

A
WARREN
MAGAZINE



EERIE
#51

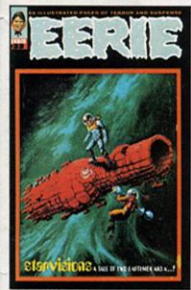
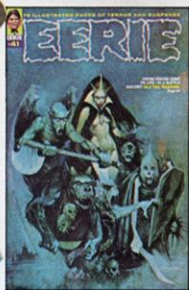
FREE GIANT COLOR POSTERS INSIDE

EERIE

SEPT. 1973

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SPECIAL ISSUE
**BEST
STORIES
EVER!**





OUR COVER: It took us awhile, but we finally got fat old Cousin EERIE to stand still long enough to have his portrait painted by our favorite EERIE cover artist, Sanjulian.

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EERIE

4 A STRANGER IN HELL I stand on the tracks awaiting the death that will come with the train thundering down on me! But it is useless! I know now that I CANNOT DIE!

11 PITY THE GRAVE DIGGER Poor Old Elias was a grave digger. It was a quiet, peaceful job ... up until the day when half-eaten corpses began rising from graves.

17 THE CATERPILLARS The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out, the worms play pinochle on your snout! Giant caterpillar-worms develop a taste for fresh human flesh!

25 EVIL SPIRITS What happens when a man becomes involved with not one, but two jealous, possessive women? Why, the poor fellow doesn't stand a GHOST of a chance!

35 EERIE SUPER POSTER Here's a super special summer gift from us to you! A double-sided, giant sized, color-crammed poster of two of our greatest covers.

43 HEAD SHOP Christopher was captivated by the haberdasher's dummy. With every passing day, the dummy looked more like a real person. Christopher lost his head over it!

49 VISION OF EVIL Conrad Archer was an old man someone had locked away in an insane asylum. But he loved to paint pictures of grotesque monsters ... vividly real monsters.

67 THE CURSE OF KALI Like most of her Majesty's troops in India, I was a lonely trooper ... until I met the girl! She was beautiful, seductive. But really quite deadly!

74 THE MONSTER MATCH You've heard of the famous "Monster Mash." Well, we go that one better with a monster-crammed game complete in this issue. Yours FREE!

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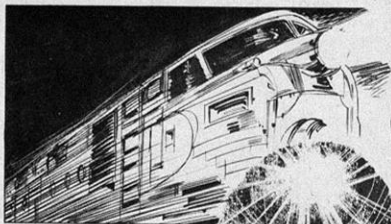


PROLOGUE...

...THERE IS A SADNESS HERE, A MISERY, A HOPELESSNESS CREEPING FROM EVERY DECAYING BUILDING, LIKE THE GRASS CREEPING THROUGH THE BROKEN SIDEWALKS. IT IS WHERE I BELONG...



A TRAIN APPROACHES AND I WAIT PATIENTLY...





WHEW! I WONDER WHAT KIND OF **TRAINING** HE WAS TRYING TO GET! ANYWAY, HE WAS **ON THE RIGHT TRACK!** HEH-HEH! BUT OUR HERO'S TROUBLES ARE JUST BEGINNING! LET'S LET HIM TELL HIS OWN STORY...THE TALE OF...

A STRANGER IN HELL



YES. I
FAILED.



YOU
FAILED.



WHY DID
YOU DO THAT?
TELL ME...I
WILL LISTEN!

TELL YOU?! WHY?!
TELL YOU SO YOU CAN DO
WHAT? CAN YOU REWEAVE
THE FABRIC OF A LIFE? CAN
YOU HEAL A SOUL? I HAVE
MANY SECRETS, BUT YOU WILL
KNOW NONE OF THEM. GO BACK
TO WHATEVER STRANGE GOD
IT WAS THAT SENT YOU,
AND TELL HIM YOU TOO
HAVE FAILED!



HER EYES BURN
HYPNOTICALLY, AND I
KNOW I MUST SPEAK
WITH HER, IF ONLY FOR
A MOMENT. I KNOW
TOO THAT SHE IS NOT
HUMAN. SHE WOULD
NOT HAVE WITNESSED
MY ATTEMPTED
SUICIDE SO CALMLY
IF SHE HAD BEEN. SHE
KNOWS I CANNOT DIE...



TELL
ME!

ALL RIGHT THEN.
THESE ARE MY MEMORIES;
I DO NOT KNOW WHO I AM.
OR WHY I LIVE. I KNOW ONLY
THAT LONG AGO, LIFE WAS THE
MOST PRECIOUS THING OF ALL
TO ME, NOT BECAUSE IT
ITSELF WAS PRECIOUS, BUT
BECAUSE IT OFFERED HOPE.
NOW THERE IS NO HOPE
LEFT WITHIN ME.



THERE
IS MORE.
TELL ME OF
THAT, ALSO.



YES,
THERE IS
MORE IN MY SOUL.
NOT MEMORIES,
BUT DREAMS...

DREAMS
OF A PEACE
WHICH I
NEVER KNEW,
DREAMS OF STREAMS
AND WILD FLOWERS,
AND COLLIE DOGS
RUNNING THROUGH
WIDE OPEN
FIELDS...

WILL I
EVER FIND
THAT PEACE?
EVER?!

NO, IT
IS NOT WRITTEN
THAT YOU SHOULD!
BUT COME WITH
ME AND PERHAPS I
WILL GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU CRAVE
MOST...



DEATH!



AND SO I FOLLOW
HER BECAUSE I HAVE
NOWHERE ELSE TO
TURN. BECAUSE ONE
DIRECTION IS MUCH
LIKE ANOTHER NOW...

**COME,
STRANGER,
COME!**

FOLLOW ME

**I AM THE
MESSENGER OF...
DEATH**

THERE!
THERE IS WHERE
YOU BELONG! IN
THE SEWERS...
GO AND PERHAPS
I WILL GIVE
YOU DEATH!

DEATH

**NO!
NO! NOT
THIS!**

**HA
HA
HA HA HA HA**

**HA
HA
HA HA**

I WALK DESPONDENTLY THROUGH THE SEWERS NOW, WAITING FOR WHATEVER IT WILL BRING ME. A QUOTATION COMES TO MIND: "LOOK UPON MY WORKS, YE MIGHTY, LOOK YE AND DESPAIR," THIS IS WHAT ONE LIFE HAS WROUGHT. THESE ARE THE HOPES AND DREAMS OF A LIFETIME. DREAMS DISTORTED, PERVERTED, CORRUPTED, AND DENIED...TILL ONLY ONE DREAM IS LEFT, ONE ALL-ENCOMPASSING, OBSESSIVE DREAM OVERSHADOWING AND SUBVERTING ALL THE OTHERS...



ONE DREAM, THE VERY ESSENCE OF WHICH TELLS THE STORY OF ONE LIFE...
LET ME DIE NOW...

TILL AT LAST...

WELCOME STRANGER! I AM THE CULMINATION OF ALL THINGS! I AM THE EQUALIZER! I TAKE...

THE SMILES FROM THE JOYOUS... THE RICHES FROM THE MIGHTY... THE PLEASURES FROM THE SINNERS... THE MISERY FROM THE AFFLICTED...

AND THE HOPE FROM ALL THOSE WHO STILL POSSESS IT! I AM DEATH! WELCOME!

COME TO ME THEN! I AM READY FOR YOU! I ASK BUT ONE THING: BE COMPLETE! BLOT ME OUT! ERASE MY EVERY THOUGHT, MY EVERY MEMORY! LET THERE BE NO DREAMING IN THE LAND OF DEATH!

YOU ARE ARROGANT IN YOUR REQUESTS, STRANGER! I THINK PERHAPS YOU STILL DO HAVE HOPES! THANATOS - MY SON! DEAL WITH HIM!



NOW!
STRIKE!



I FALL AND WAIT FOR MY
EXISTENCE TO CEASE. BUT
THERE IS NOTHING. I LIVE
STILL, AND NO DROP OF BLOOD
ESCAPES MY BODY...



WHY? WHY DO I STILL LIVE?
DEATH SPEAKS NOW...

FOOL!
DID YOU REALLY
THINK WE WOULD ALLOW
YOU TO DIE? DID YOU
THINK WE WOULD ATTEMPT
TO ALLEVIATE YOUR
SUFFERING? THE WORLD
THAT EXISTS FOR
YOU... IS HELL!

AND YOUR
FATE IS THE
MOST DISMAL OF
ALL: YOU ARE A
STRANGER IN
HELL!





YOU
UNDERSTAND FAR
TOO LITTLE! KNOW
THIS THEN: THAT THE
GREATEST OF ALL GIFTS GIVEN
TO MAN—PERHAPS THE ONLY
GIFT—WAS THE RIGHT TO
DIE! ANY OTHER MAN CAN
KNOW THAT SOMEDAY
HE—AND ALL HIS WOES—WILL
SOMEDAY CEASE TO BE!
NO MATTER HOW RICH, NO
MATTER HOW POOR—THIS
IS THE ONE GREAT GIFT!
WE HAVE DEPRIVED YOU
OF THAT GIFT! GO AND
LIVE... BECAUSE IT
AMUSES US TO SEE
YOU LIVE!



I DO GO. THE WORDS OF
DEATH ECHOING EMPTY THROUGH
MY SOUL, HAUNTING MY EVERY
FOOTSTEP. **GO AND LIVE...**
IT AMUSES US... SO I WALK
AND AWAIT WHATEVER NEW
SUFFERINGS THAT HELL WILL
BRING, PATIENTLY, HUMBL...
AS MUST EVERY MAN.



END

EVEN IN THE 18th CENTURY, OLD ENGLISH SUPERSTITIONS PERSISTED, KEPT ALIVE BY THOSE FEW CURIOUS INDIVIDUALS AS STILL BELIEVED IN THE FRIGHTFUL LEGENDS PASSED DOWN TO THEM BY WHISPERING, FEAR-HAUNTED ANCESTORS. ONE SUCH MAN WAS ELIAS ELGER, CARETAKER FOR THE SMALL VILLAGE, CEMETERY OF MIDDLEMIST, A MAN WITH A THANKLESS JOB, TRULY, POOR ELIAS!

COME NOW, LAD!
PUT YOUR BACK INTO
IT. DO YOU WANT OLD
WAREHAM THERE TO
CATCH HIS DEATH
O'COLD?

WHY,
MR. ELGER! SHOULD
WE MAKE SUCH
JOKES OVER
THE DEAD?



PITY THE GRAVE DIGGER!

AYE, LAD,
WE **SHOULD** IF WE
WANT TO KEEP OUR
SANITY THROUGH
THE LONG BLACK NIGHTS
AND EMPTY DAYS.



AND YOU, **YOUNG HOUGH**,
YOU'LL BE TAKING MY PLACE
AS KEEPER SOON ENOUGH
AND I'LL BE ONE O'YOUR
MOLDERING WARDS.



GUIDED BY FIFTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE,
OLD ELIAS' SHOVEL, EASILY TAPPED THE
LAST CLODS OF EARTH INTO PLACE...

THERE
NOW, WE'VE
GOT MR. WAREHAM
TUCKED IN **SNUG**.
AND NONE TOO
SOON, I THINK.

AYE,
THE YARD
WILL BE
BLACK AND **FULL**
OF WIND
TONIGHT



THEN, AS THE GRAVEKEEPER AND HIS ASSISTANT RETURNED TO THEIR SMALL COTTAGE BESIDE THE CEMETERY...



GAUGH!
FILTHY LITTLE
BEAST!

HOUGH CALLICOTT WATCHED THE OLD MAN'S FACE, WHITE AND TREMBLING WITH FEAR. HE WONDERED HOW A BAT COULD SCARE A MAN WHO HAD LIVED SO LONG **AMONG THE DEAD...**



IT'S
ONLY A
BAT.

GOD, LET'S
HOPE 'T WAS
ONLY **THAT!**

ONCE WITHIN THE COTTAGE, ELIAS BECAME AWARE OF HIS APPRENTICE'S QUESTIONING STARE...



ARE YOU WONDERING
WHY I WAS TERRIFIED
BY A BAT?

YES SIR, AFTER
ALL, IT WAS A **VERY**
SMALL BAT.

THEN KNOW
THIS—I **FEAR**
BATS, **ALL BATS**,
BECAUSE I CAN
NEVER BE **SURE**
THAT THEY ARE
BATS **OR...**

WHAT!

ELIAS LEANED VERY CLOSE TO HOUGH, HIS OLD EYES GLUTTERING WITH A **SPECIAL SECRET.**



I WILL TELL YOU
THIS STORY, YOUNG
HOUGH, ONLY BECAUSE
YOU WILL SOON TAKE
MY PLACE. IF I DIED
WITHOUT SPEAKING, YOU
WOULD HAVE MY JOB AND
YET NOT BE AWARE OF
THE **DANGER.**

ANGER, SIR?

"BE SILENT, BOY, HEED ME. IT MAY BE THAT ONE DAY YOU WILL **DESTROY A VAMPIRE** ... JUST AS I DID. I WAS AS YOUNG AS YOU, HOUGH ..."

OLD MARLOW DID
SPEAK THE TRUTH!
THERE **ARE VAMPIRES**
AND THEY MUST BE
DESTROYED LEST THE
GRAVEYARD BECOME
TAINTED WITH THEIR
FOUL PRESENCE!



I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I'VE SHOVED A **WOODEN STAKE** THROUGH A **DECAYED HEART** OR, TREMBLING...LOPPED OFF A GROTESQUE HEAD...

LITTLE DO THE VILLAGERS REALIZE HOW I, A **SIMPLE GRAVE KEEPER**, GUARD THEM WHILE THEY SLEEP IN THEIR BEDS... GUARD THEM FROM ALL MANNER OF HORROR...

THERE WAS THE NIGHT THAT TWO GRAVE ROBBERS BROKE INTO THE CEMETERY. I WAS UNABLE TO REACH THEM IN TIME AND THEY HAD ALREADY UNEARTHED A BODY...

GOT US A BIG ONE HERE, SAMUEL... BIG DEVIL, HE IS!

I SAW THEN THAT THE MORBID FOOLS HAD UNEARTHED ONE OF THE VAMPIRE DEAD... I READIED MYSELF A Mallet AND STAKE, KNOWING THAT I WOULD HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE **UNDEAD**...

LORD HELP US!

GOOD GOD! A VAMPIRE!

IT'S ALIVE... ONE OF THE LIVING! MY GOD!

IT WAS ALMOST COMIC SEEING THEM TRYING TO RUN OFF. A KIND OF JUST DESERT FOR THE MANY **DESECRATIONS** THEY HAD PERFORMED!

NO TIME TO CATCH THEM!

BUT THERE CAME A TIME WHEN THE THOUGHT OF VAMPIRES WAS SUBMERGED IN A FAR GREATER, **UNKNOWN** TERROR!

PLEASE... UNHHH!

IT WAS TERRIBLE, HOUGH! TERRIBLE! THE THING CRUMPLED BEFORE ME, AND I KNEW THERE WERE MORE OF THEM ALL AROUND ME. JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO STRIKE!

SOMETHING DEVoured... THE CORPSE!

AURALEON

I, WHO IN TIMES PAST, HAD BEEN CALLED UPON TO UNEARTH BODIES
SOMETIMES SIX MONTHS BURIED, WAS STILL REPULSED BY WHAT I SAW...



I WAS TERRIFIED, YOUNG HOUGH, JUST AS ANY
SANE MAN WOULD BE, AND MORE SO WHEN
I **DISCOVERED**...



AND SO IT WAS THAT, LATE ONE NIGHT, I HEARD **NOISES** IN A
FRESHLY-FILLED CRYPT! GUIDED BY MOONLIGHT, I
FOUND THEM...



THEY FAILED TO SEE ME. THEY WERE MUCH TOO
PREOCCUPIED WITH FEASTING ON THE DEAD! I
HAD STATIONED DYNAMITE NEARBY FOR, A
PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT SECTION OF THE EARTH.
I KNEW THEN THAT I COULD USE THE DYNAMITE
AGAINST THEM, THOUGH I WAS HARDLY ABLE TO
KEEP MY HANDS STEADY TO LIGHT THE FUSE!



"DESPERATE, I THREW THE FLAMING STICK
INTO THE VAULT, BUT NOT BEFORE..."

"SCREAMING, I THREW MYSELF TO THE
GROUND JUST AS TWO HELLISH BAT
SHAPES DARTED PAST..."

"THEN THE VAULT **EXPLODED**,
FOREVER **DESTROYING** ALL
THE **HELLSPAWN** TRAPPED
WITHIN..."





BUT, HOUGH... HOUGH LAD, I DIDN'T
GET THEM **ALL!** THOSE **TWO**
THAT **ESCAPED...**!

YES, **CERTAINLY**,
AND FOR THAT REASON,
YOU **MUST BELIEVE**
ME. ALWAYS BE ON
GUARD!

I... I BELIEVE
YOU SAY...
SOMETHING

BEST TO **HUMOR**
HIM... PRETEND
I BELIEVE.

AND YOU
SUPPOSE...
THEY **MIGHT**
RETURN?



THREE LONG AND LONELY YEARS PASSED. OLD ELIAS' **EERIE TALE**
SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF HOUGH CALLICOTT'S MIND, **ALMOST**
FORGOTTEN... UNTIL...

ELIAS! DID HE **FALL**
DOWN THE STAIRS OF THE
VAULT?!

THE SCREAM CAME FROM THE FAR
SIDE OF THE CEMETERY...



POOR OLD FOOL!
HE SHOULD'VE
RETIRED!... LET ME
DO ALL THE WORK.

HOUGH SEARCHED VAINLY AMONG
THE VAULTS. THEN HE HEARD
CHITTERING SOUNDS, A
HELLISH SCRABBLING WITHIN
THE BLACK MOUTH OF A VAULT...

WH-WHA?
WHAT IS IT...?

HOUGH STEPPED INTO THE
HALF-LIGHT OF THE TOMB,
THERE TO SEE...

IT... IT'S **TRUE!**
THEY... THEY'RE
CHANGING INTO...
IT'S **UNSPEAKABLE...**
HIDEOUS!!

HOUGH CALLICOTT WANTED TO RUN, MORE THAN
ANYTHING HE WANTED TO RUN BUT INSTEAD HE
FELT HIS BODY MELTING DOWN THE DAMP CRYPT
WALL, AND ALL THE WHILE, THE SMALL
CHITTERING THINGS WERE LEAVING OLD
ELIAS' **BONE-PICKED BODY**, AND COMING
FOR HIM, COMING TO **DEVOUR** HOUGH! AND
HE WATCHED THEM COME, UNABLE TO MOVE
PARALYZED WITH FEAR!

I'LL BET YOU'RE WONDERING WHERE WE
UNBARTHED THAT LITTLE NUGGET! DIG IT!
THOSE BAT'S SHOULD'VE BEEN IN YANKEE
STADIUM. THREE STROKES AND YOU'RE OUT!



OH...THE
SIMPLE JOYS THAT
COME FROM WATCHING
A CATERPILLAR
AS IT CRAWLS ON YOUR
SKIN! CUTE LITTLE
CENITEPEDES, AREN'T
THEY?

THE PLACE: A SUPER SECRET GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION
LOCATED TWENTY STORIES BENEATH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK
CITY...THE TIME: TOMORROW. HERE, THE DEPARTMENT OF
CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL DEFENSE WORKS 24 HOURS A DAY,
SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, TO PERFECT THE ULTIMATE IN MODERN
WARFARE...HERE, A TRAGIC MISTAKE OF SCIENCE WILL
CREATE...

THE CATERPILLARS



ABOVE THE SECRET GOVERNMENT
LABORATORIES STANDS THE FAMED
MULTIMILLION DOLLAR EPPLEY BUILDING,
A PERFECT "COVER"...

AT THIS MOMENT, IN A PRIVATE CONFERENCE ROOM, PROFESSOR
KEYS DELIVERS HIS ANNUAL REPORT TO TOP GOVERNMENT
OFFICIALS...

...AND SO YOU
SEE, GENTLEMEN, EVERY
PENNY OF WASHINGTON'S MONEY
IS BEING SPENT WISELY AND WITH
THE MAXIMUM POSITIVE RESULTS...
THAT BRINGS ME TO THE END OF MY
FINANCIAL REPORT FOR
PROJECT X-3...

THANK YOU,
PROFESSOR. NOW WE
WOULD LIKE TO HEAR
ABOUT THE
PROGRESS YOUR
INSTALLATION HAS
BEEN MAKING...





I WILL BEGIN, GENERAL, BY DISCUSSING A NEW PROJECT I HAVE JUST BEGUN... THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW FORM OF INSECT LIFE... UNNH!! MY HEAD!

MY GOD, PROFESSOR KEYS! WHAT'S WRONG?



HE COLLAPSED!... CALL A DOCTOR!



IT'S TOO LATE... PROFESSOR KEYS IS DEAD!... I HAVE TO REPORT THIS TO WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY!

SECURITY AGENT GRAFTON PERSONALLY DELIVERS HIS TOP SECRET MESSAGE TO THE PENTAGON...



PROFESSOR KEYS' DEATH IS A STRANGE ONE, SIR... I REQUEST THAT I BE ALLOWED TO LOOK INTO THIS MATTER MORE CLOSELY.

VERY WELL, GRAFTON... IF YOU INSIST! I HEREBY GIVE YOU FULL INVESTIGATIVE AUTHORITY.

THE NEXT DAY...



WELCOME TO OUR INSTALLATION, MR. GRAFTON. I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT THIS PLACE IS ONE OF THE MOST CLOSELY-GUARDED SECRETS IN THE WORLD!

I'M AWARE OF THAT, DR. BARNES... MY MISSION IS TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE. YOU SEE, PROFESSOR KEYS' DEATH HAS MADE WASHINGTON A LITTLE JUMPY...

PROFESSOR KEYS' DEATH WAS TRAGIC, I AGREE, BUT I SEE NO NEED FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO BLAME US. WE SCIENTISTS DON'T LIKE WASHINGTON PUSHING ITS NOSE INTO OUR AFFAIRS. YOU UNDERSTAND...

NEVERTHELESS, DOCTOR - LET'S START BY TAKING A LOOK AT PROFESSOR KEYS' LABORATORY.



THIS IS WHERE THE PROFESSOR WAS WORKING JUST BEFORE HE DIED. HIS JOB HERE WAS TO PERFECT WEAPONS FOR BIOLOGICAL WARFARE... THAT WAS PROFESSOR KEYS' SPECIALTY.

I SEE... THEN THIS SECRET INSTALLATION WORKS WITH BACTERIA AND GERMS CAPABLE OF KILLING!

ACTUALLY, MR. GRAFTON, PROFESSOR KEYS WAS DEVELOPING A NEW TYPE OF PLANT DEFOLIANT--A FORM OF **INSECT** LIFE THAT WOULD ATTACK A PLANT AND QUICKLY **DRAIN** IT OF ITS FLUID, THUS KILLING IT. THIS INSECT WAS TO BE USED IN FARMING, TO DESTROY WEEDS AND OTHER PLANT PESTS, ASIDE FROM ITS **MILITARY** USES...

MEANWHILE, IN THE CITY CEMETERY, STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING AT THE GRAVE OF PROFESSOR KEYS...

WELL, THAT'S IT FOR ANOTHER DAY! NOW I CAN GO HOME AND--WHA-?!... WHAT'S THAT ??... COMING FROM THE GRAVE... SOUNDS LIKE TINY **CLAWS!**

SCRITCH! SCRITCH! SCRITCH!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AN ELDERLY COUPLE, DRESSED IN MOURNING, COMES TO THE CEMETERY TO SEEK THE GRAVEDIGGER'S SERVICES...

HERE WE ARE, MARTHA... SEEMS DESERTED...

LET'S GO IN...

CEMETERY
J. FRAZIER
GRAVE DIGGER

" THEN SUDDENLY...

HHSSST!

EEEEEEAAHHH!!

GOOD LORD!!

LATER...

WHAT
HAPPENED HERE??
THAT GRAVEDIGGER
DIED A **HORRIBLE**
DEATH...

SOMETHING
OBLIVIOUSLY CAME
OUT OF PROFESSOR
KEYS' GRAVE!
BUT WHAT??

BACK AT THE TOP
SECRET LABORATORY...

I FEEL THE CLUE TO
PROFESSOR KEYS' DEATH IS
IN THIS TEST TUBE...
CONNECTED WITH THE
WORK HE WAS DOING.

DOCTOR BARNES!
COME QUICKLY!
THERE'S BEEN
ANOTHER DEATH--
IN WARD 3!!

WHAT?!
WE'LL
COME
IMMEDIATELY!

MY GOD, IT'S
DR. SMITH... DEAD
FOR NO APPARENT
REASON, JUST LIKE
PROFESSOR
KEYS!

CORRECTION,
DR. BARNES! THERE
IS A REASON... NOTICE
THIS TINY PUNCTURE MARK
ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK...
I WANT AN IMMEDIATE
AUTOPSY PERFORMED
ON THIS MAN!

IN A NEARBY GOVERNMENT MORGUE...

THEN...

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING NOW,
DOCTOR?

OPENING THIS
MAN'S SKULL... HIS
SUDDEN DEATH MAY
HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY
A CLOT... WAIT A
MINUTE! THERE SEEMS
TO BE SOMETHING
INSIDE THE SKULL,
PRESSING ON THE
BRAIN...

GOOD
LORD! WHAT
IS IT??

IT'S
SOME KIND OF
WORM... IT WAS
LIVING INSIDE DR.
SMITH'S SKULL...
FEEDING ON HIS
BRAIN!... I'VE
NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE
IT!

I WOULD SAY THAT
IT'S SOME UNKNOWN FORM OF
INSECT LIFE. IT MUST HAVE
ENTERED DR. SMITH'S SKULL AS A
MICROSCOPIC SPORE, BORING A
TINY HOLE... THEN IT GREW INTO
THIS GHASTLY **THING** BY FEEDING
ON HIS LIVING BRAIN!

WHY... IT'S
TOO **HORRIBLE**
FOR WORDS!

I'LL TAKE
IT BACK TO
WASHINGTON
FOR FURTHER
STUDY...

A FEW HOURS LATER...

...SO YOU SEE, SIR--I THINK THE RESEARCH AT THE NEW YORK INSTALLATION HAS GOTTEN OUT OF HAND. AN INSECT DEVELOPED BY PROFESSOR KEYS TO ATTACK AND DESTROY CERTAIN FORMS OF PLANT LIFE IS ATTACKING **HUMAN BEINGS** INSTEAD! THIS GROTESQUE **WORM** IS THE RESULT... FEEDING ON MEN'S **BRAINS**...

THIS IS INCREDIBLE! YOU MOST CERTAINLY HAVE MY PERMISSION TO CLOSE DOWN THE NEW YORK INSTALLATION! THEIR RESEARCH MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE THIS THING GETS **COMPLETELY** OUT OF HAND! I WANT YOU TO RETURN THERE IMMEDIATELY!

GOOD HEAVENS!!

THEY'RE ALL DEAD!!

EACH ONE HAS THAT STRANGE PUNCTURE ON THE BACK OF THE NECK... AND THESE **COBWEBS**...

THE PARASITES!! THE LABORATORY!... WE'LL HAVE TO BURN THE LABORATORY! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!

I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO SEE THAT YOUR INSTALLATION IS CLOSED DOWN, DR. BARNES. PROFESSOR KEYS' RESEARCH WITH INSECT PARASITES HAS BECOME TOO DANGEROUS...

BUT SURELY YOU CAN'T BLAME THE DEATHS OF DR. SMITH AND PROFESSOR KEYS ON OUR WORK HERE! THAT WORM...IT COULD HAVE BEEN JUST A FREAK OF NATURE. IT WOULD BE **STUPID** TO STOP OUR EXPERIMENTS NOW! COME WITH ME TO OUR LABORATORY, I'LL SHOW YOU THE PROGRESS WE'RE MAKING!

THIS IS OUR MAJOR LABORATORY, MR. GRAFTON...THIS IS WHERE-- WHA-?!

COBWEBS!!

THEN SUDDENLY...

AAAAAH!!

LOOK OUT,
BARNES!!

YOU WERE
RIGHT, GRAFTON...
SOMEHOW, PROFESSOR
KEYS' EXPERIMENTS
CREATED THESE
MONSTERS!

WE MAY
STILL HAVE TIME
TO **DESTROY**
THE PARASITES IF
WE CAN BURN THIS
LABORATORY AND
EVERYTHING IN IT!
... HURRY!

SOON, ALL THOSE
POOR DEVILS IN THERE
WILL HATCH MORE
MONSTROSITIES! WE'LL
HAVE TO DESTROY THE
ENTIRE INSTALLATION!

QUICK! LOCK
THE THINGS
IN!

CRACK!
CRACK!

HSSSSST!!

THIS BUTTON
SHOULD RELEASE A
DEADLY GAS THROUGHOUT
THE ENTIRE RESEARCH
CENTER. WE CAN
ESCAPE IN THE
ELEVATOR...

OOOF

BZZZZ!

SSSSSSSS...
HSSSST!
...HSSSST!
SKREEEE!!

THIS ELEVATOR
IS GAS-PROOF...WE'LL
SOON BE AT STREET LEVEL...
BUT HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN
THIS TO WASHINGTON??
THEY'LL THINK WE'RE
MAD!

I DON'T
KNOW, DOCTOR...
MAYBE THERE
ARE SOME
QUESTIONS THAT
HAVE NO ANSWERS.
HOW DO THE
MONSTERS HATCH?

DR. BARNES!
WHAT'S
WRONG?!

I DON'T
KNOW...FEEL FAINT...
BODY GIVING
OUT...SO
TIRED...

UNNH!

...HE'S
DEAD! THAT
PUNCTURE ON
HIS NECK...
HE'S ONE OF
THEM!!

THEN SUDDENLY, BEFORE GRAFTON'S
AMAZED EYES...

DR. BARNES'
BODY...IT'S BECOMING
CRACKED AND BRITTLE...
LIKE A DRIED HUSK!...
SOMETHING IS TRYING
TO BREAK ITS WAY
OUT!!

CRRRRRACK!...
POP!...
CRACKLE!

HYSSST!...
PUT DOWN
THAT WEAPON,
GRAFTON!

WHA-?!
YOU CAN TALK!!...
WHO ARE YOU??
WHERE DO YOU
COME FROM??

I AM ONE OF
MANY...CREATED BY PROFESSOR
KEYS!...AN ACCIDENT HE
DID NOT INTEND...WE GROW
IN MEN'S SKULLS...DEVOUR
THEIR BRAINS...ABSORB THEIR
INTELLECTS...CONTROL THEIR
BODIES! THEN WE HATCH!...
SOON WE WILL BE
EVERYWHERE!

-THEN
IT'S UP TO ME
TO STOP
YOU!!

SKREEEE-
AAAAHH!!

CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!

GRAFTON SOON REACHES THE STREET LEVEL AND FINDS...

MY GOD!...
THEY'RE
EVERYWHERE!!

MUST ESCAPE...
GET BACK TO WASHINGTON
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

CRACK!

SKREEEE!!

...AND SO THAT'S
MY REPORT, SIR. NEW YORK HAS
ALREADY BEEN INFESTED BY
THOSE GHOSTLY MONSTER-WORMS!
WE MUST **DESTROY** THEM
BEFORE THEY TAKE OVER THE
NATION-AND THEN THE
WORLD!

YOU SURPRISE
ME, GRAFTON... I'M
SURPRISED NOT BY YOUR
REPORT, BUT BY THE FACT THAT
YOU ESCAPED WITH YOUR
LIFE!... YOU SEE, I DIDN'T
PLAN IT THAT WAY!


WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
SIR??

JUST THAT YOU WERE
BECOMING TOO MEDDLESOME
ABOUT PROFESSOR KEYS' DEATH... I
SENT YOU TO THE INSTALLATION HOPING
MY COMRADES WOULD ELIMINATE YOU
BEFORE YOU FOUND OUT WHAT WE
WERE DOING THERE... IT WAS A
BREEDING GROUND—A BREEDING
GROUND FOR THE FORM OF LIFE
THAT HAS TAKEN OVER **MY** BODY,
AND THE BODIES OF OTHERS
HERE IN THE GOVERNMENT!

AND NOW SINCE
YOU ARE NOT ONE OF US,
I MUST ELIMINATE
YOU MYSELF!

NO!!
...AAAAAAGHHH!!

THE
WORM
TURNED, PITY
GRAFTON GOT
CAUGHT IN THE
BACK LASH. BET
HE'S GOT
BUTTERFLIES IN
HIS STOMACH
NOW!



DON'T BOTHER TO LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND YOU AS YOU ENTER THIS CHAMBER OF DREAD, MY FRIEND, FOR THE CREATURES OF THE DARK CANNOT BE DETERRED BY THINGS DESIGNED BY MERE MORTALS. INSTEAD, YOU MUST TRUST IN THINGS YOU CANNOT FATHOM. SIT DOWN...AND PAY SCANT ATTENTION TO ALL THE WAILINGS AND SHRIEKINGS YOU HEAR, FOR IT IS ONLY THE CRIES OF THOSE WHO HAVE TRAVELLED TO THE WORLD BEYOND AND CANNOT FIND PEACE! AND IT SO HAPPENS OUR TALE IS ABOUT SUCH THINGS AND HOW THEY COME TO BE...

EVIL SPIRITS!



PLODDING HEAVILY THROUGH THE RIVERS OF WATER THAT MOURNFULLY COURSED THE SODDEN DRIVEWAY, THE CAR SLOWLY SPLASHED AND LURCHED TO A STOP BEFORE THE HUGE DOOR OF THE HULKING, DESERTED MANSION...



HURRIEDLY, SHE LEFT THE PROTECTION OF THE CAR AND RAN THROUGH THE TORRENTIAL RAIN TO THE DOOR WHERE THE HIGH, OVERHANGING ARCH KEPT HER RELATIVELY DRY WHILE SHE INSERTED THE LONG KEY IN THE RUSTY OLD LOCK AND OPENED THE CREAKING MASS OF WOOD...



HER FUMBLING HANDS SEARCHED CABINET AFTER CABINET, DRAWER UPON DRAWER, BUT THERE WERE NO CANDLES. ANGRILY, SHE REMOVED HER COAT AND IN THE MAIN SALON SHE SET ABOUT THE MAKING OF A FIRE...

I DON'T SEE HOW ONE MORE DAY WOULD HAVE MATTERED! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE WAITED 'TIL TOMORROW... WE COULD HAVE DRIVEN HERE TOGETHER!



FOR LONG MINUTES, CYNTHIA BRENT RESTED FROM THE STRAIN OF HER WEARYING JOURNEY, THEN CLOSED THE CAR'S HEADLIGHTS, SHUT THE IGNITION AND SWORE SILENTLY...

... I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND TO COME UP HERE ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, NO MATTER **HOW** MUCH PETER WANTED ME TO! OUT OF MY **MIND!**



OLD, FAMILIAR MUSTY SMELLS GREETED HER. WITH THE DOOR CLOSED THE OMINOUS STORM OUTSIDE SEEMED QUIETER, LESS VIOLENT, BUT WHEN HER HAND FLICKED THE LIGHT SWITCH AND FOUND IT TO BE USELESS, SHE KNEW THE POWER LINES WERE DOWN AND THE STORM WAS TO BE RECKONED WITH FOR QUITE SOME TIME...



THE FLICKERING FLAMES GLOWED BRIGHTLY, GLOWED TEASINGLY... TAUNTINGLY...

NOW HERE I AM IN THIS EMPTY OLD PLACE... AND PETER... PETER IS PROBABLY WITH THAT... THAT WOMAN!



SHE STAYED BY THE FIRE, WARMING HERSELF, DRYING THE DAMPNESS OF HER CLOTHES, SILENTLY SMOULDERING IN JEALOUS FURY...

WHY AM I SUCH A FOOL?
WHY DID I MARRY HIM? I
KNEW HE WAS NO GOOD...
KNEW HE ONLY WANTED MY
MONEY, THAT HE DIDN'T
LOVE ME!



CYNTHIA BRENT STRODE TO THE LIQUOR CABINET AND POURED A LARGE SCOTCH. SHE GULPED IT DOWN, ENJOYING THE BURN INSIDE HER THROAT, THE INNER WARMTH...

WELL, I'M HERE. MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THE BEST OF IT...TRY NOT TO THINK!



SHE GATHERED SEVERAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINES, AND WITH THE LIQUOR BOTTLE AS COMPANY, SAT BEFORE THE FIRE AND TRIED TO PASS THE HOURS, BUT HER CONCENTRATION WAS POOR, THE CRASHING THUNDER AND VIVID LIGHTNING MAKING HER JUMP NERVOUSLY...

THAT BLASTED STORM! THIS OLD PLACE IS CREEPY ENOUGH WITHOUT HAVING **THAT** TO PUT UP WITH!



SHE DOWNED ANOTHER DRINK...AND THEN ANOTHER, STARING DEEPLY INTO THE DYING FLAMES AND LISTENING TO THE FURY OF THE STORM...LISTENING AND THINKING, THINKING AND LISTENING...

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE
ALL NIGHT! I'LL GO
OUT OF MY MIND!



DETERMINED, SHE ROSE, POURED ANOTHER DRINK AND DOWNED IT. THEN PICKING UP HER COAT AND THROWING IT ABOUT HER SHOULDERS, SHE LEFT THE ROOM AND FELT HER WAY THROUGH THE COLD DARKNESS OF THE HOUSE, UP THE STAIRWAY TO HER BEDROOM...

PETER WILL BE HERE IN THE MORNING. HE PROMISED HE WOULD BE. SLEEP WILL MAKE THE TIME PASS SWIFTLY... SWIFTLY...



AS BEFORE, SHE RUMMAGED THROUGH EVERY POSSIBLE PLACE IN SEARCH OF A CANDLE, BUT THERE WERE NONE. TIREDLY GROPING, SHE TOOK HER NIGHTGOWN FROM HER VALISE AND CHANGED IN THE DARKNESS...



SHE GLIDED SILENTLY IN A VOID, STRIDING SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY TOWARD A SILKEN VEIL THAT HUNG SUSPENDED BEFORE HER AND AS SHE NEARED IT, IT DREW FURTHER AWAY, MOCKING HER...



CHILLED AND WEARY, CYNTHIA CRAWLED BENEATH THE HEAVY COVERS AND PRAYED FOR SLEEP...BUT SLEEP DID NOT COME EASILY, AND WHEN IT DID, DREAMS CAME WITH IT...



BEHIND THAT VEIL WAS SOMETHING FRIGHTENING, SOMETHING SHE COULD NOT BEAR TO SEE, YET **HAD** TO SEE! SHE RAN FASTER AND FASTER AND FROM THE VEIL CAME A HIDEOUS LAUGH, DERIDING HER, AND THE LAUGH WAS FAMILIAR...FAMILIAR...



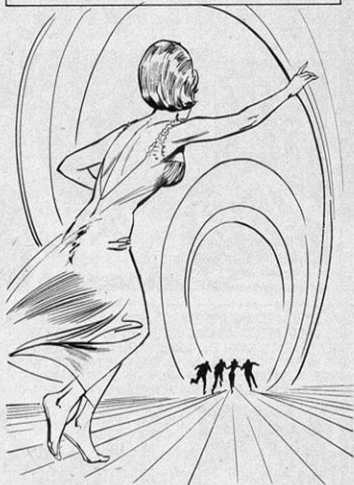
AND THE VEIL WAS LIFTED, LIFTED BY HUGE HANDS TO REVEAL A GIGANTIC, LAUGHING FACE, LAUGHING AND LAUGHING SO LOUDLY HER EARDRUMS ACHED, AND THE FACE WAS FAMILIAR...IT WAS **HER** FACE! MAGDA'S FACE! THE WOMAN WHO WAS WITH PETER!



AT ONCE, MAGDA'S FACE GREW SMALLER AND THEN BECAME A FIGURE RUNNING AHEAD OF CYNTHIA AND THE FIGURE WAS JOINED BY ANOTHER, AND THEN ANOTHER, AND YET ANOTHER! AND ALL OF THEM WERE PETER AND ALL OF THEM WERE RUNNING AWAY! AWAY!



IN HER DREAM, CYNTHIA CRIED OUT FOR THEM TO STOP! SHE TRIED TO SPEAK TO PETER BUT HER VOICE WAS SO WEAK IT COULD NOT BE HEARD ABOVE THE LAUGHTER, AND THE DOOR LOOMED AHEAD... A GOAL...



IN THE DOORWAY THE FIGURES STOOD TAUNTINGLY... PETER AND MAGDA...LAUGHING AND CALLING TO HER. WORDS SHE COULD NOT HEAR AND SHE GREW SMALLER...



AND THE DOOR GREW LARGER AND THE FIGURES LARGER STILL, AND THE DOOR BEGAN TO CLOSE, TOWERING HIGH OVERHEAD, CLOSING ON MAGDA AND PETER, AND CYNTHIA WAS POWERLESS TO STOP, TO REACH OUT, TO SPEAK...

AT ONCE, THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT WITH A ROAR THAT DEAFENED AND IT BEGAN TO CRACK AGUNDER INTO MANY PIECES ALL OF WHICH STARTED TO RAIN DOWN UPON HER IN HEAVY, PONDEROUS SLOW MOTION, LANDING ALL ABOUT HER IN MYRIAD PATTERNS AND SOUNDS!



SOUNDS! BOLT UPRIGHT IN HER BED, SHE SAT, AWARE OF HER HEAVY BREATHING, HER TREMBLING NERVES, AND SHE LISTENED FOR THE SOUNDS!



THE NIGHTMARE'S PANIC RECEDED INTO THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF AWAKENING, AND GRADUALLY THE WIND AND RAIN SOUNDS OF THE STORM AT LAST PENETRATED HER AWARENESS AND SHE WAS AWAKE...AND LISTENING STILL...FOR SOMEHOW, THOUGH SHE KNEW SHE HAD BEEN DREAMING, SHE WAS ALERT NOW TO SOME **OTHER** SOUND SHE HAD HEARD...A SOUND THAT HAD NOT BEEN PART OF HER DREAM...



SHE ROSE FROM THE BED, THE COOL AIR OF THE ROOM CHILLING HER MOIST, PERSPIRING FLESH, BUT SHE PAID NO HEED, SO INTENT WAS SHE ON MOVING FROM THE ROOM, LISTENING...

NO ONE IN THE MAIN HALLWAY... COULDN'T BE PETER... **HE** WOULDN'T COME OUT HERE IN THIS WEATHER...MAYBE I ONLY IMAGINED...

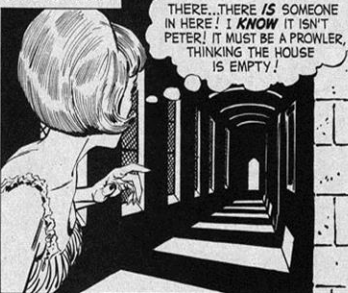


STILL THE FEELING PERSISTED. SOMETHING TOLD HER SHE **HAD** HEARD A NOISE, NOTWITHSTANDING THE FURY OUTSIDE WITH ITS CRACKLING AND THUNDERING, SHE WAS ALMOST CERTAIN SHE HAD HEARD A STRANGE NOISE, A **SMALL** NOISE! SHE MOVED CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE STAIRS. IN THE MAIN SALON, THE FIRE HAD DIED...



NO ONE HERE...I'LL CHECK THE CORRIDOR...

IN THE GREAT, LONG CORRIDOR CONNECTING THE TWO WINGS OF THE CASTLE, SHE STOPPED...FOR SHE HAD SEEN THE DIM GLOW OF A MOVING LIGHT SHINING FROM BEYOND THE TURN AT THE FAR END... FEAR CAME TO HER...

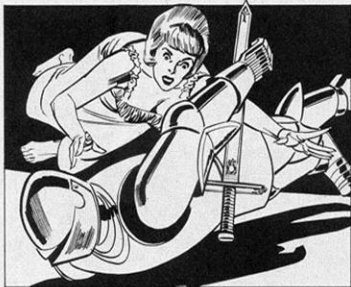


THERE...THERE **IS** SOMEONE IN HERE! I **KNOW** IT ISN'T PETER! IT MUST BE A PROWLER, THINKING THE HOUSE IS EMPTY!

OH! THE LIGHT... GROWING BRIGHTER! IT'S COMING THIS WAY! I HAVE TO HIDE! I HAVE TO HIDE!



CYNTHIA'S FEAR MOUNTED RAPIDLY AT THE THOUGHT OF BEING TRAPPED BY SOME UNKNOWN FIEND! TURNING QUICKLY TO RUN, SHE STUMBLED AGAINST A STANDING SUIT OF ARMOR, SENDING IT CRASHING TO THE FLOOR IN A TREMENDOUS CLATTER!



PETRIFIED, AFRAID TO CALL OUT, CYNTHIA SILENTLY MOVED AWAY, CLUMSILY MAKING HER WAY UP THE STAIRS IN TREMBLING HASTE...

THE LAST TIME PETER AND I ARGUED...WHEN I TOLD HIM I KNEW HE WAS SEEING MAGDA...HE WAS SO VERY ANGRY! HE THREATENED ME!



HER SHAKING HANDS EXPLORED BEFORE HER IN THE BLACKNESS, GROPING AND FINDING HER WAY AS SHE SEARCHED FOR A PLACE TO HIDE! ROOMS WERE TOO BIG TO BE LOST IN, TOO EASY TO BE TRAPPED IN! SHE WANTED A SMALL, DARK, UNKNOWN, EVEN INVISIBLE PLACE TO BE SAFE TILL THE TERROR WAS PAST...

THESE STEPS...THEY LEAD TO THE TOWER ROOM! I CAN LOCK MYSELF IN THERE!



THE LIGHT! IT'S GONE OUT! WHOEVER IT IS KNOWS I'M HERE! OH, MY HEAVENS! I SEE SOMEONE!



POISED IN FROZEN STANCE ON THE LANDING, WAITING AND LISTENING...AND SUDDENLY IN THE BRILLIANCE OF A CRASHING LIGHTNING BOLT, SHE SAW THE FIGURE MOVING TOWARD THE STAIRS...

IT IS SOMEONE AFTER ME! PETER SAID HE WOULD SEE ME DEAD, BUT I DIDN'T THINK HE MEANT IT!



BUT HOPE TURNED TO CHILLING DREAD...FOR THE DOOR TO THE TOWER ROOM WAS LOCKED!

IT WON'T OPEN! OH, WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE LOCKED!? I'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO!!



SHE TURNED TO GO BACK DOWN THE STAIRS, BUT STOPPED! UNMISTAKEABLY, SHE HAD HEARD A FOOTSTEP COMING UP THE TOWER STAIRS!

I'M TRAPPED! **TRAPPED!**
WHOEVER IT IS WILL **KILL** ME!



A LIGHTNING FLASH MOMENTARILY REVEALED THE GLEAMING FORM OF A HUGE BATTLE AXE ADORNING THE WALL! WITH SWEATING, TREMBLING HANDS SHE GRASPED THE WEAPON...AND THE SOUND ON THE STAIR WAS CLOSER!



SHE WAITED, TREMBLING VIOLENTLY, THE MASSIVE WEIGHT OF THE BATTLE AXE STRAINING HER EVERY FIBRE, HER EVERY NERVE TINGLING IN PANIC, HER EVERY SENSE REELING AND WHIRLING IN FRENZIED FEAR!

AND THEN, SUDDENLY THE FIGURE TURNED THE FINAL CORNER! THE RUSTLE OF CLOTHING AND HURLING FORM, A THRUSTING GLEAM LUNGING FORWARD, THE CRASHING, CRUSHING WEIGHT OF THE AXE SLASHING DOWN WITH ALL HER STRENGTH IN THE BLAZING GLARE OF LIGHTNING, SHRIEKS AND SCREAMS LOST IN THE FOLLOWING ROAR OF THUNDER!

PETER? PETER, IS THAT YOU?! IF IT IS YOU, PETER, TELL ME!! **TELL ME!**
PLEASE, PLEASE, **PLEASE!**







NOW, NOW, INSPECTOR, THAT'S NAUGHTY TALK! BUT IF YOU'RE ALL THROUGH HERE, I'LL SAY GOODBYE!

COME INSIDE, MY DEAR... EVER BEEN IN A REAL CASTLE BEFORE?

NO, I HAVEN'T... IS IT A REAL, **REAL** CASTLE, PETER?



OF COURSE, MY DEAR. I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU ROOM BY ROOM... ... LATER.

PETER, YOU'RE SIMPLY TERRIBLE! HERE YOUR WIFE HAS JUST BEEN KILLED, AND THAT OTHER WOMAN, TOO, AND ALL YOU THINK ABOUT IS

MMMMMM



PETER, STOP IT! WHY, YOU'RE JUST AWFUL! I GUESS THAT'S WHAT MAKES YOU SO... EXCITING!

IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING, MY DEAR. JUST THE BEGINNING OF A WONDERFULLY **RICH** AND PLEASURABLE LIFE... FOR JUST THE TWO OF US!



OH, PETER, YOU OUGHTN'T TO TALK LIKE THAT... SO SOON AFTER... WELL, NOT **HERE**, ANYWAY. THOSE TWO WOMEN KILLED EACH OTHER HERE, AND...

HA, HA, HA! OH, SHARIE, MY DEAR, YOU'RE SO INNOCENT! SO NAIVE! WHY, THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR! YOU SURELY DON'T BELIEVE IN **GHOSTS**, DO YOU?



NO... OF COURSE NOT! IT'S JUST THAT IT'S SUDDENLY SO COLD AND CLAMMY IN HERE! DON'T YOU FEEL IT?

RICIDULOUS! ABSOLUTELY RIDICULOUS! **HA, HA, HA!** YOU'RE SUCH A CHARMER!

AND A HEARTY **HA, HA, HA**, TO YOU, TOO, FRIEND! WELL... PETER **AXED** FOR IT, DIDN'T HE? **SWORD** OF MAKES YOU THINK TWICE ABOUT PULLING ANY FAST ONES! BETTER EXAMINE YOUR OWN ACTIVITIES AND... AND... **AND LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!**



The End

IN THE MARKET
FOR A NEW HAT?
WELL, MAKE A DASH
TO THE NEAREST
HABERDASHERY!
JUST MAKE SURE YOU
DON'T GET SIDE-
TRIPPED INTO A...

IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME ROUTINE FOR
CHRISTOPHER DUCEY... THE BORING WALK FROM
HIS HOUSE TO THE BUS STOP, THE LONG
UNEVENTFUL RIDE TO THE OFFICE THE ENDLESS
DRUDGERY OF OFFICE TRIVIA. NO WONDER
INSIGNIFICANT THINGS ALONG THE WAY BEGAN
TO CATCH HIS EYE...

HEAD SHOP



HOPING THE HONEST OPINION OF A PASSER-BY MIGHT SHED SOME LIGHT ON HIS UNUSUAL DISCOVERY...



ALMOST LATE FOR WORK, CHRIS GLANCED BACK AT THE HEAD IN THE WINDOW AND HURRIED TO THE BUS STOP.



THOUGH HE TRIED TO CONCENTRATE ON HIS WORK, CHRIS' THOUGHTS ALWAYS RETURNED TO THE HEAD IN THE HABERDASHERY WINDOW. HE ALMOST LOOKED FORWARD TO RETURNING HOME FROM THE BUS STOP.



DAY AFTER DAY CHRIS DUCEY PASSED THE HABERDASHERY. IRONICALLY HOWEVER, SEEING THE HEAD WITH ITS PECULIAR SMILING FACE WAS ALSO BECOMING ROUTINE...

THAT IS, UNTIL TODAY!

MY OLD FRIEND GEORGE IN THE WINDOW... AND NOW HE'S BEGINNING TO BORE ME!

WHAAAAA-?!!!

SO ROUTINE HAD THE WALK PAST THE SHOP BECOME THAT CHRIS DUCEY HAD NOT GIVEN THE HEAD A CLOSE INSPECTION IN DAYS.

...DIFFERENT!
LIKE IT'S CHANGED,
SOMEHOW!

THERE'S
...THERE'S
SOMETHING
WRONG WITH
IT! IT
LOOKS...

FEELING UNEASY, CHRIS PONDERED OVER THE MATTER ON HIS RIDE TO THE OFFICE... SOME VAGUE AND YET DEFINITE CHANGE HAD OCCURED.

THIS EERIE METAMORPHOSIS CAST A DESPERATE SENSE OF CONFUSION OVER CHRIS.

WHAT'S WRONG
WITH CHRIS?
HE SEEMS TO BE
IN A FOG!

THE WORST SUSPICIONS WERE FORMING IN CHRIS DUCEY'S MIND. FOR DAYS HE REFUSED TO LOOK AT THE DUMMY HEAD. FOOLISHLY HE HOPED THAT BY AVOIDING IT, HE MIGHT FORGET WHAT HE HAD SEEN.



NO, I WON'T LOOK AT IT. I WON'T!

BUT THERE IS A LIMIT TO THE AMOUNT OF SUSPENSE EVEN THE MOST FEARFUL OF MEN CAN TAKE.

I'VE GOT TO TAKE A LITTLE LOOK... JUST A LITTLE GLANCE...



...GOOD LORD!

CHRIS KNEW THAT HE SHOULD CALL THE POLICE. AND YET, A CONVICTION DEEP INSIDE HIM FOUGHT AGAINST THE REALITY OF THIS NIGHTMARE. IF HE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT HIMSELF WHY SHOULD THE POLICE?!?



MY WORST SUSPICIONS... TRUE! GOD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



AND SO HE DID THE ONLY THING HE COULD DO. HE RAN.



GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THAT GHASTLY... THING!

AT THE OFFICE, THE TENSION INCREASED.
CHRIS COULD NOT THINK OF HIS WORK...



AT THE END OF HIS CONVALESCENCE,
CHRIS HAD STILL NOT FORGOTTEN ABOUT
THE HEAD. BUT THE REST DID SOME
GOOD... AND SOON HE THOUGHT IT
TIME TO RETURN TO WORK.



SUDDENLY CHRIS DUCEY FELT HEROIC--OR CRAZY. HE HAD TO END THE TORMENT. HOLDING HIS UNSTEADY STOMACH, HE RUSHED INTO THE HABERDASHERY. THE PROPRIETOR'S SURPRISED EYES FLASHED UP AT HIM.



DON'T YOU REALIZE...THAT
THERE'S A **REAL HUMAN
HEAD** IN YOUR WINDOW...
AND IT'S (CHOKE!)
ROTTING ?!!!

BUT...
YOU'RE
RIGHT! IT IS
ROTTING!
HOW
ABSENT-MINDED
OF ME AND HOW
THOUGHTFUL
OF YOU!

IN MY
WINDOW ?
A HUMAN
HEAD ?

... I GOT A
NEW ONE!

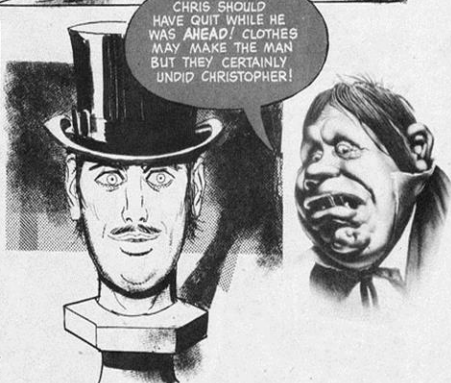


THE NEXT MORNING USHERED IN JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE DAY...ANOTHER PASSER-BY STRUCK BY THE STRANGELY REAL HUMAN HEAD IN THE HABERDASHERY WINDOW...

HMMMM...
NOW THAT'S A
STRANGE ONE,
FOR YOU.



CHRIS SHOULD
HAVE QUIT WHILE HE
WAS AHEAD! CLOTHES
MAY MAKE THE MAN
BUT THEY CERTAINLY
UNDID CHRISTOPHER!

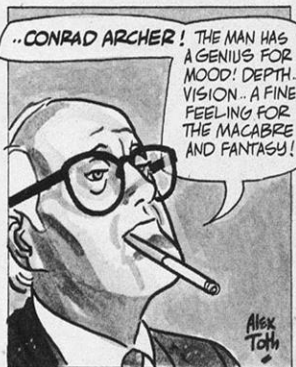


GATHER 'ROUND, ALL YOU PATRONS OF THE ARTS... **BLACK ARTS**, THAT IS... I'VE GOT A **MAYHEM MASTERPIECE** FOR YOU! GRAB YOUR PAINTS AND BRUSHES FOR LESSON ONE IN **PETRIFYING PAINTING** GIVEN BY **CONRAD ARCHER**, A MAN WITH A REAL...

VISION OF EVIL



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TEN YEARS OF ART COLLECTING, SIMON NORTON FELT AN **EXCITEMENT!** MORE THRILLING THAN ACQUIRING AN OLD MASTER, THIS DISCOVERY! A VAST NEW TALENT UNCOVERED...





THEN I'LL
DEAL WITH
HIM MYSELF!
WHERE MAY
I CONTACT
ARCHER?

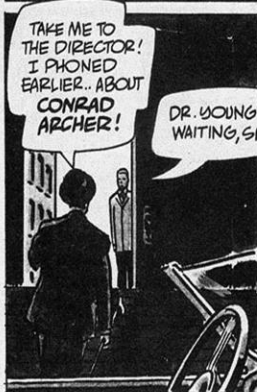
I'M CHECKING, MR. NORTON...
WE DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY
RECORDS ON HIS... WAIT,
HERE'S AN ADDRESS...



T-THIS MUST BE A MISTAKE... SAYS
KINGSFORD ASYLUM FOR THE
INSANE !!!

FROM MANHATTAN'S
PLUSH ART GALLERIES,
NORTON DROVE HARD
AND FAST INTO THE BY-
LANES OF NEW ENGLAND,
UNTIL HIS HEADLIGHTS
PLAYED ON THE GAUNT
IRON GATES OF AN AGING
GOTHIC STRUCTURE...

WHY NOT AN ASYLUM?
THERE'S A FINE LINE
DRAWN BETWEEN THE
WORLDS OF GENIUS
AND INSANITY...



TAKE ME TO
THE DIRECTOR!
I PHONED
EARLIER.. ABOUT
**CONRAD
ARCHER!**

DR. YOUNG'S
WAITING, SIR!



DR. YOUNG?
YOU SAID I'D
BE ALLOWED
TO MEET
ARCHER...

MAY PROVE DISAPPOINTING.. EXCEPT
WHEN PAINTING, HE'S COMPLETELY
WITHDRAWN.. IN A TRANCE! ART IS
HIS ONLY THERAPY... YET, HIS
CHOICE OF SUBJECTS MAKES
ONE WONDER!

FOLLOWING DR. YOUNG FROM HIS OFFICE, NORTON WAS LED DOWN DARK, SLIMY STEPS, TO THE OLD BUILDING'S CELLAR...

STRANGE PLACE FOR A PATIENT IN THIS DAY AND AGE!

ARCHER INSISTS ON IT! OF LATE, IT'S THE ONLY SPOT IN WHICH HE'LL WORK! REGRESSING, I'M AFRAID!

HERE YOU ARE, MR. NORTON... CONRAD ARCHER!

HE JUST SITS LIKE THAT? ISN'T HE WORKING?

HE MUTTERED SOMETHING LAST NIGHT ABOUT 'ONE MORE SITTING'! HASN'T STIRRED SINCE... CLAIMS THIS IS HIS LAST PAINTING !!!

NEARLY DONE, EXCEPT FOR AREAS ON THAT... THING!

SHEER GENIUS!

INCREDIBLY LIFE-LIKE! ... BUT THE DEMON'S VICTIM ...

YES! HE USED HIMSELF! FASCINATING PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPLICATIONS!

THE PITY OF IT! ALL THAT TALENT -- AND FROM IT, ONLY TWO PAINTINGS!

OH, NO! ONE MORE! HIS MASTERWORK !! IT GAVE US PROBLEMS, TOO!





NORTON RETURNED TO THE RECREATION ROOM... IGNORING THE HALLWAY CLAMOR OF ATTENDANTS, HE MOVED CLOSE TO THE MASTER-WORK OF CONRAD ASHER, AND PORED OVER THE TECHNIQUE AND DETAIL OF THE PAINTING BEFORE HIM...

BEST KEEP THIS DOOR LOCKED UNTIL WE'VE FOUND ARCHER! AND I DON'T WANT ANY OF OUR OTHER PATIENTS POPPING IN, SEEING THAT THING AGAIN!

CAN'T THINK OF WHERE ARCHER MIGHT'VE -!
NORTON!
WHAT IS IT...?!!

LOOK AT IT!
LOOK AT THE
DETAILING!
HAVEN'T YOU
EVER SEEN...?!!

N-NO!!
I-I-!!

H-HOW...? ARCHER
HAD NEVER SEEN
YOU... HE COULDN'T..


I DON'T KNOW!
I DON'T KNOW!!

SUDDENLY, UNBELIEVABLY LOUD
AND STRONG, THERE WAS A BEATING
ON THE HUGE DOORS BEHIND THEM!

KABOOM!
KABOOM!
KABOOM!


YOU CAN BET IT
WASN'T OPPOR-
TUNITY KNOCKING
(HEH, HEH!) IN
BUYING ARCHER'S
PAINTING, MR.
NORTON REALLY
GOT TOOK!...
FOR KEEPS!!
IF HE'D STUCK
TO POP ART,
HE MIGHT NOT
HAVE HAD TO
POP OFF!!!
HAHAHAHAHA,

END



GRAB YOUR PITH HELMET, HORROR HABITUÉS, AND WE'LL JOIN THE MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN OUT IN THE NOONDAY SUN FOR THIS **RABID RAMBLING** OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S ARMY IN INDIA AND HOW THEY FACE...

The CURSE of KALI!



NO ANSWER TO
OUR SIGNALS, SIR...
ENTIRE VILLAGE APPEARS
DESERTED!

BLAST! FIRST
THE TELEGRAPH OUT,
NOW THIS! LEAVE HALF
THE PARTY UP HERE
AS RESERVE...WE'LL
RIDE IN, CAPTAIN!

THE AFTERNOON SUN PULSED BRIGHTLY AND THE WESTERN WIND CREATED DUST DEVILS TO ACCOMPANY THE COLUMN AS IT MOVED INTO THE VILLAGE, HERALDED BY THE BEAT OF VULTURE WINGS...



NOT A SOUL! NOTHING BUT THOSE RUDDY BIRDS! AND NO SIGN OF LIEUTENANT SMYTHE OR HIS GARRISON...

WE'LL SOON KNOW FOR CERTAIN, SIR... THAT'S THEIR BARRACKS!



MERCIFUL GOD! BEST SEE THIS FOR YOURSELF, SIR!

FLIES HOVERED IN THE FETID ATMOSPHERE OF THE DARKENED ROOM LIKE A VIBRATING, BUZZING FOG... BOTH MEN WINCED...



T-THE BODIES... CHALK WHITE! I'VE NEVER-- SMYTHE HAD NINE MEN WITH HIM, I COUNT ONLY EIGHT...

THE LIEUTENANT AND HIS SERGEANT... STILL MISSING!

A CRY ECHOED THROUGH THE VILLAGE. THE TWO OFFICERS RUSHED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND...



IT'S SARGINT CAIRN! 'E WON'T BUDGE... WON'T LET NOBODY IN THERE!

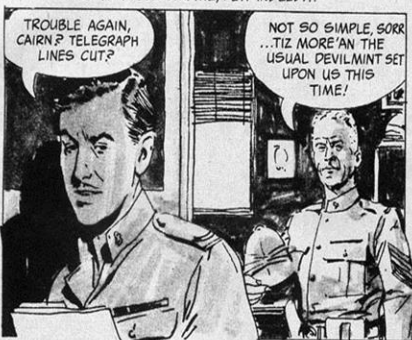
NOT TILL AV HAD MY SAY, SORR! HEAR OUT MY STORY BEFORE YOU RUSH INSIDE!...



EASY, MAN... WE'LL LISTEN! TAKE YOUR TIME, TELL US EVERYTHING!...

THERE'S THINGS HAPPENED HERE, SORR, AIN'T SO EASILY BELIEVED, BUT THEY'RE NOT THE LESS TRUE FOR IT... MIGHT BE I WISH THEY WERE LIES!

"SEVENTEEN YEARS, AV SARVED THE QUANE AND MANY UV HER OFFICERS TOO...THERE'S FEW UV 'EM ID PLACE ABOVE LIEUTENANT NIGEL SMYTHE, FEW INDEED..."



"'T WAS DEATH SET UPON US, HORRIBLE DEATH WITH MANY A VISIT YET TO COME..."



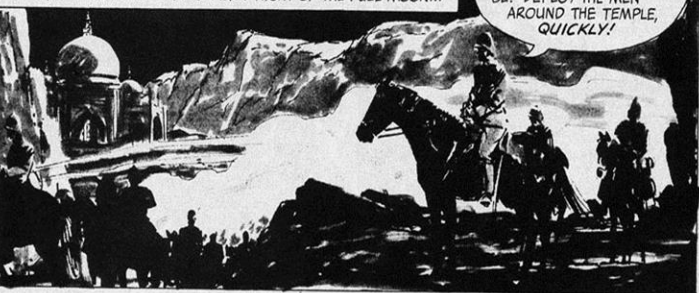
"HE WAS GOOD, WAS LIEUTENANT SMYTHE, BUT DON'T BE FORGETTIN' HE WAS YOUNG, AN' TOO LONG LONELY..."



"A WEE GLIMPSE OF DARK EYES PASSIN' ON THE STREET AN' IT WAS STARTED, AN' NOT EVEN ME WITH MY EARLY MISGIVIN'S KNEW WHERE IT'UD END..."



"DOES ANYTHING MAKE LOVE BLOOM STRONGER THAN BY TELLIN' IT NO? AND IF I HAD DOUBTS ABOUT THE WISDOM UV SUCH A MATCH, THEY WAVED ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON..."



"MAKE NO MISTAKE, THE GURL LOVED THE LIEUTENANT, YET SHE'D BEEN TRAINED FER A PURPOSE AN FER THAT PURPOSE SHE SUBMITTED..."

HEAR THY CHILDREN, MOTHER KALI! PRIESTESS OF DARKNESS, DRINKER OF BLOOD, ACCEPT THIS SACRIFICE... QUENCH YOUR THIRST ON THE BLOOD OF THIS OFFERING...



"BUT SHE HAD TOLD LIEUTENANT SMYTHE, AND FOR HIM TO KNOW WAS ENOUGH TO SAVE HER..."

"THE LIEUTENANT HAD NEVER LEP HIS MEN INTO A LOSING BATTLE, AND THERE IN THE TEMPLE WAS NO DIFFERENT...AND YET IT WAS!"



YOU ROB KALI OF HER BLOOD, YET STILL SHALL SHE THIRST AND STILL WILL IT BE QUENCHED! WE DIE, BUT MOTHER KALI LIVES, AND BLOOD SHALL BE HERS! YOU'LL CURSE THIS NIGHT YOU'VE STOLEN THE GIRL!



"THE LAD'S LAUGHTER RANG IN THAT OLD TEMPLE, BUT I'D BEEN IN INDIA TOO LONG FER TO JOIN HIM..."

"...AND THE MORE I THOUGHT ON THE OLD GURU'S WORDS, THE LESS I TOOK TO THAT WHICH WAS HAPPENING AROUND ME..."

B-BUT LAST NIGHT WE DESTROYED EVERY THUG IN THE AREA...YOUR VILLAGE IS SAFE, WHY LEAVE?

THUGS DIE, BUT KALI LIVES AND SO DO HER CURSES... MY PEOPLE AND I WILL LEAVE...ABANDON THIS PLACE!

I CANNOT GO, NIGEL SAHIB... MY LOVE IS FOR YOU, MY PLACE IS WITH YOU... I MUST STAY!

AND SO YOU SHALL, DARLING, SO YOU SHALL!



"I TRIED REASON, BUT THERE WAS NONE..."

SORR, THE GIRL WAS ONE UV 'EM... SHE MAY HAVE BROKEN AWAY BUT SUMPHTIN' LIKE THE GURU'S CURSE... WELL IT WORKS ON ONE WHO'S BELIEVED... GETS TO 'EM, IT DOES!

SERGEANT, THE GIRL STAYS AND THAT'S THAT! SET UP QUARTERS FOR HER!

"IT AIN'T IN ME TO HATE THE MAN... HE WAS IN LOVE, HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN. THERE WUZ NOTHIN' FER ME TO DO, BUT POST THE GUARD AND WAIT THE LONG NIGHT..."



"THE OLD PRIEST HAD PROMISED THE TAKING UV BLOOD AND THAT NIGHT IT HAD FLOWED..."

"WITH THE KILLINGS, THE BLINDNESS TOOK OVER COMPLETELY..."

ALL FOUR GUARDS LIKE THIS, SORR! HALF OUR MEN!

ASH-WHITE! AS THOUGH EVERY DROP OF BLOOD WAS DRAINED FROM HIS BODY! AND THOSE WOUNDS...

THE THUGS ARE DEAD, SORR, AN' THE VILLAGERS GONE! BUT SOMEHOW, SOMETHIN'S CARRYIN' OUT THAT CURSE!

THAT'S ENOUGH, CAIRN! YOU'RE FRIGHTENING THE GIRL!



"THAT NIGHT 'T WAS ME WHO PATROLLED THEM LONELY STREETS, 'T WAS ME WHO STALKED, WEBLEY IN HAND, FER THAT BLOODTHIRSTIN' THING..."

"AND 'T WAS ME WHO'D LEFT FOUR MEN TO SLEEP WHILE DOOM SUCKLED AT THEIR THROATS..."

I CAME AT THE END OF MY SHIFT TO WAKE THE NEXT MAN TO GO ON... YOU GOT TO ACT, SORR, DO SOMETHIN'... BEFORE I DO!



"DON'T JUDGE HIM AS HARSHLY AS I DID. HE LOVED THE GIRL, NO MATTER WHAT ELSE HAPPENED, HE DIDN'T WAVER NONE IN THAT..."

LIEUTENANT, DON'T YOU SEE? UNTIL YOU CARRIED THAT GIRL OFF FROM THE TEMPLE, NONE OF THIS HAPPENED! THE CURSE!..

I SEE SUPERSTITIOUS DRIVEL, AND I SEE I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANY LONGER...

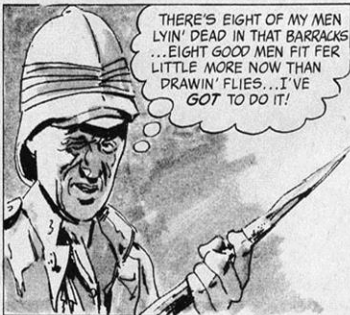


THEN DO WITHOUT ME! WITH WIRES STILL DOWN, SOMEONE SHOULD TRY TO REACH HEAD-QUARTERS AND GET THE RELIEF COLUMN HERE EARLY...I VOLLUNTEER, SORR!



"OF COURSE I NEVER GOT SO FAR...THOUGHTS KEPT FILLIN' MY MIND. I THOUGHT OF A GENT FROM HUNGARY I'D ONCE MET...AN' THE THINGS THEY DO THERE TO WARD OFF EVIL CREATURES OF THE NIGHT!"

"MAYBE FOR SOMETHIN' LIKE THE LIKES OF THIS THING, IT WASN'T NECESSARY...YET AS I WAITED FOR THE SUN TO SINK, IT SEEMED IT WOULDN'T HURT TO BE CERTAIN..."



"FIRST IT GREW DARK, THEN FINALLY THE MOON APPEARED. IN THAT TIME MY FEROCIOUS ANGER COOLED AND I BEGAN HOPING I'D SEE NOTHIN'...AND JUST WHEN I WAS HOPIN' THE HARDEST, I SAW HER MOVIN' TO THE LIEUTENANT'S ROOM..."



"I'VE HEARD IT SAID THAT IN THE HEAT UV BATTLE, MEN GO MAD. AV BEEN IN MANY A CAMPAIGN AN' WOULD STILL DENY IT, BUT NOT AFTER I BURST INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THAT ROOM!"



"WHAT I SAW WAS HORRIBLE... BUT NOT HORRIBLE ENOUGH TO STOP ME AS I THRUST THE STAKE HOME!"



"YOU'VE HEARD IT NOW, SORRS... 'TIZ ALL THE PREPARIN' I CAN DO. BEST NOW TO SEE FER YOURSELVES..."



GOOD LORD!

B-BUT, CAIRN...

REMEMBER, I SAID THE GIRL LOVED HIM... THAT'S WHY SHE CAME TO HIS ROOM! I LIKE TO THINK THAT DEEP DOWN, HE REALLY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WUZ GOIN' ON...



...THAT HE NEVER KNEW THE GURU'S CURSE WAS ON HIM, THAT HE NEVER KNEW AT NIGHT HE WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A BLOOD-DRINKING MONSTER!



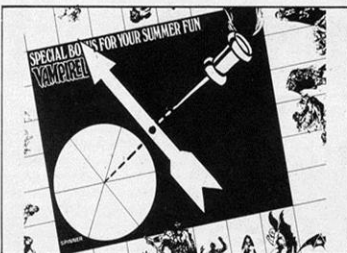
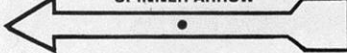
SMYTHE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN A FULL-FLEDGED VAMPIRE, BUT HE CERTAINLY WAS DEVELOPING A TASTE FOR HIS WORK, UNTIL HE FOUND OUT HOW MUCH WAS AT STAKE. SINCE THE POINT'S BEEN DRIVEN HOME, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO ON TO MY NEXT FRIGHT FEAST...



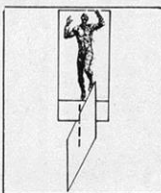
How to assemble your GAME

1. TO ASSEMBLE your game, carefully remove the cover from the spine of this magazine. Take care not to rip the cover in half when you're taking it off. For best results, remove the staples first, then lift off the game intact.
2. Clip off the player tokens and the player markers from the right hand side of the game. See example A.
3. Tokens and markers should then be pasted to a thin sheet of cardboard. (An old cereal box will do nicely.)
4. Cut out each marker along the solid black lines and distribute them to the appropriate players.

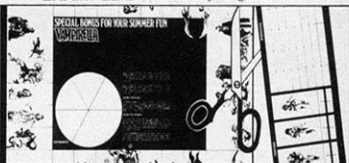
SPINNER ARROW



EXAMPLE C



EXAMPLE B



EXAMPLE A

7. Finally, cut out the arrow for the spinner. Stick a straight pin through the center of the arrow, making sure that the hole is large enough so the arrow will swivel freely around the pin. A push pin or a thumbtack will work just as well if you don't have a straight pin handy. See example C. Now you're ready for hours of terrific summer fun. Enjoy!

5. Cut out the player tokens, and the base of each token. So that the tokens will stand on their own, cut a thin slit along the dotted line in the token and the token's base. Fit slits together as in example B and tokens will stand by themselves.
6. Next paste the game board to a sturdy piece of cardboard. (This time use the side of a cardboard box.) This will iron out the fold you'll have in your game, and make the playing surface smoother for tokens to stand on. It'll also prolong the life of your game.

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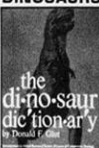
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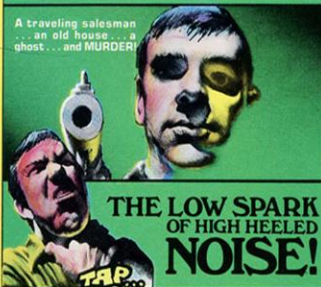
STATE

ZIP

CREEPY

NO. 57

A traveling salesman
... an old house ... a
ghost ... and MURDER!



ON SALE AUGUST 21

PREVIEW

VAMPIRELA

NO. 28

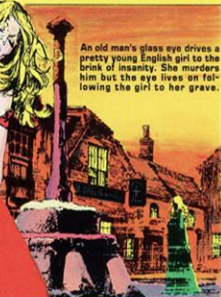
EYE DON'T WANT TO DIE!



UHHH!



An old man's glass eye drives a pretty young English girl to the brink of insanity. She murders him but the eye lives on following the girl to her grave.



ON SALE JULY 17

EERIE

NO. 52



Jerome Curry, trapped within the Mummy's powerful body, wanders into a house of madness!

ENCOUNTER



His name is Hunter! He is the last of the humans. And his mission is to kill the mutant demons!



HUNTER

ON SALE AUGUST 28