WEREWOLVES DEAD MOON BISING

A MOONSTONE MONSTERS ANTHOLOGY



EDITED BY DAVE ULANSKI with GARRETT ANDERSON



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WEREWOLVES: DEAD MOON RISING A Moonstone Monsters Anthology

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illustration by Ken Wolak



AUTHOR'S NOTE: The following story expresented in glorious black & white.

he night settled heavily up on the mountain forest like a shroud woven of storm-gray smoke. It was a desolate place, thick with skeletal trees as black and twicked as a madman's nightmare. The woods were deathly silent but for the muffled tread of the single pale horse with cloaked rider that carefully to ked its way through the gloom along the uneven, wheel-furrowed at h.

The path—for it could not properly be called a road—was partly overgrown with thorny brush, and sodden with deep, muddy ruts and frequent washouts. It wound its treacherous way through the dark forest and up into the craggy foothills, toward the tiny, unnamed village that sat at the mouth of a nearly forgotten mountain pass. Bava Pass—too high and narrow for trade caravans or troops, and passable only during the late summer and early autumn seasons—was itself but a jagged fissure between rocky peaks, used only by local hunters, a few gypsies and the occasional lost or clandestine traveler.

The rider of the gray horse was indeed a hunter of sorts, but not of the local breed. Nor was he lost. He was a lean, sharp-featured man of indeterminate age, with a hooked nose and deep-set, predatory eyes of ice blue. Though not, by all appearances, a particularly old man, his unusually long hair was completely and shockingly white, as was his carefully trimmed, slightly diabolical beard. His clothing was well tailored and expensive, though somewhat soiled by the rigors of difficult and sustained travel. His bearing suggested that of a fighting man, an impression further enhanced by the saber strapped to his hip, and the