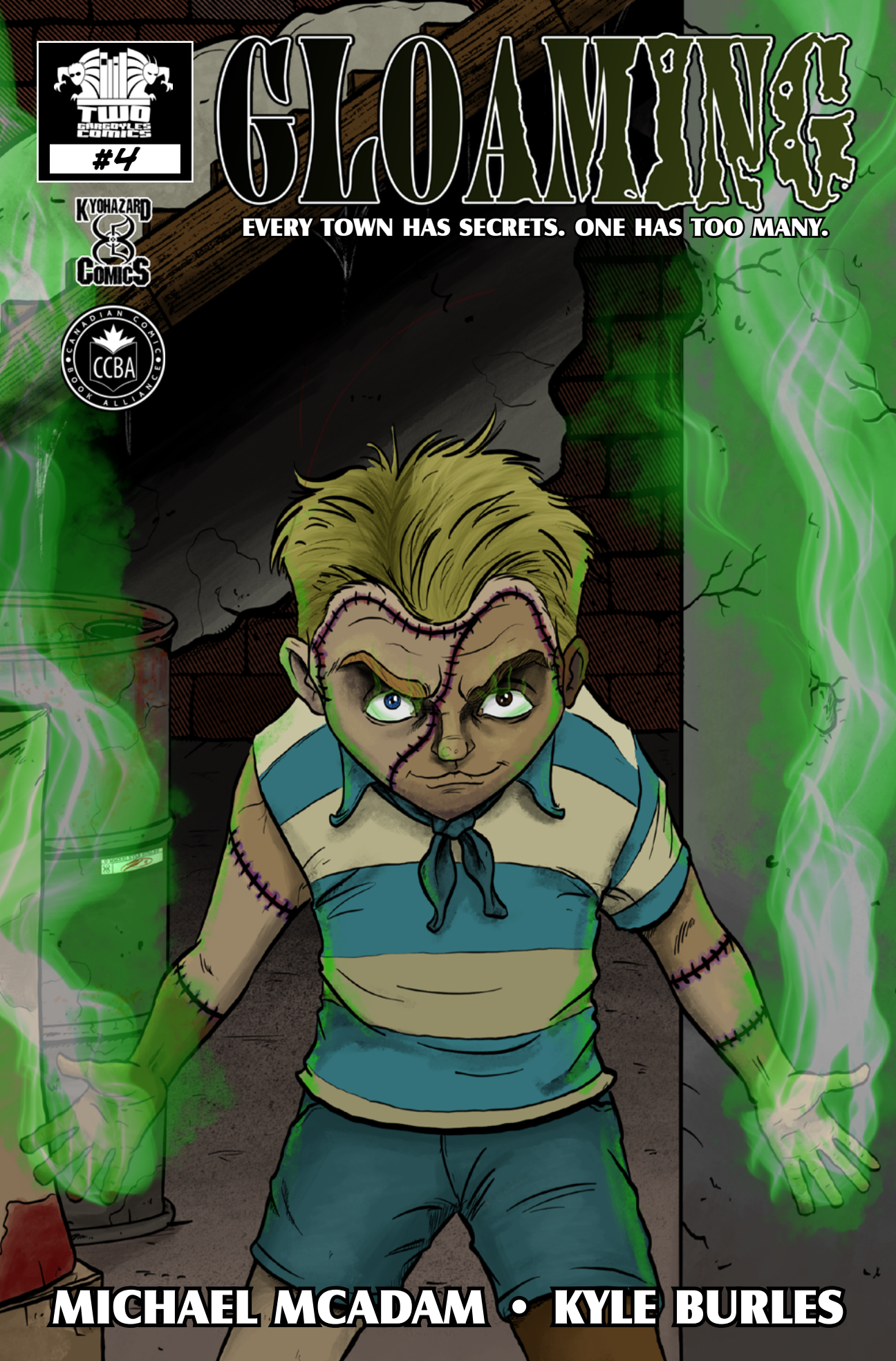




GLOWING

EVERY TOWN HAS SECRETS. ONE HAS TOO MANY.



MICHAEL MCADAM • KYLE BURLES

Jody Baxter and Doug Carter: Two guys sitting by a fire, having beers, shooting the shit. Just like guys do.

Only one guy's a werewolf and the other is a journalist who's finding a lot more than he bargained for in the little town of Gloaming.



I have been a rock and roll journalist for over thirty years; yesterday I would have told you I'd *seen it all*.

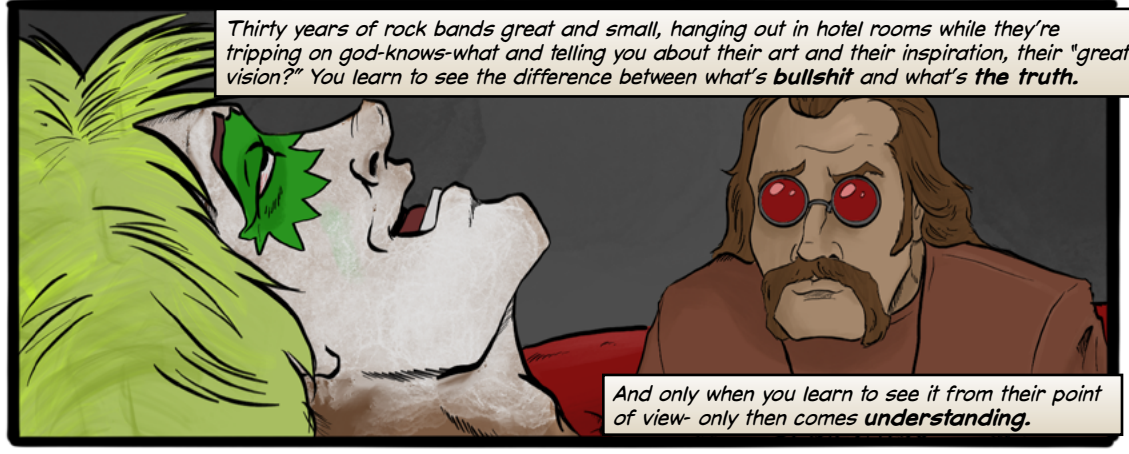
But today-- the things I've seen? The things I've just heard Baxter tell me? That is some *weird shit*.



However, let me tell you a little something about crazy stories and weird shit: they always make sense to at least *ONE* of the people involved. It all depends on perspective.



Thirty years of rock bands great and small, hanging out in hotel rooms while they're tripping on god-knows-what and telling you about their art and their inspiration, their "great vision?" You learn to see the difference between what's *bullshit* and what's *the truth*.



And only when you learn to see it from their point of view- only then comes *understanding*.

Once you understand,
you can tell their story.



Right now, I've seen enough to know that
neither Baxter or his story are bullshit;
they're his truth-- and now I just have to
see it from his point of view.



And that's what scares me.



Gloaming
is like *any*
problem you've
ever had.

You
can't see
your *way out* until
you figure out *why*
you're here.



Now me, I
know *exactly*
why I'm here.
I've
got to
keep this from
happening *all*
over again.



What
about *me*?

The only
reason I came
here is to find
Tommy Jordan.

I *stumbled*
into all this.

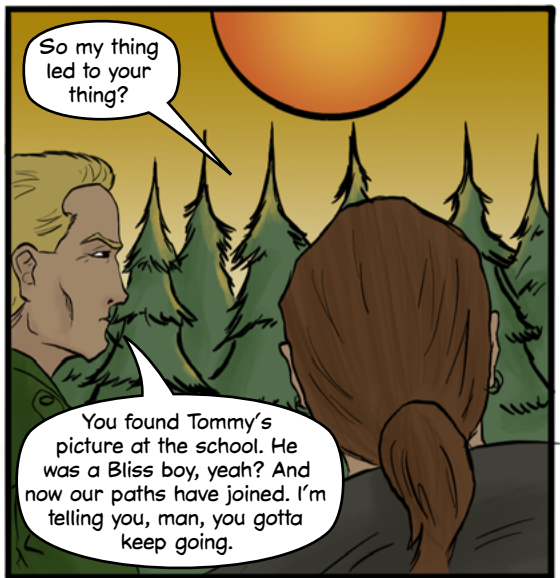




Naw.
This is all part
of it. I don't know
how, but

This is the way
Gloaming works: you
can only see *what you*
need to see.

Everything else
is just...well, let's
say you don't really
notice it.



So my thing
led to your
thing?

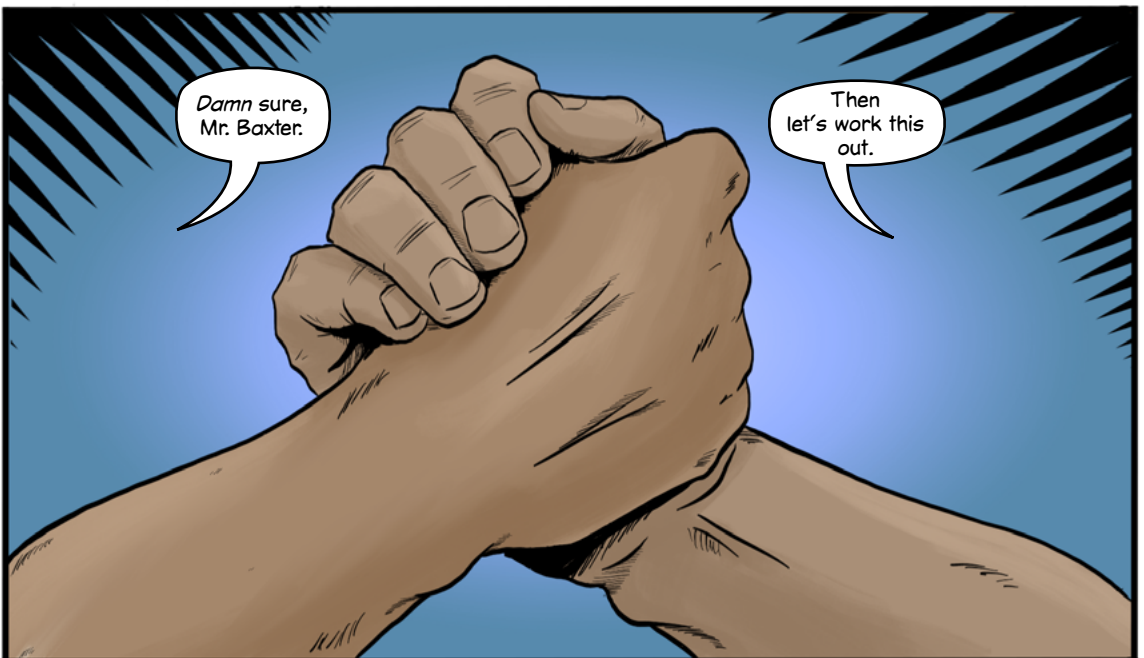
You found Tommy's
picture at the school. He
was a Bliss boy, yeah? And
now our paths have joined. I'm
telling you, man, you gotta
keep going.



I'm not quitting.
There's some next-level
shit here, and it seems to
have made the whole world
forget the existence of a
superstar. I wanna know
why.

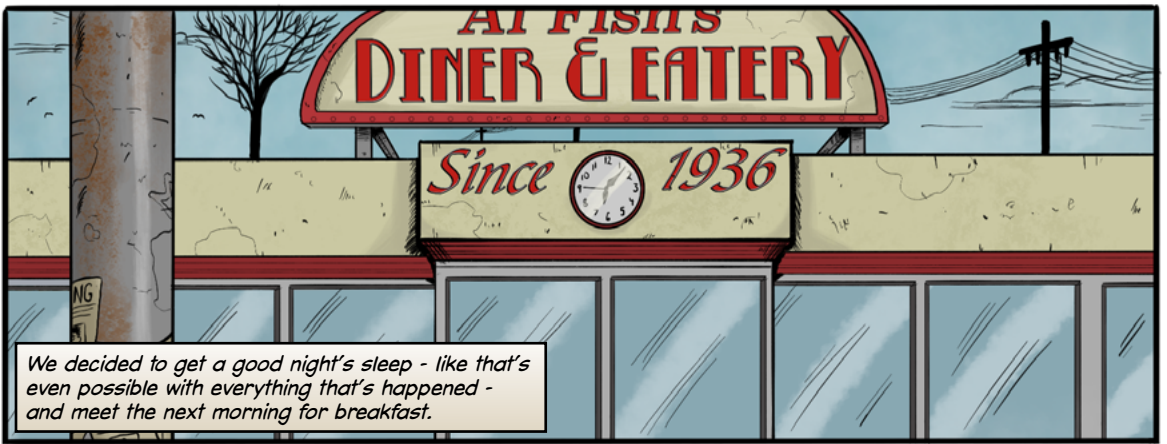


If you're *sure*
you wanna know, Mr.
Carter...



Damn sure,
Mr. Baxter.

Then
let's work this
out.



We decided to get a good night's sleep - like that's even possible with everything that's happened - and meet the next morning for breakfast.



So if Bliss' body was destroyed, how can he be back?

Is he a ghost? Are ghosts a thing?



Ghosts are as much a thing here as anywhere.

What's that mean?



Means whatever you believe it means.



Can you not just give me a straight answer?



Listen, you're gonna have to figure this shit out on your own. All I'm saying is: it's up to you to believe what you can, dude. Only way to get by in this town.

I'd want to choke him right now if he weren't a furry nocturnal ragemonster.