

VAMPIRELLA®

MASTERS SERIES

VOLUME ONE
GRANT
MORRISON
MARK
MILLAR

DYNAMITE





ASCENDING EVIL: PART 1

COVER BY AMANDA CONNER, JIMMY PALMIOTTI,
BRIAN HABERLIN & DREW

VAMPIRELLA

MASTERS SERIES VOL. 1 GRANT MORRISON MARK MILLAR

2 ASCENDING EVIL

Originally printed in Vampirella Monthly #1-3

WRITERS Mark Millar & Grant Morrison

PENCILER Amanda Conner INKER Jimmy Palmiotti

LETTERER Hugh Monhan

COLORISTS Reuben Rude & International House of Color

76 HOLY WAR

Originally printed in Vampirella Monthly #4-6

WRITERS Mark Millar & Grant Morrison

with Steven Grant (PARTS 2 & 3)

PENCILER Louis Small, Jr.

INKERS Rob Stull, Gary Martin (PGS. 116-118)

LETTERERS Hugh Monhan (PART 1), Kell-O-Graphics (PART 2),

Y. Botha (PART 3) COLORIST Jonathan D. Smith

142 THE BLOOD RED GAME

Originally printed in Vampirella: 25th Anniversary Special

WRITER Grant Morrison

ARTISTS Michael Bair, Kevin Nowlan (FINISHES)

LETTERER Hugh Monhan

COLORISTS Reuben Rude and International House of Color

152 A COLD DAY IN HELL

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Vampirella Strikes #6

WRITER Mark Millar

PENCILER Louis Small, Jr.

INKER Caesar

LETTERER Hugh Monhan

COLORIST Olyoptics

INTERVIEWS

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AMANDA CONNER Pg. 141

GRANT MORRISON & MARK MILLAR Pg. 176

ALL STORIES

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SOMEWHERE:

Uh, I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND LIKE A WIENER OR ANYTHING...

...BUT DON'T YOU THINK THIS SEEMS KINDA LIKE THE OPENING SCENE IN A BAD HORROR MOVIE?

I MEAN, TWO HOT TEENAGERS MAKING OUT IN A GRAVEYARD BEFORE MICHAEL F***ING MYERS APPEARS AND CUTS THEM A SERIES OF NEW ORIFICES.

WILL YOU KEEP QUIET AND CONCENTRATE ON ME? DOING SOMETHING DIRTY IN A PLACE THIS QUIET REALLY GETS ME HORNY...

YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THE VAMPIRE RUMORS LATELY? ALL THOSE PEOPLE GOING MISSING?

DON'T YOU THINK WE'RE KINDA BEGGING TO BE THE NEXT COUPLE OF POLICE STATISTICS HERE?

HEY, WILL YOU RELAX?

VAMPIRES ARE JUST CYNICAL INVENTIONS BY TRASHY COMIC BOOK COMPANIES USED TO EXPLOIT AN ADOLESCENT OBSESSION WITH SEX AND DEATH.

I READ A BOOK ON THE SUBJECT ONCE...



FORGET BOOKS, DARLING.

STICK WITH COMICS.



SHRUKK

JESUS!



VAMPIRELLA!





MAKE THAT A TRIPLE.

READY WHEN YOU ARE, PADRE.

INDEED, VAMPIRELLA.

~ahem~



LORD, AS YOU ONCE CLEANSED THE EARTH BY FLOOD, PURIFY THIS WATER NOW WITH THE LIGHT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT AND WASH AWAY THESE ABOMINATIONS.

~IN NOMINE PATRIS...~

~ET FILIOS...~

" < ET SPIRITO SANCTUS > AMEN!"



AAAAA!



THE RAIN! HE'S CHANGED THE RAIN INTO HOLY WATER!

YOU CHEATING BITCH...



NOT CHEATING, GENERAL.

JUST TACTICS.

~HNNNN~



BRILLIANT, MY DEAR. QUITE BRILLIANT.

HOWEVER, ONE PART OF THE PLAN HAD ME PUZZLED FROM THE START-- HOW COULD YOU BE SURE YOU WERE IMMUNE FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE HOLY WATER ?

I MEAN, IF YOU'RE A VAMPIRE, TOO, WHY HAVEN'T YOU DISSOLVED IN THE RAIN LIKE THE OTHERS?

JUST ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE MYSTERIES, I GUESS.

THANKS FOR THE HELP, OLD-TIMER.

A FEW DOZEN DOWN, ONE MILLION OF THESE BASTARDS STILL HANGING AROUND ON MY HIT-LIST.

A STANLEY HARRIS PRESENTATION

Vampirella

IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD



MARK MILLAR AND GRANT MORRISON
PRODUCERS

AMANDA CONNER
DIRECTOR

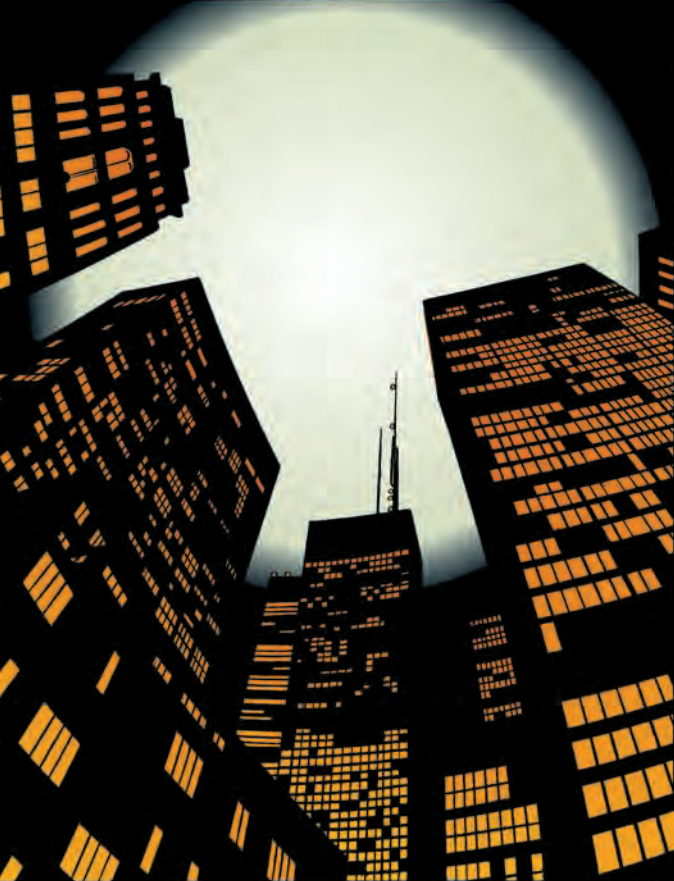
JAMES PALMIOTTI REUBEN RUDE
CINEMATOGRAPHER LIGHTING

HUGH MONHAN
SCREENPLAY

DAVID BOGART EDITING FILMED AT HARRIS STUDIOS

MIDNIGHT IN
NEW YORK:

"WE HAVE A NAME, MONSIGNOR PESARO. HER NAME IS VAMPIRELLA, AND DESPITE WHAT THIS EVIDENCE SUGGESTS, SHE IS NOT ONE OF US."



Vampirella
RESISEN FROM THE DEAD

VAMPIRE-HUNTERS ARE NOTHING NEW. WE'VE HAD TROUBLE WITH THE OCCASIONAL VAN HELSING IN THE PAST, BUT THIS IS BECOMING QUITE *SERIOUS*.

FIRST SHE DESTROYED WHITECHAPEL AND STOPPED THE RESURRECTION OF THE ELDEST SON. *NOW, ROME INFORMS US SHE'S DISRUPTED MUCH OF THEIR NORTH AMERICAN BUSINESS, AND WARNS US THAT SHE'S GUNNING FOR OUR NEW YORK OPERATION.

THIS MATTER MUST BE DEALT WITH *QUICKLY*.

* VAMPIRELLA LIVES MINISERIES -- DAVE.

MY UNDERSTANDING OF THIS VAMPIRELLA WAS THAT SHE WAS NO MORE THAN A CIRCUS CLOWN, A SIDE-SHOW FREAK WHO SOLVED MYSTERIES IN HER SPARE TIME.


WHAT CAUSED SUCH A SMALL-TIME OPERATOR TO BECOME A THREAT TO THE ORDER, FATHER CALGI?

SAME OLD STORY, MONSIGNOR. SOMEONE *KILLED* HER AND SHE CAME BACK WITH A MORE DETERMINED ATTITUDE.

KILLED BEING A POOR CHOICE OF WORDS. PERHAPS TEMPORARY REMOVAL OF HER *UNDEAD STATUS* WOULD BE A MORE APPROPRIATE DESCRIPTION.

**"GENTLEMEN, VAMPIRELLA
HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE."**





PICTURED HERE ON ETHEREAL-SENSITIVE FILM IS OUR OLD FRIEND MISTRESS NYX, WHO BLAMES HERSELF ENTIRELY FOR THE PRESENT SITUATION.

"HELL CHANGED VAMPIRELLA IN WAYS WE CAN'T IMAGINE. ALL WE KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT SHE RETURNED WITH A NEW ARSENAL AND A NEW MOTIVATION...

ALLIED WITH THE PSYCHO-KINETIC ASSASSIN HEMORRHAGE, SHE WAS THE ONE WHO MURDERED VAMPIRELLA AND SET HER ON AN ODYSSEY WHICH TOOK HER ALL THE WAY TO HELL AND BACK.

"NAMELY, THE SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION OF EVERY VAMPIRE SHE COULD FIND WHILE SHE SEARCHES FOR MISTRESS NYX."



"HER FORMER EXECUTIONER, OF COURSE, WENT INTO HIDING."

NATURALLY.

ANYTHING ELSE WE SHOULD KNOW?



ONLY THAT SHE'S KILLING EVEN MORE OF OUR PEOPLE ON A WEEKLY BASIS THAN THE HEPATITIS EPIDEMIC WE HAD TO DEAL WITH A FEW YEARS AGO.

CASE IN POINT...



" THIS FOOTAGE WAS TAKEN BY SECURITY CAMERAS IN THE BROOKLYN DISTRICT WE SECURED LAST YEAR.

" THE MOB SURRENDERED, THE POLICE LEFT US ALONE, THE WHOLE OPERATION WAS RUNNING PERFECTLY UNTIL SOME LUNATIC APPEARED WITH A FLAME-THROWER.

" REMEMBER, THIS WAS AN AREA POPULATED ALMOST ENTIRELY BY VAMPIRES, A PLACE WHERE THEY COULD BE SAFE WHILE THEY OPERATED IN OTHER DISTRICTS...

" NOBODY EXPECTED TROUBLE...

" ... BUT TROUBLE CAME.

" HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE BEEN HERE BEFORE ? A VICTIM'S FRIEND OR FAMILY TRACKS US DOWN, ARMED WITH THEIR FATHER'S OLD SERVICE REVOLVER OR A COUPLE OF TRUSTY FORTY-FIVES...

" WE'VE STOOD ON THE WRONG SIDE OF A GUN A THOUSAND TIMES OVER THE CENTURIES. IT'S HARDLY SURPRISING OUR PEOPLE REACTED THE WAY THEY DID. "





"POOR SONS OF BITCHES..."

"GARLIC, HOLY WATER,
RELIGIOUS ICONOGRAPHY."

"HUMANS HAVE TRADITIONALLY
USED THESE WEAPONS AGAINST
US FOR CENTURIES."

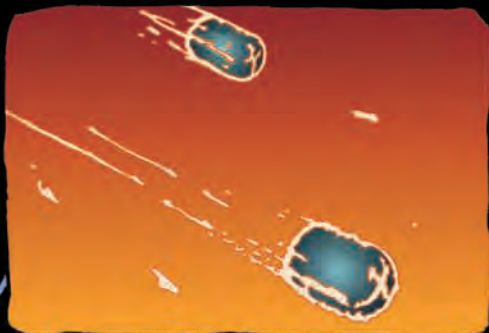
"NOT BULLETS..."



"IT WAS ONLY AFTER WE WATCHED THE FILM
SEVERAL TIMES, WE REALIZED WHAT SHE'D
DONE."



"LITTLE CROSSES CARVED ON THE HEADS
OF THE SHELLS FIRED STRAIGHT INTO THE
HEARTS AND FACES OF HUNDREDS OF VAMPIRES."




"THE EFFECTS WERE DEVASTATING."



AC
JP
96

"LIGHTS UP."



WOODEN STAKES FIRED FROM CROSS-BOWS, CRUCIFIXES PAINTED ON GRAVESTONES; IT SEEMS HER IMAGINATION IS MATCHED ONLY BY HER PASSION FOR KILLING.

SHE'S FAST, SHE'S STRONG, SHE CAN DO EVERYTHING WE CAN DO, BUT SEEMS UNAFFECTED BY ALL OF OUR WEAKNESSES...



SEIZING CONTROL OF ORGANIZED CRIME IN NEW YORK WAS ALREADY A DELICATE OPERATION, MONSIGNOR.

PERHAPS TONIGHT'S ASSAULT SHOULD BE POSTPONED.

TONIGHT'S OPERATION WILL GO AHEAD AS PLANNED.

AS FAR AS SHE'S AWARE, WE'RE JUST ANOTHER PACK OF VAMPIRES. SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT SCALE WE OPERATE ON AND WE CAN USE THIS TO OUR ADVANTAGE.



CALL VON KREIST.

TELL HIM EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOLD ME.

HE'LL MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T GET IN THE WAY WHEN WE MAKE A MOVE ON DON FATTONI TONIGHT.

DON FATTONI:

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS, DAD.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW EMBARRASSED WE WERE BEING MARCHED OUT OF BALLET CLASS AT GUN-POINT BY A COUPLE OF HIRED THUGS?

HEY, YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T HURT MY BABY GIRLS FOR THE WORLD. I JUST HAD TO BE SURE YOU WERE SAFE INDOORS WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN, THAT'S ALL.

ONE OF THE BOYS HEARD A RUMOR THE OTHER SIDE WAS MAKING A PLAY FOR MY TERRITORY TONIGHT.

DAD, YOU HEAR THAT RUMOR EVERY DAY! DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING A LITTLE PARANOID?


PIXIE, PIXIE... I'M THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL FAMILIES ON THE EAST COAST.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WORK FOR ME. MILLIONS ARE AFFECTED BY MY DECISIONS. BILLIONS OF DOLLARS ARE GENERATED UNDER MY SUPERVISION...

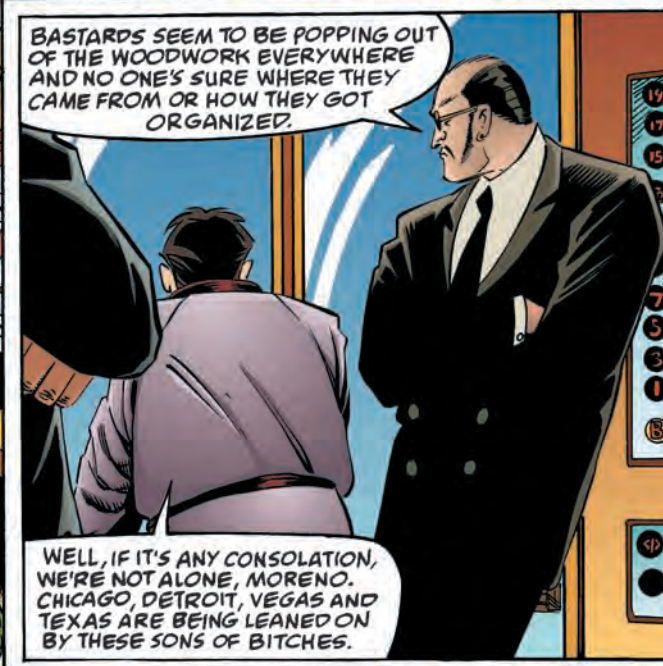
...ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO PARANOID.

I TOLD YOU, PIXIE.

LEAVE OFF HIM. I'M SERIOUS.



VAMPIRES? JESUS, WE'VE HAD THE BLACKS FROM QUEENS AND THE JEWS FROM FLORIDA, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE EVER HAD VAMPIRES TRYING TO MUSCLE IN ON OUR TERRITORY.



BASTARDS SEEM TO BE POPPING OUT OF THE WOODWORK EVERYWHERE AND NO ONE'S SURE WHERE THEY CAME FROM OR HOW THEY GOT ORGANIZED.

WELL, IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, WE'RE NOT ALONE, MORENO. CHICAGO, DETROIT, VEGAS AND TEXAS ARE BEING LEANED ON BY THESE SONS OF BITCHES.

PING



OUR FRIENDS IN EUROPE RECKON THEY'RE ALREADY AS BIG AS WE ARE. SOME ARE EVEN SAYING THEY'RE CONNECTED TO THE VATICAN IN SOME WAY.

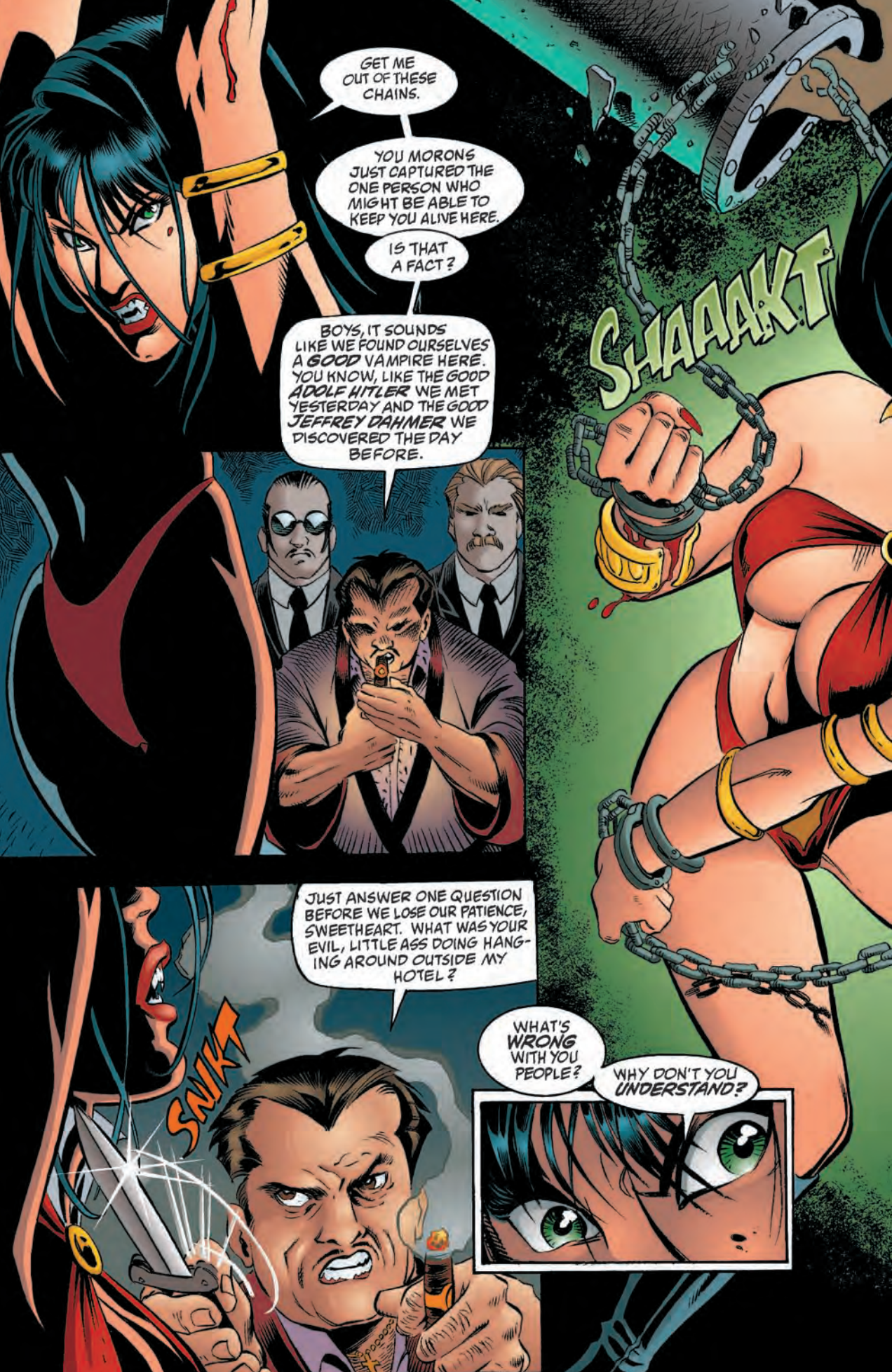
MAYBE OUR FRIEND HERE CAN SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON WHAT THEY'RE UP TO, HUH?



YOU HEARD THE MAN, BITCH.

START TALKING.

MEN AND WOMEN ARE FROM MARS



GET ME OUT OF THESE CHAINS.

YOU MORONS JUST CAPTURED THE ONE PERSON WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO KEEP YOU ALIVE HERE.

IS THAT A FACT?

BOYS, IT SOUNDS LIKE WE FOUND OURSELVES A GOOD VAMPIRE HERE. YOU KNOW, LIKE THE GOOD ADOLF HITLER WE MET YESTERDAY AND THE GOOD JEFFREY DAHMER WE DISCOVERED THE DAY BEFORE.

SHAAAKT

JUST ANSWER ONE QUESTION BEFORE WE LOSE OUR PATIENCE, SWEETHEART. WHAT WAS YOUR EVIL, LITTLE ASS DOING HANGING AROUND OUTSIDE MY HOTEL?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?

WHY DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?



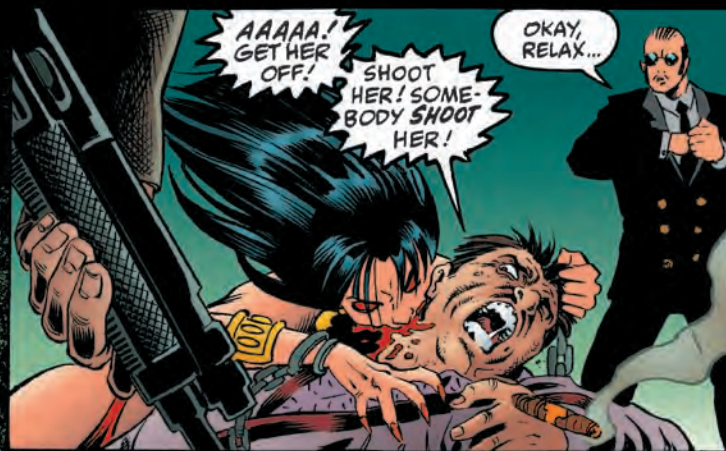
SNIKT



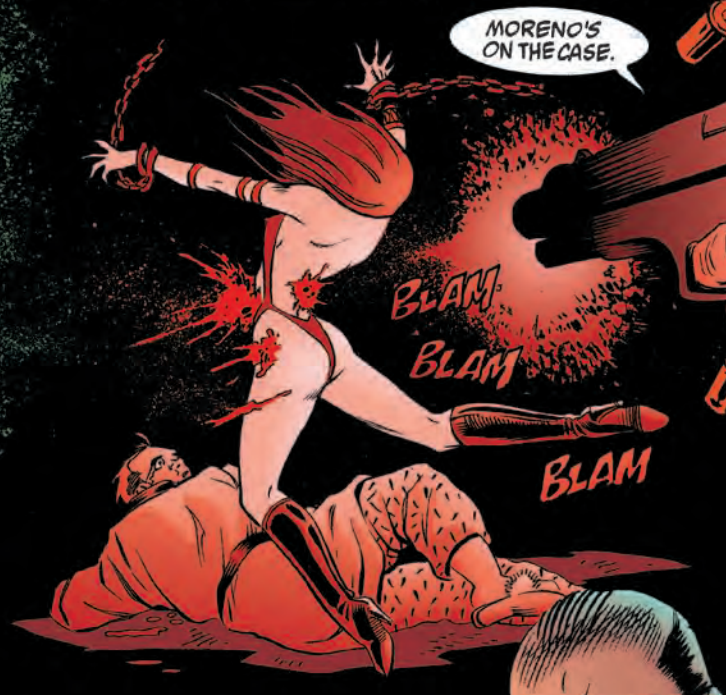
SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER!



I ONLY CAME HERE TO HELP!



MORENO'S ON THE CASE.



JESUS CHRIST! N-NICE WORK, MORENO. NOW GET THIS PLACE CLEANED UP AND GET RID OF THIS THING BEFORE IT REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AGAIN.

I'M GOING UP-STAIRS TO LOOK AFTER THE GIRLS.

NO PROBLEM, DON FATTONI.

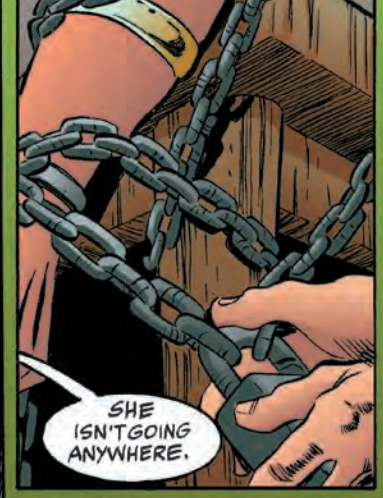




CHAIN HER UP.



THAT'S IT. NICE AND TIGHT.



SHE ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE.



YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, THAT IF YOU KILL ME, YOUR CHANCES OF STAYING ALIVE UNTIL MORNING ARE PRACTICALLY ZERO!

THAT'S A RISK I'M PREPARED TO TAKE.

STAND BACK ANYBODY WEARING AN EXPENSIVE SUIT.



HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS TO ANY GODDAMN VAMPIRE TAKES A CHUNK OUTTA DON FATTONI.

THRRRAKT

BBZZZ

FUUFFY

ZZZZ







SKREEE

SKREEE

SKREEE

SKREEE

SKREEE

SKREEE

SKREEE

SKREEE

SKREEE

SKREEE

THRUUKKT



GOOD GOD!



VON KREIST.

PLEASSED TO MEET YOU, DON FATTONI.



YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE!

LOOK AT THE WALLS!

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION OF CRUCIFIXES. ALL QUITE HARMLESS, OF COURSE, CONSIDERING THESE THREE VAMPIRES ARE BLIND AS BATS.

ME? I'M NOT EVEN A VAMPIRE.

I'M NOT HERE TO BARGAIN WITH YOU EITHER.

WE ALREADY TRIED TO NEGOTIATE TERRITORY IN THE PAST AND YOU WOULD NOT EVEN SPEAK TO US.

I'M JUST HERE TO KILL YOU, DON FATTONI, AS AN EXAMPLE TO ALL THE OTHER NORTH AMERICAN FAMILIES WHO WON'T COMPLY WITH OUR PLANS.

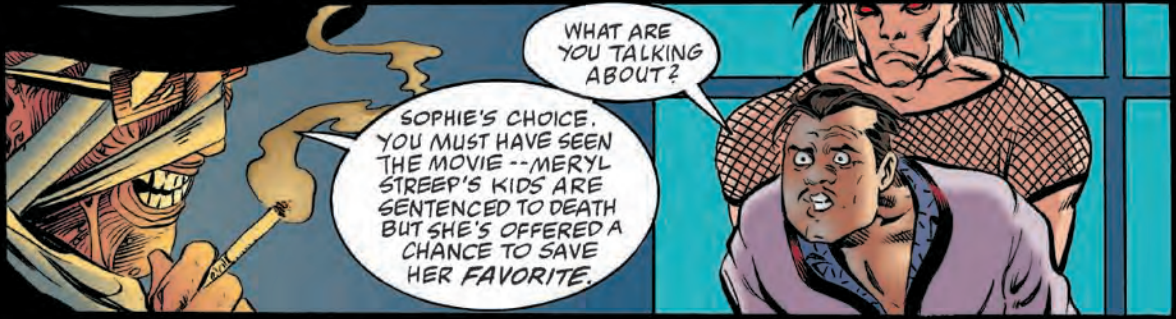
I'M THE MAN YOUR ENEMIES SENT TO MAKE YOUR LAST FEW MOMENTS A LIVING HELL.





SOPHIE'S CHOICE?

I DON'T SEE WHY NOT.



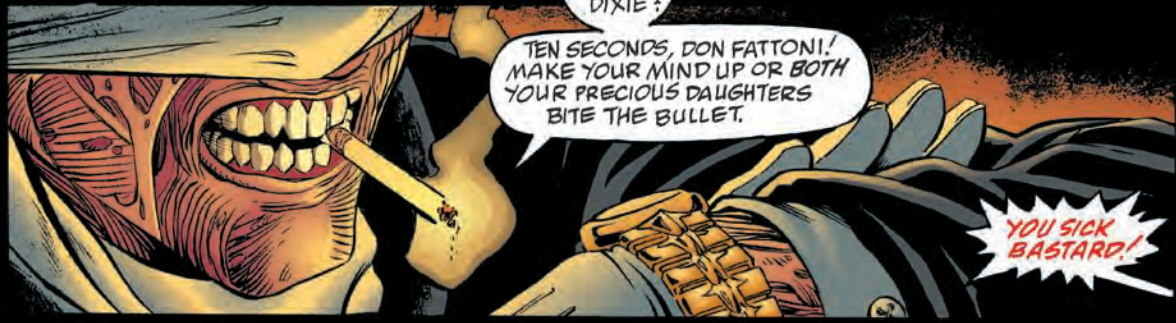
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

SOPHIE'S CHOICE. YOU MUST HAVE SEEN THE MOVIE -- MERYL STREEP'S KIDS ARE SENTENCED TO DEATH BUT SHE'S OFFERED A CHANCE TO SAVE HER FAVORITE.



THE MORAL DILEMMA HERE IS "WHO'S THE FAVORITE?"

PIXIE OR DIXIE?



TEN SECONDS, DON FATTONI! MAKE YOUR MIND UP OR BOTH YOUR PRECIOUS DAUGHTERS BITE THE BULLET.

YOU SICK BASTARD!



PIXIE.

THE ONE WITH HER MOTHER'S HAIR.

SAVE PIXIE.

BLAM!



NO!

YOU SHOT THE WRONG ONE!



I KNOW.

THIS WAY THE PARENT LOSES HIS FAVORITE CHILD WHILE THE SURVIVOR LIVES WITH THE KNOWLEDGE DEAR DADDY GAVE THEM A DEATH SENTENCE.

MUCH MORE INTERESTING.



YOU BASTARD.

YOU SICK, EVIL BASTARD...

OH, COME ON, DON FATTONI.

WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET.



DOWNSTAIRS:

ANY LAST WORDS YOU'D BETTER MAKE THEM QUICK BECAUSE WE'RE READY FOR DESSERT NOW, HONEY BUNS.

THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE NOW, HONEY.

JUST DESSERT.



ONLY TWO WORDS SPRING TO MIND, BABY...

THE SECOND ONE IS "OFF"!!



TO BE CONTINUED.



ASCENDING EVIL: PART 2

COVER BY AMANDA CONNER, JIMMY PALMIOTTI & BRIAN HABERLIN

THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT:

DAD,
I'M
FREEZING...

...HELP
ME...

FOR GOD'S
SAKE, SHE'S
DYING.

LOOK AT
HER, YOU
BASTARD!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED
HOW MANY PEOPLE
ARE ALLERGIC TO
BULLETS IN THE
CHEST, DON
FATTONI.

ALTHOUGH
ONE WOULD HAVE
ASSUMED NEW YORK
CITY'S MOST NOTOR-
IOUS GANG-BOSS
WOULD BE A LITTLE
LESS SQUEAMISH AT
THE SIGHT OF
BLOOD.

SHE'S MY
DAUGHTER...

THEN
HELP
HER...

MY FRIENDS ONLY NEED
TO GIVE HER A BITE IN THE
NECK AND DEAR LITTLE
PIXIE LIVES FOREVER.

JUST
SAY THE
WORD.

I'M WARNING
YOU ONE LAST
TIME...

BACK
OFF!





REAL BALLSY TALK WHEN YOU'RE CHAINED-UP AND HELPLESS AND SURROUNDED BY ***IN' MONSTERS!

RECKON YOU DON'T GET THE PICTURE HERE.

MAYBE YOU DON'T GET THE PICTURE!

WHY WOULD A GANG-BOSS WITH VAMPIRE TROUBLE HAVE ME CHAINED UP IN HIS BASEMENT AND THREATENED WITH A BUZZ-SAW?


USE YOUR HEADS!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?




DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU?



HELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WERE ONE OF US WHEN WE FIRST CAME IN?

VON KREIST WANTS US OUT OF THE BUILDING IN TEN MINUTES FLAT.



C'MON! SOMEBODY HELP ME GET HER OUT OF THESE LOCKS AND CHAINS!



OH, PIXIE, I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY, I AM SO SORRY...

I PROMISED YOUR MOTHER NONE OF THIS FILTH WOULD TOUCH HER LITTLE GIRLS, BUT I SCREWED UP IN THE END.

JESUS CHRIST, WHY DO I ALWAYS SCREW EVERYTHING UP?

KLIK

THAT'S VON KREIST. AND, TO BE HONEST, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT ALL THE GUILT YOU'RE CARRYING AROUND, DON FATTONI.

PIXIE'S TWIN SISTER, DIXIE WILL CLEAR YOUR CONSCIENCE ON THE COUNT OF THREE...



EVERYBODY'S DEAD AS PLANNED EXCEPT THE FOLKS IN THE PENTHOUSE. THE MONSIGNOR WANTED VON KREIST TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN WITH THEM FIRST.

YOU MEAN PEOPLE ARE STILL ALIVE UP THERE?

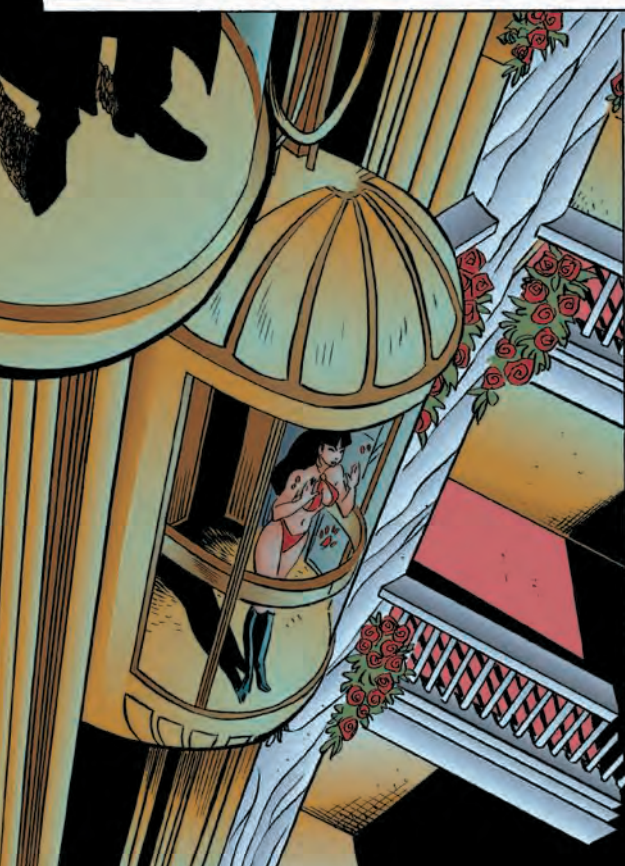
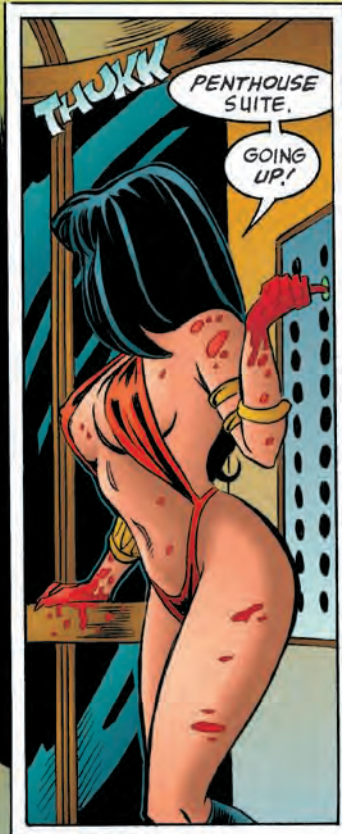
NOT FOR MUCH LONGER.

SHUKKK

LOOK WHO'S TALKING.

GET HER.

KIA!





Origin ends.

ONE MONTH LATER:

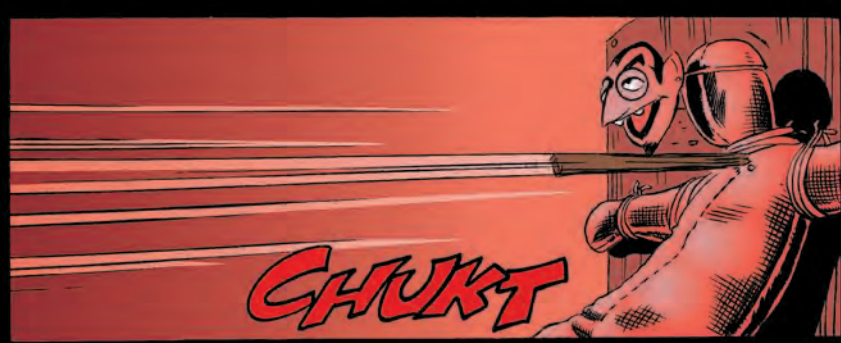


SHACHUKT





A MINUTE.



CHUNK

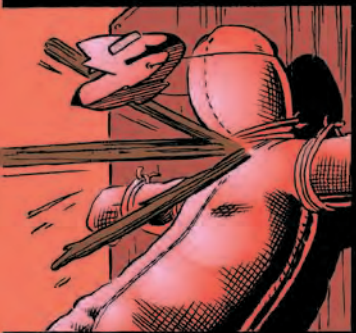


JUST WONDERED WHERE YOU WERE. I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU DOWN HERE TRAINING THIS LATE.

YOU'RE GETTING GOOD WITH THE BOW AND STAKES.



IT HAS BEEN A MONTH.



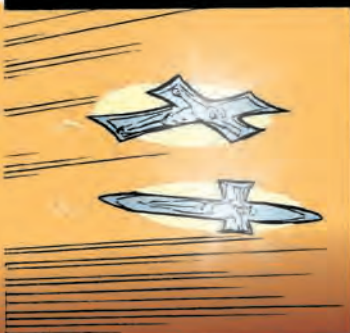
LISTEN, I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FATHER, BUT SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD SCHOOLGIRLS SHOULD NOT BE HUNTING VAMPIRES.

WE SHOULD CONTACT YOUR RELATIVES OUTSIDE THE CITY AND FIND YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE TO STAY.



THE DIFFERENCE IS, TOMORROW THINGS GET SERIOUS.

I'M ONLY ONE VAMPIRE AWAY FROM THIS RING LEADER THEY CALL THE MONSIGNOR AND IN 24 HOURS I PLAN TO SHUT DOWN HIS EAST COAST OPERATION.



MY SISTER MIGHT STILL BE ALONE OUT THERE.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THIS FEELS LIKE.



YES I DO.

I'VE NEVER TOLD YOU THIS BEFORE, BUT MY MOTHER WAS THE MOTHER OF **ALL** VAMPIRES.

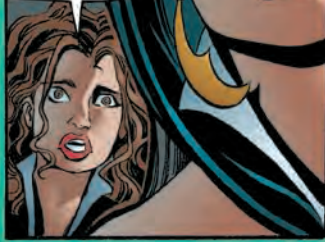
SHE RENOUNCED HER OLD WAYS ON HER DEATH-BED AND ASKED ME TO **ERASE** HER MISTAKES. SHE MADE ME SWEAR TO ELIMINATE ALL OF HER **BASTARDS**.



I'VE BEEN FULL-TIME EVER SINCE.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE RELATED TO EVERY VAMPIRE?

LIKE BROTHERS AND SISTERS?



IN A SENSE, THAT'S WHY I'M SAYING LEAVE PIXIE TO ME YOU MIGHT NOT LIKE WHAT YOU SEE WHEN YOU FIND HER AND WHAT COMES NEXT CAN BE DIFFICULT.

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU FEEL A CONNECTION.



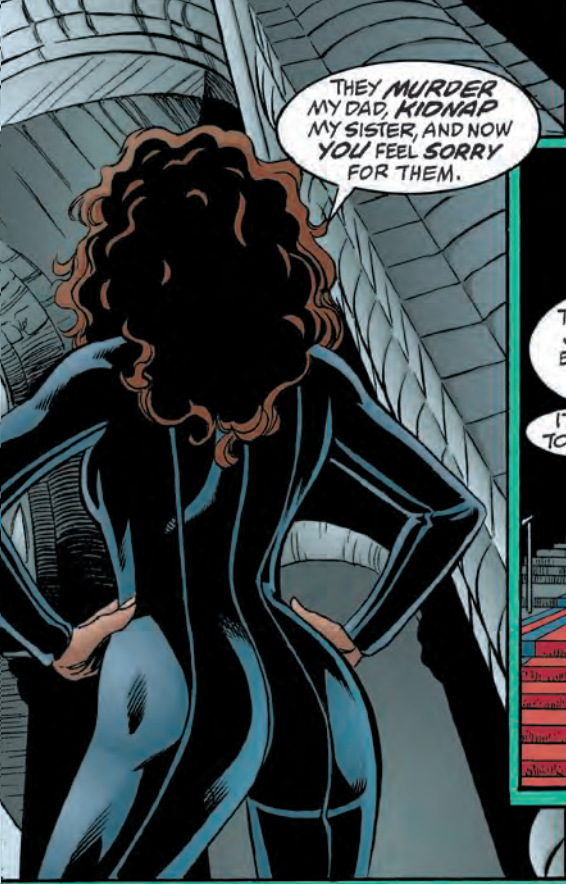
YOU HAD TO FIND OUT **SOONER** OR LATER.

THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING HERE IN NEW YORK. THIS ISN'T A GANG WE'RE UP AGAINST, DIXIE.

WE'RE NOT FIGHTING THE LOST BOYS OR SALEM'S LOT.

THESE GUYS ARE GLOBAL.





THEY MURDER MY DAD, KIDNAP MY SISTER, AND NOW YOU FEEL SORRY FOR THEM.



THEY HURT JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN.

ALTHOUGH PART OF ME WONDERS IF THEY CAN EVER HURT ENOUGH AFTER WHAT THEY DID TO YOU.



OR SINCE I STUMBLED ONTO THE VAMPIRE CONSPIRACY.

"FORGET WHAT THE MOVIES SAY. VAMPIRES AREN'T SENSITIVE, ROMANTIC OR LONERS. THEY'RE DISCIPLINED, SMART AND ORGANIZED ON AN INTERNATIONAL LEVEL YOU CAN'T BEGIN TO IMAGINE."



"MONSIGNOR PESARO IS THE NEW YORK HEAD OF A 2,000 YEAR OLD VAMPIRE CULT, AND THERE ARE A HUNDRED THEORIES ON THIS VON KREIST CHARACTER."



MY INFORMANTS TELL ME THE CULT WAS DESIGNED AS AN IDEOLOGICAL OPPOSITE TO THE VATICAN.

THESE CREATURES READ THE BIBLE AND CONCLUDED CHRIST DIED ON THE CROSS FOR A BLOOD-SUPPING RITUAL IN CANNIBALISM CALLED THE LAST SUPPER.



THEY'RE PLANNING TO TAKE OVER ORGANIZED CRIME WORLDWIDE. YOUR FATHER'S MAFIA OPERATION WAS THEIR FIRST SUCCESS AND IT WON'T BE THEIR LAST.

FIVE OTHER MONSIGNORS ARE MAKING PROGRESS IN TEXAS, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, AND MIAMI.

YOU MAKE IT ALL SOUND SO HOPELESS. HOW CAN WE EVEN BEGIN TO FIGHT SOMETHING ON THIS SCALE?

WELL, TRADITIONAL VAMPIRE WEAKNESSES LIKE CRUCIFIXES HAVE NO EFFECT ON ME, BUT WE CAN USE THEM TO MAKE THESE BASTARDS WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN.

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

THE FIVE AMERICAN HEADS OF THIS ORGANIZATION ARE MEETING TOMORROW TO CELEBRATE THE OPENING OF THEIR NEW NORTH AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS.

I RECKON THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO MAKE A DECISIVE STRIKE.

IT'S GOING TO BE DANGEROUS.

TWO OF US AGAINST THOUSANDS OF VAMPIRES.

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS?

THEY'VE GOT MY SISTER.

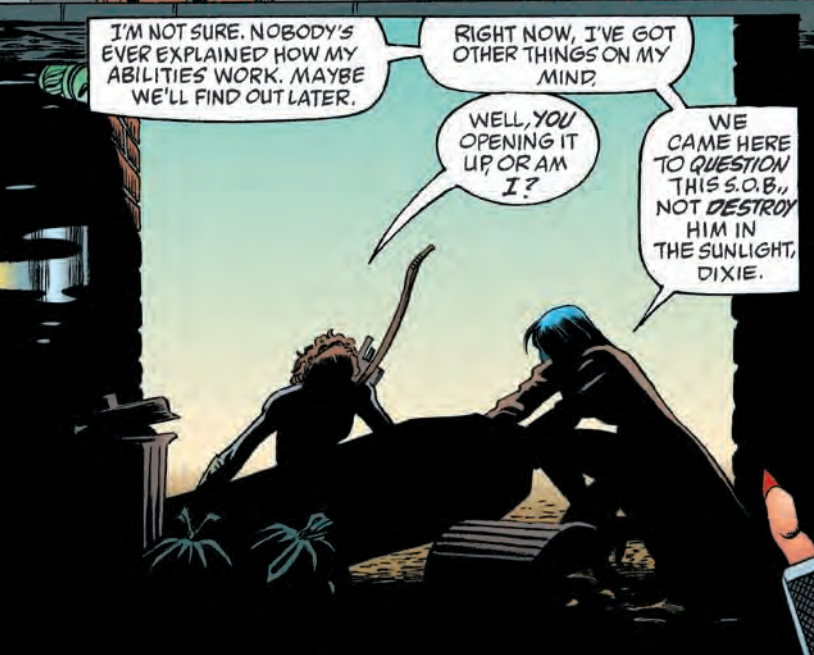
WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?



SO HOW COME CROSSES DON'T AFFECT YOU?

30000...
...WHICH ONE DOES YOU WANT, LEFTY?

3 Now I'll stick with your ex-wife, Fuzzy...



I'M NOT SURE. NOBODY'S EVER EXPLAINED HOW MY ABILITIES WORK. MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT LATER.

RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND.

WELL, YOU OPENING IT UP, OR AM I?

WE CAME HERE TO QUESTION THIS S.O.B., NOT DESTROY HIM IN THE SUNLIGHT, DIXIE.



YOU'LL SOON LEARN SOME MATTERS NEED TO BE HANDLED DELICATELY.



BLAM
BLAM

TF TF



AAAAAAAH!!

FORCHRISTS SAKE DONT LET IN THE LIGHT!

KISS



YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

BLAM



AAAAHH!

OH, GOD! WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



INFORMATION.

YOUR NAME WAS PASSED ALONG TO ME AS A SQUEALER BY THE BLOOD-SUCKER I TOOK APART LAST NIGHT.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE MONSIGNOR.



HIS ADDRESS, SPECIFICALLY.

START SQUEALING, PIGGY.



YEAH, YOU THINK I WANT MY FAMILY JEWELS STAKED TO A CHURCH DOOR? GO F**K YOURSELF, LADY!



FETUP

FSSSSSS



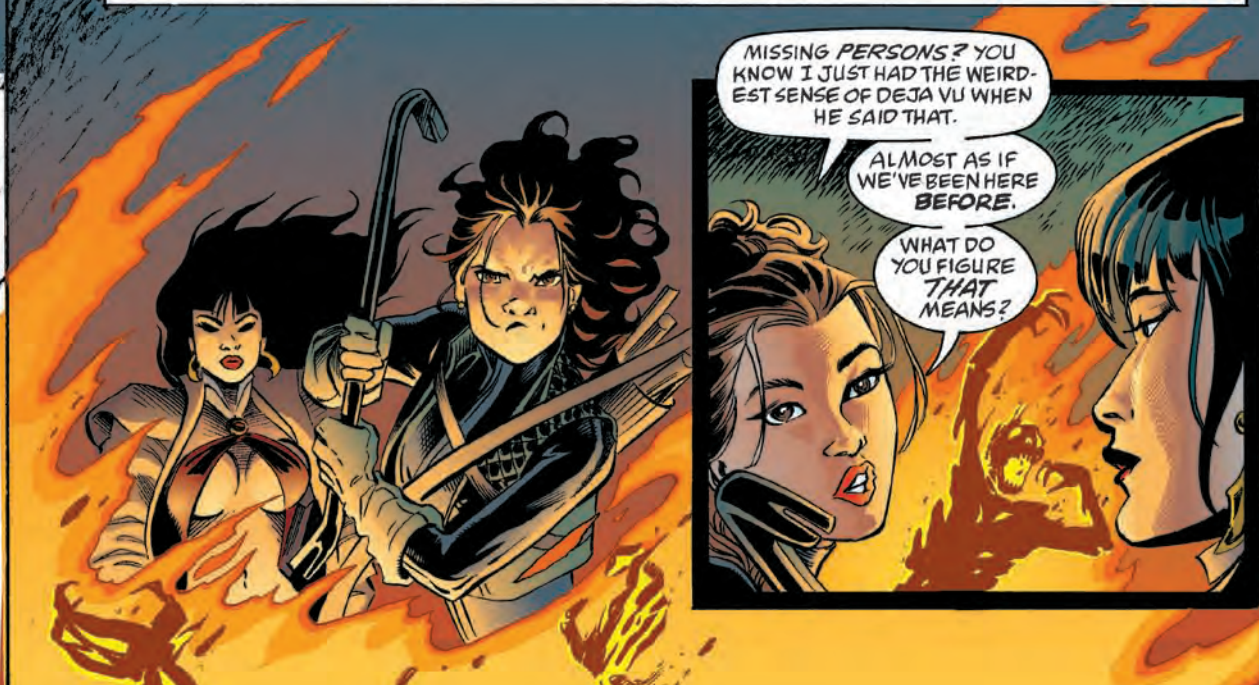
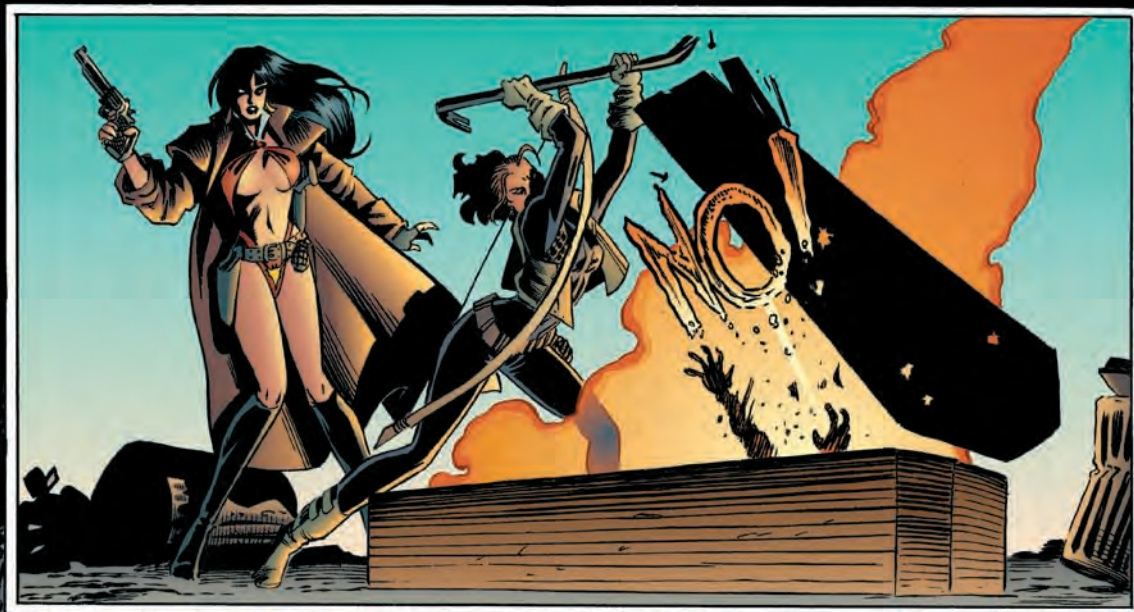
I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM
NAIL IT NOW.

POLITELY
THIS TIME.



THE ACKERMAN PLACE
UPSTATE! I SWEAR THAT
IS WHERE THEY'RE
PROCESSING THE
MISSING PERSONS!
NOW DUMP ME BACK
IN MY SPOT! PLEASE!

BEFORE
VON KREIST
HEARS I WAS
TALKING!



MISSING PERSONS? YOU
KNOW I JUST HAD THE WEIRD-
EST SENSE OF DEJA VU WHEN
HE SAID THAT.

ALMOST AS IF
WE'VE BEEN HERE
BEFORE.

WHAT DO
YOU FIGURE
THAT
MEANS?

ACKERMAN
MANOR:



PIXIE, YOUR
SISTER AND HER
FRIEND ARE ON
THEIR WAY TO
RESCUE YOU.



LET ME DO THEM.

PLEASE...



YOU WILL KEEP TO THE PLAN, PIXIE.

VON KRIEST HAS SERVED OUR BLOOD-LINE FOR *MANY* YEARS AND HIS ORDERS MUST NEVER BE DISOBEYED.

SHE'S HERE.

IT'S ALL FALLING INTO PLACE, MONSIGNOR.

THE FATTONI GIRL IS HERE LOOKING FOR HER SISTER, WHICH MEANS VAMPIRELLA CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND...

...ALTHOUGH, BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS, SHE DOESN'T NEED HALF AS MUCH PROTECTION AS WE THOUGHT.

LET'S SWITCH TO SPOOK-SENSITIVE CAMERAS.

THAT SHOULD GIVE A MORE REALISTIC PICTURE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE.



THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW.

YOU SURE YOU'RE READY FOR THIS?

THEY'VE GOT PIXIE.
I HAVE TO BE READY.



TEAR OPEN THEIR UNIFORMS, DIXIE. THEY CATCH FIRE WHEN THEIR FLESH GETS EXPOSED TO SUNLIGHT, JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU.



AAAIEEE!

AWESOME!



PRAKKA BRAK
PRAKKA
BRAK



KRISSSH!

BONKS!



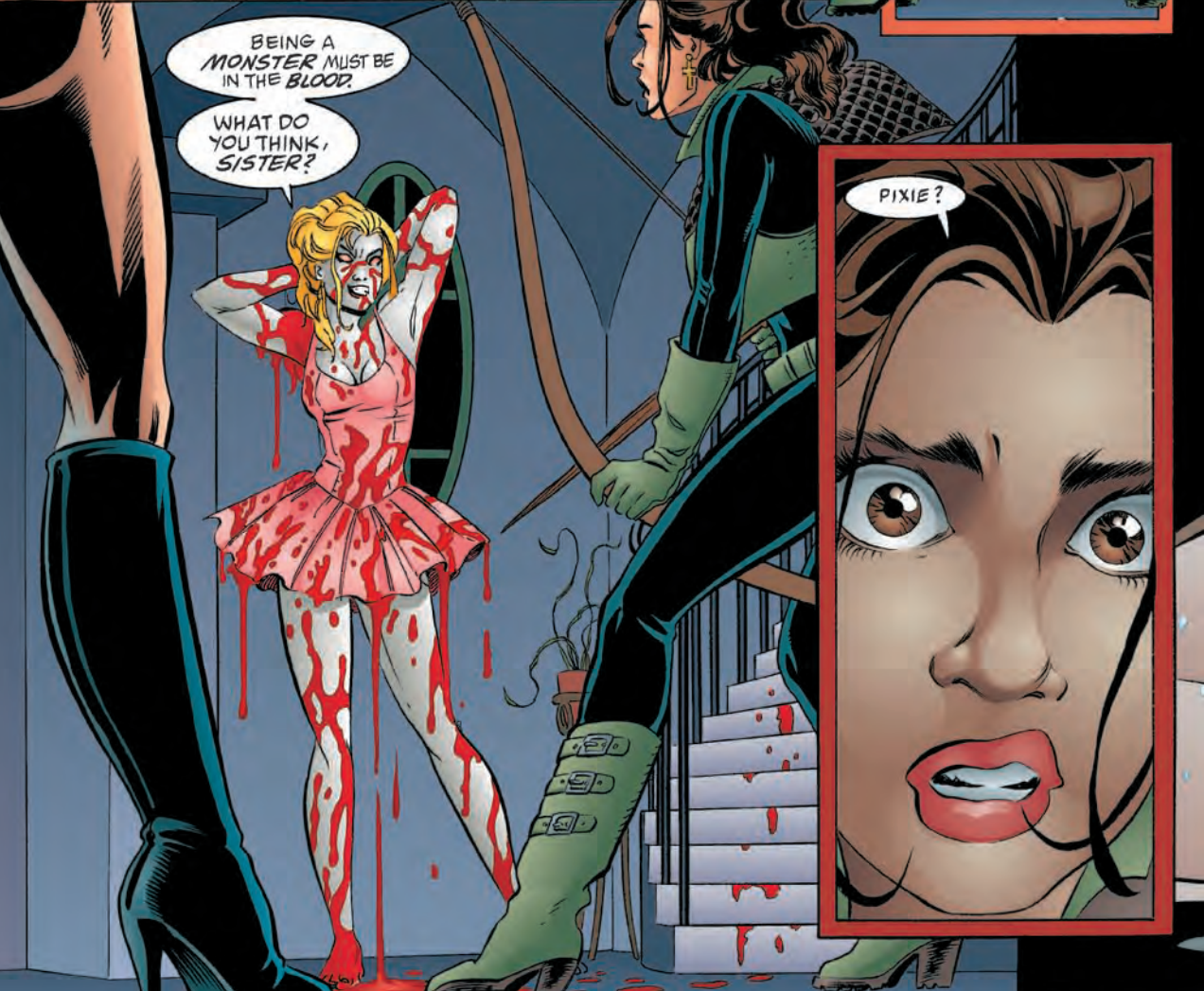
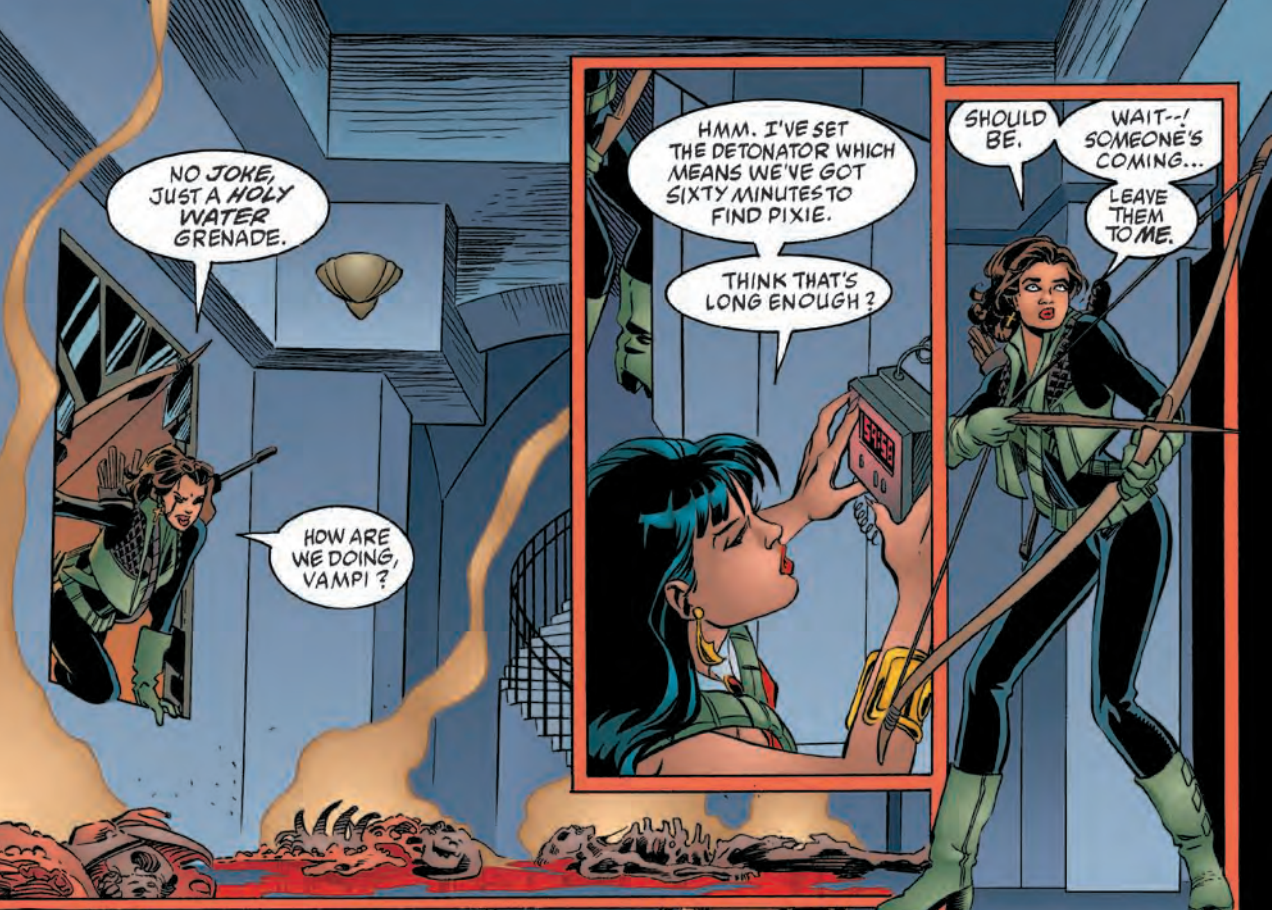
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?



WHO'D PULL A BAD TASTE JOKE LIKE THIS?



BOOM!





BLOOD WHICH WILL SHORTLY BE SPRAYING FROM A RATHER LARGE HOLE IN YOUR HEADS, LADIES.

HELLO, AGAIN, MY DARLING.

DAMN! IT WAS A TRAP!



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

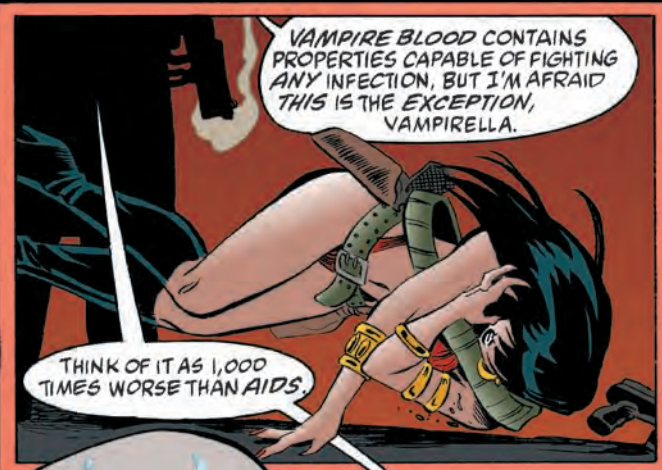
THE WHOLE THING WAS A TRAP!



OBVIOUSLY.

PFFFF!

AAAUUUU!



VAMPIRE BLOOD CONTAINS PROPERTIES CAPABLE OF FIGHTING ANY INFECTION, BUT I'M AFRAID THIS IS THE EXCEPTION, VAMPIRELLA.

THINK OF IT AS 1,000 TIMES WORSE THAN AIDS.

COMPLETE PHYSICAL DISINTEGRATION.





**VAMPI!
GET
UP!**



YOU CAN THANK MY OLD FRIEND **SADDAM** FOR TESTING THIS OUT ON THE **KURDS** A FEW YEARS AGO. IN A FEW MOMENTS, YOU WON'T EVEN BE A **SKELETON**..

"THIS IS HOW IT ALL **ENDS**, LADIES."



**TO BE
CONTINUED--**



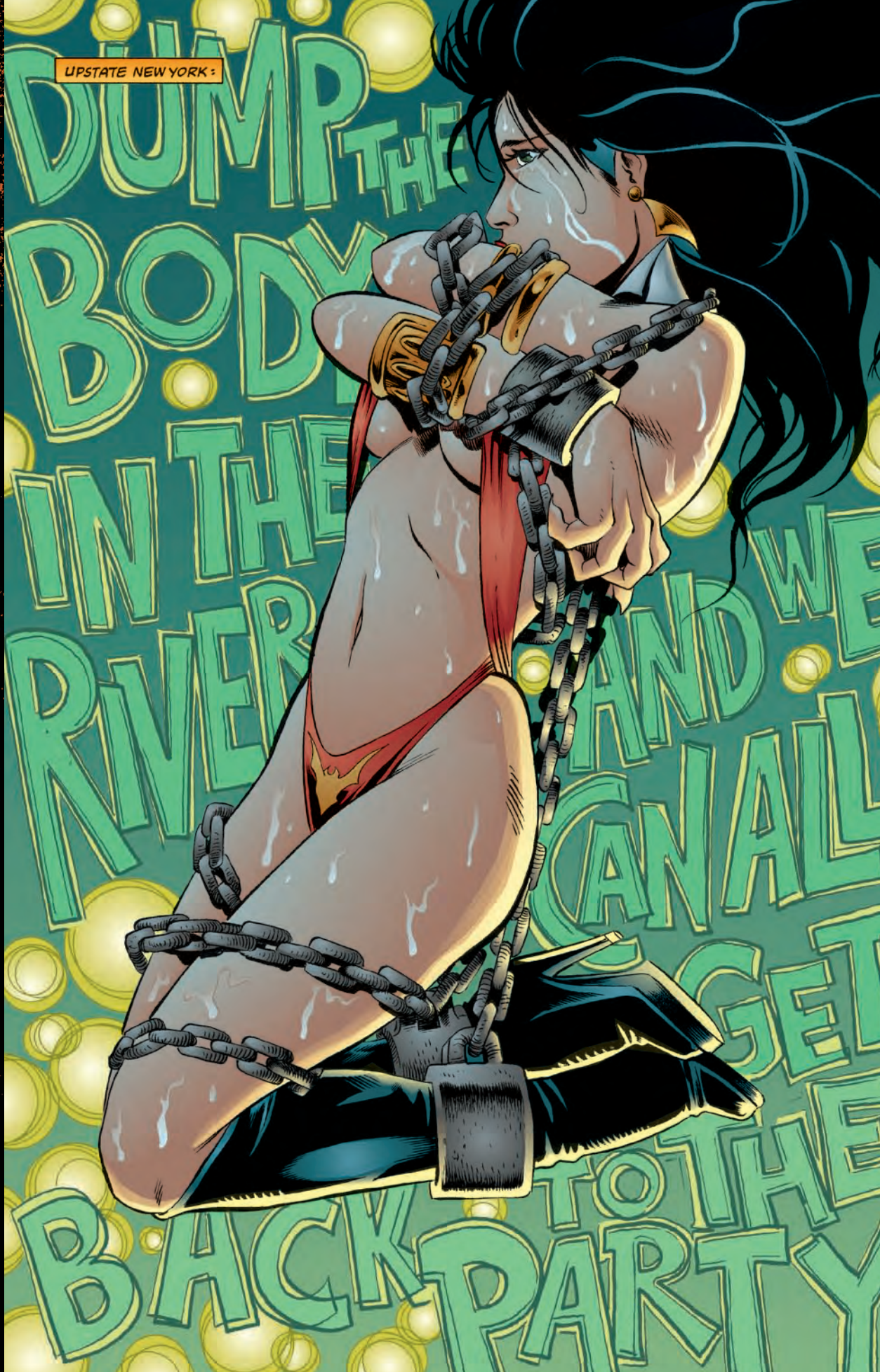
ASCENDING EVIL: PART 2 ALTERNATE COVER BY JAE LEE & BRIAN HABERLIN



ASCENDING EVIL: PART 3

ALTERNATE COVER BY JAE LEE & BRIAN HABERLIN

UPSTATE NEW YORK:



WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER, VON KREIST? MONSIGNOR PESARO SAID NOTHING COULD KILL VAMPIRELLA.

I SUPPOSE NOBODY ELSE TRIED A SUPER-VIRUS SO UNETHICAL EVEN THE CIA BALKED WHEN THEY READ THE LABEL.

IF AIDS HAD AN OLDER, SMARTER BROTHER...



MAKE SURE THE BODY IS PROPERLY WEIGHTED.

IF I FIND HER CORPSE FLOATING DOWN THE HUDSON RIVER TOMORROW MORNING, I WILL PERSONALLY VIOLATE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU PRESENT HERE TONIGHT.

RELAX, SHE'LL GO DOWN EASIER THAN A TRANSEXUAL HOOKER ON THE NUTTY PROFESSOR HIMSELF. THIS IS THE LAST ANYONE WILL SEE OF VAMPIRELLA.



GANGSTERS, GOODFELLAS, WISEGUYS...

WHY DOES WHITE TRASH ALWAYS REVERT TO CINEMA STEREOTYPES WHEN THEY'RE GIVEN THEIR FIRST GUNS?

SOMEBODY TAKE ME TO VAMPIRE CENTRAL.



EN ROUTE TO VAMPIRE
CENTRAL :

THEY SAY THE SUPER-
VIRUS FEELS LIKE YOUR
HEART IS PUMPING
RAZOR BLADES AND
YOUR INTERNAL ORGANS
TURN TO SLUDGE
WITHIN HOURS...

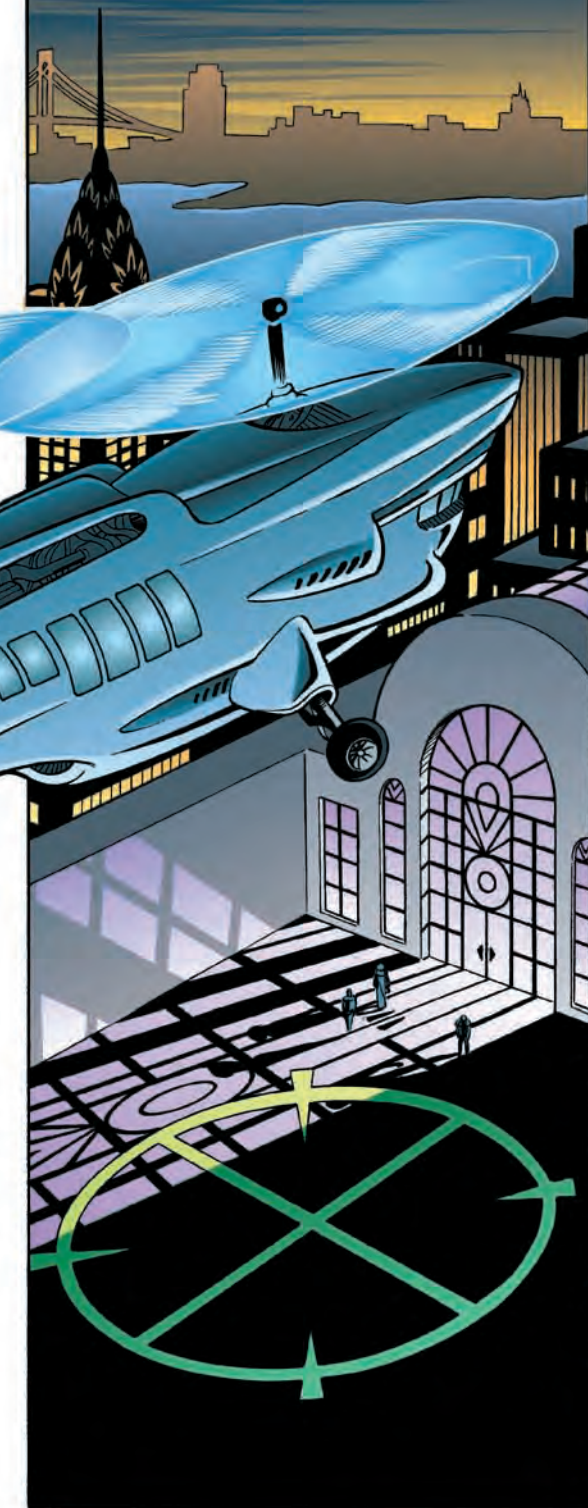
...TWO THINGS ARE
CERTAIN, DIXIE :
VAMPIRELLA DIED IN
AGONY AND YOU'RE
SPENDING ETERNITY
IN THE HOTEL WE
STOLE FROM YOUR
FATHER AND
CUSTOMIZED.

YOU'RE PIXIE'S
NEW TOY NOW.

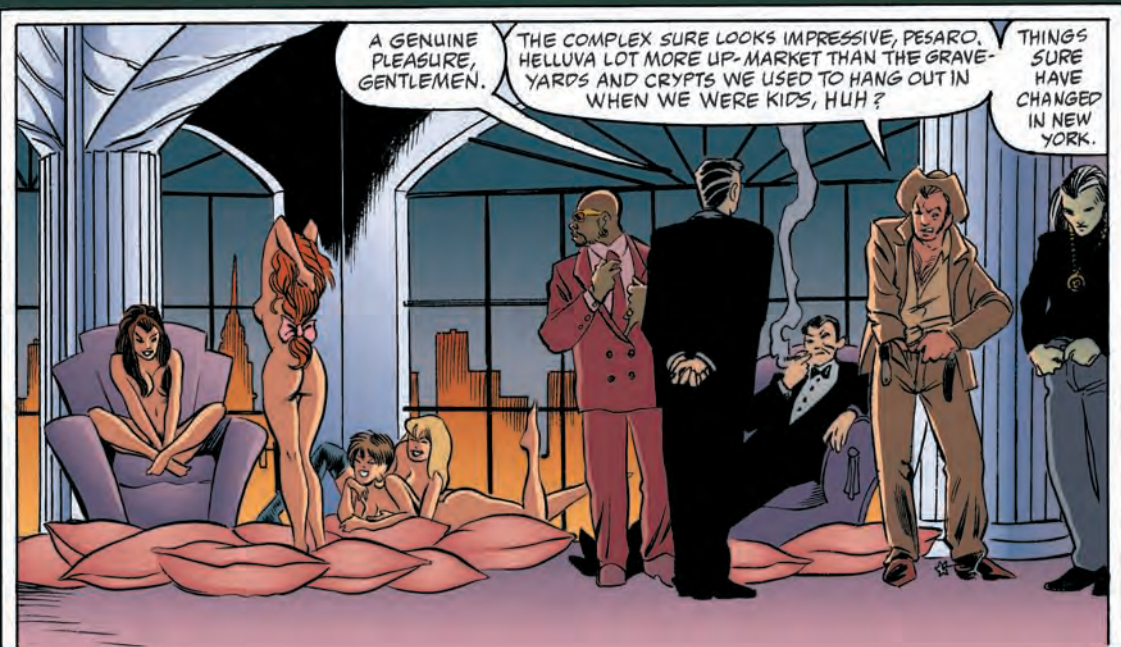
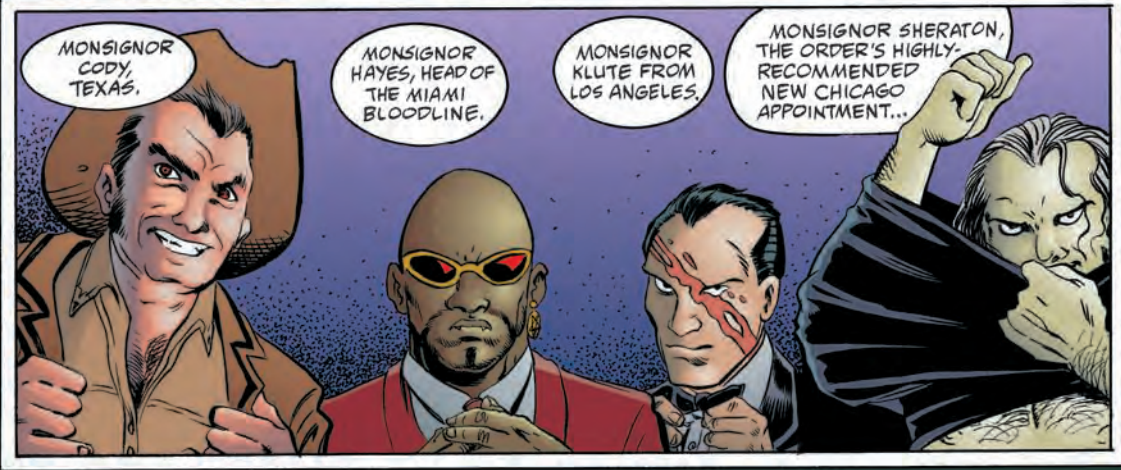
DAD WAS A GREASY
WOP AND I'M GLAD I MADE
HIM EAT THE MUZZLE OF VON
KREIST'S AUTOMATIC.

SAY IT,
SISTER!

DAD WAS A GREASY
WOP
AND I'M GLAD I MADE
HIM EAT THE MUZZLE OF
VON
KREIST'S AUTOMATIC.



WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP





MORE UP-MARKET, PERHAPS, BUT STILL APPLYING THE SAME BASIC PRINCIPLES OF CONVENIENCE AND SECURITY WE WERE TAUGHT WHEN WE WERE INITIATED.

LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND.




ONE OF THESE IN EVERY MAJOR CITY.

I CAN HARDLY WAIT.



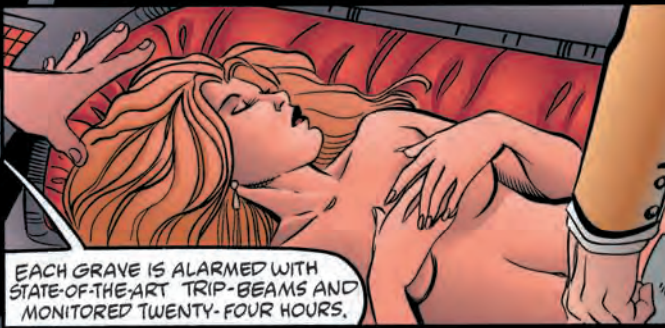
COME ON!



AS YOU CAN SEE, THE COMPLEX IS BASED IN THE HEART OF THE CITY AND PROVIDES ALL THE NECESSARY SECURITY ONE REQUIRES WHEN ONE ISN'T HUNTING.

OUR MULTI-GRAVE SYSTEM HERE, FOR EXAMPLE...

THIS FACILITY CAN HOUSE A THOUSAND VAMPIRES AT ANY ONE TIME.



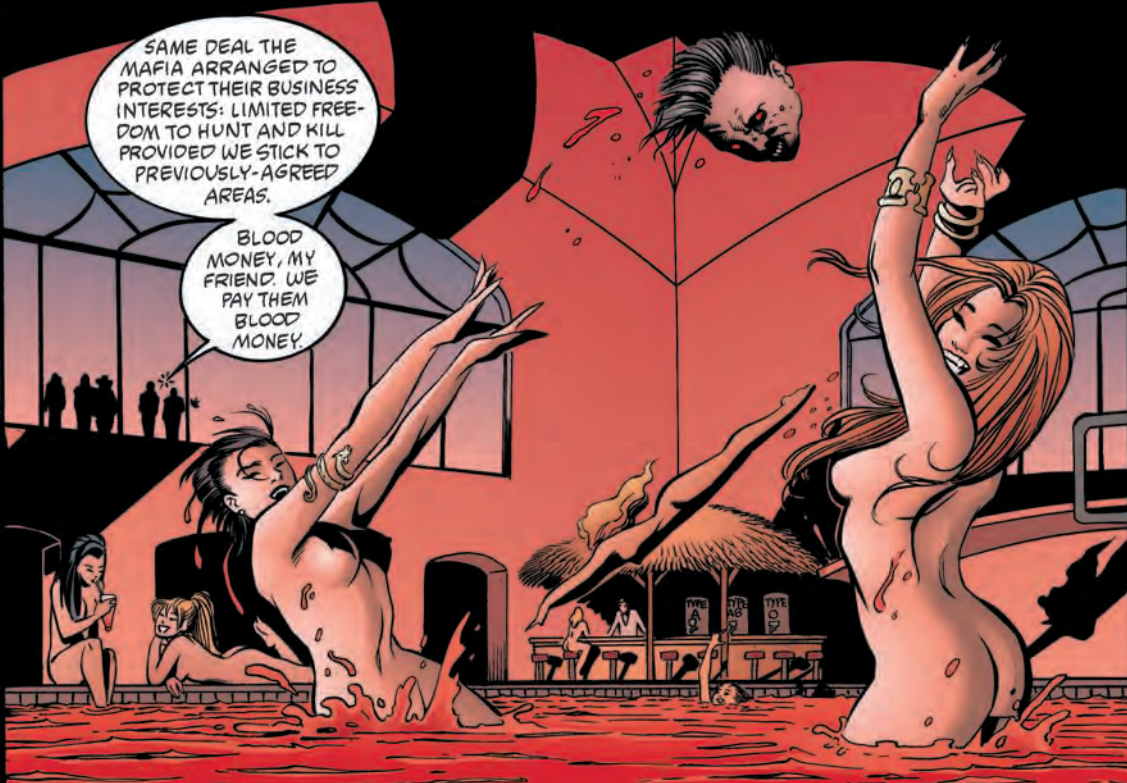
EACH GRAVE IS ALARMED WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART TRIP-BEAMS AND MONITORED TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.



WE ALL KNOW THE BENEFITS OF A GOOD DAY'S SLEEP.

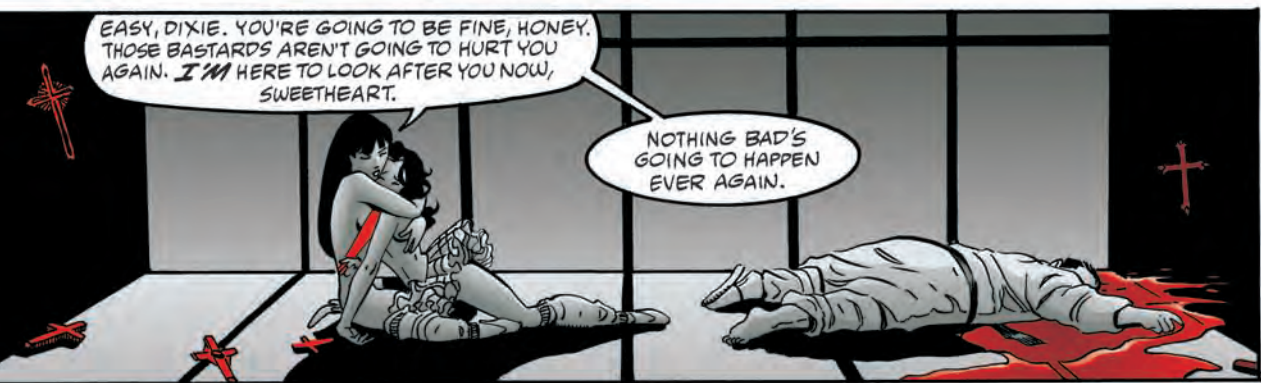
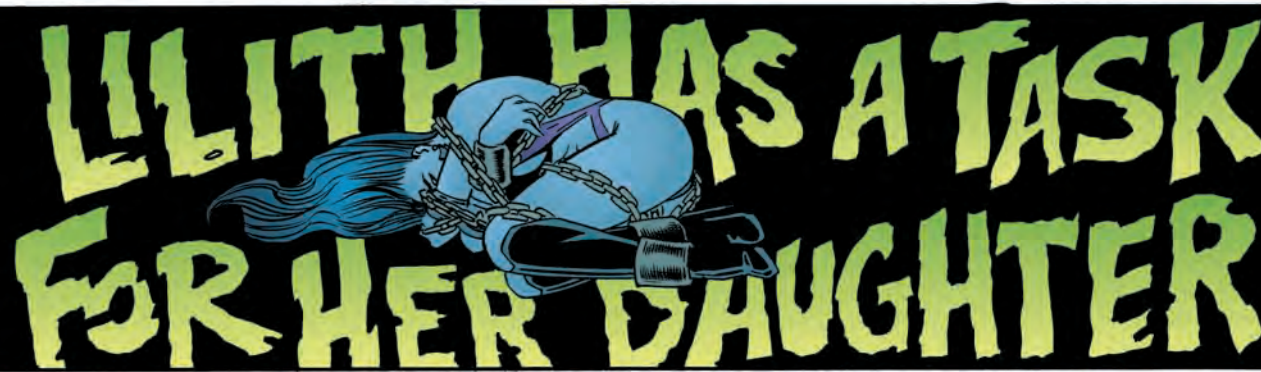
WHAT ABOUT THE LOCALS? WE'RE BEING CRUCIFIED BACK IN CHICAGO BY THOSE ANIMALS. SOMETIMES LITERALLY.

HOW DO YOU STOP THE COPS PUTTING TOGETHER A LITTLE GANG OF VAN HELSING WANNABES?



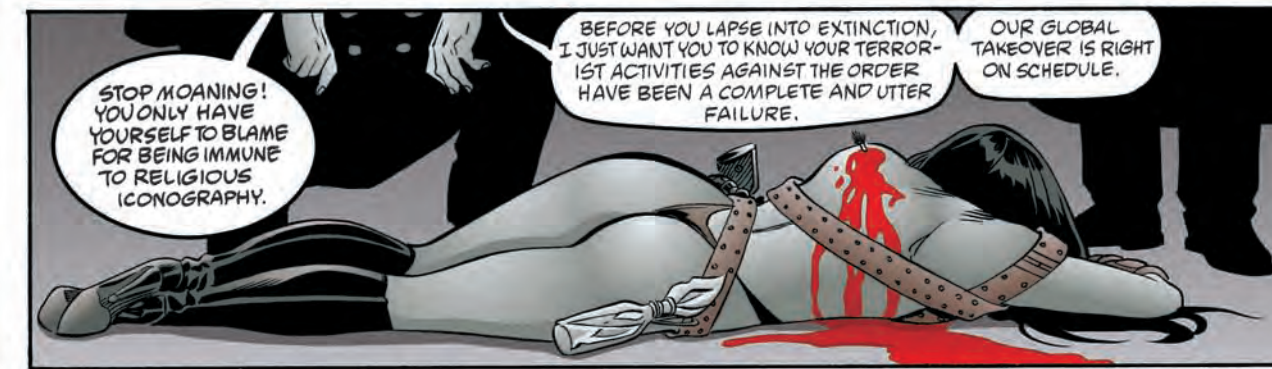
SAME DEAL THE MAFIA ARRANGED TO PROTECT THEIR BUSINESS INTERESTS: LIMITED FREEDOM TO HUNT AND KILL PROVIDED WE STICK TO PREVIOUSLY-AGREED AREAS.

BLOOD MONEY, MY FRIEND. WE PAY THEM BLOOD MONEY.





G-GOD, IT HURRRRTS!



STOP MOANING! YOU ONLY HAVE YOURSELF TO BLAME FOR BEING IMMUNE TO RELIGIOUS ICONOGRAPHY.

BEFORE YOU LAPSE INTO EXTINCTION, I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW YOUR TERRORIST ACTIVITIES AGAINST THE ORDER HAVE BEEN A COMPLETE AND UTTER FAILURE.

OUR GLOBAL TAKEOVER IS RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.



VAMPIRELLA, WAKE UP!

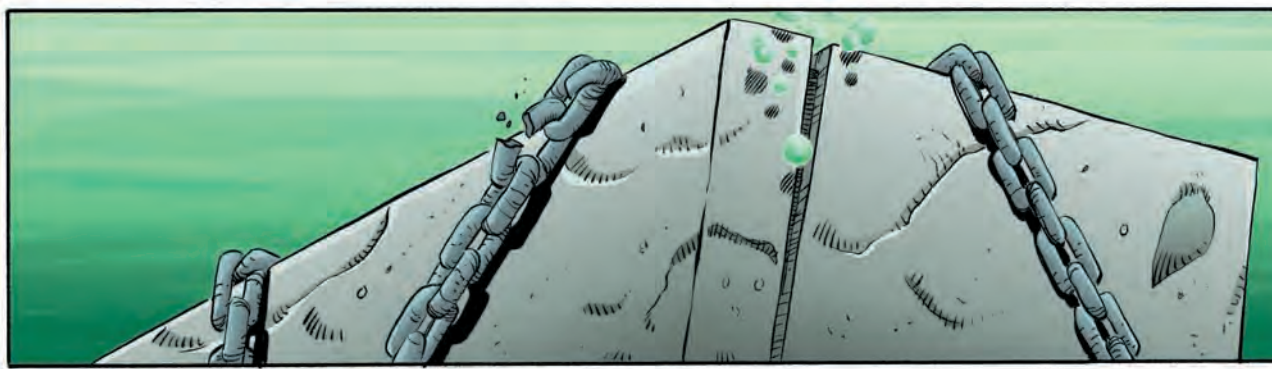
WAKE UP!



DIXIE?

OH GOD, DIXIE.

I'M COMING, BABY. I'M COMING.



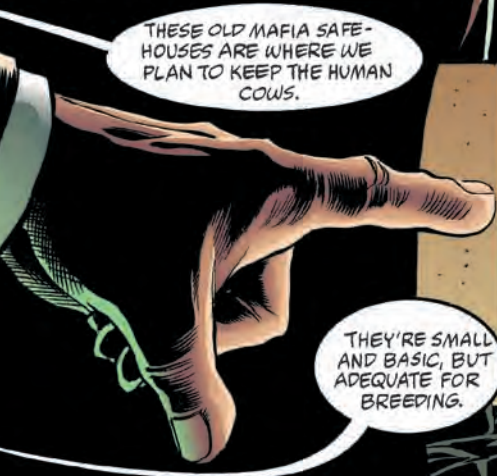


WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE SHOULD EXTEND INTO FARMING?



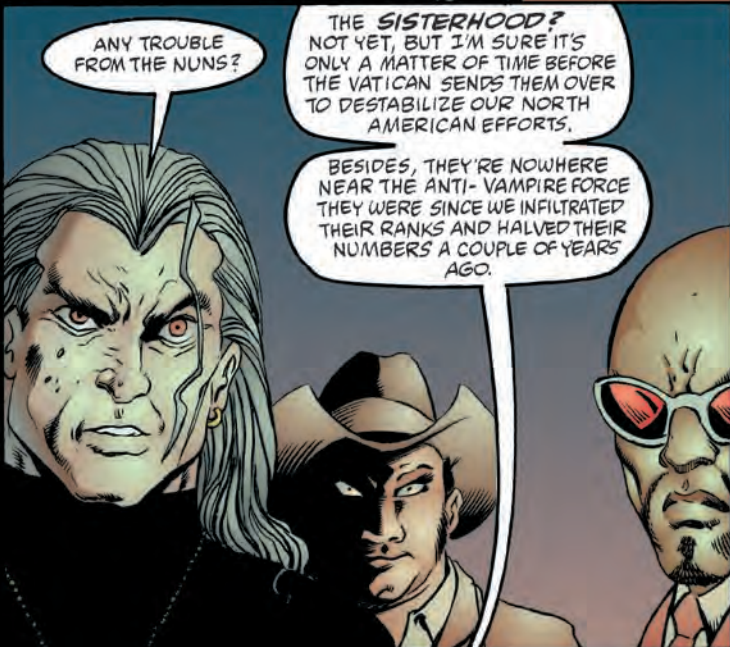
WHY NOT? HUNTING IS SO UNCIVILIZED. WE HAVE TO BECOME MORE BUSINESS-LIKE IF WE'RE GOING TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE UNITED STATES ON SCHEDULE.

OUR EUROPEAN PARTNERS ARE MILES AHEAD OF US.



THESE OLD MAFIA SAFE-HOUSES ARE WHERE WE PLAN TO KEEP THE HUMAN COWS.

THEY'RE SMALL AND BASIC, BUT ADEQUATE FOR BREEDING.



ANY TROUBLE FROM THE NUNS?

THE SISTERHOOD? NOT YET, BUT I'M SURE IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE VATICAN SENDS THEM OVER TO DESTABILIZE OUR NORTH AMERICAN EFFORTS.

BESIDES, THEY'RE NOWHERE NEAR THE ANTI-VAMPIRE FORCE THEY WERE SINCE WE INFILTRATED THEIR RANKS AND HALVED THEIR NUMBERS A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO.



VON KREIST CAN DEAL WITH ANYTHING THEY'RE CAPABLE OF HITTING US WITH...

"... ESPECIALLY SINCE
VAMPIRELLA IS DEAD
AND BURIED."





THAT WAS A CHEMICAL WEAPON.

A GODDAMN CHEMICAL WEAPON.

SOMETIMES I EVEN AMAZE MYSELF.



HEY, WATER-MELONS! DIG THE CLEAVAGE!

ELVIRA?

WHO ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?



KRAK!

THAT'S VAMPIRELLA, MORON!



+

+

=

+



SKREECH



OH, BABY.

I'M IN LOVE.

HUNTING
SUPPLIES
AMMO



Leng's LUMBER & HARDWARE

Continued
S&W
Dealer

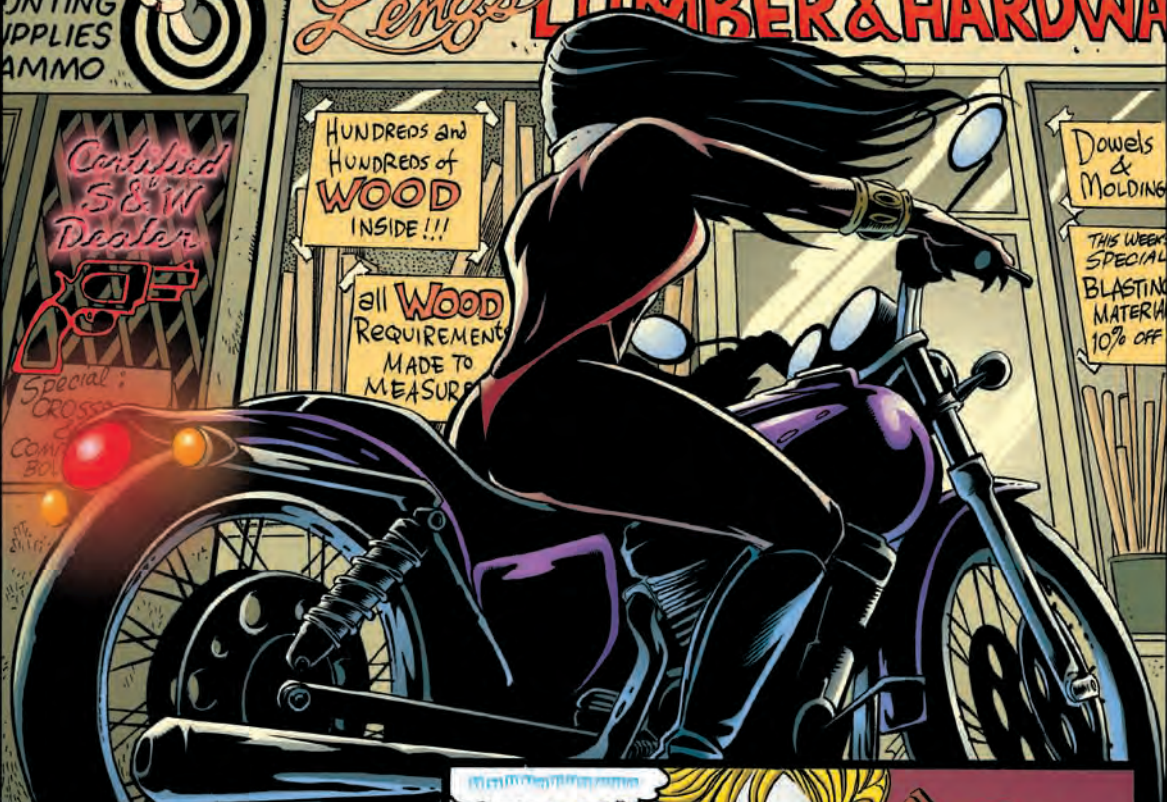
Special:
Cross
Com
Box

HUNDREDS and
HUNDREDS of
WOOD
INSIDE!!!

All **WOOD**
REQUIREMENTS
MADE TO
MEASURE

Dowels
&
Molding

THIS WEEK
SPECIAL
BLASTING
MATERIAL
10% OFF



WHY, THANK YOU, DIXIE. I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED.



OKAY, LESBIAN INCEST STUFF TAKEN CARE OF.
WHAT CAN WE DO NOW, MM? FORCE YOU TO
DRINK MY TAINTED BLOOD AND MAKE YOU
A VAMPIRE JUST LIKE ME?

FOR
GOD'S
SAKE,
PIXIE!
WE'RE
SISTERS!



SORRY,
DARLING. NOT
ANYMORE.

PROVE IT.





THEY SAY BLOOD'S THICKER THAN WATER. PROVE IT.



SAME OLD VON KREIST.

ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH.



WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

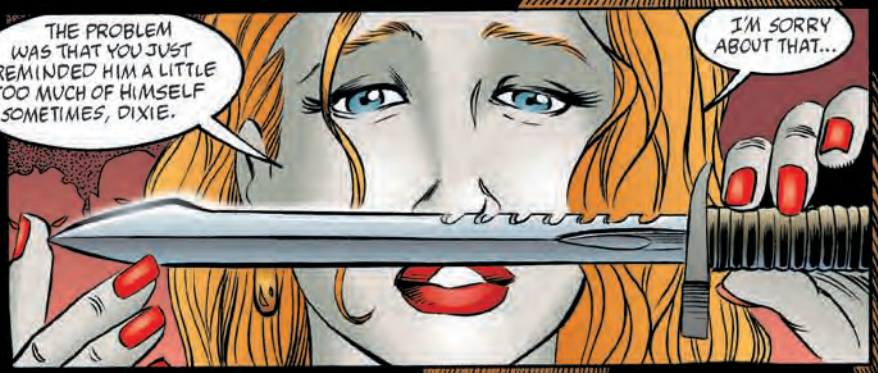


WHO CARES?

BLOW HER GODDAMN HEAD OFF!

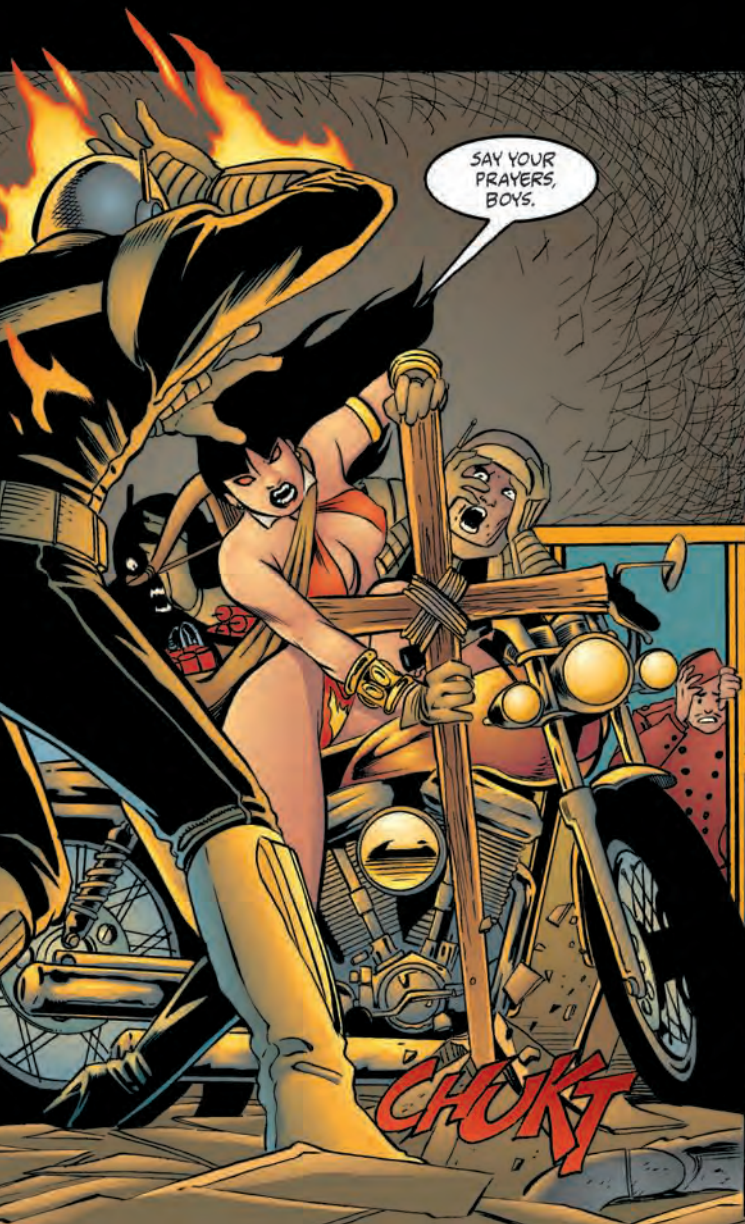
I WAS ALWAYS DADDY'S FAVORITE, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU WORKED AT SCHOOL. I WAS THE ONE HE USED TO TELL HIS FRIENDS ABOUT AND YOU KNEW IT.

THE PROBLEM WAS THAT YOU JUST REMINDED HIM A LITTLE TOO MUCH OF HIMSELF SOMETIMES, DIXIE.



I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT...





SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BOYS.

CHUKT



PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, PLEASE.

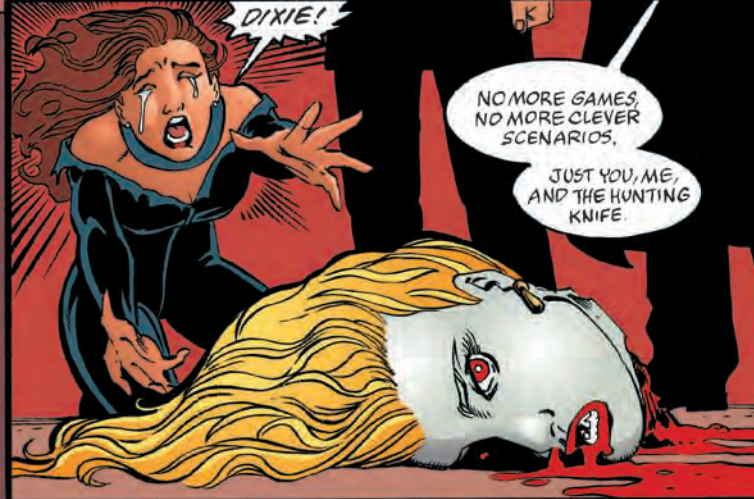
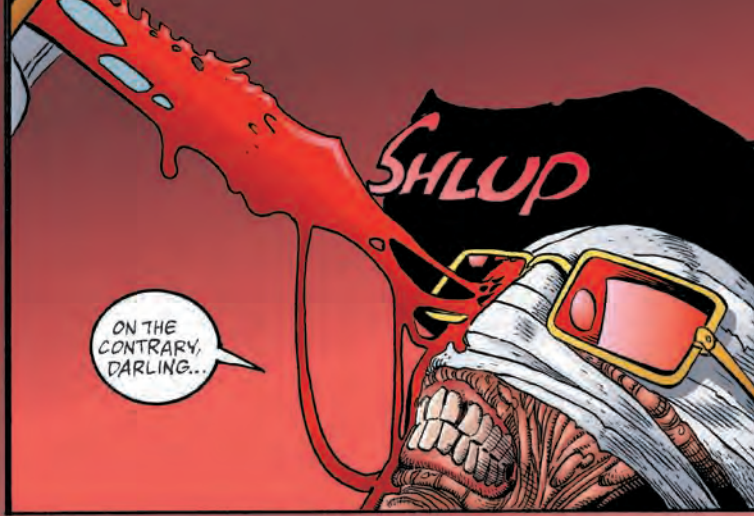
Y-YES, MA'AM...

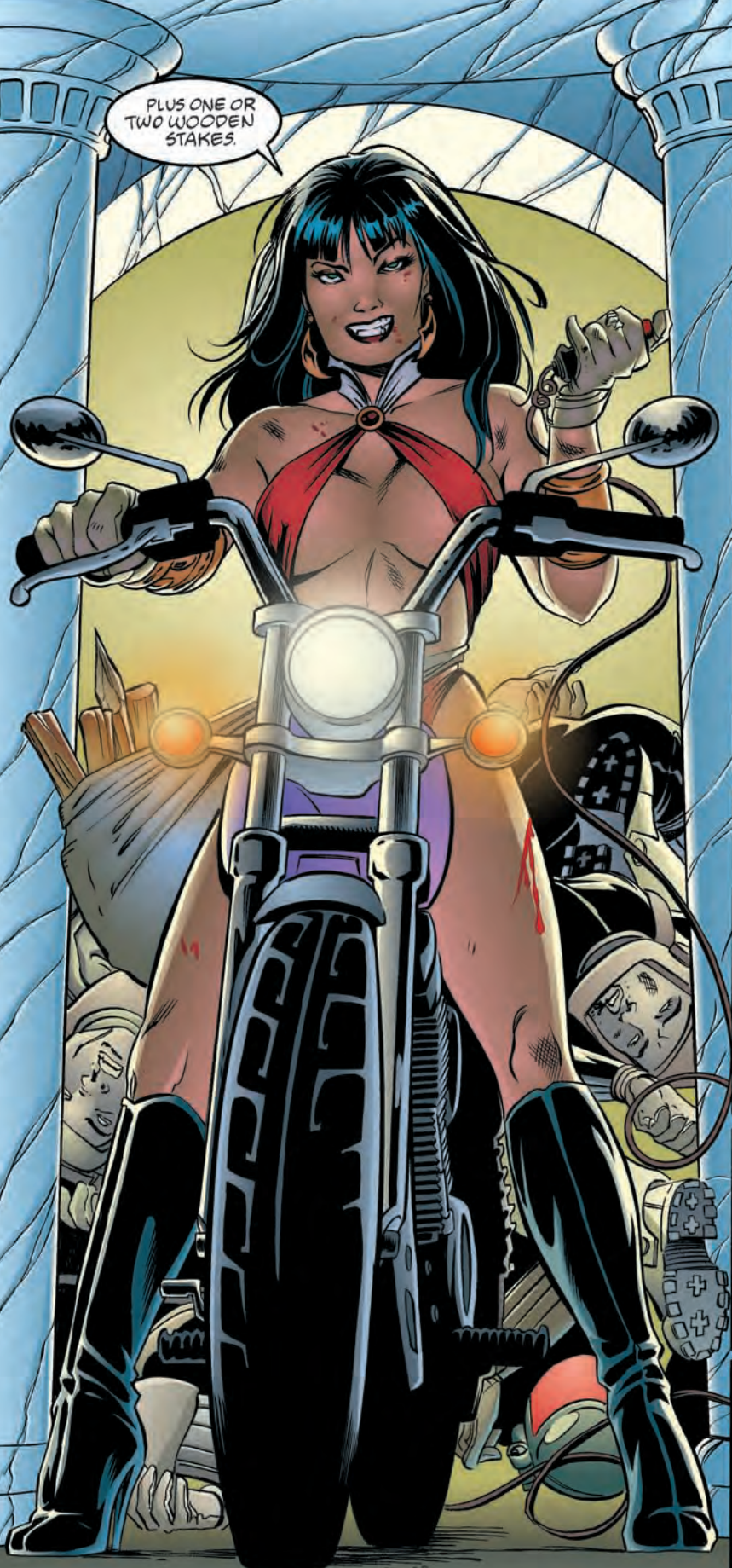


AND HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY WHEN I'M GONE, YOU BASTARDS!



YOU'VE REALLY DONE IT NOW, PIXIE.





PLUS ONE OR TWO WOODEN STAKES.



VAMPIRELLA!



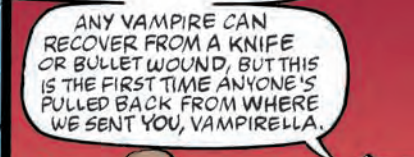
I'VE JUST SENT ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES DOWN TO THE BASEMENT TO DEMOLISH THIS ENTIRE SHOW.

GIVE ME THE GIRL OR I PRESS THE DETONATOR.

SERIOUSLY.



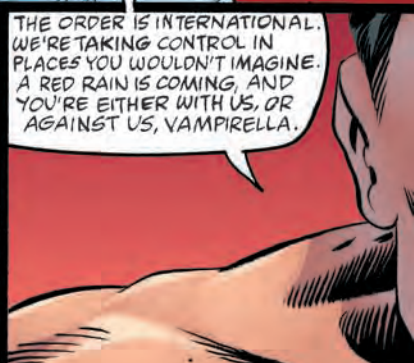
WELL, THIS IS INTERESTING.



ANY VAMPIRE CAN RECOVER FROM A KNIFE OR BULLET WOUND, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME ANYONE'S PULLED BACK FROM WHERE WE SENT YOU, VAMPIRELLA.



THE SECRETS YOU'RE HIDING IN YOUR BLOOD COULD MAKE OUR ORGANIZATION INDESTRUCTIBLE. WE'D NEVER FEAR THE CROSS AGAIN IF YOU JOINED OUR RANKS.



THE ORDER IS INTERNATIONAL. WE'RE TAKING CONTROL IN PLACES YOU WOULDN'T IMAGINE. A RED RAIN IS COMING, AND YOU'RE EITHER WITH US, OR AGAINST US, VAMPIRELLA.



EVERYBODY
STAND BACK.

THIS IS BETWEEN
ME AND VAMPIRELLA
NOW!

DOES THIS
ANSWER YOUR
QUESTION?



GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY!



YOU REALLY
ARE SPECIAL.

GARLIC, CRUCIFIXES, SUNLIGHT...
WHY DON'T THESE THINGS HURT
YOU THE WAY THEY HURT THE
REST OF US?

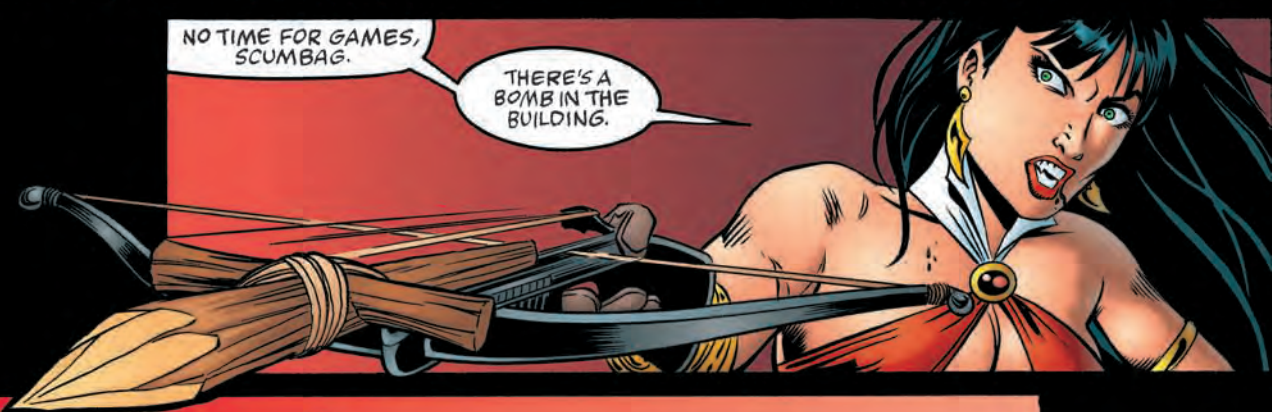


WHAT
IS IT GOING
TO BE?





PSYCHIC DUEL...



NO TIME FOR GAMES, SCUMBAG.

THERE'S A BOMB IN THE BUILDING.



PESARO'S DOWN.

SHE JUST SHOT PESARO.

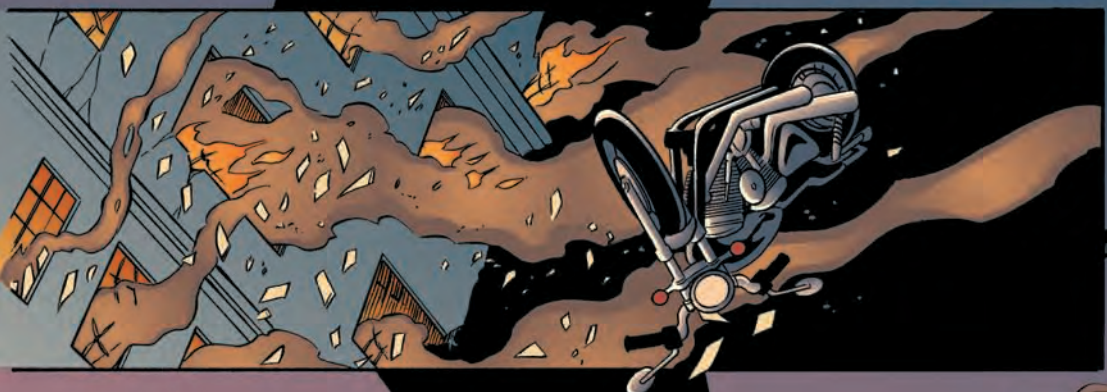
RELAX. YOU'RE JOINING HIM IN TWO SECONDS.



HOLD ON TIGHT, DIXIE.




KLIK



AWESOME.



WELL, WE DID IT, HUH? WE BEAT THE BAD GUYS, WIPED OUT THEIR EAST COAST OPERATION, AND TOOK OUT THE AMERICAN HEADS OF THE VAMPIRE CULT.




I JUST WISH I FELT HAPPY ABOUT IT.




I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR SISTER, DIXIE.

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, THAT WASN'T HER YOU SAW DIE TONIGHT. YOUR REAL SISTER DIED THE MINUTE THOSE SCUMBAGS RIPPED THE THROAT FROM HER NECK.



UH, THAT'S NOT MUCH OF A CONSOLATION, VAMPI.



I CAN'T FEEL SATISFIED WITH WHAT WE'VE DONE HERE EITHER. WE'VE BLOWN A HOLE IN THEIR PLANS FOR A WHILE, BUT THE VAMPIRES WILL JUST RE-GROUP AND COME AFTER US.

WE CAN'T DO THIS ALONE, ANYMORE.



WE NEED HELP.



OH, GOD-- PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME...



ALL THAT EFFORT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HUDSON RIVER-- JUST TO BE INFECTED WITH THE CHEMICAL WEAPON AGAIN.

WELL DONE DIXIE. THERE'S A GOOD GIRL.



OUR SUPERIORS MIGHT BE PLACATED IF WE RETURN FROM THIS DEBACLE WITH SOME KIND OF PRIZE...

...WE'LL GIVE THEM VAMPIRELLA.

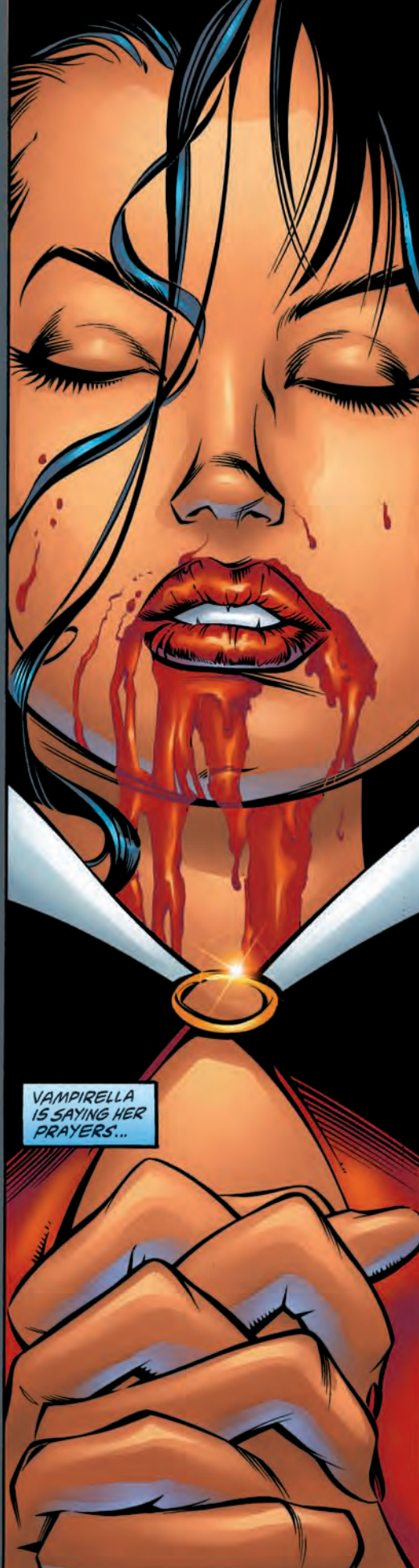
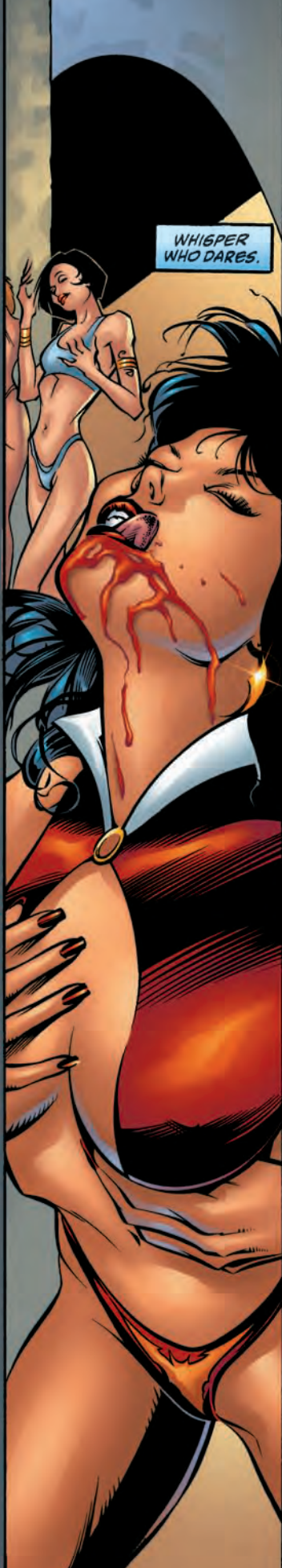
THINK WHAT THEY'LL LEARN WHEN THEY TAKE HER APART.

**TO BE CONTINUED IN
HOLY WAR #1**



HOLY WAR: PART 1

COVER BY LOUIS SMALL, JR., ROB STULL & JONATHAN D. SMITH





...I SAW YOU IN CHURCH...

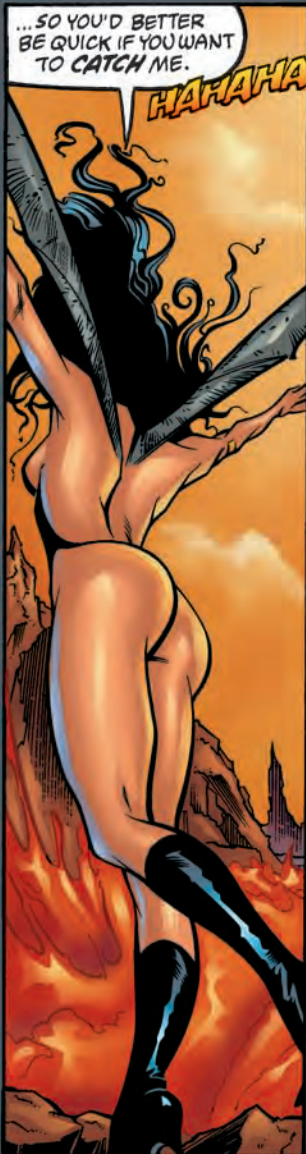
DID YOU?
THEY SAY THE WORLD WILL END SOON. DO YOU BELIEVE IT?



...SO YOU'D BETTER BE QUICK IF YOU WANT TO CATCH ME.

HAAAAHA

THEY SAY THE OCEANS WILL DRY AND THE STARS WILL FALL AND WE'LL ALL DIE OF THIRST.



FLYING INTO A STORM OF WINGS AND BITES AND KISSES.

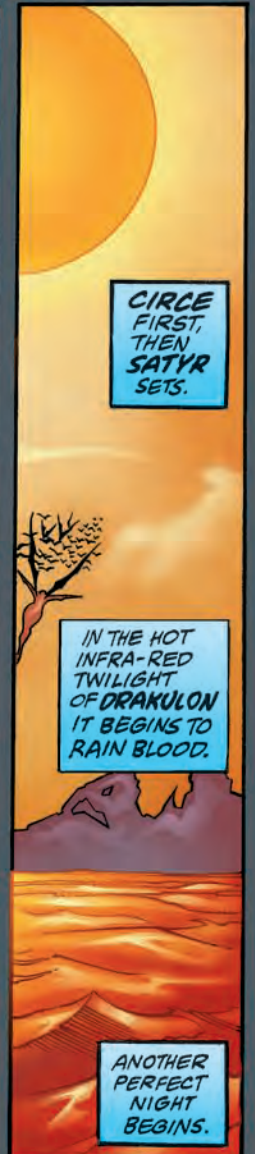
BLOODY SURF FROTHS ON THE ROCKS.



CIRCE FIRST, THEN SATYR SETS.

IN THE HOT INFRA-RED TWILIGHT OF DRAKULON IT BEGINS TO RAIN BLOOD.

ANOTHER PERFECT NIGHT BEGINS.



DRAKULON?
WHAT'S
DRAKULON?

BISHOP?

I'M AFRAID
THAT'S
CLASSIFIED.

AT LEAST THE *TRANSFUSION* SEEMS TO BE WORKING; THE SUPER-VIRUS OUR ENEMIES DOSED HER WITH IS SUCCUMBING TO THE ALIEN ANTIBODIES.



BUT WHAT ABOUT
THE WHITE BISHOP?

NNNNUUMM

I HAVE TO
RETURN TO
THE BOX.



A TECH-TEAM IS
EN ROUTE TO CONVERT
HIS VEHICLE AND PER-
FORM THE STANDARD
SPACETIME *SUB-*
TRACTION PRO-
CEDURE.

CONTACT
ME AS SOON
AS SHE
RECOVERS.

ROME:



...YOUR PLAN WAS FOOLPROOF AND YET SHE ESCAPED?

I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT **HIS UNHOLINESS** IS NOT PLEASED WITH YOUR... **PERFORMANCE**, VON KREIST.

FIRST OF ALL, **MONSIGNOR SCARLATTI**, OUR ENEMIES HAPPENED TO BE MORE RESOURCEFUL AND ORGANIZED THAN WE WERE LED TO BELIEVE.

I WILL ASSUME FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE MEN UNDER MY COMMAND BUT... WHAT HAPPENED WAS UNAVOIDABLE.

THIS KIND OF SLOPPINESS IS BECOMING TOO TYPICAL OF OUR AMERICAN OPERATIONS. HERE IN ROME, WE EXPECT CERTAIN STANDARDS TO BE KEPT.



WE WERE DEALING WITH HIGHLY-TRAINED FANATICS.

WE WERE COMPLETELY UNPREPARED.



MAY I TELL YOU SOMETHING: I AM NOT AN AMERICAN. I AM A **GERMAN**...

... AND I EXPECT ACCURATE INFORMATION FROM YOUR PEOPLE...

" FOR INSTANCE...

" WHY DID NO ONE SEE FIT TO INFORM US THAT THE... **OPPOSITION** HAD SOMEHOW FOUND STRENGTH TO CLAW ITS WAY BACK FROM THE DEFEAT WE INFLICTED UPON THEM IN THE **BLOODY SUNDAY MASSACRE** ?

" I SEEM TO RECALL TURNING THIRTY-FIVE OF THOSE STAINLESS BRIDES-OF-CHRIST INTO VAMPIRE **WHORES** FOR OUR ORDER.



" IT WAS A PARTICULARLY SATISFYING TIME IN MY LIFE, BUT I HAD NO DESIRE TO REPEAT IT.



" THE VERY LAST THING I EXPECTED WAS THAT YOUR **PEOPLE** HAD SOMEHOW ALLOWED OUR ENEMIES TO RE-GROUP.



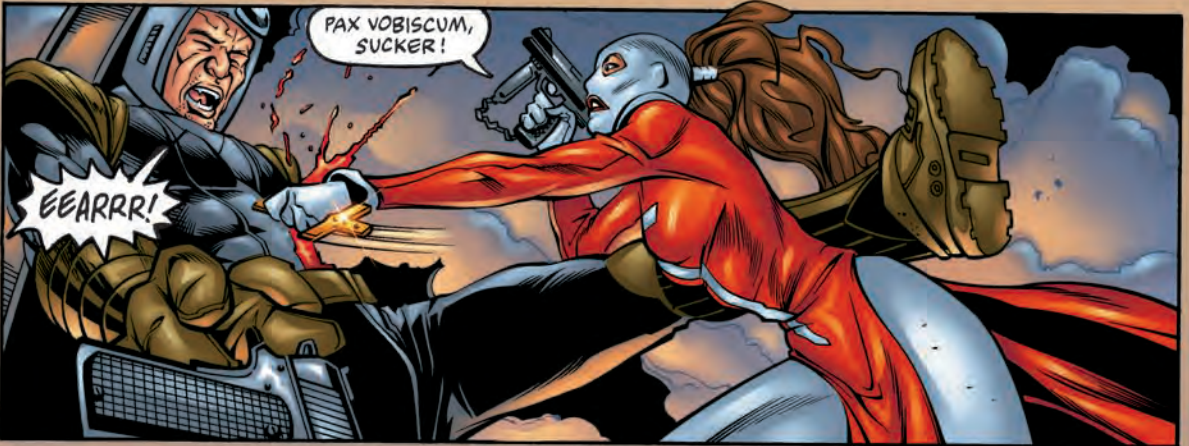
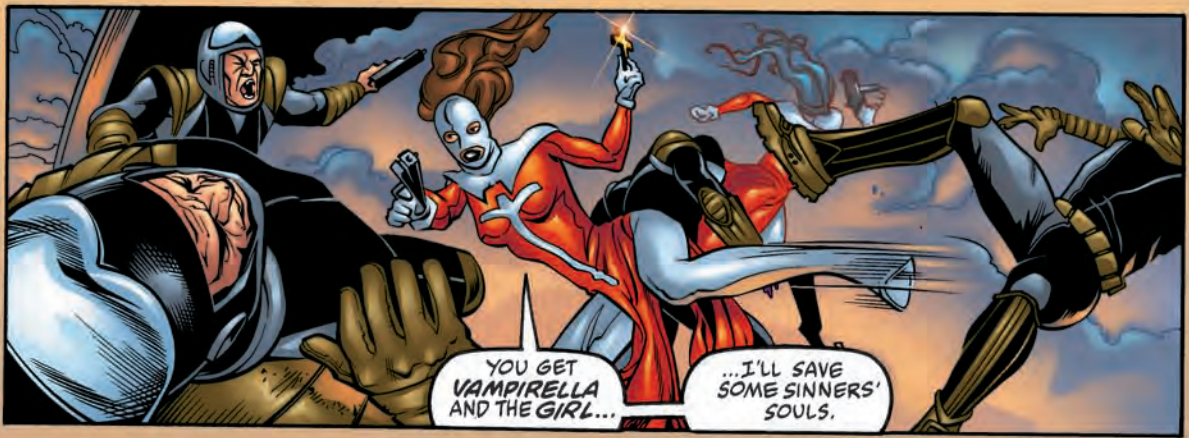
" RIGHT UNDER THEIR ROMAN NOSES.

" YOU SIT THERE LIKE A PIG IN ITS OWN FILTH AND SPEAK TO ME OF 'STANDARDS' ! "





"WHY WERE WE NOT TOLD THAT THE SISTERHOOD WAS STILL ACTIVE, MONSIGNOR SCARLATTI?"



"THE SMOKE CANISTERS THEY USED WERE LACED WITH A GARLIC EXTRACT."

"MY MEN WERE CHOKED AND BLINDED, REDUCED TO HELPLESSNESS."

KROOM



YOU'RE DIXIE, RIGHT?

WE'RE ON YOUR SIDE. WE'RE GETTING YOU OUT OF--

WATCH OUT!

"THESE WOMEN, OR THEIR MASTERS, ARE VERY CREATIVE."



NO PROBLEM. IS VAMPIRELLA STILL ALIVE?

I THINK...



WAAAA

BLOOD... NEED BLOOD...

I DON'T BELIEVE THE CROSS HAS BEEN USED QUITE SO INVENTIVELY SINCE THE DAYS OF YOUR ROMAN ANCESTORS.

YES.

BUT WHAT EXACTLY WERE YOU DOING AT THIS POINT, VON KREIST?

"AS I EXPLAINED, I HAD PLACED A CONTROL COLLAR AROUND THE NECK OF THE CHILD OF DON FATTONI. ELECTRICAL NERVE STIMULATION COMPELLED HER TO OBEY MY EVERY COMMAND."

JUMP.

UH.

"I WAS MAKING SURE THE COLLAR STILL WORKED."

NOOOOO!

"AND WHITTLING DOWN THE OPPOSITION."



...MARY,
MOTHER
OF GOD..

...I DON'T
BELIEVE I'M
DOING THIS...



WE WILL MEET
AGAIN, MY DEAR.

AND ON THAT DAY, I
WILL MAKE YOU
CRAWL AND LICK
THE BLOOD OF
YOUR SISTERS
FROM MY BOOTS



GOODBYE, BABY...

AND AMEN.





NNNNUUUGGHH

"WITHIN MOMENTS, THE NUNS HAD DESTROYED OUR TRANSPORT, KILLED OUR SOLDIERS, AND ESCAPED WITH OUR PRISONERS."



HNN

"AND ALL THIS FROM AN ORDER THAT SHOULD NO LONGER EVEN EXIST, MONSIGNOR SCARLATTI."



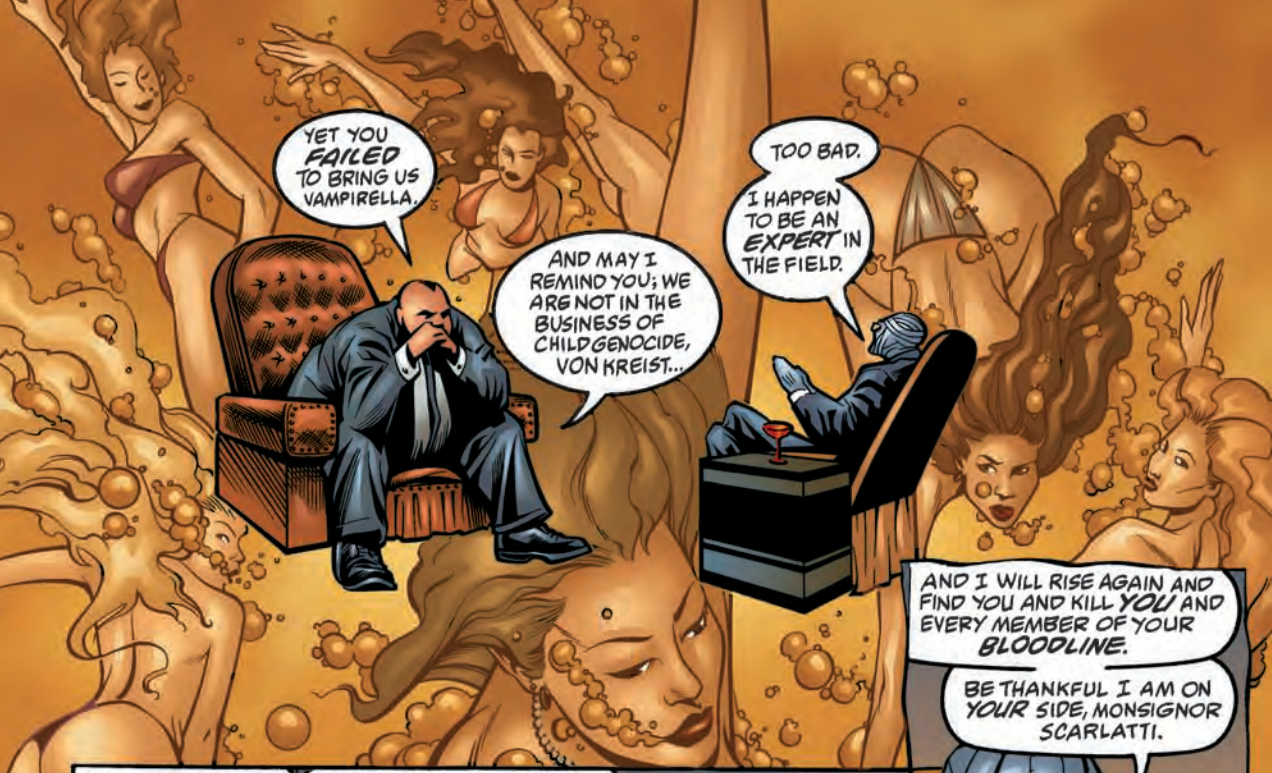
"I MUST CONCEDE THAT IF I HADN'T MADE IT TO THE COCKPIT, THE OPERATION WOULD HAVE BEEN A COMPLETE FAILURE."



"SMALL MERCIES, I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE."

"FORTUNATELY, BY SOME MIRACLE, I WAS ABLE TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE HELICOPTER LONG ENOUGH TO AIM IT TOWARDS A CHILDREN'S PLAY AREA."





YET YOU FAILED TO BRING US VAMPIRELLA.

AND MAY I REMIND YOU; WE ARE NOT IN THE BUSINESS OF CHILD GENOCIDE, VON KREIST...

TOO BAD. I HAPPEN TO BE AN EXPERT IN THE FIELD.

AND I WILL RISE AGAIN AND FIND YOU AND KILL YOU AND EVERY MEMBER OF YOUR BLOODLINE.

BE THANKFUL I AM ON YOUR SIDE, MONSIGNOR SCARLATTI.

THESE OUTRAGEOUS ACTS SIMPLY DRAW ATTENTION TO US...

YOU ARE NOT IN AMERICA NOW, VON KREIST; ANY MORE OF YOUR SHOWBIZ IDIOSYNCRASIES AND I WILL HAVE TO CUT YOU INTO A MILLION PIECES...



I AM VON KREIST.

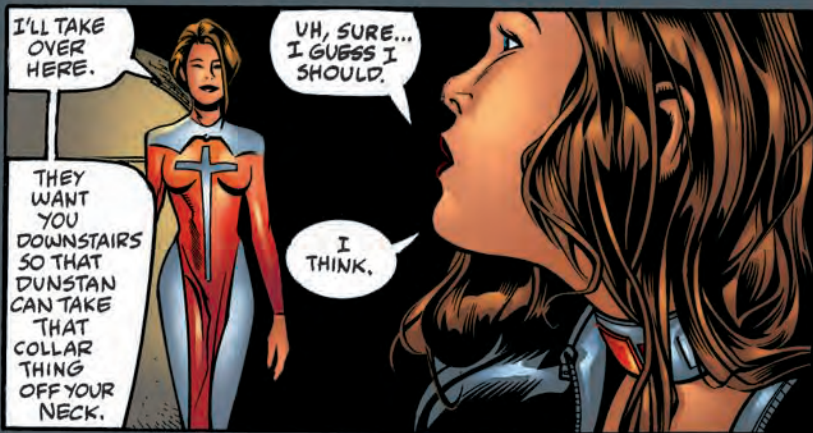
I WILL EXPECT YOU TO OVERLOOK MY.... IDIOSYNCRASIES IN THE FUTURE.

VAMPIRELLA IS HERE, IN ROME WITH THE SISTERHOOD.

I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF HIDING A TRACKING DEVICE IN THE FATTONI GIRL'S COLLAR...



=NGG=



I'LL TAKE OVER HERE.

UH, SURE... I GUESS I SHOULD.

THEY WANT YOU DOWNSTAIRS SO THAT DUNSTAN CAN TAKE THAT COLLAR THING OFF YOUR NECK.

I THINK.



I DON'T KNOW IF I'M SUPPOSED TO PRAY TO JESUS TO MAKE A VAMPIRE GET WELL... IT SEEMS KINDA BLASPHEMOUS, BUT I GUESS I SHOULD TRY ANYWAY.

HEY, BAMBINO.

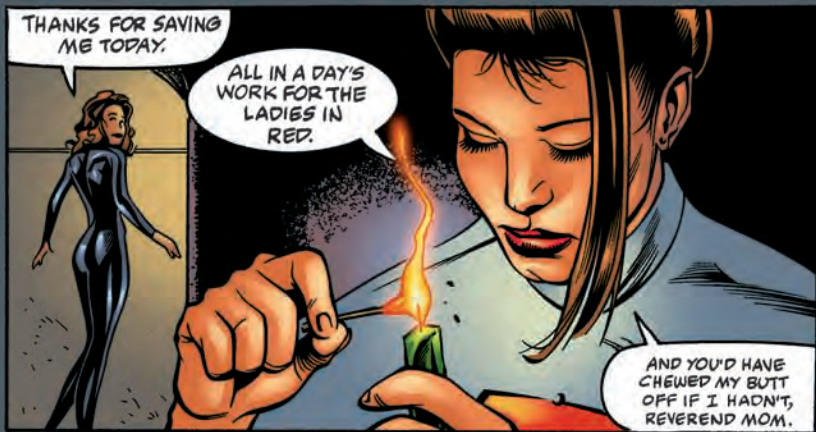


DON'T WORRY.

SHE GOT A TRANSFUSION FROM THE BLOOD SUPPLY THE BISHOP BROUGHT IN.

THEY HAVE GALLONS OF THE STUFF IF SHE NEEDS IT.

TAKE THE STAIRS ON THE RIGHT.



THANKS FOR SAVING ME TODAY.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR THE LADIES IN RED.

AND YOU'D HAVE CHEWED MY BUTT OFF IF I HADN'T, REVEREND MOM.



IT'S WEIRD.

I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE--

DEET

--COLLAR.



ALERT YOUR PEOPLE, MONSIGNOR SCARLATTI. PREPARE THE OFFENSIVE CAPABILITIES OF THIS BUILDING.

I WILL SHOW YOU 'SHOW-BIZ'!



Oh, NO.

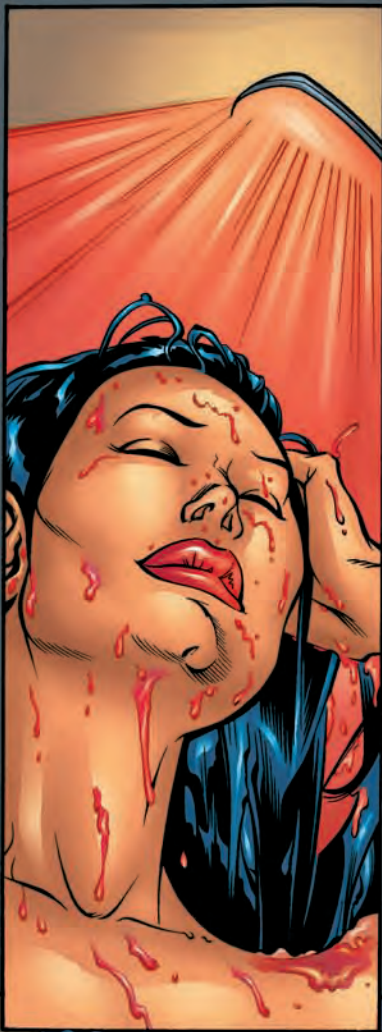


Uh!
DIXIE!



HI.

SHOWERS ARE DOWN THE HALL. THE BLOOD'S AT BODY TEMPERATURE.



VAMPIRELLA!

VAMPIRELLA!

WHERE DID ALL THIS BLOOD COME FROM?

THIS IS LIKE BEING...




VAMPIRELLA, WE...

...WE LOST THE GIRL.

DIXIE.

SHE'S GONE.



THE SISTERHOOD HAS EXISTED, IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER, WITHIN THE CHURCH FOR EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS.

THIS CONVENT SELECTS THE **BEST** PHYSICAL SPECIMENS AND INSTRUCTS THEM IN STATE-OF-THE-ART VAMPIRE-KILLING TECHNIQUES.

IN OUR HEYDAY, DURING THE **INQUISITION**, WE HAD SEVERAL THOUSAND SISTERS, NOW THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY-THREE...




THAT'S ALL I NEED.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO COME ALONG IF YOU THINK YOU CAN CARRY A COUPLE OF GALLON TANKS OF HOLY WATER.

YOU CAN'T TALK LIKE THAT TO MOTHER SUPERIOR.

I'M SURE SHE THINKS SHE CAN DO WHAT SHE LIKES. SHE'S PRACTICALLY INVULNERABLE.

BUT SHE HAS NO IDEA HOW WELL-FORTIFIED THE ANTI-VATICAN IS. SHE HAS NO IDEA HOW FAR HIS UNHOLINESS WILL GO TO PROTECT HIS INTERESTS.

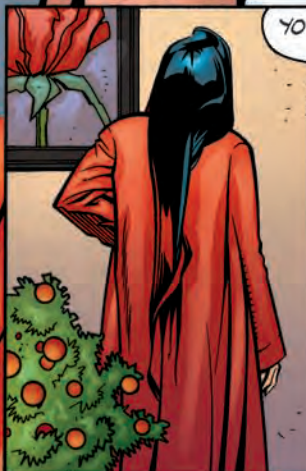


MY GOD, YOU'RE ACTUALLY MORE MAGNIFICENT THAN I REMEMBER, VAMPIRELLA. I USED TO TELL PEOPLE YOU WERE LIKE A **GODDESS**.

I'D FORGOTTEN THE **SMELL**, LIKE IRON...

IF THIS IS A COME ON, I DON'T DO OLD NUNS.

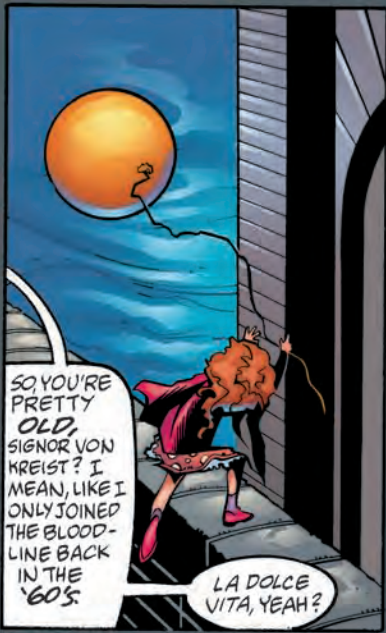
I DON'T THINK WE'VE EVER MET BEFORE



YOU CHANGED MY--

MOTHER SUPERIOR! MORE BAD NEWS, I'M SORRY.

VON KREIST'S IN ROME.



SO YOU'RE PRETTY OLD, SIGNOR VON KREIST? I MEAN, LIKE I ONLY JOINED THE BLOOD-LINE BACK IN THE '60'S.

LA DOLCE VITA, YEAH?



IT'S JUST... I DON'T THINK I EVER MET ANY OTHER VAMPIRE LIKE YOU.



UNDERSTAND THIS: I AM NOT A VAMPIRE.

I AM NOT A ZOMBIE.



I AM VON KREIST.



IN 1918, AT THE END OF THE WAR...

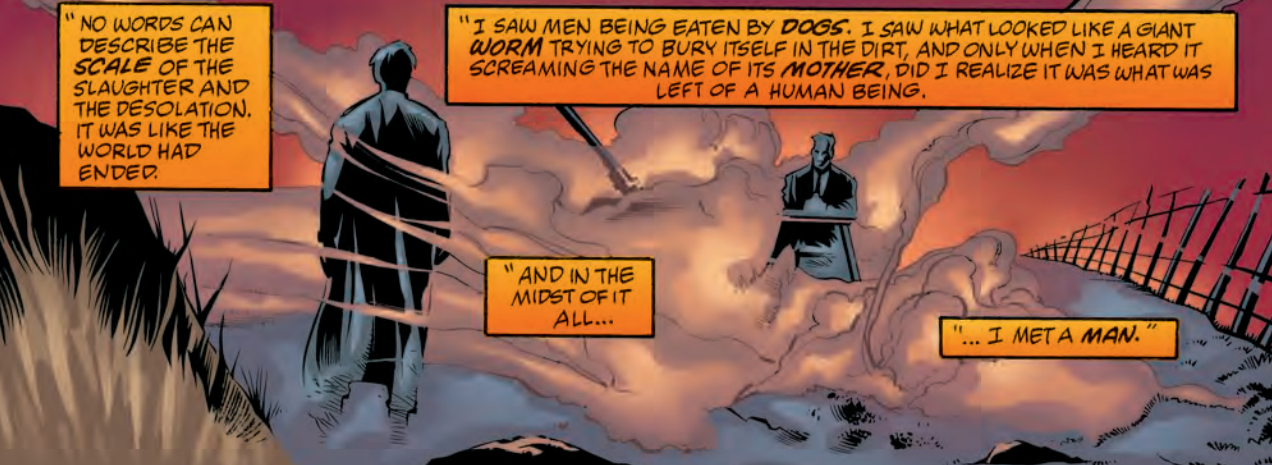
I WAS AN OFFICER IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY...

"NO WORDS CAN DESCRIBE THE SCALE OF THE SLAUGHTER AND THE DESOLATION. IT WAS LIKE THE WORLD HAD ENDED.

"I SAW MEN BEING EATEN BY DOGS. I SAW WHAT LOOKED LIKE A GIANT WORM TRYING TO BURY ITSELF IN THE DIRT, AND ONLY WHEN I HEARD IT SCREAMING THE NAME OF ITS MOTHER, DID I REALIZE IT WAS WHAT WAS LEFT OF A HUMAN BEING.

"AND IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL...

"... I MET A MAN."



"AND WE PLAYED CARDS."

"IF I LOST, HE TOLD ME, I WOULD FORFEIT MY SOUL. IF I WON, I WOULD HAVE MY HEART'S DESIRE."

"NEVER PLAY CARDS WITH THAT GENTLEMAN."

DAMN. YOU LOST?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. I WAS AN EXCELLENT CARD PLAYER. I WON.

I GOT MY WISH AND LIVED FOREVER.

ONLY TO FIND THAT DEATH IS A NECESSARY EVIL. DEATH LIBERATES THE SOUL, ALLOWING IT TO GROW.

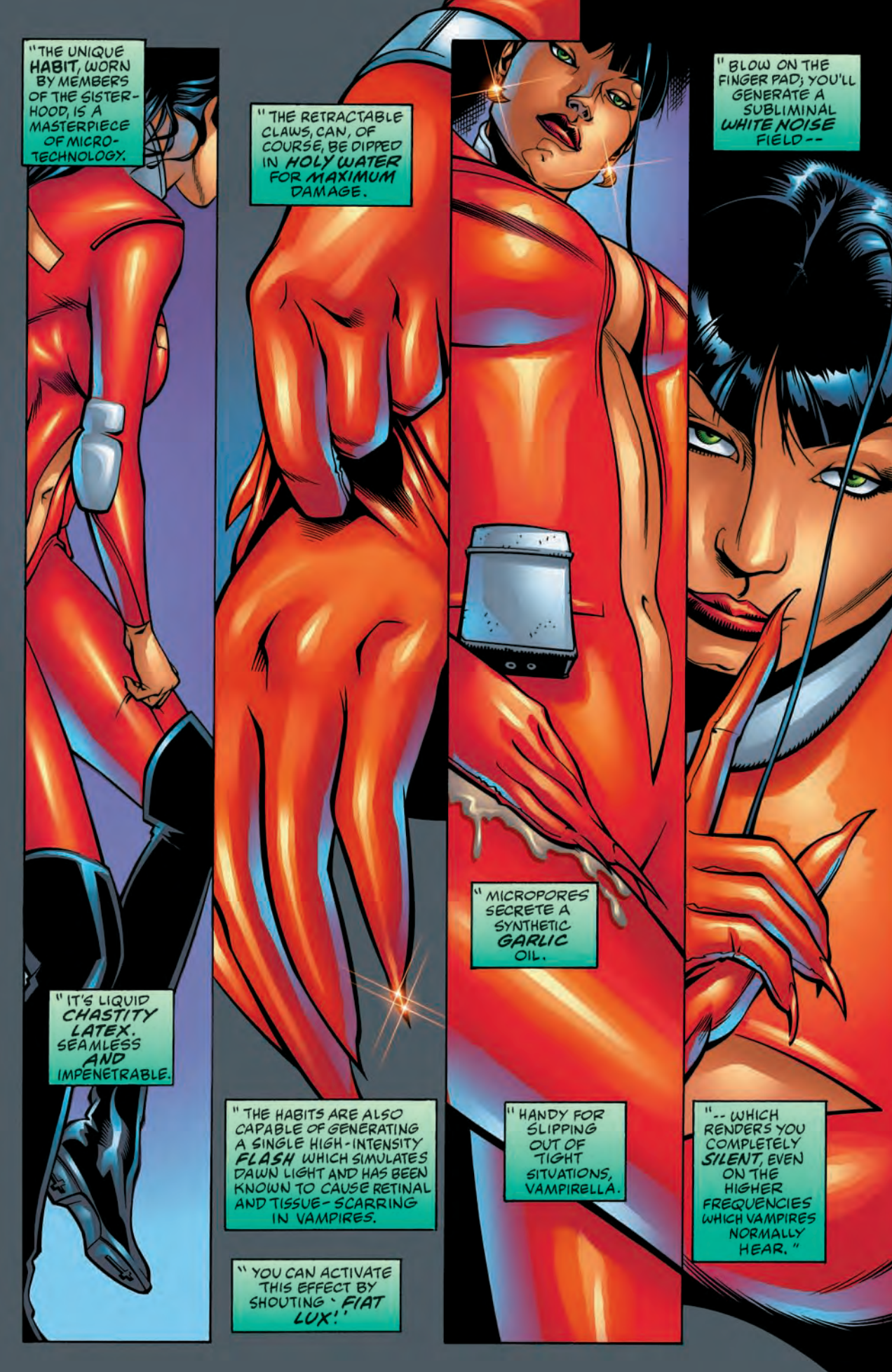
MY SOUL, TRAPPED IN A BODY THAT COULD NOT DIE, BECAME STUNTED AND SOUR AND ROTTEN.

WHEN YOUR ENEMY HAS SOMETHING YOU WANT YOU HAVE ALREADY LOST.

EVEN AT FULL STRENGTH, I WOULD HESITATE TO FACE BOTH VAMPIRELLA AND THE SISTERHOOD.

BUT NOW, WE HAVE SOMETHING VAMPIRELLA WANTS.

SO LET'S MAKE HER WALK STRAIGHT INTO **HELL** TO GET IT.



"THE UNIQUE HABIT, WORN BY MEMBERS OF THE SISTERHOOD, IS A MASTERPIECE OF MICRO-TECHNOLOGY.

"THE RETRACTABLE CLAWS, CAN, OF COURSE, BE DIPPED IN HOLY WATER FOR MAXIMUM DAMAGE.

"BLOW ON THE FINGER PAD; YOU'LL GENERATE A SUBLIMINAL WHITE NOISE FIELD--

"IT'S LIQUID CHASTITY LATEX. SEAMLESS AND IMPENETRABLE.

"MICROPORES SECRETE A SYNTHETIC GARLIC OIL.

"THE HABITS ARE ALSO CAPABLE OF GENERATING A SINGLE HIGH-INTENSITY FLASH WHICH SIMULATES DAWN LIGHT AND HAS BEEN KNOWN TO CAUSE RETINAL AND TISSUE-SCARRING IN VAMPIRES.

"HANDY FOR SLIPPING OUT OF TIGHT SITUATIONS, VAMPIRELLA.

"YOU CAN ACTIVATE THIS EFFECT BY SHOUTING 'FIAT LUX!'

"-- WHICH RENDERS YOU COMPLETELY SILENT, EVEN ON THE HIGHER FREQUENCIES WHICH VAMPIRES NORMALLY HEAR."

NEAT.

WHO PAYS FOR ALL THIS STUFF?

I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU, DUNSTAN.

I DON'T REALLY THINK WE CAN ALLOW YOU TO WEAR THAT, VAMPIRELLA. THIS IS A VAMPIRE HUNTING ORDER.

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR MAKE REGULAR COLLECTIONS. WE HAVE A NUN ON EVERY STREET CORNER.

AND YOU'RE A VAMPIRE, AREN'T YOU?

I WON'T TELL, IF YOU WON'T.

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

YOU REALLY DON'T EXPECT ME TO JUST LEAVE DIXIE IN THE HANDS OF A SADISTIC BASTARD LIKE VON KREIST, DO YOU?

I KNOW HOW TO HUNT VAMPIRES...

WHY IS THAT, I WONDER? WHY ARE YOU SO EAGER TO KILL YOUR OWN KIND? UNLESS... LISTEN TO ME: DIXIE WILL BE SAFE FOR A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. I KNOW.

I WAS THERE.

BEFORE I WAS MOTHER SUPERIOR MY NAME WAS DIXIE FATTONI.

SHE WANTED TO TRY ON ONE OF OUR HABITS, MOTHER SUPERIOR. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT SUITER HER...

I ALWAYS HATED IT.

NICE TRY.

DON'T WASTE MY TIME EVEN TRYING TO EXPLAIN THAT ONE.



YOU HAVE A LOT TO LEARN, VAMPIRELLA.

I ONLY NEED A FEW MINUTES TO TEACH YOU. DIXIE WILL BE SAFE UNTIL THEN.



THIS DART AMPOULE CONTAINS PURE HOLY WATER, A SUBSTANCE AS CORROSIVE AS BATTERY ACID TO A VAMPIRE.



SO WHY IS IT THAT YOUR LOVELY SKIN IS UNTOUCHED, MY DEAR?

THE CRUCIFIX HAS NO POWER TO REPEL YOU. HAVE YOU NEVER WANTED TO KNOW WHAT YOU REALLY ARE?



SIT DOWN FOR JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES...


LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD.

NEXT
VAMPIRICON:
The Secret Origin of VAMPIRELLA!



HOLY WAR: PART 2

COVER BY LOUIS SMALL, JR., ROB STULL & BRIAN HABERLIN

A full-page illustration of Mother Superior, a woman with long black hair, wearing a black and orange bodysuit with a cape and a gun holstered on her hip. She is flying through a sky filled with white and orange clouds. Below her is a landscape of jagged, rocky terrain with a large, ruined stone building in the center. The scene is dramatic and apocalyptic.

ROME. HARD TO BELIEVE THIS WAS ONCE THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

AND THIS IS THE WORLD'S BLACK HEART, IL PALAZZO DI GHIACCIO ROSSO, TEN CENTURIES RUINED. SO MOTHER SUPERIOR SAYS.

THE PALACE OF RED ICE. THE ANTI-VATICAN OF THE VAMPIRE CHURCH.

HERE THE FUTURE WILL BE SLAUGHTERED. SO MOTHER SUPERIOR SAYS.

IF YOU CARE ABOUT PROPHECY.



ME...ALL I CARE ABOUT IS DIXIE.

GIVE IT UP, FATTONI.



WHAT HOPE CAN YOU STILL HAVE, IN THIS HELL ON EARTH?

DON'T EVEN IMAGINE YOU HAVE THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE OF SURVIVING.



WHAT MAKES YOU ANY BETTER THAN THIS ONE?

NOTHING.



THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHETHER I KILL YOU...



...OR LEAVE YOU TO THEM.



TAKE MY WORD, SURVIVAL IS OVERRATED.

YOUR UNHOLINESS.

WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?

I TOLD YOU--M
IF SHE LIVES, MY
REIGN DIES. THEN
BLACK BISHOP
WARNED ME.

THIS ISL
THE BLACK POPE,
GIRL.

KEEP THEM
SUPERFLY.
JOKES TOL
YOURSELF.

OR DOM
YOU PLAY AT
BETRAYING
ME?

I PERFECTED
BETRAYAL, VON
KREIST.

SHE'S
BAIT.

PLAY
AGAINSTL
ME AND YOU
LOSE.

FORL
VAMPIRELLA.
AH.
SHE'S YOURR
RESPONSIBILITY.

SHE OUTLIVESL
VAMPIRELLAL
BY NOT ONEL
SECOND, DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

YOURL
EXCELLENCY?
SOMETHINGL
APPROACHING.

IT'S MOVINGL
TOO FAST TOL
IDENTIFY.

"YOU CAN'T GO
IN," SHE SAID.



"DIXIE WILL BE SAFE," SHE SAID.



I MEAN, HOW COULD SHE KNOW THAT?



AND MOTHER SUPERIOR SAID AGAIN...

...AND AGAIN...

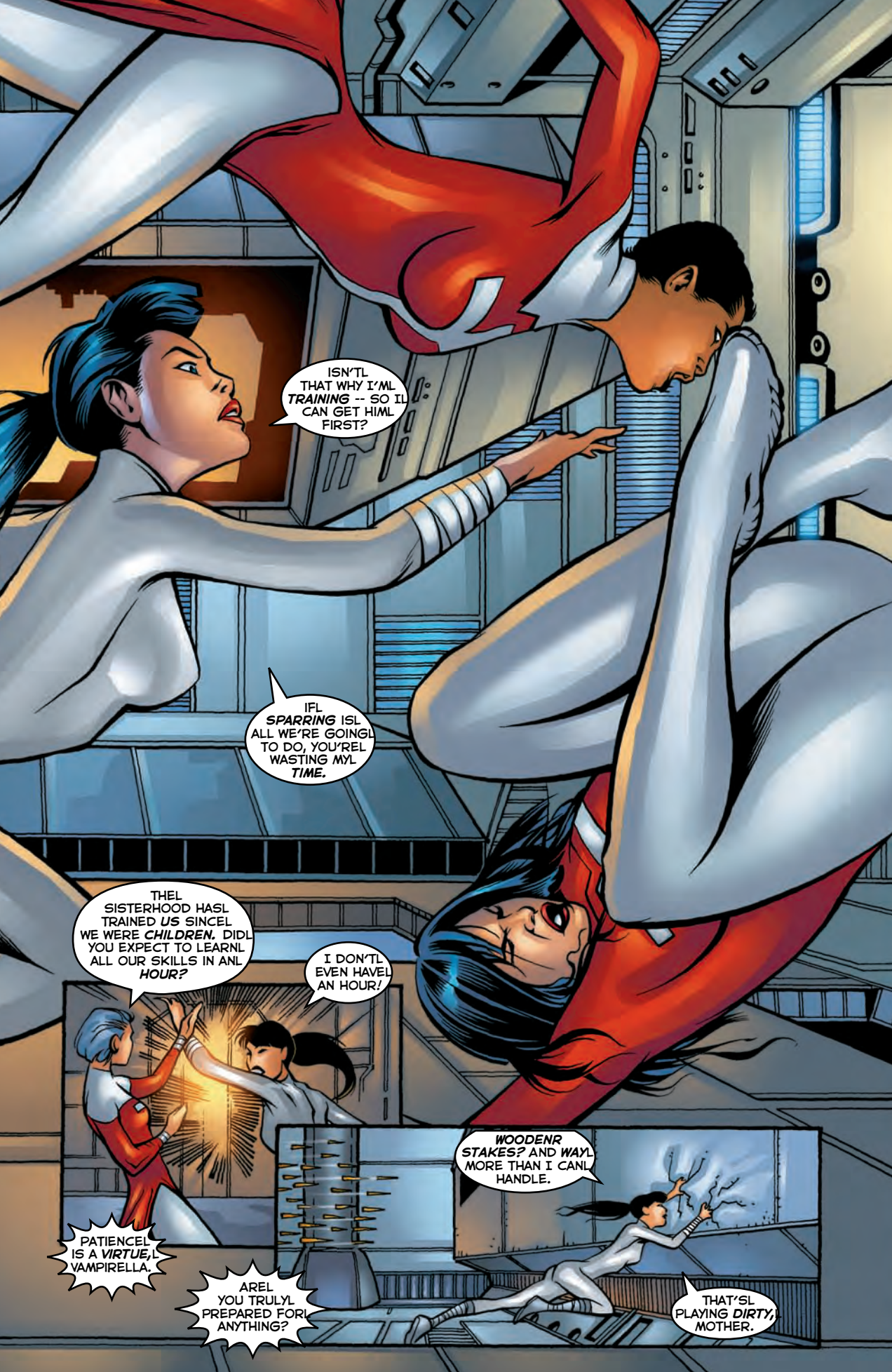


I AM DIXIE FATTONI!
I LIVED!



IT'S YOU THE BLACK POPE KILLED, AND WHEN YOU DIED YOU TOOK THE FUTURE WITH YOU!





ISN'TL THAT WHY I'ML TRAINING -- SO IL CAN GET HIML FIRST?

IFL SPARRING ISL ALL WE'RE GOINGL TO DO, YOU'REL WASTING MYL TIME.

THEL SISTERHOOD HASL TRAINED US SINCEL WE WERE CHILDREN. DIDL YOU EXPECT TO LEARNL ALL OUR SKILLS IN ANL HOUR?

I DON'TL EVEN HAVEL AN HOUR!



PATIENCEL IS A VIRTUE, L VAMPIRELLA.

AREL YOU TRULYL PREPARED FORL ANYTHING?



WOODENR STAKES? AND WAYL MORE THAN I CANL HANDLE.

THAT'SL PLAYING DIRTY, MOTHER.



I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING I LIKED ABOUT YOU.

BUT AFTER SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE FOUGHT, THIS IS NOTHING. I EXPECTED SOMETHING TOUGHER.



WE WORK IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.

POOM

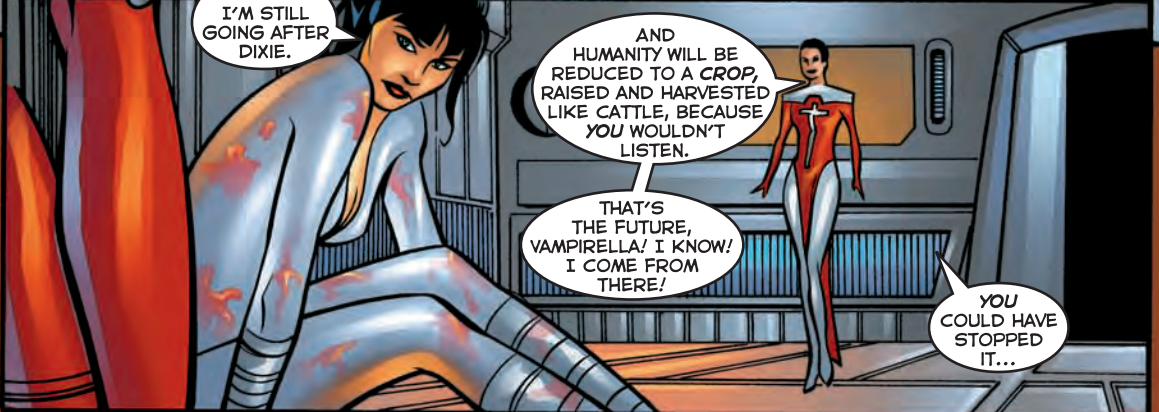
POOM



AND NOW YOU'RE DEAD.

EVEN YOU CAN'T WATCH EVERYTHING AT ONCE.

THAT'S WHY HE'LL KILL YOU.



I'M STILL GOING AFTER DIXIE.

AND HUMANITY WILL BE REDUCED TO A CROP, RAISED AND HARVESTED LIKE CATTLE, BECAUSE YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN.

THAT'S THE FUTURE, VAMPIRELLA! I KNOW! I COME FROM THERE!

YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED IT...

"...BUT YOU M
DIDN'T LIVE."

YOU'RE L
TAKING ORDERS L
FROM THE BLACK P
BISHOP NOW?

I TAKE... M
ADVICE.

DON'T L
YOU OUTRANK L
HIM?

SHUT UP, L
VON KREIST. HE'S L
NOT THAT KIND OF L
BISHOP.

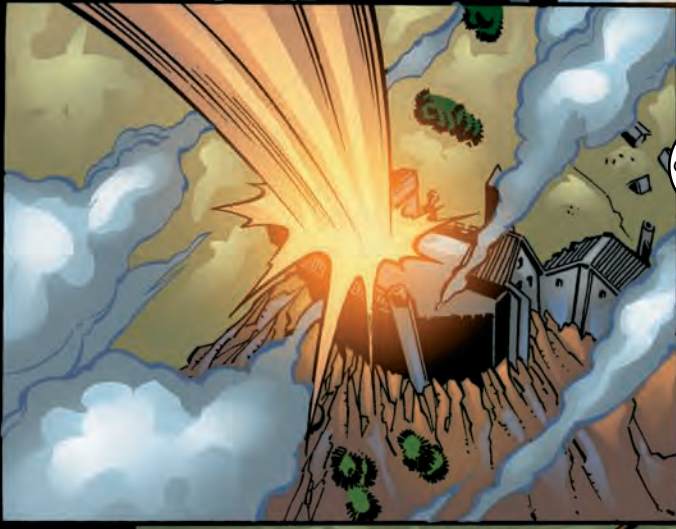
CLICK



"WHATEVER IT L
IS, SECURITY, L
TAKE IT DOWN."



"YES, YOUR L
EXCELLENCY."



WE'VE L
LOST SIGHT L
OF VAMPIRELLA. L
FIRST UNIT, L
MOVE IN.



REMEMBER, L
HER SURVIVAL IS OUR L
PRIORITY.

INCOMING ISL DESTROYED, YOUR EXCELLENCY.

DON'T BELIEVE THAT FOR A SECOND. I NOT IF IT WAS VAMPIRELLA.

NOT UNTIL I PERSONALLY EXTIRPATE THE RESILIENT BITCH.

HOLD! THIS ONE FOR ME. DON'T BE FOOLED BY HER CALLOW, CLEAN-SCRUBBED LOOKS-- SHE'S LETHAL.

IF I COME BACK TO FIND HER DEAD OR GONE, I'LL ROAST YOU ALIVE IN A NICE GARLIC SAUCE.

HANG IN THERE, DIXIE... I'M COMING, BABY...

VAMPIRES... I CAN HEAR VAMPIRES... THE SICKLY, WHEEZING WAY THEY BREATHE... I CAN SMELL THEM...

WHERE ARE THEY?

NOTHING HERE BUT RUINS.

GLASS FLOORS? RED GLASS... THE PALACE OF RED ICE...

NOW I'LL GET IT.



BEAUTIFUL.

BLOODSUCKERS!
WHO LIVE IN GLASS
HOUSES...

"TEN YEARS I
WAS TRAPPED IN
THAT HORROR..."

...HIDING, LIVING LIKE AN
ANIMAL, AS EVERYTHING
I KNEW WAS GROUND
INTO RUBBLE
FOREVER!

WHAT VONR
KREIST MADE ME DO
TO MY FATHER, THAT
WAS PARADISE BY
COMPARISON.

YOU'RE
INSANE.

"THROWING YOUR
LIFE AWAY WHEN
YOU DON'T HAVE TO,
THAT'S INSANE."

AFTER YOU
DIED, DO YOU
KNOW HOW I
SURVIVED? AS
THEIR TOY!

YOU
SWORE TO
DIXIE YOU'D NEVER
LET ANYONE HURT
HER AGAIN.

"YOU LIED."

CRASH!



"SIX MONTHS AFTER YOUR DEATH, VAMPIRES SWARM IN FROM HELL BY THE THOUSANDS!"



"HUMANITY FIGHTS, BUT EVERY VAMPIRE THAT FALLS LEAVES A DOZEN VICTIMS TO TAKE HIS PLACE!"



"HI! REMEMBER ME? SOMETHING ABOUT BOOTS AND BLOOD?"




"BRITTANY, ISN'T IT?"



"I'M ALWAYS THINKING OF YOU."




"WITHIN THREE YEARS, IT'S ALL OVER."



"A SCATTERED RESISTANCE FIGHTS FOR THE REST OF THE DECADE, BUT IT'S TOO LATE."



"THE WORLD IS THEIRS."



"IF YOU GO INTO THE ANTI-VATICAN, YOUR LIFE WILL HAVE MEANT NOTHING!"

"BLOOD PLASMA!"

"THE WALLS ARE FILLED WITH PLASMA!"

"ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!"



AND I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE YOUR WORD FOR THIS?

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME.

NICE WEAPONS. SOME OF THESE... A NEW CHASTITY LATEX SUIT... THAT MIGHT EVEN THE ODDS SOME.

BUT YOU'RE NOT SAYING THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS.

TELL ME YOU KNOW DIXIE LIVES IF I DON'T GO IN.



"I... CAN'T..."

**FAK
FAK
FAK**



THAT'S VON KREIST!

WHAT THE HELL--?!



LET ME SHED SOME LIGHT.

FAT LUX!

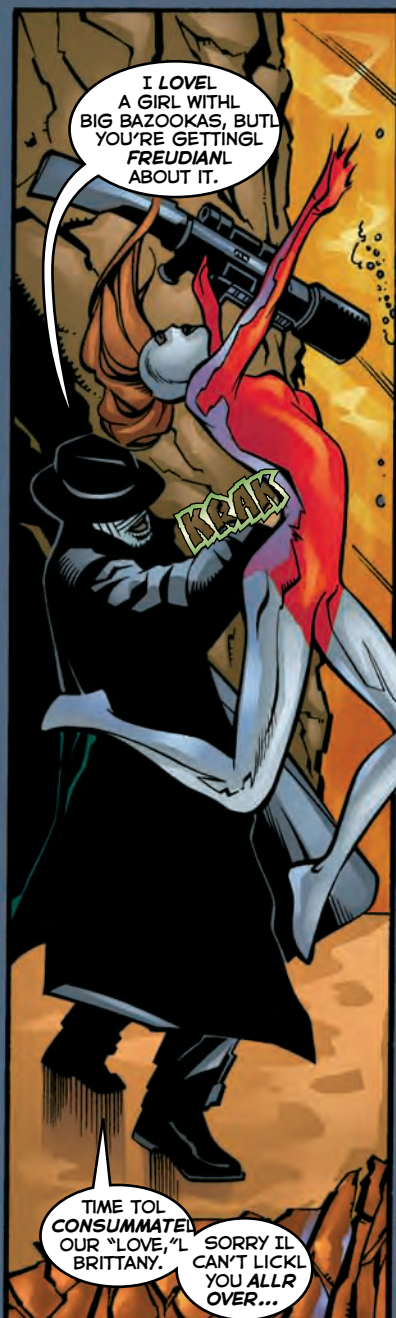


WATCH THE SUNLIGHT BURST-- WE CAN'T WASTE THEM.

LET'S GO PUT AN INQUISITION ON THESE SUCKERS!



BAZOOKAS! R WIDE SPRAY!
FIRE!

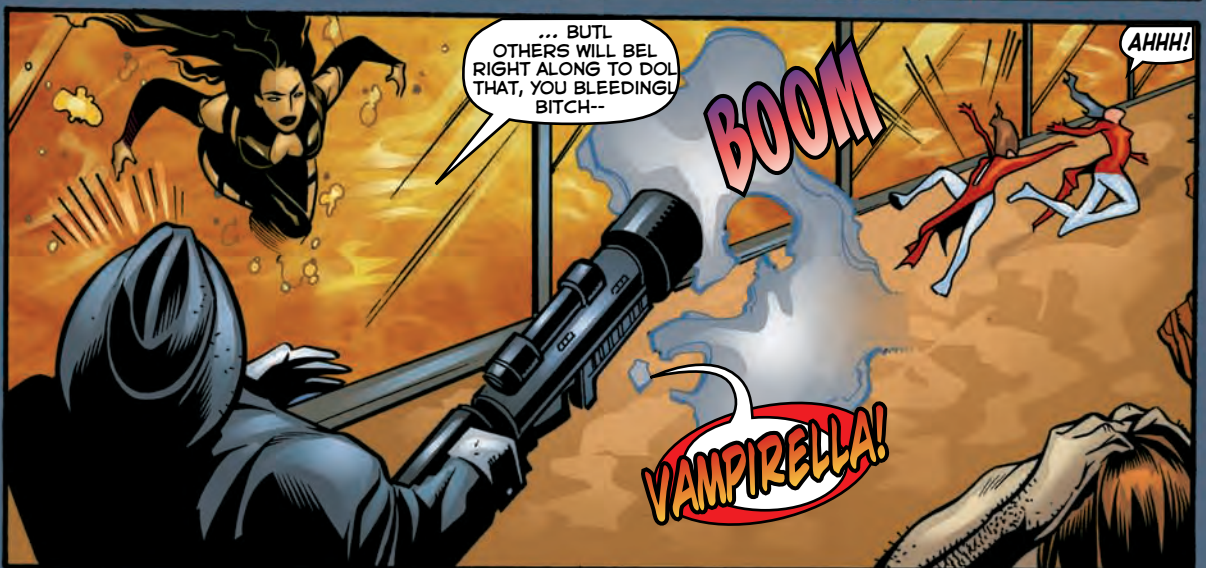


I LOVE A GIRL WITH BIG BAZOOKAS, BUT YOU'RE GETTINGL FREUDIANTL ABOUT IT.

KRAK

TIME TOL CONSUMMATEL OUR "LOVE,"L BRITTANY.

SORRY I'L CAN'T LICKL YOU ALLR OVER...



... BUTL OTHERS WILL BEL RIGHT ALONG TOL THAT, YOU BLEEDINGL BITCH--

BOOM

VAMPIRELLA!

AHHH!



DON'T BEL A SNOB!

BOOM!



JOIN THE PARTY!



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR HORS-R D'OEUVRRES.

WHEN THEY'RE DONE WITH YOU, I'LL FEED THEM DIXIE!



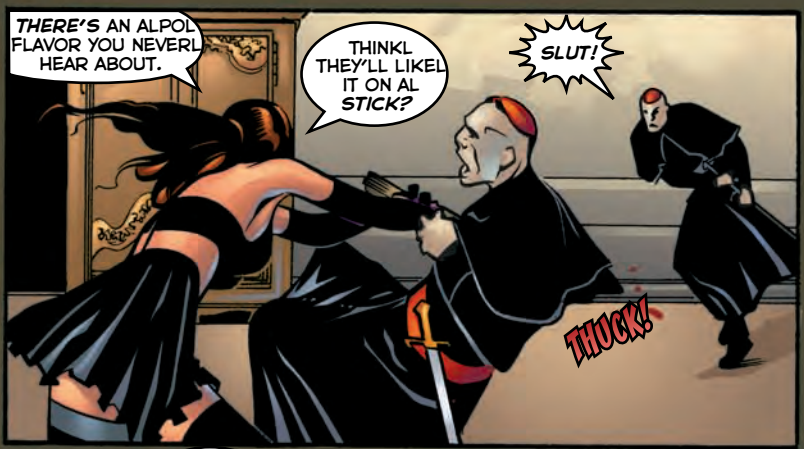
BOOM!

DO YOU HEARL SOMETHING?

WE'RE UNDERL ATTACK!



DAMN IT! THE GIRL!



THERE'S AN ALPOL FLAVOR YOU NEVER HEAR ABOUT.

THINK THEY'LL LIKE IT ON A STICK?

SLUT!

THUCK!

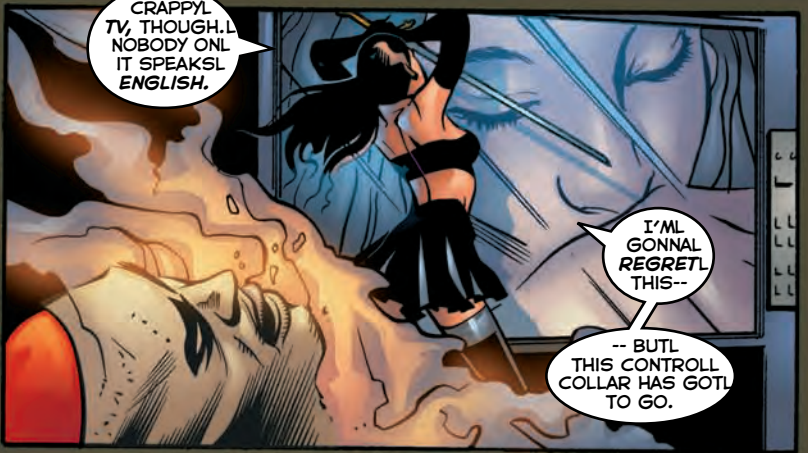


I WISH!

COOL SWORDS, L GUYS!



THAT WAS VON KREIST'S CHAIR! HE'LL FEED OUR HEARTS TO DOGS FOR THAT!



CRAPPY TV, THOUGH. NOBODY ONLY SPEAKS ENGLISH.

I'M L GONNAL REGRETT THIS--

-- BUT THIS CONTROLL COLLAR HAS GOT TO GO.



SHRSHZZZZZZ

AFTER ALL YOU'VE SURVIVED, TO BE DRAGGED DOWN BY SOME DEGENERATE THIRD-RATE COURTIER...

YOU DISAPPOINT ME, VAMPIRELLA!

WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT, NOW, WOULD WE?

THESE GARLIC SMOKER GRENADES WILL SCATTER YOUR VAMPIRE CRONES--

-- AND THE SISTERHOOD'S MONITORS PICKED UP THE SIGNAL DIXIE'S CONTROL COLLAR TRANSMITS!

YOU'VE LOST THIS TIME, VON KREIST! YOU'VE LED ME RIGHT TO HER!

WHEN SHE'S SAFE, I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU!

VERY SCARY. IF I HAD A PULSE, I'M SURE IT WOULD BE RACING.

BY THE TIME YOU FIND YOUR LITTLE GIRLFRIEND, I'LL BE DOING OUT HER SCRAPS.





YOUR UNHOLINESS!
EVERYONE'S GETTING
SICK!

DON'T BEL
SUCH A CHRISTIAN,
YOU BLOATED SAC OF
L PUS. IT'S MERELY
GARLIC.



BUT--L
BUT--L
BUT--

DEAL
WITH IT!



SWITCH
ON THE
VENTS! ARM
EVERYONE!

A TERRORIST
IS LOOSE IN THE
PALACE!



YOU'RE
TOO KIND,
CARDINAL.



IL
NEED YOURL
ROBES.

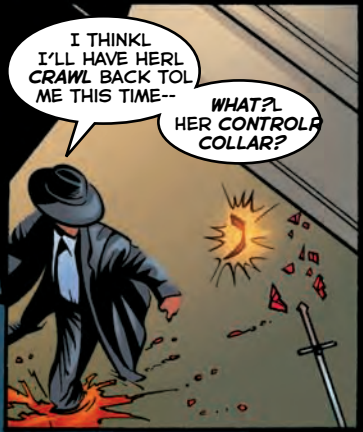
AND YOURL
BLOOD.



I SEEL
SOMEONE'S BEENL
BUSY.

POORL
LITTELEL
DIXIE.

SO MUCHL
EFFORT FORL
NOTHING.



I THINKL
I'LL HAVE HERL
CRAWL BACK TOL
ME THIS TIME--

WHAT?L
HER CONTROLF
COLLAR?



THOSEL
IDIOTS!



STILL...L
THIS IS WHATL
TRAPS AREL
MADE OF...



YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO DO.



OW!



TAK!

ALL THOSE CUTS ARE COSTING YOU A LOT OF BLOOD. YOU MUST BE GETTING WEAK.

GO AHEAD, YOU BASTARD. JUST TRY TO KILL ME.

KILL YOU? NO, I'VE TRIED THAT.

IT NEVER SEEMS TO TAKE.



I CAN ACCEPT DEFEAT. YOU CAN'T BE KILLED.

BUT THAT'S FINE. YOU CAN HELP ME KEEP UP MY SKILLS.

IT'LL BE NICE TO WORK ON SOMEONE WHO LASTS FOR A CHANGE.





"... AND WHEN IT WAS THAT THE CHRIST WAS CONDEMNED, HE DESPAIRED--"



YOU READ EXCELLENTLY, CHILD.

THE SUNLIGHT KEEPS VAMPIRES AWAY. THE BOOK IS NOT FOR THEM. I NEVER DREAMED YOU'D COME HERE.

READ...



...WHILE YOU STILL HAVE LIGHT.



BY TOMORROW, NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE YOU.

IN A YEAR, YOU WON'T RECALL WHAT YOU LOOKED LIKE. IN A CENTURY, A MILLENNIUM, WHO KNOWS WHAT I'LL THINK OF?

WE HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD. YOU WILL NEVER DIE, VAMPIRELLA.

BUT I GUARANTEE YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET IT.

**NEXT:
DAY OF
WRATH!**



HOLY WAR: PART 1 ALTERNATE COVER BY JOSEPH LINSNER



HOLY WAR: PART 3

COVER BY LOUIS SMALL, JR., ROB STULL & DAN KEMP

"AND HE WAS BURIED,
AND DESCENDED
INTO HELL."



"THE QUEEN OF HELL,
WHOSE NAME IS
LILITH, APPEARED
TO HIM, AND HE
WAS SORE AFRAID.
AND SHE SPAKE
TO HIM, SAYING --"

YOU, WHO HAVE
BETRAYED ALL
YOU KNOW AND
LOVE.
I CALL YOU
CHILD, FOR
IN MY
IMAGE HAVE
YOU BEEN
REBORN.



TO EACH AGE IS BORN
A NEW RACE OF VAMPIRE,
REPLACING THE OLD, FOR
WE ARE THE SHADOW OF
MAN, AND MUST GROW
WITH HIM.



IN THIS
NEW ERA OF
THE GOD-SON
THAT YOUR
ACTIONS HAVE
BIRTHED, YOU
SHALL BE LORD
AND FATHER
OF SHADOWS
BEYOND ALL
OTHERS.

"GO FORTH
IN THE NEW AGE
OF THE LAMB.
LEARN WHAT NEW
RULES GOVERN
YOU. SLAUGHTER
THE LAMB, IF YOU
CAN."



GO FORTH,
AND TURN THE
NIGHT INTO
FEAR!





" AND ON THE THIRD NIGHT, HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD - "

THIS... CAN'T BE TRUE...

FRIGHTENING, ISN'T IT? IN 2,000 YEARS, YOU'RE THE FIRST TO READ THAT.

" YOU WON'T LIVE TO REPEAT IT.

IN HIS LIBRARY, THE BLACK POPE ALLOWED DIXIE FATTONI A GLIMPSE OF HIS PAST, WHILE THEY WAITED FOR THE END OF LIGHT.

AT 16, AND IGNORANT OF THE FUTURE, SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD SEEN MORE HORROR THAN MOST WOULD EVER KNOW IN THEIR LIVES.

ALL I KNEW OF VAMPIRELLA WAS THAT SHE WAS HUNTED BY THE MONSTER VON KREIST.



FORTY YEARS AGO, I WAS DIXIE FATTONI, WHEN VON KREIST DRAGGED ME LIKE AN ANIMAL THROUGH THESE CATACOMBS.

TODAY I STALK THEM WITH THE SISTERHOOD OF THE RED NUNS, PRAYING GOD AND OUR SPECIAL TRAINING WILL SEE US THROUGH.



I'VE GIVEN UP ON TRYING TO KILL YOU, VAMPIRELLA.

YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE FOREVER!

THE BAD NEWS: SO AM I.

I'M GOING TO CARVE YOU-OVER-AND-OVER-

- FOR THE REST OF OUR LONG LIVES

I ALWAYS WANTED A HOBBY.

10 YEARS IN THE FUTURE, I JUMPED FROM HELL ON EARTH TO 30 YEARS IN THE PAST.

MY FAITH IS WEAK. I MARCH THROUGH MY PAST, AND I FEAR...



MY ROLE TODAY MAY NOT BE A SLAYER OR AVENGER, BUT WITNESS ONCE AGAIN--

-- TO THE SECOND FALL OF
MAN ON EARTH, AND THE
END OF VAMPIRELLA.

YOU! YOU DON'T
BELONG IN THE
ANTI-VATICAN!
KILL THEM!

VAMPIRES. WE'RE ARMED
FOR THEM, WITH THE OLDEST
KNOWLEDGE AND THE
LATEST TECHNOLOGY.

SATOR ALTHRONUS,
IS AQUA BENEDICTUS...

LASER SIGHTS BURN
CROSSES INTO THEM,
PINNING THEM
WITH TERROR SHARPER
THAN ANY BLADE.



COMPUTERIZED, THE
GUNS AUTOFIRE, WHEN
SENSORS SEE THE TARGET IS
FROZEN IN ITS TRACKS.

SOME OLD WAYS REMAIN
THE BEST.



THE STAKE
IS STILL THE
FINISHER OF CHOICE.
GOD'S BLESSING
STILL TURNS ANY
WATER HOLY.



EVEN
WHAT'S
IN THE
FILTHY
PLASMA
MUCK OF
THIS
PLACE.

--UT HOC
LIBERA
NOS AB
OMNIBUS
MALIS.



WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

THEY DIE, SENT BACK TO HELL TO AWAIT THEIR IMMINENT RESURRECTION. WHAT WE DO CHANGES NOTHING.

I DON'T RECALL AN OCEAN OF BLOOD PLASMA LAST TIME.

AH, SHE SHOWS HER TEETH.

YOU'LL BE SUCH A TAME PET WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU.



KRAK



PERHAPS THE WHITE BISHOP WAS RIGHT.



AAARRGH!

PERHAPS WE **CAN** BUMP THIS DETAIL AND THAT, LITTLE THINGS, UNTIL THE PAST SHIFTS SLIGHTLY.

AND THE FUTURE SHIFTS TO A NEW TRACK.

FINISH THEM, EVERY LAST ONE. NOT ONE ESCAPES, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

WHEN YOU'RE DONE, GET OUT. GET VAMPIRELLA OUT TOO, IF YOU SEE HER.

WAIT. I'LL COME WITH YOU.

NO. DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.

LEAD GOD LIVES.

GOD, IT IS SAID, IS IN THE DETAILS.

BUT I HAVE NO FAITH IN THE LITTLE THINGS.

IT SOUNDS LIKE A WAR OUT THERE.

THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU.

THAT? NO THE RED NUNS ARE DOING MY HOUSEKEEPING. I LET THEM, NOW AND THEN.

TOO MANY OF MY FLOCK GROW LAZY, AND COMPLACENT.



BETTER TO WEED THEM OUT NOW, BEFORE THE APOCALYPSE. MOTHER SUPERIOR'S NO THREAT TO ME.

YOU'RE THE ONE I WAS WARNED ABOUT.



DON'T TOUCH ME!

HA! YOU ARE DANGEROUS!

TRUST ME, IF YOU KNEW WHAT'S COMING FOR THIS MISERABLE LITTLE DUNGHEAP, YOU WOULDN'T FIGHT SO HARD TO STAY IN IT.

I KNOW!



FIAT LUX!

TECHNOLOGY AGAIN: A FLASH OF ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT, STRONG AND MERCILESS, TO BOIL THE EYES OF MOST VAMPIRES, AND CRISP THEIR FLESH.

EEARGHH!

BUT HE IS NOT ORDINARY, AND AS MAGNETIC NEEDLES PIERCE HIM, TO DISORIENT AND DULL HIS SENSES, I CAN'T CONTROL MY LOATHING.



YOU BROUGHT HELL DOWN ON US!

MY SISTER, MY FATHER, MY FRIEND, MY ALLIES, MY FUTURE, MY WORLD -

... I WANT HIM TO TASTE MY DESPAIR AND TO CHOKO ON IT.



WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE? HOW DID YOU DO THIS?

HE IS THE FACE OF THE DEVIL.



YOU STOLE IT ALL, YOU BASTARD!

MOM?

GET OUT!

HE IS THE BEAST OF THE APOCALYPSE.

DIE, VAMPIRE!

THE CHRISM, THE HOLY OIL, WOULD FRY HIS FOLLOWERS AT TOUCH, BUT ONLY PAINS AND ENRAGES HIM.



I'M THE OUTCOME OF YOUR EVIL, SPAT BACK TO KILL YOU AND YOUR NIGHTMARE WORLD TO COME.

I WANT TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING, PUT A NAME AND HISTORY TO MY FACE, AND SCALD HIM WITH THE DEPTH OF MY RAGE...





OH, SORRY, DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU.

REVEREND MOM TURNED THE PLASMA TO HOLY WATER. LIKE DIPPING VAMPIRES IN NAPALM.

SHE'S HERE? WHERE?



WE'RE LEAVING, VAMPIRELLA. WE HAVE ORDERS TO TAKE YOU WITH...

WHERE?

OKAY, OKAY. IT'S YOUR CALL.



FORTY YEARS I'VE WAITED TO RETURN TO THIS ROOM, TO TAKE FROM YOU WHAT YOU TOOK FROM ME--EVERYTHING!

YOU DON'T GET THE FUTURE THIS TIME!



I KNOW. THE CHOSEN OF LILITH, FIRST OF THE BREED, SPARED THE FRAILTIES OF LESSER VAMPIRES. I KNOW ALL YOUR SECRETS!

I CAN KILL YOU, JUDAS ISCARIOT!

OF COURSE I DO. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I AM.



WHO TOLD YOU?

A WOODEN STAKE? THAT'S A BIT PROSAIC.

NOTHING IS LESS SO!



THE CROSS.

A PIECE OF THE ONE TRUE CROSS!



"I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE. THE STENCH OF HIS BLOOD IS ALL OVER IT."

HE SHOULD HAVE BROKEN FREE, HE COULD HAVE-- BUT HE DIED!"



BECAUSE YOU PUT HIM THERE!

YOU SOLD HIM TO THE ROMANS!

YOU THINK I BETRAYED HIM? I LOVED HIM!

HE BETRAYED ME!



"HE WAS TOO WEAK! THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH, HE SAID. WHAT GOOD WAS THAT TO US?"

"ALL HE GAVE US WAS RELIGION."



EEARGHH!

WE NEEDED
A
REVOLUTION!

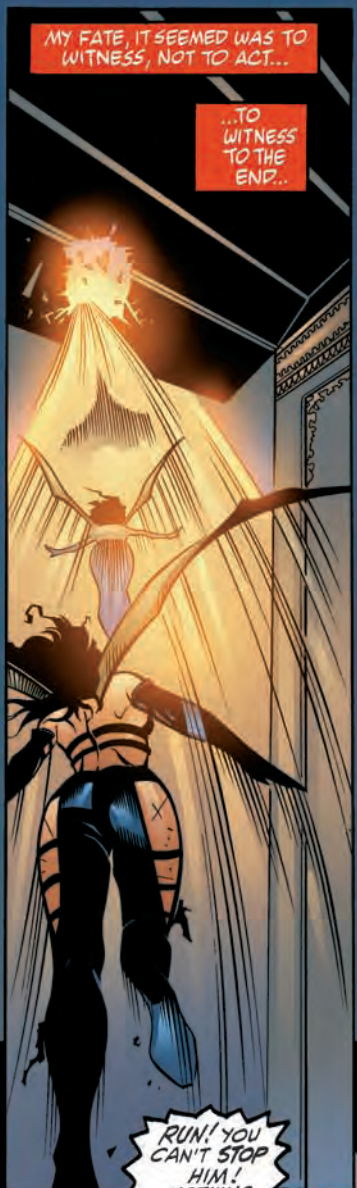
I WOULD
HAVE DIED
FOR HIM--



I WANTED TO SLAY
HIM BEFORE
VAMPIRELLA
ARRIVED
AND DERAILED
FATE.

DAMN
YOU!

I WAS
FOOLISH, AND
PROUD.



MY FATE, IT SEEMED WAS TO
WITNESS, NOT TO ACT...

...TO
WITNESS
TO THE
END..

RUN! YOU
CAN'T STOP
HIM!
NOTHING
WORKS!



I HAVE TO, DIXIE. IT'S
THE ONLY WAY TO GET
YOU OUT.

STAY ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF
THE DAYLIGHT,
WHERE HE
CAN'T TOUCH
YOU.

YOU
MUST BE
VAMPIRELLA.
THE SUN-
WALKER.
QUITE A
REPUTATION.

VON KREIST
TELLS ME
YOU'RE HARD
TO KILL.



ASK THAT SANCTIMONIOUS NUN HOW EASY I AM.

I'VE SLAIN MY SHARE OF VAMPIRES -- AN ENTIRE RACE OF THEM...



"FILTHY LITTLE, DIRT-EATING MAGGOTS. AT LILITH'S COMMAND, I EXTERMINATED THEM, TO MAKE ROOM FOR MY BREED.

"WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT."



WHY WOULD I WASTE ANY MORE THOUGHT ON YOU?!

LILITH?

MY MOTHER?



"YOUR--?"

TO EACH AGE IS BORN A NEW RACE OF VAMPIRE, REPLACING THE OLD, FOR WE ARE THE SHADOW OF MAN, AND MUST GROW WITH HIM.



OH! MY! GOD?!

THIS AGE CAN'T BE ENDING!

SHE CAN'T HAVE SENT YOU TO REPLACE ME!

YOU CAN'T BE THE FIRST OF THE NEXT BREED!



YOU'RE INSANE!

THOR!

MY MOTHER CHARGED ME WITH DESTROYING ALL THE MONSTERS SHE SPAWNED.

THAT'S YOU, MONSTER!

THE SISTERHOOD HAD OUTFITTED HER WITH A SUIT OF CHASTITY LATEX, AND BOOTS MARKED WITH THE SIGN OF THE CROSS...

HOW DO I HELP HER? TELL ME!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT... WHEN I TOLD YOU TO...



BUT CHASTITY AND SYMBOLISM MEANT NOTHING HERE.

I DID WHAT SHE ASKED! I'VE RULED TWO MILLENNIA. I BUILT AN EMPIRE!

I'VE CALLED DOWN THE DAMNED APOCALYPSE!



USE THE STAKE... AND WHEN YOU MEET THE WHITE BISHOP... TRUST HIM...

SHE CAN'T CHANGE HER MIND NOW!

I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO THAT HELLBOUND BITCH IN **SHREPS!**



NO!

DIXIE! DON'T!



NOW I UNDERSTAND THE BLACK BISHOP'S WARNING.

YOU'RE THE TOOLS LILITH CHOSE TO OVERTHROW ME.

SHE MUST BE SENILE, OR DAFT,



STOP SQUIRMING, GIRL. I NEED TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU.

IN A FEW MINUTES YOU WILL BE ONE OF US, AND THEN YOU CAN KILL VAMPIRELLA!



MOTHER SUPERIOR! IF YOU CAN HEAR ME....

..WATER!

HER BODY'S MADE MOSTLY OF WATER!



YES...

...OF COURSE...

SATOR ALTITHRONUS, IS AQUA BENEDICTUS...

... UT HOC LIBERA NOS AB OMNIBUS MALIS.

THAT WAS WHEN THE MIRACLE OCCURRED.





AT HER URGING, I ACTED,
AND MY ACTIONS FINALLY
BORE FRUIT.

THE
BLESSING
MADE HER
POISON
TO HIM.

AT THE END, I WATCHED
DESTINY CHANGE, AND I
WAS AT PEACE.

LOOK
WHAT
YOU'VE
DONE

YOU HAVEN'T
WON ANYTHING...
YOU CAN'T
STOP..



AND MORE, MY BLOOD WAS NOW
BLESSSED AS WELL, FOR I WAS DIXIE,
AND WHAT CHANGED HER CHANGED
ME.

MY BLOOD WAS ALL
OVER HIM. IT WAS
ALL HE COULD THINK
OF.



ROT IN HELL,
ISCA RIOT.





...WHAT WILL COME...

IS HE..?

A VAMPIRE THAT OLD?

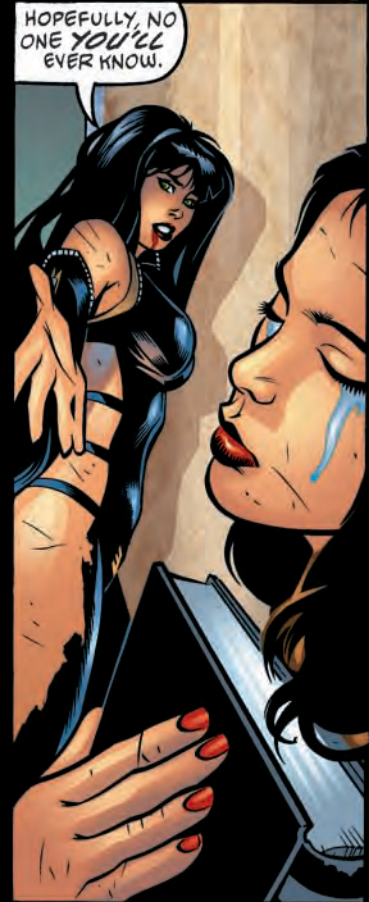
HE'S LUCKY HE WASN'T DUST LONG AGO.



THE ANTI-VATICAN CAN'T STAND THE CROSS ANY MORE THAN JUDAS COULD. WE BETTER GET OUT.

SHE'S DEAD, TOO.

FOR A SECOND, I THOUGHT SHE WAS MY MOTHER. WHO WAS SHE?

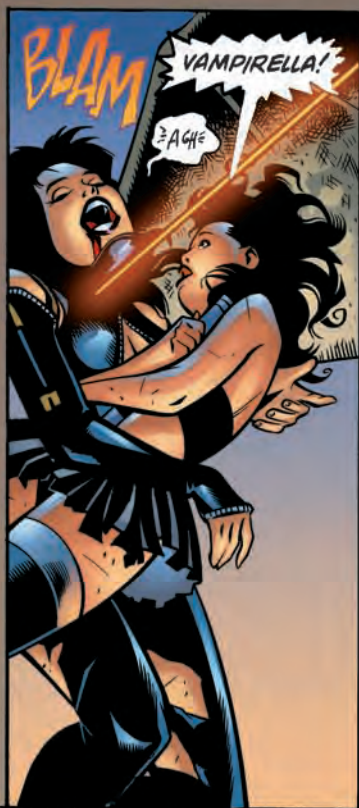


HOPEFULLY, NO ONE YOU'LL EVER KNOW.



SHE TOLD ME SO MANY WILD THINGS.

SHE SAID I'D DIE IF I CAME HERE.





I HATE YOU!

OF COURSE.

KA CRACK!



YOU MURDERED MY FATHER!

YOU MURDERED MY SISTER!



YOU SHOT HIM. ALL I DID WAS PUT A GUN TO YOUR HEAD.

YOU COULD HAVE DIED FOR HIM, BUT YOU WERE WEAK.



DON'T WHINE TO ME ABOUT--



UNGKH!

SHOK!



WHERE ARE MY LEGS?
I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS!

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

I
NEED...
BLOOD...



STOP THAT!
GET AWAY
FROM THERE!

I'LL GUT YOU
ALIVE AND FEED
YOU YOUR OWN
INTESTINES!

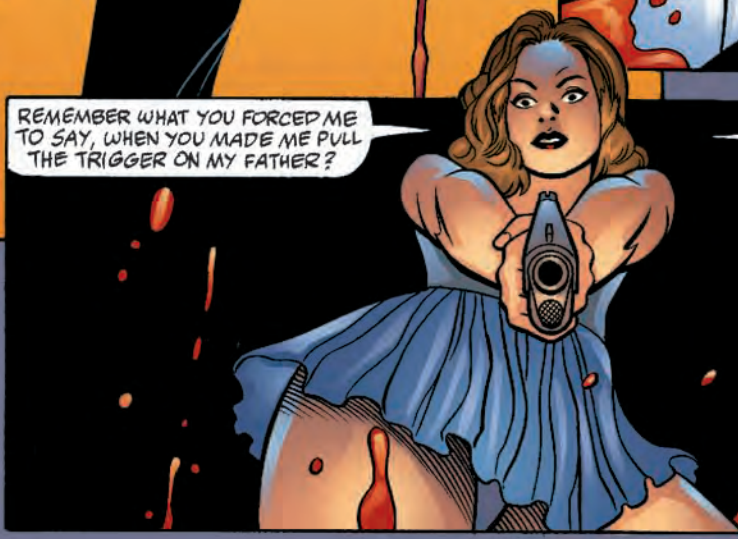


WHY
DON'T YOU
SHOOT
HER?

MAYBE YOU'RE ASKING
YOURSELF, "WHERE'S
MY GUN?"

REMEMBER WHAT YOU FORCED ME
TO SAY, WHEN YOU MADE ME PULL
THE TRIGGER ON MY FATHER?

HE WAS **NOT** A GREASY WOP,
YOU KRAUT SCUMBAG SON
OF A BITCH.





FEEL BETTER? HOW COULD YOU DO THAT? HIS BLOOD?

WHEN I'M WEAK, I NEED BLOOD. BLOOD IS BLOOD. I'M A VAMPIRE.



I WANT TO GO HOME... OR SOMEWHERE... ANYWHERE BUT HERE.

PLEASE.



IT'S OKAY, DIXIE. IT'S OKAY..

...LET'S GO HOME.

THE END

Amanda Conner

THE INTERVIEW

The original introduction to this 1997 interview started with this: “To call Amanda Conner one of the best female artists in comics would be an insult—she is simply one of the best artists working today.” The passage of time has only proven that statement to be true again and again. Her unique style has come to epitomize the modern Vampirella: sexy, dangerous and just a bit naughty. Here she explains how she created such a legacy.

How do you approach drawing Vampirella?

AC: I try to put a little character and emotion into her, to make her more like a real person rather than someone that’s not believable. While I keep in mind that Vampirella is fantasy, I make it so that people can understand that she could be real.

What do you think your biggest contribution to the character is?

My artistic strong point is putting emotional value into character. I don’t believe that characters are very interesting if they’re sort of one-note. They need some emotions and some reactions to situations in order to be truly interesting.

How do you feel about the relationship between Vampirella and Dixie?

Vampirella’s taken Dixie under her wing and is trying to show her the ropes of vampire hunting. Dixie is sort of the innocent person who wants to kick everybody’s ass, but just doesn’t know how to yet. She looks up to Vampirella to help her and teach her these things. I think that Vampirella has some maternal instincts towards Dixie. She found this girl crying over her dead father after her sister had been dragged off by vampires. I think it broke Vampi’s heart. Vampi has seen enough heartbreak in her lifetime and she needs just a little bit of light. Dixie gives Vampi a little more purpose besides just running around and killing everybody. She gives Vampi a little bit of something more to live for.

Have you ever found that after reading the script, you feel certain scenes should be highlighted that haven’t been by the writer?

Yes, if I see something that I think is more important. I’ll usually put it down on paper and the writer and the editors will decide it if works. I won’t do any serious story changes... I won’t take anything away from the story, but if there is something that needs to be highlighted, I’ll go ahead and do it and usually it works.

ASCENDING EVIL:
PART 2 COVER BY
AMANDA CONNER,
JIMMY PALMIOTTI &
JONATHAN D. SMITH



Why do you think fans like your interpretation of Vampirella so much?

I have no idea.

What a great answer. I’m sure your fans know why they like you. So what’s the nicest thing a fan’s ever done for you?

Fans have done so many great things for me—they’ve sent me artwork, flowers, and really sweet letters. One time I let it get out that I really liked dark chocolate, so now a fan will bring me some form of dark chocolate at nearly every convention. Last week at the Chicago Convention I was admiring a girl’s nail polish, so she went out and got me a bottle of the same nail polish!

Is there a special attraction to working on a female character for you?

I don’t know if it’s a special attraction of just something that I’m better at. When I went to art school, I came to the realization that in most cases, guys have an easier time drawing male characters and girls have an easier time drawing female characters. You make up every day of your life, you go to brush your teeth, and you look in the mirror and there is what you are.

How do you like working with Mark Millar and Grant Morrison?

I really enjoy the story they’ve put together. I like that they’ve introduced some interesting characters to the book, such as the two young girls—Dixie and Pixie. I think that if they make interesting characters for Vampirella to play off of, it will make the book that much better. ♡

VAMPIRELLA

25th Anniversary Special



THE BLOOD RED GAME

FROM VAMPIRELLA: 25TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL
COVER BY FRANK FRAZETTA

DAY ONE:



DAY TWO:



DAY THREE:



DAY FOUR:



DAY FIVE:

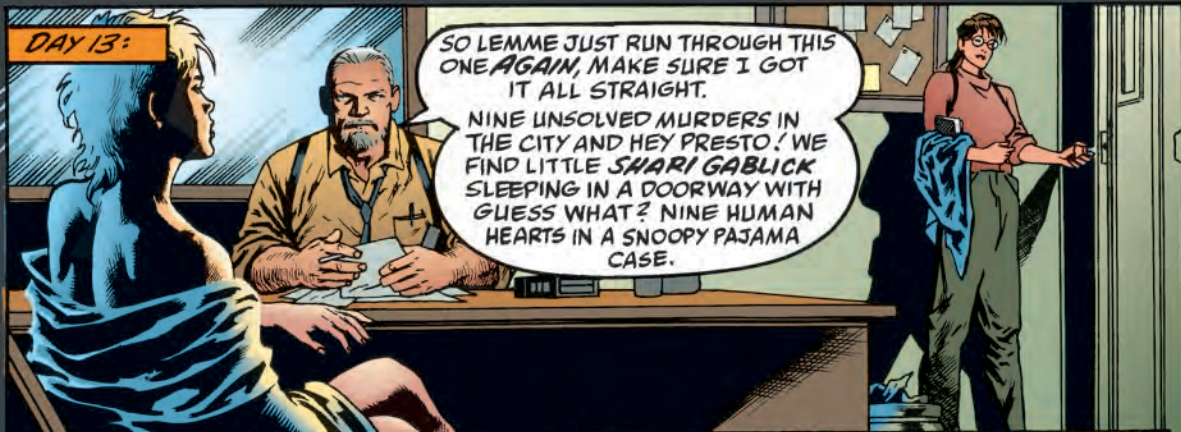


DAY SIX:





PLEEEEEEAASSE...



DAY 13:

SO LEMME JUST RUN THROUGH THIS ONE *AGAIN*, MAKE SURE I GOT IT ALL STRAIGHT.

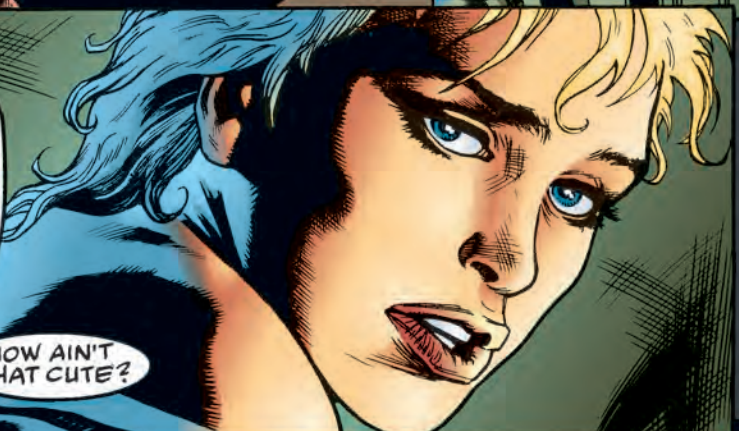
NINE UNSOLVED MURDERS IN THE CITY AND HEY PRESTO! WE FIND LITTLE *SHARI GABLUCK* SLEEPING IN A DOORWAY WITH GUESS WHAT? NINE HUMAN HEARTS IN A SNOOPY PAJAMA CASE.



OPEN AND SHUT, RIGHT?

EXCEPT FOR SHARI'S ALIBI; SHE DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY. SHE WAS BEING CONTROLLED BY A PIECE OF DEMON SOFTWARE. SHE WAS COLLECTING HEARTS SO THAT THE 'MAD GOD CHAOS' COULD PLAY SOME KIND OF GAME WITH THEM. AND SHE SAYS THE LAST HEART, THE TENTH HEART, BELONGED TO A VAMPIRE GIRL FROM SPACE.

NOW AIN'T THAT CUTE?



BUT IT'S WRONG!

D'YOU WATCH CARTOONS, SHARI, OR DO YOU JUST LIVE IN THEM?

JESUS CHRIST! WHO WRITES YOUR MATERIAL? THE F***** BROTHERS GRIMM?

WATER.

IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY.

IT'S THE TRUTH.

CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE!

CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE!



DAY 14:

... I WORK WITH COMPUTERS, SO I KNOW WHAT IT WAS. IT WAS SOFTWARE, LIKE I SAID.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME TAKE IT HOME...

GIVE IT UP, SANGER. THE CRAZY BITCH COULDN'T TAKE THE GUILT AND CUT HER OWN THROAT IN HER CELL LAST NIGHT. END OF STORY.

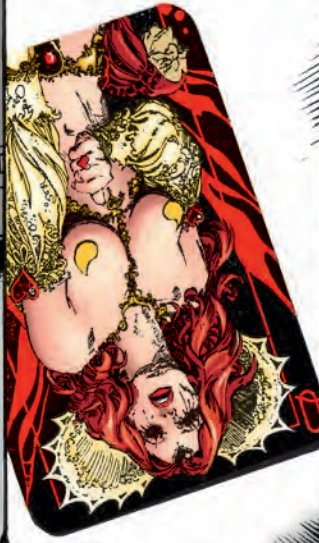
EVERYTHING ELSE ON THAT TAPE'S PSYCHO BULLSHIT.

DON'T YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND WHY?

THIS IS ONE HELL OF A WEIRD STORY. LISTEN:

IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST, SEE?

BUT WHEN I FIRST SAW IT, IT JUST LOOKED LIKE A WEIRD PLAYING CARD.



IT WENT INTO MY HEAD, LIKE A DISK INTO A MAC.

I FELT THE BLOOD, SEEPING OUT OF THE CARD INTO MY HAIR, INTO MY BRAIN, DOWNLOADING HER INTO ME.

AND THEN IT WAS... IT WAS KIND OF NICE. ALL CRAWLY AND DIRTY AND STRANGE. I KNEW THINGS... THINGS ABOUT HELL, PLEASURES OF THE PIT...

...IT WASN'T MY FAULT, I BECAME WHAT SHE WANTED ME TO BE. I WAS PROGRAMMED TO BE HER.

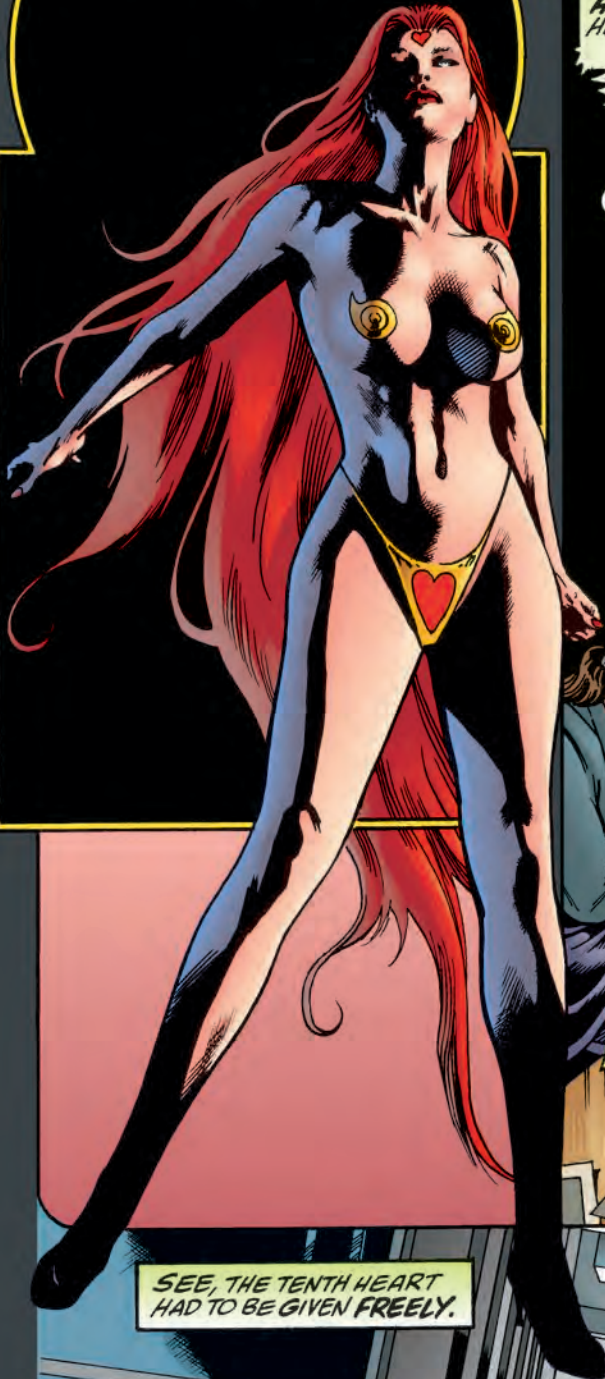
I WASN'T THE FIRST; THERE HAD BEEN OTHERS BEFORE ME, THERE'LL BE OTHERS AFTER. 'SISTERS', SHE CALLED US. THE CARD'S HER TRUE FORM BUT SHE NEEDS A HOST, SHE NEEDS HARDWARE.

SHE'S BABYLON. THE SCARLET WOMAN, QUEEN OF LUST AND DESTRUCTION...

SIN SKIN



THE BLOOD RED
QUEEN OF HEARTS



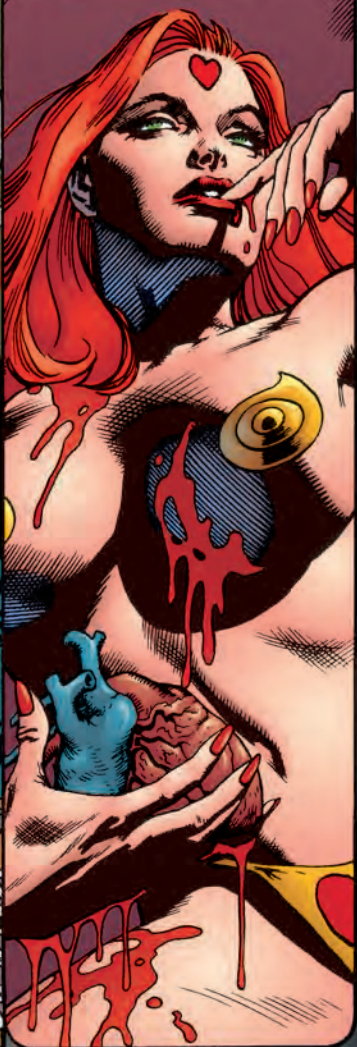
IN DREAMS, I DANCED ON THE GAMEBOARD OF MY MASTER, THE LUNATIC GOD CHAOS, WHO PLAYS AGAINST HIMSELF, WITH HUMAN HEARTS AS PAWNS...

RRR OLD ME, CHAOS TOLD ME WHAT TO DO. THE FIRST NINE HEARTS WERE SO EASY: MEN IN BARS, WOMEN ON THE STREETS. I PLUCKED THEM, LIKE YOU'D PLUCK A FRUIT.

THE TENTH HEART WAS DIFFERENT.

CHRIST! THIS IS SCHIZO SHIT!

DROP IT, SANGER!



SEE, THE TENTH HEART HAD TO BE GIVEN FREELY.

GIVEN IN LOVE.



AND CHAOS HAD SOMETHING SPECIAL IN MIND. AN OLD ENEMY, HE SAID.

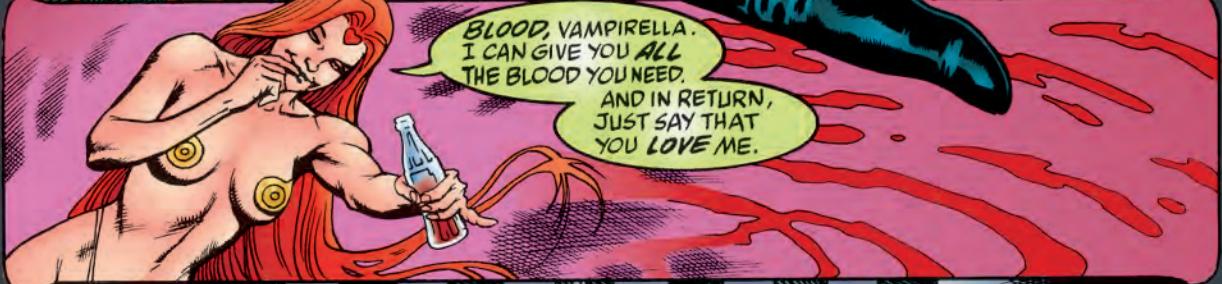


HER NAME WAS VAMPIRELLA.

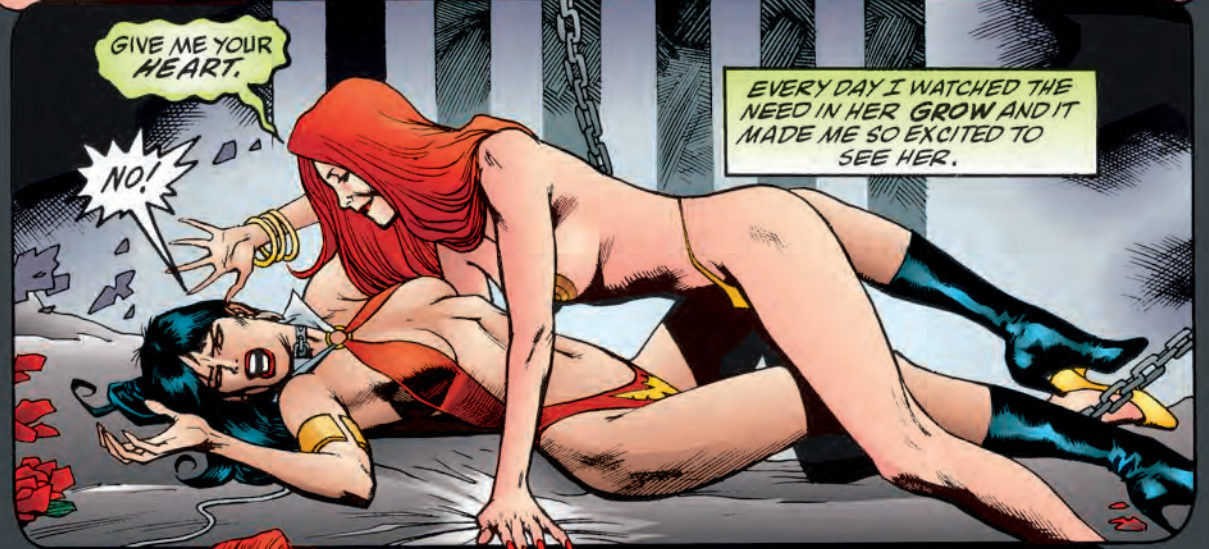
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER HOW SHE CAME TO ME. CHAOS GUIDED HER INTO MY TRAP AND SUDDENLY SHE WAS MINE. ALL MINE TO PLAY WITH. I ONLY HAD TO USE HER OWN ALIEN BIOLOGY AGAINST HER.

AND EVERY DAY, WITHOUT THE BLOOD THAT NOURISHED HER, SHE GREW WEAKER AND HUNGRIER AND MORE DESPERATE.



BLOOD, VAMPIRELLA. I CAN GIVE YOU ALL THE BLOOD YOU NEED. AND IN RETURN, JUST SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME.



GIVE ME YOUR HEART.

NO!

EVERY DAY I WATCHED THE NEED IN HER GROW AND IT MADE ME SO EXCITED TO SEE HER.



THEN PERHAPS TOMORROW.

THE SWEAT ON HER LIPS AND BREASTS AND THIGHS, SHINING LIKE LITTLE SEQUINS. THE ACHE OF DESIRE IN THE ARCH OF HER BODY WHEN I ENTERED THE ROOM. THE WHINE IN HER VOICE.

KLICK

FORGET THE DEMONS,
FORGET THE VAMPIRES.
WAY I SEE IT, SHARI GABLUCK
WAS A SCREWED-UP CLOSET
DYKE LIVING IN A FANTASY
WORLD BEFORE SHE FINALLY
FLIPPED AND KILLED NINE
PEOPLE.

DO YOU
WANT SOME
COFFEE?

MMM.

PLEEEEAASE.

I NEED BLOOD,
PLEASE.

I'LL DO
ANYTHING.

I FELT SO GOOD. IT WAS WHAT I'D
ALWAYS WANTED. SHE WAS LIKE A
LITTLE DOLL I COULD DRESS ANY
WAY I PLEASED, YOU KNOW?

I
NUH-NEED
BLOOD
OR I'LL
DIE.

WILL YOU LOVE ME?

YES.

THEN
TAKE IT
FROM ME.

AND GIVE ME
YOUR HEART.

DO YOU LOVE
ME YET?

YES.

I LOVE
YOU. GIVE
ME BLOOD.

AND ON DAY SIX, I
MADE HER MINE.

BUT SOMEHOW IT
ALL WENT WRONG.

SOMEHOW
SHE
TRICKED
ME.

MMM

LLLLFF

'HOW CAN I LOVE YOU, UNLESS MY LOVE IS RETURNED?' THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.
'HOW CAN I GIVE MY HEART UNLESS YOU LOVE ME ENOUGH TO TAKE IT FROM ME?'



SHOW ME YOU LOVE ME.

RELEASE ME

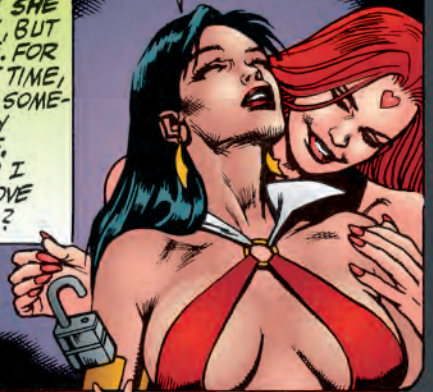
AND I REALIZED I HAD COME TO LOVE HER, THE WAY A JAILER COMES TO LOVE A PRISONER.

I THOUGHT I HAD CONTROL OF THE GAME, BUT I WAS WRONG.

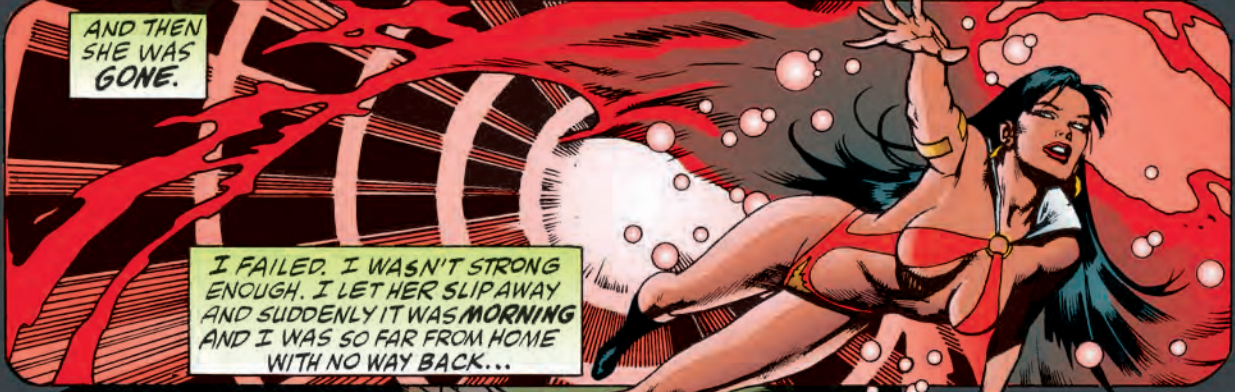
LET ME GO.

Yes.

I THOUGHT SHE WAS WEAK, BUT IT WAS ME. FOR THE FIRST TIME, I THOUGHT, SOMEBODY TRULY LOVED ME. HOW COULD I HELP BUT LOVE HER BACK?



AND THEN SHE WAS GONE.



I FAILED. I WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH. I LET HER SLIP AWAY AND SUDDENLY IT WAS MORNING AND I WAS SO FAR FROM HOME WITH NO WAY BACK...

...AND I FOUND MYSELF IN A DOORWAY, DIRTY, WET, AND RIDICULOUS. THE BLOOD RED QUEEN WAS GONE. MY LIFE WAS OVER.

THEIR GAME GOES ON, YOU SEE. WE'RE JUST PEOPLE AND WE CAN BE CAST OFF THE BOARD ANY TIME, BUT CHAOS' GAME NEVER ENDS.

NOW I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DIE, BUT I DIDN'T KILL THOSE PEOPLE, SHE DID. THAT'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND; IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, SHE'S STILL OUT THERE...

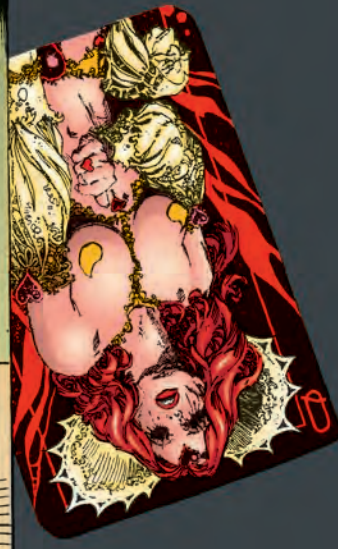
NO WAY.

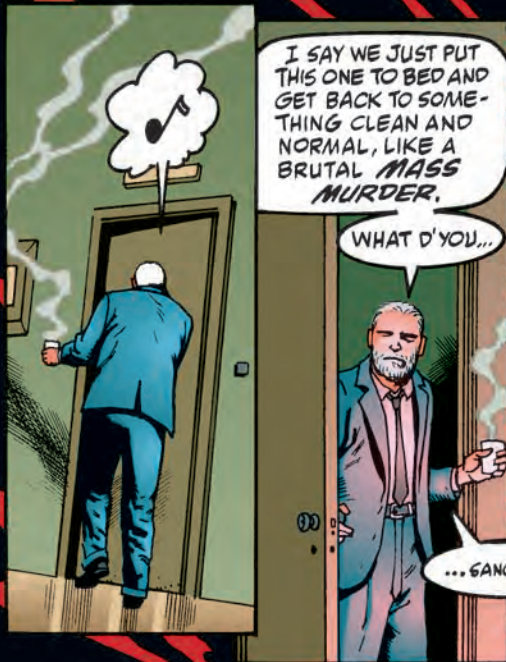
...THE BLOOD RED QUEEN OF HEARTS CAN NEVER DIE.



DAMN.

NO WAY.





I SAY WE JUST PUT THIS ONE TO BED AND GET BACK TO SOMETHING CLEAN AND NORMAL, LIKE A BRUTAL MASS MURDER.

WHAT D'YOU...

... SANGER?

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE, BERNIE. YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW IT ALL. YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN IT ALL.

I'LL SHOW YOU THINGS. I'LL MAKE YOU BELIEVE.



I'LL MAKE YOU BELIEVE WITH ALL YOUR HEART, DARLING.

COME HERE.



THE END



A COLD DAY IN HELL

FROM VAMPIRELLA STRIKES #6
COVER BY MARK TEXEIRA

FORT YUKON, ALASKA.
SIX MONTHS AGO:

UNITED STATES
NUCLEAR MISSILE
DEPOT.

ASK ME
ANOTHER.
MAKE IT AS
HARD AS
YOU LIKE.

OKAY, YOU'RE SO SHIT-HOT, I RECKON YOU
SHOULD TRY *THIS* FOR SIZE: I SPY WITH
MY LITTLE EYE SOMETHING BEGINNING
WITH... U.S.N.M.D.

WE'RE BASED IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE ARCTIC
FRIGGIN' CIRCLE, SOLDIER.
NOT EXACTLY A WHOLE LOT
UP HERE TO LEND A GUY
ANY SERIOUS INSPIRATION.

LAST TIME:
F.O.B.H.N.

WAY TOO
EASY.

FLOCK
OF BIRDS
HEADING
NORTH.

MAN, THAT'S EASY:
SNOW DRIFT!

C'MON. PUT SOME
EFFORT INTO IT.
CHALLENGE ME.

NOT MY FAULT
YOU'RE A GODDAMN
MIND-READER.

GODDAMN. YOU SHOULD BE ON TELEVISION.

WAIT A
SECOND...

...THOSE
SONOFABITCHES
DON'T LOOK LIKE
BIRDS TO ME.



THE PRESENT:

DOES THIS GIVE YOU SOME KIND OF SICK THRILL?

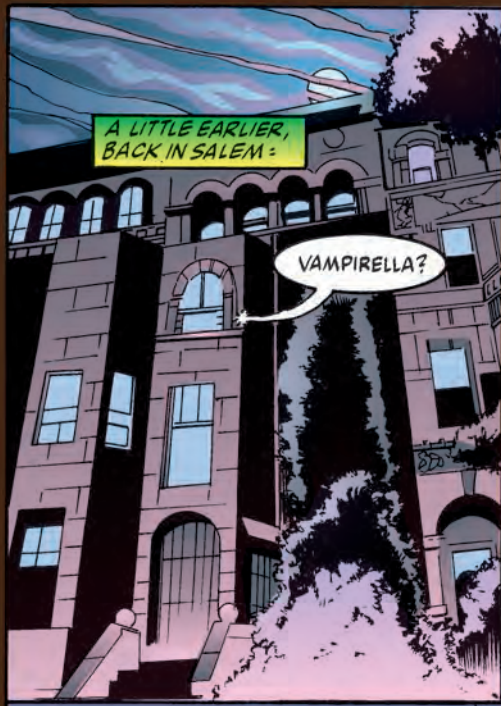
A comic book panel depicting a party scene. Vampirella, with her signature long blue hair and red bikini, is the central figure. She is surrounded by other women in various costumes, including a woman with long blonde hair and a woman with dark curly hair. The scene is filled with dramatic lighting and detailed shading.

YOU MEAN STANDING HERE WATCHING YOU STRAPPED TO A CHAIR, LEGS SPREAD LIKE BUTTER AND BREASTS HEAVING UNDER THAT PROVOCATIVE COSTUME?

THE ANSWER IS YES, QUITE FRANKLY.

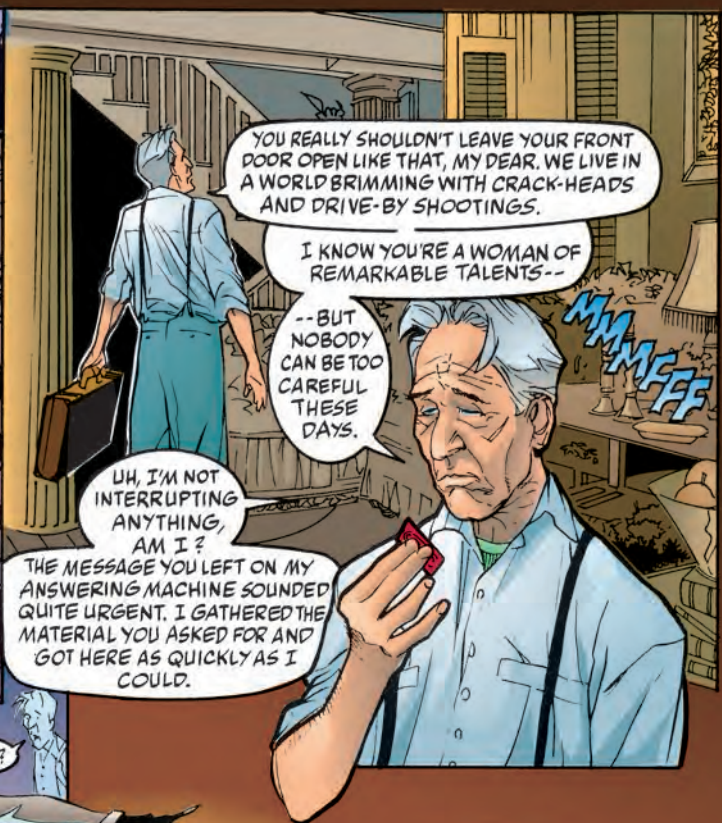
"YOU'RE COMPLETELY AT MY MERCY, THERE'S A BUTTON IN MY HAND AND NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON LIES JUST AROUND THE CORNER, VAMPIRELLA..."

"...GOODMAN WILLIAMS HAS BEEN AROUSED."



A LITTLE EARLIER,
BACK IN SALEM:

VAMPIRELLA?



YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR FRONT
DOOR OPEN LIKE THAT, MY DEAR. WE LIVE IN
A WORLD BRIMMING WITH CRACK-HEADS
AND DRIVE-BY SHOOTINGS.

I KNOW YOU'RE A WOMAN OF
REMARKABLE TALENTS--

-- BUT
NOBODY
CAN BE TOO
CAREFUL
THESE
DAYS.

UH, I'M NOT
INTERRUPTING
ANYTHING,
AM I?

THE MESSAGE YOU LEFT ON MY
ANSWERING MACHINE SOUNDED
QUITE URGENT. I GATHERED THE
MATERIAL YOU ASKED FOR AND
GOT HERE AS QUICKLY AS I
COULD.

MMMFF



VAMPIRELLA?



TWO MINUTES,
PENDRAGON. I'M
ALMOST DONE
HERE.

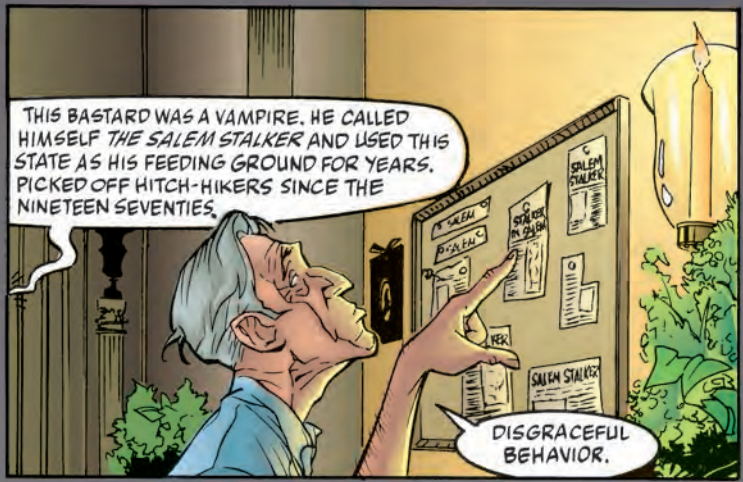
MAKE
YOURSELF
A COFFEE.

H- HELP ME...
JESUS, CALL THE
COPS...



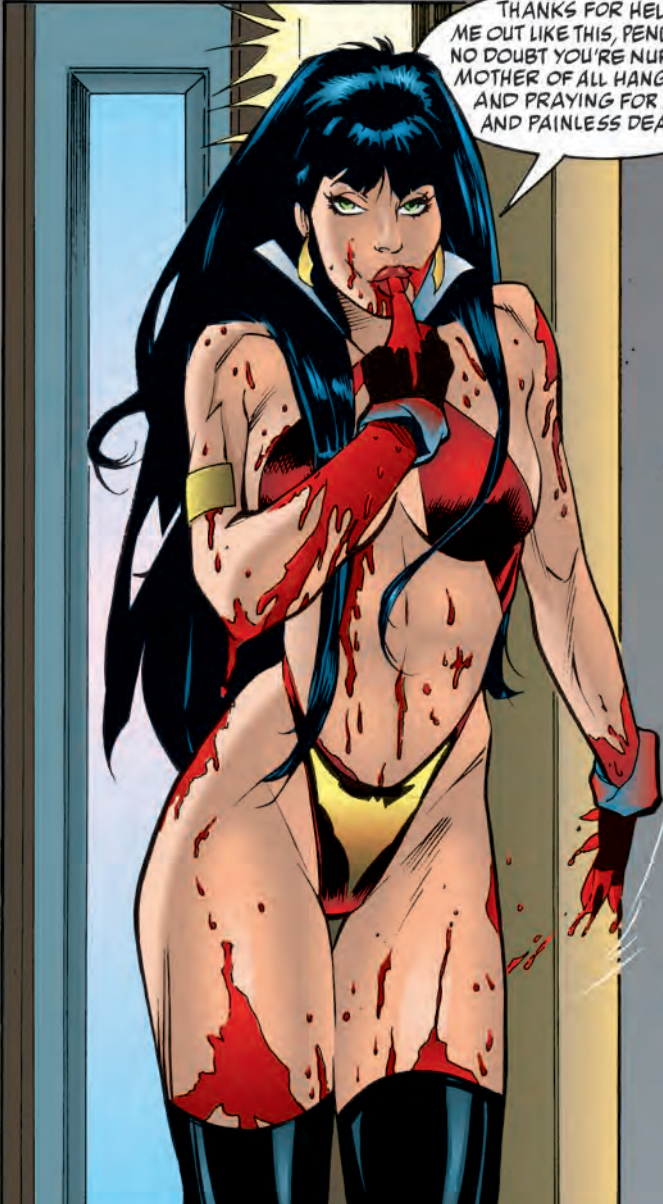
I TRUST THE GENTLEMAN BLEEDING ONTO YOUR FINE POLYNESIAN CARPET IS NOT EXACTLY A RESPECTED PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY HERE IN SALEM?

YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT. THE ONLY LIVES I TAKE ARE THOSE WITH NO RIGHT TO LIFE AT ALL.



THIS BASTARD WAS A VAMPIRE. HE CALLED HIMSELF THE SALEM STALKER AND USED THIS STATE AS HIS FEEDING GROUND FOR YEARS. PICKED OFF HITCH-HIKERS SINCE THE NINETEEN SEVENTIES.

DISGRACEFUL BEHAVIOR.



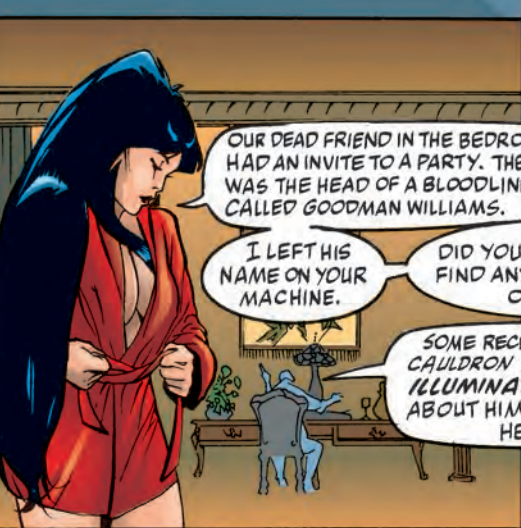
LAST NIGHT HE JUST MET THE WRONG GIRL.

THANKS FOR HELPING ME OUT LIKE THIS, PENDRAGON. NO DOUBT YOU'RE NURSING THE MOTHER OF ALL HANG-OVERS AND PRAYING FOR A QUICK AND PAINLESS DEATH.



I APPRECIATE YOU COMING AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, MY DEAR ...ALTHOUGH I MUST CONFESS I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO GREET MY FAVORITE CREATURE OF THE NIGHT ONCE SHE HAD ALREADY FLOSSSED AND RINSED.



OUR DEAD FRIEND IN THE BEDROOM HAD AN INVITE TO A PARTY. THE HOST WAS THE HEAD OF A BLOODLINE CALLED GOODMAN WILLIAMS.

I LEFT HIS NAME ON YOUR MACHINE.

DID YOU MANAGE TO FIND ANY BACKGROUND ON HIM?

SOME RECENT ISSUES OF THE CAULDRON HAVE PROVEN MOST ILLUMINATING. I READ ALL ABOUT HIM ON THE WAY HERE.



SO THIS WILLIAMS CHARACTER IS A PLAYER?



MOST DEFINITELY. HE HEADS ONE OF THE SEVEN MOST DEPRAVED VAMPIRE CULTS OF THE MODERN WORLD. THIS IS A CREATURE WHO MUST NOT BE TRIFLED WITH.

ONE WRONG MOVE AND YOU'RE HIS FOREVER.

"IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE NOW BUT HE WAS ONCE A PILGRIM FATHER: ONE OF THE EARLY ENGLISH PURITANS WHO SAILED UPON THE MAYFLOWER BOUND FOR NEW ENGLAND.

"A STERN CHRISTIAN WHO PUT ROCKS IN HIS BOOTS SO THAT HE MIGHT NEVER SMILE, GOODMAN WILLIAMS WAS CONSIDERED THE MOST DEVOUT AMONG THEIR NUMBER.

"A GENUINE CHALLENGE FOR THOSE WHO LURKED BELOW.

"513 MEN LEFT ENGLAND IN 1620. HALF THAT NUMBER MADE IT TO THE OTHER SIDE.

"GOODMAN WILLIAMS DISAPPEARED DURING THE WORST OF THE STORMS SOMEWHERE IN THE MID-ATLANTIC."





I DON'T UNDERSTAND DID HE DROWN OR WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS SOME KIND OF MAJOR LEAGUE VAMPIRE.

INDEED HE IS, BUT THERE ARE OLDER WAYS ONE MIGHT FALL VICTIM TO THE ANAEROBIC CURSE. SOME ENTER OUR BODIES AND BEGIN TO FEED BY DISGUIISING THEMSELVES AS FOOD...

... OTHERS MIGHT ATTACK US IN OUR DREAMS...

.. WORSE STILL, ARE THOSE WHO SLEEP UPON THE OCEAN BED AND SCOUR THE SEAS FOR STRANDED SAILORS.

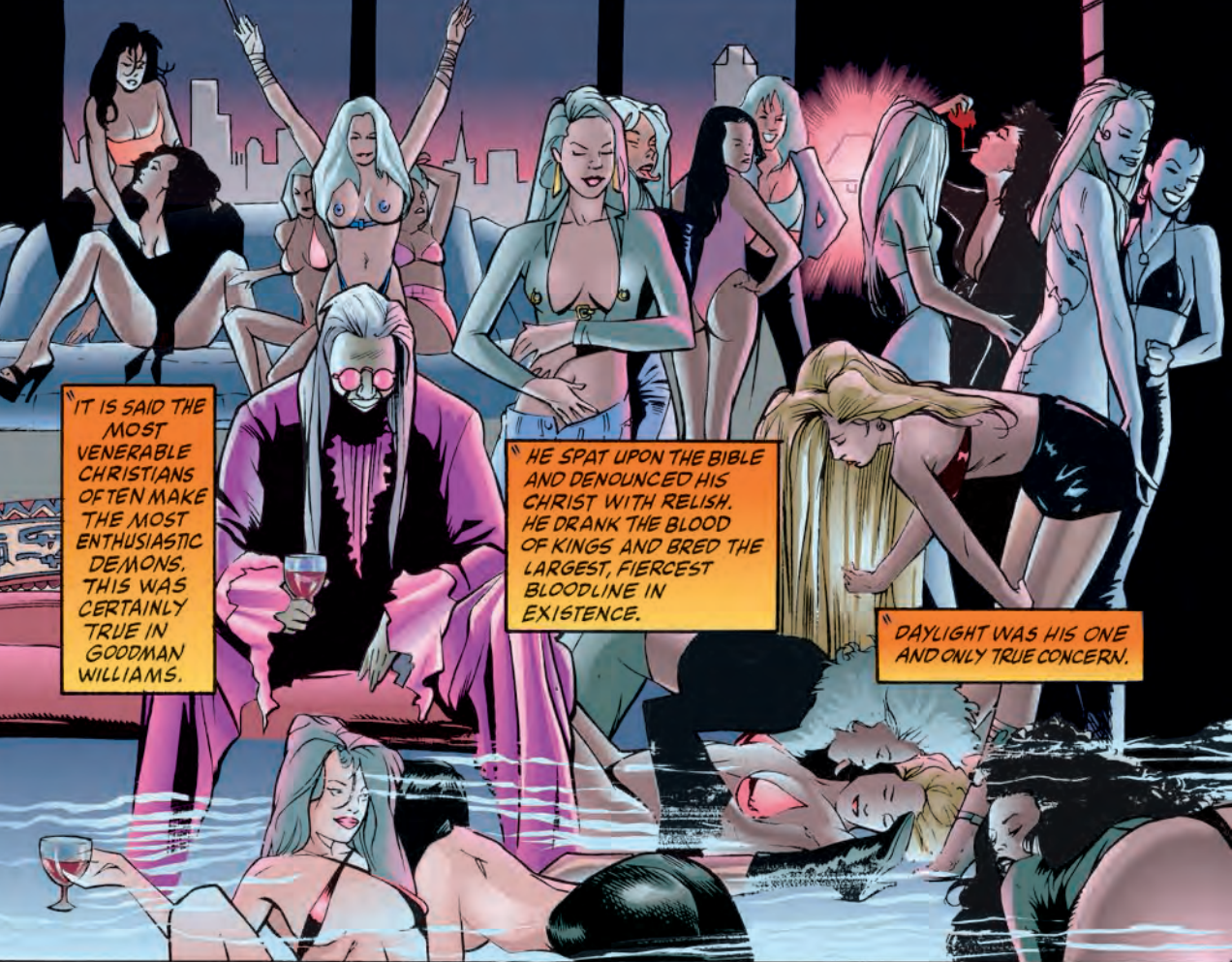
"THERE ARE RUMORS GOODMAN WILLIAMS WAS TAKEN TO ATLANTIS ITSELF THAT NIGHT AND SHOWN PLEASURES LONG SINCE HIDDEN FROM THE WORLD ABOVE.

"SOME SAY THE CITY WAS BUILT BY THE FIRST VAMPIRES, A BLASPHEMY UPON THE EARTH CAST DOWN INTO A WATERY ABYSS BY GREATER MAGICIANS LONG SINCE DEAD.

"SWORN TO NEVER LEAVE THE SEAS, THESE BEASTS ARE THOUGHT TO STILL CRAVE INFLUENCE UPON THE EARTH AND SO ENLIST OTHERS WHO MIGHT DO THEIR BIDDING.



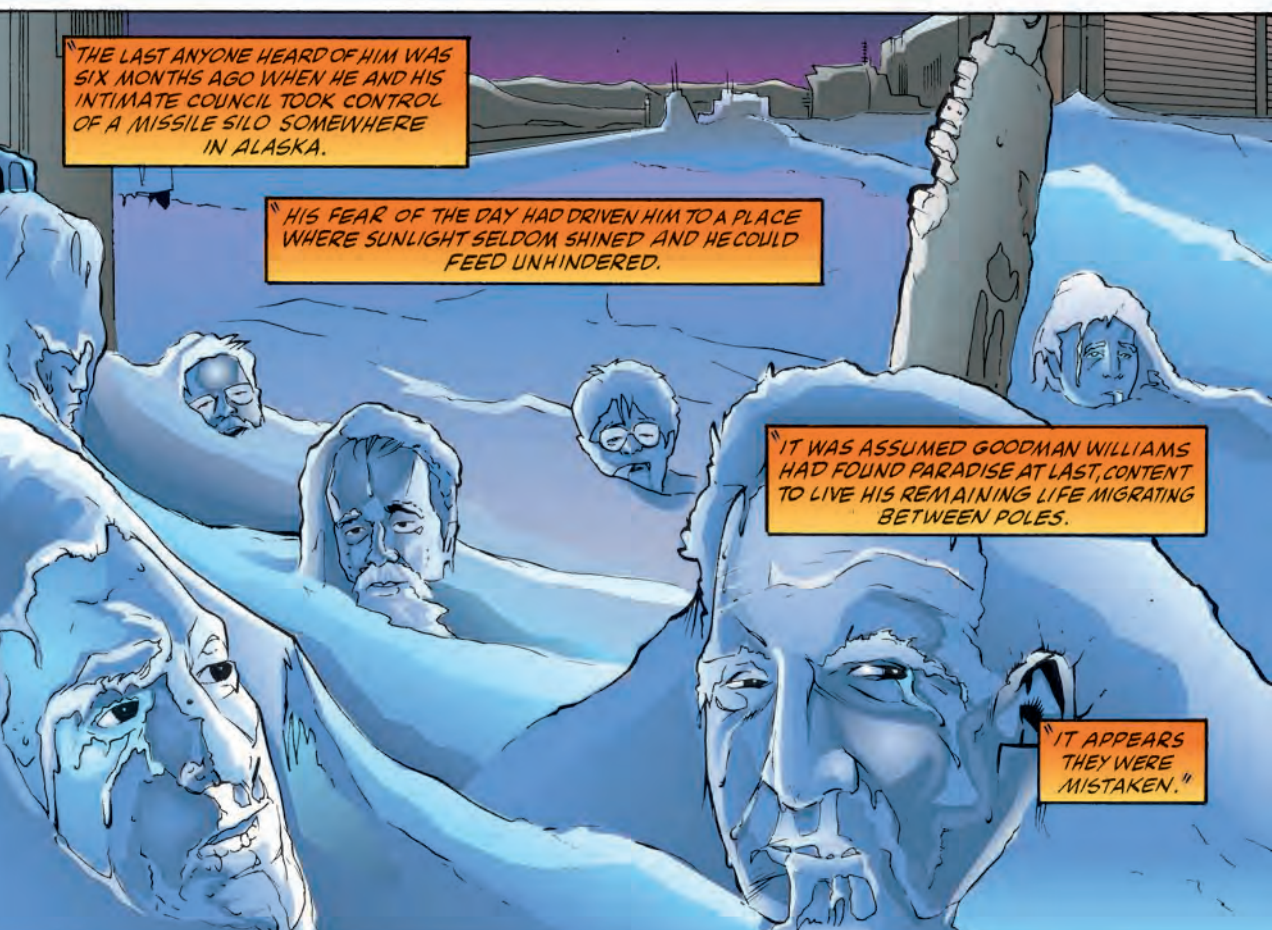
"BUT THESE ARE ONLY RUMORS."



"IT IS SAID THE MOST VENERABLE CHRISTIANS OFTEN MAKE THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONS. THIS WAS CERTAINLY TRUE IN GOODMAN WILLIAMS."

"HE SPAT UPON THE BIBLE AND DENOUNCED HIS CHRIST WITH RELISH. HE DRANK THE BLOOD OF KINGS AND BRED THE LARGEST, FIERCEST BLOODLINE IN EXISTENCE."

"DAYLIGHT WAS HIS ONE AND ONLY TRUE CONCERN."




"THE LAST ANYONE HEARD OF HIM WAS SIX MONTHS AGO WHEN HE AND HIS INTIMATE COUNCIL TOOK CONTROL OF A MISSILE SILO SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA."

"HIS FEAR OF THE DAY HAD DRIVEN HIM TO A PLACE WHERE SUNLIGHT SELDOM SHINED AND HE COULD FEED UNHINDERED."

"IT WAS ASSUMED GOODMAN WILLIAMS HAD FOUND PARADISE AT LAST, CONTENT TO LIVE HIS REMAINING LIFE MIGRATING BETWEEN POLES."

"IT APPEARS THEY WERE MISTAKEN."



INTERESTING IDEA. SIX MONTHS EVERY YEAR, THE ARCTIC CIRCLE IS IN TOTAL DARKNESS. THE OTHER SIX MONTHS, THE SOUTH POLE DOESN'T SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY.



I'M SURPRISED VAMPIRES TOOK SO LONG TO SEE MIGRATION AS THE WAY OF BEATING THEIR BIGGEST HANDICAP.



ALL TO DO WITH EGO, MY DEAR. REPUTATION MEANS A LOT TO SUCH A SUPERFICIAL SPECIES.




NONE TAKEN.

NO OFFENSE INTENDED.

SO WHAT'S IT TO BE?

WANT TO COME ALONG AND KEEP ME COMPANY, OR IS THAT ARCTIC WIND LIABLE TO AGGRAVATE YOUR *RHEUMATISM*?




YOU MAY BE DRAWN TO THE EVIL IN THE WORLD, MY DEAR, BUT MY OWN INSTINCTS DRAW ME TO THE LEATHER BARS OF SALEM, WHERE THE ALCOHOL IS CHEAP AND MY SAFETY IS ASSURED.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

JUST LEAVE THE KEY UNDER THE MAT WHEN YOU HEAD BACK HOME AND *DON'T* SPEAK TO THE NEIGHBORS.

YOU CAN CRASH HERE WHILE I'M GONE.



I'M HEADING NORTH TO SEE OUR WAYWARD PILGRIM FATHER.

FORT YUKON, ALASKA:

YOU'RE SERIOUSLY LATE, GIRL.

PARTY'S ALREADY UP AND RUNNING INSIDE.

SORRY.

WIND CONDITIONS WERE TERRIBLE OVER MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

THERE WAS A BLIZZARD AND I HAD TO MAKE A MAJOR DETOUR WHICH REALLY SLOWED ME DOWN.

COULDN'T CARE LESS, SWEETHEART. ALL I'M POSTED OUT HERE FOR'S TO MAKE SURE NO UNDESIRABLES GET INSIDE AND SPOIL GOODMAN WILLIAMS' BIG NIGHT.

RELAX. I'VE GOT MY INVITATION RIGHT HERE.

ALTHOUGH I CAN'T THINK WHO WOULD WANT TO CRASH A PARTY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

U.S. MARINES WERE EVEN SENT PERIODICALLY THE FIRST SIX MONTHS WE TOOK OVER THE BASE.

AT LEAST UNTIL THEY FIGURED WE DIDN'T PLAN TO FIRE THE GODDAMN NUCLEAR MISSILES.

AND WE WERE GONNA EAT HOWEVER MANY TROOPS THEY SENT US.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED.

INFERIOR BLOODLINES ARE ALWAYS SHOWING UP DRUNK AND LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

ASSHOLES.

NOBODY EVEN WANTS TO ADMIT WE'RE UP HERE NOW. NOT IN AN ELECTION YEAR.

WASHINGTON JUST KEEPS AN EYE ON US FROM THEIR SPACE SATELLITES AND PRAYS THE SHIT NEVER HITS THE FAN.

SAY HELLO TO THE CIA FOR ME.



WAIT A MINUTE. YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG INVITATION HERE, BABY. YOU'RE NOT THE SALEM STALKER...

COME ON.

I'VE WORKED SALEM FOR ALMOST FIFTEEN YEARS. PROBABLY MADE MORE KILLS THAN EVERYONE ELSE IN HERE ADDED TOGETHER. I'M PRACTICALLY A LEGEND.



SALEM STALKER WAS A *MAN*, SWEETHEART.

SATYR AND CIRCE!

HOW DID YOU MOVE SO FAST?



SALEM STALKER WAS THE DUDE WHO INTRODUCED ME TO THIS BLOODLINE. TOOK A CHUNK OF MEAT FROM MY NECK THE SIZE OF AN APPLE, SO I FIGURE I'D REMEMBER WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE IF I SAW HIM AGAIN.

NOW GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T RIP THE LIVING HEART FROM YOUR CHEST, YOU LYING BITCH.



BECAUSE *I* THOUGHT OF IT FIRST.



PROBABLY JUST THE WIND.



"NO THANKS. I ALREADY ATE."



THE MISSILE SILO, ONE MILE DOWN:

STRANGE... I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU AT ANY OF THE OTHER FUNCTIONS. I'M SURE I WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED SOMEONE OF SUCH... **DISTINCTIVE** PROPORTIONS.

PERHAPS WE COULD SHARE A BOTTLE OF SWEET NAPOLEON I'VE BEEN SAVING SINCE 1821. GETTING TO KNOW YOU MORE INTIMATELY SURELY MERITS A SPECIAL OCCASION.

MAYBE LATER.



WHO'S THE PREGNANT WOMAN GETTING ALL THE ATTENTION UP THERE? I DON'T RECOGNIZE HER FACE.

DARLING, YOU REALLY **HAVE** BEEN OUT OF TOUCH. THAT'S **DELLAH**. GOODMAN TOOK HER AS HIS COW ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO. WHERE **HAVE YOU** BEEN HIDING?

SHE'S BEEN CHOSEN AS THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN.



PUT YOUR HAND ON MY STOMACH. THERE. THAT'S RIGHT. LET IT REST FOR A MINUTE AND YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FEEL THEM FLUTTERING AROUND.

OH, DELILAH. I CAN FEEL THEM.

THIS IS AMAZING.

IT'S LIKE HUNDREDS OF TINY WINGS BEATING INSIDE.

IS THIS WHY GOODMAN CALLED US HERE? DOES HE WANT TO MAKE A FORMAL DECLARATION OF FATHERHOOD?

NO, SILLY. DELILAH'S BEEN PREGNANT SINCE 1947. GOODMAN WILLIAMS HAS SOMETHING *MUCH* MORE INTERESTING PLANNED FOR TONIGHT.

V. W. B. T.
D. G. O. B.

VAMPIRE WITH BIG TITS DRINKING GLASS OF BLOOD.

MAN, YOUR SKILLS OF OBSERVATION AND DEDUCTION HAVE BECOME DAMN NEAR SUPERHUMAN.

SATYR AND CIRCE!

KEEP QUIET.

I'M HERE TO STOP THESE CREATURES.

I'LL HELP YOU ESCAPE AS SOON AS I CAN.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME. WE'RE JUST FOOD NOW. THESE SON OF A BITCHES HAVE DAMN NEAR SUCKED US DRY.

BESIDES, IT'S NOT LIKE LIFE'S GONNA BE WORTH LIVING ONCE THEIR BIG PLAN'S UP AND RUNNING...

...NOT ONCE THEY DETONATE THE NUCLEAR WARHEAD.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

LIVING UP HERE'S GIVEN THE VAMPIRES A TASTE OF WHAT LIFE COULD BE LIKE WITHOUT SUNLIGHT, BUT THERE'S NOT MUCH FOOD AROUND AND PEOPLE ARE GETTING HUNGRY.

WHAT THEY WANT IS FOR NIGHT TO LAST FOREVER ALL ACROSS THE WORLD AND NOW THEY'VE FIGURED OUT **HOW** TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN.



THEY WANT A NUCLEAR WINTER. THINK ABOUT IT...

... SKIES CHOKED WITH ATOMIC SMOG...

... SURVIVORS HELPLESS IN THE DARK...

...WHAT CHANCE WOULD **PEOPLE** HAVE AGAINST **THESE BASTARDS?**

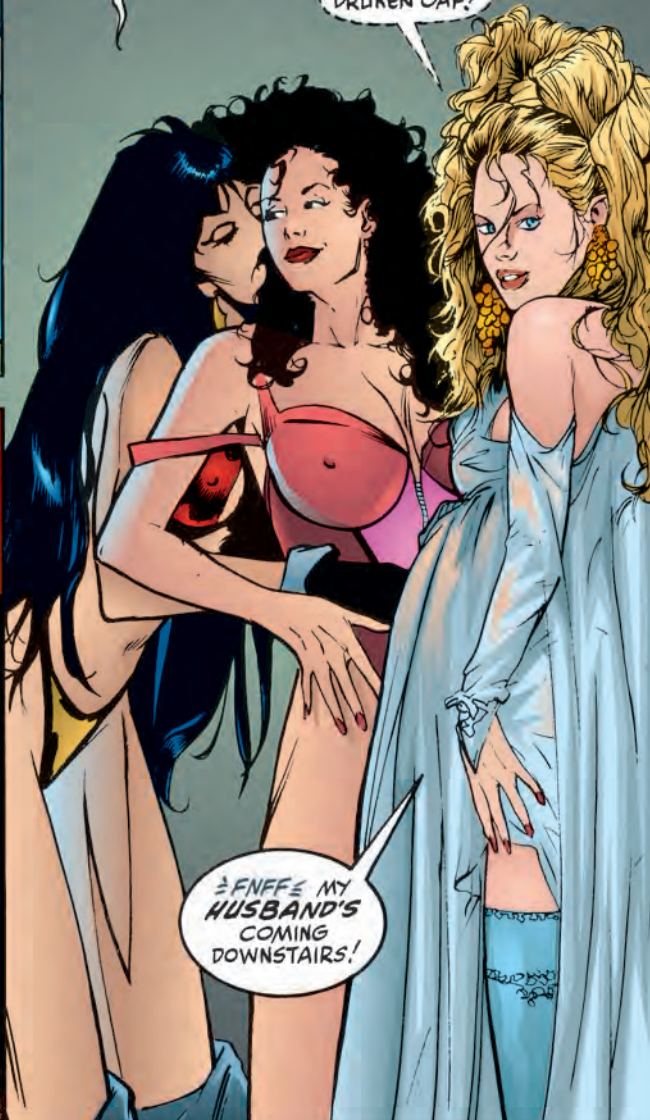
IT'D BE A **FEEDING FRENZY.**



I'M RIGHT **HERE!**

DRUNK AS A MONKEY ON A BOTTLE OF RICHARD BURTON FROM 1972... WOULD ANYONE LIKE A LITTLE SIP...?

QUIET, YOU DRUNKEN OAF!



I SAW YOU FAWNING OVER THAT BITCH WITH THE BOOTS -- WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T LIKE ME NOW I'M **FAT?**

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, DELILAH! I **ADORE** YOU. THE NEW GIRL IS SIMPLY A PASSING FANCY...

... ALTHOUGH I **DO** SEEM TO HAVE LOST SIGHT OF HER...

👉 **FNFF** 👈 MY HUSBAND'S COMING DOWNSTAIRS!





PARIS,
AUGUST 24,
1921:

I SANK MY TEETH
INTO YOUR WRIST AS
YOU READ "LA MONDE"
AND SIPPED **BLACK**
COFFEE IN A FASHION-
ABLE BACK STREET
BISTRO.



YOU, **NIGERIA**,
JANUARY 17, 1854:
MIDNIGHT BY THE RIVER
WHILE YOU PASSED WATER
IN THE DARK. I OPENED
YOUR THROAT WITH THE
EDGE OF MY FINGERNAIL.

AM I
NOT
CORRECT?

UH, YES.
PERFECTLY,
GOODMAN
WILLIAMS.



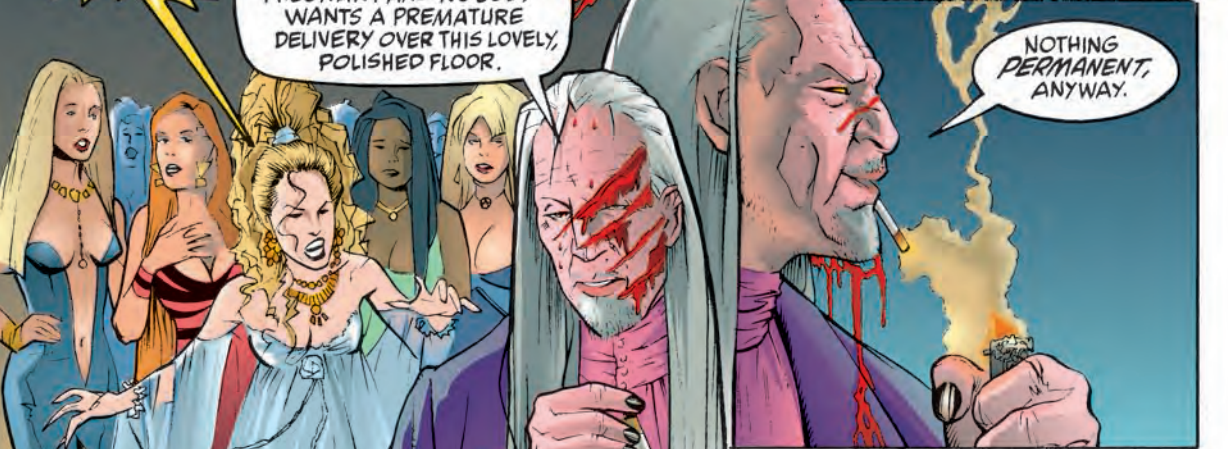
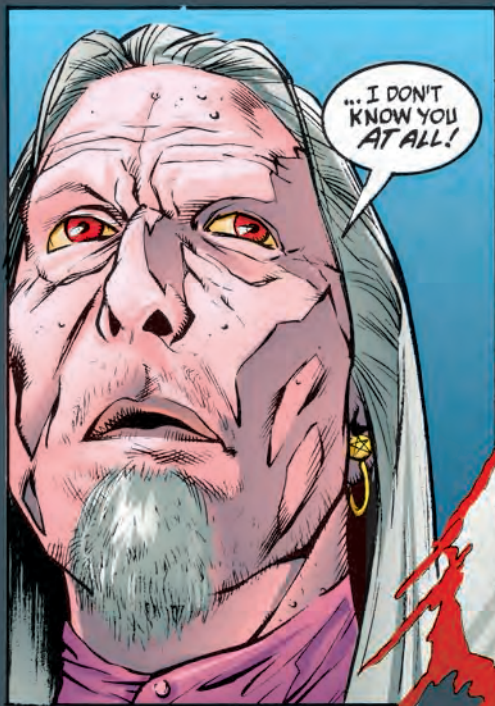
CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND:
APRIL 9, 1979. ABERDEEN, SCOT-
LAND: MARCH 25, 1788. ORLANDO,
FLORIDA: AUGUST 23, 1956.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA: MAY 1, 1817.



EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU HERE HOLDS
A SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE FOR ME. A CLEAR
REMINDER OF A SPECIFIC TIME AND PLACE
FROM MY ILLUSTRIOUS PAST--



-- EXCEPT
YOU...



BACK TO THE PRESENT.

WAKE UP, VAMPIRELLA...
THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO
BEGIN...

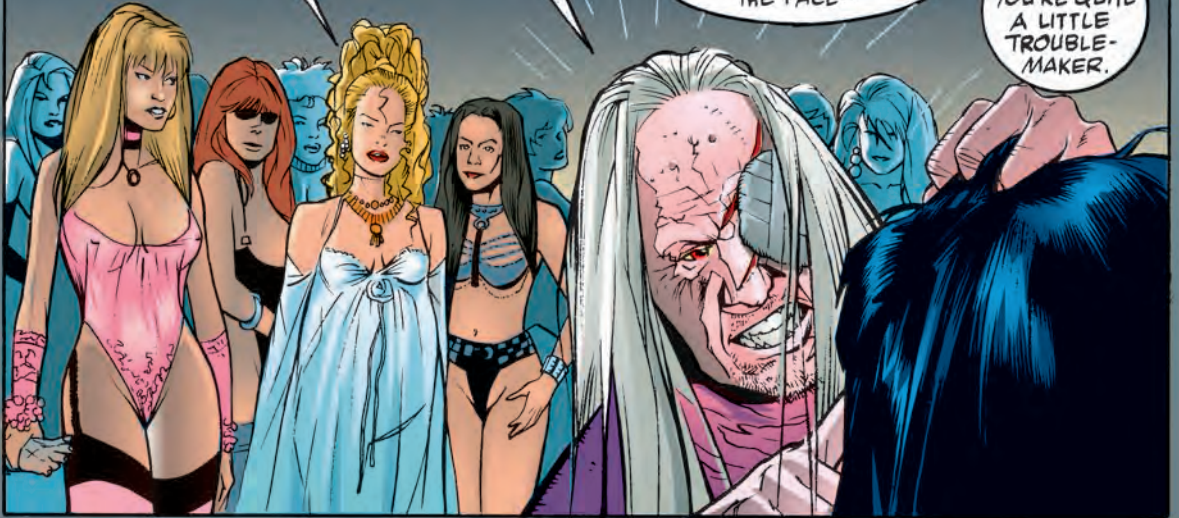
MAYBE THEY DRAINED TOO MUCH
BLOOD, HUSBAND. SHE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE RESPONDING WELL.

SHE **CAN** HEAR US,
ISN'T THAT RIGHT,
VAMPIRELLA?

OH, YES... WE KNOW
WHO **YOU** ARE. QUITE
A NUMBER OF THE
BLOODLINE RECOGNIZE
THE FACE--

-- **AND THE
PHYSIQUE!**

THEY SAY
YOU'RE QUITE
A LITTLE
TROUBLE-
MAKER.



"STILL, YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO CAUSE
TROUBLE **NOW**, VAMPIRELLA. YOU'RE IN
NO POSITION TO DO **ANYTHING** EXCEPT
PRAY FOR THE LITTLE LIVES WHICH ARE
ABOUT TO BE CHANGED FOREVER IN A
MOMENT."

WHAT...
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

THE **NUCLEAR
HOLOCAUST**,
OF COURSE.

TWO MINUTES
AND
COUNTING.

TIME: T-MINUS 120 SECONDS



THE SOVIETS AND CHINESE WILL DOUBTLESS RETURN FIRE. THERE WILL BE NO CLEAR WINNER EXCEPT *US*. NO MORE SUNLIGHT. NO MORE HIDING IN THE DARK: JUST A BLIND AND HELPLESS POPULATION WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE SO UNBEATABLE?

LOOK AT US: OUR SENSES ARE A HUNDRED TIMES MORE DEVELOPED THAN ANY OTHER CREATURE. WE CAN FLY LIKE BIRDS AND MOVE SO QUICKLY HUMANS LOOK LIKE STATUES.

VAMPIRES ARE AT THE TOP OF THE FOOD-CHAIN. WE CAN DO ANYTHING WE *DESIRE*.

MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

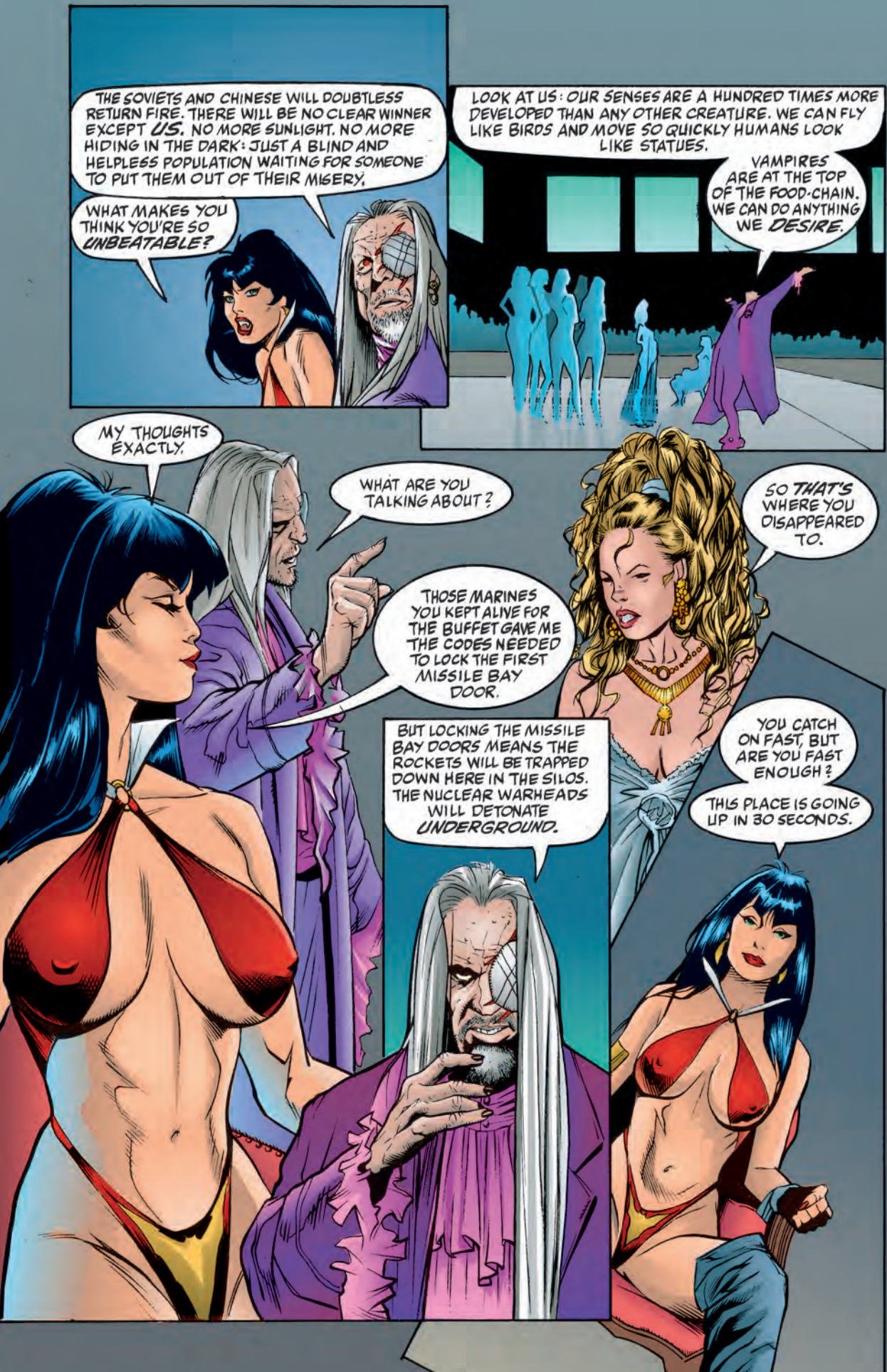
THOSE MARINES YOU KEPT ALIVE FOR THE BUFFET GAVE ME THE CODES NEEDED TO LOCK THE FIRST MISSILE BAY DOOR.

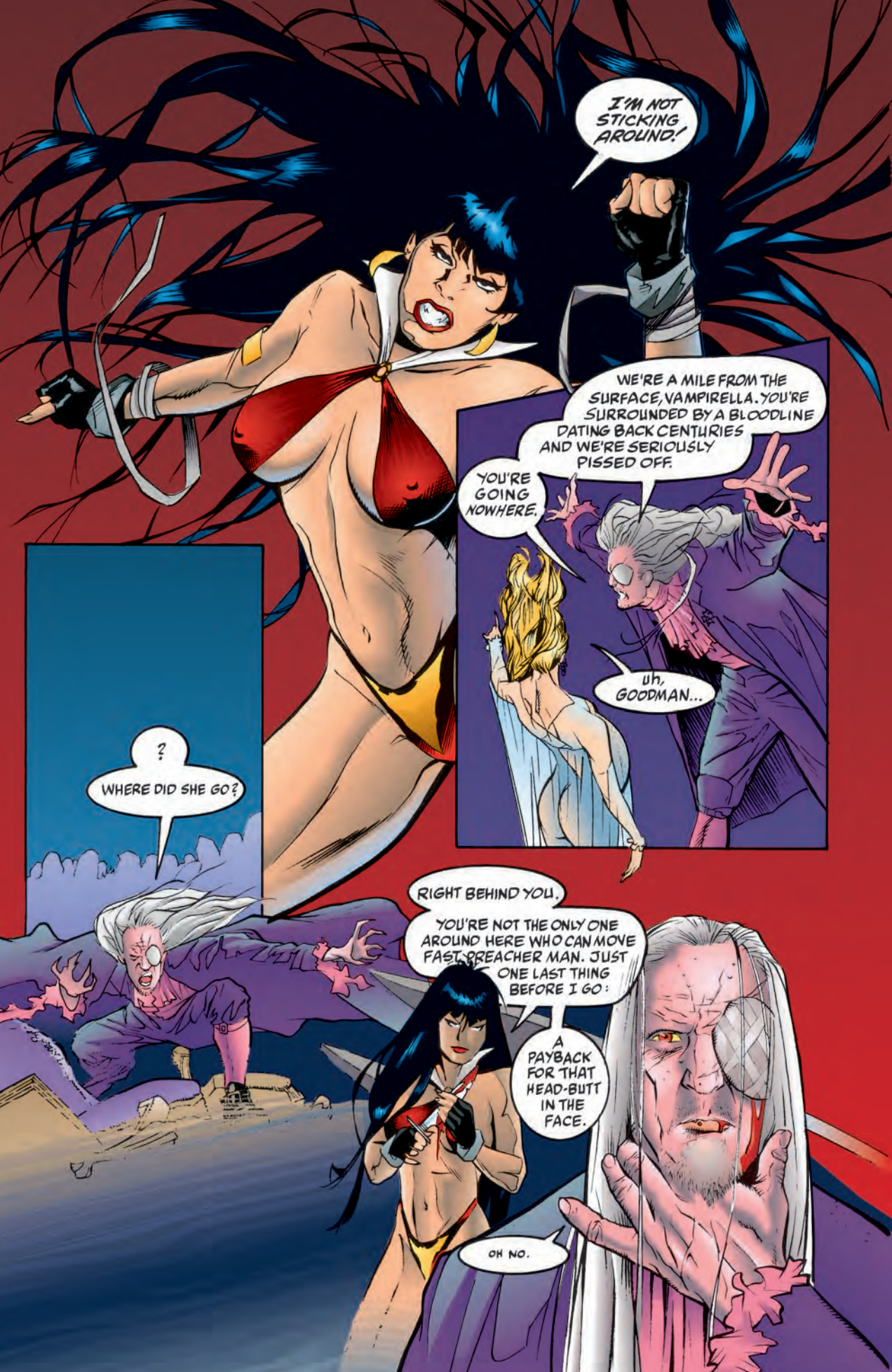
SO THAT'S WHERE YOU DISAPPEARED TO.

BUT LOCKING THE MISSILE BAY DOORS MEANS THE ROCKETS WILL BE TRAPPED DOWN HERE IN THE SILOS. THE NUCLEAR WARHEADS WILL DETONATE UNDERGROUND.

YOU CATCH ON FAST, BUT ARE YOU FAST ENOUGH?

THIS PLACE IS GOING UP IN 30 SECONDS.





I'M NOT STICKING AROUND!

WE'RE A MILE FROM THE SURFACE, VAMPIRELLA. YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY A BLOODLINE DATING BACK CENTURIES AND WE'RE SERIOUSLY PISSED OFF.

YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE.

uh, GOODMAN...

?

WHERE DID SHE GO?

RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WHO CAN MOVE FAST. BREACHER MAN. JUST ONE LAST THING BEFORE I GO:

A PAYBACK FOR THAT HEAD-BUTT IN THE FACE.

OH NO.



≡GAAK≡
 THAT
 BITCH.
 SOMEBODY
 STOP HER...
 ≡GAAK≡
 IN THE NAME OF
 CHRIST...

SHE'S GONE.
 DISAPPEARED.



I FELT HER BRUSH PAST ME
 AND TEAR OPEN A HOLE IN
 THE WALL. SHE SHOT UP THAT
 EMPTY MISSILE SHAFT LIKE...

...JESUS, I'VE
 NEVER SEEN
 ANYTHING
 MOVE SO
 FAST.



≡HAAK≡
 OH GOD, THE
 MISSILES.

THE FIRST MISSILE'S GOING
 TO EXPLODE AS SOON AS IT
 LAUNCHES. EVERYTHING
 DOWN HERE WILL BE
OBLITERATED.
 THE WARHEADS... SILOS...
EVERYTHING.

WE'VE GOT
 TO ESCAPE--
 BEFORE IT'S
 TOO LATE.

IT'S
 ALREADY
 TOO LATE.
 LOOK.



OH SHIT.

T-1 sec

NOT
 THE
 LIGHT.

KRA-KOON



GOD FORGIVE ME.

GOD FORGIVE THIS REPENTANT SINNER!



GOD
CAN'T HEAR
YOU, BABY.

SEE
YOU IN
HELL.

Morrison & Millar

THE INTERVIEW

Two of the best comic writers of their generation talk about relaunching *Vampirella*.

The following interview originally ran in Vampirella Monthly Series Preview Edition, published October 1997.

Mark Millar and Grant Morrison were the natural choice for writers when we decided to launch the *Vampirella* Monthly series. From the straightforward superhero action of *Justice League of America* to the gothic horror of *Swamp Thing*, their range is unparalleled.

First questions. Grant, how did you and Mark initially get together.

GRANT: How did we get together? This kid interviewed me for a magazine. He actually brought his 18-year-old friend along for protection because he thought I was a notorious “gay” writer.

MARK: But we did hit it off instantly.

What lured you to writing *Vampirella*?

GRANT: *Vampirella* is so cool. I came to write *Vampi* because it’s the same stuff I’ve been getting into: weird sex in the 90s with a twist to it. *Vampirella* seems perfect for that. As a kid I got into *Vampirella* because if you were scared to buy skin books, you would go and buy [her comics]. There was a weird little sex shop in Glasgow that sold *Vampi*, so it was a serious education for me going out and buying it.

I assumed Mark has a similar take on the character and that’s why you two got together on the project?

GRANT: No, I did it so Mark would do half the work!

You are both writing *Vampirella* as a monthly series.

GRANT: Absolutely. *Vampirella* works much better as a serial character. In a monthly series, the reader comes back every month and will get the same character. You can do a good *Vampirella* miniseries, but to make the character really work, you need a monthly series to make everything coherent and sustainable.

MARK: Yeah. As a reader, I always felt ripped off by a series of number one issues. People like to have something out there every month with sub-plots and a supporting cast they can really get their teeth into...if you’ll pardon the expression.

Like Dixie Fattoni? Introducing a sixteen year-old vampire hunter as *Vampirella*’s companion seemed like a pretty bold move—why did you do it?

MARK: We both agree that *Vampirella* needs someone to talk to. I hate writing first person narrative and caption. It’s always nicer to explain things through dialogue. Captions are so eighties. A good supporting cast in a monthly book is essential.

Even though the book is monthly, it’s written in three-issue story arcs, how’s that going to work?

GRANT: You’re going to get a big chunk of the story in each story arc—but threads will link each arc together in one larger, more complex storyline. The shorter pieces of the story allow new readers to jump right in, but the larger storyline holds their interest. Plot threads introduced in early issues will become much more important in the story in later arcs.

One of the criticisms of *Vampirella* has been that she’s not a fleshed-out character (so to speak). How are you two going to make us see *Vampirella* as a more developed character?

GRANT: What we’re going to do is give *Vampirella* a real motivation—she’s going to become a lot more proactive. *Vampirella*’s not going to just show up when a story is taking place. She’ll make the story happen.

Is this why *Vampirella* has become much tougher?

MARK: Absolutely. Now she has a mission. We’re talking about a woman who went to hell, and was raised from the dead with an agenda to kill as many f***ing vampires as possible in the shortest period of time. The dangers in the new comic are worse than ever.

Vampirella must be tough or she’s liable to be eaten up as a vampire snack before the first issue even begins.

Speaking of dangers, Von Kreist is such a cool new villain. I think he’s the most evil S.O.B. *Vampirella* has ever encountered.

GRANT: Von Kreist is the ultimate baddie. For a while now, villains have become far too sympathetic. It’s become “PC” that every villain has his own motivation and point of view—F*** that.

MARK: Normally a writer tries to add a level of realism or sympathy when creating a villain. We decided to write a good old-fashioned bastard instead.

GRANT: Yeah, we wanted an evil bastard that we would all cheer when he dies.

Are you planning to bring other characters such as Pantha and Mistress Nyx into the series?

GRANT: That’s part of the long-term plan to form *Vampirella*’s world. To do that we’re going to involve Pantha and Nyx in what *Vampirella*’s doing. Our main plan for these characters will work toward the goal of an integrated, cohesive Harris universe.

How do you two come up with the ideas for *Vampirella*?

GRANT: We tend to meet up somewhere, go out, and get drunk. Start having a laugh and do this writing stuff. I’ll say *Vampi* does this on page one and the Mark will say to add this plot twist, and as [we] go back and forth between us we end up with a plot.

MARK: I’m shocked [at] how business-like Americans are when they’re putting together a comic. We just write dialogue notes on the back of beer mats and bus receipts and try to translate them when we get home. 🦋

"Vampirella was so hot I used to buy every comic I could get my hands on. The fact she didn't exist didn't bother me because we have these quintessential female images in our mind..." - James Cameron, Director of Avatar, Titanic, Aliens and Terminator



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