

**CHOSEN
ONES
CHOOSE**

I

ENTRANCE TO ESCAPE



I PRESENT, HUMBLLY, A
SONGSTEALER.

YES...
ANOTHER

SING YOUR **STOLEN**
VOICE, THIEF, AND SHOW THE
SPEAKERS YOUR
TRANSGRESSIONS.



THE BELLKNIGHT
REMAINED SILENT.

AS ALWAYS.

QUIET IS A CHOICE.
SILENCE IS A STATE.



SPEAK,
SONGSTEALER.



WANT TO GIVE
THIS LITTLE THIEF
A MOMENTOUS
SHAKE...

A
LITTLE
THIEF

A
MOMENTOUS
GIFT!

MINE MINE
MINE



PERHAPS THE
SINNER IS MUTE.
AN AFFLICTED
CONSEQUENCE
OF THIEVERY.

NO
SHAKING.
ARBITRATION
IS NOT OUR
DUTY.

I HEAR NO
JINGLE—NOT
A HINT OF
SONG.

JUST ONE
LITTLE
SHAKE...

JUST
ONE
SHAKE

JUST ONE
SHAKE

ONE
LITTLE
TINY
SHAKE

SHAKE

SHAKE
SHAKE
SHAKE

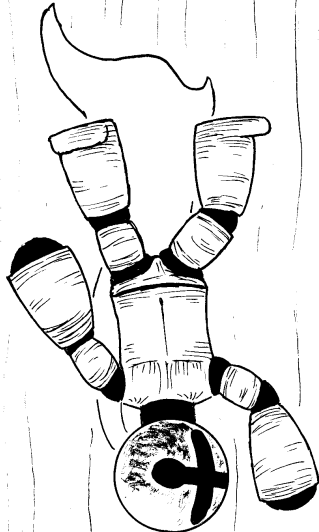
ONE ITTY BITTY
TINY

JUST
ONE
SHAKE



A SONGSTEALER WHO CANNOT SING?

NO MORE SHAKING UNTIL SHE HAS JUDGED THIS THIEF.



ONE MORE SHAKE AND IT WILL SING.

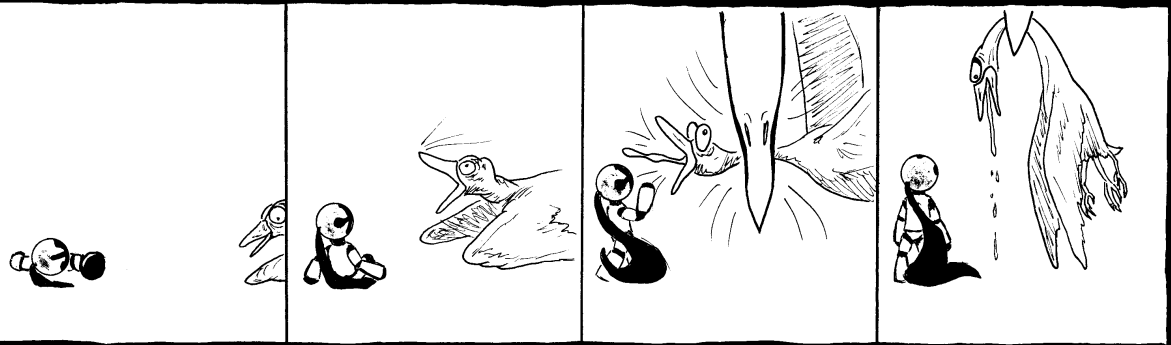
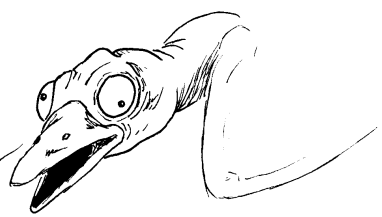
I WILL TRY. IF SONGLESS, DOES IT STILL THIEVE? MAYBE IT IS NICE PET!

NO SHAKING. NO PETS.

WE ARE THE SPEAKER FOR HER. IF I WISH TO SHAKE, OR WISH FOR PET, I—

WE ARE SPEAKERS. WE. DO NOT TOUCH THE SINNER AGAIN.

IT IS NOT FOR US TO TOUCH OR TINKER WITH. IT IS FOR HER TO DECIDE WHO SHALL FEAST ON THIS SINNER'S STOLEN SONG.






A TASTY TRAITOR.



WE ALL HUNGER FOR OUR SONGS TO RETURN

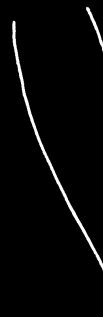


'TIS A PITY WHEN THE LITTLE ONES SUBMIT TO STARVATION.




SONGBIRDS MADDEN WITHOUT THEIR NAMESAKE.

DEATH IS EVOLUTION'S DISCIPLINE.



SHE SHALL GIVE US ANSWER TO THE MATTER AT HAND.



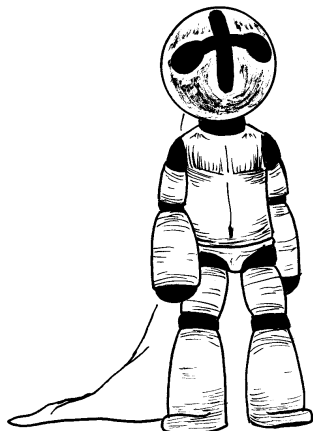
WHAT TO DO WITH A THIEVING BELL WITHOUT A JINGLE... PERHAPS A HARDER SHAKE.



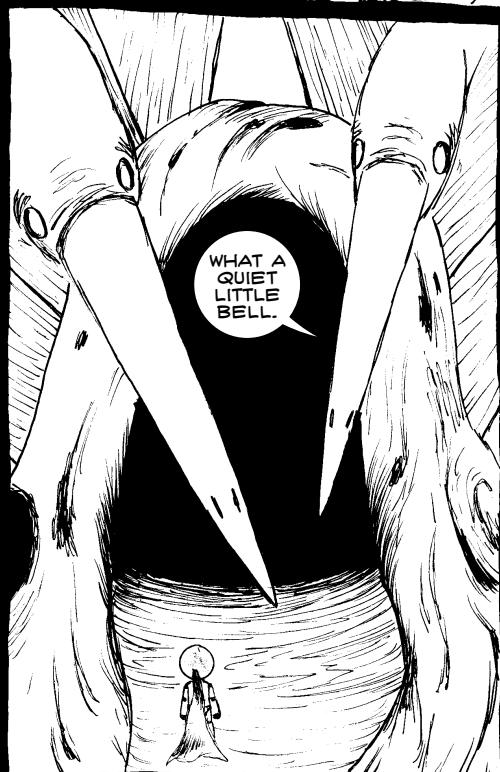
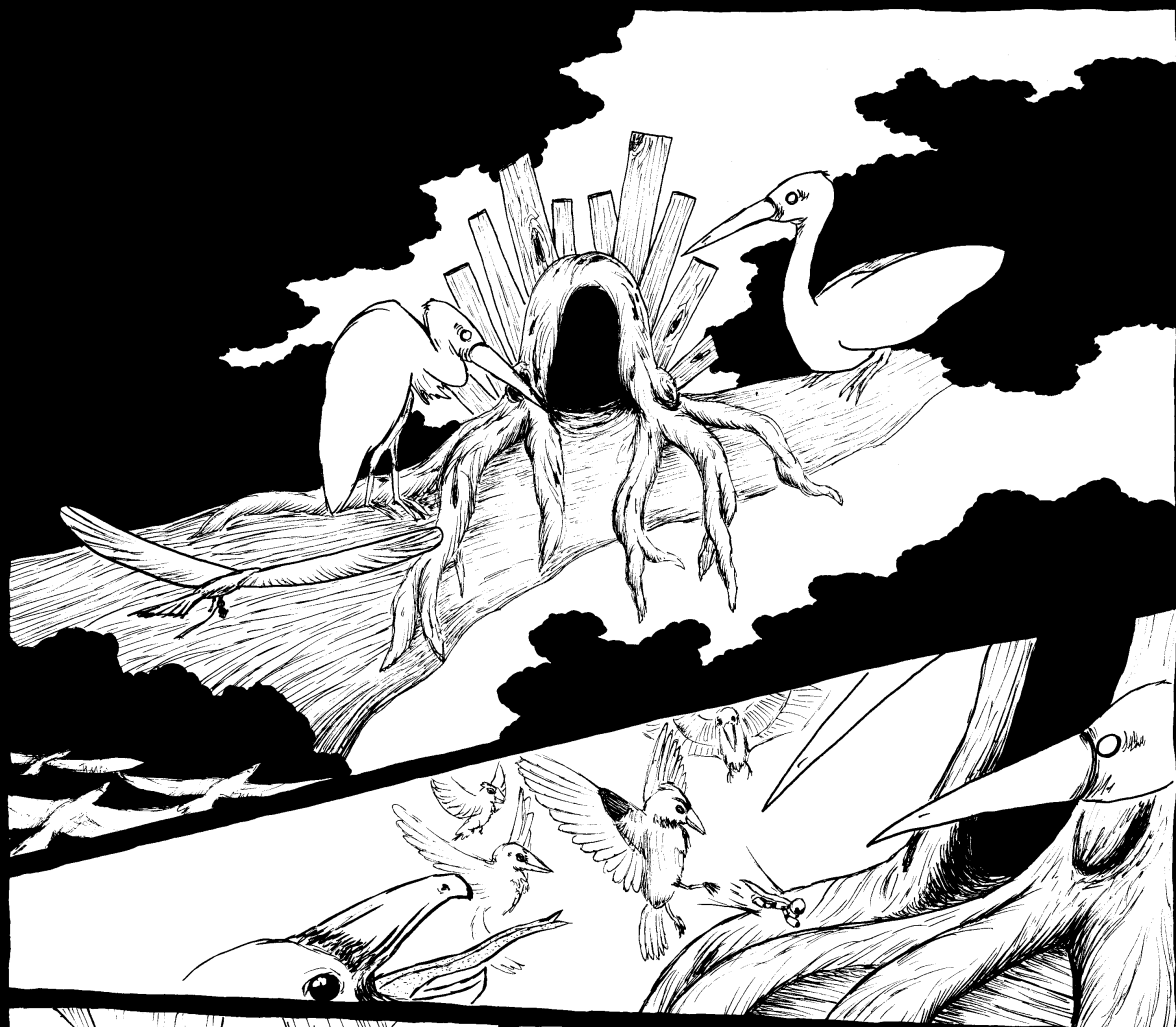
THIS BELLKNIGHT THIEF AND ITS PECULIARITIES SHALL BE BROUGHT TO HER.



TAKE IT TO THE ONE IN THE WATER!



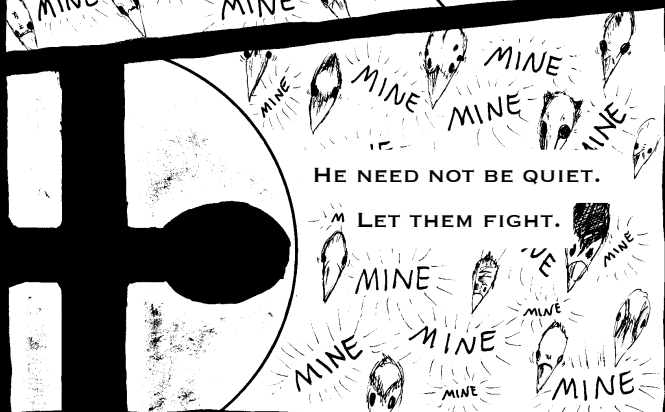




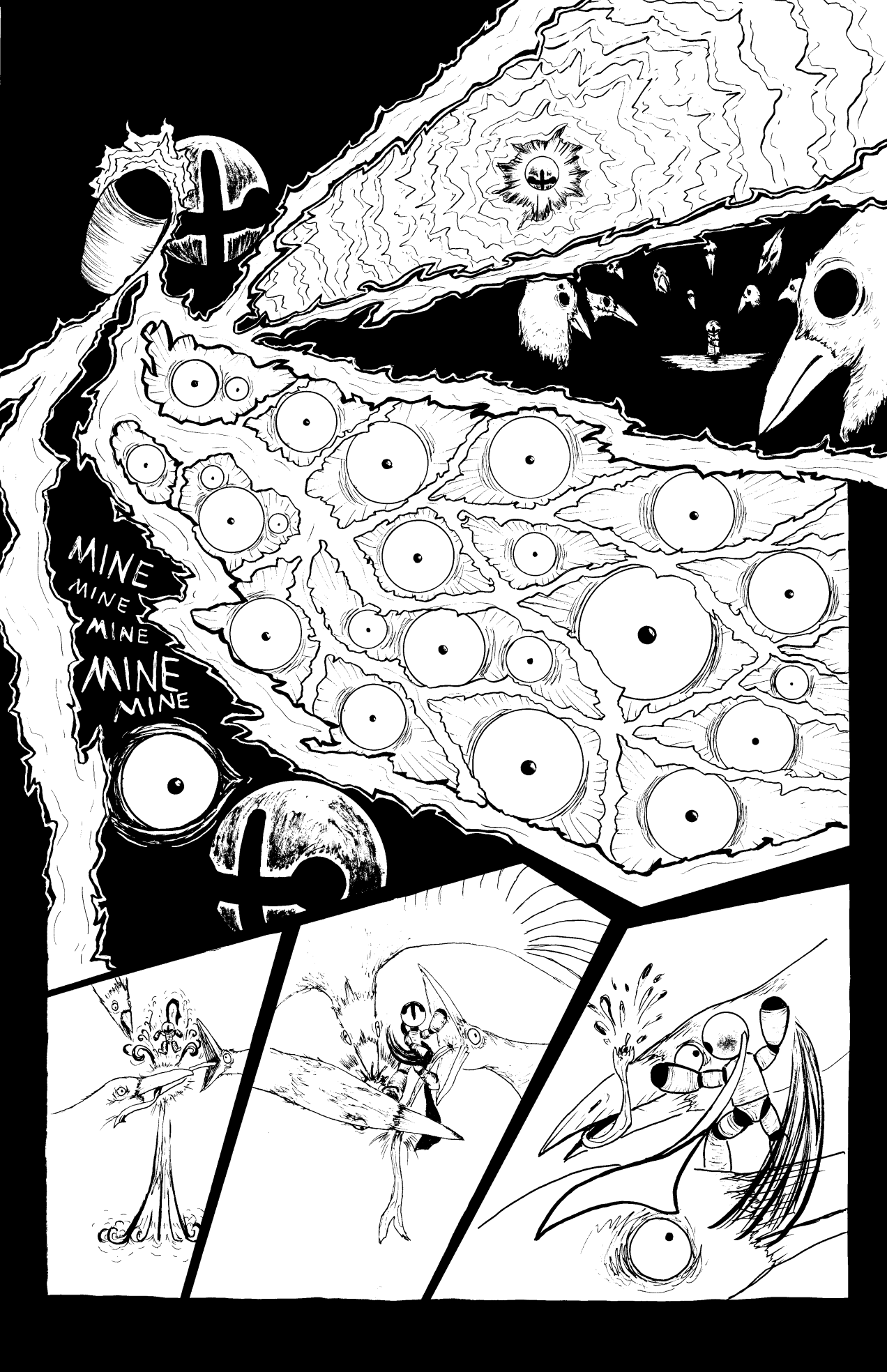
WHAT A
QUIET
LITTLE
BELL.



THESE FEATHERED
HEATHENS HUNGERED
FOR BELL-SONGS?



HE NEED NOT BE QUIET.
LET THEM FIGHT.

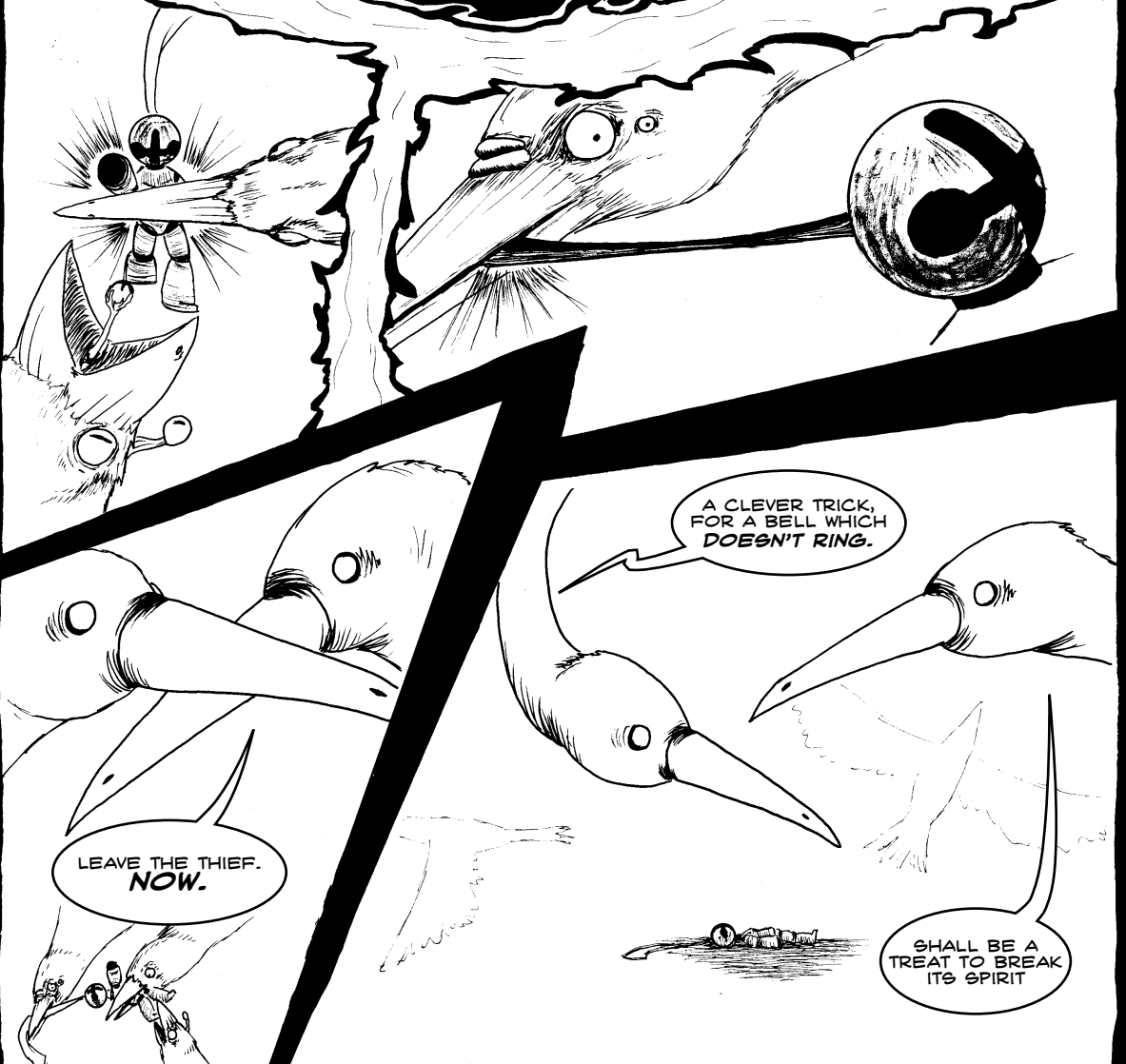
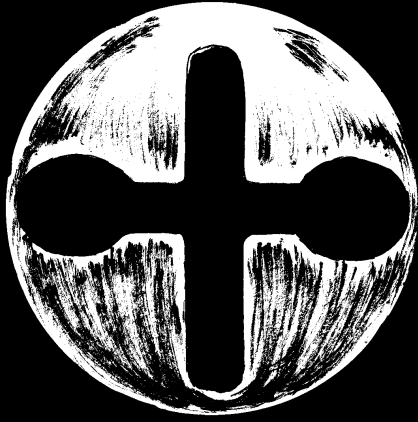


MINE
MINE
MINE
MINE

THE BELLKNIGHT COULD
NOT BE TORN APART, HERE.
COULD NOT DIE, HERE.
COULD NOT FAIL, HERE.

HIS QUEST WOULD NOT END
AT THE BEAKS OF THESE
BIRDS.

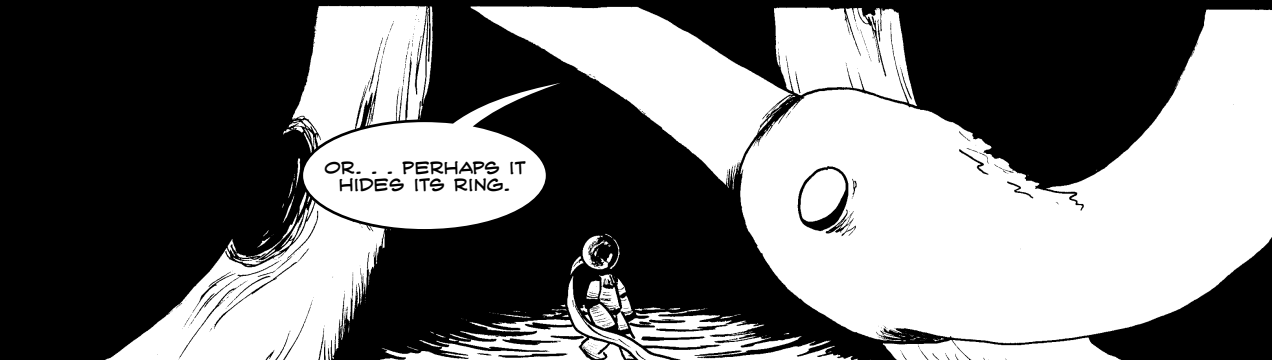
HE WOULD
ENDURE.



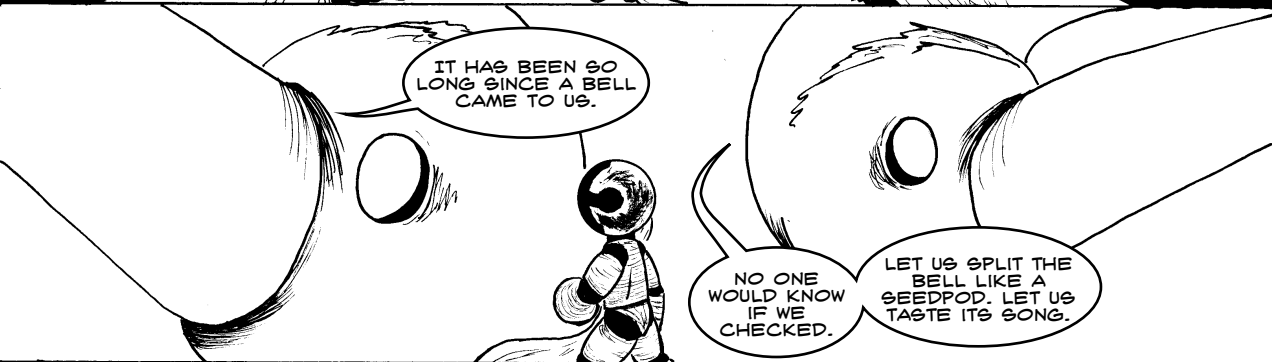
A CLEVER TRICK,
FOR A BELL WHICH
DOESN'T RING.

LEAVE THE THIEF.
NOW.

SHALL BE A
TREAT TO BREAK
ITS SPIRIT



OR... PERHAPS IT HIDES ITS RING.



IT HAS BEEN SO LONG SINCE A BELL CAME TO US.

NO ONE WOULD KNOW IF WE CHECKED.

LET US SPLIT THE BELL LIKE A SEEDPOD. LET US TASTE ITS SONG.



BUT THE GREEDIES WATCH— WILL TELL THE MASTER.

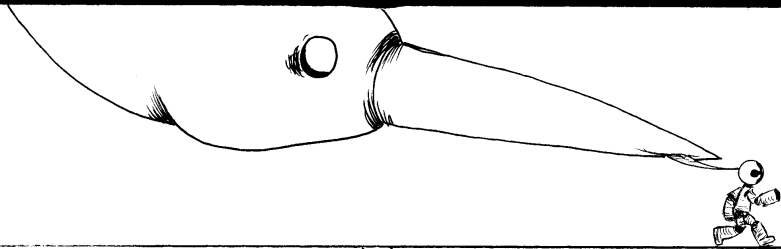
I HAVE AN IDEA... NONE SEE, NONE TELL.



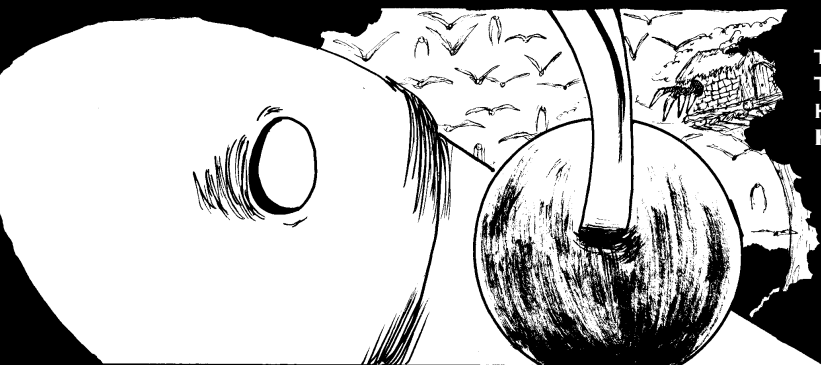
THIS IS OUR BELL.

THE BELLKNIGHT, POINTEDLY SENTENCED TO DIE DECIDED THIS WAS UNWELCOME.



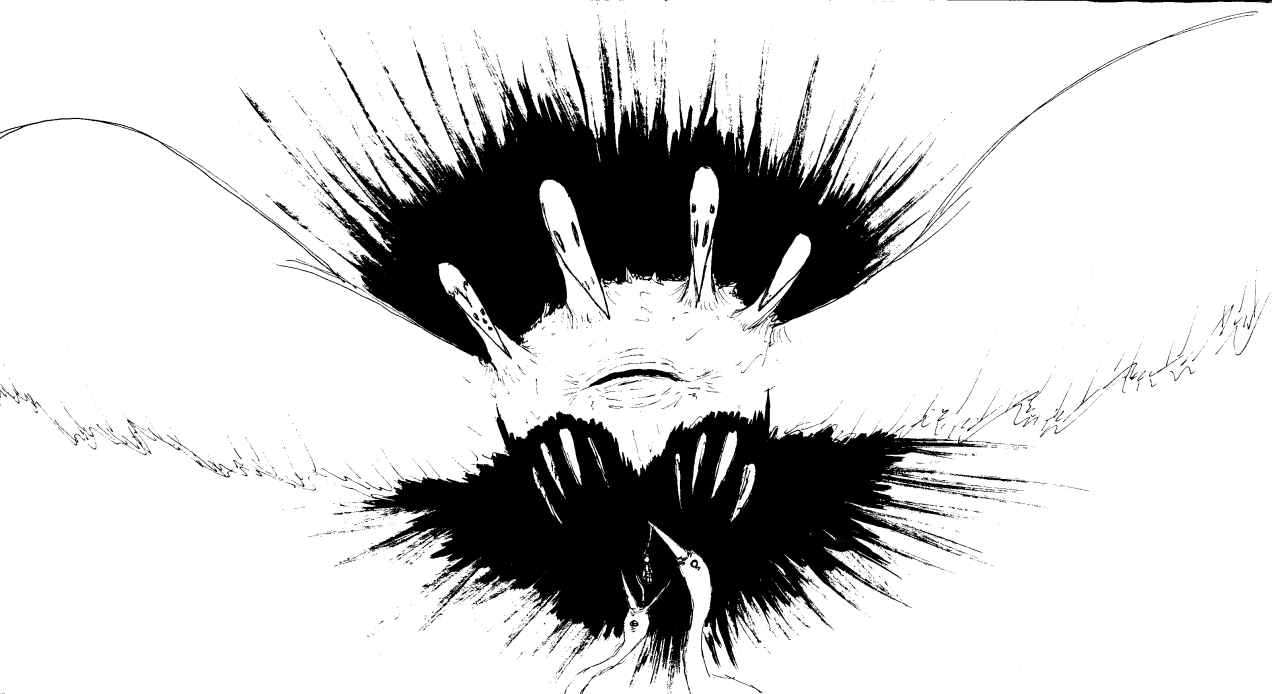


THIS COULD NOT BE THE END.
IF THE BELLKNIGHT WERE TO BE SWALLOWED,
HE'D NOT BE EATEN.
HE'D DIG HIS WAY THROUGH THE MONSTER'S STOMACH TO
SEE HIS CHANCE RENEWED.



THE BELL WAS NOT RANG.
THE WORLD HAD NOT WOKEN.
HIS BOY WAS NOT SAVED.
HE WOULD NOT DIE.

NOT YET.





THE
GATEKEEPERS
WILL NOT BOTHER
YOU AGAIN.
IT HAS BEEN SO LONG
SINCE THEY'VE SEEN
A FRESH MORSEL.

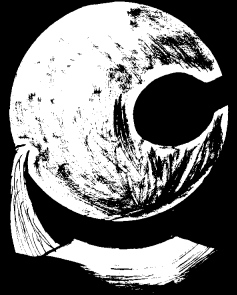
OUR
APOLOGIES.
YOU *WILL* DIE.
THOUGH NOT SO
UNDIGNIFIED AS BY
THEIR BEAKS.

*GO SONGSTEALER.
INTO THE GATE.
INTO THE DARK.
TO THE WATERS WHICH
TEMPT A WISH.*

FACE YOUR
JUDGEMENT.
*FACE THE ONE IN
THE WATER.*

A BELLKNIGHT WELCOMED
FEAR, FOR WITHOUT THERE
COULD BE NO COURAGE.





THE DARK BROUGHT FORTH MEMORIES.

HE WOKE IN THE HAND OF HIS BOY.

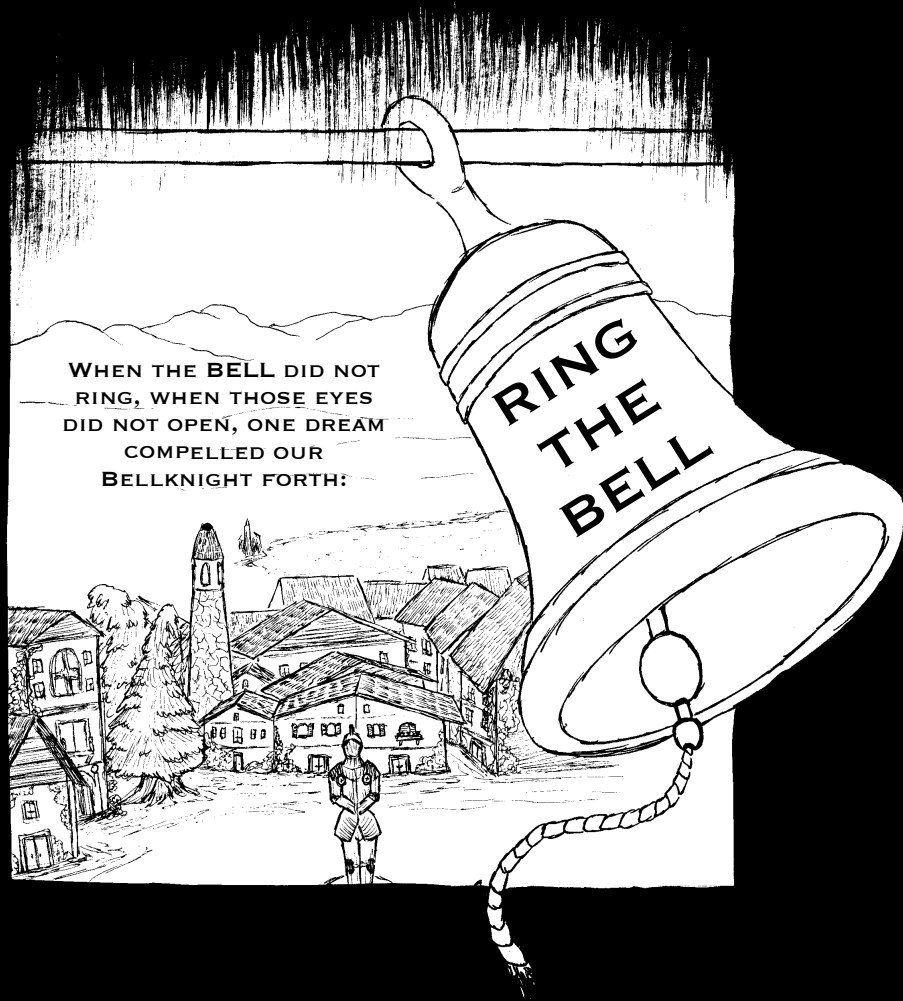




HIS BOY WOULD NOT
WAKE.

A BELLKNIGHT LIE
THERE, WAITING FOR
THE MORNING BELL
TO RING.

HE WAITED FOR
THOSE EYES TO
OPEN.



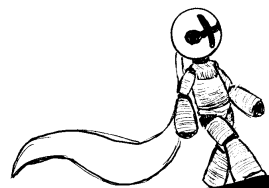
WHEN THE BELL DID NOT
RING, WHEN THOSE EYES
DID NOT OPEN, ONE DREAM
COMPELLED OUR
BELLKNIGHT FORTH:



WHO LIE AT THE END OF
THIS TUNNEL?

HE STEPPED INTO THE LIGHT.
ALL THE UNKNOWN FADED.
A FAMILIAR CALL.

THE RINGING, THE CAROL,
A CHOIR.



RAPIDS ROARED.

THE BELLOW OF
BELLS.



ALLOW ME TO
BREAK YOUR
DREAM.

THIS
SANCTUARY
IS A WELL
FOR
DESIRES.

I AM NO
WELL TO
STORE AND
TO WAIT.

I AM A
STOMACH.

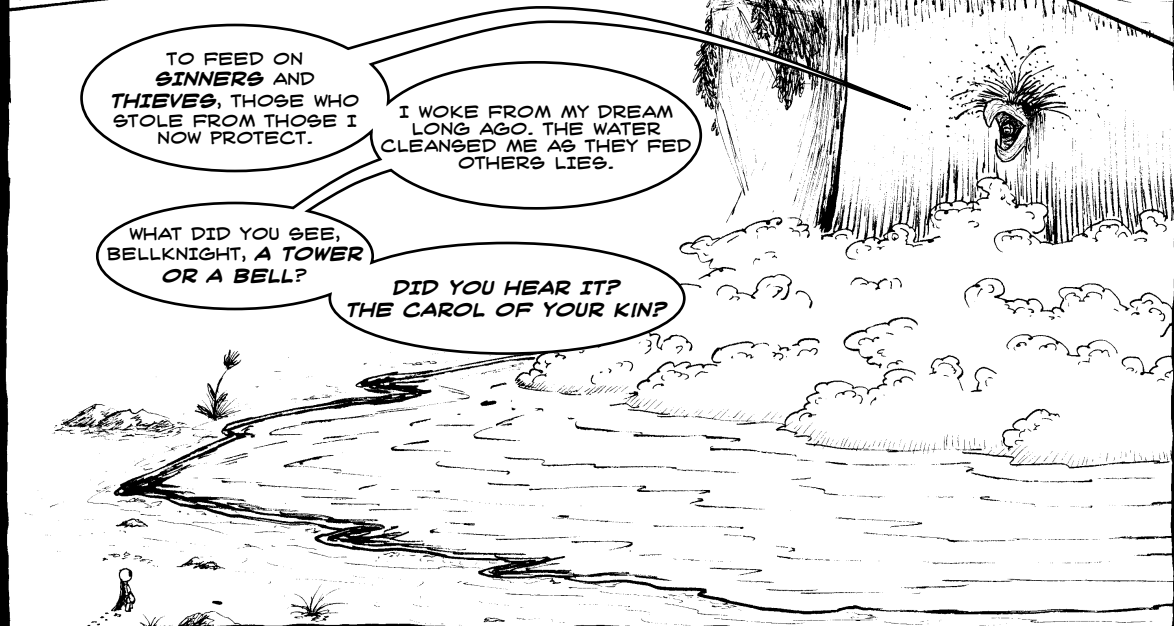
I AM TO
FEED.

TO FEED ON
SINNERS AND
THIEVES, THOSE WHO
STOLE FROM THOSE I
NOW PROTECT.

I WOKE FROM MY DREAM
LONG AGO. THE WATER
CLEANSED ME AS THEY FED
OTHERS LIES.

WHAT DID YOU SEE,
BELLKNIGHT, A TOWER
OR A BELL?

DID YOU HEAR IT?
THE CAROL OF YOUR KIN?





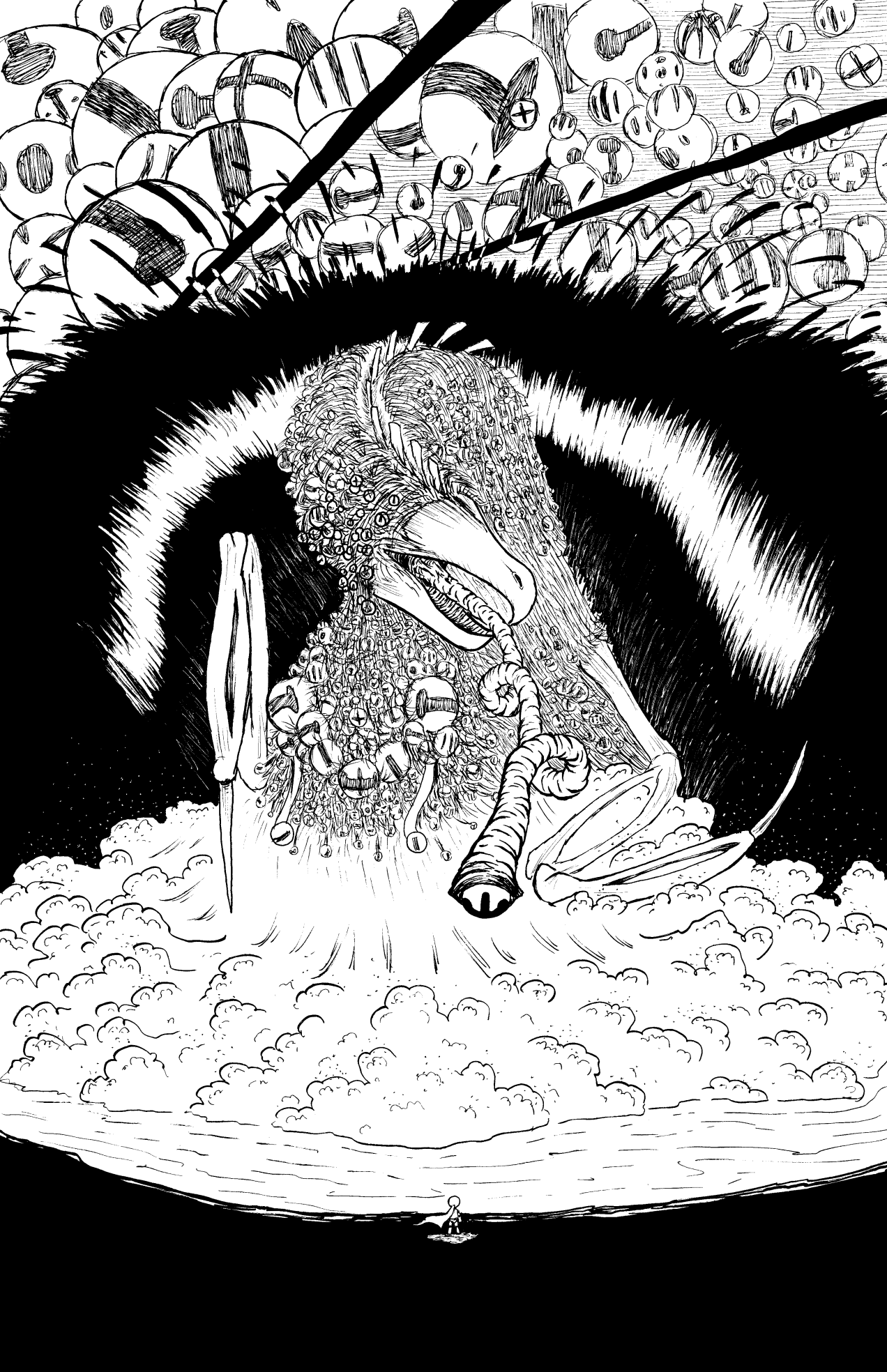
AH, YOU ARE
SONGLESS?
SILENT?

YOU THINK
YOURSELF BRAVE?
YOU THINK YOURSELF
THE ONLY ONE OF
YOUR KIND?

YOU BELIEVE
YOURSELF CHOSEN? A
CHOSEN ONE? SPECIAL?
A HERO? A
BELLINGER?

YOU
ARE
NOTHING.

YOU WALK A MISSION
SOLITARY
WHICH IS FAR FROM
UNIQUE





THESE FALLS
BRING DREAMS. I
BRING TRUTH.

"RING THE BELL,
AWAKEN THE
WORLD," YOU ARE
COMPELLED.

A SONGLESS
SONG-STEALER?
PITIFUL. PATHETIC.
PUNY, POOR
THING.

THESE
BELLKNIGHTS TRIED.
THEY WERE WORTH
SOMETHING. I COULD
TASTE THEIR NAMES AS
I SWALLOWED THEIR
SOULS.



MARTILLA

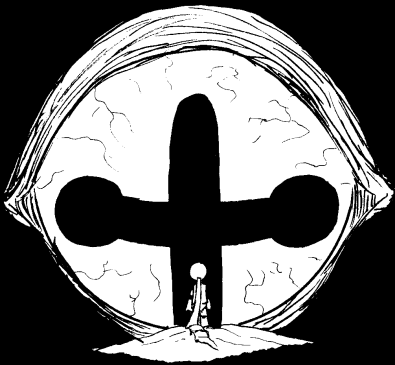
GUSTUS

HERONIMA

TAVIO

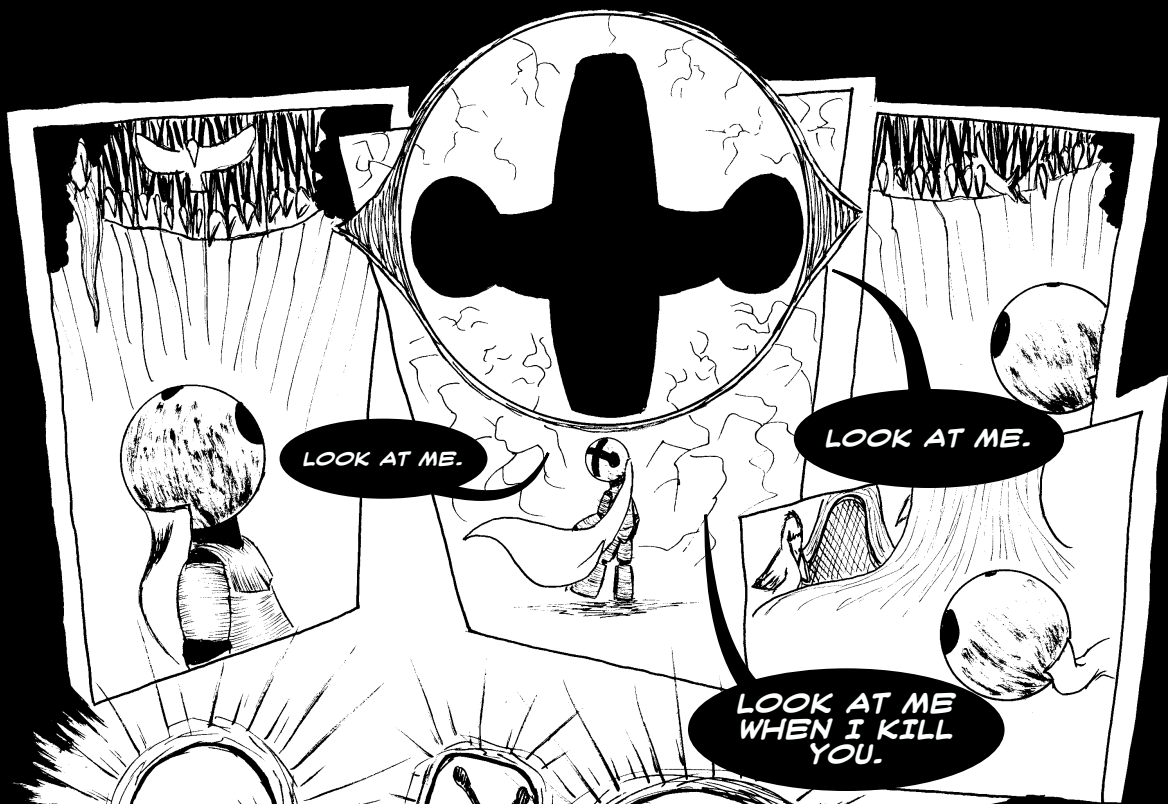
VINCI

PORCELLA



WHEN I DEVOUR YOU, AND
YOUR SKULL HANGS
FROM MY SKIN, WILL YOU
EVEN HAVE A NAME TO
TASTE?

WHAT IS A BELL WHO
CANNOT RING?

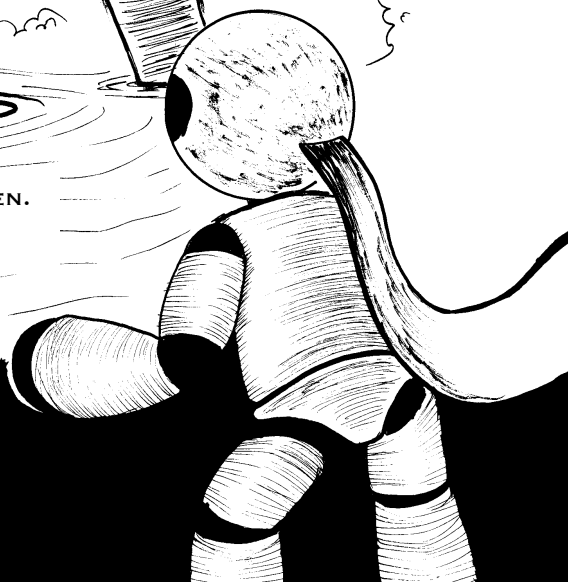


LOOK AT ME.

LOOK AT ME.

LOOK AT ME
WHEN I KILL
YOU.

HE LOOKED UPON THE FACES OF THE FALLEN.
THEY SANG TOGETHER.
THE DEAD REVEALED AN ESCAPE.

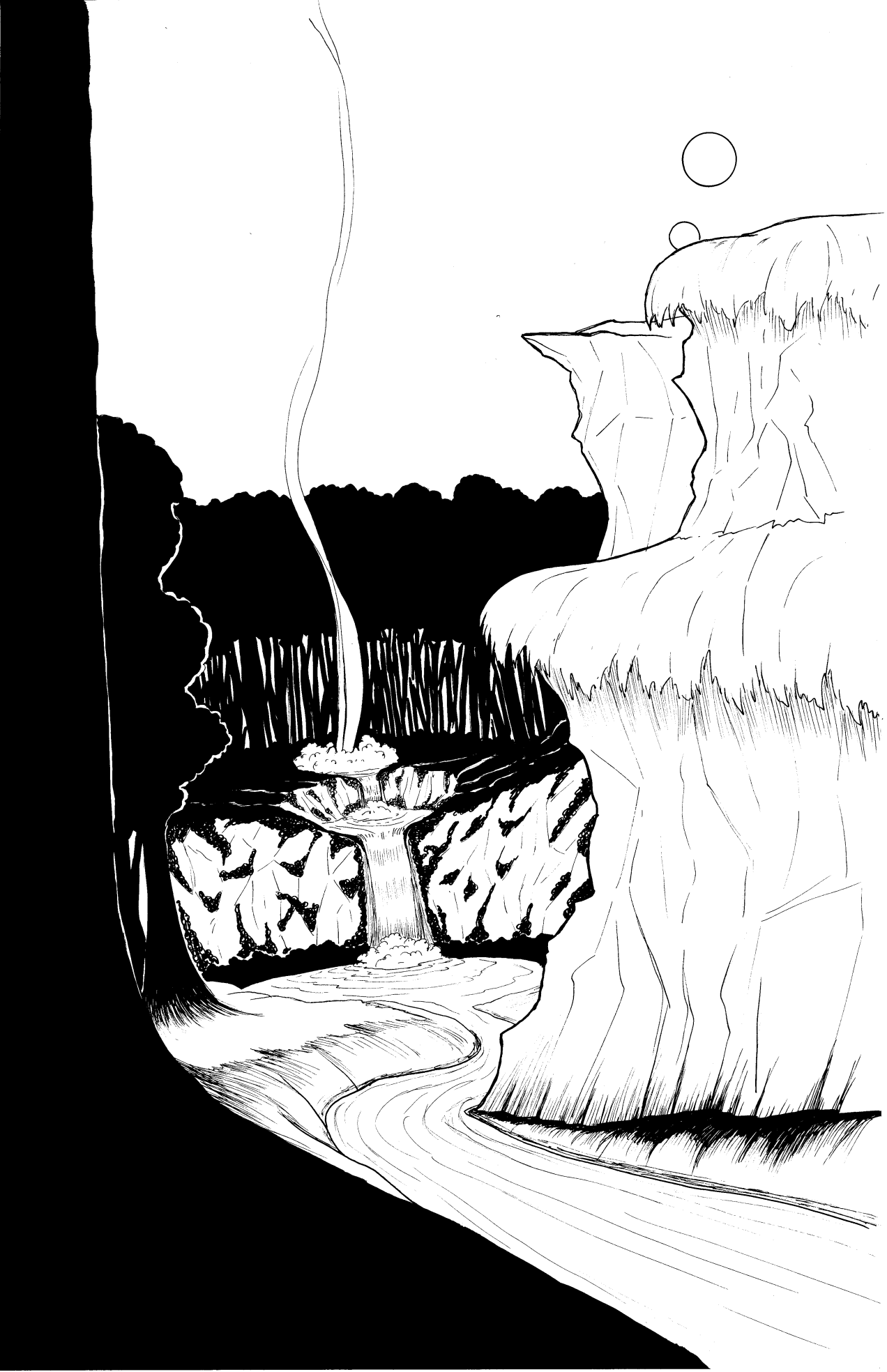




A BELLNIGHT,
ASPIRO
WOULD AWAKEN THE WORLD.
FOR ALL WHO FELL BEFORE HIM.
FOR THE BOY WHO LOVED HIM SO.

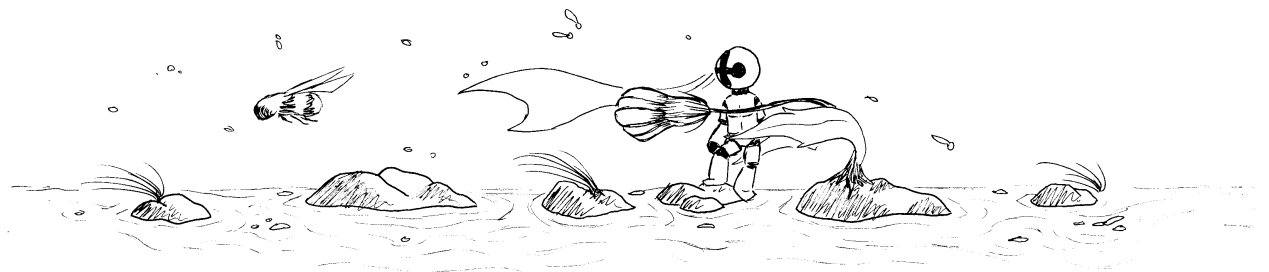
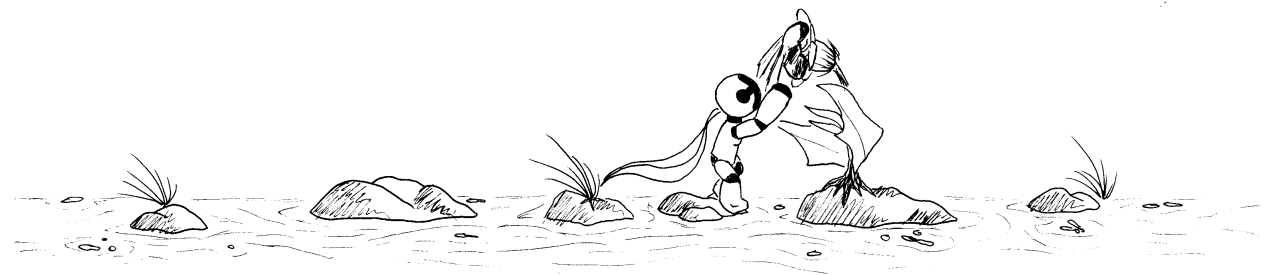
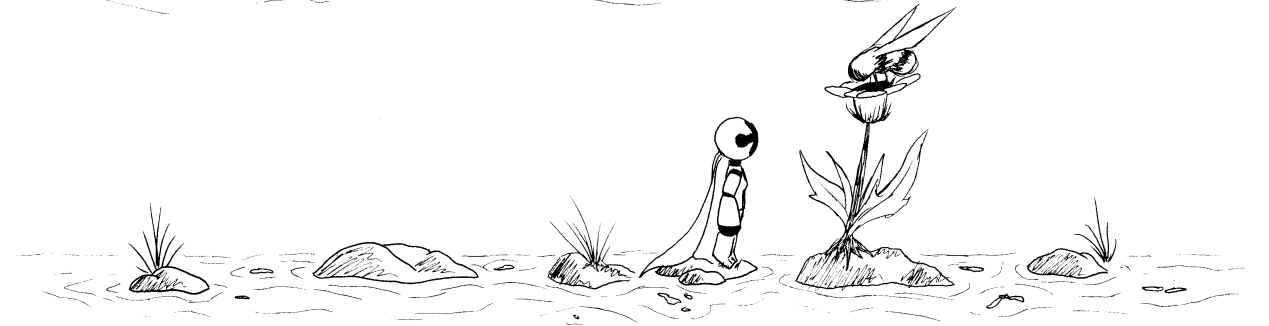
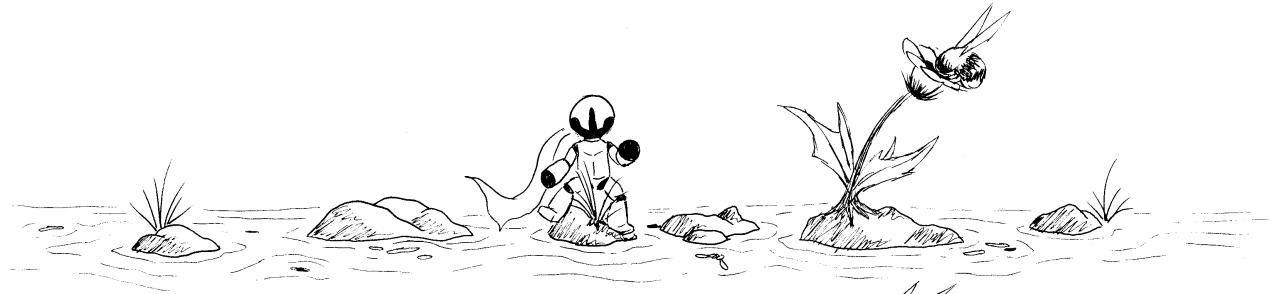
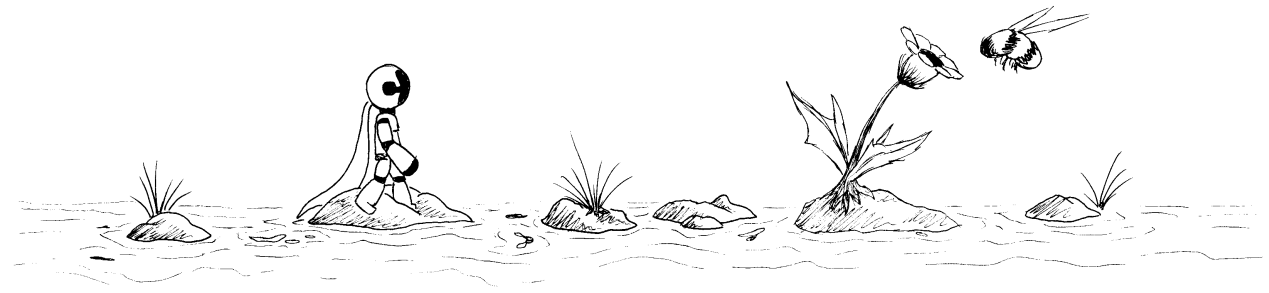
END

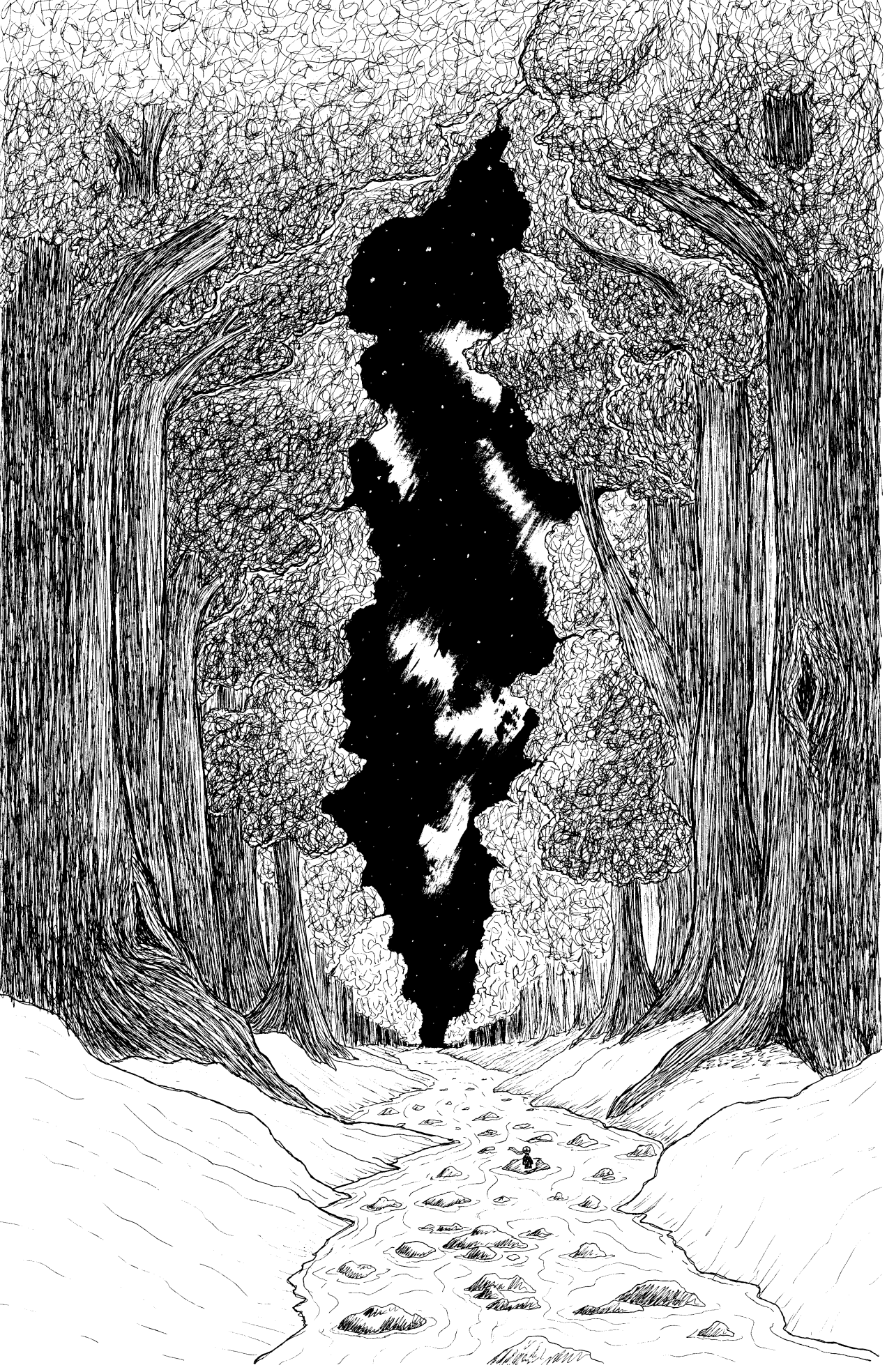


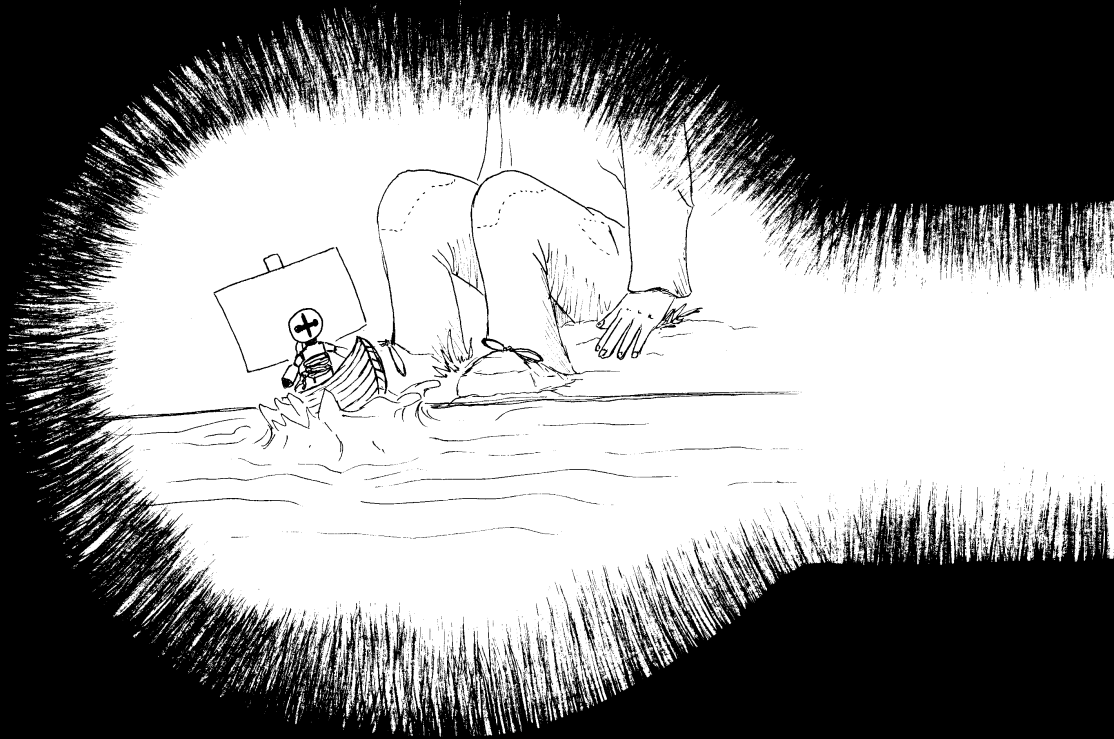
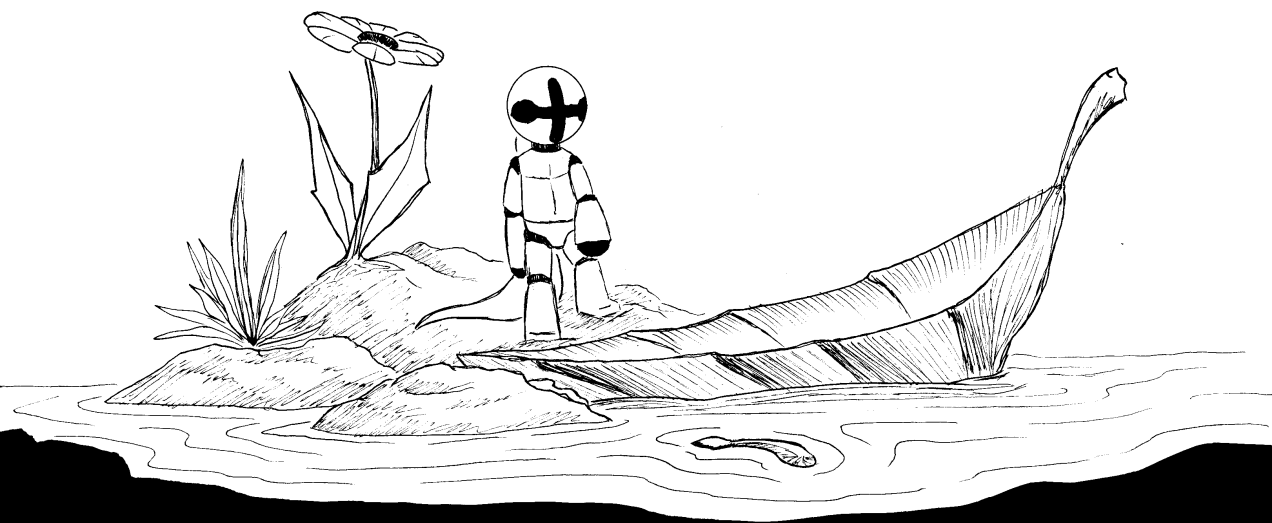


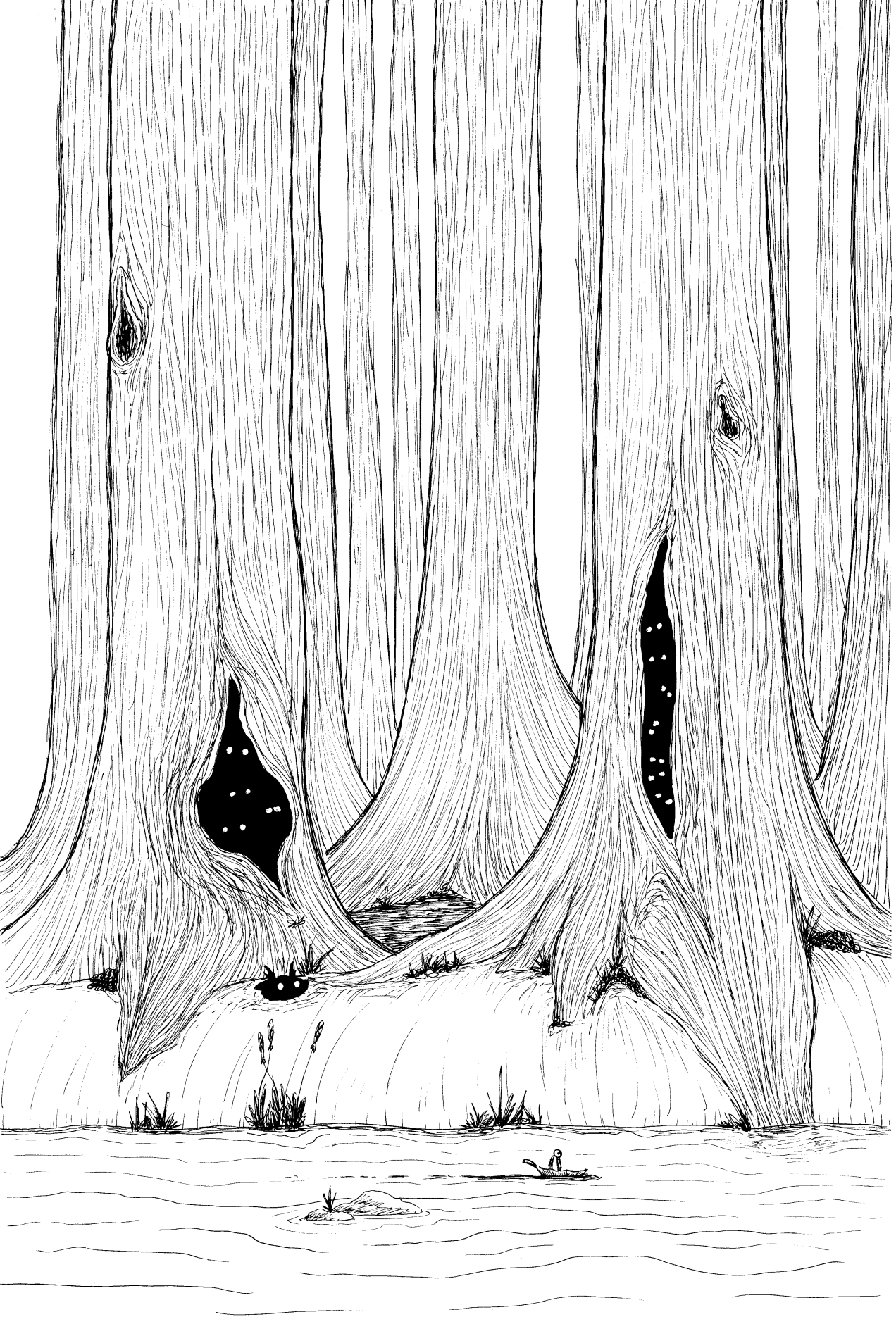
II

FINDING WAYS

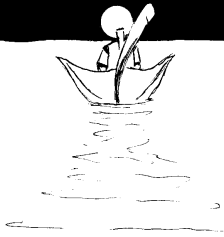
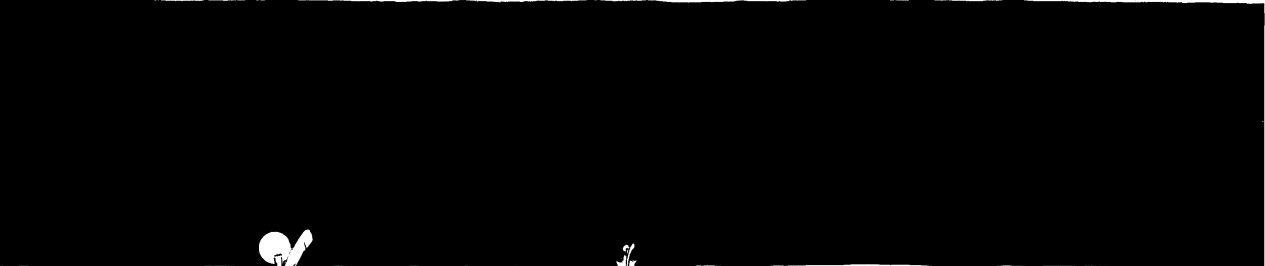
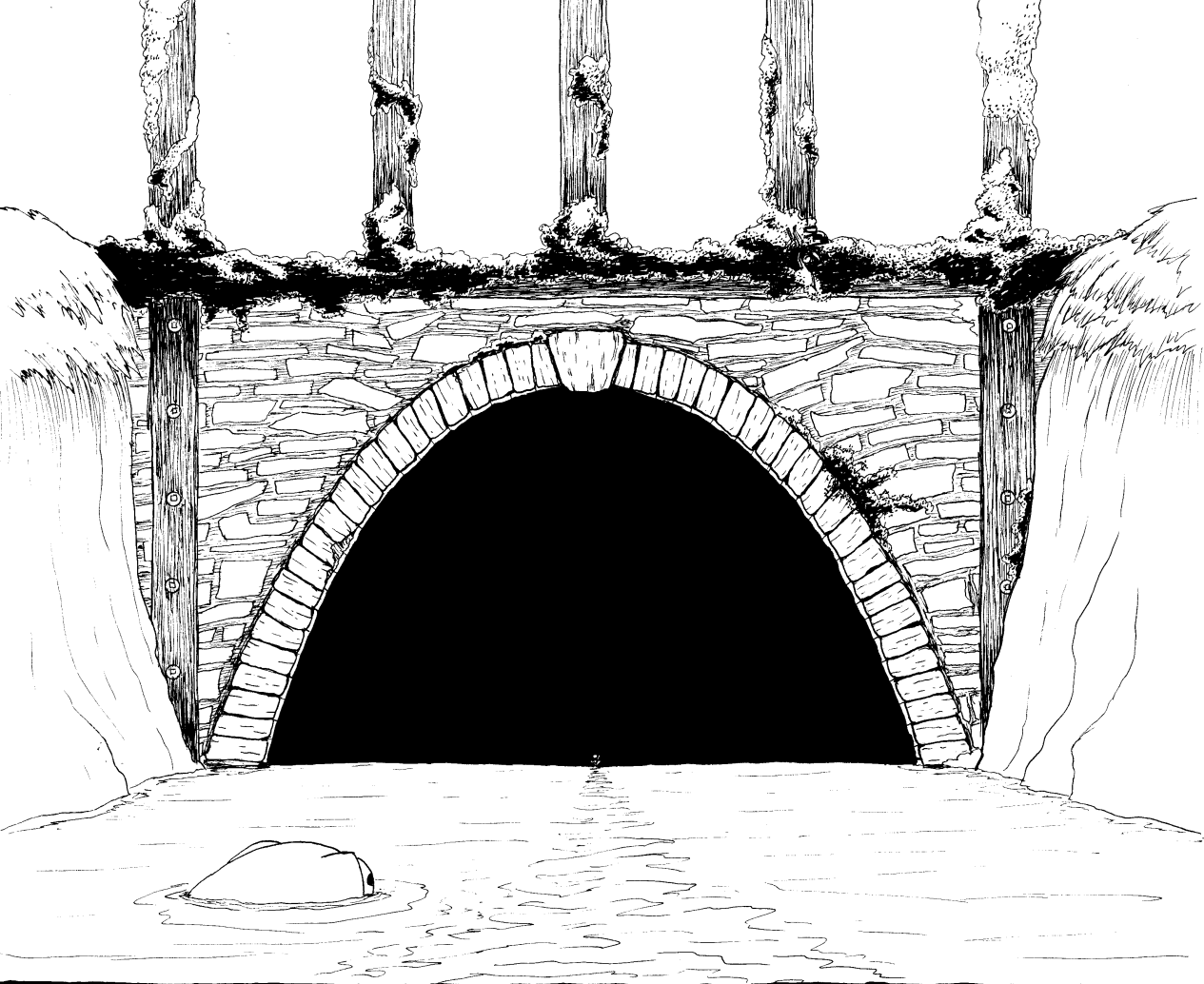


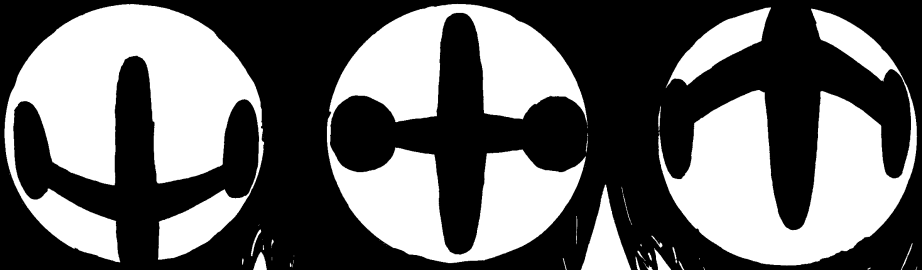
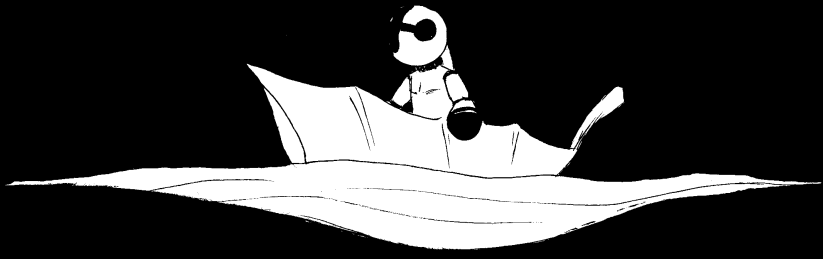


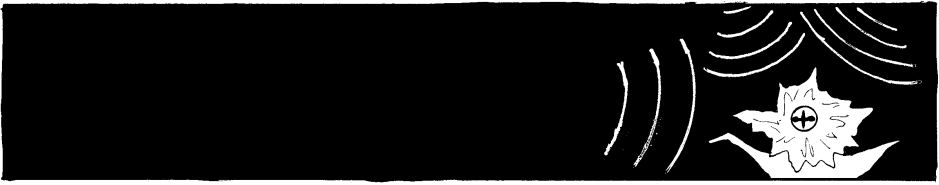
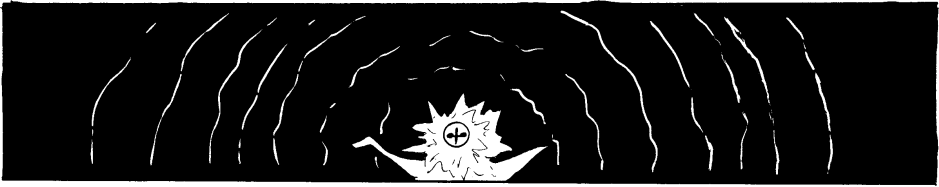


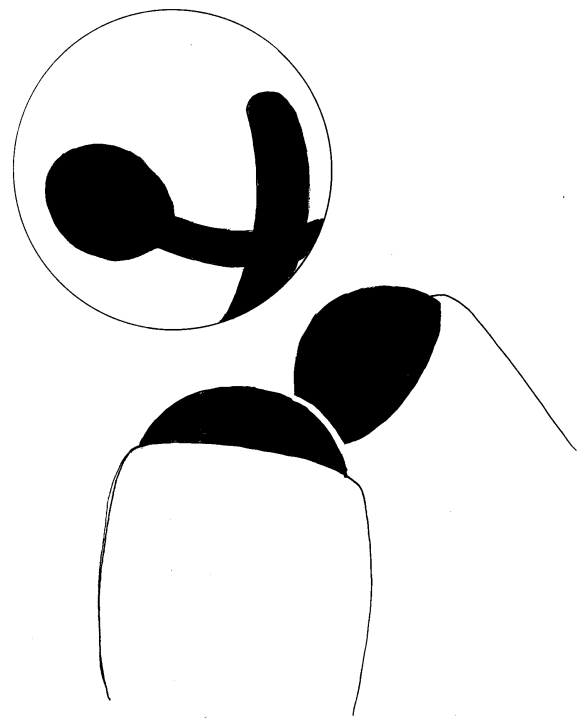
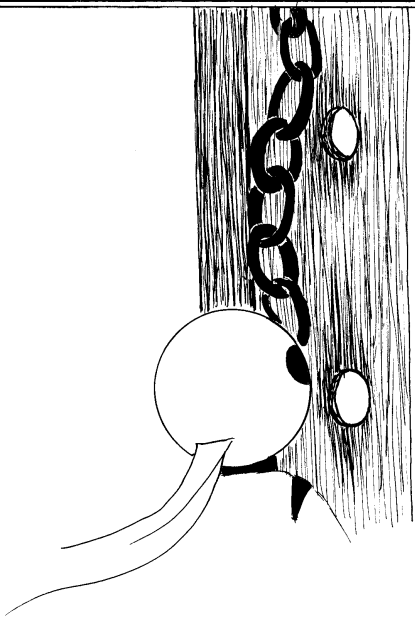
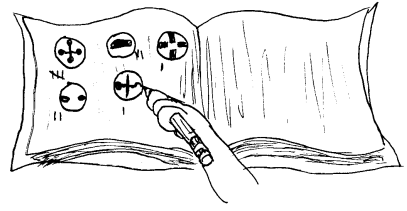
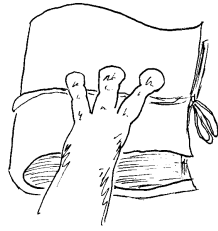
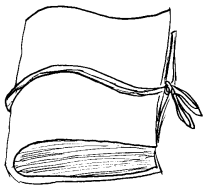
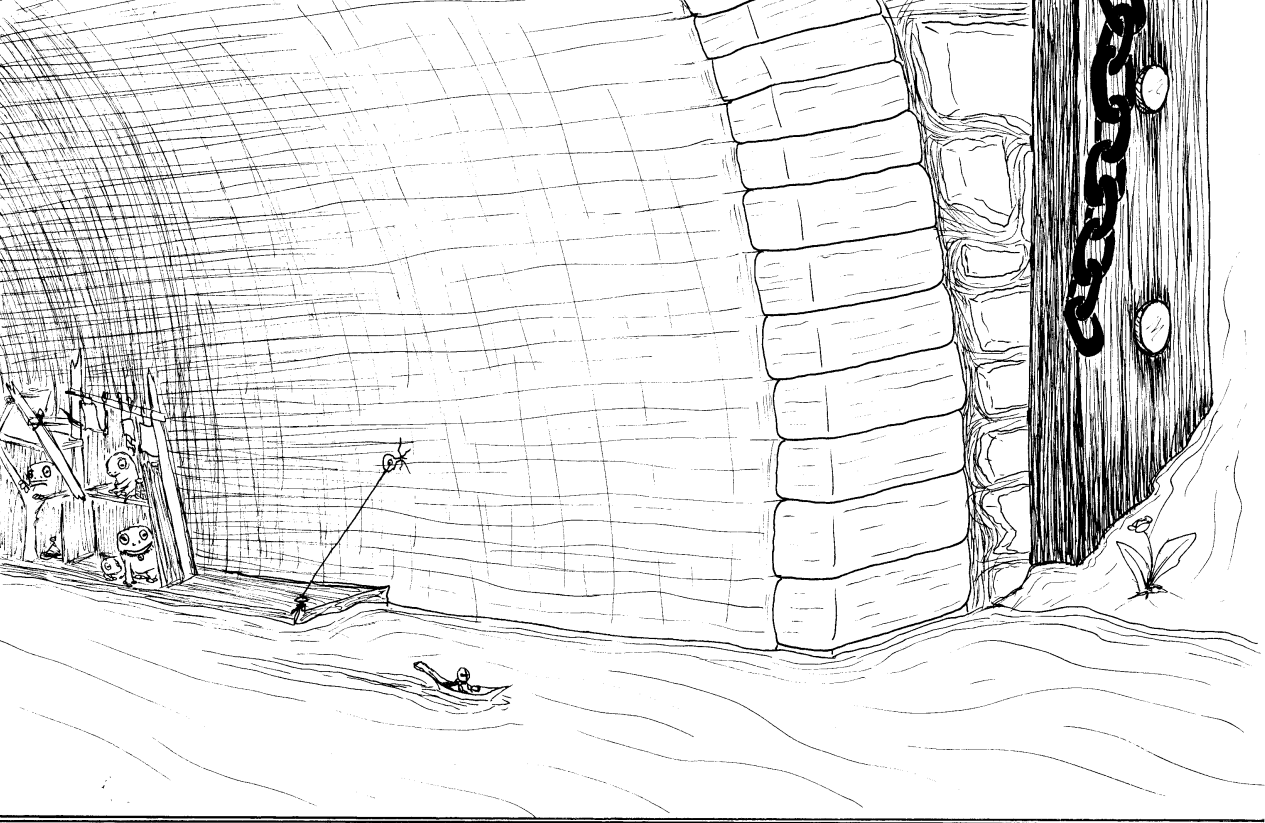




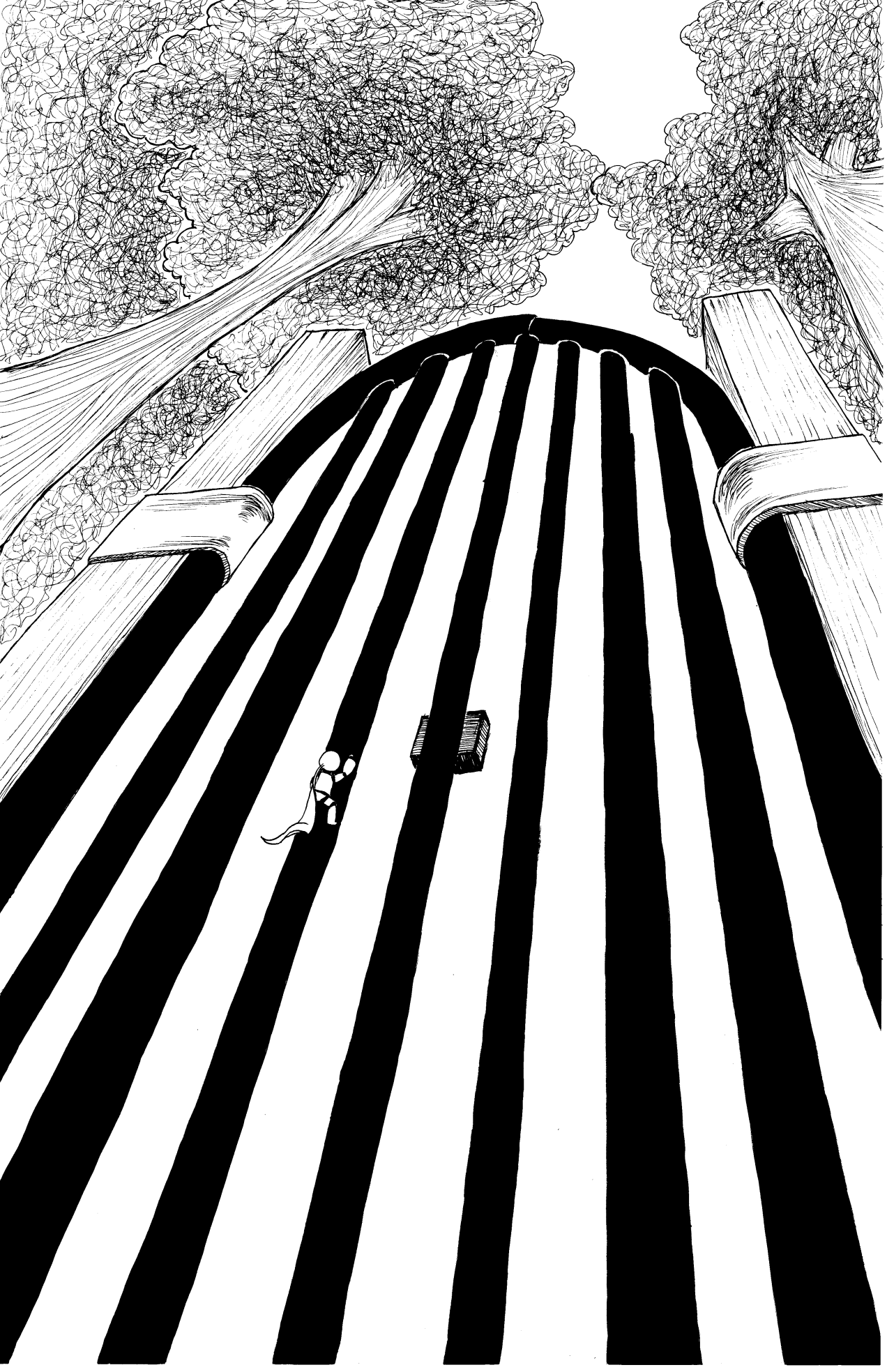




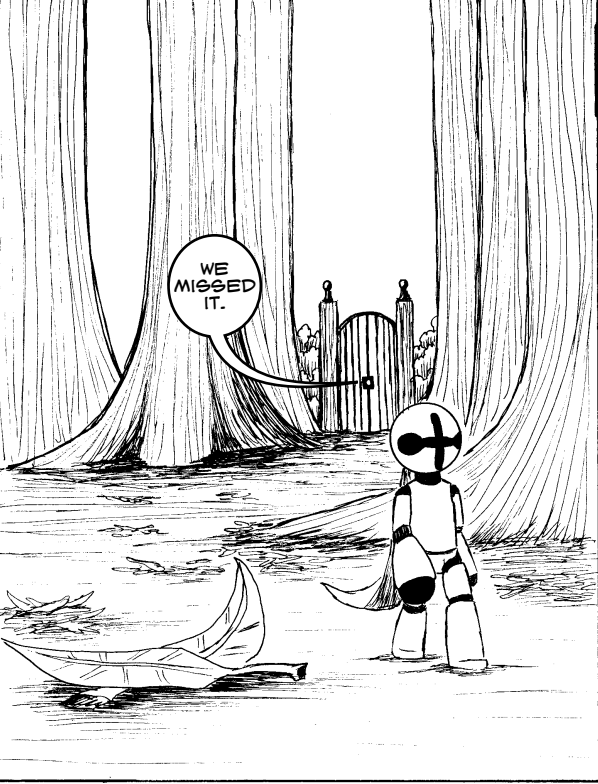




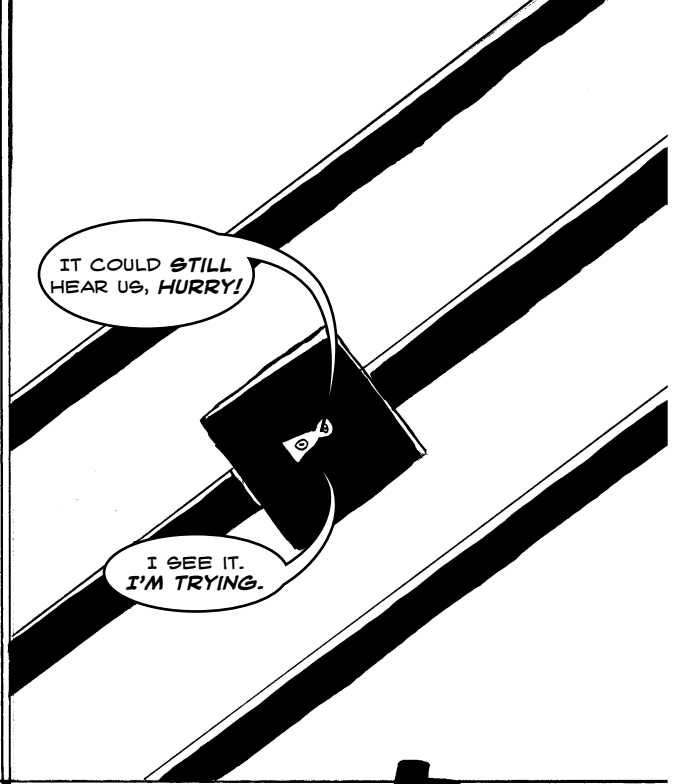






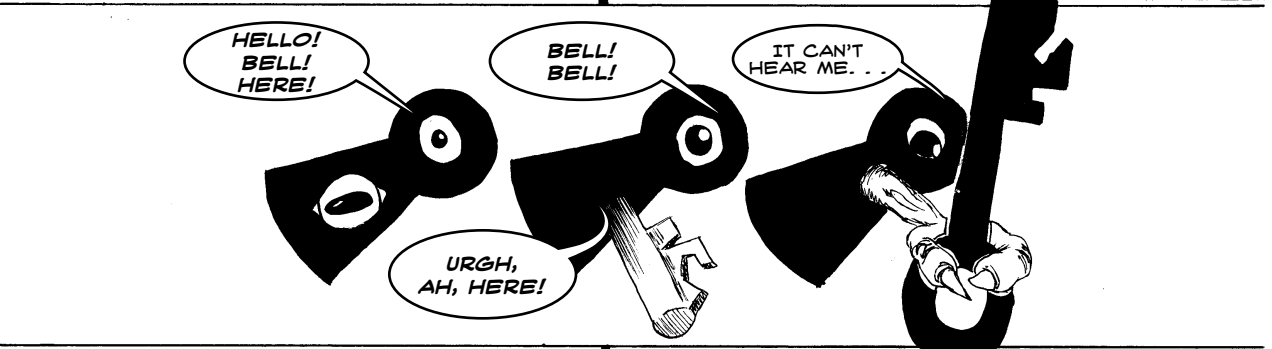


WE MISSED IT.



IT COULD STILL HEAR US, HURRY!

I SEE IT. I'M TRYING.



HELLO! BELL! HERE!

BELL! BELL!

IT CAN'T HEAR ME...

URGH, AH, HERE!



I'VE BEEN SLEEPING SO LONG. I MISSED IT. I AM SO SORRY.

YOU ARE SLEEPING, BUT SO AM I, I THINK? WE ALWAYS HEAR THE BELLS.

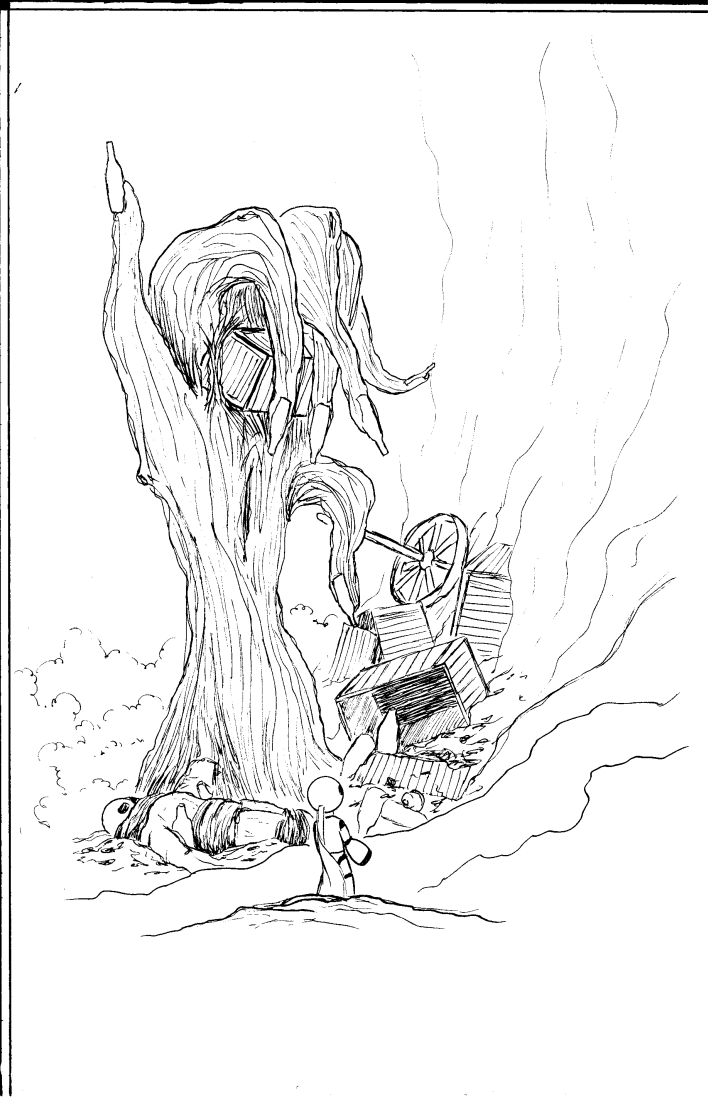
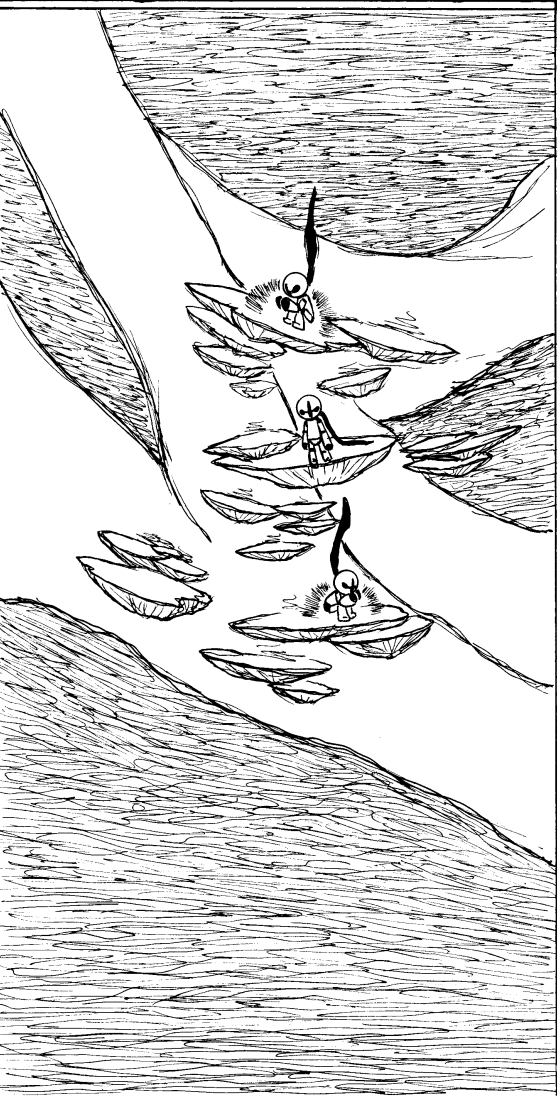
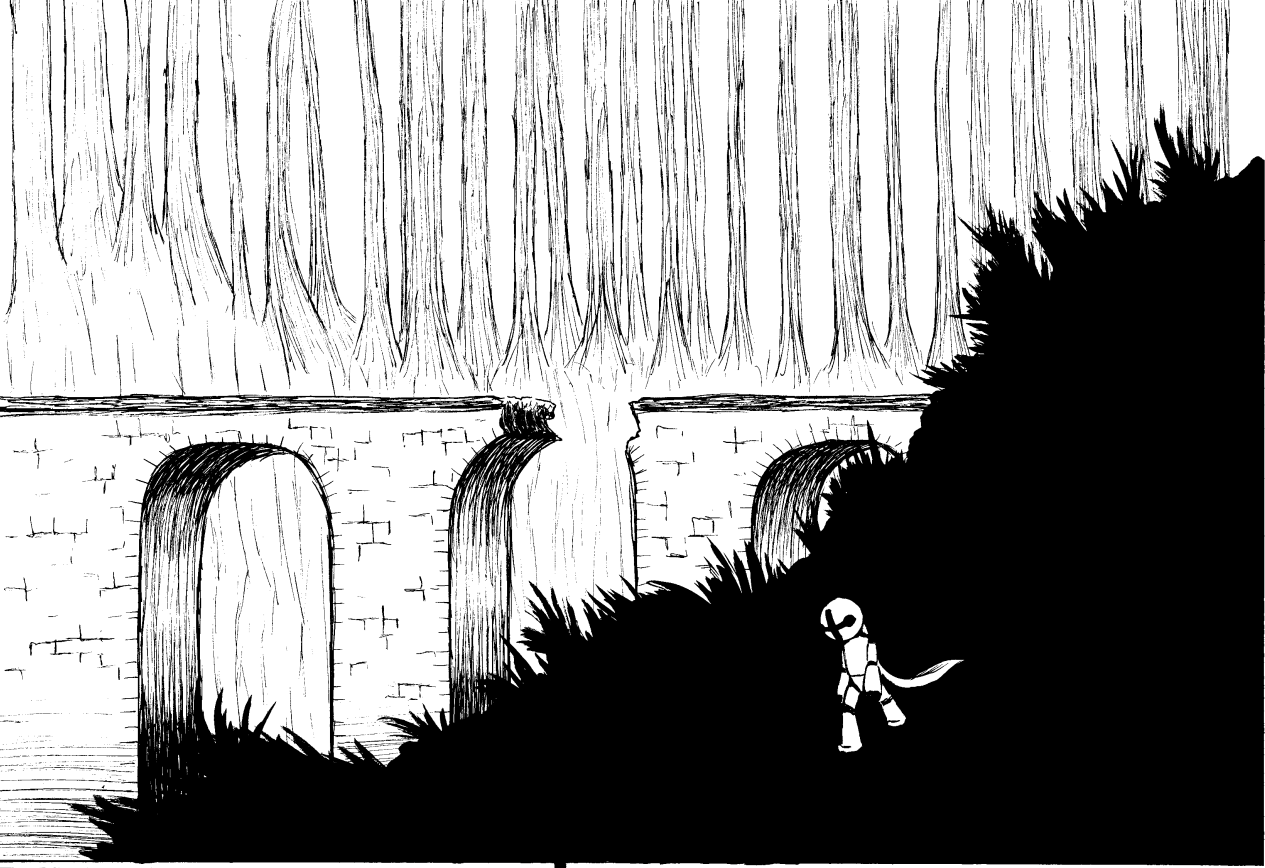
I SEE. LISTEN, CAREFULLY. THE WORLD DOES NOT MOVE... THERE IS NO MUSIC.

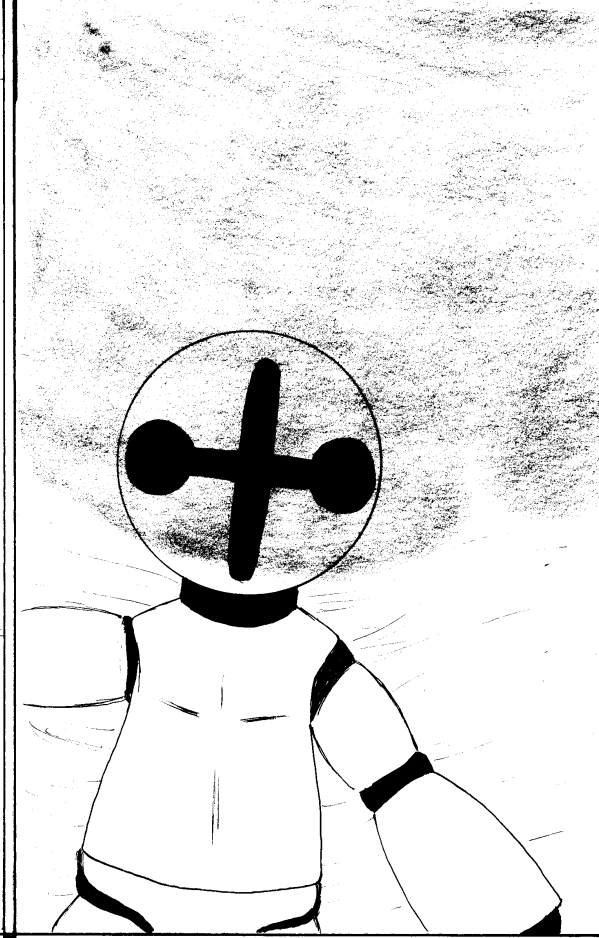


THE BELL, IT IS SILENT.

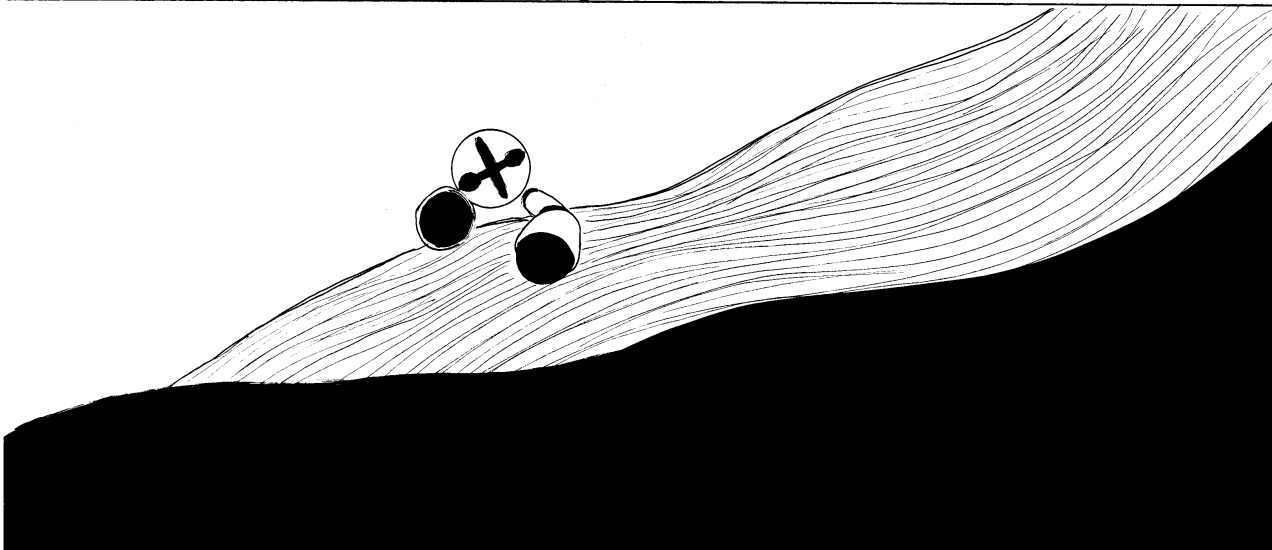
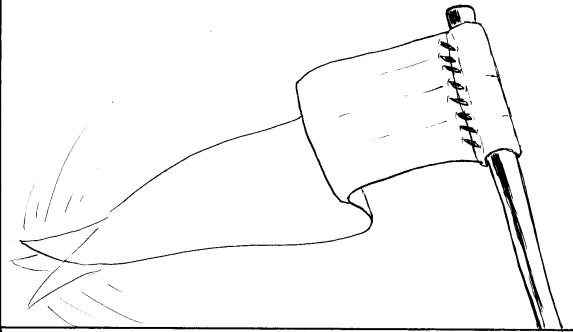
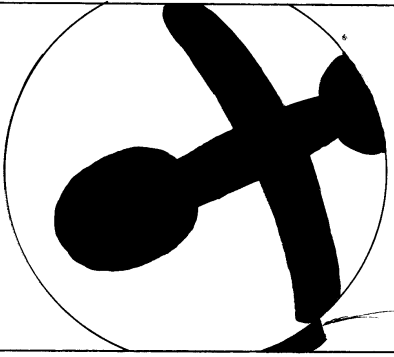
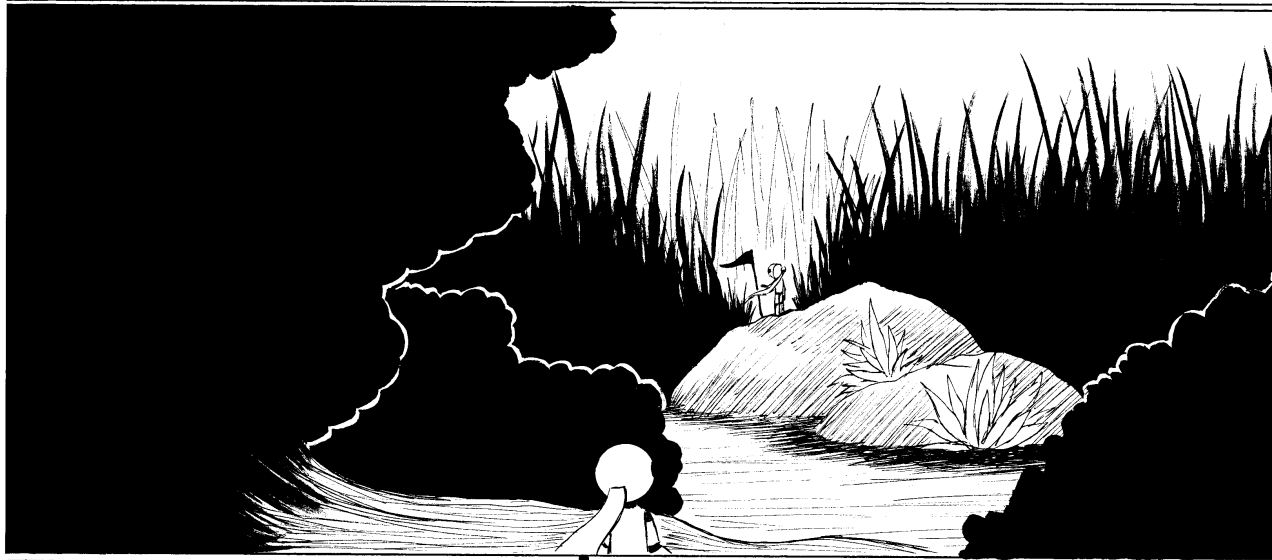
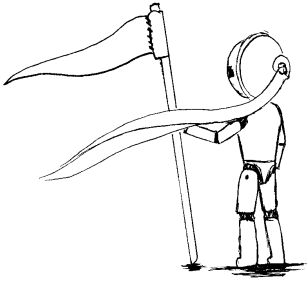
HAVE EVEN THE BELLS FALLEN ASLEEP?

HAS THE WORLD WOKEN? HAVE WE MISSED THE MORNING?



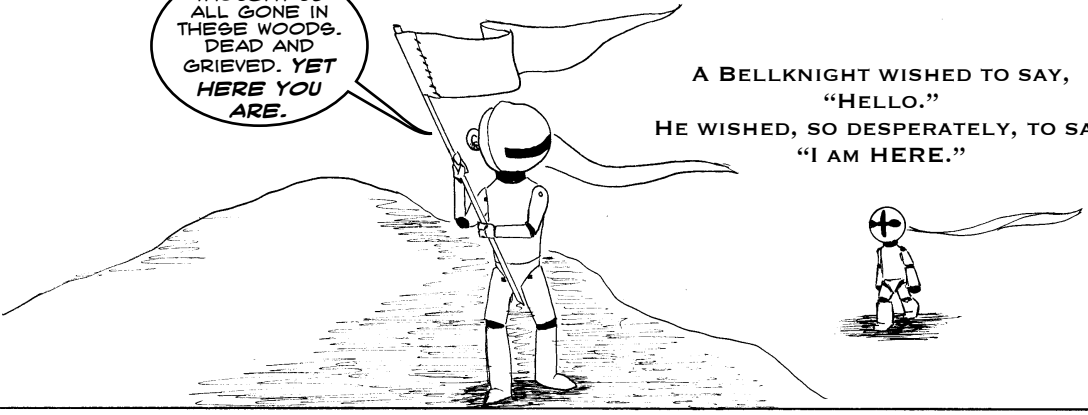






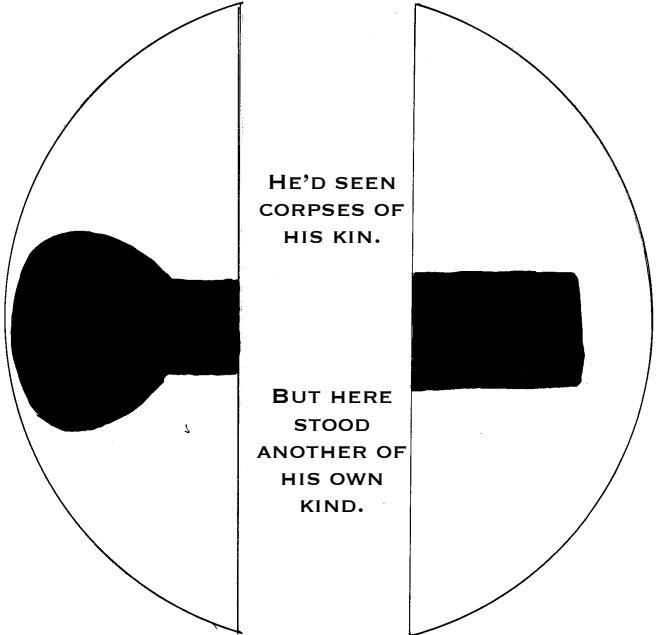
I
THOUGHT US
ALL GONE IN
THESE WOODS.
DEAD AND
GRIEVED. YET
HERE YOU
ARE.

A BELLKNIGHT WISHED TO SAY,
"HELLO."
HE WISHED, SO DESPERATELY, TO SAY
"I AM HERE."



HE'D SEEN
CORPSES OF
HIS KIN.

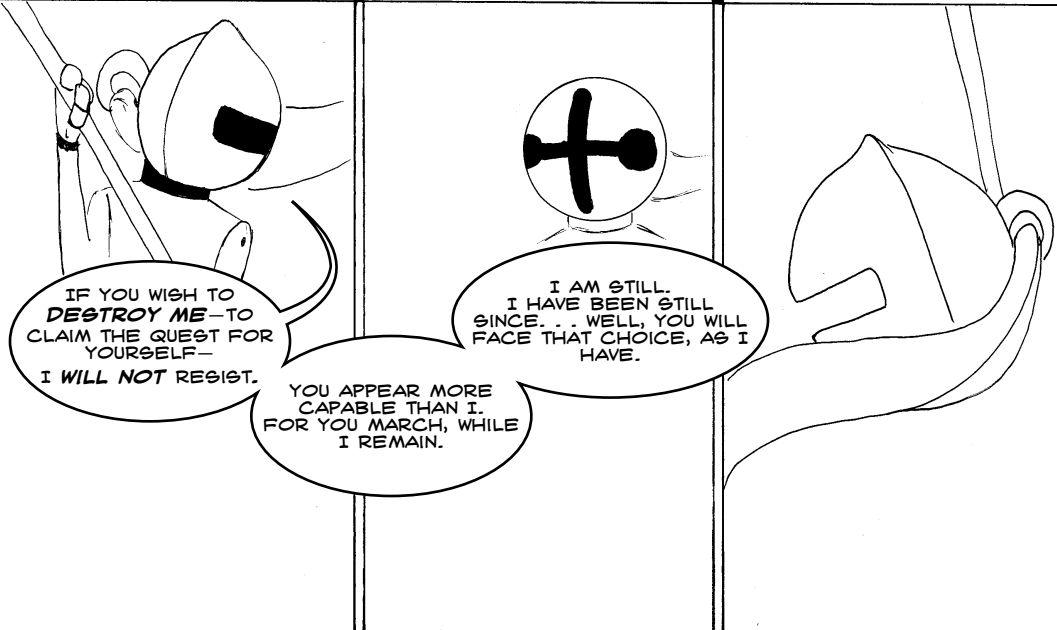
BUT HERE
STOOD
ANOTHER OF
HIS OWN
KIND.

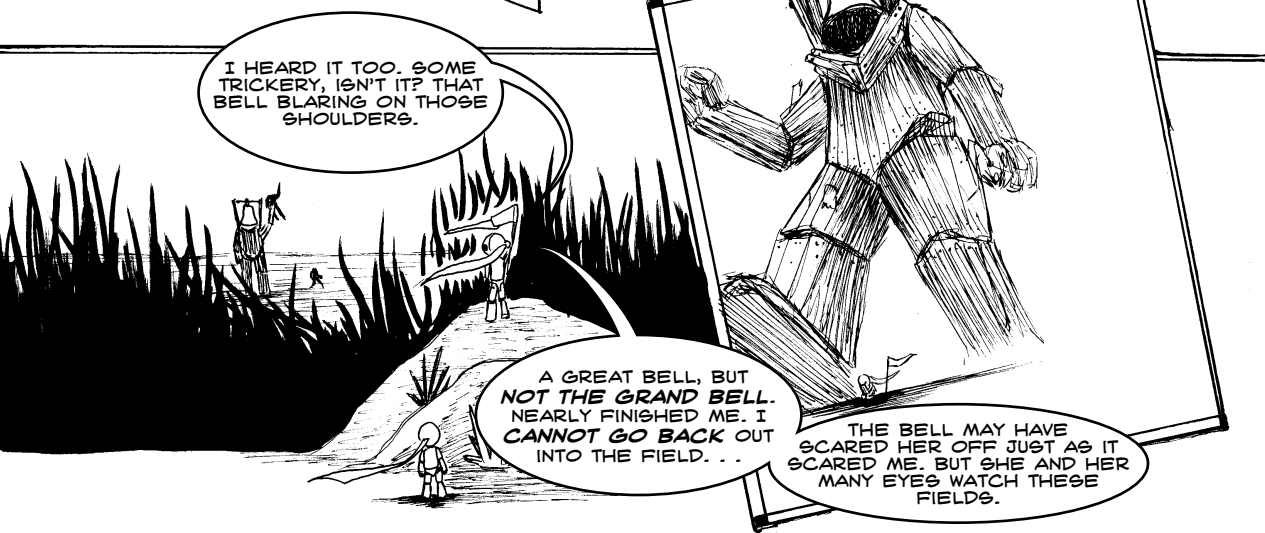
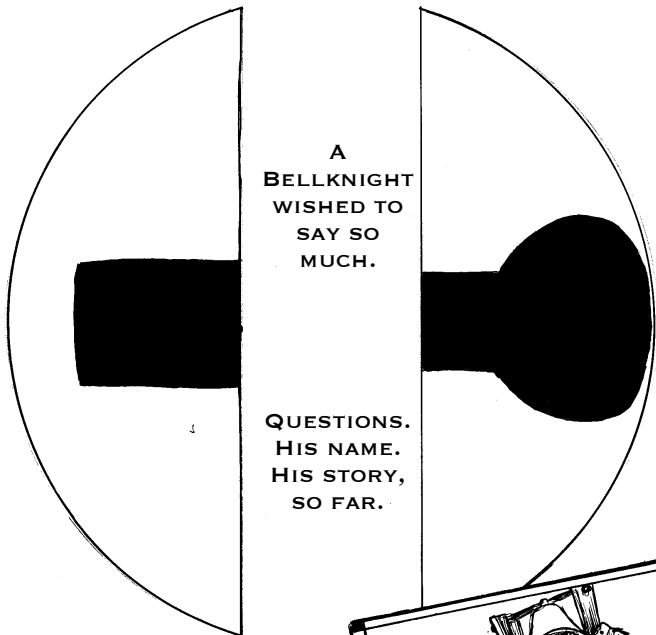
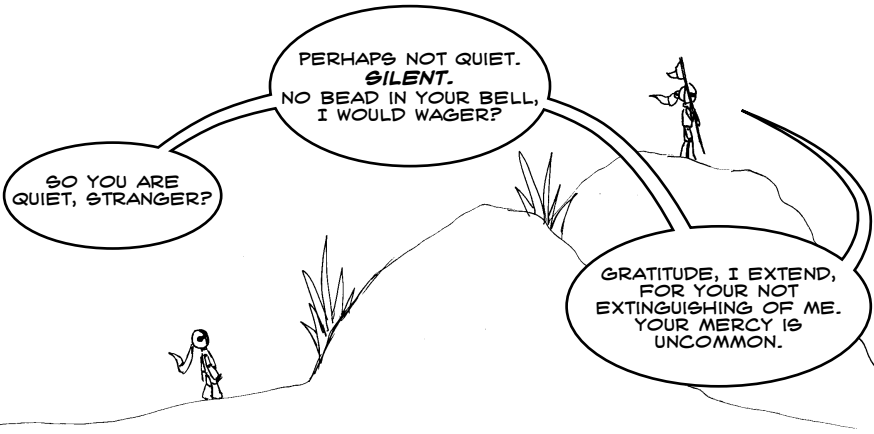


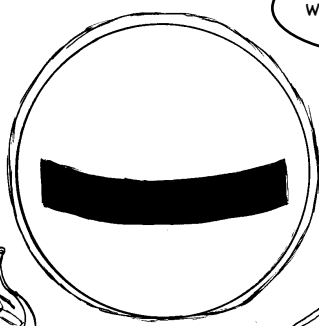
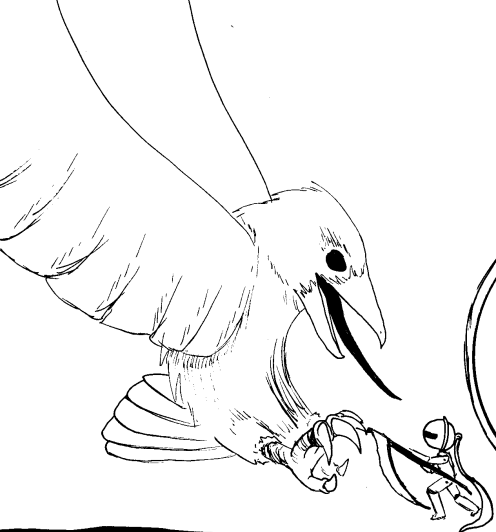
IF YOU WISH TO
DESTROY ME—TO
CLAIM THE QUEST FOR
YOURSELF—
I WILL NOT RESIST.

YOU APPEAR MORE
CAPABLE THAN I.
FOR YOU MARCH, WHILE
I REMAIN.

I AM STILL.
I HAVE BEEN STILL
SINCE. . . WELL, YOU WILL
FACE THAT CHOICE, AS I
HAVE.





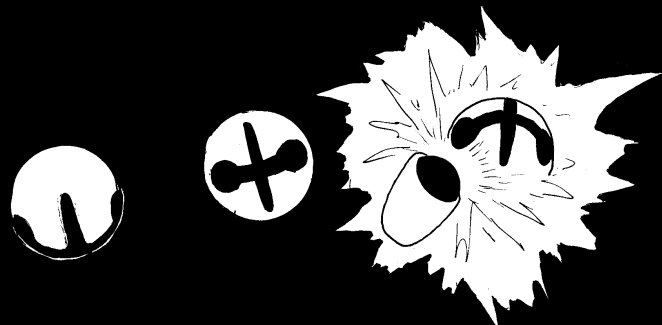


I SURVIVED THOSE WHO CALLED ME THIEF.

I ENDURED. FOR THE BELL. FOR MY GIRL WHO SLEPT. . .

THOSE EYES IN THE LONG GRASS STOPPED ME, BROTHER BELLKNIGHT. THEY WILL STOP YOU, TOO.

I KNOW YOU. YOU WERE ME BEFORE I BROKE. I CANNOT FOLLOW. I AM STILL.

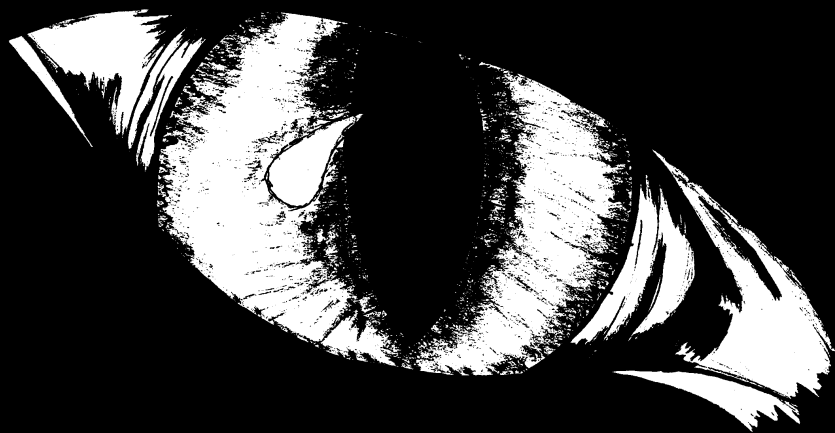


YOU CALL ME TO ARMS? I CANNOT ANSWER.



I WISH YOU LUCK, BROTHER BELLKNIGHT, AS ALL ELSE IS A WASTED WISH. WE HAVE NO WILL IN THIS WORLD. LUCK IS ALL WHICH CAN HELP YOU, NOW.

END





ONLY YOU CAN RING THE BELL
A FUTILE EFFORT
A FOOLISH ENDEAVOR
YET HERE YOU ARE



DRAW YOUR BELLKNIGHT, JOIN THE JOURNEY

INSTAGRAM:
@BELLRINGERCOMIC

PATREON:
PATREON.COM/BELLRINGERJJW

BOOK TWO CONTAINS:

III
IRREPLACEABLE

IV
GLITZ OF LOOMING GLOOM

V
SIZE OF PRIZE

VI
WHAT ELSE

JUNE 1ST 2024

INSTAGRAM:
@BELLRINGERCOMIC

PATREON:
PATREON.COM/BELLRINGERJJW