

DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT UNLEASHES

SAVAGE TALES

ONE SHOT
\$4.99

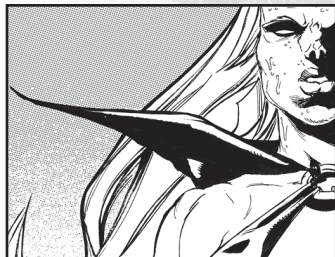


Winter Special

SUYDAM

DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT UNLEASHES

SAVAGE TALES



DRACULINA

"JUICING WITH THE DEVIL"

Scott Bryan Wilson - *Writer*

Max Fuchs - *Artist*

Gab Contreras - *Colorist*



JOHN CARTER & DEJAH THORIS

"Honeymoon on Mars"

David Avallone - *Writer*

Eman Casallo - *Artist*

Adriano Augusto - *Colorist*



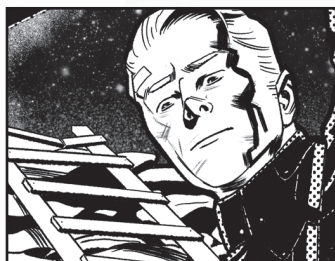
VAMPIRELLA

"CRYPT JUNKIES!"

Scott Bryan Wilson - *Writer*

Mariano Benitez Chapo - *Artist*

Adrian Woolnough - *Colorist*



CAPTAIN GULLIVAR JONES

"HIS WAR CHAPTER II"

David Avallone - *Writer*

Hamish Munro-Cook - *Artist*

Jorge Sutil - *Colorist*

All letters by Taylor Esposito

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This is what I
used to look like.



USED to. I used to DO, BE,
and THINK a lot of things.

Like, I used to think wrestling
was silly. Fake, lowbrow
entertainment. Oiled-up
steroid freaks with mullets and
sequins and absurd personas.

Strutting around like
peacocks, "oblivious" to the
scripted ambush coming.

The fans a bunch of
uneducated hillbillies
getting off more on the
soap opera between
matches than the
actual wrestling.

Yawn.

Loathing or cheering these
characters as instructed,
faces turning red as they boo
the entrance of a villain,
embracing and embodying
the braindeadness of it all.

Spittle flying from their lips
as they work themselves
into a frenzy.

Anyway. That's what I
USED to think...

Juicing with the Devil

Matt and Max's Wrestling Gym

Now

...until I
met this
god.

Er, devil.





One month after meeting it...

...and this is what I look like.

On the way to becoming a god myself.



It saw the potential in a loser like me.

Showed me THE WAY.



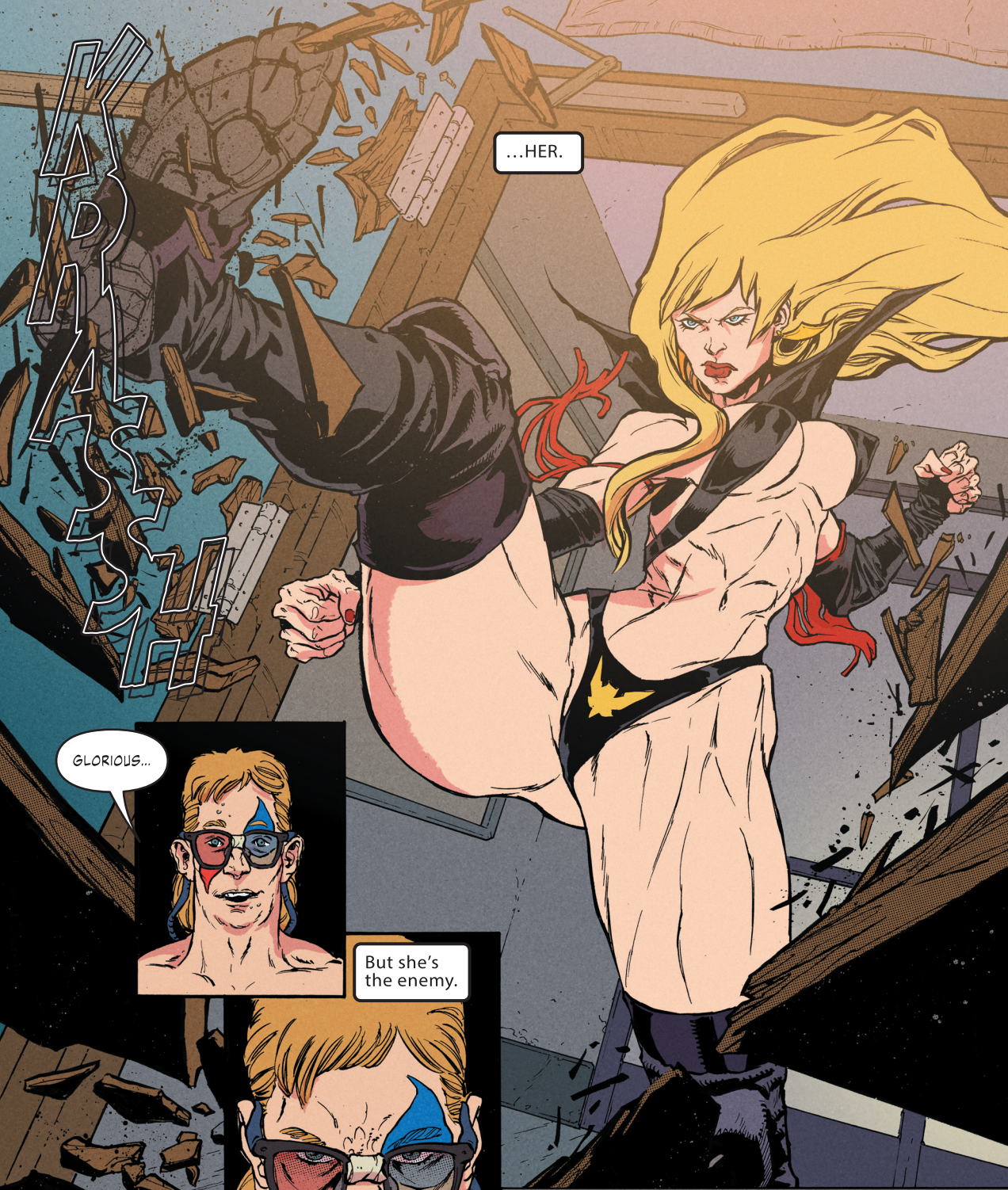
Showed me THE SECRET.

It has no name.

DAMPNARE OMNIA!

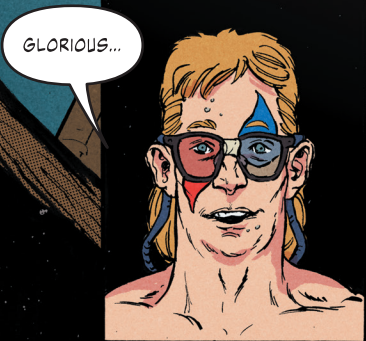
We've been training for weeks.

Training for the arrival of...



...HER.

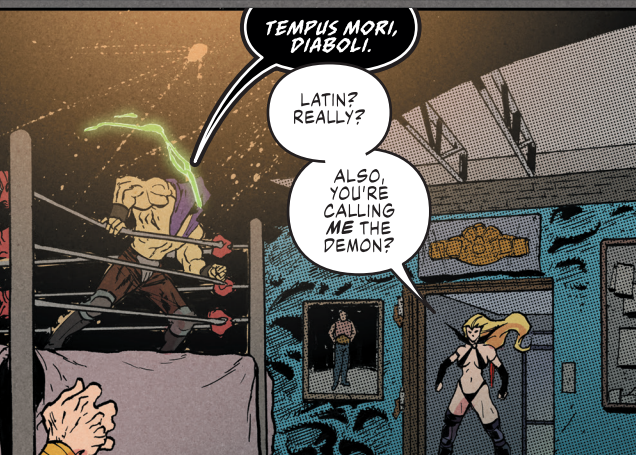
K
A
R
A
T
E
S



GLORIOUS...



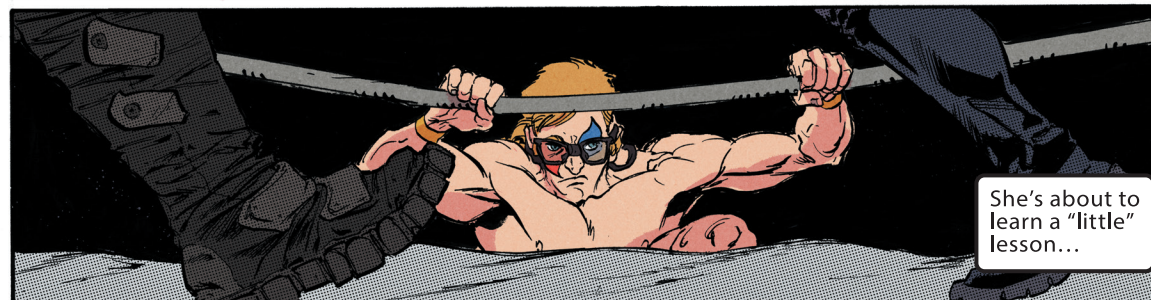
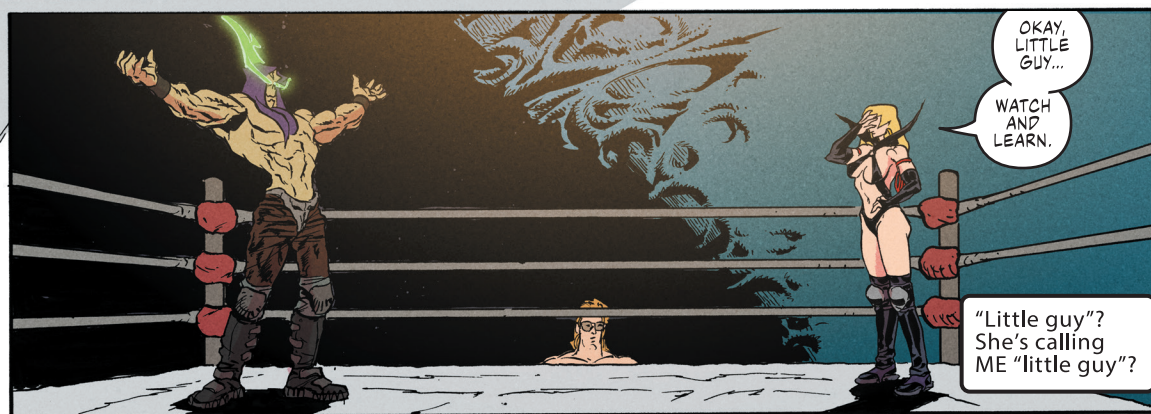
But she's the enemy.

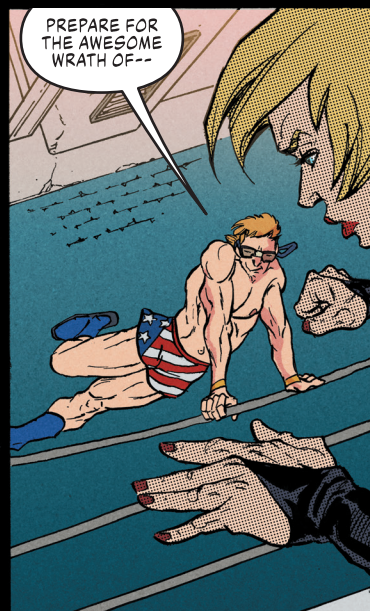
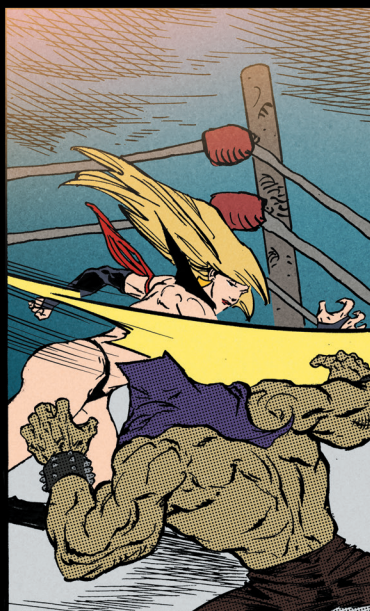


TEMPUS MORI, DIABOLI.

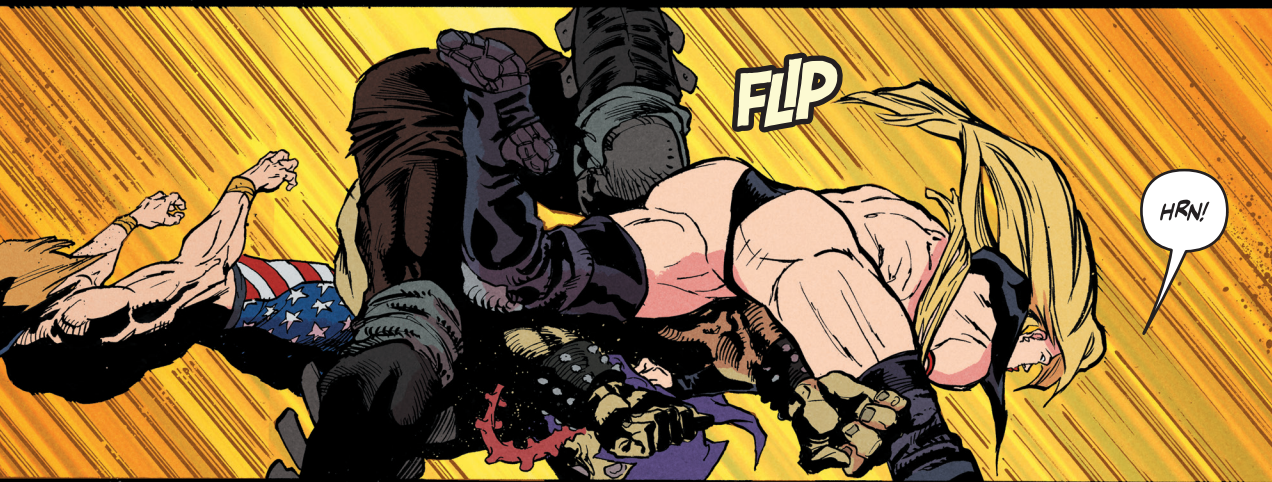
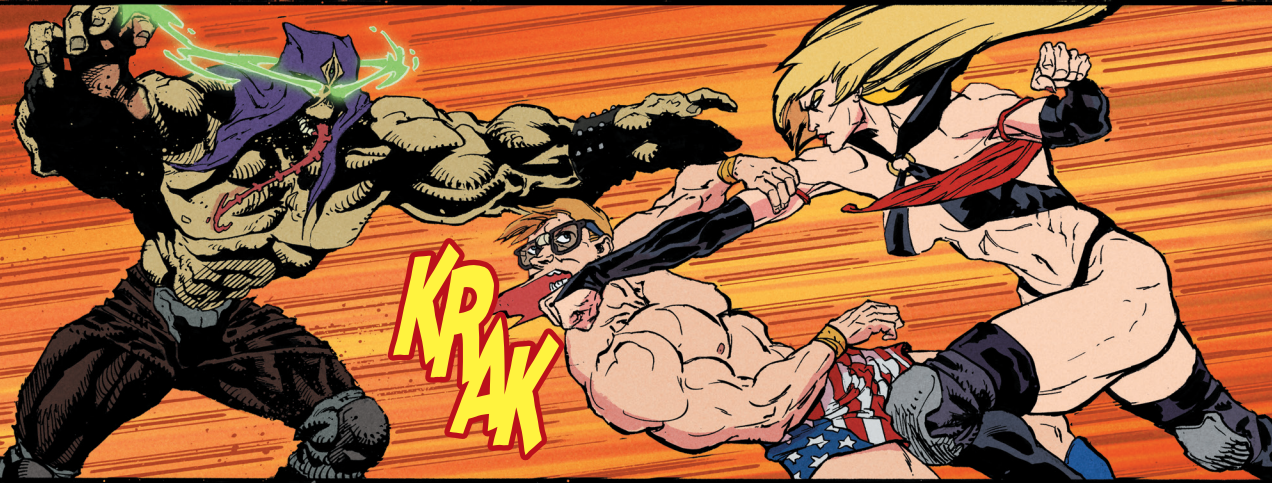
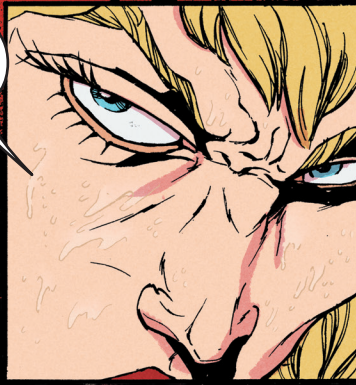
LATIN? REALLY?

ALSO, YOU'RE CALLING ME THE DEMON?



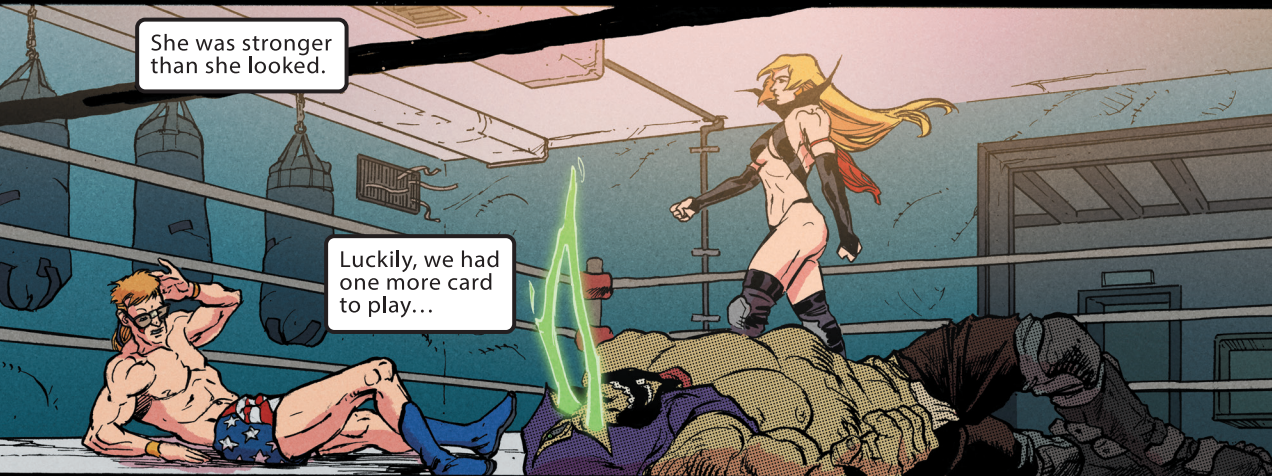


...NO
ONE HOLDS
A GRUDGE
LIKE ME.



She was stronger
than she looked.

Luckily, we had
one more card
to play...



NOW!

DEMON
BLOOD MIXED
WITH HUMAN
BLOOD MAKES
ME...

...A
GOD! I
AM A
GOD!

KNEEL
BEFORE
ME, LITTLE
WORMS!

SWIPE

PLUNGE

I AM
NOW MORE
POWERFUL
THAN
ANYONE!

I WILL MAKE
YOU ALL BOW
TO ME!

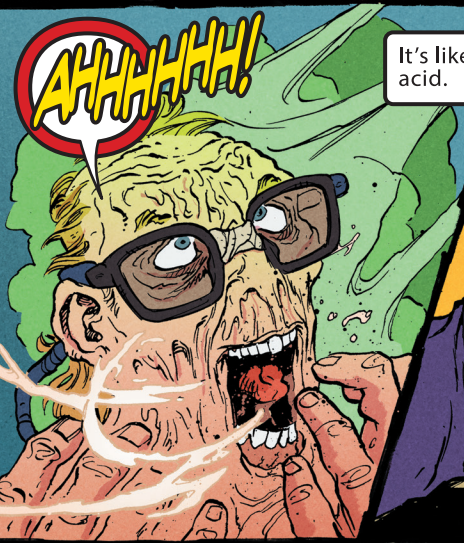
HAHA
HAHA!

One month of
dedication, all
for this!

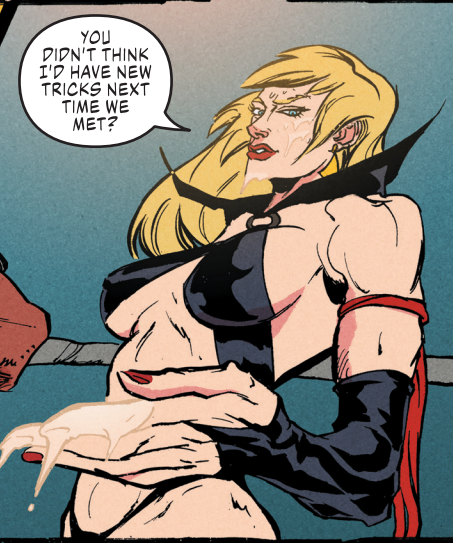
SWEAT

SWEAT

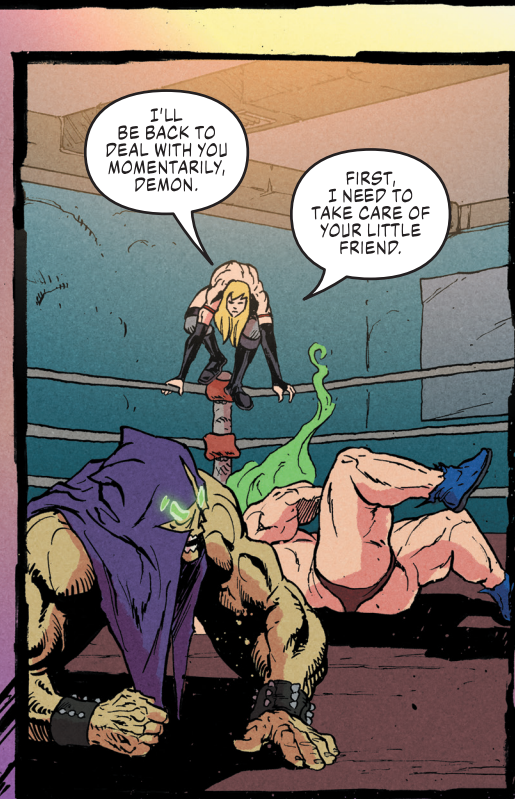
PREPARE
TO SERVE
ME FOR ALL
ETERNITY!



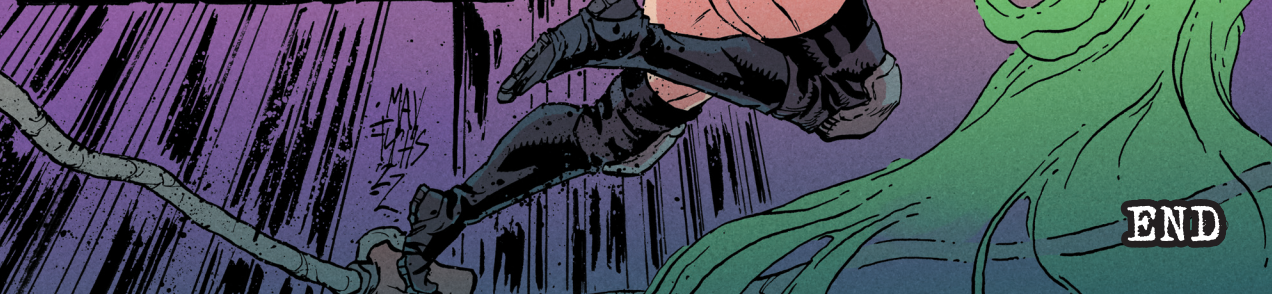
It's like acid.



YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D HAVE NEW TRICKS NEXT TIME WE MET?



If you had told me a month ago, when I was a weak, skinny, friendless loser, that this is how it would end for me...



END

OVER A CENTURY AGO, ON
THE PLANET BARSOOM...

HONEYMOON,
WAS THE WORD
YOU USED.

THAT'S
RIGHT.

I UNDERSTAND THE
INDIVIDUAL WORDS.
A SWEET SYRUP, A
SMALL PLANETARY
BODY... BUT HOW
THAT RELATES
TO...?

IT'S NOT *LITERAL*,
BELOVED. IT'S...
POETRY.

CAN'T SAY WHERE
I EVER THOUGHT
TO BREAK IT
DOWN.

IT IS *SWEET*,
AND WE HAVE A
ROMANTIC VIEW OF
OUR MOON, BACK
ON EARTH.

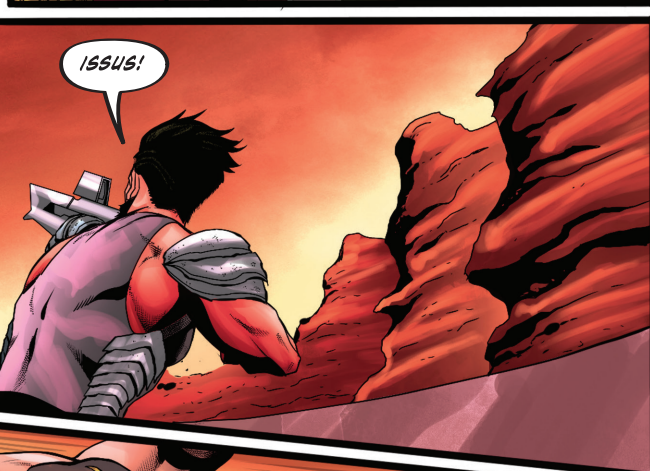
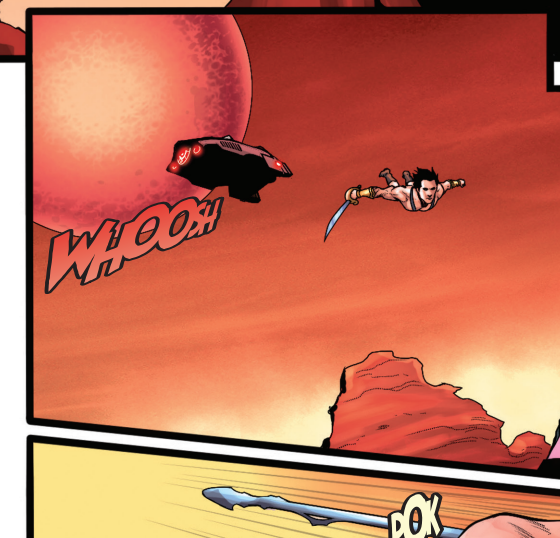
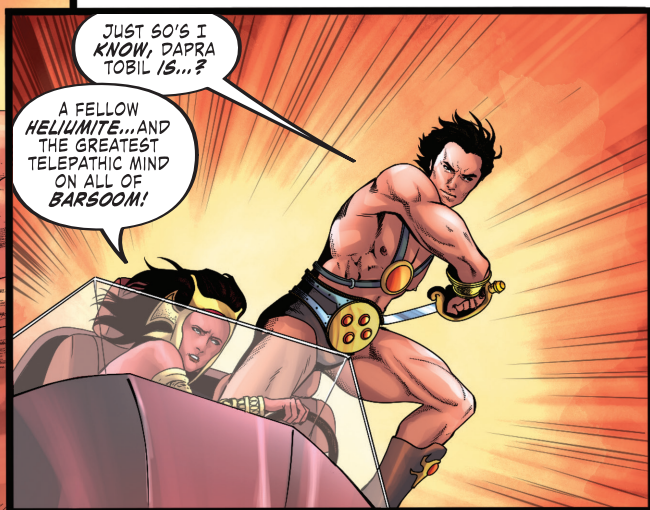
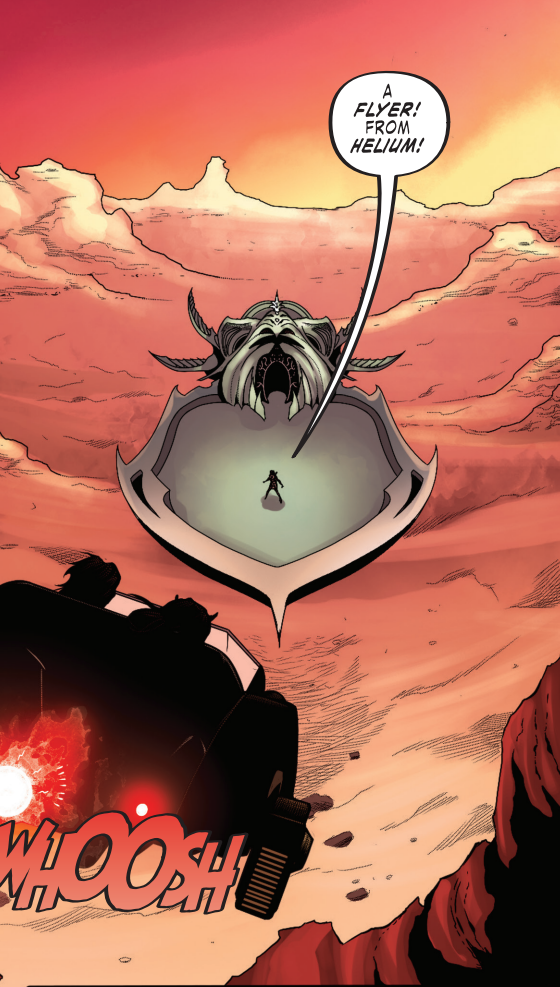
JASOOM,
BELOVED, YOU
SHOULD GET
USED TO SAYING
JASOOM.

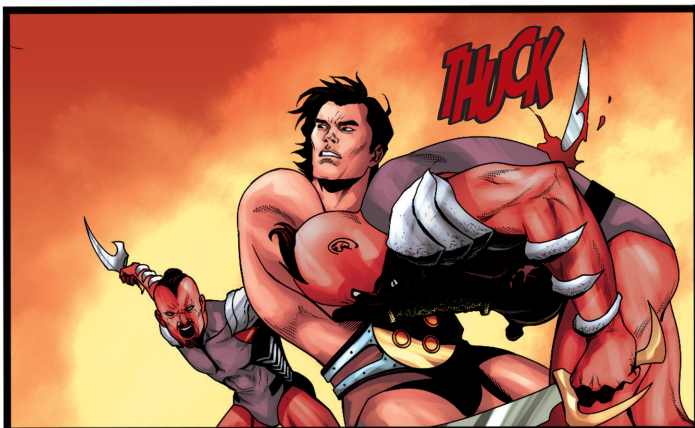
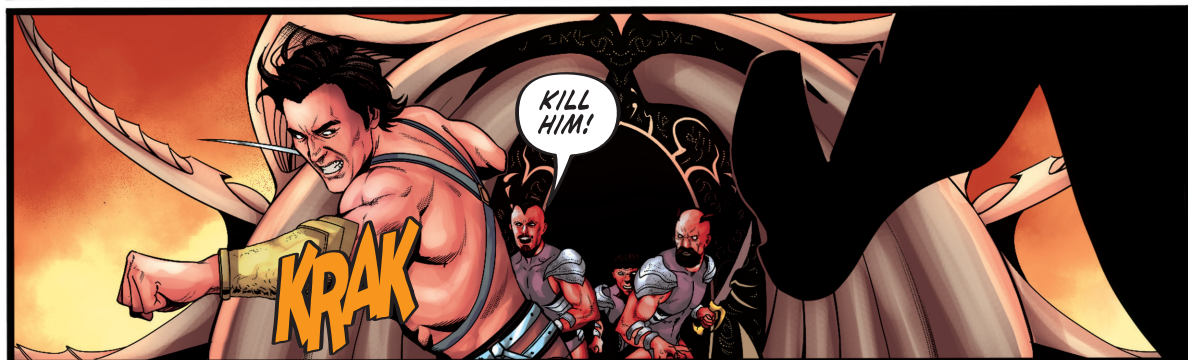
DEJAH!
WHAT'S
WRONG?

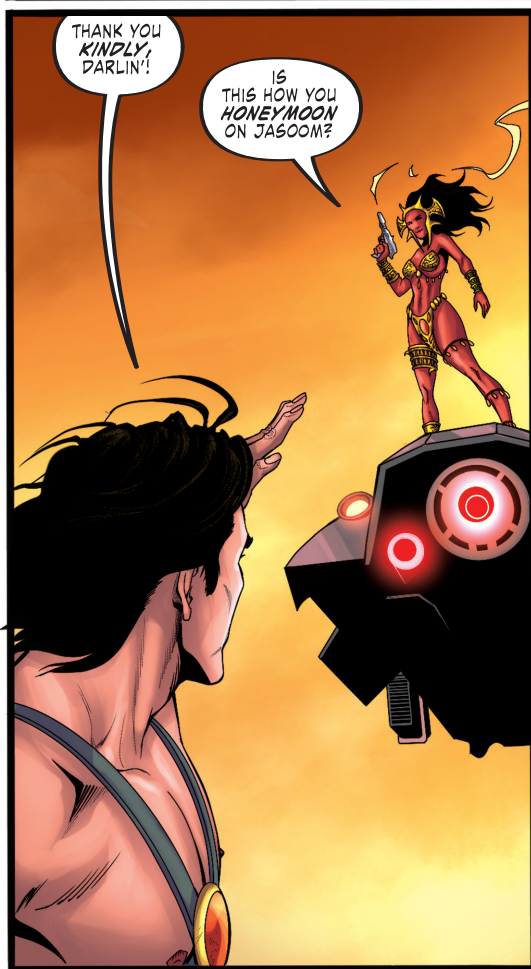
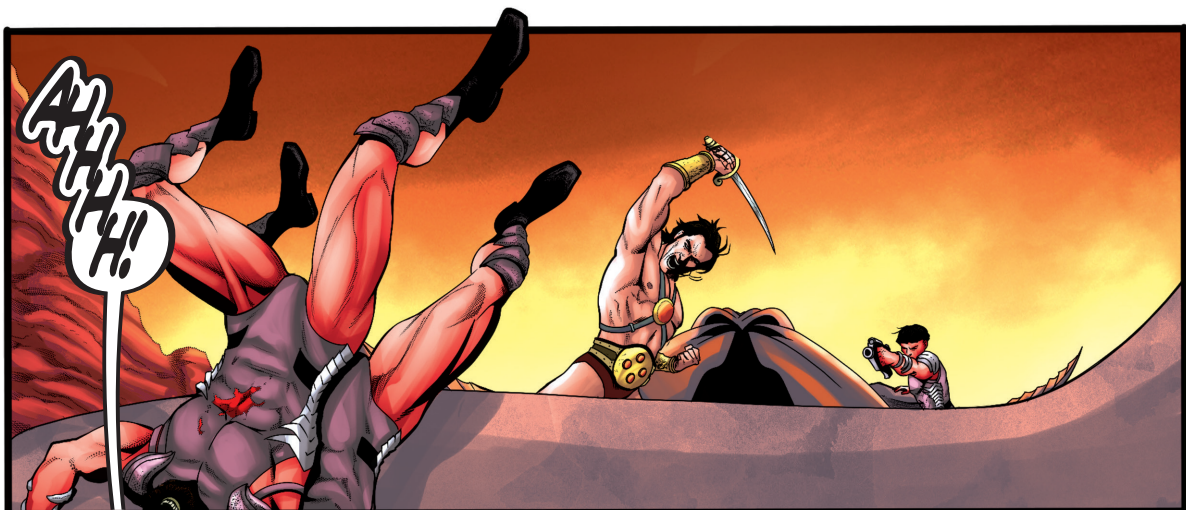
A DISTRESS
CALL... IN MY
MIND!

DAPRA
TOBIL HAS BEEN
KIDNAPPED!

WHERE?









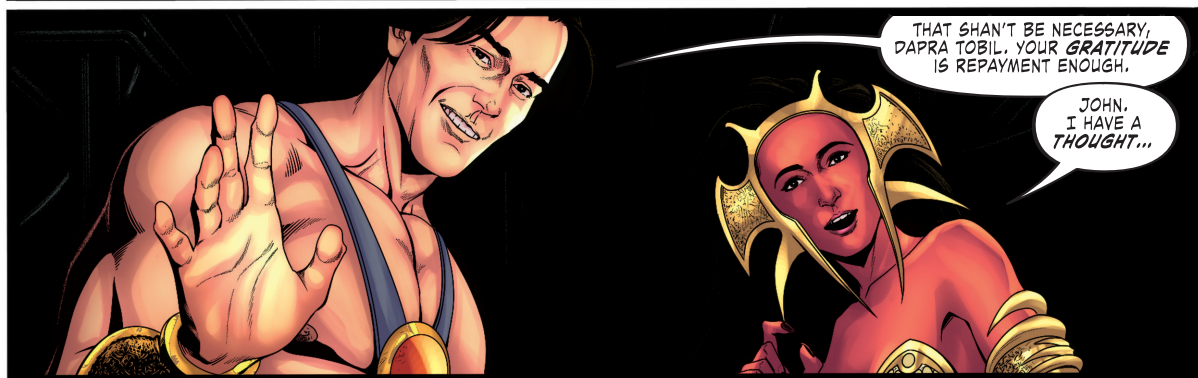
THANK YOU, PALE WARRIOR...ALL THE WAY OUT HERE, I FEARED *NONE* WOULD ANSWER MY MENTAL CALL.

HAPPY TO HELP! THE *PRINCESS* HEARD YOU LOUD AND CLEAR.



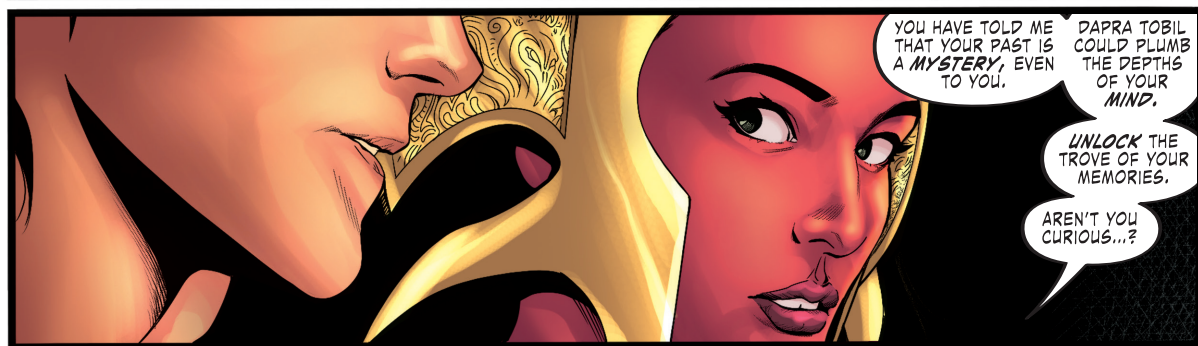
THE *PRINCESS*! THAT MEANS YOU MUST BE THE BOLD *JASOOMIAN* WARRIOR, *JOHN CARTER*!

GREAT ONES...HOW COULD I EVER *REPAY* THIS KINDNESS?



THAT SHAN'T BE NECESSARY, DAPRA TOBIL. YOUR *GRATITUDE* IS REPAYMENT ENOUGH.

JOHN. I HAVE A *THOUGHT*...

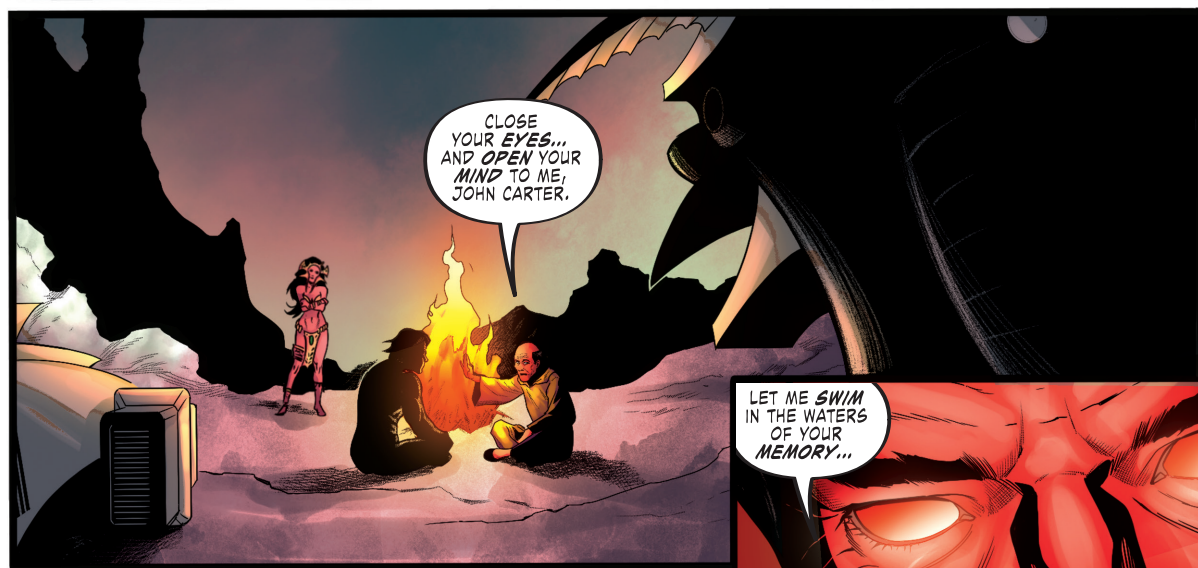


YOU HAVE TOLD ME THAT YOUR PAST IS A *MYSTERY*, EVEN TO YOU.

DAPRA TOBIL COULD PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF YOUR *MIND*.

UNLOCK THE TROVE OF YOUR MEMORIES.

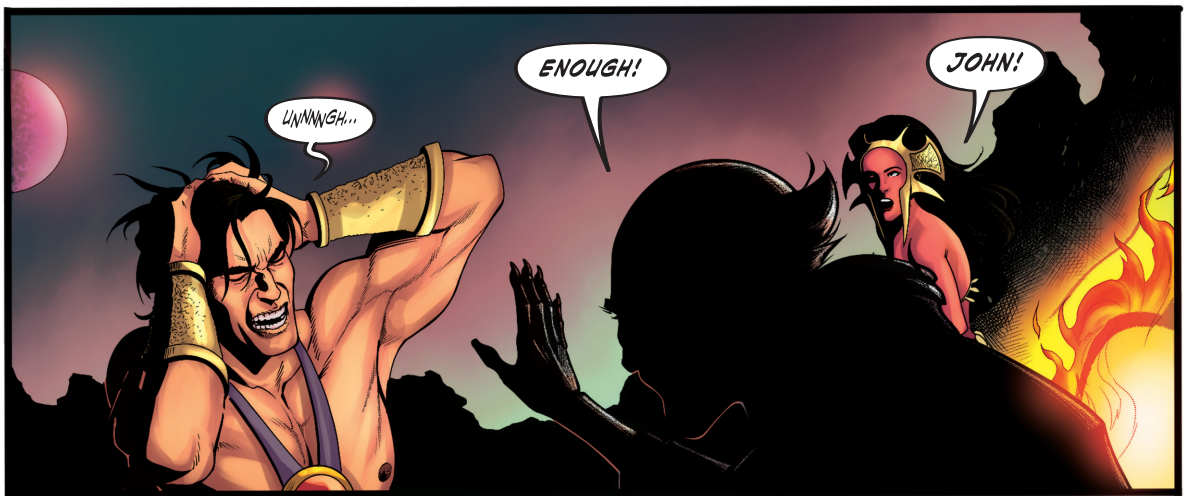
AREN'T YOU *CURIOUS*...?



CLOSE YOUR *EYES*... AND OPEN YOUR *MIND* TO ME, JOHN CARTER.

LET ME *SWIM* IN THE WATERS OF YOUR *MEMORY*...

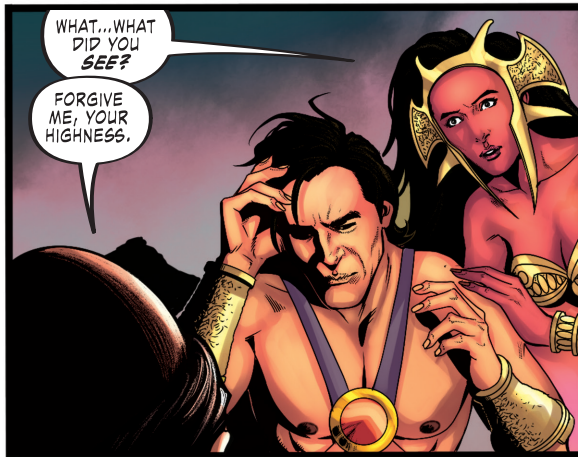




UNNNNGH...

ENOUGH!

JOHN!



WHAT...WHAT DID YOU SEE?

FORGIVE ME, YOUR HIGHNESS.



I HAVE JUST ABSORBED MILLENNIA OF SAVAGERY IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS.

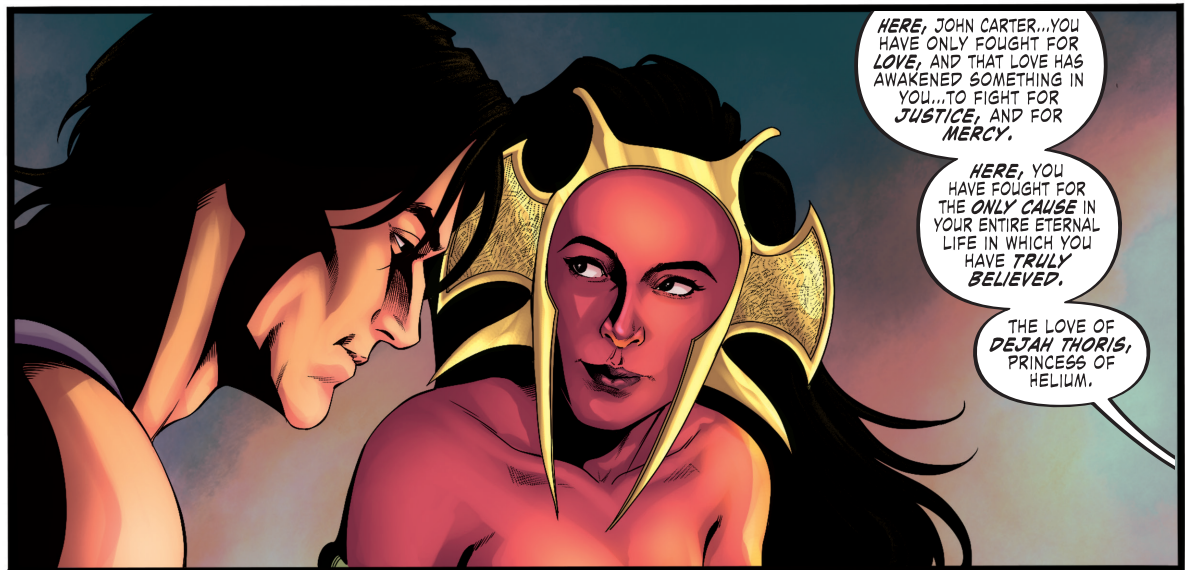
I CANNOT TELL YOU OF YOUR ORIGINS, JOHN CARTER: THAT WAY WAS CLOSED TO ME. THAT YOU ARE LONG-LIVED, YOU KNOW. MORE I DID NOT SEE.



YOUR MEMORIES ARE A CATALOG OF ALL THE BLOODY STRIFE OF YOUR NATIVE WORLD.

I REGRET TO SAY...YOU DID NOT FIGHT FOR RIGHT OR THE OPPRESSED. IT SEEMS YOU TOOK ARMS REGARDLESS OF CAUSE. WAR ITSELF WAS YOUR SOLE PURSUIT.

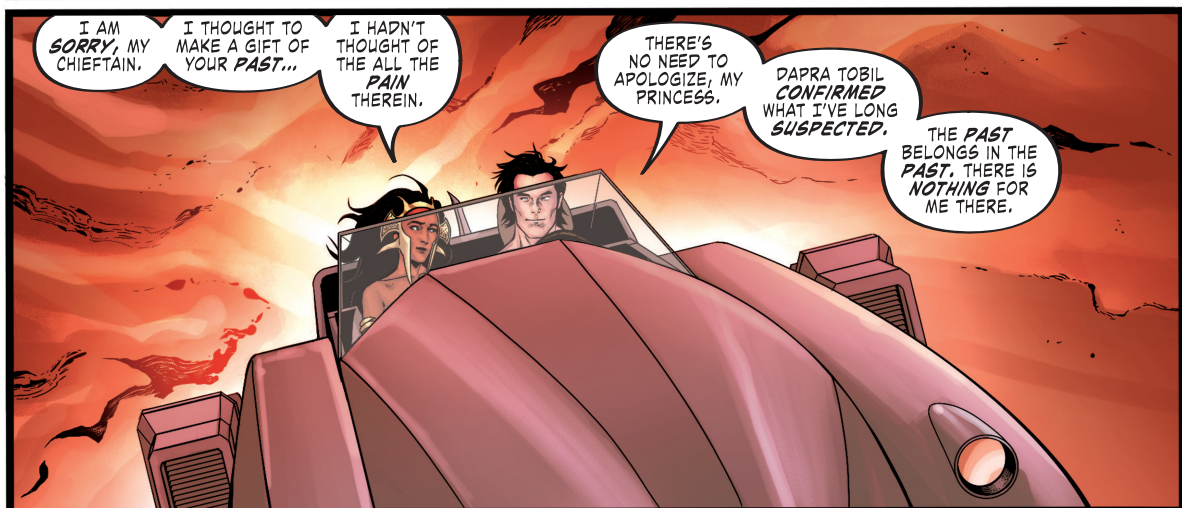
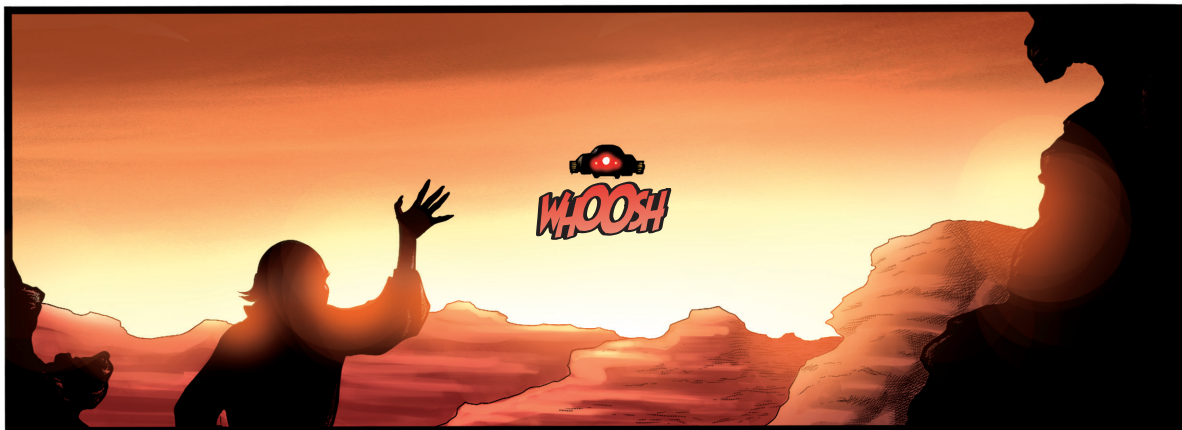
UNTIL BARSOOM.



HERE, JOHN CARTER...YOU HAVE ONLY FOUGHT FOR LOVE, AND THAT LOVE HAS AWAKENED SOMETHING IN YOU...TO FIGHT FOR JUSTICE, AND FOR MERCY.

HERE, YOU HAVE FOUGHT FOR THE ONLY CAUSE IN YOUR ENTIRE ETERNAL LIFE IN WHICH YOU HAVE TRULY BELIEVED.

THE LOVE OF DEJAH THORIS, PRINCESS OF HELIUM.



I AM
SORRY, MY
CHIEFTAIN.

I THOUGHT TO
MAKE A GIFT OF
YOUR **PAST**...

I HADN'T
THOUGHT OF
THE ALL THE
PAIN
THEREIN.

THERE'S
NO NEED TO
APOLOGIZE, MY
PRINCESS.

DAPRA TOBIL
CONFIRMED
WHAT I'VE LONG
SUSPECTED.

THE **PAST**
BELONGS IN THE
PAST. THERE IS
NOTHING FOR
ME THERE.



YOU HAVE GIVEN
ME THE **GREATEST**
GIFT OF ALL.

THE
FUTURE.

MY FUTURE
WITH **YOU**, MY
PRINCESS AND MY
ETERNAL LOVE.

*John Carter &
Dejah Thoris:*

**A HONEYMOON
ON MARS**

THE END



WOULD IT SHOCK YOU TO LEARN THAT I LIKE TO RELAX WITH A LITTLE TRASHY REALITY TV?

SO WHEN I HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO APPEAR ON MY FAVORITE SHOW, YOU KNOW I JUMPED AT IT.

HELLO, AGAIN, VIEWERS. I'M YOUR HOST, RICKEY BURDIN.

WE'VE JOURNEYED TO THE REMOTE MOUNTAIN REGION OF KR'A'A TO TAKE A PEEK INSIDE ONE OF THE STRANGEST INTERMENTS WE'VE EVER HEARD OF.



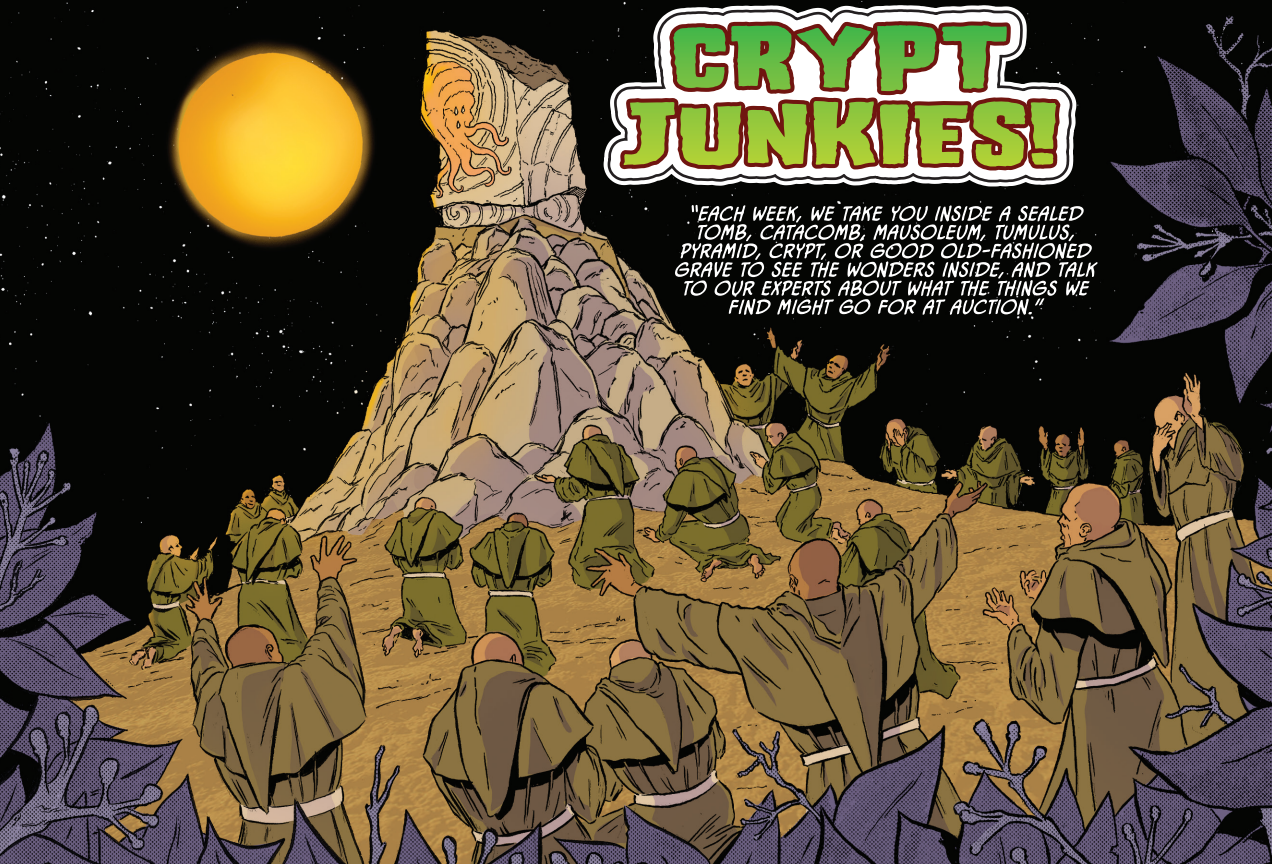
WE'VE BROUGHT ALONG A SPECIAL GUEST, AN EXPERT ON TOMBS--THE VAMPIRE **VAMPIRELLA!**

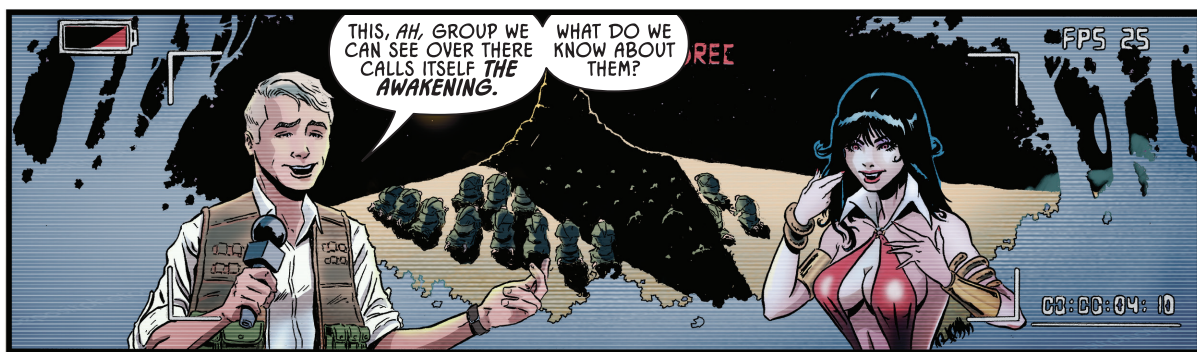
ACTUALLY, THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN--

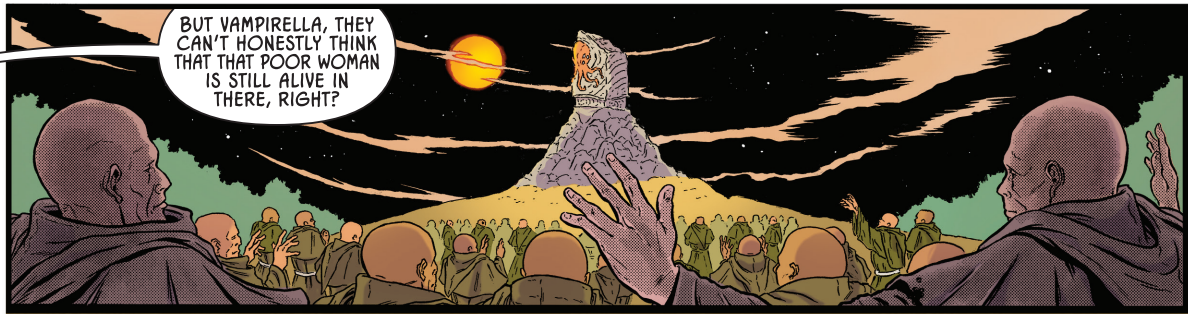
IT ALL STARTS **NOW** ON THIS EPISODE OF...

CRYPT JUNKIES!

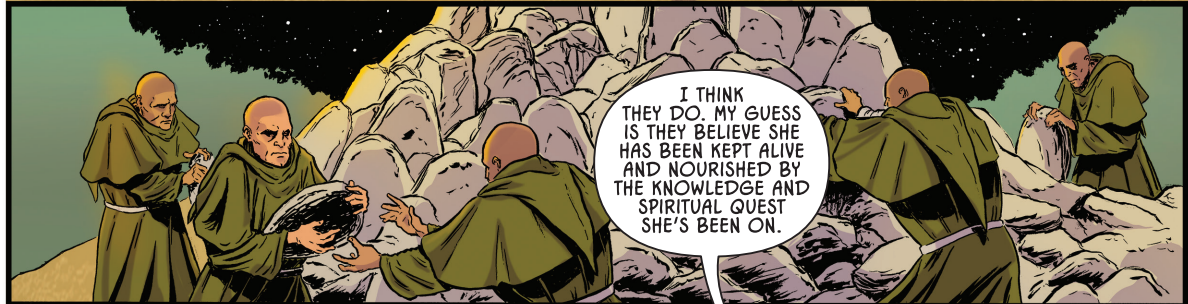
"EACH WEEK, WE TAKE YOU INSIDE A SEALED TOMB, CATACOMB, MAUSOLEUM, TUMULUS, PYRAMID, CRYPT, OR GOOD OLD-FASHIONED GRAVE TO SEE THE WONDERS INSIDE, AND TALK TO OUR EXPERTS ABOUT WHAT THE THINGS WE FIND MIGHT GO FOR AT AUCTION."



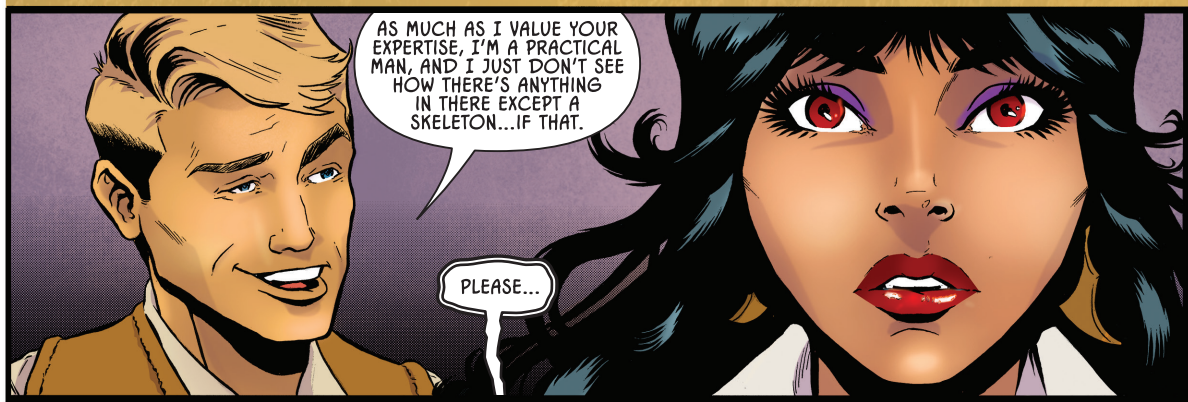




BUT VAMPIRELLA, THEY CAN'T HONESTLY THINK THAT THAT POOR WOMAN IS STILL ALIVE IN THERE, RIGHT?

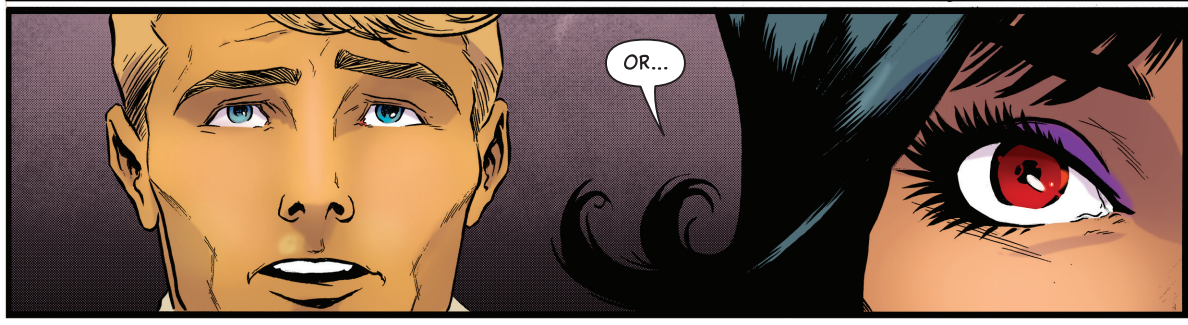


I THINK THEY DO. MY GUESS IS THEY BELIEVE SHE HAS BEEN KEPT ALIVE AND NOURISHED BY THE KNOWLEDGE AND SPIRITUAL QUEST SHE'S BEEN ON.



AS MUCH AS I VALUE YOUR EXPERTISE, I'M A PRACTICAL MAN, AND I JUST DON'T SEE HOW THERE'S ANYTHING IN THERE EXCEPT A SKELETON...IF THAT.

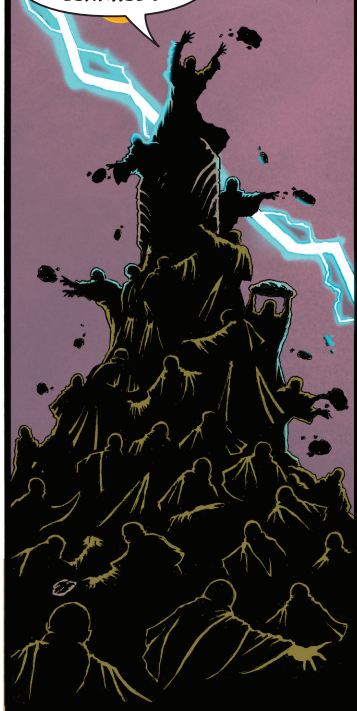
PLEASE...



OR...



YOU **HAVE** TO COME OUT! YOU NEED TO TELL US ALL YOU'VE **LEARNED!**



THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! THIS HAS GOT TO BE...

THERE'S NO WAY...

NO ONE COULD SURVIVE BEING BURIED ALIVE FOR A WEEK, MUCH LESS A THOUSAND YEARS...

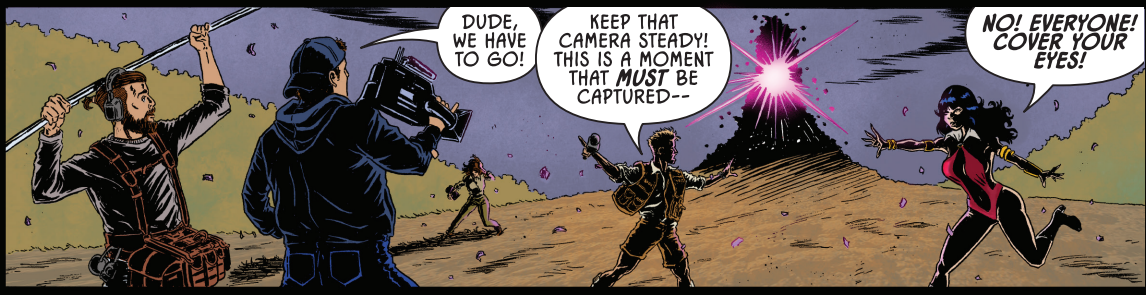


PLEASE DON'T!

PLEASE! I HAVE BECOME A MONSTROSITY NO LIVING THING CAN LOOK UPON!

YOU **MUST** CLOSE YOUR EYES!







UMOU?

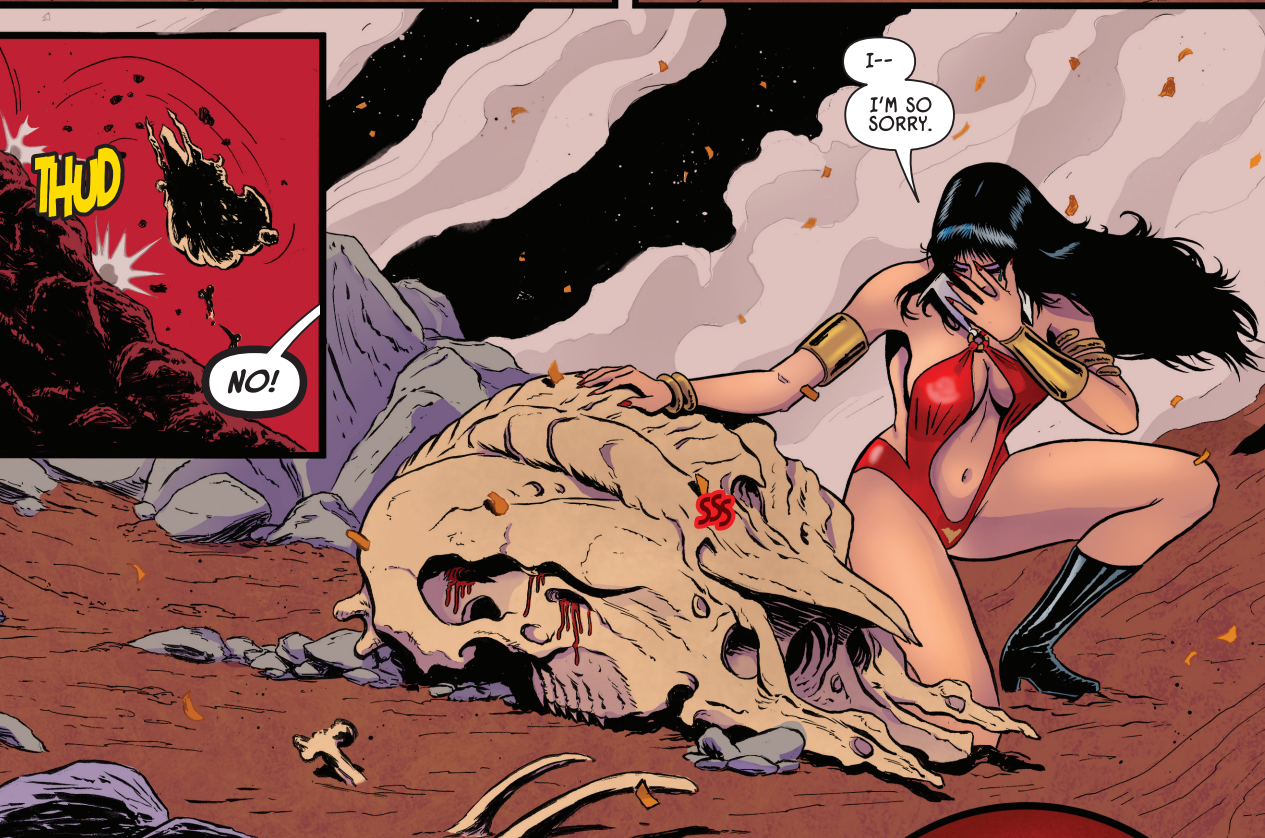
PLEASE,
DON'T TURN
AROUND.

LEAVE
HERE.



IT *IS* YOU. I...
CAME ACROSS A
TRAVELER ONCE
WHO TOLD ME
ABOUT YOU...





**CAPTAIN
GULLIVAR
JONES:
HIS WAR
CHAPTER 2**

San Mikhiel, France
13 September
1918

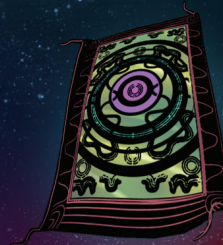
From the Journal of
Captain Gullivar Jones

I had said the
MAGIC WORDS.

"I WISH."

But I hadn't completed the
SENTENCE. Hadn't told it
just **WHAT** I wished.

Two decades **PAST**, a rash wish...had
transported me across the vast reaches
of space to an **ALIEN WORLD.**



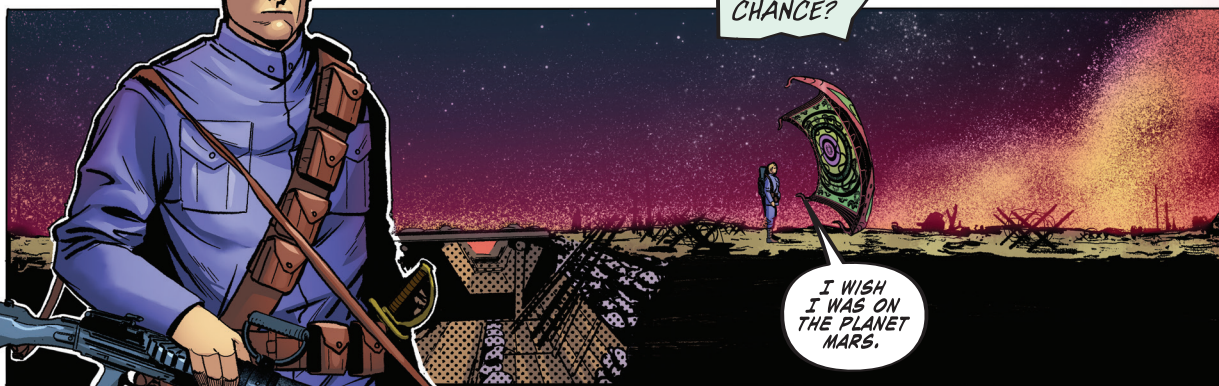


In the intervening years...I had often wondered if it was mere FANTASY.

Some combination of DRINK, EXHAUSTION or FRUSTRATION causing my mind to range about the HEAVENS.

Yet here was the PROOF. Back to MOCK my previous failures?

Or...to offer a SECOND CHANCE?



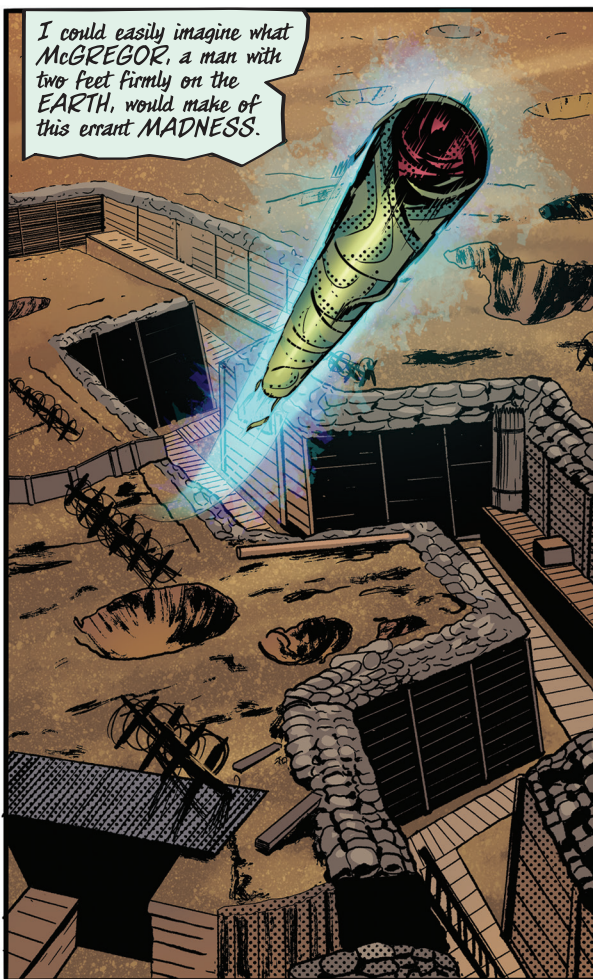
I WISH I WAS ON THE PLANET MARS.



STEADY NOW...



WISH ME LUCK, POLLY.

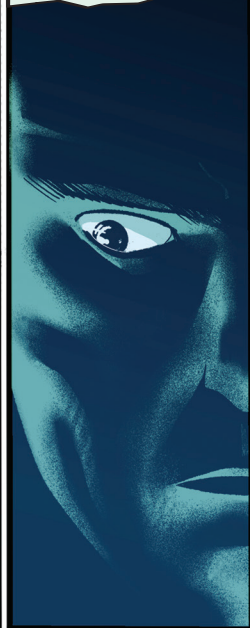


I could easily imagine what MCGREGOR, a man with two feet firmly on the EARTH, would make of this errant MADNESS.



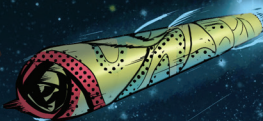
WHAT THE DEVIL...?

At least this time I was travelling FOREWARNED and WELL-ARMED. Prepared! Or so I foolishly THOUGHT...

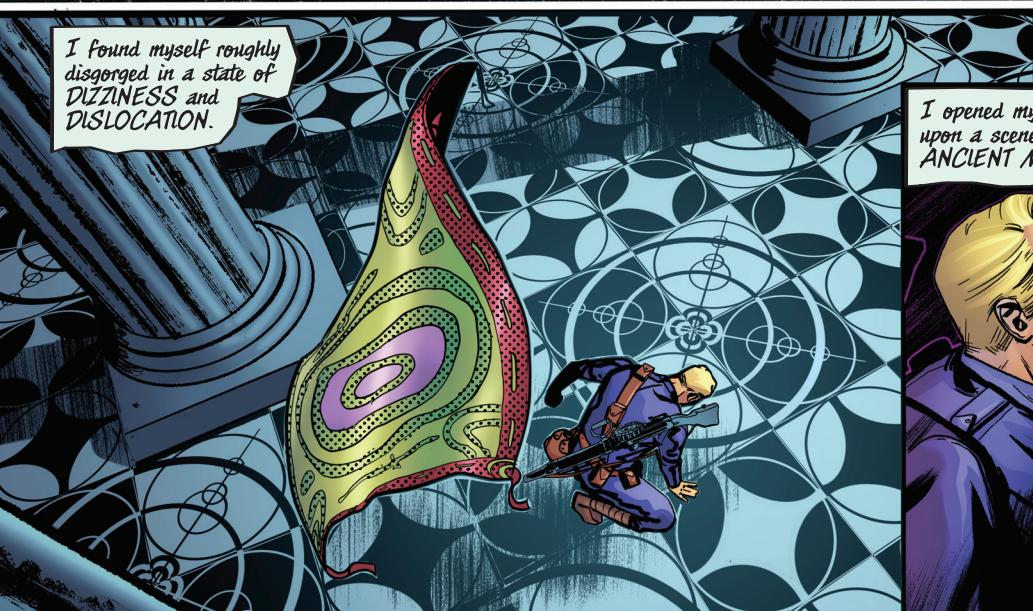


Tight in the folds of the infernal carpet I had no sense of TIME, SPACE, or REALITY.

I felt not TIREDNESS nor HUNGER nor BOREDOM. My senses...SUSPENDED. Trapped in amber. Until suddenly...they WEREN'T.

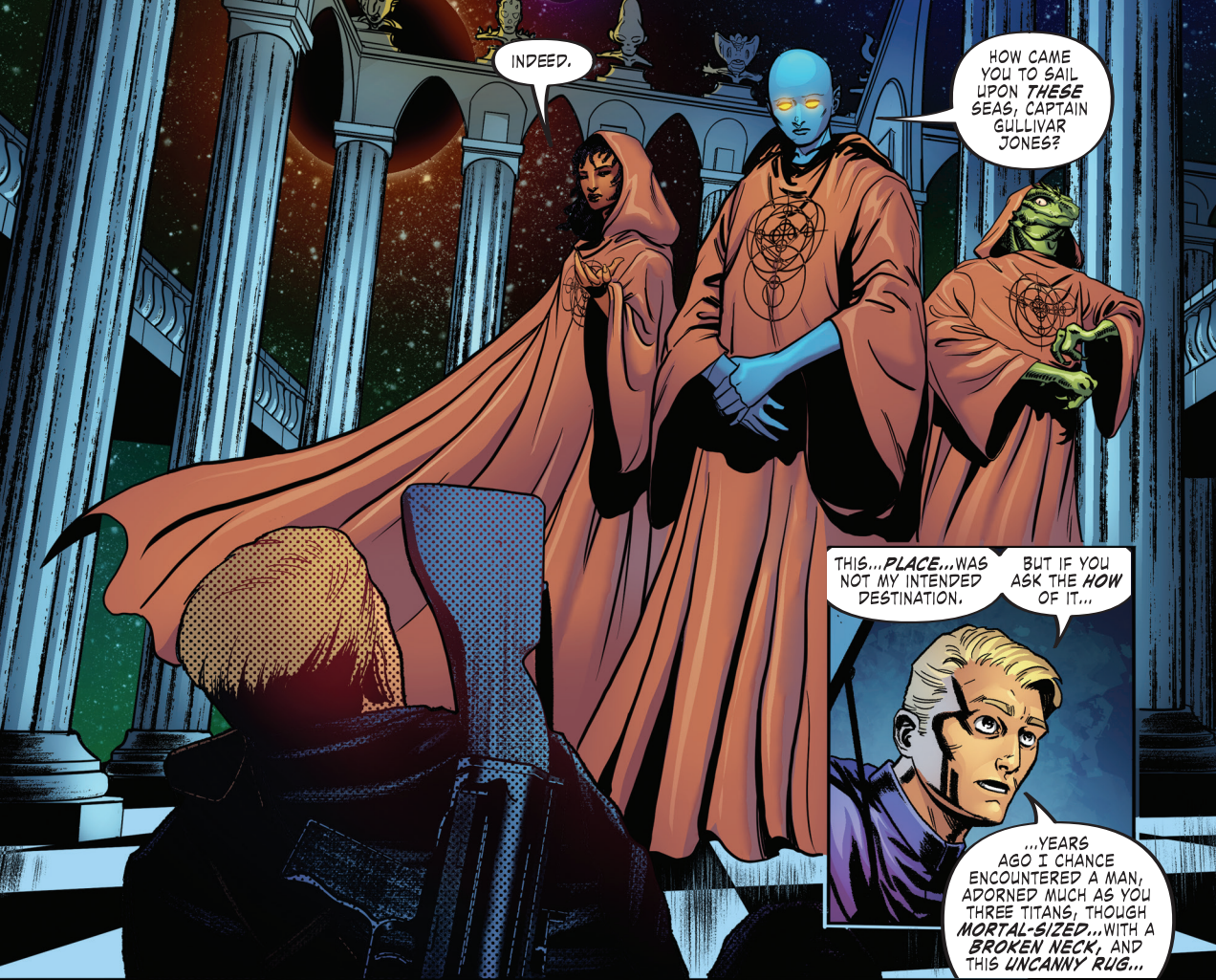


I found myself roughly disgorged in a state of DIZZINESS and DISLOCATION.



I opened my eyes upon a scene out of ANCIENT MYTH.

GOOD LORD.



INDEED.

HOW CAME YOU TO SAIL UPON *THESE* SEAS, CAPTAIN GULLIVAR JONES?

THIS...*PLACE*...WAS NOT MY INTENDED DESTINATION.

BUT IF YOU ASK THE *HOW* OF IT...

...YEARS AGO I CHANCE ENCOUNTERED A MAN, ADORNED MUCH AS YOU THREE TITANS, THOUGH *MORTAL-SIZED*...WITH A *BROKEN NECK*, AND THIS *UNCANNY RUG*...



THIS WE KNOW.

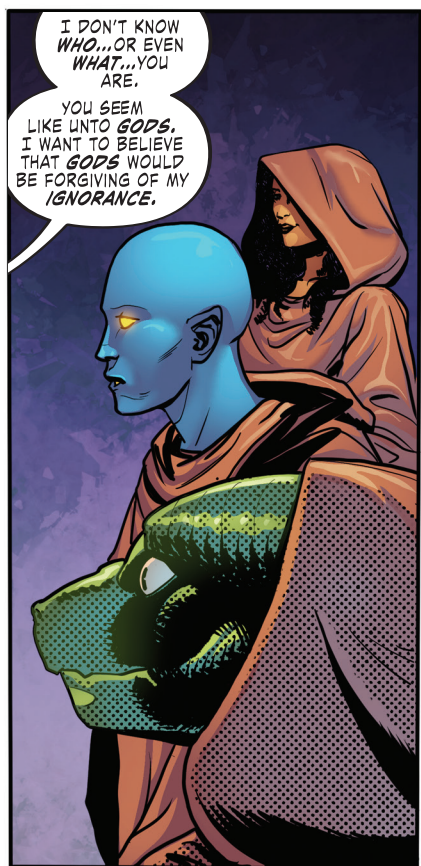
YOU SUMMONED THE *DITAN YUNSHU*.

IN SPITE OF YOUR... *PREVIOUS* EXPERIENCE. WHY?



I WAS A DIFFERENT MAN, *THEN*. A *FOOLISH* MAN.

PERHAPS IT IS *EQUALLY* FOOLISH TO SEEK A SECOND CHANCE.



I DON'T KNOW *WHO*...OR EVEN *WHAT*...YOU ARE.

YOU SEEM LIKE UNTO *GODS*. I WANT TO BELIEVE THAT *GODS* WOULD BE FORGIVING OF MY *IGNORANCE*.



SURELY GODS
MUST BELIEVE IN
REDEMPTION?
SALVATION?

SURELY *JUST* AND
LOVING GODS WOULD
NOT DENY A MAN HIS
SECOND...

OR EVEN
HIS *LAST*...
CHANCE.

WELL
SPOKEN,
CAPTAIN.



YOU REMIND ME OF
ANOTHER SAILOR...
ANOTHER LOST
CAPTAIN.

I COULDN'T
REFUSE THAT
CHATTY
WANDERER,
EITHER.



THANK YOU, *KIND*
GODDESS.

I WILL NOT
DISAPPOINT
YOU.



SAFE
TRAVELS,
CAPTAIN!

FAILURE
IS DEATH!

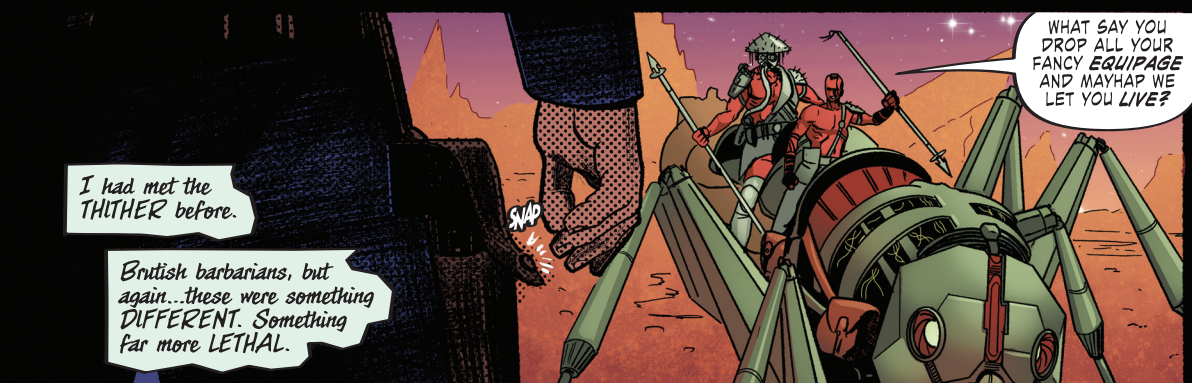
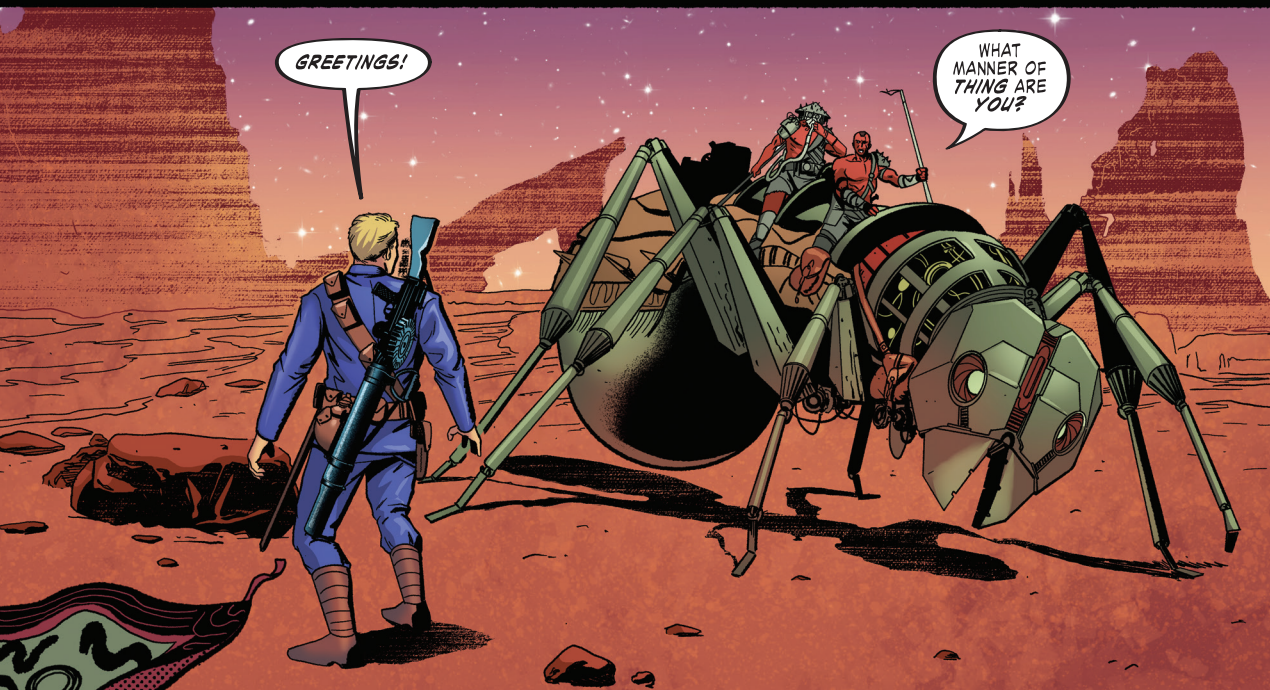
NOT
HELPFUL.

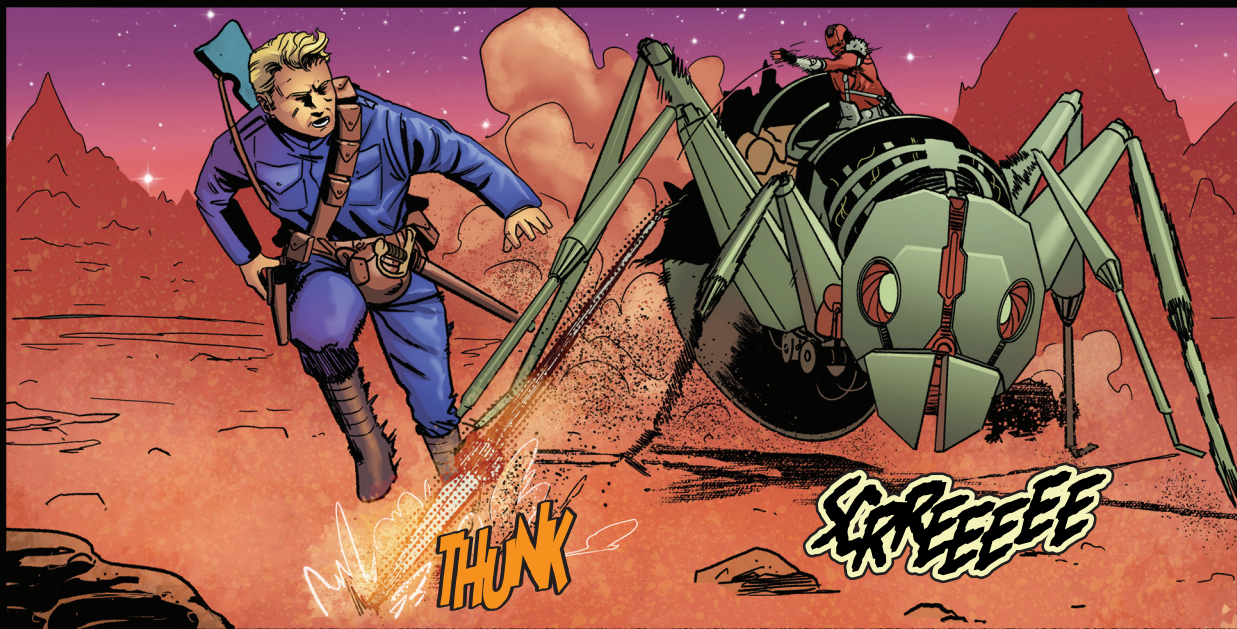
My audience with living
Gods was so *STUNNING*
to my senses...and over so
QUICKLY...it had every
aspect of a *DREAM*.

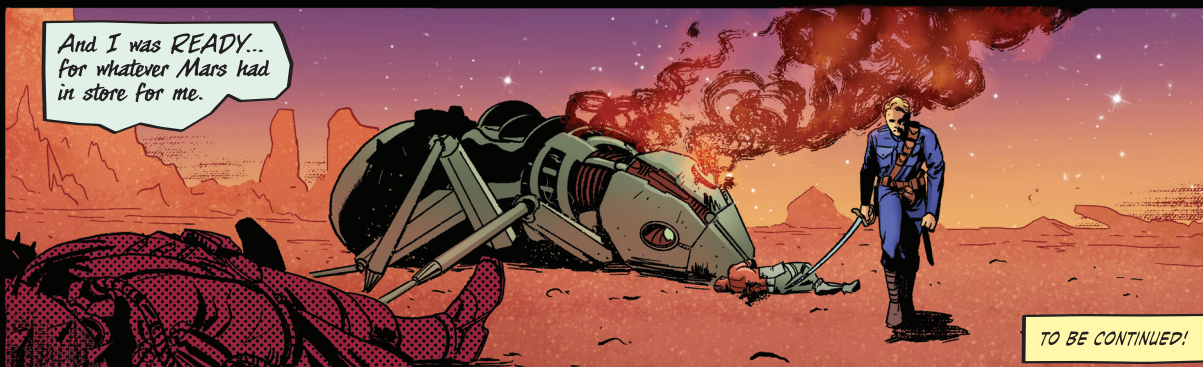
With equal
SUDDENNESS...
I was deposited on
RED SANDS.

But this forbidding
WASTELAND was
not the lush Mars
of my *MEMORY*...











COMING SOON

Vampirella's hateful, self-absorbed twin is back in a new volume and this time her Vampire Privilege entitlement is failing her as Vampirette, her preteen other-self, has become a literal mirror image of the life she could have had and person should could have become if she wasn't, y'know, Draculina. Also: Lilith has returned and the meddling vampire Mom from Hell is determined to reunite her estranged daughters while Levi, a murderous sea creature, intends to crash the family reunion!

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST INVITES VAMPIRELLA FANS TO THE MOST TWISTED FAMILY REUNION EVER!

Mr. Priest, we're kicking off a new chapter of Draculina, but a little birdy told us this is a bit of a family reunion as well. How would you describe this storyline among your broader tenure of the Vampire mythos?

Birdy or vulture...? Well, I suppose now it can be told: Draculina is the first character we meet at the launch of Vampirella's 50th Anniversary, way back in 2019 with Vampirella #0. There was a lot of head scratching at the time with fans wondering who was that chubby preteen and why was she obsessed with Vampirella? Pages later, in that issue, we met an even stranger Black woman who was actually dressed like Vampirella. Who were these people and why were we reading about them in the very first pages of artist Ergün Gündüz and my run?

By now most of those questions have been answered but Draculina: Blood Simple will tie all of those threads together into what may well be the most dysfunctional family reunion in history (yes, even worse than your own).

You DON'T have to read Draculina Vol. 1 to understand this book. However, if you missed our first run, you should know Draculina is about a woman's struggle to find herself. She does so, literally, by discovering an alternate possibility of the girl she once was, a wisecracking pubescent P.I.T.A. who nonetheless challenges Draculina to let go of her bitterness and find happiness, which of course Draculina refuses to do.

The book is fast-paced, funny (honest!), poignant, and, if not for all the neck biting and adult themes, would make a great book for your kids. Well, your teen kids...

The subtitle is "Blood Simple." Can you explain the meaning of that for the character of Draculina and the series at large?

Besides being a handy branding device borrowed from a classic hit film, "Blood Simple" sums up the family-is-hell theme of this series. The story deals with a disparate set of loners who ostensibly despise one another yet who are all connected by a literal blood bond: they're family. Even the bad guys.

One of the exciting characters appearing here is Leviathan, or "Levi," a son of the demon Belial and Draculina's mother Lilith. Is he friend or foe?

I don't think Levi would allow himself to be so easily defined. As depicted in "The Tower," issues #11-12 of our "Seduction of The Innocent" Vampirella arc, in an effort to save her people, Lilith gave herself to the demon Belial in exchange for sorcerous power. It was a classic example of doing the wrong thing for the right reasons. As a result, Lilith gave birth to any number of monsters, and Earth's vampires are rumored to be genetically evolved from some of them.

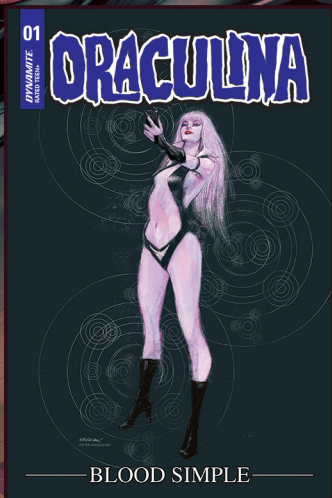
Levi, a half man, half sea creature, is a product of Lilith's years with Belial. He has no love for either of them.



JAY ANACLETO



JOSEPH MICHAEL LINSNER



RAFAEL KAYANAN



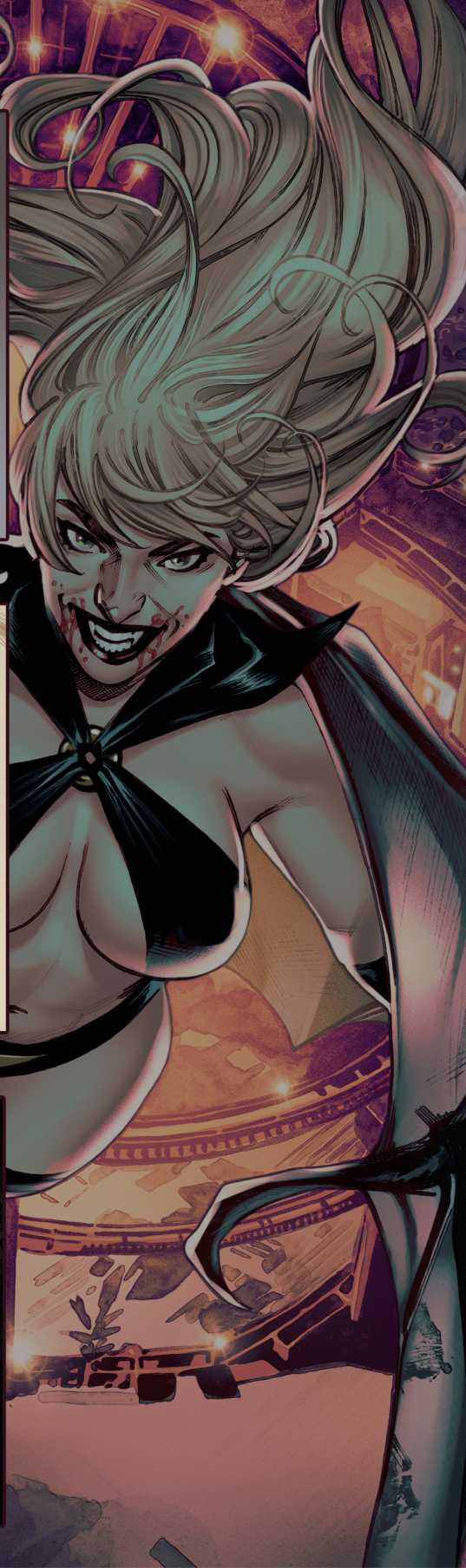
ZOE LACCHEI



LUCIO PARRILLO



RACHEL HOLLON COSPLAY



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KAYAK

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ARTHUR SUYDAM



COVER B
ART BY
LIAM SHARP



COVER C
ART BY
RAFAEL KAYANAN



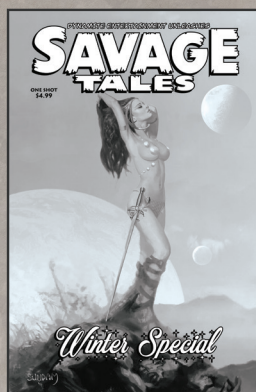
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RAFAEL KAYANAN



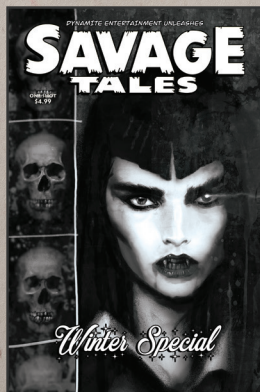
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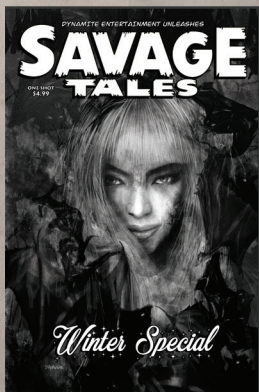
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