



VAMPIRELLA[®]

DYNAMITE
7

DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

VAMPIRELLA®

HER ORIGINS ARE SHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

SOME SAY SHE'S A POWERFUL ENTITY FROM ANOTHER REALM; OTHERS TELL TALES OF A CHILD BORN OF A DEMONIC MOTHER IN HELL'S FIRE AND DISPATCHED TO CLEANSE THE WORLD OF EVIL.

BUT ALL THESE STORIES SHARE A COMMON REFRAIN: VAMPIRELLA HAS COME TO BATTLE THE FORCES OF DARKNESS – FROM VAMPIRIC LEGIONS, TO SUPERNATURAL EVILS THAT BEGGAR DESCRIPTION.

AND NOW, SHE FACES A TERRIBLE THREAT THAT EVEN THE BLOOD-DRENCHED POWERS OF THE NIGHT HAVE COME TO FEAR...

WRITTEN BY
ERIC TRAUTMANN

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER GEOVANI

LETTERED BY
MARSHALL DILLON

COLORS BY
IVAN NUNES

COVERS BY
JELENA KEVIC-DJURDJEVIC (25%)
PAUL RENAUD (25%)
FABIANO NEVES (25%)
WALTER GEOVANI (25%)

SPECIAL THANKS TO JANA WRIGHT AND BRANNON BOREN

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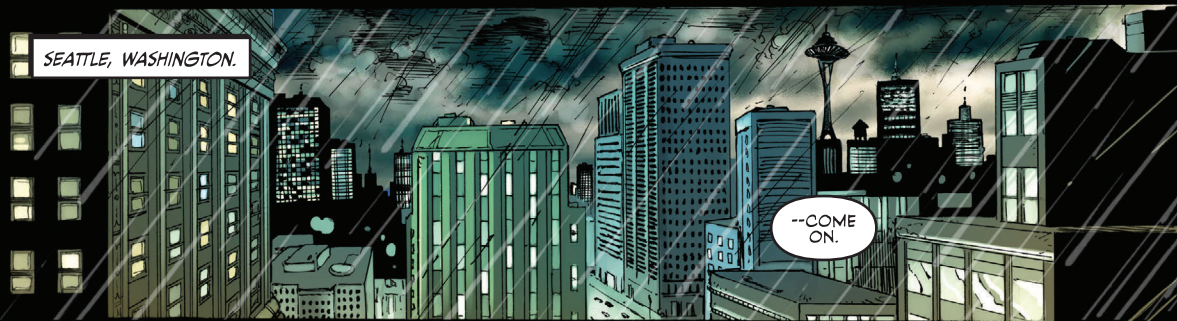
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JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
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SO, IT'S BEEN A STRANGE WEEK.

HOME SWEET HOME, VAMPIRELLA.



WHATEVER SHE WENT THROUGH IN THE SEATTLE UNDERGROUND, IT TOOK A HELL OF A TOLL.

NNNNNGGGH

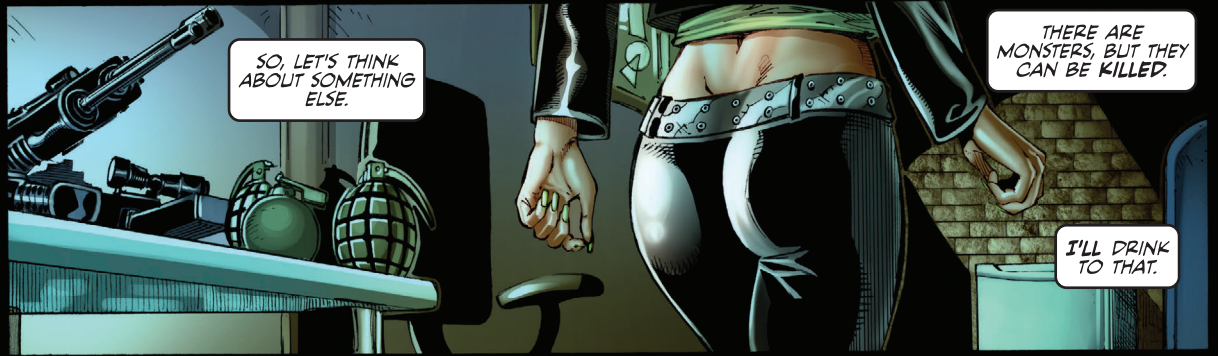
(NO PUN INTENDED.)



HARD TO WRAP MY BRAIN AROUND IT ALL.

VAMPIRES EXIST. LET'S JUST ROLL THAT AROUND FOR A WHILE, SOFIA.

THERE BE MONSTERS HERE.



SO, LET'S THINK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.

THERE ARE MONSTERS, BUT THEY CAN BE KILLED.

I'LL DRINK TO THAT.



LET'S REVIEW. SURVIVE A VAMPIRE ATTACK IN THE SEATTLE UNDERGROUND? CHECK.

HELP A SEVEN-FOOT TALL VAMPIRE WARRIOR BATTLE A TENTACLED HORROR FROM BEYOND SPACE AND TIME? CHECK.



JESUS.



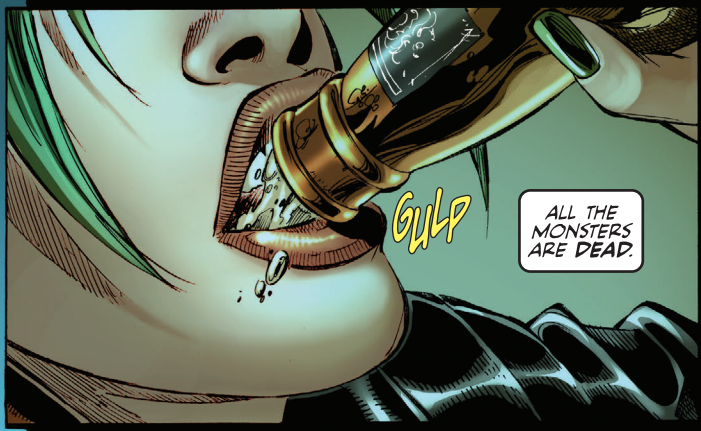
WORST. WET BAR. EVER.



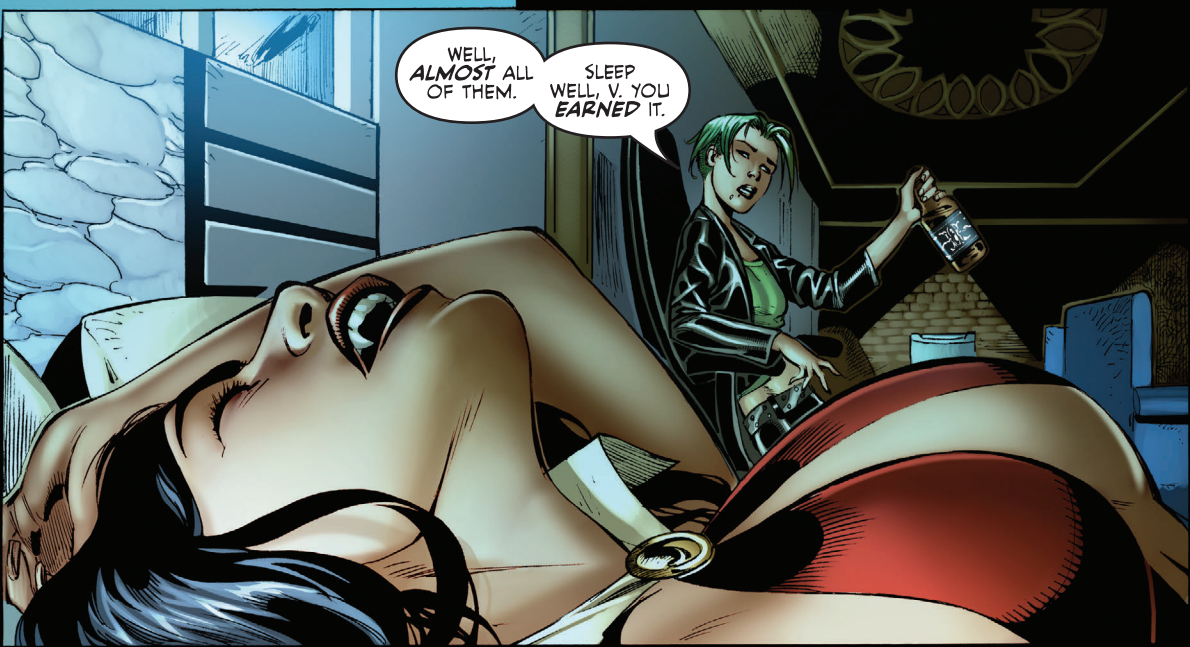
I SHOULD RELAX.



THE WORST IS BEHIND US NOW, RIGHT?



ALL THE MONSTERS ARE DEAD.



WELL, ALMOST ALL OF THEM.

SLEEP WELL, V. YOU EARNED IT.

I KILLED THE BOTTLE,
TOO, AND V. HAS BURNED
THROUGH THREE UNITS
OF WHOLE BLOOD.

BOTTOMS
UP, V.

(MEDICAL TERMINOLOGY
BROUGHT TO YOU BY
ENDLESS RE-RUNS OF
MEDICAL DRAMAS.)

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.
LIKE, SUPERMODEL
BEAUTIFUL.

IT ALMOST
MAKES YOU
FORGET WHAT
SHE IS.

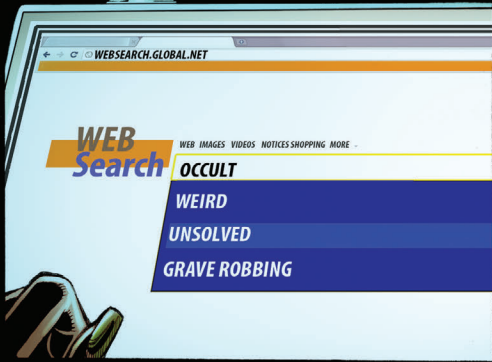
ALMOST.

SOMETHING ABOUT HER
MAKES THE HAIR ON MY
ARMS STAND ON END.

LIKE, NO MATTER
HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE
IS, YOU INSTINCTIVELY
KNOW **SHE IS
NOT HUMAN.**



JUST LIKE I
KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT HER.



ALL RIGHT, V.
LET'S FIND OUT
WHO YOU
REALLY ARE.



WHAT A
SURPRISE.

THERE'S NOT A LOT
OF INFORMATION
AVAILABLE.

IT TAKES SOME
SEARCH-FU, AND A
LOT OF READING
BETWEEN THE LINES.



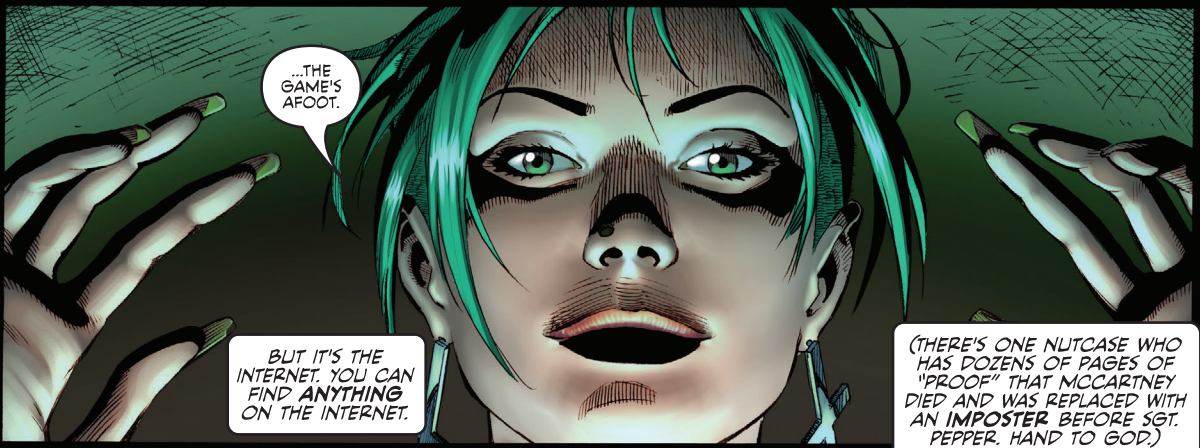


MOSTLY, UNSOLVED HOMICIDES AND ARSONS, USUALLY WITH AN ELEMENT OF THE WEIRD.

WHACKO WEBSITES THAT NO ONE TAKES SERIOUSLY, TALKING ABOUT UNDEAD PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS, DEMON HENCHMEN, AND (OF COURSE) VAMPIRES.

NAMES LIKE "FATONI" AND "VON KRIEST" AND "NYX."

WEIRD STORIES GOING BACK TO THE 1960S.



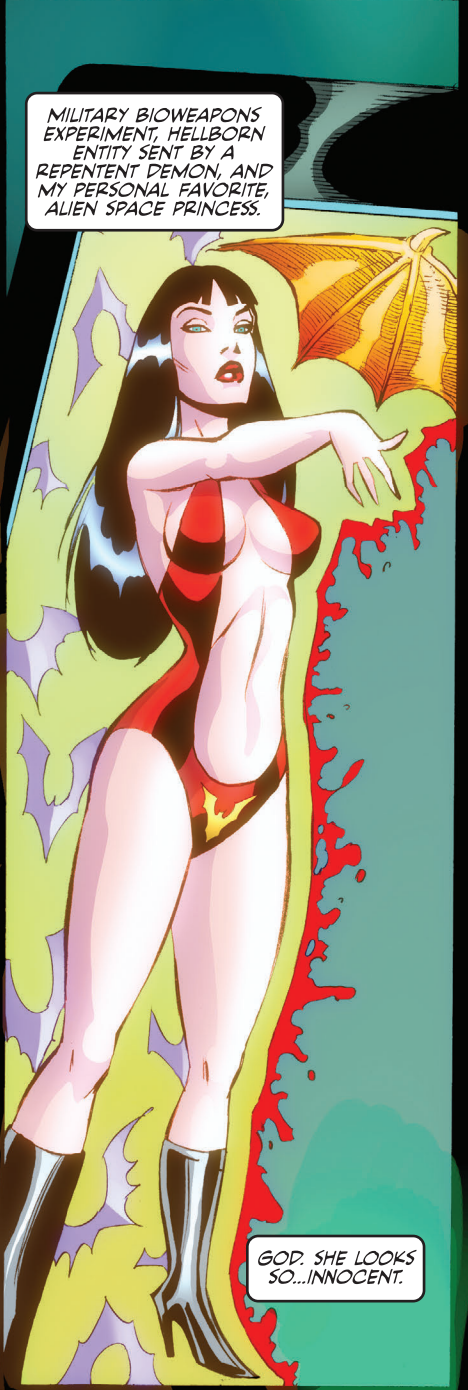
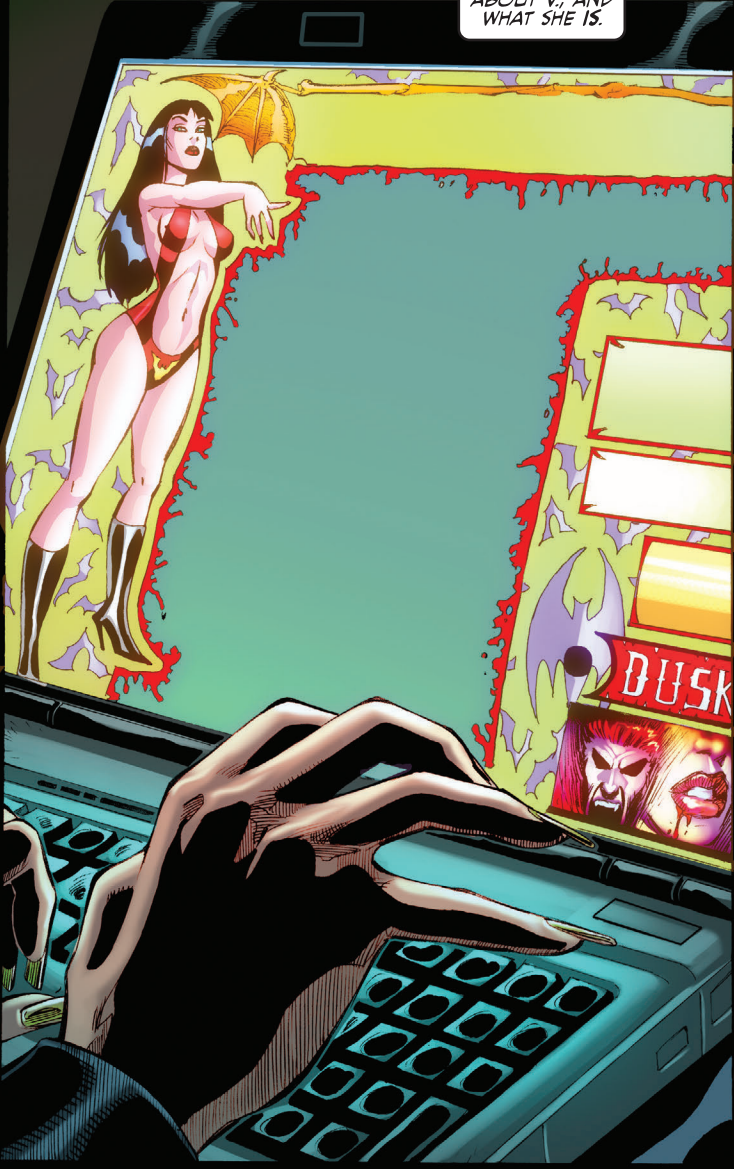
...THE GAME'S AFOOT.

BUT IT'S THE INTERNET. YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING ON THE INTERNET.

(THERE'S ONE NUTCASE WHO HAS DOZENS OF PAGES OF "PROOF" THAT MCCARTNEY DIED AND WAS REPLACED WITH AN IMPOSTER BEFORE SGT. PEPPER. HAND TO GOD.)

STANDS TO REASON THAT V. HAS PICKED UP FANS OVER THE YEARS.

OBSESSES, ALL WITH THEORIES ABOUT V., AND WHAT SHE IS.

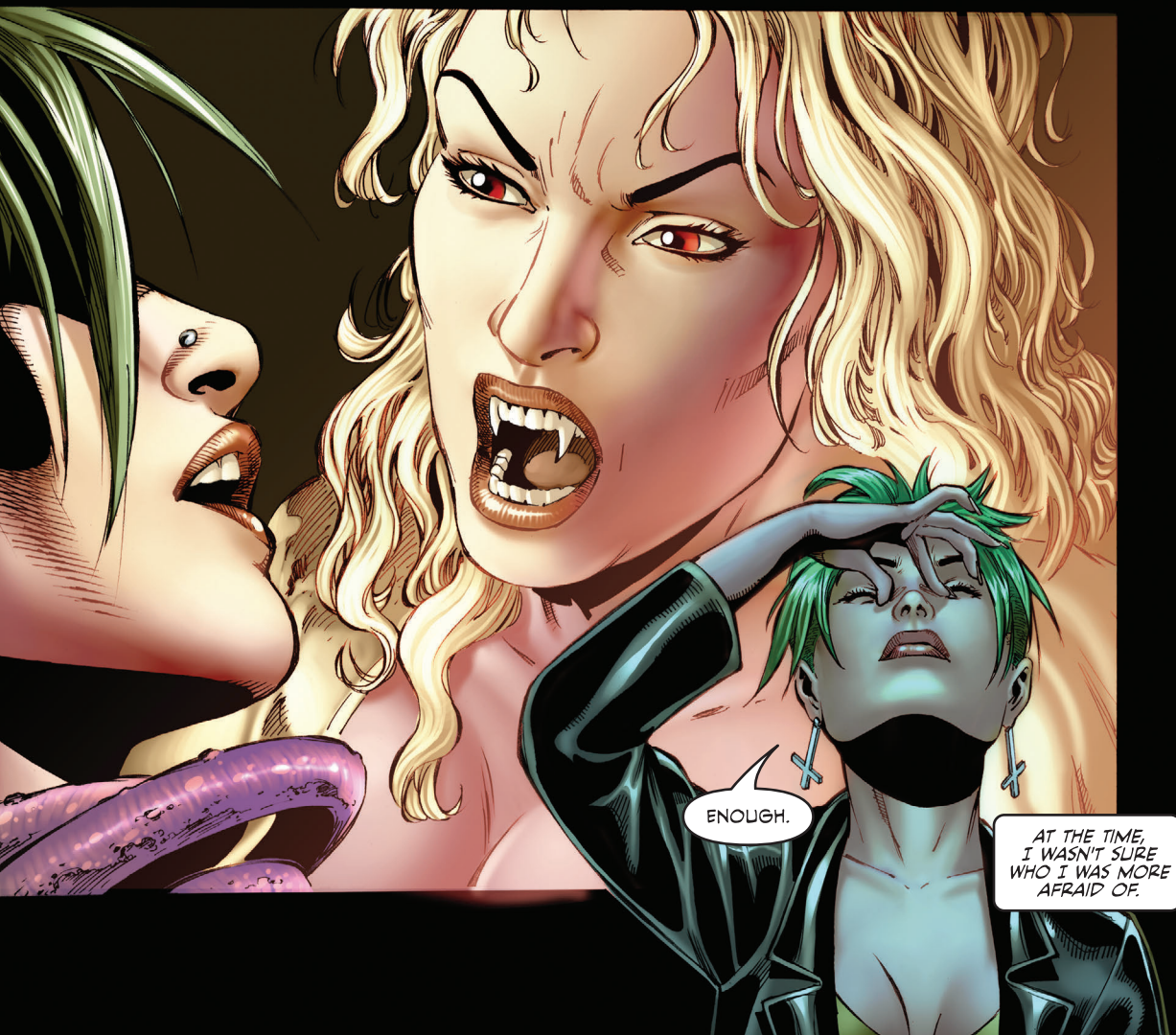


MILITARY BIOWEAPONS EXPERIMENT, HELLBORN ENTITY SENT BY A REPENTANT DEMON, AND MY PERSONAL FAVORITE, ALIEN SPACE PRINCESS.

GOD. SHE LOOKS SO...INNOCENT.



NOT EXACTLY HOW I'D DESCRIBE VAMPIRELLA.



ENOUGH.

AT THE TIME, I WASN'T SURE WHO I WAS MORE AFRAID OF.

BUT THEN,
FEAR AND I GO
WAY BACK.

SALT LAKE CITY UTAH
24 DEC. 1999

HIS NAME'S
RON.

MOM MARRIED THE
CREEP AFTER MY
FATHER DIED, WHEN
I WAS ABOUT TWO.

MOM DID NOT
WIN THE HUSBAND
LOTTERY.

I WAS A KID. I DID
WHAT I COULD
TO ESCAPE.

PAID ATTENTION IN
SCHOOL. DIDN'T
MAKE WAVES.

LOST MYSELF IN FANTASY.
ESPECIALLY THE MONSTER
MAGS I SWIPED FROM
MY BROTHER.

I MEAN, WITH CREEPS LIKE
RON IN MY LIFE, HOW BAD
COULD MADE UP
MONSTERS REALLY BE?

GOD. HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT RON IN YEARS.

NOT SINCE THE FUNERAL, AFTER HIS LIVER PACKED IT IN.

YAWN!

ALL THROUGH THE SERVICE, ALL I COULD THINK WAS "GOOD RIDDANCE, YOU MONSTER."

"MONSTER," LIKE THAT WORD HAS ANY MEANING ANY MORE.

FUNNY WORLD. I WAS HAPPY MY STEPFATHER WAS DEAD, AND NOW I'M HOPING AN HONEST-TO-GOD VAMPIRE DOESN'T DIE.

HOW MESSED UP IS THAT?



ALMOST AS MESSED UP AS MY WORDS OF COMFORT TO HER.

ADAM!

SHHH. YOU'RE SAFE.
IT'S JUST A NIGHTMARE.

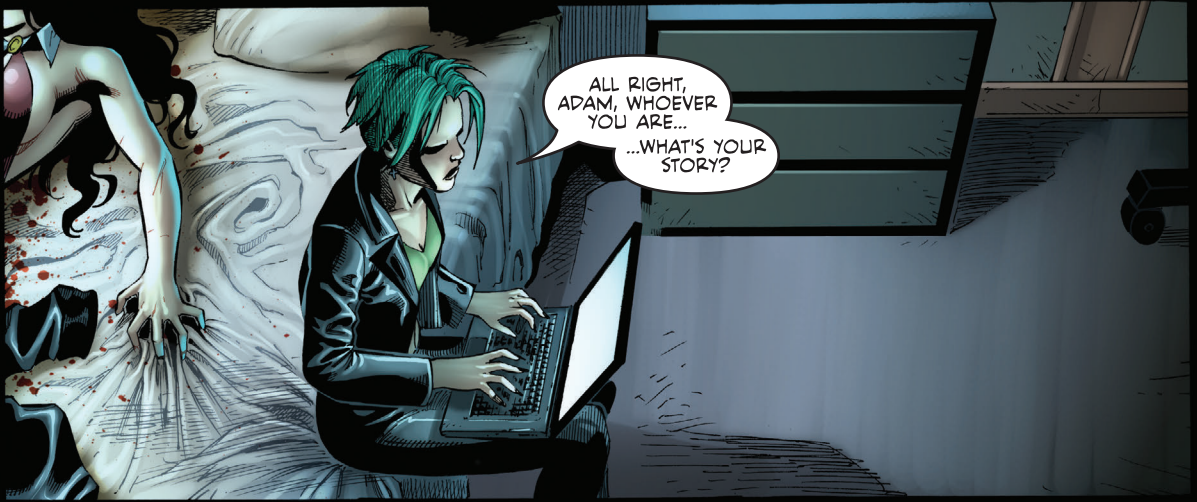


CAN YOU
IMAGINE HOW
BAD HER
NIGHTMARES
MUST BE?



"ADAM."

SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT
NAME.



ALL RIGHT, ADAM, WHOEVER YOU ARE...
...WHAT'S YOUR STORY?



NO. WAY.



IT'S A SMALL LINK OFF OF THE VAMPILORE FANSITE, FILED UNDER "WEIRD STUFF."

AN OBITUARY, WITH VERY LITTLE IN THE WAY OF HARD INFORMATION. "UNNATURAL CAUSES," "FOUL PLAY," AND ALMOST NOTHING ELSE.

JUST THAT NAME.

VAN Helsing.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
19 OCTOBER 2003

--WHERE YOU GOING, CREEPY GIRL?
HEY, I'M TALKING TO YOU.

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, CREEPY GIRL? GOT A BIG DATE?
I MEAN, WITH THAT ALL-BLACK, I'M-SO-TORTURED LOOK, YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING A GUY.

HERE'S A TIP, SWEETIE: COLOR. EVEN THE GRUNGE CREEPS WEAR FLENNEL.

COME ON, ALLY, I JUST WANT TO GO HOME--

WHAT'S THIS?

--HEY!
GIVE THAT BACK.

THIS YOUR DIARY?

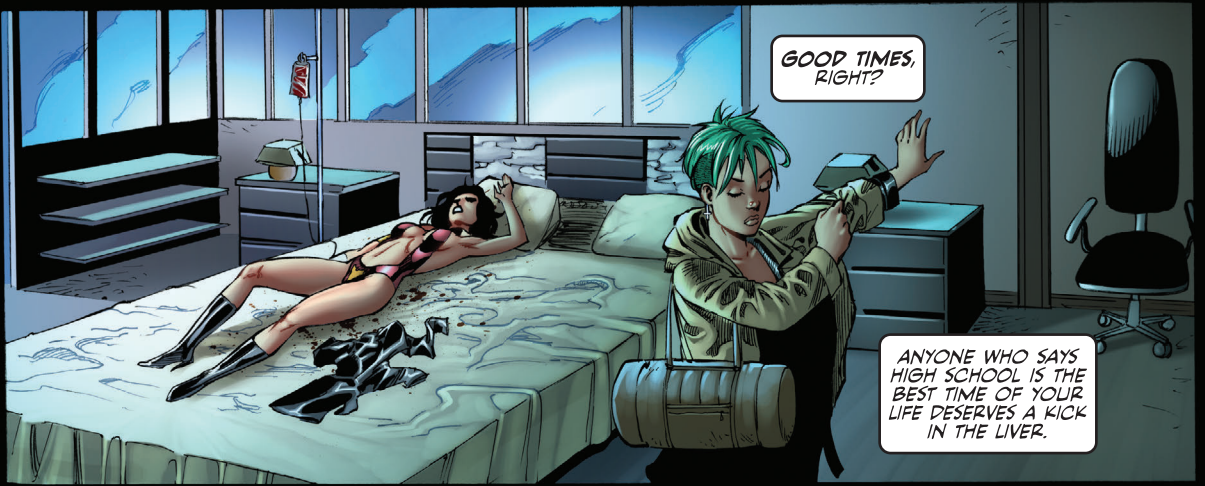
"DEAR DIARY, TODAY I WOKE UP AND WAS JUST PATHETIC AND SCARY AND EVERYBODY HATES ME AND I SHOULD JUST DIE."
WEIRDO.

SHOULD'VE STAYED WHERE YOU CAME FROM, NEW GIRL.

YEAH. PROBABLY.

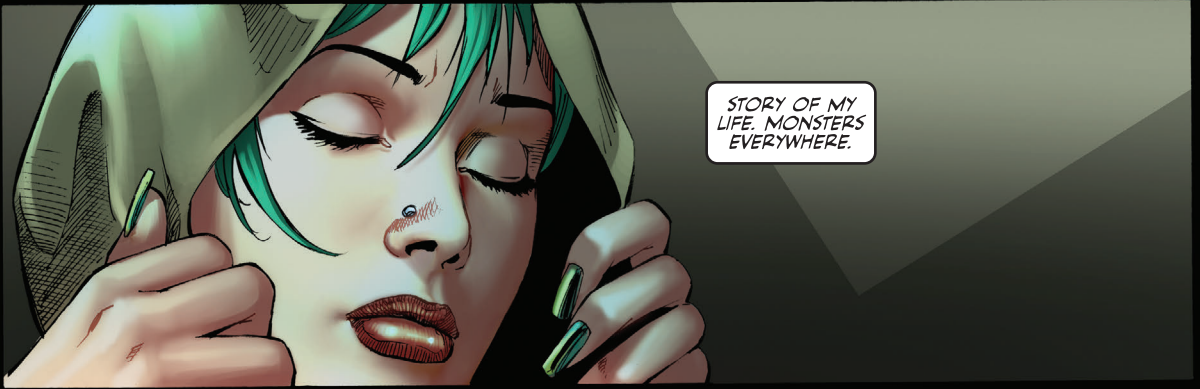
Dracula

Bram Stoker



GOOD TIMES,
RIGHT?

ANYONE WHO SAYS
HIGH SCHOOL IS THE
BEST TIME OF YOUR
LIFE DESERVES A KICK
IN THE LIVER.



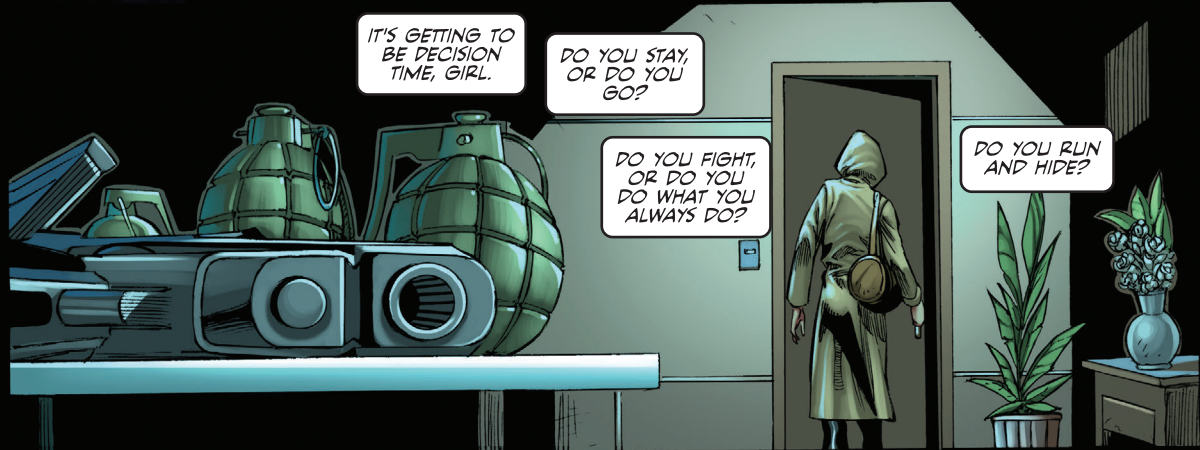
STORY OF MY
LIFE. MONSTERS
EVERYWHERE.



THE DRUNKEN
STEPFATHER.

THE ABSENTEE
MOM.

ALL THE
WEBSURFING AND
DRINKING ARE JUST
STALLING TACTICS.



IT'S GETTING TO
BE DECISION
TIME, GIRL.

DO YOU STAY,
OR DO YOU
GO?

DO YOU FIGHT,
OR DO YOU
DO WHAT YOU
ALWAYS DO?

DO YOU RUN
AND HIDE?



IT'S ALMOST TOO WEIRD.

(AND I SAY THAT AFTER HAVING SPENT THE LAST FEW DAYS HANGING AROUND WITH ACTUAL VAMPIRES.)



TAXI!

IT WAS THE NAME "VAN HELSING" THAT FINALLY HIT HOME.



BY THE TIME I'D GRADUATED FROM THE MONSTER MAGS TO HORROR NOVELS, STOKER WAS MY FAVORITE.



IT WASN'T JUST BECAUSE IT WAS BEAUTIFULLY WRITTEN.

I ALWAYS LIKED MINA. SURE, IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HARKER'S STORY, AND VAN HELSING'S.



BUT I LIKED THE PARTS WITH MINA THE BEST.



PROBABLY BECAUSE SHE SHARED MY MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME: MURRAY.



I USED TO IMAGINE MY MOTHER AS MINA. TOUGH, DETERMINED, AND ULTIMATELY ABLE TO SURVIVE THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE NASTY MONSTER.

BUT THAT WAS FICTION.



AND MOM WAS ALWAYS THE VICTIM.

I SWORE I NEVER WOULD BE.



BUT THAT VOW WAS FICTION, TOO.

SOFIA!

JUST LIKE MY MOTHER.

ROBERT.
ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME IN?

LET YOU IN?



ALWAYS FALLING FOR THE BAD BOYS.

YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR DAYS, SOFIA. DAYS, AND NOT ONE WORD FROM YOU?
I HEARD THAT THE CLUB YOU HANG OUT AT, CARMILLA, BURNED DOWN OR SOMETHING!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!



"IF HE CHEATS ON YOU, IT'S PROBABLY YOUR FAULT."

I SEE YOU'VE BEEN IN MOURNING.

"IF HE HITS YOU, YOU WERE PROBABLY ASKING FOR IT."

HELLO, CANDACE.

H'LO.

LOOK AT HIM. HE'S BEAUTIFUL. FLASHING EYES, KILLER SMILE, GREAT BODY, TERRIFIC IN THE SACK.

SO, I WAS DEAD, AND YOU SPENT ALL OF A DAY GETTING BACK INTO YOUR EX-GIRLFRIEND'S PANTS?

OH, SHUT UP.

IT WASN'T LIKE THAT. SHE WAS CONSOLING ME!

THE MONSTER I INVITED IN.

SURE. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD CONSOLE IN THE MISSIONARY POSITION, ROBERT.

I'VE GOT A CELL PHONE. DID YOU CALL ME? NO.

IF YOU THOUGHT I WAS MISSING, DID YOU CALL THE POLICE? NO.

OH, **GROW UP.** YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE ME THE BAD GUY HERE, SOFIA.

I THINK YOU SHOULD LEAVE. BEFORE I **MAKE YOU LEAVE.**

ROBERT?

COME ON, ENOUGH ALREADY, SOFIA, JUST GET **OUT--**

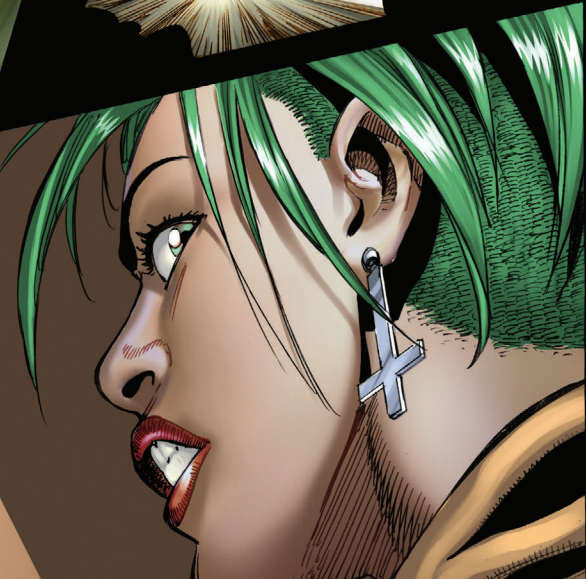
--GGGGAAA!

WHUUDD

THERE'RE
REAL MONSTERS
OUT THERE.

Hhrrg!
Hhrrghh!

AND I'D
RATHER FACE ALL OF
THEM THEN SPEND ONE
MORE SECOND WITH YOU,
YOU PATHETIC PIECE
OF CRAP.



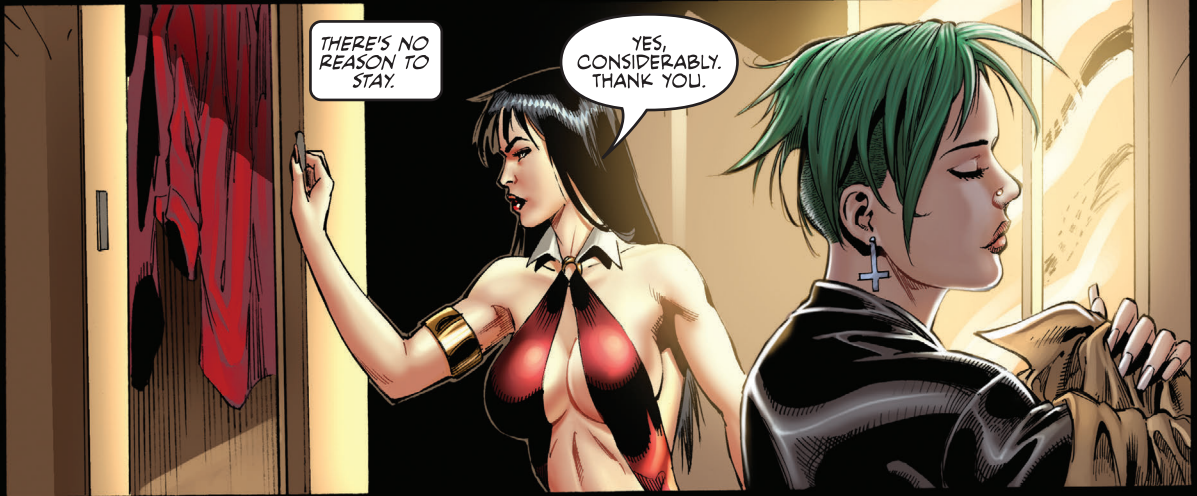


IT'S INSANE.

I SHOULD JUST WALK AWAY.

FEELING BETTER?

Nng.



THERE'S NO REASON TO STAY.

YES, CONSIDERABLY. THANK YOU.



VAMPIRELLA'S WORLD IS A TREADMILL OF HORROR, AND VIOLENCE, AND BLOOD, AND DEATH.

I'M... PLEASUED TO SEE YOU, SOFIA.

I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE HOME.



IF I STICK AROUND, I'M GOING TO END UP AS FOOD FOR SOME HORRIBLE CREATURE.

I HAD SOME THINGS TO TAKE CARE OF.

AND ADMIT IT: YOU NEED MY HELP.



SO LIKE IT OR NOT, I'M HERE TO STAY, V.

BUT AS MUCH AS I WANT TO, I CAN'T JUST WALK AWAY AND FORGET THIS EVER HAPPENED.

THERE'S A DRACULA IN THIS STORY.

AND A VAN HELSING.



IT JUST WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A MURRAY.

THE END
Next: A MURDER OF CROWS