

N°15
MARCH

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

What WAS
THE STRANGE SECRET
THAT TURNED A BEAUTI-
FUL WOMAN INTO A
RAVENING BEAST FROM
OUT OF THE UNKNOWN?
SEE THE STARTLING ANSWER
IN...
**"The VAMPIRE
CAT!"**

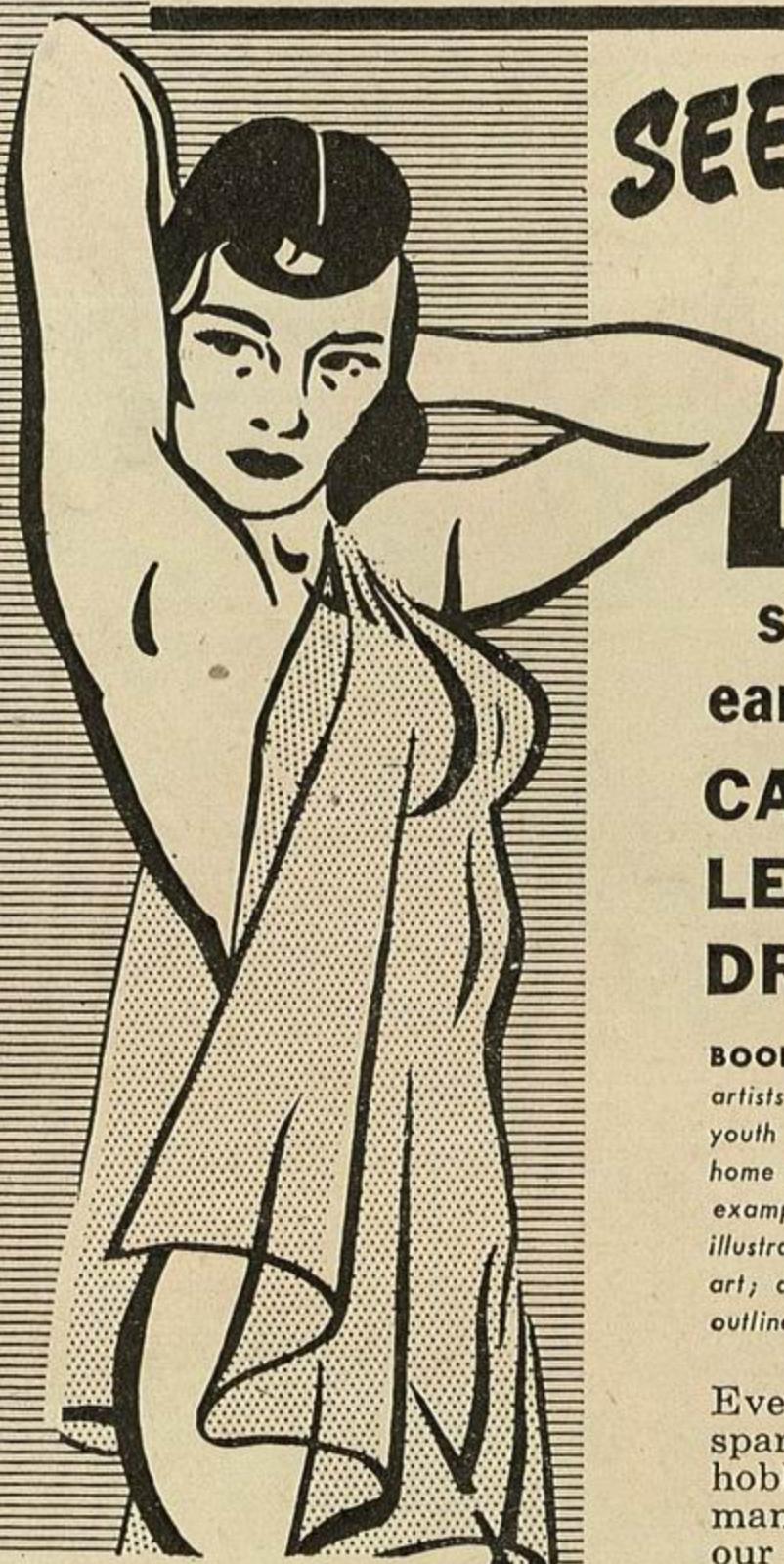


MY STRENGTH'S...
FAILING! I CAN'T FIGHT
OFF THIS DEMON...ANY
LONGER...

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"Became art director.
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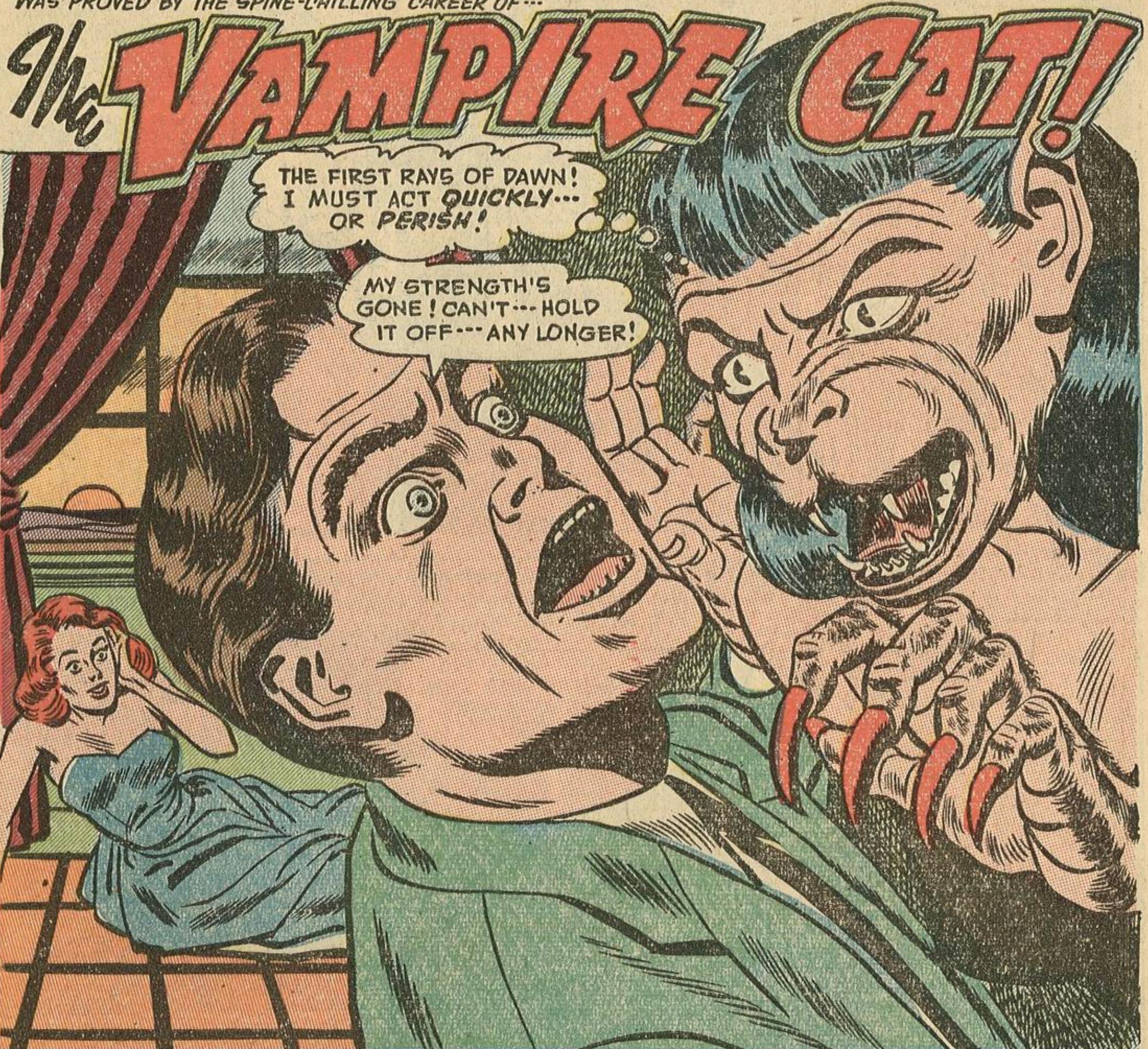
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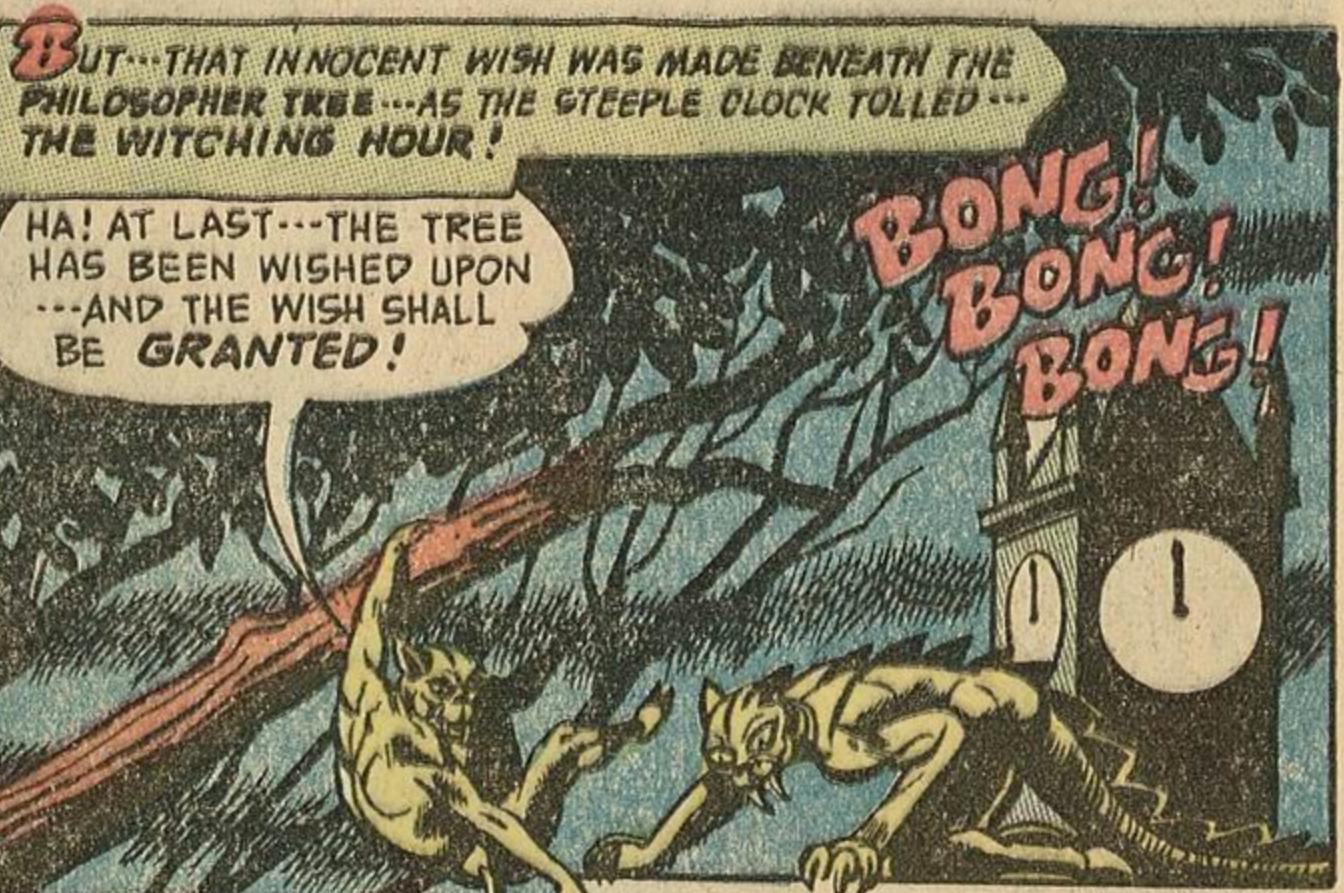
Tell me about Trial Plan.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE WE HAVE OF THE GRIM CREATURES OF THE BEYOND IS FRAGMENTARY---AND OFTEN MISLEADING! UNTIL RECENTLY, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE MOST DREADED OF NIGHT CREATURES---THE VAMPIRE---COULD TAKE ONLY THE FORM OF A BAT---BUT NOW WE HAVE LEARNED OTHERWISE---AS WAS PROVED BY THE SPINE-CHILLING CAREER OF...



IT WAS ALL HALLOWS EVE, AND MIDNIGHT APPROACHED ---BUT ALL WAS MERRIMENT AT THE HOME OF FLO BLAIN---







ON THE WAY HOME... VILMA FELT A DREAD CHANGE
COME OVER HER...

IT'S ALMOST MORNING!
I MUST FIND A VICTIM
QUICKLY... BEFORE
DAWN!

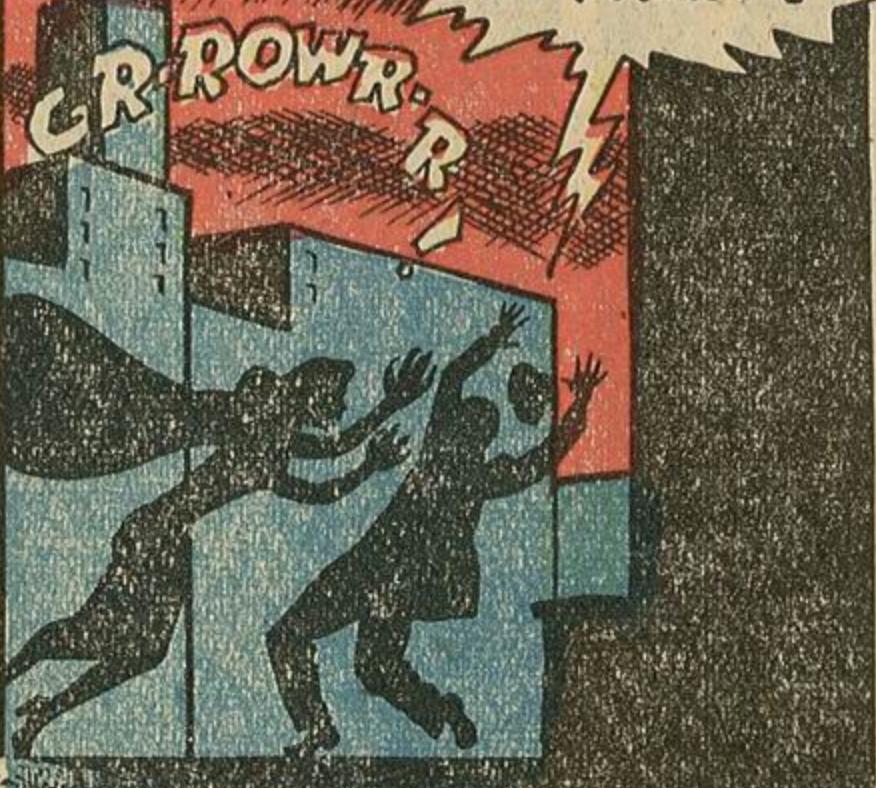
AFTER PARKING NEAR A DARKENED ALLEY...

AH...WHAT LUCK!
EVERYTHING IS...
PERFECT!



HUGE TALONS RAKED THE DARKNESS...
BESTIAL JAWS HUNGERED FOR PREY...
WHILE DEATH LOOKED ON!

H-HELP!



WHEN THE VICTIM HAD BEEN CLAIMED...

IT...IT'S DONE... AND
I'M SAVED! BUT BEFORE
TOMORROW'S DAWN... I
MUST PROWL AGAIN!
HA...NOW I HAVE POWER
---NOW ALL MY ENEMIES
WILL SUFFER!



FOR THREE NIGHTS VILMA'S
REIGN OF TERROR CONTINUED!
THEN, AT A SMALL DINNER
PARTY GIVEN BY FLO'S MOTHER
TO RECONCILE THE PARTED
LOVERS...

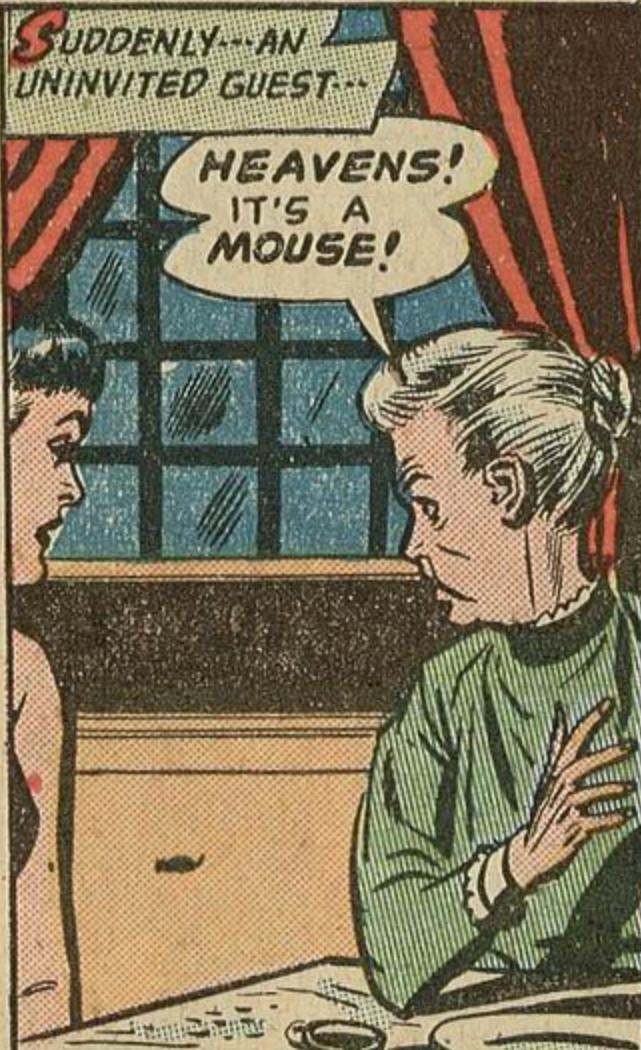
...AND SO I
ASKED VILMA
HERE TO EX-
PLAIN WHAT
HAPPENED!
AFTER ALL, IT
WAS A GAY
PARTY AND...

IT'S NOT
NECESSARY TO
EXPLAIN, MOTHER
---STEVE AND I
HAVE
ALREADY
MADE
UP!



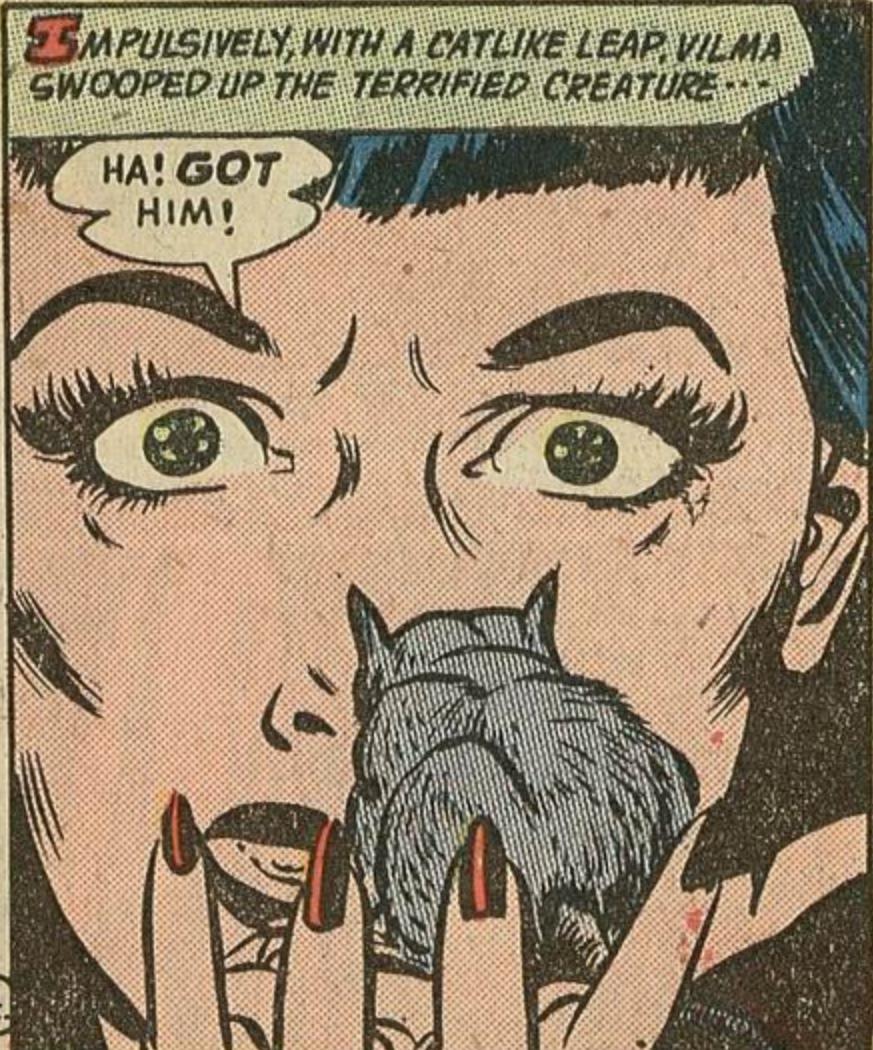
SUDDENLY--AN
UNINVITED GUEST...

HEAVENS!
IT'S A
MOUSE!



IMPULSIVELY, WITH A CATLIKE LEAP, VILMA
SWOOPED UP THE TERRIFIED CREATURE...

HA! GOT
HIM!



AS VILMA RELEASED THE MOUSE---A FEARFUL THOUGHT ENTERED STEVE'S MIND---

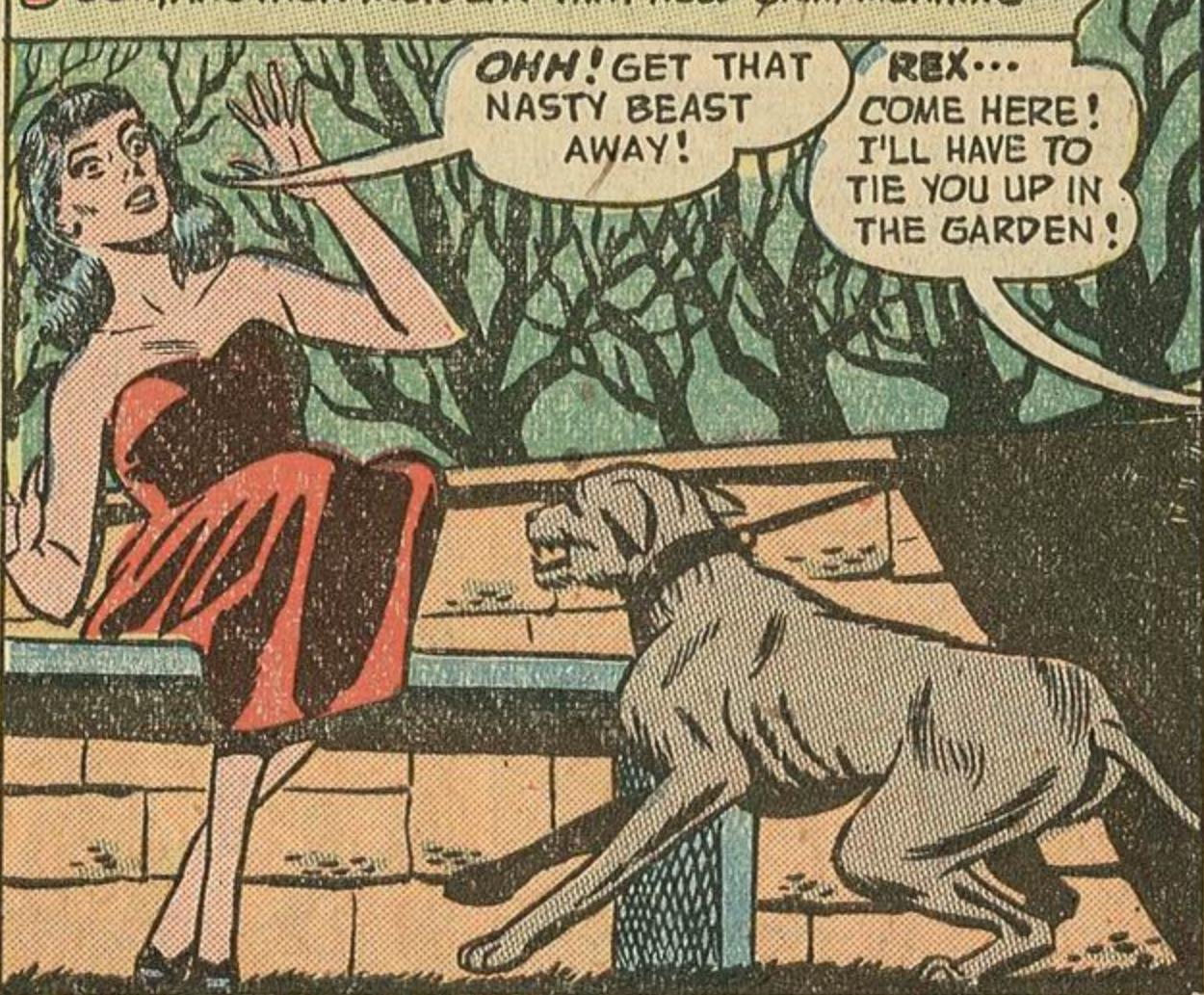
GREAT GUNS---VILMA LOOKED AS IF SHE WERE READY TO... EAT IT!

I... I THINK. WE'D ALL BETTER GO OUT ON THE TERRACE FOR COFFEE!

SOON, ANOTHER INCIDENT THAT HELD GRIM MEANING...

OH! GET THAT NASTY BEAST AWAY!

REX... COME HERE! I'LL HAVE TO TIE YOU UP IN THE GARDEN!



LATER---AS A MURDEROUS FIGURE STALKED THE SHADY GARDEN...



WHEN THE MANGLED CORPSE WAS FOUND...



C-CAT? DARLING
---I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING GHASTLY...SOMETHING UNBELIEVABLE...BUT I CAN'T SHAKE THE IDEA!

THEN MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

FLO TOLD OF HER GIRLISH WISH
...THAT HAD BEEN MADE UNDER THE PHILOSOPHER TREE---AT MIDNIGHT...

BUT---IT'S ONLY A LEGEND!
IT COULDN'T HAVE COME TRUE!

OF COURSE NOT, HONEY...
FORGET IT!

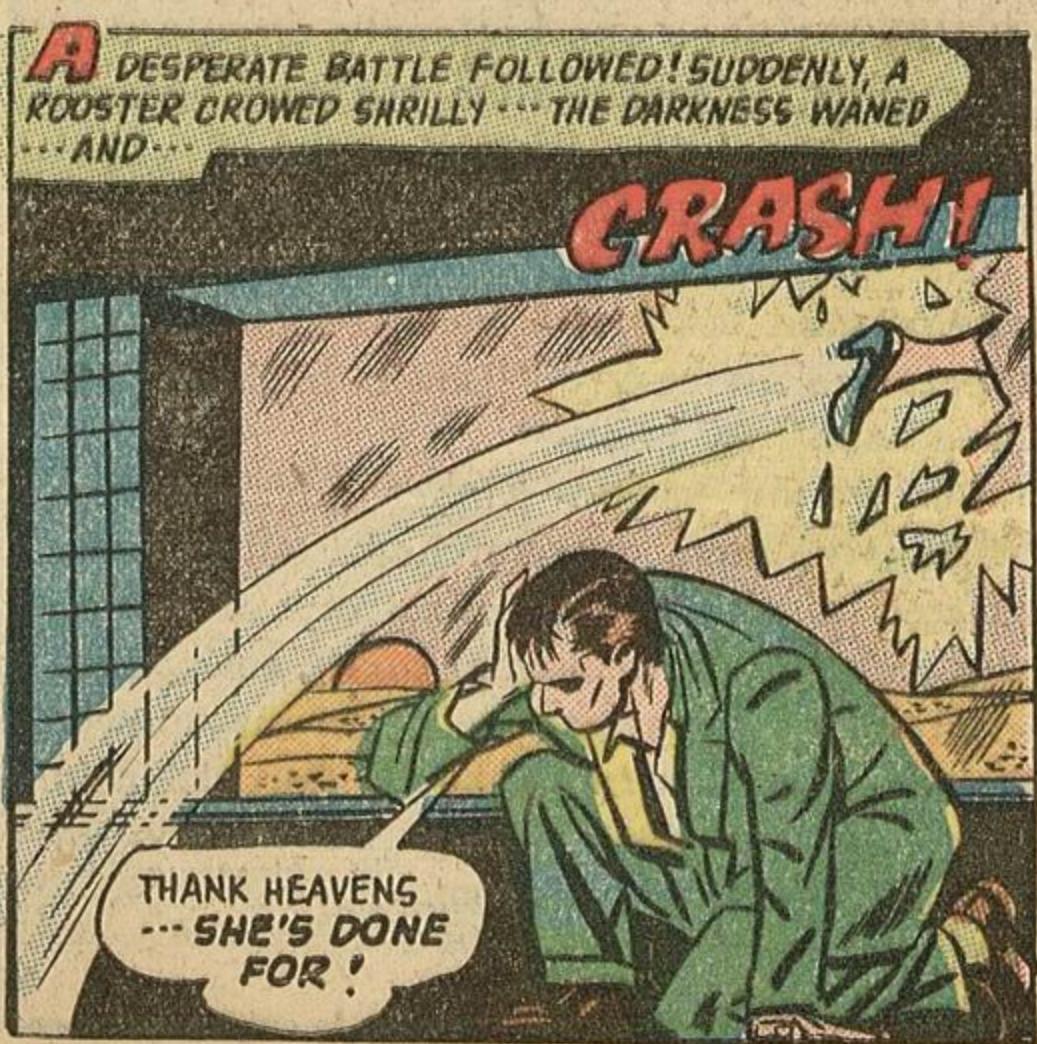
BUT NEARBY, A HATE-CRAZED MIND LISTENED---AND PLOTTED AWFUL VENGEANCE!

SO...IT WAS SHE WHO STARTED THIS! THE FOOL...SHE'S GIVEN ME THE POWER I'VE ALWAYS WANTED! NOW...SHE MUST DIE!





THEN, INSIDE THE DARKENED ROOM...
SNARLING TERROR!



OUT of the PAST

A LONE IN THE large bedroom of his mansion, with an old photograph album spread before him, Martin Kleber had to fight down a momentary twinge of regret. "Weakness!" he mumbled through toothless gums. "Mere weakness! Life has no place for regrets. I've fought hard for what I've got, and I'm not sorry for anything!"

But he couldn't help wondering exactly when in the past he had made his will so inflexible. As a boy most people had liked him. "People are such fools," he thought. "The world is a jungle, and only those with sharp claws and bared fangs can survive."

He'd operated on this principle when he'd gone into business, allowing nothing to stand in the way of his success. For a long time he had been disturbed by emotions of pity and compassion for those he crushed, but all such evidences of conscience he eventually rooted out of himself.

To acquire such discipline meant fighting down pity whenever he felt it. He forced himself to be ruthless when there was no reason, except to prove to himself that he was pitiless. When a competitor ended up as a pauper or suicide, Martin Kleber would chuckle at their stupidity.

Turning the withered leaves of the album he came across a picture of the only girl he had ever loved, so very long ago. She had loved him too, but she had been very poor, and Martin Kleber had wanted money more than love. So, when he had the opportunity, he married an heiress, and systematically drove her mad so that he could have complete control of her fortune. The girl he really loved had committed suicide. He felt pity then, but now Martin Kleber laughed: "The fool! Love is for weaklings!"

Like many old men, he was fascinated by pictures of himself taken in youth. He gazed almost hypnotically at a large yellowing photograph taken during his

college years. The face was handsome and open, honest. Kleber smiled triumphantly. He'd changed that face. He'd utterly destroyed the all too human person he had once been.

It was quite late, and the logs in the fireplace were beginning to fall into embers. Kleber's old eyes were tired, and he pulled himself to his feet, intending to go to bed. But once again he looked at the youthful photograph. "Yes," he repeated aloud. "I *destroyed* you!"

Impulsively, he snatched it up and tore it to bits, flinging the pieces into the dying flames. Instantly, there was a shriek of agony, filling the entire room at once.

Horribly startled, Kleber whirled around, his old heart pounding. There, standing at the opposite end of the room, was young Martin Kleber, gazing at him intently. Aghast, the old man stumbled back, his heart throbbing louder.

"Yes, Martin," said the specter hollowly, "you *have* destroyed me, and *yourself* as well! All your life I've fought for you. I was your better nature, always prompting you to do good. When you felt pity, it was my work, when you felt compassion, it was my doing. Until tonight there was always some little spark of me left alive in you, but when you callously tore up that photograph it meant that you had become completely evil, beyond hope. That instant set me free, Martin, free to..."

The old man's heart was beating like a trip-hammer. "No!" he pleaded as the specter advanced. "Don't frighten me! Keep back! My heart!"

But young Martin Kleber advanced relentlessly, arms outstretched. Old Martin emitted a single shattering cry of terror, just before his weakened heart collapsed.

When servants finally came in answer to the fearful death shout, the old man was already dead...lying awkwardly on the floor of the empty room...

THERE WAS **EVIL** IN THE SWAMP, BUT A **FORTUNE** AS WELL-- ENOUGH TREASURE TO URGE THE TWISTED MINDS OF TWO VILLAINOUS MEN ALONG VIOLENT PATHS AND TO MURDEROUS ACTS! DEEPER AND DEEPER THEY PUSHED, AND ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN THEM AND THE PINNACLE OF HORROR WAS THE SPUTTERING FLAME OF ...

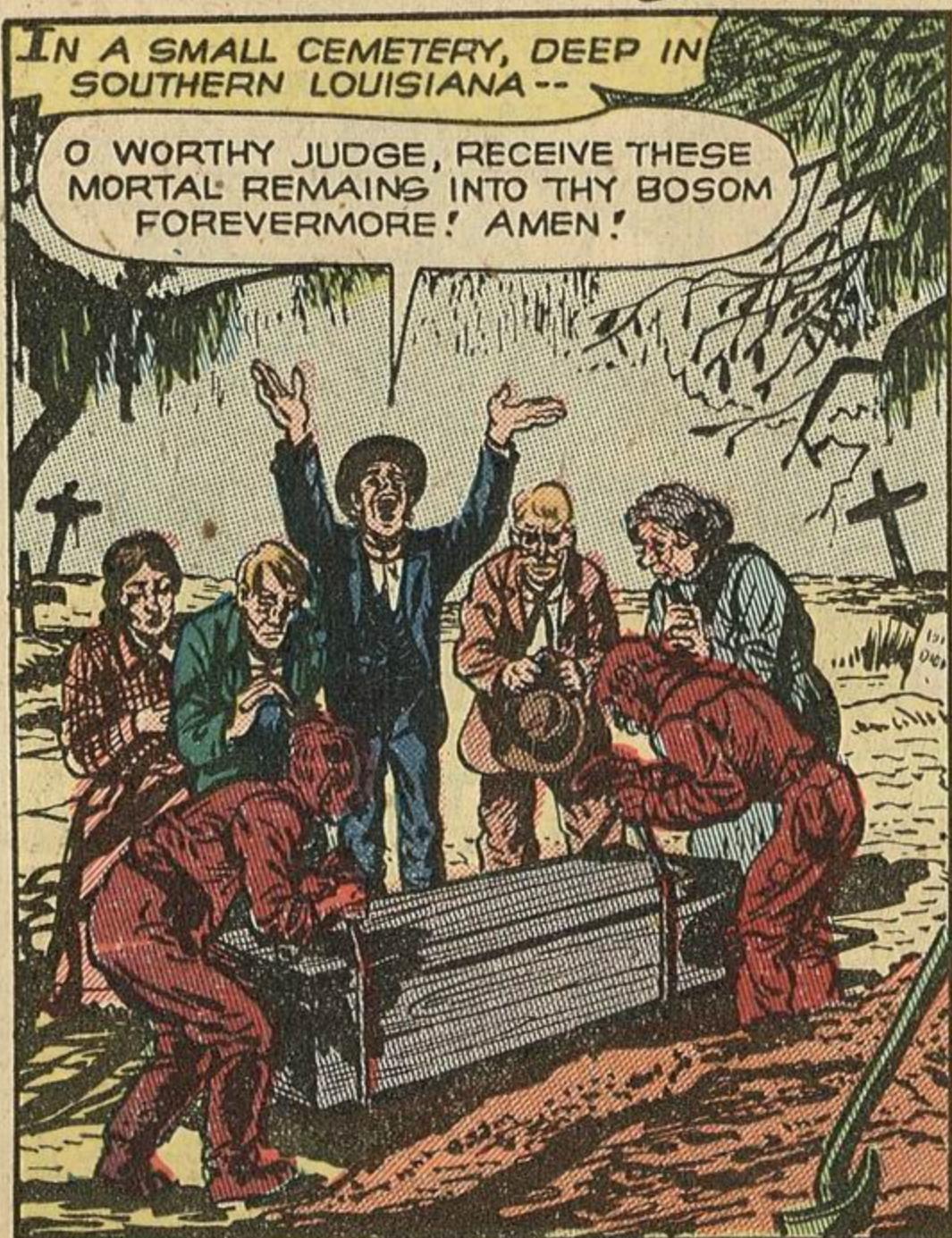


IN A SMALL CEMETERY, DEEP IN SOUTHERN LOUISIANA--

O WORTHY JUDGE, RECEIVE THESE MORTAL REMAINS INTO THY BOSOM FOREVERMORE! AMEN!

THAT WAS A HEAP O' PRAYERS THE PREACHER MADE OVER THAT COFFIN! I DON'T COTTON TO MESSIN' AROUND WITH IT!

SHUT UP, BARROWS, OR I'LL BASH IN YOUR SKULL! WE'RE DIGGIN' THAT CORPSE UP-- TONIGHT!



AS THE MOON RODE HIGH, THE
TWO MEN SET ABOUT THEIR
GRISLY TASK!

THAT DOES IT, SIMMS! I'M STANDING ON THE COFFIN RIGHT NOW!

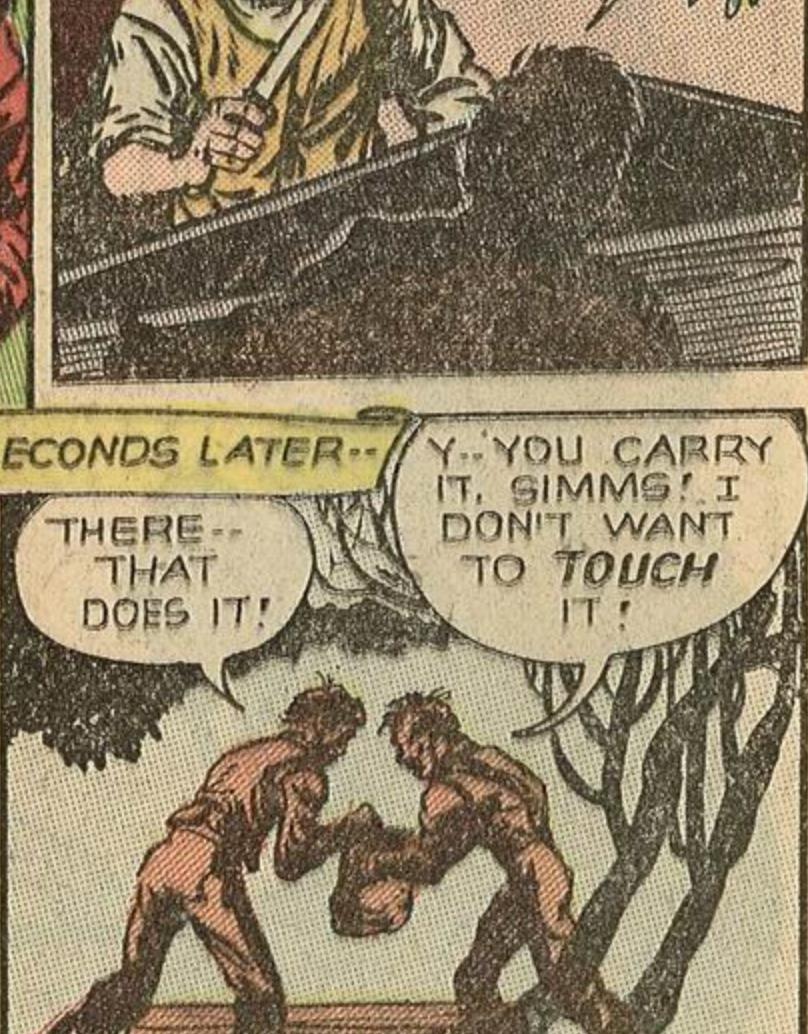
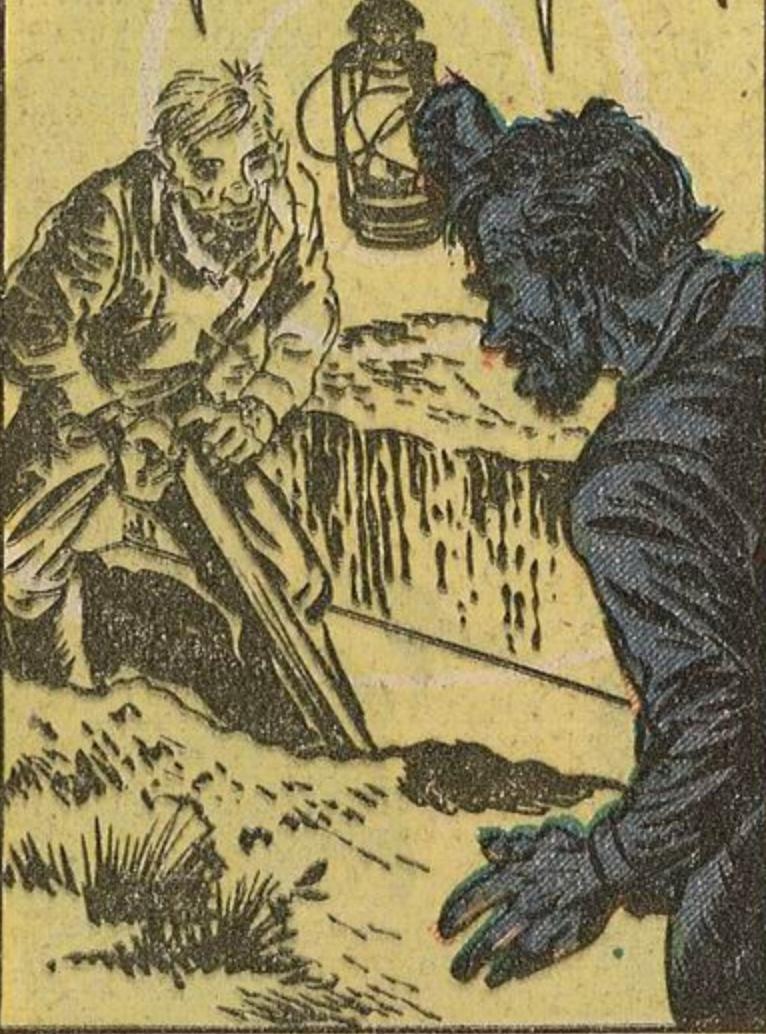
GOOD! LEMME GIVE YOU A HAND WITH IT!

STOP CRABBIN' AN' PULL! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!

AS SIMMS FORCED OPEN THE CREAKING COFFIN LID--

IT'S THE LEFT HAND WE'RE AFTER, BARROWS-- NOW HOLD THAT SACK STEADY AN' QUIT SHAKIN'!

I--I CAN'T HELP IT! GET IT OVER WITH BEFORE I START YELLING MY HEAD OFF!



OKAY, NOW THAT WE GOT IT, WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?

WE TAKE IT TO MERE FAUPIN, STUPID! YOU KNOW IT'S USELESS TO US UNTIL SHE GIVES IT HER SPECIAL MAGIC! AN' REMEMBER-- WHEN WE GET THERE, I'LL DO THE TALKIN'!

AT MERE FAUPIN'S SHACK, NOT FAR FROM THE DISMAL SWAMPLANDS--

I DONE EXACTLY WHAT YOU TOLD ME! IN THIS SACK I GOT THE LEFT HAND OF A MAN DEAD NOT MORE THAN SEVEN HOURS! CAN YOU MAKE IT INTO A GLORY

HAND--

LIKE YOU SAID?

YES, BUT NOT BEFORE I'VE PERFORMED THE SECRET RITES!

THEN DO IT-- LIKE YOU PROMISED! REMEMBER, I PAID YOU THREE PIECES OF GOLD!

FOOL-- THREE PIECES OF GOLD IS NOTHING! I WANT MORE FOR MY SERVICE-- MUCH MORE!



WHY, YOU LYIN' WITCH! DON'T CROSS ME, OR--
THREATS WILL GET YOU NOWHERE! UNHAND ME BEFORE I CURSE YOUR MISERABLE BONES TO EVERLASTING FIRE!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER, SIMMS! IT'S THE BURIED TREASURE OF THE DEAD PIRATE JEAN LATOUR! FOR THREE YEARS YOU'VE SEARCHED THE SWAMP WITHOUT ANY LUCK! ONLY A GLORY HAND FIXED WITH MY SPECIAL MAGIC CAN FIND IT FOR YOU! I'M WILLIN' TO HELP, BUT I WANT MY RIGHTFUL SHARE

-- HALF THE TREASURE!

HALF THE--?

YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, HAG-- BUT, OKAY-- YOU WIN! NOW GET TO WORK! WITH PLEASURE, MY BLOODY FRIEND! IT WON'T TAKE LONG!



SLOWLY, THE FEARFUL MINUTES DRAGGED BY--

I... I DON'T TRUST HER, SIMMS-- THEY SAY HER MAGIC CARRIES A POWERFUL CURSE! STOP SNIVILIN' AN' LEAVE THE WORRYIN' TO ME!

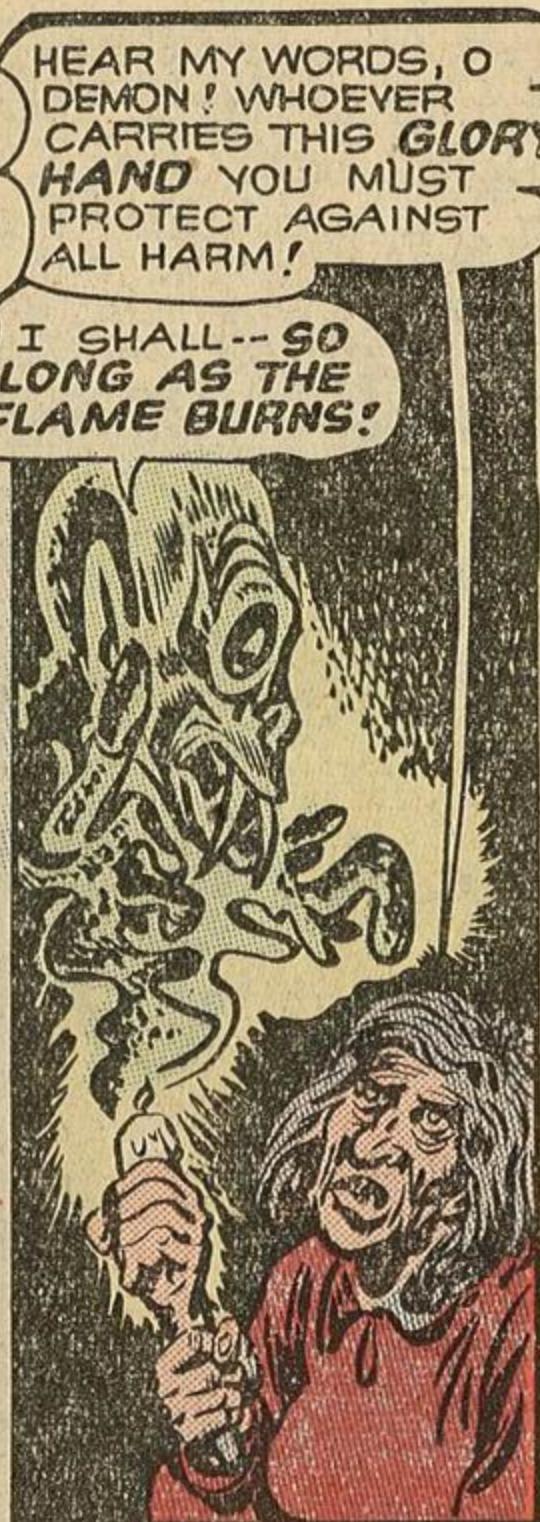


THEN, IN A VOICE DRIPPING WITH EVIL--
HEARKEN SPIRITS OF OUR EVIL BAND-- RAISE THE DEMON OF THE GLORY HAND!



SUDDENLY MERE FAUPIN SPUN ABOUT-- THE SPUTTERING GLORY HAND HELD ALOFT--





I... I'M THROUGH, SIMMS-- I DON'T WANT NO PART OF THIS!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU FOOL! ONCE SHE FIXED UP THIS GLORY HAND, THERE WAS NO POINT KEEPIN' HER AROUND! THERE'S GONNA BE A LOT MORE TREASURE WHEN WE DIVIDE IT **TWO WAYS** INSTEAD OF THREE! NOW LET'S GET MOVIN'!

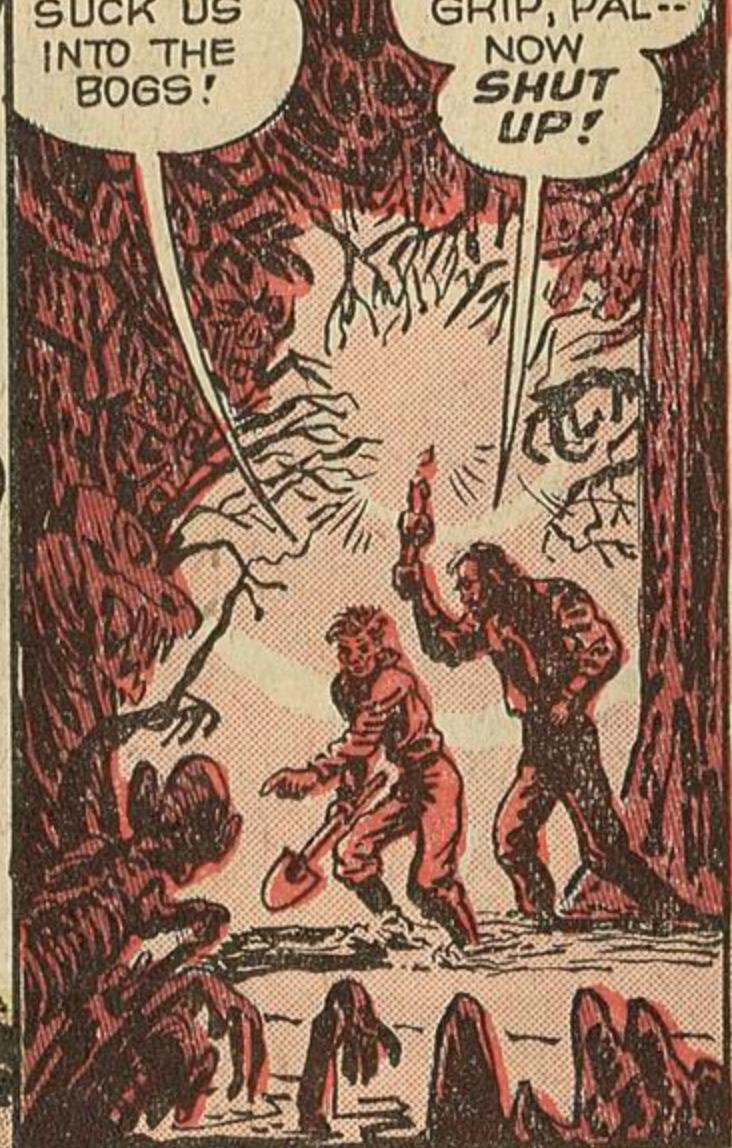
FORCING THE WEAKER MAN BEFORE HIM, SIMMS PLUNGED INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE TREACHEROUS SWAMP--

I-- I'M SCARED, SIMMS! MY KNEES ARE SHAKIN' LIKE I GOT THE FITS!

JUST KEEP THINKIN' OF THE **TREASURE** AN' YOU WON'T HAVE TIME TO BE SCARED!

LOOK-- OVER THERE! SOMETHIN'S WAITIN' FOR US! THEY'RE MURDERING **DEMONS**-- READY TO SUCK US INTO THE BOGS!

THEM'S NOTHIN' BUT TREE STUMPS AN' DEAD BRANCHES! YOU'RE LOSIN' YOUR GRIP, PAL-- NOW **SHUT UP!**



DEEPER AND DEEPER, INTO THE STEAMING SWAMPS--

THE HAND-- IT'S TWISTED AROUND! IT'S POINTIN' DOWN!

THEN THIS IS IT! WE'VE FOUND THE TREASURE!



BARROWS WORKED SWIFTLY, BUT SIMMS URGED HIM ON RELENTLESSLY!

I'VE BEEN :PUFF: DIGGIN' STEADY FOR TWENTY MINUTES! I-- I'M JUST ABOUT DEAD!

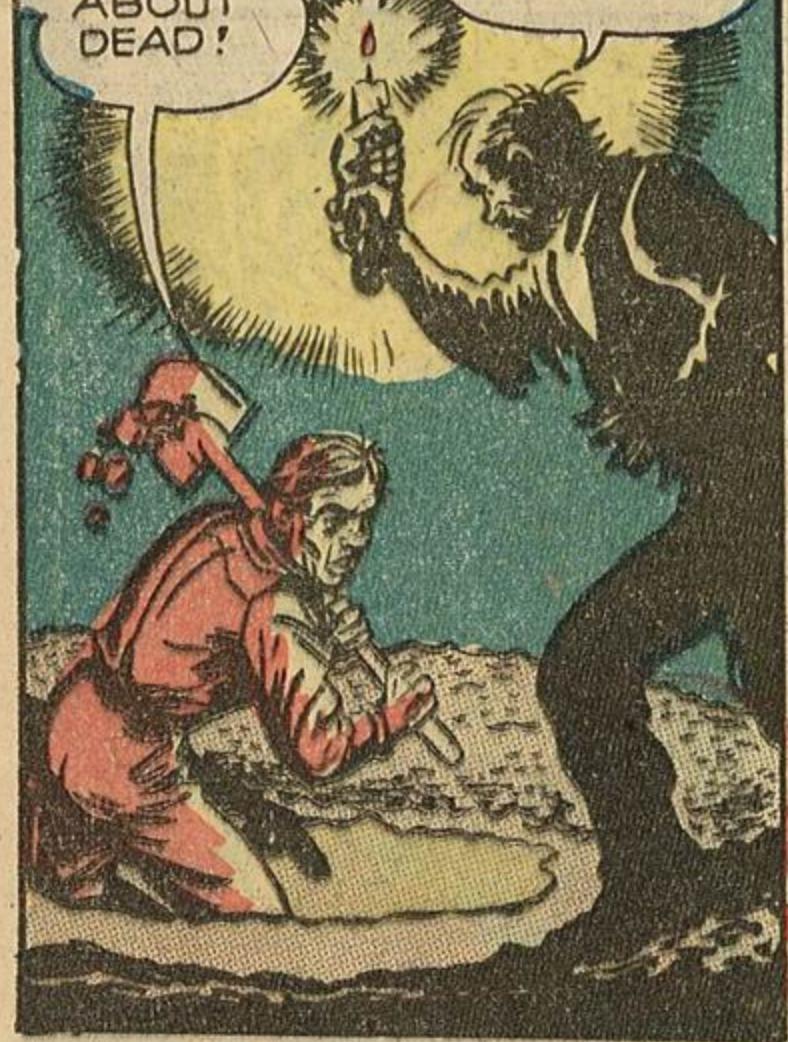
YOU WILL BE IF YOU STOP! KEEP AT IT! FASTER... FASTER!

Then...

SIMMS! I'VE HIT SOMETHING! IT LOOKS LIKE-- IT IS! IT'S A CHEST!

IT'S THE CHEST, ALL RIGHT! THE BURIED TREASURE OF CAPTAIN LATOUR! WE'RE RICH, SIMMS-- RICH!

STOP YELLIN' AND LEND A HAND! GET IT OUTA THERE!



DRAGGING THEIR PRIZE OUT, SIMMS WASTED NO TIME--

GREEDILY, BARROWS THREW BACK THE LID--

LOOK! GOLD... DIAMONDS... PEARLS! A FORTUNE-- AND IT'S ALL OURS-- OURS!



NO, BARROWS, NOT OURS...



IN HIS GREEDY HASTE, SIMMS FORGOT THAT THE EXTINGUISHED GLORY HAND WAS BEHIND HIM! FURIOUSLY, HE STRUGGLED FORWARD WITH THE CHEST-- WHILE ALL ABOUT HIM MENACING SHADOWS SURGED AND WEADED THROUGH THE GLOOM--

WH..WHAT'S THAT? THAT SUCKING NOISE! SOMETHING'S STIRRIN' AROUND ME--SOMETHIN' ALIVE! WHO'S THERE? WHO'S THERE?

NO ONE BUT US! I, CAPTAIN JEAN LATOUR, AND MY LOYAL CREW!

G-GET OUTA MY WAY! YOU CAN'T HARM ME! STAND BACK-- BACK!



WAH! THE OLD WITCH SAID THE GLORY HAND WOULD PROTECT ME! SHE PROMISED!

FOOL! THE FLAME WENT OUT WHEN YOU KILLED BARROWS! ITS PROTECTIVE POWER IS GONE! NOW I COME TO RECLAIM MY TREASURE!



BUT IT'S MINE NOW--MINE! I'VE ROBBED A GRAVE AND MURDERED FOR IT! NO ONE IS TAKING IT FROM ME! NO ONE WILL...



KEEP AWAY! DON'T COME NEAR! DON'T-- DON'T!

WHEN DAWN CAME, LITTLE REMAINED OF THE NIGHT'S GRISLY WORK! A GRASPING HAND STILL CLUTCHED THE CORNER OF AN ANCIENT CHEST-- A GLAZED EYE, DEVOID OF LIFE, STARED BLANKLY! BUT THE RELENTLESS MUD STILL SUCKED DOWNWARDS, AND SOON-- NOTHING WOULD REMAIN!



The End

From YOUR EDITOR-to YOU!

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO we got an excited telephone call from our printer. "Wow!" he fairly screamed into the phone. "That last issue of 'Forbidden Worlds', it was the greatest! Everybody in the plant is reading it! Secretaries, printers, linotypers, switchboard girls, they're all so engrossed we can't get a lick of business done!"

We apologized for throwing a monkey wrench into the operations of his firm, but afterwards we sat back rather pleased with ourselves. After all, everybody enjoys having his efforts crowned with success. And we remembered how hard the work had been, gathering together the best writers, artists, and researchers from the four corners of our great country. Finally, with our staff assembled, we set about the formidable task of producing a supernatural comic that would be without a rival in the field. Yes, there were great efforts, great hopes, and vast amounts of money bound up in these operations, and when our product was finally ready for sale, all we could do was sit back nervously and wait for your reaction.

It wasn't long in coming. Almost instantly we were deluged with mail from fans and dealers everywhere. "Yes!" they chorused. "It's great! It's different!" But now everybody wanted more, more, more! But we refused to be hurried, for we had vowed that only the most gripping and spellbinding

yarns would ever appear in the pages of "Forbidden Worlds". And so we have continued to put the same painstaking care into each issue, often taking many months to bring a story to the vibrant perfection we crave.

Now, if only for a moment, we can sit back contentedly, for this issue is beyond doubt the greatest we've ever offered our fans. "The Vampire Cat!", an eerie tale of dark and satanic evil, matches its superb illustration. "The Glory Hand" is different, a chilling tale born in the dank bayous of the brooding Louisiana swamps. A fascinating report of weird happenings in the uncharted jungles sent our researchers scurrying for details, and we're sure you'll agree that "The Winged Terror" is one of the most astounding stories in years. And who could help but thrill to "The Death Slave", an action-packed supernatural drama replete with thrills and chills from grim start to overwhelming climax!

We're sometimes asked how we know just what our fans want. It's simple. We just read your letters and act accordingly. The policies of "Forbidden Worlds" are based on your preferences, so please, let us know your reactions to this issue, simply by writing to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll publish your comments as soon as possible. And now, let's dip into our mailbag:

"Dear Editor:-

I am a high school student, and after reading a recent issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' I have become greatly interested in the supernatural. I especially enjoyed 'The Mummy's Treasure'. Thank you for such a keen book.

--Marvin Ginsburg, Providence, R. I."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read many comics, but like 'Forbidden Worlds' so much I've almost quit reading the others. I'm sure many people feel as I do about it. I liked 'The Curse of Rada' best in your recent issue. I prefer stories about Voodoo.

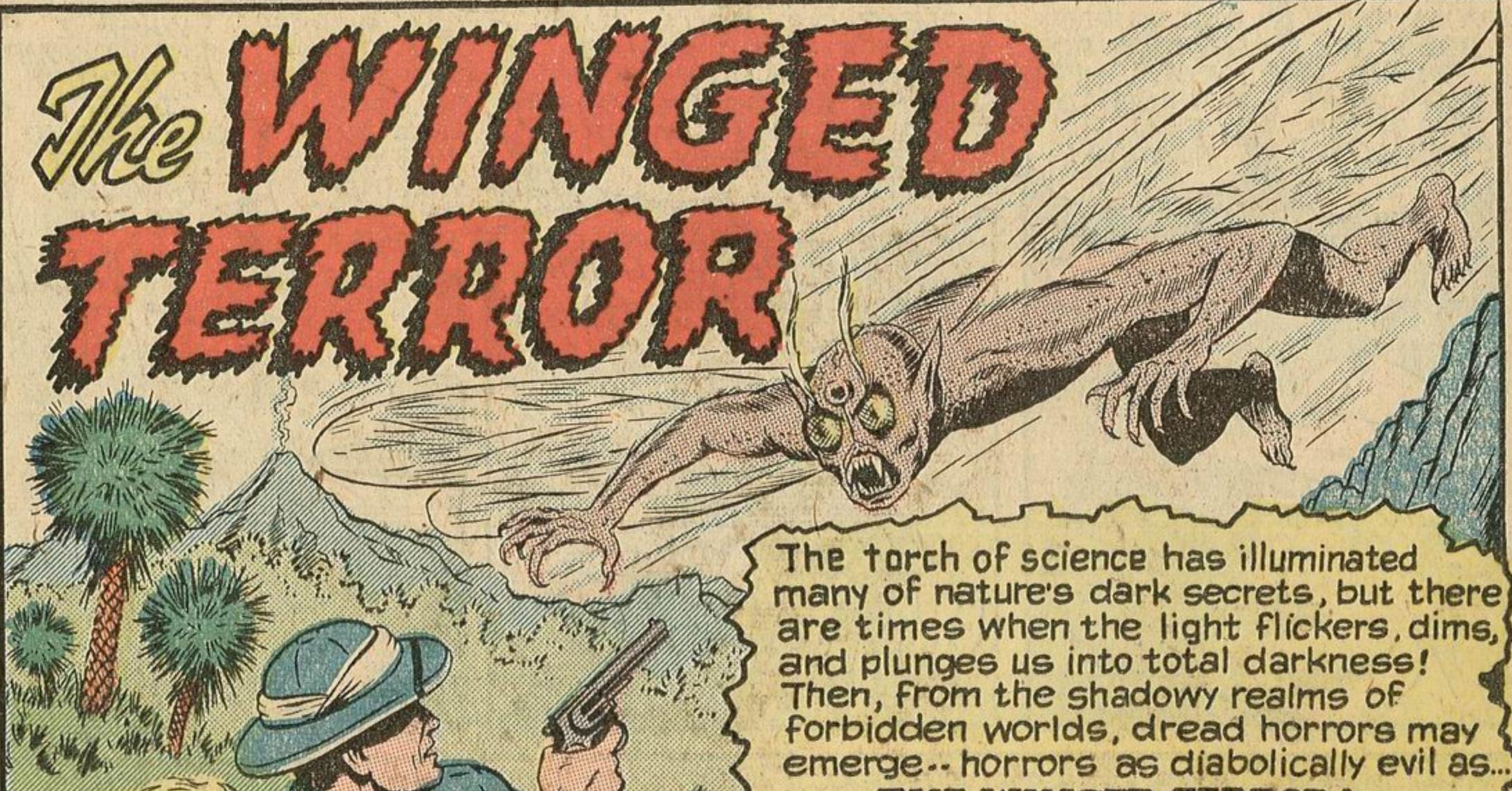
--Lavona Brown, Mattoon, Illinois".

"Dear Editor:-

I have just finished your last issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' and found the story of 'The Unknown Vampire' one of the best I've ever read. I'd like to see more yarns about vampires.

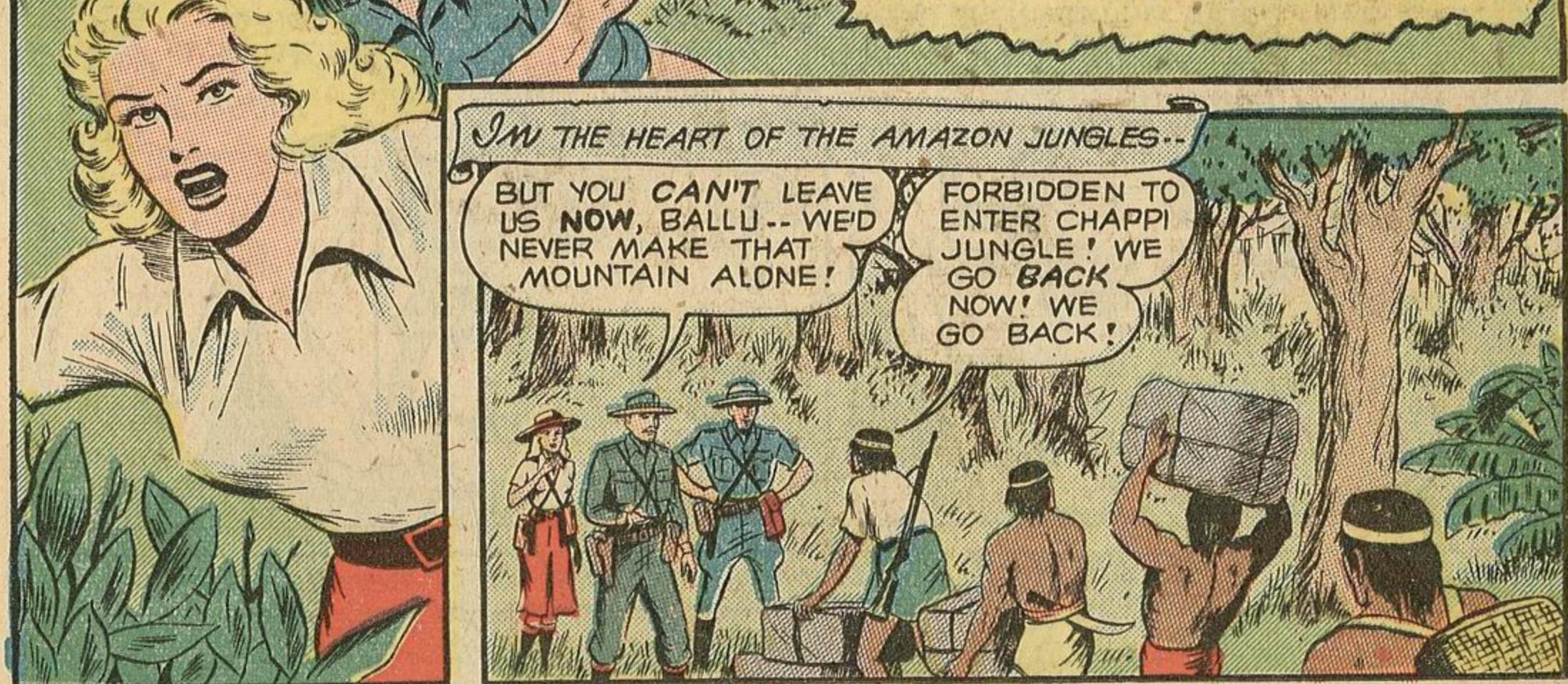
--Duane Elliott, Mount Vernon, N. Y."

The WINGED TERROR



The torch of science has illuminated many of nature's dark secrets, but there are times when the light flickers, dims, and plunges us into total darkness! Then, from the shadowy realms of forbidden worlds, dread horrors may emerge-- horrors as diabolically evil as...

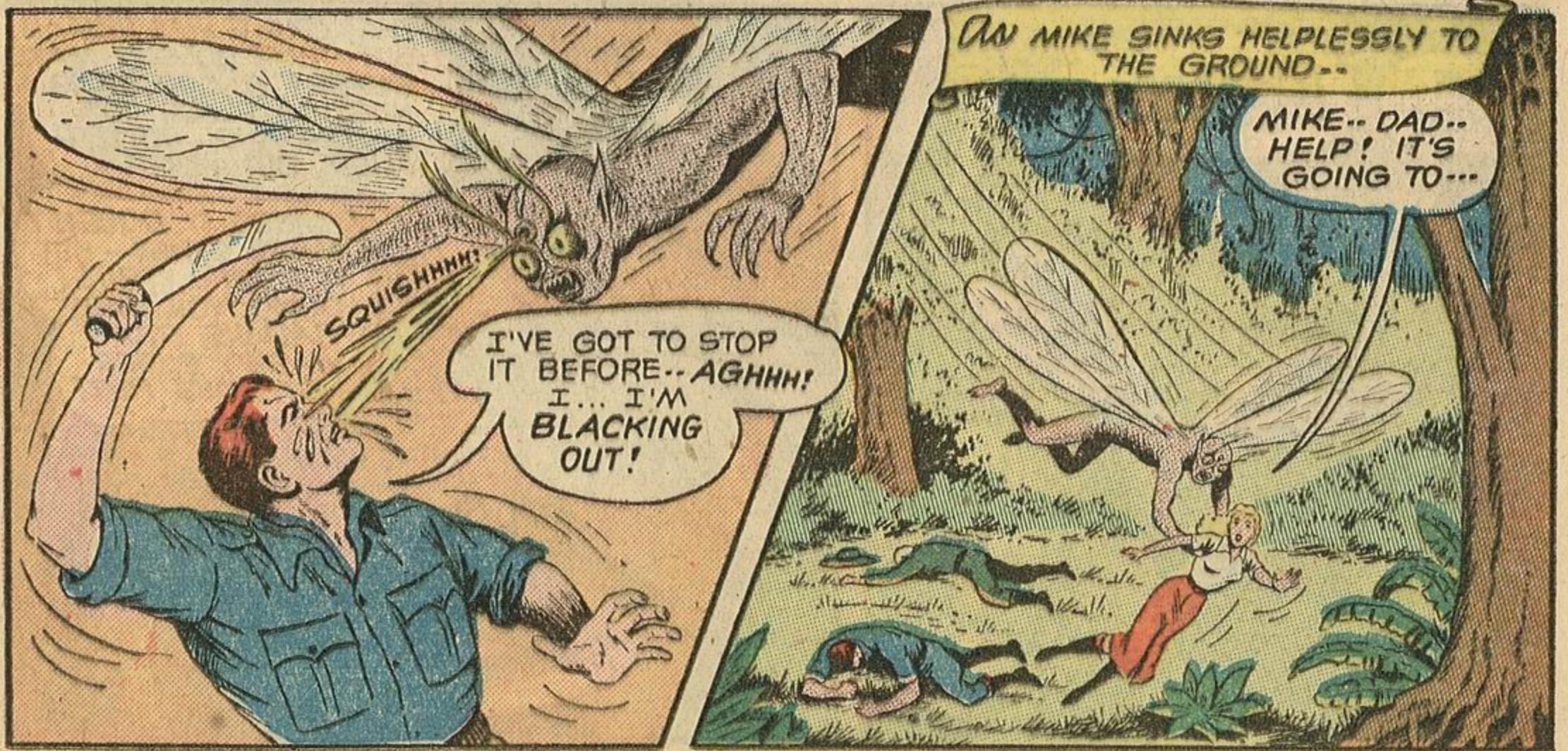
THE WINGED TERROR!



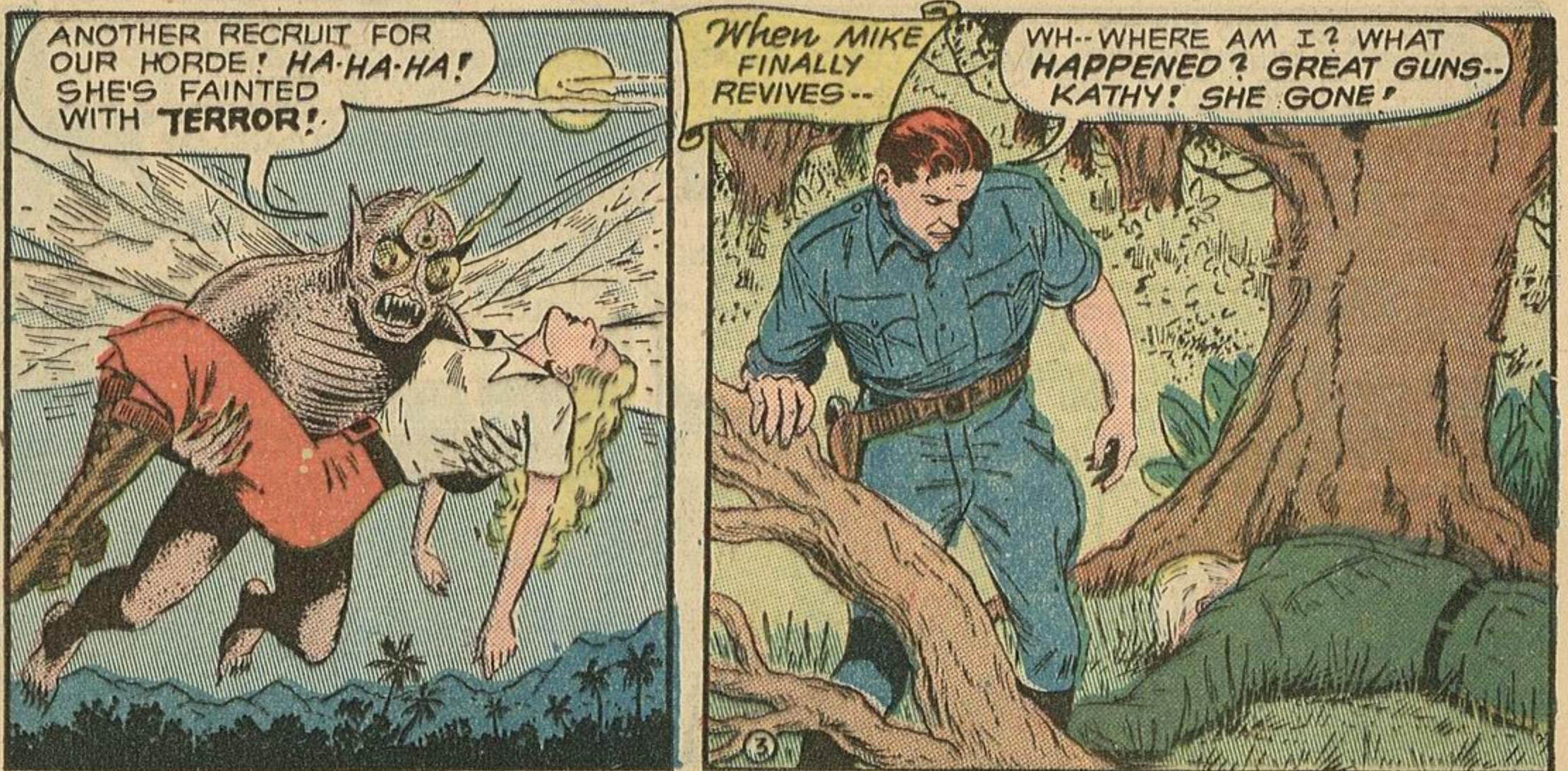




AS THE FEARFUL CREATURE'S WINGS
STRIKE WITH THE FORCE OF A
PILEDRIVER--



AS MIKE SINKS HELPLESSLY TO
THE GROUND--



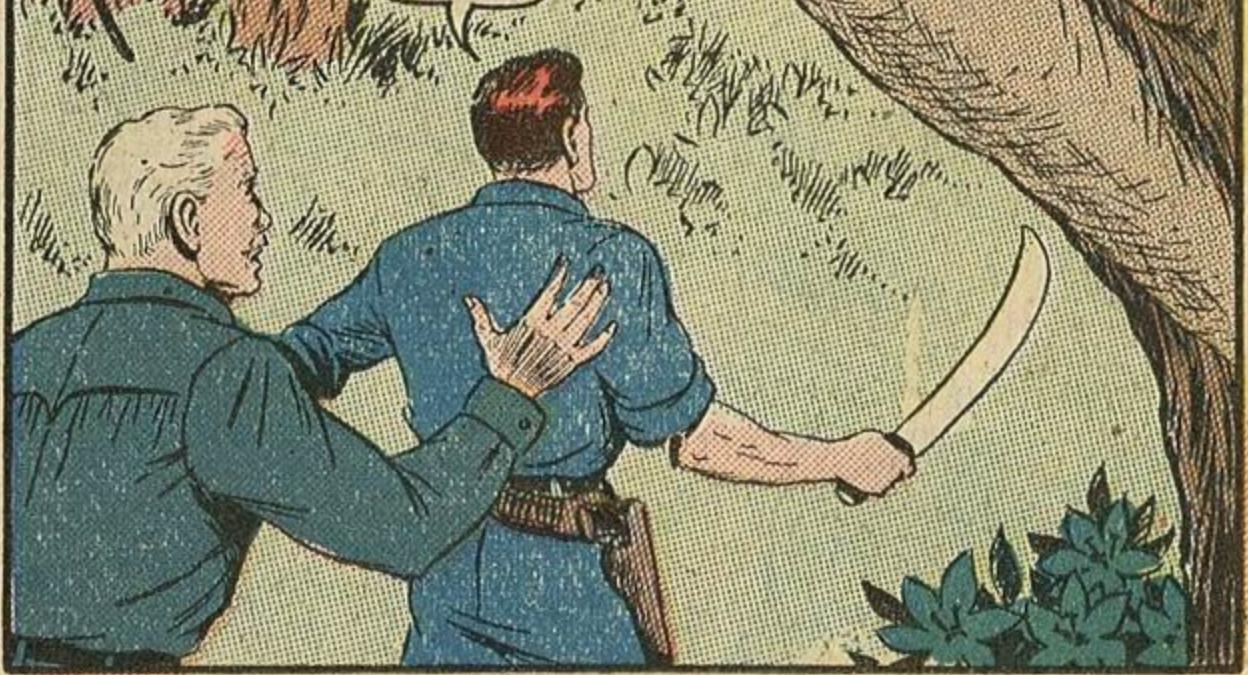
After the feverish application
of first aid--

WAIT! THERE'S NO
TELLING WHAT'S
INSIDE!

Y-YOU SAY
KATHY IS
GONE?
BUT WHERE?
WE MUST
GO AFTER
HER!

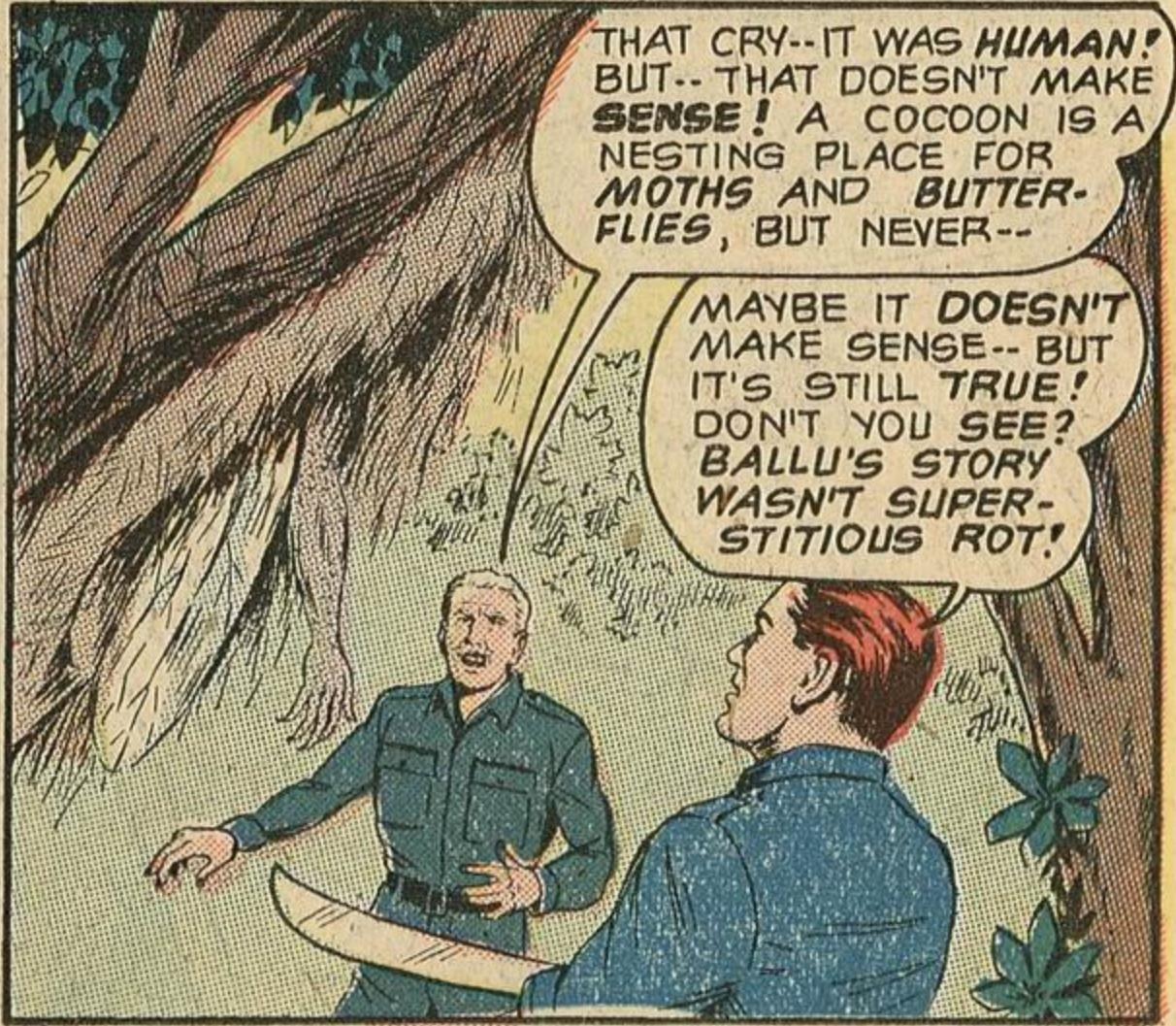
SURE, BUT FIRST
THERE'S SOMETHING
WE HAVE TO DO!
SOMETHING THAT
MIGHT GIVE US A
CLUE TO THIS
INCREDIBLE
BUSINESS!

EXACTLY--
BUT I'M
GOING TO
FIND OUT!



LIKE
THIS!

ARGHH!



HE SAID THOSE WHO ENTERED THIS
JUNGLE WERE CHANGED INTO CHI-
WALLIES --THEIR WORD FOR
FLYING CREATURES! THIS
SOUNDS FAR-FETCHED, BUT
THESE CREATURES MUST
PLACE THEIR VICTIMS IN THESE
COCOONS, AND AFTER A
PERIOD OF TIME, THE HUMANS
HATCH OUT AS
ONE OF THEIR
OWN KIND!

GREAT SCOTT!
KATHY'S IN
THEIR CLUTCHES
NOW! DO YOU
THINK THEY--?

I'M NOT JUMPING
TO CONCLUSIONS,
BUT I'M STARTING
OUT AFTER HER AT
ONCE! AND I CAN
TRAVEL FASTER
ALONE!

I-- I
UNDERSTAND!
GO-- AND
MAY THE
FATES BE
WITH YOU!

Through EVER-THICKENING JUNGLE,
MIKE PUSHED ON ALONE! THEN--
AS EVENING FELL--

THERE IT IS-- THE VOLCANO WE
WERE SEARCHING FOR! BUT
WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS
WHEELING AROUND THE
SUMMIT? WELL, THE
ONLY WAY TO FIND
OUT IS TO--
INVESTIGATE!



*Approaching THE MOUNTAIN'S
BASE--*

IT'S THE CHIWALLIES ALL RIGHT, AND THIS MOUNTAIN MUST BE THE CENTER OF THEIR ACTIVITIES! NOW, IF I ONLY KNEW WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO KATHY, I COULD--

HOLY SMOKE-- A CAVE LEADING INTO THE MOUNTAIN! THIS COULD BE A SUCKER PLAY-- BUT I'VE GOT TO LOOK AROUND INSIDE!

Cautiously ADVANCING INTO THE GRIM PASSAGE--

THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT-- SOME KIND OF MONSTROUS HATCHERY-- AND EACH OF THOSE COCOONS MUST CONTAIN A HUMAN VICTIM! IF THOSE FIENDS HAVE DONE ANYTHING TO KATHY, I'LL--

Suddenly--

OHH-HHHH!

THAT SHRIEK-- IT'S KATHY!

Plunging ONWARD TOWARD THE CRY, OBLIVIOUS TO DANGER----

OH, MIKE-- THANK HEAVENS!

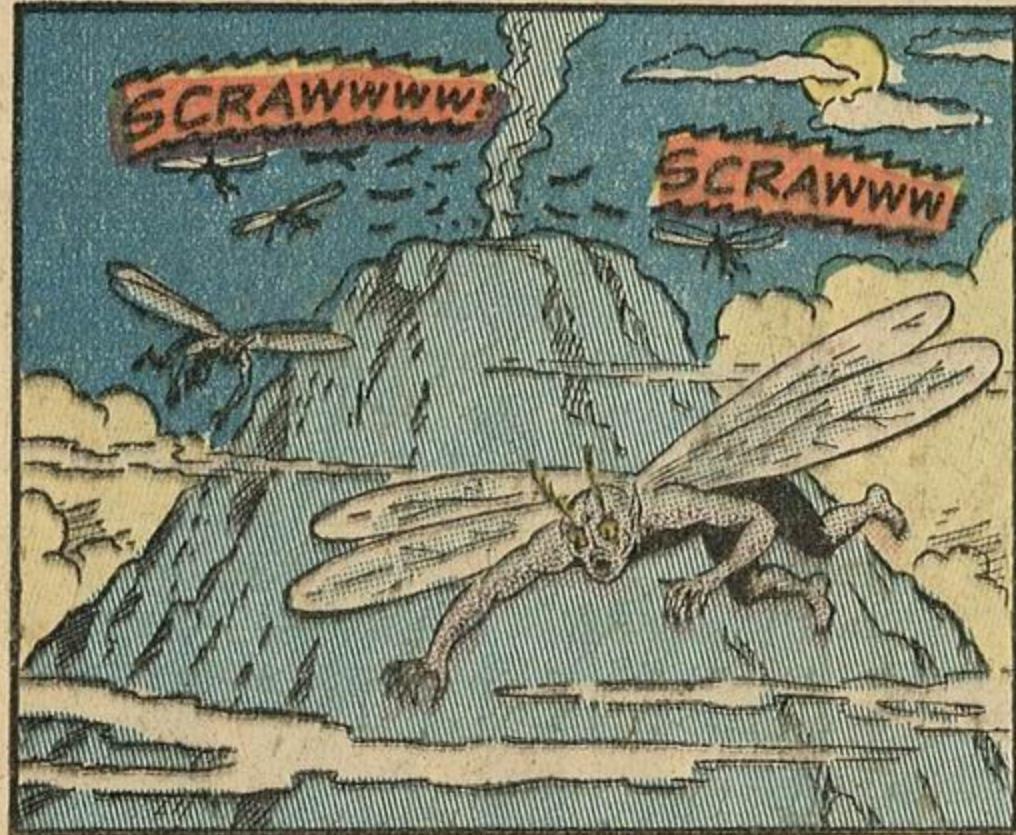
I'LL CUT YOU LOOSE PRONTO, HONEY-- THEN WE'VE GOT TO RUN LIKE BLAZES -- BECAUSE THOSE DEMONS MAY REAPPEAR ANY SECOND!

THERE-- THAT DOES IT!

TOO LATE! I HEAR THEM-- THEY'RE COMING BACK!

HEAD FOR THE BRUSH! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

But as the terrified pair fled forward, a ghastly horde streamed forth from the volcano's crater-- the air vibrating to the beat of enormous wings and raucous cries--



This dry grass will burn like tinder! It'll be a miracle if it works, but it's got to!

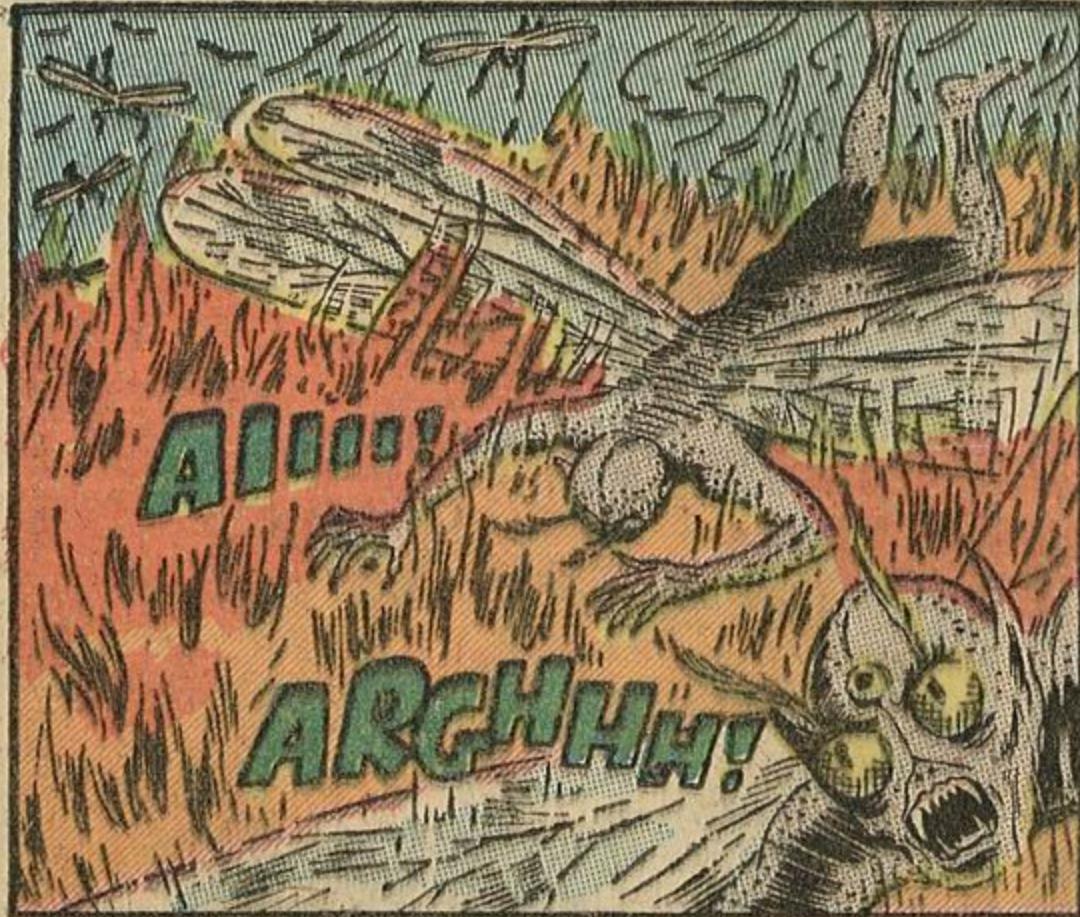
As the soaring flames leapt upwards, the strange creatures paused in flight-- and began circling as if hypnotized! Then--



Look! They're plunging into the flames! They're destroying themselves! But why--?

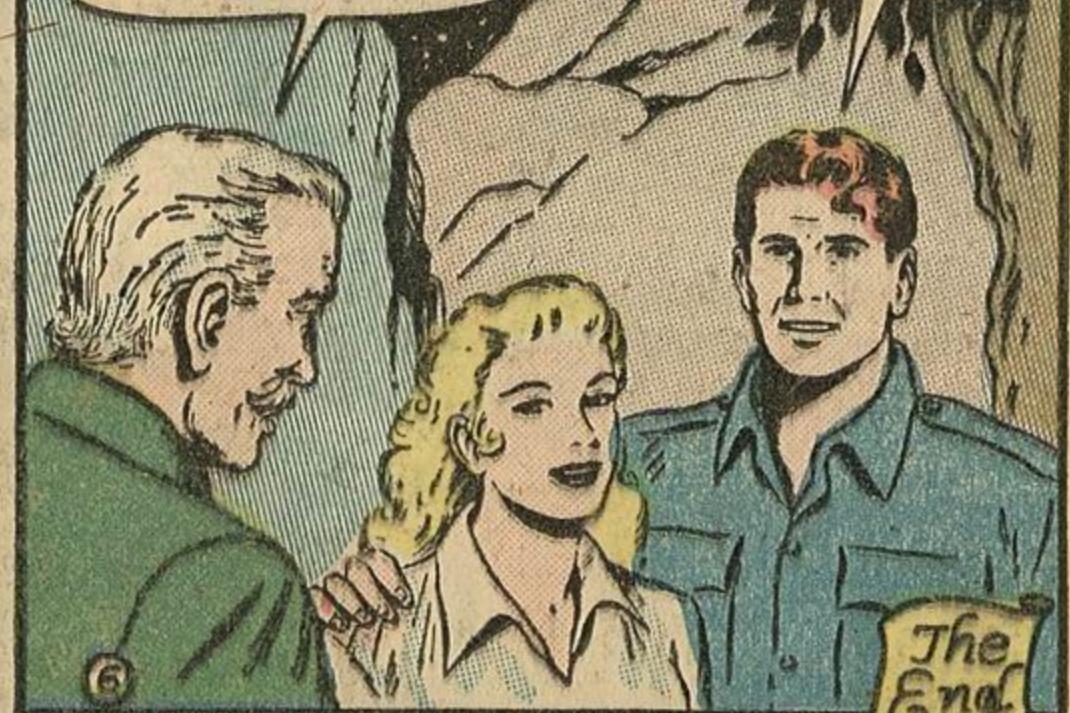


One by one, the chiwallies hurtle to their doom-- their death cries mingled with the crackling flames--



Later... it's been a terrible experience, but it's taught me something important! From now on I'll keep an open mind-- the way a man of science should!

I agree, sir! So long as all men do that, we have nothing to fear!



GHOSTLY AVENGERS of History

IN THE 1580'S, A POWERFUL MILITARY FIGURE CAME TO PROMINENCE IN BATTLE-TORN FRANCE -- THE 3RD DUKE OF GUISE! KNIGHTS BY THE THOUSANDS FLOCKED TO THE BANNERS OF THIS POPULAR LEADER -- AROUSING THE JEALOUSY OF THE KING OF FRANCE, HENRY III!



FEARING THAT GUISE MIGHT TURN AGAINST HIM AND DEPRIVE HIM OF HIS THRONE, HENRY DECIDED TO GAIN THE DUKE'S LOYALTY BY MAKING HIM A LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE ROYAL ARMIES!

NOW, YOU MUST SWEAR ETERNAL FEALTY TO ME, THE KING OF FRANCE!

I SWEAR ETERNAL FEALTY ONLY TO FRANCE ITSELF!

ALARMED AT WHAT HE CONSIDERED A THREAT, HENRY SUMMONED THE DUKE TO THE COURT OF BLOIS ON DECEMBER 25TH, 1588 -- AND HAD HIM ASSASSINATED!

KILL HIM! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

I... I WILL BE AVENGED... AGHHHH!

GUISE WAS AVENGED ON AUGUST 1ST, 1589, BY A FANATICAL MONK, JACQUES CLEMENT -- WHO MANAGED TO SECURE AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KING --

NOW YOU DIE, VILLAIN -- FOR THE MURDER OF THE DUKE OF GUISE!

GUARDS-- SEIZE HIM!

BUT SUDDENLY-- AN AWFUL APPARITION FROM THE UNKNOWN!

IT... IT'S THE GHOST OF GUISE!

THEN, WITH THE KING ABANDONED BY HIS GUARDS--

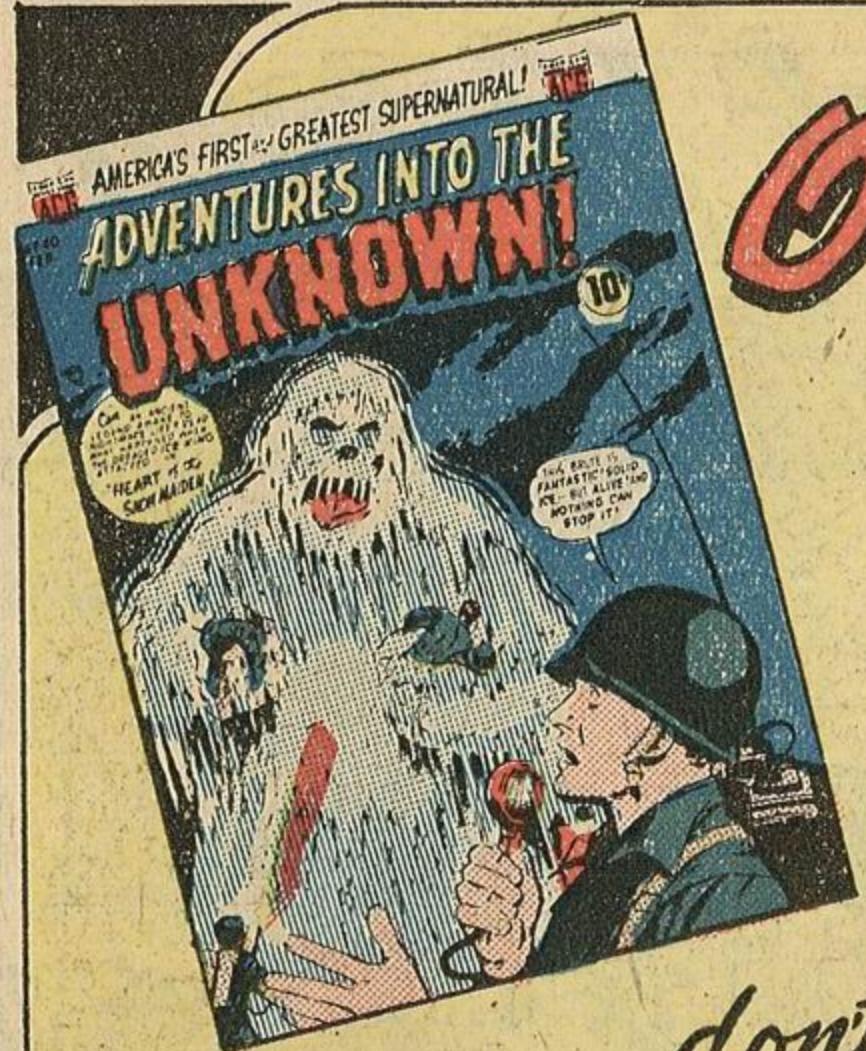
VENGEANCE IS MINE!

DIE, TYRANT!

FLEE-- BEFORE HE STRIKES US DEAD!

THE DEED DONE, THE GHOSTLY AVENGER VANISHED, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!

The End



Out of the Unknown ...TO YOU!

That's **ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!**

★★ **ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!** ★★

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don't miss
ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

AT YOUR
Favorite
NEWSSTAND

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Of FORBIDDEN WORLDS, published Monthly at Buffalo, N. Y., for October 1st, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Preferred Publications, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, New York; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Preferred Publications, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, New York; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per-

cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

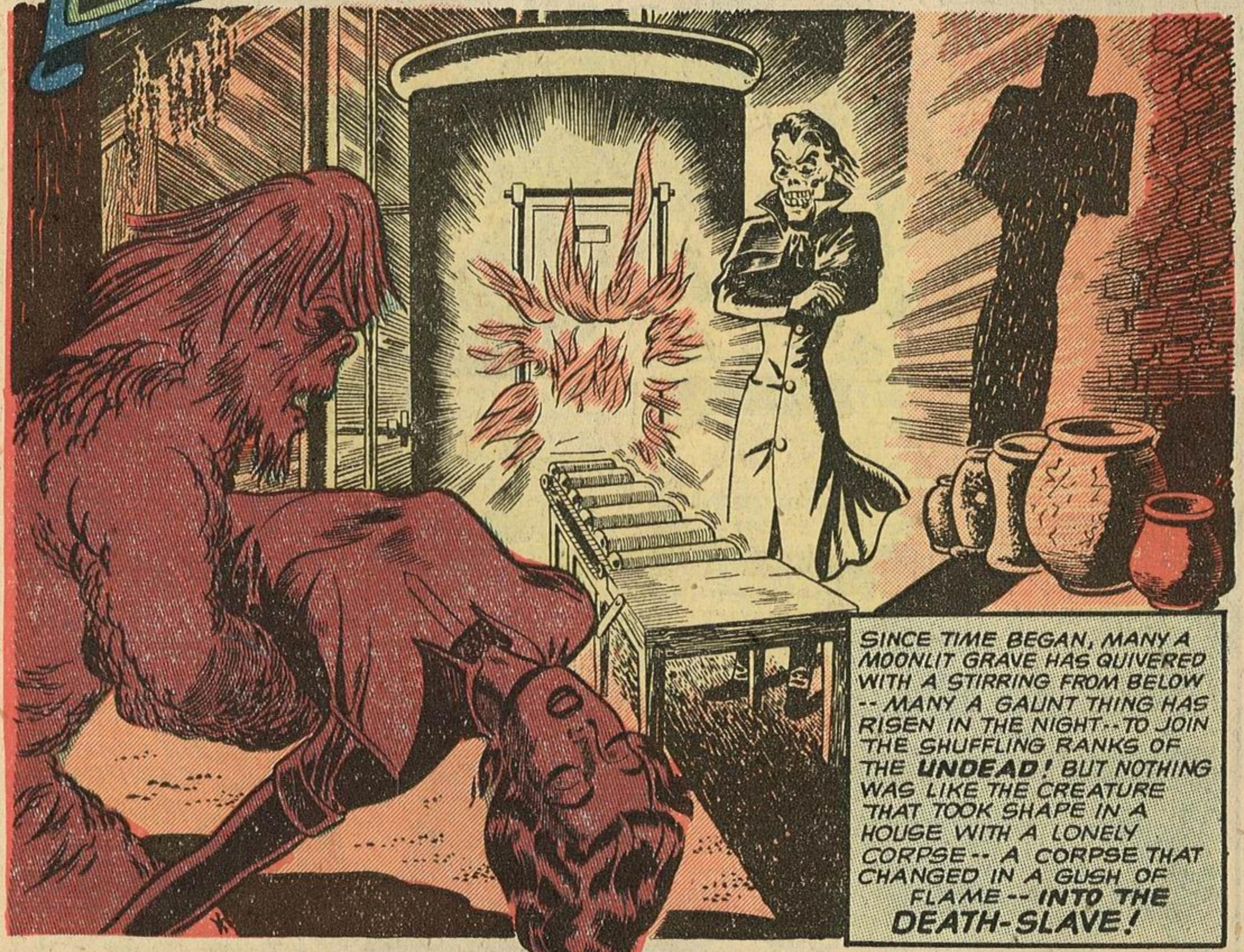
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1952.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

The DEATH-SLAVE!



SINCE TIME BEGAN, MANY A MOONLIT GRAVE HAS QUIVERED WITH A STIRRING FROM BELOW -- MANY A GAUNT THING HAS RISEN IN THE NIGHT -- TO JOIN THE SHUFFLING RANKS OF THE UNDEAD! BUT NOTHING WAS LIKE THE CREATURE THAT TOOK SHAPE IN A HOUSE WITH A LONELY CORPSE -- A CORPSE THAT CHANGED IN A GUSH OF FLAME -- INTO THE DEATH-SLAVE!

LATE ONE EVENING --

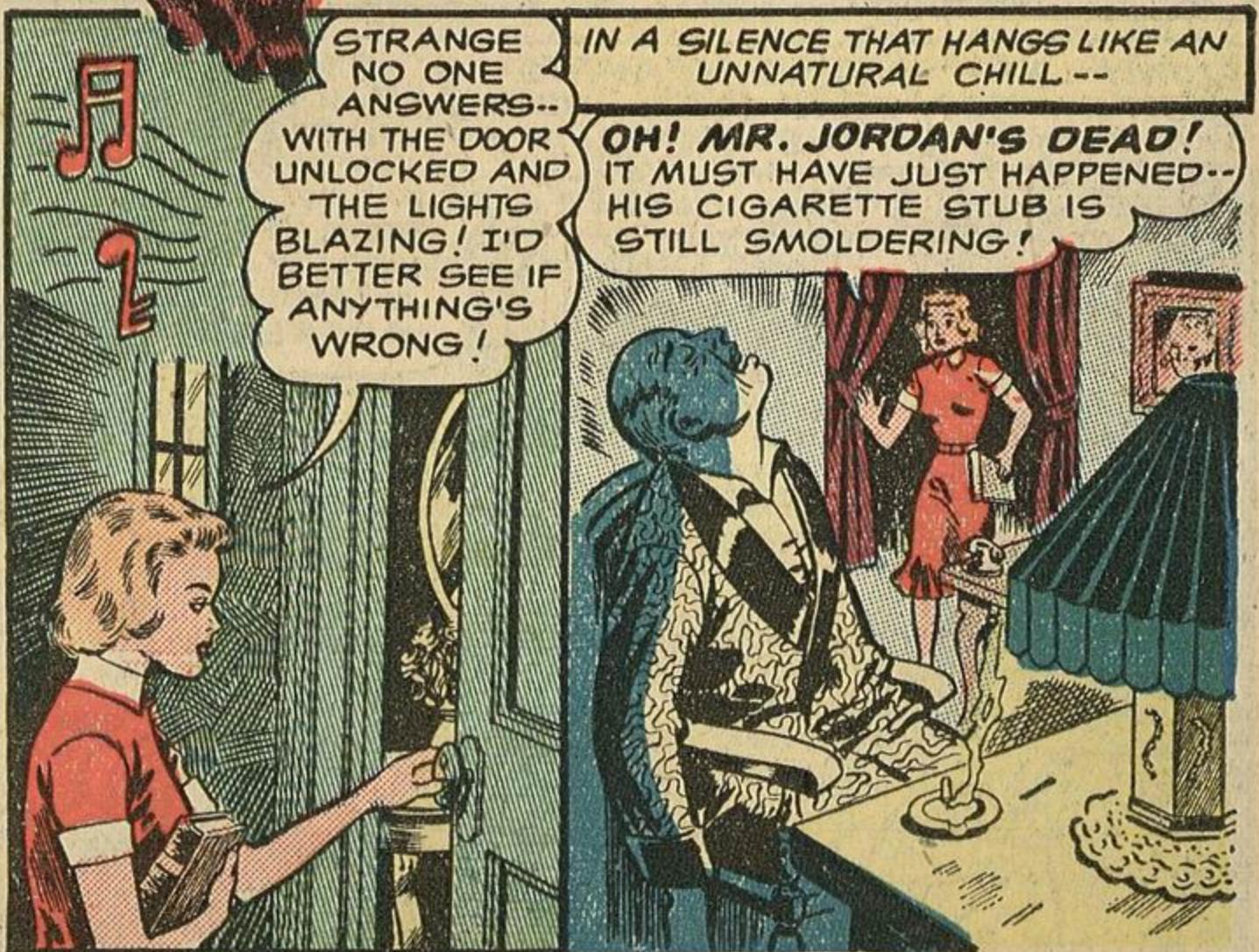
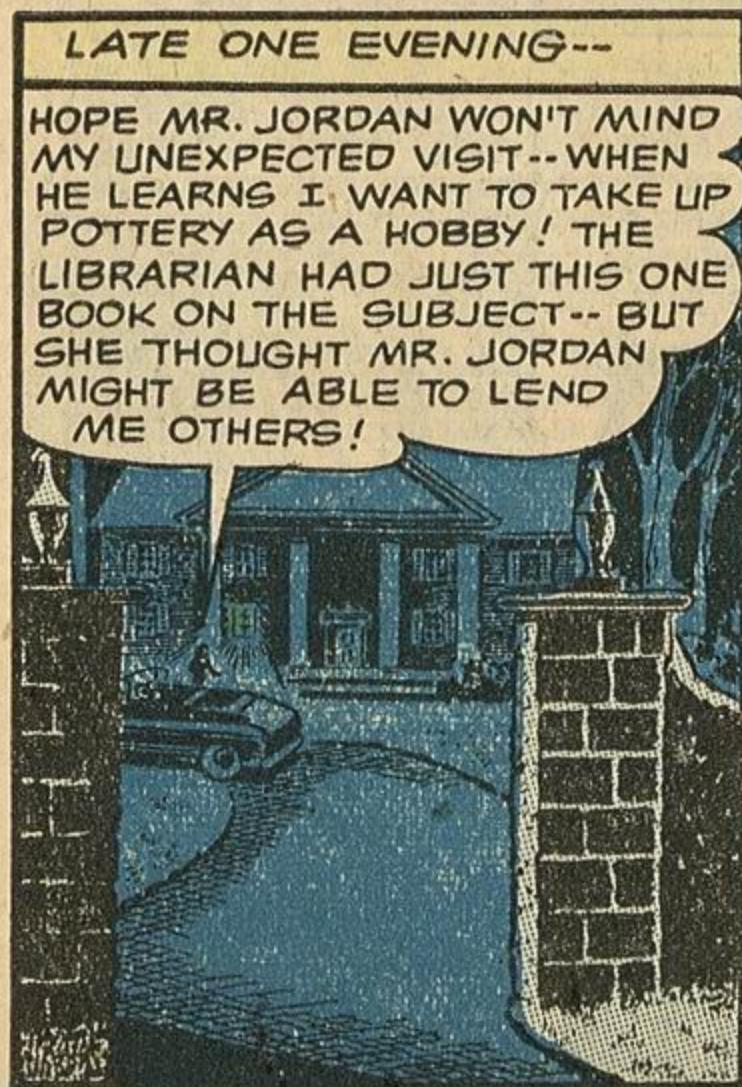
HOPE MR. JORDAN WON'T MIND MY UNEXPECTED VISIT -- WHEN HE LEARNS I WANT TO TAKE UP POTTERY AS A HOBBY! THE LIBRARIAN HAD JUST THIS ONE BOOK ON THE SUBJECT -- BUT SHE THOUGHT MR. JORDAN MIGHT BE ABLE TO LEND ME OTHERS!

STRANGE
NO ONE ANSWERS --

WITH THE DOOR UNLOCKED AND THE LIGHTS BLAZING! I'D BETTER SEE IF ANYTHING'S WRONG!

IN A SILENCE THAT HANGS LIKE AN UNNATURAL CHILL --

OH! MR. JORDAN'S DEAD!
IT MUST HAVE JUST HAPPENED --
HIS CIGARETTE STUB IS STILL SMOLDERING!



AS ELAINE REACHES
FOR THE PHONE--

HA-HA! I WAITED
FOR THIS NIGHT--
WHEN JORDAN
WOULD CEASE
TO BE!

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT VOICE
SOUNDS ABSOLUTELY INHUMAN--

AND THERE'S A
FLICKERING GLOW
JUST OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW!

AH, THERE
HE IS-- DEAD--
HIS CORPSE
AWAITING ME!

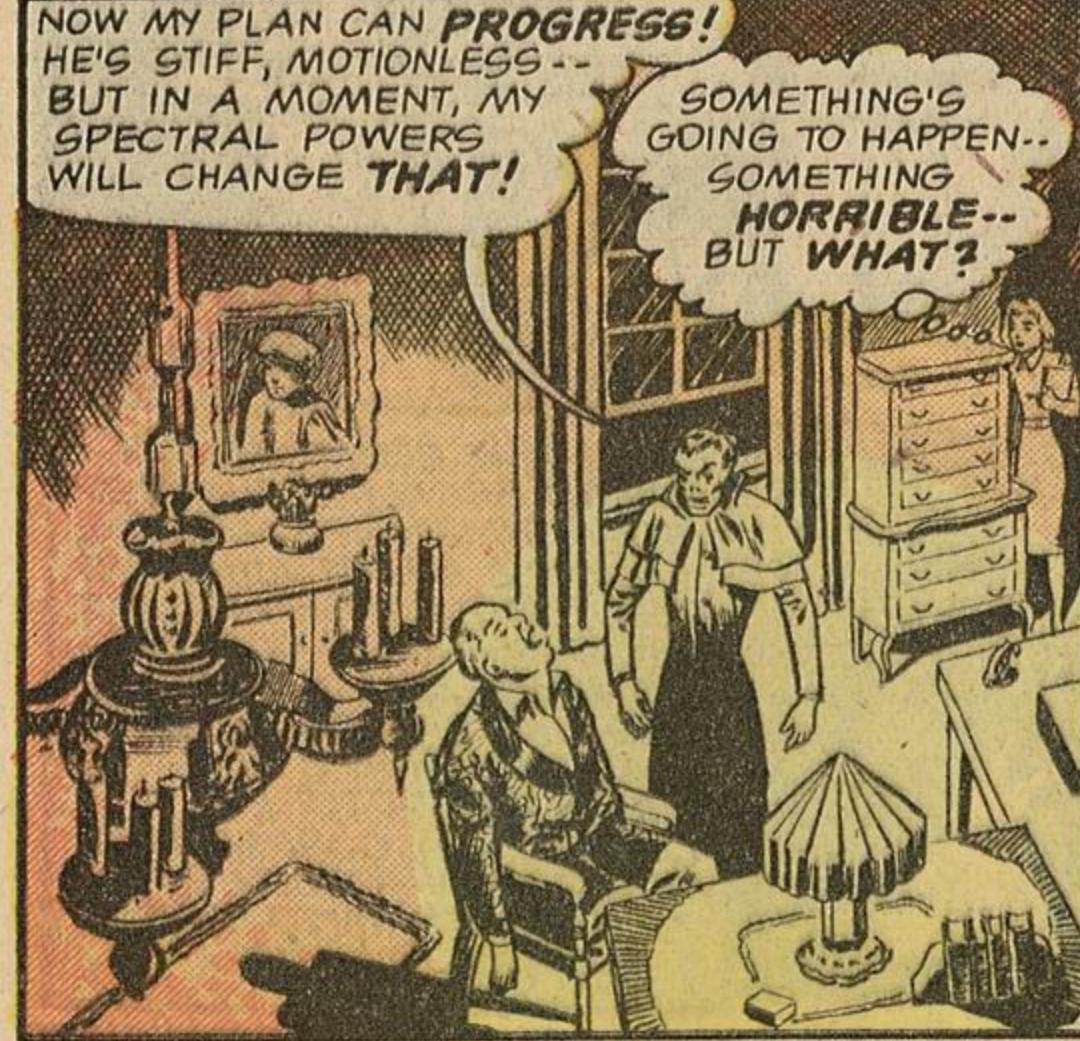
OHH!



NOW MY PLAN CAN **PROGRESS!**
HE'S STIFF, MOTIONLESS--
BUT IN A MOMENT, MY
SPECTRAL POWERS
WILL CHANGE THAT!

SOMETHING'S
GOING TO HAPPEN--
SOMETHING
HORRIBLE--
BUT WHAT?

WITH A VOICE THAT
THROBS THROUGH
THE MISTY REACHES
OF THE BEYOND--



SLOWLY-- LIKE A
ROBOT CHARGED
WITH HORROR--

GOOD HEAVENS-- A
DEAD BODY-- MOVING!
I'M GETTING OUT OF
THIS HIDEOUS
PLACE!

A HUMAN WITNESS-- AFTER
I COUNTED ON FINDING JORDAN
ALONE! IT WAS A MISTAKE
FOR HER TO COME HERE IN THE
FIRST PLACE-- BUT DROPPING THIS
BOOK WAS FATAL! HERE'S A
LIBRARY CARD-- WITH HER
NAME AND
ADDRESS!

PLODDING-- DRAWN
BY THE MAGNET OF
AN EVIL WILL--

CORPSE-- TO THE
CELLAR! I WILL HAVE
A TASK FOR YOU
TONIGHT-- WHEN
YOU BECOME THE
FIRST OF MY
DEATH-SLAVES!



LATER, AT ELAINE'S HOME--

I CAN'T PHONE BILL-- HE
MENTIONED SOMETHING
ABOUT A BOWLING TOURNAMENT
TONIGHT! BUT WHEN I
THINK OF THAT HORRIBLE
EXPERIENCE-- THE
IDEA OF BEING ALONE
TERRIFIES ME!

AS ELAINE SINKS INTO
A TROUBLED SLEEP--

HER NAME--
ELAINE CAMERON!
HER ADDRESS--
FAIRLAWN ROAD!
HER FATE--
DEATH-SLAVE!

SUDDENLY-- HEAVENS-- IT'S A GOOD
THING I AWAKENED! I
CAN DETECT SMOKE--
CLOSE!

BLINDLY,
ELAINE
FLINGS OPEN
THE DOOR--
AND THERE--

OH! MERCIFUL
HEAVENS--
WHAT IS IT?

THE SWIRLING CREATURE ADVANCES
-- A PUFF OF SMOKE CURLING FROM
ITS WRITHING GREY MOUTH--

NO-- NO!
DON'T
COME
IN!

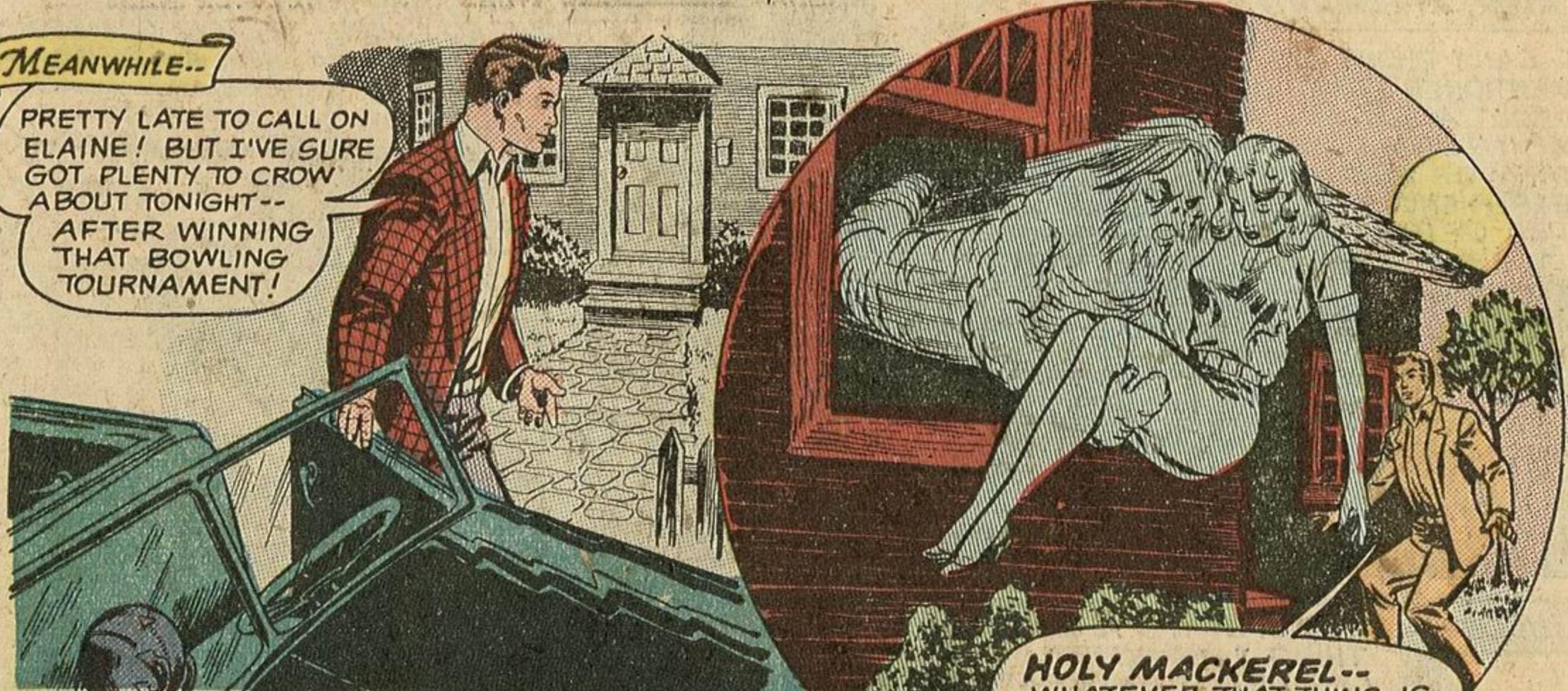
IT'S SPEAKING! IT'S A
MONSTER MADE OF SMOKE,
AND THE SMOKE CARRIES
ITS VOICE!

I AM DEATH-SLAVE-- PLEDGED
TO WHAT
MASTER
WANTS..

.. AND
MASTER
WANTS
YOU!

MEANWHILE--

PRETTY LATE TO CALL ON ELAINE! BUT I'VE SURE GOT PLENTY TO CROW ABOUT TONIGHT-- AFTER WINNING THAT BOWLING TOURNAMENT!



HOLY MACKEREL-- WHATEVER THAT THING IS-- IT'S GOT ELAINE!



AS THE VAPOR OF DEATH DISSOLVES INTO HOLLOW WORDS--



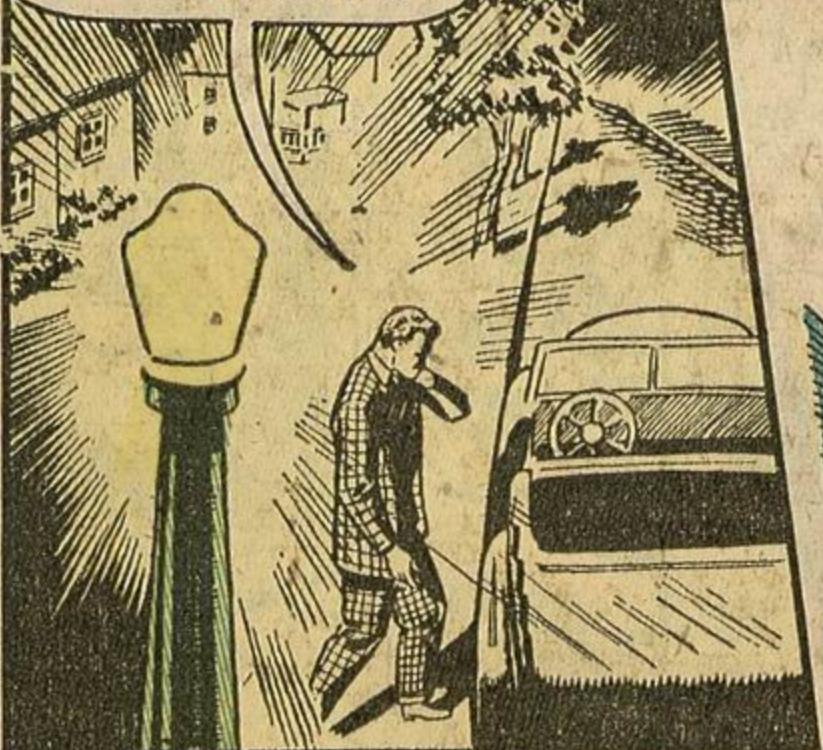
SOON AFTERWARD--

HA! THERE WAS DEATH IN THIS HOUSE THE FIRST TIME SHE CAME -- BUT NOW SHE'LL FIND IT HARBORS SOMETHING FAR MORE HORRIBLE!

WHEN THE ACRID CLOUD FADES--

THEY'VE--VANISHED! WHAT WOULD A THING LIKE THAT WANT WITH A HUMAN-- WHERE IS IT TAKING HER?

MAYBE-- MAYBE, IF I FOUND OUT HOW IT MANAGED TO GET ON HER TRACK, I MIGHT GET A LEAD! AND THE FIRST STEP IS TO TRACE WHERE SHE'S BEEN TONIGHT!



ELAINE REVIVES--IN DENSE DARKNESS--

WHERE--WHERE AM I? EVERYTHING'S BLACK--AND THOSE TREMENDOUS WAVES OF HEAT COMING TOWARD ME---

SUDDENLY--

IT'S SOME KIND OF STRANGE FURNACE--BURNING WHITE-HOT!

THEN--MOVING INTO THE FIERY GLARE--

YES--A VERY UNUSUAL FURNACE--AS YOU ARE GOING TO LEARN!



THERE'S NOTHING BETWEEN ME AND THE DOOR--I'VE GOT TO REACH IT!

YOU THINK YOUR WAY IS CLEAR--BUT WATCH!

YES--I'VE PROJECTED MY SPIRIT SELF INTO YOUR PATH!

OH! THEY'RE TOGETHER--THE THING THAT BROUGHT ME HERE--AND THE DEMON WHO RAISED MR. JORDAN'S BODY FROM DEATH!



IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T ESCAPE FROM SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

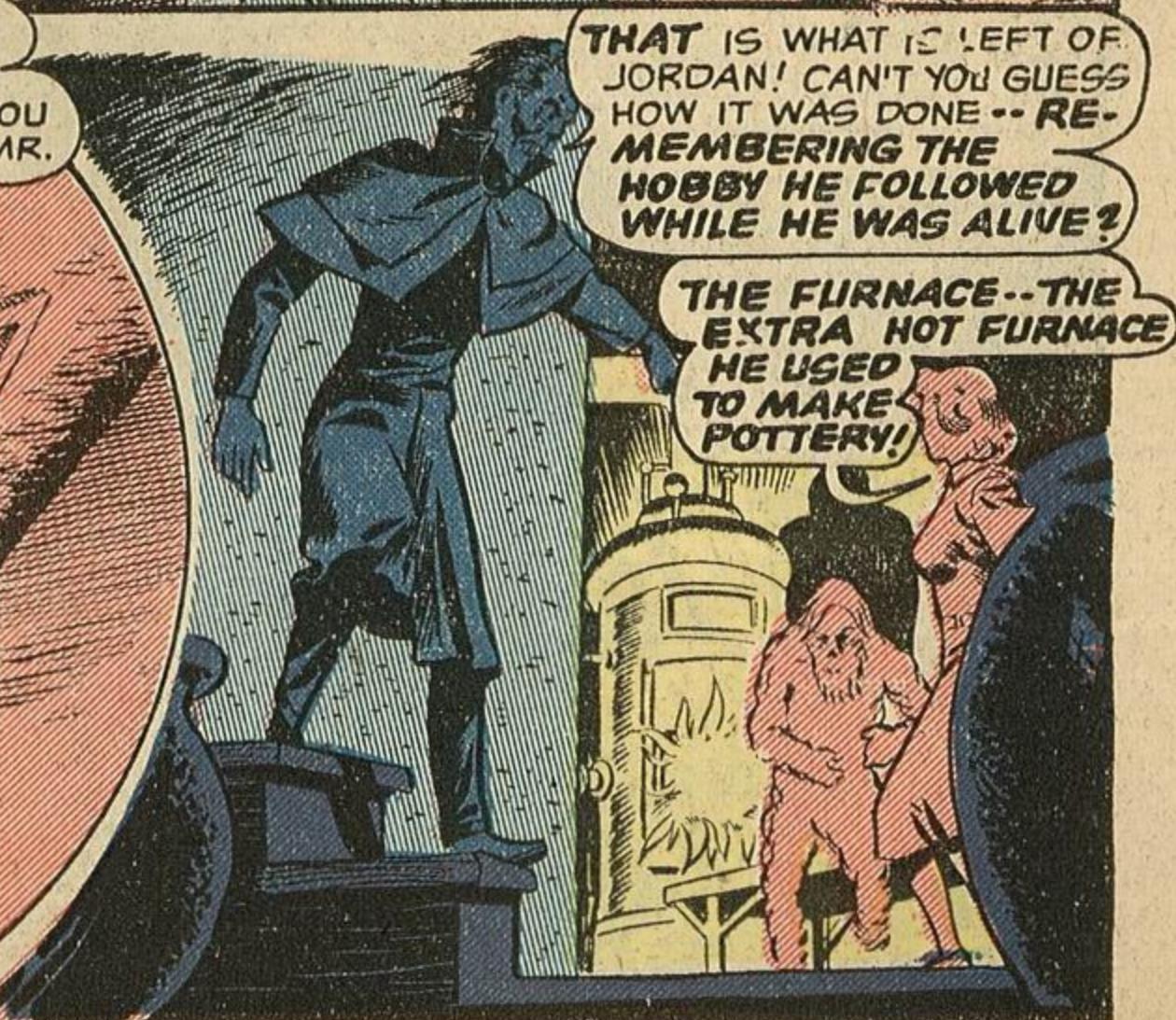
HA-HA! YOU WILL GROW ACCUSTOMED TO MY STRANGE POWERS--ONCE YOU HAVE LEARNED WHAT IT MEANS TO SERVE A ZOMBIE!

A ZOMBIE! AND WHAT--WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MR. JORDAN'S CORPSE?

THAT IS WHAT IS LEFT OF JORDAN! CAN'T YOU GUESS HOW IT WAS DONE--REMEMBERING THE HOBBY HE FOLLOWED WHILE HE WAS ALIVE?



5



THE FURNACE--THE EXTRA HOT FURNACE HE USED TO MAKE POTTERY!

I REMAINED IN MY TOMB FOR YEARS-- BIDING MY TIME-- KNOWING WHAT JORDAN'S DEATH WOULD MEAN TO ME! WHAT MORE COULD I ASK-- A CORPSE LYING IN AN ISOLATED HOUSE-- **A HOUSE WITH THE VERY KIND OF FURNACE I NEED TO CREATE DEATH-SLAVES IN AN INFERNO OF FLAME!**

BUT WHY SOMETHING LIKE **THIS**-- A BODY CREMATED UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT SMOKE?

BECAUSE FIRE DESTROYS THE BRAIN AND NERVE CELLS-- THE VERY SOURCES OF WILL POWER THAT MAKE THE DEAD DIFFICULT TO CONTROL! BUT A **DEATH-SLAVE** IS A BODY REDUCED TO ITS LOWEST FORM-- **A CREATURE WHOSE ONLY FUNCTION IS TO OBEY!**

THIS IS THE START OF A **HORDE** OF DEATH-SLAVES! FIRST JORDAN-- AND NOW--

THAT'S WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE-- BUT YOU CAN'T DO IT-- **I'M NOT DEAD!**



YOU **WILL** BE-- AFTER THE FURNACE GETS IN ITS WORK! KEEP YOUR GAZE ON MINE-- **AND DO MY BIDDING!**

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I **CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING BUT HIS OVERPOWERING WILL!**



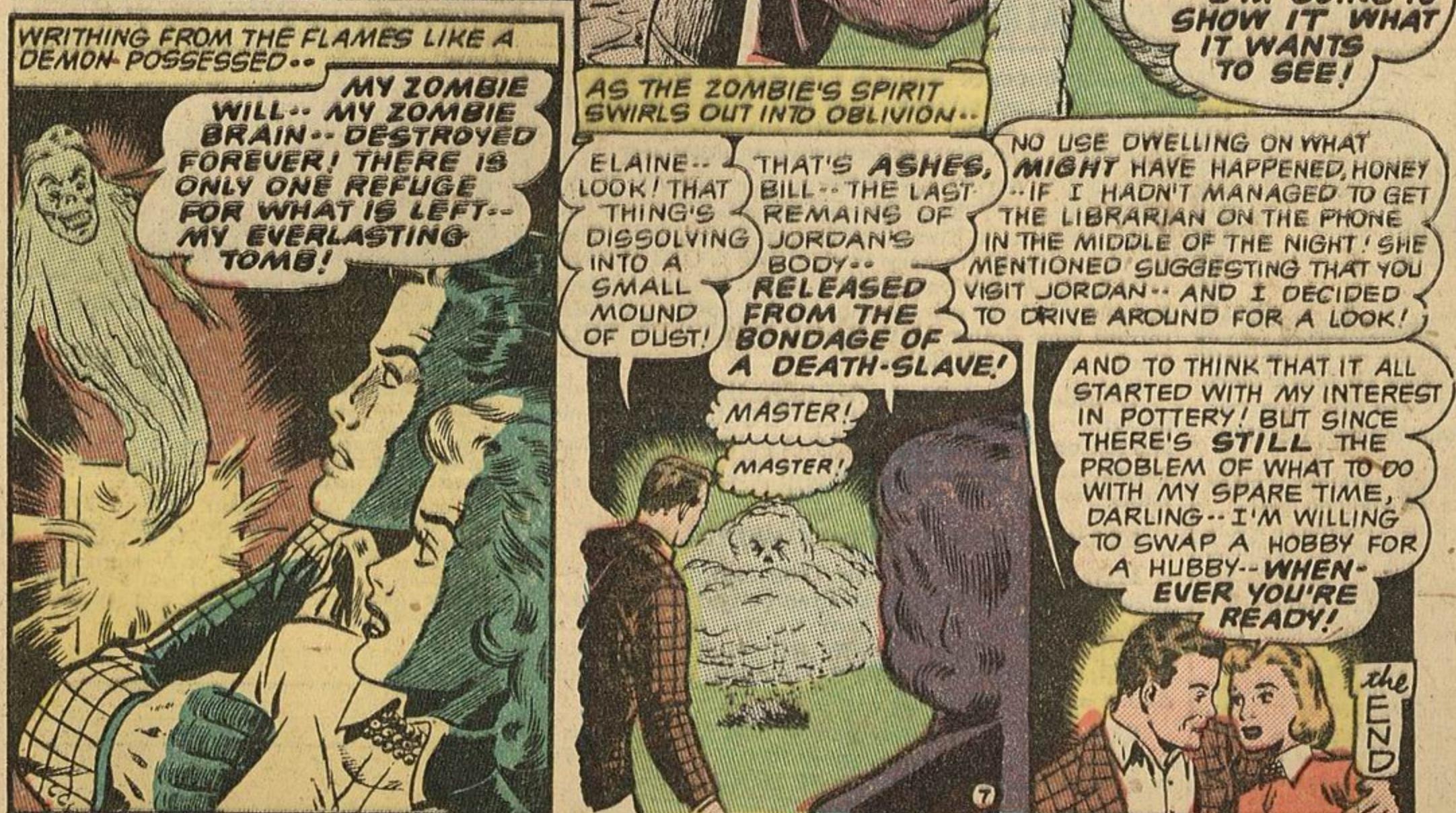
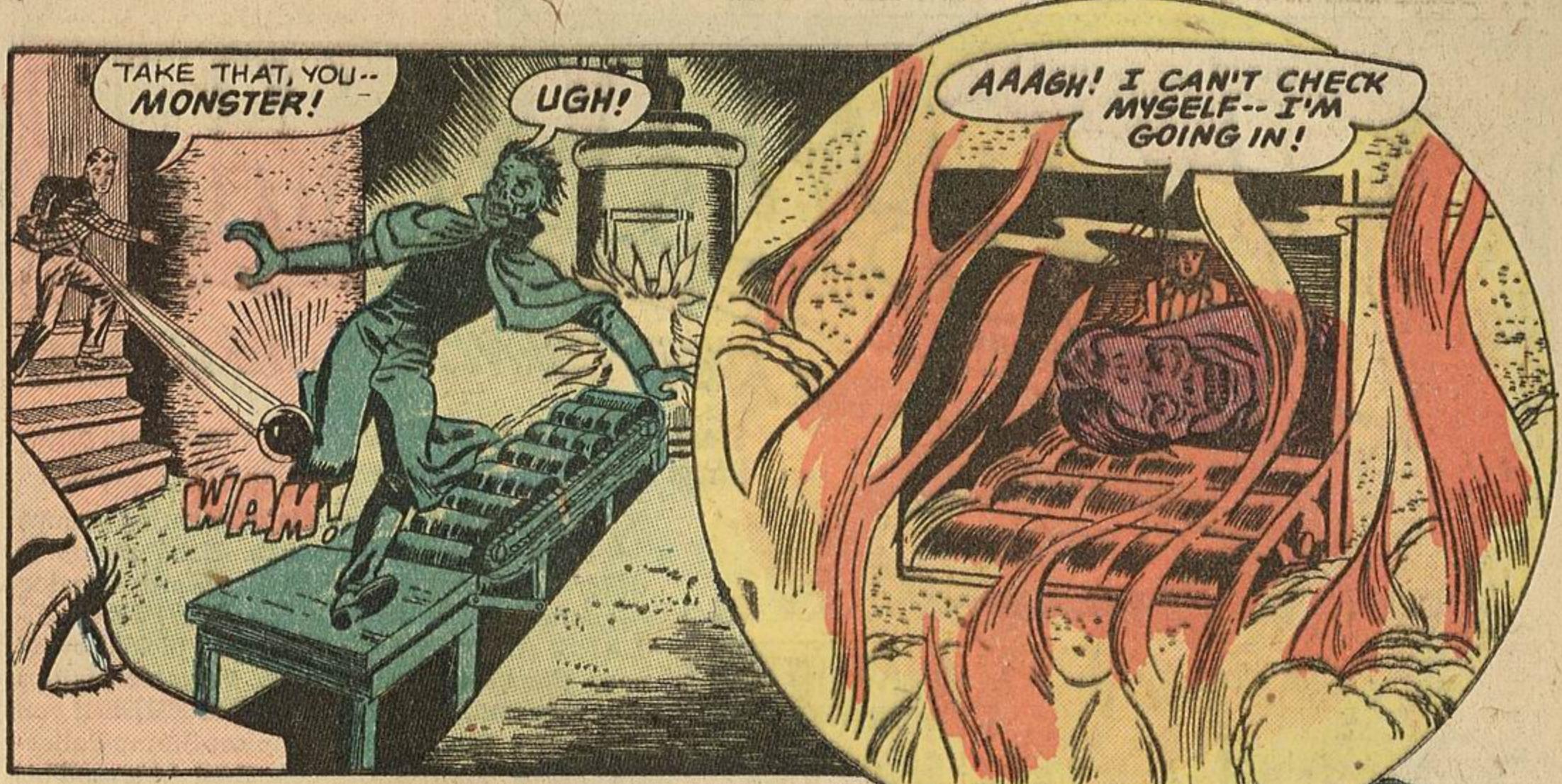
I AM WAITING! JORDAN USED THESE ROLLERS TO AVOID THE TREMENDOUS HEAT WHEN HE PLACED OBJECTS IN THE FURNACE! ONE THRUST OF MY FOOT WILL SEND YOU INTO THE FLAMES-- AND AUTOMATICALLY CLOSE THE DOOR ON YOUR FIERY TOMB!

HOLY SMOKE!



SHE-- SHE'S UP AGAINST SOMETHING NEW NOW-- SOMETHING **WORSE!** AND **THIS**-- IT'S MY ONLY WEAPON!





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STALIN — This forbidden stamp "smuggled" out from behind Iron Curtain at great risk.



MADAGASCAR Vital Island in World War II. Off coast of Africa.



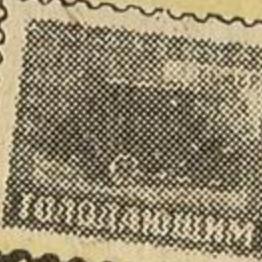
HITLER — Stamp much in demand. Getting harder to obtain all the time.



UNITED NATIONS Can be used in only one post-office in the world — UN building in New York



DJIBOUTI — Stamp shows world-famous Mohammedan shrine.



RUSSIA — This unique stamp was worth a quarter of a MILLION RUBLES!



COSTA RICA Famous bull stamp of Central American republic.



TOGO — Interesting scene of tribal native women pounding grain.

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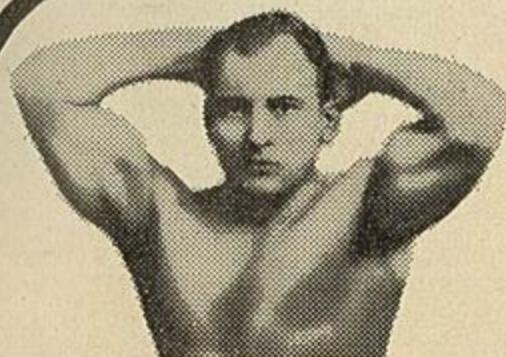
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Name.....

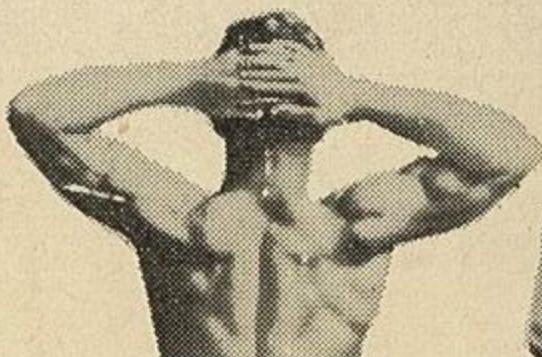
Address.....

City..... State.....

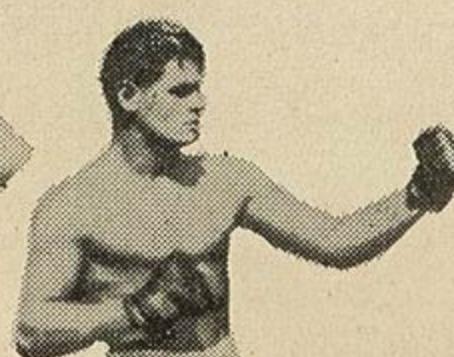


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