

VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES

THE BAYOU COUNTRY OF THE AMERICAN DEEP SOUTH! SAD CYPRESS TREES DIPPING THEIR GNARLED BRANCHES TO THE Oozing GROUND... RANK UNDERGROWTH, DRIPPING WITH THE SLIME OF CENTURIES... TEEMING WILD LIFE, THAT HIDES FROM THE SUN, AND SCURRIES AND SCUTTLES IN THE SHADOWS... AND, WITHIN THIS MIRE, A FEELING OF DEATH AND DOOM, THAT COULD ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS...

SWAMP FEVER

RICK VAN CLEEF LIKED GIRLS...

C'MON, BEA — WE GOT AN HOUR TILL SUNDOWN! PLENTY OF TIME FOR WHAT I GOT IN MIND...

NO, RICK — I... I DON'T WANT TO! ... I GOTTA GET HOME...

NO PROBLEM IN ITSELF, YOU MIGHT SAY — BUT IT WAS THE WAY RICK SHOWED HIS LIKING...

STOP YELLIN'! YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT! HEH — AN' YOU SURE GONNA GET IT!

RICK! LET ME GO! PLEASE! DON'T!

SURE IS GOOD, HUH? YEAH... REAL GOOD! HEH, HEH!

RICK HAD VERY STRANGE IDEAS...

NOW THEN, BITCH — TAKE THAT... AND THAT... AND THAT!

THOK! THOK!



