



ISSUE #1
\$3.99

JOHN BYRNE

ANGEL

-VS-

FRANKENSTEIN



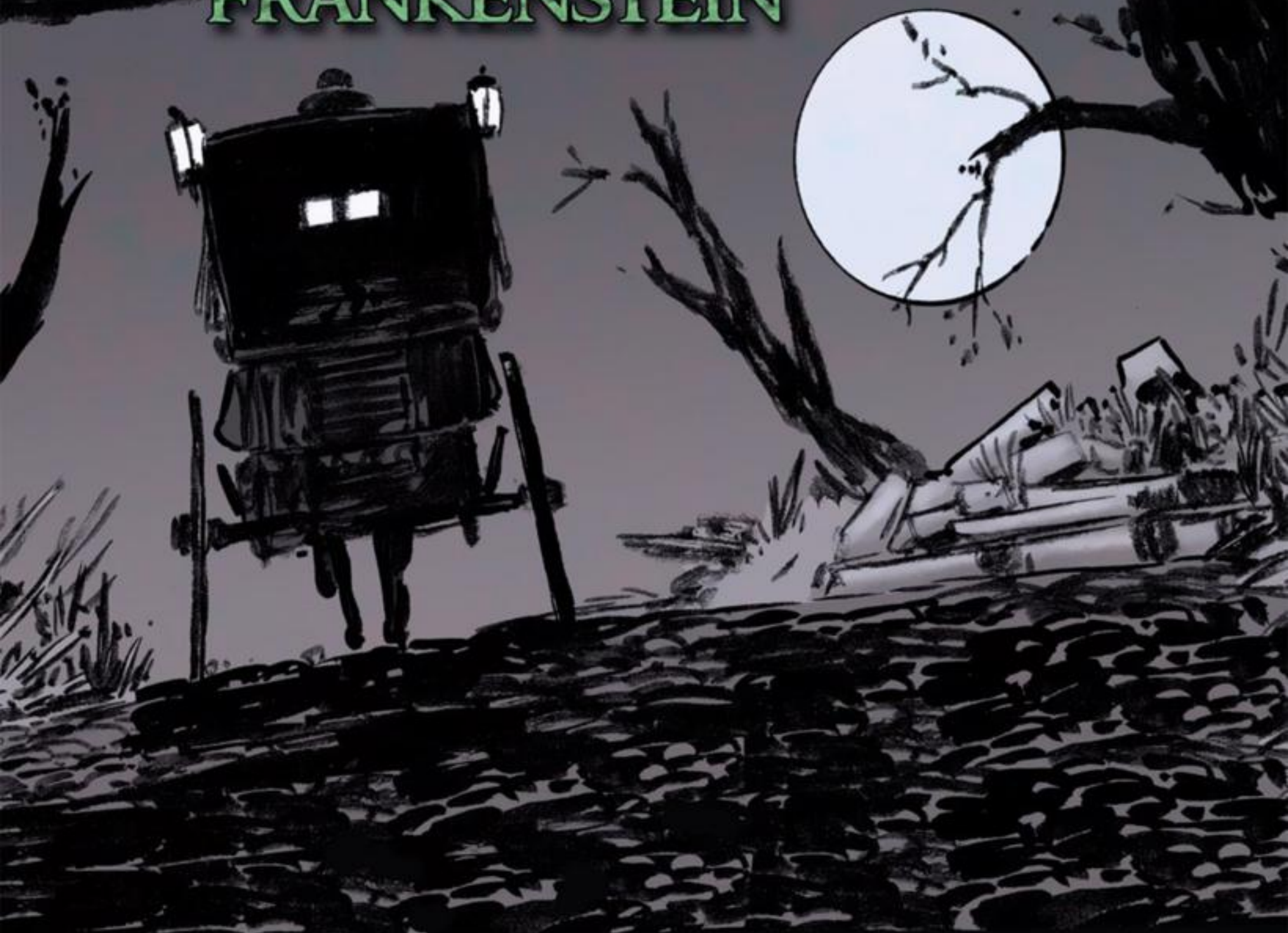


JOHN BYRNE

ANGEL™

-VS-

FRANKENSTEIN



STORY AND ART BY
JOHN BYRNE

COLORS BY
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS BY
ROBBIE ROBBINS

EDITS BY
CHRIS RYALL



® www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

Angel created by Joss Whedon and David Greenwalt.
Special thanks to our Watcher, Joss Whedon, and Fox Worldwide
Publishing's Debbie Olshan for their invaluable assistance.

ANGEL VS. FRANKENSTEIN. OCTOBER 2009. FIRST PRINTING. Angel is © 2009 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All Rights Reserved. © 2009 Idea and Design Works, LLC. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 5080 Santa Fe Street, San Diego, CA 92109. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea. IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

IDW Publishing

Operations: Ted Adams, Chief Executive Officer Greg Goldstein, Chief Operating Officer Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer Alan Payne, VP of Sales Lorelei Bunjes, Dir. of Digital Services AnnaMaria White, Marketing & PR Manager Marci Hubbard, Executive Assistant Alonzo Simon, Shipping Manager Angela Loggins, Staff Accountant	Editorial: Chris Ryall, Publisher/Editor-in-Chief Scott Dunbar, Editor, Special Projects Andy Schmidt, Senior Editor Justin Eisinger, Editor Kris Oprisko, Editor/Foreign Lic. Denton J. Tipton, Editor Tom Waltz, Editor Mariah Huehner, Associate Editor Carlos Guzman, Editorial Assistant
--	---

Design:

Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist • Neil Uyetake, Art Director
Chris Mowry, Graphic Artist • Amauri Osorio, Graphic Artist
Gilberto Lazzano, Production Assistant

THE HEIR

THE CITY IS GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, THE BELLS OF THIS FABLED TOWN RANG IN A NEW YEAR, AND A NEW CENTURY.

THE HANDSOME GENTLEMAN STEPPING DOWN FROM THE LATE-EVENING COACH IS NEITHER HUMAN, NOR A GENTLEMAN.

FOR SOME LONG YEARS NOW, HE HAS BEEN CALLED ANGELUS. A NAME GIVEN TO HIM AS AN IRONIC JOKE.

WELCOME, SIR!
ARE YOU LOOKING
FOR A ROOM?

YES. WITH A
NORTHERN
EXPOSURE.



OF COURSE!
PLEASE
COME IN!

I MUST WARN YOU,
THOUGH... THE ROOM
IS ON THE BACK OF
THE INN.

IT DOESN'T
GET ANY SUN.



THAT
SOUNDS...
PERFECT.



THEN IF YOU WILL
JUST SIGN THE
REGISTER...

...AND HOW LONG
DO YOU EXPECT TO BE
STAYING WITH US,
HERR SCHMIDT?

A FEW DAYS,
AT MOST.

AND I SHALL
REQUIRE...
PRIVACY.



OF COURSE!
MY
GRANDDAUGHTER
WILL SHOW YOU UP TO
YOUR ROOM.

TINGLE
INGLE
INGLE



BEFORE
SHE DOES...

...I WONDER,
DO YOU KNOW
HOW FAR IT IS
TO THIS
HOUSE?

I'M SURE I
DO, SIRE! I KNOW
EVERY HOUSE WITHIN
A HUNDRED...



OH-HH!

SURELY YOU
DO NOT MEAN
TO GO THERE,
SIR?



THAT IS A
TROUBLED
HOUSE! SOME
WOULD SAY
CURSED...

DID YOU
RING FOR ME,
GRAN'PAPA?



Y-YES, MY DEAR.

MY GRANDDAUGHTER, SIR... PLEASE SHOW THIS GENTLEMAN TO ROOM FOUR.

DELIGHTED.

YES, GRAN'PAPA.



YOU ARE A LONG WAY FROM HOME, ARE YOU NOT, SIR?

OR IS THAT NOT AN IRISH ACCENT I HEAR?

IT WAS, ONCE.



I AM COME TO GENEVA ON... FAMILY BUSINESS.

YOU AND YOUR GRANDFATHER LIVE HERE... ALONE?

YES, SIR. VERY FEW TRAVELERS COME THROUGH TOWN AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.



THE INN IS... EMPTY?

EXCEPT FOR YOU, SIR!

I'M SO GLAD GRAN'PAPA GAVE YOU THIS ROOM. IT'S MY FAVORITE.

THOUGH IT IS A PITY THAT IT DOES NOT GET MORE SUNLIGHT.



ON THE CONTRARY, MY DEAR.

AS I TOLD YOUR GRANDFATHER, IT IS JUST PERFECT.



THREE DAYS LATER...

THIS IS IT, SIR.

YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO WAIT?

I PROMISE YOU, YOU'LL FIND NOTHING HERE FOR YOU!

I'LL BE FINE.

GO BACK TO TOWN.

AND TELL NO ONE WHERE YOU TRANSPORTED ME.

ONE LIGHT. THE BUTLER'S ROOM. AS PREDICTED.

TOOM
TOOM
TOOM

MOVEMENT WITHIN.

MORE THAN MICE!

TOOM
TOOM
TOOM

OPEN UP!

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!

GO AWAY!

YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS HERE! GO AWAY!

NO...



...I THINK
I'LL STAY.

DOOR... SO...
HEAVY...

AH-GH!

CAN'T...
BREATHE...

PLEASE...

...HELP...

...ME...

OF COURSE,
OLD MAN!

ALL YOU HAVE
TO DO IS INVITE
ME IN, AND I
CAN END YOUR
SUFFERING...

WHAT'S
GOING ON DOWN
THERE?!

OH! CLAUDE!

WHAT
HAPPENED?!

MISS
ELSPETH!

GET...
AWAY...!

WHY ARE
YOU JUST
STANDING
THERE?

I CAN'T
SHIFT THIS
WEIGHT BY
MYSELF!

COME IN
HERE AND
HELP ME!

I SHALL BE...
DELIGHTED...



OH—I'M
SORRY... SIR. I
MEANT TO LOCK
THAT DOOR.

WE'RE
NOT OPEN TO
GUESTS AT
THE MOMENT...

I AM NOT
SEEKING A
ROOM.

AN-ANGELUS?

WE'VE—WE'VE
HAD NO ONE BY THAT
NAME, SIR!

WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING FOR HIM?

WHY?

I SEEK A...
MAN. TALL, DARK.
HE MAY HAVE
CALLED HIMSELF
ANGELUS.



I WILL TELL
YOU WHY!



LET GO
OF HIM!



OH, BUT YOU ARE **WRONG**, STRANGER.



IF IT CONCERNS **ANGELUS**...

...IT VERY MUCH CONCERNS ME!



UNGH!



YOU ARE LIKE HIM!

ONE OF THE UNDEAD!

YES. AND IF YOU ARE LUCKY...



...IN A MOMENT YOU WILL JOIN US!



YOU OFFER
NOTHING THAT IS
NOT ALREADY
MINE.

AND THAT
I WOULD NOT
GLADLY GIVE
AWAY!

BUT THERE
IS SOMETHING
I CAN GIVE
TO YOU!

SOMETHING
I CRAVE MORE
THAN ALL
THINGS.

DEATH!

I FEEL SO... RESPONSIBLE.

IF I HADN'T
LEANED ON THE
DOOR AT JUST THAT
MOMENT...

YOU MUST
NOT DISTRESS
YOURSELF.

YOU HAVE BEEN SO
HELPFUL, CARRYING
POOR CLAUDE UPSTAIRS,
HELPING ME GET HIM
INTO BED.

I'M GOING TO
FETCH HIM SOME
BRANDY.

THANK YOU,
BUT NO.

CAN I GET
SOMETHING FOR
YOU?

I WILL STAY
WITH HIM A WHILE,
THOUGH, TO BE SURE
HE IS PROPERLY
ATTENDED.

SO, OLD
MAN...

...WE HAVE A
SECRET BETWEEN
US NOW, DO WE NOT?
EVEN IF IT WAS ONLY
FOR A MOMENT, YOU
HAVE SEEN MY
TRUE FACE.

IT WOULD
INTERFERE WITH
MY PLANS IF YOU
WERE TO TELL YOUR
MISTRESS ABOUT
THAT.

SO—I THANK
YOU FOR AFFORDING
ME THE MEANS OF
GAINING ACCESS TO
THIS HOUSE...

...EVEN IF SO
DOING WAS NOT
YOUR INTENT!

AND NOW, I
SEND YOU ON YOUR
WAY TO WHATEVER
REWARDS AWAIT
YOU.

KRAK KKK



I HAVE THE BRANDY...

...AND I HAVE SENT THE STABLE BOY INTO TOWN FOR A DOCTOR.

NEITHER WILL BE OF ANY GOOD, I AM AFRAID.

OH! OH, POOR CLAUDE! HE WAS SO LOYAL TO THIS FAMILY.

BUT... HE LEAVES US A HOUSEHOLD OF WOMEN... THERE IS NO MAN OF THIS HOUSE!

YES, THERE IS.

YOU SEE, I AM THE NEW MASTER OF THIS HOUSE.

MY NAME IS WILHELM FRANKENSTEIN!



WHY? WHY?!

THERE WAS NO NEED TO KILL HER. HERR ANGELUS PROMISED IF I SERVED HIM, HE WOULD RESTORE HER...

HE LIED.

LISTEN TO ME, OLD MAN—YOUR GRANDDAUGHTER WAS LOST FROM THE MOMENT HE TURNED HER.

BUT IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, YOU WILL NOW SERVE ME!

BUT WHO... WHO ARE YOU?!



WHO? BETTER THAT YOU SHOULD ASK WHAT!

"I CAME TO SELF-AWARENESS IN THE CITY OF INGOLSTADT. THE FIRST THING I SAW WAS THE LOOK OF HORROR IN THE EYES OF HE WHO HAD CREATED ME!"

"HORROR TURNED TO FLIGHT.

"I WAS NO MORE ABLE TO COPE WITH THE WORLD AS I FOUND IT THAN A NEWBORN, YET HE ABANDONED ME.

"IN MY OWN TURN, I FLED. I LEARNED TO CLOTHE MYSELF AND SPEAK...

"... BUT I LEARNED ALSO THAT MY FORM INVOKED IN OTHERS ONLY THAT SAME HORROR I HAD SEEN ON MY FIRST AWAKENING.

"AT LENGTH, I SOUGHT OUT MY CREATOR. I BESEECHED HIM TO MAKE FOR ME A COMPANION. A MATE.

"HE AGREED—THEN SLEW HER EVEN BEFORE SHE PROPERLY KNEW LIFE.

"ON HIS OWN WEDDING NIGHT, I TOOK MY REVENGE.



"MY BIRTH HAD BEEN WITHOUT THE USUAL PAIN AND BLOOD—BUT THOSE, IT SEEMED, WERE TO MAKE UP THE PATTERN OF MY LIFE.

"I CHALLENGED MY CREATOR TO PURSUE ME TO THE FROZEN WASTES OF THE FAR NORTH.

"HE DID—AND I IN TURN PURSUED HIM TO A SCHOONER LYING FROZEN IN THE ICE.



"BUT I ARRIVED TOO LATE. MY FINAL VENGEANCE HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM ME.

"MY CREATOR LAY DEAD—AND NOT BY MY HAND.

"I CAST MYSELF ADRIPT UPON THE ICE FLOES, AND FOR A LONG TIME PASSED BEYOND THE KEN OF MORTALS.

"BUT I DID NOT DIE. MY CREATOR HAD MADE ME TOO WELL.

"IN TIME, I LET MYSELF WANDER BACK INTO THE REALMS OF CIVILIZATION.

"MY TIME ALONE UPON THE ICE HAD BIRTHED IN ME A NEW PLAN, A NEW AND PERFECT VENGEANCE..."



"ONE FOR WHICH I NEED
AN ACCOMPLICE."

"SOMEONE AS WITHOUT
SCRUPLE AS WAS I."

"MY QUEST BROUGHT
ME AT LAST TO PRAGUE."

"IN THE ONCE SACRED CATACOMBS
BENEATH THAT FABLED CITY I FOUND
EVEN MORE THAN I WAS LOOKING FOR."

"A DEN OF INIQUITY SO FOUL, SO
CORRUPT, THAT EVEN ONE SUCH AS
I COULD WALK THERE UNNOTICED."



"AND EVEN IN THAT
HIVE OF SQUALOR
AND DEPRAVITY..."

"...THERE WAS ONE
WHO STOOD APART
FROM THE REST."



"WHEN HE LEFT,
I FOLLOWED..."



"AND IN SO DOING,
LEARNED HIS NAME."

ANGELUS!

YOU HAVE
LEFT US WITH
YOUR DEBTS
UNSETTLED!



"AND I LEARNED
EVEN MORE."

TAKE THIS AS A
DOWNPAYMENT,
VOLGA.

I'LL HAVE
THE COIN
TOMORROW.





WE'LL TAKE THIS
BIT OF SWEETMEAT
FOR LATER.

BUT FOR NOW, WE WILL
TAKE THE REST OUT OF YOUR
HIDE, ANGELUS!

"A SOUND LIKE
GRISTLE BEING
TORN FROM
BONE..."

"... AND I WAS
LOOKING INTO THE
FACE OF LEGEND."

SURELY YOU
DIDN'T THINK I
WOULD WALK THESE
DANGEROUS
STREETS
UNPREPARED?

"ANOTHER STAKE
APPEARED AS IF
BY MAGIC."

"THREE MORE
VAMPIRES FELL..."

"... AND THE
FIFTH FLED..."



"... LEAVING BEHIND
HIS PREY."

"THE HAPLESS
CREATURE DID
NOT EVEN
HAVE TIME
TO SCREAM."

"I WAITED
UNTIL THE
FEEDING
FRENZY
ABATED..."



YOU...
SAVED ME
FROM THEM?

YES. FROM
THEM.



ANGELUS!

DO NOT
BE AFRAID OF
ME. I HAVE... A
PROPOSITION
FOR YOU.

I FEAR
NOTHING THAT
LIVES... BUT WHAT
THE DEVIL ARE
YOU?

YOU LOOK LIKE
DEATH, BUT I CAN
SMELL THE HEAT
OF YOUR BLOOD
FROM HERE!

"I TOLD HIM MY
STORY, AS I HAVE
TOLD IT TO YOU.

"THE NEXT EVENING,
WE WERE ON A COACH
BOUND FOR GENEVA."

YOU
UNDERSTAND
THEN WHAT IS
EXPECTED OF
YOU?

OF COURSE.
YOU NEED A HUMAN
FACE TO MAKE THIS
PLAN OF YOURS
WORK.

BUT THERE ARE
TWO THINGS MORE
THAT YOU SHOULD
CONSIDER.

SECOND, IS THE
NEED FOR A SAFEHOUSE,
SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY. A
PLACE TO WHICH ONE CAN...
RETIRE SHOULD THE
PLAN GO AWRY.

BUT FIRST...

WHAT ARE
YOU... ?!

...YOU SHOULD HAVE
LEARNED NOT TO BE
SO TRUSTING!

"ANGELUS HAD PAID
THE COACHMEN TO
ASK NO QUESTIONS.

"THE HORSES DID NOT SLOW
THEIR PACE, THE WHEELS
CONTINUED TO CHURN THE ROAD."

"AND I DID NOT DIE, AGAIN, WHERE OTHERS SURELY WOULD HAVE."

I TRUDGED THE MANY MILES TO GENEVA, AND HERE MADE MY WAY FROM ONE SMALL HOTEL TO THE NEXT...

...SEEKING THE SAFE HOUSE OF WHICH ANGELUS SPOKE.

NOW... EVEN WITHOUT HIS HELP, I WILL CONTINUE WITH MY PLAN. I WILL CLAIM THE INHERITANCE THAT IS MINE BY RIGHT, AS THE ONLY TRUE HEIR OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.

INHERITANCE...?

BUT... BUT...

AS TO YOU... I LEAVE YOU WITH YOUR LIFE... AND YOUR GRIEF.

NOTHING?

HOW CAN THERE BE... NOTHING?

I UNDERSTOOD THIS BRANCH OF THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY WAS... QUITE WEALTHY.

AS ONCE IT WAS— WHEN MY DISTANT COUSIN ELIZABETH MARRIED VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.

BUT VICTOR AND HIS FATHER LEFT MANY DEBTS.

I HAVE HAD TO SELL MUCH OF THE FAMILY'S HOLDINGS TO PAY OFF EVEN A SMALL PORTION OF THEM.

EVEN WITH THAT, I FEAR I—NOW YOU—CANNOT LONG HOLD OFF FORECLOSURE.

THIS IS... NOT WHAT I EXPECTED!

BUT... I HAVE TRAVELED A LONG WAY. I NEED TO REST. IN FACT, YOU WILL FORGIVE ME IF I SLEEP AWAY THE WHOLE DAY WHEN THE SUN RISES.

OF COURSE. AH, YVETTE... THERE YOU ARE.

PLEASE TAKE HERR FRANKENSTEIN TO THE NORTH BEDROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

YES, MAM'SELLE. YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME, M'SIEUR?

I WILL BE... DELIGHTED.



STAY CLOSE TO THE CANDLE. THE STAIRS CAN BE...

OH!

ANGELUS!

OH!

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME...?!



WELL, WELL!

YOU WOULD SEEM MORE... RESILIENT THAN I GAVE YOU CREDIT FOR, MY FRIEND!

WHO IS THIS FEMALE? WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE?

SHE DOES NOT LOOK LIKE A SERVANT.



COUSIN...

HEIR...



AND SO SHE IS OF NO INTEREST TO ME.

NO PART OF MY REVENGE ON YOU FOR YOUR BETRAYAL!

OH-HH!



AND SHE IS NOT.

SHE IS THE COUSIN OF THE WOMAN YOU MURDERED.

SHE IS THE REAL HEIR TO THIS ESTATE.



SHE DOES NOT HAVE YOUR MARK UPON HER.

SHE IS NOT YET YOUR VASSAL.



VERY WELL...



IT SEEMS I
DID NOT TAKE
YOUR FULL
MEASURE.



A MISTAKE I
SHALL FORTHWITH
CORRECT.



YOU ARE
STRONG,
ANGELUS...



BUT I AM
STRONGER!

IMPRESSIVE,
ANGELUS!

THAT IMPACT
WOULD HAVE BROKEN
THE BACK OF
ANOTHER MAN.

BUT YOU
ARE NOT A
MAN, ARE
YOU?

IS THERE
EVEN A LIVING
BRAIN IN THAT
SKULL?

SOMETHING
YOU WILL NOT
LEARN TONIGHT,
CREATURE!

BUT I, ON
THE OTHER
HAND...

...WILL LEARN IF
YOU CAN STILL RISE
AGAIN WITH YOUR OWN
HEAD FLATTENED
TO PULP...

EH...?!

TORCHES!
MOVING UP THE
VALLEY FROM
THE TOWN.

THE SEED I
PLANTED HAS
BORNE FRUIT!

I TOLD THE OLD INNKEEPER MY STORY, KNOWING AS SOON AS I LEFT HE WOULD RUSH TO TELL IT TO THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

SO YOU SEE, ANGELUS, NO MATTER WHAT THE OUTCOME OF OUR DISPUTE...

... YOU HAVE LOST! THE MOB WILL SEE TO THAT!

IN FACT...



... WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN AND GREET THEM!



UNGH!



STAY BACK, BOY!

BE SURE MY SHOT HAS FOUND A VITAL PLACE!

WHAT IS THAT THING?

YOU WERE NOT...

... WITH THE...

... VILLAGERS...

HE'S FALLING!



TEND TO THE HORSES!

I WILL SEE THAT ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE IN THE HOUSE!

YES, HERR DOKTOR!





FRAULEIN
ELSPETH!

WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?!

OH! M'SIEUR
LE DOCTEUR!
THE MAM'SELLE!
SHE DOES NOT
BREATHE!



HER NECK
HAS BEEN
BROKEN!

SHE IS
DEAD!

WHO—WHO
DID THIS
THING?



SHOT AGAIN!

HURLED
AGAIN DOWN A
PRECIPICE

AND STILL THE
SWEET RELEASE
OF DEATH
ESCAPES ME!

LET ME
CORRECT
THAT!



YOU
FOOL!

THE CURRENT
IS CARRYING US
TOWARD THE
VILLAGERS!

THAT
FRET'S
ME NOT AT
ALL!

I DON'T HAVE
TO BREATHE!





where Doctor Hans Mueller reported discovering the body of Miss Elspeth LaRocca, apparently killed by a violent blow, as from being thrown against a wall. The maid, who was found to be the only other living person in the house, reported seeing two strange men, one of whom she described as horrid and inhuman in appearance. This description matched that of a mysterious individual Dr. Mueller observed apparently engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with another man, whom he hurled from the cliff adjacent to the house. A thorough search of the surrounding lands and waters has produced no trace of either individual. If, as Dr. Mueller believes, both fell into the river, they were most likely swept away and drowned. The maid also informed officials that one of the men was representing himself as the heir to the house of Frankenstein, although local bankers inform this journal the family fortune was completely depleted and nothing was left to inherit. The Geneva constabulary welcomes any information which might lead to discovering the whereabouts of both or either of the mysterious strangers.

ANGEL™

idwpublishing.com
facebook.com/idwpublishing
twitter.com/idwpublishing

IDW