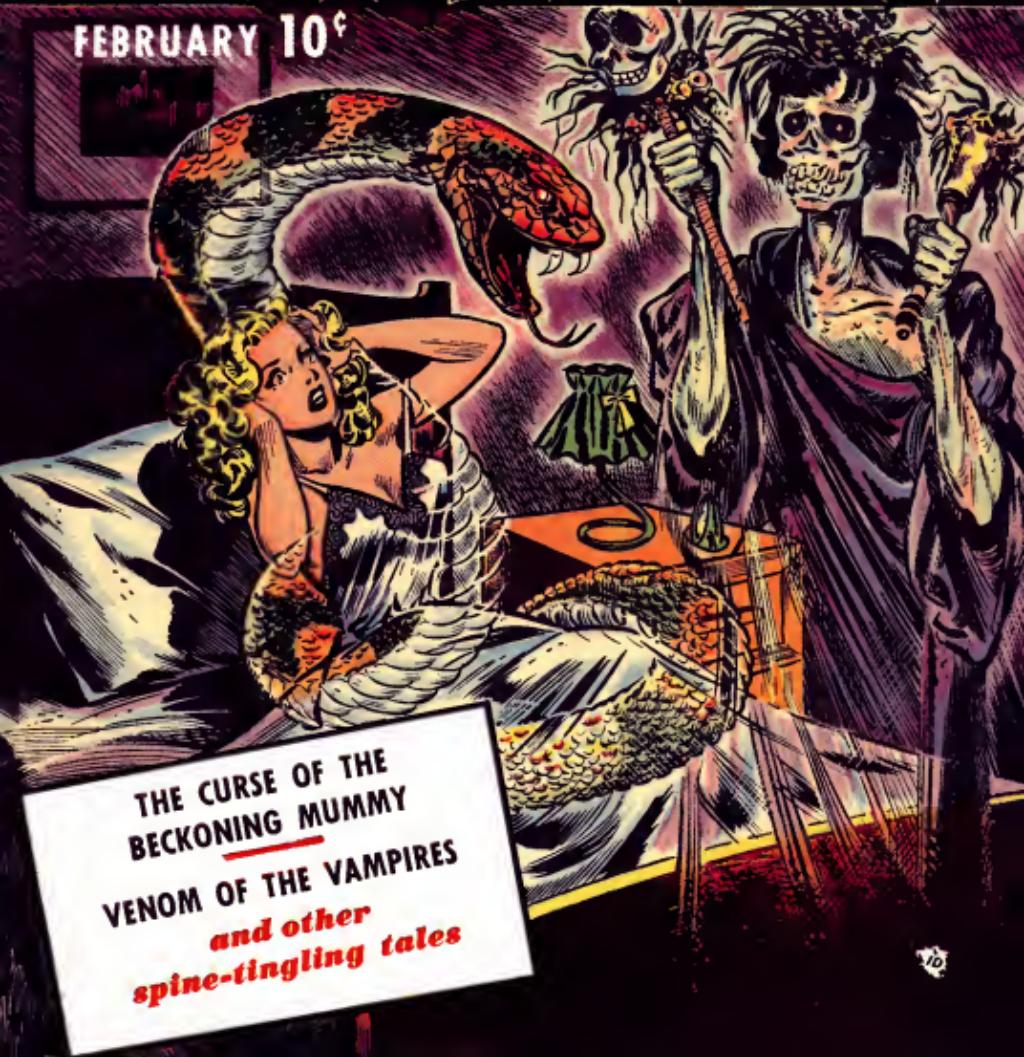


WEB  
OF  
MYSTERY

WEIRD! EERIE! STARTLING!

# WEB OF MYSTERY

FEBRUARY 10¢



# "There's no such animal,"

he cried!



MY FRIEND and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about a *sure thing* I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It *automatically* wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse...?"

"It not only could be—but is—U.S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today."

"For every three dollars you invest in U.S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds *automatically* from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on is U.S. Savings Bonds."

## Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds



Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

# The Case of the Beckoning Mummy

WELL, MY DARLING FIANCÉE, HOW DO YOU LIKE EGYPT? YOU WON'T FIND ANY MORE COLORFUL SPOT THAN THE MARKET PLACE OF CAIRO!

IT'S WONDERFUL, DAMON... EVEN BETTER THAN YOU DESCRIBED! OHH! LOOK AT THAT SIGN! LET'S GO IN AND HAVE OUR FORTUNES TOLD!

Fortune Teller

WHERE DOES THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN FACT AND FANCY EXIST? DID THE STRANGE OLD FORTUNE TELLER REALLY LIVE, OR WAS HE THE DISTURBED SPIRIT OF THE 8,000 YEAR OLD MUMMY OF KALI-DAMN? OR WAS THIS WEIRD EXPERIENCE MERELY A CONJURED-UP PHANTASM OF DR. DAMON KNIGHTS BEWILDERED MIND? WHO IS THERE TO DETERMINE?

MY GOODNESS! THEY COULD CERTAINLY USE SOME LIGHT IN HERE!

WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE QUARTERS!

THE LADY FIRST, EFFENDI. I SEE A HAPPY AND FRUITFUL LIFE FOLLOWING A SEVERE SHOCK AND SUDDEN LOSS OF A DEAR ONE!

WHO--WHO WILL IT BE?

OF THIS I CANNOT SPEAK,  
DEAR LADY! I CAN TELL  
NO MORE. NOW, IF THE  
GENTLEMAN WILL BE  
SEATED, I SHALL  
PROCEED!

THE OLD FORTUNE TELLER BECAME  
GRAVE AS HE PEERED INTO THE  
TRANSPARENT SPHERE...

I'M AN ARCHAEOLOGIST! I'VE COME  
TO EGYPT FOR THE PURPOSE OF UN-  
EARTHING THE TOMB OF KING KALI-  
DAHN WHO DIED 8000 YEARS AGO.  
WHAT HARM CAN  
THERE BE IN THAT?

WAIT! THAT  
BING! WHERE  
DID YOU  
GET IT?

YOU HAVE COME TO EGYPT ON A  
MISSION OF EVIL... AND UNLESS  
YOU ABANDON THIS MISSION, IT  
WILL RESULT IN A  
HORRIFYING DEATH!

WHAT?  
WHY, THAT'S  
RIDICULOUS!



IT WAS TAKEN FROM THE TOMB OF THE SON  
OF KALI-DAHN ALMOST TEN YEARS AGO.  
LEGEND HAS IT THAT KALI-DAHN GAVE IT TO  
HIS SON FOR GOOD FORTUNE WHEN HE WOULD  
SUCCEED TO THE THRONE. WHY  
DO YOU ASK ABOUT IT?

I CANNOT TELL!  
AND NOW, YOU  
MUST GO.



I'M WORRIED, DAMON.  
THAT OLD MAN DIDN'T  
SOUND LIKE HE WAS  
JUST MAKING IT UP!

OH, BOSH, KAREN! WHAT  
HARM COULD AN 8,000  
YEAR OLD RING  
POSSIBLY DO?



BACK AT THEIR HOTEL...

I STILL CAN'T SHAKE  
OFF A STRANGE  
FEELING OF  
FOREBODING!

YOU'RE TIRED.  
BETTER GET  
A GOOD NIGHT'S  
SLEEP! WE'VE  
A LOT OF WORK  
TOMORROW!



LATER, AFTER HE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP, A STRANGE  
PHENOMENON TOOK PLACE IN DAMON KNIGHT'S ROOM.  
AS THE ANCIENT RING TOOK ON A PHOSPHORESCENT  
GLOW...



...AWAKEN, DR. DAMON KNIGHT...  
AWAKEN AND HEED MY WARNING!

WHO'S  
THERE?  
WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

I'VE COME TO WARN YOU ONCE MORE, DR. KNIGHT.  
YOU MUST NOT DESECRATE THE TOMB OF KALI-  
DAHN... FOR THE PENALTY  
IS DEATH!

YOU! THE FORTUNE  
TELLER! THE RING!  
WHAT IS THE RING  
TO YOU?



THE RING WAS ONCE MINE! I GAVE IT TO MY SON!  
BUT NOW I MUST LEAVE! I FEEL THE PRESENCE  
OF AN INTRUDER!

HIS SON! BUT THAT WOULD  
MAKE HIM THE SPIRIT  
OF KALI-DAHN... BUT HE'S  
THE FORTUNE TELLER!



IN JUST AS WEIRD A MANNER AS IT APPEARED,  
THE APPARITION SUDDENLY TOOK FLIGHT...

DAMON! ARE  
YOU ALL RIGHT?  
I HEARD VOICES!

OF COURSE I'M ALL RIGHT,  
KAREN. I JUST HAD A FUNNY  
DREAM. MUST'VE BEEN  
TALKING IN MY SLEEP.



BUT I HEARD TWO  
VOICES... NOT JUST  
YOURS ALONE!  
DAMON! WHAT'S  
THAT ON THE  
FLOOR?

ON THE  
FLOOR? WHEREEE



MUMMY WRAPPINGS!  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND  
IT! HOW...?

DAMON! I'M  
FRIGHTENED!  
WHAT DOES  
IT MEAN?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, DEAR... BUT YOU BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM AND GET SOME SLEEP. WE'RE HEADING FOR THE INTERIOR EARLY TOMORROW MORNING, AND THERE'S SOMEONE I MUST SEE BEFORE WE LEAVE.



BUT I KNOW OF NO FORTUNE TELLER, EFFENDI. I HAVE OCCUPIED THIS SHOP FOR MANY YEARS AS MY FATHER DID BEFORE ME. PERHAPS I CAN INTEREST YOU IN SOME SHAWLS.

BUT I SAW HIM HERE... JUST YESTERDAY AFTERNOON!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION WERE SAFELY IN DAMON'S TENT...

LOOK THERE! ONE OF THE MOORINGS MUST'VE COME LOOSE!



I'D BETTER GET OUT THERE AND FIX IT BEFORE THE WHOLE TENT BLOWS AWAY!

RISING EARLY, DAMON VISITED THE MARKET PLACE AGAIN...

I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS. AND ONLY THAT FORTUNE TELLER CAN TELL ME. THERE'S HIS TENT... BUT... THAT'S FUNNY! IT'S ALL CHANGED!



WE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN JUST A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION! KAREN WAS WITH ME. SHE SAID HIM, TOO! AND WHAT OF MY DREAM LAST NIGHT? OR WAS IT A DREAM?



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, MANY MILES IN THE INTERIOR...

DAMON! STOP UNLOADING! A BIG SANDSTORM IS BLOWING UP! GET EVERYONE INTO THE TENTS!

RIGHT, DR. DEMBROW!



HANG IT! I CAN HARDLY SEE WHAT I'M DOING IN THIS SWIRLING SAND... WHA...?

DR. KNIGHT... THIS IS MY LAST WARNING! YOU MUST LEAVE THIS PLACE!



I DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT YOU ARE, BUT I'M NOT LEAVING!

YOU MUST NOT DESECRATE THE TOMB OF KALI-DAHN! YOUR FATE LIES IN YOUR DECISION... YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED! NOW I GO!

THE STORM HAS DIED DOWN. LET'S FINISH UNLOADING. WE START DIGGING TOMORROW MORNING!

FINE! IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, THE TOMB IS UNDER THAT LARGE DUNE... AND WE SHOULD REACH THE ENTRANCE BY TOMORROW AFTERNOON!

BUT EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AB DAMON FINISHED DRESSING...

THAT'S STRANGE! I LEFT MY RING RIGHT HERE LAST NIGHT, AND NOW IT'S GONE! MUST'VE BEEN ONE OF THOSE THIEVING NATIVES! OH, WELL, GOOD RIDDANCE TO THE RING AND THAT BLASTED IMAGE!



BENEATH A BROILING EGYPTIAN SUN, THE HIRED NATIVES DUG LABORIOUSLY FOR HOURS. THEN, THAT AFTERNOON...

DAMON: THE ENTRANCE! WE'VE FOUND IT! DR. DEMBROW IS DECODING THE HIEROGLYPHICS NOW!

WONDERFUL! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



CAN YOU TRANSLATE IT, DR. DEMBROW?

A DETAILED EXACT TRANSLATION WILL TAKE SEVERAL HOURS, BUT I CAN GIVE YOU A BOUGH IDEA. IT STARTS WITH THE USUAL CURSE OF "DEATH TO THE DESECRATOR OF THE TOMB" AND GOES ON TO TELL THE STORY OF KALI-DAHN.



KALI-DAHN WAS A KING OF UNUSUAL CAPACITIES AND WISDOM. UNDER HIS RULE, EGYPT EXPERIENCED AN ERA OF GREAT WEALTH AND PROSPERITY. AT 60, HIS COURT PHYSICIANS GAVE HIM A SHORT TIME TO LIVE, BUT HE DISPROVED THEIR THEORIES AND OUTLIVED ALL OF THEM.

WHEN KALI-DAHN DIED AT THE AMAZING AGE OF 133, HE RECEIVED ONE OF THE MOST FABULOUS FUNERALS EVER BESTOWED ON AN EGYPTIAN RULER. HIS SUPERSTITIOUS FOLLOWERS BELIEVED THAT, SINCE HE'D LIVED A DOUBLE LIFETIME, ANOTHER LIFE WOULD HAVE TO BE FORFEIT, IN ORDER TO APPEASE THE GODS FROM WHOM HE TOOK THIS TIME!!



YOU MEAN A SACRIFICE? WHOSE LIFE WAS TAKEN? NO ONE'S... YET! IT SAYS THAT THE LIFE OF THE FIRST PERSON TO DESECRATE THE TOMB WILL BE FORFEIT! DO YOU WANT THIS DOOR OPENED, DAMON?

YES! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT!

GOOD! YOU MEN... OVER THERE! BRING THE TOOLS! WE'RE GOING TO REMOVE THE DOOR!

AFTER AN HOUR OF HEAVY WORK, THE MASSIVE SLAB WAS FINALLY REMOVED, REVEALING A DREARY CORRIDOR...

YOU'RE HEAD OF THIS EXPEDITION, DAMON. THE PRIVILEGE OF FIRST ENTRY IS YOURS!

LOOK THERE! WHAT'S THAT SHINY THING... ON THE FLOOR?

WHY... IT'S MY MISSING RING! BUT HOW... ? THAT DOOR HASN'T BEEN OPENED IN 8,000 YEARS!

THAT NIGHT, AS DAMON SLEPT FITFULLY, THE PHANTOM OF THE RING APPEARED ONCE MORE...

WHO'S THERE? OH, IT'S YOU! IF YOU'VE COME TO WARN ME AGAIN...

ARISE, DR. KNIGHT! IF YOU WOULD SEE KALI-DAWN'S SARCOPHAGUS IN THE INNER CHAMBER OF THE TOMB, ARISE AND COME WITH ME NOW!

AS IF DRAWN BY A MAGNET, DAMON COULD NOT KEEP HIMSELF FROM FOLLOWING THE PERSUASIVE APPARITION...

ENTER, DESECRATOR OF THE TOMB... ENTER, IF YOU DARE!

THAT DOOR - SEALED FOR 8000 YEARS - YET IT JUST OPENED BY ITSELF!

BUT AS DAMON ENTERED THE FORBIDDEN CHAMBER, HE WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE A CHANGE OCCUR IN THE APPARITION!

OH! WHAT DO YOU WANT? GET AWAY!



THE DOOR! IT'S LOCKED!  
STAY AWAY! STAY AWAY  
FROM ME! AAGGGHHH!



AND OUTSIDE...

DR. DEMBROW!  
I HEARD A  
HORRIBLE  
SCREAM!  
WHAT  
WAS IT?

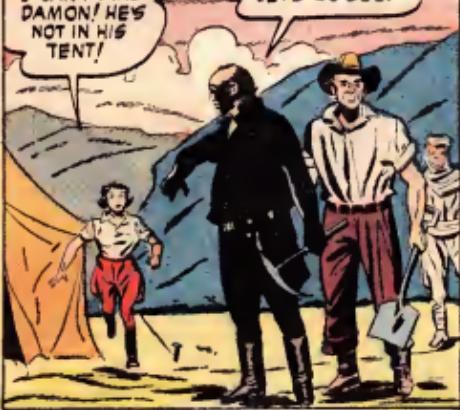
PROBABLY JUST ONE OF THOSE  
SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES. GOOD  
THING IT DIDN'T WAKE DAMON!  
HE NEEDS REST. GO BACK  
TO BED AND FORGET IT!



THE NEXT MORNING...

DR. DEMBROW!  
I CAN'T FIND  
DAMON! HE'S  
NOT IN HIS  
TENT!

STRANGE! PERHAPS  
HE'S ALREADY ENTERED  
THE TOMB ALONE.  
LET'S GO SEE!



WELL, DAMON'S NOT IN HERE.  
THE SEALINGS ON THIS DOOR  
ARE INTACT AND HAVEN'T  
BEEN DISTURBED IN  
8,000 YEARS!

I'M SO WORRIED,  
DR. DEMBROW.  
WHERE COULD  
HE BE?



AFTER MUCH CHIPPING AND CHISELING THE  
SEALINGS WERE BROKEN AND THE PARTY  
ENTERED THE FORBIDDEN INNER CHAMBER...

NOTICE, KAREN, HOW  
THE COOL DAMPNESS  
HAS KEPT THE SEAL-  
INGS UNCHANGED  
FOR 8,000 YEARS...

I KNOW  
THIS  
FLASH-  
LIGHT...  
IT'S  
DAMON'S!

BUT IT  
COULDN'T  
BE! THAT  
DOOR  
WAS  
SEALED!



AFTER SEVERAL AGONIZING MINUTES, DEMBROW  
FINALLY PRIED THE LID OFF THE SARCOPHAGUS, AND...

EEEEEE!  
GREAT SCOTT!  
IT'S DAMON!



THESE ARE THE FACTS! THE CURSE OF KALI-DAHN  
HAD BEEN FULFILLED! RIDICULOUS, YOU SAY? MAYBE...  
BUT WHO IS THERE TO DETERMINE?

THE END

# TRUE CREEPY TALES

#1

WE MAY LAUGH AT THE THOUGHT OF GHOSTS. THAT'S WHAT THE YOUNG SMITHS, WHO WERE SPENDING THEIR HONEYMOON IN MASSACHUSETTS, DID! THEY LAUGHED WHEN THEY HEARD THE "GHOST STORY" OF POONTOOSIC LAKE, AN INDIAN NAME MEANING "PLACE OF WINTER DEER"!

THE LEGEND SAYS THAT AN INDIAN BRAVE, WHILE PADDLING ACROSS THE LAKE TO MEET HIS SWEETHEART, WAS SLAIN BY A JEALOUS SUITOR! THE DISTRACTED MAIDEN FLUNG HERSELF INTO THE LAKE, FOLLOWING HER LOVER, TO HIS WATERY GRAVE! EVEN TODAY IT IS SAID, A SPECTRAL CANOE WITH A SHADY PADDLER IS, SOMETIMES SEEN TO GLIDE OVER THE LAKE AT MIDNIGHT. IT IS THE FRENZIED LOVER, SEARCHING FOR, BUT NEVER FINDING, THE DROWNED FORM OF HIS BETROTHED!



A LOT OF MIDNIGHT PADDLERS HAVE CAP-SIZED AND DROWNED WHEN THE WATER WAS THE SMOOTHEST! THOSE THAT WERE SAVED SAID THEY WERE TURNED OVER BY AN INDIAN'S CANOE!



SUDDENLY THERE WAS A CRASH AND THEIR CANOE CAPSIZED! JACK HELD ONTO HIS WIFE AND THEY BOTH CLUNG TO THE OVERTURNED CANOE! THE LAKE WAS SUDDENLY QUIET AND PEACEFUL, WITH NO SIGN OF THE SPECTRE!



THE YOUNG COUPLE MADE IT SAFELY TO SHORE...



DID IT HAPPEN OR HAD UNCLE BEN'S STORY AFFECTED THE HONEYMOONERS' IMAGINATIONS MORE THAN THEY HAD REALIZED? YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK THE SMITHS OR GO TO LAKE POONTOOSIC YOURSELF AND FIND OUT!

The End

# VENOM OF THE VAMPIRES

JOHNNY PIERCE, OWNER AND OPERATOR OF THE ONLY PASSENGER-PLANE SERVICE IN SANTA ROSA, HONDURAS, WENT SUDDENLY OUT OF BUSINESS WHEN HIS PLANE BURST INTO FLAMES HIGH ABOVE THE WILDERNESS OF THE HONDURAS INTERIOR! HE CRASH-LANDED IN A LAKE. HIS PASSENGERS, A PORTUGUESE NOBLEMAN, AND AN AMERICAN SCHOOL-TEACHER, WOULD BE A LONG TIME REACHING THEIR DESTINATIONS NOW, IF EVER...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS BROWN?

A BIT SHAKEN-UP, BUT STILL IN ONE PIECE!

GROSS NEGLIGENCE!  
I'LL SUE YOU FOR THIS, PIERCE!



BY JUPITER! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YOU INCOMPETENT YOUNG FOOL! WHERE ARE WE, ANYWAY?

RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. YOU MIGHT AS WELL RELAX, COUNT VACRINI, OLD BOY—THE WORST IS YET TO COME!

Fortunately for Elizabeth Brown and Count Vacrini, their pilot was familiar with the flora and fauna of the region. He provided edible fruits and vegetables, and even chinchona bark to prevent malaria. But could they survive the dangers that lurked everywhere in the jungle? The venomous serpents... the man-eating jaguars?

AFTER THREE DAYS OF TORTUOUS TRAVEL, THEY STUMBLED ON THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT MAYAN CITY—AND A TRIBE OF INDIANS!

ME SPEAK. ME GO. WE WANT TO BE FRIENDS, AMIGOS. WHITE-CANT ANY OF YOU GUYS SPEAK ENGLISH, OR SPANISH?

PUT THE ARTILLERY AWAY, FELLOWS. STAY LONG TIME. YOU COME SEE CHIEF. HE SAY WHAT DO.



SOON...

AMMO LOA  
GOOLA MUM!  
MANNA LOA  
AMMO LOBO!

CHIEF SAY YOU STAY.  
EAT. SLEEP. SUN  
COME ME GO TAKE  
YOU WHITE-MAN  
VILLAGE.

GOOD! TELL  
HIM THANKS!

TALK ABOUT LUCK! NOT  
ONLY ARE WE ROOM-AND-  
BOARDED LIKE VISITING  
ROYALTY, BUT THE CHIEF'S  
EVEN FURNISHING US WITH  
A MAN TO SEE US BACK  
TO CIVILIZATION!

BAH! MORE LIKELY  
THAT HEATHEN  
WITCH-DOCTOR.  
CHIEF IS MERELY  
FATTENING US  
FOR THE KILL!

LATER, IN THE SLEEPING QUARTERS ASSIGNED TO THEM...

THIS IS A WEIRD PLACE.  
IF I WEREN'T SO TIRED,  
I'D BE FRIGHTENED!

GO TO SLEEP, ELIZABETH. THERE'S  
NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF NOW.  
HOW ABOUT YOU DOING THE SAME,  
COUNTS THAT WHITTLING IS  
GETTING ON MY NERVES.

SUDDENLY...

GREAT GUNS!  
A BAT'S AT HER THROAT!

WHA...?

DON'T BE ALARMED!  
IT'S ONLY A VAMPIRE BAT — I'VE GOT IT  
OFF YOU NOW. YOU'RE IN NO DANGER.

IT WOULD REQUIRE A SIMULTANEOUS ATTACK BY A GREAT NUMBER OF THOSE LITTLE BATS TO KILL ANYONE.

TALKING ABOUT VAMPIRES, THERE'S A FAMILY LEGEND THAT SOME OF MY ANCESTORS TURNED INTO VAMPIRES.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT, OF COURSE! BUT YET, WITCH-CRAFT HAS LONG BEEN A HOBBY OF MINE, AND WHEN ONE LEARNS HOW EFFECTIVE BLACK MAGIC CAN BE...

SHUT UP! CAN'T YOU SEE HOW FRIGHTENED THE GIRL IS? CUT OUT THAT KIND OF TALK!

HAT LOOK! I'VE CARVED AN EFFIGY. I AM IN POSSESSION OF STRANDS OF HAIR I SECRETLY REMOVED FROM THE WITCH-DOCTOR CHIEF! NOW WATCH...



THE HAIRS ARE ATTACHED. THE WOUND IS INFILCTED. COBBA-COBBA MENG-O-ZENGO ABBA-ZAN! IT IS DONE! YOU CAN SCOFF, BUT IN THE MORNING YOU'RE GOING TO FIND THAT OUR WITCH-DOCTOR HAS RECEIVED A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE — HIS LEFT LEG WILL BE LAME!



THIS WILL SHUT YOU UP AND PUT YOU TO SLEEP!

WHACK!



THE NEXT MORNING...

ALLO BEELO  
LOA MONGO.  
WALLA DOA  
LULUWANGO!

CHIEF SAY ONE  
YOU MAKE HEX  
ON HE. CHIEF  
SAY HE MAKE  
MAGIC FIND  
OUT WHO. YOU  
GO AWAY. HE  
WHO MAKE  
HEX DIE.

HA! I DARE  
SAY, PIERCE,  
YOU WON'T  
SCOFF AT  
BLACK  
MAGIC AGAIN!



LUCKY TO ESCAPE THE IRRATE INDIANS ALIVE, THE TWO PLUNGED INTO THE HOSTILE WILDERNESS, ON THEIR OWN AGAIN...

IF WE EVER GET BACK  
TO CIVILIZATION, COUNT  
VACCINI, I'M GOING TO  
CELEBRATE BY BEATING  
YOU TO A PULP!

I SUGGEST YOU BE MORE  
CAREFUL, MR. PIERCE. I  
MIGHT MAKE YOU THE  
NEXT VICTIM OF MY  
WITCHCRAFT!



NIGHT FELL, AND THE THREE SLEPT. THEN,  
AT MIDNIGHT, A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE  
THING CREEPT ON THE CAMP...

THE THING MOVED IN SILENCE, BUT ELIZABETH  
AWOKE AND SAW IT, WARNED BY SOME SENSE  
APART FROM SOUND OR SMELL...

OH! JOHNNY!  
HELP!



I'LL DRINK YOUR BLOOD  
AFTER I'VE DRAINED  
HERS! IT'S AS FUTILE  
TO FLEE AS IT IS TO  
RESIST! I AM  
INVINCIBLE!

WHA...?

EEEEEEE!

JOHNNY RETURNED TO THE ATTACK, ARMED NOW  
WITH A PRICKLY BRANCH HE'D PLUCKED FROM  
THE LEAN-TO...

STOP! THAT BRANCH!  
TAKE IT AWAY! I  
CAN'T STAND IT!

THAT ACCURSED PLANT!  
YOU'VE WON OUR FIRST  
ENCOUNTER, BUT I'LL  
GET YOU!

THAT VAMPIRE BEARS  
AN AMAZING RESEM-  
BLANCE TO COUNT  
VACRINI! I WONDER...

COUNT VACRINI ISN'T HERE!  
THERE'S BLOOD ON THE GROUND,  
AND FOOTPRINTS! PERHAPS THE  
CHIEF FOUND OUT WHO HEXED  
HIM AND SENT HIS INDIANS  
TO KILL VACRINI!

THIS BRANCH SAVED OUR LIVES,  
ELIZABETH! IT MUST BE SOME  
SORT OF WOLFSBANE - THE  
PLANT THAT'S SUPPOSED TO  
SCARE OFF VAMPIRES. FROM  
NOW ON WE KEEP A SUPPLY  
OF THIS WITH US!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE ...

AH, LITTLE BROTHER, THERE'S NOTHING  
MORE DELICIOUS THAN THE TASTE OF  
FRESH, WARM BLOOD, IS THERE?



FRESH  
WARM  
BLOOD!

EEEEEEH!!

AWOMBA!  
YIIIIIIII!

THAT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING! THE  
NEXT NIGHT AND THE NEXT, THE VAM-  
PIRE ATTACKED A VICTIM, AND LEFT  
A BLOODLESS CORPSE...

WE DID AS YOU ORDERED, O CHIEF, AND  
DUG UP THE GRAVE OF THE WHITE MAN  
WE KILLED, BUT THE BODY WAS GONE!  
FOOTPRINTS SHOW IT DID NOT WALK AWAY.  
IT MUST HAVE RISEN FROM THE EARTH  
LIKE A BIRD... \*



\*TRANSLATED FROM NATIVE DIALECT

...OR A BAT! THE WHITE  
WITCH-DOCTOR HAS  
TURNED INTO A VAMPIRE  
TO WREAK VENGEANCE  
UPON US! I AM HEL-  
LESS AGAINST SUCH  
GREAT MAGIC! \*

GO! BRING BACK THE WHITE  
MAN AND GIRL IF THEY  
ARE STILL ALIVE! IF  
THEY CANNOT HELP US,  
WE ARE DOOMED! \*

THE INDIANS FOUND JOHNNY PIERCE  
AND ELIZABETH BROWN IN A MATTER  
OF HOURS, BUT THE PAIR WAS  
MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE...

WE HAVE SOME  
STRANGE DISEASE,  
SAPPING AWAY OUR  
STRENGTH. C-CAN'T  
GO ON...

YOU WEAR  
POISON  
PLANT!  
TAKE  
PLANT  
OFF!



LATER, THAT AFTERNOON...

CHIEF SAY  
WE MAKE  
YOU WELL.  
NOW YOU  
TELL HE  
HOW MAKE  
BIG MAGIC  
KILL MAN-  
BAT!

THE PLANT FRIGHTENED  
THE VAMPIRE AWAY, BUT  
THAT'S NOT MUCH HELP  
IF THE PLANT IS  
POISONOUS. TO  
DESTROY A VAMPIRE  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
FIND OUT WHERE  
HE LIVES!



AMMO MEELO  
UMBO WANNA  
LOA LOBO!

CHIEF SAY  
LITTLE  
VAMPIRE  
LIVE IN CAVE,  
BUT NOT  
KNOW  
WHERE BIG  
VAMPIRE  
LIVE!

WHY NOT IN THE  
SAME CAVE?  
WHAT COULD  
BE A MORE  
SUITABLE EN-  
VIORNMENT  
FOR A VAMPIRE  
THAN AMONG  
HIS FELLOW  
CREATURES?  
LET'S GO SEE!



THE CHIEF ACCEPTED THE SUGGESTION, AND AFTER AN HOURS TRAVEL THEY ARRIVED AT THE CAVE OF THE VAMPIRE BATS...

CHIEF SAY CAVE VERY BIG LONG. TAKE MANY HOURS LOOK SEE.

IF HE'S IN HERE, HE'S PROBABLY NOT VERY FAR FROM THE ENTRANCE. LOOK AT ALL THOSE BATS! MUST BE THOUSANDS OF THEM!



S UDDENLY...

E!!!!!! LOMBO! GREAT GUNS! THERE HE IS!



MANALA LOMBO! MUM OOLA UNA LOA LOMBO?

CHIEF SAY WHAT DO NOW? ME KNOW WHAT DO... RUN!

E!!!!!!



AMANO MUODOODOO!

CHIEF SAY NO GUN. MUST KILL VAMPIRE OR VAMPIRE KILL US! CHIEF SAY WHITE MAN SPEAK NOW. TELL HOW KILL VAMPIRE WITH BELLY SWOLLEN WITH OUR BLOOD!

HMM... THE VAMPIRE'S BELLY WAS BLOATED... AND IF IT WAS WITH BLOOD, MAYBE THAT'S HOW HE CAN BE DESTROYED!



JOHNNY PIERCE INSTRUCTED THE INDIANS TO BLOCK THE CAVE OPENING. THEY WORKED FEVERISHLY TO ERECT A BARRIER...

THE SUN'S GOING DOWN! TELL THE MEN THEY'VE GOT TO WORK FASTER! IT'LL BE DARK SOON!

AMALAMU ZEN! WALLA LOA BOOLU!



A LITTLE LATER, THE SILENCE OF THE CAVE WAS BROKEN BY THE FLUTTERING OF TINY WINGS, AS HUNGRY BATS AWAKENED TO HUNT THROUGH THE NIGHT FOR BLOOD...

AHH-H... I'M GLAD THAT VAMPIRES DIDN'T RUN IN MY FAMILY!



WHA...Z THEY'VE SEALED THE ENTRANCE! I'LL SOON HAVE IT OPEN AGAIN! I HAVE THE POWER AND STRENGTH OF EVIL IN MY BODY!



TELL THEM THEY'VE GOT TO HOLD! IF HE GETS OUT, WE'RE LOST!

LOA WEE!,  
LOA WEE!



AS THE VAMPIRE STRUGGLED TO BREACH THE STONES AND BRANCHES SEALING THE CAVE ENTRANCE, HIS SKIN WAS RIPPED IN MANY PLACES AND A SMALL FLOW OF BLOOD BEGAN TO TRICKLE OUT...



...AND AS THE VICIOUS LITTLE BATS SCENTED THE FLOWING BLOOD, THEY REACTED AS CREATURES SUDDENLY DEMENTED...

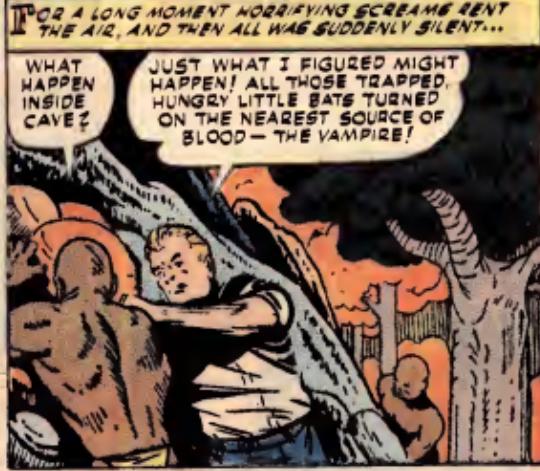


...AND BEFORE THE VAMPIRE COULD DISLODGE THE BARRIER, HE FOUND HIMSELF SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY HUNDREDS OF THE HUNGRY BATS!



FOR A LONG MOMENT HORRIFYING SCREAMS SENT THE AIR, AND THEN ALL WAS SUDDENLY SILENT...

WHAT HAPPEN INSIDE CAVE?



A LITTLE LATER...

THIS SOLVES THE VAMPIRE PROBLEM! TELL YOUR CHIEF THAT IF HE WANTS TO MAKE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT SURE, TO HAVE THIS THING DISECTED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES AND BURY EACH PIECE IN A DIFFERENT SPOT.

ME TELL WHITE MAN SAVE TRIBE. WHITE MAN BIG GREAT WITCH-DOCTOR!



THE GRATEFUL INDIANS ESCORTED JOHNNY AND ELIZABETH BACK TO SANTA ROSA, WHERE THEY GOT MARRIED AND STARTED A PLANE TRANSPORTATION BUSINESS TOGETHER...

I'M A LUCKY GUY! NOT ONLY DO I HAVE AN AIRLINE AGAIN, BUT A BEAUTIFUL HOSTESS TO GO WITH IT!



The End

# TRUE CREEPY TALES

#2

THERE IS A BELIEF AMONG THE VILLAGE PEOPLE OF YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND, THAT THE SOUL ALWAYS RETURNS TO THE BODY ONCE IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS UNTIL AFTER THE FUNERAL AND BURIAL OF THE BODY! ONE EVENING AFTER A DAY'S SHOOTING, A YORKSHIRE GENTLEMAN WAS ON HIS WAY HOME...



THE MAN ON THE BRIDGE ACCEPTED THE INVITATION TO RIDE, BUT WITHOUT A WORD! HE CLIMBED WORDLESSLY INTO THE CART AND SAT THERE IN SILENCE...



AFTER DRIVING SEVERAL MILES IN SILENCE, THEY CAME TO A VILLAGE WHERE THE HUNTER PULLED UP OUTSIDE OF THE INN! HIS COMPANION GOT DOWN AND WITHOUT ONE WORD OF THANKS WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THE INN...



FEELING VERY UNCOMFORTABLE, THE HUNTER WENT INTO THE INN AND TALKED TO THE LANDLORD. HE DESCRIBED THE TRAVELER HE HAD PICKED UP. THE LANDLORD LOOKED GRAVE AND TOOK THE HUNTER UPSTAIRS TO A ROOM WHERE ON THE BED LAY THE MAN TO WHOM HE HAD GIVEN THE LIFT!



# The Lamenting Voice of the Bell

LISTEN, HERZ SCHNABEL.  
IS IT NOT EXACTLY LIKE  
I PROMISED? DO THE  
BELLS NOT PRODUCE A  
MOST BEAUTIFUL TONE?

QUITE SO, HERZ WALDEN. THE TONE  
IS TRULY LIKE THE VOICE OF ANGELS.  
THESE BELLS WILL SURELY MAKE  
OUR CARILLON THE MOST EXQUISITE  
IN THE WORLD!



ROM ALL OVER THE WORLD CAME SHOUTS OF ACCLAIM FOR THE SINISTER-LOOKING HUNCHBACK WHOSE BELL-CASTING RESULTED IN MASTERPIECES, TRULY SOUNDING LIKE THE VOICES OF ANGELS. THE PEOPLE OF DORFSTADT, AT THE EDGE OF THE BLACK FOREST, WERE PROUD TO CLAIM HIM AS ONE OF THE TOWN'S LEADING CITIZENS. DESPITE HIS EXTREME UGLINESS, BUT WHAT WAS THE SECRET INGREDIENT THAT MADE HIS BELLS PRODUCE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TONES EVER HEARD? FOR THAT ANSWER, DEAR READER, READ ON...

THEN IT IS ALL ARRANGED. YOU WILL DELIVER THE BELLS WITHIN THE WEEK. BY THE WAY, I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU HAVE A SPECIAL INGREDIENT MIXED INTO THE BELLS THAT PRODUCES SUCH WONDERFUL TONE. WHAT IS IT?

AHH... THAT IS MY SECRET!

IF ONLY HE KNEW THAT THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE CHILDREN OF DORFSTADT WAS MY DOING... AND THAT THEIR BROKEN LITTLE BODIES WERE THROWN INTO THE BUBBLING CAULDRON! BUT I SHALL TAKE MY SECRET TO THE GRAVE!

YOU HAVE PERFORMED A REAL SERVICE! I HAD NOT EXPECTED YOU TO FINISH THE BELLS SO SOON!

I HAD ANOTHER ORDER... TO REPLACE THE BELL OF THE TOWN WALL WHICH WAS BROKEN LAST MONTH, BUT I DECIDED TO LET THEM WAIT.



IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU FINISHED WITH YOUR BUSINESS, HANS. LOOK WHO CAME WHILE YOU WERE IN THE SHOP.

JOHANN MIEZ... MY OLD FRIEND! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN HEIDELBERG.

I HAVE SOLD MY BUSINESS, HANS, AND I'M RETURNING TO DORFSTADT TO RETIRE. MY DOCTOR TELLS ME I HAVE BUT A FEW MORE YEARS TO LIVE.

OH, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, MY FRIEND!



LATER IN THE EVENING.  
AFTER SUPPER...

YOU SHOULD NOT FEEL BADLY, MY FRIEND. YOU HAVE LIVED A GOOD LIFE!

I ENVY YOU, HANS. I HAVE NO WIFE... NO RELATIVES.

AHH! BUT YOU HAVE FRIENDS, JOHANN!

YES, YOU ARE MY DEAREST FRIEND, HANS. AND FOR THAT REASON I HAVE MADE YOU MY ONLY HEIR. I'M QUITE RICH, AND I COULD NEVER SPEND ALL MY MONEY... EVEN IN THE FEW YEARS I HAVE LEFT.

THAT IS TRULY A FINE GESTURE, GOOD FRIEND. LET US DRINK A TOAST TO YOUR HEALTH! A KNOCK! WHO WOULD CALL AT THIS HOUR?



AHH... IT IS THE  
BURGOMEISTER.  
WELCOME TO MY  
HUMBLE ABODE.

I HAVE COME FROM A  
MEETING OF THE TOWN  
COUNCIL. WE WISH TO  
KNOW WHEN YOU WILL  
HAVE THE BELL READY.  
WE HAVE BEEN  
WITHOUT ONE FOR  
A MONTH NOW.

I WILL GET TO  
WORK ON IT  
TOMORROW. I  
HAD A PREVIOUS  
COMMITMENT.

GOOD! AHH... I SEE JOHANN  
IS HERE. WE MET IN TOWN  
THIS AFTERNOON. IT'S GOOD  
THAT HE'S HOME AFTER  
THESE MANY YEARS.

AFTER THE BURGOMEISTER  
LEFT...

IT'S STRANGE, HANS.  
BUT IN ALL THE YEARS WE'VE  
KNOWN EACH OTHER, I'VE  
NEVER SEEN YOUR SHOP. I  
WOULD LIKE TO SEE HOW  
BELLS ARE  
MADE.

BY ALL MEANS!  
COME! IT IS  
ONLY 10:30!

VERY FASCINATING!  
LOOK, THE  
CAULDRON  
BOILS  
ALREADY!

YES, IT DOESN'T  
TAKE LONG.

BUT WHERE AM I TO  
GET ANOTHER CHILD  
TO THROW IN? THE  
VILLAGE GROWS  
SCARCE WITH CHILDREN...  
AND THOSE THAT ARE  
LEFT ARE CAREFULLY  
GUARDED!

PERHAPS MIER WOULD  
SERVE THE PURPOSE AS  
WELL. I MUST FINISH  
THE TOWN HALL BELL  
SOON, AND WITH MIER  
AS MY SECRET INGREDI-  
ENT, I WOULD ACCOM-  
PLISH A DOUBLE  
PURPOSE! I WOULD  
INHERIT HIS  
MONEY!

FROM EVERYWHERE I HEAR ABOUT  
YOUR WONDERFUL BELL-CASTING,  
HANS. THEY SAY THAT YOU HAVE  
A SECRET INGREDIENT THAT MAKES  
YOUR BELLS SOUND LIKE THE VOICES  
OF ANGELS. WHAT IS  
IT THAT YOU DO?

YOU SHALL  
SOON SEE!

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BOIL, MIER... BOIL! NOW YOU  
KNOW MY SECRET INGREDIENT!  
AND I HAVE YOUR FORTUNE!  
BUT I MUST PRETEND TO KNOW  
NOTHING... TO AVOID SUSPICION!  
I SHALL WAIT UNTIL YOUR  
DISAPPEARANCE IS  
REPORTED!  
HA! HA!



**AFTER FINISHING HIS FIENDISH WORK,  
WALDEN RETURNED TO THE HOUSE...**

*NERVOUSLY, WALDEN AWAITED THE REPORT OF MIER'S DISAPPEARANCE. FINALLY, TWO DAYS AFTER THE MURDER...*

OH! YOU'RE STILL  
AWAKE? ER... IT'S  
VERY LATE.  
JOHANN HAS  
ALREADY  
LEFT.

THAT'S STRANGE.  
IT'S NOT LIKE HIM  
TO LEAVE WITHOUT  
SAYING GOOD  
NIGHT.

GOOD DAY, HANS. I HAVEN'T COME  
TO ASK OF THE BELL, BUT RATHER  
OF JOHANN MIER. HE SEEKS TO  
HAVE DISAPPEARED. IT SEEMS  
THAT YOU WERE THE LAST  
TO SEE HIM.

YES, THE SAME  
NIGHT THAT YOU  
WERE AT MY  
HOUSE, BUT HE  
LEFT SOON  
AFTER YOU.

WHEN HE DIDN'T RETURN TO HIS  
HOTEL ROOM, WE ENTERED AND  
FOUND THIS AMONG HIS EFFECTS.  
DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU WERE  
HIS ONLY HEIR?

WHY, YES... BUT  
YOU DON'T THINK  
I WOULD KILL  
MIEZ FOR HIS  
MONEYZ

**BUT I DIDN'T SAY  
MIER HAD BEEN  
KILLED! I ONLY  
SAID HE WAS  
MISSING! WHAT  
MAKES YOU  
THINK HE'S  
DEAD?**

OH...ER...IT  
WAS THE WAY  
YOU SAID IT.  
I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
SUGGESTING...

THAT NIGHT, AFTER FINISHING  
THE CASTING OF THE BELL,  
WALDEN RETIRED.

I ALMOST MADE A DANGEROUS SLIP TODAY... BUT I DON'T THINK THE BURGOMEISTER SUSPECTS ANYTHING.  
YES... I'M PERFECTLY  
SAFE!

A black and white illustration of two men. The man on the left is wearing a fedora hat and a dark suit, looking slightly to the right. The man on the right is older, with a balding head and a mustache, looking directly at the viewer.

A man in a green shirt and dark pants is kneeling on a bed, looking down at a person lying in it. A red lamp is visible in the background.

**BUT NO SOONER HAD THE BELL-MAKER FALLEN ASLEEP  
THAN A STARTLING THING HAPPENED...**

WHY... WHAT'S THAT A BELL  
TOLLING! AND JOHANN'S VOICE!  
IT'S MY BELL... IT'S COMING  
FROM THE SHOP!

A man with a mustache and glasses, wearing a green pajama top, is sleeping in a bed. A speech bubble above him contains the text "IT'S MY BELL... IT'S COMING FROM THE SHOP!". To the left of the man, the word "DONGGGG" is written twice in red, with "DONGEE" below it. To the right, another speech bubble contains "DONGGGGGGG" and "DONGGGGGGG" in red, with "AWAKEN... HANS WALDEN... AWAKEN..." below it.

**THIS CANNOT BE!  
SOMEONE IN THE  
SHOP IS RINGING  
THE BELL... BUT  
THAT VOICE...**

DONGG  
DONGG

AWAKEN...  
HANS WALDEN...

NO ONE IS HERE... BUT IT CAN'T BE! THE BELL IS TOLLING BY ITSELF! STOP! DO YOU HEAR ME? STOP TOLLING! DO YOU WANT THEM TO FIND ME OUT?

DONGGGGG  
DONCCCC



THE NEXT DAY, ON AN IMPULSE, WALDEN DECIDED TO LOOK INTO THE POSSIBILITY OF COLLECTING HIS INHERITANCE...

JOHANN MIER WAS MY DEAREST FRIEND. I'M SURE HE MUST BE DEAD. HE WOULD NOT JUST VANISH WITHOUT TELLING ME WHERE HE WAS GOING. AND I THINK I SHOULD BE GIVEN THE MONEY!

MIER MAY VERY WELL BE DEAD... BUT WE NEED PROOF FIRST!



IT'S STOPPED. BUT HOW COULD IT ZING BY ITSELF? WAIT... THAT VOICE... IT'S JOHANN'S VOICE!

YOU WILL KNOW NO REST TILL I AM AVENGED. HANS WALDEN. I SHALL TOLL EVERY NIGHT AT 11:00, THE EXACT HOUR THAT YOU KILLED ME, UNTIL YOU ADMIT YOUR GUILT!



NO... NO! IT CAN'T BE! JOHANN IS DEAD... I'M IMAGINING IT ALL! THAT'S IT... I'M IMAGINING IT ALL!



YOU SEE, WITHOUT PROOF, WE MUST ASSUME HE IS STILL ALIVE. ACCORDING TO GERMAN LAW, A MAN CANNOT BE CONSIDERED DEAD UNTIL TEN YEARS AFTER HIS DISAPPEARANCE... AND IT TAKES THAT LONG FOR HIS HEIRS TO COLLECT HIS MONEY!

WHAT?



TEN YEARS! I'M TRAPPED. I CANNOT TELL THEM, AND THEY WON'T GIVE ME THE MONEY... WAIT! WHAT'S THAT? THE BELL AGAIN!

DONGGG  
DONGG...



I WON'T GO OUT... I WON'T LISTEN TO IT! I'LL SHUT OUT THE SOUND! OH... HOW TERRIBLE IT SOUNDS! IT'S NOT LIKE THE OTHER BELLS! IT'S PIERCING MY EAR DRUMS!



HANS WALDEN... I WILL HAUNT YOUR EVERY HOUR TILL YOU CONFESS YOUR SINS!

DONGGGGG

DONGGG  
DONGGG

DONGGGGG

THE NEXT DAY, WALDEN RESOLVED ON A PLAN...

I'LL RID MYSELF OF YOU! I'LL FINISH UP THE BELL AND HAVE IT PLACED IN THE TOWN HALL.

IT WILL DO NO GOOD! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE MY VENGEANCE!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

IT IS AS I PROMISED, IS IT NOT? THIS IS CLEARLY THE FINEST BELL I HAVE EVER CAST!

I'M SURE IT IS! AND THIS WOULD BE A HAPPIER DAY IF IT WERENT FOR THE DISAPPEARANCE OF DORFSTAEDT'S CHILDREN! HO! LET THE BELL PEAL FORTH!

NO! STOP THE BELL FROM TOLLING! MY HEAD IS SPLITTING!

NO! THE BELL MUST NOT BE RUNG EXCEPT WHEN NECESSARY! RECALL! LEGEND DECREES THAT THE BELL IS ONLY TO BE TOLLED FOR A PROCLAMATION OR WHEN AN INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE!

VERY TRUE. DO NOT LET THE BELL PEAL!

WHY CAN'T I FALL ASLEEP? I'M RID OF MIER. BUT HE SAID I CANNOT ESCAPE HIS VENGEANCE. TWO MINUTES OF 11:00. THE BELL MUST NOT ZING TONIGHT!

IT'S STARTED! NO... I MUST BE IMAGINING IT! OHH, I CAN'T SHUT IT OUT... MY BRAIN IS THROBBING! I MUST STOP IT! SOMEHOW I MUST STOP IT!

DONGGGGG

DONGGGGG

MIER! STOP IT. DO YOU HEAR? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? I'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE GIVES MY SECRET TO THE WHOLE TOWN!

MOST AMAZING! THE BELL TOLLS BY ITSELF, BUT WHAT A TERRIBLE SOUND! IT'S LIKE THE SOUND OF DEATH!

BUT IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

STOP IT! MAKE HIM STOP! MAKE MIER STOP TOLLING THE BELL! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER!

MIER! WHAT HAS HE GOT TO DO WITH THE BELL TOLLING BY ITSELF? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

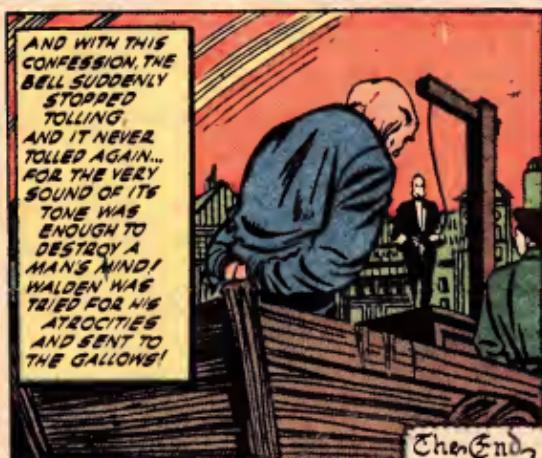
IT'S MIER! HE'S DOING IT! HE'S IN THE BELL!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I THREW HIM INTO THE BUBBLING CAULDRON...JUST LIKE I DID WITH ALL THE CHILDREN I KIDNAPPED! THAT WAS MY SECRET INGREDIENT! BUT MAKE HIM STOP... BEFORE I GO CRAZY!

AND WITH THIS CONFESSION, THE BELL SUDDENLY STOPPED TOLLING, AND IT NEVER TOLLED AGAIN... FOR THE VERY SOUND OF ITS TONE WAS ENOUGH TO DESTROY A MAN'S MIND! WALDEN WAS TRIED FOR HIS ATROCITIES AND SENT TO THE GALLows!



## SUR-PRIZE CONTEST

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 <sup>ST</sup> PRIZE | • \$ 15 <sup>00</sup> |
| 2 <sup>ND</sup> PRIZE | • \$ 5 <sup>00</sup>  |
| 3 <sup>RD</sup> PRIZE | • \$ 3 <sup>00</sup>  |
| 4 <sup>TH</sup> PRIZE | • \$ 2 <sup>00</sup>  |

WIN A CASH PRIZE FOR JUST A SHORT LETTER OF NOT MORE THAN 150 WORDS TELLING US WHICH STORY YOU LIKE BEST, 2<sup>ND</sup> BEST, 3<sup>RD</sup> BEST, AND WHY. ALSO WHICH OTHER MAGAZINES YOU READ REGULARLY.



SEND IT TO US POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN JANUARY 15, 1951, ALONG WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND AGE. IN CASE OF A TIE DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. DO IT NOW!! HURRY!!

CREepy STORIES — 23 WEST 47 ST. N.Y. 19, N.Y.C.

# MODEL FOR A MADMAN

Wild, horrible emotions surged through her mind. She was a prisoner and in the next room a girl—lay dead! Or was she dead? Ann summoned every ounce of courage she possessed, tiptoed into the small room and slowly approached the figure on the bed. Very carefully she reached out until her finger-tips touched the girl's face. Then she hurriedly drew her hand away. The flesh was cold as ice.

This girl was stone dead.

Ann's eyes widened in sheer horror. Fascinated, they swept the dead girl's body until she saw a bluish mark on the left ankle. There were two more around each wrist. What did they mean? Why was this dead girl here?

LeMay coughed somewhere out in the corridor. Ann hurried back to the dressing room. No matter what happened, she must keep her head. Yet the horror of the dead girl's face haunted her, made her hands tremble. She rummaged in her suitcase, looking for some kind of a weapon. There was none, but a folded newspaper, which she hadn't as yet read, drew her eyes. There was a picture of a girl on the front page. Below it was a concise story.

Myrtle Barnes, convicted murderer, died last night in the electric chair. Early this morning her body was claimed by some relative whose exact identity was never determined.

The story went on in detail, but Ann had no desire to read further. She was trembling and a cold, unaccountable lethargy gripped her. LeMay had claimed the body of an executed woman. Why? Ann's mind answered the unspoken question. LeMay painted only portraits of women who were dying or dead. He needed models—dead models—from which to work.

That was why his art was acclaimed for its grim detail. That was why Cleopatra had aroused such attention. His Mata Hari so terribly real. LeMay had painted well, loyal to the last agonizing expression on the face of history's famous women.

Ann took a firm grip on her nerves. She parted the curtains and walked out into the studio itself. LeMay was nowhere in sight. Ann listened, heard no sound of his feet and moved quietly toward the shielded corner of the room. She parted the curtains and dropped them again with a gasp of terror.

There was a half finished portrait behind the curtain—a portrait and the set upon which the model had posed. The picture depicted a blonde woman, strapped in an electric chair with each minute line of her terror-laden face brought out as if by magic.

Ann sensed, rather than heard LeMay's presence in the room behind her. She spun around, one hand near her throat, her eyes alight in horror. But LeMay was quietly seated in a chair, studying a book.

He spoke without looking up. "I'm sorry you saw that, my dear. It isn't finished and I doubt that it ever shall be. For once I was quite in error. You see, for a woman to really portray a combination of beauty and terror, she must be something of a martyr, a heroine, against a colorful background. Take this for instance." He glanced up. "Are you familiar with *Le Morte d'Arthur*?"

Ann could only shake her head and look vainly for an avenue of escape. LeMay quoted from the book he held.

Something in Ann's mind clicked. LeMay, a madman with only a passion for painting the death scenes of famous women, had contrived for a new idea. Her clothes—those of King Arthur's time! She was to be Elaine, the Fair Maid of Astolat. The Fair Maid who died for love of Launcelot and whose body was placed on a black barge.

"That girl"—Ann pointed toward the dressing room. "She is dead. She was electrocuted last night. I—I read it in the papers: There's a picture of her—"

LeMay was close enough to place a hand on Ann's shoulder. It rested lightly for a moment and then the fingers clamped tightly.

"But I have done the poor girl a favor," he said suavely. "She was legally killed last night. There were no relatives. It seems she murdered all she had. Potter's Field is not a pleasant place to lie. I tried to paint her, but—it will not succeed. There is a certain harshness I cannot overcome. But in you—with such finely textured skin, eyes that can betray exquisite pain. Ah, there is something else again. You—shall be Elaine, Fair Maid of Astolat."

"No," Ann screamed.

"But think," he waved his arm, "a barge, covered in somber black with a bier upon which lies the body of Elaine, dressed in white. Her features utterly composed for she died a willing, calm death for love of Launcelot. It will be a sensation, I tell you, greater than Cleopatra. You have seen that portrait, my dear?"

Ann tried to speak, but her tongue remained frozen to the roof of her mouth.

"Come," he took her arm in a grip that made her wince. They walked through two big rooms and into a third that was inky black. LeMay left her for a moment and Ann had an urge to flee; to run for the highest part of the house if no doors were open; no windows capable of being smashed. But it would gain her nothing. If she remained cool, there might be a chance.

LeMay struck a match and its yellow glow showed up the room as hung in dismal black velvet. The only piece of furniture was a small ebony table upon

which stood two pewter cocktail glasses. LeMay pulled a cord and a section of the drapery parted. Set in a wall recess about five feet deep were tall candelabras standing beside a full length portrait. LeMay touched the candle wicks with the match and slowly the gruesome portrait came in relief.

It was a masterpiece—but more of horror than art, although the art was astounding in itself. The central figure was a dark-haired woman, in the throes of death included by an asp which still squirmed in one hand. It was lifelike to an astonishing degree. Ann could almost hear the moans from the lips of the dying Cleopatra.

"I have been offered a fortune for it," LeMay boasted. "But sell—ah, never. Like the portrait I shall do of you—as Elaine, my dear. It will be greater than this for hers was a death of peace."

He walked over to the small table and picked up the cocktail glasses. Ann took one in a hand almost too palsied to grip it. Some of the liquor spilled over the rim and ran down her forearm.

LeMay said: "To Elaine!"

Ann didn't drink. She backed away slowly and LeMay followed her. With a savage bellow he emptied his glass and hurled it from him.

"You're going to kill me," Ann cried. "You'll kill me as you killed those others. That's why they are so vivid. Your models are real. The corpses you paint are real corpses."

"So then," LeMay said very softly, "is it not fitting that an artist so great as I should select my own type of model? What is life when your portrait shall exist into eternity? What is death compared to such honor, such glory? And it will not be hard—I promise you. For Elaine must look calm and serene in death. Come. Drink the cocktail and we'll discuss this."

Ann was whiter than the dress she wore. But the glass in her hand was steady now. Faced with certain death she collected her spinning wits.

"First," she spoke quietly, "let me see the Cleopatra again—I must be certain."

He bowed with an exaggerated grin of triumph on his face. Ann walked slowly toward the portrait. Unless she could think of an avenue for escape she was doomed. Somehow, LeMay had to be distracted and the villagers summoned. But how? The candles flickered as Ann brushed against them. She peered steadily up at the great canvas and repressed the shudder that stole over her.

Suddenly she spun around. "You—murderer," she cried. "You—who murder to gain your models. The girl who posed for Cleopatra—where did you find her? In an agency, as you found me. But that girl was my sister. My sister, do you hear me? I swore I'd kill the man who murdered her."

LeMay backed away. Ann hurled the cocktail at him. He ducked and gave vent to a scream of fear. Before he could advance on her or even watch her actions, Ann pulled the velvet drapes in front of the portrait, pulled them so that one burning candle's flame licked at the dry material. Then she raced past LeMay.

He was after her in a flash, roaring now in open lunacy. She hurled every article she could find at him, screamed her condemnation of him for a killer.

But he was not to be outdone now. Cleverly he maneuvered so that she was trapped. He advanced slowly.

"Fool—you shall die anyway. But you only make it difficult. The cocktail would have been easy. I must be careful not to mark your white throat. And it must be quick, lest a spasm of agony cross your face. Elaine died peacefully. There is no escape now. No escape!"

"Behind you," Ann screamed. "Fire! The Cleopatra is afire."

LeMay whirled and his mad screech rose above the slowly growing sound of licking flames. He hurled himself into the room, emerged a second later only to cover his face and plunge back into the inferno.

Ann raced to the front door. It was locked by several bolts. She pulled them back while her heart pounded furiously. Then she had the door open. A gust of cool, fresh air surged through the house. . . .

They found her staggering down the driveway. Two men helped her into a car. One wore a sheriff's badge. Fire apparatus streaked by heading for the house.

Ann told her story, but the skepticism she had expected didn't occur. The sheriff said, "We suspected something like that. In the morning we were going up there. He stole the body of that executed woman."

"He was mad," Ann said in a tired voice. "He tried to gain fame and couldn't succeed until his warped mind fell on the idea of painting models so horribly true to life or death. It worked and he became famous. It inspired him to paint other such portraits."

"And the girl was really your sister—the one you said posed for that picture?"

Ann shook her head. "No. When I realized LeMay was mad, I hit upon that idea to confuse him, to occupy his disordered mind. I didn't want him to see me set fire to the drapes. I knew he'd forget me and risk his life to get the Cleopatra. . . ."

Ann gave a little sigh and her eyes closed. The sheriff put a brawny, fatherly arm about her.

"I'm thinking," he told the driver of the car, "that LeMay will do his next painting in the deepest part of hell. Look at that house go!"

THE END

# Ghost Ship of the Caribbean

WHEN BILL JOHNSON AND HIS BRIDE, ANNE, SET OUT ON THEIR HONEYMOON, THEY PLANNED A LEISURELY CRUISE THROUGH THE FLORIDA KEYS, BUT UNPREDICTABLE FATE INTERVENED IN THE FORM OF A SUDDEN TROPICAL HURRICANE AND THE EVENTS WHICH THEN TOOK PLACE WERE SO STRANGE AND BIZARRE THAT FEW PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE...EVEN BILL AND ANNE SOMETIMES THINK OF IT AS ONLY AN EVIL DREAM...UNTIL THEY REMEMBER THE PEARLS...BUT HERE ARE THE FACTS AS THEY HAPPENED! JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!



THE FIERCE WINDS DROVE SALT SPRAY LIKE HAIL INTO THEIR FACES AND THE GIANT WAVES THREATENED TO CAPSIZE THE LAUNCH AT EVERY INSTANT...

I'VE GOT TO KEEP THIS THING HEADED INTO THE WIND OR WE'RE LOST FOR SURE!



But after numbing hours of struggle, they entered the "eye" of the storm--the eerie calm at the center of the raging hurricane and there a strange sight met their eyes...

THANK GOODNESS WE'RE OUT OF THAT FOR A WHILE!  
OH, LOOK, BILL! A SHIP!

THAT'S ODD! IT LOOKS AT LEAST A HUNDRED YEARS OLD! LET'S GET A CLOSER LOOK!



AS THEY NEARED THE FORLORN HULK, THEY COULD SEE MORE CLEARLY ITS TATTERED SAILS AND WORM-EATEN, ROTTING TIMBERS...

WHY, THERE CAN'T BE ANYONE ABOARD! IT'S A DERELICT!



COME ON, ANNE! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK! WHO KNOWS HOW MANY YEARS THIS SHIP HAS BEEN DRIFTING? I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CREW!

I--I'M AFRAID, BILL! IT'S SO...SO GHOSTLY! BESIDES, IT DOESN'T LOOK SAFE!



NONSENSE! I'LL BET THIS SHIP HAS WEATHERED MANY A STORM BEFORE THIS ONE! COME ON BELOW! THERE'S NOTHING MUCH HERE ON DECK!

W-WELL...BE SURE YOU TIE OUR BOAT GOOD AND TIGHT!



BLOW DECK IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS, A GHASTLY SIGHT AWAITED THEM!

OH, BILL... I--I CAN'T LOOK!

TAKE IT EASY, HONEY! IT'S TOUGH TO LOOK AT, BUT THEY'VE BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME! THEY CAN'T HURT US!



LOOK AT THIS OLD LOG BOOK! IT SAYS THIS SHIP IS THE BRIG "FEARLESS" OUT OF PROVINCETOWN. CAPTAIN PHINEAS JOHNSON MASTER! ANNE, MY GREAT GRANDFATHER'S NAME WAS PHINEAS AND HE WAS LOST AT SEA! DO YOU SUPPOSE...?



AT THAT INSTANT, THE CENTER OF THE STORM PASSED AND THE RAGING HURRICANE ENSHRODED THE SHIP IN ALL ITS FURY. THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE RAN OUT ON DECK!

OH, BILL...THE LAUNCH HAS BROKEN LOOSE!

WE'LL RIDE OUT THE STORM ON THIS OLD HULK AND THEN HEAD FOR SHORE! COME ON AFT TO THE WHEEL!



BUT THE WORST WAS YET TO COME! FOR, AS THEY NEARED THE STERN OF THE DERELICT...

OHHH, BILL!

WH--?



WHO...  
W-WHAT  
ARE  
YOU?

WE ARE THE DEAD! AYE, THE DEAD  
WHO ONCE MANNED THIS SHIP OF  
MYSTERY! WE ARE DOOMED TO SAIL  
ON ETERNALLY, GUARDING ITS FATEFUL  
SECRET FROM ALL FOOLISH MORTALS WHO  
WOULD DARE TO PRY!

FOR A HUNDRED LONG YEARS SINCE A PLAGUE  
CUT SHORT OUR LIVES, WE HAVE DRIFTED WITH  
WIND AND TIDE! THIS DERELICT HOLDS THE DREADFUL  
SECRET OF OUR SINFUL PAST WHICH MORTAL  
MAN MUST NOT DISCOVER!



RISE, YE ROARING WINDS,  
AND MOUNTAINOUS SEAS!  
PLUCK THESE FRAIL HUMANS  
FROM OUR HOME AND BLEACH  
THEIR BONES ON SOME  
DISTANT REEF!

BILL...  
HELP!  
I'M  
SLIPPING!

GRAB MY ARM!  
WE'VE GOT TO  
GET BELOW! IT'S  
OUR ONLY  
CHANCE!



SLIPPING, SLIDING THROUGH THE GREEN WAVES  
WHICH LASHED ACROSS THE DECK, BILL AND  
ANNE STRUGGLED TO REACH THE COMPANION-  
WAY WHICH LED BELOW DECK! HALF THE TIME  
COMPLETELY SUBMERGED, THEIR PROGRESS  
WAS AGONIZINGLY SLOW, AS THE GHOSTLY  
CREW SCREECHED IN FIEDLISH GLEE...



SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE  
STORM BILL HEARD A RENDING  
CRASH! HE LOOKED UP JUST IN  
TIME TO SEE A HUGE SPAR HURTLING  
DOWN AT THEM!



THE SHIP SHUDDERED AND LURCHED  
SICKENLY, THEN SLOWLY RIGHTED  
HERSELF! BUT THE LAST HOPE OF  
SAFETY FOR BILL AND ANNE WAS  
SHATTERED BY THE CRASHING SPAR!



PUT AT THAT INSTANT A MIGHTY  
VOICE BELLOVED ABOVE THE STORM...

AVAST THERE, YE MUTINIOUS  
DOGS! IT IS I, CAPTAIN PHINEAS  
JOHNSON, WHO COMMAND YE!  
YE CURSED PACK O' THIEVES AND  
CUTTHROATS WHO WERE ONCE  
MY CREW! STAND BACK, OR BE-  
WARE MY WRATH!



"THE STARTLED CREW SILENTLY WITHDREW, MUTTERING CURSES AND LEERING EVILLY, BUT THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN PHINEAS PAID THEM NO HEED..."

HAVE NO FEAR, BILL JOHNSON! IT IS I, YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER PHINEAS! I HAVE RETURNED FROM AN UNEASY GRAVE TO WREAK MY VENGEANCE ON THIS CREW OF MURDEROUS ROGUES!"

THEN IT'S TRUE! THIS WAS YOUR SHIP! THE ONE THAT DISAPPEARED SO LONG AGO WITH ALL HANDS!"



"AYE, LAD! IN THOSE DAYS THE BRIG "FEARLESS" WAS A TRIM CRAFT, UNLIKE THE HULK YE SEE NOW! I WAS PROUD TO BE HER SKIPPER AS WE DROPPED ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR AT PORTOBELLO WITH A CARGO OF MAINE TIMBER!"



"TRADE WAS GOOD, AND AFTER A FORTNIGHT WE WEIGHED ANCHOR WITH A FORTUNE IN PEARLS ABOARD! BUT MY SCURVY CREW, LED BY BLACK TOM LORD PLOTTED TO GET THOSE PEARLS!"



"THE DOGS MUTINIED AND TOOK MY SHIP! THEY MURDERED THE ONLY TWO LOYAL HANDS AND MARCONED ME ON A DESOLATE ISLAND!"



"THEY HAD THE PEARLS THEN, BUT THEY WERE APARED TO RETURN TO PORT, SO THEY HOISTED THE BLACK FLAG AND SET TO PREYING ON THE HONEST MERCHANTMEN!"



"BUT THEY WERENT TO LAST FOR LONG! FOR UNBEKNOWN TO THEM THE WATER CASKS WERE CONTAMINATED WITH SOME DREAD DISEASE, WHICH CAUSED THEM HIGH FEVER AND GREAT PAINS!"



"AND BEFORE LONG THERE WAS NO LIFE ABOARD THE "FEARLESS"! SAVE RATS! BLACK TOM AND HIS BLOODY GANG CAME TO A DREADFUL AND DESERVED END. FROM THAT DAY TO THIS, THE BRIG HAS DRIFTED... UNDIRECTED BY HUMAN HAND..."



"THESE ARE THE RESTLESS SPIRITS OF BLACK TOM AND HIS CREW OF SCOUNDRELS. THE PEARLS FOR WHICH THEY BARGAINED WITH THE DEVIL REMAIN HID IN THE HOLD! COME NOW WITH YOUR BRIDE AND RECLAIM THE WEALTH THAT IS RIGHTFULLY YOURS!"



COME ON, HONEY!

BILL, I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THE GHOST CREW IS MUTTERING! I'M AFRAID THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING!

THEY SEEM TO BE AFRAID OF CAPTAIN PHINEAS' GHOST! HE CAN HANDLE THEM!

SO THE YOUNG COUPLE MADE THEIR WAY DOWN INTO THE DARK AND MYSTERIOUS HOLD, INTO THE MOLDY AND FESTERING BOWELS OF THE ANCIENT DERELICT...

UGH! WHAT A TERRIBLE PLACE! OH... A RAT!

THE PEARLS ARE VERY WELL HIDDEN IN A SECRET PLACE! I WILL SHOW YOU...

FIRST, I SLIDE OPEN THIS SECRET WALL PANEL...

THE GHOST OF OLD PHINEAS OPENED THE SECRET PANEL. WHAT BILL AND ANNE SAW INSIDE MADE THEM GASP IN ASTONISHMENT! FOR THERE WERE HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF PERFECT OPALESCENT PEARLS, EACH MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE OTHERS!

OH, BILL... HOW LUSTROUS THEY ARE! THEY MUST BE WORTH MILLIONS!

NO WONDER THEY TEMPTED THE CREW TO MUTINY!

AT THAT INSTANT THE SPIRITS OF BLACK TOM AND THE MUTINOUS CREW APPEARED AS IF FROM NOWHERE!

SO! YE FOOLISH MORTALS WOULD TAKE FROM US THE TREASURE FOR WHICH WE SINNED! NO! THAT YE SHALL NEVER DO...NOT WHILE THIS SHIP SAILS THE SEAS! YOU ARE DOOMED TO DIE WITH THE SECRET YOU HAVE DISCOVERED!

EVEN AS I SPEAK, YOUR ESCAPE IS CUT OFF! BEHOLD...THE HATCH SLAMS SHUT WITH THE ROLLING OF THE SHIP, AND YOU ARE TRAPPED HERE IN THIS MUSTY HOLD THAT SHALL BECOME YOUR TOMB...

OH, BILL...! WE CAN'T GET OUT!

THERE IS NO WAY OUT! YOU HAVE TWO CHOICES... EITHER DIE A LINGERING DEATH OF THIRST, OR... DRINK! YES, DRINK THE POLLUTION THAT CAUSED OUR DEATHS! ONE THING IS SURE... YOUR BONES WILL CRUMBLE TO DUST IN THE SPIDERY SLIME OF THE BILGES!



AS THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE RANG OUT LIKE THE KNELL OF DOOM, THERE WAS A SUDDEN GRINDING CRASH AND SICKENING JAR...

WE MUST HAVE RUN AGROUND!



THE LANTERN WAS KNOCKED FROM BILL'S HAND AND OVERTURNED ON A PILE OF TAR-SOAKED DEBRIS!



AND ALMOST INSTANTLY A HUGE FIRE SPREAD OVER THE ROTTING HOLD!

OH, BILL, WHAT CAN WE DO? WATER IS POURING IN UP FORWARD! THE CRASH MUST HAVE KNOCKED A HOLE IN THE HULL! COME ON!

FIRE SHALL BE YOUR AGENT OF DESTRUCTION, BLACK TOM! FEEL IT'S HEAT SEARING YOUR GHOSTLY SHELL!



THE ANCIENT HOLD WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A VAST CAULDRON OF WRITHING SHAPES AND BILLOWING SMOKE AS THE HUNGRY FLAMES CONSUMED ALL IN THEIR PATH.

CEASE YOUR STRUGGLES, YE DESPICABLE SCUM! THERE IS NO ESCAPE! BURN, BLAST YE, AND PLAUGE THIS EARTH NO MORE...



YOU ARE MISTAKEN, BLACK TOM, LORD! YE SHALL NOT FOOL ME A SECOND TIME! THE HOUR OF MY REVENGE IS AT HAND, FOR WHICH I HAVE WAITED LONG! I CURSE YOU AND YOUR MUTINIOUS CREW OF SPIRITS! THIS NIGHT THE TIMBERS OF THIS ONCE PROUD SHIP SHALL FIND PERMANENT REST, AND YOU SHALL BE DESTROYED BY FIRE!



MEANWHILE, BILL AND ANNE RAN TO THE FORWARD PART OF THE SHIP, WHERE THEY FOUND A HUGE GAP THROUGH WHICH THE SEA WAS POURING! THEY MANAGED TO MAKE THEIR WAY OUT OF THE DOOMED SHIP...

WE'RE FREE! SWIM FOR SHORE, HONEY! LUCKILY, IT ISN'T FAR!



AT LAST SAFELY ON SHORE THEY STOOD IN AWE AND WATCHED THE FIRE BURN ITSELF OUT AS THE LAST HORRIBLE SCREAMS OF THE CREW WERE STILLED...

WHAT A NIGHTMARE! BILL, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE BECAME OF CAPTAIN PHINEAS?

I DON'T KNOW ANNE BUT IT'S A CINCH HE WILL HAVE A BETTER FATE THAN THAT CREW OF MURDERERS! I IMAGINE HIS SPIRIT IS AT PEACE NOW WHILE BLACK TOM WENT ON TO SOMETHING FAR WORSE!



AS THEY APPROACHED THE SCENE...

WELL, THERE'S THE WRECK OF THE "FEARLESS"! IT RAN AGROUND AND BURNED THREE DAYS AGO...WE WERE LUCKY TO GET OUT ALIVE! BUT MAYBE WE CAN FIND THE PEARLS. IF THEY WEREN'T DESTROYED BY THE FIRE! THE TIDE IS OUT AND WE CAN BOARD HER!



But to the old man's astonishment, Bill led him to the secret sliding panel in the depths of the ship, and...



WELL, YOUNG MAN, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY PEARLS, BUT I RECKON YOUR EXPERIENCE IN THE HURRICANE HAS LEFT YE A LITTLE WEAK IN THE HEAD! THAT OLD WRECK HAS BEEN HERE SINCE BEFORE MY GRANDFATHER WAS BORN!



THERE! WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW OLD MAN? DO YOU BELIEVE OUR STORY OR NOT?

I—I DON'T KNOW! I TELL YOU THIS WRECK HAS BEEN HERE FOR NEARLY A CENTURY AND YET YOU SAY...COME ON, YOUNG FELLER, LET'S MOVE THESE CHESTS! THE SOONER I GET OFF THIS OLD HULK, THE BETTER I'LL FEEL!



...THE END...

AFTER A WHILE, THE WEARY COUPLE SET OUT ALONG THE COAST IN SEARCH OF HELP! THEY WALKED ALL THAT NIGHT AND AT DAWN THEY CAME UPON A LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE! HALF-STARVED AND EXHAUSTED, THEY WERE TAKEN IN BY AN OLD FISHERMAN! THEY RESTED AT HIS HUT FOR SEVERAL DAYS, AND THEN PERSUDED HIM AND SOME OTHER FOLK FROM THE VILLAGE TO ACCOMPANY THEM TO THE WRECKED SHIP IN SEARCH OF THE PEARLS! THE TOWNSFOLK WERE SOMEWHAT DUBIOUS ABOUT A "FORTUNE IN PEARLS," BUT, CURIOUS AS TO THE WRECK, THEY WENT ALONG!

W-WHY IT CAN'T BE...IN WE WERE ON THIS SHIP! IT WAS A DERELICT AND THERE WERE...

YOU'D BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING ABOUT GHOSTS, BILL, OR HE REALLY WILL THINK WE'RE CRAZY!



# Goose? or Nest?

## WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

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