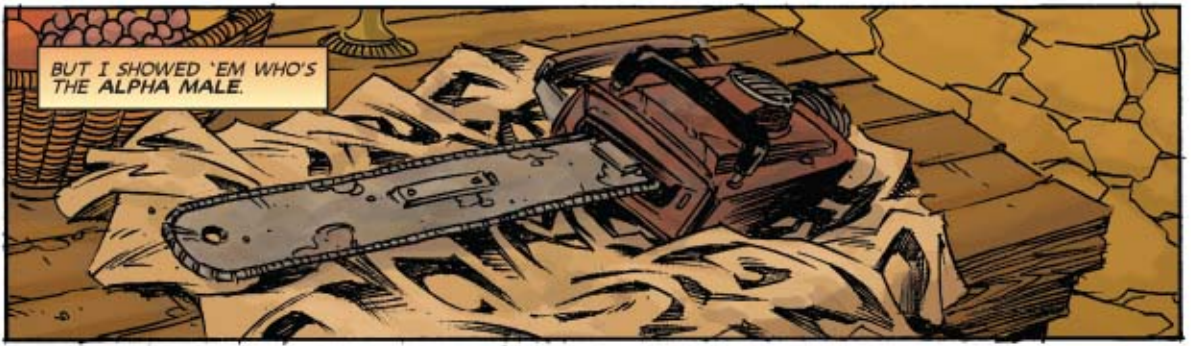


MY NAME IS ASH,
AND I AM A WARRIOR.

I WAS A SLAVE,
AFTER A TIME VORTEX
CRAPPED ME OUT INTO
1300 A.D.

WHERE I WAS
CAPTURED BY THESE
POORLY GROOMED
PRIMATES--AND I
HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN
THEIR BIKINI AREAS.





BUT I SHOWED 'EM WHO'S THE ALPHA MALE.



WITH THE HELP OF A LITTLE S-MART HARDWARE.



NOW THE BOOK THAT STARTED ALL THIS--

THE NECRONOMICON EX MORTIS...



...IS LOCKED IN THE CASTLE'S PARAKEET OR WHATEVER IT'S CALLED.



AND I'M HAVING A LITTLE DOWNTIME WITH THIS BUNCH OF '70S PORN STAR LOOKALIKES BEFORE THE NEXT MOVE BY THOSE DEADITES.



VAMPIRELLA

VS.

ARMY OF DARKNESS

WRITTEN BY MARK RAHNER
DRAWN BY JETHRO MORALES
COLORED BY MORGAN HICKMAN
LETTERED BY MARSHALL DILLON



WHAT DID YOU SAY NEXT, ASH-HOUSE-WARES?



AH, "HOUSEWARES" ISN'T MY LAST NAME. IT'S--

HE IS THE PROMISED ONE!

HERE'S TO ME!

TO THE

PROMISED

ONE!







WELL, SIR HOUSEWARES, I PREFER THEM WITH MORE MEAT ON THE BONE.

MORE POWER TO YA, THEN, FRIEND.

AND BY THAT I MEAN LITERALLY MORE POWER TO LIFT HER!



SPEAKING OF BIG ONES, WISEMAN...

AH, YES. THE GREAT WINGED DEADITE.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE BIGGER THE SPLAT. AM I RIGHT?

I THINK NOT.
I THINK EVEN YOUR BOOM STICK CANNOT FELL THE GREAT ONE.

