

TOP COW REBIRTH

# WITCHBLADE



UNBALANCED PIECES  
PART 5



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The sounds. The dull friction as the sharp metal traces a line down the jaw of Officer Jane "Big Woz" Wosnicki, an enemy turned ally.

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY PEZZINI, YOUR BOYFRIEND IS GONNA BE AN ASS-PET TO SOME VERY BIG INMATES FOR THIS!

The fast, ragged breathing of Cain Jorgenson, an ally turned enemy, possessed by the black magic of the Brunhilda biker witch gang.

And the cacophony of an arcane gang war going on all around me. Screams. The hisses of an impossible creature, and the intensifying growl of motorcycle engines, circling closer and closer like a flock of carrion birds.

But for the moment I have to put all of that out of my head; push out all the distraction, and figure out how to save Woz's life. And Cain's soul.

CAN I LOOKED THROUGH YOUR NOTES. ALL THAT RESEARCH, TRYING TO FIND THE SITES OF "THE CORRUPTION CATARACT." PLAYING RANDI AND ESMERALDA. YOU WANT POWER.



BUT UNTIL YOU GET IT, YOU'RE JUST AN ACTOR, A WANNABE. BUT ME? YOU KNEW IT THE MOMENT YOU MET ME.

I'VE GOT THE REAL GODDAMN DEAL.



I--I DID KNOW IT. I FELT YOU. DREAMT OF YOUR COMING.



COME AND GET ME, CAIN. I'M YOURS.



MIINE!

WOOF!



CALL THE GODDESS, GIRLS! PULL HER GIFTS FROM DEEP WITHIN THE EARTH!



JANE!  
NNF! GET THE HELL  
OUT OF HERE, NOW!  
CALL FOR BACKUP!  
THIS IS GOING TO  
GET MESSY!

WHAT WAS  
YOUR FIRST CLUE?  
THAT SOMEONE LET  
LOOSE A FUCKING  
LION?

FRRGHH!



YOUR  
BOYTOY IS GOING  
DOWNTOWN!



I SAVED YOUR  
ASS. LET'S CALL IT  
EVEN, AND TRUST ME  
THAT WHAT CAN NEEDS  
RIGHT NOW IS NOT  
TO BE ARRESTED.



NOW GO!  
THERE ARE  
BACK DOORS  
THAT WAY!

FINE. MY  
DAMN SHIFT  
IS OVER  
ANYWAY.



PESH! HSSS!

I GOT  
IT!

LEON!



MRRROWWWW!

WHUHF!



MEW.

THERE'S MY  
LITTLE POOPS.  
DID THOSE  
MEAT-MONKEYS  
TRY AND HURT  
YOU?

DON'T YOU WORRY, L'L KITTY-HEAD. THESE OLD FARTS ARE LIVING ON BORROWED TIME.

POPOPOPO

BORROWED TIME THAT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO THE BRUNHILDAS.

GIRLS?

SHEERAAAAA

WROOOOM

CHOOOM

GHUK!

GLORY TO THE GODDESS!

GODDESS HAS MERCY! BRUNHILDAS DON'T!



AIEEEAGGH!

I'm in the middle of another war.



Wars are always the same. Someone wants something someone else has. Land. Oil. Power. Immortality.

GIVE IT TO ME!



Cain is infected; his body slowly being warped by some alien being's approximation of The Darkness.

The Witchblade is the Balance between The Darkness and the Artifact of the Light, The Angelus. Its job is to keep the opposing forces from destroying each other, and by proxy, everything else.

The Witchblade was designed to right wrongs perpetrated by both sides and to punish them if need be. It knows both forces intimately, the way a hunter knows its prey.



I feel the Witchblade's whispers across my mind, coaxing the faux-Darkness away from Cain. The Blade appeals to it just as it would to the real Darkness, with promises of chaos and destruction.



I've dealt with the real Darkness before. I've been possessed by it. Fought against its bearer, Jackie Estacado. I've fought with him too. We're allies...friends even.



But Jackie hadn't taken my calls. He didn't want to, or couldn't help me. So I take on Cain's infection like some kind of messiah, and I destroy it...



The same way I do everything these last few months.

Alone.

