

FEAR

FANTASTIC 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF

FEAR



NO. 4
AUG



200

25¢
CANADA



FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT KEEPER



THE CRYPT KEEPER



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



HIEE, HEE! YEE! IT'S ME AGAIN! THE OLD WITCH... MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I SEE IT'S TIME TO BREW ANOTHER TERROR-TALE FOR YOU HERE IN MY CAULDRON! COME CLOSER... CLOSER! NOW GAZE INTO ITS BUBBLING CONTENTS... GAZE DEEP... AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE BEGINNING OF A BLOOD-CURDLING TALE I CALL...

THE HUNCHBACK!

IT WAS A DREARY DAY, AS ROGER COMPTON STROLLED UP THE MAIN STREET OF THE LITTLE TOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME...

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A COMOTION UP AHEAD... PEOPLE RUNNING!



WHILE ROGER COMPTON WATCHED, THE YOUNG FOLK SCURRIED ABOUT... SEEKING REFUGE...

HE'S COMING! GET INDOORS!

RUN... RUN! HE'S COMING!

THEY SEEM TO BE FRIGHTENED OF SOMEONE... OR SOMETHING!



SOON, ROGER FOUND HIMSELF ON A DESERTED STREET. THE PEOPLE HAD ALL DISAPPEARED... HIDDEN BEHIND LOCKED DOORS AND DRAWN BLINDS...

IT MUST BE SOMETHING HORRIBLE THEY FEAR! I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO TAKE COVER, TOO... OH, OH! TOO LATE! HERE HE COMES!



A STOPPED FIGURE SHUFFLED AROUND A CORNER AND UP THE EMPTY STREET! AS HE DREW NEAR, ROGER NOTICED THAT HE WAS A HUNCHBACK.

GOLD? MY OLD FRIEND, PETER GOLD?

HUH?



PETER! YOU DO NOT REMEMBER ME? I'M ROGER, YOUR OLD COLLEGE CHUM! BUT HOW BAD YOU LOOK, PETER!



GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME ALONE!

WHY... WHY PETER? IT IS I, ROGER! DON'T YOU... REMEMBER?



PETER GOLD SHUFFLED ON UP THE STREET AND DISAPPEARED INTO A DARK ALLEY! ROGER COMPTON STOOD WATCHING HIM GO!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE DID NOT KNOW ME! WHY, WE WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS! BUT NOW, HOW STRANGE HE LOOKS AND ACTS!



CAUTIOUSLY, THE TOWNSFOLK THAT HAD BARRICADED THEMSELVES EMERGED FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES...

WHY, YES? YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE, AREN'T YOU?



PETER? A FIEND? NONSENSE! WE WERE FRIENDS AT COLLEGE!



THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO!



BEFORE HE BECAME WHAT HE IS TODAY... A SHAM!





BUT...A **SHOUL**
FEEDS UPON
DEAD FLESH!

YEST AND I
SAW HIM...



"IT WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO I WAS
RETURNING FROM A GRANGE MEETING! I WAS
TAKING A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE CEMETERY
WHEN..."

A LANTERN SOMEONE
DIDGINS...



"I **EDGED CLOSER!** AND
THEN I **SAW WHO IT WAS!**"

PETER SOLED! THE
HOMECOMER! NOBING
A **GRAVE...**

FROM MY HIDING PLACE, I COULD NOT SEE WHAT HE
WAS DOING TO THE CORPSE HE HAD CRAW DOWN TO... BUT
WHEN PETER HAD LEFT, I APPROACHED THE DESIGNATED
GRAVE..."



GODD LORD! THE CORPSE
IS **PARTIALLY DEVoured!**
HE... HE'S A **SHOUL**



ROGER COMPTON LISTENED, HORRIFIED, TO THE OLD
MAN'S TALK! WHEN HE HAD FINISHED...

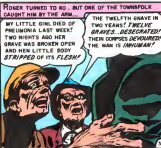
I CANNOT BELIEVE IT! PETER
WAS NORMAL AT SCHOOL...
EVEN BRILLIANT!

BUT YOU'VE **SEEN**
HIM! DOES HE BEHAVE
NORMALLY NOW?
DOES HE?



"I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM AGAIN!
TALK TO HIM! GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF THIS! WHERE
DOES HE LIVE?"

IN THE OLD HOUSE
ON THE HILL? BUT
WE WARN YOU... KEEP
AWAY FROM HIM! HE'S
EVIL!



ROGER TURNED TO GO... BUT ONE OF THE TOWNFOLK
CAUGHT HIM BY THE ARM...

MY LITTLE GIRL DIED OF
PNEUMONIA LAST WEEK!
TWO NIGHTS AGO HER
GRAVE WAS BROKEN OPEN
AND HER LITTLE BODY
STRIPPED OF ITS FLESH!

THE TWELFTH GRAVE IN
TWO YEARS! **TWELVE**
GRAVES... DESECRATED!
THEIR CORPSES **DEVoured!**
THE MAN IS **INHUMAN!**

ROGER BROKE AWAY FROM THE WIDE-EYED TOWNSPEOPLE...AND THEIR HORRIBLE TALES...AND MADE HIS WAY UP THE HILL TO THE RAMSHACKLE HOUSE THAT WAS PETER GOLSO'S HOME...



SON RUN-DOWN AND WEATHERBEATEN IT IS!

HE STEPPED UP TO THE BATTERED DOORWAY AND KNOCKED! THE BLOW UPON THE DOOR BOOMED THROUGH THE DRAFTY HALLS OF THE OLD PLACE! THEN THE DOOR CREAKED OPEN...



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT IS I, PETER! ROGER COMPTON!

PETER GOLSO STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, HIS THIN, STOOPED BODY HUNCHING AT A SPOTTY, ANGLE... HIS HANDS CLENCHED AT HIS SIDES! HIS FACE WAS A WAXEN MARK OF DEATH FROM WHICH TWO EYES BLAZED WITH UNBOLSHING LIGHT...

DO AWAY? BUT I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU, PETER!



A SMILE SPREAD ACROSS PETER'S TWISTED LEERING FACE...A SMILE OF SKULKING EVIL! HIS THICK LIPS CURLED BACK IN A FAMED GRIMACE OF IDIOTIC MIRTH...



HELP ME? HAH? I AM BEYOND HELP! BUT, PETER? I...

THE DOOR SLAMMED IN ROGER COMPTON'S ASTOUNDED FACE, AND HE FOUND HIMSELF ALONE...



POOR PETER! HE IS SICK! PERHAPS A NERVOUS DISORDER! PERHAPS HIS HUMP HAS DEVELOPED INTO A CANCEROUS TUMOR...IT DOES APPEAR LARGER! I MUST GET HIM A DOCTOR!

ROGER MADE HIS WAY DOWN THE HILL AND ACROSS THE STREET TO A SIGN MARKED "HENRY GORDON, M.D." HE KNOCKED UPON THE CLEAN, WHITE, NEWLY-PAINTED DOOR.



YES? I AM ROGER COMPTON! I AM A FRIEND OF PETER GOLSO, THE HUNCHBACK! YOU MUST COME AND SEE HIM! HE IS SICK... VERY SICK...



I KNOW ALL ABOUT PETER GOLSO! I BROUGHT HIM INTO THE WORLD!

THEN YOU'LL COME! YOU'LL HELP...

NOT I WILL NOT COME! I CANNOT HELP HIM!

YOU...YOU CALL YOURSELF A DOCTOR? WHY... YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM... NARROW-MINDED... BIGOTED... SUPERSTITIOUS!



WHAT THEY BELIEVE, MR. COMPTON, IS TRUE!

YOU MEAN, PETER SOLO IS A GHOUL?



NOT HE... EXACTLY! BUT... IT IS A LONG STORY! I AM QUITE SIT DOWN AND I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT! COMFORTABLE STANDING, SIR? PROCEED!



FOR THE MOST PART, I FEEL SORRY FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO PETER SOLO! IT IS NOT HIS FAULT! BUT I AM GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF.



"WHEN HE WAS A CHILD, THE OTHER CHILDREN MADE FUN OF HIM... THREW STONES AT HIM BECAUSE OF HIS HUMPED BACK..."



"YAAAAH!"
G'WAN HOME, GIMPT!

YOUR MOTHER'S CALLIN' YUH, HUMPY!

HUMP BACK!
YAAAAH!

BUT PETER SOLO HAD NO ORDINARY HUMP ON HIS BACK, MR. COMPTON! AND TODAY, WHAT HE CARRIES ABOUT ON HIS SHOULDERS IS THE CAUSE OF ALL HIS HORRIBLE ACTIONS... THE GRAVE-DIGGINGS... EVERYTHING!



WHAT...
WHAT IS IT...
THIS HUMP?

IT IS A MONSTER! A HORRIBLE LITTLE MONSTER THAT TORTURES PETER SOLO. IT CAUSES UNBEARABLE PAIN... TORTURES PETER INTO DOING ITS BIDDING! PETER IS NOT THE GHOUL! THE MONSTER IS THE FLESH-EATER!



BUT, HOW DID IT GET THERE?

PETER WAS *BORN* WITH IT! IT WAS AN UNDEVELOPED SIAMESE TWIN THAT WAS ATTACHED TO HIS BACK! ONLY IT NEVER DEVELOPED! YES, IT WAS ALIVE... BUT DORMANT! AND THEN... THREE YEARS AGO... THE CHANGE CAME!



IT BEGAN TO SHOW, DOCTOR!



YES! HE CAME TO ME! IT LAY FACE DOWNWARD ON HIS BACK... ITS HANDS CLASPED ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS! IT HAD ITS OWN DIGESTIVE SYSTEM, ITS OWN LUNGS... BUT ITS LEGS RAN OFF INTO THE LUMPY FLESH OF HIS BODY!

I NEVER KNEW! IN ALL THOSE YEARS AT COLLEGE...

WHEN HE CAME TO ME, ITS EYES WERE OPEN! IT HAD DEVELOPED A TINY SET OF TEETH! IT WAS UGLY... UGLY!



I COULD NOT REMOVE IT! I COULD NOT KILL IT! IT WOULD HAVE MEANT PETER'S LIFE AS WELL! AND SO I TOLD HIM IT WOULD HAVE TO REMAIN THERE... FOR ALL OF HIS DAYS!



BUT I NEVER SUSPECTED IT WOULD BE A THING OF EVIL! IT DEMANDED FLESH... DEAD FLESH... FOR FOOD! IT WAS A *SHOUL*! AND PETER WAS FORCED TO DIET! IT WAS CAPABLE OF INFLECTING ENORMOUS PAIN UPON HIM...



BUT YOU MUST DO SOMETHING NOW, DOCTOR! YOU MUST SAVE HIM!

I CAN DO NOTHING... NOTHING!



COMPTON WALKED OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE... TEARS IN HIS EYES! THERE HAD TO BE *SOME* THING... *SOME* WAY OF HELPING POOR PETER... OF FREEDING HIM FROM THE MONSTER THAT CONTROLLED HIM...

I'LL GO BACK! I'LL TELL HIM THAT I KNOW... EVERYTHING NOW!



COMPTON MADE HIS WAY UP THE HILL AGAIN... TO THE OLD HOUSE! AS HE APPROACHED, HE HEARD VOICES... ARGUING...

ONE OF THEM IS PETER! I RECOGNIZE HIS VOICE! THE OTHER... IS HIGHER... MORE FRENZIED...



IT MUST BE THE MONSTER! THEY'RE FIGHTING ABOUT SOMETHING...



ROGER COMPTON CROUCHED DOWN BELOW THE SHADED WINDOW... LISTENING...

NO! NEVER! I'LL NEVER DO IT! NEVER... AAAAAAAAAAAGH!



IT WAS PETER SCREAMING IN PAIN! THE MONSTER WAS TORTURING HIM... FORCING HIM TO DO SOMETHING THAT HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO...

NO! I WON'T! HIGHER GRAVES WAS BAD ENOUGH! WATCHING YOU EAT THE ROTTEN FLESH... BUT NOW! KILL FOR YOU? FOR FRESH FLESH? NEVER... NEVER!



IT WAS HORRIBLE TO LISTEN TO THEM! PETER COMPTON TRIED TO REFUSE... AND THEN...



AFTER THE SCREAM... SILENCE! ROGER COMPTON RUSHED INTO THE HOUSE! WHAT HE SAW MADE HIM SICK! THE *THING* WAS THERE... EXACTLY AS THE DOCTOR HAD DESCRIBED IT...



YES! HERE! IT WAS THERE! THE LITTLE MONSTER, IN A FIT OF OF RAGE, HAD CLIMBED A TRIFLE HIGHER ON PETER GOLD'S BACK AND BITTEN HIM TO DEATH! BILLY LITTLE SHOULD... IT DIDN'T REALIZE IT WOULD KILL ITSELF, TOO! YOU SEE, THESE THINGS HAD ONLY ONE HEART... THE ONE IN PETER'S BODY! WELL, READ ON FRIENDS! THERE ARE MORE CHILLS WAITING... IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!



FIRE


He released the fire-bomb he had been preparing so carefully in his workroom . . . and with a consuming sense of triumph he watched it flicker and begin to glow. No one else in the small plane had seen him fiddling with it . . . his wife and all the others were too absorbed in the Mexican landscape unfolding thousands of feet below them. In another sixty seconds the bomb would splutter into angry purple and crimson . . . and it would be time for him to leave them here! He almost laughed at the prospect. He would be abandoning them fifteen thousand feet in the air, in a plane doomed to death by fire within three minutes. They would never be able to land the flaming craft . . . and his guile in mutilating the chutes closed off the only other avenue of escape! Secretly he had slashed the nylon of all the parachutes but one . . . and he was slithering into the only good chute at this very moment!

The sound of the fire-bomb was audible now. He could see the horror on his wife's face as she turned and stared at him in dismay. The others were rising too . . . he began to giggle even as he ran to the escape hatch and flung it open. They were screaming at him, some were beginning to curse and to moan. But it would do them no good! They were all doomed to death by fire . . . and he would profit by it. The insurance money on his wife's life . . . and on the plane which he was about to destroy . . . would make him a rich man!

The metal door was wide open, and without a backward glance he threw himself far out into space. He whirled as if caught in the funnel of a twister . . . then he felt the sharp pull on his back and stomach as the chute mushroomed open above him and stopped his headlong descent almost instantly. Off in the distance he saw the plane wobbling in its path . . . smoke beginning to trail through its windows and a tongue of bright red and yellow enveloping one of the wings. His plan had worked! They would all be consumed in fire within the next five minutes . . . and he would be rich! And safe!

He looked down at the Mexican countryside beneath him, and his heart almost stopped beating. Directly under him, open like the jaws of some primitive monster, was Mount Chachitax. And from its gaping mouth there issued great plumes of deadening black smoke! Now and then he saw the swirl of fire far down in the heart of the turbulent smoke . . . and he was heading directly into it! Some power which neither his will nor his parachute could resist was sucking him directly down into that open mouth . . . into the awful fires of Mount Chachitax! All at once his chute seemed to lose its remaining power and he was shrouded in the smoke and could feel the searing heat all around him. The deadly fires of Mount Chachitax were claiming him. Like the occupants of the plane he was doomed to death by fire . . . in the very mouth of the erupting volcano!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!



WELCOME, DEAR READER... WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE VAULT OF HORROR! HERE'S A FASCINATING TALE... GUARANTEED TO WIPE THE SMILE FROM YOUR FACE AND REPLACE IT WITH A GRAVE LOOK! MY STORY TAKES PLACE FAR UNDERGROUND... IN AS DAMP AND DRAFTY A CAVE AS YOU COULD IMAGINE... SO BE CAREFUL TO TURN BACK AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A SHUDDER, FOR I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO START SNEEZIN' AND COFFIN, OVER THE SPINE-TINGLER I CALL...

THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!

MY STORY STARTS IN A TOWN SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF THE BORDER...

YOU JUST STAY HERE IN THE HOTEL ROOM AND RELAX, PAUL... I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!

YEAR... DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BO!

PICKING UP AND BRINGING PAUL DOWN HERE... AWAY FROM THOSE CRAZY FRIENDS OF HIS... MAY SAVE HIM FROM A RECURRENCE OF HIS NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! IF ONLY I CAN KEEP HIM AWAY FROM EXCITEMENT... AND LIQUOR...



GET THE PICTURE?
HERE'S A SWEET YOUNG
GIRL...LINDA CROSS BY
NAME...WHO'S TRYING
TO SAVE HER BROTHER
PAUL'S HEALTH BY MOV-
ING HIM OFF THE BEATH
TRACK? SHE'S FORGIV-
ING HIM INTO A VACATION
FROM THE BOTTLE AND
...BUT LET'S PEEK INTO
THEIR ROOM A SHORT
TIME LATER?



HE'S ~~GONE~~? AND IN HIS
STATE OF MIND...*ANYTHING*
MIGHT HAPPEN! IT'S DANGEROUS
FOR HIM TO WANDER AROUND
THE STREETS ALONE.



LINDA RUSHES TO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION

YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! PAUL'S
NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR HIMSELF! IN A
STRANGE TOWN LIKE THIS, HE MAY GET HURT
OR...



I HAVE YOUR DESCRIPTION OF HIM, SEÑORITA.
I'LL ATTEND TO THE CASE MYSELF. GO BACK TO
YOUR HOTEL, AND GET SOME REST.



THE HOURS TICK BY, AND STILL THERE IS NO WORD
FOR LINDA CROSS.

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT
HIM...EVEN FOR A MINUTE! A STRANGER...AND IN
HIS CONDITION? I CAN'T SIT AROUND ANY LONGER...
I'LL GO MAD!



HAVE YOU FOUND OUT
ANYTHING ABOUT MY
BROTHER?

HUH? OH, SEÑORITA. ER...
CROSS? NO WORD YET...
WHICH IS *SOOO* NEWS IN
A CASE OF THIS SORT.



MAN FOUND DEAD DOWN AT THE FOUNTAIN, EL JEFE.
STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES? YOU HAD BETTER COME!





...AN AMERICAN... NO ONE AT THE TUNNEL COULD IDENTIFY HIM! AND HIS BODY... PARTIALLY DEVOURED AS IF BY SOME WILD BEAST!



... UNIDENTIFIED... AMERICAN PARTIALLY DEVOURED?

YOU HAD BETTER COME ALONG WITH US, SEÑORITA! THIS VICTIM... BUT LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS! COME... WE HAVE A CAR WAITING.



THIS TUNNEL... IT IS A NIGHT-CLUB... A PLACE WHERE MANY AMERICAN TOURISTS GATHER! THE DEAD MAN COULD BE ANY OF THEM!

TUNNEL... W-WHAT AN ODD NAME... FOR A NIGHT-CLUB!



THE TUNNEL IS ODD IN MORE WAYS THAN ITS CHOICE OF NAME, SEÑORITA! IT APPEALS TO PEOPLE WHO SEEK THE BIZARRE AND WEIRD... BUT YOU WILL SEE FOR YOURSELF! HERE IS THE OFFICE...



EL JEFE TOLD ONLY HALF THE STORY IN HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE STRANGE NIGHT-CLUB. ITS NAME, FOR INSTANCE, IS OFFICIALLY THE **FOW-HEL OF TERROR!** AND TERROR IS WHAT LINDA FEELS AS SHE STANDS IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...



... AND AFTER THE LIGHTS WENT ON, WE FOUND HIM! HIS BODY... AS IF A WILD ANIMAL...

SPARE US YOUR OPINIONS, PLEASE! THE SHROUD... WILL YOU...



I-IT'S... NOT MY BROTHER! THANK HEAVENS! NOT PAUL! HE'S STILL SAFE...

SO FAR AS WE KNOW, SEÑORITA...



THIS PLACE...THIS
FUNNEL...IT SOUNDS
LIKE THE KIND OF
SPOT THAT PAUL
WOULD BE ATTRACTED
TO...EVEN IN HIS
PRESENT CONDITION!
COULD I...FOR MY
OWN PEACE OF MIND...

VISIT IT OF COURSE...
IF YOU THINK THERE'S ANY
CHANCE OF YOUR BROTHER
BEING HERE?



THIS IS THE ENTRANCE, SIGNORITA...
SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL, AS YOU WILL FIND
THE REST OF THE FUNNEL OF TERROR
TO BE?

THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR
AND DOWN THE LONG FLIGHT
OF STEPS, LINDA CROSS
GROVES HER WAY...INTO A
PLACE OF COMPLETE DARK-
NESS! THE AIR IS DARK AND
GLIMMY...THE WORD
FUNNEL SEEMS APT!
UNKNOWN TO HER, SHE
HAS DESCENDED INTO
ONE OF THE CATACOMBS
SURROUNDING THE TOWN...



I CAN'T SEE A
THING! IT SEEMS
LIKE AN UNEX-
PLORED CAVE!
IS THIS SOME
KIND OF A JOKE?
I'LL SOON...
GOOON!



WELCOME
TO THE
FUNNEL
OF TERROR!

W-WHAT...
WHO?

A TABLE FOR THE
SIGNORITA? RIGHT THIS
WAY...STEP CAREFULLY,
PLEASE!



WHAT KIND OF PLACE
IS THIS? NO LIGHTS...
AND THIS SERENESS...



ALLOW ME, SIGNORITA, TO
EXPLAIN OUR CLUB IS
ACTUALLY LOCATED IN
ONE OF THE CAVES USED
FOR BURIAL LONG CENTURES
AGO. FOR NOVELTY WE STRIVE
TO KEEP THE ILLUSION OF
DEATH!

BUT ASIDE FROM OUR
SUPERFICIAL APPEARANCE,
I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND
US CONGENIAL! OUR WHISKY
IS THE FINEST...



IN THAT CASE...
PERHAPS YOU CAN
HELP ME? HAS A TALL
BLOND MAN BEEN HERE
SOMEONE WHO LOOKS
SICK? AS IF...ER...HE
MIGHT HAVE A
FEVER?



PERHAPS
THIS IS THE
ONE YOU
SEARCH FOR?

YIPPIE!



JUST A BIT OF THE
ENTERTAINMENT WE
PROVIDE, SEÑORITA!
NOTHING TO FEAR...
I ASSURE...

WHAT'S
THAT?



PLEASE DON'T
BECOME ALARMED...
...THERE'S BEEN
AN ACCIDENT
HERE...

THIS PLACE...
LIKE SOME-
THING OUT OF
A NIGHTMARE!
ANOTHER BODY...
WE HAVE TO SEE
... PERHAPS
IT'S PAUL...



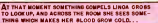
A TOURIST...

AMERICAN...

LET ME SEE...
PLEASE, LET
ME SEE! IT
MAY BE MY
BROTHER... GET
OUT OF MY WAY!



NOT PAUL! BUT... IT'S HORRIBLE! AS
THOUGH... IT HAS BEEN EATEN...



AT THAT MOMENT SOMETHING COMPELS LINDA GROSS
TO LOOK UP, AND ACROSS THE ROOM SHE SEES SOME-
THING WHICH MAKES HER BLOOD GROW COLD...



PAUL! PAUL... IT'S ME!



H-HE'S, SEÑORITA?
WATCH OUT...

GIVE ME THAT TORCH...
IT'S MY BROTHER! HE'S
SICK... HE NEEDS ME!
QUICK... I MUST FIND
HIM!

HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME! THIS CRAZY PLACE... IT'S FRIGHTENED HIM! I'VE GOT TO FIND PAUL... GET HIM OUT OF HERE...



A SCREAM! AND WITH THE ECHOES... IT SEEMS TO COME FROM EVERY SIDE ALL AT ONCE! THE BEAST... IT MUST HAVE STRUCK AGAIN! I-I MUST FIND PAUL... MUST...



THE SECONDS DRAG BY LIKE AGONIZED HOURS AS LINDA CROSS TRIES DESPERATELY TO TRACE HER BROTHER THROUGH THAT UNDERGROUND CAVE. AND THEN SHE SEES THE FLICKER OF A SHADOW AGAINST THE WALL... SOMETHING MOVING. PERHAPS IT IS PAUL...



HE'S AFRAID EVEN OF ME! IN HIS MENTAL STATE HE MUST BE TERRIFIED... CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! IT'S UP TO ME TO... OOOOOFFF!



ANOTHER CORPSE? HORRIBLY MUTILATED BY THE BEAST! IT'S FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM!



THAT SOUND. WHA? PAUL? YOU'RE SAFE...SAFE!



IT'S ME... YOUR SISTER LINDA! YOU WON'T HAVE TO RUN AWAY ANY LONGER... WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE TOGETHER! YOU'RE SAFE!



SAFE. WON'T HAVE TO RUN...



...IT CAN'T BE YOU... MY OWN BROTHER... YOU'RE THE MANIAC WHO HAS MURDERED THE OTHERS! YOU'RE THE MONSTER WHO GRAVES HUMAN FLESH!



W-HO... PLEASE... YOUR OWN SISTER! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING... IT'S A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE, PAUL!



A TALE OF BROTHERLY AFFECTION WASN'T IT? SORT OF A FAMILY PLOT, HEH, HEH, HEH! JUST ONE THING TO REMEMBER! TO THIS DAY, NO ONE HAS APPREHENDED THE MONSTER WHO STALKS THE TUNNEL OF TERROR! SO IF YOU'RE PLANNING A VACATION, HEH, HEH! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU IN MY OWN MAGAZINE, THE VAULT OF HORROR!



THIS IS THE STORY OF THREE MEN WHO CREATED LIFE OUT OF DEATH... ONLY TO FIND AT THE END THAT THEIR OWN LIVES HAD TO BE GIVEN IN RETURN! I CALL IT...

THE Living Mummy



MY TALE BEGINS ON A DISMAL STORMY NIGHT AT THE BLEAK LABORATORY-CASTLE OF PROFESSOR ARNOLD ZAMRON, WORLD-FAMOUS SCIENTIST...

I'M WARNING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, KRAUSE! STAY AWAY FROM MY GIRL OR I'LL KILL YOU!

BLUB...
LET ME
GO...



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?

GASP!...STEVENS IS CRAZY, SIR! HE...HE TRIED TO CHOKE ME...

I DID NOT! I...





QUIET, STEVENS! WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF BRINGING THIS MUMMY... DEAD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS... BACK TO LIFE! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER! KRAUSE! START THE EXPERIMENT!

AT ONCE, SART!

I HEAR THE WHIRING HUM OF DYNAMOS BEGIN? STRANGE LIQUIDS BUBBLE UP IN WILD CHEMICAL COMBINATIONS? THE THREE MEN WORK FOR HOURS? THEN ...



IT'S NO USE... THE MUMMY HASN'T MOVED! I'VE FAILED!

PERHAPS IF WE USED MY METHOD OF INCREASING VOLTAGE CAPACITY TO MAXIMUM POTENTIAL...

SART! UP, STEVENS! DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! I PAY YOU FOR ASSISTANCE, NOT FOR CHITTY-CHIT! YOU CAN CLEAN UP THIS MESS WHILE KRAUSE AND I RECORD OUR DATA! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING...



BUT STEVENS HAS OTHER IDEAS...

THAT CONCEITED WINDBAG* FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TAKING HIS ORDERS... AND ALL THAT TIME MY METHODS... MY FORMULAS HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS FAME! THAT KRAUSE IS NO BETTER! WELL, I'LL SHOW BOTH OF THEM! I'LL BRING THE MUMMY BACK TO LIFE!



NOW IF I CAN MODIFY THAT RHEOSTAT TO PRODUCE A FORCE SUITABLE TO CHEMICAL REVIVAL...

STEVENS WORKS FAR INTO THE NIGHT! BRILLIANT LIGHTS FLICKER ON AND OFF CASTING SHADOWS AGAINST THE DOOR! SUDDENLY, THEY STOP! THEN... SILENCE! MINUTES PASS... THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS...



I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I WAS SURE MY METHOD WAS CORRECT! BUT THE CREATURE JUST LIES THERE... DEAD! I'VE... I'VE FAILED LIKE THE REST!



WHAT WENT WRONG? GOT TO THINK! SLEEP... MUST HAVE SLEEP! SO TIRED...

BUT BACK IN THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE LABORATORY, A HORRIBLY SHRIVELED-HAND FISE'S SLOWLY INTO THE AIR...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, KRAUSE... HEARING NOISES... WALKS UNBARIPLY INTO THE LABORATORY...



WHY A MESS? YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE, STEVENS! *WHERE ARE YOU?* YOU THOUGHT I WAS ASLEEP, DID YOU? WAIT 'TIL THE PROFESSOR HEARS OF THIS!

ANSWER ME OR I'LL...
NO... NO! *STAY AWAY!*



MEANWHILE, DEAR READER, PROFESSOR ZARNON SITS AT HIS DESK ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE CASTLE. HE ALSO HAS NOT BEEN ASLEEP...



HMMM... YES? STEVENS WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL! WELL, I'LL JUST... AHEM... USE *ANOTHER* METHOD NEXT TIME! HE NEED NEVER KNOW! HA, HA!



WHA-? THAT SCREAM... IT CAME FROM THE LAB! STEVENS MUST BE FIGHTING WITH KRAUSE AGAIN! BY HEAVENS, THIS TIME HE'S GONE TOO FAR!

STOP IT! DO YOU HEAR?





NO... NO? THIS IS HORRIBLE! KRAUSE DEAD... MY LABORATORY RUINED... AND THE MUMMY GONE?



PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO GET A GUN FROM A NEARBY DRAWER, PROFESSOR ZAMRON RUNS TO STEVENS' ROOM...

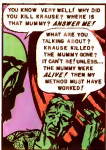
STEVENS DID THIS? THE MAN IS A **MARIAS!** I SHOULD HAVE FIRED HIM LONG AGO! IF HE DIDN'T TELL ME WHAT HE'S DONE WITH THE MUMMY, I'LL...



A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE ANGRY SCIENTIST STANDS OVER THE SLEEPING STEVENS...

GET UP! GET UP! THERE'S NO USE PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP!

WHA... WHAT'S GOING ON?



YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHY DID YOU KILL KRAUSE? WHERE IS THAT MUMMY? **ANSWER ME!**

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? KRAUSE KILLED THE MUMMY SOME! IT CAN'T BE! UNLESS... THE MUMMY WERE **ALIVE!** THEN MY METHOD MUST HAVE WORKED!



YOU **MUST** BELIEVE ME! WHEN YOU LEFT, I EXPERIMENTED... THED EVERYTHING... I THOUGHT I FAILED! I CAME BACK TO MY ROOM, EXHAUSTED... AND I'VE BEEN ASLEEP ALL THIS TIME!

YOU'RE LYING! YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT MUMMY SOME- PLACE AS AN ALIBI!



BUT STEVENS DOESN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE PROFESSOR! HE RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM TO THE LAB BELOW...

COME BACK HERE!

I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF... UGH? I WAS RIGHT! THE MUMMY IS **ALIVE** AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS HOUSE!



I'D SHOOT YOU DOWN RIGHT NOW, STEVENS... BUT I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU FOR THE POLICE!

NO! I **SWEAR** I DIDN'T KILL HIM! THE **MUMMY** DID IT! I... WHA... WHAT WAS THAT?

THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!



WHAT HAVE I
DONE? I'VE
GIVEN LIFE TO
A MONSTER!



SAH! I DON'T
HEAR ANYTHING!
NOW STAND
STILL WHILE I
TIE YOUR HANDS!



BUT A DESPERATE IDEA FORMS IN
STEVENS' TERRIFIED MIND...

I CAN'T LET HIM HOLD ME HERE
IN THE CASTLE! IF THE MUMMY
DOESN'T KILL ME, PRISON WILL!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT... OUT!



GO!... GO!... GET AWAY FROM THAT HORRIBLE
PLACE!

BUT **FATE** HAS DESTINED STEVENS FOR A DIFFERENT
END! AS THE HYSTERICAL MAN STRUGGLES THROUGH
THE HEAVY DOWNPOUR, HE FAILS TO SEE THE SHEER
CLIFF TAWNING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM...



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CASTLE, PROFESSOR ZAMROD
RUND TO THE LIBRARY TO PHONE THE POLICE...



HE CAN'T GET VERY
FAR IN THIS STORM!
THE POLICE WILL CATCH
HIM!

OPERATOR... GIVE ME THE POLICE!
UMMM... HOW CONVENIENT FOR
BOTH MY ASSISTANTS TO ELIMINATE
THEMSELVES THIS WAY! ONE DEAD,
THE OTHER A MURDERER! NOW
I'LL GET THE ENTIRE CREDIT
FOR THESE EXPERIMENTS!



PROFESSOR ZAMRON PULLS THE
DOOR OPEN, AND...

THE MUMMY? STEVENS
WAS TELLING THE TRUTH?
... HE.



BUT AS THE PROFESSOR IS ABOUT
TO MAKE HIS CALL, HE HEARS FOOT-
STEPS...

FOOTSTEPS COMING
TOWARD THE LIBRARY! SO...
THE ROGUE HAS DECIDED TO
COME BACK, BUT I KNEW HE
COULDN'T GO VERY FAR!



HE'S TRYING TO WALK SOFTLY
TO CATCH ME OFF-GUARD! WELL,
LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES *THIS*
SURPRISE!



SHRIEKING WITH TERROR, THE PROFESSOR BACKS AWAY... PUMPING
BULLET AFTER BULLET INTO THE CREATURE...



HE'S NOT DYING!
HE'S COMING CLOSER...
CLOSER...



NO... NO! STAY AWAY...
DON'T TOUCH
ME! Y-A-A-A-H-H!

HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S MY STORY,
DEAR READER! PROFESSOR ZAMRON
WAS FINALLY CONVINCED THAT
STEVENS' METHOD WAS CORRECT!
THE MUMMY PROVED IT TO HIM!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MUMMY?
THE POLICE NEVER FOUND HIM!
HE'S PROBABLY ROAMING AROUND
THE COUNTRYSIDE RIGHT NOW!
HEE, HEE! HE MIGHT EVEN BE
PEEKING IN YOUR WINDOW... THE
ONE BEHIND YOU! DON'T LOOK!
YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO
STAND IT!



THE END

THE CRYPT OF TERROR



A DEAD MAN, PAINTING MY PICTURE? HEE, HEE!
YES, DEAR READER... IT IS A DEAD MAN! CAN'T YOU
SMELL THE GRAVEYARD GIFT? CAN'T YOU SEE HIS NO-
THING, DECOMPOSING FLESH? HEE, HEE! HIS NAME? WELL,
HE WAS JON WAYLAND... BUT NOW I CALL HIM... **THE**

MAN FROM THE GRAVE!

ON A WARM MAY
EVENING LAST
YEAR, THE EARTH
SHOOK LOOSELY.
THE CERE MOON
BEAMED DOWN
ON A ROTTING
HAND THAT
LIFTED WITH
IRISANE FURY
THROUGH THE
GRAVEHOLD...



THE HAND MOVED! IT RIPPED AND TORE CRAZILY AT
THE GRAVE DIRT... TORE HANDFULS LOOSE... OUR
FRENZIED TALONS AGAIN AND AGAIN INTO THE SOFT
LOAM UNTIL...

NO GRAVE CAN HOLD ME! NOT
WHEN I HAVE A TASK THAT CALLS
ME... THAT SUMMONS ME FROM
THE FINAL SLEEP! I MUST
RISE FROM THIS COFFIN...
RISE AND CONTINUE MY
WORK...



WITH THUMPING SOLOON STEPS, THE DEAD MAN WALKED THE GRAVEYARD PATHS...

NOTHING MUST STOP ME! NOTHING! MY WORK... IT CALLS ME BACK FROM THE GRAVE! I MUST FINISH MY WORK... FINISH IT!



MERCIFUL HEAVENS! I... I FEEL SICK!

HEE, HEE! A PRETTY SIGHT ON A MOONLIT NIGHT, EY? A DEAD MAN LUMBERING ALONG THE SIDEWALKS? SMELLING OF THE GRAVE? BUT... WHERE IS HE GOING? WHAT STRANGE *POOR*! CALLS HIM FROM THE GRAVE? CURIOUS? HEE, HEE! LET'S TURN OVER THE MUSTY PAGES OF THE PAST... AND GO BACK SOME YEARS, TO A GOLD OCTOBER AFTERNOON IN AN EASTERN CITY...



JON WAYLAND WAS ALIVE, THEN! YOUNG, AND HANDSOME. BUT *POOR*...

SOME PAINTER /AM! I CAN'T SELL A *THING*! I CAN'T EVEN EARN ENOUGH TO BUY MYSELF A *LOAF OF BREAD* AND A *BOTTLE OF MILK*!



THE ONLY ENCOURAGING NEWS HE EVER GOT WAS FROM A MAGAZINE EDITOR...

I KNOW YOU PAINT *MYSTERIOUS* AND *HORRIBLE* THINGS, WAYLAND! A LOT OF FOLKS DON'T GO FOR IT. BUT I LIKE *MAGAZINE THINGS*! BUT... I CAN'T USE IT! SORRY!



FINALLY, JON WAYLAND WAS FORCED TO PAWN HIS PAINTING IN ORDER TO EAT...

IT'S CHARITY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THESE THINGS AREN'T WORTH ANYTHING, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL. I MIGHT SELL 'EM... SOMETIME!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU!



ONE MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER JON HAD PAWNED EVERYTHING HE OWNED, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON HIS DOOR...

SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR JON WAYLAND!

SPECIAL DELIVERY? FOR ME? BUT... BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY WHO WOULD WRITE TO ME!



IT'S FROM THAT EDITOR...WHO LIKED MY STUFF! HE'S GETTING OUT A NEW **NOVEMBER MAGAZINE**... WANTS ME TO DO ITS **COVERS** FOR HIM! I'LL GET A **CONTRACT**... **MONEY!** AT LAST!



SURE, I'LL GIVE YOU A CONTRACT... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING IN YOUR **SAMPLES AGAIN!** I'VE GOT TO SHOW THEM TO THE **BIG BOSS!**



BUT I... MY PICTURES... I HAD TO PAWN THEM...

JUST MY LUCK! THE FIRST BREAK I GET I LOSE OUT ON! IF I COULD ONLY GET MY PICTURES BACK... OR PAINT SOME MORE... MAYBE I'D **STILL** GET THE CONTRACT!



GIVE YOU YOUR PICTURE? WITHOUT **MONEY**? RA! RA! HA! I MAY BE OLD, SON, BUT I'M NOT **CRAZY**! RA! HA!



PLEASE! PLEASE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME! MY **BIG CHANCE!** IF I DON'T SHOW THAT EDITOR SOME **SAMPLES**, I'LL LOSE IT!

ONLY ONE MORE LEFT! I'VE GOT TO SEE MY OLD FRIEND **BILLY JOHNSON!** HE ALWAYS HELPED ME IN THE PAST. HE'LL HELP ME ONE MORE TIME! I **KNOW** HE WILL!



BILL JOHNSON GREETED HIS FRIEND WITH HARSH WORDS AND GOLD SNEERS...

HELP YOU... AGAIN? AFTER ALL THE TIMES I'VE LOANED YOU **MONEY** IN THE PAST? YOU'RE JUST A **CHEAP BUM**, MAYBE OF NOBODY'D GIVE YOU A **JOB**? WHO'RE YOU TRYING TO KID?



I'M NOT LYING! IT'S TRUE! **TRUE!**

NOW **GET OUT**... AND **STAY OUT!** I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU'RE A **CHEAP, SPEELESS BUM!** A **NO-BOSS!** A **WORTHLESS BUM!**

I'LL NEVER GET THAT **JOB** NOW! I'M REALLY **WASHED UP!**



SUDDENLY THE DAMS OF JON WAYLAND'S RESTRAINT BURST! LIKE A DEMONIC THING, HE HURLED HIMSELF ON HIS OLD FRIEND!

YOU COULD LOAN ME MONEY TO REDEEM MY PICTURES! YOU HAVE PLENTY OF IT! YOU'D NEVER MISS A MEASLY FIFTEEN DOLLARS! BUT NO... NO... NO!

JON...
WATCH
OUT!



I NEED THAT COVER JON. YOU HEAR? I NEED IT TO EAT, TO LIVE!



I KNOCKED HIM OUT, BUT I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT! I'M GOING TO KILL HIM! THEN I WON'T HAVE TO REDEEM MY OLD PICTURES! I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE HIS PAINTS AND BRUSHES... TO PAINT NEW AND BETTER ONES!



JON WAYLAND GRABBED HIS OLD FRIEND CLOSE TO A BIG VAT OF ETCHING ACID. THEN, LIFTING HIS HEAD, HE PLUNGED IT DOWN TOWARD THE ACID... JUST AS JOHNSON RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...

JON! STOP! NO... NO...
DON'T DO THIS TO ME!
JON! AAAAAHHH!



I'LL TAKE PLENTY OF PAINT... AND BRUSHES! EVERYTHING I NEED! THAT FOOL, JOHNSON! WHY DIDN'T HE GIVE ME THE FIFTEEN DOLLARS? HE'D BE ALIVE, NOW!



JON WAYLAND MADE A MISTAKE! BILL JOHNSON WASN'T DEAD... NOT QUITE! HE WAS ALMOST DEAD... BUT THERE WAS STILL A SPARK OF LIFE LEFT... SO LOOK FOR YOURSELF, DEAR READER... IF YOU DARE!



JON! JON WAYLAND! I SEE YOU... STEALING MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES! TAKE THEM, IF YOU WANT... BUT REMEMBER... I AM CURSING THEM! USE THEM... AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM... NEVER RESTING... ALWAYS WORKING... DAY AND NIGHT... FOREVER AND EVER...



CURSING HER? WHAT A **LAUGH!** AS IF A **DEAD MAN'S** CURSE COULD EVER AFFECT A LIVING PERSON! USE YOUR PAINTS? YOU BET YOUR LIFE I'LL USE 'EM! BET YOUR LIFE...? A JOKE! HA! HA!



FEVERISHLY, JON WAYLAND THREW HIMSELF INTO A FRENZY OF PAINTING. ANXIOUS TO MAKE UP FOR TIME, HE THREW PAINT ON CANVAS WITH SUITE, DEXTEROUS SPEED.



ALL THAT DAY AND ALL THAT NIGHT, JON WAYLAND WORKED! COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION, HIS EYELIDS HEAVY WITH THE NEED OF REST, HE WORKED ON...



NEXT DAY...

THEY'RE TERRIFIC, WAYLAND! TERRIFIC! YOU'VE CAUGHT THE MOOD EXACTLY! TERRIFIC! HORROR! THE BIG BOSS LIKES 'EM SO YOU'RE IN!



I'M GIVING YOU A LOT OF MONEY FOR EACH COVER! YOU CAN MAKE A FORTUNE, IF OUR BOOK CLICKS! AND IT SURE OUGHT TO... WITH THESE COVERS OF YOURS!



JON WAYLAND WENT TO WORK WITH A WILL. HE NEVER RESTED. ALWAYS, AT ANY HOUR OF THE NIGHT, HIS LIGHTS WERE ON AS HE PAINTED AND PAINTED, MADLY, WILDLY...

I OUGHT TO REST, BUT... I DON'T WANT TO REST! I'M IN THE MOOD TO PAINT, AND I WILL!



HEE, HEE! JON WAYLAND WAS IN THE MOOD TO PAINT WASN'T HE? ALL WELL AND GOOD... FOR A LITTLE TIME! BUT READ ONLY FRIENDS... READ ON! REMEMBER THE DYING MAN'S CURSE? HEE, HEE! OF COURSE YOU DO... AND SO WILL JON WAYLAND, AFTER A WHILE! HEE, HEE!



BROUGHT IN SOME MORE COVER JOBS. JIM, LOOK THEM OVER!

SURE THING, JON. THE MAGAZINE IS SELLING LIKE HOT-CAKES, SO I CAN USE SOME, BUT DON'T GET TOO FAR AHEAD...

BUT JON WAYLAND COULD NOT STOP PAINTING! THE GLISTENING! PAINTS OF THE MURDERED ARTIST BECAME HIM LIKE SOME STRANGE MAGNET...

I CAN'T STOP! I MUST... GO ON PAINTING! EVEN IF HE DOESN'T NEED... COVERS...

I'VE WORKED FOR THIRTY-THREE HOURS... STEADILY... NOT STOPPING EVEN FOR A DRINK OF WATER! I CAN'T... GO ON... BUT I MUST... FOR I CAN'T STOP...

USE MY PAINTS... AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM... NEVER RESTING... ALWAYS WORKING... FOR EVER AND EVER!

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! NO NO NO!

JON WAYLAND PAINTED ALL NIGHT! HE KEPT ON, NIGHT AND DAY! BUT THE MARKET FOR HIS PAINTINGS WAS SOBER!

FOR PETE'S SAKE,

JON! I'VE BOUGHT A YEAR AHEAD ON YOUR STUFF! I CAN'T POSSIBLY USE ANY MORE! SO TAKE A VACATION! YOU'RE OVER-WORKING!

MONTH AFTER MONTH, DAY AND NIGHT, JON WAYLAND LABORED IN HIS LITTLE GARRET STUDIO. HE DEVELOPED A HACKING COUGH, HIS BODY GREW THIN, WRAITH-LIKE. HIS FINGERS, EXHAUSTED WITH BRUSHWORK, TREMBLED AND SHOOK...

ONE DAY HE FELL TO THE FLOOR, AND DID NOT GET UP...

HE'S... DEAD!



HE MUST HAVE MADE A LOT OF MONEY, WITH ALL THAT WORK HE DID? LORD KNOWS, HE NEVER SPENT ANY OF IT! I WONDER... WHERE HE KEPT IT? 'TWO'NT DO NO HARM IF I LOOK AROUND...



SOT TO... WORK AND... KEEP ON... WORKING? NEVER REST... FOREVER AND EVER... TO WORK AND PAINT... EVEN THOUGH... I SMELL OF THE CHARNEL-HOUSE AND THE GRAVE.



WHY'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE... FOOTSTEPS? BUT NOT NATURAL STEPS! ALMOST LIKE THEY WERE MADE BY... LEG STUMPS!



I COULD NOT STAY AWAY... FROM MY WORK! AHH... THERE ARE MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES... STILL AS GOOD AS EVER.



HEE, HEE? WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR FRIENDS! I'LL BET THAT IF I TOOK A CANVAS OF YOU READERS RIGHT NOW, I'D FIND SOME OF YOU SCREAMING, TOO... JUST LIKE THAT POOR OLD LANDLADY! DID YOU NOTICE HOW PALE AND PALLETTED SHE LOOKED? OH, BY THE WAY, SHE'S RECOVERED NOW... DOING NICELY, TOO! BUT SHE'S STILL NOT OUT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM! SEEMS THAT EVERY TIME SHE SEES A PAINTING SHE GOES MAD OVER IT!

