

SOMETIMES DURING OUR LIVES
WE ALL LOOK AROUND AND ASK
OURSELVES: 'HOW DID I GET HERE?'

BUT FOR VAMPIRELLA, THIS IS NOT A
PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION: SHE KNOWS
EXACTLY HOW SHE ARRIVED AT THIS
PARTICULAR POINT IN HER LIFE...

IT ALL BEGAN WITH HER
TRAVELING TO SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA TO HUNT A SERIAL
KILLER WHO WAS AN
ANCIENT SHAMAN
POSSESSED BY
AN EVIL SPIRIT...

YOU KNOW:
THE USUAL.

IN HER DETERMINATION TO
STOP THE DEVIL-SHAMAN CALLED
TAHQUITZ, VAMPIRELLA PURSUED
HIM THROUGH WHAT PROVED
TO BE A DIMENSIONAL PORTAL...

ONLY TO FIND HERSELF
TRANSPORTED TO A SEEDY
HOOKER STRIP IN ANAHEIM.
EVEN WORSE, ONE
SET IN A WORLD
WITHOUT
MONSTERS-AT
LEAST OF THE
SUPERNATURAL
VARIETY.

NONE OF WHICH KEPT A STRANGE
FELLOW CALLED THE COURIER FROM
MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARING AND HANDING
HER AN EQUALLY MYSTERIOUS SWORD.

IN THE END, SHE TRACKED DOWN AND KILLED THE
MURDEROUS TAHQUITZ WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM AN
UNEXPECTED SOURCE-A SOMEWHAT DERANGED WOMAN
CALLED 'JENNIFER BLOOD', WHO WAS ARMED WITH A
MACHETE NOT UNLIKE
THE SWORD THE COURIER
HAD JUST GIVEN HER.

UNFORTUNATELY, SHE
WAS FORCED TO FLEE
THE SCENE BEFORE
SHE COULD FIND OUT
MORE ABOUT EITHER
WEAPON...

SO, FOR VAMPIRELLA,
THE REAL QUESTION
IS NOT 'HOW DID I
GET HERE', BUT WHY?

ALSO, MORE IMPORTANTLY,
HOW DOES SHE GET BACK?

AND WHAT THE
HELL DOES THIS
SWORD HAVE TO DO
WITH ANYTHING?



SWORDS OF SORROW

*UNDEAD
IN L.A.*

Writer: Nancy A. Collins

Artist: David Acosta

Colors: Valentina Pinto

Letters: Erica Schultz

Editor: Hannah Elder



'HOME AGAIN-HOME AGAIN. JIGGETY-JIG.'



I USED TO SAY THAT TO MY KIDS WHENEVER WE RETURNED TO THE HOUSE FROM SOCCER PRACTICE OR GOING TO THE GROCERY STORE. THE HOUSE IS LONG GONE-AND SO ARE THE KIDS. BUT OLD HABITS DIE HARD.



MAN, TONIGHT WAS A REAL WEIRD ONE.



IT STARTED OUT WITH ME GOING UNDERCOVER TO STOP SOME SERIAL KILLER DOUCHE BAG CALLED THE 'ANAHEIM RIPPER'.

OF COURSE, JUST AS I STARTED TO PACK IT IN THE BASTARD FINALLY DECIDED TO SHOW UP...



SO I PART HIS HAIR THE HARD WAY WITH THE FANCY MACHETE THAT WEIRDO GAVE ME A FEW DAYS AGO. AND THAT'S WHEN THINGS GOT... BIZARRE, EVEN FOR ME.



THE CREEP DOESN'T EVEN FLINCH. AND I COULD SWEAR HIS FACE CHANGED-AND NOT JUST BECAUSE I STUCK A HONKING BIG BLADE IN IT. ON TOP OF THAT, SUDDENLY I COULDN'T MOVE OR FIGHT BACK. IT WAS LIKE I'D BEEN SLIPPED A ROOFIE.



THEN THIS HALF-NAKED CHICK CALLED VAMPIRELLA, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT, SHOWS UP OUT OF NOWHERE AND RIPS THE JOKER'S THROAT OUT WITH HER TEETH! NOT ONLY DOES SHE THINK SHE'S A VAMPIRE, SHE CLAIMS THE ANAHEIM RIPPER WAS REALLY A MOLDY OLD MEDICINE MAN OR SOME BULL\$**%!



SHE ALSO WAS REALLY INTERESTED IN MY NEW MACHETE. SHE WANTED TO KNOW WHERE I GOT IT. BUT IF I TOLD HER, I WOULD SOUND AS CRAZY AS SHE IS.



NUTS OR NOT, SHE DID SAVE MY LIFE. I OWE HER THAT. SO I'LL LEAVE HER ALONE-PROVIDED SHE STAYS OUT OF MY WAY.



SO...NOW THAT THE ANAHEIM RIPPER HAS BEEN ELIMINATED, I CAN FOCUS MY ATTENTION ON SOME OTHER, EQUALLY DESERVING SCUM BAGS...

JUST BECAUSE 'JENNIFER BLOOD' IS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T STAY BUSY...

