



THEY SAY "MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN!" THEN, WHY DO THE WEDDING VOWS CONTAIN THE CHILLING PROMISE--"TILL DEATH US DO PART!"



HERE COMES BARONESS IRINA VON HOHLBERG-- MISTRESS OF HOHLBERG CASTLE. SHE IS YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, RICH-- AND LONELY. CEASELESSLY SEEKING...

# the PERFECT Mate

STORY IDEA: M. J. PELLOWSKI    SCRIPT: R. KANIGHER    ART: JESS M. JODLOWAN.



SUITORS FROM ALL OVER THE CRAGGY EASTERN EUROPEAN KINGDOM SEEK THE HAND OF THE RAVISHING BARONESS.

MARRY ME, IRINA--AND MAKE ME THE HAPPIEST OF MEN!

AND WHAT OF ME, FREDERIC? WILL I BE THE HAPPIEST OF WOMEN AS YOUR BRIDE?



IRINA'S SABLE EYES GLOW WITH IRRESISTIBLE HYPNOTIC FLAMES AS SHE WHISPERS...

LOOK INTO MY EYES AND TELL ME THE TRUTH, FREDERIC? WHY DO YOU REALLY WANT TO MARRY ME?



YOU ARE HELPLESS TO RESIST! ANSWER! ANSWER!



I... I DREAM ONLY OF... YOUR... YOUR WEALTH--



THE HORSES WHIMPER IN TERROR AS THE FAITHLESS SUITOR MEETS A NIGHTMARISH END...



TOWARD THE WAITING CASTLE FLIES THE GIANT WINGED GHOUL WITH ITS LIFELESS PREY...



INTO A HALL OF SILENT HORROR...



FAREWELL, FREDERIC--

YOU WILL END UP IN MY TROPHY ROOM--

--WITH THE OTHER SCHEMING SUITORS!



WEIRD TRANSFORMATION TAKES A PLACE BEFORE THE MOUNTED TROPHIES-- BEAST INTO BEAUTY!



THE BEAUTIFUL BARONESS IS LONELIER THAN EVER IN HER HUGE CASTLE...

WHEN WILL I EVER FIND THE PERFECT MATE--

WHO WILL WANT ME FOR MYSELF ALONE?



ONE DAY--PURSUED BY AN ARDENT SUITOR...

I CARE NOTHING FOR YOUR WEALTH, IRINA! I WOULD MARRY YOU IF YOU WERE PENNILESS!

WOULD YOU, BORIS? THEN--LOOK INTO MY EYES AND TELL ME WHY YOU REALLY WANT TO MARRY ME!

OPEN YOUR HEART TO ME--ANSWER! ANSWER!



HELD IN THE INEXORABLE GRIP OF THE BARONESS' HYPNOTIC EYES... THE HELPLESS SUITOR STAMMERS..

I...I CRAVE THE POWER I WOULD WIELD.. AS YOUR ROYAL CONSORT--



IRINA?--NO--NO--NO--!

**AGHNN--**



CONTINUED ON 352 PAGE FOLLOWING



DAY AFTER  
ENDLESS  
DAY THE  
LONELY  
BARONESS  
RESTLESS  
PACES  
THROUGH  
HER  
SINISTER  
CASTLE...

AM I DOOMED TO  
SPEND THE REST OF  
MY EXISTENCE ALONE?  
WHEN WILL I EVER  
FIND THE PERFECT  
MATE? WHEN?  
WHEN? WHEN?



PERHAPS THE BARONESS  
WILL FIND HER ANSWER  
TONIGHT--

IF I COULD ONLY  
BELIEVE THAT!

IT IS WRIT  
IN YOUR PALM--  
HEE--HEE! YOUR  
NEXT SUITOR WILL  
NOT BE AN IMPOSTOR!  
HE WILL WANT NEITHER  
YOUR WEALTH NOR  
YOUR ROYAL  
STATION!



THE NEXT DAY,  
TERRIFIED BY A  
SNARLING WOLF, THE  
BARONESS' HORSE  
MADLY RUNS AWAY--  
UNTIL--

YOU--YOU RODE LIKE  
A CENTAUR-- TO SAVE ME!  
WHO ARE YOU?

COUNT IVOR! YOU  
NEED NOT TELL ME  
YOUR NAME, BARONESS  
IRINA, IT IS BRANDED  
ON MY HEART!



I ASK ONLY TO PROVE  
MY LOVE FOR YOU.

YOU WILL BE  
GIVEN YOUR CHANCE,  
COUNT IVOR-- IN  
THE DAYS TO  
COME.

COUNT IVOR'S ARDENT PURSUIT OF THE SCEPTICAL BARONESS MELTS HER HEART... UNTIL SHE ASKS THE FATAL QUESTION...HER HYPNOTIC EYES GLOWING LIKE THE MIDNIGHT MOON--

WHY DO YOU WANT ME?

NOT FOR WEALTH, OR RANK-- BUT FOR YOURSELF ALONE!

THEN I AM YOURS! IT IS THE ANSWER I HAVE LONGED TO HEAR! YOU ARE THE PERFECT MATE I HAVE DREAMED OF--

NO--NO--NO--!

