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NEW TERROR IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

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PDC

JULY
No. 4

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢



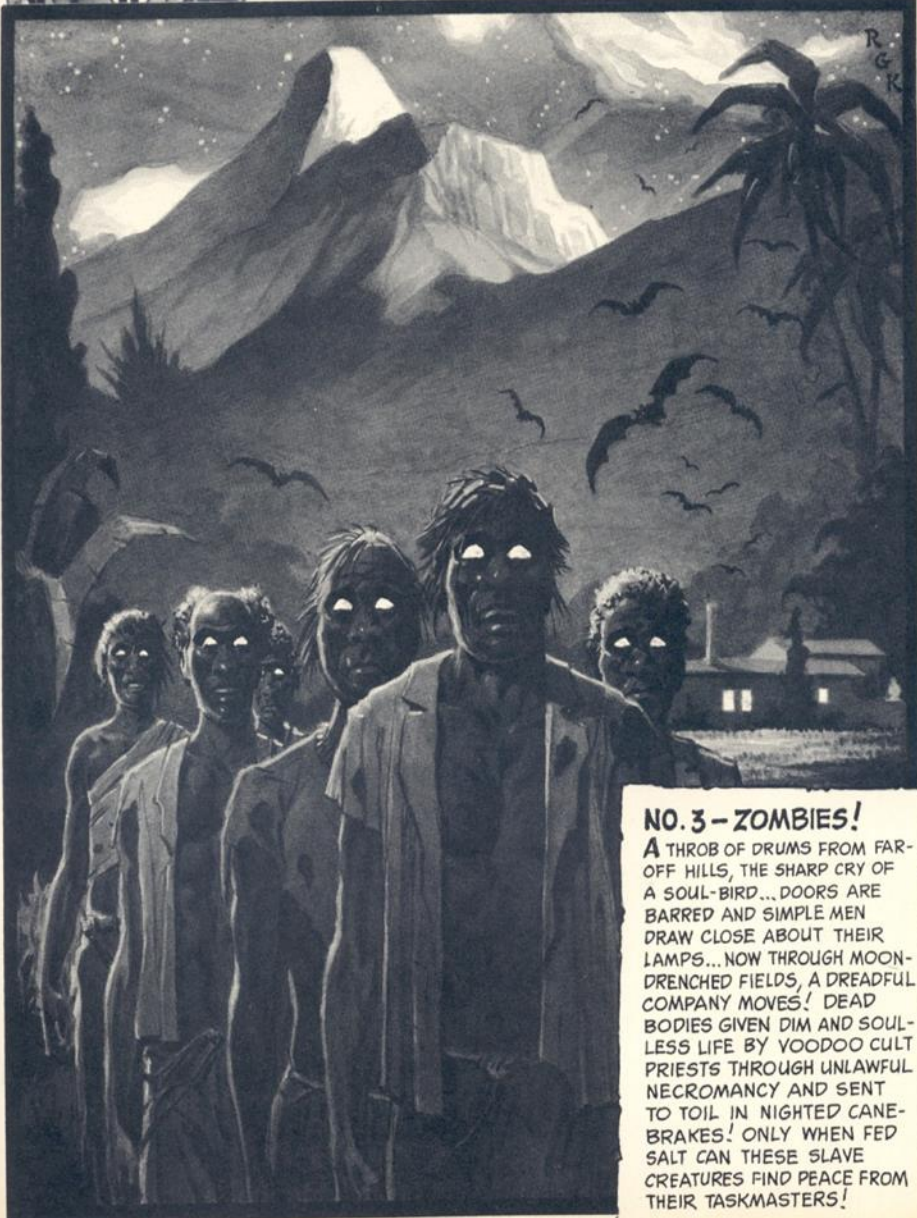
GARY HALLGREN

A Strange
Lurking Horror Haunts
THE ISLAND AT WORLDS END!



HERE'S THE LATEST IN OUR SHRIEKING SERIES OF **MONSTROUS MASTERPIECES...** DUST OFF A SPOT ON THE WALL OF YOUR TOMB AND GET READY TO HANG THIS ENTRY IN...

BEERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!



NO. 3 - ZOMBIES!

A THROB OF DRUMS FROM FAR-OFF HILLS, THE SHARP CRY OF A SOUL-BIRD... DOORS ARE BARRED AND SIMPLE MEN DRAW CLOSE ABOUT THEIR LAMPS... NOW THROUGH MOON-DRENCHED FIELDS, A DREADFUL COMPANY MOVES! DEAD BODIES GIVEN DIM AND SOUL-LESS LIFE BY VOODOO CULT PRIESTS THROUGH UNLAWFUL NECROMANCY AND SENT TO TOIL IN NIGHTED CANE-BRAKES! ONLY WHEN FED SALT CAN THESE SLAVE CREATURES FIND PEACE FROM THEIR TASKMASTERS!

EERIE

NO.4

PUBLISHER: James Warren **ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER:** Richard Conway

EDITOR: Archie Goodwin **COVER:** Gray Morrow **LETTERING:** Ben Oda

STAFF ARTISTS: Eugene Colan, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Rocco Mastrosiero, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Jay Taycee, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE



(what there is left of it), YECHEHH! The way you're building up ol' stringbean's ego, I shouldn't be so good to you, Hale, but I had Gray Morrow do the cover anyway! As for Stalling Steve Ditko, any Spider-man or Dr. Strange fan would agree he did a lot more than help—CE.

First of all, let me say that EERIE #3 was very, very good. It's Archie Goodwin and your very talented writers and artists that make it this way. Archie is your best writer, his "Full Fathom Fright" was exceptionally good. About your staff artist, Frank Frazetta and Reed Crandall excluded, Gene Colan and John Severin are at the top of the list. Both Jay Tayce and Joe Orlando when working in opaque paints and wash are at their best (Tayce's handling of scenes from various angles is exceptionally well done; in this respect he tops both Frazetta and Crandall). Frazetta's cover, though beautifully executed, was one of the most disappointing he has done. His art for "Easy Way to a Tuff Surfboard" at the end of the magazine was great. Which keeps me hoping we'll see more of his work, even if they are public Service Messages.

It was surprising to see Steve Ditko's art. His handling of the story proves that some artists are better than the comics make their work appear.

See if you can get the following artists to draw some stories for EERIE or CREEPY: Fortunino Matania (he is absolutely the greatest thing since Frazetta), J. Allen St. John, Joe Kubert, and last of all, let's see what Russ Heath can do in an artistically challenging magazine.

Max Aldahondo, Jr.
New York, New York

Russ Heath rises to the artistic challenge in **BLAZING COMBAT** #4, on sale May 12th. (There, Goodwin! I've plugged your war rag... NOW will you write next issue's scripts?) Matania and St. John are no longer living, but perhaps someday our clutching claws can grasp the talent of Mr. Kubert.—CE.

I just bought and read #3 of EERIE and it's just fabulous! That eye-catching cover by Frazetta is just great! The best new artist you picked up was Rocco Mastroserio. He does tremendous work with pen and ink. Archie Goodwin's idea for the story "Monsterwork" was done superbly...

David Licht
Greensboro, North Carolina

Rocco writhes again in this issue's "Gnawing Fear", scripted by Ron Parker, as you frenzied fans will find on page 22.

I just wanted to let you know how much I liked the fact that you ran that Frank Frazetta thing on the inside back cover of the May EERIE. Your mags seem to appeal to a thinking audience, and running this anti-smoking ad shows a concern on the part of the people behind the mag for their readership.

Frazetta used the same elements of emotional appeal that is used in most of today's cigarette advertising, fighting fire with fire! Good work.

Jay Lynch
Chicago, Illinois

Warren's not such a do-gooder! He figures most of the money saved by readers on cigarettes may be used for subscriptions to his mags instead of for surfboards.—CE.

I chanced to read one of your magazines through the recommendation of an ex-friend. I was greatly impressed with your three-year-old vocabulary. Your stories were genuinely intriguing (for the first two sentences). It was evident that your writing staff was educated at the kindergarten class of Maview Insane Asylum. Your book's action was second only to that of the telephone book. If you continue to write stories such as these I can assure that you will be bankrupt in two months.

Pat Clowes
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

All right, admit it, Pat... Uncle Creepy PAID you! (Stop crying, Goodwin... At least your mother likes your work!) —CE.

Although I rarely find it necessary to write to a comic magazine letter section, as I gradually kept reading your magazines I knew you and your crew were on to something good. Namely CREEPY, BLAZING COMBAT, and your newest masterpiece, EERIE.

Frazetta's artwork is just great. The way he vividly applies his art to your magazines makes the scene look truly lifelike. And Archie Goodwin's stories are terrific. The manner in which his imagination is applied is great, every single detail in your stories are given thought. The stories I liked best were: "Soul of Horror", "Room with a View", and "The Monument".

Horror, terror, etc. is my favorite reading material and your magazines CREEPY & EERIE give me plenty of it. BLAZING COMBAT also brings out the many horrors of war... I also like the idea of having your books named after two characters (Uncle Creepy and Cousin Eerie)... As soon as

your next batch of terror-filled goodies hit the stands, don't be surprised if I'm the first frantic buyer in line.

Louis Sabater
Bronx, New York

Usually your stories are great. They are written in a style that is just within the believable, until the monster appears. But what gives? In "The Monument", do you really think the housing authorities would let Colt install his own embalming machine?

Edward Drumm
Paterson, New Jersey

Sure, but the Undertakers Union might gripe a bit.—CE.

Issue #3 was just great. The front cover was horrible (compliment) and the color terrific. I think "Soul of Horror" was very good with a nice plot. I remember Steve Ditko from another magazine. I hope he draws more of the stories. By the way, have you seen the other types of horror comics? I should have been hung for buying one. They have crummy art with absolutely no plot. All horror comics except EERIE and CREEPY are "Thumbs down!"

Richard McKeon
Brooklyn, New York

Keep those beady little eyes peeled for the Warren Publishing label on the cover and you fiendish fans can avoid getting stuck with any of the opposition's loathsome lemons!—CE.

Superb, terrific, fabulous, magnificent, excellent, gorgeous, sumptuous, beautiful, stunning, and even good. These are the words I HAVE to use in describing EERIE #3, and I use them only because I can't find words which are really good enough for it...

I'm glad to see you have Steve Ditko doing artwork for you now. Although I usually don't care for his art in regular colored comics, I think he did a great job in black and white, and I hope he stays with you for a long, long time. I also hope you will use more Severin and Crandall artwork in the future, and continue to give us the same high quality stories.

Robert Wilczynski
Chicago, Illinois

Will do, Robert!—CE.

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 4, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

I think your magazine is the greatest ever published. I just bought the latest issue, #3. Boy, was it great. The writers and the artists were their usual imaginative selves. But one thing bothers me... Don't the writers who dream up all the fantastic stories ever get nightmares?

Larry Leyenberger
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Most of the writers who dream up our fantastic stories ARE nightmares... Besides, I keep them so busy writing they barely have time to sleep, let alone dream!—CE.

I subscribe to CREEPY and BLAZING COMBAT, but believe me. EERIE is tops, although it's not as good as CREEPY. I'm going to subscribe to your mag also though. I've read both issues, and liked the second a little better.

"Soul of Horror" is the best horror story I've ever read except for "Fitting Punishment" in CREEPY #8. "The Light-house" was terrible. "Room with a View" was pretty good. "Monsterwork" was really good. "Under the Skin" was good. "Monster Gallery" in both issues was beautiful artwork and textwise. I liked "The Monument" very much as well as "Full Fathom Fright."

By the way, does Stevey Ditko help with the art in Marvel comics? Frank Frazetta's cover was beautiful, but let Gray Morrow do the next one. Don't forget to have an Eerie Fan Club... Uncle Creepy's club is great. He looks wonderful in the picture.

Hale Roberts
Jackson, Mississippi

Frank Frazetta can make ANYBODY look wonderful, you should see Unc in the flesh

HAUNTING FOR SOME EERIE EXCITEMENT,
MERRY MONSTERS? I KNOW JUST THE SPOT!
A DEMONIAK DWELLING OF DISGUSTING DECAY...
THE VERY PLACE YOU KIDDIES HAVE BEEN LOOKING
FOR! OF COURSE, I SHOULD WARN YOU... SOME
PEOPLE CALL THIS THE...



LOOK HERE! MY
BROTHER LIVES
THERE... HE'S
EXPECTING ME!
I'LL PAY--

MISTER, AIN'T NOBODY IN
THIS COUNTY'D GO NEAR
THAT PLACE! WARNED
TH'OTHER FELLA WHEN
I BRUNG 'IM OUT AN'
I'M WARNING YOU!



LEE HARGRAVES WAS ANNOYED.
ANNOYED BY THE WINDING
DUSTY ROAD, THE HEAT OF
THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN,
THE SUPERSTITIOUS DRIVEL
OF BACK COUNTRY
NATIVES, AND ANNOYED
BY THE IRRESPONSIBILITY
OF A YOUNGER
BROTHER WHO
WAS CONSTANTLY
CALLING FOR
HELP...



LORD, WHAT
A HORROR!
HOW DOES
HE GET
INVOLVED
IN THINGS
LIKE THIS...

STILL, HIS
TELEGRAM
SOUNDED
URGENT!



RICHARD!

HEY, RICHARD!
BIG BROTHER'S HERE
TO BAIL YOU OUT
AGAIN!

HEY!



KER-RASH



WHAT THE DEVIL...

SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE!
SHOULD HAVE REALIZED
IT WHEN RICHARD DIDN'T
MEET ME IN TOWN! I'LL
FIND OUT WHAT IT IS...

...RIGHT NOW!

A MUSTY ODOR OF FETID DECAY
MADE HARGRAVES WINCE AS HE
PUSHED THROUGH COBWEBS TO
THE MOSS-COATED INTERIOR OF
THE ANCIENT STRUCTURE...

YOUNG FOOL! FANCIES
HIMSELF A POE OR
LOVE-CRAFT...
WANTS TO WRITE
IN ATMOSPHERE
LIKE *THIS!*



OVER ROTTING CREAKING TIMBERS,
HE MOVED THROUGH ROOM AFTER
DECAYING ROOM, DISGUSTED,
FASCINATED, AND SOMEWHAT
UNEASY...

MUCK IS ALL OVER
EVERYTHING...

RICHARD!
WHERE ARE YOU,
BOY? RICHARD!



HARDLY HAD THE SOUND FADED THAN IT BECAME IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE SO HORRIBLE A THING COULD BE HEARD...NOT AND STILL BE SANE!

MUST BE THE WIND...ONLY THE WIND! OR AN ANIMAL... WILD ANIMAL IN THE WOODS! HEH, HEH... BLASTED OLD HOUSE!

HARGRAVES MOVED ON... NOW SHOUTING, NOW WHISPERING... THROUGH MOSS ENCRUSTED CORRIDORS, SOMETIMES SLIPPING, STUMBLING, TOUCHING THE DAMP ROT WITH A SHIVER...

HIS STUDY! DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE BEEN USED FOR A WHILE... DECAY'S SETTING IN HERE TOO!

RECORDER I GAVE HIM LAST BIRTHDAY... TAPE STILL ON IT! WONDER IF ROT'S GOTTEN THE BATTERIES?

JUNE 30th! SETTLED AT LAST... THE HOUSE IS EVERYTHING I'D HOPED! RICH IN LEGEND AND LORE... FASCINATING AND HORRIBLE...

RICHARD!



"BUILT IN 1790 BY THE **JAPES** FAMILY... A BARBAROUS CLAN OF MANIACS WHO PILLAGED THE COUNTRYSIDE, COMMITTING UNSPEAKABLE ACTS ON NEIGHBORS AND UNSUSPECTING TRAVELERS!"



"FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY THEY INBRED AND FLOURISHED, BECOMING A SPAWN OF DEVIL WORSHIPPERS AND PRACTITIONERS OF MALIGNANT AND UNHOLY RITES..."



"NOT UNTIL 1848 DID AN OUTRAGED POPULACE SEND THE MILITIA UPON THEM, DESTROYING EVERY LIVING JAPES... BUT THE HOUSE, INTENDED TO BE BURNED TO THE GROUND, WAS SPARED..."



"A FEARFUL, ALMOST UNNATURAL RAINSTORM, PREVENTED THE ACTION! THE HOUSE OF EVIL WAS BOARDED UP AND LEFT STANDING... SOME SAY THE JAPES DEAD WERE LEFT INSIDE... LEFT TO DISSOLVE INTO THE VERY DECAY-RIDDEN TIMBERS OF THE HOUSE ITSELF!"

HARGRAVES TURNED OFF THE RECORDER. HIS HAND TREMBLED. WITHOUT HIS REALIZING, IT HAD GROWN DARK ...

WHY DOES RICHARD DWELL ON SUCH DRIVIL? GOD, I WISH THERE WERE LIGHTS IN THIS PLACE!

ALMOST INVOLUNTARILY, HIS FINGER PUNCHED THE 'PLAY' BUTTON ... AGAIN RICHARD WAS SPEAKING ... NO LONGER CAREFREE ... VOICE TIGHTER, CHOKED ...

JULY 3RD!

THIS WAS A MISTAKE ... THERE'S EVIL IN THIS HOUSE! THE JAPES HAVE NEVER LOST THEIR HOLD...

A NOISE! DOWNSTAIRS! SOMETHING MOVING...

CLOSER! GETTING CLOSER...

THE RECORDER! IT CAN HEAR THE # @ ! % # TAPE!



THEIR HORROR LURKS... WAITING, STALKING... CLOSER, CLOSER... TO ITS PREY!

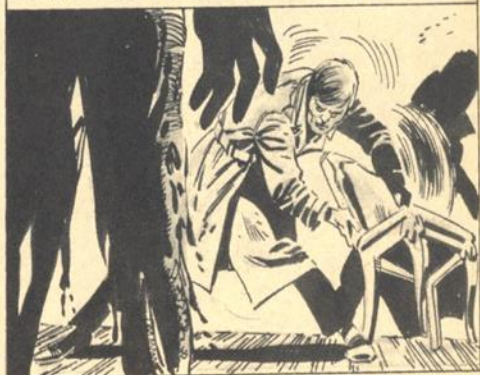




THE BURNING EYES OF THE NIGHTMARE CREATURE SEARCHED THE DARKNESS, AT LAST FINDING HARGRAVES! HE FELT HIMSELF GOING MAD...



CRUMBLING AND FETID, IT SLITHERED, STUMBLERD FORWARD... HARGRAVES WAS STILL SCREAMING AS HE SEIZED THE ONLY THING CLOSE AT HAND...



LIKE A MAN IN A NIGHTMARE, HARGRAVES CRIED AND SHOUTED, PUMMELED AND KICKED, SMASHING, STOMPING, DESTROYING...

MY BROTHER... RICHARD... YOU KILLED MY BROTHER... MY...



EXHAUSTION BROUGHT AN END. A BLACK BUBBLING SMEAR STRETCHED BEFORE HIM, THE HINT OF A HEAD WITHIN IT, THE DYING COALS OF FLAME EYES... SOMEWHERE, THE RECORDER TALKED ON... RICHARD'S VOICE, NOW RASPING, CROAKING...



THE JAPES ARE DEAD, BUT THEIR EVIL CONTINUES... DESTROYING ALL WHO TOUCH THEIR CURSED HOUSE!



LEE WON'T GET HERE IN TIME... MUST STOP HIM! SCARE HIM AWAY...



MUSTN'T LET IT GET HIM LIKE IT DID ME... GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE...

THE TIME FOR SCREAMING WAS PAST. HARGRAVES STARED OUT AT THE OOZING BLACK SLIME WHICH WAS ONCE HIS BROTHER, STARED OUT PAST THE HANDS THAT KILLED HIM... ALREADY, BITS OF MOLD AND FUNGUS WERE BEGINNING TO FORM!



BEFORE THE ROT OF THEIR EVIL CONSUMES HIM... AS IT DID THIS HOUSE AND EVERYTHING TO COME IN CONTACT WITH IT!

THAT'S WHAT WE LIKE, EH, KIDDIES? AN ENDING THAT GROWS ON YOU! OH, WELL, ENOUGH OF THIS ROT... MOLD YOUR MIND WITH THE NEXT BIT OF GORE IN STORE!



PROLOGUE-
SOMEWHERE
IN THE CITY,
A DOORBELL
SOUNDS...

NEVER FAILS! WHENEVER
I START WASHING
MY HAIR...

WHO IS IT?

TELEGRAM!

COULDN'T
YOU HAVE JUST
SLID IT UNDER
THE DOOR?

HAS TO
BE SIGNED
FOR...

OH, FOR
HEAVENS SAKE!
NOW WHERE DO
I HAVE TO...



TIME TO **HACK** YOUR WAY
TO ANOTHER **SLICE** OF HORROR,
MERRY MANIACS... STEP
CLOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE AS
I SHARPEN THE SHIVERS AND
INTRODUCE YOU TO THE...

HATCHET MAN

Gene
Colan



THAT **MANIAC'S**
STILL ON THE LOOSE!
CHOPPED A WOMAN
TO BITS LAST
NIGHT... ONLY A FEW
BLOCKS FROM HERE!

THIS IS THE
ONLY SHIRT I
CAN WEAR TO
WORK? I THOUGHT
YOU WERE GOING
TO IRON SOME!

DON'T BOTHER
ME, HARVEY...
POLICE THINK HE'S
SOME KINDA SPLIT
PERSONALITY NUT,
ALWAYS LEAVING
NOTES IN BLOOD
SAID "HARRY
DID IT"...

DIDN'T
SEW ANY
BUTTONS
ON HERE
LIKE YOU
SAID YOU
WOULD...

THAT WOMAN'S
HUSBAND
WORKED AT
NIGHT... LIKE
YOU, HARVEY!
SAME THING
COULD HAVE
HAPPENED
TO ME!

FORGOT
TO MAKE
SANDWICHES
AGAIN,
PHYLLIS...
DON'T KNOW
WHY I BOTHER
CARRY A
LUNCH PAIL!



G'NIGHT,
PHYLLIS!

WHY COULDN'T YOU
HAVE A DECENT JOB
LIKE YOUR BROTHER IN
SEATTLE, INSTEAD OF BEING
JUST A WATCHMAN? THEN
I MIGHT BE SAFE FROM
MANIACS LIKE THIS!

TEN YEARS
OF THIS! **TEN YEARS!**
WISH SOMEONE **WOULD**
TAKE A HATCHET TO THAT
WOMAN!



**WHY
NOT?** WHY SHOULDN'T
THE **MANIAC** KILL HER?
IT WOULDN'T BE HARD
AT ALL TO ARRANGE...
NOT AT ALL!

NOBODY CHECKS ON ME HERE... ONCE I PUNCH IN, I COULD LEAVE WITHOUT BEING NOTICED... PEOPLE'D THINK I WAS MAKING MY ROUNDS!

"NEWSPAPERS GIVE YOU ALL THE DETAILS ABOUT HOW HE WORKS..."

JUST THE GLOVES, SIR? LIKE THEM GIFT WRAPPED?

"POLICE'LL NEVER SUSPECT IT WASN'T HIM!"

A FINE HATCHET, SIR... YOU'LL GET A LOT GOOD USE OUT OF IT!

I'LL BE RID OF PHYLLIS AND THE HATCHET KILLER'LL BE BLAMED! **PERFECT!**

HARVEY? THAT YOU? WHY AREN'T YOU AT WORK?

YES, DEAR... IT'S ONLY ME...



UGH!
ONE
REALLY
DOES IT...
BUT I BET-
TER GIVE HER
A FEW MORE
JUST TO MAKE IT
LOOK GOOD!
NOW
THE
WRITING
ON THE
WALL...
THEN OUT OF
HERE BEFORE
THE NEIGHBORS
BREAK IN!

SO
MUCH FOR
THIS! AS FOR
THE GLOVES...

PART
OF MY
DUTIES ARE TO
CHECK ON THE FUR-
NACE ANYWAY... HA!
LOOKS LIKE THE
HATCHET MANIAC'S
GONNA GET CREDIT
FOR ONE HE NEVER
DREAMED ABOUT! THEY
CAN NEVER PIN IT ON ME!

AH! THEY'VE FOUND HER! NOW TO PLAY THE
BEREAVED HUSBAND...

MY GOD! WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

YOU
HARVEY
WHITTAKER?

LAST
NIGHT
SOMEONE GOT
IN HERE... CARVED
YOUR WIFE UP
WITH A **HATCHET!**

OH,
LORD! IT
MUST HAVE BEEN
THAT **MANIAC!** THAT HATCHET
KILLER FROM THE NEWSPAPER...

you! YOU'RE
THE HATCHET KILLER,
WHITTAKER!

Y-YOU'RE
CRAZY... I'M NOT...

THAT'S
HOW WE FIGURE IT, MR.
WHITTAKER... THE MANIAC DID IT...
SAME ONE THAT'S CHOPPED UP
ALL THE OTHERS...

WE FOUND THESE HIDDEN IN A SUITCASE IN **YOUR** CLOSET... BLOOD-STAINS CHECK OUT WITH SEVERAL OF THE VICTIMS...

I-IMPOSSIBLE! I GOT **RID** OF THEM--I...**NO!**

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO TELL US, MR. WHITTAKER?

I-I KILLED... PHYLLIS! B-BUT THE OTHERS... SOMEONE ELSE DID THAT... THE MANIAC... HATCHET KILLER... SOMEONE ELSE DID THAT...

ALL THOSE WOMEN...SOME ONE ELSE DID IT... **HARRY!** THAT'S THE ONE! **HARRY!** THE KILLER ... MANIAC... **HE DID IT!**

SHOULD BE STOPPED...BEFORE HE KILLS MORE! MORE WOMEN... **HACKED...CHOPPED!** LIKES TO KILL... **KILL THEM ALL!** ... NOT AFRAID...

NOT LIKE **HARVEY WHITTAKER!** AFRAID OF PHYLLIS ... I'LL **KILL 'EM ALL!** SHOW THAT PIPSQUEAK HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE! ME! **HARRY! I'LL KILL 'EM ALL!**

HARVEY TRIED TO WRITE ON THE WALL... GIVE ME AWAY...BUT I SHOWED HIM... SHOWED HIM **HOW...** **KILL 'EM ALL! KILL 'EM ALL!**

AWRIGHT... TAKE HIM AWAY!

POOR HARVEY! ONE HALF HIS BRAIN DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE OTHER WAS DOING... HIS PERSONALITY WAS MORE SPLIT UP THAN HIS VICTIMS! NOW, YOU'D BETTER **HARRY** ON TO THE NEXT SCREAM STORY!

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EVER HEAR OF **RATSBANE**? IT'S RAT POISON, STUFF YOU USE WHEN RATS **BANE** GETTING THE UPPER HAND... BUT IT CAN'T ALWAYS BE COUNTED ON, AS DR. HAHN AND HIS ASSISTANT, ED WEILER DISCOVER WHEN THEY TRY TO CONQUER THEIR...

GNAWING FEAR!





ELATED, THE OLD DOCTOR USHERED WEILER INTO THE DEN...

HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. SMART LITTLE DEVILS ARE GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO CAPTURE!

THAT WILL CEASE, EDWARD. THIS LATEST FORMULA IS THE **ULTIMATE** RAT POISON! IT WON'T JUST ATTRACT AND DESTROY SOME RATS...



THIS WILL **ANNIHILATE** THEM FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



YOU'VE BEEN AN IMMENSE HELP TO ME THESE PAST MONTHS... SOMETIMES I THINK YOU HATE THEM AS MUCH AS I DO, EDWARD...

I FIND THEM MOST REPULSIVE, SIR.



REPULSIVE? THEY'RE DISGUSTING AND **DEADLY!** THE BITE OF ONE **KILLED** MY WIFE FOUR YEARS AGO... I SWORE THEN I'D FIND THE FORMULA TO RID THE WORLD OF THEM!



THIS OLD RATTRAP OF A HOUSE HAS PROVIDED ME WITH AN ABUNDANCE OF SPECIMENS... ENABLED ME TO PERFECT A POISON BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

TOO LATE?



EDWARD, I BELIEVE RATS ARE ORGANIZING... ORGANIZING TO REPLACE MAN AS EARTH'S DOMINANT SPECIES! **WE** MUST STOP THEM BEFORE THEY **STRIKE!**

SIR! YOU
CAN'T BE
SERIOUS...

I CAN! THEY OUTNUMBER US...
KILLED **MILLIONS!** SPREAD
PLAGUES... DISEASE... ATTACK
OUR CHILDREN... INFEST
OUR FOOD... WATER...



WINE AND CONVERSATION MADE THE OLD
DOCTOR DROWSY... HIS EYELIDS GREW
HEAVY... HIS HEAD DROOPED...

...MUST BE DESTROYED...
BEFORE THEY DESTROY
MAN... MUST...



POOR FELLOW!
COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED...
ACCOUNTS FOR SOME OF
THE WILD TALK! WHY
DISTURB HIM? HE CAN
SLEEP WHERE HE IS...

I COULD
USE SOME
SLEEP
MYSELF...



BUT IN THE
DARK HOURS
BEFORE DAWN,
ALL SLEEP
SUDDENLY
ENDED!

THE DEN...
DR. HAWN!



DRESSING
QUICKLY,
WEILER
GRABBED HIS
REVOLVER
AND PLUNGED
DOWNSTAIRS
TO THE DEN...

GOOD LORD!

THE CHAIR... SLASHED
TO RIBBONS... BLOOD
ALL OVER... BUT... BUT
WHERE'S DR. HAWN?



STAINS OF BRIGHT CRIMSON TRAILED OUT OF THE ROOM...OVERCOMING A SENSE OF DREAD, WEILER FOLLOWED THEM...

IT'S THE WORK OF A MAD-MAN... A MANIAC!

SEEMS TO LEAD TO THE CELLAR... BETTER GET A LIGHT FROM THE LAB!



THAT PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH RATS... WON'T HURT TO TAKE THE NEW POISON...

WHAT TH... THAT WASN'T HERE YESTERDAY! BLOODSTAINS GO RIGHT TO IT...



A TUNNEL! CRAMPED, BUT WHOEVER CARRIED OFF DR. HAHN USED IT... SO CAN I!



THIS WILL STOP OUR FURRY FRIENDS GETTING IN, OR OUT! WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE, I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER WITH RATS, ALSO!



THE AIR WAS DAMP AND MUSTY.
THE CRUMBLING WALLS COVERED
WITH SLIME...ONLY THE BRIL-
LIANT RED OF THE BLOOD-
STAINS UNDER THE FLASHLIGHT
BEAM WAS FRESH...

LOOKS TO BE
HUNDREDS OF
YEARS OLD...
WHO COULD HAVE
BUILT THIS...?
AND WHY?



TRAIL LEADS
OFF TO THE
RIGHT...CERTAINLY
MAKING IT EASY
FOR ME TO
FOLLOW...

MAYBE I
SHOULD HAVE
A LOOK AT
THE OTHER
TUNNEL...



N-NO!



SHOTS SCATTERED
THE REST OF
THEM...THIS'LL
FIX IT SO
THEY DON'T
COME BACK!



THEY...THEY ALMOST
GOT ME! HAVE TO BE
MORE CAREFUL...TUNNELS
ARE SO STRANGE...MUCH
LARGER THAN I EXPECTED...
BET I'VE GONE NEARLY
A MILE!



TIME SLOWLY PASSED AS ED WEILER WENT DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE INCREASINGLY ELABORATE SYSTEM OF TUNNELS...

WHAT A COMPLEX ! IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS TRAIL ...

TIME SLOWLY PASSED AS ED WEILER WENT DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE INCREASINGLY ELABORATE SYSTEM OF TUNNELS...

WHAT A COMPLEX ! IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS TRAIL ...

BETTER BLOCK OFF
THESE OTHER TUNNELS
BEFORE
GOING ON...

THAT'S IT...
THE LAST OF
DR. HAHN'S
FORMULA...

MUCH CLOSER QUARTERS...
HAVE TO CRAWL...**STRANGE!**
THIS TUNNEL'S NEWER...
DIRT'S FRESH AND
LOOSE...

GETTING
NARROWER
YET...MUST BE
COMING TO THE
END... ROUND
THIS BEND...

УДААНННННННННН





VERMIN!
FILTHY ROTTEN
VERMIN!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

TOO LATE WEILER
REALIZED THE
EFFECT OF HIS GUN-
SHOTS ON THE LOOSE
EARTH OF THE TUNNEL...
HE WHIRLED QUICKLY
TO START BACK THE
WAY HE CAME...

TOO LATE!!



YAH!!!

WEILER SPIT DUST AND DIRT AS HIS VISION
CLEARED...HE WAS LOOKING BACK DOWN
THE TUNNEL, AT LEAST THAT PART OF IT
WHICH WASN'T AT THE MOMENT PILED
ON HIS BACK...



T-THAT SOUND...
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
COMING THIS WAY...
SQUEALING...

SQUEEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEE

PANIC SEIZED HIM...HE FOUGHT...STRAINED...
STRUGGLED...ONLY HIS HEAD COULD MOVE...



THE POISON!

I BLOCKED OFF
EVERY TUNNEL
WITH IT! THERE'S
ONLY ONE CLEAR
PATH...THE ONE
LEADING HERE!
LORD, NO! I'M
CAUGHT...
CAUGHT...

SQUEEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEE

THE SQUIRMING, SQUEALING SEA OF RED EYES AND SLASHING TEETH
CLAWED THEIR WAY TOWARD WEILER, WHOSE LAST THOUGHT ON
EARTH WAS OF AN OLD, OFT-USED SAYING ...

... LIKE A RAT
IN A TRAP!



SQUEEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEE
SQUEEE

NOW ISN'T THAT
A RATTLING
EXPERIENCE! ED
WAS OVERWHELMED
BY THE WHOLE
THING... AND
YOU'LL BE OVER-
WHELMED BY MY
NEXT BIT OF
REPULSIVE RAT...
ER... ROT!





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PERK UP YOUR POINTED LITTLE EARS, *RABID READERS*, THAT WEIRD WAIL YOU HEAR ISN'T A FIRE ENGINE! IT'S SOMETHING FAR MORE TERRIBLE ... BETTER HANG ONTO TO YOUR MARBLES, YOU DON'T WANT TO LOSE THEM AS WE PAY A VISIT TO AN INSANE ASYLUM WHERE YOU'LL MEET THE INCREDIBLE ...

SHRIEKING MAN!



COMPLETELY UNRECLAIMABLE! BEEN LIKE THIS FOR TEN YEARS... HOMICIDALLY VIOLENT!



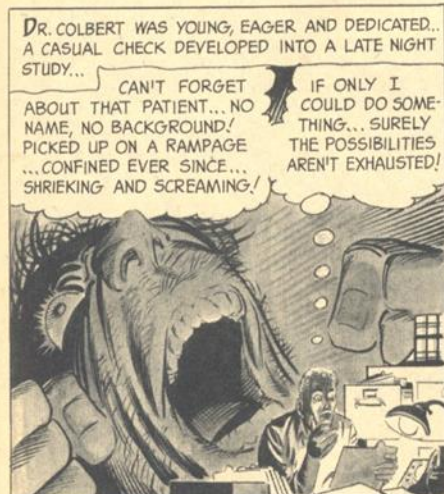
RESPONDS TO NO TYPE OF TREATMENT? PERHAPS EXPERIMENTAL DRUGS...

MY SPECIALTY! YOU KNOW THAT, COLBERT... ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT! NONE!



YOU'RE THE ACKNOWLEDGED MASTER, DR. MANDRELL! TO WORK UNDER YOU IS THE MAIN REASON I TOOK THIS POST, THOUGH A STATE ASYLUM SEEMS OBSCURE FOR A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS...

I DON'T CRAVE THE LIMELIGHT... THIS SUITS MY NEEDS FINE!





EARTH AROUND THIS ONE LOOKS FRESH... AS THOUGH SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE -- **IDIOT!** OF COURSE IT'S FRESH...THEY JUST BURIED A MAN TODAY!



SUPPRESSING A FEELING OF FOOLISHNESS, COLBERT TURNED IN THE CHILL NIGHT AIR AND STARTED BACK...

LOOKS LIKE A LIGHT AT MANDRELL'S PLACE...LONG AS HE'S UP, MAYBE I'LL CHECK WITH HIM...



A LIGHT FROST MADE THE GRASS CRUNCHED UNDERFOOT... NIGHT NOISES SEEMED TO HAVE CEASED...



THEN...



THE UNDERBRUSH BECAME ALIVE WITH THE SNAPPING OF TWIGS AND BRANCHES... SOMETHING WAS RUSHING TOWARD COLBERT... WITH SPEED AND FRENZY!



COLBERT'S KNEES BUCKLED, HIS BODY SAGGED...THE SCREAMING HORROR FROM THE SHADOWS SLASHED AND CLAWED AT HIM LIKE SOME CRAZED ANIMAL... HE WAS GOING UNDER...



THROBBING ACES
AND PAINS DROVE
COLBERT'S MIND
BACK TO
CONSCIOUSNESS...

YOU WERE APPARENTLY AT-
TACKED BY A GRAVEROBBER!
THE CORPSE OF THE MAN WE
BURIED YESTERDAY WAS FOUND
LYING ON TOP OF ITS GRAVE...

JUST BEFORE I WAS
ATTACKED... THERE WAS
A HORRIBLE SHRIEK!
FROM THE DIRECTION OF
YOUR HOUSE... BASEMENT
LIGHT WAS ON!

MY LABORATORY
... I WAS EX-
PERIMENTING.
I HEARD NO
SOUND...

SCREAM WAS AMAZINGLY
SIMILAR TO THE POOR
WRETCH WE'VE GOT...
I'D LIKE TO RUN SOME
TESTS... VARIOUS DRUGS
... PERHAPS...

COLBERT, I
KNOW HOW YOU
FEEL... TEN YEARS
AGO UNDER THE
OLD DIRECTOR,
HUTCHINS, I FELT
THE SAME WAY...
BUT I KNOW BEST!

THAT MAN IS
HOPELESS...
BESTIAL! ANY-
THING TO BE
DONE FOR HIM,
I HAVE TRIED!
I WANT HIM
LEFT ALONE, YOU
UNDERSTAND?
**LEAVE HIM
ALONE!**

BUT COLBERT HAD THEORIES...

...THEORIES HE WOULD NOT LEAVE
UNTESTED.

BIDDING HIS TIME, HE WAITED...



DR. MANDRELL ALWAYS
GAVE STRICT ORDERS
NOT TO MESS WITH
THIS GUY! THAT'S A
REAL WILD ANIMAL
IN THERE ...

MANDRELL'S IN TOWN
TONIGHT... I'M IN CHARGE!
GET THIS PATIENT UP
TO MY LAB!



THE MANIAC WAS UNCONTROLLABLE... NEARLY AN HOUR HAD PASSED BEFORE THE MAN WAS STRAPPED DOWN IN THE LAB... HIS HORRENDOUS CRIES RINGING IN COLBERT'S EARS AS HE PREPARED THE INJECTION...

NO RECORD THAT MANDRELL EVER TRIED THE LSH-90... IT'S POWERFUL AND EFFECTIVE... ALMOST STANDARD IN EXTREME CASES...



... WHY HASN'T HE USED IT? IF WE'RE EVER GOING TO KNOW, IT'LL BE ... NOW!



THE WRITHING AND SCREAMING STOPPED... THE TORTURED FACE SOFTENED... THE WILD GLAZE OF THE EYES MOMENTARILY FADED...

MANDRELL! FOR GOD'S SAKE... DON'T! IT'S MURDER... IT'S--



IT'S WORKING! BUT WHAT...

THE MOMENT OF LUCIDITY FADED AS QUICKLY AS THE DRUG ITSELF ON THE RAGING, STRAINING HULK...



THE VIOLENT WAVE OF ANIMAL-MADNESS SURGED OVER COLBERT, DRAGGING HIM DOWN...



... LEAVING A WAKE OF DESTRUCTION!

HE'S ESCAPED! LORD... WHAT HAVE I DONE! WHY DIDN'T I LISTEN TO MANDRELL...



ONE PAIN-WRACKED STEP AFTER THE OTHER, COLBERT WILLED HIS FEET ACROSS THE GROUND...

MAYBE HE'S BACK...

GOT TO WARN HIM... WHY'D HE HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN TONIGHT...

INSIDE, THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY AND SILENT... EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT BUZZING IN THE BACK OF COLBERT'S MIND...

OBITUARIES... HE'S CIRCLED ONE... A MAN BURIED TODAY! HE WAS IN THE CEMETERY THAT NIGHT!

THE TRACE OF A SOUND CAME FROM THE BASEMENT... COLBERT STAGGERED DOWNWARD, SOMEHOW EXPECTING WHAT HE WAS TO FIND...

GHOU! ARE THESE THE KIND OF EXPERIMENTS YOU CONDUCT?

COLBERT! YOU PRYING FOOL!

INFLECTING TORMENT ON THE DEAD...

YOU TOY WITH DRUGS TO FREE MINDS... I PERFECT A SERUM TO RESTORE LIFE! REANIMATE DEAD FLESH!

LIFE? YOU CALL THOSE SHRIEKING TORTURED THINGS LIFE? THEY WANT THE PEACE OF THE GRAVE! THEY FIGHT TO GET BACK TO IT! LIKE THAT FRENZIED SOUL IN THE PADDED CELL FOR 10 YEARS!

YOU MEAN HUTCHINS? MY FORMER SUPERIOR... MY STUPID EMPLOYER... MY GREATEST SUCCESS...

HE OUTLIVED THE OTHERS... THE SOONER YOU INJECT THE SERUM THE BETTER, SINCE I KILLED HIM, HE WAS MUCH HANDIER! JUST AS YOU'LL BE, COLBERT! YOU MAY EVEN SHARE THE SAME PADDED CELL!

HUTCHINS' BEEN OUT OF THE CELL FOR SOME TIME, MANDRELL...



THE ECHO OF THE INSANE SHRIEKING RANG THROUGH THE OLD HOUSE, AS THE REVENGE-DRIVEN DEAD THING PLUNGED TOWARD ITS TORMENTOR! MERCIFULLY, COLBERT COLLAPSED AS MANDRELL'S SCREAMS JOINED THE DIN...



A STREAM OF SUNLIGHT ON HIS FACE CAUSED COLBERT TO STIR...

MORNING... WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?



HE SEARCHED THE HOUSE, FINDING NOTHING... THEN STEPPED OUTSIDE...

CROWD GATHERED! SHOULD I LOOK? DO I REALLY WANT TO SEE?



DR. COLBERT COULD NOT STOP HIS FEET, NOR HIS EYES... AT LAST HUTCHINS HAD FOUND THE PEACE HE'D SCREAMED TEN YEARS FOR, SHARING IT WITH MANDRELL, WHOSE DEATH-FROZEN FACE WOULD SHRIEK FOR ETERNITY!



RATHER A GRAVE ENDING, BUT A LEAST MANDRELL GOT SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT... IF HE ISN'T TOO CHOKED UP! NOW, TAKE ON MY NEXT **TERROR-TALE**... IT'S A **SCREAM!**



THE CREEPY FAN CLUB? WHAT'S
IN IT FOR ME?!



JUST WHAT ALL YOU L'IL DEMONS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!!

OOZE YOUR ORBS AROUND THE PAGE... IT CAN ALL BE YOURS! AN 8X10 **FULL COLOR** PORTRAIT OF YOUR FAVORITE FIEND, **UNCLE CREEPY** RICHLY RENDERED BY THAT MASTER OF THE MONSTROUS, **FRENZIED FRANK FRAZETTA**, SUITABLE FOR FRAMING, THE **OFFICIAL CLUB PIN** (SHOWN FULL-SIZE BELOW), ALSO FULL COLOR, STURDILY CONSTRUCTED (WARDS OFF WOODEN STAKES), AND THE POCKET-SIZE **MEMBERSHIP CARD** PRINTED ON STRONG HIGH-QUALITY PAPER STOCK (WON'T WRINKLE AS YOU BEND OVER A VICTIM), ALSO SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE! ONCE YOU GET THIS FEARFULLY FAB KIT, YOU'RE ELIGIBLE TO SUBMIT DRAWINGS AND STORIES FOR PRINTING IN THE **FAN CLUB PAGE** WHICH APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **CREEPY**! SEND TODAY... BE **HEAD HORROR** ON YOUR BLOCK!



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SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE



MEMBERSHIP CARD SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

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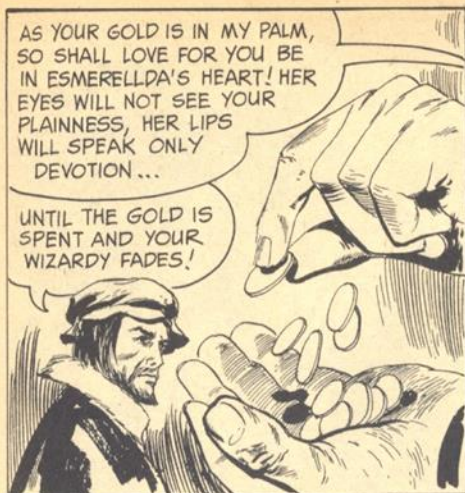
SEND IN
THIS
COUPON!

THE COOL AUTUMN WIND SWEEPS THROUGH THE 15TH CENTURY NIGHT... DRY LEAVES RATTLE ACROSS THE GROUND, AND BARREN TREE LIMBS BEND LOW AS THOUGH CROUCHING IN FEAR... HARDLY A TIME TO TAKE A STROLL, EH, *GHOULISH GLANCERS?* FEW EMOTIONS COULD DRIVE A MAN ACROSS THE LONELY LANDSCAPE TOWARD THE CRUMBLING RUINS OF A CHATEAU NOW WREATHED WITH FORBODING... PERHAPS ONLY ONE... SUCH AS...

UNDYING LOVE!



THE ROTTING OAK DOOR IS UNLATCHED AS THOUGH A VISITOR WERE EXPECTED ... FROM WITHIN COMES THE CACKLE OF AN OLD MAN'S LAUGH, THE PUTRESCENT ODOR OF BOILING HERBS, OINTMENTS, AND OTHER INGREDIENTS TOO FEARFUL TO THINK ON...



AS YOUR GOLD IS IN MY PALM,
SO SHALL LOVE FOR YOU BE
IN ESMERELDA'S HEART! HER
EYES WILL NOT SEE YOUR
PLAINNESS, HER LIPS
WILL SPEAK ONLY
DEVOTION...

UNTIL THE GOLD IS
SPENT AND YOUR
WIZARDY FADES!



THE SPELL IS
BINDING...ONCE
MADE, IT CAN-
NOT BE BROKEN...

AH! YOU'VE
BROUGHT A POR-
TRAIT AND A
LOCK OF HER
HAIR... WE
CAN BEGIN!

**YOKSATH RATHEM NUBBOTH
GORM! RGTHUTH OZEM NLUPT!**

'TIZ
DONE...



RIDE TO HER... QUICKLY! CLAIM HER NOW!
SHE'S YOURS ... **FOREVER!**

COUNT RENALDO SPURS HIS HORSE INTO THE NIGHT... THUNDERING INTO THE COURTYARD... UNABLE
TO DELAY CLAIMING THE PRIZE SORCERY HAS WON FOR HIM!

THE LADY ESMERELDA!
I MUST SEE HER...
AT ONCE!

B-BUT... SURELY, M'LORD KNEW... ONLY LAST NIGHT, MYSTERIOUS
DEATH TOOK OUR DAUGHTER FROM US! S-SHE WAS BURIED
THIS AFTERNOON...



THE COUNT HEARS NO MORE, BUT TURNS AND RIDES! RAGE PULSES THROUGH HIM WITH THE RHYTHM OF HIS HORSE'S POUNDING HOOVES... HE MUST SEE THAT WHICH HAS CHEATED HIM... MUST FACE THE GRAVE THAT HAS ROBBERED HIM OF ESMERELDA'S LOVE!



THE SMELL OF FRESHLY DUG EARTH STABS AT RENALDO'S NOSTRILS, CAUSING A TINGLING AMONG THE FINE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK...





LIFE IS NOT THE IDYLL, RENALDO PLANNED...
ESMERELDA'S DEVOTION CANNOT PREVENT
HER BEING WHAT SHE IS... CANNOT PREVENT
NIGHTLY SOJOURNS OF DISGUSTING PURPOSE...

I'M BACK, MY DARLING! IT
SEEMS SO LONG... I'VE
MISSED YOU SO!

IS THE REST
OF MY LIFE TO
BE SPENT THIS
WAY? KNOWING THE
BLOODSTAINED CARESS
OF A MONSTER?
ENDURING THE ICY
TOUCH OF THE
UNDEAD?!



NEARLY DAWN... IF ONLY
I DIDN'T HAVE TO
LEAVE! I CAN'T BEAR
BEING AWAY FROM YOU!

I MUST HAVE BEEN
MAD! THIS MUST
CEASE... **TODAY!**



WHEN THE SUN IS AT ITS ZENITH, COUNT
RENALDO MAKES HIS WAY DOWN INTO THE
DANK AND GLOOM OF HIS CASTLE'S CATA-
COMBS... DOWN TO THE FINELY-CARVED CASSET
WHEREIN SLEEPS THE LADY ESMERELDA...

DEATH COMES HARD
TO A VAMPIRE...



... FIRST BY THE STAKE...



....THEN BY THE
AX!



DONE! HEAD AND BODY BURIED IN
DIFFERENT LOCATIONS... THE RITUAL
IS OVER! I'M FREE!



THE NIGHT IS WINDY AND CHILL... ALIVE WITH NOISES! A PREYING OWL SWOOPS AND SCREECHES... HORSES SNORT NERVOUSLY IN THEIR STABLE... TIMBERS CREAK AND MOAN... A LATCH SUDDENLY CLICKS...



THE COUNT'S SHATTERING SCREAM CANNOT DRIVE OUT THE CACKLING WORDS VIBRATING INSIDE HIM... THE WORDS OF THE SORCERER: "THE SPELL IS BINDING... ONCE MADE, IT CANNOT BE BROKEN!"



HEH, HEH, A TOUCHING REUNION... I HOPE THE **THREE** OF THEM WILL BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER... THE FAMILY MIGHT EVEN GROW, IF RENALDO STARTS **CUTTING UP** AGAIN, ALTHOUGH ESMERELDA SEEMS THE KIND OF GIRL WHO CAN PIECE THINGS TOGETHER! NOW, WHY DON'T YOU PIECE TOGETHER THE NEXT PLOT IN MY **MONSTROUS MAG!**



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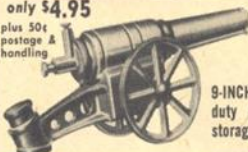
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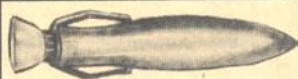
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PORTRAYED WITH ALL THE EXCITEMENT AND REALISM POSSIBLE ONLY BY THE SAME FANTASTIC TALENTS WHO GAVE YOU CREEPY IN THIS NEW PICTURE STORY THRILLER.

**BLAZING
COMBAT**

SEE PAGE 29



MINIATURE SPY CAMERA



FITS IN PALM OF HAND—YET TAKES 10 PICTURES WITH 1 ROLL OF FILM! This tiny SPY CAMERA is only 2 inches long but will take clear, sharp 2 1/2" x 2 1/2" pictures that can be blown up to snapshot size. Camera has fixed-focus lens and quality two-speed shutter. Uses low cost film (10 pictures to a roll). Complete with pigskin case and 6 rolls of film that will give you 60 pictures! Camera, case & film—all for only \$2.00 plus 25c for postage & handling.



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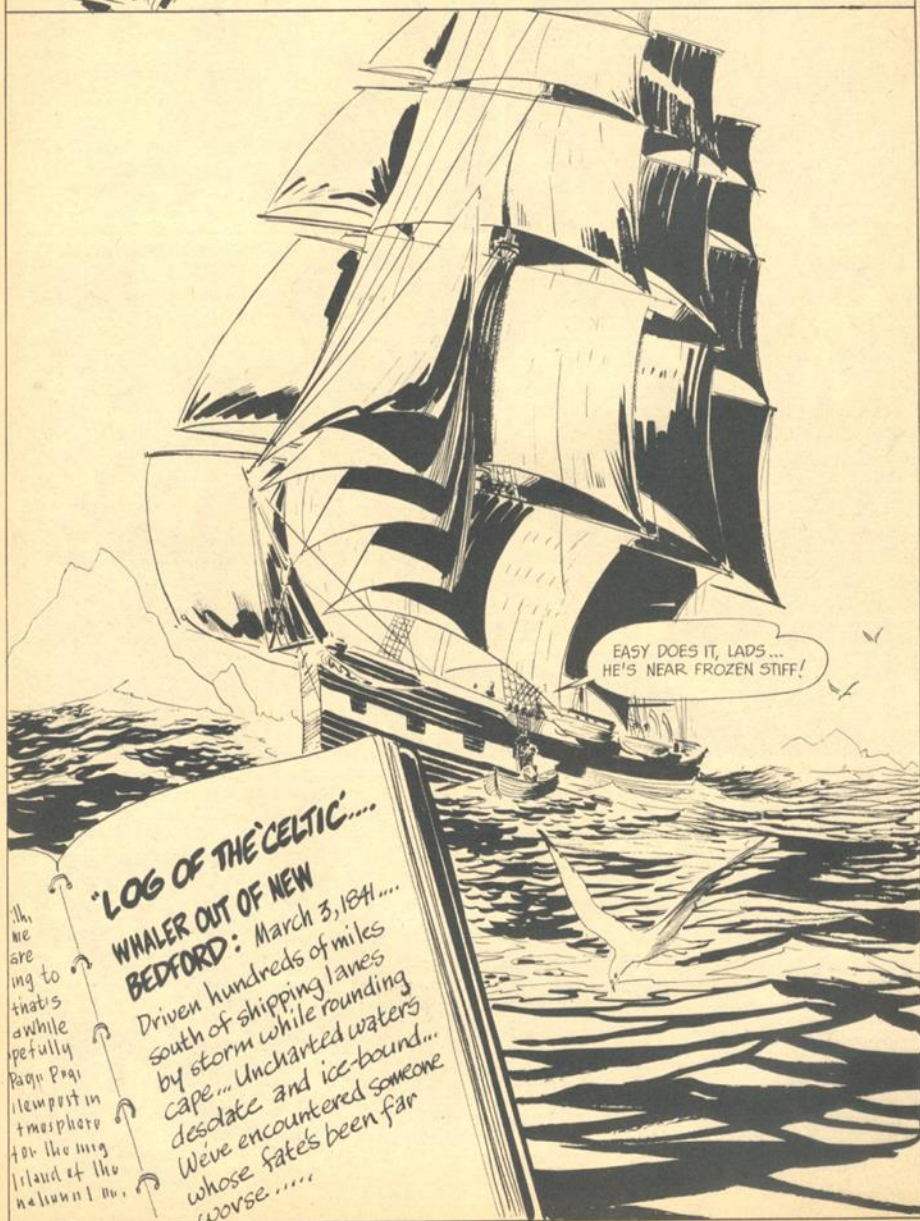
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ISLAND AT WORLD'S END!



"LOG OF THE 'CELTIC'...."

WHALER OUT OF NEW BEDFORD: March 3, 1841....

Driven hundreds of miles south of shipping lanes by storm while rounding cape... Uncharted waters desolate and ice-bound... We've encountered someone whose fate's been far worse....

"HE WAS A LARGE MAN, AND STRONG...TO HAVE BEEN LESS, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD..."

AIN'T NATURAL... ADRIFT IN AN OPEN BOAT IN WATERS LIKE THESE!



"MARCH 6-- OUR PASSENGER IS RECOVERING... TODAY FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE COULD ANSWER QUESTIONS..."

NAME'S STURGIS, SIR! FIRST MATE OF THE "PRODIGAL"... 'LEAST I WAS! WE WERE TWO YEARS OUT OF SALEM WHEN THE TROUBLE HIT... WORST SORT OF TROUBLE ON A WHALING SHIP...



"... MUTINY!"



"THE CAPTAIN WAS KILLED AND WE THREE REMAINING OFFICERS SET ADRIFT WITH A FEW SUPPLIES... I MANAGED TO SNEAK OFF MY PISTOL..."



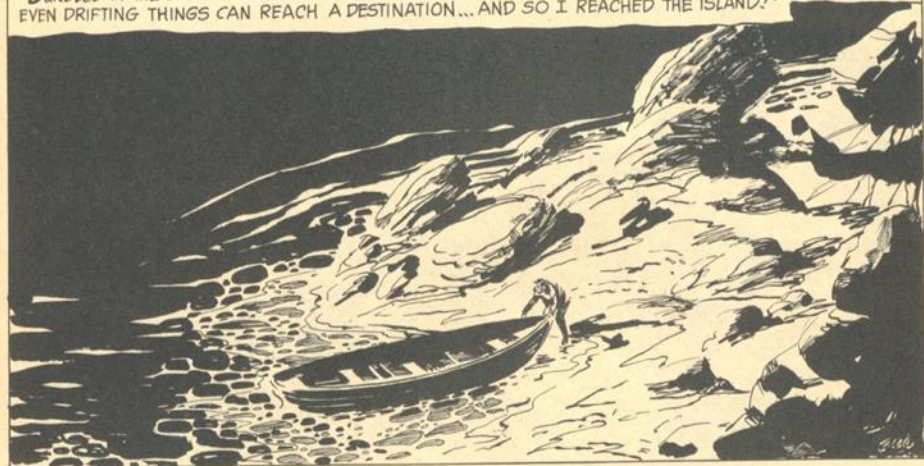
"IN TIME WE BECAME ANIMALS... RAGING FOR SURVIVAL, THE OPEN BOAT OUR JUNGLE! FOR THE OTHERS, REASON FAILED... FOR ME, THE PISTOL DIDN'T..."



"THEN BEGAN THE AWFUL DRIFTING... SLOWLY, STEADILY... *SOUTH!* SOUTH TOWARD UNKNOWN WATERS... SOUTH TOWARD ICE AND SILENCE... SOUTH TOWARD THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD!"



"BUNDLED IN THE CLOTHING OF DEAD MEN... LIVING MEAGERLY ON THEIR FOOD SHARES... I DRIFTED! BUT EVEN DRIFTING THINGS CAN REACH A DESTINATION... AND SO I REACHED THE ISLAND!"



"COLD, DESOLATE, LONELY... LIKE A LAST STOP BEFORE ETERNITY! NOT MUCH, BUT ALL THAT WAS LEFT ME... I BEGAN TO EXPLORE..."



"MY SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF LIFE LED ME TO OTHER SIGNS... OF DEATH!"

BONES LOOKED TO HAVE BEEN GNAWED BY SOME KIND OF ANIMAL... SKULLS APPEAR... H-HUMAN!





"I'VE SEEN THE WILDEST SAVAGES OF OUR WESTERN PLAINS AND THE GREAT APES OF AFRICA'S JUNGLES ... THIS WAS NEITHER... AND IT WAS BOTH! BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR CURIOSITY..."



"AND NO CHANCE TO USE THE PISTOL AGAIN... SHRIEKING AND SCREAMING WITH BEAST-LIKE FEROCITY, THEY CHARGED!"



"A HAIRY, OBSCENE TIDE SWEEPED OVER... MY LAST THOUGHT WAS OF THE GNAWED WHITE BONES BENEATH MY FEET!"



"FUMES OF SULPHUR AND PRICKLES OF HEAT FORCED MY SWIRLING MIND TO CONSCIOUSNESS..."

I'M INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN...
OR IS IT A VOLCANO? THOSE
THINGS I WAS FIGHTING
MUST HAVE LEFT ME
HERE... *WHY?*

"MY PISTOL WAS THROWN IN WITH ME, YET I DREW
LITTLE COMFORT FROM IT..."

DON'T LIKE THESE
IDOLS! MAKE THE
LEDGE LOOK
LIKE ...

A PLACE OF
SACRIFICE!

DOWN BELOW!
SOMETHING'S
STIRRING...

IMPOSSIBLE!
HOW CAN SHE---

YAAAAAAA!

"WHAT THE MIND CANNOT COMPREHEND, IT SOMETIMES SHUTS OUT... ONLY A MELODIC SOFT VOICE PULLED ME FROM THE BLACK BARRIER IT HAD THROWN UP..."

I WENT FORTH FOR A SACRIFICE, BUT FIND INSTEAD A PRINCE!



I AM CTHYLLA. LAST OF THE GREAT ELDER RACE... HIGH PRIESTESS OF DREAD SHOGGATH!



RUINS OF AN OLD CITY... HIDDEN AWAY IN THIS MOUNTAIN ...

IT WAS NOT ALWAYS SO! THE GREAT WARS... THE MIGHTY SNOWS... WE WERE DRIVEN UNDERGROUND! SOME REMAINED... DEGENERATED INTO BEASTS... THE HAIRY ONES ABOVE!



THEY ADAPTED WHILE YOUR PEOPLE DIED OUT DOWN HERE...

WHILE I LIVE, THE ELDERS MAY LIVE... LONG HAVE I PRAYED TO SHOGGATH FOR ONE TO SHARE MY DESTINY... MY THRONE... MY LIFE!



"HER EYES LOCKED WITH MINE, PEERING DEEP... SUDDENLY I COULD NO LONGER SEE ANYTHING BUT HER... CTHYLLA!"

... THE ELDER RACE SHALL THRIVE AGAIN!



"BUT SOMETHING DARK CLOUDED MY FEELINGS... MADE ME UNEASY..."

DEEP... COULD REACH STRAIGHT INTO HELL...

YOUR DREAD IS OF SHOGGATH, AND HEREIN HE DWELLS... FEARFUL AND MIGHTY! THE HAIRY ONES STILL SACRIFICE TO HIM...



"SHE DID NOT FALL... HOW COULD SHE NESTLED IN THE PALM OF THAT OBSCENITY AS WHEN FIRST I SAW HER?"

JOIN ME! DO NOT BE AFRAID... SHOW GREAT SHOGGATH HIS PRIESTESS NOW HAS A PRIEST! COME... **NOW!**



"NOW WE TRAVELED UP... **UP!** IN THE GRIP OF THAT NEBULOUS MONSTROSITY... BUT MY THOUGHTS WERE ONLY OF THE SOFT FIGURE AT MY SIDE... MY QUEEN... **MY CTHYLLA!**"

SHOGGATH WAS DENIED WHEN I FOUND YOU... HE ACHES FOR FULFILLMENT...



... BUT SHOGGATH KNOWS THE CHOSEN ONES! THIS YOU MUST LEARN!

CTHYLLA! THE WELL!



"AGAIN OUR EYES LOCKED, AND AGAIN--GOD FORBID-- I **OBEYED!**"



AH! THE HAIRY ONES HAVE ANTICIPATED... THEY KNOW BETTER THAN TO DISAPPOINT HIM!





"THIS TIME NO MERCIFUL FAINT OBLITERATED MY VISION! **THIS TIME I SAW ALL!**"

FEAST, SHOGGATH, FEAST!
REAP THE SWEETS OF
YOUR GREATNESS! **FEAST,**
ALL-POWERFUL GOD!

DIFFERENT AS IT
WAS, IT WAS A
HUMAN CREATURE!
HOW CAN SHE FIND
SUCH JOY!



"EVEN AS I LEAPED I KNEW IT WAS NO ACCIDENT THE MEN-CREATURES HAD PLACED ME ON THE LEDGE... LEFT ME THE PISTOL..."

**I'LL BE NO PART
OF A LIFE LIKE
THIS!**



"IN THE THUNDER OF THE WEAPON, THEY HAD SEEN A GLIMMER OF HOPE AGAINST SHOGGATH... EVEN AS I DESPERATELY DID!"

**SHOGGATH! BRING
HIM BACK! BRING
HIM BACK TO ME!**



"BUT IT WAS NOT THE BEHEMOTH THAT FELL..."



"I DID NOT HEAR HER SCREAM, NOR DID I LOOK BACK IN MY FRANTIC SCRAMBLE FOR FREEDOM. BEHIND ME A MOURNFUL WAIL ROSE IN PITCH TO A DREADFUL RUMBLE ..."



"FEAR DROVE MY LEGS DOWN THAT SLOPE OF ROCK AND ICE... NOTHING BROKE MY FLIGHT!"



"WHAT HAD BEEN A RUMBLE SPLIT THROUGH THE AIR NOW LIKE AN EXPLOSION! IN HIS GRIEF AND RAGE WAS SHOGGATH BREAKING FREE OF THE CRATER? AS I REACHED THE BOAT, NO DESIRE MOVED ME TO SEE... I PUSHED OFF PREFERING THE SLOW FREEZING DEATH AHEAD TO THE MONSTROUS INSANITY THAT STORMED BEHIND!"



DO YOU BELIEVE, CAPTAIN? CAN THESE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED TO ME?

I BELIEVE THE MIND OF A FREEZING, SLOWLY DYING MAN CAN MAKE ANYTHING POSSIBLE... YOU SHOULD REST...



AFTER DAYS ADRIFT, I THOUGHT THAT TOO, BUT I KEEP SEEING HER EYES... LOCKED DEEP IN MINE... PROMISING A WORLD... CTHYLLA...



"MARCH 10--STURGIS HAS RECOVERED, YET HE PROWLs THE DECKs MOODY AND QUIET, STARING AT THE SEA AS THOUGH LOOKING FOR SOMETHING..."

MAN, YOU'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF...YOU--

**SHE BLOWS!
SHE BLOWS!**



THAT'S NO WHALE'S SPOUT! IT'S STEAM...MIST! GETTING CLOSER!



HE'S COME
...I KNEW
HE MUST!



CTHYLLA!

STURGIS... YOU FOOL! NO!



DESPITE THE HORROR, HE DIED SILENTLY. LATER, THE CREW LIKED TO THINK HE DID IT TO SAVE THE SHIP... NO MATTER... BUT IN THE ONLY WAY LEFT HIM, STURGIS HAD GONE BACK... BACK TO CTHYLLA!



WHAT HAPPENED TO GOOD OL' SHOGGATH? NO ONE KNOWS, HE WAS NEVER CAUGHT... BUT IF HE IS, YOU CAN REST ASSURED IT WILL BE **RED-HANDED!** AND YOU'LL BE RED-FACED IF YOU MISS MY NEXT ISSUE!





Terror-ific #3



Current #4



AAAAHHH!
EEEEYAAAAHHHHH



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BECAUSE YOU MISSED AN ISSUE
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ADDAMS FAMILY

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EXACTLY AS YOU
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**New ADDAMS HAUNTED HOUSE
Includes ALL THESE FEATURES:**

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- KIT CAN BE ASSEMBLED BY ANYONE!
- COMPLETE WITH CREAKY SHUTTERS, ANGLES, GABLES, CHIMNEY, PORCH, etc.
- KIT AVAILABLE AT A LOW \$1.98

SEE This Addams Family TV Haunted House at any store carrying Aurora's easy-to-assemble MONSTER KITS. Or you can order your Haunted House by mail; see Special Coupon on page 60.

AURORA PLASTICS CORP.



West Hempstead, Long Island, N.Y.

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THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



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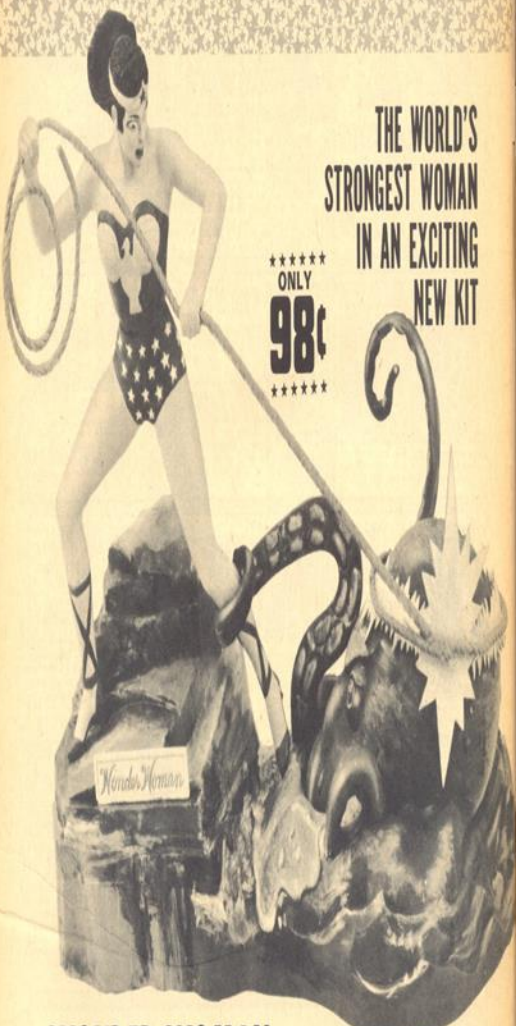
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