

SCOTT SNYDER RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE
AND STEPHEN KING



AMERICAN VAMPIRE



VERTIGO

July 3

Suggested for
mature readers
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3
Jul '10
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July, 1925. Los Angeles.



SSSH.
IT'S JUST
ME, HAT.

PEARL?
BUT YOU'RE...
YOU'RE...



OH, PEARL! THAT DOCTOR, HE
SAID YOU WERE AS GOOD AS
DEAD, BUT I KNEW IT!

HATTIE--

YOU LOOK
AMAZING, YOU'RE--



HATTIE, LISTEN TO ME. YOU HAVE
TO GET OUT OF HERE--NOW.
YOU'RE NOT SAFE.

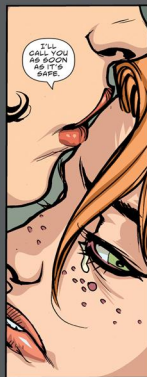


WHAT? MOVE OUT?
BUT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

ROUGH CUT

WRITER:
SCOTT SHYDER
ARTIST:
RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

COLORS: DAVE MCKAY LETTERS: STEVE WATKINS COVER: RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE
VARIANT BY ANDY RUDERT EDITOR: FINN DOTY ALTERNATE VIGNETTE CREATED BY SCOTT SHYDER





"HE'S TAUNTING US."



LEAVING
YOUR SERVANT
FOR THE WORLD
TO FIND.

LUCIA,
HE AGREED TO
THE TREATY.
THAT'S WHAT'S
IMPORTANT.

TREATY...
WHO'S TO SAY SWEET
WON'T BREAK THE TREATY
TONIGHT? NO, WE SHOULD
HUNT HIM DOWN NOW,
BERNARD, WHILE WE
STILL CAN.

TREATY OR
NO TREATY, HIS VERY
EXISTENCE IS AN OFFENSE
TO OUR RACE. IN THE PAST
WE WOULD NOT HAVE
STOOD FOR IT.



YOUR
MEMORY IS
SHORT, MY
DEAR.

OBVIOUSLY
YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN
WHAT HAPPENED
THE LAST TIME
WE HUNTED
SWEET.



HIS WEAKNESSES ARE STILL
UNKNOWN TO US.

YES,
BUT WE DO
KNOW THAT
HE RESTS
DURING THE
MOONLESS
TIME--AND THE
MOONLESS
TIME STARTS
TONIGHT! IN A
MATTER OF
HOURS, ALL
WE HAVE TO
DO IS FIND
HIS HIDING
SPOT--



SWEET
WALKS BY DAY. BY
NOW, HE COULD BE
ANYWHERE FROM HERE
TO THE ALASKA
TERRITORIES.

NO,
FOR NOW, A
POLICY OF NEGLECT
IS THE SAFEST
COURSE. SWEET IS
TOO ARROGANT TO
MAKE MORE OF
HIS KIND.

AND JUST
WHERE SHOULD
WE LOOK?

IN CASE YOU
HADN'T NOTICED,
THIS COUNTRY
IS ALMOST
ENTIRELY
TRANSIENT.



ATTACK HIM, HOWEVER, PUSH HIM TOO FAR, AND WHO'S TO SAY HE WON'T DO SOMETHING *DRASTIC*?

DRASTIC?
HOW DO YOU
MEAN?

HE COULD
GO TO THE VASSALS.
HE COULD ALLY HIMSELF
WITH THEM. HAVE ANY
OF YOU THOUGHT
OF THIS?

HE
WOULDN'T.

JUST BE
PATIENT, MY FRIENDS.
EVENTUALLY, HE WILL
BE ELIMINATED.

EDGAR, HERE IS THE ADDRESS HAMILTON
TELEPHONED FROM. WHOEVER LIVES THERE
LIKELY ENCOUNTERED SOME EVIDENCE
OF SWEET'S ANTICS.

GO CLEAN
UP THE
MESS.

AND TAKE
LUCIA WITH
YOU.

FORGIVE
ME, BERNARD,
I MEANT NO
OFFENSE.

LEEEZ...
NO, I HAD
TWO YITTLE
GIRLS...

OH, THIS ISN'T A
PUNISHMENT, DEAR, I'M
IMPRESSED WITH YOUR NEW,
SPIRITED SENSIBILITY. IT SEEMS
THIS PLACE IS RUBBING OFF ON
YOU. SOON YOU'LL BE DANCING
THE CHARLESTON AND BITING
COLORED IN ALLEYWAYS. HAVE
FUN NOW, THE REST OF US
ARE GOING TO HAVE
SOMETHING TO EAT.

"AAAAAEEEE!!!!"

SO HOW'S
SHOOTING GOING
ON WINGS OF
DESTINY? HEARD
YOU'VE GOT HALF
IN THE CAN.

MORE THAN HALF.
THE COSTUME'S ONE
BAD BITCH, THOUGH.
LEATHER GIVES ME
HIVES, SEET TWICE THE
WORK FOR THE
MAKE-UP GIRL.

YOU SHOULD
HAVE HELD YOUR
TONGUE, LUCIA.

I'M SORRY, MY
LOVE. I'M JUST TIRED,
TIRED OF SWEET AND
HIS INSULTS, TIRED
OF THIS WEATHER.

I HATE WHEN BERNARD
CALLS ON US DURING
DAYLIGHT, TOO, BUT
YOU CAN'T GET SO
PERTURBED.

IT'S
DISRESPECTFUL.
314 UNION
AVE.

YES SIR!

MMMM. AND FAST.
THE SOONER WE
GET HOME, THE
BETTER.



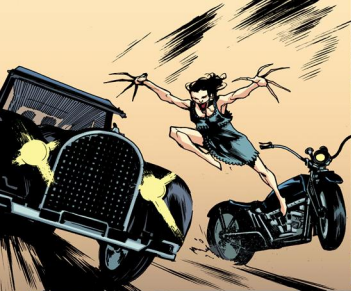
HEY,
YOU'RE TAD
CHESTERFIELD!
THE MOVIE STAR!

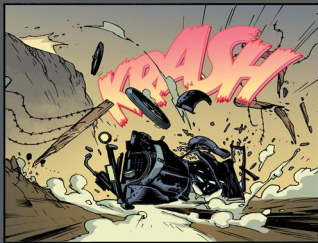


IN THE
FLESH.



I ALWAYS
HATED YOUR
FUCKING
MOVIES!













PERMISSION
TO COME ABOARD,
HENRY?

PEARLY

BUT YOU
WERE--I SAW
YOU...



JESUS,
GIRL, COME
HERE.

I'M
SORRY FOR
STANDING YOU
UP ON OUR
DATE.



WELL, BEING ATTACKED BY WILD ANIMALS IS A
PRETTY WEAK EXCUSE... I MEAN, YOU COULD
AT LEAST COME UP WITH SOMETHING
ORIGINAL.

ACTUALLY,
THERE'S MORE
TO THE STORY.
BUT I THINK WE
BETTER GO
INSIDE FIRST.



HEY, YOU'RE TALKING
TO A MAN OF THE ROAD,
HERE, REMEMBER?
THERE ISN'T A STORY
OUT THERE COULD
SHOCK ME.



HENRY?



ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?



YOU'RE
A GOOD
ACTRESS;
I'LL HAND
IT TO
YOU.



FINE. DON'T
BELIEVE ME. I
JUST NEED A
PLACE TO STAY
FOR A COUPLE
NIGHTS.



SURE. WHY NOT?
FEEL FREE TO HANG
UPSIDE DOWN ANY-
WHERE YOU LIKE.
THE FAN, THE LIGHT
FIXTURE LOOKS
COZY.

PLEASE, HENRY
JUST GIVE ME AN
ANSWER.



YOU'RE REALLY SERIOUS
ABOUT THIS.

I'M
WEAK. I CAN
BARELY--



WHOA.
WHOA.
WHAT'S
WRONG?







PEARL
WAIT!

THEY
HAVE HER
AND IT'S MY
FAULT.



YOU CAN HARDLY WALK, AT LEAST LET
ME COME WITH YOU.

NO. THIS
DOESN'T
CONCERN
YOU.



MY CAR,
MY RULES.
YOU'RE IN NO
SHAPE TO GO
ALONE.

OKAY.



GOOD, I'LL
CRANK IT.

LISTEN, I KEEP A 38
IN THE BOAT, I'LL
GO GET IT.



--WAIT!

I'M SORRY,
HENRY. BUT THIS
IS BETWEEN
ME...



...AND
THEM.

To be
Continued...

July, 1925. Los Angeles.

JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR--YOU'RE SAYING THAT NOW, ALL OF A SUDDEN, WE'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THAT THE RIDICULOUS EVENTS DESCRIBED IN "BAD BLOOD," YOUR FICTIONALIZED BASTARDIZATION OF REAL WESTERN FIGURES--THAT THESE EVENTS ARE TRUE.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M SAYING.

AND YOU'RE TELLING US THIS NOW, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, AT THE BOOK'S RE-ISSUE? WHY, DARE I ASK?

NOT TO MILK A FEW MORE DROPS FROM AN OLD CASH COW, OF COURSE.

BELIEVE WHAT YOU WANT, SIR. FRANKLY, I'M NOT HERE TO WIN OVER ARMCHAIR HISTORIANS LIKE YOURSELF.

BLOOD VENGANCE

WRITER: STEPHEN KING ARTIST: RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

COLORS: DAVE MCCAIG LETTERS: STEVE WANDS EDITOR: MARK DOYLE

I'M HERE TO TELL THE TRUTH, ONCE AND FOR ALL, BECAUSE THERE'S MORE TO THE STORY THAN ANYONE KNOWS.

AS FOR WHY TONIGHT, WHY HERE, I'LL GET TO THAT IN DUE TIME. IT'S MY STORY. LET ME TELL IT.

Lakeview, Colorado, 1909.

"THE THING PEOPLE LIKE
YOU ARE TOO SMART TO
BELIEVE IN TOOK A TERRIBLE
VENGEANCE THAT NIGHT."



STILL
HUNGRY.



HOLY SHIT,
HOW LONG HAVE I
BEEN DOWN? TEN
YEARS? TWENTY?
AND...WHAT THE
FUCK?

**WELCOME
TO LAKEVIEW,
EST. 1884**
**THE HON.
HECTOR CAMILLO,
MAYOR**
*"WELCOME, NEIGHBOR!
SIT A SPELL!"*

THE
MAYOR'S A TACO
BENDER?



BARBER

CAMILLO?
SAME NAME
AS BOOK'S
DEPUTY.
HAMMM...







WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
YOU? DO YOU
WANT TO WAKE
UP THE WHOLE
TOWN?



THIS
IS WHAT
I WANT.
THIS!

EVERYTHING
TASTES BETTER
WHEN YOU'RE
DEAD. WHO
KNEW?

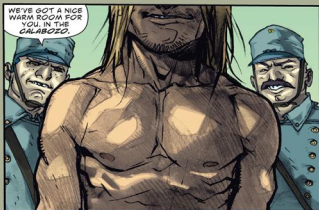


POW




WHAT
THE--?!







PAYBACK STARTS
HERE, AND
PAYBACK'S
A BITCH!



"SWEET NO LONGER NEEDED
A GANG; HE TORE LAKEVIEW
APART ALL ON HIS OWN."

NO SMOKING
NO OPEN FLAME
EXPLOSIVES

BACK
WITH A
BANG! WHY
NOT?

THE NESTS OF VAMPIRES THAT OWNED THE WEST--AND STILL DO--WEREN'T LIKE SKINNER SWEET. THEY WERE NIGHT-CREATURES...EUROPEAN NOBILITY...AND AS INTERESTED IN BUCKS AS BLOOD. BUT ARE THOSE THINGS REALLY SO DIFFERENT?

TO PRESENT THIS AS THE TRUTH IS INSANE.

THEN YOU BETTER LEAVE, BECAUSE IT GETS WORSE.

SKINNER SWEET! HE'S RISEN! MON DIEU, I TOLD YOU THIS MIGHT--

SHUT UP, VACHON! WE NEED TO SEE WHERE HE GOES WHEN PLAYTIME'S OVER.

HE'S WALKING IN FULL SUNLIGHT! THAT PETUH!

HOW TO FOLLOW IN DAYLIGHT?! DO YOU THINK PARASOLS UND SKIN CREAMS VILL KEEP US FROM BOILING ALIVE? WE NEED A HUME.

HIS OLD PAL WORKS FOR US, DOESN'T HE, KUZNETSOV?

JEEKS? YES...HIM AND THOSE TOOTHLESS TWINS...

FICK DEINE MUTTER! THE DYNAMITE--!

VON, GET A BANK CLERK TO FETCH JEEKS! NOW! AM I THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO CAN THINK?!

YOU THOUGHT THIS COULD NEVER HAPPEN!



MAYOR CAMILLO! GET UP!
WE'VE GOT BAD TROUBLE!



HE JUST WENT INTO THE
MINING WAREHOUSE,
CHIEF FINCH! AND
HE LOOKED LIKE
SKINNER
SWEET!



YOU GODDAMN
IDIOT, SWEET'S 30
YEARS IN HIS GRAVE!
I OUGHTA KNOW, I
PUT HIM THERE.



MAYOR CAMILLO,
SOME BASTARD CALLING
HIMSELF SKINNER SWEET
IS RUNNING WILD IN
TOWN.



THEN
LET'S GO
GET HIM.



I LEFT
A LITTLE
SOMETHING...



NO SMOKING
NO OPEN FLAME
EXPLOSIVES

...INSIDE
YONDER
WAREHOUSE.



WHY, IF IT AIN'T BOOK'S OLD BOSS,
FINCH, AND I DO MEAN OLD!
WHERE IS HE, BOSS-MAN?



IF I TELL
YOU, WILL
YOU LET
ME GO?



YOU BET, PARTNER.
G'MERE. LET'S
PALAVER. DO I LOOK
DANGEROUS?





BOOK'S IN C-CRUCES, NEW MEXICO! SAME TOWN WHERE HIS OLD DEPUTY LIVES WITH HIS DAUGHTER!



BOOK AND THE BEANER. HOW NICE. HOLD THIS FOR ME, FINCHIE.



YOU PROMISED!

NOPE. I SAID "YOU BET." YOU DID...



...AND YOU LOST.



I AM MAKING A CITIZEN'S ARREST!



EASY THERE, SENOR MAYOR. LET'S TALK TWO OVER. I CAN SEE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS...



HEY PARD,
I GOT A
TELEGRAPH
FOR YOU.



"DEAR FELIX
CAMILLO, STOP.
I HAVE SOMETHING
YOU MAY
WANT..."



"STOP."

"RIDE FOR THE OLD
BAKERSVILLE MINES, STOP.
BRING BOOK, STOP. YOUR PAPI
SAYS HELLO, STOP. YOUR OLD
AMIGO, SKINNER SWEET."



THIS IS THE
TELEGRAM SWEET
SENT. I HAPPENED
TO BE WITH JIM
BOOK ON THE DAY
IT ARRIVED...



WHAT'S
WRONG,
FELIX?

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED. IT'S
MY FATHER.



WE CALLED,
THERE'S NO
ANSWER ANYWHERE
IN LAKEVIEW.

DEAR
GOD...



I KNOW YOU SAID YOU'D
NEVER STRAP ON THE
GUNS AGAIN, BUT--



BUT THIS
IS DIFFERENT.
ABILENA, GO HOME.



IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ME
HERE, YOU BETTER SHOOT
MR. THAT'S MY PAPI WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT!

SHE IS GOOD
WITH A GUN, JIM.
AND IF THIS GUY
CALLING HIMSELF
SKINNER SWEET
IS AS BAD AS HE
SOUNDS...

OKAY
IF I TAG
ALONG?



"JUST
KEEP UP."



"RONNIE JEKKS FOLLOWED HIS
OLD BOSS OUT OF TOWN..."

I KNEW WHERE HE
WAS HEADED EVEN 'FORE
HE TURNED THAT STOLEN
CAYUSE OF HIS ONTO THE
BAKERSVILLE ROAD.

WHAT IF SKINNER FINDS OUT
ALL THEM CHESTS AND BAGS
OF MONEY WE STOWED IN
THERE IS EMPTY?

WHAT COULD
HE EXPECT? WE
THOUGHT HE
WAS DEAD.

BESIDES, BOOK AND
CAMILLO WILL TAKE
CARE OF HIM...

"...WHEN
THEY SEE
THAT!"

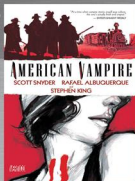
"THAT WAS WHAT WE
WERE RIDING TO SEE,
ALTHOUGH WE DIDN'T
KNOW IT, AND BEYOND
IT...IN THE DARK..."

COME ON,
PINK. IT'S TIME
WE HAD THIS
OUT.

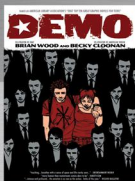
To be
Continued...

YOU'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST

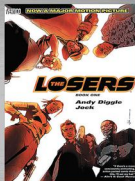
AMERICAN VAMPIRE
VOL. I



DEMO
VOL. I



THE LOSERS
BOOK ONE



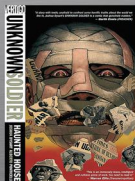
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TOMMY TAYLOR AND
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