

# ANGEL

The Curse





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# ANGEL™

The Curse

JEFF MARIOTTE  
written by

DAVID MESSINA  
art by

ANDREA FATTORI  
ink assistant

DAVIDE AMICI  
color assistant

NEIL UYETAKE  
designed by

TOM B. LONG  
lettered by

CHRIS RYALL  
edited by



A full-page comic book illustration. A man with dark hair, wearing a dark trench coat over a red shirt and dark pants, is running through a dark, dense forest at night. He is looking back over his right shoulder with a determined expression. The forest is filled with large, gnarled trees and bare branches. In the background, there are evergreen trees. A large, bright full moon hangs in the dark blue night sky, which is dotted with small white stars. The overall mood is mysterious and suspenseful. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper left quadrant of the page.

I'VE BEEN CALLED  
*ANTISOCIAL...*



...BUT THAT'S NOT REALLY TRUE.



IT ISN'T THAT I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE...

...AT LEAST, IN THE ABSTRACT, THERE ARE SOME I COULD DO WITHOUT.



IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T FEEL THE NEED TO FILL ALL THE SILENT MOMENTS WITH MINDLESS CHATTER.



WHEN I HAVE SOMETHING WORTH SAYING, I SAY IT. PRETTY SIMPLE.

DOESN'T MEAN I HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST PEOPLE.



WHUMP



VAMPIRES, ON THE OTHER HAND?



WITH VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS...



...I CAN'T STAND 'EM!



AAAGGG!



EH...





NO **LONERS** IN THIS CROWD, I GUESS.



NO **FASHION PLATES**, EITHER.



BUT NOT A TALKATIVE BUNCH.



GOTTA LIKE THAT.



AFTER ALL, YOU WANT  
*ANTISOCIAL...*







HURTS LIKE HELL.

AND I MEAN THAT LITERALLY, GOT THE T-SHIRT.

WON'T KILL ME, BUT IT BOUGHT THEM A FEW SECONDS.



AND WITH ODDS LIKE THESE, A FEW SECONDS CAN MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



MAYBE THAT'LL HELP.







NOW I REMEMBER WHY I HAVEN'T BEEN BACK TO ROMANIA IN MORE THAN A CENTURY...



...I HATE IT HERE!



KRAK



BOOM BOOM BOOM



NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO  
GLAD FOR THE *SUNRISE*.

JUST KEEP COMING...



ROMANIA...



YOU'RE  
REALLY  
GOING TO  
LIKE THIS  
PRESENT...



... DEAR BOY,  
KEEP YOUR EYES  
CLOSED UNTIL  
I TELL YOU.



IT WAS 1998.  
MY BIRTHDAY.

HOW OFTEN DOES A  
SINGLE GIFT CHANGE  
YOUR LIFE FOREVER?

A FEW  
MORE STEPS,  
ANGELUS.



OPEN  
YOUR EYES,  
MY DARLING.  
SHE'S ALL  
YOURS.



THIS ONE WOULD.



YOU'RE RIGHT, DARLIN'. SHE'S GLORIOUS.

ENJOY HER, MY LOVE.

TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED.



PLEASE... DON'T HURT ME...

OH, IT'LL HURT. I PROMISE YOU THAT.



BUT ONLY FOR A SHORT WHILE.





WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW AT THE TIME WAS THAT DARLA WAS FOLLOWED.



YOU'RE A RUDE LOT...

... GENTLEMEN WOULD HAVE KNOCKED.



MY LITTLE GIRL...



NOT AS LITTLE AS ALL THAT.

AND A TASTY BIT, TOO.



KILL THE BEAST!

YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS, VAMPIRE!



I'D HAD MY FILL,  
AND DIDN'T FEEL  
LIKE FIGHTING  
ALL OF THEM.

SO I RAN.



FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE  
HOURS. I DIDN'T KNOW  
WHERE...



RESTORE  
TO THE CORPOREAL  
VESSEL THAT WHICH  
SEPARATES US  
FROM BEAST...



IT HURTS,  
YES? GOOD.  
IT WILL HURT  
MORE.

WHERE  
AM I?

YOU DON'T  
REMEMBER.  
EVERYTHING YOU'VE  
DONE, FOR A HUNDRED  
YEARS, IN A *MOMENT*,  
YOU *WILL*. THE FACE OF  
EVERYONE YOU'VE KILLED—  
OUR *DAUGHTER'S* FACE—  
THEY WILL HAUNT YOU, AND  
YOU WILL KNOW WHAT  
TRUE *SUFFERING*  
IS.


KILLED?  
I DON'T...  
NO... NO...

DARLA AND I HAD BEEN THE SCOURGE OF EUROPE, GOING WHERE WE LIKED, FEASTING WHEN WE PLEASED. BUT NOW I FELT IT *ALL* FROM THE OTHER SIDE, REMEMBERED EVERY BIT OF *AGONY* I HAD CAUSED...

YOU DON'T REALLY THINK ABOUT THE LITERAL MEANING OF THE WORD "*MORTIFIED*" UNTIL IT HAPPENS TO YOU.


I COULDN'T *FACE* DARLA, OR ANYONE, NOT FOR YEARS.

AND WHEN I DID FIND HER AGAIN, SHE WOULDN'T *HAVE* ME. SHE HAD *MADE* ME, AFTER ALL. CARRYING A *SOUL* AROUND WAS A BETRAYAL.




AFTER ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS, I DECIDED THAT SINCE I WAS GOING TO LIVE FOREVER ANYWAY, I SHOULD START TRYING TO REDEEM MYSELF FOR ALL THE PAIN I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR.

THAT TOOK ME TO SUNNYDALE, WHERE A HELLMOUTH WAS.



WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW AT THE TIME WAS THAT THE CURSE HAD INCLUDED A KICKER. IF EVER I FOUND PERFECT HAPPINESS, I'D LOSE MY SOUL AGAIN, REVERT TO THE MONSTER I HAD BEEN.

THAT WASN'T PRETTY.



FIGURED I NEEDED A CHANGE OF SCENERY. L. A. PUT TOGETHER A NEW TEAM, FOUGHT EVIL WITH A GROUP OF FRIENDS.



AND MAYBE MORE THAN FRIENDS.

THAT DIDN'T WORK OUT TOO WELL, EITHER.



NOW I'VE MET SOMEONE ELSE. NINA.

A WEREWOLF. BUT HEY, NOBODY'S PERFECT.




THIS TIME, I WANT TO DO IT *RIGHT*. IF NOT WITH HER, THEN WITH SOMEONE.

NO *CURSE* GETTING IN THE WAY. IF IT WORKS, FINE. IF IT DOESN'T, I WANT IT TO BE BECAUSE WE WEREN'T *RIGHT* FOR EACH OTHER, NOT BECAUSE OF SOMETHING I DID A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



I'VE SAVED *THOUSANDS* OF LIVES. *MORE*. FOUGHT OFF MORE *APOCALYPSES* THAN I CAN COUNT.


BUT I KNEW IF I WAS GOING TO ASK THE KALDERASH CLAN FOR A *FAVOR*, I WOULD HAVE TO DO ONE FOR *THEM*.



SINCE THE FALL OF THE SOVIET UNION, THIS PART OF ROMANIA HAS BEEN RULED BY *CORNELIU BRASOV*, A POWERFUL WARLORD WITH PLENTY OF FIREPOWER AND A BIG-TIME HATRED OF THE GYPSIES. THE *ROM*, THEY'RE CALLED NOW.

IS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR *MYSELF*?

HE RULES WITH THE EVER-POPULAR *IRON FIST*. THE *ROM* ARE LIKE HIS *HOBBY*—TORTURE, MURDER, SLAVERY, WHATEVER STRIKES *BRASOV'S* FANCY.



I FIGURED, FREE THEM FROM THE *OPPRESSOR*, AND THEY'LL GIVE ME WHAT I ASK.

WHAT COULD BE *EASIER*, RIGHT?



ONLY, NOT  
SO MUCH.

MY MISCALCULATION—  
THIS IS ROMANIA. THEY'RE  
USED TO VAMPIRES HERE.

AND BRASOV'S GOT  
AN ARMY OF 'EM.

SO HERE I AM. THEY  
KNOW WHERE I HID.  
THEY'LL BE BACK.



NOTHING TO DO BUT GET  
SOME REST AND FIGURE  
OUT A PLAN LATER.



HELLO?





WHAT'S THAT  
EXPRESSION?  
OUT OF THE  
FRYING PAN...

HE'S  
ONE OF  
THEM!\*

I CAN  
SMELL  
IT!

\*ALL DIALOGUE TRANSLATED  
FROM THE ROMANIAN—ED.



...AND INTO SOME KIND OF ROMANIAN NRA MEETING, APPARENTLY.





HE IS  
ONE OF THE  
DEMONS!



I'M  
NOT YOUR  
ENEMY...



...SO YOU  
DON'T NEED  
THESE!



NO, IT  
IS *THESE*  
WE NEED,  
I THINK!





...I'M NOT ROM. BUT I'M NOT ONE OF BRASOV'S GOONS, EITHER.

BUT YOU ARE NOT HUMAN.

GOT ME THERE.



YOU ARE VAMPIRE, THEN! YOU ARE EVIL!

YES, I'M A VAMPIRE...

...BUT NOT ALL VAMPIRES ARE EVIL.



WELL, TO BE FAIR, MOST OF THEM ARE. BUT THERE ARE A COUPLE...

NEVER MIND.



POINT IS, IF I WANTED TO KILL ALL OF YOU, YOU'D ALREADY BE DEAD.

AND IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE...

"...IT WAS BRASOV'S  
VAMPIRE ARMY THAT  
CHASED ME HERE."





SEVENTEEN?  
ONE MAN KILLED  
**SEVENTEEN**  
OF MY FINEST  
SOLDIERS?



I DO NOT  
BELIEVE HE WAS  
JUST A **MAN**,  
EXCELLENCY.



THEN  
**WHAT, EXACTLY?**  
NOT A **SLAYER**,  
CERTAINLY, UNLESS  
THERE'S BEEN A  
CHANGE IN THE  
RULES.



NO ONE  
IS QUITE  
SURE...



...BUT  
SOME OF  
THE SOLDIERS  
THOUGHT  
HE MIGHT BE  
A VAMPIRE  
HIMSELF.

A  
VAMPIRE?





HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH.



BUT... IF BRASOV'S DEMONS FOLLOWED HIM HERE, THEN THEY'LL BE BACK.



AS SOON AS THE SUN GOES DOWN, THEY PROMISED.



THEN HE HAS COMPROMISED OUR SECURITY! THE ONE PLACE WE THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE FROM THEM...

IT'S NOT LIKE I *KNEW* YOU WERE IN HERE. OR KNOW WHO YOU ARE. EXCEPT FOR A BUNCH OF TRIGGER-HAPPY ROMA.

I WAS JUST TRYING TO SAVE MY OWN NECK.




CONGRATULATIONS.  
BY DOING SO YOU HAVE  
PUT *OURS* AT RISK.



IT'S LOOKING LIKE THESE  
ARE PROBABLY THE PEOPLE  
I CAME HERE TO HELP.  
GUESS I DIDN'T MAKE THE  
BEST FIRST IMPRESSION.

LOOK, I'M  
SORRY IF I'VE  
CAUSED YOU ANY  
TROUBLE.


I CAN SEE  
YOU GUYS AREN'T  
FANS OF BRASOV.  
I'M NOT EITHER, WHICH  
IS WHY, Y'KNOW, THE  
VAMPIRES WERE  
CHASING ME.



SO, MAYBE  
INSTEAD OF  
FIGHTING, WE  
SHOULD BE  
TRYING TO WORK  
TOGETHER.




WORK WITH  
ONE OF *YOUR* KIND?  
*RIDICULOUS!*



USE YOUR HEAD, LUPO. AS HE SAYS,  
IF HE WAS HERE TO KILL US, HE  
WOULD HAVE DONE SO. HE COULD  
HAVE LED BRASOV'S ARMY  
TO US, BUT HE DIDN'T.

I'M NOT  
SUGGESTING WE  
*TRUST* HIM. I'M  
SAYING WE HEAR HIM  
OUT—AND KEEP OUR  
STAKES POINTED AT  
HIS HEART, JUST  
IN CASE.

THAT'S  
ALL I'M  
ASKING.



BUT NOT  
*HERE*. IF THEY'RE  
RETURNING AT DARK,  
WE NEED TO BE  
FAR AWAY.

AND WE NEED  
TO LEAVE *NOW*, IN  
CASE BRASOV SENDS  
HUMAN SOLDIERS TO  
WATCH THIS PLACE  
UNTIL THEN.



YOU MAY COME WITH US. BUT DO NOT MISTAKE A TEMPORARY ALLIANCE FOR ANYTHING MORE LASTING.

YOU'RE THE BOSS.



YES, I AM.

MY NAME IS PETRU...



...AND MY IMPULSIVE FRIEND HERE IS ION.



YOU HAVE MET LIPO.



THAT IS CHIVU...



...AND BELA, MARKO, AND LASZLO.



I'M CALLED ANGEL.

WHICH IS HOW I'VE COME  
TO *TIRGU HATEG*, IN THE  
TRANSYLVANIAN BASIN, ON  
THE EDGE OF THE ALPS.



COME *BACK*, I SHOULD SAY.  
I CAME THROUGH HERE IN 1898,  
AND AGAIN A FEW DAYS AGO  
ON MY WAY INTO THE FOREST.



IT'S NOT THE *BEAUTY*  
SPOT IT ONCE WAS.



BUT THEN, WHAT PLACE IS? TIRGU HATEG WASN'T HIT AS HARD AS SOME.

SANTA MONICA, FOR INSTANCE. THAT PLACE IS HURTING.



NO PLACE COMPLETELY ESCAPED DAMAGE. SOME GOT IT WORSE THAN OTHERS. THERE WASN'T MUCH IN TIRGU HATEG TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.



AND WITH CORNELIU BRASOV IN CHARGE, IT'S NOT EXACTLY HIGH UP IN GLOBAL RECONSTRUCTION PRIORITIES.



WELCOME TO OUR HOME, ANGEL.



THANKS, ION.



IS THAT...?

YOU LIKE? SHE'S BEAUTIFUL. HER NAME IS CORDELIA CHASE.



I KNOW. BUT... THIS COMMERCIAL WAS NEVER RELEASED.



HERE, IT WAS. CORDELIA BECAME VERY POPULAR. THESE POSTERS SOLD THOUSANDS.



SHE WOULD HAVE LIKED THAT.

YOU KNOW HER?

I DID. SHE'S... NEVER MIND. IT'S COMPLICATED.





MY FIANCEE IS BEAUTIFUL, TOO.

SOON YOU WILL MEET HER, ANGEL.



THIS WHOLE THING IS A LITTLE CONFUSING.



THE POSTER OF CORDY THREW ME.

COME IN, ANGEL.



AND NOW THIS GUY, WHO WAS READY TO DUST ME AN HOUR AGO, WANTS TO INTRODUCE ME TO HIS FIANCEE.

BUT MAYBE NOT RIGHT AWAY.



HE IS WITH US.

US ARMY



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU GUYS ARE PLANNING SOME *SERIOUS* ACTION. IS THIS ALL FOR BRASOV?



WHO IS HE?

I ALREADY TOLD YOU, HE IS WITH US.




I DON'T LIKE BRINGING IN STRANGERS. NOT RIGHT NOW.

LOOK, I DIDN'T COME TO MAKE *TROUBLE*. WE HAVE A MUTUAL *ENEMY*, SO I THOUGHT WE COULD WORK *TOGETHER*.

I CAN'T TELL THEM WHY I'M REALLY HERE YET. IF THEY REALIZED WHO I AM, THEY'D KICK ME OUT, OR GO THROUGH THAT WHOLE STAKING THING AGAIN.



KILLING JENNY CALENDAR  
AND HER UNCLE WERE  
NOT THINGS THAT WOULD  
ENDEAR ME TO THIS GROUP.



THAT WAS A DIFFERENT ME—  
AFTER THE "HAPPINESS CLAUSE"  
HAD KICKED IN AND TAKEN AWAY  
MY SOUL. BUT I SUSPECT THAT  
DISTINCTION MIGHT BE LOST ON  
THESE PEOPLE.



I'M NOT TRYING TO HIDE WHO  
I AM. THEY KNOW MY NAME,  
AND THAT I'M ON THEIR SIDE.

IF THEY MAKE THE  
CONNECTION, I'LL  
DEAL WITH THAT.



BUT I'M THINKING THEY  
HAVE OTHER THINGS ON  
THEIR MINDS RIGHT NOW.





I  
APOLOGIZE  
FOR THAT  
GREETING,  
ANGEL.

WE  
TEND TO BE A  
PASSIONATE  
PEOPLE.



NO  
PROBLEM.  
I JUST WANT  
TO HELP.

I  
UNDERSTAND.



I DON'T KNOW  
HOW MUCH YOU KNOW  
OF THE ROM. MORE THAN  
YOU'RE SAYING, I WOULD  
GUESS. BUT **FREEDOM**  
IS, TO US, THE MOST  
**IMPORTANT** THING  
IN LIFE.

OUR  
PEOPLE LEFT  
INDIA LONG AGO,  
AND WANDERED  
THE WORLD, JUST  
TO BE FREE.



ROMANIA, UNDER  
THE SOVIETS, WAS  
**FAR FROM FREE.** BUT  
UNDER BRASOV, IT'S  
EVEN **WORSE.**



BRASOV IS CONTROLLING, DOMINEERING. HE **HATES** THE ROM AND DOES EVERYTHING HE CAN TO MAKE LIFE **MISERABLE** FOR US.



HE WOULD SIMPLY **EXTERMINATE** THE LOT OF US IF HE THOUGHT HE COULD GET AWAY WITH IT.



NOT THAT HE ISN'T DOING IT **ANYWAY**—HE IS JUST MOVING MORE **SLOWLY** THAN HE WOULD LIKE...







YOU ARE ALL CONSIDERED ENEMIES OF THE STATE, AND ARE UNDER ARREST.

YOU WILL PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND COME WITH US PEACEFULLY.



LIKE THAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN...



"ENEMIES OF THE STATE..."



...SOUNDS LIKE THE KIND OF PHRASE THAT USUALLY COMES BEFORE "SHOOT FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS LATER."



AAAH!



\*ALL DIALOGUE TRANSLATED FROM THE ROMANIAN-ED.





UNHH!



AND JUST LIKE THAT...



...THE GAME TURNS DEADLY.



PART OF ME THOUGHT THEY WOULDN'T REALLY FIRE ON THEIR OWN COUNTRYMEN.



BRATATAT

I GUESSED WRONG.











I DON'T WANT THEM TO GET AWAY IF THEY'RE JUST GOING TO COME **BACK**—



—ON THE OTHER HAND, I DON'T WANT TO **CHAR-BROIL** MYSELF.



I DON'T REALLY THINK IT'S **MY** FAULT...



...BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T FEEL **RESPONSIBLE**.

IT'S SOMETHING I **DO**.



WHEN SOMEONE I SHOULD BE PROTECTING DIES...



...I TAKE IT SERIOUSLY, DOYLE FELL...



...AND CORDELIA.

THEY NEVER STOP HURTING, BUT THAT ONE...



...IT'S LIKE AN OPEN WOUND.



WHEN SHE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL—EVEN WHEN WE MET AGAIN IN L.A....

SO, ARE YOU STILL... GRR...?



... I NEVER DREAMED THAT SHE WOULD *BECOME* WHAT SHE DID.



NO, THAT'S NOT RIGHT. WHAT I NEVER DREAMED IS HOW I WOULD COME TO *FEEL* ABOUT HER...

... THAT I WOULD *LOVE* HER THE WAY I DID.



AND THERE WAS *WESLEY*.

HE WENT FROM OVERBEARING WATCHER TO STALNCH *ALLY* AND CLOSE *FRIEND*.



THERE WERE TIMES I  
WANTED TO KILL HIM.



I DIDN'T.

BUT A DEMON  
NAMED VAIL DID.

RIGHT BEFORE  
EVERYTHING  
WENT TO HELL.



I'VE SAVED  
COUNTLESS  
LIVES.

BUT IT'S ALWAYS THE  
ONES I DIDN'T SAVE  
THAT WEIGH ON ME.



STAY WITH ME, NATALYA...



THIS... THIS IS MY NATALYA. WE ARE... TO BE MARRIED, ANGEL.



I'M VERY SORRY, ION.



SHE NEEDS A DOCTOR, PETRU!



THERE IS NO TIME, ION.

NOW WE MUST HURRY. BRING HER WITH US AND WE WILL DO WHAT WE CAN.





DO WE HAVE ANY CHOICE?



WE THOUGHT THIS PLACE WAS SAFE, AND YET THEY FOUND US HERE.

IF THEY WERE ABLE TO DO THAT, WE CAN DELAY THE ASSAULT NO LONGER.



THEY CAN CUT US DOWN LITTLE BY LITTLE. OR WE CAN MAKE THEM PAY FOR EVERY DROP OF BLOOD THEY SPILL.



I KNOW I'M A STRANGER HERE...



... BUT I AGREE WITH YOU, PETRU. AND THAT WHOLE FIGHTING BATTLES THING? KIND OF MY SPECIALTY.



IT WILL BE VERY DANGEROUS, ANGEL.

THE ODDS ARE NOT IN OUR FAVOR.



GUY I KNEW DIDN'T THINK A FIGHT WAS ANY FUN UNLESS THE ODDS WERE AGAINST HIM.



HE WAS A LITTLE CRAZY THAT WAY. LOT OF WAYS, REALLY, BUT MAYBE HE HAD A POINT.

ANYWAY, I'M OFFERING.

ANGEL, I HAVE SEEN YOU FIGHT.

WE WOULD BE GLAD FOR YOUR HELP.



GOOD.

BUT IF THE VIZIRU PALACE IS THAT ONE OUT IN THE FOREST WHERE WE MET, IT MAY NOT BE COMPROMISED FOR YOU, BUT BRASOV'S VAMPIRES WILL BE LOOKING FOR ME THERE TONIGHT.



IT MAY NOT BE THE BEST PLACE TO HIDE OUT.

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, ANGEL.

ON THE OTHER HAND, IT MIGHT NOT HURT TO HAVE A SURPRISE WAITING FOR THEM.



PETRU, I LIKE THE WAY YOU THINK.



ROUND UP MORE VANS! WE'LL NEED TO GET EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING OUT OF HERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

WE ONLY HAVE A FEW HOURS OF SUNLIGHT REMAINING...



"...AND WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE ANY OF IT!"



FIRST THIS VAMPIRE ELUDES MY NIGHT REGIMENT, AND THEN A HANDFUL OF GYPSIES BESTS AN ENTIRE SQUAD OF SOLDIERS!

WELL, THE VAMPIRES HAVE THEIR ORDERS FOR TONIGHT, GENERAL. BUT WE CANNOT LET THIS DEFEAT STAND. TIRGU HATEG MUST FEEL MY WRATH, BEFORE THE SUN RISES AGAIN.



WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND, EXCELLENCY?



"IF WE CAN'T LOCATE THE GYPSY MEDDLERS, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE THE TOWNSPEOPLE THEMSELVES CHOOSE TO TURN THEM OVER."



... WON'T GET HURT. WE ONLY WANT THE GYPSIES WHO HIDE AMONG YOU. IF YOU COOPERATE...



IF WE STAND TOGETHER WE CAN DEFEAT BRASOV. ONCE AND FOR ALL. WE WILL ALL BE FREE!

BUT IF WE LET HIM DIVIDE US, THEN ALL IS LOST!



IT IS THAT EASY FOR YOU, NOT US. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO REBUILD OUR LIVES IF BRASOV RUINS US, NOT AT OUR AGES.



"HAVE YOU EVER LIVED FREE, OLD MAN?"



FIRST IT WAS THE SOVIETS. NOW BRASOV. BUT I CAN TELL YOU THIS...



... IF YOU DON'T TAKE A RISK AND DO IT NOW, YOU WILL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE!



TURN US IN,  
THEN, AND **SAVE**  
YOURSELVES.

OR ELSE **FIGHT**  
**BACK**. BUT  
MAKE YOUR  
DECISIONS  
NOW, WHILE  
YOU CAN!



WE HAVE  
A **RIFLE**  
INSIDE...



I HAVE  
NO WEAPONS,  
BUT I CAN  
**BOIL** WATER.  
AND I HAVE A  
**WINDOW**...



GO, THEN!  
AND WHATEVER  
HAPPENS, KNOW  
THAT YOU FOUGHT  
FOR YOURSELVES,  
FOR ONCE!



I UNDERSTAND...  
BE STRONG.



BRASOV'S TROOPS ARE ATTACKING THE CITY. RAZING BUILDINGS, LOOKING FOR US- FOR THE ROM.

THOSE LEFT BEHIND IN THE CITY ARE TRYING TO RALLY THE PEOPLE TO OUR CAUSE.



SO THIS BRASOV ISN'T BIG ON PUBLIC RELATIONS.



HE DOESN'T CARE WHO HE HURTS AS LONG AS HE HAS HIS WAY.

WHAT DOES HE WANT?



HE WANTS ORDER. THINGS RUNNING JUST AS HE LIKES THEM, WITH NO TROUBLESOME ROM- OR ANYONE ELSE- DEMANDING THEIR FREEDOM.

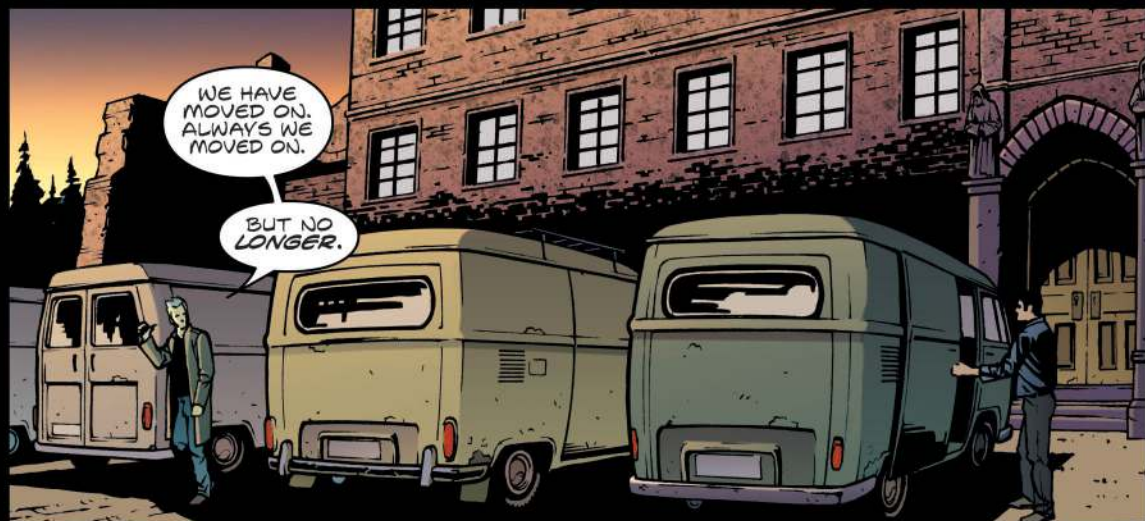
HE WANTS TO MAKE THE RULES FOR EVERYONE.

WE HAVE SPENT GENERATIONS REBELLING AGAINST JUST SUCH ATTITUDES.

SOUNDS LIKE A PRINCE.



WE'RE HERE.



WE HAVE MOVED ON. ALWAYS WE MOVED ON.

BUT NO LONGER.



THIS IS OUR HOME NOW, AND BRASOV WILL NOT DRIVE US OUT.



HURRY! NIGHT FALLS SOON, AND WE MUST BE READY FOR THE VAMPIRES!

GET EVERYTHING INSIDE, NOW!



I'M STILL NOT SURE EXACTLY WHAT THEY HAVE IN MIND FOR BRASOV'S VAMPIRE TROOPS.



GUESS I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.

THIS IS THE LAST PLACE THE VAMPIRES SAW ME. THEY SWORE THEY'D RETURN.



I HOPE WE'RE READY FOR THEM.

ANGEL?



YES, ION?

ANGEL, I KNOW YOU ARE A VAMPIRE. BUT NOT LIKE THOSE WHO DO BRASOV'S BIDDING.



NO, NOT LIKE THEM.

YOU SAW NATALYA, MY FIANCEE, TODAY.



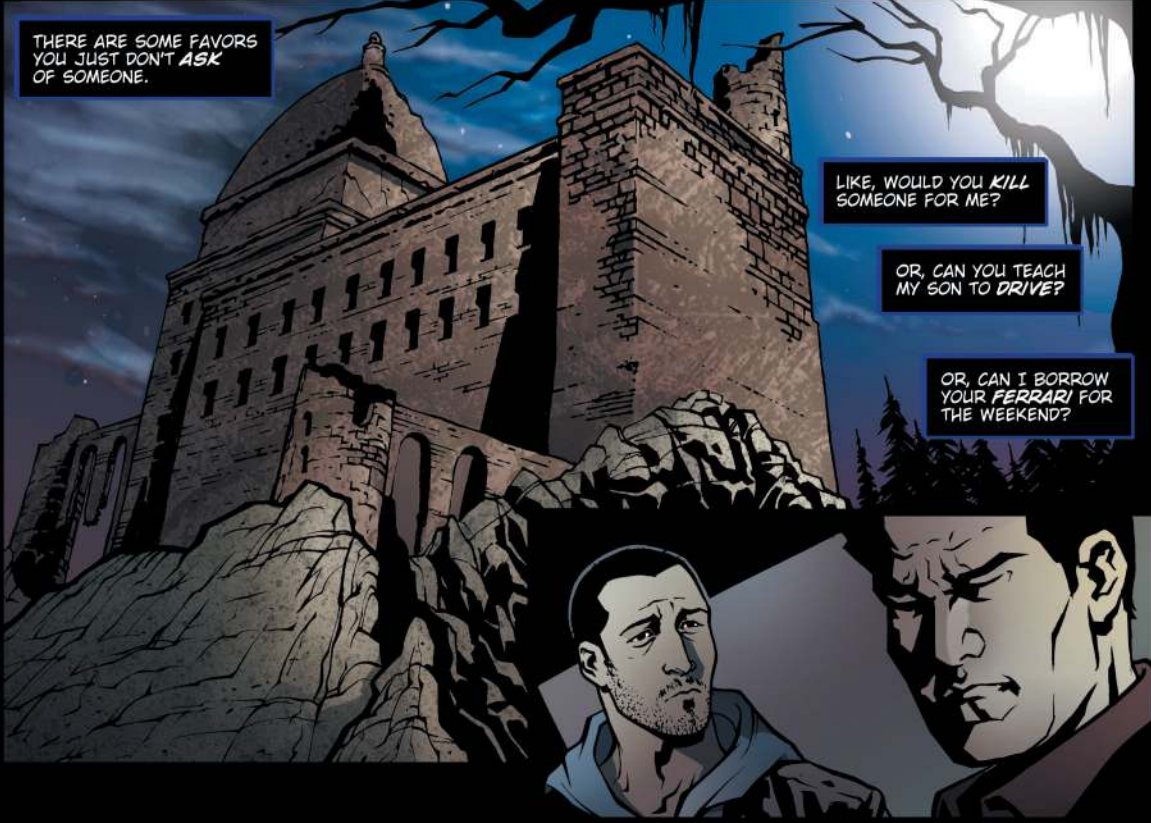
I LOVE HER SO MUCH, ANGEL. IF YOU HAVE EVER BEEN IN LOVE, TO THE DEPTHS OF YOUR SOUL, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT HER.



SHE IS DYING FAST. BUT YOU... ANGEL, YOU COULD BRING HER BACK TO ME.

I KNOW NOW THAT NOT ALL VAMPIRES ARE EVIL. YOU'RE NOT.

WOULD YOU DO IT, ANGEL? FOR US?



THERE ARE SOME FAVORS YOU JUST DON'T ASK OF SOMEONE.

LIKE, WOULD YOU KILL SOMEONE FOR ME?

OR, CAN YOU TEACH MY SON TO DRIVE?


OR, CAN I BORROW YOUR *FERRARI* FOR THE WEEKEND?

OKAY, NOT THAT I'VE EVER OWNED A FERRARI. BUT I'M SURE THAT WOULDN'T BE A POPULAR QUESTION FOR THOSE WHO DO.



ION JUST WANTS TO SAVE HIS FIANCE, NATALYA.

CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR THAT.



TROUBLE IS,  
HE DOESN'T  
KNOW WHAT  
HE'S ASKING.

I'VE Sired MANY, BUT THE  
DEATH AND DEVASTATION THAT  
DRUSILLA CAUSED IS ENOUGH  
TO KEEP ME FROM WANTING  
TO DO IT AGAIN. SHE TURNED  
SPIKE, AND BETWEEN THE  
TWO OF THEM, I DON'T  
WANT TO THINK ABOUT HOW  
MANY INNOCENT LIVES I'M  
RESPONSIBLE FOR ENDING.

OF COURSE, HE  
THINKS IT WOULD  
BE DIFFERENT  
WITH NATALYA.

BECAUSE HE *LOVES* HER.  
AND HE DOESN'T *KNOW*...

... HE'S NEVER EXPERIENCED  
HOW THE HUNGER *CHANGES*  
YOU, HOW THE *DEMON WITHIN*  
CONTROLS THE *HOST*.

HE THINKS SHE WOULD  
STILL *LOVE* HIM.



ION,  
I-

ANGEL.  
A WORD.\*

\*ALL DIALOGUE TRANSLATED FROM THE ROMANIAN—ED.



PLEASE,  
ANGEL.  
ONLY FOR A  
MOMENT.



I OVERHEARD  
WHAT ION ASKED  
OF YOU, ANGEL.

I WOULD NOT  
BE SURPRISED IF  
YOU DECLINED.



I HAVE  
TO, PETRU.  
I CAN'T-



I  
UNDERSTAND  
WHY YOU  
FEEL THAT WAY.  
BELIEVE ME. BUT  
CONSIDER THIS—  
WE MAY WELL  
ALL DIE HERE  
TONIGHT.



EVEN  
IF WE DO NOT,  
CHANCES ARE THAT  
MANY OF US—**MOST**,  
EVEN—WILL DIE IN THE  
STRUGGLE AGAINST  
CORNELIU BRASOV'S  
RULE. THIS IS AS IT  
**SHOULD** BE.

WE  
WOULD RATHER  
DIE FIGHTING FOR  
FREEDOM THAN  
LIVE LIKE CAGED  
ANIMALS.



PETRU, I UNDERSTAND THAT. BUT—

ONE MORE THING, ANGEL, BEFORE YOU ANSWER.



I THINK YOU SHOULD DO THIS FOR ION. AND NATALYA. WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS SHE, LIKE YOU, WOULD FIGHT ON THE SIDE OF GOOD.

ALSO, ANGEL—I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. I BELIEVE I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT OF US.



AND I BELIEVE NATALYA IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT.

WHAT DO YOU—



THEY COME!



TO  
ARMS!



TO YOUR  
STATIONS,  
EVERYONE!

REMEMBER,  
WE FIGHT FOR OUR  
FREEDOM!



THEY'RE  
EVERYWHERE!



LET  
ME SEE,  
ION.



GO  
AHEAD.



AAH!



STARTLED ME...



... I HATE THAT!



I HATE THAT, TOO.



THROUGH THERE!



NO FARTHER!



ARR!

**KA BLAM**





GET HER!



WHAP WHAP



THRACK



CHUK

UNH!



AAAH!



THAT'S ENOUGH FROM YOU...



WAIT!

I OWE THIS ONE...

NO!



MMMM...

DO NOT TARRY.. THERE ARE STILL MANY OF THE ROMANY SCUM WAITING FOR US.







THEY JUST KEEP COMING!



WE'RE ALREADY RUNNING LOW ON AMMUNITION.



KEEP AN EYE ON OUR ATTACKERS, ANGEL. I NEED TO MAKE A CALL.



NOW IS YOUR CHANCE. WE HAVE THEM TIED UP HERE AT THE VIZIRU PALACE. MOVE!



THE REST OF OUR PEOPLE WILL ATTACK BRASOV'S PALACE WHILE WE HAVE HIS VAMPIRE TROOPS OCCUPIED HERE.

I HOPE WE CAN KEEP THEM BUSY LONG ENOUGH.



I'LL SEE HOW THE OTHERS ARE DOING ON WEAPONS.



WELL, ANGEL? WILL YOU HELP NATALYA?



I'M SORRY, ION. I CAN'T. NOT LIKE THAT.

YOU THINK THAT WOULD BE HELPING HER, BUT YOU'RE WRONG.




VERY WELL. LET IT BE ON YOUR HEAD, ANGEL.

I MUST LOOK IN ON HER NOW.



ION...

LET HIM GO, ANGEL.




PETRU, EARLIER YOU SAID THAT NATALYA MIGHT BE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HELP ME. WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT?



I BELIEVE THAT YOU'VE COME HERE, ANGEL, WANTING US TO TAKE BACK THE CURSE OUR CLAN PUT ON YOU, MANY YEARS AGO.

AND YES, SOME OF US HAVE LONG MEMORIES. BELA AND I HAVE STUDIED THE HISTORY OF OUR PEOPLE.

TELL ME... ARE WE WRONG?



YOU'RE CLOSE. I DON'T WANT TO UNDO THE WHOLE CURSE. THAT WOULD LEAVE ME WITHOUT A SOUL.

BUT THERE'S THIS HAPPINESS BIT...

UNDERSTOOD.



NATALYA IS THE LAST SURVIVING MEMBER OF THE SPECIFIC FAMILY THAT CURSED YOU, ANGEL.

THE REST OF US—CLAN KALDEROSH—CAN DO NOTHING ABOUT YOUR CURSE. A FAMILY MEMBER COULD... ALTER IT. POSSIBLY.



BUT NOT IF SHE DIES.

NATALYA IS IN A REMOTE PART OF THE CASTLE, WELL GUARDED AND AWAY FROM THE FIGHTING.



ION WANTED HER SAFE FOR HER FINAL HOURS. NO ONE WANTED TO ARGUE WITH HIM, EVEN THOUGH IT MEANT TAKING CRUCIAL BODIES AWAY FROM THE BATTLE TO PROTECT SOMEONE WHO WAS ALREADY DOOMED.



IF PETRU IS RIGHT, AND SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN CHANGE MY CURSE, REMOVE THE HAPPINESS CLAUSE...

... THEN IF I LET HER DIE, I'LL LOSE MY LAST HOPE.





BUT WHAT I COULD GIVE  
HER ISN'T REALLY LIFE.  
IT ONLY *RESEMBLES* LIFE.



SHE WOULDN'T HAVE A *SOUL*.  
SHE WOULD BE A MONSTER,  
MORE INTERESTED IN *FEASTING*  
ON ION THAN *MARRYING* HIM.



SHE'D HAVE NO REASON  
TO HELP ME, EITHER.



NO, IT'S LIKE  
I TOLD HIM...



...THERE'S *NOTHING*  
I CAN DO...

...NOTHING  
ANYONE  
CAN DO.



THE PEOPLE  
MISUNDERSTAND  
ME, GENERAL.

OF COURSE,  
EXCELLENCY.



ALL I  
WANT FOR THEM  
IS PEACE AND  
PROSPERITY.

THAT'S WHY  
THEY'RE OUT  
THERE NOW—MY  
NIGHT REGIMENT—  
TRYING TO ELIMINATE  
THOSE TROUBLESOME  
ROMANY AND OF  
COURSE THAT  
VAMPIRE WHO HAS  
ALLIED WITH  
THEM.



ANGEL?  
HIS REPUTATION  
IS WELL KNOWN. A  
TROUBLEMAKER  
OF THE HIGHEST  
ORDER.



INDEED.





NOW THAT WE KNOW WHO WE'RE DEALING WITH, I WISH WE HAD USED OVERWHELMING FORCE TO BEGIN WITH.

BUT WE'VE CORRECTED THAT ERROR.



YES, BUT—

EXCELLENCY!



YOUR EXCELLENCY, THEY'RE COMING HERE.

WHO IS?



THE ROMANY, YOUR EXCELLENCY. ALL WHO AREN'T AT VIZIRU—THEY'RE MOVING AGAINST US HERE.



OH, THEY ARE? BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THAT WE'VE BEEN WARNED, AND WILL BE WAITING FOR THEM.

GENERAL, SEE TO THE ARRANGEMENTS, WON'T YOU?





KERTISH

FACTORY



STAY BACK!



YAHH!



ANGEL!



THANKS, CHIVUI!



LITTLE FRIENDLY, DON'T YOU THINK?



PETRU!  
ANGEL!

SHE'S GONE!  
NATALYA'S GONE!

TO BE CONTINUED...



NATALYA'S GONE!



I UNDERSTAND WHY HE'S UPSET.

NATALYA IS ION'S FIANCEE. BUT SHE'S BEEN SHOT, NEAR DEATH, AND APPARENTLY HAS BEEN TAKEN BY CORNELIU BRASOV'S VAMPIRE ARMY.



I REALLY DO SYMPATHIZE.



I'M JUST A LITTLE BURIED RIGHT NOW.

TIME TO FIX THAT!





WHERE IS SHE? WHAT HAVE YOU MONSTERS DONE WITH NATALYA?\*

BETTER ANSWER FAST- I THINK HIS PATIENCE IS WORN PRETTY THIN.

RRRR...

\*ALL DIALOGUE TRANSLATED FROM THE ROMANIAN-ED.



AAH!

THUNK



WHY DID HE...?

HE KNEW WE COULDN'T LET HIM LIVE, EVEN IF HE DID TELL US.

FR0000



TROUBLE WITH TRYING TO INTERROGATE VAMPIRES— THEY DON'T USUALLY PLAY ALONG.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND NATALYA OURSELVES.



BUT HOW?



HOW...



...THAT'S ALWAYS THE HARD PART.



THERE WOULD BE NO REASON TO TAKE HER BODY AWAY IF THEY JUST **KILLED NATALYA...**



... BUT IF THEY **TURNED HER...**



... THEN SHE'LL BE A **VAMPIRE BY DAWN.**



I HAVE A FEELING THAT'S NOT WHAT **ION WANTS TO HEAR.**

IS THAT **IT, THEN? ALL OF THEM?**



**SOUNDS QUIET...**



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING OUT THERE. LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.



THEY FOUGHT HARD...

YES. THE STAKES ARE HIGH, AND THEY KNEW IT.



MY GOD!



THEIR SACRIFICE WILL NOT GO UNREMEMBERED BY OUR PEOPLE.



IF THERE'S ANYONE LEFT TO REMEMBER AFTER THIS IS OVER.

I HAVE TO KEEP REMINDING MYSELF...



...THEY WANTED TO COME HERE. THE VAMPIRE ARMY MAY HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR ME...

... BUT PETRU AND THE OTHERS WANTED THIS CONFRONTATION.



BAD NEWS, MY FRIENDS. I'VE JUST BEEN ON THE PHONE WITH THE SECOND FORCE.

THEIR ASSAULT ON BRASOV'S PALACE WAS ANTICIPATED.

IT WAS A ROUT. I FEAR ALL IS LOST.



I KNOW THINGS LOOK BAD, PETRU.

BUT I HAVE A REALLY HARD TIME WITH THE IDEA OF GIVING UP.





JUST DOESN'T SIT WELL WITH ME.



GATHER THE OTHERS. WE NEED TO MOVE FAST.



WE CAME IN *SEVERAL* VANS. WE'RE LEAVING IN JUST *TWO*.




ION AND LASZLO MADE A QUICK TRIP THROUGH THE CASTLE, LOCATING ALL THE SURVIVORS WHO WERE IN SHAPE FOR MORE FIGHTING. THE WOUNDED WILL HEAD BACK TO TIRGU HATEG IN ANOTHER VAN.



THEY DIDN'T FIND *NATALYA*. OR *BELA*, FOR THAT MATTER.

WE DID A LOT OF DAMAGE, BUT THERE WERE *HUNDREDS* OF VAMPIRES. I *KNOW* WE DIDN'T DUST THEM ALL.



WHICH MEANS THAT SOME OF THEM PROBABLY RETREATED TO BRASON'S CASTLE, TAKING *NATALYA* AND *BELA* WITH THEM. AND *MAYBE OTHERS*.

*PRISONERS?* OR *SOMETHING ELSE?*

I GUESS WE'LL FIND  
OUT SOON ENOUGH.



HOW  
MANY ARE LEFT,  
GHEORGE?

A  
DOZEN.  
PERHAPS A  
FEW MORE  
WHO HAVE  
NOT MADE  
IT BACK  
YET.



WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK  
WE CAN  
DO?



MORE  
THAN I  
MIGHT HAVE  
THOUGHT, HAD  
I NOT MET  
ANGEL.

HE'S A  
REMARKABLE  
FELLOW.



I  
DO WHAT  
I CAN. IT'S  
EASY WHEN  
YOUR PEOPLE  
DO ALL  
THE HEAVY  
LIFTING.



WELCOME, ANGEL. THERE IS OUR GOAL.

WE MANAGED TO HIT AN AMMUNITION STORE BEFORE THEY FOUGHT US BACK.

I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.



YES, OF COURSE. YOU WERE CHASED OFF BY BRASOV'S NIGHT REGIMENT.



EVEN THE UNDEAD HATE ME.

THERE ARE WORSE ENEMIES TO HAVE.



GUESS THAT'S TRUE.

SO WHAT'S THE REAL OBJECTIVE? TAKING OUT BRASOV?

YES...



...WITHOUT HIM, THE OTHERS HAVE NOTHING TO FIGHT FOR.



THEN I GUESS WHAT I NEED FROM YOU IS A DIVERSION.



MAKE IT A GOOD ONE.



BUT HOW WILL YOU--?



I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT PART.

I PROBABLY CAME OFF MORE CONFIDENT THAN I FEEL. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW I'M GETTING INSIDE THERE.



I JUST KNOW IT HAS TO BE DONE.



I JUST HOPE THE DISTRACTION THE ROM PUT TOGETHER IS GOOD ENOUGH TO COVER ME.



THEY ATTACK AGAIN!

I THOUGHT THEY'D HAD ENOUGH!



**BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM**



SOUNDS LIKE A START...







...SO GOOD?

THERE!



NOOO!



URK!

UGHH!



IF WHAT PETRU SAID IS TRUE,  
I DON'T NEED THEM DEAD...

... JUST OUT  
OF THE WAY.



ION...

NATALYA!  
IS IT REALLY  
YOU?

NONE  
OTHER, MY  
LOVE.



I  
KNEW WE  
COULDN'T  
BE KEPT  
APART!







BUT ION,  
SHE'S-

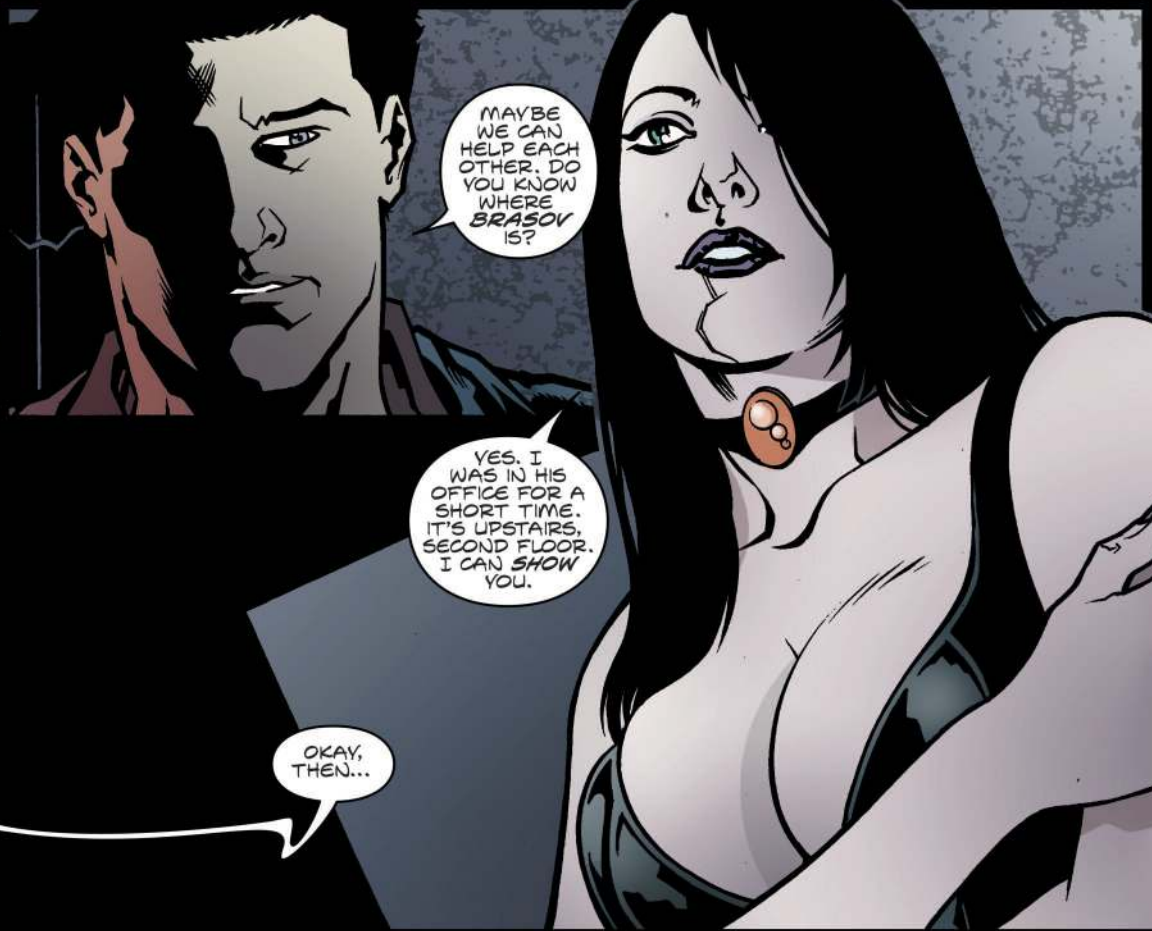
I  
KNOW,  
ANGEL.

IT DOESN'T  
MATTER.



I  
AM... SO  
CONFUSED,  
ANGEL.

I  
KNOW  
WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED, BUT  
I DON'T KNOW...  
WHAT TO DO. I  
THOUGHT PERHAPS  
YOU COULD...  
HELP ME.



MAYBE  
WE CAN  
HELP EACH  
OTHER. DO  
YOU KNOW  
WHERE  
BRASOV  
IS?

YES. I  
WAS IN HIS  
OFFICE FOR A  
SHORT TIME.  
IT'S UPSTAIRS,  
SECOND FLOOR.  
I CAN SHOW  
YOU.

OKAY,  
THEN...





WELCOME,  
ANGEL...



... I SEE  
YOU'VE  
BROUGHT  
SOME  
FRIENDS.

WE'VE JUST  
BEEN DISCUSSING  
HOW OUR LOCAL  
HIERARCHY WILL  
CHANGE WHEN BELA  
HERE RULES  
THE ROM.

WHAT'S  
LEFT  
OF THEM,  
ANYWAY.



BELA! HOW  
COULD...?



HAD TO  
BE *SOMEONE*,  
ION. SOMEONE  
GAVE UP THE  
LOCATION OF YOUR  
SAFE HOUSE IN  
TIRGU HATEG, AND  
WARNED BRASOV  
OF THE ATTACK  
HERE EARLIER  
TONIGHT.

VERY  
PERCEPTIVE,  
ANGEL. OF COURSE,  
THERE'S ONE  
MORE THING...

... SOMEONE  
HAD TO TELL  
US HOW TO DEAL  
WITH YOU.



I KNOW NATALYA IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN OFFER WHAT YOU SEEK.

SO IT'S SIMPLE. YOU STOP FIGHTING FOR THESE ROMANY TERRORISTS...

... AND SHE'S ALL YOURS.

... AND THAT LOVELY CHOKER AROUND HER NECK WILL EXPLODE, SEVERING HER HEAD.

DECAPITATION DOES KILL VAMPIRES, DOES IT NOT?

ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU DO NOT AGREE OR IF YOU TRY TO ATTACK ME, I WILL SIMPLY RELEASE THIS BUTTON...

BRASOV IS RIGHT.

I CAME HERE FOR A REASON. I WANTED MY CURSE ALTERED. NATALYA'S THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO IT.



OKAY...



... IT'S A DEAL.





... SO THIS CONFLICT IS ENDED. YOU WILL LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS AND HARASS OUR ROMANY BRETHREN NO MORE...



I HAD TO BE THE ONE TO TAKE OUT NATALYA. ION WOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT- AND IF HE HAD, HE'D NEVER HAVE FORGIVEN HIMSELF.

NOT TELLING US ABOUT THE CHOKER WAS A DEAD GIVEAWAY. SHE WAS ALREADY ON BRASOV'S SIDE, BUT ION COULDN'T SEE IT.



AND THE ROM HAVE TO DEAL WITH BRASOV AND THE TRAITOR, BELA, THEMSELVES. THEY HAVE TO HAND OUT THE APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT IF THEY'RE GOING TO MOVE PAST THIS, BUILD A NEW KIND OF NATION HERE.



AS FOR ME...

... I HAD TO TRY.

IN THE END, I'M IN THE SAME PLACE I WAS BEFORE I CAME HERE.

GUESS I'VE LIVED WITH IT THIS LONG...



THE END.





## Angel : The Curse cover gallery

this page : issue #1 cover  
opposite page : issue #2 cover







opposite page : issue #3 cover

this page : issue #4 cover

next page : issue #5 cover



MESSINA 2005

Joss Whedon's classic  
vampire character,  
Angel, returns to comics  
with IDW Publishing's  
*Angel: The Curse*.

Collecting all five issues  
of the hit mini-series,  
this compilation written by  
fan-favorite Jeff Mariotte  
is sure to appeal to fans  
of the cult classics *Angel*  
and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*.

