

JUNE:

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A HOT DAY, SUNNY WITH ONLY A SLIGHT OVERCAST BY THE OCEAN. INSTEAD, IT RAINED, SEEMINGLY WITHOUT END, AND IT WAS COLD-- BONE-CHILLING COLD, AS IF TO MAKE UP FOR THE WINTER JUST PAST.

BLADE

THE VAMPIRE SLAYER



INTO THE HOUSE OF TERROR!



NEVER SHOULD'A COME HERE, DIDN'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS PLACE WHEN THAT DUDE FIRST MENTIONED IT.

CHALK ANOTHER ONE UP FOR COLOSSAL STUPIDITY.

BUT, HELL, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICES, DID I? I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A VAMPIRE-SLAYER--



--AND THIS PLACE'S SUPPOSED TO HOUSE A COVEN OF THE LITTLE BEGGARS.



DAMN! LAST TIME I LISTEN TO ANYONE.

I'M HUNTIN' THE CRUD THAT KILLED MY MOTHER-- NOT EVERY OTHER BLASTED VAMP.

HELL! WHO AM I FOOLIN'?

I CAN'T LEAVE, NOT NOW.

NOT 'TIL I'VE CHECKED THIS STINKIN' JOINT TWICE.

RRIP!

SO THE WEIRD CREEP WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL. LET'S HEAR IT FOR HONESTY.

HOLD IT! NOISES!

REMINDE ME TO SHAKE HIS SWEATY LITTLE HAND--

--PROVIDIN' I GET OUTTA HERE.

C'MON, YOU LOUSY BLOOD-SUCKERS! COME AND DIE!

LIKE A WELL-OILED MACHINE, BLADE WHIRLS-- HIS WOODEN KNIFE SLASHING AT THE LIFELESS FLESH-FORMS WHICH ATTACK.

AND ALL THE WHILE, DARK SHADOWS COVER THEM WITH A THICK BLANKET OF NIGHT...

ONE FALLS, DEAD FOR A SECOND TIME. BUT OTHERS STILL ATTACK.

...OBSCURING THEIR SHAPES... BUT NOT THEIR STRENGTHS... NOT THEIR VAMPIRIC POWERS.


YOU'RE GOOD, CRUDS-- I'LL GIVE YA THAT.

BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW GOOD YOU ARE--

-- 'CAUSE BLADE IS BETTER!







IT IS TRUE, ISN'T IT, BLADE? THE ONLY REASON YOU HESITATED BEFORE THRUSTING YOUR KNIFE IN ME IS THAT YOU SAW A CHILD'S FACE FOR MINE.


BUT I'M NO CHILD, BLADE. NOT IN AGE. FOR I HAVE LIVED HERE FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS--



--AS HAVE MY FELLOW CREATURES OF THE NIGHT.

WE MAY APPEAR AS YOUTH-- BUT IN TRUTH... WE ARE OLDER THAN ANY HUMAN!

OLDER, AND WISER, BLADE. FOR, OUR INTELLECTS HAVE GROWN THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES.



STUFF IT, CRUD! YOU AND YOUR KIDDY CONQUERERS AREN'T MAKING IT OUTTA THIS HELL-HOLE--

--LET ALONE INTO THE BIG-CITIES!

...AND CONQUER!

SOON, BLADE-- ALL HUMAN CHILDREN WILL DIE! AND IN THEIR PLACE-- A VAMPIRIC ARMY WILL RISE...



YOUR LITTLE PEP-TALK AWAKENED ME, FANGS--

--'CAUSE NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE--

--NOTHIN' GONNA STOP ME FROM KILLIN' YOU!



YOU TALKED TOO MUCH, CREEPS-- 'CAUSE MAYBE I DID HAVE A MENTAL BLOCK ABOUT DESTROYING YOU--

--BUT NO MORE!



NO MATTER WHAT YOU SEEM TO BE, I KNOW YOU'RE JUST THE STINKIN' UNDEAD--

AN' I JUST GOTTA KEEP TELLIN' MYSELF THAT,

CONVINCIN' MYSELF THAT YOU AREN'T REAL KIDS!



AN' IF I BELIEVE WHAT I KNOW TO BE TRUE--

--THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL THAT YOU'RE GONNA WIN!



...UNDERSTAND?

BLADE IS QUIET AS HE SLOWLY STEPS FROM THE ANCIENT MANSION BACK INTO THE BONE-CHILLING COLD!

BUT HE DOESN'T NOTICE THE WEATHER ... DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE RAIN. IN TRUTH, HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING.

HE JUST WANTS TO FORGET WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.



HE JUST WANTS TO FORGET.



Gene Chan
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