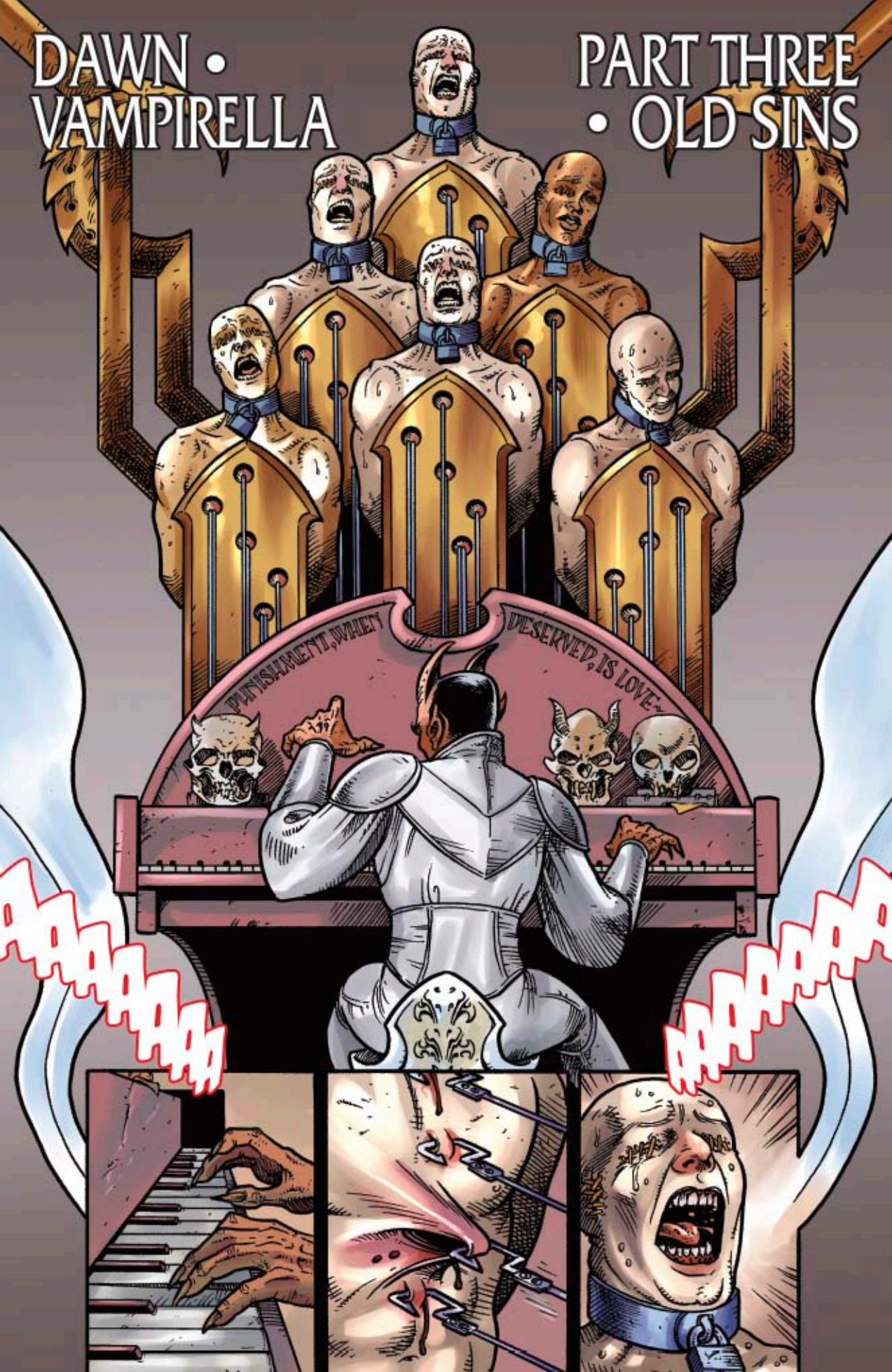


DAWN •
VAMPIRELLA

PART THREE
• OLD SINS





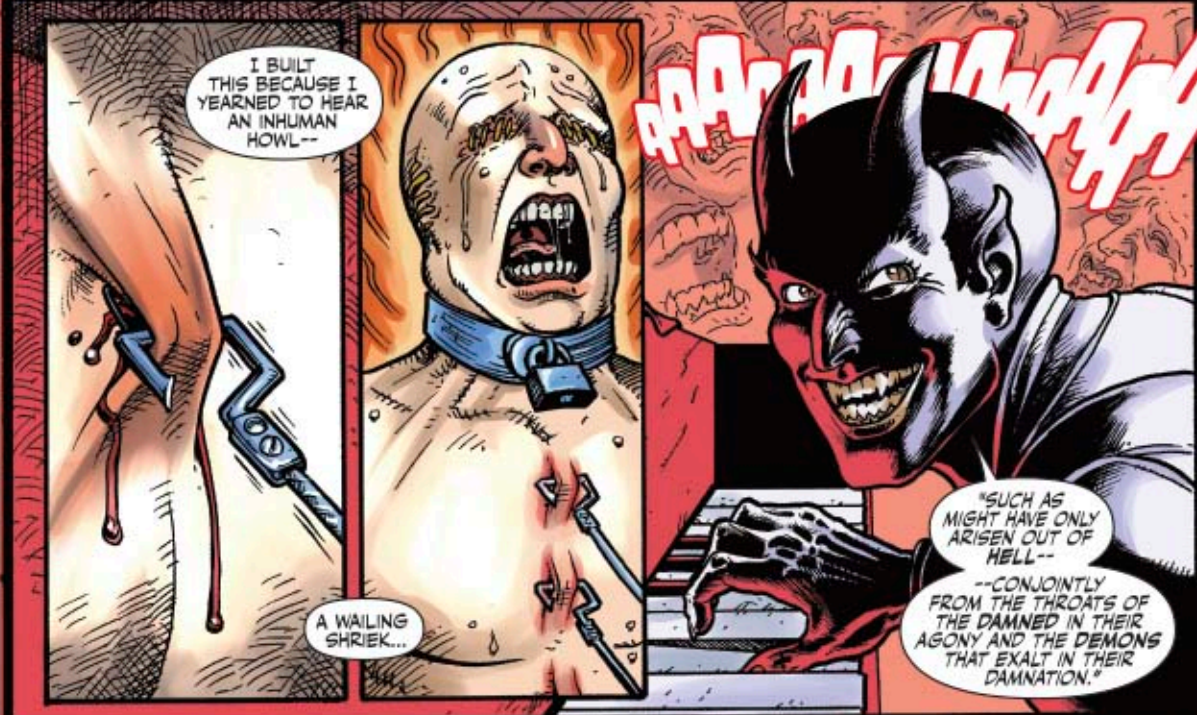
HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT, LADIES? I CALL THIS MY HELL-O-TRON.

CHARMING.

AWFUL.

THANKS.

EVERY KEY PULLS A WIRE--EVERY WIRE HAS A HOOK--EVERY HOOK PRODUCES A DIFFERENT SCREAM.



I BUILT THIS BECAUSE I YEARNED TO HEAR AN INHUMAN HOWL--

A WAILING SHRIEK...

AAAAA

"SUCH AS MIGHT HAVE ONLY ARISEN OUT OF HELL--
--CONJOINTLY FROM THE THROATS OF THE DAMNED IN THEIR AGONY AND THE DEMONS THAT EXALT IN THEIR DAMNATION."



THANK YOU, MR. POE.

WHO ARE THESE POOR FOOLS?

THESE DAMNED? POLITICIANS, MOSTLY. A FEW PRIESTS. A TEACHER OR TWO.

THEIR SIN WAS EGO--THINKING THAT THEIR WORDS ACTUALLY MEANT SOMETHING.

AAAAAARGGGHHRRRAARRGGGHHHH



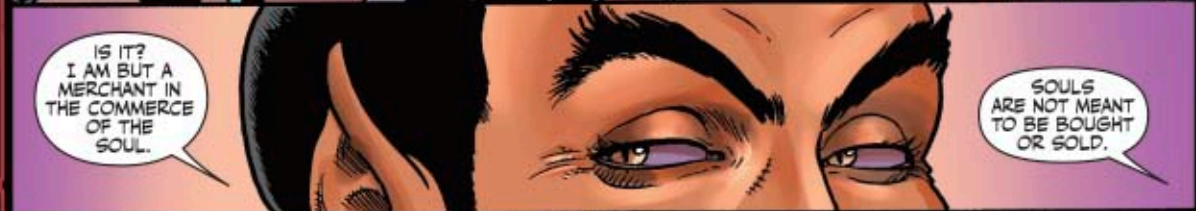
DID THEY SIN OR DID YOU TRAP THEM?

I TRAP NO ONE.

I MIGHT OFFER THEM A GLIMPSE OF WHAT THEY WANT MOST...

AND IF THEY END UP SLASHING THEIR OWN MOTHER'S THROAT TO GET TO IT, WHO AM I TO STOP THEM?

PRETTY EVIL.



IS IT? I AM BUT A MERCHANT IN THE COMMERCE OF THE SOUL.

SOULS ARE NOT MEANT TO BE BOUGHT OR SOLD.



SAYS WHO?

WHAT ABOUT YOUR SOUL?



OH, THE BANK FORECLOSED ON THAT WHEN THE MARKET WAS YOUNG, MY DEAR.

BUT ENOUGH OF THAT.

DAWN, TELL ME A STORY.

ENCHANT ME--



I'LL DO MY BEST. REMEMBER THOSE SISTERS VAMPIRELLA TOLD YOU ABOUT?

WELL, THEIR STORY ISN'T OVER YET.

KISSING THE GREEN MAN

ANN HAD WON THE DAY, BESTING HER SISTER IN A CONTEST TO DETERMINE WHO WOULD BECOME LEADER. NANCY HAD DISGRACED HERSELF BY TRYING TO CHEAT.

THE TRIBE WANTED NOTHING TO DO WITH HER. LIFE AFTER THE APOCALYPSE WAS HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT TOLERATING FRAUDS.



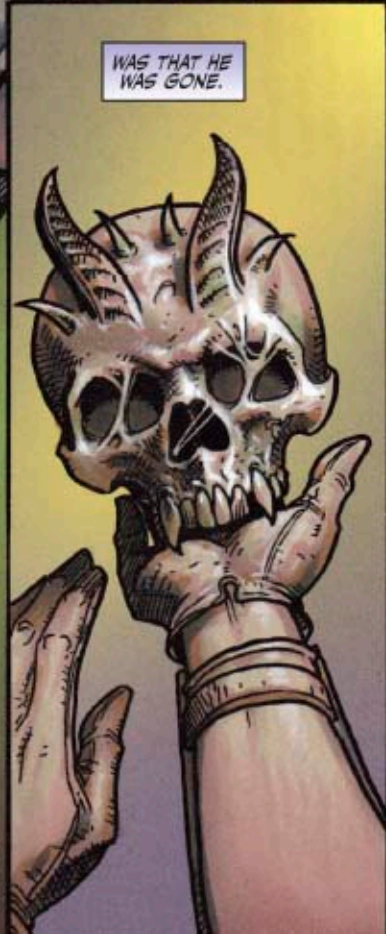
ANN WOULD NOW LEAD HER PEOPLE INTO A WAR WITH THEIR ENEMIES IN BROOKLYN.

NANCY WAS ON HER OWN-- AN OUTCAST.

SHE WANTED TO PROVE HERSELF WORTHY OF HER FATHER'S MEMORY. GONAR HAD BEEN A GREAT LEADER, KEEPING THE TRIBE TOGETHER THROUGH MANY HARDSHIPS.

SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAD HAPPENED TO HIM WHEN HE WENT TO MANHATTAN ISLAND. HIS EXACT FATE WAS A MYSTERY. ALL THAT WAS CERTAIN...

WAS THAT HE WAS GONE.



MANHATTAN WAS A STRANGE AND DANGEROUS PLACE, FULL OF MYSTERY AND TREASURE. NANCY WONDERED IF SHE MIGHT SOMEHOW BE ABLE TO RETRIEVE SOMETHING OF VALUE TO THE TRIBE.

MAYBE SHE COULD WIN HER WAY BACK INTO THEIR FAVOR.



SINCE THE WAR, THE ISLAND HAD BEEN DEEMED RADIOACTIVE AND STRICTLY OFF-LIMITS. IT WAS SAID THAT THE TOXIC AIR COULD CHANGE PEOPLE AND EVEN PRODUCE MUTANTS.

IN FACT, HER SISTER ANN SEEMED ALTERED BY THE TIME SHE HAD SPENT THERE.

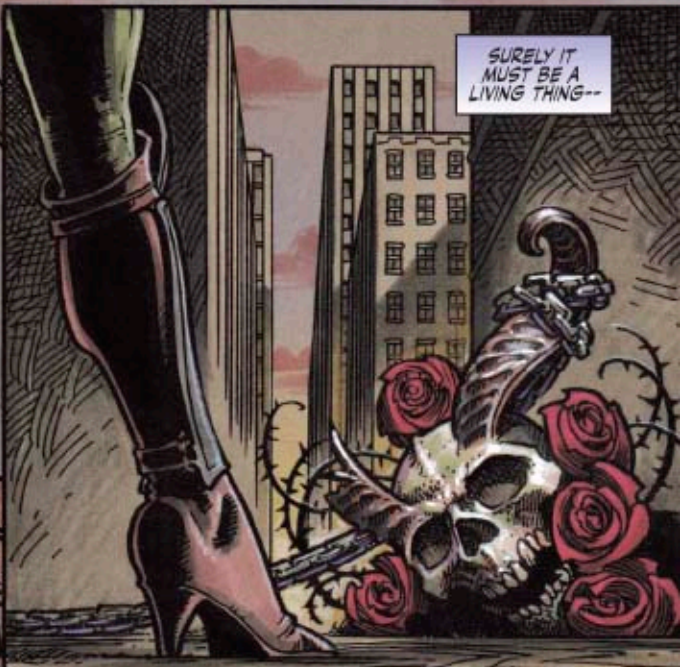
NANCY HAD NOTHING TO LOSE NOW.



SOMETHING WAS DRAWING HER TO MANHATTAN.



THE KEY TO HER FATE WAS WAITING THERE FOR HER. IN HER CENTER SHE COULD FEEL IT CALLING HER, PULSATING FOR HER.



SURELY IT MUST BE A LIVING THING--