

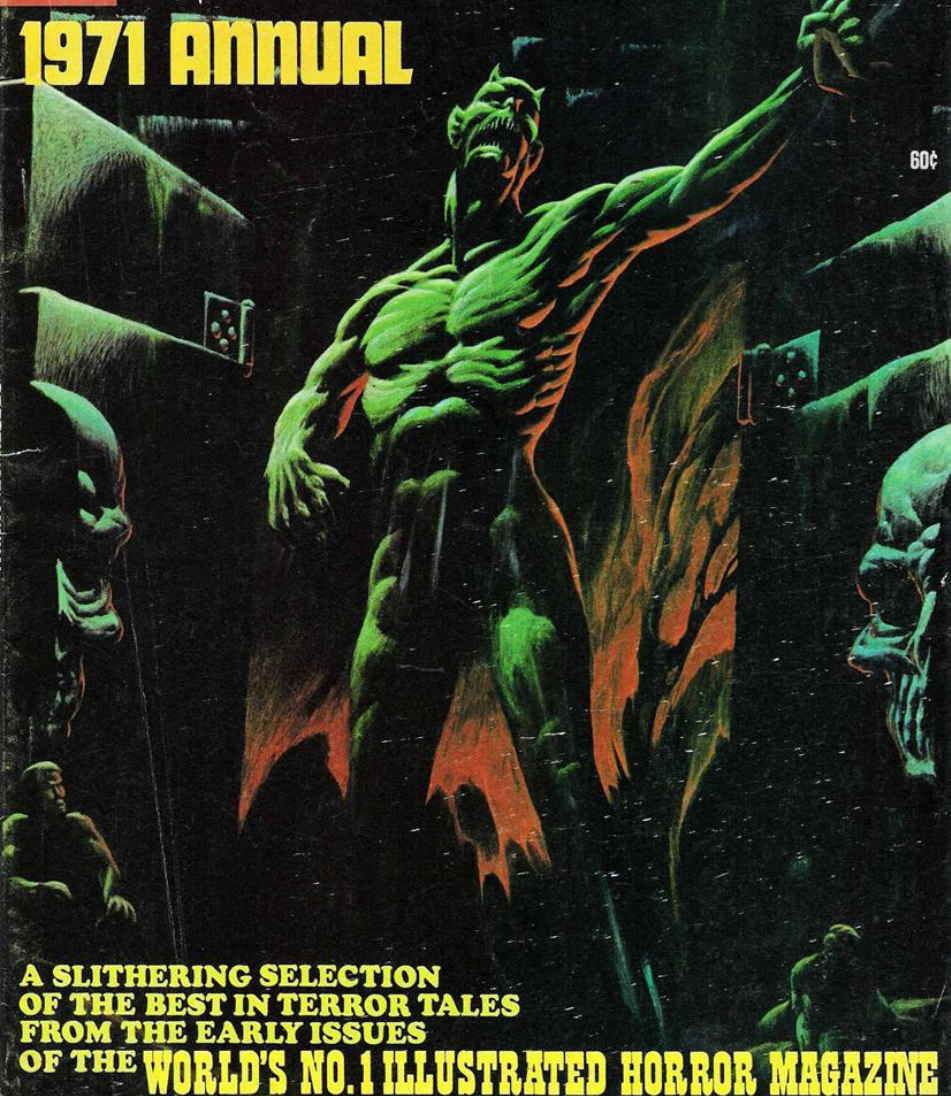


CREEPY

A WARREN MAGAZINE
PDC

1971 ANNUAL

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A SLITHERING SELECTION
OF THE BEST IN TERROR TALES
FROM THE EARLY ISSUES
OF THE **WORLD'S NO. 1 ILLUSTRATED HORROR MAGAZINE**

"AT FIRST, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING EXCEPT THE WOODS AROUND ME, BUT I ***SENSE*** SOMETHING... ***SOMETHING HUMAN!*** THEN THE GIRL APPEARS, WALKING WITH QUICK NERVOUS STEPS..."



"THE SMELL OF FEAR IS ON HER, GROWING AS THE NIGHT WIND MAKES THE TREES AND BRANCHES CREAK AND MOAN..."

"HER HEAD DARTS FIRST THIS WAY, THEN THAT... STARTING AT EVERY SHADOW, EACH RATTLE OF DRY LEAVES SWEEPED ACROSS THE GROUND..."



"I CAN ALMOST HEAR HER HEART POUNDING... SHE HASN'T SEEN ME YET, BUT SHE STARTS TO RUN, SUDDENLY SURE OF DANGER NEARBY..."

"THEN WHEN IT IS TOO LATE, SHE LOOKS TO THE BRANCHES ABOVE!"



WHAT'S UP MUST COME DOWN, EH, BREATHLESS BROWERS? IT'S NOT A BIRD, NOT A PLANE, AND CERTAINLY NOT YOU KNOW WHO... YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH A CREEPY CREATURE WHOSE TRADE IS BEGINNING TO BRANCH OUT... NOW, MEET THE...

BEAST MAN!



...THE DREAM ENDED WITH THE THING KILLIN' THE GIRL, WALSH... LIKE A WILD BEAST! ONLY IT AIN'T JUST A WILD BEAST...



...IT'S ME! JUST A NIGHTMARE, AMES... SHOULDN'T LET A NIGHTMARE UPSET YOU! EVERYBODY HAS 'EM!



NOT LIKE THIS... NOT THIS REAL! AND I KEEP HAVIN' 'EM... EVER SINCE THE OPERATION! SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU AND DOC TALK ME INTO THAT OPERATION!

WHAT KINDA TALK IS THAT? WE SAVED YOUR LIFE ... SAVED THE BUSINESS TOO!



ACROSS THE NIGHT AIR COMES THE SOUND OF STAMPING FEET... OF WHISTLES AND CAT-CALLS... NOISES OF THE IMPATIENT, THE UNRULY...



BUT THIS MORNING, WALSH... MY CLOTHES ALL RIPPED AND TORN ... YOU SAY I DID IT IN MY SLEEP... YOU CAN'T BE SURE! MAYBE...

MAYBE NOTHIN'! COM'N BEFORE THE YOKELS TEAR THE TENT DOWN!

WHAT TOOK SO LONG, YA BIG APE!

HEY, GORILLA! TONIGHT YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR HIDE!

DO THEY HAFTA CALL ME THAT? I HATE THAT NAME... HATE IT!



#100 TO ANYONE STAYING 3 ROUNDS WITH THE GORILLA

FORGET THE NAME, THINK OF THE TAKE! LOOKIT THIS CROWD ... THE RUBES LOVE TO HATE YOU...



SHOULDN'T QUIT WHEN I WAS GOING TO... BEFORE THE OPERATION ... THE DAY I TOLD WALSH...



QUIT?!! ARE YOU NUTS?? WE'RE UNDER CONTRACT FOR THIS TOUR... IN DEBT FOR EQUIPMENT... ALREADY ADVERTISED IN CITIES ALONG THE ROAD...

SAW A SPECIALIST IN TOWN TODAY 'BOUT THOSE PAINS I'VE BEEN GETTING... SAYS IT'S MY HEART... SAYS IF I KEEP FIGHTIN' THEY'LL KEEP GETTIN' WORSE!

WALSH, I AIN'T CRAZY 'BOUT THIS CARNIVAL BUSINESS ANYHOW, NOW IT COULD **KILL ME**... NEVER BEEN MUCH ON THINKIN', BUT THERE MUST BE SOMEWAY AROUND IT...

BIG LUG LIKE YOU WITH A BUM TICKER... AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! I'LL FIGURE SOMETHIN' OUT!



AND WITHIN A WEEK, WALSH HAD THE ANSWER...

T-THE DOC? HE'S NOTHIN' BUT A VET FOR THE SHOW ANIMALS... AND A RUMMY TO BOOT!

HE WAS ALSO A BRILLIANT SURGEON BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES NAILED HIM FOR UNORTHODOX PRACTICES... **TRUST ME!**



WITH A BAD HEART, CERTAIN TO KILL IN A FEW YEARS, WHAT WAS THERE TO LOSE?

THIS SEDATIVE WILL PUT YOU OUT IN A FEW MINUTES... LET'S GET YOU IN TO THE OPERATING TABLE...

THERE'S NO SWEAT, AMES! I WOULDN'T RISK THIS IF I THOUGHT ANYTHING'D GO WRONG...



THE GRIP OF THE SEDATIVE WAS IMMEDIATE, ALLOWING ONLY ONE LAST QUICK GLIMPSE BEFORE OVERPOWERING...

T-THE GORILLA... THE ONE... THEY HAD TO SHOOT... THIS MORNING...

SHOOT? YES, BUT IN THE HEAD... HE STILL HAS A FINE, HEALTHY...



--HEART!



THE SOUND OF THE GONG DRIVES AMES'S TORTURED THOUGHTS BACK TO THE PRESENT... BACK TO THE GLARE OF OVERHEAD LIGHTS AND THE POUNDING LEATHER... HARD WILD PUNCHES RAIN IN ON HIM TO BE IGNORED, SLUGGED OFF, AND RETURNED!



HE FIGHTS WITHOUT STYLE, WITHOUT TECHNIQUE, SLASHING AND JABBING WITH AN INSTINCTIVE FURY... AN ANIMAL VICIOUSNESS THAT COMES NOT FROM TRAINING, BUT... **FROM THE HEART!**



THEN, IT IS ALL OVER UNTIL THE NEXT TIME, THE NEXT TOWN...

HERE'S YOUR CUT! YOU SHOULD GIVE THOSE LOCAL BOYS MORE OF A CHANCE BEFORE FINISHING THEM... WE'RE GONNA RUN OUT OF TAKERS!

SOMETHIN' HAPPENS TO ME IN THE RING, WALSH... JUST LIKE IN THOSE DREAMS! I GO **WILD**... C-CAN'T HELP IT... EVER SINCE THE OPERATION!



I GET MORE LIKE AN ANIMAL EVERY DAY...



...AND **NIGHTS** I DON'T EVEN WANNA KNOW ABOUT!





THE ANIMALS KNOW... THEY CAN SENSE THE GORILLA IN ME! IT'S TAKING OVER... WHEN I SLEEP, IT DOES COMPLETELY! IT ISN'T JUST A DREAM... I'M A...A...

A
W
W
O
W
R
R
R



BEAST MAN! HALF-GORILLA, HALF-MAN... **BEAST MAN!**



YOU! GO 'WAY, DOC! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH TO ME ALREADY... TOO MUCH...

WASSA MATTER, BEASTIE? YOU DON' LIKE BEIN' PART ANIMAL? UNHAPPY 'BOUT MY OPERASHUN ... MAYBE THE OL' DOC CAN FIXSH YOU BACK... MAKE YOU HUMAN 'GAIN ...



YOU WHISKEY-SOAKED BUTCHER! ARE YOU TELLING THE TRUTH? CAN YOU HELP ME? **CAN YOU?**

TAKE IT EASY, EASY... I CAN MAKE YOU LIKE BEFORE ... S'GONNA COST THOUGH... CAN'T DO IT F'R NOTHIN...



THINK I WON'T PAY TO BE NORMAL AGAIN? TO BE **HERE!** AS MUCH AS YOU WANT... **HERE!**



STEP INNA TENT ... HAVE A LITTLE DRINK ... THEN FIXSH YOU ALL UP... BE Y'OLD SELF AGAIN...

THE CRIES OF THE MENAGERIE BEASTS ECHO ABOUT THE NOW DESERTED CARNIVAL GROUNDS FALLING ON UNINTERESTED EARS...

JUST LIKE HE REALLY BELIEVED HE HAD A BAD HEART!

RELUCTANT TO BELIEVE HE MIGHT LOSE HIS MEAL TICKET, WALSH HAD RECHECKED AMES'S CONDITION WITH THE HEART SPECIALIST...

HA! THE BIG JERK LOOKED REALLY CONVINCED WHEN HE RAN OFF... REALLY BELIEVES HE TURNS INTO A GORILLA!



B-BUT YOUR X-RAYS SHOW HIS TICKER'S OKAY! THE BIG APE LIED...

PHYSICALLY OKAY... SUB-CONSCIOUSLY, HE HATES BOXING. TRIES TO ESCAPE IT WITH ATTACKS INDUCED BY HIS OWN MIND... **PSYCHOSOMATIC**, BUT NO LESS FATAL... ONLY BY QUITTING CAN HE BE CURED!



YET THE VERY CAUSE OF AMES'S CONDITION SUGGESTED A CURE...

IF HE CONVINCED HIMSELF HE'S GOT A BUM HEART, HE CAN CONVINCE HIMSELF HE'S GOT A **NEW** HEART... THE HEART OF AN ANIMAL MORE OF A FIGHTER THAN AMES COULD EVER BE!

THE CUT ON HIS CHEST'LL LOOK JUST LIKE AN INCISION WAS MADE... FAR AS HE'LL EVER KNOW, I **DID** OPERATE ON HIM TONIGHT!

A CURE THAT WOULD PREVENT HIS EVER TRYING TO QUIT AGAIN!

FROM TIME TO TIME I'LL GIVE HIM A SHOT OF THIS... THE LUG'LL THINK IT'S POST-OPERATIONAL TREATMENT! ACTUALLY IT PUTS HIM IN A TRANCELIKE STATE, OPEN TO SUGGESTION...

AND THE THINGS I'M GONNA SUGGEST'LL HAVE HIM CONVINCED HE'S MORE APE THAN MAN! HE WON'T BE FIT FOR ANYTHING BUT THIS RACKET!



RIPPING HIS CLOTHING AFTER THE DREAMS I SUGGESTED REALLY DID THE TRICK ON THE POOR BOOB...

NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS KEEP DOC HAPPY SO HE DOESN'T SPILL THE BEANS!

DOC! HEY, YOU OLD RUMPTOT... LET'S GO INTO TOWN! HIT A FEW NIGHTSPOTS... DOC?

© M H S *!! DARK... WHEREZAT LIGHT CORD?





THE JUNGLE NIGHT WAS ALIVE WITH NOISES...THE SCREECH OF A MARAUDING OWL, THE MOCK LAUGHTER OF A STALKING HYENA...AND THE DESPERATE MOANS OF A MAN IN PAIN...

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING, HE DOESN'T RESPOND TO ANY TREATMENT...IT'S UNCANNY, **UNNATURAL!** BEST TO LEAVE HIM TIED UP TILL WE CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO MOVE HIM! I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND...

HIS OWN STORY DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE...DELIRIOUS THROUGH MOST OF THE TELLING...APPARENTLY, HE WANDERED INTO THE **TABOO** TERRITORY...



NATURALLY, CURIOUS DEVILS THAT WE ARE, WE'RE GOING TO VENTURE IN THE **TABOO** COUNTRY OURSELVES AND FIND OUT JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MOANING GENTLEMAN TO BRING HIM UNDER...



A CURSE of CLAWS!

GAME HAD BEEN BAD FOR A WEEK, AND THE NIGHT'S HUNT MOST FRUITLESS OF ALL. THE OTHERS HAD TURNED BACK, BUT STARK, BELLIGERENT, DETERMINED, ANGRY, HAD PUSHED ON...MUCH FURTHER THAN THE REST OF THE PARTY HAD EVER CARED, OR **DARED** TO GO...

STREAM AHEAD IS THE DIVIDING LINE...IF THE BEARERS ARE TO BE BELIEVED, BEYOND THAT IS BAD MEDICINE, FORBIDDEN... **WHAT DRIVE!**

NO WONDER HUNTING'S BAD... STUPID SUPERSTITION CREATES A REFUGE FOR ALL THE GAME! TIME SOMETHING WAS DONE ABOUT IT... **BY ME!**

THE COUGHING SNARL OF A BIG CAT BROUGHT STARK TO A STANDSTILL... THROUGH THE WAVERING MISTS AND THROUGH THE PRE-DAWN, A GLISTENING GRAY LIGHT OF PLEASURE, A GLISTENING BLACK SHAPE MOVED SLEEKLY ON STEEL SPRING MUSCLES...

KAPOW

PANTHER!



BLAST! THOUGHT SURE
I'D BROUGHT HIM DOWN...

A HIDEOUS, ALMOST HUMAN,
SHRIEK KNIFED THE STILL AIR,
THEN THE BEAST WAS SWALLOWED
BY BRUSH AND FOLIAGE ACROSS
THE STREAM...

STARK EDGED FORWARD TO THE SPOT
WHERE THE CAT HAD DISAPPEARED. HE
WAS ANXIOUS AND EXCITED, BUT KNEW
TOO WELL THE DANGERS OF PLUNGING
INTO THE BRUSH AFTER A WOUNDED
ANIMAL...

CAN'T GO FAR
BLEEDING LIKE THAT...
WON'T BE HARD
TO TRACK...

THERE WAS AN OPPRESSIVE
SILENCE TO THE JUNGLE BEYOND
THE STREAM. THE MORNING MISTS
SEEMED TO CLING THICKER AND
HEAVIER, AND THE DRY GRASS
TANGLED AND PULLED UNDERFOOT.
BUT THE BRIGHT CRIMSON TRAIL
REMAINED CLEAR AND
OBVIOUS, UNTIL...

WHAT THE DEVIL...

I-IT CAN'T BE... BUT THE
TRAIL GOES NO FURTHER...
THE WOUND'S RIGHT WHERE
I PLACED MY SHOT... IT
WAS A CAT! I KNOW
I SHOT A CAT!

WOULD THAT MAKE YOUR ACT LESS PROFANE,
MURDERER? IN THIS JUNGLE THE CAT IS **SACRED!**

THERE HAD BEEN NO SOUND, NO WARNING. GRIPPED WITH CHILL HORROR OF THE UNKNOWN, BRAD STARK'S EYES WIDENED IN DISBELIEF AT THE INCREDIBLE VISION MENACINGLY POISED BEFORE HIM.

FOR AN OUTSIDER TO
TREAD THIS SACRED
GROUND IS
FORBIDDEN...

TO SLAY ONE
OF MY SERVANTS...
UNFORGIVEABLE!

STARK COULD NOT SPEAK. HIS THROAT WAS PARCHED, DRY... BUT HIS HANDS WERE MOIST, CLAMMY, AS THEY TIGHTLY GRIPPED HIS RIFLE...

DO NOT RAISE YOUR WEAPON! UNLESS YOU CHOOSE TO PERISH BEFORE THE FURY OF MY SERVANTS... RIPPED TO SHREDS BY A WHIRLWIND OF CLAWS! I AM LILITH, HIGH PRIESTESS OF VASHTI, **GODDESS OF CATS!** YOUR FATE IS MINE TO DECIDE...

SLOWLY, STARK LET THE WEAPON SLIP FROM HIS FINGERS. HE COULD NEVER BEGIN TO BRING IT TO PLAY AGAINST ALL THE GLEAMING-EYED HORDE HE FACED. DESPERATELY, HIS MIND PROBED FOR A COURSE OF ACTION, HIS FINGERS BRUSHED A CIGARETTE LIGHTER INSIDE HIS JACKET...

W-WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH ME?

YOUR BARBARITY HAS COST THE LIFE OF ONE WHO SERVED ME WELL... WHAT PUNISHMENT COULD BE MORE FITTING THAN THAT... **YOU TAKE HIS PLACE!**

EVEN AS STARK'S LIPS BEGAN TO FORM THE WORD "HOW?", LILITH MOVED FORWARD, LONG NAILED FINGERS STRETCHED TOWARD HIM, HER EYES, GLEAMING AND GLOWING, ALMOST HYPNOTICALLY... PROMISING MORE DANGER THAN ANY JUNGLE BEAST, YET RADIATING AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL. HE COULD SMELL THE RICHNESS OF HER FLESH, THE FRAGRANCE OF HER LUSH, FLOWING HAIR... HER LIPS, MOIST AND BRILLIANT, PARTED AND LIFTED UP TO HIS...

IT'S VERY SIMPLE...

ALL IT TAKES IS...

ONE KISS!

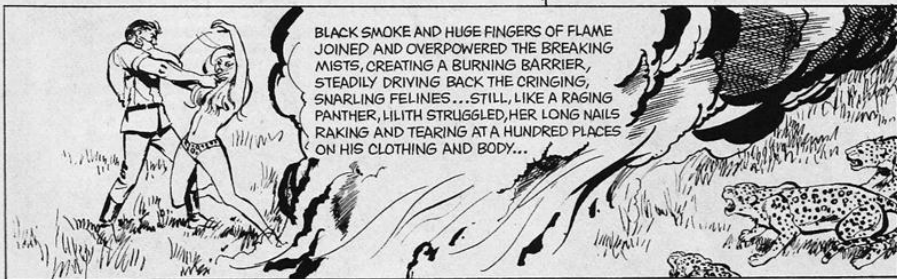


THE WILL TO SURVIVE RIPPED STARK TO HIS SENSES. HE GRAPPLED HARD WITH THE GIRL, TEARING THE BRIGHT CRIMSON LIPS AWAY FROM HIS OWN BEFORE THEIR FIERY TOUCH COULD TURN HIM INTO ONE OF THE MAN-HAUNTED BEASTS NOW CROUCHED AND COILED TO SPRING...

BEFORE THOSE **DEVIL CATS** GET ME, PRIESTESS, THEY'LL HAVE TO CLAW THEIR WAY THROUGH **YOU!**



A TERRIBLE CHORUS OF WILD SNARLS AND VICIOUS CRIES FROM THE ANIMALS SPLIT THE AIR, ENOUGH TO PARALYZE A LESS DESPERATE MAN! IN HIS ARMS, LILITH BECAME AS A JUNGLE BEAST HERSELF, LASHING AND STRUGGLING WITH UNHOLY MIGHT, AS WITH ONE HAND, STARK FUMBLING WITH THE LIGHTER...



BLACK SMOKE AND HUGE FINGERS OF FLAME JOINED AND OVERPOWERED THE BREAKING MISTS, CREATING A BURNING BARRIER, STEADILY DRIVING BACK THE CRINGING, SNARLING FELINES... STILL, LIKE A RAGING PANTHER, LILITH STRUGGLED, HER LONG NAILS RAKING AND TEARING AT A HUNDRED PLACES ON HIS CLOTHING AND BODY...

IF EVER HE'D HAD THE THOUGHT OF LETTING HER LIVE, RAGE WIPED IT AWAY AS STARK BATTERED AND HAMMERED AT THE WRITHING, CLAWING GIRL... HE SWORE THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH AS SHE BIT FIRST ONE OF HIS HANDS, THEN THE OTHER AS THEY FOUGHT TO REACH THE SOFT WHITENESS OF HER THROAT...

#0%#!00
SHE PANTHER! I'LL KILL YOU! KILL YOU!



BEYOND THE WALL OF FLAMES, STARK COULD ALMOST FEEL THE FRUSTRATED FURY OF THE TRAPPED ANIMALS AS THEY SCREAMED TO AID THE GIRL, WHO NOW BENT BACK HELPLESSLY AS HIS FINGERS FOUND THEIR MARK... HER GLOWING EYES GREW MOIST AND FAINT, HER VOICE BECAME A CHOKED, RASPING WHISPER...



Y-YOU THINK YOU'VE ESCAPED THE CLAWS OF MY SERVANTS... THOUGH I DIE AT YOUR HAND, THOUGH YOU WALK FROM THIS GROUND... THE FATE IS STILL **YOURS**... SO I CURSE YOU, **CURSE YOU...**

EVEN AS THE WORDS WERE UTTERED, LILITH DIED. STARK TURNED AND FLED, THE HEAT OF HIS SELF-MADE INFERNO LICKING AT HIS BACK, THE PAINED ROARS OF THE JUNGLE CATS ECHOING IN HIS EARS...



N-NONE OF THOSE CATS'LL SURVIVE THE FIRE...HER CURSE'LL NEVER TOUCH ME... NEVER!

STARK STAGGERED BACK THROUGH THE JUNGLE, HAUNTED BY ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM, STOPPING NEITHER TO SLEEP OR REST, EAT OR RELAX UNTIL HE REACHED THE CAMP...



THERE YOU ARE, OLD MAN, NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! THOSE SCRATCHES ALL LOOKED NASTY, BUT NONE OF 'EM WERE VERY DEEP... BE HEALED IN NO TIME!

BUT THEY FEEL FUNNY, BEAMISH...THEY TINGLE, ITCH... AND MY HANDS, WHERE SHE BIT ME...



A LITTLE MORE SERIOUS, BUT NOTHING TO BE UPSET ABOUT...NO SIGN OF INFECTION...

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG!
FINGERS FEEL SO STIFF... I CAN'T MOVE THEM!

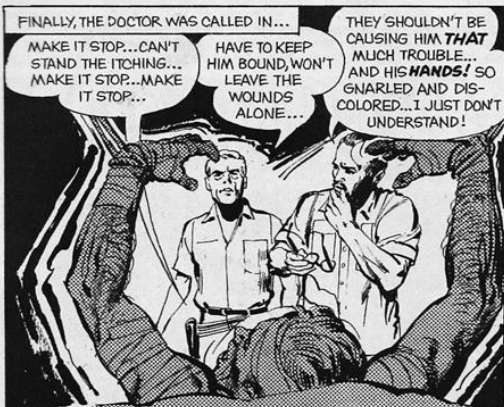


THEN, THE DELIRIUM SET IN. ALL NIGHT LONG, STARK SHOUTED AND MUMBLED. AND WHEN MORNING CAME...

GOOD LORD, MAN! YOU'VE REOPENED ALL THE WOUNDS!

KEEP ITCHING, TINGLING... CAN'T STAND IT... MUST SCRATCH THEM... **CAN'T STAND IT... MUST...**





FINALLY, THE DOCTOR WAS CALLED IN...

MAKE IT STOP...CAN'T
STAND THE ITCHING...
MAKE IT STOP...MAKE
IT STOP...

HAVE TO KEEP
HIM BOUND, WON'T
LEAVE THE
WOUNDS
ALONE...

THEY SHOULDN'T BE
CAUSING HIM *THAT*
MUCH TROUBLE...
AND HIS *HANDS!* SO
GNARLED AND DIS-
COLORED...I JUST DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



ALL WE CAN DO NOW
IS MOVE HIM TO THE CITY,
TO A HOSPITAL...EVEN
THEN I...

AIEEEEEEEEE!

STARK!



BOTH MEN RUSHED TO THE TENT, HEARTS POUNDING,
FEARING WHAT THEY MIGHT FIND...FOR A TIME, THEIR EYES
BLINKED IN THE DARKNESS, SLOWLY GROWING ACCUSTOMED
TO ITS DENSITY, SLOWLY GROWING AWARE OF THE HORROR
WITHIN...

LORD HELP HIM! HE'S
BROKEN THE ROPES...
WE'RE TOO LATE!

EVEN IN THE DIM SHADOWS, BOTH MEN FLINCHED AT
THE GORY SPECTACLE BEFORE THEM...



N-NO MAN COULD DO THAT TO
HIMSELF...IT'S NOT PHYSICALLY
POSSIBLE! IT'S AS THOUGH
SOME WILD BEAST RIPPED
HIM TO SHREDS...

I KNOW,
DOCTOR, I
KNOW...



...AND WHO'S TO SAY
IT WASN'T?!



AND IF THAT ENDING DOESN'T **TEAR** YOU UP, THEN
YOU'D BETTER LOPE ALONG ON LITTLE CAT FEET AND SINK
YOUR CLAWS INTO MY NEXT HORRENDOUS HOWLER...



HEH, HEH! SO, MY FRIENDS OF THE ABYSS, HERE WE STAND ON THE PRECIPICE OF ANOTHER HORRIFYING TALE FROM OL' UNCLE CREEPY. THIS STORY CONCERNS THE EVIL MACHINATIONS OF A WICKED WOMAN WHO TEMPTS FATE, ON...

THE MOUNTAIN



NOT VERY FAR BELOW HER, AT THE EDGE OF THE VALLEY FLOOR, THE CLUSTER OF TORCHES BLAZED ANGRILY IN THE STORMING WINTER NIGHT. FROM HER VANTAGE POINT ON THE SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN ROAD SHE COULD CLEARLY SEE THEY WERE GAINING ON HER.

SHE HAD LEFT THE TOWN MORE THAN THREE HOURS AGO, WITH NO CHANCE TO PREPARE FOR HER JOURNEY. NOW, HER FEET BURNING IN ICY PAIN, HER HANDS STIFFENING WITH COLD, SHE CURSED THE NARROW-MINDED, SANCTIMONIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE WHO HOUNDED HER...

SHE TURNED FROM THE ROAD AND BEGAN TRUDGING UPWARD. IT WAS A GAMBLE, BUT THEY MIGHT NOT FOLLOW HER. IF SHE KEPT TO THE ROAD, SHE REASONED, IN A LITTLE MORE THAN AN HOUR'S TIME THEY WOULD CATCH HER ANYWAY...AND IF THEY DID, THEY MIGHT KILL HER...



FALLING AND STUMBLING, SHE CLAMBERED DESPERATELY THROUGH THE DRIFTS. SHE KNEW THIS WAS ONLY A SMALL MOUNTAIN AND THAT THERE WAS THE SAFETY OF ANOTHER TOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE. WITH A LITTLE LUCK, SHE COULD MAKE IT...



©ASPING, SHE PAUSED TO REST, AND AS HER EYES SCANNED THE VALLEY BELOW, SHE SAW THE TRAIL OF TORCHES HEADING BACK TOWARD THE TOWN. THE TOWNSPEOPLE HAD GIVEN UP THE CHASE.



FOR LONG MINUTES SHE REMAINED THERE, BUT TO STAY THERE MEANT CERTAIN DEATH, SO SHE ONCE AGAIN BEGAN THE UPWARD CLIMB. TIME LAPSED INTO AN UNREAL DIMENSION. MECHANICALLY, SHE CLAWED HER WAY UP UNTIL DUMBLY, SHE WAS AWARE OF THE CABIN JUST AHEAD...



AT THE DOOR, SHE KNOCKED... ...AND IT WAS OPENED...



FROM THE DEPTHS OF A NIGHTMARISH DREAM, SHE AWOKE SUDDENLY TO THE REALITY OF HER SURROUNDINGS. A YOUNG, HANDSOME MAN HOVERED OVER HER...

DON'T BE AFRAID. MY NAME IS LUKE... HOW DO YOU FEEL?

WHA... OH... OKAY, I GUESS. WHERE AM I? HOW...?



YOU'VE SLEPT MORE THAN FOURTEEN HOURS. HERE... DRINK THIS BRANDY. IT WILL WARM YOU.

WARM ME? ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT FIREPLACE FEELS LIKE A BLAST FURNACE! YOU... YOU LIVE HERE ALL ALONE?



YES, VERY MUCH ALONE. I'M A STUDENT... DOING SOME RESEARCH ON THE BLACK ARTS. BUT THE TOWNSPEOPLE DON'T TRUST ME AND NEVER COME HERE. THE FOOLS THINK MY INTEREST IN BLACK MAGIC IS EVIL...



ARE YOU KIDDING ME, BUSTER? I THOUGHT ALL THAT BLACK MAGIC STUFF WENT OUT WITH THE MIDDLE AGES!

NO, IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN WITH US, BUT TODAY THERE ARE FEW WHO BELIEVE IN THE DARK POWERS. I'VE MADE SOME MARVELOUS DISCOVERIES... I CAN BEND A MAN'S WILL TO MINE IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS.



OH. HYPNOTISM, HUH? SAY, HANDSOME, IF YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL... YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME.

I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU, IF I CAN. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW NICE IT IS TO HAVE... I MEAN, I GET SO LONELY...



I KNOW, HONEY. THE PEOPLE IN THAT TOWN OUGHT TO BE HORSEWHIPPED... MAKING YOU STAY UP HERE! BUT WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

OH, WE COULD DO SOMETHING! IT'S SIMPLE! ALL WE NEED IS THE MAYOR!



**THE
MAYOR!?**

OF COURSE! YOU GET THE MAYOR TO COME
HERE AND I CAN MAKE HIM DO ANYTHING
YOU WANT! I'D GO MYSELF, BUT YOU CAN
SEE I DON'T HAVE ANY CLOTHES!
I'D FREEZE!



YEAH, BUT...
THE MAYOR...
I DON'T KNOW...

I'M ONLY TRYING TO HELP YOU. THEY'LL
NEVER EXPECT YOU TO GO BACK
THERE. AND YOU WON'T HAVE
TO BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING...
WITH **THIS!**



LATE THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AFTER A COLD AND BITTER JOURNEY
DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN, SHE HUDDLED IN THE SHADOWS UNTIL
THE MAYOR'S CAR TURNED SLOWLY INTO THE DRIVEWAY AND CAME
TO A STOP. THEN...

**YOU?! YOU BRAZEN
HUSSEY! HOW
DARE YOU...**

**BE QUIET, YOU PURITANICAL OLD FOOL! IF
YOU WANT TO LIVE, TURN THIS CAR AROUND
AND DRIVE EXACTLY WHERE I SAY!**



**FEARFULLY, THE MAYOR DID AS HE WAS TOLD.
THE CAR CREEPT SILENTLY FROM THE TOWN,
ACROSS THE VALLEY AND UP THE MOUNTAIN
ROAD UNTIL, WITH WHEELS SPINNING AND
MOTOR WHINING, IT STALLED IN THE DRIFTS.
FROM THERE, THEY CONTINUED ON FOOT...**



LABORIOUSLY, THEY CLIMBED THE REMAINING DISTANCE
AND STUMBLED HEAVILY INTO THE CABIN...

PLEASE... REST...
LET ME REST...

OF COURSE,
MR. MAYOR...
**DO SIT
DOWN.**



I PROMISE YOU, YOUR
WEARINESS SHALL
NEVERMORE CONCERN
YOU!

WHA... WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

AAAGGHH!





IT IS
DONE.

GEE, LUKE, THAT'S **GREAT!** WE'VE GOT IT
MADE! NOW WE CAN LIVE RIGHT IN THE
MAYOR'S HOUSE! WE'LL GET ANYTHING
WE WANT! WE'LL RUN THE WHOLE TOWN!

YOU
STUPID
GIRL.



WHA...
STUPID?
WHY...

STUPID, I SAY! BLIND AND STUPID!
DO YOU THINK I WANT TO POSSESS THIS
EMPTY SHELL OF A MAN SO I CAN LIVE
IN HIS HOUSE? DO YOU THINK I CARE
ABOUT POLITICS OR WEALTH OR
EVEN **FAME**?



HEY...WHAT'S
WRONG? YOU...
YOU'RE
DIFFERENT...

YOU THOUGHT TO USE ME AS A
TOOL TO GAIN YOUR REVENGE,
BUT YOU MISJUDGED ME! I
DON'T CARE A FIG FOR YOU **OR**
YOUR REVENGE! IT WAS **I**
WHO MADE USE OF **YOU!**



FOOLISH GIRL! THE ONLY WAY I COULD
EVER LEAVE THIS CABIN WAS TO HAVE
SOMEONE WHOSE BODY I COULD ENTER,
WHOSE MIND I COULD CONTROL...
AND YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME
THAT SOMEONE!

STOP!
GET AWAY!
GET AWAY
OR I'LL
SHOOT!



**I
WARNED
YOU!**

**BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!**

HA! HA HA HA!
BULLETS CAN'T
HURT ME, WOMAN!
YOU CAN'T STOP
ME, AND WHEN I
FINISH WITH YOU,
I'LL BE FREE!

PLEASE! STOP!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
DON'T...

NOW I'LL BE FREE TO ROAM
THE TOWN... THE **WORLD!**
FREE! FREE!

**...FREE TO
SNARE MEN'S
SOULS!**

AGGGG! **HHHHH!**

HER SHRIEKING
SCREAMS WERE LOST
IN THE ROAR OF
FLAMES. THERE WAS
NO FLOOR TO THE
FIREPLACE, AND SHE
FELL DOWN...DOWN...
EVER DEEPER INTO
THE FIRES OF HADES,
HER TORTURED FLESH
SEARING WITH THE
AGONY OF OBLIVION,
HER EARS RINGING
WITH LUCIFER'S
TRIUMPHANT, MANIACAL
LAUGHTER...

HEH! HEH!
HOT STUFF,
HUH, GANG? I'M
NOT GOING TO
MAKE ANY PUNS
ABOUT HOW
BURNED UP
OUR LITTLE GAL
WAS... BUT SHE'LL BE
REMEMBERED
AS A REAL
HOT NUMBER!
THE DEVIL,
YOU SAY?





Come now
to Merry
Olde England.
It's the year
1820. The
medical
profession is
making great
strides forward..

In fact, it is about to overtake
two gentlemen involved in a...

GRAVE UNDERTAKING

Alexander
Toth,

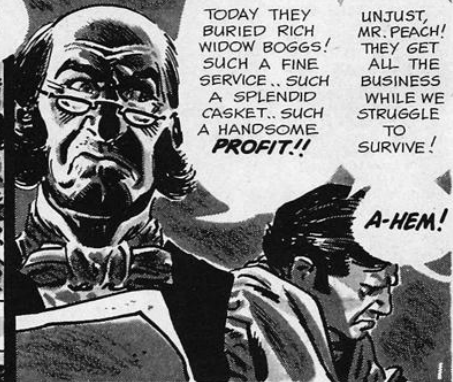
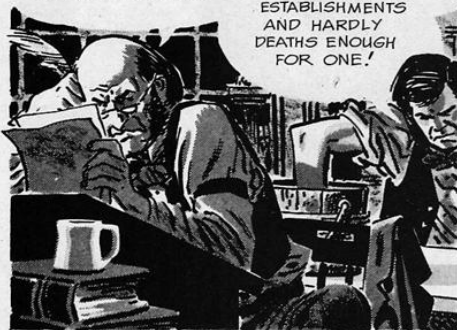
BUSINESS COULDN'T
BE WORSE, MR. PEACH!
NOTHING BUT BILLS!

IT'S THE COMPETITION,
MR. THWACKUM! TWO
UNDERTAKING
ESTABLISHMENTS
AND HARDLY
DEATHS ENOUGH
FOR ONE!

TODAY THEY
BURIED RICH
WIDOW BOGGS!
SUCH A FINE
SERVICE.. SUCH
A SPLENDID
CASSET.. SUCH
A HANDSOME
PROFIT!!

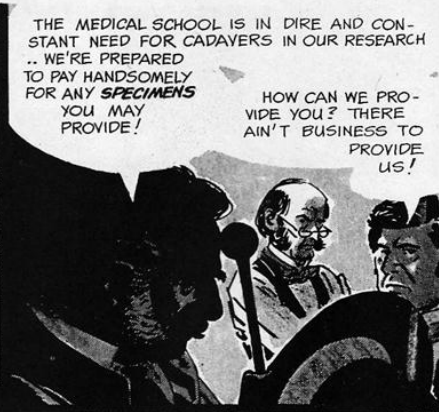
UNJUST,
MR. PEACH!
THEY GET
ALL THE
BUSINESS
WHILE WE
STRUGGLE
TO SURVIVE!

A-HEM!





GENTLEMEN! I AM DR. RYDER, CHIEF OF SURGERY AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL...I'VE A PROPOSITION THAT MAY HELP YOU AS WELL AS ME!



THE MEDICAL SCHOOL IS IN DIRE AND CONSTANT NEED FOR CADAVERS IN OUR RESEARCH... WE'RE PREPARED TO PAY HANDSOMELY FOR ANY *SPECIMENS* YOU MAY PROVIDE!

HOW CAN WE PROVIDE YOU? THERE AIN'T BUSINESS TO PROVIDE US!



IN YOUR TRADE, PERHAPS *SOMETHING* WILL COME TO YOU... MY OFFER STANDS FOR ANY TRADE YOU MIGHT DIG UP! GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN!

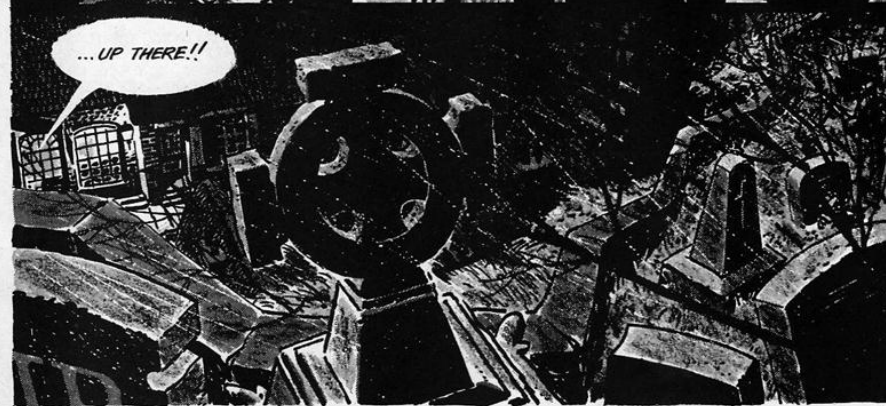
GOOD NIGHT, SIR!

THIS IS OUR BIG OPPORTUNITY, MR. PEACH! HE'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!




WHAT'S THE GOOD, MR. THWACKUM? WE HAVEN'T A BODY TO BURY LET ALONE *SELL!*

AYE, MR. PEACH, WE'VE NONE...BUT I'M THINKING OF A SPOT THAT'S WELL STOCKED FOR THIS NEW SIDELINE...




...UP THERE!!



COO! WHAT A
HEAVY ONE! (PUFF)
DOCTORS'LL BE
SUSPICIOUS IF
WE'VE GRABBED
ONE THAT'S
TOO RIPE,
MR.
THWACKUM!

THAT'S
WHY I'VE
PICKED
WIDOW
BOGGS,
MR.
PEACH...
FRESH
PUT AWAY
TODAY!



AN' STILL
WEARIN' ALL
HER FINE
JEWELS, MR.
THWACKUM!

SHE'LL HAVE SCARCE
USE FOR THOSE ON THE
SURGEON'S TABLE!




WHAT'S
THIS?
MONSTERS!
GHOULS!!



HE'S DEAD!
COO, MR.
THWACKUM!
WHAT'VE
WE
DONE?!

DONE, MR. PEACH? WHY
WE'VE **DOUBLED** OUR PROFIT,
THAT'S WHAT WE'VE DONE!



WELL DONE, GENTLEMEN!
TWO FINE SPECIMENS!
MEDICAL SCIENCE IS
ADVANCED AND YOU
TURN A FINE PROFIT!
KEEP UP THE GOOD
WORK!



Encouraged by success, Thwackum and Peach rushed head-long into the resurrection business... And when nature was slow to produce the 'goods'...

DRINK UP, M' FELLOW, DRINK UP! ABANDONED YOUR HOME VILLAGE, HAVE YOU?

...they found it easy to drum up trade...

INNKEEP!
MORE ALE!

THA' PLACE! SUMPIN'S QUEER THER'! ALWASH DYIN'! EVER' NIGHT! LASH NIGHT... **SIX!** GETTIN' OUT 'FORE I, DIE! **NEVER GOIN' BACK!** THASH RIGH'...

PITY!
POOR FELLOW!
LET'S DRINK ON THAT, MR. PEACH!

RIGHT YOU ARE!
MORE ALE!!

EVER'BODY DIE!
SIXSH MORE! NEV' GOIN'! DRINK UP! MORE ALE! WHERE WE GOIN', GENTS?

STEADY!
JUST A LITTLE FURTHER...
EASY DOES IT!

EASY... DOES... IT!

ARRRGHHKK!

HARD WORK, MR. PEACH!
STRAINS THE HEART! AND EXPENSIVE... ALL THAT MONEY FOR ALE! IF ONLY WE LIVED IN THIS FELLOW'S VILLAGE...

SIX DEAD LAST NIGHT!
A RUDDY TREASURE, MR.
THWACKUM!
NOT REALLY **THAT** FAR...
COME DAWN I COULD HITCH UP THE VAN AND...

The next day...



WE'VE MADE
TOO MUCH HASTE,
MR. PEACH! IT'S
STILL DAYLIGHT!

B-BUT LOOK! WINDOWS... DOORS...
BOLTED AND SHUTTERED TIGHT!
THEY'RE AFRAID TO COME OUT,
MR. THWACKUM!



AND THE GRAVEYARD!
UNWATCHED AND
UNPROTECTED!



STILL LIGHT!
DO YOU THINK
SOMEONE
FROM THE
VILLAGE
MIGHT...
?

AS YOU SAID... THEY'RE
AFRAID TO COME OUT!
IT'S A FIELD DAY,
MR. PEACH... A
FIELD DAY!



THIS IS THE
LAST THAT CAN
FIT! A VAN
FULL AT 10
POUNDS A
HEAD, MR.
THWACKUM!

A FINE DAY'S WORK, MR. PEACH!



WE'LL EMPTY
RYDER'S PURSE
WITH THIS LOT!
SHOULD KEEP
HIM AND MEDICAL
SCIENCE BUSY
FOR SOME
TIME!

14
SPECIMENS GALORE
FOR YOU TONIGHT,
DR. RYDER! A
WHOLE VAN
FULL!

MARVELOUS!
HOW DID YOU
MANAGE
THIS?

IN HERE!
NO ONE
CAN SEE
YOU
UNLOAD!



I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!
I MUST
SEE FOR
MYSELF!
HOW DO
YOU DO
IT?!!

AN UNFORTUNATE VILLAGE, SIR...
TRAGIC MISHAPPENINGS...

TUT, TUT,
MR. PEACH!
TRADE
SECRETS!



GOOD LORD! YOU IMBECILES!
THAT VILLAGE... THOSE
DEATHS... IT WAS THE
WORK OF...



VAMPIRES!!

Gets you
right in the
neck, eh, CREEPS?
Just goes to
prove... there's
nothing like
your own YARD,
no matter how
GRAVE! Now
get set to
UNDERTAKE my
next bit of fear-
some fiction---





NOW, A FEARSOME FROLIC INTO THE DARK AGES FOR SOME DARK DOINGS... HOPE ALL YOU HYSTERICAL HISTORIANS WILL ENJOY THE REEKING RESERVATIONS I'VE PREPARED FOR YOU AT...

CASTLE CARRION!

RAIN FELL IN TORRENTS OUT OF THE BLACK SKY, LASHING ERIC OF URIEN AND HIS NERVOUS, SHYING MOUNT WITH ICY PELLETS... THE SOUND OF THE STORM RISING IN COMPETITION TO THE DIN ERIC RAISED WITH THE GREAT IRON RING AGAINST THE DECAYING TIMBERS OF THE CASTLE GATE...



OPEN THE GATES!
OPEN FOR A TRAVELER
BEFORE HE DROWNS IN
THIS DELUGE! IF ANY-
ONE BE THERE...
OPEN!

FOR LONG MOMENTS ONLY THE RAIN ANSWERED ERIC'S EFFORTS, THEN HE FELT A WARRIOR'S DISCOMFORT OF A STRANGE GAZE UPON HIM, AND A DRY RATTLE OF A VOICE KNIFED EFFORTLESSLY TO HIM THROUGH THE DOWN POUR...



THIS CASTLE IS ANCIENT...
SCANT COMFORT TO THE
TRAVELER WILL BE FOUND
WITHIN THESE WALLS!



WOULD YOU TURN A WAY-
FARER TO A STORM SUCH
AS THIS? I DON'T SEEK
SPLENDOR... ONLY SHELTER!





AS YOU WILL
THEN... **ENTER!**

WHAT MANNER OF PLACE
IS THIS? THE STENCH OF
DEATH AND DECAY HOVERS
AS IN THE AIR OF A CHARNEL
HOUSE... MY HAND SHALL
NOT STRAY FAR FROM MY
SWORD HILT THROUGH THIS
NIGHT'S LODGING!



COME. MY
MASTER
AWAITS YOU!

TRULY ROME'S GREAT
CATACOMBS OFFER MORE
CHEER THAN THESE
CRUMBLING WALLS! HE
WHO WOULD CALL HIM-
SELF MASTER OF THIS
MANOR MUST BE
STRANGE INDEED...



TAKE CARE, SIR KNIGHT!
YOU WALK IN A REALM
OF **EVIL!**



ERIC WHIRLED, ONLY TO FEEL HIMSELF RESTRAINED BY A CHILL TOUCH, AS THOUGH A HAND OF ICE GRIPPED HIS SHOULDER...

HOLD! NONE MAY SPEAK WITH THE LADY ELAINE... IT IS FORBIDDEN!



AND NONE MAY LAY HANDS ON ERIC OF URIEN!



'TIS BUT A HINT OF THE CASTLE'S HORRORS! FLEE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

ERIC'S BLADE FLASHED, BUT FROZE MID-STROKE AT THE FEARFUL SIGHT OF THAT WHICH HE ATTACKED...

DEVIL'S WORK!



NOT WHILE I'VE SWORD IN HAND AND STRENGTH OF ARM!



IS THIS HOW MY HOSPITALITY IS HONORED?

I AM MAGNUS THE MAGICIAN! YOU SOUGHT THE SHELTER OF MY GATES, YET YOU DARE FORCE YOURSELF ON MY DAUGHTER, YOU DARE TAKE SWORD TO MY SERVANTS?!



MY BLADE IS RAISED TO ANY OBSCENITY SUCH AS THAT YOU CALL SERVANT! AS FOR THE LADY...

I CAME TO HIM, FATHER! YOU SURROUND ME WITH LONG DEAD HORRORS ANIMATED BY YOUR MAGIC, AND EXPECT ME NOT TO RUSH TO THE FIRST BREATH OF LIFE VISITED ON THIS PALACE OF DECAY? I---



AWAY WITH YOUR WEAPON, ERIC OF URIEN, AND I'LL ATTEND YOU, THERE'S MUCH YET OF MY CASTLE FOR A GUEST TO VIEW...

BE WARNED, MAGICIAN! MY SWORD IS SHEATHED BUT QUICK TO HAND... I'VE LITTLE STOMACH FOR THE CREATIONS OF YOUR DARK POWERS!



ENOUGH, ELAINE! GO TO YOUR ROOM!

NO ONE SHOULD BE HELD IN THIS FOUL BED OF SORCERY AS HE DOES HIS OWN DAUGHTER! GIVEN TIME AND CHANCE, I MAY FREE HER OF THIS CARRION HOUSE!



I MERELY MAKE USE OF WHAT IS HERE ---THIS CASTLE, THOSE WHO ONCE PEOPLED IT... BUT YOU WERE UNIMRESSED WITH MY SERVANT...PERHAPS A WARRIOR LIKE YOURSELF WOULD BE MORE INTRIGUED BY...



THINK I COULDN'T GUESS YOUR THOUGHTS
...SUSPECT YOU'D HOPE TO CARRY AWAY
ELAINE? SHE'S TOO FOOLISH TO APPRECI-
ATE WHAT I'VE GIVEN HER, AND YOU'LL **DIE**
FOR HOPING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT!!



WELL STRUCK, SIR KNIGHT!
BUT TO WHAT AVAIL...?



...THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD! YOU
CAN SLOW THEM, ENCUMBER THEM, BUT
WHILE THERE'S BONE TO STAND ON,
THEY'LL RISE TO FIGHT AGAIN! YOUR
SWORD WILL SHATTER BEFORE
THEY DO!!



THEN LET ME SAVE
MY STEEL AND TRY...
YOUR FLAME!



CURSE THE MAGICIAN'S
BLACK SKILLS! EVEN THE
FIRE ONLY SLOWS THEIR
ATTACK... I'VE PURCHASED
BUT SCANT TIME!





ERIC SLAMMED HOME THE BOLT ON THE DOOR. ALREADY THERE WERE SOUNDS ON THE STAIRS...



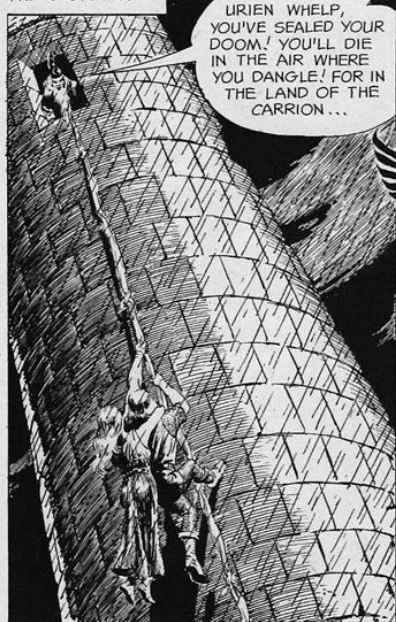
WITH FEVERISH FINGERS, ERIC AND ELAINE BENT TO THEIR TASK DRIVEN BY THE BRUTE ASSAULT OF BONY FISTS AND BODIES ON THE EVER WEAKENING DOOR...



A SICKENING SOUND OF SPLINTERING WOOD SPLIT THROUGH THE TOWER ROOM...



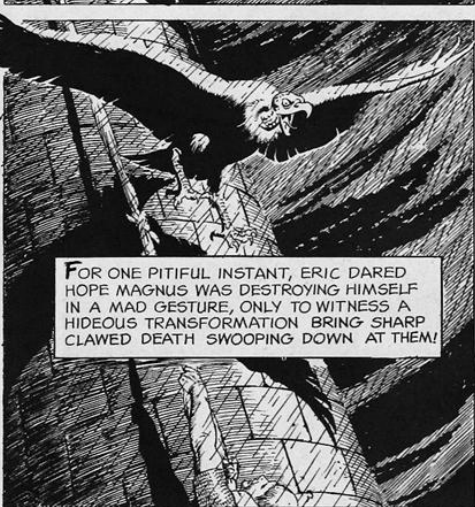
ASSAILED BY THE FULL FURY OF WIND AND RAIN, THEY INCHED DOWN THE FRAGILE ESCAPE LINE... FROM THE WINDOW ABOVE, ERIC HEARD A VOICE, SHATTERING WITH MENACE THROUGH THE STORM...



URIEN WHELP,
YOU'VE SEALED YOUR
DOOM! YOU'LL DIE
IN THE AIR WHERE
YOU DANGLE! FOR IN
THE LAND OF THE
CARRION...



...THE VULTURE IS KING!



FOR ONE PITIFUL INSTANT, ERIC DARED HOPE MAGNUS WAS DESTROYING HIMSELF IN A MAD GESTURE, ONLY TO WITNESS A HIDEOUS TRANSFORMATION BRING SHARP CLAWED DEATH SWOOPING DOWN AT THEM!

DESPERATELY ERIC LOOSEMED HIS GRIP, SLIDING FASTER AND FASTER TOWARD THE STONE FLOOR OF THE BATTLEMENT... BUT NOT NEARLY FAST ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THE PLANNING FURY OF WINGED EVIL!



A HAZY NUMBNESS GRIPPED ERIC... HIS EFFORT HAD BROUGHT THEM NEAR ENOUGH TO THE BATTLEMENT TO SURVIVE THE FALL, NOW HE FUMBLER FOR HIS SWORD, AND TRIED TO MAKE HIMSELF RISE...



ERIC! GET UP!
HE'LL KILL YOU!
GET UP! GET UP!

A BLURRED TERRIBLE FORM HURTLIED AT HIM, EVER LARGER AND CLOSER... HIS LEGS TREMBLED, NAUSEA SWEEPED THROUGH HIM... IT WAS ALL HE COULD DO TO GRIP THE SWORD WITH BOTH HANDS AND RAISE IT IN FRONT OF HIM...



...AND AGAIN HE WITNESSED A TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION...

HE CAME TOO CLOSE... TOO FAST... TO TURN ASIDE... HIS VERY OWN BLOOD-LUST DROVE HIM TO IMPALE HIMSELF!



FAREWELL, SORCERER! YOU CRUMBLE TO THE SAME FATE AS MUST ALL YOUR CHARGES HELD IN LIVING DEATH BY YOUR SPELLS...



YOUR FATHER'S POWER IS BROKEN, ELAINE, HIS MAGIC NO LONGER HOLDS CLAIM... YOU'RE FREE, ELAINE, NOW YOU'RE --- ELAINE!!!



THE WILDERNESS OF THE STORM HAD LAPSED INTO A SLOW STEADY RAIN, GRADUALLY WASHING AWAY THE MOST PERFECT OF MAGNUS THE MAGICIAN'S ART... THE LONG DEAD DAUGHTER HE'D CREATED A FORTRESS OF FEAR TO PROTECT...



...NOW... NOW YOU'RE FREE...

LOOKS LIKE ERIC'S POTENTIAL ROMANCE HAS JUST DISSOLVED AWAY... OH, WELL, ELAINE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GOOD KID, BUT FRANKLY, I THINK HER FATHER WAS FOR THE BIRDS!



STEP RIGHT UP, FEAR FANCIERS, AND GET ON LINE FOR YOUR TERROR TICKETS INTO THE MACABRE MUSEUM OF CLAUDE RENAI, WHERE EACH AND EVERY FEAR-INSPIRING EXHIBIT IS A TERRIFYING...

IMAGE IN WAX!

HOW CAN YOU DO IT, RENAI? I'VE WORKED FOR YEARS IN MY OWN MUSEUM AND NEVER ACHIEVED SUCH REALISM! THESE GROTESQUES, THESE MONSTROUS-ITIES... HOW DO YOU DO IT?!

MY METHODS ARE MY OWN, MONSIEUR VIGO. I DO NOT DISCUSS THEM. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE MANY VISITORS TO ATTEND TO!



THE OWNER OF THE POPULAR PARIS MUSEUM TURNS AND STRIDES STIFFLY AWAY FROM GERARD VIGO, HIS CHIEF COMPETITOR. SMARTING FROM THE CURT DISMISSAL, VIGO CAN ONLY MOVE MOODILY AMONG THE LOOMING EXHIBITS, STARING NOW AT THE BESTIAL FURY OF A WEREWOLF, NOW THE GHOUL'S CARNAL SAVAGERY, NOW THE MENACING GLOOM OF A SORCERER... AND WITH EACH VIEWING HIS DEPRESSION AND RESENTMENT GROWS...





RENAIS IS RUINING ME! WHO'LL PAY TO SEE MY HISTORICAL TABLEAUX, MY LIFELESS REENACTMENTS OF FAMOUS CRIMES, WHEN THEY CAN HAVE THIS?!



LOOK AT THEM! CROWDING LIKE CATTLE... I WAS IN BUSINESS BEFORE HIM, IT SHOULD BE MY PLACE THEY'RE AT, AND IT STILL *COULD*, IF ONLY RENAISSA WOULD GIVE ME SOME HINT, SOME CLUE...



VIGO ELBOWS HIS WAY TO CLAUDE RENAISSA, PUSHING CLOSE TO THE ALOOF, IMPASSIVE FORM, PLEADING DESPERATELY TO GAIN THE ATTENTION OF THOSE UNBLINKING, DISTANT EYES...

I CAN TELL YOU *NOTHING*, MONSIEUR VIGO. MY MUSEUM IS UNIQUE! YOU CANNOT DUPLICATE IT!

RENAISSA, I'M DESPERATE! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME... I'LL GIVE EVERY FRANC I'VE GOT TO LEARN... PLEASE!

SUDDENLY VIGO IS TALKING TO THE BACK OF RENAISSA'S COAT AS THE MUSEUM OWNER MOVES AWAY IN HIS RIGID, UNBENDING WALK...



THERE IS NOTHING FURTHER TO SAY, MONSIEUR VIGO. IT IS LATE, I MUST CLEAR THE GALLERY!

THE COLD MONOTONOUS VOICE LEAVES GERARD VIGO SHAKING WITH RAGE, A VIOLENT URGE WELLING WITHIN HIM...



CLOSING TIME! CLOSING TIME! THIS WAY PLEASE ... CLOSING TIME!

CLOSING TIME! CLAUDE RENAISS SOLEMNLY STANDS GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE, WATCHING PATIENTLY UNTIL THE LAST STRAGGLER IS HERDED THROUGH...



OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM, NIGHT BEGINS TO OVERTAKE PARIS. WITHIN, RENAISS MOVES WITH HIS MEASURED STRIDE FROM LAMP TO LAMP, SMOTHERING THEIR FLAMES...



WITH THE LAST LAMP DARK, HIS FOOTSTEPS ECHO ACROSS THE EMPTY MUSEUM AS HE GOES THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE WORK ROOM IN BACK OF THE MAIN GALLERY...



LEAVING THE MISSHAPEN MONSTER FORMS ALONE IN THE SHADOWED DARKNESS, SILENT AND FORBODING...



NOW! RENAISS HAD HIS CHANCE, NOW IT'S MY TURN! IF I CAN'T SHARE IN HIS SECRET, I CAN AT LEAST ARRANGE THINGS SO IT CAN'T BE USED TO RUIN ME...

QUICKLY AND QUIETLY GERARD VIGO EASES OUT OF HIS HIDING PLACE THROUGH GROTESQUE SHADOWS CAST BY THE GRUESOME IMAGES, TO THE NEAREST WALL LAMP...

FIRE WILL DO IT! ONE ROARING FIRE AND RENAI'S MONSTERS WILL NO LONGER BE COMPETITION FOR ME! FIRST, I'VE GOT TO MAKE CERTAIN THEIR CREATOR CAN'T SAVE THEM!

REMOVING THE LAMP FROM ITS FIXTURE, VIGO INCHES OPEN THE DOOR TO THE WORKROOM...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? WHY IS HE JUST SITTING LIKE THAT? MORE ICY AND RIGID THAN WHEN I TALKED TO HIM... WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? LET HIM STAY IN A TRANCE... MAKES MY TASK ALL THE EASIER!

NO DIFFICULT MATTER TO MAKE IT APPEAR THE FIRE STARTED AS HE WAS WORKING HERE...

YOU'RE A FOOL, VIGO! YOU COULD HAVE LISTENED AND LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE!

A CHILL FREEZES VIGO IN MIDSTEP WITH THE STIFF, UNNATURAL PRECISION THAT CHARACTERIZES ALL HIS MOVEMENTS, CLAUDE RENAI RISES AND TURNS, THE DULL UNFLINCHING EYES RIVETED ON VIGO...

PUZZLED, VIGO? FRIGHTENED? UPSET? THAT I KNEW YOU WERE BEHIND ME?

Y-YOU NO DOUBT HEARD ME...OR SOMETHING...I-I DON'T CARE, JUST KEEP BACK...I WARN YOU, KEEP BACK!

THE BLUNT, MONOTONE VOICE IS LIKE A COLD KNIFE TWISTED IN HIS SPINE, VIGO SQUIRMS UNEASILY; HE RETREATS...

NO, VIGO, YOU HAVE TO BE STOPPED...

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, RENAI... I CAME HERE TO KILL TONIGHT, TO DESTROY... I-I WON'T LET YOU STOP ME... KEEP BACK, KEEP BACK!

WITH A DESPERATE, PITIFUL CRY, VIGO HURLS THE LIGHTED LAMP IN HIS HAND...

I WARNED YOU!

THE FLAMES SUDDENLY WREATH THE ADVANCING FIGURE, FEEDING ON THE VERY FLESH AND CLOTHING OF CLAUDE RENAI, THEIR ALL CONSUMING HEAT WORKING A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION...



SHRIEKING WITH HORROR AT THE MELTING VISION BEFORE HIM, VIGO FALLS BACK AGAINST THE WORKROOM DOOR...

SLOWLY, SO VERY SLOWLY, THE HINGES SHRIEK AND CRY, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN...



YES, RENAI WAS AN IMAGE OF WAX...



A-ALIVE!
ALL ALIVE...
NO WONDER...
LOOKED SO REAL...
Y-YOU LIVE...



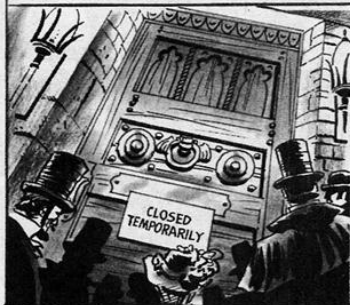
A PERFECT ARRANGEMENT UNTIL YOU SET YOUR HAND AGAINST OUR WAXEN CHARGE!



P-PLEASE... I... I DIDN'T... I COULDN'T KNOW... I-I-I...



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE USUAL CROWD OF EARLY SIGHTSEERS AND TOURISTS GATHER BEFORE THE DOORS, ONLY TO FACE A DISAPPOINTING NOTICE...



YET, AS PROMISED, THE DISAPPOINTMENT IS ONLY TEMPORARY, AND WITHIN A FEW DAYS...



INDEED, THE ONLY TRULY NOTICEABLE CHANGE SEEMS TO BE IN VIGO HIMSELF. NEW RESPONSIBILITIES AND SUCCESSSES SEEMING TO MAKE HIM MORE ALOOF AND IMPASSIVE, STIFF AND UNNATURAL IN BEARING...



...AND IT IS MOST DIFFICULT TO GAIN THE ATTENTION OF THOSE UNBLINKING, DISTANT EYES!



YES, INDEED, GHOULISH GLANCERS, I'M AFRAID THE WHOLE AFFAIR HAS TURNED MONSIEUR VIGO INTO A BIT OF A STIFF... OF COURSE IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR HIM TO CHANGE... JUST WAIT UNTIL THE FIRST *REALLY HOT* DAY! HEE, HEE, HEE!



SHARPEN UP THOSE CANINES FOR A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT MORSEL, FRIENDS! HEE HEE! THIS ONE'S A FAIRY TALE OF SORTS... ONLY THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE, SO WE'LL HAVE TO STEP INTO THE SEAMIER SIDE OF TOWN IF WE WANT TO BE IN ON....

THE RESCUE OF THE MORNING MAID!



HE WAS A CREATURE OF DARKNESS - NATURE HAD RENDERED HIM UNABLE TO MINGLE WITH OTHER MEN BY THE FULL LIGHT OF DAY - LEST THEY RUN FROM HIM IN ABJECT TERROR!

EVERY NIGHT HE EMERGED FROM HIS HIDING PLACE - ROAMING WITH EERIE STEALTH ON THE ROOFTOPS OF THE CONDEMNED AND DESERTED BUILDINGS!





LIKE A PROWLING BEAST - HE SILENTLY DREW UP TO THEM ..AND LISTENED TO THEIR CONVERSATION!



MY DOLL HAS A TORN HEAD, MA!

SHUT UP WITH VER STINKIN' DOLL, YOU! AND DON'T CALL ME MA!



YA-YA KNOCKED IT OVER THE ROOF!

GOOD! NOW MAYBE YA'LL SHUT VER FACE WHEN I TELL YA!



I WANT MY DOLLY!
I WANT MY DOLLY!

STOP THAT WHIMPERIN', EMMA - OR I'LL LAY INTA YA LIKE A BUTCHER IN A COWPEN!

THE LITTLE GIRL STIFLED HER SOBS, BUT THE TEARS CONTINUED, SOAKING HER TINY HANDS AND SOILED SKIRT!



SHE'S CRYIN'! I KNEW SHE WAS DIFFERENT! SHE AIN'T LIKE THE OLD HAG - NOT LIKE ME, NEITHER! WE'RE NIGHT PEOPLE, US TWO! BUT EMMA -

EMMA! SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I SEEN IN ALL MY LIFE!



HE MOVED SILENT AS A PHANTOM, TO WHERE HE COULD PEER BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS!

THERE'S HER DOLL!



SO LONG HAD HE MINGLED WITH THE GLOOM OF THE RAT-INFESTED SLUM THAT HE KNEW HIS WAY IN SPITE OF THE DARKNESS...



POOR THING! SHE OUGHT TO HAVE HER DOLLY BACK! SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO CRY LIKE THAT!



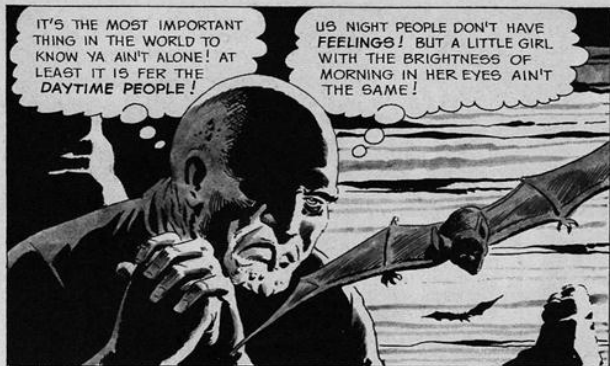
THE OLD HAG AIN'T WATCHIN'! I'LL JUST PUT IT DOWN-AND SLIP BACK INTO THE SHADOWS!



SHE FOUND IT!

NOW SHE KNOWS... SHE AIN'T ALONE!





HIS HEART ACHED FOR THE GIRL AS HE WATCHED...!! SHOULD HE STEP FORWARD TO HELP? DARE HE LET HIMSELF BE SEEN?





I REMEMBER NOW!
YOU-YOU'VE IMPRISONED
ME-IN THIS CHILD'S BODY!
MADE ME A SLAVE-MADE
ME LIVE IN HORRID SQUALOR!

I'VE DONE THAT AND
MORE, YOU WRETCHED,
ACCURSED LITTLE DOLT!



"I'VE KEPT YOU IN BOND-
AGE FOR AGE AFTER AGE!
I'VE DRAGGED YOU THROUGH
THE WORST SLUMS OF THE
WORLD-LENT YOUR BODY
TO DISEASE AND ROT!"



EVER SINCE THE
DAY YOU DARED
TO STEAL THE MAN
I LOVED.. YOU'VE
SUFFERED AS NO
ONE ELSE HAS
EVER SUFFERED
BEFORE!



"I WAS THE MIGHTIEST
SORCERESS - THE MOST
EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN - THAT THE WORLD
HAD EVER KNOWN!"



"ANYTHING I WANTED WAS MINE! BUT, LIKE
A FOOL, I FELL IN LOVE! IT WAS YOU, EMMA
- YOU STOLE HIS HEART AWAY!"



DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW I
KEPT THE TWO OF YOU IMPRISON-
ED? HOW HE FOUND HIS WAY
OUT - HELPED YOU ESCAPE?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

YOU BOTH KNEW THERE'D NEVER
BE ANY SAFETY FROM MY PITILESS
WRATH - AND SO YOU TRIED TO
ESCAPE THROUGH THE INVIOLEABLE
DOOR OF DEATH!



HE WAS BEYOND THE REACH OF
MY FURY - BUT FATE HAD DELIVERED
YOU INTO MY HANDS - AND HERE
YOU'VE REMAINED FOR CENTURIES!



MY VENGEANCE WILL GO ON, EMMA!
ETERNALLY! YOU'LL NEVER BE FREE
TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE CORRIDORS
OF DESTINY!

HEEE

SUDDENLY, THE WILD EYES OF THE ANCIENT FIEND
WERE FIXED UPON.....

ONCE EVERY MONTH, WHEN THE LIGHT
OF THE FULL MOON TOUCHES YOU -
YOU'LL BE RECALLED TO AWARENESS
OF THE HORRIBLE REVENGE I'VE
EXACTED FROM YOU!

HEEE


EMMA'S VOICE FROZE IN HER THROAT, AS SHE
GAZED UPON THE GHASTLY, HATE-FILLED FACE!

YOUR DOLL! HOW DID YOU
GET IT BACK? HOW?




SO - THERE'S SOMEONE HERE! A FRIEND
FOR MY LITTLE EMMA, EH?






HE MADE NO SOUND- HOPING HE COULD MELT INTO THE UN-EARTHLY ROOF-TOP LANDSCAPE!




I'LL FIND WHOEVER IT IS!



YOU STAY AS YOU ARE, EMMA! I COMMAND IT BY THE LEGIONS OF ASHTAROTH!



AND NOW TO PLAY A LITTLE GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH YOUR MYSTERIOUS CHUM!



I CAN SENSE THE RAW FEAR...BOILING IN HIS BRAIN!



SHE CAN'T DO ANYTHING IF SHE DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM! GOTTA KEEP OUTTA SIGHT-SOMEHOW!



CAN'T CONTROL MY
MUSCLES! SHE'S
TOO STRONG!
MAYBE-IF I GO
ALONG EASY-FOR
NOW-!

THAT'S RIGHT-
DON'T TRY TO
RESIST ME!
JUST DO AS I
COMMAND!

I WON'T HURT
YOU-VERY
MUCH! JUST
A FEW
SCREAMS
BEFORE YOU
GO! A FEW
MINUTES OF
BEGGING FOR
DEATH!

I'M RIGHT ON
THE EDGE OF
THE BROKEN
PART! CAN'T
GO ANY
FARTHER GOT
TO MAKE HER-!

WHAT'S **THIS**? YOU
DARE DEFY ME?!
WHY YOU LUCKLESS
FOOL....



WHA-? **NO!**





WITH A CRY OF JOY HE LEAPED ACROSS THE DE-CAYING, ROTTED ROOF TOPS! IN HIS EXCITEMENT, HE FORGOT THAT HE WAS A BRUTE - FORGOT HE WAS A CREATURE OF THE SHADOWS - FORGOT ALL BUT THE LOVELY GIRL HE HAD SAVED!



AND SO, IN A HANDFUL OF WIND-BLOWN DUST, SHE VANISHED FROM HIM, TO CONTINUE HER INTERRUPTED JOURNEY TO WHATEVER LIES BEYOND DEATH'S PORTAL.



AS FOR HIM... AFTER A WHILE, HE LUMBERED OFF INTO THE GLOOM WHICH WAS HIS WORLD - A STRANGE, TORN DOLL GENTLY RESTING IN HIS ARMS...!

FEELING A BIT PEAKED AFTER MY LAST FEW FRIGHT FABLES? WHAT YOU FEAR FOLLOWERS NEED IS AN OCEAN VOYAGE TO PUT A LITTLE COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS...LIKE GREEN! ALL SET, SHIVERING SHIPMATES? JOIN ME AT THE HELM OF THE GHOULD SHIP *RIO STAR*...HOPE YOU WON'T BE INCONVENIENCED...THEY'RE RUNNING OUT OF HANDS AND CAN ONLY USE A...

SKELETON CREW!

LIKE A HARPOONED WHALE BREATHING ITS LAST, THE FREIGHTER LAY PILED INTO THE ROCKS SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF HONDURAS...BREAKERS SMACKED AGAINST ITS IRON HULL AS THOUGH TRYING TO DRIVE THE VESSEL FROM THE REEF...GULLS CIRCLED CURIOUSLY OVERHEAD, BUT REFUSED TO LAND ON THE EMPTY DECKS...FINALLY, THE DESOLATE AIR WAS BROKEN BY THE CHUGGING OF AN APPROACHING DIESEL ENGINE...

GOOD BOY, MANUEL! IF SHE'S GOT A FAIR CARGO, THE SALVAGE RIGHTS COULD MAKE US RICH!

LOOK, SEÑOR CARPENTER, IT'S AS I SAID! I *KNEW* I HEARD A CRASH BEFORE DAWN THIS MORNING!

PUTTING IN AS CLOSE TO THE STRICKEN SHIP AS THEY DARED, THE TWO MEN LOST NO TIME IN ASSAULTING THE SALT-SPRAYED SIDE OF THE CREAKING WRECK...

NO SIGN OF ANYONE... THEY'VE ABANDONED HER!

THE FOOLS! DOESN'T SEEM IN DANGER OF SINKING...THEY HAVE GIVEN US A FINE PRIZE!





SEÑOR
CARPENTER!
THE LIFEBOAT...
IF THEY'VE DESERTED
THE SHIP WHY HASN'T
THE LIFEBOAT BEEN
USED?

STRANGE
ALL RIGHT...
DOWNRIGHT
WEIRD!

ABOVE THEM, THE GULLS GAVE PIERCING SHRIEKS... BENEATH THEIR FEET, THE TIDE RHYTHMICALLY ROCKED THE STRANDED VESSEL, CREAKING AND MOANING...



ANYBODY HERE?
HEY! ANYONE
AROUND?

I DON'T LIKE
THIS... I DON'T LIKE
THIS AT A--

MANUEL NEVER FINISHED. BOTH MEN WHIRLED AT THE NEW SOUND... A DULL, HOLLOW, ROLLING... THUMP AFTER THUMP AFTER THUMP...



MADRE DE
DIOS!

LORD!...

THEY MOVED WITHOUT RELISH IN THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE GRISLY WARNING HAD COME... THEIR OWN FOOTSTEPS ECHOING AS HOLLOWLY ON THE DECK AS HAD THE BLEACHED WHITE SKULL...

AIII! WHAT KIND OF
SHIP IS THIS? PERHAPS
SEÑOR CARPENTER, IT'S
BETTER IF WE GO FOR
THE AUTHORITIES
IMMEDIATELY...

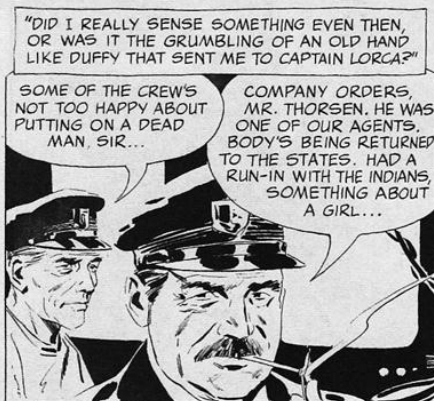
WHERE'S YOUR
NERVE, BOY? WE'RE
CLAIMING THIS TUB,
LET'S SEE IT
THROUGH!



MANUEL SHRUGGED OFF HIS FEAR. THE TWO MEN MOVED ON CAUTIOUSLY, MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE BRIDGE...THE DOOR WAS SEALED FROM THE INSIDE. AFTER SOME BATTERING, IT BURST OPEN.



GENTLY, MANUEL SLIPPED THE RAGGED LOG-BOOK FROM THE BONY FINGERS, AND LEAFED THROUGH THE PAGES. THE LAST ENTRY WAS LONG AND UNOFFICIAL, ALMOST ILLEGIBLY SCRAWLED..



"SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THAT THE TROUBLE BEGAN... SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN AS I WAS ABOUT TO COME OFF MY WATCH..."

DEAD? HOW COULD IT JUST GO DEAD, ALVAREZ?

QUIEN SABE, SEÑOR THORSEN? SOMETIMES THE SALT AIR GETS TO THE CRYSTALS... I'LL LOOK INSIDE AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANY LUCK BEFORE YOUR RELIEF COMES ON, I'LL TELL THE CAPTAIN AND--



"THE CRY CUT THROUGH THE BREAKING DAWN LIKE A RAZOR! I RUSHED BELOW TO WHERE THE NIGHT GANG WERE WAITING THE CHANGE OF SHIFT..."

WHAT THE DEVIL GOES ON DOWN HERE?!

IT'S DUFFY, SIR. WE LOCKED HIM IN THE FORWARD COMPARTMENT WITH THE COFFIN! JUST A JOKE...

THAT OL' IRISHMAN AIN'T BEEN SO FEISTY SINCE HE GOT A CORPSE FOR A BUNK-MATE! HA! SCREAMING LIKE AN OLD LADY!



A FINE BUNCH OF IDIOTS! GET HIM OUT OF THERE! ...RIGHT NOW!

WE WAS JUST FOOLIN'... YOU SHOULD'VE HEARD HIM! "THE CREEPIN' BLACK SHADOW" WAS TRYING TO GET HIM ...WHAT A LOT OF STUFF!



"THE LAUGHTER STOPPED SHORT AS THE HATCH SWUNG OPEN THROWING A RAY OF LIGHT INTO THE BLACKNESS. THOSE WHO'D FOUND HUMOR IN THE HYSTERICAL SHRIEKS OF MOMENTS BEFORE NOW FOUND THEMSELVES SCREAMING..."

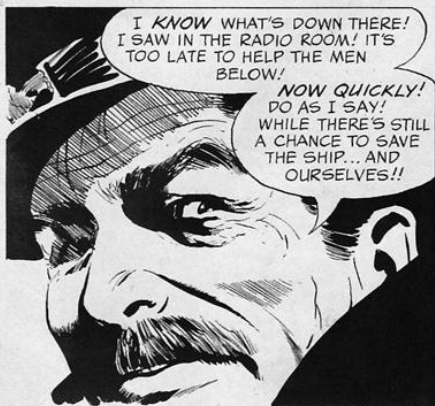
DUFFY!
OH, MY GOD...
DUFFY!



"NO ONE SAID ANY MORE, BUT IT WAS I WHO FOUND THE FIRE AXE AND PUT IT TO THE HELLISH COFFIN FROM WHICH DUFFY'S DEATH HAD CREPT FORTH..."



"A QUESTION FORMED ON MY TONGUE AND WAS NEVER UTTERED AS THE MORNING AIR WAS RENT BY A VOLUME OF PITIFUL SCREAMS..."



"MUTING MY EARS TO THE HORRENDOUS SHRIEKS BELOW DECK, I RUSHED TO COMPLETE MY TASK, SLAMMING HATCH AFTER HATCH...AND SO PASSED THE RADIO ROOM...ALVAREZ HAD LOCATED THE TROUBLE; THE LAST THING HE DID ON EARTH!"



"THE SCREAMS WERE NOT THE END WITH THE RISING SUN TO ITS BACK, SOMETHING CAME STAGGERING ACROSS THE DECK, VAGUELY MAN-LIKE BUT WITH A SKIN OF SHINING WRITHING BLACKNESS...YET THE VOICE, THE HIDEOUS TORTURED VOICE...WAS THAT OF THE CAPTAIN!"



"WITH ALL REAR HATCHES SECURED, I CLAMBERED TO THE BRIDGE EXPECTING TO MEET THE CAPTAIN...THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS TOLD ME HE'D BEEN UNABLE TO GET ALL THE BOW HATCHES..."

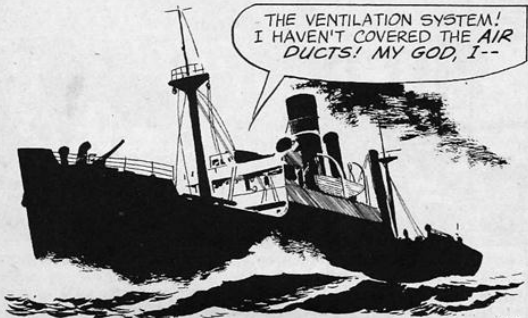


"ABOVE THE WHEELHOUSE DOOR HUNG A RIFLE. THE PAINFUL SHRIEKING LEFT ME NO DOUBT AS TO WHAT I MUST DO..."



"THE WHEELHOUSE IS COMPLETELY SEALED OFF. I HAVE SET THE SHIP ON A COURSE FOR SHORE. THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE I WILL MAKE IT, YET STILL I WRITE...IT TAKES MY MIND OFF...OFF WHAT'S WAITING OUT THERE! BUT NOW SOMETHING OCCURS TO ME...SOMETHING..."

THE VENTILATION SYSTEM!
I HAVEN'T COVERED THE AIR
DUCTS! MY GOD, I--



MANUEL CLOSED THE BOOK. THERE WAS NOTHING MORE TO READ. THE SUN BEAT THROUGH THE GLASS OF THE WHEELHOUSE, ITS HEAT MAGNIFIED, YET MANUEL FOUND HIMSELF SHIVERING...

HE SHIFTED UNCOMFORTABLY AND SOMETHING CRUNCHED UNDERFOOT...FOR THE FIRST TIME, MANUEL BECAME AWARE OF WHAT LITTERED THE FLOOR OF THE WHEELHOUSE...

SUDDENLY MANUEL UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING...HE FULLY UNDERSTOOD THE CREEPING HORROR THAT HAD TURNED THE FREIGHTER **RIO STAR** INTO A SHIP OF HELL!



AND JUST AS SUDDENLY, THERE WAS NO PLACE TO RUN. MANUEL STARED OUT AT A WRITHING, CRAWLING SEA OF GLEAMING EBONY WHOSE LEAD POINT WAS WHAT REMAINED OF CARPENTER...**WARRIOR ANTS!** CONSTANTLY FORAGING ANTS OF THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE WHO EAT ANY FLESH OR FOOD FALLING IN THEIR JUGGERNAUT PATH... AND GO ON FOR MORE! JUST AS THEY DID WHEN THEY FINISHED THE CORPSE IN THE COFFIN WHERE THE INDIANS HAD PLACED THEM...
WARRIOR ANTS!!



SO MUCH FOR NAUSEATING NATURE STUDY, EH, KIDDIES? JUST THINK...THE BOYS WENT ABOARD TO GET THE CARGO, AND **IT** GETS THEM! ALL THEY GET ARE ANTS IN THEIR PANTS...
AMONG OTHER PLACES!