

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!**

HIS NAME IS...

**BLADE!**

THE DOCKS  
THIS FOG-  
SHROUDED  
NIGHT ARE  
DARK, QUIET--  
AND SOME-  
WHAT  
SOMBER...

...ALMOST MUTE IN THE DISTANCE CAN BE  
HEARD THE RETREATING STEPS OF AMOS  
STRONCH, NIGHTWATCHMAN FOR PIER 11.  
HE HAS JUST COMPLETED HIS THIRD  
ROUND FOR THE NIGHT...AND WILL BE  
BACK IN FORTY-SEVEN MINUTES...

BUT IN THESE FEW  
BRIEF MINUTES,  
THERE WILL BE  
THREE  
DEATHS--

--AND THE LIVES OF TWO JOYOUS YOUTHS  
WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.

YOU SURE WE'RE DOIN'  
THE RIGHT THING,  
BOBBY?

SURE, ELLEN--  
C'MON! WE'LL STAY HERE  
FOR THE NIGHT, AN'  
SNEAK ABOARD THE  
SHIP IN THE MORNING..

--THREE OF  
THOSE WHO  
HAD ALREADY  
DIED, AND WHO  
NOW DESCEND  
ON THE  
FRIGHTENED  
YOUTHS...



WE'LL BE MARRIED  
IN AMERICA, LUV--AND  
YOUR PARENTS WON'T  
BE ABLE TO STOP--

FORGET  
YOUR  
PLANS,  
YOUTH--

--WHEN YOU  
SEE AMERICA--  
YOU'LL NOT BE  
ALIVE!

B-BOBBY--  
LOOK--UP  
THERE.

BUT AS  
VAMPIRES!



A VOYAGE INTO THE MACABRE BY MARVIN WOLFMAN, WRITER GENE COLAN, ARTIST JACK ABLE, INKER D. VLADIMER, LETTERER P. GOLDBERG, COLORIST ROY THOMAS, EDITOR









**A** GAIN THE TEAK-BLADED KNIFE LASHES OUT, AND LIKE A SHARPLY-HEWED STAKE, RAVAGES THIS SECOND HELL-BORN CREATURE...



**B**UT A THIRD STILL LIVES... A THIRD FOR BLADE TO HUNT-- TO KILL!

**A** THIRD WHO HAS SEEN WHAT THIS ONE MAN CAN DO-- A THIRD WHO DOES NOT WISH TO DIE AGAIN--



-- AND SO, FORSAKES HIS HUMAN FORM, AND FLIES!

NO WAY, BROTHER-- YOU'RE NOT ESCAPING ME--

--I'VE BEEN HUNTIN' YOU SCUM TOO LONG TO WATCH YOU SLIP ME NOW!



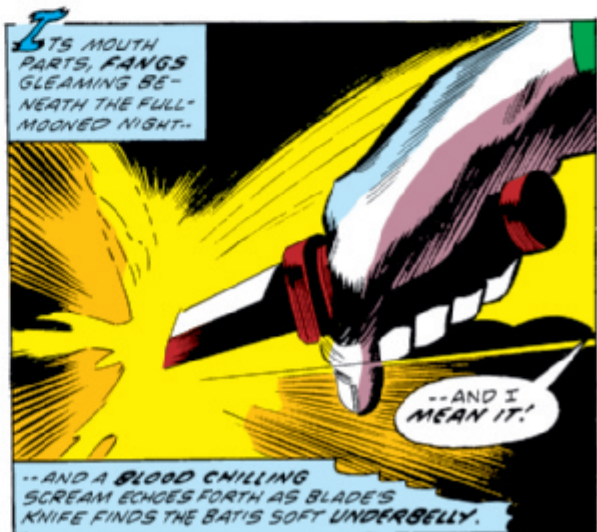
**T**HE BAT CLAWS INTO THE AIR, ITS LEATHERY WINGS BEATING FASTER, EVER FASTER, IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO ESCAPE...

... BUT WITH ALL ITS HELLISH SPEED, IT IS STILL NOT FAST ENOUGH.

I SAID YOU'RE NOT ESCAPIN', MAN--



**I**T'S MOUTH PARTS, FANGS GLEAMING BENEATH THE FULL-MOONED NIGHT--



--AND I MEAN IT!

-- AND A BLOOD CHILLING SCREAM ECHOES FORTH AS BLADE'S KNIFE FINDS THE BAT'S SOFT UNDERBELLY.





FALLING TO THE COLD CONCRETE GROUND, THE BAT TURNS AND DIES--

NO, YOU'RE NOT THE ONE-- BUT IT DON'T REALLY MATTER MUCH..



-- DIES, AND BEGINS TO CHANGE -- NOT TO THE HUMAN-VAMPIRE HE HAD BECOME JUST A FEW SHORT DAYS AGO --

... JUST MEANS THERE'S LESS OF YOU FILTHY BLOOD-SUCKERS STALKIN' THE STREETS!



-- BUT TO THE YOUTH HE HAD BEEN FOR THE FIRST EIGHT-TEEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE -- BEFORE DRACULA CURSED HIM WITH THE PLAGUE OF VAMPIRISM.

BUT HE WAS ONLY A CHILD, BLADE, A CHILD.



WHO IN H--?

OH, IT'S YOU, HARKER. WHAT HOLE'D YOU CRAWL OUT OF?

I HAD A CALL\* THAT YOU WERE IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY--

--AND THAT YOU'D BE HERE. YOU KNOW YOU JUST KILLED A TEENAGER, BLADE!

\* LAST ISSUE- RT.



THAT'S MISTER BLADE, HARKER-- AND, FRANKLY, I DON'T GIVE A FLYING HOOT!

HE WAS A STINKIN' VAMPIRE-- AN' BETTER OFF DEAD!

'SIDES, SINCE WHEN DID YOU START GOOD-MOUTHIN' THE UNDEAD?



YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, MR. BLADE-- BUT THIS STUPID ACT OF YOURS HAS COST ME WEEKS OF PLANNING.

THESE VAMPIRES WERE MEMBERS OF DRACULA'S LEGION--THEY WOULD HAVE LED ME TO HIM.

THEN WHAT, POPS? YOU'VE BEEN DANCING WITH THE COUNT LONG ENOUGH.



THERE WOULD BE NO DANCING, MR. BLADE-- MY ORGANIZATION HAS WEAPONS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DESTROY DRACULA.

AND WITH HIM GONE OTHER VAMPIRES WOULD BE EASY PREY.

BUT NOW, YOU'VE DESTROYED ALL CHANCE FOR THAT.