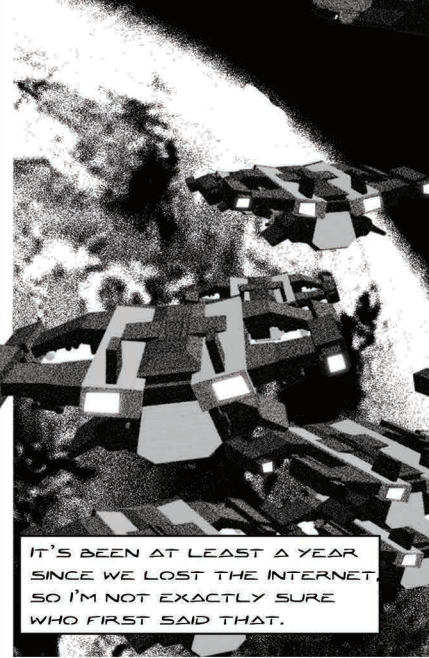


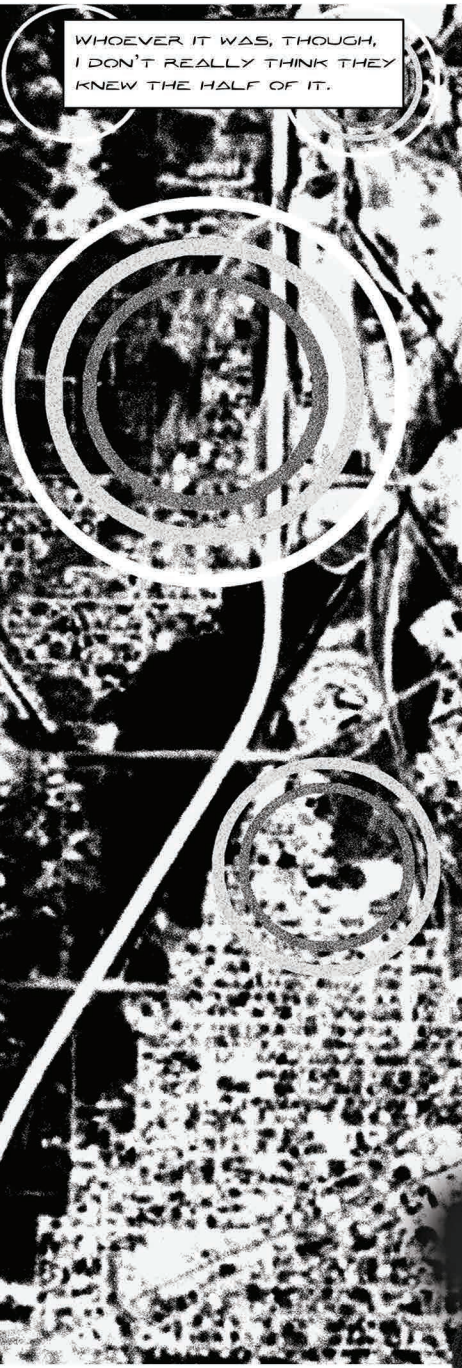
DEAR DAD AND GEOFF,



WAR IS HELL.



IT'S BEEN AT LEAST A YEAR SINCE WE LOST THE INTERNET, SO I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE WHO FIRST SAID THAT.



WHOEVER IT WAS, THOUGH, I DON'T REALLY THINK THEY KNEW THE HALF OF IT.



THERE'S A BREAK IN THE LINE! CHARGE!

TAKE IT FROM ME!



WAR REALLY !@#%& SUCKS.

TWENTY-TWO MONTHS AGO, AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL INVASION FORCE BEGAN SYSTEMATICALLY EXTERMINATING HUMAN LIFE FROM EARTH. THIS IS COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE. IF HUMANITY IS DESTROYED, WHAT WILL THE VAMPIRES EAT? NOW ELITE SQUADS OF THE UNDEAD STRIKE DEEP INTO ALIEN-CONTROLLED TERRITORY, DEFENDING THE EARTH, AND DEFENDING THEIR FOOD SUPPLY. THIS IS THE STORY OF...

STRIKEFORCE DRACULA

WORDS: CHARLEY MACORN
ART: LUCAS PEVERILL



DEATH TO THE BLOODLESS!

OH DANG!

SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO ENJOY IT. BRADLEY IS OUR [REDACTED] HE LOOKS LIKE A TORTILLA CHIP MADE OF MUSCLES. YOU GUYS WOULD LIKE HIM. I'M BETTING HE WAS A SOLDIER BEFORE HE WAS TURNED INTO A [REDACTED]



So, IT LOOKS LIKE THE LASERGRID STATION IS HALF A CLICK AHEAD. ROUGHLY, APPROXIMATELY.

HOW LONG UNTIL SUNRISE?

UM, LIKE AN HOUR AND HALF, MAYBE?



CAPTAIN! THE ALIENS ARE RETREATING.

"NO DOUBT TO PROTECT THE LASERGRID. WE MUST PRESS ON."



BLAH!

"WHAT ABOUT REINFORCEMENTS?"

BLAH!

"GET THE SQUAD TO COVER. TRY TO RAISE VINCENT AGAIN!"

OUR [REDACTED] IS LADY ELEANOR GREY. SHE IS [REDACTED] AND [REDACTED] SHE HAS A [REDACTED] IN [REDACTED] WHO SHE MISSES VERY MUCH. SHE'S A BADASS [REDACTED]

SOME FOLKS DON'T TAKE TOO WELL TO THE [REDACTED] GRIPS LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE BEAT A [REDACTED] WITH A [REDACTED] HE'S OUR COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER.



LISTEN UP! THE ALIEN'S LASERGRID STATION IS AHEAD OF US. THEY KNOW WE'RE COMING, AND NO ONE ELSE HAS MADE IT THROUGH THE LINE.

THE SUN'S COMING UP IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS, WHICH MEANS WE BARELY HAVE SIXTY MINUTES TO FIGHT THROUGH TO THE STATION, BLOW THE PLACE, AND GET UNDERGROUND BEFORE WE ALL GET COOKED.



I KNOW THINGS ARE SUCKY, BUT WE'RE THE CREATOR'S TRUE CHILDREN. NOTHING CAN HARM US.

I WATCHED LIKE TWELVE MEMBERS OF OUR SQUAD DIE TODAY

AND THEIR BLOOD RETURNED TO CAVERNLESS PIT, WHERE OUR LORD WAITS FOR US ALL.

PENELOPE IS OUR [REDACTED] AND [REDACTED] THOUGH I'M NOT SURE THAT'S THE RIGHT WORD. CHAPLAIN, MAYBE? AS SOON AS YOU GET "DRAFTED" THEY TEACH YOU THE [REDACTED] IT'S CRAZY BANANAS.



OH.

SOLDIER, YOU NEED A MEDIC.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, MA'AM, SAVE THE BLOOD BAG FOR SOMEONE WHO REALLY NEEDS IT.



SERGEANT, I WILL REMIND YOU THAT WE ARE OUTNUMBERED AND OUT-GUNNED. WE NEED ALL THE STRENGTH WE CAN GET. SOMEONE GET BRADLEY A MEDIC.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, [REDACTED] SQUADS INCLUDE SOME HUMANS WHO SERVES AS OUR MEDICS.



MAYBE....MAYBE JUST A TASTE.

AT YOUR COMMAND, MA'AM.

WE ALL LOVE OUR HUMAN SQUADDIES. THEY'RE AN INTEGRAL PART OF OUR TEAM.



SAVE SOME FOR ME, YOU GLUTTONOUS DULLARD



VINCENT, I WAS BEGINNING TO SUSPECT YOU HAD BEEN KILLED. IF ONLY I WAS THAT LUCKY.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

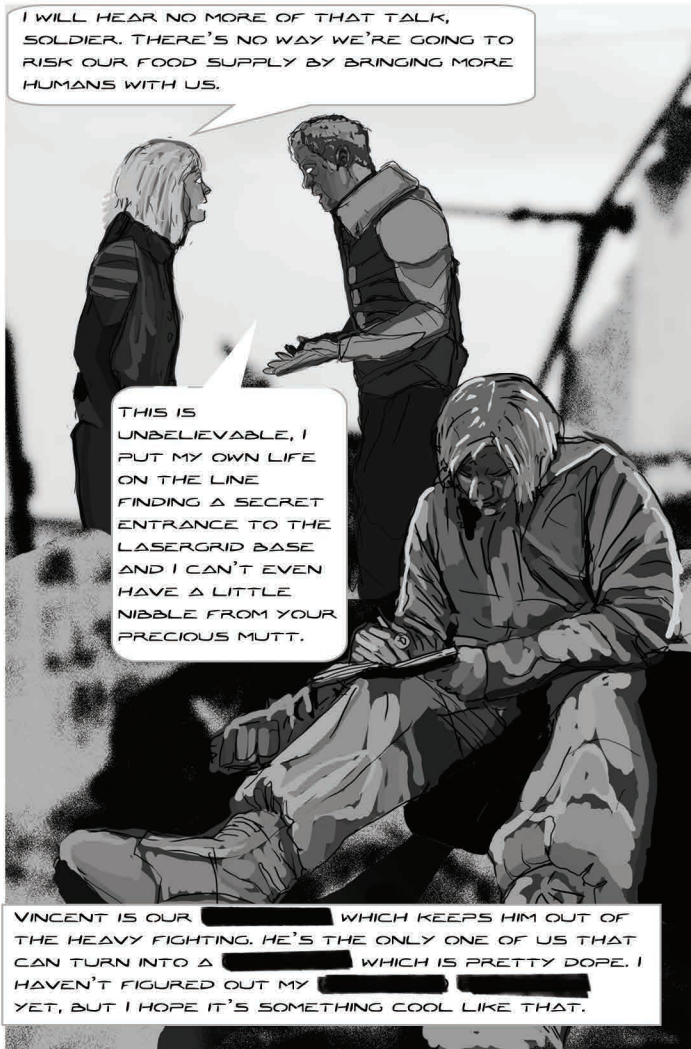
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, YOUR MAJESTY.



CAN'T I GET A JUDAS-DAMNED DRINK BEFORE SUBMITTING TO OFFICIAL QUESTIONING?

MEDICS ARE ONLY FOR THE WOUNDED.

THEN WE NEED TO START BRINGING SLAVES ON THESE MISSIONS.



I WILL HEAR NO MORE OF THAT TALK, SOLDIER. THERE'S NO WAY WE'RE GOING TO RISK OUR FOOD SUPPLY BY BRINGING MORE HUMANS WITH US.

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE, I PUT MY OWN LIFE ON THE LINE FINDING A SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE LASERGRID BASE AND I CAN'T EVEN HAVE A LITTLE NIBBLE FROM YOUR PRECIOUS MUTT.

VINCENT IS OUR [REDACTED] WHICH KEEPS HIM OUT OF THE HEAVY FIGHTING. HE'S THE ONLY ONE OF US THAT CAN TURN INTO A [REDACTED] WHICH IS PRETTY DOPE. I HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT MY [REDACTED] YET, BUT I HOPE IT'S SOMETHING COOL LIKE THAT.



I BEG YOUR PARDON. YOU FOUND A WHAT?



DRINK FIRST, THEN DIRECTIONS.

THESE ALIENS MIGHT HAVE FIGURED OUT INTERGALACTIC TRAVEL, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE EARTH IS STILL NUMBER ONE IN ESCALATORS.

YES, THE FACT THAT THE THINGS WE EAT FOUND A WAY TO MAKE MOVING LAZIER FILLS ME WITH THE HOPE IN THIS STRUGGLE FOR OUR EXISTENCE.

PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT HUMANS THAT WAY.

SO THERE'S THIS ██████████ THAT'S POWERING THE ██████████ IN ██████████. OUR MISSION IS TO ██████████ IT UP BEFORE MORE OF OUR TROOPS IN ██████████ GET MELTED.

BLAH!

WHY? BECAUSE YOU STILL THINK OF YOURSELF AS ONE?

WHAT'S THAT, GRIPS?

BLAH!

A FORK IN THE ROAD AND SUNRISE IN LESS THAN AN HOUR. DAMN IT.

"BRADLEY, TAKE DEBBIE AND VINCENT DOWN THE LEFT CORRIDOR."

"PENELOPE, GRIPS, JENKINS AND I WILL TAKE THE RIGHT CORRIDOR."

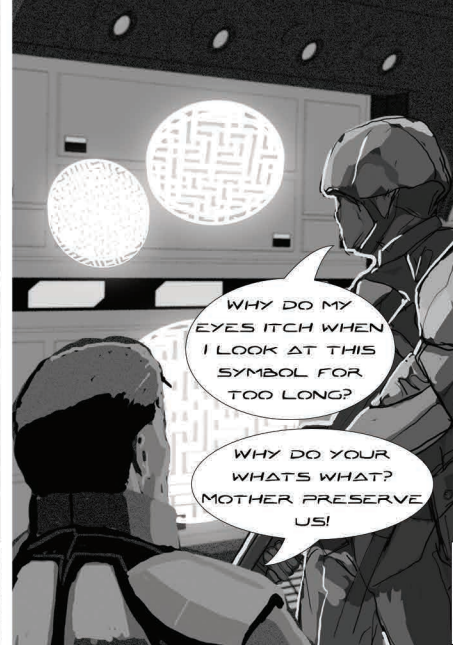
"WHY CAN'T WE TAKE JENKINS?"

BECAUSE I DON'T TRUST YOU NOT TO EAT HIM, VINCENT. AND DO MAKE SURE TO KEEP YOUR RADIO ON.



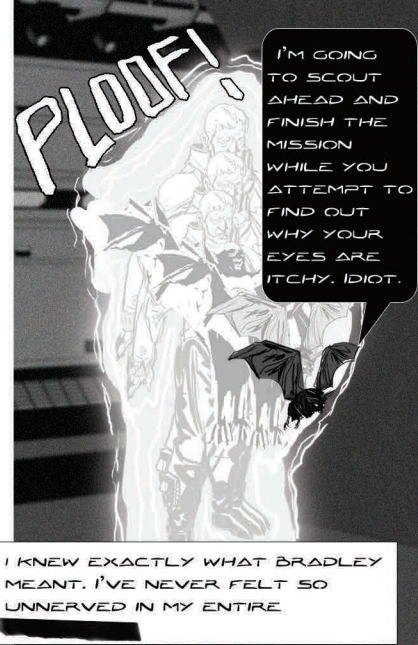
THERE'S SOMETHING OFF ABOUT THIS HALLWAY.

DID DOING ALL THOSE PUSHUPS MAKE YOU THIS OBSERVANT?



WHY DO MY EYES ITCH WHEN I LOOK AT THIS SYMBOL FOR TOO LONG?

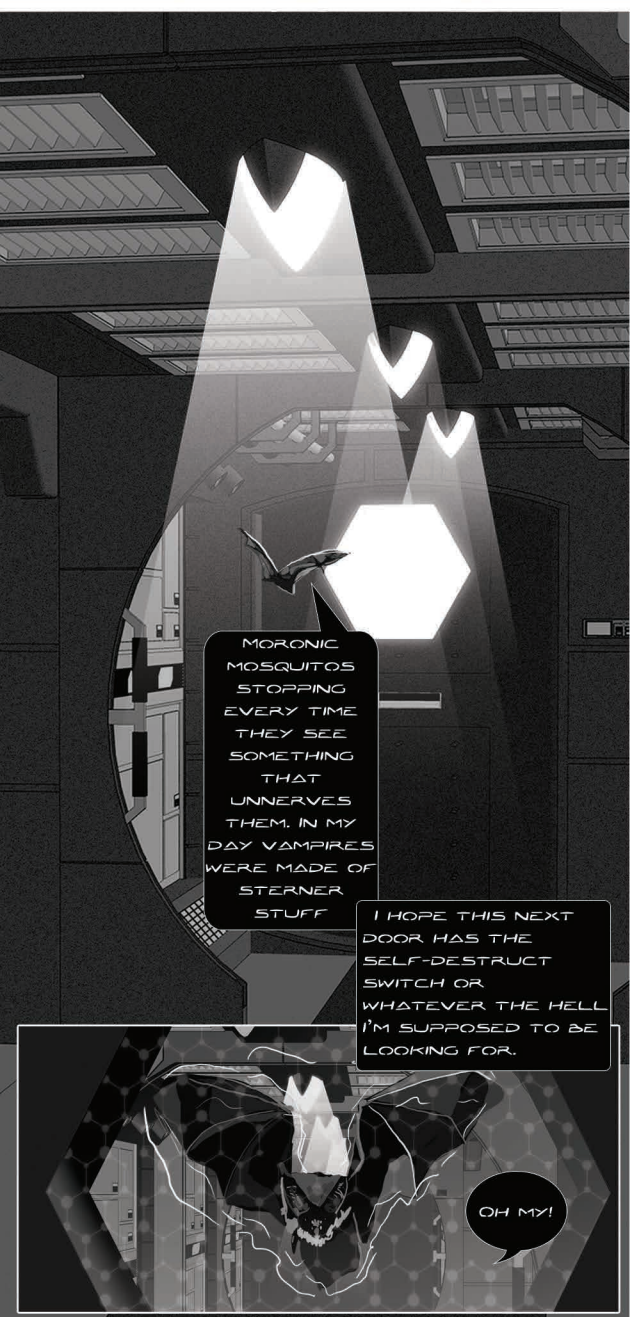
WHY DO YOUR WHATS WHAT? MOTHER PRESERVE US!



PLOOF!

I'M GOING TO SCOUT AHEAD AND FINISH THE MISSION WHILE YOU ATTEMPT TO FIND OUT WHY YOUR EYES ARE ITCHY. IDIOT.

I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT BRADLEY MEANT. I'VE NEVER FELT SO UNNERVED IN MY ENTIRE



MORONIC MOSQUITOS STOPPING EVERY TIME THEY SEE SOMETHING THAT UNNERVES THEM. IN MY DAY VAMPIRES WERE MADE OF STERNER STUFF

I HOPE THIS NEXT DOOR HAS THE SELF-DSTRUCT SWITCH OR WHATEVER THE HELL I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING FOR.



OH MY!



SOMEONE HELP US!

GROAN



IT LOOKS LIKE I FOUND THE BUFFET!

ELSEWHERE....



I'M HOPING THE REST OF THE SQUAD IS HAVING BETTER LUCK THAN WE ARE.

BLAH!

COME IN! DO YOU READ ME? VINCENT? VINCENT?

THIS IS SO LAME!

ELSEWHERE STILL.....



I'M HOPING THE REST OF THE SQUAD IS HAVING BETTER LUCK THAN WE ARE.

HOW MUCH LONGER UNTIL SUNRISE?

NO CLUE.



LET'S JUST FIND A GOOD PLACE TO PLANT SOME EXPLOSIVES AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE. VINCENT IS ON HIS OWN.

SHH! I HEAR SOMETHING. THERE'S AN OPEN DOOR AHEAD!

OKAY, LOCK AND LOAD.



HOLY SHIT!

ZZZZZZVINCENT!ZZZZZZZZZZZZZOU COPY?

HISSSSSSSSSSSS



