



TWILIGHT
DETECTIVE
AGENCY

Girls Out

MYTHICAL. FUN. AND ON THE RUN.



MIKE RIEGER





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DETECTIVE
AGENCY

Girls Out

ISSUE #3: *Connection*

Half a world away from Msrs. Riverdale and Hawkstone, secret gargoyle proprietors of the *Twilight Detective Agency*, gargoyles Veronica and Maeve discovered that their society in the Czech Republic was, in truth, engineered by magic-using humans—instead of hiding in fear of them as their culture believes.

During their escape and subsequent three-month flight across Europe, the girls have wondered: what is the purpose behind the mages' enslavement of their people? Have their adversaries noticed their absence?

Are they being hunted?

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**THE CZECH REPUBLIC.
THREE MONTHS AGO.**

YOU
LET HER
GO.

MY LADY
AZRAEL, SHE
ESCAPED.

SHE
ESCAPED
BECAUSE YOU
DIDN'T DO YOUR JOB
PROPERLY. SO YOU
LET HER GO.

I AM AWARE THAT, RIGHT NOW, YOU
ARE TAKING COMFORT IN THE FACT
THAT YOU, AS THE **PATRIARCH**
OF THIS COLONY, ARE THE **ONLY**
GARGOYLE WHO KNOWS THAT
YOUR PEOPLE ACTUALLY
SERVE US.

SO
YOU THINK
I **NEED**
YOU.

THAT
I WON'T
DESTROY
YOU.

YOU'RE
CERTAIN I
WON'T REACH
OUT LIKE
THIS--

--AND
WITH ONE HAND,
EFFORTLESSLY--

RRRAAGHH

VMMMM

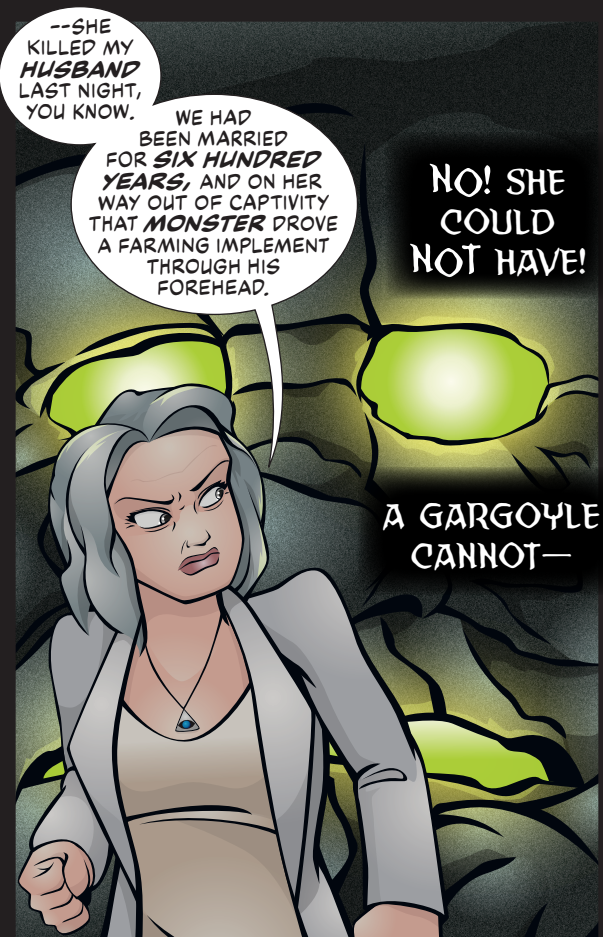
--**EVVVVER**
SO SLOWLY DRAIN
THE **MAGIC** FROM
YOU UNTIL YOU TRULY
BECOME THE **CLOD OF**
USELESS EARTH
YOU ARE.



YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE. BUT **ONLY** BECAUSE I CAN'T SPARE THE ACOLYTES TO TAKE THIS MOUNTAIN BY **FORCE**.

RULING THROUGH **FEAR** IS MORE EFFICIENT AND FOR THAT, **FOR NOW**, I NEED YOU.

MM-*



--SHE KILLED MY HUSBAND LAST NIGHT, YOU KNOW.

WE HAD BEEN MARRIED FOR **SIX HUNDRED YEARS**, AND ON HER WAY OUT OF CAPTIVITY THAT **MONSTER** DROVE A FARMING IMPLEMENT THROUGH HIS FOREHEAD.

NO! SHE COULD NOT HAVE!

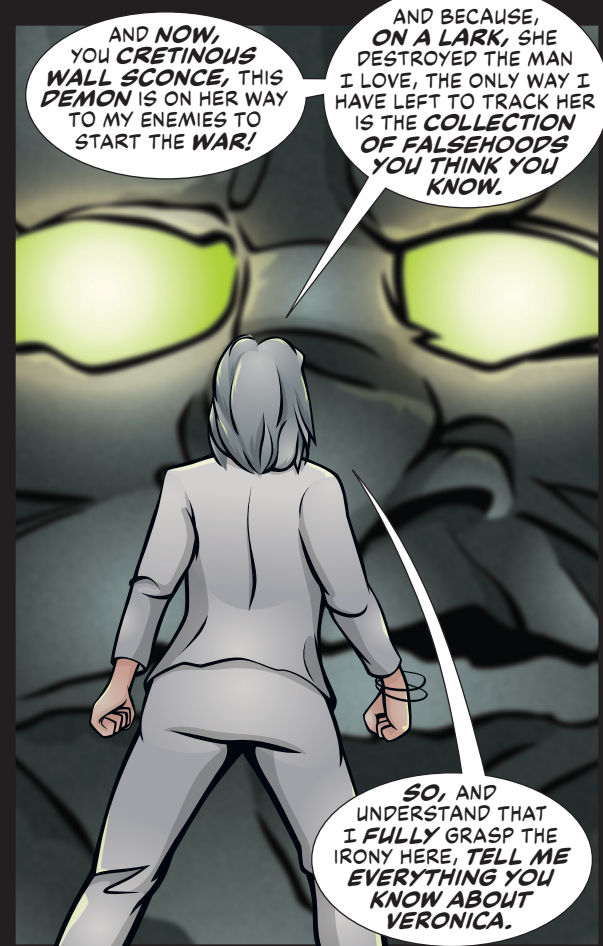
A GARGOYLE CANNOT—



NO? YOU ASSURED ME THAT YOU COULD KEEP ALL OF THE GARGOYLES CONTAINED HERE. YOU WERE CONFIDENT THAT YOUR CREATURES WOULD STAY **HAPPY AND CONTENT**, STORING UP MAGIC FOR THE DAY WE WOULD **NEED** IT.

NO GARGOYLE WOULD EVER **LEAVE**, YOU SAID!

NO GARGOYLE CAN **EVER KILL**, YOU SAID!



AND NOW, YOU **CRETINOUS WALL SCENCE**, THIS **DEMON** IS ON HER WAY TO MY ENEMIES TO START THE WAR!

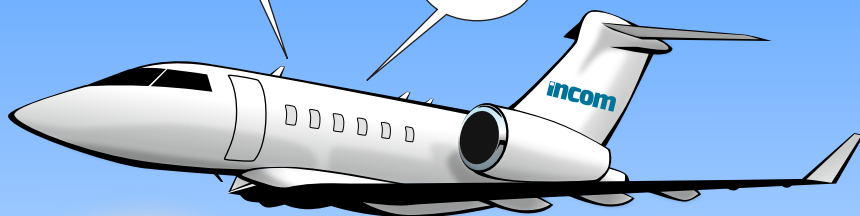
AND BECAUSE, ON A LARK, SHE DESTROYED THE MAN I LOVE, THE ONLY WAY I HAVE LEFT TO TRACK HER IS THE **COLLECTION OF FALSEHOODS** YOU THINK YOU KNOW.

SO, AND UNDERSTAND THAT I **FULLY GRASP** THE IRONY HERE, TELL ME **EVERYTHING** YOU KNOW ABOUT **VERONICA**.

**CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.
TODAY.**

I HEARD
THEY EAT
US.

HA HA,
WHAT?



IT WAS
JUST A **RUMOUR**
PEOPLE WOULD WHISPER
ABOUT! YOU WEREN'T
EVER THAT INTERESTED IN
GARGOYLE SOCIETY
SO YOU PROBABLY
NEVER HEARD IT.



SOMETIMES
PEOPLE **DISAPPEARED**.
AND SO THE RUMOUR WAS
THAT, EVERY FEW HUNDRED
YEARS, THE MAGES WOULD
EAT A GARGOYLE.

SOOO
WHAT YOU'RE
PROPOSING IS A
SMURFS SCENARIO,
WITH THE MAGES AS
GARGAMEL.

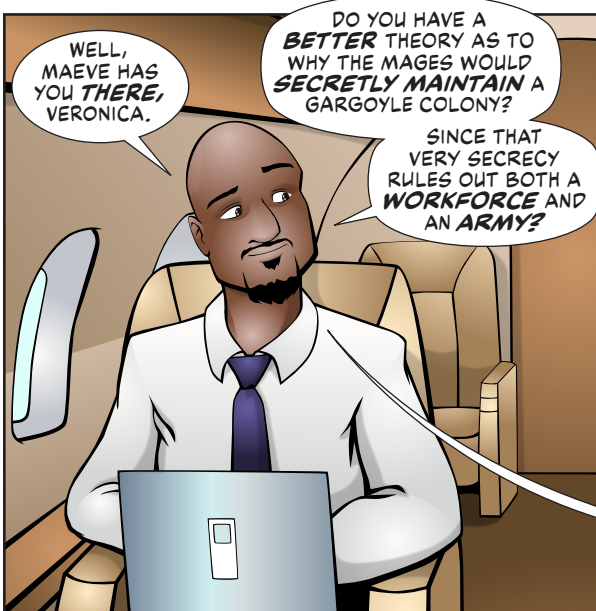
I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THAT IS. BUT A MAN
SHOT **FIRE AND WIND**
OUT OF HIS **HANDS** AT
US! WHY IS **THIS** SO
UNBELIEVABLE?



WELL,
MAEVE,
YOU **THERE**,
VERONICA.

DO YOU HAVE A
BETTER THEORY AS TO
WHY THE MAGES WOULD
SECRETLY MAINTAIN A
GARGOYLE COLONY?

SINCE THAT
VERY **SECRECY**
RULES OUT BOTH A
WORKFORCE AND
AN **ARMY**?



NOT BEING
ABLE TO **KILL**
MAKES THEM A
CRAP **ARMY**
ANYWAY.

BUT,
MAEVE, DO
YOU REMEMBER
LUTHER? THAT
GUY IS THE SIZE OF
A **DOUBLE PECKER**
BUS. HE HAS **SIX**
LEGS. I CAN'T REALLY
PICTURE A BUNCH OF
WIZARDS ROASTING
HIM LIKE A
CHICKEN.

YOU PAINT
AN **EVOCATIVE**
WORD PICTURE,
MY DEAR.

AH! I
SEE THAT WE'RE
APPROACHING
HALIFAX.
SEATBELTS ON,
LADIES!

