

# WILD AMERICAS

GAME AND GRAPHIC NOVEL







*Upsetter Studios*

WILD AMERICAS: COMIC AND GAME  
CREATED BY MATT BRUNS & NED NOVAK

UPSETTER STUDIOS GAME TEAM

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DESIGN AND PLAYTEST: NED NOVAK  
LEAD ENGINEER: TEAM NINJA



**GHOSTJACK**  
ENTERTAINMENT

GHOSTJACK TEAM

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# PART I THE IMMORTAL DEACON COPPERPOT

MOUNTAIN ISLAND U.S.A.

MARCH 24TH, 1938

Miles off the coastline of San Francisco, Mountain Island thrusts up from the Pacific Plate along the Ring of Fire, a continuous horseshoe-shaped string of underwater volcanoes and massive lava flows powered by the earth's core. Stretching for thousands of miles, this geological formation acts as a catalyst for the evolution of life on Earth.

In the early 20th century, a mysterious mining complex was rapidly constructed on Mountain Island by the infamous Deacon Copperpot. For two decades, he commanded the advanced operation steeped in riches, mystery, and murder. Some of the island's workforce claimed he was immortal. A brutal, Merlin-like maniac who drew his uncanny powers from somewhere deep below the mountain, brought forth by three mystical stones in his possession.



It is a time of rapid change and violent confrontation across the globe. Humanity's lust for the riches and resources below their feet is at a fever pitch. Industrial barons vie for control of the raw materials and power mined through the blood and sweat of the less fortunate. Mountain Island is an attractive prize for these entities. But none dared venture to its conquest because of one man, Deacon Copperpot.

Few know the truth of Mountain Island, Deacon's mining operation, and its impact on the course of modern history. Almost no records remain except the written testimony of a lowly miner named Jack. A witness to the incident known as the Mountain Island Massacre.



ACTEON MINE, MOUNTAIN ISLAND.

WHAT'S  
THAT YOU'RE  
MUMBLIN'  
JACK?

ALWAYS  
TALKIN' WHEN YOU  
SHOULD BE LISTENING,  
EVEN WITH MY BOOMSTICK  
BOUT TO SPLIT  
YOUR SKULL...

AMAZING!

LISTEN BOY,  
DON'T CARE  
HOW YOU  
DO IT...

I'LL  
GIVE YA  
ONE MORE DAY  
TO PAY YOUR DUES  
OR I FEED YA TO  
THE WOLVES...

AIN'T NO  
WAY OFF THIS  
ISLAND WITHOUT ME  
KNOWING SO DON'T  
THINK BOUT' MAKING  
A RUN BACK TO  
THE MAINLAND.

SEE YOU  
TOMORROW  
JACK!

AN HONEST MAN  
NAMED JACK FINDS HIMSELF  
IN DIRE STRAITS. OWING MONEY  
FOR A LOAN BORROWED FROM  
A BRUTE NAMED BULLUP GRIMES,  
HE IS OUT OF TIME  
AND OPTIONS...

WE FIND YOUNG  
JACK AT THE END OF HIS  
ROAD, CORNERED BY BULLUP  
AND HIS HENCHMEN OUTSIDE  
OF ACTEON MINE AT THE  
END OF HIS SHIFT.

Ha  
Ha Ha.





THE NEXT DAY.

THE MAIN ACTAEON MINE  
SHAFT SHARPLY DIVES TO A DEPTH  
OF 1000M BEFORE SPLINTERING  
INTO A COMPLEX WEB OF MANMADE  
TUNNELS, STADIUM SIZED CAVERNS  
AND INACTIVE LAVA TUBES...

ENTWINED THROUGHOUT THIS  
DIZZYING STRUCTURE ARE EVEN MORE  
ANCIENT PASSAGeways THOUGHT TO  
HAVE BEEN DUG BY AN UNKNOWN  
PEOPLE SOMETIME DURING EARTH'S  
YOUNGER DRYAS PERIOD OVER  
10.000 YEARS AGO.

TAP TAP  
TAP TAP

WORKING  
HARD FOR A  
DEAD MAN  
JACK!

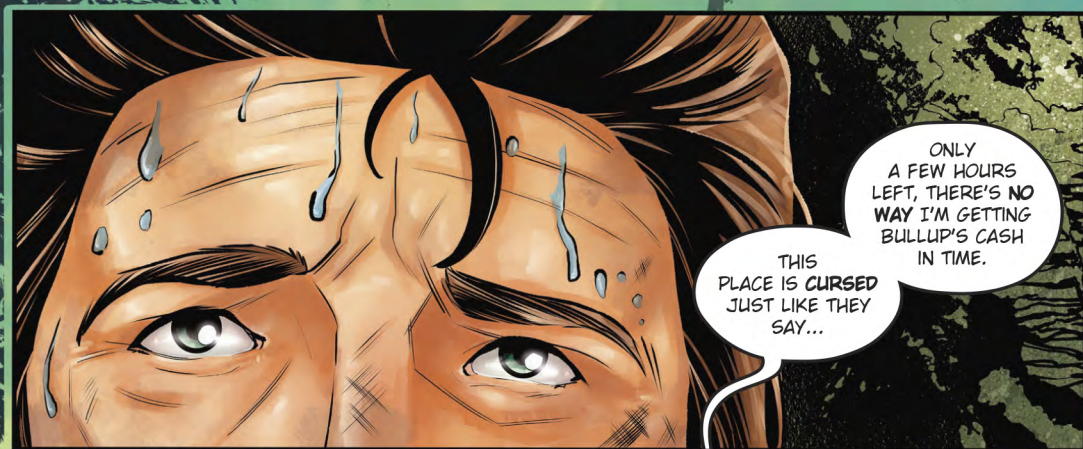
HA HA HA  
HA!

AN INDENTURED  
WORKFORCE BATTLES THE EARTH  
DAY AND NIGHT. EVEN BRAVE MEN  
STAY OUT OF THE SHADOWS  
IN THIS PLACE.

CRIMINALS  
AND CLERGY ALIKE MADE  
THEIR LIVELIHOODS OFF THE  
GOLD AND MINERALS  
EXTRACTED FROM DEEP  
INSIDE THE ISLAND...

SOME SAY THERE WERE  
SUBSTANCES FOUND NOWHERE  
ELSE ON EARTH, FLOATING CHUNKS  
OF LUMINESCENT STONE IMBUED  
WITH MYSTERIOUS QUALITIES.





THIS PLACE IS CURSED JUST LIKE THEY SAY...

ONLY A FEW HOURS LEFT, THERE'S NO WAY I'M GETTING BULLUP'S CASH IN TIME.



MOUNTAIN ISLAND HAS BEEN HOME TO AN ARRAY OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLES OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST COAST FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. IT WAS SAID THE LAST TRIBE TO LIVE HERE LEFT SUDDENLY, WARNING ALL TO STAY AWAY...

THEY CLAIMED THERE WAS A DEMON DEEP IN THE MOUNTAIN, A SERPENTINE LIKE MONSTER THAT HAD KILLED HUNDREDS OF THEIR KIN IN ONE NIGHT, A SOUL EATER. THE ISLAND WOULD BE LEFT ABANDONED FOR DECADES UNTIL DEACON COPPERPOT AND HIS MINING OPERATION APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE IN THE LATE 1920S.

THE TRADE SECRETS OF DEACON'S EMPIRE ARE SOUGHT AFTER BY MANY. FOR THIS REASON, MINERS LIKE JACK ARE NOT PERMITTED TO LEAVE THE ISLAND UNTIL THEIR CONTRACT WITH DEACON IS FULFILLED, PUNISHABLE BY DEATH.



WHISPERS AND STRANGE  
ECHOES CREEP FROM  
THE DARK RECESSES OF  
THIS PLACE...

IF THERE WAS AN  
ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERWORLD,  
IT WOULD NOT BE FAR BELOW  
ACTAEON MINE...

THE REVERBERATIONS  
FROM PICKAXE AND MACHINE  
CREATE A HEARTBEAT IN  
THIS MAN MADE PURGATORY.  
IN DARK ISOLATION THE  
MIND WANDERS WITH ONLY  
MEMORIES OF THE PAST  
TO KEEP ONE'S COMPANY.

STUPID...  
STUPID... STUPID!

BUYING  
A HOUSE WITH  
MONEY THAT  
AIN'T YOURS!

THERE IS AMPLE  
TIME TO REFLECT ON  
YOUR MISTAKES.





MEN LIKE JACK  
CAME TO THIS ISLAND  
WITH THE HOPE OF STEADY  
WORK AND DECENT PAY,  
IN A TIME WHERE BOTH  
WERE SCARCE.

IT WAS ESTIMATED THAT LESS  
THAN 50% OF THE WORK FORCE MADE IT  
TO THE END OF THEIR CONTRACT.  
MOST DIED FROM CAVE-INS, EXPLOSIONS,  
EXPOSURE TO THE ELEMENTS OR  
APEX PREDATORS.



THE REALITIES  
OF DEACON'S EMPIRE ARE GRIM,  
BUT OCCASIONALLY THERE IS A  
GLIMMER OF HOPE...

OR SO IT WOULD SEEM...





EARLY EVENING, NUGGET'S TOWN,  
LOWLANDS REGION.

THEY SAID DEACON  
WAS SOMEHOW ABLE TO  
DISCOVER RARE AND PRECIOUS  
MINERALS DEEP IN THE MOUNTAIN  
WITH INCREDIBLE ACCURACY...

JACK KNEW THAT IF THE  
STORIES ABOUT DEACON WERE TRUE,  
HE DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO PAY OFF  
BULLUP AND MAKE A BREAK FOR  
THE MAINLAND. STOLEN GOLD IS NOT  
AN EASY THING TO SELL ON  
MOUNTAIN ISLAND.

ANYTHING  
BELOW THE MOUNTAIN  
BELONGS TO  
DEACON...

YOU KONW  
THAT RIGHT  
JACK?

WELL PAID AND HIGHLY LOYAL,  
TRADERS ACTED AS DEACON'S EYES  
AND EARS ACROSS THE ISLAND.

IF  
YOU SAY  
SO...

...NO ONE'S  
MADE A SCORE  
AT MILLER'S CREEK  
FOR YEARS...  
MUSTA BEEN YOUR  
LUCKY DAY  
JACK.

HMM...


I PULLED IT  
FROM MILLER'S CREEK  
PANNING TODAY, FAIR  
AND SQUARE.






I'M  
ALL PAID  
UP!

NOW  
BACK OFF  
BULLUP!



NOT  
SURE WHERE YA  
GOT THE CASH,  
BUT GOOD THING  
YOU DID...


GOOD  
LUCK AT THE  
TABLES TONIGHT  
JACKY BOY.



NUGGET'S TOWN NEAR  
ACTAEON WAS NAMED AFTER  
THE RETIRED MINE BOSS WHO BUILT  
THE FIRST SALOON THERE.

FULL OF ROUGH  
AND RUGGED INDIVIDUALS;  
NOTHING COULD HAVE  
PREPARED THE SORDID  
LOT THAT OCCUPIED THE  
PLACE FOR WHAT  
HAPPENED NEXT.





NUGGET'S SALOON IS A GREAT PLACE TO LOSE MONEY, GET SHOT OR MORE OFTEN, BOTH THESE THINGS AT THE SAME TIME. CHEAP WHISKEY AND FOUL TEMPERED MINERS MAKE THIS PLACE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE DEPTHS OF ACTAEON AT TIMES...

JACK'S TIME IS RUNNING OUT AS HE PROPOSITIONS THE LOCAL FERRY CAPTAIN ABEL TO SNEAK HIM ACROSS TO THE MAINLAND.

COME ON ABEL, YA GOTTA GET ME ACROSS TO THE MAINLAND TONIGHT!

YOU'D BE BACK WITH YOUR STEAMER IN A COUPLE HOURS. NO ONE WOULD NOTICE.

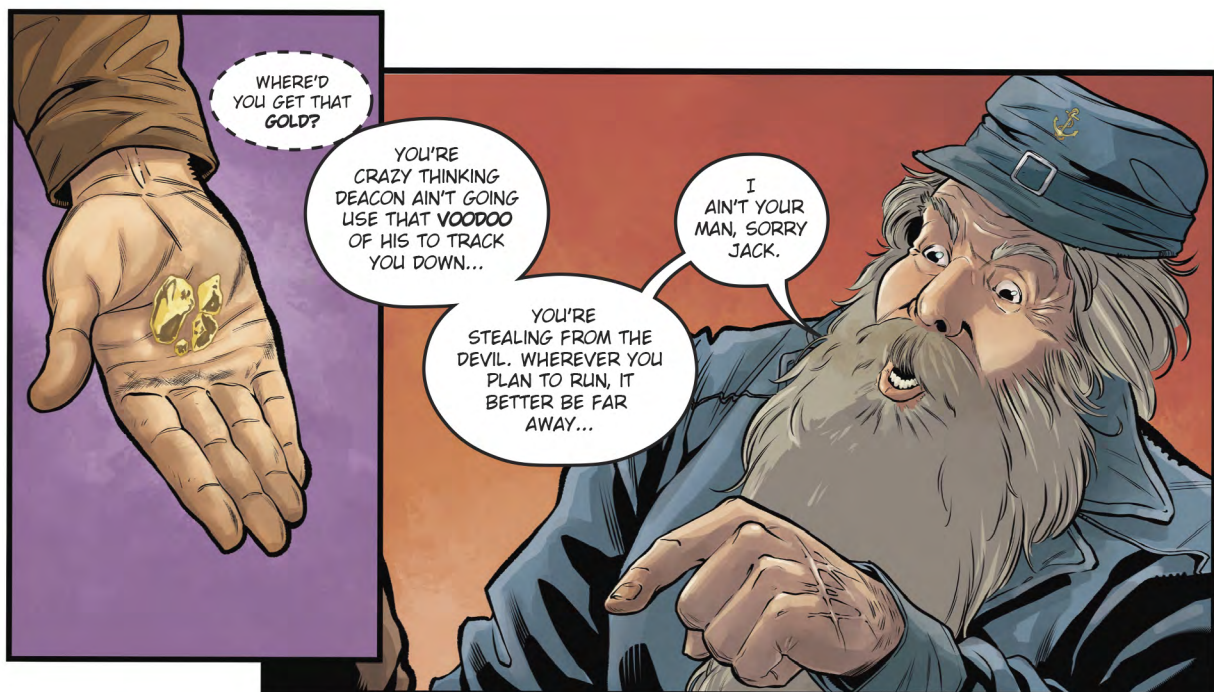
AIN'T NOTHING MAKING IT BACK TO THE MAINLAND TONIGHT JACK, NOT WITH THE STORM ROLLING IN, SHE'S DOCKED FOR THE NIGHT...

WHAT'S GOT YOU ALL FLUSTERED ANYHOW?

IN A DECADE, DEACON TOOK MOUNTAIN ISLAND FROM AN UNMARKED LANDMASS OFF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA TO A SUCCESSFUL, ALBEIT CUT THROAT MINING EMPIRE. HOW HE DID THIS, NO ONE IS QUITE SURE. MINES, LIKE ACTAEON, WERE SPREAD ACROSS THE ISLAND ALONGSIDE SMALL VILLAGES AND OUTPOSTS THAT DOTTED THE LANDSCAPE.

IT WAS A BASTION OF REFUGE FOR THE LAWLESS SPIRIT OF THE WILD WEST. A TAPESTRY OF COWBOYS, CONVICTS AND LOST SOULS BEING UNWILLINGLY DRAGGED INTO THE NUCLEAR AGE.







A FRIGID WIND GENTLY PUSHED THROUGH THE DOORS OF NUGGET'S SALOON AS THE ANIMAL'S ROAR ECHOED IN THE SUFFOCATING SILENCE OF THE PLACE...

THE BRAIN AT FIRST IS UNABLE TO COMPREHEND WHAT THE EYES ARE SEEING. IN DISBELIEF, THE BODY COPEs BY RELEASING ENDORPHINS WHICH TEMPORARILY NUMB THE SENSES TO THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION.







DEACON...





BULLUP  
AND JACK!  
JUST THE MEN  
I'VE COME TO  
SEE.

TWO  
BIRDS, EH  
SNUFF?

STEALING GOLD FROM  
DEACON, LIKE JACK DID, WAS  
A DEATH SENTENCE. BUT WHY  
BULLUP GRIMES WAS IN DEACON'S  
CROSSHAIRS IS WHERE THE  
STORY GETS INTERESTING.

IT WAS SAID BULLUP  
HAD DISCOVERED AN OBJECT  
OF INCREDIBLE VALUE DEEP BELOW  
ACTAEON MINE. SOME KIND OF  
ANCIENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL ODDITY THAT  
SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN THERE.  
A SOURCE OF INCREDIBLE POWER.  
THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF  
STORIES, BUT NO ONE IS  
REALLY SURE WHAT IT WAS.

AT SOME POINT,  
BULLUP WAS CONTACTED  
BY U.S. GOVERNMENT  
OFFICIALS BACK ON THE  
MAINLAND. PRESSURED  
INTO WORKING AS AN  
INFORMANT; WHATEVER HE  
DISCOVERED HAD THEM  
SPOOKED. LIKE JACK,  
HE WAS PLANNING HIS  
ESCAPE.

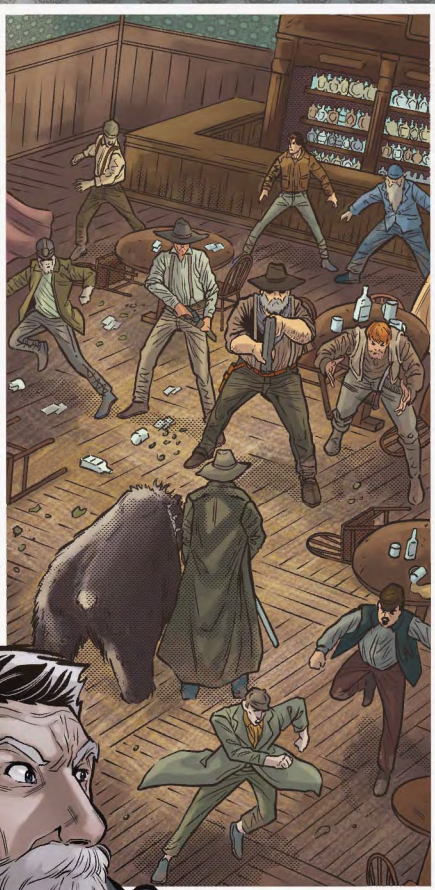
THE BEAR CALLED  
SNUFF WAS LEGEND. AN OBEDIENT  
1,600 LB GRIZZLY WITH RAZOR SHARP  
CLAWS, BONE SNAPPING JAWS AND  
A TASTE FOR HUMAN FLESH.  
A RUTHLESS KILLING MACHINE  
ENGINEERED SINCE THE TIMES OF  
THE EOCENE EPOCH.

PERFECTED OVER MILLIONS  
OF YEARS OF HARD FOUGHT  
EVOLUTION. A MASTER WEAPON  
PROGRAMMED BY NATURE FOR THE  
PURPOSE OF KILLING, EATING AND  
REPRODUCING. HE WAS PURE  
BEAST.

DEACON RAISED  
HIM UP FROM A CUB, THEIR  
FATES INTERLINKED. THOUGH  
RARELY SEEN IN PUBLIC, THEIR  
ARRIVAL MEANT DEATH WAS  
NOT FAR BEHIND.

GRABBER!!!





YOU'D BE  
DEAD LONG AGO  
IF I WASN'T SUCH  
A BUSY MAN  
BULLUP.

WHAT YOU SAW  
WAS THE FUTURE!  
ONE YOU WILL NOT BE  
AROUND TO EXPERIENCE,  
YOU FILTHY  
TURN-COAT!

DIE WELL  
KNOWING YOU'VE  
SEEN THAT WHICH  
CAN TURN MEN  
INTO GODS.



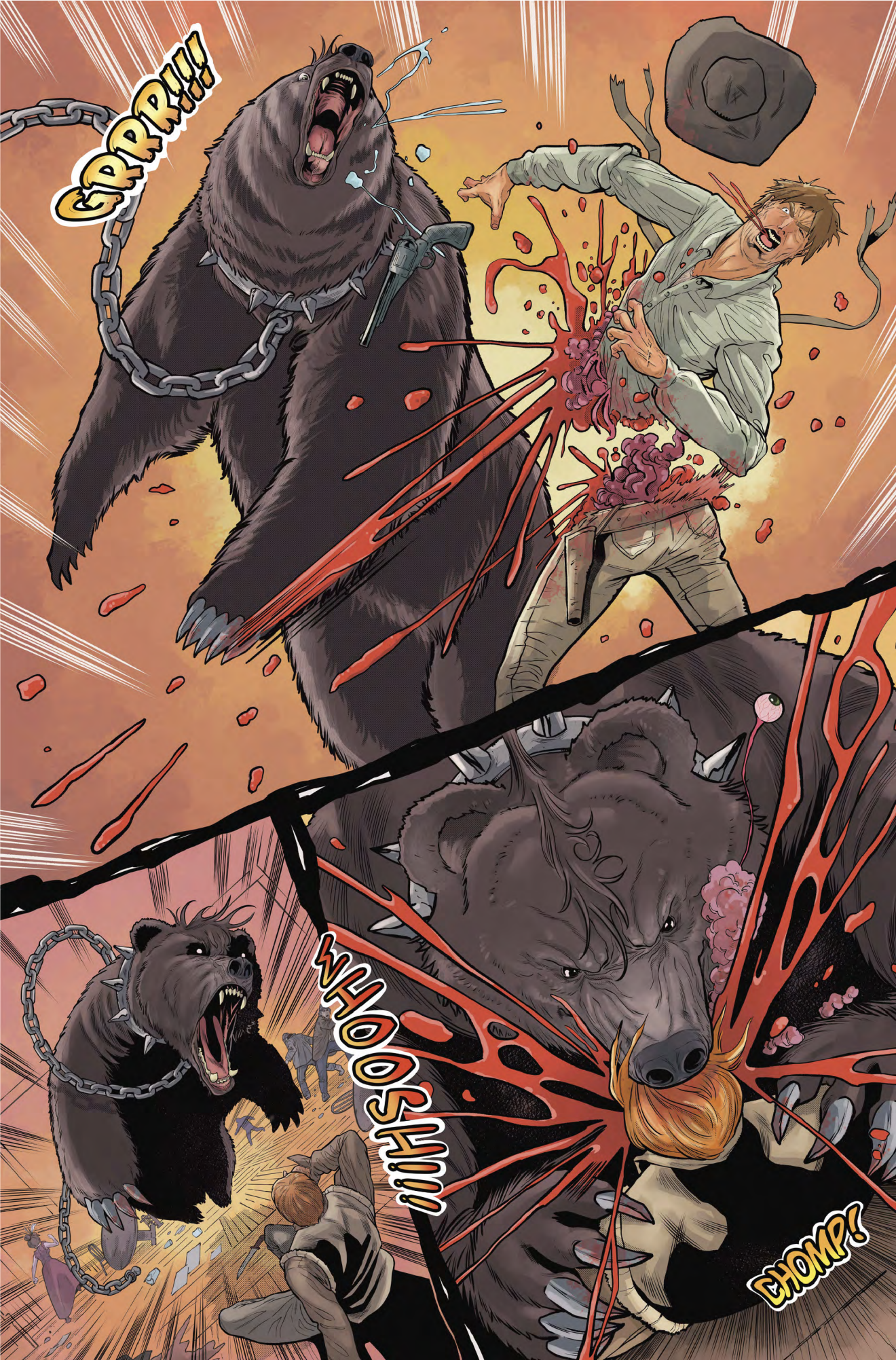
YOU BEEN  
FOUND OUT  
DEACON!

THE G-MEN  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
BEEN DIGGING FOR IN  
THIS MOUNTAIN.  
I'M GONNA TELL EM  
EVERYTHING I SAW  
IN ACTAEON.

MAKE  
A MOVE YOU  
S.O.B. I'M HAPPY  
TO DIE TRYING  
TO KILL THE  
DEVIL!








GRRRR!

HOOSH!!!

CHOMP!





IN AN INSTANT, SNUFF HAD SHREDDED BULLUP'S CREW, LEAVING POOLS OF BLOOD AND GUTS ON THE FLOOR OF NUGGET'S SALOON.

HAHAHA!!!

JACK LATER CLAIMED BULLUP WAS FLOATING SEVERAL FEET OFF THE GROUND, HIS BODY VIOLENTLY CONVULSING AS BOLTS OF ELECTRICITY SNAPPED THROUGH THE AIR, EMANATING FROM THE STONE ATOP DEACON'S WALKING STICK.

LIKE SOME MAD WIZARD, DEACON STOOD MUMBLING IN TONGUES AS THE BOLTS CONDENSED AROUND THE STONE AND POOF! EVAPORATED BULLUP INTO A PILE OF DUST.





CAN'T  
BLAME YA FOR  
TRYING I SUPPOSE.  
BUT RULES IS RULES  
YOUNG MAN. AND  
WHAT IS BELOW THE  
MOUNTAIN BELONGS  
TO ME!


MAKE IT  
QUICK SNUFF...

I  
CONSIDERED  
YOU AN HONEST  
MAN, JACK. TRULY  
I DID.



YOU CAN BE A  
REASONABLE PERSON AND  
STILL BELIEVE IN UNREASONABLE  
THINGS. MOST DISMISS THE  
STORIES OF DEACON AND SNUFF  
AS ISLAND LEGEND USED  
TO ENTERTAIN TOURISTS.  
BUT HE WAS REAL.  
AND THESE THINGS  
HAPPENED.





THE HUMAN BODY  
MANUFACTURES A UNIQUE  
BLEND OF ADRENALINE WHEN  
BEING CHASED BY A MAN  
EATING GRIZZLY BEAR.

AN UNWELCOME  
PARALYSIS SPREADS  
FROM THE SPINAL COLUMN  
NEGATING THE INSTINCT  
TO RUN. THE KNEES  
BUCKLE AND VISION  
BLURS AS YOUR HEART  
RATE BECOMES ERRATIC.

IT IS AN ODD COCKTAIL OF  
CHEMICALS SEEMINGLY SUITED  
TO NUMBING THE BODY IN  
PREPARATION FOR BEING EATEN  
ALIVE BY ANOTHER ANIMAL...

YOU MUST BE  
CONVINCED OF YOUR  
SURVIVAL OR FAILURE  
IS THE LOGICAL  
CONCLUSION. SO  
JACK RUNS.





A FRIGID WIND CUT AGAINST JACK'S FACE AS HE SPURRED THE OLD HORSE IN PANIC. SNUFF BELLOWS A BLOOD CURDLING ROAR AS THE MIGHTY ANIMAL SPRUNG FORTH, IN PURSUIT OF HIS PREY. THE THUNDEROUS POUNDING OF ITS PAWS AGAINST THE COLD GROUND ECHOING OFF THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS.





HOOO  
HOOO

WHAT  
THE HELL JUST  
HAPPENED?!

NO TIME TO  
THINK ABOUT IT,  
ALMOST TO THE  
SHORELINE...

NO  
SIGN OF THAT  
GODDAMN BEAST...  
THINK IM  
GOOD...



SHIT!

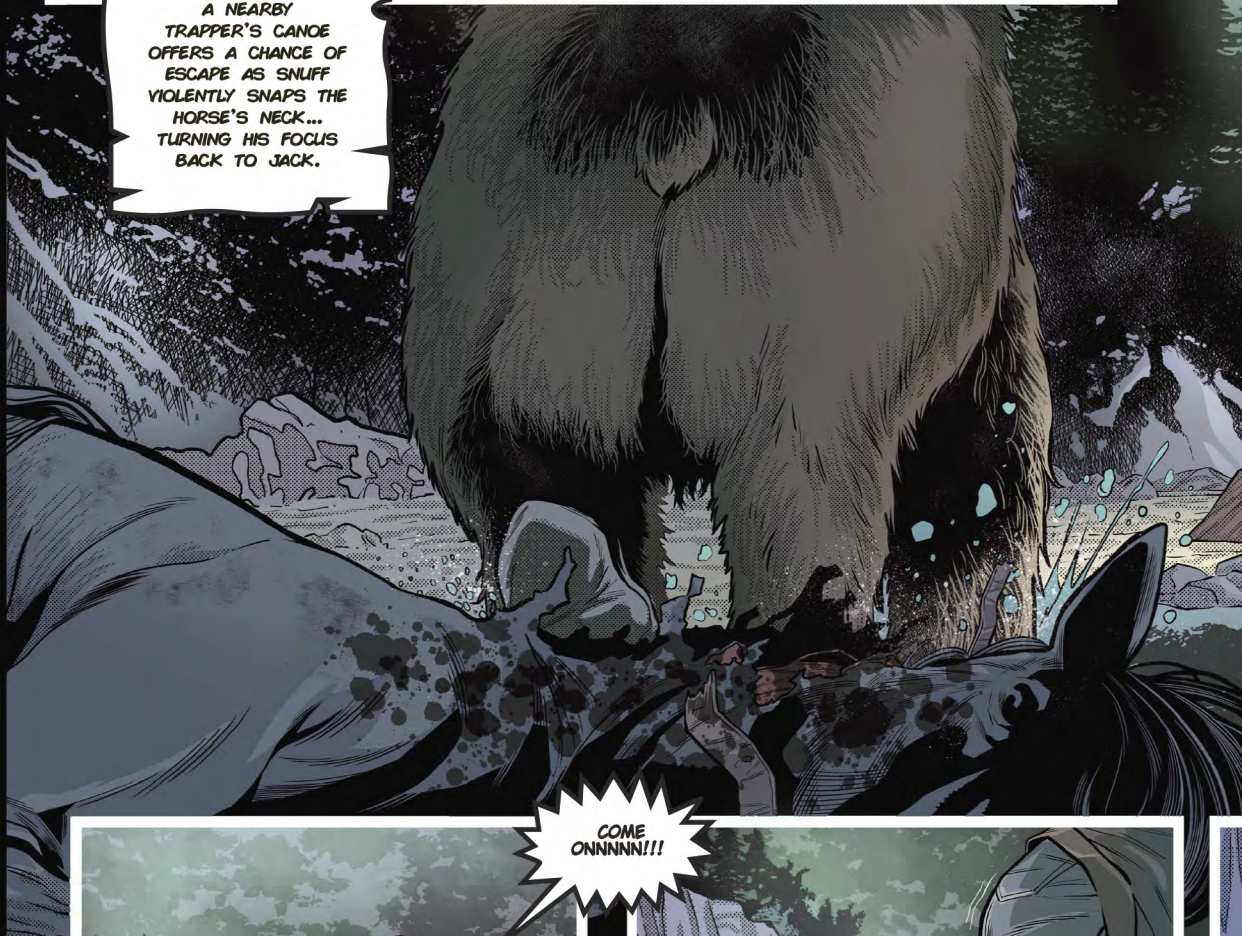


BAAAASH!





A NEARBY  
TRAPPER'S CANOE  
OFFERS A CHANCE OF  
ESCAPE AS SNUFF  
VIOLENTLY SNAPS THE  
HORSE'S NECK...  
TURNING HIS FOCUS  
BACK TO JACK.



COME  
ONNNNN!!!



SAND AND MUCK SPILLS OVER INTO  
JACK'S BOOTS AS SNUFF CLOSES THE DISTANCE,  
THE GREAT BEAST ENRAGED BY THE CONTINUED  
ELLUSIVENESS OF ITS TARGET.



A BONE CHILLING PACIFIC OCEAN DOES NOT OFFER MUCH HOPE AS THE APPROACHING STORM BEGINS TO POUND THE COASTLINE. THE PROSPECT OF DROWNING IS A WELCOME DEMISE COMPARED TO BEING RIPPED LIMB FROM LIMB. SO JACK PADDLES.







...AND  
AWAY JACK  
WENT...

A FEW MONTHS  
LATER, THE MOUNTAIN  
ISLAND MASSACRE WOULD  
OCCUR, PUTTING AN END  
TO DEACON COPPERPOT'S  
MINING OPERATION.

I KNOW  
IT SOUNDS CRAZY,  
BUT THAT STORY  
IS 100% TRUE!

HA HA  
HA HA.

WAIT...  
A GRIZZLY BEAR  
ON A CHAIN,  
PWWW.

FREE,  
THAT STORY  
CHANGES EVERY  
TIME YOU TELL  
IT!

LOCAL GUIDES FREE  
AND CLARITA SHOONYA ENTERTAIN  
CLIENTS DR. REBECCA CORSO AND  
GEOLOGIST HANNAH MARKS AS THEY  
MOVE TOWARDS THEIR RESEARCH  
OBJECTIVES.



I LOVE YA  
BROTHER, BUT  
DEACON WAS  
PHYSICO, NOT SOME  
SUPERVILLIAN.

I'M  
JUST SAYIN...  
A FRIGGIN GRIZZLY  
BEAR ON A CHAIN  
RIGHT? THAT'S WHAT  
YOU'RE TELLING  
ME?

JUST  
WAIT UNTIL WE  
REACH THE BASE OF  
THE ACTAEON MINE  
TOMMOROW MORNING  
GOOD DR., YOU'LL  
SEE.

IT'S BED  
TIME FOR ME  
FOLKS. SEE YOU ALL  
WHEN THE SUN  
COMES UP.

HA  
HA HA!

NIGHT  
CLARITA!





THE NEXT MORNING.

THE DECAYING INFRASTRUCTURE OF DEACON'S MINING EMPIRE CAN STILL BE SEEN ABOVE AND BELOW MODERN DAY MOUNTAIN ISLAND. ABANDONED MINES, STORIED TREASURES, ALONG WITH RENOWNED HUNTING AND FISHING MAKE IT A HUB FOR WEEKEND ADVENTURERS.

HANNAH, REBECCA AND THE SHOONYAS BREAK CAMP AS THEY MOVE TOWARDS THE BASE OF OLD ACTAEON MINE. THESE 4 COMPANIONS UNKNOWNLY INCH CLOSER TO AN ENCOUNTER THAT WILL PUT INTO MOTION AN EPIC CHAIN OF EVENTS WITH EARTH SHATTERING REVELATIONS.

DORMANT, DARK ENERGIES FROM THE PAST ARE BEGINNING TO STIR DEEP BELOW MOUNTAIN ISLAND. THE ADVENTURE HAS JUST BEGUN.



# THE WOLF ATTACK PART II



STEADY  
NOW.

Mountain Island wilderness guide, Free Shoonya and company move closer to a well known entrance to old Actaeon mine in the Lowlands. Prepared for survey and blood sample recovery from the local mule deer population, they walk under watchful eyes.

The welcoming tall pines that stretch for miles have gone quiet, with unknown boot and paw prints criss crossing the common trails. A young guide looking to be challaenegd, will soon have his chance, as our group encounters a pack of uncommonly tough predators.





LOWLANDS, MOUNTAIN ISLAND U.S.A. 5:45AM

A COLD CHILL HOVERS LOW IN THE AIR, AS OUR FOUR COMPANIONS MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE BASE OF THE INFAMOUS ACTAEON MINE.

ANYBODY ELSE HEAR THAT NOISE IN THE WOODLINE LAST NIGHT?

YEP.

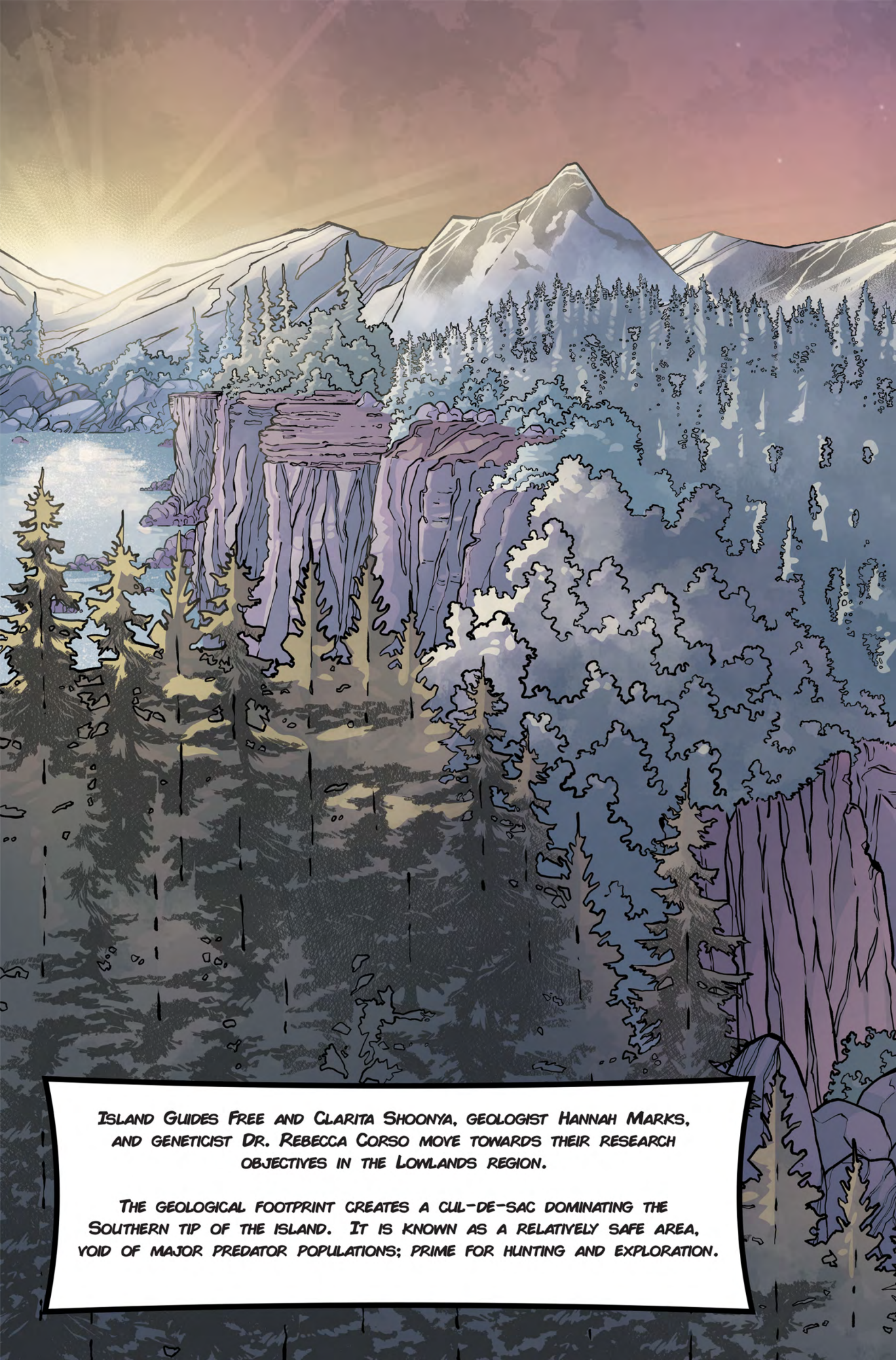
DONT GET HIM STARTED DOC..

SUPER CREEPY..

I THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR BUDDY SNUFF

HAHA.





ISLAND GUIDES FREE AND CLARITA SHOONYA, GEOLOGIST HANNAH MARKS, AND GENETICIST DR. REBECCA CORSO MOVE TOWARDS THEIR RESEARCH OBJECTIVES IN THE LOWLANDS REGION.

THE GEOLOGICAL FOOTPRINT CREATES A CUL-DE-SAC DOMINATING THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE ISLAND. IT IS KNOWN AS A RELATIVELY SAFE AREA, VOID OF MAJOR PREDATOR POPULATIONS; PRIME FOR HUNTING AND EXPLORATION.





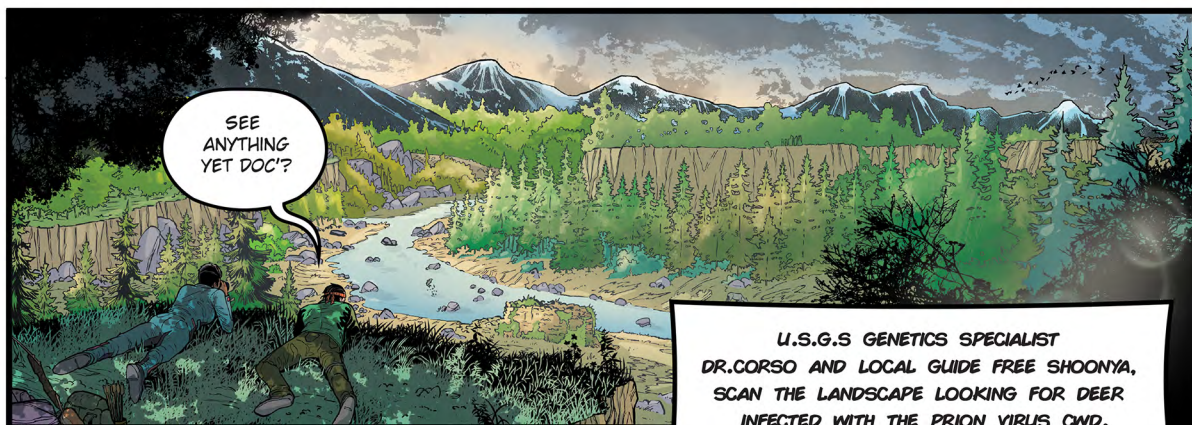
SOUNDED MORE  
LIKE A SASQUATCH  
IF I'M BEING  
HONEST..

YOU'RE  
KILLIN' ME  
BRO..

..CAN WE GO  
JUST ONE TRIP  
MINUS THE  
X-FILES?

RECON POINT IS  
UP AHEAD,  
STAY FROSTY.





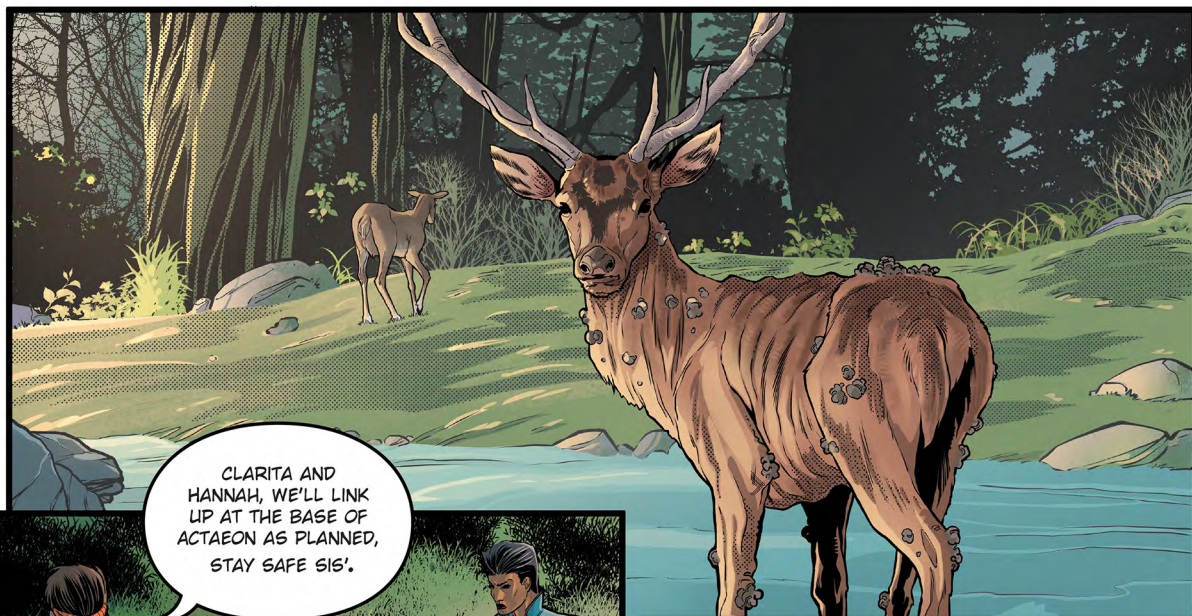
SEE  
ANYTHING  
YET DOC'?

U.S.G.S GENETICS SPECIALIST  
DR.CORSO AND LOCAL GUIDE FREE SHOONYA,  
SCAN THE LANDSCAPE LOOKING FOR DEER  
INFECTED WITH THE PRION VIRUS QND.

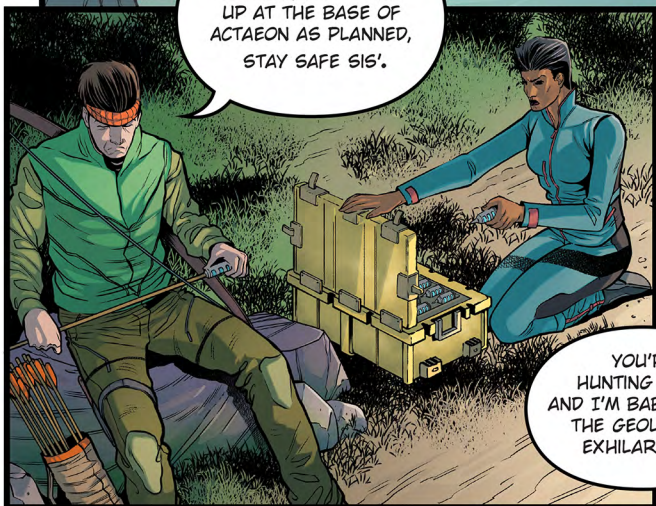


BINGO.

THERE'S  
OUR BOY, LET'S  
GET THE TRANQ'  
ROUNDS READY  
FREE.



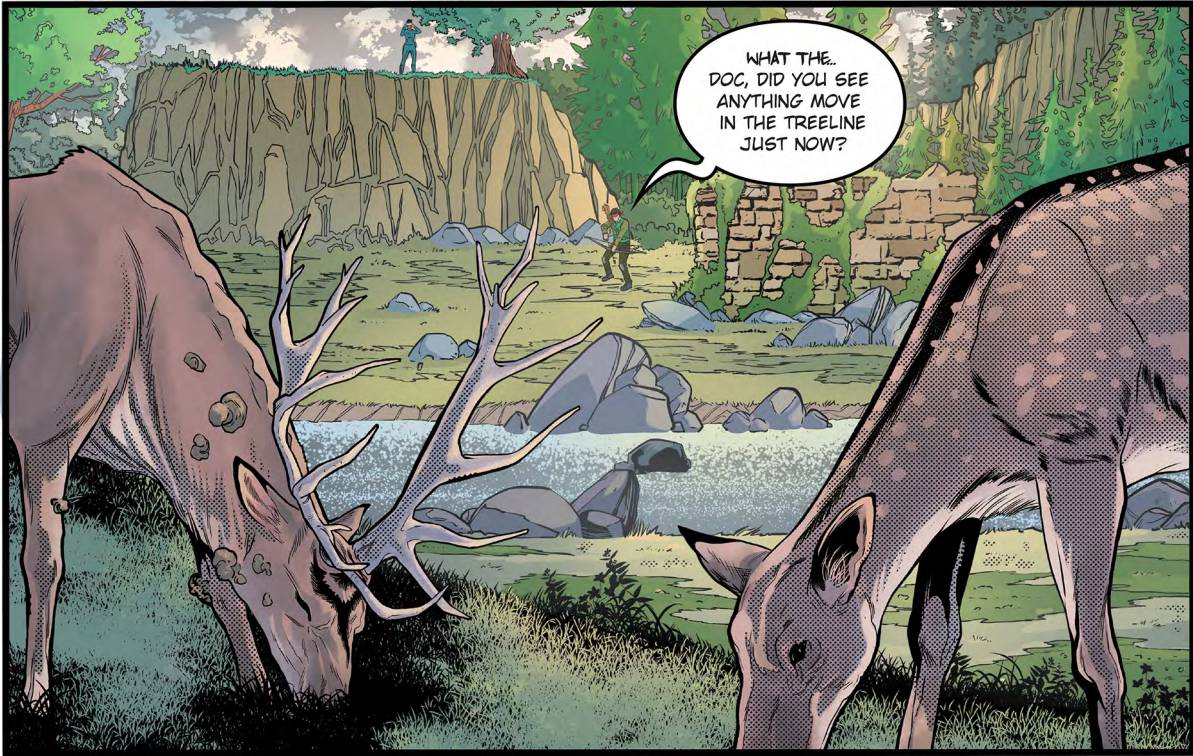
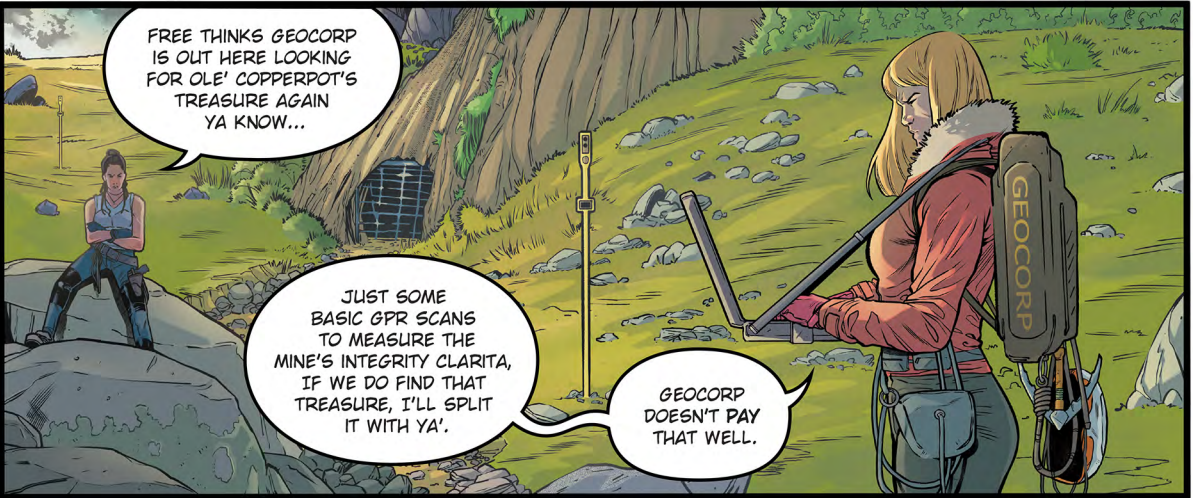
CLARITA AND  
HANNAH, WE'LL LINK  
UP AT THE BASE OF  
ACTAEON AS PLANNED,  
STAY SAFE SIS'.



YOU'RE  
HUNTING DEER,  
AND I'M BABYSITTING  
THE GEOLOGIST,  
EXHILARATING.











NOTHING  
FRE...

WAIT!...

ONE...TWO...

WHAT  
THE HELL...  
ARE THOSE...  
WOLVES?

WOLVES!  
FREE, IT'S  
CLARITA!

FREE DO  
YOU COPY!  
BANG!  
BANG!

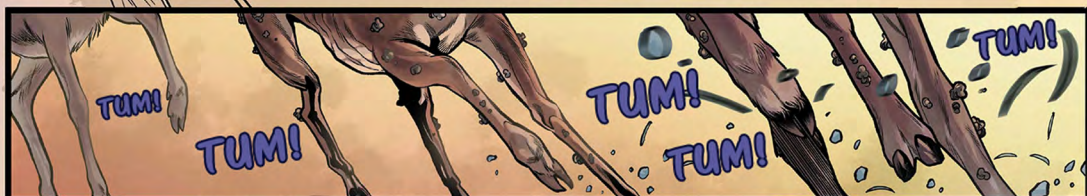
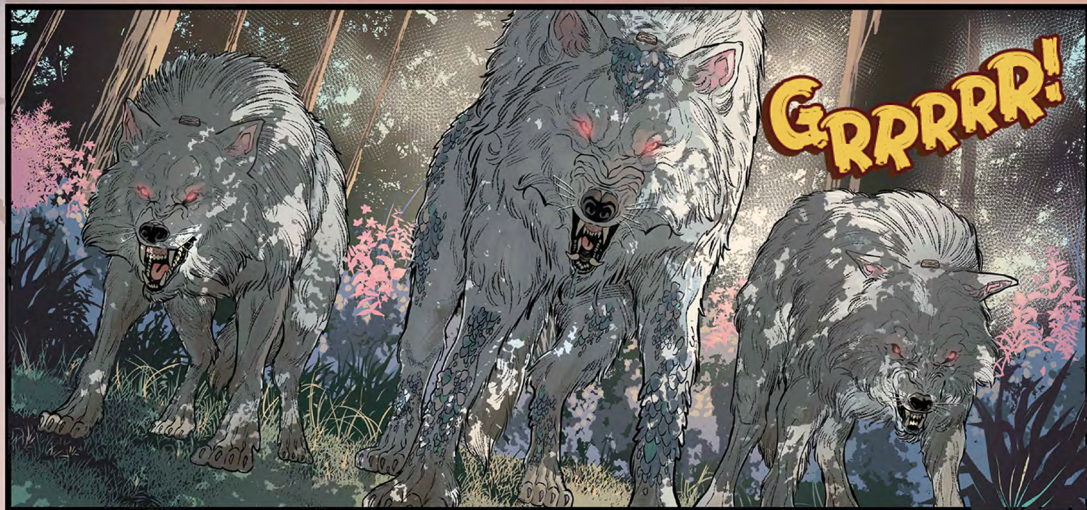
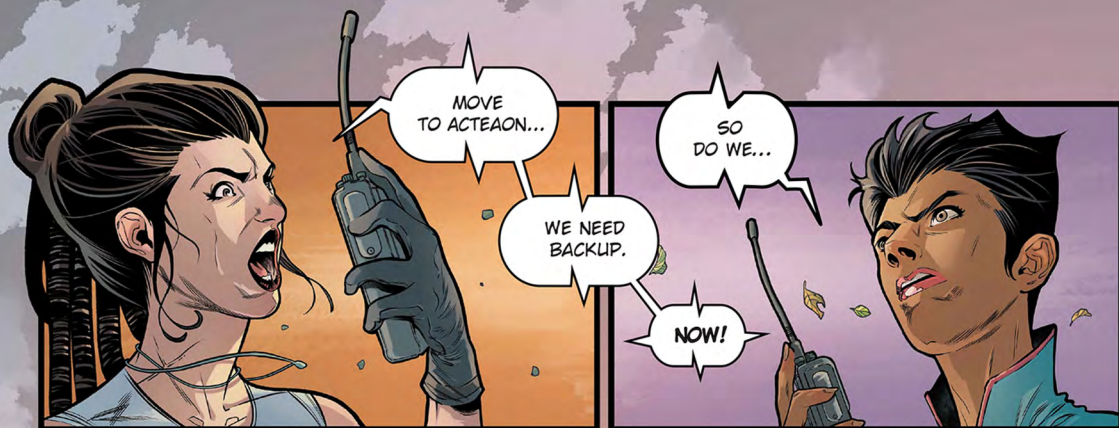
WE'VE GOT  
WOLVES TRACKING  
US..DAMMIT

BANG! BANG!

CORSO,  
CAN YOU HEAR  
ME...

DOC...TALK  
TO ME... WHAT'S  
HAPPENIN'?





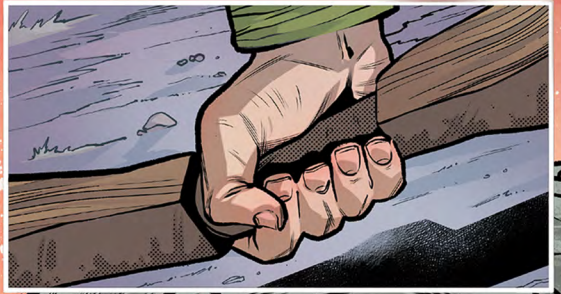














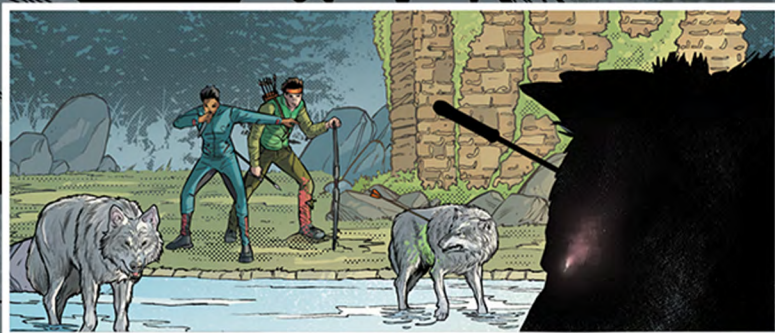






GRRRRRR









YOU WANNA  
TAKE A CRACK  
AT EXPLAINING WHAT  
THE HELL JUST  
HAPPENED?

NO  
IDEA DOC,  
SOMETHING  
IS OFF..

THAT THING  
COULD HAVE TORN  
MY LEG OFF IF  
IT WANTED TO.

ITS LIKE  
THEY WERE  
TOYING WITH  
US.

..MY BLADE  
DIDN'T EVEN  
MAKE A  
DENT.

NEVER  
SEEN A WOLF  
LIKE THAT IN  
MY LIFE

I SWEAR IT  
APPEARED OUT  
OF THIN AIR..  
LIKE POOF..

...SOME SORT  
OF DEFORMATION  
ACROSS THE SKIN AS  
WELL. IF THAT'S A WOLF  
ON MOUNTAIN ISLAND,  
CWD IS THE LAST OF  
OUR PROBLEMS.

AND  
WHY DID THEY  
JUST TAKE OFF  
LIKE THAT?



WHAT THE?!  
THEY JUST  
VANISHED..

THE WOLVES,  
THEY JUST TURNED  
AND RAN..

MAKES  
NO SENSE, BUT  
WERE GOOD  
FROM NOW,  
HURRY!

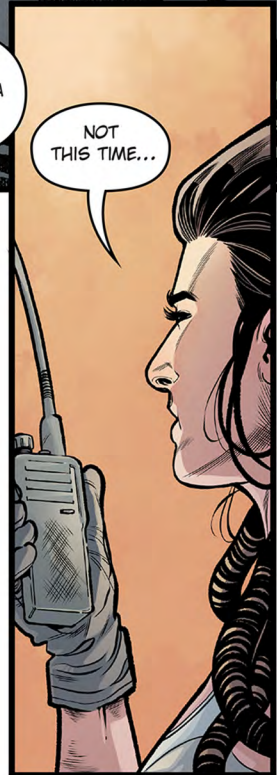
FREE, ITS  
HANNAH..



SIS..  
ACTAEON?

THERE'S  
GOTTA BE A  
BETTER  
WAY.

MY SCANS SHOW  
A PATH THROUGH  
ACTAEON...



NOT  
THIS TIME...

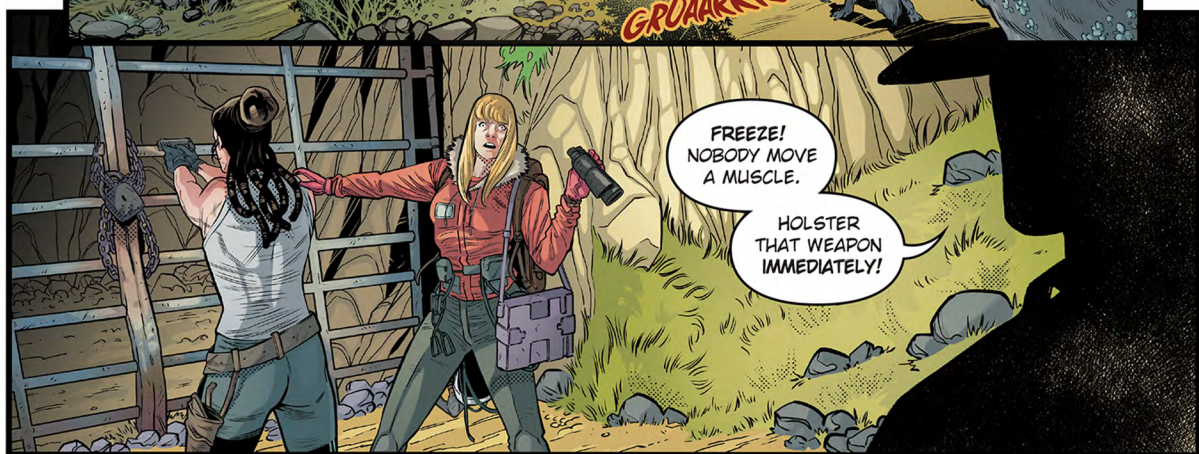
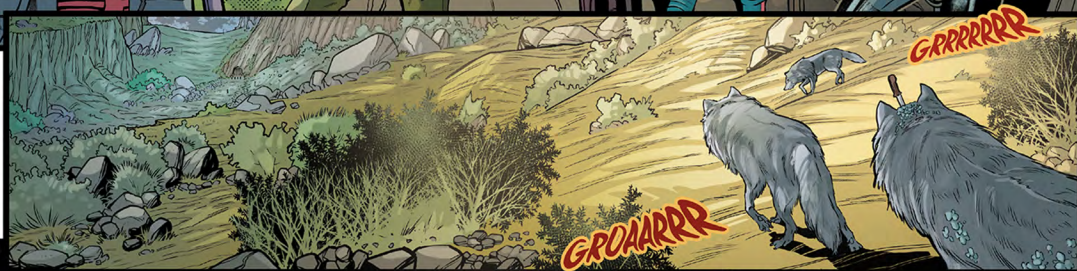
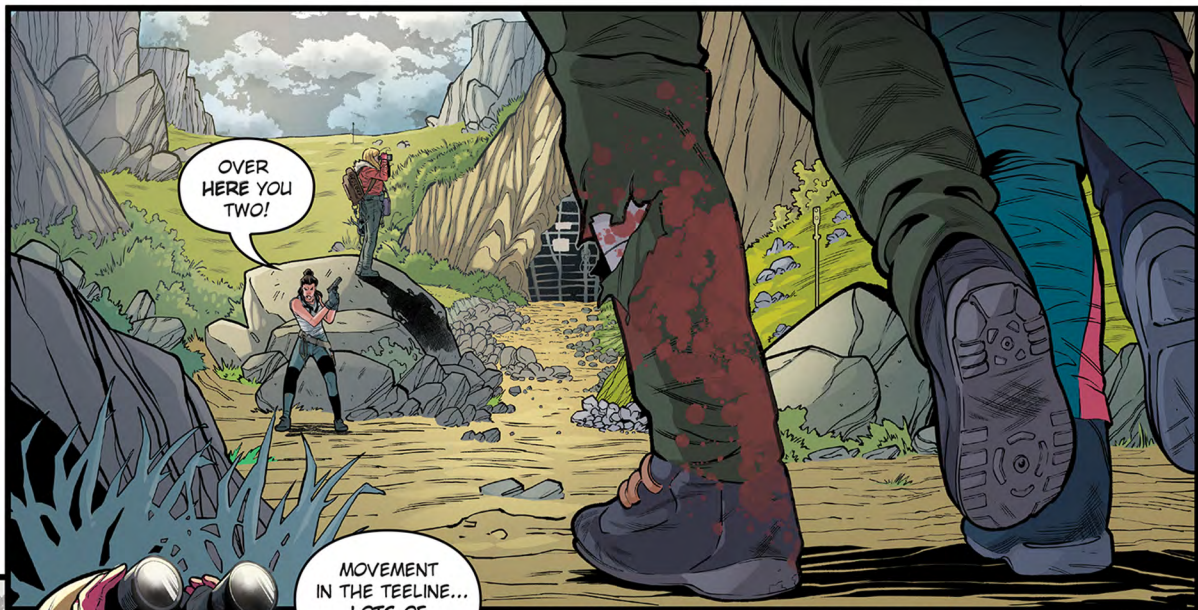


HELL OF A  
JUMP BY THE  
WAY DOC.


A BIT  
OVER THE TOP,  
BUT A KILLER  
ENTRANCE.

NOT BAD  
FOR MY FIRST  
WOLF ATTACK  
EH?









WELL WELL  
WELL.


THE  
SHOONYAS!

TRYING TO  
SNEAK INTO ACTAEON  
FOR ANOTHER LARP  
SESSION ARE  
WE?

I WARNED  
YOU MULTIPLE TIMES  
ABOUT BREAKING  
REGS YOU TWO.

IM WRITING  
YOU UP THIS  
TIME!

YOU HAVE  
NO IDEA HOW  
DANGEROUS THIS  
PLACE IS.



STEVIE?!  
YOU GOTTA  
BE KIDDING  
ME.

WELL,  
NOW WERE  
SCREWED.

LARP'ING?



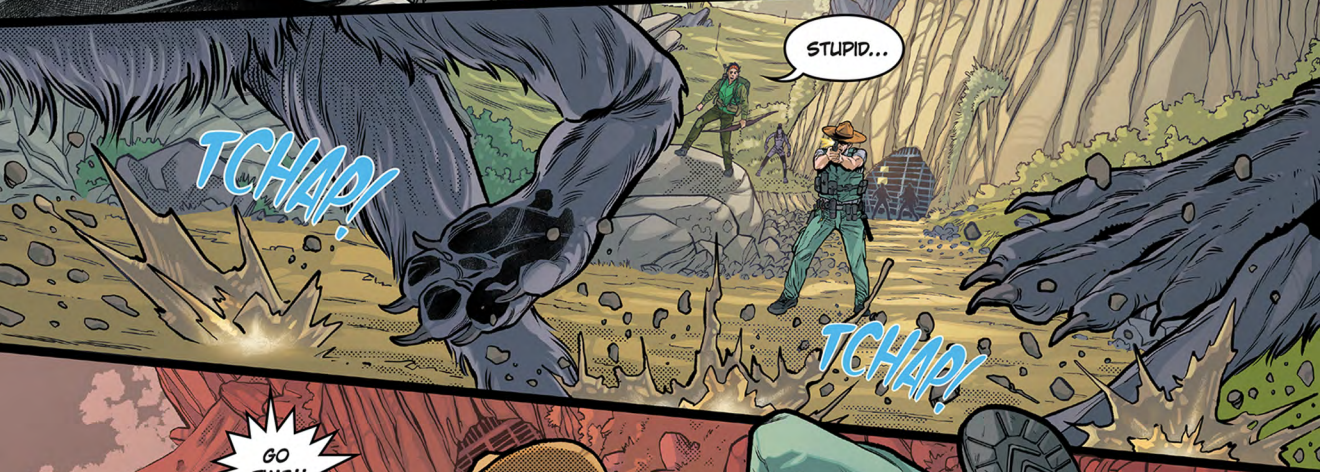
IS THIS  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
OUR MIRACLE  
FREE?

CLOSE  
ENOUGH  
DOC, CLOSE  
ENOUGH.

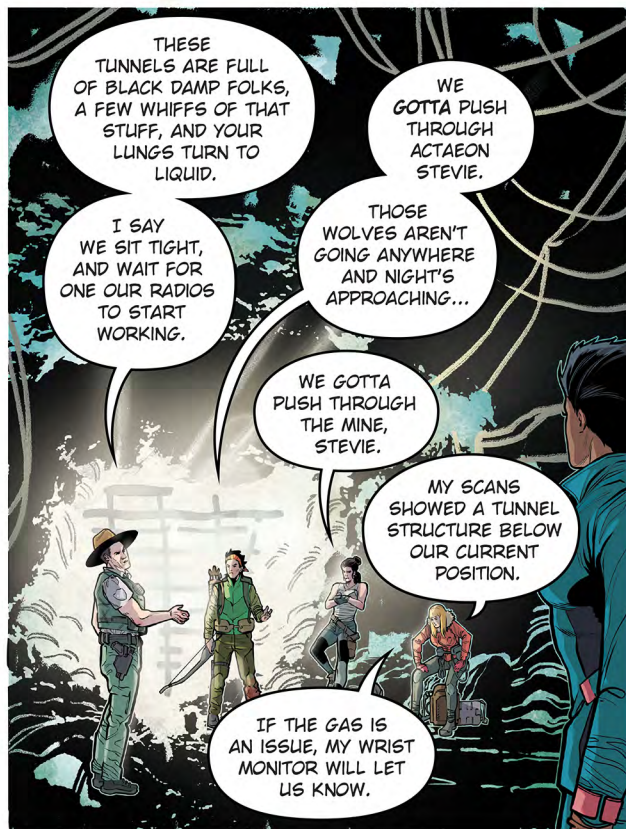














HIDDEN TUNNELS AND OLD MINE  
SHAFTS PROVIDE ACCESS TO THE DECAYING  
INFRASTRUCTURE OF ACTAEON MINE.

THE LEGENDS OF HIDDEN TREASURES WITHIN,  
ATTRACT A VARIETY OF EXPLORERS AND  
WOULD-BE TREASURE HUNTERS.

MANY GO MISSING OR DIE, CONVINCED  
THE RICHES OF DEACON COPPERPOT  
ARE BURIED SOMEWHERE IN THE VAST  
CAVERNS AND TWISTING, VEIN-LIKE TUNNEL  
STRUCTURES BELOW.

MOVE IT  
SHARP SHOOTER,  
MINE SHAFT IS  
THIS WAY.

I COULD  
STAY HERE  
AND KEEP AN  
EYE OUT..

GEOCORP'S  
BEEN TRYING TO  
GET ACCESS TO  
THIS ISLAND FOR  
DECADES.

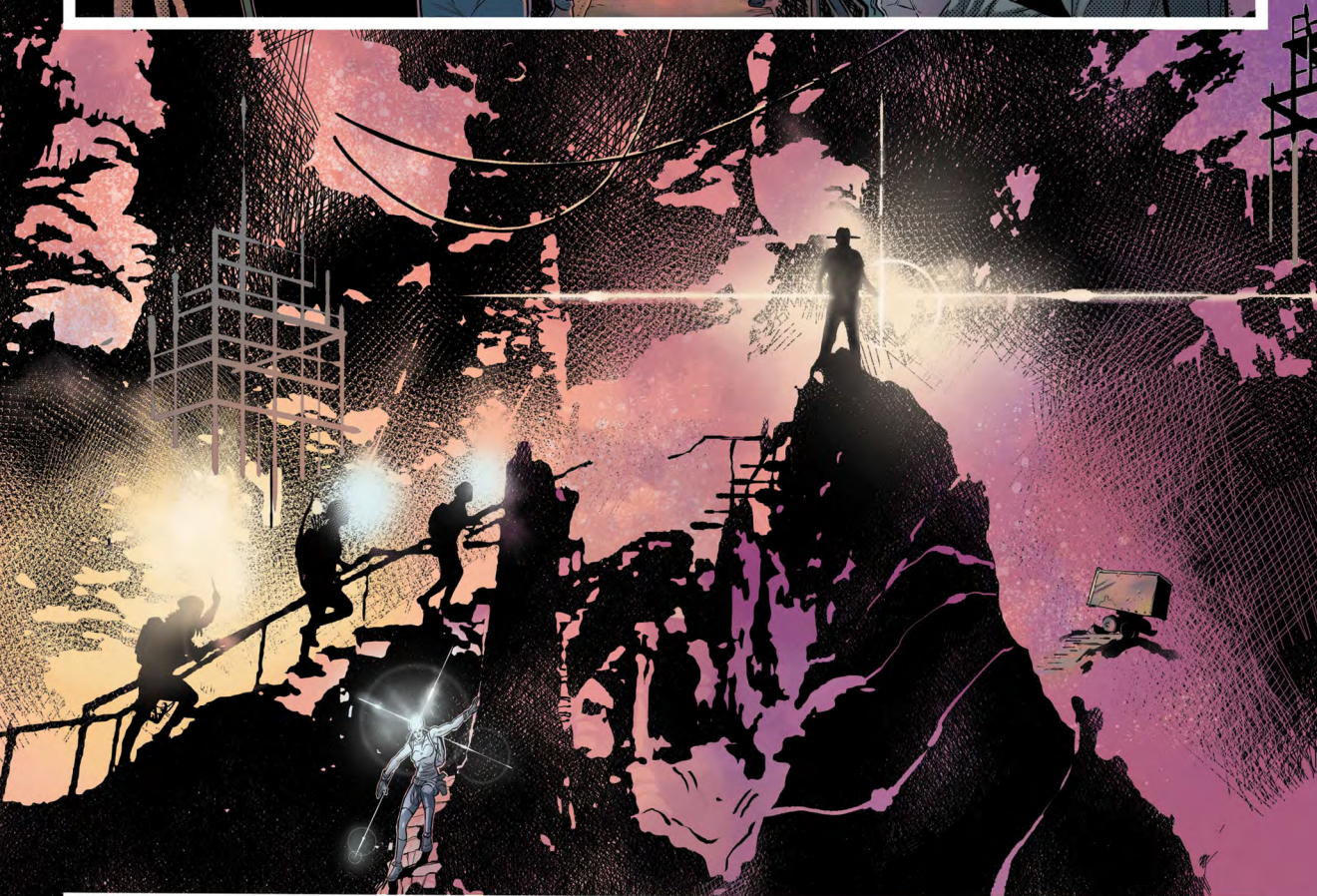
HARD TO  
BELIEVE THEY  
THINK IT CAN BE  
RETRO-FITTED  
HANNAH.

YOU  
GOT ME  
FREE.

MOST OF  
THESE TUNNELS HAVE  
NOT BEEN INSPECTED  
SINCE THE EXPLOSIONS  
BACK IN THE 1930'S.











GAS LEVELS  
LOOKING  
GOOD.



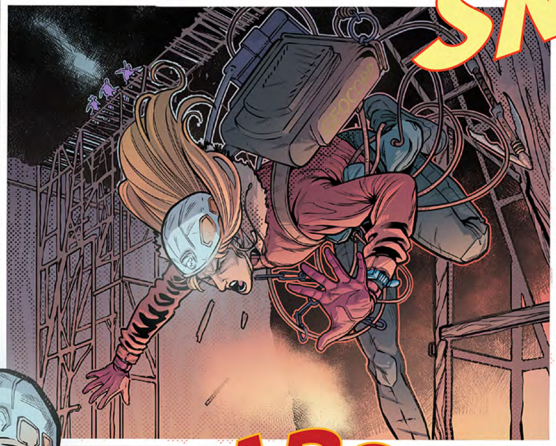
STAY  
CLOSE FOLKS  
AND CHECK YOUR  
GEAR..

..RIGHT  
BEHIND YOU  
CLARITA!





**SNAP!**



**ARGH!**



**AHHH!**

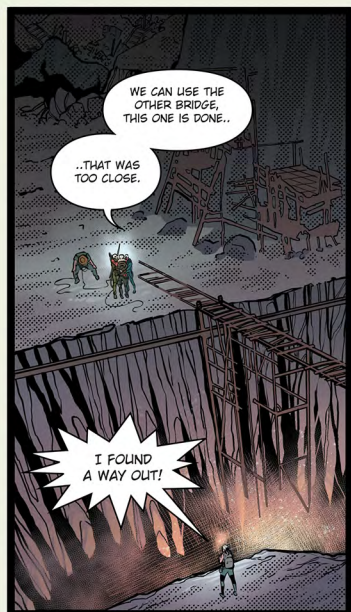
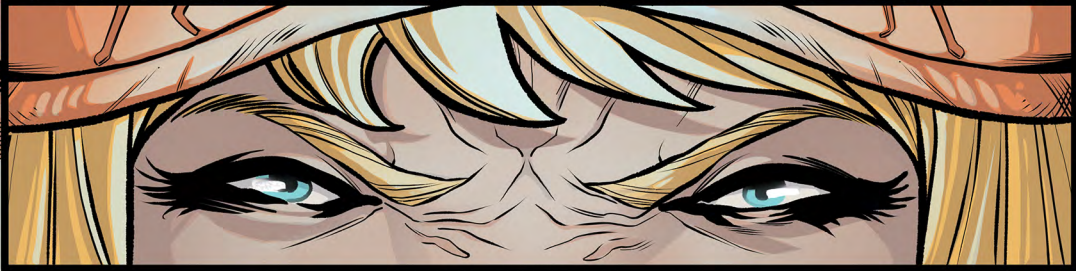




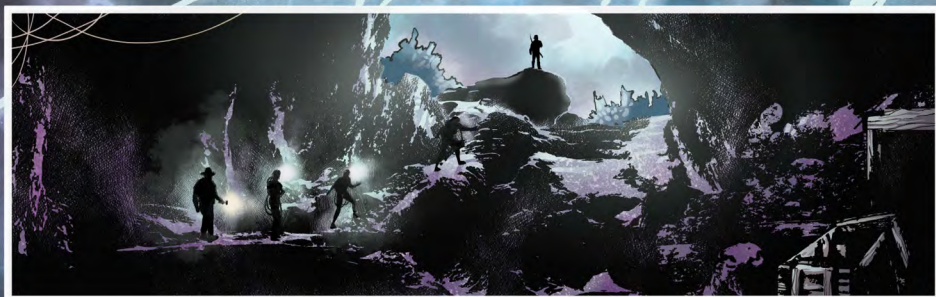
HANNAH,  
YOU OK?

I'M  
GOOD!

ACTEON HAS BEEN INACTIVE AND SEALED SHUT FOR  
DECADES. AS HANNAH DANGLES LIKE A WORM ON A  
HOOK, SOMETHING SEEMS TO TAKE INTEREST.







**SMALL TOWN, MOUNTAIN ISLAND 10:20 PM**

HOURS LATER, THE GROUP EMERGES NEAR SMALL TOWN. CONFUSED AND BATTERED, THEY HAVE NO EXPLANATION FOR THE WOLF ATTACK, OR WHATEVER HANNAH SAW BELOW ACTEON.



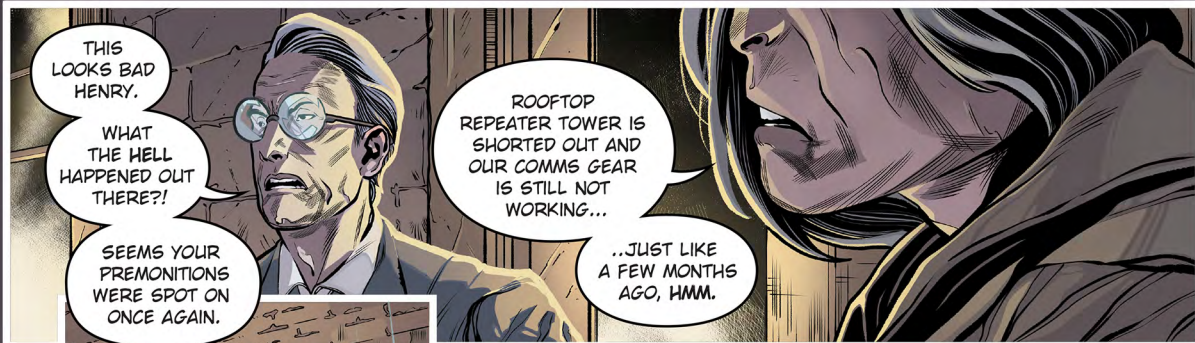
OH, REAL FUNNY FREE!

HOW'S YOUR LEG DOIN' OVER THERE TUROK?

I THINK THE SHOOTING RANGE IS STILL OPEN STEVIE...

HA!







HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING, SMALL TOWN 12:00AM

THE BATTERED GROUP OF SURVIVORS  
RECOUNTS THEIR FREAKISH EXPERIENCE  
WITH THE BUILDINGS OWNERS, DR. CONOR  
JONES AND HENRY GRAYSON.

THAT BEAST  
WAS RIGHT IN  
FRONT OF ME  
AND JUST..  
VANISHED  
JONES!

I'VE NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING  
LIKE IT!

STRAIGHT  
PREDATOR STYLE,  
THERE AND  
GONE!

IT'S JUST  
LIKE HE SAID  
GENTLEMEN...

I CAN'T  
SAY IF IT DID THE  
WHOLE PREDATOR  
THINGY...

BUT IT  
WAS HUGE...  
AND IT'S SKIN...  
NEVER SEEN A  
WOLF LIKE THAT.

COULD BE  
SOME KIND OF  
CWD MUTATION...  
MAYBE.

HMM...

I'VE SEEN  
'EM THAT BIG IN THE  
HIGHLANDS FOLKS,  
AIN'T NO DEACON  
MAGIC, SORRY  
FREE.

THEY GOT  
THE DROP ON US,  
SIMPLE AS THAT.  
LAST THING WE  
NEED IS TO START  
TELLING STORIES.

LIKE THE  
DOCTOR SAID,  
SOME KIND OF  
CWD, RIGHT?.







THAT TRANQ' ARROW COULD DROP A MOOSE, BUT HAD NO EFFECT.

NOT AT ALL.

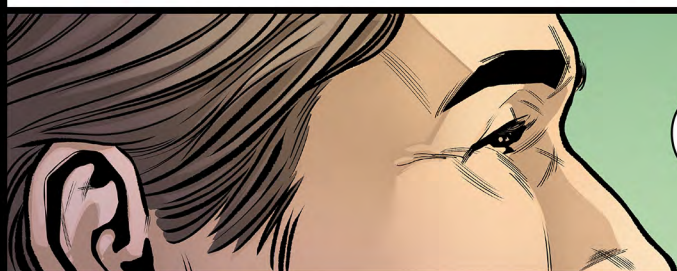
MUTATION OR NOT...

EVEN YOU CAN'T SAY THAT WAS NORMAL PACK BEHAVIOR...



HANNAH, YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD. WHAT'S UP?

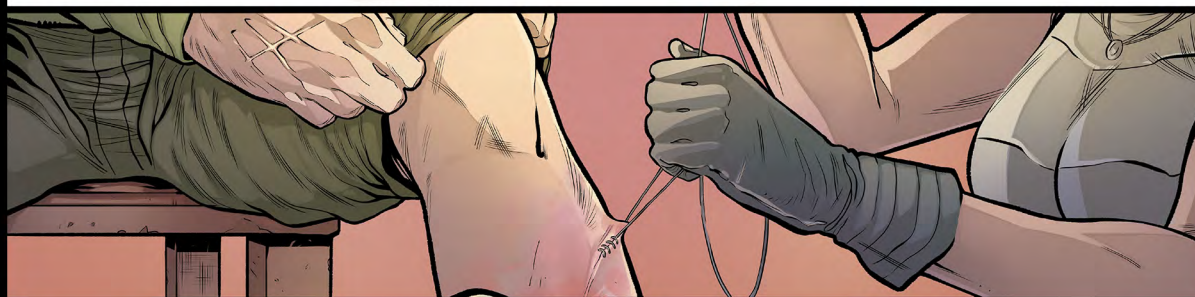
NADA, JUST RECOVERING FROM A NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE.



THINKING ABOUT WHAT I SAW WHEN I FELL INSIDE ACTEON.

SOME KIND OF LIGHT, IT KEPT COMING RIGHT AT ME.

MY HEAD WAS SPINNING, BUT I SWEAR IT WAS...ALIVE.



WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU SEE IN ACTEON MS.MARKS?

TO BE CONTINUED...



# MEET THE LOCALS

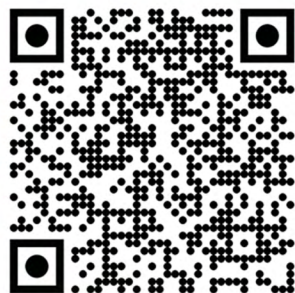


MOUNTAIN ISLAND IS A POPULAR LOCATION FOR AN ARRAY OF EXPLORERS, OUTDOOR ENTHUSIASTS, TREASURE HUNTERS, AND WEEKEND ADVENTURERS.

THE SMALL TOWN'S LOCAL POPULATION IS MADE UP OF SEASONAL AND YEAR-ROUND RESIDENTS WHO ENJOY THE ISLAND'S IMPRESSIVE VARIETY OF WILDERNESS AND WILDLIFE.

FOLLOW THEIR ADVENTURES AND PREPARE TO JOIN THEM WHEN WILD AMERICAS: THE GAME IS RELEASED LATER THIS YEAR!

CHARACTER CONCEPTS: GUILHERME BALBI



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ARTIST: GUILHERME BALBI  
CHARACTERS BY: MATT BRUNS





# WILD AMERICAS

PART I & II

DEEP BELOW MOUNTAIN ISLAND RESTS AN ANCIENT SECRET, SET TO REVEAL EARTH-SHATTERING REVELATIONS.

RECENT ACTIVITY INSIDE THE MYSTERIOUS MINING STRUCTURE FROM THE 1930S HAS LOCALS ON EDGE. A ROUTINE GEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION SPIRALS INTO A TWISTED ADVENTURE OF EPIC PROPORTION.

JOURNEY DEEP BELOW THE MOUNTAIN, EXPLORE UNTAMED WILDERNESS, AND BEYOND; PEELING AWAY A TAPESTRY OF DECEPTION AND HALF-TRUTHS, TOLD ABOUT OUR COLLECTIVE HUMAN HISTORY.



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