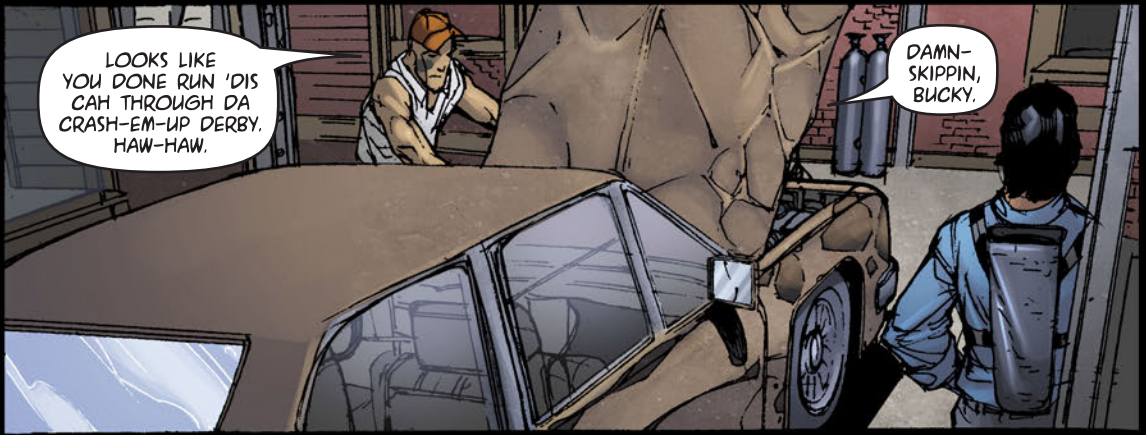


SHEMP'S AUTO
BODY SHOP,
DELIVERANCE, NY.
NOW.

DAMN, HOSS.
HOW'D Y'ALL SAY
Y'UNS DONE BUSTED
THIS WIN'SHIELD?

HOW THIS ALL CAME TOGETHER,
I CAN'T TELL YOU. LET'S JUST
SAY THAT IF YOU'RE READING
THIS NOW, THEN CHANCES ARE
YOU'VE ALREADY MADE UP YOUR
MIND ABOUT WHETHER OR NOT
WHAT I SAY HAS HAPPENED, IS
TRUE, OR IF I'M FULL-A-CRAP.

BOTTOM LINE, I DON'T
CARE IF YOU BELIEVE
IT OR NOT. DOESN'T
CHANGE THE FACT THAT
IT HAPPENED, AND I'VE
GOT THE SCARS AND
STUMP TO PROVE IT.



LOOKS LIKE YOU DONE RUN 'DIS CAH THROUGH DA CRASH-EM-UP DERBY. HAW-HAW.

DAMN-SKIPPIN, BUCKY.



CAUSE, DIS-HERE'S GONNA COST YA TO FIX, SLICK.

GOTTA BUSTED WINNA, CRACKED RADIATOR, AN'A HOLE DA SIZE O' A BABY'S NOGGIN IN'A ENGIN' BLOCK.



S'GONNA COST YA. SAY, FIVE HUNNERD BUCK.



LISTEN UP MANNY, MOE, AND JACKASS.

I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS. JUST FIX IT.



Flick

I WANT THIS DONE AND ON THE ROAD IN AN HOUR. THIS'LL COVER THE COST AND PUT A NEW TOOTH IN YOUR SISTER KISSING YAP.



Ching!

YOU HERD HIM, GIT-R-DONE!

COME ON, BABY.

DANG! DATS ONE A THEM GOLD DEBLOOMS LIKE ON TV!



AS SOON AS THE THREE GENIUSES OUT THERE FINISH WITH THE CAR WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE FOR GOOD.



JUST YOU AND ME, THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE.
NO MORE DEATH. NO MORE DEADITES.



CLACK!



COME ON, JUST GIMME THE DAMNED PIG PARTS!




CRASH!



CRINKLE



NO MORE MONSTERS.



LOOK AT THEM,
SCURRYING TO AND
FRO IN THEIR POINTLESS
EXISTENCE. THEY SEE NO
FURTHER THAN THEIR
NEXT MEAL OR *PRIMAL*
RUTTING.

THIS WORLD I HAVE BEEN
REBORN INTO IS SO UNLIKE THE
PAST. GONE ARE THE VESTIGES
OF HONOR AND THE CLOAK OF
PROPER CONDUCT THE ENGLISH
SO DESPERATELY CLUNG TO.
THIS NEW WORLD IS ONE OF
VIOLENCE, FEAR, AND FLESH.

FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS I RULED THE
CARPATHIANS, BEATING BACK THE TURK ALONE
WHEN THERE WERE NONE LEFT IN MY ARMIES.
FEARED BY THE PEASANT RABBLE AND WORSHIPED
BY THE SZGANY, NONE WOULD STAND AGAINST
ME, UNTIL ONE MORTAL DARED TO DEFY ME AND
LEAD A PATHETIC THROG OF HUNTERS TO THE
VERY WALLS OF MY CASTLE.

AND ONCE AGAIN, IN THIS NEW
SINFUL CITY, MORTALS ROSE TO
CHALLENGE ME. THE PUPPETS OF
GOD AND MINIONS OF THE FUTURE
PITTED THEIR TECHNOLOGY AND
SORCERY AGAINST ME.

THEY SHALL NOT HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO DO SO AGAIN. THESE SHEEP WILL LEARN THEIR PLACE BEFORE ME.

DRACULA IS NO MAN OR MONSTER'S PAWN! ALL SERVE MY FANCY. ALL SERVE THE WILL OF VLAD TEPES.

SKREECH!

IT IS TIME TO GATHER MY MINIONS.

TO ME MY CHILDREN. COME...

FLAPFLAPFLAP