

THIS ISSUE
SPECIAL 8-PAGE
DRACULA
FULL COLOR
COMIC SECTION
PREVIEW OF THE NEW WARREN BOOK

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC \$1.00

CREEPY

#51
MARCH 1973



A Burning Witch
comes back to life
in Deja Vu!
Page 6



MARCH 1973 No. 51

OUR COVER:
SanJulian's art highlights the incredible
story of "Deja Vu"... a tale of reincar-
nation and creepy curses. Page. 6.

Editor &
Publisher:
JAMES WARREN

Managing
Editor:
W.B. DuBAY

Production:
W.R. MOHALLEY

Cover:
SANJULIAN

Marketing
Director:
FLO STEINBERG

Artists
This Issue:
ADOLFO ABELLAN
AURALEON
JOSE BEA
ESTEBAN MAROTO
FELIX MAS
TORRENTS

Writers
This Issue:
RICHARD MARGOPOLOUS
DOUGLAS MOENCH
FRED OTT
MARTIN PASKO
KEVIN PAGAN
JOHN WARNER

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CREEPY

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DEAR UNCLE CREEPY More let-
ters and comments from you readers, this
time concerning CREEPY #49. What did the
fans think of this one? Read and find out.

6

DEJA VU Which Witch is which is the
question asked in this tale of revenge and
reincarnation. When one Witch dies in ancient
Salem, must another Witch die in the present?

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STAR SLAUGHTER In some time-to-
come future, a robot battles for the life of
a planet that can not defend itself...
but then the robot decides it is tired of war.

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DEATH WISH In South America, a man
and his wife find themselves in the middle of a
mad Voodoo rite that brings into creation a
being that can't die... but badly wants to.

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PACKAGE DEAL Mark Nyman felt he
was going insane. He dreamed of death and
endless murder. But when he awoke, Nyman
learned that it was he who was the murderer.

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THE VIYI Our special preview of the
NEW DRACULA full-color illustrated book
of horror and fantasy. A brand new concept in
the history of comic art. Be sure to read it.

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HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE Night
driving is lonely, and the road dark... then,
suddenly, without warning, it comes from
the waiting darkness... a huge hungry wolf.

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CRITIC'S CRYPT Another in our se-
ries of Creepy Book Reviews. This month fea-
turing such goodies as "Ghosts and Things,"
"Wizards and Warlocks," and much more!

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CREEPY FAN CLUB This issue we
focus our profile on the new Warren writer,
John David Warner, whose "Death Wish" ap-
pears on page 23. Also: Terror tales by the fans!

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A BED OF ROSES A different sort
of tale of terror... but one that will chill
your very marrow. The tale of a young girl
and the memories of her horror-filled past.

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THE SONOROUS DRONE OF HIS VOICE RELAXES YOU... LULLS YOU INTO AN IRRESISTIBLE TRANCE... RENDERS YOU OBEDIENT TO ANY AND ALL OF HIS SOFTLY INTONED SUGGESTIONS...

AND AS WAVES OF UTTER TRANQUILITY WARMLY WASH OVER YOU, YOUR FINAL THOUGHT IS A QUESTION, YOU WONDER **WHY** YOU VOLUNTEERED TO BE A SUBJECT FOR PRE-NATAL HYPNOSIS. AND THEN YOUR EYES--SO VERY HEAVY--CLOSE...



WATCHING THIS GENTLY SWAYING TIMEPIECE HAS MADE YOUR EYELIDS... UNBEARABLY **HEAVY**.. IT WILL FEEL GOOD-- SO GOOD -- TO CLOSE YOUR EYES... HOW HEAVILY THEY WEIGH...



YES--CLOSE YOUR EYES AND BASK IN THE SOFTNESS OF MY VOICE! **MEMORY**, JANET BECKER, IS A CURIOUS PHENOMENON. **TOTAL RECALL OF ALL PAST EVENTS** IS ENTIRELY POSSIBLE, ALTHOUGH NOT THROUGH THE FALLIBLE AND OFTEN FRAGMENTED **CONSCIOUS MIND**.



BUT NOW I POSSESS COMPLETE CONTROL OF YOUR **SUBCONSCIOUS**... WHERE THE MEMORY OF EVENTS FROM THE VERY INSTANT OF YOUR **BIRTH** IS STORED! YOU WILL REGRESS BACK IN STAGES TO THAT MOMENT... FIRST, YOUR TENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY... WHAT WAS IT LIKE, JANET?

DISJOINTED MEMORIES OF THAT DAY LONG-PAST FLOAT BACK LIKE WISPS OF FLEECY DOWN... UNTIL YOUR MEMORY OF THAT DAY RETURNS--AND YOU RELATE IT IN THE LISPING, HALTING VOICE OF A **TEN-YEAR-OLD**...

SURE, I'MEMBER MY TENF BIRFDAY! MOMMY GOT STRAWBERRY ICE C'EAM AND I REALLY WANTED CHOCLIT! BUT THAT WAS OKAY 'CAUSE...

YES, JANET BECKER... BUT WE MUST GO BACK **FARTHER** NOW-- BACK TO WHEN YOU WERE **TWO YEARS OLD**...

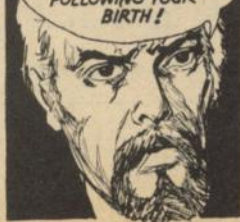


INCREDIBLE, BUT YOU FIND THAT YOU **CAN** REMEMBER YOUR SECOND YEAR OF LIFE... AND YOU RELATE AN OCCURRENCE IN A VOICE WHICH, WHILE NOT YOUR OWN, IS NOT THAT OF A BABY, EITHER...



YES, I **FELL** WHEN I WAS TWO YEARS OLD-- I FELT FROM MY CRADLE--H-HURT MY HEAD--MOTHER AND FATHER WERE TERRIBLY UPSET...

YES, BUT YOUR HEAD DOESN'T HURT **NOW**, DOES IT, JANET BECKER? YOU FEEL **FINE**--WELL ENOUGH TO REMEMBER BACK TO THAT MOMENT **IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING YOUR BIRTH**!



I DO REMEMBER! BUT HOW...? OH...MY MOTHER WAS SO SOFT AND WARM TO CUDDLE! I FELT SO **SAFE** IN HER ARMS...

YES, JANET BECKER, AND YOU ARE **EQUALLY SAFE** NOW--SO SAFE THAT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO DANGER IN REMEMBERING BACK TO A TIME... **BEFORE** YOUR MOTHER BORE YOU! BACK TO A **PREVIOUS LIFETIME**--AND A **DIFFERENT INCARNATION**!



'I-I WAS SOMEONE ELSE... LIKE MYSELF BUT IN A DIFFERENT TIME AND... ANOTHER PLACE! MY NAME WASN'T JANET BECKER--IT WAS PRISCILLA STARKER... AND I LIVED ALONE... IN **SALEM**... EXCEPT FOR POOR KITTY, SHE WAS MY ONLY COMPANY--WE WERE BOTH LOST SOULS, HER WITH ONLY ONE EYE... AND ME WITH MY PARENTS DEPARTED.



'SOMETHING AWFUL HAPPENED ONE EVENING WHILE I WAS PREPARING BROTH FOR MY SUPPER... THREE PILGRIMS BURST IN... I WAS TERRIFIED!'



'THEY DESTROYED KITTY! LOCKED HER IN AND BURNED MY ONLY HOME!'



'I WAS SEIZED-- TAKEN TO AN AREA BEYOND THE VILLAGE RESERVED FOR THE BURNING OF WITCHES... AND THERE I WAS ACCUSED OF UNSPEAKABLE CRIMES AGAINST GOD...'

YE HAVE HEARD HER CRIMES AGAINST THE ALMIGHTY, YOUR HONOR. YE MUST JUDGE AND **CONDEMN** HER, A **WITCH** TO BE **BURNED AT THE STAKE**! SHE HAS NO PARENTS--FOR SHE IS THE VERY **DAUGHTER OF SATAN**!

NO!
MY PARENTS **DIED**! I AM NOT THE DAUGHTER OF THE DEVIL!

MANY AND GREAT ARE THE POWERS OF THE MIND. MUCH OF THEM UNTAPPED BY THE CONSCIOUS OR **OVER-MIND**! HOWEVER, THROUGH THE SCIENCE OF **PRE-NATAL HYPNOTIC REGRESSION**, THE VAST WEALTH OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS OR **UNDER-MIND** CAN BE BROUGHT FORWARD! AND, IN THE INSTANCE OF LOVELY JANET BECKER, A STRONG CASE FOR THE VALIDITY OF THE THEORY OF **REINCARNATION** IS DISCOVERED THROUGH...

SILENCE, WITCH! WE SHALL BE THE SOLE JUDGE OF THAT!

DEJA VU



INCREDIBLE! HER STORY SUBSTANTIATES THE EXISTENCE OF REINCARNATION! HER PREVIOUS INCARNATION WAS THAT OF AN ACCUSED WITCH IN 17TH CENTURY SALEM!

YES, JANET, IT WAS HORRIBLE--BUT YOU'RE SAFE **NOW**! THINK OF IT ONLY AS A DREAM... AND TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR LIFE AS PRISCILLA STARKER.

'I REMEMBER THE HATRED IN THEIR EYES AS THEY PRESSED THEIR ACCUSATIONS...'



SHE SPEAKS WITH A **ONE-EYED CAT**, YOUR HONOR--CONVERSES WITH IT! AND HER CAULDRON IS BUSY EVERY NIGHT WITH VILE WITCH'S BREWS AND UNHOLY POTIONS!

I PREPARE NO **POTIONS**! JUST **BROTH**--FOR MY SUPPER!

MUST YE BE WARNED **AGAIN**, WITCH? I, JUDGE MATTHEW BECKER, SHALL DECIDE WHAT YE ARE BREWING IN YOUR FOUL CAULDRON!



JUDGE MATTHEW BECKER?!... CAN IT BE? MUST EXAMINE HER DOSSIER AND MAKE SURE!

REST NOW, JANET... DO NOT REMEMBER AGAIN UNTIL I COMMAND IT! THAT'S RIGHT... REST...



THIS IS UNCANNY! HER GENELOGICAL RECORDS INDICATE THAT SHE **DID HAVE** AN ANCESTOR IN SALEM IN THE 17TH CENTURY! A JUDGE **MATTHEW BECKER**... INFAMOUS FOR HIS WITCH TRIALS! JANET IS HIS PRESENT-DAY DESCENDANT, YET... **INCREDIBLE**! ... SHE HERSELF WAS ONE OF HIS **VICTIMS** IN HER PREVIOUS INCARNATION!



ALL RIGHT
JANET BECKER WERE
READY NOW... YOU WERE
TELLING ME OF
PRISCILLA STARKER...

YES... I
WAS PRISCILLA
STARKER... SO LONELY THEN!
MY PARENTS WERE GONE.
I HAD NO ONE TO SPEAK
TO-- ONLY KITTY! AND THEY
CHARGED ME *EVIL*--
A WITCH!

THEY WERE **DETERMINED**
TO CONDEMN ME! IT WASN'T A FAIR
TRIAL... I WAS THE FOCUS OF THEIR
IRRATIONAL SUPERSTITIONS...



LET IT BE KNOWN THAT
UPON THIS DAY JUDGE
MATTHEW BECKER CONDEMNS
THIS WITCH TO **DEATH AT
THE STAKE**! HAVE YE
ANYTHING TO SAY FOR
YOURSELF, WITCH?

YES! IF AS A
WITCH I BE JUDGED
AND CONDEMNED, THEN AS A
WITCH SO SHALL I **DIE**! I
CURSE YOU, JUDGE MATTHEW
BECKER! I CURSE YOU AND
ALL YOUR DESCENDANTS
THROUGHOUT
ETERNITY!



YOU THOUGHT NOTHING OF DESTROYING
MY CAT! SHE PROVIDED ME WITH THE ONLY
COMPANIONSHIP I HAD! BUT YOU KILLED
HER--AND SO I CURSE YOU! AND WHAT
BETTER VEHICLE FOR YOUR DEATH THAN
A WITCH'S FAMILIAR... A **CAT**! LIKE
AN AVENGING ANGEL... A CAT WILL
CAUSE YOU AND YOUR DESCENDANTS
A **SENSELESS, MEANINGLESS**
DEATH!



THE AWFUL MEMORIES OF YOUR LIFE AND DEATH AS PRISCILLA STARKER, FADE AWAY AS THE GENTLE MONOTONE OF THE DOCTOR'S VOICE CARRIES YOU FORWARD... THROUGH BLURRED DARKNESS... MOVING SO QUICKLY...



GOOD LORD! BY CURSING BECKER AND HIS DESCENDANTS IN HER PREVIOUS INCARNATION, SHE IN EFFECT CURSED **HERSELF**... SINCE **SHE** IS A DESCENDANT OF JUDGE BECKER IN HER **PRESENT** INCARNATION!



ALL RIGHT, JANET BECKER -- YOU **ARE** JANET BECKER NOW! PRISCILLA STARKER IS ONLY A THING OF THE **PAST**. SOON SHE WILL FADE AWAY -- YOU WILL NO LONGER REMEMBER HER... YOU ARE GETTING OLDER NOW... SOON YOU WILL BE 25 YEARS OLD AGAIN, JANET. YOU WILL BE IN A HYPNOTIST'S OFFICE...



...AND YOU WILL AWAKEN WHEN I SNAP MY FINGERS... BUT YOU WILL REMEMBER **NOTHING** OF YOUR TRANCE!



WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED? I WAS IN A TRANCE, IT WAS... **HORRIBLE... BEYOND BELIEF!** LIKE A NIGHTMARE -- BUT I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER...



THERE **IS** NOTHING TO REMEMBER, JANET! AFTER YOUR NEXT SESSION, YOU WILL FEEL NO VAGUE OR FRIGHTFUL RECOLLECTIONS. YOU'RE COMING ALONG WELL, DEAR...



NEXT SESSION?! IF YOU THINK FOR ONE SECOND THAT I'LL SUBMIT TO ANOTHER, SHATTERING EXPERIENCE LIKE **THIS** ONE...



BUT YOU **MUST** COOPERATE! YOUR EFFORTS HAVE TAKEN ME TO THE VERY BRINK OF UNDERSTANDING THE CONCEPT OF **REINCARNATION!** I CAN'T STOP NOW!

REINCARNATION?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? NEVER MIND -- I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW! MY DECISION IS **FINAL** -- I'LL NOT LET MY MIND BE FOULED BY ANY MORE OF YOUR HYPNOTIC HOCUS-FOCUS!



YOU LISTEN TO THE ALMOST *HYPNOTIC* STACCATO BEAT OF YOUR HEELS AS THEY HURRY YOU DOWN THE DARKENED STREETS...



STRANGE HOW AFRAID I FEEL... WHAT COULD THE HYPNOTIST HAVE *DONE* TO MAKE ME SO TENSE? I'D BETTER GET HOME...



ELSEWHERE... A SMALL CHILD FROLICS IN THE BACKSEAT OF HER FATHER'S CAR... A PERSIAN CAT IN HER LAP... THE WIND BLOWING IN HER FACE...

PRETTY KITTY...
KITTY IS SO
PRETTY...



KITTY
LIKES TO
RIDE IN THE
CAR, DOESN'T
SHE ?



SEE
OUTSIDE, KITTY !
LOOK
AT THE
PEOPLE !



STUPID PEOPLE !
IF THEY DON'T KNOW HOW
TO DRIVE, THEY
SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED
IN THE DRIVER'S
SEAT !

KITTY
LIKES IT, DADDY !
KITTY'S SO
HAPPY !



WHY DO I
ALWAYS TAKE THIS
ROUTE ? THIS HAS **GOT**
TO BE **IDIOT AVENUE...**
I SWEAR, **MOVE**, WILL
YOU ?--**STUPID**
CABBY !



GOTTA
SPEED UP
TO MAKE
THIS
LIGHT...



WHAT
THE-- ! YOU
CRAZY
CAB-DRIVER-- !



**YOUR OWN CURSE HAS BEEN
FULFILLED, JANET BECKER... IN
A BURST OF CRUEL IRONY!**



EPILOGUE: YOU ARE DEAD, JANET BECKER, AND YOU WILL NEVER APPRECIATE THE EFFORTS OF A MELANCHOLY HYPNOTIST--A HYPNOTIST WHO SHAMBLES AWAY FROM YOU WITH TRAGEDY--LADEN FEET...



WHEN I'D HEARD ABOUT JANET BECKER'S **DREAMS**-- THE WAY SHE RAVED IN HER SLEEP--I THOUGHT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE ONLY CLUE TO MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S IDENTITY...AND SHE **MIGHT** HAVE BEEN, BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW...ALL I'M LEFT WITH IS THE TORMENTING KNOWLEDGE THAT PERHAPS IT WAS **ME**, AND NOT A **CAT**, WHO KILLED MY GRANDMOTHER TWICE REMOVED TONIGHT...




...AND THAT MY ANCESTOR MIGHT HAVE BEEN SATAN...

— JOHN STARKER —
HYPNOTIST
ROCK

GUESS HE'LL NEVER KNOW FOR SURE... BUT POOR JANET-- OR SHOULD WE SAY **PRISCILLA**? SOME SCAREDY-CAT SHE WAS! WELL, AT LEAST SHE'S GOT SEVEN LIVES TO GO! CAT GOT HER TONGUE, I GUESS!





TWO OPPOSING ARMIES PREPARE THEIR FORCES
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF NOWHERE...

FLAGS -- CRIMSON AND GOLD
BANNERS -- HANG SLACK IN THE
SLOW-SWIRLING FOG...

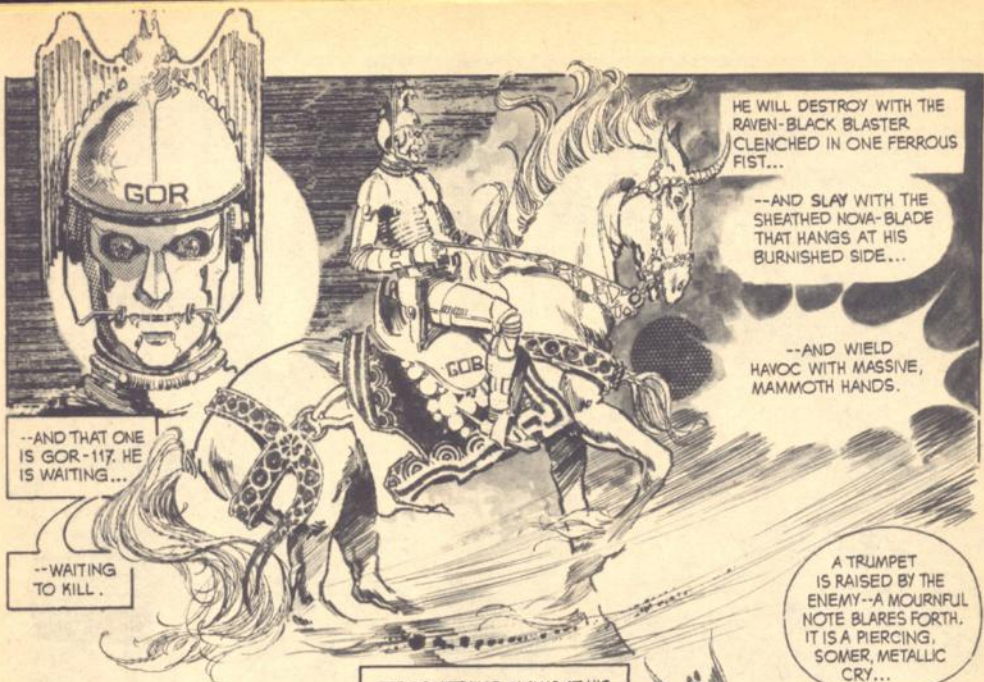
SPACE HEAD
TIME, FELLOW
TRAVELERS,
AS WE
WITNESS...

STAR- SLAUGHTER

AN OPPRESSIVE SENSE OF DEATHLY STILLNESS OVERHANGS THE EVENT...

YET AT THE SAME TIME -- A FEELING OF APPREHENSION -- AN UNDER-CURRENT OF
RAW EXCITEMENT EXPLODES WITHIN EACH DIAMOND-GLINTING GLADIATOR...

--SAVE ONE...



HE WILL DESTROY WITH THE
RAVEN-BLACK BLASTER
CLENCHED IN ONE FERROUS
FIST...

--AND SLAY WITH THE
SHEATHED NOWA-BLADE
THAT HANGS AT HIS
BURNISHED SIDE...

--AND WIELD
HAVOC WITH MASSIVE,
MAMMOTH HANDS.

--AND THAT ONE
IS GOR-117. HE
IS WAITING...

--WAITING
TO KILL.

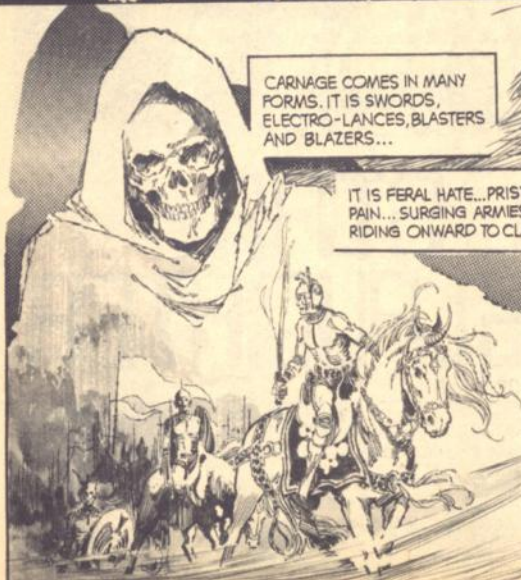
YET SOMETHING CLAWS AT HIS
CONSCIOUSNESS-- SOME
UNKNOWN FEAR--A
NAMELESS, INTANGIBLE DREAD.

A TRUMPET
IS RAISED BY THE
ENEMY--A MOURNFUL
NOTE BLARES FORTH.
IT IS A PIERCING,
SOMER, METALLIC
CRY...




CARNAGE COMES IN MANY
FORMS. IT IS SWORDS,
ELECTRO-LANCES, BLASTERS
AND BLAZERS...

IT IS FERAL HATE...PRISTINE
PAIN...SURGING ARMIES
RIDING ONWARD TO CLASH.



GOR-117 DOES NOT TOUCH
UPON SUCH THOUGHTS. HE
POUNDS DOWN THE
HILLOCK--THUNDERS
ACROSS AN OPEN PLAIN.



BLAZING FIRE BURSTS
SCARS THE EARTH. ANIMALS
LURCH-- STUMBLE-- GO DOWN.

KRUMMM

BRZAAACK

ZRAAAAK

MELTING METAL RUNS BLOOD-RED
ACROSS THE CHARRED BATTLEFIELD.

THE ARMIES CLOSE.
BEDLAM! CHAOS! FURY!
BRILLIANTLY-BURNISHED
ROBOTS AND BEASTS
WHIRL-- LASH OUT.

GOR-117 DRAWS
HIS NOVA-BLADE
WITH A SINGING
RASP.

ZZZZZ

CLANG

CRANG

BRAZZZIK

GOR-117 FEELS A EUPHORIC
SENSE OF BEING TOTALLY
ALIVE--A SURPRISING THING
TO EXPERIENCE AMID SUCH
SUDDEN DEATH.

HE STRIKES AT
A FOEMAN...

AT FIRST-- GOR--117 IS NOT AWARE OF
THE SWARMING SOUND AT HIS BACK--
THE OMINOUS HUM OF A LANCE SET AT
MAXIMUM CHARGE.

MMMM

--AGAIN...
--AND AGAIN...
--AND AGAIN...

IT TAKES .08 SECONDS TO
EVALUATE THE SITUATION...

--ANOTHER .03 SECONDS
TO REACT.

UNFORTUNATELY--THE WHITE
ROBOT'S MOUNT IS NOT SO
COMPUTER-SWIFT.

A BLAST OF LETHAL
LIGHTNING--A WOUND,
SPLATTERING GORE,
ENTRAILS BLOOD...

KRZZZZZZT

HIS SWORD IS NOTHING MORE THAN A
BATTLE-SCARRED RELIC. THE
ONCE GLEAMING ROBOT RISES TO
MEET HIS FATE.

HE HAS 3.5 SECONDS
BEFORE THE LANCE
CAN RECHARGE TO
PEAK POWER.

--AND
GOR 117 IS
DOWN.

GOR-117 BRINGS
UP HIS NIGHT-DARK
BLASTER-- ONLY TO
HAVE IT SHORN
FROM HIS GRASP.

THUDD

HE MUST SWAY
THE ADVANTAGE TO
HIS SIDE--STALL FOR
TIME BY BLINDING
THE LIZARD--
LIKE BEAST...

--BLIND IT GOOD.

SWACK-K-K

AROARRR



THERE IS STILL A CHANCE--IF THE INITIATIVE CAN BE SEIZED.

CUMBERSOME STEEL FINGERS CURL INTO THE FORMS OF FISTS.

PTOM-M-M

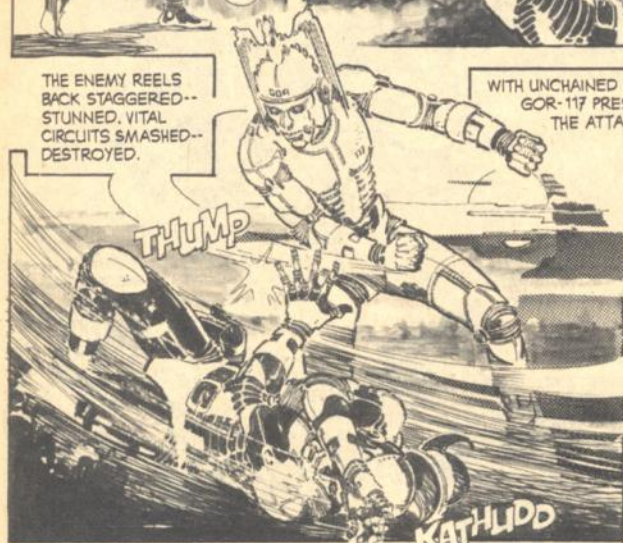


THE BLOW IS A BLINDING BLUR--RESOUNDING LIKE AN ARTIFICIAL THUNDERCLAP.

THE ENEMY REELS BACK STAGGERED--STUNNED. VITAL CIRCUITS SMASHED--DEstroyED.

WITH UNCHAINED FURY--GOR-117 PASSES THE ATTACK.

THE WHITE ROBOT GOES FOR THE BRAIN CAVITY--CENTER OF EGO, LOGIC, MEMORY AND MOVEMENT COORDINATION...



THUMP

KATHLID

CRUSHES IT SLOWLY--METHODICALLY--LIKE A FRAIL METAL EGGSHELL...



--AND CRUSHES IT!

CRUSHES IT TILL THE METAL BUCKLES--CIRCUITS SNAP...

--AND CHEMICAL COOLANTS TRICKLE OVER CONSTRICTING FINGERS TO STAIN THE GROUND A BRIGHT, BLOODY RED.

CRUSHES IT--UNTIL IT IS NO MORE.



CRUSHES IT!



CRUNCH-H-H

AND THEN--GOR-117 REALIZES
WHAT HE HAS DONE...

--THAT HE IS THE LONE VICTOR--
A WINNER OF A WASTELAND.

BUT THERE IS PRECIOUS
LITTLE TIME FOR SUCH
INTROSPECTION...

THE ROBOT ONLY KNOWS THAT
A HUMAN IS STIDING TOWARD
HIM. AS IF TO REASSURE
GOR-117 -- THE MAN SAYS,
"PRIME DIRECTIVE ALPHA."

THE GRIME-SMEARED METAL MAN
THINKS--THINKS OF A TIME LONG
AGO AT A PRODUCTION PLANT..

--WHERE HE WAS CREATED--
CONCEIVED BY THE MINDS
OF MEN.

WAR NO LONGER EXISTS IN THE FAR-FLUNG
FUTURE -- BUT MANKIND MUST STILL SATISFY
ITS PRIMITIVE KILLING INSTINCTS...

GOR-117 MUST OBEY
HIS HUMAN MASTERS--
THEIR WILL IS HIS
WILL.

--AND DOES SO BY WATCHING ROBOT
GLADIATORS-- STEEL-SHELLED WARRIORS
THAT BATTLE TO THE DEATH.

--AND YET, WHY DOES THIS MAN-MADE
TITAN--THIS SUPPOSEDLY UNFEELING SPAWN
OF TECHNOLOGY--EXPERIENCE SUCH
INFINITE SORROW, SUCH UNBEARABLE
ANGUISH?

A BATTLEFIELD -- STREWN WITH
THE DEAD AND DISCARDED ...
FOR WHAT ?

AMUSEMENT-- MERE
AMUSEMENT.

GOR-117 WANTS NO PART OF THIS
HUMAN-- THIS BROADCASTER WHO
TELEVISED THE WAR TO A
THOUSAND POPULATED SUNS...

--NOR DOES HE
EMBRACE THE
EARTH-- WITH ITS
WARPED AND
WAYWARD GAMES.

THE TORMENTED ROBOT
REJECTS MAN...

DENIES HIM...
CURSES HIM...
HATES HIM.

...AND PITIES
HIM...

THERE IS ONLY
ONE THING THE
ROBOT WANTS
--ONE THING
HE NOW
DESIRES...

PEACE, INNER
PEACE, ETERNAL
PEACE, PEACE
FOUND IN THE
SOLACE OF
NON-EXISTENCE.

EPILOG:

SO THIS IS
THE COMBATOID
THAT KILLED
ITSELF AFTER
THE BATTLE.

ACCORDING
TO OUR MICRO-
FILES--GOR-ONE
SEVENTEEN'S
COMMITTED SUICIDE
THREE TIMES THIS
YEAR.

IT'S JUST A
MATTER OF PROPER
PROGRAMMING.

BY THE WAY--
DID YOU SEE THE
GAMES LAST
NIGHT?

THERE WAS
THIS ROBOT FROM
TITAN WHO WAS
UNBEATABLE.

RAISE HIS
SURVIVAL FACTOR
ANOTHER TEN
DEGREES.

OUR SECTOR
MISSED IT BECAUSE
OF INTERFERENCE--
AND I HAD BETS
RIDING ON THE
FIGHT.

OH WELL--
I GUESS THAT'S
LIFE.

CAN THERE
EVER BE...AN
END?

YEAH, AND
I GUESS THIS
IT!

MEXICO WAS ALIVE WITH THE SOUNDS AND SIGHTS OF THE UPCOMING **FESTIVAL OF DEATH**... WHERE ALL THOSE THINGS THAT ARE MOST TO BE **FEARED** RAISE THEIR UGLY LITTLE HEADS...

THAT **SKULL**-
I'LL TAKE IT.

IS IT TRUE...? CAN
YOU REALLY **EAT**
THESE THINGS?

SI'-- IF YOU
CARE TO.

TO **SHARON PARKER**, IT WAS BUT ANOTHER **QUAINT AMUSEMENT** ON HER **TRAVEL AGENCY TOUR** OF MEXICO.

A PERSONALLY
SIGNED **SUGAR-
COATED CANDY
SKULL**... FOR MY
DINING AND DANC-
ING PLEASURE!
HA!

HOW
DELIGHTFULLY
MORBID!

SHARON

PLEASE HELP
ME... I WANT TO
DIE... DIE...

WHAT ARE THEY
GOING TO THINK
OF NEXT...?

...BUT
FOR ME
TO **DIE**...

...I MUST
KILL...!
WHY?

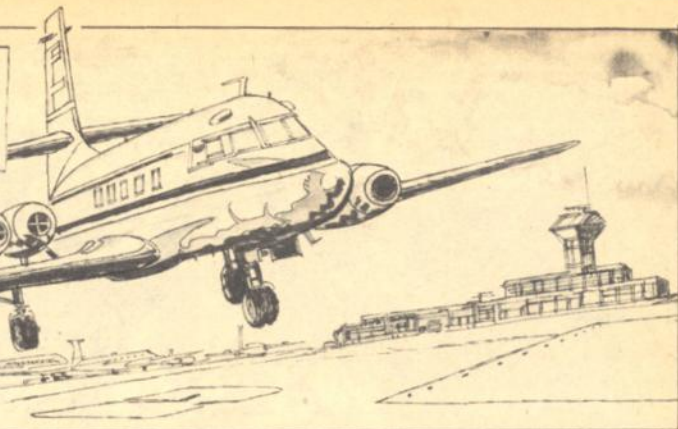
I REALLY MUST
BE GETTING
BACK... **EH?**
WHO'S THERE??

EEE--YAAAAH!

HEE! HEE! HEE!
KIND OF GRABS YOU,
EH? SEEMS LIKE OLÉ
SHARON WAS SCARED
RIGHT OUT OF HER **SKULL!**
AND SUCH A TASTY ONE
AT THAT! YUM! YUM!

DEATH WISH!

SHADOWS-- THEY CAN ALTER PERSPECTIVES AND HIDE THINGS BEST LEFT **UNFOUND**. BUT THERE SEEMED TO BE NO SHADOWS IN THE COMFORTING LIGHT OF **MORNING** WHEN **GRAY** AND **LAURA TRENT** FLEW IN...



...AND WHEN **GRAY TRENT**, FAMOUS **AMERICAN JOURNALIST**, VACATIONS IN OUR HUMBLE VILLA, I IN MY CAPACITY AS POLICE CAPTAIN GREET HIM IN PERSON.

...AND SEE THAT HE HAS **NOTHING** TO WRITE ABOUT!

HOW VERY **STRANGE...** **COFFINS** BEING USED AS CONCESSION TABLES, SELLING THE MOST **HORRID** ITEMS...EDIBLE GROTESQUERIES!

SUDDENLY...

IF I WERE YOU, I WOULD NOT BE SO ANXIOUS...

IT'S THE **FESTIVAL OF DEATH**. BUT WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT--YOU'LL REALLY SEE SOMETHING THEN.

WHAT?! ALBERTO, WHAT ARE THOSE PEOPLE DOING. GET THEM OUT OF THERE--**HURRY!**



IN THE MOMENT OF SHOUTING VOICES AND DANCING BODIES, A SINGLE TWISTED **SHADOW-OF-A-MAN** STEPPED UP TO THE CAR...

SEÑORITA--SSSST! PLEASE, A **GIFT** FOR A FAIR VISITOR.

WHA... WHAT IS IT?

YOU LIKE... NO?

I-- I GUESS SO...

DEAR GOD! IT HAS MY NAME ON IT! HOW DID YOU...

HE- HE'S **GONE!**

DON'T BE ALARMED. I INFORMED THE **MERCHANTS** OF YOUR ARRIVAL. YOU ARE **PRIVILEGED GUESTS** OF THE FESTIVAL. HE MEANT WELL.



SOON, AFTER ARRIVING
AT THEIR HOTEL...



HMMM--
OF COURSE
NOT.

I'VE TAKEN SPECIAL
PRECAUTIONS.
UNFORTUNATELY THERE
HAVE BEEN SEVERAL
BRUTAL **MURDERS**
THE LAST FEW
NIGHTS...

THE **LAST** WAS AN
AMERICAN TOURIST.
HOWEVER, IT SHALL
NOT BE REPEATED!
WE WOULDN'T WANT
YOUR **HUSBAND**
HAVING THE WRONG
IMPRESSION OF
OUR CITY, EH?

BUT I WOULDN'T
WORRY. THE
SUSPECTED KILLER
WAS STOPPED
TRYING TO
ESCAPE US.

HE'S
DOWN AT THE
MORGUE...



THAT NIGHT, THE **SHADOWS** RETURNED,
SEEMINGLY THICKEST AMIDST THE COLD-
STONE WALLS AND DESOLATION OF THE
LOCAL **MORGUE**.



A SINGLE, LONE FIGURE
LIES STILL, **SHADOWS**
DRAWN ACROSS HIM LIKE
A BLANKET...

BUT THEN THE **SHADOWS MOVE**, THE
BLANKET IS THROWN OFF...



STILL ALIVE! I
WANTED TO DIE.
DAMN YOU, **OLD**
MASTER, STOP
CALLING ME!



I WANT
TO DIE...

... **DIE**...



...**DIE**...



NIGHT CLOSED LIKE A CANOPE ABOUT THE WINDOWS OF THE TRENT'S HOTEL ROOM...

I DON'T LIKE IT HERE, I'M NOT SURE WHY. MAYBE IT'S THAT HORRID **FESTIVAL** GRAY DRAGGED ME TO TONIGHT, AND THOSE **MURDERS...**



I-- I ALMOST WISH GRAY HAD **NEVER** BROUGHT ME HERE.

SOMEDAY, OLD MASTER, I WILL **KILL** YOU-- THEN MAYBE I CAN DIE.



THEN THERE IS **PANIC**, MADNESS AMIDST THE BROKEN-GLASS CONFUSION...

EE-EEEEAAHHHHH!



LAURA!
LAURA!



SHADOWS TICK FASTER. A CHILL WIND FANS GRAY'S **DESPERATION**, THE NIGHT'S SILENCE KINDLES HIS **PANIC...**

SEÑOR, MY CAR-- YOU ARE TAKING MY CAR. ALTO! ALTO!

WORD TRAVELS FAST IN THESE PARTS-- AND WHEN **CAPTAIN HORATIO CHAVEZ** WANTS TO KNOW SOMETHING, IT TRAVELS EVEN **FASTER!**

WHAT?! THE **AMERICAN** WILL BE FURIOUS... AND SO WILL HIS **EMBASSY!** TWO AMERICAN WOMEN KILLED IN TWO NIGHTS.

LET'S HURRY --WE MUST **FIND** LAURA TRENT!



NIGHT OF THE ETERNAL DEATH--
PRAYERS OFFERED IN PAINFUL SCREAMS,
HUMAN SWEAT PROVIDING THE ONLY
INCENSE. WHEN **FORGOTTEN** MEMORIES
RETURN LIKE A FEVER TO THE MIND--
THINGS ANCIENT, THINGS EVIL.

EVEN THE UNBURIED DEAD, ONCE-
HUMAN HUSKS, LEFT TO DRY IN
UNKEMPT CATACOMBS FOR LACK
OF PECOS-- EVEN THEY SEEM TO
MUSTER WIND-- SOFT WAILS AS
THEY HEAR THE FRENZY ABOVE
THEM.

IN SPITE OF THE FERMENTIVE HEAT,
IN SHADOWS PEOPLE DRAW THEIR
COATS AND SHAWLS TIGHTER.

AHH, THERE
YOU ARE, **ESTABAN**.
A BODY FOR THE
OLD MASTER, NOW
WHAT DO YOU
HAVE FOR ME?

DEATH, OLD
ONE: YOU CAN
HAVE THIS
YOUNG, SWEET
CARCASS--MINE
TOO--IF ONLY YOU
CAN GIVE ME
DEATH!

DEATH,
NO-- BUT
GOLD I
HAVE! I...

DAMN YOUR
GOLD--THE OLD
MASTER IS
CALLING IN MY
HEAD.

CURSE THE DAY I
CHOSE **SUICIDE** WHERE
YOUR EVIL EYES
COULD SEE OLD
WITCH!

TRENT! SEÑOR
TRENT!

CHAVEZ!
MY WIFE,
SHE'S...

SI, WE KNOW
...PERHAPS
YOU'D BEST
STAY WITH
US.



AND SOMEWHERE, IN THE OMNIPRESENT DARKNESS OF A HOLLOW ROOM, HOLLOW SAVE FOR A RICKETY CHAIR AND A
BROKEN MAN...

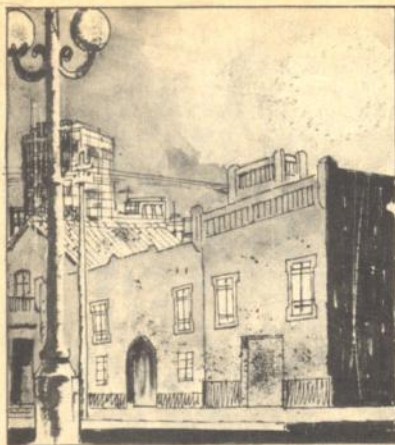
ESTABAN--
HE IS COMING, I
CAN FEEL IT. HE
WILL COME AND
ONCE MORE TRY
TO KILL ME.

BUT SHE WON'T
LET HIM... THE
OLD WITCH
WON'T LET
HIM...

SHE HAS
NEED OF HER
BODIES-- AND
I AM A
FAITHFUL
SERVANT...

IT'S A SHAME... ESTABAN
DOES NOT
UNDERSTAND--
IMMORTALITY!





DESPERATE, ANGRY FOOTFALLS...
THE OLD, ROTTING DOOR
BUCKLES AND SPLINTERS, LIGHT
STABBING AT THE SMALL ROOM.

ESTABAN!
WHERE IS TONIGHT'S
VICTIM...



**YOU, OLD
MASTER-- TONIGHT,
YOU ARE MY
VICTIM!**

**NO!
STAY AWAY...
YOU CAN'T!!!**

**I WILL TAKE
DEATH, OLD MASTER
... FIRST YOURS...
THEN MINE!**

**VIOLENT NIGHT,
UNHOLY NIGHT--
THE VERY AIR
PRICKLED WITH
DEATH FOR
ESTABAN...**



**IT WAS LIKE SOME
INCOMPREHENSIBLE,
HELLISH
NIGHTMARE --
BUT ONE HE WOULD
NEVER WAKE
FROM...**

**THE OLD
MASTER... ONE
OF THE
UNDEAD...**

**...TONIGHT
WAS FOR
TERROR!**

**NO!
IT CAN'T BE
REAL...**



**ESTABAN HAD MERELY
PROVIDED THE OLD ONE
MERCY HE HAD SOUGHT
FOR HIMSELF.**

A DRY, WITHERED VOICE
WHEEZES WORDS THAT
STARTLE ESTABAN...

SWEET MARY
IN HEAVEN -- I
DON'T WANT TO
LIVE!

IT IS REAL, ESTABAN
...HEE HEE HEE. HE
WAS MERELY
ANOTHER OF MY
ZOMBIES...

...LIKE YOU.
I MADE
HIM LIVE
AGAIN.

OH, BUT I **NEED** YOU TO BRING ME VICTIMS. YOU SEE,
I, TOO, WAS **CURSED** WITH LIFE. I, TOO, WILL LIVE
FOREVER!

**IMMORTALITY IS A CURSE, ESTABAN! I CAN NOT
DIE, BUT STILL I MUST EXPERIENCE DEATH...
AND IF NOT MY
OWN... THEN IT
MUST BE THE
DEATH OF OTHERS!**

AND ONCE **THEY**
ARE DEAD, I CALL
THEM BACK AS THE
LIVING DEAD. I SEND
THEM OUT THERE IN THE
FESTIVAL AND THEY MUST
FIND **OTHER** BODIES
FOR ME. LIKE **YOU**
FOUND BODIES
FOR ME!

THEN, FINALLY, ONE
OF MY **ZOMBIES**
WILL KILL ME... LET
ME GO TO MY REST
...**HE** WILL HAVE TO
SEARCH FOR **MORE**
BODIES IN MY
PLACE...

NO MORE,
WITCH! NO
MORE!

WHA...?

NOOOO!
YOU TOO!
YOU TOO!

YOU WILL NEVER DIE,
ESTABAN... HEE HEE HEE
... NEVER DIE!

...NOW YOU WILL
HAVE TO SEARCH FOR
SOMEONE TO KILL...
HEE HEE HEE!

YAAAAHHH!

GAAAAHHHHH!

ELSEWHERE IN THE EXPLODING NIGHT



LAURA!
LAURA! THANK
GOD!

GRAY?

...HORRIBLE. HE WAS ALL
WHITE, WHITE LIKE A DEAD
MAN-- HIS SKIN WAS LIKE
ICE! I...

EEE-AAHHHHHHH!

WAIT!
LISTEN...

HURRY-- IT
COMES FROM
THE NEXT BLOCK
OVER!



THIS NIGHT WOULD LONG
BE REMEMBERED AS ONE
OF UNMATCHABLE HORROR--
BUT NOT EVEN **THEY** WERE
PREPARED FOR THAT FINAL
SIGHT...

GOOD
LORD!

NOOO! YOU
ARE **ZOMBIES** TOO!
YOU'RE **ALL** ZOMBIES
-- I'VE GOT TO FIND
A **REAL** PERSON...

... SOMEONE
ALIVE...

... BUT YOU
ARE **ALL**
ZOMBIES!!!



ZOMBODIE
BETTER DO SOMETHING
ABOUT RIPPER THERE. GOT
THE RIGHT IDEA, THO...
REALLY INTERESTED IN THE
INNER PERSON. ARE YOU
REAL FLESH AND BLOOD--
ALIVE? GREAT! YOU'RE
JUST WHO OL' ESTABAN
WOULD LIKE TO **MEAT!**
HEE HEE HEE!

SLEEP DRAPES MARK NYMAN IN A BLISTERING BLANKET OF TORMENT, FOR HE IS DREAMING... AND HIS DREAM IS A NIGHTMARE...



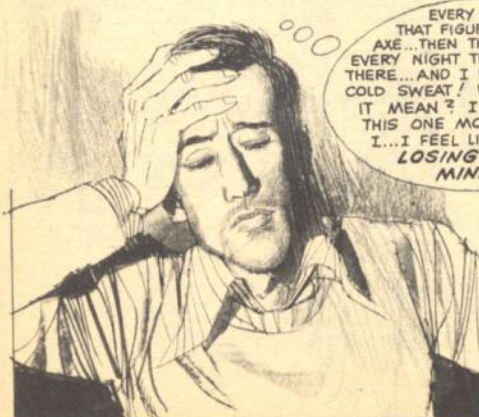
MARSHA, HIS FIRST WIFE... THEIR MARRIAGE WAS AS STORMY AS THE NIGHT! SHE DISAPPEARED... A CRUEL, PERFUNCTORY NOTE HER ONLY GOODBYE...



AS PAINFUL MEMORY IN THE EYE OF SLEEP TORTURES MARK NYMAN, AN ENIGMA APPEARS EACH NIGHT... THE IMAGE OF A MAN-NYMAN? - CHOPPING UP SOMETHING WITH AN AXE... BUT WHAT?



HE LIES AWAKE IN BED 'TIL MORNING... 9... 10 THEN 11, WHILE OUTSIDE, THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTIONS, OR A PIECE OF IT AT LEAST, LIES WAITING ON HIS DOORSTEP...



IT SEEMS LIKE JUST ANOTHER SPECIAL DELIVERY PACKAGE TO HIM, BUT SOMEHOW HE SENSES THERE IS SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG HERE...



THE PUZZLEMENT, THEN THE FEAR PLAYS ACROSS HIS FACE LIKE SHADY FIGURES ACROSS A BADLY-LIT STAGE... HIS EYES OPEN WIDE AS A CRUEL, PERFUNCTORY NOTE MAKES CONTACT!



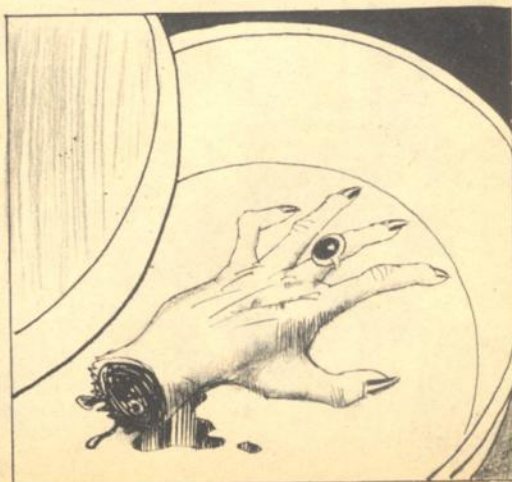
I'm handing you your death sentence, Mark! You'll pay for killing me!



WH-WHAT KIND OF ABSURD GAG IS THIS. YOU'LL PAY FOR KILLING ME? STUPID PRANK...BUT, GOOD LORD! THEN WHY IS MY HAND TREMBLING? WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE IN HERE THAT I SHOULD...**FEAR?** THIS IS RIDICULOUS! MY NIGHTMARES ARE GETTING THE BEST OF ME!...YOU IDIOT, OPEN THE BOX!



AUGH!!





GREETINGS AGAIN, FEAR FREAKS! ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU AROUND THE WORLD'S MOST GHOULISH MAIL ROUTE! OF COURSE, IT HAS MY **STAMP** OF APPROVAL, BUT ALLOW ME TO **POST** A WARNING TO ALL YOU FAINT-OF-HEART! ON **THIS** ROUTE, PEOPLE HAVE SOME PRETTY FEARSOME THINGS, DELIVERED TO THEIR DOOR... THINGS THAT REACH RIGHT OUT AND **ENVELOPE** YOU WITH **FEAR**! COME WATCH WITH ME NOW AS MARK NYMAN DISCOVERS THAT THESE THINGS HAVE A TENDENCY TO KEEP COMING... AND COMING... AND COMING... LIKE THEY'RE ALL PART OF SOME STRANGE...

PACKAGE DEAL.

BUT HE SOON CHANGES HIS MIND, AS HIS RAGE OF HORROR IS SLOWLY REPLACED BY A CREEPING, SHOCKING REALIZATION...

OPERATOR,
GET ME THE POLICE!
...YES, I'LL HOLD
ON...

WAIT A
MINUTE!...DEAR GOD,
NOW I KNOW WHAT IT ALL
MEANS! MY MIND IS SUDDENLY
SO CLEAR! THE HAND...GOOD
LORD, IT'S **HER** HAND...B-BUT
HOW CAN IT BE??...
DEAR JESUS!! I...I'M A
MURDERER!

OPERATOR?
ON SECOND
THOUGHT,
NEVER MIND...

NOW I REMEMBER...WE
HAD ANOTHER ONE OF OUR
FIGHTS...EXCEPT THAT THIS ONE TOUCHED
OFF SOMETHING INSIDE ME THAT NIGHT!
I-I JUST SNAPPED! THE CRAZY DAY-
DREAM I'D BEEN HAVING OF KILLING MY
WIFE SUDDENLY TOOK THE FORM
OF REALITY!

I KNOW
YOU CAN'T STAND
THE SIGHT OF
ME, MARSHA!
YOU MAY THANK ME
NOW THOUGH, MY
LOVE! YOU'LL NEVER
ABOUT IT
AGAIN!

ONCE DEAD, MARSHA COULDN'T
LIFT A FINGER TO STOP ME AS I
CARRIED HER BODY INTO THE BATH-
TUB AND SLOWLY DISMEMBERED
IT WITH AN AXE...



STILL IN MY INSANE STATE, I DUMPED THE PIECES OF THE BODY INTO A LAUNDRY BAG FROM THE HAMPER! IN MY CONDITION, I HADN'T THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO THINK TO DESTROY THE SACK, SO I RAN MADLY LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HIDE IT...



I STUFFED THE LAUNDRY BAG IN...GOOD GOD! THE MAILBOX ON THE CORNER! BUT THAT WAS THREE YEARS AGO! WHY WASN'T THE SACK FOUND? WHY WASN'T I CAUGHT?



OF COURSE! THAT WAS THE MAILBOX THAT WAS DISLODGED AND SWEEPED AWAY IN THAT GREAT FLOOD THREE YEARS AGO! NO WONDER THEY NEVER FOUND MARSHA'S BODY... THEY NEVER FOUND THE MAILBOX!

AND THAT NOTE...THE CLEVEREST TOUCH OF ALL! I IMITATED HER HANDWRITING IN A KISSOFF LETTER SO WELL THAT AFTERWARD NEITHER I NOR THE POLICE GRAPHOLOGISTS COULD TELL THE DIFFERENCE! BUT NOW I SEE IT...



I CAN STILL SEE THAT HAND OF HERS PRODUCING THOSE BEAUTIFUL LOVE LETTERS! SMALL, DAINTY, WITH A HARDNESS TO ITS PENMANSHIP THAT AT FIRST SEEMED LIKE AN ENDEARING INCONGRUITY! BUT IT WAS THE CRUEL SCRAWL OF A DAMNED SHREW! I CAN STILL HEAR THE RAPING OF HER CHARM BRACELET AGAINST THE DESK AS SHE WROTE! HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE LOVE-LETTERS WERE FOR SOMEONE ELSE... OR THAT HER BRACELET WAS TAPPING OUT THE PEATH-KNELL TO OUR MARRIAGE?

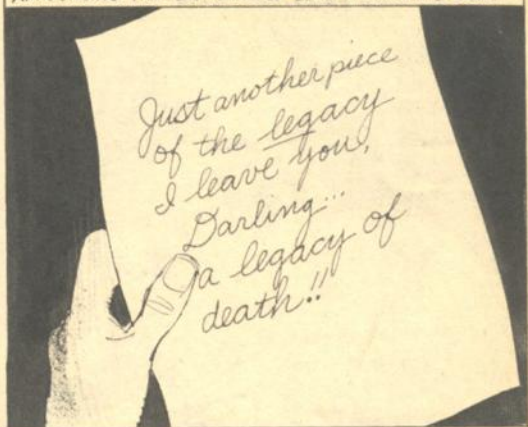
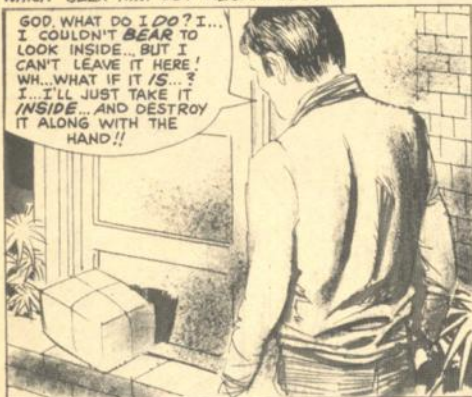


BUT THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT...HER HAND WROTE THIS NOTE! B-BUT HOW CAN THAT BE? SHE'S DEAD!!? OR-OR CAN SHE BE GETTING HER REVENGE NOW... WRITING ME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE???



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, NYMAN FEARS TO EVEN STEP OUTSIDE FOR FEAR THAT THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE MIGHT MAKE GOOD ITS THREAT... HE IS NOT SPARED FROM THE HORRIBLE DELIVERIES, WHICH SEEK HIM OUT REGARDLESS...

AND THE NOTES WHICH ACCOMPANY THE PACKAGES CONTINUE IN THEIR MACABRE SENSE OF HUMOR ANNOUNCING THE CONTENTS OF EACH NIGHTMARE BOX...



AS THE DAYS PASS WITH AGONIZING SLOWNESS, NYMAN BECOMES INURED TO THE SHOCK OF RECEIVING THE PACKAGES...

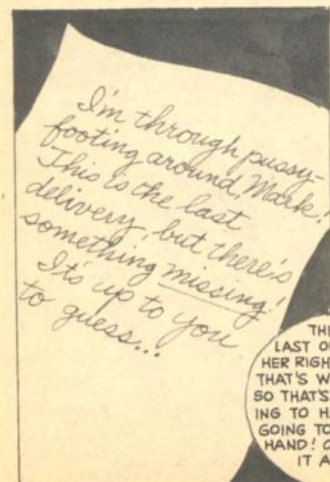


YES...YES... JUST GIVE ME THE PACKAGE!

ONE BY ONE, THE COMPONENTS OF MARSHA NYMAN'S CORPSE ARE RE-UNITED IN HER HUSBAND'S FURNACE... HE THRUSTS THE PACKAGES INTO THE BLAZE AND DISCOVERS WHAT THEY CONTAIN ONLY AS THEY BURN...



AND IT IS THIS CLAWING, GRASPING HAND WHICH APPEARS IN NYMAN'S DREAMS THAT NIGHT TO HAUNT HIM...



IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO DISCOVER WHAT WAS MISSING...



THIS IS THE LAST OF IT...EXCEPT HER RIGHT HAND! THAT'S WHAT SHE MEANT, SO THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN...I'M GOING TO DIE BY HER HAND! CAN'T I STOP IT AT ALL?

HE WAITS BREATHLESSLY ALL THE NEXT DAY, UNTIL FINALLY, IT COMES... WHATEVER IT IS, IT IS THE MOMENT HE AWAITS... THE MOMENT WHEN HE WILL FACE HIS WOULD-BE EXTERMINATOR...



WHAT? ANOTHER ONE? SHE SAID LAST NIGHT'S WAS THE LAST ONE! THEN THIS MUST BE IT! HER BIG CHANCE!... WELL, I'M GOING TO SPOIL IT, JUST LIKE I SPOILED HER LAST ONE! SHE'S NOT GOING TO GET ME!!



HOURS PASS, AND THE UN-RELENTING RAIN CONTINUES ITS TERRIBLE DOWNPOUR... AT THE NYMAN'S, MRS. NYMAN IS RETURNING HOME...

SHE UNLOCKS THE DOOR... IT OPENS, HER FOOT STRIKES SOMETHING AND IT ROLLS INSIDE WHILE SHE GROPE FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH AND DISCOVERS...

...A HUMAN HEAD!!



HYSTERICAL SCREAMS ALERT NEIGHBORS, AND
WITHIN HALF AN HOUR...



DON'T YOU SEE
...ISOB?... IT WAS HIS
BIRTHDAY, THAT'S WHY
I CAME HOME! I WAS AT
MY MOTHER'S! HE SAID
EVERYTHING WAS ALL
RIGHT! ...ISOB! WHY
HE'D WANT... WHY ANY-
BODY'D WANT TO DO
SO GHASTLY A
THING...

I'M SORRY
TO HAVE TO TELL
YOU THIS, BUT YOUR
HUSBAND'S FINGERPRINTS
ARE ALL OVER THE
AXE... SINCE HE IS
MISSING...

AND ON A DRENCHED,
WIND-SWEPT STREET
A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...

I THINK WE'RE
TOO LATE! DARNED WIND
MUST'VE BLOWN THAT
MAILBOX RIGHT OVER... THEY
CAN BE PRETTY HEAVY
WHEN THEY'RE
FULL YOU KNOW!



GET THE STRETCH-
ER OVER HERE... DOC, IS
HE GONNA MAKE IT?
THESE STORMS! EVERY-
THING GOES NUTS IN 'EM!
GONNA HAVE ANOTHER
FLOOD, I'LL BET...



ANY
IDENTIFICATION?

NAME'S
NYMAN.
MARK
NYMAN...

ANYTHING
ELSE?



MRS. NYMAN, WE FOUND
THIS ON THE LAWN.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA
WHAT IT IS?

THAT?
THAT'S HIS
BIRTHDAY PRESENT!
I WAS HAVING
IT DELIVERED
...ISOB!...

HEY! ISN'T
THIS THAT MAILBOX
THAT DISAPPEARED
THREE YEARS AGO?
NEVER SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE IT...!



HEY LOOK!
THAT CRAZY
SIGN THOSE KIDS
PAINTED ON
THIS BOX...



JUST THIS.
WE FOUND IT
LYING BESIDE
THE BODY...


WELL,
THERE'S ONE
FELLOW WHOSE
STAMPING GROUND
FROM NO ON IS SURE
TO BE THE DEAD LETTER
OFFICE! BUT WHAT CAN
YOU EXPECT FROM A GUY
WHO OVER RE-AXE EVERY
TIME HE HAS AN ARGUE-
MENT WITH A FE-MAIL?
WELL, PONDER THAT
ONE WHILE I MAKE
A SPECIAL DELIVERY
OF OUR NEXT
TERROR-TALE...



Dracula

AN EXCLUSIVE
8-PAGE PREVIEW
of
WARREN PUBLISHING'S
ALL NEW
FULL-COLOR
120-PAGE BOOK
of
SUSPENSE,
HORROR
and
FANTASY





THE VIYI WATCHED AND GLARED...ITS EYES STARED COLD WITH LUSTFUL ANTICIPATION...ANOTHER WOULD SOON ENTER ITS REALM OF THE DEAD...ANOTHER WOULD SOON BE WRITHING UNDER ITS BONEY FINGERS...TWISTING TO ITS WARPED COMMAND...THE VIYI NEVER SMILER...IT COULDN'T...IT JUST WAITED...AS IT HAS WAITED FOR TEN MILLION YEARS PAST...AS IT WILL WAIT FOR TEN MILLION AGES TO COME...THE VIYI WAS DEATH...AND SOON ALL MUST COME ITS WAY...



SHE SLEEPS AN *ETERNAL SLEEP*...AND SHE WAITS...WAITS FOR THE *VII* TO COME TO HER...TO TAKE HER SLENDER HAND AND GUIDE HER THROUGH THE REGIONS OF *DEATH*...

AND THE *VII* WILL COME FOR *MELINDA DAWN*... FOR *MELINDA* SLEEPS THE RESTLESS SLEEP OF THE *UNDEAD*!

SHE WILL *WALK* ONCE AGAIN... BUT SHE WILL WALK THE *CAREFUL* STEPS OF A *HUNGRY HUNTER*!

AND SHE WILL *THIRST*... BUT THE COOL TASTE OF *WATER* WILL NOT SATISFY HER... ONLY THE WARM HEAVY LIQUID OF *CRIMSON BLOOD* WILL QUENCH THE APPETITE OF *MELINDA DAWN*... *VAMPIRE!!*

THE VVI

ART AND STORY BY ESTEBAN MAROTO



AH, MR. DAWN...
I AM HERE
AS YOU REQUESTED
... LET US BEGIN
MY TASK
IMMEDIATELY!



QUIETLY, ALMOST
SOMBERLY,
THE TWO
MEN ENTER
THE ANCIENT
MANSION,
AND DESCEND
TO ITS
LOWEST
DEPTHS...



MR. KING...
IT'S MY DAUGHTER
...SHE DIED THIS NIGHT
...BUT IT IS THE DEATH
OF THE UNDEAD!
YOU MUST HELP
HER...PLEASE!

THOMAS KING FOLLOWS THE OLD MAN
THROUGH THE DARKENED CRYPT...BEHIND
HIM HUNGRY RATS SCURRY BACK AND
FORTH DREAMING OF A FEAST OF ROT-
TING FLESH...

PLEASE...
DO NOT LET THE
VAMPIRE CONTROL
HER... FOR HER SAKE
...LET HER DIE IN
BLESSED HEAVEN...



AND THEN
HE SEES HER...
MELINDA DAWN...
MORE BEAUTIFUL
THAN ANY WOMAN
HE HAS EVER
SEEN BEFORE...
GOD, HOW THE
HEAVENS MUST
BE CRYING NOW
THAT SUCH A
LOVELY CREATURE
IS IN THE
POSSESSION OF
THE VIV!...
GOD OF THE
UNDERWORLD!!





KING IS
ALONE NOW...
AND HE WILL SOON
BEGIN HIS FEARSOME
WORK... BUT THE GIRL
IS SO LOVELY...
SO HYPNOTIZINGLY
BEAUTIFUL... "NO!"
HE THINKS HE CAN
NOT KILL HER...
**MELINDA DAWN
MUST NEVER
DIE!!**



BUT KING
KNOWS THAT CAN
NEVER BE... SHE
IS A **VAMPIRE**... SHE
WILL SOON RISE AND
STALK THE INNOCENTS
WHO WALK THE STREETS
ALIVE... HE MUST KILL
HER... **NOW...** BEFORE
IT IS TOO LATE...
**BEFORE SHE
OPENS HER
EYES!!**



THEN, SUDDENLY, KING SEES HIS HOPES ARE GONE... HE HAS STARED IN HELPLESS FASCINATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL TOO LONG... FOR HER EYES OPEN... HER HANDS BEGIN TO RISE...


HER LIPS TREMBLE FOR A MOMENT... AND THEN SHE RISES TO HER FEET... HER DEATHY FRAME COLD WITH THE HORRORS OF HELL ITSELF... KING STARES, TOO TERRIFIED TO MOVE... HE CAN ONLY WATCH... AND PRAY...




HER CRIMSON LIPS PART AND REVEAL TWO LONG VENOMOUS FANGS... FANGS THAT WILL SOON BITE INTO THE WARM FLESH OF MAN... OF THOMAS KING...



SHE CALLS FOR THE LEGIONS OF THE DAMNED... AND WITH THE FIRST SIGHT OF THESE DEMONS OF DEATH, KING SCREAMS A LONG TERRIFYING SCREAM THAT SHATTERS EVEN THE CHAOS OF THIS HELL-STREWN NIGHT!



MELINDA DAWN DANCES
THE DANCE OF THE DEAD...
AND SHE CALLS UPON THE
IMMORTAL VINI TO GIVE TO
HER A MATE FOR ETERNITY...



ALL AT ONCE KING STOPS
HIS FRIGHTENED RETREAT...
HE UNDERSTANDS WHAT
THE LOVELY ONE WANTS...
SHE WISHES FOR HIM...
SHE WISHED FOR HIS COMP-
ANY THROUGHOUT ALL TIME...



KING KNOWS THERE WILL BE A MOMENT
OF PAIN WHEN HE CROSSES THE
THRESHOLD FROM LIFE INTO DEATH...
AND HE WAITS FOR THAT GENTLE
PRICKING OF HIS SKIN TO TELL
HIM HE IS HERS...





FANG YOU SO MUCH FOR TUNING
IN. I'M REALLY GONNA PUT THE *BITE*
ON YOU WITH THIS SHOCKER. DON'T
WOLF IT DOWN NOW...

HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

GOD
ALMIGHTY!



AWWWRRRR!!

DANIEL KRAFT HAD NOT SEEN THE WOLF TILL HE HIT IT. THE
BEAST HAD LEAPT SNARLING FROM SHROUD-BLACK
FOLIAGE.

WHAT
HAPPENED...OH
MY GOD!
BROTHER!



BIGGEST
DAMN THING I'VE
EVER SEEN.



THE STRANGER BENT OVER THE WOLF'S CARCASS, SOBBING, HANDS CLENCHED IN ANGUISH.

THERE WAS NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID, KRAFT DROVE SLOWLY ON CATCHING A FINAL GLIMPSE OF THE STRANGE PET BEING SOLEMNLY CARRIED TO A RUN-DOWN SHACK.

...MY PET, WHY DID YOU...?

I'M DEEPLY SORRY. HE APPEARED FROM NOWHERE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.



WELL, THIS IS IT. PENTAGRAM, NEBRASKA. IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, GRACE'S HOME IS A FEW STREETS UP.



KRAFT'S SISTER WELCOMED HIM HEARTILY. HER EMBRACE TOLD DANIEL SHE DESPERATELY NEEDED HIS COMPANY FOR A TIME. HER HUSBAND'S FUNERAL WAS ONLY TWO DAYS PAST.

OH, IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, DAN.

HOW'S DOTTY TAKING IT, GRACE?





IT MUST BE A SHOCK TO HER, LOSING HER FATHER LIKE THAT. PERHAPS SHE'LL GET OVER IT.

GRACE, YOU WEREN'T TOO SPECIFIC OVER THE PHONE. WHAT EXACTLY KILLED BILL?



BUT ISAAC'S WOLF WASN'T NAMED BROTHER. HE CALLED IT... "GORE".



I'M SO TIRED, DAN. LET ME SHOW YOU TO THE GUEST ROOM. THEN... I'VE GOT TO SLEEP.



SUNRISE. STACCATO RINGING INTERRUPTED A SILENT BREAKFAST.



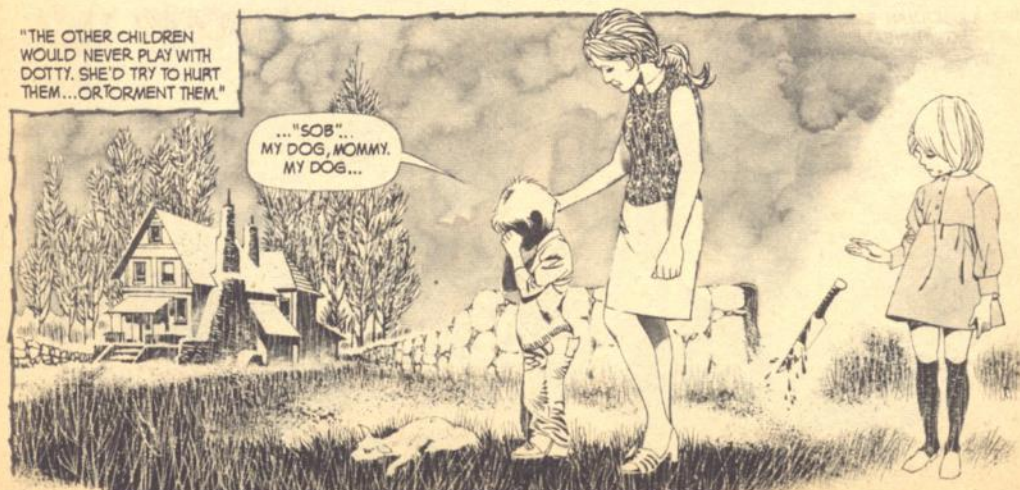
GRACE? THIS'S POLLY. THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE T'KNOW. SHERIFF JUST FOUND ISAAC DRAGUE LYIN' DEAD IN FRONT'VE HIS SHACK. YEAH, GORE WAS STRETCHED OUT JUST BESIDE 'IM.



THAT WAS POLLY, THE OPERATOR. ISAAC WAS FOUND DEAD WITHOUT A MARK ON HIM. SHERIFF DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THE CAUSE OF DEATH. THE WOLF LIE DEAD BY HIS SIDE.



"THE OTHER CHILDREN WOULD NEVER PLAY WITH DOTTY. SHE'D TRY TO HURT THEM...OR TORMENT THEM."



"SHE ALWAYS RAN OFF ALONE INTO THE WOODS. ONCE I FOLLOWED HER. DAN... SHE WAS *PLAYING* WITH THAT HORRIBLE WOLF! IT WOULDN'T HARM HER, BUT I WAS TERRIFIED.

C'MON, GORE. FETCH!

EASY, GRACE. MAYBE DOTTY'S GOING THROUGH SOME TERRIBLE PHASE OF PRE-ADOLESCENCE. LET'S WAIT AWHILE, BEFORE SEEKING PROFESSIONAL HELP.

IF ONLY THINGS WERE SIMPLER, DAN. SIMPLER.

SHE HAD SOME KIND OF *EMPATHY* WITH THE THING!

A WEEK PASSED. WISHING TO APPRECIATE SOME LOCAL COLOR, KRAFT SOON FOUND HIMSELF IN A MODEST PUB.

YOU'RE GRACE'S BROTHER, AREN'T YOU? MIND IF I HAVE A SEAT?

NAME'S MARCH. I KNEW BILL... AWFUL THING, WHA HAPPENED TO HIM I MEAN. WE ALL KNEW DRAGUE'S WOLF DID IT. SHERIFF HAD NO PROOF, THOUGH...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ISAAC DRAGUE?

"AHR, A HANDYMAN BARELY MAKING IT IN A TUMBLEDOWN, WEATHERBEATEN SHACK. FUNNY, BE USED TO HAVE A BROTHER LIVING WITH HIM, BUT THE FELLOW LEFT YEARS AGO. PROBL'Y FOR BETTER PICKINGS.

SOON AFTER, THAT DAMN WOLF SHOWED UP."

WELL, THEY'RE DEAD
AN' BURIED NOW... SIDE
BY SIDE IN BACK OF THE
OLD SHACK. DRAGUE
ALWAYS SAID HE WANTED
IT THAT WAY.

GRACE WAS WAITING FOR HIM AT THE
HOUSE. DISTRAUGHT, TREMBLING...

DAN, SHE'S
RUN OFF. DOTTY!
DO YOU THINK SHE
WENT TO...

THE SENTENCE WAS COMPLETED BY
SILENT, TANGIBLE FEAR. KRAFT CALMED
HER AS BEST HE COULD.

I'LL DRIVE
AROUND, GRACE.
I'M SURE TO
LOCATE HER.

STRANGE.
EXTREMELY
SO.

HE DROVE STRAIGHT TO THE SHACK.
GLOOMY, REPULSIVE... EVEN BY DAY.

SHE STOOD IN SILENT REVERIE, ABSORBED
IN THE HASTY TWIN GRAVES, EYES DEVOURING
A MOST UNCANNY SCENE.

I SOMEHOW
DREAD FINDING
HER OUT IN BACK.





TIME TO GO, DOTTY. DO YOU KNOW YOUR MOTHER IS WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU?

JUST WAIT, GORE AN' ME'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN, PLAYING. WAIT AND SEE.

MOLES! THAT'S THE ANSWER. THIS AREA COULD WELL BE INFESTED BY THEM. GRUESOME SIGHT, THOUGH.

THE STORM BEAT AT THE HOUSE UNRELENTINGLY, UNLEASHING A BILLION SHRIEKING CURSES OF RAIN ON ROOF AND PANES, ITS HYSTERIC WARNING WAS AUDIBLE, YET UNHEEDED.



AND BENEATH POOLS OF SLIMY MUD, THE TUNNEL OF THE... MOLE?... CONTINUED. THE FURROW SLOWLY NEARED THE DIRT-SOFTENED ADJOINING GRAVE.





DID YOU KNOW
ISAAC DRAGUE HAD
A BROTHER?

DID HE EVER
RETURN?

NO, AND NO ONE
CARED. ISAAC MISSED
HIM, BUT I GUESS HE
REPLACED RAYMOND
WITH THAT AWFUL
WOLF. MAYBE IT WAS
THE SAME ONE THAT
BIT RAY.

YES RAYMOND. I
LAST SAW HIM TWO YEARS
AGO. HE WAS LEAVING FOR THE
CITY HOSPITAL WITH A
RIDICULOUS BANDAGE ON HIS
ARM. CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN
BITTEN BY SOME ANIMAL.

BUT NO, HE,
WOULD'VE
GOTTEN RID OF IT.
ISAAC LOVED HIS
BROTHER. WONDER
IF THEY KEPT IN
TOUCH?



A **FULL MOON!**
IT'S... ALL HE
NEEDS!

THE JOYOUS SCREAMING PARALYZED
THEM, AND THEY COULD NOT MOVE
UNTIL THE LITTLE GIRL HAD BOLTED
FROM THE HOUSE INTO THE RAINY,
BANSHEE-WIND STREET.



DOTTY!



WAIT FOR
ME. I'M GOING
OUT AFTER
HER.

WHY IS SHE
GOING BACK
THERE? **WHY?**

A MAZE OF POTHOLES AND MUDDY DITCHES IMPEDED THE CAR'S PROGRESS. KRAFT KNEW THE CHILD HAD BEATEN HIM TO THE SHACK EVEN BEFORE HE HEARD THE TUMULTUOUS CRY.

IT'S FINISHED!

DOTTY... FOR GOD'S SAKE. LET'S GET OUT OF THIS DOWNPOUR.

THEY'RE TOGETHER AGAIN... JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.

LISTEN! WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING... IT'S ALL FANTASY! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?

ISAAC AND RAYMOND. MR. DRAGUE AND GORE. THEY'RE GONNA PLAY WITH ME...

NOW HEAR ME OUT! YOU'RE THINKING RAYMOND DRAGUE WAS BITTEN BY A WEREWOLF, AND THAT HE BECAME ONE! DOTTY... IT'S ALL YOUR IMAGINA...

FOR THE FIRST TIME, KRAFT NOTICED THE FURROW HAD COMPLETELY JOINED THE TWIN GRAVES.

THEN HE GAPED AT THE OBSCENE DRIPPING MOUND RISING FROM DAMP, SOGGY EARTH.

ISAAC DRAGUE
1925 - 1972

GORE

MY GOD!
WHAT...?

BORN OF INSANE, UNDYING WILL... SUPERNATURAL ENERGIES
... GOD KNOWS *WHAT*... IT REARED UP FROM THE CRUMBLING
GRAVE. A ROTTING, INTERWOVEN HORROR.

SEEKING VENGEANCE ON THE MORTAL WHO DARED KILL THEM...
IT!



YAAA-AAA!!

FETCHING LASS,
ISN'T SHE? BRINGS OUT
THE WOLF IN ME...



THE SWEETSCENT OF MORNING CRISPNESS
IS REDOLENT UPON THE AIR AND SHE
AWAKENS, IN A BED OF ROSES...

PRETTY ROSES TO
GREET ME FROM SLEEP
LIKE BLOSSOMING
FRIENDS... FRIENDS TELLING
ME IT'S ALL RIGHT,
EVERYTHING'S FINE!

DREAMS RECEDE,
CAPITULATE TO
IMPLACABLE REALITY,
AND SHE LONGS FOR
HER SOOTHING...

BED of ROSES

SHE AWAKENS AND VISION CLEARS, FANTASY FADES, AND HER BED OF BELOVED ROSES IS
NAUGHT BUT TITULAR...

MY BEAUTIFUL ROSES... DINGY BEDSHEETS...
GONE, NO MORE FRIENDS TO ASSURE ME
IT'S ALL RIGHT... THEY'VE LEFT ME...
LIKE ALL MY FRIENDS...

ROSE! GET UP!
YOU'LL BE LATE
FOR WORK!

SHE SHUFFLES DOWN THE NARROW HALLWAY, HER EYES BLEARY, SLEEP ONLY A FRIEND WHO HAS ONCE AGAIN FORSAKEN HER...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU WON'T BE LATE? ITS PAST EIGHT RIGHT NOW! HONESTLY, ROSE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOU!

THE BATHROOM—FOUR WALLS, TILED PERPENDICULAR AND OPPRESSIVE... SHE BRUSHES HER HAIR AND TEETH IN— THE BATHROOM...



BATHROOM IS SO SMALL... CROWDING ME, DOESN'T WANT ME TO BREATHE— TO BLOSSOM...

STIFLING, LIKE THE CLOSET... THE CLOSET INTO WHICH NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRLS ARE CONFINED FOR COMMITTING INSCRUTABLE TRANSGRESSIONS AGAINST DOMINANT AUTHORITY...



MOMMY! LET ME OUT, MOMMY! IT'S SMALL IN HERE, MOMMY, SO SMALL! THERE'S NO ROOM TO BREATHE! I WON'T RUN AWAY AGAIN, MOMMY! I PROMISE— JUST LET ME...

MOTHER—AUSTERE, DISGRUNTLED, IMPATIENT, CONCERNED ONLY BECAUSE HER ROUTINE HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED— MOTHER...

YOU'RE NOT STARTING THAT AGAIN, ARE YOU? YOU'RE TWENTY YEARS OLD, ROSE! AND YOU CAN'T GROW UP! YOU'RE **CRAZY**, ROSE, YOU KNOW THAT? YOU'RE **CRAZY!**



I—I'M SORRY, MOTHER... I JUST GOT FRIGHTENED HERE IN THE CLOSET... IT'S SO SMALL...



... OUT! LET ME OUT MOMMY! I CAN'T BREATHE! I'M AFRAID...

CLOSET? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? CLOSET? YOU WERE IN THE BATHROOM, ROSE, THE BATHROOM!



YES, MOTHER, THE BATHROOM... THAT'S WHAT I SAID... THE BATHROOM'S TOO SMALL, I HAVE TO GO TO WORK NOW, MOTHER, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME I WAS LATE?

WORK-SOMETHING CLOSE TO YOUR HEART,
SOMETHING YOU ENJOY, SURROUNDED BY
COMFORTING SOLACE, A SANCTUARY FROM
IDLE TIME - WORK...

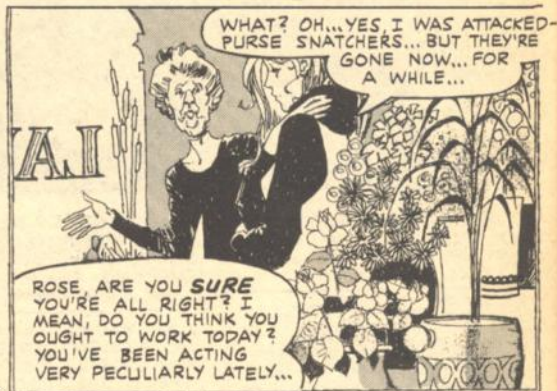
I'M SURE YOUR
WIFE WILL JUST LOVE THOSE FLOWERS,
SIR, HAVE A GOOD DAY...OH, HERE COMES
MY HELP-SHE'S A LITTLE LATE, BUT
SHE NEEDN'T RUN
LIKE THAT!



THEY'RE AFTER ME!...
THEY'LL GET ME!

WHY, ROSE...WHAT'S
WRONG WITH YOU?
DID SOMEONE ATTACK
YOU? WERE YOU HURT?

RELIEF-CONTERMINOUS WITH THE BOUNDRIES OF
THE FLORIST SHOP, COEXISTENT WITH THE OMNI-
PRESENCE OF FLORAL BEAUTY, ELEGANCE,
BENEVOLENCE, FAMILIARITY-RELIEF...



WHAT? OH...YES, I WAS ATTACKED-
PURSE SNATCHERS... BUT THEY'RE
GONE NOW...FOR
A WHILE...

ROSE, ARE YOU SURE
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT? I
MEAN, DO YOU THINK YOU
OUGHT TO WORK TODAY?
YOU'VE BEEN ACTING
VERY PECULIARLY LATELY...

I'M FINE. REALLY, I AM
I WANT TO WORK. I LIKE

WORKING HERE!
VERY WELL, IF YOU
SAY YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.
I'VE GOT TO GO TO
THE BANK NOW,
I'LL BE BACK
SOON.



ESTRANGEMENT-APPREHENSION
IN CROWDS, TREPIDATION IN
PROXIMITY, COMFORT IN SOLITUDE-
ESTRANGEMENT...



WE'RE ALONE,
MY PRETTIES, ALL
ALONE...WE'RE
ALL BEAUTIFUL
NOW, ROSE AND
HER FLOWERS,
HER PRETTIES...

PARANDIA-FANTASIES OF PER-
SECUTION, SINISTER FIGURES
LURKING IN THE SHADOWS OF
EVERY SITUATION, ANTICIPATION
OF MALICIOUS PROCLIVITIES -
PARANDIA...



THEY'VE
FOUND ME...

...HE'S HERE
TO GET ME FOR
CROSSING THAT
STREET...HE'LL
LOCK ME UP IN
A CELL, NO AIR,
A SMALL CELL, DARK,
UNABLE TO BREATHE
...HE'LL LOCK ME UP IN
THE CLOSET-BEAT ME...



INSANITY -
 DEMENTED DIS-
 ILLUSION, PARAN-
 OIA, ESTRANGE-
 MENT, INSENSATE
 ATAVISTIC RAGE,
 THE DARKLING
 TWIST OF A
 HOPELESS CONFUSED
 MIND, THE SLASHING
 PLUNGE OF GLITTER-
 ING FLORAL SHEARS
 - INSANITY...



FORGETFULNESS - THE EGALITARIAN CONFORMITY
 OF FLOWERS, THE DISMISSION OF ODDIOUS
 ACTIONS, THE DIVERSION PROVIDED BY THE
 FAMILIAR AND CHERISHED - FORGETFULNESS...



IT'S **COOL** IN HERE
FOR US, MY PRETTIES
AND THERE'S NO ONE
TO BOTHER US...



TERROR-THE STARK, SHRILL CON-
NOTATION IMPLICIT IN THE CLOSING
OF A FREEZER DOOR-TERROR...

THE **DOOR**! DON'T SHUT THE
CLOSET DOOR, MOMMY!



THE FREEZER DOOR...!
LIKE **ALL** DOORS, CAPABLE
OF BEING CLOSED, SHUT-
TING ROSE IN, ALL ALONE,
WITH ONLY HER VIVID
FEARS - THE FREEZER DOOR...

NO, MOMMY, I CAN'T
STAND BEING IN HERE!
IT'S TOO **SMALL**,
MOMMY, TO **SMALL**!
LET ME OUT!



CLAUSTROPHOBIA-THE CLOSET, ACRID
SCENT OF RANCID MOTHBALLS, DANG-
LING TENDRILS OF GRASPING COAT
SLEEVES; THE BATHROOM, ASEPTICALLY
STERILE, SQUEEZED TOGETHER, A
JIGSAW COMPLEX SQUEEZING TOGETHER,
THE FREEZER, CHILLING PURVEYER OF
INCARCERATION, REPRESSOR OF
FREEDOM - **CLAUSTROPHOBIA**...

SURCEASE-THE BLANCHED FACE OF
THE RETURNING CLERK, AN OPENED
DOOR, THE OUTSIDE, THE SPACIOUS
OUTSIDE-SURCEASE...

ROSE, IT'S HORRIBLE! THAT MAN,
MURDERED-WAS IT THE MEN WHO ATTACK-
ED YOU BEFORE? DID THEY KILL THE MAN
AND PUT YOU IN THE FREEZER?

LET ME
OUT!
PLEEEASE!



YES, IT WAS THE
ONES WHO ATTACKED
ME-THEY'RE **AFTER**
ME! I MUST GET AWAY-
GET OUT OF HERE...





BUT ROSE,
WE HAVE TO
CALL THE
POLICE!

IS THAT YOU, ROSE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HOME FROM WORK SO
EARLY? HONESTLY, YOU
HAVE NO SENSE OF
RESPONSIBILITY...



YES,
MOTHER,
IT'S ME,
THEY'RE
AFTER
ME - I
HAD TO
COME
HOME...

NOT **THAT** BUSINESS
AGAIN! IF ONLY YOUR
FATHER HADN'T DIED IN
THE WAR... I COULDN'T
RAISE YOU MYSELF,
BUT YOUR FATHER
WOULD'VE DRUMMED
SOME SENSE INTO YOU -
MADE YOU COPE WITH
RESPONSIBILITY...



YOU SAY THERE WAS ANOTHER
GIRL WORKING HERE - AND SHE
HAD **BLOOD** SPLATTERED ALL
OVER HER
DRESS?



YES, OFFICER,
BUT YOU
DON'T THINK
SHE...

WE DON'T THINK ANYTHING, MA'AM
UNTIL WE GET THE FACTS. BUT THERE'S
NO MATERIAL MOTIVE IN THIS MURDER -
THE MAN'S WALLET IS STILL IN HIS POCKET,
FILLED WITH CASH. WE'LL CHECK THIS
ROSE GIRL'S FINGERPRINTS WITH THOSE
ON THE GARDEN SHEARS.



SHUT UP, ROSE! YOU'RE **SICK!**
NO ONE'S **AFTER** YOU - NO
ONE WANTS TO **GET** YOU!



DON'T CALL ME A LIAR, MOTHER!
THEY ARE AFTER ME—I KNOW
IT, THEY WANT TO LOCK ME AWAY!



ROSE, WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?
BE CAREFUL WITH
THAT KNIFE
ROSE!

RETRIBUTION—THE FRENZIED
VENGEANCE OF PAST INJUSTICES
VIOLENTLY DELIVERED
WITH A RAZOR-SHARP BUTCHER
KNIFE, MURDER—RETRIBUTION...



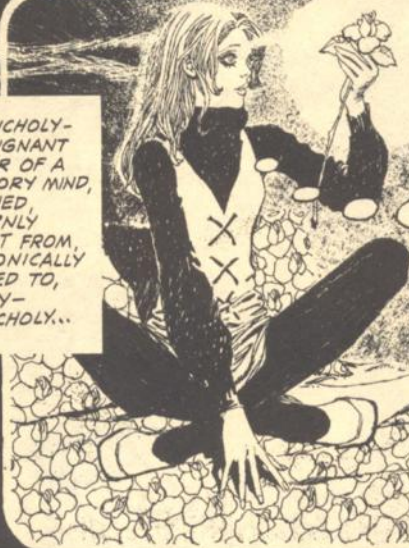
THEY WANT TO
LOCK ME AWAY,
MOMMY, JUST
LIKE YOU DID.

THIS IS THE PLACE, FRANK.
WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL—
SHE'S PROBABLY A REAL
SICKO!



AREN'T
WE ALL?

MELANCHOLY—
THE POIGNANT
DESPAIR OF A
DESULTORY MIND,
DETACHED,
FORLORNLY
EXEMPT FROM,
YET IRONICALLY
ATTUNED TO,
REALITY—
MELANCHOLY...



THEY WANT TO GET US, MY PRETTY.
THEY WANT TO GET US AND PUT US
IN A SMALL SPACE WHERE WE
CANNOT BE FREE AND WHERE WE
CANNOT BLOOM, CANNOT BREATHE...



DREAD—THE SPLINTERING SHATTER OF A
BREACHED DOOR, THE CONFIRMATION
OF DARKEST FEARS—DREAD...

APATHY—THE CAPITULATION TO IN-
EXORABLE FATE, THE LISTLESS
RELINQUISHING OF SELF—
APATHY...

SHE'S IN HERE,
FRANK... I DON'T THINK
SHE'LL GIVE US ANY TROUBLE!



LOSS OF
SELF - THE LOSS
OF A SYMBOL,
REPRESENT-
ATIVE OF
IDENTITY,
AVATAR OF
MEANING, THE
MELANCHOLY
TINGE OF
APATHY -
LOSS OF SELF...



COME ALONG, ROSE,
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO
WITH US DOWNTOWN.
I'LL GET YOUR COAT
FOR YOU...

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THIS DOOR? I'VE
NEVER HEARD OF LOCK-
ING A CLOSET
BEFORE...



CLATCH



GOOD LORD!
SHE HAD A
CORPSE
LOCKED IN THE
CLOSET!
SHE'S REALLY
PSYCHO!

MUST BE HER
MOTHER... THE
WOMAN AT THE
FLORIST SHOP
SAID SHE LIVED
WITH HER
MOTHER...

BUT
WHY
WOULD
SHE DO
SUCH
A
THING?

I GUESS
WE'LL NEVER
KNOW THE
ANSWER TO
THAT ONE...

HELL - PARANOIA, INSANITY, CLAUS-
TROPHOBIA, A CLOSET, A BATHROOM...
AND A TINY PADDED CUBICLE, NO
LARGER THAN A CLOSET - UNMITIGATED
HELL...

MOMMY,
LET ME OUT,
PLEASE,
MOMMY!



A ROSE IS A ROSE, BUT SOMETIMES
ONLY IN A TITULAR SENSE,
AND WHAT'S IN A NAME
ANYWAY? MORE SHRIEK -
SCREAMING STORIES
OF STARK SUSPENSE
AND DEMENTED
DESPAIR FOLLOW
FORTHWITH
IN OUR NEXT
ISSUE! ON
SALE FEB 6.





FIRST WE GAVE YOU
CREEPY

THE FIRST MAGAZINE
OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR!



THEN ALONG CAME
EERIE
WITH HIS OWN BRAND
OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE!



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