

IT TAKES ONE TO KILL ONE

BLADE

MARVEL
10.com

GUGGENHEIM
CHAYKIN
DELGADO

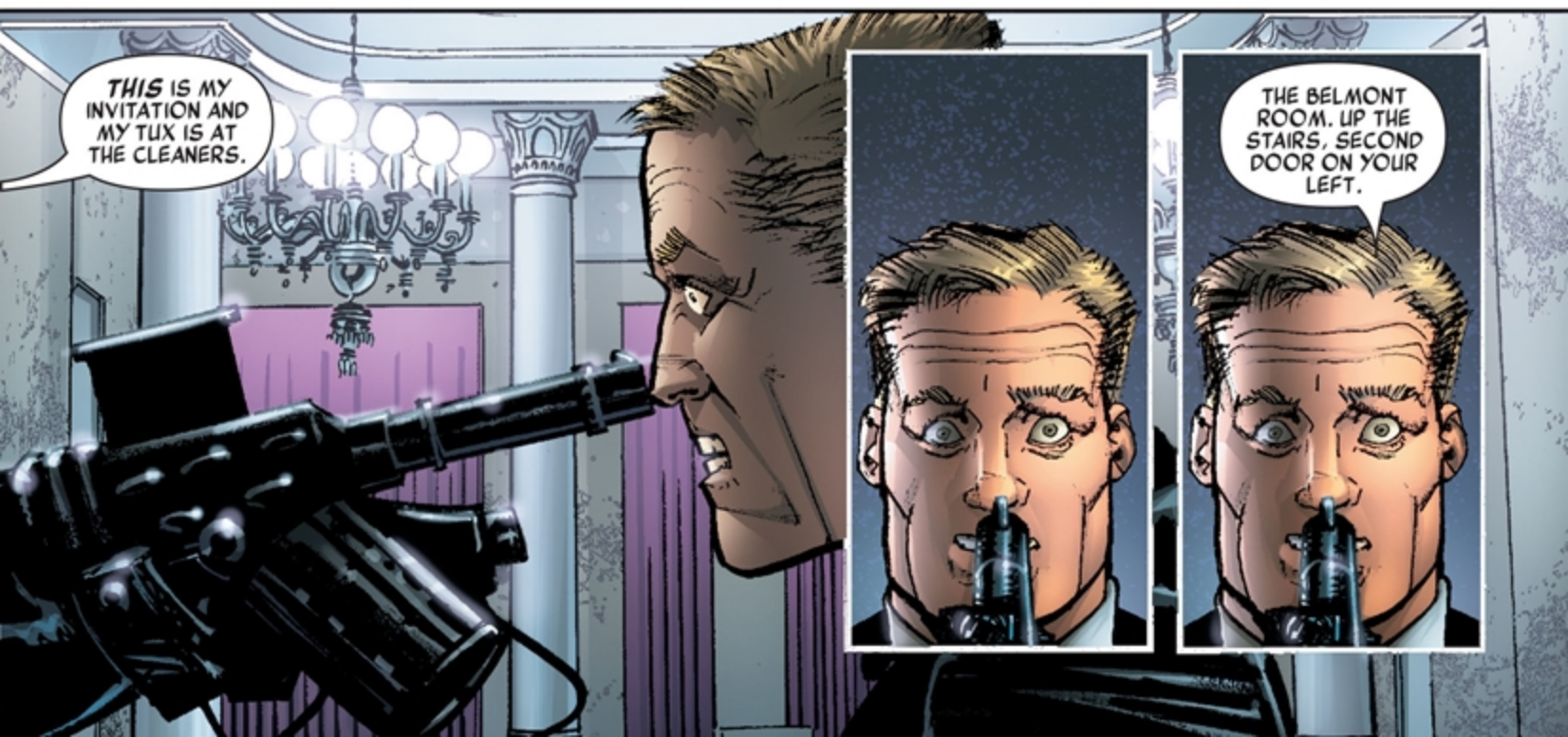
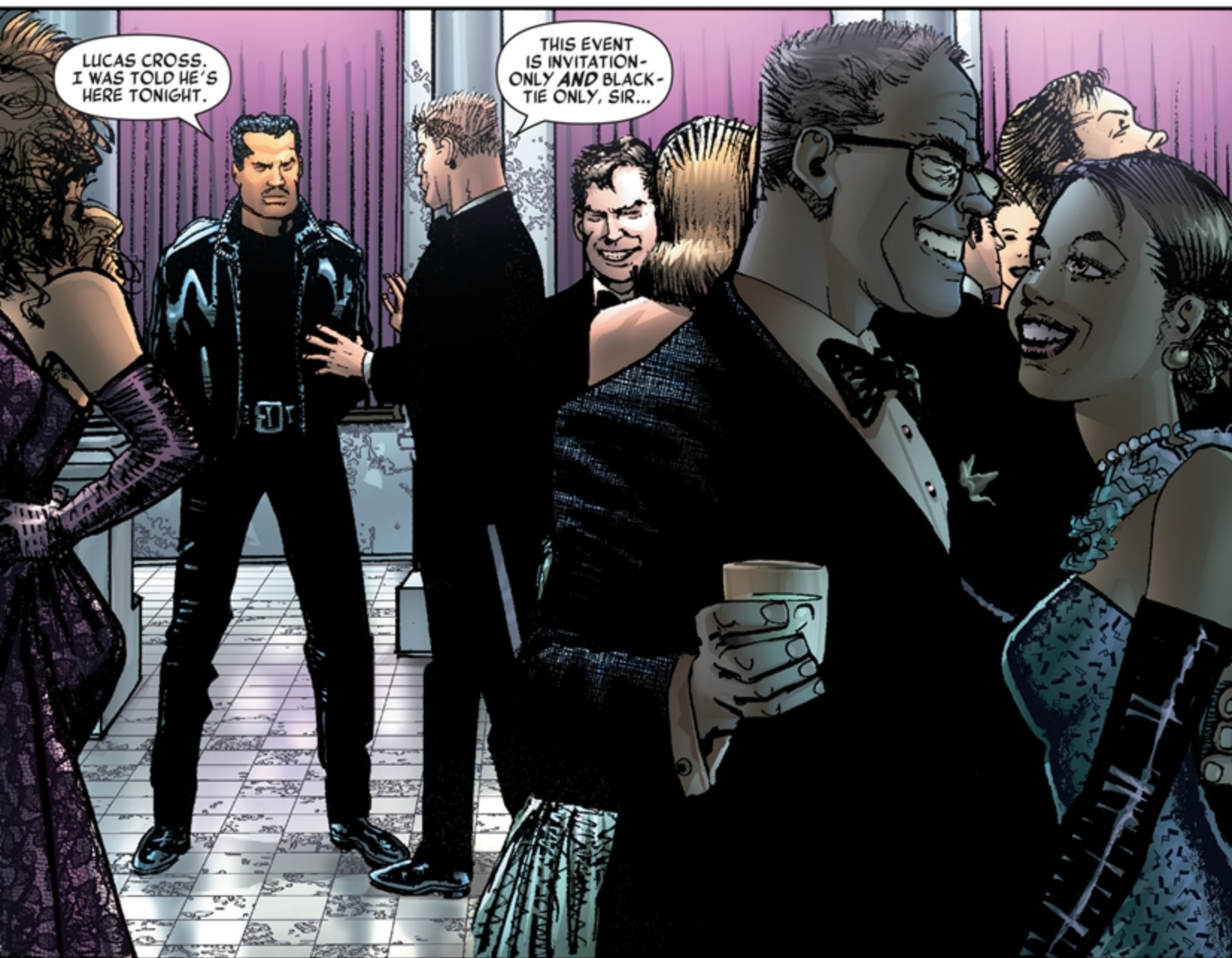


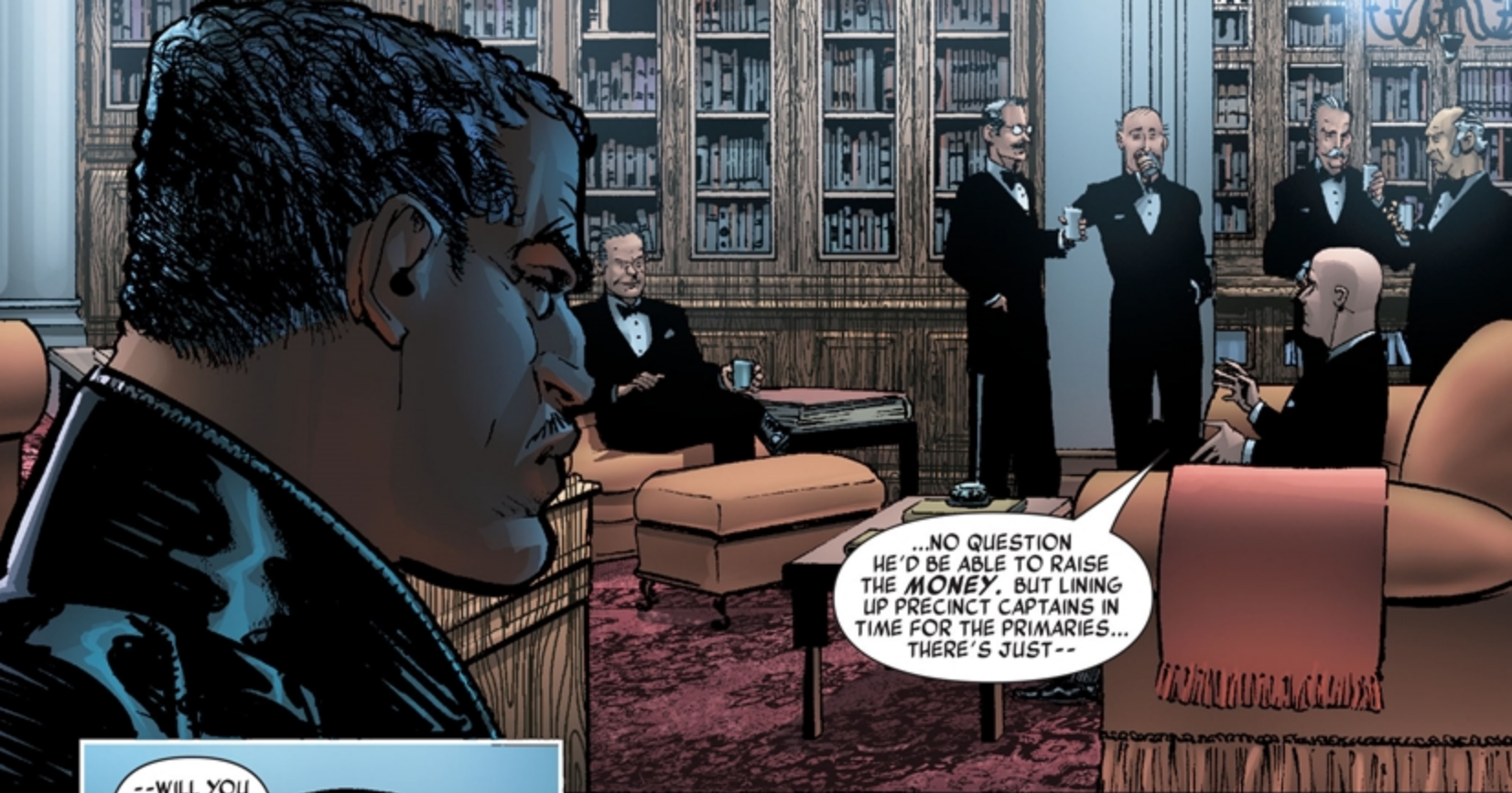
ENTER
FRIENDLY
NEIGHBORHOOD
BLADE



NOW.

"I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE."





...NO QUESTION HE'D BE ABLE TO RAISE THE **MONEY**, BUT LINING UP PRECINCT CAPTAINS IN TIME FOR THE PRIMARIES... THERE'S JUST --



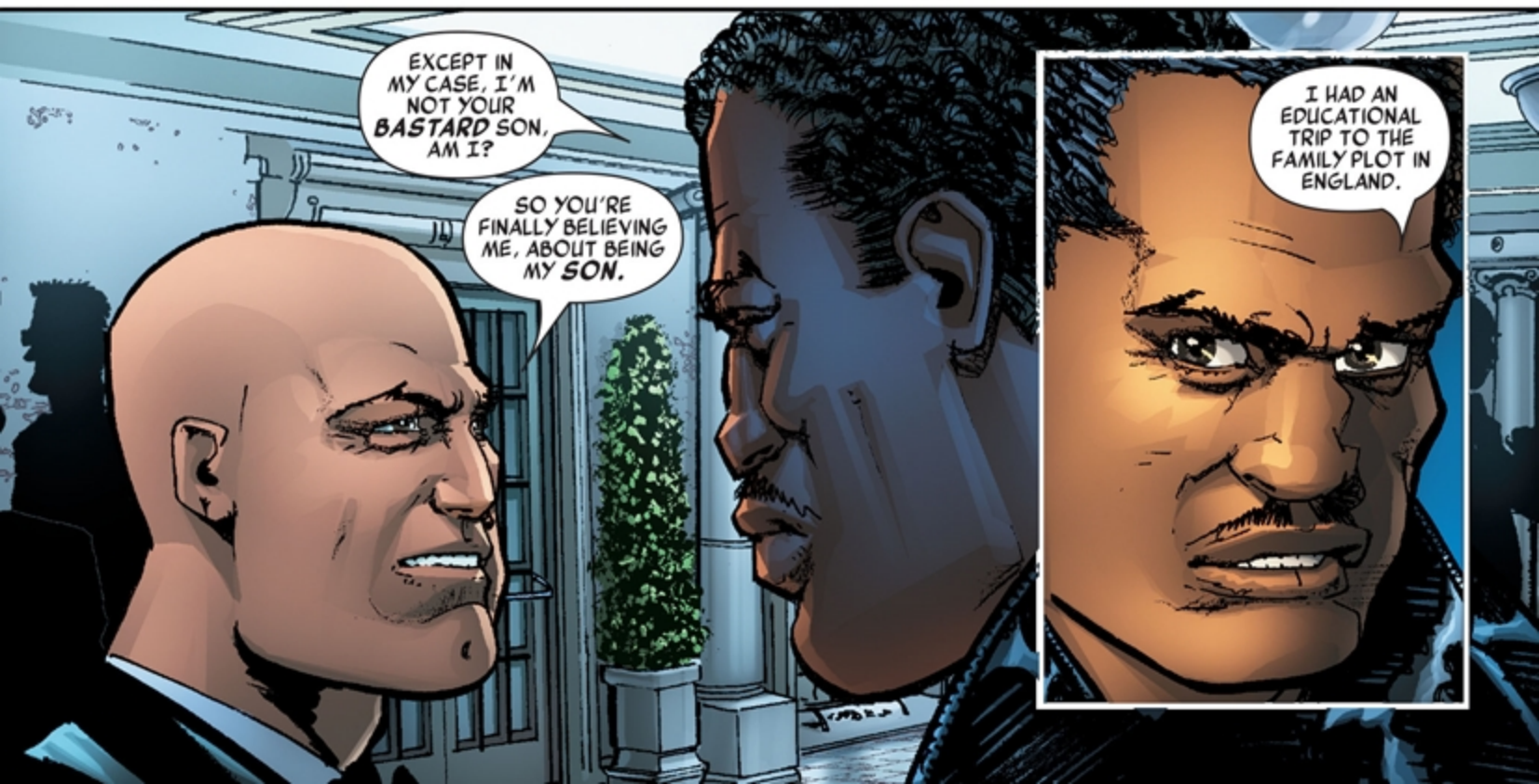
--WILL YOU GENTLEMEN EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT?



MAYBE WE SHOULD SPEAK OUTSIDE...

WHY, MY BEING HERE **EMBARRASSES** YOU OR SOMETHING?

ERIC, THIS IS A SOCIAL CLUB OF D.C. **POLITICIANS**. UNEXPECTED "**REUNIONS**" WITH OFFSPRING ARE A COMMON OCCURRENCE.



EXCEPT IN MY CASE, I'M NOT YOUR **BASTARD SON**, AM I?

SO YOU'RE FINALLY BELIEVING ME, ABOUT BEING MY **SON**.



I HAD AN EDUCATIONAL TRIP TO THE FAMILY PLOT IN ENGLAND.



THERE'S JUST ONE THING THAT DOESN'T MAKE A WHOLE LOTTA SENSE TO ME.

HOW I CAN LOOK AS I DO, GIVEN HOW OLD I MUST BE?

YOU'RE A SMART MAN, ERIC. I WOULD'VE THOUGHT YOU'D FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF.

"LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON".

OKAY. IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T SEE THAT PATRICIDE IS A PERFECTLY VALID CHOICE IN THIS SITUATION, BUT I MUST REMIND YOU THAT D.C. HAS THE HIGHEST MURDER RATE IN THE COUNTRY, SO THEIR HOMICIDE INVESTIGATORS ARE QUITE GOOD. TO SAY NOTHING OF THE THIRTY OR SO VERY DISTINGUISHED AND COMMANDING EYEWITNESSES LESS THAN SIX FEET AWAY.

POINT.

I THINK YOU BEING A VAMPIRE SHOULD SIMPLIFY MY LEGAL CASE A LITTLE.



BUT IF YOU KILL ME, YOU WON'T GET YOUR ANSWERS.

AND THAT'S THE REAL REASON FOR THIS FATHER-SON REUNION, ISN'T IT?





MY PROBLEM, IN A NUTSHELL, IS YOU'RE AN EVIL #\$\$%&ER BUT YOUR SET, THE ORDER OF TYRANA, *ISN'T*.

SO WHICH ONE AM I WRONG ABOUT?

ME.

YEAH, SOMEHOW I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT AND SOMEHOW I THOUGHT THAT'D BE THE TOUGHER OPTION TO SWALLOW.

IT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY LESS TRUE.



'CEPT FOR THE FACT YOU'RE A FRIGGIN' VAMPIRE.

'CEPT FOR THE FACT YOU CHAINED ME UP.

'CEPT FOR THE FACT YOU DID IT TO GET ME TO FEAST ON A HELPLESS LITTLE GIRL.



I BECAME A VAMPIRE BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO BE WITH YOU AND YOUR MOTHER AGAIN.

AND THE GIRL... I THOUGHT I WAS.. HELPING THE PROPHECY ALONG.

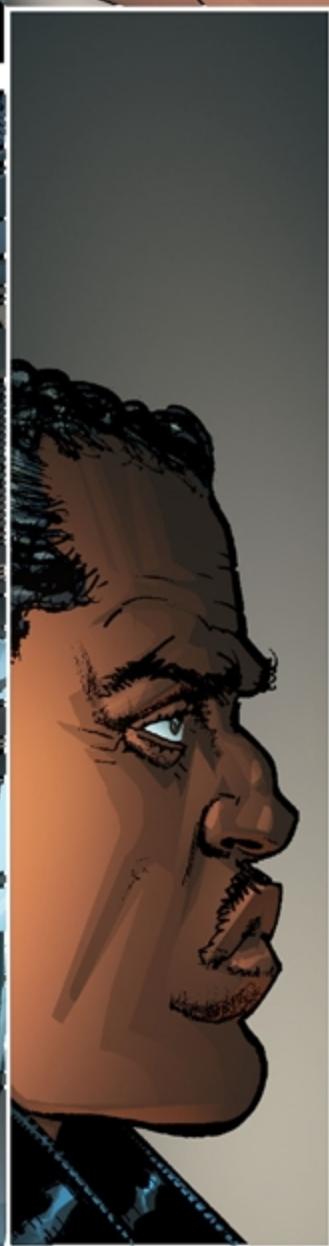
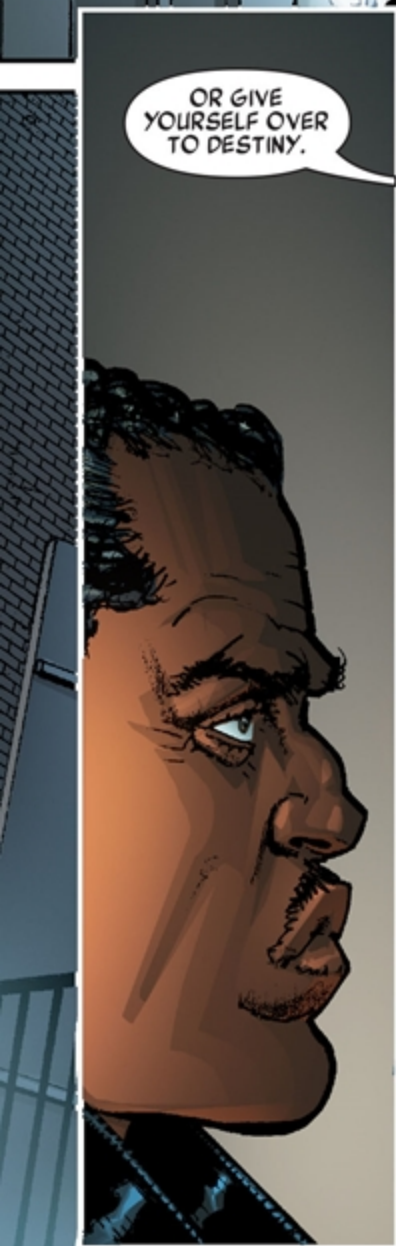
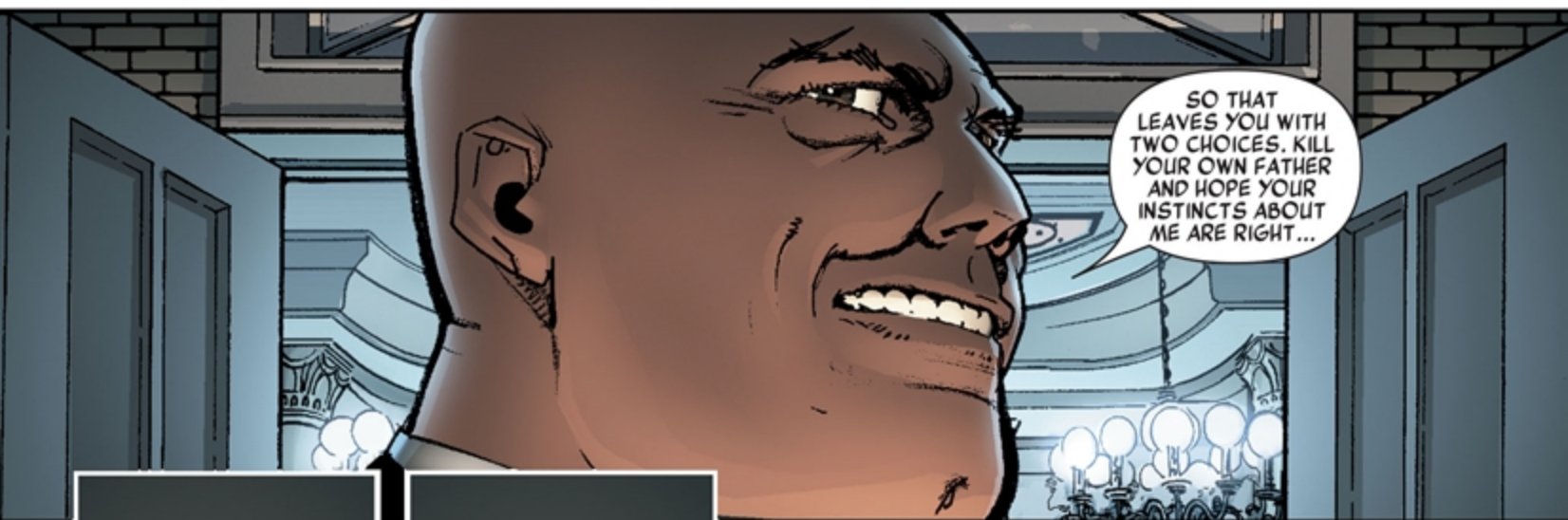


BUT PROPHECIES HAVE A WAY OF COMING TRUE ON THEIR OWN.

DRACONIS. THE PRIEST.



HOW ABOUT THAT?





THAT'S EVERYTHING YOU GOT OFF THEIR COMPUTER?

WOW. YOU REALLY ARE A GLASS HALF-EMPTY KINDA GUY. AND YOU'RE WELCOME, BY THE WAY.

I HAD HIM DISTRACTED. I HAD HIS MEN DISTRACTED, I SEND YOU, HANNIBAL KING, A FORMER PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, IN THERE AND YOU COME BACK WITH A SINGLE SHEET OF PAPER.

YEAH, BUT ONE HELLUVA SHEET, I DON'T MIND SAYING. HAVE YOU EVEN READ WHAT YOU GOT IN YOUR HAND THERE?

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT PROPHECY HAS CROSS SO WORKED UP? THERE YOU GO.

"A FATHER IN CHAINS/FREED BY A SON NOT YET BIRTHED/WILL UNLOCK VLAD'S REMAINS/UPON THE SALTED EARTH."

I LIKE THE RHYMING.

OH MY GOD...IT IS TRUE.



"I FREED HIM. BEFORE I WAS BORN. JUST LIKE THE PROPHECY SAYS...I FREED MY FATHER."

YEAH? SO WHY'S THE EARTH ALL SALTY?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT IF WE'RE GONNA STOP THIS PROPHECY FROM COMING TRUE, WE HAVE TO GET OUR HANDS ON "VLAD'S REMAINS."

UM, EXCUSE ME, BUT... "WE"?



"YEAH. *WE*. FOR THREE REALLY GOOD REASONS."

"OH, I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR THIS."

"FIRST, YOU'RE FROM LA CROSSE, KANSAS."

"SECOND, YOU OWE ME FOR NOT STAKING YOUR VAMPIRE ASS ALL THESE YEARS."

"THIRD, I'M THE ONLY FRIEND YOU GOT."

"SINCE WHEN ARE WE FRIENDS?"

"THAT'S A GOOD POINT. FORGET THAT THIRD PART."

La Crosse, Kansas.

MAN, THOSE HELICARRIERS SURE DO MAKE A MESS WHEN THEY CRASH.

DID THAT FARMER SEE ANYBODY FORAGING AROUND THE CRASH SITE?

YEAH, ABOUT THREE DOZEN FEDS. S.H.I.E.L.D., F.B.I., F.A.A., N.S.A.

WELL, THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED.

TRUE. BUT *THIS ISN'T*: BEFORE THEY GOT THERE, THE FARMER SAW A GUY IN A GREEN-AND-BLACK CLOAK.

FARMER DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE ON ACCOUNT OF THE AFOREMENTIONED CLOAK.

WHAT'D HE LOOK LIKE?

GREEN-AND-BLACK, YOU SAID?

YEAH. WHY?

"I KNOW
SOMEONE
WHO MIGHT'VE
SEEN HIM."

"I'VE GOTTA
GO BACK TO
NEW YORK."

COULD YOU PLEASE STOP



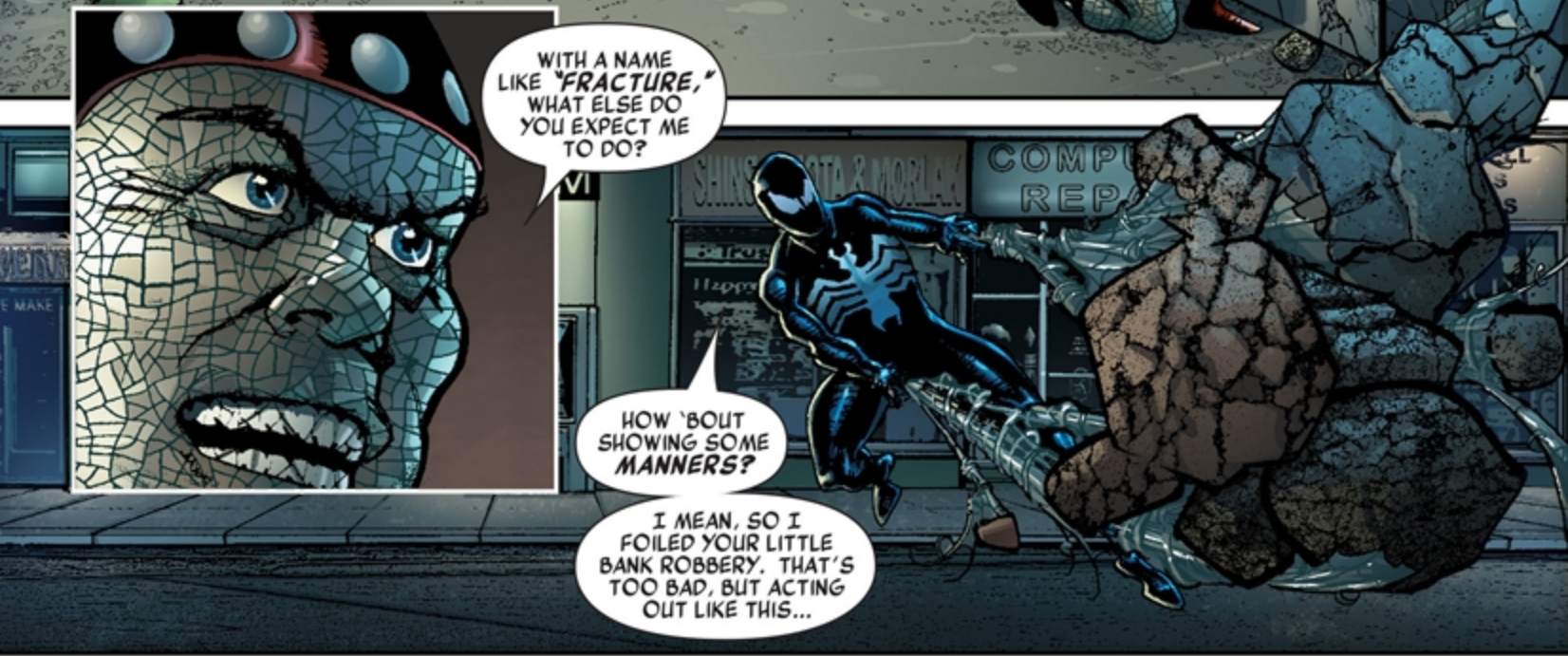
DESTROYING
THINGS?!



WITH A NAME
LIKE "FRACTURE,"
WHAT ELSE DO
YOU EXPECT ME
TO DO?

HOW 'BOUT
SHOWING SOME
MANNERS?

I MEAN, SO I
FOILED YOUR LITTLE
BANK ROBBERY. THAT'S
TOO BAD, BUT ACTING
OUT LIKE THIS...



...WELL, THAT'S
JUST BAD
SPORTSMANSHIP.





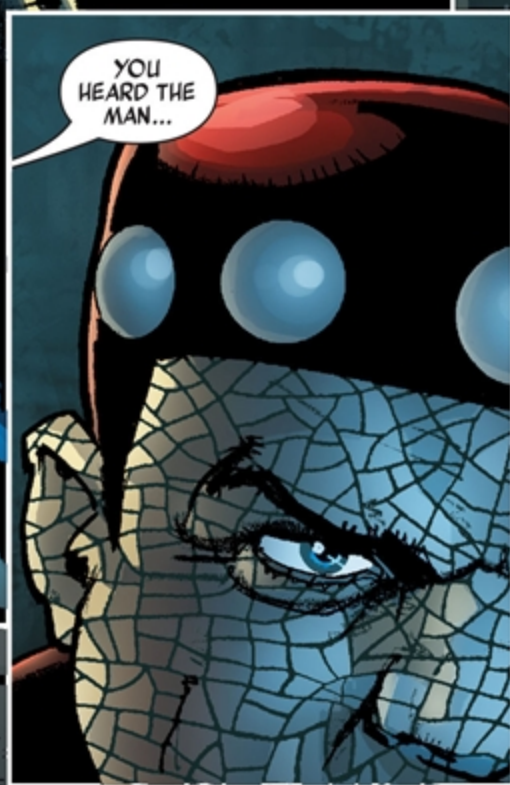
TOUGH.



IF I CAN DESTROY
BUILDINGS BY TOUCHING
THEM, YOU CURIOUS TO
SEE WHAT I CAN DO
TO YOUR *SKULL*?



NOT REALLY,
NO. THANKS
THOUGH...



YOU
HEARD THE
MAN...

THEN.

...BACK
OFF.



SRRRRGH...



OH DEAR
GOD IN HEAVEN,
BEN...

COME ON,
MAY, WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT
OF HERE...

I TOLD YOU
WE SHOULD'VE
HONEYMOONED AT
NIAGARA FALLS...

THUD!

"OKAY. THAT'S
YOUR LAST
WARNING."



I NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED A FEW MONTHS BACK: THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

YOU SHOT ME IN THE KNEE. BOTH KNEES.

AND YOU'RE APOLOGIZING NOW?

YES, I KNOW. I WAS THERE.

NO, I'M NOT. YOU WERE A VAMPIRE AND SHOOTING YOU IN THE KNEES WAS A FAVOR.

NOW CAN I TALK TO YOU ABOUT WHAT I CAME HERE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT?

LIKE AN APOLOGY WOULD KILL YOU...

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL...

"YEAH. I SAW THIS GUY, SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING, GOING INTO THE SCHOOL."

"HE WAS THE ONE IN THE GREEN-AND-BLACK CLOAK?"

"YEAH, LIKE I SAID, SUSPICIOUS."



"I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN SUSPICIOUS GUYS-- IN SPOOKY CLOAKS, NO LESS--GO INTO SCHOOLS."



"ME NEITHER. 'CEPT, IN THIS CASE, I WAS HUNTING *DRACULA*."



"YEAH. 'CLOAKY' AND HIM SEEMED TO BE PRETTY CHUMMY WITH EACH OTHER."



"I FOUND 'EM IN THE BASEMENT."



"THEY WERE DIGGING AROUND FOR SOMETHING, SOME *AMULET*, DRAC SAID."



"WHAT IS IT WITH YOUR BAD GUYS, ANYWAY? THEY'RE ALWAYS AFTER SOME ANCIENT SOMETHING-OR-OTHER."

"WHY ARE *YOURS* ALWAYS ROBBING BANKS?"

"THAT'S A GOOD POINT."



"ANYWAY, LONG
STORY SHORT, I
DID MY THING..."



"I REMEMBER I EVEN
GOT IN A GOOD QUIP
ABOUT *EXCAVATING*
THINGS."

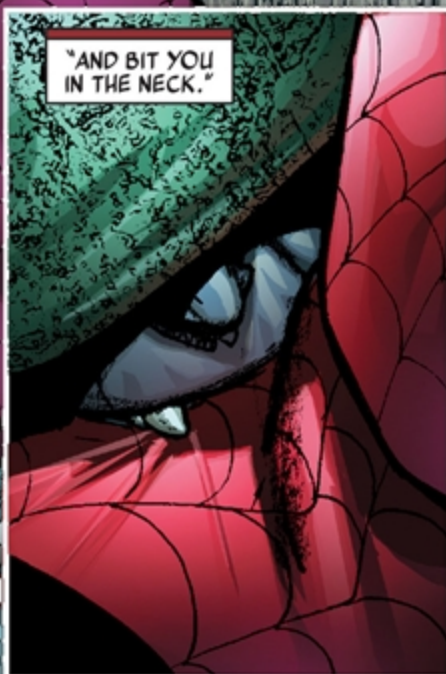
"SOMETHING ABOUT
INDIANA JONES, I THINK.
IT WAS PRETTY GOOD."



"I'M SURE."



"BUT CLOAKY
GOT POSITION
ON ME AND..."



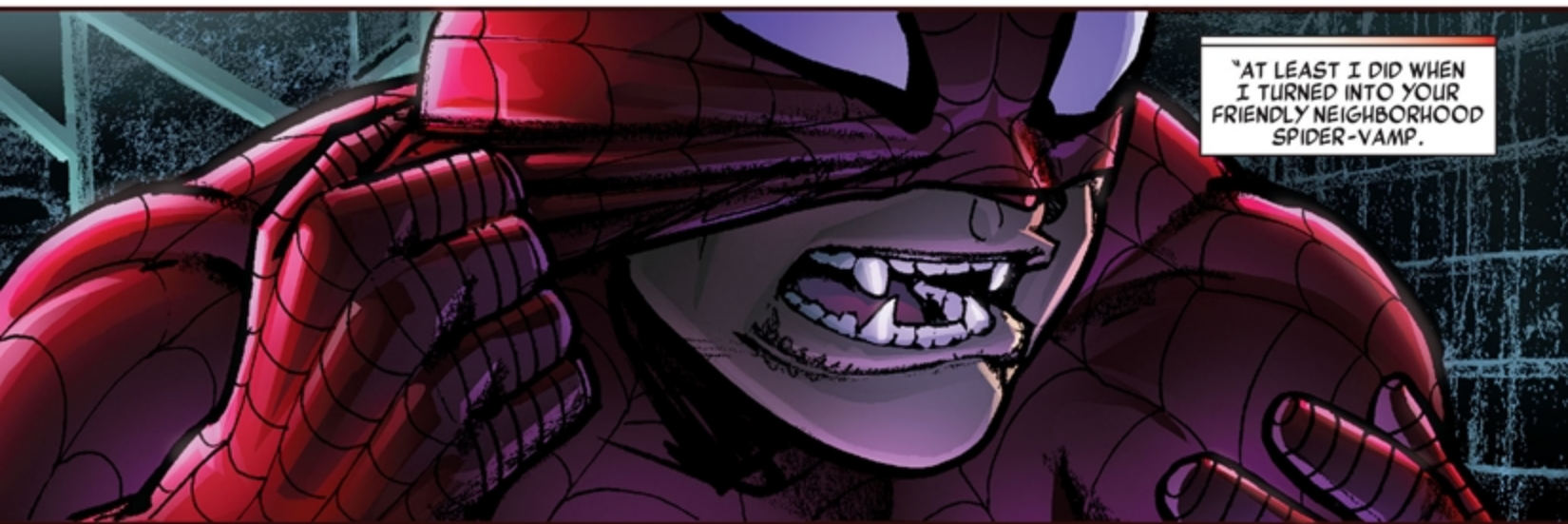
"AND BIT YOU
IN THE NECK."



"YEAH! HE ACTUALLY
BIT ME IN THE NECK.
CAN YOU BELIEVE
THAT?"

"YES. HE WAS
A VAMPIRE."

"SURE, I KNOW
THAT *NOW*."



"AT LEAST I DID WHEN
I TURNED INTO YOUR
FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD
SPIDER-VAMP."



"I THINK I WENT
A LITTLE CRAZY."



"DON'T WORRY.
YOU DIDN'T HURT
ANYONE."

"YOU SURE?"

"PRETTY
SURE."



"THAT'S
ENCOURAGING.
THANKS FOR
THAT."



"ANYWAY, I STILL
HAD AT LEAST
SOME OF MY
WITS ABOUT ME
'CAUSE I TRIED
TO GET OUTTA
THAT SCHOOL."



"I DON'T
KNOW,
PARKER..."

"YOUR WIFE
MIGHT NOT
APPROVE OF THIS
NEW LOOK OF
YOURS."

"THAT'S
WHEN I RAN
INTO YOU."



"THAT'S WHEN YOU
KNEECAPPED ME,
YOU MEAN."

"YOU'VE REALLY
GOT TO GET OVER
THAT."

"YOU SURE YOU
DON'T WANT TO
APOLOGIZE?"

"POSITIVE."

NOBODY SAW
THE GUY, "CLOAKY,"
LEAVE THE
SCHOOL.

THOSE
VAMPIRES ARE
SNEAKY.

"AND SOME OF THOSE
S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS WERE
VAMPIRES, TOO."



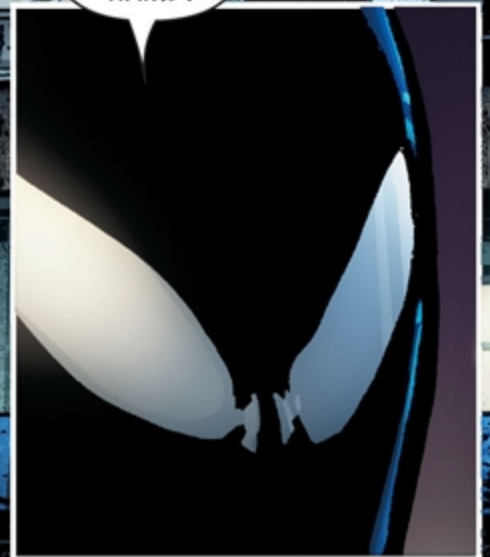
NO
KIDDING?

NO
KIDDING.

MY POINT IS,
YOU SOUND AN AWFUL
LOT LIKE THE ONLY
GUY WHO GOT A
LOOK AT "CLOAKY'S"
FACE.

I WAS
AND I DID, BUT IF
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR
HIM, I CAN DO YOU ONE
BETTER THAN A
DESCRIPTION.

YOUR PAL
DRACULA
REFERRED TO
HIM BY
NAME.







WHAT'RE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT--?

WHAT THE
HELL'S GOING
ON HERE,
JAMAL?

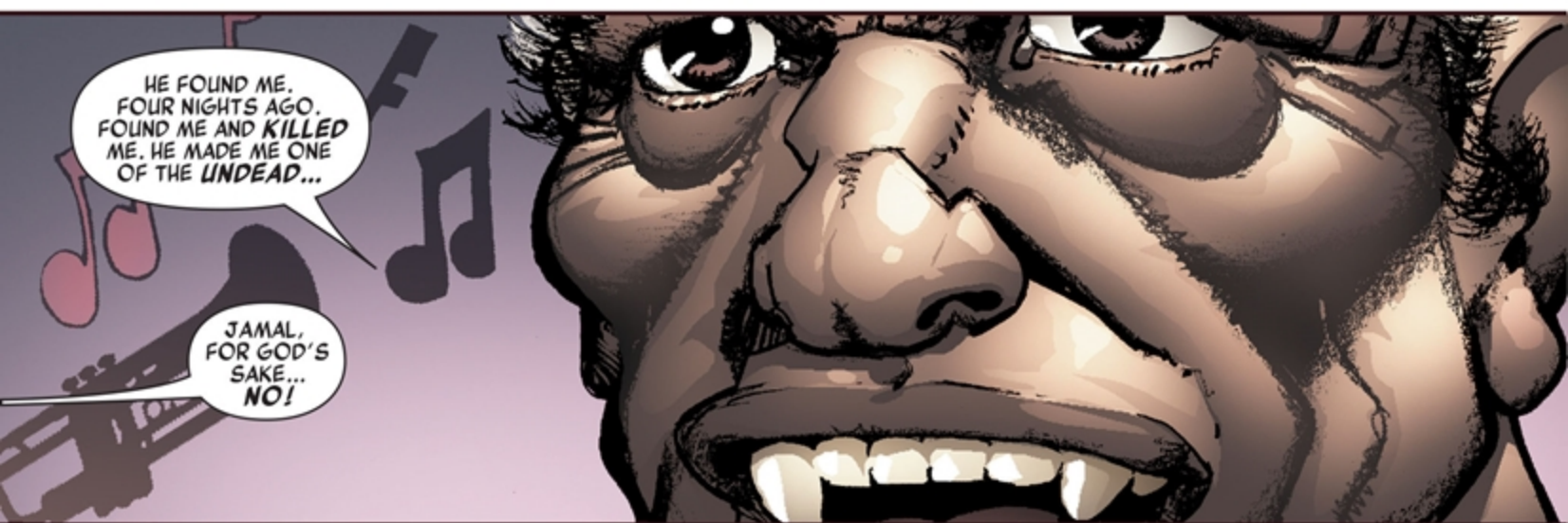
MY SON...
I THOUGHT THEY'D
FORGOTTEN ME.
IT'S BEEN SO LONG,
SO MANY YEARS...

...BUT THEY
NEVER FORGET.
DRACULA
NEVER FORGETS.



HE FOUND ME.
FOUR NIGHTS AGO.
FOUND ME AND **KILLED**
ME. HE MADE ME ONE
OF THE **UNDEAD**...

JAMAL,
FOR GOD'S
SAKE...
NO!



SPEAK TO
ME NOT OF
GOD,
CHILD...





I AM BEYOND HIS MERCY NOW.

NO...



OH GOD...

AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!



"ARE YOU...ARE YOU SURE?"



YEAH. I
HEARD DRAC
SAY IT, PLAIN
AS DAY.

THE GUY
WAS CALLED
JAMAL
AFARI.

WHY?
YOU KNOW
HIM?

WEB

WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE WORK OF
CHRIS CLAREMONT, TONY DEZUNIGA & RICO RIVAL.