



EERIE
FEBRUARY
#13

EERIE

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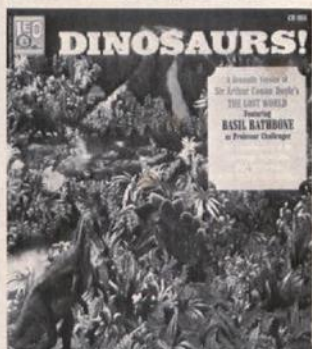
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EERIE

Feb. 1968

NO. 13

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WENTWORTH'S DAY

by H.P. Lovecraft and
August Derleth

NORTH OF DUNWICH LIES AN ALL BUT ABANDONED COUNTRY THAT, AFTER ITS SUCCESSIVE OCCUPATION BY THE OLD NEW ENGLANDERS AND OTHERS, HAS RETURNED TO A NEAR STATE OF WILDERNESS. ONCE OFF THE STATE HIGHWAY, YOU FIND YOURSELF ON BYWAYS WHICH ARE LITTLE MORE THAN RUTTED LANES, AS LITTLE-USED AS MOST OF THE HOUSES ON THE LAND. ONCE LONG AGO, IT HAD THE REPUTATION OF BEING A COUNTRY IN WHICH "HEXEREI", THE WITCH BELIEFS OF SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE WAS PRACTICED, AND SOMETHING OF THIS EVIL REPUTATION LINGERS ABOUT IT STILL....



I HAD MADE MY LAST TRIP INTO THE VALLEY, ON MY WAY FROM DELIVERING A STOVE NOT FAR FROM DUNWICH. ALL WOULD HAVE BEEN WELL, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR TWO UNFORESEEN FACTORS. THE RAIN, WHICH HAD BEEN HANGING IN THE HEAVENS ALL THAT DAY, FINALLY CAME DOWN IN A TORRENT...



I TURNED OFF THE HIGHWAY WITH MISGIVINGS. IF ONLY I HAD FOLLOWED MY IMPULSES TO RETURN TO DUNWICH AND TAKE ANOTHER ROAD, I MIGHT BE FREE OF THE ACCURSED NIGHTMARES WHICH HAVE TROUBLED MY SLEEP SINCE THAT NIGHT OF HORROR.

THE ROAD I TRAVELED WAS RAPIDLY WORSENING, AND DEEPENING PUDDLES OF WATER CAUSED MY MOTOR TO SPUTTER AND COUGH.



I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME BEFORE THE DOWN-POUR WOULD SEEP THROUGH THE HOOD AND STOP MY ENGINE ALTOGETHER. I BEGAN TO LOOK AROUND FOR ANY SIGN OF HABITATION, AND THUS I CAME AT LAST TO A PALE SQUARE OF LIGHT NOT FAR OFF THE ROAD, AND BY A LUCKY CHANCE, FOUND THE DRIVEWAY IN THE FADING GLOW OF MY HEADLAMPS...



FORTUNATELY, THE BARN STOOD WIDE OPEN TO THE WEATHER, AND SEEING NO OTHER SHELTER, I DROVE MY CAR UNDER THAT COVER.



I HAD EXPECTED TO SEE CATTLE AND HORSES, BUT THE BARN WORE AN AIR OF DESERTION AND THE HAY, WITH ITS AROMA OF PAST SUMMERS, MUST HAVE BEEN SEVERAL YEARS OLD.



I DID NOT LINGER IN THE BARN, BUT MADE MY WAY TO THE HOUSE THROUGH THE DRIVING RAIN.



I FOUND THE DOOR AND POUNDED ON IT.

IS ANYBODY HOME?



THEN A QUAVERING VOICE CAME FROM INSIDE.

WHO BE YE?

I'M A SALESMAN SEEKING SHELTER.



THE LIGHT BEGAN TO MOVE INSIDE AS A LAMP WAS PICKED UP FROM WHERE IT STOOD. THERE WAS THE SOUND OF BOLTS AND CHAINS BEING WITHDRAWN, AND THE DOOR OPENED.

THIS BE WENTWORTH'S DAY. I THOUGHT YEW MIGHT BE NAHUM.

NO, SIR, MY NAME IS FRED HADLEY. I'M FROM BOSTON.

MR. STARK?

STORM KETCHED YE, EH? COME RIGHT IN THE HOUSE AN' DRY OFF. DON'T RECKON THE RAIN'LL LAST LONG NAOW.

AIN'T NEVER BEEN TA BOSTON, NEVER BEEN AS FUR AS ARKHAM, EVEN. GOT MY FARM WORK TA KEEP ME TA HOME.

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND. I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF DRIVING MY CAR INTO YOUR BARN.

THE CAOWS WON'T MIND, HA, HA, HA. WOULD'N'T DRIVE ONE OF THEM NEW-FANGLED CONTRACTIONS MYSELF, BUT YEW TAWN PEOPLE ARE ALL ALIKE. GOTTA HEV YER AUTOMOBILES.

I DIDN'T IMAGINE I LOOKED LIKE A CITY SLICKER.

I KEN TELL A TAWN MAN RIGHT OFF. ONCT IN A WHILE, WE GET ONE MOVIN' INTO THE DEESTRICK, BUT THEY MOVE OUT SUDDENT. GUESS THEY DAON'T LIKE IT HERE. AIN'T NEVER BEEN TA NO BIG TAWN. AIN'T SURE I WANT TA GO.

HE RAMBLLED ON IN THIS FASHION FOR SO LONG THAT I WAS ABLE TO MAKE AN INVENTORY OF AMOS STARK'S LIVING ROOM. IT WAS FILLED WITH ALL KINDS OF THINGS THAT THE ANTIQUE COLLECTORS WOULD PAY WELL TO GET THEIR HANDS ON.

DO YOU LIVE ALONE, MR. STARK?

NAOW I DO, YES. ONCT THAR WAS MOLLY AN' DEWEY. ABEL WENT OFF WHEN HE WAR A BOY, AN' ELLA DIED WITH A LUNG FEVER. I BIN ALONE FOR NIGH ONTA SEVEN YEARS.

EVEN AS HE SPOKE, I OBSERVED ABOUT HIM A WAITING, WATCHFUL AIR. HE SEEMED CONSTANTLY TO BE LISTENING FOR SOME SOUND ABOVE THE DRUMMING OF THE RAIN. THERE WAS ONLY ONE, A MOUSE GNAWING AWAY SOMEWHERE IN THE OLD HOUSE.

YE WAR ALONE ON THE ROAD?

NEVER MET A SOUL THIS SIDE OF DUNWICH, SEVENTEEN MILES, I FIGURE.

GIVE OR TAKE A HALF, (CACKLE, CHUCKLE). THIS BE WENTWORTH'S DAY. NAHUM WENTWORTH, YEW BEEN A SALESMAN IN THESE PARTS LONG NAOW? YEW MUSTA KNOWED NAHUM WENTWORTH?

NO, SIR, I NEVER KNEW HIM. I SELL MOSTLY IN THE TOWNS. JUST ONCE IN A WHILE IN THE COUNTRY.

MIGHT NEAR EVERYBODY KNOWED NAHUM, BUT THAR WARN'T NONE KNOWED HIM AS WELL AS I DID. SEE THAT THAR BOOK? THAT THAR'S THE SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES—IT'S GOT A SIGHT MORE LARNIN' IN IT THAN ANY OTHER BOOK I EVER SEEN. THAT THAR IS NAHUM'S BOOK

OH, THAT NAHUM WAS A QUEER ONE, ALL RIGHT! BUT MEAN, AND STINGY, TOO. DON'T SEE AS HAOW YE COULD MISS KNOWIN' HIM.

I ASSURE YOU, I NEVER HEARD OF NAHUM WENTWORTH.

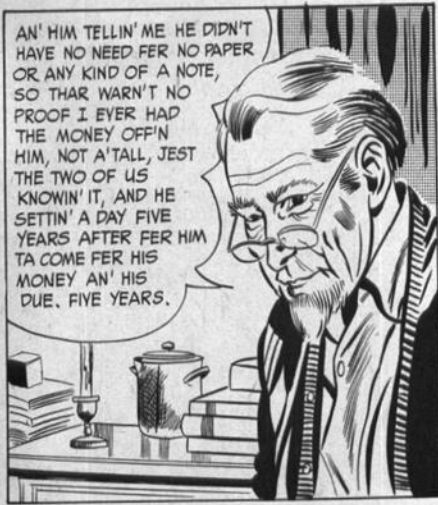
I WONDERED ABOUT MY HOST'S PREOCCUPATION, INsofar AS HE HAD BEEN GIVEN TO READING THE "SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES," WHICH WAS A KIND OF BIBLE FOR THE SUPPOSED HEXES. IT PURPORTED TO OFFER ALL MANNER OF SPELLS, INCANTATIONS, AND CHARMS TO THOSE READERS WHO WERE GULLIBLE ENOUGH TO BELIEVE IN THEM.

I SEE YE LOOKIN' AT HIS BOOKS. HE SAID AS HAOW I COULD HAVE 'EM SO I TOOK 'EM. GOOD BOOKS, TOO. ONLY THAT I NEED GLASSES, I'D A READ 'EM. YEW'RE WELCOME TA LOOK AT 'EM, THOUGH.

THANK YOU. YOU WERE SPEAKING OF NAHUM WENTWORTH.



OH, THAT NAHUM! I DON'T RECKON HE'D A LENT ME ALL THAT MONEY IF HE'D A KNOWED WHAT WAS TA HAPPEN TA HIM, AN' NEVER TAKE A NOTE FER IT, NEITHER. FIVE THOUSAND IT WAS!



AN' HIM TELLIN' ME HE DIDN'T HAVE NO NEED FER NO PAPER OR ANY KIND OF A NOTE, SO THAR WERN'T NO PROOF I EVER HAD THE MONEY OFFIN HIM, NOT A TALL, JEST THE TWO OF US KNOWIN' IT, AND HE SETTIN' A DAY FIVE YEARS AFTER FER HIM TA COME FER HIS MONEY AN' HIS DUE. FIVE YEARS.



AN' THIS IS THE DAY, THIS IS WENTWORTH'S DAY. ONLY HE CAN'T COME, BECAUSE IT WERN'T NO LESS'N TWO MONTHS AFTER THAT DAY THAT HE GOT SHOT OUT HUNTIN'.



SHOT GUN IN THE BACK O' THE HEAD, PURE ACCIDENT. O' COURSE, THAR WAS THEM THAT SAID AS HAOW I DONE IT A PURPOSE, BUT I SHOWED 'EM. DROVE TO DUNWICH AND MADE OUT MY WILL TA HIS DAUGHTER, MISS GENIE, AN' LET 'EM ALL KNOW!



AND THE LOAN?

THE TIME AIN'T UP TILL MIDNIGHT TONIGHT. AN' IT DON'T SEEM LIKE NAHUM CAN KEEP HIS 'PPOINTMENT, DOES IT? AN' A GOOD THING HE CAN'T, 'CAUSE I AIN'T GOT IT.



I DID NOT ASK HOW WENTWORTH'S DAUGHTER FARED. I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL THE STRAIN OF THE DAY, AND THE DRIVE THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR.

YEW'RE LOOKIN' BUT I'LL BE GOING AS SOON AS THE STORM ABATES A LITTLE.



STARK LED ME INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND SHOWED ME TO A COUCH. ON THE WAY IN, I PICKED UP THE SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES. HE MADE NO OBJECTION, AND LEFT ME TO MY OWN DEVICES.



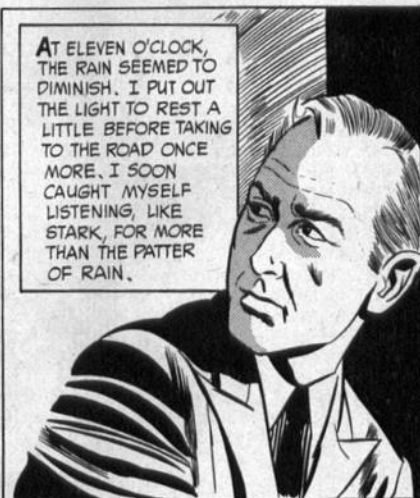
OUTSIDE THE RAIN
STILL CAME DOWN IN
TORRENTIAL GUSTS.

I FELL TO READING THE SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES AND FOUND TO MY AMAZEMENT THAT THE READER WAS REPEATEDLY WARNED OF HOW TERRIBLE SOME OF THE WORDS WERE. I WAS COMPELLED TO COPY SOME OF THE WORST THAT CAUGHT MY EYE.

AILA ... HIMEL ... ADONAIJ ...
AMARA ... ZEBAOOTH ... CADAS ...
YESERAJE ... HERALIUS ...



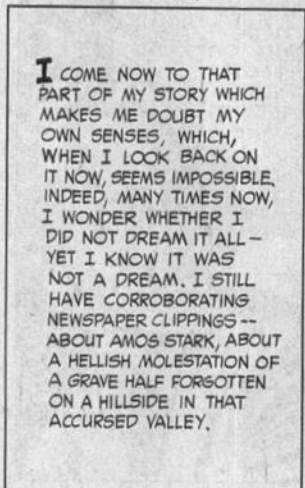
WONDERINGLY, I SPOKE ALOUD
THESE STRANGE SYLLABLES,
WHICH WERE NOTHING LESS
THAN A CHANT FOR THE
ASSEMBLAGE OF DEVILS OR
SPIRITS, OR RAISING OF
THE DEAD.



AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK,
THE RAIN SEEMED TO
DIMINISH. I PUT OUT
THE LIGHT TO REST A
LITTLE BEFORE TAKING
TO THE ROAD ONCE
MORE. I SOON
CAUGHT MYSELF
LISTENING, LIKE
STARK, FOR MORE
THAN THE PATTERN
OF RAIN.



MY HOST DID NOT SIT STILL, EVERY LITTLE WHILE HE ROSE,
AND I COULD HEAR HIM SHUFFLE FROM PLACE TO PLACE.



AMOS STARK WENT TO ANSWER THE DOOR. THE DOOR OPENED.



NO! NO! GO BACK!
I AIN'T GOT IT—
AIN'T GOT IT, I
TELL YOU, GO
BACK!



I HEARD HIM
FALL, AND ALMOST
IMMEDIATELY AFTER
THERE CAME A
HORRIBLE, CHOKING
CRY, A SOUND OF
LABORED BREATH-
ING, A GURGLING
GASP...



I CAME TO MY
FEET AND LURCHED
THROUGH THE
DOORWAY--AND
THEN FOR ONE
CATACLYSMIC
MOMENT I WAS
ROOTED TO THE
SPOT, UNABLE
TO MOVE, TO
CRY OUT...



A MOULDERING SKELETON
SAT ASTRIDE AMOS STARK,
ITS BONY ARMS BOWED
ABOVE HIS THROAT, ITS
FINGERS AT HIS NECK,
AND IN THE BACK OF ITS
SKULL WERE SHATTERED
BONES, WHERE A CHARGE
OF SHOT HAD GONE
THROUGH. THEN, MERCI-
FULLY, I FAINTED.



WHEN I CAME TO MOMENTS LATER, HE LAY WHERE I HAD LAST SEEN HIM. PECENCY IMPELLED ME TO PAUSE AT AMOS STARK'S SIDE, TO SEE IF HE WAS BEYOND ALL HELP.



IT WAS THAT FATEFUL PAUSE WHICH BROUGHT THE CROWNING HORROR OF ALL, FOR AS I BENT OVER STARK, I SAW STICKING INTO THE DISCOLORED FLESH OF HIS NECK THE WHITENED FINGERBONES OF A SKELETON ...



EVEN AS FRED LOOKED UPON THEM, THE INDIVIDUAL BONES DETACHED THEMSELVES AND WENT BOUNCING AWAY FROM THE CORPSE, DOWN THE HALL, AND OUT INTO THE NIGHT TO REJOIN THAT GHASTLY VISITOR WHO HAD COME FROM THE GRAVE TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT WITH AMOS STARK!



THE END

THE DARK AGES! FEAR AND SUPERSTITION ABOUND, AND A MAN TRAVELING ALONE CAN NEVER BE SURE... THE NEXT CASTLE IN THE TWILIGHT, IS IT THAT OF A FRIEND? AN ENEMY? OR, IS IT EVEN THE...

OGRE'S CASTLE



TURN BACK! THE
CASTLE IS CURSED!
NOTHING THERE BUT
MONSTERS! SORCERY!
DESTRUCTION!

MONTHS AGO MY
YOUNGER BROTHER
WENT OFF ON A QUEST
TOWARD THIS CASTLE!
NOW I SEEK HIM OUT!



ASIDE, OLD MAN! WARNINGS
AND WIVES TALES WON'T
MAKE ME PUT OFF LEARNING
MY BROTHER'S FATE!

BEWARE THAT
HIS FATE DOES
NOT BECOME
YOURS!





ANOTHER WARNING...



...FOR MEN WITH
WEAK ARMS AND
DULL SWORDS!

FROM THIS TREE I'LL
HAVE A VIEW OF THE
CASTLE AND WHAT FOES
MAY WAIT FOR ME
THERE.



SLIMY WALLS AND ROTTING
TIMBERS! NO WONDER THE
OLD MAN THOUGHT EVIL LURKS
THERE. NO BETTER SPOT...
WAIT! SOMEONE'S COMING
OUT!



A GIRL! IN THE HANDS OF THOSE
MONSTERS! WITH THEIR LIKE IT
MAY BE TOO LATE TO RESCUE
MY BROTHER, BUT I CAN SAVE
HER AND AVENGE HIS NAME!





A GOOD FIGHT, BUT NOT YET OVER, SIR KNIGHT! I'VE OTHER SURPRISES. AT HIM, MY PETS!



BATS! HUNDREDS OF THEM!



BUT THEY CAN'T TAKE THE FLAME!



I'M LEFT WITH ONLY MY DAGGER FOR A WEAPON, BUT THE GIRL MUST BE AT THE TOP OF THESE STAIRS!



DIE! DEMON HOUND!



DON'T WORRY, MY LADY! ONLY THE TOAD-GUARDIAN OF THIS PLACE OF EVIL IS LEFT AND HE LACKS THE COURAGE TO STOP OUR ESCAPE!




WELL DONE, SIR KNIGHT, BUT YOU CAN'T WIN A RACE ACROSS THIS COURTYARD WITH AN ARROW FROM MY CROSSBOW!

NO--





END



NOW, GUYS AND GHOULS, UNCLE CREEPY'S DUG UP A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU! I POKED AROUND IN THE DUNGEON'S DARKEST, DANKEST CORNER AND CAME UP WITH **CREEPY CLASSICS!** HORROR YARNS SPUN BY OLD MASTERS OF THE COLD CHILL! THOSE GUYS WERE ALMOST AS FRIGHTENING AS I AM... AND THEY'RE **HUMAN!** READY FOR THE FIRST ONE! A **CREEPY CLASSIC** FROM THE PETRIFYING PEN OF EDGAR ALLAN POE... COCK YOUR EAR AND AWAIT THE BEAT OF THE...

TELL-TALE HEART!



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY HOW FIRST THE IDEA ENTERED MY BRAIN; BUT ONCE CONCEIVED, IT HAUNTED ME DAY AND NIGHT...

AH! STILL WORKING, ROBERT? A MAN NEVER HAD A FINER SERVANT!



OBJECT THERE WAS NONE. PASSION THERE WAS NONE. I LOVED THE OLD MAN...

I WAS JUST GOING TO READ A LITTLE BEFORE GOING TO BED. YOU SHOULD RELAX YOURSELF, ROBERT. SOMETIMES I THINK YOU WORK TOO HARD!



HE HAD NEVER WRONGED ME. HE HAD NEVER GIVEN ME INSULT. FOR HIS GOLD I HAD NO DESIRE...

SINCE YOU'RE UP, ROBERT, COULD YOU BRING ME A SMALL GLASS OF BRANDY?



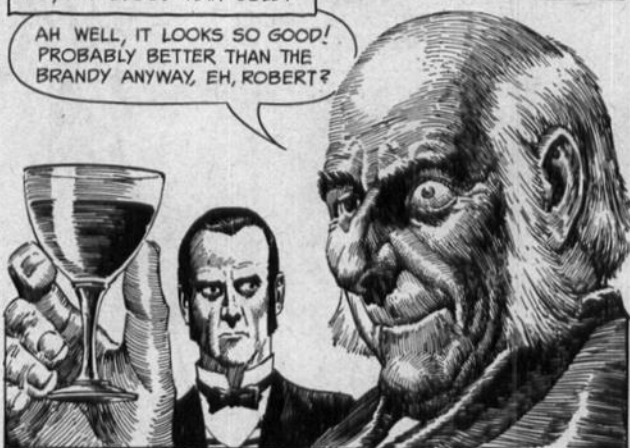
I THINK IT WAS HIS EYE! YES, IT WAS **THIS!**

NO, NO, ROBERT. THIS IS WINE... WHY, MAN, YOU'RE TREMBLING! IS SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU, ROBERT?



ONE OF HIS HIS EYES RESEMBLED THAT OF A **VULTURE!** A PALE BLUE EYE WITH A FILM OVER IT. WHENEVER IT FELL ON ME, MY BLOOD RAN COLD!

AH WELL, IT LOOKS SO GOOD! PROBABLY BETTER THAN THE BRANDY ANYWAY, EH, ROBERT?



SO BY DEGREES, VERY GRADUALLY, I MADE UP MY MIND TO TAKE THE LIFE OF THE OLD MAN, AND THUS RID MYSELF OF THE EYE **FOREVER!**



YOU THINK I'M MAD, BUT NO MADMAN COULD EVER HAVE PROCEEDED WITH THE WISDOM ... THE CAUTION...THE FORESIGHT THAT I DID THE WEEK BEFORE I KILLED THE OLD MAN!



EACH NIGHT I--OH, SO GENTLY--OPENED THE DOOR TO HIS ROOM JUST ENOUGH TO ADMIT MY HEAD AND THE LANTERN, SOMETIMES TAKING AN HOUR TO DO SO...WOULD A MADMAN HAVE BEEN SO WISE AS THIS?



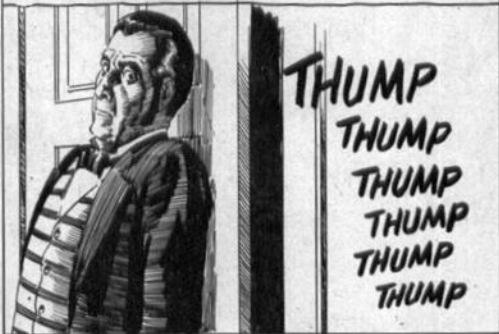
THEN--OH, SO CAUTIOUSLY-- I ALLOWED A THIN BEAM FROM THE LANTERN TO FALL ON THE VULTURE EYE... FOR SEVEN NIGHTS! BUT ALWAYS IT WAS CLOSED AND SO IMPOSSIBLE TO DO THE WORK. FOR IT WAS NOT THE OLD MAN WHO VEXED ME, BUT HIS EVIL EYE!



UPON THE EIGHTH NIGHT I WAS MORE THAN USUALLY CAUTIOUS IN OPENING THE DOOR, A WATCHES MINUTE HAND MOVES MORE SLOWLY THAN DID ME. I HAD MY HEAD IN AND WAS ABOUT TO OPEN THE LANTERN WHEN MY THUMB SLIPPED ON THE FASTENING...



I KEPT STILL AND SAID NOTHING. HIS ROOM WAS PITCH BLACK WITH THICK DARKNESS, I KNEW HE COULD NOT SEE THE OPENING OF THE DOOR. FOR AN HOUR I DID NOT MOVE, BUT NEITHER WOULD HE LIE DOWN. THEN THERE CAME TO MY EARS A LOW DULL QUICK SOUND...



I KNEW THAT SOUND! THE BEATING OF THE OLD MAN'S HEART! BUILDING IN ME A FURY AS THE BEATING OF A DRUM STIMULATES A SOLDIER INTO COURAGE...



THE HELLISH TATTOO OF THE HEART INCREASED. IT GREW QUICKER AND LOUDER EVERY INSTANT... I OPENED A VERY VERY LITTLE CREVICE IN THE LANTERN... A SINGLE RAY LIKE THE THREAD OF A SPIDER SHOT OUT FROM THE OPENING, FALLING FULL ON THE VULTURE EYE! IT WAS OPEN-- WIDE WIDE OPEN!



THE OLD MAN'S TERROR MUST HAVE BEEN EXTREME! THE BEATING GREW LOUDER AND LOUDER! I THOUGHT THE HEART WOULD BURST! EVER QUICKER AND LOUDER! I FEARED A NEIGHBOR WOULD HEAR THE SOUND! **THE OLD MAN'S HOUR HAD COME!**

ENOUGH! STOP THAT SOUND! CLOSE THAT HIDEOUS EVIL VULTURE EYE!!

THA-BUMP!

THA-BUMP!

THA-BUMP!

NO MORE! NO MORE NOISE! NO MORE EYE!

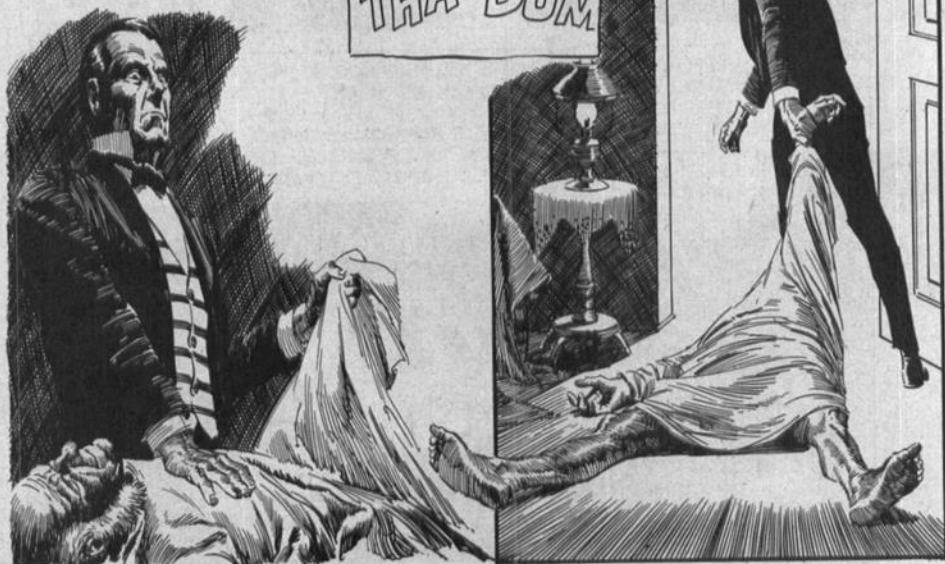
STOP IT! STOP THAT NOISE! STOP THAT BEATING!

THA-BUMP!

THE BEATING HAD CEASED. THE OLD MAN WAS DEAD. I EXAMINED THE CORPSE. YES, HE WAS STONE DEAD. I PLACED MY HAND UPON THE HEART AND HELD IT THERE MANY MINUTES. THERE WAS NO PULSATION...

THA-BUM

THE OLD MAN WAS STONE DEAD HIS EYE WOULD TROUBLE ME NO MORE!



IF YOU STILL THINK ME MAD, YOU WILL THINK SO NO LONGER AFTER THE WISE PRECAUTIONS I TOOK FOR CONCEALMENT OF THE BODY. THE NIGHT WANED AND I WORKED HASTILY BUT IN SILENCE, DISMEMBERING THE CORPSE... HEAD, ARMS, LEGS... PIECE BY CAREFUL PIECE...



I TOOK UP THREE PLANKS FROM THE FLOORING AND DEPOSITED ALL BETWEEN THE SCANTLINGS. I THEN REPLACED THE BOARDS SO NO HUMAN EYE, NOT EVEN *HIS*, COULD HAVE DETECTED ANYTHING WRONG. NOTHING TO WASH OUT... NO STAIN... NO BLOOD-SPOT... THE TUB HAD CAUGHT ALL!

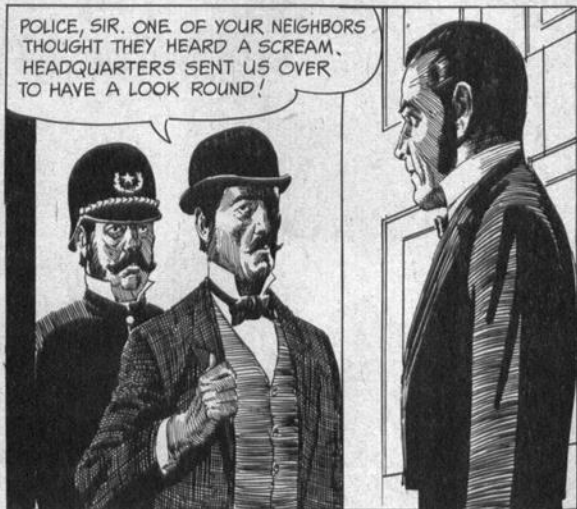


THE DOORBELL? AT FOUR IN THE MORNING!

RRRING!



POLICE, SIR. ONE OF YOUR NEIGHBORS THOUGHT THEY HEARD A SCREAM. HEADQUARTERS SENT US OVER TO HAVE A LOOK ROUND!



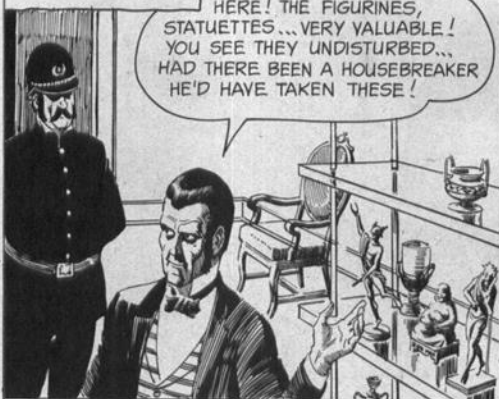
I FEAR I SCREAMED AT A NIGHTMARE! THE MASTER'S AWAY IN THE COUNTRY, I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THE HOUSE... BUT YOU'RE WELCOME--IN FACT, I *INSIST*--THAT YOU MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE PREMISES!



LOOK! PLEASE LOOK CLOSELY... SATISFY YOURSELVES! NOTHING OUT OF PLACE... NOTHING AMISS!

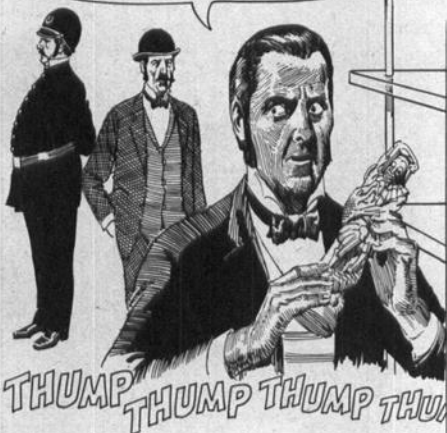


WHAT HAD I TO FEAR? THE OFFICERS WERE SATISFIED. MY MANNER CONVINCED THEM... WE CHATTED CHEERILY IN THE VERY ROOM... CHAIRS OVER THE VERY SPOT... BENEATH WHICH REPOSED THE CORPSE OF THE OLD MAN!



HERE! THE FIGURINES, STATUETTES... VERY VALUABLE! YOU SEE THEY UNDISTURBED... HAD THERE BEEN A HOUSEBREAKER HE'D HAVE TAKEN THESE!

SEE! SO DELICATE, SO BEAUTIFUL... OBSERVE THE FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP... THE DETAIL OF THE CARY--



THUMP THUMP THUMP

D-DO YOU HEAR THAT? THAT SOUND?

SOUND, SIR? WHAT SOUND IS THAT?



THUMP THUMP THUMP

W-WHY RATHER A LOW QUICK SOUND... MUCH AS A WATCH WOULD MAKE WHEN ENVELOPED IN COTTON!

OH, NO, SIR. DON'T HEAR ANY SOUND LIKE THAT.



THA-BUMP! THA-BUMP! THA-BUMP! THA-BUMP!

YES... WELL... WHERE WAS I? OH!
THE STATUETTE... SEE HOW THE
CARVING IS SO DELICATELY...
UH... ER... THE CARVING IS
SO... SO...

THUMP

THUMP

THA-BUMP

THUMP

SURELY, GENTLEMEN, YOU MUST NOW
HEAR IT... THE SOUND IS QUITE LOUD
... MAKES IT HARD TO THINK... TO
TALK... DON'T YOU HEAR IT?



THA-BUMP THA-BUMP THA-BUMP THA-BUMP!

SIR, I CAN'T HEAR
A THING, THERE IS
NO SOUND!

PERHAPS YOU'D
BEST SIT DOWN,
SIR, YOU DON'T
LOOK WELL.

YOU'RE LYING!
YOU MUST HEAR IT!
IT'S GETTING LOUDER!
AND LOUDER! AND
LOUDER! YOU MUST
HEAR!!!

YOU HEAR! YOU KNOW! SUSPECT!
STOP MOCKING ME! I KNOW
YOU HEAR!!



NO MORE! NO MORE! I ADMIT
THE DEED! TEAR UP THE PLANKS!

HERE, HERE! IT IS BEATING
OF HIS HIDEOUS HEART!!!

THA-BUMP
THA-BUMP
THA-BUMP

THA-BUMP

THUMP!

BUMP!

THA-BUMP!

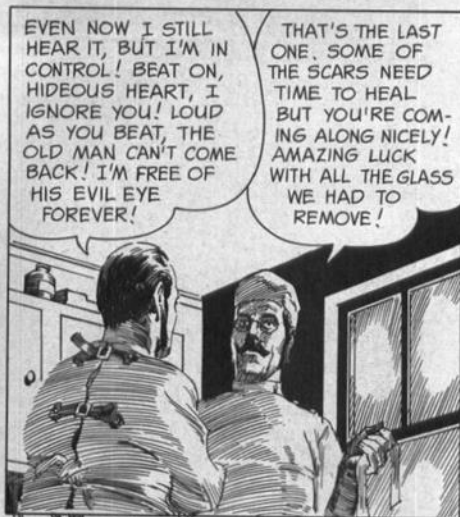
GOOD LORD!
I CHOKED!





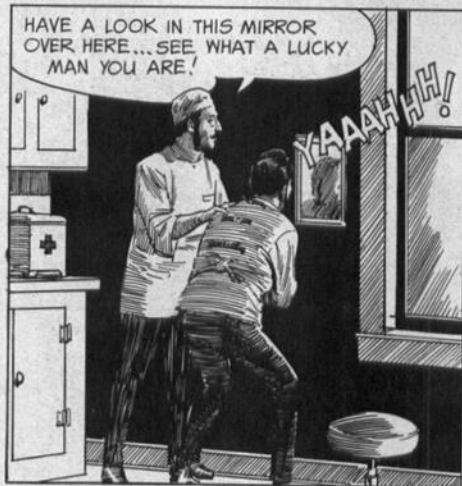
YOU SEE? I'M NOT MAD. IT'S MY ACUTE SENSE OF HEARING! WHEN I THRUST MY HEAD THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE POLICE VAN, THEY CALLED IT MADNESS! IT WAS ONLY TO ESCAPE THE SOUND! THE BEATING OF THE OLD MAN'S HEART!

THAT'S RIGHT... JUST KEEP TALKING WHILE I REMOVE THOSE BANDAGES...



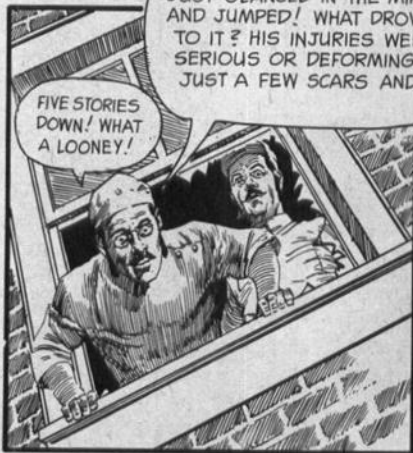
EVEN NOW I STILL HEAR IT, BUT I'M IN CONTROL! BEAT ON, HIDEOUS HEART, I IGNORE YOU! LOUD AS YOU BEAT, THE OLD MAN CAN'T COME BACK! I'M FREE OF HIS EVIL EYE FOREVER!

THAT'S THE LAST ONE. SOME OF THE SCARS NEED TIME TO HEAL BUT YOU'RE COMING ALONG NICELY! AMAZING LUCK WITH ALL THE GLASS WE HAD TO REMOVE!



HAVE A LOOK IN THIS MIRROR OVER HERE...SEE WHAT A LUCKY MAN YOU ARE!

YAAAH!!



FIVE STORIES DOWN! WHAT A LOONEY!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE JUST GLANCED IN THE MIRROR AND JUMPED! WHAT DROVE HIM TO IT? HIS INJURIES WEREN'T SERIOUS OR DEFORMING. JUST A FEW SCARS AND...

... A TEMPORARY DISCOLORATION OF ONE EYE CAUSED BY GLASS PARTICLES!



THE END

HAITI... FRANK AND SYLVIA PRENTISS HAVE LIVED HERE FOR 2 YEARS AT THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE. HE, BUSY WITH DRINK... AND SCHEMES TO STAY UNEMPLOYED, HAS TAKEN SCANT NOTICE OF THE ENVIRONMENT-- BUT HIS WIFE IS ALL TOO AWARE THAT THIS ISLAND IS THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF...

VOODOO!



STORY BY RUSS JONES AND BILL PEARSON

ART BY JOE ORLANDO



FRANK'S WIFE HAS GROWN INCREASINGLY DISTANT AND COOL OVER THE MONTHS... AND HE EQUALLY FURIOUS AT THE MYSTERIES SHE KEEPS!



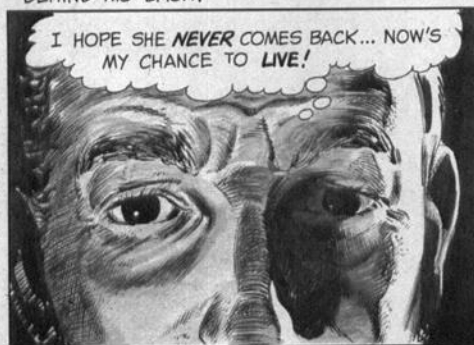
HE HOLDS IT AWKWARDLY IN ONE HAND...NOT WANTING TO BELIEVE IT'S REALLY GENUINE —





IT HAD BEEN BUILDING UP FOR MONTHS... FIRST THE BOOKS, THE CHARMS, THEN HE HAD ACTUALLY FOUND HER PERFORMING VOODOO RITUALS BEHIND HIS BACK.

AND SO HE PROCEEDS TO LIVE, IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, THE HIGHLIFE OF A ROUNDER, DEVOID OF CARE OR RESPONSIBILITY...



BUT AFTER THE BARS HAVE CLOSED, HE STAGGERS HOME. THE NIGHTS ARE LONG... AND STRANGE FORCES HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SEND THEIR GHOSTLY CALLS THRU THE JUNGLE!...





FRANK... COME
TO ME...



YES, SYLVIA ... I
HEAR YOU ...



WHAT! WHERE
AM-- SYLVIA!
IS THAT YOU?!



YES, IT'S ME... YOU DROVE ME
AWAY BECAUSE OF MY VODOO,
BECAUSE YOU DON'T BELIEVE...
BUT NOW I'LL HAVE MY
REVENGE! IT'S
TIME, FRANK!



GOOD LORD, WOMAN...
HAVE YOU GONE MAD?!



YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE THE
CURSE OF
VODOO...

DON'T! STAY
AWAY!



WHOOSH!

THUNK!



EEYAAA!



HER HEAD, MY GOD,
HER HEAD!!...

THUMP!

HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF THE HEADLESS CORPSE OF HIS WIFE, FRANK RUNS BLINDLY THROUGH THE HEAVY BRUSH OF THE JUNGLE!



UNTIL LOST AND EXHAUSTED, HE FALLS TO THE GROUND, PANTING FOR BREATH!





YES, FRANK BELIEVED HER NOW...



...HE WAS THOROUGHLY CONVINCED!...

SPAWN OF THE CAT PEOPLE

GOOD LORD! A BLACK PANTHER! IN NEW MEXICO?!!

YAHHH!

R. CRANDALL

MORNING MISTS AND HALF-LIGHT MAKE IT TRICKY... GOT TO BE CAREFUL OR I MIGHT--

BLAST! IT'S GETTING AWAY! I'M SURE I WINGED IT!

POW!

BEWARE... CAT...
PEOPLE... UHHHHH!

POOR DEVIL'S HAD IT!
WHAT WAS HE **TRYING**
TO TELL ME?



THAT'LL KEEP THE WILD
LIFE AWAY UNTIL I CAN
BRING HELP. I'VE HEARD
THERE'S A SMALL TOWN
TUCKED AWAY NEAR HERE.
BETTER MAKE IT
FOR THERE!



TOWN MUST BE NEAR, WHERE
ELSE COULD THE MAN HAVE
BEEN FROM? HE WAS NO
VACATIONING HUNTER LIKE
ME! STRANGE BUSINESS!



MAN-EATING BLACK PANTHER!
HOPE THAT TOWN'S LARGE
ENOUGH TO RAISE A POSSE--
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?!!



**WHO ARE YOU,
STRANGER!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?!**

MY NAME'S TODD
I'M A HUNTER FROM THE
CITY. ARE YOU MEN *INSANE?*
UNTIE THAT GIRL!





SOME **SCRATCH!** LOOKS
ALMOST LIKE A
BULLET WOUND!

I'VE AN
INSTINCT
FOR THIS!

HOW **CAN** YOU MAKE
YOUR WAY THROUGH HERE?
IT'S MORE AN **ANIMAL**
PATH THAN A TRAIL!

HURRY! THEY
CAN'T BE TOO
FAR BEHIND!

AMAZING! SHE LEAPS
FROM ROCK TO ROCK AS
GRACEFULLY AS...

...AS A **CAT!**

HOLD IT! LET'S
TAKE A BREATHER!
I NEED THE REST
AND THERE'RE A FEW
THINGS I'D LIKE
TO ASK...

BUT IT'S JUST
A LITTLE FURTHER
AND--

PUMA!

DON'T SHOOT!
YOU'LL GIVE AWAY
OUR POSITION!





WE FOUND YOU, STRANGER!
YOU AND THE GIRL MIGHT JUST
AS WELL COME ON OUT!



YOU CAN RELAX!
I'VE DONE THE
JOB FOR YOU!



I WAS SO **BLIND!** IGNORING YOUR
WARNINGS... HER ANIMAL INSTINCTS
IN THE WOODS... IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR HER EYES! THOSE
GREAT CAT EYES GLOWING
IN THE DARK...



SHE HAD HER MOTHER'S
EYES ALL RIGHT! TOO
BAD THAT WAS ALL!



JUST LIKE HER OUTSIDER-
DADDY! COULD HAVE
CAUSED A **LOT** OF
TROUBLE...



...IN A TOWN WHERE
EVERYONE ELSE CAN
CHANGE INTO A CAT!

**DON'T LET HIM NEAR
THE RIFLE!** HE ALMOST KILLED
ME WHEN I TOOK CARE OF
THE GIRL'S FATHER'S THIS
MORNING!



YAAAAH!

TUT TUT TUT... LOOKS LIKE
CHOW TIME! AND ALSO TIME
FOR ANOTHER ONE OF MY
YOWLING YARNS!





FRANKENSTEIN



DRACULA



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WOLFMAN



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THE MUMMY



THE HUNCHBACK



THE GORILLA



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



MOLE PEOPLE



MR. HYDE



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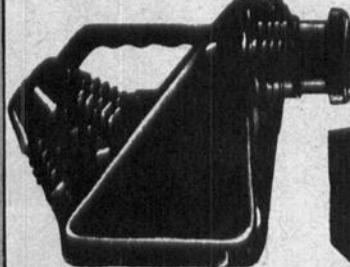
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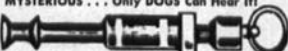
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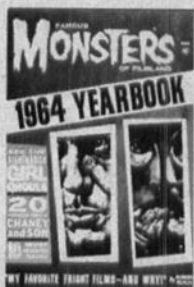
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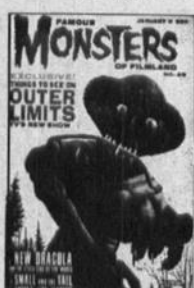
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HEH, HEH, HEH, WELL, MY LITTLE FIENDS, DID YOU LIKE THAT LAST YARN, OL' UNCLE CREEPY SPUN FOR YOU? WELL, IF YOU DID, I KNOW YOU'LL REALLY GO FOR THIS DILLY. IT'S A KILLER....!



THE WATERFRONT AT NIGHT! FROM THE RIVER'S MURKY DEPTHS A NO-LONGER HUMAN SHAPE RISES...AND IS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER...AND YET ANOTHER! THEIR DESTINATION: THE SHORE! WHO ARE THEY? WHAT DO THEY WANT?!!


THE SUCCESS STORY



BALDO, THE SUCCESS OF YOUR COMIC STRIP HAS BEEN PHENOMENAL! I SPEAK FOR THE REST OF THE SYNDICATE WHEN I SAY WE'RE PROUD TO BE DISTRIBUTING IT FOR YOU!

ALL DUE TO BALDO'S GENIUS! START TO FINISH IT'S HIS DOING!


AL WILLIAMSON



FASCINATING STUFF!
BEAUTIFULLY WRITTEN
AND DRAWN! BALDO,
I'D LOVE TO KNOW
HOW YOU MANAGED
TO DO IT...




WELL, MR.
MACK, IT'S A
LONG STORY...



"LIKE MANY OTHERS BEFORE ME, I STARTED
AS AN ASSISTANT TO A FAMOUS CARTOONIST,
WHERE I LEARNED THE TRICKS OF THE
TRADE..."

GET ME SOME
COFFEE, SMUDGE,
THEN YOU CAN FINISH
RULING THOSE PANEL
BORDERS!



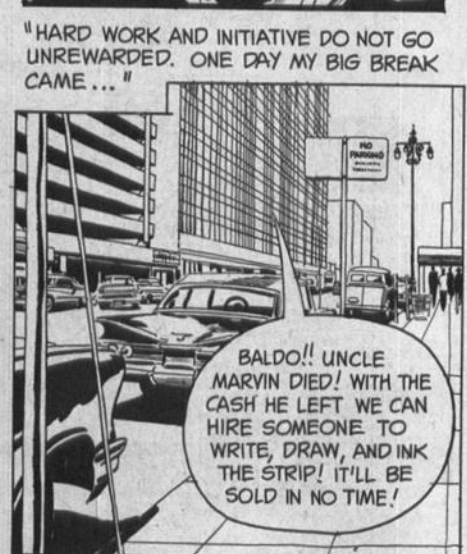
"THROUGH THOSE EARLY YEARS, MY
WIFE, MARTHA, WAS A SOURCE OF
CONSTANT INSPIRATION..."

THINK I WANT TO SPEND THE REST
OF MY LIFE MARRIED
TO SOME CREEP WHO
RULES PANEL BORDERS?
YOU GET YOUR
OWN STRIP OR
I GET OUT!

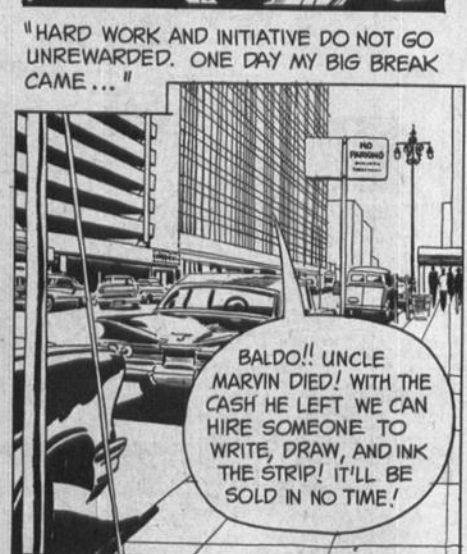


"WHILE SOME DID NOT ACCEPT MY STRIP
IMMEDIATELY, COMMENTS INDICATED I WAS
ON THE RIGHT TRACK..."

THIS STINKS! DRAWING'S
AMATEURISH, INKING'S
BAD, AND THE WRITING
--PHOOEY! YOU OUGHT
TO LOOK FOR WORK
RULING PANEL
BORDERS!



"HARD WORK AND INITIATIVE DO NOT GO
UNREWARDED. ONE DAY MY BIG BREAK
CAME..."



BALDO!! UNCLE
MARVIN DIED! WITH THE
CASH HE LEFT WE CAN
HIRE SOMEONE TO
WRITE, DRAW, AND INK
THE STRIP! IT'LL BE
SOLD IN NO TIME!

"NOT THAT SUCCESS DOESN'T BRING CERTAIN PROBLEMS..."

B-BUT WITH SOMEONE WRITING THE STRIP, SOMEONE DRAWING AND SOMEONE ELSE INKING, HOW WILL IT REALLY BE MY STRIP?

JERK! DON'T LET ANY OF THE ASSISTANTS KNOW OTHERS ARE WORKING FOR YOU! EACH MAN WILL SUPPOSE YOU DO ALL THE REST OF THE WORK!

"CONTROLLING ALL THE ELEMENTS THAT MAKE UP A SYNDICATED COMIC STRIP IS A FANTASTIC JOB. THERE'S THE WRITING..."

I'VE BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT, BUT I'VE CHURNED OUT SCRIPTS FOR ANOTHER EPISODE, MR. SMUDGE!

JUST LEAVE THEM HERE. I'LL START PENCILING AS SOON AS I FINISH RULING THESE PANEL BORDERS.

"THE LAYOUT AND PENCILING..."

I'VE BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT, BUT I'VE PENCILED ANOTHER WEEK'S WORTH, MR. SMUDGE.

JUST LEAVE THEM HERE. I'LL START INKING AS SOON AS I FINISH RULING THESE PANEL BORDERS.

"LETTERING AND INKING..."

I'VE BEEN WORKING NIGHT AND DAY, BUT I'VE GOTTEN ANOTHER BATCH INKED, MR. SMUDGE!

JUST LEAVE THEM HERE. I'LL START WRITING ANOTHER EPISODE AS SOON AS I FINISH RULING THESE PANEL BORDERS.

WITH SO MUCH WORK, THE EMPLOYMENT OF ASSISTANTS MIGHT SEEM NECESSARY, BUT THE CONTRIBUTION OF SUCH A PERSON IS HARDLY WORTH THE PAMPERING AND TRAINING THEY REQUIRE...

YOU WORK ME ALL THE TIME! SCRIPTS ARE BACKLOGGING! I DESERVE A BIG RAISE AND SOME CREDIT ON THE STRIP!

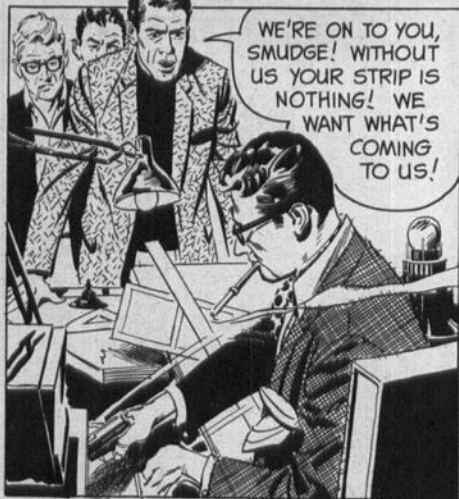
I'M ALWAYS WORKING! MONTHS AHEAD ON PENCILS! HOW ABOUT A FAT RAISE AND A CREDIT LINE?!

YOU'RE WORKING ME TO DEATH! WE'RE SO FAR AHEAD I DON'T KNOW WHAT YEAR I'M WORKING ON! I WANT MORE MONEY AND MY NAME ON THE STRIP!

"AND NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY TO KEEP THINGS STRAIGHT, ONCE IN A WHILE WIRES WILL GET CROSSED..."



"AND A CRISIS WILL ARISE..."



"RESOURCEFULNESS..."



"AND DETERMINATION! QUALITIES THAT MAKE MY STRIP AS GREAT AS IT IS TODAY!"



INSPIRATIONAL, BALDO!
SAY! MY SON IS A GREAT
FAN OF YOURS. HOW
ABOUT DOING AN
ORIGINAL DRAWING
FOR HIM?

UH-- ORIGINAL
DRAWING? ER--
MAYBE I COULD
JUST AUTOGRAPH
AN OLD
STRIP?!

NOTHING WOULD
THRILL HIM LIKE
AN ORIGINAL
DRAWING!

BALDO WORKS BEST
ALONE, MR. MACK. WHY
DON'T YOU COME WITH
ME TO THE DELICATESSEN
TO PICK UP SANDWICHES,
AND HE'LL HAVE
SOMETHING FOR
YOUR LITTLE BOY
WHEN WE GET
BACK!

FAT OLD GOAT! IF HE WEREN'T
HEAD OF THE SYNDICATE I'D
THROW HIM OUT! MAYBE I CAN
TRACE SOMETHING OUT OF
ONE OF THESE BOOKS!

WHAT'S THAT
NOISE AT THE
DOOR? MARTHA
SURELY ISN'T
STUPID ENOUGH
TO BRING MACK
BACK ALREADY!

EEEEEEYAA!



BALDO, DEAR!
WE'RE BACK!
BALDO?

GOOD LORD!
THIS PLACE IS
A WRECK! WHAT'S
HAPPENED
HERE!

IT'S NOT
LIKE BALDO
TO LEAVE THE
PLACE LIKE
THIS! HE'S
USUALLY
SO NEAT!

STRANGE!
PUDDLES OF
WATER AND SLIME
ON THE FLOOR!
LIKE SOMETHING
OUT OF THE RIVER
HAD BEEN
THROUGH!



I'M JUST
GOING TO HAVE
TO SCOLD BALDO
WHEN HE COMES
BACK. SUCH
STRANGE
BEHAVIOR!



WELL, WHAT A
CURIOUS DRAWING
HE'S DONE... AND
I'VE NEVER SEEN
HIM USE COLORED
INKS
BEFORE...

I WOULDN'T COUNT ON
YOUR HUSBAND EVER
BEING BACK, MRS. SMUDGE.
YOU SEE THIS ISN'T
DRAWN WITH
COLORED
INK...

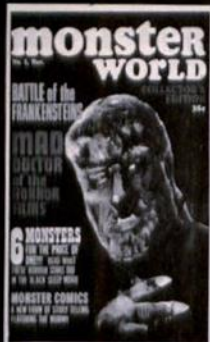


...IT'S
BLOOD!

WELL, WHAT DID YOU
THINK OF THAT, PAIN
PALS? OL' BALDO REALLY
GOT SMUGGED, DIDN'T
HE? BUT YOU CAN'T
SAY HE DIDN'T ASK FOR
IT, AND ANYWAY THE
DRAWING MR. MACK
GOT WAS MUCH BETTER
THAN BALDO COULD
HAVE POSSIBLY DONE
HIMSELF! SO, OUR
STORY ENDS WITH EVERY-
BODY VERY SATISFIED!
HA, HA, HA, HA! YES...
VERY SATISFIED! INCLUD-
ING MRS. SMUDGE, FOR
BALDO LEFT A LOT OF
LOOT! HA, HA, HA!



END



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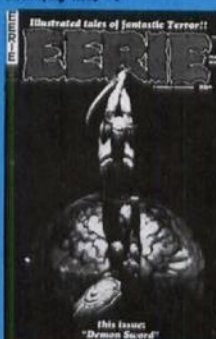
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