



TWILIGHT
DETECTIVE
AGENCY

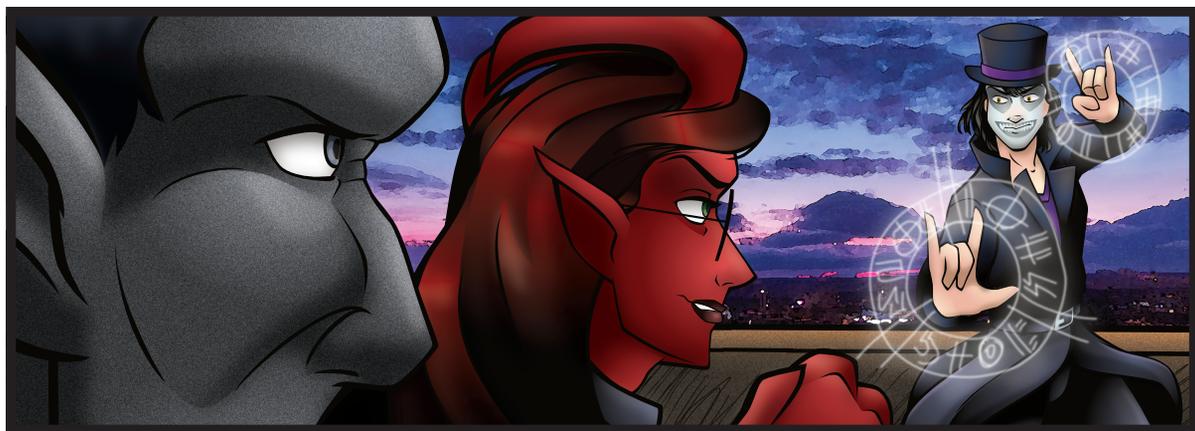
Girls Out

MYTHICAL. FUN. AND ON THE RUN.



MIKE RIEGER





TWILIGHT
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?

MIKE
RIEGER
WRITER, ARTIST

KARELL
CLARA
COVER ART

BASED ON Twilight Detective Agency
by MICHAEL
McADAM

 Two Gargoyles Comics  @twogargs  @twogargs  twogargs

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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—



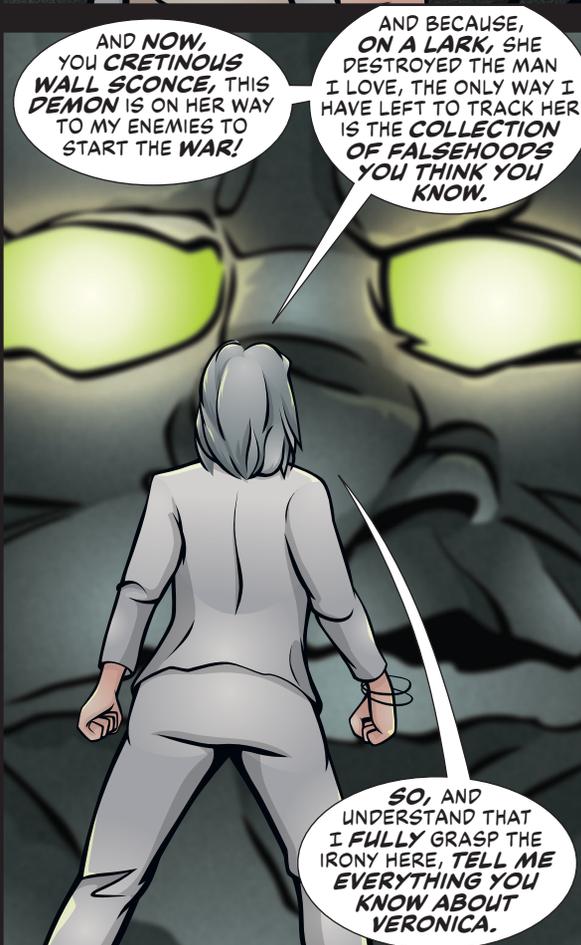
NO? YOU ASSURED ME THAT YOU COULD KEEP ALL OF THE GARGOYLES CONTAINED HERE. YOU WERE CONFIDENT THAT YOUR CREATURES WOULD STAY **HAPPY AND CONTENT**, STORING UP MAGIC FOR THE DAY WE WOULD **NEED** IT.

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!

