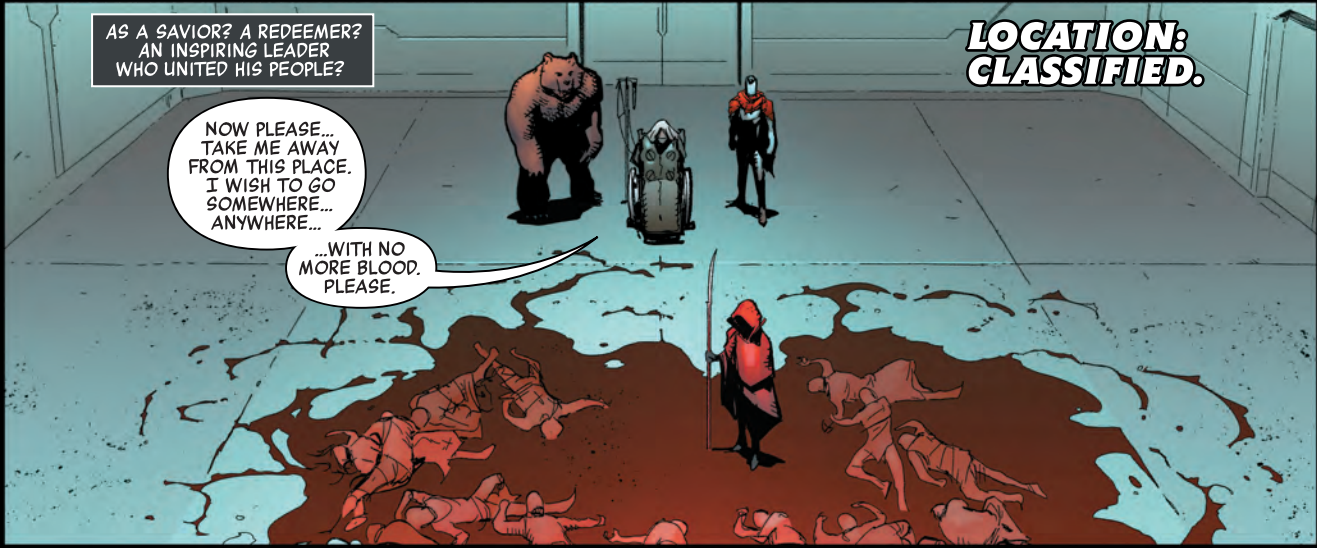


AFTER I'M GONE, HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE I'LL BE REMEMBERED?

THAT... IS ALL I KNOW.
EVERY DARK SECRET OF THE LAST 500 YEARS.
ON THE COFFINS OF MY CHILDREN, I SWEAR.

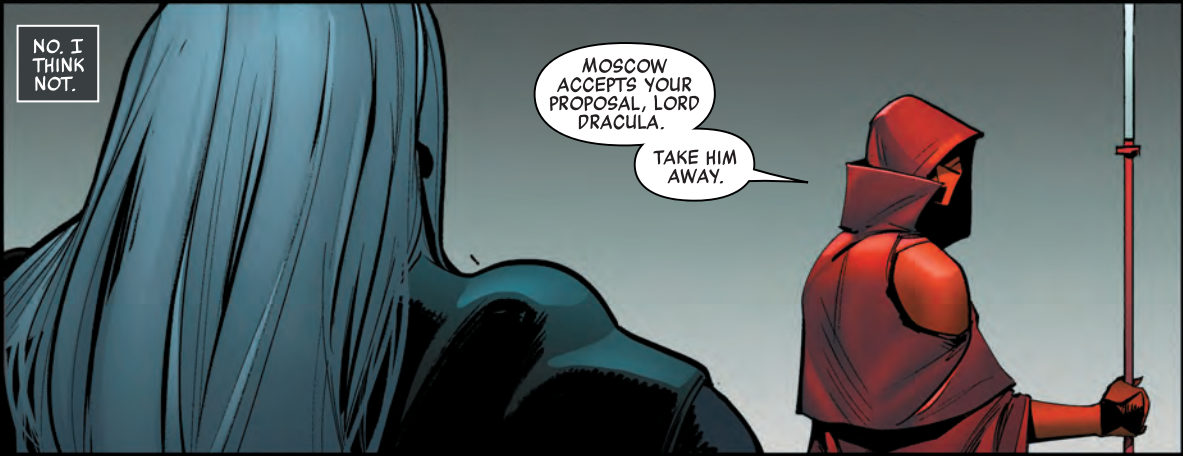


AS A SAVIOR? A REDEEMER? AN INSPIRING LEADER WHO UNITED HIS PEOPLE?

**LOCATION:
CLASSIFIED.**

NOW PLEASE... TAKE ME AWAY FROM THIS PLACE. I WISH TO GO SOMEWHERE... ANYWHERE...

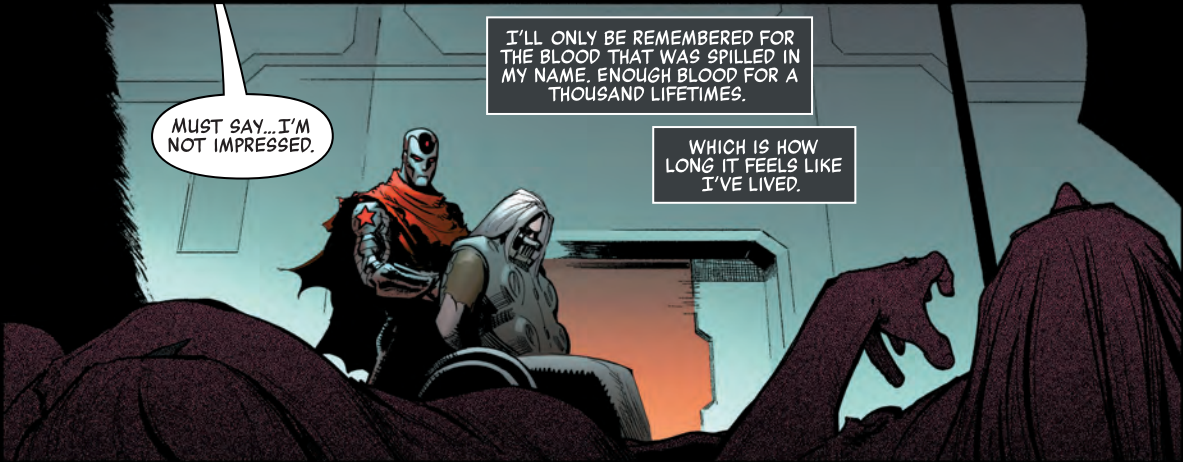
...WITH NO MORE BLOOD. PLEASE.



NO, I THINK NOT.

MOSCOW ACCEPTS YOUR PROPOSAL, LORD DRACULA.

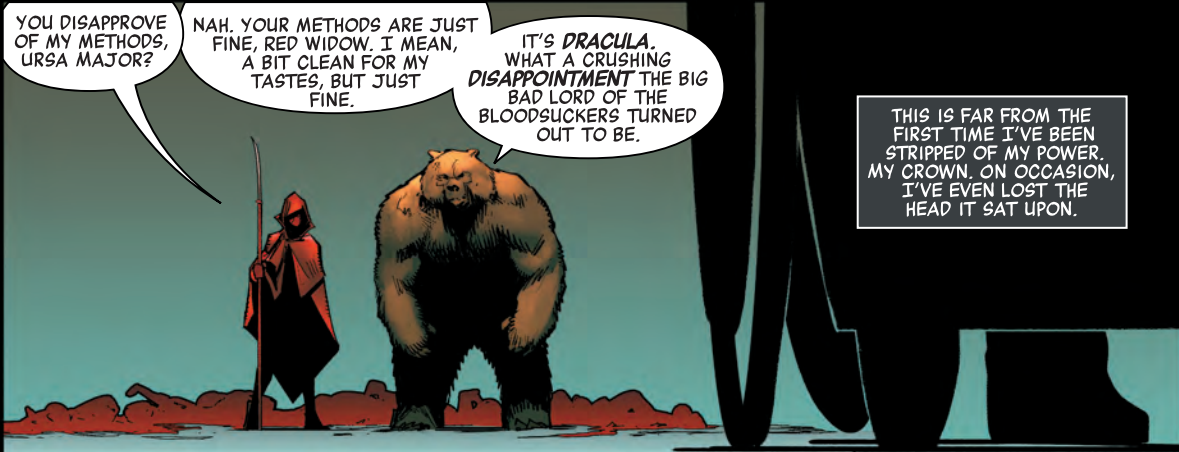
TAKE HIM AWAY.



MUST SAY... I'M NOT IMPRESSED.

I'LL ONLY BE REMEMBERED FOR THE BLOOD THAT WAS SPILLED IN MY NAME. ENOUGH BLOOD FOR A THOUSAND LIFETIMES.

WHICH IS HOW LONG IT FEELS LIKE I'VE LIVED.



YOU DISAPPROVE OF MY METHODS, URSA MAJOR?

NAH. YOUR METHODS ARE JUST FINE, RED WIDOW. I MEAN, A BIT CLEAN FOR MY TASTES, BUT JUST FINE.

IT'S DRACULA. WHAT A CRUSHING DISAPPOINTMENT THE BIG BAD LORD OF THE BLOODSUCKERS TURNED OUT TO BE.

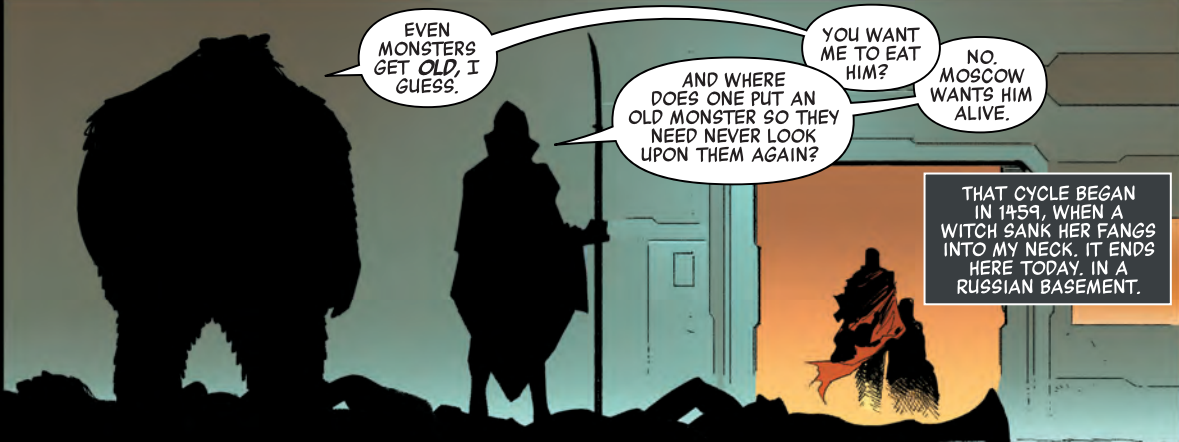
THIS IS FAR FROM THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN STRIPPED OF MY POWER, MY CROWN. ON OCCASION, I'VE EVEN LOST THE HEAD IT SAT UPON.



I MEAN, YOU HEAR ALL THE SCARY STORIES ABOUT WHAT A MONSTER HE USED TO BE.

TO SEE HIM REDUCED TO SUCH A BLUBBERING, PATHETIC MESS... I DON'T KNOW. IT MAKES YOU THINK.

THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A CYCLE TO THESE THINGS. NEW CHALLENGERS ARISE AND ULTIMATELY FALL. AND I WOULD ALWAYS RE-EMERGE, STRONGER FOR IT.



EVEN MONSTERS GET OLD, I GUESS.

AND WHERE DOES ONE PUT AN OLD MONSTER SO THEY NEED NEVER LOOK UPON THEM AGAIN?

YOU WANT ME TO EAT HIM?

NO. MOSCOW WANTS HIM ALIVE.

THAT CYCLE BEGAN IN 1459, WHEN A WITCH SANK HER FANGS INTO MY NECK. IT ENDS HERE TODAY. IN A RUSSIAN BASEMENT.



WITH WHIMPERS AND RUIN.

IN CASE HE SHOULD EVER PROVE USEFUL AGAIN.

WELL, I DOUBT THAT.

THE COUNT WISHES TO GO SOMEWHERE QUIET AND PEACEFUL. TELL ME, URSA MAJOR... WHAT IS THE QUIETEST PLACE YOU CAN THINK OF WITHIN OUR MOTHERLAND?

WELL... THERE'S ONE THAT COMES RIGHT TO MIND.



ALL RIGHT, GET GOING.

I WAS BORN AND MURDERED AND REBORN MANY TIMES IN MY ANCESTRAL HOMELAND OF TRANSYLVANIA.

BUT THAT LAND WAS TAKEN FROM ME, ONE PIECE AT A TIME, BY CONQUERORS AND KINGS AND, WORST OF ALL, REAL ESTATE MOGULS.



THERE IS NO GOING BACK TO THE OLD COUNTRY. MY CASTLE HAS BEEN PUT TO THE TORCH. MY PEOPLE ALL BUT ANNIHILATED. THERE IS NO PLACE LEFT FOR ME NOW.

WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME, COUNT. DON'T LET THE LOOKS OF IT FOOL YOU. IT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU ASKED FOR.



EXCEPT WHAT I MAKE FOR MYSELF.

HERE IN THE SHADOWS.

NICE AND QUIET. HA!

**UKRAINE,
THE CHERNOBYL
EXCLUSION ZONE.**

РАДІАЦІЙНА НЕБЕЗПЕКА
ЧОРНОБИЛЬ

RUSSIA.

«THIS IS THE SOL-ILETSK PENAL COLONY, ON HIGH ALERT! THE PRISONERS ARE OUT OF THEIR CELLS! AND THEY'VE ALL BEEN CHANGED INTO...?»*

«...GOD HELP US, INTO VAMPIRES!?»

*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.

«THEY TORE THROUGH THE BARS! THEY'RE TEARING THROUGH EVERYTHING! INCLUDING US!?»

«BULLETS DON'T STOP THEM! NOTHING STOPS THEM!?»

«WE CANNOT HOLD THE PRISON! NOT WITHOUT BACKUP!?»

«LISTEN TO ME! YOU BOYS CAN STILL WAKE UP TOMORROW, BACK IN YOUR CELLS. OR IN THE PRISON INFIRMARY.»

«WHERE ARE OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST HEROES?»

«OR YOU CAN NOT WAKE UP AT ALL. CHOICE IS YOURS.»

COME, YE SUCKERS OF BLOOD! COME TASTE A MOUTHFUL OF THUNDER!