

COME ON NOW, UNCLE-- WHAT'S THE TRICK? HOW DID YOU DO IT? WHAT IS THIS THING, REALLY?

IT IS GOLD, NEPHEW-- THE SHINING ORE THAT GRINDS MEN TO THE DUST OF MISERY! BEFORE WHOSE IMAGE BOW THE VULGAR GREAT, THE VAINLY RICH-- THE MISERABLE PROUD!



WILLIAM COULDN'T HELP SMILING AT HIS UNCLE'S FLOWERY QUOTES-- BUT THERE WAS ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE-- BOLDLY, HE BIT INTO THE SHINY APPLE--

I THOUGHT SO! MERELY AN ILLUSION--IT'S STILL AN APPLE--AND A TASTY ONE AT THAT!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!



IT *IS* GOLD, I TELL YOU! PERHAPS A FEW MORE DROPS OF THE CHEMICAL! MORE! MORE!



BUT WILLIAM HAD SEEN QUITE ENOUGH! THE MARSHES ECHOED TO HIS LAUGHTER AS HE LEFT THE OLD MAN TO HIS FAILURE--

NOW I REALLY NEED A REST! I'LL DROP YOU A CARD, UNCLE... YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME--

HA HA! HA!



WAIT! WILLIAM, WAIT! SOMETHING WENT WRONG!



WHERE DID I FAIL? WHAT DID I OVERLOOK? MERLIN, MY GUIDE, MY PHILOSOPHER, MY FRIEND! GIVE ME A SIGN-- A KEY TO YOUR POWERS!



WAIT! HERE IT IS! SOMETHING I OVERLOOKED! IT SAYS: LOOK INTO THE FLAME OF A CANDLE AND UTTER MY NAME--AND YOUR WISH WILL COME TO PASS!



OH, MERLIN, MASTER OF SORCERY, MAKE THIS APPLE TURN TO GOLD!

