



**BRIN  
BARBERA  
CARTOON HUNTER**



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These horrors.

Twisted beasts fueled by rage,  
a hunger for the innocent.

They live only to rip  
and tear. To destroy.

I smile despite myself as  
I marvel at their speed,  
their deadly precision.

I am to end them  
swiftly. Wordlessly.



Ensuring that I don't  
lose myself in the  
process.



I'm unsure if either  
dark mandate is  
possible.

One thing I can lose myself in,  
however? Melodrama.

Broody, narrative melodrama.

As your typical teenage girl  
would declare: Barf.

Yet from my studies this is the manner  
in which modern, pop culture heroes  
speak. And I am to embody these  
heroes, angst and all.

Ugh. Do teenage girls  
say barf-squared?





I am uncertain of my identity.  
Am I Hunter or a young woman?

Can I not be both?  
Is not my mission-

To slay evil  
cartoons-

Best served by an individual  
with a clear sense of self?

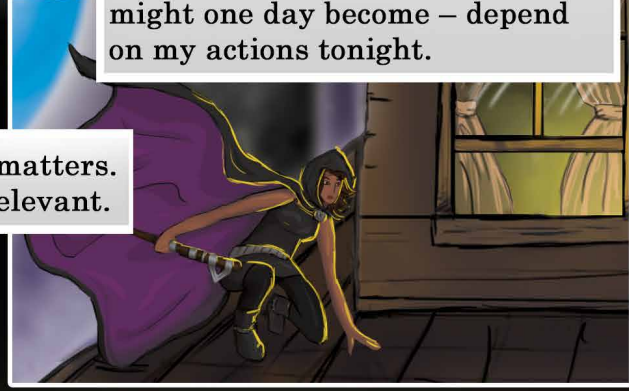


I shame myself by pondering such things. A girl's life - her dreams, her hopes, everything she is and might one day become - depend on my actions tonight.



So ravenous.

This is what matters.  
All else is irrelevant.



Quiet, Jerk Shine, you buffoon. Do you want to wake the girl?

Yes please, Putrid Pelican. I would love nothing more.

The sound of a little girl crying and screaming -

Her primal fear as we feast upon her innocence-

Is sweet, delicious, ecstasy.



True, Jerk Shine. A child in terror does tickle me in all the right spots.



You're horrible, the pair of you.

No noise tonight. We must be quick. Feast and run.



My poison may put the child to sleep, Putrid Pelican, but I will not be rushed.

I intend to savor this. Slowly.

Verrrrry slowly.

Fool! There are Hunters out tonight. I can sense it.

This once, you must curb your twisted lust.

You be quick. You run. You be a coward.

I'm too hungry to be afraid.

Nightmare creatures? Need to study more hero banter.

Stop, nightmare creatures!

Do not force me to erase you.

**WHAP!**

Please, just leave the child and go.

Poor, sad little monsters. Once adorable cartoon Cuddle Creatures so full of love, bringing joy and laughter to children.

It's a Hunter!

It's a Scourge!

Now cursed. My heart aches to witness how far they have fallen.



I have no stomach for battle tonight. Forgive the misdeeds of the past and just go.

Please.



I cannot bring myself to harm them.

Perhaps reasoning, showing kindness, will turn them away from the dark?



I am being a fool, aren't I? A gullible, sappy fool.



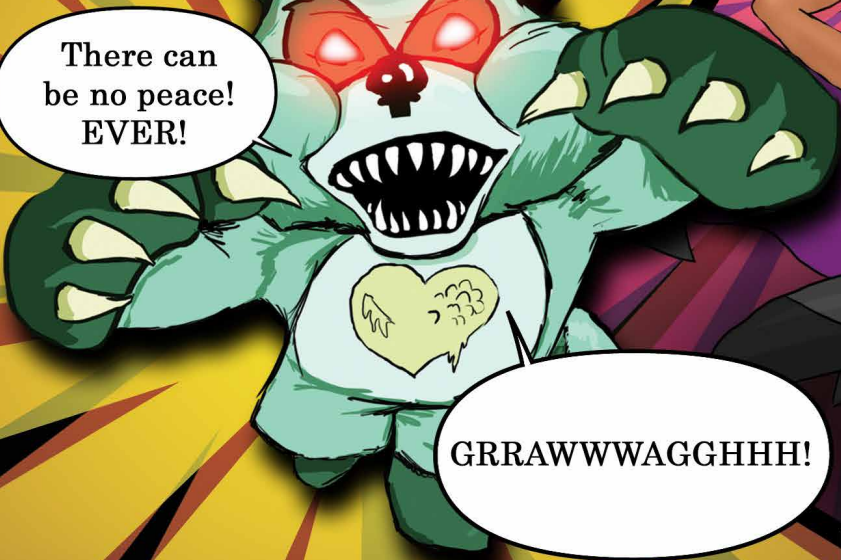
Die, Scourge!

You Cartoon Hunters have too much to pay for!



There can be no peace! EVER!

Remember, you chose this!



GRRRAWWWAGGHHH!



Mother Witchress, I am a fool for trying a better way.

But violence will be meet with violence.