



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY
37
JAN/71

CREEPY

A WARREN
MAGAZINE

PDC
60¢



**KING KELLER...SAGA
OF THE MONSTERS WHO WERE
NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST**



CREEPY

NO. 37

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CONTENTS

THE CADAVER

A practical joke by bored medical students backfires with bone-chilling results

6

KING KELLER

A member of a Himalayan expedition wins a place for himself among the abominable snowmen

14

I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!

Can any man alter his fate in life? Dale Curry doesn't stop at murder to try!

21

"TENDER MACHINE 10061"

Have you ever wondered if machines have souls? You will, after reading this spine-tingler

30

CREEPY FAN CLUB

A few more way-out sketches and even further out stories

36

COFFIN CURE

Mr. Hawkins has a unique solution for an unusual problem . . . If one can afford his price!

39

"THE CASTLE"

Mystery, adventure and the Occult lurk within The Castle

46

THE CUT-THROAT CAT BLUES

Haunting horror lurks everywhere . . . Even in a kiddies cartoon show!

61



Page 6



Page 14



Page 21



Page 39



Page 46



Page 61

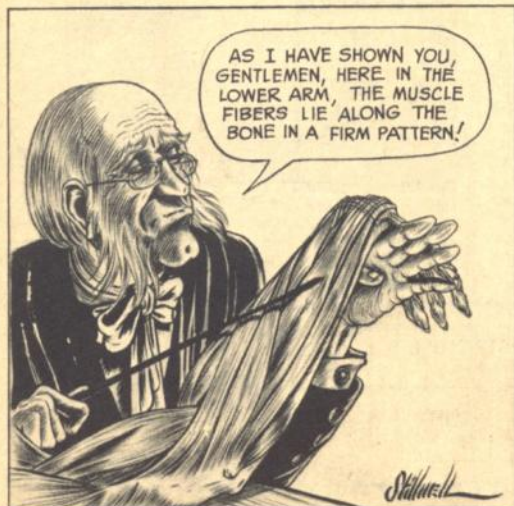


AH! SCALPELS ALL SHARP AND GLEAMING... SURGICAL MASKS ALL NEATLY IN PLACE...? THEN ENTER MY OCCULT OPERATING ROOM AND LETS DISSECT...

THE CADAVER



IN JULY OF 1893, THE ANATOMY CLASSES AT EDINBURGH MEDICAL COLLEGE ARE PROCEEDING SMOOTHLY AND ON SCHEDULE, AS DID ALL THINGS IN THAT INSTITUTION OF HIGHER LEARNING. THE RENOWNED PROFESSOR IRWIN FLYWHEEL HAS BEGUN HIS LECTURE PUNCTUALLY, AS USUAL. AND HE IS BORING HIS STUDENTS TO DEATH—AS USUAL...



OCCASIONALLY, A YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT WILL DISCOVER THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BECOME A SURGEON...

BUT PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL WILL ALLOW NOTHING TO INTERRUPT HIS MONOTONOUS LECTURE...

APPLY A SIMPLE ELECTRICAL STIMULUS AND THE MUSCLE REACTS. SO I ASK YOU, GENTLEMEN:

IF ELECTRICITY, ACTING AS AN EXTERNAL STIMULUS, IS ABLE TO CAUSE DEAD TISSUE TO MOVE, WOULD IT NOT THEN BE POSSIBLE TO REJUVENATE LIFE WITH SUCH A STIMULUS? PONDER THAT QUESTION, MY BOYS!

WITH PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL'S LECTURE AT AN END, THE STUDENTS QUIETLY FILE OUT OF THE HALL UNTIL ONLY THREE VERY BORED YOUNG MEN REMAIN. THEIR NAMES: CUSHING, SEDGEWICK AND KEMPE...



THIS IS ALL GETTING RATHER DULL, YOU KNOW!

WAIT A MINUTE, MATES! I HAVE A GREAT IDEA! FOLLOW ME!

I AGREE. THE QUESTION IS, HOW CAN WE LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT?



KEMPE LEADS HIS TWO FRIENDS DOWN TO THE LECTURE PLATFORM, WHERE THEY ALL GATHER AROUND THE DISSECTED CADAVER...

WELL, LET'S HEAR YOUR IDEA, KEMPE!

YES! LET'S HEAR IT!

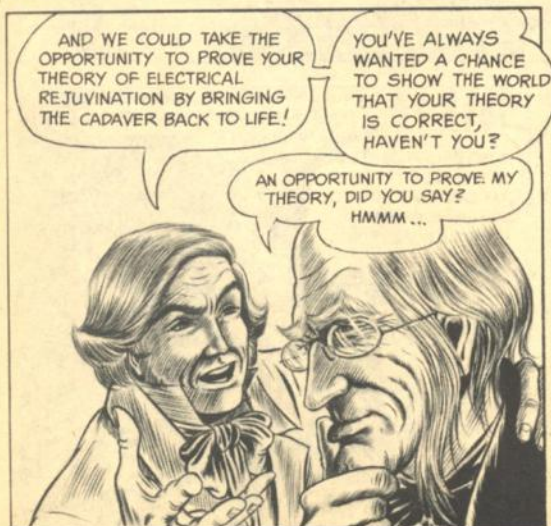
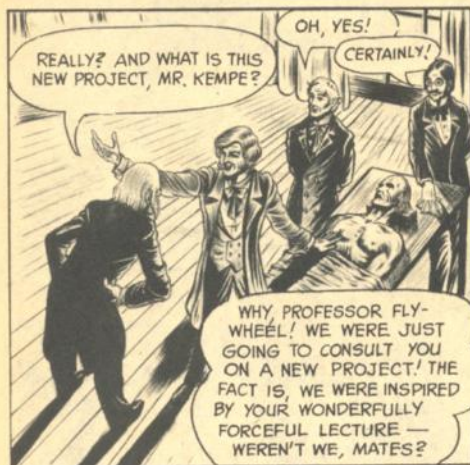
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, REALLY. WE'LL BUILD A HUMAN BEING! WE'VE GOT ALL THE PARTS RIGHT HERE. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PUT HIM TOGETHER.

BUILD A HUMAN BEING? WELL, WHY NOT?

A SPLENDID IDEA! WE CAN WORK IN THAT OLD LABORATORY NO ONE USES ANYMORE. IT SHOULD BE FUN!



THE BOYS ARE ABOUT TO KIDNAP THE CADAVER WHEN SUDDENLY...





WITHIN A MATTER OF DAYS, PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL AND HIS THREE CONFEDERATES ARE READY TO BEGIN WORK IN AN OLD ABANDONED LABORATORY SAFE FROM PRYING EYES...



IT'S NO WONDER THIS FELLOW ENDED UP HERE! IT JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT YOU CAN'T TRUST YOUR SURGEON!

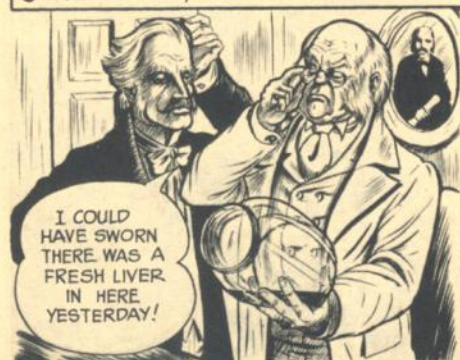
MAYBE WE CAN GET SOMETHING DONE NOW THAT PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL IS OFF GIVING ANOTHER ONE OF HIS LECTURES!

WHAT THE DEVIL?! SOMEBODY SEWED A SCALPEL UP INSIDE THE RUDDY CADAVER!

ON THE THIRD DAY, THEIR WORK BEGINS IN EARNEST...



NOW I THINK IT'S TIME WE STARTED GATHERING SOME FRESH MATERIAL AND BEGIN PATCHING THIS FELLOW UP. YOU ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO!



I COULD HAVE SWORN THERE WAS A FRESH LIVER IN HERE YESTERDAY!

THROUGHOUT THE WEEK, THE MEDICAL COLLEGE IS PLAGUED BY STRANGE HAPPENINGS. THINGS BEGIN DISAPPEARING FROM DOCTORS' OFFICES...

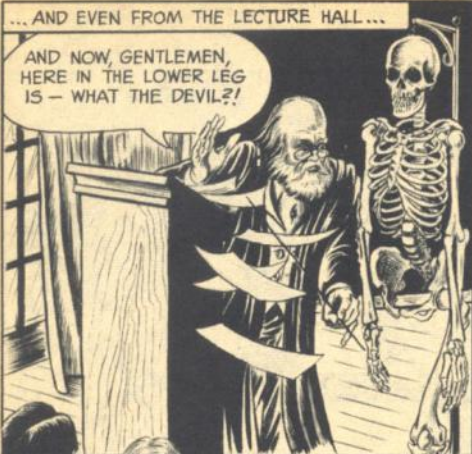


WHA-?!

... AND FROM THE MORGUE...

...AND EVEN FROM THE LECTURE HALL...

AND NOW, GENTLEMEN,
HERE IN THE LOWER LEG
IS - WHAT THE DEVIL?!



WHERE ARE ALL THESE THINGS DIS-
APPEARING TO? ONLY THREE PEOPLE
KNOW...

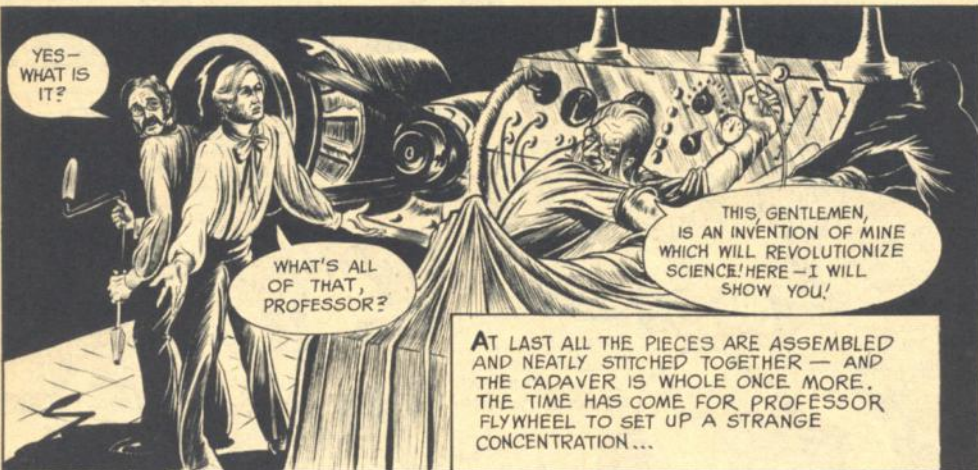


YES—
WHAT IS
IT?

WHAT'S ALL
OF THAT,
PROFESSOR?

THIS, GENTLEMEN,
IS AN INVENTION OF MINE
WHICH WILL REVOLUTIONIZE
SCIENCE! HERE—I WILL
SHOW YOU!

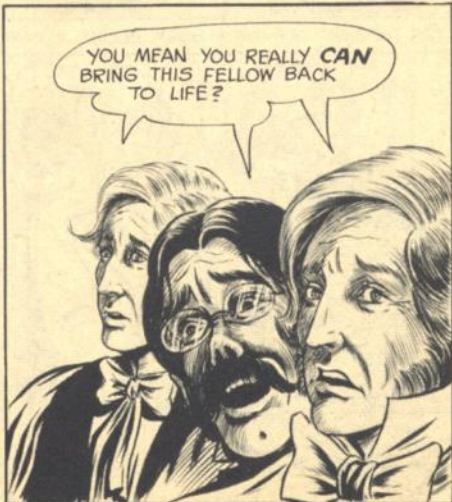
AT LAST ALL THE PIECES ARE ASSEMBLED
AND NEATLY STITCHED TOGETHER — AND
THE CADAVER IS WHOLE ONCE MORE.
THE TIME HAS COME FOR PROFESSOR
FLYWHEEL TO SET UP A STRANGE
CONCENTRATION...



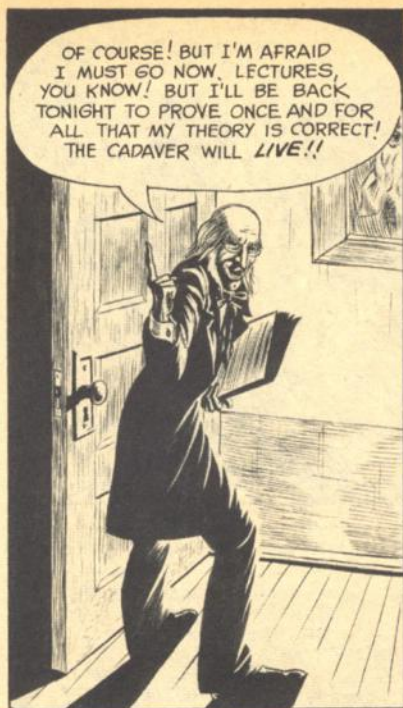
SEE?! IT'S MERELY AN
ELECTRICAL STIMULUS TO THE
MUSCLES. BUT MY THEORY IS
THIS: GIVE THE CADAVER
A GREAT ENOUGH
ELECTRICAL SHOCK FOR
A LONG PERIOD OF TIME,
AND THE LIFE-FORCES WILL
BE REVIVED! THAT IS, HE
WILL LIVE AGAIN!



YOU MEAN YOU REALLY **CAN**
BRING THIS FELLOW BACK
TO LIFE?

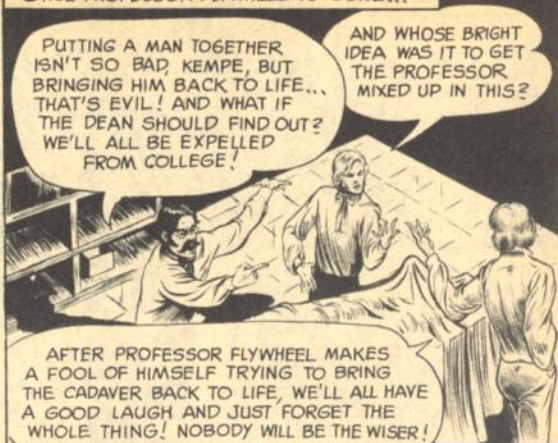


THEN, AS THE STUDENTS WATCH, ASTOUNDED...



OF COURSE! BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST GO NOW. LECTURES, YOU KNOW! BUT I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT TO PROVE ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT MY THEORY IS CORRECT! THE CADAVER WILL **LIVE!!**

ONCE PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL IS GONE...



PUTTING A MAN TOGETHER ISN'T SO BAD, KEMPE, BUT BRINGING HIM BACK TO LIFE... THAT'S EVIL! AND WHAT IF THE DEAN SHOULD FIND OUT? WE'LL ALL BE EXPELLED FROM COLLEGE!

AND WHOSE BRIGHT IDEA WAS IT TO GET THE PROFESSOR MIXED UP IN THIS?

AFTER PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL MAKES A FOOL OF HIMSELF TRYING TO BRING THE CADAVER BACK TO LIFE, WE'LL ALL HAVE A GOOD LAUGH AND JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING! NOBODY WILL BE THE WISER!



COME ALONG, PROFESSOR. IT'S TIME YOU HAD A REST.

YES... I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAVE FAILED MISERABLY.

THAT EVENING...



IT MUST WORK! IT MUST!

I SAY, PROFESSOR! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU AREN'T HAVING MUCH LUCK. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING FOR OVER AN HOUR. WHY DON'T WE JUST CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF?



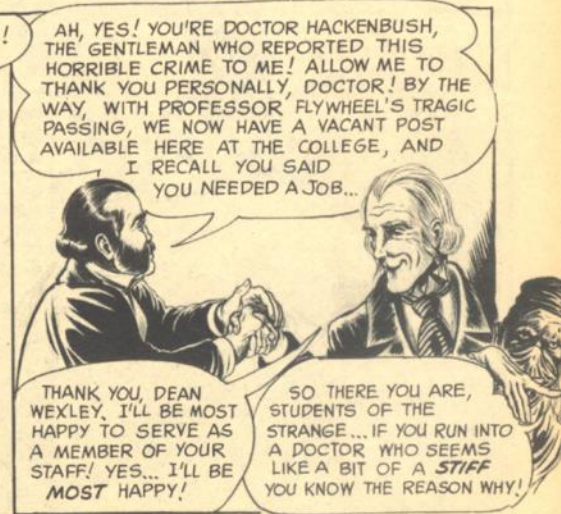
MY GOD! YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE!

YOU'RE NOT **REALLY** GOING, ARE YOU, MY GOOD MAN? WHO WILL I HAVE TO TALK TO?



OH, BUT I AM! AND MAY I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK YOU ALL! IT WAS MOST UNPLEASANT— BEING DEAD, I MEAN.







BRRRR! THIS FRIGID LITTLE TALE WILL CHILL YOU IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! BUNDLE YOURSELF UP IN YOUR WARMEST LAMB'S WOOL AND PREPARE TO MEET A BAND OF SNOWMEN WHO HAVEN'T COAL LUMPS FOR EYES NOR A CARROT FOR A NOSE. THEY WERE KINGS OF THE TIBETAN MOUNTAINS UNTIL KELLER INVADED THEIR GROUNDS AND MADE HIMSELF...

KING KELLER

THEIR LONG WHITE FUR FLUTTERS IN THE WIND, AS THEY SEEK PROTECTION AMID THE ALABASTER DUNES. WITH CURIOSITY, THEY WATCH THE BRILLIANT ORANGE GLOW COMING FROM THE TINY TIBETAN VILLAGE. THEY HAVE NEVER KNOWN TRUE WARMTH FOR THEY HAVE NOT YET DISCOVERED FIRE. THESE ARE THE YETI-- THE SNOWMEN-- NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST.



WITHIN THE PALACE OF THE HIGH LLAMA, A PARTY OF SCIENTISTS AND EXPLORERS FIND THE LLAMA A GRACIOUS HOST.

ONE OF OUR RESEARCH MISSILES HAS CRASHED INTO YOUR MOUNTAINS. OUR MISSION IS TO BRING BACK THE INSTRUMENTS IN THE NOSE CONE WHICH WILL TELL US MORE ABOUT THE PLANET MARS.

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE INSTEAD OF THE CONQUEST OF YOUR FELLOW MAN. THIS IS TRUE PROGRESS AND I ENTHUSIASTICALLY ENDORSE YOUR ENDEAVOR, MR. BLAUE.



BUT I MUST WARN YOU THAT NOW IS A DANGEROUS TIME TO CLIMB THE HIGH PEAKS. THE YETI HAVE BEEN DISTURBED...

... AND THEY HAVE CARRIED OFF MANY OF OUR SHEEP HERDERS AND FARMERS TO SOME UNKNOWN FATE. THEY HAVE NOT YET GATHERED THE COURAGE TO ENTER ANY OF THE VILLAGES, BUT I FEAR...

EXCELLENCY! EXCELLENCY! THE YETI HAVE TAKEN LI-CHOU, YOUR DAUGHTER!



IN THE MORNING, THE STORM HAS FADED TAKING WITH IT, ALL THE TRACES OF THE NIGHT RAIDERS.

AGAIN, YOUR HIGHNESS, MAY WE SAY HOW SORRY WE ARE ABOUT YOUR LOSS!

YOU ARE VERY KIND, MR. BLAUE. I WISH YOU SUCCESS ON YOUR MISSION.



WHY SHOULD HE BE SAD? HE HAS EIGHT MORE DAUGHTERS AND BESIDES, HE'S A KING. A KING CAN HAVE ANYTHING HE WANTS. ANYTHING!

I WONDERED WHY THEY CALLED YOU "KING KELLER." DREAM ON KELLER BECAUSE THAT'S ALL YOU CAN DO.

YOU'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE ENOUGH TO WEILD POWER.



AFTER DAYS OF TRAVELING WITH SHORT REST PERIODS IN SLEEPING BAGS, THE PARTY REACHES THE PROPER SITE FOR ITS FIRST CAMP...

DOCTOR BIANCI, SET UP YOUR INSTRUMENT TENT THERE AND WE'LL ERECT THE SUPPLY TENT NEXT TO IT!



HOW CAN WE LOCATE THE ROCKET WITH THESE GADGETS, DOC?



BY TURNING THE ANTENNA UNTIL WE GET THE STRONGEST IMPULSE, WE ARE ABLE TO CALCULATE THE DIRECTION AND DISTANCE WE ARE FROM THE MISSILE!

THE MISSILE SENDS OUT ULTRA-SONIC WAVES WHICH ARE PICKED UP BY THE ANTENNA OUTSIDE THE TENT AND CHANGED INTO ELECTRICAL IMPULSES BY THESE 'GADGETS'.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND YOUR MISSILE. IT'S GOING TO BE **RUGGED**. THAT PARTICULAR AREA HAS NEVER BEEN EXPLORED BEFORE.

KELLER, TELL EVERYONE TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S AND PUT A GUARD ON THE SUPPLY TENT, BECAUSE...



... I GET THE FEELING WE'RE NOT ALONE OUT HERE.



THE STRANGE MELODIES OF THE NIGHT WIND KEEPS THE GUARD OCCUPIED, HE IS UNAWARE THAT THE TUNES SING OF HIS DEATH!





TWO MORE CAMPS HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED, AND THE DAYS PASS UNEVENTFUL. THE FINAL STEP OF THE MOUNTAIN TREK IS MADE BY ONLY THREE MEN...



CUT HIM LOOSE!
FOR GOD'S SAKE,
KELLER!

CUT
HIM
LOOSE,
OR
HE'LL
TAKE
YOU
DOWN
WITH
HIM!

SNOWMEN, YETI, WERE
WAITING FOR US. IS
THERE ANOTHER WAY
TO THE TOP?

YES, FOLLOW
ME. WE'LL BE
THERE IN AN
HOUR.

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE
EXPLORERS ARE DAZZLED BY
A MOONLIT SCENE...

FANTASTIC! BUT IT
COULDN'T BE BUILT
BY THOSE BRUTES.
THEY HAVEN'T
THE MENTAL
PROWESS FOR
SUCH A TASK!

LET'S LEAVE
OUR PACKS
HERE. WE CAN
MOVE EASIER
WITHOUT THEM!

THE TWO MEN SOON FIND THEMSELVES
IN THE INTERIOR OF A LARGE TEMPLE...

THE ROCKET!
AND LOOK
AT THE YETI!
WHAT'S
CAUSING
THEM TO
ACT THAT
WAY?

THE MISSILE GIVES OFF
ULTRA-SONIC WAVES--
WAVES TOO HIGH FOR
US TO HEAR, BUT IT
MUST BE DRIVING
THEM CRAZY.
WE'D BETTER
HIDE WHERE
THERE ARE
FEWER
YETI!

THE TWO MEN DISCOVER A SMALL ROOM
WHICH CONTAINS THE...

PRINCESS LI-CHOU!

THE YETI LOOK UPON YOUR MISSILE AS AN AVENGING GOD. THEY GIVE TRIBUTE AND HUMAN SACRIFICES TO IT IN HOPES THAT THEY CAN APPEASE IT. WE'RE SAFE HERE ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME, THEN, THEY'LL BE COMING FOR ME.

BUT WHAT ARE THE YETI? WHO BUILT THE CITY?



ACCORDING TO TIBETAN LEGEND, A TRIBE WENT INTO THE FRIGID WILDERNESS TO BUILD A PARADISE, BUT THE ENVIRONMENT DEFEATED THEM. ONLY THE STRONGEST SURVIVED AND THEY DEGENERATED INTO APES -- THE YETI.

APES HAVE NO USE FOR GOLD! DID YOU SEE THAT STUFF, BLAUE? A MAN COULD LIVE LIKE A KING-- A KING!



COMPANY! WE NEED A BETTER WEAPON THAN PISTOLS, THEY DIDN'T WORK AGAINST THEM AT THE CAMP! FIRE!



THE YETI LEARN THAT MAN CONTROLS MANY PAIN GODS -- FIRE AS WELL AS SOUND.



WE'RE ALMOST OUT! THEY WON'T FOLLOW US AS LONG AS WE HAVE THESE TORCHES!



OUTSIDE THE CITY...

TAKE THE PRINCESS BACK. I'M GOING TO REAP MYSELF SOME YETI WEALTH!

KELLER, YOU'RE INSANE! YOU CAN'T GO BACK!



LISTEN, MR. SILVER SPOON BABY, I GREW UP WITH NOTHING BUT DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR AND ONE HARD FACT THAT I DIDN'T HAVE THE BRAINS OR LUCK TO EVER REALIZE MY GOALS. SURE I'M GOING BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT KING KELLER BECAUSE I KNOW HOW TO TURN OFF THE ROCKET!



WITH THE COOL COURAGE
INSPIRED BY GREED,
KELLER RE-ENTERS THE
TEMPLE...



FOLLOWING THE LATE
BIANCI'S INSTRUCTIONS,
KELLER YANKS A GREEN-
GRAY WIRE FROM ITS
TERMINAL AND ENDS THE
YETI'S TORMENT!



COMPLIMENTS OF KING KELLER!
NOW IF YOU'LL JUST SHOW YOUR
GRATITUDE BY BEING GENEROUS...



THE YETIS FEAR THAT THE SCREAM
OF THE DEMON WILL RETURN... IF
THEY EVER LET YOU GO...!



WHA--WHA---WHAT
ARE YOU GOING TO
DO?!

YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED
KELLER, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO
HARM YOU. YOUR CORONATION IS
ABOUT TO BEGIN. YOU'RE ABOUT
TO INHERIT ALL THE WEALTH
AND RESPONSIBILITY OF ROYALTY!



OLD KING
KELLER IS
ANYTHING BUT
A MERRY OLD
SOUL AND WHO
CAN BLAME HIM.
IN ALL OF
HIS KINGDOM,
HE'S THE ONLY
ONE WHO
HASN'T A
FUR COAT...
HEH, HEH...

NO! THERE ISN'T ANYONE ELSE! QUIT BOTHERING ME ABOUT IT! I JUST CAN'T THINK OF YOU AS MY WIFE!

PLEASE DEAR... NOT SO LOUD! DALE WILL HEAR YOU... HE'S JUST OUTSIDE!

QUIT THAT! LEAVE HER ALONE!

OH, MY BABY!

NO! NOT YET!

OWWW!

THE BLOW HURT... BUT DALE CURRY WAS USED TO THEM. ALL HIS LIFE HE COULD ONLY REMEMBER BEING HATED BY HIS FATHER, AND HE RETURNED HATRED FOR HATRED!

WAK!

EVER GET THE URGE TO KILL? DALE CURRY JR. HAD IT ALL HIS LIFE... AND HE LIVED TWICE!

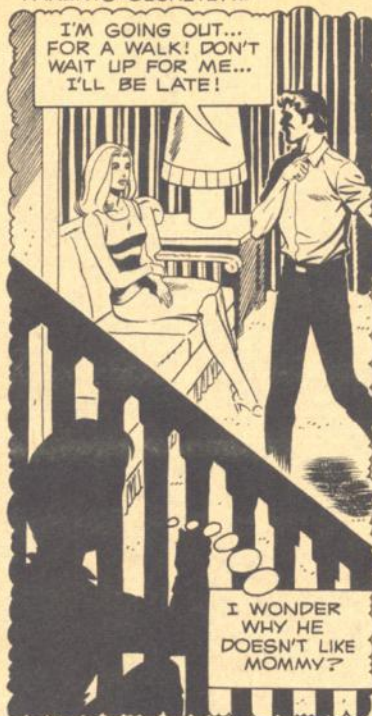
I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!

EVEN AS A BABY, DALE BECAME AWARE OF HIS FATHER GLOOMING AT HIM WITH HATRED...



IF I MAKE B' LIEVE HE ISN'T THERE, HE'LL GO 'WAY!

DALE OFTEN WATCHED HIS PARENTS SECRETLY...



I'M GOING OUT... FOR A WALK! DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME... I'LL BE LATE!

I WONDER WHY HE DOESN'T LIKE MOMMY?

AND DALE HIMSELF WAS OFTEN HURT...



NO! I DON'T WANT TO PLAY WITH YOU-NOT NOW OR EVER!

AND THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO ABOUT IT. GRADUALLY, HIS HATRED GREW...



I HATE YOU... I HATE YOU!

... AND FESTERED...



NO! AND QUIT NAGGING ME! YOU SOUND LIKE MY...

I'M SORRY, DEAR! ONLY PLEASE DON'T BE SO CRUEL IN FRONT OF THE BOY!

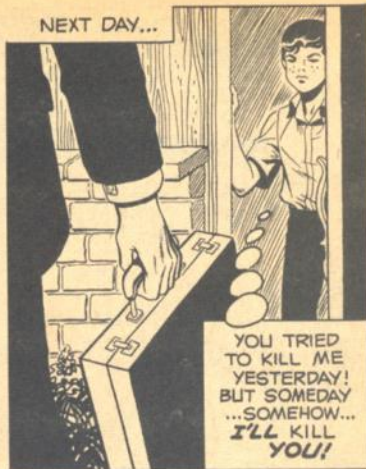
...FESTERED LIKE A CANKER...



I TOLD YOU NEVER TO TOUCH THESE!

I'VE GOT TO FIND THE ANSWER-FOR BOTH OF US!

OOOH!



IN HIGH SCHOOL, DALE BEGAN TO TAKE A GREAT INTEREST IN PHYSICS...



AND ALL THAT HE DID OR THOUGHT WAS GIVEN DIRECTION BY HIS HATRED OF HIS FATHER!



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

...

THAT EVENING...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO
TELL ME... IT'S MOTHER!
SHE'S DEAD!

HOW DID
YOU KNOW?

I... KNEW
IT HAD
TO HAPPEN!

AND YOU'RE
GOING TO
DIE, TOO...
AND
SOON!

I FORGOT JUST WHEN,
BUT I KNEW IT WAS
GOING TO BE SOON!

STATE HIGHWAY
CONSTRUCTION SITE

FEDERAL HWY FUNDS \$78,000.00
STATE HWY FUNDS \$72,000.00

THESE'LL TAKE
CARE OF
HIM!

WHEN HE TURNS
THE KEY ON IN
THE MORNING...
WHAM! AND WITH
THE ALIBIS I'VE
FAKED, I'LL BE
IN THE CLEAR!

THAT'S RIGHT,
FATHER *DEAR*...
JUST GET IN
AND START
THE ENGINE!

IT'S
TODAY!
HE
DID IT
TODAY!

WHAT'S THE USE...
IT CAN'T GO ON!
I'LL END IT... **NOW!**

CLICK!



DALE WAS RIGHT—NO ONE DID SUSPECT HIM.
IN FACT...



I'M SORRY,
SON... WE ALMOST
HAD THE ONE
WHO KILLED YOUR
FATHER, BUT HE
TRIED TO RUN,
AND WE HAD TO
SHOOT!

THANK YOU,
OFFICER! I'M
SURE YOU DID
YOUR BEST!

WITH
THE
INSURANCE
MONEY
FROM HIS
FATHER
AND MOTHER,
DALE WAS
ABLE TO
CONTINUE
HIS
EDUCATION
...



DALE BECAME AN
HONOR STUDENT.
HE SPECIALIZED
IN THE MORE
ESOTERIC REGIONS
OF ELECTRICAL
EXPERIMENTATION...



I'VE DONE IT! TIME
TRAVEL IS ONLY A
MATTER OF THE
PROPER APPLICATION
OF POLARIZED
CURRENTS!

ANOTHER YEAR WENT BY, AND
DALE HAD ENLARGED HIS DEVICE.



THAT SETTLES IT!
THINGS CAN
ONLY GO ONE
WAY VIA THIS
TIME MACHINE!
AND THAT'S
BACK IN
TIME!

THIS MONSTER'S TAKEN ALL MY MONEY AND MUCH OF MY LIFE! AN' ONCE I USE IT, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THIS TIME! AND WHAT I PLAN TO DO MAY **ERASE** ME—BUT I **SHALL** DO IT! I **WILL** KILL MY FATHER...**BEFORE** HE MET MY MOTHER...**BEFORE** HE MADE HER LIFE A LIVING HELL...!



BUT TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN, HE HAD TO TRACE HIS FATHER'S HISTORY FROM BIRTH ONWARD...

I'LL HAVE TO FIND THE PROPER NEXUS... THE RIGHT TIME TO KILL!



SOMEPLACE, SOME **TIME**... ON THIS CHART IS THE PROPER MOMENT TO MURDER!



HERE! APRIL 26, 1959!



SOON, ALL WAS READY!

SIX... FIVE...
FOUR...
THREE...
TWO... ONE...



ZERO



DALE WAS ON TARGET. A FEW INQUIRIES TOLD HIM THAT DALE CURRY OFTEN PASSED THIS WAY IN THE EVENINGS...

THIS IS THE DAY MY FATHER LEFT THIS TOWN IN A HURRY... BUT NOW HE'LL NEVER LEAVE IT!



DON'T TURN AROUND! IS YOUR NAME DALE CURRY?



YES. WHY? WHO ARE YOU?





DALE
JUNIOR!

THAT FACE...
IN THE GLASS—!
OH DEAR GOD!
IT'S MY FATHER!
I'M MY OWN
FATHER! NOT THAT
STRANGER I KILLED...
ME!! AND THAT BABY—
IT'S ME AS A CHILD!
WHAT IN
GOD'S NAME
HAVE I
DONE!?!
...



DARLING...
PLEASE...
AREN'T YOU
COMING TO
BED YET!?

NO... UH, ER... NO.
I'M GOING DOWN-
STAIRS AN' WATCH
TELEVISION!



YOU'LL GROW UP, AND
YOU WILL KILL ME...AND
NEVER REALIZE UNTIL
NOW THAT YOU'VE
KILLED **YOURSELF!**



SURE...HAVE
FUN WHILE
YOU CAN,
YOU
MONSTER!
I KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
THINKING...
I JUST
WISH MY
MEMORY
WAS
BETTER SO
I'LL KNOW
WHEN!



NO! I DON'T
WANT TO PLAY
WITH YOU—NOT
NOW OR EVER!

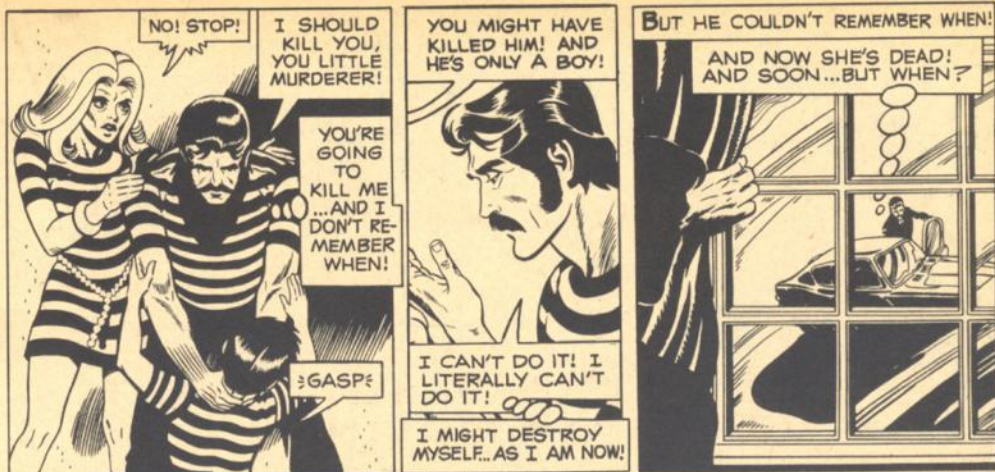
I'VE GOT TO
FINISH THIS...
BUILD ANOTHER
TIME MACHINE...
TO GET OUT OF
THIS TIME! BUT
THE LIMITED
TECHNOLOGY
... IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



NO! AND QUIT NAGGING ME!
YOU SOUND LIKE MY...

WHAT PERFECT
IRONY! OF **COURSE** YOU
SOUND LIKE MY MOTHER!
ONLY **YOU** COULD!

I'M SORRY, DEAR!
ONLY PLEASE DON'T
BE SO CRUEL IN
FRONT OF THE BOY!



10061 HAD A NAME ONCE—THAT MUCH HE KNEW. AS THE TELEPATHIC HUM BUZZED IN HIS MIND, SIGNALLING THE END OF HIS SHIFT, 10061 TRIED AGAIN TO REMEMBER—HE DIDN'T WANT TO REMEMBER, WHO WOULD?

DO YOU THINK MACHINES HAVE SOULS, GORE-GETTERS? A GOOD QUESTION—SINCE NOBODY'S PROVED OTHERWISE. BUT THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE, FEAR FEEDERS, WHO CERTAINLY HAVE PROVEN THEY HAVE NONE! ARE YOU IN THIS NUMBERS GAME? IS YOUR NUMBER-ER-NAME—

RENDER
MACHINE
10061

EEEEAAHHH!!!

THERE COULD ONLY BE GRIEF FOR THOSE WHO DEVIATED FROM THE NORM... BUT THE THOUGHT PERSISTED—WHO AM I? WHAT IS MY NAME?

GLIMPSE ALICE IVANS

SUDDENLY—A SCREAM OF TERROR SNAPS 10061 FROM HIS ILLEGAL REVERY!

IT'S A BERSERKER!

LET'S
GET
HIM!

ANOTHER BERSERKER... A DEVIANT—AND THEY WOULD STOP HIM LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...

A DEVIANT!

KILL
HIM!

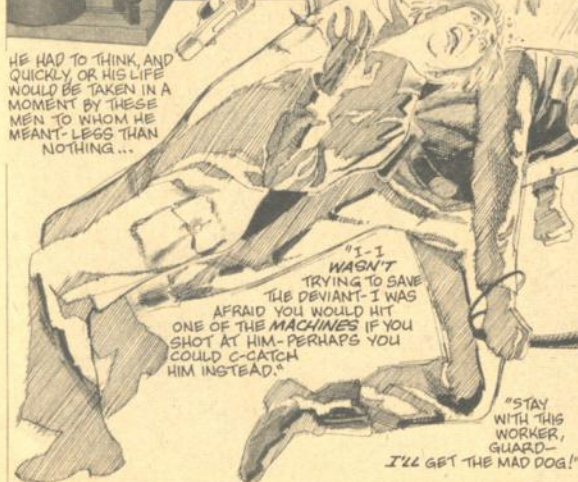
STOP
HIM!



YOU SWINE! ARE YOU A DEVIANT, TOO? NO! NO, I SWEAR I'M NOT!



HE HAD TO THINK, AND QUICKLY OR HIS LIFE WOULD BE TAKEN IN A MOMENT BY THESE MEN TO WHOM HE MEANT LESS THAN NOTHING...



"STAY WITH THIS WORKER, GUARD - I'LL GET THE MAD DOG!"



THE CHASE WAS NOT A PROLONGED ONE - THE WORKER HAD BEEN EXHAUSTED BEFORE HIS MADNESS OVERTOOK HIM....



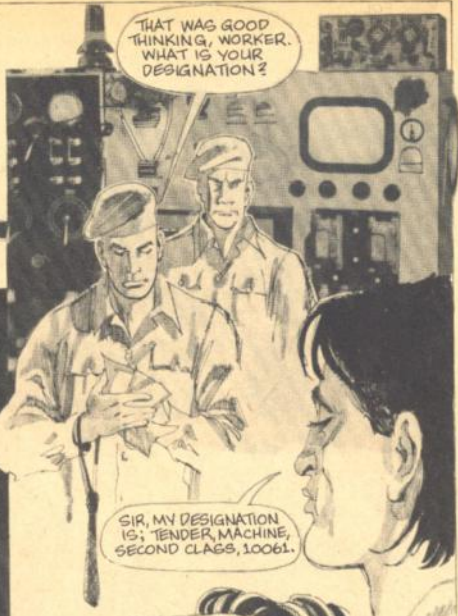
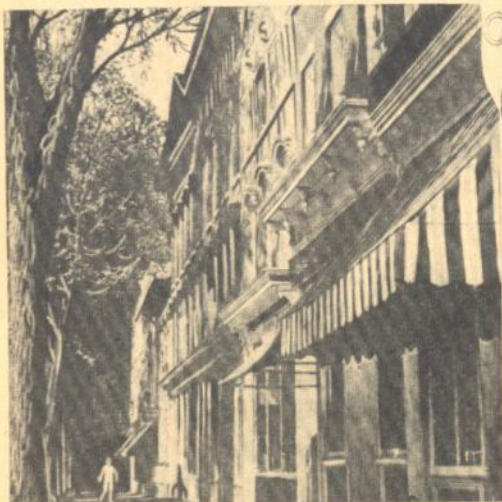
GOODNIGHT,
10061.

GOOD
NIGHT,
GUARDS.



10061 TRIED TO HOLD HIS KNEES STEADY
AND WAS GLAD, WHEN THE INTERVIEW
WAS OVER, TO GIVE THE GUARDS THE
OBLIGATORY SALUTE... A HAND BEFORE
THE EYES....

THE WAY HOME SEEMED DARKER THAN USUAL TO HIM. THE THOUGHTS OF WONDER ABOUT HIS NAME NOW SWIRLED WITH THOUGHTS OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THAT OTHER NAMELESS MAN. AND HE'D TRIED TO PREVENT THEM! HE SHIVERED—THEY'D BEEN A HAIR'S BREADTH FROM KILLING HIM AS WELL!



THAT WAS GOOD
THINKING, WORKER.
WHAT IS YOUR
DESIGNATION?

SIR, MY DESIGNATION
IS; TENDER MACHINE,
SECOND CLAS, 10061.



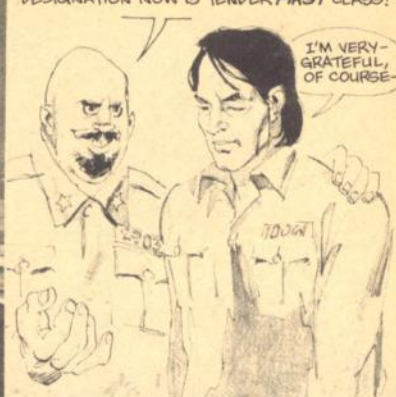
THE FOLLOWING DAY HE WAS CALLED TO THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE. HE'D NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE AND HE FELT THE SAME UNCONTROLLED, SHAMEFUL TREMBLING OF HIS KNEES.



10061, I UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR QUICK THINKING SAVED MACHINERY FROM BEING SERIOUSLY DAMAGED!

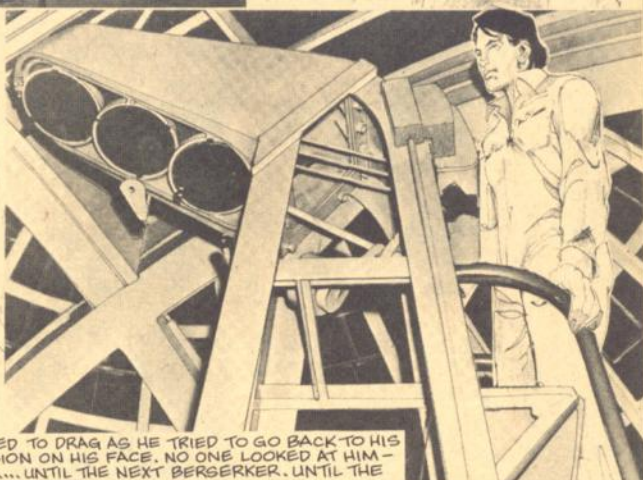
PERHAPS, G-SIR...

NONSENSE! THERE'S NO "PERHAPS" ABOUT IT! TAKE CREDIT WHEN IT'S DUE. BY THE WAY - YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW YOUR DESIGNATION NOW IS TENDER FIRST CLASS!

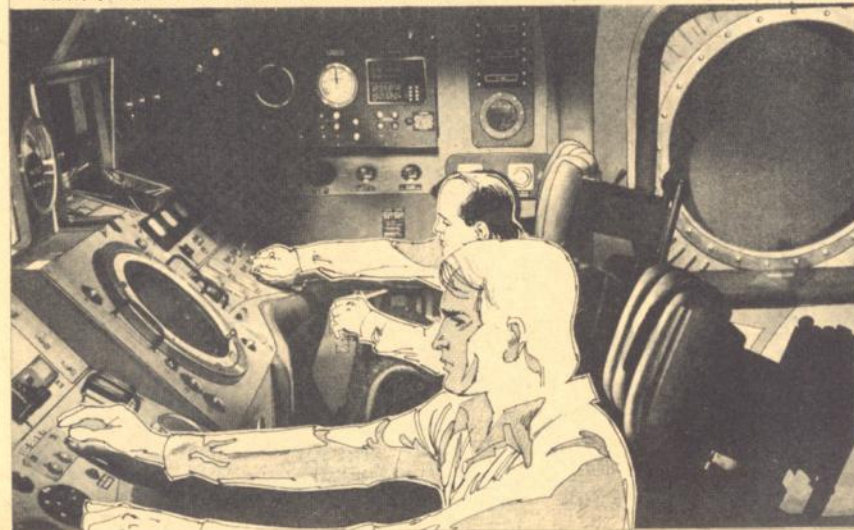


I'M VERY-GRATEFUL, OF COURSE

OF COURSE! NOW-BACK TO THE JOB, MY BOY, AND-GOOD LUCK TO YOU!



THIS HANDS FELT HEAVY. HIS FEET SEEMED TO DRAG AS HE TRIED TO GO BACK TO HIS POST WITH THE REGULATION EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE. NO ONE LOOKED AT HIM - NO ONE SPOKE TO HIM. NO ONE CARED....UNTIL THE NEXT BERSERKER. UNTIL THE NEXT DEVIANT WAS ARRESTED...OR STOPPED.



HE WAS BACK-DOING THE ONLY THING HE KNEW.... HE WAS TENDING THE MACHINE.



THE TELEPATHIC HUM SIGNALLED THE EATING PERIOD. HIS MACHINE, PROGRAMMED TO HIS DIET REQUIREMENTS, AUTOMATICALLY DISORGANIZED HIS FOOD PACKET.



You fooled them.
You can not
fool me; you
are a deviant.

-AS HE OPENED THE PACKET, 1000'S EYES WIDENED - HIS MOUTH SLACKENED WITH FEAR. SOMEONE - SOMEHOW HAD PLACED A NOTE IN HIS FOOD PACKET!

FEAR! COMPLETE,
UTTER TERROR!

WHO? WHO COULD DO SUCH A THING? WHO WOULD DARE TO DEVIATE - TO ACCUSE HIM OF DEVIATION? HE LOOKED AROUND AT HIS FELLOW WORKERS, BUT THERE WAS NO EXPRESSION - NO SIGN...

I JUST TOLD
YOU YOU DID!
YOU ARE ACT-
ING IN A NON-
REGULATORY
MANNER, WOR-
KER - WHAT IS
YOUR DESIG-
NATION?



DESIGNED BY JOHN ALMSTRÖM



WORKER - WHAT
EXPRESSION WAS
THAT YOU HAD
ON YOUR FACE A
MOMENT AGO?

EXPRESSION? ON
MY FACE? DID I
HAVE EXPRESSION
ON MY FACE, SIR?



MY DESIGNATION...? SIR - MY...
...NAME...NAME IS JONATHAN...
- JONATHAN!





WORKER, YOU ARE
A DEVIANT!

IT WAS SIMPLE, AFTER ALL.
HE KNEW HIS NAME. HE
KNEW HIS PLACE - AND
IT WAS NOT HERE...NOT
WITH THESE MEN...NOT
WITH THESE MACHINES....

...BEFORE ALL THIS CAME TO BE...
BEFORE MY NAME WAS FORBIDDEN,
MY NAME WAS JONATHAN!!

ANOTHER
BERSERKER!

AND WE
HAD ONE
JUST
YESTER-
DAY!

SOME WERE DYING
WITH HIM AND
SOME MACHINES
WOULD NEVER
AGAIN NEED
TENDING, BUT...
HE WAS FINISHED.
THEY HAD
STOPPED HIM.
THERE WAS NO
GOOD TO HIS
LIFE - AND NOW -
WHAT WAS THE
GOOD OF HIS
DEATH....

THEN, IN THE CROWD, JONATHAN SAW HER. HERS WAS THE
ONLY FACE WITHOUT HATRED OR FEAR. IT REMINDED
HIM OF HIS OWN FACE WHEN THAT OTHER BERSERKER
HAD BEEN STOPPED. HE KNEW, JUST BEFORE HIS LIFE
CAME TO ITS END...THAT SHE HAD SENT THE NOTE...



A COMMON ENOUGH SCENE, ONE ENACTED COUNTLESS TIMES EVERY DAY, THE SIGNIFICANT DIFFERENCE HERE, HOWEVER, LIES IN THE PURPOSE BEHIND THIS PARTICULAR CALLER'S VISIT. FOR HE IS ABOUT TO MAKE A MOST SINGULAR OFFER TO THE RESIDENT OF THE LUXURIOUS MANSION HE HAS APPROACHED. HE IS ABOUT TO PROPOSE THE...

COFFIN CURE





THIS IS MY STUDIO.
NOW, WHAT IS THIS
BUSINESS PROPOSITION
YOU HAVE FOR ME?

I SHALL BE
ENTIRELY FRANK
WITH YOU. IF YOUR CUR-
RENT **BUSINESS PRACTICES**
CONTINUE, YOU WILL BE SENT
TO PRISON FOR LIFE. I'M
SURE YOU ARE COM-
PLETELY AWARE OF
THIS.



**BUT DENTON QUICKLY
REGAINS HIS COMPOSURE.**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU
ARE TALKING ABOUT. NOW,
YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN
YOURSELF BEFORE I
SUMMON THE BUTLER
TO SHOW YOU
OUT!



PLEASE, PLEASE, MR. DENTON.
I'M NOT FROM THE POLICE...
YOU CAN BE HONEST WITH ME.
IT'S A FAIRLY WELL KNOWN
FACT AMONG **INNER CIRCLES**
... THAT YOU ARE IN DANGER
OF OVERSTEPPING
YOURSELF.

WHO THE DEVIL
ARE YOU? WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



I'D JUST HATE TO SEE YOU LOSE ALL
THIS WEALTH, MR. DENTON.
NICE DESK YOU HAVE HERE...
EVERYTHING IN YOUR HOUSE
SEEMS QUITE COMFORTABLE.
YOU DON'T **REALLY**
WANT TO TRADE IT ALL
IN FOR A PRISON
CELL, DO YOU?

I ASSURE, I HAVE DONE
NOTHING TO DESERVE A JAIL
CELL!



REALLY, DENTON, YOU CARRY
YOUR ACT TO THE POINT OF
ABSURDITY. WHY DON'T YOU
PLACE A QUICK CALL TO MR.
QUINN? I'M SURE HE WILL
RECOMMEND ME
HIGHLY.

QUINN?
YOU KNOW QUINN?
VERY WELL, I **WILL**
PHONE HIM. PERHAPS
HE CAN GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF THIS.



DO YOU
WANT HIS
NUMBER?



YES, MR. QUINN, THIS IS DENTON. THERE'S A MR. CHARLES HAWKINS HERE. IS HE A... RELIABLE... MAN?

HAWKINS? WHY YES, HE'S A VERY GOOD MAN HE HAS... TAKEN CARE OF... SEVERAL OF MY EMPLOYEES AND I'VE FOUND HIS METHODS TO BE IMPECCABLE. BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WOULD HAVE USE FOR HIM.

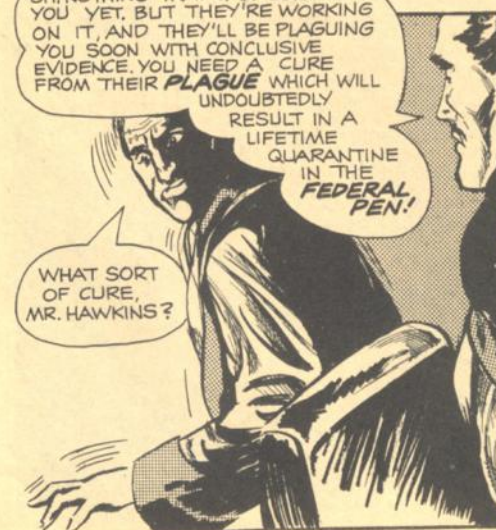


WELL, I'M NOT SURE IF I **WILL** USE HIM YET, BUT IF **YOU** SAY HE'S A GOOD MAN I KNOW I CAN TRUST HIM WITH **ANYTHING!** THANKS, QUINN.



WELL, MR. HAWKINS, I'M SORRY ABOUT MY SKEPTICISM BUT, OF COURSE, PEOPLE IN MY BUSINESS MUST BE VERY CAREFUL...

YES, SHADY DEALS MUST NECESSARILY BE CONDUCTED IN THE SHADE, WELL, SINCE I PRESUME WE MAY TALK NOW, I'D LIKE TO PROPOSE A **CURE** FOR YOUR **AILMENT.**



YOU'RE MIXED UP IN HALF A DOZEN ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES, DENTON. THE COPS ARE ON TO YOU AND YOU KNOW IT! OH, NOTHING THAT CAN CONVICT YOU YET, BUT THEY'RE WORKING ON IT, AND THEY'LL BE PLAGUING YOU SOON WITH CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE. YOU NEED A CURE FROM THEIR **PLAGUE** WHICH WILL UNDOUBTEDLY


RESULT IN A LIFETIME QUARANTINE IN THE **FEDERAL PEN!**

WHAT SORT OF CURE, MR. HAWKINS?



THE COFFIN CURE, MR. DENTON.


THE **WHAT?** I WARN YOU, I'M IN NO MOOD FOR JOKES!




I'M NOT JOKING DENTON.
AND I'M NOT AFTER YOUR
LIFE EITHER. WHAT I HAVE
TERMED **THE COFFIN CURE**
MAY BE YOUR ONLY CHANCE
TO ESCAPE A RAP OF
LIFE IN A STIFLING
PRISON.




I THINK IT'S TIME
YOU EXPLAINED
YOURSELF FULLY,
MR. HAWKINS.



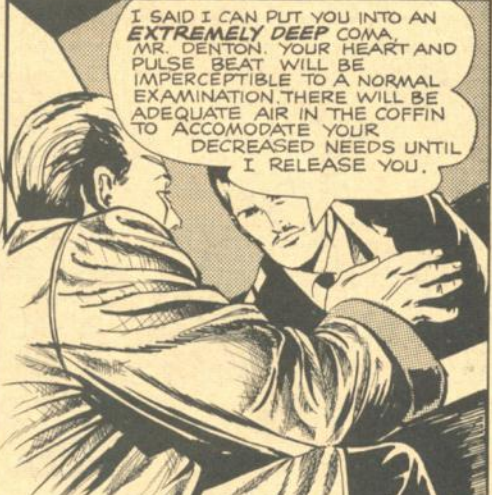
MY INTENTIONS, EXACTLY, SIMPLY
STATED, I PROPOSE THAT YOU
EXPERIENCE A **SIMULATED** DEATH...
TOMORROW! YOU WILL BE LEGALLY
BURIED. THE POLICE WILL OF COURSE,
CEASE THEIR INVESTIGATIONS
OF YOU, AND I WILL DIG YOU UP
BEFORE YOU REGAIN
CONSCIOUSNESS.



I HAVE FULL DISPOSAL OF THE FACILITIES AND
CHEMICALS NECESSARY TO PUT YOU IN A
COMA SO DEEP THAT IT WILL APPEAR TO
BE DEATH. IN ADDITION, I AM A FULLY
LICENSED PHYSICIAN CAPABLE OF
DECLARING YOU DEAD.




IT'LL NEVER WORK!
IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!
THEY'LL NEVER TAKE
YOUR WORD FOR IT!
BESIDES, I'LL SUFFOCATE
UNDER EIGHT FEET
OF DIRT!




I SAID I CAN PUT YOU INTO AN
EXTREMELY DEEP COMA.
MR. DENTON, YOUR HEART AND
PULSE BEAT WILL BE
IMPERCEPTIBLE TO A NORMAL
EXAMINATION. THERE WILL BE
ADEQUATE AIR IN THE COFFIN
TO ACCOMMODATE YOUR
DECREASED NEEDS UNTIL
I RELEASE YOU.



BUT I HAVE
CLAUSTROPHOBIA!
I COULDN'T **STAND**
BEING CONFINED IN
A COFFIN FOR
A MOMENT!

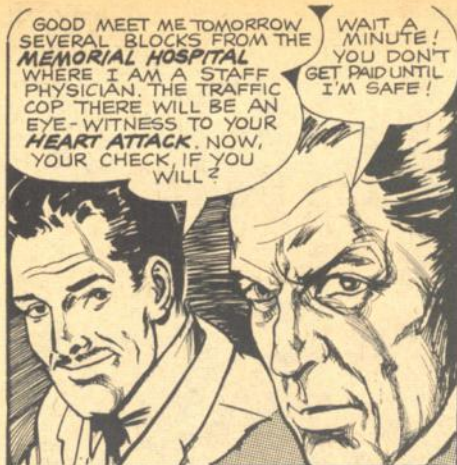


YOU SHALL BE
UNAWARE OF IT...
UNCONSCIOUS UNTIL
I DIG UP THE COFFIN.
IN FACT, YOUR **DEATH**
WILL ENDURE FOR
THREE FULL DAYS
UNTIL I
RETRIEVE YOU.



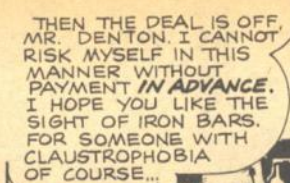
YOU WILL BE EXAMINED
BY OTHER PHYSICIANS
AND DECLARED OFFICI-
ALLY DEAD. I ASSURE
YOU, AFTER YOU ARE
RESURRECTED, YOU
MAY HAVE PLASTIC
SURGERY PERFORMED
IN SWEDEN AND BEGIN
AS ANOTHER MAN.
IT IS FOOLPROOF AND
THE PRICE IS \$100,000.
AGREED?

WELL, QUINN SAID
YOU WERE OKAY...
I SUPPOSE SO. IT
IS BETTER THAN
LIFE IN THE PEN.



GOOD MEET ME TOMORROW
SEVERAL BLOCKS FROM THE
MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
WHERE I AM A STAFF
PHYSICIAN. THE TRAFFIC
COP THERE WILL BE AN
EYE-WITNESS TO YOUR
HEART ATTACK. NOW,
YOUR CHECK, IF YOU
WILL?

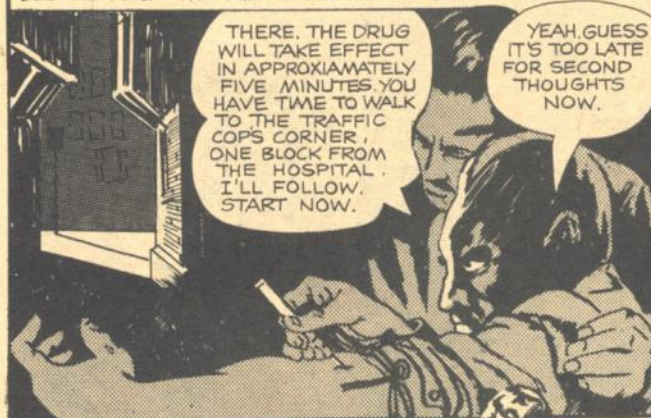
WAIT A
MINUTE!
YOU DON'T
GET PAID UNTIL
I'M SAFE!



THEN THE DEAL IS OFF,
MR. DENTON. I CANNOT
RISK MYSELF IN THIS
MANNER WITHOUT
PAYMENT **IN ADVANCE**.
I HOPE YOU LIKE THE
SIGHT OF IRON BARS.
FOR SOMEONE WITH
CLAUSTROPHOBIA
OF COURSE...

NO, WAIT!
HERE, I'LL
SIGN THE
CHECK!

*THE FOLLOWING MORNING, IN A DESERTED ALLEY SEVERAL
BLOCKS FROM THE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL...*



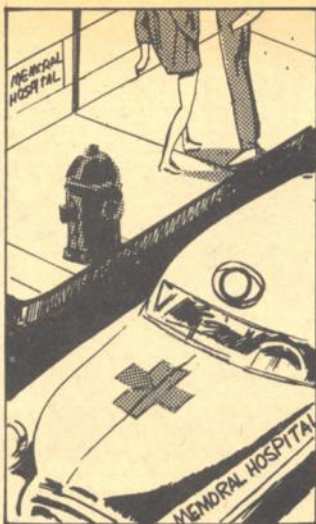
THERE. THE DRUG
WILL TAKE EFFECT
IN APPROXIMATELY
FIVE MINUTES. YOU
HAVE TIME TO WALK
TO THE TRAFFIC
COP'S CORNER,
ONE BLOCK FROM
THE HOSPITAL.
I'LL FOLLOW.
START NOW.

YEAH, GUESS
IT'S TOO LATE
FOR SECOND
THOUGHTS
NOW.



LET ME
THROUGH! I'M
A DOCTOR.





... WHILE INSIDE THE COFFIN...



WELL, HAWKINS, HERES YOUR TWENTY GRAND. YOU SURE MAKE YOURSELF A BUNDLE ON THESE JOBS COLLECTING FROM ME AS WELL AS YOUR **VICTIMS**. OH WELL, IT'S WORTH IT TO ME. DENTON WAS GETTING TOO HOT HE WOULD'VE HAD THE POLICE DOWN ON MY NECK WITHIN A MONTH WITH HIS BUNGLING.



HAHA! THANK YOU, MR. QUINN. IRONIC THAT DENTON HAS CLAUSTROPHOBIA, DON'T YOU THINK? I GUESS HE'S BEEN AWAKE FOR A WHILE NOW. HA HA!

YOU SURE HAVE A GHOULISH SENSE OF HUMOR, HAWKINS. NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR **BUSINESS** SENSE, THOUGH. COLLECTING TWICE FOR YOUR OPERATIONS AIN'T BAD.

YOU COULD SAY THAT I COLLECT **THREE** TIMES ON THESE LITTLE DEALS, QUINN.



THREE TIMES?

IF YOU COUNT THE PERSONAL SATISFACTION THE ARRANGEMENT GIVES ME IN ADDITION TO THE MONEY, WELL, I MUST GET GOING... HMMM... DENTON MUST HAVE RUN OUT OF AIR BY NOW.



AND ONCE AGAIN MR. DENTON RECEIVES A CALLER. A CALLER WITH AN EVEN **MORE** SINGULAR PURPOSE...



...A CALLER ABOUT TO COLLECT THE **THIRD** TIME FOR HIS... **COFFIN CURE!**



AND NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN THE **PAY OFF** TO MR. HAWKINS' EERIE ENTERPRISE, WHY NOT MOVE ON TO MY NEXT BIT OF BEASTLY BUSINESS!





.. AND SO IT CAME TO PASS, AS IT ALWAYS HAS, THAT WHEN THE GENTRY HAD GROWN WEARY OF THE LUXURY OF VIRTUOUS INDULGENCE IN THE HUMANITIES, SOME TURNED TO THE OCCULT TO STIMULATE THEIR JADED INTERESTS! THUS, AS ONE MYSTICAL ADVENTURE INVITED ANOTHER, IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT A VISIT BE PAID TO...

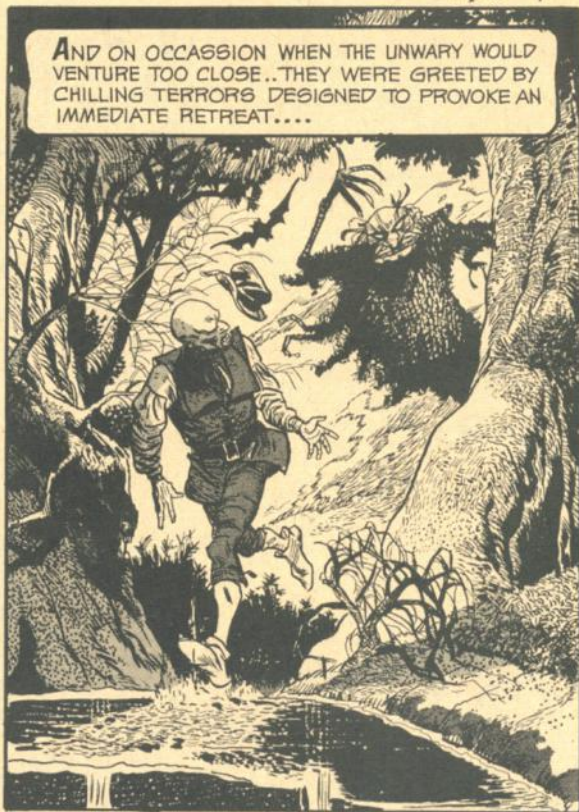
THE CASTLE

Pat Boyette/

AS A PLACE OF HISTORIC HORROR, THE CASTLE FALKE HAD LONG BEEN ABANDONED TO CRUMBLE AND DECAY - TO NURTURE SUPERSTITION AND DREAD...



AND ON OCCASSION WHEN THE UNWARY WOULD VENTURE TOO CLOSE..THEY WERE GREETED BY CHILLING TERRORS DESIGNED TO PROVOKE AN IMMEDIATE RETREAT....



AND FOR THOSE CONCERNED WITH EXPLANATIONS, IT WAS GENERALLY ACCEPTED THAT THE APPARITIONS WERE THE WORK OF THE DWARF, PRENGLEPRAG WHOSE FAMILY HAD FOR GENERATIONS BEEN SHELTERED BY THE STONES OF CASTLE FALKE!



IT IS WHISPERED THAT THE POWER OF GOLD CAN EVEN COMMAND DEMONS! AT ANY RATE, THAT WAS THE SUBJECT OF A RENDEZVOUS BETWEEN THE DWARF PRENGLEPRAG, AND ONE HERR FRANK BÄR!

LET IT BE UNDERSTOOD, THAT MY PARTY WILL SPEND ONE NIGHT IN THE CASTLE FALKE! AND SINCE A 'SHIVER' OR TWO WILL BE ENJOYED, AN EXTRA COIN SHOULD ENCOURAGE THOSE SPRITES OF YOURS TO STALK THE HALLS! NICHT WAHR?

YA! GUT GENUG!

AND, I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU MUST MANUFACTURE HOBGOBLINS TO FRIGHTEN AWAY INTRUDERS, HERR PRENGLEPRAG, BECAUSE I MUST SAY.. YOUR APPEARANCE IS MORE COMICAL THAN FEARFUL!

SINCE I AM LOOKING FOR HORRORS NOT JESTERS... IT WILL SERVE THE EVENING IF YOU STAY OUT OF SIGHT!

SO GEHT ES IM LEBEN, YA!

AND SO THE STAGE WAS DRESSED FOR A JOURNEY INTO TERROR... AND THE PARTICIPANTS CLATTERED TO THE OCCASION IN MORBID ANTICIPATION !!

HURRY.. WE MUST BE THERE BEFORE SUNSET!

JAWOHL!

THIS WOULD BE A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH
TO MAKE HERR BÄR THE TOAST OF HIS
TWITTERING ILK!



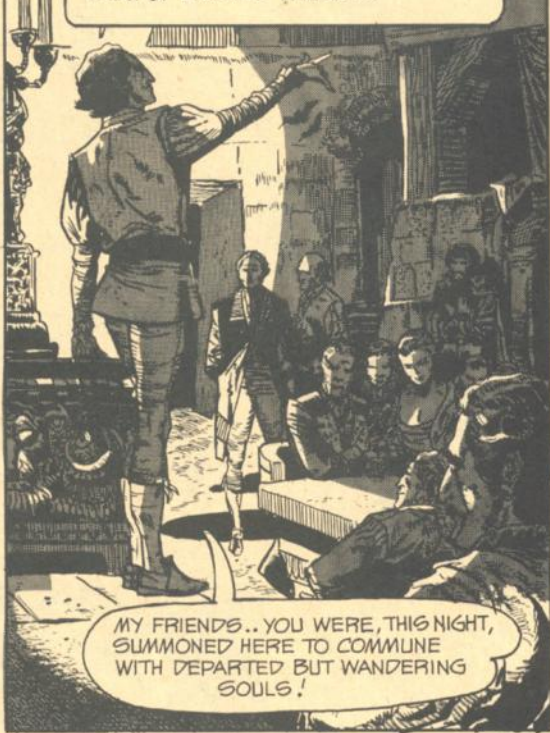
AH...I KNEW THEY
COULDN'T RESIST
MY INVITATION!

OH...IF WE ARE TO SEE SPIRITS
..I DO HOPE THEY ARE OF THE
PEASANTRY! I JUST ADORE
PEASANTS, DON'T YOU?



SHHH, HILGA!

HERR BÄR WAS IN TOTAL COMMAND!
HIS FLAIR FOR THE BIZARRE WAS
BOUNDLESS AS HE GREETED THE
ASSEMBLY IN THE GREAT COUNSEL
HALL OF CASTLE FALKE...



MY FRIENDS.. YOU WERE, THIS NIGHT,
SUMMONED HERE TO COMMUNE
WITH DEPARTED BUT WANDERING
SOULS!



THOUGH THESE MAGNIFICENT ROOMS
NOW LIE IN RUIN..THERE WAS A TIME
WHEN THEY WERE FILLED WITH LIFE
AND THE TERRORS RESERVED ONLY
FOR THE LIVING...

"THIS WAS THE
ESTATE OF BARON
HELMUT FALKE..
A MAN OF GREAT
PASSION AND
CRUELTY! THESE
WERE THE LUSTS
THAT INFLUENCED
A DARK DAY IN
THE WINTER OF
1764!"

NO..BARON..SIRE..
PLEASE MY DAUGHTER
IS NOT HERE..SHE..

STAND ASIDE,
SWINE! YOUR
DAUGHTER IS
HERE!



THE BARON'S FERVOR MOMENTARILY DENIED HIM THE REMINDER THAT SOME FATHERS WILL DEFY AUTHORITY TO PROTECT THEIR DAUGHTERS....

AH!

НАНАНАН!

RUN,
GIRL!

A SCREAMING,
SEARING, HUMAN
TORCH ILLUMINATED
THE NIGHT...

**A LESSER MAN
WOULD HAVE
PERISHED... IF
NOT FROM THE
STABBING PAIN...**



**...THEN FROM THE
AGONIZING WEEKS
OF CONVALESCENCE!**



**BUT, THE BARON FALKE
DID PERSIST... AND HIS
FACE WAS LEFT AS A
MASK OF INDESCRIB-
ABLE HORROR!**



**THE BARON FOUND
THIS REVULSION
UNBEARABLE... SO
IF SIGHT WAS THE
SOURCE OF HIS
ANGUISH... THEN
SIGHT MUST BE
ELIMINATED!**

**BUT- CONQUEST WAS
NOT THE SAME... HIS
VICTIMS COULD NO
LONGER BE WOODED
TO HIS WILL... THEY
COULD NOT LOOK
UPON HIS HIDEOUS
FACE!**



**THE BARON'S INJURY
FAILED TO COOL HIS
ARDOR, AND SHORTLY
HIS SHADOW AGAIN
WAS FALLING ON
DESIRABLE YOUNG
MAIDENS!**



THE BARON WITHDREW TO THE SECLUSION OF HIS QUARTERS, AND IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED.. HIS FACE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN. THOSE SELECTED FOR HIS AMUSEMENT WERE FIRST BLINDED!

AND SO IT WENT UNTIL A NEW RECRUIT PROVED THAT A RE-VENGEFUL BLADE COULD BE WELL DIRECTED EVEN IN DARKNESS!

..AND THAT, MY FRIENDS.. IDENTIFIES THE SPIRITS THAT LURK IN THE SHADOWS THAT ENGULF US!

BUT TONIGHT WE MEAN TO SEE THEM.. TO LOOK INTO THE MUTILATED FACE OF BARON FALKE.. AND DARE TO LAUGH IF WE SO CHOOSE!


DO.. YOU HEAR ME, MAD BARON! .. COME FORTH!

ISN'T FRANK A BIT STRONG ..I MEAN... IF THERE ARE SPIRITS...

I FIND IT EXCITINGLY DARING!

WHERE IS THAT STUPID, PRENGLEPRAG? I THOUGHT HE HAD DRAMATIC TIMING!

CAN YOU HEAR ME, BARON FALKE? WE'RE CALLING YOU!



DO NOT BE AFRAID, UGLY
BARON..WE MORTALS JUST
WANT TO BE ENTERTAINED
BY YOUR AFFLICTION!

BE PATIENT, RICH
MAN..I WILL
GIVE YOU A
SHOW!

.. A SCREAM
.. AT LAST THAT
SILLY DWARF IS
WAKING UP!

SUDDENLY,
BAR'S TAUNTING
OF THE SUPER-
NATURAL FROZE IN
HIS THROAT AS THE
COUNCIL ROOM WAS
SWEEP BY A BLAST
OF RANCID AIR...

PERHAPS
YOU'VE BEEN
DEAD TOO LONG,
BARON! PERHAPS
YOU CAN'T
MATERIALIZER!

WHA...
?

HERR BÄR
WAS HELD
FAST IN A
PARALYSIS
OF FEAR AS
THE CHILL-
ING VAPOR
EMBRACED
HIM!

MINE GOTT...CAN
IT BE A GEIST?

NOT SURE OF WHAT
THEY WERE SEEING,
THE GUESTS GROPED
FOR UNDERSTANDING
..THEN IN A WINK-
IT WAS OVER...

...HIS EYES!

GONE..WUNDER-
SCHON! A GREAT
ILLUSION.. A...

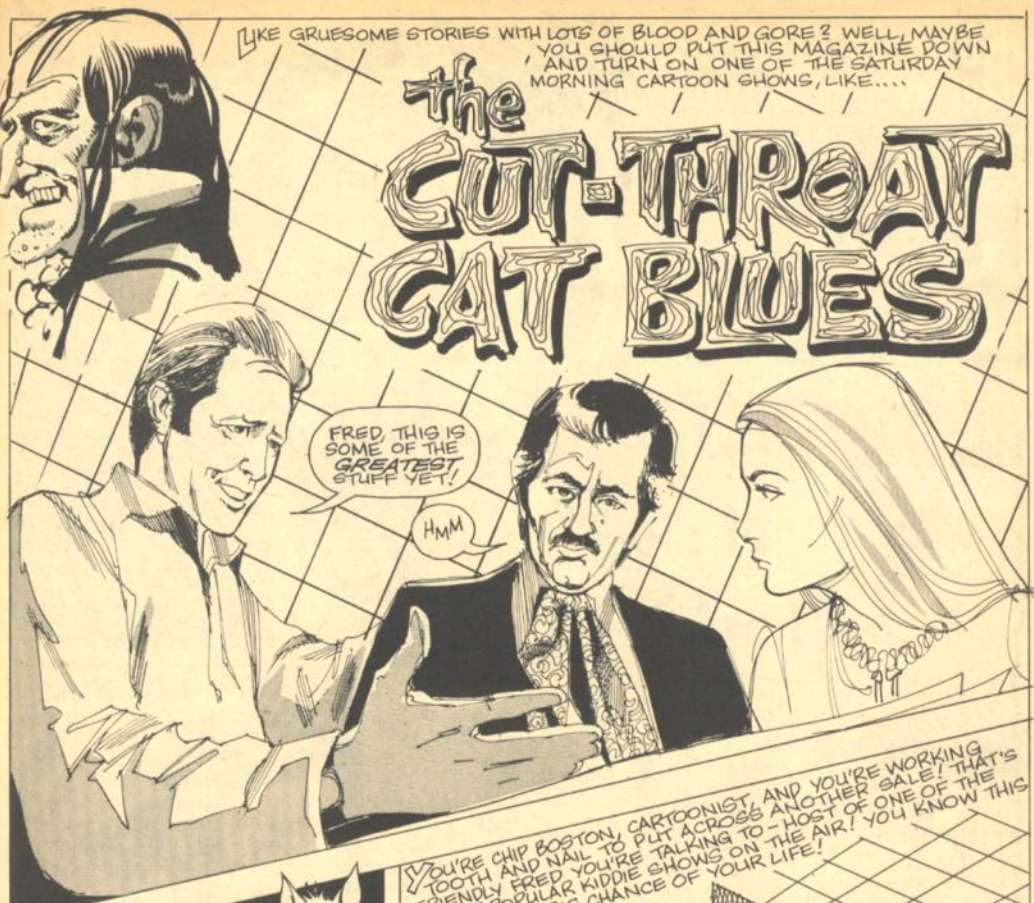
NO! NO
ILLUSION!
LOOK...

OH, YES, HERR BÄR WAS
A SOCIAL RAGE - THE TOPIC OF
CONVERSATION FOR THE BETTER
PART OF A MONTH.. THEN HE WAS
RETIRED TO A DARK EXISTENCE
WHERE HIS MOUTH WORKED AND
HIS VOCAL CORDS STRAINED,
BUT NO SOUND WAS HEARD!
SOME SAID HE WAS SCREAM-
ING HIS LUNGS OUT!

THE END

LIKE GRUESOME STORIES WITH LOTS OF BLOOD AND GORE? WELL, MAYBE YOU SHOULD PUT THIS MAGAZINE DOWN AND TURN ON ONE OF THE SATURDAY MORNING CARTOON SHOWS, LIKE....

the CUT-THROAT CAT BLUES



FRED, THIS IS SOME OF THE GREATEST STUFF YET!

HMM

YOU'RE CHIP BOSTON, CARTOONIST, AND YOU'RE WORKING TOOTH AND NAIL TO PUT ACROSS ANOTHER SALE! THAT'S FRIENDLY FRED YOU'RE TALKING TO - HOST OF ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR KIDDIE SHOWS ON THE AIR! YOU KNOW THIS MAY BE THE BIG CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE!

HERE'S A GREAT SCENE! CUT-THROAT CAT SHOVS AN AIR-HOSE IN WEIRDO WOLF'S EAR AND BLOWS UP HIS HEAD! HA HA! THEY ALL COME BACK FOR THE NEXT CARTOON, OF COURSE!

BOOM!

DAD, THIS IS AWFUL!

I AGREE, MARION! LET'S GO! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF YOUR DISGUSTING MATERIAL, MR BOSTON!





THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOU DID DECENT WORK, WASN'T THERE, CHIP? THAT WAS LONG AGO, AND IT DIDN'T SELL AS WELL AS THE TRASH YOU PRODUCE NOW...

IN FACT, A LOT OF THINGS ARE OVER NOW...

...YOU LAUGH SARDONICALLY THROUGH YOUR MISERY, THEN MAKE A VOW—

FRIENDLY FRED!
HA! HE WILL PAY—
OH, NOW HE WILL PAY!

SO, IN THE DAYS TO COME YOU FOLLOW FRIENDLY FRED, AND YOU WATCH...

...AND WATCH... AND AT LAST YOU FORMULATE A PLAN!

FRIENDLY FRED FOLLOWS THE SAME LONELY STRETCH OF ROAD HOME EVERY NIGHT! HE'S A CREATURE OF HABIT. I THINK THE TIME FOR MY REVENGE HAS COME....

CUT-THRO

chip
boston



FINALLY, YOU
TAKE THE FIRST
STEP IN YOUR
DESPERATE SCHEME!
YOU SEE FRIENDLY
FRED'S CAR UP AHEAD-
YOU'VE NEVER DONE
ANYTHING LIKE THIS
BEFORE, BUT YOU CAN'T
TURN BACK-NOT AFTER WHAT
HE'S DONE TO YOU....

...YOU STEP ON THE GAS AND
GET ALONGSIDE OF FRED...THEN-

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT
MAN IS TRYING TO -
FORCE ME OFF
THE ROAD -
I'M LOSING
CONTROL-
AAAAA

SCREECH!!

SCREECH!!

YOU SEE AT ONCE
YOU'VE BEEN
SUCCESSFUL!

FRED IS UNCONSCIOUS,
BUT NOT DEAD....

I'LL POUR THIS LIQUOR OVER
EVERYTHING AND LEAVE THE
BOTTLE IN HIS CAR! HE'LL BE
ACCUSED OF DRUNK DRIVING!
HE'LL BE RUINED AS A KIDNIE
SHOW HOST! JUST AS I AM RUINED! HA HA!

THE NEXT DAY....



DING DONG!

WHA-WHO IS IT?

MARION! FRIENDLY FRED'S DAUGHTER

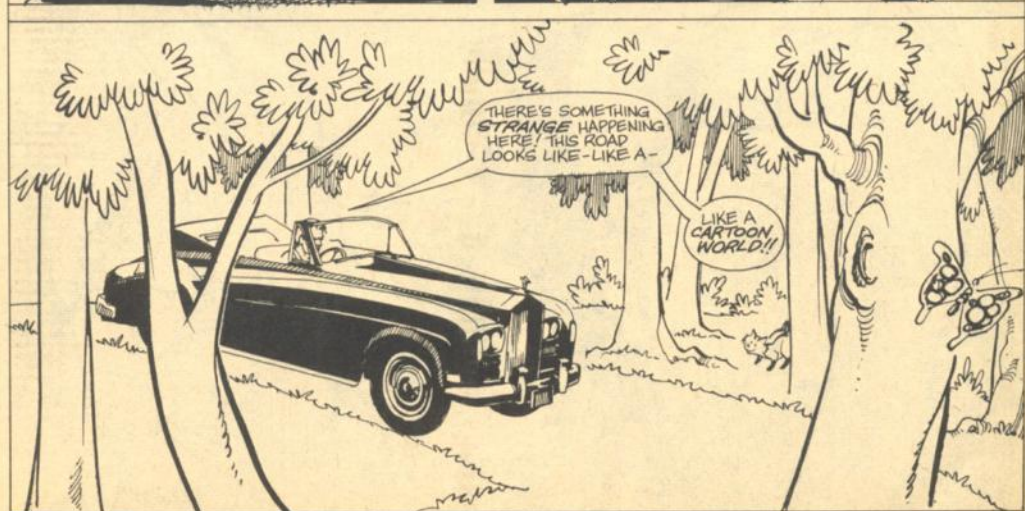
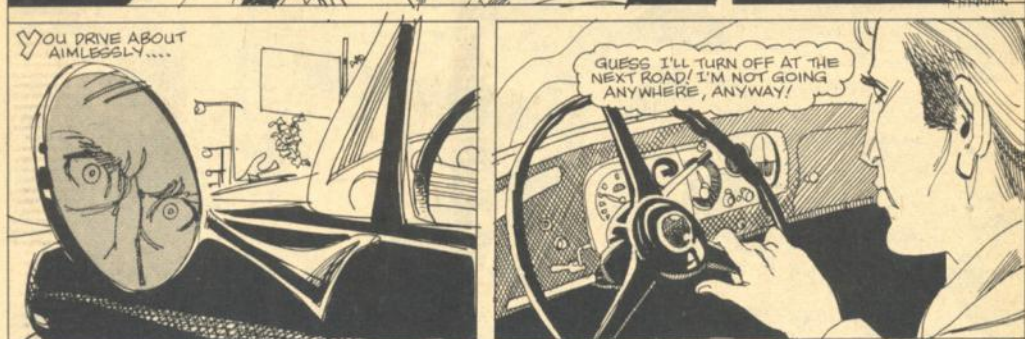
I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D BE GLAD TO KNOW... MY DAD RIGHT AFTER THIS MORNING'S PAPER CAME OUT! I KNOW YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE - I REMEMBER YOUR THREAT TO HIM!

HER WORDS BURN THROUGH YOU - YOU TRY DESPERATELY TO KEEP YOUR HEAD...

I KNOW! THERE'S NO PROOF! BUT THERE IS ALWAYS PUNISHMENT FOR A PERSON LIKE YOU!

"YOU'LL DIE IN A WORLD OF YOUR OWN MAKING!"

"YOU'LL DIE IN A WORLD OF YOUR OWN MAKING!"





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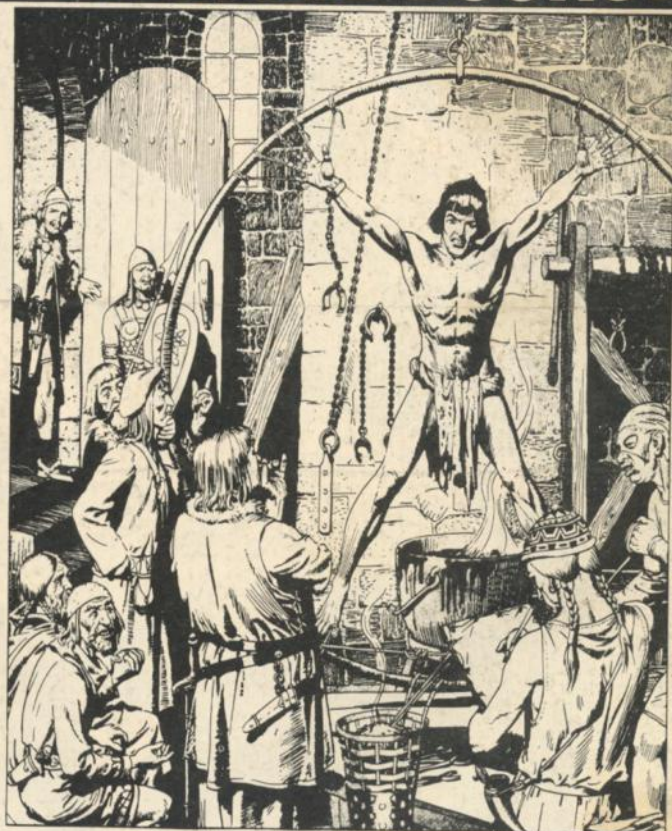
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