

Bennett • Cafaro • Prianto & Co. • Peteri



25 \$5.99
SEPT US



WITCHBLADE



彼得里

NEW YORK CITY.

WELL, UNDERNEATH IT.

OR IN A HIDDEN POCKET
DIMENSION INSIDE OF IT.

YOU KNOW WHAT, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT IT.

HSSSSSS

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

HI. I DON'T
THINK WE'VE
MET YET.

I'M SARA
PEZZINI.





THIS IS A **CREOSOTE**--A PARASITIC GHOUL THAT INHABITS THE BODIES OF THE DEAD.

**BLAM
BLAM**
**KLIK
KLIK**



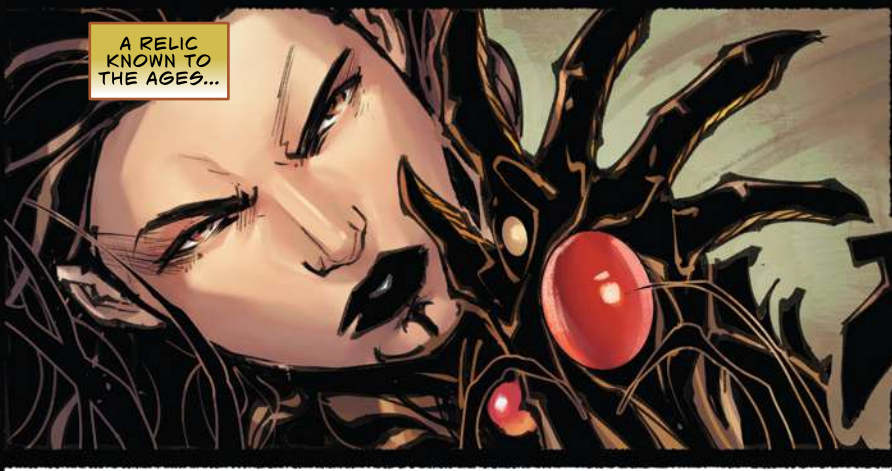
THIS USED TO BE
THE TEMPLE OF THE
CREOSOTES--



--BEFORE **KENNETH
IRONS** AND **IAN
NOTTINGHAM**
TRICKED ME INTO
WIPING THE
CREOSOTES OUT.



IRONS WANTED
THE **RELIC** THAT
CHOSE ME FOR
ITS WIELDER.



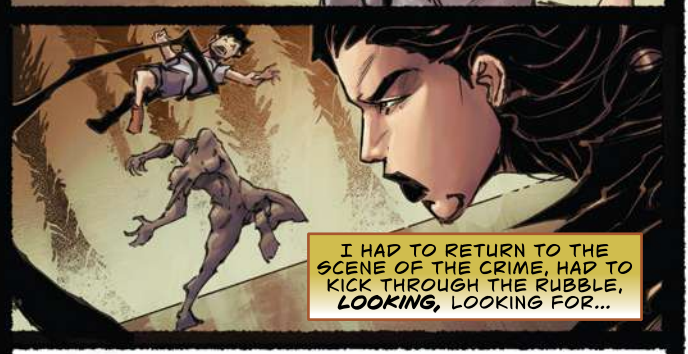
A RELIC
KNOWN TO
THE AGES...



...AS THE
WITCHBLADE

I LAST SAW **IRONS**
AND **IAN** HERE IN THE
TEMPLE AS IT CAVED
IN ON TOP OF US.

BUT **DETECTIVE
INSTINCTS** ARE HARD
TO OVERRIDE.



I HAD TO RETURN TO THE
SCENE OF THE CRIME, HAD TO
KICK THROUGH THE RUBBLE,
LOOKING, LOOKING FOR...



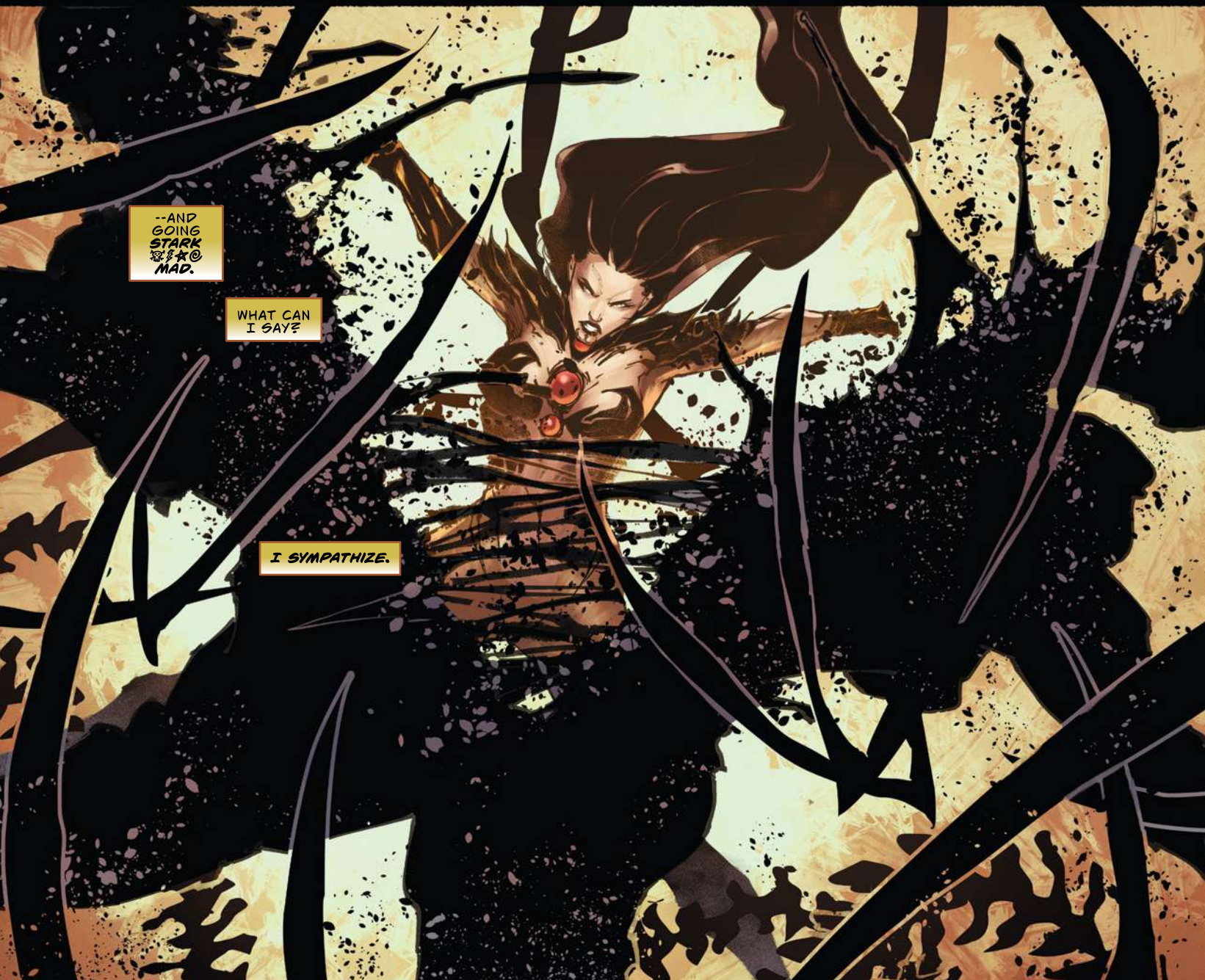
AND IT SEEMS ONE LONE CREOSOTE SURVIVED.



SURVIVED BY EATING THE BODIES OF ITS OWN DEAD.



SURVIVED BY TURNING CANNIBAL--



--AND GOING STARK @**@ MAD.

WHAT CAN I SAY?

I SYMPATHIZE.



"AND WHAT DID WE LEARN?"

"DON'T FOLLOW STRANGERS INTO DARK ALLEYS."

"EVEN IF THEY HAVE CANDY OR A PUPPY?"

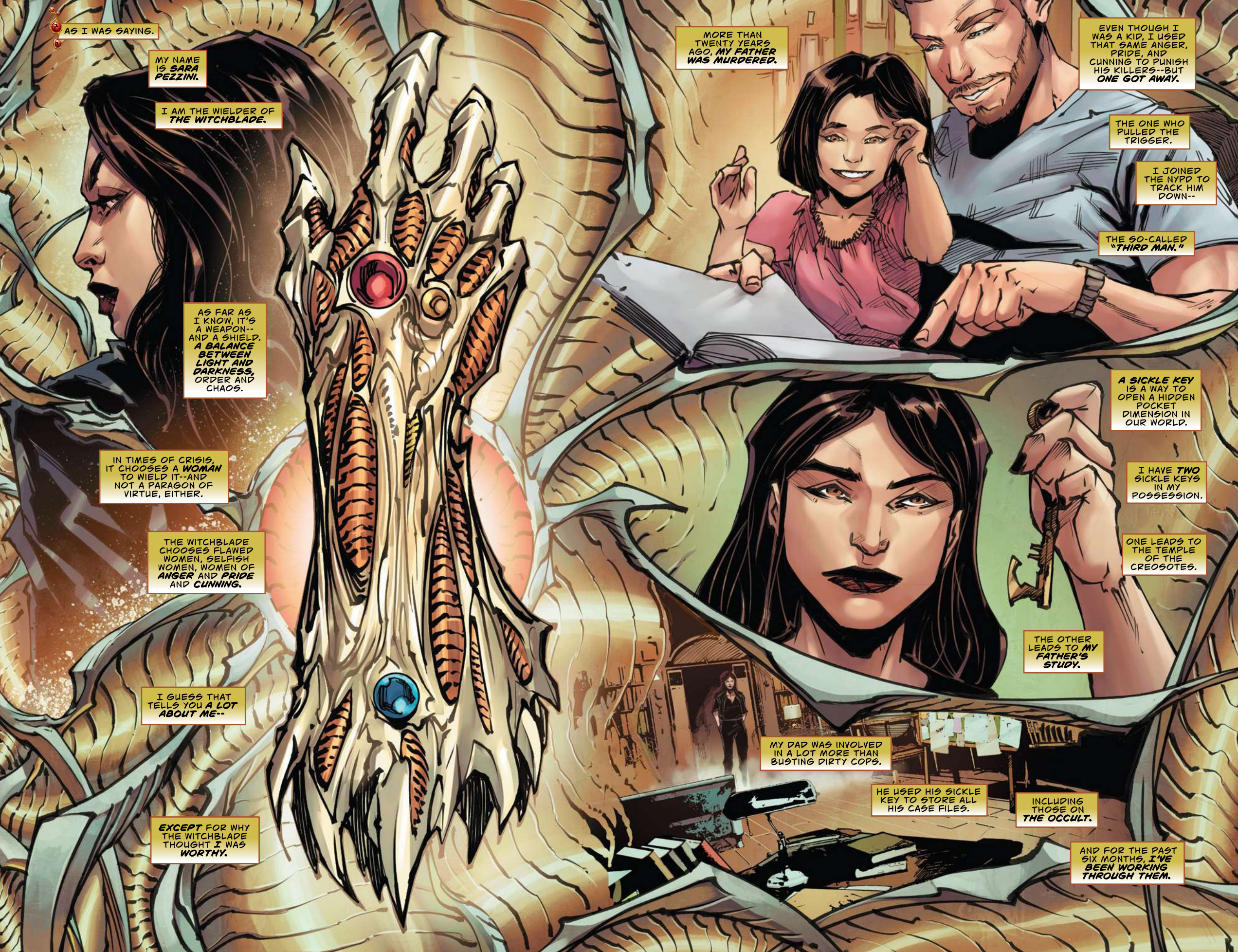


EVEN IF THEY LOOK REALLY, REALLY COOL.

DON'T SHOW ANYONE ELSE YOUR GIFT, KID!



IT'S DANGEROUS OUT THERE.



AS I WAS SAYING.

MY NAME
IS SARA
PEZZINI.

I AM THE WIELDER OF
THE WITCHBLADE.

AS FAR AS
I KNOW, IT'S
A WEAPON--
AND A SHIELD.
A BALANCE
BETWEEN
LIGHT AND
DARKNESS,
ORDER AND
CHAOS.

IN TIMES OF CRISIS,
IT CHOOSES A **WOMAN**
TO WIELD IT--AND
NOT A PARAGON OF
VIRTUE, EITHER.

THE WITCHBLADE
CHOOSES FLAWED
WOMEN, SELFISH
WOMEN, WOMEN OF
ANGER AND **PRIDE**
AND **CUNNING**.

I GUESS THAT
TELLS YOU A LOT
ABOUT ME--

EXCEPT FOR WHY
THE WITCHBLADE
THOUGHT I WAS
WORTHY.

MORE THAN
TWENTY YEARS
AGO, MY FATHER
WAS MURDERED.

EVEN THOUGH I
WAS A KID, I USED
THAT SAME ANGER,
PRIDE, AND
CUNNING TO PUNISH
HIS KILLERS--BUT
ONE GOT AWAY.

THE ONE WHO
PULLED THE
TRIGGER.

I JOINED
THE NYPD TO
TRACK HIM
DOWN--

THE SO-CALLED
"THIRD MAN."

A **SICKLE KEY**
IS A WAY TO
OPEN A HIDDEN
POCKET
DIMENSION IN
OUR WORLD.

I HAVE **TWO**
SICKLE KEYS
IN MY
POSSESSION.

ONE LEADS TO
THE TEMPLE
OF THE
CREOSOTES.

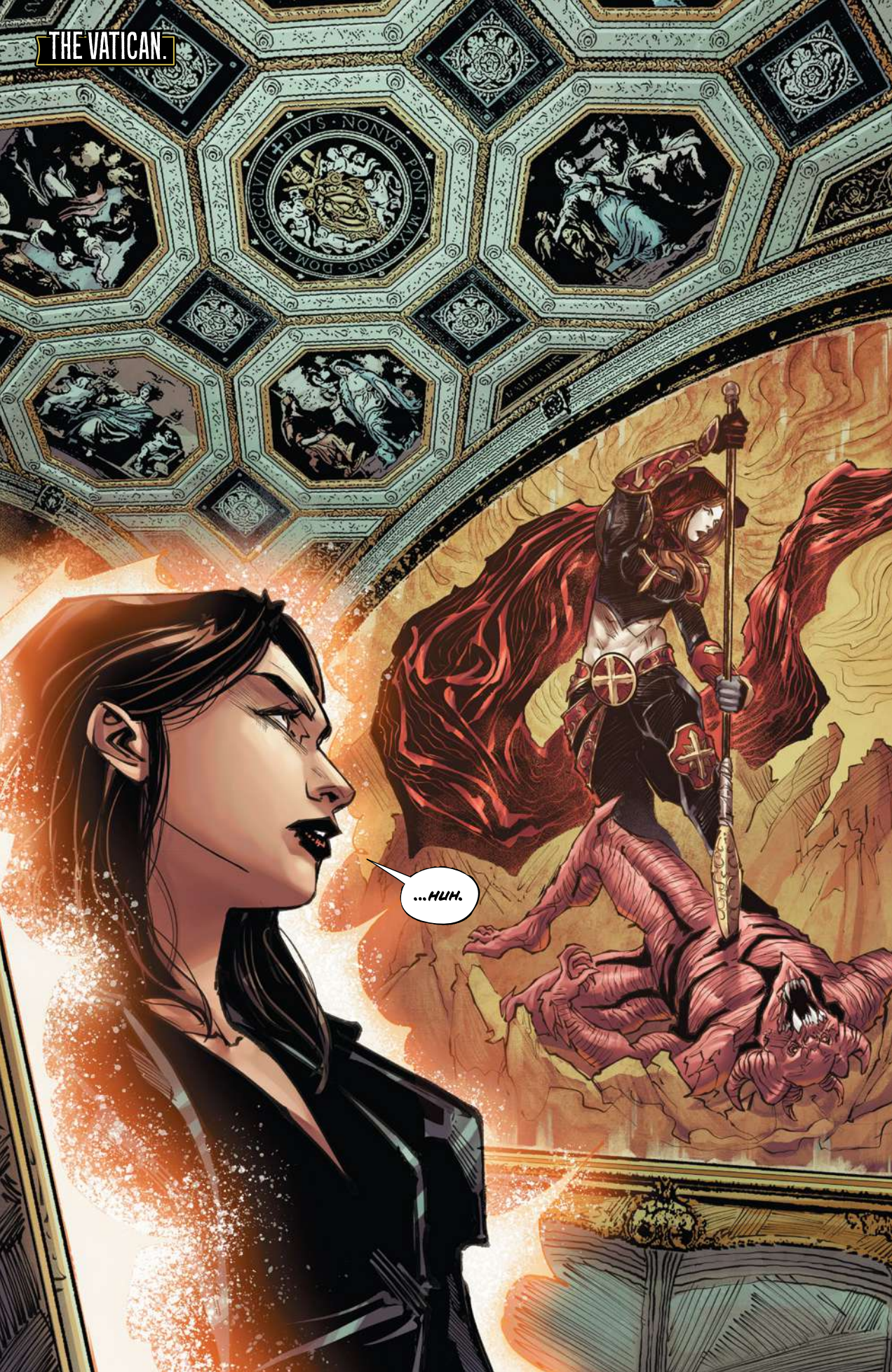
THE OTHER
LEADS TO MY
FATHER'S
STUDY.

MY DAD WAS INVOLVED
IN A LOT MORE THAN
BUSTING DIRTY COPS.

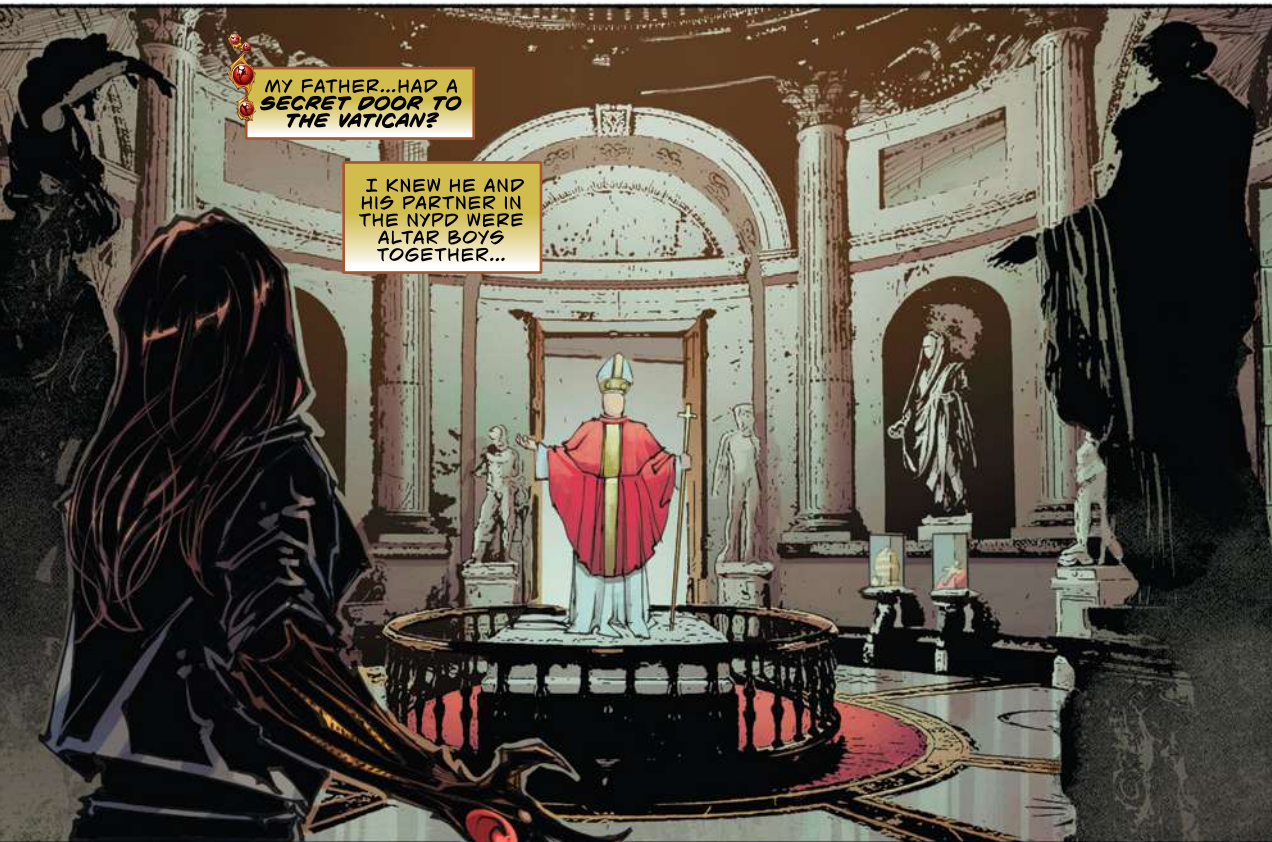
HE USED HIS SICKLE
KEY TO STORE ALL
HIS CASE FILES.

INCLUDING
THOSE ON
THE OCCULT.

AND FOR THE PAST
SIX MONTHS, I'VE
BEEN WORKING
THROUGH THEM.



...HUM.



MY FATHER...HAD A
**SECRET DOOR TO
THE VATICAN?**

I KNEW HE AND
HIS PARTNER IN
THE NYPD WERE
ALTAR BOYS
TOGETHER...



AND CHRIST
KNOWS, I HAD
TWELVE YEARS
OF CATHOLIC
SCHOOL, AND
NONA BESIDES...



OH.
WOW.



THAT
SWELL OF
PRIDE,
OF AWE...



NOBODY
DOES **DRAMA**
LIKE THE
CATHOLICS.



CREEEEAK

?!