

IT FALLS FROM
THE SKY; HEAVY,
RED AND WARM.

IT FALLS UPON
THE SCORCHED
PLAINS,
REFILLING THE
DRIED ARTERIES
OF THIS WORLD,
SCORCHED AS IT
IS BY THE TWIN
SUNS, SATYR
AND CIRCE.

IT RUNS OVER
THE TONGUE,
AND DOWN
THE THROAT
TO FILL THE
STOMACH OF
THIS BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN.

SO THIRSTY IS
SHE, THAT SHE
BARELY TASTES
ITS COPPERY
FLAVOR...

ITS...
ITS GRITTY
BLAND
DRYNESS?

NO, IT IS NOT THE BLOOD
HER SUPPLE BODY NEEDS
TO SURVIVE. IT IS SIMPLY
SAND...

KOFF
KOFF.

DRAWN UP INTO
THE SKY BY THE
BLISTERING HOT
WINDS THAT BLOW
ACROSS THESE
BARREN DUNES, AND
RAINED UPON HER IN
A HARSH MOCKERY
OF WHAT SHE
TRULY DESIRES.

HER THIRST HAS
ALLOWED HER MIND
TO SEE WHAT IT
WANTED HER TO SEE.

BUT SHE
CANNOT
STOP. WILL
NOT STOP.

FOR SHE IS...

VAMPIRELLA OF DRAKULON.

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SHE IS A
HUNTER.

AND EVEN TEMPORARILY
FOOLED BY HALLUCINATIONS
AND WIND THICK WITH GRIT...

SHE HAS A
HUNTER'S EYES.



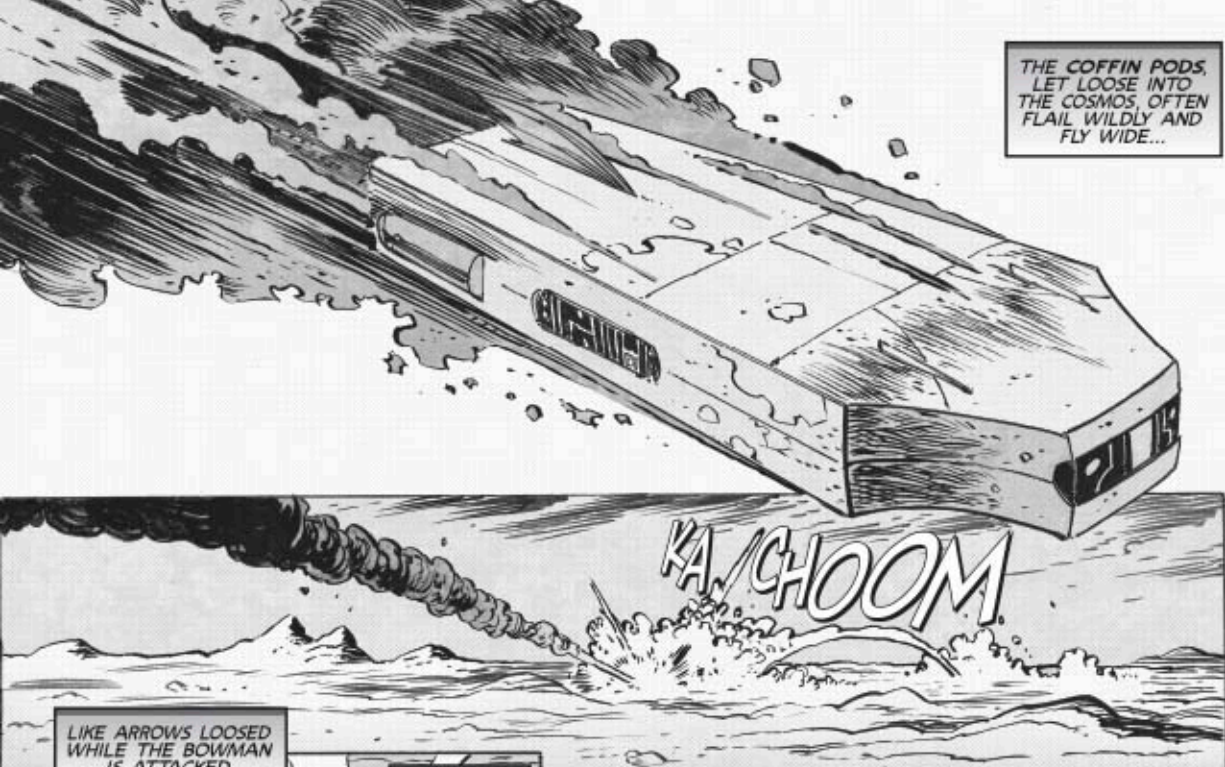
THERE, BREAKING
THE LAYER OF BLACK
CLOUDS THAT
THREATENS TO
SQUEEZE WHAT
LITTLE LIFE REMAINS
HERE WITH A
STRANGLEHOLD OF
HEAT AND DARKNESS...



A GIFT FROM AN ALIEN WORLD, SENT BY
DRAKULONIAN ASTRONAUTS, A LAST,
DESPERATE DELIVERY, INTENDED TO BE
ACCEPTED BY THE OPEN ARMS OF THE
BLOOD BANK PORT IN THE ONCE
BEAUTIFUL METROPOLIS OF GOSI-BRAM.

BUT OFTEN LATELY THE PODS FLY
ERRANT, AS THOSE FEW REMAINING
EXPLORERS ARE FORCED TO
DISPATCH THEIR CARGO WHILE
HUNTED THEMSELVES.

THE COFFIN PODS,
LET LOOSE INTO
THE COSMOS, OFTEN
FLAIL WILDLY AND
FLY WIDE...



LIKE ARROWS LOOSED
WHILE THE BOWMAN
IS ATTACKED.

SOME
OF THE PODS MISS
DRAKULON
ENTIRELY,
SAILING
FOREVER IN
THE INKY
FRIGIDITY OF SPACE.



AND SOME LAND
HERE... IN THE
WASTELAND,
WHERE ONCE
MIGHTY RIVERS
PULSED WITH
LIFE-GIVING
BLOOD.



HUHN.

OH
GOD...



NOW, THE ONLY BLOOD HERE
FLOWS THROUGH THE STREAMS
AND TRIBUTARIES... THE VEINS OF
THESE CREATURES. HUMANS.



WHUUH--
WHERE
ARE WE?

I DON'T
KNOW. BUT I
KNOW I DON'T
WANT TO SPEND
A SECOND
LONGER IN
THAT TOMB.

TAKEN FROM THEIR HOME
PLANET, THESE
HUMANS...THE UNLOVED,
THE FORGOTTEN...



THE WEAK OF
THE HERD...

C'MON,
HONEY.
YOU'RE
OKAY.

REPRESENT DRAKULON'S LAST HOPE FOR
SANGUINE REPLENISHMENT. IN THE HANDS
OF THE SCIENTISTS OF GOSI-BRAM, THEY
MIGHT PROVIDE A MEANS OF SYNTHESING
HEMOGLOBIN FOR A DYING POPULATION.



THEY MIGHT GIVE
THEIR BLOOD AND
BODIES FOR ALL OF
VAMPIREKIND.

OR THEY MIGHT
BRING SALVATION
TO ONLY A FEW.



WANDERING VAMPIRES, CAST
OUT FROM CITIES FOR
CRIMES AND INDISCRETIONS...

THEY ARE
WHISPERED ABOUT
IN GOSI-BRAM AND
THE OTHER STILL
CIVILIZED CITIES.