

Vamplets



BOOK ONE: THE NIGHTMARE NURSERY

ACTION LAB ENTERTAINMENT PROUDLY PRESENTS

Vamplets

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“A MEETING WITH DESTINY”

WRITTEN BY GAYLE MIDDLETON AND DAVE DWONCH
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WHY DID YOU
EVER SIGN US UP
FOR ZOMBIE GUINEA
PIG NEIGHBOR-
HOOD WATCH?

SO WE COULD
BE TOGETHER
MORE OFTEN.

WELL, THE
POISON BLACK
MUSHROOM TARTS
THEY SERVE ARE
TO DIE FOR.



WELL,
YOU KNOW
I LO...

NO!

DON'T SAY IT!
YOU KNOW THE
CONSEQUENCES!



I CAN'T
HELP IT.
I LOVE
YOU.

DON'T!



OH, NO...

...A
VAMPYRE
BABY!



"I DON'T KNOW
HOW OR WHY THIS IS
HAPPENING, BUT IT
HAS TO **STOP!**"



UNEXPLAINED
SPONTANEOUS
VAMPIRE BIRTHS
ARE ON THE
RISE-- AND THE
VAMPIRES CAN'T
BE BOTHERED WITH
THE 777 YEARS IT
TAKES TO RAISE
A VAMPIET.

AND THE
WEREWOLVES
AND ZOMBIES
AREN'T MUCH
BETTER!



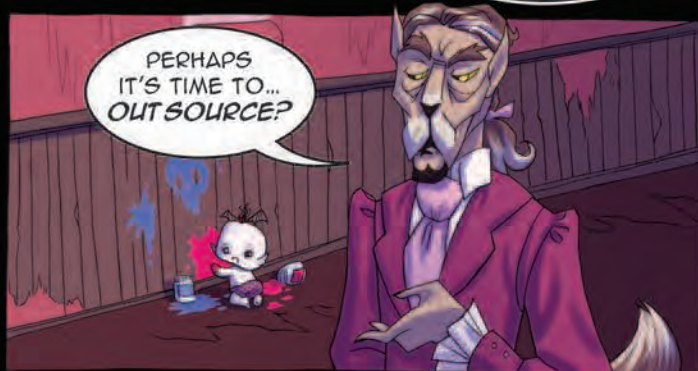
I CAN
APPRECIATE YOUR
CONCERN, MR. G,
SIR, BUT AFTER WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE
LAST ONE,
WELL...

...THE
NIGHTMARE
NURSERY
NEEDS A NEW
GOVERNESS.



NO ONE IN GLOOMVANIA
WANTS TO BE IN THE SAME
ROOM AS THESE LITTLE
MONSTERS, MUCH LESS
LOOK AFTER
THEM!

AS HEAD OF
THE DEPARTMENT OF
DEPORTTRANSMUTATION,
IT'S MY JOB TO FIX
PROBLEMS!



PERHAPS
IT'S TIME TO...
OUTSOURCE?



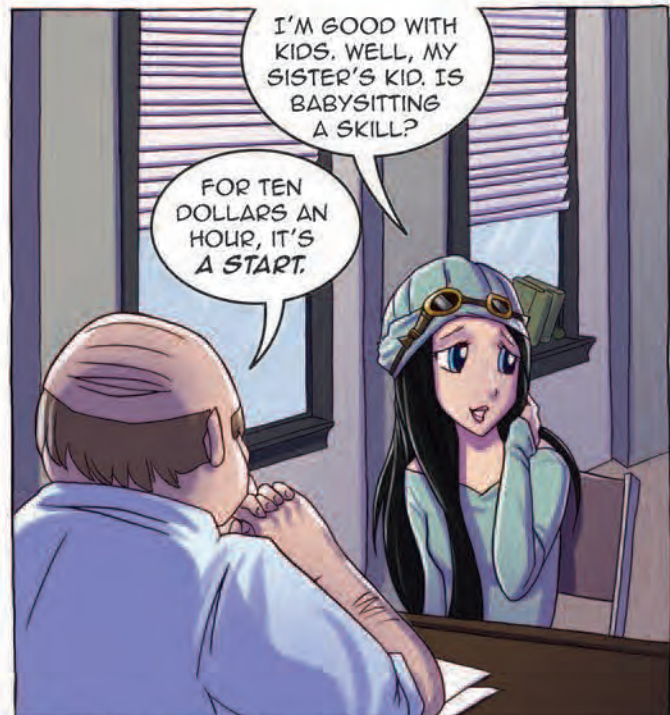
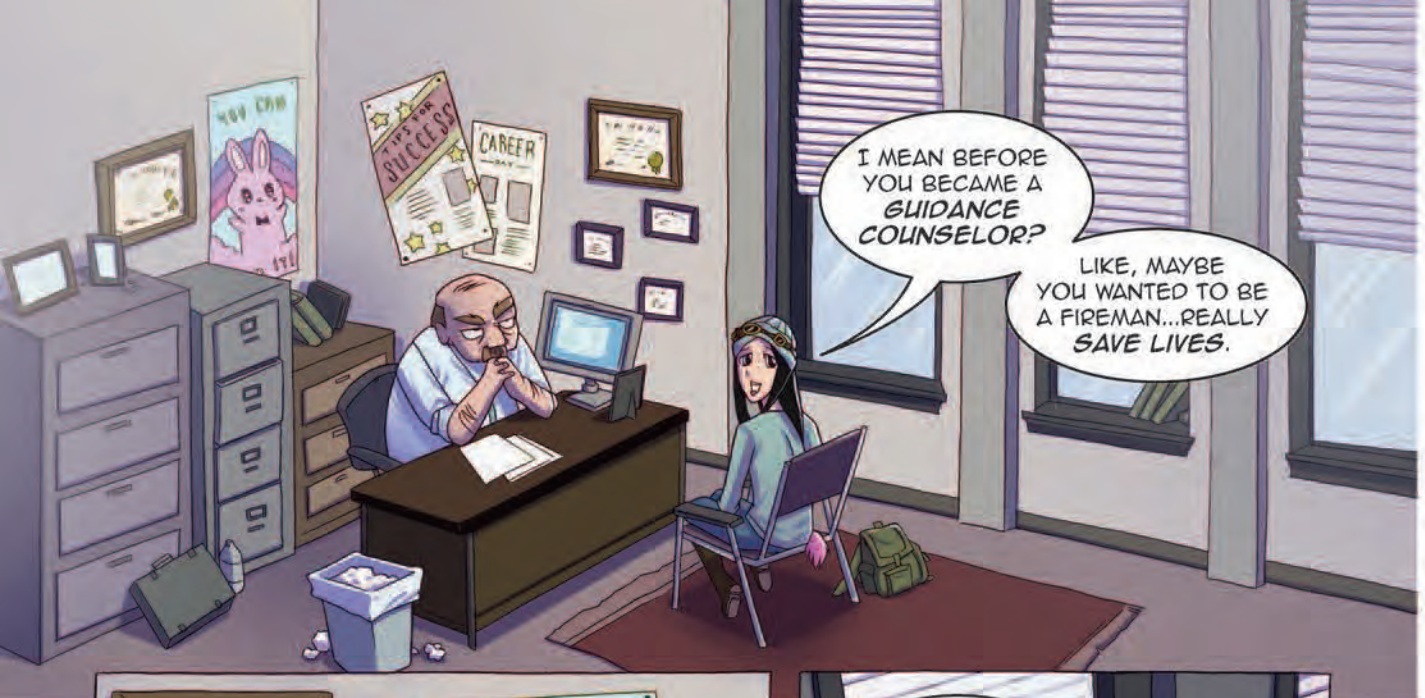
I KNOW...
I KNOW! SEND
FOR CYRIL!



SIGH
YES, SIR.



"DID YOU EVER THINK YOU WERE DESTINED FOR GREATNESS?"



LATER THAT DAY,
AFTER SCHOOL,
IN THE MALL.

IF I WAS
MAKING \$10 AN
HOUR BABY-
SITTING I WOULDN'T BE
STUCK AT THIS
POINTLESS JOB.
UGH.

WOULDN'T BE
SO TERRIBLE IF IT
WEREN'T FOR THE
DUMB HAT.



TOTALLY. MY
PARENTS, LIKE,
TOTALLY SET
IT UP.

I AM *SO*
JEALOUS,
BECKS.

I KNOW,
RIGHT?



SO I'LL
BE STAYING IN
PARIS, RIGHT ON THE
CHAMPS-ELYSEES FOR,
LIKE, THE **WHOLE**
SUMMER...

...AND ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS LOOK
AFTER A COUPLE
OF SPOILED
BRATS!

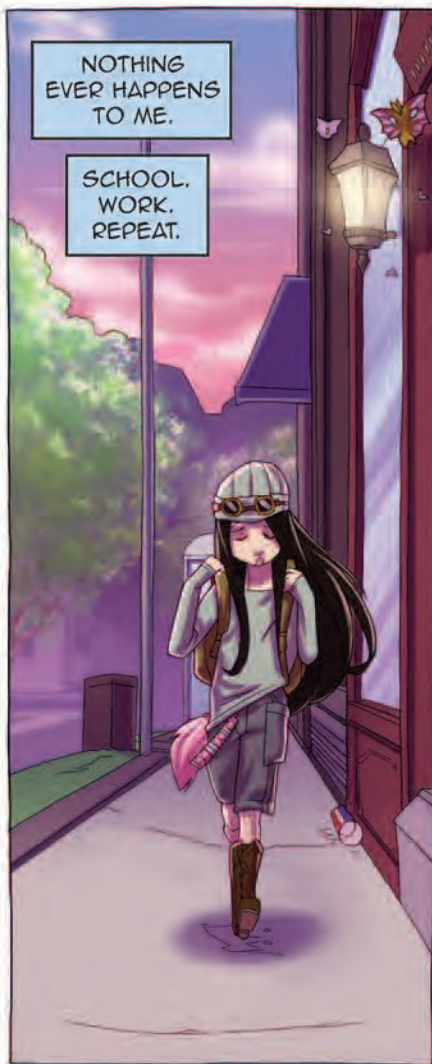


I SO HATE
YOU, BECKS.



I SO HATE
YOU, TOO,
BECKS.







THIS PLACE IS
AMAZING!



AND THAT'S
WHEN I SEE IT.



"SEE" IS THE
WRONG WORD.

MORE LIKE IT
CALLS TO ME.



AS IF IT
KNOWS THAT IT'S
SUPPOSED TO
BE MINE.



YOU ARE
SUPPOSED TO
BE MINE, AREN'T
YOU?



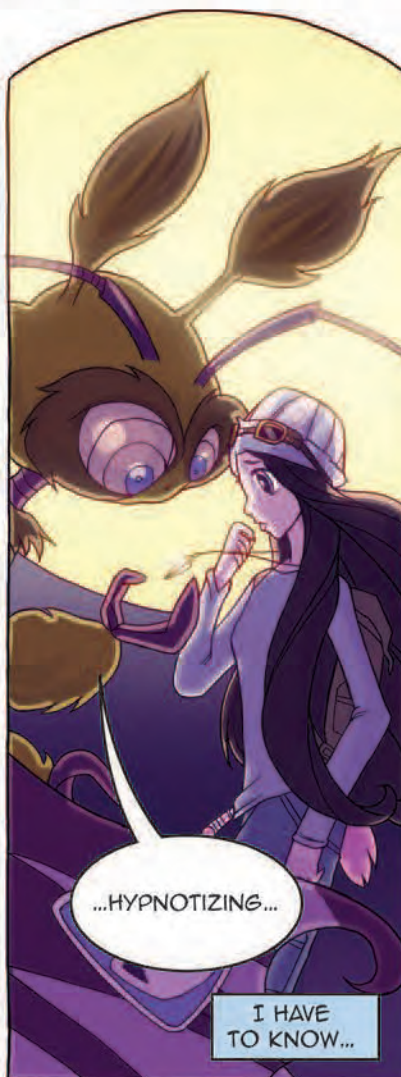
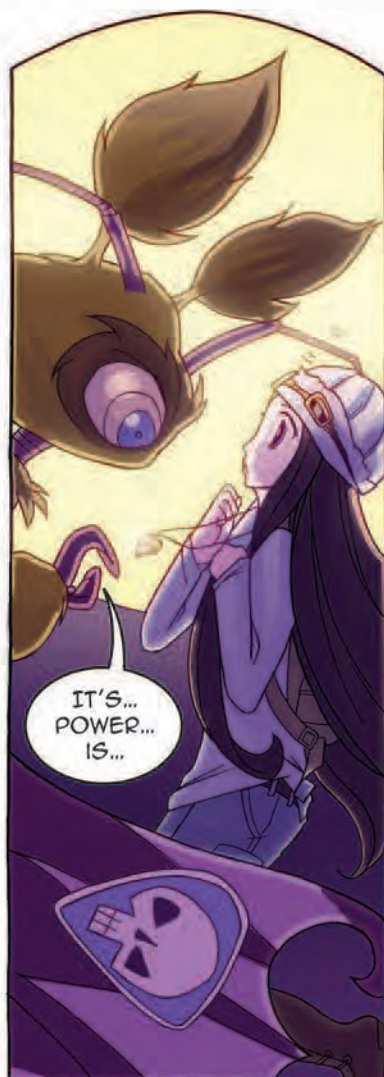
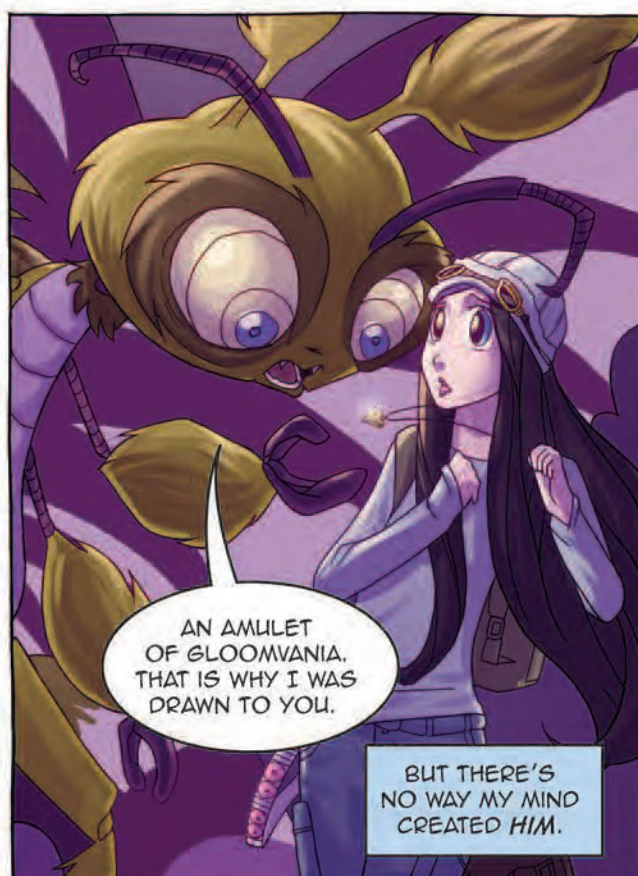
HOW MUCH
FOR THE LOCKET,
ANNIE?

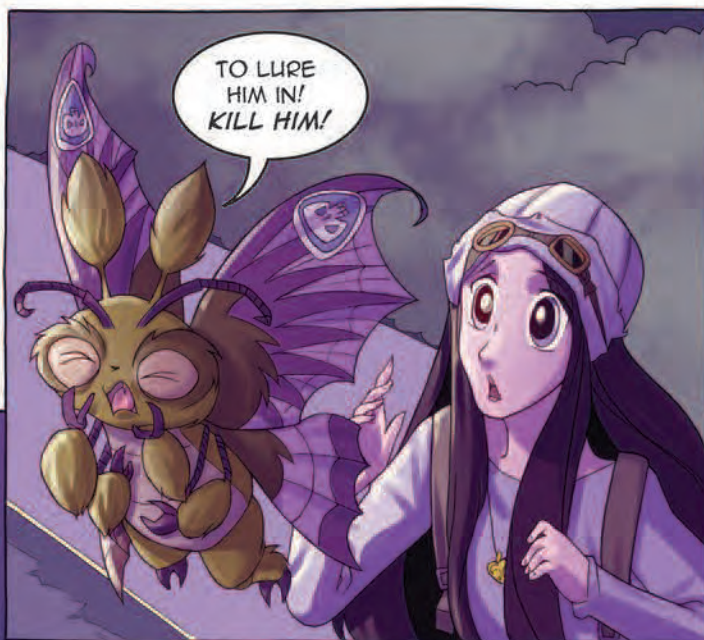


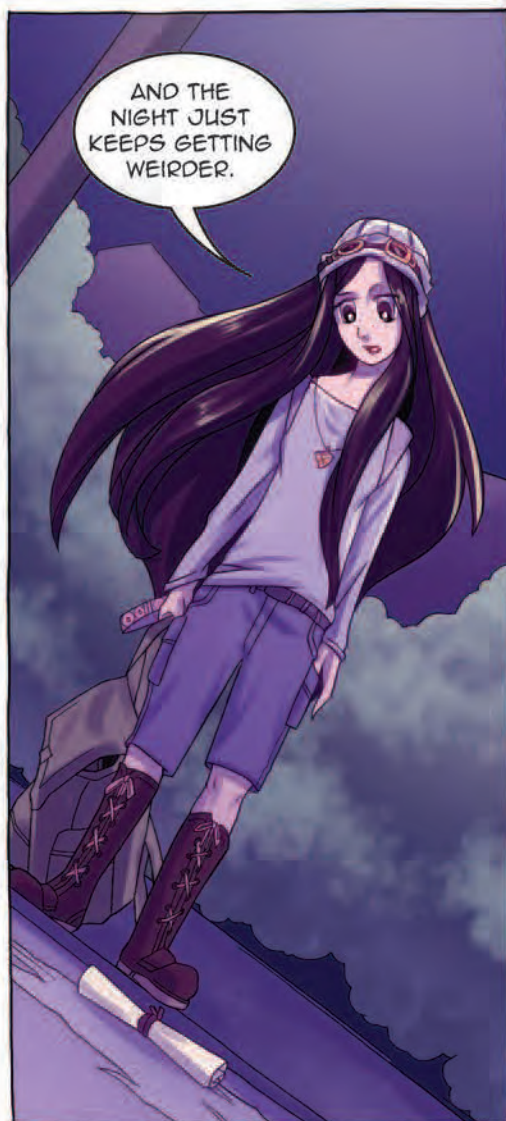
...LIKE A
MOTH TO A
FLAME.



AND I MUST
KNOW WHY.







SUNDAY.

3370 GRAVES
END ROAD.

THIS ISN'T
OMINOUS OR
ANYTHING.

HELLO,
OUR FIRST VICTI...
GUEST. PLEASE,
DO COME IN,
GIRL.

H-HELLO.
MY NAME IS
DESTINY.

AND WHY
WOULDN'T
IT BE?

PLEASE,
DESTINY, COME
IN OUT OF THE
COLD.

I'VE
PREPARED
COOKIES AND TEA
IN THE DINING
ROOM.

