

VAMPIRELLA[®]

VS.

Dracula

DYNAMITE[®] 3



LINCOLN

DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

VAMPIRELLA®

VS. Dracula

SPINNING OUT OF ALAN MOORE AND GARY FRANK'S RETELLING OF THE AGELESS HORROR CLASSIC, DRACULA HAS COME TO AMERICA TO PLAY OUT HIS TIMELESS NARRATIVE IN THIS BRAVE, NEW WORLD. ONLY HE DIDN'T REALIZE ANOTHER VAMPIRE ALREADY BEAT HIM TO IT. DRAWN TO ONE ANOTHER ACROSS CONTINENTS AND CENTURIES BY A MYSTERIOUS FORCE, BOTH VAMPIRELLA AND DRACULA FIND THEMSELVES AT THE CENTER OF A TIME-TOSSED EPIC OF LOVE, HATE, DEATH AND DAMNATION.

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New York City.

Where the stories
wind back through
the ages...

COUGH
HELP ME...

SOMEONE
KEFF KHIN
PLEASE...

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

Where heroes rise
and villains fall...

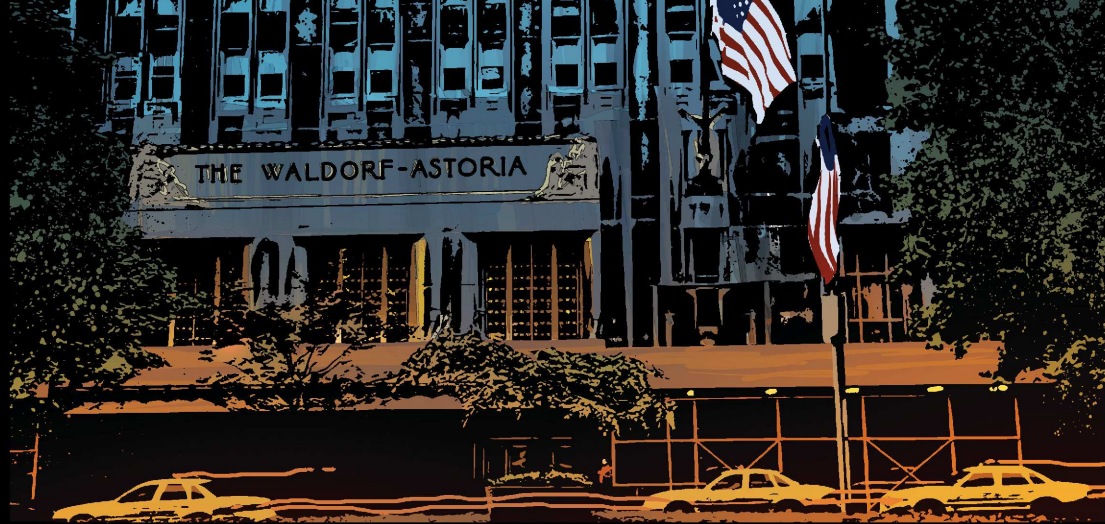
WHAT...?

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--

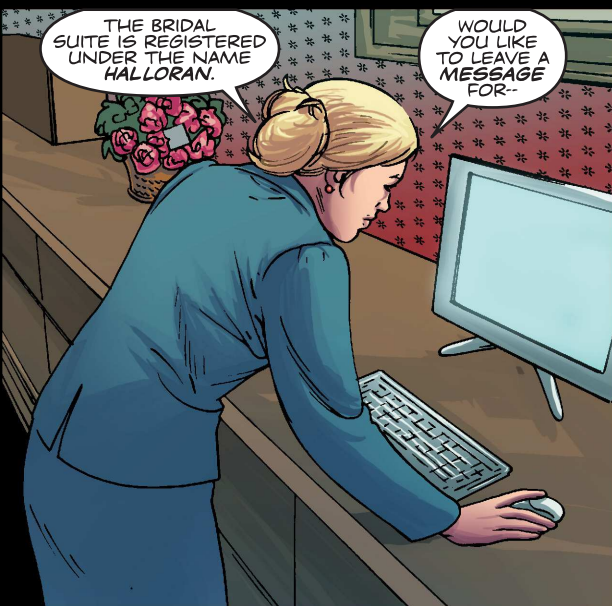


I-I JUST NEED TO FIND MY MONEY AND--

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, SIR...



HERE WE ARE, SIR...



THE BRIDAL SUITE IS REGISTERED UNDER THE NAME HALLORAN.

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.



But what of free will, you might ask?

What of self-determination... and choice...?



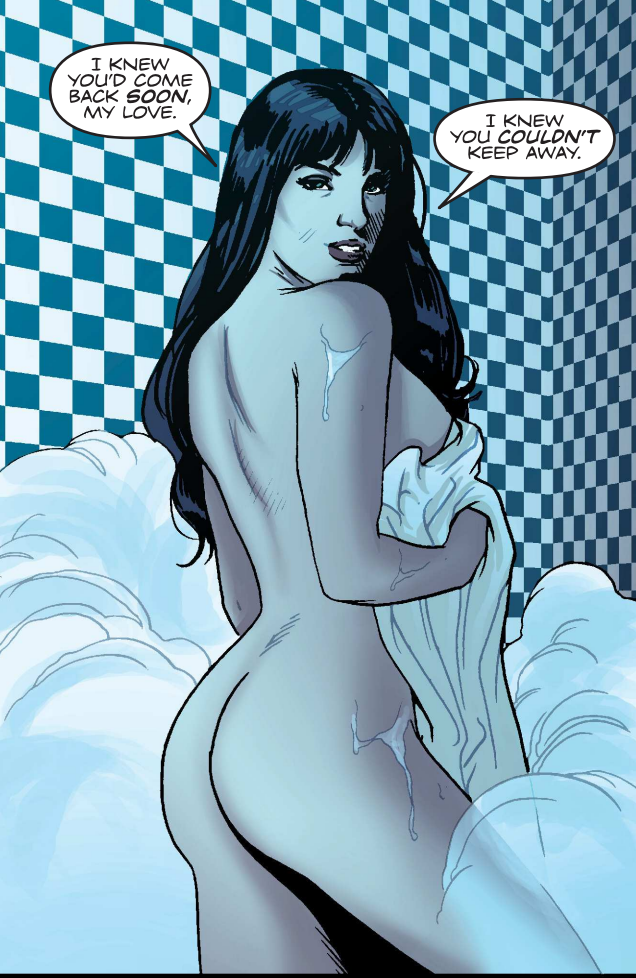
What of Freedom...?



JACK...? IS THAT YOU, MY LOVE?

MIA-- IT'S ME! I'M HERE!

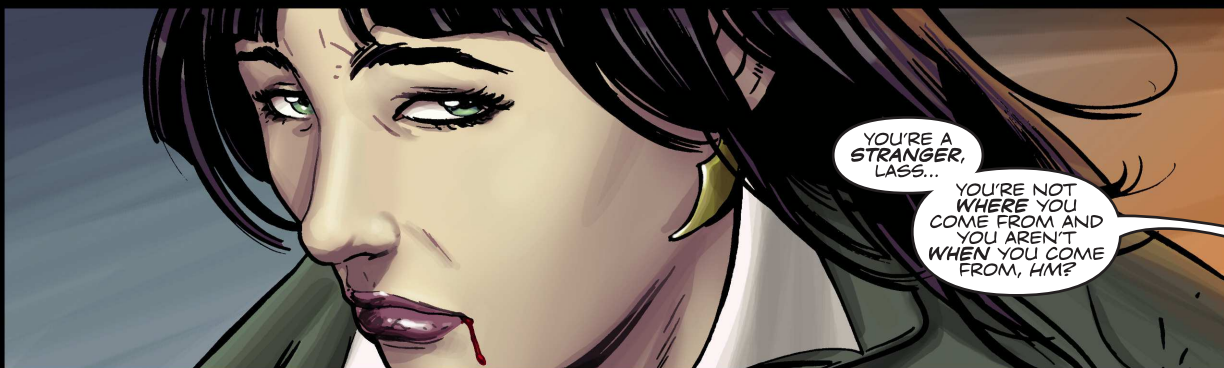
What of love?











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.



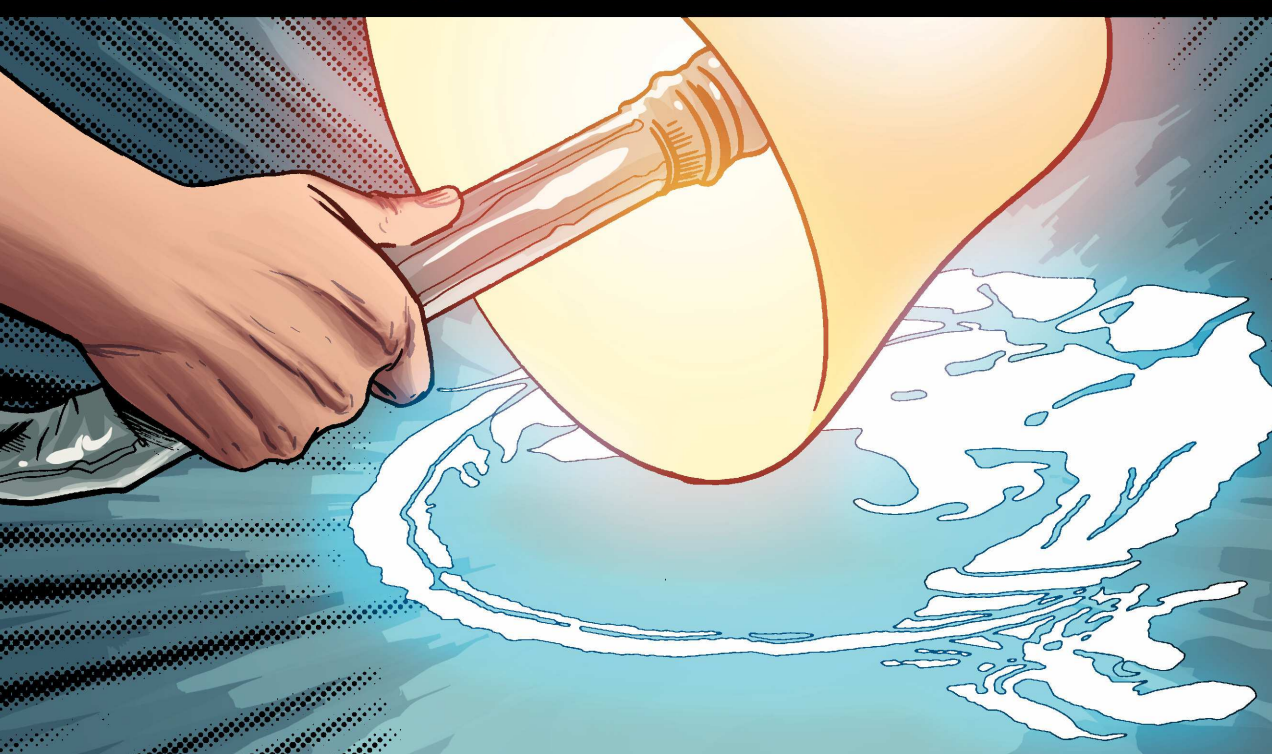
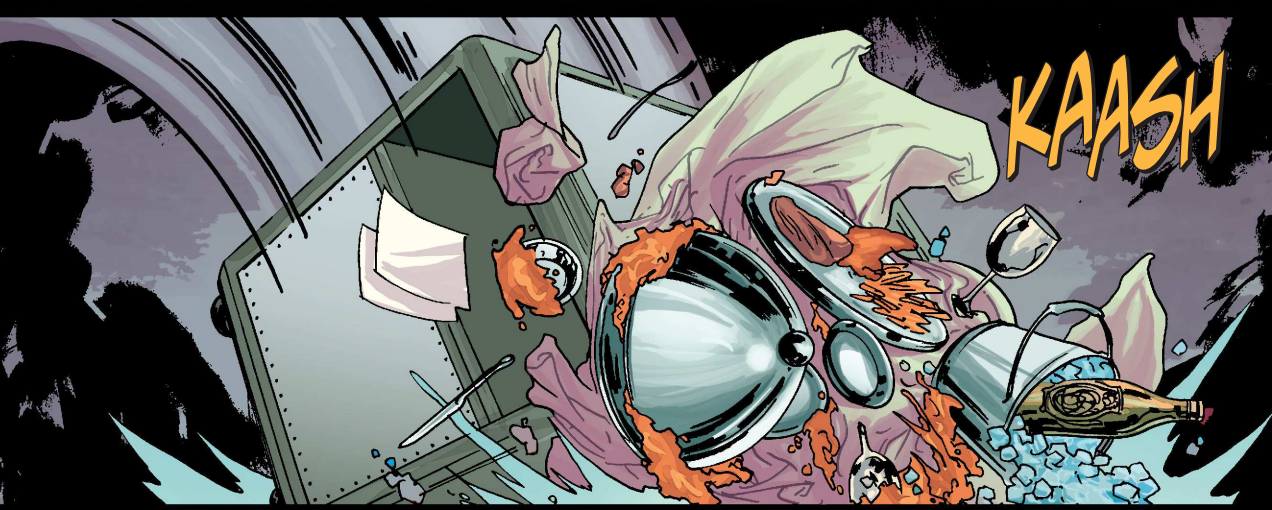
BUT YOU'LL
BURN WHEN
THEY PUT YOU
TO THE FIRE,
OH YES.



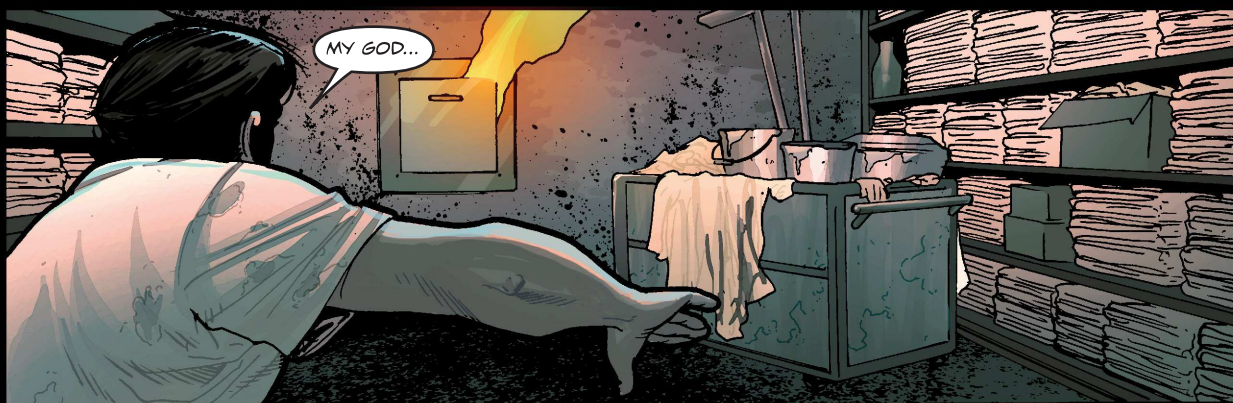
BUT HOW
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT--

DRINA
KNOWS MUCH,
LITTLE VAMPIRE--
HAH!
YOU WILL
SEE!

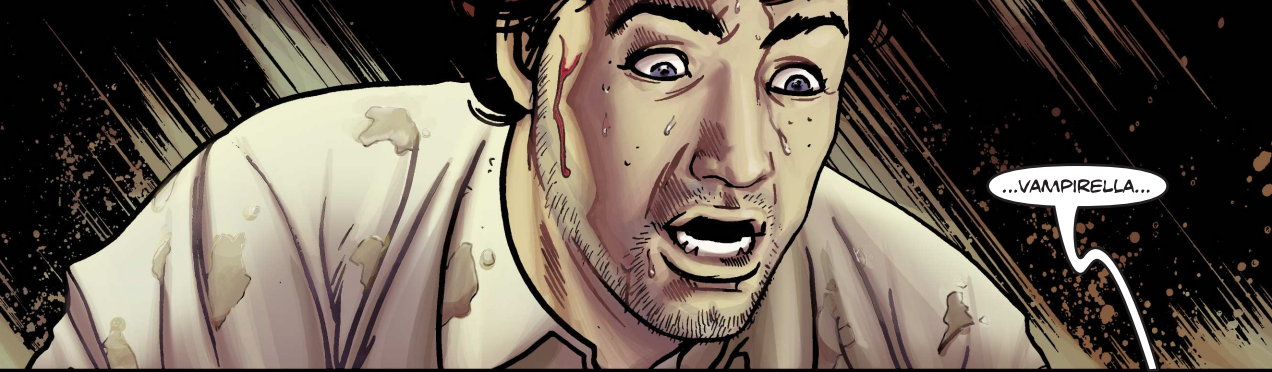














FOR MANY, MANY YEARS MY PEOPLE HAVE TRAVELED THESE HILLS. A TRAVELLER KNOWS THESE MOUNTAINS LIKE HIS OWN MANHOOD!

EVEN THOUGH HE WISHES IT WERE HALF AS BIG!

HEEHEEHEE

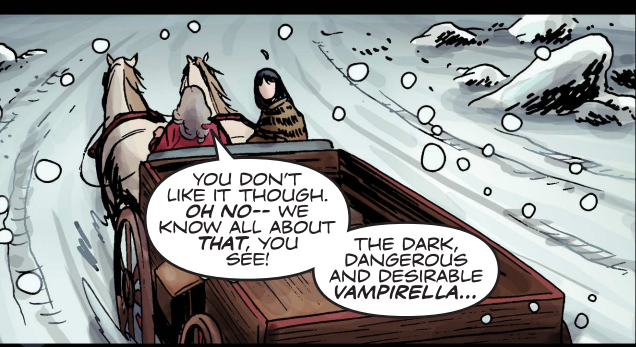


WHERE ARE WE GOING?

AWAY.

FROM THE VILLAGE.

FROM THE PEOPLE, DEAREST.



YOU DON'T LIKE IT THOUGH. OH NO-- WE KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT, YOU SEE!

THE DARK, DANGEROUS AND DESIRABLE VAMPIRELLA...



A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT UNLIKE ANY OTHER...



PROTECTS THE VERY HUMANS WHO WOULD DESTROY HER ON SIGHT IF THEY ONLY KNEW SHE WALKS AMONGST THEM...





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...

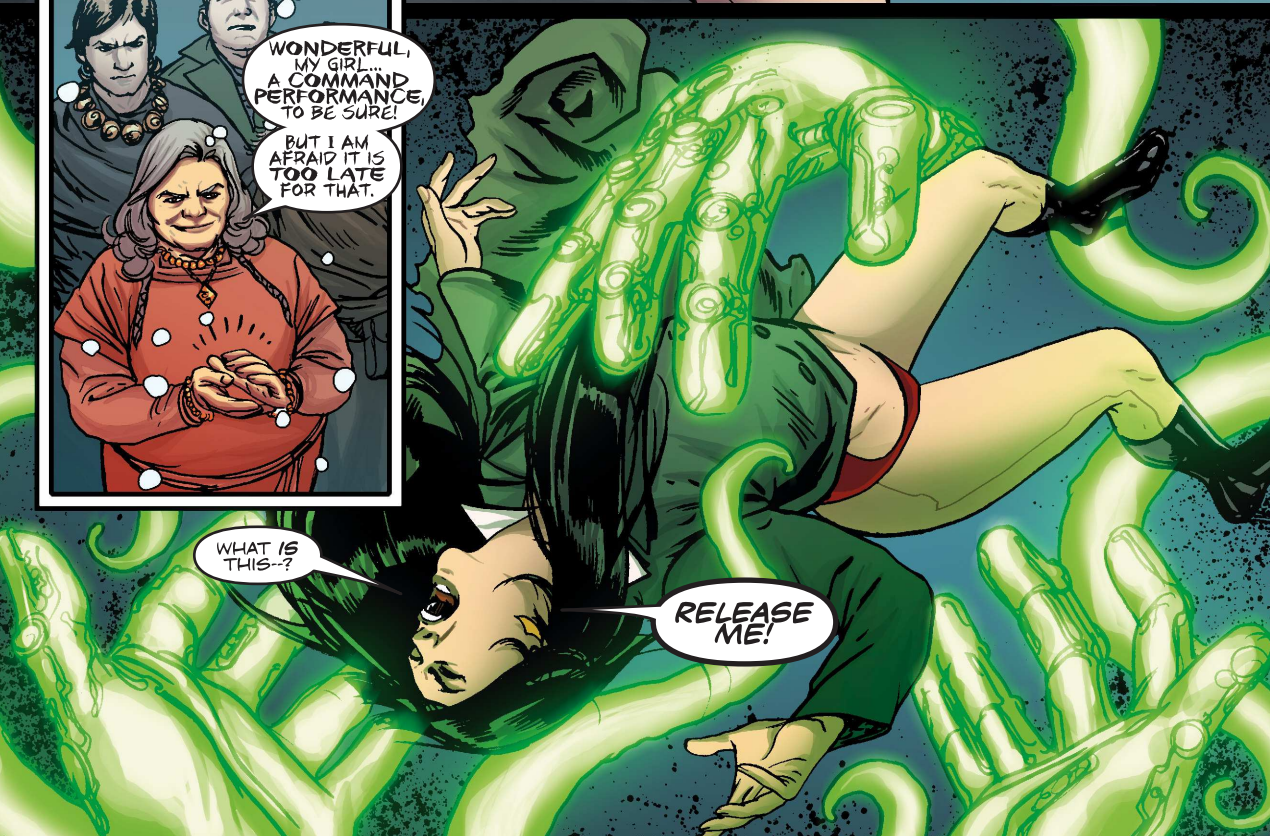


...THEN I WILL HUNT HIM FOR YOU!



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!