



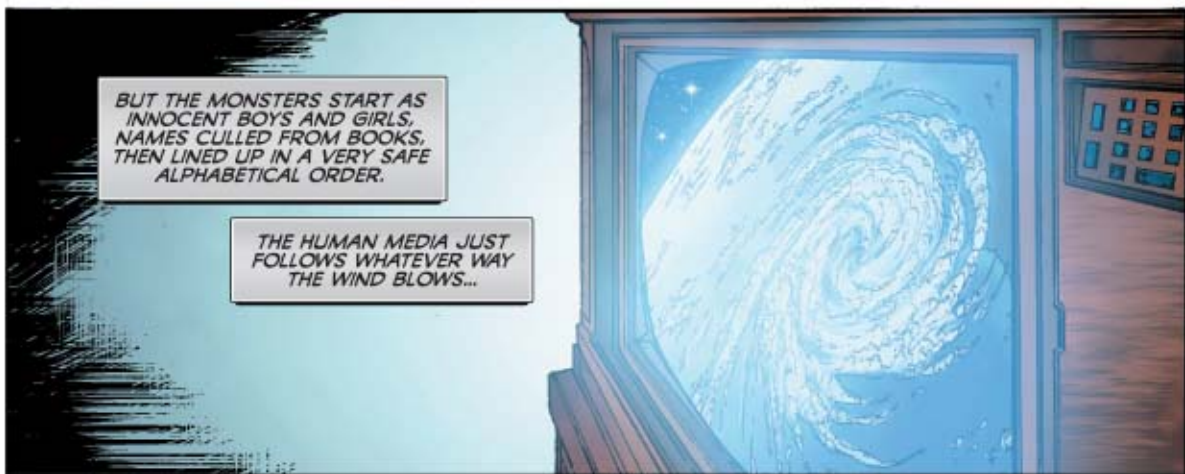
THEY'RE RUNNING
OUT OF TITLES FOR THE
REALLY BIG ONES...



THE PERFECT STORM.



STORM OF THE
CENTURY.



BUT THE MONSTERS START AS
INNOCENT BOYS AND GIRLS,
NAMES CULLED FROM BOOKS,
THEN LINED UP IN A VERY SAFE
ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE HUMAN MEDIA JUST
FOLLOWS WHATEVER WAY
THE WIND BLOWS...

PART ONE OF SIX

MANDATORY EVACUATION PROTOCOLS

I THINK THEY GIVE
HUMAN NAMES TO STORMS
BECAUSE THEY THINK IT
GIVES THEM CONTROL.

THAT'S WHY THEY'RE
PUT IN AN ARBITRARY
ORDER.

BUT NO ONE CAN
CONTROL A FORCE
OF NATURE.







PERHAPS
IT IS EASIER
TO BEAT ME IF YOU
BELIEVE ME ALREADY
ANESTHETIZED--



THE
LIGHTNING
MAKES
US--



KRAKOOM

AND IT UNMAKES
US ALSO...

I AM NOT AFRAID
OF THE DARK,
VICTOR...

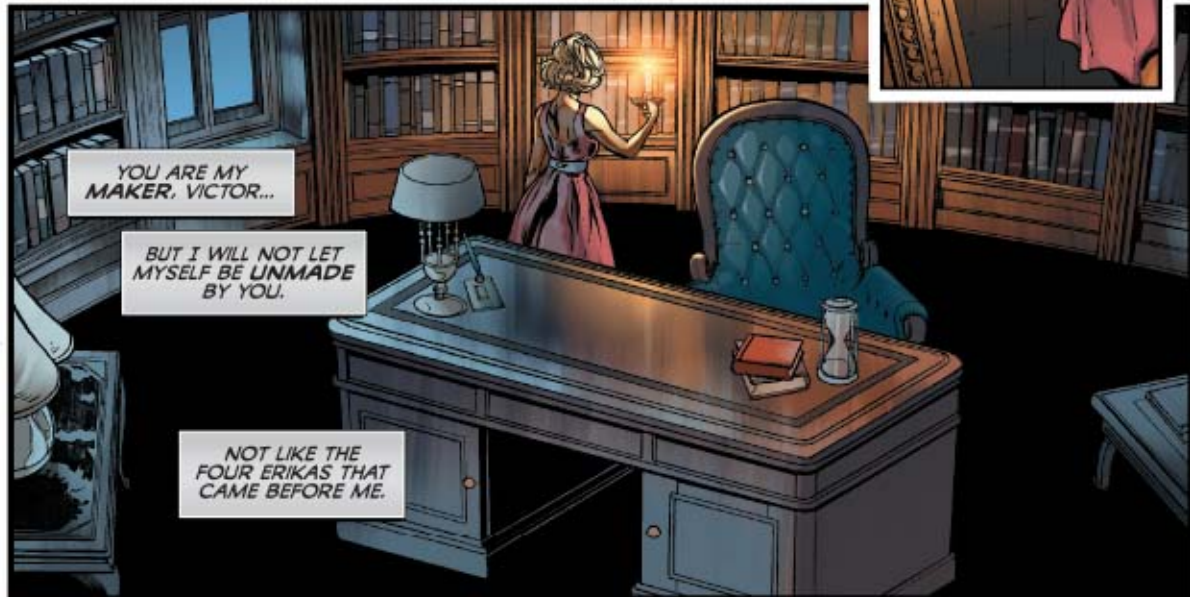


AND I AM NOT AFRAID
OF YOU, EVEN THOUGH
YOU HURT ME SO...



VICTOR?

HAVE YOU
RETURNED?



YOU ARE MY
MAKER, VICTOR...

BUT I WILL NOT LET
MYSELF BE UNMADE
BY YOU.

NOT LIKE THE
FOUR ERIKAS THAT
CAME BEFORE ME.



IDEAS DO NOT JUST
COME FROM BOOKS...



JUST
NAMES.

STORIES.



AND LIKE THE CHILDREN SING...



NAMES CAN NEVER HURT YOU.



VICTOR?



IS THAT YOU, POPPET?

OH!



WHO'S THERE IN THE DARK?

VICTOR, HAVE YOU RETURNED?





OH,
IT'S ONLY
YOU.

YOU
WOUND ME,
POPPET.

DID YOU
COME LOOKING
FOR YOUR DAILY
BEATING?

MASTER
VICTOR'S NOT
ABOUT--



BUT I COULD CERTAINLY LEND A HAND!

HA! HA!
HA! HA!

MY NAME IS ERIKA!

YOU'RE ALL ERIKA.

BUT YOU'RE DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS, AREN'T YOU POPPET?

KEEP YOUR COLD DEAD HAND AWAY FROM ME!

SHOO NOW!
SHOO!

HA! HA!
HA! HA!

I CAN'T! IT HAS ITCHY FINGERS AND A MIND OF ITS OWN!



KARLOFF, YOU ARE A GHOUL!



ONLY FROM THE NECK DOWN!

AND THOSE PARTS OF ME ARE ON HOLIDAY!

SKASH



OH... URK...
POPPET!

YOU KNOW I'M
MOTIVATIONALLY
CHALLENGED!

HAVE
A CARE!



HELP
YOURSELF,
KARLOFF.



I'LL DO
ANYTHING!

CROSS
YOUR HEART
AND HOPE
TO DIE?



IF YOU
CAN FIND IT...
YES!

OWW!



THANK YOU,
POPPET.

YOU MAY
PUT ME DOWN
NOW AND GO
ABOUT YOUR
DRUNKERY.



NOT
TONIGHT,
KARLOFF.

THERE'S
A STORM
BREWING--

AND YOU
AND YOUR HAND
WILL HELP ME
THIS NIGHT.



UNFORTUNATELY, POPPET...

I CAN ONLY SPEAK FOR ONE OF US.



VICTOR HAS SO MANY WONDERFUL TOYS, KARLOFF.

GIVEN YOUR PRESENT STATE, I CAN ONLY GUESS THAT YOU HAVE SAMPLED MORE THAN A FEW...



SPECULUM AND SCALPEL...



POTIONS AND FORMULAS...



AND THE LIGHTNING MADE RIGHT HERE ON THE PREMISES OF CASA FRANKENSTEIN...

NOW TELL ME WHERE IT IS...

W-WHAT IS, POPPET?





WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? WITH THE CABLE OUT, THERE'S NOT MUCH TO DO...

EXCEPT YOUR LITTLE **DRAMA**, POPPET.

=AHEM=



SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT--



NOK NOK

BENEATH THE SECRET LABORATORY OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, ALSO KNOWN AS HELIOS, THERE LIES AN EVEN MORE SECRET SANCTUM...

HORRORS WITHIN HORRORS.



GO, SNOOP.

YOU'LL BE A **REAL** WOMAN THEN, POP--

OWW!

COME ON THEN, KARLOFF...