

**WARREN
MAGAZINE**



**CREEPY
#56**

SEPT. 1973

NOW! FULL COLOR COMICS!

CREEPY

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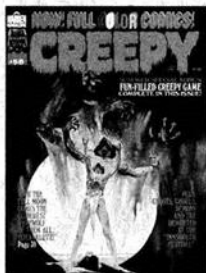
**SUMMER SPECIAL BONUS
FUN-FILLED CREEPY GAME
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!**

**WITH THE
FULL MOON
COMES THE
CLUMSIEST
WEREWOLF
OF THEM ALL...
"LYCANKLUTZ!"**

Page 39

**PLUS:
GHOSTS, GHOULS,
DEMONS
AND THE
DEMENTED
AT THE
"INNSMOUTH
FESTIVAL!"**





OUR COVER:
"Lycanklutz," clumsiest of all werewolves, is threatened by the notorious werewolf-eating silver-fanged fleas! Rich Corben wrote it, drew it, and added his luscious super-color. Sanjulan painted the cover. Page 39.

Editor-In-Chief
& Publisher
JAMES WARREN

Editor
W.B. DuBAY

Production
W.R. MOHALLEY

Cover
SANJULIAN

Artists
This Issue
ADOLFO ABELLAN
AURALEON
JOSE BEA
RICH CORBEN
MUNES
MARTIN SALVADOR

Writers
This Issue
JACK BUTTERWORTH
RICH CORBEN
GEORGE HENDERSON
JOHN JACOBSON
DOUG MOENCH

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CREEPY

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SEPTEMBER 1973

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57 THE BELL OF KUANG SAI Kublai Chan, mightiest of mystic rulers had a huge bell erected in his honor. But it took more than *magic* to ring his chimes!

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CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS: Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

I SUPPOSE I MUST'VE BEEN SOPPIN' MY EGGS WITH TOAST
JUST ABOUT THE TIME THE OLD CARETAKER FOUND THE
STIFF THAT MORNING...



IT SHOOK THE OLD GUY UP A BIT, FINDING A CORPSE
ALL BUNDLED IN WEIRD ROBES LIKE THAT...TIED IN
A **HUG** AROUND A TOMBSTONE **ANGEL**...

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE!

BUT SINCE I WASN'T IN ON IT FROM THE **BEGINNING**,
I DECIDED NOT TO WASTE ANY **TIME**...

NAME'S **EMIL STRAND!** YOU
KNOW...THE GUY
WITH THE **MONEY**.
FOUND THIS
MORNING HUGGING
AN **ANGEL!** BUT
EVEN **WEIRDER**
IS THE **CONDITION**
OF HIS **CORPSE**...

WHY DON'T
WE JUST TAKE
A **LOOK**.

ALL THE JABBER
CENTERED AROUND A
CHEST CRUSHED TO
BLOODY PULP. OH YEAH--
AND THERE WERE
SPLINTERS OF **WOOD**
IN IT...

FUNNY...HE DIDN'T
LOOK SO **RICH** ON
THAT **SLAB** WITH NO
CLOTHES ON...

MAYBE A
TELEPHONE POLE
FELL ON HIM...?

THE CITY DON'T PAY ITS POLICE DETECTIVES FOR
LOLLYGAGGING AROUND. ME AN MY PARTNER WERE AT
THE **MORGUE** WHILE MOST OF THE TAXPAYERS WERE STILL
CHOWING DOWN ON THEIR MALT-O-MEAL!

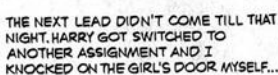
MOST
PECULIAR
CONDITION
TO THIS
BODY...

YEAH! WE
HEARD!
LET'S SEE
IT!

SURE -- AND
THEN THE
TERMITES
DRESSED HIM IN
ROBES AND DRAGGED HIM
TO THE
CEMETERY.

**TELEPHONE
POLE!** WHERE'S
YOUR **SMARTS**,
FELLA?!

WE FLASHED OUR BADGES AND THE SHRINKS LET US TALK TO HER... OR AT LEAST *TRY* TO...



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO GET WISE AND **LEAVE!**
ON THE FRONT STEPS I FOUGHT THE WIND TO LIGHT A
BUTT...

WHAT KINDA
DUDE **WAS** THIS
GUY? TWO CHICKS
GO **NUTS** AS
SOON AS HE GETS
WRITTEN
OFF...



SUDDENLY I FOUND
MYSELF FIGHTING SOME-
THING WITH A LITTLE
MORE SUBSTANCE TO IT!



HE SURGED OUTTA THE
BUSHES LIKE HE WAS SHOT
FROM A **CATAPULT!** THE
STREETLIGHTS GLINTED
LIKE FIRE AS THEY
BOUNCED OFF HIS
DAGGER...

I SWATTED THE PIG-STICKER OUT OF
HIS HAND...



...FELT HIM FOLD OVER THE FIST I
RAMMED DEEP INTO HIS **GUT...**



...FLINCHED AT THE PAIN IN MY KNEE AS
I BLASTED HIS FACE BACK UP INTO
IT'S PROPER POSITION...



...AND LET LOOSE
WITH A WINDMILL
RIGHT THAT MADE
MY FIST WET AND
STICKY! BUT HE
WAS AS WIREY
AS A SPRING...



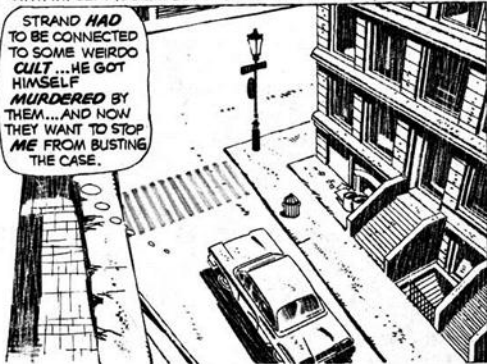
...I WATCHED HIS DARK
ROBES BLEND INTO THE
NIGHT AS HE ESCAPED.



THEY WERE THE **SAME** ROBES
STRAND HAD WORN ON HIS DATE
WITH THE **STONE ANGEL**.

MY **KNUCKLES** HURT AND I HAD TO HOLD THE STEERING WHEEL WITH MY LEFT HAND... BUT I GOT **HOME** AS USUAL, AND **PARKED**...

STRAND **HAD** TO BE CONNECTED TO SOME **WEIRDO CULT**... HE GOT **HIMSELF MURDERED** BY THEM... AND NOW THEY WANT TO STOP **ME** FROM **BUSTING** THE CASE.



THERE WAS MOSTLY **JUNK** MAIL, BUT I PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE PAID ANY **MORE** ATTENTION IF THERE'D BEEN A LETTER FROM THE **PRESIDENT**...

BUT HOW DID THE **KNIFE-MAN** **KNOW** I'D BE AT THE **GIRL'S** PLACE?

UNLESS **HE** HAD A REASON FOR BEING THERE TOO... AND IT WAS JUST COINCIDENCE...



INSIDE THE **MATCHBOX** I CALL MY **APARTMENT**, I GROPE IN THE DARKNESS FOR THE **LIGHT CHAIN**...



...AND CLOSED MY HAND AROUND SOMETHING **DIFFERENT**.



I **LIKE** CATS--MORE THAN **DOGS**--IT MADE ME **SICK**.

KLIK-LIK

THEN I GOT THAT **CREEPY** FEELING YOU GET WHEN YOU **SHOULD** BE ALONE, BUT THINK YOU'RE **NOT**...

BEWARE SEEKER

BUT ALL I FOUND AFTER SPINNING AROUND WAS HOW SOMEONE HAD RUINED MY WALL WITH **CAT'S BLOOD**...

DAMN IT--!

I DIDN'T **SLEEP** MUCH AFTER THAT, BUT I STILL CURSED THE PHONE FOR SENDING ME TO THE **CEMETERY** EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...



IT WAS INSTANT REPLAY TIME! THE SAME **CEMETERY**, SAME **GRANITE ANGEL**, SAME **ROBES**...ONLY THE **BODY** WAS... DIFFERENT!



IT WAS THE BODY OF THE GIRL I'D INTERROGATED THE NIGHT BEFORE! THE **FRANKLIN GIRL**!



SO NOW **SIX** GIRLS GONE INSANE BECAUSE OF **EMIL STRAND'S** DEATH...

I **BOLTED** FOR MY **CAR**.

YEH, WE JUST CONNECTED THE OTHER FOUR WITH **STRAND** THIS MORN -- **HEY**, WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO **YOU?**!

I JUST **REALIZED**... WHAT A **TALL** DARK MAN I MET LAST NIGHT WAS **DOING** AT THE **FRANKLIN** HOUSE.

I'D BEEN TO THE **ASYLUM** SO OFTEN I BEGAN TO FEEL LIKE AN **INMATE**. BUT AT LEAST IT WAS REASSURING THAT NOTHING MUCH HAD **CHANGED**...

LOOK! YOU'RE THE **THIRD** CHICK WHO'S BABBLER TO ME ABOUT **POWER** AND **LOVE**, AND THAT'S **THREE** **TOO MANY!** NOW JUST TELL ME IF THE **LAST** PLACE YOU SAW **STRAND** WAS AT HIS **HOME**... HIS **MANSION**.

...**EMIL'S** HOME WAS IN MY **FATHER'S** HOUSE...

THAT DIDN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE SO I SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY **INTERVIEWING** THE **OTHER** THREE GIRLS! THEY MADE EVEN **LESS** SENSE!...

WHATTA **DAY**...! IF ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS, THERE'S NO **WAY** IT'S GONNA STOP ME FROM **SLEEPING**...

HMMM LOOKS LIKE I HAD **COMPANY!**

BUT SURE ENOUGH...

I RETURNED TO MY **CUBBY-HOLE**...I WAS TOO **DRAGGED** OUT TO EXPECT ANY **SURPRISES**... ESPECIALLY ANOTHER ONE LIKE THE **DANGLING CAT ACT** FROM THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.



I WASN'T IN THE MOOD FOR **TIDYING UP** SO I CHECKED THE PLACE FOR HIDDEN CHUMPS IN DARK ROBES, FOUND NONE, LOCKED THE DOORS AND WINDOWS, AND WENT TO **SLEEP**...



...THE SCREAMS OF WHICH SHATTERED MY SLEEP, AND DRENCHED ME UP TO MY EARS IN SWEAT...

...A SWEAT WHICH CHILLED ME EVEN MORE WHEN I SAW NO EVIDENCE OF THE FORMER SHAMBLES MY PLACE HAD BEEN IN...



JUST LIKE BEFORE...NOTHING OUT OF PLACE...! EXCEPT...I DON'T HAVE AN **INCENSE BURNER**...

SOMETHING WAS DEFINITELY **WEIRD!** I'D LOCKED THE PLACE TIGHTER THAN **FORT KNOX!**



BETTER GET **DRESSED... AND OUT OF HERE...**

I WAS STILL GROGGY FROM NOT ENOUGH **SLEEP** AND TOO MANY **NIGHTMARES**...

BUT SOMEHOW I PERSUADED HIM TO EMBED HIS KNIFE INTO THE **FLOOR** INSTEAD OF **ME**...

THUNK!!!

...AND HAD SCREAMING **NIGHTMARES**...



BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE IN MY **CLOSET** WHO HAD **DIFFERENT** IDEAS...



HE ALSO HAD A **KNIFE**...



FROM THERE, IT WAS **EASY**. AFTER TYING HIM UP WITH THE CURTAIN DRAWSTRINGS, I NOTICED HE SEEMED TO HAVE LAPSED INTO A **TRANCE**! ALL THE BETTER FOR **MY** PURPOSES...

ALL RIGHT-- WHERE'S YOUR **MEETING PLACE**...? WHERE DO YOU ROBbed GOONS **HANG OUT**?

1673...
WEST...
PRATT...

I STABBED FOR THE PHONE AND GOT THE STATION...

BILL, **LISTEN!** SEND A SQUAD CAR OVER TO MY PLACE... TO PICK UP A KNIFE MANIAC...

ONE OTHER THING... SEE IF 1673 WEST PRATT JIBES WITH THE SHELTON GIRL'S HOME ADDRESS! IT **DOES**? GREAT-- SEND THE CAR.

I RACKED THE PHONE AND TURNED BACK TO MY ASSAILANT...

HIS TRANCE HAD BECOME **PERMANENT**! THOUGH I WAS DAMNED IF I KNEW HOW HE GOT THE KNIFE OUTTA THE FLOOR AND INTO HIS **BACK**. BUT I DIDN'T HAVE **TIME** TO FIGURE IT...

THE ADDRESS BROUGHT ME TO THE SHELTON GIRL'S HOME...AND THE MEETING PLACE OF THE ROBbed CRAZIES. IT **ALSO** BROUGHT ME TO...

I WOKE UP THE POOR PRIEST...RABBI...OR WHAT EVER HE WAS, AND STARTED RIGHT IN ON HIM...

A CHURCH! I THOUGHT SO... THIS CASE IS JUST ABOUT **CLOSED**...

...ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

PASTOR SHELTON? I'M A POLICE DETECTIVE. I'VE SPOKEN WITH YOUR DAUGHTER AT THE SANITARIUM...

POLICE? I THOUGHT YOU'D **NEVER** COME. I'VE COMPLAINED ABOUT THE VANDALISM IN THE CHURCH **FIVE TIMES** NOW, YOU KNOW.

VANDALISM?
WHAT KIND?

...AND ON **THREE** SEPARATE
OCCASIONS I'VE FOUND OUR
ALTAR CROSS **INVERTED**...
TURNED UPSIDE DOWN! EVEN
FOUND IT ON THE FLOOR.
ONCE, STAINED RED...

WH--WHERE ARE
YOU GOING--?

HORRIBLE... HORRIBLE...
BLASPHEMOUS!
OBSCENITIES SCRAWLED
ON THE WALLS, STRANGE
DESIGNS CHALKED ON THE
FLOOR, WINDOWS BROKEN,
SACRED STATUES PAINTED LIKE
CLOWNS, CATS **BUTCHERED**
ON THE ALTAR, ALL MANNER OF
PERVERTED **DESECRATIONS**...

TO
CHURCH.

I COULD HEAR THE
MONOTONOUS
CHANTING AS I
SNUCK IN...

IT ALL **FITS!** THE
SHELTON GIRL SAID STRAND'S
HOME WAS 'IN MY FATHER'S
HOUSE... A RELIGIOUS
ALLUSION TO THIS CHURCH...!
BESIDES THE FACT THAT
HER FATHER'S THE
MINISTER.

I'D READ ABOUT THE OCCULT,
WITCHCRAFT, THE BLACK ARTS,
PENTAGRAMS AND CONJURATIONS.
THE WHOLE BIT... BUT I'D NEVER
BELIEVED IT...

...UNTIL I SAW THE
BLACK MASS IN
PROGRESS...

FIVE MEN,
PLUS **ONE** DEAD
AT MY PLACE!
AND THE **SIX**
INSANE GIRLS...
MAKES **TWELVE**...

...AND STRAND
HIMSELF WOULD
BE THE COVEN'S
THIRTEENTH
MEMBER...

I STEPPED FROM BEHIND THE PEWS
AND **BARKED**...

UP AGAINST
THE WALL...
ALL OF YOU!

THEY LOOKED AT MY POLICE SPECIAL
AUTOMATIC... AND OBEYED SULLENLY...

BUT I COULDN'T SEE WHAT
WAS HAPPENING **BEHIND** ME...

YOU MURDERED THE **FRANKLIN
GIRL** AND **TRIED** TO MURDER **ME**
TO PREVENT THE STRAND CASE FROM
BEING **SOLVED!**

NOW, WHAT I
WANT TO KNOW IS
WHY YOU KILLED
STRAND IN THE
FIRST PLACE...

I SHOULD'VE BEEN **SUSPICIOUS**
WHEN ONE OF THE ACOLYTES
ANSWERED SO **READILY...**

STRAND WAS
THE COVEN'S
HIGH PRIEST! BUT
HE **MISUSED** THE
DARK POWERS
BESTOWED UPON
HIM...

HE WAS TOO
AMBITIOUS, TOO
SELFISH... USED
HIS GRANTED
POWERS TO
ACCUMULATE
WEALTH... TO
ENCHANT THE **WOMEN**
OF THE CULT INTO
LOVING HIM...

THAT WOULD
EXPLAIN ALL HIS
MONEY AND THE
SIX GIRLS GOING
NUTS WHEN HE DIED
ALL RIGHT! EXCEPT
FOR **ONE THING**---

...I DON'T
BELIEVE IN
SORCEROUS
POWERS.

THAT'S WHEN I SAW THE **SHADOW**...
AND HEARD THE VOICE AS GRATING
AS A **BUZZSAW**...

THEN
BELIEF SHALL
BE **FORCED**
UPON YOU!

I REALIZED THEN THAT I HADN'T
INTERRUPTED THE HELLISH CEREMONY
IN TIME... THAT THE ARCANIC INCANTATION
CHANTED OVER THE PENTAGRAM HAD
BEEN **COMPLETED**...

BUT I WALKED
TOWARDS THE
RESULT OF THAT
CONJURATION
ANYWAY...

...WALKED **CLOSER**, THOUGH MY
KNEES WERE GIVING ME A LOTTA
CONVINCING **BACKTALK**...

YOU ARE MOST
AUDACIOUS,
LITTLE ONE! SHALL
I CAUSE THE
INVERTED CROSS
TO FALL FROM THE
ALTAR AND **CRUSH**
YOUR PUNY BODY
AS IT CRUSHED THE
ONE CALLED
STRAND?

I DIDN'T **LISTEN** TO THE BOOMING
VOICE. INSTEAD, I STOPPED IN FRONT
OF THE REPULSIVE DEMON, AND IN A
VOICE LIKE **BOGIE** SAID...

YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST.

AND THE DEMON **ROARED** IN LAUGHTER...

THAT'S HOW I WAS CHOSEN...OVER A YEAR AGO... AS THE NEW HIGH PRIEST OF THIS REGROUPED COVEN... CHOSEN BY THE **MASTER** HIMSELF!

THAT FACT **ALONE** SHOULD SUFFICIENTLY **REPUDIATE** THE RECENT CHARGES THAT I AM NO LONGER FIT TO SERVE AS HIGH PRIEST.

NO ONE HAS QUESTIONED YOUR **ABILITY** TO SERVE, HIGH PRIEST CAULK, BUT YOU **HAVE** BECOME **WEALTHY**... THE WOMEN OF OUR CULT **ARE** SUBJUGATED TO YOUR **FAVOR**...

IN SHORT, YOU'VE BECOME TOO **SELFISH** TOO **AMBITIOUS!** YOU'VE **MISUSED** THE POWER BEQUEATHED TO YOU...

POWER IS SOMETHING TOO **SACRED** TO BE WASTED!


... AND THAT WILL **NOT** BE COUNTEANANCED!

HAA HAA HA-HA HAAA-OOWWW! YOU, LITTLE ONE, HAVE **SPIRIT!** MORE SPIRIT THAN I'VE YET **ENCOUNTERED**...

YOU ARE, PERHAPS, THE **ONLY ONE** WORTHY-- **TRULY** WORTHY--OF **SERVING** ME, YOUR SATANIC MAJESTY!



WITCH REMINDS ME OF THE STORY ABOUT THE CHICKEN WHO **CROSSED** THE ROAD ONLY TO **ALTAR** HIS FATE AND LAY AN EGG!



DEVOTEES OF THE WORKS OF H.P. LOVECRAFT MAY FIND THIS A RATHER UNUSUAL EXCURSION INTO THAT AUTHOR'S BELOVED ARKHAM COUNTRY OF MASSACHUSETTS. BUT THEN, FOR SUCH AN UNUSUAL PART OF THE UNITED STATES, PERHAPS THAT'S NOT SAYING TOO MUCH.

MEET MR. HARRISON FARNSWORTH...THE ASSISTANT EDITOR OF A VERY UNUSUAL MAGAZINE...

WINSOUTH FESTIVAL

WELL, THERE'S THE OLD PLACE. THE FIRST FRIENDLY BUILDING I'VE SEEN SINCE THIS DAMN ASSIGNMENT BEGAN.

I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN, OF COURSE. I KNEW FULL WELL WHAT I WAS GETTING INTO WHEN I SIGNED ON AS ASSISTANT EDITOR OF A MAGAZINE WHICH PRINTS "TRUE" STORIES OF THE MYSTIC AND SUPERNATURAL.

THE WHOLE MAGAZINE IS A SHAM, NATURALLY. WE PRINT NOTHING BUT LIES AND TWISTED TRUTH TO PANDER TO THE FEARS AND PARANOIA OF PEOPLE UNABLE TO FUNCTION IN REALITY UNLESS THEY CAN OCCASIONALLY ESCAPE TO WORLDS OF FLYING SAUCERS AND CHAIN-DRAWING GHOSTS. TODAY... EVERY PUBLISHING HOUSE HAS A TITLE LIKE MINE!

I REMEMBER THIS MORNING STARTED OUT LIKE ANY OTHER...

GOOD MORNING, MS. SPENCER, IS THE HA-HA ROOM FILLED WITH ITS USUAL NUMBER OF PUBLICITY-HAPPY LUNATICS?

LET'S JUST SAY THAT YOU WON'T BE LONELY.

MY FIRST VISITOR...

...SO WHAT COULD I DO, MR. FARNSWORTH? I GAVE THE MERMAID A HAIRCUT. SHE MUST HAVE HEARD HOW GOOD I AM AT IT.... MY BARBER SHOP IS AT 5TH AND 5TH, BE SURE TO PUT THAT INTO YOUR STORY!... SO SHE APPROACHED ME WHILE I WAS FISHING! AND HERE IS A BAG OF HER GREEN HAIR. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WHAT CAN I SAY, EXCEPT THAT I'M ALLERGIC TO DYED HORSE HAIR.

MY SECOND...

THIS SPIRIT PHOTO WAS TAKEN JUST AS MARILYN MONROE RETURNED FROM THE BEYOND TO REVEAL THAT I WILL TAKE HER PLACE AS THE WORLD'S FOREMOST SEX SYMBOL.

VERY IMPRESSIVE. EXCEPT THAT WHEN YOU MADE YOUR DOUBLE EXPOSURE, YOU ACCIDENTALLY USED A PHOTO OF RAQUEL WELCH INSTEAD OF MARILYN MONROE.

...WOULD YOU BELIEVE MY THIRD VISITOR...?

...AND THAT BADGE, PRESENTED TO ME BY THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS UPON MY BECOMING EARTH'S REPRESENTATIVE, EMPOWERS ME TO DECLARE MARTIAL LAW AND RULE THE EARTH WHEN I DEEM THAT THE WORLD SITUATION HAS DETERIORATED ENOUGH.

INTERESTING, BUT WHEN YOU MADE THIS BADGE, YOU APPARENTLY DIDN'T RUB HARD ENOUGH... UNLESS THE PRESIDENT OF YOUR FEDERATION IS BUCK ROGERS.

DOES THIS MEAN, THEN, THAT I MUST SEEK OUT ANOTHER MAGAZINE TO BRING THE WORLD MY COSMIC TRUTHS?

HECK NO! WHAT GAVE YOU THAT IDEA? I'M GOING TO USE THE STORIES FROM ALL THREE OF YOU. I THINK I'LL EVEN MAKE YOURS THE COVER FEATURE.

BUT THE HIGH (OR LOW) POINT OF THE DAY OCCURRED AS I WAS RUSHING TO THE EDITOR'S OFFICE AFTER AN URGENT SUMMONS.

OH, MR. FARNSWORTH. I MUST SPEAK TO YOU... BEFORE THE THREE MEN IN BLACK CATCH UP TO ME.

THREE MEN IN BLACK...?

YES, THE THREE MEN IN BLACK... AGENTS OF THE COSMIC CONSPIRACY TO OVERPOWER THE EARTH AND MAKE US ALL SLAVES TO THEIR GODLESS MASTERS. THEY PROWL AROUND THE EARTH, ELIMINATING ALL PEOPLE WHO GET TOO CLOSE TO THEIR SECRET.

BUT WHY ARE THEY AFTER A SWEET LITTLE OLD LADY LIKE YOU?

PERHAPS THEY HAVE NO TASTE IN WOMEN!

BECAUSE I HAVE ONE OF THEIR SUPPER SECRET RAY-GUNS! I PICKED IT UP THREE NIGHTS AGO AFTER IT FELL FROM ONE OF THEIR SCOUT SAUCERS. THEY HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING ME EVER SINCE TRYING TO GET IT BACK.

AHAH, A COSMIC CONSPIRACY... MORE COVER STORY MATERIAL.

FARNSWORTH!!!
GET IN HERE!!

WHOOOPS/ EXCUSE ME JUST A MINUTE, LADY. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

WHAT'S UP, CHIEF? AND MAKE IT QUICK! I'VE GOT A LADY OUT THERE WITH A GREAT CONSPIRACY STORY, AND LOOK... SHE EVEN HAD THE FORESIGHT TO COMPLETELY RUB OUT BUCK ROGERS' NAME.

PUT THAT THING AWAY, FARNSWORTH. YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF WEAPONS AND VIOLENCE... EXCEPT IN OUR CRIME MAGAZINES, OF COURSE. I'VE GOT A BIGGER STORY FOR YOU.

BIGGER THAN A COSMIC CONSPIRACY?

GOT A LETTER HERE FROM A COUPLE OF GALS WHO LIVE NEAR INNSMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS. DON'T HAVE TIME FOR DETAILS NOW. YOU CAN READ THE LETTER ON YOUR WAY UP.

RIGHT NOW? BUT THIS IS FRIDAY. I PLANNED TO GO FISHING THIS WEEKEND.

YOU'LL GO IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR JOB.

AND TO TOP ONE DISSAPPOINTMENT WITH ANOTHER, THE OLD LADY WHO GAVE ME THE RAY-GUN HAD LEFT THE BUILDING BY THE TIME I GOT OUT OF THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.

SHE MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A MAN IN BLACK LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW AND THEN SHE BOLTED OUT OF THE OFFICE.

JUST GREAT! I LOOSE A GOOD STORY AND HAVE TO SPEND THE WEEKEND SEARCHING UP ONE THAT WILL LIKELY BE A DUD.

AFTER BIDDING MY FISHING POLE A REGRETFUL FAREWELL, I HEADED NORTH. AT THE FIRST SERVICE STATION I PULLED THE LETTER OUT.

HMM! WEIRD RELIGIOUS CULT... MACABRE FESTIVAL PLANNED, HUMAN SACRIFICE, STRANGE CREATURES IN THE SEA... NOTHING UNUSUAL HERE.

AT LEAST THE FATES WERE CONSISTENT! AFTER PATCHING **TWO** FLAT TIRES, I MADE IT TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF INNSMOUTH ONLY TO FIND THAT UNSEASONABLE RAINS HAD MADE THE SWAMPS AND CREEKS ALMOST IMPASSABLE. MY CAR SLIPPED REPEATEDLY INTO MUD HOLES.



THE FEW HUNCHED NATIVES THAT PASSED MY CAR ON THEIR WAY INTO TOWN COMPLETELY IGNORED MY REQUESTS FOR HELP. BUT THEIR ODDLY REPELLENT SCHUFFLE DIDN'T MAKE ME FEEL TOO UNHAPPY THAT THEY PASSED ME BY.

BY THE TIME I FREED MY CAR OF THE LAST MUDHOLE IT WAS DARK. ONCE I ENTERED INNSMOUTH, FINDING ITS BUSINESS SECTION POSED NO PROBLEM. IT SEEMED AS THOUGH EVERYBODY IN THE AREA WAS WALKING TOWARD IT.



PARDON ME, SIR, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME... UGH?

UGLY MOTHER!



COULDN'T SOMEONE PLEASE GIVE ME SOME INFORMATION? THERE ARE TWO LADIES I HAVE TO VISIT TONIGHT.

MUST BE THE POLLUTION! THIS IS AN ENTIRE TOWN OF UGLIES...



I...AH... WHAT IN THE WORLD?







ENOUGH GAMES.
NOW, ABOUT THE
GILMAN SISTERS.

YOU DON'T WANT TO GO
TO THEIR PLACE. THEY'VE
ALREADY BEEN MARKED.
IF YOU'RE WITH THEM,
YOU WON'T ESCAPE.

LET ME WORRY
ABOUT THAT.
JUST TELL ME
HOW TO GET
THERE.

SO, HERE I AM,
HUNTING DOWN A
STORY THAT GETS
MORE INTERESTING
MINUTE BY MINUTE.

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

WONDER
HOW *UGLY*
THESE
BROADIES
WILL BE?



AH... DINAH
AND DONNA
GILMAN?

YES.

UGLY
THEY'RE
NOT!

MY NAME IS
HARRISON
FARNSWORTH.
I'VE COME
FROM NEW
YORK TO
INTERVIEW
YOU FOR...

... FOR THAT
MYSTIC MAGAZINE.
PRAISE THE ANCIENT
ONES THAT YOU
ARRIVED IN TIME.
ONE MORE DAY MIGHT
HAVE BEEN TOO LATE.
CLOSE THE DOOR
QUICKLY, DONNA.

THIS ENTIRE AREA
IS A FOCAL POINT
FOR FORCES FROM
BEYOND THE
BOUNDARIES OF
THIS WORLD. SURELY
YOU NOTICED THE
TENSION AS YOU
PASSED THROUGH
INNSMOUTH.

TENSION?
I WAS
ALMOST TARRED AND
FEATHERED
JUST FOR
ASKING
DIRECTIONS
TO THIS
HOUSE.

WARN
THE WORLD
AGAINST
WHAT?

A CONSPIRACY OF
UNEARTHLY BEINGS TO
REGAIN CONTROL OF
THE EARTH THAT THEY
ONCE RULED FREELY...
IN UNRECORDED AGES
IN THE PAST, BEFORE A
GREAT CONFLICT CAST
THEM OUT. THE NATIVES
OF INNSMOUTH ARE
DISCIPLES OF THE SEA
LORD CTHULHU, WHO
LIES DREAMING IN THE
SUNKEN CITY OF
R'LYEH, WAITING FOR
THE PROPER TIME
TO RETURN.

THEN THERE IS
EVEN LESS TIME THAN
I THOUGHT WE MUST
TELL YOU THE STORY.
EVEN IF DONNA AND I
DO NOT LIVE OUT THE
NIGHT, YOU MUST
ESCAPE TO WARN
THE WORLD.





KEEP GOING, MS. GILMAN. THIS HAS THE MAKINGS OF A COVER STORY.

ONE OF THEIR UNHOLY FESTIVALS IS SCHEDULED FOR TONIGHT. THEY WOULD LIKE TO BE RID OF US BEFORE THEN.

WHY IS THAT?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? WE ARE NOT LIKE THEM. WE DO NOT SHARE THEIR FROG-LIKE FEATURES. ALTHOUGH WE ARE OF THE POWERFUL GILMAN FAMILY, WE ARE THROWBACKS TO A TIME BEFORE THEIR DEGENERATE WORSHIP OF CTHULHU BEGAN, AND WE WOULD NOT STOOP TO WORSHIPPING A BEING WHO LIVES IN THE... UGH... WATER.



YES, THE SKY IS OUR ELEMENT. WE WORSHIP HASTUR, LORD OF THE AIR. HE WAS CAST OUT FROM THE EARTH IN THE SAME WAR THAT IMPRISONED CTHULHU AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA... AND IS IN EXILE SOMEWHERE AMONG THE STARS. WE STRIVE FOR THE TIME THAT WE CAN FREE HIM.

AH, THE PLOT THICKENS. I ASSUME THAT THE INNSMOUTHANS RESENT PEOPLE OF A DIFFERENT FAITH LIVING IN THEIR MIDST.



THEIR HIDEOUS CEREMONY SHOULD BE STARTING ABOUT NOW. I WONDER WHO THEY PLAN TO SACRIFICE?


PROBABLY THOSE TWO HITCH-HICKERS! REMEMBER THEY ENTERED TOWN YESTERDAY... AND DIDN'T LEAVE.

COMPARED WITH US, THE PROTESTANTS AND CATHOLICS WERE IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER DURING THE RELIGIOUS WARS. HOW ABOUT SOME ELDEBERRY WINE AFTER YOUR LONG TRIP.


WHA...? SOMETHING IN THE WINE? YOU DRUGGED ME!

DRUGGING THE WINE WORKED FASTER THAN I EXPECTED.






LEAVE THE MAN HERE FOR NOW. HE CAN BE DISPOSED OF LATER. BRING THE TWO WOMEN TO THE WHARF. THE WATER BOUND SERVANTS OF SLEEPING CTHULHU ARE IN NEED OF A SACRIFICE.




I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS LATER. THE CLOCK SHOWED THE TIME NEAR MIDNIGHT.


THE LADIES! THEY'RE GONE. THEN IT MUST NOT HAVE BEEN THEM WHO DRUGGED ME OR THEY WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT ME HERE.



FINDING WHICH DIRECTION THE LADIES HAD BEEN TAKEN PRESENTED NO PROBLEM. THEIR ABDUCTORS TOOK NO PAINS TO COVER THE TRAIL.



THE TRAIL LED TO INNSMOUTH WHERE I LOST IT WEAVING AMID THE FILTH AND GARBAGE THAT SPILLED FROM LITERALLY EVERY BUILDING IN THE CITY. SO INDIFFERENT WERE THE NATIVES TO EVEN BASIC SANITATION.



KNOWING THAT THE INNSMOUTH DEGENERATES WORSHIPPED A WATER DIETY, IT MADE SENSE TO HEAD FOR THE WATERFRONT. A MASS MOVEMENT OF VILLAGERS IN THAT SAME DIRECTION SEEMED TO CONFIRM MY SUPPOSITION.



I WAS RIGHT!!!



DINAH!!!
DONNA!!!



IA-R'LYEH!
CTHULHU
FHAGN!!!
IA'IA' ACCEPT
AS OUR SACRIFICE,
MINION OF
CTHULHU, DURING
THIS FESTIVAL
DEDICATED TO
OUR COMMON
MASTER, THESE
TWO
THROWBACKS
AND HERETICS.

THIS WHOLE THING HAD DEFINITELY GONE TOO FAR! THE THING THEY WORSHIPPED WAS A FIGMENT OF THEIR INSANE IMAGINATIONS, BUT EVEN THOUGH NO MONSTER WOULD RISE FROM THE SEA TO CLAIM THE TWO GIRLS, THE RISING TIDE WOULD SOON **DROWN** THEM JUST THE SAME. I LET MYSELF INTO THE WATER AT A POINT BEYOND VIEW OF THE VILLAGERS...



PROTECTED FROM VIEW BY THE ROTTING PIER ABOVE ME, I MOVED THROUGH THE PILES UNTIL I STOOD BEHIND THE TWO GIRLS.

YOU!!!

QUIET, YOU TWO, WHILE I CUT YOUR ROPES WITH THIS POCKET KNIFE.

FARNSWORTH!



IF WE MOVE QUIETLY BACK THROUGH THE PILES THE SAME WAY I CAME TO YOU, I'M SURE WE CAN BE OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.



BEHOLD THE MINION OF CTHULHU. HE RISES AND WILL FEAST WELL TONIGHT.



AAHHHHH!!!

GOOD LORD... WHAT IS IT?

HASTUR HELP US!

RUN! THE MONSTER WILL GET US IF WE STAY IN THE WATER.

COME BACK HERE. WE'LL BE SAFE UNDER THE PIER.

DONNA!!!



THE SECRET WAS OUT. WE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO STAND AND FIGHT. NOW THAT THEY KNEW THAT THE GIRLS WERE LOOSE, THE TOWNSPEOPLE WOULD FAN OUT AND BLOCK ANY ESCAPE FROM THE WATER.

THE GIRL!!! SHE'S ESCAPED! SHE MUST BE RECAPTURED! THEY BOTH MUST PAY FOR THEIR CRIME OF APOSTASY.

I PICKED UP A SPIKED BOARD AND BEGAN MOVING TOWARD THE PRIEST.

LET THE GIRL GO, PRIEST.

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE TO LEAVE WHEN THE DRUG WORE OFF BACK AT THE GILMAN HOUSE. YOU DIDN'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITY. NOW THE CREATURE RISING FROM THE SEA BEHIND YOU WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR YOUR INDISCRETION.



THE LOATSUME TOWNSPEOPLE LEAPED FOR ME, BUT I HAD MY SIGHTS SET ON ONE TARGET. I SWUNG...

WELL... THERE GO THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT. YOU AND DINAH RUN FOR IT, DONNA. I CAN HOLD THEM OFF.



THE DEFORMED RESIDENTS OF INNSMOUTH CROWDED SO CLOSE THAT I FELT MY CLOTHING BEING LITERALLY RIPPED OFF. I HEARD A PUZZLING METALIC CLICK AS A PART OF MY SUITCOAT HIT THE GROUND.



A GUN!

RUN! DON'T BOTHER WITH THAT THING! IT'S A TOY!



CAUGHT! NOW WE ARE DEAD, UNLESS HASTUR HAS BEEN KIND TO US AND THIS GUN ISN'T...





THE INNSMOUTHIAN
WERE STUNNED INTO
IMMOBILITY...


FARNSWORTH!
MOVE ASIDE,
QUICKLY!

...GIVING ME A CHANCE TO
ROLL OUT OF DINAH'S LINE
OF FIRE.


WITHIN SECONDS THE
WHARF WAS DESERTED...
THOSE STILL LIVING NOT
WANTING TO SEE ANOTHER
DISPLAY OF COSMIC FIRE-
WORKS.

SO THAT RAY-GUN
WAS FOR REAL!
THEN THAT MEANS
THAT THE LITTLE OLD
LADY WASN'T A
FRAUD.


THE GUN WON'T
WORK ANY MORE
THOUGH.




IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN OLD MODEL. THE HEAT OF THE TWO BLASTS MELTED THE BARREL TOGETHER.



WE RETURNED TO THE GIRL'S HOUSE WHERE WE PATCHED OUR WOUNDS AND RESTED. I MADE A LONG DISTANCE CALL TO NEW YORK IN AN ATTEMPT TO LOCATE THE OLD WOMAN WHO HAD LEFT THE ASTONISHING GUN WITH ME.



I SEE... SHE WAS LAST SEEN DRIVING AWAY FROM THE CITY... IN THE COMPANY OF THREE MEN IN BLACK... Hmm... WELL, I DON'T THINK SHE'LL SHOW UP AT THE OFFICE ANYMORE. YEAH, THANKS! SEE YOU MONDAY.



OF COURSE YOU'LL STAY THE NIGHT. IT'S WAY TOO LATE FOR YOU TO RETURN TO NEW YORK.

THAT'S... AH... VERY KIND OF YOU. AH... WHY ARE YOU TAKING YOUR CLOTHING OFF... RIGHT HERE?

BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO SLEEP IN HERE. WE HOPE WE WON'T BOTHER YOU.


IN HERE? DON'T YOU HAVE A BEDROOM?

NEVER HAD ONE PUT IN. BESIDES, THIS IS THE ONLY ROOM WITH A HIGH ENOUGH CEILING.



WHEN WE TOLD YOU WE WERE FOLLOWERS OF HASTUR, LORD OF THE AIR, WE MEANT IT...

WE'RE FOR REAL TOO!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, FARNSWORTH. WE'LL BE VERY COMFORTABLE HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS. HAVE A GOOD SLEEP.

FARNSWORTH SLEPT VERY COMFORTABLY THAT NIGHT, ALTHOUGH NOT VERY SOUNDLY.



...EVEN DOWN TO OUR WINGS.

HUH?

THE TRADER'S HOUSE STANDS BY THE ORINOCO RIVER, A DARK SYMBOL IN THE GLOOMY RAIN FOREST... FETID, HUMID, INSECT-RIDDEN...



AT LAST THE TRADER DRAWS BACK THE CURTAIN TO REVEAL WHAT HE HAS CALLED **THE MOST SHOCKING CARNIVAL EXHIBIT** IN THE WORLD...



LOPEZ, THIS IS ABSURD! YOU TOLD MY CARNIVAL YOU HAD **TWO VAMPIRES!** ONLY ONE OF THESE SKELETONS HAS A STAKE THROUGH THE HEART! DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL?!



SEÑOR DERECHA, THESE ARE BOTH VAMPIRES, THE FIRST IN VENEZUELA! THEY WILL BE **THE GREATEST SIDESHOW ATTRACTION** OF 1920! TRUST ME!

THE BOOK YOU HAVE IN YOUR HAND IS **THEIR DIARY!** READ IT AND YOU WILL BE HAPPY TO MEET MY MILD PRICE!

CONSUMED BY AMBITION



EVER WONDER WHERE A VAMPIRE GOES ON VACATION? THIS LITTLE TRANSYLVANIAN TALE IS A **TRAVELOGUE** THAT SHOULD ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS! **ANTICIPATE THE WORST!**

THE DIARY BEGINS. "I CAN HARDLY CONTROL MY FERVID EXCITEMENT! TONIGHT I STEPPED OFF THE DECK OF THE STEAMER AT MY DESTINATION, AN INSOLATED TRADING OUTPOST ALONG THE RIVER, FREE OF THE OPPRESSION THAT DROVE ME FROM EUROPE, FREE OF THE PETTY *BIGOTRY* OF THE SUPERSTICIOUS PEASANTS I DESPISE SO!"



PLEASE COME IN! YOU MUST BE **COUNT YAROSLAV!**



WE WERE TOLD THAT YOU ARE AN **EXPLORER!**

Y...YES! BUT HOW DID YOU **KNOW** OF ME?

EXCUSE US, COUNT! DIDN'T MEAN TO **EMBARRASS** YOU! THE INDIANS TOLD US! THERE ARE **SO FEW WHITE MEN** WHO DARE HAZARD THIS PART OF THE WORLD THAT THEIR PRESENCE AUTOMATICALLY BECOMES EXCITING!



SO YOU FIND THE PRESENCE OF A EUROPEAN COUNT THAT EXCITING? I FIND YOUR JUNGLE EXCITING, TOO! IT SEEMS TO **THROB** WITH A **PULSE** OF ITS OWN!

WILL YOU BE VISITING US OFTEN? I WOULD WANT TO HEAR ABOUT EUROPE!



JUAN! YOU AND YOUR BOYISH **AMBITION!** HAH!

SOMEDAY I WANT TO GO TO EUROPE! IT'S A PLACE WHERE A MAN CAN BECOME REALLY **RICH** AND **POWERFUL!**



PEDRO! FETCH US SOME WATER FROM THE JAR!

VENEZUELA ISN'T SO BAD COMPARED TO EUROPE, JUAN! YOU HAVE YOUR **INDIANS**, WE HAVE OUR **PEASANTS!**

"AS PEDRO POURED THE WATER, I GLANCED UP AT HIS NECK... AND AN UNCONTROLLABLE **SCREAM** JUMPED FROM MY THROAT..."



AAAAH!

"I RAN FROM THE HUT **SCREAMING** LIKE A MADMAN!"





"NIGHTS HELD NEW TERROR FOR THE INDIANS OF THE RAIN FOREST AS JUAN AND I DRANK OUR FILL. THEY HAD NO PRIMEVAL FEAR OF US!"



"WE MADE SURE THERE WOULD BE NO MORE VAMPIRES-TO-BE, COMPETING WITH US."





ALL DAY LONG JUAN DREAMED OF POWER / THAT NIGHT...

FROM NOW ON,
CHIEF, YOU WILL
MAKE A SACRIFICE TO
ME EACH NIGHT FROM
YOUR VILLAGE, BY
MY CAVE. / FLATTER
ME AND YOU WILL
LIVE TO BE FAT,
OLD AND HAPPY!

WE SHALL
BEGIN
TONIGHT,
OH MIGHTY ONE!



THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER WAS THE
FIRST PERSON JUAN SAW. / SHE
LOOKED UP AT HIM IN INNOCENCE!



BUT INDIAN WOMEN WERE TOUGHER
THAN THE EUROPEANS JUAN HAD READ
ABOUT. / TOUGHER THAN *MOST* WOMEN.



MUCH TOUGHER!



EVEN SO, SHE
FINALLY SUCCEMBED TO
*HIS INHUMAN
STRENGTH!* AND
JUAN FED WELL...





NEARLY DAYLIGHT! IF I CAN MAKE IT BACK TO MY COFFIN, THE WOUND WILL HEAL WHILE I REST!



THIS DIARY AND YOUR STORY ARE SENSATIONAL, I ADMIT! BUT SO FAR ONLY ONE OF THESE APPEARS TO HAVE DIED AS A VAMPIRE! AND THE OTHER?

THERE IS MORE TO THE STORY, SENOR DERECHA! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD YET ABOUT THE ANTS!

AS JUAN STUMBLED INTO HIS CAVE, HE DID NOT SEE THE SOLDIER ANTS FINISHING THE REMAINS OF THE GOAT THE INDIANS HAD LEFT TO ATTRACT THEM!

THE SOLDIER ANTS, FEARED BY EVERY LIVING CREATURE OF THE RAIN FOREST! **DRAWN BY BLOOD**, THEY STRIP THE FLESH FROM THEIR VICTIMS!

THERE WAS AN HOUR LEFT BEFORE SUNRISE! THE ANTS COULD SENSE THE PRESENCE OF MORE FOOD!



THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER HAD DIED BRAVELY,
SAVING THE SPEARMEN OF HER TRIBE. **THE**
TROUBLE OF WOUNDING THE VAMPIRE. THE
ANTS WOULD DO THE REST. LIKE SO MANY MAD
COMPASS NEEDLES, THEIR LEGS **SCRAMBLED!**



FIRST THEY ATTACKED THE WOUND, BITING AND
STINGING. EVEN MORE BLOOD WAS DRAWN!



THEN THEY ATTACKED THE WHOLE BODY, THOUSANDS
OF THEM. JUAN SCREAMED AND SCREAMED!



THEN JUAN WAS SILENT. COUNT YAROSLAV WOULD HAVE
LAUGHED TO SEE THE FATE OF HIS MURDERER. JUAN'S
BODY WAS **PICKED WHITE....** GLISTENING CLEAN!



THAT MORNING, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MORE THAN
A MONTH, THE INDIANS ENTERED THE CAVE!







LYCANKLUTZ

YES, **FRIGHT FREAKS**, WE'RE ENCOUNTERING ANOTHER **FOREST FIEND**! BUT THERE IS A DIFFERENCE THIS TIME. THIS TREMBLING TRAVELER IS AN ENTERPRISING OLD COOT WITH A PLAN TO AID THE MEEK FOLKS OF THIS PLAGUED LAND... AND HIMSELF.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, LET ME IN!

GIVE ME REFUGE. I BEG OF YOU LEST I PERISH AT YOUR DOOR.





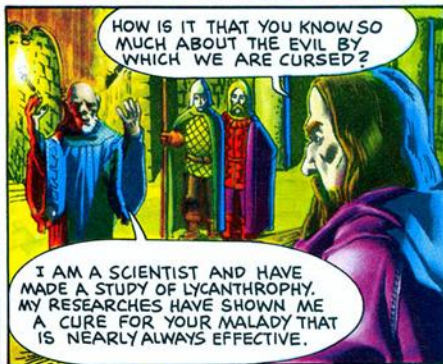
BARON TALBOT, I'M **LAWRENCE CARDIFF** AND I'VE COME MANY MILES WITH YOUR COMMUNITY'S MOST URGENT DESIRE!

...EH? **LAWRENCE LAMEBRAIN** IS MORE SUITED TO YOU! YOU'RE A **FOOL!** YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY ON A PERILOUS JOURNEY FOR NOTHING... IN FACT, YOU'RE VERY LUCKY TO HAVE MADE IT TO THE SANCTUARY OF THESE STONE WALLS.



YES! I KNOW A CREATURE OF SUPERNATURAL HORRORS ROAMS THESE WOODS ON NIGHTS OF THE **FULL MOON**. IT IS A **WEREWOLF!**

"EVEN A MAN WHO'S PURE OF HEART, AND SAYS HIS PRAYERS BY NIGHT... MAY BECOME A **WOLF!** WHEN THE WOLFbane BLOOMS AND THE AUTUMN MOON IS BRIGHT."



HOW IS IT THAT YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THE EVIL BY WHICH WE ARE CURSED?

I AM A SCIENTIST AND HAVE MADE A STUDY OF LYCANTHROPY. MY RESEARCHES HAVE SHOWN ME A CURE FOR YOUR MALADY THAT IS NEARLY ALWAYS EFFECTIVE.



HMMM... WELL TELL US!

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE RECEPTIVE. THROUGH LABORIOUS SELECTIVE BREEDING SURGICAL AND GENETIC MANIPULATION AND SUPERNATURAL INVOCATIONS, I HAVE DEVELOPED A STRAIN OF PREDATOR THRT IS ATTRACTED ONLY TO **WEREWOLVES**.



BEHOLD! THE INCREDIBLE SILVER-FANGED FLEA! ...YOU'RS FOR ONLY \$499.95. EASY TERMS. 100% DOWN.



I CAN'T BELIEVE I SAT HERE AND LISTENED TO THIS.

THROW HIM BACK OUTSIDE!

IT'LL WORK I TELL YOU! THE WEREWOLF WILL ITCH TO DEATH FROM HIS FLEAS' DEADLY BITES.

AS CARDIFF POUNDED THE TABLE, POINTED OUT THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF HIS PRODUCT, AND CUT HIS PRICE FOR HIS VERY SPECIAL FRIENDS, A FOOLISH GIRL HURRIED TO HER HOME, HAVING DELAYED MUCH TOO LONG ON HER ERRANDS.

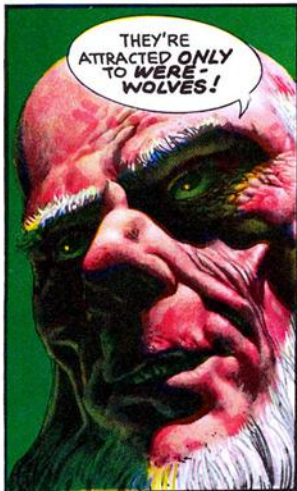




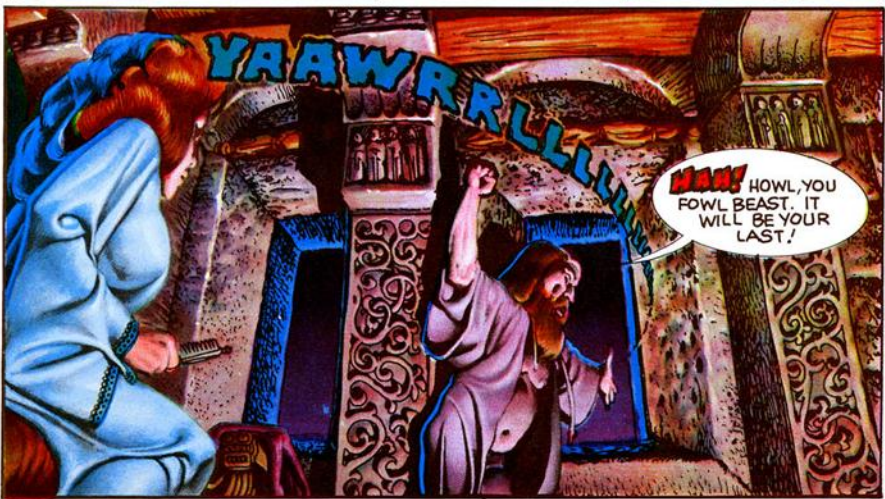
THE SOUNDS FINALLY CEASED AND AFTER A WHILE A RAGGED PEASANT BEGGED AN AUDIENCE AND BROUGHT FORTH THE BLOODY REMAINS OF THE GIRL.



A BRIGHT DAWN VAINLY SOUGHT TO CHEER THE GLOOMY FOLK OF TALBOT CASTLE. ONLY CARDIFF THE FLEA SALESMAN, ABOUNDED WITH ENTHUSIASM.





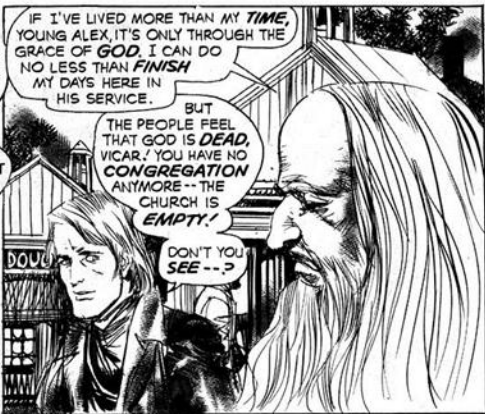






BUT VICAR, YOU'VE MORE THAN SERVED YOUR PARISH HERE IN *NORCROSS*. THE PEOPLE DON'T *NEED* RELIGION TODAY! THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING *REAL*... SOMETHING THEY CAN GRAB ONTO AND *HOLD*!

GO HOME! SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IN *PEACE*!



IF I'VE LIVED MORE THAN MY *TIME*, YOUNG ALEX, IT'S ONLY THROUGH THE GRACE OF *GOD*. I CAN DO NO LESS THAN *FINISH* MY DAYS HERE IN HIS SERVICE.

BUT THE PEOPLE FEEL THAT GOD IS *DEAD*, VICAR! YOU HAVE NO *CONGREGATION* ANYMORE--THE CHURCH IS *EMPTY*!

DON'T YOU *SEE*--?



I... I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

DON'T BE SORRY, LAD. IF YOU FEAR YOU'RE *REMIND*ED AN OLD MAN OF HIS TRAGIC INFIRMITY, YOU *NEEDN'T*.

BLINDNESS CARRIES ITS OWN *ETERNAL* REMINDER.

BESIDES, I FEEL I CAN SEE *MORE* NOW THAN BEFORE THE DAY MY EYES *DIMMED* AND WENT *BLACK*.



FOR NO *LONGER* IS MY SIGHT *STIFLED* BY *REALITY*--

--BUT RATHER, *ENHANCED* BY THE *DREAMS* ONLY THE BLIND MAY EXPERIENCE WHILE *AWAKE*.

BUT VICAR, YOU'RE ALL *ALONE* HERE. NO ONE COMES TO *SERVICE* ANYMORE... SURELY YOU'D BE *BETTER* OFF...

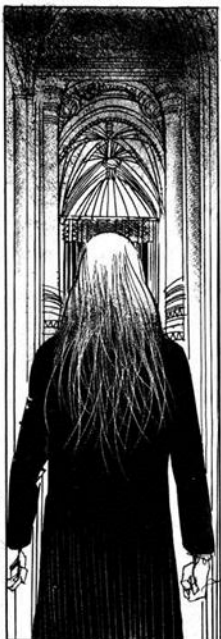


... SITTING IN MY COTTAGE WAITING TO GREET *DEATH*?

NO, MY SON, I SHALL STAY IN THE *CHURCH*... AND LET *DEATH* COME TO GREET *ME*.

NOW, ALEX, YOU GO HOME ...TO YOUR YOUNG *BRIDE*.







MARGARET--
OH MY GOD--
MARGARET!




WELCOME, FEAR FIENDS, TO A TALE LIKE *ALL TALES*--IN
WHICH LIFE EVER GOES.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH



DEAR GOD--
BRING HER BACK!
BRING HER
BACK, GOD!
PLEASE!



LORD AND SAVIOR,
SHED THY LIGHT UPON THE
PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN AND OF THE
WORLD. GRANT THEM THE WISDOM
AND FAITH TO *SEE YOUR LIGHT*,
AND *GUIDE* THEM BACK TO
YOUR PATH.







THE PROSPECT OF HIS EMPTY COTTAGE WEIGHS TOO HEAVILY ON ALEX'S EMOTIONS...

...AND SO HE POPULATES HIS HOME WITH BLACK CANDLES AND CABALISTIC MANDALAS, ROBES AND SONOROUS CHANTS, AND ALL THE OTHER GRIM APPURTENANCES OF THE ALTERNATIVE TO AN UNHEEDING GOD...



HE DAMNS HIMSELF... VOWS OBSCENE PROMISES IN RETURN FOR FULFILLMENT OF HIS FOUL REQUEST...





...BRING THE ONE
CALLED **MARGARET**,
AND ALL THE
OTHERS--BACK
TO LIFE!

HE HAS DONE ALL THAT IS DARKLY **POSSIBLE**... AND YET
IT IS NOT **ENOUGH**...



...HE SEEKS **FURTHER** RECOURSE IN
ACTION...

...**DESPERATE** ACTION BORN **NOT** OF REASON...



...BUT OF STARK
INSANITY...



THE JOLTING **SHOCK** TRANSFERRED
FROM HARD-PAKED EARTH TO
LABORING SHOULDER
IS **ABSORBED** BY
HIS HELL-FORGED
OBSESSION...



...UNTIL THE **FINAL** JOLT SIGNIFIES
NOTHING MORE THAN AN **END** TO HIS
UNFELT EXERTIONS...



MADLY, HIS BLEEDING FINGERS SCRAMBLE FOR THE DIRT-
CRUSTED COFFIN'S **LID**...

...WHICH HE WRENCHES **UPWARD**, AND...



...WRENCHES IT OPEN TO A SIGHT WHICH
STAGGERS HIM, SENDS HIS MIND **REELING**,
AND STAGGERS HIM **AGAIN**...



HIS MIND *SHIMMERS* WITH CONJURED VISIONS OF TUNNELS LEADING TO *HELL* AND ABOMINATIONS *BEYOND*...



...UNTIL HE HAS EXCAVATED *THREE* ADDITIONAL GRAVES AND PURGED HIS *MIND* OF SUPERSTITIOUS *FANTASIES* AS WELL AS HIS *BODY* OF *STRENGTH*...



HE *BURSTS* INTO THE CHURCH AND GAPES, *SPEECHLESS* AND *STUNNED*, AT THE MUD-SLIMED ARRAY OF GRISLY *DEATH* SEATED IN THE ROWS OF DERILED PEWS...

THEN HIS EYES DART TO THE *BLIND* VICAR ON THE ALTAR, FILLED WITH REVERENT *JOY*, AND HE LISTENS TO THE RESONANT WORDS PRONOUNCED BY A MAN WHO CAN SEE ONLY WHAT HE *WANTS* TO SEE... AND CHOOSES TO SEE ONLY THE *GOOD*!

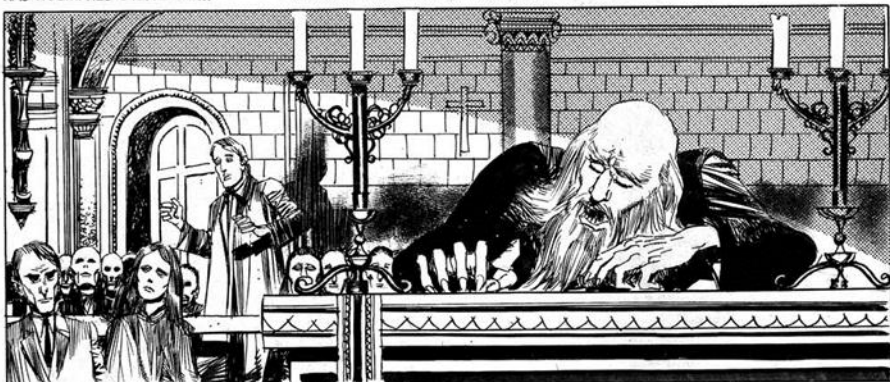
THE LORD BLESS YOU AND KEEP YOU! THE LORD MAKETH HIS FACE TO SHINE UPON YOU AND...



...AND IN SO **CHOOSING**,
HAS TRIUMPHED OVER **EVIL**...

...AND THUS FULFILING HIS
FINAL SERVICE UNTO HIS GOD...

...THE VICAR CRUMBLES
INTO **DEATH**...



...RELEASING WITH HIS **DEATH** THE TORMENTED **SOULS**
OF HIS **LAST FAITHFUL CONGREGATION**...

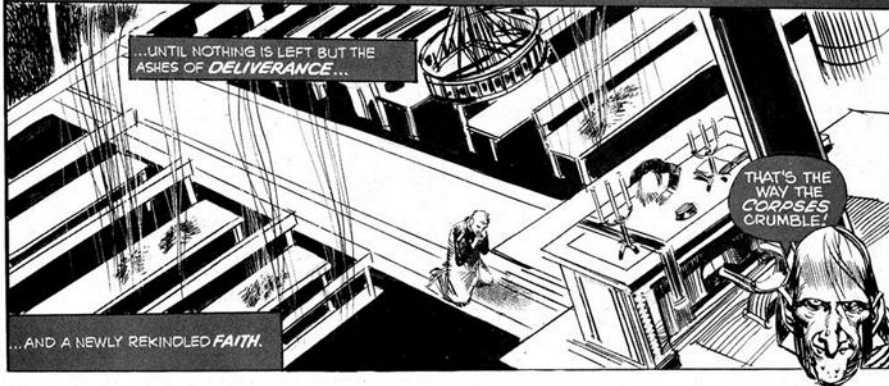


...AS IF THIS FINAL **REDEMPTION** OF
THE **HIDEOUSLY DAMNED** WERE HIS
SOLE REASON FOR EXISTENCE...

THE VICAR'S HOLY PURPOSE IS **FULFILLED!**

THE CORPSES **DISINTEGRATE**, RELEASING STREAMING RIBBONS OF SMOKE,
SPIRALING EVER **UPWARD**...

...UNTIL NOTHING IS LEFT BUT THE
ASHES OF **DELIVERANCE**...



THAT'S THE
WAY THE
CORPSES
CRUMBLE!

...AND A NEWLY REKINDLED **FAITH**.



HERE'S A STORY MY OLD FRIEND
QUASIMODO SWEARS IS TRUE.
I FIND IT UNBELLIEVABLE, BUT
WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH AN EXPERT?

THE BELL OF KUANG SAI

IT IS GOOD TO LIE
AT EASE AND SMOKE,
ESPECIALLY WHEN THE
SMOKE BRINGS UPON
US SWEET VISIONS
FROM HEAVEN!

WHILE WE WAIT FOR THE
VISIONS, AND IF THE HEAVEN-
BORN DESIRES, I WILL TELL
YOU THE TALE OF THE GREAT
BELL UNDER WHICH WE LIE.

I'VE BEEN WONDERING
ABOUT THAT, IN ALL MY
TRAVELS. I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE IT, KUBLAI KHAN
DYNASTY, ISN'T IT?



AYE! LONG DEAD MOONS AGO
DID DWELL KUBLAI KHAN LORD
OF ALL THE KNOWN EARTH!

IT IS MY DESIRE TO
LEAVE A MEMORY SUCH
AS NO OTHER KING SHOULD
EVER EQUAL. BRING TO ME
THE GREATEST METAL
WORKER IN ALL THE
KINGDOM.

AND SO IT WAS THEY CALLED KUANG SAI,
MASTER CREATOR OF ALL THINGS METAL.

LET THERE BE CAST FOR
ME A GREAT BELL, SUCH AS
EARTH OR HEAVEN HAS NEVER SEEN.
SO GREAT THAT THE SOUND
THEREOF SHALL REACH TO THE
UTMOST BORDER OF MY KINGDOM,
THAT ALL MAY HEAR, AND, HEARING,
TREMBLE AND OBEY.

MY LORD WILLS
IT, AND IT IS DONE.

KUANG SAI TOOK FROM THE KING'S
TREASURY GOLD AND SILVER AND COPPER
AND FINE BRONZE FOR THE CASTING.

WE MUST MOVE WITH
THE SPEED OF DRAGONS,
OFFSPRING OF TURTLES!
OR THE KING WILL HAVE
OUR EARS ON THE
PALACE GATES.

HE TOOK CLAY AND
WAX AND MODELED
THE BELL.

FEN SAI WILL
BE PROUD OF HER
FATHER. THIS BELL
WILL RING FOR
KINGS YET UNBORN.

AND WHEN ALL WAS READY
HE MADE THE MOLD AND
LABORED AT THE MELTING.

A KING'S
RANSOM, MASTER.

AYE!
AND A LIFE FOR
EVERY OUNCE.

AND WHEN ALL WAS MELTED, HIS MASTER
FOUNDER, A STRONG MAN, STRUCK
OUT THE PLUG FROM THE CRUCIBLE.



TAKE CARE, MY
FAITHFUL SERVANT! FIRES
BREATH BEARS THE
SEED OF DEATH.

FOUR DAYS WAITED THE COOLING!
BUT WHEN THEY BROKE THE MOLD,
THE GREAT BELL WAS FLAWED.



BY THE GODS!
THE CHILD OF THE
CRUCIBLE IS DEFORMED.

AGAIN HE MADE THE MOLD AND
MELTED THE METAL, AND AGAIN CAST
IT, AND AGAIN IT WAS FLAWED.



TWO SCORE TIMES THEY CAST
IT/AND ALWAYS THE FLAW.



EVEN THE
CLAY RECOILS
FROM MY TOUCH.



THIS HUMBLE SERVANT
PLEADS FOR MERCY, OH
GODS, AND GODLINGS OF
THE EARTH AND SKY.
RELEASE ME FROM THIS
WRETCHED CURSE.

THEN KUANG SAI OFFERED
SACRIFICE TO HIS GODS.

HE GAVE FOOD AND GARMENTS TO THE POOR.



THE GODS
WILL SURELY
SMILE UPON HIM
THIS DAY.

AND STILL, WHEN HE CAST THE BELL...IT WAS FLAWED!



WHAT IS IT THE
GODS DEMAND?
HAVE I NOT HUMBED
MYSELF BEFORE THEIR
IMAGES AND CONSULTED
WITH THEIR PRIESTS?

AH!, MASTER.
BUT THERE ARE
MANY GODS, AND
MANY PRIESTS.

AND THEN HE WAS
SUMMONED TO THE
FOOTSTOOL OF THE
GREAT KHAN.



KUANG SAI, I HAVE
GIVEN THEE ALL THINGS
TO MAKE MY BELL, YET
STILL THOU HAST FAILED
AFTER TWO SCORE TRIALS.
MY HONOR IS DIMINISHED.
IF IN THREE MORE TRIALS
I HAVE NOT MY BELL, YOU
SHALL DIE THE DEATH OF
A THOUSAND SLICES.

THAT NIGHT HE WENT TO THE
LITTLE TEMPLE OF FORBIDDEN
POWERS AND DID INCANT...



MY LORDS,
WHICH OF YOU HAVE
I OFFENDED? COME
FORWARD THAT I MIGHT
MAKE PEACE AND
CAST MY BELL.

HE CALLED UPON ALL GODS...! GODS
OF CITY AND FIELD, GREAT AND SMALL!
AND THEY ANSWERED NOT!

SURELY
THERE IS
NO ONE
LEFT TO
ASK...

THEY ARE
DEAF TO MY PLEADINGS,
OLD ONE. AM I SO
CURSED THAT EVEN
THEY DESERT ME.

AT THE NAME ALL THE TEMPLE GONGS
RUNG WITHOUT BEING STRUCK OF HANDS.

KUANG SAI, YOU HAVE
MADE SACRIFICE TO ALL
GODS, BUT YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN
THE GREAT LORD OF BELLS.

THEREFORE I AM MOCKED BY MY
FELLOWS! AND THEREFORE, BEFORE
I WILL SUFFER YOU TO CAST THE
KING'S BELL, I DEMAND YOUR
MOST PRECIOUS TREASURE.

NO! ASK
ANYTHING OF ME...
BUT NOT **THAT**.

BUT HE HAD SPOKE IN HASTE,
FOOLISHLY... A STUPID OVERSIGHT...

HE COMES...
THE **LORD OF
THE BELLS**
COMES.

SO BE IT!

TWICE HE RETURNED TO
THE CASTINGS AND
EACH TIME THE FLAW.

I AM DOOMED!

ON THE DAY OF THE LAST CASTING KUANG
SAI LED BY THE HAND HIS MOST PRECIOUS
TREASURE.

MY WEDDING DAY,
FATHER? I AM SO
EXCITED. WILL I
LOVE HIM?

YES, MY
LITTLE PEARL.
UNTO ETERNITY.

TAKE COURAGE,
HIS EMBRACE WILL
LAST BUT A
MOMENT!

FORGIVE ME,
FRUIT OF MY LOINS,
FORGIVE ME.

BUT NOW
YOU MUST
FOREVER
TREAD THE
FIRES OF
HELL!

ALL THAT REMAINED OF FEN SAI WAS HER SHOE...

MASTER,
THE CASTING
WAITS.

THE SIGNS
ARE GOOD!

AYE! BUT
WILL OUR LORD
OF THE BELLS BE
CONTENT?

FOUR DAYS WAITED THEY THE COOLING!
AND THEN BROKE THE MOLD AND
BEHELD THE GREAT BELL! PERFECT!
FLAWLESS! THE WONDER OF THE WORLD
FOR ALL AGES TO COME!

NEVER HAVE MINE EYES
BEHELD SUCH BEAUTY. I SHALL
CLOTHE YOU IN IMPERIAL YELLOW,
KUANG SAI, AND WRITE YOUR
NAME IN LETTERS OF
VERMILION ON THE PALACE
GATES.

AND THEN CAME THE DAY
KUBLAI KHAN WAS TO RING
IT FOR THE FIRST TIME!
AT HIS RING, KUANG SAI!

THE MAGONS BUILT THE STONE
PILARS AND HUNG THE GREAT BELL.

THE BELL RANG GLORIOUSLY!
BUT AS THE DEEP, SWEET VOICE
OF THE BELL DIED, THERE CAME
ANOTHER...

BONNNNGGG BZZZOOOAAA

...CLEAR, SHARP, CUTTING THE
HEART LIKE A KNIFE...

...THE SCREAM OF A CHILD IN PAIN,
FRIGHT, AND HORROR BEYOND MEASURE.





CREEPY

NO. 37



The old farm couple looked innocent enough. But when they opened the doors to their ancient barn, a hideous museum of unearthly horrors was unveiled.

BLOODLOCK MUSEUM

ON SALE AUGUST 21

VAMPIRELLA

NO. 28

EYE DON'T WANT TO DIE



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

ON SALE AUGUST 21

PREVIEW OF

EERIE

NO. 31

OUR NEXT ISSUES



Death is like a dream. Nightmares beings come alive, and even beautiful women are instruments of evil.

**STRANGER
IN HELL**

ON SALE JULY 26