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WABEY



BATTLEGROUND

**FEATURING
MADAME LEECH**



ANDREW MANGUM 15 WEEKLY

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LETTERED BY GEORGE E WARNER EDITED BY MARSHALL NAYLOR

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PRESENT DAY, NEW YORK CITY.

MAN, SOME DAYS ARE WORSE THAN OTHERS. ESPECIALLY WHEN ON THE HUNT FOR ALL THESE MONSTERS.



THIS WOMAN DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT. I KNEW IT WAS HER FROM THE FOUL STENCH. NO HUMAN CAN DETECT IT, BUT I'M NOT HUMAN, AND NEITHER IS SHE.



I'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND THE NEW YORK AREA AFTER READING ABOUT A SERIAL KILLER ON THE LOOSE. SAME MODUS OPERANDI BEFITTING A KILLER I MET BACK IN PARIS DURING THE 60'S.



SHE WAS SELLING HER BODY FOR MORE THAN JUST MONEY. BEAUTIFUL AND BRAINY, THIS IS NOT THE FIRST LIBRARY I'VE ENCOUNTERED HER IN.



SHE'S A MYSTERY, AN ENIGMA. MEN ARE DRAWN TO HER BEAUTY AND THEN VANISH FROM EXISTENCE.

SHE WANDERS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, WORKING, LIKE A PARASITE, SEEKING A NEW VICTIM TO DRAIN.

THE CREATURE'S HERE AND I'M GONNA RIP ITS ASS WHEN I FIND IT.



PATHETIC. I HAVE TO TAKE TIME AWAY FROM HUNTING THAT NAZI FUCKER, KRIEL.*



*SEE WILDER ONE-SHOT.

EXCUSE ME, MADAME?



I KNEW YOU'D EVENTUALLY FIND ME, ONLY A MATTER OF TIME. WHY COULDN'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS? DIDN'T YOU KNOW CURIOSITY KILLED THE... WELL, WOLF MAN?

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON, JUST LIKE ALL THOSE MEN WHO CAME TO ME FOR HELP WITH THEIR SEXUAL INADEQUACIES, FROM THE LOOKS OF YOU, THOUGH, I DON'T THINK THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM.

I'VE NEVER DRAINED A WOLFIE BEFORE. THIS MIGHT BE FUN KILLING YOU. YOU PROBABLY TASTE MEATY.

WHY IS SHE STARING AT ME LIKE THAT? WHAT THE HELL IS UP WITH THAT SMELL? IT'S PARALYZING, I CAN'T EVEN MOVE.

GOD, THAT SMELL HAS GOTTEN EVEN STRONGER... WHAT IS THAT?

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE OVERPOWERED BY A WOMAN, WOLFIE? I'VE BEEN AROUND FOR CENTURIES. THIS IS NO NEW GAME TO ME, KILLED MEN MUCH STRONGER THAN YOU COULD EVER BE.

YOU'RE NOT EVEN A WOMAN OR HUMAN, BABY, AND NEITHER AM I. I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

YOU CAN'T KILL ME WHEN YOU'RE DEAD.



HOLY SHIT.



WHAT THE HELL IS THAT... LEECHES?!





GOD, YOU'RE PISGUSTING.

The Art of Roy Young

THE LOVE OF EKLY.



WHAT'S GOING ON?!

DID SOMEONE GET HURT?!



BETTER GET OUT OF DODGE.

WILEY TURNER
Steven Hughes 'a I
FRANK ROZZETTA the man the
The Art of doing it
100 See...



SHE'S DAMN NEAR DONE IT AGAIN... ONE THING'S FOR SURE, I MESS'D HER UP GOOD.



YOU CAN RUN AND HIDE, BUT YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME.



...KLICK...



WHAT THE FU--?



SO... WOLFIE, YOU THINK YOU CAN KILL ME? MANY MEN HAVE TRIED AND FAILED OVER THE YEARS... DO YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU'RE MAN OR WOLF ENOUGH?

I HATE ALL MEN, ESPECIALLY, MY UNCLE, WHO PUNISHED ME WITH THIS "CURSE". HE AND A CRAZY WITCH DOCTOR CAST A SPELL ON ME AFTER FINDING OUT I HAD KILLED HIS PRECIOUS DAUGHTER, HIS PRIDE AND JOY, MY FIRST VICTIM AND TASTE OF HUMAN BLOOD.

I'VE BEEN HOOKED EVER SINCE, EVEN FAKING MY OWN DEATH AFTER BEING BANISHED TO THE DEPTHS OF A CASTLE, SURVIVING ONLY ON RODENTS. NOT A WAY TO LIVE, AND I THIRSTED FOR BLOOD AND REQUIRED IT TO REMAIN YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.