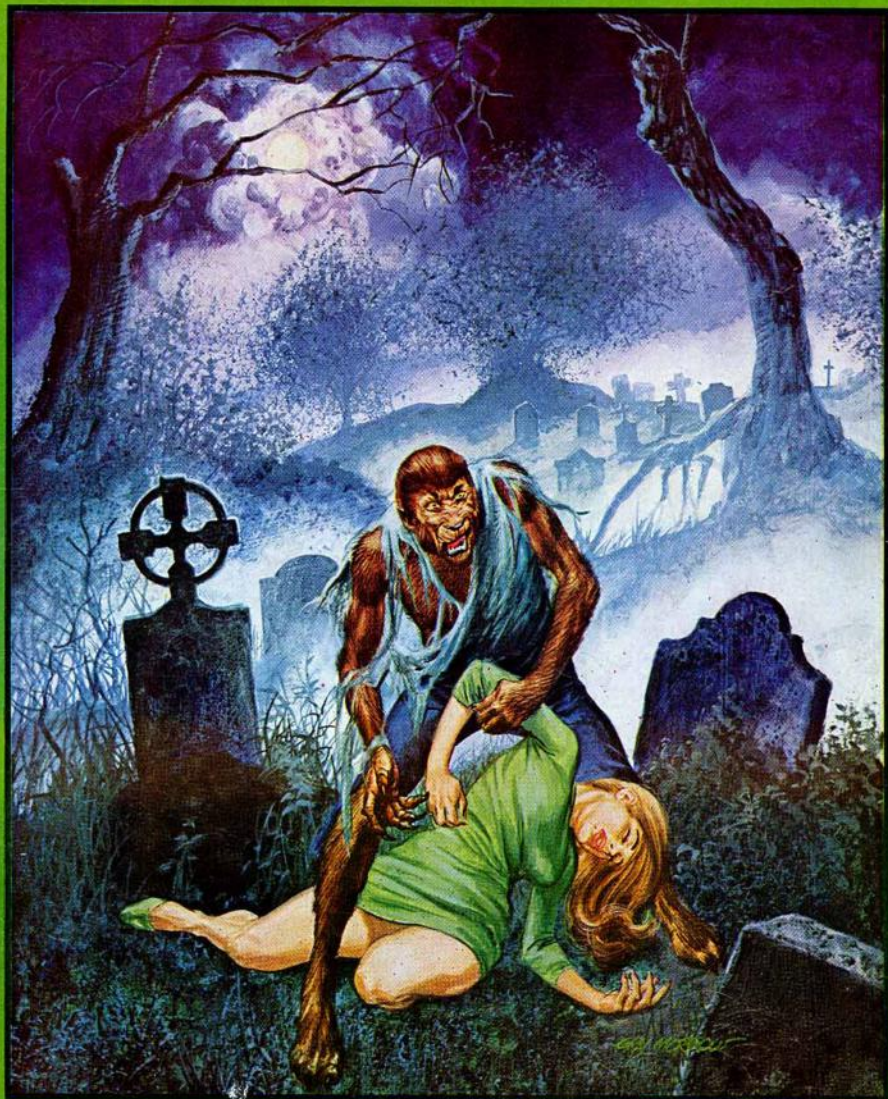


# CREEPY

PDC

FEB.  
NO. 13

**Illustrated terror tales designed to  
plunge YOU into ultimate fright!!!**









TIME TO RUSH INTO THE LOATHSOME, RABID READERS! SNAKE A SLIMY TENTACLE UP TO THE SHOCK SHELF, AND DUST OFF ANOTHER **CREEPY CLASSIC!** THIS MONTH'S AWFUL OFFERING IS **BRAM STOKER'S** SHIVERING SHORT STORY...

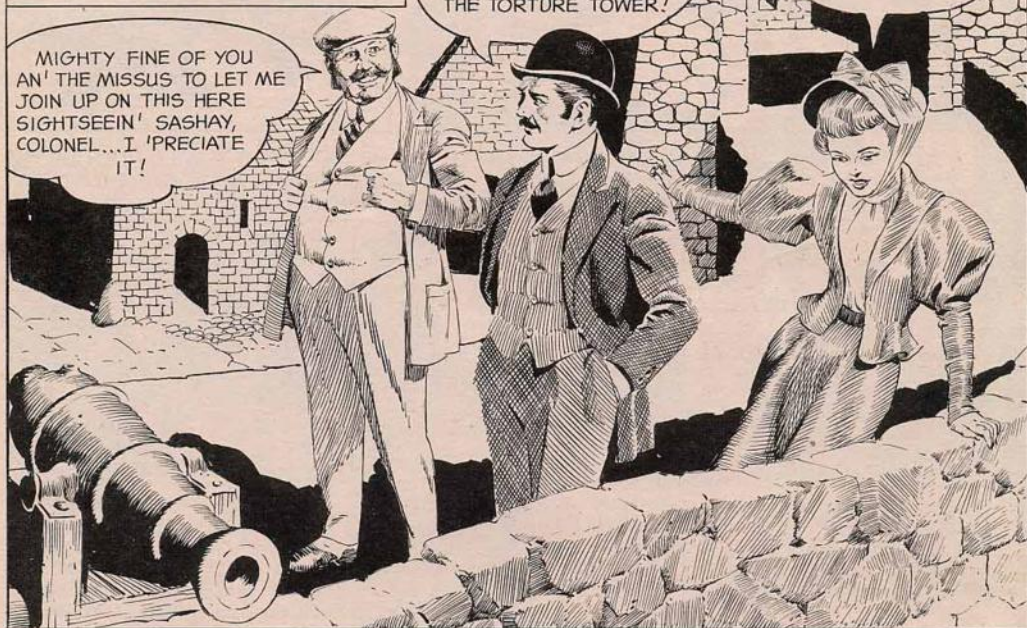
# THE SQUAW!

IT WAS IN NURNBERG DURING THE SECOND WEEK OF OUR HONEYMOON THAT MY WIFE AND I MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF ELIAS P. HUTCHESON, AN EXUBERANT AMERICAN HAILING FROM BLEEDING GULCH, NEBRASKA...

NOT AT ALL, HUTCHESON. BESIDES... AMELIA AND I CAN USE THE MORAL SUPPORT WHEN WE VISIT THE TORTURE TOWER!

COME LOOK! DOWN BELOW...

MIGHTY FINE OF YOU AN' THE MISSUS TO LET ME JOIN UP ON THIS HERE SIGHTSEEN' SASHAY, COLONEL... I 'PRECIATE IT!



ISN'T IT CUTE? SHE'S TEACHING THE KITTEN TO PLAY!

RIGHT PURTY CRITTERS ...LE'S HAVE A LI'L FUN WITH 'EM!



OH, BE CAREFUL! YOU MIGHT HIT THEM!

SHUCKS, MA'AM, I'D AS SOON SCALP A BABY AS HURT AN ANIMAL! I'LL JEST DROP IT NEAR AN' THEY'LL WONDER WHERE IT CAME FROM...





IT MAY BE THERE IS AN ATTRACTION OF LESSER MATTER TO GREATER, OR WE DID NOT NOTICE THE WALL SLOPED OUT AT ITS BASE--BUT THE STONE FELL WITH A SICKENING THUD...

LORD! THE KITTEN...

SAY! I WOULDN'T UV HAD THIS HAPPEN FER A THOUSAND! SHOWS WHAT A CLUMSY FOOL CAN DO TRYIN' TO PLAY! HOPE YOU DON'T GRUDGE ME NONE, MA'AM...



N-NO... BUT THE MOTHER! LOOK AT HER! LOOK AT HER EYES... LIKE SHE **KNEW** HOW IT HAPPENED!



WITH A MUFFLED CRY, SUCH AS A HUMAN MIGHT GIVE, THE CAT MADE A WILD RUSH UP THE WALL, FALLING BACK WHEN MOMENTUM ENDED... AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN! EACH TIME, TO OUR HORROR, FALLING BACK INTO THE BLOOD OF HER OWN KITTEN...



SAVAGEST BEAST I EVER DID SEE-- 'CEPT ONCE WHEN AN APACHE SQUAW GOT AFTER A HALF-BREED WHO KILLED HER PAPOOSE ON A RAID...



...SHE FOLLERED HIM MORE'N THREE YEARS TILL AT LAST THE BRAVES GOT 'IM AND HANDED 'IM OVER TO HER. THEY SAY NO MAN, WHITE OR INJUN, EVER BEEN SO LONG A-DYIN'...



...BREED CASHED IN HIS CHIPS JUST AS WE CAME ON THE CAMP...THET SQUAW WAS SMILING FER THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE PAPOOSE BUSINESS WHEN I WIPED 'ER OUT!





I'VE NEVER SEEN AN ANIMAL BEHAVE SO! AS THOUGH SHE COULD KILL YOU ... HER EYES LOOK LIKE POSITIVE MURDER!

'SCUSE ME, MA'AM, BUT I CAN'T HELP LAUGHIN'! FANCY A MAN WHO'S FOUGHT GRIZZLIES AND INJUNS BEIN' MURDERED BY A CAT!

AT THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER, THE CAT'S DEMEANOR CHANGED. SHE NO LONGER TRIED TO JUMP OR RUN UP THE WALL...

SEE! THE EFFECT OF A STRONG MAN! EVEN THE ANIMAL IN HER FURY RECOGNIZES THE VOICE OF A MASTER AND BOWS TO HIM!

JEST LIKE A SQUAW!



AS WE MOVED ON OUR WAY ALONG THE ANCIENT CITY WALL, EVERY NOW AND THEN WE LOOKED OVER, AND EACH TIME SAW THE CAT FOLLOWING US...



WE'RE GOIN' INSIDE, MISSY! RECKON YOU CAN GO BACK NOW AN' HAVE A PRIVATE FUNERAL FER THET PORE BUSTED YOUNG'UN OF YOURS!

SURE SORRY 'BOUT THET, BUT THE CRITTER'LL GET OVER IT IN TIME!

GUESS THAT THERE'S THE TORTURE TOWER WE BEEN HEARIN' SO MUCH ABOUT!



YOU ARE QUITE FORTUNATE. THE TOWER IS ONE OF NURNBERG'S MOST INTERESTING ATTRACTIONS, TOURISTS FLOCK THROUGH HERE... BUT THIS MORNING, YOU HAVE IT ENTIRELY TO YOURSELVES!





YOU NOW STAND INSIDE ONE OF THE GREATEST MONUMENTS OF MAN'S CRUELTY TO MAN... ALL THE WEAPONS IN THE RACK BEHIND YOU WERE USED BY THE HEADSMEN, THOUGH THEY FAVORED THE DOUBLE-HANDED SWORD...



...NEXT WE HAVE THE ACTUAL CHOPPING BLOCKS USED, AND BEYOND THEM THE USUAL COMPLEMENT OF RACKS, BOOTS, COLLARS, ALL MADE FOR COMPRESSING AT WILL...



...AS WELL AS WATCHMEN'S HOOKS, THUMBSCREWS, AND THE MORE ELABORATE SPIKED CHAIR. YET THESE ARE ALL OVERSHADOWED BY ONE DEVICE, ONE DIABOLICAL CONTRIVANCE...



...THE INFAMOUS IRON VIRGIN OF NURNBERG!





A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF EFFORT IS NECESSARY TO FULLY DEMONSTRATE THE MAIDEN'S MENACE ... EVEN WITH THE AID OF A PULLEY YOU WILL OBSERVE IT TAKES MUCH TO OPEN THE DOOR...

... THIS IS DUE PARTIALLY TO ITS WEIGHT AND ALSO BECAUSE IT IS DESIGNED TO **SLAM SHUT** WHEN THE TENSION ON THE CHAIN IS RELAXED!



H-HOW... HORRIBLE...

YOU WILL NOTICE WHAT APPEARS TO BE LARGE RUST STAINS ON THE INTERIOR... IN THE INTEREST OF DELICACY, I WILL ONLY SAY, **IT IS NOT RUST!**



NOW AIN'T THIS SUMPTIN'! 'PEARS TO ME THIS YOUNG MISS HOLDS A STRAIGHT FLUSH ALL HIGH ON ANYTHING THE APACHES EVER COME UP ON MY SIDE OF THE BIG DRINK!



GUESS I MIGHT JEST GIT IN THAT BOX A MINUTE TO SEE HOW SHE FEELS!

OH, NO!  
NO! IT'S TOO TERRIBLE!



SHUCKS, MA'AM, NOTHIN'S TOO TERRIBLE TO THE EXPLORIN' MIND. FROM INJUN WARS TO CAVE-INS I'VE NOT BACKED DOWN ON AN ODD EXPERIENCE YET, AN' I DON'T PROPOSE TO BEGIN NOW!

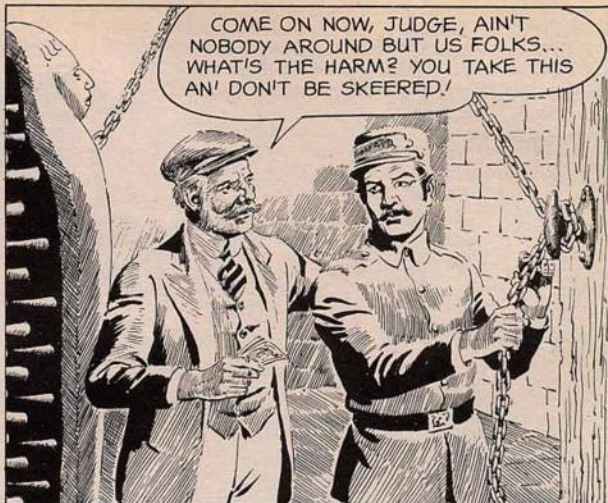




MEIN HERR, I MUST PROTEST!  
SUCH A THING IS HIGHLY IRREGU-  
LAR...IT CANNOT BE PERMITTED!

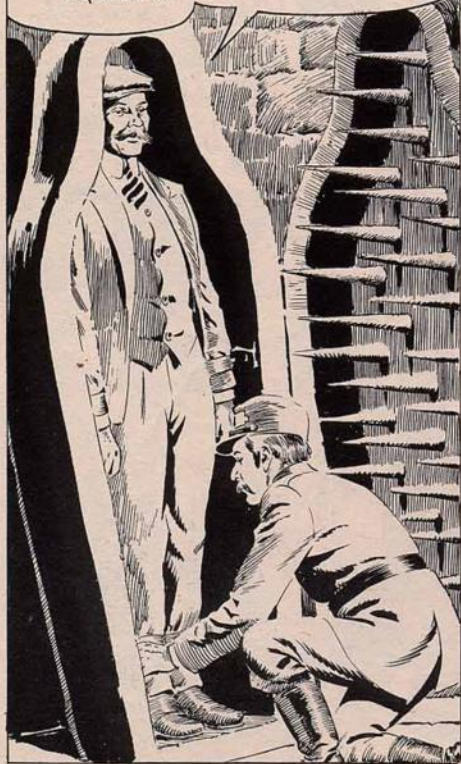


COME ON NOW, JUDGE, AIN'T  
NOBODY AROUND BUT US FOLKS...  
WHAT'S THE HARM? YOU TAKE THIS  
AN' DON'T BE SKEERED!



THE GUARD'S PROTEST WAS ONLY FORMAL  
AND MEANT TO BE OVERCOME. TAKING AN  
ALMOST CHILDISH DELIGHT IN THE WHOLE  
AFFAIR, HUTCHESON BACKED HIMSELF IN-  
TO THE OPENING...

THAT'S RIGHT,  
JUDGE. YOU RIG ME OUT JEST LIKE  
THEM DUDES IN THE MIDDLE AGES  
FACED THIS LITTLE LADY! I WANT  
TO GO INTO THIS THING FAIR AND  
SQUARE...



AIN'T MUCH ROOM IN HERE  
FOR A FULL GROWN CITIZEN  
OF THE **USA** TO HUSTLE. WE  
MAKE OUR COFFINS MORE  
ROOMIER THAN THIS!

HURRY UP, OLD  
MAN, IF YOU'RE  
DEAD SET ON DO-  
ING THIS, GET  
THROUGH IT QUICK!



DON'T PAY NO MIND TO MY NERVOUS FRIENDS,  
JUDGE...YOU JEST EASE THET DOOR DOWN  
**SLOW-LIKE!** I WANT TO SEE HOW THEM OTHER  
JAYS FELT WITH THOSE SPIKES CLOSIN' IN  
ON 'EM!

N-NO...I DON'T THINK I  
CAN BEAR IT...IT'S TOO  
TERRIBLE!





THE GUARD MUST HAVE HAD IN HIM SOME OF THE BLOOD OF HIS PREDECESSORS IN THAT GHASTLY TOWER AS HE BEGAN TO SLOWLY SLACKEN INCH BY INCH THE CHAIN HOLDING SPIKED DEATH BACK FROM HUTCHESON, WHOSE FACE GREW POSITIVELY RADIANT WITH THE OMINOUS MOVEMENT...



I LOOKED FRANTICALLY FOR A PLACE TO REST MY WIFE AND DOING SO BECAME AWARE OF A FLASH OF ANGRY GREEN EYES AND A BLURRED STREAK OF BLACK FUR MATTED WITH BLOOD...

**THE CAT!**  
GOOD LORD, HUTCHESON, LOOK OUT FOR THE CAT!

THET SQUAW'S ON THE WARPATH! SOMEBODY GIT 'ER AWAY FROM ME!



ENCUMBERED WITH AMELIA, I TRIED AWKWARDLY TO BREAK THE ANIMAL'S CHARGE WHEN WITH A HELLISH SCREAM SHE HURLED HERSELF INTO THE AIR! NOT AT HUTCHESON AS WE EXPECTED...

...BUT STRAIGHT AT THE FACE OF THE GUARD!









THE GLASS OF THE BUS WINDOW IS COLD ON YOUR FACE AS YOU PEER ANXIOUSLY INTO THE NIGHT FOR SOME SIGN THAT THE LAST LEG OF YOUR INTERMINABLE JOURNEY IS NEARLY OVER... OUTSIDE, THERE IS ONLY THE SAME MONOTONOUS BLEND OF SNOW AND SKY. YOU SINK BACK INTO THE OVERHEATED INTERIOR AND FIND YOURSELF DRIFTING INTO AN UNCOMFORTABLE SLEEP...

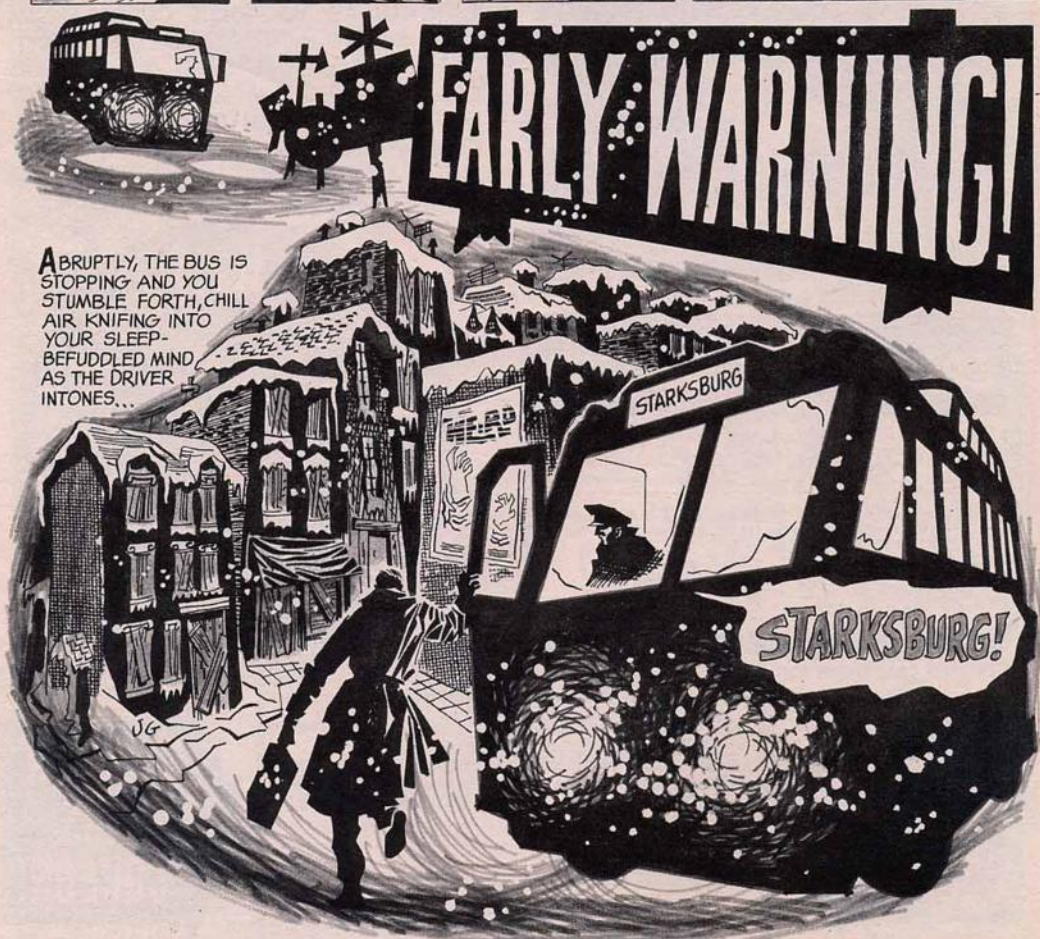


BUT YOU, RABID READERS, BETTER STAY AWAKE BECAUSE THIS BUS IS TAKING YOU INTO A TERROR TEMPEST... PERHAPS YOUR NERVES CAN STAND IT IF YOU STEEL YOURSELVES AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE...



# EARLY WARNING!

ABRUPTLY, THE BUS IS STOPPING AND YOU STUMBLE FORTH, CHILL AIR KNIFING INTO YOUR SLEEP-BEFOGLED MIND AS THE DRIVER INTONES...





**LORD!** WHAT A WAY TO WAKE UP...  
BUS DEPOT CLOSED, NO  
SIGN OF A LIGHT ANYWHERE! FOR  
ALL I KNOW THEY DON'T EVEN  
HAVE ELECTRICITY HERE...

WEARILY, YOU GRIP YOUR  
BAG AND TRUDGE DOWN  
THE SNOW-COVERED STREET,  
WISHING VAINLY THAT YOU  
HAD NEVER ABANDONED THE  
BUS'S WARMTH AND COMFORT...

NO WONDER THE  
HOME OFFICE HASN'T  
BEEN GETTING ANY  
MORE ORDERS  
FROM THIS PLACE...  
IT'S A GHOST TOWN!  
GOES BEYOND JUST A  
SMALL TOWN SHUT  
UP FOR THE NIGHT...



**HEY! ANYBODY HOME?  
OPEN UP! HEY...**

OH, FINE!... LOCKED UP TIGHT!  
PROBABLY CAN'T AFFORD A NIGHT  
CLERK...WHAT THE @#%!! AM  
I GONNA DO?!

YOU STAMP YOUR FEET IN THE  
COLD AND STARE AROUND IN DIS-  
GUST. NEXT TO THE HOTEL IS A  
NARROW LITTLE ALLEYWAY...

WHAT TH-- SOME-  
THING LYING UP  
AHEAD...

MAYBE I  
CAN FIND A  
BACK  
ENTRANCE  
OPEN...



HORROR AND  
REVULSION RIDE  
WITH YOUR  
VERY HEARTBEAT  
AS YOU STAGGER  
NEAR WHAT THE  
ALLEY'S INKY  
SHADOWS HAD  
MERCIFULLY  
HIDDEN...

**OH,  
MY  
GOD!**







IN WONDER, YOU BEND CLOSE TO THE GROTESQUELY SPRAWLED FORM, YOUR FINGERS REACHING FORWARD IN PITY TO TOUCH THE STRANGE PUNCTURES ON THE ALMOST GHOSTLY PALE NECK...

THEN, THE LIGHT HITS YOU...

YOU FIEND...  
@#\*!!\*IN'  
LOUSY FIEND!

YOU BLINK IN STUPID, UNBELIEVING SHOCK AT THE LIGHT'S BLINDING GLARE, THEN FULLY COMPREHEND THE DANGER OF YOUR POSITION AS A HARSH, ANGRY VOICE SHOUTS INTO THE NIGHT...

**THIS WAY! THIS WAY, MEN!**

I'VE FOUND HIM! THE @\*!!\*#!  
VAMPIRE IS CORNERED!

WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...  
I DIDN'T...

BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS... YOU FACE A WALL OF HATE-TWISTED FACES, A FACADE OF WITHERING HOSTILITY THAT IS ALREADY TRYING YOU AND SENTENCING YOU TO DEATH...



WITH THE WHOLE TOWN BOARDED UP YOU STILL MANAGED TO FIND THAT POOR GIRL, EH? WHILE WE TRAMPED THE COUNTRYSIDE SEARCHING, YOU DARED DO THIS...

LISTEN! I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS, I'M A STRANGER HERE... I--

**WE'VE SEEN ALL WE NEED TO SEE!**

YOU'VE BEEN CLEVER IN THE PAST, BUT THIS NIGHT'S WORK HAS NETTED YOU A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH THE HEART!

YOU'RE ALL INSANE! STAY AWAY FROM ME! I'M NO VAMPIRE!

YOUR PLEAS AND CRIES FALL ON DEAF EARS, AND YOU REALIZE THE ONLY WAY TO SURVIVE IS TO ACT, AND QUICKLY...



WOK!  
SWISS  
.. LEAVE ME ALONE!





THERE IS NO TIME TO GET UP. YOU FEEL YOURSELF START TO GO TO PIECES AS THE CIRCLE OF VEN-  
GEANCE-MAD FACES DRAWS TIGHTLY AROUND YOU...





FROM EVERY DIRECTION, HANDS LAY HOLD OF YOUR PITIFULLY STRUGGLING FORM, PINNING YOU HOPELESSLY TO THE GROUND... YOU CRY WITH PAIN AS THE FRESHLY SHARPENED WOODEN STAKE IS SHOVED INTO POSITION OVER YOUR HEART... THEN, THROUGH THE WELLING TEARS IN YOUR EYES, YOU SEE THE HAMMER COME SWISHING DOWN IN ONE POWERFUL STROKE...



THE SCREAM DIES WITHIN YOUR OWN MIND AND THE FINAL PAIN NEVER COMES. ABRUPTLY, THE BUS IS STOPPING AND YOU STUMBLE FORTH, CHILL AIR KNIFING INTO YOUR SLEEP-BEFOUDDLED MIND, AS THE DRIVER INTONES...

NIGHTMARE ....JUST A NIGHTMARE... BUT IT WAS THIS TOWN... EXACTLY LIKE THIS TOWN...



HEY! ANYBODY HOME? OPEN UP! HEY...

IT'S ALL HAPPENING... RIGHT DOWN THE LINE! THERE'S THE ALLEYWAY OVER THERE...

INSTINCT TELLS YOU TO TURN, TO RUN, BUT YOU HAVE TO KNOW... IRRESISTIBLY, YOU'RE DRAWN INTO THE ALLEY'S DEEP BLACKNESS...

OH MY GOD!





WITHOUT THINKING, YOU BEND CLOSE, REACHING OUT TO THE PALE THROAT TO MAKE CERTAIN OF THE PRESENCE OF THE SAME SNAKE-LIKE WOUND AS IN THE DREAM, WHEN THE LIGHT HITS YOU...

THIS WAY! THIS WAY, MEN! I'VE CORNERED HIM!

WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... I DIDN'T...

AGAIN, THE SAME CROWD OF SULLEN FACES MATERIALIZE, YOU RECOGNIZE THEM ALL... AND YOU REALIZE IF EVER YOU ARE GOING TO GAIN FROM WHAT THE DREAM REVEALED TO YOU, IT HAS TO BE NOW!

LISTEN! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE KILLED THIS GIRL! BUT, YOU'VE GOT TO HEAR ME OUT... THERE'S A WAY OF TESTING WHAT YOU SUSPECT!



ALL YOU NEED IS A MIRROR... THE UNDEAD CAST NO REFLECTIONS... JUST HOLD UP A MIRROR... ANYONE GOT A MIRROR? YOU'LL SEE FOR SURE I'M NO **VAMPIRE!**

WE'RE ALREADY CERTAIN OF THAT... AND YOU DIDN'T KILL THE GIRL... **WE DID!** SHE WAS THE LAST HOLDOUT IN TOWN...

Y-YOU KILLED HER? B-BUT THAT WOULD MEAN IT'S YOU WHO ARE THE V-VAMPI--

IN A FLASH, YOU SEE THE EYES OF THE CROWD GO RED WITH BLOODLUST AND EVEN AS THE WORD FALLS OFF YOUR TONGUE, YOU REALIZE YOU'D BE FAR BETTER OFF JUST TO SCREAM!!




Heh, heh! Just goes to show you there's a big difference between dreams and reality, eh, kiddies? Actually, the Starksburg vampires aren't so smart, they're just winding up with one more mouth to feed. I suppose, if no more visitors show up, they'll soon be at each other's throats!





STEP UP TO THE BOX OFFICE. BREATHLESS BROWERS, THE MAIN **FEAR FEATURE** IS READY TO ROLL...ALL YOU MONSTER MOVIE BUFFS ARE SURE TO BE ENTHRALLED BY THIS **DEMONIAC DRAMA** OF A REPORTER WHOSE ASSIGNMENT TURNS INTO A...

# SCREAM TEST!



ORGAN MUSIC...  
B-BUT THAT THEATRE'S  
BEEN ABANDONED  
FOR YEARS! IT  
MUST BE...

...**GHOSTS!** WE'VE RECEIVED REPORTS  
OF STRANGE MUSIC COMING FROM THE OLD  
ALHAMBRA ON BANK STREET. RESEARCH  
DEPARTMENT SAYS THE OWNER LIVES  
RIGHT NEXT DOOR...HE'LL SEE  
YOU THIS EVENING.

THANKS FOR  
THIS CHANCE,  
MR. FOSTER.  
I'LL DO MY  
BEST!

THIS GUY MANAGED THE THEATRE IN THE  
OLD DAYS. GET SOME HUMAN INTEREST  
STUFF; WHAT THE PLACE WAS LIKE IN ITS  
HEYDAY...MAYBE THERE'S A STORY  
THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHAT'S  
GOING ON NOW...

HEH, HEH,  
MAYBE YOU'LL  
EVEN SEE THE  
GHOST!





CLOSED



GEE, I'VE GOT TO MAKE GOOD ON THIS ASSIGNMENT.

**HMMMMPH!**  
NEWSPAPERS! IVAN KIRE'S TOO GREAT A MAN TO BE BOTHERED BY THEM....HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE CONSENTED TO THIS AUDIENCE!



WHAT DO YOU WANT? WE DON'T TAKE SALES!

I'M SUSAN STREET OF THE NEWS. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MR. KIRE.



THE LADY FROM THE PAPER.

THANK YOU, VILMA, YOU CAN GO. SIT DOWN, YOUNG LADY, AND TELL A LONELY OLD MAN WHY, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THE PRESS IS INTERESTED IN HIM AGAIN...



WELL...ACTUALLY...IT'S YOUR THEATRE AND ITS HISTORY...THAT...

AH, THE GOLDEN ERA! I LIVED AND BREATHED MOVIES THEN, WHEN THEY WERE FANTASY, ETHEREAL... BEFORE THE TALK, TALK, TALK OF TALKIES RUINED THE MAGIC! THE DAYS OF CHAPLIN, MARY PICKFORD, THE GREAT LON CHANEY...



"...**CHANEY!** THAT'S THE NAME TO CONJURE WITH... CHANEY! I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE MANY AFTERNOONS I PLAYED HOOKEY JUST TO WATCH HIM AND HIS FANTASTIC CREATIONS..."



OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS Photo © 1966 Universal Pictures Co., Inc.

...BUT YOU DIDN'T COME JUST TO HEAR ME RAMBLE. YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MY THEATRE? ABOUT THE ALHAMBRA?

WEIRD MUSIC'S BEEN HEARD COMING FROM THERE IN THE NIGHT, COMING FROM A DESERTED MOVIE HOUSE... SOME PEOPLE THINK...WELL... THEY THINK IT COULD BE THE GHOST OF THE THEATRE'S ORGANIST!

I SHOULD HOPE NOT! YOU SEE **I** WAS THE ORGANIST FOR MANY YEARS... THERE'S A SIMPLE EXPLANATION FOR THE MUSIC, I'VE FINALLY GOTTEN THE OLD THEATRE ORGAN IN WORKING SHAPE! PLAYING IT REMINDS ME OF THE OLD DAYS...



# **LON CHANEY**

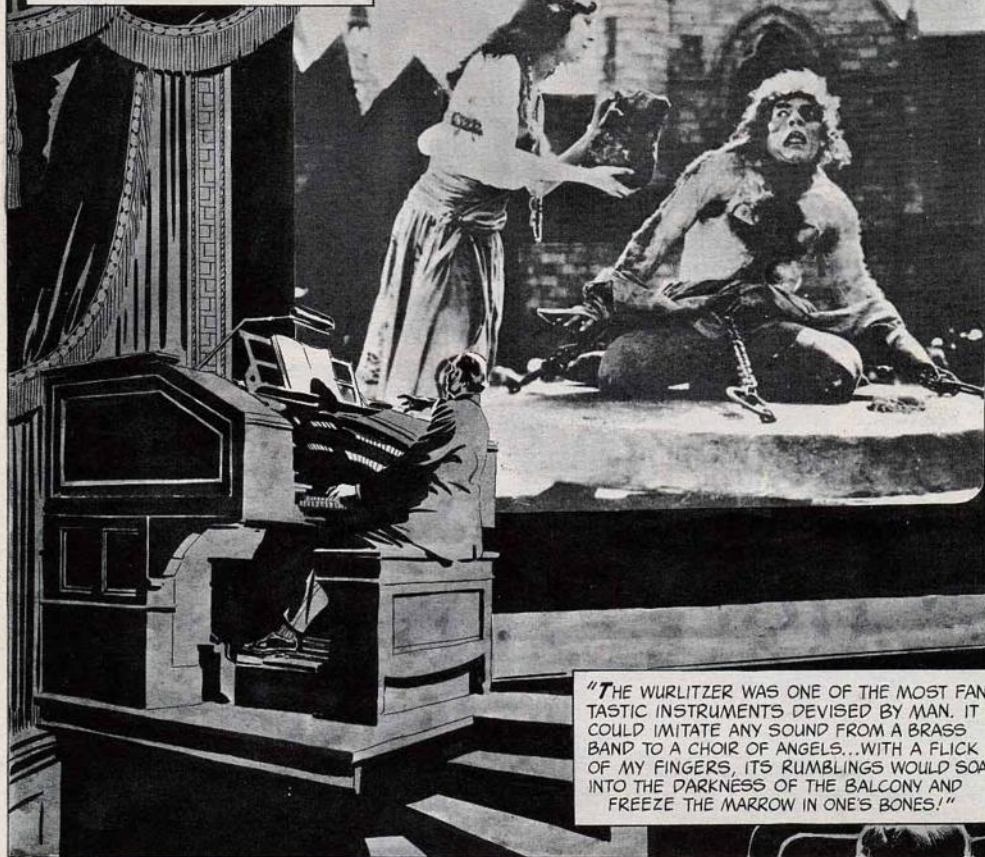
"I STARTED WORKING AS AN USHER AFTER SCHOOL, BUT WAS SOON PROMOTED TO BARKER--STANDING OUTSIDE IN THE CHILL AIR, SHOUTING OUT AS BEST I COULD OF THE ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE TO BE SEEN INSIDE..."

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WAS POUNDING AWAY ON THE PIANO IN THAT LITTLE THEATRE, SUPPLYING MUSICAL MOOD TO THE FLICKERING MAGIC ON THE SCREEN ABOVE! BUT I WAS AMBITIOUS...I WANTED TO BE AN ORGANIST IN ONE OF THE BIG MOVIE PALACES. FINALLY, I GOT MY CHANCE...





"WELL I REMEMBER THAT FIRST DAY AND THE FIRST FILM THAT I ACCOMPANIED ON THE WURLITZER ORGAN-- LON CHANEY IN HIS MAGNIFICENT PORTRAYAL OF *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*!"



"THE WURLITZER WAS ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC INSTRUMENTS DEvised BY MAN. IT COULD IMITATE ANY SOUND FROM A BRASS BAND TO A CHOIR OF ANGELS...WITH A FLICK OF MY FINGERS, ITS RUMBLINGS WOULD SOAR INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE BALCONY AND FREEZE THE MARROW IN ONE'S BONES!"

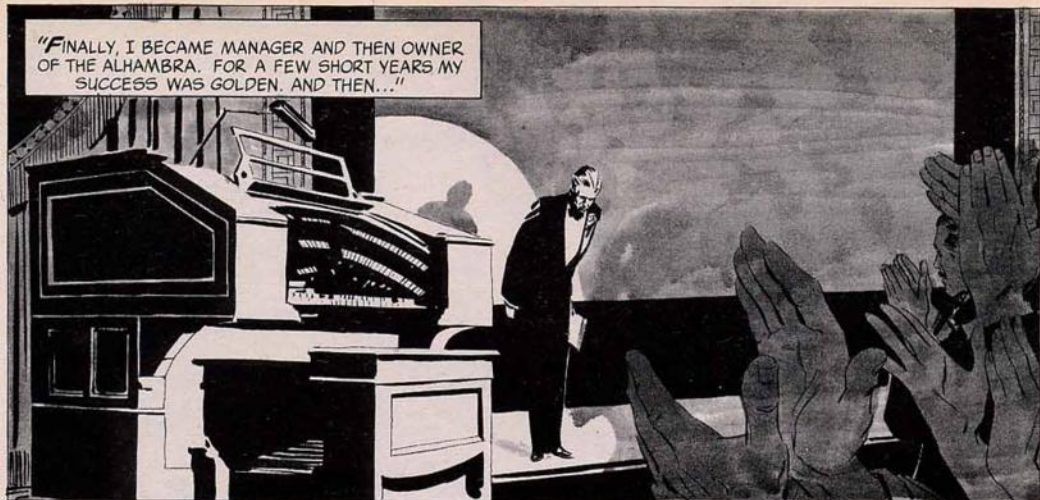
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER THOSE DAYS...THEATRES HANDED OUT PROGRAMS THEN AND THE ORGANIST'S NAME WAS AS BIG AS THE NAMES OF THE STARS IN THE PICTURE! AND I, IVAN KIRE WAS ONE OF THE BEST!



I WAS AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP... MAKING BIG MONEY AND INVESTING ALL OF IT IN THE THEATRE...



"FINALLY, I BECAME MANAGER AND THEN OWNER OF THE ALHAMBRA. FOR A FEW SHORT YEARS MY SUCCESS WAS GOLDEN. AND THEN..."



...AND THEN THE SOUND ERA CAME IN?

YES, BUT TRAGEDY STRUCK EVEN BEFORE THAT. MY CAREER ENDED EVEN BEFORE THE SILENTS DID!



WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S TOO PAINFUL TO TALK ABOUT. I CANNOT!



I WONDER WHAT HIS SECRET IS...WHAT COULD MAKE HIM FEEL THIS WAY...THERE MAY STILL BE A STORY IN ALL THIS...



PERHAPS IF I...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR ME PLAY? ABOUT THIS TIME OF EVENING I GO OVER TO THE THEATRE ANYWAY...





YOU MUST FORGIVE THE CONDITION,  
MISS STREET... I'M NOT ABLE TO  
CLEAN THE WHOLE THEATRE BY  
MYSELF. ALL MY ENERGIES  
HAVE GONE TO THE  
WURLITZER...

...I'LL GO  
NOW AND  
START THE  
PROJECTOR.



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA Photos © 1966 Universal Pictures Co., Inc.

AND THE GREAT WURLITZER BEGAN  
TO SPIN ITS WEB OF FANTASY AGAIN,  
AS IT HAD DECADES AGO...



AS LON CHANEY SILENTLY GLIDED  
THROUGH THE OPERA HOUSE ON THE  
SCREEN, SUSAN BEGAN TO WONDER...

WHAT WAS THE GREAT  
TRAGEDY HE MENTIONED?..  
IF ONLY HE HAD SAID MORE...  
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!



ABSORBED IN THE MAGIC OF HIS MUSIC  
AND THE FLICKERING FILM SHADOWS,  
KIRE FORGOT ABOUT HIS YOUNG VISITOR...

THE WALL SEEMS  
STAINED AND CHARRED  
AROUND THE ORGAN...  
OF COURSE! I  
SHOULD HAVE  
REMEMBERED!



...MY FATHER ONCE  
TOLD ME ABOUT A FIRE  
IN A MOVIE HOUSE WHILE  
HE WAS WATCHING A SILENT  
FILM...IT MUST HAVE BEEN  
**THIS** THEATRE!







LOOKS LIKE OLD KIRE WAS *MASKING* HIS TRUE FEELINGS, EH, KIDDIES?  
WELL: THAT BRINGS AN END TO THIS *SHRIEK SHOWING*. SO I SUG-  
GEST YOU MOVE ON WHILE I *REEL* OFF MY NEXT *HORROR HANDIWORK*...





AND NOW A LITTLE PULSE-POUNDER ABOUT A MAN WHO'S FOUND  
A PERFECT METHOD FOR GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER...OR  
SO IT SEEMS TO HIM UNTIL HE DISCOVERS THAT THERE'S...

# MADNESS IN THE METHOD!



ALL WAS GREY...  
THE DANK, DRAB  
DAY, THE DREARY  
BUILDINGS BEHIND  
THE GRIM WALLS  
OF THE ASYLUM  
WHERE, A JUDGE  
HAD DECREED  
HENRY BELMOND  
WAS TO LIVE OUT  
THE REST OF  
HIS LIFE...

IN YOU GO,  
HENRY! THIS  
IS YOUR NEW  
HOME...

MUSN'T OVERDO ANYTHING...  
GOT TO PLAY IT CARE-  
FULLY HERE WHERE  
THEY LIVE WITH  
MADMEN!



I'M CAPTAIN DUNNON, HENRY!  
HEAD GUARD HERE AT HANNEFORD...  
NO NEED TO BE UNEASY!  
WE'RE ONE BIG FAMILY  
HERE, Y'KNOW!



REALLY, THIS WASN'T  
NECESSARY! YOU  
CAN SEE HENRY'S  
A GENTLE MAN...



HE'S PATRONIZING ME...AS  
IF I WERE A WITLESS  
IDIOT! BUT THEN...THAT'S  
WHAT I'M SUPPOSED  
TO BE!



INITIAL PROCESSING COMPLETED, HENRY FOLLOWED THE CAPTAIN DOWN SOMBER HALLS LEADING TO...

YOUR OWN PRIVATE ROOM, HENRY! YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE, AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT... WELL, WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU...

I DIDN'T EXPECT THINGS TO BE LIKE THIS! IT'S NOT BAD, NOT HALF BAD!



THEN DUNNON LEFT HIM, AND HENRY DIDN'T MIND...EVEN WHEN THE KEY RATTLED OUTSIDE THE DOOR, LOCKING IT WITH A CLICK...

THAT'S THAT! I'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT! I'LL STAY HERE A YEAR, MAYBE TWO OR THREE! AND THEN...



WHAT TH... THE INMATES! MUST BE SOME OF THEM...SCREAMING... LORD, WHAT A SOUND!

HENRY COMPOSED HIMSELF AND WAITED FOR THE MANIACAL SCREAMING TO STOP... DAY FADED INTO THE SMALL HOURS OF NIGHT AND STILL HE WAITED, NERVE ENDS TORN BY THE SOUND...



DON'T THEY STOP? DON'T THEY EVER STOP? OH, GOD...

... IT'S GOT ME TRYING THIS DOOR EVERY TEN MINUTES TO BE SURE IT'S LOCKED! ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN MAD...

HA! I MUST BE CAREFUL NEVER TO SAY THAT ALOUD!



BUT THE TORMENTING SHRIEKS LEFT NO ROOM FOR HUMOR AND SLEEP BECAME AN IMPOSSIBILITY. DESPERATELY, HENRY SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE PAST...

YOU'D LAUGH AT ME NOW IF YOU WERE ALIVE, MYRTLE! YOU'D SAY I BROUGHT IT ON MYSELF, WOULDN'T YOU, MYRTLE?





...AND THE LAWN, HENRY! THE NEIGHBORS ARE TALKING ABOUT THE LAWN... WEEDS TWO FEET HIGH! THEY'RE SAYING THINGS ABOUT YOU...

...I HEAR OTHER WOMEN TALK ABOUT THEIR HUSBANDS! PROMOTIONS! RAISES! BUT YOU, HENRY... THE SAME LITTLE JOB, THE SAME PITIFUL PAY...

POUR IT ON, MYRTLE! RUB IT IN! MAKE ME HATE YOU BEYOND ENDURANCE! MAKE WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO EASIER!



LOST IN MEMORIES OF THOSE LAST WEEKS WITH HIS WIFE, DAWN SNEAKED UP ON HENRY BELMOND...

IT...IT'S MORNING? BUT I HAVEN'T SLEPT... **COULDN'T** SLEEP IN THIS ROOM! YOU'VE **GOT** TO MOVE ME!

THE **NOISE** BOTHERS YOU? COME ON, HENRY... YOU SHOULD ENJOY THE SCREAMING AND HOWLING! JOIN IN WITH THE OTHERS!



CAPTAIN DUNNON SAID IF THERE WAS ANYTHING I NEEDED...

VERY WELL, I'LL ASK THE CAPTAIN TO CHANGE YOUR QUARTERS, BUT YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BE HAPPY IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO ADJUST...

...AND CAPTAIN DUNNON PROVED A MAN OF HIS WORD...

IT HURTS DEEPLY WHEN ONE OF MY CHARGES ISN'T HAPPY, HENRY! I TRUST THIS ARRANGEMENT WILL GIVE YOU THE QUIET YOU DEMAND...

WHAT IS IT WITH THE GUARDS... WITH DUNNON... CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT!





# A PADDED CELL!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO DESERVE THIS! **LET ME OUT!** YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO PUT ME IN HERE! **LET ME OUT!**

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! THERE'S JUST NO PLEASING YOU, IS THERE, HENRY? VERY WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE...



THIS IS ALBERT BRODERICK, HENRY! I TRUST YOU'LL GET ALONG WELL TOGETHER... NO MORE TROUBLE...

YES, YES! IT'LL BE GOOD JUST TO HAVE SOME-ONE TO TALK TO!



THE DOOR SHUT, THE LOCK TURNED! FOOTSTEPS RETREATED DOWN THE HALL...

THANK GOD, HE'S GONE! THAT DUNNON'S ALMOST AS BAD AS ANY OF THE INMATES! WHAT'S THE STORY ON HI...



HENRY WAS STILL SCREAMING MINUTES LATER WHEN THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND CAPTAIN DUNNON ENTERED, GENTLY AND PATIENTLY REMOVING THE CLAWING, GRASPING MANIAC FINGERS FROM HENRY'S THROAT...

H--HE'S A MADMAN... VIOLENTLY INSANE! ALMOST... KILLED ME...

THAT'S ENOUGH, HENRY! I WON'T HAVE YOU PROVOKING OUR OTHER INMATES! IF YOU CAN'T APPRECIATE WHAT I DO FOR YOU, PERHAPS YOU'LL PREFER THE DOCTORS' RECOMMENDATIONS!





WE'RE NOT PLEASED WITH YOUR ATTITUDE, HENRY, NOT PLEASED AT ALL! FROM WHAT THE CAPTAIN TELLS US, I FEAR WE MUST BE HARSH WITH YOU...

BLASTED DUNNON! I DON'T DARE TELL THEM WHAT A NUT HE IS AS LONG AS HE'S STANDING HERE...

NORMALITY IS A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT, HENRY! YOUR RECORD INDICATES AN INABILITY TO COPE WITH YOUR SURROUNDINGS...

THE DOCTORS' VOICES DRONED ON... MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT, ADAPTABILITY TO SURROUNDINGS... THEY TALKED ON AND ON, JUST AS MYRTLE HAD DONE...

**PARANOIA**, HENRY! I DISCUSSED IT WITH DR. MARSH AND THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS IS WRONG WITH YOU... HENRY! AREN'T YOU LISTENING? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE DONE?

YOU'VE DONE SPLENDIDLY, MY DEAR...



...YOU'VE SPREAD THE MYTH OF MY INSANITY UNTIL EVERYONE, EVEN OUR DOCTOR, IS CONVINCED OF IT! AND NOW...



**HENRY**



...THUS, UNTIL YOU CAN LEARN TO LIVE IN OUR LITTLE COMMUNITY HERE AT HANNEFORD, HENRY, WE CAN ONLY RECOMMEND YOU TO THE **VIOLENT WARD!**



V-VIOLENT WARD? BUT... BUT LOOK, I'M NOT VIOLENT, I'M NOT! IT'S DUNNON... HIS GUARDS... THE PLACES THEY PUT ME...



THE DOCTORS SHOOK THEIR HEADS, EYEING HIM WITH PITY AS DUNNON LEAD HIM FROM THE ROOM AND DOWN... DOWN DEEP INTO THE OLD BUILDING'S DEPTHS... DOWN INTO HORROR...

POOR HENRY! I KNOW YOU WON'T LIKE IT HERE, BUT IT WILL TEACH YOU... AH... HUMILITY!

Y-YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE... IT'S MAD! LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES... PLEASE, DUNNON... **PLEASE!**







DUNNON TURNED, SHAKING HIS HEAD SADLY, LEAVING HENRY TO SHARE THE TORMENT OF THE MADDENED, TWISTED MINDS... LEAVING HIM TO SEEK THE ONLY REFUGE LEFT, HIS OWN MEMORIES...



...THE SYMPTOMS WERE CLASSIC! I WARNED MRS. BELMOND HE MIGHT BECOME VIOLENT... SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT OF HER HUSBAND...

THANK YOU, DR. MARSH! WITH THE REST OF THE TESTIMONY PRESENTED, I'M SURE THE COURT WILL AGREE WITH OUR RECOMMENDATION.

IT IS THE DECISION OF THIS COURT THAT THE DEFENDENT, HENRY BELMOND, BE COMMITTED TO A MENTAL INSTITUTION...UNTIL CONSIDERED AS FIT TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN SOCIETY...

I'VE DONE IT! I'LL PLAY IT CAREFULLY AND IN NO TIME, THEY'LL LET ME OUT!

**LET ME OUT!**

**I CAN'T STAND THIS! KEEP THEM AWAY! GET THEM OFF ME!**

**NYAAAAA!**



A HELLISH ETERNITY PAST UNTIL FINALLY HENRY'S PITIFUL SHRIEKS WERE ANSWERED...

AGAIN, HENRY! WON'T YOU EVER LEARN, HAVEN'T WE WARNED YOU?

PLEASE... I DON'T BELONG HERE... I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE... I'M A MURDERER... I WANT TO CONFESS...





CONFESS, HENRY? YOU'RE NOT RESPONDING WELL AT ALL! THIS IS A TERRIBLE REGRESSION, CAN'T YOU TRY TO ADJUST? WE ALL HAVE TO, YOU KNOW!

I TELL YOU I **MURDERED** MY WIFE... **PRETENDED** TO BE INSANE! IT WAS PRE-MEDITATED MURDER!



HENRY PEERED ANXIOUSLY, DESPERATELY FROM ONE FATUOUS, SMILING FACE TO THE NEXT, TRYING TO CONVINCE THEM...

COME, HENRY! YOU CAN'T FOOL A JUDGE, ATTORNEYS DOCTORS...IT'S ALL DELUSION!

I'LL GET LIFE IMPRISONMENT, LOSE MY WIFE'S INSURANCE MONEY... WOULD I ADMIT ALL THIS IF I WERE INSANE?



THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE! THERE'S ONE SURE TEST TO SETTLE THE QUESTION...

I DON'T KNOW, DOCTOR... THAT METHOD'S VERY CONTROVERSIAL... STILL, WE HAVEN'T DONE IT IN A LONG TIME...

I CAN'T STAND THIS PLACE ANYMORE! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY JUST LIKE IT DID YOUR GUARDS! I'LL SUBMIT TO ANY TEST TO GET OUT OF HERE... **ANYTHING!**



FINE, HENRY! NOW WE'LL SETTLE ONCE AND FOR ALL IF THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOUR MIND...

W-WAIT... WHAT KIND OF TEST IS THIS... WAIT... **NOOOO!**



SHORTLY, THE SCREAMING STOPPED, AND THE DOCTORS WERE ABLE TO COMPLETE THE TEST...

I FEAR, GENTLEMEN, WE BADLY MIS JUDGED HENRY BELMOND... HIS BRAIN LOOKS PERFECTLY NORMAL TO ME!

UNQUESTIONABLY, DOCTOR! PERFECTLY NORMAL! HEEHEE HEEHEE... **PERFECTLY NORMAL!**



HMMM, FELLOW INMATES, EVERYONE AT HANNEFORD ADJUSTED SO WELL TO THEIR SURROUNDINGS THAT EVEN THE STAFF WAS NUTS! WHAT A **CRAZY** STORY... BUT IF YOU'RE NOT **INSANE** OVER THIS ONE, TRY MY NEXT MIND-BENDER!





READY FOR SOME ACID ART APPRECIATION, DUNGEON DWELLERS? HAND ME MY HORROR HAMMER AND CHILL CHISEL, AND YOUR FAVORITE UNCLE WILL KNOCK OUT A LITTLE MONSTERPIECE ALL ABOUT A MASTER SCULPTOR WHO MANAGES TO CAPTURE...



**EUGENE COLAN**

HIS FACE A TWISTED MASK OF RAGE, FREDERICK HOLBERT TIGHTLY GRIPPED THE SMOOTH WOOD OF THE SLEDGE-HAMMER HANDLE AND SENT THE HEAVY MALLET HEAD SWINGING IN A WIDE DESTRUCTIVE ARC, WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS SCULPTOR'S MUSCLES, WITH ALL THE ANGER OF YEARS OF FRUSTRATION AND FAILURE...

GREAT SCOTT, HOLBERT!  
YOUR STATUE...

WHAT DO YOU CARE, TYNAN? YOU HATE  
IT, DON'T YOU? YOU AND ALL  
THE OTHER CRITICS!!





NO ONE'S EVER LIKED MY WORK! YOU ALL WANT CLASSIC, GRACEFUL STATUES...THINGS TO INSPIRE BEAUTY! I CARVE **MONSTERS**... TO INSPIRE **FEAR**! YOU CAN'T ACCEPT THAT, CAN YOU, TYNAN?

CRITICS DON'T JUDGE YOUR PURPOSE, HOLBERT, ONLY HOW WELL YOU ACHIEVE IT... AND YOUR STATUES FAIL MISERABLY!

ONLY ONE SCULPTOR HAS CAPTURED TRUE FEAR... **STAVROS DIMITRIOS**! A TRUE GENIUS! HE WASTES NO TIME WITH GROTESQUE, UNBELIEVABLE MONSTERS, HE DOES **PEOPLE**... CAUGHT IN THE MOMENT OF EXTREME **HORROR**! MAGNIFICENT!

IF YOU EVER HOPE FOR SUCCESS, DIMITRIOS IS THE MAN YOU MUST EQUAL!

ANGRILY, FREDERICK HOLBERT, USHERED THE CRITIC FROM HIS STUDIO, CURSING HIM. FOR A WEEK HE SULKED AND BROODED AMID THE DEBRIS AND CLUTTER OF HIS SELF-DESTROYED WORK, BUT IN THE END, AS HE KNEW HE WOULD FROM THE MOMENT TYNAN MENTIONED THE NAME, HOLBERT WENT TO VIEW THE ART OF **STAVROS DIMITRIOS**...

I-IT'S EVERYTHING THAT FOOL TYNAN SAID! EVERYTHING MY WORK SHOULD BE AND ISN'T! **BLAST!** HOW DOES HE DO IT? SO LIFE-LIKE? NO SCULPTOR EVER HAD A TOUCH LIKE THAT!



THE DETAILING'S INCREDIBLE,  
DOWN TO THE TEXTURE OF THE  
CLOTH! IT MUST BE THE TYPE  
STONE... OR A SPECIAL TECH-  
NIQUE... WHAT'S HIS SECRET?

REMOVE  
YOUR  
HANDS!  
SUCH ART  
ISN'T TO BE  
PAWED!

WHAT'S IT TO YOU,  
OLD MAN?

YOU THINK BY  
GRASPING AND  
FEELING THE STONE,  
THE SKILL WILL RUB OFF  
ONTO YOU... YOU THINK YOU  
CAN TOUCH THE SECRET OF  
SUCH A STATUE! BAH! ONLY ONE  
MAN HAS THE POWER TO  
CREATE LIKE THIS... ME!  
DIMITRIOS!

MR.  
DIMITRIOS!  
I'M SORRY...  
I DIDN'T

KNOW... PLEASE!  
I'M A SCULPTOR MYSELF  
... IF YOU COULD TELL ME HOW  
YOU DO IT...

HE'S OLD... ARTHRITIC... THOSE  
TWISTED HANDS COULD NEVER  
SHAPE THE DETAILING I'VE SEEN  
... NOT WITHOUT SOME  
SPECIAL METHOD!

MR.  
DIMITRIOS...  
PLEASE!

TELL?  
I AM A GREEK!  
THE ANCIENT SKILLS THAT  
PRODUCED THE GREAT  
STATUES OF THE GOLDEN  
AGE ARE MY HERITAGE... MY  
METHODS ARE MY OWN! I  
HAVE NOTHING TO TELL  
YOU, OR ANYONE!

HOLBERT RETREATED  
FROM THE OLD MAN'S  
BALEFUL STARE, AND  
BEGAN TO AIMLESSLY STALK  
THE STREETS IN A DARK  
MOOD OF DISAPPOINTMENT  
AND DISGUST... WALKING  
FOR HOURS UNTIL HIS  
FOOTSTEPS LED HIM TO THE  
AREA OF THE CITY FOR ALL  
WHO HAD GIVEN UP CARE...  
OR HOPE...

DIMITRIOS!  
WHAT'S HE DOING DOWN HERE...  
WANDERING AMONG BUMS AND  
WINOS? SEEMS ALMOST TO BE  
STUDYING THEM...



STEALTHILY, CURIOUSLY, HOLBERT BEGAN TO FOLLOW STAVROS DIMITRIOS AS THE UGLY BENT FIGURE WENT ABOUT STRANGE BUSINESS FOR A MASTER SCULPTOR...

KEEPS FEEDING DRINKS TO THAT BUM... GETTING HIM DRUNK...

THE GUY'S SO JUICED, HE'LL GO ALONG WITH ANYTHING DIMITRIOS WANTS! WHERE THEY OFF TO NOW...?

MUST BE HIS STUDIO... THIS FACTORY AREA'S DESERTED BY NIGHT, GIVES DIMITRIOS PLENTY OF PRIVACY FOR... FOR WHAT?!

USING THE FIRE ESCAPE OF A NEIGHBORING BUILDING, HOLBERT MADE HIS WAY TO THE ROOF OF THE OLD GREEK'S STUDIO, PAINSTAKINGLY EASING HIS WAY TOWARD THE SKYLIGHT, STRAINING IN FEAR THAT THE SOUND OF THE GRAVEL UNDER-FOOT MIGHT GIVE HIM AWAY, WHEN...

WHAT TH-- THE LIGHTS JUST WENT OUT!



HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, HOLBERT EDGED FORWARD TO THE GLASS OF THE SKYLIGHT, HIS EYES STRAINING TO CATCH WHAT THE MOONLIGHT REVEALED OF THE STUDIO'S DARKENED INTERIOR. A FAINT CHUCKLING FILTERED OUT TO HIM FROM THE HUNCHED FORM OF DIMITRIOS. THE SCULPTOR'S DRINKING COMPANION WAS NOT TO BE SEEN...

THE OLD BIRD ACTS LIKE HE'S GOT THE CROWN JEWELS IN THAT BOX! IF HE'S GOT A SECRET, IT MUST BE LOCKED UP IN THERE... BUT HOW DOES HE USE IT? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BUM...?



THE ANSWER CAME SOMETIME LATER, WHEN A NEW ADDITION WAS MADE TO THE EXHIBIT OF STAVROS DIMITRIOS'S WORK...

I-IT'S HIM... SAME ONE THE OLD MAN PICKED UP ON SKID ROW! JUST LIKE DIMITRIOS SET HIM ON A PEDESTAL...



...OF COURSE! THAT'S THE ANSWER! DIMITRIOS DOESN'T CARVE STATUES, HE USES **LIVING PEOPLE!** HE'S FOUND SOME KIND OF SOLUTION YOU CAN POUR OVER THEM THAT HARDENS INTO STONE!

THAT'S WHAT HE KEEPS LOCKED UP IN THE IRON BOX! SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS NEEDED...



HE ALWAYS USES DERELICTS SO NEITHER POLICE NOR FAMILIES MISS THEM AND CAUSE TROUBLE! NO WONDER HIS STATUES ALWAYS LOOK HORRIFIED!

WHY HIS STATUES? AFTER TONIGHT, MY STATUES!





ANTICIPATION GNAWED AT HOLBERT, PLUCKING AT HIS NERVES UNTIL AT LONG LAST IT WAS NIGHT...

AT LAST! THE OLD FOOL'S FINALLY LEAVING... OFF TO FIND ANOTHER MODEL...



JUST AS I THOUGHT ... NO TOOLS, NO EQUIPMENT! JUST A FEW PEDESTALS...



ONCE AGAIN, HE TOOK TO THE ROOF, FORCING OPEN THE SKYLIGHT...

... FAT LOT OF GOOD IT'LL DO HIM WHEN I'VE MADE OFF WITH HIS 'SCULPTING' MATERIAL!



... BUT WITH THIS, WHAT ELSE DOES HE NEED?

TOOLS I BROUGHT'LL HAVE THAT LOCK OFF IN A MINUTE!



SO! MY LITTLE RUSE WORKED...

DIMITRIOS!





I TOLD YOU, HOLBERT. THE STRAIN OF ANCIENT GREECE RUNS IN ME...WE'RE NOT EASILY FOOLED! DON'T YOU THINK I *KNEW* WHEN YOU FOLLOWED ME? DIDN'T YOU THINK I'D BE PREPARED...?

DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE, OLD MAN... I'M CRACKING OPEN THIS BOX! IT'S TIME YOU SHARED YOUR PRECIOUS SECRET!

EXACTLY MY INTENTION! BUT WHY

RUIN THE BOX WHEN YOU CAN USE MY KEY...

YOU'RE GOING TO COOPERATE WITH ME?

CERTAINLY. I WAS FORTUNATE TO FIND THIS PROCESS, IT HAD BEEN LOST FOR CENTURIES... SINCE YOU'VE LEARNED SO MUCH ALREADY, I MIGHT AS WELL SHARE IT WITH YOU!



FEVERISH EXCITEMENT SWEEPED HOLBERT AS HIS MOIST FINGERS CLUTCHED THE KEY, FUMBLING IT INTO THE LOCK WHICH WAS ANCIENT AND STIFF AS THE OLD MAN WHO BABBLER ON HALF-HEARD BEHIND HIM...

PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF *MEDUSA*? A LADY OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY...

YES, YES... I THINK SO... SOME DAME WITH SNAKES ON HER HEAD INSTEAD OF HAIR...OR SOMETHING...

AT LAST THE LOCK CAME OPEN. HOLBERT'S HEART POUNDED AS HIS TREMBLING HAND BEGAN TO SWING OPEN THE LID. STILL THE OLD MAN TALKED ON...

THAT'S RIGHT, ONE OF THE *GORGONS*. HER HEAD WAS HEWN OFF BY PERSEUS AND CARRIED AWAY. STILL, SHE WAS QUITE REMARKABLE...





...AS YOU  
CAN SEE!

AAIIIEEE

EVEN AS THE SCREAM BEGAN, DIMITRIOS,  
EYES TIGHTLY SHUT, FLICKED OFF THE  
LIGHT, AND IN THE ROOM'S BLACKNESS,  
PUSHED SHUT THE LID OF THE METAL  
BOX WITH HIS CANE. ONLY THEN, DID HE  
CONTINUE SPEAKING...

YES, QUITE  
REMARKABLE,  
SINCE ALL WHO  
VIEW MEDUSA'S  
FACE ARE  
TURNED TO  
STONE!!

ALL THERE  
WAS TO KNOW OF  
MY ART... IN FACT,  
I'VE TITLED THE  
STATUE: *THE  
SECRET  
REVEALED!!*

FANTASTIC!  
ONE OF YOUR BEST!  
AND THE MODEL...  
I KNOW HIM! FREDERICK  
HOLBERT. I SUGGESTED  
HE SHOULD STUDY  
YOUR WORK... DID  
HE LEARN ANYTHING  
FROM YOU?

A SHORT TIME  
LATER, CRITICS  
AND CONNOISSEURS  
WERE DELIGHTED  
TO LEARN THAT  
STAVROS DIMITRIOS  
HAD CREATED  
YET ANOTHER  
MASTERPIECE...

AH, AT LONG  
LAST HOLBERT  
IS GETTING  
CRITICAL RECOGNITION, EVEN  
THOUGH IT IS  
A BIT *ROCKY*  
FOR HIM! NOW,  
ALL OF YOU  
WHO WEREN'T  
TURNED TO STONE  
LOOKING AT  
MEDUSA'S PICTURE,  
CAN TURN TO MY  
STATUESQUE  
STARTLER...







JUDGING FROM THE HAPPY HUM OF ALL THOSE LITTLE IRIIDIUM-SPONGE BRAINS, YOU'RE ALL SET FOR ANOTHER SESSION WITH OUR MECHANICAL MARVEL... GET READY TO BE BUSTED UP, GANG, BY...

# ADAM LINK, GANGBUSTER!

ONE SHORT WEEK BEFORE EVE'S TRIAL! COULD I EXPOSE THE **BLACK FIST GANG** WHICH HAD PINNED TWO OF THEIR KILLINGS ON HER? A LEAD HAD BROUGHT ME TO AN OLD WAREHOUSE WHERE THREE OF THE MOBSTERS WHISPERED PLANS, NOT AWARE THAT THE SHARP MECHANICAL EARS OF **ADAM LINK, DETECTIVE**, WERE FAVESDROPPING.

THE BOSS SAYS TO LAY LOW UNTIL THAT **METAL DAME** GETS THE RAP... FOR GUYS WE BUMPED OFF! HA, HA!

YEAH, HARVEY BRIGG IS PLENTY SMART...

SHUT YOUR TRAP, LEFTY! DIDN'T THE BOSS SAY NEVER TO MENTION HIS NAME... ANYWHERE, ANYTIME?



THAT WAS ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW!

HARVEY BRIGG! "RESPECTABLE" CITY COUNCILMAN! HE'S THE BRAINS BEHIND THE GANG, THE MASTERMIND WHO PINNED THIS MURDER RAP ON EVE... NOW I CAN GO AFTER HIM...





BUT IN MY EXULTATION I WAS UNAWARE OF FOOTSTEPS, AND SUDDENLY...

TALK, CHUM! ARE YOU MAYBE A DICK HIRED BY ADAM LINK, HUH?

IF ONLY THEY KNEW THE TRUTH! BUT I CAN'T EXPOSE MYSELF NOW BY USING MY POWERS TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT...IT WOULD TIP OFF HARVEY BRIGG THAT ADAM LINK IS ON HIS TRAIL! I'LL PLAY DUMB...



WON'T TALK, EH! HE MIGHTA HEARD THE BIG GUY'S NAME SO... LET HIM HAVE IT!

LUCKILY IN THIS DIM LIGHT THEY DON'T SEE THE BULLETS BOUNCING OFF MY METAL BODY! I'LL PLAY THE GAME OUT... STAGGERING AND FALLING...



HE'S DEAD... NO PULSE!

OF COURSE NOT... BECAUSE A ROBOT DOESN'T HAVE A HEART! THIS IS ALMOST FUNNY!

WHY LEAVE A BODY? A FIRE TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING! LET'S BEAT IT!



THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT BEHIND THEM A "DEAD" MAN ESCAPED DEATH AGAIN, THIS TIME FROM A BLAZING FIRE...

CLOTHING'S CAUGHT FIRE... I'LL BEAT OUT THE FLAMES THEN HURRY TO JACK HALL'S APARTMENT FOR SOME NEW CLOTHES! IT'S NIGHT AND THE DARKNESS WILL COVER ME!



ON THE WAY, I CALLED EVE VIA THE RADIO-TELEPATHY HOOKUP INSTALLED IN OUR BRAIN-CASES...

GOOD NEWS, EVE! I KNOW THE RINGLEADER OF THE **BLACK FIST GANG**! AS SOON AS I GATHER CRIMINAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM, YOU'LL BE SET FREE...

OH, ADAM, I'M SO HAPPY! I HATE THIS TERRIBLE JAIL!





BUT JACK AND KAY WERE NOT OVERJOYED WHEN THEY HEARD THE NEWS...

HARVEY BRIGG, OF ALL PEOPLE! WHO WOULD EVER SUSPECT HIM OF BEING BOSS OF THE CITY'S BIGGEST CRIME RING? AND THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE, ADAM... YOU'D NEVER GET ENOUGH EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM IN ONE YEAR, LET ALONE ONE WEEK! HOPELESS!

NOT FOR ADAM LINK, DETECTIVE! DRIVE ME TO MY MOUNTAIN CABIN AND LABORATORY!



I SPENT ALL THE NEXT DAY AT MY LABORATORY, PREPARING A SPECIAL INSTRUMENT...

MY ELECTRONIC WIRE-TAPPER! IT'LL PICK UP BRIGG'S VOICE FROM HIS HOME AND TRANSMIT IT MILES AWAY TO A TAPE RECORDER IN YOUR APARTMENT, JACK!

YOU MEAN SECRET CONVERSATIONS? BRIGG CONDEMNING HIMSELF! HOPE YOU'RE LUCKY, ADAM!



ONCE INSIDE, I SET MY MINIATURE EAVESDROPPER FOR CONSTANT OPERATION, DAY AND NIGHT...

I HEAR HARVEY BRIGG... BUT ONLY GIVING HIS SERVANTS ORDERS! I MAY HAVE A LONG WAIT BEFORE I PICK UP ANYTHING IMPORTANT!



THAT NIGHT, AT BRIGG'S SEDATE HOME IN A HIGH-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD...

BY CAREFUL TIMING, I CAN LEAP SOUNDLESSLY TO THIS PORCH ROOF, THEN SILENTLY FORCE OPEN THAT ATTIC WINDOW!



I WAITED THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS-- A ROBOT NEEDS NO FOOD, WATER OR SLEEP. FINALLY ON THE THIRD NIGHT, A VISITOR WAS USHERED INTO HARVEY BRIGG'S DEN...

WELL, SHANE! HOW DID ALL OUR OPERATIONS GO?

GREAT, BOSS! EXTORTION PAYMENTS ALONE WERE 100 GRAND THIS WEEK!





IT ALL POURED INTO MY SUPERSENSITIVE PICK-UP DEVICE...

...THENCE MILES AWAY TO THE TAPE RECORDER IN JACK'S APARTMENT...

THAT WAS THE SIGNIFICANT THING... AND HARVEY BRIGG GLOATED...

SHANE MUST BE BRIGG'S "CONTACT MAN," THE ONE WHO REPORTS ON THE GANG'S WIDESPREAD CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES!

OUR BOOKIES COLLECTED 50 GRAND... JEWELRY JOB WENT WITHOUT A HITCH...

COUNTERFEIT STUFF PASSED OKAY... AND EVE LINK'S TRIAL COMES OFF IN THREE DAYS...

YES, SHANE! TWO OF OUR KILLINGS GET BLAMED ON EVE LINK! ANY JURY WILL BELIEVE SHE'S A "FRANKENSTEIN" THIS ROBOT AND CONVICT HER! HA, HA!

YOU WON'T LAUGH WHEN THE LAW HEARS THIS **PLAYBACK**, MY CUNNING FRIEND!



I GOT A REAL SHOCK FROM THEIR NEXT WORDS...

THAT KIDNAPPED WOMAN OUT IN OUR SHACK... NO RANSOM MONEY WAS PAID SO AT MID-NIGHT KILL HER... WITH A **METAL CLUB!** THAT WILL BE BLAMED ON **ADAM LINK** SINCE EVE IS IN JAIL!

THAT'LL GET RID OF HIM TOO, IN CASE HE'S TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE **BLACK FIST GANG!** GET IT, SHANE? NOW GO AND TAKE CARE OF THAT WOMAN!

I'M GOING TO SLIP OUT OF THE ATTIC AND FOLLOW SHANE! ADAM LINK WON'T TAKE THIS RAP!



SHANE'S CAR CHANGED GEARS... AND SO DID I AS HE RACED AWAY IN THE NIGHT...



HE'S ONLY DOING 90... I'VE HARDLY "SHIFTED" TO THIRD!



IT LEAD TO A LONELY SHACK...



THEY RAN LIKE FRIGHTENED RABBITS TO THEIR CAR...





RUN FOR IT... OR THAT  
ROBOT'LL MANGLE US ALL!

LET THEM GO! IT'S THE  
**BIG ONE** I WANT! HARVEY  
BRIGG! I'LL USE THE OTHER  
CAR AND DRIVE THE WOMAN  
HOME TO HER FAMILY... I  
KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO  
HAVE A LOVED ONE IN  
DANGER!



AFTER I TOOK HER HOME, I DECIDED TO CONTACT  
EVE BY RADIO-TELEPATHY AND CHEER HER  
UP... BUT I GOT AN EVEN GREATER SHOCK THEN...

ADAM! JACK AND TOM  
LINK, YOUR LAWYER, JUST  
VISITED ME WITH THE BAD  
NEWS... THE FIRST PART OF  
THE TAPE RECORDING AT  
BRIGG'S PLACE WAS RUINED BY  
**STATIC**  
CONDITIONS!

WHERE ALL HIS  
GANG'S CRIMES ARE  
LISTED? OH, NO...  
THEN I HAVE NO  
PROOF THAT HE'S  
BOSS OF THE  
**BLACK FIST**  
GANG!



SAVAGELY, I WRENCHED  
THE CAR AROUND...

ALL RIGHT, EVE! THAT CALLS  
FOR **DIRECT TACTICS**! I'LL  
CONFRONT HARVEY BRIGG IN  
PERSON... TRUST ME TO SAVE  
YOU, DEAR!



AFTER RINGING  
HIS DOORBELL...

HEY, YOU'RE NOT SHANE!  
STAY OUT... UGGGGH!

IDIOT! TRYING TO  
STOP ME IS LIKE  
STOPPING A **BULL-  
DOZER**! I WANT  
TO GET MY HANDS  
ON HARVEY BRIGG  
...SEE?



HEARING MY BELLOW FROM HIS DEN, THE  
CRIMINAL MASTERMIND ORDERED HIS BODYGUARD  
TO OPEN FIRE WITH A SUBMACHINE GUN, WHICH  
SUITED ME FINE...

THAT RIPS AWAY MY HUMAN  
CLOTHING AND CHIPS OFF MY  
PLASTIC DISGUISE, SO YOU  
CAN SEE WHO I  
REALLY AM!

A-ADAM LINK... THE  
R-R-ROBOT! WHAT  
DO YOU W-W-WANT?





YOUR CONFESSION, BRIGG... AFTER I GET RID OF THIS HUMAN GARBAGE! YOU WILL FREE EVE FROM THE **BLACK FIST** KILLINGS OF JOHN DEERING AND TONI PUCELLI... IN WRITING!



I HAVE STEEL MUSCLES WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN! I CAN CRUSH YOU TO PULP IN MY BARE METAL HANDS... UNLESS YOU DO AS I SAY!

Y-YES, P-P-PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING!



THEN WRITE AS I DICTATE... "I, HARVEY BRIGG, RINGLEADER OF THE **BLACK FIST** GANG, CONFESS TO ORDERING THE KILLINGS BLAMED UPON EVE LINK, THE ROBOT, AND..."



BUT THE BODYGUARD CAME BACK, INTERRUPTING ME...

FOOL! GET OUT! YOU SAW HOW USELESS YOUR GUN WAS AGAINST ME!

YEAH, BUT HOW ABOUT THIS **GRENADE**, YOU TIN CHUMP?



MY LEGS... WRECKED! STILL I CAN USE MY ARMS TO FIGHT BACK!





BUT I HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE BODYGUARD, FOR HE SEIZED A FIRE AX FROM THE HALL AND...

NO LEGS OR ARMS!  
YOU WON'T BE ABLE  
TO MOVE AT ALL!

GOOD WORK, DUTCH!  
NOW I'LL TAKE OVER!  
GET A **BLOWTORCH**  
FROM THE BASEMENT!



AND SOON A FIENDISH PLAN WAS CARRIED OUT,  
CONCEIVED IN THE HEARTLESS MIND OF HARVEY  
BRIGG, HUMAN MONSTER!

HEAT UP HIS HEAD TILL  
THE METAL'S RED-HOT!  
WE'LL FRY HIS CLEVER  
ELECTRONIC BRAIN RIGHT  
IN ITS SKULL CASE! IT'S  
**TORTURE** TO HIM...HA, HA!

YES...I FEEL TER-  
RIBLE PAIN AS MY  
CIRCUITS GO WILD...  
I'LL LAST ANOTHER  
TEN MINUTES AT  
THE MOST...



A LAST DESPAIR-  
ING RADIO-TELEPATHY  
CALL WENT TO EVE  
IN HER JAIL CELL...

GOOD-BY, EVE!  
I-I'M... DONE  
FOR! AND  
YOU'LL GO TO  
THE ELECTRIC  
CHAIR... AFTER  
ALL! I'VE FAILED, EVE  
... **FAILED!**  
**UNNNH!**



HEAT WOULD SOON MELT MY IRIIDIUM-SPONGE BRAIN CELLS... AND  
SEARING ELECTRICITY WOULD LATER BURN OUT EVE'S LIFE CIR-  
CUITS! OUR DOUBLE DOOM SEEMED CERTAIN AT THIS POINT... AND  
SOON EVE, AND ADAM LINK, THE FIRST TWO INTELLIGENT ROBOTS,  
WOULD BE GONE FROM THE WORLD... FOREVER...



**SHOCKING** BEHAVIOR! IT REALLY **BURNS ME UP** TO SEE A GUY LIKE  
BRIGG PUTTING THE **HEAT** ON OUR HERO... BUT, IF ADAM'S GETTING HOT  
UNDER THE COLLAR NOW, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT ISSUE!







AUTUMN IS ON THE WIND. A HINT OF CHILL TO COME TINGES THE BREEZE THAT SCATTERS DRY LEAVES ACROSS THE GLOOM OF A STARLESS NIGHT, AND MAKES DYING TREES CREAK AND MOAN, THEIR BRANCHES SCRATCHING AT THE DARKNESS... AND SO OUR *PULSATING PROLOGUE* BEGINS, AS TWO POLICEMEN SLOWLY PACE THEIR GLOOMY BEAT...

MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT, AND I GET BROKEN IN FOR THIS GRAVEYARD TOUR! HOW CAN YOU STAND THE QUIET, DOWNEY?

DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU, LAD...  
WE'VE HAD OUR SHARE OF TROUBLES  
AROUND HERE LATEL---

L-LORD...THAT SCREAM!  
IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME  
FROM THE...THE...

**THE CEMETERY!**  
INSIDE... QUICKLY!

CAME FROM OVER THIS  
WAY---WHAT'S THIS?  
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY  
DROPPED SOMETHIN'...

A SPADE... AND  
THERE'S **B-BLOOD**  
ON IT!

HEE HEE HEE

**ALL RIGHT!  
WHO'S THERE?  
COME ON OUT!  
NOW!**

NO? THEN  
WE'RE COMIN'  
IN!

WHAT TH--- I KNOW  
THIS PUNK! GOT A  
RECORD FOR  
GRAVEROBBIN'...

B-BUT, DOWNEY...  
HE'S GONE OUT  
OF HIS MIND!  
AND HIS HAIR...  
IT'S TURNED  
***SNOW WHITE!***

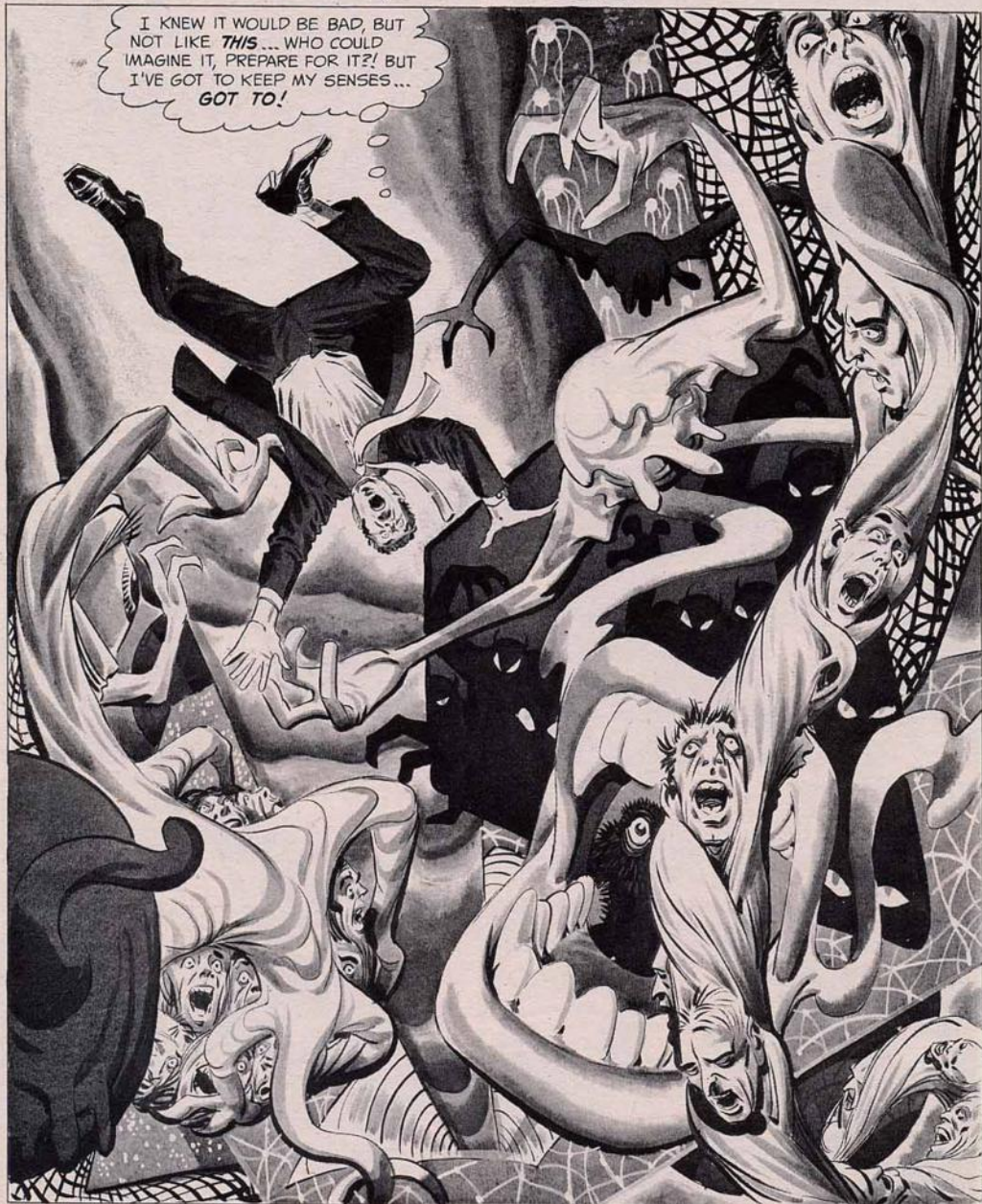
HEE HEE  
HEE HEE



# SECOND CHANCE!

FOR A TIME AFTER HE DIED, EDWARD NUGENT DRIFTED IN A LIMBO WITHOUT DIMENSION, WITHOUT THOUGHT; LIKE A DREAMLESS SLUMBER... THEN, SENSATION WAKENED IN HIS FLOATING FORM AND HE FOUND HIMSELF DRAWN INTO A HALF-WORLD OF HORROR, A SHIFTING, CHANGING NIGHTMARE THAT REACHED OUT AND ENGULFED HIM, AN AMOBEA UNIVERSE WRAPPING AROUND HIM, PULLING HIM TO ITS CORE...

I KNEW IT WOULD BE BAD, BUT NOT LIKE *THIS*... WHO COULD IMAGINE IT, PREPARE FOR IT? BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY SENSES... GOT TO!





DEEPER AND DEEPER EDWARD NUGENT PLUNGED INTO THE DARK DOMAIN, PLEADING AND BEGGING WITHIN HIMSELF FOR IT TO END... UNTIL, TO HIS SUDDEN REGRET, IT DID!

WHAT...  
OH, NO...  
**NOOOO!**



HE WAS LOCKED IN GRIPS ALIEN AND REPULSIVE, CARRIED BY THINGS Sired FROM SEEDS OF MADNESS... CREATURES TO MAKE HIM WONDER IF DEAD MEN MIGHT GO MAD!

YOU ARE LATE,  
EDWARD NUGENT!  
**HE** WILL NOT BE  
KEPT WAITING!

LET ME GO! LET ME GO!  
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



THE IRON GRASPS, THE HIDEOUS CLUTCHINGS DID NOT LESSEN... NUGENT FELT THE URGE TO RAGE, TO STRUGGLE, TO BURST FREE OF THE UNSPEAKABLE GUARD THAT BORE HIM...

YOU'RE MAKING  
A MISTAKE!  
I SHOULDN'T  
BE TREATED  
LIKE THIS!



HIS PITIFUL SQUIRMING EFFORT WAS FUTILITY ITSELF, AND THE HOLDS TIGHTENED, UNTIL HE SCREAMED WITH THE PAIN OF IT... THEN, SUDDENLY, TOO SUDDENLY, HE WAS RELEASED...

**DOWN!** FLATTEN  
YOURSELF BEFORE  
THE MIGHTY ONE,  
BEFORE THE PRINCE  
OF DARKNESS, BE-  
FORE GREAT  
**BEELZEBUB!**



NUGENT PRESSED CLOSE TO THE FIRMAMENT BENEATH HIM AS THOUGH IT MIGHT SWALLOW HIM AND HIDE HIM FROM THAT WHICH HE WAS AFRAID TO LIFT HIS HEAD TO SEE, A VOICE LIKE VELVET-WRAPPED THUNDER SPOKE HIS NAME...

NUGENT! I'VE  
WAITED SOME  
TIME FOR THIS...

B-BUT... I DIDN'T THINK  
IT WOULD GO THIS FAR...  
DON'T YOU REMEMBER?  
WE MADE AN AGREE-  
MENT... **A PACT!**








WE MADE A BARGAIN! I'VE WORN THIS SIGN OF YOURS SINCE AS PROOF... SURELY YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN, SURELY YOU WOULDN'T---


**I FORGET NOTHING!**  
THIS IS ONLY A CHANCE TO RECONSIDER... TO CALL THE BARGAIN OFF AND ACCEPT YOUR FATE AS IT NOW STANDS!




GIVE UP AND REMAIN HERE WHEN I CAN STILL HOLD YOU TO OUR PACT? I WANT WHAT'S DUE ME!

FIRST LOOK AND SEE WHAT WAITS WHEN THE AGREEMENT'S DONE...

BEHIND HIM CAME A GREAT RUMBLE, AND NUGENT TURNED TO FIND HIMSELF TEETERING ON THE BRINK OF A HUGE PRECIPICE...ECHOING OUT OF THE DEPTHS CAME TORTURED CRIES OF THE DOUBLY DAMNED AND BARELY DISCERNABLE TO THE EYE WERE QUIVERING NAMELESS...THINGS...UNCONSCIOUSLY, HE BEGAN TO BACK AWAY.




Y-YOU'RE TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME... SCARE ME OUT OF IT... THE DEAL WAS IF I DIED YOU'D GIVE ME LIFE AGAIN, I COULD TAKE UP WHERE I LEFT OFF...



WITH THE ROTTEN LIFE I'VE LEAD, YOU GOT ME EITHER WAY, BUT WITH THE PACT I'M GONNA GET A LOTTA GOOD YEARS IN BEFORE YOU DO! WHAT DO YOU THINK I MADE IT FOR?

VERY WELL, NUGENT, BUT NOW THE PIT WILL BE WAITING...



OKAY, OKAY, YOU'VE HAD YOUR SAY! NOW I WANT TO GO BACK AND I WANT TO GO BACK **RIGHT NOW**, AS WE AGREED!

TO TAKE UP LIFE WHERE YOU LEFT OFF...





ONCE AGAIN, EDWARD NUGENT FOUND HIMSELF FLOATING, WHIRLING, FASTER AND FASTER, BEING HEAVED UP BY THE TERRIBLE DARK WORLD THAT HAD SWALLOWED HIM...



BUT WHERE AM I... WHERE'D HE RETURN TO.?

NUGENT TURNED IN THE PITCH BLACKNESS. THERE WAS LITTLE ROOM TO MOVE... AND EVEN LESS ROOM TO BREATHE... HE FIGURED OUT WHERE HE WAS...



THEN, FAR ABOVE HIM, IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING, NUGENT HEARD SOUNDS... THE SOUNDS OF LABORING, OF METAL DIGGING INTO EARTH... CHIPPING AWAY AT THE BLANKET OF SOIL THAT WAS SLOWLY SMOTHERING HIM...





**EPILOGUE:** IN THE SOFTEST LIGHTS, MADNESS IS HARSH; BY THE FLASHLIGHTS BEAM, IT IS ALL BUT CONTAGIOUS. BOTH POLICEMEN SHIVER AS THE BREEZE CATCHES THE INSANE GIGGLING AND FLINGS IT TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE CEMETERY...



WHY NOT? HE WON'T GO ANYWHERE... HE'S HIDING INSIDE HIMSELF ALREADY!

HERE ARE HIS TRACKS... WE CAN FOLLOW 'EM BACK TO WHERE HE CAME FROM...



FOOTSTEP AFTER FOOTSTEP IS TRACED BACK, UNTIL...



T-THEY USED THE SPADE ON IT... BEAT IT WITH THE SPADE, THAT'S WHERE THE BLOOD CAME FROM... BUT WHY WOULD TWO EXPERIENCED GRAVE ROBBERS BE SO FRIGHTENED OF A CORPSE TO DO THAT...



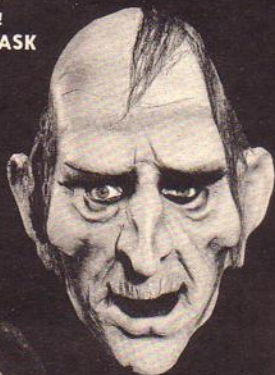
A SILENCE FALLS OVER THE TWO POLICEMEN AND THE ONLY SOUND IN THE CEMETERY IS THE WIND WHICH HAS BECOME COLDER... AND PERHAPS, FAINT ABOVE THE WIND, SO DISTANT IT MIGHT BE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, A CRY... LIKE THE SOUND OF A SOUL IN TORMENT!





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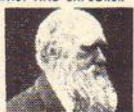
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