

STEPHEN KING'S

CREEPSHOW

A GEORGE A. ROMERO FILM

ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON · COVER ART BY JACK KAMEN



NOW
A VERY SCARY MOVIE

SCREENPLAY BY: STEPHEN KING
PRODUCED BY: RICHARD P. RUBINSTEIN
DIRECTED BY: GEORGE A. ROMERO

Kamen

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SCANNED MARCH 25, 2006

SCANNED BY TERRY WATKINS [SNIKTAWT]

A PLUM BOOK MOVIE ADAPTATION

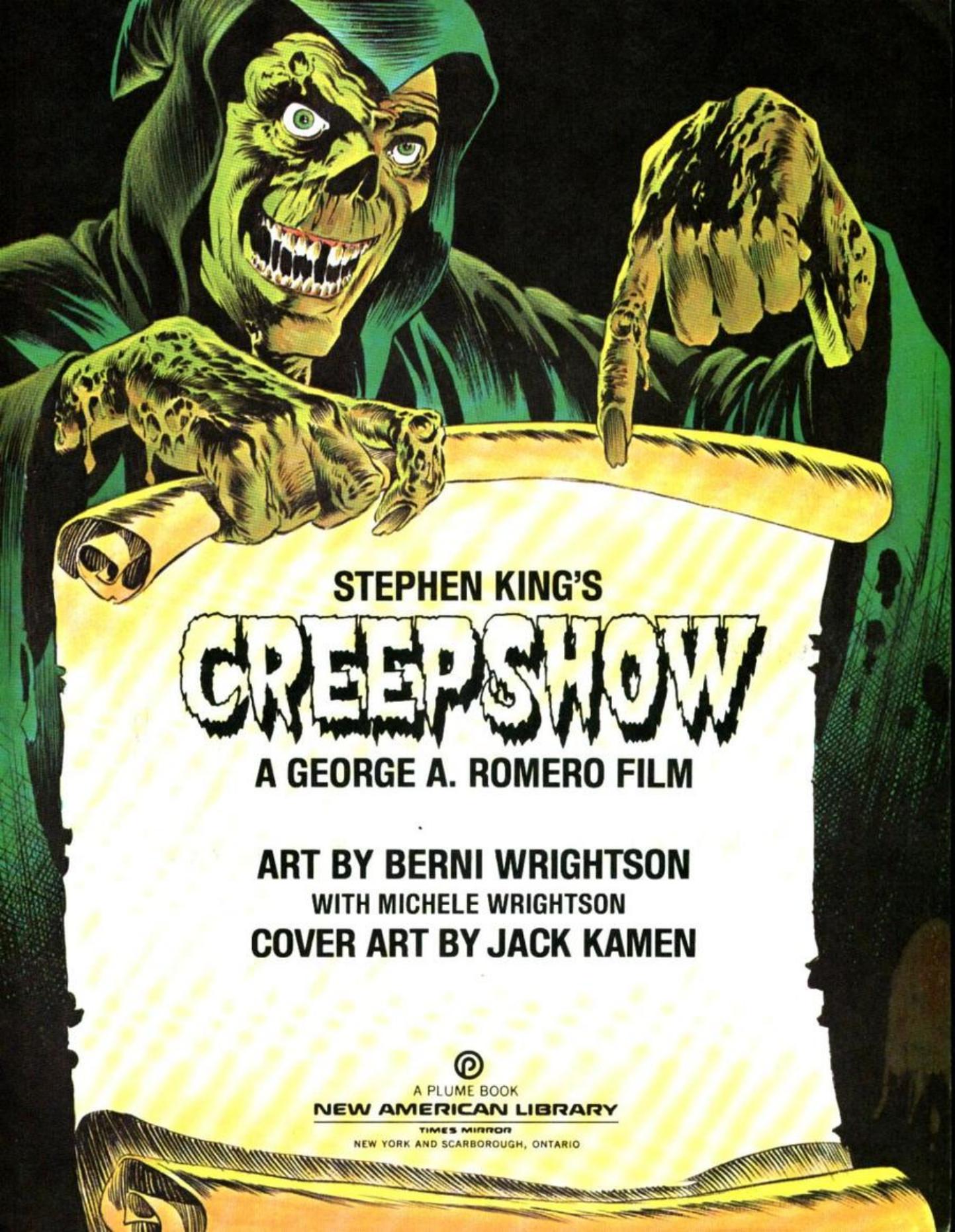
WRITTEN BY STEPHEN KING

ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON; COVER BY JACK KAMEN

CREEPSHOW [1982]

SNIKSKAN

THIS IS A COMPLETE COVER TO COVER SCAN
RELEASED IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE FILM



STEPHEN KING'S

CREEPSHOW

A GEORGE A. ROMERO FILM

ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON
WITH MICHELE WRIGHTSON
COVER ART BY JACK KAMEN



A PLUME BOOK

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HEH-HEH!! GREETINGS, KIDDIES,
AND WELCOME TO THE FIRST ISSUE
OF CREEPSHOW, THE MAGAZINE
THAT DARES TO ANSWER THE
QUESTION "WHO GOES THERE?"

FATHER'S DAY



I'M THE **CREEP**, AND I'LL BE YOUR GUIDE
ON THIS JOURNEY INTO FEAR. OUR FIRST STOP...
THE PARLOR OF THE GRANTHAM HOUSE...
YOU'LL **LIKE** THE GRANTHAMS, KIDDIES. THEY'RE
THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO'D STEAL CANDY FROM
A BABY... THEN LACE IT WITH **ARSENIC** AND
FEED IT TO THE **DOG!** BUT, READ ON... YOU'LL
GET TO MEET THEM SOON ENOUGH...

PASS THOSE SCONES,
CASS. YOU'RE SUCH A HOG.
YOU MARRIED A HOG,
HENRY. YOU KNOW
THAT, DON'T YOU?

WILL **WHO**
BE OUT,
CASS?



YOU MEAN CASS HASN'T TOLD YOU ABOUT DOTTY OLD GREAT AUNT **BEDELIA**? THE PATRIARCH OF THE CLAN?

ISN'T SHE THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE...WELL...

...SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED HER FATHER, YES.

...SUPPOSED TO HAVE BOPPED THE OLD POOP WITH AN ASHTRAY. **HE** WAS THE **REAL** PATRIARCH, RICHARD... MADE ALL THE MONEY, DIDN'T HE?

AND IF **THAT** DOESN'T QUALIFY HIM FOR PATRIARCH STATUS, NOTHING DOES!

NATHAN GRANTHAM, BEDELIA'S FATHER, WAS OLDER THAN GOD, BUT THE OLD FART SIMPLY WOULD NOT DIE... BEDELIA WAS ACQUITTED, YOU KNOW, HENRY.

IT'S **HANK**, AUNT SYLVIA. CAN'T YOU REMEMBER THAT?

OF COURSE, EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST ONE SKELETON IN ITS CLOSET. DON'T YOU AGREE, **HENRY**?

HOWEVER IT HAPPENED... **HANK**...THE OLD MAN DESERVED TO DIE!

HE WAS A **MONSTER**! AND IF SHE **DID** KILL HIM, I SAY MORE POWER TO HER!

BRAVO!

SAY, KIDDIES... ISN'T THAT FABLED AUNT BEDELIA HERSELF, PULLING UP AS HER GRATEFUL FAMILY DISCUSSES HER? NOT DRIVING ANY TOO **STRAIGHT**, EITHER... BUT THEN...

HE SIMPLY WOULD NOT DIE, HENRY. AND THE ABUSE BEDELIA TOOK... WELL... ACCORDING TO THE STORY, HE WAS HYSTERICALLY JEALOUS OF HER ALL HIS LIFE...

AR 881B

...MAYBE YOU CAN SEE WHY!

...THE COMPLEAT FREUDIAN RELATIONSHIP. HE HAD A STROKE AND SHE GOT TO NURSE HIM FULL TIME. THEN, SHE MET A **MAN**...A REAL SEPTEMBER COURTSHIP...



SEP-TEM-BER COURTSHIP?
THAT WAS OCTOBER OR NOVEMBER AT THE VERY LEAST...
MAYBE THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

NEVER MIND,
DEARS. THE POINT
IS, HENRY, SHE
LOVED THE
MAN... AND NATHAN
HAD HIM
KILLED!



HE SUPPOSEDLY DIED IN A **HUNTING ACCIDENT**. THAT'S WHAT'S ON THE BOOKS, ANYWAY...

FOR BEDELIA, IT WAS THE LAST STRAW...



...SHE SPLIT HIS HEAD OPEN WITH A **GLASS ASHTRAY**. THIS VERY ONE...

--SO RUMOR HAS IT--

--ULP--



YOU SEE, HENRY, RICHARD AND CASS HAVE A GREAT TALENT FOR **SPENDING** THE MONEY NATHAN MADE... AND NATHAN WOULD NOT INDULGE EITHER OF THEM... BUT AUNT BEDELIA SOLVED **THAT** PROBLEM... AND EVERY FATHER'S DAY, SHE COMES UP HERE, VISITS NATHAN'S GRAVE, THEN DINES WITH HER GRATEFUL KINFOLK...



WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, AUNT SYLVIA, WHY NOT TELL HANK ABOUT **YOUR** SUMMER HOUSE IN BERMUDA, **YOUR** PLACE IN ROME? OR **YOUR** LIFETIME EURAIL PASS...OR...

CASSANDRA, DARLING... HOW CAN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BE SUCH AN **UTTER TURD**?



TEMPER, TEMPER, FOLKS! ...YOU'RE ARGUING ALMOST LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE **DEAD**! OR MAYBE WE SHOULD STRIKE THE **ALMOST**... HEE-HEE...

WHY
FATHER'S
DAY?

BECAUSE SHE
FEELS GUILTY...

OH, AUNT
SYLVIA!

... BUT IT'S **TRUE!** FOR
MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS
SHE DEVOTED HERSELF TO
HIM -- YOU MIGHT SAY SHE
EVEN WORSHIPPED HIS FOUL
PRESENCE. AND THEN,
ON FATHER'S DAY, JUST
SEVEN YEARS AGO, AND
EVERY FATHER'S
DAY SINCE...

FOUR O'CLOCK
SHARP! THERE
SHE IS...

HEH-HEH! THAT'S RIGHT, KIDDIES.
BEDELIA'S COME HOME TO PAY
HER ANNUAL RESPECTS...

YOU COULD
SET YOUR WATCH
BY HER, HENRY!

... EVERY YEAR ON
FATHER'S DAY, LIKE
CLOCKWORK...

SHE'LL MEDITATE
FOR AN HOUR, THEN
JOIN US FOUR FOR
A NICE BAKED
HAM DINNER...

... WE FOUR
WHO OWE HER
SO MUCH...
CORRECT,
CHILDREN?

BUT NOT EVEN THAT BOTTLE OF **INSTANT
AMNESIA** IN YOUR HAND CAN BLOT OUT THE
SOUND OF HIS CANE, **CAN IT, BEDELIA?**
THE **CANE**, THAT WAS WHAT FINALLY
DROVE YOU TO IT, WASN'T IT? THE
STEADY CLACK... CLACK... CLACK...

... OF HIS **CANE** ON THE ARMS
OF HIS **WHEELCHAIR**!!

IT'S **FATHER'S DAY!**
I... WANT... MY... CAKE!!

HEH-HEH! LOOKS LIKE BEDELIA'S GETTING JUST A TEENY
BIT AGGRAVATED... WELL, SHE'S GOT A GOOD REASON...

I WANT
M'CAKE, BE-
DELIA! WHERE'S
MY CAKE?!

CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK

YOU SEE, KIDDIES, WHEN BEDELIA TOLD HER FATHER SHE HAD GOTTEN ENGAGED, NATHAN GRANTHAM MADE A PHONE CALL...

...AND SAW THAT BEDELIA'S BELOVED WAS WELCOMED INTO THE FAMILY WITH A REAL BANG!...

HEH-HEH! WE KNOW ABOUT THESE HUNTING ACCIDENTS, DON'T WE, KIDDIES?

HEH-HEH! WELL, SO DOES BEDELIA!

SHIK

BLAM!

AK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK

SHE REMEMBERS THE MORGUE...
THE STENCH OF FORMALIN...

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS
MAN AS PETER RICHARD
YARBRO, YOUR FIANCÉ?

OH GOD!
SOB
NO!

...YES, KIDDIES... BEDELIA
SURELY DOES REMEMBER...

I WANT MY CAKE,
BEDELIA! WHERE'S
MY CAKE?!

K CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK

...AND THE TERRIBLE QUESTION...

CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK CLAK

...AND WHILE NATE NEVER DID GET HIS CAKE ON THAT FATHER'S DAY SEVEN YEARS AGO...

WHERE'S MY FATHER'S DAY CAKE?! I WANT IT! I WANT--

...HE GOT ONE HELL OF A SURPRISE!



BEDELIA! NO! NO!!

RIGHT, KIDDIES?!



HAPPY FATHER'S DAY, DADDY! WE'LL HAVE THE CAKE LATER, OKAY?!

OKAY... OKAY?! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD PETER KILLED... BUT HAPPY FATHER'S DAY ANYWAY,

DADDY! HAPPY... HA-- HA HAHAHA



AND NOW, IN THE GRANTHAM FAMILY GRAVEYARD...

DADDY, I'M SO SORRY... BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME HAVE PETER...

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO HAVE HIM KILLED. I STILL WOULD'VE TAKEN CARE OF YOU...

HEH-HEH!... TOO LATE, BEDELIA! IT'S STARTING TO LOOK AS IF...

DADDY WILL SOON BE TAKING CARE OF YOU!



I JUST... GOT SO MAD, Y'KNOW? I... I THINK IT WAS THE SOUND OF YOUR CANE...IT...

... IT GOT INTO MY HEAD AND I COULDN'T THINK, AND... AND...





MEANWHILE...

SHALL I GLAZE
THE HAM NOW,
MA'AM?

YOU'D BETTER
WAIT ANOTHER FIVE
MINUTES, MRS. DAN-
VERS... SHE'S LATE...



PERHAPS SHE'S
FALLEN ASLEEP, RICHARD,
YOU'D BETTER GO
OUT AND CHECK...

I DON'T WANT
TO GO OUT THERE.
PLACE GIVES ME
THE CREEPS...

I'LL
GO, AUNT
SYLVIA!



WOULD YOU,
HENRY? HOW
SWEET!

SWEET, MY
FANNY! IF I
HADN'T GOT OUT
OF THERE SOON, I
THINK I WOULD'A
BARFED!



HEH-HEH! THAT'S RIGHT,
HANK... BROWN-NOSE
THE OLD BAG... ANY-
THING TO WORM YOUR
WAY INTO AUNT SYLVIA'S
GOOD GRACES...

UH... AUNT
BEDELIA?

... RICHARD
WAS RIGHT. IT
IS CREEPY OUT
HERE...



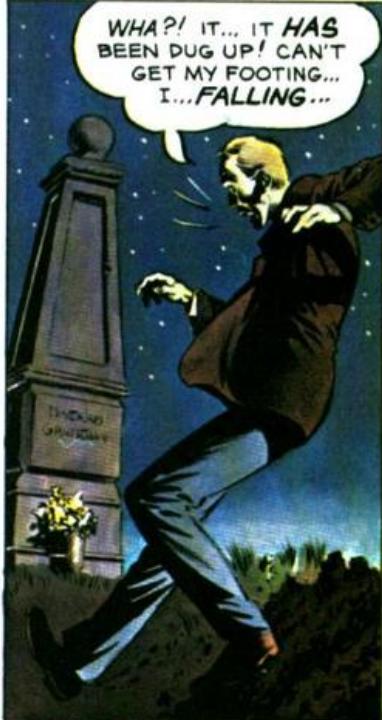
MISS GRANTHAM?
ARE YOU.. HUH?



...BEDELIA'S BOTTLE...
EMPTY! RIGHT HERE
AT THE FOOT OF NATE'S
GRAVE... FUNNY, THE EARTH'S
ALL... LOOSE... LIKE IT
WAS DUG UP
RECENTLY, OR...

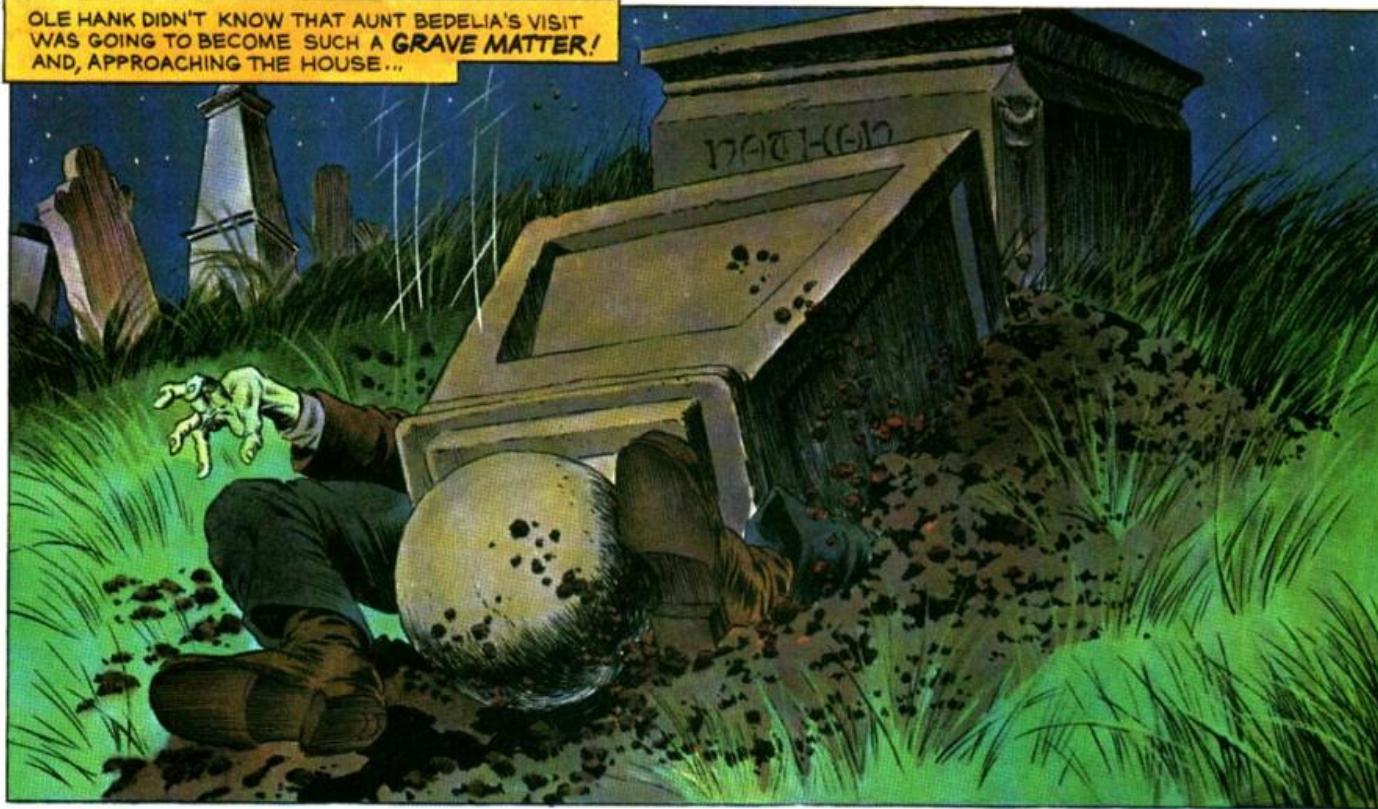


WHA?! IT... IT HAS
BEEN DUG UP! CAN'T
GET MY FOOTING...
I... FALLING...





OLE HANK DIDN'T KNOW THAT AUNT BEDELLIA'S VISIT
WAS GOING TO BECOME SUCH A GRAVE MATTER!
AND, APPROACHING THE HOUSE...



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU JUST
CAN'T KEEP A HUNGRY
MAN DOWN!

WHERE'S
MY CAKE?



WHERE IS HE?
I'M HUNGRY AND I
WANT MY DINNER!

RICHARD, GO
FIND HIM!

YOU FIND
HIM! HE'S YOUR
HUSBAND...
BESIDES, I
THINK HE'S
A HICK!!



RICHARD!!

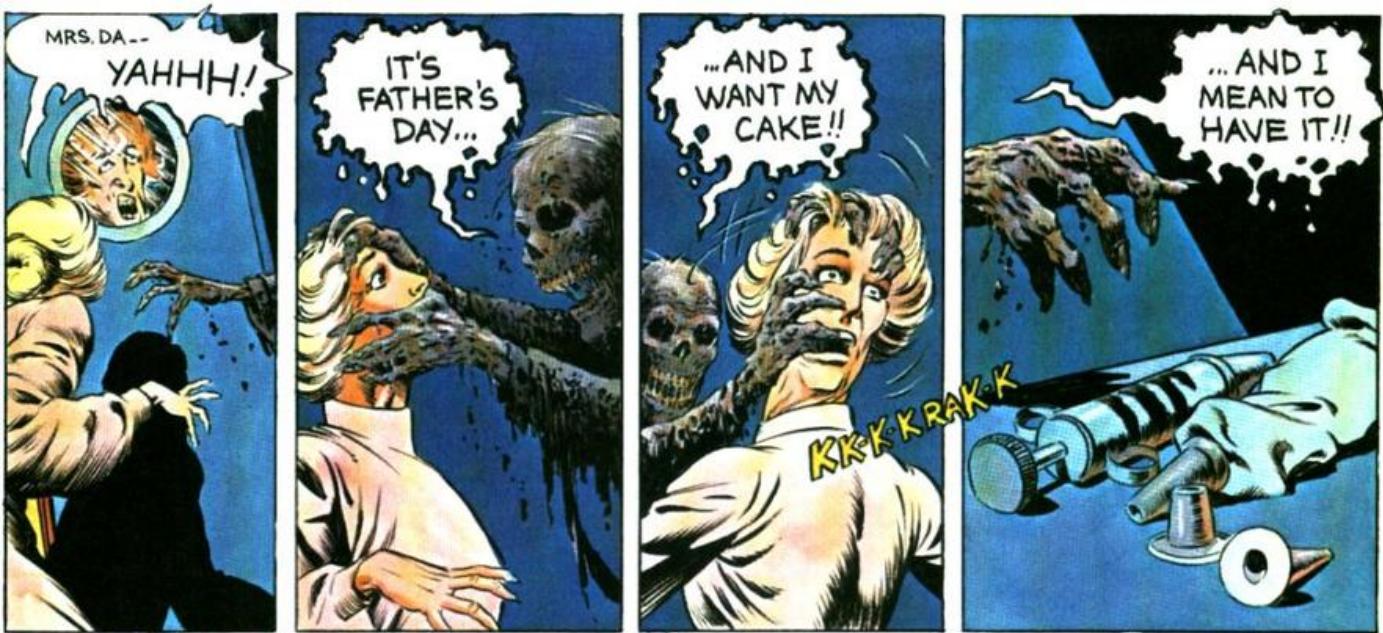
WELL, I DO!
HE'S A *%\$@ING
HICK!!

IF YOU'RE
GOING TO USE
THAT SORT OF
LANGUAGE,
YOU'LL HAVE
TO EXCUSE
ME ...



I'LL FIND
HENRY... MRS.
DANVERS, HAVE
YOU SEEN...







JUDAS-GIT-
HOME! LOOKIT
THAT!



HEH-HEH! HELLO, AGAIN,
KIDDIES... MY LAST STORY WAS
SO GRIM IT EVEN FRIGHTENED ME!
SO I DECIDED TO HEAD FOR THE
HILLS... YOU KNOW, THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN WHEREAT
THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER...
HEH-HEH... WHICH BRINGS TO
MIND ANOTHER TALE...

THE LONESOME DEATH OF JORDY VERRILL



JORDY VERRILL WAS THE PROVERBIAL JACK OF ALL TRADES AND MASTER OF NONE... BUT, FOR A RATHER SIMPLE-MINDED FELLOW, JORDY DID ALRIGHT... HE MANAGED, JUST BARELY, TO HOLD BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER... UNTIL THAT FATEFUL SUMMER NIGHT HE HAPPENED TO LOOK UP AT THE SKY AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT... OR MAYBE THE *WRONG* ONE...



BY GOD! I'M DAMNED
IF THAT BLAME THING DIDN'T
COME DOWN JUST MY SIDE O'
OLE BLUEBIRD CREEK...

THAT'S A METEOR!
I'LL BE DIPPED IF
THAT AIN'T A METEOR!
HOLY JE--

OWWWWW!
SHEE-OOOT!!

...BURNED MY
FINGERS GOOD AN'
PROPER... HMM,,
WONDER WHAT
THEY'D PAY FOR
IT UP TO THE
COLLEGE?

AYUH, IT'S A METEOR,
JUST AS SURE AS MUD
STICKS TO A HUBCAP!
...SO TELL ME, DOC,
HOW MUCH WILL
YOU PAY?

WELL, IT'S A DAMNED FINE
ONE, MR. VERRILL! I SEE
I CAN'T FOOL YOU ABOUT
THAT! HOW DOES FIFTY
DOLLARS SOUND?

I WON'T TAKE
NO LESS'N TWO
HUNDRED BUCKS!
SO PUT THAT IN
YOUR PIPE AND
SMOKE IT!

SHALL WE
SAY... SEVENTY
FIVE?

IT'S MY METEOR! IF YOU
WANT IT YOU'LL HAVE TO
PAY MY PRICE! ANITA VERRILL
DIDN'T RAISE NO IDJITS!
TWO HUNDRED!!

MY METEOR,
MY PRICE... GOT
TO COOL THE
SUMBITCH OFF,
THAT'S THE
TICKET!

BUCKET OR
TWO OF WATER'LL
DO THE TRICK!
I...OWWW!

B...BLISTERS!
SUCKER BURNED
ME REAL
GOOD!

...CAUSE THIS
TIME OLE
JORDY...

...HAS GOT
IT MADE!!

WELL, NO
MATTER...

SSSSSSSSSS

I'M SORRY, MR.
VERRILL... WE SIMPLY
CAN'T CARRY YOUR
LOAN ANY LONGER.
I'M AFRAID WE'LL
HAVE TO...

WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME,
MR. VERRILL, JUST HOW YOU
CAME BY THIS MONEY?

...OUT OF THE
SKY! HAW-HAW!
THAT'S...

HUH?

YOU WON'T
HAVE TO,
MR. BILKMORE!

YOU MIGHT SAY
IT FELL OUT
OF THE SKY!!

THE... THE
WATER WAS TOO
COLD! CRACKED
THE METEOR wide
OPEN! OH, YOU
DONE IT NOW,
JORDY VERRILL,
YOU LUNKHEAD!



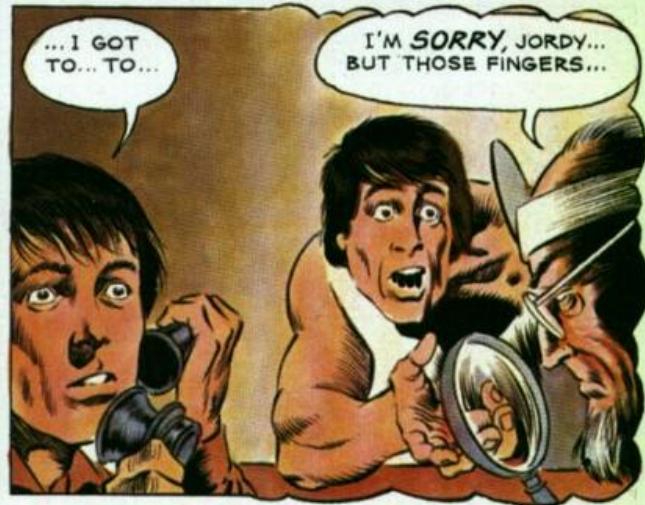
SSSS...
CRACK
CRACK





...AND GAVE THE
MONEY TO ME, REVEREND
FLEECE U. WHITE AND MY
CHURCH OF THE HOLY
SHRINKING PURSE... BROTHER

MELVIN WAS **SAVED!**
AND SO CAN YOU, TOO
BE **SAVED!** JUST
SEND A CHECK...



... YOU GODDAMN
-SUCK! STUPID
LUNKHEAD!
-SLURP!

... FINGERS ARE
ALL WIERD AN' MOSSY
AN'... AN'

OH, DOD!
NY DONGUE!!

MY... MY TONGUE!
IT... IT'S GROWIN'
... BECAUSE I WAS
SUCKIN' MY
FINGERS!

...NOT JUST YOUR
TONGUE AND FINGERS,
JORDY... YOU SHOULD
SEE THE CRATER,
HEH - HEH...

... AN' MY... MY FACE!
WHERE I TOUCHED
MY CHEEK...

NOT TO MENTION THE
BUCKET ON THE PORCH...

EVERYTHING IS GROWING,
JORDY! THE CRATER... THE
BUCKET... AND YOU!

...GROWIN'...
LORDY, LORDY...
GROWIN'...

EVEN YOUR OWN
FAVORITE CHAIR...

GROWIN'
RIGHT UNDER
MY HAND!!

DOC GEESON!
THIS TIME I GOT
TO CALL HIM
FOR SURE!

HELLO! THIS IS
DOCTOR RICHARD
GEESON...

DOC! DOC,
THIS IS JORDY
VERRILL-- OUT
TO THE BLUE-
BIRD CREEK?
SOMETHING...

...SOMETHING AWFUL'S
HAPPENED! IT... IT...

...AND I'M ON
VACATION FOR THE
NEXT TWO WEEKS,
CHASED THE WILY...

SMALL MOUTHED BASS
IN WESTERN MAINE. DR.
PETER V. HIGGINS OF
CASTLE ROCK WILL BE
TAKING MY CALLS...
:CLICK?

NO HOSPITAL...

WHEN YOU GO IN
THERE YOU DON'T
COME OUT NO MORE!
THAT'S WHERE THEY
TAKE YOU TO
DIE... THAT'S...

...NO, NO...
THE **HOUSE**! IT'S
GROWIN', TOO!
NO... NO, NO!!

THERE YOU
ARE, SUCKER!
KNEW YOU
WAS IN THERE,
SOMEPLACE...

...MAKE IT
STRONG! GOTTA
MAKE IT REAL
STRONG...

...NEEDED...
:GLUG-GLUG:
...NEEDED
THAT...

...I MEAN
YOUR REDS
AND YOUR
PINKOS...

...NEEDED
THAT :GLUG:
TOO...

...NEEDED THAT!
RELAX... NEED
TO...

AS JORDY SLEEPS, THE
UNEARTHLY VEGETATION
CONTINUES TO GROW...
THROUGH THE EARLY
EVENING...

... AND THESE
HERE COMMUNISTS
DON'T LIKE NOTHING
BETTER THAN TO
**DRINK CHRISTIAN
BLOOD!** SO SEND
YOUR CASH CONTRI-
BUTIONS TO...

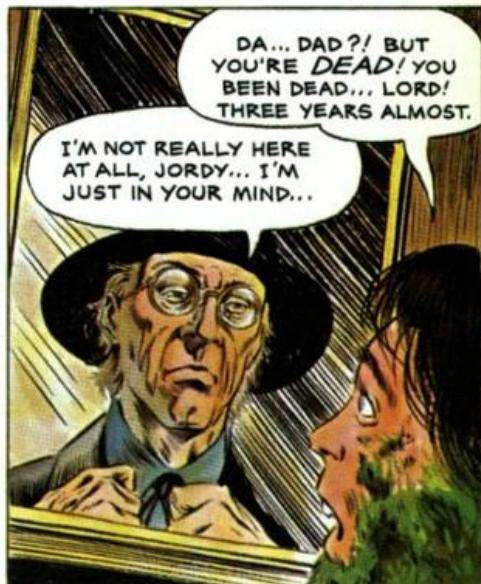
... AND INTO THE
DEAD OF NIGHT...

... ENDS ITS
BROADCASTING
DAY..."OH-OOH,
SAY CAN YOU
SEE...

... AND ON INTO THE
EARLY HOURS OF THE
NEXT DAY...

WHAT SO PROUD
HAILED, AT TH
TWILIGHT'
OH, LORD!
WHAT A DR...

OH ;YAWN:
OH, LORD!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

PLEASE... OH,
PLEASE GOD! LET
MY LUCK BE IN!
JUST THIS
ONCE...





HEH-HEH! WELCOME,
KIDDIES... I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M FEEL-
ING A BIT **EDGY**! MAYBE
I'M STILL FEELING THE
EFFECTS OF OUR LAST
STORY... OR MAYBE IT'S
JUST BECAUSE I HAVEN'T
BEEN **OUT** IN A LONG TIME!
THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT THAT
BOXED-IN FEELING, HEH-
HEH! WHICH REMINDS ME
OF ANOTHER TALE IN MY
LURID LEXICON! A LITTLE
FEAR FABLE CALLED...

THE CRATE

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE BASEMENT OF
AMBERSION HALL, THE SCIENCE BUILDING ON
THE CAMPUS OF **HORLICKS UNIVERSITY**...

...IT BEGINS WITH A WHIM OF
FATE... A TOSS OF THE **COIN**,
AS IT WERE, HEH-HEH!

BUT IT'S NOT A CASE
OF HEADS OR TAILS,
KIDDIES... OH, NO...

...IT'S THE CASE OF A QUARTER THAT WENT WRONG... DEAD WRONG!

THERE! LOOK AT THAT! DAMMIT!

OR MAYBE IT WAS FATE AFTER ALL!

O#!!★?!

PING PING

WHO KNOWS? HEH-HEH-HEH!

WHAT THE HELL?

THE JANITOR'S FLASHLIGHT REVEALS A CRATE... A VERY OLD CRATE!

GUESS I GOT TO CALL PERFESSER STANLEY! YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I GOT TO DO...

MEANWHILE, AT A DULL FACULTY PARTY ACROSS TOWN, A FACULTY WIFE NAMED WILMA NORTHRUP HAS BEEN STRUCK EXCEEDINGLY DRUNK... AND NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME!

PROFESSOR DEXTER STANLEY, YOU ARE SUCH A CHILD! YOU AND HENRY BOTH, SUCH CHILDREN! BUT AT LEAST HENRY HAS ME TO TAKE CARE OF HIM... DON'T YOU, DEAR?

YES, BILLIE...

AND THIS IS HENRY AND WILMA NORTHRUP, IN THE ENGLISH DE-

JUST CALL ME BILLIE, EVERYONE DOES... IF YOU NEED SOMEONE TO SHOW YOU THE ROPES, HON, COME SEE ME. YOU BUYING OR RENTING?

RENTING, RIGHT NOW, BUT WE...

THAT'S ALL FOR THE BEST, HONEY. BELIEVE ME, BUYING A HOUSE IN A COLLEGE TOWN IS A FRIGGING PAIN IN THE ASS... AT OUR HOUSE ALL I DO IS TAKE CARE OF HENRY... HENRY! WE'RE GOING TO FRESHEN OUR DRINKS... STAY PUT!

DROP DEAD, BILLIE!

GIMMEE A **B**... GIMMEE AN **I**... GIMMEE A **T**... GIMMEE A ... YOU KNOW THE REST, EH, KIDDIES? HEH-HEH-HEH! THE CHEER IS AS OLD AS MARRIAGE ITSELF!

CHALK UP ANOTHER KILL FOR BILLIE... THE RED BARON PALES INTO INSIGNIFICANCE COMPARED TO HER!

HEY, COME ON. IT'S NOT THAT BAD...

HOW I'VE GROWN TO HATE HER, DEX...

HENRY, YOU DON'T...

THERE'S A TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU, PROFESSOR STANLEY.

JUST CALL ME **BILLIE**! EVERYONE DOES!

DUTY CALLS, HENRY... SEE YOU LATER, OKAY?

HELLO? DEXTER STANLEY HERE...

PROFESSOR STANLEY? THIS IS MIKE LATIMER, JANITOR AT THE COLLEGE? I FOUND SOME-THIN' YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN...

MIKE TELLS OF HIS DISCOVERY...

...AN' IT SAYS ARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1834...

1834? REALLY?

...WHILE OUTSIDE, WILMA GOES FROM **BAD** TO... WELL...

...SO I SAID, HENRY, YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR BUTT FROM **THIRD BASE**! IF YOU THINK I... OOPS!

WELL, I'LL BE SURE TO CHECK IT OUT FIRST THING ON MONDAY...

I KNOW YOU GOT THE PARTY FOR THE INCOMING FACULTY AN' ALL, BUT I SURE WISH...

OH, YOUR POOR TIE! HERE, LET ME HELP...

Y'KNOW, MIKE, MAYBE I COULD GET UP THERE THIS AFTERNOON. IT'S A PRETTY DULL PARTY...

SAY, THAT'D BE GREAT, PROFESSOR! I'LL BE WAITIN' RIGHT HERE...



SO IT'S RUINED, SO WHAT?
BUY A NEW ONE! IT'S ONLY
MONEY, I ALWAYS SAY! ISN'T
THAT RIGHT, HENRY?

THERE GOES HENRY'S
PROMOTION, POOR DEVIL...
MAYBE I SHOULD... NO, BETTER
TO LEAVE IT FOR NOW... ANYWAY,
I'LL SEE HIM TONIGHT... MIGHT
EVEN LET HIM BEAT
ME AT CHESS...

...AN HOUR LATER, AT
AMBERSON HALL...

...SO I MISSED IT
AN' IT ROLLED UNDER
THERE... WOULDN'T'VE
BOthered, BUT IT WAS
MY LAST QUARTER
FOR THE COKE
MACHINE...

I'M NOT GETTING
A GOOD LOOK, MIKE.
RAISE THE LIGHT
A BIT... OH, YES!
THERE IT IS...

SURE LOOKS OLD
ENOUGH... LET'S GET
THIS GRILL OFF AND
HAVE A CLOSER
LOOK...

THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK, PROFESSOR!

...LONG MINUTES AND
SEVERAL SCRAPED
KNuckles LATER...

THERE WE
GO! WATCH IT,
DOC... HEAVY
SUCKER...

I'M OKAY, MIKE.
LET'S GET THAT
CRATE OUT OF
THERE.

NOT VERY
NICE UNDER
THERE, AT ALL!
GOD, I HATE
TIGHT PLACES.

I THINK
'GRUNT' WE
MIGHT REALLY
HAVE SOMETHING
HERE... LET'S
TAKE IT DOWN
TO THE MAIN
LAB...

STRAINING AND HEAVING, THE TWO MEN MANAGE TO GET THE CRATE DOWN THE HALL, INTO THE LAB AND...

...ONTO THE TABLE -GASP- THERE! WE... WHAT'S WRONG, MIKE?

I... LORD!!
I DUNNO...

... FELT LIKE... WELL, LIKE SOMETHING MOVED IN THERE... DIDN'T YOU FEEL IT?

IF THERE EVER WERE ANY LIVING SPECIMENS IN THERE I DOUBT IF THEY'RE FEELING VERY LIVELY A HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX YEARS...

SURE! BUT, IT FELT LIKE SOMETHING SHIFTED...

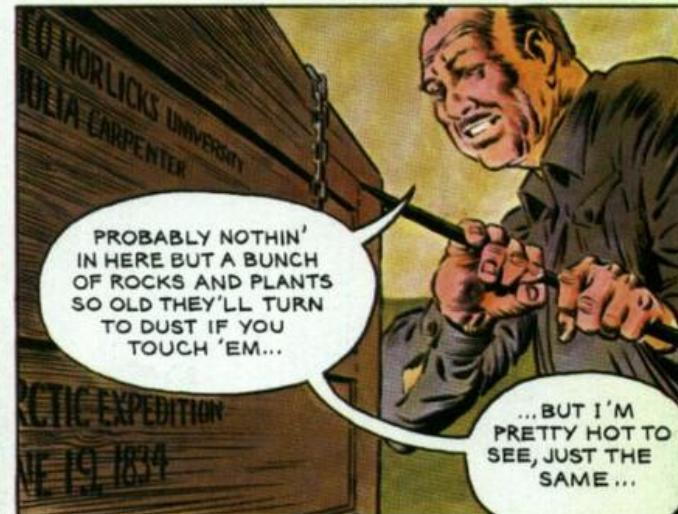
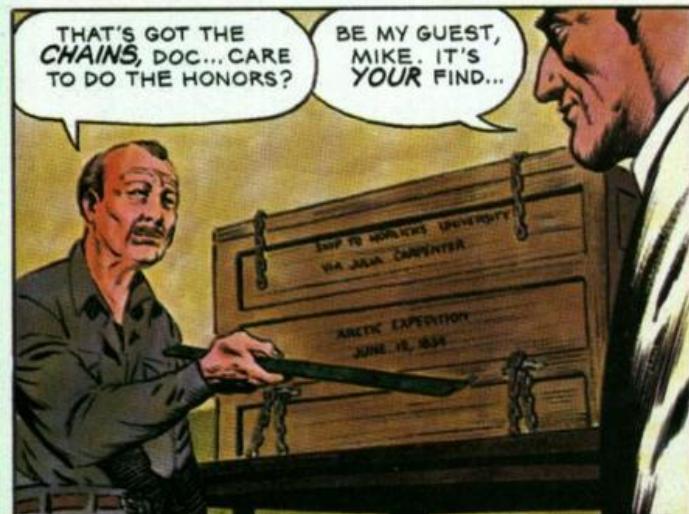
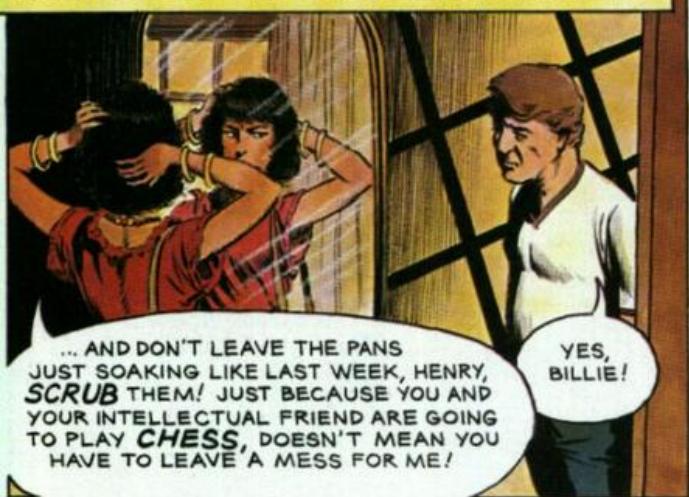
...GUESS I BEEN SPENDIN' TOO MUCH TIME IN THE HOT SUN,, , HUH, DOC?

MAYBE, MIKE!
LET'S GET IT OPEN!

SURE! I GOT A CROWBAR IN MY CLOSET... JUST WAIT WHILE I GO GET IT...

...UH-OH... NOT GOOD, DEX! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TURNED TO WATCH MIKE LEAVE! IF YOU'D KEPT LOOKING AT THE CRATE, YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN IT MOVE... JUST A LITTLE... BUT IT DID MOVE... HEE-HEE...

MEANWHILE, WILMA'S GETTING READY TO GO TO HER NIGHT-CLASS... AT LEAST, SHE **SAYS** SHE'S GOING TO A CLASS! AND IF SHE LOOKS MORE AS IF SHE'S PLANNING TO BOOGIE DOWN TO THE LOCAL DISCO... WELL...



THAT'S WHAT MAKES SCIENTISTS, MIKE. JUST LAST YEAR WE FOUND AN ANTIQUE GERBIL-RUN UP ON THE FOURTH FLOOR...

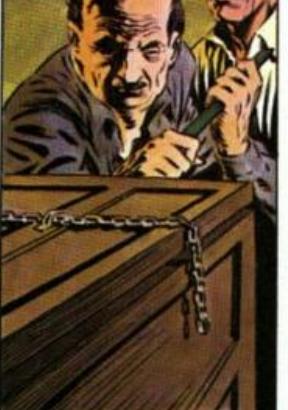
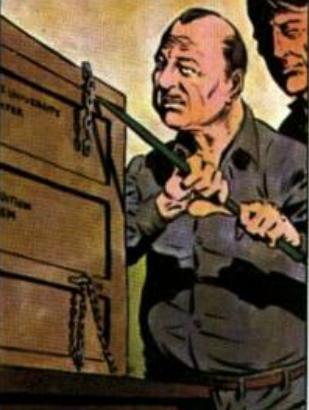
...LOVELY GLASS PANELS... PROBABLY WORTH A THOUSAND OR TWO...

...BUT I'M STILL BETTING YOUR CRATE'S FULL OF OLD MAGAZINES OR JUST PLAIN JUNK...

...STILL... THAT ARCTIC EXPEDITION BUSINESS... AND THE DATE...

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, DOC...

YEAH! KINDA MAKES YOU WONDER IF... MAYBE...



SURE HOPE YOU FELLOWS DIDN'T WAKE ANYTHING UP...HEE-HEE!

DOC,
DO YOU
HEAR...?

...YES! THAT LOW, WHISTLING
NOISE... PROBABLY JUST
ESCAPING GASES...



DEX STANLEY IS GRIPPED WITH A SUDDEN, ATAVISTIC FEAR...

...LOOKS LIKE A COUPLA EMERALDS, OR...

MIKE!
DON'T...

...THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SCIENCE!

WH? OH, PROFESSOR, COME ON...
YOU DON'T...

...!?

OH MY GOD!!
MY ARM! IT'S GOT
ME!! OH, GOD,
HELP ME...





MIKE'S SCREAMS ARE CUT SHORT... REPLACED BY THE SOUNDS OF... CRUNCHING... OF CRACKING BONES...

...THE SICKENINGLY UNMISTAKABLE SOUNDS...

OF EATING!

...UNTIL THEY ARE REPLACED BY A SOFT, DRIPPING SOUND... LIKE RAIN...

CHOMP
CHOMP

HE... HE'S DEAD!! OH, LORD!!

CRACK
MUNCH

I'VE GOT TO... CHOKED

CRUNCH
SMACK

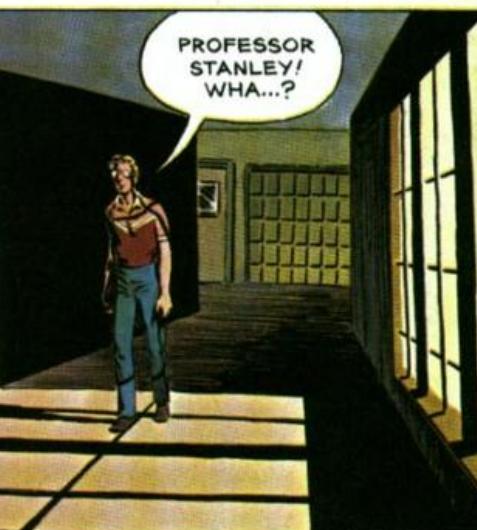
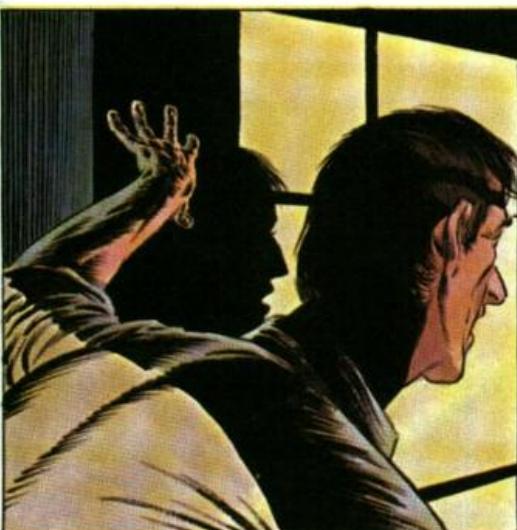
...HELP! MUST FIND SOMEONE TO...

HELP!
HELP!!



...HELP... I...
CHARLIE!
CHARLIE GERESON!
THANK GOD!

PROFESSOR
STANLEY!
WHA...?



...THE JANITOR... THE CRATE... IT WHISTLES... IT WHISTLES WHEN IT'S HUNGRY... WHEN IT'S ANGRY... WE HAVE TO... CAMPUS SECURITY... WE HAVE TO...

SLOW DOWN, PROFESSOR! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...

A CRAZED, INCOHERENT EX-PLANATION SPILLS FROM DEX...

...AND IT JUST... SUCKED HIM IN... WE HAVE TO GET THE CAMPUS POLICE...

NO! ONE OF THEM WOULD STICK HIS HAND IN THE CRATE FIRST THING! IF I'M HAVING TROUBLE BELIEVING THIS, WHAT ARE THEY GONNA THINK?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'D THINK... I...

THEY'D THINK YOU'D... WE'D BOTH BEEN OFF ON ONE HELLUVA TOOT... AND GOT TO SEEING TASMANIAN DEVILS INSTEAD OF PINK ELEPHANTS...

I THINK WE OUGHT TO GO DOWN AND SEE HOW THE LAND LIES BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING ELSE...

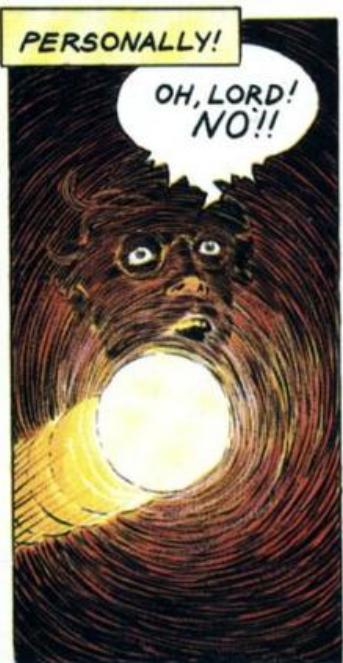
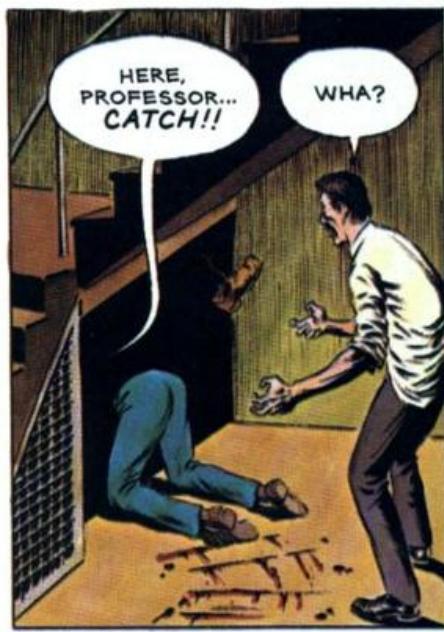
BUT...

...IT MAY BE OUT...

OH, I DOUBT... GOOD LORD!

IT... IT'S GONE! THE CRATE'S GONE! ...IT...

MY GOD! THE BLOOD! SO MUCH BLOOD... THERE'S A TRAIL OF IT... LEADS BACK OUT OF THE LAB...



OH,
CHRIST!

NO! NO!
BITING ME!
AAAAA-

CHARLIE!
GRAB MY
HAND...
GRAB...

OH, GOD,
PROFESSOR!
PLEASE...I...

OH, GOD
IT'S GOT ME
AGAIN! IT...

CHARLIE!!

YAAHHHH!

CHARLIE!
OH, MY GOD!!
I... I'M...
SORRY...

POOR DEX IS IN BAD
SHAPE, EH KIDDIES...
AFTER ALL, TWICE IN
ONE DAY, HEH-HEH!
THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING HE CAN DO, NOW...
ONLY ONE PLACE HE
CAN GO... TO THE ONLY
PERSON WHO WILL
BELIEVE HIM...

...SORRY...
...SOB...
...SO...
SORRY...

EEEEEEEEE

AT HENRY'S...

... AND THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF HIM... HIS LEGS DISAPPEARING UNDER THE STAIR- WELL... I... I WOULD HAVE SAVED HIM IF I COULD, HENRY... I... I CAME HERE...



HENRY... HENRY? YOU DO BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU, HENRY?

YES, DEX... I BELIEVE YOU...



BUT, DEX... WE HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO...

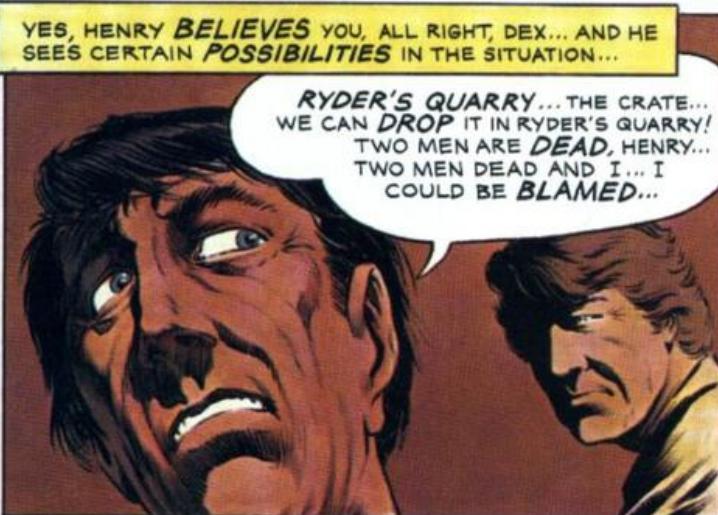
RYDER'S QUARRY IS PROBABLY DEEP ENOUGH...

WHAT?



YES, HENRY BELIEVES you, ALL RIGHT, DEX... AND HE SEES CERTAIN POSSIBILITIES IN THE SITUATION...

RYDER'S QUARRY... THE CRATE... WE CAN DROP IT IN RYDER'S QUARRY! TWO MEN ARE DEAD, HENRY... TWO MEN DEAD AND I... I COULD BE BLAMED...



...AND HENRY HAS HIS OWN MONSTER, DOESN'T HE, KIDDIES?

CHA... CHARLIE GERESON WANTED TO MEASURE THE BITE MARKS! I GUESS HE GOT HIS CHANCE, EH, HENRY? I SURELY GUESS HE GOT HIS CHANCE...

I HAVE TO USE THE FACILITY, DEX... THEN WE'LL DECIDE WHAT TO DO...



A MONSTER NAMED WILMA!!

POOR GUY'S IN SHOCK... HYSTERICAL... NEEDS REST... NOW WHERE ARE WILMA'S SLEEPING PILLS?

THESE SHOULD DO THE TRICK... THEY CERTAINLY WORK FOR WILMA...



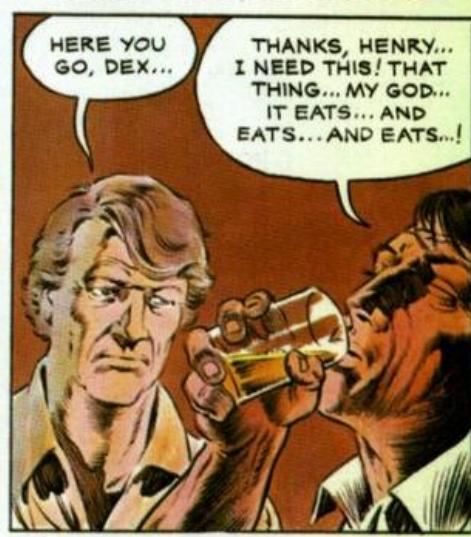
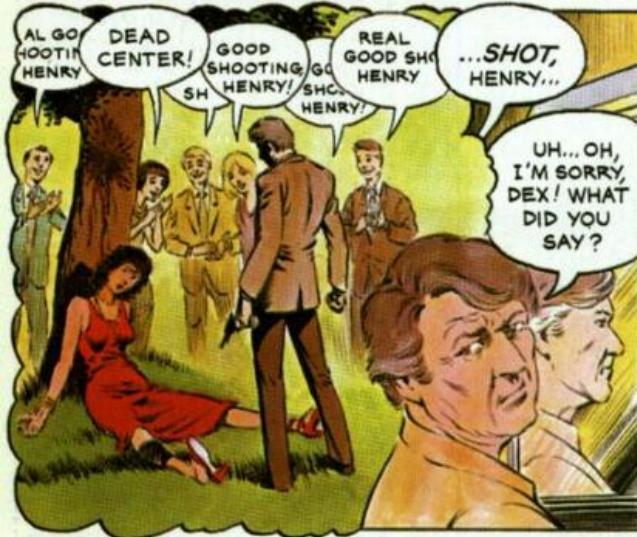
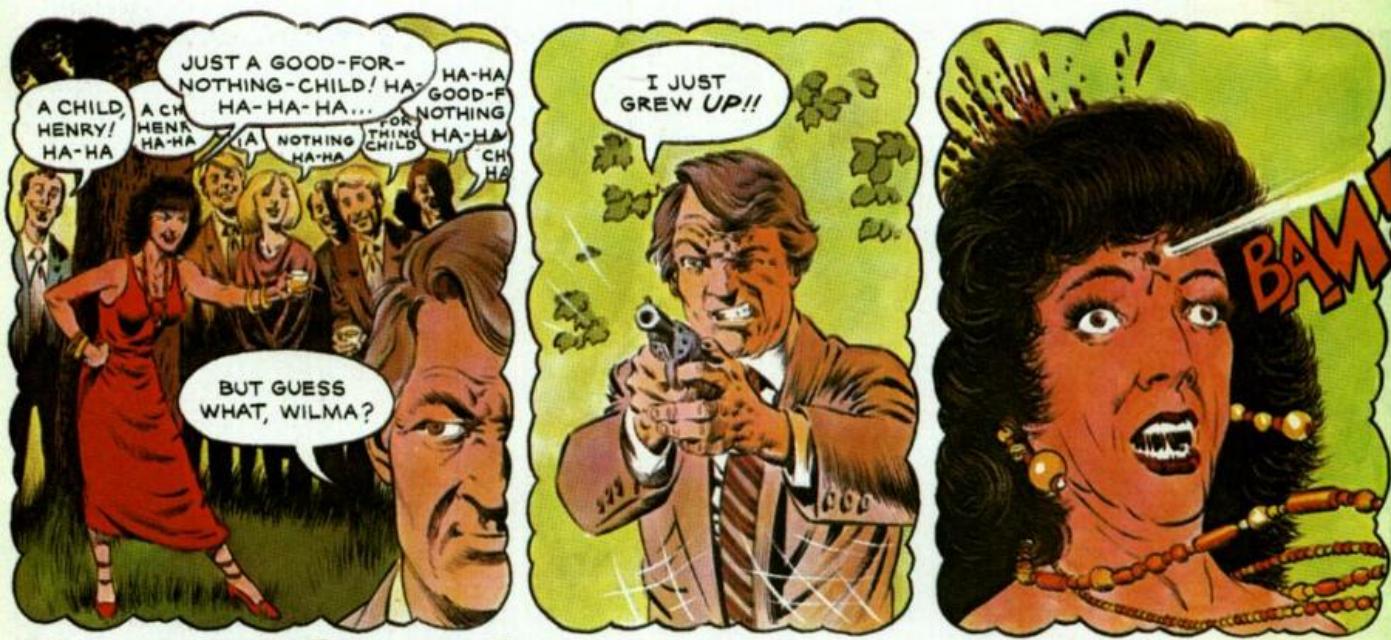
WILMA... OH, YES... WILMA...



SHE'S NEVER FAR FROM YOUR THOUGHTS, IS SHE, HENRY? THAT SHRILL, BRAYING VOICE IS ALWAYS THERE... TELLING YOU... REMINDING...

"OH, HENRY, HA-HA! YOU'RE SUCH A CHILD..."





NOTE? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

WILMA,
I'VE HAD TO
LEAVE IN A HURRY
BECAUSE OF A CALL
FROM DEXTER STAN-
LEY. HE SEEMS TO
HAVE GOTTEN
HIMSELF INTO
A GREAT DEAL
OF TROUBLE...

...AT LEAST
THE BLOOD'S
NOT COMPLETELY
DRY YET...

...MAKES
IT A LITTLE
EASIER TO
CLEAN...

...IT SEEMS HE GOT A
YOUNG WOMAN TO AC-
COMPANY HIM TO AMBER-
SON HALL, AND THEN
ATTACKED HER. I'M SOR-
RY BUT THAT'S THE
KINDEST WAY TO
PUT IT...

OH, HENRY, THIS
IS **GOOD!**
DEX STAN-
LEY - A
SEX
FIEND!

...THERE...
THERE'S JUST
SO **MUCH** OF IT...
NEVER SEEN SO
MUCH **BLOOD**...

...I TRIED TO GET HIM TO TELL
ME WHAT HAPPENED BUT HE ON-
LY KEPT REPEATING "IT'S AWFUL,
HENRY, IT'S AWFUL!" WILMA,
COULD YOU COME OUT HERE?
I KNOW IT'S ASKING A LOT...

OH, NO, HENRY!
IT'S NOT ASKING A
LOT AT **ALL**, BE-
LIEVE YOU ME...
I CAN'T WAIT!

...HAVE TO HURRY!
WILMA WILL BE SHOW-
ING UP HERE ANY TIME
NOW... HAVE TO
BE READY...

...BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS SO CLEAR-HEADED
ABOUT THESE THINGS. AS YOU SO OFTEN
SAY, WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?

WHAT,
INDEED,
HENRY, HA-HA!
WHAT
INDEED?

...A BIT LATER, AT
AMBERSION HALL...

HENRY?
WHERE ARE
YOU?

DOWN
HERE, WILMA...

THE GIRL,
HENRY... WHERE
IS SHE? WHERE...
WHAT ARE YOU
LAUGHING AT...

IT... HEH-HEH...
IT DOES HAVE ITS
FUNNY SIDE, BILLIE...
...C'MON, YOU'LL SEE...

YOUR BEST FRIEND
GETS INTO A SCRAPE
AND YOU'RE LAUGH-
ING? WHAT KIND OF...

BUT IT... HEH-HEH... IT'S SO
FUNNY, BILLIE! C'MON, LOOK!
SHE'S CRAWLED UNDER THE
STAIRWELL... LOOK, BILLIE...
YOU'LL LAUGH, TOO! YOU...
HEH-HEH... YOU'LL DIE
LAUGHING!!

GO ON, BILLIE!
LOOK! TAKE A LOOK,
AND DIE LAUGHING!
LOOK, YOU BITCH!!

HENRY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT I SHOULD HAVE
DONE A LONG TIME AGO!
GET UNDER THERE,
WILMA!!

C'MON OUT!
WAKE UP WHAT-
EVER YOU ARE!

WAKE UP!
DINNER TIME!!
POISON MEAT!
WAKE UP!

JUST TELL
IT TO CALL
YOU BILLIE,
YOU BITCH!

...JUST TELL
IT... TO...
CALL...

OH, THAT WAS
GREAT, HENRY...
JUST GREAT!!
YOU THINK THIS
IS THE FRIDAY
NIGHT FIGHTS?

IS THAT WHAT YOU
THINK, HENRY? WANNA
SEE SOME REAL
PUNCHING? HUH, HENRY?

THUD
CLOUT

YOU KNOW WHAT, HENRY? YOU'RE A REGULAR **BARNYARD EXHIBIT**-- EVERYTHING ROLLED UP INTO ONE, **SHEEP EYES, CHICKEN GUTS, PIGGY FRIENDS... AND CRAP FOR BRAINS!** NO GOOD AT DEPARTMENTAL POLITICS, NO GOOD AT MAKING AN IMPRESSION...

... AND **NO GOOD AT ALL IN BED!!** DEX STANLEY MAY BE A **RAPIST** BUT AT LEAST HE'S STILL GOT SOME **RAM** IN HIS **RAMROD!** WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU...

...YOU... GOT... IT...



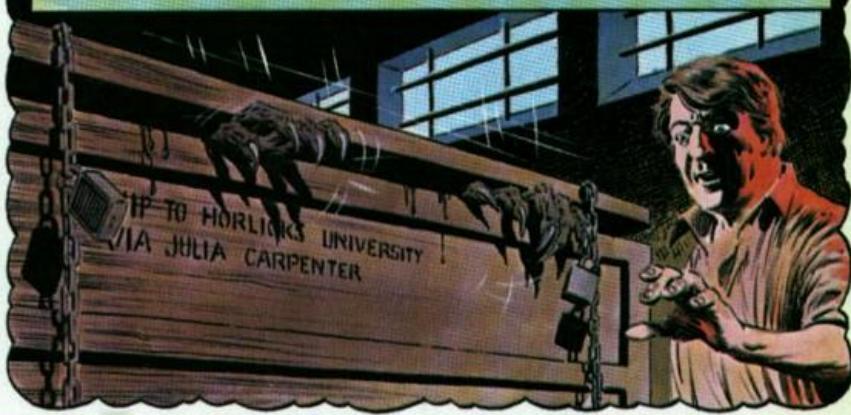
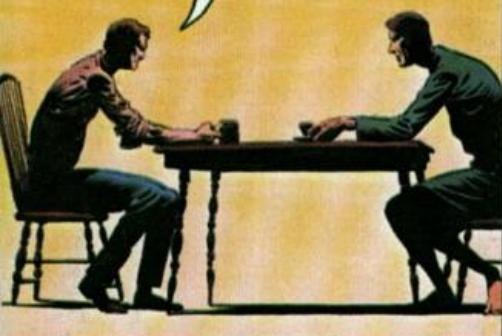
...HOURS LATER, IN
THE KITCHEN OF THE
NORTHRUP HOME...

...AND WHEN
THOSE HORRIBLE
EATING SOUNDS
FINALLY STOPPED...
AND I HEARD IT
CLIMBING BACK IN-
TO THE CRATE...

YES, HENRY...
THE **CRATE**...
TELL ME WHAT
YOU **DID** WITH
THE CRATE...

THAT'S THE **BEAUTY** OF IT!
YOU PUT THE FINAL PIECE IN
THE JIGSAW YOURSELF... THE
CRATE IS AT THE BOTTOM OF
RYDER'S QUARRY...

...AFTER WILMA WAS... **AFTERWARDS**, WHEN I WAS
CERTAIN THE THING WAS BACK IN THE **CRATE**, I CHAINED
IT UP, AGAIN. FOUND A COUPLE OF LOCKS IN THE JANITOR'S
CLOSET... THE BEAST WOKE UP OR CAME TO OR WHATEVER...
MADE A HELL OF A RACKET, BUT FINALLY SETTLED DOWN...



...AT ANY OTHER TIME OF YEAR, I COULD NEVER
HAVE DONE IT, YOU KNOW... BUT RIGHT NOW THE
CAMPUS IS **DESERTED**... I DIDN'T SEE ANOTHER
LIVING SOUL... THE WHOLE THING WAS ALMOST
HELLISHLY PERFECT...



...ANYWAY, I DROVE OUT TO **RYDER'S QUARRY**...
I COULD **HEAR** THE THING INSIDE THE CRATE
AND I THINK MAYBE, AT THE VERY END, IT
SUSPECTED WHAT WAS HAPPENING...



...SO THE CRATE IS NOW AT THE BOTTOM OF RYDER'S QUARRY... WITH THE REMAINS OF THREE HUMAN BEINGS IN IT...

...WELL, TWO HUMAN BEINGS... AND WILMA...

SK-LASHH

THEN YOU CAME BACK HERE?

FIRST I WENT BACK TO AMBERSON HALL... AND CLEANED UNDER THE STAIRS...

THERE WAS A LOT OF STUFF FROM WILMA'S PURSE... THE JANITOR'S KEYRING...

...I THINK I CLEANED UP EVERYTHING...

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

...THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF FOUL PLAY... I SAW TO THAT...

...AND THERE REALLY ARE NO BODIES...

...WHAT ABOUT YOU, DEX? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SAY?

NOTHING, HENRY... AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

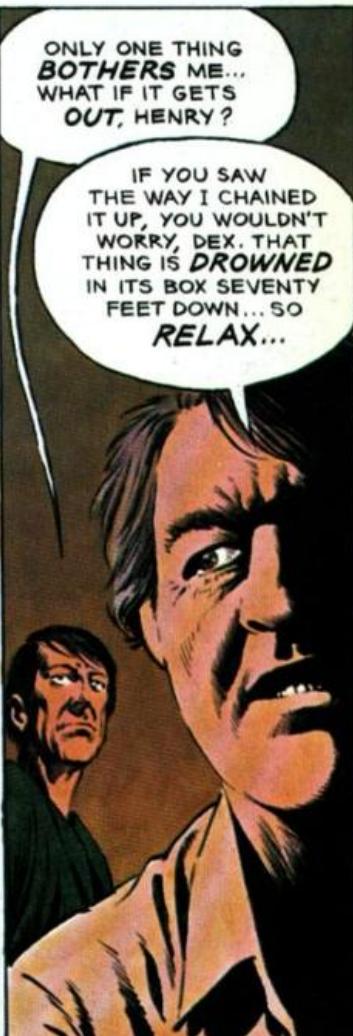
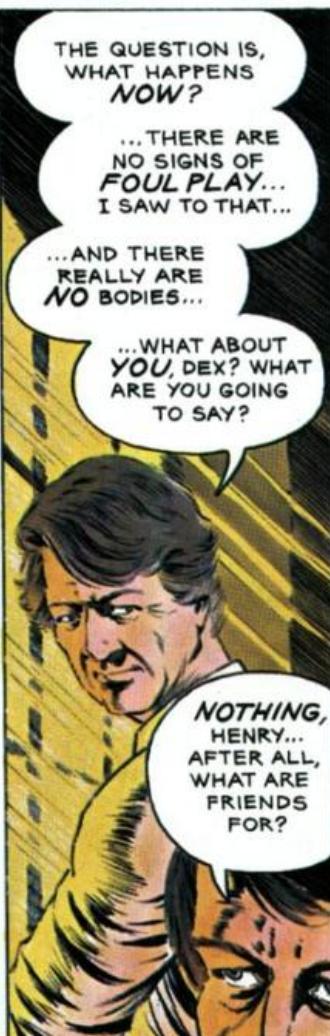
THANK YOU... THANK YOU, DEX...

NO NEED TO THANK ME, HENRY. JUST UNDERSTAND THAT I EXPECT TO WHIP YOUR BUTT AT CHESS TWICE A WEEK FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES...

WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, WON'T WE?

ONLY ONE THING BOthers me... WHAT IF IT GETS OUT, HENRY?

IF YOU SAW THE WAY I CHAINED IT UP, YOU WOULDN'T WORRY, DEX. THAT THING IS DROWNED IN ITS BOX SEVENTY FEET DOWN... SO RELAX...



HEH-HEH! WELL, I GUESS
WILMA GOT WHAT WAS COMING
TO HER, EH KIDDIES? BUT, SUCH
MANNERS! NOT SO MUCH AS A
THANK YOU... THE ONLY WORD
TO DESCRIBE WILMA NOW IS...
ARE YOU READY, KIDDIES...
INCRATE!! HEH-HEH!

THE END?

HEH-HEH! HELLO, AGAIN, KIDDIES!
MY LAST STORY WAS SO GRUELING, I
THOUGHT I'D TAKE A VACATION... A LITTLE
TRIP TO THE SEASHORE! OF COURSE, THIS
REMINDS ME OF YET ANOTHER **AWFUL
ANECDOTE**... BUT THE TIDE'S COMING
IN SO I'D BETTER GET STARTED! I
CALL THIS ONE...

SOMETHING TO TIDE YOU OVER

YOU SEE, KIDDIES, HARRY WENTWORTH HAS
BEEN HAVING HIMSELF A GOOD TIME WITH
BECKY VICKERS... THE ONLY PROBLEM IS RICH-
ARD VICKERS, BECKY'S HUSBAND, WHO IS JUST
A WEE BIT UPSET OVER THIS ARRANGEMENT
AND MEANS TO SEE THAT HARRY GETS HIS
COMEUPPANCE... CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUN-
ISHMENT FOR A CHARGE OF UNLAWFUL
ENTRY, YOU MIGHT SAY... HEH-HEH...

PLEASE, RICHARD...
DON'T DO ANYTHING
YOU'LL **REGRET**
LATER... YOU HAVE
TO UNDERSTAND...
WE WERE IN LOVE...

LOVE?
NO, YOU WERE
BOFFING EACH
OTHER, HARRY!
THERE'S A **BIG**
DIFFERENCE!

... AND THAT
WAS MY **WIFE**
YOU WERE
BOFFING!

WHERE ARE YOU
GOING? DON'T LEAVE
ME LIKE THIS!

...BUT YOU HAVE A LITTLE TIME,
HARRY--A FEW MINUTES, MAYBE...
TO THINK ABOUT HOW YOU GOT
YOURSELF INTO THIS MESS...

...TIME TO REMEMBER, HARRY...
TIME TO REMEMBER...

OH, BUT I MUST
LEAVE, HARRY OLD
BOY... THE TIDE'S
COMING IN AND I
DON'T WANT TO
GET MY SHOES WET...

...REMEMBER THIS MORNING
WHEN RICHARD CAME TO YOUR
APARTMENT?

NICE PLACE, HARRY...
I BET BECKY JUST LOVED IT... POOR BECKY...
IT REALLY IS TOO BAD...

WHAT'S
THIS ABOUT
BECKY...?

...REMEMBER HOW HE SLID
THE CASSETTE INTO THE
TAPE PLAYER?

LET'S LET BECKY
TELL IT HERSELF...
IN HER OWN
WORDS...

HARRY...
PLEASE...HE'S
GOT...ME...
PLEASE COME
...HARRY...
PLEASE!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
WITH HER?! TELL ME,
GODDAMMIT OR I'LL
KILL YOU!!

BE SMART,
HARRY! CHOKED
ME AND YOU'LL
NEVER KNOW...

...THAT'S BETTER!
AND BELIEVE ME, HARRY,
YOU *WANT* TO KNOW;
BECAUSE BY ELEVEN THIS
MORNING, IT'S GOING
TO BE TOO... LATE!

...YES, HARRY... REMEMBER... REMEMBER THE DRIVE TO THE BEACH... REMEMBER RICHARD'S CONFIDENT, OVERLY CASUAL MANNER? HE WAS IN CONTROL FROM THE START, WASN'T HE, HARRY? HE HELD THE TRUMP CARD... HE HAD BECKY... SO WHEN HE PULLED THE GUN AND ORDERED YOU TO CLIMB INTO THE HOLE HE'D DUG EARLIER, YOU KNEW YOU'D DO IT... YOU HAD NO CHOICE...

YOU... YOU'RE
'INSANE, AREN'T
YOU?!

IT MAY BE THAT ON
SOME SUBJECTS, HARRY,
I'M *NOT* ENTIRELY SANE.
AND ON THE SUBJECT OF
WHAT'S MINE-- I'M NOT SANE
--AT ALL!

NOW, GET
IN THE HOLE,
HARRY!



YOU KEPT THINKING IT WOULD
END, DIDN'T YOU, HARRY-BOY?

BUT IT WENT ON...

...AND ON...

VERY GOOD, HARRY! NOW
START PULLING SAND
INTO THE
HOLE...

...IT'S HIP-HIGH... GOOD BOY,
HARRY, GOOD BOY! NOW, HANDS
IN POCKETS AND STAND
VERY, VERY STILL...

...BECAUSE IF YOU MOVE,
JUST THE TINIEST BIT, I
MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE MY
SHOVEL AND SMASH
YOUR GODDAMNED
HEAD IN... AND I
WOULD NOT WANT
TO DO THAT,
HARRY... OH, NO...

...AND ON! UNTIL YOU REALIZE, FOR THE FIRST
TIME, THAT **SOME** NIGHTMARES NEVER END!

...REMEMBER HOW WHEN
HE'D FINISHED, HE TURNED
ED AND WALKED AWAY?

...HOW HE'D RETURNED
MOMENTS LATER, THE
TV CABLE TRAILING
BEHIND HIM LIKE A
HUGE BLACK SNAKE?

RICHARD! DON'T
GO... DON'T LEAVE
ME... PLEASE...

SEE, HARRY?
I TOLD YOU I'D
BE RIGHT
BACK...

THERE, THAT'S
GOT IT! DON'T GO
AWAY, HARRY...
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK...

...AND THEN, INCREDIBLY,
HE'D SET UP THE TRIPOD...
TOPPED BY A SMALL
VIDI-CAM?

...THEN CONNEC-

...HOW HE THEN
SET UP THE
MONITOR?

...REMEMBER HOW YOU SCREAMED WHEN
HE SWITCHED IT ON, HARRY? SCREAMED
BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU SAW??

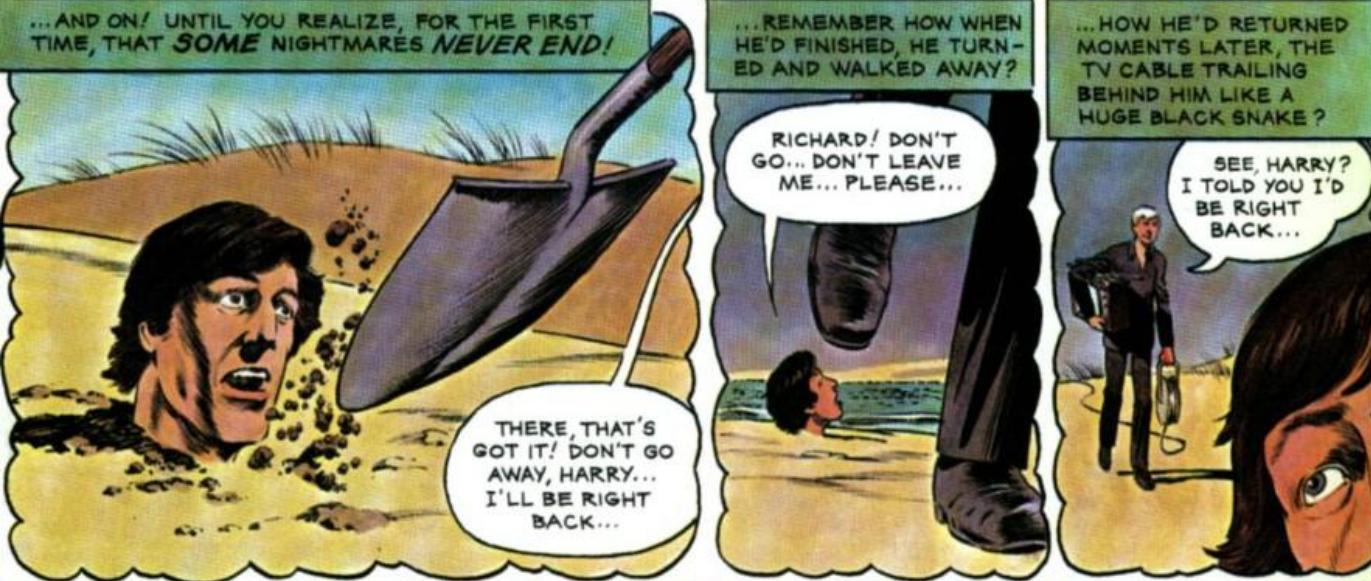
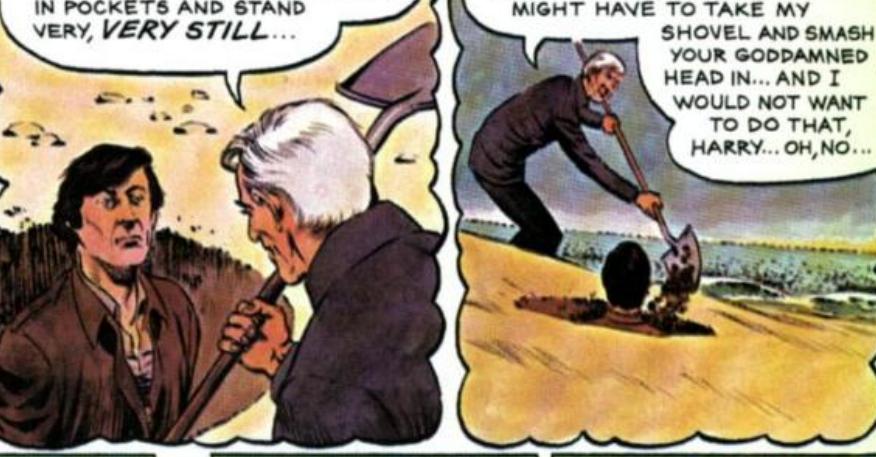
HOW'S THE ANGLE,
HARRY? THAT'S IT, LOOK
RIGHT INTO THE LENS...
SAY CHEEEEEESE!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT POWER,
HARRY... THIS
CABLE RUNS
BACK TO MY
HOUSE... ABOUT
A QUARTER MILE
FROM HERE...

COMFORTABLE,
HARRY? GOOD...

!!!!IT'S
SHOWTIME!!

BECKY!!



GREAT VIDEO, HUH?
I LOVE THIS STUFF!
LOOK AT THE QUALITY
OF THAT PICTURE,
HARRY-BOY!

BECKY!
OH LORD!!
BECKYYY!

SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU...SORRY,
BUT SHE LOST THE COIN-TOSS,
AND I PUT HER FURTHER DOWN
THE BEACH. I PROMISED YOU'D
SEE HER AGAIN, HARRY...
AND I ALWAYS KEEP
MY PROMISES...

YOU'RE
INSANE
AREN'T YOU?
MY GOD!
INSANE!

INSANE? MAYBE... OR MAYBE
I'M JUST A **VIDEO FREAK!** I
TOLD YOU I LOVE THIS STUFF,
HARRY... I'M A **COLLECTOR!**
I WANT TO **SAVE** THIS...

YOU
BASTARD!

IT'S JUST A
MATTER OF CON-
TROL, HARRY...

...THERE'S A CHANCE
...IF YOU JUST KEEP
YOUR HEAD...

...I THINK SHE'S **LOST**
HERS, DON'T YOU, HARRY?

OH, MY GOD!
SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS!
OR... OR **DEAD!**

THAT'S RIGHT, HARRY. AND IF
SHE'S **NOT** DEAD, SHE SOON **WILL** BE!
ENJOYING YOURSELF? FEEL HOW FAST
YOUR HEART IS BEATING, HARRY?
MAKES IT HARDER TO BREATHE,
DOESN'T IT? MY, BUT HOW LATE
IT'S GETTING! I REALLY MUST
TROT, HARRY! ENJOY THE
SHOW, AT LEAST UNTIL
YOUR MONITOR
SHORTS OUT...

NO!
WAIT, RICHARD!
PLEASE...DON'T
LEAVE ME!!

OH, BUT I **REALLY** HAVE TO GO, HARRY, OLD BOY...
IF YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED YET, THE **TIDE**'S COMING
IN! SEE YOU LATER, HARRY... ON MY **VCR**!!

NO! COME
BACK! DON'T
LEAVE ME
HERE! COME
BAAAACK!!

BUT HE DOESN'T COME BACK, DOES HE, HARRY? YOU'RE ALL **ALONE** NOW... JUST YOU... THE RISING TIDE... THE PANIC IN YOUR BRAIN... THE BLACK HORROR IN YOUR GUTS!

NO!
NOOOO!!
;GLUB:



...AND IN THE **BACKWASH** OF THAT **FIRST** WAVE, YOU GLANCE OVER AT THE MONITOR TO SEE THAT BECKY HAS PAID THE **FINAL PRICE** FOR LOSING HER HEAD...

BECKY! OH,
GOD... BECKY!!
;SOB:



...BUT WHEN THE **SECOND** WAVE HITS YOU, YOU FIND IT A BIT **DIFFICULT** TO THINK ABOUT BECKY, DON'T YOU, HARRY?

BECK--
;CHOKE:



... NO, YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT BECKY AT ALL, ANYMORE, HARRY... BECAUSE AS THAT SECOND WAVE RECEDES, YOU CAN SEE THE **NEXT** ONE COMING...

OH ;GASP-
DEAR GOD!!
;SPUTTER- NO!
NO!!



... AND YOU CAN **TELL** JUST BY **LOOKING**...

NO!
NOOOOO!!
;CHOKE:



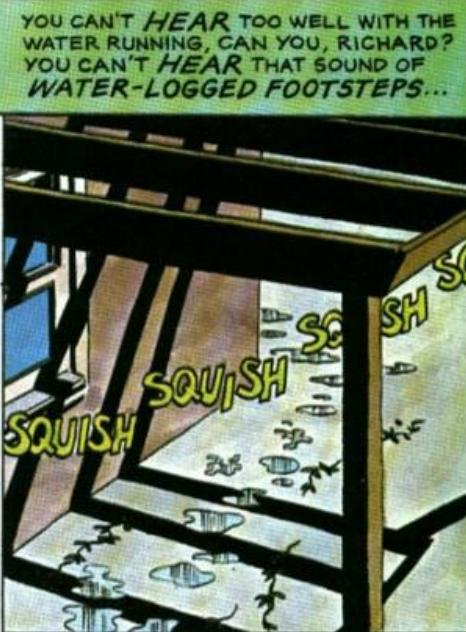
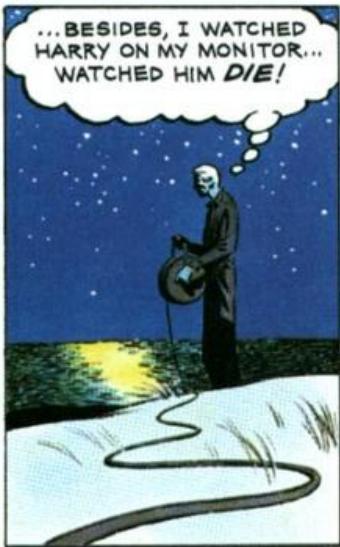
...THAT THIS WAVE HAS
YOUR NAME ON IT!!



BUT LATER, ON THE BEACH, RICHARD FINDS THAT
TWO VERY IMPORTANT PIECES ARE MISSING...

WHERE THE
HELL ARE
THE BODIES?

...AND THE CABLE
ON THIS MONITOR
LOOKS... ULP!
CHEWED!



...BUT YOU CAN SMELL IT, CAN'T YOU, RICHARD? THAT AWFUL LOW-TIDE STENCH underlaid WITH...SOMETHING ELSE?

TURN OFF THE WATER, RICHARD! AHM, NOW YOU CAN HEAR IT...

...YOU CAN HEAR IT GETTING LOUDER... CLOSER... IT SOUNDS ALMOST AS IF IT'S RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR BEDROOM DOOR...

WHAT THE...?

IS THAT YOU, WENTWORTH?

MAY I SUGGEST THAT YOU DON'T COME IN HERE?

I'VE GOT THE GUN, DEAR BOY, AND BELIEVE ME, I'LL USE IT...

I'LL SHOOT YOU DEA-- GOOD LORD!!

YOU CAN'T SHOOT US DEAD, RICHARD...

...BECAUSE WE'RE ALREADY DEAD...

THEY'RE COMING CLOSER, RICHARD! DO SOMETHING!

HEH-HEH! NOW DO SOMETHING ELSE...

...OKAY, RICHARD! IF THE BULLETS DON'T STOP THEM...

...WHY NOT TRY THROWING THE GUN? OH, THAT'S A BIGG HELP, RICHARD... VERY SMART!

ALREADY DEAD, RICHARD...
...ALREADY...

...DEAD, RICHARD...

ALREADY DEAD...

...ALREADY DEAD...

BAM!

SQUISH SKISH

Drip

SQUISH SQUISH

BAM BAM BAM CLICK

ALREADY DEAD, RICHARD...

...ALREADY DEAD...

THUD!

NO!
KEEP AWAY!



LATER THAT NIGHT, THE MONITOR IN RICHARD'S LIVING ROOM PLAYS TO AN *EMPTY HOUSE*...



...WHILE ON THE BEACH, AT THE LIVE PERFORMANCE...



TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE TWO SETS OF FOOTPRINTS, RICHARD... TAKE A GOOD, LONG LOOK... BECAUSE IT'S THE *LAST* THING YOU'LL EVER SEE...



HEH-HEH! WELL, KIDDIES, IT SEEMS
YOU'VE CAUGHT ME **MOONLIGHTING!**
LET ME TELL YOU THIS JOB IS ENOUGH
TO DRIVE YA **BUGS!** THE LI'L SUCKERS
HIDE EVERYWHERE! TAKE IT FROM ME,
KIDDIES, YOU GOTTA STAY ALERT, BECAUSE...

THEY'RE CREEPING UP ON YOU



THIS IS THE APARTMENT OF UPSON PRATT! OLE UPSON IS RICH ENOUGH TO MAKE MOST OIL SHEIKS LOOK LIKE **NEWSBOYS!** THE PLACE IS A BIT ON THE STARK SIDE, EH, KIDDIES? EMPTY, AUSTERE... ANTISEPTIC... YOU MIGHT SAY **THIS** DUDE'S MOTTO IS "**CLEANLINESS** IS NEXT TO **PRATTLINESS!**"

BASTARD!



BASTARDS!
GODDAMNED
BUGS!

O.K., EVERYBODY OUT
OF THE POOL! I OWN THE
GODDAMN BUILDING AND THERE'S
NOT GOING TO BE ANYMORE
DAMN... BUGS!

HEADS ARE GOING TO ROLL,
I PROMISE YOU THAT! OH, YES!
THIS HAS GONE QUITE FAR
ENOUGH, AND FOR FAR TOO
LONG! NO MORE DAMN
BUGS! BAS...



HELLO! IS
THAT YOU,
WHITE?

NO, MR. PRATT!
IT'S GEORGE
GENDRON...

WHAT THE HELL ARE
YOU DOING IN THE OFFICE
AT 9:30, GEORGE? NO OVER-
TIME AT THE EXECUTIVE
LEVEL, YOU KNOW...

IT'S ABOUT THE PACIFIC
AERODYNE TAKEOVER...

BUGGER PAC-
IFIC AERODYNE!
CASTONMEYER
IS OLD NEWS...
A X@%ING
DINOSAUR!

I FOUND ANOTHER COCK-
ROACH TONIGHT, GEORGE...
IN MY SUPPOSEDLY GERM-
PROOF APARTMENT! HOW CAN
AN APARTMENT BE GERM-
PROOF IF IT'S NOT EVEN
BUGPROOF?

I'LL TELL YOU, GEORGE, I'M
GOING TO CLEAR UP THIS COCK-
ROACH PROBLEM ONCE AND
FOR ALL! I'M NOT GOING TO
HAVE BUGS IN MY BUILD-
ING. I LOATHES BUGS!

UH, MR.
PRATT...

...ABOUT THE
TAKEOVER...

THEY HIDE,
GEORGE... AND
THEY... THEY CREEP!
THEY CREEP UP
ON YOU...

...NORMAN CASTON-
MEYER SHOT HIMSELF
AN HOUR AGO, SIR!

WHAT?



HE DID IT WHEN HE DECIDED THERE WAS NO WAY TO STOP THE TAKEOVER. AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT HIS... UH, HIS WIFE THINKS!

WONDERFUL! NOW WE WON'T HAVE TO OFFER THE OLD FOOL A SEAT ON THE BOARD!

SCANDAL, MY ASS! YOU MEAN THE STINK, GEORGE! A REALLY BIG DEAL STINKS LIKE A **DEAD TUNA**! WE CAN BEAR UP UNDER THE STINK!

SEND MRS. CASTON-MEYER SOME FLOWERS, GEORGE! NOW, GOODBYE... I'VE GOT SOME BUGS TO KILL!

THEY **BREED**... IN THE CONDUITS... THE CRAWL SPACES! THEY **BREED**! THEY...

BUT, THE SCANDAL--

IT'S CARL REYNOLDS, SIR! I'M CALLING FROM ORLANDO, FLORIDA--THE WIFE AND I DECIDED TO TAKE THE KIDS TO DISNEY WORLD...

I DON'T CARE IF YOU TOOK THE KIDS TO **ATTICA**! THERE ARE STILL ROACHES IN THIS PLACE! DO YOU LIKE YOUR JOB, REYNOLDS?

...UH... YESSIR...

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, REYNOLDS. BECAUSE IF I DON'T FIRST SEE THE SUPER AND THEN THE EXTERMINATORS WITHIN THE SPACE OF A HALF HOUR, YOU WILL HAVE NO JOB BY MIDNIGHT! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YESSIR, I UNDERSTAND...

UH-OH, KIDDIES... DID YOU SEE THE LIGHTS GO OUT IN THAT BUILDING?

WELL, YOU'RE ONE UP ON MR. PRATT... HE DIDN'T NOTICE...

...ANY MORE THAN HE NOTICES THE SQUASHED BUGS ON HIS CABOOSE, EH, KIDDIES... HEH-HEH...

GOOD! GOODBYE!

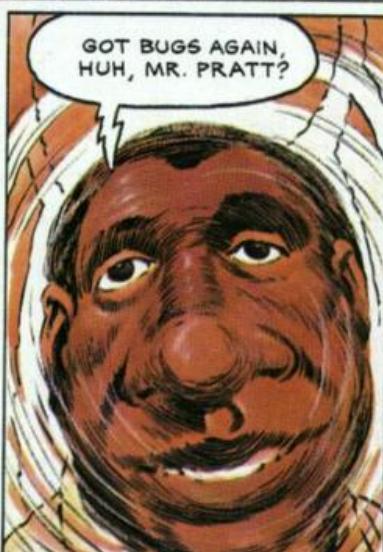
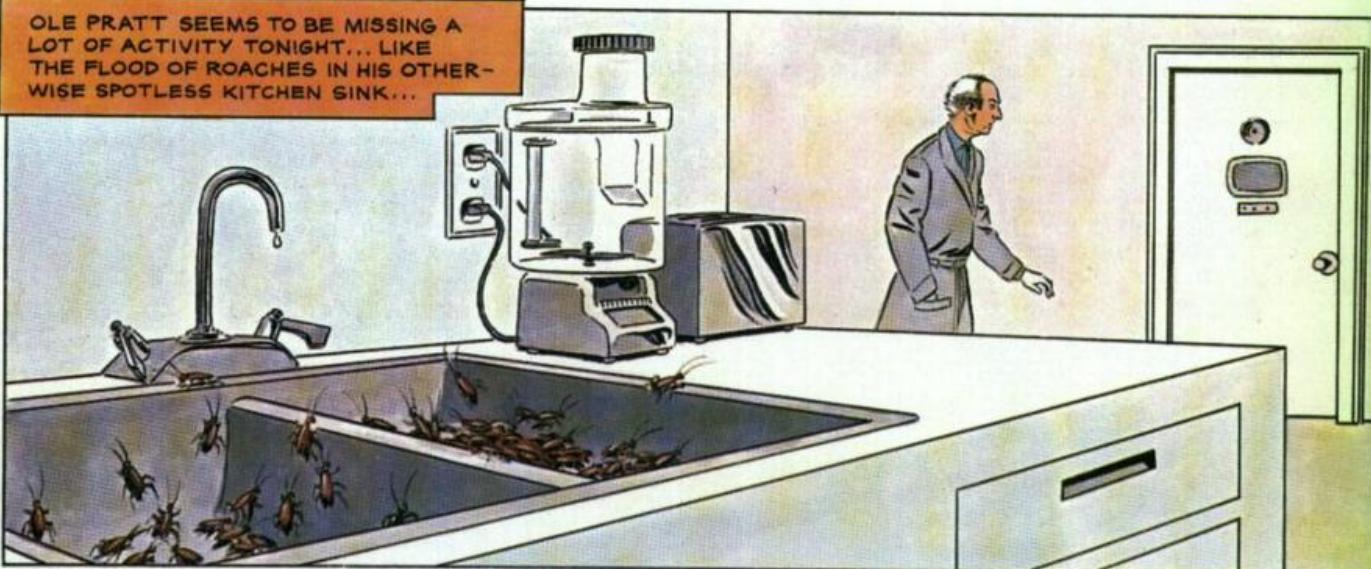
BUGS! THEY'RE ALL BUGS!

...THEY CREEP! THEY... I'M COMING, DAMMIT! HOLD YOUR WATER!

CLICK

ZEEZZZZZ

OLE PRATT SEEMS TO BE MISSING A LOT OF ACTIVITY TONIGHT... LIKE THE FLOOD OF ROACHES IN HIS OTHERWISE SPOTLESS KITCHEN SINK...



...I BELIEVE I COULD GET THE PARELLI BROTHERS OUT HERE BY... SHALL WE SAY, 11:30?

UH, Y...YES! YES, WHITE... 11:30 WOULD BE FINE...

YOU...YOU'LL GO FAR, WHITE...I'VE FOUND THAT, IN SERVICE JOBS, PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF OFTEN DO...PEOPLE OF COLOR...11:30 WILL BE FINE...

I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT, MR. PRATT, OKAY?

UH, YES... ALL RIGHT... FINE, WHITE.

ONLY STUNNED! THAT'S THE EXPLANATION! ROACHES ARE VERY... HARD... TO KILL... THEY... THEY'RE QUICK! THEY CAN CREEP UP ON YOU...

THEY'RE HARD TO FIND, TOO, EH, KIDDIES? ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE NOT LOOKING IN THE RIGHT PLACES!

THEY...CREEP UP IF YOU LET THEM...

...AND THEY HIDE...IN DARK CORNERS...IN TIGHT PLACES...

...AND THEY SOMETIMES HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT! IF YOU'RE GONNA FIND 'EM, PRATT, YOU GOTTA LOOK... HEH-HEH...

...HIDE EVERYWHERE... DAMN CREEPERS...

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE ALRIGHT, PRATT...

...AND SOMETIMES...

...THEY'RE RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE, HEH-HEH...

FFFFSSSTT

...FAST... AND HARD TO KILL...

HOLD YOUR WATER!

REYNOLDS? WHITE? TALK TO ME!

I JUST CALLED TO TELL YOU WHAT A MONSTER YOU ARE, MR. PRATT. AND HOW I WILL REJOICE WHEN YOU ARE FINALLY DEAD!
-SOB:

FFFFSSSTTT

LOTS OF PEOPLE WILL REJOICE WHEN I'M DEAD! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

I'M LENORE CASTONMEYER, THE WIFE OF THE MAN YOU...YOU MURDERED THIS AFTERNOON!

MRS. CASTONMEYER! HOW THE HECK ARE YOU?

I HOPE THEY KEEP HELL HOT FOR YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH!

IT WASN'T ENOUGH FOR YOU TO DRIVE HIM TO HIS KNEES, WAS IT? YOU HAD TO KILL HIM AS WELL! HE SOB' HE CAME HOME AND HIS EYES... HIS EYES WERE SO DEAD... I ASKED HIM WHAT WAS WRONG... WHAT COULD BE SO BAD TO... TO MAKE HIS EYES LOOK THAT WAY...

...AND THE ONLY WORD HE SAID BEFORE HE WENT INTO HIS STUDY... WAS 'SOB'... WAS YOUR NAME!

FOR THE SECOND TIME TONIGHT, UPSON PRATT DOESN'T NOTICE...

...AS THE LIGHTS GO OUT IN THE SKY-SCRAPER OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW...

...IT LASTS A BIT LONGER THIS TIME... THEN THEY FLICKER BACK ON...

HOW MANY MEN HAVE YOU KILLED, YOU MONSTER?

ONLY THE STUPID ONES, MRS. CASTONMEYER... ONLY THE ONES WHO HANDED ME A KNIFE...

...AND THEN STRETCHED OUT THEIR THROATS... SSSSKRRIIICKKK!!

...AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT A BUG PROBLEM HERE AND...

I HOPE YOU DIE SOON! I HOPE YOU GET A CANCER IN THE WORST PLACE! SYPHILIS! LEPROSY! SCREAM IN HELL FOREVER, YOU MONSTER!

'SLAM'

GO EAT A LIGHTBULB, BITCH!

CLICK

YOU SEE, MRS. CASTON-MEYER, I GREW UP IN THE PROJECTS! BUGS EVERYWHERE! I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH A BUG WHEN I SEE ONE. SPRAY IT! SQUASH IT! KILL IT!

THIS TIME PRATT IS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW...

WHAT YOU DO WITH BUGS IS WIPE THEM OUT...

...THIS TIME HE SEES THE LIGHTS GO OUT... EVERYWHERE! AND THIS TIME -- HEH-HEH-- THEY DON'T COME BACK ON...

...WIPE THEM... WHAT THE...?! BLACKOUT!

ANOTHER GODDAMN BLACKOUT! IF IT HAD BEEN MY POWER COMPANY IT NEVER WOULD'VE HAPPENED...

OH, MY GOD!!

...AND WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT, DON'T WE, KIDDIES? HEH-HEH! THAT'S WHEN THE BUGS COME OUT!

BUGS!! I... PHONE! CALL THE POLICE, THAT'S IT! POLICE!

HELLO, POLICE. SERGEANT MEGGS, HERE...

ABOUT TIME! WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE DOING DOWN THERE? WHAT DO I PAY TAXES FOR?

WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS TONIGHT, FELLA--OR HAVEN'T YOU LOOKED OUT YOUR WINDOW?

LISTEN TO ME, MEGGS! THIS IS UPSON PRATT! THE UPSON PRATT...I'VE GOT BUGS!

EVERYONE'S GOT BUGS TONIGHT, MAN, AND I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ANY BULLSH...

NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THEY'RE COCKROACHES! THE BIGGEST ONES I'VE EVER SEEN. THEY...

STOMP
CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH

WHAM
STOMP
CRUNCH POP CRUNCH

THIS... THIS HAS GOT TO
STOP! DO YOU UNDER-
STAND? THIS HAS
GOT TO STOP!!

I'M SORRY, MAN. ON A
SLOW NIGHT WE
COULD TALK ABOUT IT--

--BUT THIS *AINT* A SLOW
NIGHT! SO HAPPY TRAILS
TO YOU, OKAY? ;CLICK;

HEY!
YOU CAN'T
HANG UP ON
ME! YOU
CAN'T--

BUT I THINK HE JUST DID!
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

WHITE! CASTON-
MEYER! THE
POLICE! THEY'RE
ALL BUGS!
BUGS! I...

...GOT TO GET
AWAY FROM THE
BUGS! GOT TO...

...GET AWAY!
THEY CREEP!
BASTARDS!

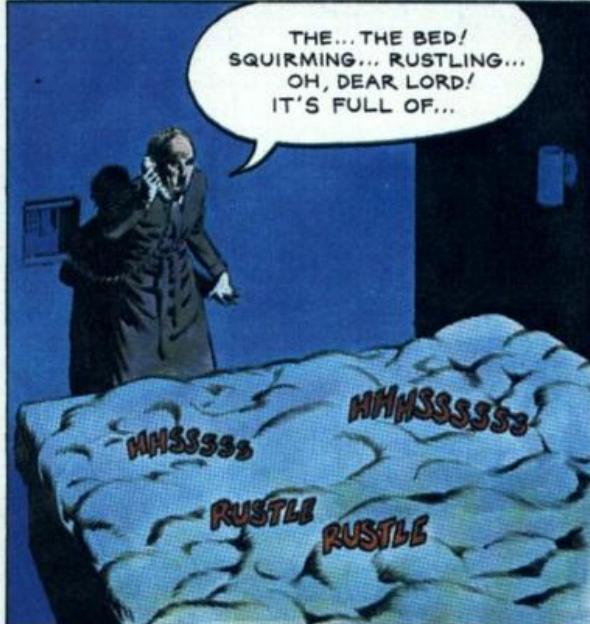
THEY CREEP
UP ON YOU!
THEY ALWAYS...

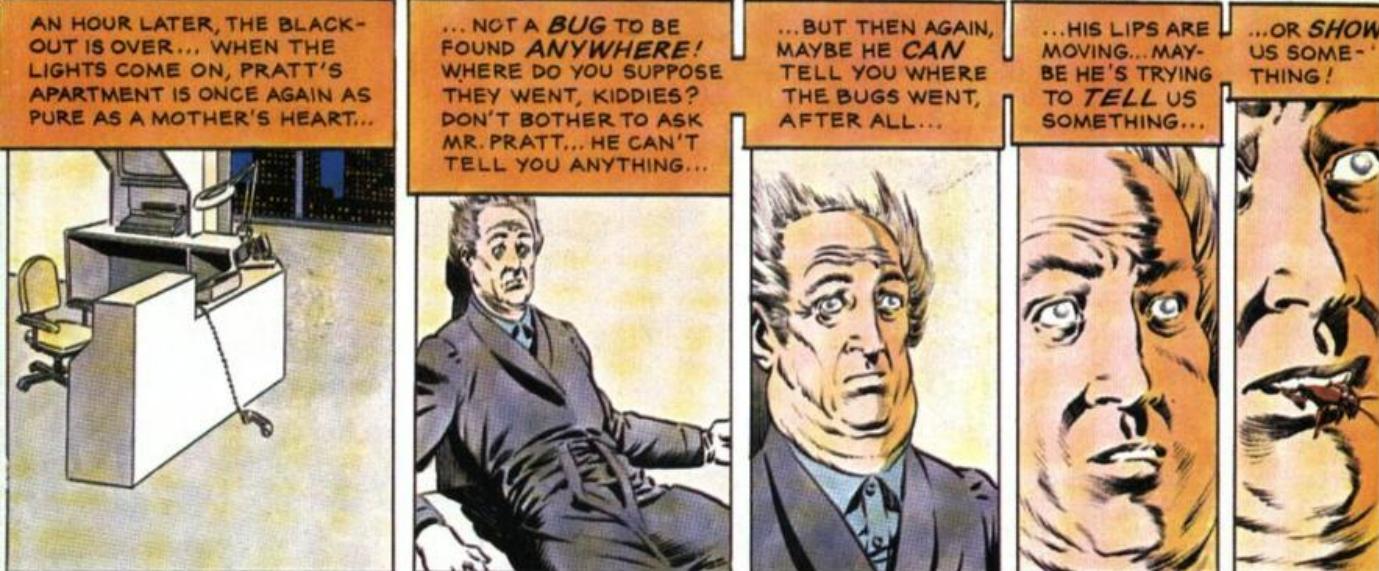
THEY ALWAYS
CREEP UP ON...
ALRIGHT! HOLD
YOUR WATER!

HELLO! TALK
TO M--

THE... THE BED!
SQUIRMING... RUSTLING...
OH, DEAR LORD!
IT'S FULL OF...

THE PHONE!
IT... IT'S BUL-
GING! CRACK-
ING! IT...
IT'S GOING TO...

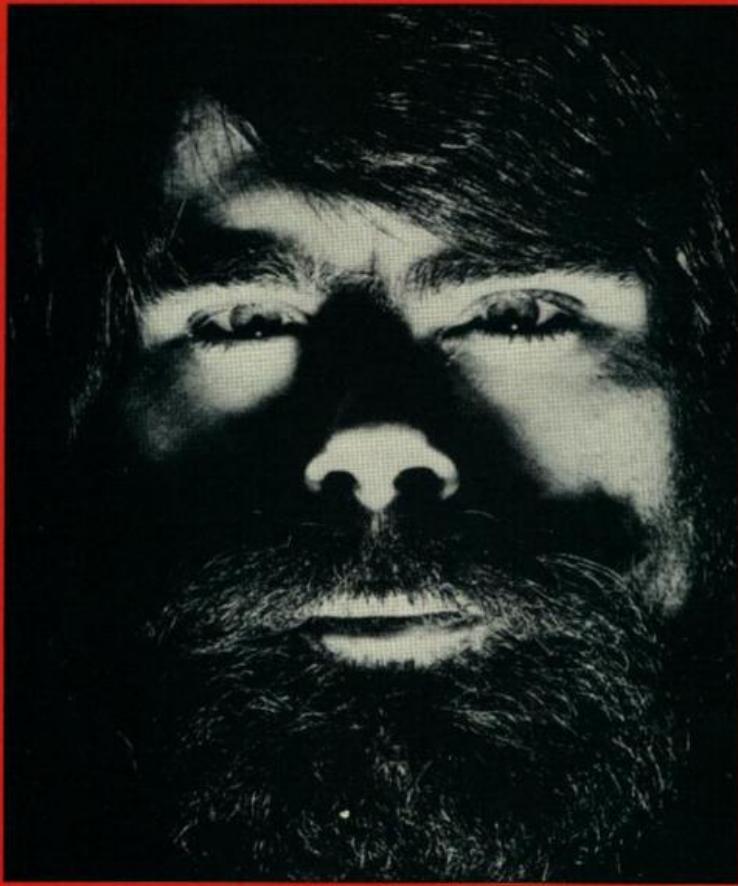






SO THAT'S WHERE THE BUGS WENT!
LOOKS LIKE OLD MR. PRATT WAS **RIGHT**,
AFTER ALL, EH, KIDDIES? THOSE LITTLE
SUCKERS CAN HIDE **ANYWHERE**, HEH-HEH!
WELL, THAT'S OUR LAST **YELL-YARN** FOR
THIS TIME, AND UNTIL WE GET TOGETHER FOR
ANOTHER **FOUL FEAST**, I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH
THESE FAMOUS WORDS FROM THE CLASSIC FILM
"**CASABLECHHA**"... AS OLE BOOGIE SAID
TO INGRID BARRGHMAN, "HERE'S LOOKING
AT YOU, KIDDIES... HEH-HEH-HEH..."





STEPHEN KING
CONJURES UP FIVE JOLTING TALES OF HORROR
FATHER'S DAY
LONESOME DEATH OF JORDY VERRILL
CRATE
SOMETHING TO TIDE YOU OVER
THEY'RE CREEPING UP ON YOU