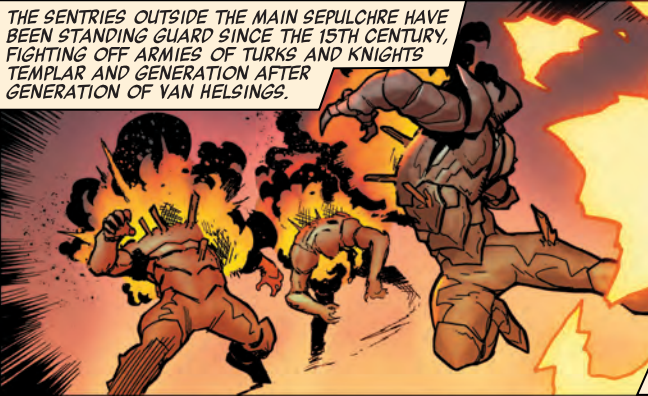


ROMANIA.
THE CARPATHIAN
MOUNTAINS.

THE ATTACK IS SUDDEN
AND BRUTALLY EFFICIENT.
WHILE SWARMS OF BATS
RAIN NAPALM ON THE
PARAPETS...

...RATS FITTED WITH **SUNBURST**
GRENADES SCURRY THROUGH
THE CASTLE'S LABYRINTHINE
CORRIDORS, REDUCING ITS
INHABITANTS TO WAILING
HUSKS--EVERY MAN, WOMAN
AND MURDEROUS CHILD.

THE SENTRIES OUTSIDE THE MAIN SEPULCHRE HAVE
BEEN STANDING GUARD SINCE THE 15TH CENTURY,
FIGHTING OFF ARMIES OF TURKS AND KNIGHTS
TEMLAR AND GENERATION AFTER
GENERATION OF VAN HELSINGS.

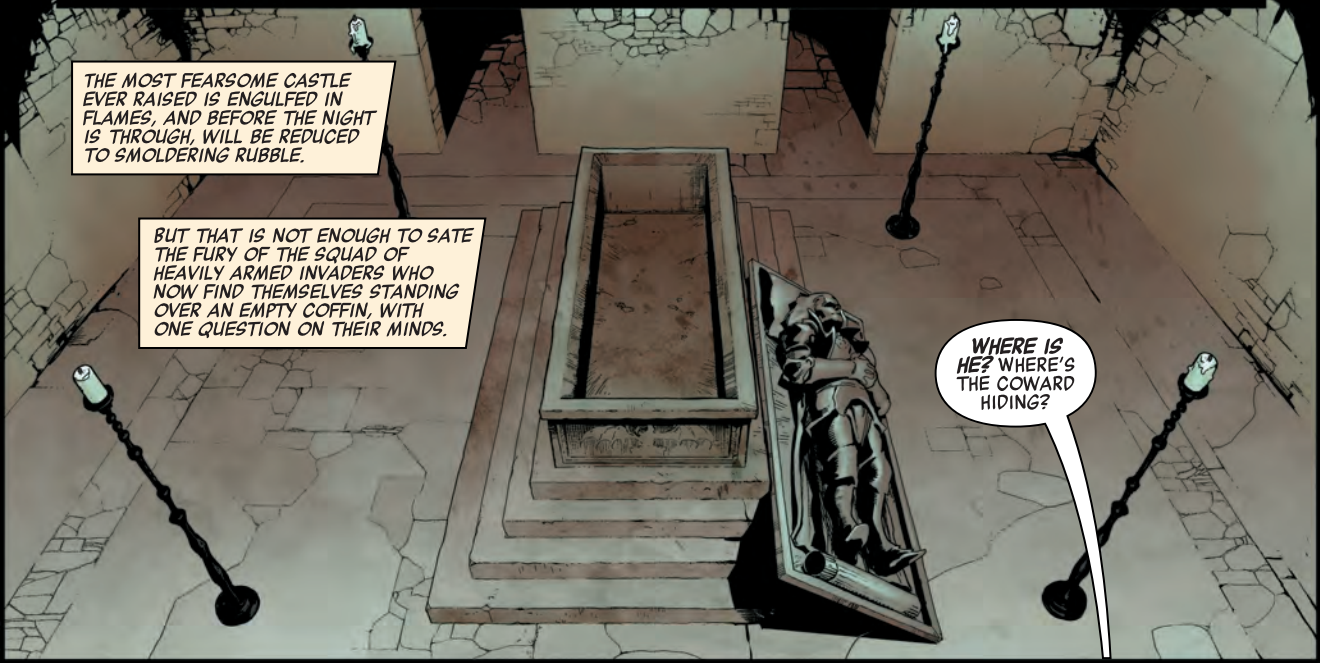


BUT THEY'VE NEVER FACED ANYTHING QUITE LIKE
THE ROTARY CANNON CURRENTLY FIRING 2,000
WOODEN STAKES A MINUTE INTO THEIR UNDEAD HEARTS.

THE MOST FEARSOME CASTLE
EVER RAISED IS ENGULFED IN
FLAMES, AND BEFORE THE NIGHT
IS THROUGH, WILL BE REDUCED
TO SMOLDERING RUBBLE.

BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH TO SATE
THE FURY OF THE SQUAD OF
HEAVILY ARMED INVADERS WHO
NOW FIND THEMSELVES STANDING
OVER AN EMPTY COFFIN, WITH
ONE QUESTION ON THEIR MINDS.

WHERE IS
HE? WHERE'S
THE COWARD
HIDING?





WHERE'S DRACULA?!

THE SHADOW COLONEL AND HIS LEGION OF THE UNLIVING HAVE JUST SLAUGHTERED THE MOST DEVOTED VAMPIRE DISCIPLES OF THE LORD OF THE DAMNED.

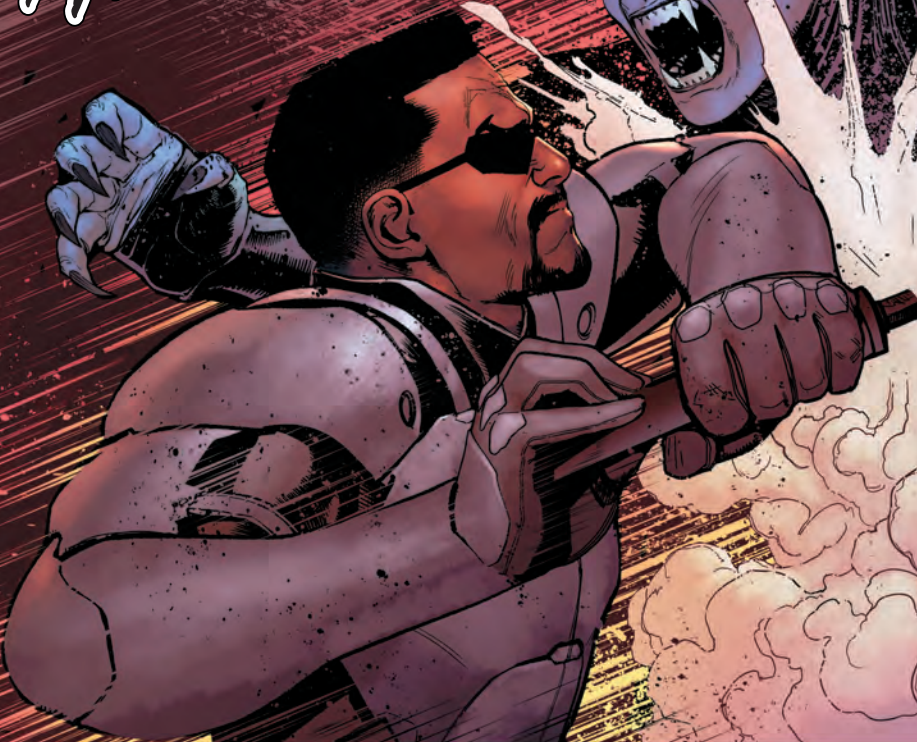
THE LEGION OF THE UNLIVING ARE VAMPIRES THEMSELVES.

VAMPIRES AT WAR WITH VAMPIRES.

THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE WHO KNOWS A THING OR TWO ABOUT THAT SORT OF CONFLICT. AND HIS NAME IS...

BLADE!

AAAARRRGH!!!



HSSS! YOU MISERABLE DAYWALKER! YOUR BLOOD'S NOT EVEN WORTH DRINKING!

WE'LL FLUSH IT DOWN THE TOILET ONCE WE'RE DONE TEARING YOU TO PIECES!

YEAH, I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE FOR A WHILE IF I WAS YOU.



ATTENTION, PASSENGERS! THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE NOT VAMPIRES, PLEASE MOVE TO THE REAR OF THE PLANE IN AN ORDERLY FASHION AND STRAP YOURSELVES IN!



THERE MAY BE A BIT OF TURBULENCE, BUT WE'LL HAVE YOU ON THE GROUND SAFE AND SOUND AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.


YOU HAVE MY WORD AS AN AVENGER!

THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING!



NO! NOT EVEN THE AVENGERS WILL STOP US!

ROXXON AIR FLIGHT 959.
SOMEWHERE OVER SYMKARIA.
TEN MINUTES AFTER BEING HIJACKED BY VAMPIRES.



IF WE STOP RUNNING, WE'RE ALL DEAD!

UGGH!

DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING FOR US?! WHAT'S BEEN UNLEASHED?! THERE'S NO SAFE PLACE ANYMORE! THE CASTLE HAS FALLEN AND NOBODY HAS ANY SUN-DAMNED IDEA WHERE DRACULA--



GAAAGH!

YOU DON'T GOTTA WORRY YOUR PRETTY VAMP HEAD ABOUT WHAT'S COMING. BECAUSE WHATEVER THE HELL IT IS...



...YOU BLOODSUCKERS AIN'T GONNA LIVE THAT LONG.

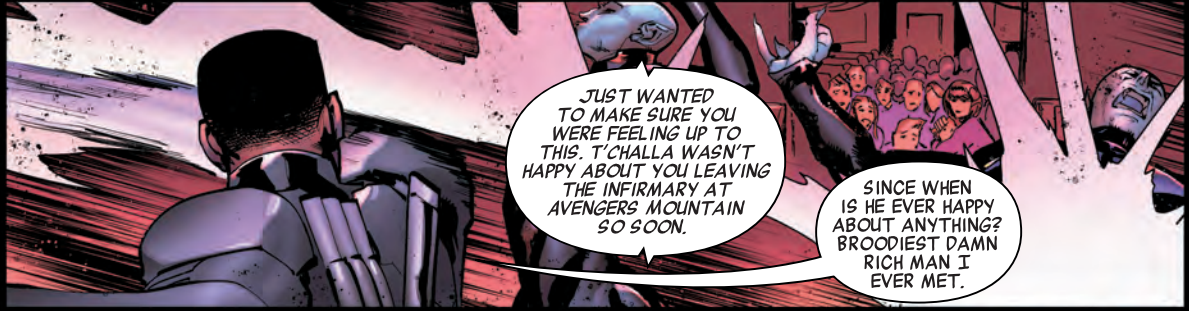


BLADE, THIS IS CAPTAIN MARVEL. HOW'S IT COMING BACK THERE?

SILVER NUNCHUCKS. THAT'S HOW IT'S COMING.

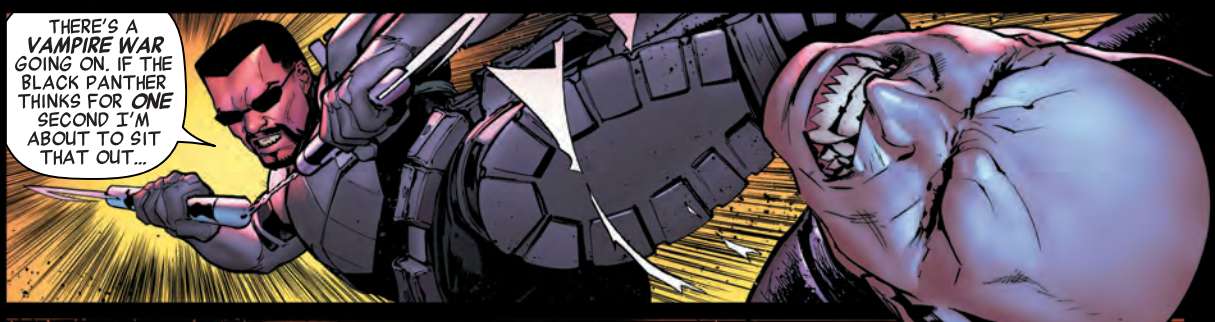
NOW LEAVE ME ALONE. IT'S TIME TO MURDER THE DOUGHNUTS.

NOT REALLY HOW THAT EXPRESSION GOES, BUT OKAY.



JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE FEELING UP TO THIS. T'CHALLA WASN'T HAPPY ABOUT YOU LEAVING THE INFIRMARY AT AVENGERS MOUNTAIN SO SOON.

SINCE WHEN IS HE EVER HAPPY ABOUT ANYTHING? BROODIEST DAMN RICH MAN I EVER MET.



THERE'S A VAMPIRE WAR GOING ON. IF THE BLACK PANTHER THINKS FOR ONE SECOND I'M ABOUT TO SIT THAT OUT...



GAAAAGH!!!



...THEN HE DON'T KNOW @\$\$%# ABOUT ME.

C'MON, SUCKHEAD. TIME TO RETURN YOUR SEAT TO ITS UPRIGHT POSITION.