

# 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

Originally printed in

Vampirella Strikes #6

WRITER Mark Millar

PENCILER Louis Small, Jr.

INKER Caesar

LETTERER Hugh Monhan

COLORIST Olyoptics

## INTERVIEWS

Reprinted from Vampirella Monthly Series Preview Edition

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...













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!"



THE RAIN!

HE'S CHANGED THE RAIN INTO HOLY WATER!

YOU CHEATING BITCH...



NOT CHEATING, GENERAL.

JUST TACTICS.

~hnnnn~





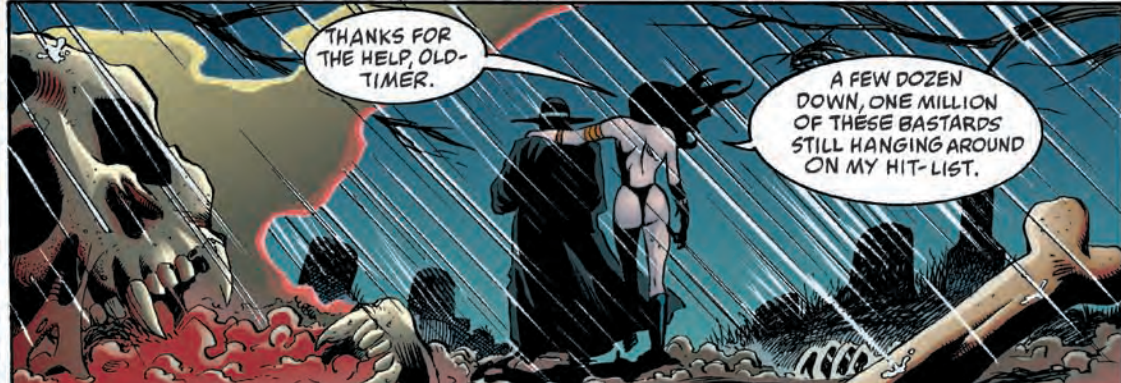
BRILLIANT,  
MY DEAR.  
QUITE  
BRILLIANT.

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  
CINEMATOGRAPHER

REUBEN RUDE  
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."



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.

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

"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...

"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."

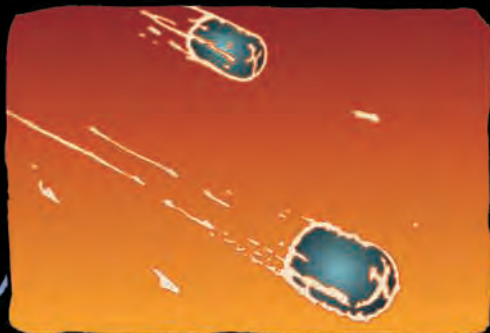
"NOT BULLETS..."



"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."



"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.

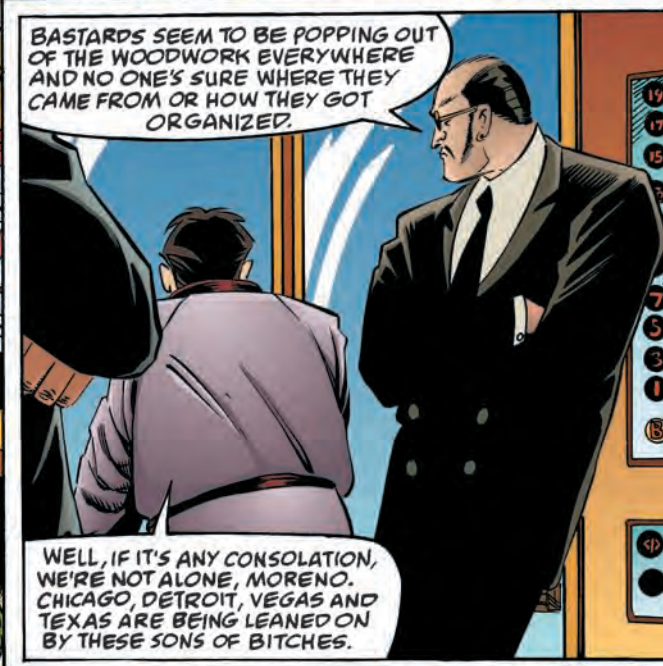
I TOLD YOU, PIXIE.

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.

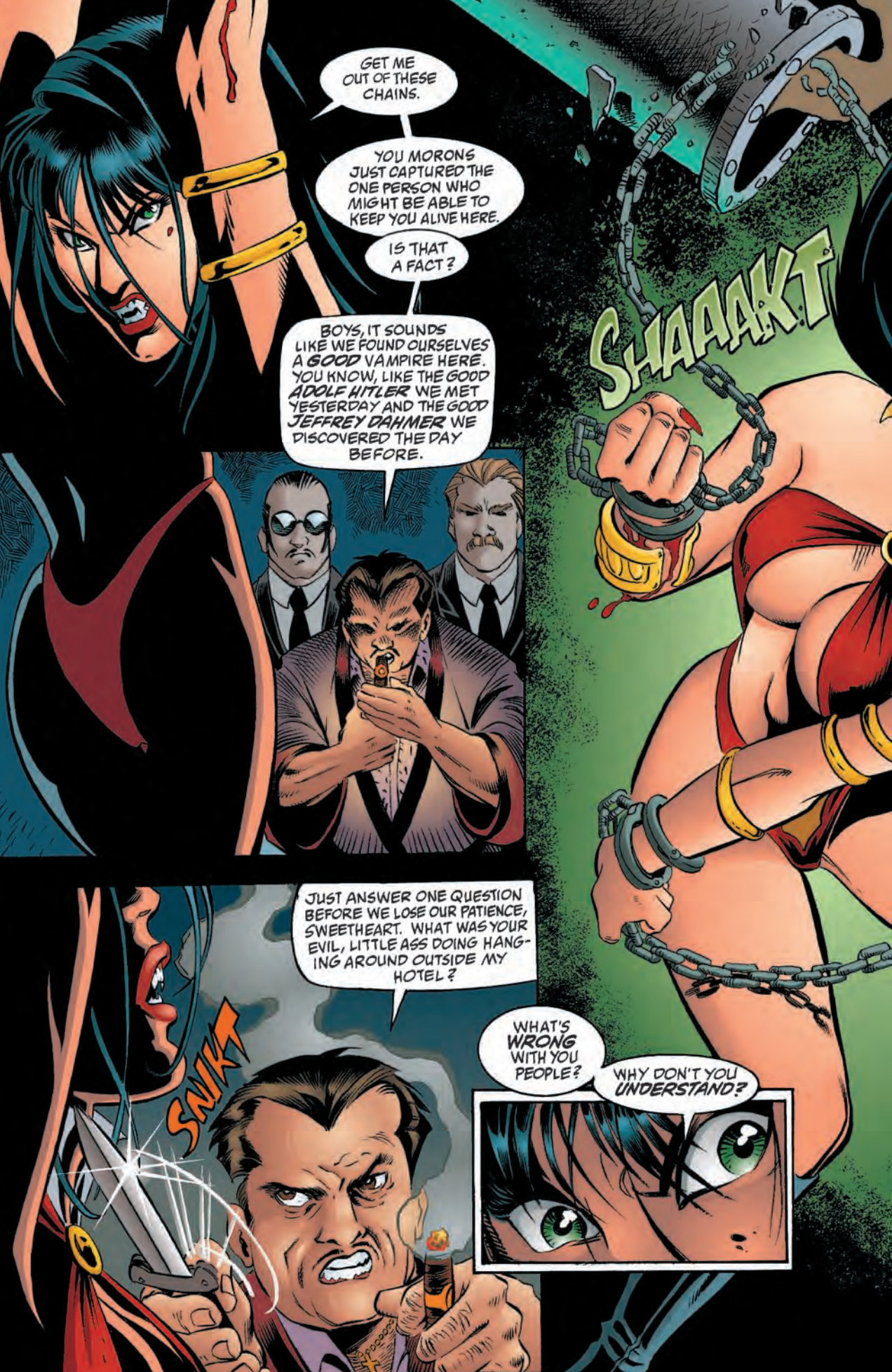
MAYBE OUR FRIEND HERE CAN SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON WHAT THEY'RE UP TO, HUH?



YOU HEARD THE MAN, BITCH.

START TALKING.





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 DÄMMER WE  
DISCOVERED THE DAY  
BEFORE.

SHAAAKT!

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

WHAT'S  
WRONG  
WITH YOU  
PEOPLE?

WHY DON'T YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

SNIKT!





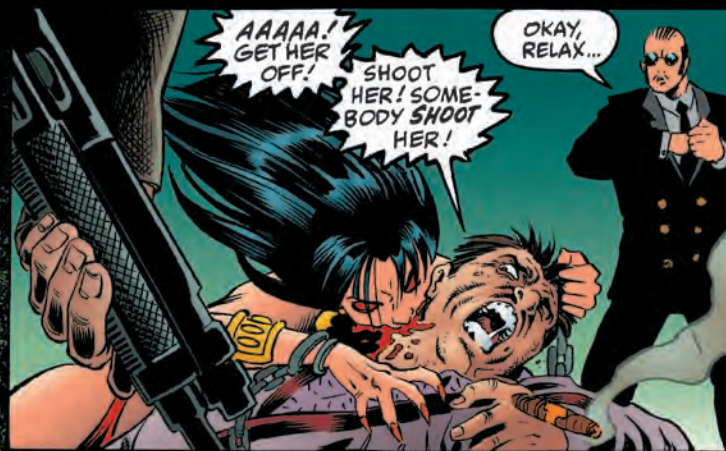


**I ONLY CAME  
HERE TO  
HELP!**



SOMETIMES I DON'T  
KNOW WHY I BOTHER!

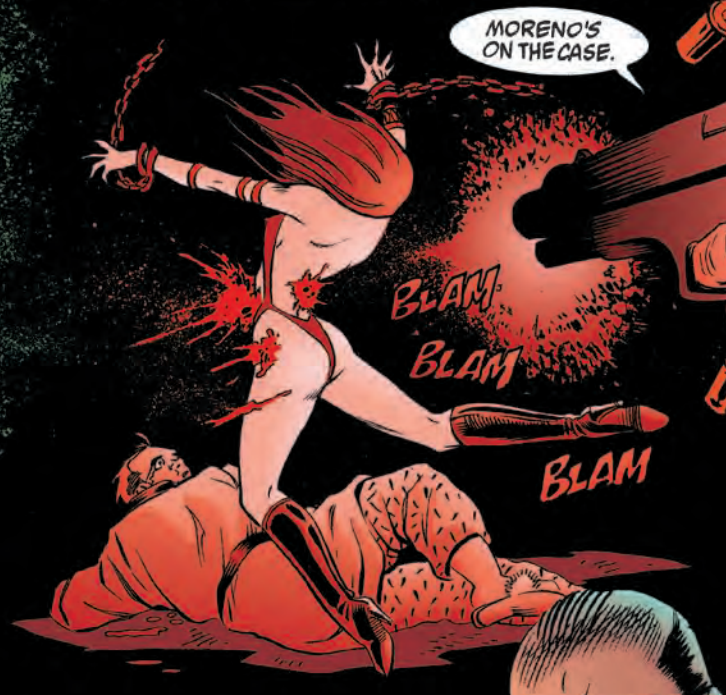
**CHUKKT**



AAAAA!  
GET HER  
OFF!

SHOOT  
HER! SOME-  
BODY SHOOT  
HER!

OKAY,  
RELAX...



MORENO'S  
ON THE CASE.

**BLAM**

**BLAM**

**BLAM**

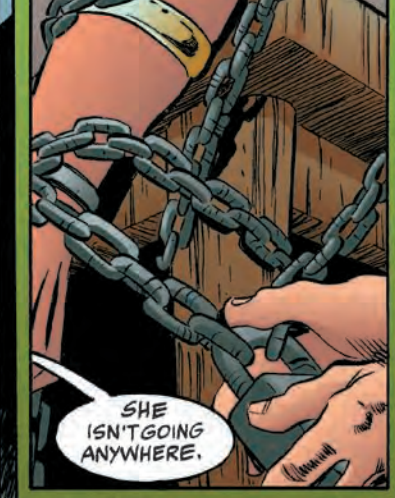
JESUS CHRIST!  
N-NICE WORK,  
MORENO.  
NOW GET THIS PLACE  
CLEANED UP AND GETRID  
OF THIS THING BEFORE  
IT REGAINS CONSCIOUS-  
NESS AGAIN.

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

NO PROBLEM,  
DON FATTONI.









**SATYR AND  
CIRCE, NO!**

**SOMEBODY  
GET ME OUT OF  
THESE CHAINS!**

HOLD  
HER  
STEADY...

...I'M SCREAMING ABOUT THEM!

**THE BUILDING'S  
UNDER ATTACK!**

I'M NOT  
SCREAMING  
ABOUT YOU,  
GREASEBALL..

IT DOESN'T MATTER  
HOW TOUGH THEY PRETEND  
TO BE, THEY ALWAYS LOSE  
THEIR NERVE THE MINUTE  
THEY HEAR THE CHAINSAW  
REVVING UP.

**THEY'RE  
HERE!**

-- JESUS!

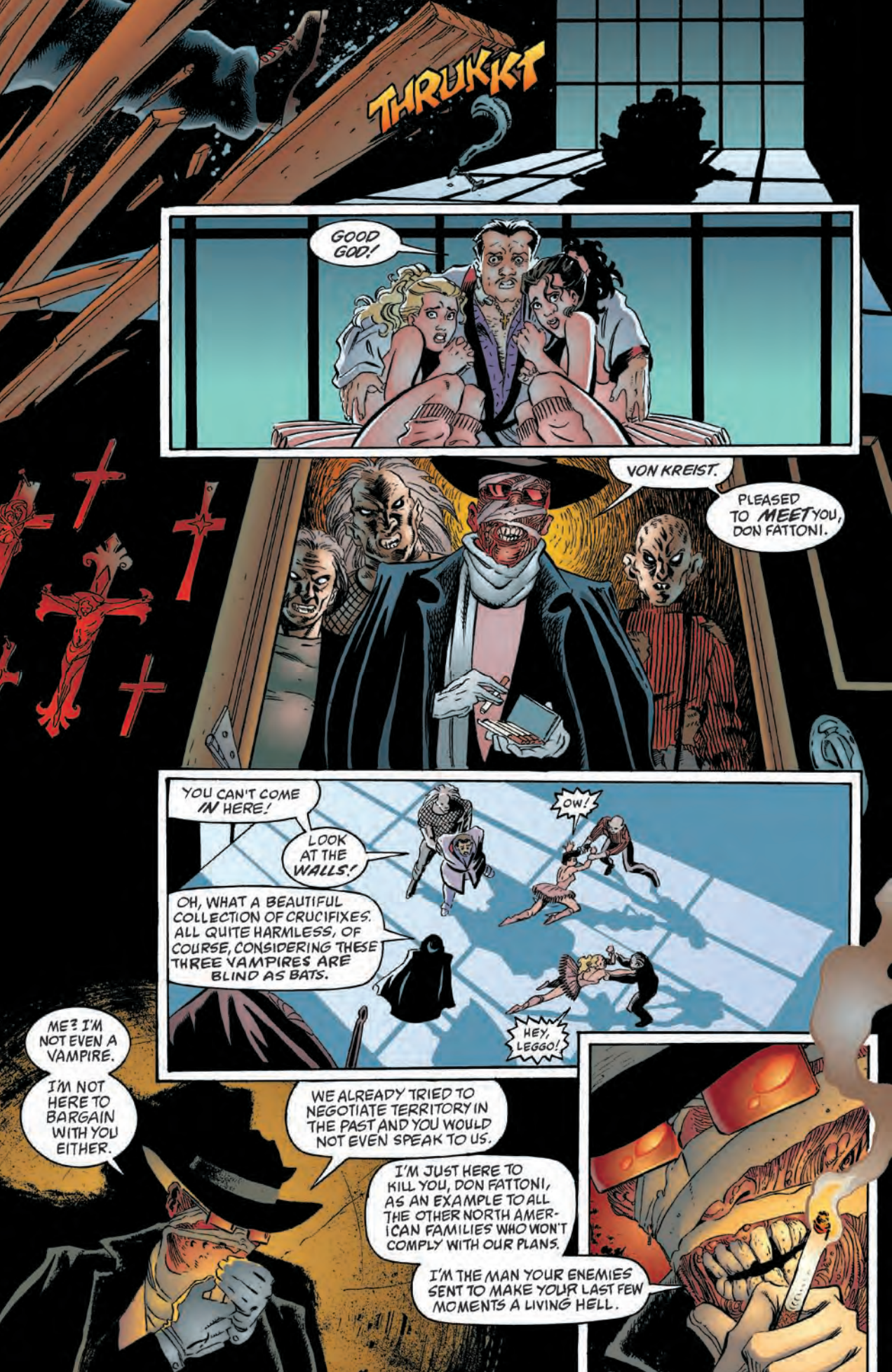












THRUUKKT

GOOD  
GOD!

VON KREIST.

PLEASED  
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.

OW!

HEY,  
LEGGO!

ME? I'M  
NOT EVEN A  
VAMPIRE.

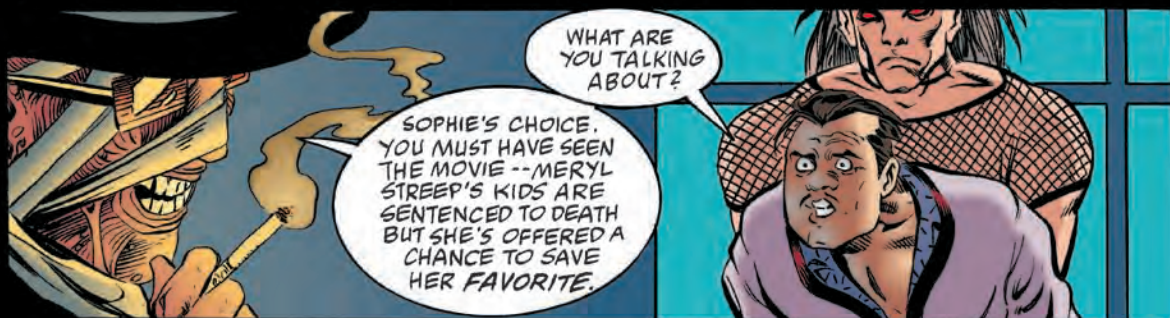
I'M NOT  
HERE TO  
BARGAIN  
WITH YOU  
EITHER.

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 AMER-  
ICAN FAMILIES WHO WON'T  
COMPLY WITH OUR PLANS.

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









BLAM!

NO!

YOU SHOT  
THE WRONG  
ONE!

I  
KNOW.

THIS WAY THE PARENT LOSES  
HIS FAVORITE CHILD WHILE THE  
SURVIVOR LIVES WITH THE KNOW-  
LEDGE 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.

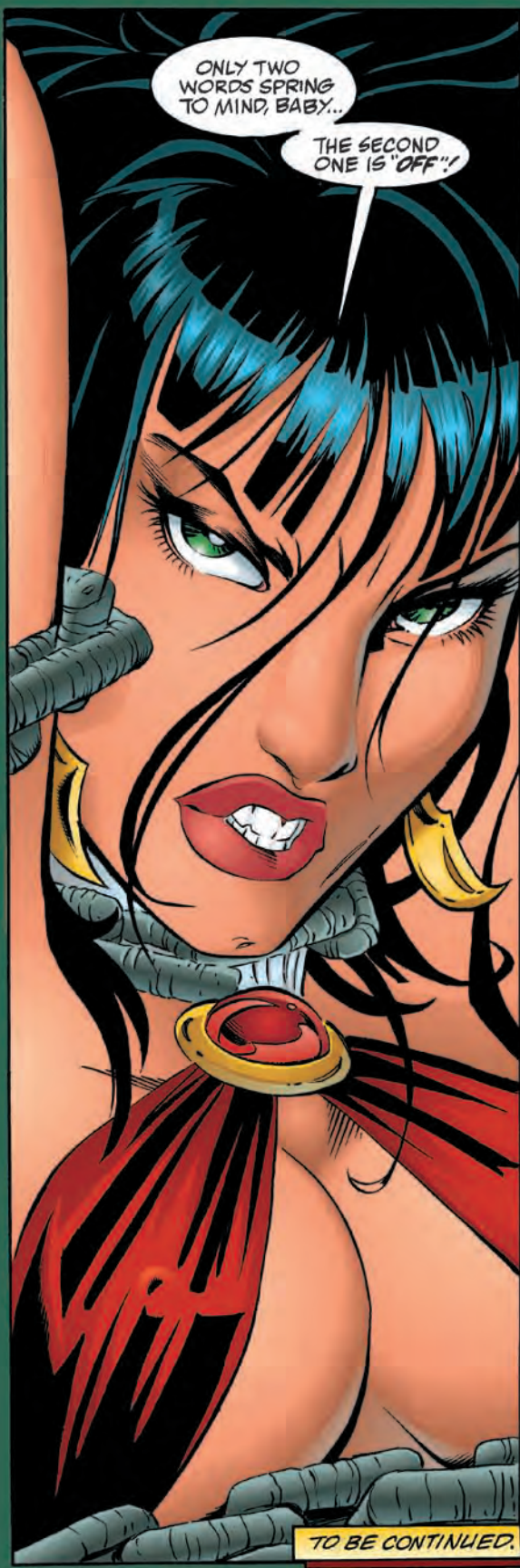
THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
ARE NOW,  
HONEY.

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!

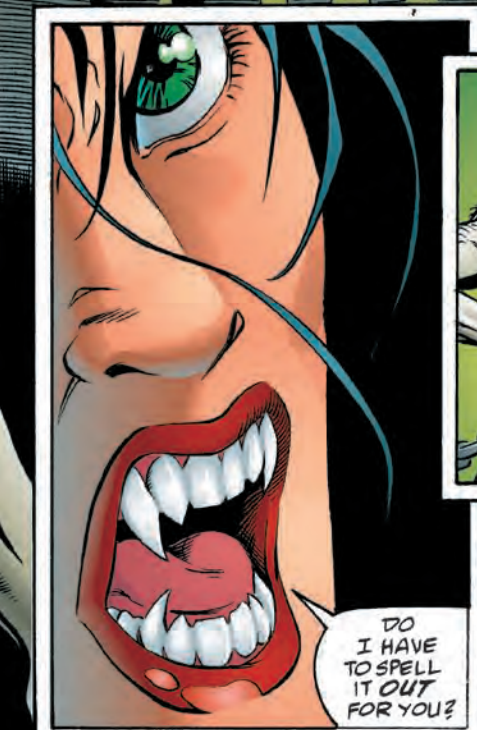
RECKON YOU DON'T GET THE PICTURE HERE.

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?



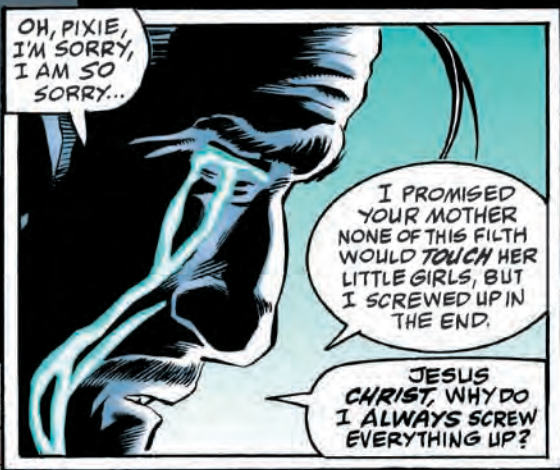
HELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WERE ONE OF US WHEN WE FIRST CAME IN?

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!

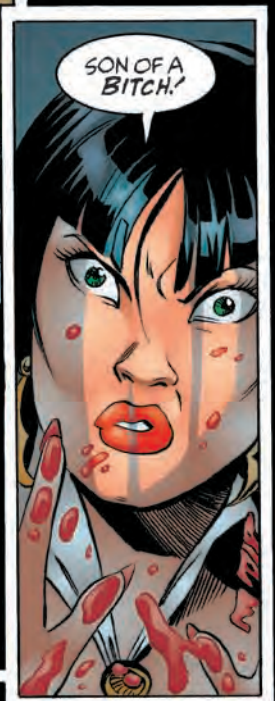
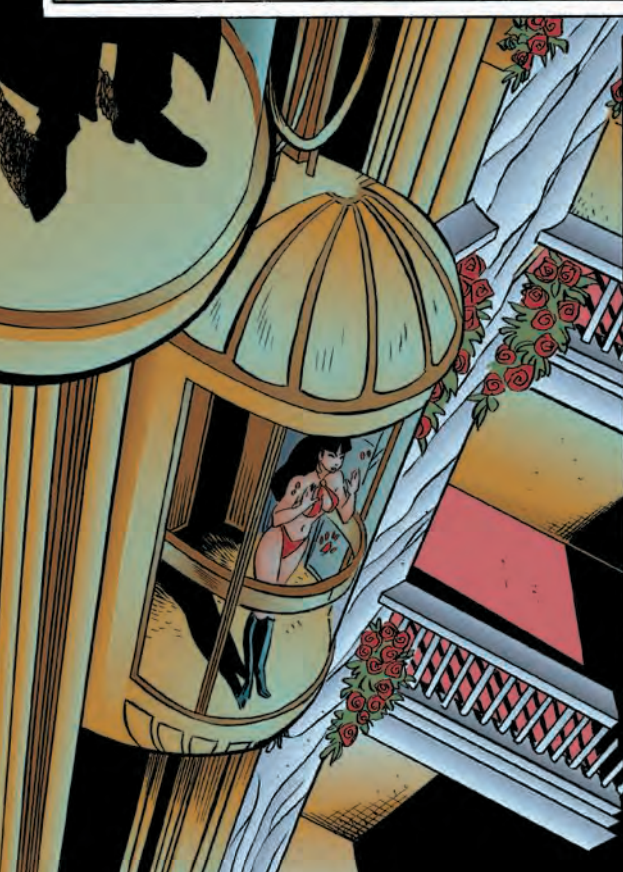
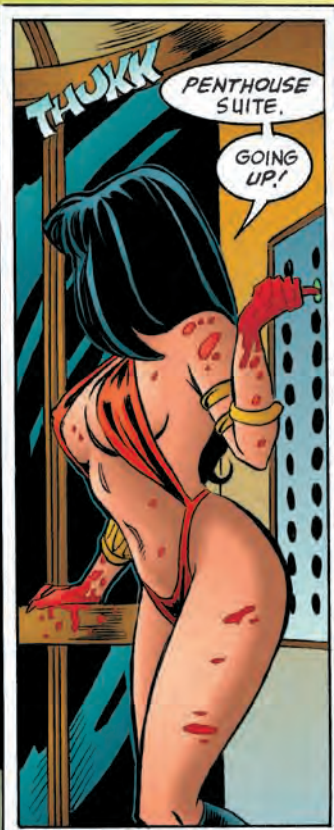


















ONE MONTH LATER:



**SHHHCHUKT**







A MINUTE.



CHUNK

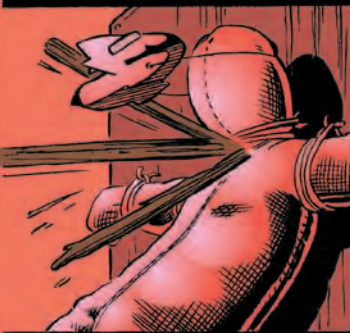


JUST WONDERED WHERE YOU WERE. I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU DOWN HERE TRAINING THIS LATE.

YOU'RE GETTING GOOD WITH THE BOW AND STAKES.



IT HAS BEEN A MONTH.



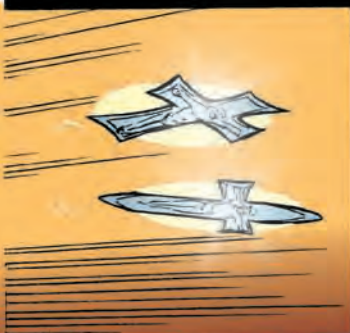
LISTEN, I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FATHER, BUT SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD SCHOOLGIRLS **SHOULD NOT** BE HUNTING VAMPIRES.

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 ALIVE 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.

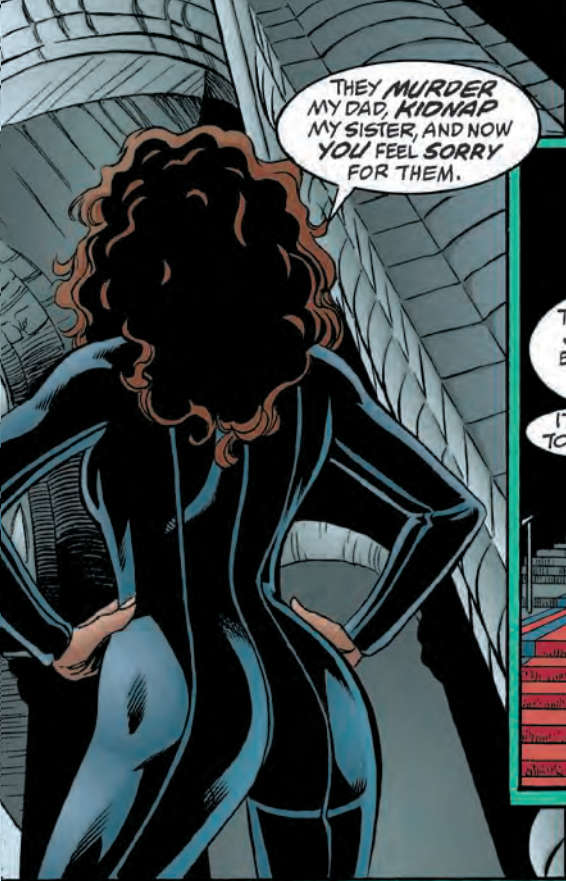
THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING HERE IN NEW YORK. THIS ISN'T A GANG WE'RE UP AGAINST, DIXIE.

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

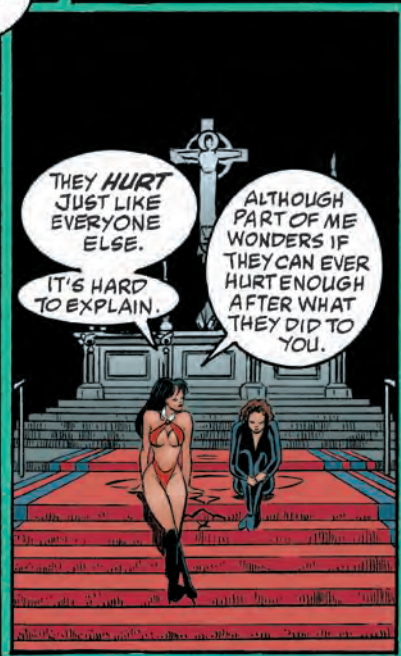
THESE GUYS ARE GLOBAL.







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.





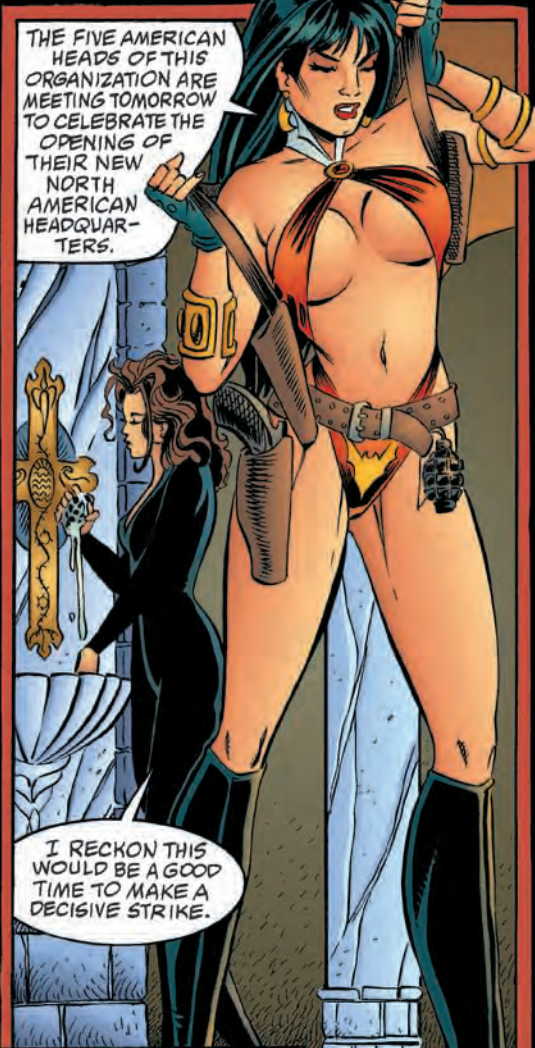
THEY'RE PLANNING TO TAKE OVER ORGANIZED CRIME WORLDWIDE. YOUR FATHER'S MAFIA OPERATION WAS THEIR FIRST SUCCESS AND IT WON'T BE THEIR LAST.

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 NEW! 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



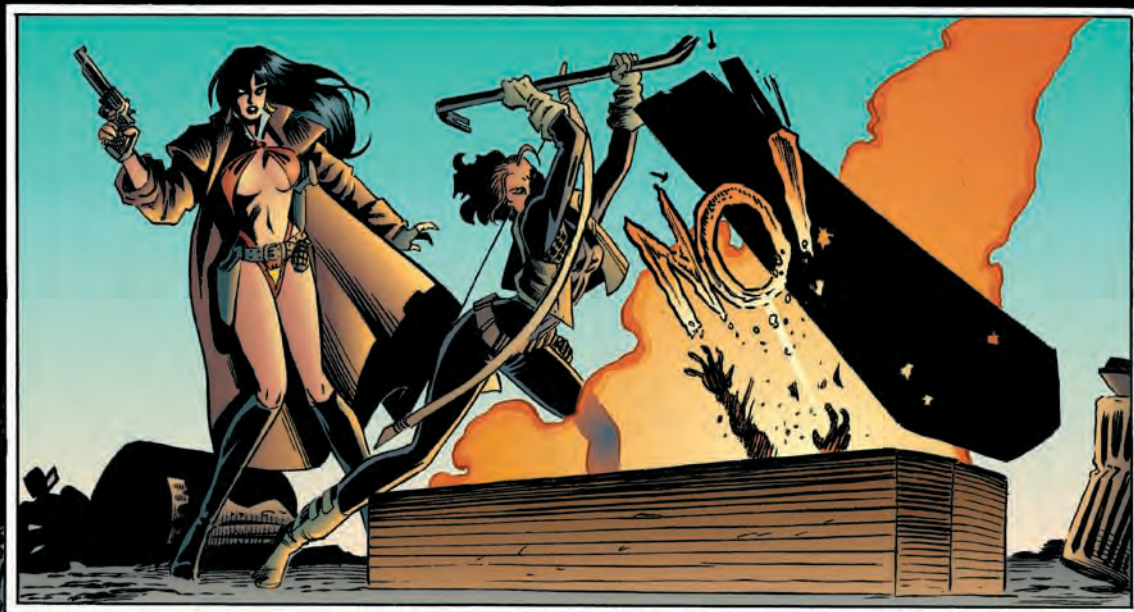
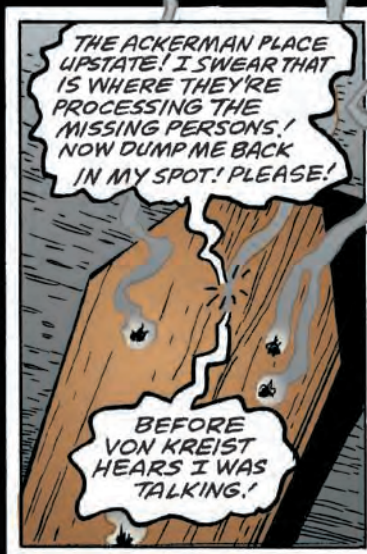
AAAAAAAH!!

FORCHRISTSAKE DONTLETIN THE LIGHT!











ACKERMAN  
MANOR:



THE AUTHORITIES ARE  
IN OUR POCKETS, AND  
THE HOMELESS ARE IN  
OUR DEEP FREEZES,  
VON KREIST.

WE SHOULD HAVE  
TAKEN OVER THIS  
CITY YEARS AGO.

I'M ALMOST TEMPTED TO SAY  
LIFE'S NEVER BEEN BETTER,  
MONSIGNOR. BUT I'M AFRAID  
YOU'LL POINT OUT I'VE  
BEEN DEAD FOR 2,000  
YEARS.

IS SHE  
HERE  
YET?

SHE  
WILL BE  
SHORTLY.

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.













NO JOKE,  
JUST A HOLY  
WATER  
GRENADE.

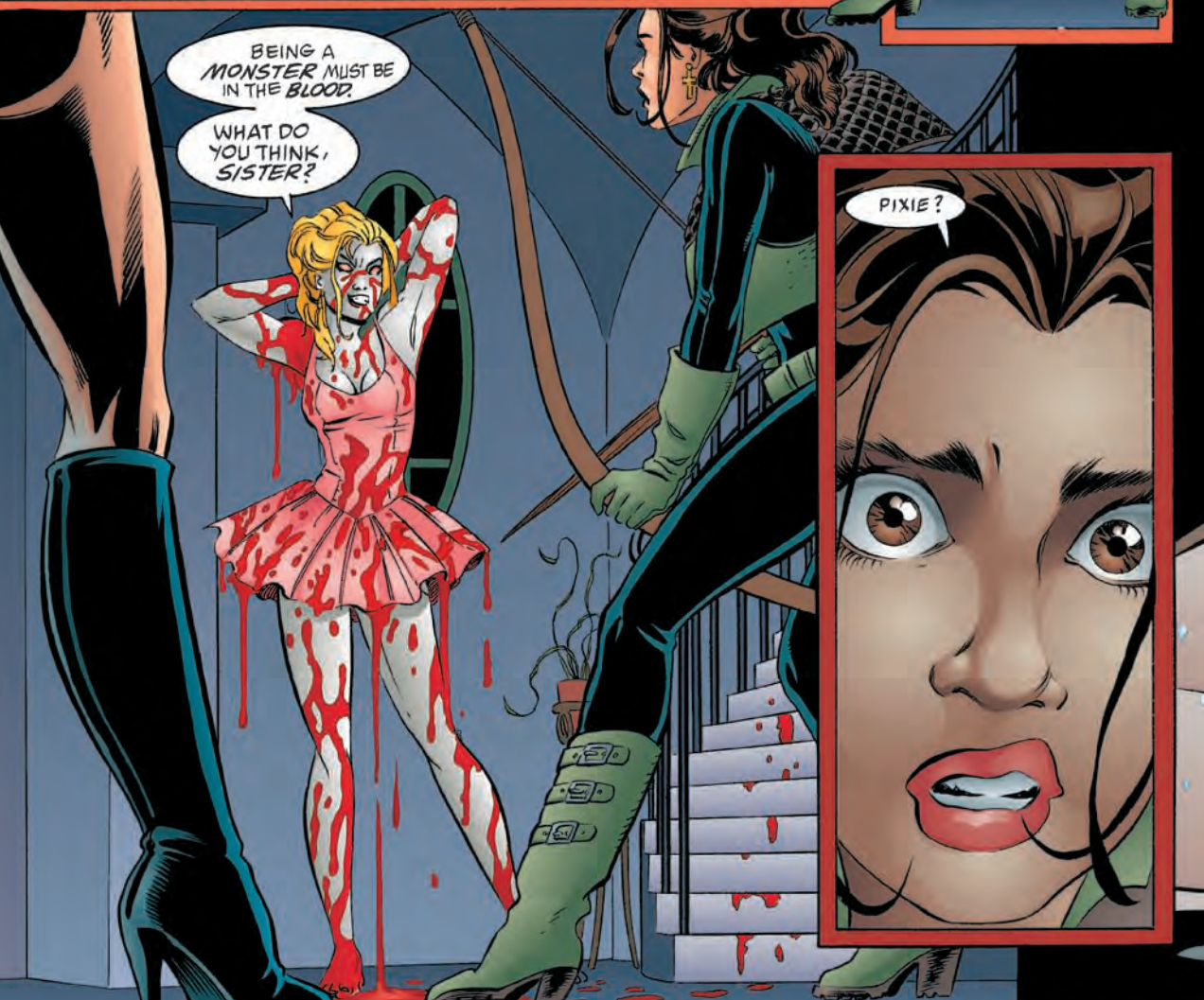
HOW ARE  
WE DOING,  
VAMPI?

HMM. I'VE SET  
THE DETONATOR WHICH  
MEANS WE'VE GOT  
SIXTY MINUTES TO  
FIND PIXIE.

THINK THAT'S  
LONG ENOUGH?

SHOULD  
BE.

WAIT--! SOMEONE'S  
COMING...  
LEAVE  
THEM  
TO ME.



BEING A  
MONSTER MUST BE  
IN THE BLOOD.

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK,  
SISTER?

PIXIE?





WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

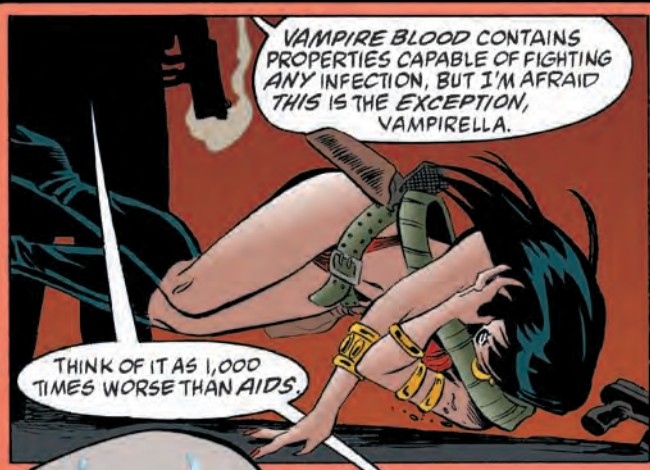
THE WHOLE THING WAS A TRAP!



OBTAININGLY.

PFFFF!

AAAAUUUU!



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.

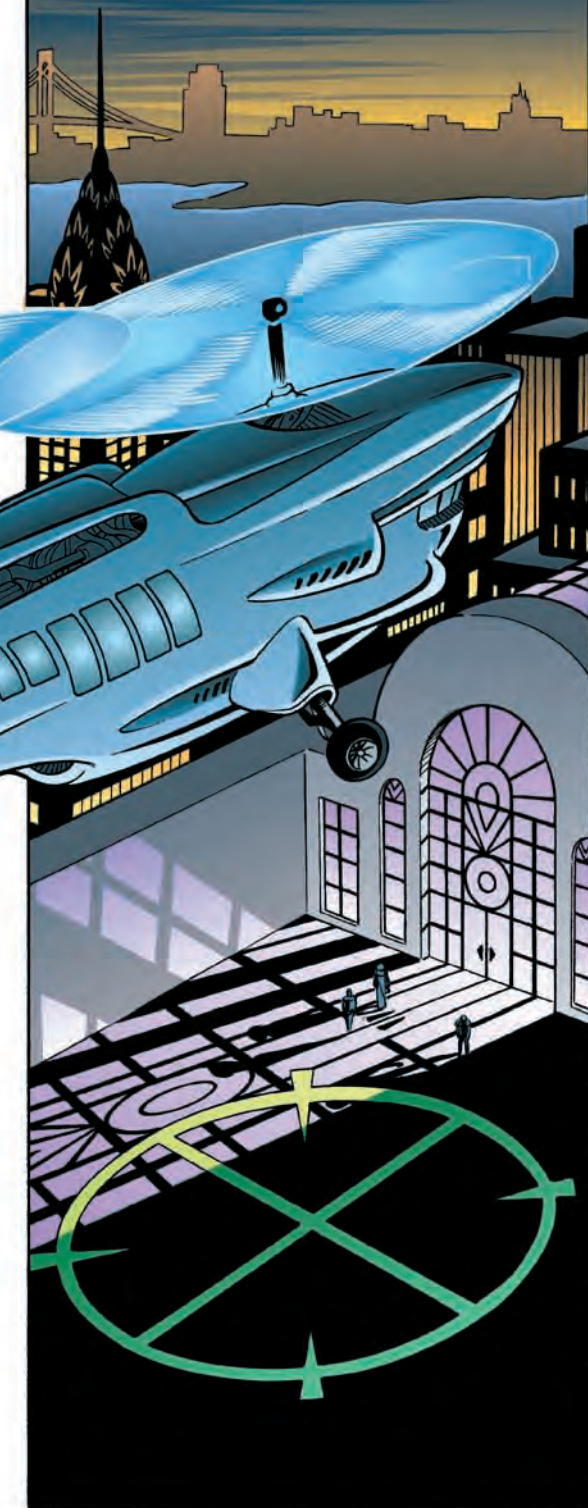
YOU'RE PIXIE'S  
NEW TOY NOW.

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

SAY IT,  
SISTER!

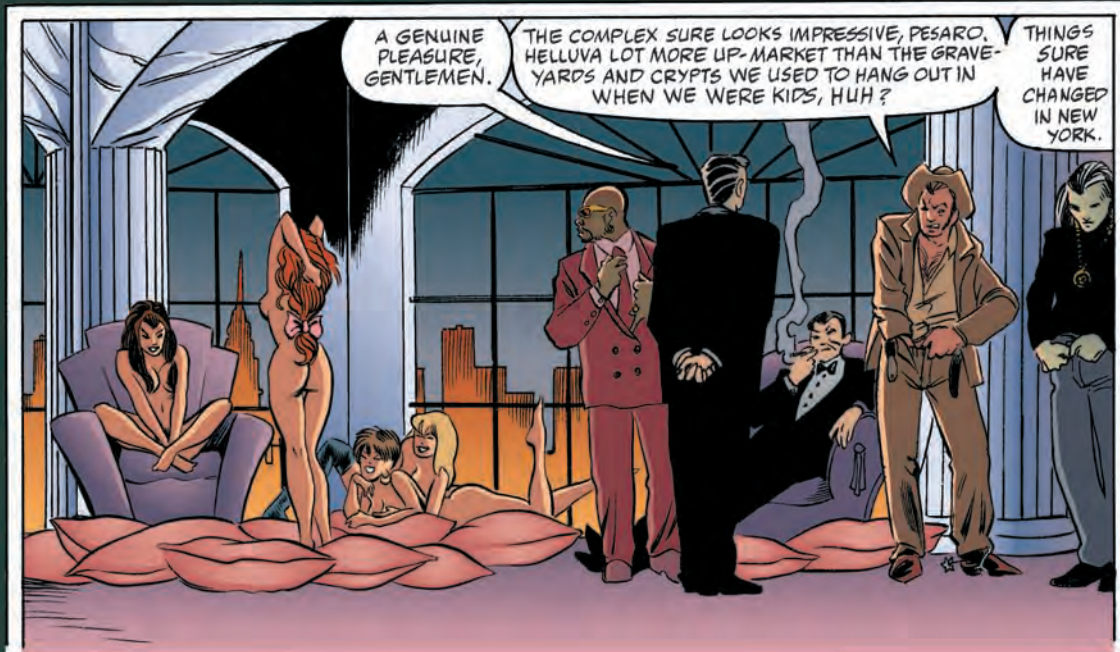
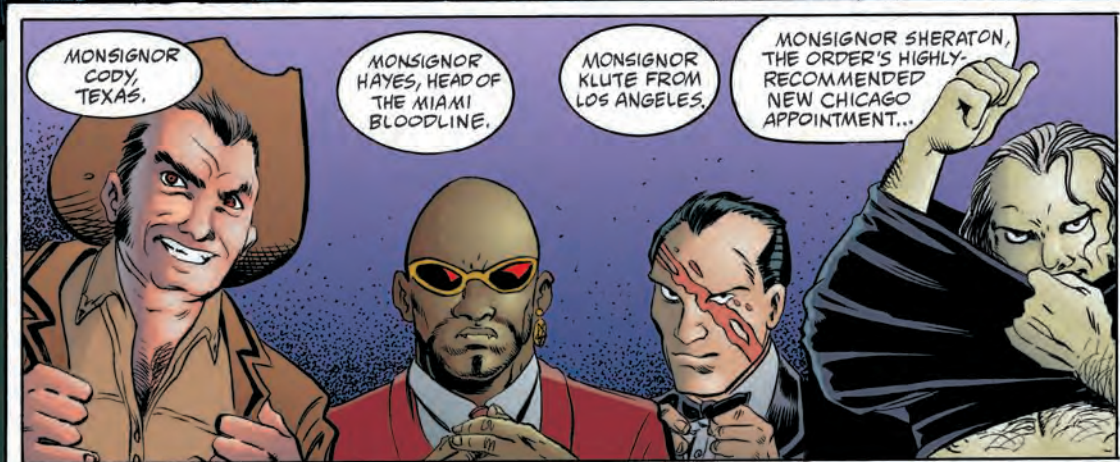
DAD WAS A GREASY  
WOP  
AND I'M GLAD I MADE  
HIM EAT THE MUZZLE OF  
VON KREIST'S AUTOMATIC.







# WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP









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.

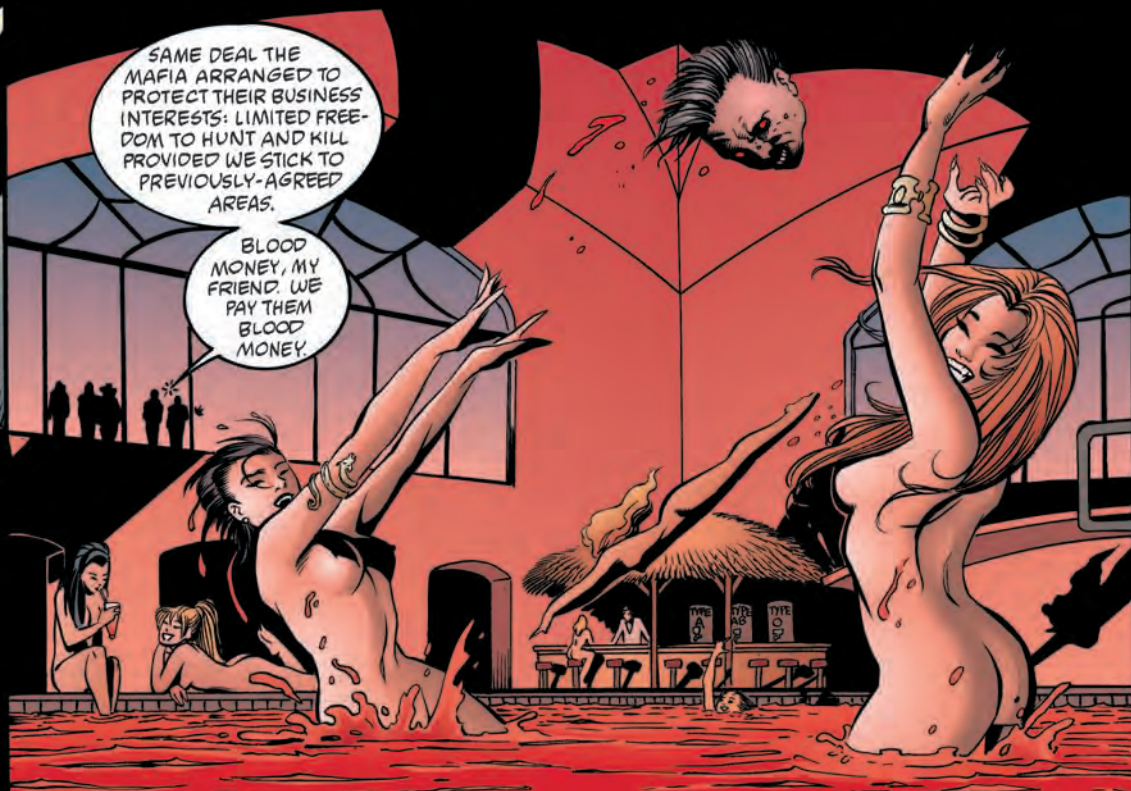
WE ALL KNOW THE BENEFITS OF A GOOD DAY'S SLEEP.

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.

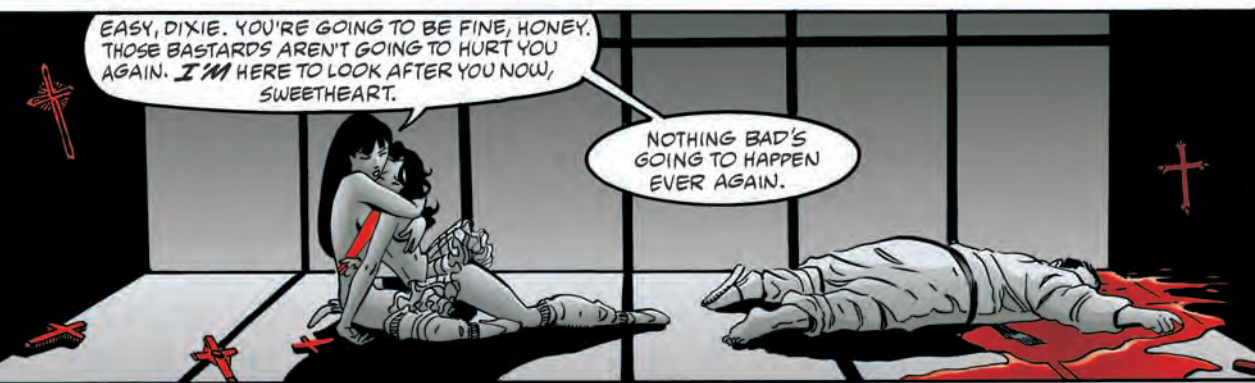
BLOOD MONEY, MY FRIEND. WE PAY THEM BLOOD MONEY.



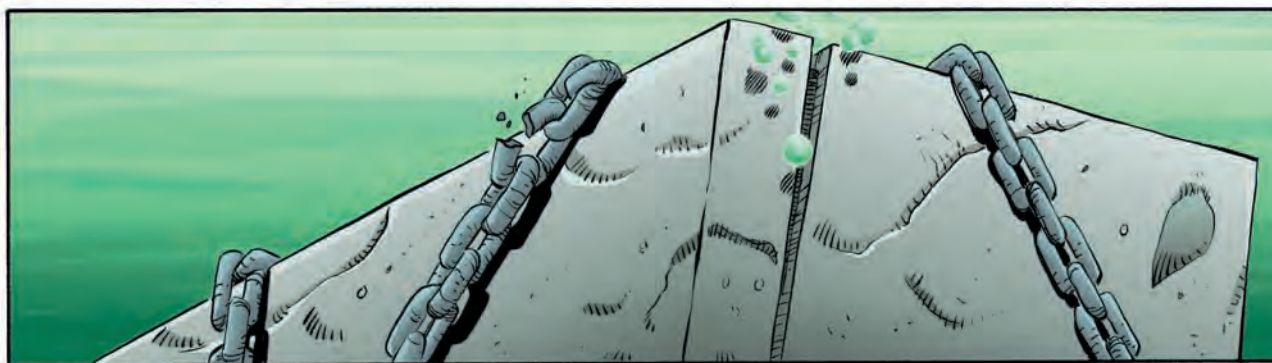
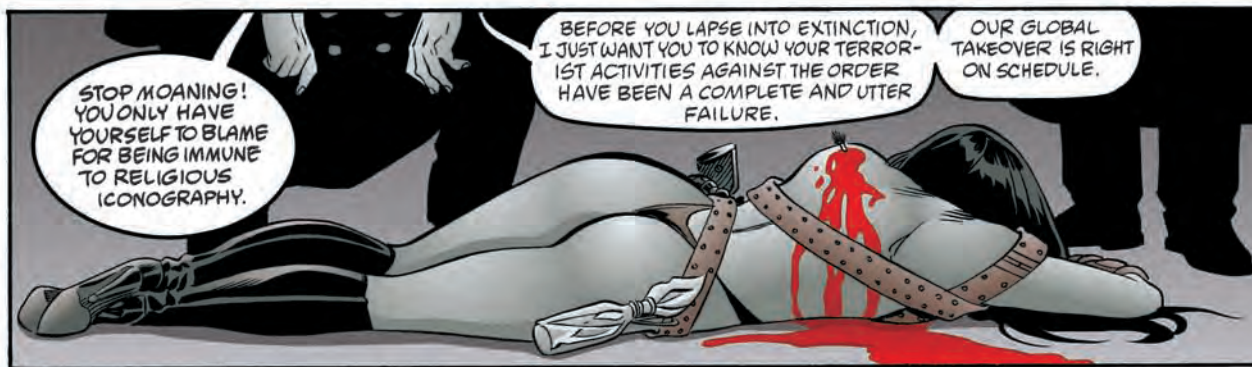




# LILITH HAS A TASK FOR HER DAUGHTER









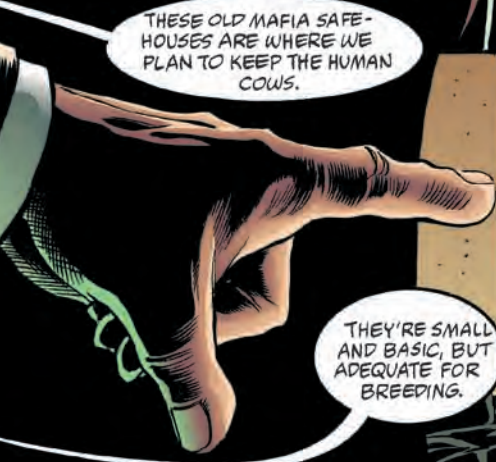


WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE SHOULD EXTEND INTO FARMING?



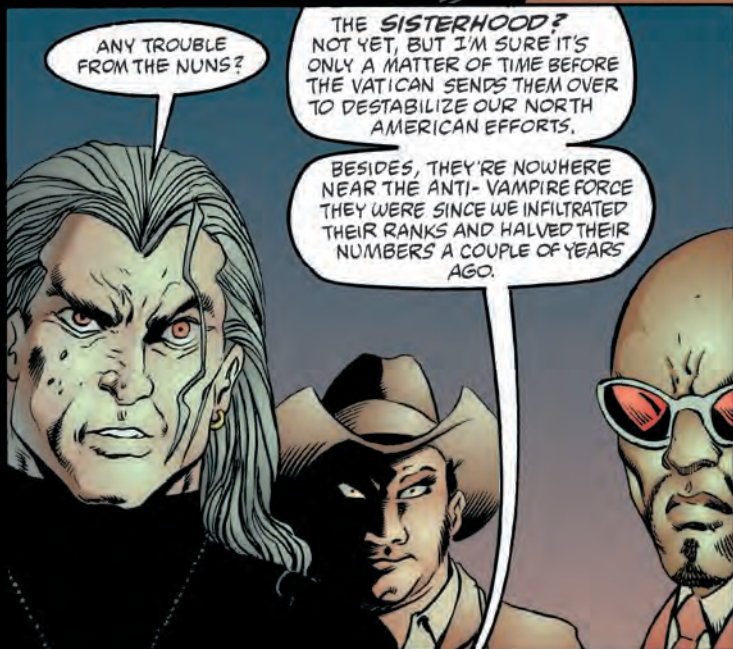
WHY NOT? HUNTING IS SO UNCIVILIZED. WE HAVE TO BECOME MORE BUSINESS-LIKE IF WE'RE GOING TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE UNITED STATES ON SCHEDULE.

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!

WHO ARE  
YOU SUPPOSED  
TO BE?

ELVIRA?



**KRAK!**

THAT'S  
**VAMPIRELLA**,  
MORON!



+

+

+

=

☠



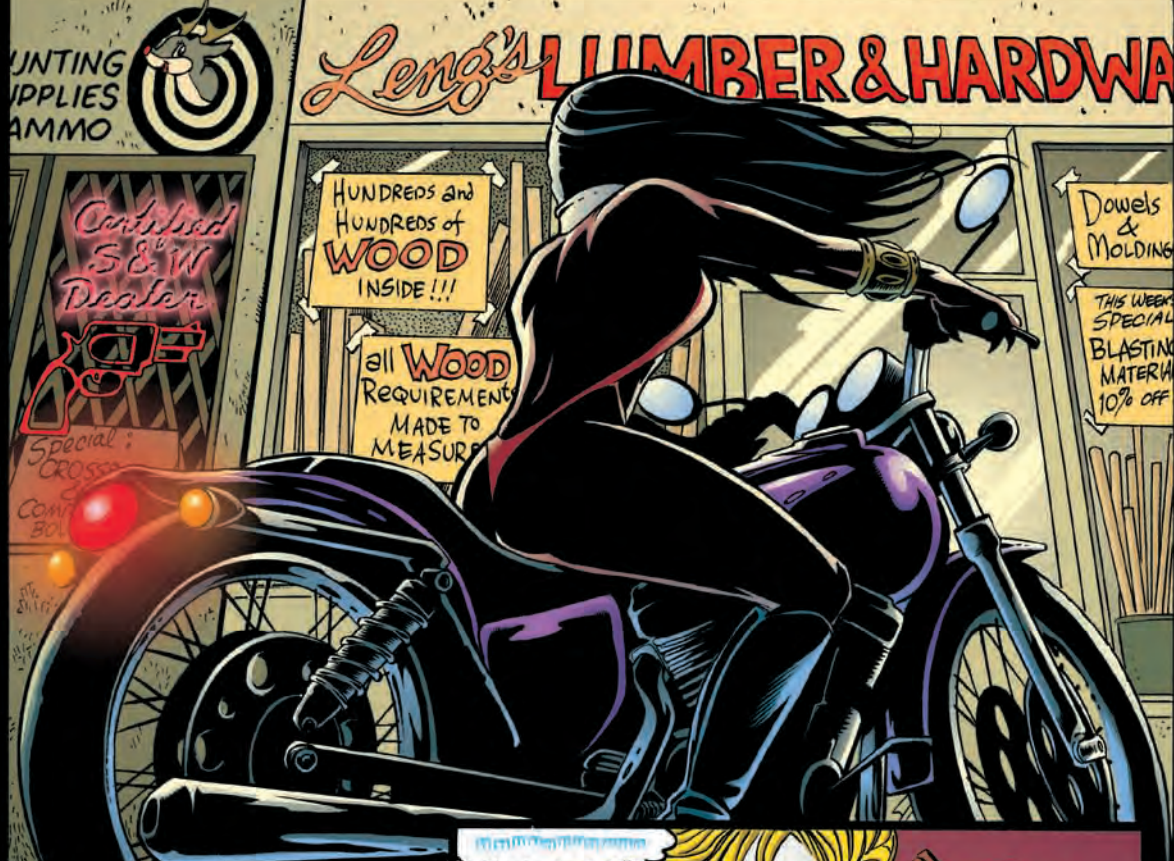
**SKREECH**



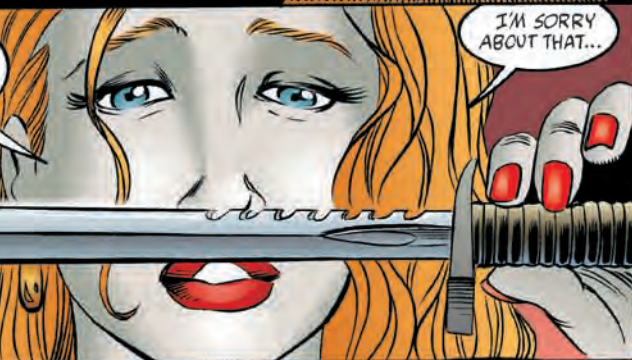
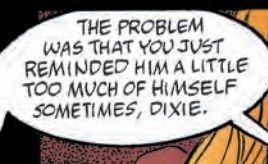
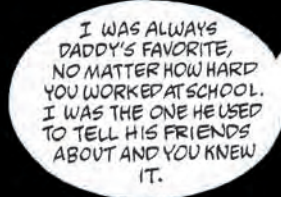
OH,  
BABY.

I'M IN  
LOVE.

















SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BOYS.

CHUKT



PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, PLEASE.

Y-YES, MAAM...



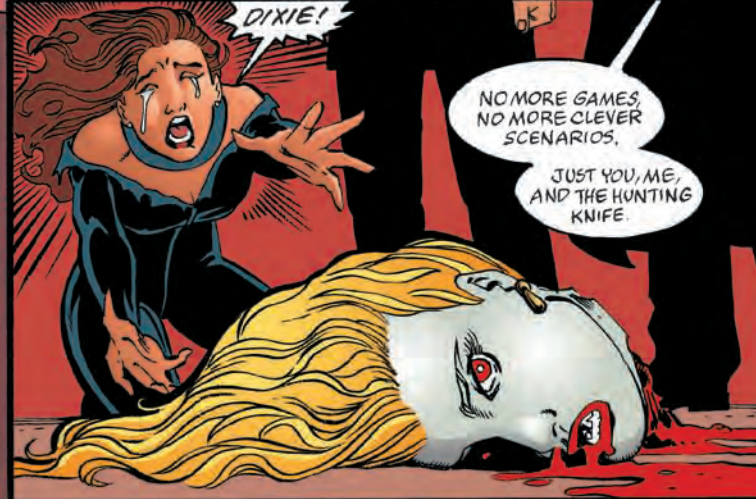
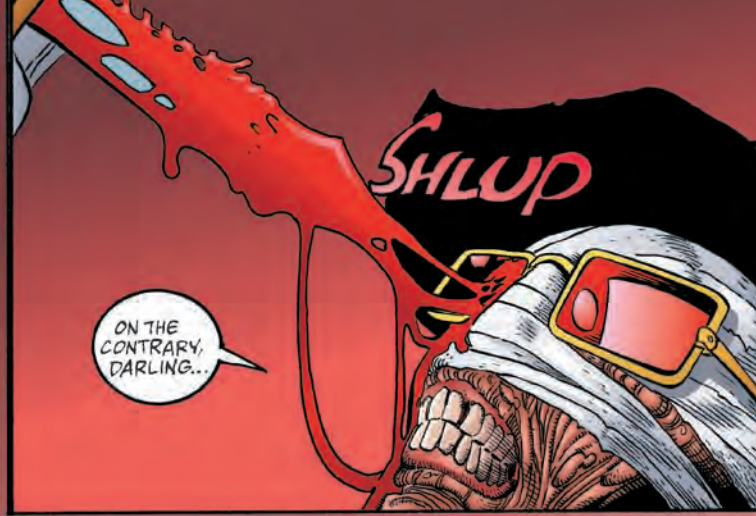
AND HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY WHEN I'M GONE, YOU BASTARDS!

ARMED

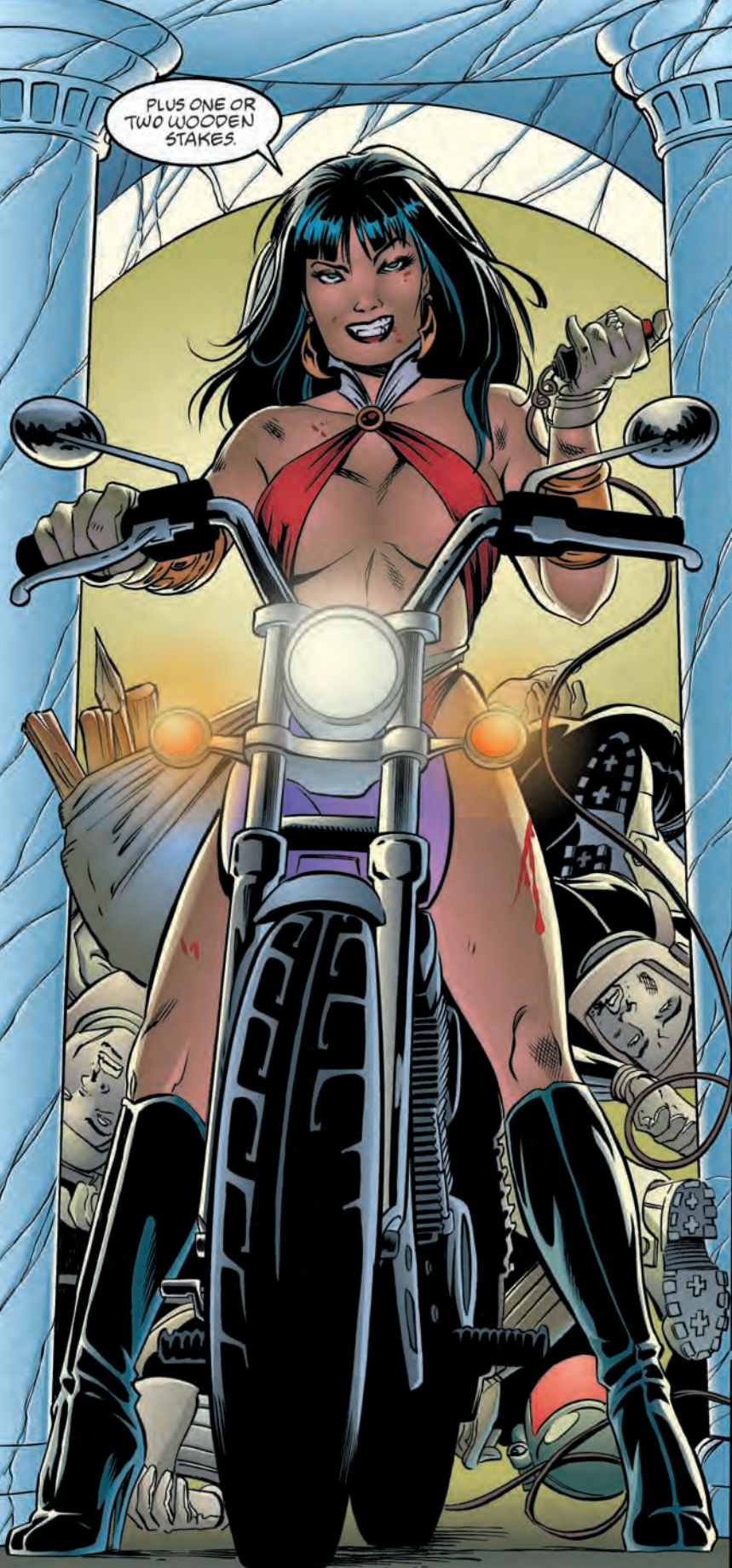


YOU'VE REALLY DONE IT NOW, PIXIE.









PLUS ONE OR TWO WOODEN STAKES.



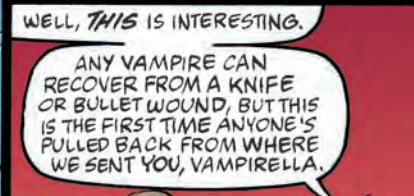
VAMPIRELLA!



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.

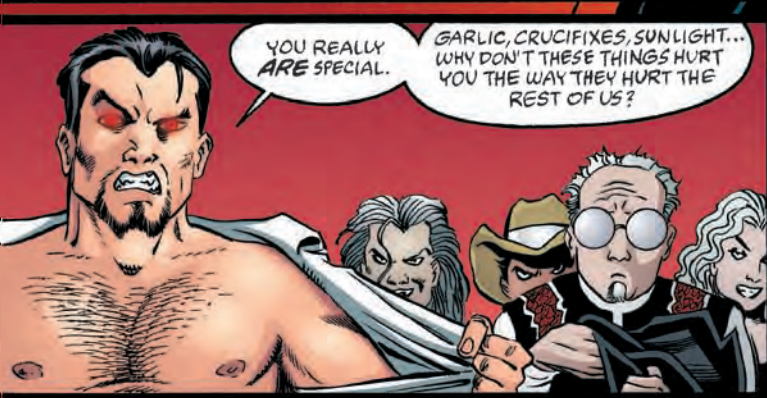


THE SECRETS YOU'RE HIDING IN YOUR BLOOD COULD MAKE OUR ORGANIZATION INDESTRUCTIBLE. WE'D NEVER FEAR THE CROSS AGAIN IF YOU JOINED OUR RANKS.



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.



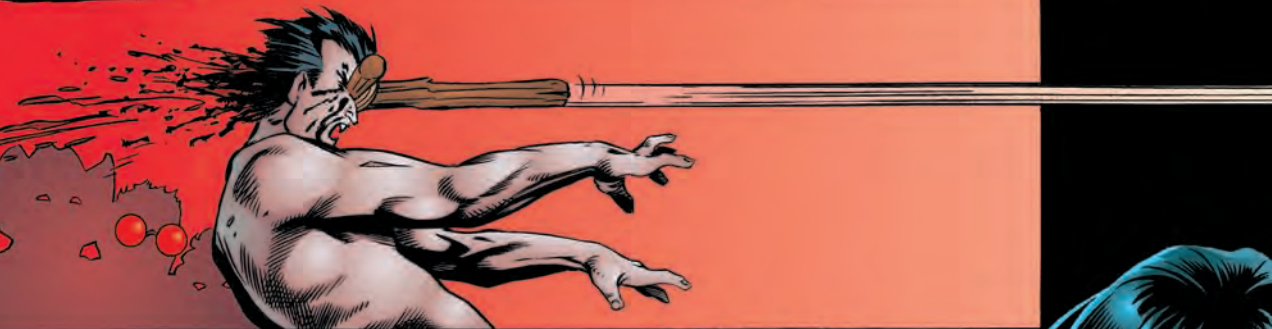
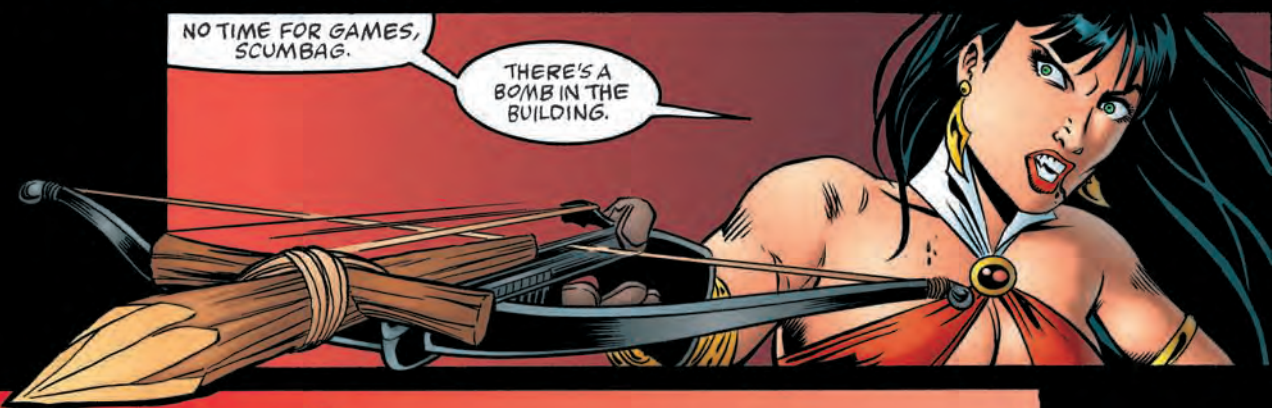






NO TIME FOR GAMES,  
SCUMBAG.

THERE'S A  
BOMB IN THE  
BUILDING.



PESARO'S DOWN.

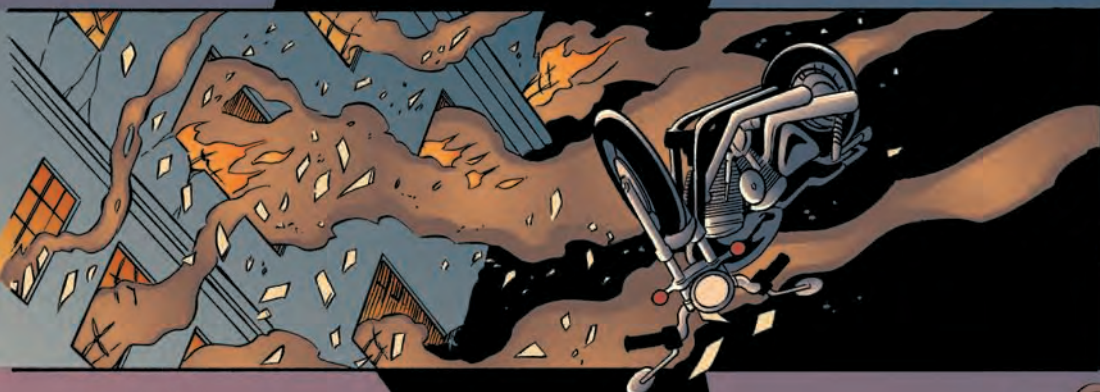
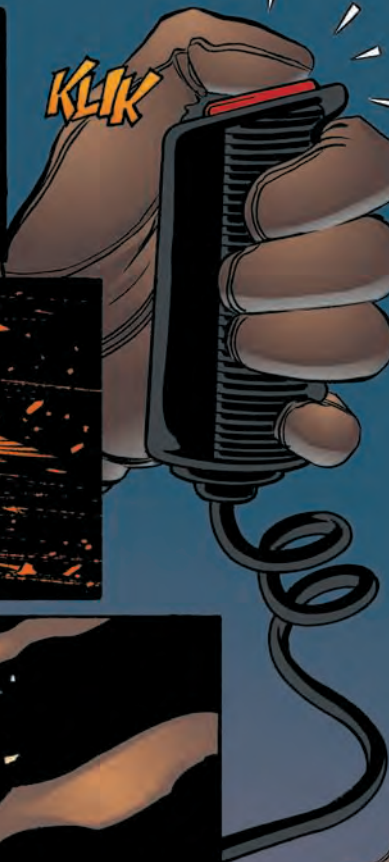
SHE JUST  
SHOT PESARO.

RELAX. YOU'RE  
JOINING HIM IN TWO  
SECONDS.



HOLD ON  
TIGHT, DIXIE.









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...







CHOOM

Buffy  
Rive Slayer



ALL THAT  
EFFORT AT THE  
BOTTOM OF THE  
HUDSON RIVER--  
JUST TO BE INFEC-  
TED 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**

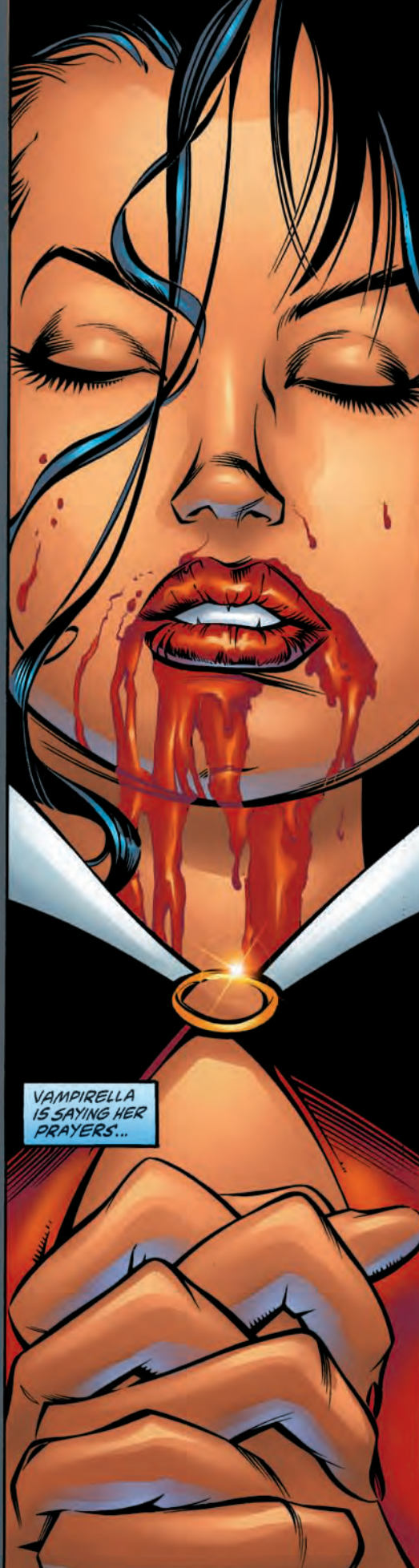
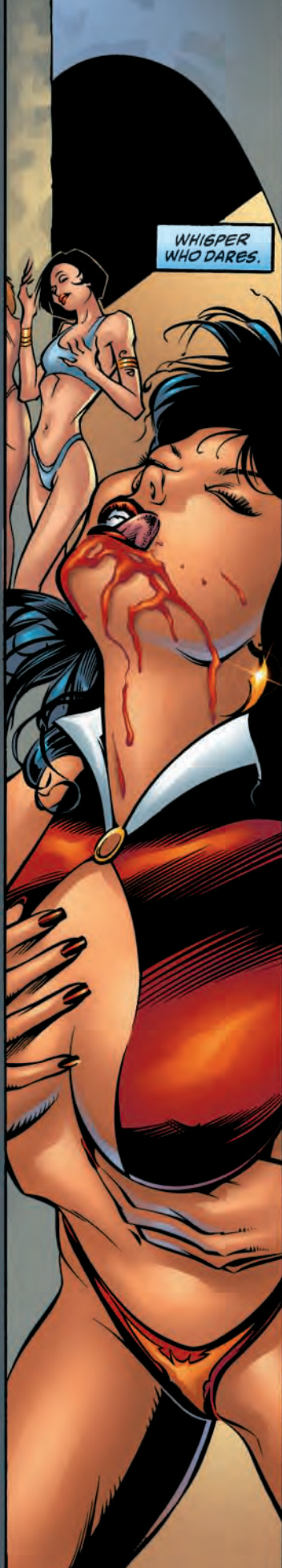




# HOLY WAR: PART 1

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







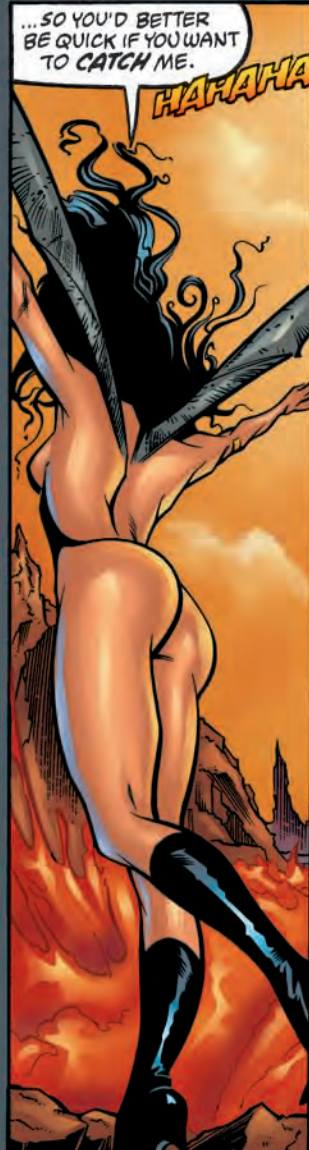


...I SAW YOU  
IN **CHURCH**...

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



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



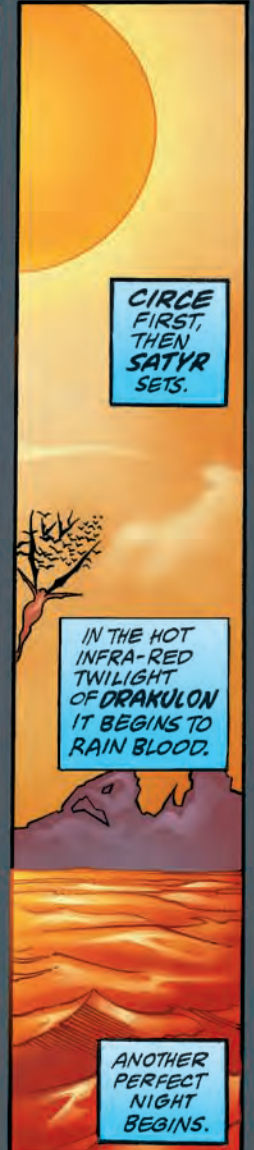
...SO YOU'D BETTER  
BE QUICK IF YOU WANT  
TO **CATCH** ME.

**HAHAHA**



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 SUCCUMB-  
ING TO THE ALIEN ANTIBODIES.

NNNNUUMM

I HAVE TO  
RETURN TO  
THE BOX.





ROME:



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

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

FIRST OF ALL, **MONSIEUR 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.



WE WERE DEALING  
WITH HIGHLY-TRAINED  
FANATICS.

WE WERE  
COMPLETELY  
UNPREPARED.

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



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



... AND I EXPECT  
ACCURATE **IN-  
FORMATION**  
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."

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

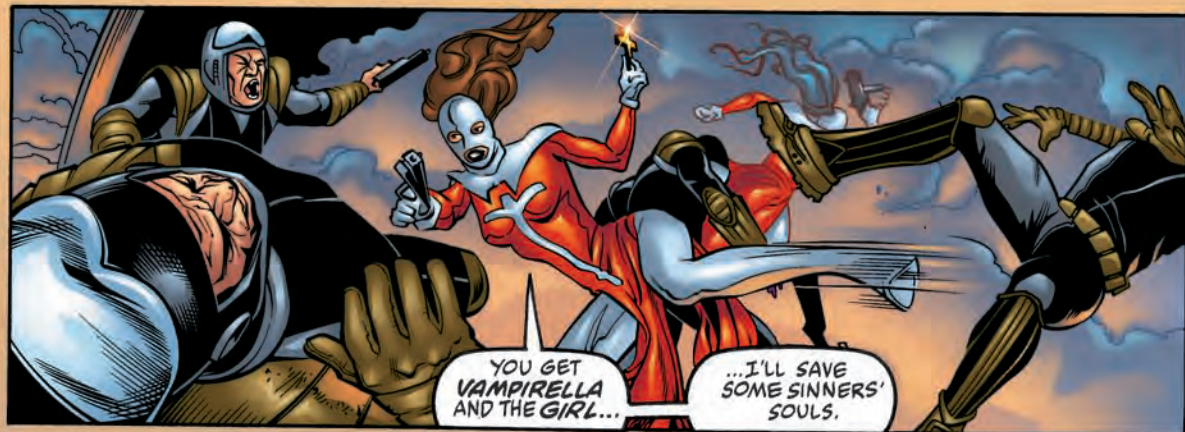






"WHY WERE WE NOT TOLD THAT THE SISTERHOOD WAS STILL ACTIVE, MONSIGNOR SCARLATTI?"







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

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

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...

UHHHH

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

NUHHH...

SICK... I'M  
SICK...

CHUMF

AND I'M  
BRITTANY.

FLY  
ME.

KAOUM

GOODBYE, BABY...

AND AMEN.





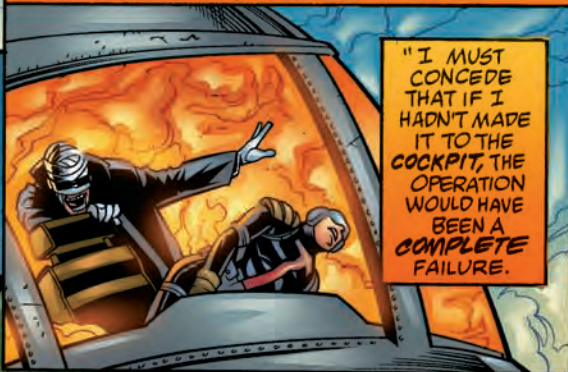
NNNNUUUGGHH

"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."

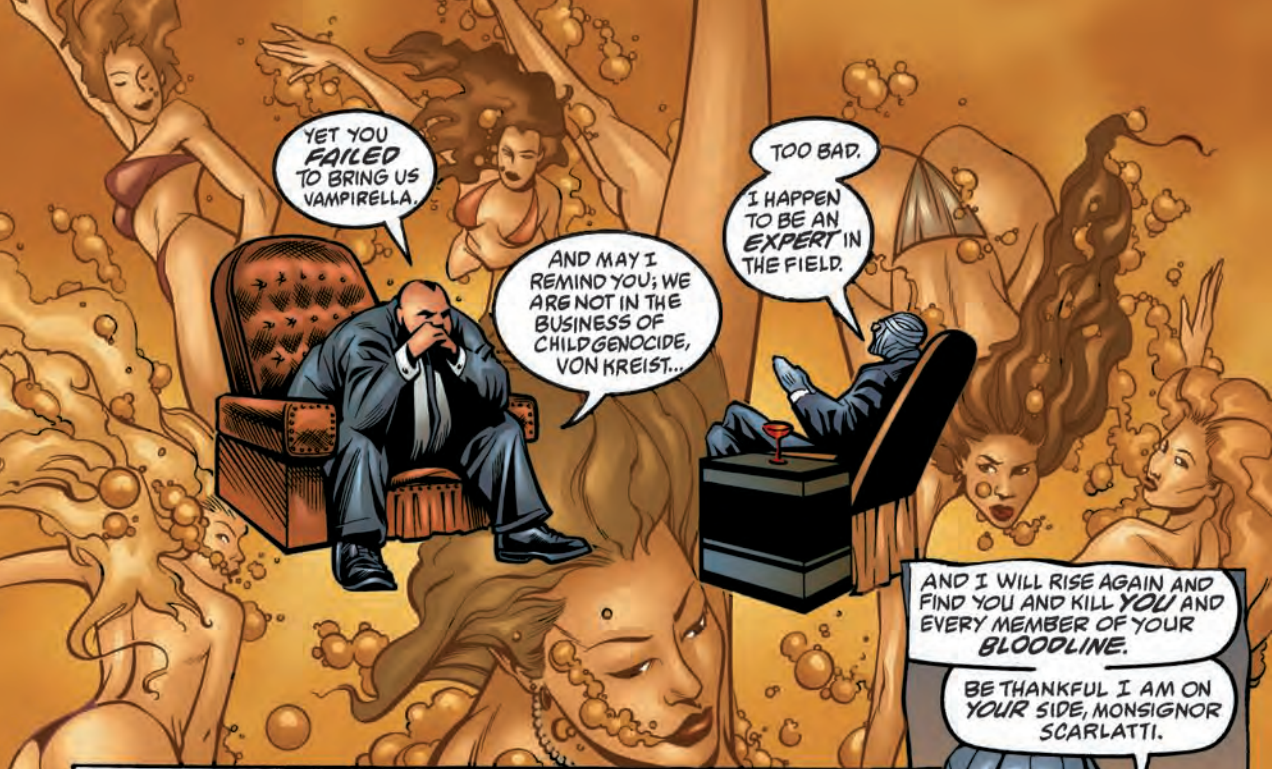
"FORTUNATELY, BY SOME *MIRACLE*, I WAS ABLE TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE HELICOPTER LONG ENOUGH TO AIM IT TOWARDS A CHILDREN'S PLAY AREA."



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







YET YOU  
FAILED  
TO BRING US  
VAMPIRELLA.

AND MAY I  
REMINO 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; ANYMORE  
OF YOUR SHOWBIZ IDIOSYN-  
CRASIES 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.

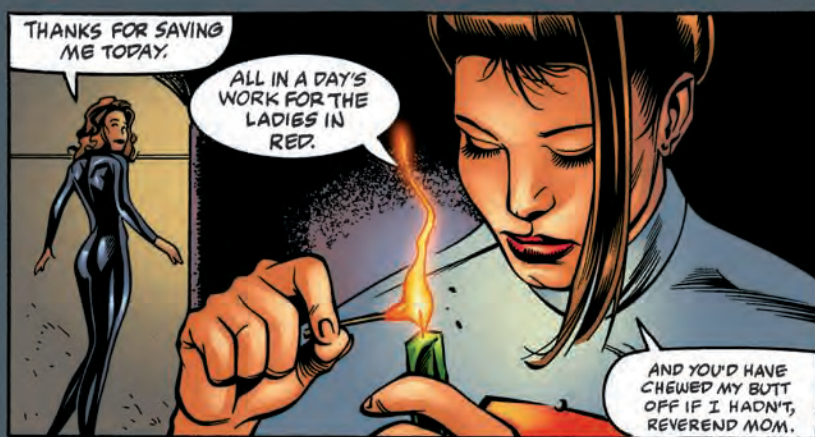
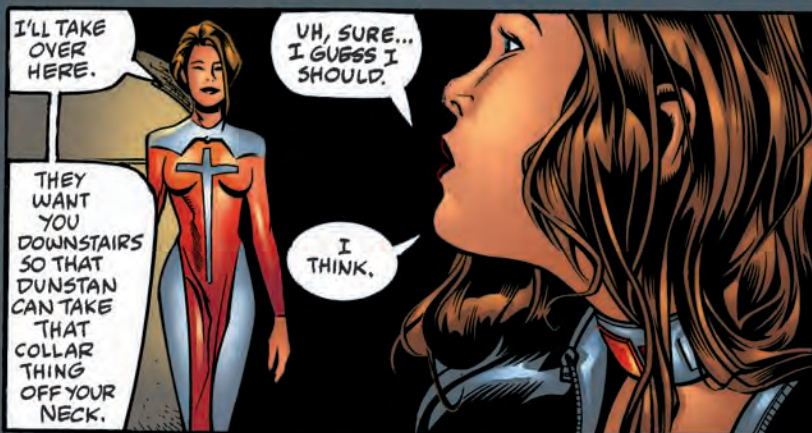
VAMPIRELLA IS  
HERE, IN ROME  
WITH THE  
SISTERHOOD.

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



≡ NNG ≡













VAMPIRELLA!

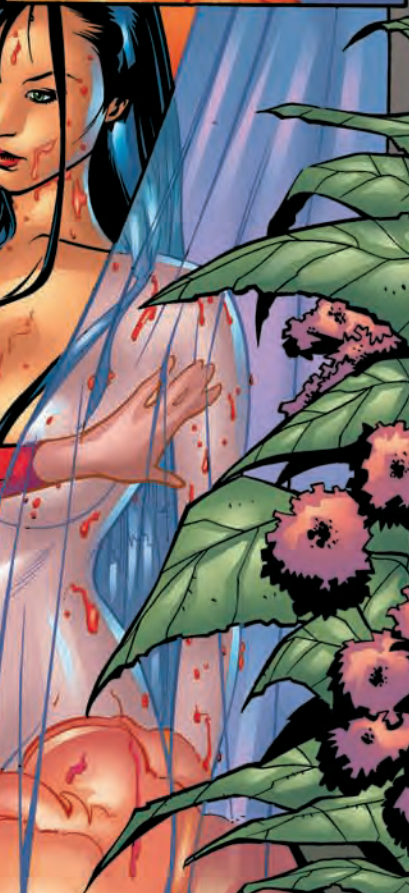
VAMPIRELLA!

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.

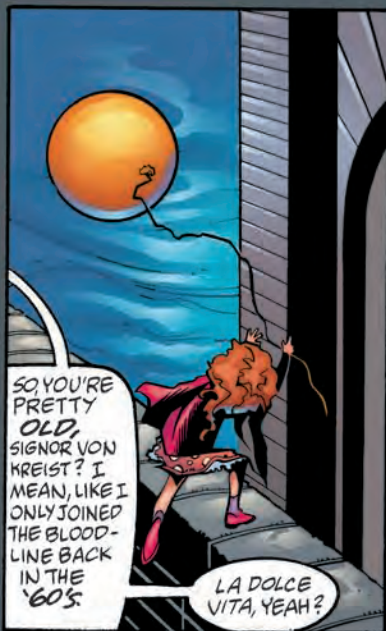
I DON'T THINK WE'VE EVER MET BEFORE

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 MIST 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 **NECES-  
SARY** 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.

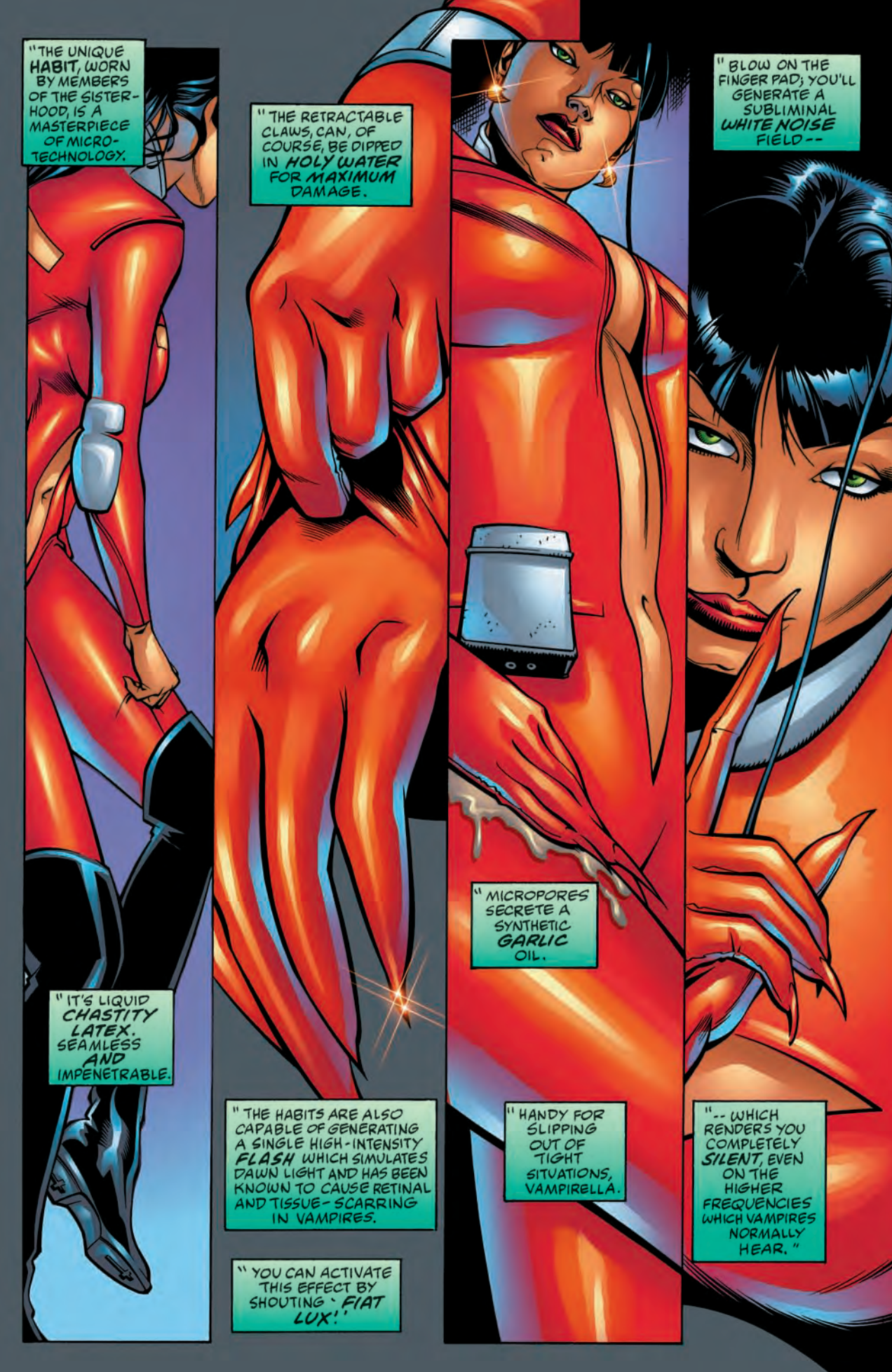
WHEN YOUR  
ENEMY HAS  
SOMETHING  
YOU **WANT**  
YOU HAVE  
ALREADY  
LOST.

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.



A comic book page featuring a character in a red, form-fitting suit. The character is shown from the waist up, with their head turned slightly to the right. The suit has a high collar and a small, rectangular device attached to the chest. The character's hair is dark and styled in a short, layered cut. The background is a solid blue color.

"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.

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

"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.

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

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

"MICROPORES SECRETE A SYNTHETIC GARLIC OIL.

"HANDY FOR SLIPPING OUT OF TIGHT SITUATIONS, VAMPIRELLA.

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





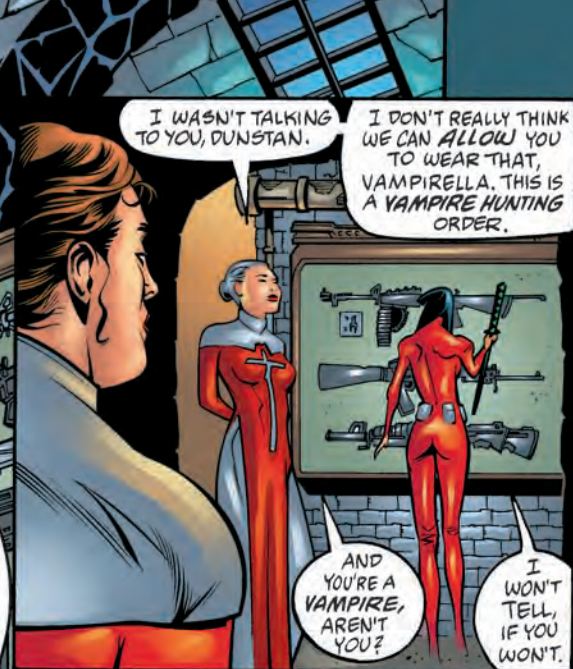
NEAT.

WHO PAYS FOR ALL THIS STUFF?

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

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

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



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.

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

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



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.

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 PART  
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 comic book illustration of Mother Superior, a woman with long black hair and a black and orange costume, flying through a sky filled with white and orange clouds. She is looking down at a ruined landscape below. In the center of the landscape is a large, dark, gothic-style building with multiple towers and a central spire, surrounded by smaller ruins and jagged rock formations. The overall tone is dramatic and apocalyptic.

**R**OME. 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.



WHATL HOPE CAN YOU'LL STILL HAVE, INL THIS HELL ONL EARTH?

DON'TL EVEN IMAGINEL YOU HAVE THEL SLIGHTEST CHANCEL OF SURVIVING.



WHATL MAKES YOU'LL ANY BETTERL THAN THISL ONE?

NOTHING.



THE ONLYL QUESTION IS WHETHERL I KILL YOU...



...ORL LEAVE YOU'LL TO THEM.



TAKE MYL WORD, SURVIVAL ISL OVERRATED.





YOURL  
UNHOLINESS.

THIS ISL  
THE BLACK POPE, A  
GIRL.

KEEP THEM  
SUPERFLY.  
JOKES TOL  
YOURSELF.

WHAT'SM  
SHE DOING  
HERE?

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

OR DOM  
YOU PLAY AT  
BETRAYINGM  
ME?

I PERFECTED  
BETRAYAL, VON  
KREIST.

SHE'S  
BAIT.

PLAYL  
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.

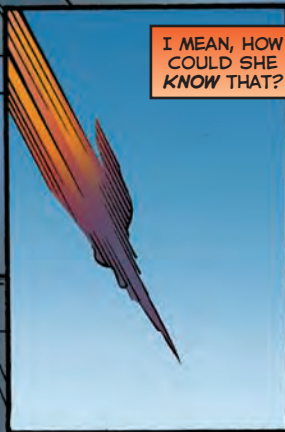
IT'S MOVINGL  
TOO FAST TOL  
IDENTIFY.

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





"DIXIE WILL BE SAFE,"  
SHE SAID.



I MEAN, HOW  
COULD SHE  
KNOW THAT?



AND MOTHER  
SUPERIOR  
SAID AGAIN...

...AND  
AGAIN...



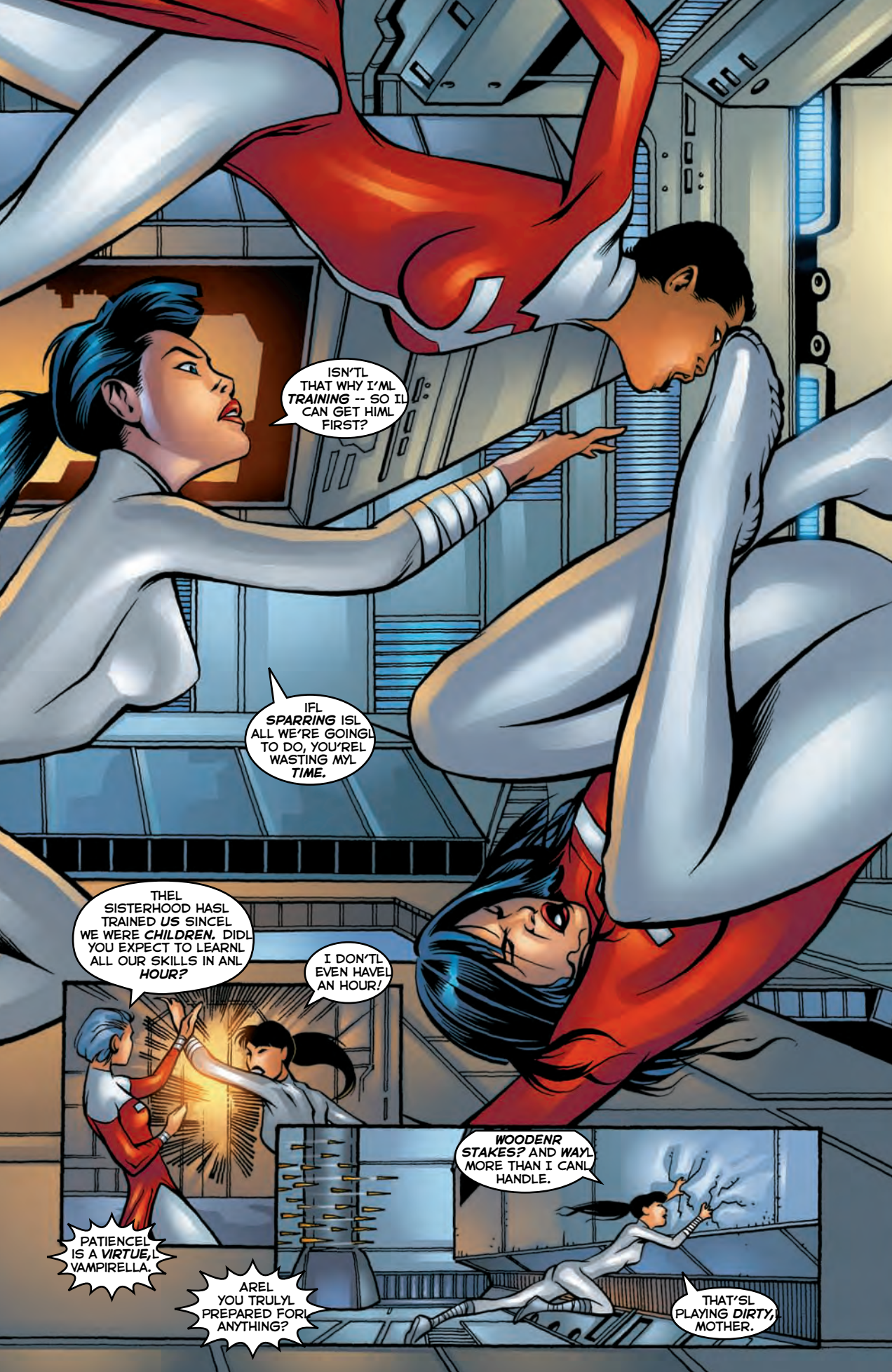
I AM  
DIXIE FATTONI!  
I LIVED!



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

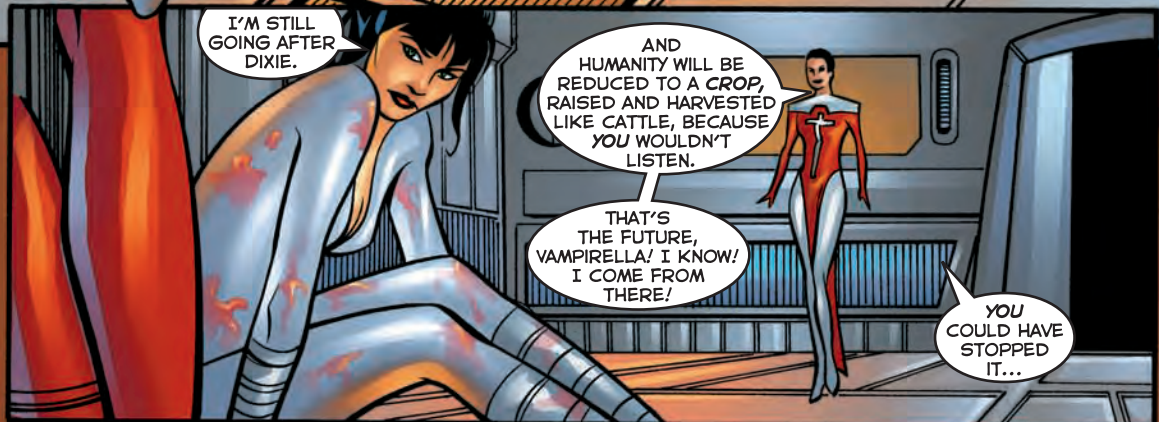
POOM



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  
DIDN'T LIVE."

YOU'RE  
TAKING ORDERS  
FROM THE BLACK  
BISHOP NOW?

I TAKE...  
ADVICE.

DON'T  
YOU OUTRANK  
HIM?

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

CLICK

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

"YES, YOUR  
EXCELLENCY."



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

REMEMBER,  
HER SURVIVAL IS OUR  
PRIORITY.





INCOMING ISL  
DESTROYED, YOUR  
EXCELLENCY.

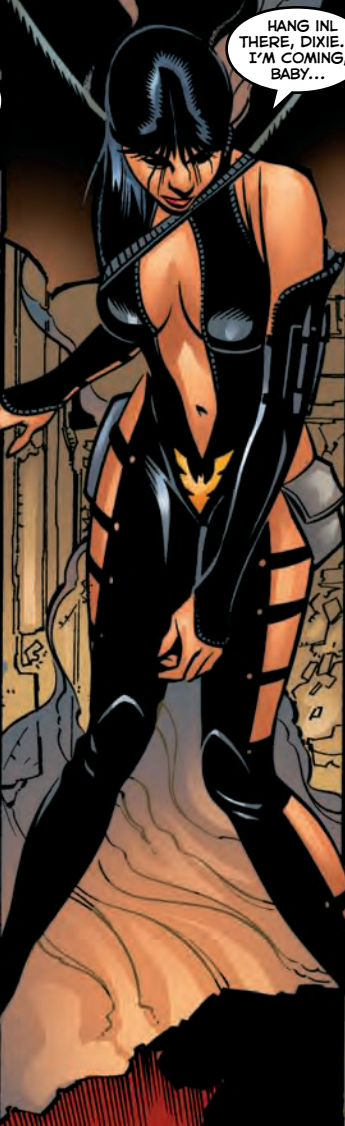
DON'T  
BELIEVE THAT!  
FOR A SECOND, I  
NOT IF IT WAS  
VAMPIRELLA.

NOT  
UNTIL IL  
PERSONALLY  
EXTIRPATE THE  
RESILIENT  
BITCH.



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

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



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

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

WHERE ARE  
THEY?



NOTHING  
HERE BUT  
RUINS.



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

NOW IL  
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."

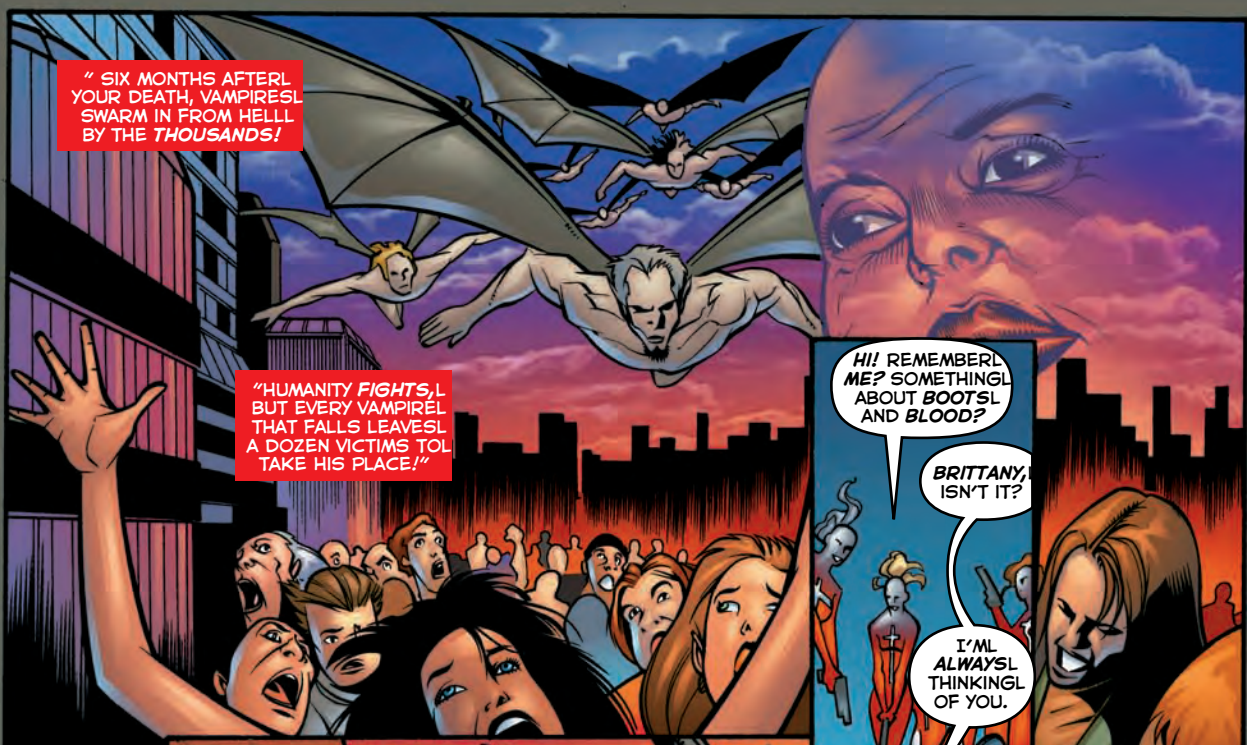
AFTER YOU  
DIED, DO YOU  
KNOW HOW I  
SURVIVED? AS  
THEIR TOY!

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

"YOU LIED."

CRASH!





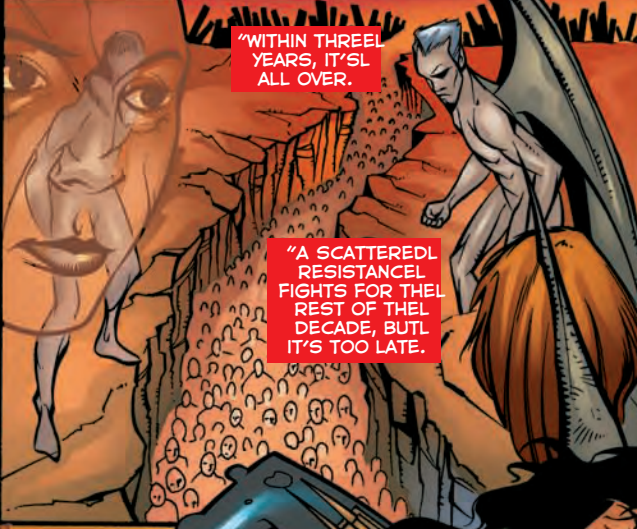
"SIX MONTHS AFTER  
YOUR DEATH, VAMPIRES  
SWARM IN FROM HELL  
BY THE THOUSANDS!"

"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!"

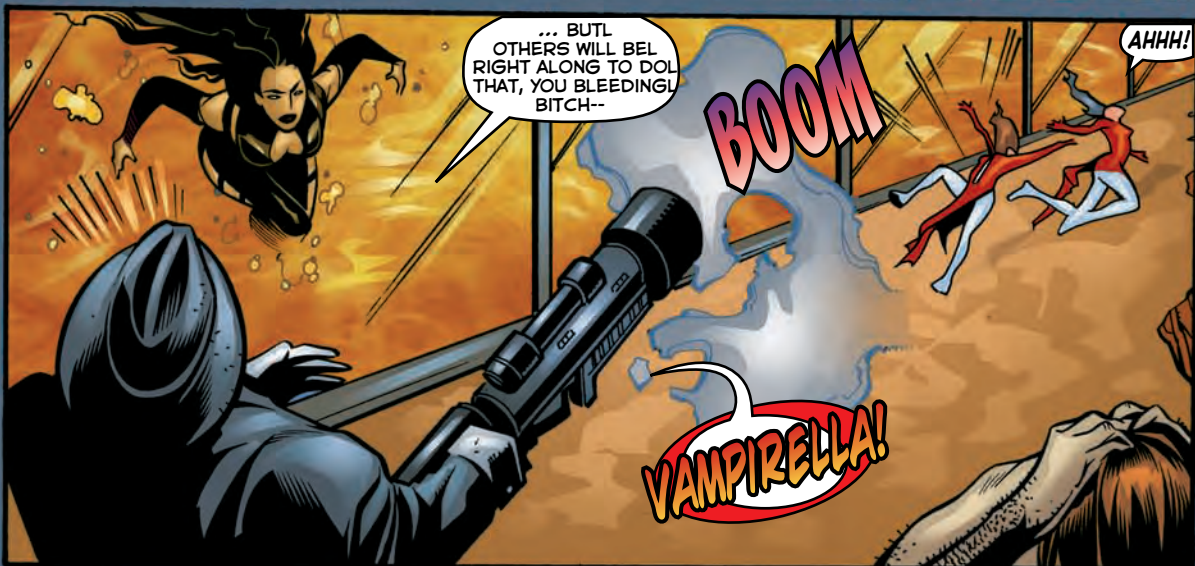
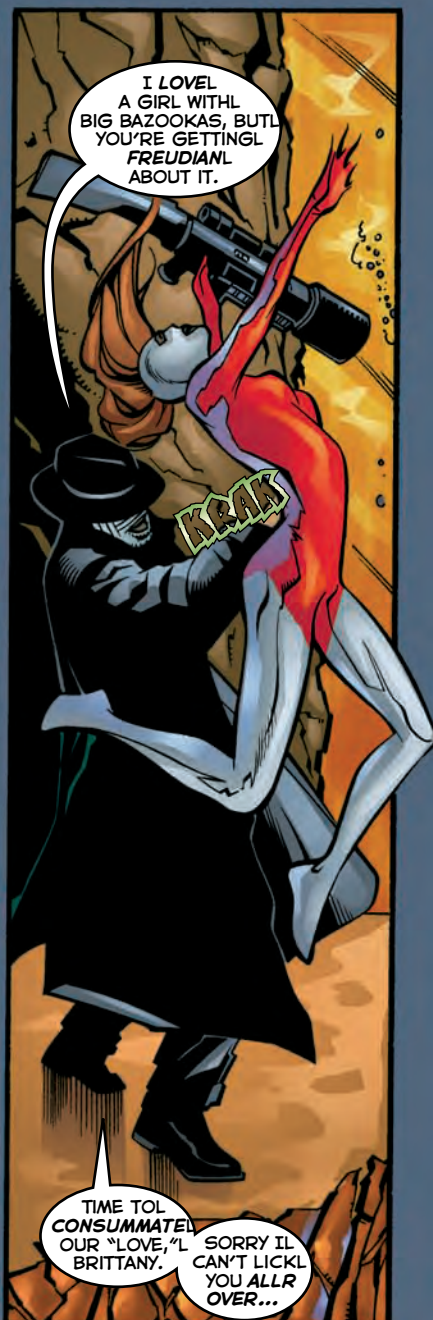
"ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING!"



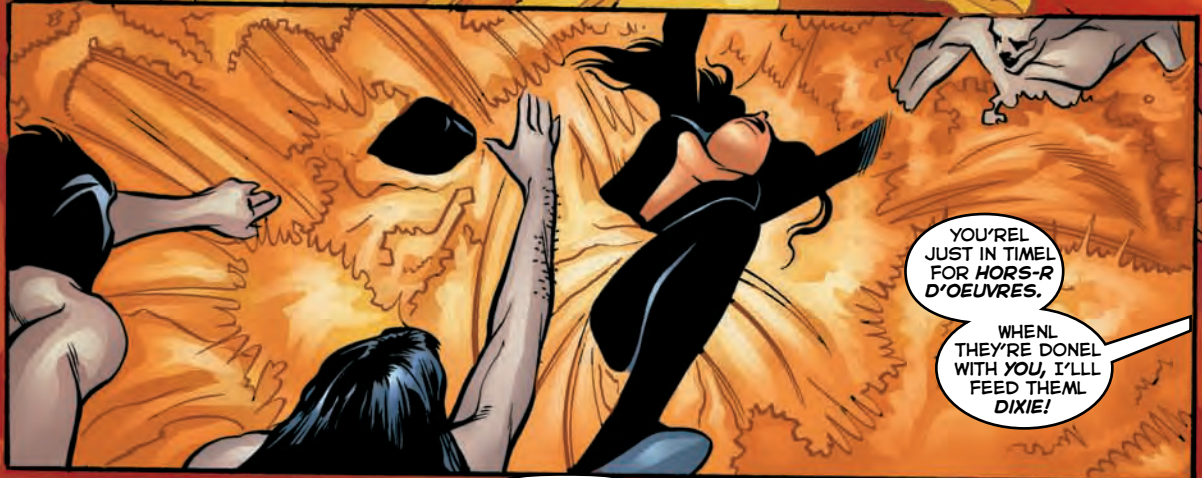




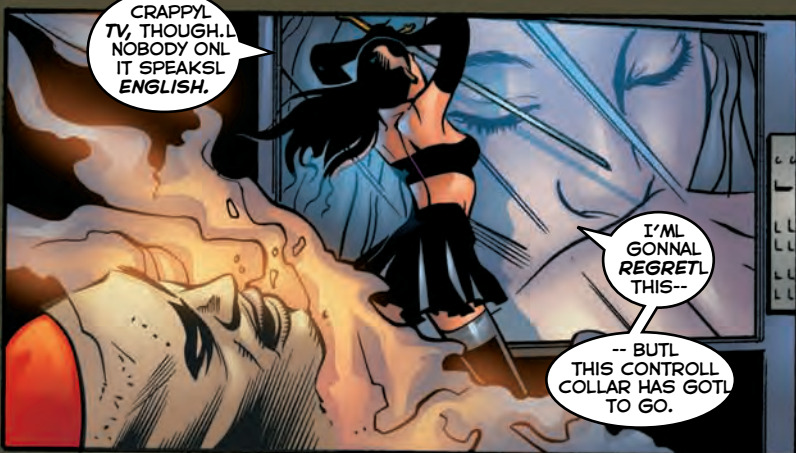
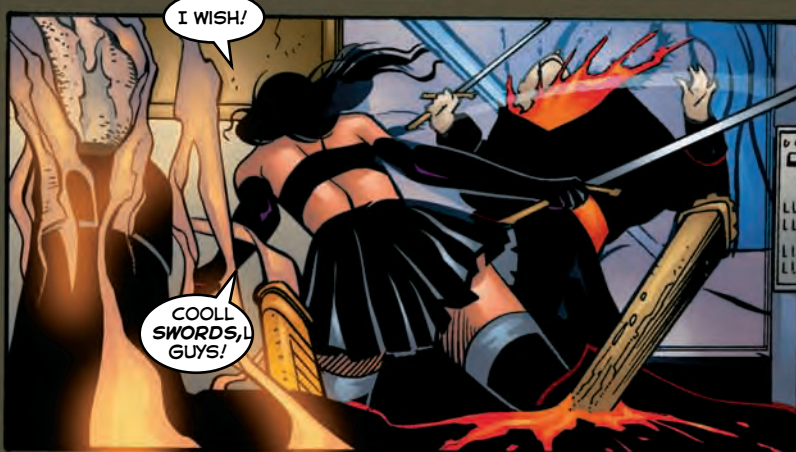














AFTER ALL YOU'VEL SURVIVED, TO BEL DRAGGED DOWN BYL SOME DEGENERATEL THIRD-RATEL COURTIERIS...

YOU'L DISAPPOINT ME,L VAMPIRELLA!

WEL WOULDN'TL WANT THAT, NOWL WOULD WE?

THESEL GARLIC SMOKE'L GRENADES WILL SCATTER YOUR'L VAMPIREL CRONIES--

-- AND THEL SISTERHOOD'S'L MONITORS PICKEDL UP THE SIGNAL DIXIE'S'L CONTROL COLLARR TRANSMITS!

YOU'VEL LOST THISL TIME, VON KREIST'L YOU'VE LED MEL RIGHT TOL HER!

WHENL SHE'S SAFE,L I'LL BE BACKL FOR YOU!

VERY SCARY. IF IL HAD A PULSE, I'ML SURE IT WOULDL BE RACING.

BY THE TIME'L YOU FIND YOUR'L LITTLE GIRLFRIEND,L I'LL BE DOLING OUTL HER SCRAPS.







YOUR  
UNHOLINESS! I  
EVERYONE'S GETTING  
SICK!

DON'T BEL  
SUCH A CHRISTIAN, I  
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, I  
CARDINAL.





IL  
NEED YOURL  
ROBES.  
AND YOURL  
BLOOD.



I SEEL  
SOMEONE'S BEENL  
BUSY.  
POORL  
LITTLEL  
DIXIE.  
SO MUCHL  
EFFORT FORL  
NOTHING.



I THINK  
I'LL HAVE HERL  
CRAWL BACK TOL  
ME THIS TIME--  
WHAT?L  
HER CONTROLR  
COLLAR?



THOSEL  
IDIOTS!



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





SOMETHING! MOVED DOWN! HERE!....



... IL SAW IT!

OHL \$#%\*!



DON'T! GO IN! THERE!

THE CARDINAL SAID CHECK! EVERYWHERE!

ARE YOU! INSANE?! THAT'S HIS! STUDY!



WHAT ON! EARTH...?



**DIXIE!**

IT'S ME! THE NUNS GAVE! ME A TRACKER FOR! YOUR COLLAR! IL CAN GET IT! OFF YOU!

THIS! IS ONE OF! THOSE AWKWARD! MOMENTS, I! ISN'T IT?



I'M! AFRAID SHE! GAVE BOTH! OF US THE! SLIP.

INTERESTING! TOOLS THE NUNS! USE. THIS BELONGED! TO BRITTANY, I! BELIEVE.

IT'S! FRUSTRATING. I! HAD SUCH! PLANS FOR! HER.



YOU'LL  
JUST HAVE  
TO DO.



OW!



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

GO AHEAD, I  
YOU BASTARD. I  
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'VE NEVER DREAMED YOU'D COME HERE.

READ...



...WHILE YOU'LL 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'LL 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 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 ALTITHRONUS,  
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.

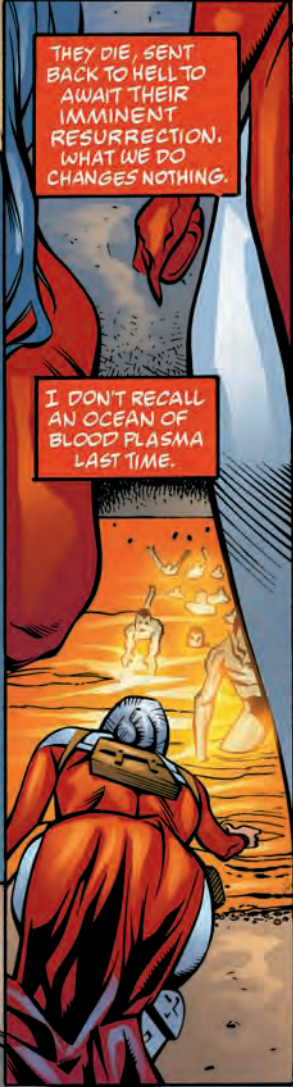




WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

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.



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 UNDER-  
STAND?**

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  
GOOD  
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 **COM-  
PLACENT**.







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.

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...

**DIE,  
VAMPIRE!**





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."





FEARGHH!

WE NEEDED  
A  
REVOLUTION!

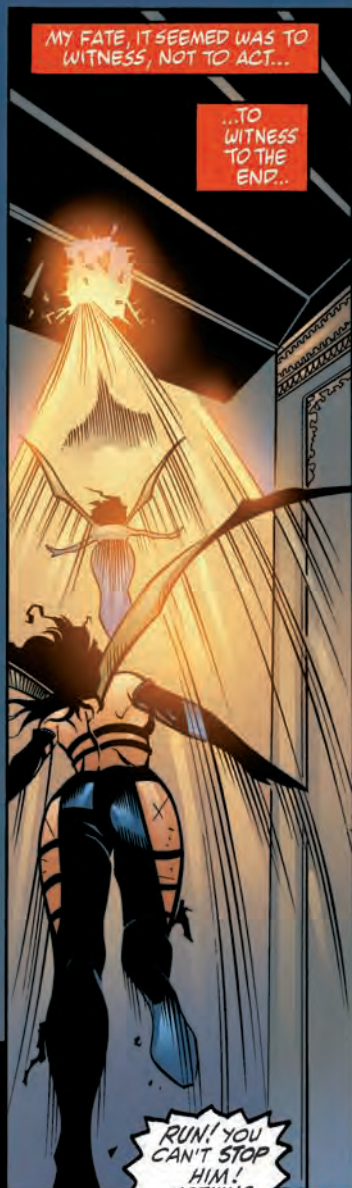
I WOULD  
HAVE DIED  
FOR HIM--



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  
NUIN 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!





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 **SHREDS!**



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 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...







...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?



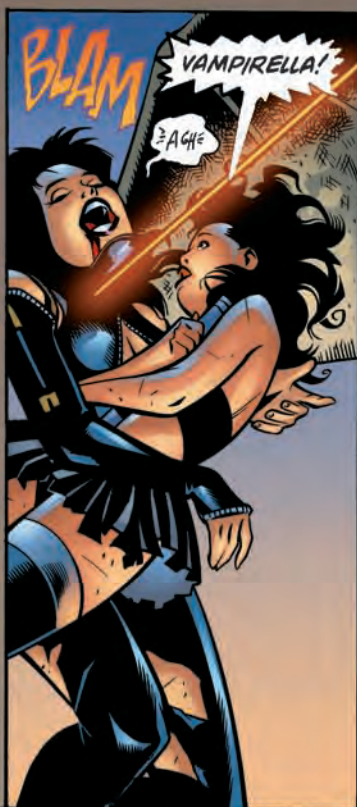
HOPEFULLY, NO  
ONE YOU'LL  
EVER KNOW.



SHE TOLD  
ME SO MANY  
WILD THINGS.

SHE SAID  
I'D DIE IF  
I CAME  
HERE.













UNGKH!



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!

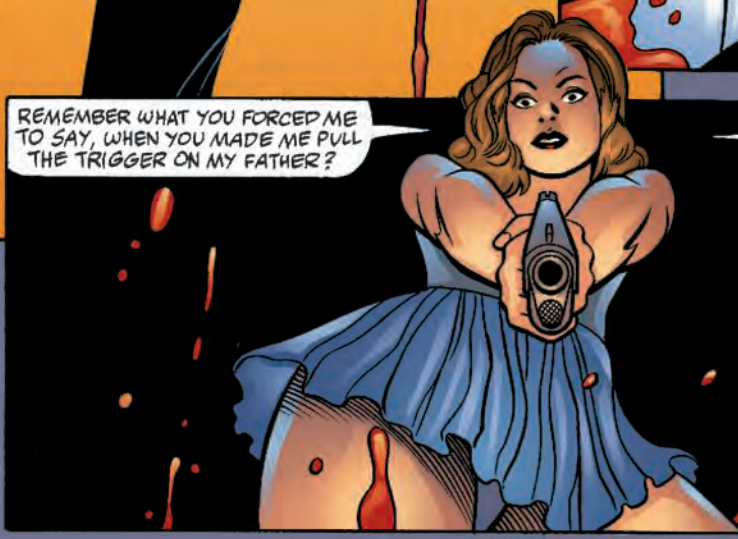


WHY  
DON'T YOU  
SHOOT  
HER?

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.









# Amanda Conner

## THE INTERVIEW

**T**he 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 Vampi 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 if it 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 Vampi 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:

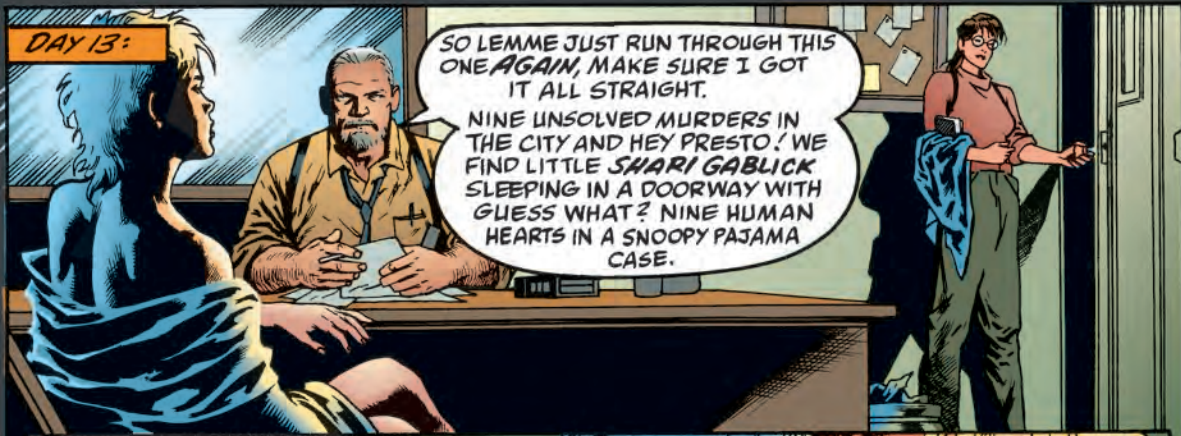






PLEEEEEEAASSE...





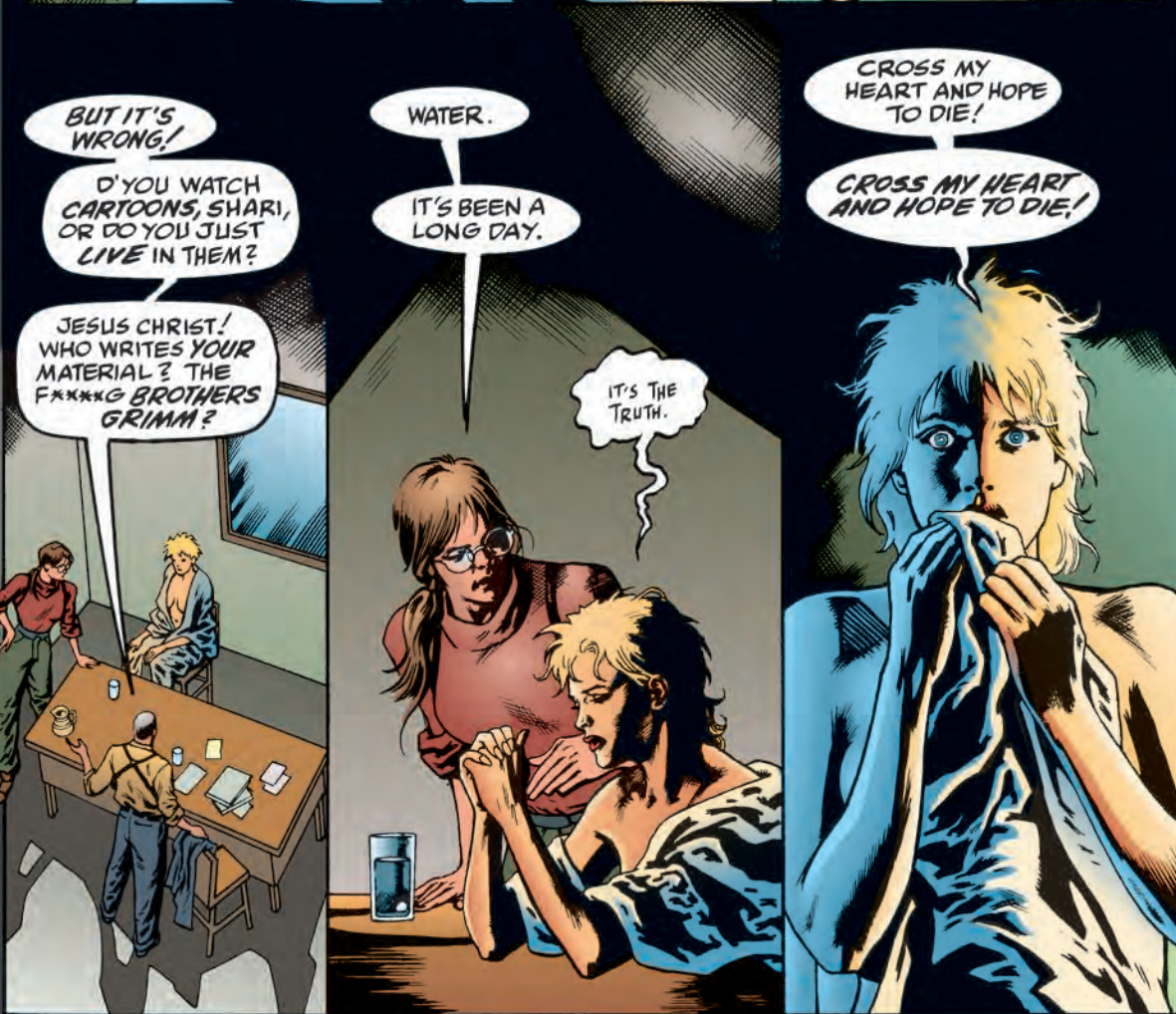
DAY 13:

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 GABCLICK* 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 *SOFT-WARE*. 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...

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



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?

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.

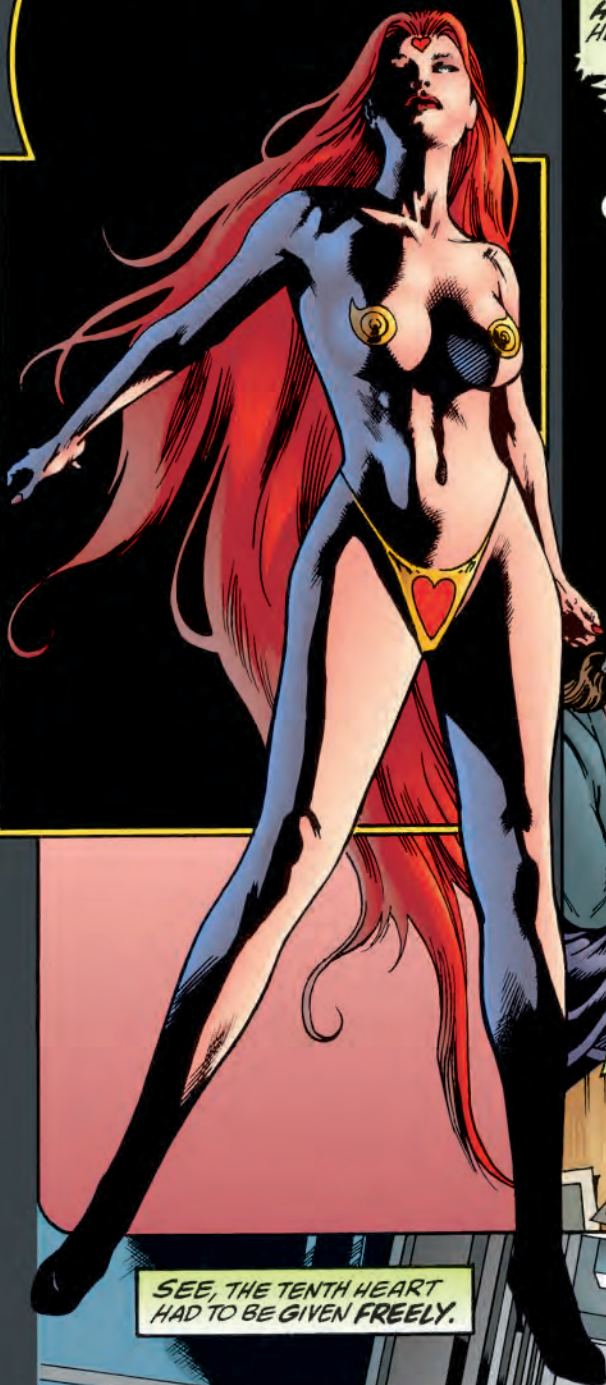
I WASN'T THE FIRST; THERE HAD BEEN OTHERS BEFORE ME, THERE'LL BE OTHERS AFTER. 'SISTERS', SHE CALLED US. THE CARD'S HER TRUE FORM BUT SHE NEEDS A HOST, SHE NEEDS HARDWARE.

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

SIN SKIN



THE BLOOD RED  
**QUEEN OF HEARTS**



SEE, THE TENTH HEART  
HAD TO BE GIVEN FREELY.

GIVEN IN  
LOVE.

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

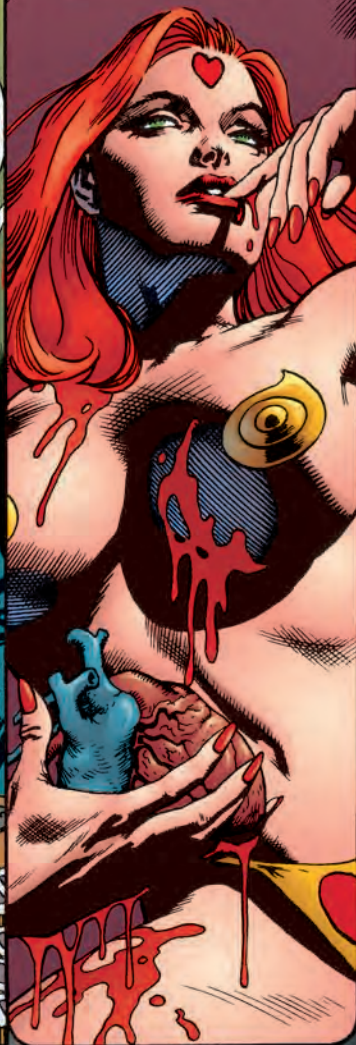
CHRIST! THIS IS  
SCHIZO SHIT!

DROP IT,  
SANGER!

KLIK-VRRRRRRR

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.



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





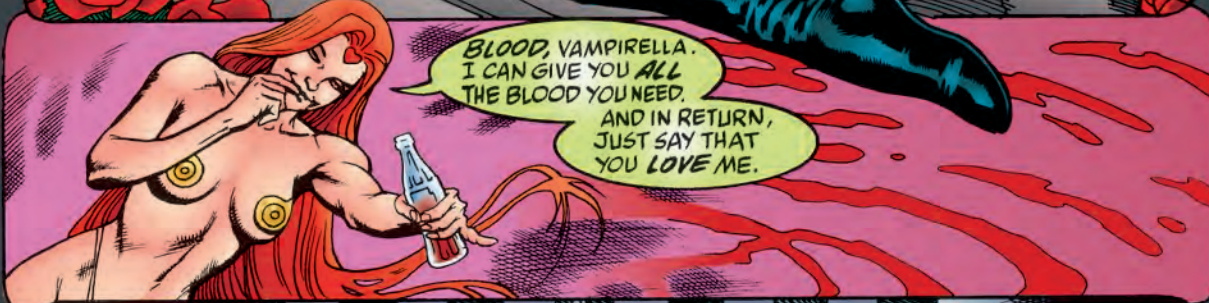


HER NAME WAS  
VAMPIRELLA.

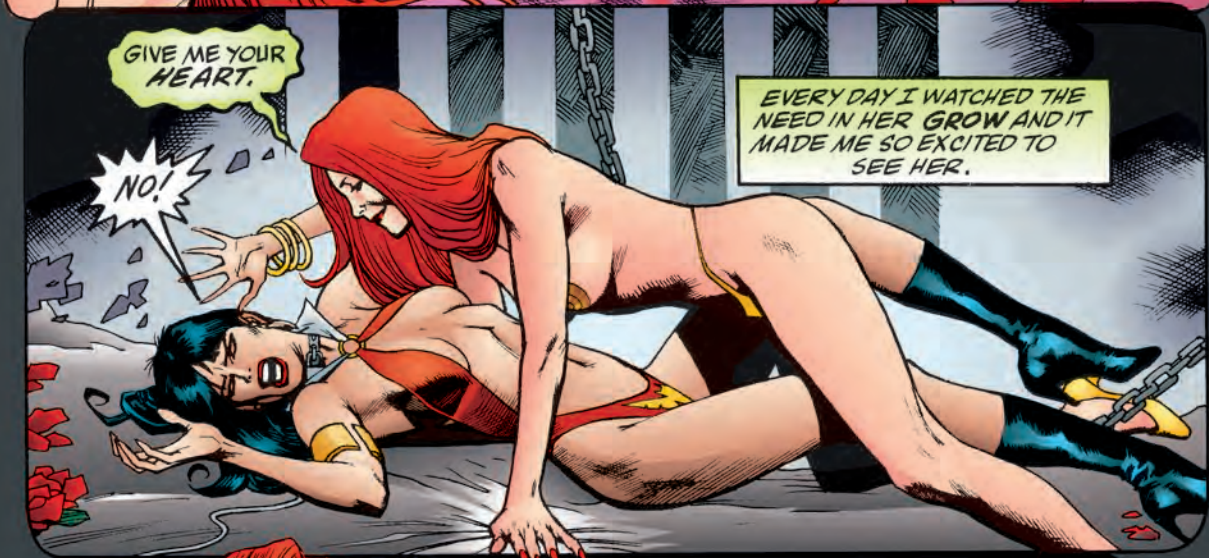
WHY ARE  
YOU *DOING*  
THIS TO ME?

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 GABLICK  
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.

RRR RY DAY HER UNIVERSE  
SHRUNK A LITTLE MORE  
UNTIL THERE WAS NOTHING  
LEFT IN IT BUT THE BOTTLE  
OF BLOOD IN MY HAND.  
NOTHING LEFT BUT THE  
HUNGER ONLY I COULD  
SATISFY.

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?

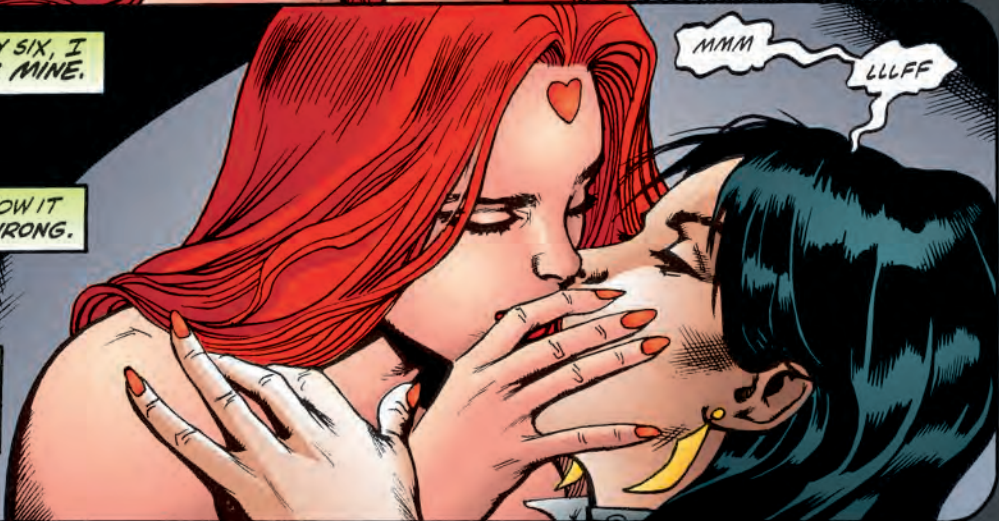
YES.

I LOVE  
YOU. GIVE  
ME BLOOD.

AND ON DAY SIX, I  
MADE HER MINE.

BUT SOMEHOW IT  
ALL WENT WRONG.

SOMEHOW  
SHE  
TRICKED  
ME.





'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.

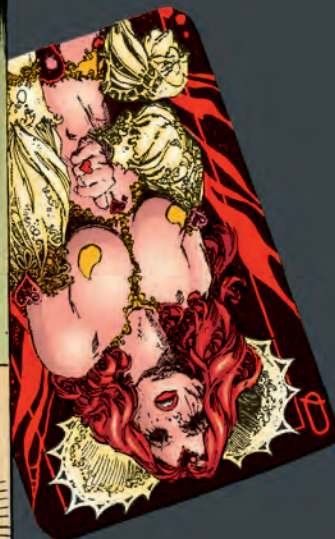
NOW I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DIE, BUT I DIDN'T KILL THOSE PEOPLE, SHE DID. THAT'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND; IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, SHE'S STILL OUT THERE...

NO WAY.

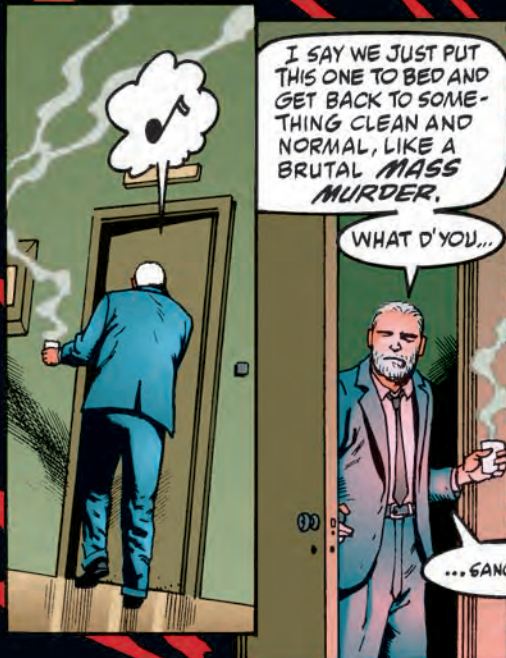
...THE BLOOD RED QUEEN OF HEARTS CAN NEVER DIE.

DAMN.

NO WAY.







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.



**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 scene with several women in elaborate costumes. In the foreground, a woman with long blue hair and a red bikini top is being held from behind by a woman with dark curly hair wearing a black and yellow outfit. Another woman with long blonde hair is visible behind them. In the background, other women in various costumes are seen, including one in a light blue dress and another in a black and white outfit. The scene is set in a dark, possibly underground, environment.

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..."

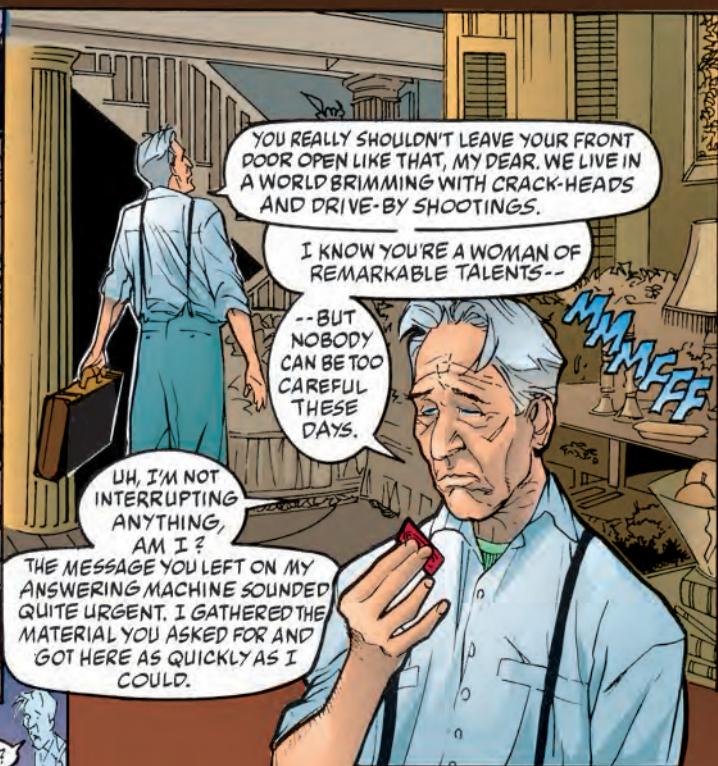
"...GOODMAN WILLIAMS  
HAS BEEN **AROUSED**."





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.



VAMPIRELLA?



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

MAKE  
YOURSELF  
A COFFEE.

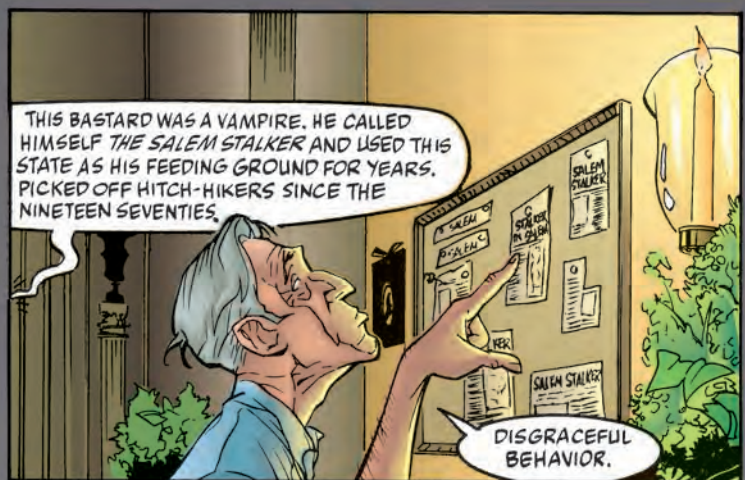
H- HELP ME...  
JESUS, CALL THE  
COPS...





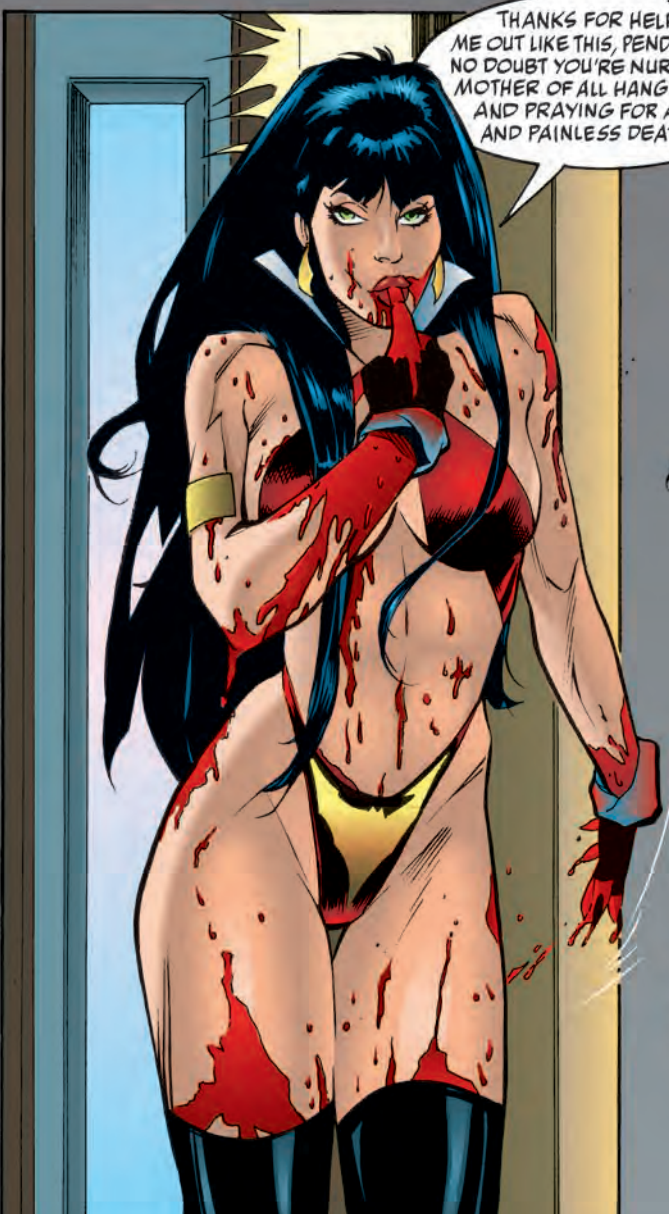
I TRUST THE GENTLEMAN BLEEDING ONTO YOUR FINE POLYNESIAN CARPET IS NOT EXACTLY A RESPECTED PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY HERE IN SALEM?

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.



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.

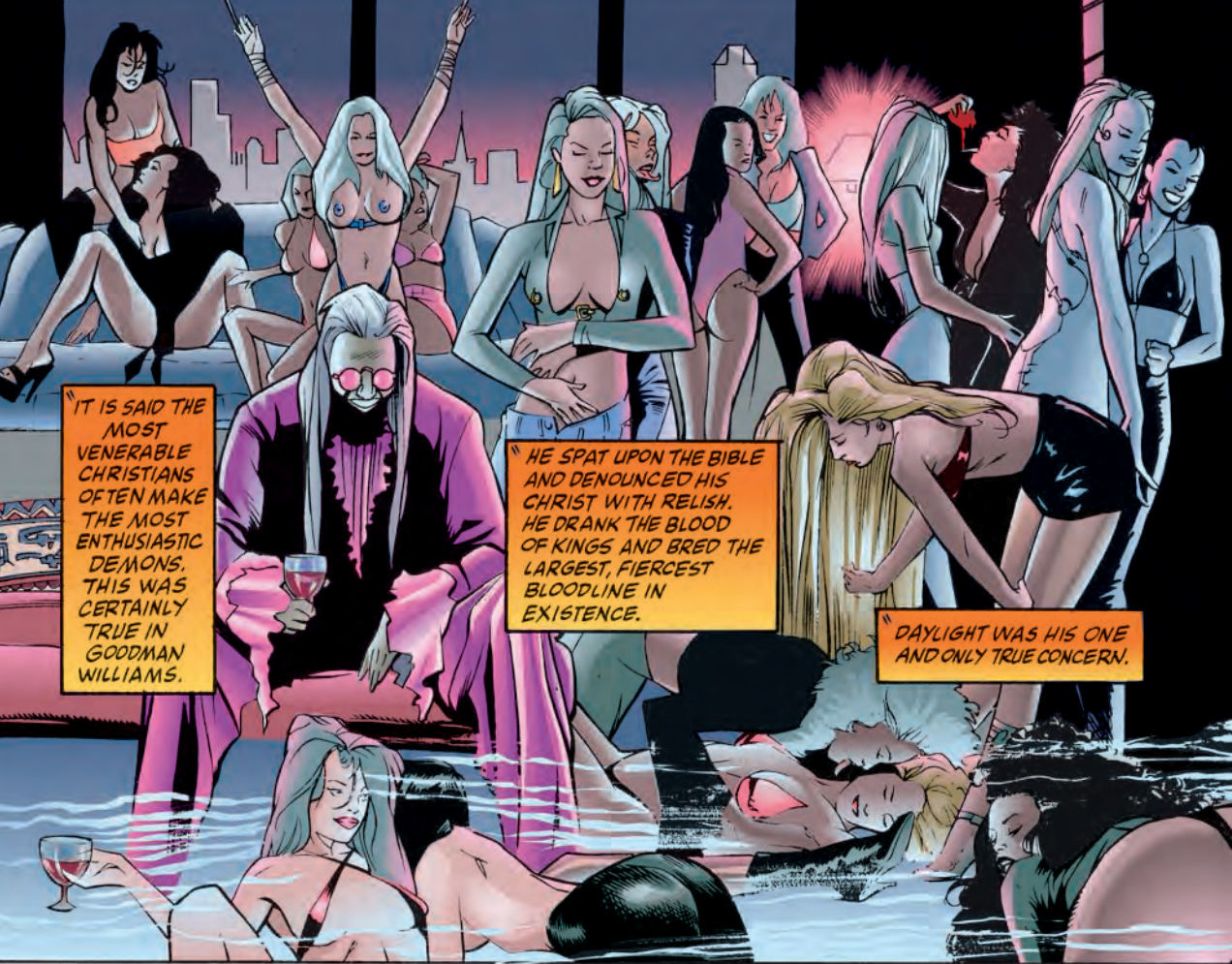
"SOME SAY THE CITY WAS BUILT BY THE FIRST VAMPIRES, A BLASPHEMY UPON THE EARTH CAST DOWN INTO A WATERY ABYSS BY GREATER MAGICIANS LONG SINCE DEAD.

"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."

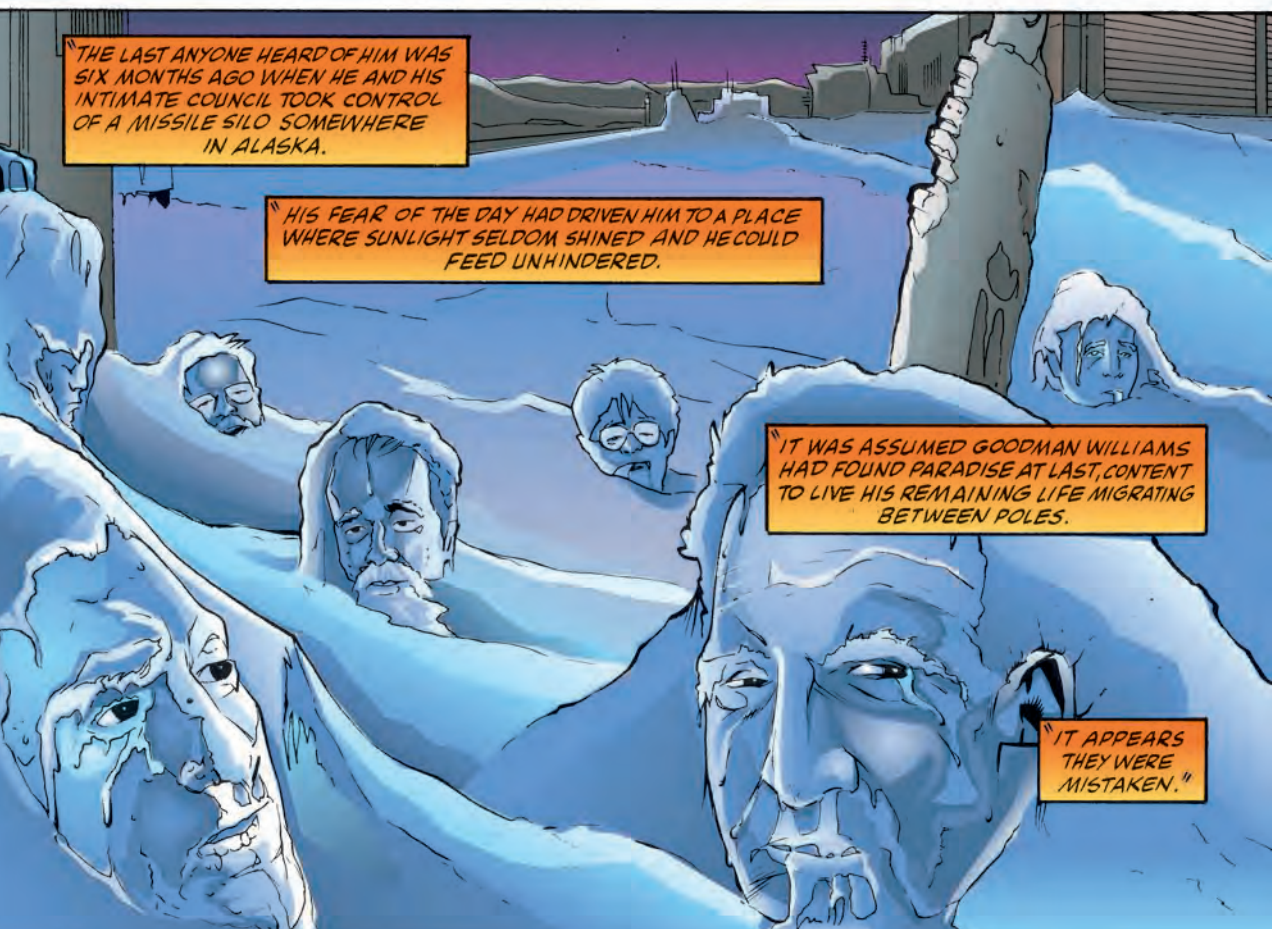




"IT IS SAID THE MOST VENERABLE CHRISTIANS OFTEN MAKE THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONS. THIS WAS CERTAINLY TRUE IN GOODMAN WILLIAMS.

"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.



NO OFFENSE INTENDED.

NONE TAKEN.



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.

YOU CAN CRASH HERE WHILE I'M GONE.

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



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.

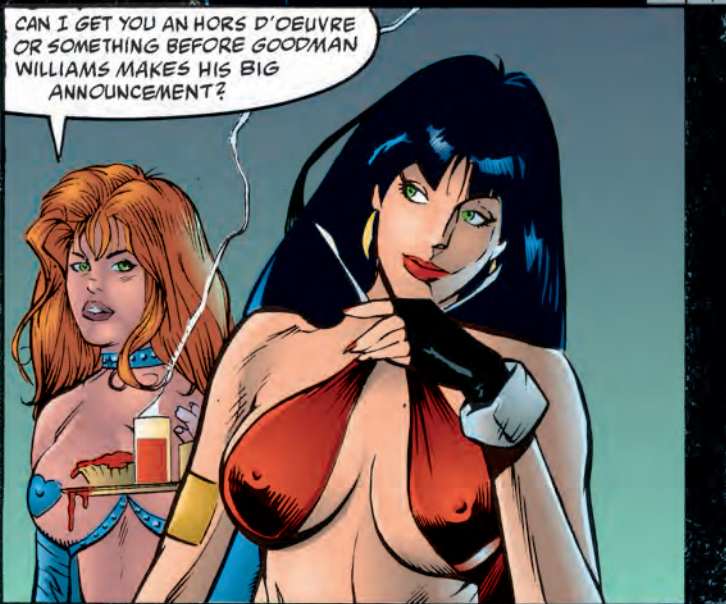
WASHINGTON JUST KEEPS AN EYE ON US FROM THEIR SPACE SATELLITES AND PRAYS THE SHIT NEVER HITS THE FAN.

SAY HELLO TO THE CIA FOR ME.









"NO THANKS.  
I ALREADY  
ATE."



--GOD **DAMN**  
BITCH FROM HELL...



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.



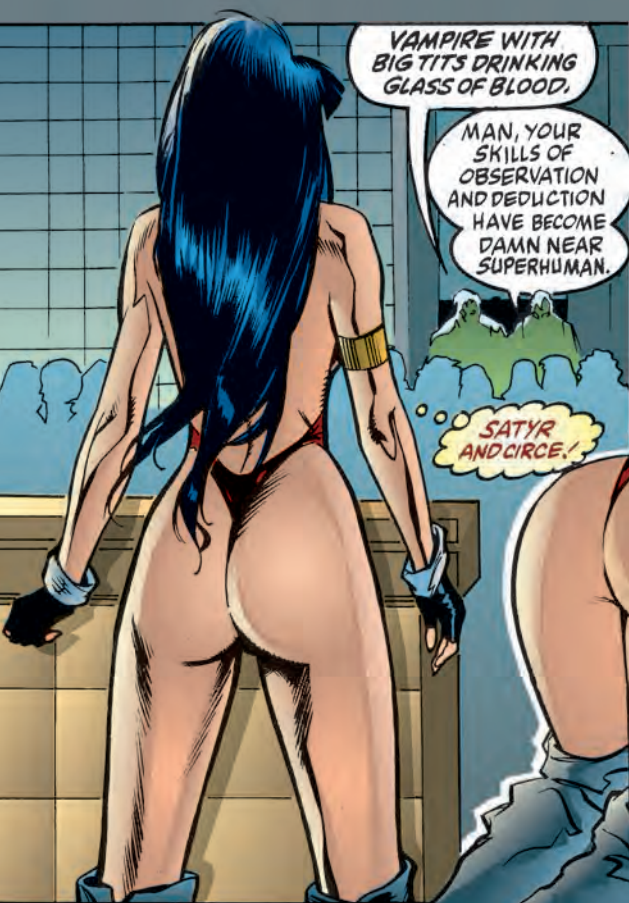
WHO'S THE PREGNANT WOMAN GETTING ALL THE ATTENTION UP THERE? I DON'T RECOGNIZE HER FACE.

DARLING, YOU REALLY **HAVE** BEEN OUT OF TOUCH. THAT'S **DELILAH**. 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.







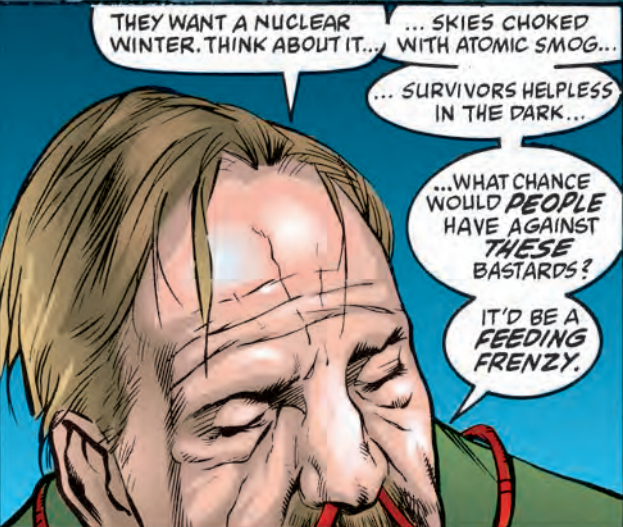




WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

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?

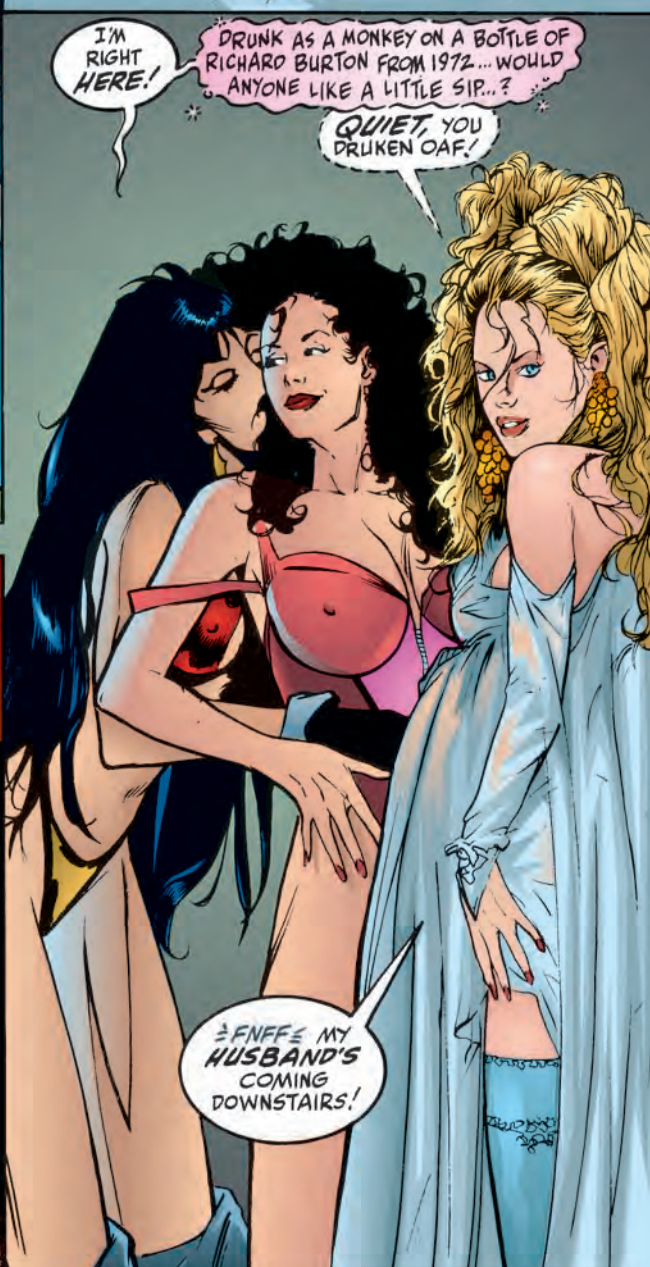
IT'D BE A **FEEDING FRENZY**.



I 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...



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!**

£ 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.

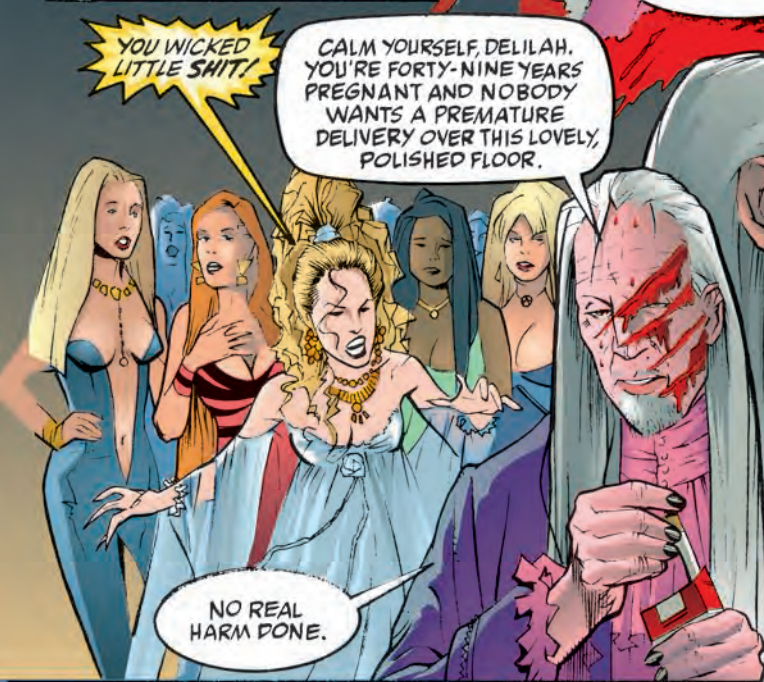


EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU HERE HOLDS  
A SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE FOR ME. A CLEAR  
REMINDER OF A SPECIFIC TIME AND PLACE  
FROM MY ILLUSTRIOUS PAST--



-- EXCEPT  
YOU...







BACK TO THE PRESENT.

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

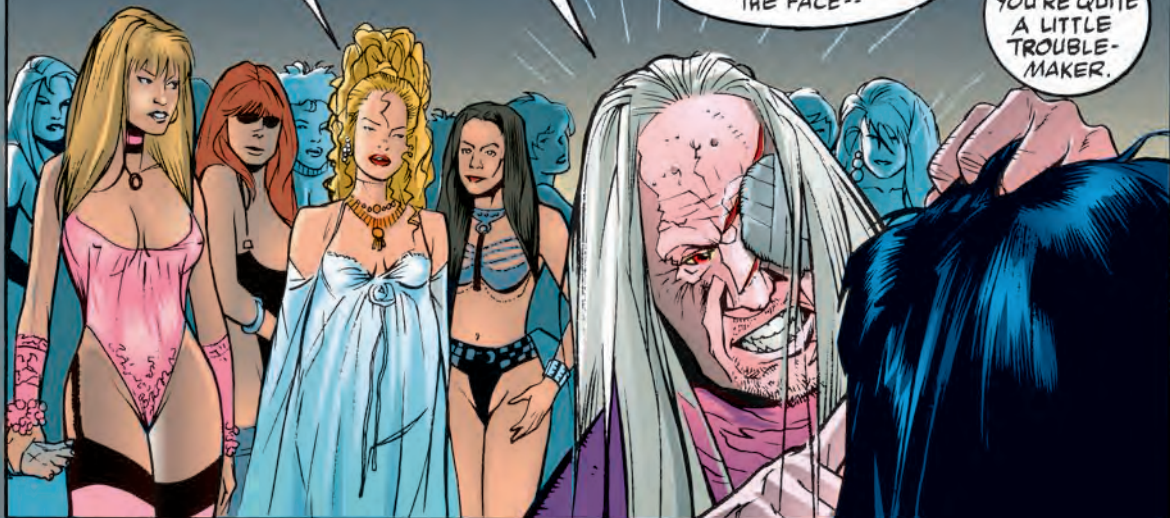
MAYBE THEY DRAINED TOO MUCH  
BLOOD, HUSBAND. SHE DOESN'T  
SEEM TO BE RESPONDING WELL.

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.

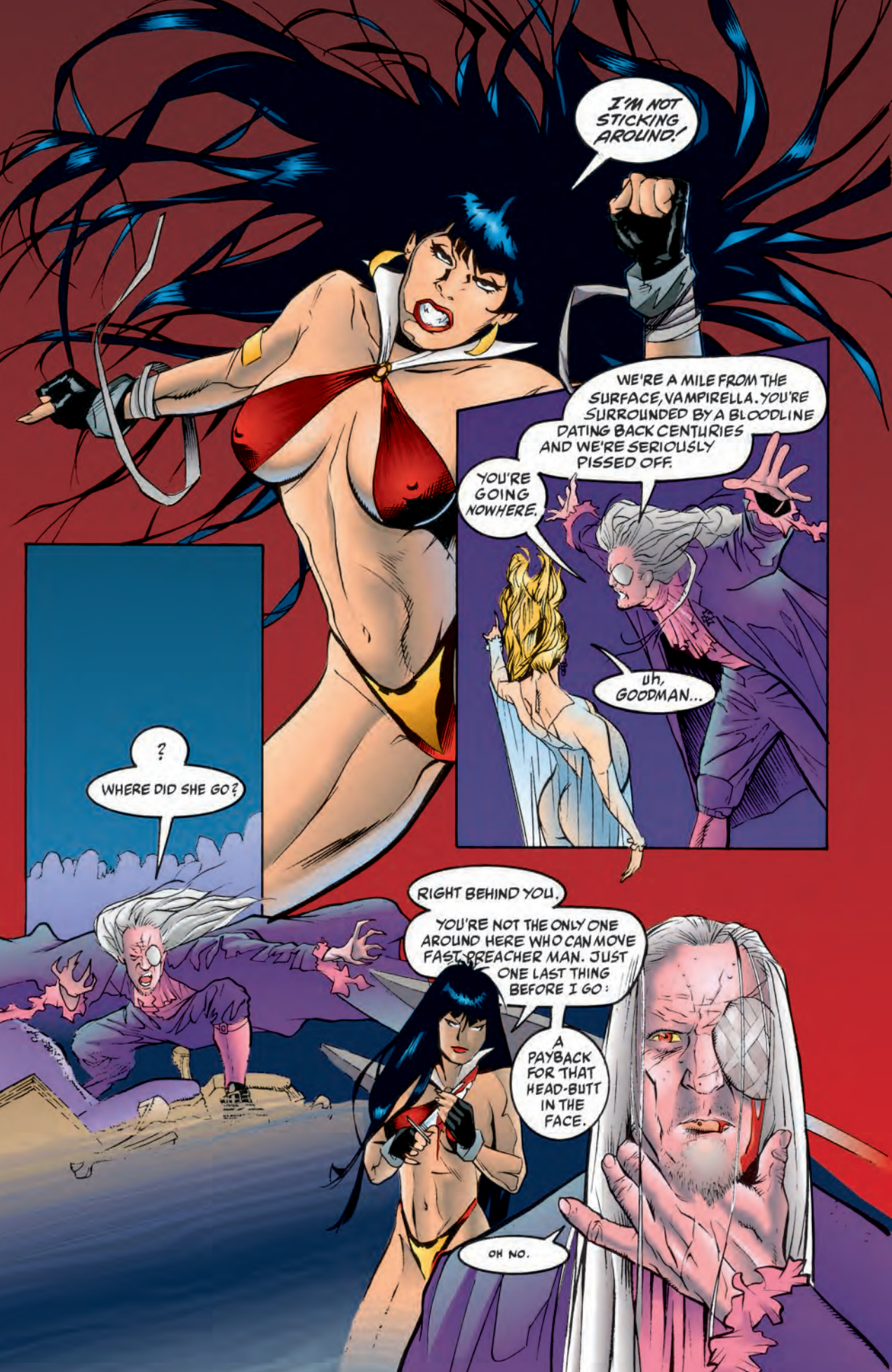
BUT LOCKING THE MISSILE BAY DOORS MEANS THE ROCKETS WILL BE TRAPPED DOWN HERE IN THE SILOS. THE NUCLEAR WARHEADS WILL DETONATE *UNDERGROUND*.

SO *THAT'S* WHERE YOU DISAPPEARED TO.

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  
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.

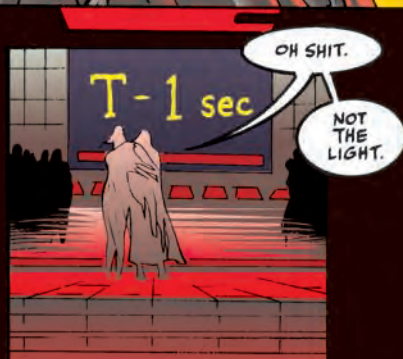


HAAK  
OH GOD, THE  
MISSILES.

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.

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.*

**M**ark 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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