



CASE OF THE WILLIES

Writer:
MAC ROME
Artist:
ARIETA





J. Yubari
with
TransformFan
Productions present:

CASE OF THE WILLIES

While trying to work with the poor, Wilhelmina "Willie" Grafin made the mistake of being in the wrong neighborhood in Victorian London late at night.

Now herself a vampire, she pursues victims in Victorian era Whitechapel, London, and will give rise to a new phrase for fear!

Author:
Mac Rome

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LONDON, 1896.
A VICTORIAN FLAT.

WILLIE, I WISH
YOU WOULDN'T GO
TO WHITECHAPEL
AT NIGHT!

DON'T BE SILLY,
CELIA! JACK THE
RIPPER HASN'T
STRUCK IN AT LEAST
SEVEN YEARS!
WHITECHAPEL IS
MUCH SAFER
NOW!

BUT IT'S STILL A
ROUGH PLACE! AND THE
WOMEN YOU SEEK TO HELP
ARE SUNK SO LOW, SELLING
THEMSELVES AS
THEY DO.

THEY'RE STILL
HUMAN BEINGS, CELIA.
THEY DESERVE HELP.
AND HOW CAN THEY
BETTER THEIR LOT
WITHOUT IT?

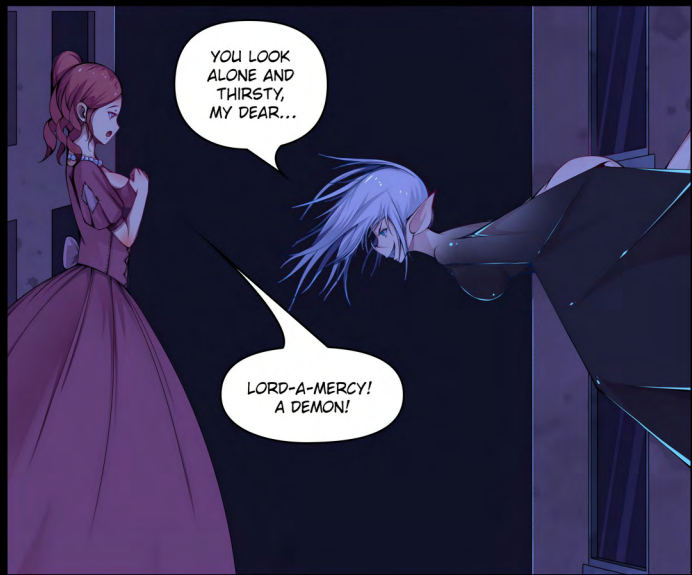
WILHELMINA GRAFIN! DO YOU
THINK YOUR MONEY OR STATUS
MAKE YOU SAFE THERE? IN
WHITECHAPEL, IT WILL ONLY
MAKE YOU A TARGET!

IT
DOESN'T
MATTER,
CELIA...

"...I MUST GO HELP THESE
UNFORTUNATE WOMEN!"

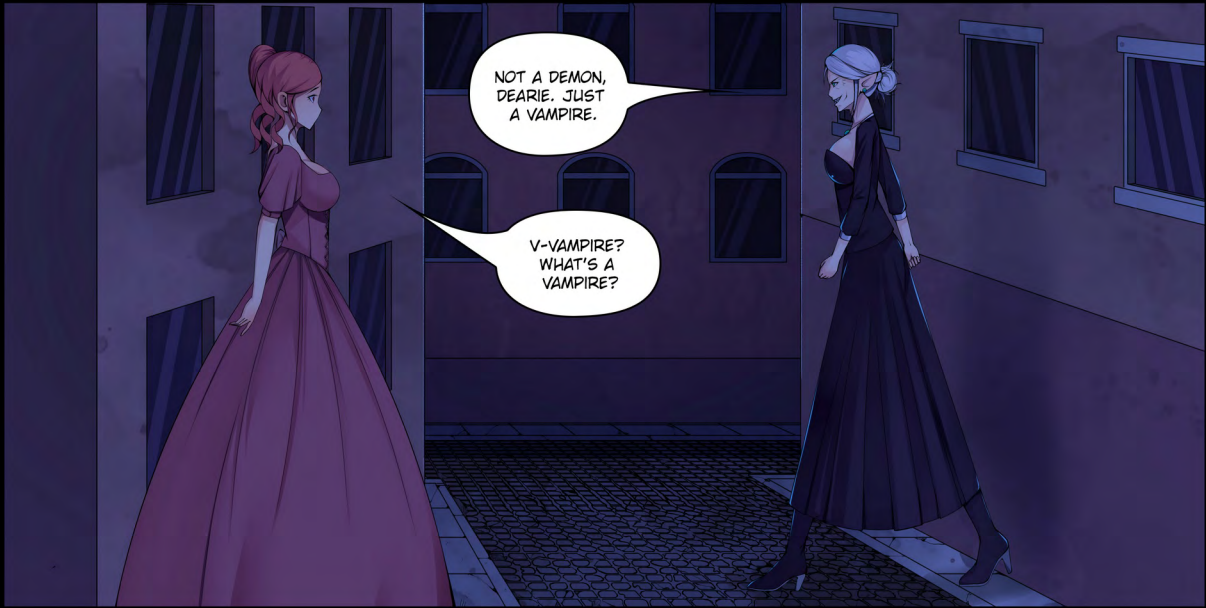


NARY A SOUL OUT T'NIGHT, LET ALONE A BLOKE TO PARTY WITH. LOOKS LIKE TEA AND NO BISCUITS FER ME...



YOU LOOK ALONE AND THIRSTY, MY DEAR...

LORD-A-MERCY! A DEMON!



NOT A DEMON, DEARIE. JUST A VAMPIRE.

V-VAMPIRE? WHAT'S A VAMPIRE?



SOMEONE WHO WILL TAKE ALL YOUR *HUMAN* WORRIES AWAY...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME?
STOP! LET HER GO!



STOP, I SAY! OR I'LL RUN YOU THROUGH WITH MY SILVER HAT PIN!

WHAT? SILVER!



YOU'LL NOT STAB ME WITH THAT VILE METAL, MY GIRL!

N-NO-O-O-O-O-O!

TWHAP



I WAS GOING TO LET THE OTHER ONE SUCKLE AT MY VAMPIRE'S MILK, BUT YOU HAVE MORE SPIRIT.



DRINK DEEPLY,
AND JOIN ME!



YOU HAVE
DRUNK FROM ME!
NOW I WILL DRINK
FROM YOU!



DIE, HELL
SPAWN!

YEEEEEAARRGH!

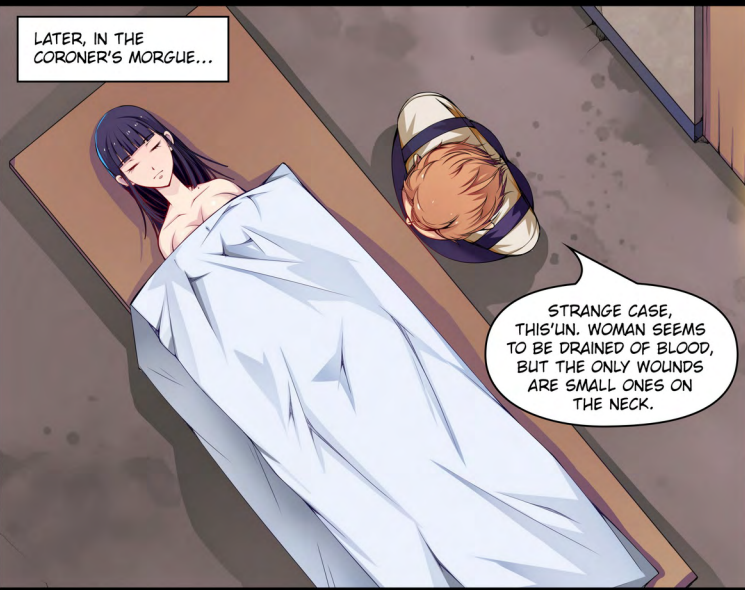
TSUK



MISS? MISS,
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

OH, LORD,
I DON'T THINK
SHE'S
BREATHIN'...

LATER, IN THE CORONER'S MORGUE...



STRANGE CASE, THIS'UN. WOMAN SEEMS TO BE DRAINED OF BLOOD, BUT THE ONLY WOUNDS ARE SMALL ONES ON THE NECK.

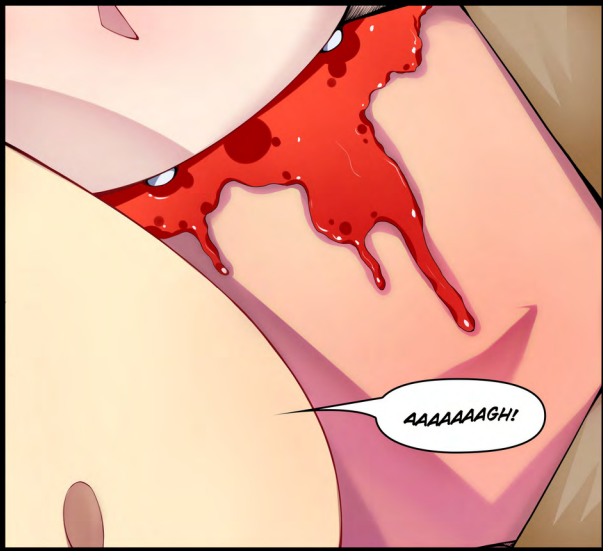


WHAT?! HOW?!

I NEED YOU, SIR.



AS YOU SAY, I'VE NO BLOOD...
I'LL TAKE YOURS!



AAAAAAGH!



HIS BLOOD... SO GOOD, SO WARM...

AS IT FLOWS THROUGH ME, I CAN FEEL MYSELF GROWING TALLER... STRONGER...



IT WOULD SEEM I'VE BECOME A CREATURE FROM THE LAND OF MY ANCESTORS. A WAMPYR, I BELIEVE IS THE TERM.

SIR! SIR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



I NEED TO FLEE, BUT WAMPYRS CAN SHIFT INTO BAT FORM, LIKE THE ONE WHO TRANSFORMED ME. I CAN DO THIS WITH A THOUGHT.



WHAT?! THIS ISN'T A BAT! WHAT AM I?
AM I... HALF-WOMAN, HALF DOG?



SIR! SIR, ARE YOU-
DEAR LORD! A BEAST! A- A MONSTER!

I NEED TO FLEE, BUT WAMPYRS CAN SHIFT INTO BAT FORM, LIKE THE ONE WHO TRANSFORMED ME. I CAN DO THIS WITH A THOUGHT.

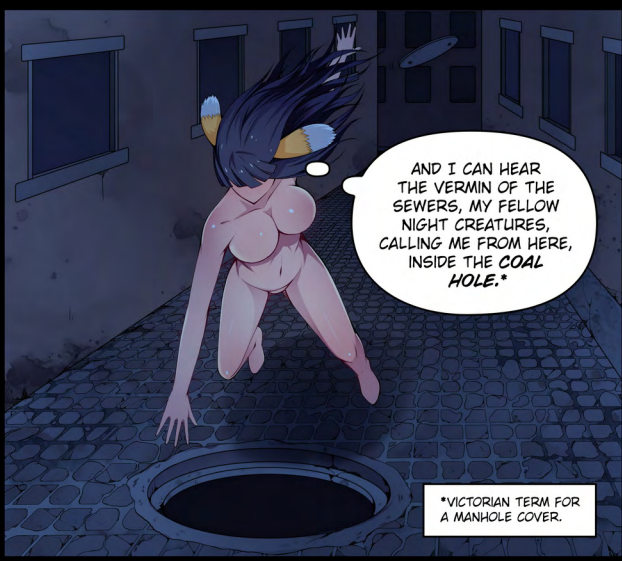


NOT WHAT I WANTED, BUT IT WILL SERVE!

YAARRRRGH!



I MUST GET AWAY TO SOMEWHERE DARK, SOMEWHERE I CAN LEARN WHAT I NEED TO SURVIVE LIKE THIS...



AND I CAN HEAR THE VERMIN OF THE SEWERS, MY FELLOW NIGHT CREATURES, CALLING ME FROM HERE, INSIDE THE COAL HOLE.*

*VICTORIAN TERM FOR A MANHOLE COVER.



HERE I CAN STAY. HERE I CAN LEARN...



...UNTIL I AM READY TO HUNT AGAIN.

NIGHT TWO.

SINCE I STARTED WITH TURNING INTO A DOG, THAT'S PROBABLY THE EASIEST PLACE TO START WITH LEARNING TO SHAPE-SHIFT.

OK, THIS WAS SIMPLE SO FAR, BUT I DID IT BEFORE. LET'S COMPLETE THE CHANGE.

HMMM... THE BREASTS SEEM TO BE ONE OF THE MORE DIFFICULT TRANSITIONS. COME ALONG, NOW...

WELL, I CAN CERTAINLY BE SOMEWHAT INCONSPICUOUS LIKE THIS, BUT THERE ARE LIMITS TO WHAT I CAN DO WITH NO HANDS.

THIS WILL WORK BETTER FOR ACCESSING MY PREY...



SINCE I HAVE ALL YOU RATS WORSHIPPING ME, I'M TRYING TO SHIFT TOWARD YOU.



I DON'T HAVE THE SIZE CORRECT YET, BUT THE PAWS ARE PRETTY DEXTEROUS. I THINK I CAN WORK WITH THIS.



EXCELLENT! I'M GLAD I REMEMBERED THE WAMPYR LEGEND INCLUDES SHIFTING INTO MIST!



I STILL NEED TO WORK ON TURNING INTO A BAT, BUT THIS SHOULD DO NICELY SO I CAN GO OUT AND MANUEVER IN THE WORLD.



NOW I CAN FIND SOME MORE SUITABLE CLOTHING...

...AND NOW I CAN FEED.

NEARBY.

I THOUGHT THEM COPPERS WOULD NEVER LET ME GO! BLIGHTERS TRYIN' T'BLAME ME FER STABBIN' THE WOMAN THAT KILLED THAT FINE LADY!

COR, THAT POOR LADY. SHE DIED SAVIN' ME, POOR THING!

MY DEAR WOMAN, I'M SO GLAD TO FIND YOU ON THE STREETS YET TO-NIGHT!

THE LADY'S VOICE, COMIN' FROM THAT CLOUD!


LORDY, NO! 'TIS HER GHOST COME T'HAUNT ME!

I'M NO GHOST, MY GIRL-

--BUT I AM UNDEAD!


YAAAAAAAAAAAAA-

MMMMM! SO GOOD! SALTY, BOOZY, AND WARM!



THESE WILL DO FOR CLOTHING UNTIL I CAN GET OR MAKE BETTER. THAT WILL LET ME MOVE MORE FREELY AMONG THE FOOD.

IT'S ONLY FITTING, REALLY. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR HER, AND SHE GAVE HER LIFE'S BLOOD AND CLOTHING FOR ME.




THIS WOMAN DIDN'T CHANGE, NOR DID THE CORONER. THE PALE WAMPYR WHO BIT ME DID SOMETHING DIFFERENT THAT MADE ME CHANGE.

SHE LET ME DRINK FROM HER BREAST. THAT MUST BE THE DIFFERENCE. BUT I HAD NO BLOOD-MILK UNTIL NOW.



BUT, AFTER FEEDING TWICE, I CAN FEEL THE BLOOD-MILK FLOWING INTO MY BREASTS. I CAN CONVERT SOMEONE NOW.



AND I KNOW JUST WHO CAN KEEP ME COMPANY FOR ALL ETERNITY...

"...MY BEST FRIEND, CELIA."

OH, POOR WILLIE!
I WISH I KNEW WHERE SHE IS!
SHE'S BEEN GONE FAR TOO LONG!
WHAT HAS BECOME OF HER?



KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

CELIA! CELIA,
LET ME IN! I'VE
LOST MY KEY!

WILLIE?!



DAMN! I FORGOT THAT WAMPYR
CAN'T ENTER A RESIDENCE WITHOUT
BEING INVITED IN! I CAN'T GO IN
WHAT WERE MY OWN ROOMS
A FEW HOURS AGO!

SHE'LL NEVER INVITE *ME* IN,
ESPECIALLY AS CHANGED AS I
AM. BUT I'M SURE I CAN GET
HER *OUT*!

W-WILLIE?! IS THAT
YOU? HOW DID YOU GET
SO TALL? AND WHAT ARE
YOU DOING IN THOSE
CLOTHES?

FEELING...
FAINT...
OHHHHH!

WILLIE!!





WILLIE!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

SHE
SMELLS SO...
DELICIOUS!

WILLIE! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING? AND WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO YOUR
TEETH?

I'M ABOUT
TO SHOW YOU
HOW I CHANGED
SO MUCH,
CELIA--

NO-O-O-O-O!

--AND
HAVE
YOU JOIN
ME!



HISSESSSS!

A CRUCIFIX!
IT PROTECTS HER!
I CAN'T TAKE HER!



I MUST
FLEE!

WILLIE!
WAIT! WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO YOU?



WILLIE!
SOB!
OH,
WILLIE...



MUST...
FLEE...



WHAT-? I'M IN
HUMAN-BAT FORM!
AND I'M FLYING! HOW
DID THAT HAPPEN?



MAYBE I WAS TRYING TOO HARD BEFORE, AND MAYBE THAT MEANS I CAN MAKE ONE OTHER CHANGE I RECALL FROM THE LEGENDS.



A SWARM OF INSECTS! YES, IT'S WORKING!



NOW, TO CHANGE BACK...



WHAT? THERE ARE DOZENS OF ME!



IT APPEARS EACH INSECT CAN BECOME AN ENTIRELY NEW ME, NOT JUST MERGE BACK INTO ONE!
THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING...

TO BE CONTINUED



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Artist:
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Productions present:

CASE OF THE WILLIES 2

As Willie adjusts to being a vampire and discovers more of her abilities in Victorian London, she learns how to instantly create multiple duplicates of herself.

With so many vampires, rumors spreads of who is the source of the killings – and a new term for terror is born...

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THIS IS BLOODY AMAZING!
THERE ARE DOZENS
OF ME - MAYBE
HUNDREDS!



HOW DID
THIS
HAPPEN?



HMM...
I USED MY NEW
WAMPYR POWERS
TO TURN INTO A SWARM
OF INSECTS, THEN TURNED
BACK BEFORE MERGING
INTO ONE AGAIN.



RIGHT.
WE NEED TO
MERGE BACK INTO
ONE PERSON
AGAIN.

PROBABLY
BEST DONE BY
TRANSFORMING INTO
A MIST FIRST AND
MERGING THAT WAY.
READY?

NO!



WHAT?
WHY NOT?
WE'RE ALL ONE
PERSON!



NOT ANYMORE,
WE'RE NOT!
I'M MY OWN
WAMPYR!

AS AM I!
I DON'T WANT TO
GIVE UP BEING MYSELF
AND MERGING INTO
ONE PERSON AGAIN!
NONE OF
THE REST OF US DO!



BUT THERE ARE SO MANY OF US!

HOW CAN WE FIND ENOUGH PREY TO SURVIVE?

WE'RE IN A RUDDY CITY! THERE'S PLENTY OF FOOD WALKING THE STREETS AND FREQUENTING THE PUBLIC HOUSES!



C'MON, THOSE WHO WISH TO PURSUE PREY AS DOGS!

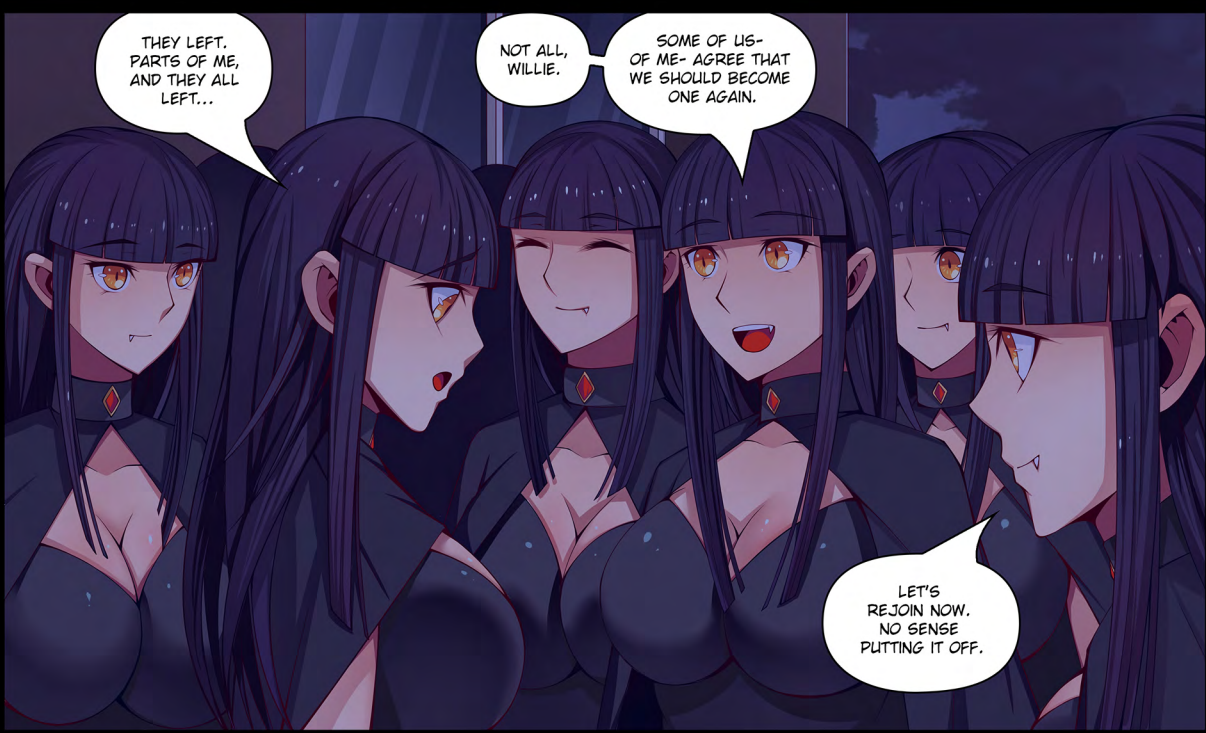
I'LL BE OUR ALPHA! FOLLOW ME.

YES, ALPHA!



WE CAN FIND PLACES TO GO AS BATS TO REST IN SHADOWS DURING THE DAY.

AYE! THAT WAY WE'RE STILL FREE.



THEY LEFT. PARTS OF ME, AND THEY ALL LEFT...

NOT ALL, WILLIE.

SOME OF US- OF ME- AGREE THAT WE SHOULD BECOME ONE AGAIN.

LET'S REJOIN NOW. NO SENSE PUTTING IT OFF.



WITH PRACTICE I CAN PROBABLY MERGE BACK FROM THE SWARM, BUT FOR NOW THIS IS EASIER.



I HAD NO IDEA MY MIND WOULD SEPARATE IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS LIKE THAT.

BUT THEN, THIS IS ALL NEW TO ME.



JUST HOURS AGO I WANTED TO HELP POOR SOILED DOVES* ON THE STREETS OF LONDON...

*SLANG FOR HOOKERS.



...NOW THEY'RE FOOD TO ME. ALL THEY ARE IS FOOD.



THERE!
WE CAN FLY
INTO THE CHURCH
STEEPLE TO
SPEND THE DAY
IN DARKNESS.



WH-WHY
CAN'T WE GET
THROUGH THE
WINDOWS?

I-I
DON'T
KNOW!



MAYBE
IT'S BECAUSE
WAMPYRS CAN'T
ENTER BUILDINGS
WITHOUT
PERMISSION?

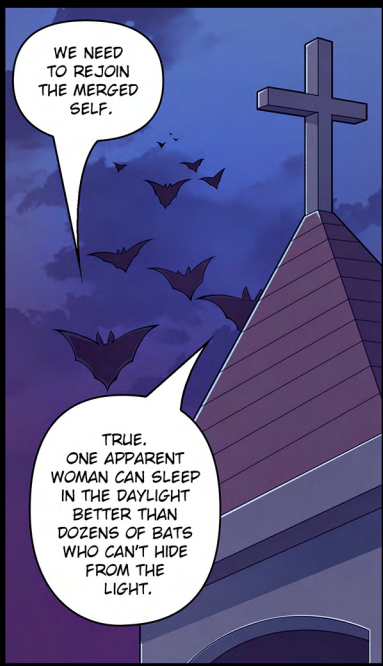
I THOUGHT
THAT WAS JUST
FOR RESIDENCES.
MAYBE THE VICAR
LIVES IN THE
BUILDING
SOMEWHERE?

MAYBE
IT'S BECAUSE
IT'S A HOLY PLACE.
WAMPYR'S CAN'T
ENTER HOLY
PLACES.



BUT...
WITHOUT CHURCH
STEEPLES, THERE'S
NOWHERE FOR US
TO SPEND THE
DAY...

THEN
THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING FOR
US TO DO.




WE NEED
TO REJOIN
THE MERGED
SELF.

TRUE.
ONE APPARENT
WOMAN CAN SLEEP
IN THE DAYLIGHT
BETTER THAN
DOZENS OF BATS
WHO CAN'T HIDE
FROM THE
LIGHT.



AH,
MY WAYWARD
FRAGMENTS!
DECIDED TO
RETURN TO JOIN
BACK IN WITH
ME?




AYE.
WE NEED TO BE
PART OF THE
GREATER WHOLE
AGAIN.

IT'S EASIER
TO SURVIVE
THAT WAY.



VERY WELL,
THEN!
LET'S BEGIN.



FROM THE
THOUGHTS OF
THOSE MERGING
BACK IN, I KNOW
IMPENDING DAYLIGHT
WAS A BIG FACTOR
IN THE DECISION TO
RETURN.

THAT OUGHT
TO BRING MY
DOG-PACK
ASPECTS BACK
AS WELL.

ZAM!

"I CAN'T BELIEVE DOGS WOULD FARE BETTER AT FINDING A DARK PLACE TO SPEND THE DAY THAN BATS WOULD."

I'M NOT FINDING ANY SCENT OF PREY!

NOR AM I!

WE COULD GO TO THE BUTCHER SHOP! THERE'S LOTS OF BLOOD THERE TO LAP UP!

YEAH, AND THEN WE CAN SUCK THE BUTCHER DRY.

I HAVE A BETTER IDEA.

HEY! WHY ARE YOU CHANGING INTO A RAT?

BECAUSE RATS CAN HIDE IN GARBAGE PILES, SEWER GRATES, AND OTHER SHADY PLACES DURING THE DAY - AND HAVE AT LEAST AS MUCH CHANCE OF FINDING BLOODY PREY AS DOGS DO.

SHE'S RIGHT! LET'S DO IT! IT WILL WORK BETTER THAN DOGS!

INSTEAD OF A PACK OF DOGS, WE WILL BE A PACK OF RATS!

OUT FOR BLOOD!

JUST BEFORE SUNRISE...

IT LOOKS LIKE THE DOG PACK ISN'T RETURNING.

REGARDLESS, I NEED TO TAKE COVER FROM THE SUN. IT'S DOWN BELOW FOR ME UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT.

THE NEXT NIGHT, LONDON'S NEW NIGHTMARE BEGAN...

OY! RAT! GET OUTTA HERE!

I'LL DO NO SUCH THING!

A TALKING RAT?! COR! I MUST BE DREAMIN'!

YOU'RE NOT DREAMING, SIR!

YOU'RE DINNER!

YYYARRRRGH!



OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, MORE AND MORE MYSTERY ATTACKS HAPPENED.

BUT THESE WEREN'T LIKE THE RIPPER MURDERS OF YEARS EARLIER, WHERE WOMEN WHO SOLD THEMSELVES FOR SEX WERE TARGETED.



ANYONE SETTING FOOT OUTDOORS AT NIGHT MIGHT BE A VICTIM, WITH HIS OR HER THROAT BITTEN OPEN AND BLOOD DRAINED.

THEN CELIA, WILLIE'S LONGTIME FRIEND, SPOKE TO POLICE.



I TELL YOU,
MY FRIEND WILHELMINA
TRIED TO ATTACK ME
JUST BEFORE ALL THIS
STARTED!

AND SHE'S
BEEN MISSING
EVER SINCE!

WHEN THE POLICE IGNORED HER,
WANTING TO WARN THE PUBLIC,
CELIA WENT TO THE PRESS.



I CALLED
WILHELMINA
"WILLIE"
FOR SHORT.

BUT WHAT
STOPPED HER
FROM KILLING YOU
AS SHE HAS
OTHERS?
FRIENDSHIP?

I...
DON'T THINK SO.
I BELIEVE IT WAS
MY CRUCIFIX THAT
SAVED ME.

BUT THE
KILLER HAS BEEN
REPORTED IN SEVERAL
PLACES AT THE SAME
TIME. HOW CAN THIS
BE YOUR FRIEND?

I THINK
SHE MAY BE
DEMON-POSSESSED.
SHE WAS TALLER
AND STRONGER,
AND SCARED BY
MY CRUCIFIX.

IF SHE IS
POSSESSED,
SHE MIGHT BE
ABLE TO BE IN
MANY PLACES
AT ONCE.

WITH THE HEADLINES THAT CAME OUT
THE NEXT DAY, A NEW TERM FOR
TERROR WAS BORN.

CASE OF THE WILLIES
BLOOD-DRAIN KILLER A WOMAN?



MEANWHILE, THE WILLIE WHO REMAINED LOOKING HUMAN MOST OF THE TIME ALSO WAS FEEDING.



DELICIOUS...
HER BLOOD
TASTES OF MEAT.
SHE ATE WELL
TONIGHT.

I'VE FEASTED
ENOUGH TO CONVERT
SOMEONE, BUT THE
ONE I WANT TO GIVE
MY WAMPYR MILK TO
IS STILL CELIA.

I WANT HER
WITH ME.
I WONDER
WHAT SHE'S
DOING...

WHAT'S
THIS?




I'VE BEEN
IDENTIFIED?!
THOSE IDIOT
BITCHES!

SPLITTING
FROM ME HAS
EXPOSED US.

WAIT.
WHO COULD
HAVE TOLD
THEM ABOUT
ME?


CELIA TOLD
THEM?!





THIS METHOD IS NO GOOD! PEOPLE ARE HIDING FROM US!

YES! AND THE NEWSPAPER HAD A DRAWING THAT LOOKS LIKE US! PEOPLE ARE WARNED!



I THINK WE'RE ALL AGREED. WE NEED TO FIND THE OTHER WILLIES.

AT THE VERY LEAST, THE SEWERS ARE A NATURAL PLACE FOR RATS. AND MAYBE MERGING BACK WOULD BE THE BEST MOVE.



YOU CAN GO IF YOU LIKE, AND I AGREE TO GO INTO THE SEWERS.

BUT I'M NOT MERGING BACK. I LIKE MY INDEPENDENCE...



AND I HAVE A PLAN FOR WHAT TO DO NEXT...

LATER THAT NIGHT, AT THE HOME OF CELIA'S LANDLORD....

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

BLIMEY!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT AT THIS
HOUR?

MRS. PARTRIDGE?
MAY I COME IN?
'TIS A VERY
COLD NIGHT.

OF COURSE,
LOVE!
WHAT CAN
I DO FOR
YOU?

IT'S WHAT
I CAN DO
FOR YOU,
MRS. PARTRIDGE.

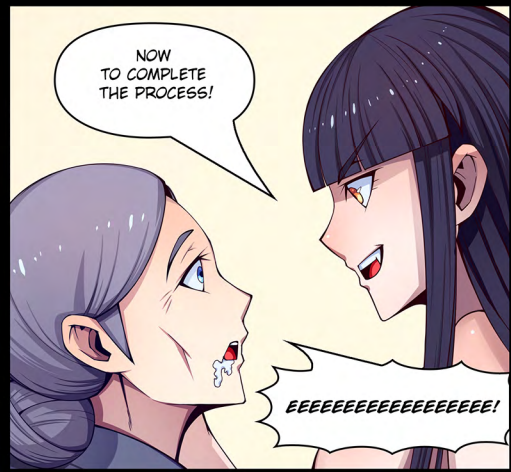
W-WILHELMINA?
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO YOU?



THESE NEW APPENDAGES AREN'T JUST FOR *SHOW*, MY DEAR FORMER LANDLADY.

THEY'RE TO FEED THOSE CHOSEN TO BECOME LIKE *ME*.

MMMMFF!



NOW TO COMPLETE THE PROCESS!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



TOO BAD YOU'RE A CHILDLESS WIDOW.

I HAVE THE BLOOD-MILK TO CONVERT MORE PEOPLE NOW, AND THE NEED TO USE IT.

BUT, BY TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE LATEST, YOU'LL AWAKEN.

BY THEN I CAN CONVERT OTHERS, AND YOU CAN HELP ME REGAIN MY BEST FRIEND...

THAT NIGHT, ELEVEN OTHERS
DIED AT THE HANDS OF JUST
ONE WILLIE...

...BUT NEITHER THEY NOR
MRS. PARTRIDGE FULLY DIED,
AND BY THE NEXT NIGHT ALL
HAD JOINED THEIR NEW
MISTRESS IN HER PLANS.



TWO NIGHTS LATER...

FEEDING ON WHOEVER I CAN FIND IS NO GOOD IF I'M ALONE.

DESPITE WHAT SHE'S DONE, I NEED CELIA BESIDE ME.

I MUST CONVERT SOMEONE SOON, AND I WANT IT TO BE HER!

SHE GAVE ME PERMISSION TO ENTER BEFORE, SO I CAN GO INTO HER ROOM.

PERHAPS, IF SHE'S ASLEEP, I CAN FIND A WAY PAST HER CRUCIFIX.

EEEEEEK!
WILLIE, NO!

WHAT?
WHO IN HELL ARE YOU?

YOU'RE TOO LATE,
MY OTHER SELF!
WE'RE ABOUT TO CONVERT CELIA!

SOON I WILL HAVE OUR FRIEND-

--AND YOU WILL HAVE NOTHING!

TO BE CONTINUED



CASE OF THE WILLIES



Writer:
Mac Rome
Artist:
Bokuman

J. Yubari with TransformFan Productions present:

CASE OF THE WILLIES 3

Willie's affliction with the curse of the wampyr resulted in her splitting herself into multiple copies. Now the last of those copies has been converting people into wampyrs herself with the intent of converting Willie's best friend in life, Celia. Can the original Willie stop her duplicate? And what will be the final fate of both her and Celia?



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YOU DON'T
HAVE THE COURAGE
TO CONVERT OUR
BEST FRIEND,
MY FORMER SELF!
BUT I DO!

MRS.
PARTIDGE!
CONVERT
HER!



NO,
MRS. PARTIDGE.
DO NOTHING.



PARTIDGE?
PARTIDGE!
WHY AREN'T YOU
CONVERTING
HER?



SHE CAN'T.
AS A CREATION OF OURS, SHE MUST OBEY
WHICHEVER ONE OF US IS DOMINANT.

BUT I MADE YOU,
MY OTHER SELF.
AND YOU ARE THE
LAST AND LEAST OF
THE FRAGMENTS
OF ME.

AS
THE OLDEST
SURVIVING WAMPYR
IN THIS CHAIN,
I CONTROL HER,
NOT YOU.

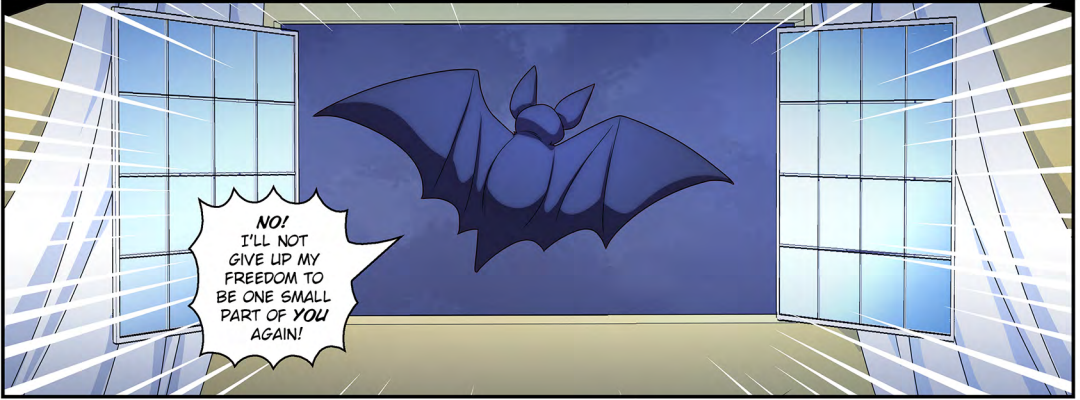
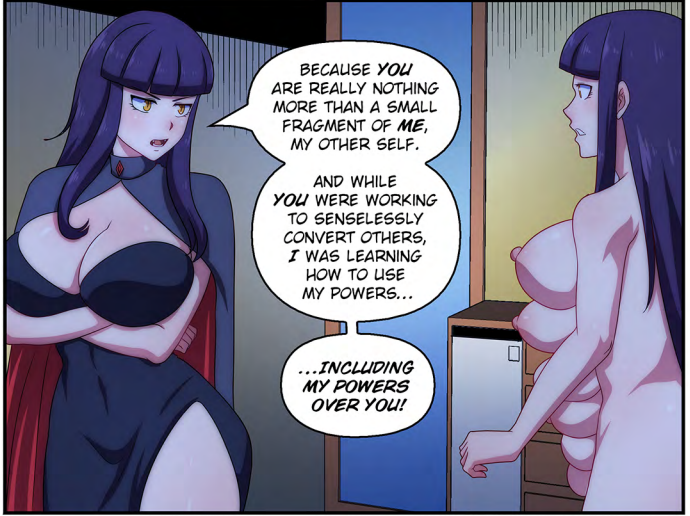


THEN I'LL
JUST HAVE
TO DO IT
MYSELF!

EEEEEEEEEEK!



I
FORBID
IT.

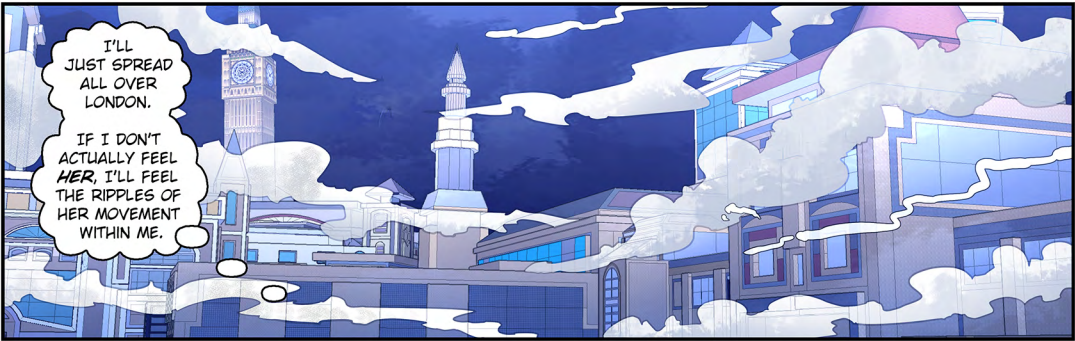




I'M NOT SURE WHERE SHE'S GONE, BUT I CAN FIND HER.



IN MIST FORM I CAN SPREAD OUT AS FAR AS I NEED, AND AS FAR AS I WISH.

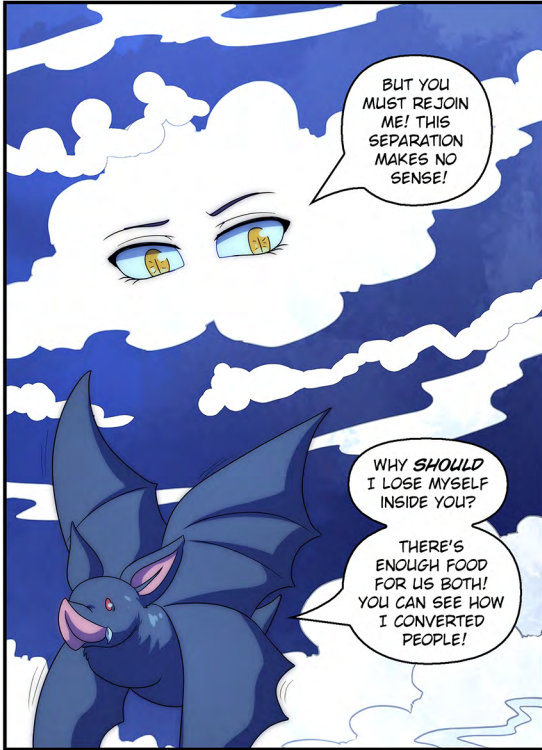


I'LL JUST SPREAD ALL OVER LONDON.
IF I DON'T ACTUALLY FEEL HER, I'LL FEEL THE RIPPLES OF HER MOVEMENT WITHIN ME.



HELLO, MY OTHER SELF. IT IS TIME TO COME BACK TO ME.

YAAA!
NO!
I WANT TO BE FREE!



BUT YOU MUST REJOIN ME! THIS SEPARATION MAKES NO SENSE!

WHY *SHOULD* I LOSE MYSELF INSIDE YOU?

THERE'S ENOUGH FOOD FOR US BOTH! YOU CAN SEE HOW I CONVERTED PEOPLE!



THAT SHOWS THE PROBLEM!

WHAT PROBLEM? THE CHANGES INSTILL FEAR, WHICH MAKES THE PREY'S BLOOD TASTE BETTER!

THERE'S NO PROBLEM HERE!



THE PROBLEM IS, IF YOU AND THOSE YOU CONVERT CHANGE PEOPLE AT THAT RATE, THEY WILL DEVOUR ALL OF LONDON IN WEEKS, AND ALL BRITAIN IN MONTHS. THE FOOD WILL RUN OUT!

I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT...



WAIT, YOU COULD HAVE FORCED ME BACK INTO YOU WITH YOUR AUTHORITY OVER ME. WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO ME ABOUT IT?

YOU ARE AN ASPECT OF MYSELF.

IT IS BETTER FOR US TO BE REJOINED WITH AN UNDIVIDED MIND.







WHY DID YOU...
WHY DID **BOTH**
OF YOU COME
BACK HERE,
WILLIE?

I...
MISSED
YOU.

I THOUGHT
I COULD
CONVERT YOU
TO BE LIKE ME,
AND HAVE YOU
BACK IN MY...
HAVE YOU IN
MY UNLIFE.



BUT I SEE
NOW YOU'D BE
MISERABLE
LIKE THIS. I CAN'T
CONVERT YOU.
YOU'D HATE IT...
AND YOU'D
HATE ME.



SO...
THIS IS
FAREWELL,
THEN?

YES.
AND, SO YOU
DO FARE WELL,
I WILL MAKE YOU
THIS PROMISE.
NEITHER I, NOR ANY
I CONVERT, WILL DO
ANY FURTHER HARM
TO YOU OR ANY YOU
LOVE FOR AT
LEAST A HUNDRED
YEARS.



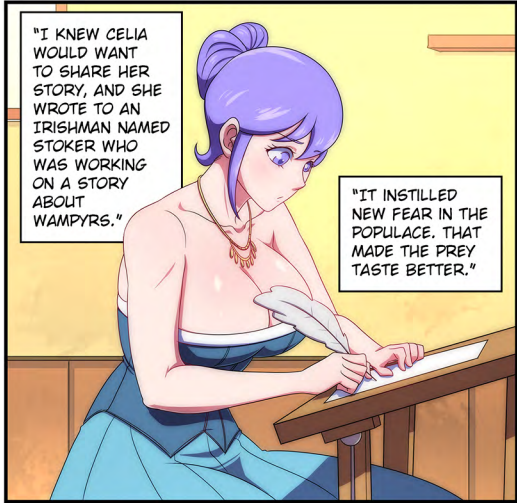
I **LOVED**
YOU, WILLIE.
I STILL DO.

I STILL
LOVE YOU,
TOO, CELIA.
THAT'S WHY
I MUST GO,
FOR BOTH
OUR SAKES.



"I LEFT IN HUMAN FORM TO MAKE THE GOOD-BYE EASIER FOR CELIA. SHE WAS THE BEST FRIEND I'D EVER HAD, AND I'VE NEVER HAD ONE BETTER IN THE CENTURIES SINCE."

"BUT MY PROMISE TO STAY AWAY WAS NOT AS ALTRUISTIC AS I MADE IT SEEM..."



"I KNEW CELIA WOULD WANT TO SHARE HER STORY, AND SHE WROTE TO AN IRISHMAN NAMED STOKER WHO WAS WORKING ON A STORY ABOUT WAMPYRS."

"IT INSTILLED NEW FEAR IN THE POPULACE. THAT MADE THE PREY TASTE BETTER."



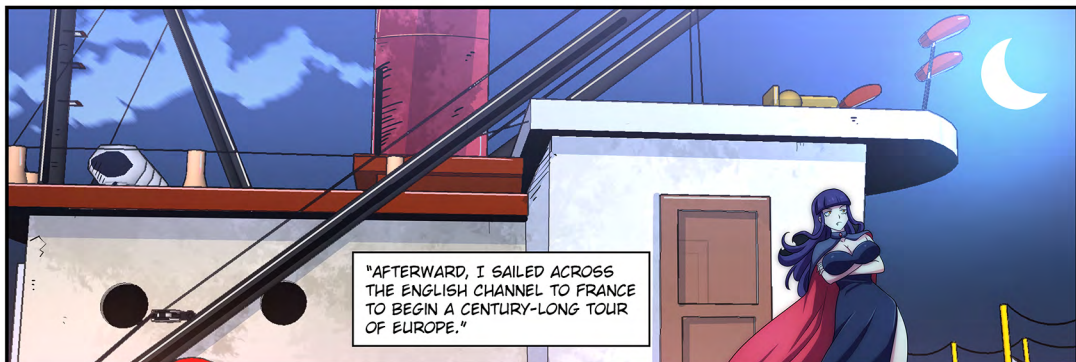
"I SENT MRS. PARTRIDGE AND THE OTHERS WHO HAD BEEN CONVERTED TO VARIOUS LOCATIONS AROUND ASIA AND THE AMERICAS, WITH INSTRUCTIONS ON CAREFULLY HARVESTING PREY."



"I LEFT LONDON AND WENT TO DARTMOOR, WHERE I PLAYED A BIT WITH A LEGEND OF A SPECTRAL BLACK DOG THERE. SOME CALLED IT A 'HOUND FROM HELL.' IT SOUNDED LIKE A WAY TO SPREAD FEAR AND GET A BITE TO DRINK."



"LITTLE DID I KNOW I'D HELP INSPIRE ANOTHER AUTHOR. IT SEEMS MY EXPLOITS WERE AMONG THOSE REPORTED TO A MAN NAMED DOYLE."



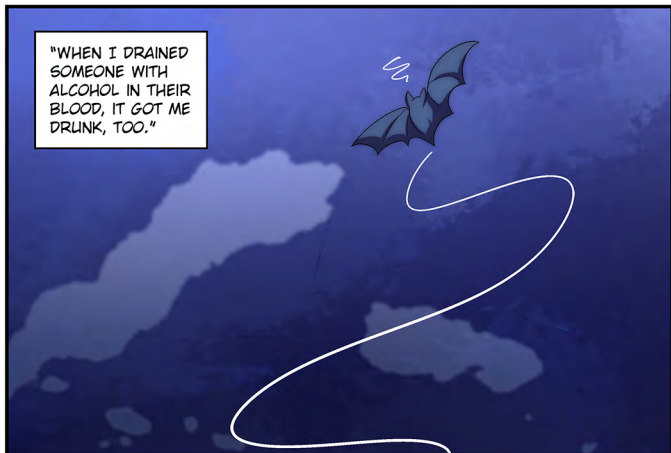
"AFTERWARD, I SAILED ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TO FRANCE TO BEGIN A CENTURY-LONG TOUR OF EUROPE."



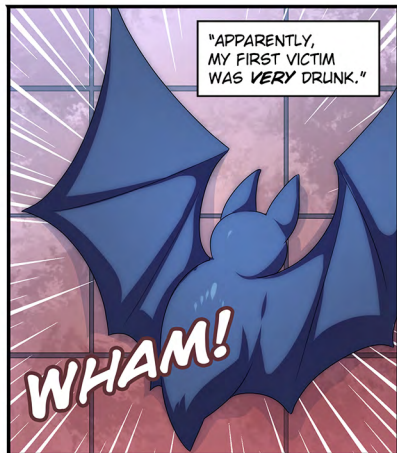
"I VISITED MY ANCESTRAL HOMELAND OF BAVARIA, AND WAS ABLE TO ENJOY SOME OF THE NIGHT EVENTS OF OKTOBERFEST."



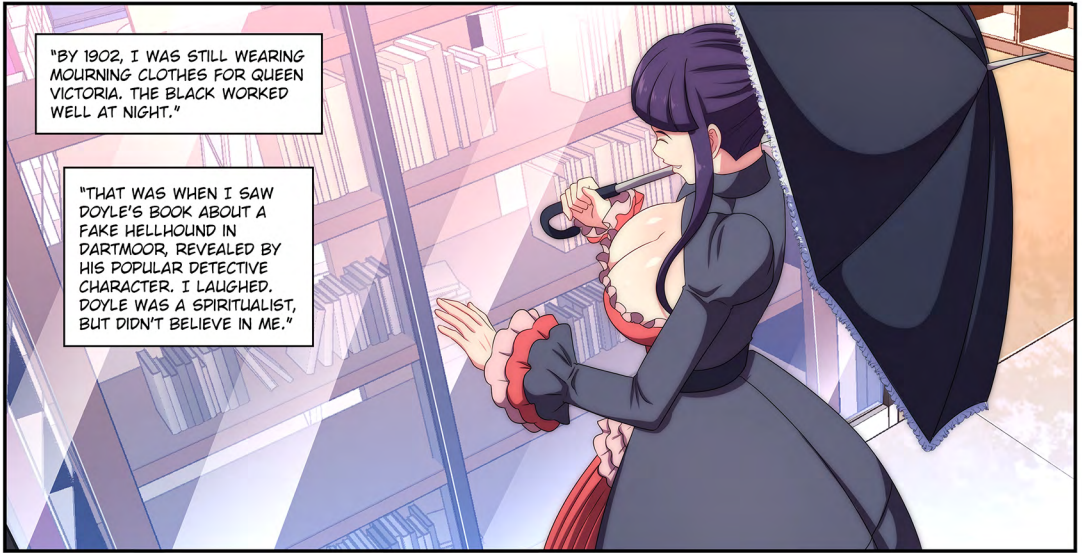
"THAT WAS WHEN I DISCOVERED A CURIOUS PHENOMENON."



"WHEN I DRAINED SOMEONE WITH ALCOHOL IN THEIR BLOOD, IT GOT ME DRUNK, TOO."

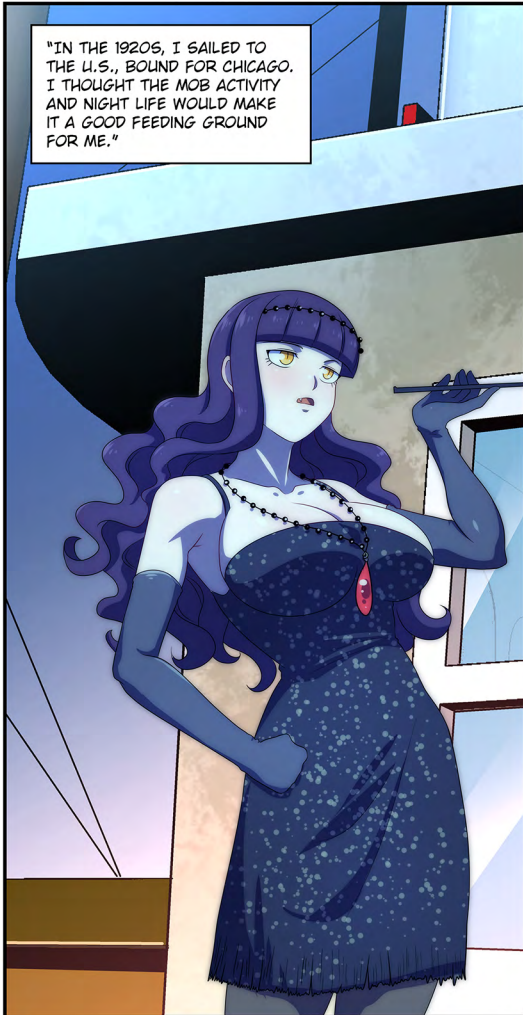


"APPARENTLY, MY FIRST VICTIM WAS *VERY* DRUNK."



"BY 1902, I WAS STILL WEARING MOURNING CLOTHES FOR QUEEN VICTORIA. THE BLACK WORKED WELL AT NIGHT."

"THAT WAS WHEN I SAW DOYLE'S BOOK ABOUT A FAKE HELLHOUND IN DARTMOOR, REVEALED BY HIS POPULAR DETECTIVE CHARACTER. I LAUGHED. DOYLE WAS A SPIRITUALIST, BUT DIDN'T BELIEVE IN ME."



"IN THE 1920S, I SAILED TO THE U.S., BOUND FOR CHICAGO. I THOUGHT THE MOB ACTIVITY AND NIGHT LIFE WOULD MAKE IT A GOOD FEEDING GROUND FOR ME."



"I WAS RIGHT."



"WORLD WAR II WAS A MORE-THAN-A-DECADE-LONG FEAST FOR ME. SO MANY DEAD BODIES FULL OF FRESH, UNTAINTED BLOOD."

"IT WAS EASY FOR ME TO FEED SAFELY, ESPECIALLY IF I STUCK TO FALLEN SOLDIERS."

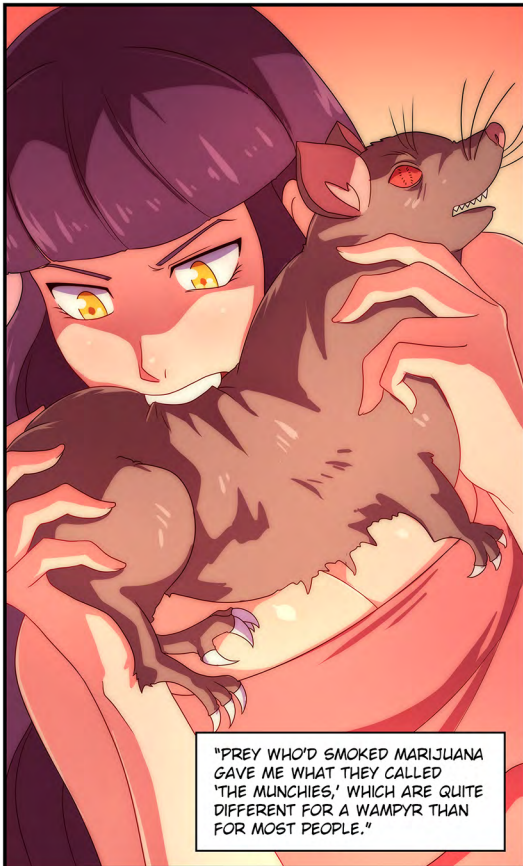




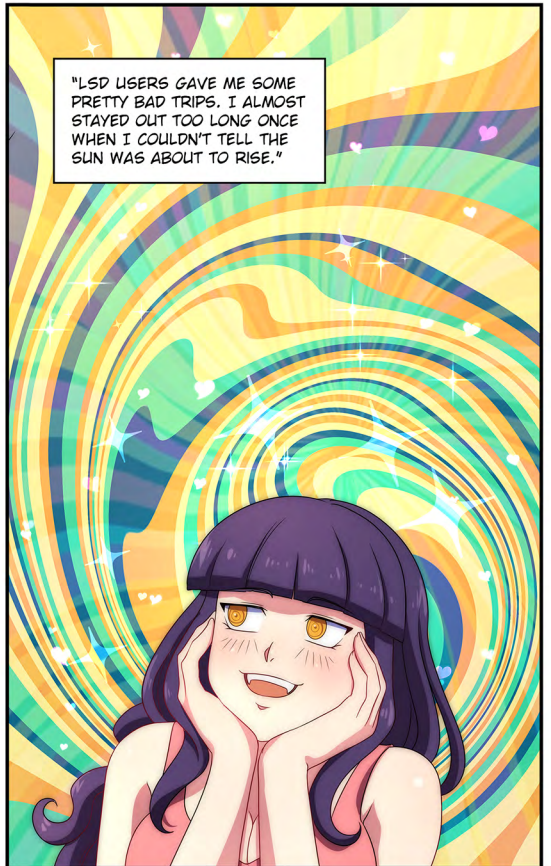
"THE LATE 1960S IN CALIFORNIA WERE ANOTHER GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR ME."



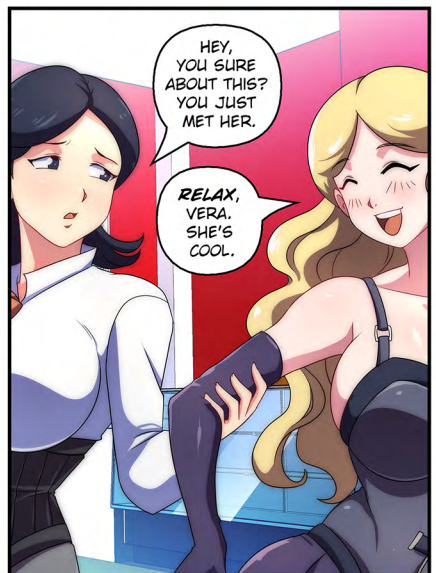
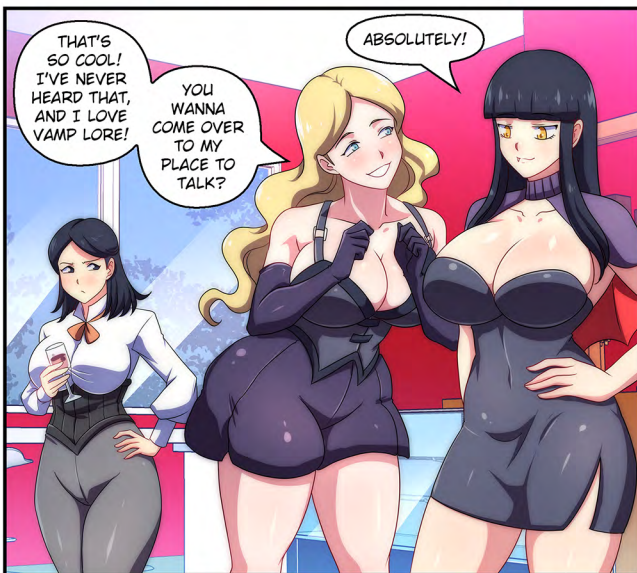
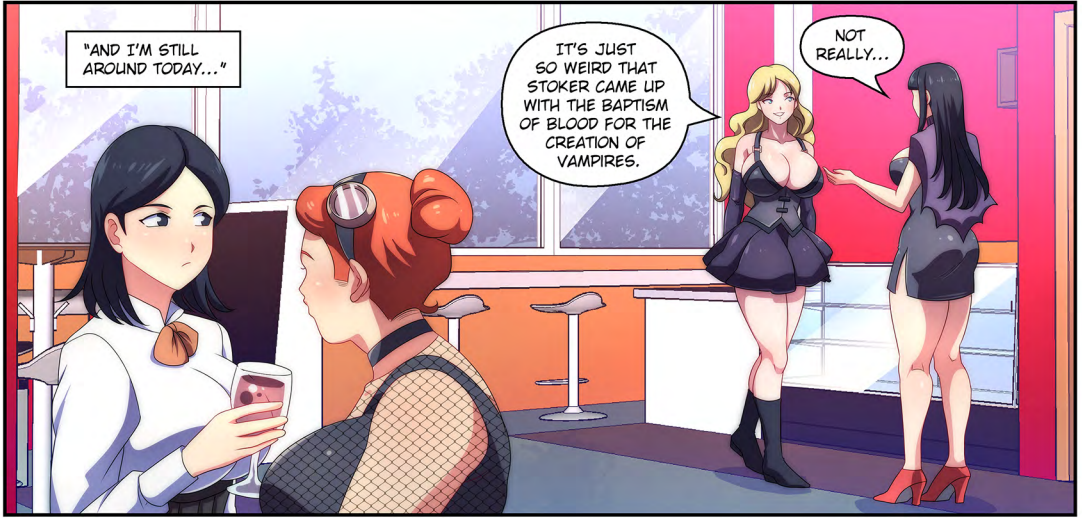
"I QUICKLY LEARNED THE EFFECT OF DIFFERENT DRUGS BEING USED IN THAT TIME AND PLACE."

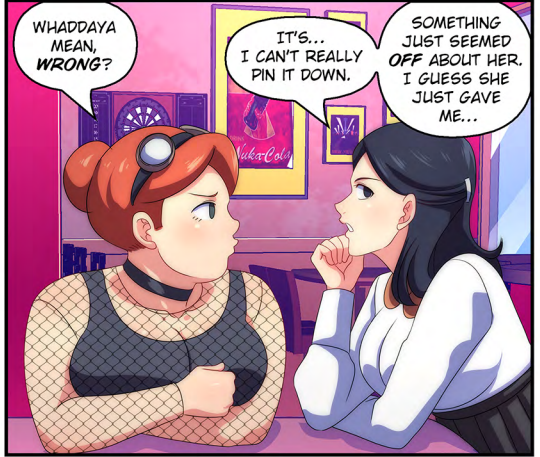


"PREY WHO'D SMOKED MARIJUANA GAVE ME WHAT THEY CALLED 'THE MUNCHIES,' WHICH ARE QUITE DIFFERENT FOR A WAMPYR THAN FOR MOST PEOPLE."



"LSD USERS GAVE ME SOME PRETTY BAD TRIPS. I ALMOST STAYED OUT TOO LONG ONCE WHEN I COULDN'T TELL THE SUN WAS ABOUT TO RISE."





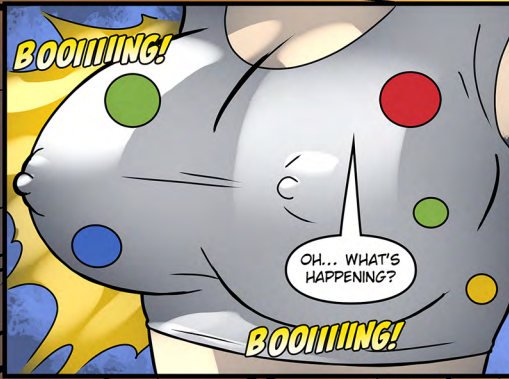
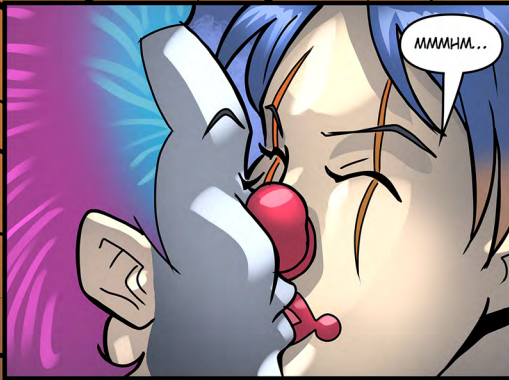
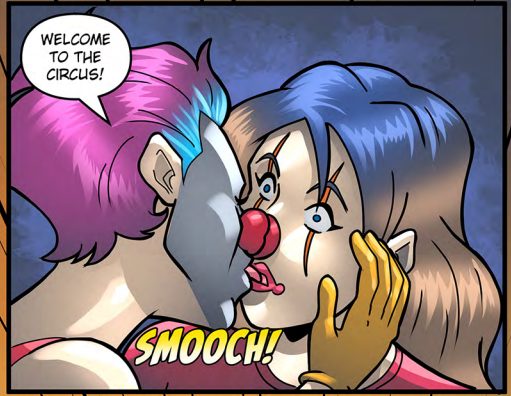
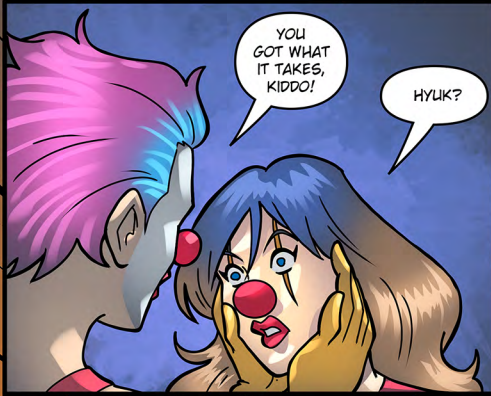
CHECK OUT SOME
PREVIEW PAGES FROM OUR
UPCOMING COMIC LINEUP!



CIRCUS SINISTRA

AUTHOR:
GIDEON STORM

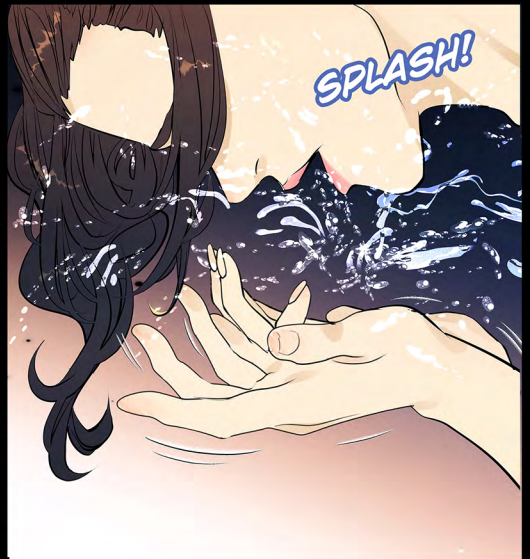
ARTIST:
OCTO



ESCAPE FROM PLEASURE ISLAND

AUTHOR:
B-RIDGE

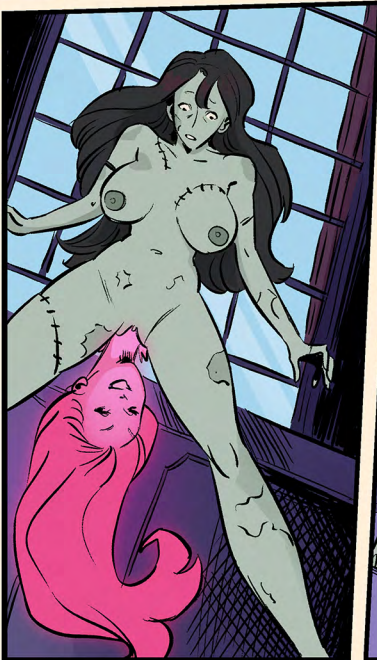
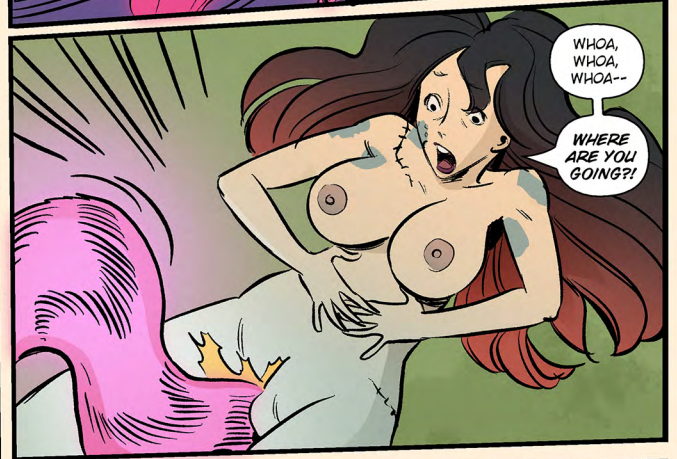
ARTIST:
YOULZ (STUDIO ARIETA)



TRICK OR TREAT ME

AUTHOR:
BLUE

ARTIST:
EMANUELE PARASCANDOLO



STREET RATS

AUTHOR:
GIDDEON STORM

ILLUSTRATOR:
MAD MAX DUARTE

COLORIST:
HENRY LIMA

