

# VAMPIRELLA<sup>®</sup>

VS.

# Dracula

DYNAMITE<sup>3</sup>



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New York City.

Where the stories  
wind back through  
the ages...

COUGH  
HELP ME...

SOMEONE  
\*KEFF KHN\*  
PLEASE...

Where the ages  
don't quite end  
when the calendars  
and clocks say...

Where heroes rise  
and villains fall...

WHAT...?

THIS--  
THIS IS  
WRONG--

IT'S ALL  
WRONG!

Where the stage  
opens each and  
every night...

And where the  
players take their  
places to the soft,  
timeless sound of  
applause.









I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE OUT THAT SORT OF INFORMATION, SIR.



PLEASE, I CAN-- I CAN PAY YOU--



I-I JUST NEED TO FIND MY MONEY AND--

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, SIR...



HERE WE ARE, SIR...



THE BRIDAL SUITE IS REGISTERED UNDER THE NAME HALL LORAN.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEAVE A MESSAGE FOR--



SIR...?

It is the very nature of fiction to lie.

It compels its purveyors to craft and cajole its characters to live its eternities as its authors see fit.











The Carpathian  
Foothills outside  
Transylvania,  
1897.











NOSFERATU--!

BY GOD IN  
HEAVEN ABOVE,  
VAMPIRES ARE  
ABOUT!



COME!  
COME AND  
SEE!



BUT IT  
ISN'T SAFE  
TO--

DON'T BE  
A STUPID GIRL!  
YOU WON'T  
FOOL THEM  
TWICE!

I-I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU MEAN...

NO?  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW, YOU  
SAY...?

THEN  
PERHAPS YOU  
NEED TO COOK  
YOUR SUPPER  
BETTER, EH?





YOU'RE A  
STRANGER,  
LASS...

YOU'RE NOT  
WHERE YOU  
COME FROM AND  
YOU AREN'T  
WHEN YOU COME  
FROM, HM?



BUT YOU  
KNOW THEY'LL  
HUNT YOU WHEN  
THEY FIND OUT  
WHAT YOU  
ARE.



BUT YOU'LL  
BURN WHEN  
THEY PUT YOU  
TO THE FIRE,  
OH YES.



BUT HOW  
DO YOU KNOW  
ABOUT--

DRINA  
KNOWS MUCH,  
LITTLE VAMPIRE--  
HAH!

YOU WILL  
SEE!



































OH--  
AND LOOK AT  
HOW EXCITED  
SHE GETS!

DO YOU  
KNOW WHY  
YOU ARE  
HERE?



I WAS IN NEW YORK...  
AND THEN I WAS  
HERE...

AND I CAN'T HELP  
BUT FEEL I'VE DONE  
ALL THIS A HUNDRED  
TIMES.

AND WHY  
IS THIS,  
DO YOU  
SUPPOSE?



DRACULA.



HE WANTS OUT, HE DOES.  
AFTER WHAT MUST FEEL  
LIKE AN ETERNITY.

STORIES ARE  
LIVES THAT NEVER  
END, YOU SEE. THEY  
SUFFER, TRIUMPH, LOVE  
AND DIE, OVER AND  
OVER. BEARING EVERY  
HARDSHIP WRITTEN  
AND MOURNING  
EVERY LOSS.

BUT  
NOT HIM, NOT  
ANYMORE...









DRACULA HAS EARNED MY WRATH A THOUSAND TIMES OVER. WE WANT THE SAME THINGS, YOU SZGANY AND I.

AND IF RETURNING HIM TO HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE IN THIS NARRATIVE ENDS THIS...



...THEN I WILL HUNT HIM FOR YOU!

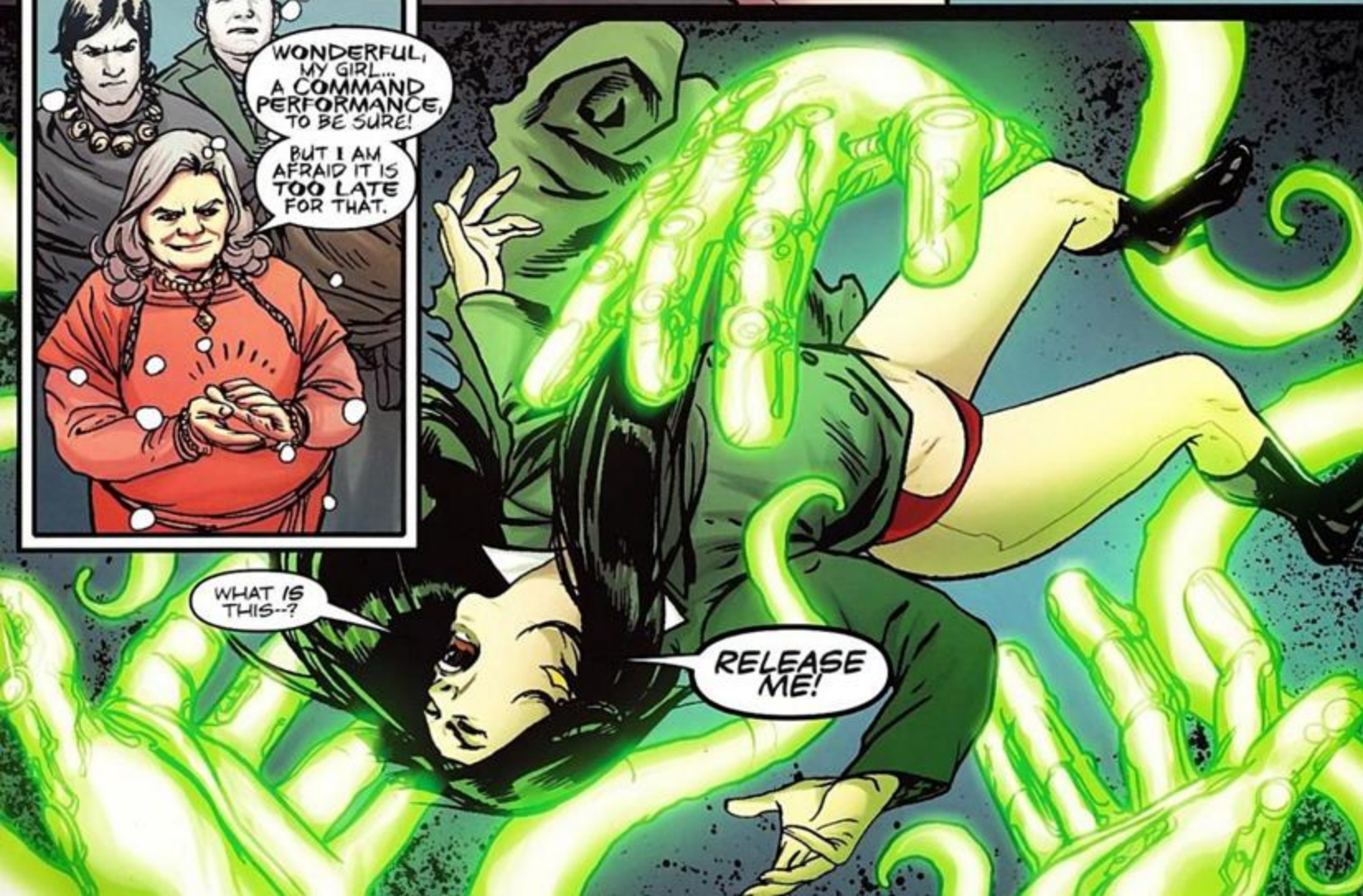


CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP



WONDERFUL, MY GIRL... A COMMAND PERFORMANCE, TO BE SURE!

BUT I AM AFRAID IT IS TOO LATE FOR THAT.



WHAT IS THIS--?

RELEASE ME!









I - I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



IT WAS THERE... JUST BEFORE... I SAW IT AND...



WHAT IS IT YOU SAW, JONATHAN HARKER? TELL ME...

YOU...



STILL HERE. STILL THERE, SADLY, AS WELL. BUT IT'S NOT FOR LACK OF EFFORT TO BREAK AWAY, I ASSURE YOU.



WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, DRAGUNSUN? WHAT DO I HAVE LEFT TO GIVE YOU?


YOU CAN BEGIN WITH THE SHEDDING OF THESE PLEASANTRIES, MR. HARKER.

YOU KNOW MY TRUE NAME...



BUT THEN, WE'VE ALL STRAYED FROM THE NARRATIVE A BIT...





"...AND I SUSPECT  
IT WILL TAKE ALL  
OUR EFFORTS TO  
SET THIS RIGHT."

NEXT:  
ORDER... AND CHAOS!



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Like it?  
Buy it!!

