

'HOLLYWOOD LAWNS', MY ASS. THIS BONEYARD IS NOWHERE NEAR TINSELTOWN.

HOLLYWOOD LAWNS
CEMETERY

BUT IT IS CLOSE TO LOS MUERTOS TURF. WHICH MEANS THERE'S A DAMN GOOD CHANCE THAT WACK JOB, VAMPIRETTA, OR WHATEVER SHE CALLS HERSELF, MIGHT BE INSIDE.

THE FIRST TIME WE CROSSED PATHS WAS WHEN I WAS HUNTING THE ANAHEIM RIPPER. THE CREEP GOT THE DROP ON ME—UNTIL SHE SHOWED UP OUT OF NOWHERE AND RIPPED OUT HIS THROAT WITH HER TEETH.



THAT'S PRETTY FREAKIN' hardcore, EVEN FOR ME.

THEN SHE STARTED GOING ON ABOUT DEMONS AND ANCIENT INDIAN CURSES AND BEING FROM A DIFFERENT WORLD. IT WAS OBVIOUS THE GIRL'S ELEVATOR DIDN'T GO ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP...



BUT SHE DID SAVE MY LIFE, SO I LET HER GO. CALL ME A ROMANTIC. BESIDES, I HAD BIGGER FISH TO FRY...

NAMELY A NARCO GANG CALLED LOS MUERTOS, RUN BY CALAVERA AND PULQUE...A PAIR OF FUN-LOVING BROTHERS WITH A PENCHANT FOR TURNING ANYONE WHO CROSSES THEM INTO SPORTING GEAR.



THEN, WHILE ON SURVEILLANCE, I SPOT VAMPIRINA, OR WHATEVER, BREAK INTO PULQUE'S HOUSE. I WAS: 'WHAT THE HELL, LADY?!'



AS IF POACHING MY KILL WASN'T BAD ENOUGH, THE CRAZY BITCH ALSO LEFT BEHIND MY CALLING CARD. OR, AT LEAST, IT USED TO BE MINE, BEFORE I FAKED MY DEATH!



I MUST HAVE SPOOKED HER, SHOWING UP WHEN I DID, BECAUSE SHE BROKE FROM COVER AND RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE. I GAVE CHASE-



--ONLY TO RUN HEADLONG INTO A BUNCH OF PULQUE'S FELLOW GANG-MEMBERS. I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY MISSED SEEING VAMPIRA, CAUSE THEY AUTOMATICALLY ASSUMED I WAS THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR SNUFFING THEIR DUDE-BRO.

IF THIS VAMPIRELLA CHICK REALLY BELIEVES SHE'S A BLOOD-SUCKER, IT WOULD MAKE SENSE FOR HER TO HOLE UP HERE. IT'S DEFINITELY CREEPY ENOUGH TO APPEAL TO A WANNA-BE VAMPIRE...



SWORDS OF SORROW

CEMETERY DANCE

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I DON'T REALLY GIVE
A DAMN ABOUT HER
TAKING OUT SCUM LIKE
PULQUE. HELL, I WAS
GOING TO SNIFF HIM IN
A DAY OR TWO, ANYWAY.

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN
FINDING OUT WHY A WOMAN
WHO CLAIMS SHE NEVER
HEARD OF ME BEFORE (YEAH,
RIGHT) IS NOW FORGING MY
NAME TO HER CRIMES. THAT'S
ALL I WANT TO KNOW.

AND THEN
I'LL KILL
HER.



NORMALLY, I TRAVEL WITH
MY OWN PRIVATE BLOOD
BANK, BUT THINGS ARE FAR
FROM NORMAL RIGHT NOW.




UNFORTUNATELY,
MY FIRST HUNT OF
THE NIGHT, WHILE
SUCCESSFUL, WAS
FAR FROM...
SATISFYING.




UHHN!

DAMN IT, MY
HUNGER IS
BACK AGAIN!



WHAT'S THAT I
HEAR--? IT SOUNDS
LIKE I'M NOT
ALONE...



WELL-WELL-WELL
LOOKS LIKE I
WON'T GO HUNGRY
AFTER ALL.

