


MY NAME IS ASH,
AND I'M A DEFENSE
ATTORNEY.



FOR THIS BROAD,
AT LEAST THAT'S
WHAT SHE IS NOW.

LOOKS LIKE I ACCIDENTALLY
BROUGHT HER BACK TO
1300 A.D. WHEN I SCREWED
UP THE INCANTATION FOR
THE NECRONOMICON.

HEY, THERE WAS
A LOT GOING ON.


VAMPIRELLA

vs. **ARMY OF
DARKNESS**

IT TURNED HER INTO A
BIGGER, BADDER, VAMPIRE
VERSION OF THOSE FLYING
DEADITE ASSHOLES.

EATING A CRUMPLED-UP
PAGE FROM THE EVIL BOOK--
WHICH IS INKED IN BLOOD--
MADE HER HUMAN AGAIN.

WRITTEN BY MARK RAHNER DRAWN BY JETHRO MORALES
COLORED BY MORGAN HICKMAN LETTERED BY MARSHALL DILLON




BUT NOW THESE
KNUCKLE-DRAGGERS
WANT TO TRY HER
AS A WITCH.

GREAT TIME
FOR IT.



I GOTTA TELL YA, ARTHUR, THIS IS ONE LOUSY TIME FOR A WITCH TRIAL.

WE DO NOT CHOOSE THE TIME OF OUR BATTLES, ASH HOUSEWARES. WE MUST FIGHT EVIL WHEN AND WHERE IT PRESENTS ITSELF.



"A WHOLE OF IT'S GOING TO BE PRESENTING ITSELF TO US ANY TIME NOW, CHIEF."

"...? VOLUME IS MEASURED WITH SHIT IN THE LAND OF HOUSEWARES?"




NO, IT'S JUST... A LOT. HUGE.

LISTEN, SHE SAYS SHE CAN HELP US AGAINST THOSE THINGS.

OF COURSE SHE WOULD SAY THAT, MY FRIEND. ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS TRUSTING OF WOMEN?

WELL...

LOOK, SPEAKING OF TRUST, HOW DO I KNOW THIS LITTLE TRIAL'S GOING TO BE FAIR?



BECAUSE I AM PUTTING A MAN IN CHARGE WHO WILL ENSURE THAT.

FATHER!



THIS IS BLACK FRIAR THOMAS...

...RECENTLY RETURNED FROM DOING THE LORD'S WORK IN FRANCE, WHERE THEY KNOW A GREAT DEAL ABOUT SUCH THINGS.

MY LIEGE.

ASH OF HOUSEWARES OUR PROMISED ONE. HE SPEAKS FOR THE WOMAN.

I LEAVE IT IN YOUR CAPABLE HANDS, FATHER.



READY THE BOILING CAULDRON FOR HER.

HEY...HEY, I THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING A TRIAL HERE!

WE ARE, INDEED.

A TRIAL BY ORDEAL.





IF YOU ARE TO ADVOCATE FOR THE WOMAN, YOU MAY CONFER WITH HER BRIEFLY.



WE SHALL CONVENE THIS *INQUISITIO* PRESENTLY.



LADY, I'M NOT COMPLETELY SURE WHAT HE SAID, BUT IT SOUNDED A LOT LIKE SOMETHING BAD.

YES, VERY.

BAD AS IN, THESE THINGS DON'T HAVE A LOT OF HAPPY ENDINGS.

NOT FOR THE ACCUSED.



LOOK, I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'RE GOING TO FIT YOU INTO THAT CROCK POT...

BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS. YOU CAN *ESCAPE*.



I COULD ESCAPE THESE MEN, BUT I CAN'T ESCAPE THIS TIME.

I NEED TO GET BACK TO WHERE I CAME FROM.

PREACH IT, SISTER.



WHERE YOU DRAGGED ME FROM, YOU IDIOT.

SORRY ABOUT THAT.



AND I BELIEVE ONLY THEY CAN DO THAT FOR ME WITH THE NECRONOMICON YOU BROUGHT THEM.



RIGHT. SO YOU GOT A PLAN?

ALL I CAN DO IS TRY TO ENDURE THIS--



I CALL THIS WITCH TRIAL TO ORDER!