE NEXT MORNING...



CHECKING OUT, MS. THOMPSON.

YES.



TIME TO GO HOME.



LIKE I SAID--

I DON'T LIKE BEING TOLD WHAT TO DO.

AT \$59 A NIGHT, I COULDN'T AFFORD THE HOLIDAY INN ANY LONGER.

NO WAY I WAS GOING BACK TO MOM'S AND FAST FOOD--



BUT IF I WERE GOING TO STAY I NEEDED TO FIND A PLACE FAST.



THE FIRST WAS TIDY BUT SO SMALL--







ONLY GOOD THING I
COULD SAY ABOUT IT.

PLUS, IT WAS OWNED
BY A JUDGMENTAL
OLD HAG--



WHO GOT ONE LOOK AT
MY TATOO AND DECIDED I
WAS THE DRUG-DEALING
WHORE OF BABYLON.



I HAD A GOOD LAUGH
AT HER EXPENSE--

BUT IT DIDN'T GET
ME ANY CLOSER TO
FINDING A HOME.

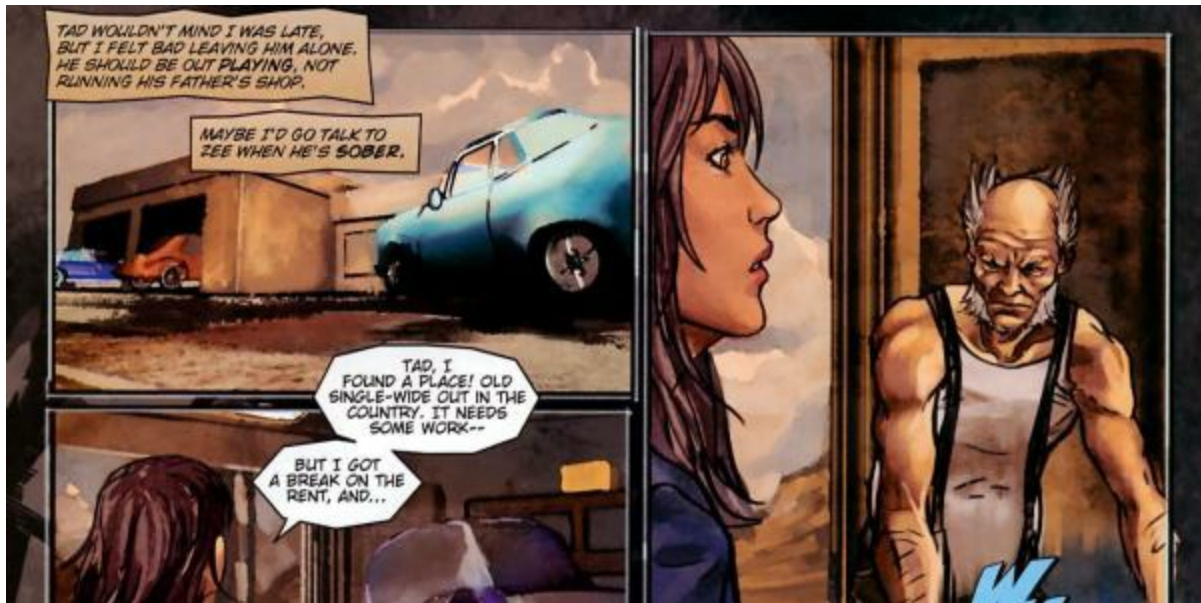


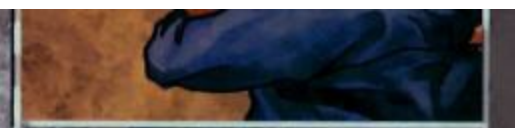
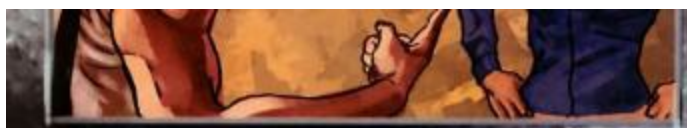
ONE LAST STOP,
AND IT DIDN'T LOOK
LIKE MUCH EITHER.



STILL, THERE
WAS FRESH AIR
AND PLENTY OF
SPACE.

SURE, IT NEEDED
WORK, BUT IT
WASN'T THAT BAD.













GREETINGS, MS. THOMPSON.

I WAS AFRAID WE'D LOST YOU.



THEN YOUR GOON THERE SHOULDN'T HAVE CRACKED ME OVER THE HEAD. IT'S A PRETTY FINE LINE BETWEEN SHOVING SOMEONE OUT



YOU'VE TURNED DOWN SO MANY FRIENDLIER INVITATIONS THAT VICTOR HAD NO OTHER CHOICE.



CRACKING SOMEONE'S SKULL AND KILLING THEM--

AND YOU'VE GONE TO SO MUCH TROUBLE TO GET ME HERE I'M PRETTY SURE YOU WANT ME ALIVE.



HE HATES TO DISAPPOINT ME.

SO WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?











WOLVES ARE KNOWN MORE FOR RAW **STRENGTH** THAN BRAINS, AFTER ALL.



I'M A DIFFERENT KIND OF WOLF--
AND I GET WHAT I WANT.



WHICH IS--
ASIDE FROM HASSLING ME FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON, EXACTLY WHAT?



THIS TERRITORY. IT'S MINE--

BRAN HAD NO *RIGHT* TO SEND HALPFTMANN AND HIS PACK TO TRY TO STEAL IT!



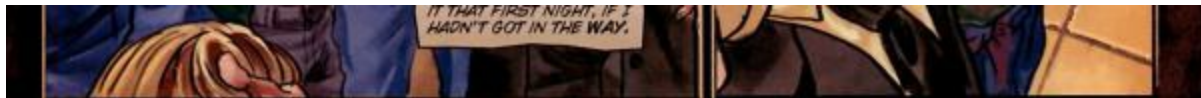
SINCE HE WON'T TALK TO ME--

YOU'RE GOING TO HELP.



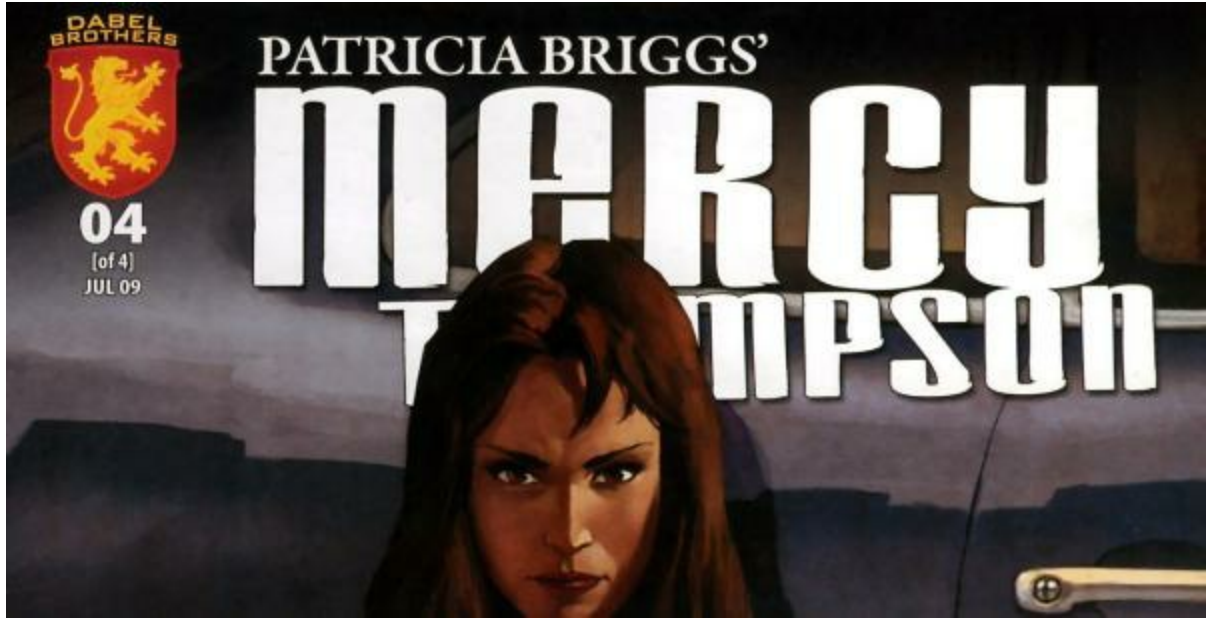


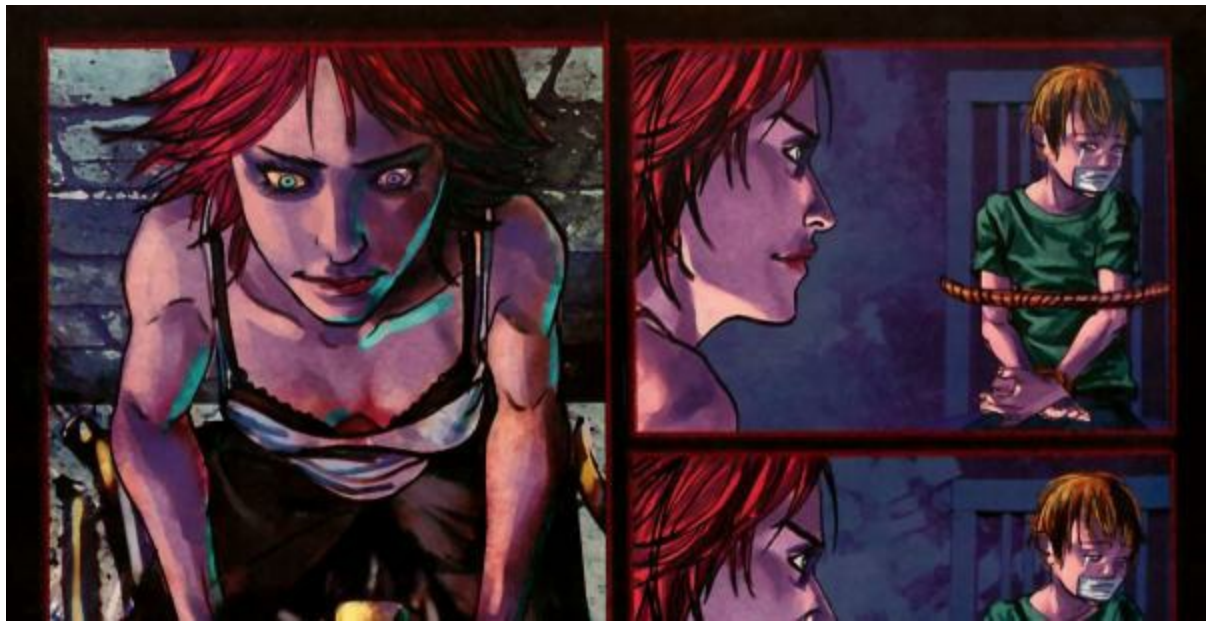
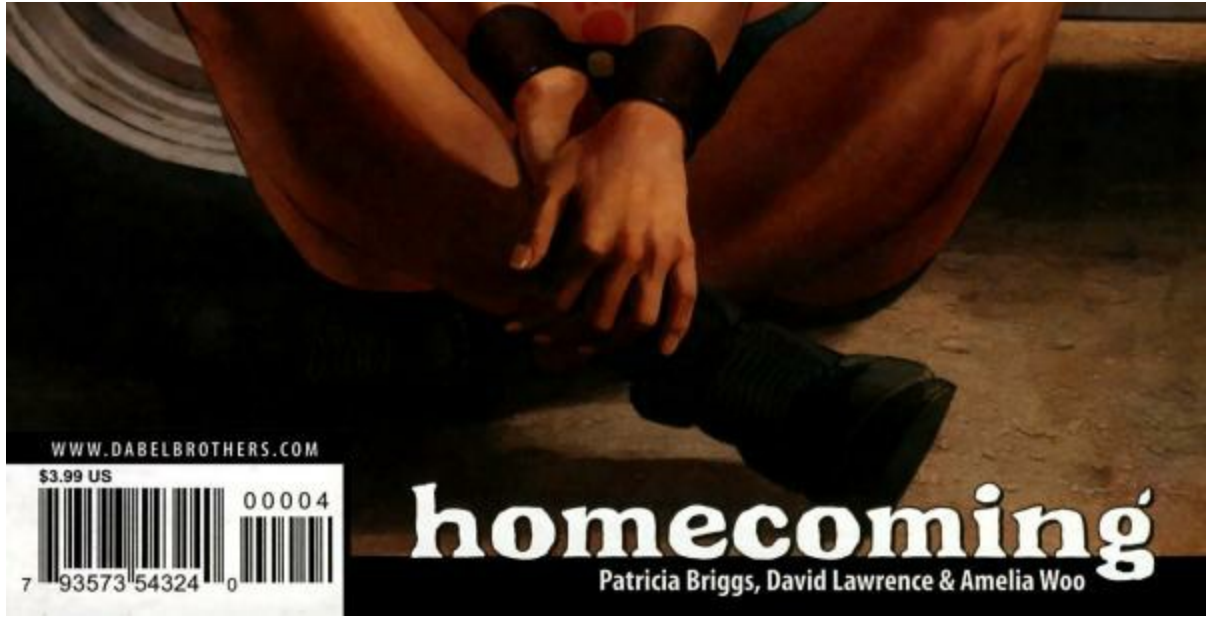


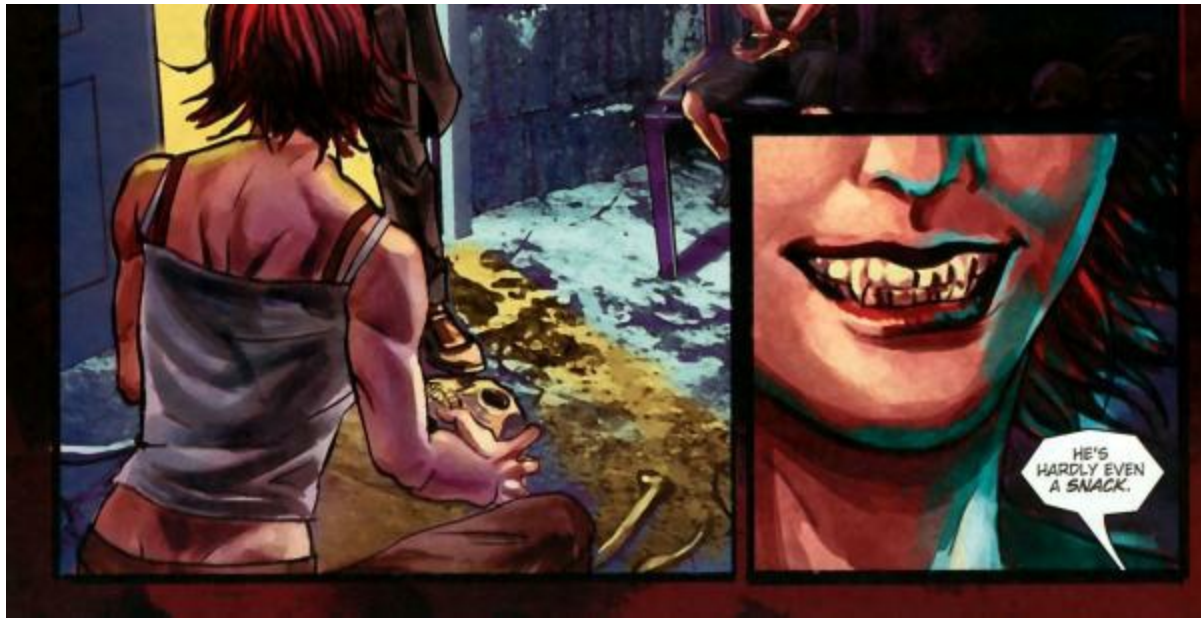
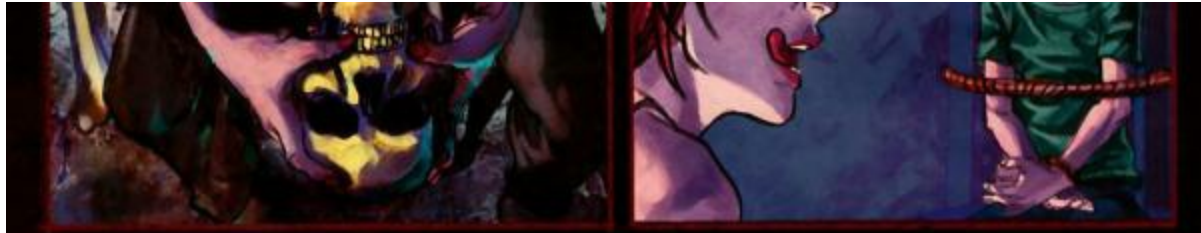














IT'S THE WAY
COYOTES ARE
MEANT TO LIVE.

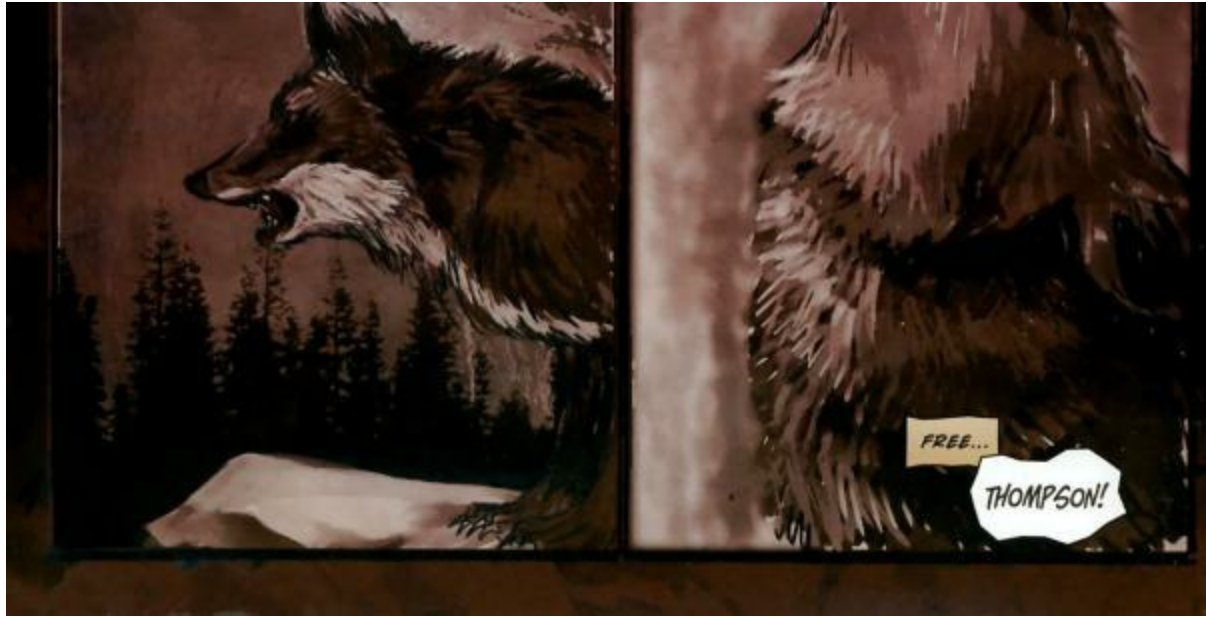


IN THE WILD, AWAY FROM
THE CLAUSTROPHOBIC
CROWDING OF A CITY.



SKY ABOVE,
MOTHER EARTH
BENEATH MY FEET.









UNDERSTAND, I WANTED TO DO THE BEST JOB I COULD--

BUT I COULDN'T GET THAT POOR ORPHAN BOY OUT OF MY MIND.

OR THE FIGHT TO THE DEATH THAT WOULD SETTLE HIS FATE, EITHER.

ALMOST TASTE THE OVERPOWERING STENCH OF SEARING ANIMAL FLESH AND CHEMICAL ADDITIVES.

IT DIDN'T HELP THAT, EVEN IN HUMAN FORM, MY SENSES ARE HEIGHTENED. I NEEDED THIS JOB, BUT IT WAS A NIGHTMARE COME TRUE.

I COULD HEAR EVERY MEANINGLESS WORD AT THE TABLES--

I FELT LIKE A FLAT FAILURE. I HADN'T GOT THE JOB AS A TEACHER THAT I'D COME FOR.

GOTTEN FIRED FROM A JOB I LOVED, AS A MECHANIC.







IT'S CALLED JUMP OFF JOE, AND I'D OVERHEARD ENOUGH OF THEIR PHONE CALL TO KNOW THAT THIS WAS THE PLACE WHERE ADAM HALPTMAN WOULD FACE ORSON PARK.

IT SEEMED A GOOD PLACE TO DIE. I'VE NEVER SEEN A PLACE SO DESOLATE OR FELT MORE...



ALONE?

AH, MR. HALPTMAN, WE'VE GOT TO STOP MEETING LIKE THIS.















SOMEONE BRINGS A BUG IN, SAYS THE VALVES ARE NOISY.

OLDER VW VALVES ARE USUALLY NOISY. YOU CAN TRY ADJUSTING THEM, BUT USUALLY THEY JUST GO BACK TO BEING NOISY. SOMETIMES CHANGING THE KIND OF OIL YOU USE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

LIKE TO OFFER YOU A JOB IN MY SHOP.



I'LL BE GRUMPY MOST DAYS, AND WORSE THAN THAT ON THE OTHER. I'LL RIDE YOU HARD AND YOU'LL WORK SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.

BUT I PAY BETTER THAN BURGER KING AND YOU WON'T SMELL LIKE COOKING OIL AND POWDERED EGGS.



I WON'T WORK SUNDAYS AND IF YOU'RE GRUMPY WITH ME EXPECT GRUMPY RIGHT BACK!

AGREED! I'LL SEE YOU AT THE SHOP MONDAY.

JUST DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID TOMORROW NIGHT.

LIKE BURN MYSELF ON THE DEEP FRYER?

HAH, I'M A PROFESSIONAL.





I DIDN'T WANT TO BE SPOTTED SO I GOT THERE EARLY.

THE CLIMB WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER AS A COYOTE--



BUT AS A COYOTE I COULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT THE GUNS.



AND I WANTED TO BE READY FOR ANYTHING.



THERE WERE PLENTY OF COYOTE IN THE TERRITORY, SO A CHANGE MADE IT LESS LIKELY I'D BE RECOGNIZED.

PLUS, AFTER A WEEK OF GRILLING BURGERS FOR THE KING--



IT JUST FELT GOOD.



EVENTUALLY, A FEW OTHERS ARRIVED, CLIMBING THE HILL AND FINDING HIDING PLACES OF THEIR OWN.

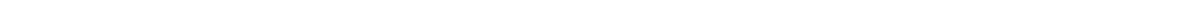
THEY WERE WOLVES. MUST HAVE BEEN ADAM'S. THEY WERE WELL BEHAVED AND THEIR SCENT GAVE NO HINT THEY'D BEEN FEASTING ON HUMANS.



NIGHT WAS FALLING AS THE REST ARRIVED. ADAM'S PACK ALMOST SPARKLED WITH SPIT-SHINE AND DISCIPLINE. ORSON'S--











IT LOOKED PRETTY
BAD FOR OUR SIDE.



BUT PARK DIDN'T
KNOW THERE WAS A
JOKER IN THE DECK.

BLAM



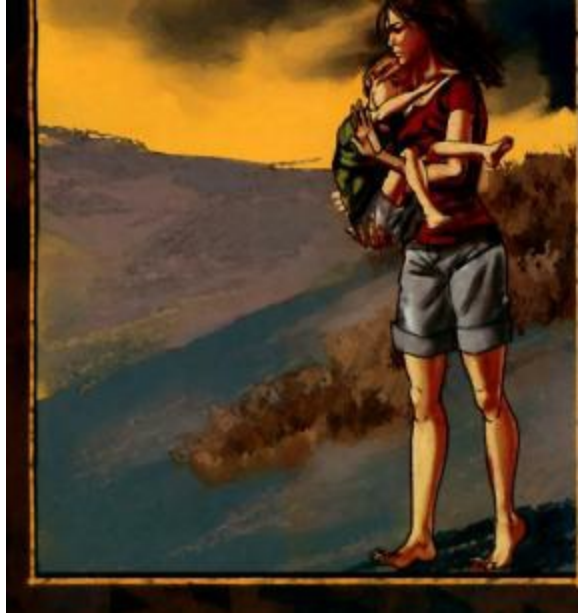
DARRYL'S CHANGE WOULD TAKE TOO LONG TO HELP THE BOY--

AND I COULDN'T MANAGE A DECENT SHOT AT A WOLF RUNNING IN THE DARK.









WILL HE
BE OKAY,
EVER?

HARD TO SAY.
I WAS WITH HIM LONG
ENOUGH TO LEARN HE



THE POLICE
WILL RECEIVE AN
ANONYMOUS CALL ABOUT
A BOY WANDERING BY THE
HIGHWAY. WE'LL KEEP
A HIDDEN WATCH TILL
THEY ARRIVE.

WHEN THEY
TRACE HIM TO HIS
HOUSE, THEY'LL *THINK*
IT WAS A HOME
INVASION.



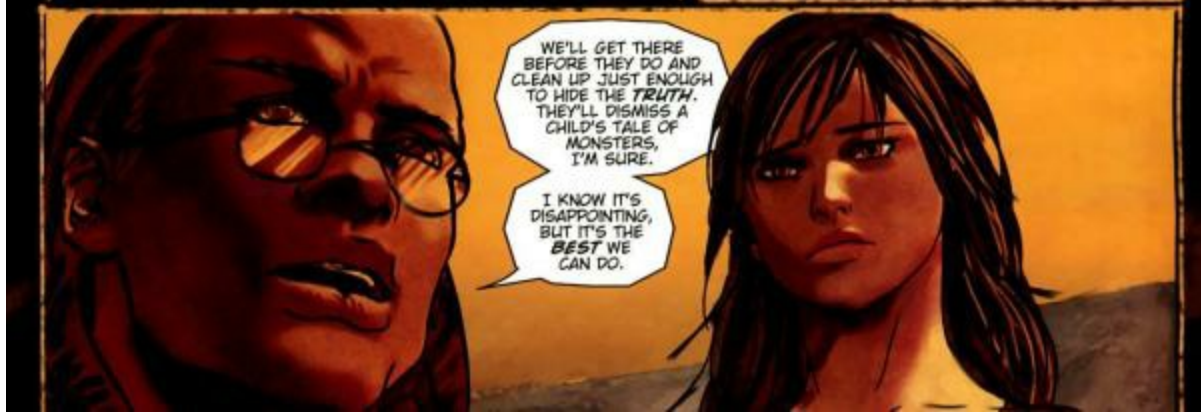
ENOUGH TO LEARN HE DIDN'T SEE THE **WORST** OF THE ATTACK.

I HOPE WHATEVER FAMILY HE HAS LEFT GETS HIM THE **HELP** HE NEEDS.



WE'LL GET THERE BEFORE THEY DO AND CLEAN UP JUST ENOUGH TO HIDE THE **TRUTH**. THEY'LL DISMISS A CHILD'S TALE OF MONSTERS, I'M SURE.

I KNOW IT'S DISAPPOINTING, BUT IT'S THE **BEST** WE CAN DO.



IT **COULD** HAVE BEEN WORSE.

THAT WAS NICE **WORK**, THOMPSON.

MAYBE BRAN WAS **RIGHT** ABOUT YOU.







YOU LEFT IT *BEHIND* WHEN YOU MOVED AWAY.

HE HOPED YOU'D WANT IT BACK.

HE GAVE IT TO ME WHEN I TURNED THIRTEEN.

THE MARROK WANTS YOU TO KNOW--



HE NEVER MEANT YOU TO FEEL YOU WERE *REJECTED*. HE JUST WANTED YOU TO BE SAFE.

YEAH, *SURE*.

OH, I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU.

DON'T KNOW HOW SHE AVOIDED BECOMING AN HORS D'OELVRE FOR ORSON'S PACK BUT WE FOUND HER WHEN WE CHECKED THE FARMHOUSE FOR STRAGGLERS.

THOUGHT SOMETHING TO LOOK AFTER *MIGHT* KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE.







MERCY'S
garage

And now the end is near and so I face the final curtain...

A long journey that began for me almost a year ago is reaching its end with this fourth and final issue of **Mercy Thompson: Homecoming**.

artwork by Amelia and the amazing Francis Tsai, who illustrated the first half of our story.

And, rumor has it, an interview of Patty conducted by yours truly, if she ever stops writing books long enough to sit down and get it done. And about the same time the Homecoming graphic

I was thrust upon Patty Briggs with the first issue already underway. I rewrote her first script, rather extensively, having no idea that as I came on board she was on the other end of North America doing precisely the same.

It could all have made for a rocky collaboration but from the first Patty and her husband Mike were nothing but gracious. We took the best parts of both scripts and put them together, ultimately producing something better than either version had been.

They have been generous with



novel arrives our next Patty Briggs adaptation will be beginning.

Cry Wolf is set in what we'll call the Mercy Thompson universe, and features both beloved old characters and intriguing new ones. It tells the story of the Marrok's younger son Charles and his new mate, Anna. It's illustrated by Jordan Gunderson and adapted from the novel by yours truly. I'm hard at work on the second script right now.

Like our **Dresden Files** adaptation it will be published in two volumes, each of four issues, enabling us as always to cover

both time and compliments and have been a pleasure to work with. I am grateful.

This is the second issue to be illustrated by the talented Amelia Woo. I think that it outshines her work on the previous issue and makes me wish we could be together for several more.

Thanks for everything, Amelia.

Not long from now the graphic novel collection of this series will be in bookstores and comic shops everywhere. In addition to the complete story between two covers it will also include bonus

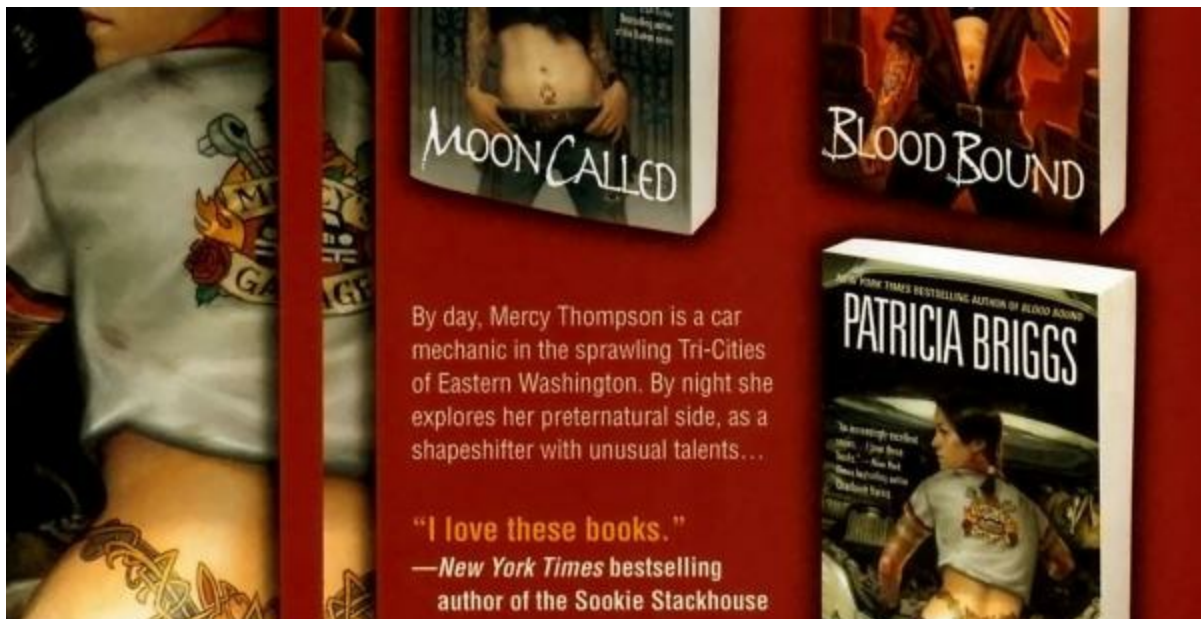
the entire story with depth and detail lesser adaptations lack.

And by the time all that's over with poor Patty will probably be begging me to go torment some other poor novelist.

Thanks for joining us these past four issues. It's been a blast. Though we'll have no where to print them we'll still be looking forward to your e-mails, whether comments, questions or complaints at mercysgarage@verizon.net.

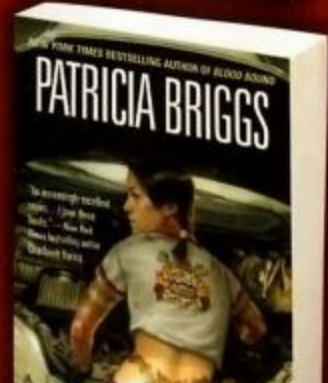
Best,
David Lawrence

**“Expect to be spellbound”* by the
#1 *New York Times* bestselling
MERCY THOMPSON series**



By day, Mercy Thompson is a car mechanic in the sprawling Tri-Cities of Eastern Washington. By night she explores her preternatural side, as a shapeshifter with unusual talents...

“I love these books.”
—*New York Times* bestselling author of the Sookie Stackhouse





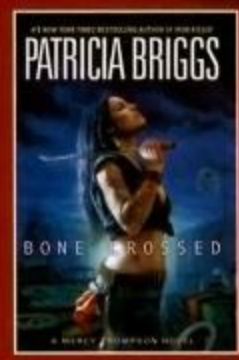
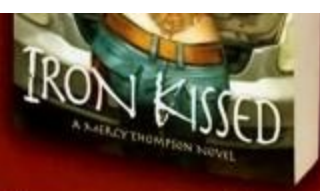
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novels Charlene Harris

"In an increasingly crowded field of kick-ass supernatural heroines, Mercy stands out as one of the best." —*Locus*

Don't miss *Bone Crossed*, the next book in the Mercy Thompson series, on sale in hardcover February 2009 from Ace.

Read an excerpt of the first book in the series, *Moon Called*, at patriciabriggs.com



Available wherever books are sold

*Lynn Viehl





ALPHA AND OMEGA

CRY WOLF: VOLUME ONE

Full color comic book series ships monthly Aug - Nov 2009

Adapted by David Lawrence with stunning artwork by Jordan Gunderson



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