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FEAR MAGAZINE

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
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AUTHORITY

THE TOMB OF  
**DRACULA**  
LORD OF VAMPIRES

BECAUSE YOU  
DEMANDED IT!

DRACULA BATTLES  
**DOCTOR  
STRANGE!**  
AND ONE WILL DIE!

ALSO:

**BLADE** MEETS THE MOST  
UNEXPECTED **GUEST STAR** OF ALL!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he did not die. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# TOMB OF DRACULA!

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HE STARES INTENTLY AT THE GLOWING ORB, STUDYING THE GRAY MIST SHAPES WHICH SWIRL VAGUELY BEFORE HIM. HE KNOWS, AND HE IS AWARE OF WHAT HE SEES, AND HE IS NOT AT ALL PLEASED.

THERE WILL BE BATTLE, AND THE THOUGHT OF THIS IRREVOCABLE FIGHT BOTHERS HIM.

PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE HE HAS SOMEHOW SEEN THE FUTURE GLOWING DIMLY BEHIND THE INTANGIBLE SHAPES WITHIN THE ORB.

AND PERHAPS, HE KNOWS THAT BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OUT, HE WILL DIE.

HIS NAME IS  
**DOCTOR  
STRANGE**

AND HE IS MASTER OF  
THE MYSTIC ARTS!

WONG...

BUT NOT EVEN THE POWER IMPLICIT IN THAT DISTINCTION SHALL SAVE HIM WHEN THE MIDNIGHT BELLS TOLL THEIR FINAL, DEADLY, PEAL.



...GONE--  
VANISHED.

BUT SOMEWHERE  
YOU MUST **STILL**  
EXIST, MY FAITHFUL  
SERVANT.

IN THE NAME OF  
THE ALL-SEEING,  
THE ALL-KNOWING,  
THE ALL-  
FREEING--



**APPEAR BEFORE  
ME-- NOW!**

**DEMONS OF  
DENAK-- NO!**



WONG APPEARS  
DEAD-- BUT HOW  
--WHO?



I MUST INVESTIGATE **DEEPER**  
INTO THIS PUZZLING MYSTERY.

**RISE FROM THE EYE OF  
AGAMOTTO-- RISE BEFORE  
THE SORCERER SUPREME!**

DOCTOR  
STRANGE  
COMMANDS  
IT!



BEFORE ME, A MERE **SHADOW**,  
ONE GIVEN **SUM** AND **SUBSTANCE**  
YET IT **SERVES** AS WONG  
NONETHELESS.



BUT MORE--IT  
IS **COMPLETE**  
WITH ALL MY  
SERVANT'S  
**MEMORIES!**

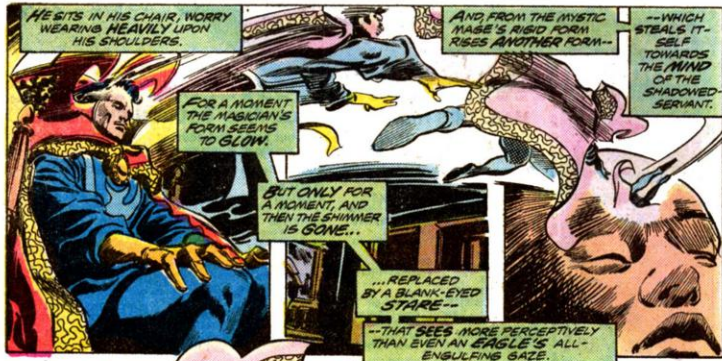
**HOLD--!**



THE **SHADOWS**  
IN THE **CRS** ARE  
**CLEAR NOW--**

--AND THE  
MURDERER  
STANDS  
**REVEALED!**





HE SITS IN HIS CHAIR, WORRY  
WEARING HEAVILY UPON  
HIS SHOULDERS.

FOR A MOMENT  
THE MAGICIAN'S  
FORM SEEMS  
TO GLOW.

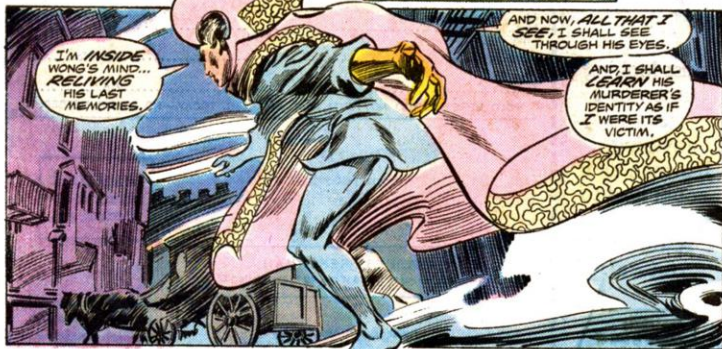
BUT ONLY FOR  
A MOMENT,  
AND THEN THE SHIMMER  
IS GONE...

...REPLACED  
BY A BLANK-EYED  
STARE--

--THAT SEES MORE PERCEPTIVELY  
THAN EVEN AN EAGLE'S ALL-  
ENGULFING GAZE.

AND, FROM THE MYSTIC  
MAGE'S RIGID FORM  
RISES ANOTHER FORM--

--WHICH  
STEALS IT-  
SELF  
TOWARDS  
THE MIND  
OF THE  
SHADOWED-  
SERVANT.



I'M INSIDE  
WONG'S MIND...  
RELIVING  
HIS LAST  
MEMORIES.

AND NOW, ALL THAT I  
SEE, I SHALL SEE  
THROUGH HIS EYES.

AND I SHALL  
LEARN HIS  
MURDERER'S  
IDENTITY AS IF  
I WERE ITS  
VICTIM.



"A HAND--  
BEFORE ME.

"IT'S  
WONG'S!

"CURSE ME  
FOR A  
NOVICE!  
I SAID I  
SEE THROUGH  
HIS EYES.



"A SCREAM!

EEEEEEEE

"WONG RACES  
TO ANSWER IT  
IN A DARKLY  
LIT ALLEY-WAY,

"HEAVY BREATHING... A SNARLING,  
GRATING GROWL, FROM SOME-  
WHERE IN THE DARKNESS."



WHAT? SOMEONE  
DARES INTERRUPT  
MY FEAST?

"THE  
VAMPIRE!"



ELSEWHERE...

ALL RIGHT, DO I MUSTER THE OL' COURAGE NOW, OR, DO I CHICKEN-OUT AGAIN?

## MIDNIGHT

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SPECIALISTS  
IN THE  
OCCULT

DO I ENTER THESE OFFICES FREELY AND OF MY OWN WILL, OR DO I RUN LIKE A SCARED RABBIT?

THE ANSWER *SHOULD* BE A SIMPLE ONE--I SHOULD *RUN* RATHER THAN FACE AURORA.

BUT, HECK, EVEN A LILY-LIVERED *HOWARD* HAS GOT TO PULL UP HIS PANTS AND ACT LIKE A MAN SOME-TIMES.

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SPECIALIST  
IN THE  
OCCULT

AND TODAY *THIS* SHNOOK BECOMES A MAN.



HOOBOY. I FEEL JUST THE WAY I DID AT MY BAR MITZVAH.

MY STOMACH IS SOMEWHERE *BENEATH* THE SOLES OF MY SHOES.



AURORA RABINOWITZ?  
*AVEN!* AURORA RABINOWITZ?

ER, AURORA? YOOHOO???

YEAH, MAXINE, I WEAR "CHARLIE." IT'S THE *IN* THING RIGHT NOW.



SHE'S BUSY ON THE PHONE-- DOESN'T HEAR ME.

OH WELL, I'LL JUST READ SOMETHING WHILE SHE DECIDES WHETHER TO SMELL LIKE THE GREAT OUT-DOORS OR THE HINT OF MINT!

EXCLUSIVE  
"I LOVED A VAM"  
by  
AURORA RABINOWITZ

HUH? WUZZIT?



"I LOVED A VAMPIRE" BY AURORA RABINOWITZ???

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS MADNESS???

MAXINE, I THINK I'D BETTER GO NOW. ONE OF OUR WRITERS IS HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN AGAIN.



MY GOD! EIGHT YEARS WORKING MY BUTT OFF TO BECOME A GREAT HACK WRITER--

--AND THIS...THIS SHMENDRICK SELLS A STORY LIKE IT'S NOTHING!

HI, HAROLD. SOMETHING WRONG?



WRONG, MY LOVELY, BEAUTIFUL AURORA? OH, *NOTHING'S* WRONG.

EXCEPT US. WHY HAVEN'T YOU ANSWERED ANY OF MY CALLS FOR A DATE SINCE THAT NIGHT WITH DRACULA?

WELL...



HAROLD, YOU'RE A REALLY NICE, SWEET PERSON.

YEAH...?

AND POOR LITTLE ME SHOULD BE FLATTERED THAT A BIG-TIME WRITER LIKE YOU THINKS I'M RAVISHINGLY CUTE...

BUT, FRANKLY, HAROLD, I THINK YOU'RE A NERD!



WHAT?!

MY PHONE! EXCUSE ME, HAROLD.



RRRING!  
DIANE! DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE NEW COLOGNE I JUST BOUGHT--?

IT FLUTTERS QUIETLY OVER THE BOSTON SKY-SCAPE, SURVEYING THE COLD, SNOW-TOPPED ROOFS BELOW IT.



THE BAT ALIGHTS ATOP ONE COLD SPIRE AND REFORMS INTO A MAN, FOR, DRACULA CANNOT ABIDE HIS NON-HUMAN SHAPES FOR LONG.



AFTER ALL, HE IS A MAN-- A MAN WHO HAS EXISTED THROUGH THE CENTURIES LIKE NO OTHER MAN HAS EVER DONE.

HIS EYES ARE AS COLD AS THE WINTER, AND THEY NARROW TO THIN, DEMONIC SLITS WHICH DANCE WITH A SAVAGE HUMOR.

THIS IS DOCTOR SUN'S MANSE, AND THE IRONY OF IT IS-- IT WILL NOW BE HIS!

BOSTON REMINDS IT OF LONDON-- OF STAID TRADITION-- NOT AT ALL LIKE THE CHROME AND GLASS BLEMISHES THAT CROWD MOST MODERN METROPOLISES.

ACROSS THE WAY, UNSEEN BY DRACULA'S FIERCING EYES, A DARK-SHADOWED FORM HUSS THE VELVET DOORWAY.



HE SMILES, FOR HE KNOWS NOW WHERE TO FIND THE DEMON DRACULA WHEN HE IS READY FOR HIM.

HE TURNS, AND HIS SLICK SILVER HAIR CATCHES AND HOLDS THE FRAGILE MOONLIGHT.



AND THEN HE LAUGHS AND BARES HIS VAMPIRIC FANGS AS IF DARING THE LORD OF VAMPIRES TO SENSE THEIR PRESENCE.

BUT, HE KNOWS FAR BETTER THAN TO TEMPT THE FATES RIGHT NOW. NO-- NOT UNTIL HE IS READY. UNTIL ALL HIS PLANS HAVE FALLEN LIKE CRAFTILY-SHUFFLED CARDS INTO HIS OWN PREORDAINED ORDER.



AND, WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE SECURE, THE WHITE-HAIRED VAMPIRE LAUGHS, THEN SHIMMERS AND FLIES INTO THE NIGHT.

AS FOR DRACULA,  
LORD OF VAMPIRES...

ENOUGH OF THIS  
FOUL MACHINERY--  
THIS WANTON DISPLAY  
OF TECHNICAL WASTE!

YOUR MASTER  
HAS BEEN  
**DESTROYED**--  
REDUCED TO  
ASHES.

BUT, UNLIKE THE  
VAMPIRE--UNLIKE DRACULA--  
DOCTOR SUN SHALL **NEVER**  
BE REBORN, **NEVER RETURN**--  
**NEVER BE TRIUMPHANT!**

FOR, AS **ALWAYS**, DRACULA  
STILL LIVES, TO FIGHT **ANOTHER**  
DAY--ANOTHER FOE.

MY BONES ARE  
**WEARY** OF THE  
NEVER-ENDING  
STRUGGLE, AND I **YEARN**  
AT TIMES FOR QUIET.

YET, DRACULA IS EVER A  
SOLDIER, AND MUST EVER  
BE AT THE **READY!**

BUT **NOT** TONIGHT.  
I AM **TIRED**, AND I  
NEED THE SLEEP TO  
AWAKEN FRESH WHEN  
DARKNESS FALLS  
AGAIN.

HIS NAME IS **BLADE**, AND HE  
IS A VAMPIRE-SLAYER!

TONIGHT, HE  
FEELS, HE IS  
COMING  
CLOSER TO  
HIS LIFE'S  
GOAL.

FOR, HE HAS TRACED THE KILLER  
OF HIS MOTHER TO THIS CITY, TO THIS  
BUILDING, TO THIS APARTMENT.

AND, TONIGHT, HE IS READY  
TO **KILL!**

HE CROUCHES WARILY AT  
THE DOOR, WAITING...

...WHEN, ACROSS THE ROOM,  
HE SEES THE DOORKNOB  
TURNING.

AND HIS PREY--  
**ENTERING!**

**CREEK**

BLADE BREATHES DEEPLY. THE  
HUNT IS OVER!

FOR SOME.

BUT FOR THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, THE HUNT HAS JUST BEGUN.

AND IT IS A GRIM AND DETERMINED HUNT INDEED.

THIS ALLEYWAY IS THE SAME ONE I SAW IN WONG'S NIGHTMARE.

THIS IS WHERE HE DIED.

AND NOW--

-- THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO WILL COME TO BEAR...

TO HOPEFULLY TURN AN EVERLASTING DEATH INTO A RE-DAWNING LIFE.

SHADES OF THE SHADOW DEMONS! BEFORE ME...

...THE LIFE-PATTERNS OF DRACULA STILL THRIVE HERE.

AND THEY PLAY THE ROLE OF GRIM MURDERER TO TEASE AND PROVOKE ME.

VERY WELL, DRACULA-- DO WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.

AND, AS HE RISES, HE CHANGES-- META-MORPHOSIZES INTO THE BAT.

LEAD ON, VAMPIRE, AND I SHALL FOLLOW.

IT IS THE LIGHT OF TRUTH WHICH PIERCES THE DARK WAY... A LIGHT REVEALING THAT WHICH HAD OCCURRED HOURS BEFORE.

BUT THE MAGICIAN'S EYES FOLLOW THE DIMLIT SHAPE AS IT GLIDES DETERMINEDLY OVER BOSTON'S LANDSCAPE-- EQUALLY DETERMINED THAT THEY WILL NOT LOSE SIGHT OF THE LONG-DEPARTED MURDERER.

A VEIL OF IVORY CLOAKS THE GROUND, GIVING THE PARKLAND BELOW STEPHEN STRANGE A SURREALISTIC, UNNATURAL CALM.



UNTROD UPON, THE VIRGIN SNOW IS A SIGN OF THE PURITY IN NATURE.

YET, THE FLUTTERING WINGED SHAPE WHICH THE MYSTIC MAGE FOLLOWS, REVEALS NATURE'S GRIM, AND FAR MORE DARKER, SIDE.



THE BAT SHIMMERS WITHIN THE LIGHT OF THE EYE...

...SHIMMERS AND REFORMS INTO... NOT QUITE A MAN.

FOR, CAN THIS DEMON TRULY BE A MAN, DR. STRANGE THINKS TO HIMSELF.



HIS MIND THEN RETURNS TO WONG, AND THE MAGICIAN GRITS HIS TEETH ANGRILY; HE KNOWS THE ANSWER.

WITHIN THE MACABRE BROWNSTONE, NESTLED FAR BENEATH THE SNOWCOVERED CONCRETE SIDEWALKS, IN ONE OF THE DEEPEST CATACOMBS OF THE FORMER DOCTOR SUN'S MANSION, THE TARGET OF DOCTOR STRANGE'S SEARCH LIES QUIET, ASLEEP...



...UNDISTURBED BY ANY NIGHT-MAREISH THOUGHTS OF THE EVENING'S BLOODY MURDERS.

DRACULA HAS LIVED FIVE CENTURIES WITH DEATH; ITS GRIM MEANING FORGOTTEN AND SOME SLEEPS RESTFULLY.

THEN...



A HUMAN-- I SENSE THE PRESENCE OF A HUMAN IN THIS MANSE.

VAN HELSING? DRAKE? THAT DAMNABLE BLADE?

NO! THE SMELL IS DIFFERENT... ALMOST OMINOUS IN ITS PORTENT.



I DO NOT  
LIKE THIS.  
THE WALLS  
GLOW, YET,  
THERE IS  
SILENCE.

SOMETHING  
NAGS AT  
ME. **WHOEVER**  
HAS DISTURBED  
MY SLEEP...  
IS NOT AN  
ORDINARY  
HUMAN.

THEN...  
**WHOM?!**



BY THE OMNIPOTENT  
OSATHUR! YOU KILLED  
MY SERVANT, VAMPIRE--

--NOW FACE  
**DOCTOR  
STRANGE!**



WHAT?

THE LIGHT--  
**BLINDING  
ME!**



BUT IT TAKES  
MERE  
**MOMENTS**  
FOR DRACULA  
TO ADAPT.

I'VE HEARD OF  
YOU, STRANGE--  
WHISPERS FLOAT-  
ING IN GYPSY  
CAMPS... TALES  
TOLD BY FAILING MAGES  
I KNOW OF YOUR  
REPUTATION...

...BUT YOU DO  
IT LITTLE JUSTICE  
BY COMMITTING  
SUCH A **FOOLISH**  
MISTAKE.

YOU HAD THE  
ELEMENT OF  
**SURPRISE**,  
SORCERER--AND  
YOU FAILED TO  
**HOLD** IT IN YOUR  
POWER.



NOW, DRACULA  
IS READY--

--READY TO  
**DESTROY!**

DOCTOR STRANGE  
IS SILENT NOW!  
THE BATTLE HAS  
BEGUN, THE  
TIME FOR TALK  
IS OVER.

HE CAREFULLY EYES THE CHARGING DEMON,  
AND SEES THAT THIS DRACULA IS FEARLESS--  
CONFIDENT, AND, PERHAPS, THAT CONFIDENCE  
IS HIS WEAKNESS.

THE MAGICIAN DRAWS IN ON HIMSELF, RELAXING  
HIS MIND WHILE TENSING HIS RESOLVE.



HE'S CLEVER AND FAST...  
AND HIS HOLD ON HIS PHYSICAL  
FORM IS AS **TENACIOUS**  
AS MY OWN.

BUT, TO  
SAVE  
WONG'S  
LIFE-- I MUST  
**BREAK HIM--**  
COMPLETELY, AND  
AS QUICKLY AS  
I CAN.

EVEN AS I  
CONTEMPLATE  
THE ACTIONS  
NECESSARY TO  
SAVE HIM,  
WONG'S LIFE  
**FADES--**

I NEED ACTION  
**NOW--** AND THROUGH  
THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO  
SHALL COME THE  
BINDING FORCES OF  
THE **RINGS OF  
RAGSADOR--**

-- COUPLED  
WITH THE UN-  
BREAKABLE **CRIMSON  
BANDS OF CYTTORAK!**

TOGETHER  
THEY WILL **HOLD**  
THE VAMPIRE-- UNTIL  
HE CAN BE **FULLY  
PROBED!** I MUST  
LEARN HIS  
SECRETS-- I  
**MUST!**



WHAT MADNESS IS  
THIS, MAGICIAN?  
FROM NOTHINGNESS  
YOU SEEK TO **CON-  
STRICT** MY  
MOVEMENT--?



**PAH!** YOUR  
MYSTIC BONDS  
ARE AS EFFECTIVE  
AS **WATER** IN  
HOLDING ONE  
WHO CAN  
BECOME AS  
THE VERY  
**MIST**  
ITSELF.



YOUR  
ABILITIES ARE  
GOOD FOR **SHOW,**  
SORCERER-- BUT  
THEY ARE **USE-  
LESS** AGAINST  
ME--

-- WHEREAS YOU  
ARE STILL **HUMAN**  
ENOUGH TO **PERISH**  
WHEN MY POWERS  
COME TO BEAR.



ASSUMING  
YOU CAN  
TAKE ME.

BUT MY TRAINING  
IS USED FOR FAR  
**MORE** THAN  
MERELY SHOW.

THE  
COMPLETE  
**DESTRUCTION**  
OF YOUR COFFIN  
IS BUT THE  
**MEAREST**  
DISPLAY  
OF MY  
POWER.



YET, I DON'T WISH YOUR DESTRUCTION, DRACULA.

FOR I HAVE NEED OF YOU, AND AN EMPTY HUSK WILL NEVER DO IN YOUR STEAD.



THEREFORE, TO USE YOU, I MUST FIRST ELIMINATE YOUR ARROGANCE--

--LIKE THIS!

AGSHHHH!!



LET THE IMAGES OF IRON WREAK THE HAVOC IN YOUR MIND THAT PHYSICAL POWERS CAN NEVER ACCOMPLISH.

EVEN YOU MUST HAVE YOUR PASSIONS AND YOUR FEARS. NOW YOU SHALL BE FORCED TO SUFFER THROUGH THOSE FEARS!

THERE IS HAZE AMIDST THE CRIMSON ROCK AND SKY. SCARLET MIST DRAPES ABOUT DRACULA'S SHOULDERS LIKE A BLEEDING, DYING SHAWL... AND THE SHAWL IS TATTERED AND UNRAVELED AS THE PAST BECOMES THE PRESENT, AND THE PRESENT FAR MORE HORRIBLE THAN EVEN THE LORD OF VAMPIRES CAN WITHSTAND.

BELOW HIM IS A HORSE, PROUD AND NOBLE, AND THE VAMPIRE SITS COMFORTABLE IN THE SADDLE AS IF HE WERE BORN TO IT.



"VAMPIRE," DO WE DARE SCRIBE? MAY! DRACULA IS NO VAMPIRE, NOT NOW-- FOR THIS IS THE MOMENT OF BATTLE BEFORE THAT DREADED EVE SO MANY CENTURIES AGO.

THREE DAYS HAS HE FOUGHT, DRACULA AGAINST THE INVADING TURKISH HORDE. THREE DAYS OF ACHING FLESH, BLOODED SCARS AND STILL-GUSHING WOUNDS.

BUT THE DEVIL SITS PROUD IN HIS SADDLE, STILL READY TO CONTINUE.



FOR, IS HE NOT VLAD DRACULA-- PRINCE OF TRANSYLVANIA?

AND IS HE NOT COMMANDER OF THE ARMY? WARRIOR SUPREME?



HE PAUSES TO OBSERVE THE BATTLE ABOUT HIM THAT ONCE WAS FOUGHT, AND HE AGAIN CURSES HIS WEAK-KNEED SOLDIERS AS THEY FALL AND BLEED UPON THE NON-SCARLET EARTH.

THEN HE TURNS TO SEE THE ENEMY RIDE CLOSER.



FIGHT ON, YOU DAMNED DOGS-- FIGHT ON, OR FACE DRACULA HIMSELF!

AND, IN THIS VAGUE, SHADOWED-LAND OF HIS MIND, HE SEES LORD TURBAC, COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH GUARD.



NAY, DEVIL--  
YOU'LL FIGHT  
NO LONGER!

WHAT?  
YOU MOVE  
TOO  
QUICKLY!

DRACULA  
NODS AND SAYS  
NOTHING, BUT  
HE HEARS  
THE WORDS  
PLACED  
IN HIS MIND--  
WORDS THAT  
ONCE WERE  
SAID.

WORDS ONCE SAID BY THE SCOUNDREL,  
LORD TURAC--BUT NOW COMING SEEMINGLY  
FROM THE LIPS OF DOCTOR STRANGE...



IT SHALL TAKE MORE  
THAN A **TURKISH**  
**PIG** TO LAY DOWN  
THE **PRINCE** OF  
TRANSYLVANIA,  
FOOL--

--OR DID YOU  
REALLY  
**BELIEVE**  
I WOULD  
LET YOU  
**DEFEAT**  
ME WITH  
SUCH EASE?

NO, DOG,  
DRACULA  
DOES  
**NOT** FALL  
SO EASILY--

OR DIE  
BENEATH SOME  
NAMELESS  
SCUM'S SWORD!



WHAT--?  
**NO--**  
DRACULA  
CANNOT  
FALL!

BUT HE  
**DOES**,  
DEVIL--  
HE DOES!



HE LIES DYING, THEN,  
SOMEWHERE MUFFLED  
IN THE **MADNESS** OF  
HIS MIND, HE FEELS  
HIMSELF **DROGGED**  
IN A STRAIN-FILLED  
GART ACROSS HALF OF  
TRANSYLVANIA...

...TO THE BYZANTINE  
CAMP OF **LIANDA**,  
THE WITCH-  
WOMAN.

TURAC'S VOICE COMMANDS  
LIANDA TO **HEAL** DRACULA.  
THEN HE DEPARTS.



SO, YOUR  
"FRIENDS" WILL  
PAY MUCH TO KEEP  
YOU **ALIVE**, WILL  
THEY-- **DRACULA?**

THEY MUST THINK  
ME A **FOOL** NOT  
TO HAVE **REGRETS**--  
NEED THE MAN  
HIS SUBJECTS  
CALL **THE DEVIL**!

YOU HAVE GIVEN  
MY **PEOPLE** MUCH  
GRIEF, IMPALER--  
AND **NOW** I  
SHALL RETURN THE  
FAVOR--



YES, I'LL RETURN LIFE TO  
YOUR **BONES**. BUT NOT  
WITH MY HERBS, FIEND--

--NO, WITH A FAR **MORE**  
**POTENT** MEDICINE-- ONE  
WHICH SHALL LAST  
**FOREVER**...

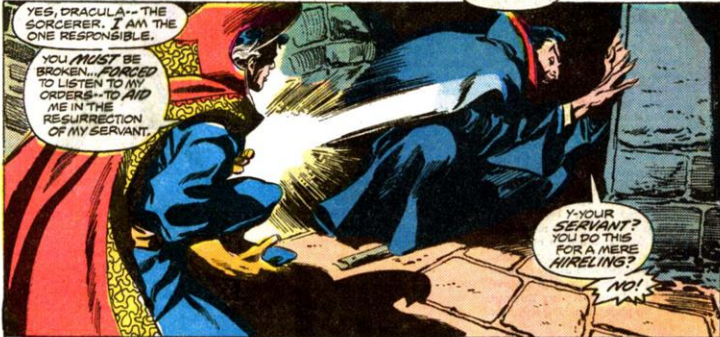
...THE BITE...

...OF THE  
**VAMPIRE**!!!

# THE VAMPIRE... THE VAMPIRE... THE VAMPIRE...



THE  
SORCERER!



BY THE DREAD DORMAMMU--  
HE MUST BE STOPPED!



BUT STILL HE  
PUSHES CLOSER...  
CLOSER, FIGHTING  
OFF THE VERY  
FARGES I SEND  
AGAINST HIM.

I REFUSE TO  
BE HALTED,  
AND THUS  
YOU HAVE  
FAILED.

THERE IS  
NOTHING MORE  
YOU CAN DO TO  
ME. THE NIGHT--  
MARE IS OVER--!



NOW YOU  
MUST BE MADE  
TO SUFFER.

MY EYES, STRANGE. GAZE  
DEEPLY INTO MY EYES!



LET MY WILL  
BECOME  
YOURS!!



...YOUR... WILL  
... BECOME...  
MINE...

AND NOW--  
BEFORE YOU  
CAN MUSTER  
RESISTANCE--

I SHALL HAVE  
MY FEAST!



DOCTOR STRANGE DOESN'T MOVE AS  
DRACULA LOWERS HIS FANGS TOWARDS  
HIS NECK. HE DOESN'T FLINCH AS THEY  
PIERCE HIS FLESHY NECK, SINK DEEP  
INTO THE VEIN, AND DRAW BLOOD.

AND, IN A MOMENT,  
DOCTOR STRANGE--  
-- IS DEAD.



YOU FOUGHT WELL,  
STRANGE, YET, I  
COULD NOT DIE,  
THEREFORE I COULD  
NOT LOSE.

FAREWELL  
UNTIL WE  
MEET AGAIN--  
THREE DAYS  
HENCE!

AND, IN THE FAR DISTANCE, THE MIDNIGHT BELLS TOLL  
THEIR FINAL, DEADLY PEAL. IT IS TWELVE O'CLOCK MID-  
NIGHT-- THE WITCHING HOUR, AND THE SORCERER SUPREME  
IS DEAD!

TO BE CONTINUED. BE SURE TO BUY  
**DOCTOR STRANGE #14**  
ON SALE IN JUST ONE WEEK!  
YOU DON'T DARE MISS THIS ONE!

THE DOOR OPENS, AND BLADE'S HEART SKIPS AN EXTRA BEAT. A DARK-SHADOWED FORM ENTERS THE ROOM.

AND, EVEN THROUGH THE DARKNESS CLOAKING THE PROWLING FIGURE...



...BLADE KNOWS THAT THIS IS A VAMPIRE!



HE BRACES HIMSELF A MOMENT, GRASPING THE WOODEN KNIFE HE CARVED MORE THAN SIX YEARS AGO JUST FOR THIS MOMENT--



--AND THEN BLADE COMES CRASHING THROUGH!

ALL RIGHT, YOU STINKING SCUM, I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU--WAITIN' FOR YOU ALL MY LIFE--



--AND NOW IT'S JUST YOU 'N ME, SCUM-- IN A FIGHT TO THE--

HOLD IT!

YOU--



--YOU'RE NOT THE STINKIN' VAMP, I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR.

YOU'RE NOT THE SCUM THAT KILLED MY MOTHER.

WHO ARE YOU?  
WHO ARE YOU?  
WHO ARE YOU?



THE NAME'S KING...

...HANNIBAL KING!

THE BATTLE YOU'VE ALL DEMANDIED!

**BLADE** THE VAMPIRE SLAYER AGAINST HANNIBAL KING VAMPIRE DETECTIVE!

AND, THE BEGINNING OF A DEADLY NEW EPIC:  
ON SALE IN

**TOMB OF DRACULA** #45.  
WE TRUST YOU WILL BE HERE.