

## THE MONSTER SERIALS: TO HELL COMES A GUEST

MARK RUSSELL  
PETER SNEJBJERG  
PETER SNEJBJERG & OLE COMOLL  
ROB STEEN

WRITER  
ARTIST  
COLORISTS  
LETTERER

## A TIPPLE OF AMONTILLADO

DEVIN GRAYSON  
CHRIS GIARRUSSO  
RICHARD WILLIAMS  
ROB STEEN

WRITER  
LAYOUTS  
FINISHED ART  
LETTERER

## SEVEN RAVENS OR NEVERMORE

TASHA LOWE-NEWSOME  
MOLLY STANARD

WRITER  
ILLUSTRATOR

## THE FAULTY SCYTHER

BRYCE INGMAN  
DANIEL SCHOENECK

WRITER  
ILLUSTRATOR

RYAN KELLY  
ANDY TROY  
TODD KLEIN  
JOHN J. HILL

(JOHN HILL IS NOT TO BLAME FOR THE NEW COVER LAYOUT)

ROB STEEN  
DERON BENNETT  
TOM PEYER

COVER  
COVER COLORS  
ORIGINAL LOGO  
DESIGN  
PRODUCTION  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR  
EDITOR

COMICSAHOY.COM



@AHOYCOMICMAGS

HART SEELY - PUBLISHER • TOM PEYER - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF • FRANK CAMMUSO - CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER • STUART MOORE - OPS • SARAH LITT - EDITOR-AT-LARGE  
DAVID HYDE - PUBLICITY • DERON BENNETT - PRODUCTION COORDINATOR • KIT CAOAGAS - MARKETING ASSOCIATE • LILLIAN LASERSON - LEGAL • RUSSELL NATHERSON SR. - BUSINESS

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S SNIFTER OF BLOOD No. 2 Published by AHOY Comics LLC, P.O. Box 189, Dewitt, NY 13214. EDGAR ALLAN POE'S SNIFTER OF BLOOD ©2020 AHOY Comics. EDGAR ALLAN POE'S SNIFTER OF BLOOD™ (including all prominent characters herein), its logos and all character licenses, are trademarks of AHOY Comics LLC unless otherwise noted. All rights reserved. "Seven Ravens or Nevermore" ©2020 Tasha Lowe-Newsome. "The Faulty Scythe" ©2020 Bryce Ingman. AHOY Comics and its logo are trademarks of AHOY Comics LLC. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted by any means [except for short excerpts for review purposes] without the express written permission of AHOY Comics LLC. All names, characters, events and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places without satiric intent is coincidental. PRINTED IN USA.

# The Monster Serials: To Hell Comes A Guest

Choclavania.

ANOTHER CURSED  
MORNING.

CLANG  
CLANG

HEAR YE!  
HEAR YE!



THE HOUR OF  
WAKING AND TWO  
DEAD BY MEANS OF  
VAMPIRISM!



BLOODTHIRST FADES WITH  
THE NIGHT, REPLACED BY THE  
ILLUMINATING SHAME OF DAWN.

ARE YOU  
READY, MY  
LOVE?

THE EXHILARATION OF  
THE HUNT REPLACED  
BY THE DREAD OF  
DISCOVERY.



AS THE PLEASURES  
OF THE NIGHT  
BECOME THE NEWS  
OF THE DAY...

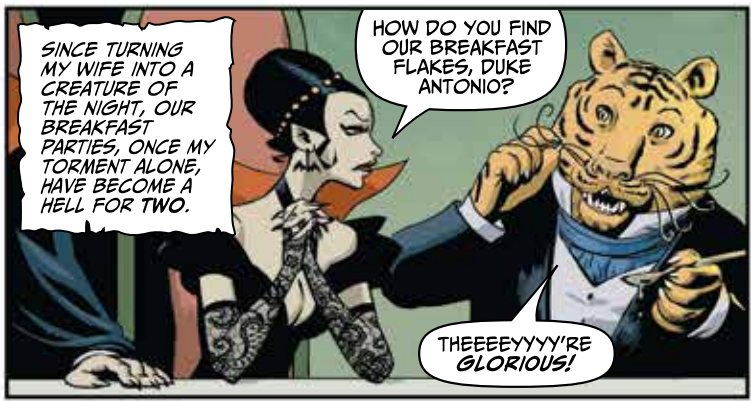




MORNING COMES AND THE CRUEL PANTOMIME OF LIFE BEGINS ANEW.

LET THE BREAKFAST BEGIN.

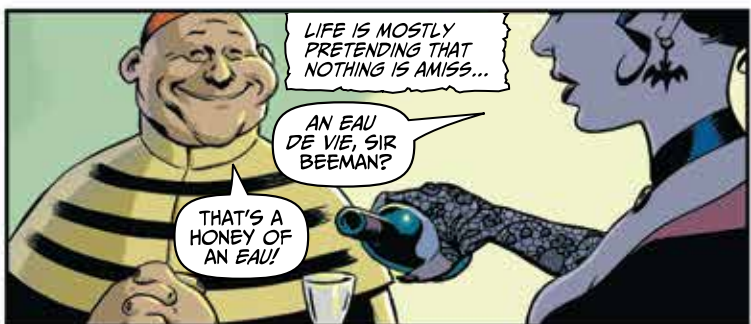
YES, MARQUIS DE COCOA.



SINCE TURNING MY WIFE INTO A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, OUR BREAKFAST PARTIES, ONCE MY TORMENT ALONE, HAVE BECOME A HELL FOR TWO.

HOW DO YOU FIND OUR BREAKFAST FLAKES, DUKE ANTONIO?

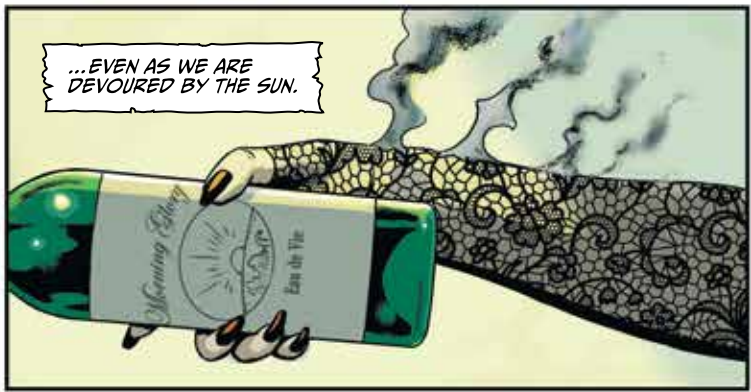
THEEEEEYYYYY'RE GLORIOUS!



LIFE IS MOSTLY PRETENDING THAT NOTHING IS AMISS...

AN EAU DE VIE, SIR BEEMAN?

THAT'S A HONEY OF AN EAU!



...EVEN AS WE ARE DEVOURD BY THE SUN.



BUT ON THIS PARTICULAR MORNING, HELL RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE VAMPIRE ATTACKS LAST NIGHT?

SIMPLY DREADFUL.

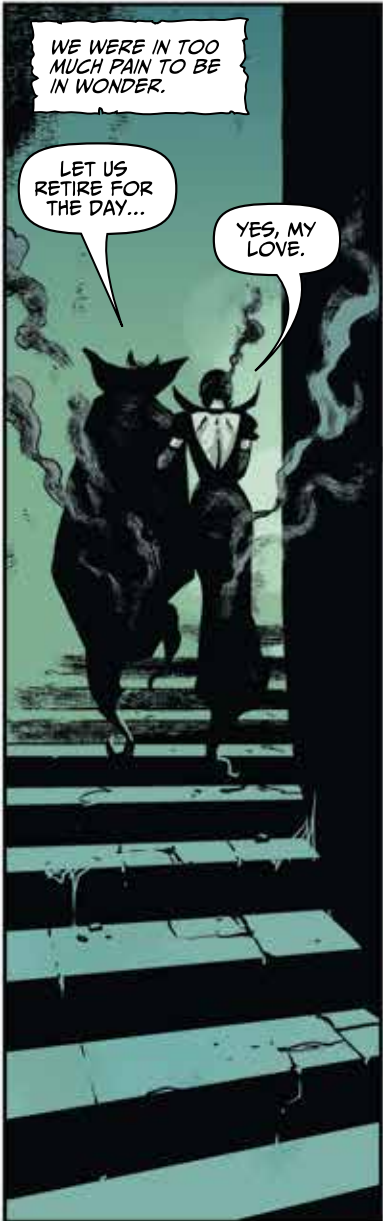




WE GRANTED HIM SUCCOR,  
NOT YET KNOWING THAT HE  
WAS THE LEPRECHAUN KING.

PERSONALLY,  
I DON'T MIND IF GENERAL  
POST CONQUERS CHOCLAVANIA,  
SO LONG AS HE DOES SOMETHING  
ABOUT ALL THE VAMPIRES.

NOR DID WE ASK  
WHAT BROUGHT HIM  
TO OUR CASTLE.



WE WERE IN TOO  
MUCH PAIN TO BE  
IN WONDER.

LET US  
RETIRE FOR  
THE DAY...

YES, MY  
LOVE.



HAD I KNOWN WHY THE  
LEPRECHAUN KING HAD COME...

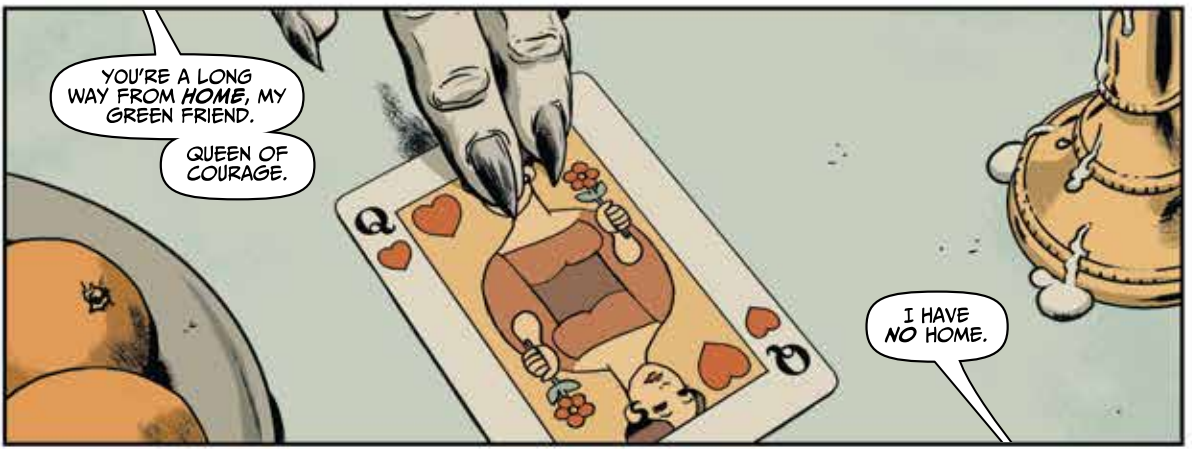
SLEEP WELL,  
MY DEAR.



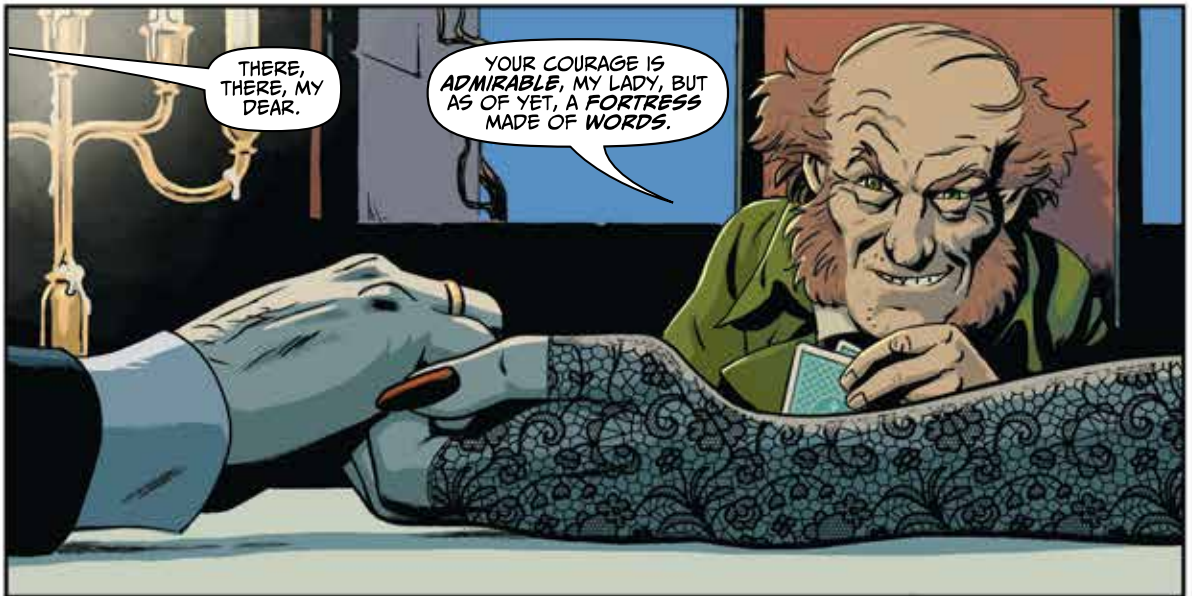
...I WOULD HAVE KILLED  
HIM WHERE HE SAT.















SIR, YOU FORGET YOURSELF!

I DID FORGET MYSELF, ONCE. BUT I SHALL NEVER FORGET IT AGAIN.



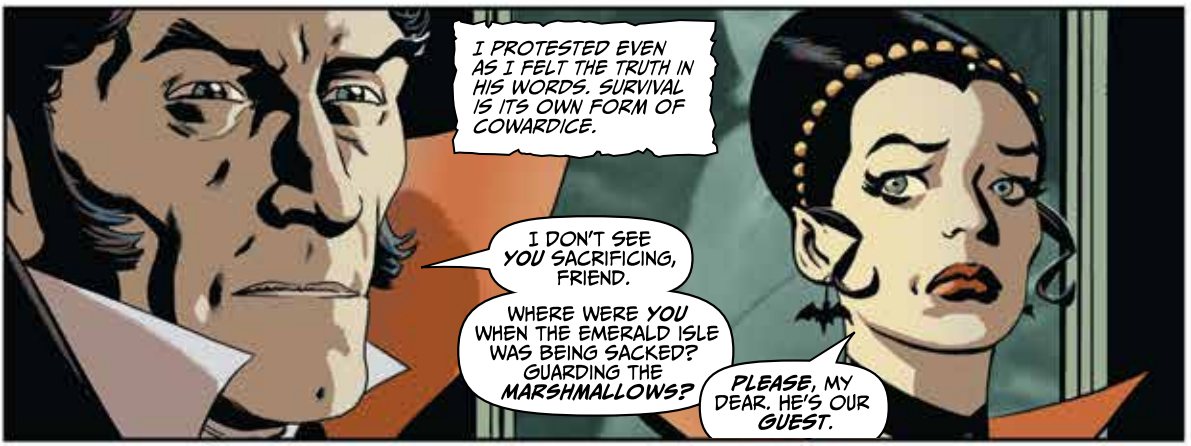
BECAUSE FOR THAT CRIME, MY PEOPLE PAID WITH THEIR LIVES.

WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH THE SURVIVORS, MASTER?

MAKE SURE THERE AREN'T ANY, MY BRUTE.

IF YOU WISH TO KNOW WHAT A RESISTANCE LOOKS LIKE, MARQUIS, THEIR GRAVES WILL SHOW YOU.





I PROTESTED EVEN AS I FELT THE TRUTH IN HIS WORDS. SURVIVAL IS ITS OWN FORM OF COWARDICE.

I DON'T SEE YOU SACRIFICING, FRIEND.

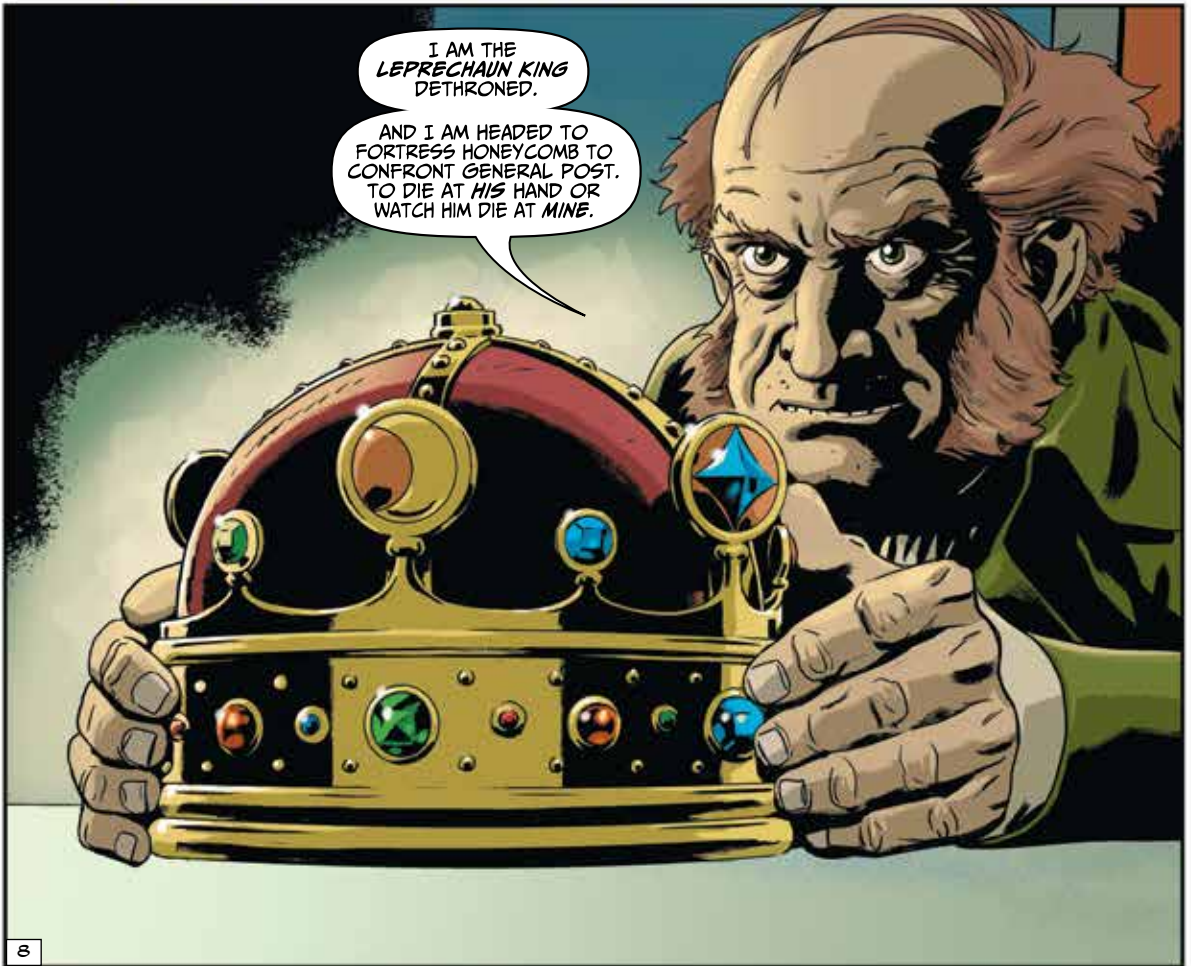
WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE EMERALD ISLE WAS BEING SACKED? GUARDING THE MARSHMALLOWS?

PLEASE, MY DEAR. HE'S OUR GUEST.



NO, MY LADY. HE'S RIGHT TO SHAME ME.

YOU HAVE LAIN YOUR CARDS UPON THE TABLE. ALLOW ME TO LAY MINE...



I AM THE LEPRECHAUN KING DETHRONED.

AND I AM HEADED TO FORTRESS HONEYCOMB TO CONFRONT GENERAL POST. TO DIE AT HIS HAND OR WATCH HIM DIE AT MINE.



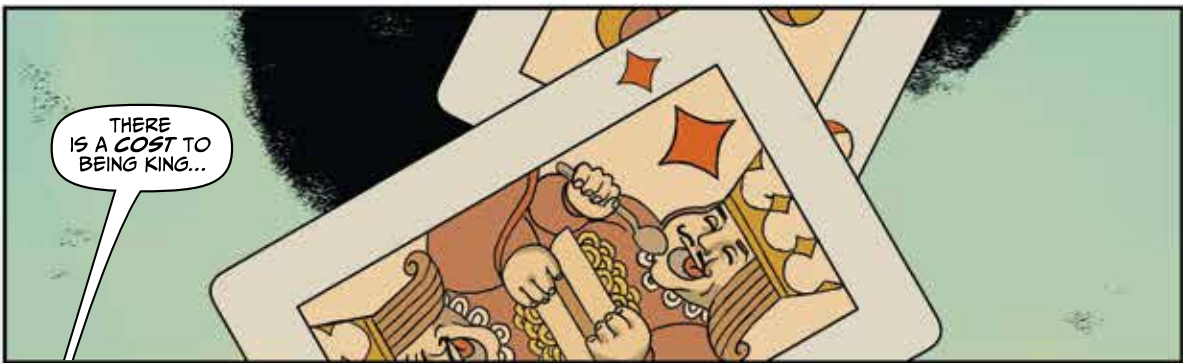


AND WHAT DOES DYING ACCOMPLISH? OTHER THAN REDUCING THE BELIEVERS IN YOUR CAUSE BY ONE.



A HORROR UNCHALLENGED IS PERFORMED WITH PERMISSION.

EVEN IN FAILURE, EVEN IN DEATH, A SINGLE ACT IS WORTH A MILLION CONDEMNATIONS.



THERE IS A COST TO BEING KING...



I GO TO FORTRESS HONEYCOMB TO SHOW THE GENERAL THE COST OF MISRULE...



...AND TO PAY THE DEBT FOR MY OWN.





OF COURSE...  
I COULD ALWAYS  
USE THE HELP OF  
VAMPIRES.

HOW DOES  
HE KNOW?!

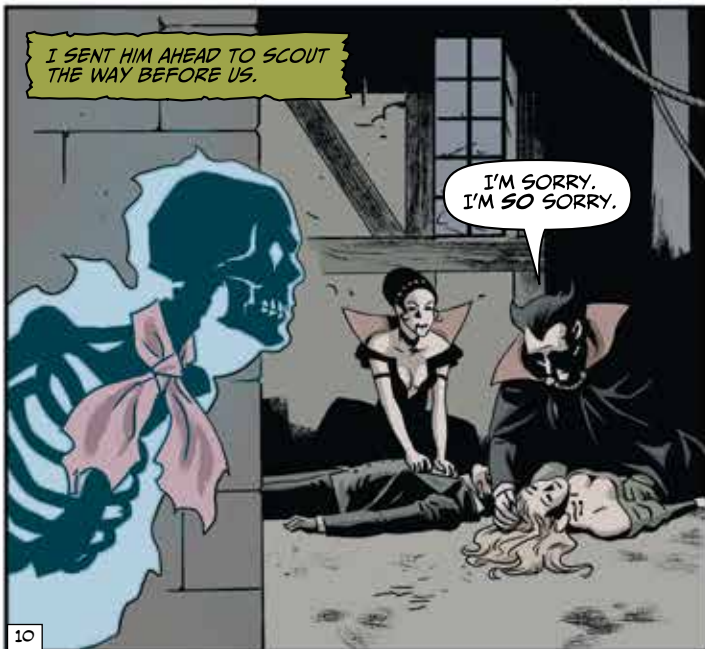


I MUST  
NOW CONFESS  
TO BEING  
SOMETHING  
OF A CARD  
CHEAT.



ALLOW ME TO  
INTRODUCE THE BARONET  
BEAU BERRIE.

OR AT LEAST  
THE GHOST OF HIM.



I SENT HIM AHEAD TO SCOUT  
THE WAY BEFORE US.

I'M SORRY.  
I'M SO SORRY.



THERE'S NO  
SHAME IN TAKING  
WHAT YOU NEED  
FROM THIS LIFE,  
MY LOVE.

IT'S AMAZING  
WHAT YOU CAN  
SEE WHEN YOU  
AREN'T REALLY  
THERE.









DEAD AND UNDEAD ALIKE, WE ARE ALL BUT THE CONSEQUENCE OF SINS COMMITTED LONG AGO.

JOIN US.



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS TO LIVE IN HIDING. TO BE HUNTED BY THE WORLD.

WHAT IT TOOK TO BUILD EVEN WHAT *LITTLE* LIFE WE HAVE HERE!

YOU ARE NOT ONLY HUNTED, BUT HUNTER AS WELL.



YOU WILL *KILL* AGAIN, MARQUIS. THAT WE KNOW. THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHETHER IT SHALL BE IN THE *LIBERATION* OF THY LAND, OR IN THE PRESERVATION OF A COWARD.



I MAY INDEED BE A *COWARD*, BUT THAT COWARDICE IS THE THIN WALL THAT PROTECTS US. YOU MAY STAY THE NIGHT, BUT TOMORROW YOU AND YOUR FRIEND MUST *LEAVE*.

PLEASE, MY LOVE--

MY DECISION IS *FINAL*. WHAT YOU DO, YOU DO *ALONE*.

VERY WELL.



ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER WASTED OPPORTUNITY AT LIFE.

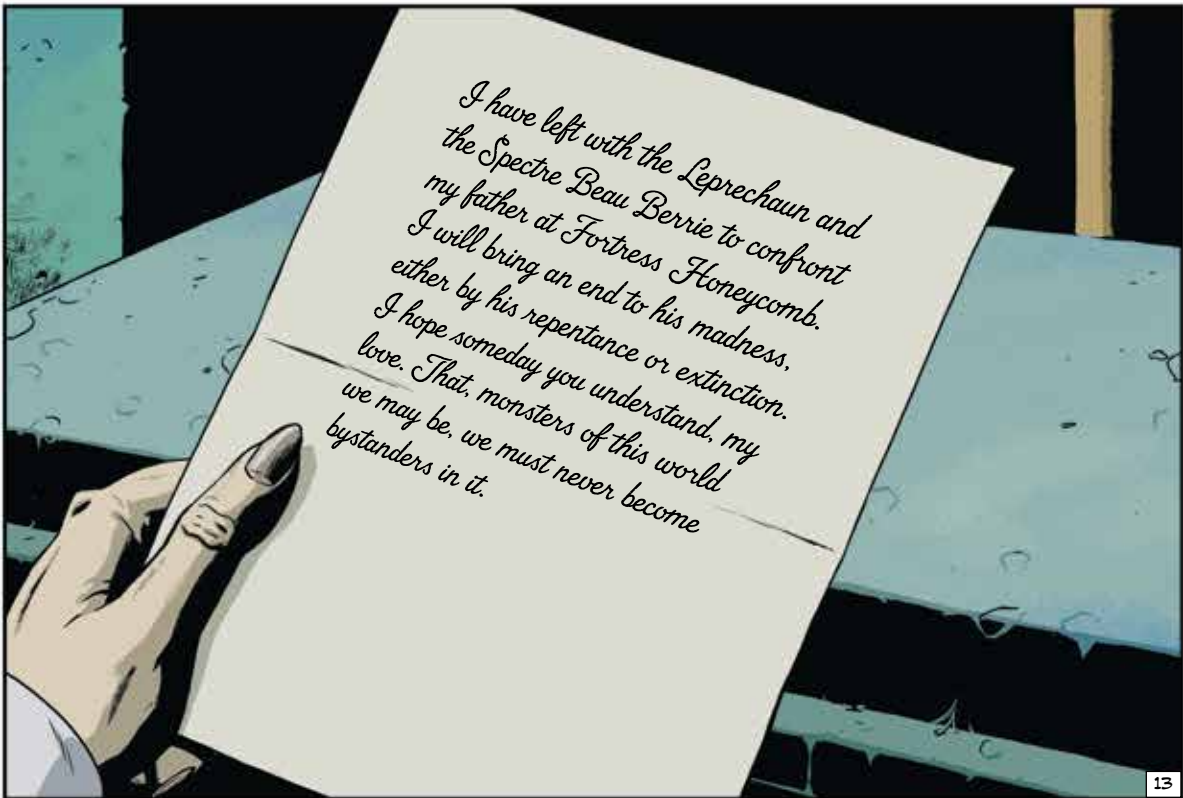
I HAD SHAMED MYSELF DEEPLY. I ONLY WISH MY DEAR WIFE HAD NOT BEEN THERE TO WITNESS IT.



I KNEW SHE WAS GONE THE MOMENT I SAW THE NOTE. ONE DOES NOT NEED TO READ AN EPITAPH TO KNOW IT MARKS A DEATH.

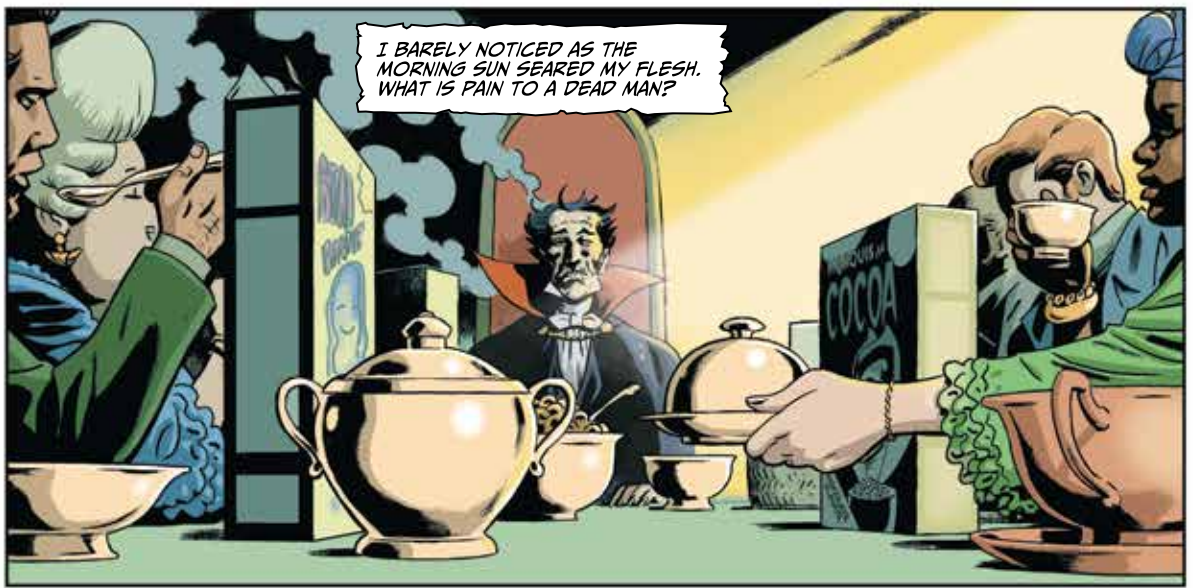


THOUGH THE DEATH BE MY OWN.



*I have left with the Leprechaun and the Spectre Beau Berrie to confront my father at Fortress Honeycomb. I will bring an end to his madness, either by his repentance or extinction. I hope someday you understand, my love. That, monsters of this world we may be, we must never become bystanders in it.*



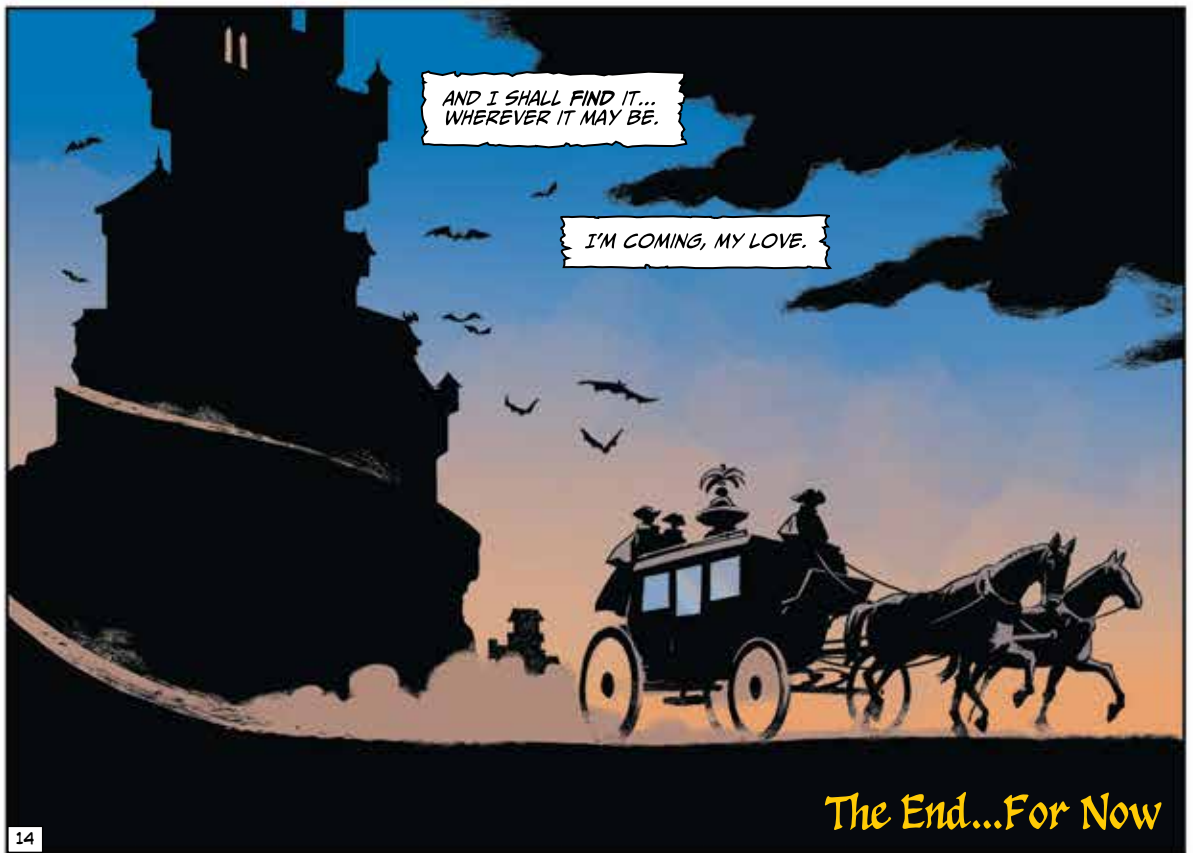


I BARELY NOTICED AS THE MORNING SUN SEARED MY FLESH. WHAT IS PAIN TO A DEAD MAN?



IT WASN'T UNTIL THIS MOMENT THAT I REMEMBERED WHAT IT WAS TO LIVE.

FOR TO LIVE IS TO FIND WHERE THE WORLD HAS HIDDEN YOUR SOUL.



AND I SHALL FIND IT... WHEREVER IT MAY BE.

I'M COMING, MY LOVE.

The End...For Now