

FIENDS

of the

EASTERN FRONT



GERRY FINLEY-DAY ★ DAVID BISHOP ★ CARLOS EZQUERRA ★ COLIN MACNEIL ★ DAN ABNETT

FIENDS *of the* EASTERN FRONT



FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT CREATED BY GERRY FINLEY-DAY & CARLOS EZQUERRA

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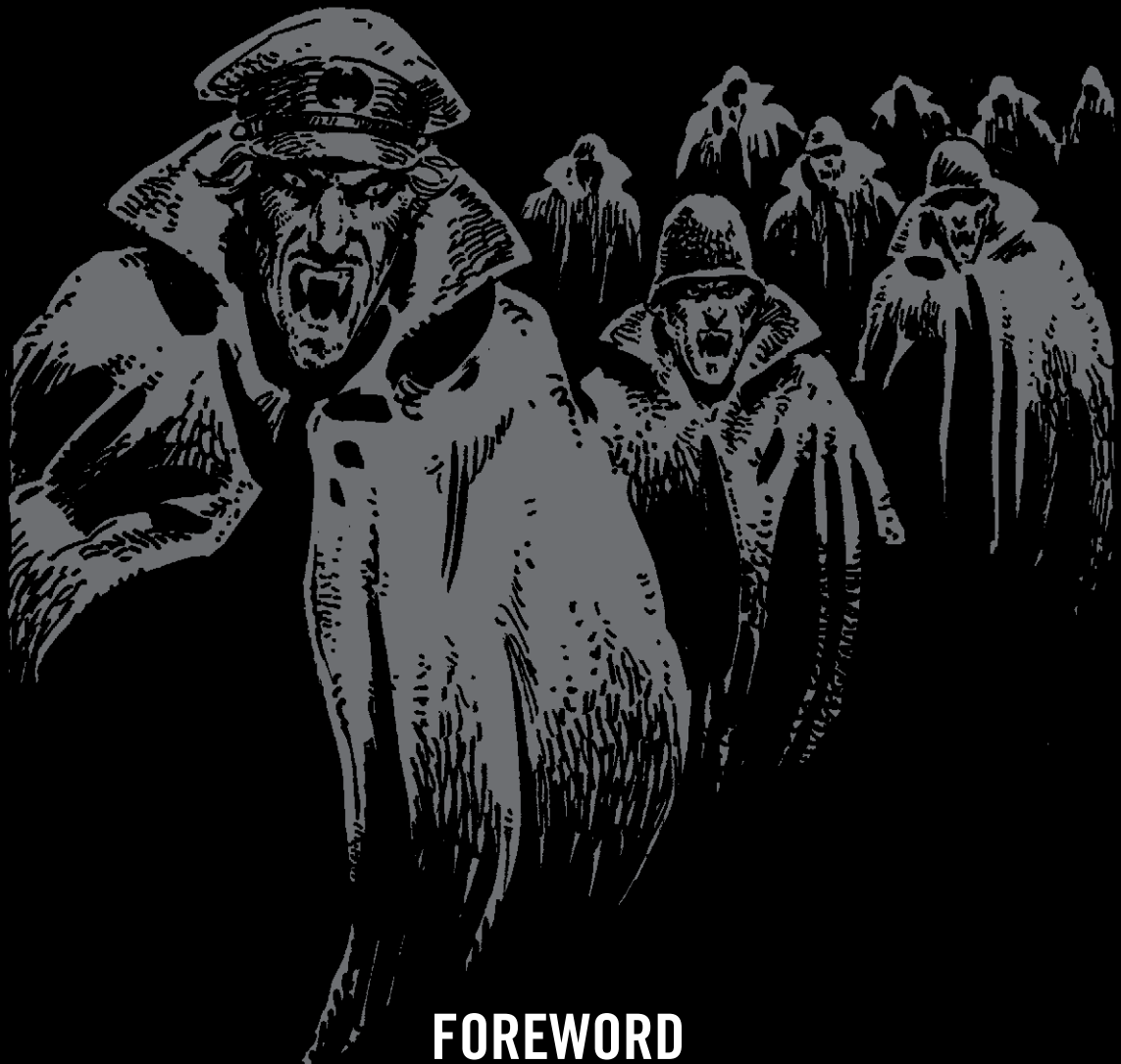
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FOREWORD

DID GERRY FINLEY-DAY AND CARLOS EZQUERRA INVENT THE MASH-UP?

Think about it: their much-loved serial *Fiends of the Eastern Front* from 1980 is one of the first ever genre hybrids, blending the blazing battle action of war stories with the spine-chilling horror of vampire folklore.

Nowadays Nazi zombies and werewolf warriors are all too common, but when *Fiends* ran in *2000 AD* it was an oddity. The strip shouldn't have worked alongside *Robo-Hunter* and *Dredd's* quest to find the Judge Child – but it did.

You can credit that to Finley-Day's crazed imagination, combining disparate worlds to create a new kind of narrative, and the stunning storytelling of Ezquerra, his artwork making every outlandish moment gritty and real.

The original *Fiends* strip only lasted 44 pages, spread over ten progs. But the remarkable impact of that short-lived serial enabled it to remain in readers' memories far longer than strips that had many more episodes.

I was lucky enough to follow in Finley-Day and Ezquerra's footsteps, some quarter of a century later, when fiction publisher Black Flame commissioned me to write a trilogy of novels inspired by the *2000 AD* series.

The books were big sellers for Black Flame, especially in America where few had heard of the source material. To me, that only underlined the power of what Finley-Day and Ezquerra invented.

I also got to write a new *Fiends* serial for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*, illustrated by the talented artist Colin MacNeil. I can't claim that *Stalingrad* matches the original, but it's a respectful tribute to the original creators.

Colin and I were eager to tell further tales about Lord Constanta and his fiends, although the opportunity hasn't risen yet. But you know what they say about vampires: the undead never rest easy in their graves...

David Bishop
Scotland, 2010



FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT

Script: Gerry Finley-Day
Art: Carlos Ezquerra
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD Progs* 152-161

AUTUMN 1980... THE BRITISH SECTOR OF WEST BERLIN... AND A STRANGE DISCOVERY HAS BEEN MADE BY WORKMEN EXCAVATING AN OLD BUILDING—



INSPECTOR BRANDT? I'M COLONEL GRANT— YOU SENT FOR ME?

JA. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU. YOU WILL FOLLOW ME PLEASE.

IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY? I MEAN— BIT GRIM IN HERE, ISN'T IT?



PREPARE YOURSELF, COLONEL. THERE IS WORSE TO COME... MUCH WORSE!

THERE— YOU SEE?

OH MY GOD! IT— IT'S HORRIBLE!



FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT



A SKELETON OF A SOLDIER— IN GERMAN UNIFORM!

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS HE HAS SAT THERE, COLONEL. THIRTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE HE DREW THOSE FIGURES ON THE WALL...



THESE DRAWINGS— MOST UNUSUAL! ER— WHAT ARE THEY?

PERHAPS THIS DIARY WILL TELL US. IT IS DATED MAY, 1945— THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR...

"MY NAME IS HANS SCHMITT, AND MY TERRIBLE STORY BEGINS IN 1941. OUR GLORIOUS GERMAN ARMY WAS PREPARING TO MOVE EAST, AND WE WERE ON OUR LAST NIGHT OF LEAVE—"

NEW THRILL!

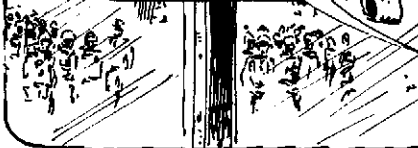


NOT A BAD AMERIKANER FILM THAT, HEH?

ACH— IT WAS NONSENSE— FAIRY-TALE MONSTERS! AT LEAST A SOLDIER'S ENEMIES ARE FLESH AND BLOOD!

THAT SAME NIGHT, OUR REGIMENT WAS ABOARD A TROOP-TRAIN HEADING EAST—

LOOK AT THOSE UNIFORMS— THEY AREN'T **GERMANS!**



NEIN, OUR FLÜHRER HAS MANY EUROPEAN ALLIES— AND ALL WISH THE HONOUR OF FIGHTING AT THE **EASTERN FRONT!**

AT THE FRONT—

I NEED A **VOLUNTEER** TO COME WITH ME ON A SCOUTING MISSION INTO THE RUSSKY LINES!

BUT AT MIDNIGHT I WAS MY DESIRE TO WIN GLORY! **CURSING**

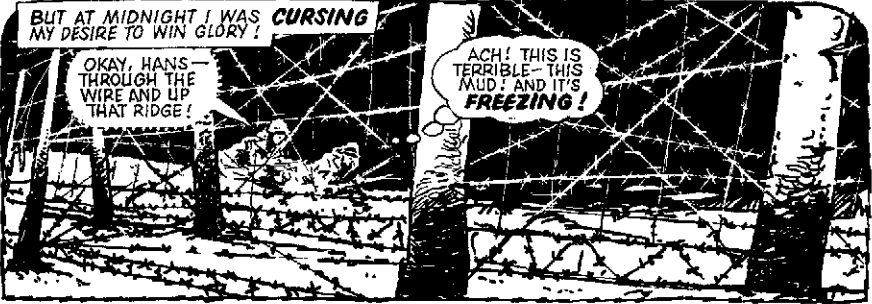
OKAY, HANS— THROUGH THE WIRE AND UP THAT RIDGE!

ACH! THIS IS TERRIBLE— THIS MUD! AND IT'S **FREEZING!**



SERGEANT! SERGEANT! I'LL GO— HANS SCHMITT!

I TOLD MY PARENTS I'D BRING BACK A MEDAL— MAYBE I'LL DO IT ON MY **FIRST NIGHT!**



WE'D CRAWLED A THOUSAND YARDS UP THE SLOPE WHEN—

STOI!

DONNER! A HUGE RUSSIAN SENTRY— AND HE'S SPOTTED US!

QUIET, SCHMITT! WE MUST TAKE HIM— AND DO IT IN SILENCE!

IN WAR, WHEN FIGHTING HAPPENS, IT HAPPENS VERY FAST!

THE RUSSIAN IS DEAD— BUT SO IS MY SERGEANT!

IVAN? IVAN...?

MORE RUSSKIES! ACH! I'M SNAGGED IN THE WIRE!



G-C-CAN'T GET LOOSE! I-I'M FINISHED!



KILL HIM!

IT'S NOT IVAN — IT'S A GERMAN!



BUT IT WASN'T ME WHO DIED THAT NIGHT. SINISTER SHAPES APPEARED OUT OF THE DARKNESS —

NIET! WHERE DID THEY COME FROM...?

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EZQUERRA



NIET! NIET!

AAIIEE—

EVERY SINGLE RUSSIAN IS DOWN! THOSE MEN FIGHT LIKE THEY'RE SUPERBLY TRAINED IN NIGHT-KILLING! WHO ARE THEY?







I STOPPED BESIDE THE STARING MEDICS —

THEIR BODIES — DRAINED OF BLOOD!

B-BUT HOW...?

SCHMITT! GET BACK INTO LINE! YOU'RE AT WAR NOW, BOY!



LATER, AS WE SMASHED OUR WAY THROUGH THE RUSSIAN LINES —

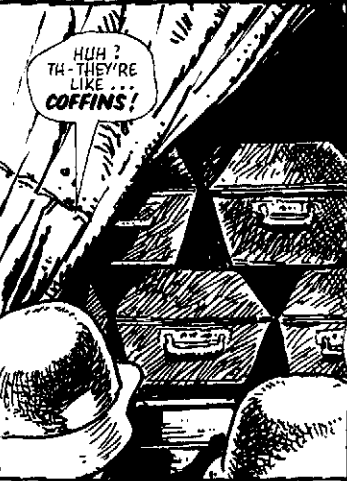
THAT TRUCK — IT HAS THE SAME BADGE THE RUMANIANS WORE!

HEY, DRIVER — ARE YOU WITH CAPTAIN CONSTANTA'S TROOPS?

I AM CORPORAL CRINGU — THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERLY. I... SERVE... HIM AND THE OTHERS. THEY ARE FOLLOWING BEHIND...



LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE CRATES! THESE MOUNTAIN FIGHTERS MUST NEED MUCH EQUIPMENT...



HUH? TH- THEY'RE LIKE... COFFINS!



KEEP AWAY FROM THERE! THE CAPTAIN ALLOWS NO-ONE TO TOUCH HIS SUPPLIES!



CRINGU SAVAGELY GUNNED THE TRUCK FORWARD — RUMANIAN MOUNTAIN MEN... THE RUMOURS I HAVE HEARD ABOUT THOSE MOUNTAINS... NEIN! IT — IT COULDN'T BE! IT'S LIKE SOME HORROR MOVIE...

SCHMITT! GET BACK IN LINE!

AND WHAT DOES THE LAST ENTRY FOR THAT DAY SAY?



"I BEGAN MARCHING AGAIN. WE WERE MAKING HISTORY... WHY THEN SHOULD MY MIND BE FULL OF OLD MYTHS AND GHOSTLY LEGENDS ABOUT INHUMAN THINGS THAT FEED ON HUMAN BLOOD? SURELY AMONG THE MILLIONS OF SOLDIERS ON THE FRONT, THERE COULD NOT BE... FIENDS?!"

Next prog: SUCK THE COSSACKS DRY!

AUTUMN, 1980... IN A HALF-EXCAVATED CELLAR IN WEST BERLIN A WARTIME SKELETON HAS BEEN FOUND—CLUTCHING A DIARY WHICH TELLS A STRANGE AND SINISTER TALE!

I'VE HEARD OLD HORROR STORIES ABOUT THE RUMANIANS... BUT WHAT THE DIARY SAYS IS JUST—JUST FANTASTIC!



DO NOT JUDGE UNTIL I READ YOU THE REST, COLONEL!

FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT

PART 2

IN 1941 J. HANS SCHMITT WAS ONE OF THOUSANDS WHO MARCHED DEEP INTO RUSSIA THROUGH THE AUTUMN RAINS—

IN THE CAB OF THE TRUCK THE SURLY ORDERLY CRINGU GAZED AHEAD IN FEAR...



THAT'S THE RUMANIANS' TRUCK! I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM IN DAYLIGHT— ONLY THE TRUCK, AND THE TEN CRATES IT CARRIES!

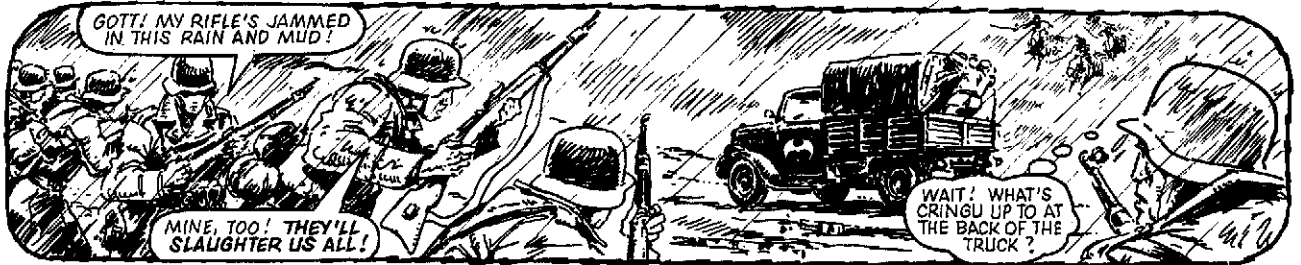


COSSACK HORSEMEN! THE BUTCHERS OF THE RED ARMY!

AIE! ON THAT RIDGE— THE ENEMY!

URAI, COSAKI! WE'LL HAVE THEIR GERMAN HEADS!

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GOTT! MY RIFLE'S JAMMED IN THIS RAIN AND MUD!

MAINE, TOO! THEY'LL SLAUGHTER US ALL!

WAIT! WHAT'S CRINGU UP TO AT THE BACK OF THE TRUCK?



BRACED FOR THE WORST, SUDDENLY THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENED!

MY HORSE— IT'S TERRIFIED!



NIET! AAAGH!



LOOK! THEY'RE THROWING THEIR RIDERS!



IT WAS SOON OVER. AS DUSK FELL, CRINGU MOVED AMONGST THE DEAD—

HEY, YOU— LEAVE THOSE COSSACK SWORDS! THEY'RE GERMAN ARMY TROPHIES!

NO. THEY ARE OURS.



CAPTAIN CONSTANTA— AND HIS MOUNTAIN-TROOPERS! FUNNY... THEY DIDN'T SHOW UNTIL IT WAS DARK!

I THINK WE CLAIM THOSE TROPHIES FAIRLY— DON'T YOU, MY GERMAN FRIENDS?

UH... OF COURSE, CAPTAIN, SIR!



THE COLUMN HALTED, AND WE DUG IN FOR THE NIGHT—

HA! THOSE COSSACKS WON'T COME BACK AGAIN!

THEIR HORSES WON'T, YOU MEAN— IT WAS AS IF SOMETHING SUPERNATURAL SCARED THEM...

NEXT SECOND—

AAIEEEEE!

MEIN GOTT!
SHELLS!

IT'S A RUSSIAN
TANK ATTACK!
TAKE COVER!



AGAIN IT SEEMED WE
WOULD NOT SEE THE
DAWN. BUT THEN—

MEIN GOTT—
THEY'RE GOING TO
ATTACK! BUT IT'S
SUICIDE!

ORKOTY OGOY!
OPEN FIRE! SMASH
THE FOOLS!



MACHINE
GUNS— HIGH
EXPLOSIVES!
DIE, SCUM—
DIE!

BUT— SUDDENLY WE HEARD THE RUSSIANS
SCREAM—

NIET!
NIET— IT
CANNOT BE!
AAGH!

THAT...
SMOKE—
POURING IN
THROUGH
THE SLITS!
HELP!

OVER THERE
— CAPTAIN
CONSTANTA'S
CALLING HIS
RUMANIANS
TO HIM...



ABRUPTLY. INCREDIBLY, THE TANKS HALTED!



LOOK—
STANDING ON
THE HILLS! THE
RUMANIANS!

BUT— BUT
THEY CAN'T BE!
THEY SHOULD BE
DEAD! UNLESS...

DO NOT BE SO AMAZED,
MY GERMAN ALLIES. LUCK
WAS WITH MY MEN— WE
MANAGED TO CRAWL
FORWARD UNDERNEATH
THE BOMBARDMENT!

WE USED
THE COSSACKS'
OWN SWORDS
ON THEM!

KARL AND
I LOOKED
INSIDE THE
FIRST TANK—



UGH!
EVERY ONE
HAS HIS
THROAT
CUT!

YES, MY
FRIEND.
DYING BY THE
SWORD IS
A MESSY
BUSINESS!

I PEERED
CLOSER INTO
THAT PIT OF
DEATH—



SWORD SLASHES?
THEY ARE MORE LIKE
TEETH MARKS!
AND THAT WORD ON
THE WALL— ONE OF
THE RUSSIANS MUST
HAVE SCRAWLED IT!

DIABLO

LATER THAT NIGHT, SOME SENIOR
STAFF OFFICERS ARRIVED TO MEET
THE RUMANIAN HEROES—



A REMARKABLE
ACHIEVEMENT, CAPTAIN—
KNOCKING OUT
THOSE TANKS!

HEY, HANS—
MOVEMENT IN
THE TREES!

WE FIRED,
BUT—



COSSACKS!
BUT THEY'RE
GETTING AWAY!

LOOKS LIKE
THEY'VE LEFT BOOBY
TRAPS! COVER ME
WHILE I CHECK!

THEY'RE NO BOOBY TRAPS— THEY'RE
SUPERSTITIOUS SYMBOLS! AND I BET
THAT WORD 'DIABOLI' MEANS
'FIEND' OR 'DEVIL'!

THE
RUSSIANS
KNOW THE
TRUTH ABOUT
OUR RUMANIAN
ALLIES!



NEXT PROG :

**Chateau
of
HORROR!**



FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT

PART 3

1941... THE RUSSIAN WINTER CAME EARLY THAT YEAR AS OUR ARMIES ADVANCED ON THE EASTERN FRONT...



LOOK— A DESERTED CHATEAU!

CAN WHAT I SUSPECT BE TRUE? THESE RUMANIAN ALLIES OF OURS— THEY'RE NOT FLESH-AND-BLOOD AT ALL! TH- THEY'RE VAMPIRES!

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SUDDENLY A RIFLE BARKED FROM INSIDE THE BUILDING —

... AND ONE OF THE RUMANIANS SCREAMED!



AAAIIIEEE!

SNIPER! HE GOT SERGEANT GORGO!

COVER! TAKE COVER!



AS BULLETS HAMMERED AROUND US...

UH...? WHAT'S THAT? SOME-SOMETHING FLYING PAST...

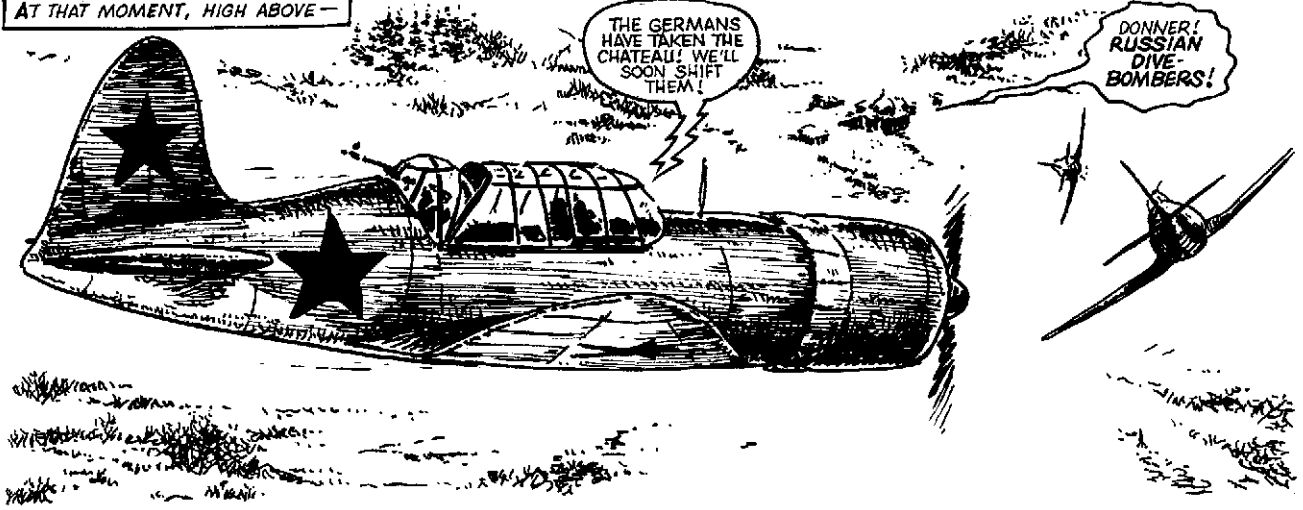


NIET! NIET! MATUSHKA!

I HEARD THE BEAT OF WINGS — AND THEN A HOWL OF TERROR!



AT THAT MOMENT, HIGH ABOVE —





SCHMITT—
HELP ME WITH
THIS
SPANDAU!

TOO LATE,
MULLER—
BOMBS!



THE GROUND'S
CAVING IN
BENEATH US!



UUHH ... MUST'VE
FALLEN THROUGH
INTO THE CELLAR!

MULLER'S
DEAD— BUT
THE GUN LOOKS
OKAY...



I'LL USE CRINGLI'S
COFFINS AS A GUN-
MOUNT— COME
ON, YOU RUSSKY
DOGS!



A HIT!
A HIT!

OH, NO!



THE LID OF
THE COFFIN'S
JOLTED LOOSE!
IT'S CAPTAIN
CONSTANTA!





I CAME TO HOURS LATER, IN THE OPEN WITH KARL BESIDE ME—

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! YOU SHOULD GET A MEDAL FOR DOWNING THAT PLANE. THE MESS THE CREW WERE IN ...

IT WASN'T THE CRASH THAT DID IT!



GOOD SHOOTING, MY GERMAN FRIEND! WE WILL FIGHT TOGETHER AGAIN IN THE NEW SECTOR, EH?

THEY DIDN'T TOUCH ME—BECAUSE I'M FIGHTING ON THE SAME SIDE AS THEM!



COME ON, HANS. THE RUMANIAN'S HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED TO A NEW SECTOR. THEY WANT OUR REGIMENT TO GO WITH THEM. MAYBE WE'LL GET PLENTY OF ACTION TO KEEP US WARM ...



SOME DAYS LATER, WE WERE A THOUSAND MILES FURTHER NORTH—

THE ARCTIC WINTER—WHEN THE SUN NEVER RISES! IT—IT'S LIKE A TRAP!



THE CHILL THAT RAN THROUGH ME WAS NOT FROM THE ARCTIC ICE—

CONSTANTA SAW ME IN THE CELLAR. HE REALISES I KNOW THEIR SECRET! I'M TIED TO THESE FRIENDS NOW! THEY'LL NEVER LET ME OUT OF THEIR SIGHT... ALIVE!

NEXT PROG:

THE WOLVES OF TERROR!



FIENDS

OF THE EASTERN FRONT

PART 4

WEST BERLIN, 1980... A SKELETON IN GERMAN WORLD WAR II UNIFORM HAS BEEN FOUND, CLUTCHING IN ITS GRISLY HAND A DIARY—A DIARY WHICH RELATES ONE OF THE MOST HIDEOUS WAR TALES EVER TOLD!



IN 1942 I, HANS SCHMITT, ARRIVED WITH MY UNIT IN THE ARCTIC—A DARK, FROZEN WILDERNESS...

THE SUN NEVER RISES HERE. THAT MEANS THOSE RUMANIANS NEED NEVER HIDE FROM DAYLIGHT!

ACH! IT'S LIKE THE END OF THE EARTH HERE, HANS!



HIMMEL! BEHIND US!

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AH—IT'S ONLY OUR RUMANIAN ALLIES. YOU GAVE ME A START.

NO REFLECTIONS IN THE ICE! THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING... THESE MEN AREN'T SOLDIERS—



THEY'RE VAMPIRES!



NO NEED TO FEAR US, MY FRIEND—WE ARE YOUR ALLIES... AS HANS WILL TELL YOU.

THEY KNOW I'VE DISCOVERED THEIR SECRET! I'M ONLY ALIVE BECAUSE WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE!

WITH MY OWN EYES I HAD SEEN THE RUMANIANS CHANGE INTO THEIR HORRIFYING SECRET IDENTITIES. BUT WHO COULD I TELL? WHO WOULD BELIEVE ME?



LATER, AFTER THE
CREATURES...
HAD GONE—

HEY! I THOUGHT
I SAW SOME-
THING MOVING
THERE...



URRRRAH!!

RUSSIAN
SKI-TROOPS!
HEADING
STRAIGHT FOR
US!



NOWHERE
TO HIDE! GOT TO
FACE THEM WITH
COLD STEEL!

URRAI,
GERMANSKI
DOG!



AAARGH!

URRAI
YOURSELF,
RED PIG!

I WAS LUCKY — THE RUSSIAN'S
BODY PROTECTED ME FROM
HIS COMRADES' FIRE.



REINFORCEMENTS RACED TO OUR AID—

THEIR
SPEED! THEY
ARE GONE
ALREADY!

EVEN THE
RUMANIANS
CANNOT
CATCH THEM
NOW!

BUT SUDDENLY—



GOTT IN HIMMEL! THE RUMANIANS — THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!

HANS— LOOK OVER THERE!



I LOOKED— AND SAW SHAPES IN THE SNOW ...

TEN OF THEM... TEN RUMANIANS! THE UNDEAD HAVE CHANGED THEIR FORMS — AGAIN!

WOLVES! THEY— THEY SEEM TO BE CHASING THE RUSSIANS!



MOVING WITH MYSTICAL SPEED, THE 'WOLVES' SOON CAUGHT UP—

WOLF PACK! SHOOT THEM! SHOOT THEM!

AIEEE!

I HEARD THE LETHAL CHATTER OF GUNFIRE — BUT NO ORDINARY BULLET COULD STOP THESE FIENDS!



IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE WOLVES WERE ON OUR SIDE! THEY'RE RIPPING THOSE RUSSKIES TO SHREDS!

NIET! NIET!

AAAAA!





IT WAS A BLOODY MASSACRE! NAUSEATED, I TURNED AWAY. BUT —

A STRAGGLER! AND THE BEASTS ARE AFTER HIM!



HE WAS AN ENEMY — I SHOULD HAVE WATCHED HIM DIE! BUT HE WAS A MAN — AND NO MAN DESERVED TO HAVE HIS LIFE RIPPED FROM HIM BY DEMONS!

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING...



I LUNGED FOR THE FALLEN SKI-STICK, AND...

YAAA AAGH! GET BACK — LEAVE HIM BE!



SNATCHING UP THE OTHER STICK, I KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING I COULD DO —

FORM THE SIGN OF THE CROSS!

IT'S WORKING — THE OLD TALES ARE TRUE! THE EVIL ONES CANNOT FACE THE SYMBOLOF CHRISTIANITY!

TAKE THEM! KEEP THEM LIKE THIS — AND YOU STAY ALIVE!

DA, DA TOVARICH!

BUT AS THE MAN STAGGERED AWAY—

SERGEANT GORGO—
BACK IN HUMAN FORM!
HE— HE HAS A WOUND
WHERE I STABBED
THE WOLF!

G-GET
BACK... OR
I SHOOT!

LOWER THE GUN, SCHMITT—
LEAD BULLETS CANNOT HARM
US! YOU ARE OUR ALLY—
BUT I GIVE YOU A
WARNING...

NEVER
INTERFERE
WITH MY MEN
AGAIN— IF YOU
VALUE YOUR
SOUL!

HEY,
HANS! YOU
THERE?

I GASPED WITH RELIEF AS
MY REGIMENT ARRIVED...

YES,
GERMAN—
YOUR FRIEND
IS HERE. HE
IS SAFE...

SAFE!? YES, I AM
SAFE— BUT ONLY BECAUSE
WE ARE ALLIES! THERE
MUST BE SOMETHING I
CAN DO TO STOP THESE
DEVILS— THERE
MUST BE!

Next
page!

**THE LUCK OF
THE DEVIL!**

FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT

PART 5

THE LONG ARCTIC MONTHS PASSED SLOWLY, AS THE WAR WENT ON FAR TO THE SOUTH. I WONDERED IF THE ENEMY KNEW ABOUT OUR RUMANIAN ALLIES... KNEW THAT THEY WERE VAMPIRES!

IN 1980, THE SKELETON OF PRIVATE HANS SCHMITT WAS FOUND IN AN UNDERGROUND RUIN IN WEST BERLIN.

HIS DIARY TOLD THE STORY OF THE FIGHTING ON THE ARCTIC EASTERN FRONT, WHERE WORLD WAR II HAD TAKEN A WEIRD AND HORRIFIC TWIST...

CAPTAIN CONSTANTINA AND HIS 'MEN' ... LOOKING UP AT THE SKY!



AT THAT MOMENT, HIGH ABOVE—

GO, GO, GO!



THE GERMANS WILL NOT EXPECT OUR ATTACK FROM ABOVE!

I COULD SEE NOTHING IN THE SNOWY SKY, BUT AS I TURNED...

HEY—THE RUMANIANS HAVE DISAPPEARED!



HAVE CALM, GERMAN FRIEND. LEAVE THEM TO MY MASTER—AND THANK THE FATES RUMANIA IS ON YOUR SIDE!

TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE ...

SERGEANT! LOOK—A WAVE OF BATS COMING AT US!



THEY'RE ATTACKING US! AIEE!

NIET! NIET!





MEIN GOTT! RUSSKY PARATROOPERS— AND EVERY ONE OF THEM IS DEAD!

CHUTES MUST HAVE BEEN FAULTY. LUCK IS WITH US!

OUR BATTALION MADE ITS WAY SOUTH— WHERE THE LAND WAS WARMER ...

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AYE— THE LUCK OF THE DEVIL!



LOOK AT THE RUMANIANS RUNNING FOR THE SHADOWS! THEY CANNOT BEAR THE LIGHT OF THE SUN!



AS WE WENT FURTHER SOUTH, WE SAW LESS AND LESS OF THE RUMANIANS. THEN ONE DAY IN AUGUST, 1944 ...

OH NO! LOOK— RUSSIAN PLANES! ANOTHER ATTACK!

IT'S NOT BOMBS THEY'RE DROPPING— IT'S LEAFLETS!



RUMANIA HAS CHANGED SIDES! THE RADIO OPERATOR CHECKED! IT'S TRUE!

HIMMAEL! IT'S A NIGHTMARE— THE FIENDS ARE NOW OUR ENEMIES! AND I'VE SEEN HOW THEY WORK— THEY'LL KILL US EASILY!

★ COMRADE RUMANIANS!
 YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NOW FIGHT ON RUSSIA'S SIDE!



BUT WAIT! IT'S STILL DAYLIGHT— THE RUMANIANS DON'T KNOW THE NEWS YET!

GOT TO STOP CRINGU TELLING THEM!



AS I TURNED, CRINGU STRUCK— A FEROCIOUS BLOW TO MY WINDPIPE!



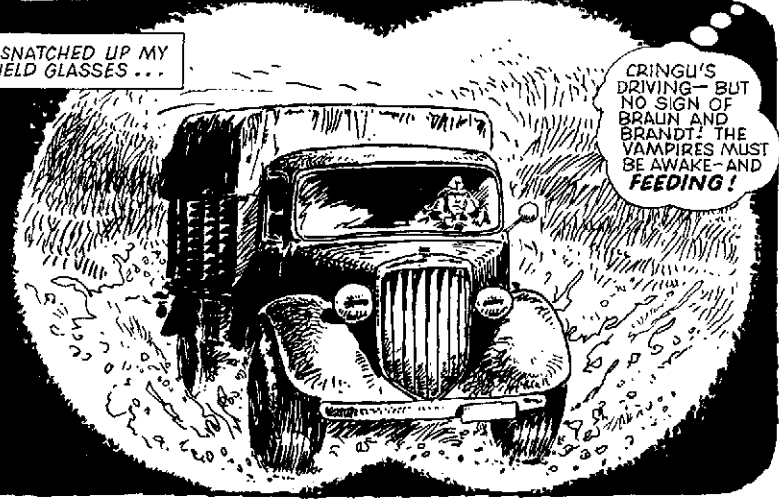
STILL HALF-PARALYSED, I WAS TAKEN TO THE FIRST-AID POST FOR TREATMENT. AND SOON...

I SNATCHED UP MY FIELD GLASSES...

CRINGLI'S DRIVING— BUT NO SIGN OF BRAUN AND BRANDT! THE VAMPIRES MUST BE AWAKE—AND FEEDING!

HERE COMES THE RUMANIAN TRUCK! THAT WAS QUICK!

NO! IT'S DUSK...



I GRABBED A GRENADE—AND THREW IT!

HANS— HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

MEIN GOTT! I HAVEN'T GOT THE DISTANCE!

THE HEAT'S MELTING THE ICE! AND THE VAMPIRES DAREN'T CROSS PURE WATER!



I'VE BOUGHT US SOME TIME, BUT NOT MUCH— THAT WATER WILL FREEZE AGAIN! START THINKING, HANS SCHMITT— START THINKING OF A WAY TO WIPE OUT THOSE BLOOD-SUCKING FIENDS!

NEXT DEATH OF FROG A FIEND!



FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT

PART 6

IN 1980 IN A RUINED CELLAR IN WEST BERLIN, A SKELETON WAS FOUND — THE BONES OF PRIVATE HANS SCHMITT, A GERMAN SOLDIER. HIS DIARY TOLD THE HORRIFIC STORY OF WAR ON THE EASTERN FRONT — A WAR AGAINST SOLDIERS WHO WERE REALLY **VAMPIRES!**

BY EARLY 1945 OUR SHATTERED ARMY WAS IN RETREAT, REELING BACK BEFORE THE ADVANCING RUSSIAN TROOPS. BUT THOUGH THE DAYS WERE HELLISH, I DREADED THE NIGHTS EVEN MORE!



THANK GOD IT'S ALMOST DAWN — I WON'T NEED THIS CROSS!

MEIN GOTT! THAT BAT!



FLEE, YOU UNDEAD SCUM — FLEE FROM THE POWER OF THE CROSS!

SHOOTIN' AT BATS NOW, SMITHY! YOU'RE GETTING BATTLE-HAPPY!

NONE OF THE OTHERS KNEW THE TRUTH — THAT THESE RUMANIAN VAMPIRES WERE HUNTING US!



I SET TO WORK ON SOME BROKEN AMMO BOXES...

WHAT'S WITH THE WOODEN CROSSES, SCHMITT?

WE — WE MUST ALL WEAR ONE! THEY WILL PROTECT US...

STOW IT, YOU FOOL!



WE TRAVELLED ALL DAY, AND AT DUSK THE SERGEANT CALLED A STOP AT AN ABANDONED BARN—

WE - WE SHOULDN'T STOP HERE!

SHUT UP, SCHMITT! WE NEED TO REST...

SEEING YOU'RE SO NERVOUS, YOU AND YOUR MATE MUELLER CAN TAKE GUARD DUTY!



WOODEN CROSSES? HAH! IT'S IRON CROSSES WE WANT! HAHA!

THE OTHERS THINK YOU'VE GONE MAD, HANS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? YOU SOUND LIKE A SUPERSTITIOUS OLD WOMAN!



PLEASE BELIEVE ME, KARL - I'M NOT CRAZY! TAKE THIS CROSS - IT'S THE ONLY PROTECTION...

PROTECTION AGAINST WHAT? BATS?



BUT...

HEY, SCHMITT! GET IN HERE - ON THE DOUBLE!

TELL YOU LATER, KARL. THE SERGEANT WANTS ME...



WHAT IS IT, SERGEANT?



OH GOD! NO! THEY - THEY'VE BEEN DRAINED OF BLOOD! THE VAMPIRES ARE HERE!

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GERRY FINLAY-DAY
ART ROBOT
EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
JACK POTTER
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AAARGH! MY CROSS
— WITHOUT IT I'M
DEAD MEAT!



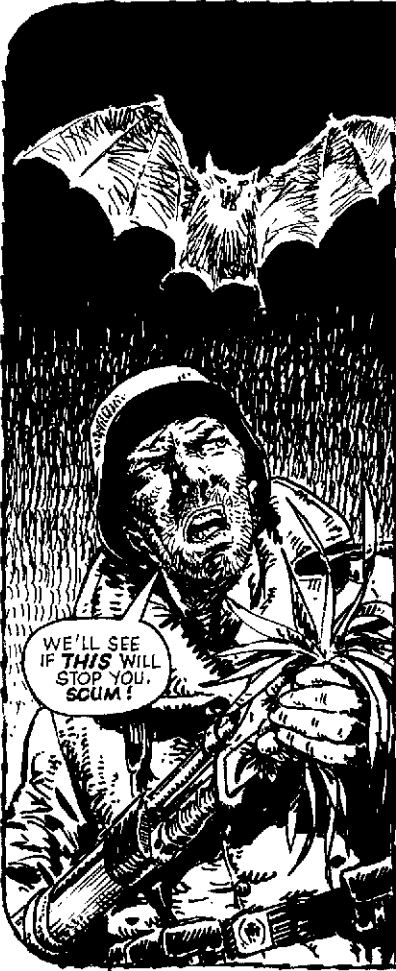
ABOVE ME—
THE BATS!



THEN— HEY! SEE WHAT I FOUND OUT
THERE! IF YOU'RE REALLY SO
WORRIED—

WHAT
IN THE
NAME OF DER
FUEHRER—?

GARLIC!
GIVE ME IT—
QUICKLY!



WE'LL SEE
IF *THIS* WILL
STOP YOU,
SCUM!



I'VE IMPALED IT!
IT'S DYING!



MORE
GARLIC,
KARL!
HURRY,
MAN!

EEEEEE!

WORKING LIKE MADMEN, WE MADE A GARLIC CIRCLE...



STAY INSIDE THE CIRCLE, KARL—THEY CAN'T BREAK IN!

LOOK—LOOK AT THEM!



AND HIS VAMPIRES, YOU MEAN!

B-BUT IT'S CAPTAIN CONSTANTA AND HIS TROOPERS!



WE CROUCHED THERE FOR HOURS WITH THE MENACING SHAPES SEETHING WITH FURY—BUT HELPLESS TO ACT!

DAWN! LOOK—SUNLIGHT!



THOSE FIENDS CAN'T FACE THE LIGHT! THEY—THEY'RE DISAPPEARING... FADING AWAY!



UGH! THE ONE I KILLED—A HEAP OF ROTTING BONES! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE OTHERS—THEY MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE!

HANS! LOOK OUTSIDE! RÜSSKIES!



THAT'S CRINGLI—THE VAMPIRES' SERVANT—DIRECTING THEM! HE KNEW HIS MASTERS WERE IN DANGER!

HURRY, COMRADE RÜSSKIES! THE HEINIES ARE IN THERE!



WE LEFT BY THE BACK DOOR—AND RAN!

IT—IT'S INCREDIBLE... VAMPIRES! REAL VAMPIRES!

WE GOT ONE OF THEM—BUT THERE ARE STILL NINE TO GO!

NEXT PROG: "You're going mad with fear!"



RELUCTANTLY, KARL FOLLOWED ME INTO A SILVERWARE SHOP DESERTED BY ITS OWNERS —

THIS IS CRAZY! WE DON'T NEED VALUABLES, WE —

THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT WE NEED, KARL! SEE — THE WORKSHOP THERE IS STILL INTACT ...



I MANAGED TO GET THE WORKSHOP FURNACE FIRED, AND —

COME ON — HELP ME! WE'VE GOT TILL NIGHT — FALL TO MELT DOWN ALL OF THIS!

I'LL HELP YOU — BUT I THINK YOU'RE MAD!

AS WE WORKED FRANTICALLY ON, WE KNEW THAT SOMEWHERE CLOSE **THE UNDEAD** WERE WAITING — HELPLESS DURING DAYLIGHT, WAITING FOR THE NIGHT!



WE FINISHED AT SUNDOWN — AND KARL'S NERVE SEEMED TO SNAP!

IT'S NO GOOD — YOUR PLAN WON'T WORK! IT'S ALMOST DARK... WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

ANOTHER FEW MOMENTS, THAT'S ALL —



DAMN YOUR FEW MOMENTS! I'M LEAVING! GET OUT OF MY WAY!

NO, KARL! WAIT — UUGH!



I ROLLED OUTSIDE — BUT KARL CHARGED AFTER ME!

OUR CROSSES! YOU FOOL — WE'VE LOST OUR CROSSES!

GRAB THEM! FOR GOD'S SAKE — GRAB THEM!





IT HAD TAKEN US ALL DAY TO MAKE TWO HUNDRED BULLETS. IT TOOK ONLY SECONDS TO FIRE THEM!

HAAAAIIIIII!

AAIIIIIIII!



GORGIO AND CONSTANTA - THEY'RE FLYING AWAY! GET THEM, HANS!



BUT I TOOK AIM AT ANOTHER TARGET!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THOSE SOLDIERS ARE DEAD - KILLED BY THE VAMPIRES! THE BATS ARE GETTING AWAY!



MY GOD! THEY - THEY WEREN'T DEAD AT ALL!

THEY WERE TURNING INTO VAMPIRES! AND THOSE WERE MY LAST BULLETS!



MAKE A CROSS OUT OF THE RIFLES - AT LEAST THESE POOR GUYS WILL REST IN PEACE!

THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF THE FIENDS LEFT - WE'VE GOT TO KILL THEM - BEFORE THEY COME FOR OUR BLOOD!

Next prog:

The SUPREME SACRIFICE!

FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT

PART 8



IN 1980, IN WEST BERLIN, A **SKELETON** WAS FOUND CLUTCHING A DIARY—A DIARY THAT TOLD ONE OF THE MOST **SINISTER** TALES OF WORLD WAR 2... A STORY OF RUMANIAN **VAMPIRES!**

HMM... SO IN 1945 THIS **HANS SCHMITT** WAS STILL RUNNING. BUT HE'D KILLED ALL BUT **TWO** OF THE— ER, **VAMPIRE BEINGS...**

JA. BUT THOSE LAST TWO WERE THE MOST **DANGEROUS** OF ALL!



KARL AND I MARCHED FOR WEEKS ALWAYS AT NIGHT WITH OUR PROTECTIVE CROSSES AT HAND. BUT WE KNEW THAT THE LAST TWO FIENDS WERE CLOSE... **STALKING US LIKE HUNTED ANIMALS!**



COME ON, KARL— KEEP GOING! IT'S ALMOST DAWN— WE'LL BE SAFE AGAIN IN DAYLIGHT!



A GERMAN FIELD HOSPITAL! KARL NEEDS **TREATMENT**— HE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER LIKE THIS!

FIENDS HANDS RUSHED TO HELP US—

YOUR COMRADE IS IN A BAD WAY. MY COLLEAGUES WILL DO WHAT THEY CAN!

A RUINED CHAPEL! AT LEAST KARL WILL BE SAFE FROM THE FIENDS THERE!

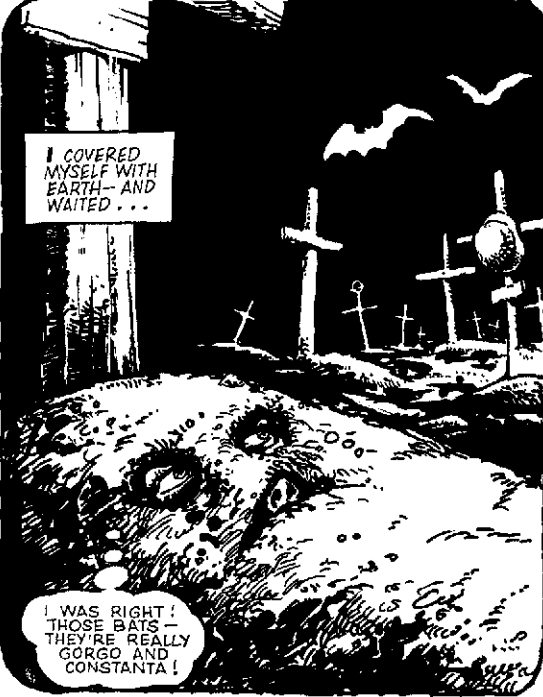
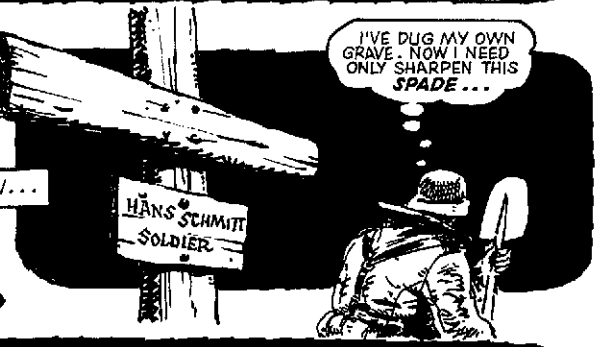


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I BURST FROM MY GRAVE, SWINGING THE SPADE LIKE A BATTLE-AXE!



THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO KILL A VAMPIRE... DECAPITATION IS ONE OF THEM!

THAT'S FOR KARL MUELLER, SCUM! NOW—WHERE'S YOUR EVIL MASTER?

BUT CONSTANTA—THE ONE REMAINING FIEND—HAD FLED!

SCREEEEEEEE!



DAWN BROKE AS I FINISHED BURYING THE SLAIN VAMPIRE, AND WITH IT CAME FRIENDS...

HEY, SOLDIER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE WITH THE RED DOGS SO CLOSE?

I—I HAD A JOB TO DO...



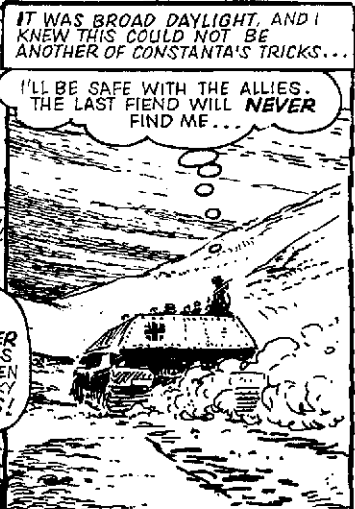
YOU COME WITH US? THE AMERICANS ARE ONLY FORTY MILES FROM BERLIN. WE ARE HEADING THERE.

JA! WE'D RATHER SURRENDER TO THE ALLIES THAN BE TAKEN BY THE RUSSKY BUTCHERS!

NOW, IN THE CELLAR WHERE THE SKELETON WAS FOUND...

PATIENCE, HERR COLONEL. THE STORY OF THE FIENDS IS NOT YET OVER. THERE IS STILL ONE LAST SECRET...

SO SCHMITT TRIED TO MAKE IT TO THE YANKS. BUT SURELY HE DIDN'T SUCCEED..?



IT WAS BROAD DAYLIGHT, AND I KNEW THIS COULD NOT BE ANOTHER OF CONSTANTA'S TRICKS...

I'LL BE SAFE WITH THE ALLIES. THE LAST FIEND WILL NEVER FIND ME...



NEXT PROG: BURN IN HELL!

FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT

PART 9

IN A CELLAR IN WEST BERLIN, A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER AND A GERMAN POLICE INSPECTOR HAVE DISCOVERED A WORLD WAR 2 DIARY — THE DIARY OF PRIVATE HANS SCHMITT...

SO TOWARDS THE END OF THE WAR THIS SCHMITT WANTED TO **SURRENDER** TO THE ALLIES, AND WIN HIS FIGHT AGAINST THIS — THIS RUMANIAN CAPTAIN!

I HAD HITCHED A RIDE WITH SOME OTHER GERMANS WHO WANTED TO SURRENDER TO THE AMERICANS RATHER THAN FACE THE ADVANCING RUSSIAN ARMY...

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SCHMITT WAS THE ONLY MAN ALIVE WHO KNEW THE SECRET — THAT THE RUMANIAN WAS REALLY A **VAMPIRE!**

IT'S DAYLIGHT — I'M SAFE FROM THE FIEND! BUT I KNOW HE WON'T GIVE UP...

I KNOW THAT EVEN NOW, HIS FANATICAL SERVANT **CRINGU** WILL BE BRINGING THE VAMPIRE LORD AFTER ME!

THEN, LATE IN THE AFTERNOON...

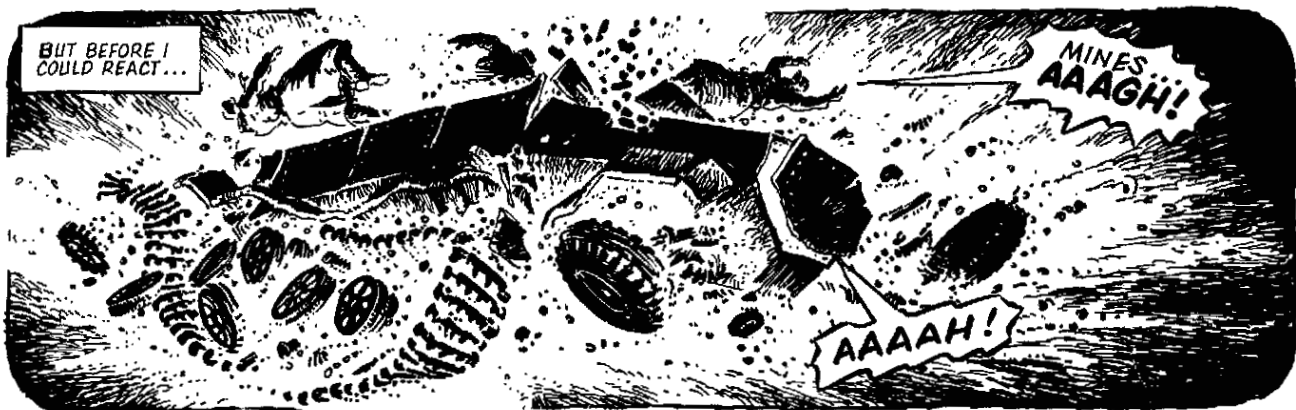
WHICH WAY TO THE WEST, GRANDMA — TO THE AMERICANS?

BUT AS WE HEADED ON...

FUNNY... SHE'S **LIMPING**, JUST LIKE — JUST LIKE **CRINGU!** THIS IS A TRAP!

TAKE THE LEFT FORK — IT IS A SHORTCUT. GOD SPEED!





BUT BEFORE I
COULD REACT...

MINES
AAAGH!

AAAAH!



I CAME TO, AS HELPLESS
AS A CHILD— WITH CRINGU
LOOMING OVER ME!

UHHH!...
I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN IT WAS
A STINKING
VAMPIRE
TRICK!

YOUR COMPANIONS
ARE DEAD— AND
WHEN NIGHT FALLS
MY MASTER WILL
MAKE SURE YOU
JOIN THEM!



CAN'T MOVE
A MUSCLE...
BUT I'M NOT
FINISHED YET!
GOT TO BAIT
CRINGU!...

HEY, SCUM!
TELL ME MORE
ABOUT THIS
DEMON MASTER
THAT YOU
SERVE!



MY LORD CONSTANTA
HAS FOUGHT FOR RUMANIA
FOR CENTURIES! HE HAS
FOUGHT THE TARTARS, THE
TURKS— AND NOW YOU
GERMANS!

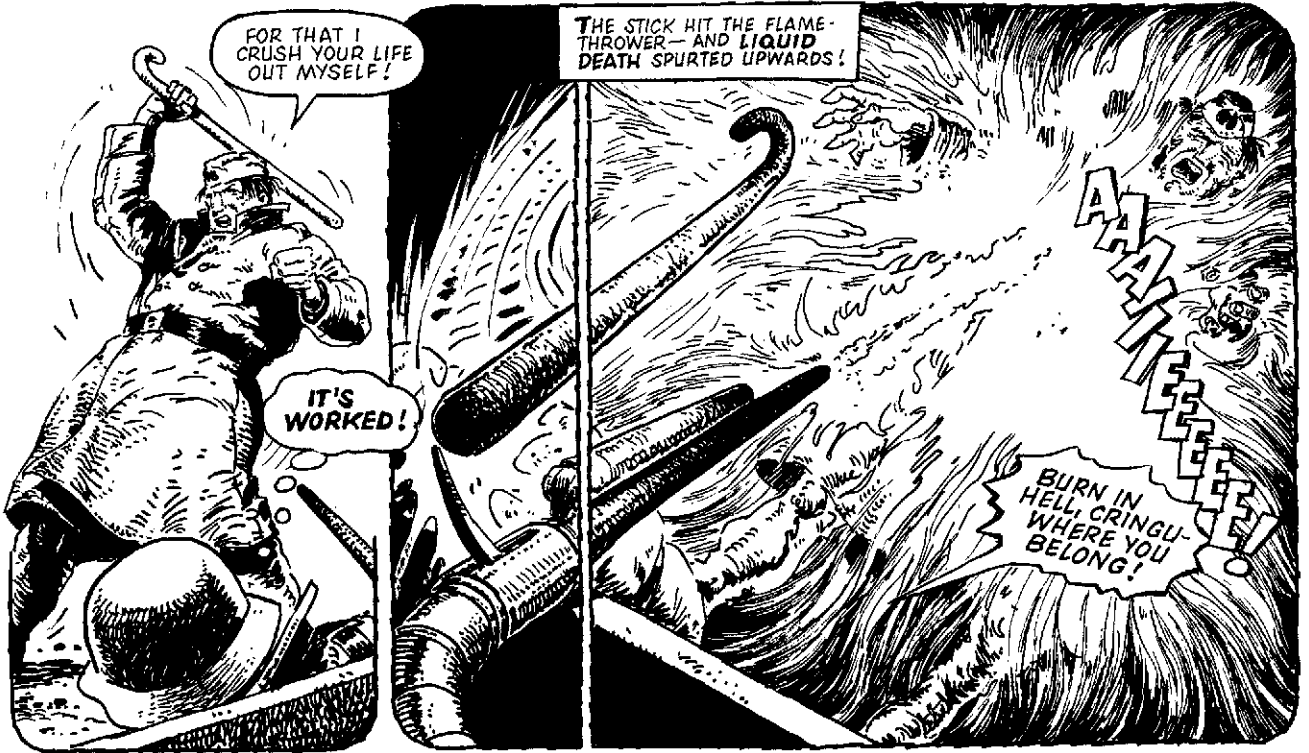
HE CAN GROW FROM THE
SMALLEST SPECK— AND HIS
POWER IS LIKE THAT OF THE
GODS THEMSELVES!



IT WAS NOW
OR NEVER!

WRONG, SCUM! CONSTANTA IS NO GOD— HE'S A
FOUL, TWISTED DEVIL! HE BELONGS WITH
THE LOWEST OF THE LOW— THE LICE
AND THE PARASITES!

GERMAN PIG!
YOU INSULT
THE GREAT
ONE?



FOR THAT I CRUSH YOUR LIFE OUT MYSELF!

THE STICK HIT THE FLAME-THROWER — AND LIQUID DEATH SPURTED UPWARDS!

IT'S WORKED!

AAAH! EEEY!

BURN IN HELL, CRINGU-WHERE YOU BELONG!



I USED THE DYING FLAME TO BURN OFF MY BONDS...

ARGH! ... GOT TO GET CONSTANTA WHILE HE'S STILL HELPLESS — BEFORE DARKNESS FALLS!

DIE, FIEND! DIE FOR EVER!

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT — I'VE BEATEN THE VAMPIRES! THE CAPTAIN WAS THE LAST!



I WALKED FOR MILES, UNTIL...

AMERICANS! I'VE MADE IT!

HEY, LOOK, BOYS! A KRAUT COMIN' IN!



I'M GOING TO SURRENDER— BUT AT LEAST I CAN DO IT WITH PRIDE.

THIS WAY, HEINIE! GUESS YOUR WAR'S OVER, HUH?



THEN—

WHAT THE—? THOSE AMERICAN SOLDIERS— THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO CRINGLI, MORTAL!

CRINGLI TOLD YOU I CAN GROW FROM THE SMALLEST SPECK— EVEN FROM ASHES, YOU FOOL!



NOW YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR IGNORANCE OF THE UNDEAD!



NOW, MORTAL— FEEL THE BITE OF THE VAMPIRE!

NO! NO! I— AARGH!



AND NOW, IN THE BERLIN CELLAR—

MY GOD! SO THE VAMPIRE GOT HIM AFTER ALL! BUT— BUT IF CONSTANTA KILLED HIM, HOW DID HIS BODY COME TO BE HERE? AND THE DIARY—?

SEEMS TO ME THIS SET-UP WAS DESIGNED AS A LURE, COLONEL— FOR A NEW VICTIM! THIS CELLAR HAS ONE LAST SECRET— CONCERNING YOU AND ME!

DON'T MISS NEXT PROG'S BLOOD-CHILLING CLIMAX!

FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT

PART 10

1930, WEST BERLIN. A BRITISH COLONEL AND A GERMAN DETECTIVE HAVE ALMOST FINISHED READING THE DIARY FOUND BY THE SKELETON OF A WORLD WAR II SOLDIER. THE DIARY TELLS THE STORY OF PRIVATE HANS SCHMITT, WHO WAS WAGING HIS OWN WAR—AGAINST VAMPIRES!

SO SCHMITT WIPED OUT NINE VAMPIRES AND ESCAPED TO BERLIN. BUT IF THE LAST FIEND WAS WAITING FOR HIM, HOW COULD SCHMITT LEAVE HIS DIARY IN THIS CELLAR?

IT WAS A TRICK— A TRICK TO LURE ONE OF US HERE!

CONSTANTA— THE LAST VAMPIRE— HAD BEEN WAITING, DISGUISED AS A G.I. NOW, HELPLESS IN HIS GRIP, I FELT HIS TEETH SINK IN... FELT HIM SUCKING— SUCKING!

I WIN GERMAN! I AM YOUR LORD!

BUT I DO NOT TAKE ALL YOUR BLOOD! YOU HAVE BEEN A GOOD FOE— I GIVE YOU A GIFT...

I MAKE YOU UNDEAD!

I- I'M A... VAMPIRE? NO!

SOON, THIS WAR OF MORTALS WILL BE ENDED. BUT I SHALL STAY HERE— WHERE THERE IS MUCH... NOURISHMENT. YOU WILL WALK THE NIGHTS WITH ME?

HE- HE'S CURSED ME... TO CRAVE BLOOD!

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A RED MIST CAME DOWN
OVER MY VISION —



BLOOD... BLOOD!
TO THE NORTH THERE
IS A BATTLE. I MUST
GO FORTH...
AND FEED!



I-I AM
FLYING!
FLYING TO
THAT WHICH
I CRAVE...

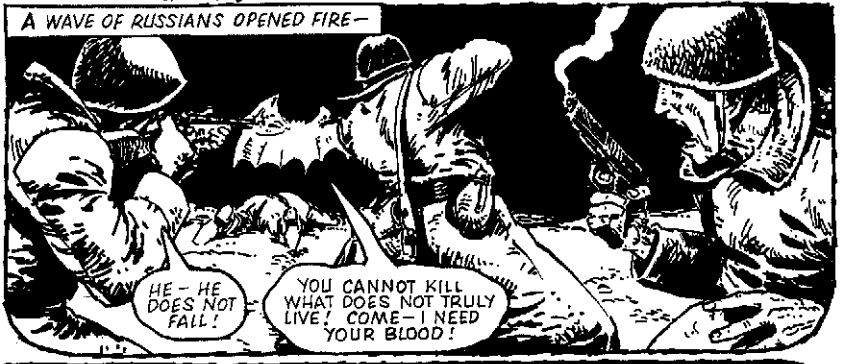
SUDDENLY, AS IF IN A
SLOW MOTION DREAM,
I WAS WINGING MY
WAY TO THE DISTANT
CONFLICT...



BLOOD!

NIET!
DJAVOLI!
DJAVOLI!

A WAVE OF RUSSIANS OPENED FIRE—



HE - HE
DOES NOT
FALL!

YOU CANNOT KILL
WHAT DOES NOT TRULY
LIVE! COME - I NEED
YOUR BLOOD!

VAGUELY, HAZILY, I REMEMBER
SCREAMING AS I SLAUGHTERED
THEM. THEN THE RED MIST
CLEARED FROM MY EYES —

DEAR GOD... LOOK
WHAT I'VE DONE! I MUST
GET AWAY - HIDE - STOP
MYSELF SPREADING THIS
VILE, BLOODY CURSE!





THAT CELLAR—I CAN MAKE IT MY TOMB!



I WORKED FEVERISHLY, BLOCKING UP THE ENTRY-HOLE... PRAYING THAT I WOULD FINISH BEFORE THE CURSE OVERCAME ME AGAIN.

IN MY HEART, I KNOW IT WON'T WORK! THE CRAVING WILL COME BACK—AND I'LL BURST OUT OF THE TOMB, JUST LIKE CONSTANTA!



ALL I COULD DO WAS TRY TO WARN THE OUTSIDE WORLD —

I'VE DRAWN THE FIEND'S SHAPE— PEOPLE WILL RECOGNISE HIM— AND I WILL WRITE MY STORY AS A WARNING...



MUST KEEP WRITING— WHILE I STILL HAVE SOME DECENCY LEFT IN ME! BUT WHAT ABOUT ME— HOW CAN I DEFEAT THIS... DISEASE?



AS I FINISHED MY TALE OF DREAD, IT WAS AS IF THE LAST OUNCE OF GOODNESS I POSSESSED GUIDED MY HAND —

BULLETS— SILVER BULLETS! TWO OF THEM LEFT FROM THE ONES KARL AND I MADE TO WIPE OUT CONSTANTA'S CULT!

THEY'RE MY ONLY CHANCE!



GOT TO DO IT NOW — WHILE I'M STILL HUMAN ENOUGH TO DIE A MORTAL'S DEATH!

I'VE CHEATED YOU, CONSTANTA— CHEATED YOUR HIDEOUS CURSE!

AND NOW, 35 YEARS LATER IN THAT FATEFUL CELLAR

SO THAT IS WHY HIS SKELETON REMAINS— HE USED THE SILVER BULLET ON HIMSELF!

JA— A BRAVE SACRIFICE! AND THANKS TO HIS WARNING, WE KNOW THAT CONSTANTA STILL WALKS THE EARTH...



AND YOU **DO** STILL WALK, DON'T YOU, COLONEL— OR SHOULD I SAY **CONSTANTA**? DON'T MOVE— THIS GUN CONTAINS SCHMITT'S **LAST** SILVER BULLET!



YOU ARE A GOOD DETECTIVE, MY FRIEND? TELL ME— HOW DID YOU FIND ME?



I READ THIS DIARY LONG BEFORE YOU WERE SUMMONED HERE, COLONEL! I ALSO ANALYSED UNSOLVED MURDERS ALL OVER EUROPE... YOU WERE STATIONED NEAR EVERY KILLING!



NO MERE MAN CAN STOP THE LORD OF THE VAMPIRES!

ARGH!



YOU GERMAN'S THINK YOU ARE SO CLEVER! BUT NO MORTAL CAN EVER OUTWIT ME!

AAH! MY THROAT—



BUT THEN—

YAAAAAA! I AM STABBED! PAIN...

A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT— STREAMING THROUGH THE CELLAR ROOF!



THE VAMPIRE SCREAMED, HELD IMMOBILE BY THE LETHAL SUNLIGHT!

HIS SWAGGER STICK! GOT TO BREAK IT... USE IT AS...



A STAKE FOR YOUR EVIL, FIENDISH HEART!

AIEEEE!



SCREAM, VAMPIRE— SCREAM FOR THE EVIL YOU BROUGHT TO THIS WORLD!

SCREEEEEEEE



IT'S OVER AT LAST, SOLDIER. CONSTANTA IS DEAD— FOR EVER! YOU HAVE WON YOUR FIGHT AGAINST THE LAST OF THE FIENDS!



STALINGRAD

Script: David Bishop

Art: Colin MacNeil

Letters: Colin MacNeil and Ellie De Ville

Originally published in the *Judge Dredd Magazine* issues 245-252



Красный
Октябрь

NOVEMBER 2, 1942.



DIE,
COMMUNIST
DOG!



< NOW YOU JOIN
US IN HELL! > *

* TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.



FEBRUARY 2, 1943.



< MOVE! >

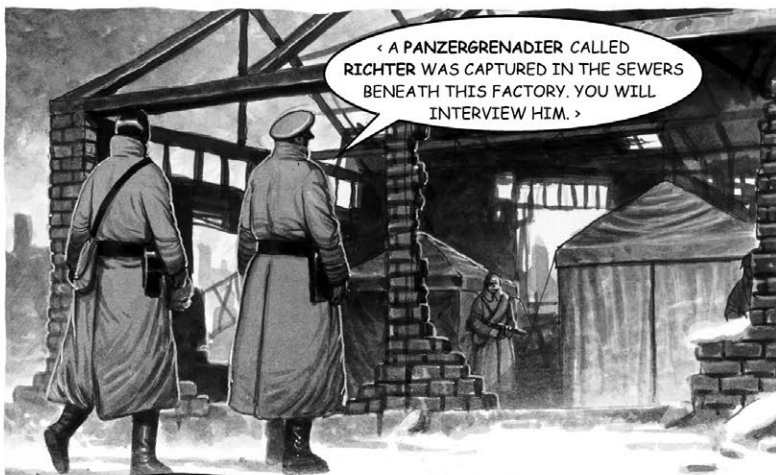


< YOU'RE THE INTERPRETER? >



< YES, LIEUTENANT. MARIYA CHARNOSOVA, REPORTING FOR DUTY. >

< FOLLOW ME. WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME. >



< A PANZERGRENADIER CALLED RICHTER WAS CAPTURED IN THE SEWERS BENEATH THIS FACTORY. YOU WILL INTERVIEW HIM. >



< I DONT UNDERSTAND. THOUSANDS OF GERMANS SURRENDERED - WHY QUESTION THIS ONE? >



< THE ENEMY HAS A POLITBURO MEMBER'S SON. THEY WANT TO EXCHANGE HIM FOR RICHTER. >

< WE NEED TO KNOW WHY >



< BUT I WORK IN SIGNALS. DOESN'T THE NKVD HAVE IT'S OWN INTERPRETERS? >



< YOU HAVEN'T LONG, RICHTER LEAVES WITHIN THE HOUR. >



< YOU PICKED ME BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN. >



< YOU MAY GET ANSWERS OTHERS COULDN'T. DON'T WORRY, CHARNOSOVA - HE WON'T BITE. >



PANZERGRENADIER RICHTER?

I'VE ALREADY LOST THREE TOES TO FROSTBITE. GET IN OR STAY OUT!



SORRY, I WAS WAITING FOR MY EYES TO ADJUST.



LUCKY YOU.



GO ON THEN - ASK YOUR QUESTIONS.




YOU WERE FOUND BENEATH THE RED OCTOBER FACTORY. WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE?



WAITING TO DIE.



I WAS THE SOLE SURVIVOR FROM A SQUAD SENT ON A SUICIDE MISSION BEHIND THE RUSSIAN LINES.




THE OTHERS WERE
KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION.
I'M STILL NOT SURE
HOW I SURVIVED.




WHAT
EXPLOSION?
WHEN WAS
THIS?

NOVEMBER
SECOND - THE NIGHT
I LOST MY EYES.

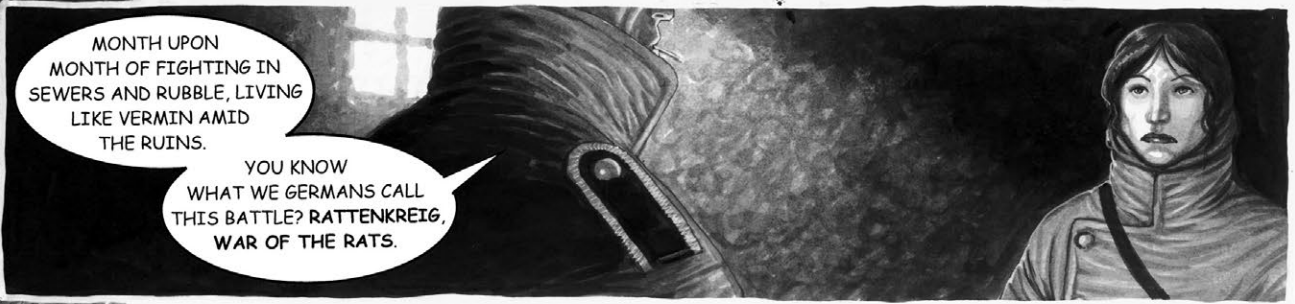


AFTERWARDS, I
CRAWLED INTO THE SEWERS,
AWAY FROM THE STENCH
OF CHARRED HAIR
AND FLESH.

"I WANTED TO DIE, BUT
PART OF ME REFUSED.




"SO I DRANK MELTING SNOW FROM
THE SEWER WALLS AND ATE THE FLESH
FROM ANY VERMIN I COULD CATCH - IT
SEEMED ALMOST APPROPRIATE."




MONTH UPON
MONTH OF FIGHTING IN
SEWERS AND RUBBLE, LIVING
LIKE VERMIN AMID
THE RUINS.

YOU KNOW
WHAT WE GERMANS CALL
THIS BATTLE? RATTENKREIG,
WAR OF THE RATS.




WE THOUGHT WE'D
NEVER SEE THE SUN AGAIN.
- NOW I NEVER WILL.




BERLIN'S BEEN
ASKING ABOUT YOU
- WHY?


I'VE NO
IDEA. HOW'D THEY
EVEN KNOW I'M
ALIVE?



THAT'S MY NEXT QUESTION.
SOMEONE BELIEVES YOU'RE **IMPORTANT**,
OR OTHERWISE YOU WOULDN'T BE PART
OF THIS **PRISONER EXCHANGE**.




EXCHANGE?
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?



YOU'RE BEING FLOWN
OUT OF **STALINGRAD** WITHIN
THE HOUR, BOUND FOR
THE **FATHERLAND**.


I'D HAVE
THOUGHT YOU'D
BE PLEASED.



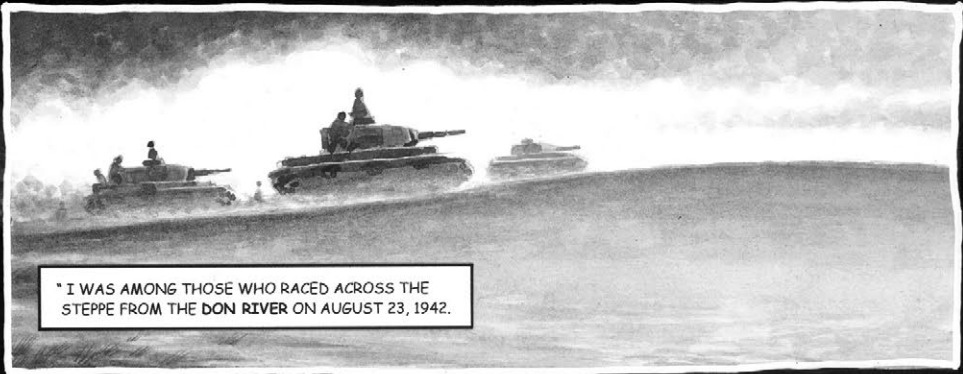
NO! YOU'RE
CONDEMNING ME TO
DEATH IF YOU LET
THEM TAKE ME.

KEEP ME SAFE
AND I'LL TELL YOU
EVERYTHING!

NEXT ISSUE: ENTER THE VAMPYRI!



WE FIRST SAW
STALINGRAD ON
A SUNDAY.



"I WAS AMONG THOSE WHO RACED ACROSS THE
STEPPE FROM THE DON RIVER ON AUGUST 23, 1942.

"IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON
WHEN WE REACHED A HILLTOP
OVERLOOKING THE VOLGA.



"OUR STUKAS AND HEINKELS HAD
BEEN GIVING THE CITY ITS FIRST
TASTE OF LIGHTNING WAR.

"I CHEERED AS OUR FIGHTERS
DID VICTORY ROLLS.



"WE BELIEVED STALINGRAD WAS OURS
FOR THE TAKING. WE COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN MORE WRONG.



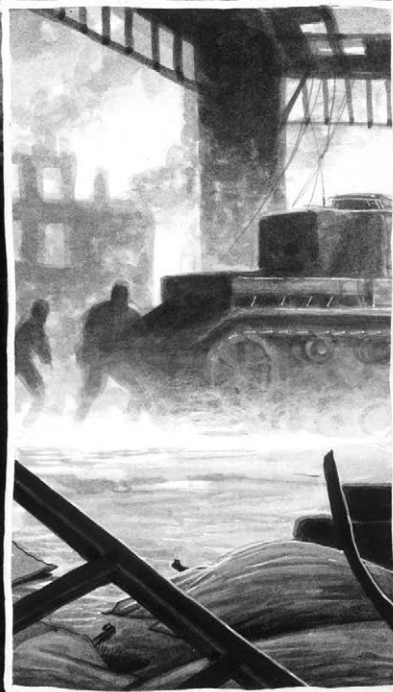
"OUR BOMBS TURNED THE CITY INTO A KILLING GROUND."



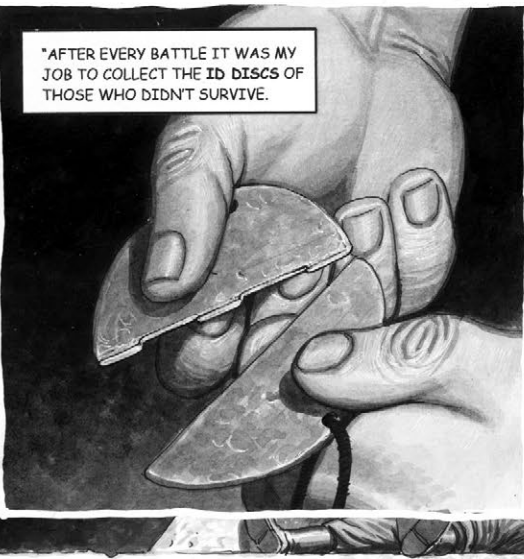
SEPTEMBER 27, 1942.



WATCH OUT FOR SNIPERS!



"THIS WAS A WAR OF TERROR WHERE ANY MOMENT COULD BE YOUR LAST."



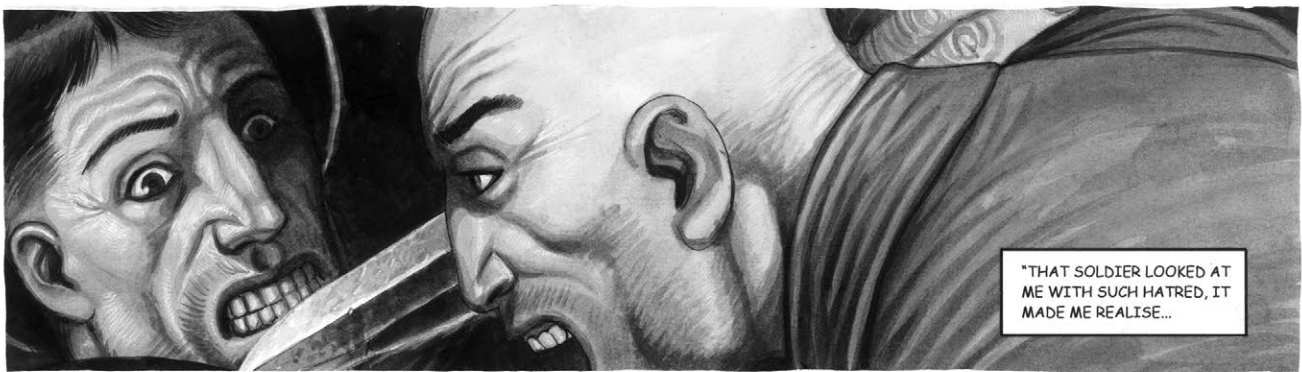
"AFTER EVERY BATTLE IT WAS MY JOB TO COLLECT THE ID DISCS OF THOSE WHO DIDN'T SURVIVE."




RICHTER!



SCHUISSE!



"THAT SOLDIER LOOKED AT ME WITH SUCH HATRED, IT MADE ME REALISE..."



"THE RUSSIANS'D NEVER SURRENDER STALINGRAD. WE'D HAVE TO KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!"



< CHARNOSOVA. I NEED TO SPEAK WITH YOU - OUTSIDE. >*

* TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.



< YES, LIEUTENANT? >

< LAST OCTOBER THE NKVD HEARD A RUTHLESS RUMANIAN OFFICER WAS TAKING CHARGE OF ENEMY EFFORTS TO SECURE THIS AREA. >



< THE GERMANS WERE SO SCARED OF HIM, THEY STARTED DESERTING TO OUR SIDE. MEN FROM RICHTER'S UNIT WERE AMONG THEM. >




< WHAT WAS THIS RUMANIAN'S NAME. >



CONSTANTA - TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT HAUPTMANN CONSTANTA.




GOD IN HEAVEN! I HOPED NEVER TO HEAR THAT NAME AGAIN!



CONSTANTA IS THE ONE WHO WANTS ME BACK, BECAUSE I KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT HIM.

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW- PERHAPS WE CAN PROTECT YOU.




THERE'S NO PROTECTION FROM HIS KIND.




MY BROTHER KARL FIRST WARNED ME ABOUT THEM. HE WAS RADIO OPERATOR IN A PANZER CREW THAT ENCOUNTERED CONSTANTA IN 1941.



KARL TOLD ME STORIES ABOUT THE RUMANIANS THAT SOUNDED LIKE MYTHS AND LEGENDS...



"CONSTANTA IS SAID TO BE AGELESS, ALL BUT IMMORTAL. HE'S LIVED FOR CENTURIES, FOUGHT IN WARS STRETCHING BACK HUNDREDS OF YEARS.



"HE LEADS A CADRE OF CREATURES LIKE HIMSELF, FEARLESS AND ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO DESTROY.

"THESE FIENDS FEAST ON HUMAN BLOOD, SUCKING THEIR SUSTENANCE FROM THE LIVING!"

DRINKING BLOOD?
YOU'RE TELLING ME
CONSTANTA AND HIS
MEN ARE VAMPYR?



JUST THE MOUNTAIN TROOPS
FROM TRANSYLVANIA. BUT
THEIR VAMPYR TAINT IS
SPREADING!



LIARI WHEN WILL
YOU NAZIS SURRENDER
YOUR LIES AND
PROPAGANDA?



I THOUGHT
LIKE YOU, UNTIL
LAST OCTOBER...



SERGEANT, HAVE YOU
HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT OUR
NEW COMMANDER?


NO. LETS HOPE
HE'S GOT MORE SENSE
THAN ORLOVI!



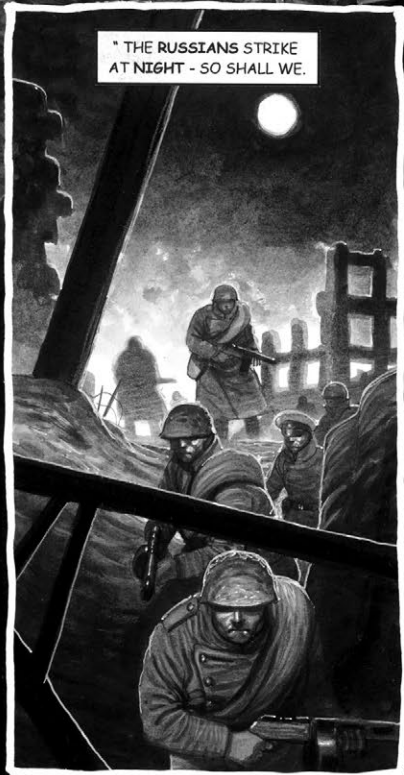
PLEASE ALLOW
ME TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF...

MY NAME IS CONSTANTA,
HAUPTMANN CONSTANTA.

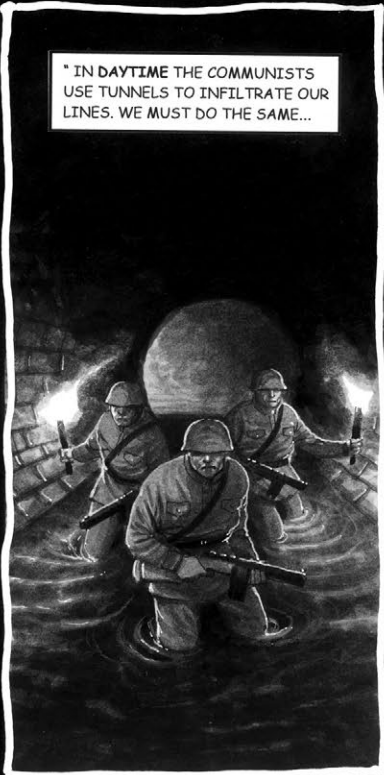





TO CAPTURE
STALINGRAD, WE MUST
BECOME LIKE OUR ENEMY -
USE THEIR TACTICS
AGAINST THEM.



* THE RUSSIANS STRIKE
AT NIGHT - SO SHALL WE.



* IN DAYTIME THE COMMUNISTS
USE TUNNELS TO INFILTRATE OUR
LINES. WE MUST DO THE SAME...



THE BOLSHEVIKS
SEND CHILDREN TO
SPY ON US, BUT TAKE
NO PRISONERS. WE
MUST BE EVEN MORE
MERCILESS!





FEBRUARY 2, 1943.

YOU
DECAPITATED
THE GIRL'S BODY?
WHY?

TO STOP HER
BEING RESURRECTED AS
VAMPYR, BETTER SAFE
THAN SORRY.

CONSTANTA LED
US BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES
TO THE VOLGA. NONE OF US DARED
QUESTION HIM...

I NEED MEN FOR
A SPECIAL MISSION. THOSE
WHO SURVIVE IT WILL SPEND THE
REST OF THE WAR BACK HOME
IN THE FATHERLAND.

YOU'VE AN HOUR
UNTIL DAWN TO REACH
THE SAFETY OF YOUR OWN
LINES. GOOD LUCK --

- YOU'LL
NEED IT!

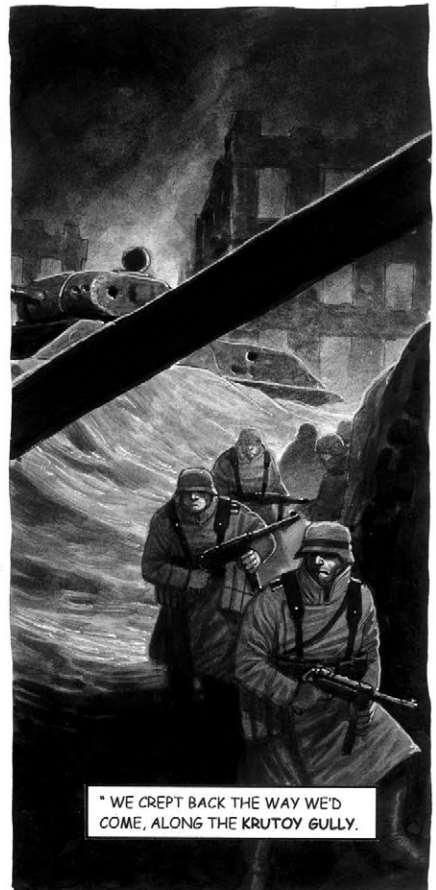


CONSTANTA'S
LEFT US HERE TO DIE
- HE'S INSANE.

NO, JUST
FIENDISHLY CLEVER.
HE'S TESTING US.



NO TALKING.
SILENCE IS OUR BEST
WEAPON NOW.



" WE CREPT BACK THE WAY WE'D
COME, ALONG THE KRUTOY GULLY.



" IN THE RUINS WERE CIVILIANS
WHO'D LOST THEIR HOMES, LIVING
LIKE ANIMALS IN THE DIRT.



" WE WERE WITHIN SIGHT
OF OUR LINES WHEN NIGHT
SUDDENLY BECAME DAY.



WHO FIRED THAT FLARE? THEY'LL BRING THE WHOLE RED ARMY DOWN ON TOP OF US!



I THINK THEY ALREADY HAVE, ULRICH.



LET'S SHOW THEM THE MEANING OF BLOOD AND HONOUR!



* WE FOUGHT LIKE DEMONS, INCHING OUR WAY TO SAFETY - BUT EACH STEP COST US ANOTHER MAN.



GET READY TO RUN!



COME ON!



"WHEN WE REACHED OUR LINES, CONSTANTA WAS WAITING TO TELL US ABOUT HIS SPECIAL MISSION."

"AFTERWARDS, I ALMOST ENVIED THOSE WHO'D DIED IN THE KRUTOY GULLY."



OUR TARGET IS THE BEST-DEFENDED STRONGHOLD IN ALL OF STALINGRAD, THE MAMAYEV KURGAN. WHOEVER HOLDS THAT HILL CONTROLS THIS ACCURSED CITY.



IT'S SAID THE SOIL IS STAINED BLACK WITH BLOOD. TOMORROW NIGHT WE'LL SEE IF THAT IS TRUE!

THE MAMAYEV KURGAN —
A HUNDRED AND TWO
METRES OF HELL IN THE
CENTRE OF STALINGRAD.

'IT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE
BEEN A BURIAL MOUND,
CENTURIES AGO...'



SO MANY WEHRMACHT AND
RUSSIAN SOLDIERS HAD DIED
ON THAT HILL, **BLOOD**
OOZED FROM BENEATH
OUR BOOTS AS WE
ATTACKED.



YOUR UNIT'S NEW
COMMANDER MUST
HAVE FELT RIGHT AT
HOME...



... IF THE RUMANIAN
WAS **VAMPYR**, AS
YOU CLAIM.

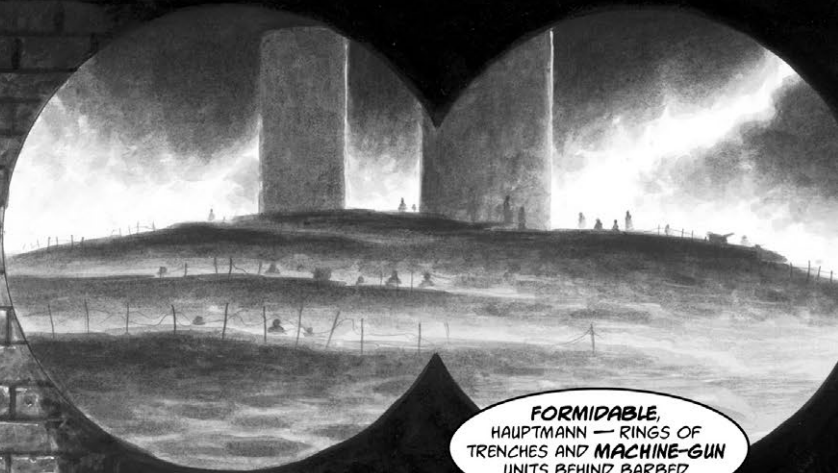


HAUPTMANN CONSTANTA
WAS UNDEAD — HE'D NEVER
HAVE SURVIVED THAT NIGHT
OTHERWISE...



OCTOBER 2, 1942.

HOW STRONG
ARE THE DEFENCES,
RICHTER?



FORMIDABLE,
HAUPTMANN — RINGS OF
TRENCHES AND MACHINE-GUN
UNITS BEHIND BARBED
WIRE.

STRANGE — THE
BOLSHEVIKS ARE
DIGGING, NEAR
THE SUMMIT...



MAKING ANOTHER
TRENCH?



IT ALMOST
LOOKS LIKE... A
CEREMONY.

GIVE ME THOSE
BINOCULARS!



ATTACK
IMMEDIATELY!
WE MUST STOP
THOSE MEN!

BUT WE'LL NEVER REACH THE **SUMMIT** IN TIME TO—

QUESTION MY ORDERS AGAIN, ULRICH, AND I'LL TEAR YOUR THROAT OUT!

THAT GOES FOR **ALL** OF YOU — ATTACK NOW OR **DIE** WHERE YOU STAND!

'SO WE RAN TOWARDS CERTAIN DEATH, MORE **TERRIFIED** OF THE CREATURE LEADING US THAN THE FATE THAT **AWAITED** US...

'CONSTANTA FOUGHT LIKE A **DEMON**, DESPITE HIS BODY BEING **SHOT** BY DOZENS OF ENEMY BULLETS.



'BY THE TIME WE REACHED THE TOP OF MAMYEV KURGAN, ONLY SIX OF US WERE STILL STANDING.'

'AT FIRST IT SEEMED THE COMMUNISTS HAD ABANDONED THE SUMMIT...'



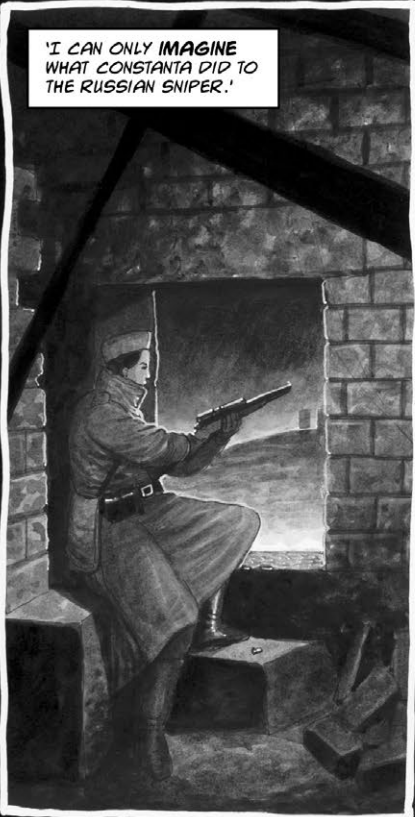


A LESSON I SHALL NOW TEACH THAT **SNIPER!**



STAND YOUR GROUND UNTIL I RETURN!

COME AND GET IT, **COMRADES...**



'I CAN ONLY **IMAGINE** WHAT **CONSTANTA** DID TO THE **RUSSIAN SNIPER.**'



YOUR **SILVER BULLET** ALMOST KILLED ME, AND YOUR INTERVENTION **ABORTED** MY MISSION. >*

*TRANSLATED FROM **RUSSIAN.**



YOU SHALL **PAY** FOR THAT — IN **BLOOD!** >



RICHTER, HE'S TOO **STRONG!** I CAN'T—



WE **WON**, ULRICH — THE MEDICS'LL BE HERE SOON TO PATCH YOU UP. THEN WE CAN BOTH GO **HOME**.



NOT YET. YOUR MEN WILL ONLY BE **FREE** AFTER I'VE ACHIEVED MY MISSION OBJECTIVE, RICHTER.

BUT WE TOOK THE HILL! WHAT **MORE** DO YOU WANT?



THE **ENEMY** KNOWS I'M HERE IN STALINGRAD. THEY ARE PREPARING TO MOVE AGAINST ME.




'WE NEED **FRESH BLOOD** FOR WHAT LAYS AHEAD!'



'A WEEK AFTER WE STORMED THE MAMAYEV KURGAN, **CONSTANTA** RECRUITED SIX OF HIS **RUMANIAN** COUNTRYMEN FOR OUR UNIT.



'HE CALLED THEM **FRESH BLOOD**...



'... BUT IT WAS **OUR** BLOOD I FEARED FOR!



YOU BELIEVED THEY WERE **VAMPYR**, LIKE HIM?



YES — NOT AS **POWERFUL** AS **CONSTANTA**, BUT JUST AS **DANGEROUS**...

OCTOBER 10, 1942.

'MY FRIEND **ULRICH** WAS BEING TREATED IN A FIELD HOSPITAL.'

'I WANTED TO TELL HIM WHAT **CONSTANTA** WAS DOING TO OUR UNIT ...

'BUT I ARRIVED TOO LATE.'

MEIN GOTT!

GET AWAY FROM **ULRICH**, YOU BASTARD!

YOUR **BULLETS** CAN'T HARM ME, **HUMAN!**

HOW CAN YOU LET THESE MONSTERS **MURDER** YOUR PATIENTS?



HE'S MY **THRALL**.
HE DOES WHAT I
TELL HIM.



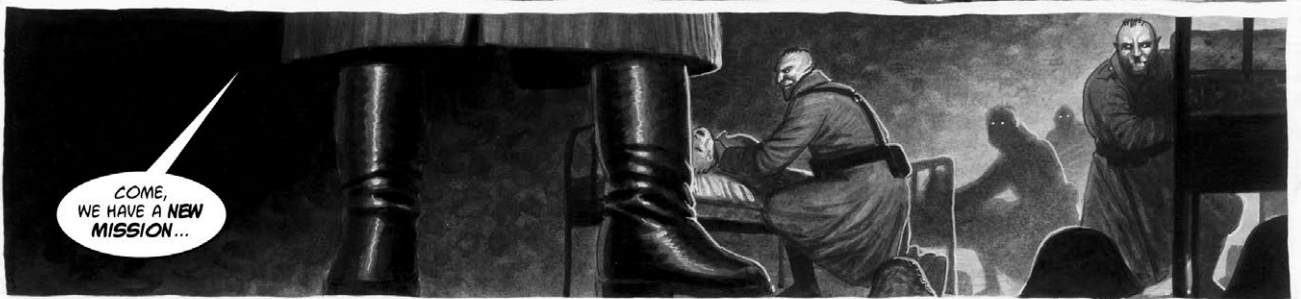
YOU'RE HERE TO **HELP** US
FIGHT THE RUSSIANS — NOT
TO **BUTCHER** OUR
WOUNDED!



WE FIGHT WITH THE
WEHRMACHT BECAUSE IT
SUITS OUR PURPOSE —
FOR NOW.



CONSIDER THIS A
SACRIFICE FOR THE
WAR EFFORT, NO
DIFFERENT FROM YOUR
SOLDIERS GIVING THEIR
LIVES ON THE FRONT
LINE.



COME,
WE HAVE A **NEW**
MISSION...



FEBRUARY 2, 1943.

OUR TARGET WAS THIS BUILDING — THE RED OCTOBER FACTORY.



THE ENEMY HAD BEEN SEEN RECLAIMING SPECIFIC PIECES OF METAL FROM INSIDE.



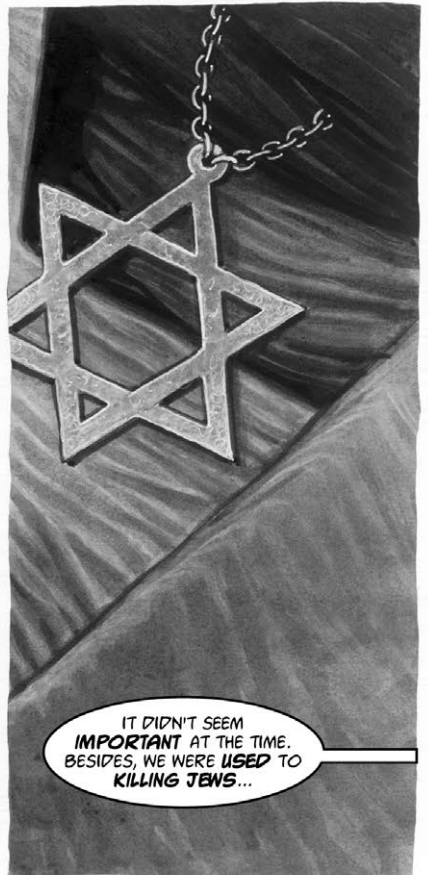
CONSTANTA SAID THE RUSSIAN TROOPS WERE BEING LED BY A RABBI.



OUR GOAL WAS TO KILL OR CAPTURE THE RABBI.

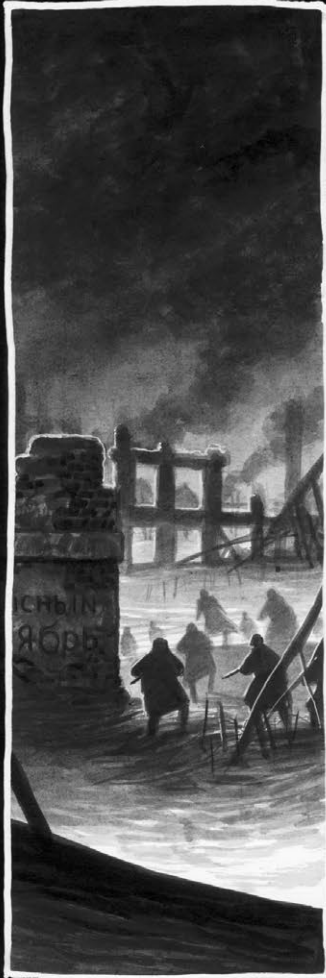


A RABBI LEADING A RED ARMY RAIDING PARTY? WHY?



IT DIDN'T SEEM IMPORTANT AT THE TIME. BESIDES, WE WERE USED TO KILLING JEWS...

OCTOBER 12, 1942.



OUR ENEMY SHOULD BE
HERE SOON...



THEY ALREADY ARE —
LOOK!



«DEATH
TO THE BLOOD-
DRINKERS!»*



*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.





THE RUSSIANS ATTACKED WITH PRECISION, CHOOSING THEIR VICTIMS CAREFULLY.



THEY TARGETED THE VAMPYR IN OUR UNIT, IGNORING THE REST OF US.



<NO!>*



*** TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN**



<NICOLAI, I'M SORRY...>



OCTOBER 12, 1942.

WHY ARE YOU WAITING, RICHTER? YOUR BULLETS WILL NOT HARM MY KIND — OPEN FIRE!

BUT I'D KILL THE OTHER PANZERGRADIERS, AS WELL AS THE RUSSIANS!

I AM *CONSTANTA*, LORD OF THE *VAMPYR*. YOU WILL OBEY ME.





'AFTERWARDS I COLLECTED
IDENTITY DISCS FROM THE
COMRADES I'D MURDERED.'



'THEIR SACRIFICE
DESERVED REMEMBRANCE.'



THE RUSSIAN
SQUAD LEADER'S
STILL ALIVE.



'WHAT IS YOUR NAME,
COMRADE?'

FEBRUARY 2, 1943.

AT FIRST THE PRISONER WOULD ONLY TELL US HIS UNIT'S NAME, **SMERT KROPPEET**.



ROUGHLY TRANSLATED IT MEANS 'DEATH TO BLOOD-DRINKERS'. DID HE REVEAL HIS IDENTITY?



EVENTUALLY, HIS NAME WAS **JOSEF CHARNOSOV**.



JOSEF WAS MY BROTHER! THE **NKVD** KNEW HE WAS MURDERED BY **VAMPYR**, DIDN'T IT?



THAT'S WHY I'M QUESTIONING THIS PRISONER!

ONCE I LEARNED WHAT THEY DID TO **JOSEF**, YOU KNEW I'D STOP AT NOTHING TO GET THE TRUTH!



THE GERMANS WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES TO TAKE **RICHTER**. YOU'VE A JOB TO DO — DO IT!





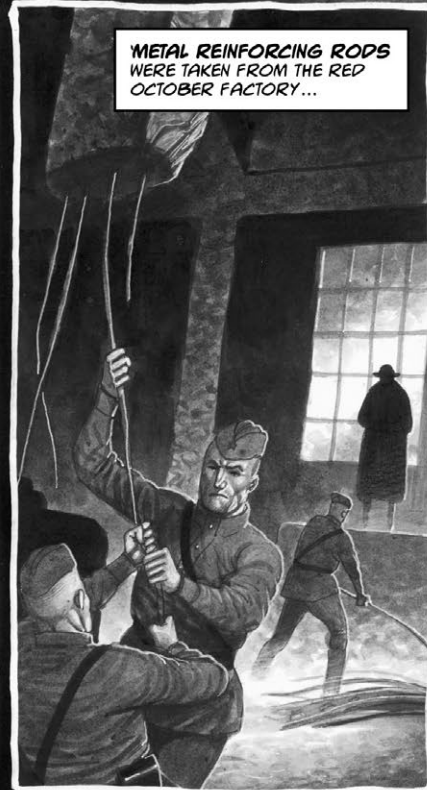
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER?



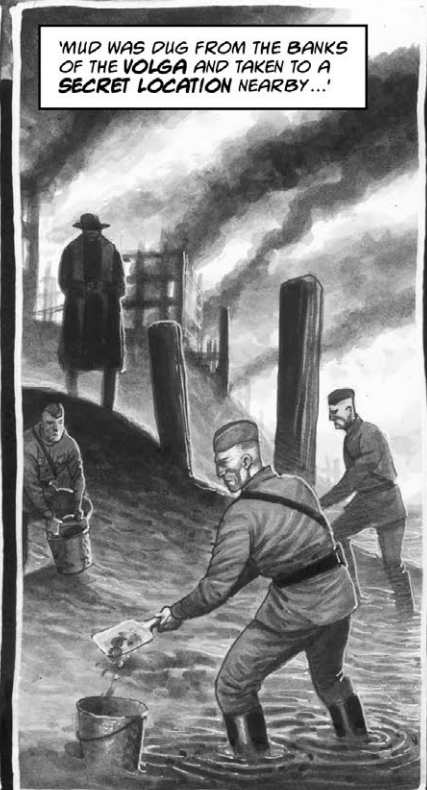
CONSTANTA INTERROGATED HIM FOR HOURS ABOUT CEREMONIES THE ENEMY HAD BEEN CONDUCTING ACROSS STALINGRAD.



JOSEF TOLD US THE RUSSIANS WE'D SEEN ON THE MAMAYEV KURGAN REMOVED A HEART THAT HAD BEEN BURIED THERE CENTURIES EARLIER.



METAL REINFORCING RODS WERE TAKEN FROM THE RED OCTOBER FACTORY...



MUD WAS DUG FROM THE BANKS OF THE VOLGA AND TAKEN TO A SECRET LOCATION NEARBY...



WHY? >

<TH- THEY'RE GATHERING COMPONENTS FOR A WEAPON THAT CAN DESTROY YOUR EVIL... >



<MY P-PEOPLE
ARE MAKING... A
GOLEM...>



IT WAS
NEARLY **DAWN**
WHEN **CHARNOSOV**
DIED, SO WE
RETIREATED TO
THE GERMAN
LINES.



YOU KNOW WHAT
A **GOLEM** IS?

A **MAN-
MADE CREATURE**
OF CLAY, BROUGHT
TO LIFE BY WORDS
FROM A **HOLY
BOOK**.



IN LEGENDS, MY
PEOPLE CREATED
GOLEMS TO
PROTECT THEM FROM
OPPRESSION.



I ONLY
SAW **CONSTANTA**
SHOW **FEAR**
TWICE: ONCE WHEN
HE **HEARD** THE
WORD **GOLEM**...



... AND THREE
WEEKS LATER, ON THE
NIGHT I LOST MY
EYES.

THE
NIGHT **CONSTANTA**
FOUGHT THE
GOLEM...

'FOR TWENTY DAYS WE SCoured STALINGRAD, TRYING TO FIND WHERE THE RUSSIANS WERE CONSTRUCTING THE GOLEM.



'CONSTANTA INSISTED IT WAS A WEAPON THAT COULD CHANGE THE COURSE OF THE WAR.



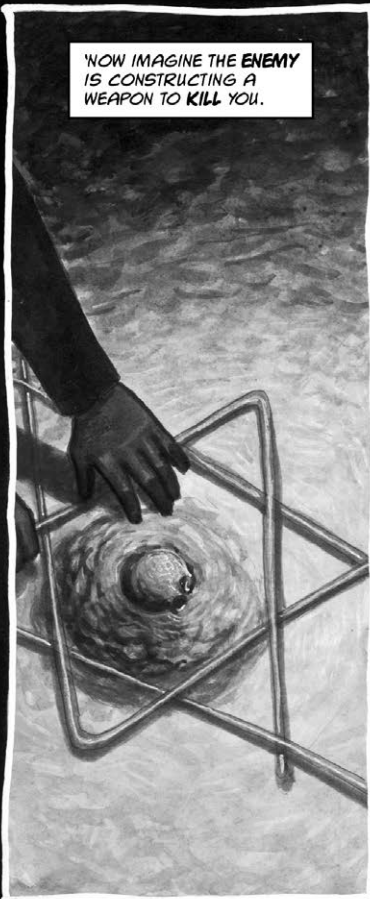
'BUT I WITNESSED HIS FEAR WHEN WE FIRST HEARD ABOUT THE GOLEM.



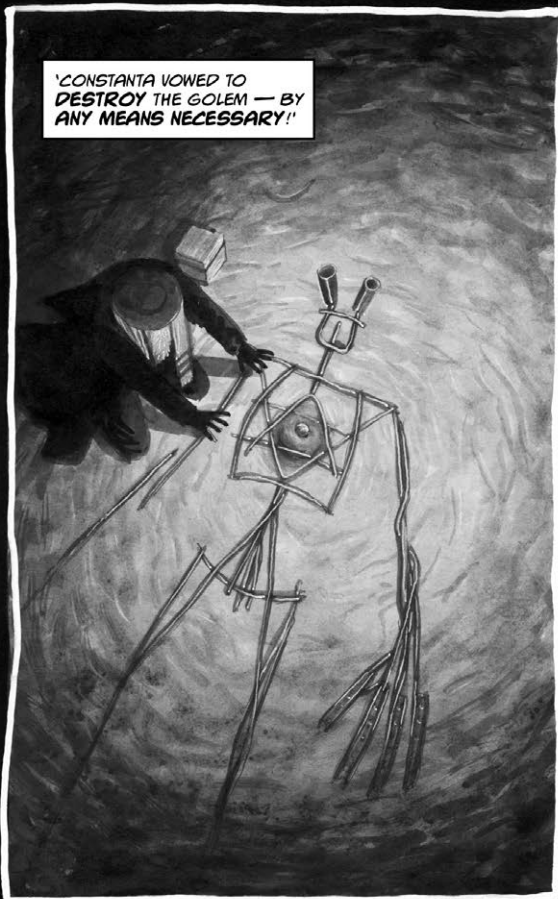
'IMAGINE BELIEVING FOR CENTURIES YOU'RE ALL BUT IMMORTAL, LORD OF THE VAMPYR.



'NOW IMAGINE THE ENEMY IS CONSTRUCTING A WEAPON TO KILL YOU.



'CONSTANTA VOWED TO DESTROY THE GOLEM — BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY!



FEBRUARY 2, 1943.

BUT YOU SAID HE'D MADE YOU **MURDER** THE REST OF YOUR COMRADES.

ONLY THE **PANZERGRENADIERS**. BUT EVEN DEATH WAS **NO ESCAPE** FROM CONSTANTA...

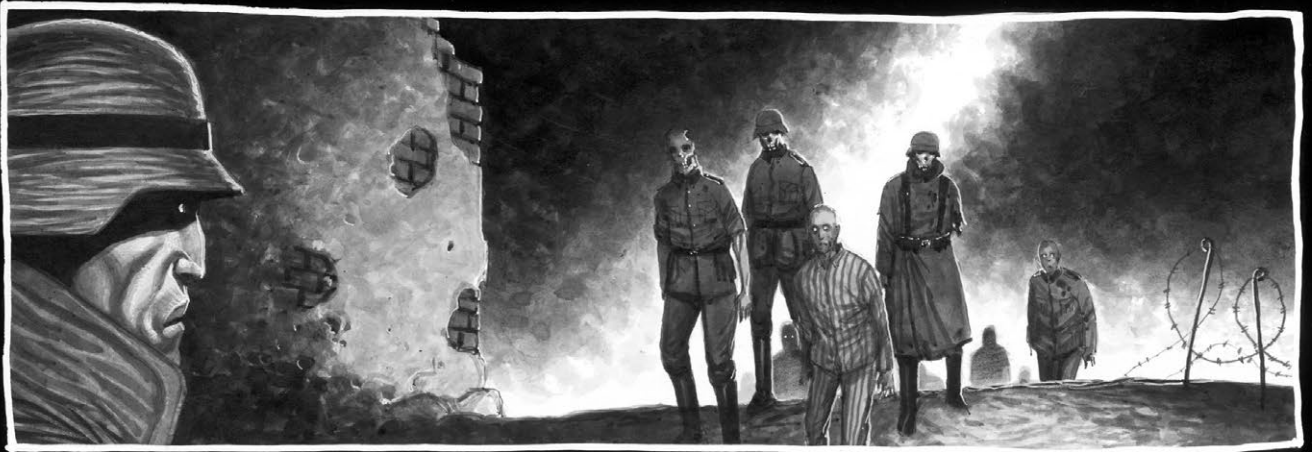
NOVEMBER 2, 1942.

AT LAST I HAVE THE **LOCATION** OF OUR TARGET.

AS THE MOON WANES, SO THE **GOLEM** GROWS STRONGER. WE MUST STOP IT — **TONIGHT!**

WITH SO **FEW** OF US LEFT? HOW?

SOME **OLD FRIENDS** WILL HELP US.



ULRICH? BUT I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE...



I RESURRECTED THEM.
WE NEED THEIR HELP — DEAD
OR ALIVE.



COME, RICHTER.
YOUR MISSION ENDS
TONIGHT.



'CONSTANTA SENT
IN THE WALKING
DEAD FIRST.

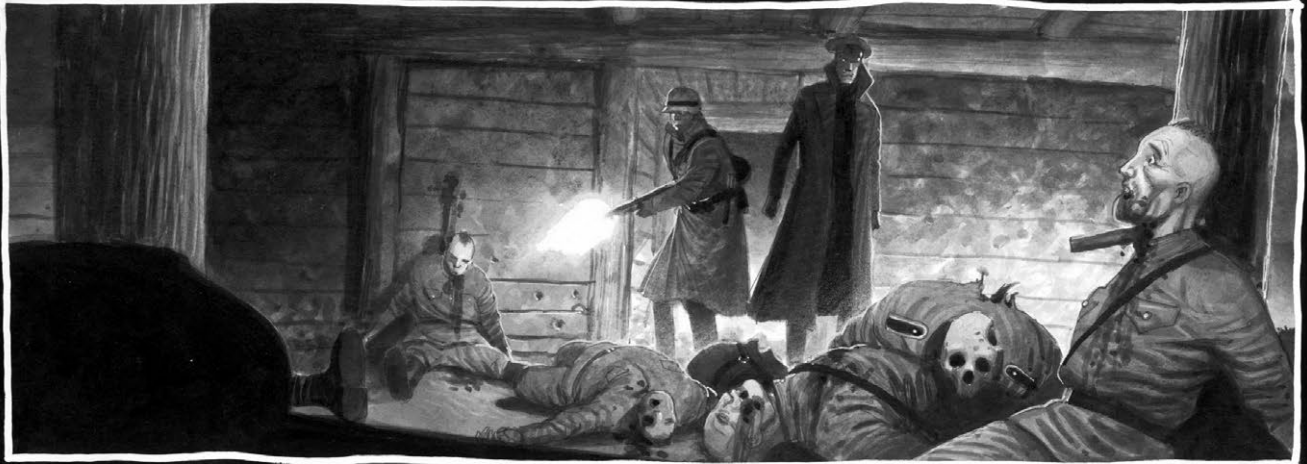




'HIS VAMPIR
WERE NEXT.



'THEN IT WAS *OUR*
TURN INSIDE THAT
HELLHOLE...



KILL THE
RABBI —
NOW!

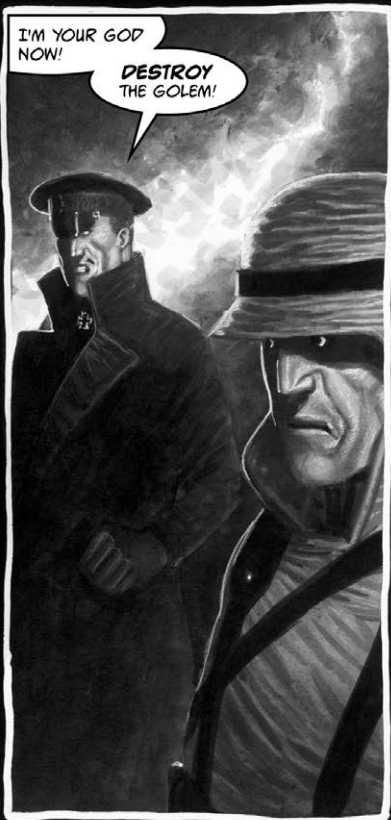


SHANTI, SHANTI,
DAHAT, DAHAT!



AAIIIEEEE!





I'M YOUR GOD NOW!

DESTROY THE GOLEM!



DO IT YOURSELF, YOU UNDEAD BASTARD.



GIVE ME THAT!



WE DIE TOGETHER, GOLEM!

THAT WAS THE LAST THING I EVER SAW....!



FEBRUARY 2, 1968. ATOP THE MAMAYEV KURGAN STANDS THE MOTHERLAND, A MEMORIAL TO ALL THOSE WHO DIED FIGHTING FOR STALINGRAD.

SOME BELIEVE THE STATUE WILL COME ALIVE TO PROTECT US IF THE CITY'S EVER ATTACKED AGAIN.



IT'S TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE I CAME FACE TO FACE WITH EVIL AND SURVIVED.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF NIGHTMARES AND MEMORIES THAT REFUSE TO DIE...

FEBRUARY 2, 1943.

WAS CONSTANTA KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION?



NOTHING HUMAN COULD SURVIVE THAT...



... BUT
CONSTANTA
WASN'T
HUMAN.

EVEN IF HE DIED, THERE ARE
MANY MORE LIKE HIM HELPING
THE WEHRMACHT.

I KNOW THEIR
SECRETS. IF THIS PRISONER
EXCHANGE GOES AHEAD,
I'M A DEAD MAN.



HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE
NOT CONSTANTA? OUR
ONLY DESCRIPTION
OF HIM CAME FROM
YOU.



GOTTEN HIMMEL,
WHY WOULD I LIE? I'M
BEGGING FOR YOUR
PROTECTION!



I'LL TAKE ANY TEST
YOU CHOOSE TO PROVE
I'M NOT VAMPYR, THAT
I'M AS HUMAN AS
YOU!



<THE GERMANS
ARE HERE FOR
RICHTER.>*

*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.



«WHAT ARE YOU DOING, LIEUTENANT?»

«GETTING THE ANSWERS YOU COULDN'T!»



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE **GOLEM**? TELL ME!

PLEASE... I DON'T KNOW...



«WHY EXECUTE HIM?»

«HE'S OF NO FURTHER USE — **ALIVE.**»

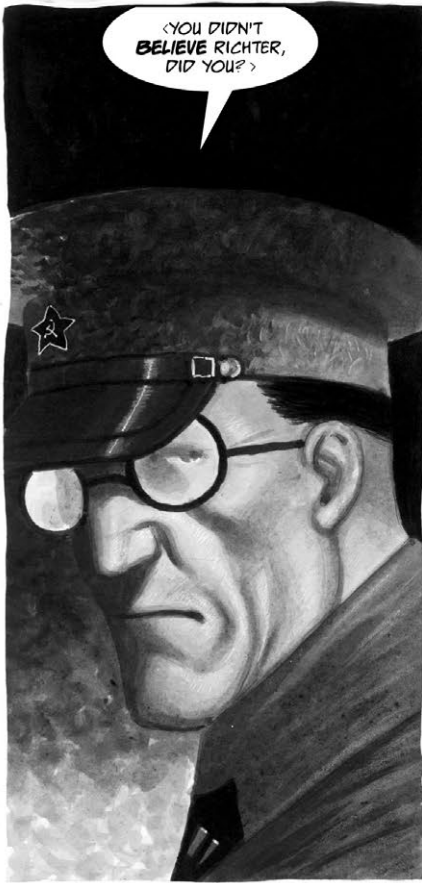


«BUT HIS **TESTIMONY** ABOUT **CONSTANTA**, ABOUT **VAMPYR** HELPING THE ENEMY—»

«**NAZI PROPAGANDA**, DESIGNED TO CREATE FEAR AND CONFUSION.»



«I COULDN'T LET HIM SPREAD ANY MORE **LIES.**»



«YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE RICHTER, DID YOU?»



«N-NO, OF COURSE NOT...»



«GET HIS UNIFORM OFF — QUICKLY!»



«THIS IS A LETTER FROM STALIN, AUTHORIZING ANY AND ALL ACTIONS I CONSIDER NECESSARY FOR MY MISSION.»



«YOU WILL FORGET EVERYTHING YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT CONSTANTA, VAMPYR AND THE GOLEM.»



«LIEUTENANT KAMYEN IS NO MORE. YOU'LL DENY MEETING HIM. HE NEVER EXISTED.»



'FROM TODAY, I'M
PANZERGRENADIER
RICHTER.'



<REMEMBER YOUR **ORDERS**,
AND BE GRATEFUL FOR THAT
EMBLEM YOU WEAR.>



<FEW OF MY
ENEMIES **SURVIVE** A
MEETING WITH...>



<... **CONSTANTA**,
LORD OF THE
VAMPYR.>





THE STAR OF DAVID
SAVED ME. IRONIC, SINCE
IT COST SO MANY THEIR
LIVES DURING THE WAR.




I DISCOVERED THE REAL
LIEUTENANT'S SKINNED CORPSE
AFTER CONSTANTA HAD GONE.

THE VAMPIR HAD WORN
KAMYEN'S FACE LIKE A MASK, TO
PROTECT HIMSELF FROM THE SUN.



IT WAS ANOTHER WEEK
BEFORE I FOUND WHERE
THE GOLEM WAS CREATED.



ITS BODY HAD BEEN
DESTROYED, BUT THE
HEART WAS STILL SAFE —
READY TO BRING ANOTHER
GOLEM TO LIFE, IF MY
PEOPLE EVER NEEDED IT.

I KEPT THE HEART SAFE
FOR MORE THAN TWENTY
YEARS, BUT NOW IT HAS
A NEW HOME.



SOME BELIEVE THE STATUE ATOP
THE MAMAYEV KURGAN WILL COME
ALIVE TO PROTECT US IF THE
CITY'S EVER ATTACKED AGAIN.

I DON'T NEED TO
BELIEVE — I
KNOW IT'S TRUE.



RED MENACE (BONUS STORY)

Script: Dan Abnett
Art: Carlos Ezquerra
Letters: Ellie De Ville

Originally published in the *Judge Dredd Magazine* issue 4.17

RED MENACE

'Since the distant, Pre-Atomic Era, mankind has been preoccupied with the fear that the vampire might evolve beyond its shadowy role of parasitic predator. That it might choose to use its supernormal powers to influence social or political change. That it might foment revolution. Worst of all, that it might become an instrument of war ...'

— from *A Study of Scarlet* by Martin Martinus, 808 Y.A.



MY NAME IS HANS SCHMITT, AND MY TERRIBLE STORY COMES FROM THE TIME WHEN THE WORLD BEGAN TO BURN.

OPERATION BARBAROSSA, 1941. OUR GLORIOUS WEHRMACHT WAS ADVANCING EAST TO BREAK THE BACK OF THE RED ARMY —

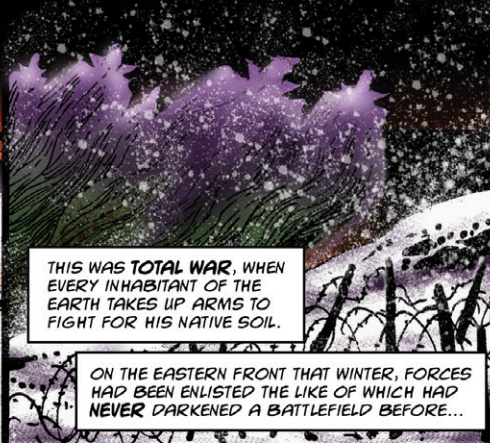
YOUNG PANZERGRENADIERS LIKE ME WERE THROWN HEADLONG INTO THE NIGHTMARE OF THE FRONT LINE.



EVERY DAY THAT WE SURVIVED SEEMED LIKE A MIRACLE, AND AN ETERNITY.

BY THE END OF THREE MONTHS, IT FELT LIKE WE HAD LIVED FOREVER, THAT WE HAD BECOME IMMORTAL AND BEEN MADE TO SUFFER EVERY HORROR THAT WAR COULD INVENT.

HOW MISTAKEN WE WERE!



THIS WAS TOTAL WAR, WHEN EVERY INHABITANT OF THE EARTH TAKES UP ARMS TO FIGHT FOR HIS NATIVE SOIL.

ON THE EASTERN FRONT THAT WINTER, FORCES HAD BEEN ENLISTED THE LIKE OF WHICH HAD NEVER DARKENED A BATTLEFIELD BEFORE...



I FIRST SAW OUR RUMANIAN ALLIES AT THE TEBLIZH RAILHEAD. IT WAS AFTER NIGHTFALL, BUT I DIDN'T MARK THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT AT THE TIME.

THEY WERE MOUNTAIN TROOPS, A FIERCE BREED, AND THEIR LEADER WAS A BLUE-BLOOD ARISTO...



WELL MET, MY GERMAN COMRADES! I AM CAPTAIN CONSTANTA.

SIR! WE HAVE BEEN ORDERED FORWARD TO ENGAGE IVAN'S GUNS SOUTH OF PRIPITSA.



THEN WE WILL JOIN YOU IN THAT ENDEAVOUR. TO PRIPITSA!

THEY SEEMED COMICAL. LIGHTLY ARMED, MANNERED, LIKE THE HUSSARS OF AN ANTIQUE AGE OF CHIVALRY.



BUT WHEN WE BROKE THROUGH AT PRIPITSA, OUR OPINIONS CHANGED.

THE RUMANIANS HAD GOT THERE FIRST.

SUCH BUTCHERY, HANS! I DIDN'T THINK THIS WAR HAD ANYTHING IN IT TO MAKE ME SICK TO MY GUTS.



THEY'VE RIPPED THEM OPEN AND BLED THEM DRY. GOD HELP US, THE SAVAGES!

LET'S BE THANKFUL THE SAVAGES ARE ON OUR SIDE.



RUMOURS AROSE. THE RUMANIANS WERE NEVER SEEN BY DAY. SOME SAID THEY TRAVELLED IN A CLOSED, BLACK TRUCK, AS IF THEY SHUNNED THE LIGHT.



ALWAYS, ALWAYS THE BLOODLESS CORPSES OF THE ENEMY PROVOKED COMMENT.



THE RUMANIANS WERE FIENDS. THAT WAS WHAT WE SAID. THEY WERE VAMPYR.

THEN, ONE NIGHT AT GOREJK...



HUH?
COFFINS?

EVEN IN WAR,
THERE ARE THINGS
BETTER LEFT
UNKNOWN.



Hhh! C-CAPTAIN!
I'M SORRY.
I—
— HAVE
PRIED TOO
MUCH?



A-ARE YOU
GOING TO
KILL ME?

A-HA HA HA!
KILL YOU? WE ARE
COMRADES!
ALLIES! WHY WOULD
I KILL YOU...

... WHEN THERE
IS ALL THE
BLOOD I NEED
IN THE RUSSIAN
RANKS?



WHY?

WHAT? WHY
WHAT?

WHY DO YOU
FIGHT? WHY WOULD YOU
AND YOUR... KIND... GET
INVOLVED IN THIS
HUMAN WAR?

THE BLOOD CALLS US.
LIKE BEES TO NECTAR. I
CAN'T DENY THAT IS A
STRONG MOTIVE.

BUT MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT... WE
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SHUNNED, **OUTSIDERS**.
NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY,
YOU NEED US.



YOUR REICH WILL NOT WIN THE WAR IN THE EAST WITHOUT US. YOUR COMMANDERS KNOW THIS. THEY HAVE MADE US THEIR SECRET WEAPON.

THE VAMPYR HAS BECOME LEGITIMISED.

IT WAS TRUE. WITH CONSTANTA'S TROOP AT OUR FLANK, WE FEARED NOTHING. THE REDS FELL BACK BEFORE OUR FURY.

I PUT FROM MY MIND THE TERROR OF WHAT THE RUMANIANS WERE AND PRAISED TO GOD THAT THEY FOUGHT WITH US.

NYET! NYET!
AARGHH!

VICTORY WOULD BE OURS. WE MIGHT HAVE SIDED WITH THE DEVIL TO GET IT, BUT IT WOULD BE OURS.

THEY WERE OUR VERGULTUNGSWAFFE. THE RUSSIANS HAD NOTHING TO MATCH THEM —

UNTIL LITUZNYA.

WHAT THE HELL? IS THAT ONE OF IVAN'S?

LOOKS LIKE A WOMAN —



SILVER BULLETS -

SSSSSSS!

WHOMP!

A A I E E
E E E E E
E E E E E
E

SHE'S KILLED
CONSTANTA! HOW
COULD SHE KILL
CONSTANTA?

SON OF GOD!
FLEE! FLEE FOR
YOUR LIVES!



BRAKKA
BRAKKA

KARL!

AAGHHK!



NOOO!



PLEASE! BEGONE!
BEGONE!

WHAT HAD WE DONE? WHAT INSANE ARMS RACE HAD WE INSTIGATED BY ALLOWING CONSTANTA AND HIS DEVILS TO FIGHT FOR US?

RATHER THAN THE VICTORY OF A THOUSAND-YEAR REICH, I SAW THE NIGHTMARE OF A THOUSAND-YEAR WAR. FOR EVERY FIEND, A GREATER FIEND, AND SO ON AND ON TO DOOMSDAY.



WE HAD LET LOOSE **HELL.**

AND NO CROSS, NOT EVEN A CROSS OF IRON, COULD EVER TURN IT BACK.

GALLERY

GET SOME FIEND-POWER INTO YOUR LIFE WITH...

Malaysia 61.00
New Zealand 35c
Australia 35c
South Africa 35c
Mercury 17g
Venus 10g
Mars 15g
Asteroid Belt 23g
Saturn 84g
Neptune 67g
Pluto 59g

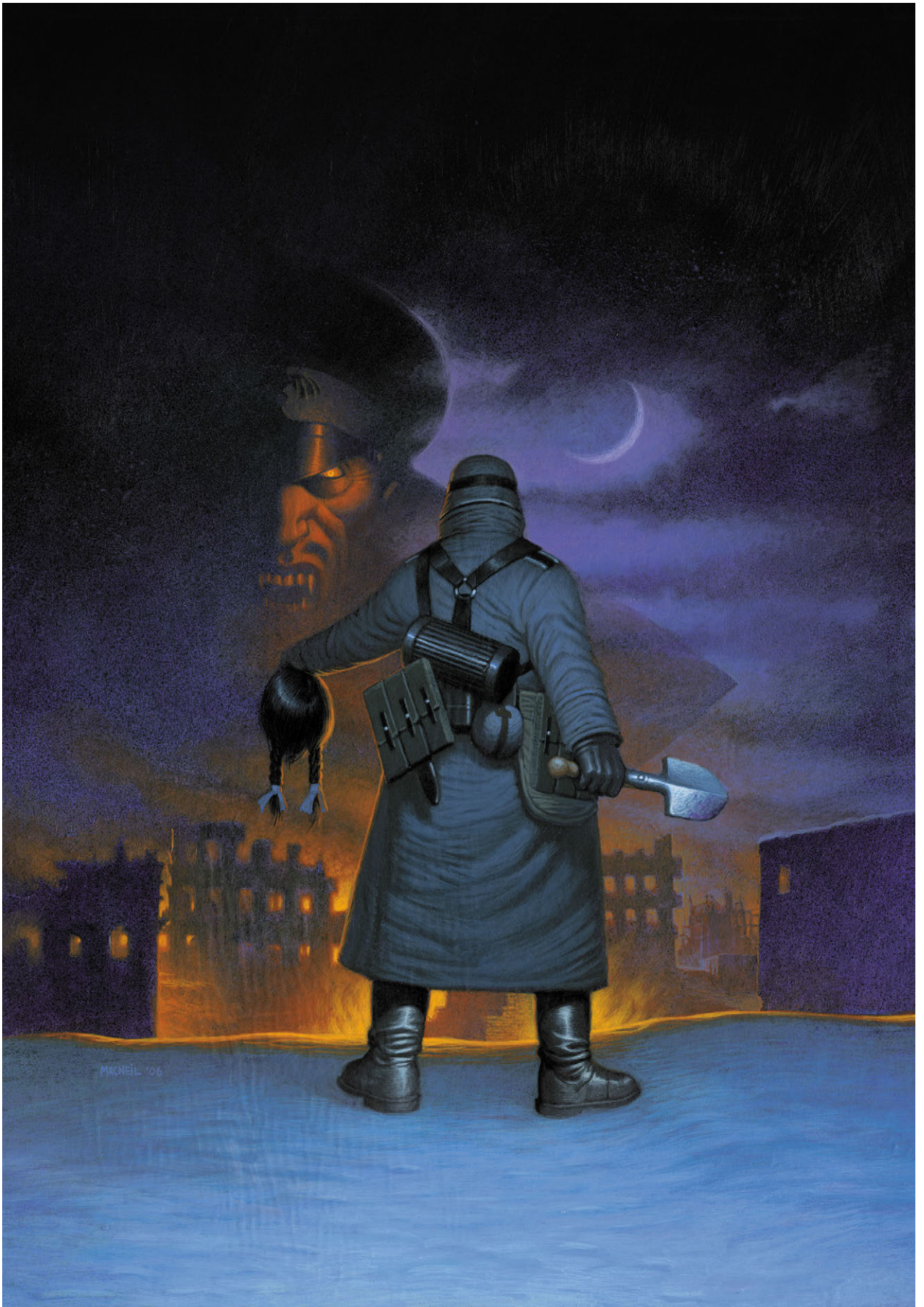
12p
EARTH
MONEY

PROG 158
29 MAR 80

IN ORBIT EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD AND TORNADO

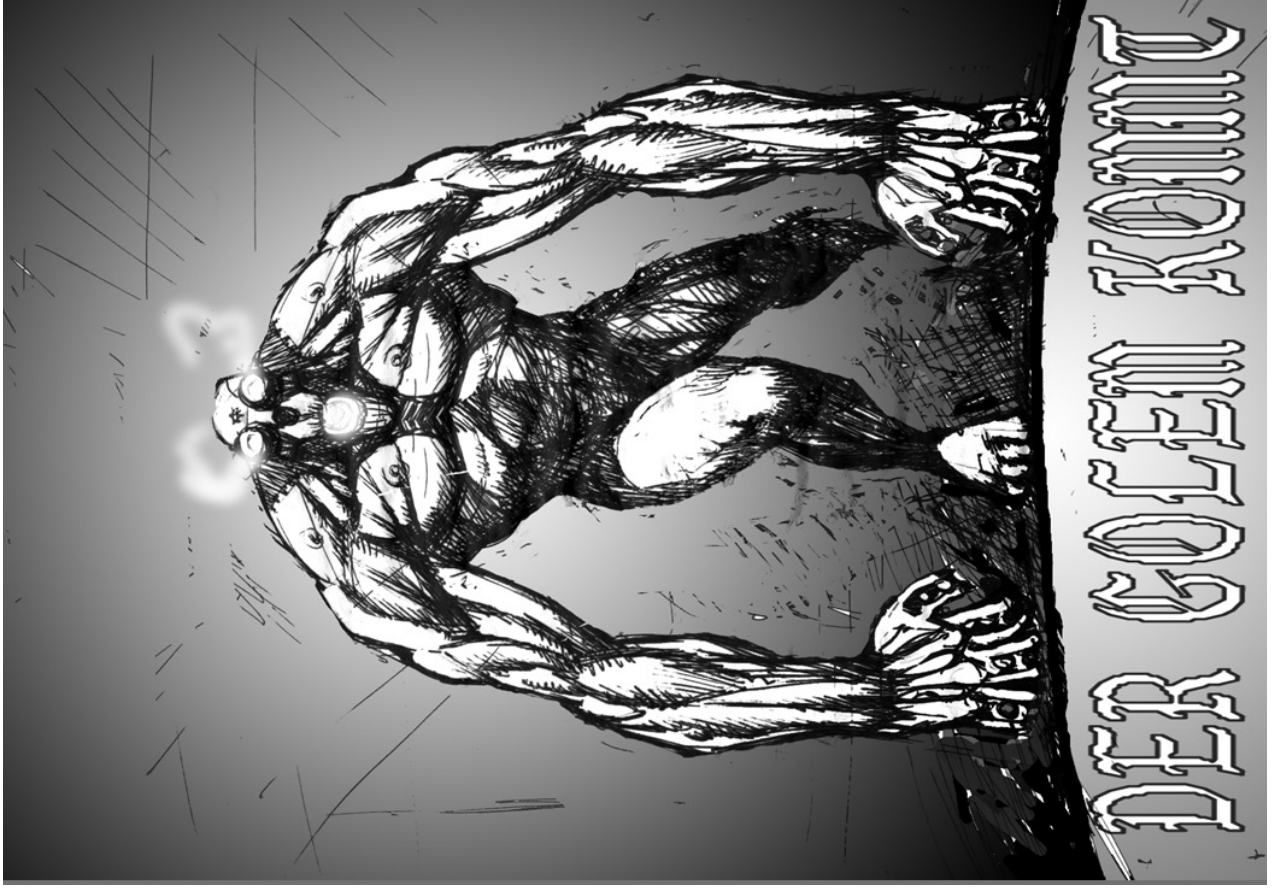




Judge Dredd Magazine issue 247: Cover by **Colin MacNeil**



Judge Dredd Magazine issue 251: Cover by **Colin MacNeil**





Cover by Carlos Ezquerro

WRITERS

One of the most prolific writers in the comic's history, **Gerry Finley-Day** holds a special place in many *2000 AD* fans' hearts as the creator of classics like *Rogue Trooper*, *Fiends of the Eastern Front* and *The V.C.s*. A keen "ideas man", Finley-Day's concepts of the horrors future warfare had in store were key to both *Rogue* and *The V.C.s*' continuing popularity, ensuring that their recent return to the Galaxy's Greatest Comic was well-received. Finley-Day also scripted episodes of *Judge Dredd* and *Dan Dare*, and co-scripted much of *Invasion!*

David Bishop spent the 1990s editing the *Judge Dredd Magazine* and, latterly, *2000 AD*. Since going freelance in the summer of 2000, he has written the *Fiends of the Eastern Front: Stalingrad* serial for the *Megazine* and an acclaimed history of *2000 AD*'s first 30 years called *Thrill-Power Overload*. Now a screenwriter for the TV drama series *Doctors*, he also writes radio plays for the BBC, audio dramas for Big Finish Productions, and computer games for various developers. His short film scripts have won several awards, he's had 20 novels published and written 40 issues of the *Phantom* comic. In his copious spare time he lectures on creative writing at Edinburgh Napier University, including a postgraduate module on writing for graphic novels. You can read his blog at www.viciousimagery.blogspot.com

Dan Abnett is the co-creator of *2000 AD* series *Atavar*, *Badlands*, *Sancho Panzer* and *Sinister Dexter*. He has also written *Black Light*, *Downlode Tales*, *Durham Red*, *Flesh*, *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Roadkill*, *Rogue Trooper*, *The VCs*, *Vector 13* and *Venus Bluegenes*, as well as *The Scarlet Apocrypha* and *Wardog* for the *Megazine*. A prolific creator, Abnett has also written for Marvel, Dark Horse and DC Comics. He is the author of twenty novels for the Black Library, including the bestselling *Gaunt's Ghosts* series. His most recent work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is DC's *Legion* and *Superman*, and Wildstorm's *Mr Majestic*. Dan Abnett was voted Best Writer Now at the 2003 National Comic Awards.

ARTISTS

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd* **Carlos Ezquerro** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Al's Baby* and *Cursed Earth Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Ezquerro first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, *Bloody Mary*, *Just a Pilgrim*, *Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper: Song of the Surfer* and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog: The Final Solution*. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award-winning *America* for the *Judge Dredd Magazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura*, *Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front: Stalingrad*, and, outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!



WAR SUCKS!

WEST BERLIN, 1980. A GROUP OF WORKMEN UNCOVER A SHOCKING SECRET FROM THE PAST. Buried deep underground are the remains of Wehrmacht soldier, Hans Schmitt, and his diary, which journals his eerie encounter with the Romanian Captain Constanta and his platoon of blood-sucking freaks!

Back in 1943, with the Russians willing to fight until their last man in order to defend Stalingrad, Panzergrenadier Richter discovers Constanta's secret and learns than sometimes your allies can be just as dangerous as the enemy!

This fiendishly-fun collection features the breathtaking art of Carlos Ezquerra (*Judge Dredd*) and Colin MacNeil (*America, Chopper: Song of the Surfer*), with stories from Gerry-Finley Day (*Rogue Trooper*) and David Bishop (*Thrill-Power Overload*).



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