

# THE STUBBS AND WHATELY CLANS HAVE BEEN AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS FOR AS LONG AS ANYONE CAN REMEMBER.

The Stubbs are a rowdy, trouble making bunch, but the Whatelys... folks speak of the Whatelys in hushed whispers.

When the Whatelys bargain with dark forces to rid them of the Stubbs clan, four unlikely heroes are all that's left between a ravenous legion of ghoulish, vampiric creatures and the unsuspecting world beyond the boundaries of this sleepy Ozarks community.



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DON'T  
ANYBODY MAKE  
ANY **SUDDEN**  
MOVES!

THAT'S  
NOT A BAD  
IDEA...



...BUT  
MAYBE  
YOU SHOULD  
TELL **HIM**  
THAT!

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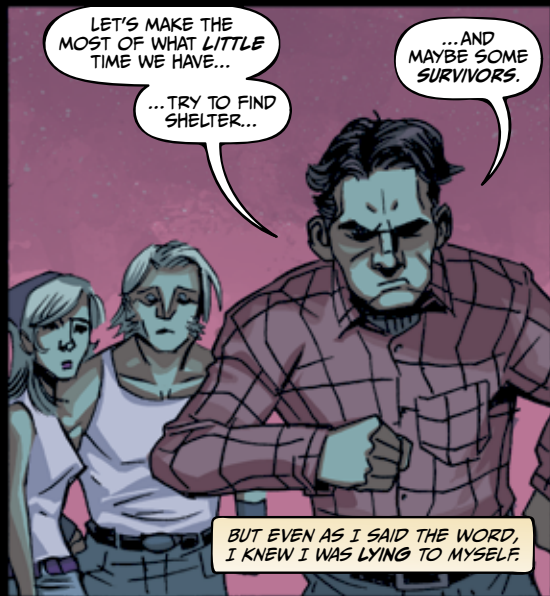


IT'S...  
**RUNNING!**



IT'LL BE  
**BACK** SOONER  
RATHER THAN  
LATER...

...AND IT'LL  
LIKELY BRING  
ITS **FRIENDS**  
WITH IT!



LET'S MAKE THE  
MOST OF WHAT **LITTLE**  
TIME WE HAVE...

...TRY TO FIND  
SHELTER...

...AND  
MAYBE SOME  
**SURVIVORS.**

BUT EVEN AS I SAID THE WORD,  
I KNEW I WAS LYING TO MYSELF.





THE CHANCES OF FINDING ANYONE ALIVE  
IN SPIDER CREEK WERE SLIM AT BEST.

THE PLACE HAD  
BEEN TURNED INTO  
A GHOST TOWN.



THE STREET WAS LITTERED  
WITH SPIDER CARCASSES.

THE PHONE LINES HAD FALLEN,  
HEAVY WITH TARANTULAS...

...AND POWER CABLES SIZZLED AND  
WRITHED ACROSS THE STREET...  
SIZZLING LIKE ELECTRIC SERPENTS.



EVERYWHERE WE  
LOOKED, THERE  
WERE SIGNS OF  
A MASSACRE.

NO. STAY  
BACK.

YOU  
DON'T WANT  
TO LOOK IN  
HERE.

MOST FOLKS WOULD HAVE  
BEEN ASLEEP WHEN THE  
VAMPIRES ATTACKED.



AND WITH EVERY STEP... A STUBBORN,  
NAGGING REALIZATION GREW MORE  
CEMENTED IN MY MIND.

STAY  
CLOSE,  
SUE.

ANYONE BITTEN  
BY ONE OF THE  
VAMPIRES...

...BECAME A VAMPIRE.

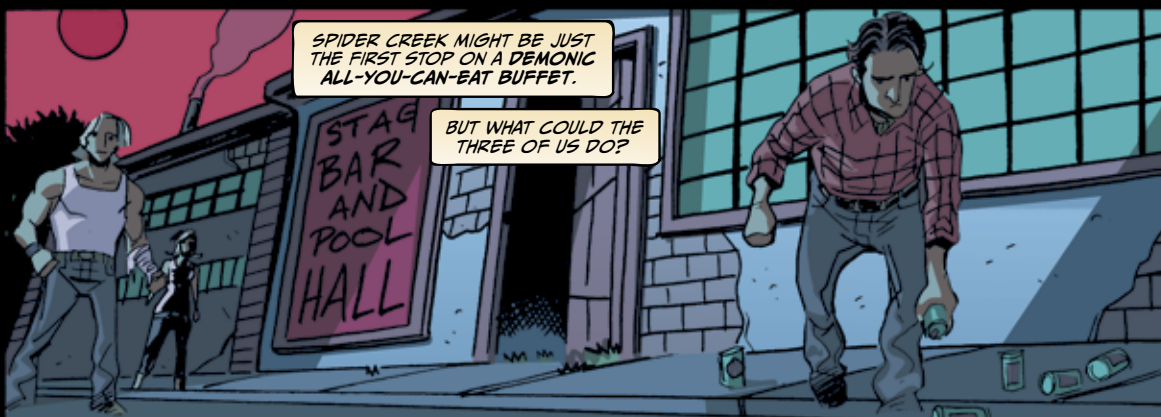


THESE CREATURES WERE SPREADING LIKE A DISEASE.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY AT LEAST GOT A FEW GOOD LICKS IN...

...NOT THAT IT DID 'EM ANY GOOD.

IF THEY WEREN'T STOPPED SOMEHOW, THEY MIGHT VERY WELL SWEEP ACROSS THE ENTIRE WORLD.



SPIDER CREEK MIGHT BE JUST THE FIRST STOP ON A DEMONIC ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET.

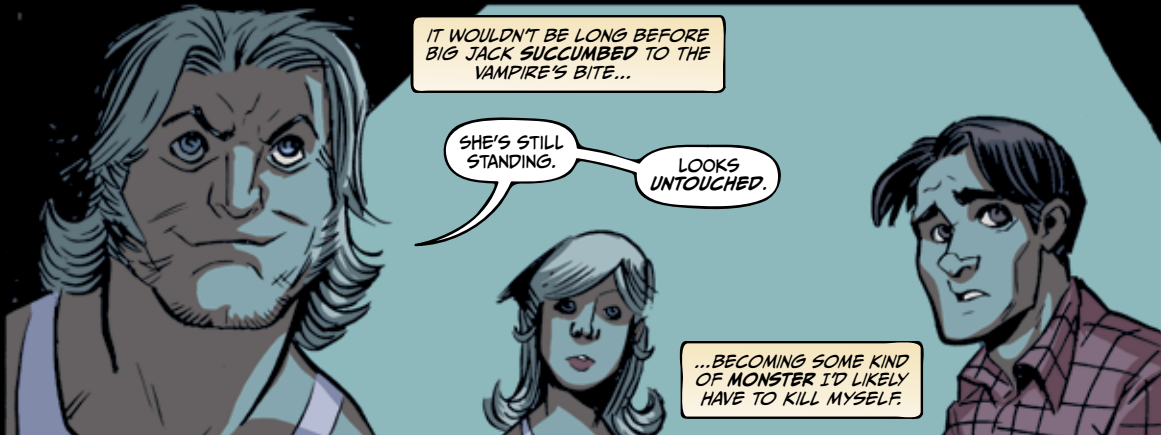
BUT WHAT COULD THE THREE OF US DO?



JUST ONE OF THOSE VAMPIRES-- SETH STUBBS--HAD MURDERED ONE OF MY FRIENDS...

IT'S DEAD.

...AND POISONED ANOTHER.



IT WOULDN'T BE LONG BEFORE BIG JACK SUCCEEDED TO THE VAMPIRE'S BITE...

SHE'S STILL STANDING.

LOOKS UNTOUCHED.

...BECOMING SOME KIND OF MONSTER I'D LIKELY HAVE TO KILL MYSELF.





WAS  
THERE ANY  
DOUBT?

ALL THEM  
SUNDAYS...

...OUR MAMAS  
DRAGGING US  
TO CHURCH--

STOP DROP AND ROLL  
WILL NOT WORK  
IN HELL



...AND US JUST  
WANTING TO GO  
FISHING!

IF OUR  
CHILDHOOD  
LOATHING OF THIS  
PLACE COULDN'T  
TEAR IT DOWN...

...THERE AIN'T  
A SUPERNATURAL  
FORCE ON THIS  
PLANET THAT COULD  
DO SO!



UH... I HATE  
TO INTERRUPT  
YOUR VACATION  
BIBLE SCHOOL  
STORIES...

...BUT  
MAYBE WE  
CAN KEEP MOVING  
BEFORE SOMETHING  
EATS US OUT  
HERE!









THERE MUST'VE BEEN  
TWO OR THREE  
DOZEN OF THEM.

I DIDN'T WANT TO  
LOOK TOO LONG  
OR TOO CLOSE...

...BECAUSE I FEARED I MIGHT  
RECOGNIZE SOME OF THEM  
DESPITE THEIR MONSTROUSLY  
TWISTED FLESH.

I'M IN NO PARTICULAR  
HURRY TO DIE IN ANY  
FASHION...

...BUT GETTING DEVoured BY  
MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS IS  
RIGHT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE  
LIST OF PREFERRED DEATHS.







DON'T YOU  
MOVE.

YOU  
SO MUCH AS  
TWITCH...

...I'LL  
BLOW YOUR  
BLOODSUCKING  
CORPSE TO  
KINGDOM  
COME.



EVENING,  
ANNIE.

I WONDER  
IF YOU MIGHT  
GET THIS GUN  
OUT OF MY  
FACE...



...AND LET US  
IN BEFORE WE GET  
OURSELVES EATEN BY  
**VAMPIRES?**



R.F.?

W-WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?