



HEY!  
BLOODY  
WIND.



WHAT  
THE—?

















Nooo!  
Noooooo!









AND GUESS WHAT, HALIFAX! YOU AND YOUR LITTLE CURSE AREN'T GONNA GET THIS ONE!

Y'HEAR? THIS GUY LIVES TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTHDAY!



BUT... I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU DON'T NEED TO.

SPIKE.

WHO ARE YOU?

YOU'RE KIDDING. WOW. I HAD A POODLE NAMED "SPIKE..."



DO I LOOK LIKE A BLOODY POODLE?



N-N-NO...

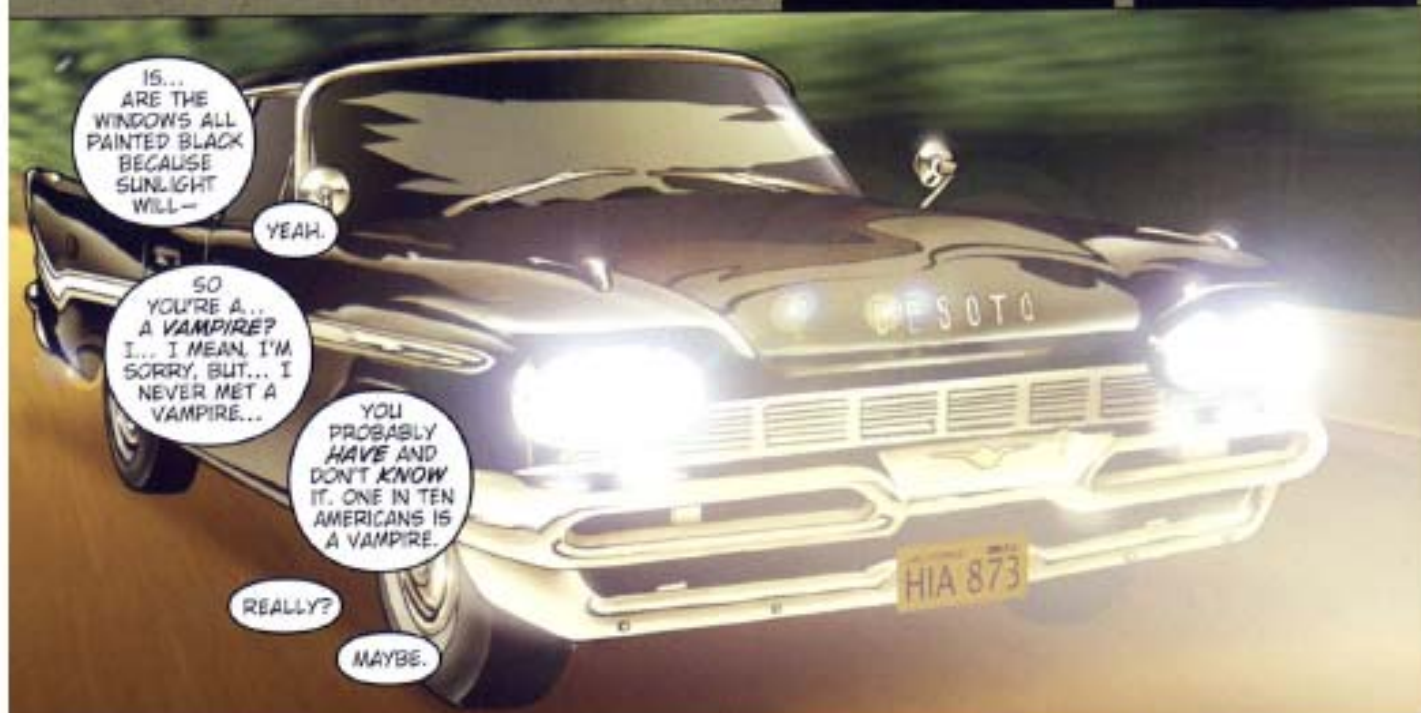
YOU WANNA LIVE?



Y-YES...

THEN LET'S GO.





IS... ARE THE WINDOWS ALL PAINTED BLACK BECAUSE SUNLIGHT WILL—

YEAH.

SO YOU'RE A... A VAMPIRE? I... I MEAN, I'M SORRY, BUT... I NEVER MET A VAMPIRE...

YOU PROBABLY HAVE AND DON'T KNOW IT. ONE IN TEN AMERICANS IS A VAMPIRE.

REALLY?

MAYBE.



BUT... AREN'T VAMPIRES, Y'KNOW... EVIL? WHY ARE YOU HELPING ME?

BECAUSE I HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR LOUSY POETS, AND TO EVEN THE SCORE WITH THE VENGEANCE DEMON I THINK IS TRYING TO KILL YOU.



"VENGEANCE?" WHY?! I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO ANYONE THAT—



WAIT... YOU DON'T LIKE MY POETRY?



ARRRRHH!





WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!



RUN IT OVER! RUN IT OVER!

FORGET THAT! THAT'S A SEPAVRO DEMON!



RUNNING IT OVER WON'T KILL IT, AND IT'LL JUST WRECK MY CAR.

STAY HERE AND TRY NOT TO DIE.