



WE MADE OUR WAY THROUGH THE HILLS ONCE MORE...

...THIS TIME HEADING TO THE WHATLEY PLACE TO KILL A MASTER VAMPIRE.



WE STILL HAD A FEW HOURS OF DAYLIGHT ON OUR SIDE...

...A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK...



...FOR ONCE.



THIS FAMILY... THE WHATLEYS... WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THEM?

YOU THINK THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE WHATLEYS ARE...

...WELL...

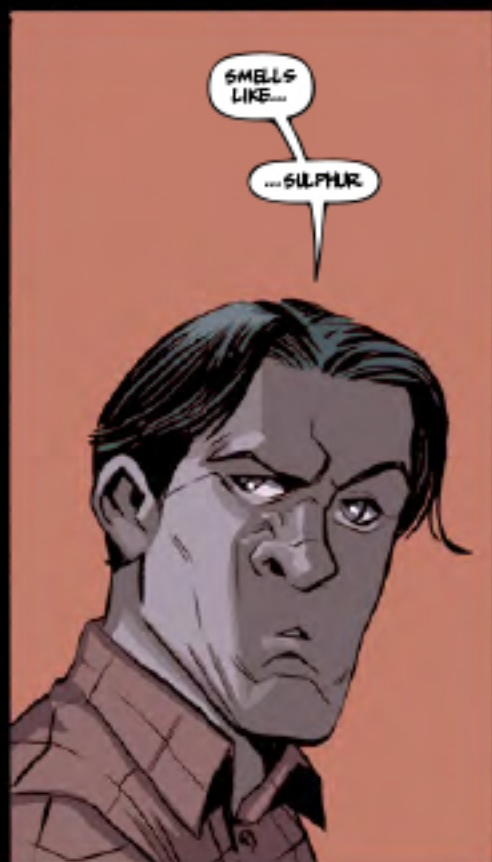
...THEY'RE SORT OF LIKE BOOGEYMAN, I GUESS.



I DON'T KNOW IF YOU BELIEVED IN WITCHCRAFT AND THE LIKE BEFORE YESTERDAY...

...BUT IF YOU DID, YOU'D WANT TO STAY AS FAR FROM THIS PLACE AS YOU COULD.

THESE FOLKS... THEY'RE—





IF THE WHATLEYS HAD BEEN INVOLVED
IN UNLEASHING THE HORROR THAT
HAD BEFALLEN SPIDER CREEK...

...THEY HADN'T PROVEN IMMUNE TO IT.



THE FARM REEKED OF
THE ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR
ROTTING MEAT STINK.




WHAT'S
GOING
ON HERE,
RIP?

THE
MASTER'S
NEARBY... I
CAN SENSE
IT

BUT I HAD
SUSPECTED
MAYBE THE
WHATLEYS WERE
IN CAYOOTS
WITH HIM.



IT
DON'T LOOK
THAT WAY
NOW.



UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE
SUNLIGHT, WE SEARCHED THE FARM
WITHOUT FEAR OF A VAMPIRE ATTACK.


WE KNEW, THOUGH, AS SOON AS WE ENTERED
ONE OF THE SHUTTERED HOUSES, WE'D BE
PUTTING OURSELVES IN DANGER.



R.R... LET ME
GO HAVE A
LOOK.

YOU CAN'T GO
IN THERE BY
YOURSELF.

EVERY
BLOODSUCKER
IN THE COUNTY
MIGHT BE HIDING
IN THERE!



WELL THEN...
I'D JUST BE ONE
MORE OF
THEM.

I'VE BEEN
BIT, R.R.
I'M
ALREADY
A DEAD
MAN.



UNNNNGGGH...

HOLD
ON NOW
WHAT'S THAT
SOUND?



WHO...

...WHO'S THERE?



SHOULDN'T BE HERE.

BAD THINGS ABOUT



I RECOGNIZED HIM STRAIGHT AWAY...

B-BAD THINGS.

...OLD MAN EISEKEL... THE PATRIARCH OF THE WHATLEY CLAN.



MR. WHATLEY... IT'S R.B. COVEN.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? ARE YOU—



WHO...

WHOSE BLOOD IS THAT?



WE... WE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT.

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED UP WHAT COULD NOT BE PUT DOWN.

BUT WE DID... WE CALLED HIM UP...

*...CALLED HIM UP TO END OUR FEUD ONCE AND FOR ALL!

*WE GATHERED IN THE OLD BOOTLEGGERS' CAVES, JUST LIKE ALWAYS.



*I DON'T RECKON THAT THESE DAYS THERE'S THAT MANY BELIEVERS AMONGST MY KIN.



*IT'S MORE ABOUT TRADITION THAN ANYTHING.

*HELL... THERE AIN'T BUT A HANDFUL OF US WHO EVEN KNOW WHY WE HATE THE STUBBS.

*IN THAT WAY, I SUPPOSE THE FEUD ITSELF IS JUST SOMETHING THAT'S SIMPLY ALWAYS BEEN.



*BUT I SWORE I'D TEACH THE FAMILY...

*...SWORE I'D SHOW THEM THE POWER OF THE OLD WAYS...



*...EVEN IF I HAD TO CALL UP
THE DEVIL HIMSELF TO DO IT!

AVERT
YOUR
EYES.

DO NOT
LOOK UPON
ME.

"I ASKED HIM TO GIVE US A SIGN...
TO GIVE US A WEAPON TO USE
AGAINST OUR ENEMIES.

*AND HE GAVE US... A THING
STRAIGHT OUT OF HELL.

*ONE OF HIS BROOD CRAWLED
UP FROM THE FESTERING PIT
TO DO OUR BIDDING.

*BUT IT TURNED MY OWN
FAMILY INTO THOSE THINGS!

*WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER!

*BUT HIS WORDS WERE SOAKED
IN JUST ENOUGH SORROW TO
COVER THE TASTE OF POISON!

*I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
BETTER THAN TO TRUST
THE DEVIL.

*I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
BETTER THAN TO LOOK.*