



What  
COMICS

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1

"A beautifully monstrous punk vampire story, an urban fantasy  
1977 rendered in a kaleidoscope of blood and toxins."

-- Warren Ellis

# BLOOD DREAMS

Issue 1

ANGI SHEARSTONE

# DEDICATION TO MY PARENTS

*William C. II and Barbara F. Shearstone*

*in memorium to my father, with great sadness  
that you didn't get to see me finish this...*

*and to my mother, who has a  
strength most don't realize.*

*PS: Mom? You don't  
need your reading  
glasses for this, ok?*



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THAT'S Marion?!

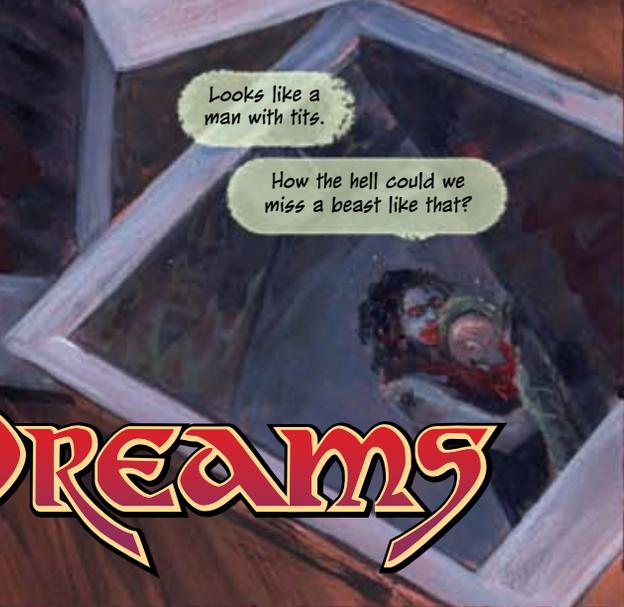


That's Marion.



Looks like a man with tits.

How the hell could we miss a beast like that?



# BLOOD DREAMS

Created by Angi Shearstone

(Wednesday, September 7, 1977.  
New York City. Sunrise.)

Any number of reasons. She could be a shapeshifter...

...or she could have a sunshade doing her hunting for her.

She's a Bloodrunner, she'd have the status.

Which also means it's her job to keep us from doing our job --

Wiping every last bloodsucker from the face of the earth.



Please express to Lauren my regrets that I was unable to attend the services.

Your father achieved great things for our cause, died honorably for it.

I have great faith in your ability to pick up where he left off.

Your responsibilities are far more important than appearances, my sister and I both know that.

We have Marion in our sights. Bricks is showing them the new files now.



We destroyed eleven vampires in Philadelphia last night. Among them Adrienne, their last Keeper, and two Bloodrunners.



We'll do the same here, once Marion's out of the picture.

Maybe, just maybe, I'll see these vermin extinct in my lifetime...



...could be a turning point, opening the door to all of the northeast.

I'll take it from here.



Ok, you've seen the files, here's how it's going to go down --

--There's this punk rally at DeeDee's, bands coming from all over the world. Marion's a sucker for that crap, she's sure to be there--

(September 6, 1977.)  
London. Sunrise.



So, Ginny-luv, this is really it. Next stop, New-fockin'-York.

Yeah, Jonny, how 'bout another kiss for luck?



Gin-Gin? I've been thinking about all the things I've messed up.

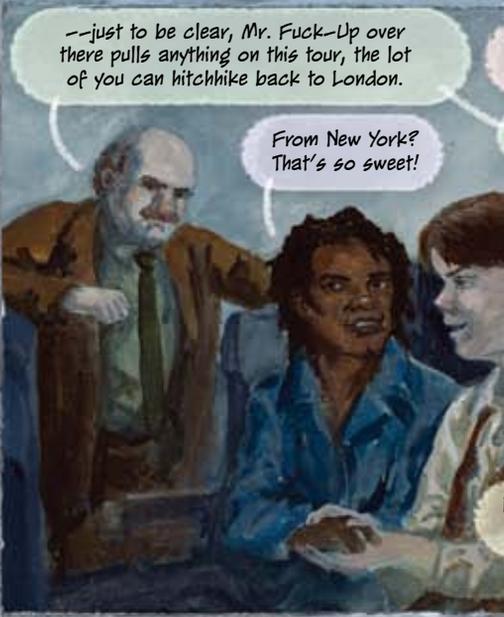
It's ok, I've done my share.

Leave it in the past and shut up and kiss me.



Or at least get outta the aisle!

Get a room!



--just to be clear, Mr. Fuck-Up over there pulls anything on this tour, the lot of you can hitchhike back to London.

From New York? That's so sweet!

Just get your arse back to first class, Willem!

I'm serious.

He's got a point.



Magazine, miss?

Sure. Hey! Gimme that one!

Heh-heh, made the cover!

Weren't the bastards supposed to send us a copy?

# RIP

MAGAZINE

## the LOST KEYS

### FAB FOUR OF PUNK?

No smoking until after take-off, sir.

Bollocks.

Jesus fuckin' Christ! Just Look at it down there!

shutthefuckupkellaway  
ireallymeanitjustshutthefuckup

Oi, PEPPERKASH,  
WHASSAMATTER!?

nwh-- fin's---wron--  
oh, godisedshutthefuckup!

He doesn't look so keen--

m'ok... uh...  
uhgn... Blorch!

**SPLAT!**  
**AUGH!**

slorry, reg...  
huoch-- Christ, man,  
what'd you eat?

Can someone else sit next to Gary?!

**NO!!**

Three days later:  
Friday, September 9, 1977.  
New York City. 8:00 PM



(Two days earlier:  
September 7, 1977. NYC.)



Don't think I slept  
at all, fuckin' jet lag  
or somethin.

First time in years you  
didn't wake me with your  
damn nightmares.



Good reason to get  
drinkin'. Television interview's  
not 'til afternoon tomorrow.

You alright?



Been actin'  
dodgy since we  
left London.

Just nerves,  
that's all.



You need  
to relax,  
luv...





I could spend my whole life doing that.

Maybe we should plan on it...



?!

Coming from you, that could pass for a proposal.

So what if it is?



Jon, you've still got that mess in your head and screaming nightmares every bloody night.



I used to think I could leave all that stuff forgotten. But I can't, it just keeps coming back up.



I do want to fix it.

just don't know where to start, Gin.



How about fixin' the part that stops you from telling me you love me?



Think they're still fucking?

Then maybe we can talk about marriage.

Sounds like they're just talking.

Damn.



God, a suite was such a bad idea...

Couldn't agree more right now.

Heh. It's not locked...

Maybe they're still naked! Open it!



Ginny, I—

**KNOCK!**  
**KNOCK!**

Wakey  
wakey!

That'll be  
the boys...



Oi, Ginny, can  
we get a turn  
with him?

OooooO!



Sorry, the  
poofs insisted  
on barging in.

**Get the hell  
outta here!**

Just getcher  
clothes on, New  
York's waiting!

(Two days later:  
September 9, 1977. NYC.)

Marion'll be here  
any second!

Oi!  
Get off!

WHAT THE FUCK D'YOU  
THINK YOU'RE DOING!!

She'll kill  
me if you're  
not ready!

Get the  
bloody hell  
off me!

Up!

LET ME GO!

Stop Squirming!

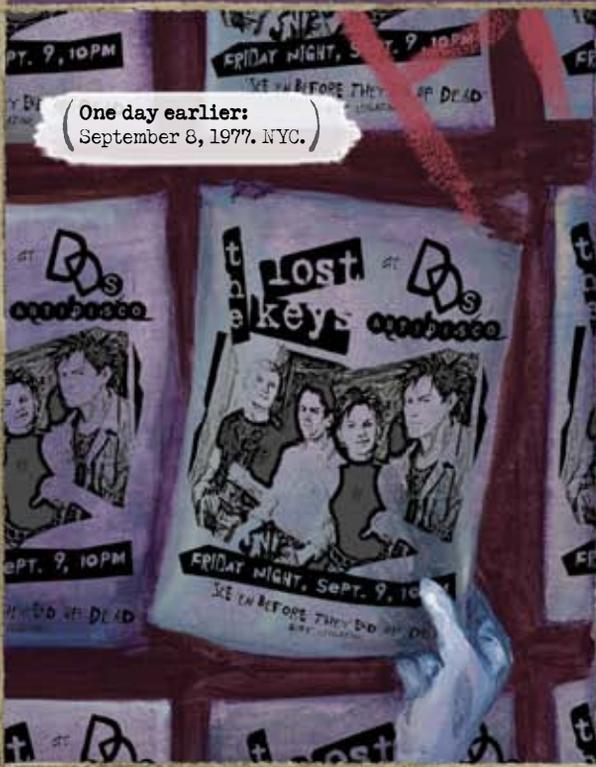
click!  
creeeezak!

I see  
dinner's not  
ready yet.

FUCK.

fuck.

(One day earlier:  
September 8, 1977. NYC.)



Don't tell me you like that crap, Rachel.



Andrew! I swear, only you could sneak up on me!

Sorry.



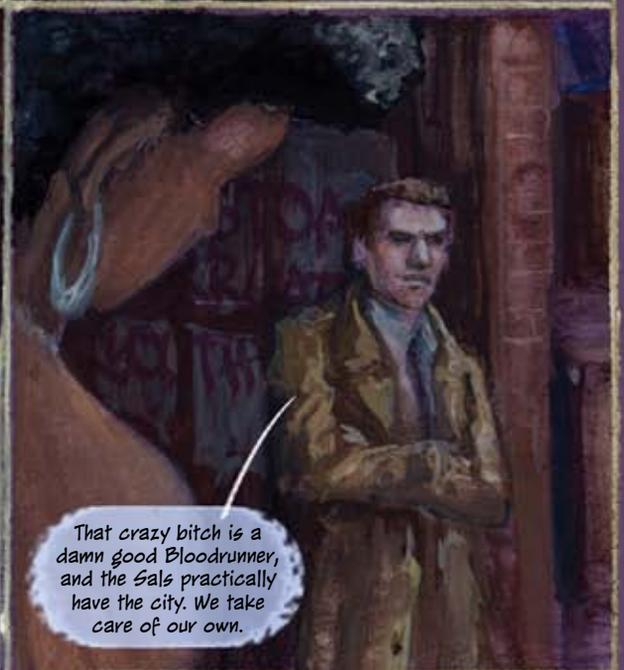
Bad scene.

I think DeeDee's up to somethin' again, and you can bet the Sals'll be movin' in on Marion...

Yeah, I thought I might go, watch her back.



Let 'em have her, crazy bitch's gone all fear junkie...



That crazy bitch is a damn good Bloodrunner, and the Sals practically have the city. We take care of our own.



It's Sebastian's mess, honey, not your problem anym--

Sebastian's mess is every-one's problem.

After everything Dorian did for this city...



Andrew, just come north with me



Not you, too...

Yeah, me, too. We got enough ground there to make a stand.  
This city's done.



It's all I got left, Rae.



You look like an off-duty cop. They'll tear you apart at DeeDee's, if DeeDee doesn't get you first.

I'll blend in fine either as security or one of those crazy protesters...



Good luck, Andrew. You need it around here.

Good bye, Rachel.



He's damaged.

You gotta stop acting like you're still one of Manson's girls.

You WAIT for me.

He woke up too fast!

Bad enough I can't hunt the way I need to--

shit.

One day later:  
September 9. NYC.  
8:05 PM



-but you bring me half-assed fast food.

Look at him. How hard did you hit him?

oh, fuck, not now.

Not that hard ...



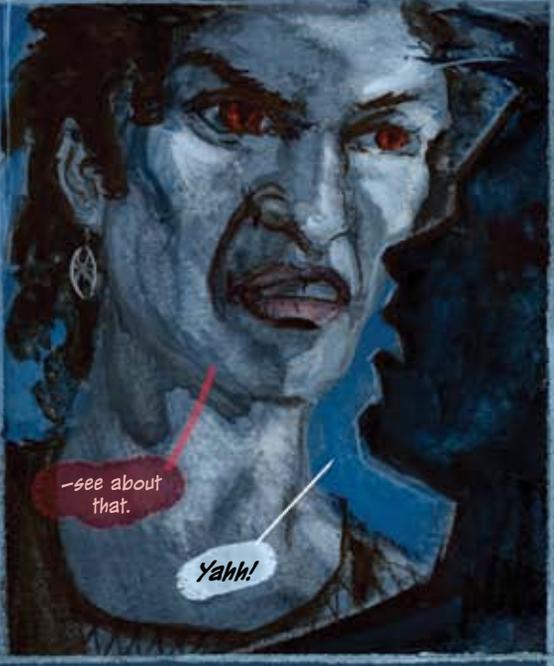
He's not even listening to us, he's somewhere else.

You hit him so hard, doesn't even know where he is.



He smelled really good.

I'll have to--



-see about that.

Yahh!

(One day earlier:  
September 8. Boston.)

CLICK!

RRRIING!!

damnit, can't  
even get in the  
fuckin' door—

RRRIINNNGGG!!!

You got Henry,  
make it quick...

RRRII—

...Oh, hi, Sam.  
Sorry, just got in.

Yeah.

Yeah Sam,  
I know.

What can I say?  
Bad ass Sal slithered  
up from New York.

Dunno, coulda been  
Scylla. Love to pull the  
trigger on her.

Of course I heard about Philly.

You know New York's next, then we're really against the wall.



Sebastian might as well let them have the city, all the good he's done.

Marion's gone full-fledged fear junkie. Can you just stake me if I ever end up like that?

Yeah, and how long's Andrew gonna last? Poor bastard.

Shoulda been his city.

Yeah, maybe.

I'll let ya know if I hear anything.

Yeah. See ya.



Mug shot from Ireland's 1974 rioting arrest, taken minutes after learning of his parents' fatal car accident. Age 14. Clothing seen in a prison cell photo. Jonathan Case, Killybeggs, AKA Johnny Ireland, "kicking a tin, screwing the dial, your station, sleeping, drugs, alcohol, assault on police officers and resisting arrest." By the time he'd turned 16, he'd spent most 3 years total in one region, school or work. He's been one of trouble for a few years now, but how long can he hold out? The Last King, reflective pain, his home streets, heroin, drugs, driving, drinking and driving, sleeping, addiction to mental conditions and violence. See them before they all end up in prison or die.

wh-what --

(One day later:  
September 9, 1977. NYC.)

what're you  
do --

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

NNNNHHH!!

Now do I have  
your full attention?

One day earlier:  
September 8. Boston.

...I told you,  
no interruptions.

It's the  
telephone,  
Dominic.

Your, er,  
counterpart in  
New York.

Hmph.

Hello, DeeDee...

...Of course you're  
interrupting.

Yes, I know who's  
going to be there.

No, I won't  
be attending.

Marion's negligence  
cost Lisabet --



-- what? Great. You want to turn someone based on the performances. Brilliant...

...No, I want no part of your irresponsible game, you know it won't even take.

This one will die like the others, and likely take you with him this time.



What?!

That is in extremely poor taste, even for you!



Is there something I can do?

Turn off the damned television and fix me a stronger drink...

\*sigh\*

Lisabet...

Where shall I cut first?

(One day earlier:  
NYC. 8:15 PM)

--NARGH!

You've been cut before...

NNN!

Hard to find a fresh spot,, you're just full of scars...

Anywhere you haven't been cut?

Tell me, you do any of that yourself?

What do you want from me?

KRAK!

hoackk!

You'll know when I take it from you.



Jonny! My bass survived the flight worse than Gary --

(Earlier that evening: 7:00 PM.)



-- why don't you and Paul go for a beer while I get it sorted?

Paul?

Yea, I can get you out of her hair. Everything else is under control.



Just relax, luv. You've got a long, hard night ahead of you...

...and I'm not talkin' about the show...



Now let me fix this thing so we don't suck.



Paul, it's up to you to keep trouble away from him, right?



What the hell is wrong with you? You're battier than usual, even for a show!



Paul, after the show you need to fuck the hell off and take the rest with you.



What, you got something special planned with Ginny?

Other than the usual fuck in the broom closet?

Yeah, I do, and I don't need any of your interruptions.

Got it?



Oh my god. You stole-

Christ, Paul, I didn't steal it!

How'd you pay for it, then?



Sold some songs I wrote to some bands, few other things Willy would shat himself over.

Piss off.

Few more songs and the diamond coulda been visible, like.



Gonna ask her tonight.  
After the show.

Before or after you've  
fucked each other silly?

Heh. Dunno, figure  
inspiration will strike  
when it wants to.



I can think up at least  
a hundred better, more  
romantic plans--

Yeah, I  
bet you  
could.

But it mighta been  
done already if you  
hadn't barged in the  
other day.

But--

I don't need  
the meddling,  
thanks.



Fine. But if she says  
no, you're always welcome  
with me and Trick.

Don't you even  
think about it!

I'm not going with  
you, that's for sure.

I'm off to the bog,  
can you handle just sitting  
here for a minute?

(7:45 PM.)

(Later that evening: 9:15 PM...)



ohhhh...



We're missing the show, can't you just --

He's not done yet.



how far do you have to go?



as far as it takes...



My friends...



Dm...



fuck!

flick!  
flick!

they're expecting me...

...they'll be looking for me...

What do you mean, have I seen Jonny? Paul, he was with you!

(8:30 PM.)

I had to use the loo!  
When I got back,  
he was gone!

Damnit, Paul, you know the kinda shit that happens to him on nights like this!

I'd better help--

YES!  
I KNOW!

No, he can't have gone far, you just fix that thing.



...fuck.

fik!

they'll find me.

flick!

they always do.

they'll be too late.

HRK!

kh-h-

...Now he's done.



Didn't see anything...

Hey! I seen him  
leave with that  
woman...



...that blonde, red dress  
some sort of spider choker  
necklace. Lucky guy.

...



...wearing a purple vest,  
looking for someone...

--looked like  
he was havin' a  
real bad trip...



I see  
him.

Take Feather and  
follow him.



...Auuuighk...!

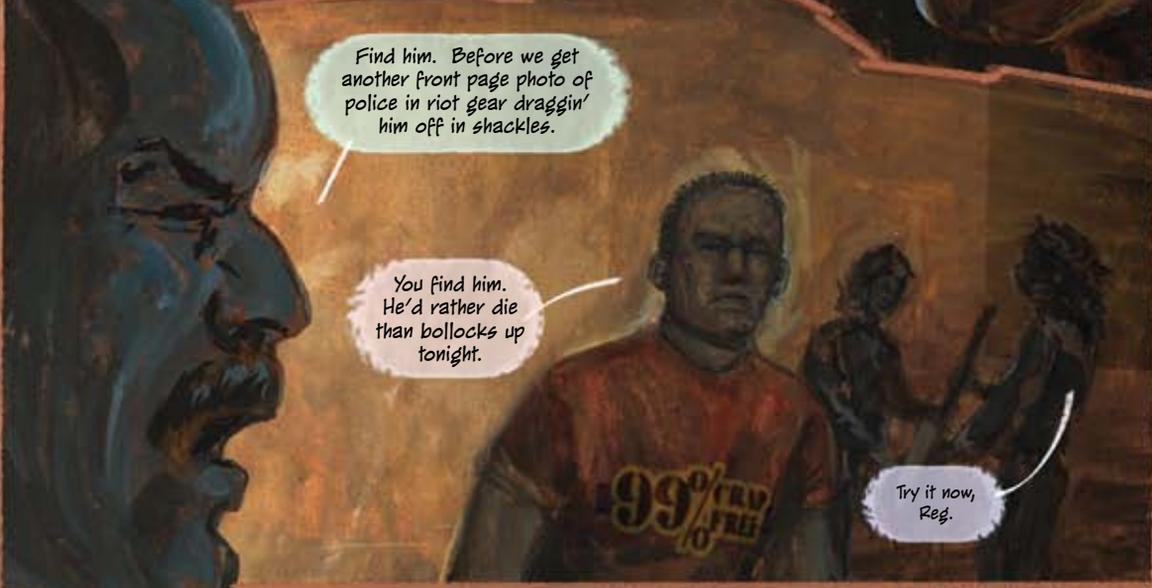


Any of you  
seen where Jon's  
gone to?



Your sister prolly  
dragged him off  
for more disgusting  
squelchy noises.

Nah, Ginny's still  
swearin' at her bass  
somewhere.



Find him. Before we get  
another front page photo of  
police in riot gear draggin'  
him off in shackles.

You find him.  
He'd rather die  
than bollocks up  
tonight.

Try it now,  
Reg.



We couldn't  
get so lucky.

Ta, Trick.





Hey, Ginny,  
you seen  
Jonny?



What?

Damnit, don't  
tell me Paul hasn't  
found him yet!



You mean he's  
really missing?

I sent him to the  
bar with Paul, and  
Paul lost him.

Shit!

Shit.



Paul said he'd  
find him.

Haven't  
seen Paul,  
either.



He can't fuck up  
tonight. No, I just  
can't believe it.

It's too close  
to showtime for  
this bollocks--



I'm going to  
DeeDee's.  
Dispose of him.

That was  
cool!

Can I do  
it after?

... sure.

(9:30 PM.)

click!



Oh, Jon, what'd you get yourself into this time?



shit.



Something wrong?

...



You go ahead, I'll catch up.



Getting a bad feeling.



Jon? You in here?



...If you can't find me later, remember what I said on the plane...

I say we go on without 'im.

They're ready to cancel you.

I'm getting myself a drink or two or seven.

See if I can't distract the record company from realizing we're fucking this up...

You lot just stay here.



If you could actually play guitar, maybe we could.



This can't be happening, not again.

Unfortunately, it can.

Anyone ready to reconsider Willem's idea to keep him locked up between shows?



There he is!

Shut the fuck up, Reg.



Oh, shit.

Fohgk.



Jonny!

bloody hell,  
not again.



Sinny?

S'at  
you?



Christ, Jon, how  
long before the cops  
show up?

Idznotwatchafink, luv.



Well, what is  
it, then!?

i dunno...



...not cops.



Then what?

I don't bloody know, Pepper.

Great. His head's on the blink again.



Christ, all this blood, hardly even scrapes & scratches underneath.



Where's Paul?

He makes 'em easy. And with all those religious nuts all wound up, maybe...

Maybe the whole world just hates him except for us five.

Trick, just give him a sec.

How can you even have enemies in a place we've never been?

That's you four, I'm still on the fence.



Seriously, where the hell is Paul? Jonny, you seen him?

Think for a second, Jon.

He didn't get mixed up in the same shit as you, did he?

Paul? He's too smart for that.



We were at the bar...  
he went off for a piss...

Not sure after that...



Who the hell  
are you?!

Where's  
Jonny?



What'd you  
do to him!?



Let me show you...

He's left, and I haven't seen him since.

Hope he doesn't get here too late.

They'll be too late.

THEY'LL BE TOO LATE

Gahhh!!

GET AWAY!!

What did you do to him?

What is it?

What's wrong with you?!

I think -

- I think they were -

I'm trying to... kill me...

Koff koff!

What? WHO?!

shite.

Where were you!?

WHO, Jonny! What did they look like!

Come on, Jon, there's gotta be something!

whoaach!

Christ!

You got two minutes to get on stage or get the hell out of this club.

Koff koff!

what!?

Oh, come on, he's just been done over!

hegm.

Look at him, he needs a hospital!



I don't care.  
I gotta show  
to run.

No  
hospitals.

I -  
hkeff  
- I can do it.



What?

Yes.

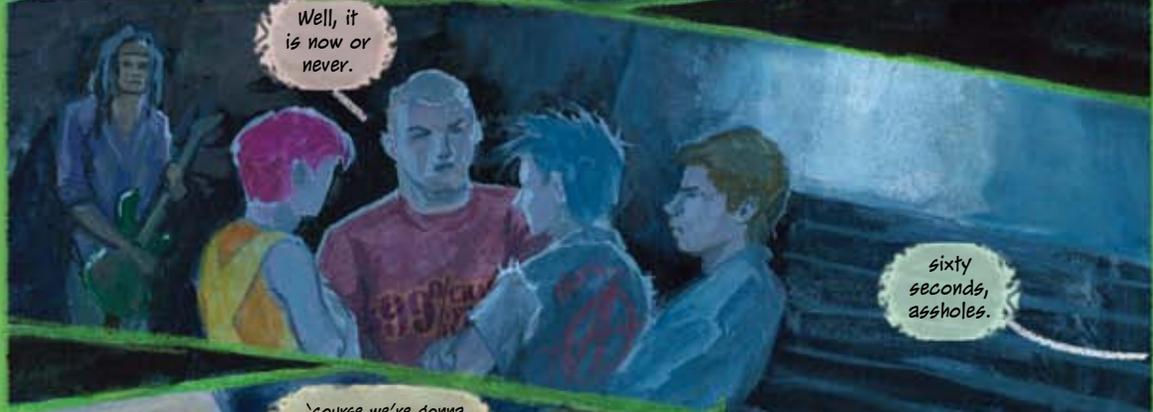
Are you  
sure?

didn't come this  
far to -koff- quit.



We have  
to do this.

We've played in  
worse shape.



Well, it  
is now or  
never.

sixty  
seconds,  
assholes.



'course we're gonna  
sound like shit, you know,  
with him like this.

Well, then you can go  
back to your dream of  
being an accountant.



Paulie's probably  
just still looking  
for him, so don't  
you worry.

I know.  
Just go  
play.



**NO!  
AUGHH**

Ready?

Open it.



**CRASH!!**



**Marion!**



**BLAM!  
BLAM!**

**BLAM!  
BLAM!**

**CRASH!!**



She's gone.

We gotta get him to the hospital.



Still no sign of Marion anywhere.

She'll show. This crap is a drug she can't resist.

Something's not right.



What?

That kid, getting on stage. All the blood on him.

I don't know, these delinquents fight all the time...



No, there's something weird about him.

Keep an eye on him. Seems he went missing earlier.



Son of a  
BITCH!

Somebody's  
Turned one of my  
contestants!?!

Apparently, Lady  
DeeDee.

Someone's ruined my  
game. And I want to  
know who.

Who else would  
be interested in  
him?

Dominic...

Marion...

Henry...

More like who  
wouldn't be.



Lost 'em already?

sniff sniff



Blood?

sniff

Fresh blood.



... and Nancy?

My little pet Nancy.



Marion! There you are!

That guy! He's not dead!

Hmph. no shit.



Oh, shit! He did this?

His scent's all over the place.



H-he got on stage! At DeeDee's!

Find Sebastian. NOW.

I'm right here.

How could you possibly Turn someone without my permission, Marion?

AND skip breaking him in?

I didn't Turn anyone!

I just drank him dry!

How the hell could anyone even Turn that fast?!

Then what is he doing at DeeDee's?!

Vampires don't Turn by themselves, Marion.

I - I only killed him, I swear!!

**THEN HOW THE HELL DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS?!**



I - I don't know.

I killed him, left him dead.

I went back, his body was gone, some guy was there.



I killed him, too, then Sals busted in, I had to run--



Why didn't you kill them?

That's what you do!

You're a goddamn Bloodrunner!

...



I don't like this.

Get him out of there and bring him to me.



I thought you had him straightened out, Willem.

I did. The rest of 'em keep letting him go crooked again.

Good Lord, what's happened to him this time?

He just showed up like that, we don't know what's happened.

Poor sod, just can't stay in the clear, can he?

Can't back a band that keeps blowing up in our faces, Willem.

At least he's not too fucked up to play, eh?

Just lissen to that!

Don't know how, but he just keeps gettin' better...

Yea. But how long before the cops show up?

Hey, where's your friend Paul?

He went out lookin' when we couldn't find Jonny. He'll be back when he sees what time it is.

Is it me or is he healing while we watch?

You can't even see his fingers he's so fast.

Unbelievable

New vampire? On stage? What the hell are they thinking?

Any word from outside?

Nothing yet.

What about him?

But if there's no sign of her by the end of all this, we'll check him out.

Marion's still our primary objective.

We'll have to tail him after the show. Too many eyes on him here.

Sweep the room for Marion again. Meet back here.



Shit.

Once he starts takin' off the guitar...

It's only a matter of time before...



Hate it when he does that shit.



An' there 'e goes.

If there's a riot at the end of this one, we're through.

I can't bear to watch.

heh.



Viper.  
He's headed  
this way.



Think we could  
take a closer look,  
just to be sure?

Probably won't  
get a better  
chance.



Crowd's  
too busy.

Look at them.  
Crowd won't  
care. If they  
even notice

Alright, then.  
Let's just check  
him out.

Any chance  
to bag a  
bloodsucker.

We're not *bagging*  
anything in the middle  
of this mess.



Here he  
comes.

Just make  
it look like  
he tripped.



Ready?

Wait for it...



Huhhhf!

SMACK!!



What the hell are you thinking?!

Back down!

What part of "tripped" don't you understand?

Crowd's too dumb to tell if we're helping or hurting.

Ummm...

Get him up before someone realizes what's happening!



Whu-?



to be continued...

# While a Lot of Art

may be created in a vacuum, the act of creation is neither inspired by nor the skills to create developed within a vacuum. With that I **ACKNOWLEDGE** the FOLLOWING:



**William II & Barbara SHEARSTONE**  
(parents)



for supporting my early creativity and my creative education.

**Dominic White**  
creative phone support



All my art mentors through the years, including but not limited to:

**Cheryl Jankura, Ralph Grimaldi, Mary Giamatteo,\* Dennis Nolan, Doug Andersen, George Pratt, & Scott Hampton.**



\*current surname unknown

**JOSH YUHAS KIRN**

for helping me sort out the early stages of this monster long long ago.



MY current posse of creators trying to get somewhere:  
(some of them actually on their way)

**Mur Lafferty  
Stephanie Freese**



**& Ursula Vernon**

For inspiring by example and with general conversational mayhem

## Dear Readers (A Statement from the Creator):

I've got a story full of people who smoke, and that bothers me. It's regrettable. I've had arguments with myself & with the characters about it, and in the end, some of the bastards just have to be smokers. It just comes down to a train-wreck of neurotic characters in the 70s, they almost can't not smoke. So here I'm making my opinion clear.

**Someone I love died from smoking.** My father. Just a few months before I finished this thing that you just read, just a few days after I'd spoken to him on the phone & he'd sounded great. Pneumonia then a massive heart attack hit, his lungs & heart were too weak with emphysema after decades of smoking. Decades that included dozens of failed attempts to quit. Cold turkey, patches, programs, prescriptions, nothing could combat the addictive additives and the allure of incentives like Camel Cash.

Some of you are thinking, "Not everyone who smokes dies from it." Sure. Not everyone gets cancer, not everyone gets emphysema. Let me ask you, though: **What do you really think your chances are on that?** My father's father also died early because **he was a smoker, too.** Winning the lottery has better odds than you smoking your whole life & coming out unscathed.

If you could know the horribleness of seeing someone you love on a respirator, unresponsive, hands covered in bruises from the IV, jaw jarred unnaturally open for the breathing machinery. **Not through some Hollywood filter,** not with make-up making things look bad, when things look bad they look bad in a way they'd never use in Hollywood because **it's so much worse.**

If you could see yourself like that, through your loved ones' eyes, the sight so upsetting your spouse can't even stay in the hospital, you'd know that **nothing that could put your loved ones through that could ever be worth the risk.**

Smaller byproducts accost me nearly every day: Smoking lingers on the clothes of everyone I know who smokes & outside the buildings at work. Butts litter the ground everywhere & spark off my windshield, discarded out a window on the highway. People who know better light up without a second thought, as if, in order to preserve itself, the addiction somehow manages to override the realization of why others choke & squirm to exit the conversation & get some distance.

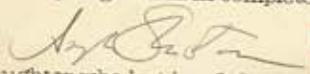
**Tobacco companies don't give a fuck that they got you addicted** or that your addiction will severely screw up your health and quite probably kill you. It's how they stay in business and they'll hide like cowards behind the "everyone has a choice" argument despite mountains of evidence of how incredibly addictive their shit is and how they take full advantage of that.

If you smoke, you're giving your hard-earned money and your health to complete assholes. **You're handing over your loved ones' hearts, too,** because when it all finally takes its toll, it also kills a piece of them. So quit while you can.

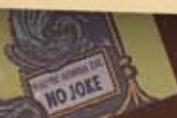
And to each and every **tobacco executive** out there, there are very few sentient creatures I genuinely believe this of, but for you it is true: **The world would be completely better off without you and your bullshit.**

**Fuck you R.J. Reynolds, Phillip Morris, your ilk, & the fucking camel you all rode in on and fuck all the dirty tactics you used to get & keep my loved one addicted.** **If you had any honor at all you would not hesitate to cease breathing at once.**

With no apologies and in complete sincerity,



A daughter who lost her father.



FROM PASTER



BUCKAROO BANZAI R.I.P

Angi Shearstone is an award-winning professional artist with an MFA in comics, a small herd of cats, inescapable geek tendencies and a fondness for ska-core. She currently teaches computer stuff to keep the bills paid while working on comics and steering other parts of her life away from graphic design and into comic books and video production. She also holds certifications in video editing, color grading and DVD authoring.



THE SMUDGE

Additional gratitude to those who supported Angi's earlier efforts to start her comics career & other general creative support: Mur Lafferty & Jim Van Verth, Laura Poole & Eric Coker, Eric Knisley, Julie Laliberte & Luc Levesque, Heather Albano, Scott Bigwood, Carlota Sage, Paul Friedrich, folks currently & previously at Lulu.com, Leah Riley, Annie Broadwater, Joe Komenda, Nick Popio, David Woodward...

...the backers at Kickstarter listed elsewhere here PLUS anyone else who should be on this list but somehow managed to slip through the cracks.

RUDIE CAN'T FAIL!



WATCH FOR ISSUE 2 COMING LATER IN 2011



ROSIE ROSE

# SET LIST

The printing & publishing of this project would not have been possible without the generosity of those who pledged & contributed at Kickstarter.

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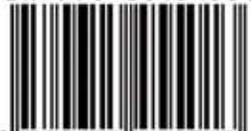
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**BLOOD DREAMS**  
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