

# VAMPIRELLA®

MASTERS SERIES VOL. 4: VISIONARIES



ALAN  
MOORE  
JEPH  
LOEB  
KURT  
BUSIEK  
AND OTHERS

**DYNAMITE**



# VAMPIRELLA®

MASTERS SERIES VOL. 4: VISIONARIES



**DYNAMITE®**  
ENTERTAINMENT





## THE NEW EUROPEAN

ALAN MOORE writer GARY FRANK penciler

CAM SMITH inker HUGH MONHAN hand letterer

HABERLIN STUDIOS colorists

GARY FRANK featured pin-up artist

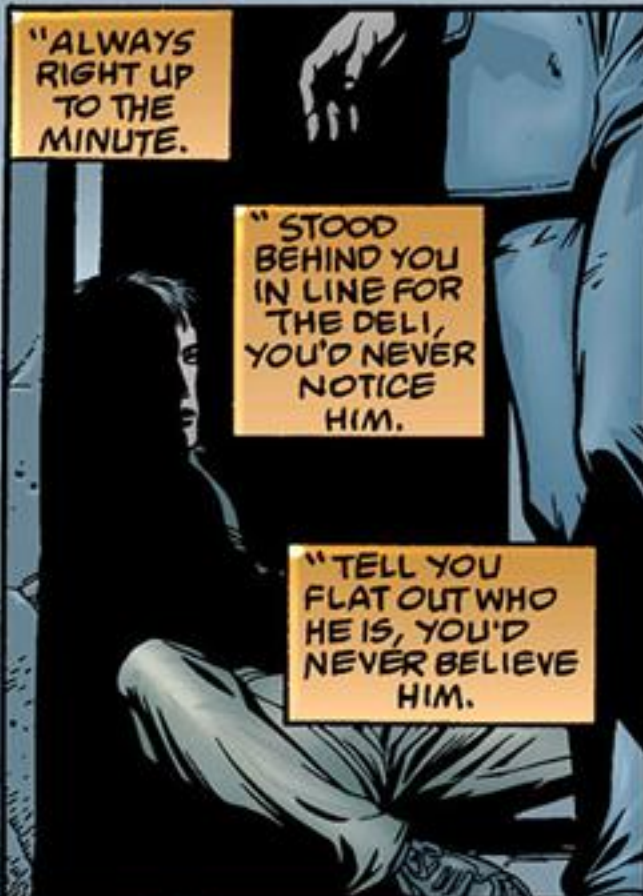
TOM FIGURA & DAVE HADDOCK production assistants



"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS,  
BUT THE DEVIL CHANGES HIS CLOTHES  
MORE OFTEN."



"ALWAYS  
RIGHT UP  
TO THE  
MINUTE."



"STOOD  
BEHIND YOU  
IN LINE FOR  
THE DELI,  
YOU'D NEVER  
NOTICE  
HIM."

"TELL YOU  
FLAT OUT WHO  
HE IS, YOU'D  
NEVER BELIEVE  
HIM."

"LISTEN, THE THINGS I KNOW..."



"THE  
THINGS  
I KNOW."

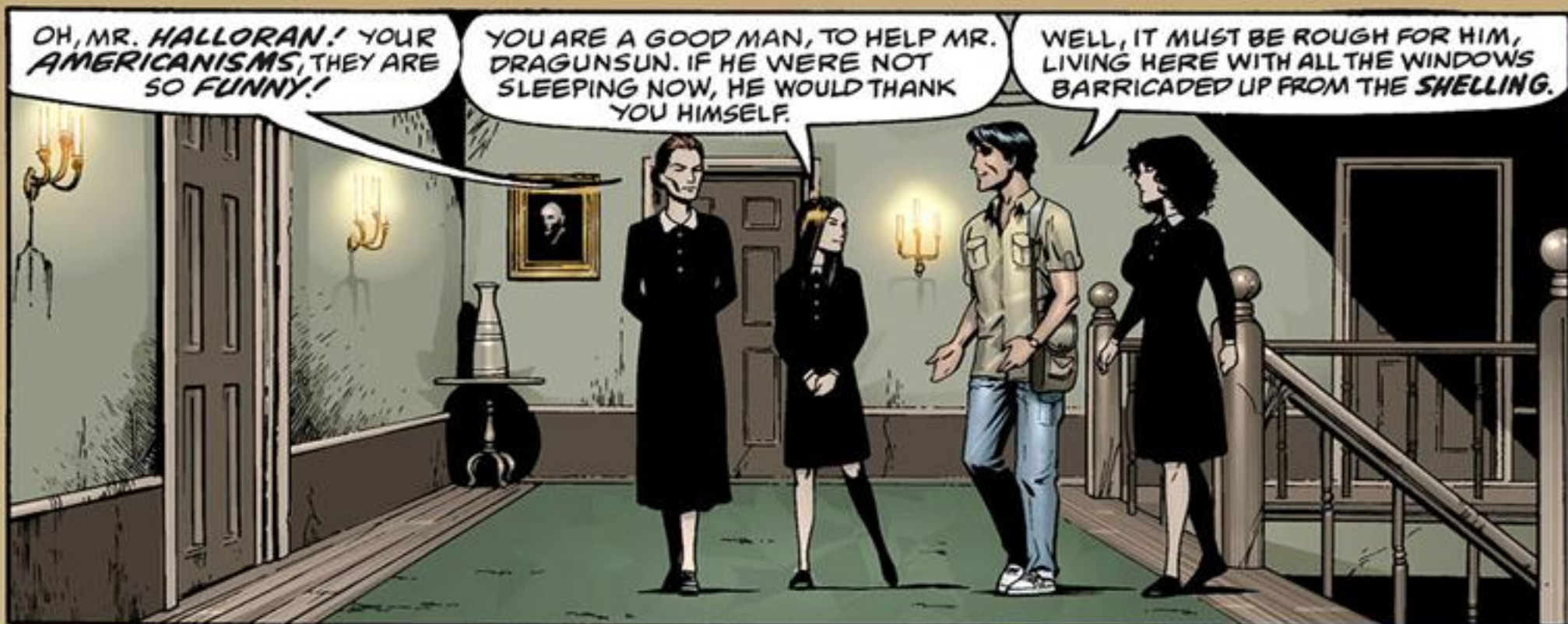
WELL, THIS IS  
CERTAINLY A BEAUTIFUL  
HOUSE, BUT AS A **WAR  
CORRESPONDANT**, I CAN  
SEE WHY MR. DRAGUNSUN  
WANTS TO EMIGRATE  
TO **AMERICA**.

THE BALKAN STATES ARE  
NO PLACE FOR AN OLD MAN  
THESE DAYS. LUCKILY, I'VE  
BEEN ABLE TO ARRANGE US  
A FLIGHT TO **NEW YORK**.

I'M SURE THEY'LL  
JUST EAT HIM UP OUT  
THERE.



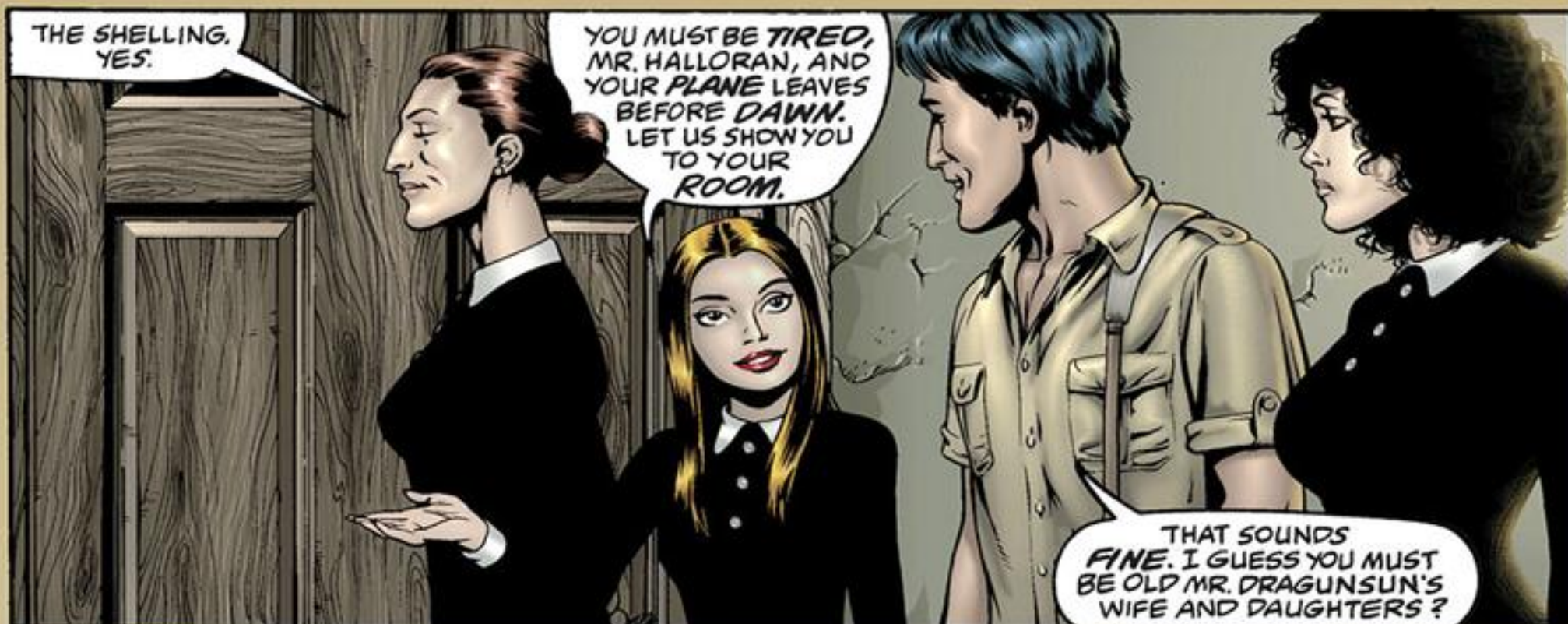




OH, MR. HALLORAN! YOUR AMERICANISMS, THEY ARE SO FUNNY!

YOU ARE A GOOD MAN, TO HELP MR. DRAGUNSUN. IF HE WERE NOT SLEEPING NOW, HE WOULD THANK YOU HIMSELF.

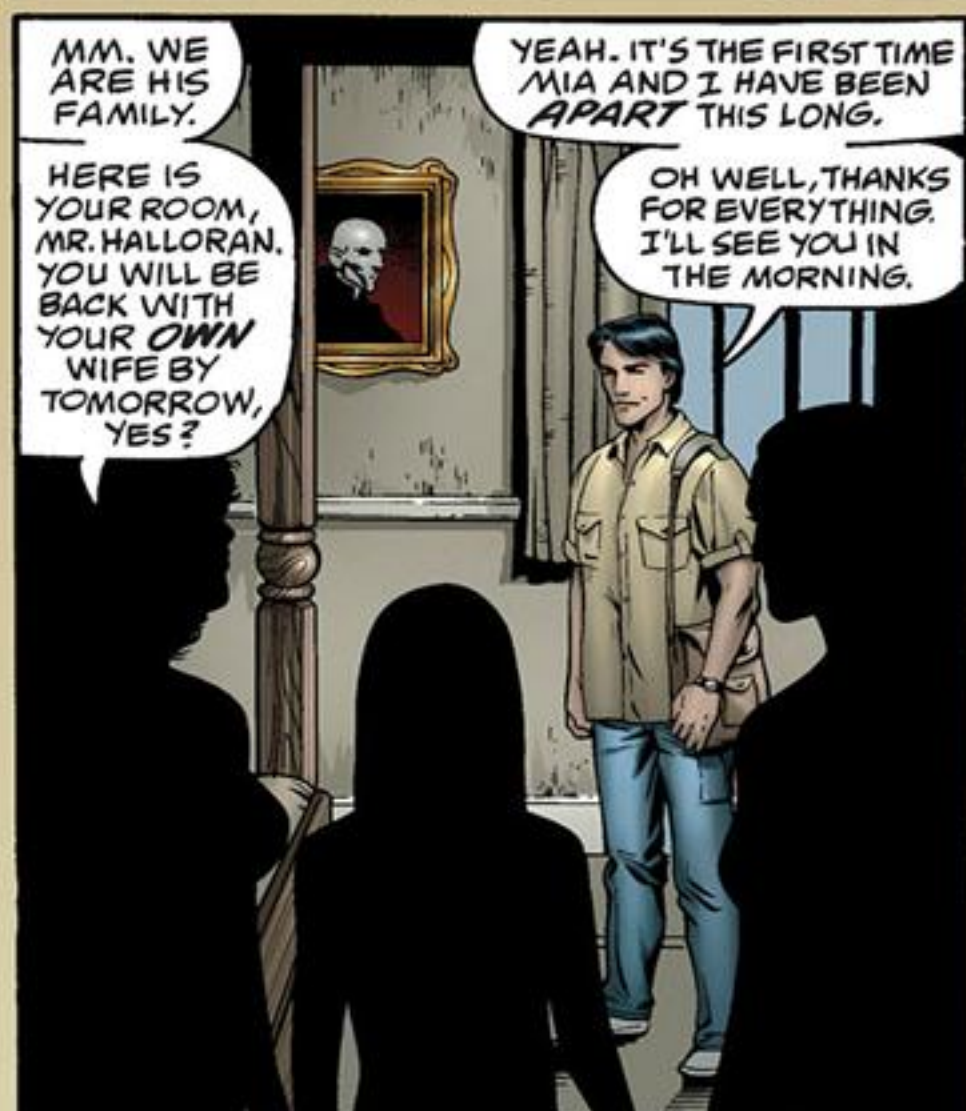
WELL, IT MUST BE ROUGH FOR HIM, LIVING HERE WITH ALL THE WINDOWS BARRICADED UP FROM THE SHELLING.



THE SHELLING, YES.

YOU MUST BE TIRED, MR. HALLORAN, AND YOUR PLANE LEAVES BEFORE DAWN. LET US SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM.

THAT SOUNDS FINE. I GUESS YOU MUST BE OLD MR. DRAGUNSUN'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS?



MM. WE ARE HIS FAMILY.

HERE IS YOUR ROOM, MR. HALLORAN. YOU WILL BE BACK WITH YOUR OWN WIFE BY TOMORROW, YES?

YEAH. IT'S THE FIRST TIME MIA AND I HAVE BEEN APART THIS LONG.

OH WELL, THANKS FOR EVERYTHING. I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.



"THERE IN THE MUST OF THAT OLD ROOM, ALONE, I WAS THINKING OF MIA. EVEN DURING THE GULF THING, WE HADN'T BEEN THIS FAR APART.

"OUTSIDE, FAR AWAY, THE SOFT MUMBLE OF SHELLFIRE.

"GUESS I FELL ASLEEP, THINKING OF HER."



"I WAS HAVING THIS STUPID DREAM, WHERE ME AND MIA WERE OVER AT MY MOM'S HOUSE, ALL THREE OF US EATING DINNER."



"MOM WAS TALKING ABOUT SOMEONE SHE'S MET AT THE STORES, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, MIA STARTS MAKING OUT WITH ME, IN FRONT OF MY MOM."

"SHE'S BITING MY EAR, SHE'S LICKING MY NECK, AND MY MOM DOESN'T TAKE ANY NOTICE. I'M WHISPERING FOR MIA TO STOP..."

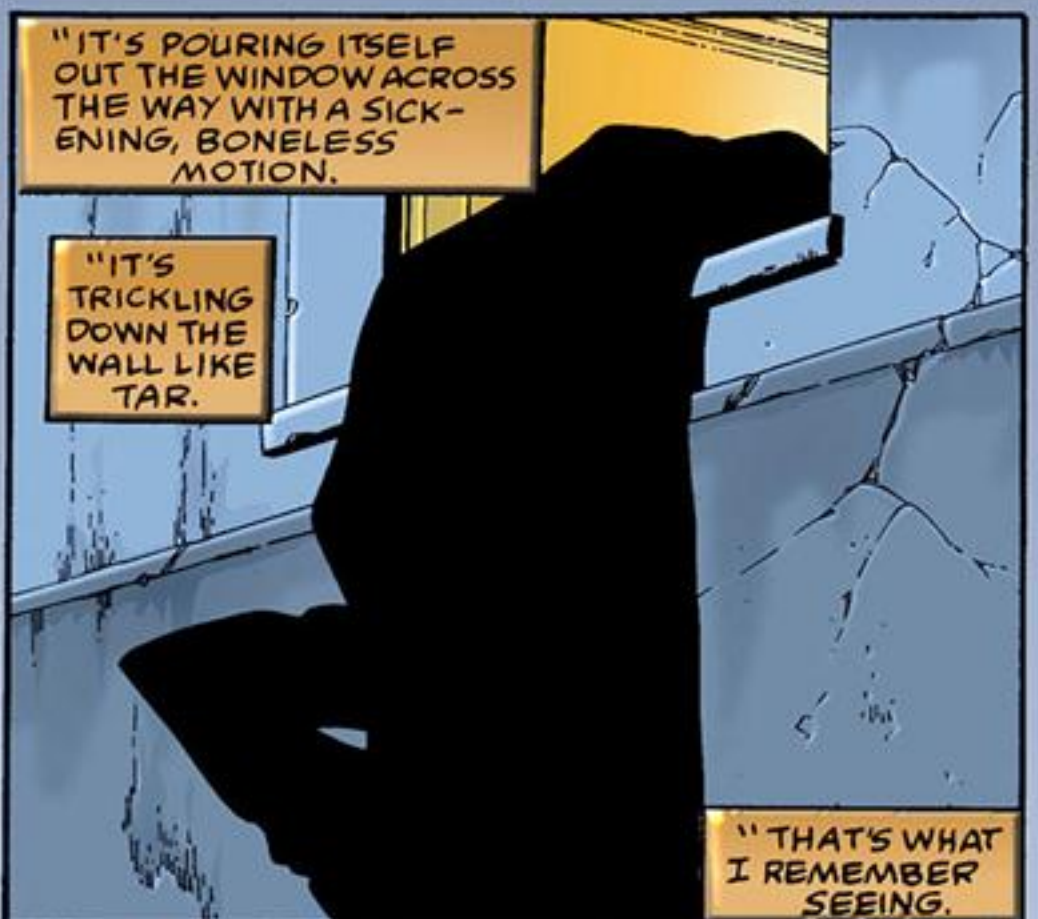


"NEXT, MIA'S UNZIPPING MY PANTS. I LOOK AT MY MOM, EMBARRASSED, AND SHE STARES RIGHT AT US AND SAYS..."

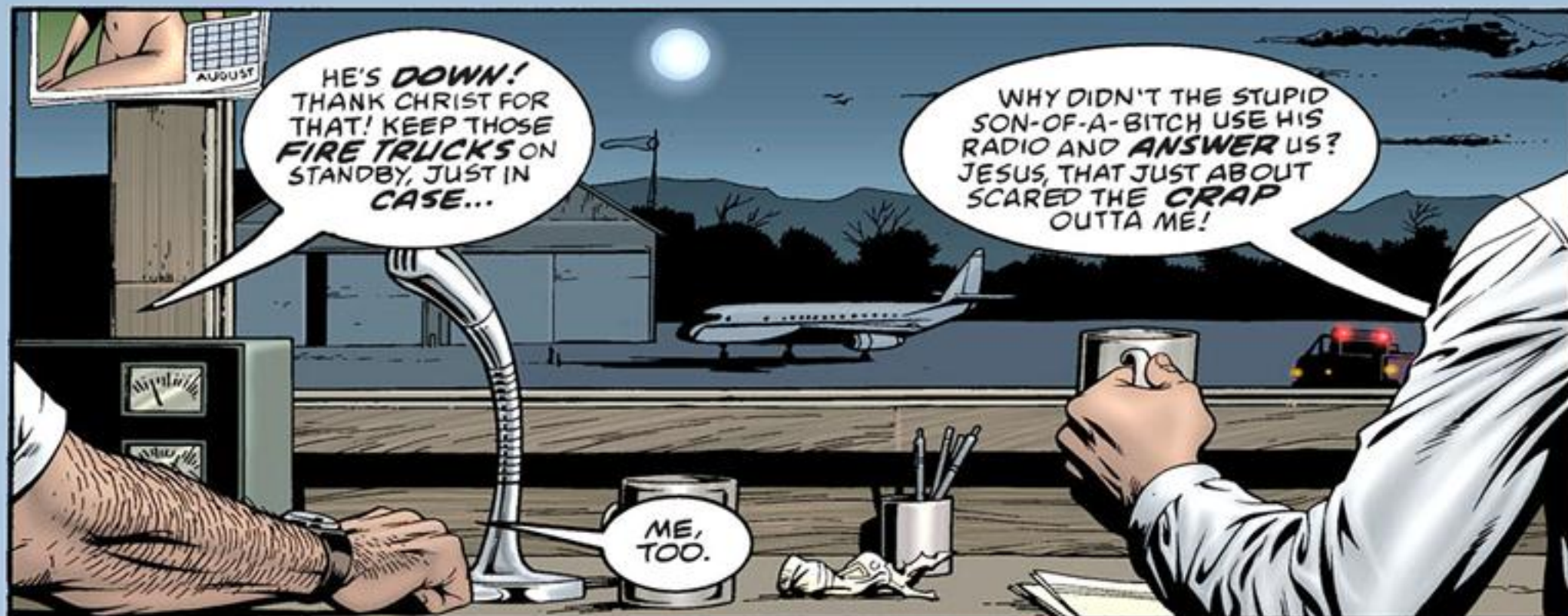
"PASS THE GRAVY-BOAT, JACKY."







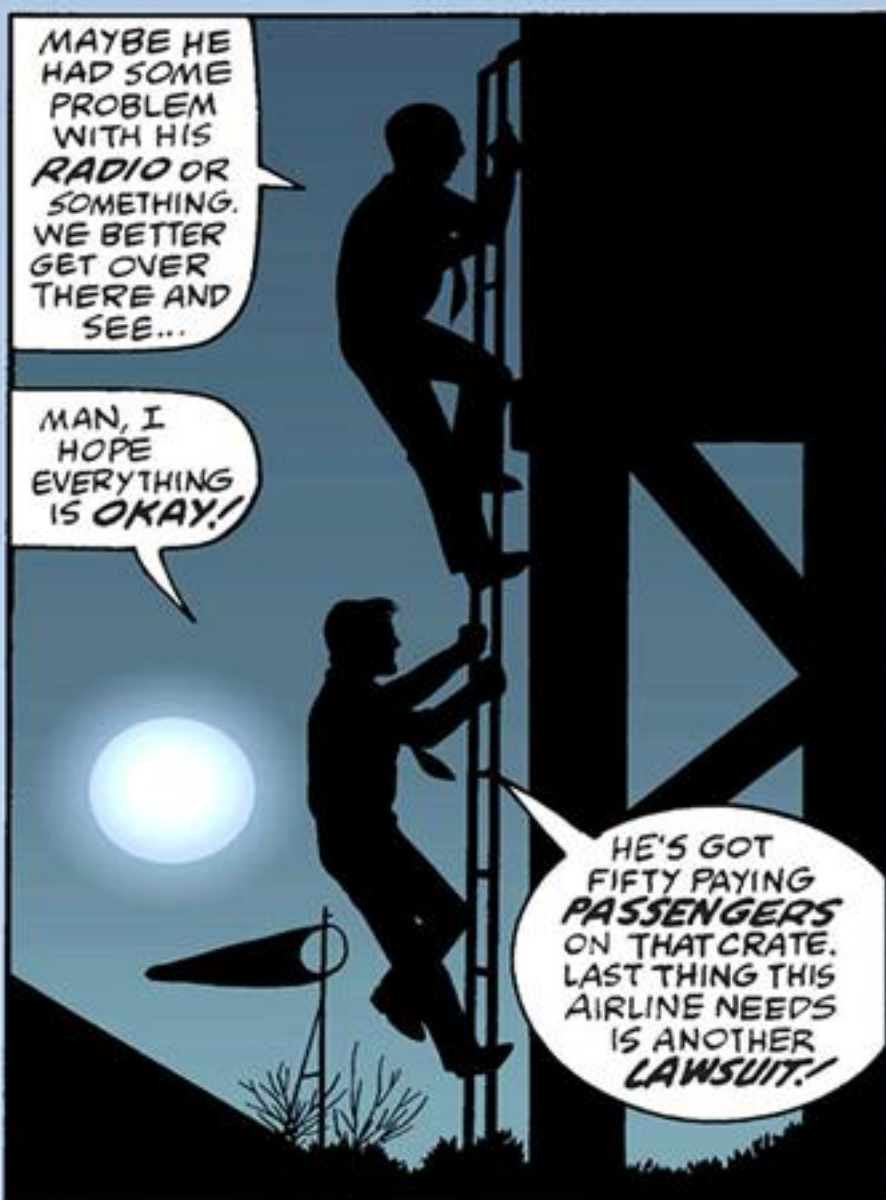




HE'S **DOWN!**  
THANK CHRIST FOR  
THAT! KEEP THOSE  
**FIRE TRUCKS** ON  
STANDBY, JUST IN  
**CASE...**

WHY DIDN'T THE STUPID  
SON-OF-A-BITCH USE HIS  
RADIO AND **ANSWER** US?  
JESUS, THAT JUST ABOUT  
SCARED THE **CRAP**  
OUTTA ME!

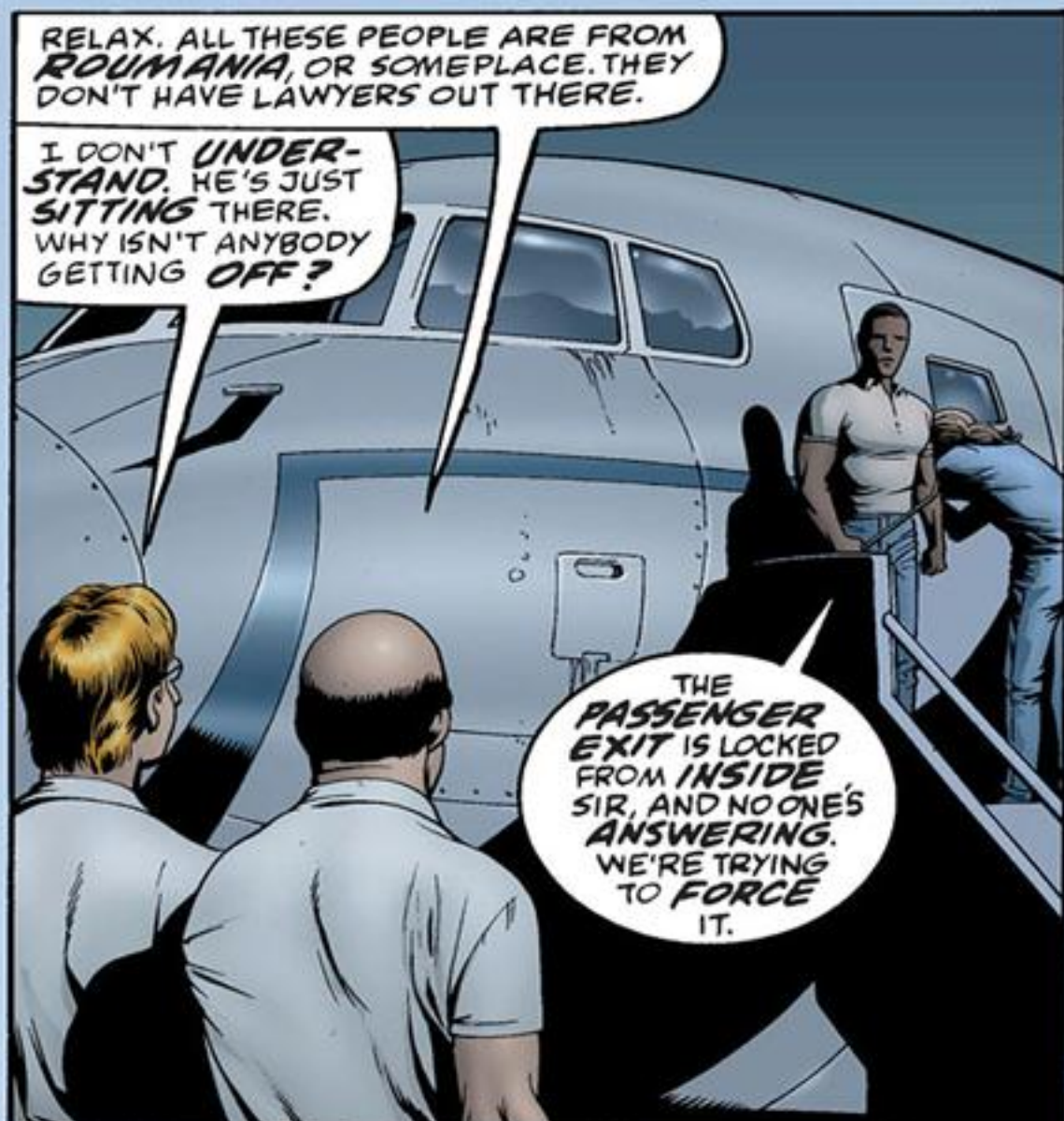
ME,  
TOO.



MAYBE HE  
HAD SOME  
PROBLEM  
WITH HIS  
**RADIO** OR  
SOMETHING.  
WE BETTER  
GET OVER  
THERE AND  
SEE...

MAN, I  
HOPE  
EVERYTHING  
IS **OKAY!**

HE'S GOT  
FIFTY PAYING  
**PASSENGERS**  
ON THAT CRATE.  
LAST THING THIS  
AIRLINE NEEDS  
IS ANOTHER  
**LAWSUIT!**



RELAX. ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE FROM  
**ROUMANIA**, OR SOMEPLACE. THEY  
DON'T HAVE LAWYERS OUT THERE.

I DON'T **UNDER-**  
**STAND**. HE'S JUST  
**SITTING** THERE.  
WHY ISN'T ANYBODY  
GETTING **OFF?**

THE  
**PASSENGER**  
**EXIT** IS LOCKED  
FROM **INSIDE**  
SIR, AND NO ONE'S  
**ANSWERING**.  
WE'RE TRYING  
TO **FORCE**  
IT.



BILL, I DON'T  
**LIKE** THIS. HE  
NEVER SAID A  
**WORD**. HE  
JUST CAME IN  
TO **LAND...**

I KNOW. FOR  
CHRIST'S SAKE,  
REGINALD, CAN'T  
YOU HURRY THAT  
**UP?**

**THERE!** I GOT IT.  
NOW, LET'S SEE IF EVERY-  
BODY IS...

**CHA-**  
**NUNKT!**









HAIR OF  
THE DOG,  
LUCE?

OH, GO  
ON. ONE  
MORE. I  
PROMISE  
IT'LL BE  
MY LAST.

SO, DID YOU  
HEAR FROM  
JACK?

IS HE STILL ON HIS  
ROMANIAN *MERCY*  
MISSION?

YEAH. HE'S REALLY INTENT  
ON GETTING THIS OLD *REFUGEE*  
BACK TO THE *STATES*.

I DUNNO. SOMETIMES I THINK  
HE MAYBE JUST WANTS TO GET A  
*BOOK* OUT OF IT, WIN THE  
*PULITZER* OR SOMETHING.



YEAH.  
KNOWING JACK,  
YOU'RE PROBABLY  
*RIGHT*. GOD, MIA,  
*LISTEN* TO US!  
WE ARE JUST  
*SOO* CYNICAL!

SO WHAT? I MEAN, IT'S THAT KIND OF  
*WORLD* THESE DAYS. I READ ABOUT  
BOSNIA OR ROMANIA, OR WHEREVER,  
AND I'M JUST, LIKE, *BORED*, YOU  
KNOW?

YEAH. AND IT'S, LIKE,  
*EUROPE*. I MEAN, WHO  
*CARES*? IT'S THE OLD  
WORLD. IT DOESN'T  
SAY ANYTHING TO  
*ME*...



LADIES.



IT IS A  
LOVELY  
EVENING.



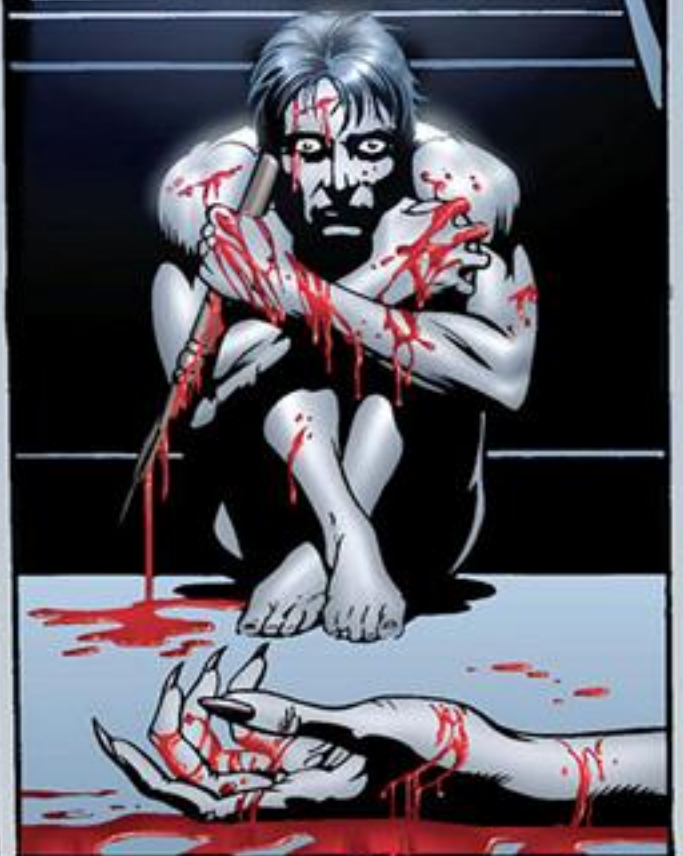
"AFTER AN HOUR, THE WOMEN PASSED OUT, SATED AND SLEEPY."

"I WAS SO DRAINED. ONLY BLIND INSTINCT MADE ME CRAWL TO THE ROOM'S ONLY WOODEN CHAIR AND BEGIN BREAKING IT INTO JAGGED LENGTHS."



"AFTER I'D DONE IT, I SAT AND SHOOK. I'D JUST MURDERED THREE WOMEN."

"THINGS LIKE THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN. NOT IN MY WORLD."



"I LEFT THE HOUSE JUST AFTER DAWN. I HAD TO GET BACK TO AMERICA, TO MIA..."

"I'D BEEN WRITING TO DRAGUNSUN FOR MONTHS BEFORE COMING HERE. HE'D BEEN WRITING TO ME."

"HE HAD MY ADDRESS."









MIA'S NOT HERE, JACK. HE TOOK HER OUT DOWNTOWN. I LOOK A MESS, OR I'D HAVE GONE WITH THEM.

WHY DON'T YOU COME IN? I'M JUST WATCHING "FRIENDS".

L-LUCY?

"STUPIDLY, IT WAS ONLY WHEN I SAID LUCY'S NAME THAT I REALIZED HOW SIMILAR ALL OUR NAMES WERE TO THOSE IN THE ORIGINAL STORY.

"THE ORIGINAL STORY". DEAR GOD, LISTEN TO ME.

COME ON, JACK. I HATE WATCHING ALONE. MIA WON'T MIND. THIS IS AMERICA. IT'S 1997. WE'RE ADULTS.

I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE IN THE DARK AGES...

"IN BRAM STOKER'S ORIGINAL STORY, JONATHAN HARKER UNWITTINGLY TRANSPORTS DRACULA TO ENGLAND, WHERE DRACULA ATTACKS HARKER'S WIFE *MINA* AND HER FRIEND *LUCY*.

"DRACULA WAS A VAMPIRE. THAT FRIGHTENED ME. DRACULA WAS FICTIONAL: THAT FRIGHTENED ME MORE.

"THE BIG GLASS ASHTRAY JUST ABOUT TOOK LUCY'S HEAD OFF.

"THAT'S PRETTY MUCH WHAT HAPPENED IN STOKER'S BOOK, TOO.

"AFTERWARDS, I WENT DOWNTOWN LOOKING FOR MIA."



"IT WASN'T HARD, FIGURING WHERE THEY'D GONE."

"HE STOOD AT THE  
BAR WITH A BUNCH  
OF KIDS ALL LISTENING  
TO HIM.

"MINA WAS WITH HIM EXCEPT SHE WASN'T MINA, AND WHEN I SAW HER I KNEW MINA WAS GONE."

"GOD, DID I SAY  
**MINA?** I  
MEANT  
**MIA.**

"WHEN I  
CRASHED IN  
THROUGH  
THE DOOR,  
I WAS  
WEEPING,  
I WAS  
SCREAMING..."

AT THE BAR!  
LOOK AT HIM!  
HE'S  
DRACULA!

**YOU'RE  
TALKING TO  
DRACULA!**

so?

"A WALL OF WHITEFACE, AND PATCHOULI, AND INDIFFERENT STARING EYES. THEY DIDN'T CARE. IT'S AMERICA, IT'S 1997, IT'S DRACULA. WHY NOT?"

## " WHY NOT?

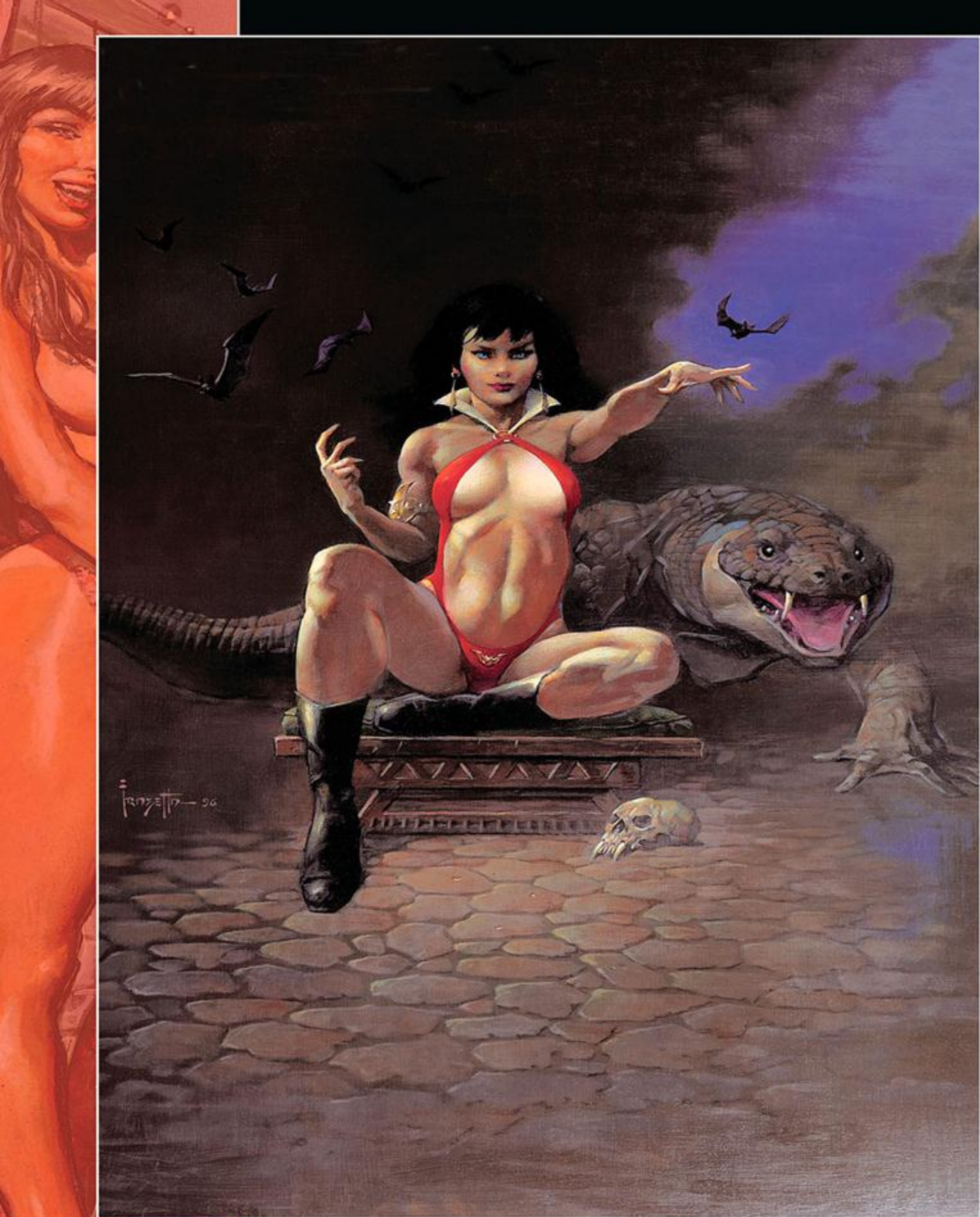
"THEY TOOK ME OUTSIDE, KICKED MY RIBS IN AND DUMPED ME HERE. NEITHER HE NOR MIA LEFT THE BAR. THEY DIDN'T EVEN TURN AROUND."

**MR.  
HALLORAN?**









# VAMPIRELLA OF DRAKULON

FOREST J. ACKERMAN writer MARK TEXEIRA painter  
MICHAEL CONLEY of KELL-O-GRAPHICS letterer  
FRANK FEAZETTA featured pin-up artist



ASIDE FROM SOMETHING A BIT ODD ABOUT HER SHOULDER BLADES, YOU MIGHT TAKE THIS TO BE AN ORDINARY YOUNG LADY TAKING A SHOWER.

UM...  
WARM...  
GOOD!

HOW  
REFRESHING!

LIP-  
SMACKING  
GOOD!

HOWEVER, YOU  
ARE QUITE  
MISTAKEN...

SOLE  
SATISFYING!

RIGHT DOWN  
TO MY SOLES!

THIS YOUNG LADY IS NOT  
GARGLING IN HER SHOWER...

UMMM...  
KIND TO MY  
THROAT!

SHE IS  
DRINKING  
HER DINNER!  
ON HER  
PLANET, WATER  
HAS THE  
CONSTITUTION  
OF BLOOD!  
FOR SHE IS...



# VAMPIRELLA

of Drakulon





**DRAKULON IS-- LITERALLY  
--A PLANET OF BLOOD!  
BY A STRANGE QUIRK  
OF NATURE, THE WATER  
ON DRAKULON IS  
COMPOSED OF  
VIRTUALLY THE SAME  
COMBINATION OF ELEMENTS  
THAT ON EARTH  
CONSTITUTE HEMOGLOBIN.**

**EVOLUTION HAS  
TAKEN STRANGE WAYS  
ON DRAKULON...**

**...A RACE HAS DEVELOPED  
THAT DEPENDS SOLELY ON  
BLOOD FOR SUSTENANCE.**



*Chapman* 5-31-90



**B**UT DRAKULON'S MIGHTY RIVERS  
HAVE DRIED, FALLEN VICTIM  
TO THE SEARING HEAT...



...FROM HER BLAZING  
TWIN SUNS  
SATYR AND CIRCE.



**A**ND VAMPIRELLA, LIKE THE  
REST OF HER RACE, IS  
WEAK FROM LOSS OF FOOD!



OH!  
FOR A DRINK!

**SWISSSH!**

VAMPIRELLA! A SPACESHIP  
FROM ANOTHER WORLD HAS  
CRASHED ON THE OUTSKIRTS  
OF GOSI-BRAM!



OD'S BLOODKINS!  
I'LL CHECK IT OUT  
WITH WINGS ON!





I HOPE I HAVE  
ENOUGH ENERGY  
TO FLY!



WHEW! THE  
FLYING'S ROUGH!



DISASTER!



YOU SAID IT!





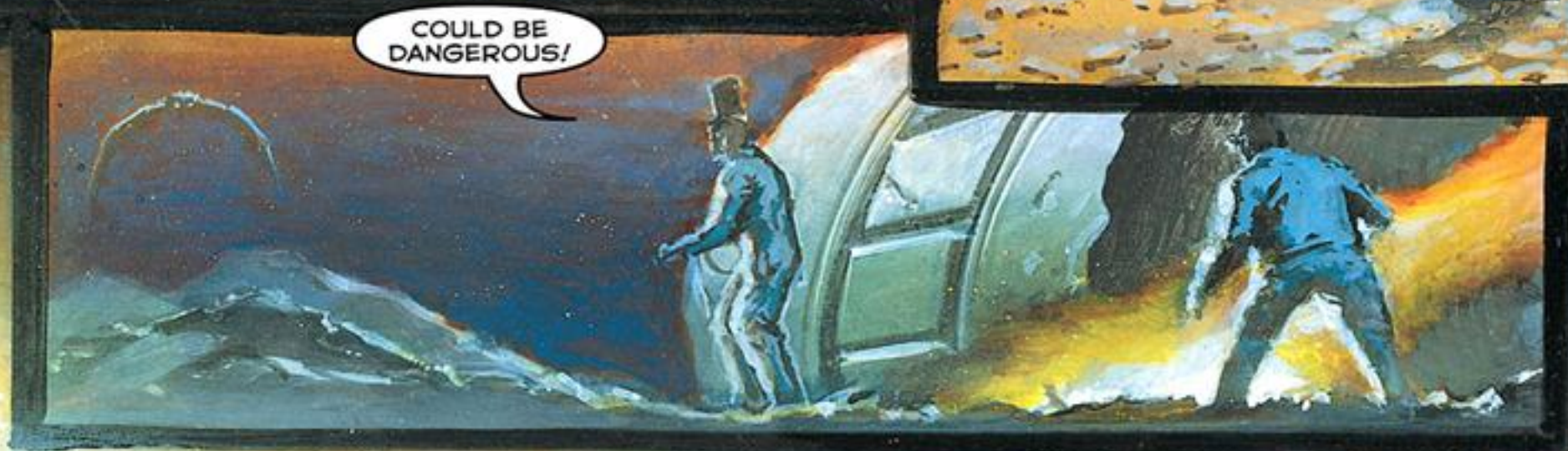
MAYBE I  
BETTER MAKE MY  
APPROACH...



...IN  
MY OTHER  
FORM!



HEY! THAT  
LOOKS LIKE A  
GIANT BAT!



COULD BE  
DANGEROUS!



ZAP!

NO SENSE  
TAKING CHANCES ON  
A STRANGE PLANET!





ZAP!

OUCH!

I'LL FIX THEM  
FOR THAT!

I'LL WILL  
MYSELF...

...INTO  
INVISIBILITY.

I'LL CREEP UP  
ON THEM AND THEY'LL  
NEVER KNOW WHAT  
GOT THEM!

VAMPIRELLA, NOT REALIZING  
HOW WEAK SHE IS FROM DAYS  
WITHOUT "FOOD," HAS LOST  
HER POWERS OF INVISIBILITY  
AND SHAPE-CHANGING...



...AND IS BEGINNING TO  
REVERT TO HER NATURAL FORM.



WHAT  
THE--!



GOOD  
LORD!

AN  
INTERPLANETARY  
GHOST?!!



HELL  
HATH NO  
FURY...



GGHAAAAAAAAAAAAA!



... LIKE  
A WOMAN  
SCORCHED!





H<sub>2</sub>O!

WATER  
FLOWS IN THEIR  
VEINS!!

ON DRAKULON, THE FORMULA  
FOR WATER IS HEMOGLOBIN  
DOUBLED WITH OXYGEN!



MAYBE  
THERE ARE MORE OF  
THOSE MEN-THINGS  
INSIDE...



SMORGASBLOOD!!



YOU  
WON'T HAVE DIED  
IN VEIN!

VAMPIRELLA IS DOING HER THING  
--AND ENJOYING EVERY DROP OF IT.  
ON EARTH, WE'D CALL IT A BLOOD BATH!



FEAST COME,  
FEAST SERVED!

THE  
END





# LOOKING FOR MR. GOODWIN

JEPH LOEB writer TIM SALE artist

RICHARD STARKING and COMICRAFT'S WES ABBOT letterer

J.D. SMITH colorist

TIM SALE featured pin-up artist



It was a humid night in the city. October in New York was as indifferent as a woman...



... Surprisingly hot and then suddenly cold for no apparent reason.

TAP  
TAP  
TAP



I heard the brass hinges of the elevator gate and the distinctive click-clack of her high heeled shoes long before...



... She ever opened my office door.

I'M LOOKING FOR MR. GOODWIN.



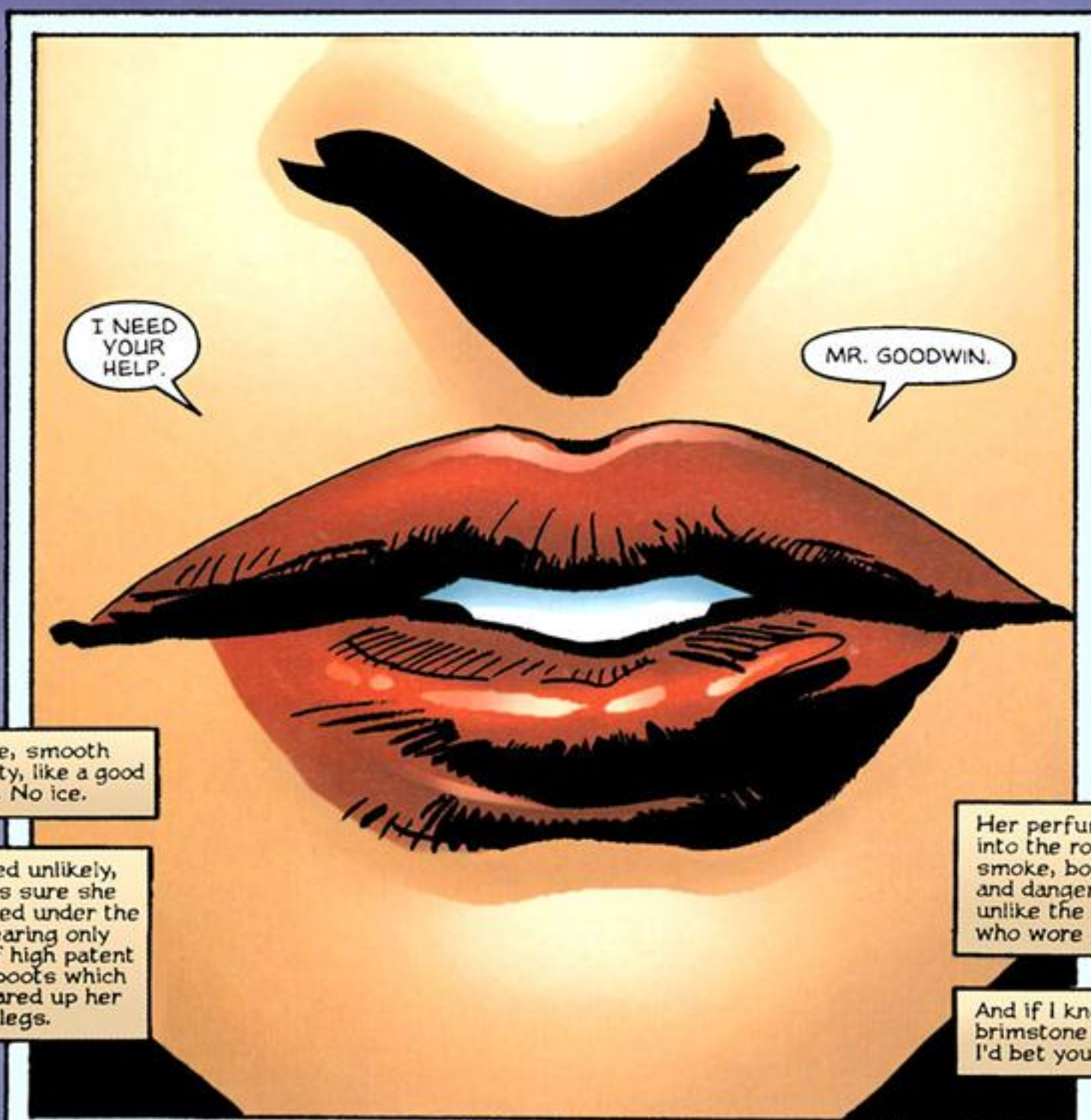
YOU.

I.

THAT IS.

I'M MR. GOODWIN.





I NEED YOUR HELP.

MR. GOODWIN.

Her voice, smooth and velvety, like a good bourbon. No ice.

It seemed unlikely, but I was sure she was naked under the coat, wearing only a pair of high patent leather boots which disappeared up her shapely legs.

Her perfume curled into the room like smoke, both alluring and dangerous, not unlike the woman who wore it.

And if I knew what brimstone smelled like, I'd bet you that was it.



UM. YEAH. UH. HELP...?

I NEED A WRITER OF YOUR CALIBER -- ONE WITH BOTH THE WIT AND GENTLENESS TO CAPTURE THE HUMAN CONDITION --



-- TO TELL MY STORY.



I'M SURE THERE ARE OTHERS WHO COULD HELP YOU, MISS...?



I WANT YOU.





-- as much as I suspected it had chosen and picked me.

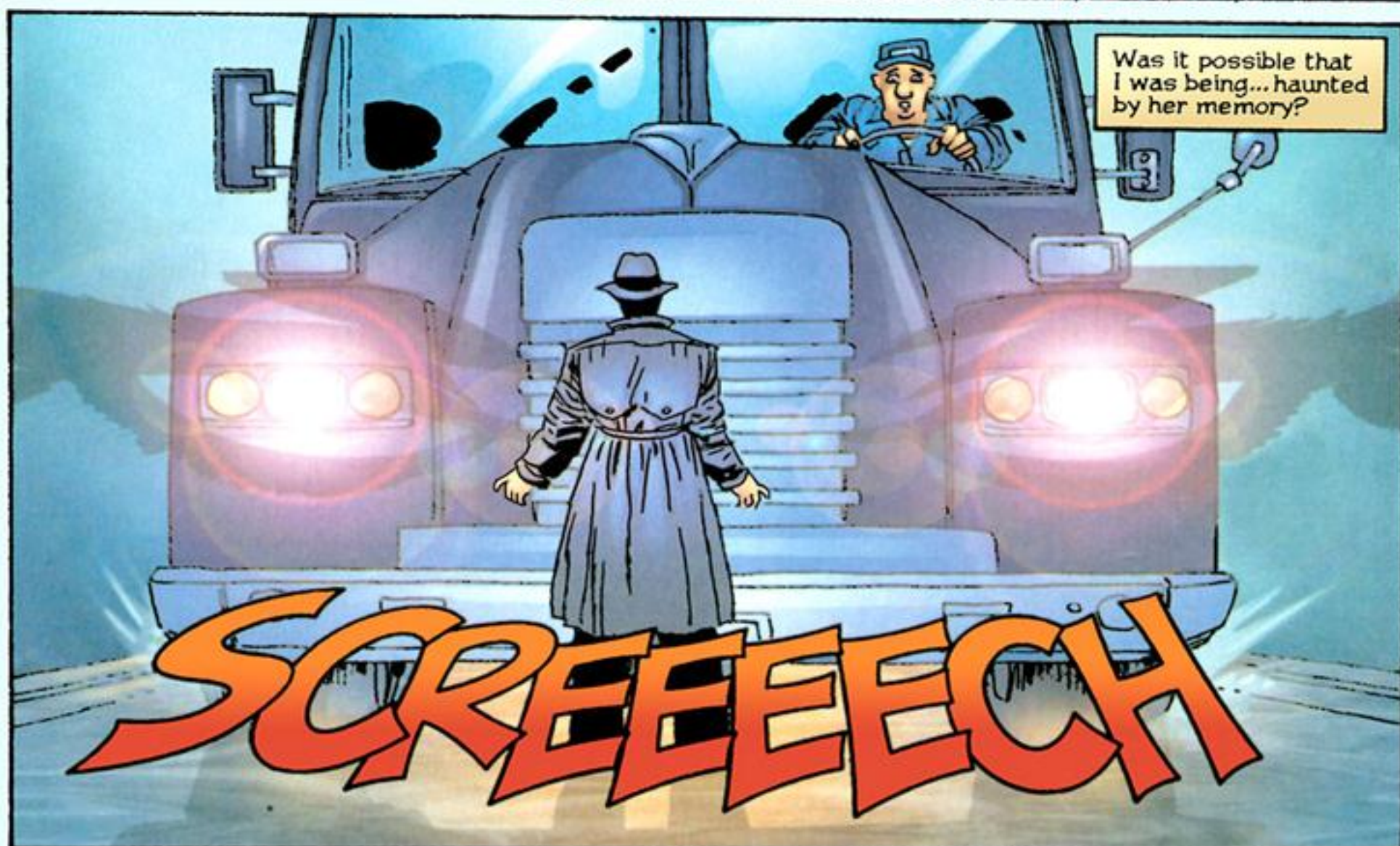






In the weeks that followed, I couldn't get her off of my mind.

Deadlines came and went. Nothing held my interest the way she did.



Was it possible that I was being... haunted by her memory?



I didn't even know how to get in touch with her.



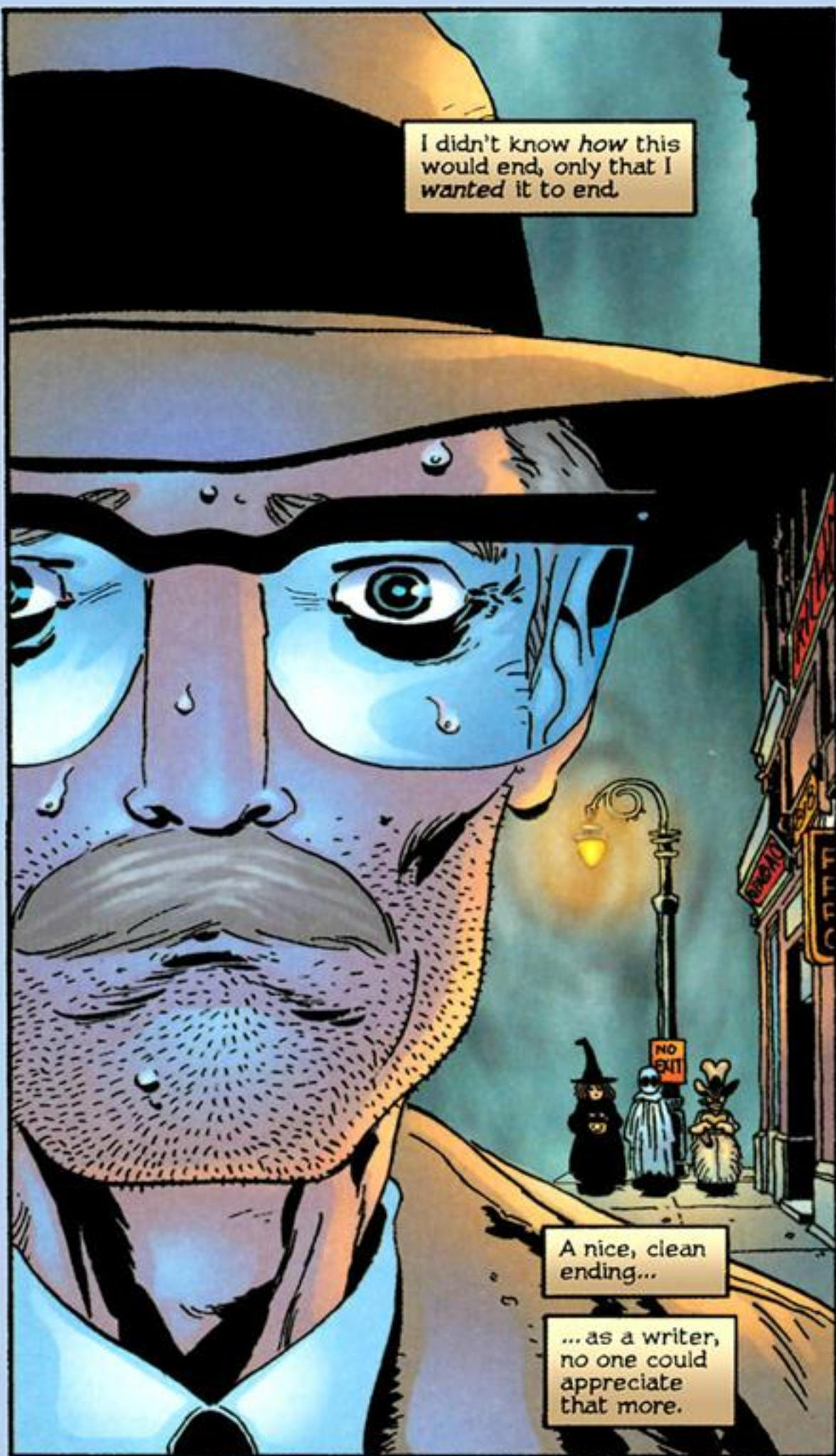
I didn't even know her name.

And then...





Halloween night.



I didn't know *how* this would end, only that I wanted it to end.

A nice, clean ending...

...as a writer, no one could appreciate that more.



MR. GOODWIN...

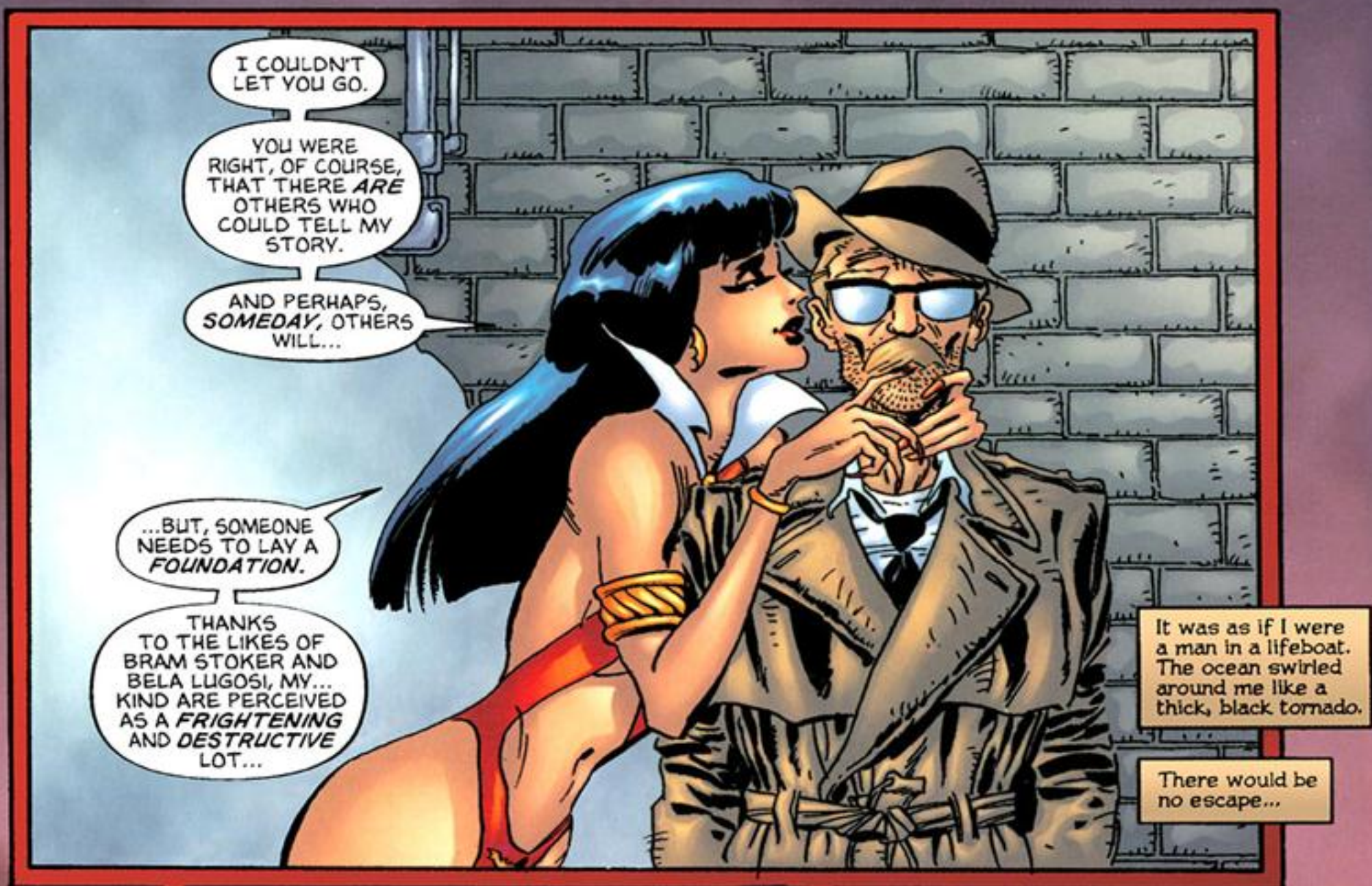


That voice!











There would be other stories, other work, that would fill out my day as though nothing had changed.

**TAP  
TAP TAP**

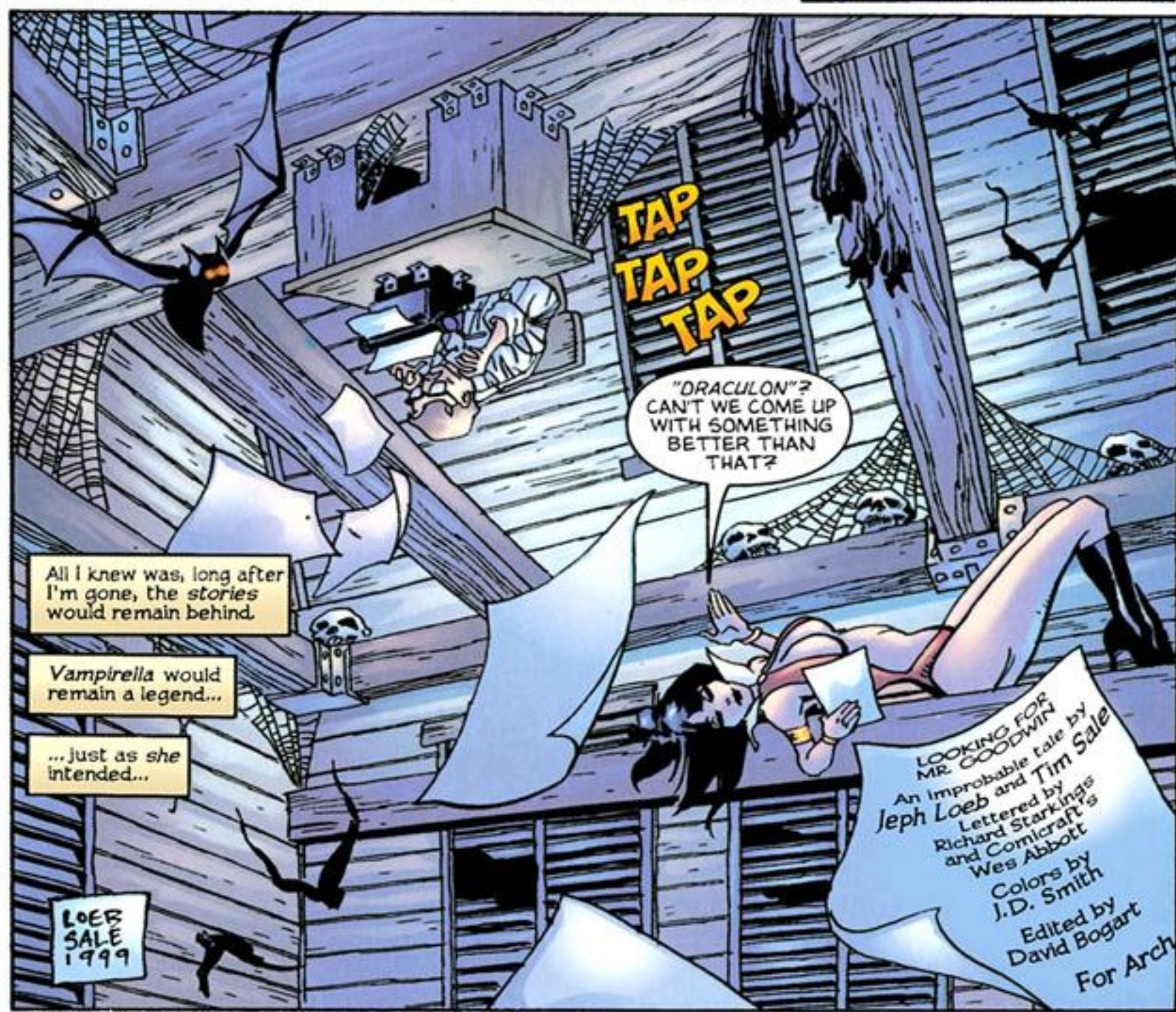


And through the years, there would be colleagues and critics alike who would ask why I ever touched the subject matter.

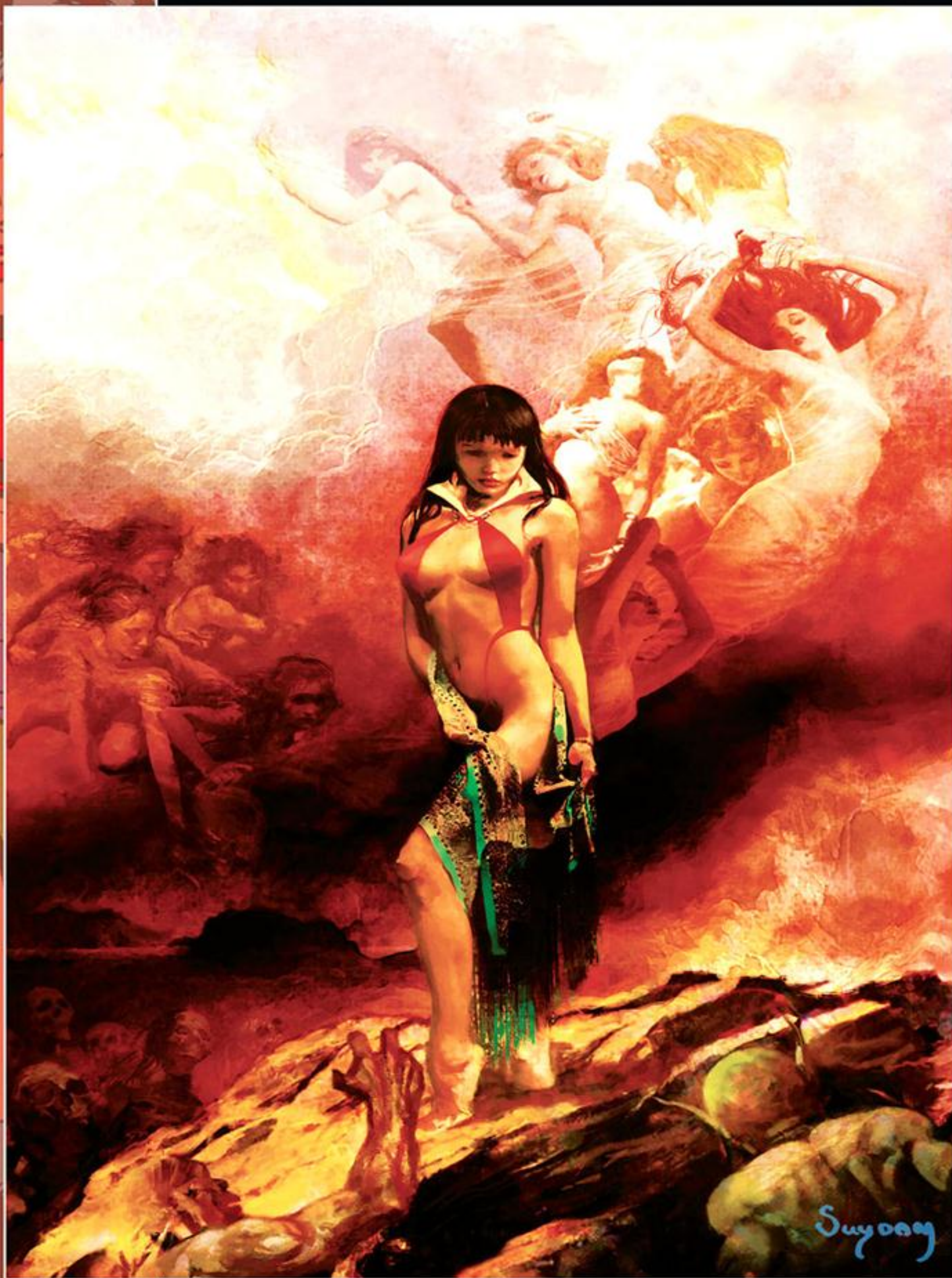
**TAP  
TAP TAP**



But when the moon was full and the music of the night filled my ears, I was... compelled to work on *her* stories.







# BUGS

KURT BUSIEK writer ARTHUR ADAMS artist  
KEVIN CUNNINGHAM letterer RICHARD HOWELL colorist  
ARTHUR SUYDAM featured pin-up artist



THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT--  
A CENTURIES-OLD FOREST  
WHERE MYSTERIOUS SHADOWS  
HANG OVER THE TREES LIKE  
HUNGRY VULTURES, AND--

# VAMPIRELLA

A STERLING RECIPE FOR  
HORROR AND THRILLS IN ANY-  
ONE'S BOOK--ESPECIALLY  
MINE!

AND, SURE  
ENOUGH...

SATYR  
AND  
CIRCE!

I'M--  
SURROUNDED  
BY--

An INFESTATION  
of FEAR by:  
KURT ARTHUR  
BUSIEK & ADAMS  
lettered lickety-split by:  
KEVIN CUNNINGHAM  
colored overnight by:  
RICHARD HOWELL

WHAT--?

THE STICKY STRANDS  
WRAP TIGHTLY  
AROUND VAMPIRELLA,  
AND--

AND AS DARKNESS  
CLAIMS HER, HER  
MIND REELS BACK--

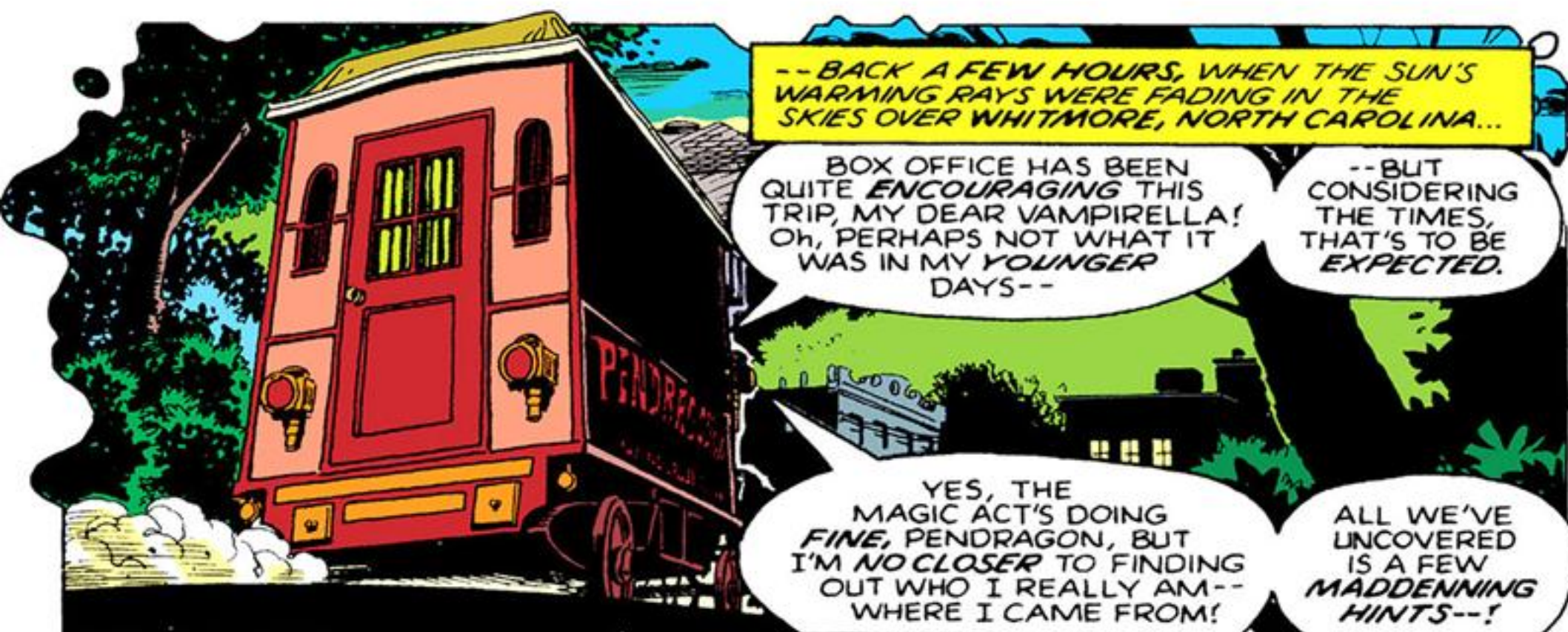
Uhh!

WEBS?  
BUT --

KRAK

THIPP  
THIPP





-- BACK A FEW HOURS, WHEN THE SUN'S WARMING RAYS WERE FADING IN THE SKIES OVER WHITMORE, NORTH CAROLINA...

BOX OFFICE HAS BEEN QUITE *ENCOURAGING* THIS TRIP, MY DEAR VAMPIRELLA! Oh, PERHAPS NOT WHAT IT WAS IN MY *YOUNGER* DAYS--

-- BUT CONSIDERING THE TIMES, THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED.

YES, THE MAGIC ACT'S DOING *FINE*, PENDRAGON, BUT I'M NO CLOSER TO FINDING OUT WHO I REALLY AM-- WHERE I CAME FROM!

ALL WE'VE UNCOVERED IS A FEW *MADDENING HINTS*--!

I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR *FRUSTRATION*, MY DEAR--

--BUT DO LOOK AT THE *POSITIVE*: BRACING FRESH AIR, GORGEOUS OUTDOOR VISTAS, THE COMPANY OF QUAIN, FRIENDLY TOWNSFOLK--

Oh, REALLY? LOOK.

Ah, QUAIN, FRIENDLY TOWNSFOLK WHO HUDDLE IN THEIR DOORWAYS-- CLUTCHING *FIREARMS*.

HMM.

THIS MAY BE AN INTERESTING VISIT...

--FURTHER DISAPPEARANCES--

--WEIRD BUZZING SOUND--

--SHAPES AT NIGHT--

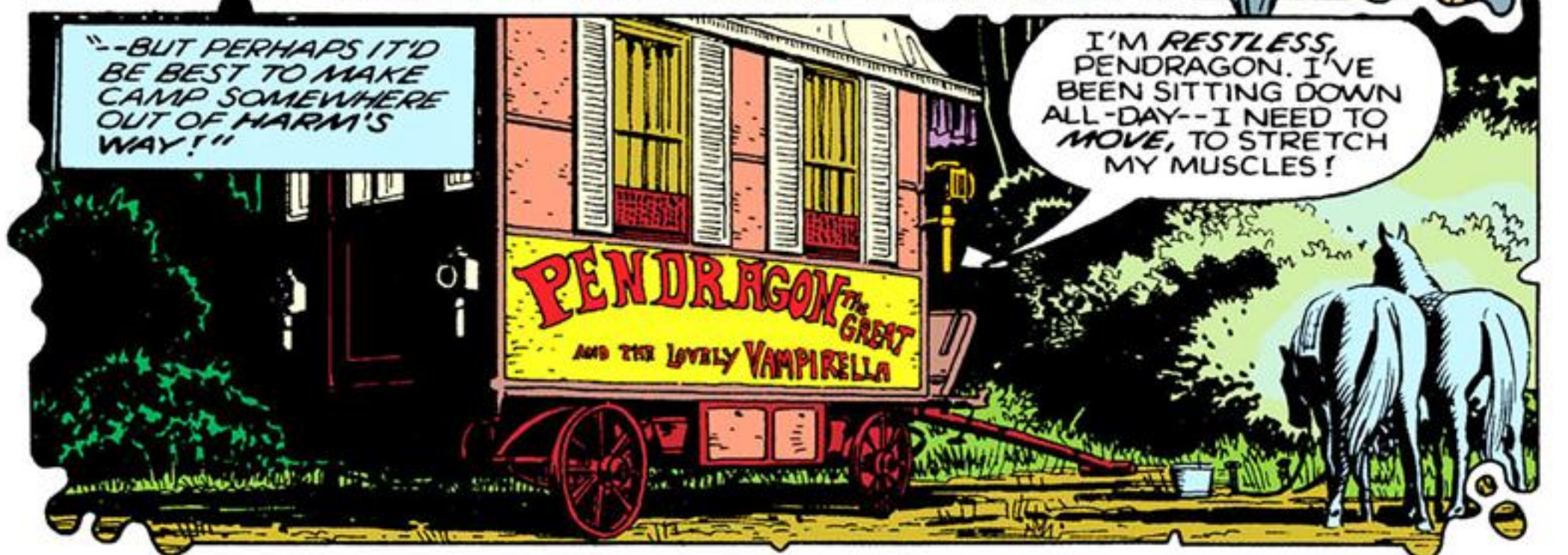
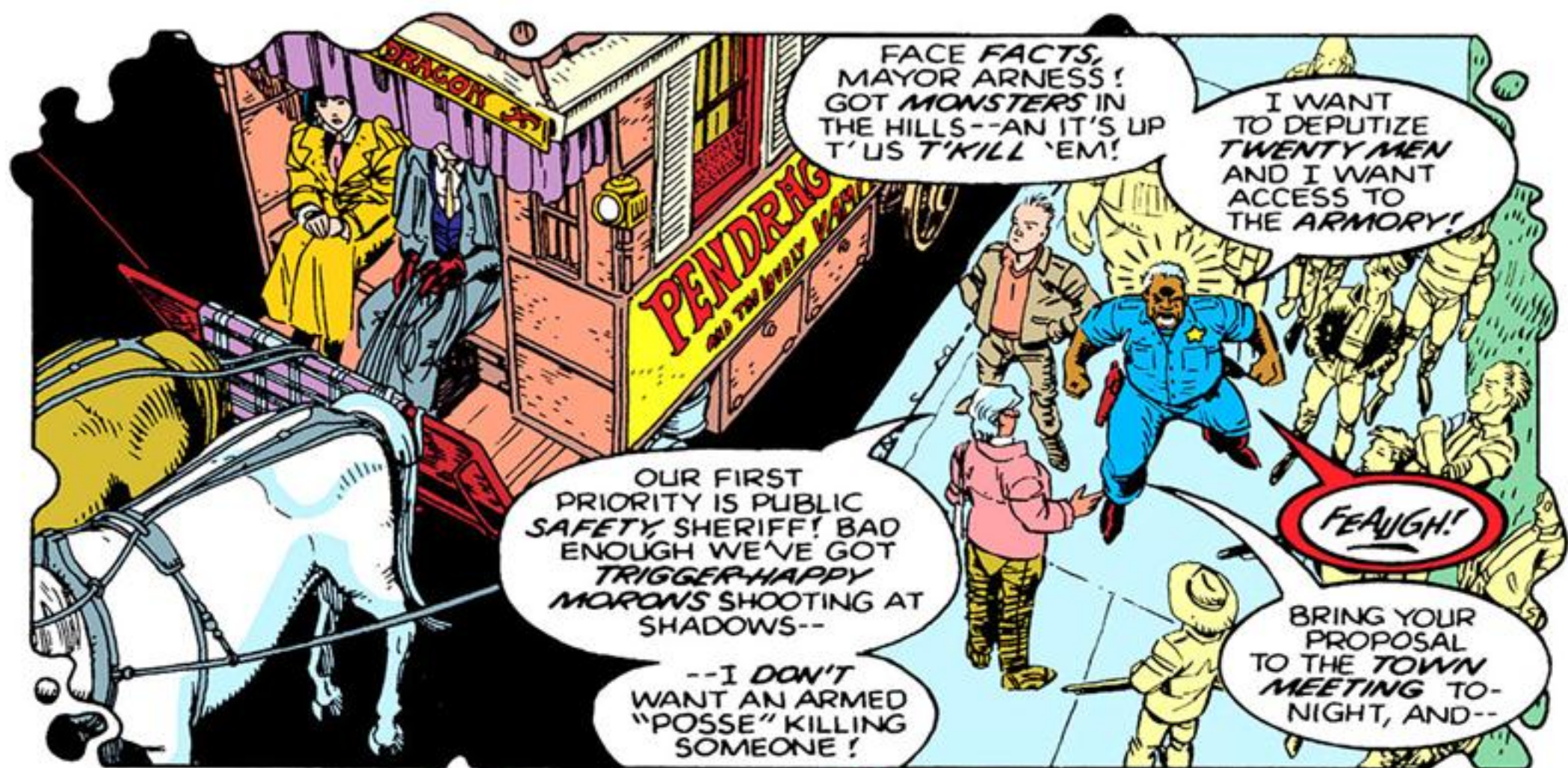
--MY KID, SHERIFF--

--SCARED--

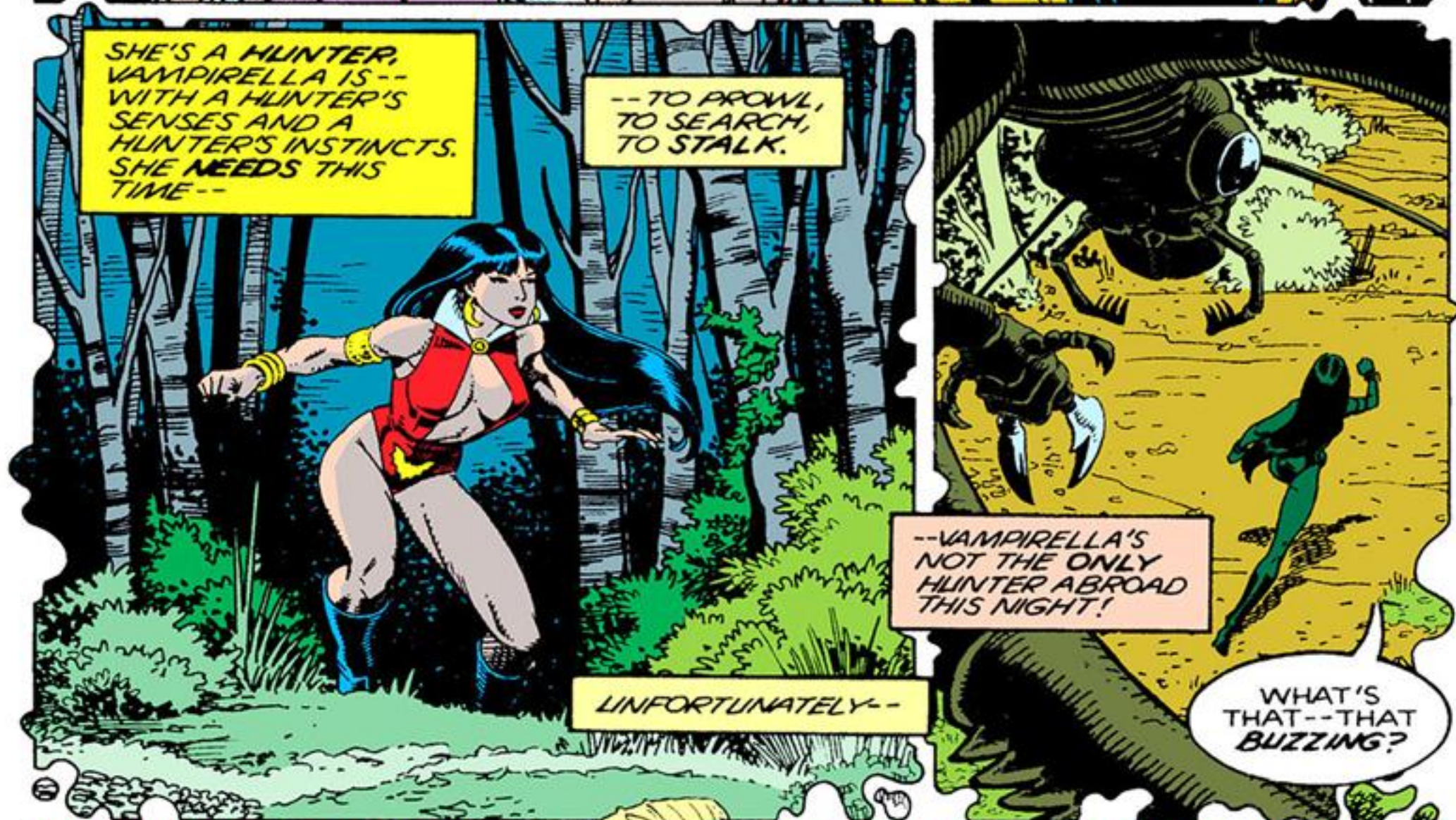
--MONSTERS--



















I AM THE **QUEEN** OF THIS HIVE. AND I SEE BY YOUR REACTION THAT YOU **UNDERSTAND** MY SONIC VIBRATIONS.

WE **SENSED** YOU WERE SOMEHOW DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS.

IS THAT WHAT THAT **SMELLY POTION** WAS? A **TRANSLATION SPELL**?

AND BECAUSE OF MY **MYSTIC NATURE**--



WELL, **HOW** IT WORKED ISN'T IMPORTANT.

SO--YOU WANT TO TALK, **TALK**. THE TOWNSPEOPLE SAY YOU'RE MONSTERS WHO'VE BEEN **PREYING** ON THEM.



**HMM**. I SEE. I WILL SHOW YOU THE **TRUTH**.

COME WITH ME.



ONCE, WE WERE JUST AS OUR **ANCESTORS**-- UNTHINKING, UNCOMPLICATED, CONTENT TO LIVE AND DIE IN THE OLD CYCLES.

BUT SOMEHOW, WE GREW-- **CHANGED**--

A LOT OF THAT GOING AROUND THESE PAST TEN YEARS. TOO MUCH **FREE-FLOATING ELDRITCH ENERGY**.

**HUMAN** DOINGS. OF COURSE.





WE GREW *TOO BIG*  
FOR OUR OLD HIVES-- SO  
WE BUILT A *NEW ONE*  
IN THESE CLIFFS--

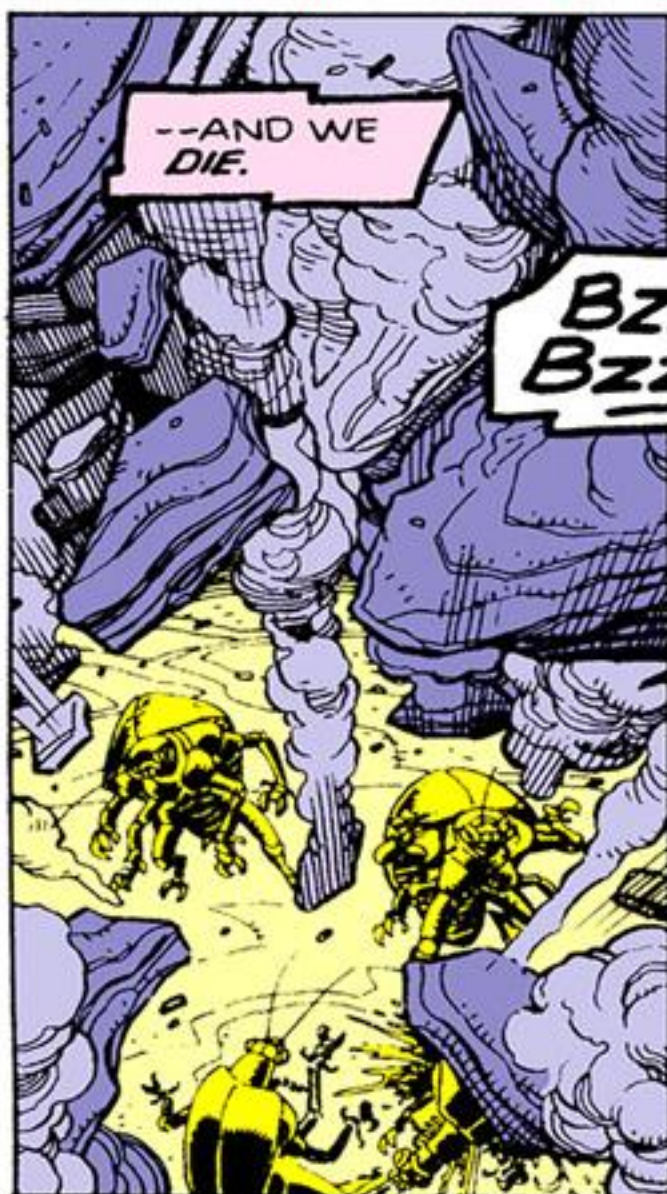
WOW-- THIS  
IS *HUGE!* IT MUST  
HAVE TAKEN YOU  
*FOREVER!*

IT IS WHAT  
WE DO. IT IS  
OUR *HOME.*



BUT THE HUMANS  
CAME, TO TAKE  
ROCK FOR *THEIR*  
HOMES.

THEY DIG--  
THEY BLAST--



--AND WE  
*DIE.*

**BZZT  
Bzzzt!**

WE TRIED TO *STOP* THEM--  
TO TELL THEM THEY ARE  
KILLING OUR *CHILDREN--*

**MONSTERS!**



--BUT THEY ARE  
*CLOSED* TO OUR  
VIBRATIONS. IT  
IS FUTILE.

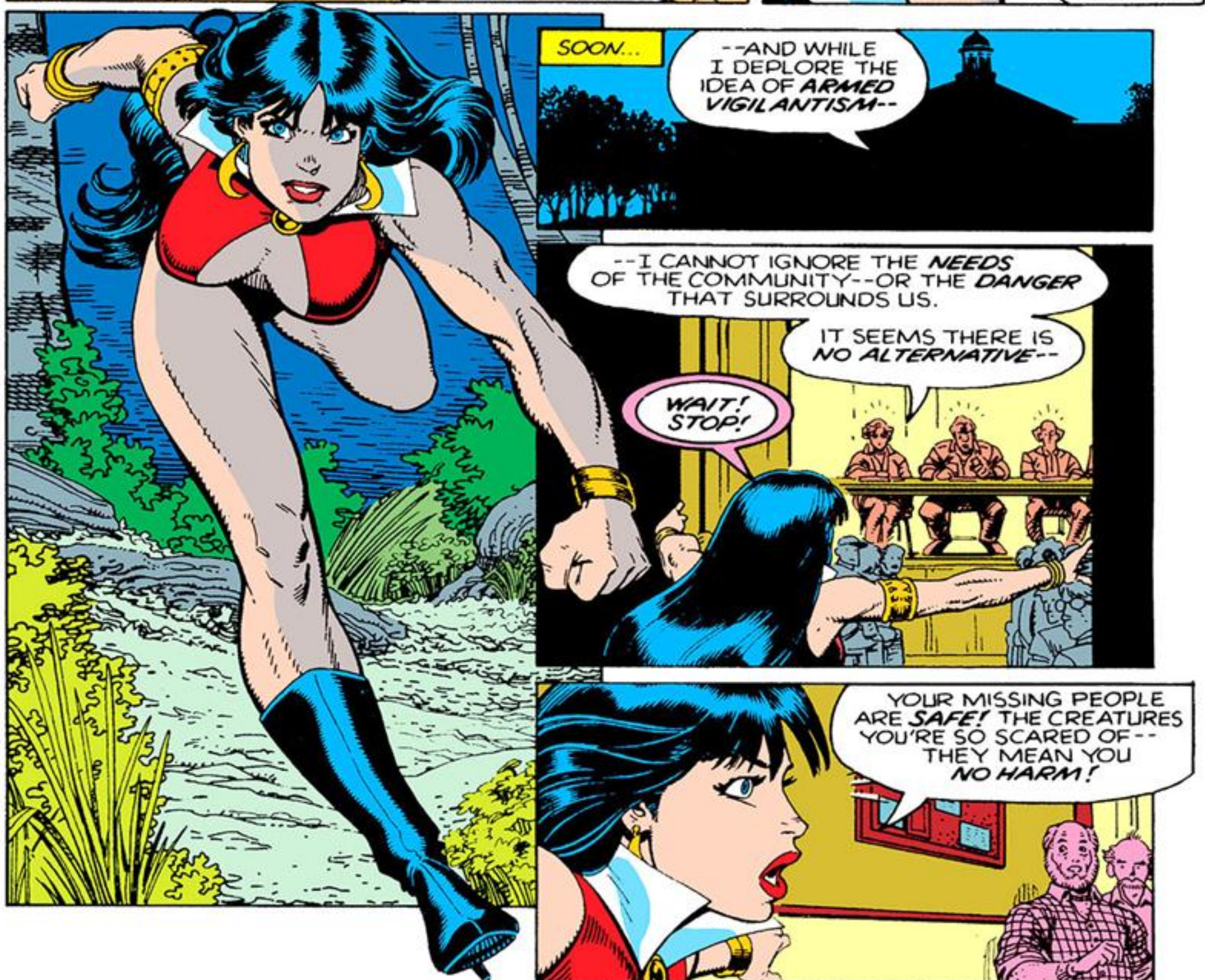


YOU ARE THE  
FIRST HUMAN WITH  
WHOM WE CAN  
COMMUNICATE.

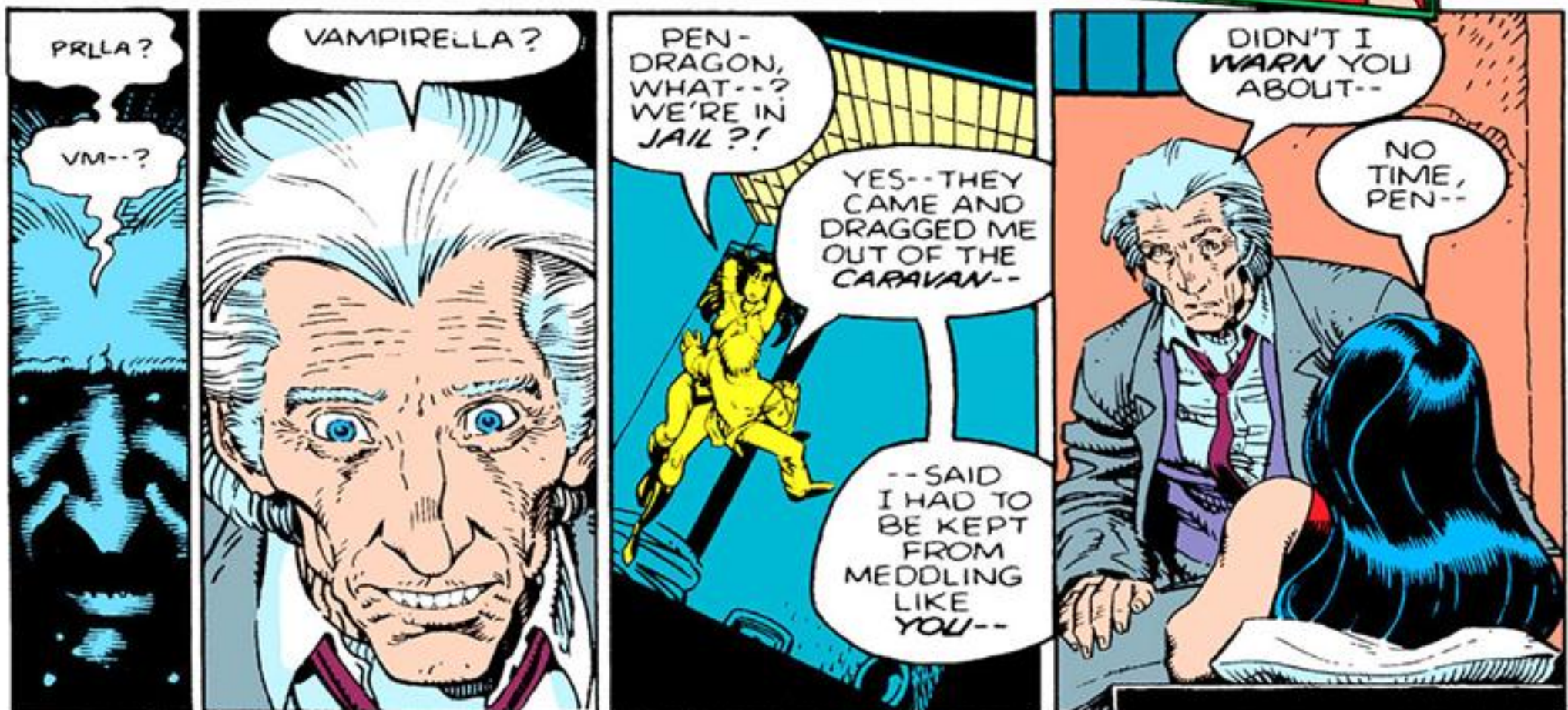
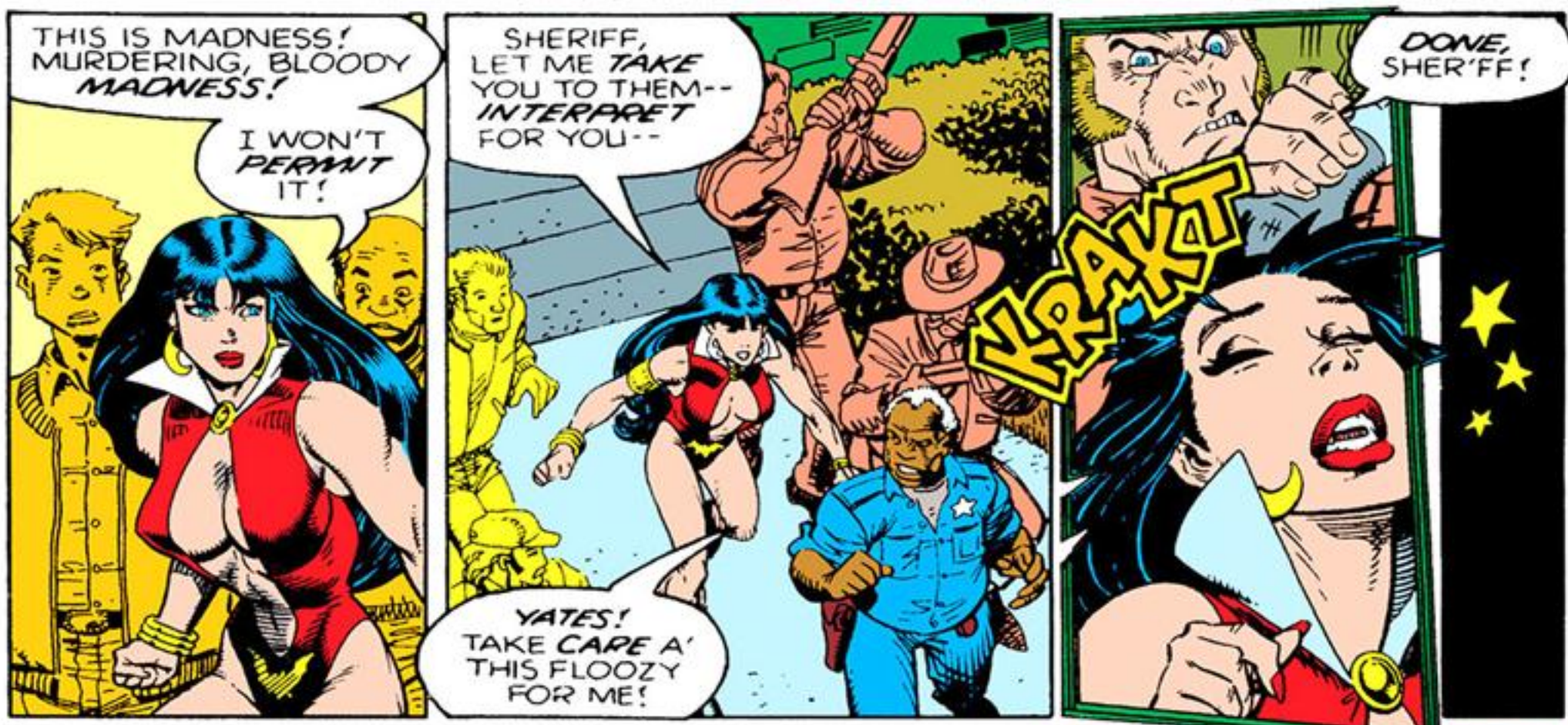
IF I'M  
EVEN  
HUMAN.

BUT  
FORGET  
THAT. WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
PEOPLE YOU--  
WELL, *KID-  
NAPPED?*













WE'VE GOT  
TO GET  
OUT OF HERE--  
NOW!

Oh, AND MY  
GOODNESS--  
LOOK!  
THE DOOR'S  
OPEN!



GET OUT OF  
TOWN WITH THE  
CARAVAN, PEN--  
I'LL CATCH UP  
TO YOU!

BUT  
WHAT  
ARE  
YOU--?  
Oh,  
NEVER  
MIND.

I  
DON'T THINK I  
REALLY WANT  
TO KNOW.



VAMPIRELLA'S WINGS  
SHUDDER AS SHE RACES TO  
REACH THE HIVE, TO  
WARN THE QUEEN--

BUT--

BR  
PAK  
PAK  
PAK



GUNFIRE!  
NO!

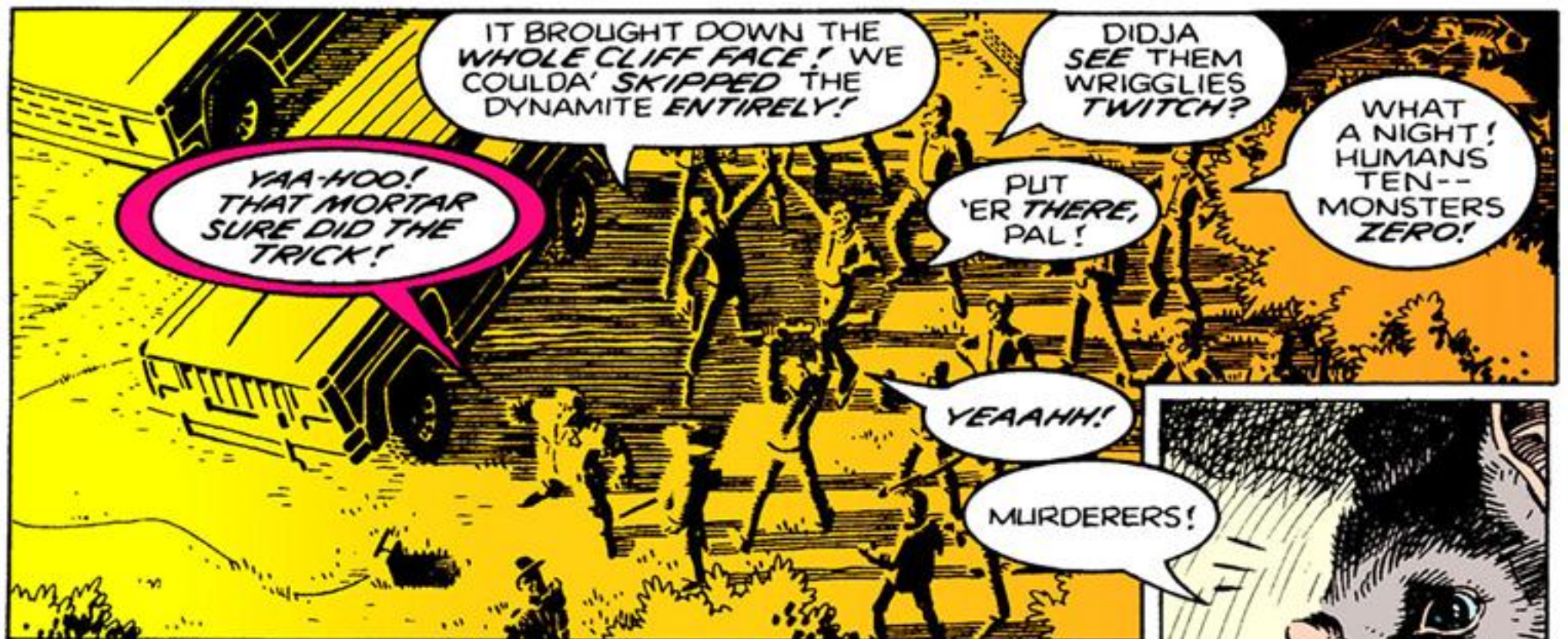
AND-- THAT  
WHISTLING  
SOUND--!

WOOMF!

PRAKOW!

K-BRAM!





YAA-HOO!  
THAT MORTAR  
SURE DID THE  
TRICK!

IT BROUGHT DOWN THE  
WHOLE CLIFF FACE! WE  
COULDA' SKIPPED THE  
DYNAMITE ENTIRELY!

DIDJA  
SEE THEM  
WRIGGLIES  
TWITCH?

WHAT  
A NIGHT!  
HUMANS  
TEN--  
MONSTERS  
ZERO!

PUT  
'ER THERE,  
PAL!

YEAHH!

MURDERERS!



Bzzt  
Bzz  
Bzz!

Bzz  
Bzzzt!



Uh--  
SHERIFF?

Uh--

Uh--



MORE  
A' THEM  
MONSTERS!

BIGGER  
ONES!

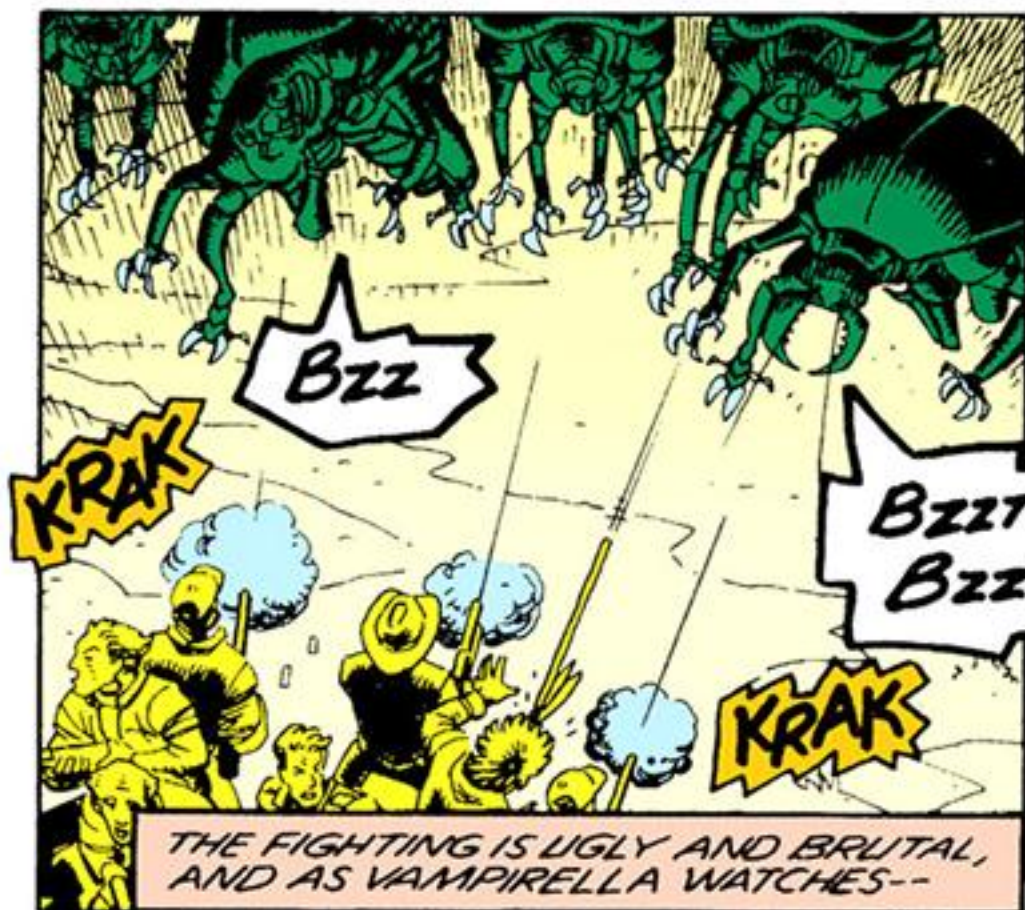
'MEMBER  
BACK IN SCIENCE  
CLASS? THOSE MUSTA'  
BEEN DRONES WE  
KILLED--

--THESE  
ARE THE  
SOLJERS!

I DON'T CARE  
IF THEY'RE BUG  
GIRL SCOUTS--

--WASTE  
'EM!













# SANCTUARY

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST writer ALAN DAVIS artist  
MARK FARMER inker DEAN WHITE colorist  
ALAN DAVIS featured pin-up artist





















SRAK



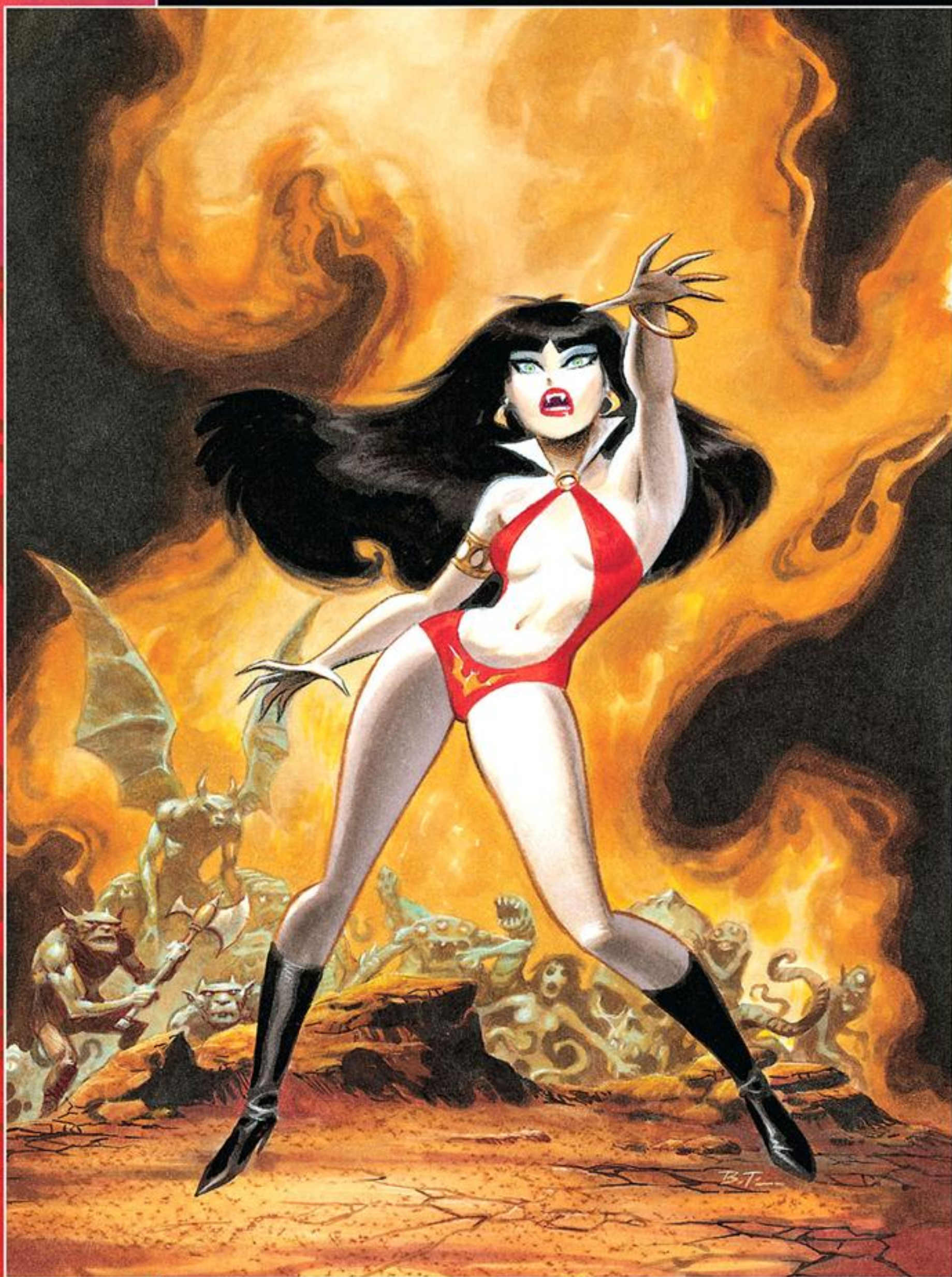
SHH











## LUST FOR LIFE

TY TEMPLETON writer BRUCE TIMM artist  
DAN SARACENI & KELL-O-GRAPHICS letterers  
BRUCE TIMM featured pin-up artist



THINGS  
CHANGE.

BUT, IN THE  
LAST TWENTY-  
FOUR HOURS,  
I'VE FOUND  
I CAN'T  
IMAGINE  
LIVING WITHOUT  
JORDAN  
SHEPPARD.

SINCE OUR  
EYES MET  
AT THE  
GALLERY  
PARTY...

AS THE LAST SURVIVOR OF  
THE PLANET DRAKULON, I  
HAD GROWN USED TO LIVING  
WITH A KIND OF LONELINESS  
THAT WAS ONCE UNIMAGINABLE.

...I HAVEN'T  
LEFT HIS  
SIDE.

WHEN HE ASKED ME  
TO POSE FOR HIM,  
I IMMEDIATELY  
SAID YES.

I HAD NO  
CHOICE.

I'D SEEN HIS  
WONDERFUL  
PAINTINGS...

..AND  
HIS  
EYES.

SOME PEOPLE CALL "LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"  
A CHEMICAL REACTION...A PRODUCT OF  
PHEROMONES AND BIO-RHYTHMS.

BUT I'M A  
ROMANTIC.

I HAVE TO  
BELIEVE IT'S  
MAGIC.







THE WOMEN  
IN YOUR WORK ARE  
ALL SO GORGEOUS...  
I'M FLATTERED  
YOU ASKED  
ME TO...



STOP  
IT.

YOU ARE  
MESMERIZING  
AND YOU  
KNOW IT.

I HAD  
TO PAINT  
YOU...



THAT'S  
WHAT ART IS  
ALL ABOUT,  
YOU KNOW...

...THE NEED  
TO REACH OUT  
AND STOP A MOMENT  
WITH YOUR  
BARE HANDS...



IS THAT ALL  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
DO WITH YOUR  
BARE HANDS,  
JORDAN?

LATER, I  
PROMISE...

RIGHT NOW,  
WE'RE TRYING TO  
CAPTURE ALL THE  
SADNESS IN THAT  
BEAUTIFUL  
FACE...

...BUT  
YOU'RE  
NOT HOLDING  
YOUR CHIN  
UP!



SADNESS?  
WHO REMEMBERS  
WHAT IT  
MEANS?

I DON'T  
REMEMBER  
EVER BEING  
SAD. ISN'T  
THAT FUNNY?

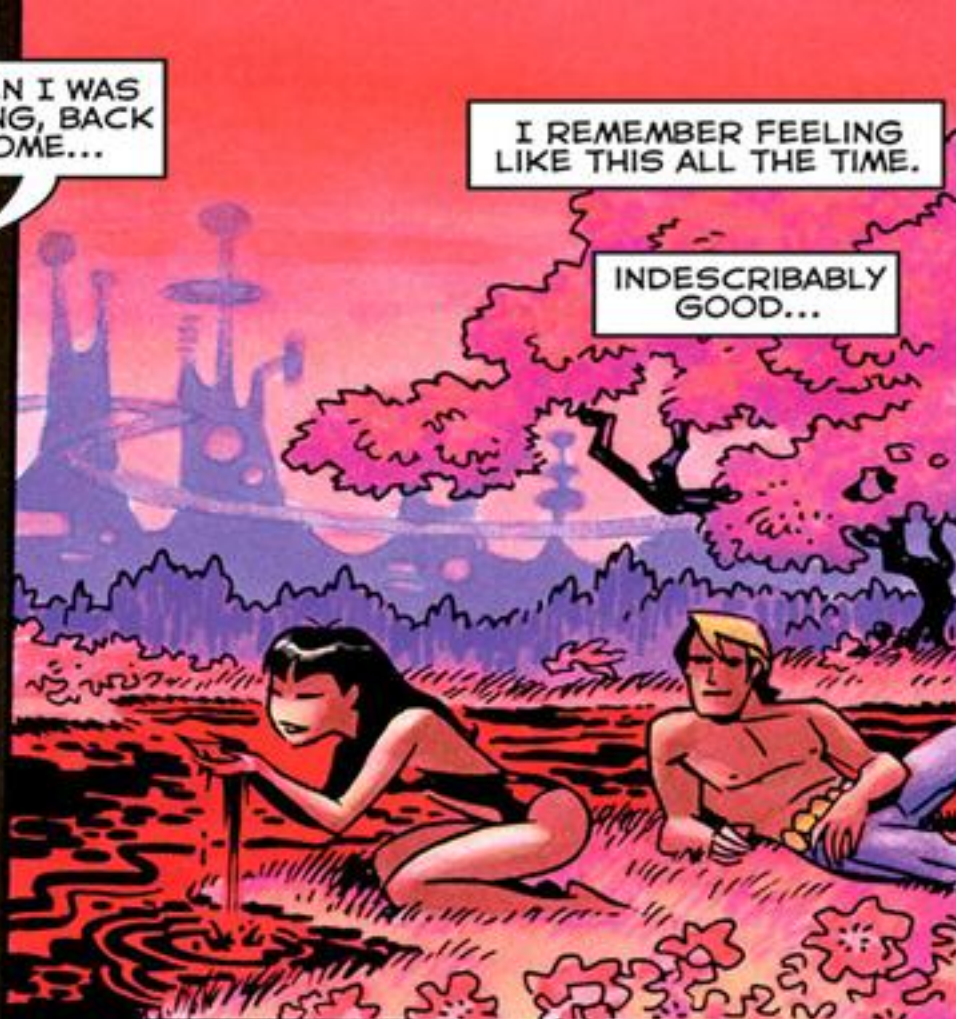
STOP  
SQUIRMING...

I DO  
REMEMBER  
A TIME WHEN I  
WAS THIS HAPPY,  
THOUGH...





WHEN I WAS  
YOUNG, BACK  
HOME...



I REMEMBER FEELING  
LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME.

INDESCRIBABLY  
GOOD...

DAYS WERE FILLED  
WITH MUSIC AND  
LAUGHTER AND  
PLAYFUL CARESSES...

...AND  
WARM RAINS.

I LOVED  
THE RAINS.



IT WAS...LIKE NO PLACE  
YOU'VE EVER SEEN, JORDAN...  
I WISH I COULD SHOW IT  
TO YOU...PAINT A PICTURE  
IN YOUR MIND.

..BUT THERE  
AREN'T WORDS...



OF COURSE, IT  
DIDN'T LAST.  
I'M NOT SURE  
ANYTHING  
DOES...

IN TIME,  
EVERYTHING  
PERFECT WAS  
TAKEN AWAY...



SOMEHOW, I  
FOUND A  
WAY TO  
GO ON.

AN UGLY  
WAY.



I HAD NO  
CHOICE.

BUT NOW...  
HERE WITH  
YOU...

I CAN'T FIND  
ANY SADNESS IN  
MY MEMORIES. ONLY  
A SENSE OF  
HOW GOOD LIFE  
WAS...







AND HOW GOOD IT IS AGAIN.

IT SOUNDS LIKE A DRAMATIC LIFE STORY, REALLY... I WISH WE HAD MORE TIME.

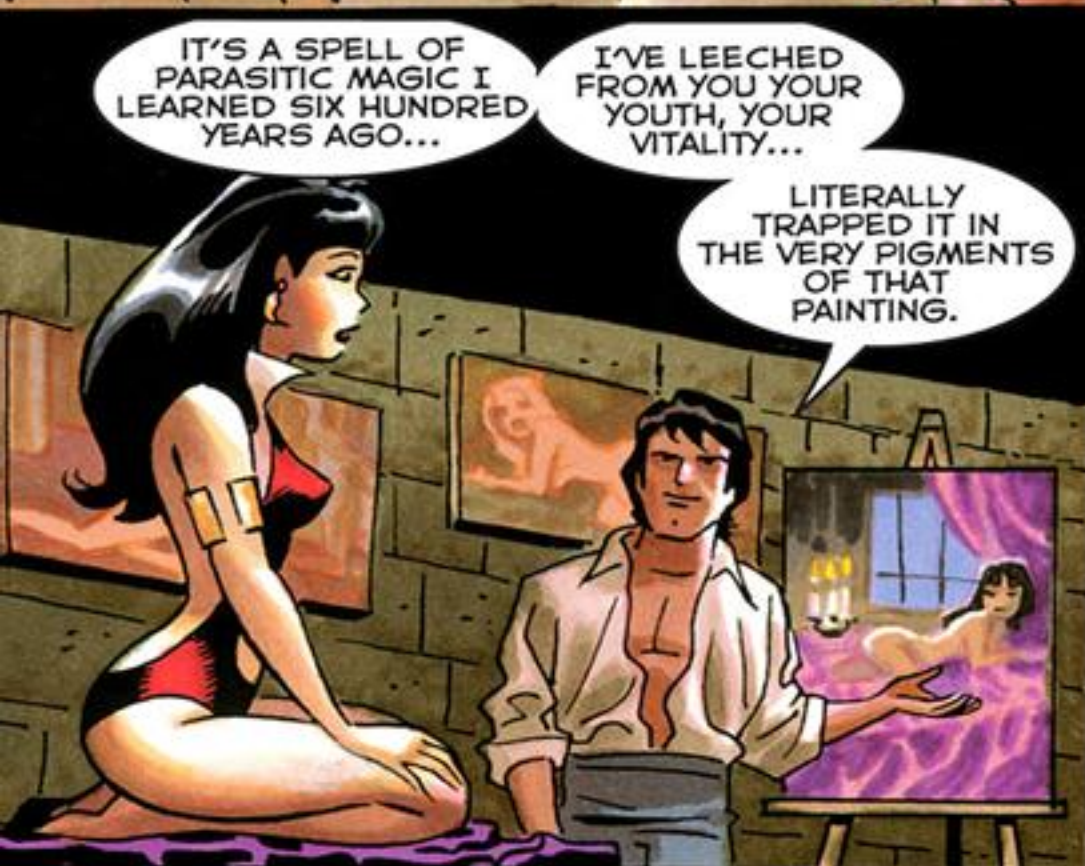
BUT I'VE FINISHED YOUR PORTRAIT AND THE RITUAL'S NEARLY OVER...



THE RITUAL?

THE ONE THAT CAPTURED YOUR SOUL, VAMPIRELLA.

THE SAME RITUAL THAT CAPTURED THE SOULS OF THE WOMEN WHO LINE THE WALLS IN THOSE PAINTINGS...



IT'S A SPELL OF PARASITIC MAGIC I LEARNED SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO...

I'VE LEECHED FROM YOU YOUR YOUTH, YOUR VITALITY...

LITERALLY TRAPPED IT IN THE VERY PIGMENTS OF THAT PAINTING.



AND IT'S ALL ABOUT TO FLOW INTO ME...

SUSTAINING ME FOR ANOTHER FOUR OR FIVE DECADES, I SHOULD THINK...

...ONCE I KILL YOU.

I'M SORRY. YOU'RE QUITE LOVELY...



BUT THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH LOVELY CREATURES...

...AND I ONLY GET THIS ONE LIFE.

YOU'RE JOKING..?



YOU WOMEN ALL ASK THE SAME QUESTION.

NO. NOT JOKING.

I'M SIX HUNDRED AND ELEVEN YEARS-OLD AND IT'S TIME FOR MY RENEWAL.

YOU HAVE TO DIE.





I'LL BE QUICK.

I DON'T ENJOY THIS...

YOU...

...YOU DON'T... LOVE ME?



OF COURSE NOT.

YOU'RE PREY.

BUT...



BUT YOU'RE STILL HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO ME, POOR THING.

THAT PART OF THE SPELL IS UNBREAKABLE.



WHY...

WHY DO THIS?

I THOUGHT WE WERE...



TO LIVE.

THE MOST BASIC REASON THERE IS.



I'M SURE BACK HOME IS VERY CHARMING...

BUT I PLAN TO SEE THE THIRTIETH CENTURY, MY DEAR...

...AND BEYOND, IF I CAN.



SO CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SAY YOU WANT WHAT'S BEST FOR ME.

IT'S BETTER THIS WAY...

I DO, JORDAN...

...I LOVE YOU...



...MORE THAN ANYTHING ON EARTH...

...MORE THAN ANYTHING ON EARTH...





BUT NOT MORE THAN THE MEMORY OF DRAKULON.



THANKS TO YOUR DAMNABLE SPELL... I WAS READY TO GIVE YOU MY LIFE...

...AND LET YOU SHARE IN THE HISTORY OF YOUR ENTIRE WORLD...



BUT MY LIFE ISN'T MINE TO GIVE.

I HAVE A DUTY TO SURVIVE...

FOR THE CRIMSON BLOOD SEAS...AND THE SUNSETS OF FIRE...



...AND THE PEOPLE OF DRAKULON.

BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE REMEMBERS THEM BUT ME...

THE END





# THE KILLING FLOOR

STEVE LIEBER writer and artist  
MARK TEXEIRA featured pin-up artist





INTERESTING PLACE TO MEET. IS THIS A HOBBY OF YOURS?

HELL, NO. WE'RE HERE TO TALK TO THE GUY IN THE PLAID.



HIS BIRD IS LOSING.

NOTHING NEW THERE VAMPIRELLA. IT'S WHY I COULD BUY HIM OFF.

DIDN'T I ASK YOU TO WEAR SOMETHING UNOBTUSIVE?

WHEN I WISH TO PASS UNNOTICED, I DO.

RIGHT. SO AS SOON AS THIS FIGHT'S OVER, MY BOY TELLS US WHERE TO FIND THIS CULT AND I LET YOU COME ON THE INVESTIGATION.

YOU GONNA KEEP UP YOUR END OF THE DEAL?

OH, THIS IS ABSURD.



YOU WANT MY HELP OR NOT, V?

FINE. YES.

YES, WHAT?

YES, DERRICK, I'LL GO OUT TO DINNER WITH YOU.



GREAT! CHUY, TELL THE LADY WHERE THIS CULT IS HOLED UP.

POOR, POOR BOY. I WISH...

C'MON, CHUY, IT STINKS OUT HERE.

WE'LL PUT A CLOTHESPIN ON...





# VAMPIRELLA

## the killing floor

written and illustrated  
by Steve Lieber











LUGH. WHEN MY CLIENTS HIRED ME TO CHECK ON THE WEIRDOS THEIR DAUGHTER RAN OFF WITH, I HAD NO IDEA IT'D LEAD TO THIS.

I RAN DELIVERIES TO ONE OF THESE PLACES WHEN I WAS A KID. I REMEMBER THE COLD AND THE STINK AND THE FLIES, BUT THIS IS A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE.

A PROPER SLAUGHTERHOUSE TRIES TO MITIGATE SUCH AN ATMOSPHERE.

HERE, THEY CULTIVATE IT.

LOOK AT THAT LEER. TEN DEGREES WARMER AND HE'D BUY THAT MEAT A WIG.



Y'KNOW, I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNER.

SPEAKING OF THE COLD, HOW COME I CAN'T SEE YOUR BREATH?

YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO.

TRUST ME.



YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA NEED THAT?

Hash!

I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER HOW SIMPLE IT IS.







CHILDREN, WE'RE GATHERED HERE BENEATH THE KILLING FLOOR TO PERFORM AN ACT OF WILL.



THIS TRAY IS FILLED BY THE CHARNEL HOUSE ABOVE.



A CEASELESS GORY STREAM SUPPORTS OUR CAUSE.











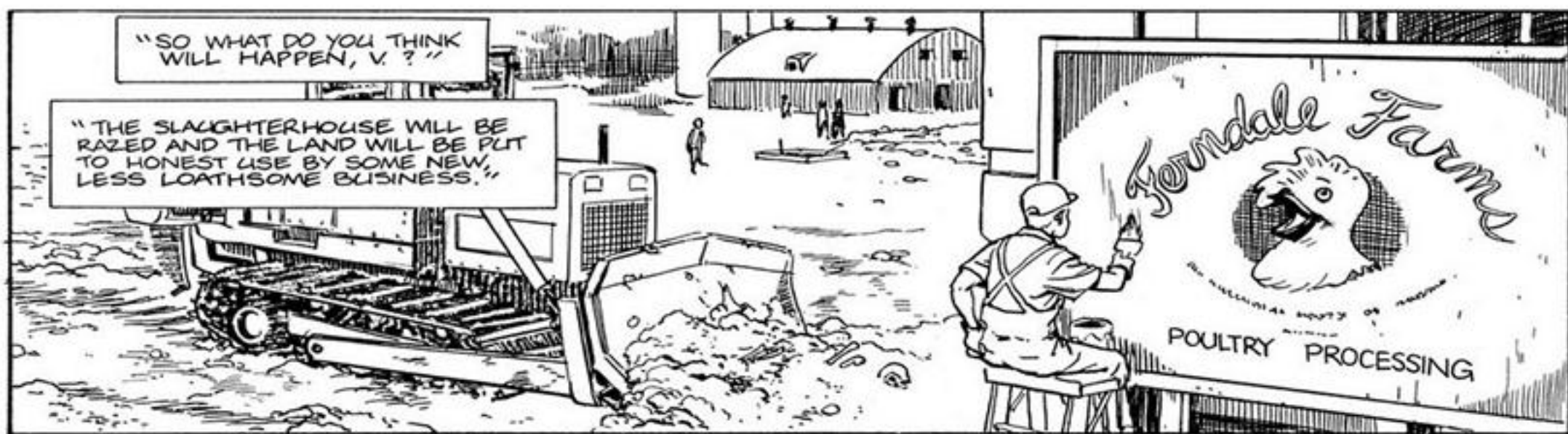
















## WINTER ROSE

LIAM SHARP writer and artist  
DAN BRERETON featured pin-up artist



"When I am dead, my dearest,  
sing no sad songs for me..."

Don't worry, Iago.

# WINTER ROSE

a VAMPIRELLA tale

It never was my style...





Vampirella...

Like BLOOD on the thorn of a  
WINTER ROSE...

WhuF huF...



Bitter, and Fragrant...

Ahu... ah...

And quite beautiful...

Will you NEVER give up, Iago?

Christ...

NEVER!  
Not until...

YOU ARE MINE!!!



Poor boy...  
You'll never possess me, Iago.  
Nobody ever could.

But don't trouble yourself now.  
After all...

I could always make you...


MINE!!!

P... Please...

UhuF huF... no...







MARIANNA!!!  
Where are you child...

You...

You KNOW, don't you?

I SEE it... in your eyes...

Uh huh... HURRRRRrr...

Uh! Ah!

ARGH...God!

You KNOW what I AM!

You can't stay here.

It's not safe, for either of us...

YOU!

You're not HUMAN either...  
Tell me it isn't so!

N... No..

I should have guessed sooner...



# VAMPIRELLAAAAAA

COME!  
Be with me...

You and I...

WE could be KING and QUEEN...



...WE could be KING and QUEEN of the DAMNED!  
DEATH would have no dominion over US! Vampirella...  
please, don't... don't turn me away...



But... My love...

You're a FOOL Iago.  
Kingdoms can be prisons. Even  
MONARCHS have their masters...

Listen well:

Be gone From here.

Never come back.

Put a THOUSAND MILES  
between us.

And leave NOT A TRACE  
of your passing...

It's too dangerous,  
this world, for such  
as us...

If we remained  
together they  
would find us out,  
and just as surely  
they would KILL us.



"When I am DEAD, my dearest,  
sing no sad songs for me..."

Marianna... Oh god...  
Oh no...







Why? Why did you come back? You had ESCAPED...  
I could have let you LIVE...

I HAD TO COME BACK, MY BLOODIED ROSE, FOR LOVE...

OF YOU...



LOVE you say!!??

I asked, I BEGGED you to LEAVE NOT A TRACE of your passing... and yet you killed... you KILLED a child...



AS YOU SEE, I AM THAT I AM BELOVED...

WHEN THE MOON WANTS HER FILL...  
I'M LITTLE MORE THAN A SLAVE...





Like BLOOD on the THORN of a winter rose...

Bitter...

And Fragrant...

And quite beautiful...

END

"When I Am Dead My Dearest" by Christina Georgina Rossetti 1830- 1894





**MATINEE**  
**MICHAEL GOLDEN** writer, artist and letterer  
STEVE MnMOORN featured pin-up artist



# SPECIAL SHOWING MATINEE

COME ON!  
STOP DRAGGIN'  
YOUR FEET.

THE GUY SAID THESE  
TICKETS WERE ONLY GOOD  
FOR *THIS* SHOW!

THAT GUY WAS  
CREEPY AND NOBODY KNOWS  
WHERE WE ARE!

DO YOU  
THINK THEY'LL  
LET US IN?

WHY DYA THINK  
THEY'RE HANDING-OUT  
TICKETS FOR?!

MIRA, THE POINT IS  
THAT NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE  
HERE! YOU THINK MOM WOULD  
LET US GO SEE THIS, HUH?  
DON'T BE SUCH A BABY.

BUT, I...

WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
--'FRAID IT'S GONNA BE  
TOO SCARY?!

PLEASE HURRY,  
CHILDREN.

THE SHOW HAS  
ALREADY STARTED!

"WHY DID WE WANT  
TO SEE THIS?!!"





THE GRATUITOUS  
SEX AND VIOLENCE.

YEAH-YEAH--  
SEX AND  
VIOLENCE.  
>SIGH<



I DON'T  
LIKE THIS!  
I WANT  
TO GO...!

WELL, WE'RE  
NOT GONNA,  
SO SHUT UP  
AND SIT STILL!

COVER YOUR EYES,  
OR SUMPETHIN'.

IS THE  
LITTLE BABY  
A'SCARED?

SHUT UP!

MAKE ME.



WHASSUP  
WITH THE  
BLACK AND  
WHITE?

IT MAKES IT MORE  
PRETENTIOUS.

HUH?


SCARY. --IT  
MAKES IT  
SCARIER.

I HAVE TO GO  
TO THE BATHROOM.



THEN,  
GO.

I'M NOT GOING BY MYSELF!  
ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE HERE  
ARE CREEPY.



I'LL GO WITH  
YOU. HEH-HEH

DON'T  
TOUCH ME,  
CREEP.



IS "CREEPY" YOUR NEW WORD FOR THE DAY OR SUMPHTHIN'? PUT A CORK IN IT AND SIT STILL. I WANT TO SEE THIS.

THIS IS WHERE IT STARTS GETTING GOOD.

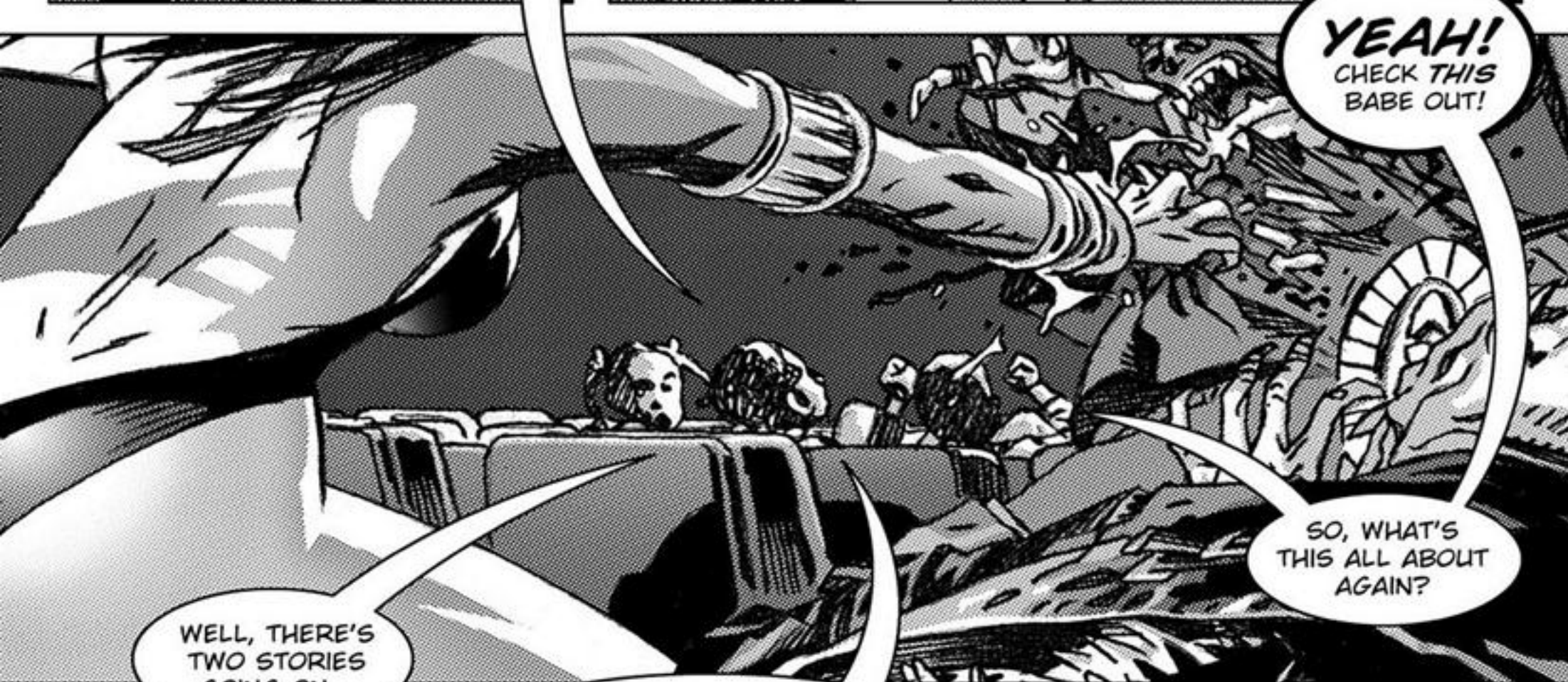
**YEAH!**  
CHECK THIS BABE OUT!

SO, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT AGAIN?

WELL, THERE'S TWO STORIES GOING ON...

--WHICH IS THE *SAME* STORY, ONLY NOBODY GETS IT.

THERE'S THE THING WITH THE IDIOTS IN THE THEATER. AND THEN THERE'S THE STORY IN THE MOVIE THEY'RE WATCHING.





THIS BUNCH OF VAMPIRE  
DEMON-THINGS LIVE IN THIS THEATER  
AND EAT THE PEOPLE THAT COME TO  
SEE THE MOVIE.



YEAH-YEAH  
...GOT THAT  
PART.



MIRA, THE  
MOVIE'S ABOUT A  
BUNCH OF VAMPIRE-DEMONS  
IN A THEATER EATING  
PEOPLE!



AND ONLY ONE PERSON  
HAS MANAGED TO FIGURE  
THIS OU...



WHO AM I GOD!!

GEEYLUCK!

OH--  
GROSS!

HEY--  
WHATT'...?!!

EEEEK!!







GEEZ--  
CHILL ALREADY,  
WOULDJA!

D-D-D,  
M-M-M,  
BL-BL-B...

O-OH, MAN--  
DID YOU SEE  
THAT?

>UNHK<  
I-I THINK  
I'M GONNA  
BE SICK...



COME ON! IT'S IN  
BLACK AND WHITE!  
--IT DIDN'T EVEN LOOK  
REAL!



AND, J'KNOW--  
ANOTHER BIG PROBLEM  
WITH THIS IS, FOR THE WHOLE  
"HAUNTED THEATER"-THING  
TO WORK...

--ALL OF THE THEATER  
ATTENDANTS WOULD HAVE TO  
BE IN ON IT AND...!

GOAWAYGOAWAYGOAWAY  
PLEASEPLEASEPLEASE!  
GOAWAYGO...

WHY DON'T  
YOU BOYS KEEP IT  
DOWN--



YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
RUIN THE  
ENDING.





## FANTASY FEAST

JIMMY PALMIOTTI writer AMANDA CONNER artist  
MIKE CONLEY letterer AVALON'S ROB RO colorist  
ALEX HORLEY featured pin-up artist



**HALLOWEEN.**  
**KEY WEST, FLORIDA.**

THE ROYAL  
CORONATION BALL IS  
ABOUT TO START AND  
THEY NEED YOU  
ON STAGE!

COME ON,  
YOU CHRISTENED  
EVERY TOILET  
IN TOWN!

WHAT  
WAS THAT? ARE  
YOU OK?

GRYUUUUKKKKEE OOLAS

Just  
KILL ME  
Now.

NO, I AM  
ABSOLUTELY NOT OK.  
I CAN'T GO ANYWHERE TILL  
I DROP THIS LITTLE  
BASTARD.



Eau  
D'or  
GOLDEN  
SUGAR  
MONEY  
AIR  
FRESHENER





NASTY? THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT-- TRUST ME.

ALL I WANTED WAS A BREAK FROM VAMPIRE AND MONSTER HUNTING, TO GO WHERE I CAN WEAR AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE AND STILL GET NO ONE'S ATTENTION. IT ALL STARTED JUST YESTERDAY...



BEEN KEEPING BUSY,,, IT'S A NEVER-ENDING JOB CLEANING UP OTHER PEOPLE'S MESSSES. I REALLY HAVEN'T HAD ANY TIME TO JUST RELAX AND BE MYSELF... WHOEVER THAT IS.

THANKS SO MUCH FOR THE INVITE.

IT WOULDN'T BE HALLOWEEN WITHOUT YOU, SWEETIE. HOW ARE THINGS GOING UP NORTH? BEEN READING ABOUT YOU IN THE PAPERS HERE AND THERE.

WELL, YOU KNOW IT'S DAY ONE AT FANTASY FEST-- THE ONLY WORK WE HAVE TO DO IS DRINK, DANCE AND FALL DOWN.

THAT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS.



THE NEXT MORNING.

HEY, WELCOME TO KEY WEST, THE MOST SOUTHERN PIECE OF REAL ESTATE IN THE UNITED STATES AND ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE... NAME'S PAUL DEKE... CAME HERE FOR A WEDDING IN '82 FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND NEVER LEFT.

LOCALS CALL ME SKIPPER-- NOT CAUSE I'M SEA WORTHY, BUT BECAUSE OF THE WAY I WALK WHEN I'M HAPPY. MY WIFE DIDN'T KNOW I WAS A DRUNK TILL I CAME HOME SOBER-- SHE JUST PACKED UP AND LEFT-- THAT WAS NINE YEARS AGO BEEN SKIPPIN' EVER SINCE.

CHECKING MY LIST-- YOU'RE NOT SCHEDULED TO DOCK, BUT WE CAN CLEAR THAT-- IF WE CAN'T ACCOMMODATE YOU, WE CAN DOCK YOU ON THE NORTH PART OF THE ISLAND.... HATE TO TURN ANYONE DOWN AND DENY THEM PARADISE.

DOCKS FULL 'CAUSE OF THE WEEK-LONG HALLOWEEN FEST GOING ON-- I HOPE YOU HAVE A BETTER COSTUME THAN THE ONE YOU'RE WEARING--

I DO.

SO, THAT THING'S A SWIMSUIT, AS WELL-- OH, MR. BUKO!

HI, NICE TO MEET YOU.

MEET MY FRIEND VAMPI. VAMPI, MR. BUKO.

HRRRUMPH.

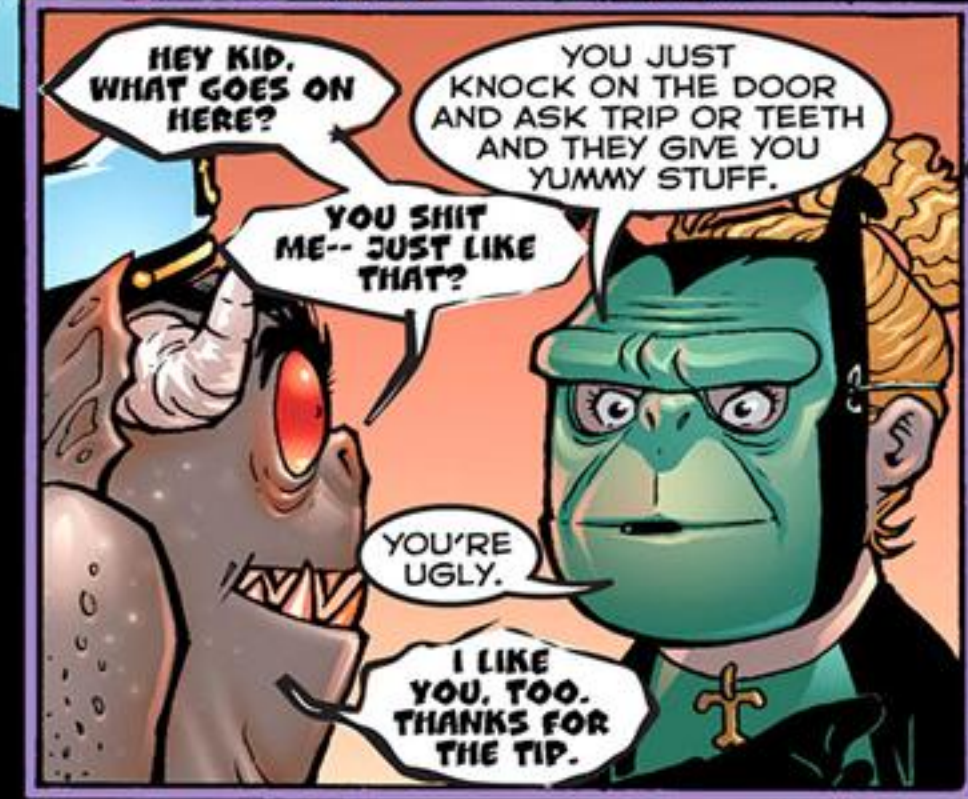
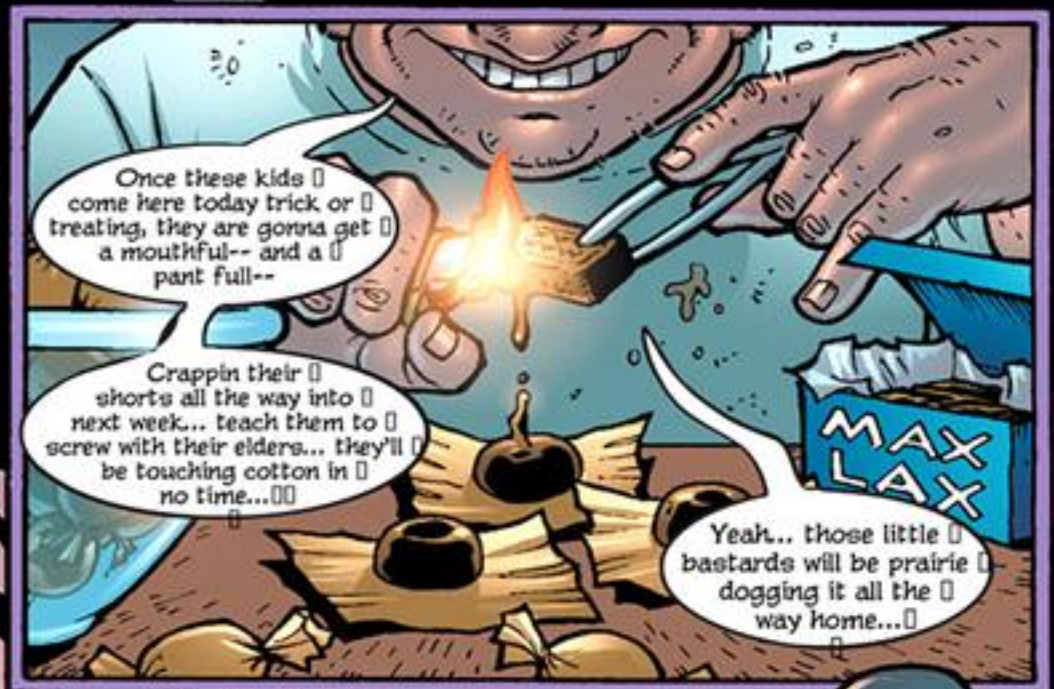
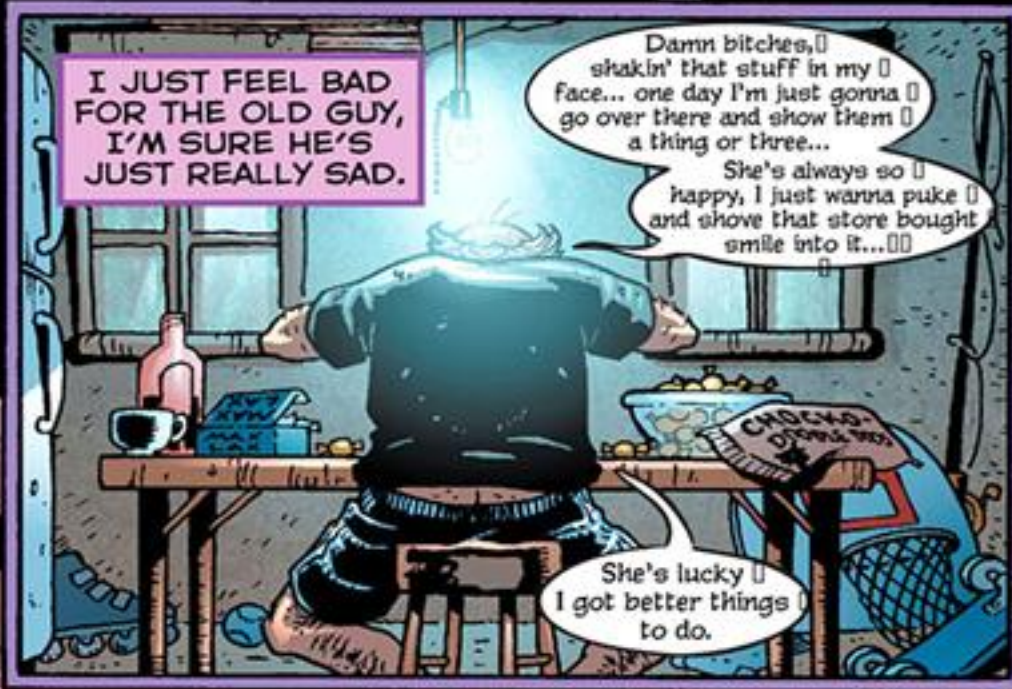
WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM?

DON'T SWEAT IT, HE'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT. HE HATES JUST ABOUT EVERYONE HE REGULARLY FIGHTS WITH THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS. HE HAS MORE SPORTS EQUIPMENT THAN A HIGH SCHOOL GYM.

EVERY TIME SOMETHING GOES OVER HIS FENCE, HE CLAIMS IT.

THAT MUST MAKE HIM REALLY POPULAR.





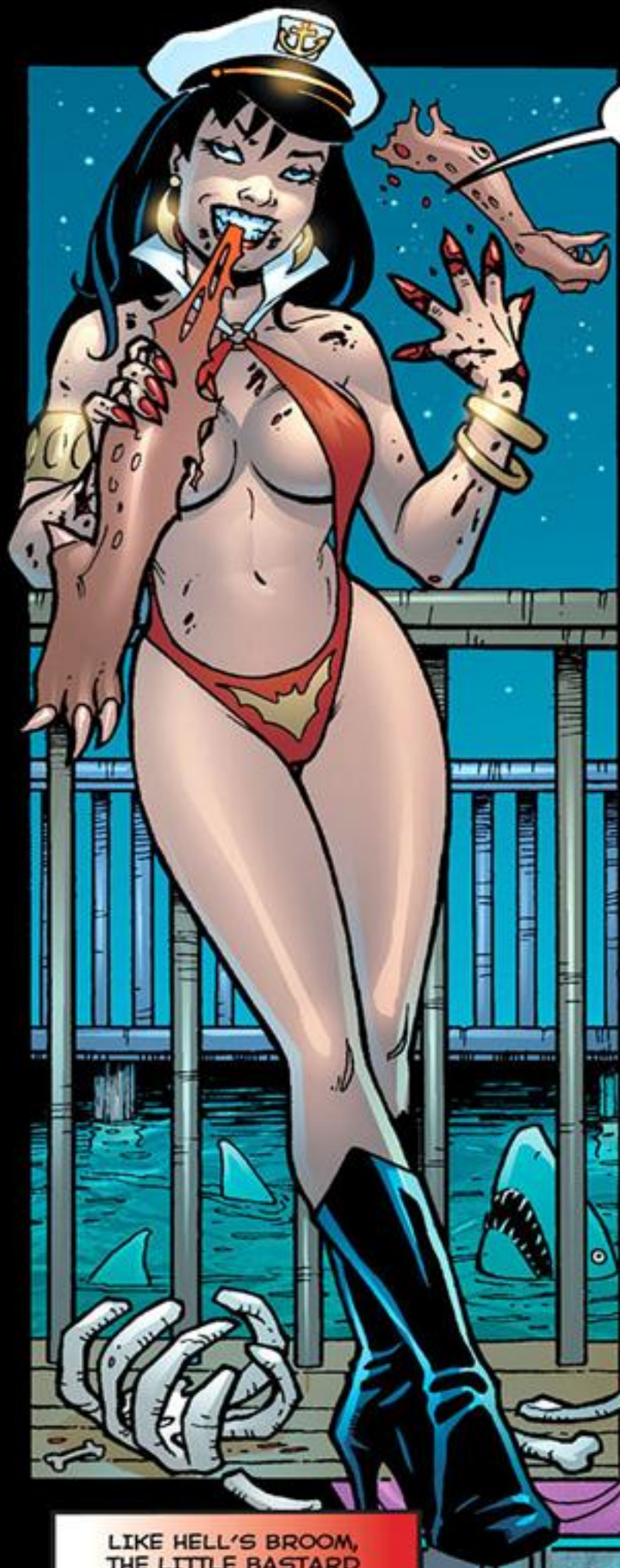












PROBLEM SOLVED.

FUNNY \*SMAK\* I THOUGHT HE'D TASTE MORE LIKE CHICKEN...

GAS.



BURRRRRRRRRRRRP!



MELINDA, THAT LITTLE MAGGOT SHOT RIGHT THROUGH ME..

COME WITH ME, SWEETIE.



LIKE HELL'S BROOM, THE LITTLE BASTARD SWEEPED THROUGH ME... FOR THE NEXT FOUR HOURS.

THERE SURE ARE BETTER WAYS TO EXORCISE DEMONS.

KER-FLUSH!

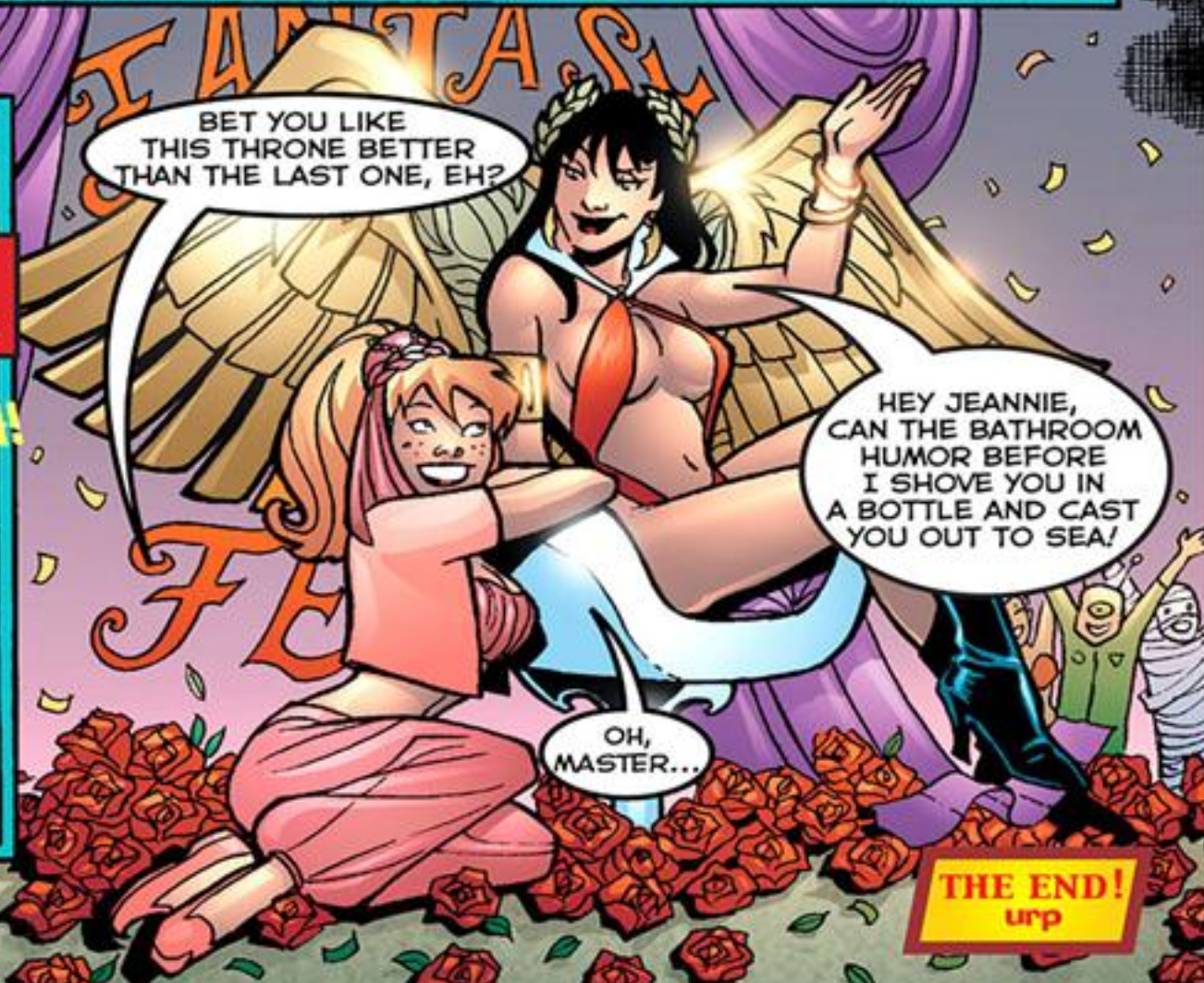
SHE SHOOTS, SHE SCORES! \*HIC\*



BET YOU LIKE THIS THRONE BETTER THAN THE LAST ONE, EH?

HEY JEANNIE, CAN THE BATHROOM HUMOR BEFORE I SHOVE YOU IN A BOTTLE AND CAST YOU OUT TO SEA!

OH, MASTER...



THE END!  
urp





INK

PHIL HESTER writer STEPHEN SEGOVIA artist  
ED DUKESHIRE letterer JAY DAVID RAMOS colorist  
special thanks to GLASSHOUSE GRAPHICS  
AMANDA CONNER featured pin-up artist



YOU WANT TO  
KNOW HOW I  
WOUND UP HERE?

IT WASN'T JEALOUSY,  
OR GAMBLING, OR  
DOPE, OR GREED.

NONE OF THE  
STUFF THAT  
LANDS MOST  
GUYS HERE.

IT WAS A  
BRUNETTE.

A BRUNETTE  
SENT ME  
TO HELL.

STORY: PHIL HESTER • ART: STEPHEN SEGOVIA • COLORS: JAY DAVID RAMOS  
LETTERING: ED DUKESHIRE • SPECIAL THANKS: GLASS HOUSE GRAPHICS • MASTER: BON ALIMAGNO





NOT AGAIN, MAN.  
YOU DON'T GET  
SICK OF TELLING  
THAT STORY?

GO AHEAD,  
BUDDY, TELL IT  
AGAIN. I LIKE  
HEARING IT.

PASSES THE  
TIME.

IT WAS BACK WHEN  
I HAD MY TATTOO  
SHOP IN VEGAS, I  
TOLD YOU GUYS  
ABOUT MY SHOP,  
RIGHT?

YEAH, YOU  
TOLD US.

A REAL NICE PLACE,  
YOU KNOW? UPSCALE.  
NOT ONE OF THOSE  
BACK ALLEY HEPATITIS  
FARMS. WE WERE  
RIGHT BY THE BIG  
CASINOS, EVEN HAD A  
RECEPTIONIST.

AND A CLASSY  
CLIENTELE, TOO. PORN  
STARS, ATHLETES, HIGH  
ROLLERS. YOU KNOW I  
WORKED ON RODMAN,  
RIGHT?

NO KIDDING?

YEAH. HELL, I EVEN  
PUT A BUTTERFLY ON  
GWEN STEFANI'S ASS.  
GWEN STEFANI, MAN!



ANYWAY, I WAS  
WORKING LATE ONE  
NIGHT, JUST ABOUT  
READY TO PACK IT IN,  
WHEN THIS BABE  
WALKS IN LIKE YOU  
WOULDN'T BELIEVE.

HOT?

BEYOND HOT. THE  
KIND YOU MARRY  
FOR THE PRIVILEGE  
OF DRINKING HER  
BATH WATER.

TOO SHORT TO  
BE A SHOWGIRL  
AND TOO FINE TO  
BE A STRIPPER.

BUT EVEN THROUGH  
HER COAT I COULD  
SEE SHE HAD A  
BODY ANY CHICK ON  
THE STRIP WOULD  
KILL FOR.



SORRY,  
LADY. WE'RE  
CLOSING.

CLOSING?  
I THOUGHT  
THIS WAS A  
TWENTY-FOUR  
HOUR TOWN.

YEAH, WELL,  
I'M NOT A  
TWENTY-FOUR  
HOUR GUY.





COULD HAVE  
FOOLED ME.

THAT'S WHEN  
SHE SHOT ME  
THAT LOOK.

I CAN'T EVEN TELL YOU  
WHAT COLOR HER EYES  
WERE--DARK AND BRIGHT AT  
THE SAME TIME, LIKE A  
SCHOOL OF LUMINOUS  
EMERALDS SWIRLING TO THE  
BOTTOM OF A BLACK SEA.

ALL I KNOW IS  
WHEN I CAUGHT  
THAT STARE IT WAS  
LIKE DROWNING IN  
ICE WATER.

LIKE DROWNING  
AND NOT GIVING A  
DAMN YOU WERE  
ABOUT TO DIE.



OKAY, LET  
ME FINISH  
UP MANNY  
HERE.

MANNY'S  
FINISHED.

RIGHT,  
MANNY?



THAT'S WHEN I KNEW  
MANNY HAD CAUGHT THAT  
SAME LOOK. ONLY HE  
DIDN'T SEE WHAT I SAW.

UH, YEAH...  
SURE.

I-I'LL  
COME BACK  
TOMORROW.







ALRIGHT, MISS...



WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR A LONG TIME.

HOW'S THAT?

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU. A TRUE ARTIST.



SOMEONE I CAN GIVE MYSELF TO COMPLETELY.

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN AN EXTRA FROM CIRQUE DU SOLEIL OR SOMETHING.

WHATEVER SHE WAS WEARING LOOKED PAINTED ON.

A PAINT JOB THE OLD MASTERS WOULD HAVE COME BACK FROM THE DEAD TO LINE UP FOR.

I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, TOM. YOU'RE THE BEST.

I WANT TO BE YOUR MASTERPIECE.





I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU. I AM THE BEST.

BUT THE BEST IS EXPENSIVE.

COME NOW. I HAVE PAYMENT.



THAT'S WHEN SHE DROPPED THE BIKINI, ONLY IT DIDN'T DROP OFF LIKE NORMAL CLOTH.

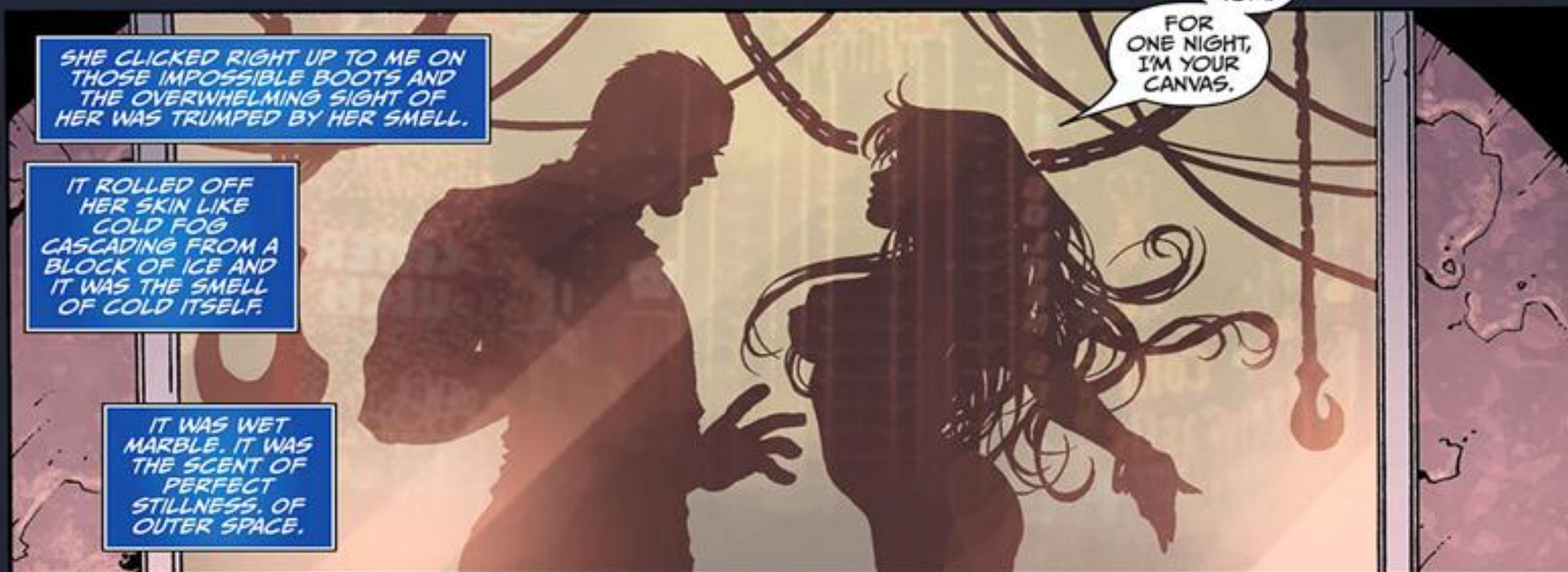
IT SLID OFF OF HER LIKE LIQUID.

LIKE MERCURY.



LIKE BLOOD ACROSS GLASS.

ONE NIGHT, TOM.



SHE CLICKED RIGHT UP TO ME ON THOSE IMPOSSIBLE BOOTS AND THE OVERWHELMING SIGHT OF HER WAS TRUMPED BY HER SMELL.

IT ROLLED OFF HER SKIN LIKE COLD FOG CASCADING FROM A BLOCK OF ICE AND IT WAS THE SMELL OF COLD ITSELF.

IT WAS WET MARBLE. IT WAS THE SCENT OF PERFECT STILLNESS. OF OUTER SPACE.

FOR ONE NIGHT, I'M YOUR CANVAS.



AND SOMEWHERE UNDER IT ALL, BARELY PERCEPTIBLE--THE SMELL OF FRESHLY TURNED EARTH.

MAKE ME YOUR MASTERPIECE.





SHE ROLLED ON HER STOMACH AND HER GLOSSY ANIMAL BLACK HAIR PARTED, REVEALING A FLAWLESS ALABASTER BACK.

MY CANVAS, THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.

MY MASTERPIECE.

I WAS DEAD ON MY FEET, BURNT OUT FROM A HARD DAY'S WORK, BUT SOMETHING CAME OVER ME.

I WAS GOOD, THE BEST IN LAS VEGAS, BUT THE WORK I DID ON THAT LADY'S SKIN WAS SO FAR OVER MY HEAD I COULDN'T EVEN PICTURE IT IN A DREAM.

I DIDN'T TRACE IT OUT, DIDN'T WORK FROM A TEMPLATE. HELL, I THINK I MIGHT HAVE DONE SOME OF IT WITH MY EYES CLOSED.



THE NEEDLES WERE FLYING ON THEIR OWN THAT NIGHT, BUZZING LIKE LITTLE HUMMING BIRDS WHILE I SQUEEZED THEIR FEVERED LIFE'S BLOOD INTO THE COLORS IN HER FLESH.









I DON'T REALLY REMEMBER ALL THE DETAILS MYSELF, BUT IT WAS A GRAND AFFAIR, AS INFERNAL EVENTS ARE CONCERNED.

DEMONS FROM EVERY CORNER OF HELL GATHERED TO WATCH THEIR QUEEN GIVE BIRTH.



THEY SAY THE SOUND OF HER SCREAMS CRACKED THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE ABYSS.



THAT HER BLIND STARE SHEARED HALF THE ONLOOKERS IN TWO.



THAT HER PANTING BREATH POISONED ALL THE MIDWIVES ATTENDING HER.

THEY SAY THE WITNESSES CRIED OUT, NOT IN JOY, BUT DESPAIR AT THE CHILD'S BIRTH.

FOR SOMEHOW THEY KNEW, EVEN THOUGH THEIR MISTRESS BORE WHAT LOOKED LIKE A HELPLESS HUMAN INFANT, THEY WERE WITNESSING THE COMING OF THEIR DESTROYER.







THERE HADN'T BEEN A  
BIRTH IN HELL IN MEMORY.

YOU SEE, DEMONS  
AREN'T BORN  
THESE DAYS, TOM.

THEY'RE MADE.  
BY INIQUITY, BY  
WICKEDNESS.



LIKE A CANCER, EVIL  
EATS MEN FROM THE  
INSIDE, HOLLOWING  
THEM OUT AND WEARING  
THEIR SKIN LIKE COATS.



THAT BABY GREW TO KILL  
MANY OF THEIR KIND.



VAMPIRES, GHOULS,  
BEASTS OF ALL  
SORTS LOOSED  
UPON THE WORLD.





THAT'S  
SOME  
STORY.

HERE'S  
THE IMPORTANT  
PART FOR YOU,  
TOM.

THAT BABY  
SLEW SO MANY  
DEMONS THAT SHE  
EVEN HAD TIME TO  
TURN HER ATTENTION  
TO THOSE WHO HAD  
NOT YET BECOME  
SLAVES OF HELL, BUT  
WERE DEMONS IN  
THE MAKING.

SHE  
ABORTED  
THEM, AS IT  
WERE.



I HAD FRAMED HER BACK  
IN ORNATE IVY AND ARCANE  
PATTERNS, LEAVING A  
CLEAR SPACE FOR THE  
FEATURED IMAGE.

SHE WANTED TO BE  
MY MASTERPIECE, AND  
I WANTED TO OBLIGE  
HER. I WANTED TO  
GIVE HER AN IMAGE  
SHE'D NEVER FORGET.



THE DEMON KILLER CAME  
ACROSS THE DYING VICTIM  
OF ONE SUCH NASCENT  
DEVIL MANY YEARS AGO.



SHE TOOK THE  
DYING WOMAN'S  
BLOOD IN HER  
MOUTH SO SHE  
COULD KNOW THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES  
OF THE CRIME.





I WANTED TO PUT MYSELF ON THAT BACK. MY FACE, MAYBE THE TWO OF US IN BED.

I WANTED TO BE A PART OF HER FOREVER.



BUT WHEN I BEGAN TO TATTOO HER SKIN THE BLOOD WELLED AROUND THE NEEDLE MORE THAN USUAL.



JUST A LITTLE AT FIRST, ENOUGH THAT I HAD TO WIPE IT AWAY WITH THE STERILE PAD EVERY FEW SECONDS.



THE WOMAN I FOUND HAD BEEN CRUCIFIED. TRUSSED UP ON HOOKS AND CHAINS.



THAT DEMON KILLER IS ME, TOM, AND THAT BLOOD BROUGHT ME TO YOU.



NOW THE BLOOD WAS COMING SO FAST I HAD TO DROP THE NEEDLE AND WIPE WITH BOTH HANDS.

AS FAST AS I BLOTTED, DROPLETS GREW FAT IN THE NEEDLE HOLES AND OVERFLOWED AGAIN.



IT'S ALMOST LIKE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN HERE, ISN'T IT? MY STORY STARTS WITH A NATIVITY AND ENDS WITH A CRUCIFIXION.





THE IMAGE I BEGAN HAD  
BEEN WASHED AWAY BY  
THE FLOW OF BLOOD.



MY FACE WAS ERASED  
AND IN ITS PLACE  
THE BLOOD FORMED  
IT'S OWN IMAGE--



IT'S OWN TATTOO.



THE BLOOD FORMED  
THE PERFECT IMAGE  
OF MY WIFE.

THE WIFE I  
KILLED FIVE  
YEARS AGO.



I STAGGERED BACK,  
BUT THE VISION OF  
THE BLOOD STAYED  
IN MY MIND.

TATTOOED  
ON MY EYES.

EVERYWHERE I LOOKED IN  
THE SHOP I SAW MY WIFE  
AS I HAD LEFT HER TO DIE,  
CRUCIFIED ON THE  
SUSPENSION RIG THAT HAD  
BEEN OUR MUTUAL FETISH.

THAT'S WHAT  
THE PEOPLE WHO  
COME HERE LIKE TO  
DO ISN'T IT? PIERCE  
THEMSELVES AND  
HANG FROM HOOKS  
FOR PLEASURE?



STAY--STAY  
AWAY FROM  
ME.

SHE--SHE  
WANTED IT! SHE  
WAS SICK. SHE  
ASKED ME TO  
DO IT!

DON'T LIE TO ME,  
TOM. HER BLOOD  
IS MY BLOOD  
NOW.

YOU SAW  
THAT.


GET BACK!  
GET BACK!  
OR I'LL--












AND SHE LEFT ME LIKE I  
LEFT MY WIFE. DIDN'T EVEN  
BOTHR TO KILL ME, JUST  
LET THE STRESS POSITION  
OF THE SUSPENSION  
SLOWLY SUFFOCATE ME...



LETTING ME FEEL  
EVERY SECOND  
OF THE TORMENT  
I MADE MY WIFE  
SUFFER.



SHE TOOK HER TIME  
GETTING DRESSED.  
THAT WAS THE REAL  
TORTURE, WATCHING  
HER SLIP THAT GET-UP  
BACK ON THROUGH  
THE RED HAZE FILLING  
MY EYES.

SHE BENT DOWN  
TO PICK UP HER  
COAT, THEN STOOD  
AND TOSSED HER  
HAIR.

IT FLOWED OVER  
HER BACK LIKE A  
BLACK TIDE, LIKE A  
HEAVY THEATER  
CURTAIN SLIDING IN  
FRONT OF A STAGE.

AND WHEN SHE  
TURNED TO WALK OUT  
IT SLID THE OTHER  
WAY, REVEALING HER  
PERFECT BACK--

SKIN WHITE  
AS SNOW.  
UNTOUCHED BY  
MY NEEDLE.

AND THAT'S  
THE LAST THING  
I EVER SAW.





SO THAT'S WHY YOU WANT IT ON YOUR BACK? I DON'T GET IT.

I DO. I SEEN THE CHICK HE'S TALKING ABOUT. SHE'S WORTH THE PAIN.



EVEN THE WAY WE DO TATTOOS DOWN HERE.

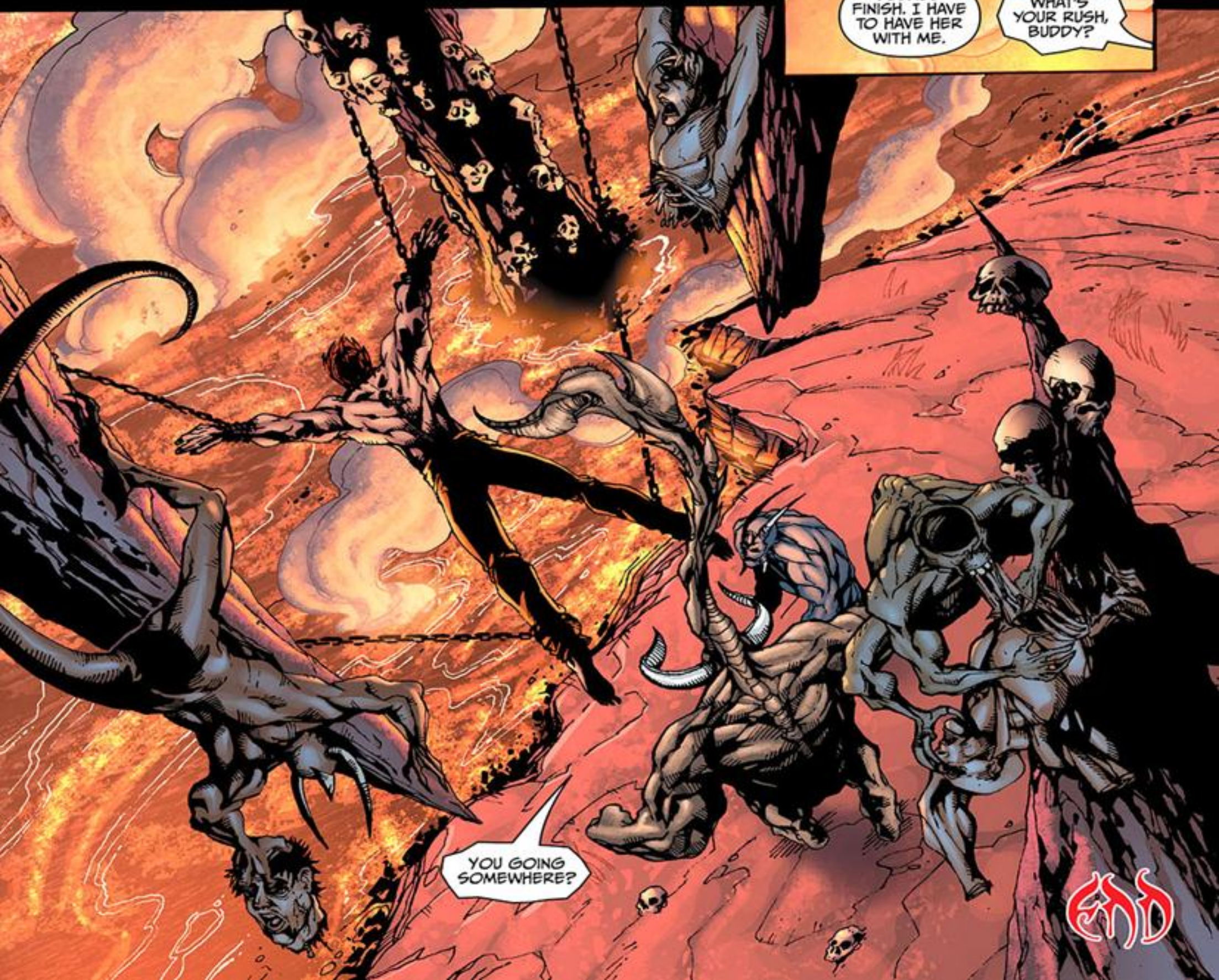
WHATEVER, DUDES. I NEED A BREAK.



NO.  
NO, PLEASE.

PLEASE FINISH. I HAVE TO HAVE HER WITH ME.

WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, BUDDY?



YOU GOING SOMEWHERE?

END



# COVERS & PIN-UPS



MIKE MIGNOLA

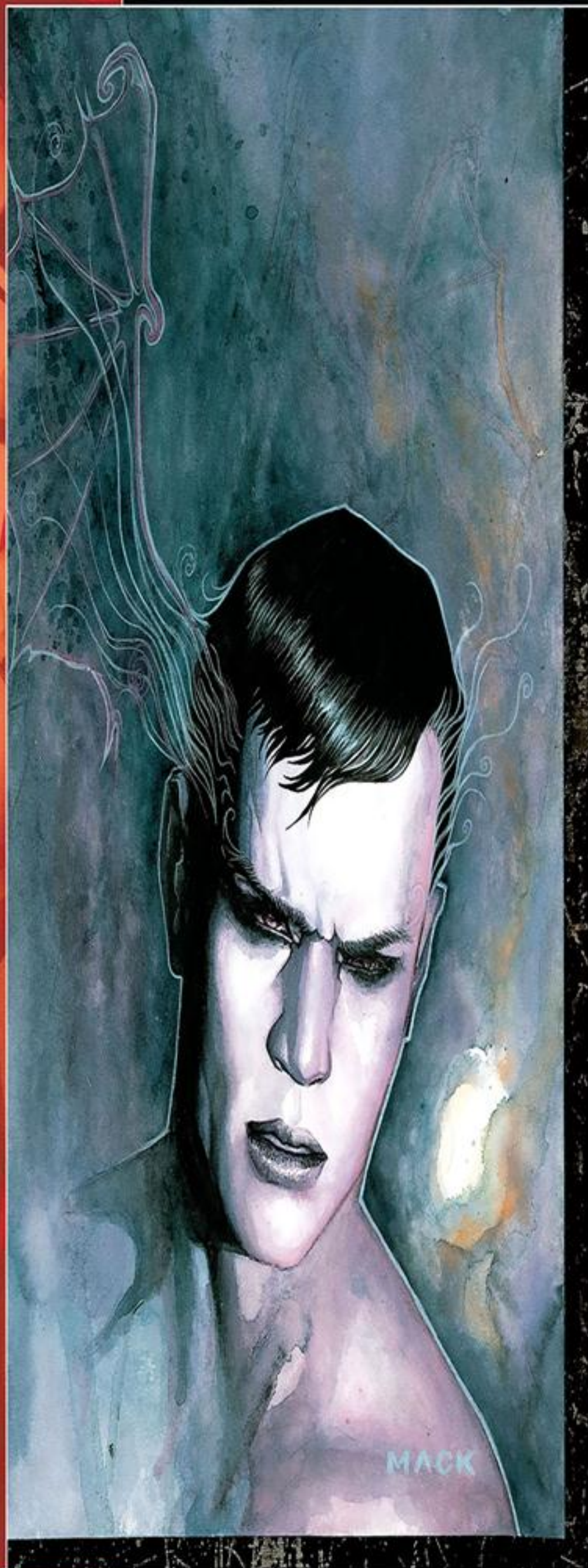


MIKE MIGNOLA





MIKE MIGNOLA



DAVID MACK



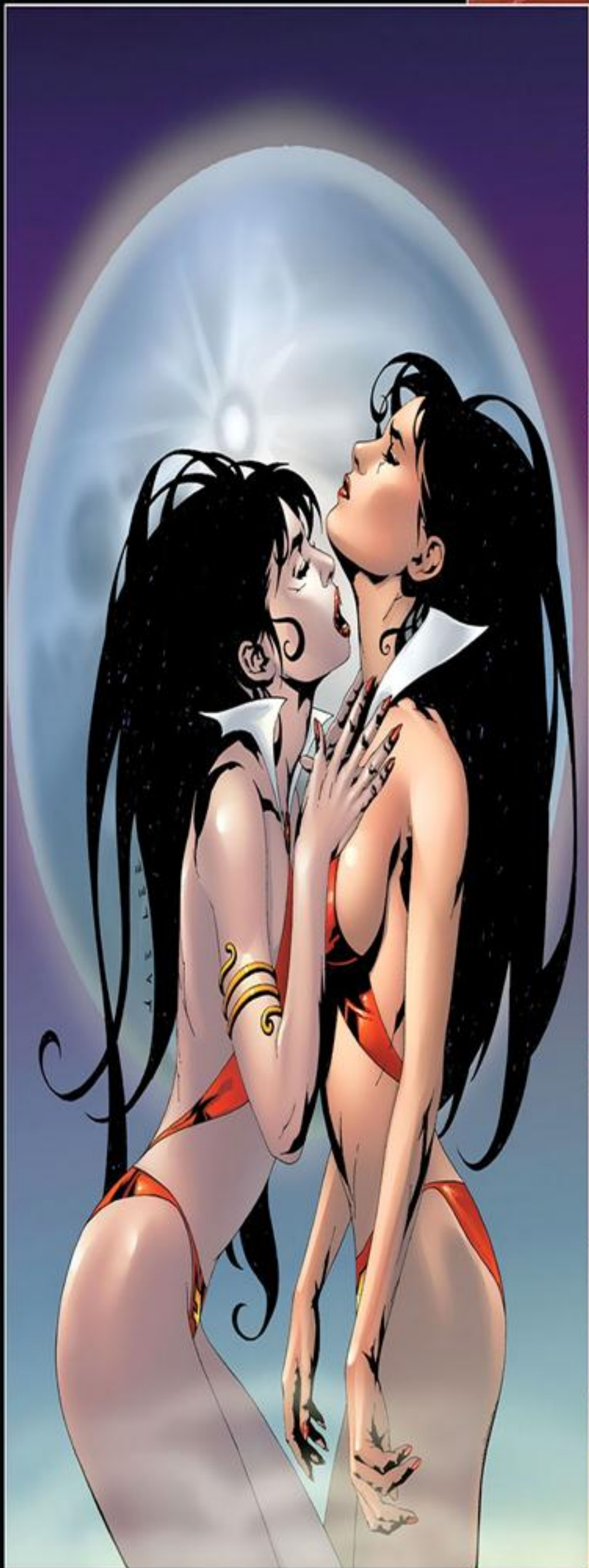


JOHN BOLTON



MICHAEL GOLDEN





JAE LEE



JAE LEE





DAN BRERETON



DUB & PIERRE-ANDRE DERY





# VAMPIRELLA<sup>®</sup>

## *Crown of Worms*

VAMPIRELLA TRADE PAPERBACK VOL. 1

written by ERIC TRAUTMANN  
art by WAGNER REIS & FABIANO NEVES  
cover by J. SCOTT CAMPBELL

Vampirella is back, and she's all that stands between us...  
and the end of the world!

Collecting issues 1-7 of the hit series, and featuring a complete cover  
gallery by Alex Ross, Joe Maduriera, J. Scott Campbell and more!

**DYNAMITE**  
ENTERTAINMENT

[WWW.DYNAMITE.NET](http://WWW.DYNAMITE.NET) Information • Newsletters • Contests • Downloads • Forums • More

Vampirella is ® and © 2011 DFI. All rights reserved. Dynamite, Dynamite Entertainment and the Dynamite Entertainment colophon are ® and © 2011 DFI. All rights reserved.