

VAMPELLA

DYNAMITE

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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...

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SEATTLE, WA.
MIDNIGHT.

--SAID
YOU COULD
SLEEP HERE,
FOOL?

--HIT HIM
AGAIN--

--GONNA
HAVE TO TAKE
YOUR EYE,
DUDE--

--PLEASE,
I'M SORRY,
I'LL GO--

--DIDN'T MEAN
ANYTHING, I'LL
JUST LEAVE--

NOT SO
FAST.

YOU BEEN
SLEEPING HERE **THREE
NIGHTS**. THAT'S **BACK
RENT** YOU OWE, MAN...

YEAH.
WANT ME
AN EYE.

...AND I GOT
ME A FEELING YOU
CAN'T PAY THE
FREIGHT.

MAKES ME LOOK
BAD IN FRONT OF
MY BOYS, Y'KNOW.
NOT COOL.

WHUB

NNNGH!

HE'S
NOT THE ONE
MAKING YOU
LOOK BAD.

WHO
THE F--

VAMPIRELLA in...

(Crown of Worms, part 1)

"RED RIGHT HAND"

THERE'S
A SICKNESS HERE.
I CAN SMELL IT.

THE SCENT OF
BLOOD, AND MADNESS.
SOMETHING IS
ROTTING THIS PLACE
FROM WITHIN.

TSK.

SUCH
LANGUAGE,
CHILD.

THAT'S
NO WAY TO
SPEAK TO
A LADY.

A CANCER, EATING
AWAY COMPASSION
AND LEAVING BEHIND
CRUEL SCARS.





AIN'T
NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS.

BEST
BE ON YOUR
WAY, YEAH?

YOU'RE IN MY
HOUSE, NOW. I'VE
GOT **PROTECTION**
HERE.

THE POLICE OFFICERS WATCHING
AS THESE STEEL-HARD INFANTS
BRUTALIZE ANOTHER HUMAN
BEING IS JUST A SYMPTOM.



AND A
REMINDER:



NOT ALL MONSTERS
HAVE CLAWS...

LAST
CHANCE,
BITCH.

OH GOD
OH GOD PLEASE
NO GOD NO

CH-CHAK




...OR FANGS.

YES.

IT IS.

KRAK



HIS PULSE THUNDERS
BENEATH MY FINGERS,
A DRUMBEAT THAT
PROMISES A CRIMSON
FEAST.

IT WOULD BE
ALL TOO EASY
TO...INDULGE.

GGGLK!

AND THEY ARE
SO TERRIBLY
FRAGILE.

THE STRONG
PREY ON THE
WEAK, ISN'T
THAT RIGHT?

HOW DOES
IT FEEL TO BE
THE **PREY**,
CHILDREN?

SNAP

WHAT
THE HELL
IS SHE?

BLAM
BLAM

I LOVE THIS
WORLD. AND I
HATE IT, TOO.

JUST
SHOOT HER,
MAN!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

--HNGH!

KKRAK

SO GREEN AND
ALIVE AND FULL
OF PROMISE.

CH-
CHAK

COME ON,
COME ON,
RELOAD
RELOAD!

THEY WALLOW IN
MISERY, REVELING
IN SQUALOR, PAIN
AND EVIL.

SOMETHING IN
THEM MAKES THEM
CHOOSE DARKNESS
OVER LIGHT.

RUN.



A TRAIT THAT
MY QUARRY
COUNTS ON.

SCREW
THIS!



HE'S DRAWN TO
PLACES LIKE THIS,
MY OLD FOE.

YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT.
THEY'RE
GONE.

THEY NEVER
GONE, GIRL.
TH' BASSARDS
ALWAYS COMIN'
BACK.



HIDING
AMONG
THEM.

YOU C'N GO
KILL 'EM THOUGH,
I SEES IT, YOU CAN
KILL 'EM F'R ME,
RIGHT?



STOKING MADNESS
LIKE A FURNACE.

THERE'S NO
NEED. I DOUBT
THEY'LL TROUBLE
YOU AGAIN.

WELL, SCREW
YOU THEN. WHAT
GOOD ARE YA',
HUH?

--GOTTA DO
EVERY F'GIN THIN'
MYSELF, NO HELP
FROM NO ONE, NOT
EVEN FROM LADIES
IN FANCY SUITS--



BREEDING
CORRUPTION.

WELL.

I'M NOT SURE,
BUT I THINK WE'VE
GOT SOME KIND
OF DOMESTIC
DISTURBANCE.

THAT IT,
HONEY? YOU
AND YOUR
BOYFRIEND THERE
HAVING AN
ISSUE?



LOOKS
THAT WAY TO
ME, OFFICER
BRUCE.

TROUBLE FOR
SURE, OFFICER
COLES. LADY LIKE
THIS, CLOTHES LIKE
THAT, IN A
NEIGHBORHOOD
THIS BAD?



LOOKS LIKE
SOMEONE'S UP
TO MISCHIEF.

VERY BAD.
CAN'T ALLOW
THAT, CAN WE?
WE SHOULD
INVESTIGATE.

OH, NO.
WOULDN'T
BE GOOD.



SO YOU
COME ALONG
QUIETLY,
HONEY.

DON'T
MAKE A
FUSS...

...AND
THIS WILL ALL
BE OVER
SOON.



SCENT OF
BLOOD ON
YOU, GIRL.

MAKES US
HUNGRY.

TASTY.
GONNA BE
TASTY.

GONNA
SCREAM? I
LIKE IT BETTER
WHEN THEY
SCREAM.



THE INSANE, THE
CORRUPT, THE
CRUELTY THAT EATS
PLACES ALIVE...



YOU'RE RIGHT.
THERE WILL BE
SCREAMS.

THAT'S
DRACULA'S
SPOOR.

VLAD TEPES, SON OF
VLAD DRACUL, THE
SCOURGE OF THE
TURKS. HUNDREDS OF
YEARS OLD NOW.

SOLD INTO CAPTIVITY BY HIS
OWN FATHER, TO ENSURE
PEACE WITH HIS ENEMIES.
BEATEN SAVAGELY AND
FORGED INTO SOMETHING
HARDER.

ONCE, JUST
A MAN.

CAST, LIKE A BRONZE ICON,
INTO THE VICIOUS
WARLORD WHO WALKED
LAZILY THROUGH FORESTS
OF THE INFIRM AND DYING.

SAVORING A RAIN
OF BLOOD AS IF IT
WERE A SUMMER
SHOWER.

AND LATER,
TRANSFORMED
INTO SOMETHING
MUCH DARKER.

INTENT ON DRAINING THIS
LIVING WORLD DRY, LEAVING
BEHIND DUST, DEATH, AND
THE RAVENOUS LEGIONS OF
HIS BASTARD CHILDREN.

EVERLASTING
THIRST
INCARNATE.



LEAVING TWISTED
CREATURES LIKE
THESE AS EVIDENCE
OF HIS PASSING.



HAHAHA
HA!

THAT'S
THE SPIRIT.

MAKE US
WORK FOR
IT--

THEY SENSE
IT NOW.
TOO LATE.



--WHA?!!

I'M NOT ONE OF
THEIR HELPLESS
VICTIMS.



I'M DEATH.
WALKING
AMONG THEM.



THEY'VE HEARD
THE STORIES.

OF VAMPIRELLA,
THE KILLER.

WHUDD

--KILL YOU,
YOU BITCH,
HE WAS MY
FRIEND--

LAUGHING
AT ME.

LAUGHING AT
THE MONSTER
WHO BATTLES HER
OWN KIND.

--HNF

HOW AMUSED
THEY MUST HAVE
BEEN, WHEN I FELL
IN LOVE WITH A
MORTAL.

EVEN MORE SO
WHEN HE DIED.

NNNGH



THEY THINK THEY
KNOW ME.

GAH!

KKKRRUNCH

THEY DON'T
KNOW ME.

GGNNA!

HURTS.

GOOD.

AND THEY'RE
NOT LAUGHING
ANYMORE.

I'M NOT
DONE WITH
YOU YET.

KKRAK

--AA!

I HAVE A
CONFES-
SION
TO MAKE.

I HAVE TO
BE CAREFUL.
AMONG THE
HUMANS, I
MEAN.

THEY
BREAK SO
EASILY.

SO,
I HAVE TO
ADMIT...

...IT'S BEEN
FAR TOO LONG
SINCE I'VE BEEN
ABLE TO ENJOY
MYSELF LIKE
THIS.

ALL
RIGHT, ALL
RIGHT.

YOU
WIN.

I KNOW.

SWISH

OH
NO.

THUNK



PLEASE
NO JUST
WANTED TO
EAT.

NOW.
WHERE WERE
WE?



CREATURES
LIKE *YOU* ARE
THE SLIME TRAIL
HE LEAVES IN
HIS WAKE.

AGH!

SO TELL
ME:

I DON'T
--NGH--
KNOW.

IF ANYONE
KNOWS, IT'S *LE
FANU*. *SHE* WAS
ALWAYS HIS
FAVORITE.



AND WHERE
CAN I FIND
LE FANU?

A *BITER*
CLUB... CALLED
CARMILLA. NEAR
THE UNIVERSITY
DISTRICT.





THESE WERE MERE CHILDREN, NEWLY BLOODED, AND EAGER TO FEED.

NOT POWERFUL, BUT STILL DANGEROUS, LIKE INFANTS WITH HANDGUNS.



LEFT UNCHECKED, THEIR KIND SPREAD LIKE A VIRUS.

BUT LIKE ANY VIRUS, IF YOU CAN ISOLATE THE PROPER VECTOR...

CARMILLA.
UNIVERSITY DISTRICT,
SEATTLE, WA

...YOU CAN WIPE
THE VIRUS OUT.

A "BITER CLUB,"
HE CALLED IT.

COME ON,
MAN. YOU
GOTTA LET
US IN!

YOU
HAVE TO WAIT
YOUR TURN,
SPORT.

NOT A
GOOD SIGN.

IT MEANS THERE'S
A GOOD-SIZED
NEST HERE,
WELL-ESTABLISHED.



ATTRACTING THE
YOUNG AND THE
DISAFFECTED LIKE
MOTHS TO
A FLAME.

TRENDY, HIP,
APPEALING.

THE ONES THAT GET IN
SPREADING THE WORD
THAT THE PLACE IS
SOMETHING SPECIAL.

AND THE UNSPOKEN
CORROLARY: IF YOU
GET IN, YOU'RE
SOMETHING SPECIAL.

AND THEN OTHER
STORIES SURFACE.
JUST RUMORS,
FROM A FRIEND
OF A FRIEND.

STORIES THAT
SAY, IF YOU'RE
VERY LUCKY, AND
VERY SPECIAL...



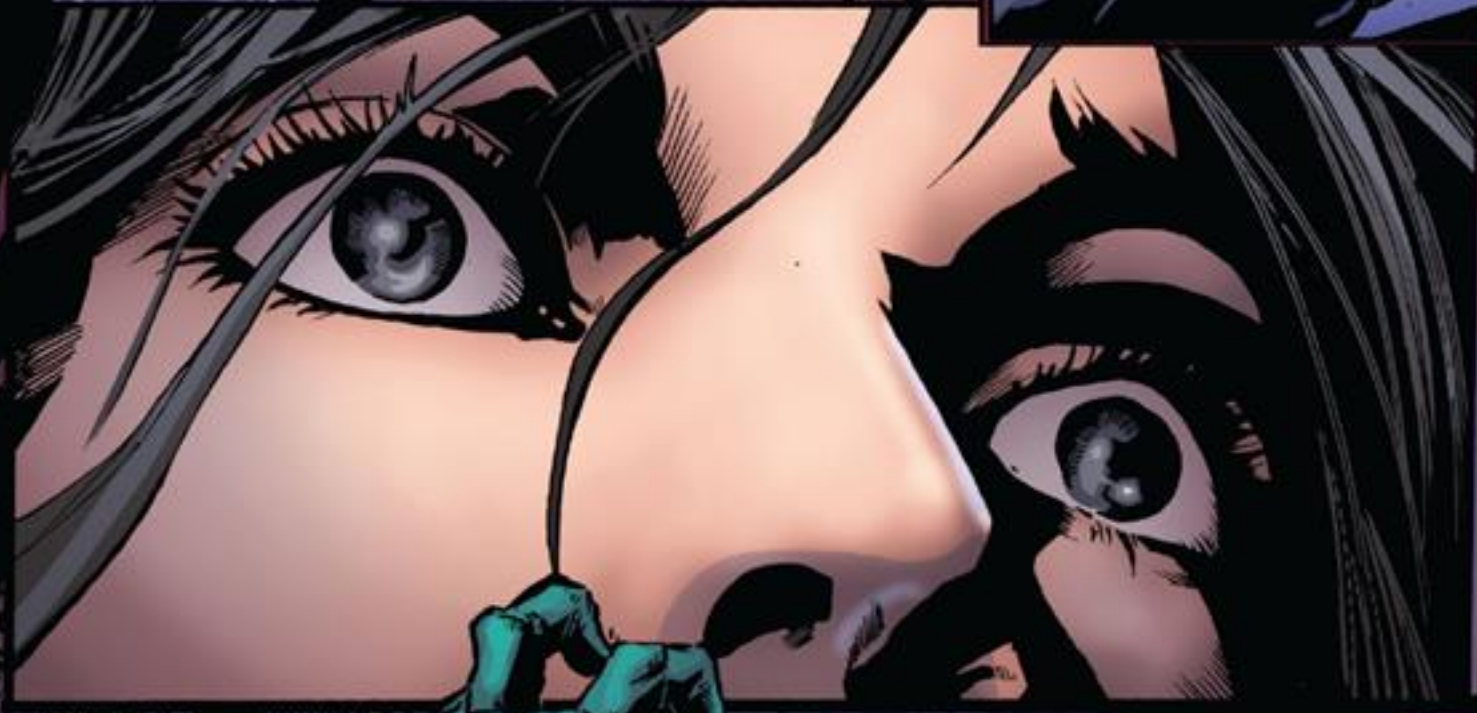
...YOU JUST
MIGHT FIND
THE SECRET TO
ETERNAL LIFE.



EXQUISITE
BAIT.



AND WHERE'S
THERE'S BAIT...



...THERE'S
A TRAP.



THE BLARING OF THE
MUSIC DROWNS OUT
THE BOY'S SCREAMS.

THE SCENT OF
HUNDREDS OF BODIES,
SWEATY AND SOAKED
IN CHEAP BEER AND
OVERPRICED VODKA,
CLOAKS THE ODOR
OF DECAY.



HIDES THE
COPPERY SCENT
OF BLOOD.

IT'S SO EASY
TO HATE THEM.

THEY WAY THEY LURK IN
DARKNESS, STRIKE WITHOUT
PITY, AND DANCE AWAY--
LAUGHING--BACK INTO
THE SHADOWS.

THEY ARE
DRACULA'S
PITILESS
CHILDREN.

CONVINCED THAT
NOTHING CAN
HARM THEM.

IMMORTAL.

INVINCIBLE.

UNTOUCHABLE.

THE FIERCEST
PREDATORS AT THE
PINNACLE OF THE
FOOD CHAIN.

AND THE HUMANS?
MERE CATTLE. FATTED
CALVES FOR THE
BLOODY FEAST.

I'VE BEEN AWAY
TOO LONG. THEY'VE
FORGOTTEN.

THE BOY.
HE WAS NO
MORE THAN
SEVENTEEN.

?!

THERE'S FAR WORSE
THAN THEM IN THE
SHADOWS.

MONSTER.

MMMNGH!

SHHHUNK

CARELESS.

THIS IS THE NEST'S
INNER SANCTUM, AND
THEY LEFT IT GUARDED
BY A NEWBORN BITER,
DRUNK ON THE
BLOOD OF HER MOST
RECENT VICTIM.

SOMETHING
ELSE STRANGE.

THE COFFINS ARE
OLD STONE, BUT
THE ENGRAVING
IS RECENT--





--STUPID,
OVERCONFIDENT--

--SHOULD'VE KNOWN
THERE'D BE MORE
THAN ONE GUARD--

--SO MANY
OF THEM--

--SOMETHING'S
WRONG.
THEY'RE WRONG
SOMEHOW--

--THE
SMELL--

--THEY
SMELL--

--SICK.



THERE'S
BLOOD ON
YOU.

THERE'S THE
FAMILIAR, MOLDY
SMELL OF
GRAVEDIRT ON
HIS BREATH.

YOU
KILLED POOR
ANGELA.

OF STOLEN
BLOOD PUMPING
THROUGH HIS
VEINS.

AND
YOU'RE NEXT.
FIRST CHANCE
I GET.

~~SNIFF~~
AND BRUCE
AND COLES,
TOO, EARLIER
TONIGHT.

GOING TO
REGRET THAT.
GOING TO
REGRET A
LOT.

UP.
ON YOUR
KNEES.

BUT SOMETHING
ELSE, TOO. SOMETHING
WITHIN HIM THAT
I CAN'T PLACE.

SOMETHING DRY,
DECAYING, OLD.

MY MISTRESS
COMES.

YOU
WILL SHOW
LE FANU
THE PROPER
RESPECT.

RESPECT?

SHE MURDERS
HER *OWN KIND*,
SKULKING ABOUT
TO KILL US IN
OUR *BEDS*.

NO, NO,
THIS ONE WOULD
RATHER *DIE* THAN
SUBMIT.

ALAS.

SOME
RE-EDUCATION
IS IN ORDER,
I THINK.

BRING HER
CLOSER...

...THAT SHE
MIGHT SEE
THE *LIGHT*.

TO BE CONTINUED...