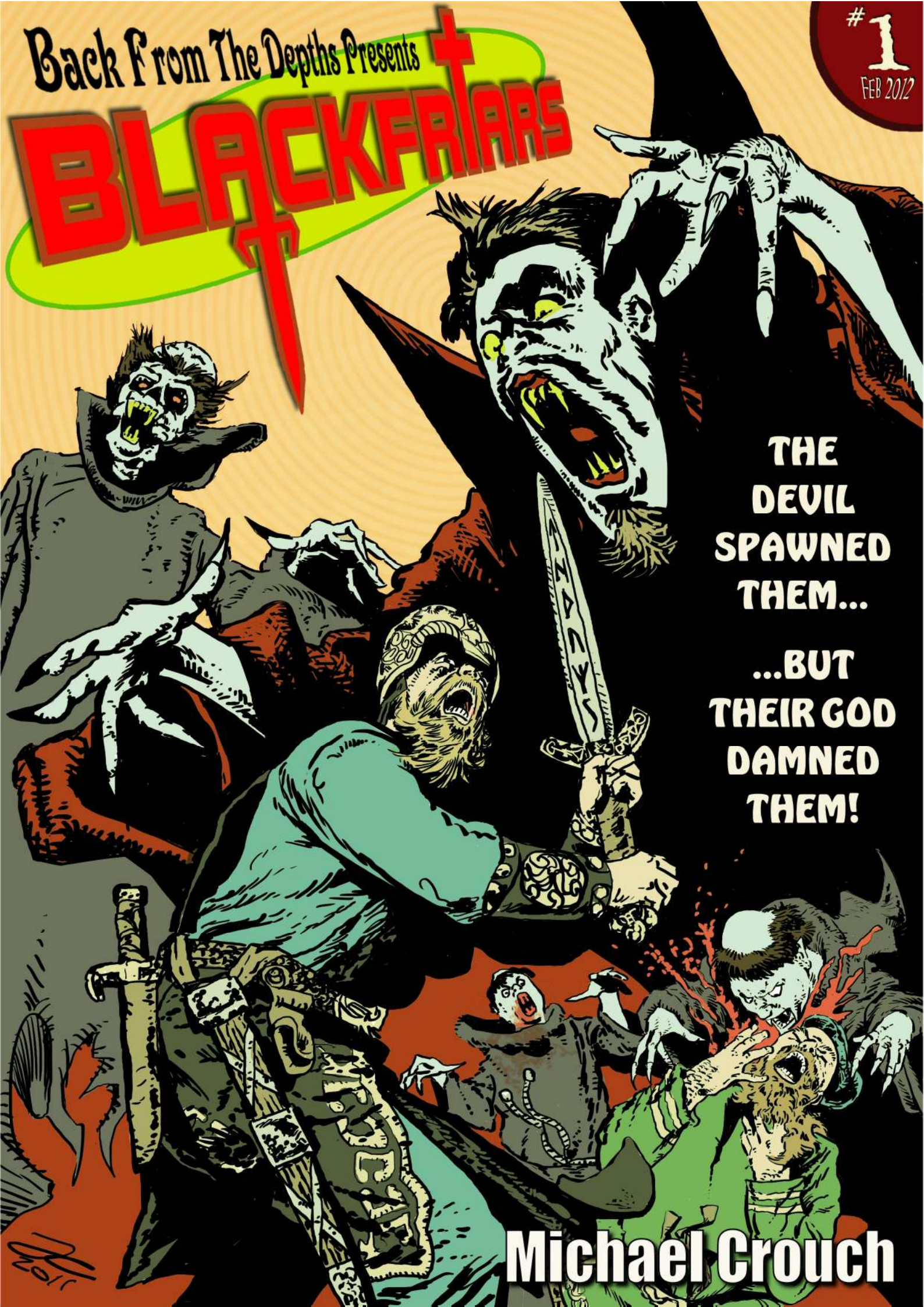


Back From The Depths Presents



# BLACKFRIARS

#1  
FEB 2012



**THE  
DEVIL  
SPAWNED  
THEM...**

**...BUT  
THEIR GOD  
DAMNED  
THEM!**

**Michael Crouch**



# ARE YOU READY TO RAGNAROK?



Greetings, mortals!

Welcome to this special collected edition of Michael Crouch's **BLACKFRIARS** a tale of vikings versus vampires in the style of a serial from the classic British "Scream!" comic. The fake cover image shown below was illustrated by Michael himself, and then fiddled around with by resident depths-dweller, Malcolm Kirk, to make it all grotty and authentic looking. You'll find a few more examples of eerie artwork in an image gallery at the end of this vampiric viking-filled volume.

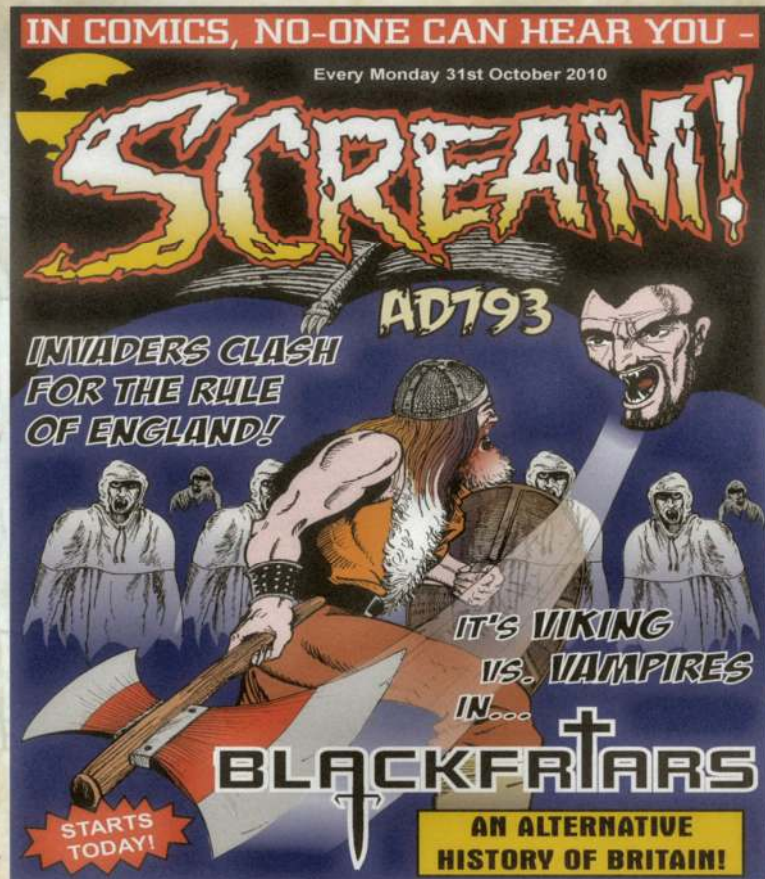
The Reaper...

## HALLOWSCREAM!



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Main Cover Image by John Caliber  
Cover/Intro design by Malcolm Kirk

Back from the Depths






**CRUSH THEIR GODS! TRASH THEIR IDOLS! TAKE THEIR GOLD!**

**SPARE NONE FOR THESE CREATURES ARE NOTHING BUT FRIGHTENED SHEEP.**

**THEY DO NOT DESERVE THE PITY OF WARRIORS SUCH AS US!**



**SLAUGHTER THEM ALL!**



**793AD. SAVAGE, HEATHEN ARMIES FROM THE NORTH INVADE THE SHORES OF NORTHUMBERLAND.**

**THEY COME TO PILLAGE AT THE ALTARS AND HOUSES OF THE PIOUS CHRISTIAN WORSHIPPERS. NONE ARE SPARED THE SWORD AND AXE OF THE RAMPAGING NORSEMEN!**

**ENGLAND'S FUTURE IS IN THE BALANCE THIS DAY...**

**...FOR TODAY IS THE DAY OF THE VIKINGS!**

THE DEVIL  
SPAWNED THEM...

# BLACKFRIARS

...BUT THEIR GOD DAMNED THEM!

THE NORSEMEN  
ARE COMING!

TO THE  
VAULTS, MY  
BROTHERS!

WE MUST PREPARE  
THE EARTH AND SEE THAT  
THE RELIC IS  
SECURED!

HIS COMING  
MUST BE MADE  
READY!

  
**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT  
& ART:  
MICHAEL  
CROUCH

*In this year of our Lord, 793 AD, fierce, foreboding omens came over the land of Northubria, and wretchedly terrified the people. There were incredible whirlwinds, lightning storms, and fiery dragons were seen flying in the sky.*

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.





CAEDWULF,  
THEY'RE  
THROUGH!

THEN MAY  
HE HAVE MERCY  
UPON ALL OUR  
SOULS!



WE'RE IN!  
THE LILY-LIVERED  
ONES WILL SOON FALL  
BENEATH OUR BLADES!  
WE WILL NOT LEAVE  
UNTIL THEIR HALLS  
RUN RED WITH  
BLOOD!

AYE, ERIC  
LICEBEARD! AND THEIR  
TREASURES WILL BE OURS!  
WE SHALL FREE THIS LAND  
OF THEIR UNJUST GOD  
AND GIVE IT TO  
OUR PEOPLE!



SEEK, FIND  
AND KILL THOSE  
MEN OF CLOTH WHO  
WOULD ENSLAVE THEIR  
OWN KIND WITH  
DOCTRINE!

IT IS  
TIME TO  
DIE!

FOR YOU  
PERHAPS,  
WARRIOR!

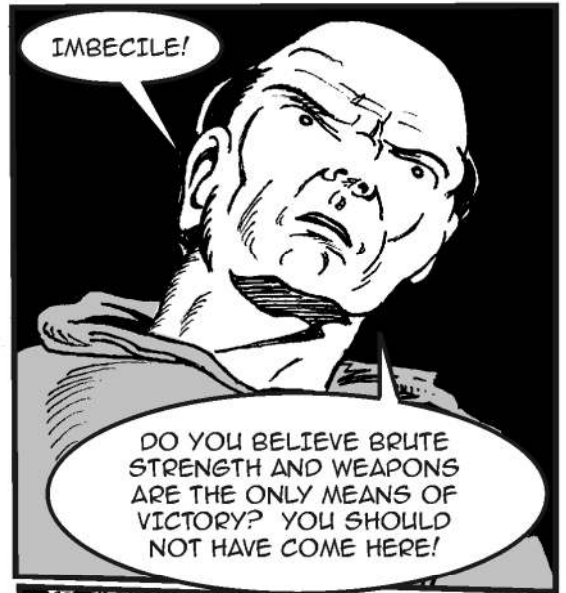




WHAT?  
WHAT IS  
THIS?



HA! DO YOU THINK  
A PUNY *SKRAELING* LIKE  
YOU CAN BEST THE BLOOD  
AND IRON OF A NORSE  
MAN?



IMBECILE!

DO YOU BELIEVE BRUTE  
STRENGTH AND WEAPONS  
ARE THE ONLY MEANS OF  
VICTORY? YOU SHOULD  
NOT HAVE COME HERE!



BY ODIN,  
YOU DARE SPEAK  
TO A NORSE WARRIOR  
THUS? YOU, A  
PATHETIC, IDOL-  
WORSHIPPING MONK  
ARMED ONLY WITH  
WOODEN CROSSES?

EXCEPT THAT  
WE CARRY NO  
CROSSES  
HERE!



HAVE YOU  
NOT OBSERVED  
YOUR SURROUNDINGS?  
THIS MONASTERY IS  
DEVOID OF ALL  
CHRISTIAN SYMBOLOLOGY  
OF ANY KIND!

BUT I  
THOUGHT THAT  
ALL YOUR KIND  
WORSHIPPED  
SUCH THINGS!



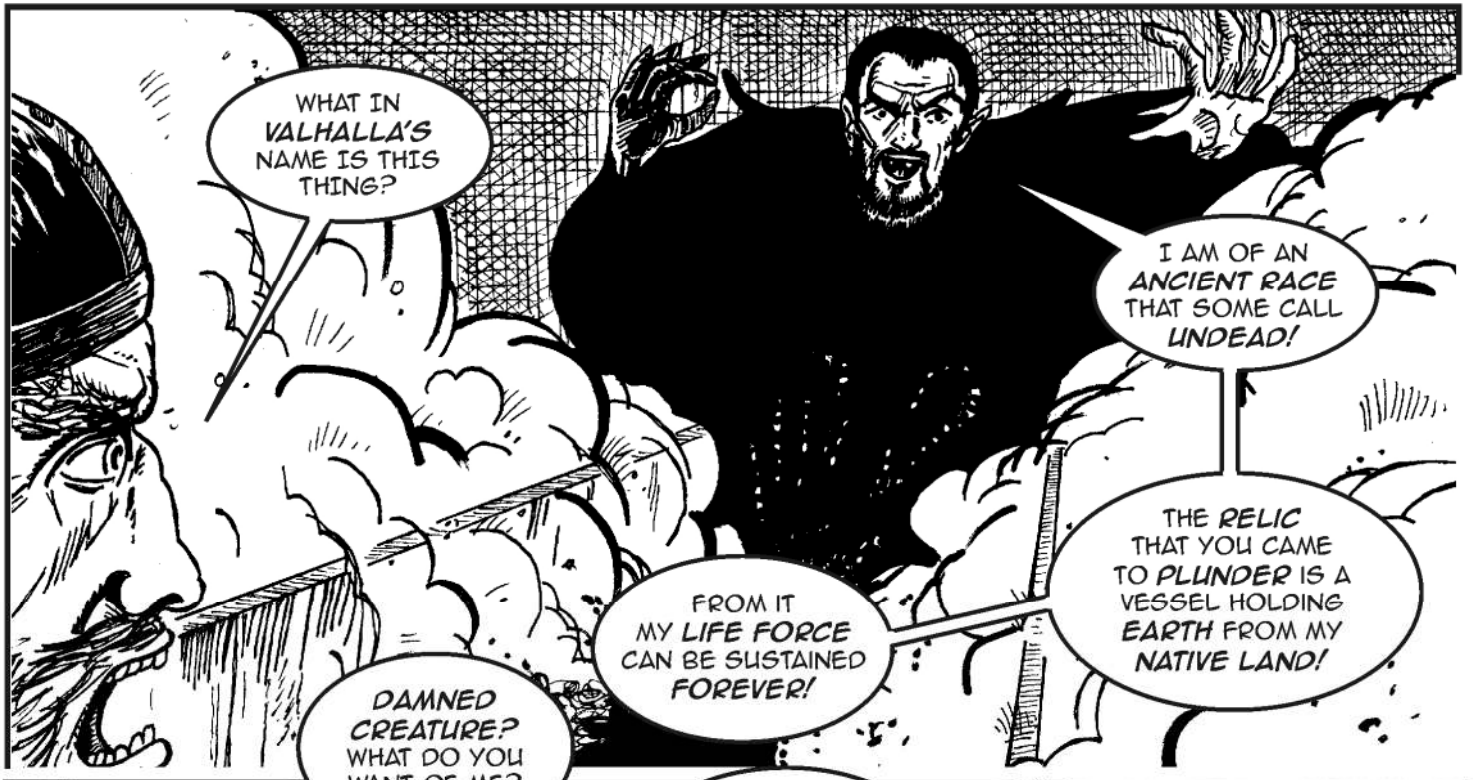
MY KIND  
GAVE UP SUCH  
THINGS WHEN  
HE CLAIMED US  
AS HIS OWN!

HE?



HE?





WHAT IN VALHALLA'S NAME IS THIS THING?

I AM OF AN ANCIENT RACE THAT SOME CALL UNDEAD!

THE RELIC THAT YOU CAME TO PLUNDER IS A VESSEL HOLDING EARTH FROM MY NATIVE LAND!

FROM IT MY LIFE FORCE CAN BE SUSTAINED FOREVER!

DAMNED CREATURE? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?



WHAT I WANT OF ALL MEN! I CAN HEAR YOUR HEART POUNDING, YOUR BLOOD FLOWING...

NOW IT SHALL FLOW THROUGH MINE!



**ARGHHHHHHHHHH!**



AND NOW, MY SERVANTS, THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE! THIS NEW NORSE AGE MUST NOT BE!

TODAY MAY BE THE DAY OF THE VIKINGS...

...BUT TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE!



Next Week:  
**The Wolves of Fenris!**



THE DEVIL SPAWNED THEM . . . BUT THEIR GOD DAMNED THEM!

Chapter two:  
The Wolves of Fenris!

# BLACKFRIARS

NORTHUMBRIA, 793AD.  
THE VIKINGS HAVE INVADDED  
BRINGING TERROR AND  
PLUNDER IN THEIR WAKE!

  
**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT  
& ART:  
MICHAEL  
CROUCH

BUT THERE ARE OTHER TERRORS  
AT LARGE, SOME OF WHICH  
WILL MAKE EVEN A NORSEMAN  
TREMBLE!

ONE MONASTERY, DEVOID OF ALL  
CHRISTIAN IDOLS, HAS ALREADY  
CLAIMED ONE VIKING WARRIOR.  
NOW OTHERS COME TO FIND  
HIM. THEIR HUNTING WOLVES  
HAVE THE SCENT OF THEIR  
MISSING COMRADE AND CLOSE  
IN ON THEIR QUARRY!

AND SOON THEY TOO WILL LEARN THE TERRIFYING SECRET OF THE BLACKFRIARS!

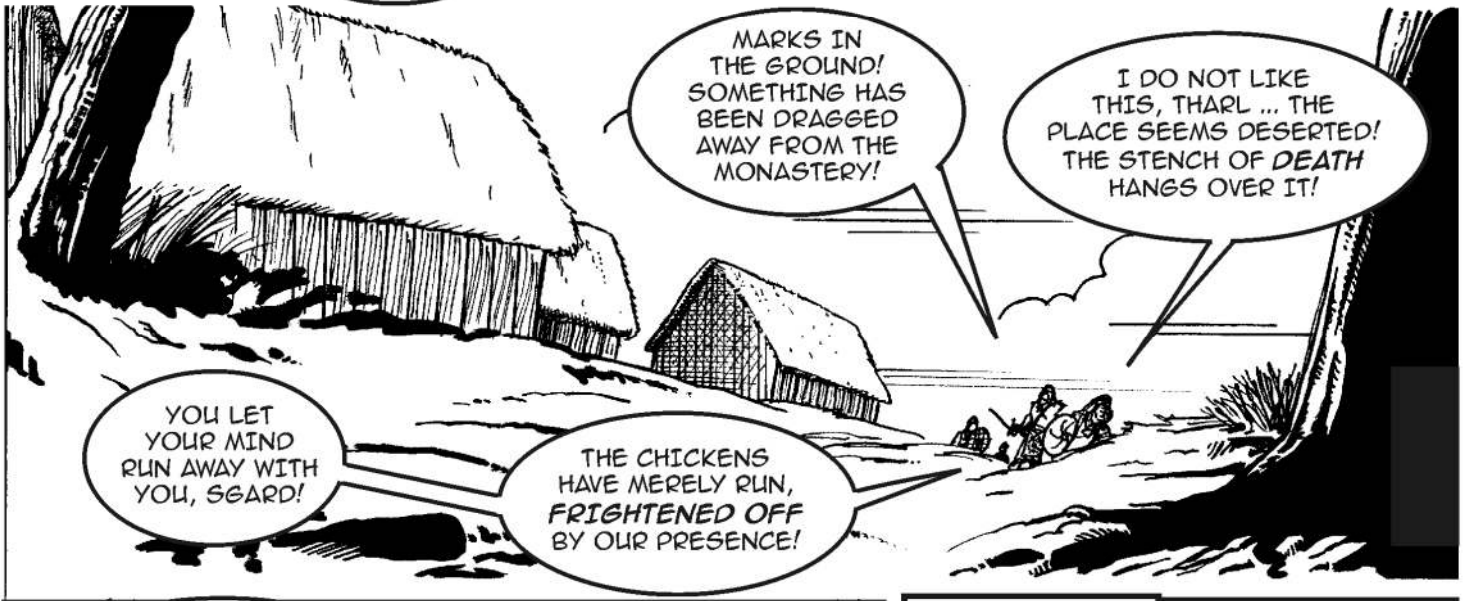
A VIKING HUNTING PARTY DESCENDS UPON A SMALL SAXON VILLAGE OUTSIDE OF A GUTTED MONASTERY...

FENRIS,  
YOUR WOLVES  
HAVE ERIC'S  
SCENT...



OUR  
BROTHER  
IS HERE!

READY YOUR *SWORDS*  
FOR IF ANY HARM HAS  
BEFALLEN ERIC LICEBEARD,  
THEN THIS VILLAGE  
SHALL *PERISH!*



MARKS IN  
THE GROUND!  
SOMETHING HAS  
BEEN DRAGGED  
AWAY FROM THE  
MONASTERY!

I DO NOT LIKE  
THIS, THARL ... THE  
PLACE SEEMS DESERTED!  
THE STENCH OF DEATH  
HANGS OVER IT!

YOU LET  
YOUR MIND  
RUN AWAY WITH  
YOU, SGARD!

THE CHICKENS  
HAVE MERELY RUN,  
FRIGHTENED OFF  
BY OUR PRESENCE!

I'M NOT SO SURE!  
EVEN THE *WOLVES* SEEM  
*NERVOUS!* BE READY!  
KEEP YOUR WITS AND  
YOUR WEAPONS  
ABOUT YOU!

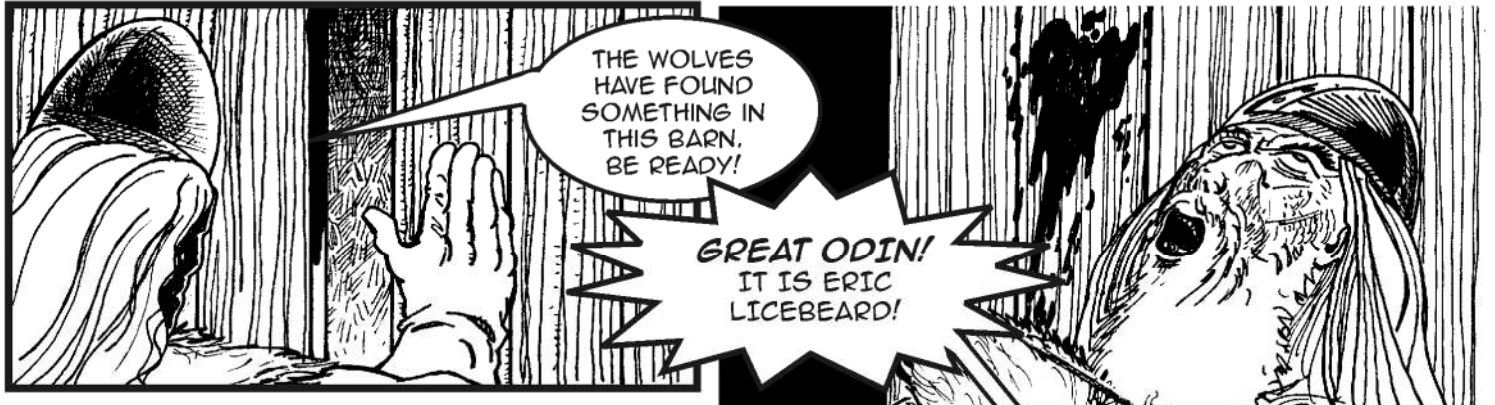


SUDDENLY -



GRRRRRRR!!





THE WOLVES HAVE FOUND SOMETHING IN THIS BARN. BE READY!

**GREAT ODIN!**  
IT IS ERIC LICEBEARD!



BUT WHY DRAG HIS BODY HERE?

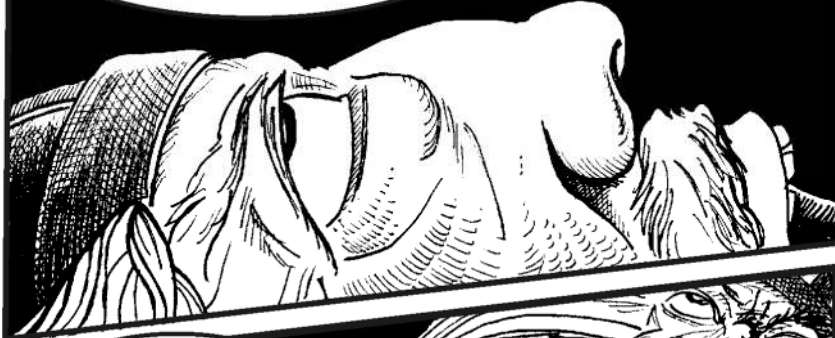
DELAYING TACTICS! SOMEONE WANTED TIME TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE!

IT IS LIKE THE WORK OF SOME WILD ANIMAL YET I HAVE SEEN ERIC FIGHT OFF BOTH BEAR AND WOLF!



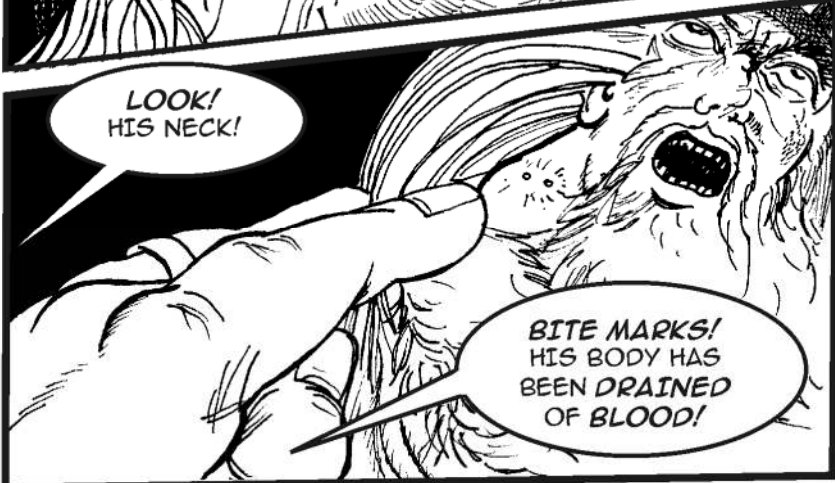
NEVER HAVE I SEEN A CORPSE SO WHITENED! WHAT MANNER OF DEATH IS THIS?

THE SKIN IS PALE AND SHRIVELLED! WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS NO ORDINARY BEAST!



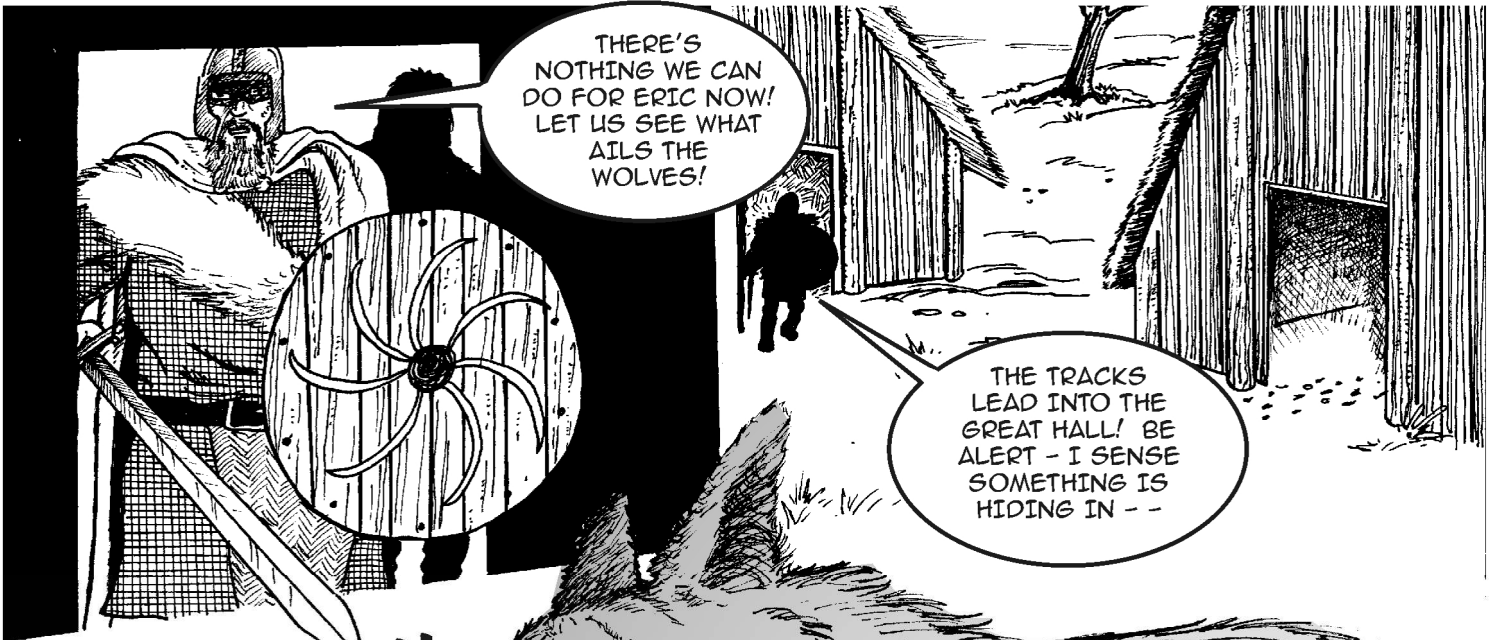
**HOOWWWWLLLLL!**

THE WOLVES!



LOOK! HIS NECK!

BITE MARKS! HIS BODY HAS BEEN DRAINED OF BLOOD!





NORTHUMBRIA, 793AD.



A SMALL BAND OF VIKING HUNTERS SEARCH FOR AN UNKNOWN QUARRY WHO HAS BRUTALLY KILLED TWO OF THEIR NUMBER.

THEY DO NOT YET KNOW THAT THEIR QUARRY IS IN FACT A VAMPIRE, NOR DO THEY YET KNOW OF HIS SERVANTS OF EVIL...

**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT  
& ART:  
MICHAEL  
CROUCH

THE DEVIL SPAWNED THEM...

# BLACKFRIARS

...BUT THEIR GOD DAMNED THEM!

Chapter three:  
**Village of the Damned!**

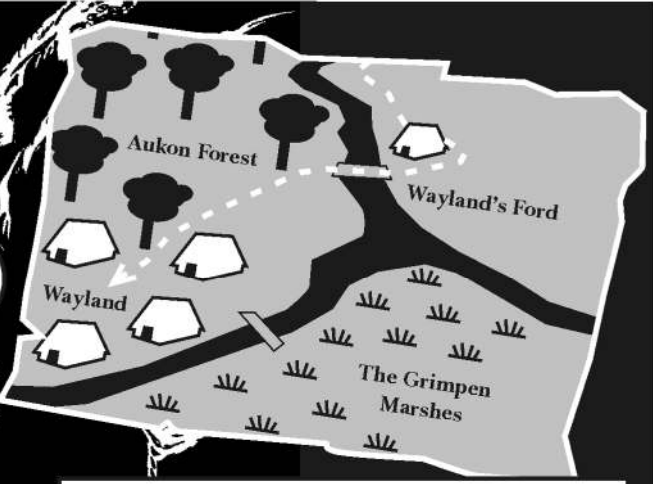
A MESSAGE CARVED IN STONE IS WRITTEN IN THE VIKING RUNIC ALPHABET, AN ALPHABET IN USE UNTIL ABOUT 800AD.

f u p a r k g w h n i j p e R s

t b e m l ng d o



THE TRAIL OF THE BLOODLESS ONES LEADS THERE - TO THE VILLAGE OF WAYLAND!



SINCE BEACHING, THE VIKING HUNTING PARTY HAS TRAVELLED SOUTH FROM NORTHUMBERLAND THESE PAST TWELVE DAYS, SEARCHING FOR ANY SIGN OF THEIR SUPERNATURAL QUARRY!

BUT WAYLAND VILLAGE LIKE SO MANY OTHERS IN THIS BLIGHTED LANDSCAPE SEEMS DESERTED, WHETHER THROUGH FEAR OF THE VIKING ONSLAUGHT OR SOMETHING MORE SINISTER!

HAH!  
NOT SO ABANDONED AS IT FIRST APPEARS!

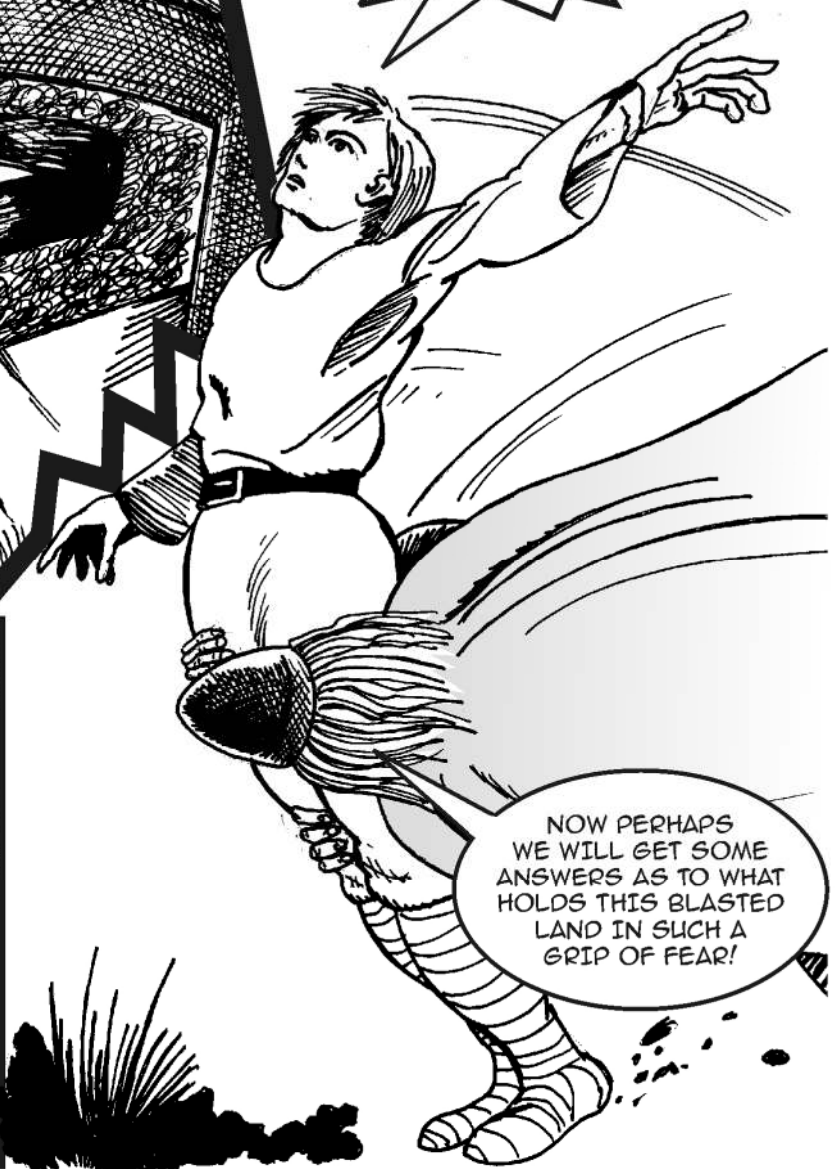


**ARRGGHH HHH!**

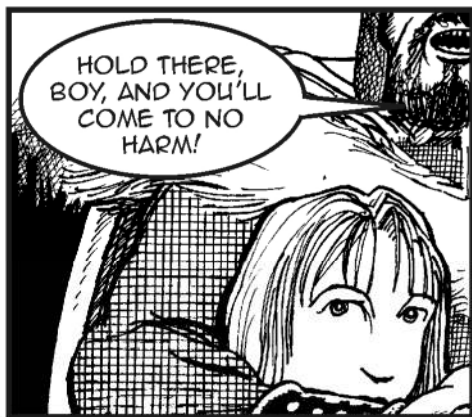
QUIT RUNNING AND COME HERE, BOY, FOR I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU!



NOW PERHAPS WE WILL GET SOME ANSWERS AS TO WHAT HOLDS THIS BLASTED LAND IN SUCH A GRIP OF FEAR!







HOLD THERE, BOY, AND YOU'LL COME TO NO HARM!



**ARGHHH!**



BESTED BY A SAXON WHELP! HAH!

YOU'LL NEVER WIELD AN AXE AGAIN, THARL!



ENOUGH! STILL YOUR LIMBS, LAD, AND MAYBE YOU'LL KEEP THEM! WE WANT TO KNOW OF THE BLOODLESS ONES! WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THEM?

THEY HAVE BEEN HERE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE BUT I KNOW WHAT THEY DO!



THEN TELL ME, BOY, AND PERHAPS WE NORSEMEN CAN WIPE THESE CREATURES OUT!

THEY CAME A DAY AGO, BLACKFRIARS IN THE COMPANY OF THE DARK ONE...



"THEY STALKED MY VILLAGE AND THEN FELL UPON THE GREAT HALL WHERE A COUNCIL MEETING WAS IN SESSION!"

"ALL INSIDE WERE SLAUGHTERED!"

"I SAW THEIR BODIES, SHRIVELLED AND DRAINED OF BLOOD!"



THE BOY'S DESCRIPTION MATCHES WHAT WE WITNESSED OF ERIC LICEBEARD'S BODY!

BLOOD-DRINKING ABOMINATIONS? CAN IT BE TRUE?

THEY NAME THEMSELVES VAMPIRE!

"THE DARK ONE WHO LEADS THEM IS CALLED LORD GOLGOTH!"



"AND ALL THE WHILE, THE SO-CALLED MEN OF GOD STOOD SILENT, WATCHING, WAITING FOR THEIR TURN!"



"I SAW HIM BITE AND RIP THE NECK OF THE VILLAGE HEADMAN AND THEN DRINK FROM HIS FLESH!"

THEN OUR COURSE IS CLEAR! WE MUST FIND THIS GOLGOTH AND PUT HIM TO THE AXE!

AYE, BUT WE MUST KNOW FROM WHENCE HE COMES AND DESTROY HIS FOLLOWERS TOO!

"THESE BLACKFRIARS ARE AS DAMNED AS THEIR MASTER!"



LET ME HELP YOU! I WOULD SEE MY VILLAGE AVENGED!

IN THE NEXT HAMLET IS A MYSTIC, A SHAMAN NAMED WULFRAM - WULFRAM OF THE ALL-SEEING EYE!

IT IS SAID THAT HE KNOWS ALL THINGS! HE CAN REVEAL THE SECRETS OF THE BLACKFRIARS!



 Next Week: **The Shaman!**



THE DEVIL SPANNED THEM...  
...BUT THEIR GOD DAMNED THEM!

Chapter Four: The Shaman!

# BLACKFRIARS

NORTHUMBRIA, 793AD  
AND VIKING HORDES  
STORM ACROSS ENGLAND!

BUT THERE ARE OTHER  
THINGS TO FEAR OTHER  
THAN THE SWORD AND AXE  
OF THE NORSEMEN!

A NEW YET ANCIENT EVIL  
BRINGS WITH IT WORSE  
TERRORS, TERRORS THAT  
MAKE EVEN THE VIKINGS  
THEMSELVES TREMBLE!

THE VAMPIRE  
HAS COME TO OUR  
LAND AND WE HAVE  
NO PROTECTION!  
IT IS OUR BLOOD  
THEY WILL BE  
DRINKING!

  
**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT  
& ART:  
MICHAEL  
CROUCH

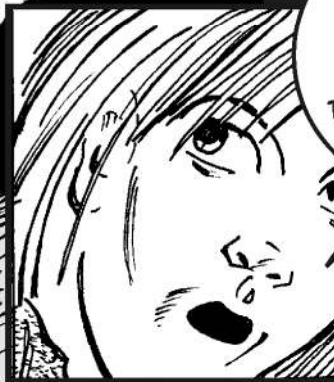


FORGET THE VAMPIRES! THE VIKINGS ARE HERE!



DON'T SOIL YOUR BREECHES, SAXON, WE ONLY SEEK THE SHAMAN'S KNOWLEDGE!

WE WOULD KNOW OF THESE ...VAMPIRES!



IT'S TRUE! MY NAME IS LEOFRIC. MY VILLAGE WAS WIPED OUT BY THE BLOODLESS ONES!



THEN GATHER HERE, NORSEMEN, AND I WILL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW!

"THE ONES YOU SEEK CAME FROM A LAND FAR FROM HERE, BEYOND THE CAUCASUS AND THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS OF THE EAST!"

"THE POPULACE LIVED IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THESE MOUNTAINS, LIVING IN PERPETUAL FEAR OF THEIR DARK LORD, GOLGOTH!"



"FROM HIS STONE FORTRESS HE SURVEYED HIS DOMAIN, RULING ON HIGH OVER THE PEOPLE BELOW ... HIS PREY!"





"ALL LIVED IN TERROR, BEHOLDEN TO THE WILL OF THE DARK LORD AND HIS SERVANTS OF EVIL!"



"EACH NIGHTFALL THEY WOULD LEAVE THEIR ROOST AND FIND YOUTHS TO SUP ON THEIR PURE, UNPOLLUTED BLOOD!"



"AND EACH MORNING THE PEOPLE WOULD GATHER TO BURY THE FRESH, YOUNG CORPSES!"


"THOSE THEY SPARED JOINED THE RANKS OF THE SERVANTS!"

"AND THEN THE VIKINGS CAME!"



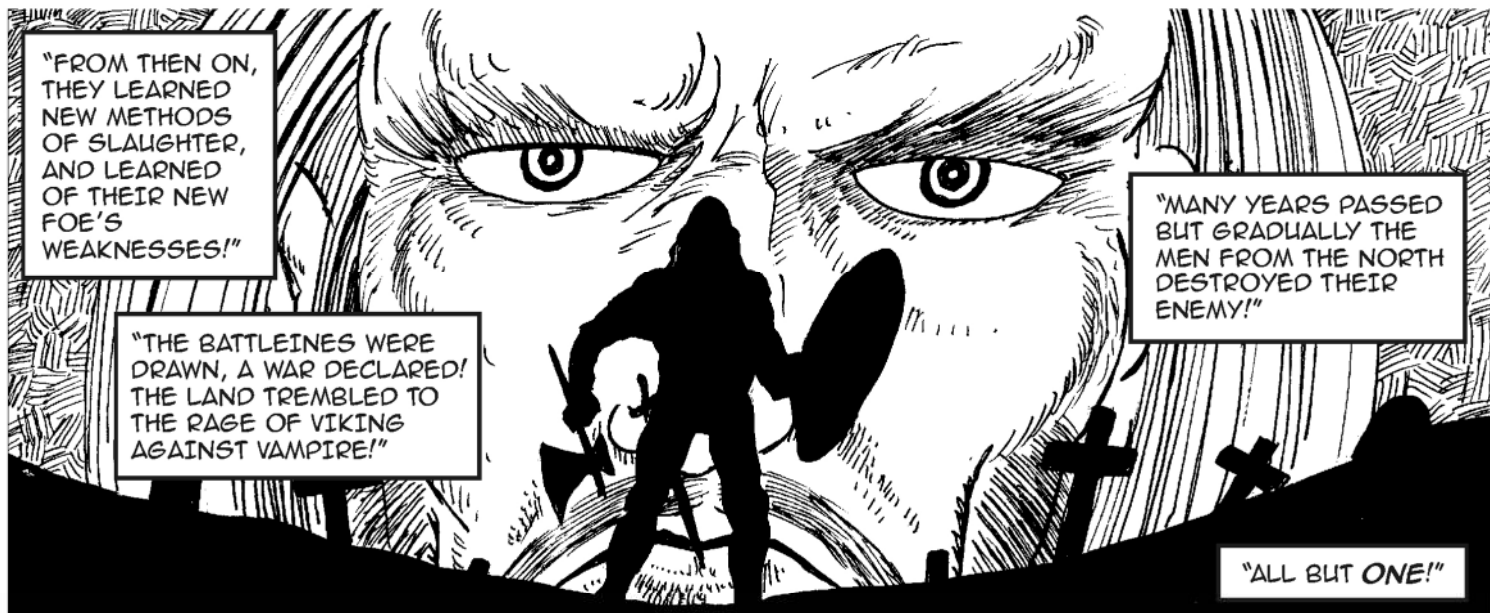
"THEY HAD ALREADY RANSACKED SCANDINAVIA, EUROPE AND THE RUSSIAN TERRITORIES! NOW THEY SOUGHT OUT NEW LANDS - GOLGOTH'S LANDS!"

"AT FIRST THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF THEIR NEW ENEMY!"



"AS THE TWO SIDES FOUGHT, MUCH BLOOD WAS SHED!"

"EVEN THE VIKINGS CAME TO KNOW FEAR! NOW, I THINK, THEY UNDERSTAND!"



"FROM THEN ON, THEY LEARNED NEW METHODS OF SLAUGHTER, AND LEARNED OF THEIR NEW FOE'S WEAKNESSES!"

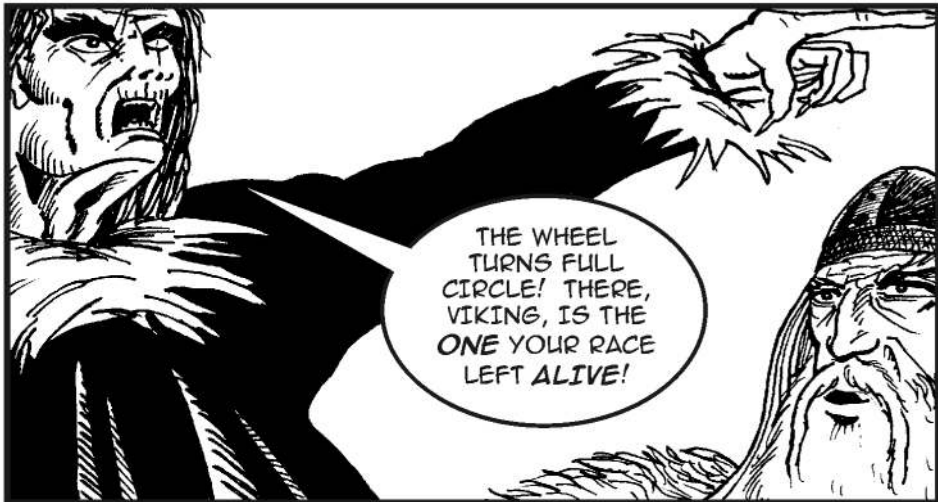
"THE BATTLELINES WERE DRAWN, A WAR DECLARED! THE LAND TREMBLED TO THE RAGE OF VIKING AGAINST VAMPIRE!"

"MANY YEARS PASSED BUT GRADUALLY THE MEN FROM THE NORTH DESTROYED THEIR ENEMY!"

"ALL BUT ONE!"



GOLGOTH AND HIS BLOODLESS ONES ARE HERE!



THE WHEEL TURNS FULL CIRCLE! THERE, VIKING, IS THE ONE YOUR RACE LEFT ALIVE!



AND AS NIGHT FELL, ANOTHER KIND OF DARKNESS DESCENDED ON THE VILLAGE! THEY HAD BUT A FEW SHORT HOURS TO PREPARE FOR THE INEVITABLE!

LORD GOLGOTH AND HIS SERVANTS HUNGERED -

AND BEFORE THIS NIGHT WAS OVER, THEIR HUNGER WOULD BE SATIED!



Next Week:  
Blood of the Vikings!



NORTHUMBRIA,  
793AD.

FROM THEIR INITIAL RAIDS AT  
LINDISFARNE, THE NORSE-  
MEN HAD PLUNDERED WEST  
AND SOUTH THROUGH THE  
KINGDOMS OF NORTHUMBRIA  
AND MERCIA!

NORTH  
SEA

N

UNTIL NOW, THESE *PIRATES*  
FROM THE NORTH HAD MET  
LITTLE RESISTANCE! NONE,  
IT SEEMED, COULD STAND IN  
THE WAY OF THEIR  
CONQUEST!

BUT EVEN AS THIS YOUNG NATION  
BECAME ENGLUFED IN THE FLAMES  
OF THE ONSLAUGHT, THESE MEN  
THAT SOME CALLED *VIKINGS* WERE  
OPPOSED BY AN OLD AND  
ANCIENT ENEMY!

# BLACK FRIARS

GATHER  
YOUR ARMS,  
STOKE YOUR  
FIRES AND  
LIGHT YOUR  
TORCHES!

THE DEVIL  
SPAWNED THEM...

...BUT THEIR GOD  
DAMNED THEM!

WE HAVE  
TWO OR THREE  
HOURS TO PREPARE  
OUR DEFENCES  
BEFORE THE SUN  
FADES AND THE  
MOON RULES!

THESE MEN  
WHO WOULD FEAST  
ON THE BLOOD IN  
OUR VEINS MAY BE AN  
ABOMINATION OF  
NATURE, BUT THEY  
ARE STILL MEN...

...AND MEN  
CAN DIE!

  
**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT  
& ART:  
MICHAEL  
CROUCH

Chapter five:  
**Blood of the Vikings!**

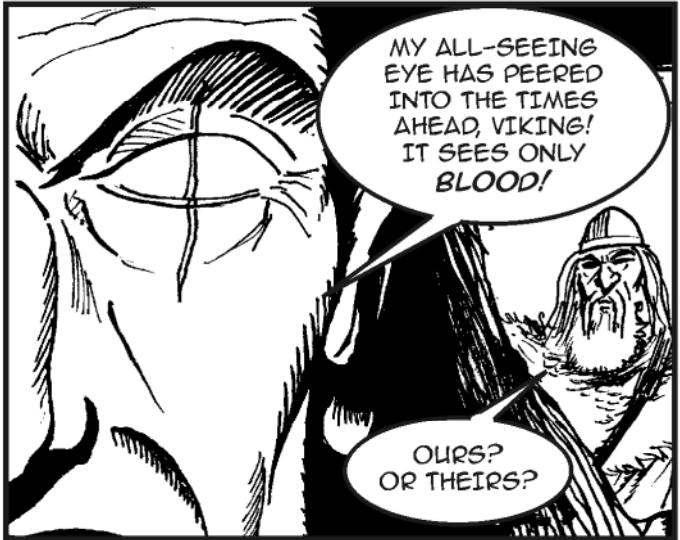


TWO HOURS BEFORE NIGHTFALL...

DIG THOSE TRENCHES DEEP AND KEEP RIPPING DOWN THOSE BARRICADES AS I HAVE INSTRUCTED!

BUT THAT WOODEN BARRICADE IS OUR ONLY DEFENCE!

SUCH A FENCE WILL BE NO BARRIER TO OUR FOE! I HAVE A MUCH BETTER USE FOR THEM!



MY ALL-SEEING EYE HAS PEERED INTO THE TIMES AHEAD, VIKING! IT SEES ONLY BLOOD!

OURS? OR THEIRS?



PERHAPS BOTH!



IF SGARD IS DISTURBED BY THE SHAMAN'S WORDS, HE DOES NOT SHOW IT!



ONE HOUR BEFORE NIGHTFALL...

THE TRENCH DEFENCES ARE COMPLETED, MY LORD!

THE BEACONS HAVE BEEN LIT ALL AROUND THE CAMP!

THEN LITTLE ELSE REMAINS BUT TO WAIT!

GATHER TOGETHER EVERY TOOL AND WEAPON YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS ON!

HAND ONE OUT TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD!





WHAT!?!  
YOU CAN'T  
BE SERIOUS?

DO YOUR  
WOMENFOLK  
HIDE BEHIND  
APRONS?



WE'RE A  
MATCH FOR  
ANY VIKING  
WARRIOR!

MY FISH  
KNIFE WILL  
GUT ANY  
MAN LIKE  
A FILLET!



HAH!  
YOU SPEAK  
LIKE A NORSE-  
WOMAN! DO  
YOU HAVE ANY  
VIKING IN YOU?

NO!



**SMACK!**



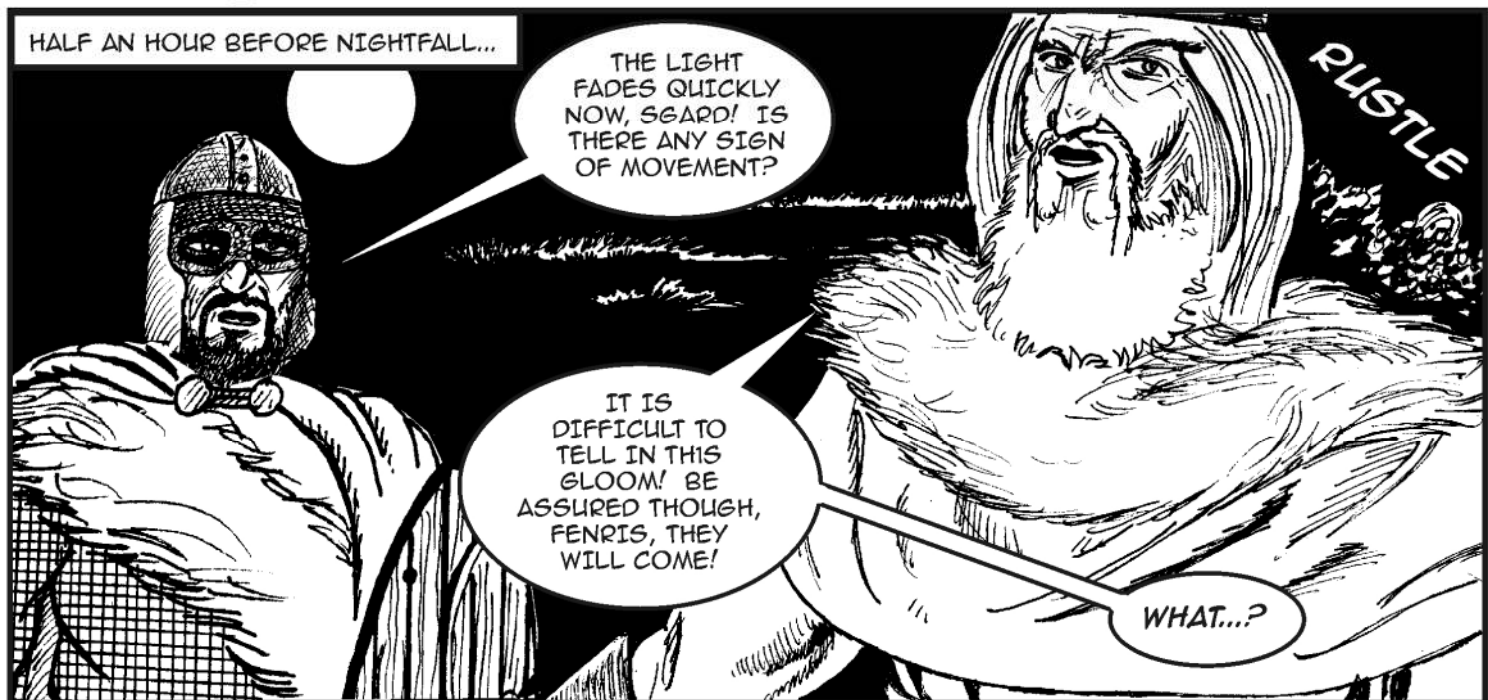
WANT SOME?



BY THOR,  
I LIKE MUCH  
THIS WOMAN!

WHY I'VE  
A MIND TO  
MAKE HER  
MY WIFE!

THEN PRAY,  
VIKING, FOR  
YOU'LL NEED  
ALL YOUR GODS  
TO TAME THAT  
ONE!



HALF AN HOUR BEFORE NIGHTFALL...

THE LIGHT  
FADES QUICKLY  
NOW, SEARD! IS  
THERE ANY SIGN  
OF MOVEMENT?

IT IS  
DIFFICULT TO  
TELL IN THIS  
GLOOM! BE  
ASSURED THOUGH,  
FENRIS, THEY  
WILL COME!

WHAT...?

RUSTLE



PAH!  
IT IS JUST  
THE BOY!

I JUST  
WANTED TO BE ON  
THE FRONTLINE  
AND FIGHT LIKE  
A VIKING  
WARRIOR!

FOR A  
SAXON WHELP,  
YOU CERTAINLY  
HAVE SPIRIT!  
SO BE IT!



SUDDENLY -

DIE, YOU  
VIKING CUR!

ARGHHHH!

FENRIS!

QUICKLY,  
BOY, THE  
BEACON!

I'VE  
GOT IT!



A LONE SCOUT  
SENT ON AHEAD!  
AND SO THE  
ASSAULT  
BEGINS!

AND ALREADY  
ONE OF OUR  
NUMBER LAY DEAD!  
BE READY, BOY -  
THE BEGINNING  
OF THE END IS  
UPON US!



Next Week:  
**Nightfall!**





GATHER, MY SERVANTS, AND READY YOURSELVES WITH TOOTH AND CLAW -

FEAST ON THE BLOOD OF THESE VIKING CURS!

THE DEVIL SPAWNED THEM...

# BLACKFRIARS

...BUT THEIR GOD DAMNED THEM!

NORTHUMBRIA, 793AD.

Chapter six:  
Nightfall!



AIEEEEEEEEEEE!

LORD GOLGOTH'S COMMAND IS HEARD - THE REIGN OF THE VAMPIRE HAD BEGUN!

**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT & ART:  
MICHAEL CROUCH

OVER THE  
CAUSEWAY  
THEY CAME -

EACH ONE INFECTED  
WITH AN INHUMAN  
BLOODLUST...

NOW ONLY A VIKING AND SAXON  
ALLIANCE CAN STOP THE VAMPIRES'  
CONQUEST OF ENGLAND!

BLACKFRIARS  
GOLGOTH'S  
SERVANTS OF  
EVIL...

THE DARK LORD'S  
GIFT TO HUMANITY!

FIRE  
HURTS  
THEM...

"BURN THESE  
DAMNATIONS  
TO HELL!"

AIEEEEEEE!

AND WHERE FIRE COULD NOT  
BE USED, OTHER DEFENCES  
WERE EMPLOYED...

FOR THE VIKINGS WHO  
LED THE DEFENCE WERE  
SEASONED WARRIORS  
WHO LEFT NOTHING TO  
CHANCE...

AND WHAT HAD ONCE  
BEEN A PERIMETER  
FENCE...

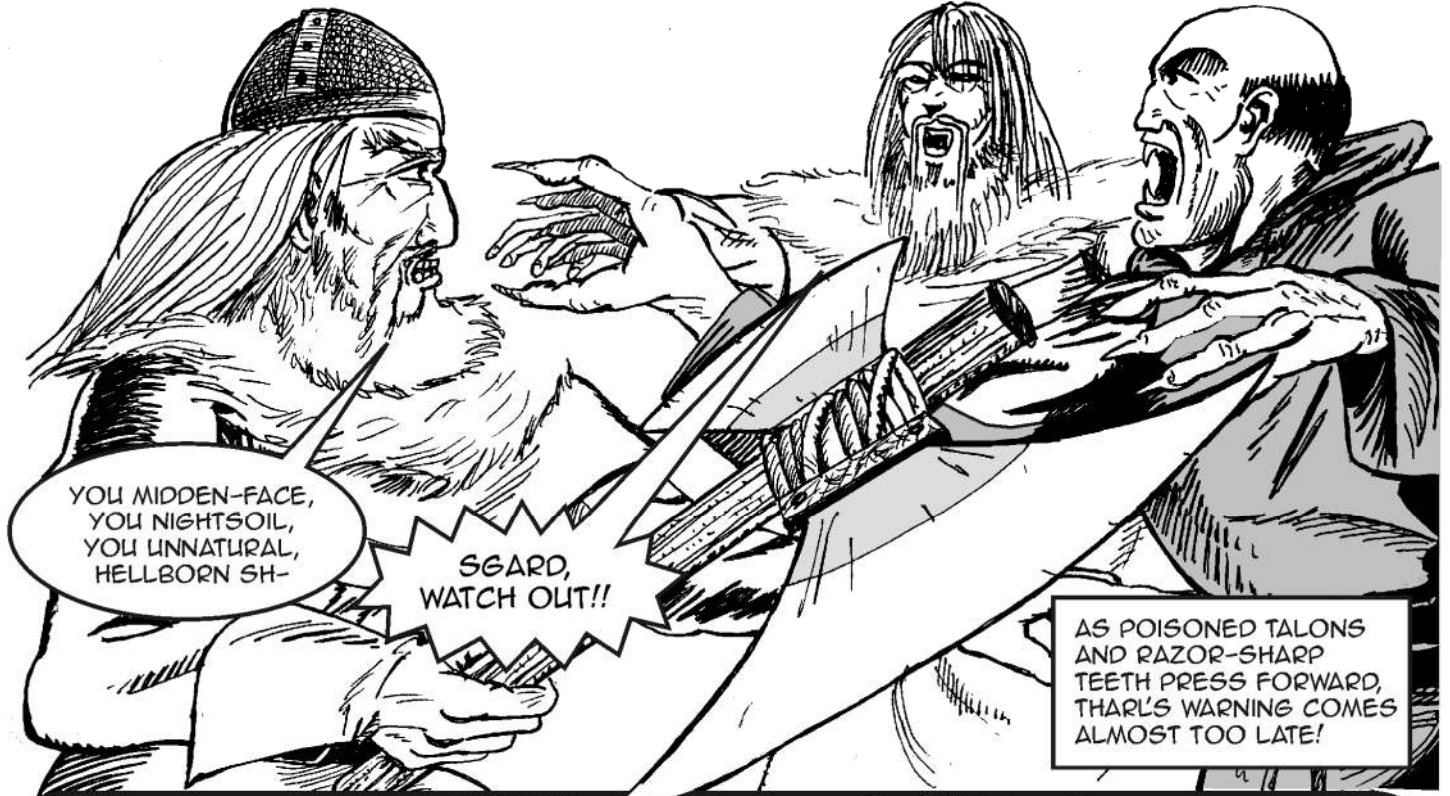
...NOW BECAME  
STAKES EMBEDDED  
IN THE DITCHES...

HALF OF GOLGOTH'S SERVANTS  
PERISHED BEFORE THEY HAD  
EVEN REACHED THE VILLAGE...

*These events were recorded in the  
Anglo-Saxon Chronicle but  
subsequently ripped out and lost  
by later Christian chroniclers.*



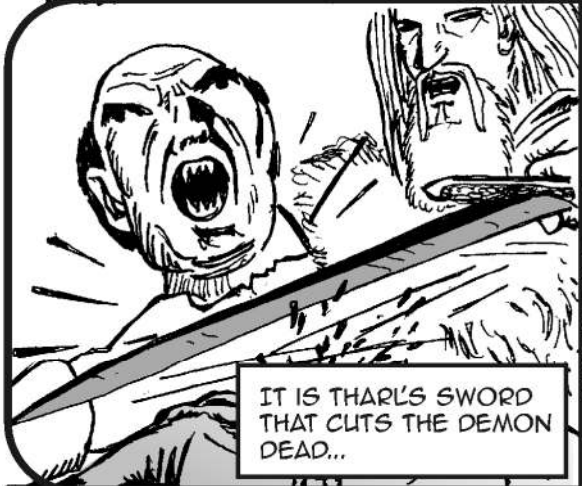
BUT A FEW OF THE SUPERNATURAL MONKS MADE IT THROUGH INTO THE VILLAGE...



YOU MIDDEN-FACE,  
YOU NIGHTSOIL,  
YOU UNNATURAL,  
HELLBORN SH-

SGARD,  
WATCH OUT!!

AS POISONED TALONS  
AND RAZOR-SHARP  
TEETH PRESS FORWARD,  
THARL'S WARNING COMES  
ALMOST TOO LATE!



AND THEN IT IS THARL  
WHO PERISHES FROM  
THE BITE OF ANOTHER!

IT IS THARL'S SWORD  
THAT CUTS THE DEMON  
DEAD...



AFTER NUMEROUS  
ASSAULTS, THE  
VAMPIRES RETREAT  
AS A NEW DAY  
DAWNS...!




THE SUN  
RISES! WE  
MUST DEPART, MY  
BRETHREN! BRING  
MY CASKET AND  
LET US DEPART  
THIS PLACE!



WHA-?

THE HELL-  
SPAWN FADES  
BEFORE MY EYES!  
WHAT MANNER OF  
CREATURE IS  
THIS?



AS THE SUN RISES, THE VAMPIRES RETREAT WHILE ALL AROUND THE SMOKE AND SCENT OF BATTLE DISSIPATES!

THE LOCAL PEOPLE HAVE WON FOR NOW BUT THEIR VICTORY HAS COME AT A HUGE COST!


MANY OF THEIR NUMBER LAY DEAD OR DYING AMID THE DEVASTATION!

FIND THE CASKET AND WE FIND THE VAMPIRE! AND THEN WE SHALL MAKE THEM PAY!



MY GOD, WHAT SORT OF VICTORY IS THIS?

NOT A VICTORY - A DELAY! THEY WILL COME AGAIN!



BUT THIS TIME I SHALL TAKE THE BATTLE TO THEM! MY COMRADES SHALL BE AVENGED AS I PUT THESE VAMPIRE TO THE AXE!

THESE ABOMINATIONS WILL RUE THE DAY THEY EVER DARED TO CHALLENGE THE MIGHT OF THE NORSE!

THEY SPOKE OF A CASKET, SOMETHING IMPORTANT THEY NEEDED TO PROTECT -



Next Week:

**The Rise of the Dead!**



NORTHUMBRIA,  
793AD.

THE VAMPIRE LORD GOLGOTH'S  
SERVANTS - AN ORDER OF  
BLACKFRIARS - HAVE LAID  
WASTE TO AN ANGLO-SAXON  
VILLAGE AND IT'S PEOPLE!

LED BY A VIKING WARRIOR NAMED SGARD, THREE MONTHS  
PASS BY AS WOUNDS ARE HEALED, INFORMATION IS  
GATHERED AND PLANS TO STRIKE BACK ARE MADE!

Chapter seven:

Rise of the Dead!

# BLACKFRIARS

THE DEVIL SPAWNED THEM...  
...BUT THEIR GOD DAMNED THEM!

SCREAM

SCRIPT  
& ART:

MICHAEL  
CROUCH

"...AND IN THE EYES OF ODIN THE ALL-FATHER, DO YOU,  
SGARD JEFFERSON, TAKE ETHELDREDA CROFT TO BE  
YOUR LAWFUL-WEDDED WIFE?"

I DO!

"...AND IN THE EYES OF JEHOVAH, THE ONE TRUE GOD,  
DO YOU, ETHELDREDA CROFT TAKE SGARD JEFFERSON  
TO BE YOUR LAWFUL-WEDDED HUSBAND?"

I DO!

"THEN I HEREBY  
PRONOUNCE YOU  
- MAN AND WIFE!"



YOU MAY NOW KISS THE BRIDE!

I DON'T MIND IF I DO!



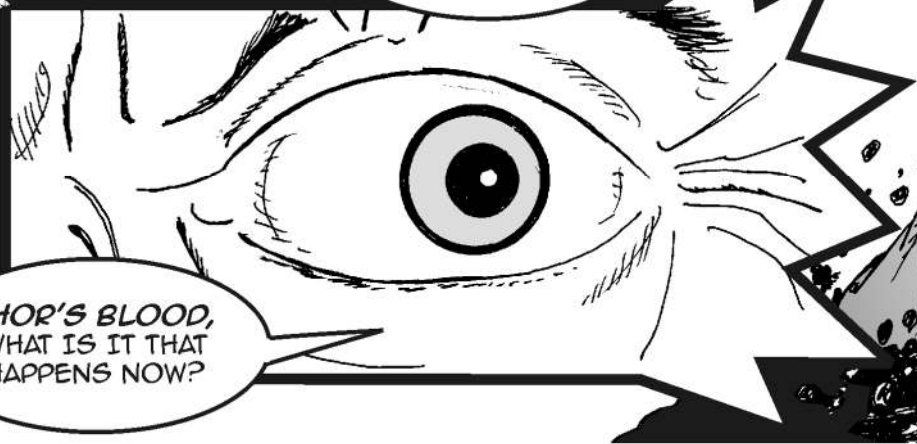
SGARD! WULFRAM! EVERYONE! WE'VE FOUND LORD GOLGOTH'S LAIR!



THE SCOUTS HAVE RETURNED! WELL, TELL ON, BOY, WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?

THERE ARE RUINS IN THE BLACK MOUNTAINS MANY LEAGUES FROM HERE...

WE FOLLOWED THEIR TRAIL FROM THE CORPSES THEY LEFT IN THEIR WAKE!



THOR'S BLOOD, WHAT IS IT THAT HAPPENS NOW?





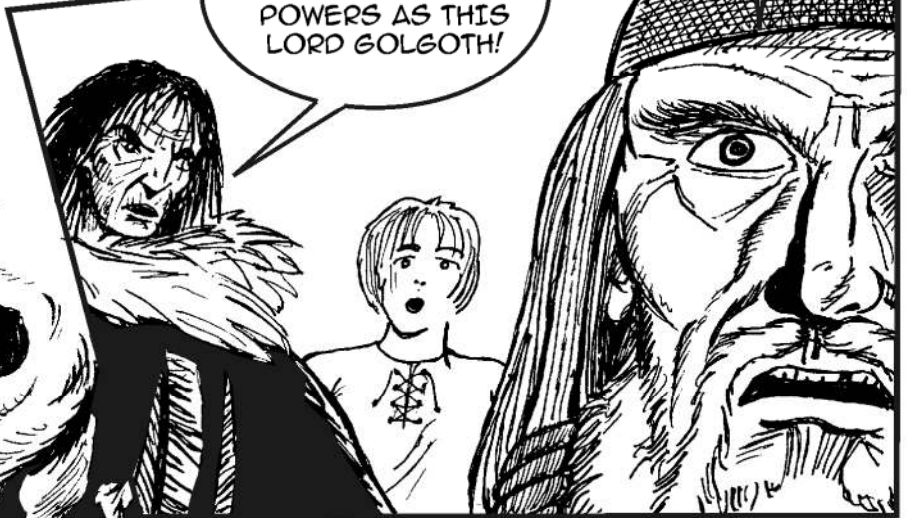


BY THE GODS!

THE DEAD THEMSELVES RISE FROM THEIR SLUMBER!

NEVER HAVE I WITNESSED SUCH DIABOLICAL POWERS AS THIS LORD GOLGOTH!

WITH A TERRIBLE, RASPING SLUR, THE UNDEAD ABOMINATION SPEAKS...



HURRRRRR, DEATH WILL VISIT YOU AS DEATH HAS VISITED US, VIKING!

AS YOU SLAUGHTERED US, SO SHALL WE SLAUGHTER YOU!




THE BLACKFRIARS SHALL BE AVENGED!

THEN BRING IT ON, NIGHTSOIL...



YOU'LL NOT FIND MY BLADE WANTING!


NOW KISS MY AXE!




ALL OF YOU, GRAB ANY WEAPON! DACAPITATION STOPS THEM!



BUT SGARD'S PEOPLE NEED NO SUCH ENCOURAGEMENT...

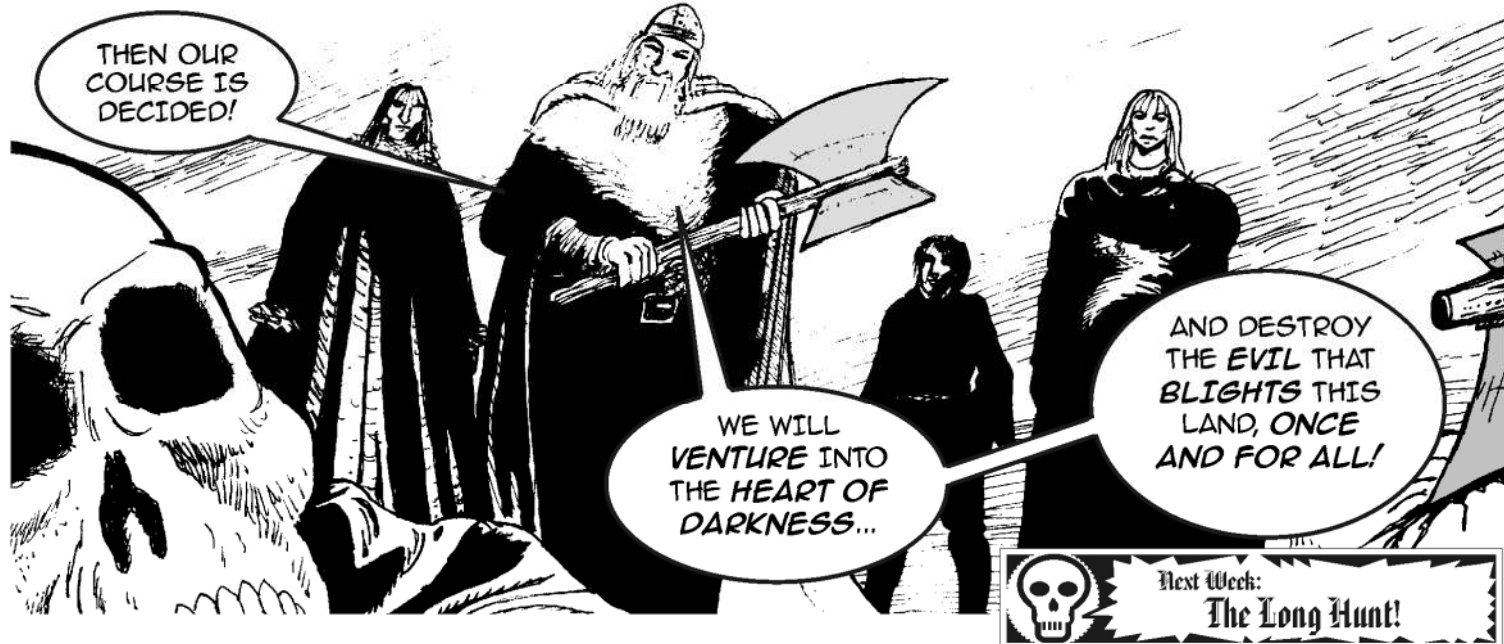


THEY HAVE LOST MUCH BUT THEY HAVE MUCH TO PROTECT!



AND EVEN THE HORROR OF WHAT THEY MUST DO WON'T STOP THEM IN THAT GOAL!





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THE WELSH BORDERS,  
793AD.

A BAND OF ANGLO-SAXONS  
LED BY A VIKING WARRIOR  
NAMED *SEARD* VENTURE INTO  
THE FORBIDDING DARK VALLEYS  
OF THE *BLACK MOUNTAINS*.



WHAT THEY SEEK IS  
DARKER STILL!



A TUNNEL  
SYSTEM WINDING  
BENEATH THE  
MOUNTAINS!

BEYOND,  
I THINK, WE WILL  
FIND OUR  
QUARRY...



THE MOUNTAIN  
FORTRESS OF  
THE DARK LORD,  
*GOLGOTH*!

  
**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT  
& ART:  
MICHAEL  
CROUCH

IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE  
END OF THE HUNT FOR THE...

# BLACKFRIARS

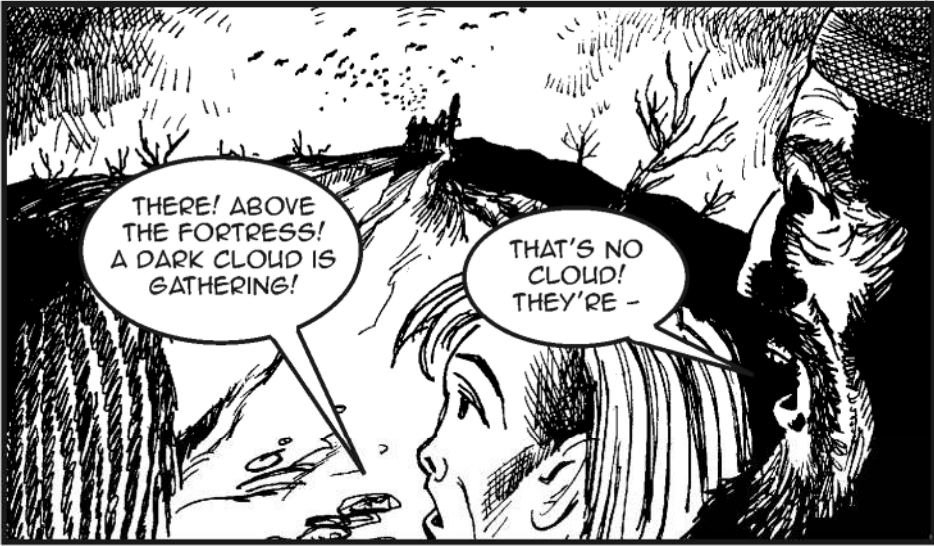
Chapter eight:  
**The Long Hunt!**

THE DEVIL SPAWNED THEM...  
...BUT THEIR GOD DAMNED THEM!





THE VALLEY BELOW THE FORTRESS IS DEAD OR DYING, AS IF THE EVIL ABOVE SUCKED THE VERY LIFE FORCE FROM THE LAND!



THERE! ABOVE THE FORTRESS! A DARK CLOUD IS GATHERING!

THAT'S NO CLOUD! THEY'RE -



VAMPIRE BATS!



THIS IS THE DEATH I HAVE FORESEEN IN MY VISIONS!

MY DEATH!

MY GOD, THE BATS-

THEY'RE GOING FOR THE SHAMAN!

AAAAAAAAAAAAA!





THE SHAMAN'S FINISHED!

WE MUST MAKE HASTE WHILE THE BATS FEAST!

I THINK WE HAVE OTHER THINGS TO CONCERN US...



**THE HOUNDS OF GOLGOTH!**



NOOOOO



FOOOO!!



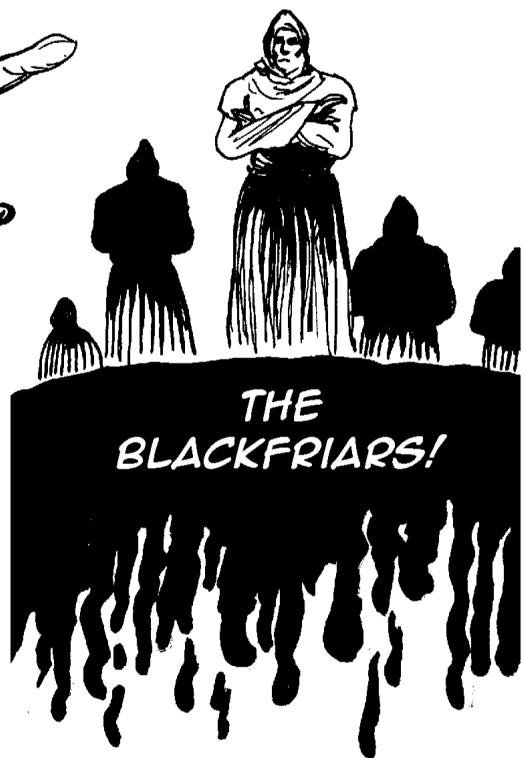
MAKE FOR THE PATH TO THE FORTRESS!  
I'LL HOLD THEM OFF HERE!  
GO!





WE'VE GOT  
PAST THE BATS  
AND THE WOLVES,  
BUT LOOK-

WE'VE ONE  
LAST OBSTACLE  
TO OUR PATH -  
GOLGOTH'S  
SERVANTS OF  
EVIL -



**THE  
BLACKFRIARS!**

Chapter nine:  
Night of the Blackfriars!

THE DEVIL SPAWNED THEM...

# BLACKFRIARS

BUT THEIR GOD DAMNED THEM!

**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT  
& ART:  
MICHAEL  
CROUCH



WHEN AELFRIC LONGFELLOW WAS BORN, HIS PARENTS HANDED HIM OVER TO THE CARE OF MONKS OF THE NEW RELIGION. A SENSITIVE BOY, AELFRIC WAS NOT CUT OUT FOR THE HARSH WORLD INTO WHICH HE HAD COME.



MANY NEW ORDERS HAD SPRUNG UP IN THE WAKE OF THE MISSIONARIES, BRINGING THE WORD OF THEIR LORD. IT WAS INTO THE ORDER OF THE BLACKFRIARS THAT AELFRIC WAS TO BE INDOCTRINATED.



AELFRIC SERVED HIS GOD WELL, ADMINISTERING TO THE NEEDS AND WELFARE OF HIS FLOCK, SHEPHERDING THEM, NURTURING THEIR SPIRITS. IT WAS, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, A GOOD LIFE.



AND THEN GOLGOTH HAD ARRIVED! A DARK LORD OF THE DEVIL, HE BROUGHT ONLY DARKNESS, FEAR AND TERROR THAT EXTINGUISHED ALL JOY AND PEACE WHEREVER HE PREYED!



MANY PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY THE YOUNG, BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR, OR TURN UP DEAD, THEIR BODIES WHITENED AND DRAINED OF ALL THEIR LIFE BLOOD!



A NEW WORD APPEARED IN THE VOCABULARY OF THESE EARLY BRITONS...

**VAMPIRE!**





IN 793AD, ANOTHER TERROR WAS REPORTED OFF THE COAST OF NORTHUMBERLAND. SAVAGE PAGAN RAIDERS WERE INVADING, PILLAGING AND DESTROYING THE CHURCHES AND MONASTERIES OF THE NEW RELIGION!

THE BROTHERS SAVED WHAT RELICS AND BOOKS THEY COULD BEFORE THE NORSE ARRIVED ... BUT GOLGOTH ARRIVED FIRST! HE HUNGERED FOR BLOOD AND A BLACKRIARS' BLOOD WAS AS GOOD AS ANY!



IN TURN, THEIR HUNGER FOR BLOOD WOULD ENSURE THEIR OBEDIENCE! THIS ORDER OF 'BLACKFRIARS' HAD BEEN DAMNED! FROM THAT DAY FORTH THEY WOULD SERVE A NEW LORD!



SEARD JEFFERSON HAD BEEN BORN IN THE ARCTIC TUNDRAS OF SCANDINAVIA. THE PEOPLE THERE RECOGNISED NO TERRITORIAL BOUNDARIES ...FOR THEM, ALL LAND WAS THEIRS!



THE PEOPLE SOUGHT OUT NEW LANDS IN THE RUSSIAS, ACROSS EUROPE AND EVEN TO THE FAR DISTANT LANDS OF ASIA AND THE EAST. AND STILL IT WAS NOT ENOUGH!



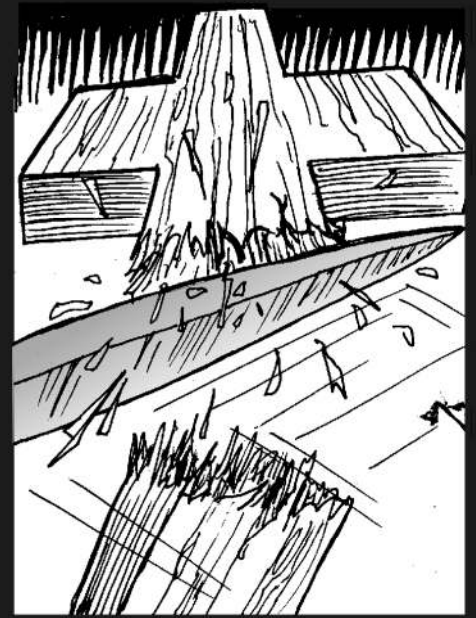
SEARD WAS BROUGHT UP IN THE NORSE WAYS; HUNTING, FISHING, SMITHING, SAILING AND KILLING! ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, IT WAS A GOOD LIFE!



AT THIRTEEN HE TOOK PART IN HIS FIRST RAID. A VIKING FLEET SAILED DOWN THE RIVER SEINE, BESIEGED THE CITY OF PARIS AND RAZED IT TO ASHES!. THEY WIPED THE WHOLE CITY OFF THE FACE OF EARTH!



SGARD HAD RETURNED HOME WITH THE FLEET AND THEY REJOICED IN THEIR TRIUMPH. BUT IT WAS STILL NOT ENOUGH! THEY NEEDED NEW LANDS TO FARM AND PROSPER. THE NEW NATION OF ENGLAND WOULD BE PERFECT!



IN 793AD, THE INVASION BEGAN! FIRST THEY TRASHED THE PLACES OF THE NEW RELIGION! CHRISTIANITY WAS IMPOSING ITSELF ACROSS EUROPE AND THREATENED THE PAGAN BELIEFS OF THE NORSEMEN!



BY NOW, SGARD WAS AN OLD WARRIOR, NEARLY THIRTY YEARS OF AGE. IN ALL HIS BLOODY CAMPAIGNS HE HAD NEVER FACED A FOE LIKE THIS GOLGOTH AND THE BLACKFIARS, HIS DARK SERVANTS OF EVIL!



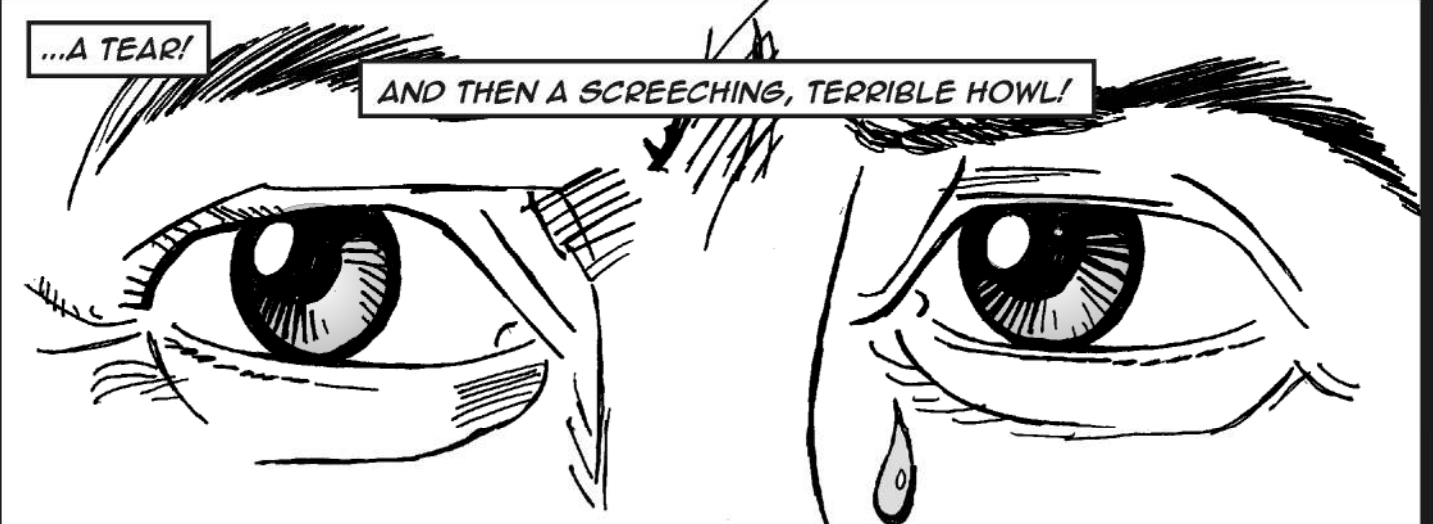
TODAY THERE WOULD BE A FINAL RECKONING. THIS WOULD BE VAMPIRE AGAINST VIKING AND ONLY ONE WOULD WIN! THIS WOULD BE FOR THE FINAL VICTORY AND A BATTLE FOR THE VERY SOUL OF ENGLAND!





THE BATTLE ON THE LIFELESS SLOPES OF THE BLACK MOUNTAINS LASTED MANY HOURS! MANY WERE LOST ON BOTH SIDES! FOR THE BLACKFRIARS, THIS SECOND DEATH CAME AS A MERCIFUL RELEASE FROM THEIR TORMENT!!

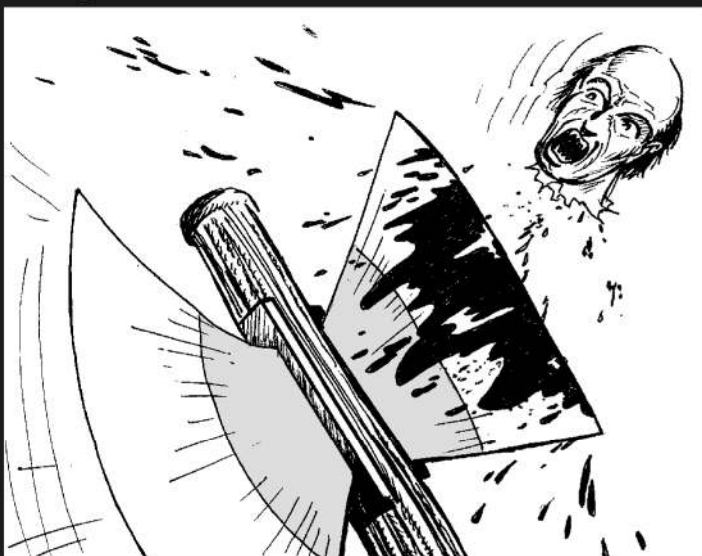
AND FINALLY ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN THE WARRIOR SGARD AND HIS QUARRY WAS A LAST, UNDEAD FRIAR. SGARD DID NOT UNDERSTAND AT FIRST WHY THE CREATURE DID NOT ATTACK! AND THEN HE SAW...



...A TEAR!

AND THEN A SCREECHING, TERRIBLE HOWL!

**KIILLLLLLLLLL MEEEEEEEEEE!!!**



SGARD JEFFERSON COMPLIES...

AND AELFRIC LONGELLOW KNOWS PEACE!



Next Week:  
**Ragnarok!**

**IT WAS THE YEAR 793AD...  
THE YEAR OF THE VAMPIRE  
INVASION OF ENGLAND!**

# BLACKFRIARS

**THE FINAL BATTLE  
AGAINST THE DARK LORD,  
GOLGOTH!**

Chapter ten:

**Ragnarok!**

**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT  
& ART:  
MICHAEL  
CROUCH

IF ANY MAN  
WANTS TO TURN  
BACK FROM THIS,  
NOW IS THE TIME  
TO DO IT!

JUST  
LEAD THE WAY,  
WARRIOR!

WE HAVE  
REACHED OUR  
DESTINATION -  
THE FORTRESS  
OF GOLGOTH!

WITH HIS  
DARK SERVANTS,  
THE BLACKFRIARS,  
ALL DEAD, THEIR  
MASTER NOW  
STANDS ALONE!

A BAND OF SAXONS LED BY THE  
VIKING, SGARD, HAD TREKKED  
FOR WEEKS FROM NORTHUMBERLAND  
TO THE BLACK MOUNTAINS OF  
NORTH WALES...



PITILESS FOOL!  
DO YOU THINK THAT  
I FEAR TO OPPOSE  
YOU!

VIKING RAGE  
IS NO MATCH FOR  
THE FANGS OF  
GOLGOTH!





LEOFRIC,  
TAKE THE MEN  
AND COMPLETE THE  
TASK I HAVE SET  
FOR YOU!

I WILL,  
SGARD, BUT  
WHAT ABOUT  
YOU?

I MUST  
STAY AND END  
THIS DEVIL! IT IS  
SOMETHING THAT  
I MUST DO  
ALONE!



CURSE YOU,  
VIKING! THIS  
LAND WOULD HAVE  
BEEN A VAMPIRE  
ENCLAVE BY NOW,  
BUT FOR YOU!

I SHALL  
MAKE YOU RUE  
THE DAY YOU SET  
FOOT IN MY  
DOMAIN!



DIE, NORSE  
CUR!

ONE DAY,  
PERHAPS,  
VAMPIRE,  
BUT NOT  
TODAY!

ENOUGH  
VIKING BLOOD  
HAS STAINED  
THIS SOIL  
ALREADY!



AND NOW  
I MUST  
FEAST!



IT IS  
TIME TO  
STAIN IT WITH  
YOURS!

I SHALL  
RESERVE A  
SPECIAL FATE  
FOR YOU-

YOU WILL  
BECOME ONE  
OF MY DARK  
SERVANTS!





BY GOD, HE CANNOT DEFEAT THAT MONSTER ON HIS OWN!

HE'S A VIKING - DON'T PUT ANYTHING PAST HIM!

NEVER MIND THEM! WE'VE GOT OTHER CONCERNS!



PATHETIC MORTAL! YOU CANNOT DEFEAT ME WITH IRON TRINKETS!

ARGHHH!

LET US SEE HOW YOU FARE WITHOUT YOUR DEFENCE!



AND NOW I DESPATCH YOUR SWORD! HOW TIRESOME...

I HAD THOUGHT PERHAPS IN YOU I MIGHT HAVE FOUND A WORTHY ADVERSARY!

CURSE YOU, VAMPIRE!



CURSE AWAY, VIKING! RELIGIOUS TWADDLE AND INANE PROFANITIES WON'T SAVE YOU NOW!

YOU ARE MINE!



THERE! WE'VE FOUND IT! SGARD HAS PLAYED HIS PART...

NOW WE MUST PLAY OURS!

ARGHHHHH!

AHH, I CAN FEEL YOUR FEAR GROWING!

WITH IT, YOUR BLOOD RACES THROUGH YOUR VEINS. MATURITY LIKE YOURS WILL MAKE BLOOD TASTE LIKE WINE!

AND FINE WINE SHOULD BE - SAVOURED!

AND FINE WINE CAN BE SOUR, VAMPIRE!

THIS IS IT! GOLGOTH'S CASKET!

IT CONTAINS THE SOIL OF HIS NATIVE LAND!

CEASE YOUR STRUGGLING, VIKING! YOUR SWORD IS OF NO USE AGAINST ME!

WHY ARE WE DOING THIS?

I DON'T KNOW BUT I THINK SEARD DOES!



MY SWORD  
- GOT IT!

A WELL-  
AIMED THROW  
AND...

...THE  
GATES!

A BROKEN CHAIN, A  
FALLING GATE AND  
THE DARK LORD IS  
PINNED TO THE  
GROUND!

IT IS THE ONE  
TRUE WAY TO KILL  
A VAMPIRE...



...A STAKE  
THROUGH  
THE HEART!



CURSE, YOU  
VIKING!

BUT MY LIFE  
FORCE LIVES! ALL  
I NEED IS MY  
NATIVE SOIL TO  
SUSTAIN ME!



YOUR SOIL IS  
GONE, GOLGOTH!  
THROWN AND  
MIXED WITH THE  
SOIL OF THIS  
ENGLAND!


THERE'S  
NOWHERE  
LEFT TO GO!



AND IN THAT MOMENT...


...GOLGOTH DIES!






THE LAST OF THE VAMPIRES LAY SLAIN AS THE WARRIORS SIX DEPART.

TOGETHER, VIKING AND SAXON HAVE FACED VAMPIRE BATS, RABID WOLVES, ZOMBIES AND MORE. ONCE THEY WERE ENEMIES, THEY LEAVE NOW AS ALLIES!



MANY DAYS LATER THEY RETURN TO A RURAL HAMLET THEY CALL HOME.

CELEBRATIONS AND FESTIVITIES LAST FOR MANY MORE DAYS. AND FOR ONE HAPPY COUPLE, THERE IS MORE YET TO CELEBRATE...



THE SCRATCH YOU RECEIVED IN BATTLE HAS NOT GONE!

IT IS NOTHING, SGARD, A CUT, NO MORE! COME, HOLD OUR CHILD!



A FINE BOY, ETHEL. HE WILL LIVE A LONG AND GLORIOUS LIFE!

IN YOUR ABSENCE, I NAMED HIM AFTER MY OWN GRAND-FATHER...



"HIS NAME IS DRACKUL!"

**NEVER THE END...**



# IMAGE GALLERY



THIS PAGE - ANDREW MILNE    NEXT PAGE - DAVID BLANKLEY  
FOLLOWING PAGE - GRANT PERKINS (INKED BY MIKE BUNT & COLOURED BY OWEN WATTS)







M. BUNY + O. #12

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