





What? No he *doesn't*.

Fossilized fishhooks! He looks like *you*, Tommy!

Well, he does a bit. Obviously he's centuries *older*, and he's--



More than a bit. He's got your *tattoo*!

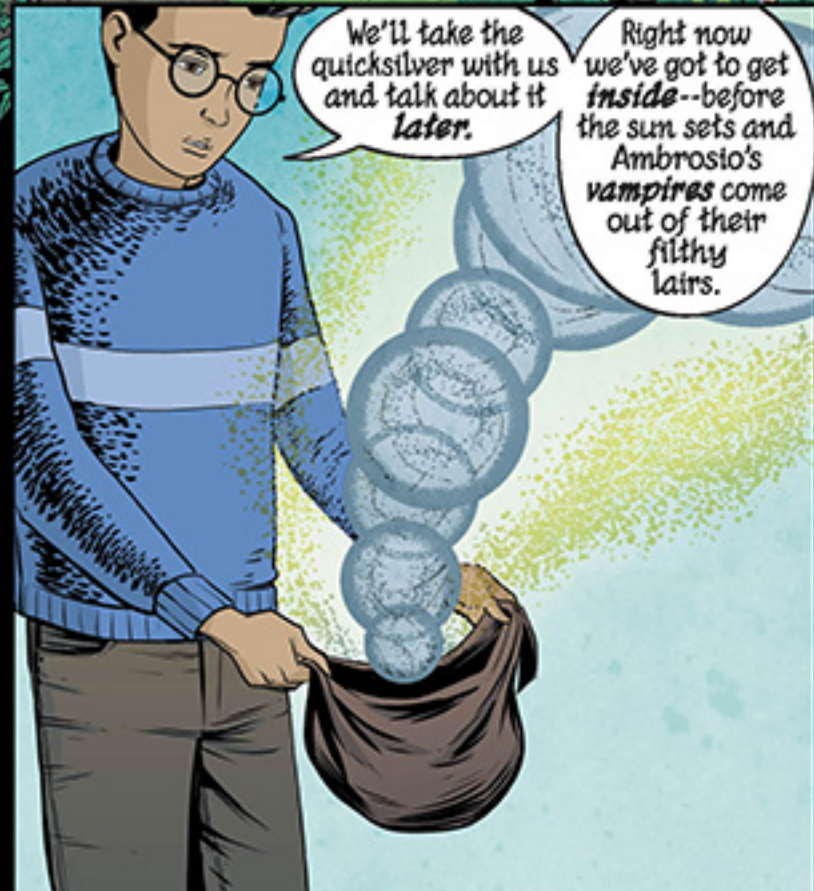
Tommy, set him free, and let's *ask* him who he is.



I don't think so, Sue. The *Count* has used copies of me before, to fool you.

But--

Buts are for billy goats. Quicksilver--*portable mode*, please.



We'll take the quicksilver with us and talk about it *later*.

Right now we've got to get *inside*--before the sun sets and Ambrosio's *vampires* come out of their filthy lairs.



Tomorrow we'll find him. And *finish* this.

Or *die* trying.



I'm sorry to *disturb* you, old friend.

But I stand in need of some *advice* from a wise old head.



And I can't think of anybody else to *ask*.

YPTD
ZXFKLP
HNY!



AHRR! You wake me... from my *death*... cruelly done!

It is... *cruelly* done!



Well now. "*Cruel*" is what the *weak* cry when the *strong* take their pleasure.

Here, Professor. Look at *this*, and tell me what it is.



It is... the golden *trumpet*.

Is it?


No.

No, I *thought* not.



I had intended to destroy the *world*. But someone gave me this.

Now I'm inclined to aim a little *higher*.




It has a quality. A *je ne sais quoi*. It seems *real* in a way I've never encountered before.

With an instrument like this, a man might accomplish *great* things.

To end *all* the worlds at once-- would that not be the greatest offering *Aka-Eruth* was ever given?


Would she not sit me *beside* her on a heavenly throne, in delighted recompense?



If you blow that *horn*... Ambrosio...



...the damage will not stop... at the walls of Heaven.



That's what I *hoped* you'd say.



And the Count went forth, humming a little tune.

Whose dire tones drove all who heard them to despair and madness.

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Vampires wheeled in the skies over the cliffs of Eastbrooke.

Nothing moved without their seeing it, and stooping on it, and feeding their immortal hunger.

But they did not see the cave where Tommy, Sue and Peter hid.

Professor Tulkinghorn's skulking permit still protected them.

Tommy Taylor sat and contemplated the man who seemed to wear his face.

Vague images stirred in his mind but refused to coalesce into memories.

