

FANGS

FOR THE MEMORY!

THE INVITATION HAD SEEMED INNOCENT ENOUGH TO PETER PETERS, EVEN IF THE LOCATION WAS ECCENTRIC. HE'D BEEN ASKED TO MEET AN OLD FRIEND FOR A FEW DRINKS. BUT THERE WAS ONE THING HE HADN'T REALISED UNTIL NOW...

NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
YOU'RE MAD!

... THE DRINKS ARE ON HIM!

AND THEN IT IS OVER...

EXPERTLY DONE, COUNT.

NATURALLY... NOW, HELP ME WITH HIM! HE CAN'T BE LEFT HERE!

POOR OLD PETERS! HE REALLY GOT IT IN THE NECK! IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY HE RAN INTO A VAMPIRE!

PETERS HAD WORKED IN OPTICS... SURVEILLANCE DEVICES AND SPY CAMERAS... A VALUABLE MAN TO LOSE...

AAAAAUGH!

LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, PETER'S BODY IS FOUND, MANY MILES FROM LONDON...

WELL, I DO KNOW BETTER, STEED! IT'S POISON... HE WAS PUMPED FULL OF VIROCAINE... PROBABLY INJECTED THROUGH THOSE PUNCTURES!

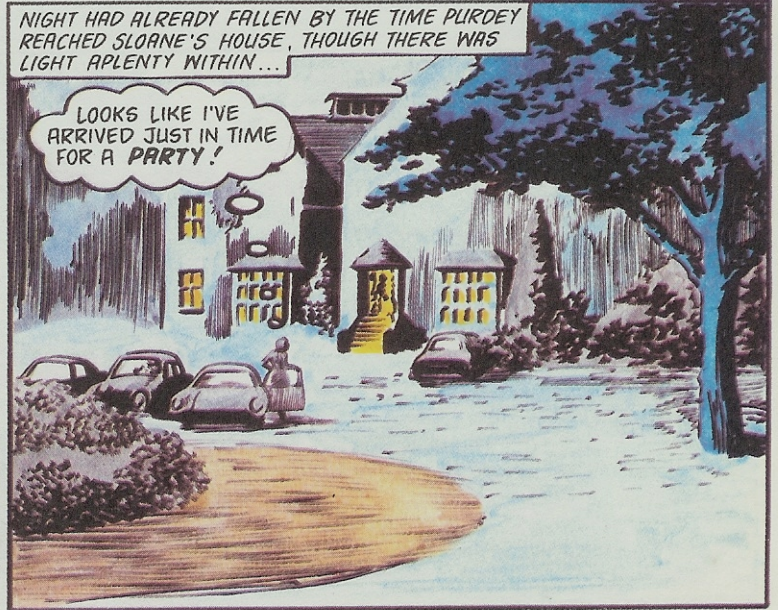
GAMBIT, CHECK WITH RECORDS... PETERS' FRIENDS, ANY BLACK SHEEP IN THE DEPARTMENT, YOU KNOW... AND YOU'D BETTER SEE HIS CO-WORKER, SLOANE, PURDEY!

AND WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING?

I NEED SOMETHING TO GET MY TEETH INTO... I'M GOING VAMPIRE HUNTING! SEE YOU AT MY PLACE IN THE MORNING!

NIGHT HAD ALREADY FALLEN BY THE TIME PURDEY REACHED SLOANE'S HOUSE, THOUGH THERE WAS LIGHT APLENTY WITHIN...

LOOKS LIKE I'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME FOR A PARTY!





GOING IN, SHE MET SLOANE, COMING OUT...!

PURDEY! I DON'T REMEMBER INVITING YOU!

YOU DIDN'T

WELL, GET YOURSELF A DRINK ANYWAY! I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER!



AND AS PURDEY TOOK UP THE INVITATION...

I DON'T REMEMBER INVITING YOU EITHER, BUT I'M GLAD YOU CAME! HOLD ON... YOUR TEETH!



AND THEN...

AAAUUUGH!

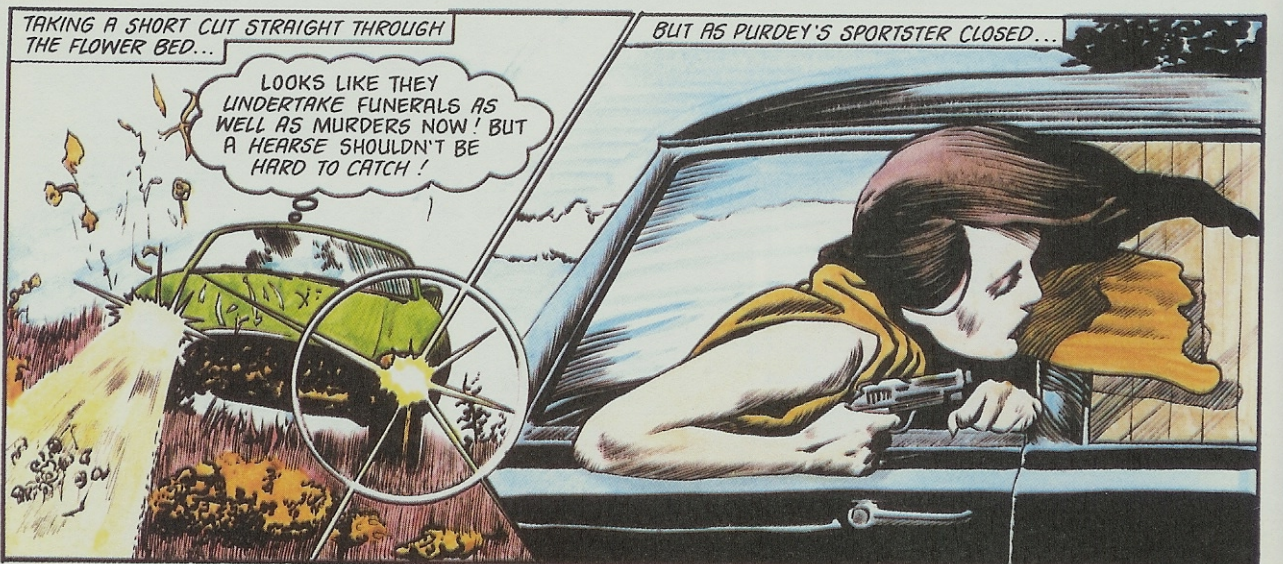
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S HEARD ONE OF MALCOLM'S TERRIBLE JOKES!

SLOANE!



PURDEY WAS ON THE SCENE IN SECONDS... BUT EVEN THAT WAS TOO LATE...

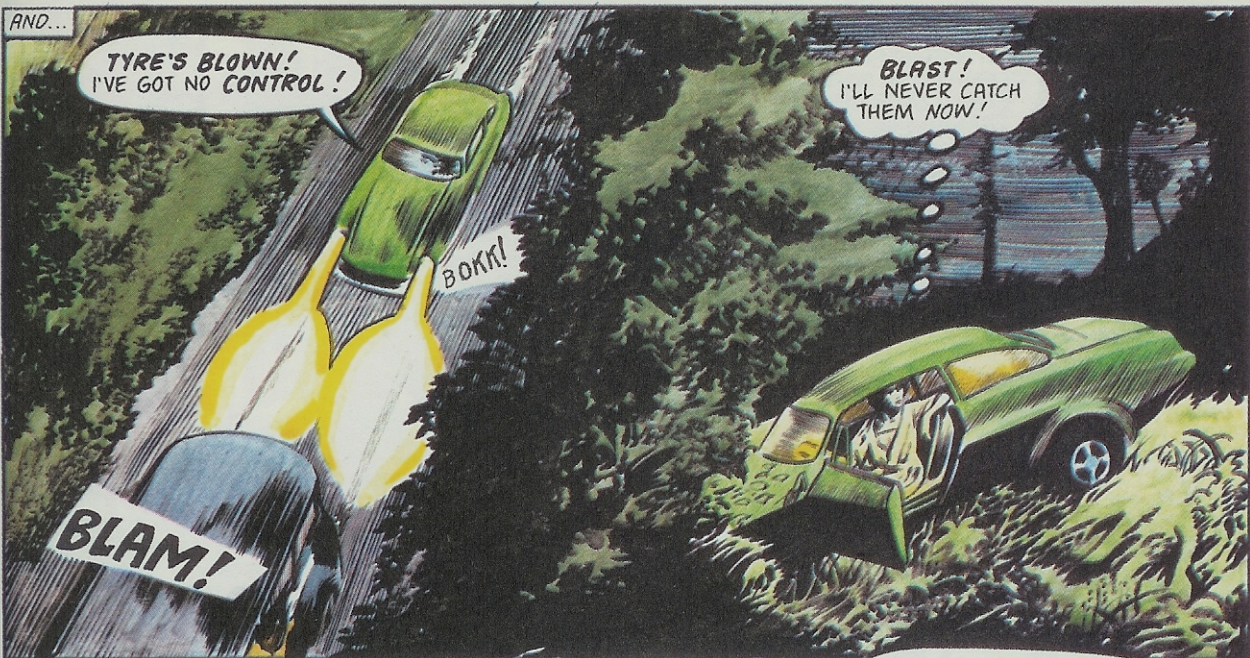
DEAD! JUST LIKE PETERS! THAT GIRL!



TAKING A SHORT CUT STRAIGHT THROUGH THE FLOWER BED...

BUT AS PURDEY'S SPORTSTER CLOSED...

LOOKS LIKE THEY UNDERTAKE FUNERALS AS WELL AS MURDERS NOW! BUT A HEARSE SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO CATCH!



AND...

TYRE'S BLOWN!
I'VE GOT NO CONTROL!

BOKK!

BLAST!
I'LL NEVER CATCH
THEM NOW!



ELSEWHERE, STEED HAS ARRIVED AT THE HOME OF PROFESSOR L. SING, BRITAIN'S LEADING EXPERT ON THE SUBJECT OF VAMPIRES...

VERY INTERESTING,
MR. STEED! YOU'LL NEED
WOODEN STAKES, AND
A Mallet, AND...

I'M SURE I WILL,
PROFESSOR, BUT ALL I
REALLY WANTED TO KNOW
IS **ARE VAMPIRES
POISONOUS?**



NO, I'VE NEVER HEARD
OF THAT! I'D COME WITH YOU,
STEED, BUT THE IDEA OF ACTUALLY
MEETING ONE OF THE NASTY
THINGS SCARES ME **HALF
TO DEATH!**

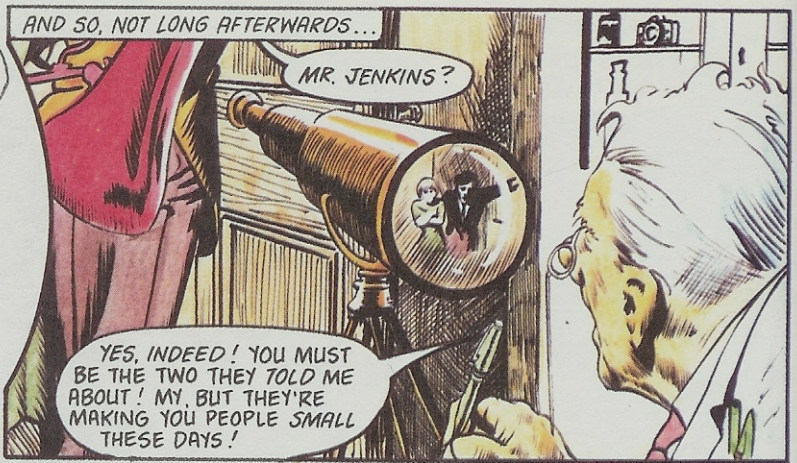


NEXT MORNING AT STEED'S...

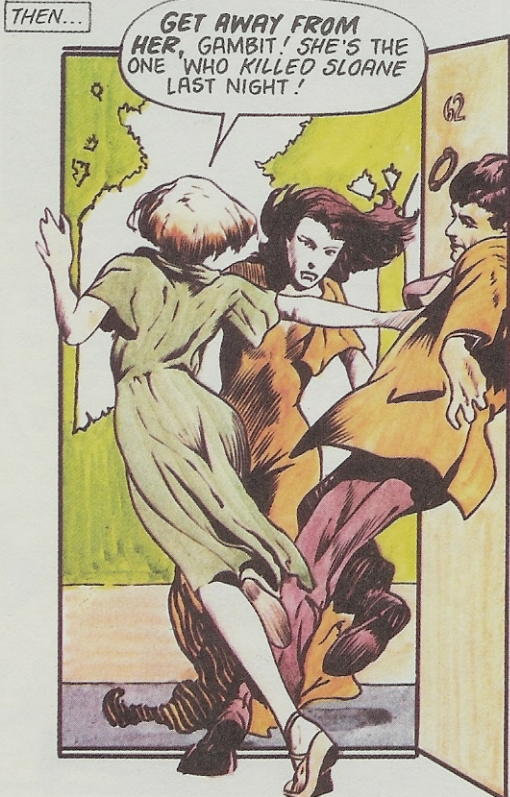
ONLY ONE MAN FIRED
FROM OPTICS IN THE LAST
FIVE YEARS... **MARTIN
COUNT.** 'COMPROMISED
SECURITY' BY FALLING IN
LOVE WITH A CHEMIST
CALLED **MARIA WYNNE...**
AND SHE WORKED IN
POISONS!

THAT MUST BE
THE GIRL **SLOANE**
FELL FOR LAST NIGHT...
TROUBLE IS, HE DIDN'T
GET UP AGAIN!

COUNT WAS INTO
CAMERAS AND FILM,
AND AFTER HE LEFT, HE
BOUGHT AN OLD FILM
STUDIO. LIVES THERE AS
A BIT OF A RECLUSE.
SEEMS HE WAS **ANGRY**
ABOUT BEING FIRED...
ESPECIALLY **ANGRY**
WITH HIS BOSS,
JENKINS.



BEFORE EITHER GAMBIT OR THE GIRL COULD REACT, PURDEY MOVED WITH STUNNING SWIFTNES...





YOU APPEAR TO HAVE KICKED HER TEETH OUT!

AND YOU CAN BET THAT BULB CONTAINS VIROCRINE! A BITE, A SQUIRT, AND IT'S ALL OVER!



WE'D BETTER RADIO FOR SOMEONE TO PICK UP THE GIRL, THEN...!

LOOK! THERE'S THAT HEARSE AGAIN! THIS TIME IT WON'T GET AWAY!

SHORTLY... HE MUST HAVE SOUPED THAT THING UP! I DIDN'T THINK A HEARSE COULD GO THAT FAST!

HELLO, STEED! WE'VE GOT THE GIRL... BUT THE OTHER ONE'S STILL LOOSE! HE'S COMING IN YOUR DIRECTION!

AT THE STUDIO...

ANYTHING HAPPENING AT YOUR END, STEED?



NO! IT'S AS QUIET AS THE GRAVE!

AND AS THE CHASE GOES ON, STEED CONTINUED HIS SEARCH...



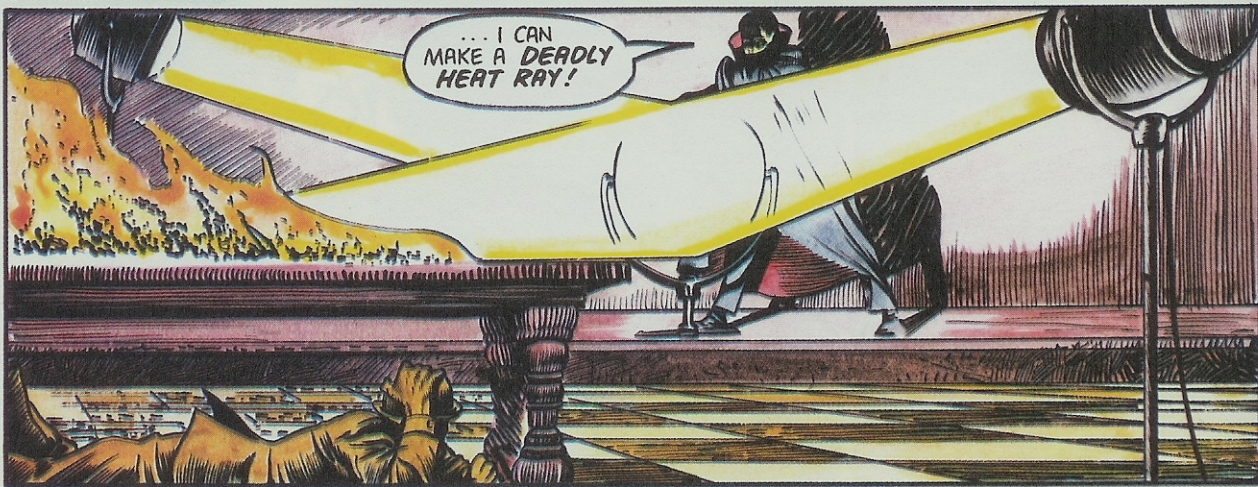
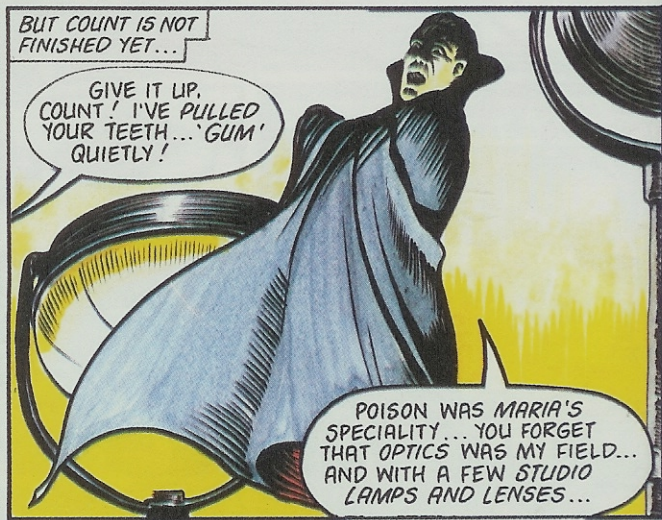
HMM! DRACULA'S CASTLE! TERRIBLE TASTE IN DECORATION... BUT A NICE TASTE IN FRUIT, I SEE!

AND THEN, WITH PURDEY AND GAMBIT NOT FAR BEHIND, COUNT RETURNED...



MUST GET INSIDE... I CAN DEAL WITH THEM IN THERE!

STAGE DOOR



AT THAT MOMENT, PURDEY AND GAMBIT ARRIVE TO SEE...

BLAM!
THE LENS, GAMBIT! SHOOT THE LENS!

AND GAMBIT IS A CRACK SHOT...

NO! GOT TO ESCAPE! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME...

PING!

BUT FEW MEN COULD MATCH PURDEY'S LITHE SPEED...

...OR HER ATHLETIC FIGHTING SKILL...

HA-AH!

UUUGH!

AND AS COUNT FELL TO HIS 'TOMB'...

HELP ME MOVE THIS AND WE'LL SLAB HIM IN PRISON!

THAT REALLY PUTS THE LID ON THIS CASE!

WELL, ONCE AGAIN THE WICKED COUNT IS LAID TO REST! WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?

A STAKE THROUGH THE HEART? NO, A STEAK ON A PLATE, I THINK... I'LL BUY BOTH OF YOU DINNER!

EXIT

THE END.