



EERIE
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A WARREN MAGAZINE

AAAAAAAAGAH!
WHAT IS IT?

40¢

SEE "SLIGHT MISCALCULATION" IN THIS THROBBING ISSUE!!



EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY

GREETINGS, LORE LEARNERS! HERE'S A CHOICE ITEM THAT WILL WET YOUR **AWFUL** APPETITES FOR THE FIENDISH FEAST THAT FOLLOWS,

LUCIFER'S LEGIONS

THE **GHOSTICS** OF EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES, IN IMITATION OF PAGAN PEOPLES CLASSIFICATION OF THE **SPIRITS**, ATTEMPTED A SIMILAR ARRANGEMENT WITH RESPECT TO THE **HIEACHY** OF **ANGELS**. LEARNED CLERKS OF **DEMONOLOGY** ARE INCLINED TO THINK THE BATTLE BETWEEN **LUCIFER'S LEGIONS** AND THE **DIVINE HOST** OCCURRED BETWEEN EARTH AND PARADISE AND LASTED A TOTAL OF **THREE SECONDS!!** LOSING HIS WAR AGAINST **HEAVEN**, **LUCIFER** AND A NUMBER OF HIS FALLEN ANGELS, SANK INTO THE FIERY PITS OF **HADES...** WHILE THE REST OF HIS **LEGION** WAS LEFT TO **ROOM THE EARTH TEMPTING MEN'S SOULS!!**



THE DEVILS OF **LUCIFER'S LEGIONS** MAY APPEAR AS A HUMAN FIGURE WITH THE HEAD OF A **LION** AND THE WINGS OF A **GRIFFIN**, OR AS A **LEOPARD** WITH GREAT TEETH, A KNIGHT ON A BLACK HORSE SURROUNDED BY **FIRE**, AND EVEN A **HORROR** WITH **THREE SERPENT HEADS** MOUNTED ON A **DRAGON**!

THE **LEGION** HAS ITS REPRESENTATIVES ON **EARTH**! IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN THAT EACH STATE IN **EUROPE** HAS ITS OWN **INFERNAL AMBASSADOR**! WHAT **DEVIL** OVERSEES OUR AFFAIRS?!!

Tom Satter 88

EERIE

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NOW, FRENZIED FOLLOWERS, WE PEEK IN ON LIFE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE LAST CENTURY, WHEN MADNESS WAS JUDGED AND TREATED HARSHLY... BUT WHO CAN REALLY JUDGE MADNESS? SEPARATING THE SANE FROM THE INSANE BECOMES DIFFICULT, AND OFTEN, AS WE'LL SEE IN THIS LITTLE TERROR TOME, BECOMES JUST A MATTER OF...

POINT OF VIEW!

THE IRON DOOR CLANGS OPEN AND THE STENCH OF CROWDED, UNWASHED HUMANITY ASSAILS YOUR NOSTRILS AS THE GUARD LEADS YOU DOWN THE SLIME-COATED STONE STEPS. HOLLOW, EMPTY MUMBLING AND GIGGLING RISES UP OUT OF THE DARKNESS BELOW... DISGUSTING, BUT IT'S YOUR LOT AND YOU MUST MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

THIS HERE'S THE CHARITY CASES, MR. GORSHAM, AND ANY OTHERS WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH!

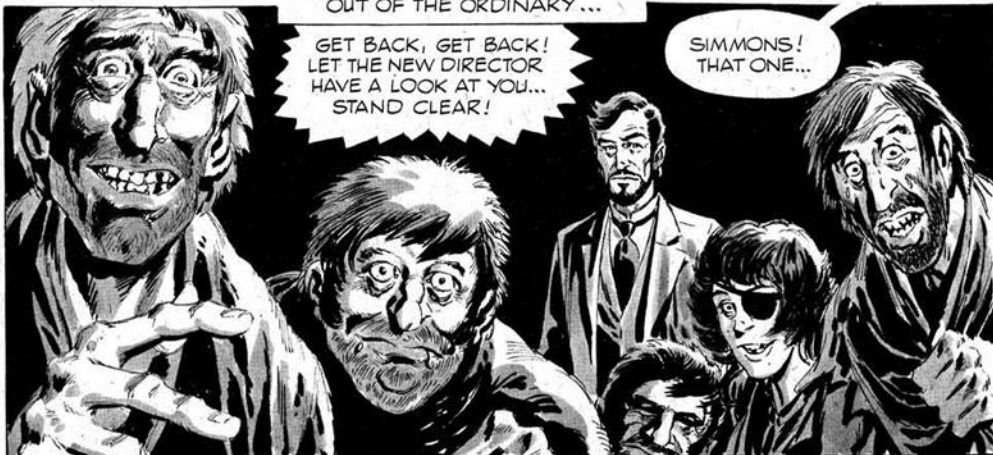
LEAD ON, SIMMONS! I ASKED TO SEE EVERYTHING, DON'T HIDE THE DREGS!



THE GUARD PRODS AND STRIKES WITH HIS BIRCH ROD AT THE BABBLING RABBLE, CLEARING A PATH FOR YOU. THE SQUALOR IS BORING AND YOUR EYES SEARCH FOR SOMETHING AMUSING, OUT OF THE ORDINARY...

GET BACK, GET BACK! LET THE NEW DIRECTOR HAVE A LOOK AT YOU... STAND CLEAR!

SIMMONS! THAT ONE...



OH, HIM, SIR. ONE OF THE STRANGE ONES, PRETTY FAR GONE HE IS... GOT SOME PRETTY QUEER IDEAS!

THAT SO? LET'S SEE ABOUT THAT, SIMMONS... **YOU!** FELLOW! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



HIS VOICE IS CALM AND STEADY, BUT WITH A TRACE OF SADNESS IN HIS MANNER, AS THOUGH BEING A MADMAN WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM...

MY NAME IS FRANKENSTEIN... **VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.**

YOU DON'T SAY, SIR? AND SUPPOSE I TELL YOU "FRANKENSTEIN" IS A BOOK! A FICTION BY MARY SHELLEY!



YOUR APPOINTMENT AS ASYLUM DIRECTOR WAS POLITICAL, MEANT TO BE A SOFT BERTH, NOTHING MORE. YOU'RE DELIGHTED TO FIND IT CAN PROVIDE AMUSEMENT...

BASED ON MY LIFE AND EXPERIENCES.

OH, REALLY, MR. FRANKENSTEIN! I'M SURPRISED A REKNOWNED MAKER OF MONSTERS LIKE YOURSELF IDLES HIS TIME AWAY HERE... HAVE YOU NO CREATIONS ON HAND?



OF COURSE. MY LATEST EXPERIMENT IS RIGHT OVER THERE...

WHAT TH...



WATCH IT, SIR! IT'S A REGULAR KILLER! ANIMAL!

LORD... WHAT A BRUTE!

YOU STARE AT THE MASSIVE FRIGHTENING HULK, REFUSING TO CONSIDER IT AS A MAN, HATING IT FOR THE FEAR IT MAKES YOU FEEL...

LOOK AT THAT! THE MINDLESS WRETCH IS GLARING AT ME...ME!

SO, MR. FRANKENSTEIN, YOUR CREATION IS RATHER A FAILURE... A LONG WAY FROM BEING HUMAN! HEE, HEE...

YES, I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE PROBLEM. IT'S THE BRAIN. I MUST OPERATE SOON. GIVE HIM A NEW MIND...

YOU GROW TIRED OF THE GAME... HUMORING A MADMAN IS TEDIOUS AND BORING...

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! I TIRED OF YOUR LUNATIC RAVINGS! YOU'RE NOT FRANKENSTEIN... YOU'RE NOTHING! AN ADDLE-MINDED NOTHING!

DECISIVELY, YOU WRENCH THE PUNISHMENT ROD FROM THE HANDS OF THE GUARD AND LASH OUT AT THE CHAINED FORM...

AWRRRRR!

THERE! TEACH YOU TO STARE AT YOUR BETTERS!

REMEMBER THIS ALL OF YOU! I WON'T INDULGE YOUR MAD FANCIES... THE QUICKER YOU REALIZE YOU'RE MINDLESS VERMIN THE BETTER YOUR LOT WILL BE!

AWAY FROM THE STENCH-LADEN, LUNATIC ATMOSPHERE OF THE DUNGEON, YOU FEEL BETTER, CALMER... YOUR CURIOSITY RETURNS...

THOSE TWO WILL BEAR WATCHING, SIMMONS. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM?

WELL, THE BIG FELLA'S ALMOST ALWAYS BEEN HERE... COMMITTED AS A LAD. GOT MORE VIOLENT EACH YEAR... THE OTHER'S A FORMER MEDICAL STUDENT, GOT A BIT MUCH FOR HIS FAMILY TO HANDLE...



REALLY BELIEVES THE FRANKENSTEIN RUBBISH... HAD A HISTORY OF GRAVE ROBBERING AND CORPSE MUTILATION... TRYIN' TO CREATE LIFE!

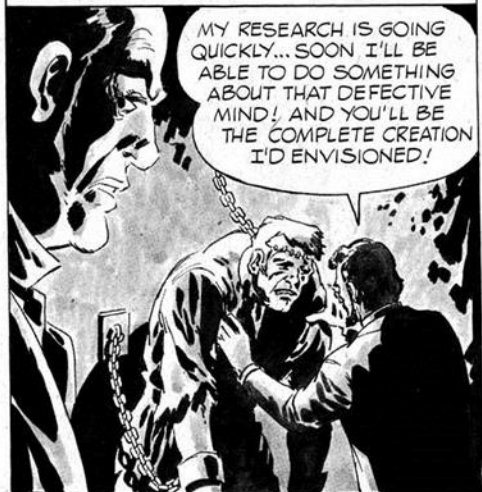


WELL, HE'S GOT HIS MONSTERS RIGHT ENOUGH, THAT'S ALL ANY OF 'EM DOWN THERE ARE, AND THAT'S HOW I'LL TREAT 'EM!



DAYS DRIFT BY. YOU FALL INTO A WORK ROUTINE, BUT THE FASCINATION BROUGHT BY THESE TWO CHARGES CONTINUES TO HOLD...

MY RESEARCH IS GOING QUICKLY... SOON I'LL BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT DEFECTIVE MIND! AND YOU'LL BE THE COMPLETE CREATION I'D ENVISIONED!



AND YOU NEVER MISS THE OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW THEM HOW MUCH YOU RESENT THE VERY INTEREST YOU FEEL!

WITLESS BRUTE! WILD ANIMAL! THIS IS HOW I HANDLE THE LIKES OF YOU! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF **THIS** OPERATION, MR. FRANKENSTEIN?!



INSANITY IS SIN! I'M NOT HERE TO PAMPER YOU, BUT TO PUNISH YOU! THAT'S WHAT YOU SHOULD EXPECT FROM ME, BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL GET!



THEN ONE NIGHT, TERRIBLE NOISES BURST THROUGH-OUT THE BUILDING, CRASHING AND CRYING, TO BRING YOU BOLTING FROM THE DEEP SLUMBER OF A MAN WITH A JOB WELL DONE!

SIMMONS! WHAT THE DEVIL...?

INMATES... B-BROKEN FREE... OVERUNNING ASYLUM... FRANKENSTEIN IS LEADIN'... ALL OF 'EM...

ALL OF 'EM... EVEN THE BIG... UHHHHH!

S-SIMMONS! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHAT CAN WE DO?

YOU BEND OVER THE NOW STILL FORM, WANTING IT TO BE ALIVE SO YOU WON'T BE ALONE. OUTSIDE, THE HALLWAY VIBRATES WITH WILD NOISES...

WHAT CAN WE... NO! OH, LORD... NOOOOO!

WITH THE SAVAGE CRY OF A VENGEFUL ANIMAL, THE UNCHAINED MANIAC LUNGES TOWARD YOU, RAW HATRED UNLEASHED!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'M THE DIRECTOR! YOU CAN'T! STOP!

LIKE LEECHES OF STEEL, THE BLUNT FINGERS TIGHTEN ON THE SOFT FLESH OF YOUR THROAT. THE ROOM GROWS DARK, AND YOU KNOW THAT THE LAST SIGHT YOU WILL EVER SEE IS THAT OF THE WOODEN BEAMS OF THE CEILING AND THAT UGLY, HATE-DRENCHED FACE!

LONG MOMENTS, PERHAPS HOURS, LATER, YOU FIND VISION SWIMMING BACK TO YOU, AND YOU KNOW THE JOY OF BEING RE-CALLED TO LIFE...

YOU RAISE UP FROM THE BED YOU ARE LYING IN, FUMBLING WITH THE GAS LAMP, STILL FEELING WEAK AND VERY AWKWARD FROM THE ATTACK...

SO QUIET... GUARDS MUST'VE BEEN ABLE TO GET THE INMATES UNDER CONTROL...

THEY DIDN'T ACT A MINUTE TOO SOON... THOUGHT I'D DIED FOR SURE.

LIGHT FROM THE LAMP SUDDENLY FLOODS THE ROOM AND YOUR EYES DART TO THE DRESSER MIRROR YOU ARE FACING... AND THE TRUTH ABOUT WHY YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

EEEEAAAAAAHHH

YOU ARE STILL SCREAMING WHEN THE SOUND OF RUSHING FOOTSTEPS HURTLE INTO YOUR ROOM...

SEE! I DID IT! FROM NOW ON YOU'LL BELIEVE IT WHENEVER VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN TELLS YOU ABOUT AN OPERATION! GOOD THING YOU DIED WHEN YOU DID, I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D HAVE GOTTEN ANOTHER BRAIN!

GAHHHHH

HEH, HE MAY NOT BE THE AUTHENTIC FRANKENSTEIN, BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT THE BOY'S A REAL RUNNER-UP! THOUGH, I SUPPOSE GORSHAM RESENTS HIS CUTTING REMARKS... PROBABLY FINDS THEM MONSTROUS! OH, WELL, ON TO THE NEXT FEAR FEAST BEFORE WE ALL GO NUTS!

PROLOGUE: DR. PHIZER HAD OFTEN WONDERED WHAT CONSEQUENCES WOULD OCCUR, WERE THE EVENTS NOW BEING RECORDED BEFORE HIM, TO ACTUALLY HAPPEN. OF COURSE HE HAD NEVER IMAGINED THEY WOULD.

FOR THE MOMENT HE WAS UNAWARE THAT ONCE MECHANICAL MONITOR HAD COMPILED IT'S CALCULATION...THE PERFORATED CARDS ARRANGING THEMSELVES INTO CODED BUNDLES...



...WOULD ALERT HIM TO THE POSSIBLE DESTRUCTION OF HIS ENTIRE PLANET!

FOR HE KNEW THE COMPUTER HAD NOT BLUNDERED THE MEANING OF IT'S MESSAGE. IT COULD ONLY MEAN....

PERFECTION FAR BEYOND THE MERE CAPABILITIES OF ANY HUMAN BEING AND, A GIFT DR. PHIZER WOULD SOON WISH NOT SO ABSOLUTE.

IN A FEW MINUTES, THE JUMBLED SYMBOLS UPON THE CARD HE HELD WOULD BE EQUATED INTO MEANINGFUL LANGUAGE. DIGITS WHICH HAD COME FROM A MACHINE INCAPABLE OF MISTAKE!





YIPES! THIS ASTOUNDING DEPICTION OF DUMB FOUNDING FICTION OUGHT TO STAMMER YOUR GRAMMAR AND CAUSE YOU TO CLAMOR...**GASTRONAUTS!** BUT DON'T BONG YOUR GONG YET... THROG, UNTIL WE FIND OUT THE BIND WE WIND UP IN AFTER A SLIGHT...

Miscellatation

WAR GENTLEMEN!
TOTAL AND UTTER DESTRUCTION!
THE INFORMATION WAS
DECODED ONLY
HOURS
AGO.

BUT... THAT'S INCREDIBLE!
WHY WOULD THEY WANT IT,
KNOWING IT MEANS THE
END OF EVERYONE?



FROM THE DATA
DR. PHIZER HAS GIVEN US,
THE ANSWERS WOULD SEEM
OBVIOUS GENERAL
ANDERSON.

MR. SECRETARY?

THE FACTS SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES.
GENTLEMEN, THE
ENEMY HAS UN-
DOUBTABLY DE-
VELOPED **THE**
ULTIMATE
WEAPON!

PROBABLY CAPABLE
OF DESTROYING US
ALL ... UNLESS WE
MAKE THE FIRST
MOVE AND ATTACK!
IMMEDIATELY!



DR. PHIZER SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THEN, THERE WERE OTHER MACHINES CAPABLE OF REPORTING DANGER. CAPABLE OF RECORDING DIGITS WHICH SPOKE IN A LANGUAGE EVERYONE UNDERSTOOD. **FEAR!**

ONLY TIME AND DISTANCE SEPARATED THE DANGERS OF SIMILAR NATIONS WHOSE METHODS HAD REDUCED THE PROBLEM TO A COMMON SOLUTION.

AND HOW IMPORTANT WAS DISTANCE IN A WORLD WHERE TIME WAS A WASTE?

AND THEY HAVE DECIDED TO LAUNCH AN OFFENSIVE! BY TOMORROW WE MAY ALL BE ANNIHILATED!

UNLESS WE STRIKE FIRST COMRADES!



BUT HOW COULD THE ENEMY HAVE DETERMINED OUR FUTURE PLANS SO SOON? IT'S STILL MONTHS BEFORE...

THOSE PLANS ARE NO LONGER OF IMPORTANCE. GENERAL GANOVICH. THE POINT REMAINS THE SAME! IF THERE IS TO BE A WAR...

WHY WAIT UNTIL OUR ENEMY BEGINS IT! THE INFORMATION FROM OUR COMPUTERS HAS BEEN CONFIRMED...WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE!



WE SHALL BEGIN OUR ATTACK IN ONE HOUR !!



DR. PHIZER REMEMBERED THE FINAL DECISION OF THE STAFF AND REALIZED THE VIVID IRONY OF CIVILIZED MEN, MASSING IN UNITY TO DESTROY EACH OTHER... FOR ALL TIME!

HOW FOOLISH WE'D BEEN DR. PHIZER THOUGH!... FRIGHTENED OF MYTHS ABOUT INVADERS FROM ALIEN GALAXIES, HURLING TOWARD US IN SECRET HAULCAST!



ENDING THE EVOLUTION OF COUNTLESS CENTURIES IN A SINGLE MOMENT OF NUCLEAR MADNESS

BUT THE MADNESS WOULD BE OURS AND NOT THAT OF ANOTHER CIVILIZATION. HAD MAN REALLY LEARNED SO LITTLE IN ALL THAT TIME THAT HE WOULD END IN THE RUBBLE OF HIS OWN INVENTION?



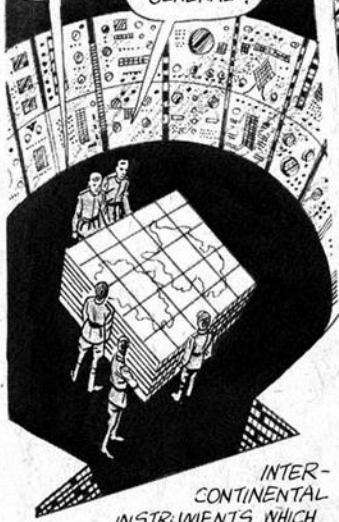
EVEN THESE MACHINES KNOW MORE THAN US... AND WE BUILT THEM!



DR. PHIZER SHOULD HAVE REALIZED
THEN... BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE !

I AM WAITING FINAL COORDINATION
OF TARGET OBJECTIVES GENTLEMEN.
OUR CHANCES
OF COMPLETE
SURPRISE
LOOK
VERY
GOOD!

THEY WILL NOT
SUSPECT OUR
SUDDEN ACTION
IN TIME TO
RETALIATE
GENERAL ?



THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GUARANTEE
MAJOR... ONLY BY ATTACKING CAN
WE HOPE TO PARALYZE THEIR
CHANCES.



MISSILE CONTROL
REPORTS THAT ALL
UNITS ARE ARMED
AND WAITING
—
ACTIVATE COMMAND
GENERAL!

YOU WILL
CONFIRM MY
ORDER TO
SET THE
AUTOMATIC
FIRING RELAYS
AT ONCE !
STAND BY TO
BEGIN
ATTACK !



ANY PROTESTS
TO THAT ACT BECOMING
LOST IN THE SCREAMING
EXPLOSION OF ATOMIC
EXHAUST !

COMMENCE
OFFENSIVE !!

INTER-
CONTINENTAL
INSTRUMENTS WHICH
WOULD SHORTLY BECOME THE
WEAPONS OF SELF EXECUTION !
FAR FROM THE SOUND AND SIGHT
OF HUMAN EMOTIONS...



DR. PHIZER REFUSED TO BELIEVE THE SANITY OF HIS THOUGHTS AS THEY SQUEEZED PAST HIS EYES AND INTO HIS BRAIN! THEY WERE GOING TO BE DESTROYED BY ALIENS AFTER ALL!

BUT HOW COULD THEY DO IT...WITH NO ONE SUSPECTING THEM? **HOW?**...

FEAR HAD FORCED SURVIVAL SO COMPLETELY INTO THEIR MINDS, THEY'D BEEN WILLING TO ACCEPT THE PROOF OF INVASION WITHOUT QUESTION. WITHOUT DOUBT!

I'VE GOT TO WARN THEM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

WHILE MAN WAS BUSY SEARCHING THE STARS FOR A WARNING...THE REAL DANGER HAD GONE UN-DETECTED.

SIR! I'VE RECEIVED A CONTACT ON THE DETECTION SCREEN. WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED!

NOW THE GENIUS OF OUR STUPIDITY WAS BEING USED TO DESTROY US!

EMERGENCY ACTION...FIRE RETALIATORY WEAPONS AT ONCE! WE'LL WIPE THEM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

WAIT...GASP... YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

CLICK!

FIRE

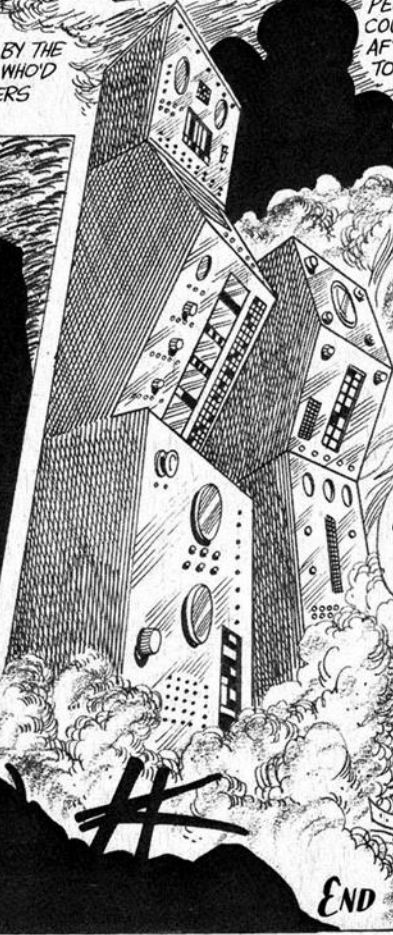
THE PLAN HAD WORKED
EXACTLY AS PREDICTED.
ONLY THE REASON HAD
BEEN CONTRIVED!

JUST AS THE MONSTERS WHO'D
CREATED THOSE PLANS...HAD ALSO
BEEN CONTRIVED. BUT THEY HAD
SURVIVED THE INTENSITY THAT
HAD CHARR'D A PLANET INTO
ASHES. PROTECTED BY SKINS
A MILLION TIMES STRONGER
THAN FLESH AND BONES...



AND BY THE
WEAKNESS OF BEINGS WHO'D
FORGOTTEN WHO THE REAL MASTERS
WERE....

MASTERS THAT ONLY
PEOPLE LIKE DR. PHIZER
COULD HAVE DESTROYED...FOR
AFTER ALL, HADN'T HE HELPED
TO CREATE THEM?



WHAT A FIZZLE FOR
A BIG **WHEEL** LIKE
DR. PHIZER! GETTING UN-
GEARED BY A GREEDY GANG OF
GROOVY GADGETS. BY THE WAY,
YOU DIDN'T SEE A TYPEWRITTER
GO BY HERE DID YOU...CLICKETY
CLACK! CACKLE...



END

GET SET, GHOULISH GLANCERS...WE'RE ABOUT TO PLUNGE DOWN CRUMBLING STEPS OF STONE INTO THE TERRIBLE BLACKNESS OF UNDISTURBED CENTURIES...UNDISTURBED UNTIL TWO ARCHAEOLOGISTS DARE TO CHALLENGE THE...

TERROR IN THE TOMB!

THE ROAR OF GUNFIRE REVERBERATED THROUGH THE ANCIENT DEPTHS, BUT THE SHUFFLING THING OF DECAYED FLESH AND ROTTING CLOTH MOVED INALTERABLY FORWARD, SEEMINGLY BEYOND THE LAWS OF MORTAL MAN AND HIS PUNY WEAPONS...



STOP FIRING, CARSTAIRS! YOUR PISTOL'S USELESS! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE...

BATHED IN A COLD SWEAT OF TERROR, BRISTOL LUNGED WITH THE FURIOUS FRENZY OF A TRAPPED ANIMAL...

...TO TRY THE TORCH!

ONLY A FEW HOURS EARLIER, BOTH MEN HAD VIEWED THE MUMMY FOR THE FIRST TIME! THERE HAD BEEN NO FEAR THEN, ONLY THE HEART-POUNDING THRILL OF MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY...

LORD, CARSTAIRS, IT'S MAGNIFICENT! NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING **BIG!**

AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS EXCAVATING, I'D HARDLY SAY **STUMBLED** BRISTOL!

A BIT ODD, IT'S JUST BEING PROPPED UP HERE... USUALLY THEY TOOK GREAT CARE TO HIDE THE BODIES! MY GUESS IS THAT THIS WAS ONLY A SERVANT OR GUARDIAN...

THEN, WHOM- EVER IT'S PROTECTING WILL REALLY BE WORTH FINDING... MIGHT EVEN BE A PHARAOH!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BRISTOL... TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

THIS MUST LEAD TO ONE OF THE INNER-CHAMBERS! CAN YOU MAKE ANYTHING OUT OF THE INSCRIPTION?

DEFINITELY THE RESTING PLACE OF A RULER... B-BUT, THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF **CURSE**, A WARNING TO ALL VIOLATORS...

DOOR'S SMOOTH... NO HANDLES, OR KNOBS! UNNNNGHHH! CAN'T BUDGE IT! **BLAST!**

PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T TAMPER WITH IT, BRISTOL, UNTIL I'VE DECIPHERED MORE OF THESE HIEROGLYPHICS...

FOR A MOMENT, BOTH MEN FELL SILENT, A SLIGHT GUST OF COOL, MUSTY AIR SUDDENLY MAKING THEM SHIVER INVOLUNTARILY! THEN, BRISTOL SPOKE...

FOR HEAVEN SAKE, CARSTAIRS! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? THAT OUR MUMMIFIED FRIEND BACK THERE WILL COME CHASE US AND CRY BOO ??!

I'D JUST LIKE TO FIND OUT A BIT MORE WHAT IT'S ABOUT, THAT'S ALL...

DO AS YOU LIKE THEN! I'M GETTING SOME OF THE BOYS DOWN AND HAVING A GO AT THAT DOOR...IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE A DISCOVERY LIKE THIS AND I'M NOT GOING SLOW SO THE MUSEUM OR GOVERNMENT CAN HORN IN!

BRISTOL MADE HIS WAY UP THE DANK, CRUDELY HEV'N STEPS THEY'D BEEN WEEKS UNCOVERING, BURSTING OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE SUN'S GLARE, ONLY TO DISCOVER...

GONE! ALL GONE! EVERY LAST ONE OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS DOLTS HAS RUN OFF!

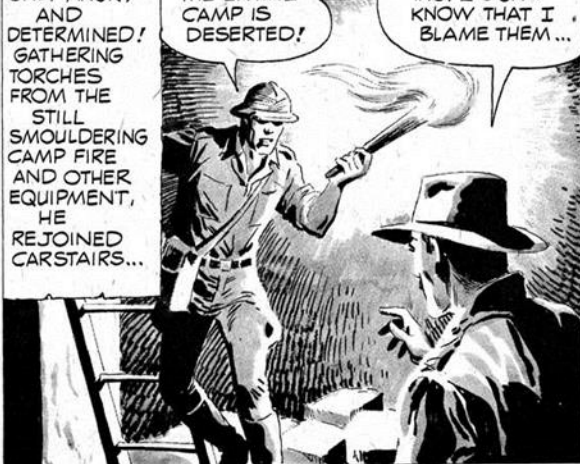


EVEN THEN, BRISTOL HAD NOT BEEN FRIGHTENED, ONLY ANGRY AND DETERMINED! GATHERING TORCHES FROM THE STILL SMOULDERING CAMP FIRE AND OTHER EQUIPMENT, HE REJOINED CARSTAIRS...

ANYTHING TO BE DONE, WE'LL BE DOING IT OURSELVES, CARSTAIRS! THE ENTIRE CAMP IS DESERTED!

T-THEY ALWAYS SEEM TO KNOW... AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN READING, I DON'T KNOW THAT I BLAME THEM...

THE MAN ENTOMBED BEHIND THIS DOOR **WAS** A PHARAOH, BUT HE WAS **MORE**... HIGH PRIEST, DARK SORCERER OF A TERRIBLE CULT... THEY...THEY WERE **GHOULS!** FINALLY THE PEOPLE REBELLED... HE WAS BURIED HERE...**ALIVE!**



HE WAS ENTOMBED WITH PHARAOH'S HONORS BECAUSE THEY STILL FEARED HIS DARK POWERS... HIS ABILITY TO PROVIDE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION FOR ANY VIOLATING THIS FINAL SANCTUARY...

WH--WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THIS TOMB'S THE FIND OF A LIFETIME... NEITHER CURSE NOR DESERTING WORKERS IS KEEPING ME OUT OF IT! EVEN IF I HAVE TO **BLAST** MY WAY IN...

WHEN YOU'RE DONE MOUTHING THAT DRIVEL, CARSTAIRS, HELP ME PUT UP THESE TORCHES! WE'LL NEED LIGHT...

YOU'LL DESTROY THAT DOOR! THERE'S MORE I HAVEN'T READ... YOU CAN'T BE CERTAIN WHAT YOU'RE TAMPERING WITH...

THE EXPLOSION WILL BRING THE ENTIRE EXCAVATION DOWN ON OUR HEADS! YOU'VE...

I'VE USED A VERY LIGHT CHARGE! NOW, **BACK!** IT'S ABOUT TO...

LORD, YOU'RE LIKE MY OLD NANNY, CARSTAIRS! THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS PLACE THAT COULD POSSIBLY HARM US... UNLESS IT'S YOUR RUNAWAY IMAGINATION!

THOOOM!



THE DUST OF AGES BILLOWED FORTH INTO THE ROOM AND CHUNKS OF STONE ROLLED AND CLATTERED! THEN, SLOWLY, EVERYTHING BEGAN TO SETTLE...

IT'S NOT SO BAD...SOME OF THESE LARGE PIECES CAN STILL BE READ..

FORGET THE ROCK! FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN... LOOK IN HERE!



WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW? WHERE'S YOUR CURSE... THE BLACK MAGIC OF YOUR GHOULISH PHARAOH?

YOU SHOULDN'T MOCK, BRISTOL...THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS KNEW THINGS NO OTHER CULTURE MASTERED... WERE CAPABLE OF TERRIBLE FEATS...



AT LAST, BRISTOL FELT FEAR... STARK COLD, DRIVING FEAR! FEAR THAT MADE HIM ACT WITHOUT THOUGHT OR HESITATION...



WITH AN IMPATIENT FLORISH, BRISTOL THRUST A TORCH INTO THE DARK GLOOM OF 35 CENTURIES...

LOOK AT IT, CARSTAIRS... JUST LOOK AT IT!



FROM BEHIND CAME A SLOW, SHUFFLING SOUND AND WITH IT, THE FETID ODOR OF DECAY! BOTH MEN TURNED AT ONCE...

YAHNNAH!



BRISTOL'S ACT OF FEAR SHOWED THEM THE WAY AFTER CARSTAIR'S REVOLVER FAILED!
SILENTLY, PAINFULLY THE LUMBERING THING LURCHED ON AS, TORCH AFTER THROWN
TORCH, FLAMES DEVoured AGED WRAPPINGS AND MUMMIFIED FLESH, SLOWLY
CONSUMING THE STUMBLING INSTRUMENT OF TERROR...



**UNTIL
THE
MUMMY
WAS NO
MORE!**

WE...WE WON, CARSTAIRS...A
THING LIKE THAT! AN ANCIENT,
POWERFUL ENGINE OF EVIL
AND WE BEAT IT!

WHAT'S IN THERE NOW
WE'VE EARNED,
CARSTAIRS...COME
ON, WE FOUGHT
THE CURSE AND
BEAT IT...

IN A MOMENT! I
WANT TO SEE IF I
CAN FIND OUT MORE
ABOUT SUCH A
MONSTER AND IF...



CARSTAIRS
VOICE
TRAILED OFF
AS HE
AGAIN
BECAME
LOST IN
THE
PICTURE
LANGUAGE
OF
ANOTHER
AGE!
SUDDENLY,
HE BOLTED
UPRIGHT...

N-NOOOO! BRISTOL!
DON'T GO IN THERE! COME
BACK! WE'VE GOT TO...



THE HORRIFYING TABLEAU BEFORE HIM WAS
ETCHED OVER AND OVER INTO CARSTAIR'S
MIND... YET STILL HIS BODY BETRAYED HIM,
LEAVING HIM PETREFIED, IMMOBILE...

...THROUGH THE RITES OF HIS TERRIBLE CULT,
THE PHARAOH ACHIEVED SOME MANNER OF
PROLONGED LIFE... THE PEOPLE **COULDN'T**
KILL HIM, THEY COULD ONLY ENTOMB
HIM AWAY FROM OTHERS...



TOO BAD ABOUT CARSTAIRS, HE
SHOULD HAVE LEARNED TO READ
FASTER, THOUGH I SUPPOSE THAT
THOUGHT IS ALREADY GNAWING
AT HIM... AMONG OTHER THINGS!



FEAR DID NOT REACT THE SAME FOR CARSTAIRS
IT CLUTCHED HIM, FROZE HIM... BOUND HIM
WHERE HE STOOD AS BRISTOL'S LONG TERRIBLE
SCREAMS REBOUNDED AGAIN AND AGAIN FROM
THE NITRATE-COATED WALLS...



WHY
DIDN'T I
REALIZE...
WHY
WASN'T
IT CLEAR...

THE INSANE RED-RIMMED EYES DARTED
ABOUT THE ROOM FROM BRISTOL'S LIFELESS
FORM FINALLY RESTING WITH ALL THEIR MANIA-
CAL FURY ON CARSTAIRS, THEN SEEMINGLY
GREW LARGER AND LARGER UNTIL THERE WAS
NOTHING ELSE THE ARCHAEOLOGIST COULD SEE!
HE COULD ONLY SPEW FORTH HIS LAST WORDS,
WHICH SOMEHOW BECAME A SCREAM...



...THE MUMMY WASN'T
AN AGENT OF THE BLACK
ARTS... IT WAS PLACED
OUTSIDE TO MAKE SURE
HE COULD **NEVER**
ESCAPE... **AND WE**
DESTROYED IT!

SLURP... GRAB A STRAW AND
DRAW A JAWFUL OF JUGULAR
JUICE.... **SHOCK FLOCK!**
HERE'S ONE CRINGE BINGE
THAT'LL UNHINGE YOUR TWINGE
AFTER WE LEARN THE
CONSEQUENCES OF A....



fatal diagnosis.

EVEN AS HE LISTENED,
AWESOME STRUCK SUCH A
POSSIBILITY COULD EXIST
IN ANYONE'S IMAGINATION—
LET ALONE IN FACT... DR.
FINCH RECOGNIZED THE
TRUTH WHEN HE HEARD IT!

...IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE!
YET HOW ELSE CAN I
EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED?

ERNIE



NOW I KNOW, WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE CREATURE EXISTS... HERE - IN THIS HOSPITAL.



FROM THE FIRST MOMENT I SAW THE BODY, JUST AFTER IT WAS WHEELED IN... I SENSED SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT IT.

JUST WHAT I NEEDED TO WAKE ME UP... AN AUTOPSY AT TWO IN THE MORNING.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT ON THIS SHIFT.



AN IMMEDIATE EXAMINATION HAD BEEN REQUESTED SINCE DEATH HAD OCCURRED IN AN UNUSUAL MANNER.

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER CORONARY THROMBOSIS - HE'S WHITE AS A SHEET.

BUT THIS TIME, THE SYMPTOMS OF DEATH DID NOT MATCH THE CAUSE!

THOSE ODD MARKS ON HIS THROAT - VERY STRANGE.

HIS BLOOD CIRCULATION MUST HAVE STOPPED IMMEDIATELY.



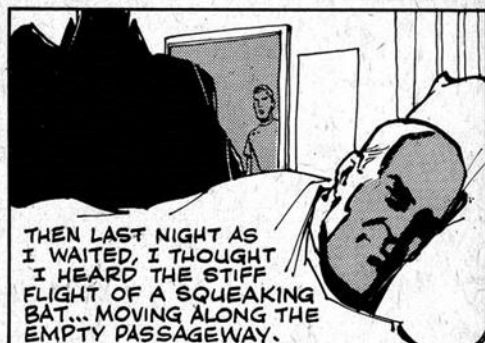
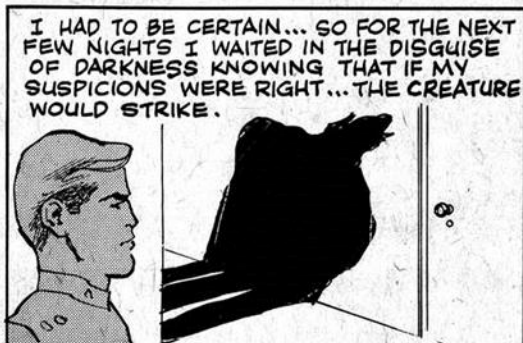
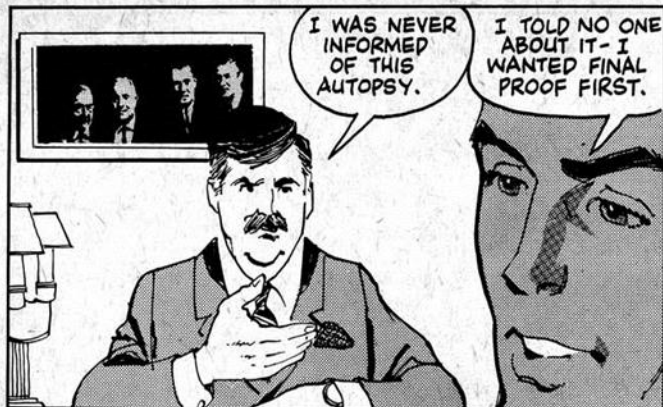
AT FIRST I HAD TROUBLE EXPLAINING TO MYSELF THE...

...TWO PUNCTURES ABOVE HIS JUGULAR VEIN.

- BUT AS I PROCEEDED WITH THE AUTOPSY, BEFORE I HAD FINISHED THE STROKE OF MY FIRST INCISION...

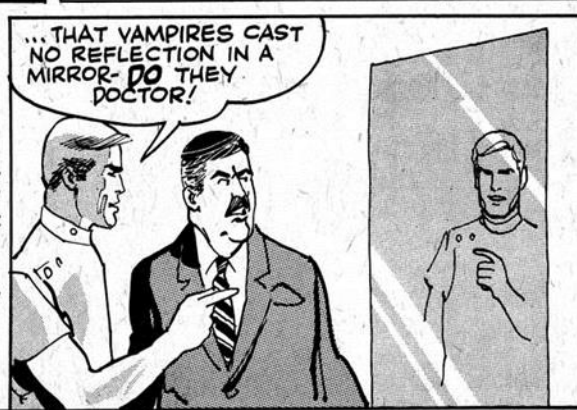
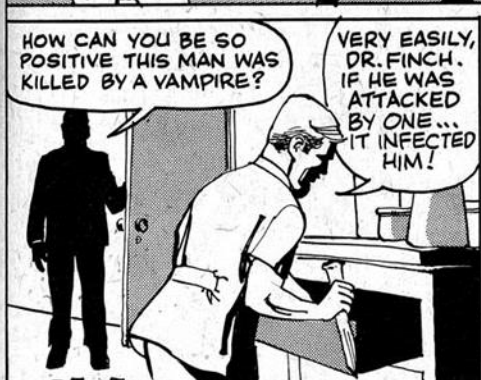
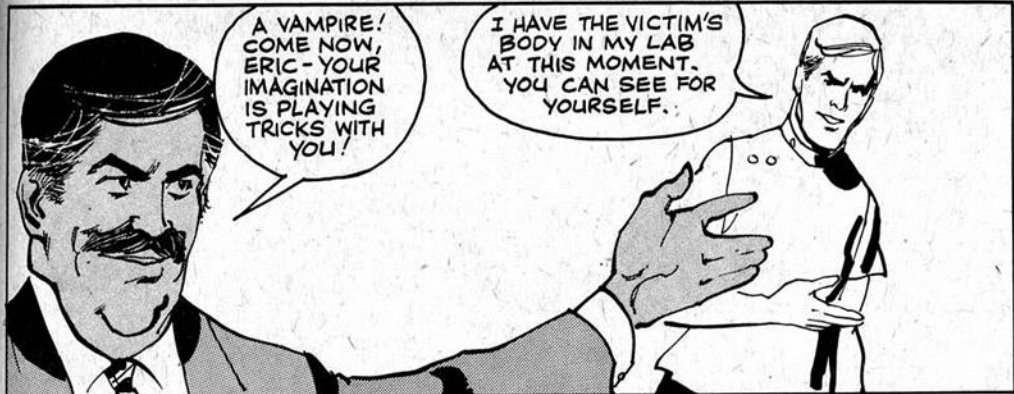
...MY MIND WAS REFUSING THE THOUGHTS MY EYES HAD WITNESSED!

GOOD LORD... THIS BODY HAS ALREADY BEEN DRAINED!



UNAWARE THAT WHILE HIS VICTIM DREAMT UNCONSCIOUSLY... HIS HIDEOUS DEED WAS BEING WATCHED BY SOMEONE.





VERY CLEVER, DR. FLEMMING... BUT
TELL ME- WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT ME?

THE AUTOPSY MADE ME
REMEMBER SOMETHING
I'D NOTICED A NUMBER
OF TIMES...

...BUT PAID NO
ATTENTION TO-
BLOOD KEPT
DISAPPEARING
FROM THE VAULT.
A PINT ONE DAY-
SOMETIMES
TWO.

-SO YOU
STARTED
KEEPING
TRACK OF IT-
EVEN HAD
A SPECIAL
LOCK MADE.

YOU MUST HAVE
BEEN DESPERATE-
KILLING THAT MAN,
DOCTOR!

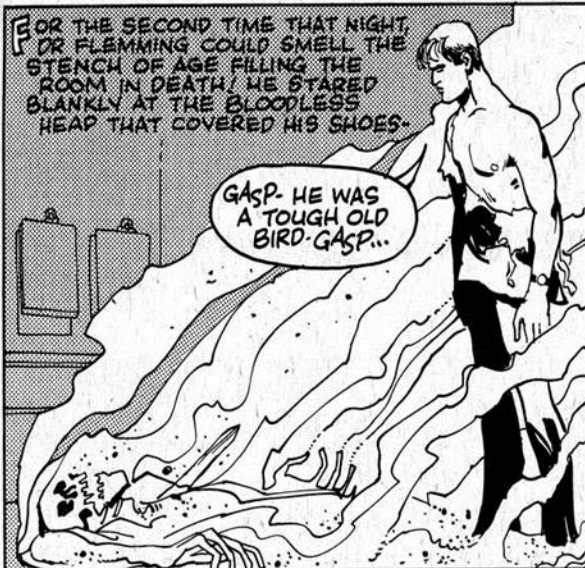
FOOL! I'VE ALREADY
HAD ONE MEAL
TONIGHT- ANOTHER
WILL NOT BOTHER
ME!

YOU ARE
VERY STRONG,
DR. FLEMMING,
BUT YOUR
STRENGTH
IS USELESS
AGAINST ME-

I THINK NOT...
DOCTOR!

CHUNK
CHUNK

AAAH
AAAH





THE BLAZING FLAME THAT WAS ROME AND WESTERN CIVILIZATION HAS BEGUN TO FLICKER AND DIE! OUT OF THE NORTH AND EAST, WHERE BARBARIC TRIBES FIERCELY CLASH, CREEPS A LONG BLACK SHADOW TO FALL ON HISTORY AS THE DARK AGES... AND RIDING THE SHADOW'S CREST YOU'LL FIND THE TERRIBLE FIGURE OF THE...

WARRIOR of DEATH!

DAYLIGHT WAS SLOWLY FADING OVER THE SILENT CARNAGE THAT HAD NOT LONG BEFORE BEEN THE FRENZY OF BATTLE... WITH IT FADED THE LIFE OF ZAHNAN. HE PRESSED BACK AGAINST THE COLD STONE SUPPORTING HIM AND PEERED WITH TERRIBLE FASCINATION AT THE BRIGHT DOTS OF CRIMSON STAINING THE EARTH BENEATH HIM, KNOWING EACH NEW DROP BROUGHT HIM CLOSER TO A DARKNESS NO SUN'S RAYS WOULD EVER PIERCE...

I... AM NOT... READY...
TO DIE!





NONE COULD
MATCH MY
STRENGTH,
MY SKILL...
WHY SHOULD
I DIE AND
LESSER
MEN LIVE?!

NO VOICE ANSWERED ZAHRAN'S QUESTION. AT HIS FEET,
THE CRIMSON STAIN GREW BROADER AND DARKER...

ZAHRAN'S DIMMING EYES LIFTED. THROUGH THE TWI-
LIGHT HAZE, SOMETHING STIRRED AMONG THE
CORPSES, DRIFTING SILENTLY NEARER...



WHO? WHO'S THERE?
COME CLOSER... LET MY
BLADE TASTE BLOOD
ONCE MORE BEFORE
I DIE!



THAT TIME IS LONG PAST,
ZAHRAN! YOUR SWORD WILL
NEVER STRIKE AGAIN... I
HAVE COME FOR YOU!

W-WHO...
ARE... Y---



I AM
DEATH,
ZAHRAN!
DEATH...
COME TO
CLAIM
YOU!

THEN YOU CLAIM ONE
WHO HAS SERVED
YOU WELL!



THIS IS NOT
A TIME FOR
BOAST OR
DISRESPECT,
ZAHRAN...

STAY YOUR HAND... HEAR ME...
WHAT IS MY ONE LIFE BESIDE
THE HUNDREDS MY SWORD HAS
BROUGHT YOU, THE THOUSANDS
IT COULD BRING IF NOT FOREVER
SILENCED?!



YOU HOPE
TO BARGAIN?

I AM A WARRIOR, I LIVED ONLY
TO FIGHT, TO KILL... WHAT COULD
SERVE YOU BETTER? GUARAN-
TEED LIFE, UNHAMPERED BY FEAR
OF DEATH, THINK OF THE BOUNTY
IN SOULS MY SWORD COULD
SEND TO YOU!

DEATH LAUGHED. HIS SKELETAL FINGERS PROBED AND DANCED WILDLY TOWARD THE DARKENING SKY. THE HEAVENS SEEMED TO EXPLODE...



AN INTERESTING OFFER, ZAHARAN... **SERVE ME YOU SHALL!** MORTAL COMBAT WILL HOLD NO DEATH FOR YOU... YOU WILL BE ABOVE IT, **IMMORTAL!**

DEATH'S LAUGHTER BECAME THE PEAL OF THUNDER, ENVELOPING THE NIGHT IN A STORM THAT RAGED LIKE A LIVING BEING; ITS HOWLING WINDS AND LASHING RAINS EXTENDING FINGERS ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE, FINDING AND CHILLING THE HEARTS OF MEN... EVEN THOSE LOST IN REVELRY, EVEN THOSE LOST IN CELEBRATION OF A BATTLE WON AND AN ENEMY SLAIN...



SHEETS OF DRIVING RAIN SWEEPED INTO THE TENT OF THE CELEBRANTS, STINGING WINE-REDDENED FACES INTO SOBRIETY. A BRILLIANT BURST OF LIGHTNING ETCHED FOR EVERY EYE AN AWESOME VISION LOOMING IN THE ENTRANCE WAY...



Z-ZAHARAN!
IT... CANNOT BE!



WE LEFT HIM MORTALLY WOUNDED... DYING ON THE BATTLEFIELD... HOW..?

THERE WAS NO TIME FOR FURTHER WORDS, ONLY FURTHER FEARS. ZAHHRAN WAS UPON THEM, SWORD RIPPING THE AIR LIKE A SCYTHE, ITS TERRIBLE HARVEST PUNCTUATED BY THE LIGHTNING'S WHITE HOT ILLUMINATION!



TIME AND AGAIN WITHIN THE TENT'S DEATH-ENSHROUDED INTERIOR, ENEMY STEEL FOUND ITS MARK...



BY DAWN THE STORM HAD ENDED, ITS VIOLENCE WANED AND DISAPPEARED. HIS BACK TO THE SUN'S FIRST RAYS, ZAHHRAN STALKED WEARILY AWAY, LEAVING BEHIND ONLY A COLUMN OF THICK BLACK SMOKE AND THE DESOLATE CRY OF CIRCLING VULTURES.



SCREAMS WERE DROWNED BY THE THUNDER AND DRIVING TATTOO OF THE RAIN AS ZAHHRAN'S BLOODSTAINED FIGURE WHIRLED IN AND OUT OF THE DARKNESS, HIS FLASHING BLADE SPARING NO ONE...



... TO NO VISIBLE EFFECT!



DEATH HAS KEPT HIS BARGAIN. MY BODY IS COATED WITH WOUNDS, YET THEIR PAIN IS SLIGHT AND THEY HEAL WITH UNNATURAL SPEED...

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING... LET DEATH NOW LEARN HE'S CHOSEN HIS WARRIOR WELL!

THE LEGEND BEGAN. ZAHRAN THE SCOURGE, ZAHRAN THE INVINCIBLE, ZAHRAN THE MERCILESS... HE SWEEPED THROUGH THE EAST LIKE A PLAGUE! THOSE WHO DID NOT PERISH UNDER HIS BLADE SOON JOINED HIS SWELLING RANKS WHICH PUSHED FORWARD LIKE A RAMPAGING JUGGERNAUT, SWALLOWING FIRST SMALL TRIBES...

... THEN, LARGE ARMIES...



... AND GREAT CITIES!



THE HORDE MOVED ACROSS CONTINENTS, LEAVING BEHIND SCORCHED EARTH AND BLEACHED BONES, LEAD BY A RELENTLESS BATTLE-SCARRED MAN NOW RUMORED TO BE DEATH HIMSELF. ZAHRAN'S BLOODLUSTING SWORD NOW HAMMERED AT THE GATES OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

WE'VE MADE GOOD TIME, SIRE... THE FIRST CITY OF THE WEST! B-BUT THE SIZE OF IT!





AFTER THIS DAY, DEATH
MAY WELL REGRET
HIS BARGAIN... THE
NAME ZAHRAN WILL
STRIKE MORE FEAR
THAN THE REAPER
HIMSELF!

SIRE! OUT
THERE IN THE
MISTS... SOMEONE'S
COMING!



FLAG OF TRUCE!
THEY'VE COME TO
PARLAY... WHAT MERCY
CAN THEY EXPECT
FROM ME?!

ZAHRAN! YOUR
REPUTATION RIDES
BEFORE YOU... HEAR
OUR OFFER!



OUR CHAMPION VALRIC STANDS READY BEFORE
THE WALLS... HE CHALLENGES YOU TO **PERSONAL**
COMBAT, OUR CITY THE PRIZE! WHAT WORD
SHALL I TAKE BACK TO HIM?



**THIS WORD,
OLD MAN! AND
I'LL BRING IT TO
VALRIC
PERSONALLY!**

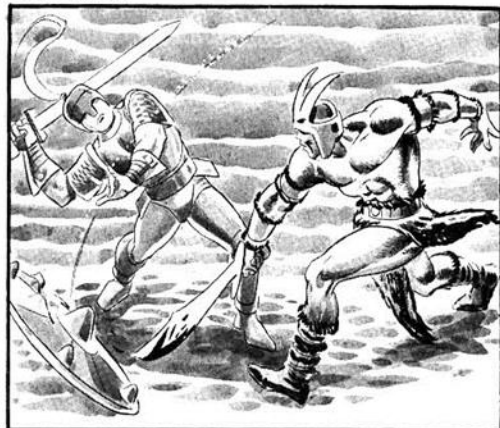
ZAHRAN'S BLOOD QUICKENED
AS HE CHARGED FORWARD
IN THE YEARS OF HIS RISE,
FEW HAD DARED CHALLENGE
HIM TO INDIVIDUAL BATTLE.
FEW HAD THE SKILL OR
THE NERVE. HE HOPED THIS
CHAMPION WOULD NOT
DISAPPOINT HIM...



**VALRIC! SHOW
YOURSELF, VALRIC!...
IF YOU STILL DARE!**

HERE, ZAHRAN...
I AWAIT YOU!

NO FURTHER WORDS WERE WASTED, AND ZAHRAN PRESSED FORWARD WITH HIS ATTACK, BRUTALLY AND UNRELENTINGLY, WITH WILD CONFIDENCE AND DISREGARD...



THE SPARKS OF STEEL ON STEEL SPATTERED THE MORNING MIST LIKE FIREFLYS AS THE BATTLE SEESAWED BACK AND FORTH, VALRIC GRADUALLY GIVING GROUND BEFORE THE HAMMERING BLADE OF THE CARELESS ZAHRAN...



WITH BONE-SHATTERING FORCE, VALRIC WENT SPRAWLING TO THE GROUND, BLOOD SPURTING FROM HIS YOUTHFUL BODY...



SHARP PAIN SUDDENLY DARTED INTO ZAHRAN'S CHEST, STRIKING DEEP, GNAWING AT HIS HEART...

WOUNDS HAD CAUSED ZAHRAN PAIN BEFORE. IT ALWAYS WENT AWAY QUICKLY. HE STAGGERED BACK, STARTING TO LAUGH AT THE YOUNG FOOL'S DYING EFFORT. BLOOD CLOGGED IN HIS THROAT, CHOKING HIM. THE PAIN INCREASED...



I WAS... CARELESS... SHOULD HAVE... KILLED YOU... ONE STROKE... NOW I'LL...

A PAINFUL TREMOR SHUDDERED THROUGH HIS BODY. ZAHRAN'S KNEES WENT LIMP AND THE INVINCIBLE ONE COLLAPSED TO THE GROUND AS VALRIC SLOWLY STAGGERED FROM SIGHT...



I... I'M DYING! CAN'T BE! MY BARGAIN... HOW COULD VALRIC... DEATH CHEATED...

THUNDER SOUNDED NEARBY. THE SKY GREW DARK WITH AN APPROACHING STORM, AND A SHADOW PASSED OVER ZAHRAN, AND THROUGH EYES NARROWED TO SLITS WITH A GRIMACE OF PAIN, HE SAW A GLEAMING WHITE FACE LOOMING CLOSE...



I KEPT MY BARGAIN, ZAHRAN! I DID NOT FORSEE IT'S MAKING YOU A BLASPHEMOUS RIVAL TO ME... YOU DID NOT FORSEE THE SAME BARGAIN MIGHT BE STRUCK WITH **OTHERS**...

O-OTHERS... OTHERS IMMORTAL LIKE ME?




YES, OTHERS... LIKE YOU, AND LIKE VALRIC!

LOOKS LIKE ZAHRAN'S LITTLE BARGAIN TURNED OUT TO BE THE **DEATH** OF HIM AFTER ALL! NOW I WONDER HOW VALRIC'S GOING TO MAKE OUT... HE'S PROBABLY **DYING** TO FIND OUT HIMSELF!



DEATH LEANED CLOSER. HIS HAND TOUCHED ZAHRAN'S CHEST, A TOUCH YEARS DELAYED IN COMING THAT QUICKLY RECAPTURED THE TIME!



IN THE MOOD FOR VISITING, MONSTERS?
THEN LET'S JOIN A YOUNG DOCTOR WHO'S
ABOUT TO MAKE A CALL ON A HOME FULL
OF HORRORS...YOU'LL WANT TO BE THERE
AS HE CONFRONTS THOSE WRITHING
RESIDENTS OF THE...

HOUSE OF FIENDS!

THE HOUSE PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF,
LOOMING UP THROUGH FOG AND MIST LIKE SOME MONSTROUS
BIRD OF PREY READY TO SWOOP DOWN ON ITS KILL... IT HAD BEEN
DAYLIGHT WHEN THE COACH LEFT PRENTICE AT THE CROSSROADS, BUT NIGHT
HAD SHORTLY FOLLOWED AS HE MADE HIS WAY UP THE PATH. THE SIGHT OF THE
HOUSE'S GLOOMY FACADE MADE HIM DUCK DEEPER INTO THE FOLDS OF HIS CAPE. IN
THE DISTANCE, MUFFLED BY THE MISTS, CAME THE LONELY SOUND OF WAVES BREAKING
AGAINST ROCKS, AND PRENTICE HUNCHED FORWARD EVEN MORE, THE AUTUMN WIND AT
HIS BACK SUDDENLY FEELING MORE CHILL THAN EVER...

HE RAPPED AT THE DOOR FOR SOMETIME BEFORE, WITH A MOURNFUL CREAK OF RUSTING HINGES, IT OPENED A CRACK AND A GLITTERING EYE VIEWED HIM SUSPICIOUSLY FROM THE GLOOM WITHIN...

WHO BE YE?
WHAT'S YOUR
BUSINESS
HERE?

I-IT WAS MY
UNDERSTANDING
YOU SENT FOR
A DOCTOR...

YE AIN'T
THE
DOCTOR!
DOCTOR'S
AN OLDER
MAN! FAT...

THAT'S DR. ALDRICH.
SINCE HIS
DISAPPEARANCE
... I'VE BEEN
ASSIGNED TO
TAKE OVER HIS
CASES ... I'M DR.
PRENTICE, PLEASE,
I'VE COME ALL
THIS WAY, WON'T
YOU...

THERE WAS THE SOUND OF FOOT-
STEPS BEHIND THE UNYIELDING
GLARE OF THE GROTESQUE LITTLE
FACE. THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN WIDE...

GROMLEY! WHERE ARE
YOUR MANNERS! LET
THE DOCTOR IN...

FORGIVE MY SERVANT,
SIR! HE'S QUITE LOYAL,
BUT TENDS TO BE OVER
ZEALOUS... I'M HUGO
LUPUS! WELCOME TO
MY HOME!

WITHIN THE SHADOWED LUXURY OF THE ENTRANCE
HALL, A WOMAN OF BEAUTIFUL BUT ICY COUNTEN-
NANCE WAS PRESENTED TO PRENTICE. LUPUS'S
WIFE, CAMILLA...

YOU ALL SEEM IN EXCELLENT HEALTH
... I HAD NO OPPORTUNITY TO FAMILIAR-
IZE MYSELF WITH DR. ALDRICH'S RECORDS
... IS THERE SOMEONE ELSE?

MY NIECE...
RACHEL!
SHE...
SHE'S NOT
LIKE THE REST
OF US!


THE GIRL IS *INSANE*, DR. PRENTICE!
IT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION FOR
THE THINGS SHE SAYS, DOES...

MADNESS!

IT MAY NOT
BE SO
TERRIBLE AS
YOU THINK,
MR. LUPUS...
THERE HAVE
BEEN AD-
VANCES, NEW
THEORIES...

GOOD HEAVENS!
THAT SOUND... IT'S...

MY NIECE...
RACHEL!



WE KEEP RACHEL
IN THE TOWER
ROOM. IT'S BEST
THAT WAY. SHE
CAN'T INTERFERE
WITH OUR REGULAR
ROUTINE...

SOUNDS HARSH,
MR. LUPUS.
THESE CASES
REQUIRE
SYMPATHY,
UNDERSTANDING...

HUGO LUPUS TURNED TO PRENTICE AS HE UNLOCKED
A MASSIVE DOOR, HIS FACE CLOUDED AND GLOOMY,
A HINT OF ANGER IN THE DARK EYES PEERING OUT
FROM UNDER HIS HEAVY BROW...

THE GIRL IS MAD, DOCTOR! SHE CANNOT ADJUST TO OUR
WAY OF LIFE... WE'VE LOST PATIENCE! SUCH INSANITY IS A
DISEASE! AN EVIL DISEASE OF THE SPIRIT... WE
INTEND TO HAVE HER **COMMITTED**, PUT WHERE
SHE CAN'T BOTHER US!

BUT...SEE FOR YOURSELF!

G-GOOD
LORD!

THIS IS BARBARIC! SMALL WONDER
IF THE GIRL SUFFERS ANY DISORDER!
GET OUT! LEAVE US ALONE!
PERHAPS THEN AN **ACCURATE**
EXAMINATION CAN BE CONDUCTED!

YOU'RE YOUNG,
DR. PRENTICE
...RASH! I'LL
HUMOR YOU,
BUT REMEMBER...
SHE'S **INSANE!** DON'T
BELIEVE A WORD
SHE SAYS...

LUPUS SET DOWN THE LIGHT AND CLOSED THE
HEAVY DOOR BEHIND HIM. ONLY THEN DID PRENTICE
TURN TO THE CHAINED FIGURE HUDDLED PITIFULLY
AGAINST THE WALL...

RACHEL?...DON'T BE
AFRAID! I WON'T HURT
YOU... I'M YOUR FRIEND...
I WANT TO HELP...

YOU'D BETTER GET
OUT OF HERE...
THEY'RE GOING TO
KILL YOU...



PRENTICE TOOK THE TREMBLING FACE IN HIS HANDS, BRUSHING AWAY STRANDS OF GOLDEN HAIR. THE EYES OFTEN SPOKE FIRST OF MADNESS, BUT THESE FRIGHTENED ORBS WERE NOT GLAZED OR DULL...THEY QUESTIONED, BUT INTENTLY, AS THOUGH REACHING INTO HIS VERY SOUL...



KILL ME? WHY SHOULD THEY DO THAT, RACHEL? THEY'RE THE ONES WHO SENT FOR ME...

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL YOU... JUST LIKE THEY DID DR. ALDRICH! I'M NOT CRAZY, IT'S TRUE! I'M USED AS BAIT TO LURE YOU HERE!



RACHEL, IF I'M TO HELP YOU, YOU MUST COOPERATE...THERE'S NO EARTHLY REASON WHY THEY...

BECAUSE THEY'RE **MONSTERS!** HUGO IS A **WEREWOLF**, CAMILLA A **VAMPIRE**, AND GROMLEY IS A **GHOUL**... THEY NEED VICTIMS, **HUMAN VICTIMS!** AND YOU'LL BE THE NEXT IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME!



BUT THAT'S INCREDIBLE, IT'S SHEER...

MADNESS, DOCTOR? THAT'S WHAT THEY COUNT ON, THAT YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME UNTIL TOO LATE... I'M NOT CRAZY, **I'M NOT!** SINCE I'M A RELATIVE THEY TRY NOT TO HARM ME, JUST KEEP ME CHAINED... HELPLESS! SO I CAN BE USED...

PRENTICE'S THROAT FELT PARCHED, DRY. HER CHAINED HANDS CLASPED HIS HOTLY, HER MOIST EYES PLEADINGLY RIVETED WITH DEEPEST INTENT ON HIS OWN. HE FOUND HIMSELF ALMOST DESPERATELY WANTING TO BELIEVE THE SOBBING WORDS FROM THOSE DELICATE PALE LIPS...

PLEASE! YOU KNOW I'M TELLING THE TRUTH... GET ME OUT OF HERE! SET ME FREE! PLEASE, DOCTOR, PLEASE! I'M NOT MAD, **I'M NOT!**



LISTEN, RACHEL, I... I BELIEVE IT'S WRONG THAT YOU'RE CHAINED THIS WAY... I'LL GET THE KEY FROM HUGO, BUT... BUT BEYOND THAT... I CAN'T REALLY...

YOU'LL BELIEVE ME, I **KNOW** YOU'LL BELIEVE ME!

As he made his way down the long winding stairs from the tower, disappointment weighed heavily on Prentice. The wild accusations only seemed to prove what Hugo Lupus had insisted. The sincerity, the deep looks, were only the cunning of an unstable mind... Then, for the first time, he noticed the fog had lifted to reveal a bright autumn moon...



THE FULL MOON! SUPPOSEDLY THE TIME WHEN WEREWOLF... GOOD LORD! THE GIRL HAS ME RAVING NOW!

PRENTICE LOCATED LUPUS IN THE STUDY. HE STARTED TO SPEAK BEFORE ENTERING, THEN SUDDENLY HELD BACK... SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN'S ATTITUDE, HIS POSTURE...

STRANGE! HE SEEMS COMPLETELY ABSORBED, AS THOUGH HE COULDN'T TEAR HIMSELF AWAY...



THE MOON-LIGHT! IT...IT'S CHANGING HIM... TRANSFORMING HIM...



THE GIRL WAS RIGHT...



...H-HUGO LUPUS IS A...
A WERE-WOLF!

THE HARD, METALLIC TASTE OF FEAR ROSE IN PRENTICE'S MOUTH. HIS KNEES GREW WEAK AND EVERY NERVE TINGLED. HE KNEW HE HAD TO GET AWAY, LEAVE THE STUDY BEFORE THAT RAGING BESTIAL THING INSIDE LAUNCHED INTO ITS TERRIBLE HUNT...

THANK GOD, I WAS WARNED! HAVE TO FIND SOMEWAY OF COMBATING THAT... T-THING! SOME WEAPON OF SILVER... THE KITCHEN! THERE OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING AMONG THE SILVERWARE...

MOVING AS FAST AS HE COULD WITHOUT CREATING TELL-TALE NOISE TO BETRAY HIM, PRENTICE CREPT THROUGH THE DARK, DESERTED CORRIDORS, UNTIL HIS SEARCH BROUGHT HIM TO THE KITCHEN...



GROMLEY!
BUT WHAT'S HE DOING...
WHAT'S HE GOT ON THAT TABLE...?

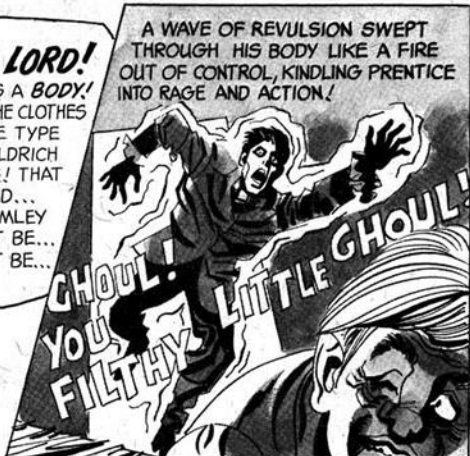




PRENTICE PEERED MORE CLOSELY, STUDYING THE TWISTED FORM OF THE LITTLE MAN HUNCHED OVER THE GREAT TABLE, SOMEHOW REMINDING HIM OF A TIME WHEN HE HAD SURPRISED A CAT BENT OVER A MOUSE IT HAD KILLED...

OH, LORD!

T-THAT'S A BODY!
AND THE CLOTHES
... THE TYPE
DR. ALDRICH
WORE! THAT
SOUND...
GROMLEY
MUST BE...
MUST BE...



A WAVE OF REVULSION SWEEPED THROUGH HIS BODY LIKE A FIRE OUT OF CONTROL, KINDLING PRENTICE INTO RAGE AND ACTION!

GHOU! YOU FILTHY LITTLE GHOUL!

THE DOCTOR BECAME LIKE A MAD DOG, CLINGING TENACIOUSLY TO THE SQUEALING GROMLEY AS BOTH WENT ROLLING AND SPRAWLING, SMASHING ALL ABOUT THEM... HIS FINGERS, STRONG AS STEEL FROM HOURS IN SURGERY, GRIPPING AND SQUEEZING THE NECK IN THEIR GRASP... GROMLEY CLAWED AND KICKED WITH THE VICIOUSNESS OF A TRAPPED ANIMAL, LIMBS FLOPPING FIRST THIS WAY THEN THAT... HIS MOUTH WAS OPEN, GASPING OUT TERRIBLE CURSES, REVEALING ROWS OF RAZOR SHARP LITTLE TEETH... HIS FACE FIERY RED, TURNING PURPLE...



THEN, AFTER LONG, STRAINING MOMENTS, IT ENDED...

NOW... GOT TO FIND KNIFE, SOMETHING OF SILVER... TO HANDLE HUGO...

SO DOCTOR! YOU'VE FOUND WHAT WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO HIDE... YOU KNOW WHY WE WANTED RACHEL COMMITTED...



PRENTICE SLOWLY BACKED AWAY AS CAMILLA ADVANCED, HER RED-RIMMED EYES ALIVE WITH EVIL... HIS FOOT STRUCK SOMETHING, THE WRECKAGE OF THE CHAIR HE AND GROMLEY HAD SMASHED... HIS DESPERATE FINGERS DIVED FOR THE DEBRIS AS CAMILLA'S GLISTENING FANGS DREW CLOSE

AND, WITH EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS BODY TAUT AND STRAINING, HIS PRACTICED EYE AIMED AT THE PRECISE SPOT IN THE CHEST, PRENTICE THRUST!



HIS MIND WAS REELING NOW, HE FELT HOT AND FEVERISH... FATIGUE AND STRAIN SAT ON HIS BODY LIKE GREAT WEIGHTS DRAGGING AND SLOWING EVERY MOVEMENT... FIGHTING EACH STEP OF THE WAY, PRENTICE RAMPAGED THROUGH THE KITCHEN UNTIL HE FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR...

CAN'T STOP NOW... NOT WHILE HUGO'S STILL LOOSE ... MUST KEEP GOING...



HEART POUNDING, PRENTICE STALKED THROUGH THE DIM ROOMS AND CORRIDORS, STEELING HIMSELF THAT EACH NEW TURN MIGHT BRING HIM FACE TO FACE WITH THE WEREBEAST THAT WAS HUGO LUPUS... BUT THE HOUSE WAS DESERTED, SILENT, UNTIL...

THAT'S RACHEL!



WITH A LAST BURST OF ENERGY AND EFFORT, PRENTICE HURLED HIMSELF AT THE TOWER ROOM DOOR. IT WAS OPEN...



THERE WAS NO TIME TO SHOUT OR LEAP, CHARGE OR CRY. IT WAS DOUBTFUL HE HAD STRENGTH TO DO IT HAD THERE BEEN. IN ONE COMPLETE, DESPERATE MOTION, PRENTICE HURLED THE KNIFE, PRAYING THE SILVER SHAFT...



..WOULD STRIKE HOME!!



WEAK, FAINTLY ILL WITH EXHAUSTION, PRENTICE FOUND THE KEYS ON HUGO'S BODY AND WITH TREMBLING FINGERS FREED THE GIRL, NOW AGLOW WITH EXCITEMENT...

THERE, RACHEL...IT'S OVER...
THEY'VE ALL BEEN DESTROYED
...EACH FIENDISH ONE...

FREE! I KNEW YOU'D BELIEVE ME... THE MOMENT I LOOKED IN YOUR EYES!
INNOCENT, TRUSTING...
I **KNEW** YOU'D BELIEVE...

WHAT...
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY? I DON'T...

CHAINING MY HANDS MADE ME HELPLESS, BUT GIVEN THE PROPER SUBJECT, I CAN STILL **SUGGEST** THINGS... THE OTHERS WERE TOO STRONG BUT I **CONVINCED** YOU... MADE YOU SEE THEM AS MONSTERS...



RACHEL'S FREED HANDS SEEMED DANCE THROUGH THE AIR, MAKING STRANGE MYSTICAL PASSES AND GESTURES. THE ENTIRE HOUSE GREW DARK, WINDS ROSE BREAKING WINDOWS, SWEEPING THROUGH WITH HOWLING FURY... THROUGH IT ALL RACHEL LAUGHED, LAUGHED LIKE ONE **INSANE**...INSANE WITH POWER, THE POWER OF EVIL!

NOW I'M UNSHACKLED, **FREE!**
FREE TO CONJURE WITH MY FULL POWERS, FREE TO RUN RAMPANT AS BEFORE THEY CONFINED ME, FREE TO DESTROY FOOLS LIKE YOU AND DR. ALDRICH---

---FREE TO LIVE MY LIFE AS A **WITCH!**

OOPS! LOOKS LIKE THE DOC MADE THE WRONG DIAGNOSES... BUT IF YOU THINK **HE** WAS SEEING MONSTERS, WAIT'LL YOU CATCH MY NEXT TERRIFYING TIDBIT...





OUR LEADER

AAAAAAHHH



EEEEIEE

HEY!
LOOK
AT
ME!

TURN ANY SNAPSHOT INTO YOUR VERY OWN... **MONSTER GIANT Poster**

BE THE FIRST TO HAVE THIS PERSONALIZED **MONSTER BLOW-UP**... A FULL 3 FEET BY 2 FEET SIZE FOR YOUR WALL OR CEILING!

ONLY
3⁹⁵

INCREDIBLE! AMAZING! NEVER ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE! YOUR OWN FACE, BLOWN-UP TO A **HUGE** SIZE, RIGHT ON THIS FANTASTIC **MONSTER POSTER!** HANG IT UP ON YOUR BEDROOM WALL, CEILING OR DOOR, ANYWHERE. POSTER IS 3 FEET BY 2 FEET, ON QUALITY, HEAVY PAPER. JUST SEND US YOUR SNAPSHOT (ANY SIZE FROM 2 1/4" x 3 1/4") IN BLACK & WHITE OR COLOR. NO NEGATIVES. YOUR ORIGINAL WILL BE RETURNED WITH YOUR POSTER. **SPECIAL DEAL:** ORDER 2 POSTERS (GET ONE FOR YOUR GIRL FRIEND, ETC.) FROM THE SAME PHOTO FOR ONLY \$7.35.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED !!

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!