

THE WITCHER®



M
2014

HOUSE OF GLASS
PAUL TOBIN | JOE QUERIO



THE
WITCHER®



THE ~~WITCHER~~[®]

HOUSE OF GLASS

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—♦—

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THE WITCHER VOLUME 1: HOUSE OF GLASS

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CHAPTER ONE





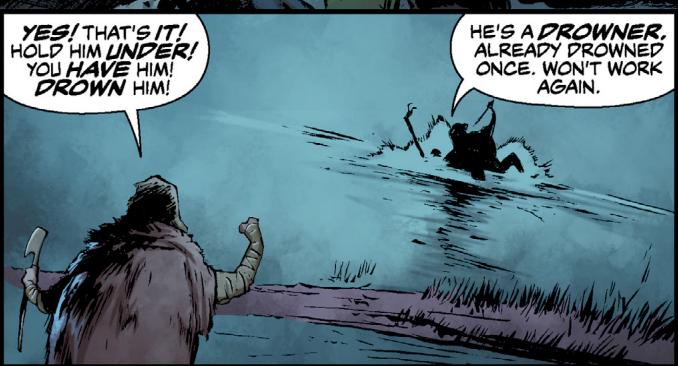
THE EDGE OF THE
BLACK FOREST, IN
THE LAND OF THE
ANGREN.













...BUT BY THE
TIME THE DICE
STOPPED ROLLING,
I'D WON A PIG, A
MAIDEN'S KISS, A
PAIR OF BREECHES,
AND THE IRE OF A
BARE-LEGGED
MAN.

THAT'S
WHEN I
KNEW I HAD
TO LEAVE
TOWN.

HA HA
HA!





BRIUXAE?
SURE ABOUT
THAT?

SHE'S MY
WIFE, GERALT.
I KNOW WHO
KILLED HER. I
KNOW WHAT
SHE IS.

"SHE'S MURDEROUS
WITH OTHERS. NEVER
HARMED ME, THOUGH.
MAYBE IT'S LOVE.
MAYBE I'M FOOLING
MYSELF. MAYBE ONE
DAY SHE'LL TEAR
ME TO PIECES."

MOSTLY WE STAY APART,
WATCHING EACH OTHER.

I
KNOW SHE'S
NEAR WHEN THE
SONGBIRDS
SING.

SONGBIRDS
AND BRIUXAE--
THEY'VE A BOND,
YOU KNOW.

HEARD ABOUT
THAT. COULD
BE TRUE.

COULD
BE?
LISTEN
TO THEM
SING!

JUST...
LISTEN.



NOW
YOU KNOW MY
STORY.

THE
CONTINUING TALE OF
JAKOB THE HUNTER,
JAKOB THE FOOL, WHO
STAYS NEAR HIS WIFE,
NOT WILLING TO ADMIT
SHE'S LOST TO HIM,
BECAUSE... HOW THE
HELL CAN I?

SHE'S
RIGHT THERE,
AFTER ALL.

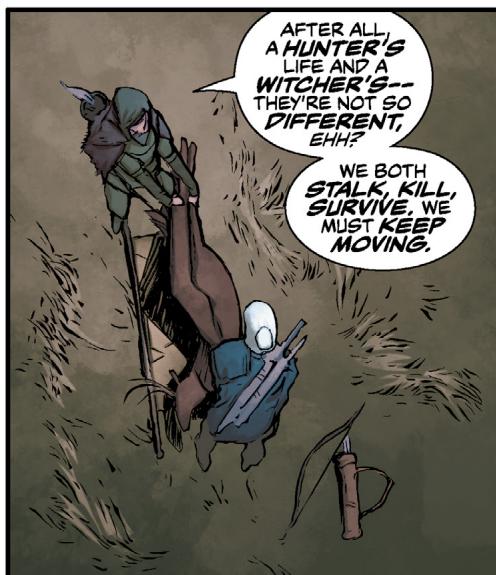
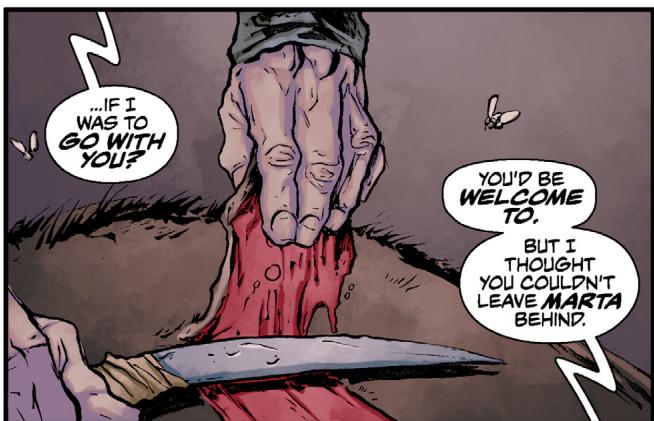
I'M HAVING
MORE WINE.
YOU SHOULD,
TOO.

I WILL,
BUT I MUST
FINISH MY
TALE.
IT'S
COMFORTING
TO TELL IT TO A MAN.
I'VE BEEN TALKING
TO STONES,
CROWS, AND MY
DEAD WIFE.

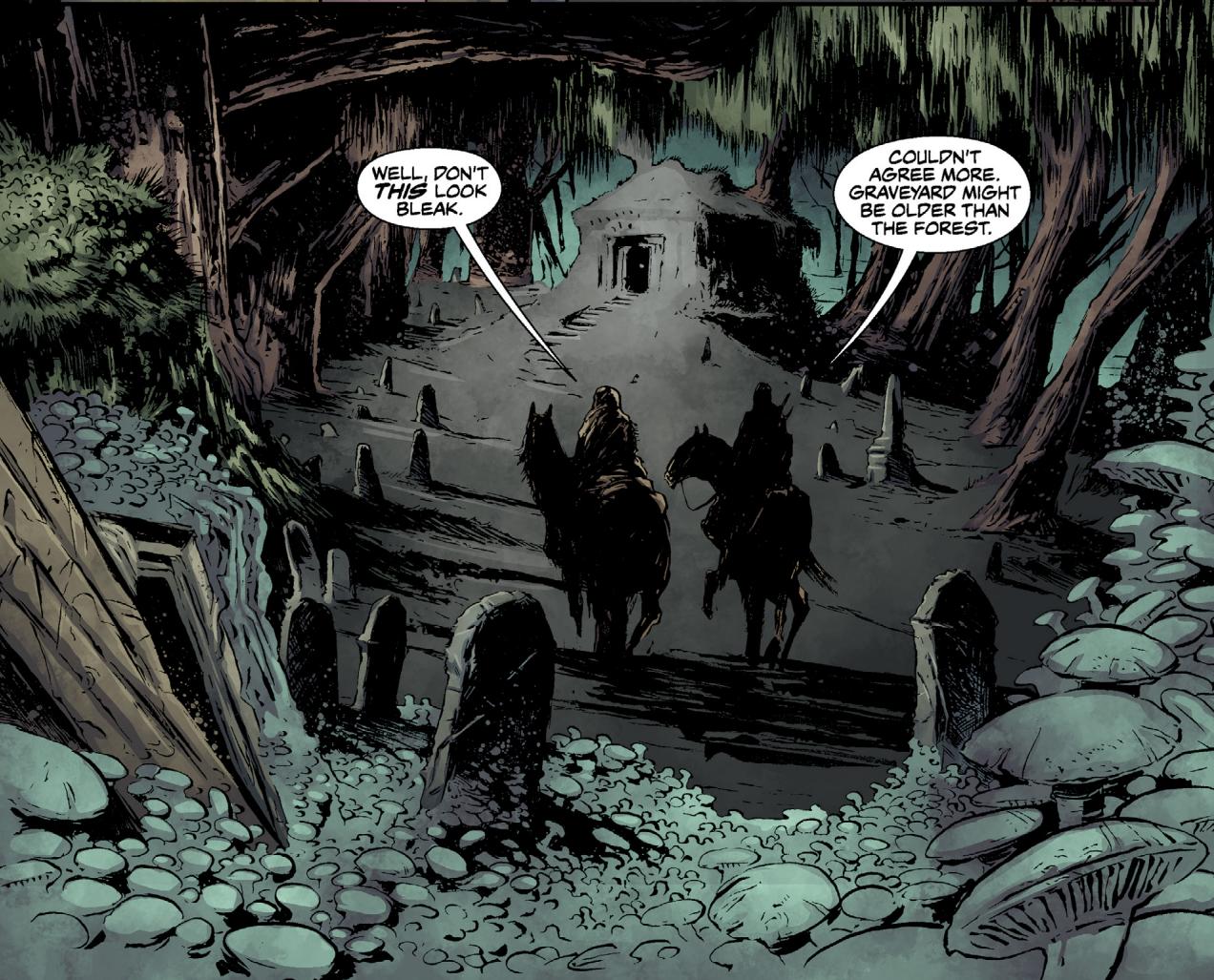
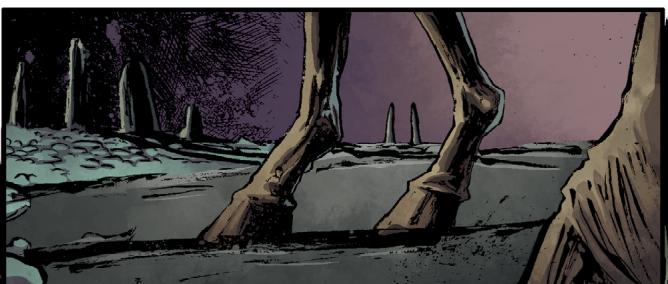
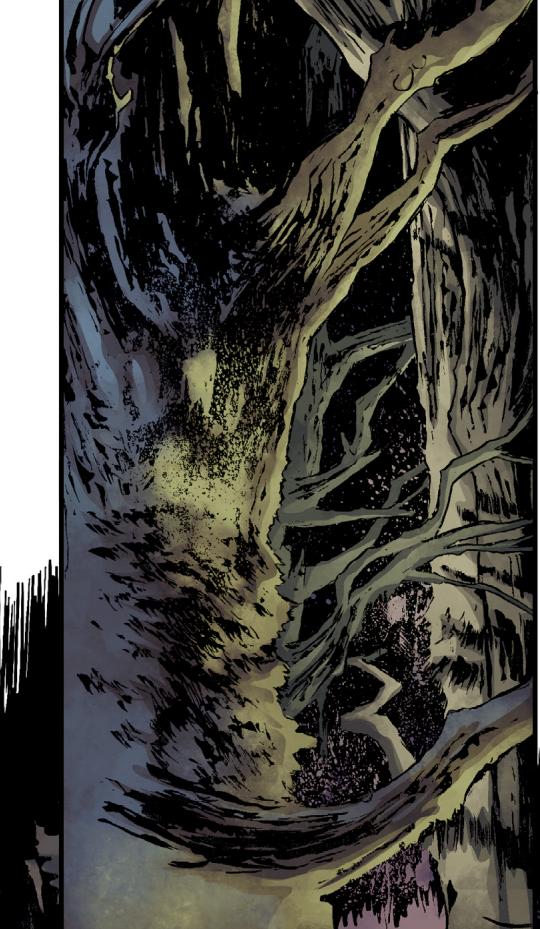
"I'VE SPENT NINE YEARS HUNTING
THE LAND AND **WARNING**
INFREQUENT TRAVELERS AWAY."

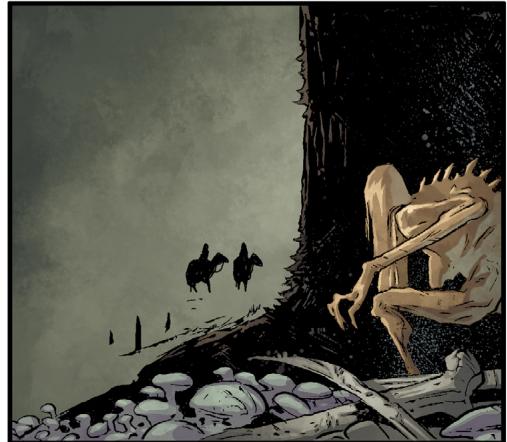
AND I'VE BEEN
LISTENING TO THE
SONGBIRDS, TRYING
TO REMEMBER THEIR
SOUNDS ARE
BEAUTIFUL, NOT
HORRIBLE.











STAY CLOSE.
THERE'S SOMETHING
HERE.

I SEE
WHAT'S HERE. A
GRAVEYARD.

WHY IN
A MONGREL'S
NAME IS THERE A
GRAVEYARD HERE?
THAT'S WHAT I'D
LIKE TO KNOW.



GOING?

YOU HEAR
SOMETHING?

I DID. A
WOMAN'S
VOICE, I
THINK.



THAT'S NO
WOMAN.







SO THEY SAID... "WE CAN
LET YOU OUT OF PRISON,
WITCHER, BUT YOU'VE GOT
TO KILL THE BLOOD-
THIRSTY GIANT
OR MARRY THAT
MAIDEN YOU'VE BEEN
FONDLING."

AND YOU
SAID...?

I SAID...
"HOW BIG'S THE
GIANT?"





THOUGH I'M NOT SUCH A FOOL THAT I HAVEN'T NOTICED THE STRANGE MARKINGS, THE TWIGS AND BONES HANGING FROM THE TREES, OR HOW YOU'VE BEEN ITCHING TO DRAW YOUR SWORD.

ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SHARE, WITCHER?

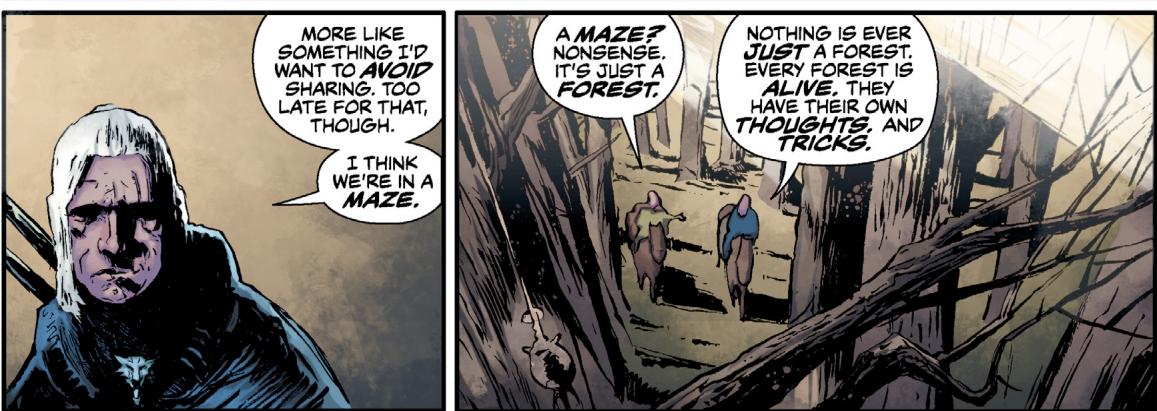


MORE LIKE SOMETHING I'D WANT TO AVOID SHARING. TOO LATE FOR THAT, THOUGH.

I THINK WE'RE IN A MAZE.

A MAZE? NONSENSE. IT'S JUST A FOREST.

NOTHING IS EVER JUST A FOREST. EVERY FOREST IS ALIVE. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN THOUGHTS, AND TRICKS.



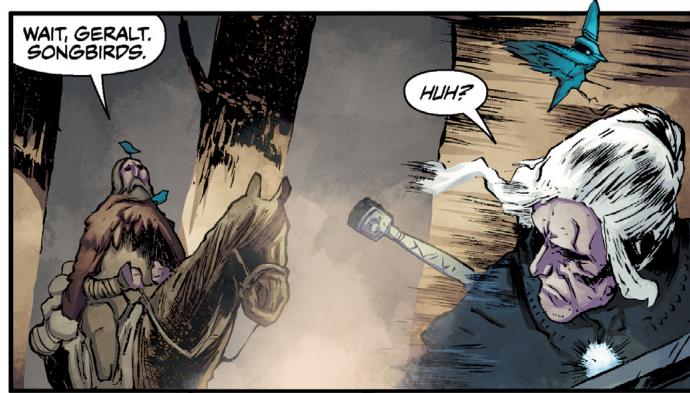
THERE ARE ANCIENT THINGS HERE, TWISTING THE PATH. TWISTING OUR SENSE OF DIRECTION.

WE'VE RIDDEN PAST HERE BEFORE.

"ANCIENT THINGS"? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ANCIENT THINGS?

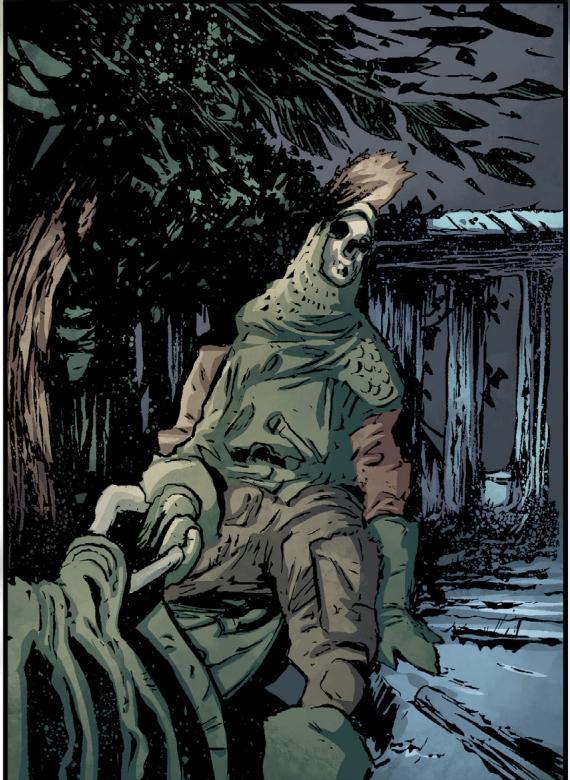
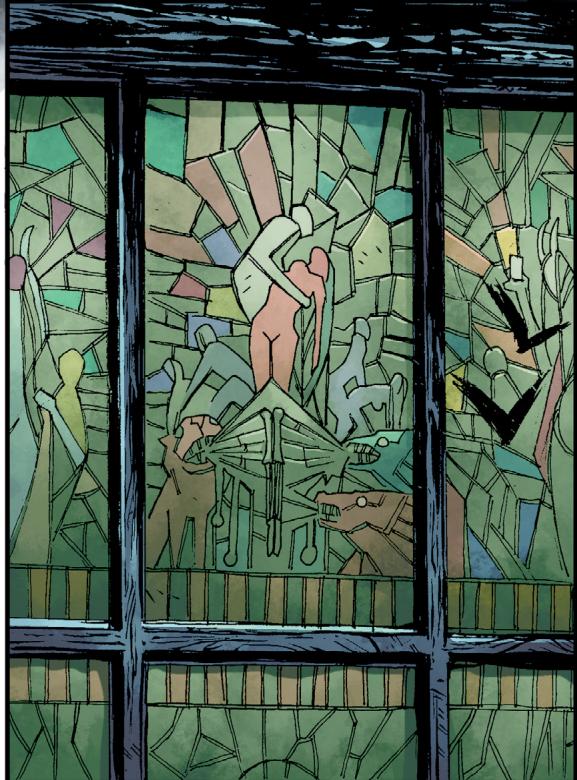






"FOLLOW
THEM, GERALT?
YOU THINK THEY
MIGHT BE
FROM...?"



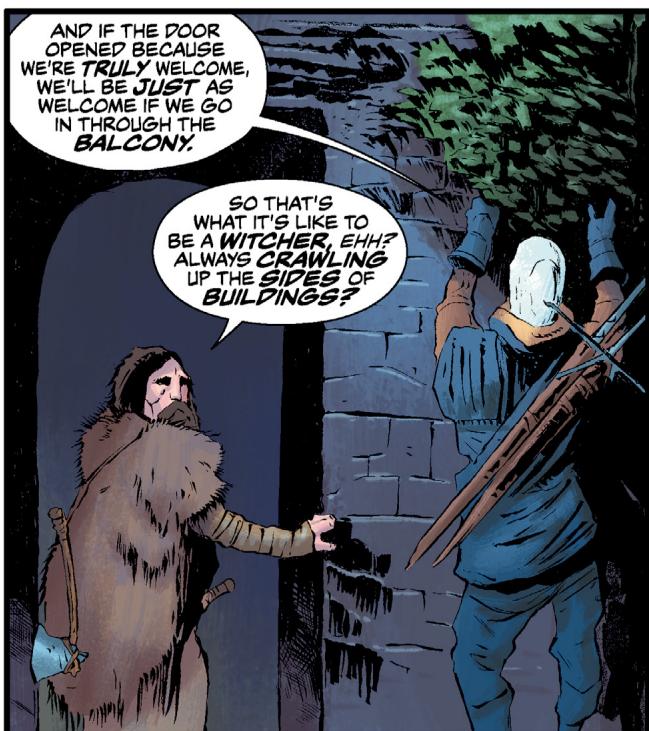




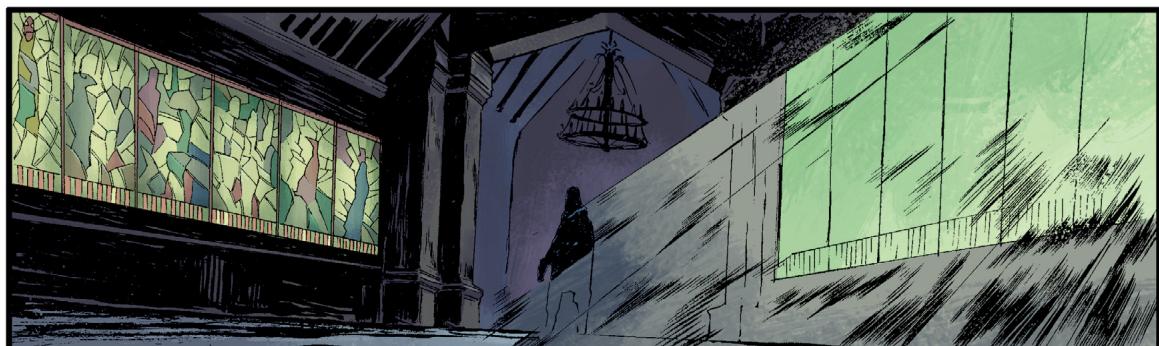
CHAPTER TWO

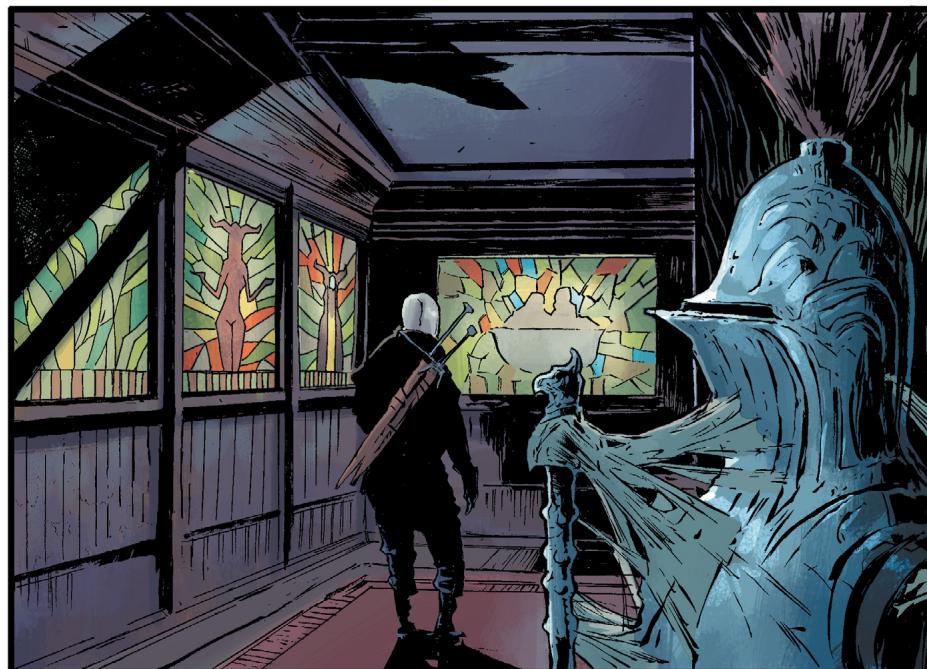














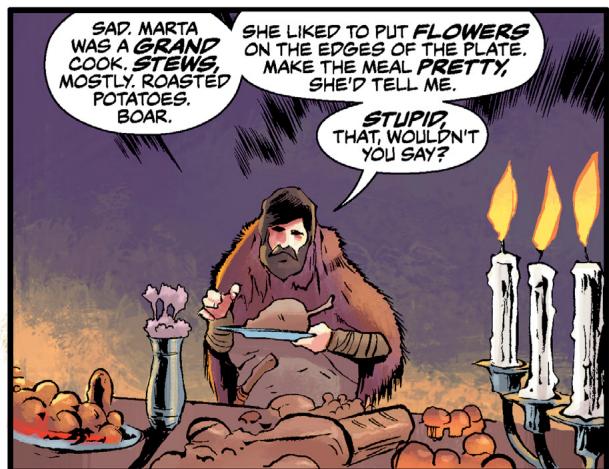
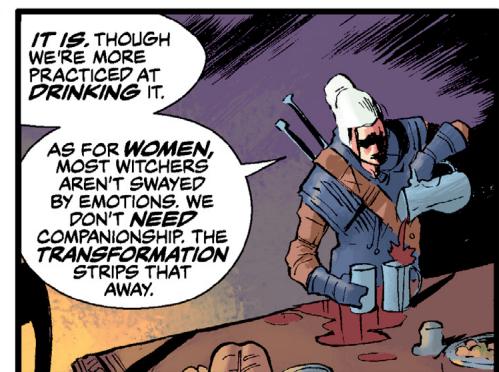
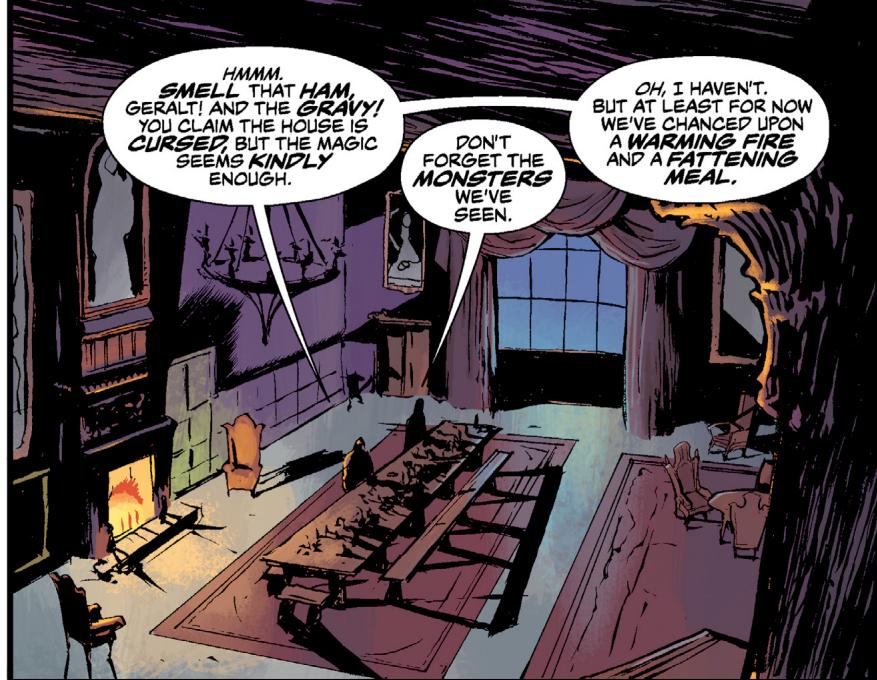








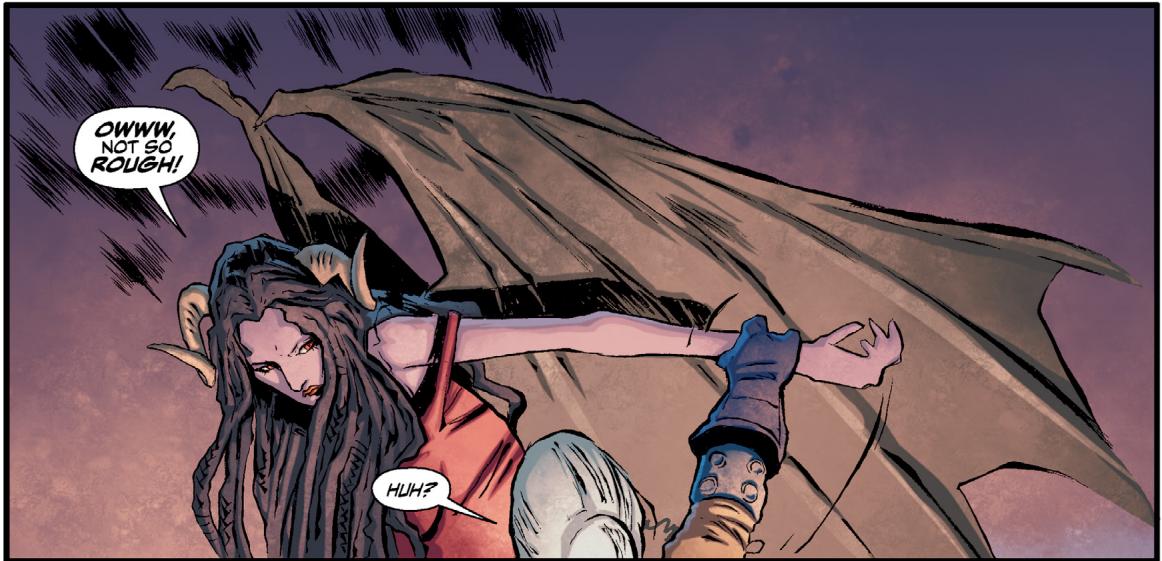






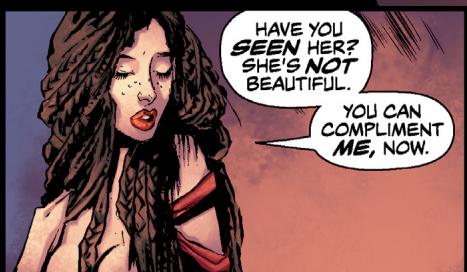


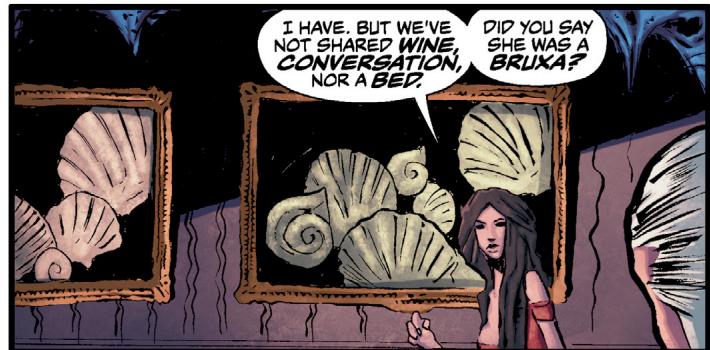
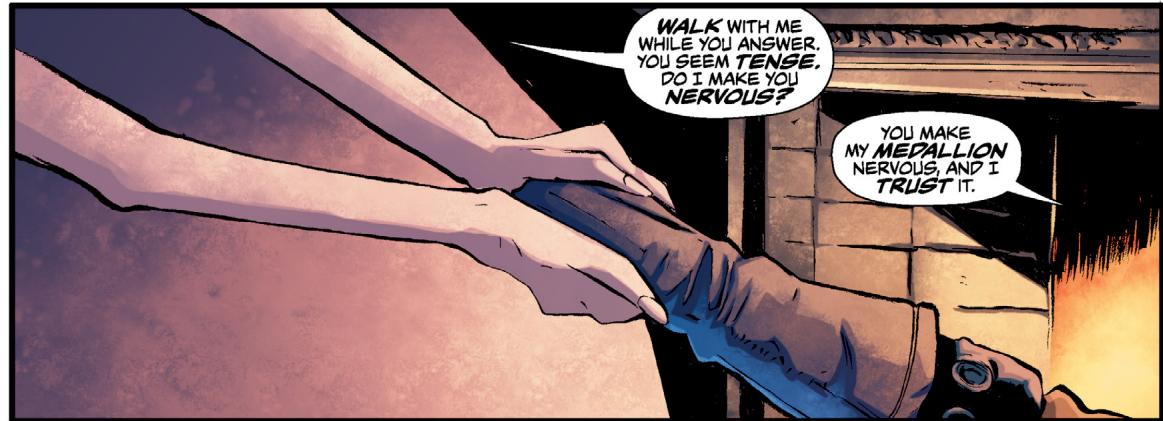


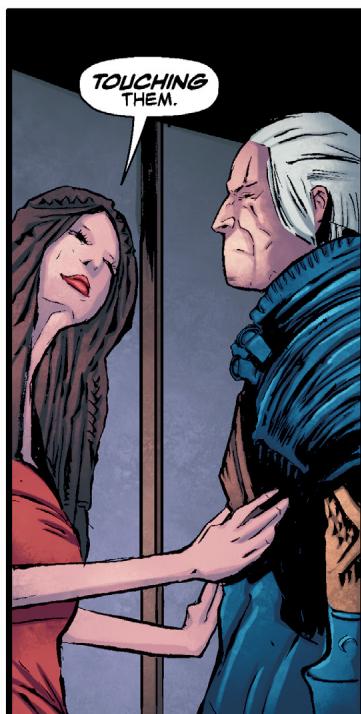
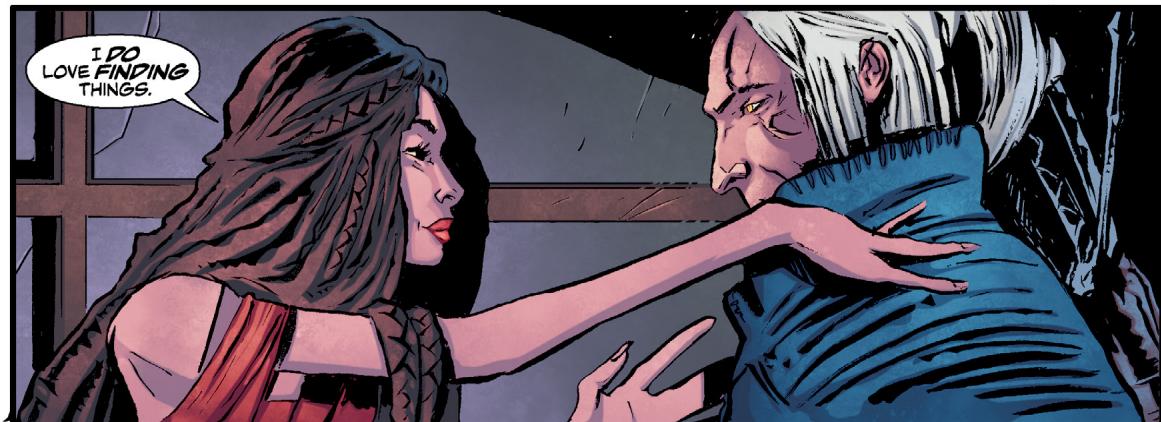


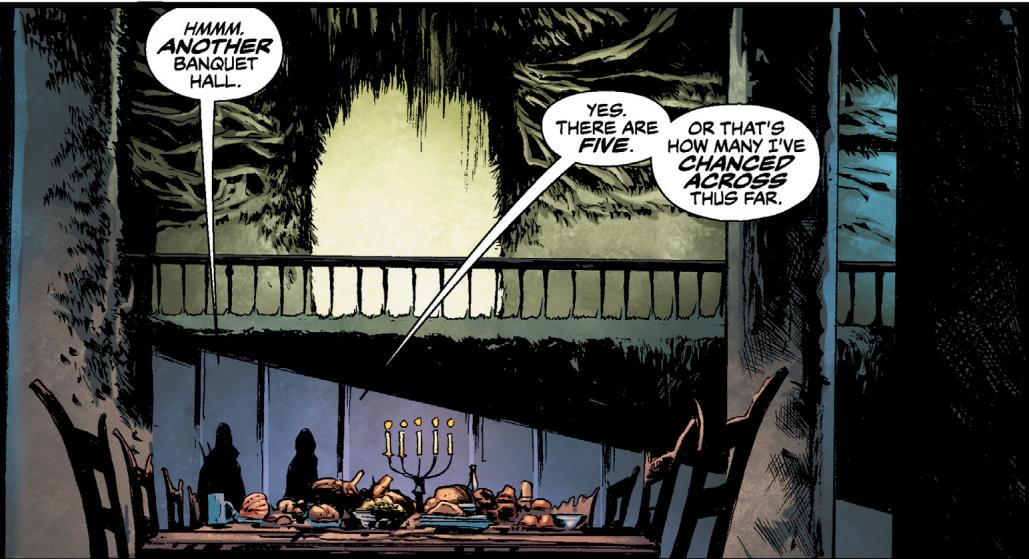


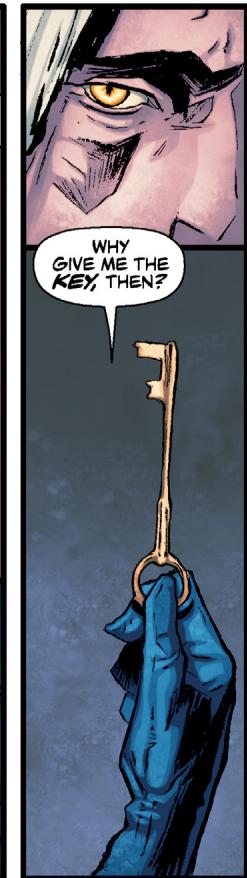
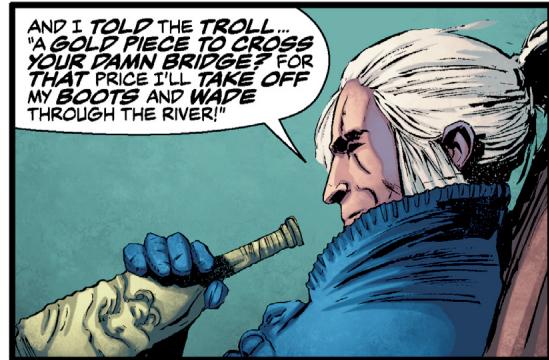
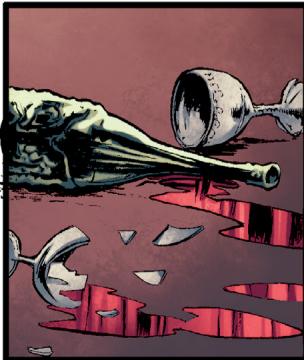
"NASTY BRUTES. IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE** TO PREDICT WHERE YOU'LL SEE THEM NEXT AS THEY APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR IN SWARMS OF CROWS. AND THEIR WOLVES ARE JUST **MEAN**. THEY'LL **CHEW** ON YOU FOR NO REASON. NONE AT ALL."

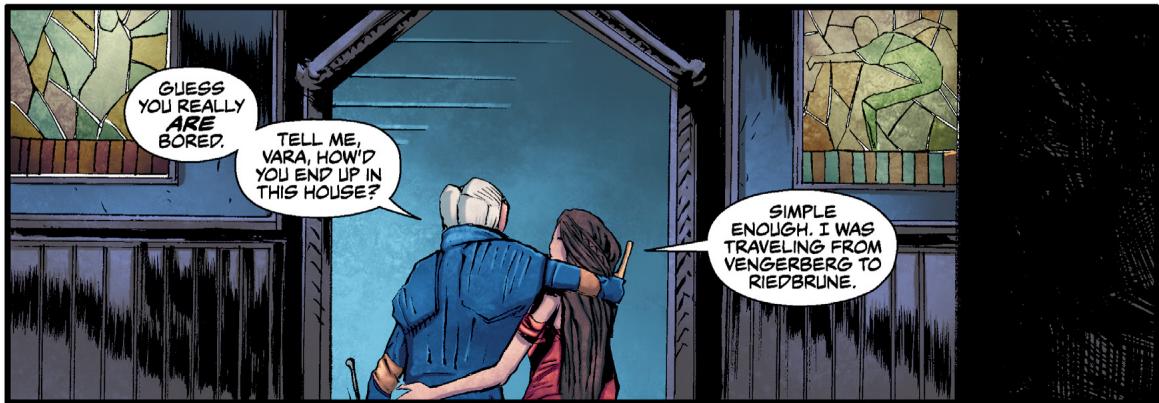


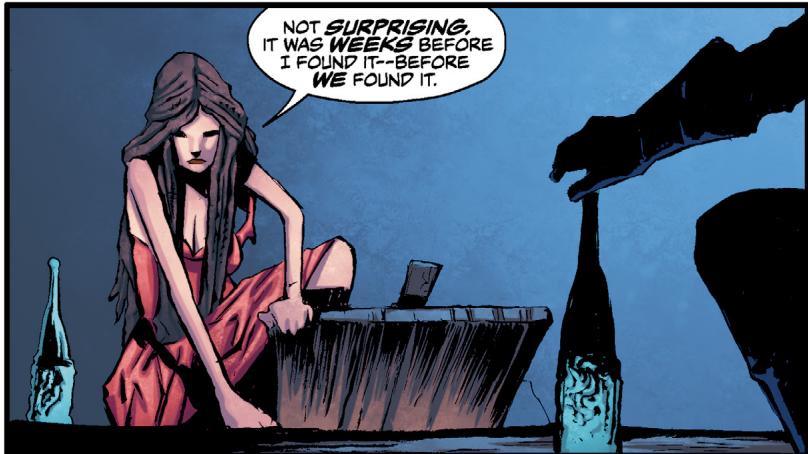










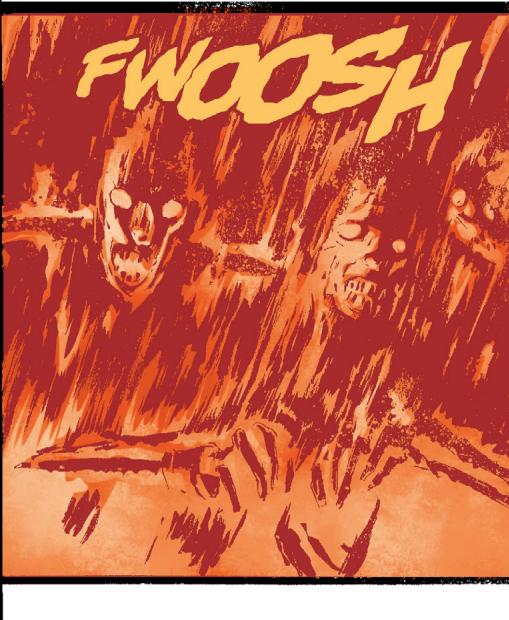


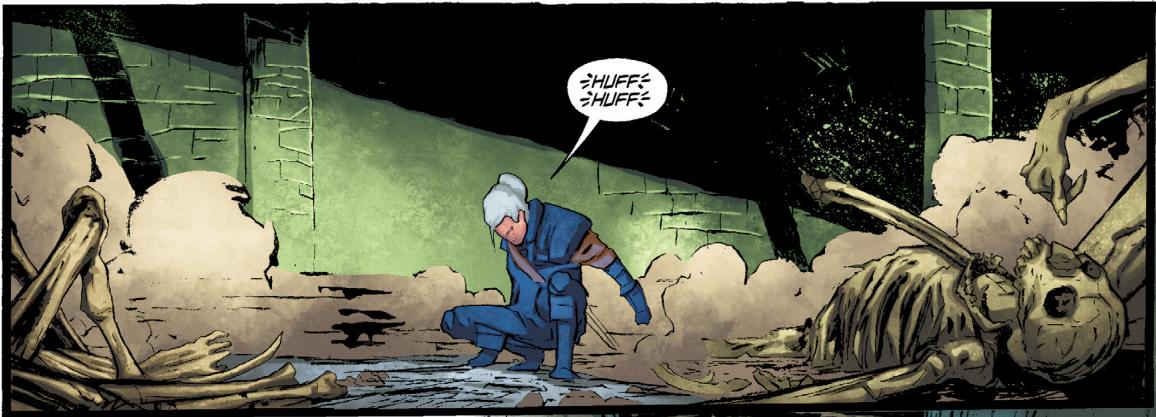
CHAPTER THREE





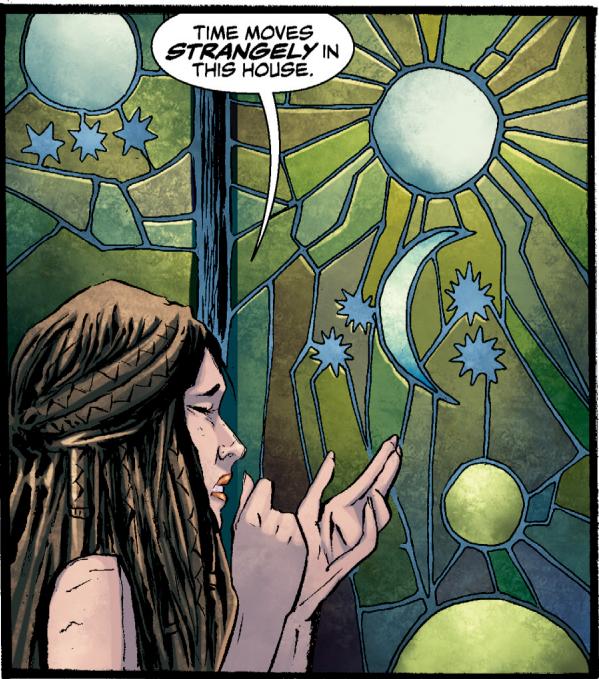






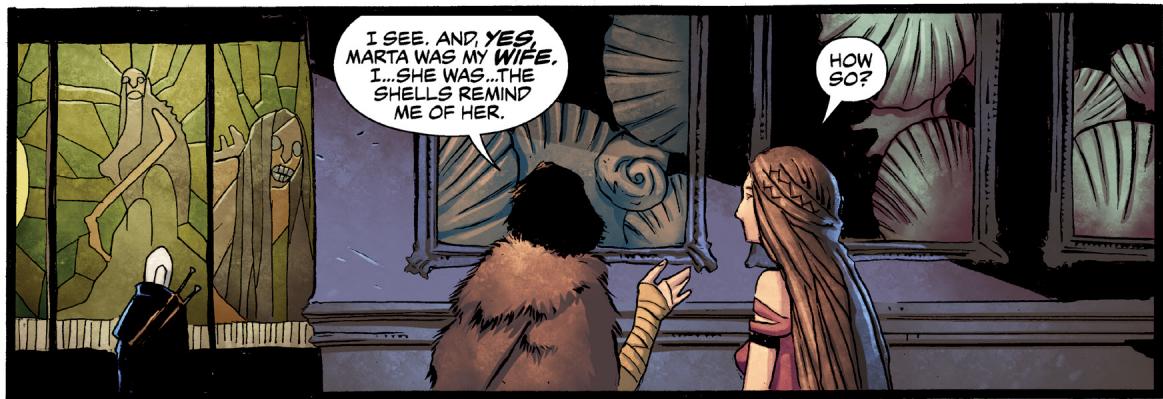










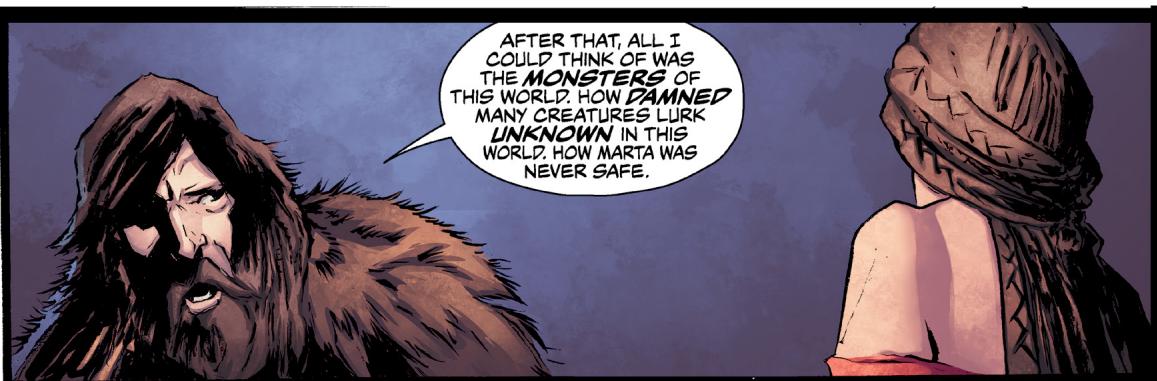




"LUCKILY, I CHANCED UPON THE SCENE BEFORE SHE WAS STOLEN UNDER THE WAVES. I WAS ABLE TO PULL HER BACK TO ME."



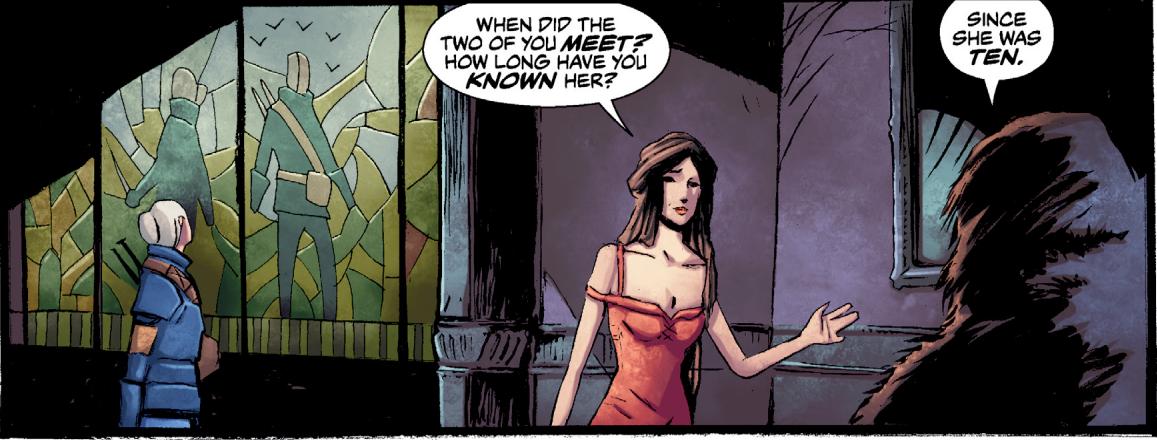
"STILL, SHE WORE THE MARKS OF THE FOUL CREATURE FOR WEEKS. THOSE STAINS SHOWED HOW CLOSE IT HAD BEEN."



AFTER THAT, ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS THE MONSTERS OF THIS WORLD. HOW DAMNED MANY CREATURES LURK UNKNOWN IN THIS WORLD. HOW MARTA WAS NEVER SAFE.



SHE WAS NEVER SAFE.



WHEN DID THE
TWO OF YOU **MEET**?
HOW LONG HAVE YOU
KNOWN HER?

SINCE
SHE WAS
TEN.



"SHE SOLD PASTRIES--
AND I'D FOLLOW HER
AROUND. HER MOTHER
HAD A SHOP--COOKING
UTENSILS, HERBS, BUT
MOSTLY BAKED GOODS.
MARTA WOULD STROLL
THROUGH THE VILLAGE,
SELLING PASTRIES.
SHE'D SING, TOO, LIKE
A SONGBIRD, SHE WAS.



"AT FIRST I FOLLOWED HER
BECAUSE I WANTED THOSE
PASTRIES, BUT, AS HER CHEST
FILLED OUT, I, WELL..."



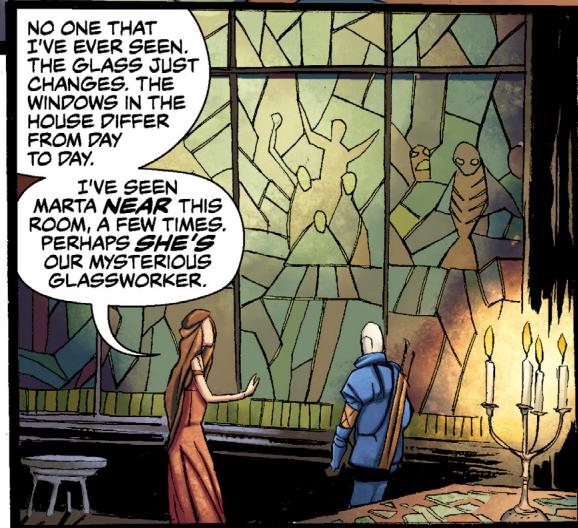
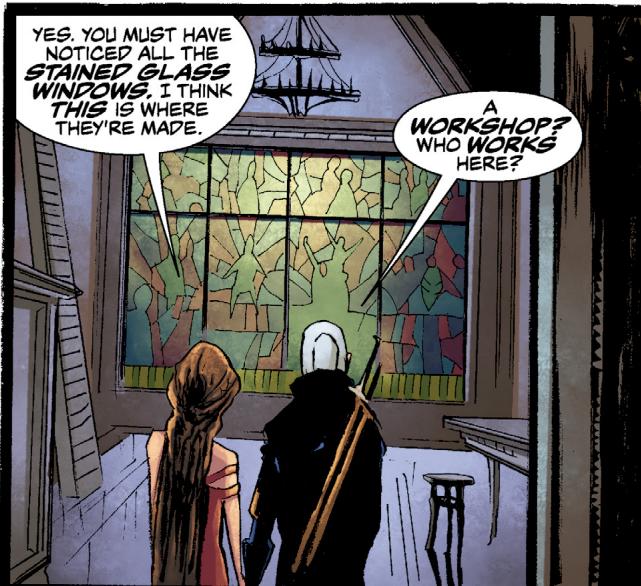
I THINK WE
UNDERSTAND.
ANOTHER KIND
OF TREAT.

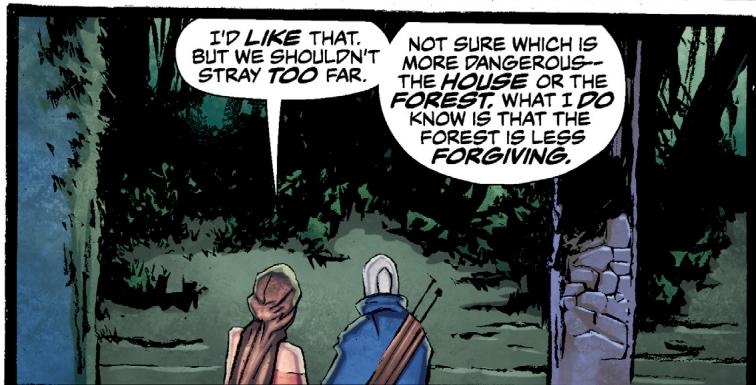
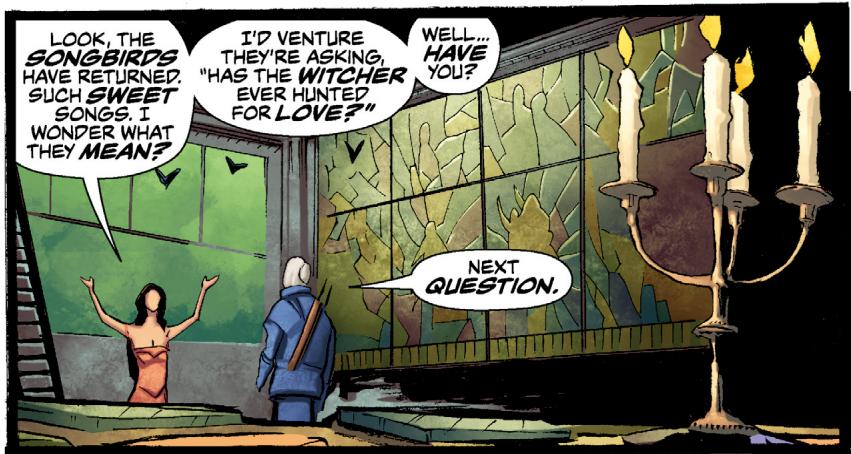
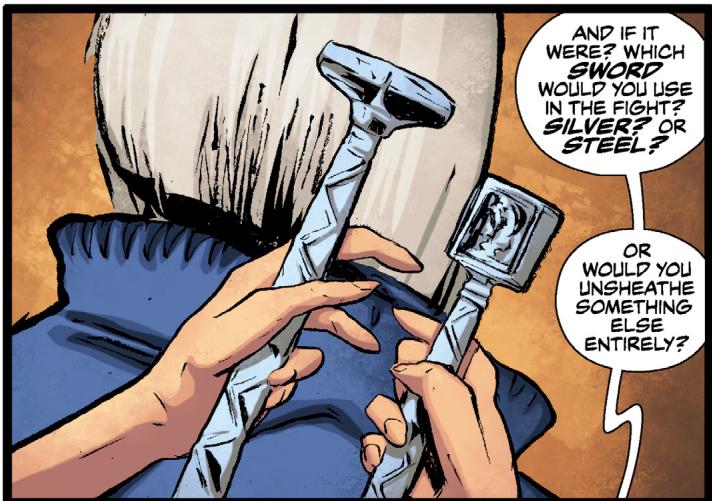


YES,
WELL....
MARTA WAS...







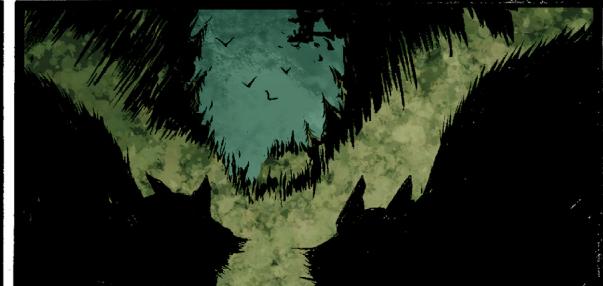


TAKE MY
HAND, IF THAT'S
NOT TOO MUCH
TO ASK.

I PROMISE
NOT TO FALL IN LOVE.
I KNOW THAT'S TOO
FRIGHTENING.

NOTHING'S
MORE
FRIGHTENING
THAN A WOMAN
BORED.

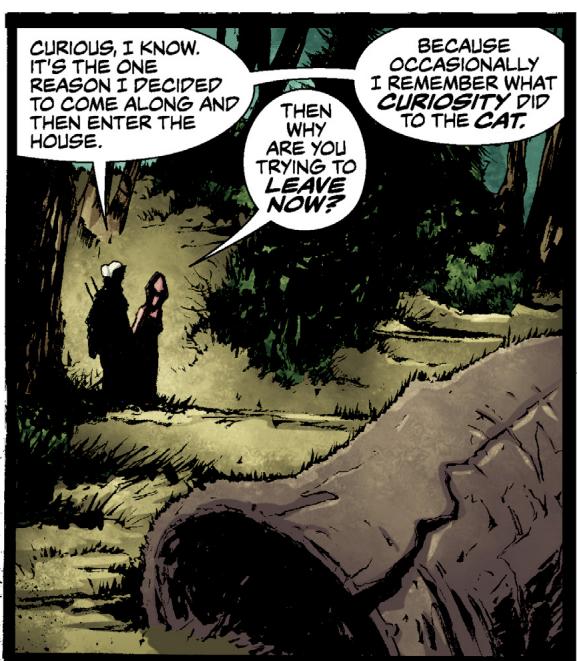
SUCH A ROMANTIC. YOU
ALWAYS KNOW THE WRONG
THING TO SAY.

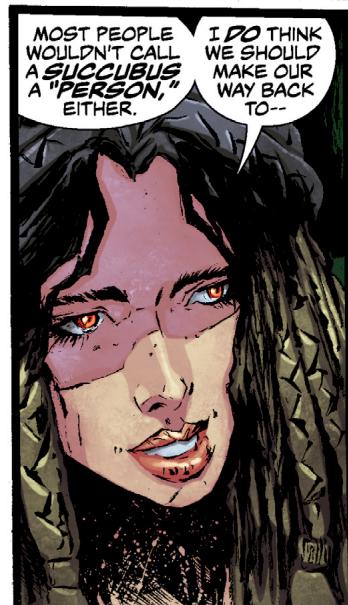


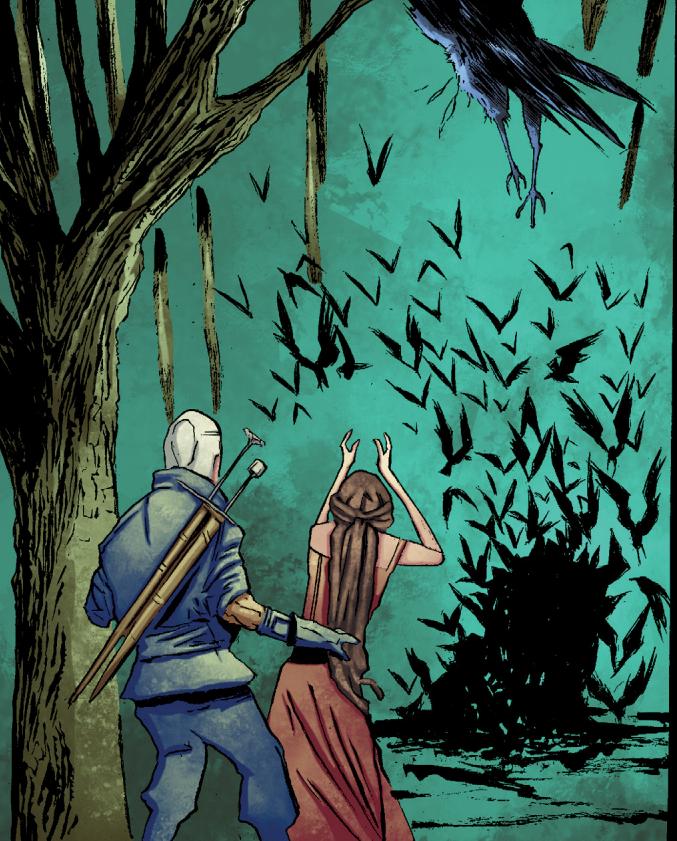
THE SONGBIRDS--
THEY'RE TRYING
TO LEAD US AWAY,
BACK TO THE
HOUSE. HAVE YOU
NOTICED?

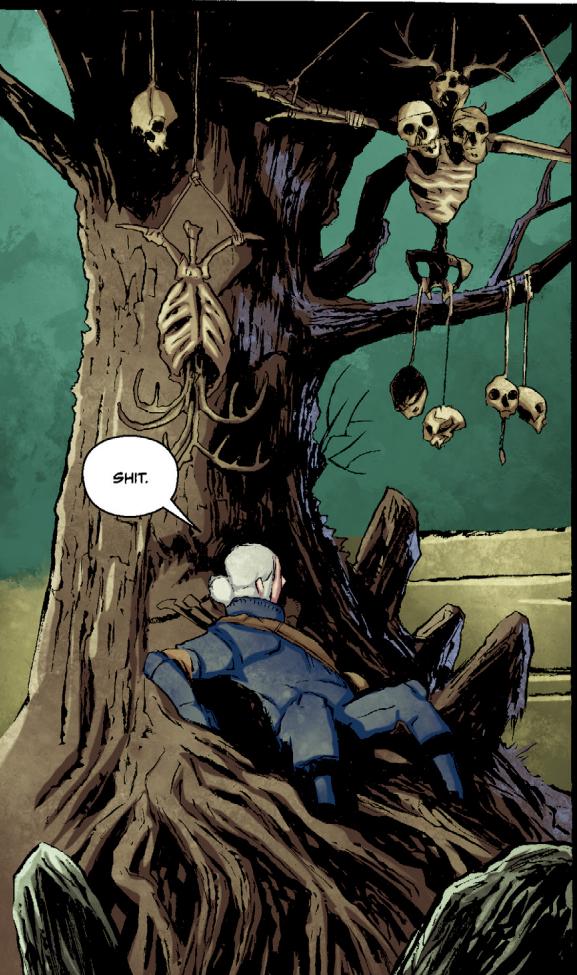
YES.
AND MY
MEDALLION
AGREES.



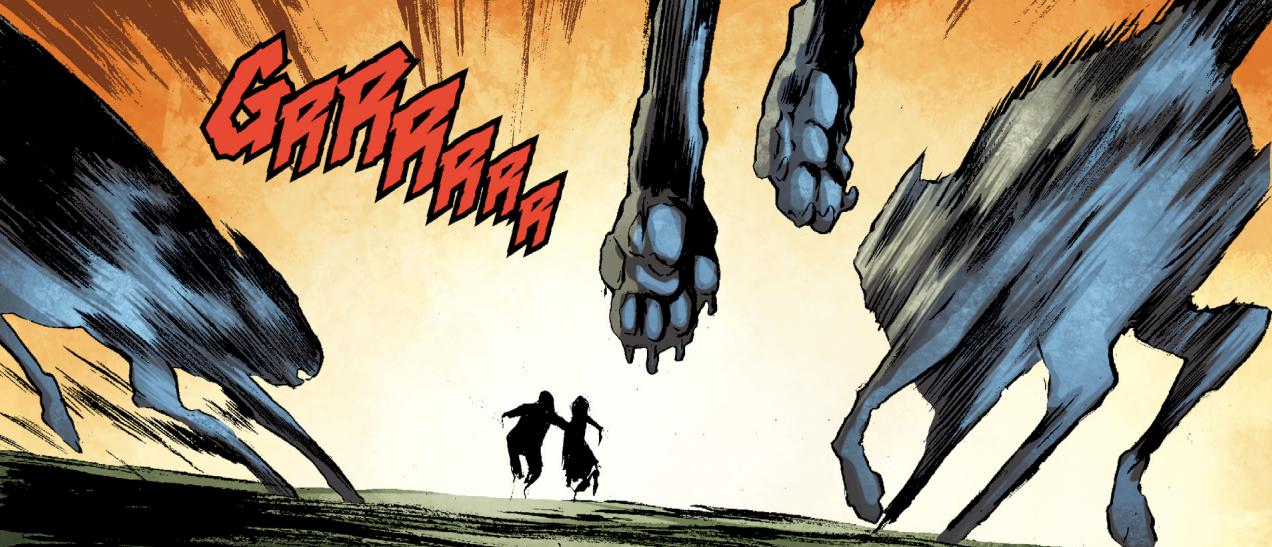








GRRRRRR



AARD!



FWOOSH



HSSSSS

DAMN!



DAMNED BIRDS! BURN!

FWOOSH





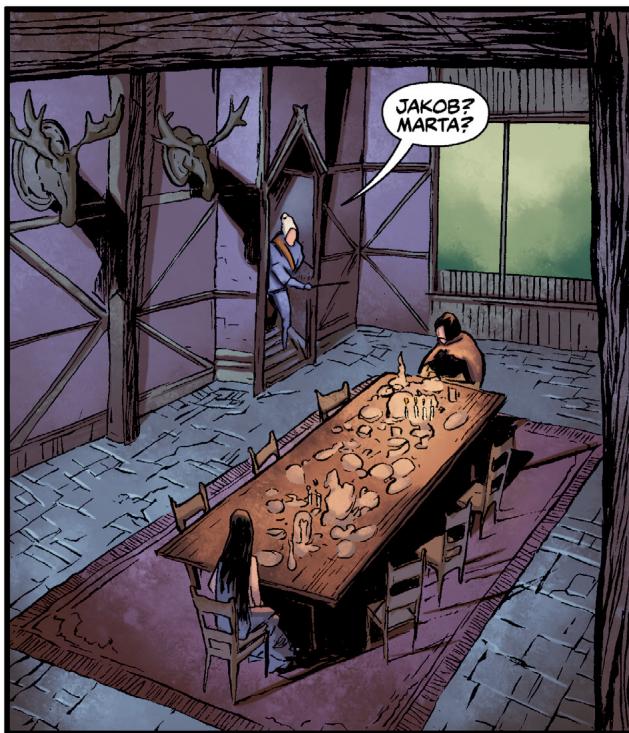


CHAPTER FOUR

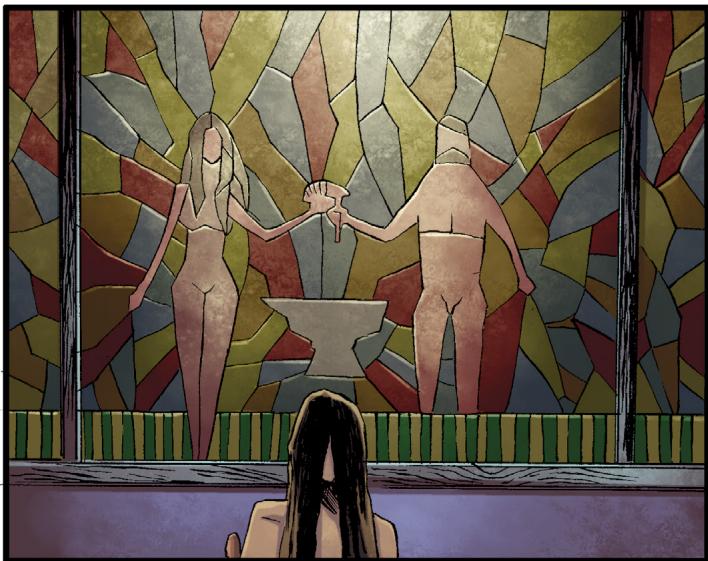






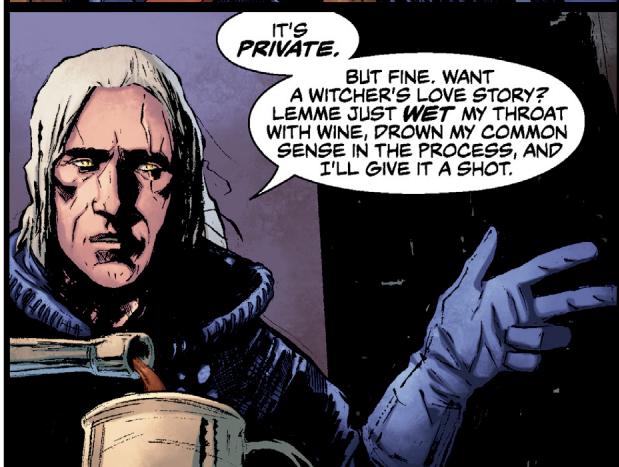
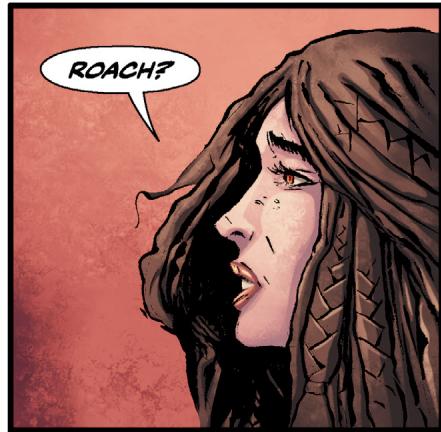
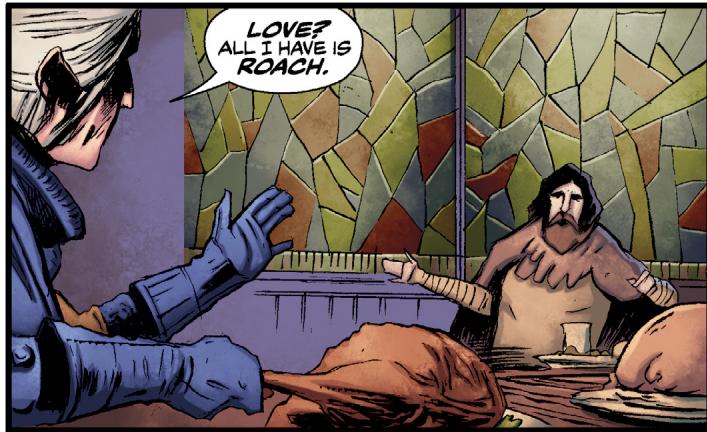














"MET A WOMAN
IN A TAVERN,
ONCE.



"THE RADIANT
ROOSTER, IN
TRETOGOR.



"SHE HAD SOME INTERESTING THINGS TO SAY ABOUT MY SCARS. I SAID SOME NICE THINGS ABOUT HER SHAPELY... WE TALKED ABOUT HORSES, THE STARS, MONSTERS. WE TALKED ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS, FOR HOURS.



"THEN
WE WENT
UPSTAIRS.



"WE NEGOTIATED A
PRICE OF TWO SILVER
ORENS, AND WE STOPPED
TALKING FOR A WHILE."

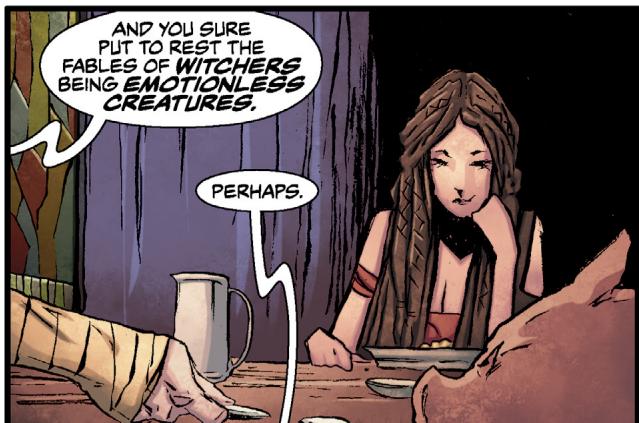
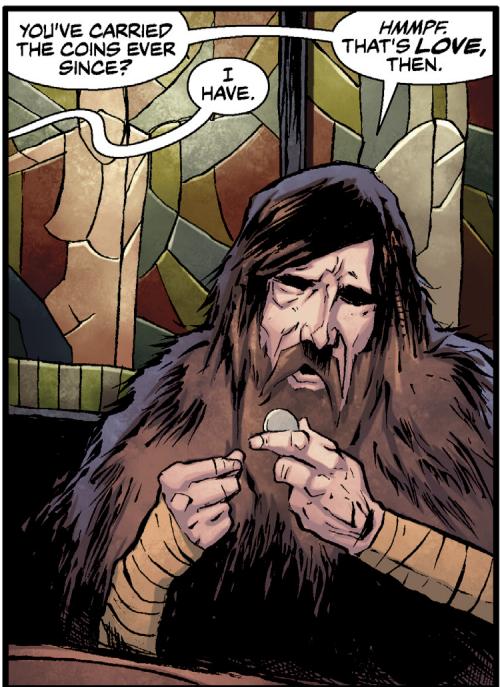


I THOUGHT
I SAID NO
STORIES ABOUT
PAYING FOR
WOMEN.



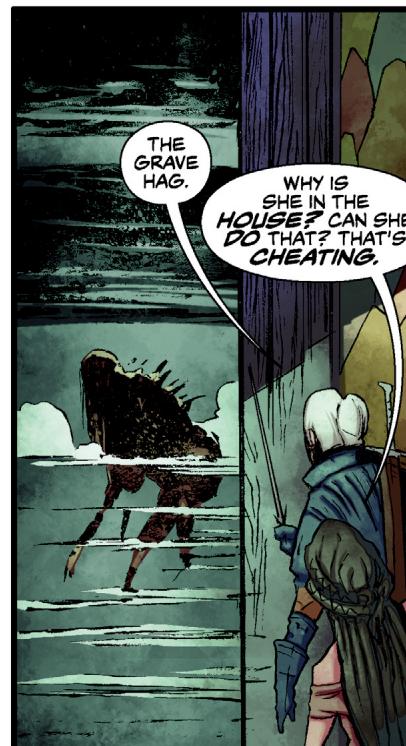
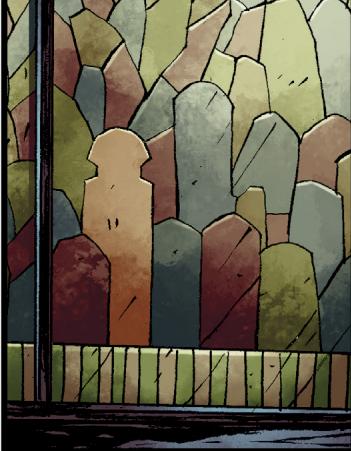
AHH,
YES, ABOUT
THAT...

"WOKE UP IN THE MORNING, AND SHE WAS GONE, BUT THE ORENS WERE STILL THERE. TWO PIECES OF SILVER."





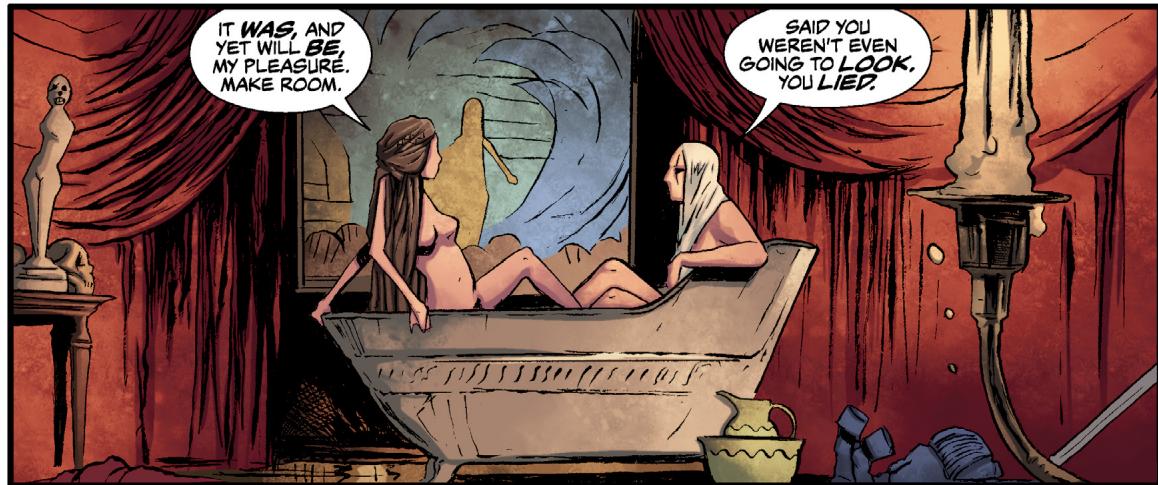


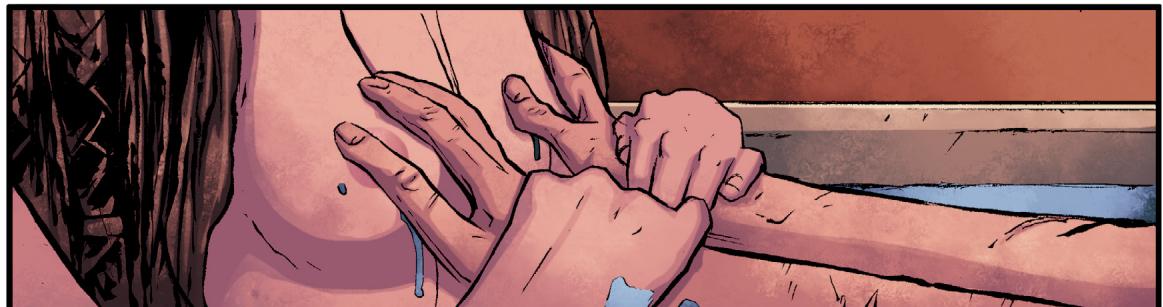
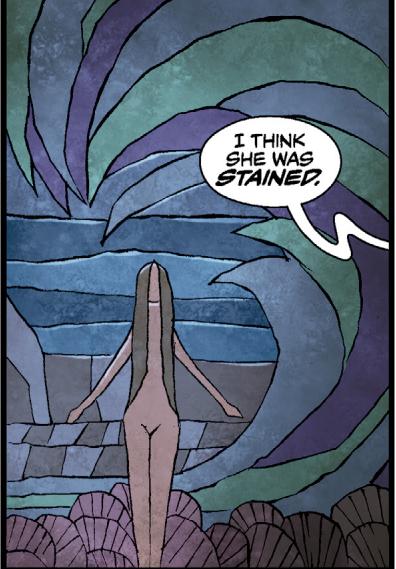
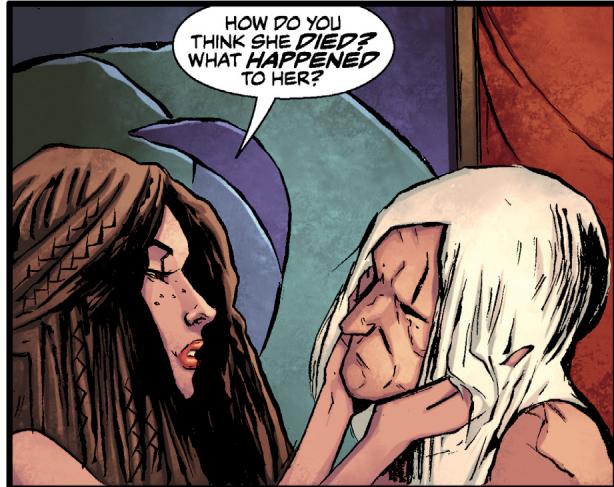




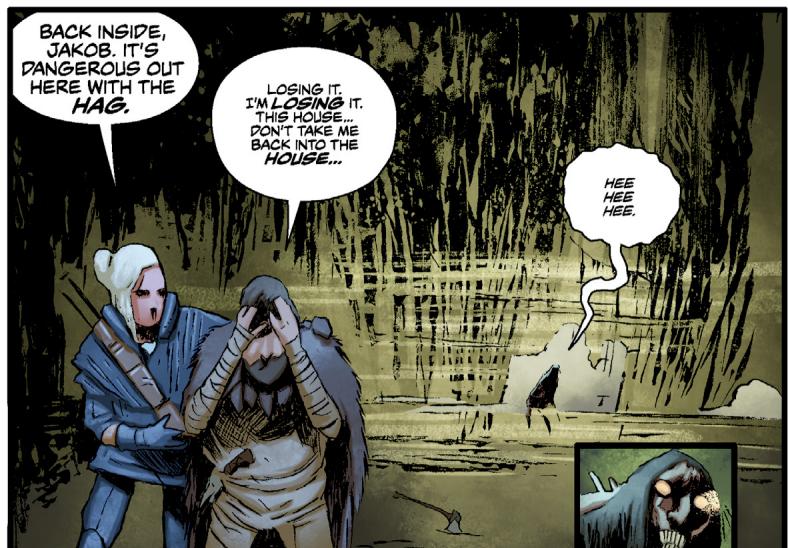
















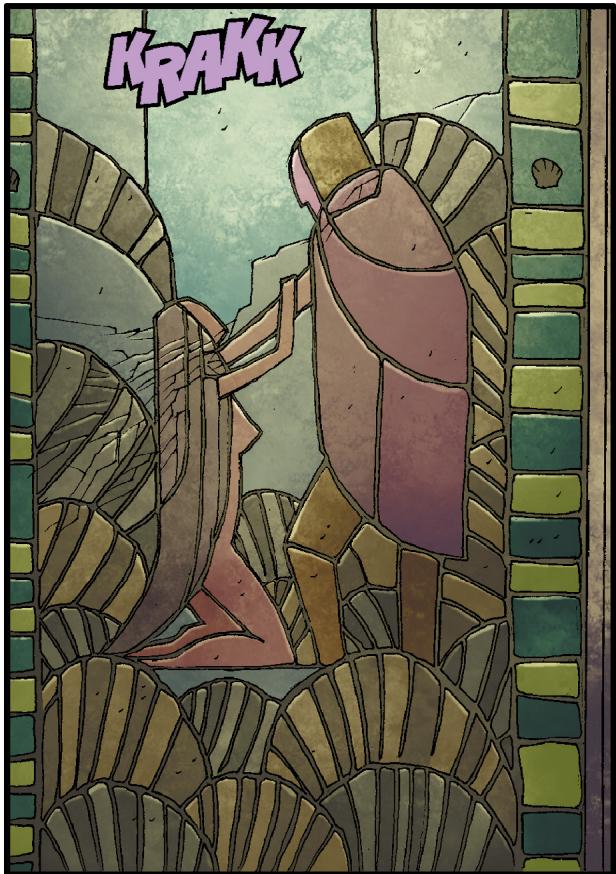


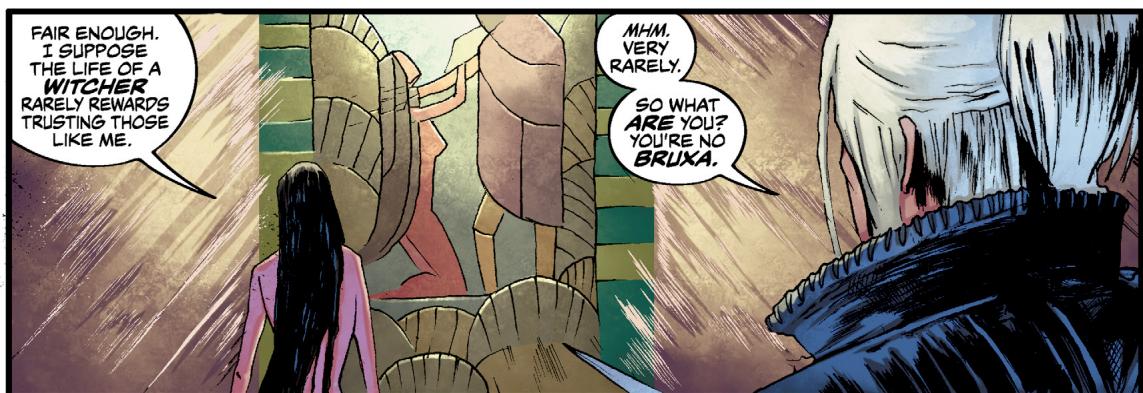
CHAPTER FIVE

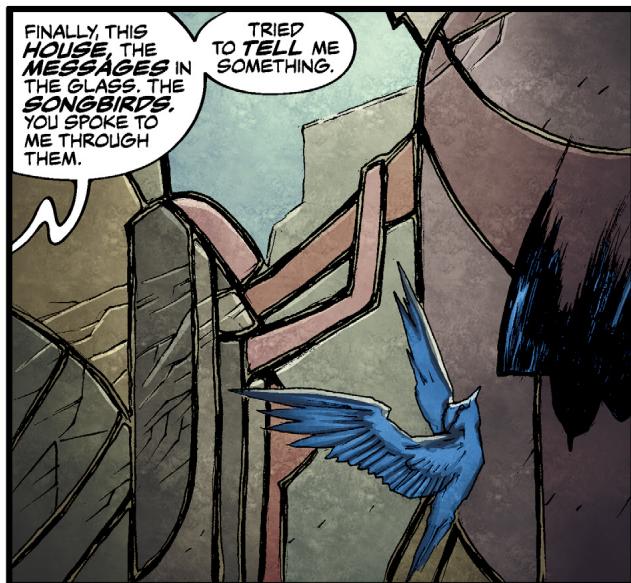
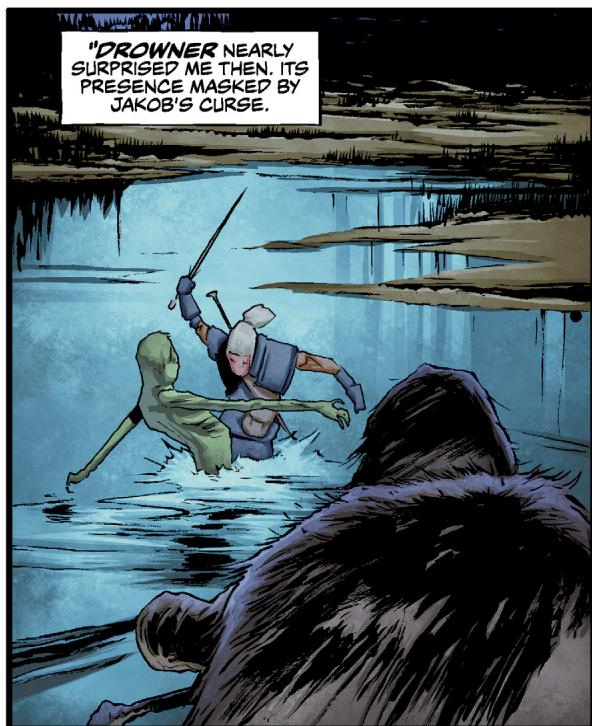
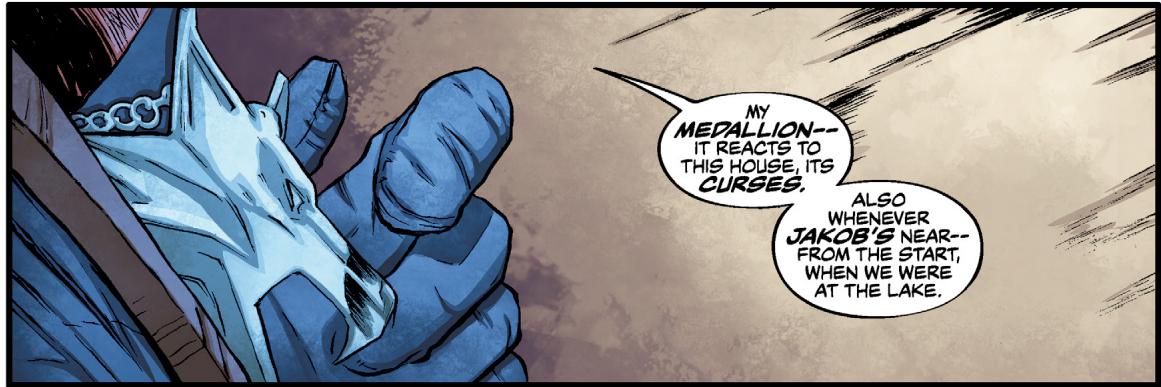










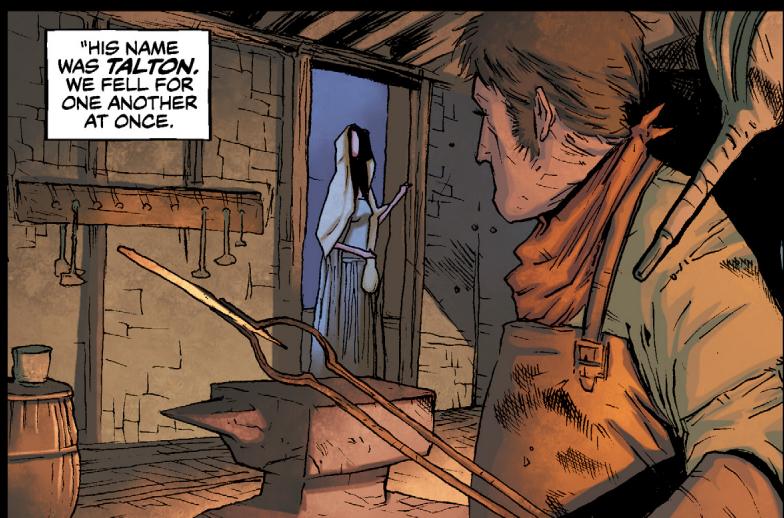




"THEN ONE DAY, JAKOB DECIDED HE WANTED A NEW DAGGER, ITS HILT WITH AN INLAY. HE SENT ME TO THE BLACKSMITH AFTER CRUSHING A FEW OF MY FAVORITE SHELLS..."



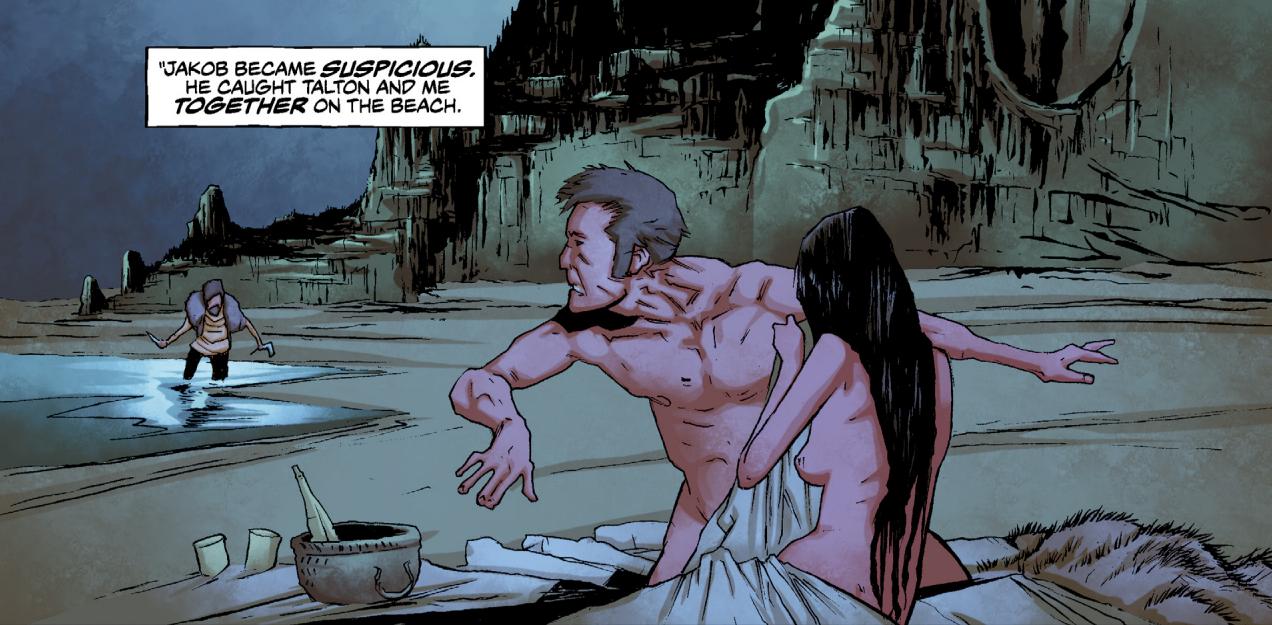
"HIS NAME WAS TALTON. WE FELL FOR ONE ANOTHER AT ONCE."



"AT LAST I HAD MY TRUE STORY OF LOVE."



"JAKOB BECAME SUSPICIOUS.
HE CAUGHT TALTON AND ME
TOGETHER ON THE BEACH.



"IT WENT
BADLY FOR US.
HORRIBLY,
EVEN."



HAS JAKOB TOLD YOU
HIS STORY OF THE **SEA
MONSTER** THAT NEARLY
STOLE ME AWAY?

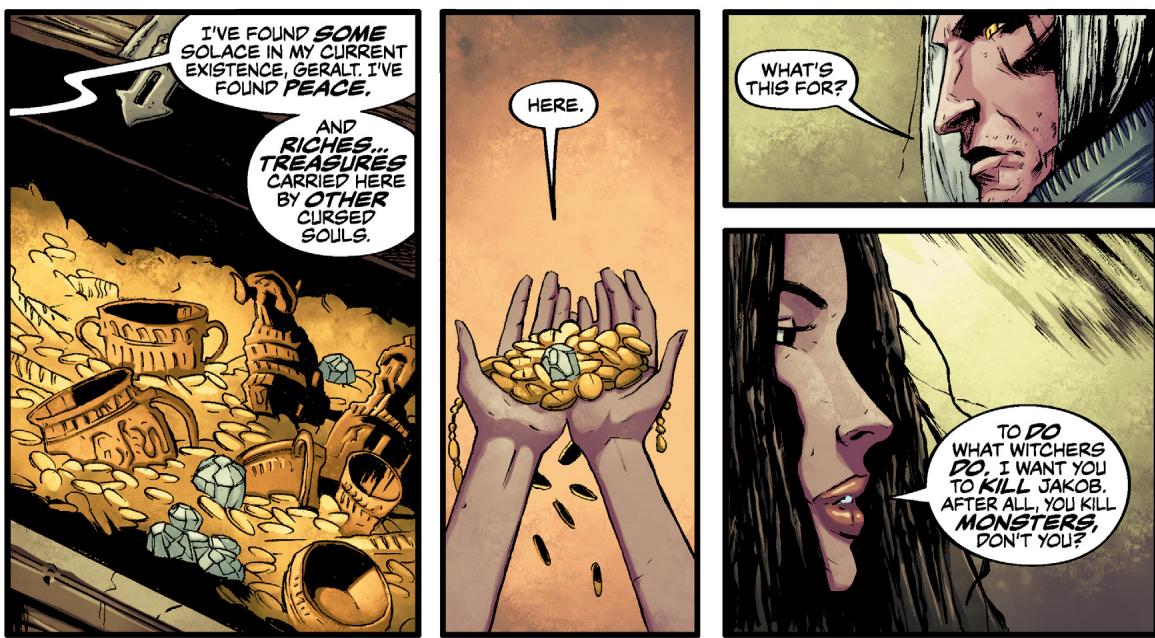
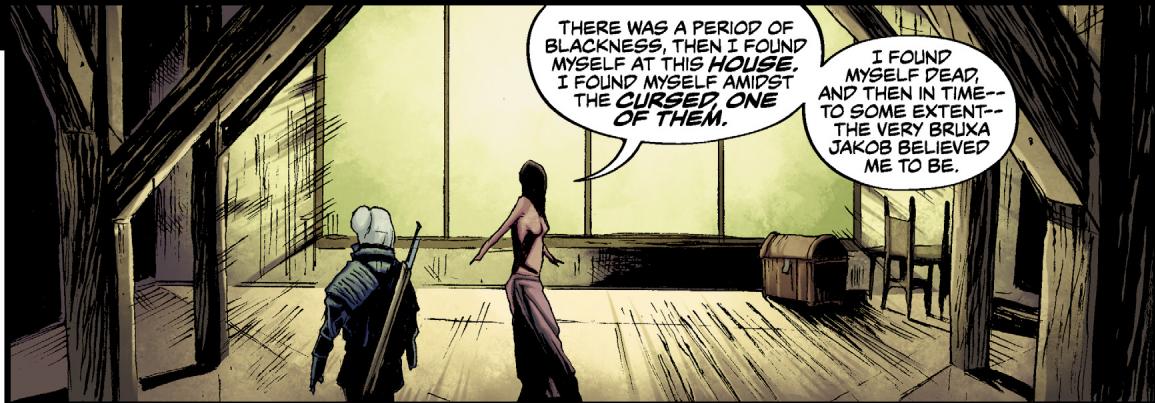
HE HAS.

YES, WELL...
HE CAME TO
BELIEVE IT,
I THINK.

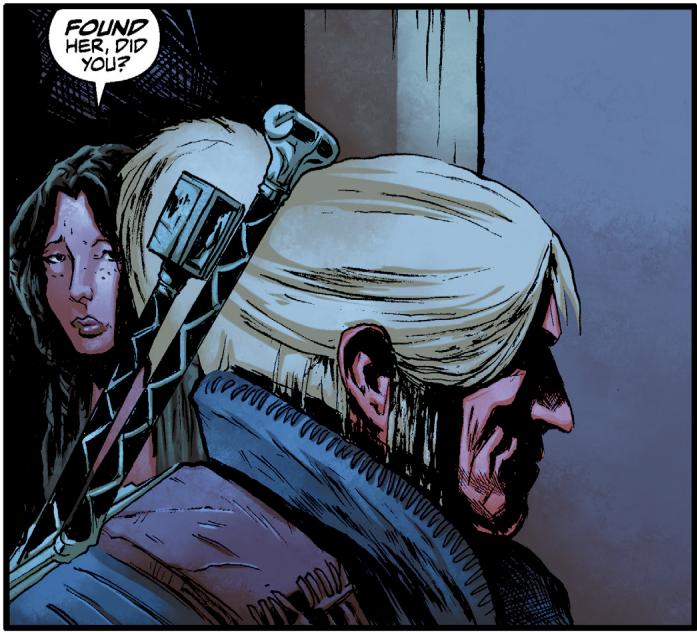
"HE CAME TO SEE TALTON'S HANDS AS
TENTACLES THAT HAD EMERGED
FROM THE SEA. THE **LOVER'S
MARKS** TALTON LEFT BEHIND, MY
SOFT WONDERFUL BRUISES,
WERE INJURIES I'D SUSTAINED FROM
A BEAST, **STAINS** JAKOB COULD
NEVER STOP SEEING ON MY FLESH.

"HE BEGAN TO SEE ME AS A **VAMPIRE**...
ONE WHO DRAINED HIM OF **MANHOOD**,
STOLE HIS **MASCULINITY**. HE BEGAN
TO THINK ME A **BRUXA**.













"ALL THOSE MEN
WHO CAME NEAR MY
BRUXA, ALL THOSE
MEN FEIGNING
TO BE MERCHANTS
ON THE ROAD.



"OR TRAVELERS
FROM ONE CITY
TO THE NEXT.



"OR PRETENDING TO BE HUNTERS
JUST AS A MONSTER WILL
PRETEND TO BE A BLACKSMITH.



"I'VE HUNTED THEM
AS MUCH AS I'VE
HUNTED DEER.



"AND THEY'VE
NEVER COME CLOSE
TO MY MARTA."









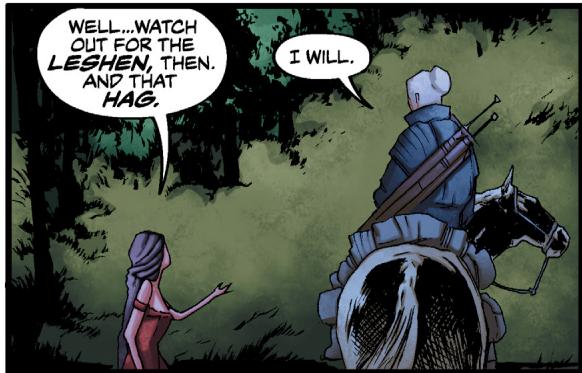












DUNCAN FEGREDO



STAN SAKAI



SIMON BISLEY



THE WITCHER®

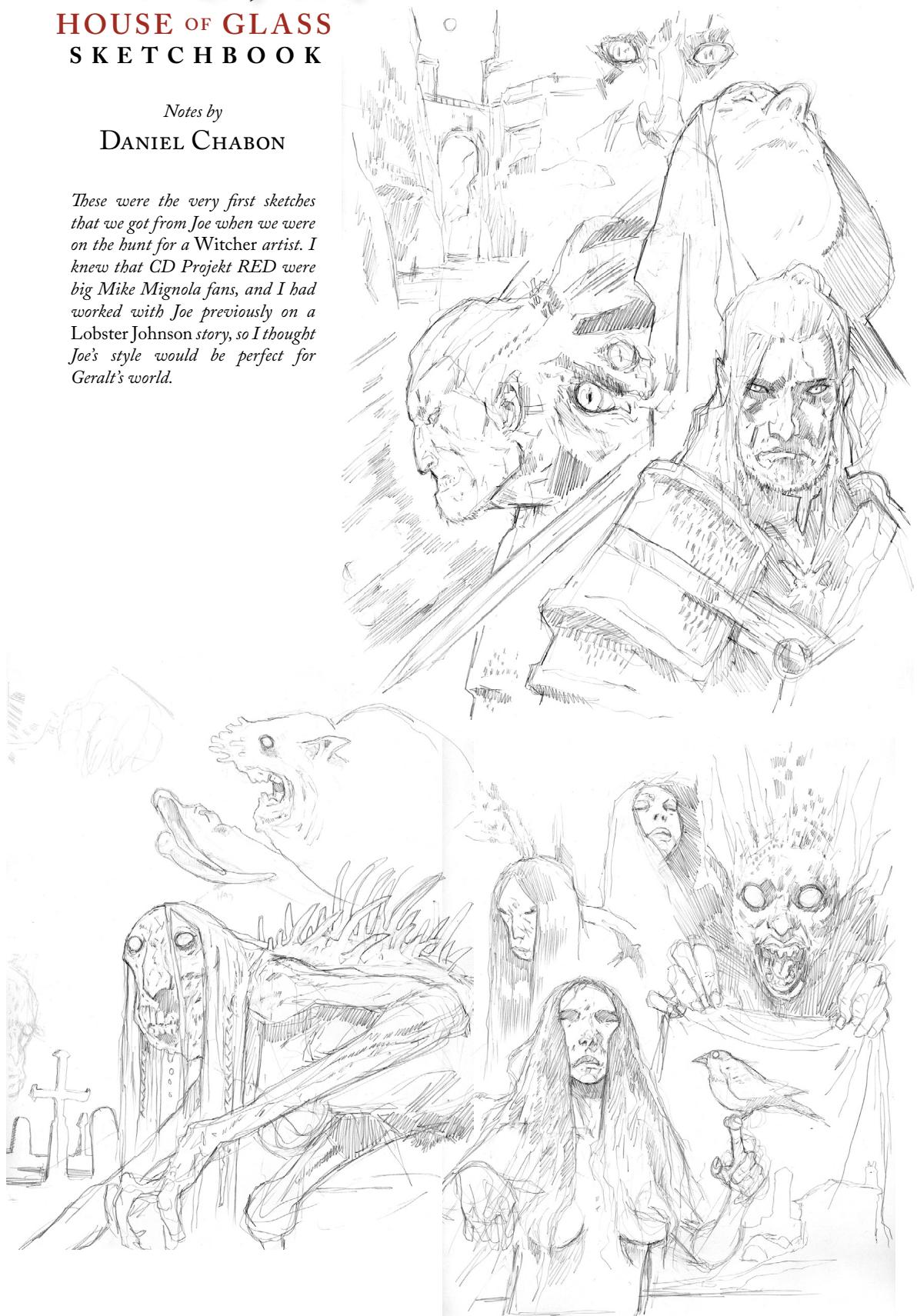
HOUSE OF GLASS

SKETCHBOOK

Notes by

DANIEL CHABON

These were the very first sketches that we got from Joe when we were on the hunt for a Witcher artist. I knew that CD Projekt RED were big Mike Mignola fans, and I had worked with Joe previously on a Lobster Johnson story, so I thought Joe's style would be perfect for Geralt's world.





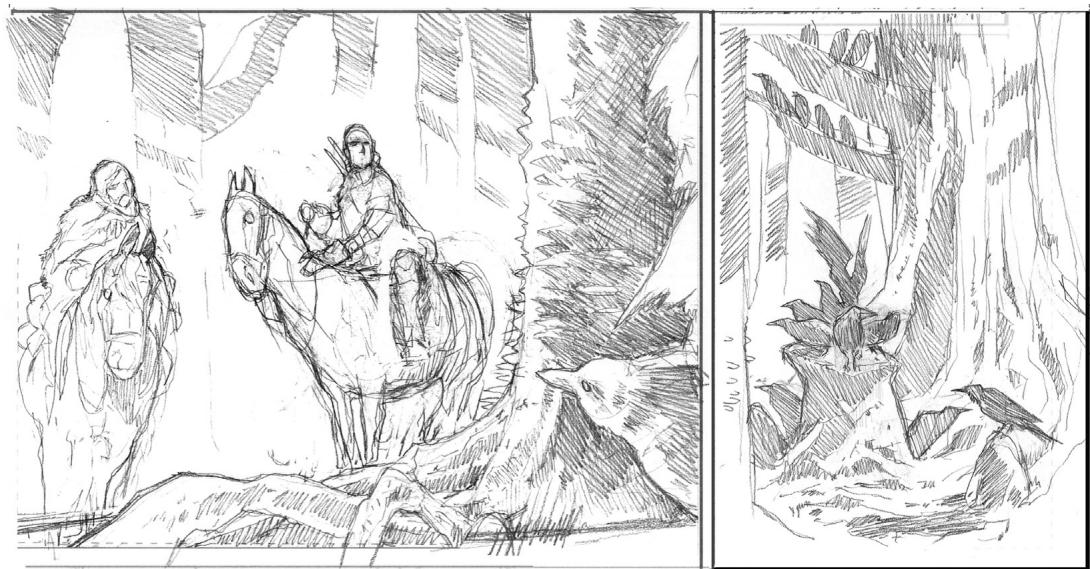
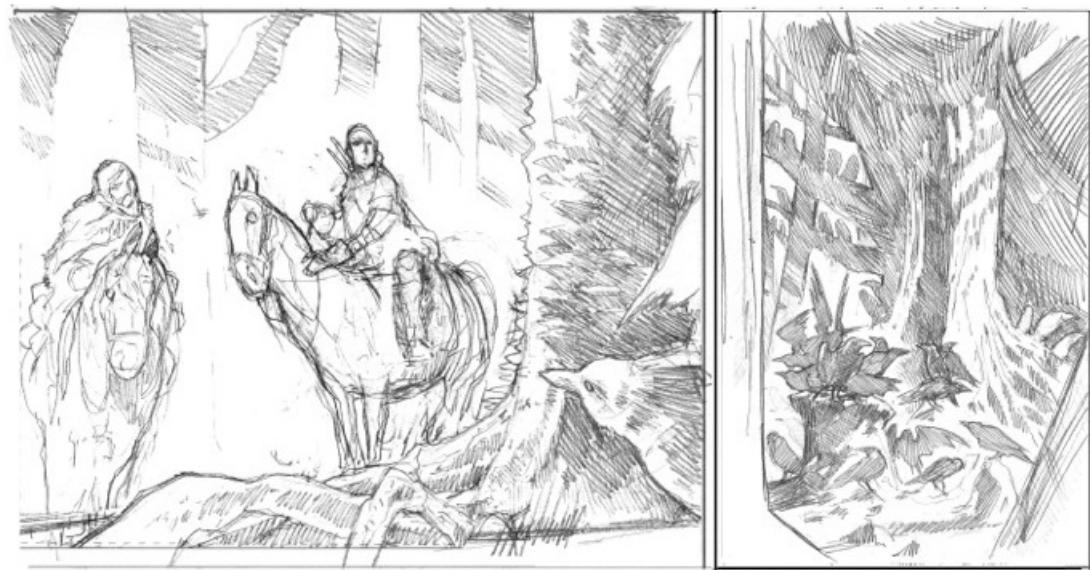
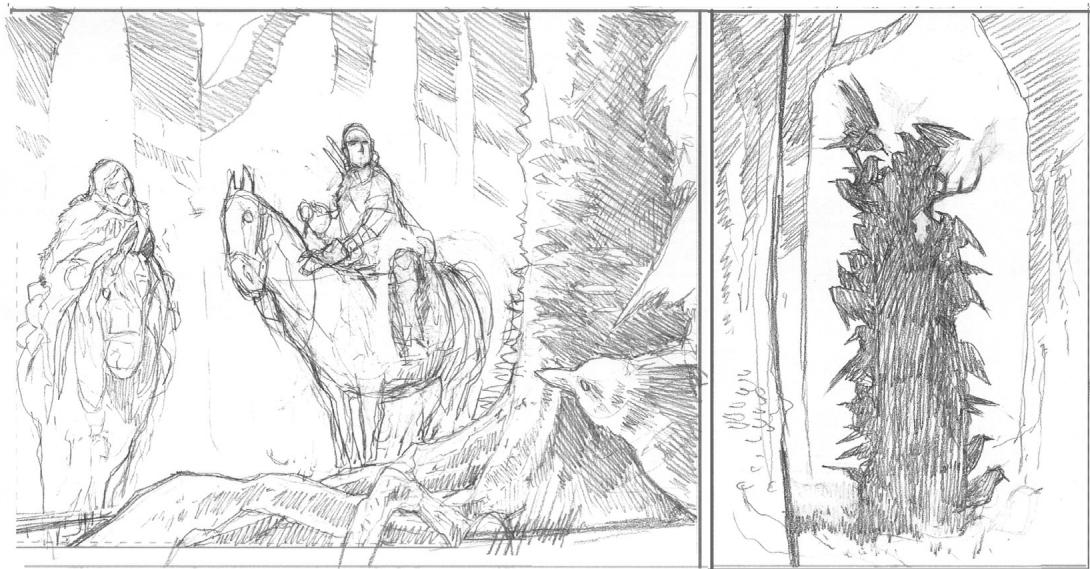
WITCHER

I COVER

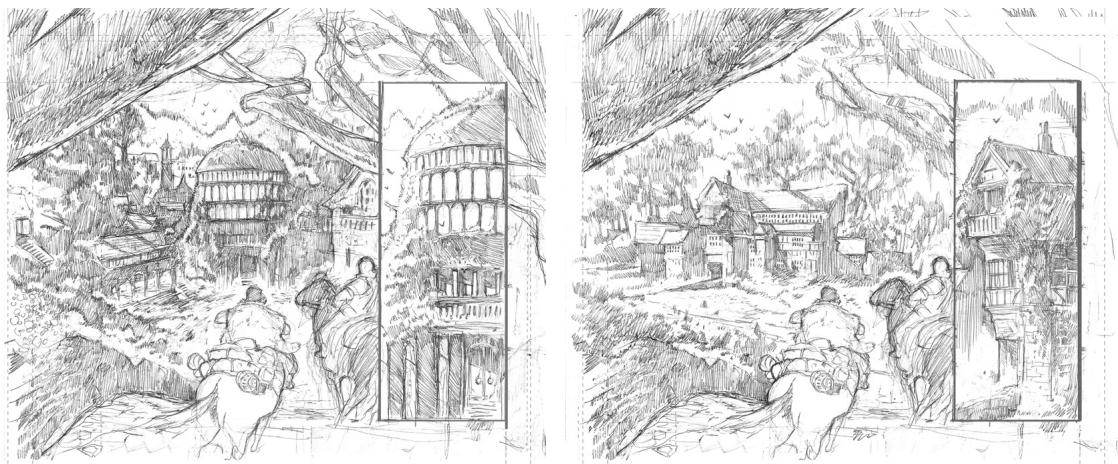
PANOSIAN



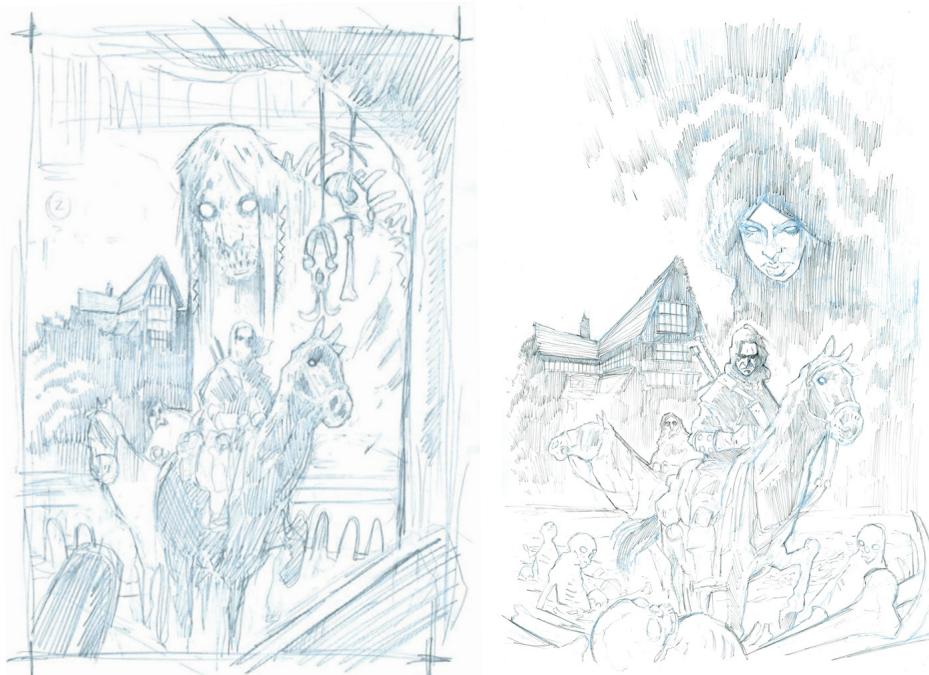
These were the first designs that we got from Dan Panosian and Dave Johnson, who collaborated on the first issue's cover.



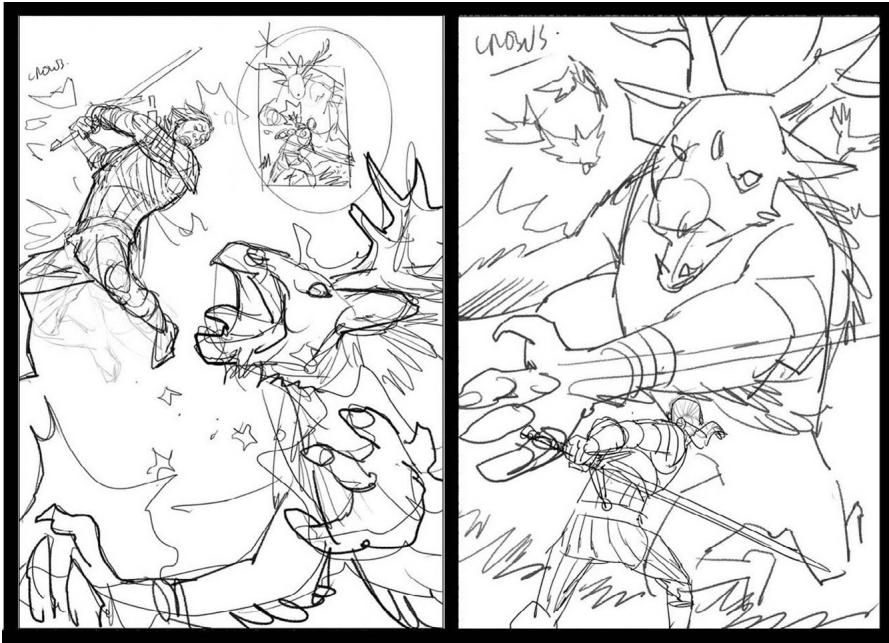
We went through a few different takes in some issue #1 panels. Here's an example from page 24.



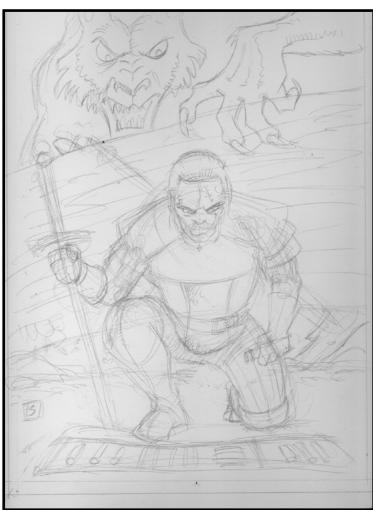
Two more examples from pages 25 and 27.



Here are Joe's issue #2 cover stages.



We hired several folks to do lithos for The Witcher. Here are several design stages by Duncan Fegredo, and on the following page by Stan Sakai.



WITCHER STAN SAKAI



THE WITCHER®

HOUSE OF GLASS

GRAPHIC NOVEL/ACTION ADVENTURE

Traveling through the haunted Black Forest, Geralt—the famed monster hunter—encounters a widowed fisherman whose wife's vengeful corpse inhabits an eerie mansion known as the House of Glass. As Geralt explores the ghostly manor, he battles a host of terrifying creatures and unfolds a horrific mystery—which could make this house Geralt's tomb!

Written by Eisner Award winner Paul Tobin and illustrated by rising comics star Joe Querio, this action-packed horror fantasy set in the world of the blockbuster video game series *The Witcher* is sure to astonish die-hard fans and new readers alike!

"Joe Querio's art style is perfectly suited to that subtle, creeping approach to horror. He brings a powerful sense of mood to the page, forcing the eye to linger on each panel and soak in the unsettling nature of the forest and its sights."—IGN

"Even if you're not a fan of The Witcher media already, I think there's a lot in this book to enjoy, but if you are, this is a must-buy."—COMIC VINE

