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LANSDALE
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30 DAYS OF NIGHT

NIGHT, AGAIN™



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LANSDALE
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FOTOS

30 DAYS OF NIGHT

NIGHT, AGAIN





30 DAYS OF NIGHT

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WRITTEN BY

JOE R. LANSDALE

ART BY

SAM KIETH

COLORING BY

**SAM KIETH
AND JAY FOTOS**

LETTERING BY

NEIL UYETAKE

EDITS BY

TOM WALTZ

Cover Checklist:

Regular Cover
Sam Kieth



KI Cover



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Story so far...

A strange party of half-starved wanderers have found themselves at a climate change compound in Alaska, run by scientists who have discovered a centuries-old Golem buried deep in the ice inside a German World War II torpedo. Unfortunately, the wanderers have rabid vampires on their tail, and the bloodsuckers are mounting an all-out attack against the humans. All would seem lost, but the humans may have a secret weapon to turn the tide of battle...

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Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, Chief Operating Officer
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HOW DO WE KNOW IT ISN'T JUST A BIG STATUE MADE OF MUD?

IT IS A BIG STATUE MADE OF MUD.

QUESTION IS, WHY WOULD SOMEONE PUT IT IN A TORPEDO AND SHOOT IT INTO THE ICE?

SOMETHING ABOUT IT GOT ON THEIR NERVES.

IT'S UGLY ENOUGH.

I ADVISE YOU NOT TO LOOK IN ITS EYES. I HAVE. IT WASN'T FUN.

AND JUST FOR INSURANCE...

...THIS SHOULD HELP.

WHAT CUP SIZE IS THAT?

YOU'LL NEVER BE CLOSE ENOUGH TO KNOW.



YOU TAKE AN **EYE-SPY** POSITION, AND I'LL WALK THE YARD.



ALL RIGHT, BUT IF THEY SHOW, BEST THING TO DO IS **SHOOT FOR THE HEAD**, THEN MAKE WITH **ASSHOLES** AND **ELBOWS** BACK TO THE COMPOUND.



IF WE'RE JUST GONNA SPOT THEM AND RUN, WHY **BOTHER** COMING OUT OF THE COMPOUND?



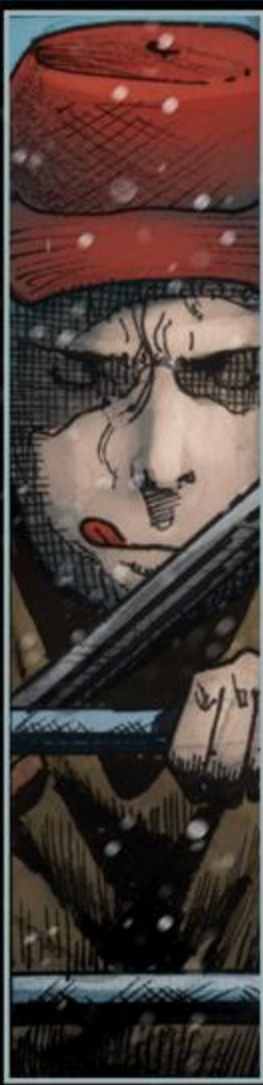
BETTER TO KNOW THEY'RE **HERE** THAN **NOT**.
BESIDES, I WANT TO **KILL** A COUPLE OF THEM. WHITTLE DOWN THEIR NUMBERS.



WHY NOT **ALL** OF THEM?

IT'LL BE **HARDER** THAN YOU THINK.













OPEN THE
DOOR! THEY'RE
HERE!

BLAM



HOW DO
WE KNOW IT'S
THEM? I MEAN...
YOU KNOW...
THEM?

SLAM
SLAM
SLAM



LET US IN!
LET US IN!

SLAM
SLAM
SLAM



LET US
IN YOU STUPID
MOTHERFUCKERS!

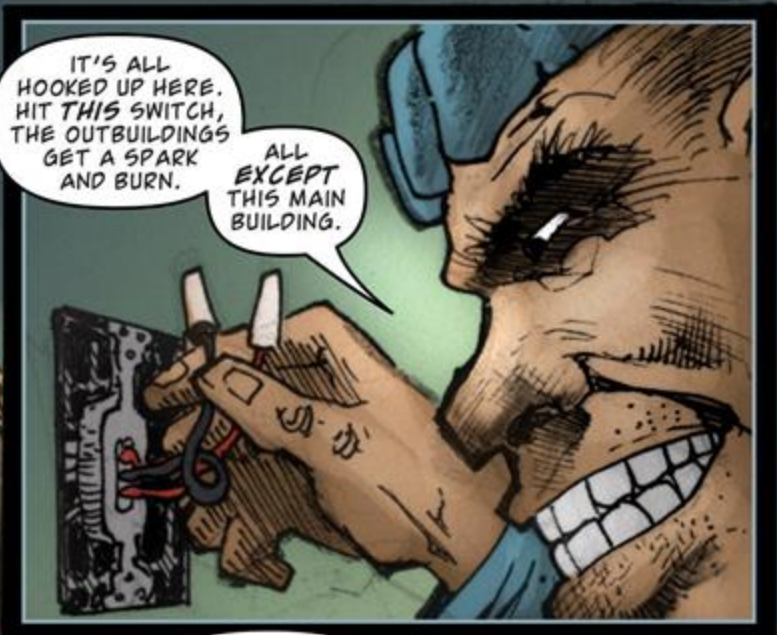
BLAM



IT'S HER,
ALL RIGHT.
LET THEM
IN.







I DON'T PLAN ON HANGING UP MY JOCKSTRAP THAT EASY.

THEY'LL HAVE TO COME AND TAKE IT.



YOU HAVE ON A JOCKSTRAP?

I DO. WANT TO SEE?

NOPE.



MAYBE WE CAN WAKE UP THIS GUY.

WHAT IF HE WAKES UP ON THE **WRONG** SIDE OF THE BED?

I THINK HE WILL. THE **TRICK** IS FOR US TO BE ON THE **OTHER** SIDE OF IT.



**CHUNG
CHUNG
CHUNG**

SHIT.

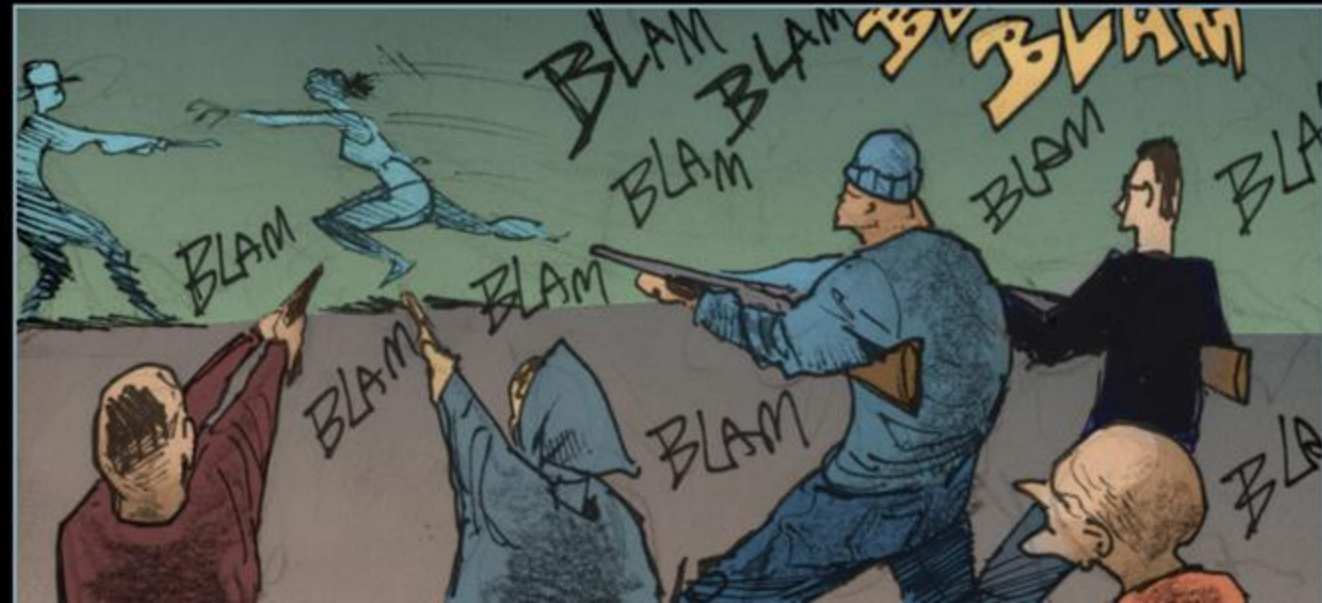


CHUNG









THAT'S RIGHT.
MAKE LIKE A RABBIT,
ASSWIPE.



I AM NOW THE GOLEM.
SHIT. AND I'M FAT.
AND I HAVE BIG FEET.

GODDAMN VANITY.



THE GOLEM'S ORIGINAL VICTIM
IS COMPLETELY ABSORBED.



I'M THE REPLACEMENT. BUT I
AM ONE STRONG LADY, NOW.



AND I'M PISSED.

THAT'S FOR MY FRIENDS, SHITHEAD.











