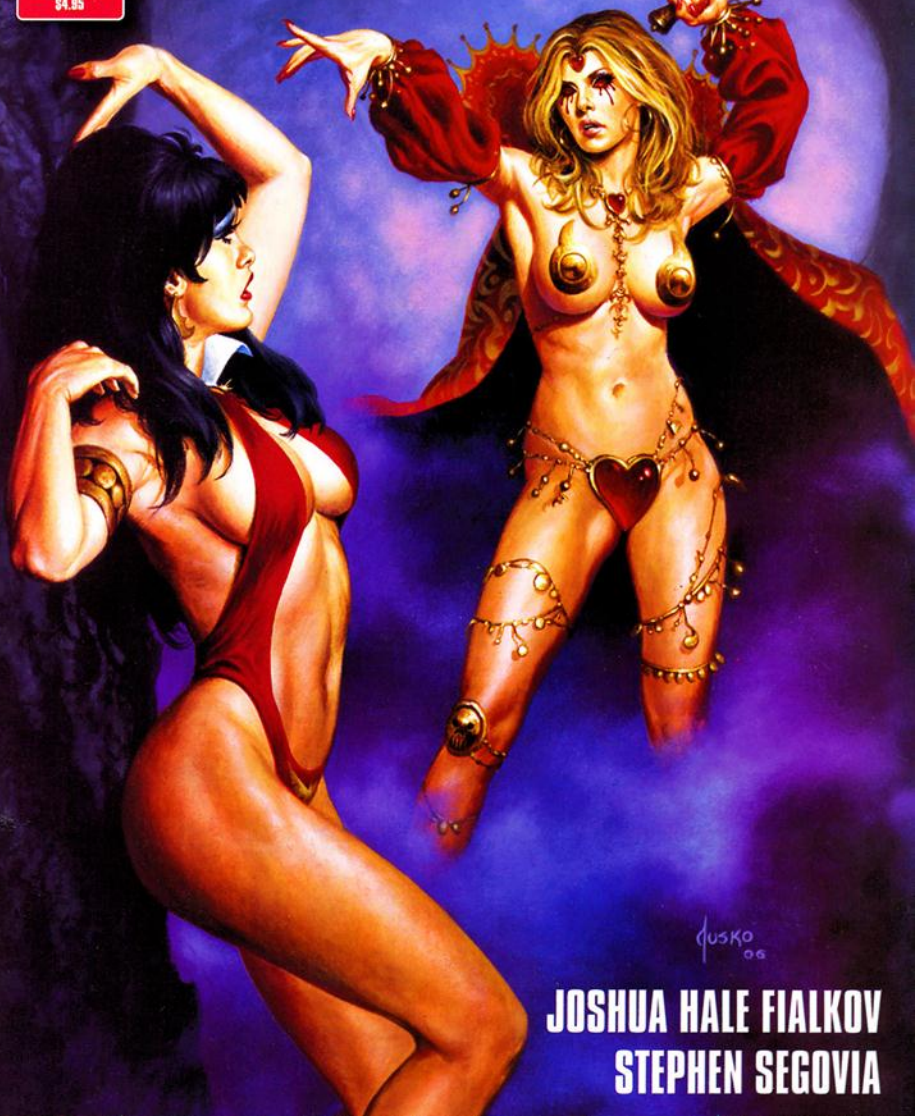




VAMPIRELLA

QUARTERLY



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06

JOSHUA HALE FIALKOV
STEPHEN SEGOVIA

HARRIS
COMICS
#1
SPRING 2007
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QUARTERLY



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VAMPIRELLA

QUARTERLY

*Spring 2007 * #1*

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ANGEL OF VENGEANCE

VAMPIRELLA'S ENTIRE LIFE WAS A LIE.

In one terrible moment,
she learned the truth and lost her way.

Now she seeks a new direction, a new purpose.
The desire to do good is all she has left, but now even that is
consumed with anger and emptiness.

Into this void, a new purpose comes:
A QUEST FOR VENGEANCE
driven by an unknown force...

For more, read *Vampirella Revelations* TPB & the *Vampirella 2006 Halloween Special*



ONE,
PLEASE.

WE ALL THINK WE'RE THE
MASTERS OF OUR OWN
DESTINIES.

FIGURING THAT
THE COINCIDENCES
ARE JUST THAT...

NOW SHOWING

NOW SHOWING



ONE
PLEASE...

NO
CHARGE.



SURE, IT FEELS
LIKE FATE CAN BE
TWISTING THE
KNIFE SOMETIMES.

BUT, NINE TIMES
OUT OF TEN, IT'S
OUR OWN HAND
THAT'S PUSHING ON
THE TANG OF THE
BLADE... SHOVING
THE CUTTING EDGE
EVER DEEPER.



AND WHEN YOU'RE
ALL ALONE...
NO ONE THERE
TO STOP YOU...



YOU'LL FIND YOU'RE
CAPABLE OF THE
DAMNED THINGS.



Vengeance of Vampirella

PART 1 OF 3

JOSUEVA HALE DIALKOV
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ED DURESHIRE
LETTERER

SPECIAL THANKS:
GLASS HOUSE GRAPHICS

BON ALIMAGNO
EDITOR



HELLO?

IS THERE
ANYBODY...?



PLEASE
TAKE
YOUR SEAT

YOU SEE, THE THING
OF IT IS... EVERYBODY
DOES THINGS THEY
DON'T WANT TO DO.

THE THINGS
PENDRAGON
USED TO MAKE
ME DO ARE
ENOUGH TO
CURDLE YOUR
BLOOD.



ADAM ONCE TOLD ME
THAT MAKING MISTAKES
IS THE FIRST PART OF
PAYING PENANCE. YOU
SUFFER THE SLINGS
AND ARROWS FOR A
BIT, BUT THEN... IT'S
DONE, YOU CAN GET
ON WITH YOUR LIFE.



BUT, IF YOU CAN'T EVEN
IDENTIFY YOUR MISTAKE...

THEN HOW CAN YOU
EVER PAY PENANCE?



ADAM TAUGHT
ME ABOUT A
LOT OF THINGS.

ABOUT LOVE
AND HONOR.



ABOUT
WRONG
AND
RIGHT.



FEEL BETTER?

WHAT?

I ASKED IF YOU FELT BETTER... GOT IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM...

WHO...



WHO AM I?

I'M YOUR EXECUTIONER, CELESTE.



YOU'D NEVER GET CAUGHT, CELESTE. YOU'DVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT. PROBABLY EVEN STOPPED DOING IT, EVENTUALLY.

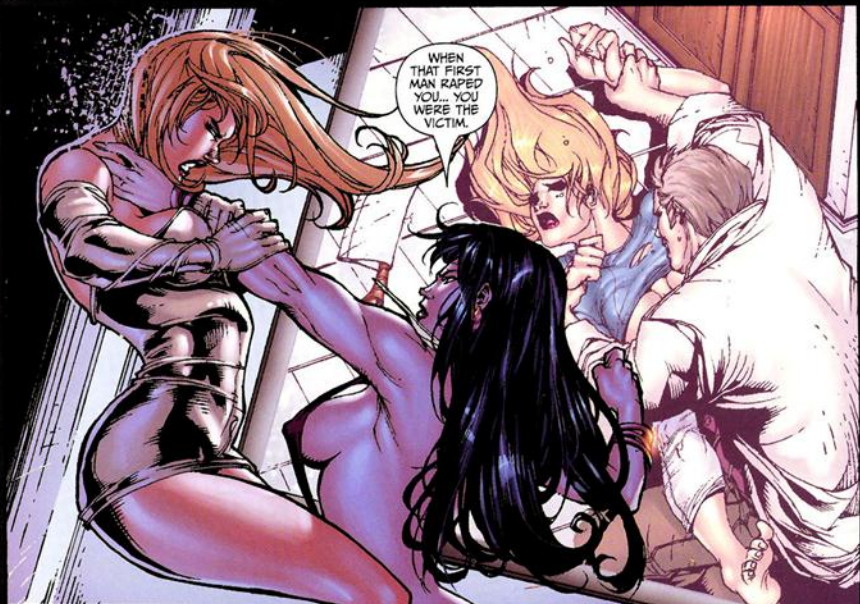


PAID PENANCE.



IF YOU DID ALL THAT, WELL, THEN YOU'RE NO GOOD TO THEM.

YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO PAY ATTENTION FOR THIS PART, CELESTE.





BUT ON THE NEXT ONE? AND THE ONE AFTER THAT?

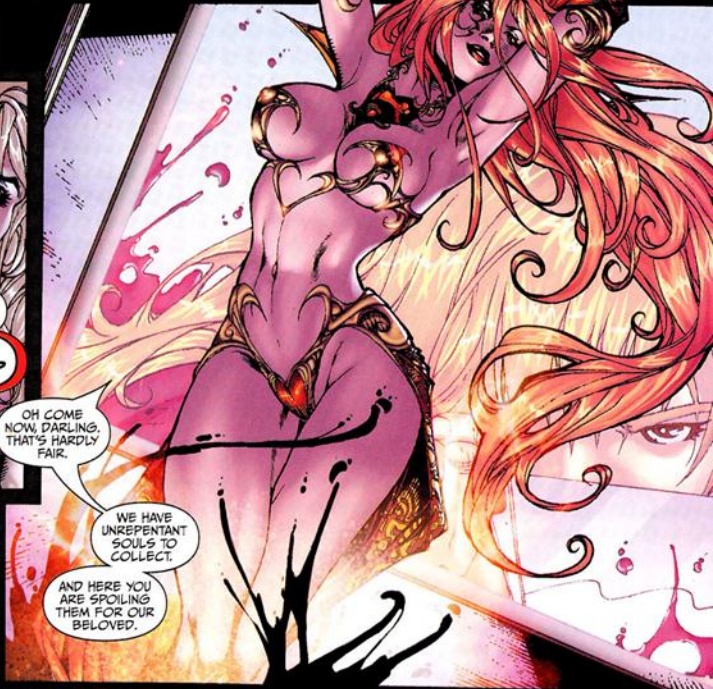
YOU KNOW IT'S WRONG.



AND YET YOU DON'T REPENT.

DO YOU?

OH COME NOW, DARLING, THAT'S HARDLY FAIR.



AND HERE YOU ARE SPOILING THEM FOR OUR BELOVED.



PLEASE... REPENT... REPENT NOW.

VAMPIRELLA! DO I HAVE TO REMIND YOU WHAT'S ON THE LINE HERE?



THEY. ALL DESERVED TO DIE.



YOU'LL
DO THE ROTTING
IN HELL FOR THE
BOTH OF US.



ALL
YOURS.

OH, DARLING,
YOU KNOW THAT
HEARTS ARE
PASSE' NOW. IT'S
SOULS THAT HE
CRAVES.



THREE IN ONE WEEK. VERY IMPRESSIVE
WORK, VAMPIRELLA. AT THIS RATE YOU'LL
HAVE ALL TEN DONE BY THURSDAY.
PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE YOUR PRECIOUS
FREEDOM RETURNED TO YOU SOONER
THAN YOU HOPED...

BY SATYR
AND CIRCE
ILLUSION BE
GONE.



YES.



IF YOU LAY ONE FINGER ON--

HEY!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



STRIP CLUB'S 'ROUND THE CORNER.



COURSE, WE CAN PROBABLY FIND A POLE OR TWO FOR YOU TO DANCE WITH.



MAKE IT QUICK,
DARLING. WE HAVE
PLACES TO BE, MAD
GOD CHAOS TO
RAISE, AND ALL
OF THAT.

C'MON
BABY, LET'S
DO THIS.

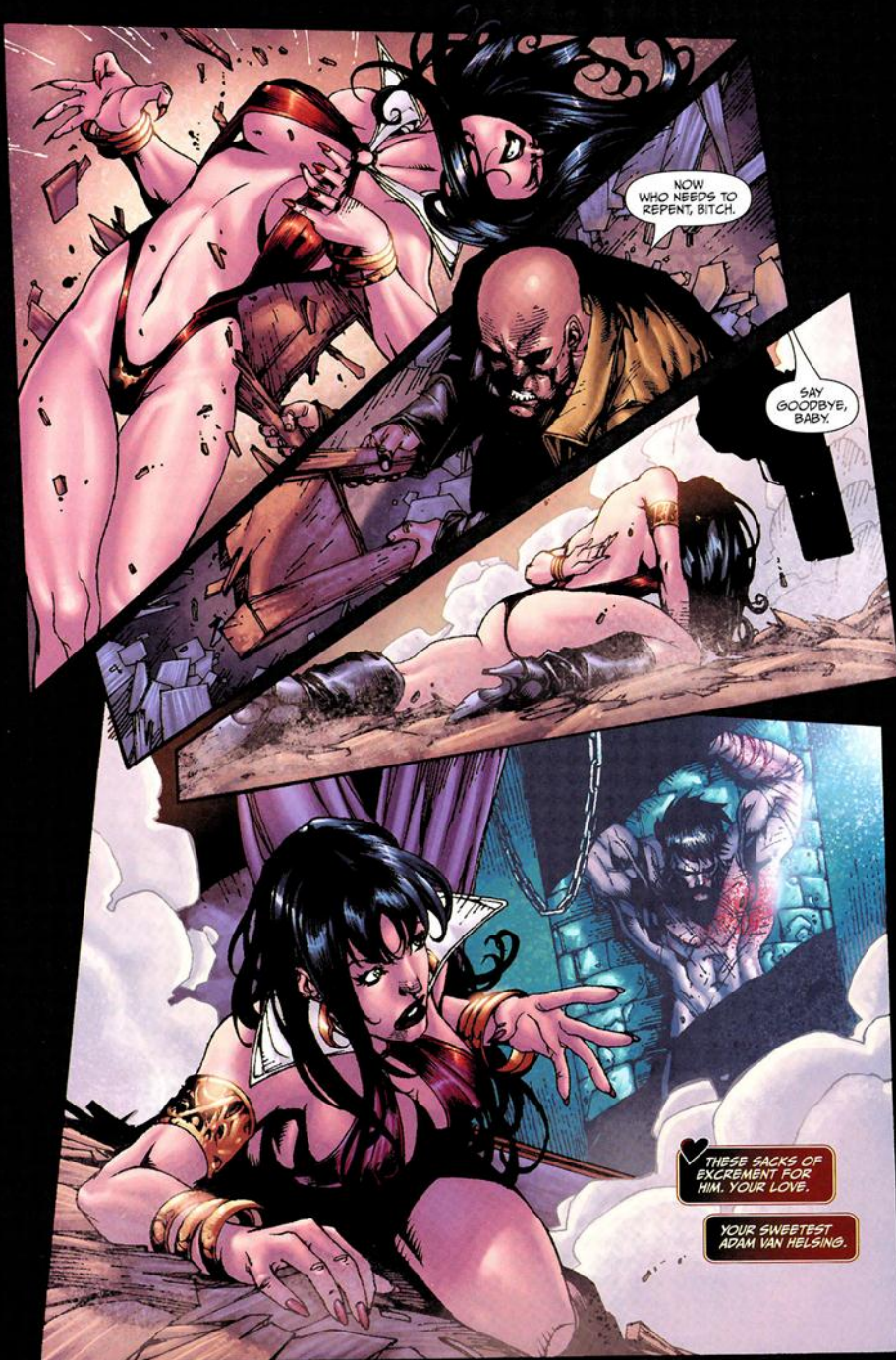
YOU SURE?
I'M A BIT OUT
OF PRACTICE.

BABY, YOU'LL
HAVE ALL NIGHT
TO PRACTICE.

ESNACK!

HOW WAS
THAT? I THINK I
COULD'VE USED A BIT
MORE TEETH BREAKING,
AND SLIGHTLY LESS
BLOOD ON MY BOOTS.





NOW
WHO NEEDS TO
REPENT, BITCH.

SAY
GOODBYE,
BABY.

THESE SACKS OF
EXCREMENT FOR
HIM. YOUR LOVE.

YOUR SWEETEST
ADAM VAN HELSING.



I'M SORRY FOR
WHAT'S ABOUT TO
HAPPEN, BOYS.

DAMN
STRAIGHT
YOU'RE GOING
TO BE.



GOOD GIRL, VAMPI.
ONLY 6 MORE TO
GO, AND YOU AND
VAN HELSING CAN
BE TOGETHER
AGAIN.

AND
YOU AND YOUR
BELOVED MAD
GOD CHAOS.



OH... THAT'S
NICE... THAT'S...
WONDERFUL.

FIVE MORE UNREPENTANT
SOULS... SOULS FILLED
WITH SUCH EVIL AND HATE
THAT THEY'LL FEED THE
DEVIL ENOUGH FOR HIM TO
RELEASE THE MAD GOD
CHAOS, AND THEN HE'LL
GIVE ADAM BACK TO
ME.

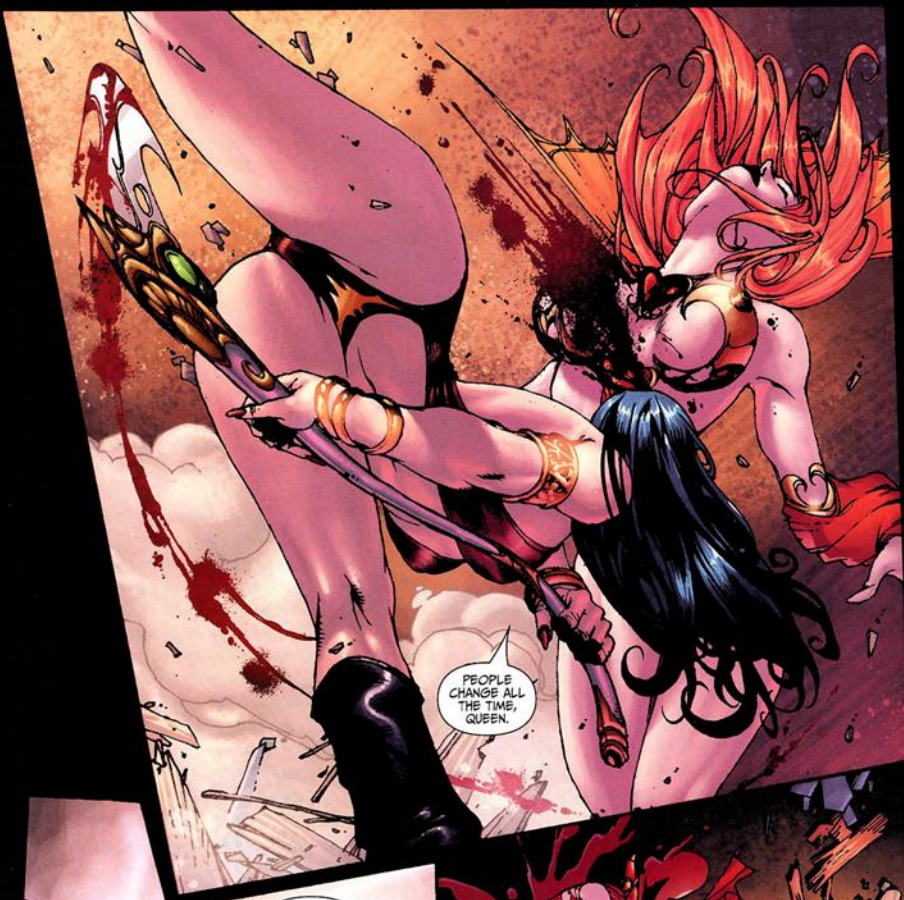


SIX MORE
SOULS, DEAR,
NOT FIVE.

IT'S ALWAYS
THE SAME WITH YOU,
VAMPIRELLA. TOO SOFT,
TOO MANY ATTACHMENTS...
YOU CARE ABOUT THOSE
AROUND YOU TOO--

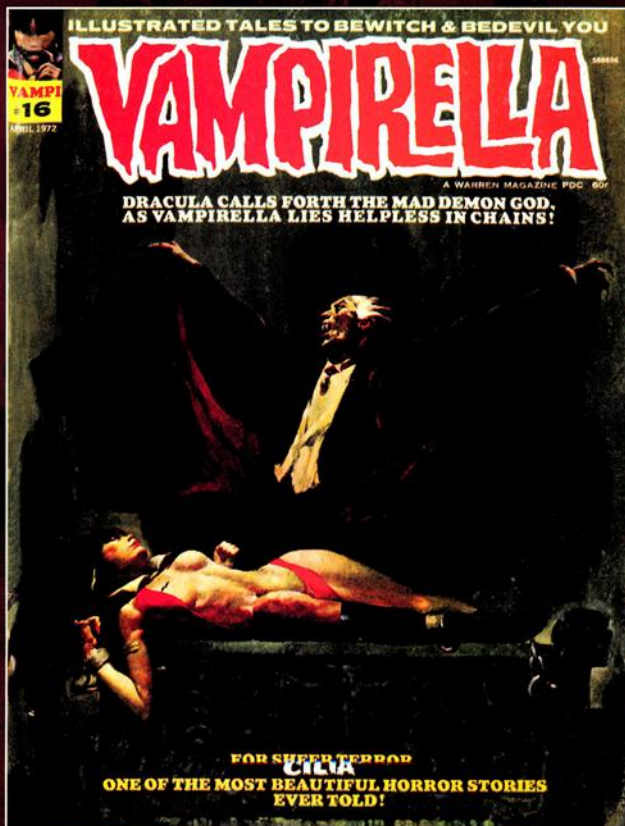


OH GOD...
OH... OH
GOD.



To Be Continued!

FEIKOV
53. SEGUNDA
JINRAMOS.



“...AND BE A BRIDE OF CHAOS!”

*Written by Archie Goodwin * Art by José Gonzales*

Remastered and recolored by Mike Kelleher

Originally printed in Vampirella #16

Original cover art by Sanjulian



A CLASSIC MILESTONE

Every character has her defining moment—a moment when the rich possibility of that character seems fully realized and her future brighter than ever. In the early history of *Vampirella*, “...And Be a Bride of Chaos” is certainly one of those moments. From a creative standpoint it set the bar for what fans would expect from *Vampirella* comics: Archie Goodwin wove his spell with lyrical prose and a story that drew on the best traditions of pulp fictions, horror literature, mythology, and even sci-fi. José Gonzales complimented him with some of his finest work, using his fluid and dynamic style to bring out the dark beauty of the story and give it a life of its own.

This was also our first meeting with Chaos and Dracula, two figures who would dominate *Vampirella*'s early mythology. Again, Goodwin shows his genius, making both villains mixtures of various influences, even giving Dracula himself a sci-fi origin. In the hands of someone less skilled and perhaps less confident in his abilities such a drastic change to a character so well known might have come off as foolishness. In Goodwin's more than capable hands, though, it's magic.

We hope you enjoy this new presentation of one of the greatest *Vampirella* stories ever told, remastered and recolored by Mike Kelleher of Glass House Graphics.

Art by Stephen Segovia * Colors by Jay David Ramos

THE VALLEY AND THE BLACK, BLACK LAKE IT CRADLES LIES DEEP AMID THE CARNIC ALPS. SET IN ITS MIDST, LIKE SOME GRAY, CRUSTED JEWEL IS THE CASTLE. HERE, FOR A WEEK, NOW, THE GUESTS HAVE BEEN ARRIVING. MEN, WOMEN, FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE, BUT RENDERED SIMILAR IN TWO ASPECTS... THE TRACE OF WEALTH, THE TOUCH OF DECADENCE. FOR A WEEK NOW THEY HAVE COME TO THE CASTLE AND WAITED. WAITED FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR HOST AND THE BEGINNING OF A CEREMONY. A CEREMONY IN WHICH ONE WILL BE CHOSEN...

...AND BE A BRIDE OF CHAOS



NOW, AS DAYLIGHT GIVES WAY TO APPROACHING NIGHT, TWO LAST GUESTS COME TO THE CASTLE...



COUNT MORDANTE
TELEPHONED ME TO MAKE
YOU COMFORTABLE UNTIL
HIS ARRIVAL... AND TO
EXPRESS HIS REGRETS
FOR NOT ACCOMPANYING
YOU ON THE DRIVE
FROM THE AIRFIELD.

SEE, VAMPIRELLA.
OUR HOST MAY BE
ELUSIVE, BUT WHO
COULD QUESTION HIS
HOSPITALITY?



YOUR ROOM, SIGNORINA.
THE GENTLEMAN'S IS JUST
ACROSS THE HALL.

PENDRAGON, COULD
YOU **STAY** FOR A WHILE?
I FEEL UNEASY... PARTICULARLY
SINCE ARRIVING **HERE**.

BUT THIS WHOLE
BUSINESS SEEMS
ODD. TO TRAVEL
WITH A MAN AND
NEVER **SEE** HIM...!



FIRST THE COUNT
WAS RESTING, THEN
BUSINESS TOOK HIM
OFF THE PLANE AHEAD
OF US! AND NOW...

NOW, YOU'RE
LETTING THIS GREAT,
GLOOMY STONE HOTEL
GIVE YOU A CASE OF
NERVES, MY DEAR!
YOU MERELY NEED
SOMETHING TO LIFT
YOUR SPIRITS.

AND
SPEAKING OF
SPIRITS...



... BY SHEER
COINCIDENCE I HAVE IN MY
POSSESSION A RARE ELIXIR
OF **AMAZING** POTENCY!
NATURALLY, I REALIZE YOUR
OTHERWORLDLY DIETARY
HABITS OFTEN **PRECLUDE**
SUCH INDULGENCES, BUT--



BUT WHAT OF THE **OTHER** GUESTS IN THE SPRAWLING HOME OF COUNT MORDANTE?
WHAT OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN WAITING... IMPATIENTLY WAITING...?





ALL HAIL COUNT DRACULA--
SUPREME LEADER OF THE
COMPANIONS OF CHAOS!

AND NOW WE MAY **CHOOSE!**
THE ONE WOMAN AMONG US
WORTHY TO BECOME
BRIDE TO HIM WHOM
WE WORSHIP --

THE WOMAN
WHO SHALL HAVE
THE HONOR OF **HONORS...**
WHO SHALL BEAR THE **CHILD**
OF CHAOS! WHO SHALL LOOSE
THE SEED OF THE MAD GOD
UPON THE EARTH SO HE AND
HIS MAY **RULE** AGAIN!

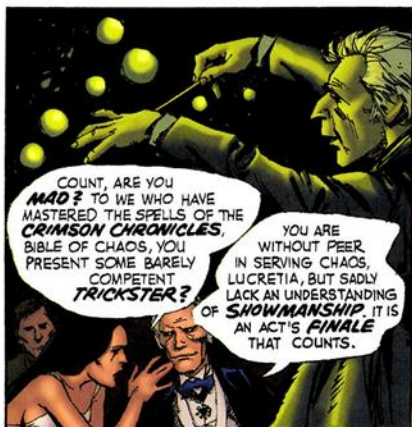
QUITE SO, DEAR
LUCRETIA... ALL IN GOOD
TIME, BUT FOR THE MOMENT...
I'VE ARRANGED A SMALL
ENTERTAINMENT.

AN ENTERTAINMENT?
COUNT, WE ARE **HIGH**
PRIESTS AND PRIESTESSES
OF CHAOS FROM CULTS ALL OVER
THE WORLD... HERE FOR ONE
DECISION, AND THAT
DECISION **ONLY!**

AND I AM
DRACULA... WHO
MUST BE **OBEYED!**
INTO THE **THEATER!**

NOW, MY
FRIENDS... I PRESENT
THE GREAT
PENDRAGON!





COUNT, ARE YOU **MAD?** TO WE WHO HAVE MASTERED THE SPELLS OF THE **CRIMSON CHRONICLES**, BIBLE OF CHAOS, YOU PRESENT SOME BARELY COMPETENT **TRICKSTER?**

YOU ARE WITHOUT PEER, IN SERVING CHAOS, LUCRETIA, BUT SADLY LACK AN UNDERSTANDING OF **SHOWMANSHIP**. IT IS AN ACT'S **FINALE** THAT COUNTS.

HENCE, IT HAS ALWAYS PROVIDED A STARTLING FINISH TO THE PERFORMANCE, BUT **NEVER** WITH THE REACTION THAT GREET'S **THIS** VIEWING OF VAMPIRELLA'S TRANSFORMATION!



AND HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SIGNORE E SIGNORINE... THE LOVELY AND MYSTERIOUS... **VAMPIRELLA!**

STRANGE... EVERYONE ON MY HOME WORLD HAS THE ABILITY TO TAKE **BAT FORM**. YET HERE IT SEEMS A REMARKABLE FEAT OF **MAGIC**...

ESCAPE FROM THE WINDOWLESS CHAMBER CUT OFF, VAMPIRELLA IS DRIVEN BACK TO THE STAGE...



COUNT! WHAT DOES THIS **MEAN?** THE GIRL IS ONE OF **YOURS!**

NOT QUITE, LUCRETIA. **QUICKLY... BARR ALL DOORS! SEAL OFF THE ROOM!**



PENDRAGON! BACK THROUGH THE CURTAINS... THIS IS SOME SORT OF **TRAP!** P-PENDRAGON--?!

WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH YOU? WHY DON'T YOU **MOVE--**




BECAUSE HAVING SERVED THE TASK I **SET** HIM TO, HE REVERTS TO HIS **TRUE** STATE... A ZOMBIE-LIKE **PAWN** OF DRACULA!

THEN WHATEVER **ELSE** HAPPENS... YOU'LL **PAY** FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO HIM!




HOW WILL YOU **MAKE** ME PAY, GIRL FROM BEYOND THE STARS?! MY STRENGTH, MY COMBAT SKILLS, ARE THE **EQUAL** OF YOURS...

AND I HAVE HAD THEM **LONGER!**



BEHOLD,
FELLOW COMPANIONS
IN THE CULT OF CHAOS--
SHE WHO WILL BE THE
GREAT GOD'S **BRIDE**!

NO!




IT CAN'T BE SOME **OUTSIDER**!
THE HONOR MUST GO TO ONE OF
US... ONE WHO HAS SERVED
CHAOS UNSELFISHLY,
UNSTINTINGLY...!



YES, **ME!**
I, WHO HAVE
GARNERED MORE
SOULS FOR THE MASTER
THAN **ANY** PRIESTESS...
I, WHO HAVE DENIED
MYSELF THE LOVE OF ANY
MORTAL THAT I MIGHT
REMAIN **UNSPOILED**
FOR MIGHTY CHAOS
HIMSELF!


IF ANY IS FIT
TO BE HIS **BRIDE**,
TO BEAR HIS CHILD...
IT IS **ME!**

ONE SUCH
AS **YOU**,
LUCRETIA?



BENEATH YOUR
SHOUTING I HEAR ONE
WORD, LUCRETIA...
AMBITION. GREATER
QUALITIES THAN **THAT**
ARE NECESSARY FOR THE
MOTHER OF A CHILD
OF CHAOS!

WHAT
QUALITIES CAN
SHE HAVE? ONE
OF YOUR **UNDEAD**...
A MERE
VAMPIRE?!!



SHE IS NO MERE VAMPIRE,
LUCRETIA... **NOR** MERE MORTAL,
AS ARE YOU AND THE OTHERS!
SHE IS OF A RACE **SUPERIOR**
TO BOTH...

...THE RACE
THAT SPAWNED
COUNT DRACULA!



"LET YOUR MINDS DRIFT WITH MINE, MY COMPANIONS, ACROSS THE IMMEASURABLE VASTNESS OF SPACE, BACK UNCOUNTABLE CENTURIES IN TIME... TO A WORLD REVOLVING ABOUT TWIN SUNS, A WORLD CALLED **DRAKULON!**"



"THIS IS A WORLD WHERE **BLOOD**, NOT WATER, FLOWS IN GUSHING STREAMS. STREAMS WHICH IN TIME WILL TURN TO **DUST** UNDER THE EVER-MOUNTING HEAT OF THE TWO SUNS, BUT WHICH, AT THIS MOMENT, PROVIDE **SUSTENANCE** FOR THE PLANET'S POPULATION..."



"...WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THOSE WHO FOLLOW AN **OLDER** TRADITION, A TRADITION OF HUNTERS AND WARRIORS... A TRADITION LONG **OUTLAWED**."



"I SPOKE THOSE WORDS... AND IN SPEAKING THEM CONDEMNED MYSELF TO **DEATH**. DEATH IN THE **DISINTEGRATION CHAMBER**... TO BE THE FOCAL POINT OF SUCH INCREDIBLE, UNCHECKED POWER THAT THE BODY, THE SOUL... THE ESSENCE OF THE BEING, BECOME **NOTHING**..."



"OR SO BELIEVED THE ELDERS OF DRAKULON! BUT SO **GREAT** WAS THE FORCE THAT **STRUCK** ME, MY BODY WAS NOT DISINTEGRATED, BUT **DISPLACED**... FORCED FROM ONE PLANE OF EXISTENCE INTO **ANOTHER**. FORCED BY COSMIC ACCIDENT INTO A DIMENSION WHERE A MAD GOD AND HIS SEVEN DEMON SERVANTS ENDEURE BANISHMENT..."

"AND AS I DRIFTED IN THAT PLACE NOT A PLACE, SOMETHING FORMED BEFORE ME, SOMETHING INDISTINCT, YET AWESOME... CHALLENGING THE ICY CONTROL BRED IN EACH DRAKULONIAN... I LOOKED UPON THE **FACE OF CHAOS!**"



"...THE **NETHER-VOID!**"



"AND THE MAD GOD SAW IN ME A **SERVANT**. ONE TO AID IN HIS BATTLE TO REGAIN THE WORLD HE HAD LOST... **EARTH**..."

"THOUGH LACKING POWER TO FREE **HIMSELF**, CHAOS WAS ABLE TO PIERCE THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER ENOUGH SO **I** COULD COME TO EARTH..."

"THE POWER OF CHAOS MADE MY BITE **INFECTIOUS**; EACH DYING VICTIM WOULD BECOME A VAMPIRE IN TURN..."

"STILL I **ENDURED**, ACQUIRING NEW CHAOS-GRANTED STRENGTHS THROUGH THE AGES, EVEN AS I **LOST** MANY DRAKULONIAN QUALITIES. IN TIME, I WAS ABLE TO MOVE AND LIVE AMONG HUMANS..."



"...AND IN **HIS** NAME, LOOSE **VAMPIRISM** UPON THE WORLD!"



"BUT IN PASSING THROUGH DIMENSIONS, MY **BODY STRUCTURE** WAS ALTERED; IT COULD NOT SURVIVE IN **SUNLIGHT**. THIS TOO WAS PASSED ON TO MY VICTIMS..."



"BUT IN TAKING A **NAME** FOR THIS HUMAN EXISTENCE, I KEPT A VESTIGE OF MY **OLD** WORLD... FOR OUT OF DRAKULON CAME **DRACULA!**"

"AS COUNT DRACULA I REACHED THE PEAK OF MY POWERS AND DURING THE LAST CENTURY DECIDED TO EXPAND MY WORK IN THE CAUSE OF CHAOS FROM TRANSYLVANIA, WHERE I'D SETTLED TO THE WORLD..."



"BUT IN COMING TO ENGLAND AND MAKING A VICTIM OF ONE **LUCY WESTENRA**, THE SEEDS OF MY FIRST DEFEAT WERE SOWN."

"BUT THOUGH MY **BODY** PERISHED, THE POWERS OF CHAOS KEPT MY **SPRIT** ALIVE IN THE EARTH AND ASHES OF MY COFFIN! AND WHEN A YOUNG WASTREL NAMED **ADRIAN VARNEY** CHOSE TO LIE IN THE COFFIN AS A JOKE... I TOOK **CONTROL** OF HIM!*"



*SEE "THE COFFIN OF DRACULA" CREEPY #8 AND 9

"AND **AGAIN** I ENCOUNTERED VAN HELSING! ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE, MY CARRIAGE VEERED OFF A CLIFF... MY HOST VARNEY DIED IN THE WRECKAGE, AND THE COFFIN WITH MY **SPRIT** WAS LOST IN THE SEA!"



"FOR I WAS THROWN INTO CONFLICT WITH PROFESSOR **ABRAHAM VAN HELSING**, A MAN AS DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF GOOD AND ORDER AS I TO EVIL AND CHAOS! HE LED THE MANHUNT THAT ENDED IN THE BORGO PASS..."



"...WITH MY **DEATH** AT THE HANDS OF VAN HELSING'S FRIENDS: **JONATHAN HARKER**, **DR. SEWARD**, **LORD GOLDALMING** AND **QUINCEY MORRIS**!"

*SEE BRAM STOKER'S NOVEL, **DRACULA**.

"IT SEEMED AT LAST FINAL DOOM HAD COME... UNTIL **SMUGGLERS**, SEEKING LOST BOOTY, DREDGED THE COFFIN FROM THE ICY DEPTHS, AND THEIR MACABRE-MINDED **CAPTAIN** WAS MOVED TO JEST AS **VARNEY** HAD!"



"FOR ANY OF AN EVIL NATURE WHO LIE IN THE COFFIN ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO **MY** WILL, BECOME **HOSTS** TO MY **SPRIT**! BUT THAT ALONE DOES NOT MAKE ME THE DRACULA OF OLD..."



"ONLY WHEN MY **HOSTS** BECOME **VAMPIRES**, AS I WAS, DO MY FULL POWERS RETURN!"

"SO I HAVE SURVIVED THROUGH TO THE PRESENT. SO I OBTAINED THIS HOST-BODY YOU, MY COMPANIONS IN CHAOS'S CULT, KNOWN AS **COUNT MORDANTE**. SO I NEVER **CEASED** TO SERVE THE GREATER GLORY OF THE MAD GOD..."







THIS IS AS FAR AS I TAKE YOU, SIGNOR VAN HELSING...THERE STANDS THE CASTLE OF **COUNT MORDANTE!** A CHILLING THING TO VIEW IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT-- BUT I **FORGET**, YOU CANNOT SEE.

YOU **ALSO** FORGET THE LARGE SUM I PAID YOU INCLUDED BEING **ROWED** TO THE ISLAND.



THAT WAS OVER DRINKS AT THE **INN**, SIGNOR! OUT HERE IN THE **CHILL**, STORIES HEARD OF **GOINGS-ON** IN THAT PLACE RACING THROUGH ONE'S MIND...



... A MAN COMES TO HIS **SENSES!** HE SEES THE WISDOM OF--



OF RECONSIDERING BEFORE HE CHEATS A BLIND MAN?



AH, MR. PENDRAGON. YOU HAVE BEEN MOST **PATIENT**. MY BUSINESS IN SERVICE OF **CHAOS** IS ENDED FOR THE MOMENT...



THERE IS TIME FOR MORE **PERSONAL** PLEASURES... SUCH AS AN EVENING **MEAL!** AND SINCE I NO LONGER **NEED** YOU...



BUT **WAIT**. IF THAT **SOUND** DRIFTING UP FROM THE LAKE MEANS WHAT I **THINK**--



YES, MR. PENDRAGON.
YOU HAVE A
REPRIEVE.

IT APPEARS
THIS WILL BE A
TIME FOR PERSONAL
PLEASURES
INDEED!

A DARK FORM SWOOPS FROM THE CASTLE WINDOW.
SUDDENLY, SWIFTLY, A BOAT ROCKS WILDLY ON THE
WATER. A SCREAM STARTS IN A MAN'S THROAT BUT
IS NEVER FINISHED.



AND THE LAKE IS SILENT ONCE MORE.

CONRAD VAN Helsing FLATTENS BACK INTO THE SHADOWS
AS THOUGH WISHING THE COLD STONE AT HIS BACK COULD
ENVELOP HIM. HE CANNOT SEE THE NIGHTED SHAPE
CROSSING THE FACE OF THE MOON, BUT THE SOUND OF
LEATHERY WINGS IS LIKE THUNDER TO HIS KEENLY
DEVELOPED HEARING...



...THEN IT IS GONE. AND VAN Helsing IS ALONE. A MAN
WITHOUT SIGHT ABOUT TO STORM A CASTLE.



RUSHING WATER
AHEAD. IF IT'S SOME
SORT OF **DRAIN...**

MEANWHILE, IN THE GREAT CAVERN BENEATH THE LAKE, VAMPIRELLA STRAINS AT THE SHACKLES BINDING HER... IN
VAIN. POWERLESS TO TAKE BAT-FORM WHILE BOUND, SHE CAN ONLY STRUGGLE AND STARE AT THE SYMBOL ON THE
WALL BEFORE HER, WHICH HAS BEGUN TO PULSE AND GLOW, SHAPING AND PUSHING AT THE SURROUNDING
DARKNESS...

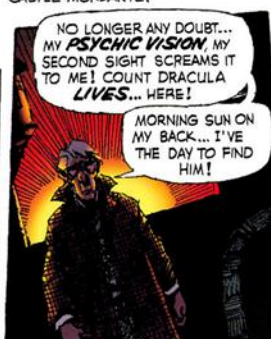


AND IN THAT DARKNESS... SOMETHING **STIRS.**

FINGERS SLIPPERY FROM FUMBLING AGAINST NITRATE-CRUSTED DRAIN WALLS FIGHT TO GRIP THE HOLES OF A GRATE, RUSTED IRON SCRAPES ACROSS DANK COBBLESTONE...



...AND CONRAD VAN HELSING ENTERS CASTLE MORDANTE.



NO LONGER ANY DOUBT... MY **PSYCHIC VISION**, MY SECOND SIGHT SCREAMS IT TO ME! COUNT DRACULA **LIVES...** HERE!

MORNING SUN ON MY BACK... I'VE THE DAY TO FIND HIM!

BUT THE CASTLE IS VAST, SPRAWLING... AND **SUNSET** COMES QUICKLY AMID THE THRUSTING ALPS.



NOISE DRIFTING DOWN FROM ABOVE... SO **MANY** VOICES...!

AND THOSE VOICES **SWELL** AS VAN HELSING MOVES THROUGH THE CASTLE PROPER, SEARCHING, SLOWLY SEARCHING. NO ONE ELSE WALKS THE LABYRINTHINE HALLS. ALL OTHERS ARE IN THEIR ROOMS... **CHANTING**. A CHANT BEGUN SINCE DRACULA DISMISSED THEM THE PREVIOUS NIGHT. A CHANT THAT CONTINUES THROUGH THE DAY, GROWING, BUILDING...



...REACHING DEEP INTO THE GREAT CAVERN, BRIDAL CHAMBER OF **CHAOS!** AND HERE HIS SYMBOL NO LONGER MERELY GLOWS, BUT **PULSES** WITH A BLINDING, RADIATING **ENERGY** IN RHYTHM WITH THE CHANT. A RHYTHM BECOMING EVER MORE STRONGER, EVER MORE POWERFUL...



UNTIL EVEN THE RAVEN-TRESSED FIGURE ON THE ALTAR BEGINS TO SLOWLY, INVOLUNTARILY, UNDULATE TO ITS BEAT.

AND FOR CONRAD VAN HELSING THE CHANT IS A THROBBING IRRITANT, **DULLING** THE PSYCHIC EMANATIONS HE HOPED WOULD GUIDE HIM, **SLOWING** HIS SEARCH, AS OUTSIDE DAYLIGHT DIMS AND SHADOWS GROW LONG. THEN...



HERE! THE EVIL HIS PRESENCE GENERATES STRIKES AT MY SENSES LIKE A LIVING THING!



AND HE'S NOT YET **AWAKENED!** THERE'S STILL TIME!

TIME TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT NO MATTER **HOW** HE'S MANAGED TO RETURN TO PLAGUE MANKIND...



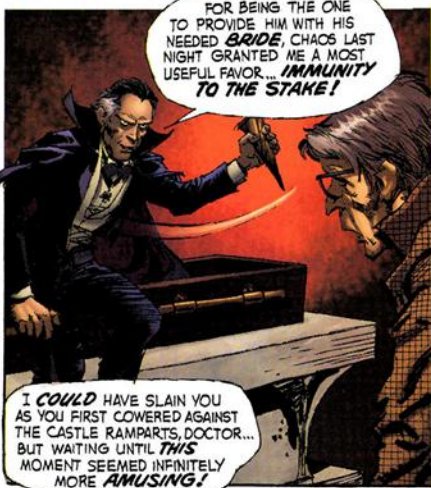
COUNT DRACULA DIES!



W-WHAT...? NO **BLOOD** FLOWS FROM THE WOUND...!

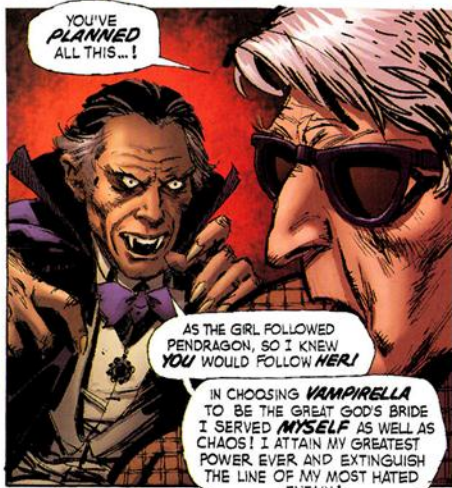


UNLIKE **VIRTUE**, DR. VAN HELSING, SERVING CHAOS IS **NOT** ITS OWN REWARD...



FOR BEING THE ONE TO PROVIDE HIM WITH HIS NEEDED **BRIDE**, CHAOS LAST NIGHT GRANTED ME A MOST USEFUL FAVOR... **IMMUNITY TO THE STAKE!**

I **COULD** HAVE SLAIN YOU AS YOU FIRST COVERED AGAINST THE CASTLE RAMPARTS, DOCTOR... BUT WAITING UNTIL **THIS** MOMENT SEEMED INFINITELY MORE **AMUSING!**



YOU'VE **PLANNED** ALL THIS...!

AS THE GIRL FOLLOWED PENDRAGON, SO I KNEW **YOU** WOULD FOLLOW **HER!**

IN CHOOSING **VAMPIRELLA** TO BE THE GREAT GOD'S BRIDE I SERVED **MYSELF** AS WELL AS CHAOS! I ATTAIN MY GREATEST POWER EVER AND EXTINGUISH THE LINE OF MY MOST HATED ENEMY!



BUT AS VAMPIRELLA TENSES AGAINST THE FINAL ONSLAUGHT OF DRACULA, A WILD LIGHT FILLS THE CAVERN WHERE ONCE SHE WAS PRISONER, AND OUT ITS THROBBING BRILLIANCE, A SHADOW GROWS, UNTILL IT FALLS ACROSS THE WHITE, SHAPELY FORM OF LCRETIA.





AND AS THREE FIGURES PLUNGE INTO THE ICY BLACK GRIP OF THE ALPINE LAKE...



...**CHAOS** RETURNS TO HIS PLACE OF BANISHMENT, LEAVING A **MONUMENT** OF HIS RAGE AND POWER...




EPILOGUE: THE CLIMATE OF THE CARNIC ALPS IS TOO COOL FOR VULTURES. BUT WITH THE COMING OF DAYLIGHT, A **HUMAN SCAVENGER** IS ATTRACTED TO THE SCENE OF DEVASTATION...

FOR A TIME HE STRIPS CORPSES OF JEWELS, OF MONEY. THEN SOMETHING GLEAMING AND BLACK CATCHES HIS PRACTICED EYE... A **COFFIN**, WITH A FINE, ORNATE CREST ON ITS LID...

AND AS HE STARES AT THIS NEW PRIZE, A SUDDEN **THOUGHT** TOUCHES HIS BRUTE MIND: WHAT A FINE JEST TO **LIE** IN THAT COFFIN A MOMENT, TO SHOW HIS CONTEMPT FOR DEATH AND THE DEAD...





Vampirella Quarterly
Issue 1 - 2nd Draft
By Joshua Hale Fialkov

PAGE 1

Panel 1 - Day time. A candy colored, classic style movie theater. A beautiful blonde, let's call her Celeste, gently hands ticket money to the attendant in the booth, who stands with a vacant stare. The Attendant is male, wearing a velvet usher's uniform that just so happens to be the same color as Vampi's costume. Celeste is beautiful, pure...

CAPTION: We all THINK we're the masters of our own destinies.

CAPTION: Figuring that the coincidences are just that...

CELESTE: One, please.

Panel 2 - Extreme angle - She gently lays the money on the counter. In the background, walking towards the counter is a schlubby man, we'll call him MARK, he's... enraptured by Celeste. The sexy just pours off of her. She's digging in her purse.

Panel 3 - Inset Panel - Close on her, as she sees Mark, with a flirtatious smile.

Panel 4 - Inset Panel - Mark does the same... but, well, he's just not that good at it... it's awkward at best.

Panel 5 - Celeste walks gently towards the theater, as Mark steps up to the ticket booth.

MARK: One please...

ATTENDANT: No charge.

Panel 6 - Mark doesn't even stop to say thank you, he just races into the theater as the Attendant steps out from the booth.

CAPTION: Sure, it feels like fate can be twisting the knife sometimes.

CAPTION: But, nine times out of ten, it's our own hand that's pushing on the tang of the blade... shoving the cutting edge ever deeper.

PAGE 2

Panel 1 - Small Panel - Low angle from about waist high. Up close on the Attendant's ass and legs, while the doors of the theater swing, as the Fat Man runs inside.

CAPTION: Truth be told... there's nobody plotting against you.

Panel 2 - Small Panel - Same shot, the Attendant's uniform melts and reforms into....

CAPTION: No one knows your every move.

Panel 3 - Small Panel - Vampirella's costume.

CAPTION: And when you're all alone... no one there to stop you...

Panel 4 - Big Mid-Page Splash - Vampirella as she swings both doors of the theater dramatically open.

CAPTION: You'll find you're capable of the damndest things.

Panel 5 - Small Panel - As Vampi walks away the doors seem to melt into the wall.

Panel 6 - Small Panel - Big Reveal - The whole façade

VAMPIRELLA QUARTERLY

REVEALED!

With "Vengeance of Vampirella", Joshua Hale Fialkov brings his unique voice and dark visions to Harris Comics. Take a look inside the mind of the critically acclaimed and Harvey Award nominated writer with this exclusive script excerpt!

of the theater is gone, the theater looks like a crack house in front now.

PAGE 3

Panel 1 - Mark walks through the dark of the lobby. He's unsure of where he is and where he's going.

MARK: Hello?

MARK: Is there anybody...?

Panel 2 - He jumps at the noise, and then sees the "PLEASE TAKE YOUR SEATS" sign on a nearby wall by a door.

CAPTION: You see, the thing of it is... everybody does things they don't want to do.

CAPTION: The things Pendragon used to make me do are enough to curdle your blood.

Panel 3 - Mark slicks down his hair with his hands, as he pushes through the swinging doors to the actual theater. Again, we see Vampi's back, watching him go.

CAPTION: Adam once told me that making mistakes is like paying penance. It's been done, we suffer the slings and arrows. Then we can move on.

Panel 4 - On the screen of the theater plays a movie that looks very similar to I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE. The scene is of a blonde woman... she looks remarkably like Celeste, actually, attacking a redneck man with a butcher knife, blood covering her, him with his hands up trying to stop her. Mark walks down the side aisle of the theater, towards the outline of the Blonde from earlier.

CAPTION: But, if you can't even identify your mistake...

CAPTION: Then how can you ever pay penance?

Panel 5 - Mark walks past her, and takes the aisle seat. She smiles at him, as he walks by. She has her hand in her purse... ready for something.

CAPTION: Adam taught me about a lot of things.

CAPTION: About love and honor.

Panel 6 - Inset Panel - ECU of her hand and purse. She pulls out a butcher knife, in fact the very same butcher knife the Blonde on the screen is using.

CAPTION: About wrong and right.

PAGE 4

Panel 1 - Mark turns around, to try and talk to the Blonde.

MARK: Uh, excuse me, Miss...

Panel 2 - Before he even gets a word out, the blade of the butcher knife is plunged into his throat.

SFX: THHHK!

MARK: Gaaaah

Panel 3 - He tries to stand, clutching at his throat. The Blonde looks at him, quizzically. Watching her handiwork.

MARK: Why...

CELESTE: You'll pay for what you did to me.

Panel 4 - He grabs at her, trying to fight back, to do something.

Panel 5 - Inset, she pulls the knife out of his throat.

Panel 6 - Beautiful tableau as the scene on the screen echoes the scene in the theater. She slashes mercilessly across the man's face.

CELESTE: Just like all the rest.

PAGE 5

Panel 1 - High Angle, BIG Panel, negative void shot. She stands over the blood, the flicker from the screen the only light.

CAPTION (VAMPI): "Feel better?"

CELESTE: What?

CAPTION (VAMPI): "I asked if you felt better... got it out of your system..."

CELESTE: Who...

Panel 2 - Head on shot of Celeste, Vampi seems to be towering over her, with her cape snapping around her. Really dramatic shot.

VAMPIRELLA: Who am I?

VAMPIRELLA: I'm your executioner, Celeste.

Panel 3 - In one motion, Vampi sweeps up Celeste by the feet, flinging her towards the wall.

VAMPIRELLA: You'd never get caught, Celeste. You'd've gotten away with it. Probably even stopped doing it, eventually.

Panel 4 - Celeste slams into the wall.

SFX: THUD!

VAMPIRELLA: Paid penance.

Panel 5 - Vampi crouches down over the huddled mess that is Celeste.

VAMPIRELLA: If you did all that, well, then you're no good to them.

VAMPIRELLA: You're going to want to pay attention for this part, Celeste.

PAGE 6

Panel 1 - Double Wide - In silhouette, Vampi holds Celeste by the throat, as the screen behind them plays a scene of a young Celeste being held down and raped by a man.

VAMPIRELLA: When that first man raped you... you were the victim.

Panel 2 - Double Wide - Same Panel - The screen now shows Celeste getting her revenge, grabbing a nearby butcher knife and cutting the rapist's throat while he's still on top of her.

VAMPIRELLA: He shouldn't have done it in the kitchen. Far too easy to have an accident in the kitchen.

VAMPIRELLA: You got your revenge.

Panel 3 - Double Wide - Same Panel - The screen shows a close up of the injured, bloodied, and maniacally smiling Celeste.

VAMPIRELLA: And you liked it.

VAMPIRELLA: Too much, I'd say.

VAMPIRELLATM

QUARTERLY



COVER A

Art by Stephen Segovia
Colors by J. David Ramos



COVER B (Regular)

COVER D (Virgin Limited)
Art by Joe Jusko



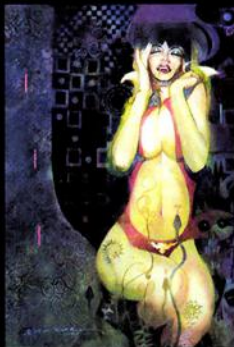
COVER C

Art by Stephen Segovia



COVER E

Art by Tom Fleming



COVER F

Art by Bill Sienkiewicz



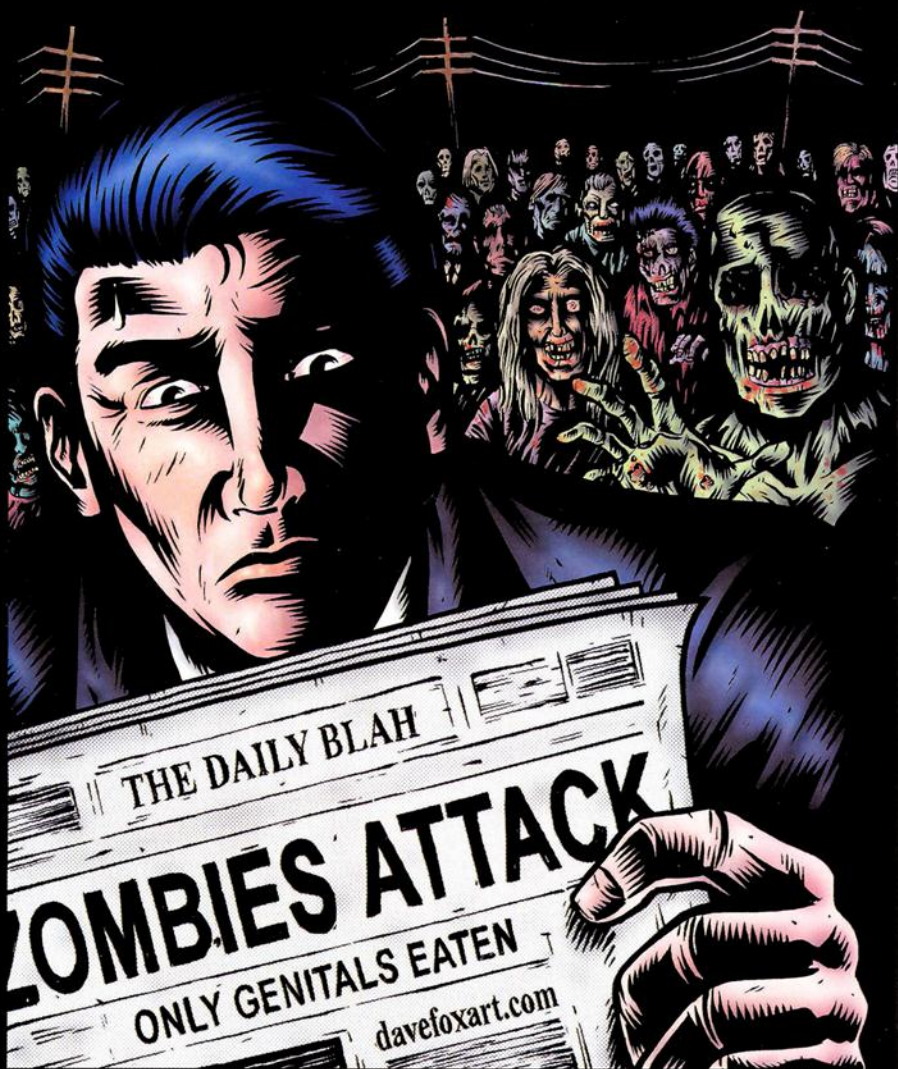
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